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OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

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AFGHANISTAN.

THE anxiety which was felt while communication with Cabul was interrupted has been happily dissipated by the news of General ROBERTS's brilliant victory. There had been little reason to fear that his cantonments could be stormed; but the report that heavy firing had been heard for forty-eight hours seemed to indicate a serious contest. It now appears that Sir F. ROBERTS had not been too sanguine when he spoke, soon after his retreat to Sherpur, of his intention to resume the offensive. His own force was, as he intimated, sufficient for the purpose, though he wished to postpone the attack till General CHARLES GOUGH had brought up reinforcements from Jellalabad and Latabund. The enemy fortunately provided him with an unexpected opportunity. It was probably in anticipation of General GOUGH's arrival that a determined assault was made in great force on the most vulnerable point of the position. Having been forewarned of the intended movement, Sir F. ROBERTS was not content with the mere defence of the camp. His cavalry and artillery were sent out to attack the enemy in flank and in rear, and the Afghans fled in wild confusion. A snow storm prevented immediate pursuit; but on the following day it was found that the defeated army had evacuated the city and the Bala Hissar; and probably large numbers have disbanded and returned to their homes. When the battle, in which Sir HUGH GOUGH took a principal part, was in progress, General CHARLES GOUGH's camp had already been seen at a distance of six miles. Sir F. ROBERTS is now more completely master of Cabul than before he left it, and there is consequently no danger that the troops will be in want of provisions. The principal advantage of holding a large town is that the inhabitants must be fed from sources which are equally accessible to the occupying army. MOHAMMED JAN, who has escaped, will probably have forfeited the confidence of troops by whom he had been regarded as a general able to match himself with the English. General ROBERTS's confidence in his present position is proved by his detachment of a strong column in the direction of Kohistan. It is satisfactory to learn that the ladies who had taken a leading part in the insurrection are now in courteous custody. No moral blame can attach to them for their attempts to avenge the deposition of a son-in-law and a husband; but it will probably be thought advisable that they should retire to India for a time. If it is true that YAKOOB KHAN signed an order for the death of CAVAGNARI, he will have to bear the consequences of an unpardonable crime.

It is to be wished rather than to be hoped that patriotic gratification in the triumph of the English arms may prevail over disappointment at the failure of predictions. Monday's papers, in which the welcome news from Cabul was published, also contained a proclamation by that wonderful Peace Society which, while it denounces war in general, always proves that the war for the time is exceptionally criminal. The author of the document incidentally remarked that the disastrous course of the war corresponded to its guilty origin. He has since learned that fortune is not chained to the chariot wheels of the virtuous and unoffending Afghan. There is something more ludicrous in the failure of specific prophecies of evil proceeding from an infallible oracle. The same writers who incessantly preach the semi-divine attributes of their favourite statesman or demagogue are masters of military science as of sacred and profane knowledge. Only a fortnight ago they dogmatically announced that in three weeks from that time Sir F. ROBERTS would have to fight his way through the passes to Jellalabad with two thousand English soldiers who were graciously allowed to be in good condition, and four thousand natives all but disabled by cold and disease. That the movement by the Jellalabad road would be effected by other troops, and in the opposite direction, was not even thought of as possible. It now appears that Sir F. ROBERTS and the VICEROY himself know their own business better than the dogmatical amateurs who had resolved that the English army should be defeated. There is reason to hope that the Afghan malcontents are so far subdued that they will not again attempt a hostile combination on a large scale. Some of the tribes will continue to attempt the interception of convoys; and it may probably be necessary to take and occupy Ghuznee. Some symptoms of disaffection have for the first time appeared at Candahar. On the other hand, AYUB KHAN, who, it seems, is still nominal Governor of Herat, has sent agents to negotiate with the English generals. The political difficulties which must sooner or later be dealt with may be conveniently adjourned. The present task of the Indian Government is to suppress resistance from one end of the country to the other, as a preliminary to some arrangement by which the Afghans may be effectually and permanently controlled. It is in the highest degree inexpedient to inform them that, if they will only wait, they will be left to themselves. After feeling the heavy hand of the Power which their late ruler defied, they will perhaps be in a more docile mood than after the massacre of 1841, or the evacuation of the country in the following year.

There can be little doubt that the exploits of Sir F. ROBERTS and the policy of the Government have greatly strengthened the hold of England on India. Mr. GLADSTONE, indeed, contended that the native princes and the subjects of the Empire would be dissatisfied with increased military expenditure, with restrictions imposed on the vernacular press, and, above all, with the supervision exercised over the importation of arms. Unfortunately for the soundness of his conclusions, Hindoos and Asiatic Mahomedans are not English Radicals. They respect and obey a Government which is sufficiently strong and courageous to defend itself against attack. A villager despises authorities who allow local agitators to publish treason with impunity; and he would be incapable of understanding the suggestion that the armament of possible enemies with improved weapons ought to be permitted or encouraged. Mr. GLADSTONE suggested that rifles and revolvers were imported for the singular purpose of killing snakes; and he seemed to attribute to the law for restraining the importation of arms the great though diminished mortality from the bites of venomous reptiles. Although he once stated that his Cabinet always avoided, if possible, any consideration of Indian affairs, he must have heard when he was in office that there were Indian princes with armies collectively larger than those of the Supreme Government; and even a candidate for Midlothian can scarcely wish that additional facilities should be given for future rebellion and civil war. Not only the great feudatories, but

the mass of the people, will be more loyal to a Government which will tolerate neither insurrection nor turbulence encouraged by a rival Power.

A letter by an Indian Correspondent of the *Times*, written before the victory at Sherpur was reported, goes far, if the writer is well informed, to justify the reversal by Lord BEACONSFIELD and his colleagues of the policy of their predecessors. It appears that the constant aggressions and menaces of Russia had produced a belief in the comparative decline of English power; and the impression could not but be confirmed by the official affectation of indifference to Russian encroachments and intrigues. The rebuff which SHERE ALI received from the Duke of ARGYLL was probably, with its necessary results, better understood by native Indian politicians than by the English Cabinet. The complacent acquiescence of successive Viceroys in the correspondence between the AMEER and General KAUFMANN was universally, and perhaps not altogether unjustly, attributed to fear. Asiatics, and not Asiatics only, habitually incline to the stronger party; and anxious professions of confidence in Russian moderation were, not without some reason, interpreted as indications of conscious weakness. It is now believed that India is, as a whole, not only loyal, but enthusiastically devoted to the English Government. The *Times*' Correspondent dates the reaction from the despatch of the native troops to Malta, a measure in which Mr. GLADSTONE has never been able to see anything except a quibble about a clause in the Bill of Rights. The peremptory refusal of the VICEROY, under the instructions of the Home Government, to submit to the exclusive presence of a Russian Mission at Cabul, confirmed the novel faith in English spirit and resolution. It is not improbable that Mahomedans in some parts of India may have wished well to the Afghans in their resistance to the English army; but those of them who know anything of politics are aware that the only question in Afghanistan was whether England or Russia should be the paramount Power. Even Mr. GLADSTONE ought to approve of a change in native feeling which may probably render the government of India cheaper as well as more durable.

SIR HENRY LAYARD AND THE PORTE.

THE Porte and Sir HENRY LAYARD have between them enacted a little comedy to welcome the New Year. Diplomatic relations between the two have been suspended for a few hours. Every care, however, has been taken to make the process as little unpleasant as possible. The convenient distinction between official and semi-official intercourse has proved of great service, and though Sir HENRY LAYARD no longer knows officially that such a Government as the Porte exists, he has remained in constant communication with it semi-officially. It is as well perhaps that the Porte should not have got entirely rid of him by the suspension of official relations, since had it done so the inducement to keep up the coolness might have been irresistible. For some months back Sir HENRY LAYARD has had to play the part with which English Ambassadors at Constantinople were formerly so familiar. He has had to preach to the Porte the duty of consulting its own interests. The Porte is not exceptionally destitute of self-regarding instincts, and if it could agree with Sir HENRY LAYARD as to what its interests are, it would listen willingly enough to sermons which would then be superfluous. Unfortunately its reading of its interests is quite different from Sir HENRY LAYARD'S. The doctrine now in favour at Constantinople is that a short life and a merry one is decidedly preferable to a life which would certainly not be merry, and might after all not be long. It is in vain that Sir HENRY LAYARD enlarges on the beauty of reformation and the rich rewards of a good conscience. Virtue will not fill the SULTAN'S treasury or his servants' pockets; and as this is the one difficulty which really troubles the Turkish Government, Sir HENRY LAYARD'S advice naturally strikes them as inappropriate. Exhortations to which you do not mean to attend and advice which you do not mean to take soon become wearisome; and if a suspension of diplomatic relations were really tantamount to deliverance from them, the Porte might be tempted to try the experiment of leaving these relations suspended. But if all that comes of the change is that Sir HENRY LAYARD'S sermons are delivered in plain clothes, there is no actual gain to set against possible loss. The Ambassador speaking unofficially is just as unpleasant as the Ambassador speaking officially, while the fact that he no longer speaks officially may draw an inconvenient amount of attention to some points of Turkish administration which the Porte would rather leave in modest obscurity.

The cause of this formal coolness between Sir HENRY LAYARD and the Porte is one of the many phases of the missionary question. The Powers which met in conference at Berlin showed an unselfish desire for the extension of religious toleration beyond their own dominions. As religious liberty is not very well understood in Russia or Germany, and is not quite free from danger in France, it was thought expedient to keep it constantly on view in South-Eastern Europe. When, however, toleration has to be practised as well as preached, unforeseen difficulties are apt to arise. The class of Turks who rise high in the public service are seldom disposed to be bigots. Provided that they are excused from the practice of their religion in their own persons, they are not careful about enforcing its precepts upon others. But if toleration is to be real, it must be exercised by the lower officials as well as by the higher, and this is not a result which is at all easy of attainment. Left to themselves, the Government would care very little what their subjects believed; but when indifference on this point makes them objects of hatred to a large body of fanatical opinion, they are forced to care about it in some degree. The result is that they refuse to see the breaches of toleration which are constantly occurring, and that they occasionally go the length of committing them in their own persons. It happens that one Dr. KOELLER, who has for the last thirty years been working as a missionary in the East, has lately employed a poor Turkish Ulema to look over a manuscript translation of the English Prayer-Book into Turkish. In September last Dr. KOELLER and the Ulema were arrested, and the manuscripts on which they were employed were seized. Dr. KOELLER was released in a few hours, but his manuscripts were retained, and the Ulema was handed over to the ecclesiastical authorities. What has happened to the Ulema is not quite clear. According to one story, he has been sentenced to death; according to another, he has undergone a preliminary examination. The narratives may perhaps be reconciled by means of a third account, which says that the ecclesiastical authorities have declared that the offence with which the Ulema is charged is one punishable with death; and, as there is no doubt that he did help Dr. KOELLER in the revision of his translation, it is probable that, but for Sir HENRY LAYARD'S intervention, he would stand a poor chance of escaping the penalty. The offending official is the Minister of Police, a personage whose punishment was in vain demanded by Lord DERBY in 1876. Sir HENRY LAYARD insists that Dr. KOELLER shall have his manuscripts restored to him, that the Ulema shall be set free, and that the Minister of Police shall be dismissed; and, failing to obtain any one of the three concessions, he suspended diplomatic relations with the Porte on the last day of the year.

At this stage the German and Austrian Governments come in, and, according to REUTER'S telegram, urge certain qualifying considerations on the English AMBASSADOR. Dr. KOELLER, they say, is not an English subject, and this is a point upon which, if we may judge from his name, the German Government ought to be well informed. Nor was it the Minister of Police who gave the order for the arrest, so that there is no reason for making his dismissal one of the concessions demanded. On the other hand, it seems unlikely that Sir HENRY LAYARD should have had the whole business before him for three months, and not have discovered the nationality of the man whose cause he was defending. And whether the Minister of Police did or did not order the arrest of Dr. KOELLER, it seems clear that he did not order the liberation of the Ulema. The fact that the Ulema's trial is still to come does not lessen the probability that it will end in his condemnation; and Sir HENRY LAYARD perhaps thinks that it may be easier to save him while his guilt has not been formally established than after he has been tried and convicted.

Probably the whole affair will end in a compromise by which the Ulema will be taken off the hands of the Turkish Government by some Missionary Society; Dr. KOELLER will once more be put in possession of his papers; and the Minister of Police will be removed to some other post. If the real facts come to be known, it will be interesting to

see what it is that has made the Porte so obstinate about a matter as to which it must have felt so little real concern. Why did the Minister of Police wish to conciliate the fanatical party, and why, if he did wish it, did the SULTAN think it expedient to sustain him for so long a time against the English AMBASSADOR? If Sir HENRY LAYARD has been employed ever since September in getting a manuscript restored to its owner, and in shielding a Mussulman schoolmaster from the anger of his superiors; and if in the end he could not get either of his demands complied with, except by resorting to the last resource of pure diplomacy, the influence of Great Britain at Constantinople must be singularly small. The other day it was hinted that Sir HENRY LAYARD was busy in making the SULTAN reform the whole administration of his Asiatic dominions. This new difficulty with the Porte may help to explain why this ambitious attempt has been abandoned. Sir HENRY LAYARD possibly reported to his Government that, until toleration had been secured in Constantinople itself, it would not be of much avail to insist upon its extension to Armenia.

MR. GLADSTONE'S BIRTHDAY.

MR. GLADSTONE'S answer to the Liverpool address on his birthday may possibly have disappointed some of his devoted admirers. It is not pleasant to arrive at the age of seventy; but Mr. GLADSTONE may properly be congratulated both on his remarkable vigour of mind and body, and on that popularity among a large section of the community which induces many persons to take an interest in a marked epoch of his life. Few men could expect a similar expression of good-will, and perhaps there is no man who would receive it in the same spirit and temper. One of the deputation which presented the address stated that at Liverpool the feeling of interest in the anniversary was not confined to the Liberal party. Many Conservatives were proud of their famous townsman, and shared in the disposition to celebrate his birthday. If they thought that on such an occasion there might be an intermission of political rancour, Mr. GLADSTONE lost no time in undeceiving them. "It is truly painful to me to find myself obliged to entertain any thought "on this day which tends to separate us from those "who entertain that kind inclination." Not for a moment could he refrain from denouncing the Government, and, in still stronger language, the majority of the House of Commons. Parliament, indeed, is even worse than the Ministers whom it supports; for, although it sometimes deviates into the right, it would even on those occasions willingly have done wrong. Mr. GLADSTONE condescends to share the approval which the House of Commons has bestowed on the new Constitution of East Roumelia; but, "had the Government given "the province niggardly institutions," and had the Opposition made an adverse motion on the subject, "that "majority would have supported the Government in that "matter just as freely and as readily as they have supported "them in the terrible iniquities of Afghanistan." An eminent advocate once addressed exactly the same argument to a puzzled jury. Having accused the counsel on the other side of erroneously asserting that the premises in dispute were in a certain parish, he was assured by his adversary that he had said nothing of the kind. "I do "not care," was the reply, "whether my learned friend "said so or not. If he said that the house was in A, he "was mistaken; and, as he did not say so, he would have "been mistaken if he had said so." As the House of Commons voted right in the matter of East Roumelia, it would have been wrong if it had given an opposite vote.

In one part of his speech Mr. GLADSTONE took some pains to disclaim the imputation of bad motives to his political opponents. He even admitted that persons of great intelligence, of great ability, and the highest public and private qualities, are opposed to him on political questions; but acts and motives are so inseparably connected that it is difficult to confine unmeasured invective to effects without reference to the guilty cause. "The "terrible iniquities of Afghanistan" can scarcely have been committed with the best intentions. Against 350 members of the House of Commons the charge of wilful and selfish political dishonesty is made in the plainest terms. They voted for a good Roumelian Constitution not because it was good, and they would corruptly have voted for a bad Constitution if such a course had been suggested by party interest. It is, in truth, impossible to accuse a Government and its supporters of the grossest misconduct without imputing to them either bad motives or invincible imbecility. "These controversies go to the "root of every question of public law and of public "honour." "They obviously and palpably threaten the "institutions and even the peace and order of the country." The institutions of the country, including the Union with Ireland, the Church Establishment, and above all the fundamental institution of private property, have indeed been recently threatened, but not by the Government. If the Ministerial policy obviously and palpably threatens peace and order, its tendency must be obvious to its authors, who again must be actuated by criminal motives. It would seem that Mr. GLADSTONE is occasionally half-conscious of the reckless intemperance of his language, and that he consequently guards himself by fitful protests against the only possible inference which can be deduced from his words. Controversies which go to the root of public honour can scarcely be conducted on both sides by scrupulously honourable men.

In his vehement birthday speech Mr. GLADSTONE repeated the alarming statement that there are still whole chapters of the discussion which he was obliged to omit from his speeches in Scotland. It would be perfectly easy for him to deliver a long oration on everything which the Government has done or has failed to do; but if the topics which he selected at Hawarden are fair specimens of the causes of his residuary wrath, his party has no reason to regret that his itinerant oratory was not more exhaustive. In one part of his speech Mr. GLADSTONE dated the commencement of the graver Ministerial misconduct from the retirement of Lord DERBY and Lord CARNARVON; but afterwards, in selecting two great crimes for exposure and denunciation, he inadvertently included one which was almost exclusively perpetrated by Lord CARNARVON himself. The other members of the Government probably acquiesced in the annexation of the Transvaal on the authority of the Colonial Secretary. Their confidence was perhaps confirmed by the more or less qualified approval of Lord KIMBERLEY, who represented the colonial policy of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government. The annexation was, as the result has shown, of doubtful expediency; but the particular charge which Mr. GLADSTONE now urges against the Government is not so much unjust as childish. In his fury of intolerance he fancies that despotic government has been deliberately established both in the Transvaal and in Cyprus. He might learn, if he thought fit to inquire, that the Boers are perfectly welcome to representative government as soon as they acknowledge the authority of England. There are, on the whole, 8,000 of them; and Mr. GLADSTONE says that 6,800 are opposed to English rule. Lord CARNARVON would have done well to ascertain the opinions of the majority before he sanctioned the annexation; but it is not an easy matter to retract when circumstances have changed, and when vested interests have probably been created. The question is of secondary importance, and it will be settled in one way or another within two or three years. Mr. GLADSTONE'S fancies about a Transvaal despotism are peculiar to himself. He makes it difficult to express agreement with his conclusions even when he may be in the right. Morbid exaggeration obscures any underlying basis of truth.

On the appropriation of Cyprus many of Mr. GLADSTONE'S opponents might hold opinions differing only in degree and in colour from his own. The object of the acquisition has never been made intelligible; and even if the fee simple of the island had been desirable, the lease from the SULTAN and the quit-rent to be paid are not a little anomalous. On the other hand, it is probable that the prosperity and good administration of Cyprus will be greatly promoted by the substitution of English for Turkish authority. If any other Power had by fair or foul means acquired any province from Turkey, Mr. GLADSTONE would have exulted in the dispossession of the hated infidel. As Lord BEACONSFIELD has taken possession of Cyprus, his enemy indignantly complains that Englishmen are governing despotically subjects who were civilized for centuries when they were barbarians. Mr. GLADSTONE quotes a document addressed by certain unknown foreigners at Larnacá to the Consuls of the Great Powers. The subscribers, who may be traders, adventurers, or perhaps native Greeks,

apply to their respective Governments to interfere with the administration of the English Government. Mr. GLADSTONE, who has probably neither verified the signatures nor ascertained the justice of the complaints, assumes without hesitation that the memorial is composed in good faith, that all the statements which it contains are accurate, and that the English officers who administer the government are guilty instruments of a Cabinet bent on establishing despotism. "I want to "know," said Mr. GLADSTONE, "whether it is humi-"liating to have a paper like that read in our ears, and "to find that the subjects of almost every European "Power in Cyprus are addressing their Consuls in "language such as this, to say that if the existing state of "things be accepted by their Governments, they have no "alternative but to quit the island." One clause of the question admits of an easy answer. It is humiliating to have "a paper like that read in our ears" by such a speaker on such an occasion for such a purpose. It might have been thought incredible that a former Prime Minister should have implicitly concurred in an appeal to foreign Powers against the administration of an English possession. There is at present not the smallest reason to believe that Mr. GLADSTONE's informants have either a ground for their complaint, or any motive for their officious interference except a desire to embarrass the local Government. It is difficult to reconcile the impression produced by frantic prejudice with the respect which ought to be inspired by Mr. GLADSTONE's position and character. There may be some compensation to his well-wishers in the proof of his exemption from the ordinary influences of advancing age. It had long been thought a truism that provocations which might be irresistible in youth lost part or all of their effect when whitening hair calmed susceptibility of temper. Mr. GLADSTONE, whatever the calendar may report, has lost none of his youthful fire. On the contrary, with every succeeding year he seems to become more pugnacious, more impetuous, and more intolerant. The confidence of grave and thoughtful men in his judgment may be shaken, but passionate violence is acceptable to the mob.

THE NEW FRENCH MINISTRY.

THE Left Centre have not been happy in the circumstances of their departure from power. They have plainly outstayed their welcome. The chief business of a new Prime Minister is usually to choose his colleagues. M. DE FREYCINET's chief difficulty has been to get rid of M. WADDINGTON and M. LÉON SAY. If it be a merit to sacrifice personal dignity to patriotism, these eminent statesmen have deserved well of their country. Office seems to have appeared to them in the light of a divine mission which it was not lawful to abandon. They had put their hands to the plough, and they refused to look back until M. DE FREYCINET forcibly turned their heads in the direction of private life. France may fairly be congratulated on having seen the last of them in their official capacity. It was sufficiently absurd that M. WADDINGTON should be a member of his own Cabinet, considering the men he admitted into it and the measures to which he consented. But it would have been more absurd still if he had been a member of M. DE FREYCINET's Cabinet. Union ceases to be strength when it is a union of hopelessly discordant elements. It was very well, as long as the establishment of the Republic was still doubtful, that all who wished to see it set up should agree to work together for that end. For the time, the Left Centre and the Left had a common purpose in view. But when once the Republic had been started on the way the common purpose ceased to exist. The real differences between the Left Centre and the Left became more evident every day, and the only means of hiding them from view was for the Left Centre to surrender one point after another into the hands of the Left. That course has been gallantly pursued by M. WADDINGTON and M. LÉON SAY. They have yielded everything except the plenary amnesty, and even this was withheld rather because it was not heartily desired by the Left than because it was expedient to refuse it. To all appearance neither M. WADDINGTON nor M. LÉON SAY found this process at all distasteful. Their humility was proof against every trial; the harder the ordeal to which they were subjected the more triumphantly they seemed to come out from it. The best possible proof of this is to be found in their apparent readiness to take office under M. DE FREYCINET. Considering that the new Cabinet relies for support on the pure and the advanced Left, it was hardly to be expected that the Left Centre would wish to be represented in it. Considering that M. WADDINGTON had been in name at least M. DE FREYCINET's superior, it was hardly to be expected that he would wish to take office under him. Yet the Left Centre did wish to be represented in the Cabinet, and M. WADDINGTON did wish to take office under M. DE FREYCINET. It was only when M. DE FREYCINET declined to have M. WADDINGTON as a colleague that M. WADDINGTON sorrowfully consented to part from M. DE FREYCINET. It is a distinct advantage that this separation should have been at last effected. The Left Centre has been for the past year in a strangely false position. It has been busy in sacrificing one principle after another in the vain attempt to propitiate that cruel phantom, the "Union of "the Lefts." Whenever it hesitated about carrying this reckless process any further, it was reminded that the time had not yet come when Republicans could safely be ranged against Republicans; and, either in deference to this warning or from a well-founded conviction that, if it ranged itself against the Left, it could only do so on pain of resigning what by a polite irony was called power, it forthwith threw over another conviction. There could not possibly be a worse training for a political party. It is true, no doubt, that, if all sections of a numerous party are to act together, there must be a good deal of give and take among them. But, in the union of the Lefts, the give and take were so distributed that the Left Centre gave everything and took nothing. If this process had continued, the reason for maintaining the Left Centre as a distinct organization would have been at an end. If it is to be in all respects one with the Left, why multiply names and represent as two what is really and essentially one?

The new Cabinet is the first which has commanded a majority in the present Chamber of Deputies, and for that reason its accession to power is an event of real importance. As yet there has been no opportunity for the Left to show its capacity for governing the country. M. DUFAURE and M. WADDINGTON were exceedingly different in the temper which they brought to bear on public affairs; but they belonged to the same political party, and that party was not the Left. Under both, the Left were deterred from going all the lengths they wished to go by the difficulty of replacing the Cabinet if it were forced to resign; and though M. WADDINGTON cannot be said to have offered much resistance, he did offer some. A Cabinet taken wholly from the Left would not have allowed the Education Bill to hang fire for nearly a year; it would have turned out every official whose Republicanism was in the least doubtful; and it would not have suffered the principle of immovability to interfere with the extension of a similar process to the magistracy. Instead of being left to speculate how Frenchmen will take these changes, we should have known by this time how they had taken them. The very circumstance that the accession of the Left to power has so long been delayed will make it all the more necessary that, now that it is in office, it should show of what stuff it is made. If no programme had ever been demanded from the WADDINGTON Cabinet, and in part forced upon it, the new Ministers might have asked for time to consider what their policy should be. As it is, there is no pretext for preferring any such request. Their programme is marked out for them by M. WADDINGTON's successive capitulations. France will now see the exclusion of religious orders from teaching, and the removal of judges and officials who have not in all respects moved with the time, carried out by a party which genuinely believes that in such legislation as this the Republic will find the tranquil security which has been denied to it under M. DUFAURE and M. WADDINGTON.

A good deal of blame has been thrown on M. GAMBETTA for his refusal to take the part which, but for his retreat into the Chair of the Chamber of Deputies, would have devolved upon him as leader of the Parliamentary Left. It is by no means clear, however, that in the interest of the Republic M. GAMBETTA's abstention is to be regretted. Supposing that M. GRÉVY had sent for him and he had accepted a commission to form a Ministry, he would have had to make the attempt with a Chamber as to

which it is by no means clear that it really represents France. With a Ministry like M. DE FREYCINET's it makes very little difference whether the present Chamber represents France or not. No exaggerated expectations are entertained as regards their success, and nothing particularly disastrous is likely to follow from their failure. If they resign, M. GRÉVY will simply have to provide them with successors, and they are not likely as a body so to distinguish themselves that the performance of this duty will give M. GRÉVY any great trouble. The Republic will in all probability be wholly unaffected by the personal changes effected in the Cabinet. M. GAMBETTA will still be waiting till his time arrives, and as long as he maintains this attitude, the Republic will not have played its last card. Supposing, however, that M. GAMBETTA had himself taken office, the situation would be very different. There would then be no reserve of force on the Republican side. The politician from whom so much is still expected would have been tried and found wanting, and an immense encouragement would have been given to the reactionary parties, who are perfectly willing to resume their intrigues against the existing order of things the moment that they see the least encouragement to do so. It may be said that this experiment must be tried some day, and that nothing will be gained by delaying it. That would be true if the present Chamber indisputably represented France; but it is not true so long as it is possible that it does not represent it. France may not yet have seen the last of M. GAMBETTA's opportunism, and one reason why he has preferred to put M. DE FREYCINET in office instead of taking office himself may be that he wishes to see the reception which a Radical policy meets with from the constituencies before committing himself irrevocably to its support.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY.

THE chances of the Presidential election of this year suggest to foreigners a curiosity which is not the less legitimate because it is wholly disinterested. If any Englishman could exercise even the smallest influence over the result, he would have no object except to promote the best possible choice. Popular election, even when it is artificially restrained as under the Constitution of the United States, has an advantage in tending to increase the power of the head of the Government. The President is not indebted for his elevation to either branch of Congress, and he is returned by a larger constituency than the members of either body. The best American politicians have not regarded with favour the increasing influence of Senators of the dominant party on the Executive Government. The President ought to be above considerations of party interest, which nevertheless too often affect his policy. Mr. HAYES, although he is not a candidate for re-election, has lately caused just dissatisfaction by his want of firmness in abandoning the sound doctrines on currency which he asserted in his Message to Congress. Although all the principal Republicans approve both of the repeal of the Legal Tender Act and of a limitation of the coinage of silver, they have persuaded the PRESIDENT that it is dangerous to enact sound measures which might possibly affect the Presidential votes of some of the North-Western States. The PRESIDENT apparently thinks it a point of honour not to damage the prospects of the party by which he was elected. His immediate predecessors impaired the independence of the highest office in the Republic by opposite methods. Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON engaged in a rash and hopeless conflict with Congress; and General GRANT, after brief resistance to dictation, made an arrangement with the Republican leaders of the Senate for the distribution between the contracting parties of power and patronage. A President more resolute than Mr. HAYES, and equally intelligent and upright, might do great public service, and he would probably receive popular support.

At present it seems probable that General GRANT will be the Republican nominee and the successful candidate for the Presidency. The supposed rule, not to be found in the Constitution, by which a third term of office was prohibited, has lost its force by the simple process of becoming a subject of discussion. Arbitrary maxims have great influence in human affairs, but only as long as they are taken for granted. Within the last year or two the people of the United States have for the first time become aware that the doctrine which was practically taught by WASHINGTON is only an unauthorized gloss on the Constitution. The breach of the tradition, while it no longer shocks popular opinion, has the attraction of a political experiment. The circumstances are favourable to the introduction of a political novelty. No citizen of the United States has since the War of Independence acquired a military reputation equal to that of General GRANT; and as a candidate for the Presidency he will have the advantage of meeting with competitors who are neither formidable nor famous. While he is the best-known member of one of the great parties, he is not especially obnoxious to the other. The Southern States, which form the main strength of the Democratic party, probably feel no resentment against the general by whom they were ultimately defeated. After the end of the Civil War, General GRANT gave no support to an intolerant or revengeful policy. The Confederates were outmatched, but their honour was saved. A President chosen, not because he was a Republican, but because he was a great soldier, would be more acceptable to the South than a hostile politician of the same stamp with Mr. SHERMAN or Mr. BLAINE. It happens that the Democrats have for the moment no candidate who excites any considerable enthusiasm. Mr. TILDEN is thought by experts in such matters to have lost his chance of nomination; and no successor to the post has yet been discovered. It is not thought impossible that one or two Southern States might ensure the election of General GRANT by voting for him in preference to a Democrat. If, on the contrary, the contest is to be decided by a trial of strength between parties, the Republicans seem to have the better chance. The Democrats may possibly recover New York, but they have hopelessly lost the control of Ohio.

General GRANT, though he has not yet professed his desire for a third term of office, could not have consulted his own interests more sagaciously if he had been the most eager competitor for nomination. Alone among American politicians he has understood the advantages which may result from absence and from silence. His countrymen have long been proud of his rhetorical deficiencies; but they perhaps imperfectly appreciate the convenience of not being expected to speak. As the recipient of unexampled public honours in the form of great meetings, of banquets and addresses, General GRANT has given offence to no man, and he has pledged himself to nothing. He left Philadelphia after a week of gigantic festivities as free from engagements as when he landed at San Francisco. His adherents may complacently contrast him with a contemporary in England who is also suspected of being an unavowed candidate for supreme power. The visit to Philadelphia involved much less political inconvenience than the equally noisy visit to Midlothian, for General GRANT left all the speaking to his irresponsible admirers. Having enjoyed triumphs in some of the principal Northern States, he is now about once more to stimulate public interest by remoteness from his admirers. He left Philadelphia for Florida on his way to Havannah, with the intention of remaining abroad till the summer. It is possible that he may take the opportunity of considering on the spot the plans for a canal to unite the Atlantic and Pacific. M. DE LESSEPS, who had at first made the mistake of projecting his scheme independently of the Government of the United States, now wishes General GRANT to preside over an enterprise which will necessarily be subject to American control. Republicans who prefer rival candidates unanimously urge General GRANT to accept a post which would be useful, honourable, and lucrative; but it would argue a strange want of ambition to prefer the chairmanship of an Interoceanic Company to a third term of office as President of the United States, with a chance of yet another election. General GRANT may perhaps not deem it inexpedient to stimulate the zeal of his supporters by reminding them that they are not the only claimants for his services. A silent and absent candidate, who is supposed to hesitate as to his acceptance of a nomination, occupies the strongest of all possible positions.

It would be absurd to affect ignorance of General GRANT's comparative failure during his former occupation of the Presidency. When he was first elected, he appointed a Cabinet on grounds of supposed personal fitness, without reference to the wishes of the Republican leaders. He was at once sharply reminded of the dependence of the Presi-

dent on the Senate, which he had himself inadvertently augmented by the part which he took in the squabbles with his predecessor. He was compelled to part with the Ministers of his choice in exchange for nominees of the Republican party, and he never, during his first or second term of office, again attempted to rebel. During his administration the scandal of official corruption reached its highest point, and the comparative purity of the Government of Mr. HAYES shows that the PRESIDENT must have been too negligent in his appointments. Some uneasiness has been caused among the advocates of General GRANT's candidature by the selection of Senator CAMERON as the Chairman of the Republican Convention which is to meet in June at Chicago. No other eminent member of the party is more thoroughly imbued with the questionable traditions of political management. It is not believed that Mr. CAMERON would willingly promote the election of a President who would in any way further the reform of the Civil Service. The organization of party for the sake of obtaining place, and the disposal of places with exclusive regard to the interests of party, are practices identified for many years with Mr. CAMERON and his family. Nevertheless it is not impossible that General GRANT, if he is re-elected, may disappoint the expectations of friends and enemies. He will have attained an unprecedented honour, if at all, by the choice of the people, although politicians and sections of parties may have sought to make use of the general enthusiasm. Relying on the confidence of the great mass of the community, he may perhaps safely reject the dictation to which he succumbed when he was a novice in administration. Notwithstanding his former bluntness of perception, he cannot but understand that it is for his credit and interest to surround himself with able and honest men. If he should be thwarted by factious intrigues in attempts to purify the administrative system, he may confidently appeal to the nation. There is no reason to suspect that General GRANT will be deluded by the idle clamour which affects to require the aid of a "strong man" in repressing illegal practices in the South. He has lately taken opportunities of protesting against distinctions between North and South, and he has expressed friendly feelings to those whom he formerly met in the field. In the United States there is no danger of a dictatorship, and a vigorous ruler might do much good. It is not impossible that, if General GRANT resumes the Presidency and if his administration is successful, he may retain his office for many years or for life. Even his adversaries no longer affect to be frightened by the prospect of an Empire under an American CÆSAR.

MR. COWEN ON THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

DURING the last few years many persons and many public bodies have had a bad time of it, and the House of Commons has certainly not been an exception to the rule. It has not lost anything of its power or importance, but it has had to listen to an extraordinary amount of uncomplimentary opinion. Its foes have not taken the least trouble to dissemble their feelings, and its candid friends have been very candid indeed. From the high contemplative position of Mr. GLADSTONE—who seems to wonder how he is to reconcile the existence of such a House of Commons with the providential government of the world—to the more practical point of view of the Home Rulers is a long way. But from all conditions of men unfavourable comments upon the House of Commons have abounded. Even its defenders have for the most part been merely apologetic, and have chiefly contented themselves with asking what an overworked House, with troubles abroad and obstruction at home, could be expected to do. It is therefore somewhat comforting to see that a defender has in the last days of 1879 arisen who is bold enough to be less compromising in his advocacy. Mr. JOSEPH COWEN is not a person from whom defence of the House of Commons assumes a commonplace and matter-of-course aspect. Mr. COWEN does not often deserve either of these unsatisfactory epithets, and in his capacity of member of Parliament he is especially far from deserving them. In the mouth of a member of some governing family, trained from generation to generation to regard the House, and its own presence in that House, as immutable and necessary features of the universe, praise of St. Stephen's and its frequenters, though it may be perfectly sincere, often has an appearance of something like insincerity. It is felt that the advocate has a kind of standing retainer, and that his advocacy is a matter of course. In the case of an independent member—and Mr. COWEN happens to be an exceedingly good specimen of an independent member—the thing is different. When the first delight of hanging up the hat on a privileged peg is over, the independent member is very apt to magnify his own office by depreciating the House. It would not be very difficult to name persons occupying a similar position to Mr. COWEN's who have attempted, as an American would say, to "belittle" the House of Commons for the edification of their constituents, and by way of impressing on those constituents what very superior persons they themselves are. Observers of some little shrewdness know very well how to interpret this phenomenon, and are not often wrong in assuming that the person who quarrels with the weights and balances of the House of Commons has himself been weighed in those balances and found wanting.

There was nothing, it may be said, very novel in the eulogies which the member for Newcastle passed upon the House of Commons of our days. He pointed out that it was absolutely pure, while not very long ago it had been utterly corrupt; that it was exceedingly hard-working, while not long ago its majority at least were extremely idle; that the performance of even the routine duties of a member was no slight tax on mental and bodily fortitude, and that the House has a kind of esoteric public opinion—if the phrase be allowable—which usually operates in a very healthy and sensible manner. All these things have been said before, and we may add that it is exactly because they have been said before that it was worth Mr. COWEN's while to repeat them now. It would be difficult to discover brand-new virtues in such an old institution as the House of Commons; its excellence can only lie in practising the old virtues which from time to time get a little out of fashion with it. The force of this particular speech arises from the fact that the speaker is a remarkable illustration of his own words. Mr. COWEN entered Parliament with no advantage over the majority of members, and with some disadvantages as compared with not a few of them. On a very considerable number of points he is not in accordance with the views now prevalent in that assembly—nor, we may add, with the views which will, we hope, long prevail there. But because he has endeavoured, in his own words, to speak with a view to wisdom, justice, and the customs of the assembly itself, he has made himself already a considerable position. It is possible—the question has been a good deal debated of late—that the multiplication of persons like Mr. COWEN in the House might be productive of some difficulty. Their views would be grouped in so many different collections that it might be hard to secure a working majority for any Government. Mr. COWEN's own practice, however, has to a certain extent answered this doubt. The constant weakness of the political party to which he in the main belongs has been its tendency to make some theory of irregular verbs into a test question, and to refuse to sink this, whatever may be the position of the State. This attitude has been strikingly illustrated in the present week by the two most illustrious members of that party, Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT. When Mr. GLADSTONE bemoans the mysterious action of the Divinity in allowing intelligent and presumably moral Conservatives to exist; when Mr. BRIGHT informs the inquiring cabman that "the Tory clique will doubtless have another lie "ready for you as soon as you have answered the one with "which they are now endeavouring to deceive you," they exhibit conditions of mind in which successful handling of the practical concerns of life is impossible. Mr. COWEN has, we doubt not, far more points of disagreement than he has points of agreement with the present Government and the present House of Commons. But he has the wit to see when to lay stress on the points of agreement and when not.

There is one principle laid down by Mr. COWEN which, if it were generally kept in view, would make the House of Commons a much pleasanter sojourn, and a much more efficient instrument of government, than it now is. "The "men who succeed are the men who accept the conditions "in which they work, and who labour fairly within the "legitimate lines." Of course such a principle as this is not intended for the persons who declare with engaging frankness that they go into Parliament declining these

conditions and determined to break through those lines. But that there is a considerable contingent among those who yearly join the House which does not act upon this principle, though it may nominally accept it, is pretty evident. There are the people who go as modern GRACCHI with the comfortable consciousness that the worst doom they can meet will be extinction—a doom which rarely fails them. There are the people who go to enlighten and instruct an ignorant House, with the result of receiving, if they have the wit, considerable enlightenment and instruction of a not altogether pleasant kind themselves. The old saying is as true as ever, despite the events of the last few years, that none have gone about to break Parliaments, but in the end Parliaments have broken them. Nor is there any reason to think that the present House is in any way unworthy of its predecessors, if it be judged from any reasonable point of view. It seems to have been thought lately that the only thing in which it is legitimate for a Parliament to agree steadily is destruction. Of all the freaks of party warfare, the most novel and the oddest is the objection taken to a majority for constantly approving that of which they do approve. It has been made a reproach to the present House of Commons that its members have not manifested a little engaging inconsistency, and have refrained from varying the monotony of Parliamentary proceedings by a vote or two of want of confidence in persons whom they are quite willing to trust. Some of their critics, indeed, seem to find in this the head and front of their offending. If they had been illogical they might have been pardoned; but to know your opinion and stick to it is a crime most tolerable and not to be endured. Mr. COWEN's claim—a very modest one—for the assembly of which he forms a part is that the harsh verdict which has been generally pronounced upon it will be softened by history. We do not know that the verdict is so general as Mr. COWEN thinks; but, if it be so, there can be no doubt about the rest of his proposition. The present House of Commons has been sorely plagued within. It has not perhaps been one of the most vigorous of Houses, or one of the most apt to take the initiative; but it has had at least this merit—that it has seen what was the principal and chief thing to do, and has done that. Naturally the people who preferred that this thing should not be done have had their quarrel with it. But this is a matter of opinion in which they must bow, as others have had in their time to bow, to the will of the majority. No charge of any real weight can be brought against the House of Commons from this point of view. The point of view from which such a charge could be framed Mr. COWEN indicated clearly enough. Parliament, he said, is the place in which the voice of the people is heard, their rights considered, and their wrongs redressed. It is the instrument which frames the laws under which we live. If it could be shown that the present Parliament has failed to perform any of these functions, then indeed a charge against it, and a heavy one, would lie. But, except that the law-framing business has gone on with a certain sluggishness, due to very well-known causes, on none of these points can just exception be taken. The voice of the people has been constantly heard; and it has, on the whole, sanctioned in an almost unprecedented manner the general course of Parliament. Perhaps we may surmise that this is the very fact which the decriers of the present House of Commons cannot forgive.

THE TAY BRIDGE DISASTER.

NO words either of narrative or of comment can do justice to the terrible disaster at the Tay Bridge. To the victims, indeed, death came with fewer circumstances of terror than in many more commonplace accidents. They had no warning of the destruction that was waiting for them, and the suddenness with which they fell from a height of more than a hundred feet probably deprived them of consciousness even before death had come. When this is compared with the premonitory terror which sometimes anticipates, and the lingering agony which so often follows, a railway accident, it will be seen that it is not the sufferers themselves that are most to be pitied. But the very incidents which in their case deprived death of some at least of its terrors seem only to add to them in the case of the relations and friends who are left alive. As we read of the anxiously watched movements of the train, of its slow progress towards the chasm that was so soon to open for it, and of its sudden descent into the seething waters beneath, we feel something of the linked horror long drawn out that was spared to those whom it carried. The catastrophe strikes the imagination more than the foundering of the most crowded ship at sea, because of the nearness with which it is brought home to us. Few people by comparison have ever made, or are ever likely to be called to make, an ocean voyage; but to travel by railroad, at least in England and Scotland, is now a part of the common lot of mankind. We have all at one time or another looked from the top of some great viaduct, and wondered what would be the consequences of its giving way. The conditions against which the Tay Bridge failed to contend were infinitely more severe than those by which an ordinary viaduct is confronted, but the likeness is close enough to enable every one to represent the accident to himself.

The destruction of the Tay Bridge suggests considerations of great importance to those interested in the safety of similar structures. No other bridge did fall in the tremendous storm of Sunday last, but there may be several which were only saved by some very trifling difference. It can scarcely be doubted that the accident was caused by the increase in the resisting surface supplied by the train as it passed between the girders which mark the central portion of the bridge. The tempest then found an enemy worthy of its full strength, and the fiercest gust even of that unparalleled storm seems to have synchronized with the arrival of the train at that particular point. The wind, which had hitherto been divided by the lattice-work of the girders, now beat against a solid expanse of wood and iron. It will be naturally and anxiously asked whether there had been nothing in the previous history of the bridge to give any warning of the danger. Such an inquiry is not disposed of by a statement that the strain was one of exceptional violence. When the power of a bridge to resist weight is tested, the experiment is made to cover far larger demands than can ever be put upon it; and the same precaution ought, so far as possible—though this is obviously a very much more difficult matter—to be taken in case of lateral pressure. The stability of the Tay Bridge seems to have found more assured believers among experts than among uninstructed observers. The unusual interest felt about the train of last Sunday, and the speculations whether it would attempt to cross during so great a storm or be detained until the wind had lulled, point to an uneasiness which is not wholly that of men who are wise after the event. Neither those who designed the bridge, nor those who examined it on behalf of the Government before it was opened for traffic, seem to have given more than a passing thought to the danger to which it has actually succumbed. Indeed such a danger seems hardly to have been contemplated. General HUTCHINSON's Report dealt with the ordinary risks to which bridges are subject, and suggested methods of meeting them. The foundations of the piers were to be carefully watched to ensure that no scouring action should be going on unperceived. The power of the bridge to bear a much heavier weight than would ever be actually placed upon it was duly certified. A low limit of speed was fixed for the trains while crossing it, to prevent any undue oscillation from this cause. But the only notice taken of the possibility of such a disaster as has now taken place is to be found in a sentence which records the wish of General HUTCHINSON to have an opportunity, if possible, of observing the effects of high wind when a train of carriages is running over the bridge. Whether this opportunity was ever found, or what was the result of the observations taken of it, does not appear. It is fair, however, to say that, according to the account of the works given on the occasion of their completion, "no part "of the structure has shown a sign of failure, although "the storms, since the highest and most exposed parts of "the structure were built, have been of unsurpassed "severity." Either the storm of Sunday last was the most violent ever known at Dundee, or the capacity of the bridge's resistance to the wind blowing down the valley had been insensibly lessened by exposure, or the pressure while a train was actually passing over the central part of the bridge had not been adequately allowed for.

It is plain that the disastrous experience of Sunday will necessitate additional care in the building of bridges of great length in very exposed situations. In most

fabrics of this class, where the height and length are exceptional, the width of the roadway gives a much larger power of resistance to wind than proved to be possessed by the bridge across the Tay. A structure something like two miles long had been made just wide enough to admit a single line of rails, and when the stress of the storm fell upon it, it went down like a fence that is too long and too high in proportion to its thickness. The object of making the bridge so narrow was of course to save money. As no accident at all resembling this had ever been known to happen, it was not strange that the economical argument carried the day and that any suggestions that the bridge might prove too slight to be safe were dismissed as the forebodings of engineers who had not had the good fortune to be employed. Now that these predictions have turned out to be true, a very serious responsibility will rest upon the Directors of any line who omit to have any very long bridges or viaducts there may be upon their line carefully re-surveyed. The requirements of the Board of Trade in regard to new works must undergo a corresponding revision. It is at last known what a bridge of this kind may have to endure. It will be inexcusable in those who, in whatever capacity, have the control of such undertakings, if they are again left insufficiently equipped for the conflict which a sudden storm may bring upon them. It is the more essential that such precautions should be taken because the alternative which has been suggested—that trains should only cross these bridges, as steamers cross the Channel, "wind and weather permitting"—is one which would not prove at all easy in working. Supposing that this particular train had been ordered to "lie-to" till the storm abated, the passengers would have been put to great inconvenience, and the whole traffic of the line would have been disarranged. Of course, as it turned out, it would have been infinitely better, even in the interest of the Company, to face these inconveniences than to provoke the expense of various kinds which the fall of the bridge will bring with it. But when the memory of this calamity has died away, railway officials will be very unwilling to inflict a large amount of annoyance on passengers on the improbable chance of a bridge being blown down. Those who travel by land are less patient of such interference than those who travel by sea, and it will not be wise to assume that in the long run they will submit with patience to be detained for a night by the side of the line rather than risk the passage during a storm. If a railroad is allowed to carry passengers across an arm of the sea, the Company should be compelled to make it morally certain that it can carry them safely.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE ON THE LIQUOR TRADE.

THE speech which the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER delivered to the Exeter publicans on Tuesday night was one of those addresses which, intentionally or unintentionally, are susceptible of rather opposite interpretations. There were parts of it which might have been taken, and probably have been taken, as indicating an intention on the part of the Government to bring in some new measure of legislation directly framed to promote temperance. Such a phrase, for instance, as the following, "You have, I believe, the opportunity of co-operating in "the promotion of measures which will to a great extent "check and keep down the evil," might, if it were taken alone, seem decisive on this point. But the burden of the speech was, on the whole, very different from this; and it was evidently intended as a consolation, not as a discouragement, to the licensed victuallers. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE seems to accept the existing concentration of the trade in the hands of a few persons as an almost ideal arrangement with which no practical politician would think of quarrelling. He is anxious to keep improper persons out of it, to check the multiplication of licences, and so forth. It may readily be imagined that his hearers saw nothing objectionable in this. The holders of an immensely profitable monopoly are seldom likely to object to any plan for shutting out fresh sharers, whether proper or improper, and excessive competition is certainly no more for a licensed victualler's interest than it is for the interest of any other tradesman. To the hints which Sir STAFFORD threw out as to further regulation of the traffic by measures intended to assist the publicans in the good conduct of their establishments, it might have been thought that more exception would have been taken. But the common practice of sneering at the supposed desire of the licensed victuallers to put down drunkenness is not a very sensible one. It is clear that the drunkard is not the publican's best customer, unless the general impression as to the evil effects of drunkenness is altogether erroneous. The drunkard (at least the publican's enemies are never tired of asserting it) loses his health, his employment, and other conditions necessary to the earning of money regularly. If he does not earn money, he cannot spend it, the licensed victualling trade being honourably distinguished by its strict adherence to the ready-money principle. Besides this, the drunkard is a nuisance to other customers, brings the house into ill repute, and is in other ways, notwithstanding his absorbent tendencies, a bad bargain. There can be little doubt that the licensed victualler's ideal is something not very different from Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's own. This would seem to consist in a close corporation of not very numerous members maintaining strict order in their houses, and, selling ample but not exorbitant supplies of liquor to a regular and well-behaved *clientèle* of respectable customers, who would no more think of getting drunk than the average English gentleman of to-day thinks of getting drunk on the contents of his own cellars.

It is possible, however, that some people who are no fanatical enemies of the publican may demur a little to this official acceptance of an exceedingly artificial arrangement as something self-evident and axiomatic. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE says confidently, "You cannot allow "unrestricted competition in a trade of this kind," and repeats the same statement in a good many different forms. At the same time he has equally little doubt that "a trade of this kind" is in itself a necessity, and only wants regulation and management. These two convictions, joining hands, seem to incline him to look upon the existing publican, licensed as he is and protected to a certain extent against competition, as a kind of happy compromise, on a par with the many other happy compromises which adorn and support the British Constitution. Now we are inclined to think that the dismissal of the proposal of unrestricted competition with a brief "you cannot have it" is a little too cavalier and offhand a fashion of treating a very complicated and a very grave question. "I believe, in those cases where "the attempt has been made," says the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, "the result has been such as not to en- "courage repetition." The chief attempt—that at Liverpool—was made under very unfavourable circumstances, and was not altogether one of pure and simple free-trade; yet we believe we are justified in saying that the result converted not a few persons to the principle, if, as Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE says, it discouraged others. The truth is that the question in its present state is so complicated by social arrangements, by the private interests involved, and, last, not least, by the almost theological heat which has been imported into its discussion, that few experiments of the practical kind have much chance of getting fairly worked. The advantages o the free-trade system are, however, so obvious that, in default of any sufficient practical confutation, they certainly seem worth considering. The present system has the almost unparalleled disadvantage of constantly creating fresh interests, and of increasing, reducing, and altering old ones in the most capricious and irregular manner. There is nothing at all like it in any other trade or in any other department of administration. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER would reply that the liquor trade is like no other trade. But the danger of this argument is evident. The opponent of the trade has only to press the question, How is the liquor trade unlike any other trade? and it will be hard for his antagonist to devise in the long run any answer which does not amount to a condemnation of it.

It might be rash to advocate free-trade in drink, because the embroilment of the whole question is so great that hardly any but fanatics would go to the point of advocating any single solution of it. But there seems to be something inconsistent in admitting that the Legislature ought to be constantly regulating the trade, and at the same time asserting that the arrangement which gives us a limited number of licensed traders is something sacred, and not to be touched. The combination may be satisfactory to the publicans; but it does not follow that it is satisfactory

to the public. The historical truth of the matter is that the licensing system, originated solely as a means of revenue, has, since the disturbance of the public mind on the question of drunkenness, been defended on an entirely different ground, which its inventors never dreamt of occupying. It is at least arguable that in the present state of public opinion a free-trade system would be the best for the purposes of good government, public health, and public morality; that the present exceptional position of the public-house has a good deal to do with its least satisfactory characteristics can hardly be doubted. Having, beyond a certain point, no fear of competition before his eyes, the publican is not, like other traders, obliged to study the convenience and the interests of his public. The very closing of his house during certain hours—a measure, no doubt, excellently intended, and, in some cases, salutary—often results in a rush being made to it as soon as it is opened again, by persons who, if it were always open, would, as likely as not, pass it by. The artificiality of the whole thing, in short, could hardly be carried further. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, however, seems enamoured of this artificiality, and would like, if possible, to make it still more artificial. It sometimes seems to the student of proposed reforms of this kind that we may at last (putting local option and permissive prohibition aside) come to a plan in which each ratepayer will be allowed his quota of alcoholic liquors during the year, and no more, like boys at some public schools. The opposite system of a perfectly free trade combined with stringent adulteration laws, and with police supervision to prevent disorder, may well seem attractive to some persons in contradistinction to these elaborate tinkerings. Nor will such persons, it is to be feared, be contented with the dictum that "they can-"not have" what they want. They will say that the impossibility is not shown; that instances of a not wholly dissimilar system have existed, and do exist, without any bad result; and that at any rate the plan deserves more trial than it has had. It is noteworthy that even Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE himself, despite his belief in the carefully regulated monopoly of the licensed victuallers, looks for improvement in the manners of the people chiefly to "the introduction of counter attractions and "the influences which may be brought to bear on them." These are means quite independent of the most elaborate system of licensing and regulating the sale of drink. To give people some other resort than squalid drinking-bars, and some other occupation than the consumption of heavy beer or fiery spirits; to teach them, as their so-called betters have been taught, that excessive drinking does not pay, are more scientific means for the prevention of drunkenness than the interposition of obstacles in its way, except at certain places, during certain hours, and for the pecuniary benefit of a certain number of persons. When these means have been satisfactorily brought to bear, the drink question will settle itself as far as any question affecting and affected by the idiosyncrasies of individuals can ever get itself settled in this world. Meanwhile efforts at the other end are doubtless laudable, if not very promising; but it seems unnecessary to complicate a sufficiently difficult question yet further by postulating the limited and licensed victualler as a necessity of existence.

THE RECENT FIGHTING AT CABUL.

THE news which arrived last Monday, while thoroughly satisfactory, is only what reasonably might have been expected. As we endeavoured to show last week, there was no ground whatever for the pessimist and panic-stricken views which some of the newspapers seemed to take almost a pleasure in unfolding. Because General Roberts, as a matter of prudence, had thought proper to withdraw his troops from the extended position they occupied, and, in the absence of a distinct base, to concentrate in the entrenchments which he found ready to his hand, that was no reason for supposing that the Afghans would immediately obtain the ascendant and show a degree of military spirit which they have never manifested before. The really unsatisfactory features in the case were the loss of the two mountain guns in the previous fighting, and the necessity involved in concentrating on Sherpur of giving up temporarily the occupation of the city of Cabul. The former was one of those minor catastrophes sufficiently explained by the nature of the ground on which the action was fought—a succession of what in England would be deemed mountain spurs, where the different detachments engaged were separated from each other and incapable of receiving or giving mutual support. Under such circumstances it would hardly be known to one detachment what was happening to those in its neighbourhood; it is only from this consideration that it can be explained how it was that the guns, after having been lost, were not immediately re-captured. The temporary withdrawal from the city was unfortunate, because the uncertainty thereby given to our movements was necessarily calculated to embarrass those of the residents who were well disposed towards us. The military governor of Cabul can hardly expect to be well served, if he is liable to enforced retirement within the cantonments whenever the country is "up." But otherwise events appear to have favoured us. It could hardly have been expected that the enemy would make such a feeble opposition to the advance of Gough's brigade through the difficult country which culminates in the Lataband Pass, still less that they would be so foolish as to attempt a serious attack on Sherpúr itself. That this attack was not made with any real determination is sufficiently plain from the telegraphic account. The south side of the position is enclosed by a high wall and ditch, with a parapet, in rear of which comes the line of masonry barracks, more than a mile long, and with a musketry curtain on the roof, thus giving a double line of fire. The flat country beyond the cantonment on this side is covered with gardens and enclosures, which appear to have been occupied that morning by the enemy, who kept up from them a desultory but innocuous fire upon our wall. On the east and west—the shorter—sides of the great rectangle which forms the position, the defensive works were not completed, and they were especially unfinished at the north ends, where they abut on the Bemáru heights, which enclose the position on the north. Here the line of defence may be said to be arbitrary, for a continuous range of villages and enclosures extends down the slopes of these hills, of which we had occupied some, and made a roughly entrenched line through them, leaving the rest to be occupied by the enemy. There was not time to clear away all the enclosures beyond our line, and so the assailants could come close up to it. Here, then, there was a fair opening for attacking a garrison not better than or not so good as the assailants—for the advantage in such a case lies with the defenders. But the Afghans have never shown themselves at all on the same level as our troops, native or European, as witness the way in which the other day a small force at the Shuturgardan, without a single European except their officers, beat off an attacking party very much more numerous than themselves, although the entrenchments defended by our troops on that occasion were of the flimsiest character. At Sherpúr the attack was made without much spirit. We hear, indeed, of reinforcements being sent from the reserves to the troops holding the Bemáru position. But this merely implies that the main body in reserve furnished supports to the points where the enemy began to develop their force, not that the first line was at all pressed. The slight loss suffered on the 23rd is significant on this point; and, indeed, as soon as Roberts found the assailants sufficiently advanced to give him a chance of getting at and punishing them, he went out with some cavalry and horse artillery to try to take them in flank. It was then a repetition of the old story; the enemy, threatened in flank, began to run. It does not appear that they were severely punished; the apocryphal stories always current on these occasions about the enemy concealing their loss by carrying off their dead and wounded must be accepted with reservation.

So ended the attack on Bemáru; if it had ever had the smallest chance of succeeding, then clearly we have no business to be there at all. It is only because we are presumably invincible against such an enemy, when behind walls of any sort, that we are able to hold our own in such a country with our small numbers.

The opposition made to the advance of General Charles Gough's brigade appears not to have been more persistent than the attack on Sherpúr; and, as for that displayed against our troops between Jugdulluk and Lataband, when we hear of an attack of two or three thousand men lasting all day and resulting in a loss of one Sepoy, we can form an opinion as to what must be understood by the expression. This sort of opposition is, however, sufficiently troublesome. These fellows gather on the hills, and although they give way when pushed, only strong detachments can move about under such circumstances. Evidently the tribes on the line from Gundamuck through the mountains to Cabul will have to be brought to reason somehow, and if necessary chastised. We cannot be said to have proper occupation of the country until we hold all the strong points along the road unchallenged, and until our detachments can pass from one to the other without molestation. And this will no doubt be accomplished in time. We shall attain to the same state of security here as we have now through the Kyber—that is, it will be secure so long as it is held in great strength, and with the greatest vigilance.

As we observed last week, the loss of men so far has been very moderate, testifying, among other things, to the skill with which they have been handled in action; but the loss in officers, although not large absolutely, has been disproportionately large, and the disproportion has been greatly increased during the week. In one skirmish, with a reported loss of only a single Sepoy, that excellent officer the Commandant of the Bengal Sappers and Miners, Major Thackeray, V.C., is dangerously wounded. And in a second action of the same sort the loss is again one Sepoy and an Artillery officer killed. This disproportion may be partly the result of that luck which plays so large a part in the affairs of war; but the great difference between the dress of

the officers and the Sepoys has probably a great deal to say to it. In general actions no aim, as a rule, is taken, but men fire away indiscriminately; in this way only can the small proportion of hits to misses in great battles be accounted for: but in these protracted skirmishes on the hill sides, where every one is plainly seen, the officer can be easily distinguished; while his duty requires him on such occasions to expose himself in an exceptional degree.

The Cabul Valley itself is now clear, and officers whose business lies in the way of supplies or telegraphy or survey are probably now going about it as they did before the late uprising—with no larger guard than a corporal and a couple of files, or an orderly trooper. Good progress had been made towards converting the passage through the Lataband Pass into a road practicable for all transport other than wheeled carriages. The carriage road is understood to be complete as far as Jellalabad, and from there to Gundamuck there are no great obstacles; and as that part of the country is comparatively low, there should be no difficulty in continuing to work on this part of the line through the winter. Beyond that point the snow will make progress difficult. The hilly country held at present by Colonel Norman's force, from which so many telegrams have come during the week, is bitterly cold in winter, and any working parties employed there will suffer greatly, even if they are so far unmolested as to render the attempt to work at road-making through the winter possible. But with the spring we may expect to hear that this part of the line has been so far improved as to enable wheel carriages to get up to the Cabul plateau. Telegraph communication will probably be kept up through the winter, with perhaps occasional interruption. It will be true economy to push on road-making and the advance of the railway within our own territories regardless of cost. It is only by means of good communications that the pacification of Afghanistan is possible, if it can be accomplished at all.

That it should be possible for a column only seventeen hundred strong to go out into Kohistan already, and to accomplish its errand of destroying Mir Batcha's fort without opposition, shows how quickly the late fermentation has subsided. As to the general situation, we must not suppose that we have seen the end of outbreaks. The Afghans will not stop fighting merely because they have no chance of success, any more than some people will give up wine because it is bad for them. Their nature is to fight with some one, and the English naturally will receive the greatest share of their attention. And very unprofitable warfare it will be, with the loss of many valuable lives. But there is no reason to suppose that the combination against us will ever be more formidable again than it has been now—or, indeed, anything like so formidable. But because we are strong enough to put down any attempts to turn us out of the country till we choose to go, it does not follow that there are not still difficulties to be overcome. Just now the garrison of Sherpúr will probably be usefully employed in strengthening their position. There can be no harm in making it a far better position than it is already, and our tendency in India is usually to be much too careless in matters of this sort, and not to take precautions enough; and there is a great deal to be done in the way of sheltering the camp followers and horses and transport cattle. The camp followers, poor creatures, are understood to be in a wretched plight just now. They started with the troops from the Kurrum Valley without any warm clothing, and there has been no means of getting up a convoy of such necessaries since. The Shuturgardan has been closed by the snow, and communication with Jellalabad has never been open for more than a day or two. The Sepoys and European troops are not too well provided either, but they have at least their great-coats and little tents; but the unfortunate camp followers are without either clothing or shelter. The mortality among this humble and useful, indeed most necessary, class last winter, in the advance on Candahar, is said to have been terrible; but then the campaign had not been foreseen, and there was no time to make preparation. The same excuse cannot be pleaded now, and some more information is very much to be desired as to what is the exact state of the provision made on this head by the Indian Government, both for troops and camp followers. The very last news from Cabul before the late uprising took the form of an appeal to the English public for warm clothing for the garrison. Even if the English public had responded at once, the supply could not have been sent out soon enough; but it would be thoroughly unreasonable and discreditable to the Indian Government, if it were necessary that its deficiencies should be supplemented by private charity. One thing was quite evident when Roberts's force set out from the Shuturgardan—that it would have to winter in Cabul. This was three months ago, so there has been ample time for the needful supplies of warm clothing to have been sent up to the front; and they should be now awaiting the first convoy into Cabul. If this has not been done, the troops will undoubtedly suffer a good deal this winter, although the climate if severe is fortunately very dry, and the loss will in any case be much less than often happens in an Indian cantonment from the summer heat; but the wretched camp followers—the grooms and litter-bearers and servants—will die off like flies. There is a very natural anxiety on the part of the public to know what the facts are on this head.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

To have seen the last of 1879 is something to be grateful for on the whole. In whatever mood we choose to look at it, the past year was sour and unhappy. If we think of trade only as it affects the comfort and happiness of English families, we remember how 1879 began under the cloud of disgraceful financial failures, and how for three-fourths of its course business remained in almost hopeless stagnation. It is one of the good omens for 1880 and the new decade that the explosion of the swindles which brought professed benevolence and pietism into discredit seems to have purified the air and acted like that mythical phenomenon of the Lake district, the "clearing showers." We seem to begin the new year with some reason to hope that we have seen the worst of bad trade, and that even the commercial conscience has been awakened to a sense of the profitableness of honesty in the long run.

The greater events of the year have been, or ought to have been, of a "tonic" quality. Till more serious wars and more heavy losses come to put the past out of remembrance, 1879 will be remembered with keen regret as a year of wars which, though successful, brought little glory with their many sorrows. Probably there are few people in England who did not heartily regret the circumstances which in South Africa made us employ the deadly engines of civilization on a frank, manly, and courageous set of savages. In a fight with a European Power, a nation soon learns to detest its enemy, and to regard it as the embodiment of wickedness. Without some idea of this sort it is not easy to wage war with comfortable consciences. Our fathers had a holy hatred of France; when we encountered Russia we were sure that we were opposing a gigantic system of evil, and so far, war was not felt to be a moral misfortune. But neither English combatants in Africa, nor non-combatants at home, could manage to detest and abhor, nay, they could hardly even dislike, the Zulus. We all felt that war in this case was no sort of crusade, as old wars against despotisms or regicides seemed to be, but only a miserable game of chance and skill in which we happened to be engaged. This feeling only increased the grief with which the country mourned for a thousand gallant soldiers, many of them lads, and for more than a hundred officers many of whom had just left the public schools, while there were even some that fell who would have been young among schoolboys. They all faced death with a gay courage, as they would have faced a charge at football. One rode alone into the midst of an unknown country and a barbarous foe. Others shone in rescues of wounded men, in the face of overpowering numbers. One, who cast new glory on the ancient and honourable name of Hamilton, actually silenced by the terror caused by his single valour the gun fired by the Afghan soldiery against the walls of the English Mission. We saw last year some distributions of honours which were rather too blatant in character, and almost partook of the nature of advertisements. Yet, in looking back on a gloomy and sorrowful year, the memory dwells with pleasure on the names of those who held the little house at Rorke's Drift, and who defended the English Residency at Cabul, as staunchly as their grandfathers held the house of Hougoumont. It was one of the miseries of the past year, perhaps that which people felt most bitterly, that a foreign guest of our army fell unaided among savages through the momentary absence of that uncalculating courage which was so often displayed in 1879. The death of Prince Louis Napoleon was an event that must have saddened every one not absolutely perverted by political passion. The last act of an extraordinary political drama, which had drawn for two-thirds of a century the eyes of the civilized world, ended as strangely as the career of Charles XII. The hope of the adventurous family fell as suddenly as fell that adventurous king. The sorrows of a lady who has known the greatest vicissitudes of fortune became a matter of sincere domestic sympathy in England, as well as a topic for the effusions of the basest servility. Indeed the late year, with its many trials, did not find us a people who can accept misfortune with simplicity and dignity. A foreign observer said once, in very good English, that he "hated England because she was too d—d comfortable." When, for any reason, we cease to be comfortable, and learn that we are subject to distress and disaster, there are scores of noisy voices to discourse on the occasion in a most lugubrious whine. It is impossible to say how far the public lamentations represent a general despondency. If they do, this country has become too fond of crying and wailing, like the girl in the fable, over spilt milk and broken pots. Empires are no more kept together by commercial activity in the way of selling "sized" cottons and "realizing" large fortunes than revolutions are made with rose-water. We all trust that 1880 may be a much more fortunate year than 1879, that trade may improve, that the Boers may cease to trouble, that the Afghans may recognize their inability to cope with our arms, and that the sun may shine fair on heavy crops, gay garden parties, and "lively" lawn-tennis and cricket grounds. But if we cannot have all we want, if we are obliged to make sacrifices and exertions, we may at least remember that other peoples also, "being men, have endured things not intolerable." For all that human eyes can see, 1880 may be, like 1870-71, one of the solemn moments in the ages which try all nations as if with fire. The best public preparation for the year, whatever it may be, is the assumption of a stoical spirit and the disuse of political shrewishness. These things would be worth purchasing, even at a heavier price in the way of experience than we have yet paid.

The minor social phenomena of the past year have not been parti-

cularly encouraging to the optimist. In literature and art of every sort, for example, we have rather an empty record; like the shield of Sir Tor, it is "blank enough." Writers and artists have, as a rule, repeated themselves, and furnished some not disagreeable matter for indolent discussion. There is no certain sign of the approach of that much desired and long-expected person, the new man of genius. His place is quite ready for him, and let us trust that he will take it in 1880. It is high time that some good original work were done, something more permanent than praiseworthy manuals, meritorious primers, and agreeable volumes of travel. Perhaps the stage was last year the most fortunate as well as the most fashionable of the arts. The Shakspearian revival was popular and praiseworthy. People await, some with pleasure, others with unconcealed dismay, the second advent of Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt and of M. Coquelin.

There is some reason to hope that 1879 reached the low-water mark of cheap scandal-mongering. The social waters retreated at the command of some very cheap magicians, and revealed unlooked-for nastinesses. This is the most poetical way in which we can well say that society journals were sold for one penny. The consequences are fresh in the memory of all, and it is cheering to know that penny slander and scandal at least, and the lies and obscenity of the stupider craftsmen in the pandering trade, can be stamped out by the law. We even seem to detect signs of an abated interest in the reports of the doings of fashionable women which are circulated by industrious touts. It would be pleasant to believe that 1880 may be less prone to tattle and libel than was 1879. But it must not be forgotten that the habits of all animals excite least interest in the season of hibernating. 'Arries of all classes will probably pursue, with keen scientific interest, the lovely ephemeræ of the season in summer. As to libels—in which the past slanderous year was so rich—it is not unlikely that they have done their business. It is sometimes found desirable, by drunken and indigent tramps in want of a shelter for the night, to call public attention to their existence by breaking the windows of some harmless tradesmen. Windows enough of the figurative sort have now, perhaps, been broken by libellous writers. The public and the police are quite awake to the existence of the class, and by the operation of economical laws the new year may be delivered from the scandals of the old. It was a reprobate, ill-humoured, unlucky year, worse than the old profligate who boasted that he "had been known to be steady for weeks." There were but few weeks in 1879 that did not bring news of a misfortune, rumours of war, of desolating storms, news of disgusting scandal, or tidings of the vilest murders and outrages. The most loathsome of these were the Euston Square and Richmond "mysteries," and it is not very much to the credit of the police that 1880 finds the murderous centre of the former abomination a mystery still. The occurrence of such crimes is less discreditable to society than the widespread interest which they generally excite. It would be too sanguine to hope that 1880 will lack its murders and its "sensations."

The end of the year finds the world's stage cleared of many conspicuous figures. Probably more notorious or celebrated people have departed than there have been discovered new celebrities to fill their places. That of the Prince of Orange will long remain unoccupied; at least it is unlikely that many royal persons will think Paris well worth a crown, a life, and honour. The death of Lord Lawrence makes a great gap in the Anglo-Indian world, and the murder of Sir Louis Cavagnari removed a man for whom it will be hard indeed to find a substitute. More familiar names and figures were those of Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Butt. The House of Commons is scarcely the same place without them, while literature seems altered in many ways by the deaths of Mr. John Blackwood, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, and Mr. Dana. The world of art has lost an eminent historical painter in Mrs. E. M. Ward and in M. Viollet-Leduc, a learned and accomplished architect and writer on architecture and other art subjects. Buckstone and Fechter have disappeared from the stage. Dean McNeil was a representative man in the Evangelical party in the Church; and Canon Ashwell, of a widely different school of opinion, has left his unfinished work to be given to the world by other hands. We are reminded that we are living in a new generation, studying a new page of the world's history, when many of the old and strenuous actors have passed away. "Changed faces, other times," seem to come with the beginning of a new decade, of which at least one hopeful omen is the success of English arms in the East. A new House of Commons will perhaps be one of the novelties of the year; but change is not always improvement. Will 1880 soften the manners of Irish members or diminish the habit of bringing railing accusations? Alas! however Mr. Parnell may begin the new year, Mr. Bright has ended the old one in the manner of Hogarth's controversy with Churchill. We must "nurse no extravagant hopes" in "this so-called nineteenth century."

DR. RICHARDSON AND HIS WINE.

THE case of Dr. Richardson, as reported by himself in the current number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, affords by far the most persuasive argument in favour of total abstinence that has yet been offered to the public. Rewards and not punishments are often, after all, the most powerful incentives to virtue. There are a vast number of persons who are ready to scoff at the warnings of doctors, and who can even laugh to scorn the terrors of gout so long as they are left in peace with port wine of a certain age. Their rebellious spirits are neither subdued by the thunders of the temperance lecturer nor charmed by the alluring humour of Sir Wilfrid Lawson. They are, in fact, such hardened sinners that we doubt whether Dr. Richardson himself could tempt them to his ideal city, even though he should offer for their consumption water of a sparkling purity undreamed of even by the ruthless Corporation of Manchester. They have long ago taken their own precautions against the fearful creatures revealed to us by the microscope, and it may be questioned whether the modern researches of science have done more than strengthen their attachment to good wine. But even the worst of these offenders might, we think, be won over to the side of virtue by the contemplation of Dr. Richardson's good fortune. If a famous cellar of old wine could be counted upon as the sure reward of abstinence, temperance would command a powerful following. For the sake of such an inheritance many of the staunchest advocates of alcohol would gladly take to water for awhile. Petitions in favour of the Permissive Bill would flow in from every side, and ruby-faced old gentlemen would vie with each other in favour of a cause which offers to its supporters such a pleasant reward. Even as it is, we may confidently look for a considerable increase in the number of teetotalers. Enthusiastic praise of milk and water will become a fashion with men of delicate and curious taste, for although there may not exist many cellars in the country so richly stocked as that of the late Sir Walter Trevelyan, every connoisseur of old wine will cherish the hope that to him also shall descend a like bequest of sack and Cyprus.

In the meantime, the strange predicament in which Dr. Richardson unexpectedly finds himself cannot fail to cause a certain measure of anxiety to his friends. For the moment this excellent gentleman is completely surrounded by bottles and magnums of curious brands. He is hedged in on all sides by a formidable array of subtle and alluring liquors, so that the hearts of his faithful followers must sink within them as they reflect upon the perils to which he is exposed. St. Anthony himself was not more sorely tempted. Nor are there any of the knights in Spenser's poem who can be said to have encountered a more redoubtable foe. There is nothing, so far as we know, in the past conduct of Dr. Richardson which can be held to explain the trial to which he has been suddenly exposed. For years past he has been known to the world as a blameless and energetic officer in the great temperance army, and by nothing that he has done can he be held to have deserved the sudden interposition of avenging fate. What has befallen him only shows how idle it is to regard every individual misfortune as a special judgment. Without the slightest swerving from the path of virtue poor Dr. Richardson suddenly finds a cellar key thrust into his hands. Opening his letters one morning at breakfast, and dreaming the while, as we may suppose, over that land flowing with milk and water to which he has given the title of Hygeia, he lights upon a communication from one of the executors of the late Sir Walter Trevelyan. From this brief note he learns, to his astonishment, that the deceased Baronet, by a codicil to his will, had bequeathed to him all the wines in the cellars at Wallington. We know not to what spiritless cordial total abstainers have recourse to nerve them under the pressure of sudden trial; but we may conclude that the good Doctor, staggering under this unexpected misfortune, took a deep draught of some innocent vintage of Hygeia. Even the bravest man may be taken unprepared; and for a teetotaler to be endowed without warning with the contents of a famous cellar is a fate that must command the sympathies of all tender natures. But Dr. Richardson, to do him justice, seems never for a moment to have lost heart. The letter arrived on the first day of the month of April, and for a while he did indeed believe himself to have been the victim of a cruel joke; but in due time a parcel, containing the key of the cellar, arrived by registered post, and the poor Doctor was left to confront his destiny with all the courage he could command. Never, to be sure, was such a cruel testamentary blow more entirely unprovoked. Dr. Richardson and the late Baronet were almost total strangers. They had only met once or twice, and in public places, and, save for the virtue of abstinence, and a combined desire for the welfare of mankind, they would seem to have had but little in common. But the mere fact that the deceased was also a teetotaler renders this strange codicil only the more difficult to interpret. Why, it may be asked, should a humane abstainer seek to test or to strain the virtue of his brother? It was enough surely that one luckless mortal should have passed a life of painful probation with the key of a magnificent cellar in his hand; it was scarcely necessary that the burden of temptation should descend upon other and more innocent shoulders. More innocent, because there is a certain fitness in the fact that Sir Walter Trevelyan should expiate the sins of his ancestors. To them belongs the iniquity of having stocked the vaults at Wallington with these curious vintages; but as neither Dr. Richardson nor his family had any part in the original crime, it was somewhat hard that he should be now compelled to suffer in the cause. It is very much to the Doctor's credit that he does not, as far as can be judged, harbour any resentment towards the deceased. He would seem to accept in perfect faith the wording of the will by which the wines are directed to be "applied to scientific purposes," and he now comes confidingly before the public in the hope perhaps that his pitiful story may call forth some suggestion to guide his conduct.

At present the luckless legatee is apparently ignorant of any

scientific purpose to which wine can be applied. That it can have been intended to be drunk is of course out of the question, and yet, short of drinking it, there would seem to be no opportunity for the exercise of scientific ingenuity. The waiter in *David Copperfield* thought that table-beer could be swallowed with impunity if the head was thrown back, and if the draught was sufficiently deep. But Dr. Richardson is evidently not disposed to put faith in any such precaution. He denounces those pretended friends of the human race who have countenanced the notion that port wine is good for neuralgia, and he has so far turned a deaf ear to all propositions for the disposal of his bequest by way of consumption. If he were not quite so firm upon this point, there would perhaps be a better chance of satisfying the wishes of the testator. Some one from among the elect could surely be found who would be ready to sacrifice himself for the good of the cause in order to prove to an incredulous world that even the finest wines are no more than a noxious poison. The interests of science could not fail to benefit by the experiment. The patient would be submitted to the closest and most careful observation, and his changing symptoms as he was successively subjected to the influence of each curious wine would afford new material for a comprehensive history of disease. There is, of course, the possibility that the experiment might not succeed. If, after all the varied contents of the cellar had been exhausted, the victim still survived, Dr. Richardson and his friends would no doubt be placed in a most humiliating position. But a good and earnest teetotaller might be trusted to know the right moment to succumb, leaving the scientific operator to point the moral of his fate. Unless Dr. Richardson accepts some such suggestion as this, it is difficult to see how he can discharge the trust that has been confided to him. Merely to defend his own virtue against the insidious attacks of Malmsey or Tokay could not exactly be accounted a scientific achievement. So long, of course, as the wine remains in his possession, it must be regarded as a source of danger to the whole fraternity. For, although men of exceptional strength of will, like the late Sir Walter Trevelyan and Dr. Richardson, may pass through such an ordeal with unimpaired reputation, there is no sort of security that the contents of the cellar will not one day fall into the hands of some frailer creature. It is not every teetotaller who is to be trusted with the keys of a valuable wine-cellar, and we trust therefore that Dr. Richardson will not again run the risk which the deceased Baronet was rash enough to incur. It is impossible altogether to resist the conclusion that the late owner of the Wallington cellars was after all something of a humourist. The notion that Sir Wilfrid Lawson is the only comic genius subsisting entirely on water is perhaps unsound, and we can imagine Sir Walter Trevelyan grimly chuckling over his codicil, and picturing to himself with awful merriment the eventual embarrassment of his temperate legatee. Never assuredly was a practical joke so gravely carried out, and a man must indeed be a humourist who is content thus to provide the material for posthumous laughter. Nor, short of the painful experiment we have already suggested, does any means occur to us by which Dr. Richardson can extricate himself from his ludicrous position. There is a story of a Royal Academician whose modest feelings were so shocked by the subject of a cartoon by Michael Angelo in the possession of the Academy, that he one day had the audacity to suggest that it should be sold. The inconsistency of such conduct was too manifest to escape detection, and Dr. Richardson, although he is equally shocked at being the possessor of a cellar of wine, would never dream of allowing others to indulge a taste which he denies to himself. What he desires, if we understand him, is to find some simple person willing to pay the full price for the wine on the express understanding that it is never to be consumed. If he realizes this innocent dream, he will apply the proceeds to some scientific research in which he "might be usefully engaged." But we would suggest that at least a portion of the proceeds should be devoted to the erection of a temperance monument in which Dr. Richardson, balanced like a skilful acrobat upon the apex of a pile of bottles, should be represented holding with resolute grasp the key of the Wallington cellars.

BERKELEY CASTLE.

"IT is a reverend thing," remarks Lord Bacon, "to see an ancient castle or building not in decay; how much more to see an ancient noble family which hath stood against the waves and weathers of time?" Both these objects of reverence meet at Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, and of eight important Norman fortresses which formerly sentinelled the border of the Severn from Shrewsbury to Bristol, only Berkeley Castle now stands. The circumstances of the foundation of that stronghold are less open to dispute than the question of the first coming into England of the family who seven centuries ago built its principal walls. Were it not as difficult to get rid of a fiction as to grasp a fact we might be surprised that the Rev. J. H. Blunt, the historian of *Dursley and its Neighbourhood*, should have recently repeated the mythical statement that Robert FitzHarding, who erected the keep, was the grandson of a Danish King. To which King of Denmark Prince Harding claimed sonship does not appear, but it is explained that the reason of the royal progenitor of the Berkeleys taking up his abode in England was obedience to a national law that, to prevent a strife for the succession to the Crown, a younger son, which he himself was, should be sent into a foreign country. As the House of Denmark supplies no evidence of the descent in question, we may leave the matter in doubt, or we are open to accept the suggestion of the Rev. S. Seyer, supported by Mr. Freeman, that, in the words of the latter, "Robert FitzHarding, the patriarch of the house of Berkeley, was son of a Harding whose name often occurs in *Domesday* and elsewhere, and grandson of Eadnoth the Staller, a man who, having been a great officer under Edward and Harold, passed after the Conquest into the service of William." Even if as destitute of pedigree as Melchisedec, we have proof that Robert was an historical person. Among the muniments of the castle is an original charter by which Henry, Duke of Normandy, afterwards Henry II., grants to Robert, son of Harding, land at Berkeley for the yearly service of two falcons, and promises to build him there a castle according to his own mind ("Et pepigi ei firmare ibi Castellum secundum voluntatem ipsius Rodbti"), Robert engaging in return to be Henry's vassal. A second charter from Prince Henry confirms this grant for the additional service of a knight's fee, or, if preferred, a hundred shillings yearly. It is stated, moreover, by Gervasius (X. Script. I. col. 1358) that Henry, when a boy, was placed under the tutelage of Robert FitzHarding at Bristol, and during four years was there taught the arts of learning and conduct by a tutor named Matthews. This story has been questioned, it seeming the more suspicious from having been generally omitted by the mediæval chroniclers. The first of the charters, however, referred to above is dated at Bristol, and both are attested by the Abbot of St. Austin's at that place. Also in a charter printed in Dugdale, which Henry II. granted to the Abbey of St. Austin's, Bristol, the King speaks of that convent as one which in early life he had aided by his benefactions and protection ("Quam inicio juventutis meæ beneficiis et protectione cœpi juvare et fovere." Dugd. vi. 365). FitzHarding was the founder of St. Austin's, and a fifteenth-century inscription over the existing Norman gateway affirms that Henry II. was joint builder with him of that monastery. The association between the son of Harding and the son of Henry I. is therefore evident, and shows that the former was a man of consequence, if not a Royal Dane.

Before Robert FitzHarding became owner of Berkeley, that barony belonged to Roger, Lord of Dursley, who was deprived of his estate for his loyalty to King Stephen. To lessen the injury to the ejected lord, who had taken up arms in self-defence, Henry helped to arrange a marriage between Helen, daughter of FitzHarding, and a son of Roger de Berkeley; also between Alice, daughter of Roger, and Maurice, son of FitzHarding. The old Berkeleys then quietly retired to their manor of Dursley, where they died out in the male line in 1382, while the FitzHardings, with the lordship or honour of Berkeley in their possession, which covered most of the hundred, took the surname of the estate, and continue to be one of the few families whose heads by male descent have been barons of the realm by tenure or by writ (tenure having fallen into disuse in the reign of Henry III.) from the time of Henry II.

Mr. G. T. Clark, in a recent examination of the castle, pronounces the half-hollow circular keep, which is unusually large, to be based on a Saxon mound fortification. For twenty-two feet of its height this important tower encloses a mole or column of earth which he argues was not likely to have been filled into the shell of masonry, holding rather that the Norman builder, finding a moated mount of suitable dimensions, adopted it for the solid core of the keep by building around it a revetment wall, as at Pontefract, and raising on the wall the present curtain. Placed at the extremity of a tract of land that suddenly drops from the southern walls of the fortress into a flat meadow which extends to the Severn, a mile to the west, the station was one of obvious importance against irruptions from the Welsh borders. After the battle of Deorham (A.D. 577) the whole valley of the Severn was delivered into the power of the West Saxons; and that Berkeley was an entrenched position against the Britons who had been driven to their hills across the Severn and Wye may be argued as well by Mr. Clark's theory as by the fact stated by Smyth, the historian of the Berkeleys, that in his day (A.D. 1620) traces remained of an early mound and fosse. The positions that had formed the most available points of defence to the Saxons would naturally offer the same advantages to the Normans, for the Welsh were not less aggressive in the days of Rufus than in the days of Ceawlin.

Entering the outer ward we are confronted by the western half-round of the huge keep, which has the gateway of the inner ward attached to its southern face. Passing into the second court we find on the right the domestic apartments, which, though structurally Norman, are pierced with Tudor windows. In front are the great hall, buttery and kitchen, while on the left are the miscellaneous offices. All these buildings are attached to the Norman curtain, or buttressed outer walls of the castle, and are as skilfully designed for convenience as for security, while to enhance domestic privacy there are distributed within the halls and towers concealed apartments enough to form the architectural type of some *Mysteries of Udolpho*. Except on the north angle which is occupied by the shell keep, a feature that is in marked distinction from the usual massive rectangular tower, the external form of the fortress is a rude square of an average extent of sixty-seven yards on each face. The keep is about fifty yards in diameter, with walls eight feet in thickness. The exterior height is sixty-two feet, but one third of the shell being filled with solid earth, the access from the courtyard is by winding steps which land the visitor on a grass-plat twenty-two feet above the level of the wards. Here we

find practically a third court, the domestic apartments being on the southern concavity of the keep against the inner gateway. Projecting at irregular intervals from the exterior circuit are three segmental bastion turrets about twenty feet in diameter at the broadest parts. Two of these towers are hollow downwards from the keep platform to two feet below the level of the wards, one of them being the ancient prison-hold. Into this black den, deeper than the Tullian dungeon and as noisome and terrible, were thrust some of the captives of King John when he, in 1216, seized the castle. Edward II. was immured in the guard chamber immediately over this fearful hole. The family banner is planted on what is known as the Thorpe Tower, which is a rectangular building, also like the bastions attached to the keep, but on the northern part of the circuit. The estate of Wanswell Court, a mediæval house in the neighbourhood, was held by the family of Thorpe on the tenure of defending this tower.

The Berkeleys have been men of war, though not illustrious warriors like the Talbots, Percys, and Howards. They have at least been more fortunate than some of these, none of the lineal barons having perished on the scaffold or on the field of battle. This is the more remarkable because, while usually taking the side of the people in political movements, they have been active in treasons, rebellions, and regicidal conspiracies, as well as in domestic and foreign wars. Robert FitzHarding died a canon in the Augustinian abbey that he had founded, being the first and last monk of his line. Maurice, his son (ob. 1189), conceived less regard, and not unreasonably, for the monks whom his sire had favoured. Having dug a ditch on the north side of the castle, he encroached upon the adjoining churchyard, which his father had given, together with the church, to the black canons of St. Austin. This sacrilegious act so excited the brotherhood that until full restitution was made they spared towards the offender no divine anger short of excommunication, and that they threatened. The third lord, Robert II., was actually excommunicated by Innocent III. for siding with the barons against King John. His castle and all his lands were at the same time confiscated, and the revenues ordered for the maintenance of the royal stronghold at Bristol. Some of his estates were afterwards restored to him, but not the castle and town of Berkeley. These, however, were in 1224 given back to the family by Henry III., who accepted as hostages of fidelity two nephews of Thomas, the son and heir of the deprived lord, Thomas then taking possession of the castle. Maurice, the next in succession, entertained Henry III. at Berkeley in 1256, at which period the "household and standing domestical family consisted of 200 persons and upward." The eldest son of Maurice was killed at the jousts held at Kenilworth in 1279, which were celebrated by Roger de Mortimer, who proceeded thither "with 100 knights well armed, and as many ladies going before singing joyful songs." Thomas, who succeeded, was at the battle of Evesham (1265), at the famous siege at Calaverock (1300), and likewise at the battle of Bannockburn (1313). Maurice III., the seventh lord, had the nearest approach to a violent end, being seized by Edward II. and thrown into Wallingford prison, where he died (May 1326), for having taken part against the two Despencers. Thomas, his brother, the next of the line, also offended the King by harrying the lands of the same favourites. He was consequently sent to the Tower, whence escaping and being retaken he was immured in Pevensey Castle till his captivity was ended by the captnre of the King himself. While taking refuge at Tintern Abbey (October 14 and 15, 1326) Edward had given the custody of Berkeley Castle to Thomas de Bradstone; but the growing power of Isabella and Mortimer soon reversed the act. Within the next twelvemonth the wretched monarch made his own awful acquaintance with the towers of Berkeley. He was committed to the custody of Thomas de Berkeley, who had an allowance of 5*l.* a day for his expenses, the castle steward's accounts of the time showing that the two sums of 700*l.* and 500*l.* were received from the Exchequer for the maintenance of the King and his attendants during his whole imprisonment. But Lord Thomas showed too little resentment for his own injuries, and, being thought to treat the Royal prisoner too gently, he was commanded to deliver him, together with the castle, to Lord Maltravers and Sir Thomas Gournay. "Ser Thomas Berkeley," says Capgrave, "had the keeping of him a month, and treted him ful worschipfully; and Ser John Mauntravers had the keping of him two othir month, and treted him ful ongentyly. The quoen sent him pleasant giftes, and clothis ful precious; but sche wold not so him. Sche pretended that the lords would not suffer her." This passage of Capgrave seems to be the basis of the powerful death-scene in Marlowe's *Edward II.*, a drama which, at least in this part, is grounded on a careful study of the historical facts. The room in which the foul deed was committed which gives the castle its tragic celebrity was doubtless the chamber over the dungeon, and not the guard-room to the entrance of the dungeon keep, as generally received. The former view is supported by Mr. Grantley Berkeley, who has judiciously argued the point. The fretted marble tomb of the murdered monarch in St. Peter's Abbey—now the cathedral—Gloucester, is a shrine for a saint, and indeed to the monks Edward proved the Thomas à Becket of the West, the oblations of pilgrims in the course of fifty years at his sepulchre being enough, it is stated, to have rebuilt the church, had the work been needful. The historical parallel between the end of Edward II. and that of Darnley, whose weakness was their ruin, lasts beyond the murder in both cases. Before a month from the assassination of her husband Mary Stuart was amusing herself with archery at Lord Seton's with Bothwell and the other noblemen who were chief accomplices in the tragedy. So in the Berkeley Household Accounts (as supplied by Mr. J. H. Cooke, F.S.A., the present land steward) there is an entry of 31*s.* 1*d.* for the expenses of the red-handed Thomas de Gournay going to Nottingham to inform the Queen of Edward's death, the gentle Mortimer being no less pleased than under like circumstances was Bothwell at a later day to hear that the deed was done. Lord Berkeley was tried, but finally acquitted of complicity in the murder of the King, and lived to serve with his son Maurice in the battle of Crecy and Poictiers.

Thomas IV., the tenth Lord Berkeley, figures in Shakspeare's *Richard II.*, where he is represented as meeting Bolingbroke and Northumberland on his own territory, whither they had come over the Cotswold from the North after the landing at Ravenspur of the King that was to be. The Duke of York was already at Berkeley, awaiting, Hollingshed tells us, the arrival there of Bolingbroke, "whom when he perceived that he was not able to resist, on the Sunday after the feast of St. James, he came forth into the church that stood outside the castle, and there communed with the Duke." In the existing church, a rich example of Early English architecture, Richard's doom was sealed. With the Duke of York, the same historian asserts, were the Bishop of Norwich, and Lords Berkeley and Seymour; with the Duke of Lancaster, Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, the Abbot of Leicester, the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, the Baron of Greystoke, the Lords Willoughby and Ross. Though Hollinshed has neglected to mention the presence of Hotspur, Shakspeare has remembered the historian's previous statement that Harry Percy, together with his father, had joined Bolingbroke in the North. The poet, however, takes the liberty of making Percy and Lancaster meet for the first time in their lives at Berkeley. On their greeting the latter thanks his "gentle Percy" for his tender of service, and promises to remember him as his "fortune ripens." In *Henry IV.* (First Part, Act I. sc. iii.) Hotspur, who had become that King's enemy, recollects the whole scene, but affects to forget the place of its occurrence, except that it was in Gloucestershire. Northumberland suggests that it was "at Berkeley Castle":—

> *Hotspur.* You say true,
> Why what a candy deal of courtesy
> This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
> Look—*When his infant fortune came to age.*
> And—*Gentle Harry Percy; and Kind Cousin.*
> O the devil take such cozeners.

The marriage of Thomas, fourth of that name, to Mary, daughter and heir to Gerard Warren, Lord Lisle, occasioned a remarkable family feud, which finally resulted in a sanguinary battle between the female and the male representatives of the race. His only child was Elizabeth, wedded to Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick; who, on her father's death in 1417, set up a claim to the castle and all the connected manors, in which assertion she was of course supported by her husband. The collateral heir by entail was James, the son of James the brother of the late lord, who in 1420 besieged the castle in order to oust the usurping Earl and Countess of Warwick. In alternate successes and reverses on either side the castle was several times taken and retaken, while the town of Berkeley was half destroyed. At length—in a later generation, 1469—the young Viscount Lisle, the last of his line, challenged William, Lord (the twelfth) Berkeley, to fight with their retainers on Nibley Green. At sunrise on the 20th of March the combatants met to the joint number of over a thousand strong, the rude miners having poured from Dean Forest to assist Lord Berkeley. While lifting his vizor Lord Lisle was shot in the face by an arrow aimed by one Black Will, a forester, and was finished by a dagger stroke. This caused the rout of his followers, but not an end of the contention, at least in a legal form.

A later attempt in another way to dispossess the Berkeleys of their principal estate was made by Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who had already secured Wotton, one of their manors. Leicester persuaded the Queen on her western progress in 1573 to hunt Lord Henry Berkeley's red deer in the castle park. Berkeley at the time of Elizabeth's visit was designedly absent, which perhaps caused the more wholesale destruction of his game, twenty-seven stags being killed in one day. Soon after her departure information through the favourite reached the Queen that Lord Berkeley had shown strong feelings of resentment at the wanton outrage on his preserves, which so affronted her that she sent a message to him to be careful of his words, for that the "same earl" who had plotted against his deer might plot also against his castle and his head, to the former of which he had taken great fancy. On the whole, the Berkeleys had little reason to say "God save Queen Elizabeth," a fact of which Elizabeth herself was not unconscious. Lord Henry Berkeley married the sister of Thomas Howard, Earl of Norfolk, and soon after the execution of the latter Lady Berkeley presented a petition on her knees to Her Majesty, who replied, "No, no, my Lady Berkeley, we know you will never love us for the death of your brother."

We get some idea of the stately household of this Lady Berkeley from a code of rules, A.D. 1601, "set down by my lady to be observed by the gentlemen" of the household, which is printed in the Fifth Report of the Historical Commissioners. These directions were to remain in the care of the gentleman usher, "that every one of the gentlemen may at any time resorte to the gentle-

man usher, and such as can rede may here see from time to time what those orders bee." Among the usher's duties was to see that the yeomen in the summer-time trimmed the chimneys "with grene bowes and the windows with herbs and swote flowers, and the chambers strowed with greene rushes." If any visitors to the family were present, even one only, the gentleman usher and his co-mates were to wear their livery coats and to "kepe moste in the dyning chamber to make show of themselves both for the honor of my lord and me." No stranger was to be entertained at the castle "under the degree of an esquier of an hundreth pounds a yere of inheritance at the least." One regulation was that none of the waiting gentlemen were to go out of the castle after nine at night.

Every ruined or injured building in the kingdom, whether monastic or military, seems stamped with the name of Cromwell; and a touch of his finger is to be seen in a large gap on the north side of the keep of the present fortress. Both the castle and the church outside the castle walls were garrisoned for the King, under the command of Sir Charles Lucas. That officer, on being summoned (September 23, 1645) by Colonel Rainsborough, replied he would eat horseflesh, and, if necessary, man's flesh, before he would yield. He ate neither; but he did better—he yielded when it was useless to withstand. The church was first forced by the enemy, and forty men were killed. This important outwork having failed, and the besiegers beginning to plant their ordnance from the church roof, which commanded the area of the castle, the Governor sounded a trumpet for parley. Terms being arranged, five hundred horse and foot marched out from the gates, eleven pieces of ordnance and six months' provisions falling into the enemy's hands.

Since the Rebellion the castle has been as secure as a church from outward molestation; though, like a church in the larger sense, it has not been without its internal dissensions. The famous "Berkeley Peerage Case" need not, however, be noticed here. There are better things to remember. The Berkeleys have been the great church builders of the West, and their heraldry is emblazoned in the windows of literally a hundred ecclesiastical buildings which they have erected or benefited. The expensive, though judicious, restoration of the fine Early English church of Berkeley shows that the present Baron Fitzhardinge has some of the ecclesiastical spirit of his ancestors.

TWO NIGHTS AND A BALL.

We are inclined to think that those clergymen are most popular who preach a great deal about "fulfilling the duties of our station," which is currently interpreted to mean having as much fun as we can and entertaining as much as we can afford. The faithful devotees of this school of thought are chiefly occupied at this season of the year in fulfilling engagements at country houses for two nights and a ball, or receiving their friends for the same time and object. Nor are their labours in the pious fulfilment of these duties by any means light, their unwearying activity being only equalled by the length of their sleepless vigils. Their dietary, if not exactly ascetic, is decidedly severe and trying; and they do not flinch from sacrificing their health in the good cause, although they may not be specially addicted to bodily mortification.

The primary difficulty in paying a visit to a friend's house for a couple of nights and a ball is to get there. At such times it is unusual for one's host to send to meet one; and, as a rule, the larger the house the less likely is one to be conveyed there in the carriage of its owner. In country places there is often but one ball a year, and then every available house is filled for it. The consequence is that every fly in the neighbourhood is ordered several times in the day, and that there is generally considerable confusion about these orders. It often happens that only two flys appear at a station to take to their destinations three married couples, with their maids, footmen, and piles of luggage, and perhaps a couple of bachelors. If they all happen to be going to the same house, even if everybody and every package cannot be conveyed in one journey, there is nothing but civility and unselfishness; but when the travellers are bound for different quarters, there is sometimes a polite wrangle about the right to a fly. In nine cases out of ten, one of two things happens on arriving at a country house. One either gets there too early and has to endure the agonies of boredom of a very aggravated type for two or three hours before dressing time, or else one arrives in a bustle and a hurry a few minutes before the dinner hour. In the latter case there has been scarcely time to get warm and rested after a cold journey, and to eat one's dinner, before the word is given that it is time to start for the ball. After dinner, and a glass or two of wine, most men are less inclined to bestir themselves and turn out of a comfortable house than at any other moment of the day, and a long cold drive in a tightly filled omnibus is scarcely conducive to digestion or good spirits. On reaching the scene of dissipation we part with our great coat and hat, not without misgivings as to when, if ever, we three shall meet again, and we find ourselves among a number of men struggling into kid gloves. But the plunge must be made, and we must enter the ball-room appearing blithe and gay, and concealing every semblance of a wish to be elsewhere. We are, as it were, under orders to be happy, so we must make the best of it.

This is the season of the year specially devoted to the being commonly known as "the dancing man." He is sought after by eager hosts and hostesses in all directions. Every post brings him several tempting invitations. He is fed upon the best of food and the driest of champagne. He shoots tame pheasants by day and dances with beautiful and other women by night. What good does the best education do for a man unless he can "dance divinely," as young ladies put it? What arts and sciences obtain for a man so many invitations or so much popularity? Call the dancing man a conceited puppy, if you will; but have your more intellectual pursuits procured you so many visits to great houses or so much champagne as the nimble antics of this creature whom you despise? It is all very well to cry, "Away with the great houses and the dry champagne"; but, if you do not care for these things, the dancing man does; and in a free country we must allow every man to have his own tastes. At this season the dancing man discovers his worth and gives himself airs accordingly. He thinks nothing of keeping a countess waiting a week for an answer to an invitation, in hope of being invited by a marchioness. Let him marry, and he will soon find that his charming society will not be nearly so much sought after. Next to the dancing men the most necessary person in a party for a ball is a beauty. Professional beauties are treasures to which but few aspire, and there are different opinions as to their desirableness in a country house; but most people like to have one or two pretty girls among their guests who may be spoken of as the prettiest girls in the ball-room. Except to dancing men and bachelors, beauties are apt to be a bore. At a country house at which we were lately staying, we heard one guest on arriving ask a friend whether he had seen a very handsome girl who was one of the party. "Yes," replied he, "I saw her at the station, and perceiving at once that she was a beauty, I lost all further interest in her." There is one advantage, however, about a beauty, which is that, if one asks her to dance, she is pretty certain to be engaged.

One of the first ceremonies of a country ball is the weighing anchor of the chaperons. They like to be near "nice people," and they sometimes find considerable difficulty in steering themselves into favourable positions. There are parts of the room, too, where the elderly gentlemen congregate, and throughout the evening there are usually one or two clusters of wicked young men who ought to dance but will not do so. Why they have come to the ball at all it would be hard to say. Was it for this that their hostesses angled for them with such consummate and untiring skill? Many givers of private balls in the country lead eligible bachelors into temptation by arranging quiet rooms with newspapers and magazines. A certain hostess, on returning to her house, appeared to derive little or no gratification from the assurance of one of her guests that he had never enjoyed a ball so much in his life before. This guest had spent the entire evening, except when at supper, in a small room, lighted only by reading-lamps, perusing the best-known monthlies and weeklies. The ostensible object of ball-going is, however, to dance, and not to indulge in literature; nor can it be said in these days that the exercise of dancing is much neglected. Twenty years ago people walked through quadrilles and lancers, and slid gently when they waltzed or galloped. In fact, dancing was reduced to the merest form, and the slightest approach to dancing, in the old-fashioned acceptation of the word, was regarded as extremely vulgar, if not absolutely barbarous. It was all very well for naked savages or servant-girls to caper and pirouette, but such performances were perfectly inadmissible in polite society. The first innovation on this happy state of things was the introduction of what are known as "sixteen-lancers." At first there was considerable protest against this new custom. It was argued that, although permissible at small private dances, such a riotous performance was quite unsuited for a public ball. But what was this riotous dance compared to the sixteen-lancers of the present day, whether in public or private? If there was one thing that was considered more intensely vulgar than another, fifteen years ago, it was a polka. People in society would scarcely have dared so much as to mention its name. It is now one of the most popular dances at a country ball. After all, the most vulgar old polka was comparatively inoffensive. The dancers hopped about energetically, it is true, but their action was rather perpendicular than horizontal; now, on the contrary, they jolt about on a plane, with a spasmodic and eccentric motion. It is considered decorous to bound backwards from one end of the ball-room to the other with a series of hops, skips, and jumps. If the hands of a pair of dancers are forced into the face of an unfortunate lady, it is an accident that does not even require an apology, and if tender corns are trodden upon and dresses torn, it is all a recognized part of the entertainment. The climax of modern dancing, however, appears to be attained in the Highland Schottische, a dance hitherto unknown in Scotland. The principle of this performance is as follows. The couples spring about in a wild polka, and whenever the spirit moves them, they separate and hop about on their own account until they feel inclined to dance together again. In order to enliven the proceedings still further, yells and hoots are given at irregular intervals by the dancers. We do not know whether it is attributable to the rage for "culture" at the present time or to the increase in the number of intellectual publications; but from some cause or other country balls have in many cases degenerated into romps which would not be tolerated in a servants' hall, and could scarcely be exceeded by an Indian war-dance.

We must not omit to mention an incident without which a ball

would be considered slow. When a waltz or polka is at its full violence, a lady's train becomes entangled in a gentleman's legs and ties them together. As he is dancing at full speed, the upper part of his body is propelled forward while his legs remain stationary, bound up in muslin, and down he comes, in all probability dragging his partner with him. It is not unlikely that the owner of the dress which has been the cause of all the mischief will be pulled down also. It may be some relief to turn away from such scenes and take an old lady into supper. Having already sat on the same seat for a couple of hours, and having still some three hours to endure on her perch before leaving the ball, she will feel it a great relief to go to the supper-room for five or ten minutes. Give her lobster, jelly, and champagne, and she will dream, let us hope, of your charity. When the supper-room is full there is more leisure to observe the varieties of style adopted by the dancers. One man waltzes with his head in the air, and much the expression worn by a dog when he is howling at the sound of music. Another has a bend in the middle, which looks as uncomfortable as it is ungraceful. One genuflects at every turn, and slides out one of his feet as if to trip up rival dancers. An even more dangerous performer works his left hand up and down as if it were a pump-handle. A tall man with a top-heavy kind of stoop leans over his partner like a great hen taking a chicken under her wings. One man holds his partner as if he were afraid she would slip from his grasp; while another looks as if he wished he were rid of his bargain. It is as the ball-room becomes gradually empty that the most furious dancing begins, and when only three or four couples are left, their movements more resemble gymnastics or acrobatic feats than dances.

After a long and weary drive home in the dark, and another supper, most people are glad to go to bed, but there are generally a few men of the party in a country house who will adjourn to the smoking-room for an hour, even at four or five o'clock in the morning. When your short night is ended, you have to make a choice of evils. If you come down early you will have to sit through a protracted breakfast, lasting an hour or more, as one person after another appears, and if you are late you will find lukewarm food and weak tea. There is probably shooting or skating on the day's programme for those who are thus inclined, and you may get what is known as a "gun-headache," if you have not already got one, or you may get a fall on the ice to stiffen your limbs, if they are not already stiff from dancing. The heaviest part of the day will be from five o'clock to seven, and you will be sorely inclined to sleep when the dressing gong is sounded. There is a want of effervescence about the dinner. The host looks tired, the hostess is out of humour, because her bachelors have not shown the attention to her young ladies which she had hoped for, the funny man has been snubbed, and has relapsed into a surly silence, and the beauty has got a cold in her head. It will be lucky if no attempt is made to revive the drooping spirits of the party by a dance (which may keep everybody up for the greater part of another night), or by some impromptu acting, or practical jokes.

Altogether, when the carriages, with the luggage upon their tops, come to the door on the morning after the second night, we feel a certain sensation of relief, although of course we have all "enjoyed ourselves immensely." We may be mistaken, but it flashes across our mind that our host and hostess seem even more pleased at our departure than they were at our arrival, and that they and their servants will be very glad to see the last of the party of guests who came to them for two nights and a ball.

A TURKOMAN POET.

THE Russians have recently discovered to their cost that the Turkomans are not to be despised as strategists any more than as warriors. A Hungarian Professor is disposed to add to this the further discovery that they are not unworthy of literary respect. There is nothing specially improbable in the existence of a true love of poetry and the attainment of excellence in the divine art among a semi-barbarous people. The example of the ancient Arabs, who would beguile the long hours of their forays with the composition of lyrics which no later writer in the Arabic tongue has ever equalled, is sufficient to show this, even if all study of early civilization did not lead to the same conclusion. The reason why we have hitherto heard next to nothing of Turkoman poetry is to be found partly in the fact that the Turkoman language has not yet attained the dignity of a literary instrument—they have but one book, and that essentially foreign, a translation of the Russian Bible—and partly in the small number of the travellers who have penetrated to their homes by the Oxus and have been in a position to gather up their oral compositions. So little has reached us of the tongue of these nomads that it is still difficult to assign to it its true place among the sister dialects of the great Turkish family. Probably Professor Vambéry's recent contribution to the Journal of the German Oriental Society is the most important record of Turkoman speech that we possess.

It is not, however, surprising that so little is known of the language when we remember the darkness that broods over the history of this remarkable people. Yomuts and Göklens, Chaudars and Imrailis, have dwelt from time immemorial in the steppes to the east of the Caspian; while Sariks and Salar and Kara Turkomans inhabited in the ninth century, if not their present ranges, at least the neighbouring steppes, between Balkh and Anjoi; and both divisions are alike called "the Ghuzz" by contemporary writers. The Chinese historians call them "barbarians of the mountains," and the trouble they caused from time to time to the Celestials would warrant a more opprobrious title. "Two thousand years before Christ," says De Guignes, "we obtain our first glimpse of this people, living in tents pitched upon carts, and moving in their travelling houses along the banks of rivers and over the plains which promised to furnish the best pasture for their flocks." The next fifteen hundred years are very barren in information about the Turkomans, but whenever they do appear they preserve their old characteristics unchanged. Without cities, ignorant of all commerce, they lived by plunder, and amused themselves by the chase. We read only of raids across country, burnings, pillagings, harryings. Early in the eighth century, when the Mohammedan conquests were pushed over the northern frontier of Persia, these nomads gained a wider celebrity, and we become better acquainted with them. The Arab conquerors were deeply enamoured of the fair girls of the Turkomans who fell into their hands as slaves. At a much later time the amorous Hafiz, in one of his lyrics, extols the beauty of a Turkish girl of Shiraz:—

> I would give for the black mole on her cheek
> All the riches of Samarkand and Bokhara.

The men were strong, hardy, courageous fellows, of an overawing stature; and the Khalifs of Baghdad, who were suffering from the masterful loyalty of their Arab subjects, were glad to surround themselves with a body-guard formed from the stalwart ranks of the Turkomans. No step could have been less judicious. The soldiery soon won the detestation of the populace and the dread of the Khalifs. They would ride at full gallop through the narrow, crowded streets, trampling down all whom they encountered—old men, women, and children indiscriminately. The complaints of the Baghdad citizens, and the frequent risk of street brawls, induced the Khalifs to transfer their capital to Samarra; but the relief of Baghdad was counterbalanced by the heightened misery of the Prince of the Faithful, who now found himself at the mercy of his body-guard.

The Turkomans now became supreme; they proclaimed and deposed Khalifs, murdering them now and then with every ingenuity of torture, or blinding them and then consigning them to the doubly dark misery of an Oriental prison; they sold the khalifate to the highest bidder; they massacred the townsfolk, and pillaged a famine-stricken country. Major Osborn has told the story in his pleasant, garrulous way, in his *Islam under the Khalifs of Baghdad*. At last they were swept away by a giant wave of their own people. The Seljuks, who had been allowed pasture land beyond the Oxus by the North-Persian dynasty of the Sámánís, and had made themselves very useful to their lords in their constant frontier wars, were allowed by Mahmúd of Ghazna, the celebrated iconoclastic invader of India, to cross the Oxus. This fatal permission put an end to the dynasty of Mahmúd, and brought about an invasion of the whole of the Eastern Mohammedan Empire. The Seljuks, after a short stay about Merv, swept in hundreds of thousands over all Persia and Afghanistan, put an end to the tyranny of the Khalif's body-guard, and, becoming Moslems, received the respectful blessing of the spiritual chief himself, snatched Syria from the Fátimís, and Anatolia from the Emperor, and reared the black flag of the Abbásís on the walls of Jerusalem. It was only for a short time that so universal a sovereignty could endure; the Empire which under Melik Shah stretched from Kashgar and the Punjaub to Nicæa and the Mediterranean, soon split up into fragments. A branch of the Seljuks of anti-crusading fame held Roum, or Anatolia, for two centuries and a half, till the beginning of the fourteenth century, when they were succeeded by a kindred dynasty, that of the modern 'Othmánli Turks, with whose language, both in grammar and phonology, the speech of the Turkomans of the Steppes presents many close analogies. It is a curious link in the history of the Eastern question. The Turks of Constantinople are the kindred and successors of a dynasty which came straight to Anatolia from the steppes where their kinsmen are now baffling the Russian army.

But not in language only is there a resemblance between the Ottoman Empire and the Steppes of the Turkomans. The author of *The People of Turkey* describes the hostility that ever exists in Turkey between the respectable orthodox "Ulama," or Doctors of the Law, and the irresponsible, heretical, and altogether pernicious Dervishes; and Professor Vambéry says that a similar enmity is found in the Steppes of the Caspian, which are traversed by numerous bodies of dervishes, sent forth from Bokhara, the focus of religious fanaticism in Central Asia. In these wild regions and among these unlettered nomads, no less than in Europeanizing Turkey, these zealots and ascetics find no little favour with the folk; and the most popular of the "Ulama" might reasonably envy the reputation and influence acquired by their rivals. Especially powerful did these dervishes become when they united the gift of song to their spiritual qualifications; the prophetic bard is more respected than either bard or prophet singly; it is felt to be convenient, or at least agreeable, to get your poetry along with your preaching, and quite recently a well-known Broad Church luminary has given his support to this view. Few dervish poets attained to so high a renown in the eighteenth century as Machdumkuli, whose verses Professor Vambéry has edited. He had the good fortune to belong to the Göklen tribe, which ranged the rich country of Upper Georgia, and added to its comparative ease of life a decided passion for poetry. Its Troubadours (Bachshis)

were the most gifted among all the tribes; and whenever they were seen approaching an encampment, staff in hand, and two-stringed dutara hung from the neck, the folk turned out to welcome them with transports of enthusiasm. Wherever they wandered, over all the country on the left bank of the Oxus, and in northern Persia, where they acquired a certain refinement unknown to most of their kindred, they were sure of a delighted audience. Whatever they said was of more account than the words of all the holy divines, and even than the Koran itself. To their credit it must be said that they used their powerful influence for good, and endeavoured to improve the moral principles of their particularly dishonest congregations. Their poetry was filled with the spirit of that mystical phase of Islam which we know by the name of Sufism, and which is so marked a characteristic of Persian poetry. In this respect Machdumkuli, orthodox *Sunni* though he professed himself, differs little from Ahmed Yesevi, the celebrated poet-saint of the Khirghis Steppes, or from the bards of the Uzbegs, as Bidil, Fuzuli, and Meshreb. In the very first poem of the collection of thirty pieces published by Professor Vambéry we can see the Sufi leaning, the contempt of the world, the ascetic view of life, and the craving for a mystic union with the spirit of the infinite:—

Says the heart: Far away from the folk,
I will wander o'er mountain and rock,
And the thought of my sin
Shall draw the hot tears down my face.
Each man that I meet is absorbed in thought,
And, for me,—my heart is with care distraught:
In the hollows of hills, in a lonely place
Will I dwell with the whin.

Black world, thou art vanity!
Man's life is insanity,—
Turmoil mad,
And Aching sad:
Drunk with the frenzy divine,
Helpless to fate we resign.

* * * * * * *

Let not this weary life pass fruitlessly,
Nor slight a kindly destiny.
Early a-morn will I raise in prayer
My mournful songs with the birds of the air:
Trustfully
Will Machdumkuli
Yield up to God his will unruly.
Says the heart: If I can fit me with a mate,
I join the sad observance of the dervish state.

In their desire to surround their poet with the halo of the miraculous, the Turkomans assert that Machdumkuli never visited Bokhara or any other collegiate city, that (like Mohammed, on whom be peace!) he could neither read nor write, and that his poetry came solely by divine inspiration. They believe devoutly in the visions which came to him when he was "drunk with the divine frenzy," and are convinced that the "Blessed" Prophet, and the bold 'Omar, and 'Ali, and other sacred personages of Islam, actually made spiritual journeys to the Steppes to commune with the Turkoman poet. Whether his verses were supernaturally prompted or not, it is clear that his admirers are right in denying him all claim to learning. His poetry is purely Turkoman, and contains little that is not either national or religious. Of his patriotic songs the following is a fair example:—

'Tis the troop of the Yomuts and Göklens a-move;
None knows whence they come, nor whither they rove;
From lands far remote and broad pastures they tramp,
No man knows their way, nor the place where they camp.
Let the "Raven" engage with the "Hawk" in battaille,
And the rocks and hills shake at the clash of their mail;
None knows how their feet cling to earth in the shock,
Nor which is the "Lion," the "Wolf," and the "Fox."
There are three thousand heroes with lances to heel,
Four thousand with muskets of glittering steel;
When the Tekkës come rushing like hailstones a-down,
None knows who's the Nomad and who the dull clown.
Like the rush of the storm-wind, they seize Isfahan,
And hamlets whose number no ciphers can span.
Machdumkuli, Lion 'Ali is there on the field;
See how 'Omar and 'Othman their shining blades wield!
The world is full-filled with the neighing of steeds;
Is this earth, or but dust, lies on Khorassan meads?

Machdumkuli's religious poems all smack of Sufism, and our first specimen will stand for all. A much more interesting section of his compositions deal with moral matters. This strange Turkoman dervish had very distinct notions of right and wrong, and a high ideal of conduct. Professor Vambéry asserts that Machdumkuli's moral influence still works for good among the descendants of those who were first moved by his words to turn towards "the right way"; and we can readily believe that his fine picture of the ideal warrior may have produced a stirring effect upon the tribes whose prowess he extols with so patriotic an enthusiasm. And he had the boldness of his convictions. He preached against theft and tobacco to a nation of smoking robbers. To us his lines against smoking can only appear humorous; but to him they meant a strong religious detestation:—

God has put thee in the world with a Will, 'tis agreed;
Do then what thou willest, O smoker of the weed!
But before the Judge's throne, on the awful day, take heed!
What hast thou for apology, O smoker of the weed?

Thy body—it is shrunken, thy strength is fled away;
Thou babblest, but thy intellect is fallen to decay;
Thy nerves are stirred with twitches, thy limbs a scratching need;
These are now thy symptoms, O smoker of the weed!

Such crooked ways must damn thee in Heaven as well as here;
If thou be man, abjure them, and to the right adhere.
By the side of him who prays not, the liar, and the thief,
Will stand the wretched smoker on the last great day of grief.

O Machdumkuli, God is dearer far than earthly day,
The Pipe is only bitterness—the body is but clay;
Sin is the Fox of subtle guile; but in the time of need,
The Fox will not avail thee, O smoker of the weed!

Love-poems are rarer in this collection than might have been expected; and of those that are recorded, not a few seem to have a spiritual meaning. Perhaps the dervish here was too strong for the poet and the man; though we do not find love reprobated with tobacco, nor is the lover consigned to a place in that mournful line of sinners in which the absorber of nicotine is to hold so unexpected a position. The following little piece, or rather fragment of a piece, is as prettily fancied as anything of the kind we have met with in Oriental poets:—

Two score journeys over the sea,
If the darling would only beckon to me!
Forty years would I carry my chain,
Or wander for sixty, for one week's bliss,
My life for a look were too easy a gain,
Would my dear one but turn me her beauty, I wiss.

And if I am worthy to see her—still
Must the pain of our parting my heartstrings thrill?
At a touch of hope all sorrow would flee,
Would the door of her palace but open to me!

Altogether the Divan of Machdumkuli, even as seen in a somewhat literal version, is a curious study, and as a specimen of a very scanty literature, and one likely to be further reduced by force of arms rather than by criticism, it deserves a welcome; and Professor Vambéry has added to his many claims upon our gratitude by rescuing from forgetfulness the verses of the Turkoman Dervish-Poet.

LOSS OF THE *BORUSSIA*.

UNDER an Act of Parliament passed last Session, the tribunal which has to investigate shipping disasters is to be considerably strengthened. In addition to the Wreck Commissioner or magistrate who presides, and to assessors taken from the Royal navy, there will be an assessor taken from the merchant navy, and a certificated engineer is to be a member of the Court when an engineer is on his trial. The assessors, moreover, are to be chosen with greater care than heretofore, as men who have had experience in sailing-vessels are to be selected when the inquiry relates to a sailing-vessel; men who have had experience in steamers when the inquiry relates to a vessel of that class. The new Court will certainly be stronger than the old one, and it is well that it should be so, for the latter was in some respects defective, and investigations respecting shipping disasters are now often of very high importance. Several grave cases are, it seems, already awaiting the tribunal, and amongst them is one of great public interest, which is likely to test to the uttermost judicial acumen and nautical sagacity. The circumstances relating to the loss of the *Borussia* will have to be considered, and, without further information than any which now appears to exist, it will be a task of very considerable difficulty to discover the reason why this vessel failed so completely, or how it was that so small a proportion of those on board have been saved. At present only fifteen are known to be living out of one hundred and eighty-four, the total number of passengers and crew. It was stated with some confidence at the end of last week that more had probably been rescued; but up to the present none have been heard of, and it seems unfortunately not unlikely that there are no survivors except those who have been mentioned. It is not indeed by any means too late to hope that other boats than theirs remained afloat and were picked up by ships; but for the present it must be assumed that no other evidence than theirs will be forthcoming, and that any conclusions which may be drawn as to the sad catastrophe which caused the loss of 169 lives must be based on their statements. Most unfortunately their evidence, so far as it has been hitherto made public, is confused and in parts contradictory; and unless some of them can give more and much clearer information than has hitherto been given, it may be found scarcely possible to elucidate all the facts. At present some inferences may perhaps fairly be drawn; but nothing like certainty is attainable. A short account of the narratives which have been published will show what discrepancy there is between them, and how little is really known at present respecting this grave disaster.

Certain facts of course were ascertained at once, and without difficulty. The *Borussia*, it seems, was an iron screw-vessel, built in 1855, and therefore decidedly an old ship; but an iron vessel of considerable age may be thoroughly strong and seaworthy, and there appears to have been good reason for holding that the *Borussia* was seaworthy in the true sense of the word, although it is to be noticed that she was not classed either at Lloyd's or at the Liverpool Registry. She was chartered for the conveyance of troops to the Cape last spring, and was, it is said, twice surveyed by Government officials, once at Liverpool, and once at Southampton. The result of both surveys was apparently satisfactory, and the steamer took troops and horses out to Natal. It should be observed that she had, for a steamer, a considerable beam in proportion to her length, so that she ought to have been a good vessel in a sea. Her engines were not nearly so old as the hull,

having been fitted by Messrs. Day and Summers in 1871. On the whole, there appear to be no grounds for supposing that, when she started on her fatal voyage, there was, according to the estimate usually formed of iron ships, any reason for thinking her unsuited for winter weather in the Atlantic. The particulars of that voyage are very short. On November 20th the *Borussia* left Liverpool for Corunna, Havannah, and New Orleans, having on board 66 passengers and a crew of 54 all told. At Corunna 64 Spaniards joined the vessel. On November 30th, four days after she left that place, the wind, previously light, freshened to a gale, which on December 1st suddenly chopped round from S.E. to N.N.W. In consequence of this sudden and very great change—much resembling that which occurs in the vortex of a cyclone—there was a very confused sea, and, labouring in this, the *Borussia* sprang a leak. The pumps were set to work, but they can have produced but little effect, for the water gained rapidly and put out the engine-room fires. On the afternoon of the 2nd there were eleven feet of water in the hold, and orders were given to get ready the boats.

Up to this point the story seems tolerably clear, though, as will be shown presently, there is considerable difficulty in reconciling parts of it with some statements which have been made respecting the construction of the ship. Of what happened when it became necessary to take to the boats confused and contradictory accounts have been published. So far as is at present known, two only kept afloat. In one which was picked up by the *Mallowdale*, a ship from Bassein in Bengal, were the doctor of the *Borussia*, the third officer, the fourth engineer, and seven of the crew; in the other, picked up by the *Fulda*, a German vessel, were five Spanish passengers who had gone on board the steamer at Corunna. An account of the disaster, purporting to come from them, has been published, and another has appeared in the *Times*, which is stated to have been given by the third officer, and one of the men who were in his boat has described the calamity in the *Daily News*. There are some apparent inconsistencies between the narratives. The third officer says that seven boats were launched, and that in the first which got away were the mate (presumably the first mate), thirteen passengers, and some of the crew. Provisions, according to his account, were placed in her before she left. The next boat to leave the vessel was a large one, having on board twenty Spaniards and some of the crew; and, just as she got clear, the lifeboat, with two stewards in it, was seen adrift. The third officer, with a boat's crew, was sent to bring her back. He got into her with some of his men apparently, leaving five men in his own boat which he took in tow; but he was shortly obliged to cut the painter, and she was swamped, those in her being drowned. He tried, he says, to get back to the *Borussia*, which, when he left her, was sinking fast, but he could not, owing to the wind and sea. In all probability she sank in a very short time. After four days' exposure, this officer and his companions were picked up by the *Mallowdale*.

The account in the *Daily News* differs in some respects from that of the third officer, although it confirms his statement that all the boats were launched. In this narrative it is alleged that perfect discipline prevailed, and that, after the boats had been lowered, provisions were put into them, but that many of the passengers were afraid to leave the ship. Another and a somewhat strange tale has been told by the Spaniards who have been saved. According to their account, which has appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*, they got into a boat with a lady, two girls, and the chief officer—who, in the other history, was said to have got safely away. The boat was dashed against the side of the vessel; and the officer, fearful that she might sink, clambered on board the vessel, followed by the women and the girls, who certainly showed remarkable activity. The Spaniards were less capable, and the boat drifted away with them. A hole had been stove in her side, which of course caused imminent danger; but it was stopped by a singular expedient, having a remarkable resemblance to one described in *Baron Munchausen*. A pair of oilskin trousers were stuffed into the leak, and two of the men sat upon them to keep them in their place. For five days and six nights the boat drifted hither and thither; but the Spaniards, who must have been extremely hardy fellows, survived the exposure, and on the 7th December they were picked up, in lat. 33° 15′ N., long. 35° 45′ W., by the barque *Fulda*, bound for Liverpool. From the accounts given by the castaways, the captain came to the conclusion that the *Borussia* foundered in lat. 36° N., long. 36° to 37° W.

The discrepancy between the stories of the Spaniards and that of the third officer is striking. They say that the chief officer got into their boat and then got out again. In the other narrative no mention whatever is made of the Spaniards' boat getting adrift; and it is stated, with every appearance of precision, that the first boat to leave the ship was in charge "of the mate," and that she had in her thirteen passengers and some of the crew. Of course the account of the third officer, a seaman who presumably had his eyes about him and took note of what happened, carries more weight than that of passengers belonging apparently to a humble class; but, unfortunately, it is hard to place much reliance on it, since there are statements in his narrative, as given in the *Times*, which are not easy to reconcile. If, as he said—or, rather, as he is reported to have said—he was sent away merely to pick up the lifeboat and to bring her back to the ship, how does it happen that the doctor and fourth engineer were in his boat? They were neither of them seamen nor part of the crew, and were not likely to be of the slightest use in the service for which the boat was despatched. His story, moreover, as given by the reporter, differs considerably from that of the *Daily News*. The survivor who has given that account says that the boat in which he was taken in tow by the third officer's boat, but that she got swamped, and that eight of these in her managed to escape into the other boat. These discrepancies are very likely due to the reporters; but, as the narratives at present stand, they are contradictory on some essential points. As to the Spaniards' account there is not much to be said. It seems strange that, if a lady and two girls could scramble on board the steamer, strong men could not; but chance may have favoured the former, or the Spaniards may have allowed them to go first, certainly showing, if they did so, most chivalrous courage. The men have not yet apparently been examined as to what they saw of the other boats, and it is quite possible that when questions are put to them on this subject information of great value may be obtained. At present, as has been shown, but little has been clearly ascertained respecting the disaster. All that can be said for certain with regard to the boats is that the ship carried seven of them, and that of these two got safely away, one containing three officers and some of the crew, and the other five male passengers who, from the endurance they showed, may be presumed to be very vigorous men. The careful and systematic investigations of a Court will very likely bring much to light which is at present unknown, and will perhaps make clear and intelligible the story which, as told by the reporters, is hazy and confused. That a true and full account may prove to be satisfactory is by no means improbable; and it may be hoped that the result of the inquiry will not be to show that in this, as in so many other cases, the strong thought only of their own safety, and left the weak and helpless to perish.

Apart from any question about the boats, there is one fact connected with the loss of this vessel as to which no doubt can be entertained. The leak which was sprung must have been an extraordinary one. Some large gap must have been opened in her skin, since the water entered in such quantities as soon to put out the engine-room fires, the pumps producing apparently scarcely any practical effect. How is it that a vessel supposed to be strong and seaworthy opened in such a manner that, though she had steam-pumps, her case soon became hopeless? It may be said that any ship might spring a bad leak in such a sea as the *Borussia* had to encounter; but to this it can be answered that there are reasons for supposing that the sea, though a confused one, was not very terrible. Two open boats lived in it; and, although this fact by itself would prove nothing, as boats have often lived in tremendous seas, it may be noticed that in this case one of the boats was injured, and that of the five men on board her only one had any pretension to be a sailor. That a vessel which had recently undergone two strict surveys, and was supposed to be thoroughly seaworthy, should founder as the *Borussia* did, is calculated to cause very considerable doubt as to the estimate often formed of the strength of iron ships, and as to the efficiency of the present method of survey. However, it may be said that iron, strong and admirable material though it be, is, like all materials, imperfect in some respects, and that there may be defects in an iron fabric against which no skill can provide, and which cannot be detected by the closest examination. There would be some justice in this; but, even if the truth of it is fully allowed, and if it is admitted that such a leak as that of the *Borussia* is likely to be a very rare accident, her loss must still be regarded as a most alarming catastrophe, inasmuch as there is one fact connected with it more grave than the magnitude of the opening in her iron skin. The ship, it is said, had ten water-tight compartments. How was it that these did not save her? They ought to have saved her to a certainty, however big the gap in her plating might be. If the leak was near the furnaces, the fires of course might be put out; but still nine compartments should have remained free from water, and she ought therefore to have remained afloat. The ship, however, seems to have filled steadily, and, so far as can be told, sunk. How was it that the vaunted water-tight compartments were of so little avail? We believe that their failure is to be attributed not to any peculiarities in the *Borussia*, but to the fact that she was constructed according to a faulty method, which unfortunately is still very generally followed. Owing to this thoroughly defective system, the so-called water-tight bulkheads are in many cases worthless. Some explanation of details is required in order to show the grounds that exist for this opinion, and want of space prevents us from treating this subject at present; but we trust to recur to it shortly, as it is undoubtedly of grave importance, and seems at present to be but little understood.

TALL MUSIC.

MOST people are more or less familiar with the not unromantic story of Rouget de L'Isle and his thrilling composition. History repeats itself, and what happened a century ago in France has now happened again in New York city. Providence, according to that delightful print the *New York Herald*, has specially interfered to give to America a national anthem to rival, if not to surpass, "Yankee Doodle." The first intimation of this gratifying piece of news is conveyed in a head-note composed of these remarkable words:—"COLUMBIA. Mr. P. S. Gilmore on his new

National Anthem. An Angelic Inspiration. How it Came in the Night and was Wedded to Words." From the article which is heralded in this magnificent fashion we learn that Mr. P. S. Gilmore is "the well-known maestro and organizer of the Jubilee Festival," and that since it has been known that he has composed words and music for a new National Anthem, "the greatest interest has been felt in the matter in musical and social circles. Excellent judges have declared that the composition is so full of merit that it will immediately become popular." Of course the first result of Mr. Gilmore's inspiration was a visit from a *Herald* reporter to Mr. Gilmore's residence, which is one "in which any person would love to linger." This is, perhaps, not only because of the comfort of the rooms, but also because their owner is "one of the most approachable gentlemen in his profession when it is desirable to obtain information for the public." *Herald* reporters bent on "interviewing" leading physicians have, we are glad to note, been somewhat freely snubbed of late; and possibly the person who loved to linger at Mr. Gilmore's had a keen recollection of other persons who had been less approachable. In spite of his approachableness, Mr. Gilmore was driven to confess that he could not give any very intelligible account of his recent inspiration. He told the *Herald* reporter with frank apology that he had been in a state of mental excitement "such as I have never known in my career, and until this heaven-inspired production is presented to the public in the manner which I have planned I expect no rest." "But how," said the reporter, combining sympathy with business promptitude, "did this trouble originate?" The answer to this question would be so clearly spoilt by being paraphrased, that we propose to give the greater part of it in the inspired composer's own words, as set down by the "interviewer" who loved to linger with him.

It opens with melodramatic impressiveness. "I was lying on yonder lounge" (this reminds one of "Do you mark yonder gloomy cavern?") "in a half-dreamy mood, when suddenly there flashed upon me, complete in all its details, just like a perfect picture, a melody, a thought; I ran to my desk and put it on paper. Here! See! There is a change but in one note. There it is—the original, just as it came inspired by the angels. It isn't mine." (There is a fine and characteristic modesty about this.) "It has come from God. I am only the messenger. From that moment it assumed form, and to me possessed a soul. The melody filled my nature to a degree that I was unable to repress. Going to the Grand Opera House to attend the usual Sunday evening concert, I found myself still in the dream, charmed. I went through the direction of the music in a purely mechanical way, sometimes being obliged to count the movements of my own bâton to assure myself of my own identity." It would appear from this that the composer and "messenger" Mr. Gilmore is in the habit on ordinary occasions of conducting his band without paying any attention to the number of movements made by "his own bâton"—a method which may possibly be a little confusing to the members of the orchestra. But then it is not every conductor who is favoured with "angelic inspiration." "To tell you the truth," Mr. Gilmore continued confidentially, "I was not there at all." He conducted the band "automatically" through the overture to *William Tell*, but he was really thinking all the time of his angelic melody. It is to be hoped that the band was as thoroughly versed in the art of automatic movement as its director. When "the melody" first, in the words of the reporter, "presented itself," all Mr. Gilmore could say was "Thank God!" for he felt that it was a gift from above. He was then filled with a desire to wed this heavenly music to equally heavenly verse; and, after he had struggled for two or three days or nights with "something I know not what," there appeared to him "suddenly, as if by inspiration, the picture of America from her growth to the present time presented in verse." He sprang from a sleepless bed, and, more fortunate than Coleridge, wrote down the whole of his inspiration at once. "I transcribed," he said, "what has been sent to me by heaven. I believe it—yes; don't smile, it is immortal."

We now fall with startling and harlequin-like rapidity from heaven to earth. "How," asked the reporter, suddenly becoming prosaic, "do you propose to utilize this idea?" "In a business way," answered Mr. Gilmore, falling in with the changed mood of the *Herald*, "I have protected myself by copyright so far as the music is concerned." Patriotism, however, and recollection of heavenly goodness, "like an angel came" to soften the hardness of this utterance. "Wherever the words and music are combined in the schools," Mr. Gilmore added, "I shall be glad to have them used. Indeed I think there will be no public occasion on which after a while the stirring notes of my anthem will not be heard." This shows belief on the composer's own part in his powers; but a more practical proof of this is afforded by his assertion that the last verse is especially adapted for every reverential occasion, and that "for myself I sing it as my morning and evening prayer, and my family join me in using it as a part of our nightly praise to the Almighty." Mr. Gilmore then returned to his belief that his composition was one "of those happy thoughts that grow around a man when he is intellectually in 'the process of incubation,'" which, to judge from the context, is a less impressive way of saying that he thought he was inspired; and he added that when he had finished the work he felt as if he had lived fifty years. On this the reporter ventured to "infer that you do not regard this as a commercial enterprise?" "Not in the least," promptly answered Mr. Gilmore, flinging for the moment all thought of copyright in music to the winds. "I felt that the music and the words would make their mark on the face of time. They have been sent from heaven, and are an inspiration. Such words and music never would have been given me if they were not intended for a great and beautiful mission." It is greatly to be regretted that the *Herald* has not been able or thought it well to publish the music of this remarkable production; but we may console ourselves by reflecting that, as both were inspired, we may judge of the quality of the one from that of the other, and that we are allowed to become acquainted with the words, of which the following are the first and last stanzas:—

I.

Columbia! First and fairest gem
On Nature's brow—a diadem,
Whose lustre, bright as heavenly star,
The light of Freedom sheds afar;
Like Noah's Ark, a God-sent bark,
In search of land through day and dark,
First found thee held by Nature's child,
The red man in his wigwam, wild.

* * * *

VII.

At morn, at noon, at eventide,
Oh, Lord! be ever at our side,
That we Thy voice may always hear,
And feel that Thou art ever near.
In mercy spare from grief and care
The nation bowed in fervent prayer,
Who ask with reverent love and awe,
God bless and save America!

We would call the special attention of our readers to the inspired rhyme in the last two lines. When the reporter had studied, and no doubt been properly impressed by, these remarkable lines, he asked if Mr. Gilmore expected to supplant such other airs as "Hail Columbia!" "The Star-Spangled Banner," and "Red, White, and Blue"? "Not at all," said Mr. Gilmore, with becoming modesty; but added, with just and conscious pride, "Yet neither of these airs is American. Nor are the words of the songs as effective as those which are presented in the heaven-born song I have handed to you. But I think there is an inspiration in *Columbia* that will give it place wherever it may be heard." This, of course, remains to be seen, and we shall look with interest for the effect on the American public of the heaven-born song communicated to Mr. Gilmore while he was "lying on yonder lounge."

THE WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITIONS.

THE exhibition of this season at the Gallery of the Society of Painters in Water Colours will be chiefly remembered in time to come for the remarkable notification contained on the back of the cover. This document reads as follows:—"The Election of Associate Exhibitors takes place in March. The third Monday in March is the day appointed for receiving the Drawings of Candidates. There is no vacancy for a Lady Member." In other words, the Society wants a new Associate, but no lady need apply. During the seventy-five years that the Society has existed no such notification has been issued before. Ladies have always been eligible for election, and have always been sparingly elected. There are, of course, two meanings which can be attached to these "epoch-making" words, "There is no vacancy for a Lady Member." They may mean, as is generally reported, we believe, in the artistic world, that the Council of the Society has passed a law excluding women for the future from election; or it may mean, as we sincerely hope it does, that for the present the gentler sex is represented amply enough in the Society. At present the Society consists of thirty members, all male, and of forty-one Associates, of whom six are ladies. There are, moreover, five honorary members, of whom the Princess Louise is one. Out of seventy-six persons, therefore, seven are of that dangerous sex so much dreaded by the Council, and they form a desperate minority of nine per cent. The most crushing chastisement that could well fall on the Society would be the simultaneous resignation of all the seven ladies now enrolled; and much as we should regret this step in the interests of art, there can be no doubt that it would be an excellent comment on what, viewed simply from the outside, seems a mere aimless piece of discourtesy. Strangely enough, the present exhibition is one which owes its attraction almost more than any previous one to the exertions of the lady members of the Society. The Princess Louise exhibits seven of the studies she has brought back with her from Canada; Miss Clara Montalba, in ten works of much interest and beauty, starts on a wholly new development of her fine talent; while Mrs. Allingham, in the best of the somewhat unequal drawings she exhibits, has never shown so good a touch or so delicate a style. We confess that it is impossible to record in the work of any of the male members or Associates such progress as in that of these two ladies. Mr. Albert Goodwin and Mr. Carl Haag display their respective gifts at their usual high level of excellence; Mr. Alma Tadema strikes out no new path in one accomplished drawing in his peculiar style; while of the younger Associates, Mr. Parker, Mr. R. W. Macbeth, and Mr. Buckman have all attempted innovations in style that have the interest of tentative essays. On the other hand, three painters from whom we are accustomed to expect very excellent work—Mr. Alfred Hunt, Mr. Henry Wallis, and Mr. Henry Moore—have unaccountably done less than justice to their powers

this year; while Mr. Shields and Mr. Boyce do not exhibit at all. On the whole, however—but very largely, be it repeated, owing to the ladies—the exhibition is decidedly above the average of merit.

Having summed up our impressions in these sentences, we may devote the remainder of our space to a survey of the walls, noting in order what seems to us notable. Mr. A. H. Marsh's "Wayfarers" (6) is a powerfully painted study of two melancholy girls resting on the road-side. It has less sickliness of colour than much of this painter's earlier work. The first of Miss Montalba's studies of the Thames in the City must strike the visitor with a strange sense of originality. Her "Blackfriars Bridge" (7) is a wonderful *tour de force* in colour—the red granite of the bridge contrasting with the grey water, and the silver domes of St. Paul's issuing from the mist above. A damsel in bright red, conversing with a robin, also in bright red, upon a snowy scene (13), is a good example of Mr. Brewtnall's skilful but inharmonious manner. Mr. Alfred Hunt's "Capel Curig" (17) would hardly attract blame for the woolliness of the water if it did not bear his eminent name, from the owner of which we expect much better work than this. Over Mr. Ruskin's curious and careful studies of violet porphyries and cream-coloured marbles in St. Mark's (28) hang two more of Miss Clara Montalba's bewitching views in the City, "A Grey Day on the Thames" (26) and "London Bridge" (27). Mr. Albert Goodwin's "Among the Water Weeds at Bisham" (44) is one of the most poetical and natural studies of cloud-shadow and pearly light ever produced, even by his hand. This is certainly the best of ten drawings, all in their way admirable, which the present collection contains. Mr. Macbeth's "Landing Sardines at Low Water" (59) is clever and striking, but crude. A set of three views from the Citadel of Quebec (101) hangs in the place of honour, and gives a very favourable idea of the native powers of the Princess Louise. She evidently looks at nature with her own eyes, and possesses considerable powers of manipulation; it would, however, be mere flattery to say that these powers do not still need training. Mr. Albert Goodwin's "To Market" (105) must not be missed in the most casual survey. Mr. Wallis's "Luca Signorelli" (122) is painted strongly and brightly, but lacks refinement; while the habitual weakness of this artist for harsh colour has been checked even less than usual. Mr. Parker's "St. Peter's Street, Great Marlow" (141) is delicately drawn, and pleasantly suffused with rainy sunset colour. Mr. E. K. Johnson has found a very good subject for his talent in flower-painting in "An Intruder" (143), a fat pony, who has impudently strayed among the rich parterres of an old bowery garden, and who advances among the lilies with an air of absolute nonchalance. In a view of "Corte" (159), and still more in "Whitby Harbour" (197), we meet again with the accustomed qualities of Mr. Alfred Hunt, though even here we find something evanescent in the drawing of the ground, which looks more like the gorgeous fabric of a cloud than like real earth and rock. Mr. Dobson's "Daisy" (198), a little girl's head, very wide between the eyes, is well drawn. A study of boys bathing off "A Thames Wharf" (247) marks, to our mind, the high level hitherto of Miss Clara Montalba's attainment. It would be difficult to praise too highly this combination of mystery and light, rich depth of shadow and silvery tissue of vapour; the artist has discovered a new and unexplored field for her powers in the roaring channel through which the merchant navies of the world go up and down, regardless of beauty or effect. She gives to London dirt and fog a new charm. Speaking critically of Miss Montalba's painting, as we see it this year, we should say that it has ceased to have any affinity with contemporary English art, and, as far as it reminds us of any school, it is of the modern landscape art of the Hague; yet, in saying this, we would take nothing from its individual originality. Mr. Edwin Buckman's impression of "A Stormy Twilight" (281) is boldly felt, but expressed in a manner hardly satisfactory.

On the screens Mrs. Allingham reigns almost supreme, except where Mr. Alma Tadema hangs his scholarly and highly-finished portrait of "An Old Roman Bachelor" (356). The picture is faultless, but we could wish that the most technically perfect of modern artists would recur to his former triumphs in historical painting. Mrs. Allingham's little studies of children in bright spring landscape are as fresh and natural as it is possible for such things to be. "In the Duke's Park, Albury" (335), "On the Sands" (317), and "Hop-Tying, Kent" (365), are each of them delightful; but perhaps the best of all is the deep dell of bluebells "Near Sevenoaks" (331), which for radiance of light and clear spring colour demands the very highest praise. We notice an excellent specimen of the heroic colouring of the Nestor of living painters in Mr. Samuel Palmer's admirable "Going to Fold" (360).

A review of the exhibition of the Society would be imperfect without a reference to one or two works, prominently thrust before us on the line, which form beacons for the student to avoid. Such are the positively execrable paintings which, in slavish following of the elder Richardson, continue to be exhibited by Mr. Collingwood Smith. Scarcely better than these in successful imitation of chromolithography are the productions of Mr. Danby, Mr. S. P. Jackson, and Mr. T. M. Richardson, in none of whose works, as seen here, is there to be discovered the smallest study of nature or the faintest feeling for art.

The general level of merit at the exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours is much lower than at the Society, but there are a few works of quite as much value in the former as in the latter. For instance, the inner room, which is occupied with studies in black and white, contains drawings by Messrs. Aumonier, C. Green, Herkomer, and W. Small, which are as excellent as work of this kind can be. As an example, we may as fairly take Mr. Green's "Firing a Salute, H.M.S. *Victory*" as any other; and it is not too much to say that this drawing displays qualities in design and a sort of masterly delicacy that have seldom been brought to bear upon such work till now from the days of Rembrandt. But these studies in black and white hardly belong to water-colour; and, when we turn back to the paintings, we are bound to confess that the Institute compares ill with its older rival. Mr. J. D. Linton, Mr. Seymour Lucas, and Mr. Gow represent the best element in the Institute, a school devoted to historical figure-painting and with a penchant for mediæval romance. Undoubtedly the best piece of painting in the gallery is Mr. Linton's "Flag of Truce" (68), the garrison of a beleaguered city sending out an old captain on horseback with a white flag. There are points in this work, such as the figure of the youth who holds the horse's head, and the foremost senator who lifts his ivory staff as he bawls out his last directions, which Mr. Linton has never surpassed. Very good, in a slightly similar manner, are Mr. Gow's "Stragglers" (78), two wounded soldiers in a barn; and Mr. Lucas's "A Question of Date" (29), an antiquary comparing some ancient suits of armour. Mr. C. Green exhibits two very clever and ingenious little pictures—a lady in the costume of 1820 (356), and a gentleman in the ineffably absurd dress of 1793 (357), a narrow yellow silk coat drawn tightly across a white satin waistcoat, and displaying a vast area of loose pink breeches below. Mr. Townley Green has done better things than he exhibits this year, but his "None so Blind as Those who Won't See" (295), a youth in a boat vainly trying to gain the attention of a girl walking on the bank, is pretty. Mrs. Elizabeth Murray contributes some Arab scenes, drawn with care and spirit. Mr. J. Wolf's "Storks Starting for the South" (55) is very strange and clever.

REVIEWS.

ARNOLD'S SELECTIONS FROM WORDSWORTH.*

ADMIRERS of Wordsworth must often have wished for such a selection of his poems as this; but it is well that the task has been reserved for the subtlest, the most sympathetic, and the most candid of his critics. Mr. Arnold, while he asserts the greatness of Wordsworth, laughs not unkindly at those whom he calls Wordsworthians, avowing indeed that he is a Wordsworthian himself. "I can read with pleasure and edification *Peter Bell*, and the whole series of *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, and the address to Mr. Wilkinson's spade, and even the *Thanksgiving Ode;* everything of Wordsworth, I think, except *Vaudracour and Julia*," which probably no human being except the author ever read through. Though almost all poets are unequal, scarcely any writer of verse has both risen so high as Wordsworth and so often sunk into the commonplace of artificially measured prose. The mass of Campbell's poems are worse than the worst of Wordsworth's; but Campbell's lyrical genius only rose into half-a-dozen flights, while, as Mr. Arnold justly says, "What strikes me with admiration, what establishes in my opinion Wordsworth's superiority, is the great and ample body of powerful work which remains to him, even after all his inferior work has been cleared away." The object of the present volume is to display, by the separate publication of the best poems, the "ample body of Wordsworth's powerful work." The selection is almost faultless, except that Mr. Arnold has imposed on himself an artificial restriction by only admitting entire poems. The episode of Margaret, from the *Excursion*, was composed independently of the poem to which it was afterwards attached; and a well-known extract from the *Recluse* was published long before that bulky autobiography. Some exquisite stanzas might have been selected from *Peter Bell*, and some of the digressions and narratives of the *Excursion* have a unity and an interest of their own; but it was for Mr. Arnold to determine the conditions of his laudable enterprise. It is not impossible that he may find, in a generation which seems to have no rising competitor for fame, some proselytes to an orthodox faith in the greatest English poet of the last two centuries. At present there is reason to fear that Wordsworth is little known. Mr. Arnold says, not inaccurately, that his reputation attained its highest point at Cambridge from about 1830 to 1840. Before that time he had been overshadowed by the popularity of Byron; and soon afterwards Mr. Tennyson began to exercise an exclusive attraction over his own contemporaries and younger readers of poetry. The most lasting fame generally descends from higher levels to diffuse itself among the literary populace; but in his own time Wordsworth was almost exclusively appreciated by men of genius and critics of the highest order. Coleridge felt an almost excessive reverence for his intellectual power. Scott lost no opportunity of acknowledging the genuineness of an inspiration which had nothing in common with his own except its vigour and sincerity. Rogers carefully cultivated the friendship of the oracular recluse. Moore speaks of him as "a poet, indeed—not *qualis ego vel Cluvienus*."

* *Poems of Wordsworth.* Chosen and Edited by Matthew Arnold. London: Macmillan & Co. 1879.

Byron's incessant ridicule of Wordsworth indicated a jealous suspicion, though not a perception, of his greatness. Shelley's earlier and sounder judgment acknowledged him as the "Poet of Nature," though he afterwards disgraced himself by publishing, perhaps under the influence of Byron, a coarse and brutal lampoon, not only on Wordsworth, but also on his blameless sister. Both De Quincey and Landor, though they sometimes carped at Wordsworth under the impulse of caprice or irritation, in their better and more sincere moods fully recognized and eloquently extolled his genius. Lockhart, with the enthusiastic exaggeration of youth, praised him, not only as a poet, but as the greatest philosopher of the time; and Sir Henry Taylor was misled by legitimate admiration into the same misapprehension of the quality of his genius. Two able critics of the present day—Mr. John Morley and Mr. Leslie Stephen—while they hold few of Wordsworth's doctrines, revere him as a great ethical teacher. Mr. Arnold more justly asserts that Wordsworth's "poetry is the reality; his philosophy, so far at least as it may put on the form and habit of 'a scientific system of thought,' and the more that it puts them on, is the illusion."

In spite of the concurrent testimony of all competent witnesses, with the doubtful exception of Byron, the multitude of readers never heartily accepted the judgment of their authorized teachers. One excuse for their obstinate incredulity may be found in the mass of second-rate matter which fills the greater part of an edition of seven volumes. As Mr. Arnold says, "Work altogether inferior, work quite uninspired, flat, and dull, is produced by him with evident unconsciousness of its defects, and he presents it to us with the same faith and seriousness as his best work." His want of discrimination may be partially explained by the uniform earnestness which concentrated his attention on his immediate subject. His highest excellence may be attributed to the same cause. He thought far too little of style and form of expression; and it was only by accident or on rare occasions that his unpremeditated language coincided with the current of inspiration. "Wordsworth's use of it," says Mr. Arnold of his "nobly plain manner," "has something unique and unmistakable. Nature herself seems, I say, to take the pen out of his hand, and to write for him with her own bare, sheer, penetrating power." His subjects are in themselves always susceptible of grave treatment, and sometimes of profoundly pathetic effect. When perfect felicity of musical phrase is applied to subject-matter of deep intrinsic interest the charm of Wordsworth's poetry is indescribable. Mr. Arnold in his preface contends with much force that "the noble and profound application of ideas to life" constitutes the distinctive excellence of English poetry. It is certainly characteristic of Wordsworth. Caring little for books or for the pleasures of society, he devoted himself to the solitary observation of external nature and to the study of simple and rustic character, especially in its relation to domestic affections and experiences which are common to all mankind. Other poets, with equal command of rhythmical language, fail to produce the same effect, if they deal with trivial or fanciful subject-matter. The description of Arethusa's course from the Acroceraunian mountains to "the rocking deep beneath the Ortygian shore" is in the highest degree melodious; but nobody cares for Arethusa or Alpheus except because they furnish Shelley with the material of a poem. The dullest reader will pause for a moment in reflection and sympathy when he is invited

> To talk of sunshine and of song,
> And summer days, when we were young—
> Sweet childish days, that were as long
> As twenty days are now.

It must not be supposed that Wordsworth's idyllic narratives are mere anecdotes derived from his own personal experience. The Bishop of Lincoln's prosaic and professional biography of his illustrious kinsman is not without value, in as far as it includes an account by Wordsworth himself of the origin of some of his poems. It was a visitor at his house, and not himself, who gave the cloak to Alice Fell. Miss Wordsworth told him of the picturesque vagrant woman whose children are supposed to have tried to impose upon him; and she also, with an eye for nature as delicately accurate as his own, noticed the dance of the famous daffodils. The two best lines in the poem were composed by Mrs. Wordsworth. The hero of *Resolution and Independence* was not met on a moor; and it is almost disappointing to learn that in his early Scotch tour the poet abstained from visiting Yarrow, only for reasons of convenience. Strange to say, Matthew himself was an imaginary person. It is more interesting to learn that the Wanderer of the *Excursion*, as far as he was drawn from life, was intended to represent Wordsworth himself. He had often thought that, if he had been born in a somewhat lower rank, he should have adopted by choice the life of a pedlar, as that occupation was practised among the Northern valleys during his early years. Perhaps no writer belonging to the upper or educated class ever entered with so entire and unaffected sympathy into the life and experience of his humbler neighbours. Although Wordsworth was at one time almost as poor as the cottagers around him, he associated on terms of perfect equality with friends of his own or of higher rank; and he was distinguished by his powers of conversation in the best literary society of London; but he thoroughly knew the feelings and thoughts of the farmers and shepherds who are his favourite personages. The Lake country was at that time to a great extent occupied by statesmen or small freeholders; though in a letter to Mr. Fox written in 1801 Wordsworth says that the statesmen are dying out; and numerous cheap schools provided nearly the whole population with the rudiments of learning. There was then no part of England, and perhaps there is no part now, in which self-respect, independence, and habits of intelligent observation were so widely diffused. There seems to have been neither extreme poverty, nor undue pressure of toil. When the hounds were out on Skiddaw "not a soul in the village" would stay for want of leisure to enjoy the sport. The "candid friend" quoted by Mr. Arnold could not have asserted that towards the end of the last century the people round the Lakes were materialized, vulgarized, or brutalized. In giving utterance to their feelings and experiences, Wordsworth is never tempted into the condescension of making lofty allowance for their prejudices or foibles. He has no objection to share, though perhaps with a meaning of his own, a fanciful local superstition:—

> Grey-bearded shepherd, thou has spoken well,
> Small difference lies between thy creed and mine.

The customs, the cares, and sometimes the sorrows of those among whom he grew up and with whom he lived, furnished him with all the materials he required, for no poet better understood the bent and the limits of his own genius:—

> The moving accident is not my trade,
> To freeze the blood I have no ready arts,
> 'Tis my delight alone in summer shade
> To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts.

It would have been still more accurate to say that observation supplied him with the knowledge of hearts or feelings. The thinking was his own. His household probably, like others in the district, contributed frugal alms to the support of the Old Cumberland Beggar, who suggested one of the earliest of his characteristic poems. Only one mind discerned by imaginative sympathy the true significance of the old mendicant on his incessant round. A less original poet would have contented himself with exciting pity for the helpless wanderer, bent double, so that he sees only the wheel marks on the road which he travels, and so slow in motion that the cottage curs grow tired of barking at him before he has passed their doors. Wordsworth describes his weakness and the dulness of his senses with touching minuteness of observation; but to him the poor outcast is mainly interesting through the unconscious influence which he is supposed to exercise on those whose bounty he receives:—

> While thus he creeps
> From door to door, the Villagers in him
> Behold a record which together binds
> Past deeds and offices of charity,
> Else unremembered, and so keeps alive
> The kindly mood in hearts which lapse of years,
> And that half-wisdom half-experience gives,
> Make slow to feel, and by sure steps resign
> To selfishness and cold oblivious cares.
> Among the farms and solitary huts,
> Hamlets and thinly scattered villages,
> Where'er the aged beggar takes his rounds,
> The mild necessity of use compels
> To acts of love.

For such involuntary services to his accustomed benefactors the poet hopes that he may receive at least a negative reward in keeping clear of confinement and the poor-house:—

> Be his the natural silence of old age!
> Let him be free of mountain solitudes,
> And have around him, whether heard or not,
> The pleasant melody of woodland birds.
> Few are his pleasures; if his eyes have now
> Been doomed so long to settle on the earth
> That not without some effort they behold
> The countenance of the horizontal sun
> Rising or setting, let the light at least
> Find a free entrance to their languid orbs:
> And let him, where and when he will, sit down
> Beneath the trees, or by the grassy bank
> Of highway side, and with the little birds
> Share his chance-gathered meal; and finally,
> As in the eye of Nature he has lived,
> So in the eye of Nature let him die.

The reflex action of gifts on the giver has been often illustrated by literature; but it remained for Wordsworth to notice the bond of union which the old beggar created among the dwellers in his little circuit.

Although Wordsworth displayed faint gleams of playfulness in *Peter Bell*, and while he was not incapable of indignant sarcasm, his intellectual constitution was imperfect in the almost total absence of humour. Milton had shown that the same defect is not incompatible with almost the highest order of poetical genius. But for his unfailing seriousness Wordsworth would have been sensible of the heaviness of his duller compositions; but, like all other poets, he must be judged by his best work and not by his failures. In the poems on which his fame must depend there is no need of the relief of gaiety and no room for humorous contrasts. The severe and pathetic simplicity of such pastorals as *The Brothers* and *Michael* admits of no variety of tone. The sonnets, which, with Milton's, are the best in the English language, for the most part conform to the rules of that kind of composition by the elaboration in each of a single thought. After elimination of most of the ecclesiastical series, and of much more than half the River Duddon series, Wordsworth's sonnets alone would go far to prove that Mr. Arnold is right in dwelling on the great amount of good poetry which is left when all the inferior work has been cleared away. Nevertheless the passages which cling most tenaciously to the memory are to be found neither in the

pastorals nor in the sonnets. They nearly all belong, as Mr. Arnold remarks of all the best poems, to ten out of the sixty years during which Wordsworth employed himself in making verses. Between 1798 and 1808 he was in the prime of his powers; but at the end of the decade he had twenty years to wait for the beginning of popular recognition. His manly and simple character was exempt from the morbid irritation of disappointment, and his unaffected confidence in himself was never disturbed. He was only mistaken in supposing that he could successfully prosecute in later years the task of his early manhood. It was impossible for him to recall the inspiration which had produced the poems on Yarrow, the tender descriptions of his sister in her influence on his childhood, the "Phantom of Delight," as he described his wife, the poems of "Matthew," and above all the recollections of "Lucy." Once only, when he had passed threescore, he was for the last time inspired by the familiar thought of Yarrow. The Ettrick Shepherd, who had accompanied him when he first saw the banks of the river, had lately died, and in the beginning of the illness which proved fatal had accompanied him on his second visit. Scott, Crabbe, and Mrs. Hemans had also died.

> Nor has the rolling year twice measured,
> From sign to sign, its steadfast course,
> Since every mortal power of Coleridge
> Was frozen at its marvellous source;
>
> The rapt One of the godlike forehead,
> The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth;
> And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
> Was banished from his lonely hearth.
>
> Like clouds that rake the mountain-summits,
> Or waves that own no curbing hand,
> How fast has brother followed brother
> From sunshine to the sunless land!
>
> Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber
> Were earlier raised, remain to hear
> A timid voice, that asks in whispers,
> "Who next will drop and disappear?"

SPENCER'S CEREMONIAL INSTITUTIONS.*

IN this instalment of the *Principles of Sociology* Mr. Herbert Spencer gives us a monograph complete in itself, of moderate length, and on a subject which affords considerable literary opportunities. The opportunities have been well used, and it needs no historical enthusiasm for primitive humanity to find the book as entertaining as it is instructive. At present it would be out of place, if not somewhat ungracious, to consider whether the elaboration of this volume is exactly in due proportion to its place in a general construction of the natural history of society. But one thing we may say in general terms, that in handling this subject it is safer to err on the side of too much than of too little. For the importance of ceremony and form in all archaic institutions is a thing which a modern reader finds it hard to understand, and even when understood, it is hard to give a full and lively belief to it. And though Mr. Spencer may now and then seem to take needless pains in heaping up evidence where a smaller selection of facts would have served as well, or to go far afield for instances that could be matched nearer home, we should remember that very possibly there are many readers for whom accumulation and far-fetched confirmation will not be superfluous. Indeed there are probably some who will not be persuaded even so.

The leading idea which Mr. Spencer develops and illustrates all through the book is that in the early history of society and institutions form has gone before substance. Selden's quaint comparison of ceremony to a penny glass that holds an excellent water, without which the water were lost, is not only just from the historical point of view, but hardly goes far enough. It is not that the essence was distilled first, and the glass devised for its safe keeping; the essence could not be made until there was a glass to keep it in. To state the position literally, and with all its apparent paradox, in Mr. Spencer's own words:—"What we think the essential parts of sacred and secular regulations were originally subordinate parts, and the essential parts consisted of ceremonial observances." The soundness of this general position is, to our mind, unassailable. It must not be understood that we commit ourselves to the support of all the explanations of ritual and manners which Mr. Spencer has propounded in detail. Some of these appear to us premature and others exceedingly doubtful. On many points we should think that the evidence is not yet in a condition to warrant the adoption of any hypothesis except as an avowedly provisional measure. We cannot share the confidence with which Mr. Spencer reconstructs, often on extremely slight indications, what might or must have been the conduct of primitive man under certain probable or possible circumstances. Indeed, "primitive man" is an abstraction; he is nowhere to be found in actual human knowledge. Ethnology, archæology, philology, comparative folk-lore may in vain be called on to produce him. Thus far we only know communities and races, past and present, which bear in their institutions marks of an antiquity that seems to us immensely remote. What evidence there is points to certain kinds of uniformity or monotony in the earliest phases of human society of which we can form any coherent notions. "Primitive man" is a compendious name for man as we conceive him to have existed in such a stage, and may be convenient if we do not let it beguile us into facile and baseless assumptions. We must not assume anything about the length of time that may have intervened between the first appearance of man (in a zoological sense) on the earth and the constitution of the first "primitive" society. Neither must we assume that "primitive man" is represented by existing savages. Nor yet must we suppose that the process of transformation from the "primitive" state to civilization has everywhere been alike. We know, in fact, as certainly as we know anything, that the rate and directions of development have been widely different in different races of mankind. And some of the most critical points in the early history of civilization are just those which for the present are most obscure. On the whole, therefore, our voice is with those who object to talking in general terms about "primitive man" at all. It is better to use words commensurate with our knowledge, and to be content with saying that certain virtues and accomplishments of civilized men are of relatively modern origin, and that, while these become fainter, certain other characters become more marked as we carry the explanation of man's history further and further back. Again, Mr. Spencer has already shown a tendency to underrate the complexity of social phenomena, and to jump at solutions which on the face of them are much too easy to be true. No doubt Mr. Spencer is justified if, as he thinks, he has found in ancestor-worship the master-key to all the problems of ancient societies. But we do not believe there is any one master-key, or that, if there is, Mr. Spencer has yet found it. Thus much by way of general warning; the controversial or controvertible points of Mr. Spencer's exposition are not at present raised in the most convenient form; and, in any case, they can be adequately discussed only by specialists.

There is one class of facts by which Mr. Spencer might have considerably strengthened his case if he had thought fit, but of which he has, for whatever reason, made little or no use. We mean the rigid formalism of archaic law. The exaggerated importance of obedience to formal, or, in Mr. Spencer's language, ceremonial rules, and the comparative unimportance of the merits of the case, are the most striking features in the early history of legal procedure. And, happily for the archæologist if inconveniently for the public, archaism clings to legal institutions with extraordinary tenacity, so that phenomena of this kind survive into the full light of civilization and can be studied at leisure. The art and mystery of special pleading, as practised in England down to the middle of this century, and much later in many of the American States, has a real analogy to the elaborate rites of sacrifice without which no Greek general ventured to order the most obviously necessary movement; and this, again, takes us back to the habit of thought expressed among modern savages by the authority of the medicine-man. In old Roman and Teutonic law we find actual and visible ceremonies, the due performance of which is essential for the attainment of the desired legal consequence. And everywhere we find procedure minutely worked out and defined while the substance of the law is yet largely deficient, and, where it is not deficient, is vague. Early codes and law-books, as recent workers in this field have pointed out, give to procedure and formalities an amount of space which to modern eyes is vastly disproportionate. No doubt special reasons may be assigned for this in some cases. Thus, if the oldest English books are very full on the process of compelling a defendant's appearance in court, we have to remember that the preliminary difficulty of getting the defendant to appear and submit to the jurisdiction was often a serious one. Still the broad fact remains.

Further, the legal history of Europe, almost down to our own time, is wonderfully rich in examples of the development, decay, survival, and transformation of ceremonies. Some of these might try rather severely one favourite doctrine of Mr. Spencer's, that no ceremony is in its origin symbolic. We wonder how he would treat the apparently symbolic forms of investiture which were exceedingly common throughout the middle ages, and of which investiture *per cultellum* was perhaps the commonest. He does just touch upon the equally common form of delivering part of a thing intended to be conveyed in the name of the whole; but he does not seem to be aware that this class of instances is but a single outcrop from a whole mine of wealth. In one or two cases Mr. Spencer's very partial use of legal history leads him into positive mistake. He cites the form of indictment for criminal offences as "against the peace of our lord the King," as showing that in early society the rights of individuals are ignored. The fact is that the theory of the king's peace marked the advance from a state in which redress by private warfare was allowed, and the rights of the public were ignored (that is, of all individuals except those directly offended), to a state in which some attempt was made to keep order by a common authority for the common good. Again, Mr. Spencer says, "We may suspect that the amount paid" in the Anglo-Norman period for suing out a writ "represented what had originally been the present to the king for giving his judicial aid." Here his caution is excessive. There is no doubt whatever of the fact. Neither need we go so far as the Kirghis for the custom of the judge taking presents from both sides. The discontinuance of that venerable custom is still regarded by many of the people of British India as an extraordinary and unintelligible innovation.

Another and more curious omission runs through Mr. Spencer's work. We have incidentally mentioned some Greek and Roman institutions. It is difficult to understand why Mr. Spencer has ransacked travellers' accounts of all the savages in the world, and

* *Ceremonial Institutions: being Part IV. of the Principles of Sociology.* (The First Portion of Vol. II.) By Herbert Spencer. London: Williams & Norgate. 1879.

has barely opened the records of classical antiquity which, although they mostly belong to times of well-advanced civilization, have preserved for us priceless evidences of archaic belief and usage. When we say mostly, we of course refer to the important exception of the Homeric poems. The result is that Mr. Spencer overlooks many interesting and difficult questions, and also misses opportunities of strengthening his illustrations. Thus he suggests that barter may have arisen from the exchange of presents. Strange to say, he does not adduce the exchange of arms between Glaucus and Diomedes, which is the very instance he wants. The exchange itself is made purely as a token of friendship; but the poet has in his mind the notion that in an exchange even of this kind there should be a certain equality of value, and comments accordingly:—"Howbeit Zeus then bereaved Glaucus of his wits, in that he exchanged with Diomedes the son of Tydeus golden arms for bronze, a hundred oxen's worth for nine." Another circumstance makes this neglect of the Greek and Roman world still more curious. M. Fustel de Coulanges has in his ingenious book *La Cité Antique* brought together a great quantity of detailed information as to Greek and Roman religion and ritual, which he uses to explain everything as derived from ancestor-worship, in a manner extremely like Mr. Spencer's own. We cannot give ourselves over to M. Fustel de Coulanges any more than to Mr. Herbert Spencer. But the industry and merit of his work are beyond question. There are the materials to Mr. Spencer's hand, collected and arranged by a thoroughly competent scholar; and they might at any rate have saved Mr. Spencer from relying, as he too often does when he enters on the Græco-Roman region at all, on obsolete or doubtful authorities.

We must remark that in general Mr. Spencer's authorities, both old and new, are too much counted and too little weighed. Not unfrequently, too, he heaps up weak proofs on strong ones. In the first chapter—illustrating the general statement that in the early stages of religion ceremony goes before righteousness (which is otherwise abundantly established)—he notes that "in the Rule of St. Benedict nine chapters concern the moral and general duties of the brothers, while thirteen concern the religious [ceremonial and ritual] ordinances." It is an obvious remark that the framers of such rules would not think it needful to insist at large on the rudiments of faith and morality which would already be binding on the members of the Order in common with all Christian men. But it must not be supposed that the criticism we have thought it proper to pass on Mr. Spencer's omissions and superfluities detracts from the worth of what he has actually done. The defects are perhaps inseparable from the method and conditions of his work; and, after all is said, he has collected a great mass of scattered facts and made them significant in the light of general ideas as no other living man could have done it. And for the present it is more needful to show that there is a general significance in matters hitherto supposed to be merely capricious than to interpret the meaning rightly in every case. This is a task for which Mr. Spencer is eminently fitted, and the praise due to his performance of it will be little affected by the corrections that subsequent research and criticism may bring to his particular hypotheses. We have no room to give any account of these. But the book is short enough to tell its own story, and no one interested in the subject should omit to read it for himself. We should like to add our suggestions on two points of detail. Mr. Spencer explains hand-shaking as derived from a mutual attempt of the parties to kiss hands in token of reverence—a strife of courtesy ending in a compromise. Is it not simpler to derive it (as others have done) from the offer of the unarmed right hand as a pledge of peace? And there is an addition to be made to the list of surviving ceremonial mutilations given by Mr. Spencer at the end of the third chapter. We mean the shaving which was practically compulsory in the learned professions in England till within a recent time, and still is so as regards the bar in France; and this in turn is connected with the still widely surviving clerical tonsure.

BOSWELL AT HOME AND IN CORSICA.*

THIS volume might almost have been entitled a Key to the Life of Dr. Johnson. In the Tour to Corsica, with enough of the same vanity to prove identity of authorship, there is, as in that greatest of biographies, the hero-worship which is always ready to gild the reputation of the hero at the expense of his admirer. There is even some of the just judgment of character which renders Boswell's illustrious work, both in its merits and its faults, the strangest phenomenon in literature. In the Correspondence with Erskine, the gaiety and the folly which help to produce the piquant contrast in the Life overflow. We cannot, however, say that we have detected in it any especial knowledge either of men or things. Dr. Birkbeck Hill is not inclined to judge Boswell harshly. Yet even he is "amazed at the downright impudence and audacity with which two young men ventured to publish to the world the correspondence which had passed between them when they were scarcely of age." The preface to the collection affirms that had any man found the letters directed, sealed, and adorned with postmarks, he would have read every one of them. We are disposed to think the finder of such a treasure would have speedily sealed it up again. The letters have the transient attraction which comes of youth, and a burning desire for fame. But their real merit is in their demerits. Every trait of egotism and self-consciousness and impulsiveness appears to furnish a clue to similar features in the biography which make the foil and the occasion for some weighty utterance of the moralist of Fleet Street. Had Boswell never done anything considerable, it would have been impossible to relish the continual tone of conceit in the letters to his early friend. But we read them with the knowledge which readers in 1773 did not possess, that it is Johnson's biographer who is demanding sympathy for as poor verses and epistles as could well have been composed. The two friends mock at one another's pretensions; but it is scarcely with an air of expecting that the world would join in the laugh. Writing what he probably intended at the time to print, and what he certainly did print, he exclaims with transparent sincerity, "Let our wit, my friend, continue to shine in a succession of brilliant sparkles; let there be no more distance between each flash of vivacity but what is necessary for giving time to observe its splendid radiance." Throughout these letters he is to be seen constantly, and with ever increasing pleasure, exploring the recesses of his own folly, as if there could be no more delightful study. He knows he is vain. "You and I, Erskine, are, to be sure, somewhat vain." But, he adds with meditative conviction, "We have some reason too."

"A fine flow of spirits" was the stock in trade with which Captain Andrew Erskine and Mr. James Boswell embarked on literature. It does not by itself carry a writer far. Even at the moderate altitude to which these letters soar the favouring impulse often fails; the poor young brains, overtasked by the effort to be witty and brilliant, become, as their dejected owners sometimes lament, "insipid, muddy, and standing-water-like." One of them apologizes in a letter of half-a-dozen lines for not having "six ideas at present," and for "a general lethargy of spirits and sense," because he is "pestered with noise." He is in an inn with half-a-dozen people in the room. "Never was there such a tame subjected performance as this!" The other cannot write because he is "lost in dissipation." He finds it "a very strange thing that I, James Boswell, Esquire, who am happily possessed of a facility of manners, to use the very words of Mr. Professor Smith, should ever be at a loss how to express myself; and yet, at this moment of my existence, this is really the case." Captain Andrew, as his friend calls him, must have been an agreeable companion, with the singular merit in his correspondent's eyes of having actually once "stood in awe" of James Boswell, Esq. He had in other respects some taste and much literary enthusiasm. But he seems to be memorable chiefly now for wearing "to the last gaiters and a flapped vest," and drowning himself in vexation for losses at cards. His "fine flow of spirits" led him only to a deep pool in the river Forth. The desire to maintain the level of a similar vivacity of temper, which was half physical and half intellectual, carried Boswell to the bottle. He died in early middle life, like Erskine, of perpetual claret. Fortunately for his fame, he had, unlike Erskine, something in his nature of the ivy. His talents which, it once seemed, might have been wasted on "Odes to Tragedy, by a Gentleman of Scotland," dedicated to the ingenious bard himself, were profitably invested in admiration successively of a thoughtful and generous patriot like Paoli and a practical philosopher like Johnson. In the exceedingly interesting Tour to Corsica, which Dr. Hill has with much judgment relieved from its original burden of Corsican history, Boswell may be seen training for the crowning undertaking of his life. If the least self-seeking of patriots and one of the most remarkable of administrators is remembered at all, the world must thank Boswell. Paoli found Corsica unutterably oppressed by the Genoese, who, exclaimed Horace Walpole twenty years before Boswell wrote, "make a commonwealth the most devilish of tyrannies." Justice was bought and sold. Feuds were fomented from the suzerain State's dread of Corsican union. A petition presented to the King of France in 1738, which Dr. Hill quotes, stated that "under the last sixteen governors no less than twenty-six thousand Corsicans had died by the hands of assassins." The Corsicans rose in vain against their oppressors. The Republic of Genoa obtained the aid, first of the German Empire, and then of France, to restore its authority. France finally bought up the Genoese claims. Voltaire thought it a profitable transaction for both, if only "les hommes ont le droit de vendre d'autres hommes." Thenceforward, with an interval of two years from 1794 to 1796, during which Corsica was under British protection, the island remained, as it still remains, French. But for fourteen or fifteen years after 1753 the whole interior of Corsica belonged to the Corsicans.

That was the period of the supremacy of Pascal Paoli. Paoli was the son of a former Corsican leader. He cooped up the Genoese within a few coast forts. Without attempting to form a regular army he secured by personal devotion to himself unity of military operations. He even had the moral courage to make assassination, on whatever pretence, capital. The horrible crime of collateral assassination, as was termed the custom of vengeance on the relatives of an enemy who had escaped beyond reach, he put down by erecting a pillar of infamy to the memory of the murderer. Boswell mentions a case in which torture had been inflicted to extort a confession of murder; and Dr. Hill remarks in a note upon the fact as a "great blot on Paoli and the Corsican patriots." He seems to attribute it in some way to the Inquisition. But, as

* *Boswell's Correspondence with the Hon. Andrew Erskine, and his Journal of a Tour to Corsica.* Edited by George Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L. London: De la Rue & Co. 1879.

he himself observes, torture was still employed in capital cases to force confession in France and Protestant Holland. We are a little surprised that he should not have referred to the defence, sophistical as it was, which Boswell himself in the Life records Johnson to have made for the practice in the latter country. Paoli, at all events, cannot be reproached for not having made Corsica in ten years outstrip Holland and France in judicial humanity. The mere fact that Paoli maintained an unquestioned predominance over a race like the Corsicans indicates extraordinary qualities. He succeeded, it is clear from Boswell's narrative, through perfect devotion to the freedom of his island, love for and sympathy with his fellow-countrymen, combined with infinite superiority to them in intelligence, with a noble pride, and with a resolution never to countenance their vices and corruptions. "I asked him," writes Boswell, "how he could possibly have a soul so superior to interest. 'It is not superior,' said he; 'my interest is to gain a name. I know well that he who does good to his country will gain that; and I expect it. Yet, could I render this people happy, I would be content to be forgotten. I have an unspeakable pride. The approbation of my own heart is enough.'" A scholar who had ranged through classical literature, and was acquainted with the masterpieces in most modern languages, he towered mentally far above his followers. But those acquired gifts did not tend to make him despise them. He admired as sincerely as he was admired. "Go among them," he used to say to Boswell; "forget the meanness of their apparel. Hear their sentiments. You will find honour, and sense, and abilities among those poor men." "The Corsicans," he gloried, "have a steady resolution that would amaze you. I wish you could see one of them die." Boswell, who delighted above all things in executions and similar horrors, probably echoed the wish. Never did a ruler understand better the art of playing upon the hearts of a people. But it was done by virtue of sharing the same emotions which moved the crowd; only in him they were refined and elevated. He had studied metaphysics, and explored the scientific bases of theology and morality; but the real safeguard which had kept him pure in life while an officer in the lax Neapolitan army, and about a licentious Court, was the preoccupation of his constant purpose to be his country's deliverer. The friend of Rousseau, he was yet the most orthodox of believers. Frederick the Great was one of his heroes for his splendid achievements against Austria; but he could see nothing beautiful in the scepticism of a genius. Speaking of the King's epistle to Marshal Keith, he remarked, with delicate irony, "C'est une belle consolation pour un vieux général mourant, 'en peu de temps vous ne serez plus.'" He had no love for "les diseurs de bons mots," he told Boswell; but Boswell heard *bons mots* from him. For Corsica he was an enthusiast. His heart was so full of his country that love of Corsica gifted him with a kind of second sight where its interests were concerned. Boswell believed, and readers of Boswell will believe, that there was no pious fraud in this. He himself said, "I can give you no clear explanation of it. I only tell you facts. Sometimes I have been mistaken; but in general these visions have proved true." His mind doubtless continued in sleep the calculations which absorbed it waking, and leaped to conclusions without halting at premisses. The faculty did not surprise his Corsicans. Of course their "General," "questo grand' uomo mandato per Dio a liberare la patria," as they used to describe him to Boswell, was a seer. One species of second sight he possessed of no supernatural pretensions, but at least as useful. He had learned to read minds through faces. We wonder how many of our readers remember the story of his choice of a hangman. From want of a hangman Paoli, when he took the Government, had been obliged to shoot criminals, and Corsicans have no objection to be shot. At last a Sicilian chanced to come with a message. "Ecco il boia," cried Paoli, "behold our hangman." He bid them ask the man if he would accept the office; and his answer was:—"My grandfather was a hangman; my father was a hangman; I have been a hangman myself, and am willing to continue so." Boswell, who with shuddering delight visited the poor cowering wretch, was informed that one death by his abhorred hands had more effect than twenty executions by firearms. So entire was Paoli's trust in himself and his people that he could not bear the thought even of owing freedom to foreign aid. He desired English friendship rather than an English alliance. "The less assistance," he said to Boswell, "we have from allies, the greater our glory." "We may have foreign Powers for our friends; but they must be friends at arm's length." When we recollect how at a later period England, in accepting the gift of Corsica, appointed Sir Gilbert Elliot Viceroy, and not Paoli, we are not astonished at Paoli's prescient doubt of the working character of a league which should transfer the dominant influence in affairs to a foreign State. He was even jealous that Corsica had to rely on a Sicilian hangman. He rejoiced when a Corsican was willing to have his capital sentence commuted for the functions of executioner.

Notwithstanding all his cares of chief, and Corsican chief, and though beset by daily and nightly peril from Genoese assassins, who had to be warded off by vigilant sentries and half-a-dozen fierce dogs within and without his chamber, Paoli is described by Boswell as showing invariably "the most perfect ease of behaviour." We suspect Boswell does not mean by this exactly the "facility of manners" for which Adam Smith commended him. The general was always accessible. He would, Boswell declares, have been "a hero to his *valet de chambre*." Boswell himself says it, and he must have known. To pass the ordeal of the great original of modern "interviewers" and never be ridiculous to him, or, what is more important, to his readers, demonstrates an exceptionally great and genuine character. Whatever his fortune in life he became it. He ruled by right divine at Sollacarò. In the midst of the adulations of Versailles and Paris, when invited thither by Mirabeau, he preserved his self-respect. The only charge which could be brought against him by Walpole as a courtier at St. James's was "the simplicity of his whole appearance." Walpole had apparently expected to meet a brigand chief with dagger and pistols in his waistband. He could sustain a conversation with Dr. Samuel Johnson in the presence of the avowed worshipper of both. It is a pleasure to refresh our recollection of so noble a personage. Yet we must confess that the traces of Boswell's vanity and egotism are to the full as engaging as the spectacle of his host's serene virtue. Even the first sentence is charming:—"Having resolved," he writes, "to pass some years abroad for my instruction and entertainment, I conceived a design of visiting the island of Corsica." The fact was he had been sent by his father simply to study civil law at the University of Utrecht, and after a few months played the truant in Italy. The Corsicans took him for an envoy sent to negotiate a treaty with them. He disclaimed the honour. It may be easily imagined how Boswell would disclaim any honour; "and I was considered a very close young man." "I therefore just allowed them to make a minister of me." He had expected to find savagery, and was astonished to meet with an engraving after Raffaelle. Johnson could not have surpassed his comment on the execution of the print:—"There was no necessity for its being well done. To see the thing at all was what surprised me." At Bastelica he expatiated to a crowd on the beauty of simplicity, and warned the Corsicans, who live chiefly on chestnuts, against luxury. Dr. Hill cruelly appends, by way of gloss, an extract from a subsequent letter of the preacher to his friend Temple:—"I give admirable dinners and good claret; and the moment I go abroad again I set up my chariot." On his first introduction the General looked at him "with a steadfast, keen, and penetrating eye, as if he searched my very soul." Boswell felt a little uncomfortable till he became conscious, we suppose, that Paoli understood he was no hero. "I made myself known to him," he writes; and an odd discovery must Boswell's character have been to this king of men. "My flow of gay ideas relaxed his severity." Paoli must indeed have soon come to the bottom of that innocently babbling brook. But he acted as if he had for visitor a future statesman. Boswell, when he rode out, was mounted on the General's own horse, with rich furniture of crimson velvet, and with broad gold lace; "and I had my guards marching along with me. I allowed myself to indulge a momentary pride in this parade." Visions of that rich furniture and broad gold lace may have consoled him for many rude rebuffs the world had in store for him. "I got," he writes later on, "a Corsican dress made, in which I walked about with an air of true satisfaction." The "good peasants and soldiers used to call me the ambasciatore Inglese." He had apparently soon left off repudiating the distinction; for, "I bid them hope for an alliance with us." Still, being a reputed ambassador did not prevent him from playing to them upon the German flute. One morning he sang to them Garrick's song, "Hearts of Oak." They were enthusiastic; "it was quite a joyous riot." He ceased to be a diplomatist. "I fancied myself to be a recruiting sea-officer." It is hard to say which is the more comic picture, Boswell as an ambassador or Boswell as a first lieutenant. The former, however, was his favourite character in Corsica. He gravely consulted Paoli on the matter. "Talking of various schemes of life fit for a man of spirit and education," as obviously was Boswell, "I mentioned to him that of being a foreign Minister." Paoli replied, with infinite gravity, that "he thought it a very agreeable employment for a man of parts and address during some years of his life." At another time he was the travelled and sated man of the world who had "exhausted all the sweets of his being." "I told him that I had almost become incapable of taking a part in active life." With infinite courtesy Paoli condescended to treat the depression as of real consequence, and reasoned him out of it. A finished courtier like this must, indeed, have "smiled a good deal when I told him that I was much surprised to find him so amiable, accomplished, and polite."

No doubt, however, Paoli found Boswell a pleasant companion, and understood enough of the English nature to appreciate the value of a nimble tongue which could circulate among Englishmen—if not, as he suggested to Boswell, "at your Court"—a belief that Corsicans might be allowed to free themselves without danger to civilisation. Boswell, on his side, was collecting materials, noted down carefully every night, for a book. To be an author was more to him who knew himself than to most men. "To preserve an uniform dignity among those who see us every day," avows Boswell in his preface, "is hardly possible. The author of an approved book may allow his natural disposition an easy play, and yet indulge the pride of superior genius when he considers that by those who know him only as an author he never ceases to be respected." He had only too accurate a prevision of his own defects when he remarks that the writer of "a book approved by the world has established himself as a respectable character in distant society without any danger of having that character lessened by the observation of his weaknesses." When a third edition was demanded he became yet more certain that he might indulge his folly as freely as an Antinomian without disparagement. He was the friend of Paoli, and therefore "set free for ever from a slavish timidity in the presence of great

men." He had the infallible testimony of "my revered friend, Mr. Samuel Johnson," to the "wise and noble curiosity which had led him where perhaps no native of this country ever was before." He had sold two editions of his Tour, and was issuing a third. His preface to the third edition concludes:—"When I first ventured to send this book into the world I fairly owned an ardent desire for literary fame. I have obtained my desire, and whatever clouds may obscure my days, I can now walk among the rocks and woods of my ancestors with an agreeable consciousness that I have done something worthy." Well might his revered friend have written about the same time: "I wish you would empty your head of Corsica, which, I think, has filled it rather too long."

But the present generation has had no opportunity of being tired to death with Boswell's stories of Corsica, or with the spectacle of his airs as he paraded dressed as a Corsican chief. It may well be grateful to Dr. Hill both for recalling to its knowledge a very picturesque narrative, and for himself telling the story of the Corsican war, or wars, of independence with clearness and vigour. In the introduction to the Correspondence between Boswell and Erskine there is something still better in the results of a ripe acquaintance with the Johnsonian cycle of literature and society. Everywhere throughout the volume signs are visible that the whole has been a labour of love. The printer has shown taste in reproducing the original title-pages. Even the spelling has been benevolently preserved. Not a final *k* after *c*, or a single "*u* in the last syllable of words which end in our" has been omitted. Deference has been paid to Boswell's expressed hope that, "should this work at any future time be reprinted, care will be taken of my orthography." Faith has been kept in more important matters. The Introductions and the Notes comprise all that is necessary for the explanation of obscure allusions; but the former are carefully restricted to preparing readers for the enjoyment of the narrative and the letters; the notes never vie in rivalry with the text.

ORMSBY'S POEM OF THE CID.*

THIS is in many respects an excellent little book. It is, in fact, so good and, as far as it goes, so thorough that our main criticism of it has to be put in the form of a serious regret that Mr. Ormsby did not see his way to making it much longer and more complete. He tells us that the book was not intended for students of Spanish literature. If so, it is difficult to understand what audience it is to address successfully. For while the student will grumble at the book's incompleteness, the general reader will scarcely be beguiled into swallowing so much information as is here given about a subject wholly remote from him merely because the book is short and the author's learning concealed as much as possible. There is just now no general public in England for Spanish themes of a purely literary or antiquarian kind. Spanish ways and thoughts, especially the ways and thoughts of old Spain, are so far removed from those of the ordinary Englishman that no dressing up can make the literature which embodies them otherwise than stale, flat, and unprofitable to him. It was otherwise in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when the most vital everyday politics of England were liable at any moment to be crossed and shaped by those of Spain. The Spaniard and his life were then matters of real interest, however odious and unpalatable, to a large English public; and endeavours to popularize information about them were well worth the making, as is abundantly proved by the crop of books concerned with Spanish matters of all kinds printed in England between 1550 and 1650. But nowadays times are changed; and, with an exception or two here and there—Mr. Grant Duff writing on Señor Castelar, or a lively book of travels which promises to be practically useful, or an occasional translation of a Spanish novel—the general English reader has neither eyes nor ears for anything Spanish. Southey thought otherwise. His Chronicle of the Cid was directed to the general reader; so was Lockhart's work; and in both cases every consideration of permanent value was sacrificed to the pursuit of that unsatisfactory being who has long ago deserted Southey and is now fast deserting Lockhart. That so competent a student as Mr. Ormsby should have chosen to work on the same unfruitful lines is real matter for disappointment. Instead of bringing down his book to the level of a supposed general audience which does not exist, it would surely have been far better to appeal to an audience that does exist—to that small body of persons in England, well known to the London booksellers, who are fanatics for all that concerns old Spain, and who, at present compelled to look abroad for all the information worth having on their favourite subject, would have welcomed with enthusiasm a serious and exhaustive English book on such a topic as the poem of the *Cid*. Nor would such a book have appealed to English students only. It would have reached a European public, and not a particularly small one. In Germany and France, not to speak of Spain itself, where Ticknor's great book has been eagerly appropriated and made use of, and where all foreign work on Spanish literature is carefully watched by a large number of "aficionados," there are circles of readers who would have ensured its success if Mr. Ormsby had chosen to write it. At this moment, indeed, such a book is in process of writing in Germany.

* *The Poem of the Cid.* A Translation from the Spanish, with Introduction and Notes, by John Ormsby. London: Longmans. 1879.

We have just received the first part of a new edition of the *Poema* by a German student, Herr Karl Vollmöller, which contains the text carefully reprinted from the only existing MS., an introduction, notes, and a glossary, being announced as to follow in the second part. So far so good. It is well that this should be done by whatever competent person will do it. But a little change of aim, and some months' more labour on Mr. Ormsby's part, would have given an Englishman the credit of the task, and, to judge from the many admirable literary qualities displayed in the little book before us, would have secured to the reader, not only learning and accuracy in its fulfilment, but adequate literary form and expression to boot.

It is time, however, to turn from Mr. Ormsby's omissions to his performance. He gives us a mixed prose and verse translation of the poem, an introduction dealing with the various larger critical questions connected with it and with its hero, and four short appendices on the ancestors and descendants of the Cid, the chronology of his life and times, his titles, and the structure and versification of the poem. The introduction adds little to the knowledge of those who are already familiar with the Cid literature, but it is an excellent summary of the chief results of that literature, and shows that Mr. Ormsby has not only read his books, but digested them. He makes one point, indeed, which, if not altogether a new one, has not, as far as we remember, been so well stated before. Ferdinand Wolf long ago pointed out, in correction of Bouterwek, that the object of the author of the *Poema del Cid* was by no means that of writing a chronicle of his hero's life and doings after the common pattern of the *chansons de geste*. The narrative concerns only the latter portion of the Cid's career—that is to say, the adventures and campaigns following his last exile from Castile in 1081, and culminating in the conquest of Valencia in 1094; and it is not upon these campaigns, in spite of the poet's genuine love for fighting scenes and Homeric power of painting them, nor even on the conquest of Valencia itself, which is described in a few lines, that the true emphasis of the poem rests. It was really written for the sake of the story of the Cid's daughters and their marriages, which occupies its second half, and to which the first half is practically introductory. The first object of the author was to trace the upward progress of the Cid from the humiliation inflicted upon him by his original sons-in-law, the Infantes of Carrion, to the glory reflected on the hero and his race by his daughters' second marriage with the Infantes of Navarre and Aragon; just as the underplot of the poem, so to speak, describes his rise from the position of a poverty-stricken exile to that of the rich and powerful ruler of Valencia. The true climax of the poem is reached when the poet exclaims, after chronicling the second pair of weddings—

Hoy los reyes de Espanna sos parientes son!

To-day the kings of Spain are his kinsmen—

a famous and disputed line which led Wolf to the conjecture that the poem was recited as an epithalamium at some royal wedding, probably that of Blanca of Navarre, the Cid's great granddaughter, to Sancho III. of Castile in 1151. In his description of the first aim of the poet, Mr. Ormsby is at one with previous critics. He points out that the incident of the Infantes of Carrion is almost certainly wholly unhistorical, and was therefore either invented by the poet or at least shaped by him out of earlier ballads, for the sake of heightening his climax and exalting the final good fortune of his hero. Not, however, for this purpose only. There comes in a second motive to explain this story of the Infantes, which is well and freshly put by Mr. Ormsby, and which requires to be understood before we can appreciate the full merit of the poem and its unique position in the history of mediæval literature. "It is difficult to resist the impression," says Mr. Ormsby, "that the poem is in fact an expression of Castilian spirit, finding vent not only in the exaltation of a representative Castilian hero, but also in the depreciation of the hereditary enemies of Castile, represented by the highest of the nobility of Leon." It is, in fact, a political satire on Leon and the Leonese nobility, written by a Castilian at a time when before the union of Leon and Castile under St. Ferdinand a state of chronic rivalry and jealousy existed between the elder aristocratic Leon and her younger rival Castile. Not only are the Infantes of Carrion, members of the historical and powerful Leonese house of Gomez, represented as base and cowardly, urged by mercenary motives to ask the Cid's daughters in marriage, and then, as soon as the Cid's generosity has enriched them, carrying off their brides to a place of safety, where, out of reach of their father's strong arm, they may insult and desert them at pleasure, but the "whole clan or faction to which they belong is stigmatized as lawless, violent, and treacherous." The more carefully the poem is read the more evident does this purpose of the author become. His whole work is seasoned by it and by the rough spontaneous humour which it breeds in him. And when we come to observe how he fits his subject to this double aim of glorification and satire; how, as the figure of the long-bearded Campeador grows under his hands to greater stature and splendour, he groups around it the boasting and greedy faction of his Leonese enemies, sketched with Chaucerian ease and Chaucerian realism; and with what happy judgment, on the whole, he has chosen and arranged the lesser incidents of his long story, we shall perceive the importance of this unknown *juglar* and his work in the history of modern literature. Such a performance is far above the level of the ordinary rhymed chronicle or romance. There is dramatic power in it; the consciousness of the whole to be attained governs the

treatment of the parts; and the impression left at last upon the reader is one of extraordinary unity and vividness. Without endorsing Southey's extravagant and meaningless description of it as "unquestionably the finest Spanish poem," we may well acknowledge that the poem of the Cid, dating as it does from the latter half of the twelfth century, deserves a place among the five or six most remarkable compositions of early romance literature. In Spain, at any rate, the same note of realistic power is scarcely heard again, unless it be in some of the strange poems of the Archpriest of Hita or in the prose "Conde Lucanor," until the opening of her great age.

In the matter of the date of the poem Mr. Ormsby follows the great majority of his predecessors, who, with a few exceptions—notably Professor Dozy of Leyden—have placed it rather in the latter part of the twelfth than in the first half of the thirteenth century. As is well known, the question of the date of the poem, at any rate of the unique MS. which preserves it to us, is complicated by the fact that the lines which were meant to contain it have suffered an erasure, whether purposed or accidental cannot now be determined. They run thus:—

> Quien escrivio este libro del Dios parayso. Amen !
> Per Abbat le escrivio en el mes de Mayo
> En era de mil e CC • XLV años es el romanz fecho.

the four concluding words of the passage, which are important, having been overlooked and omitted by Sanchez in the original edition of the poem. It is impossible to discuss the details of the question here; but it has been generally held either that the copyist wrote a *c* too many and then erased it, or that the vacant space was filled with the conjunction *e*, which has been scratched out either by the copyist when he perceived it to be unnecessary or by some accidental cause. Should it, however, be decided that the date intended by the writer of the MS. was 1307 (deducting the thirty-eight years of the Spanish era), the question of the date of the poem itself, say the critics, is not affected by the decision, for the poem must be older than the *Estoria de España* of Alfonso X., in which it is largely quoted, and which was written before 1260. There are linguistic grounds also—though in our opinion they are not convincing ones—for assigning to the poem of the *Cid* a priority of at least half a century over the poem of Gonzalez de Berceo, who is known to have been writing towards the middle of the thirteenth century. So that if the date be 1307, it can only apply to the MS. In this state of the question it is interesting to notice that Herr Vollmöller, in his new edition of the *Poema*, prints the date "mill e C.CCXL.V." without any sign of erasure. This looks as if a competent paleographist, as we know Herr Vollmöller to be, had satisfied himself that the writer of the MS. meant it to stand so, and that the erasure is not to be traced to his hand. If this is so, and if again the date thus recovered has no relation to the date of the poem, but merely concerns that of the MS., the use of the words "es el romanz fecho," which is the formula of composition in old Spanish, is certainly extraordinary.

Mr. Ormsby's English rendering of the poem, from the point of view with which he undertook it, is admirably done. If anything could induce the general reader to take an interest in the *Poem of the Cid*, Mr. Ormsby's method of translation might succeed in doing it. He has thrown the best and most poetical passages of the poem into verse which, with very few exceptions, reproduces the original as faithfully as any verse translation can; and he has connected these passages in verse by a condensed prose translation which preserves the language and the order of the poem, while it avoids the difficulties and corruptions of the text, and cuts out repetitions. Mr. Ormsby's omissions from this portion of his work are generally easily intelligible to any one following his footsteps text in hand. Of course they damage the book for the student; but from a literary point of view they are almost always justified. One or two of them, however, are puzzling. In the prose portion, for instance, it is not easy to understand why the short characteristic prayer of the exiled Campeador, uttered as he leaves his native Castile for the Morisma, should have been omitted; and in one of the poetical sections, that dealing with the defeat of the Count of Barcelona by the Cid, several touches of satire in the original have been dropped out to the disadvantage of the general picture. Still, when all slight deductions are made, Mr. Ormsby's translations remain incomparably the best yet made in English from the *Poema*. They are accurate, unpretentious, and yet readable—a pleasant contrast to the worse than unsatisfactory versions of Frere of which Mr. Ormsby has many true words to say. The few notes which are appended to them are mostly topographical, and are of great interest. Mr. Ormsby has gone minutely over the whole ground of the *Poema*, and has cleared up not a few debated points with which the second-hand information of its French editor M. Damas Hinard did not enable him to deal successfully. Two small maps, one of the twelfth-century route from Burgos to Valencia, and another of the environs of Valencia, would, we venture to suggest, have made the book complete in this respect.

One rather important point remains to be noticed before we part with a book which has given us much pleasure in the reading. Mr. Ormsby mentions the charter of Avilés in a note to the introduction as dated 1155, and as, therefore, probably older than the poem of the *Cid*. In Ticknor's time it was, indeed, commonly held to be the oldest piece of Spanish existing. Since 1865, however, it has been acknowledged by experts to be a forgery of the thirteenth century, and ought long before this to have been generally deposed from its old place. A complete statement of the case may be found in the *Discurso* on the subject read by the Spanish scholar Fernandez Guerra before the Madrid Academy in that year, and afterwards published with most elaborate appendices, including facsimiles of the *Fuero* itself, as well as of other illustrative documents.

CONFIDENCE.*

MR. HENRY JAMES'S fictions seem to us at this moment to follow each other in course of publication a little too rapidly for the full enjoyment of their attractions. His stories are apt to dwell in the memory, and it seems to us but the other day that we had the pleasant task of writing about his collection of tales called the *Madonna of the Future*; and with the taste of that, so to speak, yet in our mouths, we have *Confidence* put before us. To carry further a gastronomic metaphor, we might not appreciate the flavour of caviare if it were a thing of constant recurrence so well as by consuming it only now and then. Although it certainly cannot be said of Mr. James's works that they are caviare to the general, in the sense that they are not popular, if "the general" stands for the reading public who get their supplies from the circulating libraries, yet it may be doubted if more than half the people who read his books appreciate, or try to appreciate, their finer qualities. A long course of Mérimée or of Tourgenieff might be trying to a conscientious reader, and, as has before been pointed out in these columns, Mr. James has more affinity with those two writers than with any English-writing novelist of whom we can think. In other words, Mr. James's fiction has the quality of rarity both in thought and expression, and in his branch of art frequent production is a disadvantage, not perhaps to him or to his public, but to his reviewer. We remember once to have heard a young man infected with the æsthetic cant of the day profess that he objected strongly to the exhibition of fine works in picture galleries because it "vulgarized" them. This of course was rank nonsense; but it may not be altogether paradoxical to say that such delicate work in writing as Mr. James's suffers from being put too continuously before his readers. One cannot take in a good novel so readily as a good picture, and, like the writers to whom he has been compared, Mr. James has a way of always leaving something not unimportant to the imagination of his readers. He works out his problem to a certain point and then leaves them to deal with it as they will, and in *Confidence* he has sprung a new puzzle upon us almost before we had forgotten to be "intrigued" over those which he last set before us. It must be said that in his present book the puzzle takes a comparatively mild form. One marriage which we have been looking forward to has taken place; another, apparently made with some rashness, has, we may presume, been turned from discontent to happiness; and we are only left to wonder what is the exact nature and tenor of the unusually long letter which the older writes to the younger bridegroom who has been for years his closest friend, and whom he has lately regarded, not altogether unjustly, with feelings which could not be completely friendly. It may well be that only a minority of Mr. James's public will trouble their heads over this matter; but we are inclined to think that in this minority will be found his most faithful and appreciative readers, to whose feelings he might with advantage make some concession. However, in certain things, and perhaps in such things as this, the artist must be allowed to be his own best critic; and that Mr. James is an artist will not be denied.

It is one of the author's characteristics to open his books by presenting one of his chief characters in circumstances and scenery which serve to give a general idea of his nature. "The American," if we remember rightly, was discovered in the galleries of the Louvre, oppressed by an "æsthetic headache." The hero of the present work is also an American, but of a very different type. "The American" was an admirably studied specimen of a self-made man, possessed of an innate strength and dignity, set off by innumerable great and little traits of character, which were difficult to analyse, but which all combined to produce a harmonious and pleasing result. The American, Bernard Longueville, who takes the principal part in *Confidence* belongs to the naturally well-off and educated class of his countrymen. Dignity, if not strength, has come to him with his bringing-up; and his is a more complex, if a less striking, character than that of the hero of the novel by which, as far as English readers were concerned, Mr. James first made his mark. Longueville, when we meet him in the first page of the book, has been spending the winter in Rome:—

> He had travelled northward with the consciousness of several social duties that appealed to him from the further side of the Alps, but he was under the charm of the Italian spring, and he made a pretext for lingering. He had spent five days at Siena, where he had intended to spend but two, and still it was impossible to continue his journey. He was a young man of a contemplative and speculative turn, and this was his first visit to Italy, so that if he dallied by the way he should not be harshly judged. He had a fancy for sketching, and it was on his conscience to take a few pictorial notes. There were two old inns at Siena, both of them very shabby and very dirty. The one at which Longueville had taken up his abode was entered by a dark, pestiferous archway, surmounted by a sign which at a distance might have been read by the travellers as the Dantean in-

* *Confidence.* By Henry James, Junior. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1880.

junction to renounce all hope. The other was not far off, and the day after his arrival, as he passed it, he saw two ladies going in who evidently belonged to the large fraternity of Anglo-Saxon tourists, and one of whom was young and carried herself very well. Longueville had his share—or more than his share—of gallantry, and this incident awakened a regret. If he had gone to the other inn he might have had charming company; at his own establishment there was no one but an æsthetic German who smoked bad tobacco in the dining-room. He remarked to himself that this was always his luck, and the remark was characteristic of the man; it was charged with the feeling of the moment, but it was not absolutely just; it was the result of an acute impression made by the particular occasion; but it failed in appreciation of a providence which had sprinkled Longueville's career with happy accidents—accidents, especially, in which his characteristic gallantry was not allowed to rust for want of exercise.

We learn, further, of this personage—who becomes more interesting in proportion to the unexpected influences brought to bear upon him—that "he was clever indeed, and an excellent companion; but the real measure of his brilliancy was in the success with which he entertained himself. He was much addicted to conversing with his own wit, and he greatly enjoyed his own society. Clever as he often was in talking with his friends, I am not sure that his best things, as the phrase is, were not for his own ears. And this was not on account of any cynical contempt for the understanding of his fellow-creatures; it was simply because what I have called his own society was more of a stimulus than that of most other people." In spite of this he was "a very sociable animal"; and after this it will be readily "admitted at the outset that he had a nature which seemed at several points to contradict itself." The description reads like a study from life, and the impression that this is so is deepened as the story, or rather the finely-touched narration of events which hang together, goes on. It must not be inferred from this that there is anything bald, or, to use a paradoxical phrase, too life-like, in the following out of Longueville's character. Mr. James is a singularly keen observer, but he has plenty of the artistic instinct and skill which prevent a novelist from producing an impression of tiresome adherence to the naked result of observation. There is probably more than one Longueville in the world, and yet Mr. James's Longueville never fails to be interesting.

More remarkable, perhaps, is Mr. James's skill in the treatment of Gordon Wright, who is more or less to Longueville what "Charles, his friend," is to the hero of a certain kind of comedy, and who also affords an admirable foil to Longueville's more finely-strung nature, to which, with an odd contradiction which the author's fine faculty of observation has happily seized, the more robust one of Wright is ever prone to turn for counsel. These characters are both American. Mr. James is less happy in his representation of Captain Lovelock, who, in spite of a fortunate touch here and there, is little more than the typical army Englishman of a hundred English novelists. That he should be represented as heavily bearded may perhaps be regarded as a sin of mere detail—or perhaps the author may advance the theory that the length of his beard was in proportion to that of his leave. But in one scene we find what we cannot but regard as a blunder, which is a thing very uncommon in Mr. James's work. Longueville and Lovelock are on those terms of close acquaintance which spring from constantly meeting in the company of the same people at the same place; the place in this instance being Baden-Baden in the gambling days. Lovelock is supposed to be, if not very wise, well born and well bred. The two meet after the party of ladies in whom both are interested have suddenly and without warning moved their camp. "'Damn it, they're going—yes, they're going,' said the Captain, after the two young men had exchanged a few allusions to current events." The Captain says "damn" so often that one could almost think the author had been studying old-world French caricatures just before he wrote his book, and that stray recollections of them had stuck to him. After this he falls into a confidential mood, in which he recounts among other things his bad luck "at those filthy tables." He has lost heavily, and Longueville has just won a quantity of money at the same tables the winning of which has given him no pleasure; Lovelock accepts from him a loan which both know will not be repaid, and which both know will be employed at "those filthy tables." What is more odd is what will be found in the following quotation:—

I'll take fifty pounds with pleasure, thank you, and you shall have them again—at the earliest opportunity. My earliest convenience—will that do? Damn it, it *is* a convenience, isn't it? You make your conditions? My dear fellow, I accept them in advance. That I'm not to follow up Miss Evers; is that what you mean? Have you been commissioned by the family to buy me off? It's devilish cruel to take advantage of my poverty! Though I'm poor, I'm honest. But I *am* honest, my dear Longueville; that's the point. I'll give you my word, and I'll keep it. I won't go near that girl again—I won't think of her till I've got rid of your fifty pounds. It's a dreadful encouragement to extravagance, but that's your look-out. I'll stop for their beastly races, and the young lady shall be sacred.

This from a writer of Mr. James's power is little short of astounding when the conditions of Lovelock's existence are remembered. But the drawing of this character is throughout, it seems to us, unworthy of Mr. James's talent and reputation.

With one of the women of the story, Miss Evers, the author is as successful as he has ever been; the character is well conceived and admirably executed in every detail. But with the heroine, Miss Vivian, he seems less successful. He tells us at once too much and too little of her. He has aimed, it would appear, at painting such a strange character as Musset loved to illuminate with the brilliant flashes of his undated comedies. To try this in a novel of modern life is a bold experiment. Mr. James seems to us to have lost himself to some extent in the intricacies devised by himself. Brilliant flashes are thrown from time to time upon Miss Vivian's nature; but they scarcely suffice to give any definite and abiding impression. The key to the character is no doubt possessed by the author; but he does not hand it on to the reader. Mrs. Vivian's character, on the other hand, strikes us as being an ordinary one, which its depicter has vainly attempted to invest with mystery. These are the faults which we find with a novel which can, in spite of them, be recommended to all who care for Mr. James's fine style and method. We do not propose to give any clue to its story, for, as is usual with Mr. James, that part of his work hangs entirely upon his treatment of character, and to tell it merely as a succession of facts would be obviously unjust. If we might venture to give a word of counsel to the author, it would be to avoid all temptation to deliberate obscurity.

JULIAN THE APOSTATE.*

MR. RENDALL has done well to reprint his Hulsean essay in an enlarged and amended form. The strange career of "Julian the Apostate" must ever remain a subject of interest alike to the historian and the divine, and the author's treatment is not unworthy of it. If he lacks, as is natural, the brilliancy of Gibbon, his estimate is free from the cynicism and religious or irreligious partisanship which too often colour the views of that great writer. He has evidently taken pains to master his subject in all its bearings, and to do justice to the character and motives of Julian, without forgetting the singular infatuation under which he laboured, and how terrible a disaster to the best interests of mankind the success of his enterprise would have proved, had success indeed been possible. The result is a carefully drawn and fairly exhaustive sketch of all the main points in the character and course of that remarkable man. From whichever side it is looked at, there is a deeply tragical pathos about Julian's wasted life—there is so much in the man personally that claims our sympathy, so little in his cherished aims and convictions that can rouse any other feelings than aversion or contempt. As his biographer puts it with epigrammatic terseness, Julian was as nearly as might be the *vir sapiens*, while his cause was Antichrist. And hence he has been the object at once of rapturous panegyric and fierce abuse. Cardinal Newman states the case with his wonted felicity when he says that "the apostate from Christian truth, the foe of Christian education, in whom every Catholic sees the shadow of the future Antichrist, was all but the pattern man of philosophical virtue," in whom "we recognize a specious beauty and nobleness of moral deportment which combines in it the rude greatness of Fabricius or Regulus with the accomplishments of Pliny or Antoninus." From the first his enterprise was hopeless. As Chateaubriand says, "he turned his face to the past, and his back upon the future." And he seems all along to have been haunted and gradually embittered by a sense of failure which he would not admit even to himself, an uneasy consciousness that his best energies were being exhausted in the vain endeavour to twist ropes of sand. It is not simply that he was seeking to galvanize a corpse; he was, in Scriptural language, forcing new wine into old bottles which could not hold it. The idealized Paganism which he aspired to restore had never had any real existence, and it was worse than idle to attempt to breathe Christian sentiment into Pagan forms, which had long since lost their proper meaning and had never meant what he wished to make them mean. The wonderful thing is that a man of his acuteness should have supposed Paganism—and the bastard Paganism of the later empire—capable of reform; but he honestly did suppose it. He thought to create "a Pagan Church Catholic," as Comte in our own day has drawn the lines of an atheistic Church Catholic; he imagined that by a skilful plagiarism of alien forces he could engraft on "Hellenism" a purified morality and an organized Church. With this view he constructed an elaborate sacerdotal system, which was after all but a mere caricature of the Christian priesthood. But Pagan priests and philosophers sneered or laughed in their sleeve at a moral enthusiasm which they both hated and despised:—

The Paganism of Julian's time was incurably corrupt. It was immoral to the core. Many sanctuaries existed as dens of debauchery. Prostitutes were priestesses, and temple was cant name for brothel. The essence of worship was the satisfaction of lust. When on days of high festival Julian royally attired passed through the streets of Constantinople to solemn celebration of the feast, it was no decorous procession of venerable priests or modest virgins that followed in his steps: around the chaste grave young Emperor thronged a drunken rout: among those that bore the insignia of sacerdotal pomp were mutilated priests of Cybele, priestess-courtesans of Venus, immodest screaming bacchants catching the public gaze by their obscene cries and antics. And this immorality was not only on the surface, or confined to certain public resorts. It was far more than skin-deep. It pervaded and poisoned the very springs of home life: it violated the sanctity of the domestic hearth.

Julian, like Marcus Aurelius and some of the best of the Emperors who preceded him, seems to have anticipated in the advance of Christianity a danger to the Empire, but it cannot truly be said that the root of his antagonism to it was political. Unlike Marcus Aurelius, he had a genuine belief in the Pagan mythology, though it is not easy to reconcile the monotheistic language he constantly employs in his intercourse with philosophical friends with his open

* *The Emperor Julian, Paganism, and Christianity, being the Hulsean Essay for the Year* 1876. By G. H. Rendall, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. 1879.

and zealous adoption of the popular polytheism. He saw visions and dreamt dreams, and believed himself to be in habitual, almost daily, intercourse with the deities he so sedulously worshipped. It must always be remembered that Julian differed from all his Pagan predecessors in the fact of having been baptized and brought up to the age of twenty in the profession of the Christian faith, though it was probably in his case never more than a profession, and then having deliberately renounced it. This peculiarity of his circumstances inevitably and very materially affected his attitude of mind towards both the creed of his birth and that of his adoption. The zeal of converts is proverbial; it has not been so generally observed that they often contribute to the system they embrace more than they derive from it. This was at all events conspicuously the case with Julian. The tone of his personal religion is undeniably lofty, but it is also undeniably, and almost confessedly, Christian. If the shortcomings of Christians—and imperial patronage had already done something to secularize the temper of the Church—paved the way for the Pagan reaction, Christian morality determined the shape given to that reaction in the hands of Julian. But his indebtedness to the creed he had scornfully abjured, which was too obvious to be altogether disclaimed, only intensified his hatred of it—*incredulus odit.* His paradoxical faith in the recuperative power of Paganism was only less surprising than his entire miscalculation of the power of its great rival. So far from perceiving—what had already become manifest to friend and foe alike—that the future lay with Christianity, he entertained for it a mingled feeling of aversion and contempt. Something may be due, as Mr. Rendall suggests, to his having received his Christian teaching "in the mangled and imperfect form of Arianism," but he was also singularly unfortunate in his early experiences of leading men among the Christians—notably in the Emperor Constantius, his uncle and the murderer of his father, and the Arian courtier-bishop Eusebius, who was his tutor. This helps to explain how throughout life he persistently identified the character of the religion itself with that of the least worthy of its representatives. Both the rival systems were idealized in his mind, but the Pagan or, as he preferred to phrase it, "Hellenic" idea was a creation of his own to which nothing corresponded in the outer world of fact, while his Christian ideal was a hasty and perverse generalization from some of the lowest types of a corrupt Christianity, on whom he had chosen to fix his exclusive attention as characteristic specimens of the "Galilean" sect. Of the nobler spirits in the Church of his own day he knew or cared to know nothing. Basil and Gregory Nazianzen had been his fellow students, but of them he takes no cognizance; the mountebank Aetius was his favourite among Christian bishops, while he scarcely ever names Athanasius, whom he did not know personally, except in terms of vulgar abuse. And his estimate of the men shaped his moral and intellectual estimate of their faith. He confounded the irregularities and accidental blemishes on the surface of the system with its vital principle:—

Julian's primary misconception of Christianity was in regarding it as a sheer contrivance, a kind of mutual benefit society set up solely in the interests of the managers. He had found so much hypocrisy among Christians that he assumed it of them all. S. John's attribution of divinity to Christ was a clever fraud: the whole fabric of sacerdotalism was so much ingenious mechanism: the clergy were ambitious schemers; if deprived of the power to tyrannise and dictate and appropriate other men's goods, they at once became centres of faction, professional incendiaries, whose work it was to inflame party against party in their own selfish interests. The monks—except indeed in those cases where they had been driven by devils into the wilderness and provided with manacles and collars—were no better; their assumed self-renunciation was a sham. . . . . . . To him almsgiving and charities were but ingenious devices to support the ascendancy of a ruling caste. He compares the Christians to kidnappers, who tempt children by mouthfuls of cake, and finally catch them and fling them into confinement, to spend a life of misery as the cost of the transient sweet that tickled their palate for the nonce. If Pagans did but imitate the cunning of the Christians on more magnanimous motives they would soon occupy the same position of influence.

Mr. Rendall devotes the longest chapter in his book to examining the charge of persecution constantly brought against Julian by Christian writers, and he answers it in a sense very favourable—we are disposed to think somewhat too favourable—to the Emperor. It is true that there are very few acts of direct official persecution on record, and that Julian, as became a philosopher, professed the principle of toleration. But in the very letter where he most expressly disclaims any desire for the killing or maltreatment of "Galileans," he at once proceeds to insist that "godly men (θεοσεβεῖς), that is Pagans, ought to be and are to be encouraged," and the encouragement might of course take various forms. As Gregory of Nazianzus puts it, "he issued indeed no public ordinance (of persecution) but non-repression of excesses converted his wishes into unwritten law." Julian was not content with showering his favours on those Christians who, in Gibbon's language, "prudently embraced the religion of their sovereign." He condoned or even commanded in several instances violent, if not always unprovoked, outrages on Christians. Thus, when at Ascalon the Pagan mob made a brutal attack on Christian priests and virgins and worried some of them to death, the Emperor was so far from blaming them that he actually deposed the governor of the district for his previous leniency towards Christians, and for exceeding his rights in putting some of the ringleaders in the outrage under arrest. Moreover any estimate we may form in favour of Julian's tolerance must be accepted with two important reservations. Mr. Rendall himself observes that there is no passage in his extant works counselling or legalizing persecution, "the education edict excepted"; and the exception is a serious one. The famous rescript, issued apparently towards the close of the year 362, directly forbade Christian professors teaching the classics, on a pretext studiously insulting as well as hypocritical, and thereby, as its author was perfectly aware, indirectly debarred Christian youth from studying such literature at all. Both in its intention and operation the edict was, as Mr. Rendall frankly admits, an act of "genuine persecution"; its deliberate purpose was to exclude Christians, as such, from the higher mental culture of the age, and, for the brief period that it continued in force, such was the actual result. The probable date of this edict, which followed two others conceived in a similar spirit but far less explicit and direct, and which appeared only a few months before the Emperor's death, suggests another reflection to which Mr. Rendall seems hardly to have attached its due weight. The entire period of Julian's reign as sole Emperor is comprised in just a year and a half, from December 361 to June 363, and he died in his thirty-second year. There was not therefore much time for any persecuting tendencies to develop themselves. If it be true—and we have seen that even this must be taken with considerable reserve—that in his practice of toleration "he went as far as abstract justice seemed to demand, but not a step further," it is difficult to believe that a motive so comparatively feeble in most minds as the sense of abstract justice would have long held its ground against the force of religious prejudice and passion, embittered by a growing consciousness of failure, as well from "the irresponsive sloth" and frivolity of the Paganism he desired to renovate as from the steadfast resistance of Christians to all the arts of persuasion he could bring to bear on them. The tone and substance of his educational rescript is by no means a solitary example of this growing bitterness of sentiment, which showed itself not only in word but in an increased disinclination to curb the excesses of imperial officers or mobs against the Christians. We may receive with discredit or distrust the assertions of contemporary writers of his threats to proclaim war to the knife against the Church after his return from the Persian war, in which he perished; but we can hardly doubt that, had his reign been prolonged, he would have gradually but surely drifted into a policy of systematic persecution. Gibbon, who on the whole is his warm panegyrist, remarks that in compiling his elaborate work against Christianity amidst his preparations for the Persian campaign, Julian "imbibed the illiberal prejudices and passions of a polemical divine," and "contracted an irrevocable obligation to maintain and propagate his religious opinions." To the same closing period of his life belongs the strange attempt, so signally defeated—which Mr. Rendall passes over in silence—to rebuild the Jewish temple; and this, as Gibbon again points out, was obviously undertaken with a secret design of discrediting the Gospel. That desire would inevitably have gained upon him with the irritation of continued ill-success, for his dying exclamation *Vicisti Galilæe*, if he really uttered it—Mr. Rendall considers it apocryphal, but does not give his reasons—was a despairing cry of failure, not a confession of faith.

Nevertheless the reign of Julian materially benefited the cause which he was so eager to destroy. It acted on the worldly and corrupt Christianity of the fourth century, somewhat as the French Revolution acted on the Christianity of the eighteenth, "as an invaluable purge or disinfectant." Little as he did to deserve her affection, the Church in one sense owes him a debt of gratitude. Mr. Rendall explains this very happily in a characteristic passage with which our notice of his able and interesting volume must conclude. For the details of the history we gladly refer our readers to the work itself, with the assurance that a careful study of the contents will fully repay them:—

Julian's reign not only sobered factions, and developed reconciliation: it also separated the worldly and the hypocrite from the true man and the believer, sorting and sifting out a purified residue. It proved that though overlaid with error, and stifled by foul excrescences, and charged with heavy vapours, the vital forces of Christianity were potent still. And one other service it partly did. Premature recognition by the State had damagingly paganised Christianity. In art, in ritual, and in politics the Church showed traces of too facile accommodation to heathen modes of thought. Men were abruptly reminded that the distinctions between heathenism or Hellenism and Christianity were something more than verbal differences. Even at the cost of some irritation of susceptibilities, and some narrowing of sympathies, it was a lesson most needful to learn. Julian had not lived in vain.

A COUNTRY PASTOR'S EXPERIENCE OF WAR.*

A CLERGYMAN who has spent his life amongst his people in a quiet village, and who finds his parish suddenly made the scene of a tremendous conflict between two mighty military Powers, may be well qualified to exhibit in their true light the horrors of warfare, but is less likely to form a sound judgment as to the merits of the quarrel or the strategy of the generals on either side. In one sense, the tempest of war never perhaps burst more unexpectedly on the inhabitants of an insignificant hamlet than the Franco-German war broke on the Pastor Klein and his parishioners of Froschweiler. But there were many circumstances both in his own position and in the causes of that terrible struggle which qualified him to form an independent opinion, and impart a special interest to his recollections of the scenes which he was compelled to witness. To a large extent pictures of war must resemble each other. The effects of all wars must, for many or

* *The Pastor's Narrative; or, Before and After the Battle of Wörth, 1870.* By Pastor Klein. Translated by Mrs. F. E. Marshall. London: Longmans. 1879.

most of those who are drawn within their horrid circle, be the infliction of misery unspeakable; and no true leader of men will quarrel with the saying that the bringing about of an unnecessary war is the greatest of crimes. So far, then, as the Pastor's reminiscences of such sufferings are concerned, we need only say of them that they are here recounted with a vividness which is in no way weakened by the simplicity of his style, and that in its own kind few narratives can be named which are more striking, more impressive, and more touching. When we remember that the horrors which are here related were repeated on even a more stupendous scale at Rezonville, at Gravelotte, at Sedan, not to speak of many another hard-fought field and siege, we might suppose that the world must have learnt a lesson which it cannot speedily forget.

In Elsass, as perhaps elsewhere, the plebiscite demanded by the Emperor in the spring of 1870 carried with it for the people forebodings of strife. The village politicians were not far wrong in thinking that the Emperor was walking backwards, or else they would not have to decide whether he was to stay or not; but they were mistaken in telling their fellows that, if they voted for him, they would pay the penalty in a war. If the plebiscite had anything to do with the events which followed it, the cause lay in the negative votes, a large proportion of which came from the army; and these signs of military discontent may have weakened the resolution of the Emperor, who was well aware that for him, if not for his country, war must be ruin. He may not have known precisely how far the mischief had gone, and, like embarrassed traders, he may have thought, or have tried to think, that his fortune might carry him through one more venture; but the world has since seen the reports which were then lying in his desk, and which, by a masterly comparison of the conditions of the French and German armies, proved to demonstration that any idea of provoking a quarrel with the German nation must be nothing less than absolute madness. In Elsass the declaration of war seems simply to have astonished the people. Of enthusiasm there was, strictly speaking, not a sign. There was much talk of the triumphant procession of French armies to Berlin; but there was a much more frequent expression of fear that, before these could set foot on German soil, the Germans would strike a blow within the territory of the aggressor. In a certain sense the people were all united; but it was a union of people of whom one part regarded France as their country and felt a bitter hatred for the Germans, while the other looked upon it as a land with which they were in close alliance, but made no secret of their "heartfelt sympathy for opponents so united to them by ties of religion and blood." "Both," the Pastor adds, "were determined to do their duty, even at the cost of life and property—the one with wild fanaticism, the other in dependence on the Disposer of events." For the former, in other words, the justice of the quarrel was a matter of indifference; for the latter, it was a subject on which, to say the least, they would be thankful to have more conclusive evidence. Neither, however, had the least notion that the first scene in the great tragedy would be played out among themselves. For the time the declaration of the Emperor Napoleon, that a great people defending a just cause is unconquerable, deceived some or many of them into thinking that the words applied to the Emperor's armies; and when the first soldiers made their appearance on the 22nd of July, the Alsatians were delighted at the idea of entertaining guests of whom they thought only as birds of passage. The troops had brought no stores with them; but for a small party sent simply as scouts this was not surprising. The best that the village could afford was brought out, not merely ungrudgingly, but joyfully; and the same unstinted welcome was extended to the companies of chasseurs who followed them. The Froschweilers were soon richly blessed, as the Pastor expresses it, with the soldiers whom they had so longed for. Their numbers in three or four days exceeded six thousand; and then the true state of things broke upon them in all its startling reality. The men were there; but there was, it seemed, absolutely no provision for their maintenance. Even for this large number the countryfolk had furnished food without murmuring; but, he adds, and well he may add:—

Having done this, we were of opinion that the Emperor and nation, for whom our sons and brothers were going to death, were bound to nourish them; and we believed in our simplicity that behind each newly arrived regiment had come waggons with bread, meat, wine, &c.; so thought also the good fellows themselves, and the first day they were merry enough, slept comfortably in their tents, and trusted to the morrow. The morrow came, the little ovens were already prepared, and the tin saucepans stood ready to cook the expected soup; but no waggons appeared, and the lighting of the fire and the cooking of the food had to be put off this time. Well, no matter for once.

But it was not to be for once only. The day passed, and the night was closing in, when officers and men with money in their hand begged the people to sell them such food as they might have. The latter refused to sell, but insisted on their taking it as a gift. The time was at hand when officers and men alike would demand it without payment, and would steal even that which the people were keeping to meet their own direct need. We cannot doubt that the Pastor is strictly within the bounds of truth when he says that in all the terrible confusion which followed "there was not a single man who knew anything, who could give an order, or who could point to a way out of the difficulty." French soldiers are not very slow in arriving at decisive, and perhaps somewhat unjust, conclusions. "We are betrayed," they said; "they mean to leave us here. We will go over to the enemy." Officers assailed by the hungry multitudes cried like children as they confessed that they had nothing, and could give nothing. On the eve of the battle of Wörth 33,000 rations were brought into the camp; but many more were needed, and the cans of meat and soup which were found full after the battle proved that for many the food came too late. Those who should have had it went into the battle "to fight and bleed for the fatherland the whole day through without food or drink; one can only marvel that they withstood the fearful onslaught of the enemy as they did. All honour to them for having done so; it remains as an example of heroic faithfulness."

It might be easy, and perhaps also not very profitable, to analyse the feelings by which these unfortunate men were moved under circumstances so frightful. A sentiment of patriotism probably combined itself with the instinct of self-defence, and banished the thoughts which in the absence of personal danger would resume their sway; for the fact cannot be disguised that the armies of the Second Empire were utterly undisciplined. They presented, in Pastor Klein's words, "a terrible picture of moral and physical starvation." Unable for the most part to read or write, they looked upon themselves as mere food for powder. Without military spirit, without even the soldier's feeling of honour, they passed their time "like lazy homeless beggars." The private treated with contempt the orders of the corporal; the corporal avenged himself by disregarding those of the sergeant; by the sergeant the insult was retorted on the lieutenant; and so things went on in an ascending scale, until the highest pitch of insubordination was reached. The following is an instance:—

It so happened that our good captain trod upon the foot of a common soldier. "Who told you you might tread on my foot? I won't have my foot trodden upon!" was the insolent speech. The captain was silent, though he bit his lip to conceal his anger; and when I said to him, "Why do you not have this fellow instantly locked up?" he replied, "I dare not; why, he would put a bullet through my head to morrow!" "Is it possible?" "Yes, indeed, it is."

On the next day General Abel Douay fell at Weissemburg; the report got abroad that he fell by a French shot, and few expressed any surprise. But the Pastor is careful to acquit both officers and soldiers of the guilt of this terrible failure of discipline:—

The French soldier is not in the main more irreligious or immoral than any other; and how can he help religion having been made a comedy or a fetish worship, and corruption having spread downwards through all classes? Was it his fault if the many foreign wars of the Empire had turned the army into a mob of pretorians, lusting for glory and pleasure; if the continual licentious camp life had undermined discipline and morality; if the last declaration of war had gone counter to all justice; if the careless equipment and provisioning of the troops brought about the most frightful license? The French soldier, as he was in 1870, was the miserable product of his great Fatherland; and the humiliation of August 6, and the historical failure of the whole campaign, are not to be put to his reckoning, but to those who at this very day are leading the richly-gifted French people to the brink of the precipice.

Herr Klein is perhaps thinking of the dreams in which some Frenchmen profess to indulge themselves—dreams which are to reverse the catastrophe of Sedan and to scatter Germany once more into the fragments which have been painfully and laboriously brought together since the tyranny of the first Napoleon. Persistence in those dreams, if they are still cherished, may plunge France into an abyss from which she may never again emerge; but possibly the Pastor's judgment may be influenced by a growing appreciation of the country which, from sundry phrases, it is clear that he regards as a fatherland whose ancient claim on his allegiance has been revived by the events of the last nine years. It is not merely from the marked and indeed the astounding contrast between the completeness of the German commissariat system and the fatal breakdown of the French, although this must count for much. Neglect of the soldier is simple inhumanity, if this neglect is shown before he goes into action; it is so in a vastly higher degree when he is writhing in anguish from wounds received in battle. The hospital arrangements of the French were as wretched as those of their commissariat, and the impartiality with which the German surgeons tended friend and foe alike made clearly a very deep impression. But, more than this, it seems that the men of Elsass had not quite forgotten the days of the Grand Monarque, and they were apt to call to mind the fact that before his time their forefathers had not been Frenchmen. As the fields of Froschweiler became crowded with troops who had nothing to eat, a good deal of quarrelling was a natural consequence; and the Pastor adds significantly that the German peasants "lost their enthusiasm for the Fatherland pretty quickly and their patience too. They pursued the soldiers through fields, gardens, and cellars; they tried to defend themselves—they scolded, complained, and loudly called upon the Prussians to come to their help." When these dreaded Prussians came, the Elsass folk besought their pity, saying, "We are Germans too; we are good Christians"; and were told that they should suffer no harm, and that their conquerors were sorry enough to have to burn and destroy. When at length the awful fight at Wörth was over, and the German hymns of thanksgiving for victory rose into the night air, the impression made on the Pastor and his people was deeper still.

How solemnly and strangely they fall on our ears, borne along the midnight air! Sounds of unspeakable woe to us, but bringing a holy calm to our hearts. They draw our terrified spirits unconsciously towards heaven—they are *our* songs. They are echoes of home from days gone by—songs of thanksgiving and victory sung long ago by our German ancestors, and are dear to our hearts to this day. Has God, the shaper of the world's destiny, some great work for our Alsatians to do? Will He lead us, with all the

pain of parting, back to the mother country? Oh, what a long and painful struggle will that cause! It is the Lord! let Him do what seemeth Him good.

While the battle raged round Froschweiler the church caught fire. It was full of wounded; but, even with this urgent need, the Germans could not stop to give help. "Let it burn," they said; "we will build it up again." The wounded were got out somehow; and the Germans kept their word. A stately memorial church rose on the site of the humble structure which had been associated with the ideas of French dominion; the whole, in fact, might be regarded as a gift from the old country. It is not surprising that, under such conditions, the process of reconciliation should go on somewhat rapidly. It may be regarded as practically complete if we may take in their grammatical sense the words with which a deputation greeted the German Emperor when, three years ago, he visited the lands which had once more become German. They had come, the address said, with enthusiasm to greet in his person the prince to whom they bow as their rightful Head under God, and they relied on his guarding the inheritance of their fathers, and on his bringing up their people in the true love of God and man and in faithfulness to their Fatherland. If this reconciliation be permanent, the Second French Empire will have done some good; and it is pleasanter to carry our thoughts on to this brighter future than to let them dwell on the great catastrophe which may well fill all who read the awful tale with utter hatred of the Napoleonic idea. In stirring up this feeling the Pastor Klein's book must be eminently successful.

YOUNG MRS. JARDINE.*

We know few novelists who can vie with the author of *John Halifax* in spinning slight materials into long stories, and, to do her justice, her gossamer webs are generally of delicate workmanship. Yet, on second thoughts, "web" is a most inappropriate metaphor, since, so far from the scheme of her novels being intricate, there is seldom even the semblance of a plot. All depends upon the treatment of characters which neither demand nor receive subtle analysis; on the faithful delineation of very ordinary feelings; and on the awakening our sympathies with some half-dozen of our fellow-creatures who have almost invariably the merit of being natural. One is sure of having the emotions stirred sooner or later by some moving scene of family trouble, and a certain mild attention is awakened in the course of existences that are far from eventful. We can understand that the author should find steady admirers among novel-readers who profess temperance principles so far as the rougher and more heady sensations are concerned. For ourselves, we confess to being sometimes inclined, in reading her books, to long for a startling catastrophe or the shadow of a sombre mystery, though we have no great liking for the melodramatic in general. We would welcome something to fillip the languid interest, which, though it may be agreeable enough for a certain time, begins to die down while the story is stagnating. In novels that dispense with incident very much depends on how each separate set of volumes happens to strike one. In *Dorcas*, the last work by the author, the tone throughout was quietly harmonious. The mother and daughter who figured successively as heroines lent themselves naturally to the feminine treatment in which the author excels. Even the gentleman who married the older lady, and became the father of the younger, was a lady, or at least a lady's man, in every essential respect. Could he have so far overcome his constitutional indolence, he might have come forward as honorary president of a Dorcas Club, and assisted at the distribution of garments to the deserving poor. In *Young Mrs. Jardine*, the author has selected a somewhat different type of hero, and has scarcely succeeded so well. Roderick Jardine is forced by circumstances into a hard and uphill struggle for existence; and has to do battle with the world which has hitherto petted him, just as he has weighted himself with a foreign wife. His conduct is that of a man and of a brave man. He resolutely accepts a very humble position, that he may provide the necessaries of life for the woman he adores; and he has the appearance of carrying his head high in the society whose prejudices he has outraged by his choice of an occupation. Yet Roderick, though apparently meant to be represented as an embodiment of spirited manhood, has to the eye of a man much of the woman in him. It is not merely that he is impulsive, morbidly sensitive, and romantic; for these are failings or qualities that are common to the youth of both sexes. But he shows some lack of the self-reliant pluck which "is the only thing that will wash," to borrow a phrase from one of the Rugby boys in *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. It is his noble-minded wife who inspires him, directly or indirectly, in the acts of courage or endurance where his nature more honourably asserts himself. The author may perhaps urge that that conception of their relations was a part of her plan; that it was her idea to exalt the ennobling influence of a noble woman on the husband who has the grand virtue of devotion to his wife. So it may have been to a certain extent; yet there are many little touches that tend to confirm us in our depreciatory opinion of Roderick. And he is too evidently painted as a woman's ideal of what a good and meritorious young man should be. "He had no young men's small vices; he thought billiards dull, and detested smoking." Setting smoking down so uncompromisingly as vicious reminds us of De Quincey's catalogue of crimes, where, by beginning with such peccadilloes as murder, you may be landed at last in such atrocities as evil company and procrastination. Then Roderick's extraction, antecedents, and upbringing were anything rather than heroic, and this necessarily raises difficulties in the way of making him romantic or even interesting. Like most Scotchmen, he has a pedigree, and he never forgets that he is a Jardine. But his father had married the daughter of a blacksmith, who had enriched himself by hard-headed industry; and Roderick, though in his inbred refinement he is represented as having little in common with his mother, has unconsciously inherited some of her vulgarities. He has been nursed from his childhood in the lap of luxury; but it was the ostentatious luxury of *parvenus* who paraded it on state occasions, and he could hardly have hoped to escape some taint of the contagion. His native town of Richerden was a thriving second-class Scotch manufacturing borough, and Roderick, with his airs of provincial fashion, is one of a class whom gentlemen are apt to hold in horror. His taste for diamond shirt studs as a symbol of caste clung to him even in the days of his adversity.

But in Roderick's case the old proverb holds good; and, if he proves for a time unlucky in other things, he is exceptionally fortunate in love. The young Swiss girl of Scotch descent whom he marries is all that is most desirable in woman, nor do we remember among the many fascinating girls the author has drawn any one who is at once more striking and more engaging. Perhaps Silence Jardine—she is a second cousin of Roderick's—is a little too resolutely though calmly determined to suit the taste of many men. But her firmness supplements the deficiencies of her husband, and no woman is absolutely perfect. If Roderick is something less than a gentleman, there can be no question as to Silence being a lady, though she has been brought up in penury and the simplest habits. It is in Switzerland that Roderick makes her acquaintance, bewitched by her voice and eyes, and falling passionately in love at first sight. He had gone thither believing himself rich, and with a very generous purpose. That is no other than the transference of a small inheritance which he might have kept to himself to the unknown Swiss relations on whom he immediately stumbles. The agreeable but unassuming Swiss society in which Silence is loved and admired, though she has to help her mother by giving lessons as a daily governess, is evidently depicted from familiar acquaintance and with the gratitude of affectionate remembrance. And we have raptures over the snowy range of the Oberland as seen from a variety of points of view between Neufchâtel and Berne which recall to us Mr. Black's enthusiasm while dilating on the glories of the Western Hebrides. By the way, we recognize our old friend the Finsteraarhorn figuring under the odd pseudonym of the Fensterhorn; nor can we say that we think the new etymology an improvement, since there seems to be more poetry in the Dark Peak than in the Peak of the Window. But Roderick ceases to have eyes for the mountains, except when he looks at them through Silence's eyes. In Silence there is a most engaging blending of discretion and wisdom, simplicity and sound sense. She is slow in answering to her Scotch cousin's ardent advances, but when once she has given him her affections they are bestowed without reserve. She lets Roderick know that she can only love him with all her heart because she respects him from the bottom of her soul. And the most chivalrous side of his character is brought out under the circumstances. She is not aware that the little property he has brought her comes more as a gift than as a right. But she can appreciate all the delicacy of his conduct when the sudden death of her mother leaves her orphaned and isolated. She does know that he marries her against the wishes of his family; he has assured her that his happiness is bound up in her, and she believes it; she has solemnly given him her promise, and he has a right to dispose of her as he will. But she does not know or realize the greatness of the sacrifice involved in his marriage. The wealth of the Jardine family is vested in his mother. She resents her son's throwing himself away, and renounces him. His sisters, who are leaders of fashion in Richerden, follow suit, and he is generally cold-shouldered by his vulgar acquaintances. The young couple have come to settle in Scotland, where Silence is slowly forced to realize the misfortunes the match has brought on her husband. Grieved as she is, she says very little; her husband is pledged to her as she is bound to him. But she sets herself quietly to compensate him so far as she can; and she more than succeeds in making him never regret having chosen her. She relieves him of more than half the burden of his sorrows, while bearing her own anxieties in patient silence. "Young Mrs. Jardine" has a sharp struggle to sustain; though, happily, so far as their material wants go, she has been used, as a girl, to frugal housekeeping. It is far more difficult to persuade her husband to carry himself with composure and dignity in what he considers a false position. For herself she has no false shame, and sees no reason why he should give up society altogether simply because their poverty is notorious. It must be owned that Mr. Jardine has a difficult game to play, according to our conventional notions. For, having been disappointed in an attempt to break ground as a novelist, he has courageously fallen back upon manual labour, and accepted the post of foreman in the works of a rough, but kindly, manufacturer of machinery. Yet, chiefly for the sake of his sweet young wife, he is still invited into county society as the representative of the old family of the Jardines, and there is a certain awkwardness in an artisan from the neighbouring works mixing on a footing of easy equality with the guests of the great house.

* *Young Mrs. Jardine.* By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," &c. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1879.

whose servants might consider themselves his superiors. It is Silence who is invariably equal to the occasion; whose simplicity of breeding is never at fault, and whose graceful unconsciousness makes her husband forget himself. Growing to value her more and more every day, seeing the regard in which she is held by other people, no wonder that he is cast down to the depths of despair when she is given over by the doctors in her first confinement. Even in the prospect of an imminent separation, she remains his good angel. If she must be lost to him, at least she will leave him, if she can, the legacy of the recovered affection of his mother. The most impressive episode in the book is the scene of reconciliation; when the worthy, but quick-tempered and unforgiving, old woman comes to announce to her son by way of peace-offering the safety of the wife who had caused the breach between them. And he has to thank his mother for more than that mere announcement; for it is her matronly skill and tender nursing that came to the aid of nature in its last rally.

The happiness resulting from Roderick's love-match is thrown out into bolder and brighter relief by contrast with a miserable marriage for money, made by the sister who used to be the playfellow of his youth. So the book seems intended to convey a moral which might perhaps be dangerous in its general application; for a Silence Jardine falls to the lot of few, as there are not many living novelists who could have drawn her with the firmness and delicacy of the practised author of *John Halifax*.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.*

THIS bright and serviceable little volume makes a welcome appearance at this season of the year. The dark-eyed maiden, Comedy, as Miss Kate Greenaway portrays her in a charming frontispiece, is now plucking up heart in a hundred private greenrooms, and wondering whether she will really have the courage to flirt her fan with becoming archness before the terrible footlights. The present generation undoubtedly pays more attention than the last did to the graceful amenities of life, is less fussy and cantankerous, and more catholic in its tastes and tolerations. The authors of this little book sum up with impartiality the objections as well as the advantages of the diversion they recommend, and we recognize with amusement the good old-fashioned arguments of our childhood, that private acting may provoke a taste for the stage, or lead to personal vanity, or excite the brain unhealthily. Perhaps the best remedy for all these suggested evils is to be found in removing all sense of novelty or strangeness from the exercise. Young people who habitually see these representations prepared, and who perceive that the study they require is laborious and prolonged, will soon cease to be unduly elated or morbidly impressed by them, if they are themselves naturally of a sensible temperament. Against innate frivolity and foolishness of spirit the household gods must always contend in vain. On the other hand, it would be difficult to overrate the advantage of amateur theatricals as a school for the minor morals. Patience, serenity of temper, and obedience to discipline are inseparable from the system of good rehearsals; the habit of moving freely in imaginary situations before an audience is productive of self-respect and good manners; while the very process of obliging the mind to throw itself into the circumstances of another, though a non-existing, personage must enlarge the sympathies and improve the judgment.

We are happy to note that the authors of the volume before us have been very far from confining themselves to the merely bright and cheerful side of their subject. The art of amateur theatricals is one in which, more perhaps than in any other, a royal road to success is expected by those ignorant of its mysteries. To indolence, conceit, impatience, and the modern vice of disobedience to lawful authority are due more failures in private acting than to want of experience or of talent. The stage-manager seldom lies upon a bed of roses, and he is wise if, before selecting his cast with a view to histrionic gifts, he selects with a view to docility and temper. A single stiffnecked actor will be enough to destroy a play, and the etiquette of an amateur performance makes it extremely difficult to get rid of such a black sheep from the flock. Happy the manager who lights upon a play that all his company is pleased with; happier still is he whose actors are satisfied with their respective parts. If he has selected a comedy, he is fortunate if, at the third rehearsal, his principal actress does not refuse to appear except in drama; fortunate, too, if the young gentleman engaged to act the comic servant does not spread disaffection under the guise of the opinion of that oracle, his elder brother. It is plain that tact and discipline, in judicious combination, alone can ensure the good fortune of the piece. The manager must be a man of resource. He must know what to do if the hero will go hunting instead of attending rehearsals, if the second lady will whisper to her neighbour, if the despairing lover, like a cranky piece of machinery, will always hitch at the tenderest passage of his part. Hence it is not unlikely that the book before us will be found of more use to the manager, prompter, and stage-carpenter of private theatricals than to the actors themselves, since these last have little to do but to learn their parts exactly and to throw as much art and inspiration into their performance as they can—labours in which they can scarcely be assisted otherwise than orally. In this connexion we recommend to their careful study the second chapter before us, and especially those paragraphs in which the authors give a vivid sketch of the mode in which they have seen pupils instructed at the Conservatoire of Paris. M. Delaunay happened to be teaching on the occasion referred to, and we can hardly imagine anything more likely to give a novice a just idea of the peculiar combination of obedience with self-instruction which is so happily practised in that school than the careful reading of these pages. The amateur actor should, we think, particularly note the fact that M. Delaunay confined himself to the pointing out of the existence of an error, and left it to the imagination or the good sense of the pupil to discover at exactly what place the error had been committed. This strikes at the root of the great fault of most private, and unfortunately of many public, actors—the learning of parts by rote, with more or less effective elocution, but with no intellectual appreciation of the meaning.

There is one point in which we think that the authors would have helped their readers over a practical difficulty if they had stated their own views with more precision, and that is in the most difficult matter of selecting a play. We should have been grateful to them for a list of standard comedies, farces, and romantic dramas, especially of an older school, from among which amateurs might with advantage choose. Nothing is more melancholy than to cast an eye down the cramped alphabetical list of Cumberland's "British Acting Drama," as it displays itself on the covers of that well-known quaker series which is sent, "post free, to all parts of the world." Nine-tenths of these names mean nothing, even to an omnivorous play-reader, and not one in twenty of the pieces is suitable to private representation of any sort. We wish that the authors of *Amateur Theatricals* had nerved themselves to approach the burning question of Shakspeare on the private stage. Most probably they shake their practical and experienced heads at the very name, yet there is no doubt that to a great many private companies the pleasure of failing in Shakspeare is greater than that of succeeding in Mr. Tom Taylor. For these impulsive souls some guidance should have been provided, and it might have been with advantage pointed out that their ambition was more safely employed upon such fantastic and comparatively untheatrical pieces as the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* than upon *Hamlet* or the *Merchant of Venice*. We find it well said that

> The greatest mistake an amateur can make is to imitate the characteristics of any public performer, not only because direct imitation is a sterile thing, but because amateur dramatic art is different in its essence from professional art. The same sharp effects cannot be made, and should not be attempted.

These words might, with hardly any change, be adapted to the choice of a piece. Then, also, it is most unwise to attempt to reproduce a popular favourite, or to do lamely and imperfectly what professionals, with all the resources of their large establishments, are doing much better at the same time. Nothing is more poor and tiresome than the attempt to bring out in private theatricals a pale copy of the fashionable comedy or melodrama of the hour. The best that each actor can do in such cases is to imitate, as slavishly as possible, the pose, the elocution, and even the grimace of the well-known prototype. This bears the same relation to original modest acting that the chromolithograph of a famous picture bears to a delicate water-colour drawing taken from life.

While all is written with refinement and good sense, it is difficult to choose a single passage which will show the quality of the book without breaking the chain of thought. We have said much of the manager's share in the enterprise of acting, and we therefore select for quotation some very useful remarks directed to the actors themselves:—

> Amateurs cannot rehearse too often; the oftener they repeat and act their parts, the less nervous they will be at the performance, and the less liable they will be to put each other out; private theatricals are frequently made intolerable by imperfectly learned words. If a speech or part of a speech is forgotten, there is either an awkward pause, or the next speaker will go on with his part regardless of the nonsense it will make; then, having discovered that he has made a mistake, the unlucky actor is confused and nervous, and makes many more mistakes. The same thing is true as to entrances, exits, and positions on the stage; unless they have been rehearsed so often that there cannot possibly be an error, disastrous consequences may ensue. If the actor says, "Here she comes!" looking at the door where *she* does not come, the audience will naturally smile, although the author hopes for tears; and when, heated and flurried after a long wait, the lady appears at an opposite entrance, the smile grows into a laugh.
>
> It is impossible to insist upon a special mode of learning words. Every one has a different way of learning by heart; but it is well to make a strict rule to forbid the use of books after the first rehearsal, and it is better to trust to the prompter than to hold a book constantly in your hand, for the position of the body and the expression of the face are both lost if the book is held. It is also not wise to trust to the excitement on the night of the first performance as a stimulus to acting; for if it does so affect one performer as to suggest happy thoughts and new attitudes, the other actors will be thrown out of gear by these novelties. It is therefore desirable at all rehearsals to act as well as possible, and to make the last rehearsals run as smoothly as if they were played to an audience.

The closing chapter contains most sensible and practical advice respecting properties and scenery. Altogether we can only say that the volume is one which no manager of private theatricals can afford to be without if he wishes to secure the latest and most liberal ideas on the subject he has in hand. The book is well printed, though we notice that M. Frédérick Lemaître is misnamed Frédéric, and that the first line of Shirley's most famous song is given incorrectly. Four drawings by Miss Kate Greenaway, and six beautiful arabesques after Hans Sebald Beham, give distinction to the book, although they have not much to do with amateur theatricals.

* *Amateur Theatricals*. By Walter Herries Pollock and Lady Pollock. London: Macmillan & Co.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE Paris publishers appear to have chiefly occupied themselves with *livres de luxe* during the last month of 1879, and the new literature which has come under our notice is, with some exceptions, of less importance than usual. One of these exceptions is to be found in Dr. Robinet's *Le procès des Dantonistes* (1). The affection of the Comtist school for Danton, as compared with other prominent figures of the Revolution, is well enough known. Although the short and troubled career of the *sans-culotte* Mirabeau left it undecided what his future action might have been, the work which he actually did or inspired happens to be peculiarly congenial to the more rigid devotees of the Religion of Humanity. He did not compromise himself with an *Être Suprême*, like Robespierre; he was far removed from any sympathy with Monarchy, constitutional or unconstitutional; and the grandiose phrases which he and his followers loved, their quaint freaks of Republican Calendars and so forth, are all dear to the Comtist soul. Dr. Robinet has already busied himself with the defence of Danton's private character, and in this volume he takes up the question of the trial of Danton, Desmoulins, and the rest, with the object of showing that the conviction was unjust, the evidence garbled and unsound, and the charges of treason and corruption altogether unfounded. Many people, probably, who look at the Revolution with very different eyes from those with which Dr. Robinet contemplates it, will be quite prepared to admit, even without examination, that a trial in which Herman was President and Fouquier-Tinville Public Prosecutor was *à priori* likely to be unjust; though whether such a trial was morally more or less of a crime than the proceedings of the Septembriseurs, which Dr. Robinet (though he does not exactly defend them) attempts to palliate and to minimize, is a different question. The value of the book seems to us to consist not so much in its lengthy examination of the trial itself as in the preliminary observations. These, which fill a space of more than a hundred pages, contain a very clear and (making allowances for their author's point of view) a very acute summary of the various phases of the Revolution and the relation which prominent persons and parties from time to time bore to the whole movement. The object, of course, is to show that the decimation and intimidation of the Mountain frustrated the proper course of things, and led, first, to the mystical tyranny of Robespierre; then, to the corrupt rule of the Directory; and, lastly, to the usurpation of Bonaparte. But this object, though steadily kept in view, does not prevent the author from drawing his sketch with a firm and accurate hand. It is easy to make allowance for his prejudices, and then we have an *aperçu* of very considerable value left.

From Dr. Robinet's book we turn naturally enough to M. Poey's (2). M. Poey is an enthusiastic disciple of the orthodox school of Comtists; and this work is a desperate onslaught, full of italics and notes of exclamation, upon M. Littré and his evil ways. The summary of contents will sufficiently indicate to most people the character of the book, and this summary is not unamusing reading. But the text hardly carries out this promise, not to mention that the quarrel is one of singularly little interest to any but the faithful, though it is in itself a very pretty one. Meanwhile the assaulted person, in ignorance of his danger, brings out a short study (3) of two crises—the Punic wars and the palmy period of Arab literature and philosophy in Spain, in which the Semitic race challenged and was thrown by its rival the Aryan. The monograph (in which M. Littré frequently cites Mr. Bosworth Smith) is slight, but not uninteresting; and the same may be said of another monograph devoted to a portion of Semitic history, M. Joseph Simon's tractate on Jewish education (4).

M. Paul Thureau-Dangin has already produced some careful studies in the political history of France since the Revolution. His present work (5) has an excellent subject. The "Relations of Church and State under the July Monarchy" is a title which at once calls to memory the names of Lacordaire, Ravignan, Ozanam, and Montalembert, with an abundance of memories attached to each. The main question of the book is, of course, the long struggle between the Church and the University for the control of public education. The victory was not won till the July Monarchy had passed away; but the whole period of that Monarchy was occupied by the struggle. The real feature of interest in the matter is not so much the actual subject of battle as the remarkable revival of Catholicism which enabled such a battle to be fought at all. In 1830 and for a few years afterwards it seemed as though, in the large towns at any rate, the Church had more thoroughly lost political power than in the days of the Revolution itself. But by 1840 the contending parties were almost equal, and nothing but the disinclination of the statesmen who happened to be in power prevented the ecclesiastical party from attaining the advantages which have lately been once more imperilled. M. Thureau-Dangin writes from the Church side, but with great moderation, if not absolute impartiality. His position is naturally that of an advocate of liberty of teaching, and his argument for the Church is chiefly based on her indispensableness as a social agent. The very interesting question of the connexion between the success of the Catholic party at this time and the original and short-lived ideal of Liberal Catholicity to which, till the close of the period, they clung, is only skirted by the author; and that of the violent opposition raised in 1842 to Jesuitism is also not very thoroughly treated. But the book is well written, and likely to be useful.

To write a history of engraving (6) in a single volume is no easy task, even if that volume be a stately royal octavo. M. Georges Duplessis cannot, therefore, be fairly blamed if his work is in some respects little more than a summary. He seems to have gone for the most part to good sources of information, and to have done his best to arrange what information he could obtain; but we should imagine that his work was rather that of the bookmaker than of the specialist, and that his first-hand acquaintance with his subject was but limited. He proceeds by the method of locality, giving separate sketches of the history of engraving and the chief engravers in the different countries of Europe. It will perhaps be sufficient to say that in the section devoted to England we find no mention of Blake; that the only post-Hogarthian names noticed are those of Gillray, Rowlandson, and Cruikshank—spelt persistently Cruishank—and that the latter is said to be the *chef actuel* of English engraving, most of the younger artists drawing their inspiration from him. However, M. Duplessis's letterpress is probably intended chiefly as a companion to the admirable illustrations of which the book is full. These are for the most done by the Amand-Durand process, and, being printed upon excellent paper, they make the book a very desirable possession. They are selected indiscriminately from all, or almost all, the principal schools, and range from the Brussels Virgin of 1418 to very recent examples. The volume is concluded by a useful list of engravers with their dates and principal works. Here again, however, the intention is better than the execution, for under Hogarth the "Marriage à la mode," which the painter did not engrave himself, is mentioned, while the "Progresses" and other works, which he did engrave, are left out. It is certainly a pity that this production of a firm so admirable in point of the typographic merit of their books as that of Messrs. Hachette should not be more accurate in other points.

The same publishers have sent out two costly and elaborate volumes of reference, the one historical, the other geographical. The second volume of M. Duruy's *Histoire des Romains* (7) extends from the battle of Zama to the first Triumvirate. Being only a new and enlarged edition of a former work, M. Duruy's history does not of itself require much comment. From a literary point of view it is chiefly remarkable for its careful piecing together of passages from the authorities. But its accessories in this reissue are such as very few historical works can have had. Woodcuts, maps, and gorgeous chromolithographs have been lavished upon it, and the range of subject of the illustrations is of the widest. Coins, antiquities, portraits, landscapes, and reproductions of ancient art of all kinds decorate almost every page. Whether chromolithography is a suitable form of book illustration is a point upon which there may be several opinions, but there can be only one opinion as to the excellence in their kind of these particular chromolithographs.

The other volume to which we have referred is the fifth of M. Élisée Reclus's *Nouvelle géographie universelle* (8), which includes Denmark, Sweden and Norway, and European Russia. This great work combines the characteristics of an atlas, a gazetteer, and a commercial and ethnographical dictionary. The minute carefulness of its maps, which indicate even the depths of the sea in the principal waters, is quite beyond anything of a similar kind attempted in England, and if the large maps in colour had been somewhat more numerous, it would render the possession of an atlas entirely superfluous. This, however, is not quite the case, and only special points are selected for illustration in this fashion. The large separate maps are, however, supplemented by scores of smaller ones printed in the text, and supplying more than sufficient companions to that text itself. Views of places, buildings, &c., also form an important feature of the work, and the letterpress—if that somewhat derogatory term may be used—leaves little to desire.

The sixth volume (9) of the *Théâtre complet* of M. Alexandre Dumas, *fils*, contains *Monsieur Alphonse* and *L'Étrangère*, each with a new preface of the usual length, liveliness, and engaging absence of method or adherence to the subject. As that subject is generally the same (M. Dumas himself somewhere calls it a *matière inépuisable*) it is perhaps as well that his treatment of it should be desultory. It is fair to say that the beginning of the preface to *L'Étrangère* contains some really admirable criticism on the "Naturalist" school of drama. It is edifying as well as agreeable to see M. Dumas correcting the errors of M. Zola.

A new edition, after a considerable number of years, of M. Lucien Biart's book of sketches of the Tierra Caliente of Mexico has just appeared (10). Like others of M. Biart's books, it is a mixture

(1) *Le procès des Dantonistes.* Par le Dr. Robinet. Paris: Leroux.

(2) *M. Littré et Auguste Comte.* Par A. Poey. Paris: Germer Baillière.

(3) *Comment les Sémites entrèrent en compétition avec les Aryens.* Par É. Littré. Paris: Leroux.

(4) *L'éducation et l'instruction des enfants chez les anciens Juifs.* Par Joseph Simon. Leipzig: Schulze.

(5) *L'église et l'état sous la monarchie de Juillet.* Par Paul Thureau-Dangin. Paris: Plon.

(6) *Histoire de la gravure.* Par Georges Duplessis. Paris: Hachette.

(7) *Histoire des Romains.* Par V. Duruy. Nouvelle édition. Tome II. Paris: Hachette.

(8) *Nouvelle géographie universelle.* Par Élisée Reclus. Tome V. Paris: Hachette.

(9) *Théâtre complet d'Alexandre Dumas, fils.* Tome VI. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(10) *La terre chaude.* Par Lucien Biart. Paris: Charpentier.

of travel and story, not very defensible in theory perhaps, but not destitute of attraction in practice.

The French press is generally busy now with small books intended for the young. The biographies of Kléber (11) and Bayard (12) included in the *Bibliothèque des écoles et des familles* are not very remarkable in point of literary execution; but are fairly done and most abundantly illustrated, the Bayard especially. M. Zaborowski's *Migrations des animaux et le pigeon voyageur* (13) has no great unity of subject, but contains some interesting details about the pigeons and balloons used in the siege of Paris.

Another department in which the pens of French writers are now very busy is that of translation. The *Bibliothèque orientale elzévirienne*, a collection of charmingly printed little volumes, sends us two new ones, the *Vikramorvaçi* (14) of Kalidasa, one of the less famous works of the author of *Sakountala*, and the Buddhist drama *Naganada* (15), both of which have before now been translated into English, though in a somewhat less accessible form. A companion series, the *Bibliothèque slave elzévirienne*, more lately begun, gives us Count Tolstoy's well-known drama, *The Death of Ivan the Terrible* (16). M. Jules Soury, an industrious writer on science and literature, has turned Haeckel's essays on cellular psychology into French (17); and, by no means from the same point of view, the lady who calls herself Elpis Melena has translated an anti-vivisectionist essay (18) of Ernst von Weber. Lastly, we must notice a handsome volume containing a French version of Prjevalsky's work on Mongolia (19), together with the English translator's preface, and Colonel Yule's introduction, also translated for the benefit of the French reader.

First among the fiction of the month we must mention a pretty reprint in M. Lemerre's *Petite Bibliothèque littéraire* of Gozlan's *Nouvelles* (20). For some reason which we shall not undertake to determine, Gozlan is by no means generally appreciated in England, despite the high place he deserves among the writers of French fiction during the reign of Louis Philippe. He is perhaps less individual than his more famous rivals, and his addiction to a certain vein of extravaganza and burlesque sometimes becomes tedious. But his power as a taleteller was very considerable, and is well represented in this volume. As a *conte excentrique*, *Echec à l'éléphant* has much merit, and *La main cachée*, despite its extravagance, is a very powerful tale of the pathetically horrible order. M. Claretie's remarkable romance of the slums of London (21) has, we see, already reached a second edition. The following of Eugène Sue in the choice of subjects and style of treatment, and of other writers of the time in the curiously inaccurate English local colour, rather injures the book to the English reader. Lord Harrisson and his son, Sir Charles Harrisson, and Miss Eva Perkins, are far too much of the race of Lord Boulingrog and of the remarkable person who seemed to the elder Dumas to be Edmund Kean. At the same time, M. Claretie really knows something of London, and has worked some quite recent facts and figures into his novel. The chief of the Metropolitan Police, at any rate, has no reason to complain of him, for M. Claretie declares that the appearance of Colonel Henderson is that of a "parfait gentleman." The same odd tendency to take English life for the subject of a novel without knowing much about that life, appears in *La servante* (22), and, curiously enough, both stories begin with scenes of wild-beast taming. M. Lafontaine, however, is hardly M. Claretie's equal in any way, and his story, besides being less out of the common, is far less entertaining. He seems to have read Dickens, and also Charlotte Brontë, the school to which the youthful Diane is introduced, and the circumstances of her introduction, being clearly borrowed from *Jane Eyre*. The book, too, is distinguished even among French stories of English life by its extraordinary nomenclature. The superscription *à womann* written upon a letter completely baffles us, unless it is intended for a free translation of *à madame*, and the names of Dixonn, Bood, Cokerett, and so forth, tell their own tale. As there is absolutely nothing in the plot or characters which would not have harmonized as well with a French as with an English scene, it is not clear what object M. Lafontaine had in choosing our country, unless it be to obtain a share of the favour which of late years seems to have been accorded to *romans anglais* in France. In contradistinction to these two books, the novels of Mme. Desyles (23) and M. Leroy (24) are purely French, and of a very bad type too. They have, in the first place, the unpardonable defect of being extremely dull, and in the second, the not less unpardonable defect of being pervaded by a hopelessly unreal and unhealthy sentiment and morality, though (save perhaps in the catastrophe of *Fabien*), there is nothing very outrageous in them. Mme. Desyles's book is a string of letters from a lady to her lover, very prosy, very common place, and at the same time very affected. It seems to have been written by some one who had read Mlle. de Lespinasse to Guibert, and Mérimée to his Inconnue, and who thought to combine the excellences of these masterpieces. *Ne fait pas ce tour qui veut.*

A more difficult book to class is *Zéphyrin Cazavan en Égypte* (25). It is one of the numerous works which the *Sentimental Journey* has inspired, the sentiment being changed into or accompanied by some odd scientific crazes. It naturally recalls the Egyptian portion of Gérard de Nerval's brilliant book, and as naturally suffers from the comparison, though the intention of the two works is sufficiently different. Although the desultoriness and jerkiness of the style and thought have too much of what is called in French *excentricité voulue*, they are not altogether destitute of charm, and the record of the author's Egyptian experiences and acquaintanceships, whether real or imagined, may be taken up for a few minutes with pleasure, and put down again without much regret.

M. Lemerre does not very often publish novels, and if nothing better offers itself to him than *On n'aime qu'une fois* (26), he does wisely in abstaining therefrom. M. Liesse is evidently an admirer and student of *L'éducation sentimentale*; and he has followed the plan of that singular book rather than of any other. The result is scarcely amusing, and certainly not instructive. It is, however, curious to find yet another book in which an episode of wild-beast taming with sanguinary results plays an important part. *La chasse à l'héritière* (27), on the other hand, is a harmless, and, on the whole, not uninteresting book, describing the snares set by fortune-hunters for a certain Miss Evelyn Benedett, granddaughter of a rich New-Yorker named Sir William Palmers—surely a very singular New-Yorker.

Lucie Rodey (28) demands a notice to itself, rather because of the reputation which its author has attained than because of its actual merit. It is brightly and intelligently written, and is free from the abominable *argot* which is creeping over all the lighter literature of France. But the plot and characters are neither novel nor powerfully handled, nor, we venture to think, wholesome. We have once more the old quartet of the worthy wife with an unworthy husband and the worthy husband with an unworthy wife, who "chop and change ribs *à la mode Germanorum*," at least as far as the immoral pair are concerned. The whole book is strongly tinged with a peculiar morality not dissimilar to that of which M. Octave Feuillet has hitherto been the fashionable exponent, and which is to some persons rather less pleasant than the absence of morality altogether. We do not say that the secret of Henri Gréville's popularity is entirely the same as that of the still greater popularity of her master, for she is in some respects an improvement upon him. But those respects are not literary, and especially they do not concern the construction of her plot and the means used to enlist personal sympathy with the characters. Lucie herself, though she might have been less absolutely stainless in M. Feuillet's hands than in those of his pupil, would have been a great deal more human. The good Georges Varin, again, is a terrible stick; and the manner in which he warns his wife as to her conduct is the most admirably chosen in the world to precipitate a catastrophe. The best figure in the book is Max Rodey, the erring husband, whose impulsiveness and total want of dignity are, if not exactly engaging, at any rate amusing. But the book, as a whole, by no means justifies the repute which, by virtue chiefly of a curious conjuncture of circumstances, Mme. Henri Gréville has gained both in France and abroad.

Some fictions of a less ambitious character remain to be noticed. M. Tnadlam's book (29) is half a novel and half a treatise on animal magnetism and the less dubious science of astronomy. The machinery of its plot would not recommend it in England as a vehicle of instruction; but it shows a certain liveliness of fancy. *Les deux reines* (30) is a pleasant little story of the good ugly girl and the pretty bad girl, the former of whom is rewarded finally with a beautiful Inspector of Finances, with large expectations. The two volumes of short stories (31, 32) from the *Bibliothèque des écoles et des familles* are extremely good of their kind, especially *Chacun son idée*. Some of the little tales in this volume are as good as they can be; and no better gift could be found for young people who are just beginning to read French with pleasure. *La nouvelle Atala* (33) is almost sufficiently explained by its title, and by the statement that it is the work of a Roman Catholic missionary among the Indians of the Mississippi district.

(11) *Vie de Kléber.* Par d'Aubigné. "Bibliothèque des écoles et des familles." Paris: Hachette.

(12) *Histoire de Bayart.* Par d'Aubigné. "Bibliothèque des écoles et des familles." Paris: Hachette.

(13) *Les migrations des animaux et le pigeon voyageur.* Par Zaborowski. "Bibliothèque utile." Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(14) *Vikramorvaçi: drame de Kalidasa.* Traduit par E. Foucaux. "Bibliothèque orientale elzévirienne." Paris: Leroux.

(15) *Naganada: drame bouddhique.* Traduit par Abel Bergaigne. "Bibliothèque orientale elzévirienne." Paris: Leroux.

(16) *La mort d'Ivan.* Traduit du russe par C. Courrière. "Bibliothèque slave elzévirienne." Paris: Leroux.

(17) *Essais de psychologie cellulaire.* Par E. Haeckel, traduit par J. Soury. "Bibliothèque de philosophie contemporaine." Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(18) *Les chambres de torture de la science.* Traduit de l'allemand par Elpis Melena. Paris: Leroux.

(19) *Mongolie et pays des Tangoutes.* Traduit du russe par G. du Laurens. Paris: Hachette.

(20) *Œuvres de Léon Gozlan.—Nouvelles.* Paris: Lemerre.

(21) *La fugitive.* Par Jules Claretie. Paris: Dentu.

(22) *La servante.* Par Lafontaine. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(23) *Lettres de Réa Delcroix.* Par Marie Desyles. Paris: Didier.

(24) *Fabien.* Par Albert Leroy. Paris: Charpentier.

(25) *Zéphyrin Cazavan en Égypte.* Par Charles Edmond. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(26) *On n'aime qu'une fois.* Par Henri Liesse. Paris: Lemerre.

(27) *La chasse à l'héritière.* Par Charles d'Osson. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(28) *Lucie Rodey.* Par Henri Gréville. Paris: Plon.

(29) *Aventures surprenantes d'Isidore Brunet.* Par Eugène Tnadlam. Paris: Dentu.

(30) *Les deux reines.* Par Madame de Stolz. Paris: Hachette.

(31) *Chacun son idée.* Par J. Girardin. Paris: Hachette.

(32) *Petites nouvelles.* Par Madame Colomb. Paris: Hachette.

(33) *La nouvelle Atala.* Par Chahta-Ima. Nouvelle-Orléans: imprimerie du "Propagateur catholique."

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MR. PARNELL IN AMERICA.

IF Mr. PARNELL's visit to the United States fails to do all the mischief which he contemplated, he may console himself with the reflection that the reign of anarchy for which he has laboured has already commenced in the West of Ireland. His exhortations to occupiers to defy the law by holding "a firm grip of the land" have already been followed in many places. His disciples have threatened and sometimes brutally assaulted peaceable tenants who were willing to pay their rent; and in many instances the prevailing intimidation serves as a pretext for resisting the just demands of the landlord. The most serious disturbance has occurred in the form of a conflict between a body of rioters and a strong force of police in Galway. There is reason to fear that, although the mob was ultimately dispersed, it succeeded in preventing the eviction of the contumacious occupiers. At numerous meetings inflammatory addresses are made by the agitators who represent Mr. PARNELL in his absence, and their consciences are probably in no degree troubled by the cruelty and suffering which result from their efforts. They cannot but be aware that, amongst other evils, they repel the sympathy which would be naturally felt for the inhabitants of distressed districts. In suggesting to their followers as a remedy for poverty audacious violation of the law, they convert objects of charity into criminals. The law which allows of the present agrarian agitation may be constitutional, but it is essentially unjust with the injustice of weakness. It is shocking that reckless demagogues should with impunity recommend to the populace acts of spoliation and violence, which are committed in accordance with their advice. The subscriptions to the different funds which benevolent persons are now raising would have been more liberal if the sums contributed were exclusively applicable to the benefit of innocent and peaceable sufferers. The Government will undoubtedly do its utmost to prevent distress, probably by either gifts or loans derived from the Irish Church fund. Private liberality cannot be altogether independent of the conduct of those who apply for aid.

From the scanty reports of Mr. PARNELL's enterprise, it would seem that he has himself no definite notion of the objects which are to be accomplished by his mission. In his first speech to an Irish meeting he solicited contributions to two separate funds, one nominally for the relief of distress, and the other for the promotion of his communist agitation against landed property. His appeal to the generosity of his audience was perhaps less effective because for rhetorical purposes he professed to value sympathetic enthusiasm more even than money. It might naturally be inferred that demands preferred with such a qualification were not immediately urgent. His affected indifference seems to have been confined to the strictly charitable fund; but even American Irishmen and New York servant-girls may doubt the necessity of subscribing to an agitation for the refusal of rent. Non-payment of just debts is a self-rewarding virtue, which ought to involve no accessory cost. Seditious Irish occupiers who hold a firm grip on the land for which they undertook to pay rent may well afford a small contribution to the expenses of anti-rent meetings. It is not necessary to address sound and reasonable arguments to such assemblages as those which received Mr. PARNELL in New York; but adroit demagogues generally propose to their hearers some plausible and tangible object. Mr. PARNELL must have still further puzzled the audience by asserting that the large sums which are in fact forwarded by Irish emigrants to their kindred at home are really intercepted or appropriated by the landlords. It is hardly worth while to contribute to the relief of Irish distress if the subscriptions are applied to the payment of arrears of rent. That the whole statement is unfounded may matter little as long as it tends to check the liberality which Mr. PARNELL professedly invoked.

Some surprise seems to have been caused by Mr. PARNELL's disavowal of any purpose of rebellion. As he appeared to care little about Irish distress, and as the agitation against landed property was intrinsically remunerative, it may have been naturally assumed that Mr. PARNELL was a Fenian emissary in disguise. Irish agitators before and since the days of O'CONNELL have been in the habit of hinting mysterious intentions which were to be discerned only by those who were in their confidence. Money might have been forthcoming for rifles and pikes; but, if there is to be no civil war, it may seem unnecessary to subscribe. A notice which has been posted in some parts of New York in the name of the Fenian Association is probably spurious. In the document Mr. PARNELL is denounced as an intruder who would divert the funds appropriated to rebellion in Ireland to the less sacred purpose of robbing the landlords. It is not probable that the promoters of disorder and anarchy will be in a hurry to publish their internal dissensions; but Mr. PARNELL's agitation will nevertheless be regarded with jealousy by the Fenian ringleaders. The unfavourable criticisms of his oratory which have appeared in some of the reports may perhaps be attributed to dislike of competition. It is said that Mr. PARNELL is not loud enough, that he is wanting in humour, and that he has not the traditional Irish secret of stirring a multitude to violence. It is probable that a gentleman by birth and education may not have altogether succeeded in acquiring the tone of a disreputable profession. The defects which are attributed to Mr. PARNELL as a mob orator were regarded as redeeming qualities in the House of Commons. In process of time he may hope to get rid of any remnant of self-respect and refinement which may at present impair his success as a demagogue.

The agitation among Irish settlers in America excites but languid interest; for it matters little whether one of many would-be demagogues excels his competitors in the art of exciting their prejudices and passions. The reception of Mr. PARNELL by the real Americans will be watched with more genuine curiosity. When the Fenian conspiracy was in progress there was much cause for irritation in the countenance which the scheme received from a large part of the American people, and from the highest authorities. Some of the Fenian ringleaders were formally welcomed on the floor of the House of Representatives, and the adventurers who in open violation of the law of the United States invaded the Dominion of Canada were immediately released from custody by the President. The English Government afterwards submitted to an arbitrary distinction which was drawn in the Treaty of Washington between the notorious breach of neutrality in the Fenian invasion and the doubtful infringement of neutral rights by the escape of the *Alabama* from Liverpool. The prudent equanimity of the English nation under great provo-

cation has, perhaps, after the lapse of several years, been rewarded by an abatement of hostile feelings in the United States. Mr. PARNELL is now not welcomed with unanimous cordiality merely because he is an enemy of the English Government and Constitution. Some American journals have already denounced his mission; and perhaps their example may be followed. The presence of the most orthodox veteran of the Republican party at the Irish meeting in New York may perhaps be explained as the result of mere curiosity; and if other Republicans support Mr. PARNELL, it may be supposed that they hope to detach a few Irish votes from their Democratic opponents. Almost everything which is said and done by American politicians has some reference to elections; and consequently it may be assumed that, if Mr. PARNELL receives no popular welcome, there is nothing to be got by professing animosity to the Government of England or to the landowners of Ireland. As agricultural land in the United States is seldom charged with payment of rent, the subject will excite no serious interest. The better class of Americans can have no disposition to diminish the security of property; and they understand that Mr. PARNELL's doctrines involve the repudiation of other debts as well as of those which are due to landlords.

FRENCH MINISTERIAL PROSPECTS.

TWO quite opposite views may be taken of the new French Ministry, and very good reasons may be urged in justification of both of them. The one rests mainly on the declarations, not eighteen months old, of the PRIME MINISTER himself; the other rests on the circumstances in which he has succeeded to his present office. In the autumn of 1878 M. DE FREYCINET visited a number of important French towns and made speeches on behalf of the Government. For the time he was the most conspicuous figure in the French Cabinet, and it is allowable to suppose that he even then thought it possible that he might one day be its head. The drift of these speeches was perfectly uniform. They were all of a highly conciliatory type, and were mainly directed to show that there was nothing in the Republic that need frighten any Frenchman who was prepared honestly to submit to it. If there should prove to be anything more alarming, M. DE FREYCINET was ready to concede beforehand that it would be bad. The genuine Republic would address itself to patriotic men of all shades of opinion. It would win adherents by convincing them that, whatever might be their special views, they would enjoy them with greater freedom under a Republican than any other form of government. There could not be a time which more calls for the application of these principles than the present. The Republican Government has contrived during the last year to alienate two very important bodies in the country—the clergy and the Civil Service. With a little encouragement the secular priests might have been led on into setting up schools which might have held their own by the side of the schools taught by the religious orders; but the direct attack of which the latter have been the object has made it a point of honour with every parish priest to support them. The machinery of promotion would of itself secure the allegiance of the great majority of Government officials, and thus insensibly win over to Republican ideas a large number of Bonapartists and Royalists. But the singular policy of the Republican party has made it clear that the best card a Bonapartist or Royalist official can play is at once to resign on political grounds. In that case, he will at all events retain the goodwill of his party, and establish a claim on their services, if ever they have the opportunity of rendering any; whereas, if he tries to keep in with the existing Government, he will almost certainly fail to do so. All this is very unlike that policy of conciliation which M. DE FREYCINET preached in the provinces in 1878, and if we had only his speeches to go by, the natural conclusion would be that the principal measures introduced or promised by the late Cabinet would now be either withdrawn or modified.

The history of M. DE FREYCINET's succession to the Prime Ministership is in entire contradiction to this theory. In that he appears as the chief of the Radical section of the late Cabinet, dissatisfied with M. WADDINGTON's tendency to compromise, and for some time distrusted by M. GRÉVY on that very ground. According to this view, M. DE FREYCINET's policy will differ from M. WADDINGTON's in being more frankly and consistently Radical. M. WADDINGTON has chastised the clergy and the bureaucracy with whips, M. DE FREYCINET will chastise them with scorpions. M. WADDINGTON has given promises to the Left, M. DE FREYCINET will translate those promises into performance. M. WADDINGTON has consented to the introduction of Radical measures, and then allowed them to remain suspended between the Chamber and the Senate. M. DE FREYCINET will force the majority in the Senate to choose its side and to be known to France as either the friend or the enemy of really Republican legislation. This expectation is certainly borne out by the incidents which preceded the announcement of the new Cabinet. It was understood that the cause of M. GRÉVY's hesitation about leaving M. DE FREYCINET entire freedom in the choice of his colleagues was his unwillingness to see any further advance in the direction of Radicalism. When this objection was overcome, M. DE FREYCINET's first act was to omit the Left Centre from the combination, and to make the Cabinet a genuine representative of the pure and advanced Lefts. M. GAMBETTA's influence was stated to have been used in favour of M. DE FREYCINET; and if M. GAMBETTA is to be judged by the *République Française*, he only tolerates M. DE FREYCINET on condition that he adopts a more radical line than his predecessor upon all the questions which have come or are likely to come before the Legislature. In another week it will probably be known which of these conflicting expectations is the correct one. Either way M. DE FREYCINET will find it a difficult task to reconcile his attitude in 1878 with his attitude in 1880. If he has really become the Radical politician he is accused of being, he must plainly have thrown overboard all ideas of conciliation. The purification of the Civil Service, the alteration of the tenure of judgeships, the expulsion of the religious orders from schools, are all measures which even those who regard them as indispensable to the welfare of the Republic must admit to be measures of warfare, not of pacification. It may be necessary to offend one half of French society in order to give the other half the security it needs; but it is impossible to deny that offence will be given. If, on the other hand, M. DE FREYCINET, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, remains the moderate and conciliatory politician he showed himself during his tour, it will be interesting to see how the pure and the advanced Left take the change. They can have no interest in turning out M. WADDINGTON in order to replace him by a stronger and more resolute man of the same aims and the same temperament. Ministers are to make a declaration of some kind when the Chambers meet next week, so that the uncertainty under which we now labour is in a fair way to be shortly removed.

M. DE FREYCINET has had to begin his career as Prime Minister by the settlement of a delicate piece of negotiation. An article which has lately appeared in the *Cologne Gazette* sets out with remarkable frankness the real motive of the attention which Germany bestows upon French affairs. There is reason to believe that the *Cologne Gazette* merely gives publicity to the views of Prince BISMARCK, and in that case we may infer from its remarks what kind of representations M. DE FREYCINET has had to make at Berlin. Germany, according to the *Cologne Gazette*, has a very real but a very limited interest in French politics. There is no French party in whose fortunes Prince BISMARCK takes the slightest interest for its own sake, and none in which he does not take a keen interest for the sake of Germany. The writer in the *Cologne Gazette* seems to find especial pleasure in informing French Royalists that, though the CHANCELLOR is an ardent monarchist in Prussia, he is altogether unconcerned with the prospects of monarchy in France. He has none of the spirit which actuated the Holy Alliance. A Jacobin President would suit his purpose better than the Count DE CHAMBORD himself, supposing that the Jacobin President was anxious to keep the peace and the Count DE CHAMBORD was inclined to break it. As regards France, breaking the peace has at this moment a peculiar meaning. It stands for a disposition to make an alliance with Russia. That would be a sin which Prince BISMARCK could not put up with. It could have no object but hostility to Germany, and a desire to undo the results of the late war; and the first moment that these feelings show themselves Prince BISMARCK will know how to deal with them. M. DE FREYCINET now carries a certificate from the German CHANCELLOR that

he has no evil designs in this direction. At first Prince BISMARCK was not quite easy on this head; but M. DE FREYCINET has been able to reassure him, and the relations between the two Governments remain perfectly cordial. Prince BISMARCK, whether he speaks by himself or by others, is seldom wanting in candour; and, whatever happens, the French Government cannot complain that they do not know what to avoid if they wish to retain Prince BISMARCK's goodwill. It is not pleasant for the Prime Minister of a Great Power to be admonished in this way in the face of all the world; but France may console herself by the recollection how much more bitter the experience would have been some years ago. Then France could not have defended herself to any purpose; now she has a large and enthusiastic army, which would at all events make the progress of an invader very much slower and more uncertain than it was in the autumn of 1870. The progress upward after a great reverse is necessarily gradual, and the change from interference in purely domestic matters to interference in the choice of foreign alliances marks a genuine advance in the estimation in which France is held by Germany.

AFGHANISTAN.

THE object of the mission of ABDERRAHMAN KHAN is probably to secure to his Russian patrons a share in the partition of Afghanistan. If he were formidable as a pretender to the whole of the former dominions of his family, he might perhaps rather diminish than aggravate the difficulties of the Indian Government. It had already been observed that the leader of the troops which lately occupied Cabul might possibly have done a service to his enemies in appointing the youthful son of YAKOOB KHAN as his nominal successor. As the war must sooner or later merge in negotiation, it will be in the highest degree convenient to recognize some representative of the Afghans with whom covenants may be made. Six months ago there seemed to be little dispute as to the title of YAKOOB KHAN, who accordingly concluded the ill-fated Treaty of Gundamuk. His subsequent abdication created a new embarrassment; and the doubts which exist as to his complicity in the treacherous attack on the English Residency have perhaps made his restoration impossible. An arrangement made in the name of a minor, though it might be preferable to an indefinite continuance of the war, would be always subject to disavowal if the chiefs no longer found it for their interest to support his pretensions. A mature descendant of DOST MAHOMMED, not without experience of war and civil government, would be more acceptable as an opponent who might be converted into a friend. ABDERRAHMAN must differ widely from other Afghan chiefs, if his gratitude to the Russians, whose hospitality he has long enjoyed, would present an insuperable obstacle to the acknowledgment of his claims. If he could establish his authority over his own countrymen, he would probably choose his alliances with a dispassionate regard to his own interest; and the late campaign must have convinced all reasonable Afghans that the Indian Government is the most formidable of neighbours, and therefore the most desirable of friends. The release or ostensible escape of the Afghan pretender is not unconnected with the proposed expedition against Merv; but it may be doubted whether General KAUFMANN will find that a possible embarrassment to the Indian Government affects the resistance which may be offered by the Turcomans.

There is no reason to suppose that in Cabul or in the greater part of Afghanistan ABDERRAHMAN has any party on which he can rely. He never assumed the title of Ameer, though many years ago he was the principal supporter of his father and his uncle in their successful struggle with SHERE ALI. He was afterwards more than once defeated by YAKOOB KHAN, whose services were rewarded by an imprisonment which seems to have affected his bodily and mental vigour. The relation of the BARUCKZYE dynasty to the people of Afghanistan is but imperfectly understood. It is sometimes positively asserted that the family has no longer any hold on the loyalty of the population, and it would seem that at Candahar its members are really powerless. On the other hand, the circumstance that SHERE ALI and all his numerous competitors claimed under DOST MAHOMED, would seem to indicate a general recognition of the title of the dynasty; and the recent nomination of the young MUSA KHAN tends to the same conclusion. In the stage of civilization which the Afghans have reached, the supreme power is almost always at the same time hereditary and elective. The ablest or most popular member of the reigning family is preferred both to direct heirs and to claimants who rely exclusively on personal services or qualities. It is true that the BARUCKZYE family is of recent origin, but in Oriental countries legitimacy ripens fast. Forty years ago Lord PALMERSTON made a disastrous mistake in assuming that SHAH SOOJAH, who had himself actually reigned as Ameer, could exercise any influence over his former subjects. It is possible that the tribes which lately dispersed after the failure of the attack on Sherpur might rally round ABDERRAHMAN, if he presented himself as the national champion against the victorious invader; but he could scarcely hope to change the fortunes of the war, and it would not be safe for him either to admit his inability to face the enemy or to court fresh defeat.

On the whole, it seems probable that he will confine himself to the enterprise of establishing his authority at Balk and in Badakshan. He is well known in Afghan Turkestan, from which in the civil wars of fifteen years ago he drew the mass of his troops. He will now appear in the Northern provinces with all the advantage which may be derived from the direct or indirect support of the Russian Governor-General. His release or mission tends to confirm the suspicion that the Russian authorities had been engaged in intrigues with SHERE ALI at a time when it was believed that their Government had promised to refrain from political action in Afghanistan. It would evidently have been impolitic to allow ABDERRAHMAN to escape so long as it was thought expedient to conciliate the good will of SHERE ALI. It is said that ABDERRAHMAN assured General KAUFMANN that with 100,000 roubles he could raise an insurrection; but a reigning accomplice is more serviceable than an instrument who is only a pretender. As long as ABDERRAHMAN would have thwarted Russian policy by his presence in Afghanistan there was no difficulty in preventing his departure from Tashkend. Now that circumstances have changed, it is not surprising that he should have been allowed to visit Bokhara, and still less that he should have failed to return to the capital of Russian Turkestan. He will soon be heard of in some of the Northern provinces; and perhaps an opportunity will be offered of testing the soundness of one of the commonplace charges against the English Government. It has often been said that a wise Government would have allowed the Russians to take precedence as invaders of Afghan territory. The native population would then have been opposed to the intruders, and they would have welcomed English assistance. If ABDERRAHMAN presents himself at Balk as a dependent of Russia, he ought, according to the theory of the English Opposition, to provoke universal indignation.

There will be little use in diplomatic remonstrance. The Russian Government will perhaps express surprise, and even disappointment, at the evasion of ABDERRAHMAN; but it will decline responsibility for the future proceedings of a guest who could not be treated as a prisoner. Some recent visitors who have arrived at Tashkend since the repulse of the attack on Sherpur may perhaps also return shortly to Afghanistan. It is doubtful whether the Russian Government will avow the intention of interfering in the disturbances which may be anticipated in Afghan Turkestan. During the negotiations which were commenced by Lord CLARENDON and concluded by Lord GRANVILLE, Prince GORTCHAKOFF, after some hesitation, agreed that Badakshan should be included in those dominions of SHERE ALI within which Russia was to exercise no political action. The engagement was professedly revoked or suspended when it was thought probable that a rupture might take place between England and Russia. The Mission to Cabul was defended on this ground, and the justice of the Russian contention was not seriously disputed. When amicable relations were ostensibly renewed after the conclusion of the Treaty of Berlin, Lord SALISBURY formally inquired whether the understanding relating to Afghanistan was still in force. After some exchange of explanations, Count SCHOUVALOFF declared that his Government was prepared to renew the arrangement; and Lord SALISBURY accepted the offer. There could be no doubt as to the sense attached by the English Government to the agreement; but, as in many other instances, the Russians had an unsuspected interpretation of their own. Professor MARTENS published two or three months ago a pamphlet, since largely circulated in

an English version, which probably represents the official explanation of the compact. The English Government, when the negotiation was in progress, desired, as at all other times, that Afghanistan should be independent, though they reserved the right which was withheld from Russia of controlling Afghan policy. The term "inde-"pendence" was accordingly used; and now Professor MARTENS argues that any English violation of Afghan independence avoids the whole arrangement. In the correspondence Prince GORTCHAKOFF expressly stipulated that the English Government should prevent SHERE ALI from encroaching on the territory of the Northern Khanates, or, in other words, that they should treat him as a dependent. The English Ministers certainly never suspected the interpretation which is now put on the agreement; but they ought to have criticized the words with the astuteness of an old-fashioned special pleader bent on guarding against a possible demurrer. Professor MARTENS, by his own ingenuity or with the aid of official suggestions, has hit the blot which it is perhaps too late to prevent. It is said that Prince LOBANOFF, who is expected in London at the beginning of February, will bring with him conciliatory instructions. Lord DUFFERIN will not fail to exert his great abilities in favour, not only of peace, but of a friendly understanding; but in the meantime ABDERRAHMAN will perhaps organize a Russian dependency in Northern Afghanistan.

MR. GLADSTONE COMPLAINING OF MISREPRESENTATION.

MR. GLADSTONE has within the last few days contradicted the statements of two members of Parliament; in one case with ceremonious courtesy, in the other case without courtesy of any kind. Both speakers had, as it appeared, made themselves liable to a charge either of verbal inaccuracy or of inferences which, according to Mr. GLADSTONE, were founded on insufficient evidence. Mr. GRANTHAM complained that in one of his Scotch speeches Mr. GLADSTONE had attributed to the outrages of Fenian conspirators his own conversion to the opinion that the Irish Church ought to be disestablished. The statement was denounced by Mr. GLADSTONE in the strongest language, as not only untrue, but monstrous; yet the substance of Mr. GRANTHAM's charge is wholly unaffected by Mr. GLADSTONE's own report of his language. Many readers have been shocked at the reckless imprudence of an assertion by an ex-Prime Minister that a great legislative measure was the result of a murder and an explosion. The precise method by which the effect may have been produced is of secondary importance. Mr. GLADSTONE had not in fact said that his own convictions as to the expediency of disestablishment were produced by the Manchester and Clerkenwell crimes. He had himself, it seems, been previously willing to destroy the Establishment; and it was the country, and not himself, which responded to the Fenian invitation. Mr. GLADSTONE's judgment was only so far changed that he now regarded as practicable what he already deemed to be just. He was therefore indirectly convinced by the physical arguments which Mr. GRANTHAM had supposed to have operated more simply on his understanding. The impropriety of inviting criminals to rely on violence at a time when outrage was notoriously reviving in Ireland is in no degree modified by the correction of an inaccurate report.

The controversy between Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BOURKE refers not to an alleged misquotation, but to a question of fact. Mr. BOURKE, in his speech at Leeds, spoke of Mr. GLADSTONE as having, in 1876, sent an emissary to St. Petersburg to translate his notorious pamphlet into Russian, for the purpose and with the result of prolonging the Servian war, of encouraging the enlistment of Russian volunteers in the Servian army, and of eventually promoting the greater war between Russia and Turkey. There can be no doubt that all these results followed from the publication of the Bulgarian pamphlet in Russia; but Mr. GLADSTONE denies that he sent an emissary to St. Petersburg, or that he took an active part in causing the translation to be made. His contradiction of that part of the statement must of course be accepted as far as it is direct and complete. But Mr. GLADSTONE admits that he gave his consent to the translation; and he probably knew at the time that the translator was about to proceed to Russia. The consent and the subsequent journey might not perhaps strictly constitute a mission; but Mr. BOURKE had not unreasonably formed his conclusion from the publicly reported statement of Mr. ALEXANDER, the alleged emissary, himself. It would not be surprising if an obscure meddler with political agitation magnified the importance of his own position, and exaggerated the condescension shown in a single interview or letter into a relation of friendship. Mr. GLADSTONE says that he was not personally acquainted with Mr. ALEXANDER; but Mr. BOURKE had no previous reason for disbelieving the assertion attributed to that person by the Russian journals that he was a friend of Mr. GLADSTONE. The so-called emissary attended a meeting of the Slav Benevolent Society, which, as it was well known, was a political organization for furnishing recruits and supplies of money and stores to the Servian army. The visitor, being welcomed as a representative of English sympathy with Russian aggression, is reported to have acknowledged with due modesty his own unworthiness of the honour, except as the follower or shadow of the great statesman who was his friend. Mr. BOURKE could have no ground for supposing that the statement was untrue or the report incorrect. Mr. GLADSTONE's rebuke falls more heavily on his officious admirer than on the political opponent who assumed an uncontradicted statement to be true. If the inquiry into the dispute had been legally conducted, Mr. BOURKE would have secured the verdict. The acts of a person authorized for a limited purpose, who had exceeded his commission, would have made the principal responsible. An election judge would certainly have held that the translator, in attending the Russian meeting, was a recognized agent.

The letter which Mr. ALEXANDER has addressed to the *Daily News* amounts to an admission of Mr. BOURKE's material statements. Mr. GLADSTONE's letter had left Mr. ALEXANDER in the position, if not of an emissary, of a *bouc émissaire*, or scapegoat. His own explanation shows that the paragraphs quoted from the Russian papers are substantially accurate. Mr. ALEXANDER indeed is not acquainted with Russian, and therefore it may be presumed that he had not translated Mr. GLADSTONE's pamphlet. Having been allowed by his principal to act as an agent for the purpose of causing a translation to be made, he seems to have received credit among the Russian war faction for an imaginary confidence which had not in fact been reposed by Mr. GLADSTONE in a stranger. His ignorance of Russian scarcely explains his acquiescence in statements published in French. Mr. ALEXANDER does not deny that he spoke of his friendship for the statesman whom he was supposed to represent, although he thinks that his style has been corrected in the published version, and that things are put into his mouth which he did not say. Mr. ALEXANDER boasts that he spoke and wrote in Russia, though apparently not in Russian, on behalf of the cause which he describes as the liberation of the East. Mr. BOURKE had complained that an agent or emissary of Mr. GLADSTONE had done what Mr. ALEXANDER, who, though he objects to the term, was Mr. GLADSTONE's agent for a special purpose, actually did. Translations into French, German, or Italian, produced no political result, except to justify the opinion which prevails on the Continent as to Mr. GLADSTONE's policy. A Russian version, issued with the sanction of the author, was a direct appeal by himself to the Power which already meditated war in favour of armed intervention. It was allowable to suppose that the person who had been employed to circulate Mr. GLADSTONE's inflammatory address was also entitled to speak, as he is reported to have spoken, in his name.

In this instance, as in the matter of disestablishment, the indiscretion which was the real subject of the charge was undoubtedly committed. According to a rumour of the time, which seemed to be supported by credible evidence, the Emperor of RUSSIA seriously resented the aid which Mr. GLADSTONE gave to the war party among his Ministers and his subjects. In assenting to the publication of the Russian translation Mr. GLADSTONE distinctly attempted to influence Russian opinion. He could not but know that the unprovoked attack of Servia on Turkey was stimulated by an active faction in Russia, and that a Russian army was gathering on the Turkish frontier. On more than one occasion he professed a belief in the disinterested benevolence of the Power which was hesitating on the verge of invasion. His purpose, as far as it could be inferred from the language of his enthusiastic followers, was to precipitate a doubtful war. About that time a

journal which is always devoted to his person and his policy expressed a hope that the war might be postponed for a few months, in order that the Russian clergy might have time to raise to the highest point the fanaticism of the people. In his last letter to Mr. BOURKE Mr. GLADSTONE expresses a whimsical surprise at the supposed inaccuracy of a Foreign Under-Secretary who has access to the best sources of information. The points immediately in dispute could scarcely be elucidated by official documents; but probably Mr. BOURKE may have better means than others of knowing the relation between the Bulgarian agitation of 1876 and the war of 1877. It is at least evident that he attributes a mischievous effect to Mr. GLADSTONE's intervention.

It is perhaps reasonable that the most indiscreet of political speakers and writers should be eager to disclaim objectionable phrases which he has not literally uttered. Mr. GLADSTONE has not yet repudiated the most wanton and most dangerous proposition which he enunciated during his tour in Scotland. While Mr. PARNELL was urging excited Irish mobs not only to refuse payment of rent, but to insist on a transfer of the property of landlords to the occupiers, Mr. GLADSTONE took occasion to state that, if the creation of a class of peasant proprietors should be deemed expedient, Parliament might not only justly but laudably expropriate the actual owners on payment of compensation. Mr. PARNELL himself had from time to time contemptuously recognized the right of compensation, if only a fund could be discovered from which the payment might be made. Mr. GLADSTONE vindicated by anticipation a compulsory transfer, as soon as a majority in Parliament should be convinced that small freeholds would be socially or economically advantageous. It is highly probable that the theory would find favour with an English House of Commons elected by universal suffrage; and it is quite certain that an Irish Legislature under Home Rule would echo the wishes and opinions of small occupiers who wished to be owners. The assessment and payment of compensation would be more doubtful. In Midlothian Mr. GLADSTONE made expropriation contingent on the approval of a certain economical doctrine. He has since, in a published letter to an Irish correspondent, raised another objection which is still less likely to be final. He has not, he says in his curious style, yet found the element of practicability in any scheme which has been proposed for the expropriation of landlords with compensation. Mr. PARNELL and his followers will not be slow to prove that spoliation with a nominal equivalent in money is practicable; and Mr. GLADSTONE apparently assumes that it is just. In the same letter Mr. GLADSTONE expresses his intention of paying careful attention to any proposals for the improvement of the land law in Ireland. It had been thought, or at least it was said, that the Irish Land Act had included extreme remedies which could only be justified by the extreme urgency of the case.

ITALY AND THE PAPACY.

THE relations between the Vatican and the Italian Government have not materially altered since the occupation of Rome and the passing of the Law of Guarantees. Lapse of time has already given an air of finality to a deed regarded by the one party as robbery aggravated by sacrilege, and by the other as the just fulfilment of the national aspiration after unity. Since the capital of Italy has been fixed in Rome there has been a change of Kings and of Popes. The Conclave was held with as much freedom as ever. The new KING ascended the throne without challenge. It might be thought that the time has come to shake hands, and let bygones be bygones. It seems useless for the Vatican to hope to see the work undone which had been so long prepared by a concurrence of very various causes, and foolish to prefer the precarious offerings of the Roman Catholic world to the subsidy from the Italian Government which only awaits the POPE's acceptance. But still the two parties draw no nearer to one another. The POPE has not yet quitted the precincts of the Vatican. Not a penny has been accepted by him from the national exchequer. Only in certain exceptional cases have the Clericals taken any open part in public life. No sort of official recognition has been given by the Vatican to the new order of things. One wonders whether all this is merely a decent show kept up for the sake of consistency and to impose on the outside world, or whether the hope is really entertained at the Vatican that the Temporal Power will be restored. By a large section of Roman Catholics it is; and nearly all Roman Catholics out of Italy would like to see it even if they do not think it feasible. But there is a wide difference between what the ardent Roman Catholic in England or Belgium would do, and what commends itself to the more dispassionate statesmanship of the Vatican. Still the question remains an open one; and, though not dangerous to Italy at the present moment, it might become so in consequence of changes either in the general situation of Europe or in the internal condition of Italy itself.

Signor JACINI, the well-known Italian senator and political writer, devotes a part of his last interesting work (*I Conservatori e l'Evoluzione Naturale dei Partiti Politici in Italia*) to a consideration of the possible methods of solving the difficulty. The book gives a general survey of Italian politics; but the chief interest of it for the foreign reader lies in the treatment of the international problem which so strangely interweaves the fate of Italy with that of other countries. The head of the Catholic Church has now for three centuries and a half been always an Italian; his seat is in the capital of the Italian kingdom; the predominant element in the College of Cardinals is Italian; and yet Italians form only a small part, and that probably the most indifferent part on matters of religion, of the whole body of Roman Catholics throughout the world. The Catholic Church, which has been so often the enemy of Italy, is a standing evidence of Italian genius. In one way, which has not been enough considered, it has done without malice prepense as much harm to the country as it ever did purposely. It has absorbed a large part of the talent, especially of the political talent, which Italy produces. To work, to guide, and to develop an organization so vast, so complicated, and so many-sided, demands a skill a little greater than that required to become a conspicuous figure in the Chamber of Deputies. A Cardinal is a greater personage than a Minister, and an ambitious man, if the two paths were equally open to him, would rather rise to eminence in the Church than in the State. One cause of the anæmic condition of Italian politics is certainly that the Church drains off a great part of the talent, ambition, and energy which in a normal condition of affairs would be employed in the service of the State. Were they in Italy, Mr. GLADSTONE would probably be Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, and Lord BEACONSFIELD Pope. He would sit in state with the triple crown on his head, and he would dispense the apostolic blessing *urbi et orbi*. It is more than a coincidence that the Italianization of the Papacy was synchronous with the political ruin of Italy in the sixteenth century; that, until the movement which led to the formation of the kingdom of Italy, the country lay from that time forward in a state of political paralysis; and that, now that Italy is united and the exceptional stimulus of the new principle of nationality relaxed, the country shows ominous signs of relapsing into political inertia. The international organism is fed at the expense of the national. It is thus among Italians themselves that the ranks of the most formidable enemy of Italy are recruited. And whatever arrangements may be made in course of time between the Vatican and the Italian Government, it is hard to see how, except by the breaking up of the universal Church into a number of separate national Churches, this source of weakness to Italy can be greatly diminished.

These speculations, however, carry us further into the future than the practical exigencies of the moment require. No great fundamental change in the attitude of the Catholic Church is to be looked for yet. The question for Italy is to find out the way in which the temporal and spiritual Governments, as they are, can get on side by side with least friction. One would think that the present arrangement, provisional as it certainly is, worked well enough, and that the Italian Government, having guaranteed to the POPE the free exercise of his spiritual functions, and offered him a handsome allowance into the bargain, had done all that was required of it, and might wait in patience till the Vatican thinks proper to take the initiative in further transactions. Signor JACINI, however, thinks the present situation not free from danger. At the time of the occupation of Rome by the national forces in September 1870, none of the Great Powers were disposed to challenge the

action of the Italian Government. England, Germany, and Russia were indifferent or friendly; France was paralysed; Austria was kept quiet by Russia; Spain had got rid of Queen ISABELLA. Now, too, there is no Power in Europe inclined to put even diplomatic pressure on the Italian Government for the sake of the POPE. If it were not for the wretched *Italia Irredenta* business, it might be said that no Power enjoyed such universal goodwill as Italy. But, had the Legitimist monarchy been restored in France, or even were the Empire to be set up again, complications with Italy on the score of the Papacy would be by no means impossible. And there is no guarantee that the present state of Europe is going to last. A general war, out of which the Great Powers may come with their frontiers and their relative importance wholly altered, is not only possible, but may begin at almost any moment. Further, the break-up of old beliefs and traditions, which has made great way in all countries, and which has undermined society in some, may bring about in Europe a deluge of anarchy in which the Church will seem to be the one ark of refuge. These are no chimerical dangers; they are real and at our doors. Considering, then, all the chances of the future, is it not wise, asks Signor JACINI, for the Italian Government to come to a definite agreement with the Vatican, and to embody this agreement in an international document, which would receive the formal sanction of all the Great Powers?

No doubt the Catholic Church is a vast power in the world, and no prudent statesman will wantonly provoke it; but it appears to us, as it appears to the majority of Italians, that no dangers from the side of the Vatican would be comparable to the danger, to say nothing of the humiliation, of giving other Powers, however indirectly, the right to interfere in Italian affairs. In Signor JACINI'S proposed treaty or document there would be two chief articles—one guaranteeing the freedom and inviolability of the Head of the Church, and the other settling in perpetuity on the Papacy a capitalized property, the annual revenue of which would be equal to the sum now offered by the Italian Government but refused by the POPE. But it is hard to see what substantial good the sanction of other Powers would do Italy in making any such arrangement. Treaties with many signatures at the end of them are broken nowadays with the same unscrupulous freedom as treaties with few signatures. If it suited the purpose of a reactionary Government to pick a quarrel with Italy, no treaty could be so framed as to hinder it from doing so. Further, though a great increase of the influence of the Church in Europe is very possible in the immediate future, the contrary is also possible. The same disintegrating or transforming forces which are at work in the Protestant Churches must sooner or later operate on the Church of Rome. The when and the how can hardly even be guessed at; but it is not impossible that the time may be nearer than it seems. And in the worst case, even if the Papacy should grow much stronger than it is, Italians are better suited than all other nations to deal with it. It is their business more than anybody else's. The POPE is an Italian living on Italian soil, and claiming the right to frustrate Italian unity. Long and intimate experience has given the Italian people a tact, a sureness, and a skill in dealing with the Papacy possessed by no other nation. It is a matter on which they have little to learn from foreigners and a great deal to teach them. By inviting other Powers to take part in an international agreement regulating the status of the POPE, Italy would give all these Powers the right to watch over the fulfilment of every clause in the treaty, and to bar the way to any of the changes which from time to time would certainly become desirable. She would tempt other countries to assume an air of tutelage and interference which would breed more bad blood than any such treaty could possibly remove. She would transfer the management of a most delicate work from one Government to several, from skilled to comparatively untrained hands. She would tend to stereotype a policy in a matter where the utmost freedom of future action is indispensable. And she would get in exchange a guarantee illusory in an age when treaties are broken with cynical nonchalance whenever it suits the strong to violate them. Italian unity exists by the right which every nation has to belong to itself, and by the fact that Italians are prepared to defend it against all assailants. All the forces of the future are in its favour. For Italy to ask other nations to help her in doing her own historic work would be to proclaim a fatal want of self-reliance. For these reasons Signor JACINI'S proposal seems one that cannot for a moment be entertained, though his most suggestive little book can be recommended to all persons interested in the subject of which it treats.

LORD DERBY AT HUDDERSFIELD.

LORD DERBY'S address to the Huddersfield Chamber of Commerce on Thursday was marked by all his characteristic merits and by some of his characteristic defects. His review of the state and prospects of English trade was excellent; and as Lord DERBY is not by nature an optimist, it is pleasant to find that the conclusion at which he arrives is in favour of this country. Upon each of the three points which he selects as most important to have clear ideas about, he holds that things look less black than it has of late been customary to paint them. Whether we are richer or poorer than we were three years ago, there is no doubt that we are richer than we were ten years ago. The national income is larger, the national savings are larger, the national consumption is larger. And then, as Lord DERBY is careful to warn us, too much trust must not be placed in the figures which show either the profits in years of prosperity or the losses in years of adversity. It is the gain or loss of the producer that determines statistical returns, because this affects income. The gain or loss of the consumer only affects expenditure, and consequently does not appear in the returns, or only appears indirectly. Remembering this, we may deduct from the apparent depression of the last two or three years and from the apparent prosperity of seven years ago. "We were not as rich as we thought "ourselves in 1873, and we are not as poor as we are apt to "think ourselves now." One reason probably why the real position of the country varies less than its apparent position is that in all estimates bearing on this subject a disproportionate place is given to foreign trade. Important as the profits derived from that trade are, they only constitute one-seventh of the total income of the community; and, in presence of this fact, Lord DERBY rightly questions whether we are justified in speaking as though the industrial life or death of the nation depended on the keeping up of its exports. There has been exaggeration, too, as regards the falling off of our foreign trade. Lord DERBY contends that what has been described as a falling off is really only a check. "We produce as "much as ever we did, only we have had to "sell what we produce rather cheaper." He admits that American competition is not to be lightly spoken of; but he points out that the counter attractions of land-owning and farming must exercise very great influence on the labour market of the United States. Where the choice lies before them, men will commonly prefer being masters on their own farms to being workmen in some one else's mill. Even putting this aside, Lord DERBY thinks that the world is large enough for both England and America, and that the two countries will find there is an ample market for the productions and the manufactures of both. Whether Lord DERBY makes sufficient allowance for the closing of the American market against English goods, which, even without protective tariffs, can be hardly more than a question of time, is perhaps doubtful. As regards Continental competition he has no fear. The Continent has not the advantages which England has, and it has a disadvantage which England has not. It has not cheap coal, or cheap iron, or accumulated capital, or unlimited mechanical appliances, or a never-failing supply of trained workmen. It has the enormous drawback of the conscription, and wherever there is a conscription labour is not free. Lord DERBY weakens the force of his argument here by the exaggerated language in which he describes the military systems of the Continent. When he says that militaryism cannot coexist with industry on a great scale, he may perhaps be right, though even here the example of France seems to tell the other way. Ever since 1870 France has had a conscription of great severity. She has set the German army before her as an example, and she is doing all she can to come up to her model. Yet the description Lord DERBY gives of the

population with which alone a conscription is possible hardly seems to apply to the French nation. "Do you think," he asked the Huddersfield Chamber of Commerce, "that "emperors and grand-dukes and archdukes, field-marshals, "and tremendous personages of that sort, really want the "manufacturing interests of their empire to be developed? "Do you suppose it would suit them to have to do with "an intelligent, keen-witted, critical, and well-to-do "population such as our Northern towns in England contain? Depend upon it, they are not "such fools. They know their own business better. What "they want is something quite different—a peasantry "hungry enough at home to find the ordinary life of "a private soldier rather agreeable than otherwise, and "submissive enough to be ready to shoot their own brothers, "if ordered, without asking why." This may be a substantially correct description of the wishes of the tremendous personages in question, but it is not, in all cases, a correct description of the material they have to work with. It will certainly not be to our advantage to assume that so long as the present military system of the Continent subsists we shall have neither intelligence nor keen wits to compete with abroad. Lord DERBY cannot have forgotten all that has so often and so justly been said in praise of French and German intelligence. It was in virtue of this quality that Germany was enabled to inflict so tremendous a defeat upon France. It is in virtue of this quality that France has been able to recover from that defeat with such extraordinary completeness and rapidity. There is nothing gained by underrating our commercial rivals. Those who do it are sure to be undeceived in the end; but they may not then be able to recover the ground which they have lost. The truth is that Lord DERBY's just dislike to militaryism leads him to exaggerate its faults, or rather to see faults which it has not, as well as faults which it has. The conscription is an immense evil from many points of view, but it does not at present appear to exert that degrading and stagnating influence on those who are subject to it which Lord DERBY seems to attribute to it. Something of the same temper may be seen in the warning he gives his countrymen. If England, he says, is going into "the gunpowder and glory business," she may be successful, but she will certainly be poor. She was successful in 1815; but at no time in history were the English people "so poor, so miserable, and so dis-"satisfied as they were in the fifteen or twenty years that "followed Waterloo." This is true, though it is another question how much of this poverty was owing to bad government, which had no necessary connexion with the war that had preceded it. But Lord DERBY cannot mean to imply that the English people would have been better off in the long run if they had left NAPOLEON to build up his Empire unmolested. Lord DERBY recognizes "duty and "self-defence" as legitimate reasons for military adventure; and whatever may be said against English policy in the revolutionary war, it cannot possibly be contended that we opposed NAPOLEON on grounds which did not, to say the least, include duty and self-defence. There is nothing in Lord DERBY's words that is not true, but there is something in the collocation of them that is likely to be misleading.

Lord DERBY's remarks on Protection in the colonies are full of good sense, though we think that he is a little inclined to forget how many things influence human action over and above regard for material gain. He holds that when each separate interest finds that it can secure protection for itself only at the cost of paying for the protection afforded to every other interest, each separate interest will soon get tired of the game. That is true, no doubt, in the long run; but the run may be a very long one indeed Not only is each separate interest very much more alive to its gains than to its losses, but there grows up a kind of patriotic pride in the contemplation of the numerous industries existing in the colony in place perhaps of the single industry which would have existed there in the absence of protective duties. Nothing, however, can be truer than Lord DERBY's reminder that, if we wish the colonies to abandon Protection, we must be careful on the one side not to attempt to thrust Free-trade down their throats, and on the other not to express speculative doubts as to our own wisdom in adopting it. "Every "casual word of regret which is given to the abandonment "of protective duties among ourselves does harm outside "England. If we seem to hesitate, how shall we convert "those that are wavering?" Considering the part which low prices have played in enabling us to get through the recent period of depression, it is extraordinary that any one who is not a farmer should be found still hankering after dear goods.

HOUSES AND OWNERS.

THE letter from the Home Office which was laid before the Metropolitan Board of Works last week gives ample evidence of the pains and thought which Mr. CROSS has uniformly given to questions relating to the dwellings of the working classes. We have so often had occasion to differ from Mr. CROSS as to the practical value of his measures that it is at once a pleasure and a duty to bear testimony to the zealous care displayed in their preparation and execution. There is something almost melancholy in the minute attention which is paid in this letter to an inquiry whether some 1,600 people can be accommodated on a particular site supposing that it is dealt with as the Metropolitan Board proposes. These 1,600 people are not even an appreciable fraction of those who are at present condemned to live in houses which no care of theirs can make wholesome. Their condition differs from that of hundreds of thousands of their fellows in nothing but this—that by an accident their case comes within the purview of an Act of Parliament. In all parts of London where the poor live there are vast numbers not a bit better off in the matter of houses than they. These vast numbers could be much more easily dealt with than the exceptional groups to which the Artisans' Dwellings Act refers. There would be no sites to be cleared, and no new streets to be laid out. All that is needed to effect the necessary improvement is a sufficiently stringent Nuisance Act. Unfortunately, Mr. CROSS's mind has only been given to the exceptional cases. It is only the houses which no internal amendment could make fit for human habitation that seem to interest him. By comparison there are but few houses in so hopeless a condition; but this does not prevent the great majority of similar houses from being, for the time, equally ill suited to their professed purpose. If there are no adequate means of compelling the owner to see that the gas from the sewers does not go straight into the rooms in which the inmates live and sleep, a house which stands alone may be as unhealthy as one which stands at the end of a crowded court. Mr. CROSS has put the cart before the horse. Instead of prescribing a standard of habitableness below which no house should be suffered to fall, and then pulling down the houses which no amount of individual improving could make habitable, he has only dealt with the latter. It is a pity that when he had made up his mind to take hold of the subject at all he should have contented himself with touching only the fringe of it.

Considering the very heavy loss that has been inflicted on the Metropolitan ratepayer by the construction of the Artisans' Dwellings Act of 1875, Mr. CROSS's letter takes the money question a little too easily. It is true that Mr. LIDDELL is instructed to express Mr. CROSS's sense of the great difficulties the Board must experience in carrying out the Act. But the greatest difficulty of all is the cost; and a large part of the cost hitherto incurred has been incurred by reason of the false basis of valuation originally adopted. The Metropolitan Board complain, with great justice, that, down to August last, they were generally "required to pay for the worst class of property "almost as much as if there were no sanitary necessity "for its destruction." The arbitrator simply considered the actual value of the property to the owner, and made no allowance for the fact that the owner only obtained this value by omitting to make the houses fit for human habitation. On the principle of the Artisans' Dwellings Act, a butcher whose meat had been condemned as unwholesome might claim to be compensated for its destruction on the assumption that it was all cut from prime cattle. The consequence was that upon six sites out of thirty the ratepayers lost 643,461*l*. The sum actually paid for these sites was 734,766*l*., and the offer of the PEABODY Trustees, which under pressure from the Home Office was ultimately accepted, was only 91,305*l*. This shows the difference between the value of these sites when inhabited under wholesome conditions and their value when inhabited

under the conditions in which they were inhabited at the time when the Board purchased the ground. Upon whom ought this loss to fall? Clearly upon the owners, who have for years been making a nefarious profit out of houses which they ought long ago either to have closed or put into decent order. Under the Amending Act of 1879 it will fall on them for the future; but for the four years during which the Act was in operation previously to 1879, it fell upon the metropolitan ratepayers. Even now there is nothing to prevent the owners of property which has already been formally condemned from spending money on the buildings about to be removed, and claiming to have this useless outlay included in the valuation. Mr. CROSS, even now that he has seen the working of his measure, seems afraid to deal justly by a class of house-owners who, if they had got their deserts, would long ago have been given the choice between putting their property in habitable order and handing it over to those who would do so.

It is high time that the Government should come to some effectual determination whether the dwellings of the working classes are or are not a proper subject for legislation. There is much, no doubt, to be said against the principle of such legislation. It may be argued with considerable force that there is no reason why the State should interfere for the better housing of one section of the community more than for that of another. There are many badly drained and badly ventilated houses inhabited by the middle and upper classes, and as to these Parliament is content to leave the occupants to look after themselves. Why should it follow a different rule in the case of houses inhabited by the poor? The answer to this objection is, first, that within certain limits Parliament does now interfere on behalf of the community generally. The legislation we have suggested would introduce no principle which is not already recognized in the Statute-book. What is the object of the existing Building Acts if not to come between the buyer and the seller of houses? Why should not a builder be allowed to run up walls as thin and as high as he likes? Why is he made to take certain precautions against fire? It is the interest of the people who will take his houses to see to these things for themselves, and why should Parliament trouble itself to see to them on their behalf? The reason of course is that Parliament can look to these things far more effectually than the man who buys or hires a house. A public officer can inspect a house while it is building, and can ensure that it shall not be finished if the work is unduly scamped. An intending tenant probably does not see the house until the walls and ceilings are plastered, and perhaps papered, and he has no means of going beneath the whitened or coloured surface that meets his eye. Parliament is not invading the tenant's function when it undertakes to do for him what he cannot do for himself. The things which make a house wholesome come under the same principle as the things which make it safe. It would be perfectly possible to ensure that no house should be sold or let until a public officer had certified that it was properly drained and provided with a certain minimum of sanitary appliances. At all events, the multiplication of unwholesome houses might be prevented, instead of, as now, leaving it to go on absolutely without check. The second answer is that, even if Parliament did not interfere on behalf of the community generally, there are special reasons why it should interfere on behalf of the working class. They are much more helpless in this matter than the classes above them. They are less free to move about in search of lodging, and more forced by circumstances to take whatever rooms they can get. The precautions which the Building Acts have made compulsory are mostly directed to the prevention of accidents. But disease does far more mischief in the long run than accident; and, as regards a large class of diseases, it can be guarded against quite as easily and as surely as accident. But, if this end is to be attained, some rational, because comprehensive, method of dealing with the question must be adopted. To pull down at great cost an unwholesome street, when hundreds of houses not a bit better are left standing all around it, and hundreds more with precisely the same faults in them are being built every day, is neither comprehensive nor rational.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT BIRMINGHAM.

IT is perhaps unkind, if not altogether unreasonable, to expect that political speakers when they speak shall say something novel in matter, or at least in manner. However much or however little reason there may be about the expectation, there can be little question that it is generally disappointed, and never more often than in the speeches of the present Opposition. They have given themselves the word of command to attack the Government on certain vague and general grounds, and to this word of command they are strictly, if not profitably, obedient. In speaking at Birmingham on Thursday night Mr. CHAMBERLAIN observed that, in the coming struggle, "no man could shield his responsibility under the "plea that he had not information enough whereon "to base his decision." We shall not question this as a general statement. But, if it be so, the information is certainly not derived from the public utterances of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN himself and his political friends. The audience on Thursday night were indeed told, as innumerable audiences have been told before, that Parliament had ceased to represent the nation, that the foreign policy of the Government was a disastrous failure, that the Afghan and Zulu wars were very dreadful things for a Christian nation to be engaged in, that Ministers had lowered public morality, and that there was going to be a tremendous Liberal majority at the next election. Whether in consequence of the general lowering of public morality or not, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN does not seem to have explained. But we have heard all this very often before, and it has failed to carry conviction for very obvious reasons. Even supposing—an exceedingly large supposition—that most of these separate statements were incontrovertible, they would not make out the position which those who advance them wish to make out—the position that England can be rescued from danger and degradation by the simple process of driving Lord BEACONSFIELD out and putting the uncertain entity, which may be Mr. GLADSTONE and which may be Lord HARTINGTON, in. For the main objection, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN must perfectly well know, which is entertained at the present moment, we believe by the vast majority of thinking people, to the latter proceeding, is that it would hand over the country and its concerns to persons whose own declarations have proved them incompetent to conduct those concerns. Grant—for the sake of argument—that the present Government have not managed the foreign policy of the country as well as they might have done, the difficulty remains that the last Government showed themselves unable, if they did not actually refuse, to manage it at all.

It was somewhat remarkable that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who is not generally deficient in boldness, shrank on this occasion from announcing, as Mr. GLADSTONE has announced, that England had better have no foreign policy whatever. We hear nothing in the Birmingham speech of the smallness of this island, of its littleness as compared with the great nations of the Continent, and so forth. And, indeed, it is probable that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was wise in avoiding such a style of argument. For even in Birmingham, and among Birmingham Radicals, there is probably a very large number of persons whose ears would be by no means tickled by oratory of this kind. Birmingham is not accustomed to think lightly of itself, and there must be some men in Birmingham who see that, if England is to be slighted, Birmingham can hardly be magnified. Hence Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was thrown, even more than most Opposition speakers, into a course of general accusation and desultory reviling. His point of view for the nonce was that England is not a small, unimportant island, but a great and independent Power; and he professed to fear that her greatness and independence are menaced by the policy of the Government. There is perhaps something rather attractive in this argument, which would seem to infer that the greatness and independence of a nation are best assured by letting other Powers do exactly as they like. But it is hardly surprising that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was only occasionally able to gain this Pisgah height of paradox. For the most part he confined himself to well-worn assertions, many of which could only be met with direct contradictions, while others were partly true, but not relevant to his argument. When a politician of influence, if not of great personal weight, talks of the present Parliament as being "the least independent since the days of WALPOLE," it is difficult to meet him on his own ground, or on any

ground where the weapons of polite controversy are used. That a Parliament which was elected by household suffrage and the Ballot, and which has had new blood to the extent of some twenty or five-and-twenty per cent. infused at by-elections from time to time, should be said not to represent the nation, is absurd enough. That it should be compared to a Parliament of nominees and borough-mongers, managed by perpetual and systematic bribery, is perhaps something more or less than absurd. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN pays his constituents one or both of two very bad compliments. The one is the supposition that they know nothing of English history, the other the assumption that they will think any stick is good enough to beat the present Government. A still better instance of the temper in which his observations were made was to be found in his reference to the approaching election. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, like others of his party, politely informs the Government that it dares not consult the nation. But Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, unlike others of his party who have more of the wisdom of the serpent, ingenuously confesses that only eighteen months ago he was desperately afraid that the Government would dare to consult the nation. In other words, if a Ministry chooses its own time to go to the country it is wrong, and if it lets a Parliament run its natural course it is wrong likewise. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is certainly a difficult person to please. He was, however, in this very speech good enough to indicate a way out of the difficulty. Parliament, he complained, was not elected upon the issues which it now has to decide. Of course it is clear what this means. It means—logically, at least—a series of *plébiscites*; an Imperialist device which we are surprised to find Mr. CHAMBERLAIN approving, if only by implication. Even the panacea of annual Parliaments would not meet the views of politicians of this kind. For between January and December there might always arise new issues, and with the new issues a new Parliament would be requisite. Indeed, it is not clear why a new Parliament should not be elected before every battle which is fought during a war, lest the course taken should unhappily cease to represent the national will. It is not often that political arguments can be so easily and glaringly reduced to the absurd.

The truth is, however, that this speech, which was not specially violent or paradoxical, is for that reason an excellent instance of the hopeless unreason which pervades, for the most part, the contentions of the present Opposition. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, at any rate as represented by his reporters, is like NARCISSA "tolerably mild." He does not say in his haste that all Tory Ministers are *ipso facto* liars, and though he insinuates that Sir BARTLE FRERE would have been left in the lurch if he had entirely failed, he does not, as was done the other day, assert that he was sent out with instructions expressly calculated to that end. We stand half astonished at his moderation. But, after all, his attitude is exactly the same as the attitude—we shall not say of the official leaders of his party—but as that of Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. BRIGHT, and, it must now be added, Mr. ADAM, a person whose position might, one would have thought, have made him more cautious. An ingenious and agreeable writer, some years ago, depicted this attitude well in a pleasing apologue of the dog and the badger. "I "don't like you," says the dog to the badger; "come out "of that earth." When the arguments of the extremer Radical speakers are reduced to their simplest terms, this is exactly what they come to:—"I don't like you; come "out of that Downing Street." The embellishments of "wickedness," "lying," "immorality," and all the rest of it which accompany this expression of opinion, are well represented by the barks of the terrier. Of course there is a good deal of this in all political warfare, and there are occasions when it does not very much matter. The present occasion, however, is hardly one of these. A contest where the compound householder is at stake, or where the point of the quarrel is the insertion or omission of this or that tax in the Budget, may be conducted in this spirit without much harm to anybody. But this is not the case here. The point mainly at issue is whether the foreign policy of England is to proceed on the lines which have made England great, or on entirely new lines which start from the assumption that she is small and little, and which lead round with unerring precision to the result of making her so. Some months ago, it may be remembered, the more sober and responsible members of the Opposition admitted that, if they succeeded to power, they could not dream of reversing entirely, or breaking utterly with, their predecessors' policy. It is not insignificant that, since this admission, a clamour has been raised for the restoration of Mr. GLADSTONE, who is pledged to exchange the foreign policy of the lion for the foreign policy of the ostrich. The happy flexibility of the logic of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's most recent utterance forbids us to say which side he ought consistently to take in the controversy. But there cannot be much doubt on which side he would practically be found.

THE GREAT EDISON SCARE.

WHAT a happy man Mr. Edison must be! Three times within the short space of eighteen months he has had the glory of finally and triumphantly solving a problem of world-wide interest. It is true that each time the problem has been the same, and that it comes up again after each solution, fresh, smiling, and unsolved, ready to receive its next death-blow. But this peculiarity of his triumphs, though interesting from a practical point of view, is doubtless of too trifling a character to damp the joy of victory in Mr. Edison's own mind, since it appears in no degree to interfere with the plaudits with which his followers hail each fresh achievement—or, as we should rather say, bulletin—from Menlo Park. And thus not only is Mr. Edison to be congratulated on the happy past, but his friends may look forward to a long and equally happy future, crowned at periodical intervals by similar dazzling and final triumphs; for, if he continues to observe the same strict economy of practical results which has hitherto characterized his efforts in electric lighting, there is no reason why he should not for the next twenty years completely solve the problem of the electric light twice a year without in any way interfering with its interest or novelty.

But all this, we are told, is altered now. We are given to understand, by accounts from headquarters, that this time Mr. Edison really has done it, and descriptions of the perfection and economy of the light are showered upon us which quite take away one's breath. That the light itself is all that its inventor could by any possibility desire will not surprise any one who has had experience with inventors; but it does startle us to be told that its cost will be only one-fortieth that of gas. In the face of such definite assertions incredulity would seem to be a crime, and it would appear to be the duty of all Gas Directors to make forward contracts to deliver old iron in view of the immediate future when gas will be spoken of as a thing of the past. Curiosity, however, is such a persistent trait of the human mind that one cannot repress a desire to know the exact details of this all-trans-forming discovery and to form one's own opinion of the sources of its transcendent merits. Fortunately the veil of mystery that has so long hung over the doings of Mr. Edison's laboratory has at last been drawn aside, and we are in full possession of the magic secret. It does not sound very wonderful after all. There is nothing new in the lamp. It is an ordinary incandescent lamp with a slip of carbon as the substance to give forth the light. The sole secret is that Mr. Edison makes the carbon out of burnt paper.

The discovery bears strong marks of Mr. Edison's handiwork. Like all the other so-called discoveries of his in connexion with electric lighting (with one exception, of which we will speak presently), it is wholly without novelty, unless there be some unimportant details in the particular form of the connexions and regulating mechanism, in which he has chosen to exhibit that ingenuity which he undoubtedly possesses, but which could have been as well arranged in a thousand other ways. The idea of a lamp consisting of a piece of carbon placed in a vacuum and rendered incandescent by the passage through it of a strong galvanic current is at least as old as 1845, when it was patented by King, and similar devices have since been continually proposed and employed by others. Experience, however, taught inventors (as it will probably teach Mr. Edison when he has a little more acquaintance with the subject) that a vacuum is a very awkward thing to deal with, and that much more satisfactory results could be obtained by placing the carbon in a non-combustible gas, such as nitrogen or carbonic acid. Accordingly recent lamps in which incandescent carbon has been used have generally been of that type. Such was the Sawyer and Mann lamp which excited so much attention in New York some twelve months ago, and which consisted of a thin rod of carbon in a receiver full of nitrogen. Of late we have heard nothing of this lamp, and we very much fear that it is another instance of the fatal gulf between theory and practice, and that its disappearance from public view is due to the existence of some practical difficulties in the application of what seemed to be an ingenious idea. Other lamps are upon similar principles; the most successful one, so far as we can judge by report, is a French one, in which there are three small carbon rods in a closed receiver, the oxygen of which is consumed by the combustion of one of the rods, leaving the atmosphere in the receiver incombustible during the incandescence of the other two. Nor is there any more originality in the idea of procuring the carbon for such lamps from burnt paper or cardboard. That such carbon was very suitable for producing light by incandescence has long been known to electricians. Mr. Swan used it fifteen years ago for an electric lamp on the incandescent principle, and, curiously enough, used it in the shape of a horseshoe, exactly as Mr. Edison is now using it; so that there

must be something more than a resemblance between the two lamps, seeing that the carbon and the enclosing glass vessel (which may be of any shape) constitute the whole of the lamp proper. The use of this carbon was given up because of its want of durability—a difficulty which, however, Mr. Swan says that he has now got over; and it seems to be tolerably evident from Mr. Edison's own account that he has done little or nothing to remedy this defect, of which he is probably not fully aware. At any rate, it is clear that the carbons he uses are fragile in the extreme, for he says that they must be taken out of the mould with the greatest care, to prevent their falling to pieces.

The general result, therefore, is that Mr. Edison leaves the subject of the electric light precisely where he found it, so far as discovery is concerned. He has added nothing to our knowledge. The next thing to consider is, whether or not his lamp performs the practical service claimed; whether, in short, the method he adopts—by whomsoever invented—will in fact accomplish what is alleged of it. Considered in themselves, there can be no doubt that the tales that have come over to us about Mr. Edison's new discovery are in the highest degree improbable. The use of incandescence as a means of procuring light from electricity, without breaking the continuity of the circuit, has been known from nearly the beginning of the century, and all its advantages and disadvantages have been thoroughly studied. The result has always been to show that it is a very wasteful method of using the electric current when compared with the electric arc or the broken circuits of such lamps as the Regnier and Werdermann, which hold an intermediate position between the two classes. It possesses great advantages, which are obvious at first sight; but so great is the disadvantage of which we have spoken, that its use has been very limited, except for special purposes, as, for example, the little medical lamps for illuminating the cavities of the body to facilitate diagnosis. That this principle should turn out to be the enormous commercial success that Mr. Edison's lamp is represented to be, is in the highest degree unlikely, seeing that, as we have said, his lamp differs but slightly, if at all, from lamps previously known. Nor do the accounts themselves that have reached us tend to reassure us much. They show clearly that this lamp is more fragile and more difficult to handle than any of its compeers. They do not give us the least reason to think that it has any elements of success in it other than the bright character of the incandescence of carbon made from paper; and as such carbon cannot materially differ in its qualities from other kinds, and is even more liable to be heterogeneous and uncertain, this small advantage seems to be a very slight matter to build such high hopes upon. They do not suggest any way of getting over the difficulty which is met with in lamps constructed on this principle, of keeping the glass from getting dulled by particles of carbon coming off from the incandescent mass within it—a difficulty which would be peculiarly fatal to a vacuum lamp like Mr. Edison's which cannot be cleaned on the inside. But, above all, there is a strong flavour of humbug about the whole matter. Every account—even those which Mr. Edison himself seems to have authorized—is written in a way in which no good electrician could write. We have a sensational account of the supposed discovery, where a thin filament of carbon is represented as having been accidentally tried with a strong current, and we are told, as of a newly discovered marvel of science, that this carbon filament resisted an intense heat, and "proved in reality more infusible than platinum." As though every schoolboy who has dabbled in chemistry did not already know that carbon was incomparably more infusible than platinum, or indeed than any other substance. Then there are references to other electrical phenomena which have about as much to do with the matter as the processes of electrotyping would have, but all of which are ingeniously identified with the so-called discovery, as though they specially belonged to Mr. Edison's lamp. Thus it is explained that the current can be made to run a sewing-machine; and other potentialities are vaguely shadowed forth which are said to be dependent on a knowledge of the laws of electricity. Of course a continuous current can be made to do work in a thousand different ways; but what have the marvels of electricity in general to do with the question whether Mr. Edison's lamp is a good one? Again, there is the new dynamo-electric machine. Mr. Edison must of course come before the public in a state of complete independence of all other inventors; so he must not even get his electricity from the same sources as others. Hence, for a second time, he produces a dynamo-electric machine, which he calls by the pompous title of the Faradaic Machine. It merits this title only in virtue of its representing a state of knowledge more nearly that of Faraday's time than any machine in use at present. It is strange how Mr. Edison's efforts in electric lighting seem cursed with a total absence of originality. This machine, both in its separate parts and its general arrangement, is the merest copy from other machines. Its principle, its arrangement, and everything about it are so utterly unoriginal, that, really it is difficult to understand how Mr. Edison himself can fancy he has any claim to be considered its inventor. It only differs from the machines at present in use in that it is much what they must have been in their early forms, before their makers had learnt how to intensify the magnetic field in which the armatures rotate. He drops hints of machines that utilize ninety per cent. of the power applied to them. The correctness of this figure, if it is intended to apply to this machine, we cannot believe in. Such a percentage is about what is expected from a good machine on the Siemen's Gramme or Brush principle, and it is simply absurd to suppose that this blundering imitation, which is destitute of all the special improvements which experience has suggested to their makers, can contend with these machines on equal terms.

All these circumstances and many others cause us to regard with utter distrust the glowing accounts of Mr. Edison's invention (if it is entitled to be called such) that reach us from New York. And added to this there is the remembrance of what happened some eighteen months ago at the beginning of Mr. Edison's experiments on the electric light. Every one recollects how, in October 1878, there came a telegram from New York that Mr. Edison had completely solved the problem of electric lighting, and how this telegram caused a tremendous panic in gas shares, sending them down to two-thirds of their previous value. Even the instructed who could detect in the very language in which the telegram was couched evidence that it was framed either by or for persons who were ignorant of the subject, scarcely dared to imagine that such a telegram could have been allowed to go forth or to remain uncontradicted unless Mr. Edison had really obtained most important results, and was in a position to effect practically electric lighting at a reasonable cost. It is fortunate for Mr. Edison that public attention cannot remain very long fixed upon any one subject, and that by the time that a few months had elapsed people had ceased to think of him or his telegram. For we now know in what position he stood when that outrageous telegram was sent. And it is well that we are able to arrive at this from sources directly connected with Mr. Edison himself, for it would otherwise be impossible to convince any one of the true state of the case. Some six or eight months after this telegram two patents, representing the latest completed results which even then Mr. Edison had obtained, came over to this country, and were made public amidst the universal derision of all who knew anything about electricity. The wonderful secret that was to solve completely the problem of electric lighting was the use of incandescent platinum (or an alloy of platinum and iridium, we forget which) to give light. It would seem that Mr. Edison has an irresistible passion for electrical antiquities. Not only is this one of the very oldest devices known, but it was actually patented in 1848 by Staite, though we doubt whether such a principle could even then have been the subject of a valid patent unless there had been something special in the form in which it was applied. We forget whether Mr. Edison attempted to patent his lamp, or even if he had any lamp at all at the time; but he certainly patented a regulator, which was intended to turn off the current when the heat of the platinum got too intense. This was a simple instrument of little or no merit and deserving of no notice. We really do not know whether it was able to do its work; we have heard that it failed even to do that; but whether or not this was the case is of no moment, for, so far as we have been able to learn, both the lamp and the regulator have, for all practical purposes, proved abortive. We have never heard of their being tried on any practical scale, or even of their being used at all outside of Menlo Park; and whatever may be Mr. Edison's love of perfection, we do not believe for an instant that, if he had got a really practical lamp capable of doing a fraction of what that was represented to do, he would have let months pass without its coming into the market.

But these two were not the only precious gifts which were then bestowed on the world by Mr. Edison. There was a third, to which no disparaging remarks as to its extreme simplicity could be applied. The second patent then taken out by him was for a wonderful dynamo-electric machine of a wholly new construction. We willingly give Mr. Edison credit for originality in this machine. Coils were fixed to the vibrating arms of a monstrous tuning-fork more than a yard long, and these, by the vibrations of the fork, were made to approach or recede from magnets, and thus currents were generated. If it were not actually in a patent taken out on Mr. Edison's behalf, all instructed persons would hesitate to believe that such an absurd arrangement could be seriously proposed at a time when such machines as the Gramme, the Siemen's, the Lontin, the Brush, and a host of others were in existence, much less that it could be proposed by a man of Mr. Edison's advantages and fame. It is difficult adequately to express the ludicrous inefficiency of the arrangement; but one thing is abundantly certain, and that is that the person who seriously proposed it was wholly destitute of a scientific knowledge of either electricity or the science of energy. It is clear that he was tempted by the hope of getting out of the vibrations of the tuning-forks something more than the force he expended on them. No doubt he thought that vibration was so confirmed a habit with tuning-forks that they would vibrate on the merest hint being given to them. To those who remember the amusement that this wonderful invention excited among English electricians, it will be interesting to read the following passage from the latest authentic American account:—"Mr. Edison's first experiment in machines for generating the electric current did not meet with success. His primal apparatus was in the form of a large tuning-fork, constructed in such a way that its ends vibrated with great rapidity before the poles of a large magnet. These vibrations could be produced with comparatively little power. *Several weeks of practice* proved, however, that the machine was not practicable, and it was laid aside." We should very much like to know when these weeks of practice (not a very long trial for a new invention) took place. Not before the patenting, or it would never have been patented. Then it must have

been after the patent was taken out—a matter which confirms the opinion held by most persons in England who were competent to judge of it, that no such machine had at the time ever been made (except, perhaps, on a small scale), and that the whole matter was a pure speculative suggestion. Remembering the unrivalled opportunities for experiment possessed by Mr. Edison, the fact that he took out this patent without any adequate preliminary trial—and we are convinced that a most superficial investigation would have demonstrated its worthlessness—is a striking lesson as to the reliance that must be placed on the accounts of the extent of the preliminary experiments to which his so-called inventions are subjected. We can assure Mr. Edison that it will require a long list of successes, not only announced, but realized, to counteract in the minds of those capable of judging of it the effect of that absurd patent in convicting Mr. Edison of being a man with no scientific knowledge of electricity, and either so incapable of judging of the value of his work or so careless of his own reputation as to be ready to patent a machine which on a few weeks' trial proves itself, on his own confession, to be an utterly worthless device.

These petty results, or rather the small fraction of them that he had obtained six months previously to their publication, represent all that Mr. Edison had actually completed when the famous telegram was sent. In other words, he had not the slightest ground for announcing that he had made any substantial advance in the treatment of the electric light, much less that he had completely solved its difficulties. Now we do not suppose for a moment that Mr. Edison would aid in giving currency to a report which he did not believe to be true. The most probable hypothesis is that he is an inventor who is absolutely intoxicated with his own reputation, and who has an unlimited belief not only in the efficiency but also in the novelty of all that he proposes. In no other way is his conduct comprehensible. The exciting cause of the celebrated telegram could not have amounted to more than that, having thought a little over the difficulties of the rival plans for producing the electric light, he resolved to concentrate his efforts upon the oldest and the easiest—namely, incandescence in the continuous circuit. Having resolved in his own mind that this was the best form, his vanity treated success as so certain that we honestly believe he viewed it as a grand new departure in electricity, whereas it was only what hundreds had done before and hundreds will do again. Then he went on floundering through all that his predecessors had gone through before him; advancing knowledge not one whit, inasmuch as all his results were old, but still pressing on with the profoundest conviction that everything that came upon him as a novelty was new also to the world. It is only by keeping these things in mind that we can judge of the value of the recent reports of his successes, and we can come to no other conclusion about them than that without independent confirmation they are not worthy of credence. It is not that we do not think that Mr. Edison is likely to help in the development of electric lighting. On the contrary, considering his unexampled advantages, it is matter for surprise that so ingenious a man has not discovered something worthy of remark by this time. For he is undoubtedly an inventor of exceptional merit. Independently of the important share he has had in the development of quadruplex telegraphy, his success in the carbon and loud-speaking telephones shows that he is possessed of great inventive power and remarkable mechanical ingenuity. His other great achievement, the phonograph, would alone go a long way towards justifying his enormous reputation. But these successes seem to have completely turned his head. He allows the wildest reports of his doings to obtain currency. The same account to which we have referred speaks of his having recently invented an air-pump, a method of utilizing mining tailings, a sextuple telegraph, and a specific against headaches. This last child of his fertile brain is old enough to be christened, and rejoices in the mysterious name of Polyform, and the reporter goes so far as to state that Mr. Edison takes it himself. But this must surely be an exaggeration. Altogether he reminds us forcibly of the White Knight in *Through the Looking-glass*, and we expect soon to hear that he has

> Completed his design
> To save the Menai Bridge from rust
> By boiling it in wine.

It will be remembered that the White Knight also had invented devices for the preservation of his health. All these things make us feel that Mr. Edison is not capable of judging of his own performances, and confirm us in the belief that his latest idea is but a doubtful rival of many lamps that are already in the market. The calculation as to its costing one-fortieth the price of gas is an utterly absurd one, even when read by the light of the meagre details on which it professes to be based. The most economical form of electric light is, and in all probability always will be, the arc-lamp, where it can be used on a large scale, and no form of incandescent lamp can approach it in economy of production. Yet engineers are very well satisfied if they can bring down its cost, even under the most favourable circumstances, to between two-fifths and one-fourth the price of gas. We feel tolerably certain that the cost of Mr. Edison's lamp, even if it is otherwise practicable (about which we have a good deal of doubt), will be many times this. The only good point about the news is that Mr. Edison seems at last to have settled down to the useful detail work of trying various methods of improving the manufacture of carbon for electric purposes. This is much wanted, and Mr. Edison is exactly in a position to do it. But, supposing that a manufacturer of artificial carbons were to discover that it was better to use barley-meal than wheat-flour, or lump sugar than moist sugar, in their preparation, we should be considerably surprised to find him announcing himself to the world by telegram as being the greatest inventor of the age. In our opinion Mr. Edison's pretentious announcements are as little justified by the fact that he has satisfied himself as to what is the best form of carbon to use in the ordinary and well-known incandescent method of electric lighting as a candle manufacturer would be justified in announcing that he had completely solved the problem of domestic lighting because he had devised a slightly improved candle-wick.

ENGLISH SOCIETY AT HOME.

A RECENT novelist has somewhere complained that life does not appear to her to be as jolly in 1880 as it was in 1866. Probably there were a good many people in 1866 to whom it appeared that life then was not as jolly as in 1852, and the process might also in all probability be continued backward to the year 14 of the world. At the same time it must be confessed that a superficial student of the handsome album in which some of Mr. Du Maurier's *Punch* drawings have just been reissued might go away with the idea that the England of to-day, at least the English society of to-day, was passing through a phase of suppressed vitality. Mr. Du Maurier comes, and comes not unworthily, at the end of a long list of pictorial satirists which begins, at least for most people, with Hogarth, and continues through Bunbury and Gillray and Rowlandson, and many others, down to Leech. The satirist of this kind, by the mere fact of being popular, may be taken to hold up the glass pretty firmly to nature, though often he may, and generally does, put a good deal of his own into the picture which he draws. People will not as a rule laugh at anything which is obviously and widely removed from actual fact. When we find in the social caricatures of any period a predominance of eating and drinking, we may be pretty sure that the ways of the time were not remarkable for temperance in those respects; and certain very famous sets of Hogarth's could hardly have been produced at a time when the observance of a high standard of decorum was thought necessary. So, if there be found in this album of Mr. Du Maurier's a predominance of professional beauties, chamber-music, and Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkyns, future generations will hardly be wrong in concluding that Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkyns, chamber-music, and professional beauties had some actual prominence in the actual world of the forty-second year of Victoria.

Perhaps Mr. Du Maurier's nearest approach to an individual creation is this same Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkyns. She has other names, but the one form is sufficiently apparent through them. In these days of examinations and of the scientific treatment of things in general, we can conceive few better subjects for young ladies to write essays on than the origin, history, and character of Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkyns. Forty years ago Mr. Du Maurier's clever sketches would assuredly have illustrated what they used to call in the France of Louis Philippe a "physiology" of her. She is distinguished strikingly enough from her predecessor, the Lady de Mogyns whom Thackeray has made immortal. Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkyns is young, she is decidedly pretty, she is not unladylike in a way, and she is well provided with this world's goods. Sometimes, indeed, Mr. Du Maurier gives the reins to his imagination, and places her in marble halls which would have satisfied even Poe in the mood wherein he wrote *The Domain of Arnheim*. Mr. Ponsonby de Tompkyns is not young, and he is certainly not pretty, but his exterior is passable, and he is obviously not the *nouveau riche* of the last generation who made his money in tallow or hooks and eyes. The essayists for whom we have suggested a subject may have some trouble in placing the original social condition of the pair. At the time of their appearance, however, they are distinguished chiefly by the desire to shine. The Lady de Mogyns and Lady Claverings of the past—of all pasts—had this desire too, but their only notion of bringing it about was by the clumsy process of being "took up." The aristocratic personage who took them up at first invited their guests for them, and then sometimes ended by not being invited herself. This process is not exactly obsolete, but Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkyns is above it. She "fishes with all nets," like Mr. Dobson's more unsophisticated heroine. The gifted people are asked to meet the duchesses, the duchesses to hear and see the gifted people. In her early days she may make some unfortunate blunders, or, at least as Thackeray would perhaps have called them, "blunderkins." Mr. Du Maurier depicts for us members of her class who appear to confound the effective but arbitrary monogram of commerce with the devices which are, or ought to be, allotted and sanctioned only by the Heralds' College; others who are at sea as to the meanings of the term "creation," and so forth. But Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkyns soon emerges from this stage. She is either a beauty herself, or takes care to introduce beauties as bait into her drawing-rooms. She is constantly—indeed too constantly—presenting Professor Brown and Professor Parallax to the affable Duchess; and the marble halls and the best cook in London do the rest. Her "note," as some of her guests would put it, is that she shows the old weakness of the lion-hunters of past ages in a new form. The noble animals are hunted, not so much for their individual merits as

because each attracts others into the net. Meanwhile, Mr. Ponsonby de Tompkyns, patient, obedient, and a good deal bored, executes his wife's behests, and is content to shine with ever so little of reflected light.

As Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkyns is Mr. Du Maurier's principal figure, so is music his chief theme. For some reason or other (which we shall leave those who are always asserting that Englishmen are a great musical race, somehow defrauded of their birthright, to explain), the divine art of music has always had a good deal to suffer in our country at the hands of the other divine art of comic design. It is difficult to look at the "Enraged Musician" without suspecting that Hogarth sympathized much more with the disturbers than with the disturbed; and the music-mania of the toilet scene in the "Marriage à la Mode" is something more than dramatically satirical. Rowlandson, too, has somewhere a malicious picture of "Music at Home," where an energetic lady is performing on a harp, with a guitar at her feet and a harpsichord open behind her, to a husband who is comfortably snoring. But few people have been happier than Mr. Du Maurier himself in hitting off the exaggerations and crazes of the musical taste. The prevalence of that taste, as we have noted, is one of the most effective instruments in the hands of Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkyns. The professors, chiefly German, who "must always veep" when they hear the exceeding sweetness of their own music, and who are only too willing to indulge the company with another "little ting" of theirs after having previously indulged them in a dozen little tings, are admirable. So are the amateurs whose conceit and capacity are indifferently played upon by ingenious hostesses. So is the cat whose soul is moved to its depths by the tenor's agonized appeal to his love to "m-e-e-e-et" him. But in these music pieces the audiences deserve at least equal attention and commendation. There is endless variety in them. The other musical persons, decently attentive but slightly critical, not to say scornful, and waiting anxiously for their own turn to come, the enthusiastic young ladies, and the young men who would be enthusiastic if they were not too limp, and who prostrate themselves on the piano in a way which we fear must injure its tone, are all pleasing. There is one young man in particular who appears often, and the length of whose body is appalling and very cleverly saved from being impossible. These are the more private and solemn meetings for celebration of the cult, meetings where the audience are silent, abstracted, ecstatic, and sometimes almost in the condition of that other audience or company which the Laureate once described in the *Vision of Sin*. But there are also other and larger audiences to whom music is but one of many occupations, and where the voice of the talker decidedly prevails over that of the singer. Once, too, whether by way of concession to music, or by way of lodging another arrow in the side of the professional beauty, the artist gives us a scene in which the latter, to her intense disgust and surprise, is deserted by a whole roomful of men, who flock round a very sensible and quiet-looking songstress who is evidently neither mad about music nor about anything else.

Mr. Du Maurier's collection, being limited to "Society at Home," is perhaps not quite so miscellaneous as such collections have sometimes been. The artist rarely goes far from the reception rooms of some great house. But into these he manages to compress a vast amount of life—all, to return to our starting-point, rather solemn life, and life which seems to be a good deal bored with itself. His girls—unless he intends them to be ugly—are always beautiful; but it is rather a stately, not to say a forbidding, style of beauty. A great critic of womanly excellencies once included "touch-me-not-ishness" among them, and Mr. Du Maurier's young ladies have this in the highest degree. Indeed their dressmakers have so arranged them that they are very artful structures, in the highest degree beautiful to look at, but scarcely intended to be touched. The artist, however, is more merciful to them than he is to their brothers. The young men who crowd the staircases and line the walls of his well-filled interiors are almost more beautiful and artful than their sisters; but they are also much more foolish. Very rarely do they say anything, and when they do it is sure to be something absurd. Their coats are worthy to rank with that other and immortal article of male attire into which the Count D'Artois was daily dropped by two strong valets; the droop of their eyeglasses is a sight to see, and the curve of their waistcoats a thing to aim at, but not to reach. Arranged like a kind of irregular dado along the walls, they outshine the pictures and the plates behind their heads in elaborate arrangement. We are given to understand that they sometimes write books instead of reading them; they have sufficient business capacity to speculate on the profits of hiring themselves out to dance at so much a night, and they can, as we have seen, sometimes fall into trances of limp enthusiasm for music, and china, and pictures; but their faculty of repartee is singularly limited, and the highly artificial beauties whom their dressmakers will not allow to sit down have much the better of them in this respect. Space would fail us to tell of Mr. Du Maurier's bishops, in whom he has ably developed some hints given by his predecessors; of his duchesses, who are also able developments, sometimes "oldened" a little, of that admirable figure of Lady Lufton which used to appear in the *Cornhill* twenty years ago; of his fat old men and his thin old men, and many other pleasing types. It is, perhaps, as a general rule, easier to laugh at than with most of his people; and, indeed, we are expected to do so. Every now and then there are touches which are not specially of this age, such as the "Feline Amenities" which two charming matrons are exchanging *àpropos* of a beautiful major, the longing of the wearied couple in the "Waning Honeymoon" for the turning up of some friend, or even some enemy, and so forth. "Sir Wobert," who amiably expresses himself as "so awwy," when he is informed at an agricultural show that Lady Wachel and Lady Fwedewica have "gone to the dogs," is also not of an age, but of all time. But for the most part the subjects are drawn from classes which, as an enraged poet once said of somebody he did not like, are "coldblooded products of a late and transient phase of Anglo-Saxon civilisation." In this instance the product was, we believe, a reviewer; in Mr. Du Maurier's it is no single type, but consists of young men and maidens, old men and matrons, who are either desperately interested about things not much worth interesting oneself about, or who take very little interest in anything, except the way to come up as a flower and be beautiful. Caricature of course exaggerates —it would not be good caricature if it did not. But it does not invent; and most people, except recluses, will recognise at least some originals, or some who might have been originals, of M. Du Maurier's pictures. The art which he professes has left off scourging vice, and confined itself to folly. Perhaps that is because there are no vices left to scourge.

PROPOSED CANONIZATION OF ENGLISH MARTYRS.

A PETITION has just found its way into the papers, presented to the Pope by "the Catholic Union of Great Britain," of which the Duke of Norfolk is president, praying for "the canonization of the English Martyrs" who suffered under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. Three reasons are given for making this request. In the first place, the petitioners dwell on the heroic courage of "that noble host" whose leaders were Cardinal Fisher and Sir Thomas More, and which is closed by Archbishop Plunket of Dublin. They add that the sufferers "adorned their life with every shining virtue, and patiently endured every trial, which ennobled the saints of our country before the schism." A second —and we suspect stronger—motive is found in the number of persons who have of late years "given up the errors of the Protestant sects in which they had been educated, and especially the errors of the Church of England, and have embraced the Catholic faith," whose conversion must reasonably be attributed to the blood of these martyrs. Last, but not least, comes the third reason, that "these champions of the Christian faith" died not simply for Catholicism, but expressly for the Papacy. "There is not one among them who did not sacrifice his life for *the honour of the Apostle Peter* and *the rights of the Holy Apostolic See*"; the Pope is reminded that they are his "own witnesses," and hence it is "equitable that they should receive their crown from Him (*sic*) for whom their passion specially witnessed." It is obvious at a glance that these reasons are given on an ascending scale, when we remember from what quarter the document emanates. The Catholic Union is the stronghold of Ultramontanism, and, though a lay body, is well known to be inspired by the Ultramontane head of the Anglo-Roman Church. The steadfast courage and "shining virtues" of the martyrs—which are freely admitted on all sides, at least as regards a great many of them—are of course put first as the formal plea for canonization. But the real motive is first to throw down the gauntlet to "the Protestant sects, and especially the Church of England"; secondly, and above all, to glorify "the jurisdiction of the supreme Pontiff," which was the one point of faith or policy—we will explain the distinction presently—for which they were put to death. There is something in this appeal to the equity or self-interest of the Pope which rather oddly reminds one of Satan's appeal to St. Michael and St. Peter in Byron's *Vision of Judgment* for the damnation of George III., because, although he worshipped God himself, he persecuted the Irish Catholics, who desired to worship "not alone your Lord, Michael, but you, and you, St. Peter." Or, to take a more historical parallel, it is very like the plea openly and strenuously urged by Italian divines for the definition of the Immaculate Conception, that it would engage the Blessed Virgin by a fresh obligation to defend the States of the Church. What response Pius IX. would have made to such an appeal there can be little doubt. How his successor may receive it is another matter. That a man of his tact and breadth of view will not be eager to forward so questionable a design may readily be conjectured, but whether he will feel equal to resisting the pressure which is sure to be brought to bear upon him is not equally clear. Our present concern however is not with the fate of the proposal of the Catholic Union, but with the proposal itself. That anything we can say will affect the judgment of that august body is not to be supposed, but it may be worth while to point out to more dispassionate observers the real scope and tendency of their singularly indiscreet request.

We have said already, and we gladly repeat it, that there is no difference of opinion among reasonable men of whatever creed as to the honour due to those Roman Catholic martyrs who bravely and patiently suffered for conscience sake under the sanguinary code of Henry and Elizabeth. It is true indeed that, for reasons intelligible enough but not always creditable, there was once a general disposition among Englishmen—which their coreligionists, if they are wise, will not be solicitous to revive— to disparage or deny their merits. But during late years many signs have appeared of the prevalence of a juster and more generous spirit among us. It is shown not only in the kindly reception accorded some years ago to the excellent *Life of*

Campion by a learned and liberal-minded Roman Catholic, and more recently to the *Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus* now in course of publication by the Jesuit fathers, but still more clearly by such publications as *One Generation of a Norfolk House* by Dr. Jessop, Head Master of the Norwich Grammar School, and an article on "the Jesuit Martyrs, Campion and Walpole," which appeared the year before last in the *Edinburgh Review* and was noticed at the time in our columns. And a simultaneous disposition has grown up—springing at once from a sounder criticism and wider religious sympathy—to refrain from the angry declamation formerly so popular about "Bloody Mary" and the fires of Smithfield. It is true that the old bitterness lingers on in certain quarters still. We had occasion some years ago to denounce the issue of a Sunday-school edition of Foxe's lying "martyrology," in the form of a twopenny catechism, under the auspices of an Evangelical prelate now deceased. But the general tendency has been all the other way. It has been recognized, to quote the words of the *Edinburgh Reviewer*, that "a man who lays down his life for what he holds to be the truth deserves all admiration and respect, whether he is a Cameronian on the wild moors of Galloway, or a Jesuit on the gallows at Tyburn." Roman Catholic writers like Lingard or Montalembert did not hesitate on their side to apply this principle fairly all round, and Charles Butler expressed what would now be a very general feeling when he said, "Let Protestants cease to reproach the Roman Catholics with Mary's fires, and Roman Catholics shall be equally silent on the sanguinary code of Elizabeth, and the executions under it." It is this *entente cordiale* which the Catholic Union are doing their best to break up. They are going out of their way to challenge attention to the weak points in their own case, as regards both persecution and martyrdom. Let us say a word on each point.

We shall hardly be suspected of a desire to rehabilitate Foxe and canonize his motley crew of heroes, existent or non-existent. It may be freely admitted that of those who are not fabulous some were very poor creatures, while many of their leaders—including notably Cranmer, who may be left to the tender mercies of Macaulay—had fully earned capital punishment by overt acts of treason. It must also be remembered—and it is an argument which cuts both ways—that the forcible repression of heresy, as such, was a principle of duty universally recognized and acted upon in that day, not least certainly by those who fell victims to it under Mary. But still, after making full allowance for such considerations, it remains true that the ghastly spectacles witnessed during the later years of her reign, when some three hundred men and women were burnt to death as heretics, left an impression on the national mind which three centuries have not effaced. "Hundreds of thousands of Protestant writings," to quote Dr. Döllinger's words, "scattered over the length and breadth of the land, could not have done so much to strengthen the Protestant cause as the spectacle of the fires of Smithfield." When Mary came to the throne the mass of the nation, if not fervently Papal was fervently Roman Catholic. On her death the revulsion was so strong that, in spite of a powerful Catholic party, her successor had no difficulty in carrying the great body of the people with her in a policy distinctly Protestant. Edward VI. could hardly enforce a moderate Anglicanism at the sword's point; Elizabeth's chief trouble was in curbing Puritan excess. Such facts as these tell their own tale. It may not be desirable in the interests of religious peace that they should be dwelt upon, but if the Elizabethan martyrs are to be lauded to the skies and held up to the veneration of the faithful, we may be sure—human nature being what it is—that Protestants will not allow the memory of their Marian fellow-sufferers to die out. Already, we believe, two churches have been opened in the East of London during the last few years, Roman Catholic and Anglican respectively, in memory of the rival "English martyrs." And the first result of the proposed canonization would be to rekindle the smouldering ashes of religious bigotry and discord. The faggots of Smithfield and the gibbets of Tyburn will prove equally available instruments to conjure with. Those who prefer Christian charity to sectarian rancour may naturally prefer that both should be forgotten.

Nor is this all. The canonization of the English martyrs from More to Plunket will inevitably provoke a critical examination of their claims to the new cult. Many, perhaps most of them, may bear the personal scrutiny, and there are few indeed who are not more respectable candidates for the aureole than the fierce inquisitor, St. Peter Arbues, who was the other day "raised" by Pius IX. "over the altars of the Church." But a further question, as regards the Elizabethan victims, will at once force itself on public attention—or rather two questions. For what cause precisely did they die, and who was mainly responsible for their death? The Catholic Union is careful to remind us that they sacrificed their lives chiefly, if not exclusively, "for the honour of the Apostle Peter," that is, for the extremest claims of the Papacy. And here a distinction at once suggests itself. Some of these missionaries, like Campion, devoted themselves entirely to religious labours for the conversion of their countrymen; others, like Parsons, were notoriously implicated in the political conspiracies favoured by the Court of Rome. Yet Campion and Parsons would of course both be canonized. And even Campion, though he personally disbelieved in the deposing power and publicly acknowledged Elizabeth for his lawful Queen, felt unable or unwilling to save his life like his fellow Jesuit Bosgrave by repudiating the validity of the Bull of Pius V. He died therefore for a point of Roman policy, not of even Roman faith. It must further be remembered, not in justification of the atrocious cruelties practised by the Government, but in explanation of their reasonable alarm, that the doctrine of tyrannicide had been worked up into a system by Jesuit divines, which was afterwards acted upon, not without high ecclesiastical sanction, in France. And Roman Catholic writers have shown the complicity of the Court of Rome in plots for the assassination of Elizabeth. To confine ourselves to public acts, as recorded by a candid but zealous champion of the Papacy in a recent work on *England and the Holy See*, we find that at the very time Pius IV. was writing a conciliatory letter to Elizabeth two years after her accession, the Court of Rome was actively fomenting rebellion against her in Ireland. Ten years later came the excommunicating and deposing Bull of Pius V., which he sternly refused to recall at the urgent request of the Emperor Maximilian. Ten years later again, Gregory XIII., one of the ablest and most enlightened Pontiffs of the century, issued another Bull, "exhorting, requiring, and urging" the Irish to rebel; and declaring war against the English heretics to be no less meritorious than war against the Turks for the recovery of the Holy Land. And meanwhile English Catholics were strictly forbidden to take any oath of allegiance to the Queen. We are far from saying that these facts excuse the tortures and executions which few Protestants of our own day would hesitate to condemn. But we do say, with the Roman Catholic writer just referred to—the italics are his own—"When Campion and other Jesuit priests came into England *declaring that they only did so to save souls*, is it to be wondered that Elizabeth disbelieved them? Again, what a curious display of policy was it not to send those poor *innocent* priests [qy. were *all* innocent?] into England at the very moment *when a Papally-guided invasion of Ireland was actually taking place?*" One thing, at all events, seems clear enough, that the main responsibility for the blood of "the English martyrs" under Elizabeth rests, not with the Queen but with "the Apostle Peter"—*i. e.* the reigning Pope, who instructed them and almost compelled her to identify "faith with faction and religion with rebellion." Leo XIII. is asked to build the sepulchres of the prophets whom his predecessors slew. We have glided half unconsciously into the language of the "Gunpowder Treason" service, only expunged within recent memory from the English Prayer-Book in a spirit the reverse of that which prompts the proposed introduction of fresh controversial amenities into the ritual of Rome.

One word may be added in conclusion on another point, of some interest at least to our Roman Catholic readers. What is precisely the meaning and force of canonization? Veron, in his *Rule of Faith*, translated by the Jesuit Father Waterworth, insists that no infallible authority can be claimed for the act, and that Catholics are in no wise bound to believe in the sanctity, or even the existence, of the personages they are called upon to invoke. "Neither a Pope nor even a General Council is guided infallibly in the canonization of a Saint," inasmuch as "all Catholics are agreed that the Pope even in a General Council may err on matters of fact." And there is no revealed evidence to prove that these persons (with the exception of those named in Scripture) were Saints, or that they ever existed, or that the miracles which are the chief cause of their canonization ever took place. Father Waterworth declares in his preface that "the authority of this treatise of Veron's is well known and universally acknowledged," and it was quoted by Archbishop Murray in his examination before a Committee of the House of Commons as a work in which "is found the most authentic exposition of the Catholic Church." On the other hand Cardinal Newman tells us, in the preface to his *Via Media*, that "the infallibility of the Church *must certainly extend* to this solemn and public act; and that because, on so serious a matter, affecting the worship of the faithful, though relating to a fact, the Church (*that is the Pope*) must be infallible"; and he quotes Lambertini and Aquinas for his view. Who is right, Veron or Newman? There is much force *ex hypothesi* in the Cardinal's reasoning, but his conclusion has this inconvenience, that there are some canonized Saints whose sanctity it would be difficult to establish; some, like St. George, whose existence is doubtful, and others, like St. John Nepomuc, who certainly had no existence; and a great many miracles recorded in Bulls of Canonization and Breviary lessons which are allowed by all competent critics, albeit Roman Catholics, to be entirely unhistorical. We cannot say whether Mary Stuart is among the martyrs included in the beadroll of the Catholic Union, but her canonization has often been mooted, and we believe some preliminary stages of the process have actually been entered upon at Rome. We merely give her case as an illustration when we say that it might be a trial even to Cardinal Newman's faith to find the personal controversy so hotly debated between Mr. Hosack and Mr. Froude settled over their heads by the verdict of an infallible tribunal. Such questions will at once be forced to the surface if the Tyburn martyrs are canonized, and it may be doubted whether an increased reverence for them, or for "Him from whom they receive their crown," is likely to be the result.

DIAMONDS NEW AND OLD.

Among the smells for which the city of Glasgow is justly famous, and which certainly exceed in number and pungency the stenches of Cologne, one may, or lately might, be described as all-pervading. It is a singularly warm sweetish smell, which follows you everywhere, and which is particularly prevalent when

a west wind is blowing. In this smell, as in a pleasing and commodious environment, the other minor and local odours have their being. The natives say that the sweetish sickly stench accompanies some vapour which has the power of blackening silver, and this statement we can readily believe. The fragrance in question is scattered abroad, as out of a censer, from a mighty chimney, which, "like some tall bully, lifts its head, and" is offensive. This chimney belongs to the St. Rollox chemical works, and the smell, for all we know, may be that of diamonds in the making, for in St. Rollox Mr. MacTear has possibly succeeded in making artificial diamonds. Whether the result is quite worth the misery which the St. Rollox chimney inflicts, or at least used to inflict, on the human nose, is a question best settled by persons who live within a ten miles radius of Glasgow. It would be a great thing for the Glasgow "buddies" to claim for their town priority in this art: but greatness is not achieved without suffering, and the possibly "bastard diamonds," as Pliny calls them, have been won at much expense of noxious, or at least of nasty, vapours.

It does not yet seem to be certain whether Mr. MacTear has or has not produced artificial diamonds possessing all the qualities of the genuine article. If he has succeeded, he has certainly surprised one of the most hidden of Nature's secrets. We do not know in which of her laboratories, or by what long processes of distillation, she forms the glittering grains for which souls and kingdoms, and even the one lady of Sir Robert Walpole's acquaintance who "would not take gold," have been bartered. "Very sildome it is, and thought a miracle, to meet with a diamond in a veine of gold," says Phil Holland, translating Pliny, "and yet it seemeth as though it should grow nowhere but in gold." That was a curious philosophy, not quite extinct, which supposed itself able to guess where things should grow. In Balzac's novel, *La Recherche de l'Absolu*, the same theory survives. The hero is "trying to get the Absolute into a corner" by means of alchemy. He does not quite succeed with the Absolute; but, when all his means are exhausted, his crucibles cold, his furnace faded out, his friends find diamonds in the sediment of one of his alchemical messes. Diamonds really were found in gold, or at least in auriferous strata, by gold-diggers on the Mudgee, in Australia. In 1829 they were found in the gold washings on the European side of the Ural Mountains. Believers in the old "sympathetic" philosophy would have held that Nature was half consciously putting forth her noblest productive energies, and combining her choicest ingredients in these districts. The gold was comparatively her failure, the diamonds (people would have said) her success. And just as alchemists tried to distil out of gold, as the most perfect substance, the elixir of life, so they would naturally have tried to make diamonds out of gold. Not till early in the seventeenth century did people even guess that the diamond was an inflammable substance. "Neither was it known for a long time," says the old translator of Pliny, "what a Diamant was, unless it were by some kings and princes, and those but few." As to its combustible qualities, the ancient writer flatly denies them. "Wonderful and inenarrable is the hardness of a Diamant; besides, it hath a Nature to conquer the Furie of Fire; nay, you shall never make it hot, do what you can." Yet the members of the Academy of Florence "made it hot" for the diamond in 1694, in the presence of Cosmo III., and these experiments at high temperatures led to the discovery of the essential nature of the stone.

We cannot pretend, of course, to say whether Mr. MacTear has really supplied, at the St. Rollox works, an artificial *matrix* for diamonds in place of that natural one which has so long been vainly sought for in the world. The stones or dust which were sent to Mr. Nevil Story Maskelyne certainly did not satisfy that chemist, and stood none of the very interesting tests which he prepared. His description of these (published in the *Times*) was a most interesting example of the new method of "interrogating Nature," of cross-examining her, and putting her to the question. In Mr. Story Maskelyne's examination nothing was taken for granted. He stands at the very opposite pole to Pliny, with his old-fashioned way of expecting "sympathies and antipathies" in Nature to act much as they might in the world of men. "As touching the Concord and Discord that is between things naturall, in nothing in all the world may we observe both the one and the other more evidently than in the Diamant. For this invincible minerall, (against which neither Fire nor Steele, the two most violent and puissant creatures of Nature's making, have any power), is forced to yield the gauntlet, and give place unto the blood of a Goat, this only thing is the meanes to break it in sunder, howbeit care must be had that the Diamant be steeped therein while it is fresh drawn from the beast, before it be cold, and yet when you have done all the steeping you can, you must have many a blow at the Diamant with hammer upon the anvil . . . Certes, I must ascribe both this invention, and all such like, to the might and beneficence together of the divine powers." Yet the tests of Mr. Story Maskelyne, microscopic and scientific as they are, must yield for convincing force to those which Pliny would have applied to the St. Rollox article. He would, if logical, have given Mr. MacTear prussic acid, and then tried him with one of his own diamonds by way of antidote, much as the conduct of young ladies in Swift's vision was submitted to the arbitration of "the parish lions." If the girl was a good girl, all was well; if not, the lions devoured her. So, if Mr. MacTear's diamonds were genuine, they would possess "a property to frustrate the malicious effects of poyson"; while, if they were only paste, the "poyson" would have its malicious effect on Mr. MacTear. Pliny would also have tried the St. Rollox jewels in a lunatic asylum, for "the Diamant hath a virtue to drive away those imaginations that set folke beside themselves, and to expel vain fears that trouble and possess the mind." If the lunatics, on the exhibition of Mr. MacTear's jewels, continued as mad as ever, why the jewels were obviously shams. And herein doth Marbodæus, in his *Carmen de Gemmis*, agree with the learned Pliny, saying of the diamond,

> Et noctis Lemures, et somnia vana repellit,
> Atra venena fugat, rixas et jurgia sedat,
> Insanos curat, durosque reverberat hostes.

Here, then, are a number of tests to which we venture to say that no modern man of science has ever dreamed of subjecting the St. Rollox diamonds.

Mr. Story Maskelyne's first experiments went decidedly to prove that the new artificially-produced stones lack the essential qualities of the natural jewels. But on the sixth and seven of this month he worked for some hours with Mr. MacTear at the examination of that gentleman's productions. The result has been to convince Mr. Story Maskelyne that some of the substances submitted to him still require investigation. He believes that a portion of the material produced by Mr. MacTear is hard enough to have scratched topaz and sapphire. Certain experts also testify that they have been able to engrave two rubies, two sapphires, and other stones with the "crystallized carbon sand" from St. Rollox. And thus it seems very probable that, whether Mr. MacTear has produced diamonds or not, he has at least produced a crystalline form of carbon.

There does not seem at present much reason to fear that Mr. MacTear's discovery will act like those most uncomfortable inventions of Mr. Edison. That ingenious person might obviously, if he pleased, make a monstrous fortune. He has only to let it be known that he can light streets and houses, at infinitesimal cost, with carbonized potato-peelings or old cigar ends, and immediately gas shares go down like skittle-pins. Then, if Mr. Edison were an unscrupulous person, he could buy cart-loads of gas shares, and suddenly give out that the potato-peeling scheme proved a failure owing to the unavoidable presence of too much of the raw material of Hamburg sherry in the carbon. Gas shares would again go up like rockets, and Mr. Edison would retire with what even the countrymen of Tweed and Vanderbilt would think a handsome competence. These things, of course, are far from the mind of a just man, but they are not impossible. A great depreciation in the value of real diamonds, on the other hand, would only affect dealers, and members of "diamond-families," as the young ladies call them. The withers of most of us (who must take our chance against poison and insanity without "the stone called *anachites*") would be unwrung.

Ordinary diamonds, of course, would lose their value if Mr. MacTear could turn out carats by the cart-load. But amateurs would still value as relics the old historical stones. Negroes have used them in the rough as gambling counters; the gods of India have worn them in their eye-sockets; they have been swallowed by robbers and by faithful trustees in moments of danger. Kings' heads have fallen for the sake of the aigrette in the turban, and the diamond's beams have lit up every deed of lust and torture in the darkness. Some great diamonds were once probably parts of the same huge stone; and the cloven fragments may still be thought to long for each other, like the severed sister obelisks in the *Émaux et Camées*. The Koh-i-noor, which belonged thousands of years ago to a hero of the Mahabharata, and the Orloff jewel, were once, it is thought, parts of the same pre-eminent stone in the treasure of the Great Mogul. A third part, of 132 carats, fell from the crown of the ruler of the East into the hands of a peasant, and was used by him as a flint for striking a light. Mr. MacTear's diamonds, scientific articles as they are, cannot rival in interest the jewels of history.

EDUCATION OF THE SOLDIER.

Having in a recent article discussed the education of the officer, let us turn to that of the soldier. We are often reminded how unfavourably the soldier of the present compares in point of physique with the soldier of the past. Perhaps he does; but let us hope he can show a corresponding increase in intelligence. Not that the soldier of the past was necessarily wanting in that commodity, but he was never allowed to exercise or develop it. It is said that the ancient Spartans trained their soldiers during peace with such severity that war became, by comparison, a pleasant relaxation; and the training of the soldier of the Iron Duke's time appears to have been conducted on somewhat similar principles. It is indeed difficult for the present military generation to understand the rigour of the *régime* under which their ancestors lived. The barrack accommodation of those days was bad, the food worse, and the pay, reduced as it was by stoppages of every description, was in reality little more than half of the present rate. But these were slight hardships compared with the iron discipline and the excessive formality in minutiæ which characterized those days in the army. The importance which was attached to dress and equipment alone formed a fertile source of punishment; for inspections were so rigorous that it was almost impossible for even the most careful soldier to come up to the standard demanded, while any short-

comings were severely visited. In like manner the drill, limited as it then was to mere barrack-yard manœuvres, was of the most irksome and monotonous description. Its highest aim apparently was to exact absolute and simultaneous precision of movement from the battalion, and it might almost be described as consisting of one continuous "As you were." Nor was there in time of peace any relief to be obtained from the tedium and monotony of barrack life. Tattoo was sounded at an almost infantile hour; recreation-rooms, newspapers, and games were not yet in existence in any barrack; and the compulsory issue of pay daily, although the amount disbursed was frequently no more than one penny, rendered it impossible for the soldier to avail himself of any healthy or legitimate recreation. Altogether the soldier of the past was treated very much like a child; and when we read of the fearful scenes which occasionally followed some of the celebrated sieges in the Peninsular war, we should remember that they were in great measure due to the natural reaction consequent on such a training. Still, in common fairness, it must be admitted there was one thing which the soldier of the past could do—he could fight, and that, too, under circumstances which the present military generation would resent as almost insulting. No Special Correspondent followed him to the field to chronicle, not to say magnify, his deeds. No Victoria Cross incited him to acts of valour, nor did he need it. He spent whole years in campaigning and fighting without even the recognition of a medal. The most splendid feats of arms and the most decisive and important victories passed unnoticed—if not, indeed, unknown—and were accepted as a matter of course; in short, it may be said that military virtue was strictly its own reward, for no other was forthcoming. Those who disparage the soldier of the past and call him a mere machine should remember that, like most machines, he yielded implicit, unquestioning obedience to those who controlled him, and that he served his country well and faithfully because it was his duty.

Very different is the condition of the soldier of the present. In the first place, it must be observed that we have taken greater interest in him and have improved his social and moral status. It is to be feared that this increased interest is not wholly genuine; for plain truth compels us to admit that it was first aroused by our shortcomings in the Crimea, and has since been kept alive by occasional but frequently recurring failures of the supply of recruits. Hand in hand with these improvements came an immense advance in military science, demanding, even for the private soldier, increased military education. First of all came the introduction of the rifle, involving a special theoretical and practical training for every recruit, and an annual course, lasting about a fortnight, of drill, judging distance and target practice for the trained soldier. Then again we built gymnasiums at our principal military stations, and instituted gymnastic training, which includes a three months' course for every recruit, and an occasional course of similar duration for the trained soldier. Further, we have an occasional course of field-work, including the excavation of shelter trenches and siege parallels, and the construction of gabions, fascines, revetments, and bridges. In addition to all this, the attack formation has been added to the drill-book, and requires continual practice; while demands are made on the *personnel* of already attenuated regiments for parties to study musketry instruction at Hythe, cooking at Aldershot, and signalling. To the above list we may fairly add the autumn manœuvres, which, whether profitable or otherwise, absorb a considerable amount of time. Nor should it be forgotten that the regimental school has been established, and that every recruit is ordered to attend until he obtains a fourth-class certificate of education, and that trained soldiers are to be encouraged to attend until they are sufficiently advanced in reading, writing, and arithmetic. All these items form a very respectable list of the increased educational demands which advancing military science has made upon the time of the soldier of the present.

Now it so happened that about the period when these fresh demands had reached their fullest development attention was attracted to the extraordinary success just achieved by a certain Continental Power in a war of some seven weeks' duration. The said success was attributed to the short service and reserve system; and, although in this case the army was provided by conscription, although its duties were totally different from those of our army, and there was, in fact, nothing whatever in common between the two, it was considered that obviously the best thing we could do would be to copy the model provided for us. Accordingly we instituted short service with reserve, and the result has been that, while we have twice, or even four times, as much to teach the soldier, we have exactly half the time to do it in. We are aware that we have just seen the error of our ways, and have begun to return to long enlistment; but the change has been too recent to have taken any effect, and we are now, to all intents and purposes, still under the late system. The effect of this increased work and diminished time in which to do it has been that a considerable amount of what may be designated mere parade had to be thrown overboard, for the simple reason that neither men nor time wherewith to do it were available. To give our readers an idea of the extent to which our soldiers are now detached from the headquarters of their regiments, and are occupied with duties and instruction which but a few years ago had not even an existence, we may mention the following instance. A certain captain suggested to his commanding officer that the annual inspection was approaching, at which he, the captain, would be called upon to drill the battalion before the general, and that during the past six months he had had no opportunity of practising battalion drill. "No more have I," was the colonel's reply. Now it may be argued that when once a man has mastered mere drill he is a trained soldier; that constant repetition of it is therefore useless; and that the more he learns of other subjects the better. On the other hand, we would first remark that the very term "trained soldier" is fast becoming misunderstood. A man of ordinary intelligence can, in a year or so, pass recruit's drill, take his place in the ranks, and get through an hour or two of battalion drill without mistakes, but he is very far from being a trained soldier. A regiment composed of such men would be utterly wanting in cohesion, in steadiness, in discipline—in a word, in nearly every quality which trained soldiers should possess. Such a regiment might satisfy a civilian spectator at a review, but it would not pass muster with an old hand, and, as we have lately seen, it would on taking the field be liable to panic and confusion at one moment, however gallantly it might be fighting at the next. "Right or wrong, stand steady," was the motto of the drill-sergeant of the past, but now there is a perceptible change. If all goes well, the young soldier will stand steady enough; but if anything goes wrong, he is too apt to follow suit, and go wrong too. It is very well to sneer at incessant drill and parade work, but it has its use nevertheless, and that use is to keep men up to the mark. As an illustration of our meaning, we may mention that a short time ago we found the *Army and Navy Gazette* animadverting on the slovenly manner in which the soldiers of the Guards now perform their sentry duty in London. To the civilian eye the fault in question would not probably be apparent, but it has been repeatedly noticed of late by military men, and they know that slovenly performance of this duty in peace means still more slovenly performance of it in war, even in the presence of an enemy. And if this falling off has been remarked in the Guards, there is no reason to doubt its existence in the Line. Real discipline and steadiness are only to be obtained by keeping tactical units intact, and the men composing them under the eye of the responsible commander. It has always been admitted that the discipline in our navy is better than that in the army; and why? Because, when a ship has once started on a cruise, she maintains, with very few exceptions, her crew intact, and under the immediate control of the captain during the whole commission.

There is no disguising the fact that the incessant detaching of men from the control of their own commanding officers for instructional purposes of all kinds is playing havoc with the discipline of the army. Parties are sent away here and there to various schools of instruction, where the subject in hand forms the first consideration, and discipline only the second, if, indeed, it is not almost lost sight of. Worse than this, the best men and non-commissioned officers are frequently permanently transferred as instructors. The public are now so accustomed to the attenuated appearance of what are called regiments that they have ceased to notice it, and the falling off in discipline and smartness has escaped general remark, partly because it has been gradual, and partly because the Volunteers have unfortunately afforded a foil. We hope and believe that this subject will shortly receive official notice. We have only so far remarked the existence of what we fear to be a serious evil; on a future occasion we may suggest a remedy.

THE PRIORY OF MOUNT GRACE.

AMONG the most interesting but least known monastic remains in England is the little Carthusian priory of Mount Grace, seven miles east of Northallerton in Yorkshire. Lying only a field or two off the great North road, the grey tower of the little conventual church and the scattered gables of the cottage-cells of the brotherhood must have been noticed in former days by thousands as they dashed past on the top of the Northern mail, eager for the abundant meal to be eaten against time at the "Tontine Hotel." This establishment, with its huge walled quadrangle of stabling and coach-houses, as strong as a fortress—once so full of stir and bustle, but now as silent as the halls of Balclutha, save for the yelping of a discontented cur or the cackling of a self-asserting gander—bears witness to the mighty revolution which the present generation has witnessed. But, though once so familiar to travellers, a passing glimpse was all that most would care to bestow on the ruins; and even if one, more inquisitive than the rest, asked what they were, he would have to be satisfied with being told that it was "a place built by the old monks hundreds of years ago," and would pass on, utterly ignorant of the romantic tale of its chivalrous but ill-fated founder, and of the unique character of the ruins themselves.

And, strange to say, this ignorance to a great extent still continues. Many even of those to whom our monastic remains are a subject of special interest know little more of Mount Grace than the name—if even that. They would be as much surprised to learn that a Yorkshire valley, close to one of our chief high roads, would show them an almost perfect example of Carthusian arrangement; as some of those who recently visited Old Cleeve with the Archæological Institute were to find within a few miles of the busy town of Taunton a Cistercian abbey, with its domestic buildings, only needing their furniture and a little repair to be ready to receive the brotherhood once more. But in old days coach-passengers were always in too great a hurry to stop by the way; and since the steam-carriage has driven coaches off the road Mount Grace is certainly out of the world, and is only to be seen by those who make it the special object of a visit from Northallerton or Thirsk.

Such persons will certainly have no reason to regret their long, and not very attractive, drive.

The Carthusian Order was never very popular in England. From its first introduction by Henry II. in 1181, at Witham in Somersetshire, to the Dissolution, it only numbered nine monasteries. In fact, the extreme austerity of the Carthusian rule with its severe discipline of absolute silence and isolation, its meagre diet and coarse and insufficient clothing, was as alien from the comfort-loving English mind as it was unsuited to the English climate. Not even the powerful influence of St. Hugh of Lincoln, who, as Canon Perry has recorded in the interesting biography recently reviewed in our columns, was reluctantly torn from his beloved solitude at the "Grande Chartreuse," to preside over the Priory of Witham, could avail to render the order popular. It always existed as an exotic, and failed to naturalize itself here. More than three centuries elapsed between the foundation of Witham by Henry II. and that of Mount Grace by Thomas Duke of Surrey. Sir Walter Manny's celebrated London Charter House—the English form of the French *Chartreux*, as the Italian is *Certosa*—had preceded it by five-and-twenty years. Seventeen years later came Henry V.'s foundation of Shene. All three were brilliant anachronisms—in the age but not of it. In the words of the late Archdeacon Churton, who, in his splendidly illustrated *Monastic Ruins of Yorkshire*, was the first to direct attention to Mount Grace, they were "monuments of the bounteous hand of chivalry, in an age when the spirit of chivalry was departing, ... and the open faith of knighthood had given way to rancorous debate and civil treachery, soon to bear bitter fruit in the wars of the Houses of York and Lancaster." The noble founders of these houses were led to their selection of the rigid rule of St. Bruno by the evident decay of piety consequent on the relaxation of discipline in the older monasteries, which from houses of devotion had too often sunk into nests of State intriguers, while the indolent and self-indulgent lives of their inmates and their general carelessness as to the religious objects of their trust were fast growing into an intolerable scandal. The foundation of these austere "Charter-houses," whose "holy and singular observances"—to quote the words of the royal founder of Shene—"and the persons living in that order we not only love, but greatly honour and admire," was a noble protest against this growing secularism. But it was necessarily ineffectual. Within four years of the foundation of Mount Grace the Duke of Surrey perished in his gallant, but hopelessly rash, attempt to replace Richard II. on the throne, and the infant priory was all but strangled at its birth. The buildings were suspended, and the church and monastery remained roofless for forty years. But in 1440 Henry VI. confirmed all Surrey's grants, including that of Carisbrooke and two other alien priories, made to him by Richard II. at Haverfordwest on his way to Ireland, May 20, 1399, whence he was so soon to return to captivity and death, and the monastery was speedily completed. The suspension and resumption of the works is plainly traceable in the straight joints and altered style of the Priory Church and the other buildings.

The career of the ill-fated founder of Mount Grace opens one of the most romantic pages in the history of those unhappy times. The son of Thomas Holland, Earl of Kent, the half-brother of Richard II. by his mother Joan, his near kinship to the young King had been strengthened by congeniality of disposition, and he had grown into one of Richard's most intimate friends and most trusted counsellors. Honours were pressed upon him. In 1397, when the inevitable struggle between Richard and his uncle and guardian the Duke of Gloucester had reached its head, the young Earl of Kent, who had just succeeded to his father's title and estates, came forward as one of the leading appellants against Gloucester, as the treasonable author of the Commission of Regency, for which he was rewarded with the dukedom of Surrey, and soon afterwards was made Earl Marshal of England. In this capacity he presided at the famous lists of Coventry, immortalized by Shakspeare (2 *Henry IV.* iv. 1), when the desperate combat between Bolingbroke and the Duke of Norfolk, in which sport was becoming most bitter earnest, was, so fatally to himself, cut short by Richard's intervention:—

> O when the King did throw his warder down,
> His own life hung upon the staff he threw:
> Then threw he down himself.

Lesser marks of Royal favour were not wanting. A rich set of arras hangings embroidered with the story of Guy Earl of Warwick, which decorated the hall of Warwick Castle, within a short ride of Coventry, soon became his by the forfeiture of Thomas Beauchamp. The next year saw him setting out as Lieutenant of Ireland, at the head of twenty thousand men, against the "rough rug-headed kerns," to complete the work of conquest and organization which Richard had begun. The King followed Surrey in the spring, and receiving the overwhelming intelligence of Henry of Lancaster's arrival in England and triumphal entry into London, returned at the end of July to find on his landing at Milford Haven his kingdom lost. In the general desertion of the nobles Surrey chivalrously stood by his King and his friend, and was despatched by Richard to Henry, together with his uncle, Richard's half-brother, John Holland, Duke of Exeter, to inquire his intention. Henry, with his usual cold astuteness, detained the ambassadors till he had got his luckless cousin safe in his power. Then followed the meeting of Parliament, with the fierce challenges and mutual accusations of treasons. No fewer than forty gauntlets of defiance were thrown on the floor of the House, and as the result of this contest, so vividly portrayed by Shakspeare in his *Richard II.* (iv. 1), the appellants were degraded, and Surrey narrowly escaped with his life, the citizens of London having petitioned for his capital punishment as one of the chief abettors of the late King in his illegal exactions.

What Surrey had failed to secure by force he now resolved to gain by stratagem. Henry was to keep his Christmas at Windsor. He and the Earl of Salisbury and others of the lords appellant who had met at Oxford, under pretext of a tournament, to arrange the plot, were to obtain entrance into the castle in the disguise of mummers, murder Henry and his son, and restore Richard. On the eve of its execution the plot was divulged by the Duke of Rutland, one of the conspirators. Henry and his sons immediately fled from Windsor and took refuge in the Tower of London, whence he issued orders for the apprehension of Surrey and his adherents as traitors, and began to levy troops to crush the possible rebellion. On the arrival of the supposed mummers, in the twilight of Sunday, January 5, 1400, the eve of the festival of the Epiphany, with four hundred men-at-arms in their wake, they found the castle gates closed against them, and guards ready to give them a warm reception. Taking the alarm they dashed off without attempting to enter, followed by the royal force to Sonning, where Isabella, Richard's young Queen, was sojourning. Surrey's gallant defence of Maidenhead Bridge against his pursuers, to secure the retreat of his party, was long remembered. Having apprised Isabella of his intention to restore her husband, who he told her had broken his prison at Pomfret, and was awaiting her with a force of a hundred thousand men, but obtaining little credence for his tale from the hapless young foreigner, he pressed on westwards, after tearing the royal badges off his servants' necks, to Wallingford and Abingdon, commanding the populace everywhere to arm for King Richard. At nightfall the next day the party, weary with their long ride, arrived at Cirencester, with the same summons. But the King's writ for their apprehension had already reached the town and was in the mayor's hands before their arrival. While parleying with the new-comers, the mayor secretly summoned his burghers and the fighting men of the vicinity to his aid and closed all the outlets of the town with archers. About midnight Surrey and his party, not liking the appearance of things, set themselves to quit the town, but found their exit firmly resisted. A desperate street fight ensued which lasted till daybreak, when, finding resistance hopeless, they took refuge in the Abbey Church, offering to surrender if they might be allowed to go to speak with the King. Their fate was sealed by a hot-headed priest of their party, who, hoping to create a diversion in their favour, fired the town during the parley. This only exasperated the townsfolk the more, and, letting the houses burn, they dragged Surrey and Salisbury out of the church, beheaded them in the market-place, and sent their heads to the King at Oxford, by whom they were set up on London Bridge. Thirteen years afterwards his widow obtained permission from the King to have the head taken down, and the body of her brave and unfortunate husband removed from its grave at Cirencester, and reinterred in a tomb at Mount Grace. The loyal people of Cirencester, whose decisive action had so effectually crushed this rebellion, were rewarded by an annual grant of four does from the royal forests and a hogshead of wine for the men, and six does and another hogshead of wine for the women, who had been specially zealous in stirring up their husbands and sons to fight for the King.

The priory of which the chivalrous and ill-fated Surrey was the founder deserves, as we have said, more attention than it has hitherto received, as the only example of the singular Carthusian arrangement now existing in England. The rule of St. Bruno it will be remembered attempted a sort of union of the solitary and the cœnobitic life. The brothers formed one community, contained within one enclosure, worshipping in the same church, meeting on high days in the same refectory, and sharing in the same cloister and conventual buildings; but instead of the common dormitory and day-room each had his own small cottage, comprising a sitting-room and bed-room and closets, with a little garden attached, to be cultivated with his own hands. Of this arrangement—which we see on a grand scale at the world-famous Certosa of Pavia and that near Florence, as well as in the parent house, "La Grande Chartreuse" at Grenoble—the little Yorkshire priory supplies a small but most interesting example, perfectly unique in England. Nowhere else can we see the two courts—the outer court to the south for the "conversi" or lay brethren, and for those who did not adopt the rule of the community in its full strictness, in which were also the apartments for the reception of guests; and the inner court to the north, separated from it by the church and prior's house, containing the residences of the brethren. This court was originally surrounded with a pentice cloister, the hooked corbels of the roof of which remain projecting from the walls, from which the "domunculæ" of the monks, five on each side, opened by small, square-headed doorways. On the right hand of each doorway is a small square-headed hatch for the admission of food from the general kitchen and other necessaries, the rule of the order prohibiting any one from entering a brother's cell except from absolute necessity. These apertures do not go straight through the wall, but turn twice at a right angle—like a straight-limbed Z—so as effectually to prevent any one looking out or looking in. The same arrangement for securing absolute privacy is found in Carthusian houses generally. Many of our readers will have seen

it at the Grande Chartreuse, and we have seen it at Pavia, Florence, and the convent of Miraflores, near Burgos. Of these houses, the mother house by Grenoble and that near Florence are alone still occupied by the order, the *Certose* of Pavia and Miraflores having both been suppressed in very recent times. The little houses in which the brothers passed their lives, in perpetual silence, chiefly employed in copying books, mindful of their founder's words, that "he who transcribes holy books preaches silently with his hands," were of two stories. Each floor, twenty feet square, was divided by a wooden partition into a chamber and a closet, comprising the day-room with a fireplace below, and the sleeping-room above. One of the closets formed an oratory, the other contained the brothers' scanty stock of tools and implements. A little walled garden lay in the rear of each dwelling. As the rule of the order required the strictest austerity of life, the most studied plainness prevails in every part of these little dwellings. The doors and windows are mere apertures in the walls. Towards the western part of the south side of the cloister wall under the prior's house are the lavatories. The general refectory, in which the brethren only met on festivals, ought to be adjacent, but this part is too much ruined to allow its place to be accurately determined.

The church that divides the two courts displays a little more architectural skill. It consisted of a very short nave and a long aisleless choir, a central tower, and broad shallow transepts opening not from the crossing, but from the nave. The straight joints show that the chancel and transepts are later additions belonging to the second period of building. The tower and the nave indicate by their style that they form part of Surrey's original work. The chancel has entirely perished with the exception of the north wall, but its foundations can be clearly traced. The best specimens of architecture in the church are the four tall richly-moulded and well-proportioned arches which support the tower. Singularly enough, the octagonal capitals do not fit the triple group of shafts which they surmount. Indeed, in every part of the church we notice perplexing marks of botching and alteration, to be looked for in a building resumed after some years' suspension, during which architectural taste as well as the wishes of the builders had changed. Access to the outer court is given by a gate-house at the north-west court. It was divided by two transverse arches, and had very flat groining. Immediately adjacent to the gate-house is a very picturesque gabled house built on to the old buttressed walls. The square-headed windows, with stone mullions and the gables capped with balls, look almost earlier than the date which is to be read on the projecting square porch, 1654. The fine ash-trees which grow in and about the courts add much to the effect of the picture. The situation is one of much beauty, in a level green meadow, watered with a copious stream, at the foot of a high bank of wood covering the steep side of the long hill dividing Mount Grace from Osmotherley, on an elevated point of which is a little wayside chapel bearing the date 1515. The ruins are kept in tolerable repair; but a good work might be done in removing the rubbish which encumbers the houses, and conceals their arrangement. Such irreparable mischief has been done by ignorant restoration that we almost shrink from suggesting anything like repair. But the interest of the place would be greatly increased if the window-jambs and other pieces of cut stone found in the *débris* were simply replaced in their original positions and the ruined walls built up of the old materials. But such a work should only be undertaken under the most careful superintendence.

THE RED-LETTER DAYS OF COMMON LIFE.

THE statesman who formulated the now well-worn sentence on the intolerable weariness of amusements spoke from a point of view in which amusements are not a relaxation, but a labour. When a man is compelled to go out who desires to stay at home, or is obliged to sacrifice an interval of much-needed rest to some conventional necessity of exhibiting himself, his presence at a festivity is as much a part of his life's labour as is that of the coachman who drives him there; and he is not amusing himself or being amused in any true sense of the word. He is, or may be, contributing to the relaxation of others, like the hard-worked drivers and horses of pleasure-vans during the excursion season of Londoners. His red-letter days are those in which his diary presents a blank to be filled up as he chooses, or to be left blank if he be so minded. A life crowded with varying events must seek its variety in the uneventful; and, conversely, a life which passes in the repetition of an unvarying round of monotonous duty within narrow limits will find its variety and interest in events of infinitesimal magnitude. Small as they are in themselves, they stand out in some relief above a dead level; just as, if memory can be trusted to go back to those long-lost summers when it was possible to lie down on the grass, a mole-hill, regarded from such a position, will, without much effort of the imagination, assume the proportions of a mountain in a horizon measured by inches instead of miles. Thus the calendar of the agricultural labourer is still, though in a less degree than formerly, divided by the most minute incidents; and the record of his memory is assisted by landmarks which have varied the routine of his life with trifles which would have faded from the cosmopolite remembrance in a day. His experience now is something like that of the middle-class resident of a country town in the old untravelling days, who would not seldom be able to describe his fellow-passengers by the stage-coach in every one of the unfrequent journeys which he had made during the last ten years. His dates have been marked by reference to the fairs of the market-town, or the club-day of his own or some neighbouring village; and his observation, frequently very acute within his own range, will be preserved in some such form as the current Worcestershire saying that "the cuckoo buys a horse at Pershore fair." The keenness of his appreciation of some unexpected variety from the monotony of his ordinary round will often present a curious contradiction to the doctrine of the weariness of amusements. By way of instance, let the hounds come within sight in a difficult hunting country, where the chance only occurs once or twice in the season. It will be worth the while of any London guest at the parsonage to study the effect produced upon the steady-going man and his boy at work in the garden; that is, if the guest is quick to seize the opportunity, which will be but fleeting if the rector is not very inexperienced in country ways, and if there is no very pressing duty on hand. For the rector's general rule is probably somewhat to this effect:—"If the hounds come this way, go, without waiting to look for me and ask leave"—as he is fully aware that the work will not suffer, but will be done all the better after the dozen miles run, which would knock himself up for a week, even if he could make the attempt. The "man" on these occasions is observed, by his wife's account, to exhibit an unusual staying power in postponing his dinner, and he has an eye that can see a fox at distances where his master, who is apt to boast that he has not "come to glasses" as yet, is not altogether sure that he can make out a horse. He chances short cuts in the right places as if he were in the personal confidence of the fox, and explains afterwards that it was "the way they were bound to go when the wind was downhill, and the same as it was four years ago, and one time before that when they killed in the back orchard at the Court."

But the sight of the hounds in such a district is a movable festival at best, and one which moves in an irregular and eccentric orbit; besides that its due celebration is necessarily confined to a privileged few. A red-letter day of universal observance in an agricultural neighbourhood, of which the recurrence is as certain as the harvest, and certain in the same degree, and of which the date is approximately fixed in the domestic calendar, has passed into a proverb which we believe is considered, in genteel circles, something too vulgar to quote. It will be remembered in the caustic but over-bitter series of "Naggleton" papers which appeared some years since in *Punch*, that a scene occurs at a little dinner at Greenwich, where the husband, after the first bottle of champagne, becomes genial in his fashion, and declares that "We don't kill a pig every day, you know," to the great horror of the lady, who fears that the waiter and the people at the next table will imagine that such an event is literally known in their economy. No doubt the proverb is homely enough, and in the vulgar tongue; but not the less, or perhaps all the more, does it catch and embody the spirit of a real delight, which every one familiar with rural life will recognize as existing. "Killing the pig" is a festival anticipated and provided for all the year through; and not more surely does the picture of the baby-year coming in while the infirm year departs make its appearance in the almanacs than the purchase and bringing home of the innocent-looking little pig waits upon the slaughter of his unwieldy but by no means infirm predecessor. His growth, progress, and general welfare are watched as the year goes on with an affectionate regard which its object does not fail to observe, and which, mistaking its motive, he returns with a demonstrative joy almost pitiful in its absurdity. He cannot help not being your dog, and it is hard that his advances should be rejected with such marked aversion. In time he outgrows this weakness, and subsides into a selfish contempt for mankind as the period approaches when—for the picture and its legend, although generally regarded as a slightly profane joke, were of actual and *bonâ fide* reality—his happy owner leans contemplatively upon the sty with—"Ah! if we were only all on us as ready to die as he be!" The comparison was certainly incongruous; but that it was not consciously so, and, still more, that it was not irreverent, will be understood by any one who has chanced to come across the beaming face of the owner when at last the pig has been duly, and not in the waning of the moon, killed, hung, and weighed. But not for sale. The proverb knows nothing of "pork-butchers"; and the row of pendent carcases, bedizened with evergreen in the glare of gas-burners has not the trace of an association with the solitary monarch of the lean-to or the back-kitchen, where his admirers can hardly walk round him, and where "You see, sir, he be a touching the floor." The hams may perhaps be parted with as a favour to the doctor or the curate, who appreciates the difference between "home-cured" and Bishopsgate Street; but the pig which is "not killed every day" means a week of luxurious dinners, and kindly presents of "fry" to neighbours, and pork-pies sent by the carrier to married daughters, in homes where, when the proverb was new, living was much scantier and harder and more unvaried even than it is now. And, after the actual festival is over, there are the rashers in long series to fall back upon, and to suggest the promise of rural plenty in low-ceilinged dwellings, at times even to an unobservant visitor with only too much distinctness. The contact of one's head with cured bacon is not an agreeable experience.

The redness of this special red-letter day is a question of degree as well as of character; and as the celebration, while common to all the families in each community, is distinct and separate for

each, being a household and not a tribal function, there is much friendly comparison and rivalry as preparation moves onward to result; and the final examiner and referee is the steelyard. Every owner of a pig to kill is necessarily in the first instance concerned with his own prospects and his own success; but beyond this his interests and sympathies go out to his neighbours, and he measures their anticipated or realized good fortune by the gratification which he experiences in his own. It is probable that in a friendly and well-regulated parish—we make the inference *à priori* and on general principles only, without the advantage of any guidance from induction—the importance attaching to the fact that the parson's best pig had "come nigh on three-and-twenty score, and there was never one not more than twenty killed at the rectory before," would considerably outweigh that of the "First in Mods" which the parson's son had just brought home from Oxford.

If we have entered rather fully into detail on a very commonplace, and, if it so be, a very vulgar subject, it has been by way of comparing the enjoyments which give actual variety to the monotone of common life with those which are "made to order," or which exist only in advertisements. Nobody believes in the existence of the conventional family grinning over a great pudding, and we suppose that the perpetuation of this form of art would be defended on the ground that it is symbolical, and not representative in its intention; and similarly it may be argued that some stupid contrivance which is meant to swell the Christmas balance of a puffing tradesman is not really expected to bring to thousands of homes the ever-new delight which the advertisements promise. But there is a widely prevailing theory that people can be amused—and specially those people who are called the poor—much in the same way that it is also supposed they can "be done good to"—that is, in some way which seems good to a patronizing fussiness, irrespectively of any consideration of what "the people" like for themselves. To provide a real enjoyment for any one it would seem to be a necessary preliminary to study what he or she really enjoys; and it is quite possible to give a wide amount of gratification on this basis without any compromise of principle or encouragement to low and depraved tastes. The eccentric old lady in one of Dickens's later stories who sent for a little boy into her presence and then ordered him to "play" with a strange little girl knew nothing of child-nature; and a similar ignorance of human nature generally may be shown by persons who are not, or who do not consider themselves, in any way eccentric. In many parts of the country recent experience has shown the failure of attempts to revive, on a new basis, traditional festivities of the past; and, among others, with unfortunate forgetfulness of the change of style, the supposed and bygone glories of May-day. What statistics of rheumatism and bronchitis may have been supplied by the combination of east winds and driving rain with ecclesiastical proprieties on this most inclement festival, the local club-doctors may probably be able to tell; but the experiment has been tried with a non-success sufficient, we believe, to have already secured its general abandonment. English people may amuse themselves sadly, but they will not be amused except in their own way. It may be an inartistic and commonplace way enough; their whole lives for the most part are of such a character; but any one who both desires and has the opportunity to bring something of relaxation and variety into monotonous lives had better at once abandon theories and look about him for facts of observation, get rid of all ideas of bank holidays and other wholesale pleasure-manufacturing inventions, study local preferences and individual character, and give his servants and others over whose time and work he may have control a liberal amount of credit alike for self-respect and for knowing their own minds.

LIFEBOATS.

A SHORT statement of the work done by lifeboats during the past year, which has recently appeared in some of the daily papers, is given with the modesty and brevity which always distinguish the publications of the Lifeboat Institution. Indeed it may perhaps be thought that in days when bragging and puffing are so general, and are so often thought necessary, even by those who have a good cause to serve, the Society is something too modest, and hardly states with sufficient emphasis the claims which it has for widely extended support. With the exception of the great hospitals, there is probably no institution in this country which does so much good and averts so much misery as this one; and possibly it might be well if its merits were brought somewhat more prominently before a public little given to paying attention to anything that is not very loudly proclaimed. Possibly, however, those who work for the Institution are wise in speaking in the simplest manner of the achievements of the crews, and in refraining from any of the noisy solicitations for aid which are so common. Those achievements are such that to state them in the most curt manner is perhaps to state them in the most impressive manner. It may be hoped that a Society which, since its formation, has saved or contributed to save the lives of nearly twenty-seven thousand people, can dispense with the art of the philanthropic advertiser.

During 1879 the lifeboats saved 637 lives, and, in addition to these, 218 lives were saved by fishing crews, who received rewards from the Institution; so that body may fairly point to the rescue of 855 people from drowning, or from a lingering and terrible death by exposure, as the result of its labours during the past year. Wonderful, however, as such a result is, the mere statement of it scarcely shows all the good the Society has done. It must be remembered that a large proportion of those who were thus rescued were poor men who were supporting families. When seamen and fishermen are drowned, their wives and children are left destitute. The effect, therefore, of what the Lifeboat Institution has done has been not merely to save a number of lives, but to preserve a great many women and children from want. The success of the crews in saving property is of course much less impressive than their success in rescuing men from drowning; but it must not be forgotten that they brought safely into harbour not a few vessels which, had it not been for their efforts, must have been lost with their cargoes.

The account of which we have spoken gives the list of the services of the lifeboats in the briefest form, scarcely anything being stated beyond the names of the vessels and the number of people saved in each case. So far as regards the work of the crews during the latter half of the past year, no fuller record is at present obtainable; and probably the account of what was done during the tremendous gales of December will not appear for some time. Of the work done during the first half of the year a description—more detailed than a mere summary, but by no means erring on the side of prolixity—has been published, the Institution having, according to their custom, given short notes of the services of the lifeboats in the numbers of their journal issued in August and November. These, as usual, attracted small attention at the time of their appearance, the public being willing to indulge in a sentimental and rather vague admiration for lifeboats, but caring little to learn anything in detail of the work of the crews. Now that a concise statement has shown what has actually been done during the year, and that gales of unusual fury have caused people to think somewhat of the terrible dangers to which, in spite of all the contrivances of civilization, vessels on our coasts are still exposed, it is not impossible that the brief records published by the Lifeboat Institution may receive some notice. How well it is merited need hardly be said. Rightly enough, any shortcomings which endanger human life receive universal condemnation; and it is only fair that the other side of the picture should be considered, and that some attention should be given to the courage and skill by which so many lives are preserved.

The curt narratives of the Lifeboat Institution are marked in one respect by a gratifying monotony. They all tell, in simple language, a like story of determined and fearless effort and of success in a noble service. There is necessarily a certain resemblance in the accounts of the achievements of the crews, which, from the unpretentious manner in which they are described, may perhaps be less highly estimated than they should be. Some readers may scarcely realize the nature of the work which these men have to do during the tremendous gales of the winter and spring, or the unflinching courage which is invariably shown. Many may fail to appreciate all the bravery and skill of which the brief paragraphs tell. Happily, however, there are amongst these plain little narratives, all telling of the resolute performance of duty, some which can hardly fail to strike even the most careless reader as being records of acts of the highest courage. As an instance, we would specially refer to the rescue of the crew and captain of a French brig last spring. This vessel got ashore at Perran, five miles to the eastward of Penzance, grounding some five or six hundred yards from the beach. Rockets were thrown over her, but only one man got ashore by the hawser, and when a barge manned by some young fishermen got out to the brig, the crew refused to leave her. The Penzance lifeboat had been launched when news of the disaster arrived, and she went under sail to the wreck; but no notice was taken of her for some time, as the master was unwilling that the crew should leave the vessel, having apparently some wild idea that she could be saved. The wind, which steadily increased, veered round to the west, and it became clear that "the vessel was in a most dangerous position, she being in the breakers, full of water, and surrounded by rocks." Indeed, the lifeboat itself must have been in no inconsiderable danger. However, the men held to their work heroically, and ultimately the sailors on board the brig, five in number, got into the boat. The captain, however, absolutely refused to leave the vessel. The lifeboat men rowed away for a short distance, but finding that the sea was still getting up, and that the wind was veering more and more to the west, so that the brig would almost to a certainty break up soon, they returned to her, and urged the captain to come on board. He again refused, and after a time the lifeboat was obliged to leave the vessel, having been struck by several seas, which had nearly swamped her, and having had three oars broken. She returned to Penzance—a distance of five miles, be it observed—and there landed the rescued French sailors. After she had gone a coastguardsman made an heroic effort to save the French fanatic, and going out along the rocket line, succeeded in getting under the bows of the brig; but the captain, who was either inspired by some intense feeling of duty or had altogether lost his head, again refused to quit the vessel. The coastguardsman was hauled back, and, as may well be imagined, was in a very exhausted state when he reached the shore. The vessel began to break up, and when one of the masts went over the side, the captain, who, in spite of his contempt for life, had taken refuge in the rigging, was thrown down and buried in the wreckage. Emerging from this, he came to his senses at last, and, seizing the line of one of the rockets which had been thrown over the brig, got a life-buoy on board by means of it. Supported by this he was hauled ashore, the coastguardsmen forming

a line hand in hand, and pulling him through the surf. At the time when this happened, the lifeboat, having landed the five men at Penzance, was on her way back through the terrific sea, the crew being determined to make one more effort to rescue the lunatic who had twice refused the aid proffered him. It is difficult to imagine a more courageous or persistent effort to save life.

The magnificent effort of the crew on this occasion was undoubtedly more remarkable than anything else done by lifeboats during the first half of the year, but many of the achievements of other crews showed noble courage and determination, and are well worthy of remembrance. To one we would specially refer as an instance of a brave rescue, and also as showing how dangerous the service is, in spite of the admirable qualities of modern lifeboats. In February last a barque went ashore near Brighstone Grange, Isle of Wight. The lifeboat put out, but the sea was very heavy, and when at length the vessel was reached, she was on the point of breaking up. Saving the crew was a very difficult task, the boat being overwhelmed by heavy seas and the men nearly washed out of her. They succeeded at last, however, in rescuing the crew of the barque, and then put back. At the moment when the boat's bow touched the steep beach, a sea caught her, swung her round, and turned her over. All on board her were of course thrown into the surf. Happily the results were very different from those of a rather similar accident which occurred some years ago in the West of England. Although several of the men who were thrown out of the Isle of Wight lifeboat were nearly drawn out to sea, all were ultimately saved. On several other occasions the crews of lifeboats were in danger nearly as great as this.

It seems somewhat strange, considering the perils which these crews incur, the arduous nature of their work at all times, and the admirable energy and courage which they show, that there is not a better recognition of the services they render. A hazy admiration is generally felt for them; but with the expression of this public gratitude ends. Little is said of what the crews of the lifeboats do save when extraordinary achievements attract notice; and even these excite but lukewarm enthusiasm, and are soon forgotten. The wreck of the French brig was much spoken of at the time when it occurred, owing principally to the extraordinary behaviour of the captain, and some admiration was expressed for the courage of the coastguardsman and the noble conduct of the lifeboat crew; but both were soon forgotten, and probably now are only remembered by those who study the excellent, but not very widely read, publications of the National Lifeboat Institution. In much the same way have other similar services been treated; for happily the effort of the Penzance crew does not stand alone, or nearly alone. In past years there have been deeds quite as remarkable as theirs. Brave as these seamen were, they were not braver than the men of the Cullercoats boat, who, in a desperate attempt to save a cabin-boy's life, stayed by a ship which was breaking up until they were all but overwhelmed by the fall of the mainmast, or than the crew of the *Sabrina* lifeboat, who, seeing their consort disabled and nearly sunk when lying alongside a stranded vessel, went alongside her themselves and rescued every man on board. Many more instances might be cited in which similar courage and seamanlike skill have been shown by the men who work under the direction of the Lifeboat Institution. Yet how little admiration is shown for these splendid exploits, and how soon are they forgotten! This indifference seems the more remarkable when it is contrasted with the enthusiasm which in these somewhat sentimental days is often shown about acts of no very extraordinary valour. It being generally accepted, apparently, that the lifeboat crews are very fine fellows, the public shows none of its usual fervour about even their best achievements, and the men's devotion and bravery are taken as matters of course. It is, perhaps, well that it should be so, for the work could not be better done than it is, and perhaps no good results would follow if the sailors found themselves as famous as the heroes of the day are. Still, in times when gush is so common, the public apathy is not easily accounted for, though it may possibly be ascribed to a general impression that hardship and death by drowning are not the same to sailors as they are to other men.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

SIR COUTTS LINDSAY has found an agreeable novelty for the winter exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery in the collection of modern pictures of the Dutch school which is shown in the west gallery. There is something very attractive in the coolness of colour and quietude of design which for the most part distinguish these works, which are contributed by the members of the Society of Water-Colour Painters of the Hague, the President of which is M. Mesdag. He is represented by "At Anchor" (5) and "Caulking" (44), both of which, and perhaps especially the latter, are excellent specimens of his work. M. Maris contributes several works, amongst which we may particularly notice "A View at Schiedam" (19), which is remarkable for its fine effect of light, and "The Peacock Feather," an exceedingly clever, if sketchy, piece of work. One of the most charming of these pictures is "Reading the News" (6), by M. Henkes. In this the management of atmosphere and light is singularly true and attractive, and the whole effect is as pretty and pleasing as it is simple. M. Israels is not seen at his best, but his "Happy Home" (10) has much of his characteristic tenderness of feeling and expression. In connexion with this we may mention "Baby's Dinner" (54), by M. Blommers, which is a pleasant work, much in the style of M. Israels. M. W. Maris's "Ducks" (47) is charming in feeling and in execution, and so is "The Milking Yard" (40), by M. A. Mauve. A subject of the same class is well chosen and treated in M. Roelose's "Duck Pond" (25). Amongst these pictures are exhibited Mr. Alma-Tadema's "Amateurs" (13), which has been seen before elsewhere, but which we are glad to see again, and Miss Clara Montalba's "Greenhithe" (30), which goes well with its surroundings, and may rank worthily with the pictures from the same hand to which we called attention last week. M. Du Chattel's "A Bright Day" (45) suggests pleasing reminiscences of Daubigny and of Corot.

Among the English contributions, taking the pictures in the order of the Catalogue, we may note two works by Mr. Mark Fisher (63, 66), an excellent portrait of Mr. Guthrie by Mr. J. Parker (67), and a good and tender picture by Mr. Fahey, called "The Fair Maid of the Farm" (72). Mr. Holiday sends "The Rhine Maidens" (76), which is an illustration of the first scene of Herr Wagner's *Das Rheingold*. The picture is not without merit, but would, we think, without the help of the Catalogue, entirely fail to suggest that its place is supposed to be at the bottom of the Rhine. One would rather take it for the summit of a mountain range. Perhaps the introduction of "here and there a lusty trout, and here and there a grayling," might serve to throw some light upon the matter. Mr. Herkomer, who seems to aim at strength before everything, has certainly reached it in his "Descendant of the Romans" (85), which represents, with obvious faithfulness, a face the type of which does not suggest the title given to it. People who have been delighted with Mr. Walter Crane's book illustrations cannot but be disappointed with his "Triumph of Spring" (96), which is unsatisfactory alike in drawing, colour, and design. Such disappointment, however, can be made up for by going a little further and pausing before "The Music Lesson" (101), by Mr. Tristram Ellis. A parallel to this work has seldom been seen before. It can be compared only to a celebrated picture exhibited two years ago by a Royal Academician, which afforded solace and entertainment to all who were weary with much tramping through the galleries of the Academy. Mr. Ellis's work is on a much smaller scale than was this famous production; but, to borrow a phrase from literature, it is exceedingly terse. It is worth close study; for it is not probable that anything quite like it will ever be seen again on the walls of a picture-gallery. Mr. H. J. Stork has an interesting and not unpoetical picture (115), which is thus described in the Catalogue:—"Sellner, seeing the spirit of his dead wife playing on her harp when in the agony of his grief, seeks to recall her image by repeating on his flute some of her favourite airs. While he continued to play, the harp played with him; but directly he ceased, its tone and the apparition faded away.—Theodore Körner's *Harp*." Mr. Poynter, with cryptic humour, assigns to a clever moonlight study (116) this quotation:—

> 'Tis a day
> Such as a day is when the sun is hid.

Mr. J. D. Linton's "Youth and Time" (118) is singularly fine and strong, despite certain faults, such as the excessive bigness of Time's right arm. But there is a charm about the colour, composition, and, for the most part, mastery of drawing which more than atones for any such faults. We may note also the fine expression, sense of colour, and treatment of textures shown in the same painter's "A Study" (124). Mr. Marsh's "Portrait (132) of F. W. Hall Esq.," who stands gun in hand against a background of sky seen through trees, is striking and clever. Mr. Brewtnall's "Summer Afternoon" (136) is as disagreeably hot and uninteresting as Mr. Morris's "Silver Twilight" (146) is cool and pleasing.

In the Sculpture and Water-Colour Galleries we may note a bold and successful experiment in colour by Mr. Percy Macquoid in his "Portrait of Mrs. Ernest Baggallay" (171), Mr. Walter Severn's "Tintageux, Isle of Sark" (184), a good work in the manner of Mr. Brett, and a clever sketch of "Delft" (185), by Mr. Hamilton Aïdé. Miss D. Tennant sends "The Idlers" (195), a highly satisfactory production. There is no attempt to make a fancy picture of the subject—street urchins on the Embankment wall—but there is as much tenderness as truth in the work. Mr. O'Connor's "Old Bridge at Lincoln" (205) is very bright and pleasant, and is another proof that he has escaped from the danger which at one time seemed to threaten him of too great a tendency to dingy colouring. Mr. D. Carr's "Red Roses" (27) is excellent both in drawing and colour. In the vestibule Mr. F. Sandys shows three portraits—257, Mr. Cyril Flower; 258, Mrs. Cyril Flower; 259, Mrs. William Brand—which combine in a marked and admirable degree the qualities of strength and finish. The treatment of the lace in one of them is especially remarkable. The same artist's "Proud Maisie" (265) is a fine and striking work. Mr. T. E. Harrison's group (269-272) suggests a quaint and not unpleasing reminiscence of Mantegna. Mr. R. W. Macbeth, in his "Study in Chalk" (278), seems to have been thinking of M. Degaz, and in his "Ballet-Study in Chalk" (279) of Señor Fortuny. Both works are executed with much dash and force. Of Mr. Hallé's two portraits, "Lieutenant William C. James" (280), and "Mrs. George Salis-Schwabe" (296), we prefer the former, both as a likeness and a drawing.

The East Gallery is very rich in drawings and studies by living English artists, and it is noteworthy that some of the very finest of them deal with flowers and foliage. Sir Frederick Leighton's con-

tributions are very remarkable. Amongst many all of which are worth study, we propose to call attention to some which seem particularly striking; and we may first note "The Pozzo Corner, Venice" (394), a singularly strong and fine piece of work, which has about it an impressive sense of solidity, and "A Lemon Tree" (408), the delicacy and accuracy of which remind one of similar work by Lionardo. It is worth noting that the side of the drawing contains careful studies for the snails, and so on, which are reproduced on a much smaller scale among the leaves of the tree. Many studies of heads, and perhaps especially those numbered 411, demand attention, and the study of an arm (500), which hangs on one of the screens, is a masterly performance. People who are infected with the superstition that the smoothness which Sir F. Leighton affects in his oil-paintings is allied with weakness cannot do better than go to the Grosvenor Gallery, and there rid themselves of their vain belief. Of Mr. Poynter's many contributions, perhaps the best are found under the number 431. These have much force and truth. Mr. A. Moore's studies of foliage and flowers (441, 442, 454) are charmingly delicate and truthful, and his "Drapery Cartoon" (297) contains some admirably free and correct drawing. Mr. Burne-Jones sends a quantity of things, to criticize all of which in detail would demand a separate article. It may be said of them generally that the artist's striking merits come out chiefly in his studies of drapery, while his weakness is shown in his studies of the nude, such as "Discordia" (345). But the drapery, and some of the heads, notably 369, are thoroughly to be admired. We should mention also the "Study of Lilies" (379), the execution of which is nearly perfect. Mr. Watts's "Design for a Window in St. Paul's—The Transfiguration," shows much poetic imagination and power, and will well repay study. Mr. Marks, besides the studies and sketches for pictures which he exhibits in the East Gallery and elsewhere, has here two studies of trees (315, 317), which are as admirable as his pictures which deal with human beings. M. Legros's portraits are not satisfactory, and we confess to being thoroughly tired of heads "drawn from the life before the students of the Slade school." Mr. W. B. Richmond sends a good many comparatively unimportant studies, and a "Study of a Female Figure —Red Chalk" (325), which has much grace and beauty. Lady Lindsay sends some portraits, the best of which to our thinking is that of Mrs. Comyns Carr (333). Mr. Millais's four illustrations to "Barry Lyndon" (311-314) are admirable alike in idea and execution.

The exhibition is highly attractive, not only because it contains much that is pleasant to the eye, but also because the student of drawing may spend a good deal of time in it very profitably as well as agreeably. Indeed, for purposes of comparison the show of drawings could hardly be better.

REVIEWS.

LENTHÉRIC'S PROVENCE MARITIME.*

THIS, though it appears as a separate book, is really the third and concluding volume of one work which might be simply entitled "Provence." The first volume was entitled *Les Villes Mortes du Golfe de Lyon*, and was published in 1876; the second, which appeared in 1878, was called *La Grèce et l'Orient en Provence;* and now *La Provence Maritime* completes the series. We have never met with a work of this class more thoroughly well done. We noticed the preceding volumes at the time of their publication, and it is unnecessary to recur to them in this place; yet it would be unfair to the author to speak of his last volume as if it were an isolated effort. The three books form one important work containing more than fifteen hundred pages of text, and thirty maps, most of which are new and drawn by the author from his personal knowledge of the localities. The volumes are convenient in size and admirably printed, the maps being in three colours, for clearness. On the whole, this is by far the best work on Provence that we ever met with.

M. Lenthéric's position has been highly favourable to the production of a book of this kind. Passionately attached to archæological studies, he has united to the knowledge of an archæologist the training of a civil engineer; and the value of such a combination to an author who had to deal with such a subject as the Rhône and the coast of Provence is beyond estimate. No mere literary faculty, however eminent, could give the weight and solidity which M. Lenthéric derives from this double education. But he is neither tiresome as an archæologist nor unpleasantly professional as an engineer. His knowledge is tempered by literary taste, and often enlivened by a certain degree of artistic perception, not enough to carry him away into the dangerous region of word-painting, yet enough to enable him to set the character of a locality very clearly before his readers. He has the natural gifts of local affection and observation, gifts for which no amount of knowledge acquired from others can ever supply a substitute. When M. Lenthéric describes a place, it is evident at once that he has seen it, and not only seen it, but explored it with an intelligent and zealous curiosity. Nor does he see in it simply the present; he has the historical sense, and sees past and present at the same time. Again, his love for places does not lead him into the common error of those who describe their native land—the error of painting everything *couleur de rose*. What M. Lenthéric possesses of the artistic sense preserves him from such a fatal mistake. He perceives that the real superiority of Provence as a subject for description lies in its almost incredible contrasts. It is a land of horrible deserts and earthly paradises, a land which is arid in parts and in other parts well watered, a land whose plains are uglier than those of Holland, and which includes some of the most varied and most charming mountain scenery in Europe. It is not generally a pleasant country to live in, and yet there are corners of it more precisely adapted to human habitation than any other places in the world. But with all its faults, and they are many, Provence has the great merit of being always interesting to people of cultivated intelligence, to the geographer, the antiquary, and the artist. Even its most desolate regions have their own interest. Its cities are full of the poetry of the past, its rivers are grand and terrible, its sea coast is full of variety, with many a bay and creek, and at least one important salt-water loch.

In the earlier pages of M. Lenthéric's last volume we find him marking, with the precision of a true observer, the line of physical geography which separates Northern from Southern France. He speaks of the well-known voyage down the Rhône, and tells us where the voyager first enters on the true Southern land. It is when he has passed through the narrow gorge near Viviers and approaches Donzère, in the most picturesque part of the Rhône between Lyons and the sea:—

> Lorsqu'on descend le Rhône de Lyon vers la mer, on voit, à partir de Valence, la vallée se resserrer peu à peu; sur la rive droite, la vieille cathédrale de Viviers dresse au sommet d'une falaise ses clochetons gothiques; les rochers se rapprochent, et le fleuve traverse une écluse étroite où les ingénieurs, à court d'espace, ont établi deux voies superposées, la route et le chemin de fer.
>
> Au sortir de la gorge, la vallée s'ouvre tout à coup, et on entre dans ce triangle privilégié dont les Cévennes et les Alpes forment les deux côtés et la Méditerranée la base. Là, sous l'influence du soleil et de l'âpre vent du Nord, la Provence revêt le climat sec qui la spécialise, et l'olivier apparaît pour la première fois sur les coteaux qui dominent le village de Donzère. C'est ainsi que finit le Nord de la France et que commence le Midi. Sur toutes les pentes, dans toutes les plaines, on le voit moutonner, "troupeau sombre et utile, le seul qui convienne à ces terrains pierreux brûlés par le soleil."

The characteristic tree of Provence is the olive, which marks the Mediterranean climate; but it is only in the extreme South of France, after having passed the mountain chains of Les Maures and L'Esterel, that the tree lives in its full vigour. As M. Lenthéric observes, it is almost pitiable in Upper Provence, and every artist would agree with him, for a more monotonous and unpicturesque tree than the ill-conditioned olive it would be difficult to name. But when once the olive gets to the land which suits it best, it becomes noble and grand, a worthy subject for art and a true decoration in nature:—

> A mesure qu'on descend vers la mer et qu'on avance du côté de l'Orient, le long de cette côte merveilleuse de Provence, les oliviers prennent un caractère de plus en plus décoratif. La pâleur de leur verdure se colore et s'accentue. Leurs petites masses arrondies se développent, et l'arbrisseau devient graduellement un arbre, dont le sommet cependant ne dépasse jamais le superbe dôme des pins. . . . Il faut avoir franchi les chaînes des Maures et de l'Esterel pour le connaître et l'admirer; jusque-là on le prendrait presque en pitié; mais à partir de Cannes il devient de plus en plus splendide; on ne le taille plus; il est primitif, robuste, monumental, et s'étale dans son orgueilleuse vitalité.

M. Lenthéric is a traveller of the slow persuasion, as all real observers are. He does not like railways, and says that "modern industry has carried the means of transport to such perfection that people do not know how to pause on the road, and by knowing so well the value of time, they have ceased to know how to enjoy it." The modern world flies along the railway from Marseilles to Genoa, and has deserted the beautiful and picturesque old road along the Cornice. M. Lenthéric travels in his own way in a boat along the coast, which he considers the best conveyance for the purpose. Unfortunately, as the railways have extinguished road travelling, the steamships have done exactly the same for the old coasting vessels which called at every little port and gave a capital opportunity for really seeing the country. As soon as the steamers leave the port of the Joliette, at Marseilles, they go out to sea, and describe an immense curve to some comparatively distant port, such as Genoa, whence they take another curve to some other considerable port, and so on, which makes it impossible to examine the details of a coast; and sea-travelling has become, as M. Lenthéric maliciously observes, a question of time, money, and sea-sickness. The following quotation explains his way of coasting in his own words:—

> Prenons donc une de ces modestes barques de pêche dont la forme et la voilure n'ont pas varié depuis plus de vingt siècles à la surface de toutes les mers latines; et, de même que celui qui veut connaître la Grèce antique doit délaisser les sentiers battus et, Pausanias à la main, escalader les collines rocheuses, suivre à pied le lit desséché des torrents et gravir les escarpements ruinés des acropoles, nous irons de port en port et d'île en île, fidèles à l'itinéraire maritime suivi il y a deux mille ans par les navigateurs grecs et phéniciens.
>
> Nous relâcherons avec le mauvais temps, nous nous reposerons avec la nuit, nous prendrons terre dans toutes les anses et nous remonterons le cours inférieur des vallées.

The rocky Mediterranean coast, beginning at Marseilles and extending as far as the Italian frontier, is about three hundred kilo-

* *La Provence Maritime, ancienne et moderne. La Ciotat, Tauroentum, Toulon, Hyères, Les Maures et l'Esterel, Fréjus, Cannes et Lérins, Antibes, Nice et Cimiez, Menton et Monaco.* Par Charles Lenthéric, Ingénieur des Ponts et Chaussées. Paris: Plon. 1880.

metres long, and is full of variety in consequence of its numerous promontories and bays. There the Alps themselves may be said to come down to the sea through a succession of inferior hills, which in some places protect very highly favoured strips of land from the terrible mistral or north wind which afflicts the valley of the Rhône. M. Lenthéric gives a most uninviting description of the Rhône climate, one of the most trying climates in Europe. Its influence extends even into Lower Burgundy in the north, and beyond Arles in the south, and a more dangerous climate for delicate people could hardly be found. M. Lenthéric describes it quite accurately as passing from excessive droughts in summer to intermittent torrential deluges in the rainy season and near the equinoxes, with hurricanes which sometimes last whole weeks—all these different phenomena succeeding each other without any understood cause. The excessive severity of the winter of 1879 in the Rhône climate may be partly attributed to a displacement of the fine weather. The rain fell in summer and autumn, the fine weather came in winter, and with it an intense frost. The cold has been such that an officer on horseback was seen riding on one of the rivers of Burgundy. In 1879 the cold invaded even the sheltered region about the coast, and it is said to have caused havoc amongst the olive-trees; the vines, too, have been extensively frozen; but, as a general rule, the eastern coast of Provence is safe from winter, and justifies M. Lenthéric's assertion "c'est un pays sans hiver." The ancient Romans knew the rare merits of that extraordinary strip of land, and in modern times, especially since the invention of railways, they have been more generally appreciated than ever.

M. Lenthéric tells us that agriculture did not exist in Provence, even in the most rudimentary state, before the sixth century B.C., the ancient authors unanimously attributing to the Greeks the importation of wheat, the vine, and the olive. The Celtic population lived by hunting and fishing on those very slopes of the Rhône which are now so rich in vineyards and olive-trees. After the Roman occupation a road was made from the Rhône to the Pyrenees by the Consul Domitius Ahenobarbus, which was called after him the Via Domitia; and another road was made later by the Consul Aurelius Cotta, called the Via Aurelia, or in Provençal the Camin Aourelian, and in modern French La Voie Aurélienne. M. Lenthéric gives a chapter to this Aurelian Way, along which we have not space to follow him. It is a nice subject for the disputes of local antiquaries, which we are of course quite unable to settle. According to our author's map, the road went by Vintimille and Mentone, whence, passing a little to the north of Monaco and Nice, it crossed the Var and passed through Antibes, Cannes, La Napoule, and Fréjus, where it left the coast and went inland to Aix. At Aix it separated into two branches—one of them going southwards to Marseilles and the other westwards. The branches met again near the modern village of Aureilles, and went together to Arles, where the road joined the Domitian Way to Spain.

The coral fishery at Cassis used to be a source of prosperity for the place. Boats came from considerable distances along the coast and fished the coral, which was generally prepared for the market at Cassis itself. Unluckily for the inhabitants of that place, coral has been going out of fashion by a slow decline in its popularity which has continued for nearly a century, and the fishery is now completely abandoned by the inhabitants. Occasionally a Spanish boat or two will come and drag for coral, but that is all. A new trade, the construction of steamers, has made La Ciotat prosperous; but it has little other trade, that which it has being confined to the necessaries for its working population, which are brought in boats, and to the fishery, which is active. La Ciotat suffers from an irremediable geographical misfortune. It is shut out from the rest of Provence by a barrier of hills behind it, and there is no open valley through them to make communication easy. The land immediately about the town is an arid desert, with nothing but poor grey olive-trees on the grey rocks.

M. Lenthéric has an interesting chapter entitled "Une Ville Gréco-Romaine disparue," in which he gives an account of the vanished city of Tauroentum. The position which it occupied appears to be known with certainty, though the remains are scarcely perceptible above the surface of the ground. Excavations undertaken at different times have fixed the position of the city in a bay called "Le Golfe des Lèques," between La Ciotat and Bandol. Unluckily the movement of the sand has always buried what had been laid open by digging, so that the antiquary has to trust to the accounts of his predecessors. The peasants destroyed what they could, using the place as a quarry, as they always do use such remains when they have an opportunity. M. Millin, of the Institute, who resumed the diggings at the beginning of this century, came to the conclusion that the ruins were only those of a very important and magnificent villa; but a subsequent explorer, the Abbé Magloire Giraud, did much to bring the lost city to light; and M. Lenthéric gives a summary of these studies and explorations. The place appears to have been originally the site of a Greek colony independent of Marseilles. Afterwards it became a Roman watering-place, probably of considerable splendour, if we may judge by the quantities of precious marbles and mosaics and fragments of colonnades which have been discovered there. Nobody knows precisely when Tauroentum ceased to exist, but M. Lenthéric gives some reasons for supposing that it may have been about the eleventh century.

The little known *pays des Maures*, a hilly region between Hyères and Fréjus, seems to be worth exploring, especially for artists, from the rich abundance of fine rocky and sylvan scenery. The soil is granitic with quartz and serpentine, and the rocks are grey or rose-colour, often glittering in the sun, whilst the sands are remarkably fine and beautiful. M. Lenthéric goes so far as to say that the vegetation is probably the richest in all Europe, and certainly the most varied. The heights are crowned with pines, ilex, cork-oak, and magnificent chestnuts. Lower down the hills of a moderate height are planted with vines and olives, whilst the bottoms of the valleys are rich in fruit-trees, in flowering shrubs, and in odoriferous plants. The arbutus, the pomegranate, lavender, myrtle, mastic-tree, cytisus, and "great heaths almost arborescent" are scattered in profusion. Here is a description of the bay of St. Tropez, the ancient Sambracitanus Sinus, which enters like a salt-water loch into this beautiful region:—

> Le golfe de Saint-Tropez, en particulier, qui s'enfonce profondément dans le cœur du massif des Maures, est à lui seul un pays complet avec ses montagnes primitives, ses masses plutoniques de serpentine, ses buttes volcaniques, son fleuve en miniature et sa plaine d'alluvions. C'est une véritable terre promise qui porte au plus haut degré le cachet de l'Orient; et les Arabes qui l'ont occupée au dixième et au onzième siècle ont pu réellement s'y croire dans leur pays d'origine. Comme dans certaines vallées fertiles et tempérées de l'Asie Mineure, les ruisseaux coulent entre deux haies de lauriers roses aussi serrés que les oseraies du grand Rhône; les orangers et les citronniers vivent en pleine terre; les arbres à cédrats y produisent des fruits d'un volume extraordinaire; les palmiers eux-mêmes ne se contentent pas de projeter leurs tiges élégantes et donnent quelquefois des dattes aussi savoureuses que celles des oasis de l'Afrique et de la Syrie.

Some of the valleys of this favoured region, "all but unknown," are protected in winter from the cold north winds and refreshed in summer by cool damp breezes from the sea. M. Lenthéric speaks of it as "ce pays sans pareil," and yet, by one of those contrasts common in Provence, it is close to the rude country of l'Esterel, which M. Lenthéric calls "ce pays âpre et désert," a country of wild rocky hills with naked crests admirably described in the eighth chapter of this volume. Then you come to Cannes, that singularly favoured spot, where the temperature does not go down to freezing point and does not rise so high as in the northern cities of Europe. De Saussure described it in 1787 as a wretched hamlet inhabited by a few sailors. Lord Brougham discovered it in 1831, and, what was much more, discovered its merits and made them known. The best proof of the extraordinary mildness of the climate at Cannes is the wonderful variety of its vegetation, strikingly described by M. Lenthéric in the following paragraph:—

> A Cannes, plus que partout ailleurs sur la côte de Provence, les végéta- [illegible] sujets les plus disparates. La plaine est couverte d'orangers et de citronniers, au milieu desquels émergent de distance en distance des éventails de palmiers et des tiges d'aloès; les coteaux sont couronnés de pins parasols dont les grandes têtes majestueuses rappellent les sites classiques de la campagne romaine; le fond du tableau est tapissé de forêts de pins noirs et serrés, semblables à une draperie sévère au-dessus de laquelle se profilent les lignes pures des Alpes rayonnantes dans leurs neiges éternelles; et l'on voit ainsi groupés dans le même cadre les grands conifères du Nord, les oliviers de la Provence, les fruits dorés et embaumés des Baléares, les lauriers-roses de l'Asie Mineure et les végétaux épineux du Tell algérien.

ASHWELL'S LIFE OF BISHOP WILBERFORCE.*

THE reviewer's difficulties are at their greatest when he has to handle the unfinished biography, by an author who can write no more, of a man still a contemporary, although dead long enough for many most important things, in which he would have been foremost, to have happened since his death, while his claim on the regard of posterity had been a life of continuous action and various progress. One book, one campaign, one discovery may sometimes have made a man's entire popular fame, and so the memoir which includes or excludes that single event will or will not be his sufficient record. A Life of Gibbon which stopped short of the *Decline and Fall*, of Robert Lee which ended before the Virginian campaign, or of Jenner which closed with vaccination undiscovered, would be simply useless, except perhaps to the special student of character, and, with such limited usefulness, could be easily handled. But with Samuel Wilberforce life was a constant series of events, larger or smaller as it might happen, locking into each other and producing a result large in its complexity, and better measured by its effects upon others than by any definite production. No single book, or speech, or Act of Parliament, or institution stands forward as his specific claim for remembrance; but, while the whole Church of England, in its efficiency and in its tone, is different from and better than it used to be within living memory, a great proportion of this improvement is due to the work of Bishop Wilberforce. At the moment of his death we tendered our estimate of Bishop Wilberforce as a Churchman†, and to what we then said we adhere. We gave the picture of the active, powerful Bishop as he presented himself in our own sight. Of this article we shall only quote a single sentence written as it all was only four days after the Bishop's death:—"The fact that he had worked himself into this position out of the ranks of the 'ci-devant' Puritan (and now Evangelical) party, to

* *Life of the Right Reverend Samuel Wilberforce, D.D., Lord Bishop of Oxford, and afterwards of Winchester.* By A. R. Ashwell, M.A., late Canon of Chichester. Vol. I. London: John Murray. 1880.

† *Saturday Review*, July 26, 1873.

which he had belonged in days when it seemed to represent the deepest popular earnestness, was in reality an element of strength, saving him as it did, on the one side, from conventionality, and on the other, absolving him from having to gather at second hand the opinions of those he was refuting." We regard this broad fact as the key to the Bishop's whole history, inclusive, we may add, of the asperity with which he was so often pursued by those who considered him as a deserter from their side; so we desire now to place it in renewed prominence. We have some dread indeed that the very completeness and minuteness of the facts which Canon Ashwell narrates, to a great extent by an able and laborious interweaving of the Bishop's own letters, may obscure its significance; so we are still more emphatic in its reassertion. At the same time we believe that, owing to that same minuteness and to the fairness of the biographer, we shall be able to make our point good out of the materials which he himself has purveyed, in spite of the inherent difficulty of proving a case from the brief of another party. We are certain not only that we are the best friends to the memory of Bishop Wilberforce by taking this way of dealing with his earlier clerical life, but that we should be very bad friends to many other universally respected men if we evaded it. To put the case plainly, if Samuel Wilberforce was, down to 1848, the type of a consistent Anglican High Churchman, more persons than we dare to recapitulate, from John Keble and Bishop Phillpotts to Dr. Hook and Professor Mozley, would have found it difficult to vindicate their claims to that character.

His conscientiousness was, we are sure, not inferior to theirs during that period; but it was a conscientiousness which led him to think, to speak, and to act, in a way widely different from their words and deeds. For Bishop Wilberforce in his later phase we have, as we expressed in that article, a genuine and broad, although discriminative admiration, and we repeat our conviction that we are paying the most friendly tribute as well as doing the truest justice to his memory when we endeavour within our narrow limit to show how much space he must have traversed in that little span of time to reach the level which he will occupy in the eye of posterity. The earlier years of his episcopacy already go back beyond the birth of many who claim to be heard on grave concerns of Church and State, and to some of these it may now come as a surprise to learn the process by which the really great Bishop of Oxford and Winchester grew out of an energetic, picturesque, lovable, clever, but not quite great Archdeacon of Surrey and Dean of Westminster. The fact fairly faced really makes for Samuel Wilberforce's greatness, for to grow in opinions is no discredit to any man, although, if he is wise and tolerant, he will not reckon consistency in his own old views on the part of other men as an unaccountable, if not indefensible, mystery of Providence.

The position from which we make our survey is that every definite and progressive High Churchman during the period in question must have been more or less a Tractarian. It is probable that they are now sufficiently ancient for persons in general to have but a misty idea of what the *Tracts for the Times*, or, as they were commonly called, the "Oxford Tracts," really were, and the present generation may therefore be ill able to appreciate the vagueness of that illusive appellation "Tractarian" applied to persons who were supposed to favour the views set out in that series. The Tracts were ninety in number—the first of them published on September 9, 1833, and the ninetieth on February 2, 1841. The shortest was four pages in length, and the longest 398; and the character of the compositions varied from the simplest expositions, adapted to rustic comprehensions, to very abstruse theological tractates, while some of the most noticeable were reprinted essays, or *catenæ* from standard Anglican divines, marshalling their views in chronological order, both as cumulative arguments upon their respective subjects and as evidence that the Tract writers, whether right or wrong, were so in company with divines of acknowledged authority as leaders of what is now known as the Historical High Church party. In putting these *catenæ* forward as portions of the series, their editors claimed for them an authority at least equal to the tracts of original authorship. A series so diversified, and running on for so many years, naturally covered the largest portion of the field of ecclesiastical literature; but there was one topic upon which the Tracts were from first to last what would now be called inconceivably silent—the ceremonial of worship. So far did this indifference go that, in one which minutely compared the first and second Prayer-Books of Edward VI., not the slightest reference can be found to the difference of the vestures prescribed by the two formularies. Yet one of the Tracts, which gave most offence to gainsayers, was a minute account of the Breviary, only differing from that which filled several columns of the *Times* a few days since in being decidedly less complimentary. A Tract by Dr. Pusey, the bulkiest of the series, on "Scriptural Views of Holy Baptism," published at the close of 1835, had a hot reception; but rather from the sternness of its doctrine than from any imputation of Popery. Much unpopularity was also incurred by a very ingenious essay, which appeared as late as 1840 (No. 87), by Mr. Isaac Williams—which would certainly have, with more prudence, been issued as a separate personal publication—on "Reserve in Communicating Religious Knowledge," in which temperate and sensible warnings against the prevalent irreverence of the age were unfortunately mixed up with and illustrated by an apology for that "Disciplina Arcani" which the Primitive Church, beleaguered and persecuted by Paganism, adopted in self-defence. It was as easy as it was unfair to distort this tract into a defence of disingenuousness and falsehood, and the prototypes of the *Rock* did not miss their opportunity. Then came the famous Tract 90, by Mr. Newman—which probably stands to this generation as the whole series of Tracts—offering an interpretation of the Thirty-nine Articles which would undoubtedly raise much controversy, but hardly persecution, in the present day.

Such were the Oxford Tracts, of which it is not too much to say that, placing Tract 90 in a category of its own, and admitting the sternness of Dr. Pusey's view of post-baptismal sin, and the inopportuneness of Mr. Williams's vindication of the "Disciplina Arcani," and taking note of a tendency in one or two discussions to a mystical interpretation of texts, the series, as a whole, would be accepted and justified, we do not say by the men who boast of being Ritualists, but by that body of divines from which Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield make their selection when they desire to appoint a bishop or a dean agreeable to the High Church party.

A considerable portion of the unpopularity of the Tracts at the time of their publication was due to the anger which they aroused, not among Low Churchmen, but among the ranks of the then old High Church party—the "High and Dry," as they were called—who felt that the plain-speaking of these young men was a reproach to their own laziness and ignorance. But a Churchman who was neither High and Dry nor yet Evangelical, and who called himself a High Churchman, must by the nature of things have been a Tractarian up at least to the extent which we have striven to point out, and with every reserve of confidence in particular men. He must have been so, and shown that he was such by his conduct. That is, he must, at least, have acted as Dr. Hook did. This, then, is the test by which we desire to try Mr. Wilberforce's theological position during the Tractarian and post-Tractarian epoch, presuming that the more abatements we may find in the claim set up for him of having been a genuine High Churchman, *i.e.* quasi-Tractarian during that period, the more remarkable do we estimate the position which he was able to take up in his later career. If we were to seek from our present cast of Church parties for a type of Church opinions which would most accurately represent those which were promoted by the Rector of Brightston, Archdeacon of Surrey, and Dean of Westminster, we should say that they bore considerable affinities to the system of Church policy advocated in the pastoral issued shortly after his consecration by the present Bishop of Rochester. They were eclectic upon a Low Church foundation but with High Church accretions, enhanced in Mr. Wilberforce's case by his consistent belief in Baptismal Regeneration, a doctrine which, to our surprise, he states in one of his letters had always been held by his father. We do not pretend to guess what would have been the future of the Church of England if there had at that period been any considerable party agreeing with Mr. Wilberforce. As it was, his nearly peculiar attitude was a cause of real injury to the men whom (with a totally impossible exclusion of "Tractarians") he at the time believed himself protecting. The truth is, that all through that crisis the Tract writers were both misrepresented and cruelly used, not so much by the Evangelicals, who were consistently and conscientiously bound to oppose them, as by a worldly, selfish section of "High and Dry," who coldly assented where they ought to have gratefully accepted, and who hedged every grudging instalment of intellectual agreement by vindictive and unfair handling of the men who were in trouble. How many of the body shook off the chilling influence of their unworthy companions, those whose memory carries back so far will easily recollect. Enough, however, took the less worthy part to do great mischief to the Church of England.

The Tractarians undoubtedly acted with very great imprudence on some occasions, for they were young and they were provoked into unjustifiable retaliation. We are not referring to such incidents after the cessation of the Tracts as Mr. W. G. Ward's monstrous swagger about accepting the Articles in a non-natural sense, and Mr. Oakeley's claim as an English clergyman to hold all Roman doctrine. But so early as the end of 1837 even such men as Mr. Newman and Mr. Keble committed an act of reckless impolicy in publishing without due excision the "Remains" of R. H. Froude. The book was far from establishing any bias on the author's part towards joining those whom, as his own exclamations show, he got to think worse and worse of, and whom at last he called "wretched Tridentines everywhere." But that knowledge of human nature with which one at least of the editors was abundantly gifted might have hinted to them that the language in which the writer indulged about the characters and the motives of the Reformers was wholly unsuited to the people at whose heads it was projected. The men of that day indeed would probably have been infuriated at such a biography of Cranmer as the one published in later times by the model Anglican, Dr. Hook; but so much the more reason not to have pelted them with Froude's hard sayings. It was a curious complication of ill-luck that the very leaders who were so soon destined to be abused for their advocacy of the "Disciplina Arcani" should have got the Church of England into such troubled waters by so flagrant an instance of unreserve in communicating religious knowledge.

This has been a very long prelude, but it will much shorten the practical application of our consideration of Mr. Wilberforce's history, as to whom we are constrained to say that his eclectic course had an unfortunate proclivity for working to the disadvantage of the persecuted Tractarians. They had, indeed, no right to expect support from the relation, the nominee, and

the intimate friend of Bishop Sumner of Winchester, and equally the relation and (though not so intimately) the friend of Bishop Sumner of Chester, who made himself conspicuous by attributing the Oxford Tracts in one of his charges to Satanic influence. When he had become Archbishop of Canterbury, and Dr. Wilberforce was Bishop of Oxford, their relations were very different. But then Bishop Wilberforce had become in reality a High Churchman.

Canon Ashwell's unconscious evidence to our position is the more valuable because he had clearly entered upon his work with the fixed idea that the Bishop had always been a High Churchman. Very early in it (p. 54) he says, under date 1830, but in a synoptical passage:—"He was a Churchman and a High Churchman from the first; men like Mr. Hurrell Froude were among his intimate associates; he repeatedly expresses the keenest admiration for the intellect and powers of John Henry Newman." On this we may remark, that we trust that intellectual admiration of Mr. Newman's powers is no proof of theological bias in one direction or in the other. Besides, during all the period of Samuel Wilberforce's University career Mr. Newman was himself only in a state of progressive emergence from Evangelicalism. In the *Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ* (pp. 76-77) he says of Mr. Keble:—"At the time when I was elected Fellow of Oriel he was not in residence, and he was shy of me for years in consequence of the marks which I bore upon me of the Evangelical and Liberal schools. At least so I have ever thought. Hurrell Froude brought us together about 1828." As to Froude himself, Mr. Wilberforce's estimate of him, when the publication of his "Remains" had revealed his innermost thoughts, partook more of what Canon Ashwell, in the sentence before the one we have quoted, calls "freedom of criticism" than "balance of judgment." The third-named associate, Mr. Frederick Oakeley, who still lives to show that a convert can be tolerant, himself began as a very low Churchman, while, indeed, we believe that the suddenness with which he assimilated the High Church view was a cause of somewhat amused surprise to his Oxford friends. As early as January 1834, in a letter to his brother R. I. (afterwards Archdeacon) Wilberforce, while terming Newman's *Arians* "a glorious book," and adding, "I have never read any except 'The Christian Year' and Bishop Butler which gave me such purely intellectual gratification," Mr. Wilberforce finds in it remarks on preaching which are "likely to be *very* (*sic*) injurious," and a quotation from one of the Epistles to the Corinthians "entirely misrepresented," while he taxes the work with "a dangerous spirit often visible, something of harshness," and discovers "a lowering view of doctrine, connected with, and in him justified by, high poetical feelings and holy habits, all of which, I think, make it very dangerous." When Mr. Wilberforce wrote this his sympathy with the High Church movement, as represented by Mr. Newman, was probably at the highest, and the subject-matter of the book so severely criticized was that one of its author's earliest publications which most completely removes his readers from the harassing conflicts of Rome, England, and Geneva to the great struggle of the Primitive Church for the Orthodox Faith. In a letter of rather more than two years' later date, April 1, 1836, he talks to his lady correspondent with enthusiasm of "some very long conversations" with Newman on deep religious subjects "as really most sublime as an exhibition of human intellect," in which the same tendency to limit sympathy for Mr. Newman to his intellectual side again makes itself visible. In the same letter Mr. Wilberforce records the death of R. H. Froude as that of a "mighty intellect," adding that "he was, I think, upon the whole, possessed of the most original powers of thought of any man I have ever known intimately." In another letter to a different friend of two months later, Mr. Wilberforce calls a[illegible]ention to the two first volumes of his *Tracts for the Times* w[illegible] the remark that the "view of Baptism" seems to him "pushed to[illegible] far." Advancing a year and a half we find the following sig[illegible]cant passage from Mr. Wilberforce's diary, in which he alw[illegible] talks with thorough unreserve, under date November 24, 1837, [illegible]hich we give with his own italics, premising that the bisho[illegible]med is his own relation and chief, the Low Church leader, Sumne[illegible] Winchester:—"Bishop's letter with my Southampton sermon[illegible]rplexed. I am in a false position with him. I do *not* hold wha[illegible]e *rightly* dislikes in Pusey and Newman, &c., and hardly kno[illegible]how to disavow *this* without seeming also to disavow what I *do* h[illegible]d, being more High Church in *feeling* than he is." We need har[illegible] pause to point out how little was then involved in being "more High Church in *feeling*" than Bishop Sumner of Winchester.

At the end of 1837 came the unlucky publication of Froude's "Remains," of which Mr. Wilberforce says that he fears "they will do irreparable injury." Certainly with him they seem to have markedly, and, considering his views, naturally, strengthened the anti-Tractarian bias. In January 1838, writing to a friend who was obviously defending the Tracts, he has "*some fears*," of which the "principal" are that they "will lead to the depression of true individual spirituality of mind." By March 25, 1838, his indignation at the revelation of the inner mind of R. H. Froude—his "intimate associate," according to Canon Ashwell, and whom he himself says he had known intimately—"contained in the published journals," reaches such a pitch that in his own journal he says:—"They are most instructive to me, will exceedingly discredit Church principles, and show an *amazing* want of Christianity, so far. They are Henry Martyn unchristianised."

In July 1838 a purely personal event occurred which clearly hurt Mr. Wilberforce very much. Mr. Newman declined to accept further contributions from him to the *British Critic*, because, in his words, "to say frankly what I feel—I am not confident enough in your general approval of the body of opinions which Pusey and myself hold, to consider it advisable that we should co-operate very closely." Mr. Wilberforce, in a letter of a few weeks later to his friend, the present Sir Charles Anderson, remarks:—"Newman has just, very kindly towards me, but, as I think, very unwisely, declined receiving more articles from me in the 'British Critic.'" Considering that the *raison d'être* of that Review was being the organ of the then High Church party, as understood by the Oxford Tractarian leaders, and presuming that Mr. Wilberforce's opinions were no secret to Mr. Newman, we think him fully justified as an editor in what he did. In whatever periodicals Mr. Wilberforce might appropriately write, he was clearly out of place, however brilliant as an author, in one which took its keynote from Mr. Newman.

In 1839 we read, in reference to a new volume of Mr. Newman's sermons, "Their tone and standard magnificent, for holiness and separateness from the world, but I think too little Evangelic." At the same time, in evidence of the eclectic position which, as we contend, Mr. Wilberforce intentionally filled, a large portion of the summer of 1839 was occupied by a speaking and preaching circuit for the Propagation of the Gospel Society in Devonshire and Cornwall, timed so as to coincide with Bishop Phillpotts' Visitation tour. At the end of that year he became Archdeacon of Surrey.

The time was now hurrying on when churchmen had to show, by something more active and public than letters and notes in journals, whether they were for or against the *Tracts for the Times*. Tract 90 appeared in January 1841, and the era of active persecution began. In the late autumn of the same year an acrimonious contest for the Poetry Professorship at Oxford was imminent between Isaac Williams, a good candidate though unwisely recommended for the chair on the ground of his being a High Churchman, and Mr. Garbett (afterwards Archdeacon of Lewes), started against him as a Low Churchman, in which Archdeacon Wilberforce ranged himself so vehemently on Mr. Garbett's side as a protest against the Tractarians, that he resisted as unfair to his candidate a suggestion proceeding from Mr. Gladstone—at that time (though Canon Ashwell omits to notice it) in Sir Robert Peel's Government as Vice-President of the Board of Trade—to avoid a contest by withdrawing both candidates. A private comparison of promises, we may observe, showed that Mr. Garbett was certain to win, and so Mr. Williams retired. The significance of this action of Mr. Wilberforce, as marking the place he was then desirous of taking among Church parties, cannot be minimized, for Mr. Garbett was a strong Low Church partisan, and his opponent for a post of literary honour—not of theological teaching—was not Dr. Pusey, nor Mr. Newman, nor his co-editor of Froude's "Remains," Mr. Keble, but only Mr. Isaac Williams, of whom the worst that could be said was, that he wrote the much abused Tract on "Reserve." This significance is increased by an incident which occurred shortly before—we do not refer to Archdeacon Wilberforce's support in 1841 of the ill-conceived Jerusalem Bishopric project, for that was countenanced by a section of pronounced High Churchmen, including Dr. Hook, so we do not insist on the fact. But referring to the same year, and quoting Canon Ashwell, "Through life Samuel Wilberforce and Walter Farquhar Hook were fast friends, but when in April 1841 the Vicar of Leeds, exasperated by some manifestations of factious opposition, published a letter to the Bishop of Ripon [Longley] in which he urged that the time had come for High Churchmen to act together *as a party*, Archdeacon Wilberforce could write as follows to his friend [now Sir C. Anderson], who approved it: . . . 'Hook's letter pained me deeply. It is the very opposite of his own "Call to Union," and it seems to me really quite dreadful that he should avow that he thinks it a *duty* to split into a party.'" We are thoroughly convinced of the absolute sincerity and earnestness with which Archdeacon Wilberforce wrote this; but, in the very proportion of such conviction, we must be allowed to demur to the claims to have then been a High Churchman preferred in behalf of the divine who could write this in the critical year 1841, just after the four tutors and the Heads of Houses had mustered their forces against Tract 90, and who could, later on in the same year, insist on Mr. Garbett going to the poll against Isaac Williams when an amicable compromise was in question. We do not—as we must again explain, for fear of appearing harsh or unjust towards Archdeacon S. Wilberforce—contest his claim to be recognized as representing an eclecticism in which there were many High Church elements; but he abdicated the position of absolute High Churchman in calling Dr. Hook's rally to form a High Church party "dreadful," and then in joining the Garbett party move. We could strengthen our position by quoting some doctrinal statements, but we confine ourselves to overt actions.

Contemporaneously with the election to the chair of Poetry, Bishop Sumner of Winchester was charging against the unfortunate Tractarians in language which elicited this comment from his Archdeacon in his journal:—"Bishop most kind; but *cheu* too little *Church* in his conscientious opposition to Tract errors. Tendency of this must be to form all into 2 sects: one 'Anti-Church,' the other, 'Tract' instead of Church-anti-Tract versus Newman." Here it will be observed that the antagonist set up to be discomfited is not Tract 90, or any other of the series, but the series itself in its entirety; and, as we contend, repudiation of the Tracts in their entirety could be ill distinguished from re-

pudiation of High Churchmanship as a consistent system, although even a very clever man might persuade himself that it was compatible with an inconsistent system of personal eclecticism.

We must hurry on to 1845 and the double vendetta on the part of the Convocation of Oxford with which it commenced, of the condemnation of Mr. W. G. Ward's *Ideal of a Christian Church* and his own degradation from his degrees of M.A. and B.A. That book, with much beauty and instruction in many passages, was, as a whole, clearly indefensible as the teaching voice of an Anglican clergyman. But the combined persecution of man and of book, intended, as it was, by its contrivers to put down Tractarianism at Oxford, was one of the not very remote causes of a recoil by which something very different was set up in the same University. The Heads of Houses originally devised a third and still more monstrous proposal—namely, a new test, whereby all who subscribed the Thirty-nine Articles were henceforward, in Canon Ashwell's words, to do so "first in that sense in which *they* [the subscribers] *ex animo* believed them to have been first put forth, and, next, in that sense in which the *University* now proposed them for signature"—a claim of infallibility just a quarter of a century antecedent to the Vatican Council. Archdeacon S. Wilberforce keenly exposed the absurdity of this suggestion in a letter to his brother Archdeacon R. I. Wilberforce, and threw out as a proposed substitute a simple anti-Roman declaration; yet in a later letter to his brother he says, in reference to the unlucky proposal:—"*But* I feel that something is necessary to defend integrity of subscription; and, if nothing else can be devised, I am far from certain that I shall not support this. I am clear that, as at present advised, I cannot vote against it." Fortunately there was enough of common sense in the dominant powers of Oxford to cause it to be dropped. But the condemnation of the book was carried in the Convocation by 776 to 386, and the degradation of Mr. Ward by 569 to 511. Dr. Hook, Mr. Keble, the present Bishop of Salisbury, and Mr. Gladstone, were among those who voted in the minority on both consecutive occasions, and Dr. Tait voted for the condemnation, but against the degradation. Archdeacon S. Wilberforce voted both for condemnation and degradation. The impolicy and injustice of this vindictive proceeding were well defined by anticipation in a letter addressed to Archdeacon S. Wilberforce while the matter was still under debate:—"The question is concerning the theological character of the University. Laxity of discipline, though deplorable, is intelligible, and is distinguishable from a state of indifference; but if these reins are to be drawn tight, what shall we say if the relative proportions of heresy and inferior error are to be inverted? The University is bound to defend its lawful tests; but yet more to defend the Faith." These are the words of Mr. Gladstone; his letter is addressed from Hawarden, and is dated December 29, 1844—that is, the thirty-fifth birthday of the writer, the actual central day of his whole life so far as it has run between that of his birth and that seventieth birthday of which we lately heard so much, and on which a specimen of a similar judicial and tolerant calmness would have been so refreshing.

The year 1845 witnessed before it ended the secession of Mr. Newman and some of his friends. During it also Archdeacon S. Wilberforce, after a short tenure of the Deanery of Westminster, was consecrated Bishop of Oxford. Canon Ashwell's history of that memorable and noble episcopate only extends to the close of 1848, just taking in the Hampden trouble. We shall have something more to say on this part of his volume.

THE SHAH AGAIN.*

IT would be interesting to know what the people of Persia think of the writings of their ruler. Do they buy and praise them as the people of some Western countries praise and buy royal diaries? Or do they sniff the sniff of the mocker and the critical person? To European readers the Shah's diaries seem harmless anachronisms. In the tiles of his native land we often see representations of a mild, weary-eyed king riding gently through fields bright with tulips, while a conventional buck jumps away from the languid sportsman. The Shah's new Diary is rather like these tiles done into English prose. Whenever he has a chance he falls to writing about the flowers in the fields where he passes. His pages are *semés*, so to speak, with tulips and hyacinths. The bucks ran away from him, too, in the woods of Baden, where, as we shall see, his success as a sportsman gave equal pleasure to himself and to the humourists in his train. He has to write, of course, about other matters—machinery, railways, picture galleries, the Paris Exhibition, the hospitalities of Emperors and Presidents. It was to see these curiosities that he rode, and drove, and entrusted his sacred person to trains and steamboats. He moves out of his quiet country, he rides along roads that run between the flowers and the snow, and he passes into the fairyland of the West. But its prodigies of mechanism do not surprise him; he takes everything on the same level, and is as much interested by a pretty girl rowing on a lake in Paris as by the manufacture of rifles and cartridges. Circuses and the feats of acrobats excite him more than most things; and throughout he manifests a deep abiding joy in the consciousness that he is Shah of Persia. His Diary is like the diary of a laborious and not very shrewd child, and we are as glad to reach *finis* as the wandering monarch was to arrive at Teheran.

It was in the year of the Leopard 1294, on the last day of Rabbi 'ul avval, that the Shah set his face to the West, and, with a retinue of tent-pitchers, horsemen, and charioteers, made for the Russian frontier. His progress must have been picturesque enough, and it would have been pleasant to see his encampment glittering in some meadow, lying beside an ice-cold river, between mountains, "red, yellow, green, and violet-coloured." The Shah seems to like nothing better than the view of a peaceful landscape; that is his contemplative recreation. Here is a description of the banks of the Danube, into which he has put more feeling than usual:—

> The steamer continued her course down the river until we completely lost sight of the city. The country here is well wooded, and the river-banks are grassy and full of flowers. The trees resemble willows, and not being very high, permit air and light to enter freely into the forest. The leaves of the trees were beautifully green, and looked as if they had just been washed. . . . . I heard not a sound, except occasionally that of a little bird singing sweetly, as he skipped from tree to tree. Going down the river we could hear at intervals the cry of some black geese and falcons, accompanied every now and then by the noise of a steamer. If it had been in my power I should have liked not to have returned to the city at all, but to have continued the voyage as far as Buda-Pesth, the capital of Hungary.

He does not journey with his eyes shut to mere scenery, like St. Bernard, who travelled for a day beside the Lake of Geneva without even noticing the existence of what the Americans call "the handsomest of the Swiss lakes." The view of the Gokcheh is thus described:—"The lake looked very pleasant with its clear and dark blue slightly rippling waters, which are sweet, and harbour a good many trout." One would like to wet the "Harriet" and the "Professor" in the dark blue slightly rippling waters.

On crossing the Russian frontier, the Shah found himself warmly welcomed everywhere, especially by the Mussulmans and Armenians. We seldom hear, on good authority, how monarchs like being mobbed and cheered. The Shah obviously likes it; he does not even much mind listening to the "addresses" of provincial mayors. In Moscow, he says, "the delight of the people was great, and, as we passed, there arose tremendous cries of 'Hurrah!' and an indescribable shouting; verily, it must have been from excess of pleasure, and quite spontaneous." The Nihilists, it seems, do not count the Shah among the crowned heads with whom they wage war. In Russia the circus was perfection, and the Czar was immensely kind and hospitable:—

> The Emperor and all his sons, and the other princes and nobles, came to our rooms half an hour before the appointed time. With great amiability and kindness they accompanied me through the many salons to the private rooms of the Emperor. We had a long conversation, and then, accompanied by the Emperor, went to the apartments of the Empress. We sat down a little, and after some friendly conversation we rose. As my paletôt was not ready when we reached the foot of the palace stairs, the Emperor threw his own over my shoulder. I put it on, and said: "Now that I wear your paletôt I am sure that my journey will be an auspicious one." The Emperor and I then entered an open carriage and we left.

In Germany the Shah arrived just in time for Nobiling's attempt to murder the Kaiser. "Praise be to God that the helmet was on his head, or he could not have escaped; the whole of the helmet was riddled with shot." Though sincerely sorry for his host, the Shah was not much moved by this event. He either did not speculate on Socialism at all (as an intelligent Oriental should have done), or he kept his ideas to himself. This is the weak point of the Shah; he declines to look at things from an Oriental, or a Royal, or a Moslem, or any other unusual point of view. He simply follows the advice of Mrs. Gamp, and "takes things as they comes, and as they goes." We defy analysis to get any particularly Eastern ideas out of his book; or, for that matter, any ideas at all. One might as well ask a panorama for ideas.

The Shah is most amusing as a sportsman. He does not seem to be a very quick shot; at least the Baden deer are too fleet for him:—

> The keepers again pointed out a suitable spot, and again we stood still. They and their dogs beat the bush, and I was standing somewhat below looking out for a shot, when suddenly the dogs began to bark, and a buck passed me like lightning. I then quickly went a little higher, and another buck came past. He ran very swiftly, and the branches of the trees also prevented my seeing him properly. I fired, but did not hit him. . . . . We saw some more bucks grazing in the middle of an open space, but they caught sight of one of the beaters and ran off; I fired with a bullet, but missed. Tired and in great perspiration I entered the carriage, and went home.

On another occasion, after the Shah had fired vaguely at the place where he supposed the deer might be, two fine bucks were brought to him as the spoil of his rifle. "All were greatly astonished. I perspired much," he says, and, indeed, he seems to have been always perspiring. At pigeon-shooting, however, he was more than a match for the Giaours, who were either excellent courtiers or execrable shots:—

> A little lower down lies the pigeon-shooting place, a long wooden pavilion, in which we sat down. The Russian minister at Baden, some other personages, a tall young man named Metternich, who was one of the pigeon-shooters, and the officers from Baden, were there. The shooting began. A person sat on a chair having before him a contrivance connected underground with the pigeon-boxes. On the ground, at the distance of about thirty paces from him, stood about ten boxes, and in each box had been put a live pigeon. The person who intends to shoot stands in front of the man, and aims at a box. When he says "Pull," the man knocks an instru-

* *A Second Tour in Europe.* By the Shah of Persia. Translated by Albert Houtum Schindler and Baron Louis de Norman. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1879.

ment looking like a pestle to the ground, one of the cage-like boxes immediately opens, a pigeon flies out of it, and the sportsman quickly fires. The Europeans shot first. Whatever they fired at they missed, although the distance for the shot to travel was small; we had to shoot with small shot. I then fired four shots, one after the other, and did not miss once. Mehdí Qulí Khán and J'afer Qulí Khán, the chief page, also hit. The Europeans altogether made only a single hit.

The Shah is as clever with the spear as with the "shot-gun." At the museum at St. Germains he and his friends threw spears at a mark, both from the hand, like the *jerid*, and with the throwing-thong or *amentum*. The Europeans present only threw some twenty paces:—

I then threw one, simply by force of the arm and hand, and it went to a distance of a hundred paces, and I have thrown even further than that. . . . It is the custom in Persia to practise throwing the jerid—which the French call javelot—and I have had much practice in throwing it, and for that reason I was enabled to throw the spear so far; it is less a question of strength than of skill.

At the museum the Shah was shown many prehistoric implements; he refers them to a period anterior to, or contemporary with, the Noachian deluge.

In Strasburg he was struck by the "sorrowful faces" of the people. In Paris the Exhibition and the manners of the cabmen divided his attention. "If I wished to write a description of the Exhibition," he says, "I should have to find a book the size of the Sháhnámeh and write from now until the closing of the Exhibition every day for twenty-four hours without ceasing, and even then I should only have written a tenth or hundredth part of the description, and many things I should not be able to describe at all." The Shah, therefore, abandoned his ambition to write a catalogue and to rival Mr. Sala's descriptions. He went to see his dentist, and we learn, with respectful sympathy, that "Hybennet, at Teheran, had filled a hollow tooth of my left upper jaw; but the filling had become loose, and Hybennet could not get it out; but when Chrétien had worked at it for some days, it finally came out. I was very glad, and am going to have the tooth filled anew." No passage in the Shah's Diary surpasses this one in thrilling personal interest. It may, however, excite Professor Blackie more to learn from the Shah that Scotland is one of the English provinces. As the Shah says so, that opinion must now be generally received in the Persian Empire.

It is not easy, to tell the truth, to get much excitement out of the works of this placid potentate. Even the races at Longchamps (where there was a row because an English horse beat some French competitor) did not move him violently. He learned, however, and he deigns to expound, the nature and uses of the umbrella of the West:—"Every person, man or woman, on leaving the house takes an umbrella in his hand, and the umbrella has three uses; it may be used as a walking-stick, or to shelter a person from the sun or the rain, and occasionally as a weapon to strike another's head." Some old English writers recommend, not striking, but giving the point with the umbrella—a much more deadly practice. Here follows a vignette in the Persian manner, representing the Parisian cabman:—

The coachmen of Paris never have any fixed hours for their repose. I have not yet seen a coachman that keeps awake when not actually moving. Whenever his master or the person who has hired the vehicle goes into a shop, or into a house to visit some one, or stops there a short time, the coachman immediately, and on his seat, falls asleep, and sleeps on till his master comes out again. Every coachman has a newspaper in his hand, but before he can begin reading it, he is asleep.

We might go on making extracts from this panoramic diary. We might tell how the Shah was bored by an old woman at Fontainebleau, and how he thought the people, and especially the children, of Paris very neat and clean, and how he got Marshal MacMahon to come with him to the top of the Arc de Triomphe to watch the fireworks, and how in all Austria he saw not a single ugly or ill-looking person. "What women, girls, and boys! All are excessively lovely, and an ill-looking person means a man or woman either old or naturally deformed." But, when all these things were retold, there would be little left in the book, except enumerations of towns, rivers, and mountains. The Shah travels as a simple sightseer; he scarcely ever even draws an inference; and, as his adventures were commonplace, his infantile record is nearly as dull as it is plain. However, he seems to be rather a good creature, with simple, obvious tastes, and easily pleased, if easily fatigued.

THE FLEET PRISON IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.*

IN the course of his researches among the historical MSS. at Eaton, Dr. Jessop accidentally came across a volume of writing of which neither he nor Mr. Gardiner was likely to underrate the interest, and which is accordingly, by the permission of its owner, the Duke of Westminster, now printed for the Camden Society. All persons concerned are to be congratulated on the fortunate discovery of a document proving, among other things, that fiction often seems the most grotesque where it is nearest to historical truth. Dr. Jessop reminds us that long before Dickens drew that picture of the Fleet Prison with which readers of our own day are most familiar, Howard's description had been published and his reforms carried into effect, and that the old building described by the philanthropist was burnt down in the shameful No Popery riots a few years afterwards. For that matter, Howard's Fleet Prison itself can only have dated from the re-building of all that part of London after the Great Fire of 1666. And yet it is difficult, in turning over the pages of the curious volume before us, not to be incessantly reminded of the experiences of that friend of our youth, Mr. Pickwick, when, being determined "to go somewhere," he went to the Fleet; of the disturbed night spent by him in the Warden's room, which, as he had satisfied himself "by mathematical calculation," "was about equal in annual value to the freehold of a small street in the suburbs of London," and of "the poor side" of the Debtors' Prison, where was found Mr. Alfred Jingle, ready for the "curtain to drop" over his squalid misery. The Fleet Prison, the demolition of which Dickens had the satisfaction of being able to record in the preface to a later edition of his famous book, had in its time served to point many a moral and to diversify, if not to adorn, many a tale. (Is Dr. Jessop, by the by, correct in implying that the prison described in *Amelia* was meant for this particular prison?) Its historical life runs back to the extreme limits of the "memory of man," according to the legal definition of the phrase. For Dr. Jessop has found a notice dating from the reign of Richard, which states that the Fleet Prison had been the inheritance of "Nathaniel de Leveland and his son Robert" ever since the Norman Conquest. Robert was succeeded in his office as Warden by his widow, who may be presumed to have resided out of "college"; but beyond a doubt many of their successors had their souls vexed by unruly lodgers within their freehold, and some of the Wardens may in their turn have given *primâ facie* cause for discontent and disturbance, like Richard Manlove (his name is not from a comedy, but from a "true and tragical account" cited by Dr. Jessop) in 1691. But the volume before us is concerned with a rather earlier period in the history of the Fleet, which can at no time have been the scene of more vivacious episodes than those which it witnessed in the year 1619 under the wardenship of Alexander Harris.

That year is well known to have been one of the most remarkable of King James I.'s reign, since in it fell the acceptance by the King's son-in-law, the Elector Palatine, of the fatal Bohemian crown, and the two missions to England of Count Dohna on Frederick's behalf. The King, therefore, during his progresses, had occupation enough for his busy brain in seeking to determine his attitude towards the great European crisis in which he would fain have played the arbiter; but for the Council which he left behind him at Whitehall, there were, as usual, affairs nearer home to settle. Among these, questions of prison management and mismanagement, and of prison disturbances, were evidently fast assuming the character of a chronic nuisance. And indeed, so far at least as the great debtors' prison was concerned, it could hardly have been otherwise in a reign which it would not be going too far to describe as one of the most vicious, most litigious, and most drunken in the history of English society. Further, it will be remembered how the religious policy of Elizabeth's later years had descended as an unfortunate heritage to her successor. Whatever hopes James might have entertained or encouraged as to the eventual mitigation of the Recusancy laws had been exploded by the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot; nor had the day yet arrived when the King, in one of the oscillations of his balancing policy, sought to relieve some of his many Roman Catholic subjects whose grievances had been aggravated by the madness of a few. Thus the Fleet was inevitably crowded with recusants, unlikely to be amicably disposed towards its Warden, more especially when he was a sententious Protestant of the pronounced type of Mr. Alexander Harris. And, religious difficulties apart, this was a time when extravagance, improvidence, and chicanery must have detained many hot-blooded country gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Paul's beyond the business and the pleasure of Michaelmas Term. The date of which we are speaking cannot have been very far distant from that of the production of *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*; nor is this the only work of contemporary literature in which we meet with country gentlemen in the extortioner's hands, and on the road to ruin.

It was in this state of things that, in July 1619, a serious mutiny broke out among persons confined in the Fleet Prison. It had been preceded in the previous year by a personal assault upon the Warden, Alexander Harris, perpetrated by Sir John Whitbrooke, a Shropshire knight of large but encumbered estate, who had been imprisoned for a number of years as a Catholic recusant. Of the facts concerning the assault it would perhaps be hardly safe to accept the account given by the Warden in his *Apologetical Answer*. From this it would appear that the recusant in question was a very bloodthirsty recusant indeed, and that it required the united efforts of the Warden—who, though he had received "fower woundes to the scull and some bruses" to begin with, was "neither wrothfull nor daunted," and kept both his temper and his presence of mind—and of two maid-servants, assisted by the butler and the porter "of the howse," as well as the "goaler" and "others," to subdue him and carry him into the strongest ward of the prison. This place was named Bolton's Wards "for many yeares," as the Warden elsewhere happily observes, "familiarlie soe called as he thinketh of bolts or irons put on them." In this retreat the knight conspired,

with the rest, to surprize the Warden and Officers, and to putt them into the strongest wards or prison, and many other dangerous matters. And

* *The Œconomy of the Fleete: or, An Apologeticall Answeare of Alexander Harris (late Warden there) unto XIX. Articles sett forth against him by the Prisoners.* Edited by Augustus Jessop, D.D. Printed for the Camden Society. 1879.

for more orderly prosecution thereof he named one *Peck* to be King, and a Duke of Yorke and Lancaster was designed, and white and redd roses of horne brought for to make the favourers of each to be knowne; and pick-locks were provided from Newgate by one *John Abell*, who brought them to *Edward Rookwood*, which he concealed from the Warden untill it was revealed by others.

Of the personages who joined with Sir John in playing this ingenious prison game, Mr. Ashburneham Peck was an experienced prisoner of nineteen years' standing, and Edward Rookwood the head of a Roman Catholic family of importance on "Suffolk side," who for religion's sake likewise spent a considerable part of his life in confinement. This obstinate recusant was manifestly a perennial vexation to the Warden, who inveighs against him both on general and on special grounds, as calling himself and being termed "the *Vicarr Generall* of the Romish in the Fleete," and as declining, not only the regular prison diet, but also the payment of the customary fee for the meat brought to him from outside in lieu of it. These and other prisoners raised a tumult accordingly, and "fortified the prison," properly so-called, which appears to have consisted of the main block of the establishment, as distinguished from the better sorts of chambers let out to single occupants. In consequence, the Warden clapped Rookwood into Bolton's Wards, and procured a royal order to himself commanding him to "keep strait such prisoners as were Recusants and came not to Church." Rookwood having complained to the Council, an order was issued which seems to have settled matters on an equitable footing; for the prisoner had to pay 15*l*. to the Warden, and the Warden to put him back into a private apartment. But he was not hereby induced to cease from troubling; he misbehaved in church on the solitary occasion when he perforce made his appearance there; delivered himself out of his windows against the "economy" of the Warden; and, according to that authority, "attempted to seduce the Warden's man (his keeper) to be a Papist, offering him 500*l*. and his daughter in marriage if he would convert." Meanwhile, Sir John Whitbrooke had, probably for cheapness' rather than safety's sake, been removed into lodgings, furnishing every facility for the hatching of fresh disturbances. A certain Boughton, by whom Sir John was destined to be a few months afterwards stabbed dead, was his principal aider and abettor in preparing the great insurrection which, in July 1619, at last established in the Fleet a rival authority to that of the Warden. For three months, or thereabouts, the Warden, according to his own avowal, "had no command" in the main building, "fortified" by the insurgents. Negotiations long proved of no avail; neither the Warden, nor the representative of the City, nor the orders of the Lord Chief Justice, nor those of the Lord Chancellor and his Sergeant-at-Arms, could induce the masters of the "prison" to unblock it; at last the Lords of the Council sent a clerk, who arranged matters on terms at least equally honourable to both parties.

We cannot further pursue the acts and scenes of this curious domestic drama, by a connected statement of which in his Introduction Dr. Jessop would have rendered a great service to many of his readers. Mr. Alexander Harris is so discursive, and at the same time so emotional a writer, that it is not always easy to make head or tail of his exposition of his case. Clearly, however, the "outlaws and Jesuits," which he declares "(almost) all that complayne" against him to be, pressed him inconveniently close outside as well as inside his domain, endeavouring to obtain a verdict against him in two trials at law, and actually obtaining a Royal Commission to take into consideration their grievances. At the same time a suit seems to have been begun in the Star Chamber by the Attorney-General against the ringleaders of the mutiny, and, so far as can be gathered from Harris's preliminary statement, it was in connexion with this suit that the prisoners drew up the Nineteen Articles, repeating what had been verbally attested before the Commissioners on their visit to the prison. To these Articles in his *Apologeticall Answeare* the Warden replies *seriatim* and at length, and thus contrives to furnish a picture of the "Œconomy of the Fleet" which is unlikely to convey to posterity precisely the same kind of impression as that intended by its author.

But the materials are not complete for arriving at any satisfactory conclusion as to the official conduct of Mr. Alexander Harris, albeit he "presumed to hazard the rebuke of his unpollished writeing rather than to leave his innocency unremembered to the world." Neither the occasional unctuousness of his painfully uneasy style ("Who is to me," he oddly exclaims, "that I remayne in Mesechech and dwell in the tents of Kedar"), nor the consistency of his views concerning the dangerousness of all Papists and the fraudulency of most debtors, can obscure the fact that he had a good deal to complain of in his position. Necessity, he confesses, first led him to seek a position in which he looked for *turpe lucrum;* but afterwards he considered the fees and duties of the institution from both a moral and a financial point of view, "examining" their "justness and value." Finally, "when there was noe remedy but he must be Warden, he besought of God to give him an heart answearable to serve the Commonwealth and doe poore men good." Hitherto, he adds, he has "come short in both"; and without entering into the question of the justice and expediency of the Recusancy laws or the laws of debtor and creditor in his age, we must allow that his benevolence towards the "poor men" with whom he was chiefly brought into contact was much hampered by the customs of his office. Thus he defends himself—no doubt truly—against the tolerably impudent charge, "set on foote cheifely by *Sir Francis Inglefield* (or Englefield, the unfortunate head of an old Roman Catholic family, as to whom, and whose troubles and sins, Dr. Jessop has an interesting note with numerous references), that he had robbed the poor men's box of certain fees by altering the word "ward" in the Order of Council concerning them into the word "Warden." But we feel less at ease when he partly rests his defence against exorbitant fees for beds and bedding upon the general defence, that "it is alsoe warrantable by Lawe that the Warden may make the best of his Lodgings within his freehould without contradiction, yet he taketh onely what former Wardens tooke without inhaunceing them in any soart." It is needless to pursue the various squabbles about the prices for food and fuel, or about rents for sets of chambers where gentlemen lived with their families and might (as they occasionally did) dispense hospitality or pursue literary studies, and for less comfortable apartments shared by two or three prisoners. The most curious feature in the whole is a thoroughly English one—a constant desire on both sides to appeal to precedent, coupled with an apparent conviction on the part of each that it is unanswerably in the right.

Dr. Jessop's notes to this most interesting publication are terse and well supplied with references, as becomes their purpose and occasion; but here, as in his preface, he has not erred on the side of excess. With the aid of his references it will, however, be easy further to pursue some curious incidental points in this volume—such, for instance, as the history of the heresies of the "Jewdaiser, or half-Jewe," Thraske (or Traske), which constitute a peculiar outgrowth of Puritanism in its earlier days. As misfortune is said to make strange bedfellows, so the Fleet Prison made strange companions in causing Thraske and the Rookwoods (according to Harris) to talk mischief together against the King's Majesty and the State. Against the "half-Jew" the unlucky Warden must have felt some personal bitterness, inasmuch as he relates that "such hath been the malignity of a sonne of Symonie residing in that place, as to add unto the Nynetcene Articles and peirce above the flesh into the very soule by alledging before great persons, and boasting of it afterwards, that the Warden is circumcized." In accordance, no doubt, with the rules of the Camden Society, the text of the *Apologeticall Answeare* and of the illustrative documents appended is printed in all the wildness of the original spelling; and, as the Warden is anything but chary of repetitions or otherwise easy to be followed, this volume is not altogether light reading. But its reality is more vivid than the skill of historian or novelist could have made it; and Mr. Alexander Harris's floundering pen has contributed in no small measure to our knowledge of English prison history, which in the seventeenth, as in some other centuries, formed no unimportant part of English history in general.

LIFE IN A GERMAN VILLAGE.*

DIFFERENT people hold different opinions, and English impressions of life among the Germans are by no means exceptions to the universal rule. The late William Howitt wrote delightfully and sympathetically of it, as of everything, either domestic or rural, that touched his fancy; and some of Charles Lever's reminiscences of sojourns in old-fashioned inns among the primitive German villagers, with *al fresco* repasts in gardens under the cherry-trees or trellised vines, are among the pleasantest pictures in his Continental novels. On the other hand, the late Mr. Mayhew devoted a couple of bulky volumes to the abuse of German habits in general, and of all things Saxon in particular; while Mr. Vizetelly, expatiating at even greater length, has been demonstrating that in the capital of the country of the milliards everything that glitters is far from being gold. Mrs. Chetwynd is one of the writers who see things in rose colour; and she even gives a flattering report of Berlin, objecting to nothing but the filthy cabs and the sandy wastes that surround it. For ourselves, we have always regarded the newer Kaiserstadt as among the dullest of great European capitals. Remembering Mr. Vizetelly's carefully collected statistics, we greatly doubt if there are the number of "immensely rich merchants" that Mrs. Chetwynd supposes; while we are very sure that the numerous poor are by no means so well cared for as she imagines. On the whole, however, we assent to her cheerful experiences, and we like the buoyant humour in which she writes.

German life has undoubtedly its drawbacks to a foreigner. We object to the lady of a family figuring too evidently as the *hausfrau*, and we have a prejudice against her appearing in wrapper and slippers should she be indiscreetly surprised by a visitor before midday. We dislike the slovenly way in which the earlier *frühstück* is served, though the principle of the refection is a sound and satisfactory one; we detest the German bed, whether in summer or winter, with its slippery over-coverings; and we hate the system of stove-heating, which we believe to be as unwholesome as it is cheerless. German maid-servants, though the moral character of the class may be above the average, are perhaps the most awkward and least engaging in the world; though we admit that the hotel waiters continue to be fairly good, notwithstanding the enormous numbers exported. German cookery leaves much to desire, even apart from the insular prejudices against uncooked ham and sausages which Mrs. Chetwynd never succeeded

* *Life in a German Village.* By the Hon. Mrs. Henry Weyland Chetwynd, Author of "Neighbours and Friends," &c. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1879.

is surmounting. We know that the early dinner-hour is a wise and salutary practice, since potato salads and sauerkraut swallowed late in the evening must inevitably generate nightmares and dyspepsia. But in spite of these disadvantages, and without excepting Switzerland, in our opinion there is no country in Europe where a summer holiday may be spent more agreeably than in Germany. You have the richest possible variety of landscapes that are neither savage in their sublimity nor monotonously tame. You come, as Lever and Mrs. Chetwynd came, on charming rural inns, where you are treated on the shortest notice as a respected friend and customer. You take your strolls abroad among a simple people who salute you pleasantly as old acquaintances; and you are delighted at every turn by bits of picturesque architecture that escape the eye of the regular tourist. We suppose the Germans may be sinners and self-seeking like the rest of us. We know that in the characters of Rhine porters and *lacquais-de-place* they very speedily are thoroughly demoralized. Yet somehow, when we cross the German frontier, we always feel ourselves among a friendly people, as in scenery that is most impressively *freundlich*.

This was clearly the impression of Mrs. Chetwynd, who went prepared to make the best of things, and has evidently an enviable capacity for doing so. A lady who, being prematurely awakened before five o'clock in the morning by the demonstrations of industrial energy in a sequestered village, can take a three-and-a-half hours' walk before breakfast, and return with no worse feeling than the exhaustion which a good meal can recruit, must be quite equal to sleeping soundly on the floor upon a railway-rug when she was disappointed in the matter of expected accommodation. The village where Mrs. Chetwynd settled at first with her family appears to have been somewhere in the north of Hanover. She had secured what was supposed to be a furnished house; but it soon appeared that the description was delusive in the extreme, at least according to our English notions. Mrs. Chetwynd waxes eloquently pathethic over the deception, emphasizing words in italics after the manner of ladies. There were no mattresses on the beds; the very scanty furniture showed the extreme of mediæval discomfort; while, as for crockery and common kitchen utensils, nothing of the kind had been provided. Having recovered the first shock, Mrs. Chetwynd proved equal to the circumstances. She had an interval of four days before the arrival of the rest of her party, and in that time she furnished the house as she best could from the nearest town. Meanwhile, as we have said, she roughed it through the night upon her personal wraps, having recourse in the day to friendly neighbours for the strictest necessaries of existence:—

> We borrowed a cup from one person, a coffee-pot from another, and we had at any rate coffee; and we ordered our dinner from a wonderful little restaurant not far off, and had dinner—quite enough for two people, and consisting of soup, meat, vegetables, and a pudding—for the sum of tenpence. It was very cheap, if a little greasy.

The cost of a sufficient dinner from the restaurant gives some notion of the scale on which it is still possible to live comfortably enough in some not very remote parts of Germany. But, of course, so far as amusements go, one ought to be self-contained, or very easily entertained by trifles. Mrs. Chetwynd assures us that the days went swiftly by, and that she and her friends enjoyed the life amazingly. But then they abandoned themselves to its uneventful course, and drifted contentedly on the untroubled current. The strongest sensations were the discovery of some new walk, "of a wild strawberry bed, or some fragrant honeysuckle." Their observations beyond those on the surrounding scenery were confined to the habits and customs of their poorer neighbours. They were happy in hitting upon a good cook, who, though hot in temper, and having to be managed diplomatically, made superb pastry and puddings with the most miserably inadequate appliances. But even the tranquillity of that Teutonic Eden was disturbed. The post people knew nothing about foreign postal regulations, and were swaddled besides in official red tape, and this must have come very hard on a literary lady; while the woods, beautiful as they were, swarmed with bloodthirsty midges and mosquitoes, which not only tormented the strangers in their walks, but relentlessly followed them into their sleeping apartments. At last the valuable, though "violent," cook suggested a sovereign specific. The rooms were sprinkled with petroleum, and Mrs. Chetwynd even scented her hat with the oil. Fastidious people, as she not unnaturally remarks, might have found the remedy nearly as disagreeable as the disease.

The party made many expeditions from their village home, and they moved on afterwards to Berlin and Dresden. But among the most interesting contents of Mrs. Chetwynd's chapters are the accounts of her visits to German country houses. They chanced to be staying with a wealthy Hanoverian count on the great occasion of the celebration of his birthday. It was a day rather to be remembered than enjoyed. At a very early hour the English visitors were aroused by the jubiant strains of a powerful brass band. "I cannot remember any cessation; of course the original band must have rested; but music was there all the same, and no change was perceptible." There was a table loaded with birthday gifts, and a cake covered with little candles—a candle for each year of the master's life; but the great and novel feature of the entertainments was a melodramatic representation of his uneventful biographical annals. The Herr Graf was paraded as the prominent figure on a great waggon. First, he appeared as a small boy, that being meant to symbolize his personality in his school-days. Next, he was a youth studying law; and so it went on from age to age. But "the most amusing scene was intended to show the various occasions on which he had lost his heart—a waggon-load of *alte flammen*, consisting of Swedish, Italian, English, Greek, and Spanish figures, the dresses capitally arranged and the figures well posed." And the whole of the domestic play was got up by the servants of his household and the people on his home farm; the only star engaged from the outer world being the boy who undertook to represent him in his school-days.

There is a very lively and graphic account of their stay at Gorisch, in the Saxon Switzerland—the village where they were forced to rise with the sun and the very early-rising natives. The steep crags in the neighbourhood were covered with pine trees, wherever the roots could find a scrap of soil to lay hold of. "But these pines have one beauty the Scotch pines have not. The great buds, usually a bright brown or yellow, which crown the branches in Scotland, are here, as in the Alps, a vivid flame colour and stand out against the rocks splendidly"; while "the blackberries that carpet the ground beneath their boughs are giants, compared to the ordinary Scottish growth." The little inn, too, had its own attractions. In it, as in all the surrounding houses, there were the exaggerated dormer-windows, peculiar to the Saxon Switzerland, "exactly the shape of a human eye, and staring out of the red roof in a manner which endows the houses with a most extraordinary human expression." And those extraordinarily human eyes had characteristic sights to gaze upon. "Never perhaps in so small a space" (as in the courtyard) "were so many animals gathered together. Besides the white ponies, there were brown ones; and there was a brown horse—a tall, ill-made animal, with very straight shoulders and very thin legs, which was called a lady's horse, and which we heard was in great request, later on in the season. There were two donkeys, several fowls, many cows, pigs and sheep, dogs and cats of course, and pigeons without end. Of course, had it been a farm, there would have been nothing extraordinary in the collection; but in a farm there would have been some provision made for their accommodation, while here the whole happy family lived in the smallest conceivable space—donkeys, fowls, and ponies in the same stable; and as they each had their little tempers, the noise at times was anything but musical." We hope we may have done justice to Mrs. Chetwynd's style by slight quotations taken almost at haphazard. She has made a readable little book out of scanty materials, and we can safely recommend it for the use of families of frugal minds who are bent upon quiet holiday-making in Germany.

JAMES'S HAWTHORNE.*

THIS volume, in which Hawthorne is boldly claimed as an "English man of letters," is not the only Life of him that has appeared; for a few years ago the novelist's son-in-law, Mr. Lathrop, wrote *A Study of Hawthorne*, "an ingenious and sympathetic sketch," as Mr. James says, "in which the author has taken great pains to collect the more interesting facts of Hawthorne's life." On that sketch, and on what Hawthorne himself has left of autobiography in his six volumes of note-books, Mr. James bases the narrative part of his little book; of which we may say at the outset that it is only less interesting than the critical account which he gives of Hawthorne's writings. For not even in the case of a writer like Hawthorne can the facts of the life be neglected if we are to understand and enjoy his work. Simple, uneventful, and "deficient in the dramatic quality" as the story is, Hawthorne cannot be appreciated without reference to the woods of Concord, the field-work of Brook Farm, the Boston Custom-House, and the Liverpool Consulate. He was born in 1804, at Salem, Massachusetts, on the "birthday of the Republic," the 4th of July; and he died at Plymouth, in New Hampshire, in 1864, a few months before completing his sixtieth year. His race had been settled in Salem for two centuries, the "first ancestor, invested by family tradition with a dim and dusty grandeur," having been Major William Hathorne, a Puritan settler for conscience' sake, and the next having been Colonel John Hathorne, whose exploits in persecuting witches gave the novelist the idea of one of his greatest stories. Puritans by temperament and seamen by profession were almost all the intervening Hathornes; for Salem, as is known to all readers of the delightful prologue to *The Scarlet Letter*, is a seaport that once had life and activity. Hawthorne's father was Daniel Hathorne (it was the novelist himself that inserted the *w*), "a hardy privateer during the War of Independence," who died on a voyage when the boy was four years old. Mr. James passes lightly over the childhood of his subject, remarking, with more adherence to truth than most biographers can boast of, that "there is a considerable sameness in the behaviour of small boys." Much of his boyhood was spent with an uncle amid the forests of Maine; and it was here, Hawthorne himself said later, "that I first got my cursed habits of solitude." When he was nearly seventeen he entered Bowdoin College at Brunswick, Maine, "a homely, simple, frugal 'country college' of the old-fashioned American stamp," in which were to be found, as Hawthorne's fellow-students, Horatio Bridge, after-

* *English Men of Letters.—Hawthorne.* By Henry James, Junr. London: Macmillan & Co. 1879.

wards a naval officer of distinction, Franklin Pierce, who in 1852 was elected President of the United States, and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The chief results of his residence at Bowdoin seem to have been the friendship which he formed with these three, and the production of his earliest novel, *Fanshawe*—a book which he afterwards suppressed so rigorously that not half-a-dozen copies are known to have survived. Mr. James has never seen this novel, but quotes a few paragraphs on the authority of Mr. Lathrop, from which it would seem that Hawthorne did well in obliterating so crude a performance.

After graduating in 1825 Hawthorne went back to live at Salem, without a profession and without any idea of adopting one. It is hard to say that the next twelve years were all a mistake on his part, seeing what work came ultimately from that "period of incubation"; but they were years of solitude, of "gloom and chill," even of unhappiness. He looked to letters for his future, and prepared himself for that future by cultivating his imagination and that reflective observation of which the *American Note-Books* give us so suggestive a record. But he was absolutely alone, intellectually speaking; "he lacked the comfort and inspiration of belonging to a class." The solitary worker, as Mr. James says, is inevitably more or less of an empiric; and this fate Hawthorne did not escape. "Poor Hawthorne, beginning to write subtle short tales at Salem, was empirical enough; he was one of, at most, some dozen Americans who had taken up literature as a profession.' But the *Twice-Told Tales* were the fruit of this retirement at Salem; and, though the early ones among them made no stir, recognition came before long, and brought with it, if not wealth, at all events a subsistence. Nothing like them had been seen in America before, or in Europe either; and it is with no surprise that we read in Hawthorne's note-book the entry, written at Salem in 1836, "In this dismal chamber FAME was won"—though it was in the first instance but a fame which brought him into the clutches of literary speculators like Mr. Peter Parley. In 1839, by one of those wonderful turns of fortune's wheel which are only possible in a country which enjoys the blessing of a rotatory Civil Service, Hawthorne found himself, as a good Democrat, sharing the spoils which were brought to the party by Mr. Van Buren's presidency. He was made weigher and gauger in the Boston Custom-house. The author of the *Twice-Told Tales* superintending the discharge of a coal-ship is as satisfying a picture as Burns measuring barrels or Wordsworth distributing stamps.

Readers of this little memoir will turn with especial curiosity to the chapter which deals with Hawthorne's experiences of Brook Farm, that "little industrial and intellectual association that formed itself at this time (1840) in one of the suburbs of Boston." Mr. James speaks with perfect fairness of this interesting but unsuccessful experiment:—

> The Brook Farm scheme was, as such things go, a reasonable one; it was devised and carried out by shrewd and sober-minded New Englanders, who were careful to place economy first and idealism afterwards, and who were not afflicted with a Gallic passion for completeness of theory. There were no formulas, doctrines, dogmas; there was no interference whatever with private life or individual habits, and not the faintest adumbration of a rearrangement of that difficult business known as the relations of the sexes. The relations of the sexes were neither more nor less than what they usually are in American life, excellent; and in such particulars the scheme was thoroughly conservative and irreproachable. Its main characteristic was that each individual concerned in it should do a part of the work necessary for keeping the whole machine going. He could choose his work and he could live as he liked; it was hoped, but it was by no means demanded, that he would make himself agreeable, like a gentleman invited to a dinner-party. Allowing, however, for everything that was a concession to worldly traditions and to the laxity of man's nature, there must have been in the enterprise a good deal of a certain freshness and purity of spirit, of a certain noble credulity and faith in the perfectibility of man, which it would have been easier to find in Boston in the year 1840 than in London five-and-thirty years later.

The second volume of the *American Note-Books* contains the best record of Hawthorne's doings at Brook Farm, in his letters to the lady whom he was soon to marry and whom he honestly intended to bring to live in the community. Hawthorne on the deck of the collier was an incongruous figure, but not so incongruous as Hawthorne standing, pitchfork in hand, by the "gold-mine," as he sweetly called the manure-heap of the Association. At first he took kindly to his toil:—

> All the morning I have been at work under the clear blue sky, on a hill-side. Sometimes it almost seemed as if I were at work in the sky itself, though the material in which I wrought was the ore from our gold-mine. Nevertheless, there is nothing so unseemly and disagreeable in this sort of toil as you could think. It defiles the hands, indeed, but not the soul. This gold ore is a pure and wholesome substance, else our mother Nature would not devour it so readily, and derive so much nourishment from it, and return such a rich abundance of good grain and roots in requital of it.

This was written on May 4; but by August 12 the tone is changed:—

> Even my Custom House experience was not such a thraldom and weariness; my mind and heart were free. Oh! labour is the curse of the world, and nobody can meddle with it without becoming proportionately brutified! Is it a praiseworthy matter that I have spent five golden months in providing food for cows and horses? It is not so.

He could not long endure either the drudgery or the "sultry heat of society" which were the conditions of life at the farm; and when in 1842 he married, he took his bride, not to the farm, but to the "Old Manse" in the village of Concord, to which we owe the choicest pages of the *Note-books* and the volume of *Mosses*. The four years of his life at the Manse can only be described by the hackneyed word "idyllic," so peaceful were they, so transfused with the golden light of imagination and affection. Emerson was Hawthorne's neighbour all this while, and the relation between the two was a very perfect one. Truly, as Mr. James says, "little Concord had not been ill-treated by the Fates—with a 'great original thinker' at one end of the village, an exquisite teller of tales at the other, and the rows of New England elms between!"

By this time Hawthorne was forty, however, and children were beginning to appear. If he was to do anything for solid fame or for an income, he must begin to work to more purpose than the "two to four hours a day" of story-writing or note-writing he had as yet achieved. In 1846 he accepted the post of Surveyor of the Port of Salem, a post too well paid for him to be able to refuse it; and in these duties he spent the next three years. Mr. James quotes, from the prologue to the wonderful novel which was the product of these three years, a striking passage which would show, in the first place, that Hawthorne liked drudgery as little now as of old at Boston and Brook Farm; and, secondly, that he seemed to regret the inevitable twist which sent him for the subjects of his stories to the airy region of the past and the ideal rather than to the facts of the world around him. "The wiser effort would have been to diffuse thought and imagination through the opaque substance of to-day, and thus make it a bright transparency . . . to seek resolutely the true and indestructible value that lay hidden in the petty and wearisome incidents and ordinary characters with which I was now conversant." It is as though Hawthorne were regretting that he was not a Dickens or a Balzac, on which our comment must be that it is generally unwise in a man to wish to be something quite different from what nature made him. *Il ne faut pas sortir de son caractère.* A realistic study of Salem life might have been an admirable piece of literature, but the world would be loth to exchange it for *The Scarlet Letter*. It was in this last that Hawthorne first did himself full justice, and people in America, and in England too, were quick to recognize the masterpiece. "It was a great success, and he immediately found himself famous"—not possessed of that limited and esoteric "Fame" of which the *Note-Books* had spoken ten years earlier, but of the fame which makes a writer's name the plaything of the educated mob, and his characters the stock subjects of every picture gallery. The success of *The Scarlet Letter* was enough to console Hawthorne for the loss of his post, which had come as a matter of course with the defeat of his party in the Presidential election. He was able to retire to a little house in the village of Lenox "among the mountains of Massachusetts," and to write *The House of the Seven Gables*. In 1852 came *The Blithedale Romance*—a story suggested, but only suggested, by his memories of Brook Farm, the heroine being a kind of glorified and beautified Margaret Fuller, who appears under the name of Zenobia. By this time Hawthorne was accepted as the chief of American prose writers, his position was assured, and the appearance of each new book of his was a literary event. But he had not seen Europe, and he was not rich; so that when, in 1852, his friend General Pierce became President and offered him the well-paid Consulate at Liverpool, he accepted it, and came for seven years to England and Italy. These were the years in which he wrote *Our Old Home* (a collection of articles on England) and *Transformation*. His latest years, after his return home, were clouded by the Civil War; a fact of appalling magnitude to all Americans, but to none so appalling as to the Northern Democratic party, the party to whom the United States under the old *régime* of Southern ascendency was the best of all possible Republics, and one that could never be shaken. No great literary work was likely to be produced during these years; and Hawthorne, ill and dispirited, achieved nothing but two fragments. He died suddenly and without warning, on the 18th of May, 1864.

Our space has exhausted itself without our being able to do more than to run through the main facts of Hawthorne's biography, and we must leave unsaid all that we might have said to illustrate or to controvert Mr. James's criticism of his writings. The truth is that these books of Mr. Morley's series are not easy to review. They are, at least the best of them are, themselves the quintessence of criticism; to abridge their judgments is difficult: to demur to them satisfactorily within short limits is more difficult still. If we might venture to state a few opinions without defending them, we should say that to our mind Mr. James goes too far in claiming for Hawthorne a purely external attitude in relation to moral problems; and that he rates the *American Note-Books*, and perhaps *Transformation*, not highly enough. The former we cannot help regarding as among the most perfect and beautiful revelations of a writer's personality that exist in literature; they are the *Confessions* of an innocent Rousseau, who had nothing to confess except the closeness of his walk with nature. *Transformation* will always be a debated ground among critics, and will be liked or not according as the critic cares or does not care for mystery and gloom in fiction. We admit, however, that the story does not equal the two greatest American novels, the position of which in the highest class of modern writings is never more to be assailed. Hawthorne was indeed a first-rate writer; gifted with the rarest and subtlest imagination, and with a style at once so individual and so sympathetic that every reader is instantly caught and held by the charm of it. Such a man requires the most delicate handling on the part of the critic, and he has received it from Mr. James. Probably no one living could have done so good a book on Hawthorne as he has done. Essentially unlike as the two writers

are, Mr. James is imaginative enough to render Hawthorne's moods for us in a way that commands our assent to his rendering; besides, he knows New England down to its very roots; he moves at will between the American standpoint and the European; and he is the master of a style of exceptional fineness and elasticity. It would be easy to fill a column with instances of his felicities of expression and truth of insight; but perhaps it would be rendering a better service to him and to our readers to send them to look for these in the book itself.

EIGHT MONTHS IN AN OX-WAGGON.*

MR. SANDEMAN falls into the common error of people who publish accounts of their travels. He gives himself the trouble to write a great deal which no one can care to read. Rather, we should say, he does not give himself the trouble to cut it out when he had once written it down. From the dedication of the book, and from the form in which the narrative is cast, we gather that it was first written in the form of letters or a diary. Now a traveller's friends, we at once admit, generally enjoy the most petty details that he may condescend to send them. But when he sets out from home in the quest of health, as Mr. Sandeman did, "looking a miserable invalid, with difficulty able to walk a mile, and utterly unfit for exertion of any kind," then the accounts of his appetite, his meals, his down-sitting and his uprising, are received with an anxiety that passes into perfect enthusiasm as the reports grow better and better. We can easily picture to ourselves the delight with which the news spread through the family group and an extensive circle of acquaintances that the traveller "had done ample justice to the new-laid eggs, splendid ham, and fresh bread and butter provided at Mrs. Murray's Pinetown Hotel." Scarcely had they settled down into calmness from the rapture which such news would raise, when the next mail would bring news that he had "made a capital tea of hashed mutton at Curry's Hotel." Such glorious news as this could not be brought by every steamer. Yet it was something, they must all have felt, to know that at a roadside inn he had some bread-and-butter, and that at a farm a day or two later he procured some fresh milk which was very acceptable. They would be pleased moreover to learn that on one occasion, early in his journey, when he encamped beside a stream, he and his friend had a wash in it before breakfast. But matters such as these, though very properly put into letters and diaries, are best left there. No doubt Mr. Sandeman has very high authority for paying great attention to his meals. "Some people," said Dr. Johnson, "have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind, what they eat. For my part I mind my belly very studiously, and very carefully; for I look upon it that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else." However, the great lexicographer did not carry his great principle further than this. He minded that highly respectable and important organ of the body, no doubt, but he did not write about it. He dined, but he kept no diary of his dinners. Now travellers ought to remember that we who have stayed at home have had our meals as well as they, though we did not perhaps bring to them the same keen appetite. If we do not trouble them with an account of what we have eaten in England, let them not insist on telling us what they have eaten in Africa. They have had their meals, and said, no doubt, grace over them, and all that was then left for them to do was to digest their food properly. We have so often had to point out this before, that we are beginning to despair of working any cure. Fresh books of travels are constantly coming out; but in almost all of them there is the same bestowal of all the tediousness that the traveller possesses upon the unhappy reader. It would be a good thing if Messrs. Cook would add to their agency one further branch, and would undertake on the traveller's return to cut down his narrative to decent limits.

Had Mr. Sandeman given us two hundred pages instead of four hundred, we could have read his narrative with not a little interest. He travelled through a wild country in somewhat wild times; and he spent, as the title of the volume shows, eight months in an ox-waggon. He left home to recruit his health, and he arrived at the Cape "a miserable invalid." He took at once to an out-of-door life of rough hardship, and within six months "he was able to walk from sunrise to sunset, ride on shoulder, under a blazing sun, without feeling unduly fatigued at the end of a long day's work, and often with no more strengthening food to work on than mealie-meal pap, or other vegetable diet." He ran considerable risks from wild beasts, as he left his waggon for a fortnight while he went to hunt buffaloes and lions, and he ran perhaps no less risk from the Kaffirs. It was but the year before last that he took his trip, and he passed through a part of the country where Secocoeni's people had begun to plunder. The account he gives of this part of his journey is certainly interesting even to the general reader. To sportsmen, however, it will be most attractive. It is difficult, indeed, to believe that even they can care to know that on Wednesday the 17th (of what month we are not told) Mr. Sandeman with a charge of No. 6 laid low a wild duck, and that the discharge of his gun roused a pair of large blue doves, one of which A. dropped. If, however, they do care for such matters as these—and of the talk of the sportsman it certainly cannot be said, as of the law, *de minimis non curat*—then they may possibly be glad to learn that at least on one occasion the travellers saw a very large herd of spring and blesse-bôk together, but were not able to get within range. Within range of a great many herds of these animals they were able to get. We are ourselves now and then more pleased when we find that Mr. Sandeman misses his aim than when he succeeds. When he is surrounded in his camp by lions, when he is charged by a buffalo and has the narrowest escape of his life, when he comes across a boa-constrictor eighteen feet long, then our sympathies are with the traveller; but there are times when we could have wished that he had had a less steady aim. He chased a herd of giraffes on his horse, and, coming near, fired at one. "To my great delight the tall head fell forward, then down almost between the forelegs, and the giraffe toppled over on its side." Some forty pages further on he says:—"The eyes of the giraffe are the most beautiful and appealing of any animal I ever saw. . . . It is the most defenceless animal imaginable, and has nothing to show fight with, even if so inclined. . . . Unless the hunter has opportunities of utilizing the skin, it always appeared to me rather wanton slaughter destroying giraffes, as neither difficulty nor danger attended their chase." Mr. Sandeman here shows good feeling. We trust that, should he ever again come across these defenceless animals with their beautiful and appealing eyes, he will not any more seek after "great delight," but will try to act on Wordsworth's lines:—

> Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
> With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

On this hunting expedition game was not seen for two or three days, and the travellers were getting short of food. Many of the Kaffirs had joined the party as porters, mainly in the hope of the abundant supply of meat that they would obtain. They were becoming very melancholy and discontented, while even the Englishmen were growing ravenous for fresh meat. When at last some buffaloes were killed, the white men were quickly shown one side of savage life, and that by no means a pleasant one:—

> It was such a scene as I am powerless to describe. Each boy sat at the fire in front of his own particular stick or ramrod, on which were the little knobs of meat; but beside each was a pile of long strips about an inch thick, and some of them a yard in length. While his knobs were slowly roasting the boy would take one of these long strips, containing at least half a pound of meat, and, holding one end in the flame, would let it get toasted for a few seconds; then he would place that end in his mouth, and begin to chew it, placing the still uncooked end in the flame, and at the same time watching that the knobs on his stick did not get burnt. For three hours or more not a boy moved from the fire, except to cut up a fresh supply of meat or to have a drink of water. All this time they hardly spoke a word, so intent were they on gorging themselves; but as the night advanced they broke into a low, monotonous sort of humming chant, during which, one after the other, they recounted some adventure of the day, or expressed their delight at so much good food, the others all the while keeping up an accompanying chorus of the humming chant. Occasionally they would raise their voices to a yell, and then sink them so low as to be almost inaudible. Woodward and myself turned into our blankets, and were soon lulled asleep by the monotonous but not unpleasant singing. All through the night the boys alternately ate or sang, and several times when I awoke I saw them still hard at work chewing down the yards of meat.

The next morning they presented most of the appearances of drunken men. Their eyes were rolling, they could hardly walk straight, and they spoke and looked as if they were insensible to what was going on around them. They were utterly unfit for work, and the hunters had to encamp there for another day and night, till the men had recovered from their debauch. Mr. Sandeman employed Kaffirs of more than one tribe. Among them all he gives by far the best character to the Zulus. The ordinary Kaffir, he says, is utterly untrustworthy and unreliable. Why, by the way, when he had said in good English that a man is untrustworthy, does he say the same thing over again in bad English, by adding that he is unreliable? Perhaps he fears that some of his sporting readers may have got so used to bad English that good English will puzzle them. But to return to the Zulus. They are, he writes, almost invariably honest, truthful, and reliable servants. "A Zulu will always stand by his master if an occasion comes for blows and hard knocks, neither will he ever run away and leave him in the hour of sickness and helplessness." Mr. Sandeman wrote this a few months before our war with them broke out.

He travelled from Durban through Natal into the Transvaal. The account he gives of these territories agrees with all that we have read elsewhere. Our wonder is once more raised how it has happened that, while in North America, in New Zealand, even in Australia, there is an abundance of fertile land only awaiting the hand of the tiller, our countrymen should have settled in the midst of savage nations in such barren wastes. The Boers, no doubt, pressed northwards in the search of independence when we seized on the Dutch colonies, much as the Esquimaux and Laps in ages past retired to the barren shores of the Northern Seas. But why we followed them, it is not easy to see. In Natal and the Transvaal and many of the other States of this part of Africa the plagues of life are as abundant as its blessings are few. There are no roads—or, at all events, the roads are far worse than those which were so bad before they were made by Marshal Wade. There are every year great droughts. Insects swarm. The north-west wind is "a scorching blast, charged with minute particles of rock-sand, which inflame the eyes and irritate the skin." There are poisonous snakes, wild beasts, and almost

* *Eight Months in an Ox-Waggon: Reminiscences of Boer Life.* By E. F. Sandeman. With a Map. London: Griffith & Farran. 1880.

wilder men. There is scarcely a single article that can be bought at a moderate price. Mr. Sandeman was more than once among the gold-diggers. No coal-heaver or navvy, he says, has a tithe of the hardships and fatigues which he undergoes. "All day long toiling hard in a broiling sun, and up to his middle in water, and at night no comforts of any kind when he returns to his hut." Fuel is so dear that he can only afford just enough to cook his bit of meat and boil his kettle. In the nights of winter he suffers, high up on the hills, from the piercing winds, while the water in his hut is turned into ice. Animals of all kinds are subject to diseases peculiar to the country. Horses, sheep, and horned cattle are swept away by thousands. In many parts even the pleasures of the chase can no longer be enjoyed, so ruthlessly has the game been destroyed. Where herds of deer used to wander, now not a single head can be seen. There are, no doubt, large tracts of fertile land; but they are often widely separated from each other and from the seaports by deserts, over which the wretched oxen drag their heavy loads, urged on by the most shameful cruelty. The way is often marked by the bones of poor beasts which, when they had once fallen, were too weak to be roused up, even by the tortures which Mr. Sandeman saw practised on them by their drivers. One great good is done both by such books as this and also by the newspaper correspondents who have accompanied our armies. Those who go to these districts of South Africa go with their eyes open. As regards them, even the most artful of emigration agents will find it hard to practise their well-known delusive arts.

We must not forget to add that the value of Mr. Sandeman's volume is greatly increased by an excellent map of the Transvaal and the surrounding territories.

JOURNAL OF THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.*

MUCH of the interest of the present volume converges in Northamptonshire, the capital of which county was the place where the Archæological Institute gathered in 1878. The members who there attended were unfortunately deprived of an expected address from Mr. Freeman, who however sent a letter, herein printed, which pointed out some of the leading facts in the history of Northampton. One class of events to which attention was drawn must have suggested that more important congresses than the meeting of the Institute could be likely to prove had assembled in that ancient town, which in the time of the Norman kings was as favourite a centre for national synods as had been the mysteriously situated Cloveshoe in the days of Offa, King of the Mercians. At Northampton Harold met the Northumbrian insurgents, and swore to them the peace which Edward had granted them, that legalized the expulsion of Tostig and the election of the son of Alfgar. At Rockingham (A.D. 1094) Anselm, bolder than the conclave of bishops around him, who were afraid of the King, defied Rufus to the face in his attempt to measure the secular arm against the spiritual. The great Council of Stephen was held at Northampton in 1138, which was also a seat of the Councils of Henry I. and Henry II., the conspicuous figure in the famous convention of 1164 being Thomas Becket. In 1189 the national synod of Richard II. met in Northampton Castle, as did the great Council of John in 1211 and the legatine synods of Henry III. Keeping rather to the spirit than to the letter of the facts represented, Shakspeare's play of *King John* opens at Northampton. That town was visited not less than twenty-three times by the royal hero of the piece, who stayed the while either at the castle of the same place or at Rockingham Castle, the forest about the latter fortress being one of John's favourite hunting-grounds. In the Chancellor's Roll of the third year of that King's reign are some curious entries. For instance, there is a charge of five marks for "repairing the King's houses in the Castle of Northampton"; and "to sergeants who brought the heads of six outlaws, six shillings." Also, "for bringing the hunting-gear of the King from Northampton to Westminster, half a mark," and "To the chaplain at Geddington 50s., his salary for the past year." This chaplain was the King's confessor, and, considering how much shriving his royal master needed, his stipend of a shilling a week was not high.

Among the contributors to the past year's Proceedings we are glad to meet with the name of Mr. M. H. Bloxam. It is more than fifty years since Mr. Bloxam began to do honourable service for archæology by the publication of his *Principles of Gothic Ecclesiastical Architecture* (May 1829); and his paper here published on the "Mediæval Sepulchral Antiquities of Northamptonshire" shows that neither his zeal nor his strength for the study of ecclesiastical antiquities is abated. Wiser than Old Mortality, who only revived the inscriptions on monuments which were themselves liable after all, like unique manuscripts, to be finally destroyed or lost, Mr. Bloxam has perpetuated by descriptive particulars a selection of the most interesting of upwards of two hundred examples of effigies, either sculptured in stone or wood, or incised in brass, in the county of Northampton. Effigies in England, remarks Mr. Stothard, are rarely met with before the thirteenth century. One somewhat earlier is here noticed, that of Benedict, Abbot of Peterborough, who died A.D. 1193. It represents the Abbot, in eucharistic vestments, within a horizontal trefoil-headed canopy, which is apparently supported on each side by a reed-like column, with an Early English capital. Mr. Bloxam remarks that there are few sepulchral effigies of Benedictines in the habit of their order, and that a thirteenth-century image of a Benedictine in his monastic costume, larger than the life, in a niche of the gateway of the Bishop's Palace south-west of the Cathedral, is intended for St. Benedict himself; which seems more likely than that it is St. Luke or St. Philip, as the cast of the effigy in the Sydenham Crystal Palace states it to be. It is singular that there is no sepulchral effigy of a bishop in the county of Northampton. In Peterborough Cathedral there was, according to Gunton, a stately tomb in memory of Bishop Dove (A.D. 1630) "in his episcopal robes on a large bed under a fair table of black marble, with a library of books about him"; but in the Puritan frenzy against prelacy this statue was hewn to pieces by the Parliamentary soldiery. Of figures in armour there is "a large and wonderful variety," from one at Castle Ashby Church of Sir David de Esseby, who died before 1268, to that of Sir John Germaine, Bart, who died in 1718; the former being of course in chain mail, which fell wholly into disuse in the reign of Edward III., and the latter in a species of plate armour which might have belonged to his sire, for armour in his day had ceased to be worn. Mr. Bloxam despairs of describing the rapid change in female attire which, beginning with Scholastica de Gayton, living in 1284, in Gayton Church, ends with Lady Mary Mordaunt, in Lowick Church, who died in 1705, with a few of later date which "I do not comment upon." Scholastica's, the earliest, is the most beautiful and chaste in the arrangement of drapery.

A careful disquisition on "Parish Churches in the Year 1548," by Mr. J. F. Micklethwaite, contains a discussion on the ambiguous injunction of 1547 which retains "two lights upon the high altar before the Sacrament." Mr. Micklethwaite too hastily suspects that the original document has been wrongly printed, "for by no possible contortion could two lights placed upon the altar be before the Sacrament, either lying in the midst of the altar or reserved by suspense, as was then the custom." There is evidence, however, that it had long been customary to place two lights upon the altar through the administration of Mass or Holy Communion; and, in spite of the vagueness of the injunction, these must have been the lights that were ordered to be maintained. Mr. Micklethwaite particularizes the other lights which were in use up to 1548 and partially continued during that year, such as the baptismal candle, the hearse light, the Paschal candle, the torches borne in processions, &c. On the 2nd of February, 1547-8, according to Stow's "Chronicle," "the bearing of candles in the church was left off throughout the whole citie of London." But the custom lingered in some of the provinces long after its legislative abrogation. Under 1583 we find in the wardens' accounts of the Norman church of St. James, Bristol, "Paid to the waytes a Candlemas day and night at our church 2s. 6d., and a pound of tallow candles that night 3d.," which does not, however, argue a very brilliant illumination. Perhaps one of the latest instances of the exaction of the tribute of a funeral torch occurs in A.D. 1640, when there is a petition from the inhabitants of Dundry, on a spur of the Mendips, complaining that Mr. Fabian, the Vicar of Chew, three miles distant, refuses to allow burials at Dundry unless the inhabitants pay him a wax candle every year on St. Andrew's day. He had several times caused dead bodies which had been brought to Dundry for burial to be violently carried away and buried at Chew; while his conduct, on the whole, seems hardly to have entitled him to the honour of a candle—certainly not a lighted one.

Mr. G. T. Clark has raised the investigation of mediæval fortification to the dignity of a science, and a study of his papers on this subject is a liberal education in castle architecture. As far back as A.D. 1836 he published in a short-lived provincial periodical (*The West of England Journal*) an "Essay on Caerphilly Castle," which included a restored plan of that magnificent Welsh fortress, the chief façade of which is "one of the finest and most complete specimens of a feudal line of defence extant in this or any other country." Indeed, for extent Caerphilly in its present condition is like the ruins of a fortified town. We doubt almost as much whether Mr. Clark has ever equalled his essay on that castle as whether any English writer has equalled Mr. Clark in a thorough knowledge of the typical arrangements of a feudal fortress. The present volume, however, contains several papers from his hand, two of these being on the "Land of Morgan and the Earls of Gloucester," and a third on Rockingham Castle, which should be read in connexion with the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne's account of the same fortress in the first volume of the *Archæological Institute Journal*. Mr. Clark's genealogy of the Earls of Gloucester is vitiated, like every pedigree of the same family from Dugdale downwards, by some confusion between Richard the son of Gilbert, the English founder of the Clares, and Richard FitzGilbert, the grandson of the founder. Mr. Clark writes that the earliest of these Richards was slain at Llantony by Yorworth, brother of Howel of Caerleon, about 1091, and that he was buried at St. Neots. He likewise says that the second Richard, grandson of the first (who, by the way, was father of Walter de Clare, the founder of Tintern Abbey), also met his death "from the natives of South Wales—it is said, by Morgan ap Owen—in the disturbances that broke out after the death of Henry I.," and that "the assassination is supposed to have occurred in 1139." "He was buried," adds Mr. Clarke, "at St. Neot's." That the fate of the earlier Richard is confounded with that of the later is plain from the *Annales Cambriæ*, where, under A.D. 1136, it is said "Richard filius Gilberti a Morgano filio Owyni occisus est," the day of the assassination having been,

* *Journal of the Royal Archæological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland.* Vol. xxxv.

according to the continuator of Florence of Worcester, April 15, who adds that he was honourably interred, not at St. Neot's, as above, but in the Chapter-room of St. Peter's, Gloucester, where Leland (*Itin.* iv. p. 80) says that he saw his tomb. Yorworth and Morgan ap Owen, of the *Annales*, were brothers, who, according to Powell's *Cambria*, were living in 1157, or sixty-six years after the assumed murder of the earlier FitzGilbert, who we have no reason to believe died other than a natural death. The error would have been hardly worth correction had it not persistently led to a mistaken identity of persons.

A paper on the Provincials of the Friars Preachers, by the Rev. C. F. R. Palmer, is a scholarly contribution to English monastic history, which is the more welcome since the mendicant fraternities have hitherto received but scanty attention; even Dugdale having excluded them from his *Monasticon*, though his later editors have meagrely treated upon their several Houses. The great evil of poverty, says a Roman satirist, is that it makes men ridiculous. The Dominicans, at least in their earlier form, though professors of poverty, were not ridiculous, for they dignified indigence by preaching the Scriptural declaration that God had chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the promised kingdom. Accordingly, their priories, instead of being planted, like the stately abbeys of the monks, beside pellucid fishing streams, where they might fatten like the dull weed on Lethe's wharf, were within hearing of the hum of some city whose crowded population of neglected poor attracted their missionary zeal. Gilbert de Fresnoy was at the head of the thirteen friars who in 1221 first came into England. On reaching Canterbury with his brethren he preached before the Archbishop, Stephen Langton, who was so satisfied with the discourse that he took the new religious order into favour. To the dignity of Archbishop and Primate of all England, one of the Provincials, Father Robert de Kilwardby, was himself at the instance of Henry III. appointed by Gregory X. As the King died the month following Kilwardby's election, in October 1272, one of the first acts of the new Archbishop was to proclaim Edward I. in the presence of the prelates and nobles, who met in the New Temple, London. Under the title of St. Rufina Kilwardby became a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church. At the time of his receiving the distinction he was seventy years old; but, in spite of his age, he made his journey on foot to Rome, staff in hand, for he never forsook the habit of his order nor abated anything of his religious austerity. The works of this eminent scholar and theologian, including twenty-eight treatises on Logic and Philosophy, are enumerated in Quetif and Echard's *Scriptores Ordinis Prædicatorum*. Mr. Palmer gives biographical particulars, gathered from laborious research, of as many as forty Provincials. One of the last and best known names is that of John Hilsey, who, as a Dominican prior, was as hot against the doctrines preached by Latimer as he was afterwards, when Bishop of Rochester, strong for the King's supremacy. Before his arrival at the latter dignity he had been constituted Provincial of the Friars Preachers in order to bring that body into subjection. His work was the easier that he met with less opposition than hypocrisy. From Exeter, June 21, 1534, he wrote to Cromwell, "I have not found any religious persons in my visitations that hath utterly denied and refused the oath to be obedient, true, and agreeable unto the King's high pleasure and will. Yet I have found some that hath sworn with an evil will, and slenderly hath taken an oath to be obedient; of whom I shall more openly declare and show unto you at my next coming unto your honourable mastership, by God's grace." Hilsey's religious, or rather ecclesiastical, views appear to have matured with the growth of the Reformation. Of his exhibition of the blood of Hailes and the Rood of Grace at St. Paul's Cross we are weary of reading, and Mr. Palmer seems designedly not to have repeated the account. In 1539 he published a service book in which was introduced, says Mr. Proctor, as much doctrinal innovation as Cromwell could then venture upon. It has the abrogation of the Holy days, and the form of bidding of beads, in which, by the King's injunction, all mention of the Vicar of Rome was omitted, and the royal supremacy in the Church asserted instead. This, together with all preceding primers, was superseded in 1545 by King Henry's Primer.

Mr. J. H. Parker, C.B.'s articles on the "Cathedral of Pisa," with "Notes upon Pisan Churches," will prove a useful corrective not only to Murray's Handbook, but also to some architectural misstatements of Mr. Ruskin, whose splendid faculty of language does not always convey exact information; at least so Mr. Parker believes, while claiming him for his "excellent friend." Mr. Ruskin, we are assured, has "misled thousands of persons by following the ideas of the time of Gally Knight, and not being conscious of the *Revolution* that Professor Willis has produced."

Besides the articles we have mentioned, there are several on Anglo-Roman roads, by Messrs. W. T. Watkins, J. F. Marsh, and the Rev. R. S. Baker, which are written with a mild enthusiasm that may perhaps communicate an interest in their subject to an attentive student; and, though the study may not make the reader, like Monkbarns, resolve to travel henceforth only by the great consular ways, it may help him to form some views of his own in relation to certain stations, for he would undoubtedly find it difficult to establish a harmony between the divergent theories here propounded.

CHURCH'S STORIES FROM THE GREEK TRAGEDIANS.*

IT is a happy accident on which we must congratulate Mr. Church, that the drama of old Athens, based on the ancient myths of Thebes and Delphi and the legends of the Atridæ, the Erectheidæ, and the Labdacidæ, furnishes as available matter for Christmas gift-books as the famous classical epics which in years past he has dressed up in attractive guise for the same festive season and purpose. The juvenile reader is thus won and impressed unawares, and catches, as it were, imperceptibly the threads of stories which are the framework of all classical dramatic poetry, and which will hereafter live in his mind, investing the once abominated Greek Play—formerly a by-word for all that is crabbed and incomprehensible—with a charm wholly unknown to former generations of schoolboys. Prose versions and verse translations abound of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides; but the tale of those which the kindliest critic could pronounce successful might be told on the fingers of one hand. By a thorough, loving, and habitual study of his admirable models Mr. Church has acquired a nicety of tact in judging what to reject, what to compress, and what to dwell upon; and yet we are disposed to think that he must have found the task of discrimination more difficult, if better worth grappling with, in dealing with Attic drama than when he represented storywise the epics of Homer or Virgil. Be this as it may, his method of manipulating his materials is just such as will recommend itself best to those most imbued with the manner of Greek tragedy. It would seem that one noticeable feature in it—namely, the rare and partial utilization of the choral odes, which, when they contain aught signally noteworthy, are, save in the case of the *Agamemnon*, taken out of their proper place, as detached utterances of sentiment—is a special result of a study of the relation of chorus to dialogue in the plays of the three great dramatists. It may be that the comparatively few cases where our author has availed himself of the chorus—originally an important figure in the plot, especially with Æschylus—and the close connexion (as in the *Agamemnon*) of the action of the drama with the choral ode in the immediate context, have seemed to Mr. Church to claim exception to his general rule of limiting his material to the dialogues and monostichs, the level passages rather than the high-flown lyric interludes. At any rate, in submitting the transcendent tragedy of the death of Agamemnon to a *raconteur's* handling he has freely availed himself of its memorable lyrics, bringing out effectively the portent of the eagles and the pregnant hare, the touching sacrifice of Iphigenia, the desolate aspect of Menelaus's hearth when Paris had rifled it, and the handful of ashes in urn of brass which "Ares the changer, but not of money," sends back to Greece for her host of heroes. Another instance may be drawn from the same story, where, in p. 148 (*Agam.* vv. 668–700) one of the old men (the chorus, be it remembered, of this drama) is made the mouthpiece of a sentiment and a similitude generally admired by students of Greek choral poetry:—"Rightly," he declares, "they named her Helen, for like *hell* hath she devoured men and ships, aye, and this great city of Troy. I have heard tell how a man reared a lion's cub in his house. Very pleasant was he at the first, for the children played with him, and he made sport for the old; but when he grew he showed the temper of his race, and filled the house with blood. Even so came Helen, smiling and fair to Troy, and now behold the end!" Such echoes of lyric songs are happily suited to the story-teller's purpose; nor can we too much admire Mr. Church's tact in making so much of the salient points of the dialogue—as, for example, the watchman's misgivings darkly hinted as to the ill-ordering of the house; Clytemnestra's description of the succession of beacon fires which "Athos sent southward across the sea on a path of gold like the sunshine"; the reproduction of the hardened woman's fair, glozing utterances to her returning lord in all their two-edged ambiguity, and his contrasted bluntness, when he likens her length of speech to his term of absence. The story waxes still more stirring when Cassandra answers not to the false biddings of Clytemnestra, but, looking back on the tragedies of the House of Atreus, scents by anticipation the blood of the slaughter-house. Equally forcible, even without the outlines of Flaxman, is the presentation of the conclusion—the bold, bad woman boasting over the corpses that she is not the dead man's wife, but the avenging Ate, and, with a feminine yearning that "the shedding of blood should have an end," soothing her paramour's ire at the symptoms of a rebellious spirit by the counsel, "Heed not what these babblers say."

So much for the story wrought out of the masterpiece of Æschylus. There are two kindred character-dramas of Sophocles and Euripides which our author has admitted to his list of subjects, possibly with a view to point the contrasts of woman's nature—the *Trachiniæ*, or Death of Hercules, which turns on the love and jealousy of Deianira, and the consuming love, turned to hate, of the slighted Medea, whom many have regarded as the most tragic of Euripides's heroines. If, as has been recently suggested, the *Trachiniæ* could be proved to be a later play of Sophocles, and of a date subsequent to the *Medea* of Euripides, it might seem as though the second of Attic tragedians had purposely sought to model a typical outraged wife, more womanly and less barbarously witch-like than his rival. The sequence in which Mr. Church gives the "Vengeance of Medea" and the

* *Stories from the Greek Tragedians.* By the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M.A., Author of "Stories from Homer," &c. With twenty-four Illustrations from Designs by Flaxman and others. London, Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday. 1880.

"Death of Hercules" seems to show that he wished to indicate this antithesis of subjects, for the two follow, in order of supposed date, the beautiful tale of Alcestis. Passing over the building and equipment of the Argo, the quest of the Fleece, the taming of the bulls and the sowing of the dragon's teeth, one of the most noteworthy materials for this story is Medea's exchange of a magic ointment, rendering the possessor invulnerable, for Jason's plighted troth; a second is the removal from her husband's path of the usurper Pelias, by a lying parable (so to speak) of possible rejuvenescence. It prepares the reader for after tragedies, nor is one surprised to learn soon of Jason's estranged feeling, and his overtures to a more human bride, Glaucé, the daughter of Creon, King of Corinth. It augurs ill for the new alliance when Medea pledges the chorus to silence, and appeals to their pity in the touching plea, "For a man, if he be troubled at home, goeth abroad and holdeth converse with his friends and equals of age, and is comforted. But with a woman it is not so; for she hath only the life that is at home." As a woman, she can image to herself the joys of a happy home; as a sorceress, she is impelled to work ill to all who have destroyed that home. She gains with difficulty one day's delay of her banishment, in which ostensibly to provide for her children, but really to plot death to the King and his daughter. A vehement altercation with Jason sums up in a few sentences the bitter taunts which liken Medea's false lord to base coin, and exhibits the craven meanness of Jason's pliant character, where he resorts to the argument that, being an exile in the city of Corinth, he could not do better than marry the daughter of the King. Having secured her means of retreat, she plots revenge by a mock propitiation of her rival, and, after she has learnt that the poisoned robe and chaplet have wrought their worst upon Glaucé and Creon, slays her children almost before their father's eyes, and escapes his vengeance in a winged dragon-car of the Sun, her sire, wherein she takes flight for the Court of Ægeus at Athens.

The story of Deianira is more full of the human element. Achelous the river god wooes her roughly and unsuccessfully, some details of his wooing and his strife with Hercules being transferred from the third chorus to the prologue. Anon, when Hercules has won her, he is in danger of losing her by the lawless hand of the Centaur Nessus, who is shot in the act of carrying her off as he ferries her over the river Evenus. Hence the tears of the drama; hence the vengeance of the "dead hand" in the legacy of the Centaur's blood, to be smeared upon a garment of her spouse, as a rekindler of lost love. The gist of the story is the arousing of Deianira's pity, and then jealousy, at the sight of Iole, her husband's captive light-o'-love, and a troop of like-fated maidens; and, when she has ascertained the truth of the story, her unwitting resort to Nessus's bequest. She despatches by Lichas, the herald, a robe anointed with the Centaur's blood, not to be exposed to the sun till Hercules shall don it for a sacrifice. But soon her heart misgives the loving woman, and she fears that, in place of recalling her husband's errant love, she may but work his death, for a morsel of sheep's wool dipped in the blood wherewith the robe was anointed wastes and consumes on the instant of exposure to the sunshine. Ere long comes Hyllus, her eldest-born, to tell her of his father's fiery pains and sweats, his frantic wrath against the bearer of his death-robe, and his execrations against the sender. The almost utter silence of Deianira when she learns her fatal error is highly tragic; and when the dying hero returns to Trachis, to find his queen no more, our storyteller felicitously ends his story by making him ask, "Who of the men of Trachis is so cunning in leechcraft" as to suggest this death-spell, whereon he learns that "Nessus the centaur gave her the poison long since, that she might thus win back thy love," and recognizes the legacy of the "Dead Hand." The brief allusion to the hero's funeral pile on Mount Œta seems more fitly to interweave with the pathetic and touching story of his comrade Philoctetes, with which, in fact, one of our most poetic neo-classicists connects it in his metrical drama of *Philoctetes*, "after the antique," published some fifteen years ago. The central figure of the story is surely Deianira, the Imogen of Sophocles, a guileless, devoted woman.

A briefer glance is all that can be given to others of these stories from the dramatists. And first a word touching the *Love of Alcestis*, a vague yet curious foreshadowing of the doctrine of "vicarious atonement," such as often comes across the reader of the Greek plays. Few parallels are to be found, however, to the contention of Apollo with Death (pp. 2 3), which Mr. Church, after his manner when dealing with what is unique or exceptional, has reproduced almost word for word; or to the later wresting of his prey from Hades, which takes place, it is true, behind the scenes, but is realized when the hero comes back with the veiled lady to repair his unintentional breach of the rules of hospitality in having unwittingly feasted at the crisis of his host's sorrow. In this story much is made of Alcestis's visit to her bridal chamber from the handmaid's description, and of her visions of Charon's skiff and the Messenger of the dead, cleverly interwoven from the choral lines. The character of Hercules, plainspoken and blunt, seems at first unfeeling, but only through a misunderstanding. Admetus said of the dead in his house "that she was a stranger by blood, but near in friendship, and that she had dwelt in his house, having been left an orphan of her father. Nevertheless Hercules would have departed and found entertainment elsewhere, for he would not be troublesome to his host, but the King suffered him not." The first discovery of the truth is when the hero has, later on, cross-questioned the guest-attendant. In the altercations of Pheres with Admetus, even on Mr. Church's showing, there is some weight in the grandfather's reluctance to abridge his little span of life, and we are disposed to accept Professor Mahaffy's estimate of the King's character as "weak and selfish, but hospitable, as men generally are." Among the other nine stories we should reckon those of *Antigone*, *Electra*, the *Iphigenia in Aulis* and *Among the Taurians*, and the *Persians*, as the most attractive. Antigone's devotion to the unwritten but sure commands of Heaven in preference to Creon's decrees and proclamations as to Polynices's body is shown by the course of the story to be in accordance with the sentiment of the common folk, of the Prince Hæmon, Antigone's lover, and of the old and blind soothsayer Tiresias, so often a weighty arbitrator in Greek tragedy. In the story of *Electra; or, the Return of Orestes*, the lines of Sophocles are faithfully and happily followed, the imaginary chariot-race being described with vivid circumstantiality, and the deaths of Clytemnestra and Ægisthus furnishing one stage of the retribution for the death of Agamemnon. In *Iphigenia among the Taurians*, the ἀναγνωρίσις of Orestes and Iphigenia by means of a tablet which she proposes to send home to her nearest of kin to apprise him that she is yet alive, is wrought by Pylades handing the tablet to Orestes in her presence; and in the story of the *Persians* Mr. Church wisely rids the reader of the κομμοὶ by ending his tale where the ghost of Darius vanishes, without awaiting the crestfallen Xerxes.

We should be glad to think that Mr. Church had many more fields of classic fable susceptible of his special mode of treatment. At any rate there still remain a few dramas to which his method might perhaps be successfully applied.

THE PARSON O' DUMFORD.*

THE *Parson o' Dumford* is to our mind a more artistic and dramatic story than any of the former novels by the author which we happen to have read. Mr. Manville Fenn has always been a painstaking novelist, and his conscientious work affords an agreeable contrast to the slovenly productions which swamp the libraries. The *Parson o' Dumford* is no exception. The plot is solidly and ingeniously put together; the scenes have been effectively conceived in relation to the climax; and the various incidents which sustain the excitement are harmoniously arranged to help forward the action. But we admire something even rarer than skilled and careful workmanship in the book. There is a keen perception of the workings of the feelings and passions; there is pathos which touches us the more for the rugged natures which are wrought upon by unaccustomed emotions; and there is a truth in the play of character which reflects the originality and freshness of studies from the life. In one respect the story is pleasantly exceptional, inasmuch as not a soul bearing a title of any kind is introduced, even incidentally, from the first page to the last. The man to whose enterprise the town of Dumford owed its existence, or at least its development, is not even knighted; and the Parson himself is the only person who has indisputable pretensions to rank as a gentleman. It is a tale of hard times among the working classes; of passions excited by strikes and privations and quarrels embittered by an employer's tyranny. We confess to knowing nothing ourselves of the rude local dialect; but it gives one the idea of being faithfully rendered, and though it is employed freely, it is sufficiently intelligible not to interfere with a clear understanding of the story.

The Rev. Murray Selwood is a somewhat eccentric and quixotic young clergyman, who is admirably adapted for the venture he undertakes. He has been looking out for a parish that shall task his superabundant energies, and in Dumford his wishes are gratified to the uttermost. A finer field for disheartening enterprise no muscular divine need desire, and his predecessor has left the soil practically untilled. The former occupant got on fairly well with his flock by simply leaving them to their own devices. He was popularly known by a half-contemptuous nickname, and he conciliated prejudice by dropping in at the public-house to smoke a pipe over a "gill of ale" with the jovial landlord. The religious ideas of the factory hands of Dumford are limited to the assertion of their spiritual independence by parading their detestation of priestly interference. Doing a hard day's work for a good day's wage, they despise their pastor as a drone who draws his stipend for doing nothing. Before Mr. Selwood has even set foot in the town, he has an opportunity of beginning as he means to go on. Walking across the hills, carrying his night-baggage in a little hand-bag, he makes the acquaintance of a specimen of his new parishioners. Tom Podmore appears to be of the stamp of the native who welcomes any stranger in a decent coat by "heaving harf a brick at him." He returns a brutal answer, or rather no answer at all, to a civil question. In the brief interview in which the newcomer asserts his ascendency Mr. Fenn introduces the Parson very artistically. Selwood's bearing and behaviour speak for themselves, and we feel persuaded that he will have his way in the end with the semi-barbarous industrial roughs of Dumford. The manner of his arrival, like his offhand address, shows that he does not stand on ceremony. The imperturbable good humour he opposes to Podmore's coarse incivility shows an easy conviction of superiority, to which the other insensibly submits. The new parson is evidently neither a pre-

* *The Parson o' Dumford.* By George Manville Fenn. London: Chapman & Hall. 1879.

cisian nor an ascetic, which are decided points in his favour. He lights a pipe with an air of intense enjoyment, and presses his pouch of excellent tobacco upon Podmore. He laces a capful of water from the brook with spirits from a pocket flask, and insists upon the young man sharing the draught. He mentions incidentally that he is fond of cricket, and rather a good hand at roundhand bowling. In the course of a quarter of an hour he makes a staunch friend of Tom Podmore, and the friendship subsequently serves him well. Tom, who is really a very honest fellow, though externally as rough a diamond as any of his comrades, explains half apologetically that he has been "popped" (put out of temper); and as the pair walk on together towards the town, they chance to come across the cause of the "popping." Of course the cause is a comely young woman, who has been playing fast and loose with Tom's affections. But adventures and introductions crowd upon Selwood before he reaches his parsonage. With the comely Daisy Banks is the charming Miss Eve Pelly, whom the Parson has the opportunity of rescuing from a quaking bog, and who acknowledges the little service with a frank sweetness that fascinates him. A little further on, by the way, while sauntering through the town, the bricks are heaved at him, in the shape of a couple of pieces of slag or refuse, which are the more natural missiles of the people in an iron foundry.

The Parson, as is shown by results, is the very man for Dumford, and all the more so because he is anything rather than the conventional clergyman. He makes no concealment of tastes that might be regarded elsewhere as barely orthodox. There are fishing-rods and guns in the corners of the room where he receives his parochial visitors, and there is an even stronger defiance of popular prejudices in the foils and boxing-gloves that are displayed on his walls. That he is a good man with the gloves, or without them, he has very speedily an opportunity of proving; and in a row when he rescues the great man of the place from a mob of his justly infuriated workpeople, he gains the affections of one of the most stalwart of the ringleaders by a straightforward blow delivered from the shoulder. Mr. Selwood happens to be rich too, and it turns out that he has accepted this thorny cure from sheer love of arduous work. The way in which he extends his growing influence by action and example rather than sermons, his force of character, his ready tact, and his genial temper are all well brought out. The best of the people in their time of trouble turn to him naturally for help and counsel. It is quite intelligible that the men should respect their cheery, stalwart, and straightforward divine, who is as able in case of necessity to knock them down as to pick them up; who is discreetly generous to the deserving and the undeserving alike; and who quietly refuses to take offence, however offensively they behave to him. But he is just as successful in winning the women, though he does not go out of his way to flatter them. It is not only that he becomes at once the confidant and counsellor of Mrs. Glaire, though he is detested by her son, who is the master of the works. But he makes even a more absolute conquest of his own vinegar-tempered housekeeper, who, though she can never lay aside her waspish manner, becomes bound to the Parson soul and body. All the Dumford folks of the lower orders are excellently drawn, without exception, and some of them are described very humorously. There is Sam Slee, the good-for-nothing husband of the Parson's housekeeper, with his grandiloquently illiterate speeches as a stump orator, and the struggles between his self-consequence and his appetite when he is filling his stomach at the Parson's expense. There is Jacky Budd, the Parson's gardener and the parish clerk, with his specious pretences for shirking work and his unquenchable thirst for the ale to which he professes himself profoundly indifferent. Of a very different stamp, and, next to the Parson himself, the finest character in the story, is Joe Banks, the veteran foreman at the works. Joe had been the old comrade and lifelong friend of the father of Richard Glaire, who had made himself and his fortune. Joe's staunch devotion to the widow and son of his old comrade has a great deal of rude chivalry in it. Dick Glaire is one of the basest curs we have ever met in the pages of fiction; yet Joe makes it an article of faith to believe in "the lad," and insists upon shutting his eyes to his faults. The interest of the story turns in great measure on Glaire's licentious pursuit of the daughter of his kind old foreman. Daisy Banks is pure enough, though over head and ears in love with the deluder, and Mrs. Glaire is anxious to stop the mischief and save the girl and her scapegrace son. There is an excellent scene when she sends for Joe Banks to enlist his assistance. Banks, after one violent outbreak of temper when she has put the matter to him from the common-sense point of view, calms down, and becomes perfectly good-tempered. He knows Mr. Richard far too well to believe he can mean any harm to the lass; and not even the uncharitable ideas of the mother can shake his conviction. He trusts Daisy as he trusts Richard. "Seen them together?" of course he has, and many times. As for Dick's kissing the girl, nothing can be more natural. He has gone courting himself in his time, and so has Mrs. Glaire. And he remains equally imperturbable when the old lady insists that the only honourable solution of Dick's ambiguous attentions is quite inadmissible. Why should not Mr. Richard marry the lass? Daisy is as sweet a girl as ever stepped, and good enough for any man. Mr. Glaire is a working-man's son, as she is a working-man's daughter. Nor, in spite of the respect he has for Mrs. Glaire, can she drive him for a moment from that position. Comedy, as might be expected, turns to tragedy before the affair is brought to a conclusion. Daisy Banks has disappeared, and though it comes out that Mrs. Glaire is the person implicated, of course suspicion has fallen on her son. Banks is maddened with grief and rage, and in his determination to be revenged upon the author of his daughter's ruin, has leagued himself with some of the worst characters in the place. It is he who has undertaken to blow up the works, which have hitherto been dear to him next to his daughter. At the moment when he is bending over the powder train to fire it he is interrupted. Glaire has been hiding in the works. Daisy, though her love has turned to aversion, has come to him with warning of the mischief meant him, and the maddened father is brought face to face with his rascally employer and his missing daughter.

For what passes in the circumstances we must refer our readers to the book; we should be sorry to spoil their interest in a highly exciting complication. Nor will we do more than hint at the upshot of Mr. Selwood's unspoken attachment to Eve Pelly, which has taxed the Parson's extraordinary powers of self-control to the uttermost. Miss Pelly is engaged to her cousin Glaire, and the Parson knows it; and knows besides, far better than that confiding young woman, how utterly undeserving is Glaire of the object of the Parson's adoration. That he tries hard to save Glaire and to keep him straight in spite of himself is only in keeping with the heroic self-denial of the man and his inborn sense of honour and duty. And when we see Eve go actually to the altar with her cousin, while Selwood has most reluctantly consented to unite them, we doubt whether his self-sacrifice was not criminal, while we feel that he is submitting himself to refinements of torture. If a clever novel is to have a happy ending, that ceremony must be interrupted somehow or other, and all the chances are against an interruption so unprecedented. Our suspense is continued to the closing pages; for Mr. Fenn, being far from a commonplace author, is just as likely to do violence to his readers' sympathies as to let them lay down his volumes with a sigh of relief.

Erratum.—*In our article of last week on* "The Old Year and the New," *the name* "*Mrs. E. M. Ward*" *was by a printer's error substituted for* "*Mr. E. M. Ward.*"

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE of the TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION will be held in the Theatre of the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, on Thursday and Friday, the 15th and 16th of January. The Chair will be taken at 12 o'clock by Canon BARRY. Canon BARRY's Address will be followed by a Discussion on Dr. Lyon Playfair's Bill and other proposed measures for the Organization and Registration of Teachers. Papers by Dr. ROTH, Dr. GLADSTONE, and others, will be read and discussed.

THE TAY BRIDGE DISASTER.—At a PUBLIC MEETING held in the Town Hall, Dundee, on Wednesday, December 31, 1879, Provost BROWNLEE in the Chair, it was moved by the Rev. Dr. WATSON, and seconded by Mr. YEAMAN, M.P.:

"That this Meeting of the Inhabitants of Dundee desires to express its deepest sympathy with the friends of all those who were suddenly swept into eternity by the stupendous disaster at the Tay Bridge, and that a Committee be appointed to receive subscriptions, and to administer the fund that may be subscribed according to the necessities of the case."

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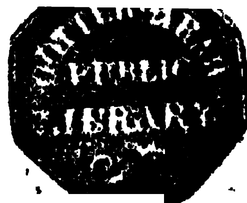

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT AT OXFORD.

THE Liberals of the city of Oxford are fortunate in the member whom they have for some years returned, and in the candidate with whom he is to be associated at the next election. Mr. CHITTY, indeed, contributed little to the gaiety of the late dinner, and when the parts were distributed between himself and his colleague, he may perhaps have felt like an actor who is told off to do the heavy business of FALKLAND, while a livelier comedian amuses the audience as Sir LUCIUS O'TRIGGER or Sir ANTHONY ABSOLUTE. Mr. GLADSTONE was lately angry with the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER because he had made a speech about finance at the Guildhall dinner; but even a speech on the Budget of the year is more exciting than a learned disquisition on the land laws. Nevertheless Mr. CHITTY is one of the most popular, as well as one of the most eminent, members of the Bar; and if he is elected, he will be a valuable member of the House of Commons. If he was less immediately fortunate in his subject than Sir W. HARCOURT, he was relieved from the necessity of making statements and expressing opinions which would perhaps have conflicted with his habits of professional calmness and accuracy. His colleague understands better the liberties which may be taken with an assembly of partisans; yet it was scarcely considerate to rely so far on the ignorance of Oxford Liberals as to assure them that the Turks had been turned bag and baggage out of Servia, Bulgaria, Herzegovina, Bosnia, and Montenegro. Among a thousand guests there must have been half a dozen who knew that long before the late war there had been no Turks in Servia, and that there never were any Turks in Montenegro. Out of Bulgaria, indeed, a large Mussulman population has been driven with the utmost cruelty and injustice. In Bosnia and Herzegovina the Turkish inhabitants live in peace under the protection of the Austrian Government. In the same spirit Sir W. HARCOURT boasted that General ROBERTS had been driven out of Cabul in the middle of December, while he failed to make the painful admission that he had fought his way back into the city by Christmas Day. A practised political advocate well knows that it is his business to stimulate to the utmost the prejudices of his party, and for the time to be absolutely indifferent to the fortunes of his country. It is highly probable that the unceasing invective which has been directed against the foreign policy of the Government may have produced its intended effect; but perhaps the orators of the Opposition are too hasty in their belief that all the community is on their side.

The Liberal party at Oxford seems to be not altogether happy in its mode of expressing dislike to the Government. Among the inscriptions with which the room was decorated was the remarkable proposition that "a scientific frontier means national humiliation," and the motto *Imperium et Libertas*, which was probably interpreted in its literal sense, was turned upside down. The scenery was worthy of the eminent performer who exults with undisguised satisfaction in the universal failure which he imputes to the Government, and therefore to the country. Sir W. HARCOURT may perhaps prove to be right in his anticipation of victory at the general election, but some of the evidence on which he relies seems to be inconclusive. "Wherever I go, I hear but one voice, 'Let us "'have done with this Government.'" It may be conjectured that the unanimity which prevails is confined to the party which wishes to have done with the Government. A still more surprising appeal was made to the testimony of an impartial witness. "A statesman who has reached a ripe and honoured age, who "has proclaimed his retreat from the active career "of official life, has been impelled to come forward with "inexhaustible energy to bear his testimony against the "policy of the Government. You know what that testimony has been. It has derived a tenfold force from the "disinterested attitude which Mr. GLADSTONE has defined "for himself in political action, and it has been a sentence "of absolute and complete condemnation." The quotation of Mr. GLADSTONE'S dispassionate judgment on the character and conduct of Lord BEACONSFIELD was so daring an experiment on the credulity of faction that it may be suspected to have been introduced for a special object. At a time when Mr. GLADSTONE busies himself with such matters as the discouragement of vaccination, and the payment of the Chairman of the London School Board, it is evident that he has reconsidered his determination of retiring from public affairs. He has neither granted nor refused the demand of a clamorous section of the party that he should resume his former position at its head. It may be conjectured, from the emphasis which is repeatedly laid on Mr. GLADSTONE'S retirement from official life, that Sir W. HARCOURT is not anxious for his return. If Mr. GLADSTONE would but be content with the whimsical function of giving unbiassed evidence against the Tories, there is no doubt that his party would be relieved from the fear of grave embarrassment.

It is not worth while to examine in detail Sir W. HARCOURT'S comments on foreign affairs. He had the candour not to affect the judicial quality of considering more than one side of the question. For a party meeting almost any assertion is good enough, as, for instance, "The idea that "Austria can be constituted the military gaoler of the Slav "nationalities is a conception altogether unworthy of "practical statesmanship, and altogether repugnant to "Liberal principles." Sir W. HARCOURT knew that Austria contains a large Slav population; but he also knew that his hearers would not correct any defect in his argument. It was the Turkish, and not the Slav, population which resisted the Austrian occupation of Bosnia; and, unless "the Slav nationalities" mean Russia, the Austrians are not likely to oppose their aspirations. If Sir W. HARCOURT thinks that Bosnia ought to have been made an independent Christian State, he might remember that a large minority of the population, including the whole of the upper classes, is Mussulman in faith, although it may be of Slavonic descent. The possession of Bosnia by Austria undoubtedly tends to promote the result which has always been thought desirable by English statesmen. Since the defeat of Turkey it has become expedient that a more powerful guardian should defend Constantinople against Russia. Of course some of Sir W. HARCOURT'S objections to the policy of the Government are well founded, and they were all forcibly expressed; but the same criticism applies to his Oxford speech as to nearly all his political addresses. It is incredible that he should be justified in contending that the Government has never blundered into a right course of action nor ever enjoyed a gleam of good fortune. So skilful an advocate ought to

recognize the rhetorical expediency of giving colour, or, in other words, of assuming that there is something to answer.

Another able and perhaps still more zealous Liberal delivered on the same day an equally vehement speech to the same effect. Mr. TREVELYAN, with a complacency worthy of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, laments that, "under "the guidance of Lord BEACONSFIELD, Britain has fallen "from her high estate among nations." Among the crimes which have led to the decadence of England, the difficulties in the Transvaal would probably have been enumerated if Mr. TREVELYAN had not, for the purposes of his argument, attributed the supposed misfortunes of the Government to the retirement of Lord DERBY and Lord CARNARVON. Mr. TREVELYAN's comments on domestic affairs were more remarkable than his declamation on foreign policy. He believes that, if the Ministers had confined themselves to administrative business and ordinary legislation, they would have been stronger in the constituencies now than in 1874. "For years after the "great electoral catastrophe of that spring there was no "sign whatever that the Liberal party were recovering "their lost position. The nation persistently refused to take "any interest in the questions which they presented "for its contemplation. It heard unmoved their speeches "about the Regimental Exchange Bill, the Endowed "Schools Bill, even the Empress of India Bill, and they "might have talked till doomsday about extending the "county franchise without practical effect on the House "of Commons or the country." In two of these measures Mr. TREVELYAN has a right of property, and it is but fair to admit the candour of his confession that the country cares absolutely nothing on the merits of the question for the extension of the county franchise. It is hard on those who are anxious to stop short of extreme democracy that its advocates should appeal successfully from the nation sober to the nation drunk with invective on entirely different subjects. The Constitution is to be changed because an English army is in Cabul. In Parliament Mr. TREVELYAN has urged the extension of household suffrage on the ground that it was popular as well as just.

RUSSIA AND EUROPE.

THE warlike designs in Europe which have lately been attributed to Russia are improbable to a degree at which they almost become incredible. Political observers are frequently required to weigh, as accurately as circumstances may allow, internal evidence founded on the interests or disposition of nations and Governments against positive proof; and it sometimes happens that unforeseen caprice deranges the most reasonable calculation. The French declaration of war against Prussia in 1870 could not have been foreseen, except on the assumption that folly and fanaticism would at the moment be supreme. There is no reason to believe that Russia will follow so outrageous a precedent. Some other explanation must be found for the alleged accumulation of troops and warlike stores in the Western provinces of the Empire, and it is not improbable that the statements of German newspapers may have been greatly exaggerated. The Power which, but for the infatuation and corruption of the hostile Government, would have been utterly defeated in Turkey, will assuredly not undertake a wanton conflict with the most formidable of existing antagonists. A Russian general could scarcely hope to win a skirmish or a combat against the armies which would be encountered beyond the frontier. It is certain that at the end of the war the aggressor would not retain possession of a German or Austrian village; and probably Russia might emerge from the struggle with the loss of the whole or part of Poland. The German EMPEROR publicly stated only a few days ago his confidence in the preservation of peace; and, although allowance must be made for his devoted attachment to the Imperial family of Russia, there is no reason to doubt his authoritative assertion. The explanation which the Russian Government has given in answer to inquiries may not impossibly be true. According to this version the result of the Turkish war has rendered unnecessary the maintenance of a large force in the Crimea, in Bessarabia, and on the Armenian frontier; and economic and administrative reasons are alleged for the transfer of a part of the frontier garrisons to the Polish provinces. That a great military Power should take the simple course of dispensing with armaments which are no longer wanted would be a violation of Continental theory and practice. It is true that the armies formerly quartered on the borders of Turkey had no intelligible destination except to effect the invasion and conquest which were afterwards accomplished.

Germans who feel or profess alarm as to Russian designs are compelled to justify their fears by imagining the negotiation of an offensive alliance between Russia and France. It is possible that such a combination may be formed at some future time, and Prince BISMARCK has in his peculiar fashion already intimated to the new French Cabinet his intention of taking vigorous measures against the danger when it arises. But for the present no arrangement of the kind is to be apprehended; and Russia will assuredly not provoke a single-handed contest with two great military Empires. It is highly probable that there is some foundation for the rumours of Russian intrigues against Austria in the Balkan provinces. The Prince of BULGARIA has, probably at the instigation of Russia, dissolved the Assembly, and he is said to meditate some change in the Constitution. The Servians also threaten to give trouble, and the obstinate quarrel between the Albanians and Montenegrins will probably furnish occasion for conflicts of Russian and Austrian influence; but in those regions the struggle will take the form rather of diplomacy than of war. It will not be safe to repeat against Austria the experiment of a subsidized war, such as that which was organized in Servia in 1876. The Austrians could easily crush any disturbance in the Balkan provinces, unless it was openly aided by Russia; and a war between the two Great Powers would at once bring Germany into the field. A Government which has neither a plausible reason nor an intelligible motive for war is, on the whole, likely to keep the peace. The internal condition of Russia, if it is as perilous as it seems to foreigners, furnishes a reason, not against a turbulent policy, but against an enterprise which would strain all the resources of the nation, and which might probably end in utter defeat. It may have been reasonable to hope that revolutionary anarchists would be conciliated by an unprovoked attack on Turkey which gratified both ambitious and fanatical passions. A trial of strength with two great European Powers would offer no similar advantage.

Arguments against the probability of war with Germany and Austria may not apply to a possible quarrel forced upon England; but the expedition which is now in preparation in Turkestan is a guarantee for peace on the Continent of Europe. Reparation of the military failure of last year, and reassertion of the supremacy of the Russian arms, will be popularly approved, perhaps even by the revolutionary faction. It may be convenient to find distant employment for disaffected regiments and for officers who have incurred suspicion. It will be thought expedient to divert attention from periodical attacks on high functionaries, and from violent measures of repression; and ruinous defeat is not to be apprehended in Central Asia, unless indeed General KAUFMANN's force should find itself in collision with the Indian army. There can be little doubt of the success of some or all of the columns which are to converge on Merv. The Duke of ARGYLL himself, in spite of his natural predilection for the one jest of his life, would perhaps now admit that Merv will not only be occupied by the Russians, but used as a base from which Herat may be threatened. The Russian newspapers, which almost always foreshadow the future policy of the Government, already assert the necessity of guarding against an understanding on the subject of Herat between England and Persia. It may be considered certain that the Russians hope to acquire direct or indirect control of the fortress and of the rich district which it commands; and, on the other hand, it is admitted by all but the uncompromising partisans of peace, that the most important outpost of India cannot be tamely surrendered to a rival. The reports of General KAUFMANN's designs, though they may probably be founded on fact, are obviously exaggerated. It is impossible to suppose that an able and experienced commander would attempt to lead 150,000 or 120,000 men through deserts where a fifth part of the number would be a match for any adversary who is likely to oppose the march. The force which was checked last summer before the Turcoman stronghold at Dengel Tepe would have overcome all resistance but for deficiency of transport. The beasts of

burden and the camp followers attending an army of 100,000 men would starve before they could reach the oasis of Merv.

The rumours of the intended concentration of an enormous army in the neighbourhood of Afghanistan are probably spread for the purpose of alarming the English Government, and perhaps of influencing the general election. The Russians believe, perhaps erroneously, but not without plausible grounds for the opinion, that a Liberal Government would at once abandon the Afghan enterprise, which has not yet been completed. It may be thought that a demonstration of force and of hostile designs will, in the event of a change of Ministry, accelerate the process of retreat. It is impossible to foresee whether, under household suffrage and the Ballot, expectations which would have been falsified at any earlier period of English history may or may not be confirmed by experience. To be frightened by the threats of General KAUFMANN or of the Russian newspapers would be not only disgraceful, but foolish. The Russians may cause annoyance to the Indian Government, but they are not yet prepared for a serious trial of strength. The emissaries, if Mr. GLADSTONE will excuse the phrase, who have lately escaped from Tashkend and Samarcand may probably provoke a serious insurrection in some of the Afghan provinces. The Turcomans who are not English allies or dependents will almost certainly fail in an attempt to defeat the Russian occupation of Merv; but Herat will not be a prize of this year's campaign; nor, indeed, is it likely that a collision with England will be deliberately provoked. Any advantage which may result from bluster and from inflated reports of military preparations will be justly regarded as clear gain. If the Nihilists are at the same time amused by warlike demonstrations, another desirable object will have been attained. For England the best security against a quarrel with Russia will be found in resolute indifference to menace.

M. GAMBETTA AND THE REPUBLICANS.

THE event of the week in France has been one that was certain to happen, though the circumstances under which it has happened have given it an exceptional interest. There could be no doubt of M. GAMBETTA's re-election to the chair of the Chamber of Deputies, but there was room for doubt by how large a majority he would be re-elected. If the Right had been ill-advised enough to start a candidate of their own, the Republicans would in all probability have once more shown a fairly united front. But the Right were not thus ill-advised, and it was consequently open to the Republicans to air their divisions without doing themselves any serious harm. Having this opportunity, they took care not to let it slip. M. GAMBETTA was re-elected President of the Chamber, but it was by less than half the total number of the deputies. Out of 533 possible votes, he secured only 259. This was an ample number for the purpose—indeed, as there was no opposition, any fraction of that number would have been sufficient. But it was not an ample number considered as an evidence of M. GAMBETTA's continued popularity among his fellow-Republicans. Of course, as always happens when facts are inconvenient, an explanation is offered which completely accounts for them. The Republican deputies, it seems, have a bad habit of being unpunctual. Advanced as they are in general politics, they cannot come up to time in the matter of voting. Like most theories invented for a purpose, this explanation has itself to be accounted for. Why has this habit so suddenly developed itself? There have been plenty of divisions which the Republican party have found no difficulty in attending; how is it that upon so important, or at all events so significant, an occasion as M. GAMBETTA's re-election so many of them were absent? The character of the occasion was perfectly well understood. Everybody knew that the result of the ballot would be closely scrutinized in order to detect whether M. GAMBETTA had lost ground with his party during the last Session. Now that the Right have no policy of their own, the only occupation left to them is to speculate about the policy of their adversaries, and M. GAMBETTA's position in the Republican party is one of the most important data attainable for constructing such speculations. It is quite incredible that, with this fact in their minds, the Republican deputies should not have got to the Chamber early enough to vote for M. GAMBETTA, if they had really wished to vote for him. They would for once have hurried their breakfast, if they had not had a special motive that morning for taking their time over it.

This special motive was plainly to convey to M. GAMBETTA their displeasure with some part or other of his recent conduct. What particular part they disliked differed, no doubt, according to the political and personal tendencies of the deputies. There is no need to look far for the reason why the Left Centre dislike him. M. GAMBETTA has as good as told this eminent and self-satisfied section of French opinion that their day is over. They have been accustomed to regard themselves as a reserve from which new Ministers are perpetually to be drawn, and M. GAMBETTA has made them see that, in his opinion at all events, the supply is exhausted. M. GAMBETTA has many reasons for desiring that M. DE FREYCINET's Ministry should last for some time; and if he had thought the support of the Left Centre in the Chamber, or their presence in the Cabinet, at all important from this point of view, he would have taken care that they were represented in the new appointments. The supposed value of M. WADDINGTON's services would have supplied a natural excuse for again offering him the Foreign Office, and M. LÉON SAY is certainly a more eminent financier than the gentleman who has succeeded him. The composition of the Ministry was consequently conclusive as to the future relations between M. GAMBETTA and the Left Centre, and this accounts probably for a certain number of absentees. The dislike of the Extreme Left to M. GAMBETTA seems to be quite as decided as that of the Left Centre. It is true that the tendency of the recent Ministerial changes has been decidedly in the direction in which the Extreme Left wishes things to go. But it often happens that men are more angry with those who go with them a certain part of the way and then stop short than with those who refuse to go with them at all. This feeling naturally becomes more decided when it is strengthened by personal considerations; and in the present case personal considerations must have a large space allotted to them. The WADDINGTON Ministry owed its fall to the attacks and defections of the Extreme Left. In the natural course of things, therefore, the leaders of the Extreme Left should have been called on to form a Ministry. As soon, however, as M. WADDINGTON had resigned, there went about a whisper that the leaders of the Extreme Left were impossible. In itself nothing can be more probable than this statement; but it is doubtful whether a man can ever be genuinely brought to think himself impossible. At all events, there is no evidence that the leaders of the Extreme Left had formed any such self-denying estimate; and, not having done so, it irritated them to see it formed by others. When a member of the late Cabinet was entrusted with the formation of the new one, and when the places which he did not fill by the re-appointment of his former colleagues were given to subordinate members of the Government of National Defence, the cup of bitterness overflowed. M. GAMBETTA was held responsible for the composition of M. DE FREYCINET's Cabinet, and the Extreme Left became eager to show him what they thought of the part he had played.

This may not have been the only motive actuating the deputies of the Extreme Left. They have to consider the votes given to them as well as the votes they give to others, and their abstention on Tuesday probably indicates the feeling entertained towards M. GAMBETTA by the extreme party in Paris. How large this extreme party is is another question; but that there is a section of Republicans among whom M. GAMBETTA's popularity has greatly declined is indisputable. It is the inevitable result of success in France that those who think themselves as good as you, but who have not persuaded the world to think so, are anxious above all things to pull you down from an eminence which they assume without inquiry to be undeserved. This is M. GAMBETTA's case at present. Some at least of his former followers are never weary of asking with CASSIUS, "Upon what meat doth this our CÆSAR feed, "that he is grown so great?" The reputation of M. GAMBETTA's cook and M. GAMBETTA's table adds point and pungency to the inquiry. It is of no use to tell the electors of Belleville that outward show is the natural and decent accompaniment of high place. Their object, so long at all events as they are excluded from high place themselves, is to proclaim that nothing of the kind is wanted, and that

if high place and outward show are inseparable, they had better both be abolished. They take no pleasure in the glories of their representative; rather they hold that, in accepting such glories, he has disqualified himself from being their representative. It is another question, we repeat, how large a part of the Extreme Left shares these views, or even whether, if those who hold them had an opportunity of giving serious effect to them, they would think it wise to do so. They may hold that they have not yet used M. GAMBETTA sufficiently, and that, until there is nothing more to be got from him, it is better not to throw him away. But the more they are actuated by this prudent feeling, the more pleasure it will give them to see M. GAMBETTA slighted. His re-election by so small a number of votes excellently serves their turn. They will be better able to endure seeing him escorted through the streets to the Chamber if they can whisper to themselves that, notwithstanding all his fine feathers, less than half the Chamber voted for him. It is even possible that this agreeable reflection may serve to some extent as a safety-valve for their wrath, and that they may be less angry with M. GAMBETTA snubbed than with M. GAMBETTA worshipped.

Speculations upon how M. GAMBETTA will take this indication of growing hostility among his own party can be of very little value until more is known of the particular object which M. GAMBETTA has in view. As yet no one can say with any confidence whether at this moment he is thinking most of winning the game or of taking a particular trick, and his tactics may be very different according as he is aiming at one or the other. He may wish to strengthen himself in the present Chamber or in the next. His thoughts may be chiefly turned to the deputies over whom he now presides or to those among whom he may hereafter play a different part. He may be meditating expedients by which to regain the confidence of the Extreme Left, or he may already regard the confidence of the Extreme Left as lost to him, and be considering in what quarter to look for its substitute. A man of M. GAMBETTA's fertility of resource is not to be judged by common rules. The proof that his hold on a particular position is weakened may suggest to him not that it needs to be strengthened, but that it is time to abandon it for another.

TWO MINISTERIAL SPEECHES.

THE choice, or the accident, which determined that it should fall to the lot of the FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY and of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to answer Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT cannot be said to have been unhappy. It is true that it would be difficult to find two champions more unlike the antagonist against whom they were matched; but in this very dissimilarity lies the appropriateness of the arrangement. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is nothing if not jocular; but his last appearance on the stage of political low comedy is not, we believe, considered even by his admirers to have been a successful one. If sarcastic eloquence of the superior kind were required, there are at least two members of the present Cabinet who (in a phrase which used to be a favourite one with Mr. CARLYLE) "have fire enough inside them" to consume Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and all his works, without any diminution of their own temperature. But to bad jokes, or to bad attempts at joking, the best thing that can be opposed is plain common sense; and of this no better exponents can be found than Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and Mr. SMITH. It happened too, very pleasantly, that at the exact time when the two Ministers were speaking an allegation of a very specific kind was being launched against the Ministry by one of the lesser lights of the last Government. Mr. BAXTER, at Forfar, complained of the "wild, "rollicking, Imperialist, and revolutionary spirit" of Lord BEACONSFIELD's administration. It will readily be admitted that the present CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER and the present FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY are most admirable and typical examples of the wild and rollicking revolutionary.

There was not unnaturally a certain similarity between the topics to which the two Ministers addressed themselves. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE indeed dealt with Ireland at greater length than his colleague, who in this direction mainly confined himself to the Home Rule question, while India and Afghanistan, with which Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE did not meddle, were taken up by Mr. SMITH. The announcement made by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER respecting the Government plans for the relief of the distress in Ireland confirms, though not very explicitly, the rumours which were spread on the subject a week ago; but he does not seem to have touched the vexed question of the Church surplus. Mr. SMITH's remarks on Afghanistan consisted mainly in a short summary of the facts of the case, which was chiefly distinguished from the summaries to which his opponents have accustomed us by being not in the least pictorial, and by being strictly accurate. Both Ministers dealt with the subject of finance, and here again the general tenor of the two speeches and the kind of importance which may be assigned to them were the same. The opponents of the Government have made a very great point of its supposed financial delinquencies, and they have moreover urged that point in a somewhat curious manner. The intricacies of finance are really a sealed book to a good many people, and are taken as a sealed book by a good many more. Mere figures indeed do not daunt persons of ordinary intelligence; but it is felt that finance, in the imperial sense, is a question of arrangement and technicality which the profane outsider can hardly pretend to approach. The Opposition argument, therefore, takes this form:—"Here is an admittedly "great financier, who says that the finances are in a "terrible condition; who will dare to gainsay him?" The answer of course is that in finance, as in other matters, critical and constructive ability are two very different things. It is possible that in the devising of budgets, in the forecasting of the probable production of this tax, and the probable effect of diminishing or abolishing that, neither the present CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER nor the present FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY may be Mr. GLADSTONE's equal. We are certainly not here concerned to argue that they are in these things his equals. But hardly the most audacious of partisans will deny to either of them the possession of ample ability and experience to qualify them for another task, the estimation of the actual present financial position of the nation. Neither Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE nor Mr. SMITH is a person at all likely to be deceived on a simple question of debtor and creditor accounts, however complicated those accounts may be. On the other hand, not even the extraordinary license which political controversy has recently permitted itself, will assert that either Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE or Mr. SMITH has forfeited the character of an honest man. The question, therefore, between the two parties stands for the layman in finance in this position. One critic—able, indeed, and experienced, but strongly prejudiced, and possessed beyond all other human beings of the faculty of persuading himself of what he wishes to believe—declares that the financial situation is terrible. Two critics—not wholly disinterested it may be, but cool, honest, and thoroughly qualified—declare that the situation is not terrible at all, but, considering all things, very tolerable. The average elector is in a position to decide very fairly on the question thus presented to him.

Ireland and Afghanistan, Home Rule and finance, however, occupied but a part of the two speeches, and on no one of these points did the speakers come so closely together as on the general question of foreign policy. Wearisome as the inevitable repetitions on this subject may be, there is no doubt that Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE was right in dwelling upon their necessity, and upon the still greater necessity of treating the subject seriously. It is scarcely too much to say that the persistent vociferation of the Opposition has succeeded in creating for some of their partisans what may be called an imaginary history of the last few years. The main incidents of this singular chronicle may be ascertained by inserting a negative into the propositions describing the actual facts. The history of 1876-1880, according to the orators of the Opposition, is that the Russians were not encouraged to go to war by the attitude of the English Liberal party or of any part of it; that they did not reach the gates of Constantinople; that they were not forced back from those gates by the attitude of England backed by the tardy approval of Europe when Europe saw that England meant what she said; that the efforts of the English Government have not been constantly directed to the carrying out of those pledges which they undertook eighteen months ago; and that the complications on the Indian frontier have not been forced upon Ministers by circumstances and persons over whom they had no control. It is not very easy to hit upon the best way of treating this

elaborate legend. If argument were required, the argument is ready to hand in a famous passage of Lord MACAULAY, in which that historian's defence of the Triple Alliance anticipates almost verbally the account of the present situation which impartial historians will have to give. If Russia was not stopped, "it is certain that the world "believed that she was stopped"; it is certain that Ministers have "succeeded in raising the credit of their country and "in lowering the credit of a rival Power"; that England has "regained a high place in the estimation of her neigh-"bours," and that "this change was produced by wise "and resolute counsels without the firing of a single gun." But against persistent repetition of fiction in the ears of persons, some of whom are not in a position to investigate the question at first hand, there is no such effectual defence as the steady repetition of fact. Such repetition, therefore, necessarily formed a considerable part of the speeches at Sutton and at Stroud, and will necessarily form a part of any other speeches which may be delivered at other places until the general election is over. The question, as Mr. SMITH put it, is whether England is or is not prepared to maintain her position as a first-rate Power, and probably it would be difficult to find any simpler and better way of formulating the test. For it is observable that this test is one which Opposition speakers rarely attempt to meet, and that when they do meet it or attempt to meet it in any way but by a direct or implied negative, they are immediately scolded by the more advanced members and organs of their party. To people who can only take an interest in the details and incidents, not in the main object, of a political struggle, it is to be feared that the controversies of the last few months and their probable repetition for some months to come will only be weariness. Nor is there any other means of avoiding that weariness than by keeping the eyes steadily fixed on the end. Controversies about this or that Blue Book and this or that letter may be a relief now and then to some people and a diversion to others. But the main thing, after all, for the defenders of the position of England among nations to do is to meet with steady contradiction and reversal the false assertions and the misrepresentations of late events which are now more than ever becoming the weapon of their opponents. In this irksome but necessary task the two Ministers who spoke on Thursday night were for the most part engaged; and, as each revival of the legend is brought forward, so will it be necessary to rebut it with a revival of the history. Hard pounding has done a great many things in this world, and by hard pounding, unless it is opposed by harder, it is even conceivable that Englishmen might be made to believe that the attitude of Mr. GLADSTONE three years ago did not encourage Russia, and that the Russian army which lay for weeks at San Stefano was a dream or an invention of Tory statesmen.

SOUTH AFRICAN AFFAIRS.

IF Sir GARNET WOLSELEY has resigned his South African government, his services to the country in his latest employment will have been incomplete both at the beginning and at the end. It was no fault of his that the war with CETEWAYO was finished before he could reach the head-quarters of the army. The success of his subsequent enterprise against SECOCOENI was well deserved, and he has been fortunate in securing the persons of both the hostile potentates. Perhaps Sir GARNET WOLSELEY entertains a not discreditable preference for military over political employment. It will be for the Home Government to consider whether the affairs of the Transvaal shall once more be entrusted to Sir BARTLE FRERE. There is no reason to fear that he will precipitate a war with the malcontent Boers, with whom he has, as far as possible, maintained friendly relations. He defended their interests with doubtful justice in the matter of the arbitration with CETEWAYO, and he evidently feels a whimsical sympathy with the Puritan element in their character. No other English administrator of equal rank could have propounded the remarkable doctrine that the Boers acquired a kind of title to the lands of neighbours whom they compared to Canaanites, by assuming to themselves the privileges of the Israelite invaders. Sir BARTLE FRERE seems to have in some degree allayed the hostility of the Boers during his visit to the Transvaal; and probably no other representative of the English Government could exercise equal personal influence. The chief objection to the renewal of his commission would probably consist in the uncertainty whether he would implicitly follow his instructions. If he should fortunately share the opinions of the Government at home, he ought to be preferred to any competitor. His popularity with the Cape colonists would furnish a strong reason for employing his services in solving the difficult problem of the Transvaal. It would be extremely undesirable to alienate the good will of the Dutch inhabitants of the Cape by any measure which they might deem unjust to their neighbours and kinsmen. They might perhaps be disposed to listen to friendly representations of the increase of political influence which they might derive from federation with another Dutch population. Up to the present time the Colonial Parliament seems to have expressed no opinion on the Transvaal controversy.

Though the Governor or Commissioner of the Transvaal will have abundant opportunity for the exercise of sound judgment and diplomatic ability, the question of maintaining or abandoning English sovereignty must be decided at home. The Government will be required to announce its decision as soon as Parliament meets; and in the meantime the reasons for and against either course of action cannot be too carefully considered. Mr. FROUDE, who had been erroneously supposed at the time to be an advocate of annexation, has lately recommended in strong language the retractation of a proceeding which he denounces as unjustifiable and unwise. Nearly everything which has been done in South Africa equally incurs his censure; and the Dutch especially, both within and without the limits of the colony, may cite his authority in support of the proposition that the English Government has been systematically wrong. Freedom of speech and writing is an excellent thing, but it sometimes throws great difficulties in the way of government. It is not demonstrably necessary that an able and honest man, possessing special knowledge of a political subject, should publish to the world all the conclusions which he may have formed. If the Dutch of South Africa have at any time been ill treated, they are now subjects of the QUEEN and fellow-countrymen of the English settlers in the same provinces. It seems scarcely the business of an eminent Englishman to remind them of their grievances. Absolute or oligarchical Governments have some advantage in the facilities which they possess for obtaining confidential advice. Since the fashion arose in England of conducting affairs, not even through Parliament, but by means of public meetings, all political secrets are proclaimed in the first instance from the house-tops. Those who have no interest except the promotion of the public good and the maintenance of national honour would by preference rely rather on the responsible judgment of the Cabinet than on the opinions which Mr. FROUDE may have disseminated among his audience at Edinburgh.

The majority of the Dutch farmers of the Transvaal have proclaimed their antipathy to English rule in a form so practical that it constitutes an act of treason on the part of their leaders. Mr. PRETORIUS, Mr. KRUGER, and a colleague named BOK have been arrested on the charge of having summoned an Assembly to undertake the government of the country. Whatever may be the moral quality of the proceeding, it would be difficult to imagine a more direct defiance of the law. It may be hoped that some settlement of the main dispute will anticipate the necessity of a trial. It was impossible for the local Government to pass over a challenge which denied its authority or its existence. Even if the annexation should be eventually revoked, it would be absurd to acknowledge that it was originally void. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY's statement that the Transvaal would be administered as a Crown colony was perhaps the foundation of Mr. GLADSTONE's excited protest against an imaginary project of despotism. If the province is to be retained, it must be governed by some means, and it certainly cannot at present be governed, consistently with allegiance to the Crown, by representatives of the population. The real issue relates, not to the temporary mode of administration, but to the permanence of English sovereignty. Some of the reasons which are alleged for retaining the Transvaal at any cost may be safely disregarded. A retractation, though it would involve an admission of error, might well be the smaller of two evils. The comments which might be uttered by foreigners on the supposed proof of the decay of Eng-

lish power would be harmless plagiarism from Prince BISMARCK'S reported criticism on the cession of the Ionian Islands. If the Boers attributed to fear an act prompted by feelings of justice, their opinion would not affect the judgment of any serious politician. Some presumption in favour of abandonment is raised by the almost universal conviction that the annexation was precipitate. It is true that the objections to the measure then raised by the representatives of the Boers were neither earnest nor general; but the assumption of authority by Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE was sudden, and it would be unfair to take advantage of surprise. It seems that a majority of the Dutch settlers now entertain a strong dislike to the establishment and maintenance of English authority. Some of those who join in the agitation may probably be acting under coercion; but the prevailing opinion can scarcely be mistaken. If the only parties to the dispute were the English Government and the Boers of the Transvaal, it might perhaps be prudent and just to accede to their demands. It is for the Government and Parliament to ascertain whether the more complex interests concerned in the question can be reconciled with the restoration of the Republic.

Although the land is occupied in large and isolated tracts by the Dutch farmers, the traders and the artisans, who form the population of the petty towns and villages, are for the most part English, and are unanimously favourable to the maintenance of English sovereignty. The assertion that they would resort to armed insurrection if they were remitted to the government of the Boers is not in itself incredible, though perhaps it may have been made on insufficient grounds. The Chamber of Commerce, which states that the trade of the country amounts to two millions a year, some time since presented an address to Sir BARTLE FRERE, in which its members strongly deprecated the withdrawal of English authority. Their number, and the amount of property which they represent, is one of the subjects on which accurate information is desirable. Another and perhaps greater difficulty arises from the unsatisfactory relations of the Boers to the natives. Mr. FORSTER has opportunely called attention to the fact that the natives form an enormous majority of the population in a province which the Boers regard as exclusively their own. It may be doubted whether the protection to which the natives are entitled can be given except by an actual Governor. Probably the main objection of the Dutch farmers to annexation is derived from the knowledge that the English Government will prohibit both unauthorized border wars and the modified form of slavery to which they are accustomed. Although they might perhaps agree to conditions imposed on the restoration of independence, there would be no means of enforcing the performance of their provisions. No population of European descent is perhaps so impatient of any kind of government. Each head of a family lives, like the CYCLOPS in the Odyssey, far apart from neighbours, and almost unacquainted with taxes and with laws. Their last President complained that they would neither serve against the enemy nor provide means for the common defence. If they are left to themselves, they will probably relapse into the anarchy which was the cause or the pretext of annexation. All these various or conflicting elements in the controversy must be taken into consideration. The annexation was sanctioned by an overwhelming majority when it was first communicated to Parliament; but later experience may have modified the judgment of many persons. The most positive and unhesitating conclusions will probably be the least valuable; and it may be hoped that Mr. GLADSTONE will stand alone in imputing to the Government a disinterested passion for despotism.

TRADE PROSPECTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

THE New Year has opened more hopefully for business men than any of its predecessors since the end of the inflation period that followed the Franco-German war. Prices and wages, indeed, are still very low, and trade is much restricted; especially there is little or no increase in home consumption. Yet there is a decided access of activity in manufacturing industry, and the tone of business men is cheerful. On this latter point the annual trade circulars just issued leave no doubt. Thus respecting Scotch iron we are told that, while the average number of furnaces in blast last year was only eighty-eight, there are now at work one hundred, "and there are indications that our "productive power will be still further increased during "the spring months." It is added that the shipments and railway deliveries show an increase of 130,000 tons compared with last year. Again, a report upon the jute and flax trade states that the advance in prices since the autumn has been very considerable. And another report on the shipping trade runs thus:—"For the first time "during the last four years we are enabled to congratulate "our friends upon an existing cheerfulness in shipping 'circles, founded on a steady, solid improvement in business generally, and what may be not unreasonably 'considered a positive termination of that period 'of settled gloom and stagnation in trade which 'for a weary time seemed to bar all hope of change 'for the better." It would be easy to go on to any length adding to this kind of testimony; but we have said enough to show what is the prevailing opinion in business circles. If we turn to the market reports, we find abundant support of this opinion in the decided increase of activity. From all quarters we hear of briskness in every branch of the iron industry. In tin last week there was a further advance in the standards. Orders for new iron ships continue to be received. In wool the demand for home manufacture and for export is improving; and from Manchester we learn that a large business in cotton was done last week at advancing prices. All the other indications of the state of trade point in the same direction. The traffic receipts of the railways exhibit a very general and marked increase. The bank dividends already declared for the past half-year show that, in spite of the low rate of interest, the profits realized have in general been equal to those of the last half of 1878—a time when the value of money was exceptionally high. This result can have been attained only by a very considerable increase of the business done. And we may add that bankers, than whom none are in a better position to form a correct opinion of the actual state of trade, are almost without exception disposed to take a favourable view of the prospects of the immediate future. Lastly, the Board of Trade Returns for December show that the improvement which set in in July continued at an accelerated rate to the very close of the year, the increase in the value of the exports, for instance, being nearly twice as great as in November, and being much more than twice as great as in any previous month. In the imports, also, there has been an enormous increase since September; and this is not due solely to augmented purchases of food, for the imports of the raw materials of manufacture—such as cotton, flax, hemp, raw silk, and wool—have also very largely increased. This double increase in the exports of manufactured goods and in the import of the raw materials of manufacture is decisive as to the state of trade. Profits must be fairly remunerative, to say the least, or manufacturers would not thus be preparing to enlarge their outturn. Even the enhanced value of the food imports of late months is not to be set down altogether to the bad harvest, much less is it to be regarded simply as an unfavourable sign. The paralysis of credit which followed the Glasgow Bank disaster caused a shrinkage in all business—in that in articles of food as well as in other things; and the recovery shown during the past four months really, therefore, affords evidence that the shock to credit has been completely got over. Moreover, the increase is not in bread stuffs alone; there is a very large augmentation, for example, in tea, which certainly cannot be considered an unfavourable sign.

The evidence thus afforded by trade circulars, market reports, traffic receipts, bank dividends, and the Board of Trade returns, all points to the same conclusion, that there is a very real and marked improvement in trade. Can it also be considered lasting? It is perhaps too soon yet to answer this question with confidence, but the improvement has lasted too long already to be regarded as a mere spurt. It began, as may be recollected, with the large purchases on American account, in the latter part of the summer, chiefly, but not exclusively, of iron and steel. These purchases came at a time when prices generally, as Mr. GIFFEN has shown, had fallen to a lower level than had been known since the great gold discoveries; and when, therefore, it is not unreasonable to infer that they had sunk below what the circumstances really warranted. In like manner, wages had been cut down with an unsparing hand. Economies had been enforced in every department of business, and production had been restricted to the measure of the existing consump-

tion, if not even below it. To take a single instance, out of 154 blast furnaces in Scotland, the average blowing last year was only 88. In this state of things it was inevitable that even a slightly increased demand should have a very considerable effect. The large American purchases operated in another way. During the long period of stagnation and weak credit, traders generally had allowed their stocks of goods to run down, and the first symptoms of a better demand naturally compelled them to replenish. Further, it is to be borne in mind that in all depressions the psychological element plays a very great part. The fear of loss, the suspicion that customers are not to be trusted, the apprehensions excited by rumours of failures, are quite as influential in checking business as actual losses themselves. While such is their temper, bankers restrict the accommodation which they afford to merchants, and merchants, in their turn, are obliged to limit their transactions in proportion to this restriction of credit. In many cases, too, hard cash is insisted upon before goods will be parted with. Now in the course of last summer this distrustful state of mind began to pass away. The liquidations of 1875 and of the last quarter of 1878 had cleared away so much of the bad business which had previously accumulated that confidence began slowly to revive. It was completely restored when the American purchases gave a sudden stimulus to the iron trade, and imparted value to properties which a few months previously had appeared worthless. The transition was rapid and its effects were great. Facilities of credit long withheld not only enabled legitimate trade to expand, but gave speculators the means to step in and exaggerate the improvement. Still, although speculation was active, a considerable part of the movement was real. Another influence which helped the revival was the improvement in the silver market, owing to the stoppage of the German sales of the metal. This improvement not only lessened very greatly the losses of merchants trading with the silver-using countries, but it relieved the Eastern banks from very grave difficulties. In the last place, the cessation of famines in India and China and the improvement in the condition of the vast populations of those countries gave a stimulus to the Eastern trade. The causes tending to produce a business revival are thus many and powerful, and we should consequently have no hesitation in coming to the conclusion that the improvement which we witness will prove lasting, as it is already substantial, were it not for two drawbacks of very formidable magnitude.

The first of these is the agricultural depression. In past times economists were accustomed to regard a good harvest as essential to the prosperity of trade; but we have now had four bad harvests in succession, and the last is also the worst that has been known by the present generation. Nor is it only the corn crops that have been bad. The year has been a disappointment to farmers in almost every particular. It is hard to believe that this moment of agricultural depression will also prove to be the beginning of a great trade revival. It is to be borne in mind, however, that we have long ceased in this country to depend for our food upon the produce of our own soil. Even in good years we import half the bread we eat, and the quantity of meat, butter, and cheese which we draw from abroad increases constantly and steadily. The additional food we shall have to buy this year does not therefore make so much difference as at first sight might be thought. In former times a bad harvest checked trade because it raised exorbitantly the price of bread, and thereby left the working classes so little money to expend upon other things that the trades dependent upon them suffered severely. But the rise in the price of bread this year has not been material. In fact, the blockade of the South Russian ports during the Russo-Turkish war had practically as great an influence as our last bad harvest. Were this the only effect of the bad harvest, then it could not materially check trade. But, following as it did on a series of bad harvests, it has aggravated the agricultural depression in this country, and in Ireland has produced distress so dire as to be bordering upon famine. When we bear in mind that agriculture is still the greatest industry in the United Kingdom, it is clear that its depression must have a serious influence upon the general prosperity. The agricultural classes have not the means of spending on their usual scale in the towns, and necessarily the towns must suffer in consequence. It is then a very interesting problem whether the revival of trade can prove lasting. The other drawback to which we have referred is presented by the political condition of the Continent. It would be out of place here to inquire what are the real relations between Germany and Austria, on the one hand, and France and Russia on the other, or whether there are grounds for the apprehensions of war which so widely prevail. But our examination of the trade prospects of the new year would be incomplete without a reference to those apprehensions. Business men have to take into consideration, when planning operations that will occupy much time, the chances of peace and war; and should the latter preponderate, the inducement is to keep their capital well in hand. The prospects of the new year, then, are brighter or darker according to the estimate that may be formed of the probable action of the great military Powers.

UNREDEEMED ITALY.

THE *Italia Irredenta* movement, which all moderate people hoped we had long heard the last of, has lately received an unexpected impulse. General AVEZZANA, a leader of the cause, died recently. His funeral at Rome was largely attended, and among the chief mourners were two members of the Italian Cabinet. There was nothing in this that can be called more than indiscreet, for the honour was professedly paid to the man, and not to the cause with which he was identified. It is also alleged that it was stipulated by the Ministers that the funeral should not be made the occasion of any political demonstration. But when the ceremony took place the bargain, if made, was not kept; the flags of the party, as well as Republican flags, were displayed; disturbances took place which called for the interference of the police; and the Ministers who took part in the proceedings were gravely compromised. But the matter did not end here. Signor IMBRIANI, the President of the *Italia Irredenta* Association, has since published a statement in which he declares that, in a previous interview with one or two members of the Italian Ministry, he received assurances from them that the aspirations of his party were shared by the Government, and that it was only the weakness of Italy which led them to think any immediate action in the matter inopportune. To this statement of Signor IMBRIANI a categorical denial has been given officially by the Italian Government; and although this denial has not met with universal credence, either in Italy or abroad, it is only fair to suppose that between the two parties who thus flatly contradict one another there is no more than such a misunderstanding as may arise among honourable men. This, however, is a point which Signor IMBRIANI and the Italian Cabinet may be left to settle between themselves. But in the present critical state of European politics anything that tends to a breach of the peace between two Great Powers has an interest for all of them; and this unlucky incident will lead many persons to think afresh on the relations of Italy and Austria, and on the reaction which any quarrel between them might have on the general affairs of Europe.

From 1815 to 1866 Italy and Austria were natural and irreconcilable enemies. Until the war of 1859 Austria ruled directly over two of the richest Italian provinces, and exercised a decisive influence over the policy of all the other Italian States, with the single exception of Piedmont. But in 1859 Austria was driven from Lombardy, and the smaller Italian States, which had been virtually her vassals, were absorbed into the new kingdom of Italy. In 1866 she was forced to surrender Venice. The result was a happy one for Austria, for Italy, and for Europe. The expulsion of Austria from Italy and from Germany has turned her course eastwards, where it is probable that a great future awaits her; it has changed the old rivalry and enmity with Prussia into an alliance which has every natural element of stability about it; and it has removed two of the standing dangers to European peace. Italy, which had been suddenly transformed from a geographical expression into a Great Power, had a work of organization set before her at home, and has still, which will give her peaceful employment for many years to come. If there is a Power in Europe without a grievance against its neighbours, which enjoys the sympathy and good wishes of other countries, and the internal condition of which imperatively demands a peaceful foreign policy, that Power is Italy. And yet Italy has contrived to make herself an object of suspicion to Austria.

and is generally talked of in the English and Continental press as a country likely to have a hand in the next European war. And the sore point from which all this mischief is to spread is *Italia Irredenta*.

Unredeemed Italy is a term of elastic significance. In the mouths of some it appears to mean only the Trentino, and the East coast of the Adriatic in the neighbourhood of Trieste. In the mouths of bolder or more imaginative believers it includes in addition Nice, the Swiss canton of Ticino, and the island of Malta. To carry out the programme of the party, war with Austria, France, Switzerland, and England, either separately or simultaneously, would be requisite; since it is to be presumed that none of these Powers would make a present to Italy of the provinces and the island in question. Put in these terms, the programme of the party is too absurd for discussion; since there is not one of these Powers, except Switzerland, which could not with the greatest ease hold its own against Italy, and do Italy incomparably more mischief than Italy could inflict upon them. Switzerland is maintained by Europe as a neutral State; but, even if Switzerland were left to its own resources, it is very doubtful whether Italy could wrest the Ticino from that fearless and stubborn little State. Further, the party which raises the cry in Italy does not number in its ranks a single one of the serious and responsible Italian statesmen. It has the blessing of GARIBALDI; but the old hero is recognized all over Europe, and nowhere more than in Italy, as a man whose political part is solely revolutionary. Moreover, apart from the impracticability of the programme, its justice is more than questionable. Trieste has been for close on five hundred years in possession of the House of Austria, and never formed part of Italy at all. The Trentino has been for centuries in the same hands, and its capital is only known to the majority of persons as the place where the great Council was held under the auspices of CHARLES V. The Ticino is in great part an old conquest made centuries ago by the Forest Cantons of Switzerland. More could be said in favour of a war with France for the recovery of Nice, mad as that would be; but it is against Austria, whose claim to the so-called unredeemed provinces is as good as any historical claim can be, that the chief efforts of the party are directed. It is true that there is no evidence to show that the population of the chief Austrian seaport or of the Trentino are anxious to break the old historical tie which connects them with the House of Hapsburg; but these are details which people who march in processions and wave flags do not trouble themselves about. It is true that the principle of nationality, like all other principles, cannot be carried out in practical life except roughly and with many exceptions. It is true that one of the toughest States in Europe, Switzerland, exists and has existed for centuries in direct defiance of this principle, and that in hardly one State is it carried out with logical completeness. If, then, the programme is so silly and the men who preach it so insignificant, where does the danger of it lie, and why should we trouble our heads about it?

It lies in the fact that Italy is a country with Parliamentary institutions, and a country in which the political centre of gravity lies in Parliament. The Crown in Italy is a cipher; and the praise has been justly earned by the excellent man who now occupies the throne that he contents himself with subscribing, on true constitutional principles, to all that his advisers set before him. Among the leading politicians in Italy there are men of great talent and high character; but there is no one with the prestige and the influence to make Parliament and the country follow him; and the men of most experience and influence happen to be out of office. Political parties in Italy are in a state of almost hopeless and inextricable confusion, divided from one another by no principle, animated by no idea, aiming at no end. They are likely to remain so until the Clerical party comes forward to take an active share in public life, and thus gives Parliament something to fight about. But at present the question is, Who shall be Minister? It is this and nothing more. The new Minister is not expected to do anything which the one whom he supplants did not or could not do; but he must partake of the cares and the sweets of office. When rivalries are excited, and when chances are evenly balanced, the temptation to win by any means becomes irresistible. Hitherto the *Italia Irredenta* cry has been a good card to play. The Ministry could, on the one hand, give the extreme Radicals ground to hope that it shared their aspirations, and thus win their support; and, on the other, it could always, in private explanations with the Austrian Ambassador, and in official utterances in the press, represent the movement as merely the work of a few hot-headed and irresponsible demagogues, whose acts a constitutional government cannot always control. The time comes in the end when this double game can no longer be played; but for awhile it answers. If Europe were tranquil, there would be no reason to give a second thought to what is at bottom merely a move in Italian home politics. But, unfortunately, all Europe is armed to the teeth; and any spark may light a train which will set the whole Continent in a blaze. It is this fact which gives to any connivance of the Italian Government at this movement a character of extreme and criminal folly. Should the movement go on much longer with the collusion of the Cabinet, no one would blame the Austrian Government for striking first and striking hard. Italy is not strong; but just as the *Italia Irredenta* party may turn the scale in home politics, so Italy may turn the scale in a European war. The mere fact, moreover, that this movement goes on unchecked year after year, however it may be disowned by responsible statesmen, must inevitably breed bad feeling between Italy and other countries, and must inevitably lead the mass of the Italian people, who are both ignorant and imaginative, to fancy that they are wronged by Trieste and Trent not forming part of the kingdom of Italy. Nor, indeed, are the antecedents of the men now at the head of affairs in Italy reassuring. The time was when their natural place would have been at the front of the *Italia Irredenta* party; and, though some old Republicans and Mazzinists are now among the safest and most cautious members of the moderate party, there is no evidence that a similar conversion has taken place in the case of certain among the present Italian Ministers. It would probably be as great an aspersion on their character as it would be a compliment to their intelligence to suppose that they are devising Machiavellian schemes for remodelling the map of Europe. But little causes and unwise persons may do a great deal of mischief; and further coquetting with this agitation may give the Italian Government unpleasant proof that it has been playing with edged tools. An unredeemed Italy there is, of which anybody who takes a walk through the streets of Naples may see a specimen; it is thence, and not from Trieste and the Trentino, that the *grido di dolore* ascends to which, on a memorable occasion, the House of SAVOY declared that it could not be insensible.

FOOD AND FLEETS.

THE long period of commercial stagnation which this country has but just left behind has been marked by an extraordinary absence of serious distress. All the ordinary causes of distress were present in abundance, but not the distress itself. Wages were low, and work was exceedingly slack. The best thing almost that could happen to an artisan was to be employed three days a week, for the alternative commonly was not to be employed at all. Yet, in spite of this, there has been no very startling increase of pauperism, no large recourse to private charity, and no appeal whatever for Government aid. The working classes have come through their trouble poorer, no doubt, in many cases by the exhaustion of their savings, but with infinitely less sacrifice of independence than has ever been known in any similar circumstances. There can be no doubt as to what has been the main cause of this good fortune. No amount of previous frugality would have enabled the English artisans to stand up against so long-continued a depression if the cost of living had not grown less as the means of living became harder to find. Prices, especially of food, were so low that a man working half-time might be almost as well off as a few years before he would have been when working whole time. Distress in its worst forms can hardly be general in England so long as bread is abundant and cheap, and during the worst pinch of the recent distress bread was very cheap indeed. Speakers at agricultural meetings who hint their regrets that protective duties have been unwisely abandoned have evidently never considered what would have been the state of the country if they had been still in existence. With bread selling at a price which would have yielded a profit to the English

farmer, the inhabitants of the manufacturing and mining districts must have starved. That England has been saved from wholesale depopulation, or from serious disturbance, is the result of Sir ROBERT PEEL'S legislation. Never have the benefits of Free-trade been so manifest as at the very time which a few short-sighted politicians have singled out for decrying it.

There is one circumstance, however, connected with Free-trade which has been brought into less pleasant prominence by the experience of the last three years. It has often been asked by Protectionists what England would do if she found herself at war with another maritime Power. So long as America is able and willing to send us as much corn as we want, it matters nothing to the consumer whether or not it pays the English farmer to grow corn. If it does not, that is only a reason why the farmer should grow something else instead. If the American producer can undersell him in wheat, or even in beef, he may in his turn undersell the American producer in vegetables or in dairy produce. But in the event of England being at war, this cheerful way of looking at the question would plainly be out of place. A whole population cannot be fed on early vegetables or on eggs fresh from the nest. The quartern loaf is the only thing that can do the work on a sufficiently large scale, and the quartern loaf is no longer to be had within the four seas. It is made for the most part of American wheat, and that wheat must be brought to this country before it can be turned into bread. It is useless to talk of breaking up pastures and laying down land in wheat once more. That might serve our turn if we were still in the days when the next longest thing to a war was the preparation made for waging it. But, if England were engaged in a conflict conducted on the latest models, the whole business—preliminaries, fighting, and negotiations for peace—might be over in less than a year; in less, that is to say, than the interval between one harvest and another. Where would the food of the nation come from during that time? Where, for example, would it have come from if we had found ourselves at war with a Great Power last autumn? We must either have drawn our supplies from the same quarters which are yielding them now, or have gone without them altogether. One look at the figures which tell of the weekly import of wheat from the United States, and of that "visible supply" which is to furnish the imports of future weeks, is enough to make this plain. With this source of food closed against them, the great majority of Englishmen must have starved. The moment that war had broken out, an adversary, if he commanded any naval strength whatever, would have devoted the whole of it to closing this supply against us. In no possible way could he have served his own ends so well, or compassed our defeat so easily. Supposing him to have succeeded, there would have been nothing for it but to sue for peace. If once the Government had been confronted by the alternative of submission or famine, no amount of resolution would have availed them anything. They might have been willing to choose famine in their own persons, but they would speedily have been set aside in favour of a Cabinet cast in a less heroic mould.

A Protectionist—he is no longer to be reckoned among extinct forms of life—will say that this is precisely the danger which he has always foreseen as the natural result of Free-trade legislation. He may in part be answered by the retort that it is better to starve in war-time once in half a century than to starve in peace whenever there is a bad harvest. If it had not been for Free-trade, England must have lost her place among the Great Powers. She could not have supported her population without more food than she can count upon raising within her own borders; and she could not have carried on her trade without her population. The real way of meeting the difficulty is not to calculate impossible chances in the direction of a duty on corn, but to make the chance that we shall ever be cut off from our foreign supply as good as impossible. We need never be in any danger of having our wheat intercepted if we take the simple precaution of having a superior fleet always ready to defend the grain ships against an enemy's attack. Given that simple condition, we are as safe against famine in time of war as though we had never given up protective duties, with the additional advantage of being immeasurably better guarded against it in time of peace. In theory, of course, this is not a matter upon which any difference of opinion exists among Englishmen. Even the Committee of the Peace Society would probably admit that, if we found our food supplies in danger of being cut off, it would be lawful to employ ships to ensure their safe landing, and that, as ships of war cannot be built at a moment's notice, it is lawful to keep a sufficient number of them in a state of permanent preparation. What is not so certain, unfortunately, is whether Englishmen are in the habit of estimating the number of ships that would be required for this purpose alone, and how many could be spared for this purpose from our present navy. No doubt we have a large and very costly navy afloat; that is not denied. But, large as it is and costly as it is, is it large enough to answer all the purposes which in case of need it would have to answer? It must be remembered that, if England were at war with a maritime Power—perhaps with two maritime Powers at once—she would not be in a position to send her whole navy to protect her commerce with food-producing countries. Her ships would constitute an indispensable element in her offensive strength, while, as regards both her own shores and those of her colonies, they would also constitute an indispensable element in her defensive strength. With one considerable fleet engaged in bombarding an enemy's ports and another busy in protecting our own coasts against even the possibility of invasion, and a third cruising in Indian or colonial waters, how many ships could be spared for the yet more essential work of convoying grain ships from America? It may be answered that this, as being the most essential of all the functions which the fleet would have to discharge, would be, so to say, a first charge on our naval resources. Then which of the other three is to be neglected? Are we to forego what might conceivably be the only means open to us of crippling our adversary, or to leave our own coast undefended? Or, if neither of these duties are neglected, which of the colonies is it that is to be left a prey to the sudden descent of some daring commander? What is needed, if the food supply of the country is to be really secure in time of war, is a navy strong enough to spare all the ships that are wanted for the protection of the grain ships without unduly weakening any one of the three other fleets that will have each its work marked out for it. Can this, or anything like this, be said of the English navy in 1880?

IRISH DISTRESS.

THERE can unhappily be no doubt that the distress in Ireland is rapidly becoming greater. There is a marked difference between the tone of the Duchess of MARLBOROUGH'S first appeal for contributions towards the relief fund and the tone of her letter to the Mayor of SHEFFIELD. No hope is now expressed that the distress will be either slight or temporary. The DUCHESS catches, we may almost say, at the opportunity given her by the monthly meeting of the Sheffield Town Council, to bring home to the MAYOR how "pressing and increasing" the distress is likely to become. "There is no doubt that "by the month of February there will be no potatoes left, "as they are now eating their seed potatoes." This is in every way a very serious piece of news. It shows that the people are consciously preparing for themselves another famine—at all events, of potatoes—next year, and we may be sure that they would not do this as long as any other expedient was left them. It shows further how small the remaining stock of food must now be compared with the time that must pass before these peasants can raise any more for themselves. They are separated but by a very few weeks from sheer starvation, and when that comes there seems to be no way of escape from it for large numbers, except such as may be afforded by private charity or Government aid. The miserable agitation of which Ireland has lately been the prey has added to the misery that exceptionally bad seasons would anyhow have created. The landlords are at once less disposed than usual, and less able than usual, to give effectual aid. Under any circumstances they would have been the poorer by the rents which their tenants could not pay, and as it is they are also the poorer by the rents which their tenants have not chosen to pay. The knowledge that some, at least, of the defaulters are men who could pay if they would does not tend to make a landlord a merciful critic of excuses which have a better foundation. He is aware that the distress is in part fictitious, and he is tempted to jump to the conclusion that it is all so. Men who are poorer than usual, and are besides smarting under a sense that their poverty is due to a lawless agitation, are not likely to be

trustworthy authorities as to the extent of distress among those whom they hold to have robbed them. And, even when they admit the existence of great distress, they may not in all cases be very prompt in their preparations for dealing with it. Some allowance must be made for loss of temper, even in men of a naturally kindly disposition. Nor will there be wanting men whose disposition is not naturally kindly, and who will refuse to admit the existence of distress as long as they can, with a view to being excused from relieving it.

There is reason to fear that the just anger excited by the proceedings of Mr. PARNELL and his fellow-agitators has had its natural result in drying up English charity. It is true no doubt that a very large number of persons have less spare money than usual; but, considering how rapidly money has come in for the relief of famine in India when times at home were not particularly good, this is hardly a sufficient explanation of the present state of the Irish subscription list. There is no doubt a feeling on the part of a good many Englishmen that the attitude of the Irish peasant may be summed up in the formula, "Your money and your life." When a landlord asks for his own, the tenant threatens to shoot him; when the claim is abandoned in despair of enforcing it, the tenant asks for alms. Like most epigrammatic methods of stating actual facts, the formula is very far from being correct. The people who are really to blame for not paying their rents are not in distress, and so will not come in for a share of the relief; and the people who do come in for a share of the relief prove by that very fact that they were not in a position to pay rent when it was asked of them. The gist of the charge against the anti-rent agitation is that it is political as well as economical, that it is promoted by men who have the money in their pockets all the time as well as by those who have no means of raising it. In point of law, of course, a tenant who cannot pay is as proper an object of eviction as a tenant who will not pay. The landlord has a clear right to get rid of him if he is so minded, and to appeal to the police to help him if he cannot succeed without them. But it is not the simply destitute tenant that moves the anger of Englishmen. They can make allowance for violence when it is resorted to by men who see nothing but the workhouse in front of them unless they can somehow cling to their holdings. The violence for which Englishmen are not inclined to make allowance is the violence done or threatened by men who are not destitute, and whose motive for refusing to pay their rent is either that they prefer to put the money to some other use or that they do not wish to be unpopular with their neighbours. If these men were suddenly reduced to great necessities, it might go hard with them if they depended on English charity. But there is not the least reason to suppose that any of them have been thus reduced. The people who are now needing help are suffering from perfectly genuine destitution, and English charity must have woefully changed its character if it does not recognize the paramount force of this claim. Unless English charity has fallen off or remains wilfully blind to the urgency of the appeal now made to it, the subscriptions to the Duchess of MARLBOROUGH's fund ought shortly to be expressed in very different figures from any that have yet appeared.

It is to be wished for more reasons than one that private charity could have rendered any action on the part of the Government unnecessary. But it must not be forgotten that it is the Government that will, in the long run, be held responsible if Irish distress passes into Irish starvation. Even in India, where the principle of a Poor-law has never been formally recognized, the Government undertook to keep the people alive, and, so far as they are not relieved of this duty by others, they cannot do less for the people of one of the three United Kingdoms. The Poor-law is designed to ensure that in England, Scotland, and Ireland no one shall die of destitution, except of his own free will. The administration of the Poor-law is much stricter in Ireland than it is in England or Scotland; and, as a rule, we have no desire to see this difference effaced, except by an extension of the Irish practice. But in cases of exceptional scarcity, where vast numbers of persons have to be kept alive for long periods, it is impossible to forego outdoor relief. There are not workhouses enough to hold the people who have to be fed, and it would not be expedient to force them into them even if there were. The fear is, not that the Government will refuse to give aid to the distressed districts, but that they will not give it until the dimensions of the distress have become almost unmanageable. They have already offered to lend money to landowners who are willing to spend it on works which will at once improve their estates and give employment to the poor of the neighbourhood; and they now offer to consider any representations that may be made to them by Boards of Guardians setting forth the existence of exceptional distress from want of labour, and, if these representations are made good, to lend money on liberal terms for the immediate execution of useful public works. The obvious objection to this arrangement is that it will need time that can ill be spared to bring it into operation. The Guardians are to represent the existence of distress to the Local Government Board; the Local Government Board are to report to the LORD-LIEUTENANT that the representation is correct; the Commissioners of Public Works are to consider what works are needed in the district from which the representation comes; the LORD-LIEUTENANT is to convene an extraordinary meeting of the Baronial Sessions in which the distressed Union is situated, and to present a schedule of works which have been approved. The Guardians, the County Surveyor, or any two cesspayers may then make application for their execution. This is an excellent system for enabling as many public departments as possible to take part in the interesting work of relief; but, if the object is to find food for people who are starving, it is certainly open to the objection of being a little tedious. If it is worth while to send relief at all, it would be wiser to send it while those it is designed to benefit are still alive.

LITERARY PUFFING.

IT is not easy to say offhand what constitutes a "puff." People often use the word loosely for any kind of praise that seems to them extravagant. But a mere excess of commendation would hardly amount to puffing, in the stricter sense, unless we had reason to suspect that it was due to some distinct personal bias. Thus, for example, if a good-natured critic greatly overrated a book or picture through mere ignorance, sluggishness of judgment, and a general disposition to think well of mankind, we should not say he had written a puff. To speak technically, a part of the "essence" of puffing is the presence of a distinct personal bias in favour of the particular work that is eulogized. This bias may run riot, so to speak, and present itself nakedly as a conscious intention to cry up the production independently of any serious examination of its merits. This is puffing in its largest and fullest sense. Besides this there are less obtrusive shades of puffing in which the prepossession acts more disguisedly and without producing a conscious resolve to extol at all costs. In these cases the critic may half bring himself to believe that he has carefully examined the merits of the particular work and is forming a cool and impartial judgment, though another can easily see that his mind is powerfully swayed by a pre-existent wish to think favourably of the work.

This personal bias will naturally be apt to betray itself when the author criticized and the critic are one and the same person. In a general way, of course, society does not allow people to extol the work of their own hands. If a person attempts this too openly, either in conversation or in literature, he will be heartily ridiculed. Yet there are less patent and indirect ways of effecting this result. Thus a man may enlarge on the merits of some forthcoming volume to an admiring friend, and infect him with the puffing impulse. The friend understands what the aspiring author would like, and forthwith talks of the embryonic book at his club. Or, if he knows the editor of a leading Review, he writes betimes and asks for the book, so as to secure the early publication of a favourable notice. If he cannot do this, he will send a note to the gossip column of a journal to the effect that "Mr. So-and-so, whose occasional papers have already excited considerable interest, is about to publish a work on, &c." In all this the virtual puffer is the author himself, who gives the impulse and supplies the hint, trusting to his friend's faithfully carrying out his wishes. He manages, however, to escape the ridicule that usually visits the puffer of his own doings. Next to puffing our own production comes the puffing of one in which we have a joint interest. The most glaring illustration of this is the publisher's puff. The skill with which some publishers manage to select the tit-bit from the Reviews for the advertising column is something truly wonderful to the ordinary mind. The greatest triumph of this skill is seen in the extracting of something like a neat slice of praise out of a thoroughly adverse review by means of appropriate omissions. If, for example, the reviewer writes, "The author's stilted and bombastic language harmonizes admirably with his pretentious, but essentially feeble, ideas," the clever publisher has but to strike out the disrespectful adjectives and he has a presumably favourable opinion:—"The author's style harmonizes admirably with his ideas." If the vain author thinks he can just as well select these extracts for himself he is greatly in error. The experience of a publisher who studies this art enables him to

see possibilities that are lost to the untrained eye, and the author will serve his own interests best, in the matter of advertising at least, by leaving them in his publisher's hands. Nor is the publisher the only person besides the author who may have a direct interest in the success of a book. A less palpable stake is also possessed by other authors whose particular ideas are furthered by the new publication. Thus a writer on philosophy or art naturally welcomes the appearance of a new treatise carrying out the distinctive tenets of his school. If, as is very probable, he obtains the book for reviewing, he will certainly extol its force of argumentation or its subtlety of æsthetic insight, for in so doing he is virtually pushing his own ideas. This kind of puffing comes very naturally from a master to a young disciple who in the course of his maiden production pays his teacher a handsome tribute. The impulses of generosity here mingle with and disguise the very human inclination to admire the direct result of one's own instruction. And the praise can in this case be awarded with a more unstinting hand just because the relation of disciple to teacher excludes all thought of injurious rivalry.

Puffing, however, would be a restricted occupation if it had to depend on direct personal interest. A large part of the extravagant eulogizing to be seen in contemporary journalism is of a disinterested sort, perfectly free from any base reference to selfish gain. It is the generous pulsations of friendship that commonly underlie the practice. A man is not ridiculed if he cries up another out of pure affection; he is rather held to be a right sort of fellow, who is ready to do a friend a good turn. When it is distinctly seen that the puff springs from disinterested devotion, and is not due to any suggestions from the person puffed, it may be pretty extravagant without exciting ridicule. At the same time, since all puffing, as a species of extravagance, tends towards the borders of the ludicrous, and since enthusiasm is very apt to blind its subject to the comical aspects of his conduct, a good deal of care is necessary on the admirer's part in order to produce a thoroughly effective puff. Thus it should clearly have an element of reason or plausibility in it, and not run directly counter to people's common-sense. If, for example, a violent partisan insists on crying up some generally recognized inferior production of a writer as on a level with the best writings of its class, his attempt is pretty certain to miss fire, and the effect may be all the more ludicrous if there is reason to know that the author himself does not share in this extravagant estimate of his work.

Perhaps the point in which the zeal of the puffer is most likely to outrun his discretion is that of timeliness. The eagerness of enthusiasts is always apt to lead them into ill-timed utterances, and the warm admirer of a writer or artist often excites a gentle amusement by forcing in his eulogies at the wrong moment. Not long since an announcement appeared in the gossip column of a contemporary which, if, as it seems probable, it came from some zealous friend, is a striking example of this maladroitness. Here it is:—"Mrs. ———, a granddaughter of ——— ——— (a well-known author), died on the 30th ult. at ——, at the early age of twenty-five years. Mrs. —— was a writer of considerable promise, and had contributed stories to —— Magazine, the ——, &c. *Mr. —— —— is a young artist of some promise.*" [The italics are our own.] The way in which the notice is made to lead up to the point of real practical interest—namely, the accomplishments of the surviving widower—is extremely funny. It irresistibly recalls the thoroughly business-like epitaph said to be inscribed by a son to his deceased father, the landlord of a certain inn known as "The Lion." The writer first gives his readers the comforting fact that the worthy host had departed this life "in hopes of Zion"; after which he proceeds to recall them to mundane things by announcing that

> The son keeps on the business still,
> Resigned unto the Heavenly will.

There are pretty clear indications that the art of literary puffing is just now in process of development; and, if so, nobody can say into what it may ultimately grow. The special forces of our age appear to be highly favourable to this growth. The greater the competition for public recognition, the stronger the temptation to puff. Indeed, puffing is but another name for pushing, and this evidently tends to vary with the intensity of the struggle for existence. We see this plainly enough in the world of trade, where even "old-established" and "highly respectable" houses do not hesitate to puff their wares, and where advertising is rapidly growing into one of the fine arts. And the same thing is observable in that other world of literature and art in which men are pushing the productions of their brains. Men now make haste to be famous just as they have always been wont to make haste to be rich. Poems are announced and their high qualities extolled almost before the poet's manuscript is dry. Busy friends visit the studios to see what is being done for the approaching season, and hastily publish their "impressions" in the shape of an enthusiastic panegyric. Thus, owing to the eagerness of people to puff and be puffed, public judgment is forestalled and the future of a work settled for it, even before its birth, by confident sponsors.

That this puffing produces its effect is manifest in the very fact of its increase. One might suppose that the public ear would soon weary of this monotonous eulogizing, and see through this transparent artifice of forcing the market of ideas. But, in fact, the majority of men are wont now, as at other times, to take what is told them with a passive and credulous mind. If the "average reader" of a journal continually hears a contemporary poet described as a genius of the first magnitude, and knows nothing to the contrary, he naturally believes it. In spite of the too prevalent habits of lying and hypocrisy, confident and reiterated assertion generally commands at least a dull assent, and this the indefatigable puffer knows as well as anybody. Of course the reputation thus taken by storm is not necessarily a lasting one. In time there is heard the yet more commanding voice of the few who know, and then the puff is of no further use. But the puffer cares nothing for the verdict of posterity. He wants the thrilling sensation of a present acclamation; and if he can only succeed in setting a temporary fashion of opinion, he wins his object. While, however, this practice of premature puffing answers the needs of the indolent exceedingly well by supplying them with a ready opinion at the least cost of personal exertion, it constitutes a real nuisance to that overlooked minority who have a modest wish to form an opinion for themselves. Such is the force and continuity of the shower of puffs which now ushers in a new volume or picture by a name of repute that a man has hardly a chance of reserving his judgment. If he goes to his weekly paper, he finds that a puff is there, and if he takes up the morning paper, behold! it is there. Even if he ceases from reading altogether, he cannot escape from the voice of the puffer; for it is borne down on him at the dinner party, at his club, and even in his home circle.

The ethics of puffing is too large a subject to be dealt with here. To discuss it fully would involve a consideration of the whole duty of man in relation to the mature formation of uttered opinion. Without taking up too high a ground and condemning puffing *in toto* as intellectually dishonest, and while acknowledging the fact that the impulse is deeply rooted in human nature and connected with some of its best qualities, one may perhaps reasonably ask that some restraint should be set on the puffer's powers. This may be done in part by the editors of critical journals. It is related of an editor of a well-known paper that he made it a habit never to give a book to a reviewer whom he knew to be a personal friend of the author's; and there is no doubt something to be said in favour of such a rule. At the same time it is obvious that no editor is in a position to ascertain the fact of a personal relationship in every case. To this it may be added that the fact of "not knowing" a man often implies the presence of a distinct antipathy, and the editor has to avoid an injurious bias even more than a favourable one. Hence the duty of curbing the puffing impulse must fall in part on the critic himself, and if he is endowed with a fair amount of conscientiousness and an ample supply of good sense, he will easily manage to avoid gross over-statement. Indeed it may be affirmed that a man who is bent on being thoroughly honest can in most cases be safely left to review the work even of an intimate friend. The conscious intention to run up the particular book will be controlled by a higher purpose; and though the feeling of affection will certainly act as a slight bias giving a kindliness of tone to the critic's judgment, nobody would greatly object to this provided it did not absolutely blind him to the real quality of the writer's ideas. Of course a man's friend may write a book of which he is heartily ashamed, and about which he could hardly bring himself to utter his real opinion; but in that case he has the easy expedient of declining to review it at all.

The excesses of puffing in contemporary literature will only be effectually checked by some pressure from without. Such a pressure will certainly be brought to bear as soon as the reading public is less indolent and more enlightened. Yet it is difficult to see how this will be brought about within any discernible limits of time, since the reading section of society is continually recruiting itself by additions from below. It is the experienced eye that detects a puff; the tiro in literary matters is unsuspecting and full of reverence for the august plurality of the journalistic *ego*. One thing may perhaps be expected of the public even now, and that is that they should not allow themselves to be imposed on by a transparent device. When, for example, a paper inserts among its bits of news the announcement, "We understand that the article on —— in the new number of the —— Review is from the pen of Mr. ——— ———," the obvious intention is that people may suppose the article to be of some consequence, and one that is unusually being talked about. And if, as occasionally happens, this kind of announcement appears on the very day after the publication of the article, it does not need much penetration to see that the statement is misleading, and expresses rather a wish of the writer than a real fact. One may hope that the intelligence of the general reading public will soon make this kind of thing impossible.

For the rest, the opinion may be hazarded that one of the most effectual means of restraining the literary puff within decent limits would be a growing dislike to this species of well-meant service by the benefited party himself. If writers and artists loved truth better than praise, if they were more desirous of arriving at a just estimate of their permanent merits than of gaining immediate applause, the puffer's trade would soon be gone. But, after all, the great and the celebrated are only men, and share in the human weakness of taking pleasure in flattery, even when they vaguely recognize it as such. That the habit of puffing will be greatly curbed by the expression of a marked displeasure on the part of the persons puffed is too utopian a supposition. Better, surely, to trust to the growing intelligence of the public than to the growing distaste of authors for the sweets of flattery.

THE JADE OF OUR ARYAN FATHERS.

THERE is a good deal of significance in the discussion which has been caused by the discovery of some jade tools in Swiss lake-dwellings. That these tools should be at once recognized as the property of those well-known wanderers, the Aryan race, and that the Aryan race should be supposed to have carried the tools, as they carried their language, from their "cradle in Central Asia" to Switzerland, is a remarkable proof of the alacrity of science. The facts, as we gather them from a letter published by Professor Max Müller in the *Times* of last Thursday, and from other letters in the same journal, seem to be much as follows. Jade is a mineral which Europe does not produce, and implements of jade have been found in the lake-dwellings of Switzerland. As the mineral is not a European production, and as no one suspects the Aztecs or New Zealanders of having sold it to the lake-dwellers, its original source must be looked for in Asia. How, then, does the jade come from Asia to Switzerland? Professor Müller has been told, and the information makes him "feel a little giddy," "that the identical scraper was the property of one of the first discoverers of Europe." This is the singular conclusion to which some scientific person has bounded with alacrity. "It was chiefly in order to remove that feeling of giddiness," writes Professor Müller, "that I wished to call attention to another class of tools, equally ancient, possibly even more ancient, which were likewise brought into Europe from Asia by our earliest ancestors, and which we use every day without feeling the least surprise." Professor Müller alludes to the "Aryan dialects," and his argument seems to be that people who could bring a language with them from a distant home could also bring a jade scraper. And so, no doubt, they could; but there does not seem any necessity for supposing that the Aryans carried jade scrapers with them as well as parts of speech.

The *Times*, in a leading article, is naturally much more sure about the matter than Professor Müller. The mind of Professor Müller is slightly staggered by the idea that the scrapers are heir-looms of our Aryan ancestors; but the *Times* proves it to demonstration:—"By a species of exhaustive process of argument the mind is forced to one particular inference. Bretons of Brittany, Celts of Ireland, lake-dwellers under the shadow of Mont Blanc, must have conveyed with them their jade ornaments and utensils from the far-away home of themselves and jade in Central Asia, for the simple reason that they could have found the material nowhere in their own country." The reason is very simple indeed, rather too simple. Let us suppose that, four thousand years hence, a bit of Derbyshire pottery is found in a grave in Merv. A writer in the *Times* of the period will feel justified in saying that, by a species of exhaustive process of argument, the mind is forced to one particular inference. The people of Merv must have conveyed their crown Derby teacup from the far away home of themselves and crown Derby in central England, for the simple reason that they could have found the material for Derby ware nowhere in their own country. Then some sceptic of the future will ask whether the people of Merv might not have got the tea-cup by way of commerce. And that theory is not excluded, in the case of the jade tool in the lake-dwelling, by the "exhaustive process of argument" which forces the *Times* to the inference that the lake-dwellers brought the implement from Central Asia.

In anything like a scientific argument it would be necessary to know among what other deposits the jade scraper was found. Were there none but stone and bone relics in its neighbourhood, or were there weapons of bronze or of other metals? The Swiss lake-dwellings are of very different dates. Settlements like them still exist on the coast of New Guinea. Plenty of them survived in the time of Herodotus, who describes them. If a Sheffield knife is found in the lake-dwellings of New Guinea, we do not suppose that even the *Times* will urge that the islanders necessarily carried it to their new country from the ancient home of themselves and whittles in Sheffield. There is a simple explanation, which applies just as well to the jade implements in Switzerland. They reached Europe in the course of trade, just as the earlier bronze implements probably reached the lake-dwellers. There is no tin in Switzerland; bronze is found in many of the lacustrine homes, and bronze cannot exist without tin. Perhaps some enthusiasts will maintain that the tin was brought by a new wave of emigration from the east or west. On the other hand, if M. F. Lenormant is justified in saying that lake-dwellings continued to exist in Switzerland long after the foundation of Massilia and other Greek towns on the coast of southern Gaul, it seems quite as probable that bronze filtered through, from them to the lake-dwellers as that Sheffield knives reach New Guinea. In the same way the stone instruments, which are found in great numbers in the Isle of Elba are made of a silex which does not exist in the island. They probably were brought over by mariners to barter for some of the produce of Elba.

The antiquity and activity of commerce are facts which the theorists about the Aryan introduction of jade leave entirely out of sight. Why should jade have been brought into Europe by the first discoverers of Europe, when the prehistoric trade-routes are well marked and of unknown antiquity? Jade is precisely one of the curious exotic articles which would be in demand when a simple people came in contact with foreign merchantmen. Even in countries where the mineral is common, even among Aztecs and New Zealanders, it is fashioned into relics and held in a certain religious reverence. It is probably, of all stones, the best substitute for metal, and would be hardly less valued than metal when offered in barter. We believe that the whole theory of the introduction of jade by emigrants from Asia is founded on ignorance or forgetfulness of the existence of primæval overland commerce. Whence came the amber which is rudely worked into the necklaces which we find in the earliest Greek tombs? Were the necklaces brought into the Greek islands by Finnish or Scandinavian emigrants from the Baltic coasts? It is well known, on the other hand, that the Phœnicians got the amber from dealers at the mouths of the Eridanus or Po, and that these dealers were supplied by native merchants who crossed Germany by a mysterious route and who carried back into the North the produce of Greek and Etruscan industries. Another trade-route, from the Euxine sea along the feet of the Carpathians, across Silesia and Posen, to Pomerania and Jutland, is marked by the distribution of ancient Greek coins in the soil, much as the road of Hop o' my Thumb was marked by the white stones which he dropped as he went. It was from the trade of this route, according to some speculators, that bronze weapons reached the lake-dwellers of Switzerland. Meanwhile Phœnician commerce had its stations from the Spanish shores, where the savage natives worked mines with hammers of stone, to the Red Sea, and thence to the Indian Ocean. By the Phœnicians all the produce of different nations was distributed as freely as beads and the muskets called "park-palings" are scattered by our adventurers. There is nothing in a state of low civilization, nothing even in the savage state, to make commerce impossible. Articles of barter (women among others) are safely carried across the continent of Australia, through all the hostile or suspicious tribes, by a sort of commercial natives who have the privileges and immunities of mediæval heralds. In Africa, among races still more hostile, there is a constant ebb and flow of exchanges, and European articles filter into the most remote districts of the interior. Our conclusion is, therefore, that the presence of jade implements in the Swiss lake-dwellings is as easily explained as the presence of English beads in African villages where no Englishman has set foot. In the same way we would propose to account for the recent discovery of an Indian money-cowry in a barrow in Cornwall. The cowry came as the beads came, or as that mysterious object of unknown nature, an ostrich shell set in silver, reached the treasury of an early Scottish king. The worthy monarch's records describe the strange possession, but cannot account for its existence. It was chiefly valued because it was odd, and we may not irrationally believe that the money-cowry and the jade scrapers were prized by primitive collectors for much the same reason. If the lacustrine owner of the jade scraper did not know how to use it, as the *Times* supposes, that is only a stronger proof of the fact that he "picked it up" from a merchant's store as a curiosity. This seems rather more likely than the opposite hypothesis, that the Aryan ancestors of the lake-dweller had vapour baths and stone strigils, and that their degenerate descendant, while he kept the strigil, forgot the vapour baths.

Our explanation, we feel, is grossly prosaic. It reduces this wondrous jade to the level of the glass bead of commerce. The belief in the virtues of jade as an amulet is to be explained in the same way as the belief in the virtues of countless other fetish stones is explained. We lose sight of "the tempest-buffeted Aryan recovering from his swoon of bewilderment at the strange land on which his feet at length were resting." We have only to offer the sober picture of a lake-dweller, Aryan or not Aryan, swapping some of his produce for the curious smooth stone of some other capitalist. Of course it is impossible to prove that the Aryan (always more or less in a swoon, poor fellow), did not bring the jade, with his grammar and vocabulary, from no one knows where to Switzerland. But, on the whole, the more sober hypothesis seems quite as probable. We may admit with Professor Müller that the jade "originally came from well-defined areas in Asia"; but we see no reason at all to suppose that "it was the property of one of the first discoverers of Europe." Thus for the moment we escape the disagreeable "feeling of giddiness" which besets friends of the Aryan theory. That whole theory is based on the hypothesis that foreign materials could only be introduced to Europe by the first discoverers of Europe.

THE ROMAN BREVIARY.

CARDINAL NEWMAN speaks in his *Apologia* of the Roman Breviary as "that most wonderful and most attractive monument of the devotion of saints," and explains how an apparent accident at first introduced him to the knowledge of it. His praise is not undeserved, but the Breviary has an historical and ecclesiastical, not to say literary, which to many will transcend its purely devotional interest, the more so as being the chief source from which the Church Service in the English Prayer-book is derived. By the Church Service we mean the "Matins" and "Evensong," for there is no one volume comprising the Latin originals of the various offices comprehended in the Book of Common Prayer. The Communion Service is represented by the Missal, containing not only the "Ordinary of the Mass," but the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels, and other variable portions of the altar service; while the Occasional Offices—for administration of Sacraments, Churching, Burial, and the like—are found in the Roman Ritual. But with the *Missale* and *Rituale Romanum* we are not now concerned, and the Breviary alone will supply more than ample matter for consideration within our present limits.

Considering the interest of many kinds which it must possess for the scholar and the student, it is curious that no complete translation should ever have appeared till within the last few months. It formed the subject of one of the earliest Tracts for the Times, from Mr. Newman's pen, and he tells us that several years afterwards some younger men contemplated translating the four volumes *in extenso*—it is usually divided into four volumes according to the seasons of the Christian year—but were dissuaded by advice to which they felt bound to defer. The task has now been accomplished as a labour of love by the Marquess of Bute, and there can be no doubt that many will be grateful to him besides those for whose special benefit, as we gather from his brief and modest preface, he has undertaken it, though we are not equally sure, for reasons that will appear in the sequel, how far the authorities of his own Church, who do not seem to have been consulted on the matter, will be among them. But here a word of explanation is required. It may be thought strange that the ordinary services of their Church should not long since have been made accessible in a vernacular form, for practical purposes, to the great body of Roman Catholic worshippers, whether in this or other countries; for we suspect Lord Bute's is the first translation of the Breviary which has appeared in any language of modern Europe. But the fact is that the Breviary offices, though strictly imposed on the clergy, no longer constitute any part of the ordinary worship of the Church. The Mass is the only obligatory Service, and the only one ordinarily solemnized in the morning in parish churches; and for this abundant aids, in the shape of translations and popular manuals, are provided. In some places it is usual for Vespers or Complin, or both of them, to be sung on Sunday afternoons, and where, as in France, the similarity of language makes it comparatively easy to follow the words and meaning of the Latin psalms, which seldom vary, the whole congregation may often be heard joining heartily in the chant. But in England and Germany *e.g.* this would be impossible, and Vespers are either superseded by informal vernacular services or entirely subordinated to what is called in Belgium the *Salut*, or rite of Benediction. As for the rest of the Breviary offices, they are never heard at all, as a rule, except in conventual and, to some extent, in cathedral churches, where, however, none but those immediately concerned, the monks or canons, take any part in them. It was not indeed always so, for in the middle ages even the long Matin service was often celebrated in public churches, and seems to have attracted worshippers, though it is not easy to see how they can have derived much benefit from it. At the Council of Trent the French Bishops endeavoured to procure a decree commanding attendance, under pain of mortal sin, at Vespers as well as Mass on Sundays and other "days of obligation"—of which last there are about eight now in force in England—but it was wisely refused. The Breviary then, holding in this respect a very different position from the English Prayer-book, is scarcely more familiar, except by name, to the great body of Roman Catholic laymen than to Protestants. Lord Bute hopes his translation may prove acceptable, especially to Anglican converts, who miss the daily offices to which they were previously accustomed. We have heard certainly of one or two churches where an English Complin service introduced by a convert had become very popular, until an Ultramontane bishop succeeded to the titular see, and scattered the congregation by suppressing it. But it is time to say something of the history, structure, and intended use of the Breviary.

It must be remembered in the first place that the Roman Breviary, as finally settled by a Bull of Pius V. in 1568, does not stand alone. It is one of a vast family of similar office books which once overspread the Western Church—for of the East we have no room to speak here—and some few of which still survive. In England alone there were not only the "Uses" of Sarum, York, Hereford, Bangor, and Lincoln—noticed in the Preface to the Prayer-book—but others also. In France nearly every diocese had its own use, many of which have been swept away under the late pontificate mainly through the misdirected zeal of the Ultramontane Dom Guéranger, who made the introduction of a dead level of Roman uniformity the object of his life. The beautiful Paris Breviary, of which we may have a word to say presently, survived in spite of the jealous antagonism of Rome till the other day, when Pius IX. managed to bury it in the grave of the murdered Archbishop Darboy. The Ambrosian rite, both Missal and Breviary, containing many visible peculiarities which could hardly fail to strike the eye of even a casual observer, has been vigorously defended by successive archbishops against successive popes, and still holds its place throughout the diocese and province of Milan. At the Duomo of Milan the Roman Mass is only allowed to be said in the crypt. And besides these and other local uses, now or formerly prevalent, great religious orders—like the Dominicans and Franciscans—had Breviaries of their own. Nor is the origin of this diversity hard to trace. In the early Church there was no fixed form of service except for the Eucharist, which was alone held to be of universal obligation. The congregational, or what came afterwards to be called the Choir service, varied in detail in different places, though modelled on a common type, and was left very much to the discretion of each bishop. Meanwhile the rise of the monastic orders brought with it the need of a fuller and more systematized method of daily devotion, and the very form and name of the Breviary Hours mark their original purpose. Matins consists of one or more "Nocturns"—one on "ferial" or week days, three on Sundays and festivals—intended to be said during the night. Lauds, the first of the seven Day Hours, followed at early dawn, and then came Prime at 6 A.M., Terce, Sext, and Nones, belonged respectively to the third, sixth, and ninth hour (9, 12, and 6 o'clock) and then came Vespers at six P.M. or at sunset, followed at 9 o'clock by Complin (*Completorium*) the closing and completion of the whole order of daily prayer. It is obvious that such an arrangement can only be carried out in its integrity in a religious community, whose time is at their own command, and who make the public offices of religion a main part of their daily occupation. And accordingly the Breviary offices were allowed elsewhere, in cathedral or parochial churches, to be said by anticipation or accumulation; *ie.* Matins and Lauds were said overnight, as is still permitted either in public or private use, at any hour of the preceding afternoon or evening nearer sunset than midday, while the "Little Hours," from Prime to Nones, were said together before or after the morning mass, and Vespers and Complin at any time after midday. From this it was not a very long step to abandon the public recitation of the Hours altogether—especially as the growing demand for vernacular services suggested the introduction of simpler and more popular substitutes—and thus to relegate the Breviary to the private use of the clergy, on whom it is still strictly enforced, but with the relaxations already referred to, that Matins and Lauds may be said overnight, and that the whole daily office or any portion of it may be said at any time between morning and midnight, except that Vespers and Complin must not ordinarily come before noon. Nor is any restriction of place or posture imposed on the private recitation of the office, which may be said in a railway or a steamboat as well as in church. Our readers may recollect that this obligation is formally retained, though it may not be very generally acted upon, in the rubrics of the English Prayer-book directing that "all priests and deacons are to say daily the Morning and Evening Prayer, *either privately* or openly, not being let by sickness, or some other urgent cause." It is recorded in the Life of Bishop Wilberforce that he suffered no stress of engagements to interfere with the observance of this rule, and often said the Evening Service—as Roman priests may be seen reciting their office—in a cab. The private recitation of the Breviary office would occupy, according to its length and the slowness or rapidity of utterance, from half an hour to an hour daily.

It may help our readers to understand better the structure of the Breviary, if we begin by again reminding them that the English Morning and Evening Prayer are based upon it, though of course with considerable modifications and omissions. Speaking roughly, Morning Prayer is a compilation from Matins, Lauds, and Prime, and Evening Prayer from Vespers and Complin, "the Little Hours"—Terce, Sext, and Nones—being dropped out altogether. But whereas the whole Psalter is supposed to be gone through every week in the Roman office, in the shorter English office it is spread over a month; from the latter also have disappeared the hymns, responsories, and "antiphons"—or verses prefixed to every psalm and canticle and intended to strike its keynote—and the lessons are taken exclusively from Scripture. We have said that the Psalter is supposed to be gone through once a week; and so it would be in a week composed of Sunday and six "ferial" days—like most in the Anglican Calendar—but in fact no such week ever occurs. Nine-tenths of the days in the year are festivals of some kind or other, when the festal supersedes the ordinary office; and hence, while certain psalms, common to all or nearly all festivals, are constantly repeated, others are seldom, if ever, used at all. Another inconvenience of these numerous feast days—some movable, some fixed—is found in their frequent clashing or "concurrence" with one another, whence arises the necessity for an elaborate classification of "doubles," "semi-doubles," &c. and a minute code of rules as to the "translation" of a festival to another day (sometimes a month or two months distant) or the "commemoration" of a Sunday or minor festival falling on a greater one. It is to these intricate directions that the pathetic complaint of the Reformers of "the number and hardness of the rules called the Pie" (*Pica*) refers, and if the clerics of that day had to hunt out for themselves the proper office for each day by a laborious study of the *Rubricæ Generales*, we can well believe that "many times there was more business to find out what should be read than to read it when it was found out." Their modern successors, fortunately for themselves, are spared so excruciating a trial by the annual issue of an authorized *Ordo Recitandi Officii Divini*, which specifies the precise office to be used on each day in the ensuing year with its various translations, commemorations, concurrences and the like. Meanwhile the Psalter may be said, as in the English Prayer-book, to form the essence and backbone of the whole Breviary service. Matins included, besides the *Venite* at the commencement and *Te Deum* at the end, eighteen Psalms on Sunday—twelve in the first and three in the second and third nocturns—on festivals three psalms in each nocturn, and on ferial days, which have no division of nocturns, twelve psalms. At Lauds and Vespers there are five psalms or groups of psalms, varying on ferial or week-days, but generally the same on all festivals, besides the *Benedictus* or *Magnificat* at the close, designed to commemorate the Incarnation. The 118th (in the English Prayer-book 119th) Psalm is distributed in portions over the four Little Hours daily throughout the year, and the four Complin psalms also never change. In the same way the hymns for Matins, Lauds, and Vespers vary according to the festival, season, or day of the week, while those for the Little Hours and Complin are always the same. Many of these hymns are very beautiful, and have become widely popular in an English dress, but those in the suppressed Paris Breviary are on the whole

superior to them. The Latin text of both sets was published at Oxford in the early days of the Tractarian movement under Mr. Newman's editorship, and graceful translations of most of them appeared partly from his pen and partly from that of the late Mr. Isaac Williams. The Antiphons and lections—or lessons as we should say—of the Paris Breviary differ also considerably from those of the Roman, and generally differ for the better. These lessons belong to the Matin Service, for these are only short *capitula* of a verse or two, varying with the day or season, in the Day Hours. In the ferial Matins there are only three lessons, which are always taken from Scripture, but in the Sunday or festal office (which is really the ordinary one) there are nine lessons, three in the first nocturn taken from Scripture, three in the second nocturn from the Fathers, or (more generally) from the Lives of Saints, three in the third nocturn—which always form a commentary, usually taken from some early Father, on the Gospel of the day.

It may be inferred that the lessons of the second nocturn—in spite of several former revisions—present the most vulnerable point in the Breviary Service, and there can be little doubt that if it had been in general use in the vernacular, many of these "uncertain stories and legends," as they are designated in the Preface to the Prayerbook, would long since have inevitably disappeared. Lord Bute suggests that some of them "would probably receive considerable modification at any future revision," and we may not improbably surmise that one of his leading motives for submitting them for the first time to public criticism in an English dress, not without occasional annotations, is to promote such a revision. To give but one characteristic instance—he observes that "the extraordinary history (?) of Marcellinus (in the office for April 26) is now universally, or almost universally, acknowledged to be a fiction." He does not add that it was a deliberate fiction and has been deliberately retained. The apocryphal and not very edifying legend that Pope Marcellinus apostatized in the persecutions of Diocletian and "offered incense to the images of the gods" is studiously preserved for the sake of its equally apocryphal and absurdly unhistorical supplement that a Council of 300 Bishops at Sinuessa refused to pass sentence on his apostasy "because the first See is judged of no man." The late Father Gratry called attention to some equally "extraordinary" falsifications of which there are numerous instances in lessons of the Roman Breviary, besides many exploded fictions which are simply childish, and some wholly fictitious saints. The Paris Breviary, which was revised about the middle of the last century and became the model of many other diocesan "uses" in France, was carefully weeded of these foolish or fraudulent accretions, and hence fell under the vague and convenient imputation of "Jansenism," to which it has at length succumbed. Lord Bute has done good service in another way, which may be hardly more pleasing to his ecclesiastical superiors. He has translated the psalms, lessons, and collects for himself from the Latin—not unfrequently in the words of the English Bible and Prayerbook—instead of adopting the wretched compound of the Douay version and the ordinary Roman manuals; partly, as he observes, not without a pardonable touch of latent sarcasm, because these versions are often unintelligible without a reference to the original text. He has, on the whole, succeeded well in his endeavour "to give a rendering in good, plain, manly and idiomatic English," and his translations of the hymns, which are mostly those of Cardinal Newman or of Dr. Neale and other Anglican writers, are judiciously selected, though it is needless to say that Ultramontane organs have already detected heresy in them. One effect which he anticipates from his translation is that it may help to soften certain prejudices of Protestants, and here too we are disposed to agree with him. To Anglicans who were not acquainted with the Latin Breviary it cannot but be interesting to discover how much after all the formularies of the two Churches have in common, and how largely the structure and contents of the English Prayerbook are derived from the offices in use before the Reformation. And to Protestants generally it ought to be satisfactory to find how comparatively little there is, in spite of incidental blemishes such as those noticed just now, which they can regard as superstitious or ungodly in the daily manual of devotion of the whole Roman Catholic priesthood, nine-tenths of which at least is in the actual words of Scripture. To Roman Catholics themselves it must, one would think, suggest a feeling of regret—which is all but openly avowed by the translator—that so magnificent a treasury of devotion should be to the great mass even of the devoutest among the laity a sealed book. If, in symbolical and dramatic effect, the English Prayerbook may be considered inferior to the Breviary, yet the one, precisely because it is English—to use a famous phrase of Luther's—is "a living thing that hath hands and feet," while the other, as long as it is kept jealously enshrined "in a tongue not understanded of the people," must remain for them an unknown or unmeaning form.

COUNTRY BANKS.

WHEN a country gentleman goes to his nearest town, a visit to his bank generally constitutes part of his business. Independently of any direct banking transaction, he may often obtain information gratis at his bank which he would otherwise be obliged to purchase for at least six shillings and eightpence at his lawyer's. On the other hand, a clever lawyer will often do banker's work, when consulted by his clients, and pocket banker's commission in addition to his fees for advice. Indeed the country banker is apt to look upon the country lawyer, in a commercial sense, as more or less of a poacher. We are not now speaking of joint-stock banks, as these in small towns are usually mere branches of large banking establishments in cities. We have in view rather old-fashioned country banks of long standing, whose names are household words in their own towns and neighbourhoods. The highly flavoured and greasy notes of these little establishments are more valued in their surrounding districts than those of the Bank of England itself, and the firms themselves are spoken of in their own towns as "*the* bank," in contradistinction to all other banks. Materially speaking, these old banks are, in most instances, anything but palatial. Their very shabbiness is, as it were, a standing protest against the extravagant splendour of modern joint-stock banks with their Elizabethan gables or Palladian façades. In the interior of these most conservative places of business there is a peculiar stuffiness which is completely opposed to all newfangled notions about ventilation and hygienic principles. If the depositors were to miss the well-known fustiness of the building, they might become nervous about the safety of their money. The walls have not been papered for twenty years; there are cracks of great antiquity in the ceiling; and the grate is of a pattern which would never be tolerated in any modern dwelling-house. The general appearance of the counting-house is about on a par with that of a third-class London shop. The only thing in the place which is made to keep pace with the times is the strong-room, with its thief-proof and fire-proof safe. Even this is not visible to the public, or there is no saying whether some of the old-fashioned depositors might not suspect the partners of adopting a dangerous innovation on their ancient system. Wonderful relics of defence are preserved in the building at the back of the counting-house. There is a brass-barrelled blunderbuss with a flint and steel lock; there is an alarm bell, a rattle, and a man-trap, which used to be laid every night in the little garden at the back of the house.

Where the partners are elderly, they are quite in keeping with the building and its appointments. They are Tories of the Tories. They are among the select few who still drink port after dinner. They feed freely on early salmon, venison, strong Stilton cheese, and sucking-pig. They dine at six, and have little suppers of toasted cheese or lobsters at half past ten. They encourage beggars and take snuff, and they suffer much from the gout. They take in *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Quarterly Review*, and they never have subscribed and never will subscribe to a circulating library. The younger generation of country bankers is quite different. A sharp young partner has many opportunities of attaining to popularity. When a public hall or a hospital is wanted, he collects subscriptions, and it is he who gets up the county balls. On boards and committees he is an important personage, for, living on the spot, he has far more opportunities of ascertaining facts connected with the business of the meetings than country gentlemen who only visit the town occasionally, and his business habits enable him to make himself practically useful where others are disinclined to exert themselves. When there is an election, although it would not do for him to take a very prominent part in the canvass, he exerts considerable influence in a quiet way, and he has many opportunities of gaining valuable information for his party. He hears when properties are likely to come into the market, and gives hints accordingly to those whom he considers it desirable to serve. In his comfortable rooms there is always luncheon for his country friends, and ladies who come to the little town to shop in an afternoon find excellent tea and the latest news in his well-furnished drawing-room. Very different from his bank is the dwelling-house of the young or middle-aged partner. The house itself is small, but it has more comforts than many large mansions. The sitting-rooms are almost too full of richly-carved old oak, and in the cabinets there is a profusion of rare china. Most of these treasures have been purchased in the neighbourhood, for the banker knows of sales which few other rich people hear or think of. He is as great a collector of gossip as of curiosities; and, chatting pleasantly with every one who comes into the bank, he has admirable opportunities of indulging his taste. The parson is completely at his mercy. If the church requires restoration, it would be useless to attempt it unless the banker will co-operate in the undertaking; but, if he will only take the matter up, it will prosper in no time. If the rector wants to put candlesticks or a brass cross upon the altar, there will not be much opposition if the banker will countenance the proceeding; but, if he is not inclined to back up his spiritual director in the affair, the cross and candlesticks will lead to nothing but ignominy and confusion. The curates are at his beck and call, and their social happiness or the contrary is much in his hands.

The principal clerk at a country bank is an important member of the establishment. He and the wart on the side of his nose have been known to most of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood under forty years of age since the days of their childhood. He loves a close atmosphere, and complains of cold if any attempt is made to open a window or a ventilator. The slightest noise in the usually quiet street worries him, but he enjoys the clatter of sovereigns as if it were the sweetest music. He is very particular about his ledgers, which he loves even better than his children, and when the process known to bankers as "calling over" is

under progress, and his entries are being "ticked" by others, he is as miserable and as restless as a cow whose calf has been taken from her. His favourite literature is the short paragraph which fills up the spare space at the bottoms of newspaper columns, and his fellow-labourers in the duties of banking assure us that he has an extraordinary predilection for onions. The three things that he hates most are a Radical, a Dissenter, and a draught. The younger generation of clerks in country banks consist of men who are something between National schoolmasters and drapers' "assistants." They are civil and obliging, and they are deservedly popular. In small banks clerks must necessarily know a good deal of the condition of the firm and its business, as well as of the financial position of the people in the neighbourhood. It is obvious, therefore, that to secure a good clerk is as important to a country banker as it often is difficult.

We have thus far been looking at country banks from behind the counter. There is, however, another point of view. Partners and clerks could tell us that the most important and characteristic aspect is from the other side of the counter. The letters have scarcely been opened in the morning before one or two depositors drop in. First come some of the local tradesmen. The maltster, the tanner, and the miller are among the principal of these. They generally keep good balances, but they occasionally require overdrafts. A considerable profit is made by the country banker in discounting the trade bills of this fraternity. This is a very safe kind of business, as these bills are as different as possible from the accommodation bills of evil repute. A tradesman of this class has an unqualified veneration for a banker, and generally calls early in order to ask his advice upon some question of trade or credit. The haberdasher and small shopkeeper come in with their deposits, which commonly consist of what a banker regards as small change. Then the farmers begin to appear, expending their caloric freely, and unbuttoning their clothes in an alarming manner in the search for their money-bags. They seem to wear numberless waistcoats, and to have pockets where an ordinary person would least expect to find them. They produce rolls of local banknotes of such age and bouquet as to make even the heart of the hardened cashier to shudder. Finally, they fish up large handfuls of greasy coppers out of trouser pockets of fathomless depth. As an occasional variety, "the widow of a tallow-chandler, who is carrying on the business in his name" (as she describes herself), appears upon the scene. After depositing a basket, an unclean pocket-handkerchief, and an umbrella upon the counter, she spends several minutes in dragging off some wonderful gloves which seem to combine all the inconveniences of tightness and slackness. She then fumbles in what she calls her "ridicule" until she finds a cheque, for which she requires immediate cash. It takes ten minutes to make her understand that this document is absolutely inoperative until endorsed by the person to whose order it is made payable, and all she knows of this person is that he lives "somewhere on the other side of Manchester." Now and then a couple of men come in together with a hangdog look, and dragging their apparently unwilling legs behind them. If any one else is in the bank, they wait together in a corner until the coast is clear, when they come and lean upon the counter, and one of them, after a pause, says, "This here man wants to borrow fifty pounds." Some gentlemen feel a delicacy in coming themselves to ask for loans, and send their wives upon such missions. These ladies occasionally bring propitiatory offerings. We remember seeing a fat farmer's wife come into a bank, open a large basket, and, throwing a hard-shot and gory hare upon the counter, exclaim, "I've brought a 'har,' and we want to borrow twenty pound." A banker has admirable opportunities of making observations upon the varieties of facial expression by contrasting the countenances of those who come to him to deposit with the countenances of those who come to borrow. There is a class of customers of whom the banker has a strong abhorrence—those who come neither to lend nor to borrow, but only to change money. This simply gives trouble without profit. We remember a banker complaining to us that a small shopkeeper had given his name as a reference of five years' standing, when the only transactions the man had ever had at the bank had been to ask for gold and notes in exchange for coppers and silver once a week. In the course of the day several country gentlemen generally drop in. Their principal banking business is transacted by cheques; and, although they do now and then come for some ready money, their visits are most frequently made with the object of hearing a little gossip or enjoying a little chaff. Too often the banker becomes the helpless victim of a bore. When this creature comes to prey upon him there is literally no escape. We remember seeing a clerical bore metaphorically devouring a good-natured country banker whose patience was evidently sorely tried. At last the clergyman said to him, "By the way, I forget whether you are High Church or Low Church." "Sir," was the reply, "I am a banker." The divine took up his umbrella and decamped.

One great advantage of country banking as a profession is that business is over at a comparatively early hour in the afternoon. When men engaged in other occupations have still a couple of hours' work before them, the banker's duties are at an end while there is yet time to enjoy a walk, a ride, or even a stroll with a gun through the turnips.

A DRAMATIC BALL.

THERE is too much reason to fear that the actors of our time are an ungrateful race. The many and earnest efforts made on their behalf are allowed to pass almost unheeded, and even the occasional intervention of a bishop fails to move their hardened hearts. The daring curates who lately formed themselves into a Church and Stage Guild have only succeeded in winning the co-operation of a few impulsive ballet-girls; nor is the disappointment that comes of wasted benevolence confined merely to those who strive to secure the moral elevation of the theatre. The efforts of other and less ambitious spirits who seek only to minister to the enjoyment of actors lie equally open to misconstruction, and the fate of Mr. Hodgson Stanley may serve to warn all such rash philanthropists that they must not look for gratitude if they devote themselves to the interests of the stage. Mr. Hodgson Stanley has lately laid his sorrows before the world. As the prosecutor of an indictment for libel against the *Era* newspaper, he has enjoyed exceptional facilities for making known the facts of his own romantic career, and exposing the heartless conduct of the class in whose interests he had laboured. In early life he appears to have filled the humble position of a solicitor's clerk, and at that time he was content with the modest title of Hodgson. But, having joined the ranks of the dramatic profession, he straightway took the added dignity of Stanley, and as Mr. Hodgson Stanley he has since been known to fame. He would seem, from his own account, to possess a rich and varied knowledge of several distinct branches of his calling; and it was, we suppose, out of a feeling of respect for his very versatile gifts that he came at last to be marked out as the fittest person to organize a ball in honour of the drama. At any rate we have it in evidence that, "at the request of numerous friends of the dramatic profession," he generously undertook this irksome and disinterested duty, and that he proceeded at once to engage rooms at the Cannon Street Hotel for the accommodation of his numerous and distinguished guests. The measures which Mr. Stanley adopted in order to carry out his benevolent intention prove him to have been actuated by no mean spirit of exclusiveness. A little while ago a masque ball was advertised to take place in a certain part of London, but the advertisement contained a vexatious restriction to the effect that "clowns and Zulus" would not be admitted. Mr. Stanley, it must be confessed, displayed a far more liberal conception of the proper limits of hospitality. Having made a sufficient concession to aristocratic prejudice by engaging the band of the Orleans Club, he sought to place his entertainment upon a comprehensive basis. With this view he put himself in communication with the waiters at Evans's Supper Rooms, and with the hall-porter at the Naval and Military Club. This hall-porter would seem to be a person of considerable influence and position, for it was confidently anticipated by Mr. Stanley that his exertions would be the means of bringing to the ball the members of the Club, and the ladies of their respective families. If he was partly disappointed in this hope, the explanation may perhaps be sought in the fact that a commission of ten per cent. on the sale of the tickets was too trifling a reward to induce such a powerful personage to exert all his influence with his friends. We were not aware, indeed, that it was customary for officers in Her Majesty's service to seek admission into society through the friendly offices of a hall-porter; but, as Mr. Stanley has organized other entertainments of the kind, we may assume that he is thoroughly conversant with the ways of the world. But besides the friends of the drama secured by the waiters at Evans's and the porter at the Naval and Military Club, a number of enthusiastic patrons of the stage were admitted by payment at the doors, and invitations were freely distributed among the actors and actresses of Mr. Stanley's large and varied acquaintance.

After taking all this trouble, it must have been a cruel blow to the generous host to find that his efforts remained unappreciated by the very class he had sought to honour. The "friends of the drama" came in their hundreds, and their unimpeachable social standing is vouched for by the manager of the Canterbury Music Hall and by a pensioned inspector of police. Almost the only friends of the drama who were not present were the actors and actresses for whom the entertainment had been specially devised, and not even the attraction of a four-and-sixpenny supper sufficed to insure their co-operation. Nor was it merely in this negative way that Mr. Stanley felt himself to have been slighted, for in the very next issue of the *Era*, the recognized organ of the dramatic profession, the whole undertaking was denounced as an insult to the stage, and as a disgrace to those in whose name and for whose delight it had been got up. Smarting under the effects of this wanton display of ingratitude, Mr. Stanley forthwith sought the protection of the law. The editor of the *Era* was brought before a magistrate on the charge of having published "a false and defamatory libel," and by a recent decision of the judges he was precluded from entering upon any defence or explanation of his conduct. Mr. Stanley thus enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing his tormentor committed for trial at the Central Criminal Court, and we owe to this fact the instructive account of Mr. Stanley's past life and present occupation which has now been made public. But with his arrival at the Central Criminal Court Mr. Stanley's triumphant career may be said to have terminated, for as soon as the defendant was allowed to state his case and call his witnesses, the jury expressed themselves satisfied of his innocence, and Mr. Stanley now retreats into well-earned obscu-

rity a sadder, and we trust a wiser, man. He will scarcely be disposed for a long time to come to associate himself with any more philanthropic undertakings for the benefit of a thankless and ungrateful profession. Actors and actresses seem neither to desire nor to deserve his hospitality, and Mr. Irving and Mr. Warner, who were called for the defence, agreed in thinking that the article complained of was not half severe enough. It is evident, therefore, that he will henceforth have to seek some other sphere of usefulness, and it is doubtful after such testimony as this whether even "clowns and Zulus" would consent to accept his invitations for a dance. A gentleman, however, who can rely upon the assistance of such powerful friends as the hall-porter at a military Club and the waiters at Evans's is not likely to suffer very deeply from the adverse verdict of a British jury. The young gentlemen of fashion who at the bidding of those authorized stewards could be persuaded to believe that they were about to make the acquaintance of leading actors and actresses are no doubt easily contented, and they would probably be just as well pleased if Mr. Stanley were to organize an entertainment in honour of potmen and prize barmaids.

But the result of this case, although it will not greatly injure Mr. Stanley, cannot fail to bring discredit upon an important section of English law. If the decisions which at present govern the conduct of criminal prosecutions for libel are to be permanently maintained, the power and usefulness of the press must be very seriously curtailed. It is somewhat unfortunate that it should be necessary to urge this point just now, for it is notorious that a certain class of journals have shown a tendency to strain beyond endurance the privileges accorded to them, and have indulged in a kind of personality which the respectable portion of the public is rightly anxious to check. In the face of such a scandal, it may perhaps be difficult to prove that the representatives of the press do not already enjoy all the facilities of criticism to which they are justly entitled. And yet the case under consideration points clearly to this conclusion. The machinery of the law must be even more clumsy than is popularly supposed if some better means than the present cannot be devised for protecting the interests of the public without unduly fettering the powers of those who are entrusted with the duty of public criticism. As the Recorder in his charge to the jury took occasion to point out, one of the most useful functions of the press is to take under review various matters concerning the social life of the nation which are not susceptible of any other kind of control, and in the discharge of this function it may often be necessary to write in a manner that can be construed as libellous. But, unless some important alteration of the existing law can be effected, the exercise of such a duty bids fair to become increasingly irksome and burdensome. In the present case, for example, the editor of the *Era* has been enabled to vindicate his conduct, and to prove beyond dispute that the comments which he published were both just and necessary; but he has done so only at the cost of very serious personal inconvenience and a large expenditure of time and money. And the annoyance he has suffered may be inflicted upon any public writer at the instance of a prosecutor of the most worthless character, who can rely merely upon the *primâ facie* evidence of libel. The meanest impostor whose tricks are exposed in the press can, by the aid of the law, enjoy the satisfaction of seeing the writer who has unmasked him committed for trial. He can drag his assailant before a magistrate, who is bound to exclude even the simplest explanation of the criticism complained of, and for weeks the public may be left under the impression that an innocent person has been foully slandered. In these circumstances it is surely not unreasonable to demand either that the preliminary inquiry shall be abolished altogether, or that it shall be reorganized in a manner consistent with justice and common sense. In regard to nearly every other form of offence the magistrate has the power to examine and dismiss a frivolous and groundless charge, and there would seem to be no sufficient reason why this power should be withheld in the one class of cases where it could be most usefully exercised.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS.

It is not improbable that the position of War Correspondents may be one of the many subjects which will be brought before Parliament during the coming Session. There was—owing perhaps to the fact that editors were not sorry to avoid the enormous expense of long telegrams from India—less outcry about the regulations of the Indian Government than might have been expected; but there can be no doubt that they have caused the most bitter irritation amongst a set of men who certainly do not underrate the value of the services they render the community, and who are very strongly of opinion that the world generally, and the official world especially, ought to concur in the high estimate they have formed of themselves. Although the Indian Government has—somewhat clumsily it must be admitted—intimated that the rules respecting Special Correspondents are to remain in abeyance, it is not to be expected that those diffident gentlemen will be content to pass over silently the slight to their calling which has been inflicted by the Calcutta officials. The public, it is true, has shown the most heartrending indifference in the matter, and there has been no sign whatever of regret for the temporary extinction of the War Correspondent; but that makes it all the more important that the grievances of the pen-men should be dwelt upon with eloquence. It would never do to acquiesce in the general apathy. A protest must certainly be made, and the attention of Parliament must be called to high-handed wrong. It may be taken for granted that a great deal will be heard about the scandalous iniquity of the Indian Government's regulations, and that, stimulated by indignant scribes, deserving members of Parliament, who will speak with the happy certainty of being well reported, will declaim against the obnoxious rules which may still be said to hang over the head of enterprising writers.

Already the first note of attack has been sounded by the most distinguished of War Correspondents. In the pages of the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. Archibald Forbes has spoken for his brethren, and has attacked, in no measured language, the conduct of the Indian authorities. Very angry indeed is he with them, and, being a man accustomed to speak his mind plainly, he talks of those who have offended him in a manner which seems striking even in these days of vigorous controversy. Lord Lytton and his subordinates have, he says, issued a code of regulations which, "whether intentionally or not, has the effect of prohibiting from accompanying an army in the field every war correspondent who possesses a tittle of that sense of self-respect which must have deserted alike those who drew it up, those who promulgated and acted on it, and those who, in dogged, sullen shamefacedness, decline to own and to commit infanticide on the scandalous bantling which has been sworn upon them." These be brave words, certainly, and wroth in good earnest must Mr. Forbes have been when he used them. The singular figure of speech in which he has indulged is perhaps open to criticism; but it would be petty to carp at the expressions of a man who is so wrought upon by the edict to which he objects as to look upon it apparently in the light of a personal affront. In the paragraph preceding that from which we have quoted, Mr. Forbes speaks of himself as "thrilling indignantly with a sense of insult that is almost brutal." Other portions of his article give, in a different manner, equally strong evidence of an indignation which has altogether perturbed judgment. In speaking, for instance, of the War Correspondent's calling, he gives the following modest estimate of it. "Is this craft of ours," he says, "not less noble than that of the clergyman himself, not less patriotic than that of him who gladly dies for his country, not less tender than that of the poet, in that our theme throbs and glows, and dares and dies, under our very hand, not less reciprocative to the beating heart of a nation than is the devotion of a sister of mercy in the field-hospital, to be stamped out on the pretext of a narrow utilitarianism that is as fictitious as it is short-sighted?" How strangely must an admirable writer have been carried away by wrath when he could pen such nonsense as this.

It must not be supposed, however, that because Mr. Forbes's article is marked by great extravagance, it is, as a whole, unworthy of consideration. He is not a man to treat any subject, and least of all such a subject as this, without saying something that well deserves attention; and in the present case he certainly commands it when he ceases to rave against officials and discusses in detail the objections which may be raised to the presence of War Correspondents in the field. These, shortly summed up by him, are as follows:—"1. That they [the Correspondents] may detrimentally affect public opinion at home by unpleasant and inopportune truth-telling, or by wanton lying. 2. That they may produce discontent and want of confidence in an army in the field by hostile criticisms on its leader. 3. That they may give information to the enemy by revealing prematurely intentions and combinations, or by forwarding for publication details of strengths, fortifications, means of or shortcomings in transport, supplies, &c., of which the enemy may take advantage." The first of these objections Mr. Forbes disposes of somewhat briefly; and indeed, as stated by him, it has not very great weight. We shall endeavour presently to show that the writings of War Correspondents may have a most disastrous effect on public opinion at home, but we should prefer to treat this part of the subject last. The second objection Mr. Forbes considers as clearly untenable, and we are disposed to agree with him, though for a reason very different from that which he gives. The comments of War Correspondents are not likely to cause want of confidence in an army, because generally soldiers so heartily despise them. To this contempt for amateur critics Mr. Forbes himself unconsciously bears witness when speaking of the conduct of the Germans. The third objection to the presence of Correspondents in the field Mr. Forbes treats in a manner very different from that which he follows when speaking of the others, and in considering it he shows that remarkable candour which has so often distinguished his writings. After referring, rightly enough, to the littleness of our wars, he says:—

> But these rules [the rules of the Indian Government] were drawn up in view of a real war, and it is in relation to a struggle of that description that the question of the danger that correspondents may give information to an enemy has seriously to be considered. Fairness compels the acknowledgment that such a risk does exist. I have known the evil done. One journal, during the recent Russo-Turkish war, published wholly unjustifiable details of the defences of Kars, and its information was actually and naturally taken advantage of by the assailants of that fortress. Another journal printed, from its correspondent, particulars of the defences of Rustchuk, which I personally know were regarded as extremely opportune by the force contemplating its attack. I can easily imagine cases in which the simple name of the place whence a wholly innocent communication might be despatched by a correspondent known to have his wits about him, would be calculated to inspire an adversary with the suspicion of an impending movement in a region otherwise unheeded.

This is a large and startling admission; and probably Mr. Forbes's brethren will not be over-grateful to him for having made it. He

draws attention to the fact that War Correspondents working for a journal of the highest rank did deliberately disclose what they ought to have kept rigidly secret; and he admits that a War Correspondent might, even innocently, give information of considerable value to an adversary. He might have added that Correspondents may do incalculable harm by publishing exact accounts of the strength of various corps, thereby giving the information which, beyond all other, a hostile commander seeks; but he could hardly be expected to concede everything. What he does concede certainly tells strongly against the system he is defending. According to his statement, War Correspondents not only may betray secrets of great importance, but actually do so. Having very frankly admitted so much, Mr. Forbes proceeds to argue the case in his usual energetic manner. The experience of nations which have made wars on a large scale is, he maintains, in favour of taking the risks for the sake of the advantages resulting from the presence of War Correspondents with the armies; and he refers to the example of the Germans, whom he justly calls "the warriors of modern Europe." "In 1870-71," he says, "they freely admitted correspondents, imposing upon them no censorship whatsoever. As a rule, I think they trusted most to the ignorance of correspondents, and simply left them out in the cold in the matter of information, relying on the likelihood that a combination would have come off, a blow been struck and done with, before the correspondent could have grasped the situation, so as to give it injurious publicity, had he been ever so willing."

Now it must be said that, zealous as he is for the calling to which he belongs, Mr. Forbes defends it in a somewhat singular fashion. He first of all admits that War Correspondents may betray secrets of importance, and that there have been flagrant instances of such a breach of faith; and then he goes on to say that notwithstanding this they may generally be safely allowed to state what they please, because, according to the view of the Germans, who ought to know best, they are not in the least likely to have sufficient military knowledge or intelligence to find out anything for themselves, and may therefore well be left at perfect liberty. Like Lady Percy, they cannot utter that which they do not know. This is not a flattering view, but probably it is to some extent a just one, for it must be admitted that Von Moltke and his staff constitute the highest possible authority on such a subject. War Correspondents are not likely in their opinion to understand the nature of the operations which are going on around them, and therefore may be left to say what they please. What value accounts of battles and strategic movements have when written by men who may be safely trusted never to "grasp a situation" until a combination has "come off," or until a blow has "been struck and done with," it is scarcely necessary to inquire.

If, then, Mr. Forbes is right, and if the view of the German staff which he seemingly accepts is right, Correspondents may sometimes do serious harm; but nevertheless they ought to be allowed to accompany armies, because their presence is desirable, and because, generally speaking, they do not understand what is being done, and therefore can only mislead those who pay any attention to their statements. We believe that Mr. Forbes underrates the mischief which even a stupid man may do, and that he quite fails to appreciate the immense injury which might be done by men who, like the writers to whom he has referred, had some knowledge, and were totally free from any troublesome scruples. We are perfectly willing, however, to leave that part of the question which relates to the publication by Correspondents of valuable information as he has left it. If the literary gentlemen who criticize the movements of armies are satisfied with what, divested of rhetoric, appears to be his view of their capacity, they must be credited with a much more lowly estimate of their own merits than has been generally attributed to them. It would be hard to quarrel with so much modesty. There is, however, one side of the question which must be taken into consideration if Mr. Forbes's conclusion is a just one, but which appears to have altogether escaped him. As has been said, he passes lightly over what he puts as the first objection to the presence of Correspondents in the field—to wit, the effect which their communications may have upon public opinion at home. His view is, as already mentioned, that the statements by Special Correspondents which are thought likely to do harm are those which contain unpleasant truths and those which are altogether untrue. Of these he says that the latter ought to be severely punished, and that the former can never do real harm. Very likely he is quite right, but he entirely overlooks the injury which may be done by the comments and criticisms of men who are not by any means telling wilful lies, but who are dealing with a subject they do not understand. The Germans were satisfied that, for the most part, Correspondents had not sufficient military knowledge or aptitude to be dangerous, and they had far less reason than English authorities would have to fear the effect which erroneous criticism might have at home. In England this might cause very serious evil. The English public of our day is sensitive, highly excitable, and very ready to believe in the shortcomings of those who are in authority. War Correspondents—whatever their true opinion as to their own capacity may be—always write as though they were consummate masters of the military art, and as though they thoroughly appreciated all that was going on around them. They certainly do not convey to their readers the idea that they are unable to grasp a situation until a blow has been struck, or that they require special information from the staff to allow "of their following events intelligently." On the contrary, they write dogmatically and with the most perfect confidence, and, being often men of considerable literary skill, they are able to impress their views very strongly on their multitudinous readers. It is difficult to overrate the harm which might be done by Correspondents who, hastening to supply a demand for immediate and copious news, spoke with the utmost confidence about military operations which they could not at all fathom. Of course there would be exceptions to the general rule of incompetence, but probably the majority of the Correspondents would be as little qualified to understand the work of war as the German staff—whose view Mr. Forbes seemingly endorses—believe them to be. In view then of the harm which hasty and shallow writing might do, and of the grave danger that may in some cases be caused by the publication of facts which ought to be kept strictly secret, it seems clear that effectual restrictions ought to be imposed on the Correspondents of the newspapers. We do not by any means defend all the regulations of the Indian Government; but, badly framed as they are, they are based on a right principle, and, as we have shown, Mr. Forbes's furious attack on them only serves to prove what great mischief might, in a war, be wrought by writers for the press.

COLLÉ.

THE advantages and disadvantages of keeping a diary have often formed the subject of discussion. One disadvantage is rarely present to the mind of the diary-keeper, and that is the danger of betraying things about himself and his own character which it would be much better for him to have kept secret. Even when the journal is more or less consciously intended for publication, the difficulty of preventing self-revelation is considerable; when it is used as a kind of safety-valve for private feeling, such revelation is of course inevitable. There are not many men whose reputations have suffered more from the publication of their diaries than Collé, dramatist and songwriter, and, according to his own statement, the happy possessor from his birth of a "gaieté inépuisable." Collé's *Journal Historique* at its publication found its author reputed, at least among those who were not his intimate friends, as a pleasant writer of literary trifles, lyric and dramatic, who had benevolently contributed a great deal to the amusement of his fellow creatures. It left him with the not undeserved fame of being the most spiteful scandal-monger even of that spiteful and scandal-mongering age. The value of the book, and of some letters which have more recently been published, is indeed great. It is not only full of miscellaneous personal anecdote, but also contains a minute critical *compte rendu* of much of the literary and most of the dramatic work that appeared for more than thirty years. If we judge by Collé's account, his contemporaries and friends, with the exception of a few patrons, must have been the most incapable and immoral set of fools and scoundrels that ever walked this earth. Against actors especially, from Garrick and Mlle. Clairon downwards, his wrath is inexhaustible. The world, he says kindly, considers that they rank a little above the hangman, with the drawback that their services are much less necessary, and he evidently considers that the world is not far wrong. His judgments, though not devoid of acuteness where he knows his subject, are in the same way quite ludicrously harsh. In one of his letters to his son he positively forbids the latter to learn English. "It will give you as bad a taste as the classics will give you an admirable one." Shortly afterwards we find him remarking that he knew nothing of Aristophanes except through translations, so that his power of judging the classics seems to have come a little short of being unquestionable. Nevertheless, though he seems to have been in some respects a bad-hearted man, a sycophant, and a panderer to immoral tastes, though his favourite maxim that "La décence est presque toujours le masque du vice" is an obvious and paltry excuse for his own want of decency, he was a man of very considerable literary talent. His songs are admirable in their way, and were more popular than any others before the days of Desaugiers and Béranger.

Charles Collé was born in 1709, and did not die till 1783, the year before Diderot; so that he was contemporary with the whole of the great literary movement of the eighteenth century. The son of a prosperous lawyer, he seems to have made up his mind early to succeed in the world. He was a member of the Caveau, and a close friend of Piron, Panard, and Crébillon; but he had nothing of their easy-going epicureanism, and little of their tendency to disorderly living. He married early; and, whatever his writings may be, his life appears to have been decent enough. At first, like Vadé, he gave himself up to the nonsense verses which were so much the mode. It was his pride to have written a whole tragedy—*Cocatrix*—in this style; and in lesser triumphs of elaborate folly he was almost without a peer. No account of him omits a story which is indeed worth the telling. The following verses of his were once sung at Madame de Tencin's, in the presence of the veteran Fontenelle:—

> Ah ! qu'il est beau de se défendre
> Quand le cœur ne s'est pas rendu !
> Mais qu'il est fâcheux de se rendre
> Quand le bonheur est suspendu.
> Par un discours sans suite et tendre
> Egarez un cœur éperdu ;
> Souvent par un malentendu
> L'amant adroit se fait entendre.

There is really nearly as much sense in this admirable nonsense as in much of the gallant poetry of the time, and Fontenelle either took it or pretended to take it seriously. "Eh, grosse bête," said D'Alembert's mother, in the elegant language with which she usually addressed her literary friends, "ne vois-tu pas que ce n'est que du galimatias?" But Corneille's nephew was not to be twice caught napping. "Cela ressemble si fort, madame," said he, with a low bow, "aux vers que j'entends lire et chanter ici ordinairement, qu'il n'est pas surprenant que je me sois mépris." Collé, however, did not confine himself to this sort of literary frivolity; and, owing partly to the persuasions of Crébillon, partly, it is said, to those of his wife, took to serious dramatic composition and to the writing of songs. The Duke of Orleans was attracted by him, made him his secretary, and employed him for many years in writing dramatic trifles for a private theatre which he had established. Collé's dramatic performances were of very various kinds. He had, which did him credit, a great admiration for Corneille, and he showed his admiration in a way which did not do him credit, by giving *Le Menteur* a new coat and waistcoat. At the other end of the dramatic scale he was famous for his *Parades*, an untranslatable kind of farce usually performed at fairs, and partaking partly of the roughest kind of drama, partly of the monologue of the Merry Andrew. His songs, however, were his real title to literary renown.

There are few more curious studies in matters poetical than the secret of the gift of song, which is quite distinct, both in its serious and frivolous applications, from the general gift of poetry. Some great poets, such as Shakspeare, Dryden, and Victor Hugo, have had it in perfection; others, such as Milton and Wordsworth, though they might have lyrical powers of the first rank, have not had the special song-gift at all; while numbers of quite small men, who are hardly poets save in virtue of their songs, have written these latter perfectly. Collé's songs are always light—indeed, of the lightest—but they are excellent of their kind. It is, however, by no means easy—we may rather say plainly it is impossible to support this judgment by adequate quotation, owing to the license of almost all Collé's lighter work. A better instance could hardly be given of the impolicy (to put the matter on a very low ground) of indulging in this style of composition. Collé, a man of talent, and almost of genius, has by so doing actually cut himself off from the possibility of having justice done him in a more refined age than his own. His political and miscellaneous songs are naturally freer from this fault; but, the interest of their subject having for the most part evaporated, they are hardly worth citation. Otherwise it would be very easy to show that he had the gift; and his great fame as a song-writer during all the later part of the eighteenth century gives him a right to a place of some importance in literary history. A comparison of Collé and D'Urfey will seem injurious only to those who do not know the real faculty of the latter, and who judge him by the contemptuous notices of Macaulay and others, made, like most such notices, with much more regard to point than to accuracy of fact. Both the Englishman and the Frenchman had the song-gift, they were both willing to indulge the discreditable taste of their patrons, and the result in both cases has been not dissimilar. Still Collé occupies a much more important position in French literary history than D'Urfey in English, partly because of his greater cultivation and general literary power, partly because the song itself was for much longer and to a much greater degree a power in Paris than in London. There is also a third reason. The manufacture of occasional songs has never held a high place in England, though a few poets of distinction have now and then lent their hands to it. In France a whole school of such poetry or verse exists, and the eighteenth century is its palmy time. Perhaps neither the literary performances nor the personal characteristics of Collé are as interesting as those of Panard, Piron, Vadé, and Désaugiers, though he somehow leaves an impression of greater purely literary power than any one of them. With these four, however, he completes the list of the more remarkable members of what may be called the Bacchanalian school of light poetry in France during the eighteenth century. This school went on side by side with another, of which Bernis, Gentil-Bernard, Dorat, and Boufflers were the chief singers, with Bertin and Parny as a final result, and which devoted itself rather to *vers de société* and to love poetry of a languishing kind, and meddled little with the chanson proper or with popular poetry. The chansonniers, though they may sometimes have less poetical merit than their more polished rivals, are perhaps the more racy, individual, and characteristic of the two classes; and Collé is, from a literary point of view, one of their most remarkable figures. His Bacchic songs are, indeed, inferior in spontaneity to those of Panard; his political ditties, though full of spirit, include nothing that can match Piron's *Couplets de la reine de Hongrie*. He seems, indeed, to have been a man of great literary talent, who from accident or from shrewd self-seeking fell into a more or less frivolous line of composition, and persevered in it finding that it paid. To amuse his patrons was the whole end of Collé's ambition, and somehow this aim throws a disagreeable colour over his work, which is not redeemed by the undoubted fact that he was a good husband and father and a man of very regular life. Unfortunately, for a good husband and father and a man of very regular life to have written a great portion of his songs is an exceedingly questionable recommendation. Désaugiers gives value to Béranger because he enables us to see how vast a dead lift the latter gave to the chanson in point of elevation of subject and tone, of range of expression, and of variety of music. Collé in the same way exalts Béranger by comparison in respect of decency. There are songs of Béranger's which do not quite accord with English notions of decency. But there is scarcely one of Collé's, where the subject of love is mentioned, which could now be sung in any society of ordinary propriety. *Les chansons d'un âne-onyme-onissime*, as his first volume is characteristically entitled, are bad enough; those published after his death are worse. To the song before Béranger, to the *gaudriole* proper, or rather improper, no words can possibly be more appropriate than Thackeray's description of the English comic muse that Jeremy Collier sent to the Penitentiary:—"She was a disreputable, daring, laughing, painted French baggage"; and Collé served her with at least as much effrontery as any other of her servants. All the more honour is due to the remarkable poet who, born three years before Collé's death, lived to put the disreputable deity out of fashion and to substitute a worthier goddess in her stead.

AMERICAN CRITICS ON ENGLISH BEAUTY AND ENGLISH MANNERS.

THE most lively criticism of English life and manners has hitherto proceeded from the representatives of Continental Europe. By force of tradition, if not in virtue of a natural modesty of character, the Englishman regards himself as an appropriate object of satire to Frenchmen, and even to Germans. The former, through a superior sprightliness of wit, the latter by reason of a profounder mental culture, have come to be our appointed and recognized censors. So humbly do we submit ourselves to each in turn that we have lately had the misfortune to excite a certain amount of jealousy in the minds of our masters, and have been forced to endure the reproaches of the one for our morbid sensibility to the virtues of the other. But, as a fact, there is no ground of jealousy, for we have ever been the obedient servants of both. When the Parisian critic fixes us with his keen glance, we begin at once to be uncomfortably aware of the roughness of our uncouth Northern ways of life. But as soon as the learned German lands upon our coasts, the Englishman is apt to be overtaken by a sudden feeling of remorse. If he has felt himself to be but a clumsy and awkward being as compared with the light-hearted Frenchman, he now, in the presence of solid Teuton acquirements, begins to regret the incurable levity of his nature. He would willingly abandon his unconcluded pursuit of the lighter graces of social life for the sake of the deep and serious knowledge which the German offers, and he remains in this pitiable state of mental abasement until the next imported French critic begets a new and different despair. In the sharp conflict of these varying and opposite moods the poor Briton has hitherto enjoyed a single consolation. It has never entered into the head even of the most reckless among us to attempt any retort upon our Continental critics, but in our moments of deepest anguish it has occasionally been a source of relief to expend our own satire upon the inhabitants of the United States of America. The ludicrous aspects of American social life have ever been fair game, and in the enjoyable occupation of exposing the follies of others we have almost forgotten our own unworthiness. However much there might be for us to learn, here at least was a splendid opportunity to teach. Towards the inhabitants of a country so young and so inexperienced there was no need of caution or reticence. We could speak with all the candour of blood-relationship and with the conscious superiority of mature years; and thus, in striving to improve our neighbours, we were able at the same time to repair our shattered self-esteem.

But in the enjoyment of this one innocent pleasure we are not to be left undisturbed. Americans are evidently weary of listening to the long catalogue of their social sins. In suffering the penalties they have at last learnt something of the methods of international criticism, and they are now inclined to start as critics on their own account. England, so long the prey of others, is of course in this case also the first victim, and English manners, having been tested and found wanting by all the nations of Europe, are to be finally referred to an American standard. This, it must be admitted, is a most cruel return for all our past indulgence towards the inhabitants of the United States. There is no ingratitude so base as that of the worm which unexpectedly attempts to turn, and it would be obviously useless to appeal to a foe so entirely careless of the recognized laws of human conduct. It may be acknowledged, on the other hand, that the criticism is so far not unfriendly. A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* who addresses himself to the study of "English manners" adopts a tone that may even be described as urbane, and he is clearly actuated by the most sincere desire to recognize any good qualities that we may be found upon examination to possess. He has already written of England and of certain aspects of English life in terms almost of enthusiasm, and he approaches the study of the more unfavourable elements of English character with unfeigned reluctance. But as a comprehensive and veracious observer he is bound to take account of English manners, and here at least he is compelled to confess that his finer sensibilities have been occasionally shocked. He does not, it is true, find about us anything so exquisitely droll as a Frenchman would discover; nor does he take a despairing view of our condition. Speaking generally he even goes so far as to declare that he found the "manners of the people in most respects pleasing and admirable"; but the

high spirits which such a remark would be calculated to produce are chastened by a subsequent opinion to the effect that as a nation we have no manner at all. "There is simply the absence," says the writer, "of pleasing outward demonstration, a reserve so absolute, and yet so unconscious (unconscious, perhaps, through long habit and continued practice) that it seems to be indifference." The exceptional polish noticeable in individual instances he ascribes to the "hard tough material" which, like agate, is capable under favourable conditions of producing an exquisite surface. Generally, however, he has found in England the combined qualities of roughness and sincerity. In society the Englishman's "social word is his social bond"; but, on the other hand, we labour under the disadvantage that "the God of English social life next in dignity to Mammon is Propriety." Everybody tries to do the "correct thing," and, having attained this, the Englishman feels that he has "absolved himself from every social duty and clothed his soul in panoply of proof." "The forbidding manner of Englishmen" is due, we are told, in great measure to the influence of the aristocracy and the constant pressure upward of the inferior ranks." To this cause, we suppose, must be ascribed the formidable place occupied by dining in the English social scheme. It seems that Americans who are unfortunate enough to come to this country armed with letters of introduction are bored to death by invitations to dinner; and the writer congratulates himself that he personally was enabled to escape the infliction. Certainly, if his account of the ordinary English dinner is to be accepted as correct, he is to be most sincerely congratulated. Not only is the meal conducted with deadly formality, but "the host and hostess even arrange what subjects shall be started to bring out certain guests." The table is hushed while a clever man discourses, and occasionally a single conversationalist is allowed to occupy the whole evening. Indeed so terrible in its formality is the English dinner that a special dress is required. At this point the writer fairly rebels. That a gentleman should at all times be "scrupulously nice" in his dress he admits, but that he should be attired, like the waiters and the butler, in a swallow tailed dress coat and a white neck-tie he cannot understand. Still less can he comprehend the liberties which persons so attired occasionally allow themselves. Evidently if a man is dressed like a waiter he ought to behave with becoming modesty; but the writer assures his readers that he has seen "a peer" sitting after dinner in the drawing-room scratch his leg, and this too in the presence of ladies. That a peer should scratch his leg at all is, we may admit, a fatal blow to aristocratic institutions; but that he should scratch his leg in a dress coat is indeed a humiliating fact.

The condition of national abasement which such criticisms are calculated to produce will be still further intensified by the remarks of a second writer, who undertakes to expose the defects of our personal appearance. Dr. Beard, in an article published in the *North American Review*, approaches the English character from a medical point of view. He enters upon an instructive comparison of "English and American Physique," and he takes occasion to point out with all gentleness, but with the most relentless logic, that on purely physiological grounds it would be idle to expect in the typical Briton anything like the beauty or the refinement possessed by the typical American. It is, as he clearly proves, rather our misfortune than our fault that we are doomed to occupy an inferior place in the human family. He is not so harsh as to deny a certain resemblance between the inhabitants of the two countries—indeed he even goes so far as to declare that all the characteristic vices of American society are of distinctly English origin; but, when he comes to deal with the question of personal beauty, he is forced in candour to announce that we have been far outstripped in the race. "American beauty," we are told, "has this sovereign advantage, that it bears close observation." This, no doubt, is a point of importance to a people of domestic habits, and it is certainly distressing to learn of the English maiden that "she grows homely as we approach her"; and that, although the ruddiness and freshness of the face serve well enough "when partially veiled or when a few rods away," yet on a nearer view these excellent qualities "retreat behind the irregularities of the skin, the thickness of the lips, the size of the nose." There is nothing in the English face of that "automatic play of emotion in the eyes and features," and without this, as the Doctor eloquently observes, "female beauty must always fall below the line of supreme authority." It would at first sight seem highly presumptuous in a country labouring under these disadvantages to think about personal appearance at all; but Dr. Beard is quite willing to concede to us the possession of a certain amount of beauty, if only we clearly recognize the source from which it springs. The race of "professional beauties" will, we feel sure, be relieved to learn that he does not altogether neglect them. They are reminded, however, that it is only by force of contrast that they enjoy any kind of supremacy. "The English beauties of national or international fame at whose feet the Empire is now kneeling are of the American type, and in this country they would be regarded simply as of average rather than exceptional excellence." There is a sting in this last clause that will doubtless produce a considerable amount of suffering, and an amiable critic like Dr. Beard would scarcely have inflicted such a blow if he had not reflected that women in England are made of tough material, and have not the "superior fineness and delicacy of organization" of their American cousins. They are not, as he observes, "impressed by mild irritation acting upon any of the senses." And of this comparative insensibility their costume affords ample evidence. "The American girl," notwithstanding the fact that she goes to Paris for her dresses, would be shocked by the bright tints worn in Europe. She is so highly organized that the most subdued and sober colours sufficiently excite her imagination, and were she compelled to confront any positive hues, "the irritation of such splendour would become a pang." In short, if the truth is to be spoken bluntly—and there is clearly no need of any excess of consideration in dealing with the inert and sluggish nature of our countrywomen—the American girl has only one fault. She is, beyond question, "a thing of beauty," but she is not "a joy for ever." Compared with her English sister, she does not last, and this is the more regrettable seeing that, "if archæology is to be trusted, America is a modern Etruria, the delicate features and fine forms of prehistoric Italy emerging from the entombment of ages and reappearing in a higher evolution in the Western Hemisphere."

OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—I.

THERE seems to be no deficiency in the supply of pictures for the annual exhibition of Old Masters at Burlington House, which this year has some unusual attractions, notably in the room devoted mainly to pictures by Holbein or his imitators.

The first gallery holds three examples of the work of a painter—the late Mr. Joseph Severn—whose pictures are seldom seen. One of these, "Ariel" (26), is singularly charming in tone and colour, and full of a delicate and romantic fancy, which at the time when the picture was painted few people attempted to transfer to canvas. Another, "The Ancient Mariner" (4), displays a fine quality of imagination, which gives it an attraction that overrides its technical faults. The third, "Roman Peasants in the Campagna" (16), painted on a peculiarly rough Italian canvas, is fine in grouping and colouring, and remarkable for the truth and beauty of the effect of light upon the distant hills. "Somer Hill, near Tunbridge, Kent" (11), is a beautiful specimen of an early Turner, full of atmosphere, radiant with light, and most striking as a composition. It may be noted that the masses of foliage are less "made out" than one might naturally expect them to be. Near this is a curiously *fade* picture, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of "Maria Walpole, Countess Waldegrave, afterwards Duchess of Gloucester" (14). To balance this there is a three-quarter face portrait by Sir Joshua of Edmund Burke (25), which is singularly impressive, and gives one a clearer and better notion of the man than any of the profile likenesses which exist. Romney is represented by a portrait of Miss Lucy Vernon (29), of Lady Hamilton (31), and again of Lady Hamilton as a wood-nymph (37). The first of these is admirable in its grace and simplicity. The lady is represented sewing, and the action of the hands is especially beautiful. The Catalogue informs us that this picture is "generally supposed to be intended for a portrait of Lady Hamilton," although the name of Miss Vernon was found written on the face of the picture and on a piece of paper pasted on its back. We have only to look at 31, a recognized portrait of Lady Hamilton, to be convinced that the "general supposition" quoted by the Catalogue is probably mistaken. We may note, in passing, the singular piece of history appended in the Catalogue to 31:—"Emma Lyon or Harte; a favourite model of Romney's; m. Sir W. Hamilton, English Ambassador at Naples; and became well known for her friendship with Lord Nelson." The third Romney is well known by the engraving to which the Catalogue assigns the name of "Rhodope," and which is, we fancy, really called "Alope." Not far from these are two pictures, "Sands at Sunset" (32) and "Subject from *Peveril of the Peak*" (34), by Bonington, a painter who, oddly enough, is less generally well known in England than in France, where he stood to the painters in much the same relation in which Scott stood to the writers of the romantic school. His influence is traceable in much of the work of the then new sect, in the paintings of Delacroix, and in the "mélancolie si vague et si douce" of Devéria's works. It is curious to read now of the struggles of the 1830 period, and to find the obscure author, himself a romanticist, of the first book which appeared on romanticism writing that Delacroix "est romantique sans doute, car il innove; mais il est certes encore plus mauvais et plus ridicule que les classiques mêmes quand ils ne veulent pas que l'on donne des armures aux individus qui se battent; ni qu'on pleure, ni qu'on meure sans une pose académique." We may perhaps be justly proud of the influence which Bonington exercised on the painter thus oddly criticized; and we may be in a still greater degree thankful that nothing is owed to English inspiration by the French painters who at the present day fancy they correspond to the romanticists of 1830.

If the name romanticism had been invented in the eighteenth century, it might perhaps have been applied to Chardin, who, at a time when gods, goddesses, shepherds, and nymphs, the types of Watteau, Lancré, Pater, and, in a different line, Boucher, were all the rage, hit upon the original notion of taking people and things just as he found them in *bourgeois* life, and making as accurate and well-arranged a picture of them as he could. His still-life performances are known to all frequenters of the Louvre Galleries, and we have here two beautiful examples of his work, combining movement with still life, in "La Blanchisseuse" (33) and "La Fontaine" (41). The technical skill is almost perfect, the feeling charmingly simple and fine. The works are worth close study. Under one of them is hung, not inappropriately, a specimen of Morland,

"Trepanning a Recruit" (42), which is curious because it looks as if it had been painted in conscious and successful imitation of Greuze's manner. Near this is a quaint little Hogarth, "Garrick, in the Green-Room," with an odd figure of Fame, not mentioned in the Catalogue description, hovering in the background. The arrangement of colour is particularly striking. Close to this, again, is a Nollekens, "Old Covent Garden" (45), which might almost pass for a Hogarth save for the inferior technical skill in some of the details. It is not easy to see the point of the curious symbolical device, much in Hogarth's manner, by which the painter has chosen to place a man crossing the square in such a way that the pile of baskets which he carries on his head comes exactly between the spectator and one of the columns of Inigo Jones's church, while the top baskets of the pile, which are slipping down, suggest to the eye, and are no doubt intended to suggest to the mind, a catastrophe to the column of which in the picture they occupy the place.

The most important picture in the Second Gallery is the beautiful "Portrait of a Boy" (88), by Albert Cuyp. The work, masterly in every way, is one that cannot fail to attract and retain the attention; and it is curious technically for its close resemblance to the handiwork of Jacob Gerritsz Cuyp, Albert Cuyp's father. The same room contains two or three less striking Cuyps, painted more in his better-known manner, and two fine specimens of Both. There is also an admirable Jan Steen, "The Guitar Lesson" (71), and an equally admirable Terburg, "The Glass of Lemonade" (77). The picture called "Rembrandt's Mill" (82) has many points characteristic of the master; but is curiously grey and cold in tone, and has some qualities in common with the landscape (80) by De Koninck, which is hung near and above it. We may call special attention to an exceptionally beautiful Metzu, "The Tête-à-Tête" (74), and to a perfect specimen of Watteau, "The Masquerade" (75). On the opposite wall hangs a fine portrait, lent by the Duke of Norfolk, and exhibited for the first time, of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel and his grandson, by Vandyck.

One of the first pictures in the third room is a "Mater Dolorosa" (97) signed "Titianus." The head and shoulders are those of the mourning Madonna in the Entombment at the Louvre, and the close and tragic pressure of the hands together is most striking. In the "St. Mary Magdalene" (99), attributed to Veronese, fine as it is, there are certain points, especially in the complexion and colouring of the head and in some of the drapery, which seem to have more relation to the work of Zelotti than to that of his master. With regard to the picture (102) set down as a portrait, by Sebastian del Piombo, of Michael Angelo, Mr. J. C. Robinson has given, in a letter to the *Times*, some very good reasons for supposing that it is more probably a portrait, by the painter himself, of Baccio Bondinelli. Certainly the face is not the face which one knows of Michael Angelo; and Mr. Robinson points out that what the Catalogue calls a "gold chain with a coral cross attached" is really the order of Santiago, possessed by Bondinelli and not by Michael Angelo. A beautiful Palma Vecchio, "Violante" (124), painted, which with this master was unusual, on a panel, is hung far too high. The effect of the unusual method is to give an equally unusual smoothness to the painting. Every opportunity should be afforded of studying closely a work of this importance. At present it would only be possible to do this if one mounted on a pair of steps. Attention will be attracted by a fine Tintoretto (110), and for other reasons by an obviously miscalled Moroni (121). Two fine Canalettos come from Windsor Castle, one of which (113) is strikingly free and spacious. On the same wall with them is a fine Van de Velde (115). There are several portraits by Gainsborough and Reynolds in this gallery; and there are two Gainsborough landscapes, one of which, "The Harvest Waggon" (140), is magnificent in its movement, its composition, and its sense of freedom in the open air. The same quality of breeziness and freshness is shown in a marked degree in the landscape which belongs to this painter's portrait of the twelfth Duke of Norfolk (132). An exquisitely beautiful specimen of Sir Joshua's work is exhibited in "Simplicity" (116). Another Sir Joshua, "Portrait of Lady Elizabeth Compton" (135), is full of beauty and attractiveness. It is further remarkable because it exhibits some strikingly false drawing, which, however, as Charles Lamb said of some false drawing in a picture by a yet greater master, "cannot be gainsaid," because one could not wish the effect to be anything but what it is, even though it takes daring liberties with human possibilities. We reserve notice of the remaining galleries for a future article.

REVIEWS.

MACKENZIE'S NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

THIS history of the events of the nineteenth century has the merit of being compact and readable. To many people its somewhat commonplace sentiment and tone of complacent Liberalism will no doubt be an additional recommendation. The author's personality, as the modern slang is, makes itself distinctly felt. His nationality also would be clearly perceived even without the assistance of his name on the title-page. He persistently styles English boroughs "burghs," even when writing of the Reform Act of 1832, from a perusal of which he might have learned the term used south of the Tweed. He dates an English Act as "passed in 1350, soon after the battle of Bannockburn." A Southron would have dated it soon after the battle of Crécy, which approaches the date under consideration nearer by thirty-two years. Racy of the soil too is the information that, as a result of the restoration of Catholicism under Napoleon, "the Sabbath became again the weekly day of rest." So also are the words put into the mouth of the dying Cavour, "I will not be here to-morrow." The author's views on things in general are of the ordinary Liberal kind. He expresses the usual amount of amiable abhorrence of war—unless indeed the war be very little, and waged with barbarians. At least this is the interpretation which an enemy might put upon a passage at p. 177, in which the author takes comfort in the thought that the wars of England during the last sixty years "furnish evidence that the spirit which drove us so constantly into strife has undergone vast amelioration." The evidence appears to be that, with the single exception of the Crimean war, "which recalls the fighting period of our history," "we have contented ourselves with little wars and easy conquests over weak and barbarous States." And after drawing a distinction between being really "at war" and "inflicting chastisement, more or less justifiable, upon barbarians," he adds that the fact that England "deemed it necessary to do" the latter "is not inconsistent with the increasing prevalence of a genuinely pacific temper among her people." We believe indeed that this exactly expresses what some people understand by a pacific temper. The pacific temper has a mighty strong aversion to a war in which its own head or its own shop-windows may get broken. Such strife is "monstrous," "brutal," "needless," a "coarse method" of solving a question. But "chastising"—which means killing—barbarians whose arms are not long enough to reach to the pacific Briton at home is another matter. Mr. Mackenzie, we quite admit, will repudiate any such sentiments as these; and the severe condemnation which he passes upon the Zulu war is alone sufficient to justify him. But, as often happens, he utters his platitudes without seeing clearly what they come to. In the very passage in which he rejoices over our amelioration, he mentions jauntily that "we had a toy war with Persia." Such a phrase may be proper enough in the mouth of the military man to whom war is a science or an art. But, from the humanitarian point of view, one war is not more toylike than another. It was as grim a reality to the seven hundred Persians who fell in one of the battles of that war as it would have been had their number been multiplied ten, twenty, or a hundredfold.

We need not further discuss Mr. Mackenzie's views upon war in the abstract, and upon the folly of being prepared for war. In Tony Lumpkin's phraseology, we may say at once, "To be sure, wars of all kinds are d—d bad things." But one may hold this opinion, and yet be just to the motives which impelled our ancestors to war. Mr. Mackenzie, in his brief survey of the earlier wars of the eighteenth century, is apt to leave out of sight the real cause of them. Striving to be sarcastic, he says, "It was our high purpose to prevent the grandson of the King of France from becoming King of Spain." True, but the historian will ask why we objected to the grandson of the King of France becoming King of Spain. Because, rightly or wrongly, we thought that it would dangerously augment the dreaded power of Louis XIV. "And after all," continues Mr. Mackenzie, "the French prince was King of Spain, and Europe was not perceptibly a greater sufferer than she would otherwise have been." But the power of Louis XIV. had by that time been broken; and, though his grandson did become King of Spain, it was not to the undivided Spanish dominions that he succeeded. After mentioning the War of the Austrian Succession, the author goes on:—

> After a short breathing-time, we resumed our accustomed toil. In 1756, leagued with Prussia, we entered upon a seven years' war against France, Russia, Sweden, and Austria. We had no apparent interest in the quarrel, but Prussia was in danger, and had persuaded us to come to her rescue.

Does Mr. Mackenzie really think that it was only *pour les beaux yeux* of Frederick the Great that we went to war with France? Has he never heard of Pitt's saying that America had been conquered in Germany? Any school history would have told him that, as far as we were concerned, the war arose out of territorial disputes between the English and French colonists in America, and that it was a common hostility to France that leagued us with Prussia. In truth the war, which if it had not arisen in one way would in another, was waged to decide whether the French or the English race should be supreme in America and India. Of course true happiness may not consist in having a colonial empire; neither perhaps does it consist in having a large private fortune; but to the men of the eighteenth century the possession of a colonial empire seemed as obviously advantageous to a nation as the large fortune to an individual. Next the author remarks that "a short war with Spain might almost be deemed a favourite pastime of the statesmen of the eighteenth century," and he then gives a list of Spanish wars, among them that of 1739. Mr. Mackenzie must have forgotten that it was the people of England who forced the statesman at the head of affairs into that war, sorely against his will. When Walpole uttered his famous pun:—"They may ring the bells now; before long they will be wringing their hands," he at least did not look on the Spanish war as a pastime.

* *The 19th Century: a History.* By Robert Mackenzie. London, Edinburgh, and New York: Nelson & Sons. 1880.

Mr. Mackenzie has moreover views upon the land question, and considers competition with America hopeless "at present inflated rentals." The receivers of rents would be inclined to describe their present state as one of collapse rather than of inflation. The author is a sound and zealous Free-Trader—a fact which some years ago one would hardly have paused to notice, but which in the present resurrection of economical heresies may be accounted to him as no small merit. We quote, as a fair specimen of his style and tone, the contrast he draws between legislation before and after 1832:—

The ruling idea of legislation before 1832 was Protection,—special privilege bestowed upon some special class or interest at the expense of other classes or interests. Every one was protected. The landlord and farmer were protected by laws which shut out foreign grain and foreign cattle, and levied a heavy duty on foreign wool and timber. The shipowner was protected by a law which forbade the entrance of goods unless they were conveyed in British ships, or imposed heavy additional duties on those which foreign ships were allowed to bring. The manufacturer was protected by heavy duties on silks, woollens, and linens, on paper, on glass, on iron,—indeed on nearly every manufactured article which foreigners could send. Liberal grants from the public funds encouraged him to export his products to foreign markets. For his benefit the export of English wool was prevented. He was further protected by a law which forbade the emigration of artisans; by another law which forbade the exportation of machinery; and by yet another law which forbade the combination of workmen, lest the price of labour should be advanced. Every one was raised up on some special platform of artificial privilege and superiority—every one but the working-man, who, having no voice in Parliament, was regarded as the common prey of those who had.

The ruling idea of legislation since 1832 has been that legislation has no favourites; that all men are equal in the eye of the law; that all men are entitled to protection of life and property, and that no man is entitled to more. Before 1832, legislation occupied itself with the creation of special advantages for the benefit of favoured classes at the expense of those who were less favoured; after 1832, legislation occupied itself with the overthrow of all those iniquitous preferences.

Here, as elsewhere in his work, Mr. Mackenzie writes in the tone of a partisan, not of an historian. The theory of Protection—we are not speaking of its practical results—is not founded on any abstract love for favouring one man at the expense of another, but on the notion that the country as a whole benefits by consuming its own productions. It is characteristic of the school to which he belongs that he should reserve all his anti-protectionist bitterness for his own countrymen. We read of "the rage of defeated monopolists" at the repeal of the Corn Laws, as if the Tory squires and farmers were chained fiends chafing at their impotence to hurt. But when the United States take to Protection Mr. Mackenzie's tone softens at once. "The Americans," he says mildly, "seek to be independent of supplies from abroad." Precisely on this ground were the Corn Laws defended. The fact is that, now that Protection is becoming an especial characteristic of popular governments, it is time to leave off throwing stones at its aristocratic supporters in time past. Like most enthusiasts, Mr. Mackenzie does not pay scrupulous attention to details. The extract already given conveys the idea that all the bad things enumerated were rampant until the Reform Bill of 1832 became law. Now the prohibitions on the export of wool, the seducing of artificers into foreign parts, and the combination of workmen were removed in 1824. Of the last fact indeed Mr. Mackenzie has in an earlier passage shown himself aware, though for rhetorical purposes he refers all reforms to the great and glorious year 1832.

The chapter entitled "The Reform Bill" is good, and not overcoloured, except in its account of the "Manchester massacre":—

The government was resolute to extinguish, by military force, the discontent of the people. The Manchester reformers held a meeting of sixty thousand persons, with no design but to petition for Parliamentary reform. A strong military force was provided by the authorities—infantry, cavalry, and artillery. The proceedings had scarcely begun when a large body of mounted yeomanry dashed at a rapid trot among the defenceless multitude. Many persons—men, women, and little children—were carried from the field killed or injured. The thanks of the prince-regent were promptly offered to the magistrates who had directed this wicked and cowardly slaughter.

These phrases are probably taken from some contemporary expression of indignation, and might be considered fair enough at the time. But at the distance of sixty years it ought to be possible to look at the event calmly. Mr. Mackenzie's language would lead his readers to suppose that the magistrates, anticipating the policy ascribed to the contrivers of the *coup d'état*, deliberately purposed that there should be a slaughter, in order to strike terror into the disaffected. How little intention there really was to slaughter is shown by the small number of the slain. It seems to be admitted that only six lives were lost, including those of a special constable who was accidentally ridden over by the hussars, and a Manchester yeoman who was struck down by a brickbat. The epithet "cowardly" may perhaps be deserved, seeing that, as usual in such cases, the mischief sprang from the authorities being in a fright, and acting, like frightened men in general, with what Sir Erskine May characterizes as "inopportune vigour." Their object, of which Mr. Mackenzie says nothing, was to arrest Hunt and other speakers, and for this end a troop of Manchester yeomanry, some forty in number, was brought up—whether at a trot or a walk is a disputed point—to support the constables. Then, in order to rescue the handful of yeomanry, which had got hemmed in and broken up by the pressure of the multitude, the 15th Hussars were sent at the crowd, and swept the whole mass, "people, yeomen, and constables," before them.

Foreign affairs occupy a large part of the book. On the Eastern question the author has adopted and vigorously advocated the views of which Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Freeman are the most eminent exponents. "The system of organized robbery which is known in Europe by the name of the Turkish Government" is a phrase which sounds like an echo of Mr. Freeman's denunciations. The chapter on France is one of the best written in the book; and its account of the *coup d'état*, and of the part played by the President, though strongly condemnatory, is not too severe. We will wind up our notice with the concluding paragraph of Mr. Mackenzie's work. Melancholy people who believe that we are fast tending towards despotism, Cæsarism, Protection, anti-Christian persecutions, or, worst of all, that condition of blank and hopeless indifference and despair with which Mr. Mallock threatens us, may feel some envy of one who is so joyous over the work of the nineteenth century, and so confident of human progress:—

The nineteenth century has witnessed progress rapid beyond all precedent, for it has witnessed the overthrow of the barriers which prevented progress. Never since the stream of human development received into its sluggish currents the mighty impulse communicated by the Christian religion has the condition of man experienced ameliorations so vast. Despotism thwarts and frustrates the forces by which providence has provided for the progress of man; liberty secures for these forces their natural scope and exercise. The nineteenth century has witnessed the fall of despotism and the establishment of liberty in the most influential nations of the world. It has vindicated for all succeeding ages the right of man to his own unimpeded development. It has not seen the redressing of all wrongs; nor indeed is that to be hoped for, because in the ever-shifting conditions of man's life the right of one century becomes frequently the wrong of the next. But it has seen all that the most ardent reformer can desire—the removal of artificial obstacles placed in the path of human progress by the selfishness and ignorance of the strong. The growth of man's well-being, rescued from the mischievous tampering of self-willed princes, is left now to the beneficent regulation of great providential laws.

GIFFEN'S ESSAYS IN FINANCE.*

In one of the essays in this volume Mr. Giffen remarks upon the continuity of Mr. Gladstone's mind in matters of finance. No one who carefully peruses the author's own work as here presented can fail to be struck by the same characteristic. The essays—fourteen in number—have been written at different times; the earliest so long ago as 1867, the latest only last year. They were intended in some cases for periodical publication, in others for private circulation, and in others to be read before learned Societies; while often the subject was occasional. Yet, while each is complete in itself, depending neither for elucidation nor support on what follows or precedes, there is a connecting thread running through all which makes them, when collected, appear parts of one connected whole, and forms out of the entirety a fairly full presentment of the economic development of the past ten years.

The first in the volume, that on "The Cost of the Franco-German War," at a hasty glance would appear almost exclusively political. The crushing burden imposed upon France and the gain acquired by Germany have been prime elements in determining the relations of nations one to another during the period that has since elapsed. But their bearing upon the production and distribution of wealth is not so obvious. Yet it has been both intimate and powerful. Without noticing the influence upon France itself, it is enough to observe that the payment of the indemnity to Germany enabled her to substitute a gold coinage for a multiplicity of silver coinages, and in doing so to demonetize silver. Notoriously the change thus introduced has exercised an immense influence on the money markets of the world, and has been the beginning of the depreciation of silver. Writing in the early months of 1872 it was of course impossible for Mr. Giffen to foresee all the economic consequences that have followed from the financial arrangements of the peace of Frankfort. Yet even then he perceived how important must be the results of the adoption of a gold coinage by the new Empire, and he brings them out with striking effect. It is, therefore, fitly that he places this essay at the beginning of the volume, as dealing with what may be regarded as the starting-point of the economic history of the ten years now ended. We may remark, in passing, upon the extraordinary degree of accuracy attained by the author in estimating the cost of the struggle to each of the belligerents, although he wrote at a time when the Germans were still in occupation of the eastern departments of France, when the second great French loan was not yet raised, and when, moreover, owing to the destruction of the Paris Ministry of Finance by the Communists, the French accounts were necessarily in disorder. So great is this accuracy that, in publishing the essay now, he is able to dispense with corrections and supplementary details. Resuming our remarks, we would observe that at first sight the essay on "Mr. Gladstone's Work in Finance" may seem to have little connexion with the main subject of the volume. In the hands of an ordinary writer the paper would inevitably have become a piece of partisan exultation, or a personal panegyric. In the paper before us there is nothing of the kind. Mr. Giffen deals with his subject only to show how the work begun by Sir Robert Peel was continued by his disciple, and how it has contributed to increase the well-being of the masses of the people, and to augment that marvellous accumulation of wealth which Mr. Giffen has traced in another striking paper noticed by us in these

* *Essays in Finance.* By Robert Giffen. London: George Bell & Sons. 1880.

columns at the time when it was read before the Statistical Society. The continuity of thought which we pointed out even where it is not at first sight evident affords proof of the minute and profound study which the author has long given to this class of subjects, of the thoroughness with which he worked every problem for himself, and of the close attention with which he has followed the events of contemporaneous history. Another quality that honourably distinguishes these essays from too much of the occasional literature of the day is the rigour with which the scientific method is applied to the elucidation of every question dealt with. There is no superficiality of treatment, or claptrap arguments, or re-echoing of popular verdicts. Everything put forward to account for the phenomena under discussion is brought to the test of first principles. Necessarily these phenomena are found to be not isolated disjointed facts, but effects of the causes at work in society, illustrating in action the laws of political economy. In their connexion they illustrate the economic history of the period under review.

The main economic features of the period treated of are the growing scarcity of gold, first made apparent by the extraordinary demands of Germany for its new coinage, and intensified by the American demand for resumption purposes; the depreciation of silver; and the great trade depression of the last six years. With the latter subject six out of the fourteen essays deal directly, while several others have an indirect bearing upon it. Mr. Giffen, we need hardly tell our readers, gives no countenance to the crotchet-mongers who would attribute the depression to foreign competition, the deterioration of the British workman, Protection abroad, or the depreciation of silver. Neither does he take the view of those who regard the depression as exceptionally severe, or as likely to prove permanent. On the contrary, he points out, in a couple of papers which we would recommend to the study of any one who may still be doubtful as to the commercial future of the United Kingdom, that the depression began in the raw-material-producing countries, that there are special reasons why it should be greater in these than in the more advanced nations, that its effects became universal, but that they have been lighter in England than elsewhere. The latter statement may appear startling to those who are still under the impression of the complaints so loudly made of late by manufacturers and traders; but we have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Giffen appears to us to establish his case conclusively. And the reason is not far to seek. The depression had its origin in the breakdown of the business of foreign loans—of lending, that is, to new and backward communities. Over-production was stimulated in the borrowing countries, and the distress that fell upon these in consequence was extreme. In England, however, the loss fell upon financial institutions and capitalists, not upon the producing classes, and the falling off in trade which resulted from the inability of our foreign customers to take the usual amount of our goods affected a mere fraction of our total business. This is a point which is not in accordance with the commonly received notions on such subjects; but Mr. Giffen's demonstration is complete. Our whole foreign trade is small compared with our home trade, and it was only a portion of the foreign trade that suffered. The position is further fortified by the fact that there has been no great scarcity of employment such as would throw the vast multitudes out of work and increase enormously the pauper roll; that, moreover, saving has been going on upon a vast scale all the time there have been such loud complaints of the unprofitableness of business, and that investments of all kinds have likewise been continued. In short, although the depression has been very protracted, it has, here at home, been singularly light, there having been no actual panic, no serious augmentation of pauperism, and no widespread acute distress, in spite of a long succession of bad harvests coming to intensify the effects of the causes above referred to, and of the injury done to credit by such a gigantic fraud as that of the Glasgow Bank. As regards the future, Mr. Giffen is sanguine, and is inclined to look forward to an outburst of prosperity even greater than that which followed the close of the Franco-German war.

The subject of the gold scarcity is peculiarly Mr. Giffen's own. Among economists of reputation we believe he was the first to direct attention to it. Eight years ago he called in question the correctness of the view then prevalent, that there had been in consequence of the gold discoveries in California and Australia a great rise of general prices, or, in other words, a great depreciation of gold. He maintained, on the contrary, that the rise of prices had been quite small. He added, in still further opposition to the prevailing opinion, that the depreciation was not likely to go further, but that a scarcity of gold was more probable. The German purchases for the new coinage had then only recently begun, but he saw that, if continued, they must absorb much more than the surplus then available after supplying the current wants of the world, and he established his position by irrefutable statistics. At intervals since then the author has incidentally recurred to this subject, the latest occasion being in the paper on "The Fall of Prices," which is the last in the volume before us. After showing, as some of our readers may perhaps remember, that the fall was to a lower level than in any previous depression since the gold discoveries, as likewise that the rise in the preceding inflation period was not so high as in former inflation periods since 1850, he threw out a suggestion that the fall was possibly aggravated by the scarcity of gold. And in support of this view he pointed to the extraordinary absorption of gold by Germany, the Scandinavian kingdoms, France, and the United States. The suggestion is eminently deserving of consideration, but existing data do not suffice either to establish or refute it. But whatever may be thought of Mr. Giffen's suggestion in reference to this subject, we anticipate that amongst economists of standing there will be no difference of opinion respecting his views on the depreciation of silver. The course of events has already to some extent verified his inference from the experience of the past, that the so-called depreciation is in reality nothing more than a temporary fluctuation, similar in kind to forgotten fluctuations in the value both of gold and silver, though no doubt more extreme than has often been witnessed, and therefore certain to come to an end with the causes that have brought it about. As yet only one of these causes has ceased to operate—the German sales of silver; but there has already been a very great recovery of value; and, if no new cause of disturbance intervenes, it is manifest that there must be a further considerable recovery. Mr. Giffen, therefore, is fully justified in the position which he took up from the first—that it would be foolish to meet a temporary difficulty by a permanent change of an approved policy. He is not blind to the losses which the depreciation has caused; but he holds, on good grounds, that the remedies proposed would simply make matters worse. Of these remedies the only one he discusses in the volume before us is that known by the name of bi-metallism, and he very completely disposes of it. We have already seen that he was among the first to recognize the growing scarcity of gold, and he is therefore not likely to under-estimate the importance of any measure which would really prevent a sudden change in the purchasing power of the standard of value. But, as he points out, the merit claimed by bi-metallists for their pet remedy, that it would keep in circulation both silver and gold, really does not belong to it. This the history of every country with the double standard establishes conclusively. A much more effectual method of attaining the end in view is that some countries should have a gold and others a silver standard. But we have discussed this question so fully on former occasions that we need say nothing further respecting it. With this scanty notice we must take leave of a work which, we cannot doubt, is destined to enhance the already high reputation of its author. It exhibits qualities not often combined, but which, when found together, give exceptional value to the work of the scientific inquirer—the power of surveying a vast mass of facts, of classifying and reasoning from them, together with an eye for the most minute details, and capacity for wearisome and monotonous labour.

PROCTOR'S ROUGH WAYS MADE SMOOTH.*

MR. PROCTOR is indefatigable in catering for the popular appetite for all that is most novel and striking in the advances of science. He has also the art of putting forth in a fairly accurate and lucid form the facts and theories which mark the latest points of progress in the various paths of physical investigation. If his matter is at times a little thin, and his manner by no means habitually up to the standard of style with which we are made familiar by the great masters of scientific exposition, yet we cannot doubt that good service is done towards the spread of knowledge among the unprofessional students of nature, and a wholesome interest in the labours of our more advanced pioneers kept up among the general public, by means of popular essays such as those in the volume before us. We have here a score of papers ranging over almost as many detached subjects, from the sun's corona and his spots to the influence of the mind on the body. If some of these themes may appear from their titles to be in no way connected with science, it will yet, he ventures to assert, be found that none have been treated otherwise than in their scientific aspect, though in familiar and untechnical terms. A certain tendency to dogmatize, as well as to leap without much support from evidence to novel and paradoxical conclusions, which we have so often had occasion to remark in his writings of this class, is less conspicuous in his handling of the problems here brought forward.

In his opening essay, for instance, on the sun's corona in relation to the spots on his disk, Mr. Proctor is careful to admit the existence of a degree of mystery which precludes for the present any distinct or confident conclusion. The sun-spot period itself is a point on which anything but a consensus of observers and theorizers has been attained. Still more involved in mystery is the cause to which these spots, whether periodic or casual, are to be traced. Mr. Proctor, we are glad to see, does not adopt the notion lately received with some favour that they are produced by the action of the planets. With about equal plausibility planetary influence has been put forward of late to account for abnormal seasons like the last and present winters. Was it likely, it was asked, that a conjunction of four principal planets, such as was to be seen during the recent autumn, prominent among them being Mars, the planet of strife and war, and Saturn, proverbially known to be of malignant and insidious character, could take place without disturbing our atmosphere and bringing about storms, floods, droughts, scarcity, and distress of nations, or what not? The fears of the unscientific public have, we believe, been since to some extent appeased by the assurance that, alarmingly close as these orbs appeared to

* *Rough Ways made Smooth: a Series of familiar Essays on Scientific Subjects.* By Richard A. Proctor. London: Chatto & Windus. 1880.

the eye, their relative position in space was quite another affair. Exceptionally near as Mars might be for the time, coming within 80 million miles or so of us, Saturn, though almost in a line with him, was not so near as 800 millions, at which distance our summer and winter need hardly fear much from his malefic frowns. Mr. Proctor has never given in to the theory of sun-spots as the periodic cause of droughts at Madras, or watery skies in Great Britain. He sets himself to ask, in the spirit of a scientific inquirer, what is really to be known of spots in the sun, and how they stand related to the phenomena of the corona at large, the sierra, the coloured prominences, and the zodiacal light. It is to the exceptional opportunities afforded by eclipses of the sun that we turn with most hopefulness for the key to this enigma. One of the most important results of the observations made on the great eclipse of July 29, 1878, was the indication of a law of sympathy, so to speak, between the solar corona and the sun-spots. That eclipse chanced to coincide with a minimum of solar maculation. Hence, doubtless, in great part the cause of the wide difference of aspect between the solar corona on that occasion and in previously recorded eclipses, such as those of 1870 and 1871, when sun-spots were numerous. In those two years the corona was seen to extend at least 250,000 miles from the sun's limb. But in 1878 it reached to no more than 70,000. On the earlier occasion it was complicated in structure, pink in colour, and bright with glowing gas. On the latter, there were only two parts of the corona in which any definite structure could be recognized, its aspect was pearly white, and its light—chiefly from glowing non-gaseous matter, whether solid or fluid—had but one-tenth of that brightness. The general inference arrived at by Mr. Proctor from the observations then recorded is that the gaseous matter which had been present in the corona of 1871 was either entirely absent or greatly reduced in quantity; that the particles of solid or liquid (but probably solid) matter which, by reflecting sunlight, produced a considerable portion of the corona's light in 1871, were glowing with heat in July 1878, and shone in the main with this inherent light; and that the entire corona was greatly reduced in size in July 1878, as compared with that which in December 1871 formed what was described as a star-like decoration around the body of the moon. It is not, however, to be confidently assumed that such a corona as was seen in 1871 invariably surrounds the sun in years of great disturbance, whilst the later one forms the typical corona for years of small solar disturbances. Such a generalization not only rests on evidence too scanty and imperfect, but is contradicted by many facts adduced by our author. The means of observation, too, are few and far between. In the case of the solar corona, we have not the power of systematic observation, as in that of the prominences, on every fine clear day. It is only on the rare occasion of a solar eclipse that the corona comes under view, and until some expedient of an alternative kind is devised, which Mr. Proctor is inclined, from considering the optical conditions of the problem, to regard as hopeless, we must wait in patience for the gradual clearing up of the mystery which shrouds the periodic changes of the sun's face.

The evidence for and against the discovery recently announced of one or more planets between Mercury and the sun is the subject of one of Mr. Proctor's most interesting essays. Less magnificent or imposing as it may appear than the discovery of Neptune, the detection of an intra-mercurial planet is, as he shows, in reality a problem of far greater difficulty. And even granting the fact of such a planet having been observed, the determination of its orbit presents all but insuperable difficulties. It is only when the sun is eclipsed that we can expect to see such a body under ordinary conditions of light and atmosphere. It was during the eclipse of July 1878 that the actual discovery was made public, though as early as March 26, 1859, Dr. Lescarbault declared that he had seen a small black spot traverse the sun's disk, and satisfied Leverrier of the fact of his discovery. Before this time Leverrier had occupied himself with the problem of the discrepancy between the observed motion of Mercury and the received elements of the planet. An increase in our estimate of the mass of Venus by a full tenth failed to resolve the problem, involving insurmountable difficulties in other directions. He was led to look for the disturbing cause in matter lying between the planet and the sun, whether in the form of one or more planets, or other more minute asteroids, or possibly mere cosmical dust. An intermediate planet half the size of Mercury would indeed account for the discrepancy between observation and theory. But such a body would be so conspicuous as to force itself upon the sight even without the sun being eclipsed, and during eclipses it would form a most resplendent orb. A ring of small planets seemed to the French astronomer a more probable hypothesis, and, following up this suggestion in accordance with that of Sir John Herschel, M. Faye urged the systematic photographing of the sun's disk at several observatories many times in the day. The actual transit announced by the half-taught village doctor was, after critical inquiry, recognized by M. Leverrier, who, from the crude observations presented to him, calculated for this new celestial body, thenceforth named Vulcan, a period of nineteen days seventeen hours, at a mean distance from the sun, as compared with that of the earth, of 147 to 1,000, the points of its orbit where it crosses the ecliptic being in a line with those occupied by the earth about April 3 and October 6. Estimating its mass at about one-seventeenth of that of Mercury, he inferred that this body was after all utterly incompetent to produce the observed change in the orbit of the larger planet.

Grave doubts have, however, since been thrown upon both the observations of Dr. Lescarbault and the calculations of M. Leverrier, though endorsed by Moigno and Hind. Mr. Proctor, who on the first announcement expressed himself as satisfied, on the whole, with its reality, has been led by more recent evidence greatly to modify, if not wholly to retract, his opinion. Discussing the bodies seen by Watson and Swift during the eclipse of July 1878, he sees nothing to identify either of these with the Vulcan of Dr. Lescarbault. Neither do their places agree with his calculated orbit, nor in point of apparent magnitude do they come at all up to what we should have expected. Other eclipse observers failed to discern any interplanetary bodies whatever. It seems at the same time probable, if not, Mr. Proctor thinks, certain, that such bodies are still to be detected by powerful telescopes, especially at the half-yearly periods when Mercury's path approaches most nearly that of the earth.

The past history of our moon gives scope for a very instructive summary of the most recent information touching the changes that have gone on in the condition or aspect of our satellite. Whilst modifying to some extent the views expressed by him in an earlier treatise on the subject, our author considers that they are confirmed, on the whole, by the results of the most recent observation and reasoning. What may be stated as the more general impression among scientific men is that the condition of the moon is one of extreme age or decrepitude, representing in that sense what the earth is likely to become at a remote future period, however different it may be in other respects, owing to its special physical constitution. If at any time the moon had an atmosphere and oceans, these have long since passed away, having, it is possible, been withdrawn into the interior of its mass. Should a like fate await our own aerial and watery envelopes, the earth's aspect would be that of wide, shallow basins bounded by rims of mountain chains, rather than that of huge craters and volcanic rifts, such as the moon presents to the telescope. Chemical convulsions must have taken place upon or within the moon of an intensity and variety to which the history of the earth exhibits no parallel. As the original incandescent gaseous mass cooled and shrank, condensation and solidification went on, first at the surface, the same process extending later on from the centre outwards. A semi-solid mass would thus be left between the two, corresponding, it is held by some, with the earthquake zone of the earth's interior. Bursting upwards at intervals, this plastic heated fluid would issue in the enormous radiating volcanic craters of which Tycho forms the typical, and perhaps the earliest, example. At other points the shrinking or corrugating action would give rise to those parallel rifts or fissures which form so characteristic a feature of the lunar surface. From the chemical changes going on under intense heat there would result the oxidation of all carbonaceous matter, the conversion of all carbonates, chlorides, and sulphates into silicates, and the separation of the carbon, chlorine, and sulphur in the form of acid gases, which, with nitrogen, watery vapour, and an excess of oxygen, would form an atmosphere of extreme density. The resulting fused mass would, according to the chemical theory of Dr. Sterry Hunt, contain all the bases as silicates, resembling in composition certain furnace slags or basic-volcanic glasses, much like our own primitive igneous rocks. Such is the aspect which the moon's visible face presents to us. How far it has been affected or may still be affected by innumerable meteoric bodies falling upon it, is a point of speculation in which Mr. Proctor goes beyond us. Nothing at all approaching to it is traceable in regard to the earth, which must be proportionally more exposed to such showers. It is in matters where the imagination finds extra scope that we generally find ourselves at issue with our author. In the present volume, however, we gladly observe a more sober tone of speculation than we have at other times noticed.

OMAR KHAYYÁM.*

THE translation by Mr. Fitzgerald of some of the Quatrains of Omar Khayyám, the astronomer-poet of Persia, was published anonymously, and at first utterly neglected by an unappreciative public. Presently, however, the great merit of the poems came to be known, and the book rapidly ran through three editions; we now welcome a new and enlarged reprint, which, together with the same translator's version of a poem by the celebrated Jámí, forms an elegant and most readable little volume.

Omar Khayyám, although himself leading a studious and uneventful life, was intimately connected with two very prominent figures in the history of the East. He was born at Nishapur in Khorassan, in the latter half of the twelfth century of the Christian era, and while a youth studied under the then renowned Imam Mowaffek, a native of the same town. Amongst his schoolfellows were two other lads of promise; and the three agreed that if any one of them rose to power or fortune he should share it with the other two. One of these lads became afterwards vizier to Alp Arslan and Melik Shah, son and grandson of Togul Beg, the founder of the Seljukian dynasty, and took the title of "Nizam ul Mulk," "Marshal of the Empire," by which he is known in history. The second was Hasan ibn Sabbáh, founder of the sect of the Assassins, who earned so terrible a reputation

* *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám and the Salámán and Absál of Jámí rendered into English Verse.* B. Quaritch. London. 1879.

among the Crusaders as the "Old Man of the Mountain"—a translation of his title "Sheikh el Jebel," which he took from his fortress of Alamut, a mountain south of the Caspian Sea. This man, an arch intriguer, had been advanced to power by his former schoolmate, requited his kindness with gross ingratitude, and at last caused him to be treacherously murdered. Omar Khayyám, when Nizam ul Mulk attained his high station, also came to claim fulfilment of the compact made between them in childhood; but, avoiding the dangerous ground of office and Court intrigues, asked only for a pension which should enable him to devote himself undisturbed to the pursuit of science. *Khayyám*, his *takhallus* or *nom de plume*, signifies a "tent-maker," which trade he is said to have exercised during the early part of his career, and to which he whimsically alludes in the following lines:—

> Khayyám, who stitched the tents of science,
> Has fallen in grief's furnace and suddenly been burned.
> The shears of Fate have cut the tent rope of his life,
> And the broker of Hope has sold him for nothing.

It is the fashion with the native Persian critical schools to regard Omar as a true Sufi, and M. Nicolas, the French editor and translator of a large portion of his quatrains, inclines to the same opinion; but not only is it obvious that the poet throws off the disguise of mystical philosophy under which the Sufis hide their heretical opinions, and expresses himself with a frankness that is found in no other Oriental poet, unless it be the Arabic Abu l'Ola, but it is a matter of history that he incurred the open hostility of the sect for his freethinking and for his exposure of their hypocrisy. The Sufis profess almost pure Pantheism, but hide it under the outward garb of Islam; while Omar el Khayyám's creed is much nearer akin to atheism. His frame of mind is well indicated by the translator in the concluding words of his preface:—

> Those [quatrains] here selected are strung into something of an Eclogue, with perhaps a less than equal proportion of the "Drink and make merry," which (genuine or not) recurs over frequently in the original. Either way the result is sad enough; saddest perhaps when most ostentatiously merry; more apt to move sorrow than anger towards the old Tentmaker, who, after vainly endeavouring to unshackle his Steps from Destiny, and to catch some authentic Glimpse of To-morrow, fell back upon To-day (which has outlasted so many To-morrows!) as the only Ground he got to stand upon, however momentarily slipping from under his feet.

The versification of the renderings here given is smooth and suitable to the subject; but it does not in the least represent, as is suggested in the introduction, the *movement* of the original Persian stanza. This is a common fault of European translators, who are dependent on the scansion, the technical analysis of the metres of Persian and Arabic prosody, for their knowledge of the rhythm, and seldom, if ever, attain that feeling which enables a native at once to put the proper rhythm, we might almost say the proper tune, to every verse. M. Stanislas Guyard's *Métrique Arabe*—a book which we reviewed in this journal on its appearance—is the only work which supplies this deficiency, and should be in the hands of every one who aims at rendering Oriental poetry in verse. We do not advocate a servile imitation of the metres, which would, indeed, be impossible in many cases; but the movement of the verse may nearly always be imitated with good effect. The arrangement of the original poems in this volume being merely alphabetical, the translator has much enhanced the interest of his selections by placing them in something like a connected sequence of thoughts.

Like his Sufiistic *confrères*, Omar's verses are full of references to the wine-tavern, allusions which are often allegorical, it is true, but which are quite innocent of mysticism. Here is one:—

> Before the Phantom of False Morning* died
> Methought a voice within the tavern cried,
> "When all the Temple is prepared within,
> "Why nods the drowsy worshipper outside?"
> And as the Cock crew, those who stood before
> The tavern shouted—"Open then the Door!
> You know how little time we have to stay,
> And once departed may return no more."

And this theme, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," is ever the refrain of the poet's song:—

> Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend
> Before we too into the dust descend;
> Dust into dust, and under dust to lie,
> Sans wine, sans song, sans singer and—sans End.

His contempt for the unsubstantial pleasures of glory and ambition, which he practically illustrated in his life, finds also constant expression in his poetry, always in some terse cynical epigram:—

> Some for the Glories of this World; and some
> Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come.
> Ah! take the Cash and let the Credit go,
> Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

But though disbelieving in the future joys of Paradise, the fate of the Dust, when it has returned to dust, has always a mournful interest for him, and the yearning for immortality which seems so natural to the human soul, is perforce with Omar contented with discerning in the productions of the earth some reminiscence of those that lie beneath it:—

> I sometimes think that never blows so Red
> The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
> That every hyacinth the Garden wears
> Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely head.

* The *Subh i Kazib*, or False Dawn, a phenomenon well known in the East, where the first appearance of the morning light is followed by an interval of darkness before the rising of the true dawn.

The Oriental poets always compare the dark locks of a lovely damsel to a hyacinth.

Occasionally in his mournful meditation over the past and gone he utters a note of true elegiac poetry:—

> For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
> That from his Vintage rolling Time hath pressed,
> Have drunk their cup a round or two before,
> And one by one crept silently to rest.

His schooling under the great saint El Mowaffek did not resolve his doubts, and left him searching as eagerly and as blindly as ever about the unknowable:—

> Myself when young did eagerly frequent
> Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
> About it and about; but evermore
> Came out by the same door wherein I went.
>
> With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
> And with my own hand sought to make it grow;
> And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
> "I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

To a Mohammedan ear the last line sounds full of the deepest poetic meaning. The Coran—the Word of God—says, "We created man out of a drop of water," and to "go to the winds" means, as with us, to be wasted, lost, and dissipated. Half disbelieving, yet half infected with the deistic fatalism of the Islam in which he was brought up, he looks upon mankind as the mere sport of a hypothetical Fate:—

> But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
> Upon this chequer board of Nights and Days;
> Hither and hither moves and checks and slays,
> And one by one back in the closet lays.
>
> The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
> But Here and There as strikes the Player goes.
> And He that toss'd you down into the field
> He knows about it all—He knows—He knows.

His aspirations and wishes are summed up in one of his own verses:—

> Ah, Love! could you and I with Him conspire
> To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
> Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
> Remould it nearer to the Heart's desire!

The next poem in the volume—"Salámán and Absál"—is by Jámí, an enthusiastic and learned Persian of the fifteenth century, who spent his life in trying to become a philosopher, and became a poet instead. It is an allegory of Sufiistic doctrine; and the story, slender enough in itself, is interrupted at every turn by anecdotes and other digressions, which are frequently of a grotesque and comic character. Thus the preliminary Invocation to the Deity, after setting forth the theme of which Persian mystics never tire, that mortal beauty is but a veil behind which the heavenly hides, and that in the contemplation of God all consciousness of Self is lost, proceeds:—

> Do Thou my separate and divided Self
> Make one with thy Essential! Leave me room
> On that Divan which leaves no room for twain,
> Lest, like the simple Arab in the tale,
> I grow perplext, oh God! 'twixt "ME" and "Thee";
> If I—this Spirit that inspires me whence?
> If THOU—then what this sensual Impotence?

The story of the "Simple Arab" is then given. A Bodawi comes from the desert to Baghdad, and is afraid that, if he goes to sleep amidst all the crowd and confusion, he will not know himself in the morning. To make matters certain, he tied a gourd round his ankle; but a wag slipped it off while he slept, and fastened it to his own foot. On waking he—

> Cries aloud, "Oh Good-for-nothing
> Rascal to perplex me so!
> That by you I am bewildered
> Whether I be I or no!
> If *I*—the Pumpkin why on YOU?
> If YOU—then where am I and WHO?

Jámí was advanced in years when he wrote this poem, and one passage in which he refers to his failing bodily powers and his approaching end is in striking contrast to this mystical fooling:—

> I bow down to my root, and like a child
> Yearn, as is likely, to my Mother Earth,
> Upon whose bosom I shall cease to weep,
> And on my Mother's bosom fall asleep.

The story tells how a great king had a son miraculously born to him, who fell in love with his nurse, and fled from the palace with her. The king and his vizier, a sage, succeed by a mesmeric exercise of the Will in dispelling his infatuation, and recalling him to the duties of his position. The girl of course dies; and the sage, to blot out her memory more completely, shows him a phantom of his beloved, and at last reveals Zuhra, or Venus, as the pure Celestial Beauty, of which the earthly Absál was but a type. Jámí's poem is interesting, as it epitomizes the mystic doctrines of Sufiism, and it certainly contains some fine passages; but it lacks the vigour and depth of Omar Khayyám's verses. We understand that a German scholar has in hand a complete translation of the *Rubáiyát*; this will be very acceptable to the many readers whom Mr. Fitzgerald's selections have made familiar with the old Persian freethinking poet.

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION.*

LADY AUGUSTA NOEL'S last novel, *Owen Gwynne's Great Work*, was, we think, one of the best of its year. It was written in excellent English, and with a sympathetic knowledge of human nature which does not permit it to be forgotten. Her new story, *From Generation to Generation*, is even an improvement on *Owen Gwynne*, at least in loftiness of aim and excellence of intention. The situations are more powerful, the characters more numerous and varied; the somewhat pensive tone is relieved by a conclusion happier than could have been hoped for, and the "environment" of the story, the Highland scenes and Highland homes, are painted with a very delicate touch. We do not precisely mean to say that *From Generation to Generation* is a great original work. The chief characters, the characters on whose action the story turns, are, as usual, not very distinct. We have here a noble and unfortunate youth, and a youth by no means noble, and more fortunate than he deserves to be. These are matched, of course, by the two young women suited to their character and position. They get through the "business" very well, and perform their parts in a praiseworthy kind of way; but the men and one of the women do not exactly live—they rather fall short of being actual people. It seems almost impossible even for men of genius so great and so diverse as were Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray to make heroes and heroines living beings. Heroes have their work cut out for them by the necessities of fiction, and so have villains. There are certain stated things that they must do, and how can they help falling into routine? Lady Augusta Noel's hero, Ronald Douglas, has to suffer under a false accusation, to be a little wild, to make love, and to have his character cleared. Her weak young man, Kenneth Douglas, has to commit the offence of which the punishment falls on the hero, has to confess, make love, and prove, after all, a better fellow than might have been expected. These things are necessary and inevitable, and we do not think of blaming the author because her puppets are puppets. It is in the other characters that she shines, in the description of certain moods and attitudes of mind by no means hackneyed, and in the picture of Highland life as it is, not as it is seen by tourists from the deck of the *Iona*, or by yachting Cockneys among "the Scotch Hebrides."

It is somewhat remarkable that Scott never chose to describe in a novel that pathetic phase of Scotch life which followed the final decay of many of the great houses. In a passage in *The Tales of a Grandfather* he speaks of the Highland emigrants pouring down from their glens to the sea, while the mountains echoed for the last time to the pibroch and to the air "We return, we return, we return no more." Here is a sketch of a scene then familiar, as drawn by Lady Augusta Noel:—

> The hut was silent and deserted; no children were playing round the door, no sheep-dog's bark was heard in welcome or in warning. On the hearth in the middle of the floor were the dying peats of a fast fading fire—a heap of ashes—a faint canopy of smoke.
>
> The door stood wide open, and the wind swept into the empty dwelling with a sigh, fluttering the bit of checked blue and white curtain that hung above the window, and shaking the rude latch of the closed door that led "ben." A broken birdcage hung in the unglazed window, but its door was open too, and the bird was gone. It was a dark and dreary-looking hut enough, but once it was a home.

Sheep took the place of men in the Highlands, and the acres of many of the old families were sold, till only the park remained round the ancestral house. There is something very sad in the quiet air of some ancient fortress, set on its hill above the loch and the river, where so many fires once burned and so many clansmen gathered; a thin smoke steals up from a single chimney, and two or three old ladies represent a family as ancient as the Stuarts. Lady Augusta Noel has chosen for the scene of her story a castle less forlorn than many that still survive, and for her characters the members of a family somewhat fallen from their old fortunes, but not impoverished. The house of Dalbraith in this tale is in the possession of a Lord Douglas, who has a beautiful wife, a promising heir, and a small colony of Scotch kinsfolk settled near him. Among these, a certain old Lady Beatrix Stuart has a romance which goes back into Jacobite memories; and there are a Colonel Douglas and a Cousin Grizel, whose chief pleasure is to recount the old stories of Stuarts, Douglases, the French kindred of the family, the ghosts, and the prophecies. All the early part of the novel (which is perhaps the most pleasant) is occupied with these sketches of a Scotch interior. Perhaps the "generations" which give the story its title are a little confusing. All readers have not the memory and the genealogical tastes of Miss Grizel Douglas, an old maid with a kind heart, an unlucky tongue, and a constant desire to begin every narrative "further back" than her friends enjoy. We cannot vie with Grizel, and must skip a few of the generations about which she is garrulous—all of them, in fact, between 1688 and 1840, or thereabouts. At that time Lord Douglas and his wife, a woman with more beauty than softness of nature, with their son Ronald, their cousin Colonel Douglas, his son Kenneth, and another cousin, a little girl named Marion Stuart, sent home to Scotland from India, make up the chief actors in the story. A good deal of space is devoted to the childhood of the three young people. Ronald is a very fine and fearless boy; as for Kenneth and Marion, the following quotation exhibits them in the attitudes in which they remain all through the novel. Kenneth is always in a scrape, always makes Marion his confidante, and never can go straight unless she is there to back him. The severity of his upright and honourable father has made him a moral coward. All this comes out in a childish escapade:—

> It came about in this way. The portrait (in pastels) of "Euphemia Douglas, Spinster, *ætat* 45," had long possessed an unholy fascination for him; and a certain large pink rose, stuck primly in her blue stomacher, appeared in his eyes the most desirable target which any marksman could aspire to.
>
> One day when, most unluckily for him, his father was sitting in the drawing-room, talking to Lady Beatrix, the deed was done, and an arrow, discharged with somewhat nervous haste from outside the window, found its mark (but fortunately half spent) in Granny's prettiest lace cap.
>
> It took only two of Colonel Douglas's long strides to carry him to the spot, and the hapless archer was captured red-handed, the bow still grasped quivering in his arms.
>
> Kenneth had never encountered anything so formidable as his father's bent brows, low voice, and the fierce grasp that fastened on his shoulder like a vice. Lady Beatrix had been in real peril for an instant, and her nephew was sufficiently frightened to be very angry.
>
> "That was your doing I suppose, sir," he said in a deep and shaky voice.
>
> The boy faltered for a moment and looked round for Marion, who, as usual, in the hour of danger, was quickly at his side. That instant's hesitation sealed his fate.
>
> The sentence, quickly pronounced and irrevocable, was imprisonment at Norman's Tower until such time as his father's leave was over, and then a school in England.

With these dispositions Kenneth, when he is older, is just the lad to fulfil the "Doom of Dalbraith," the prophecy which is an heirloom in every respectable Highland family. The Seaforth prophecy about the "white-hooded lassie from the East" is well known, and its fulfilment has hitherto been remarkable. Lady Augusta Noel has not disdained to borrow part of the "Doom of Dalbraith" from the utterance of the warlock whose portrait still hangs, or lately did hang, in the hall of Brahan Castle:—

> "What is it about?" asked Harold. "May one hear it?"
>
> "Oh, it's very oracular," said Douglas; "in Gaelic especially, it does not sound nearly so well in English. I have forgotten half of it, but the end is something like this—'When kinsman's hand is dyed with kinsman's blood,—when true is false, and the loving heart grows cold—then the one son of the good father shall cross his threshold for the last time, unless there comes a lassie from the East, who can wash the red hand white.'"

Now, having got our prophecy, it becomes plain that the story is to turn on its fulfilment. And we must say that it is fulfilled in a moral sense which the Highland seer could never have contemplated. Moreover, it is the great blot on the construction of the story that "kinsman's hand" could not have well been "dyed with kinsman's blood" in the way here narrated. That, at least, is our decided opinion, which readers accustomed to Highland sports may confirm or reject for themselves. The problem before the author was this—she had to make Kenneth Douglas fulfil the prophecy by inadvertently slaying Lord Douglas. Out of his moral cowardice, and to "spare his father," he was to keep his action secret, and leave the horror of it on the head of poor Ronald Douglas, who was to seem to have "bagged his Governor," as the undergraduate said. Finally, the "lassie from the East"—that is to say, Marion, the little cousin sent home from India—was to make Kenneth confess his accidental guilt, and so "wash the red hand white." It may be permitted to guess that the prophecy, modified from the Seaforth prediction, suggested the plot, and we regret that more pains have not been taken to make the plot possible.

Everything turns on this simple question—Is the blackcock a bird which lives in woods, like the pheasant, and is there shot much as pheasants are? Lady Augusta Noel makes her sportsman shoot the early August blackcock in such thick covert that when Ronald and Kenneth fire both at once, the latter shoots Lord Douglas without seeing him. Now this is not an impossible thing to do; but it would have been better, perhaps, if the writer had given a clearer description of the exact circumstances. As it is, the incident is a little puzzling. No one knows who fired the shot except one Adam Haldane, the servant of Kenneth's father. He promptly throws the blame on Ronald, and, though he tells Kenneth the facts, the blame is allowed to rest on Ronald's shoulders till the conclusion of the story. Kenneth, as usual, tells all to Marion; but she cannot make him confess, and thus arises the repulsion between Ronald and his mother which drives him into reckless living. The knot thus fastened has to be untied, and is complicated by two love stories. Ronald is betrothed to Marion, who loves Kenneth in spite of his cowardice, but who imagines that she may be of service to Ronald. That arrangement is unsatisfactory; and Ronald, after years of wandering and of dissipation, transfers his affections to a French cousin, Diane de Beaurepaire, though even here his love is thwarted by a sense of his voluntary and involuntary guilt.

The most powerful part of the novel is to be found in the scenes between Ronald and his mother. She cannot forgive him. She is forced, in spite of herself, to be cruel to him, and to drive him from her presence. This produces some very strong situations, of a somewhat novel interest. Meanwhile remorse does not interfere much with Kenneth's enjoyment, and he even induces old Haldane to make no confession on his death-bed. We have been obliged to tell more of the story than it is quite fair to reveal, and we must not disclose the series of events which ultimately "wash the red hand white."

Readers of *From Generation to Generation* will perhaps vary in opinion as to whether the author has succeeded in the task she set herself—in the portrait of a noble nature partly defaced and almost crushed by the burden of another's guilt. That she

* *From Generation to Generation.* By Lady Augusta Noel. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

has produced a story of unusual interest and of lofty aim is undeniable. "In great attempts," the Latin tag says, "to have meant well is enough." Here the aim has been very high, even if the success is incomplete. It must be added that some passages of humour are admirable; for example, the study of child life, which is too long to quote (vol. i. chapter V.), and this reproduction of the talk of Norfolk peasants, "whose oddity consists . . . . in the reckless bringing together of all the words the speaker least understands":—

Mary was flitting busily from one house to another. They found her standing by the bed of a sick young man.

"Yes, my Lady, he fare to lay so long," said the mother, outspoken and solemn, but not unkindly. "'Tis a dispense, but we must put up with him."

Margaret asked if he had seen the doctor. Yes; William had got his two bottles of physic as 't were 'propriate.

"The tu medicines don't fare to corroborate together," observed his mother, "but my son he ha' condescended to both. He don't get no strength, Miss Mary, for he have no perceivius for eating, and that's where 'tis."

"I fare," interrupted the invalid, languidly, "as though I could pick a mite o' rabbit."

"Lawk, a rabbit!" continued his mother; "his mind du seem wonderful set on a rabbit. 'Mother,' he says to me last night, at half-past ten o'clock, or t'might be on the stroke of 'leven, 'Mother,' he sa', quite as I might be speaking now, 'if so be as I could happen of a rabbit, I du think,' says he, 'he would put a tiddy bit of life into my dear inside.' and"—very slowly—"I *du* believe, Miss Mary, as 'twould."

THE CHIEFS OF CENTRAL INDIA.*

WHEN Richie Moniplies was admitted into the private chamber of King James I., bringing with him the carcanet of rubies that had been "opignerated" to George Heriot, he described His Most Sacred Majesty's ante-room as an "ill redd-up" apartment. We must apply this uncomplimentary epithet to this introductory volume, the precursor of how many more we know not. The author has been placed in a position where he can obtain the accurate information indispensable to Indian writers who aspire to become standard authorities. He has had access to public documents. As the head of a sort of Indian Eton, he must be familiar with the temptations and proclivities of the scions of great Hindu and Mohammedan houses, and of the difficulty of educating them up to the level of their responsibilities. One of Lord Mayo's earliest dreams was the possible conversion of listless puppets, debauched *porphyrogeniti*, and intriguing and cunning despots, into intelligent rulers of their own subjects and loyal feudatories of the Crown. This idea was carried out after Lord Mayo's death, and we naturally look for some interesting details about the Rajkumar or Princes' College. We should have liked to know something more than the bare fact that the young chiefs of Malwa learn political economy, are drilled twice every week, and play at Polo; while the excellent series of photographs given of the students at this institution provokes a desire to hear something more definite about the union of study with athletics. Without betraying confidence or telling us that one Thākur was pot-bellied or a certain Nawab pig-eyed, Mr. Aberigh-Mackay might have told us something of the discipline, the regulations, and the physical and moral training of his pupils. It would be satisfactory, for instance, to know how these young Rajas take to cricket and horsemanship, and whether they can handle the rifle as well as the pen; and an account of a cricket-match in which the young chief of Rutlam had hit a fiver to the on, or the Nawab Bahadur of Banda had stumped Jivaji Rāo Puar off a leg-shooter, would be far preferable to the diffuse rules about railway police and the repetitions of well-known treaties by which the pages are swelled. The arrangement of materials strikes us as very defective and awkward. There are two hundred pages numbered by Roman letters, on the pretext that the matter is introductory, and then in the middle of the volume we start afresh by reckoning with ordinary numerals for the House of Holkar. It seems never to have occurred to the compiler that there must be some beginning to every work, and that for purposes of reference it is exceedingly inconvenient to have to quote p. ccxiv and p. 214 out of the same volume. Then alarming tables of statistics are thrust in anywhere. An appendix, with an index, cuts the work into two parts. Treaties which every one at all familiar with Anglo-Indian history can find in Mr. Aitchison's admirable series and in other books, are given at full length; and at p. 150 *et seq.* the author descends to the level of the most trumpery Court journal, and relieves dry statistics of cotton-mills and carding-engines, which do possess some value, by all the tedious and oft-told ceremonial of Lord Northbrook's visit to Indore in November 1875. We learn for the hundredth time how the Second Assistant to the Governor-General's Agent met the Maharaja at the "usual point," and how the First Assistant conducted him to the top of the staircase; what dignitaries sat in what carriages; and who distributed those odorous and savoury accompaniments of all *durbars*—*uttr* and *pān*. This is mere fashionable twaddle. Again, it is very gratifying to learn, on unimpeachable authority, that order reigns in Central India; that fruitful plains are no longer harried by swarms of Mahratta horsemen and Pindarry raiders; that peaceful travellers are not strangled by Thugs, nor respectable householders roused at midnight by bands of ruffians with whitened faces and flaring torches. But it is sheer pedantry to make "the great pulse of commerce beat with an invigorated systole and diastole." We sincerely hope that this is not the sort of English composition which the young chiefs and princes are taught to admire and imitate. And how elegant is the metaphor which tells us that in Central India a "great complaint is always steaming up about the dearness of food grains"? Yet, when we can get over the unmethodical arrangement, the trivial incidents, the accumulation of second-hand learning, the lists of transient and obscure functionaries—Englishmen and natives—and the gaps in the information which we had a full right to expect from a person with exceptional advantages, there is a good deal to be picked out from several chapters. But with every desire to give prominence to the worthier portions of this bulky volume, we cannot say that it ever rises to the level of one of those yearly Reports which the Foreign Office at Calcutta still receives from the representatives of the Viceroy at Mount Aboo, Indore, Gwalior, or Mysore.

From one of these very Reports which we have compared with the author's compilation, we can give a condensed sketch of that part of the British Empire which is termed Central India. This title properly includes three great divisions of native States. The first and most northerly is the territory of Scindia, with his feudatories. The second is represented by the Bundelcund chieftains, of whom Rewa is the principal. The third includes Malwa and the land stretching southwards across the Narbudda River to the Satpoora Range. In all there are no less than seventy-one native States, large or small, covering an area of 83,600 miles, with a population of at least eight millions, and a revenue of nearly three millions. The two latter items must be accepted with the caution inevitable where native agents supply facts and figures about the revenues of princes of their own creed and colour. But the whole tract is such as to furnish facts for the politician, ruins for the antiquary, traditions for the poet, adventures for the sportsman and the naturalist. Some of the jungles and defiles are only now and then penetrated by a staff officer on a shooting tour, or by a geologist undeterred by fever and in search of undeveloped mineral treasures. Many of the ruins have been photographed of late years, but their dates and inscriptions are still the subject of heated discussion. The reader will bear in mind that Central India—or, more properly, the native States comprised within the Central Indian Agency—has nothing to do with the Central Provinces, which have been for the last quarter of a century an integral part of the British dominion. But the congeries of native States over which the Agent to the Governor-General presides afford an admirable instance of the working of that doctrine of the Paramount Power which some years since appeared utterly beyond the ken or comprehension of Mr. Gladstone. It may be almost said that, barring annexation which has gone out of fashion, there is hardly anything in the foreign or internal policy of these princes to which the interference of the British Government may not at times extend. It is true that we do not interfere with the ordinary assessment or collection of the revenue, and that we allow most native rulers to punish their own criminals and to provide for the security of life and property within their own dominions. But there are scores of matters in which something more is needed than vague hopes and admonitions to be good, or remonstrances never backed by a vigorous show of authority. The larger States must be kept to their agreements, and the weaker chiefships protected against gradual absorption. Boundary disputes are endless, and have actually to be provided for in a code of their own, of which several interesting samples are given in page ccv. and following, showing how representatives from each State must attend before the Boundary Commissioner, who is generally a rising staff officer in political employment. Every now and then a State is threatened with bankruptcy through the extravagance and recklessness of two or three owners in succession, or the subjects, worn out past endurance, besiege their sovereign in his palace; and the principality must be taken under British management until the next heir, a minor, can be hunted up and taught the very rudiments of equitable administration. Then there are bands of Dacoits to be run down, or oppressive and unjust taxes to be given up, or land has to be taken for a railroad, or the dismissal of a corrupt Minister is imperatively called for, or money must be freely disbursed under proper supervision and safeguard to mitigate a famine and to prevent the spread of an epidemic. If any copious orator should imagine that such desirable ends can be attained without the watchful and firm interposition of a set of picked and highly trained English officials, or that "free institutions," with civilization and order, will grow, like Topsy, spontaneously amongst the representatives of Mahratta and Mahommedan freebooters, a perusal of some of the author's pages might soon undeceive him.

Nothing can be more instructive as regards one effect of our rule in Central India, than the author's account of the rise and progress of Holkar's family. His claims on the score of antiquity, hereditary occupancy, or those paternal and mild attributes with which many writers invest imaginary native chiefs, are absolutely nil. It is not yet two centuries since Mulhar Rāo rose from the occupation of a goatherd to command a troop of horse, to serve under the Peshwa, to fight against the Afghans, and to seize on large domains. Nor have his descendants been deficient in military or administrative talent. Ahalya Bāi is perhaps a unique example in Indian history of a woman who ruled over a native

* *The Chiefs of Central India.* By G. Aberigh-Mackay, Principal Residency (Rajkumar) College, Indore, Central India. Vol. I. Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, & Co. London: W. Thacker & Co. 1879.

population with unquestionable ability and unsullied character. In spite of the restraints of the Zenana and the want of regular education, every now and then there rise to the top dancing girls, Court favourites, slaves, who command armies, dictate a policy, discomfit rivals, and share a throne. But such women have too often been utterly unscrupulous, vindictive, and profligate. Ahalya Bái was pure in conduct, an ascetic in all sensuous enjoyments, fervent in devotion, and earnest in her endeavours to promote the welfare of all her subjects. Sir John Malcolm, who had conversed with those who had known this high-minded lady, justly pronounces her "one of the purest and most exemplary rulers that ever existed." Mr. Aberigh-Mackay, who is fond of quoting poetry, does not seem to be aware that Ahalya Bái is the subject of a rather pretty poem by Joanna Baillie. In striking contrast to this noble Queen is the one-eyed Jeswunt Rāo, who is mainly remembered in India by the jingling couplet which describes the disorderly retreat of the incapable Colonel Monson. Such excellent authorities as Lord Lake, Mr. Grant-Duff the father of the member for the Elgin-Burghs, and the Duke of Wellington, bear a testimony to his capacity as an active and daring soldier that cannot be doubted. But the glimpses of Mahratta statesmanship afforded us in his biography are unpleasantly suggestive. That there should be no judicial system amongst the Mahrattas, nor the shadow of an authority to repress the strong and keep the weak alive, is perhaps not miraculous. But there was not even any attempt to place the revenue administration on the footing for which, in theory at least, Hindu Rajas and Mussulman Viceroys have always contended. Every district was plundered by detachments of soldiery commanded by officers who were despatched yearly with this avowed object. Taxation became a scramble for "loot" by a horde of cavalry. Jeswunt himself on one occasion horrified his Hindu followers by plundering one of their rich shrines. During this time the army was never paid, and the Ministers and officials at Court resembled the rabble in *Comus*. It is, of course, no very striking merit of English statesmen that they do not allow Rajas to act on Mahratta precedents; but when it is asked what we have done for India, it is occasionally worth while to look back on what was done or not done before we stepped in to scare away the demons of plunder, and to reflect how all native statesmanship might collapse if our hand were suddenly to be withdrawn. A letter from Lord Hardinge, dated November 1844, explaining the active part which the British Government then took on a vacancy in the succession, is noteworthy. It is sometimes thought that Lord Dalhousie invented the doctrine of high-handed interference with Oriental maladministration. What he really did was to act on precedents created by Hastings and Wellesley, and to apply and expound them with a force and precision "rarely equalled in the annals of statesmanship."

The author has some significant remarks which ought to charm Mr. Bright, on the entire absence of any aristocracy in the Mahratta States of Central India. This is what might be expected where the great-great-grandfathers of the rulers themselves were freebooters, troopers, or herdsmen. Menial servants now rise to the highest positions in the State, and offices have a tendency to become hereditary. A few Brahmans from the Deccan, Mr. Mackay tells us, form the Court, and the relations between a Maharaja and his domestic servants are of an intimate and confidential character which Englishmen find it difficult to comprehend. In these days, when the employment of more natives in judicial and executive posts in British India is advocated on political and financial grounds, it is not uninstructive to mark the scale of salaries assigned by Holkar to Ministers, secretaries, treasurers, military officers, and judges. A Prime Minister gets 2,400*l.* a year; a first or chief Judge, 960*l.*; a Secretary, 600*l.*; and a Colonel of Infantry, 390*l.* All this sounds moderate enough, but Mr. Mackay must surely be well aware that natives so remunerated enjoy other means of enhancing their income, providing for their endless relations, and amassing wealth, and that they look to these informal gains quite as much as to their monthly salaries. The schedules given in the book show that some high posts descend from father to son or nephew; and it has been found indispensable, with us, to pay to a native judge of a Court of Small Causes, answering to English County Courts and something besides, a larger salary than is drawn by a judge of what is apparently a Court of Appeal at Indore. We are glad to find that in the scale of Holkar's expenditure a certain sum is set down for pensions—a form of remuneration for past services unknown before our time. The current term for a pension amongst the sepoys of native regiments used to be, and probably is still, "Inglis," derived from the only race in India that did not leave its worn-out servants to die of sheer inanition. The mention of salaries and pensions leads naturally to the mint which coins the money to pay them. The right to coin money has long been cherished by native rulers, and any attempts to induce them to forego this privilege, and to accept the mintage of Bombay or Calcutta, have been failures. The description given in one of the appendices of the process of coining at Indore is amusing. The materials and implements are not very different from those of an ordinary goldsmith brought out of the bazaar to make a bangle of a peculiar pattern, on which the wife of the English judge or magistrate has set her heart. Troughs of clay, pipes of the same stuff, an anvil, a hand-bellows, a steel die, a decoction of tamarinds to prevent permanent discolouration of the metal, and a heavy hammer, make up the stock in trade. We are glad to learn that "the purity and weight of the coin have been fairly maintained," notwithstanding imperfect superintendence and obvious temptations to fraud; nor are we surprised to find that some elaborate machinery and dies brought from England in 1861, for a new mint to be worked by steam, were tried once and then abandoned. Natives are intensely economical and conservative; and, though pleased with scientific toys for a day or two, rarely can be brought to comprehend that new processes, to be productive, must be preceded by a liberal outlay. Offences against the coinage are frequent, and extend from the coining of base metal to clipping, sweating, and boring; and these evils are so far recognized that bankers and traders are allowed to introduce three counterfeit rupees into every bag of 500 or 1,000 rs., "ostensibly to compensate for the cost of cloth and sealing-wax." It is not matter for surprise if the limit of three becomes elastic and sometimes extends to twenty.

The subject of Thuggee has such strange fascinations, and presents such extraordinary contrasts between outward decorum and the complete annihilation of all moral sense, that we cannot blame the author for his account of the means taken to discover, punish, and reform the perpetrators of this horrible crime. Those who derive their knowledge of it from Meadows Taylor's well-known work will find all that excellent writer's descriptions fully borne out in this volume. The horrible tradition of the origin of Thuggee, the curious ceremonies of initiation, the division of omens drawn from animals into good and bad, the tenderness to the victim, the devout prayers to Bhawani, the callousness to life, and the accurate recollections of exploits which had for their scene Central India, the Punjab, the North-West Provinces, and even Lower Bengal, are truthfully told but have no immediate connexion with the main purpose of the book. We should suggest, in parting with the author, that he should pay more attention in future to the disposal and sifting of his materials, and endeavour to separate information likely to attract the general reader from statistics which are almost too dull or ponderous for a Report of the Sudder Board of Revenue. Some knowledge of the despised trade of book-making would here do no harm. We regret to perceive that Indian journals are discussing a proposal, said to be seriously contemplated by the Government of India, for doubling up the Central India Agency with that of Rajputana. Conceived ostensibly on the score of economy, it would, we think, politically be unsound, costly, and extravagant. We might even predict that, if these two vast and important agencies were united by Lord Lytton, it would become necessary in the course of a dozen years to separate them again. And then, not for the first time, would the Indian Government be exhibited in the light of a conjuror performing the notable feat of turning six into half-a-dozen and half-a-dozen back again into six.

NEW SCHOOL-BOOKS.*

AFTER years of writing and talking on the subject by those who have found out that truth is the only sound foundation for teaching, and that it cannot do even young people good to "believe a lie," the world has been in part brought round to think so too. We say "in part" only, because here we have a batch of newly-published school-books, all except one by schoolmasters, which prove that some of those most concerned in the work of teaching, scorning this new-fangled notion as Mr. Pummel did the rules of spelling, "nowise give in to it" themselves. It has been pointed out so often that it seems like waste of words to repeat it, that grammar cannot be taught without philology. Yet here we find schoolmasters and professors going on writing and publishing books in which speech is treated as a mere wilderness of words, and grammar as the clue that guides the wanderer through the windings of the maze. Within the last half-dozen years there has been a very marked improvement in the quality of elementary school-books. Thanks to the several series of Primers for which our lions, literary and scientific, have condescended to stand sponsors, sound and scientific expositions of the first principles of almost every art or science are placed within the reach of every one who can read and has a shilling to spare. And in this general awakening among the dry bones of lesson-books, those which treat of our language and history have shown themselves even more lively than their fellows. On these neverfailing themes the changes have been rung in every possible key. They have been written about and lectured about so much and so often that every schoolboy is now expected to know just as much about the kings of the English who reigned before the Norman Conquest as he does about those that came after it, and to find himself more at home in the language of Longland and Chaucer than he is in the pompous polysyllables of Johnson or the polished cadences of Pope. Such being the case, it is somewhat surprising to find

* *A Short English Grammar.* By C. D. Yonge, M.A. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1879.

English Grammar for Beginners. By H. Courthope Bowen, M.A. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1879.

First Lessons in Conversational French Grammar. By F. Julien. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1879.

The Child's Geography. By M. J. Barrington Ward, M.A. London: Marcus Ward & Co. 1879.

Symbol Geography. By A. I. D. London: Samuel Tinsley & Co. 1879.

First Principles of Roman History. By T. S. Taylor. London: Relfe Brothers.

a Regius Professor of English Literature and Modern History publishing *A Short English Grammar*, intended, as the title-page sets forth, "for the use of schools," wherein, looking no further than the second page, we find that German is the "mother language of English," to which it is added (p. 10) that the coming of the English was the conquest by German tribes of "that part of Britain which is now called England." We suppose that Mr. Yonge uses the word German as an equivalent for Teutonic; but the use of a term which is now universally applied exclusively to the modern "Hoch Deutsch" can only be productive of confusion in the minds of schoolboys, who have to take their teachers at their word without overmuch sifting of what their words may possibly mean. Not a hint is given to explain how it came about that the part of Britain which these said "German tribes" conquered got the name of England, or how their speech was, and is, called English. Nor, it would seem, is Mr. Yonge himself by any means convinced that it was so called, for he tells us that "it is as a Saxon scholar that Alfred *was* celebrated." Surely such a sentence ought not to be found in an English grammar, save as an example of a blunder to be corrected by the pupils. Even from old-fashioned Lindley Murray they would have learnt better than to make such a jumble of their tenses. But, though Mr. Yonge is thus careful to call the tongue of Alfred Saxon, and to explain that these German tribes "introduced the German grammar," by the time he gets to his fifteenth page he declares that in his "preceding pages the language has been always called the English language, out of deference to certain writers on the subject." He then goes on to explain away what he has not done by declaring that English

> is, comparatively speaking, a new title as applied to the language as it existed through the reigns of the Saxon, Danish, and Norman kings, and even of the earlier Plantagenet sovereigns. The more general appellation given till lately to the language which prevailed, at least to the time of the Confessor, was *Anglo-Saxon*, which those scholars who pronounced some documents of the time of Henry III. to be the earliest specimens of true English, modified, for the century and a half after the Conquest, into *Semi-Saxon*, designing to intimate by that compound that during those years a transition from Saxon into English was gradually and imperceptibly proceeding. In these pages, if the language is termed throughout *English*, that does not forbid such distinctions as Early English, Middle English, and Modern English, since it would be to mislead the youthful student to use any expression that would seem to imply the existence of an identity, or even any strong likeness, between the English of the ninth and that of the nineteenth century.

Now, as has been said years ago and often since repeated, it is by this very refusal to recognize the identity of the English language at the several stages of its growth that "all the necessary helps to a rational treatment of its grammatical forms and idioms have been cast aside." And Mr. Yonge, having cast these helps aside, has fallen into very irrational treatment of certain grammatical forms. For instance, all our English prefixes are dismissed as being syllables which represent no word in present use, "but which may be traced either to Latin or ancient German." The suffixes fare quite as badly. "Ship" and "scape" are forms of the German *schaft*. "Ric" is identical in meaning with the Latin *regnum*; but not a word is said about its early English use or the part it has had in forming so very familiar a word as the otherwise unintelligible masculine form of duck—drake. Looking on a little further we find that the *n* in "nightingale" is merely a particle "introduced to soften the pronunciation." How much simpler, and at the same time more accurate, it would be to show how this intermediate syllable is no particle, but only the letter *n*, which, after its manner, has thrust itself into a word where it has no business. Just as "passager" has become "passenger," and "messager" "messenger," so has "nightingale" grown out of "nightegale," as any one who has ever read Chaucer would know. Perhaps it is not to be taken for granted that Mr. Yonge has read Chaucer, as in his *Three Centuries of English Literature*, if we remember rightly, he says something about the obsoleteness of the *Canterbury Tales* having long rendered them unintelligible. But we have said enough to show how out of date and confused Mr. Yonge's treatment of his subject is, and how very unlikely his book is to be useful to the schools for whose use it has been written. All schools are, or profess to be, preparing their pupils for the University examinations, and the papers set for these examinations contain questions supposing a certain amount of knowledge of the English of the past by which to explain the English of the present. Such questions boys or girls who had learnt from Mr. Yonge that there is no identity between the two would find themselves quite unable to answer.

The author of the *English Grammar for Beginners*, though Head-Master of the Grocers Company's schools, is as dead to the fact that English grammar and English spelling can neither of them be properly taught unless in conjunction with philology as the Regius Professor whose work we have just censured. His work is very elementary, and does not pretend to go into the history of the language at all. It is, therefore, less likely to be mischievous than Mr. Yonge's. It contains, for the most part, such explanations of the different functions of the several parts of speech, and the rules for punctuation, as ought to be given orally if the teacher is fit for his work. Children so young as those for whom the book is intended understand what is *said* to them, especially on a subject so difficult to some young minds as grammar, very much better than they can take in what they read, or follow what is read to them.

M. Julien's little book is also the work of a practical teacher, and is intended as an introduction to his previously published *Petites Leçons*. It is intended for the use of very young children, and contains a variety of exercises composed of the simplest phrases in French and English, to be translated at sight by the pupils. The only difference we can find out to distinguish this *First Lessons in Conversational French Grammar* from the host of little books written on the so-called conversational method, which Dr. Ahn first put in practice, is that at the end of each chapter there are revising exercises and questions for an oral examination in grammar, which will save time and trouble to the teachers who make use of it. The words given are the most common and generally used, and the sentences not so far-fetched and ludicrous as in some other books of the same class.

The Child's Geography is a simple introduction to the study of geography, intended for children of seven or eight years old. The writer has been moved to write it by observing how ill-suited for beginners are the so-called manuals of geography mostly used in schools. He has found that geography, if it is to make any impression on a child's mind, must be taught from the map and not from the manual; and that before it can profit by the map the child must clearly understand the place which the world he lives in holds in the universe; the meaning of the divers figures traced upon the model of that world known as a terrestrial globe; and, lastly, the relation between the symbolism of the globe and that of the flat map of the geographer. All this is very clearly and pleasantly set forth in simple and well-chosen language. Moreover, *The Child's Geography* contains a great deal of information about the differences of soil and climate to be found in different parts of the earth's surface, and the causes of these differences. It also tells about the plants and animals to be found in foreign countries, and about the various races of mankind and the manners and customs which distinguish them from each other. The text is frequently broken by illustrations, which ought to go far to find favour for the book with the little folks for whom it is intended, as its illustrated pages are very much more attractive to look upon than the columns and sections of hard names to be learnt by heart that meet the eye on opening the old-fashioned geographical manual. We hope Mr. Ward will carry out the intention which he tells us in the preface he entertains of following up this elementary book with two others, similar in style, but suitable for more advanced students; for in this *Child's Geography* he has certainly succeeded in supplying a want which has long been felt of an elementary text-book of geography that should be at once simple and scientific.

The *Symbol Geography* redeems the promise of its title by containing a map wherein each considerable town, instead of having its name printed, is indicated by a symbol typical of the natural productions, the peculiar industry, or the historical event to which the town owes its importance. Thus in the map of Scotland, which is now before us, the birthplace of John Knox and other notable persons is symbolized by a cradle. Bannockburn and all the other battle-fields are signified by a figure like a small pair of scissors, intended, we believe, for cross swords. Dunlop, the tract of Ayrshire noted for its dairy-farming, is represented by a most unmistakable cheese, with the knife that has just cut it lying by, while Campbeltown and Glen-livat are represented by that form of whisky jar known in Scotland as a "greybeard," so huge in size that at first sight we took them for lighthouses. Indeed one great fault of the symbols is that they are as reckless of proportion as the animals in a Noah's Ark. The stag who ranges at will in the deer-forests of the North is about six times as large as the factory, chimney included, that marks a manufacturing centre; and this colossal animal finds a rival almost as big as himself in the sea-bird that broods over the rocks of Ailsa and the Bass. The *Symbol Geography*, however, is not so much a text-book as a showing forth of a system of teaching geography which the author has struck out for himself and found successful in teaching his own pupils. This system is to turn the lesson into a sort of game carried on by question and answer, in which readiness of reply depends on the player's knowledge of the productions of the country under consideration. The dedication is as original as the contents. It runs thus:—

> To the Teachers of those Boys and Girls who say "I do detest Geography," this Symbolic System of Teaching it is Dedicated by a Fellow Worker, who has often been gratified by hearing the above words changed for "I like Geography the best of all my Lessons."

To all such teachers we strongly recommend a new system of some sort, whether symbolic or other; for where children detest geography there must surely be something wrong about the teaching. Probably, if they do as the author suggests to them in his preface, and get their pupils to draw maps, at the same time giving them much information *vivâ voce* about the countries, they may be rewarded by as happy a change of opinion as he reports, without having recourse to the use of the symbols which most intelligent children would scout utterly as being babyish.

Mr. Taylor's Roman History is written on the same plan as the English and French histories from his pen. As we have already given our opinion of that plan in the reviews of these works, little remains to be said of the Roman History, except that it is well suited to be used as a companion to the others of the same series. Mr. Taylor does not lay claim to any original views about the facts which he here presents to his young learners, but acknowledges the debt he owes to Dr. Schmitz, Mr. E. A. Freeman, and other writers. Of these authorities the influence of the last is evident in every page, as Mr. Taylor has followed very closely the lines laid down by Mr. Freeman in his *General Sketch of European History*.

TRAVEL AND TROUT AT THE ANTIPODES.*

AS Mr. Senior is fain to admit in his opening chapter, the title of his book is somewhat deceptive, the Travel being out of all proportion to the Trout. From his home in Queensland he made a couple of flying trips to Tasmania and New Zealand, and in these he covered respectively distances of three and four thousand miles. But, if the fishing was scarcely all he could have desired, he had two most enjoyable holidays; and, what is of far more importance, so far as his readers are concerned, he has the art of imparting to them his pleasurable sensations. He writes easily and lightly, with a vein of fun; can tell a good story on occasion; seeing all that should be seen, he describes it shrewdly and succinctly; and, though he is compelled continually to express his intense admiration of the scenery, he has the self-restraint to indulge in his raptures discreetly, while giving us vivid conceptions of the features that impressed him. After reading many volumes of travel or touring in Australasia, we long ago came to the conclusion that, if we emigrated to the "fifth quarter" of the globe, we should unhesitatingly seek our new home in Tasmania. And all that Mr. Senior has to tell entirely confirms us in these prepossessions. We assume, of course, that we should go to the colony with a competency, and not with any notion of making a fortune. Tasmania never boasted of magnificent squatters with domains rivalling in extent some of the German principalities, and covered with countless flocks and herds that threw those of the patriarchs or the Esterhazys into the background. There are no merchants in Launceston or Hobart's Town who make any pretence to be even third-rate millionaires. Mr. Senior mentions in fact that young men of the farming class are inclined to leave the country for Australia and New Zealand; while those who perforce remain on their holdings grumble at having to work hard for small returns. But, on the other hand, there is a great deal of tranquil comfort; while the habits of living and the aspects of the landscape are exceptionally and unmistakably English. The familiar names of the townships and counties which have been borrowed from the old country are by no means out of keeping with the scenery or the style of farming. People used to drive across the island in a four-horse coach, with the coachman and guard got up in scarlet; though now, alas! the coaches have been run off the road. When the driver flung the reins to the helpers at the changes in old English coaching style, you stepped down to enter the roadside inn, where you called for foaming flagons of ale and were served with genuine mutton-chops. One drove between lines of well-kept hedges, and picked up and threw down parcels in villages which were surrounded with their orchards of cherry and apple trees. Yet the picturesque in the background blended with the homelike, and you looked up over forests hanging on the hill sides to ranges of mountains standing out against the sky. Those mountains and woods, which attract a heavy rainfall, send down the brawling streams that break in tempting pools and rushes among the lower slopes, and are supposed to be alive with the trout for which Mr. Senior went to angle. By way of sample of one of the Anglo-Tasmanian Edens, we may refer to his picture of the residence of the gentleman by whom his party happened to be entertained when they paid a visit to the famous breeding ponds. "We enter (the garden); refresh ourselves with raspberries, cherries, gooseberries; light a cigarette in an arbour covered with roses and honeysuckles; finish it under a wide-spreading walnut tree; inhale the odour of the herb borders; notice the asparagus, peas, seakale, and all the commoner vegetables; and behold how the owner can literally sit under his own vine and figtree." Outside is a brook running under hedges and dividing the fruit trees and vegetables from the hop-gardens, while beyond the paddocks through richly wooded grounds there flows beneath steep banks the river which feeds the salmon ponds. Yet, for those who love excitement and adventure, there are contrasts to the squire-like tranquillity of such an existence. We have a stirring account of a cattle-hunting-party which came off in the wilder part of the island. These herds of cattle run wild, and have to be followed over the most breakneck country. Their ancestors were of course imported, but they have come to regard man as their enemy, and on his appearance they take flight for almost inaccessible retreats. Of course, when they are "collared" by the horsemen, they charge fiercely; and Mr. Senior witnessed a more narrow escape than is often to be seen in the Spanish bull-ring. A knot of well-mounted sportsmen was accompanied by a scratch pack of powerful dogs. The party scattered through mountainous forest, broken by inaccessible gullies. "By and by the dogs give tongue, and there is a sound, not far distant, indicating a stampede." The horsemen started at full speed, trusting themselves very much to the instinct of their horses, escaping as by miracle collisions with the trunks or the branches, or the chance of being hurled headlong into a ravine. The herd, which consisted entirely of bulls, broke up into parties of two or three, and continued their headlong flight. It was then that one of the riders so nearly came to grief. He had followed a single animal at best pace up a grassy glade. As it happened, the glade ended in a *cul-de-sac*, and the hunted bull turned to charge. In speed, for a short distance, the horse had no chance with him. The rider, feeling his horse's hind quarters lifted bodily on the horns, swung round in his saddle and delivered three barrels of his heavy revolver. By great good fortune, the third shot told in a vital spot, and the bull rolled over in a confused heap, with the man and the gored horse.

After so thrilling an incident as that, any notes of the trout-fishing must sound tame. Mr. Senior professes himself not greatly disappointed with results, though he can only report fifty-four trout killed in about half as many outings. So far, indeed, as appearances went, the streams of Tasmania left nothing to desire; the grave drawback was the deficiency of fish. Then circumstances, as is apt to be the case everywhere, were often against the angler. The sun was bright, the skies were cloudless, and the water was clear. Or there was a flight of flies or of grasshoppers, blown into the river with each breath of air and gorging such fish as there were. The best day Mr. Senior had was certainly of the nature of a "fluke," and involved work and experiences that were literally painful. He waded up the rocky bed of a stream, under cover of the trees and bushes. Most of the casts he made were underhanded, and, bending himself for the most part almost double, he had to scramble over submerged logs. And, after all, he had only nine brace of trout, weighing from half a pound to a pound. Indeed most of the rivers are so thickly over-wooded as infinitely to increase the troubles of the fisherman, especially where fish are few and far between. Then Mr. Senior found them slow to take the fly, though he was told that that was owing to his attempting them in the worst part of the fishing season, and that, had his visit been earlier or later, he would have had less cause of complaint. But last and worst of all, they gave poor play when they were hooked; and a well-sized fish, after one feeble struggle by way of protest, would permit himself to be drawn quietly to the bank. The acclimatized trout would seem to have done well, and in point of size they thrive wonderfully. But it is unsatisfactory to learn that there is actually a doubt whether any of the salmon have survived. Captures have been reported authoritatively, and a so-called salmon was served at table to Mr. Senior. But he cannot conscientiously swear to the fact that it was salmon he tasted, and sceptics maintain that the "salmon" and grilses are really salmon trout. It follows, at all events, that the naturalized foreigners must have done very indifferently, otherwise heavy fish should have been taken by this time; and we can only suppose that the reason is to be sought in the excessive temperature of Tasmanian waters.

Tasmania, although now one of the most steady-going of British colonies, is not without its history and its unpleasant reminiscences. By way of contrast to the easy-going life in the peace and plenty of the rural paradise we have described, we may accompany Mr. Senior to what used to be an *inferno*, when Tasmania, known as Van Diemen's Land, was being colonized by our convicts and their guardians. "In its palmy days Port Arthur must have been—apart from its associations—a lovely spot." Its situation had marked it out for a penal settlement. It stood on Tasman's Peninsula, and was cut off from the mainland by a strip of land, fifty feet in width, which was strongly guarded. It consisted of prisons, barracks, and station buildings; "the sounds of compulsory labour mingled with the clinking of fetters . . . . and it carried out the purpose for which it was established, by punishing with a merciless rigour that has been exposed and prohibited, the criminals who were sent thither to work out their doom." By what seemed an irony of fate, those degraded and most villanous criminals were set to enhance the natural beauties of the spot by laying out gardens, terraces, and pleasure-grounds, embellished by graceful fountains and statuary. Now all has gone to wreck, and the pleasure-grounds are overrun with thickets of weeds frequented by venomous snakes. The buildings stand roofless, and the fortress is crumbling to pieces. Mr. Senior happened to force open the door of one of a row of abandoned cells. Within he came upon the skeletons of some sheep, who had evidently taken refuge from a storm, when the door must have been blown to upon them; and it would appear that it had never since been reopened. Immediately off Port Arthur lies Dead Island, so called because it was the cemetery of the settlement; it contains over 2,000 graves. When Mr. Senior paid his visit a solitary convict was in residence there. The man had been banished thither by the few guards who still at that time remained with a handful of convicts, because he had been pronounced hopelessly refractory after many attempts at coercing him.

We believe it may be rather owing to our personal predilections than to any shortcoming on the part of Mr. Senior that we have been more interested by the account of his sojourn in Tasmania than by the tour he subsequently made in New Zealand. For undoubtedly in New Zealand there is more to awaken interest and command attention in the shape of what is novel or sensational. He gives us lively sketches of the half-reclaimed Maoris as he had opportunities of seeing them; and very vivid pictures of the fantastic volcanic phenomena in a chapter appropriately styled "Wonderland." Indeed his descriptions of the eccentric New Zealand geysers are almost as good as those with which Lord Dufferin delighted us very many years ago, when he examined the marvels of Iceland in his *Cruise in High Latitudes*. As for the fishing, though Mr. Senior perhaps made it even more than in Tasmania the pretext for his travelling, yet it would seem on the whole to be more satisfactory. He enjoyed some tolerable sport himself; a friend who devoted himself to it did very well indeed; and the New Zealand trout are strong and "game," and really put you on your mettle to land them. Consequently the Acclimatization Societies which flourish in each

* *Travel and Trout in the Antipodes: an Angler's Sketches in Tasmania and New Zealand.* By William Senior (Red Spinner). London: Chatto & Windus. 1879.

district have every encouragement to persevere in their efforts. Great quantities of salmon fry have been successfully imported from California; and Mr. Senior reports that "in the course of a year or two, New Zealand should be a magnificent island for the trout-fisher."

DOWDENHAM.*

THIS is the dullest book that we have read for many a long day. It is past the wit of man to say how dull it is. Some books, though very dull in themselves, yet may be the cause that wit is in other men. But this story is too dull even to laugh at. When we reached the end we laid it down in despair, and felt as melancholy as if we were coming away from a wedding-breakfast or a City feast. We would rather criticize a collected edition of the *Court Circular* than give an account of this "Tale of High Life in the Present Period." We have no more feeling of having read a story than if we had gone through the fashionable intelligence of the *Morning Post*. We have read nearly five hundred pages about a Duke and a Duchess, and a Marquis and an Earl, and a Dowager Countess, and a Countess and a Baron, and a Count and a Viscount, and a great many other people of title; but what they have done we cannot remember. Perhaps in the high life in which the author moves people do nothing. If he was bent on writing a book, he was certainly wise in attempting to describe people whom he knows. For he does not take his great people secondhand. It has been his good fortune, he tells us, to accompany his Duchess in her walks, and he had the "privilege" to be one of the guests at Dowdenham, the Duke's country seat, on a most interesting occasion. It was at the close of the story. A repentant Marquis had returned home, like a second Prodigal. He had run away to America, and had lived among the Indians. His absence had been, indeed, noticed in society, but on his return the most scrupulous delicacy was observed. "Among intimates moving in good society," Mr. Ancketill tells us, "and associating daily in the same circle, the occurrence of such a *contretemps* as had occurred in the Duke's family is never made the subject of conversation. A well-bred reticence draws a veil over such disturbing events." In other words, in high life the rule is observed of never talking about ropes in the house of a man whose father has been hanged. To add to the general joy, the noble Prodigal had returned just in time to be present at the marriage of the Earl and the Viscountess, which was celebrated at Dowdenham. "No cloud flitted across the horizon to obscure the halo of happiness that dwelt beneath the Duke's hospitable roof." Halos, out of high life, are generally seen when there are mists about. What they may be like when they not only dwell, but also dwell beneath the roof of a Duke, we cannot pretend to say. However, there the halo was, and there also was the author in company with it, and beneath the same hospitable roof. There he had the privilege to see in the picture-gallery a tableau, which he wishes that he felt himself competent to describe. "On one side were arranged the bridal dresses, and on the other the numerous and splendid presents given by sympathizing friends to the respective brides." On one of the presents he recognized "the vigorous caligraphy of the venerable Dowager Countess." We had forgotten to mention—indeed, till we copied down the words "respective brides," we had forgotten the fact—that there were two weddings celebrated on the same day. Not only did an Earl marry a Viscountess, but a Major married a Contessa. It was a singular act of ducal condescension to allow a Major—a common Major whose father was utterly unknown—merely to dwell with the halo of happiness beneath the hospitable roof. But to go beyond this, to give him his wedding-breakfast, to associate him on such an interesting occasion with an Earl, requires, the reader will feel, some explanation. The fact was, the Major had just done the Duke the greatest service. He had tracked the runaway Marquis to British Columbia, and found him struck down with fever on a miserable pallet of dried leaves, and partially covered with leopard skins. The Marquis was wakened up from sleep by hearing one word—"Bellamont"—softly whispered into his ear. He tried to speak. "Placing his finger on his lips to enjoin silence, Major Head said, 'Take this medicine at once, and be composed; the event is in the hands of Providence.'" The author is perhaps an Irishman, and we shall not, therefore, too strictly criticize his statement that a man put his fingers on his lips to enjoin silence and spoke at the same time. However, the Marquis's life was saved; and such fidelity as the gallant Major had shown was not too highly rewarded even by the great honour that was done him on the occasion of his marriage.

Who is the hero of the story, whether indeed High Life knows anything of heroes, we are not able to say. The Earl certainly marries a lady who seems as if she were almost meant for a heroine; but heroines may be as little known as heroes in the best society. "The King for my money," cried Partridge when Tom Jones took him to see Garrick act Hamlet. "He speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other." In like manner we are inclined to say, after going through Mr. Ancketill's book, "The Duke for our money." He is perhaps at times a little oppressive, and certainly always very dull. But he is most exemplary in every relation of life, and very pompous. "Standing upon his hearthrug receiving his friends the Duke was in person, manners, and dignified geniality one of the best specimens of an English country gentleman." Even off his hearthrug—for a Duke cannot be expected to be on it all day long—he is still a scarcely less fine specimen. He is gifted with a most remarkable facility of quotation. The Earl, at the opening of the story, is, we are told, forty-three years old, and unmarried. The Duke advises him to marry, and fires off straightway three quotations at him in support of his advice. The Marquis on one occasion required a father's counsel. The Duke retired after breakfast into his private sitting-room, where it was his custom, we read, to peruse the morning papers and inform himself of the passing events of the day. On the hearth on this eventful day blazed some billets of wood with a simmering noise and blue flame peculiar to that description of fuel. He touched a silver bell, and a groom of the chambers entered. The Marquis was summoned. The father first quoted to him the great Lord Burleigh's advice to his son. Next he read an extract out of a volume which he took from the bookcase. Then he quoted a great philosopher; and, last of all, he quoted either the same or another great philosopher who has written about "the lexicon of youth." The son seemed to be convinced, but after all he ran away to America. Perhaps he had some reason, for even a duke and a father can quote too much. His Grace was not only fond of reading, but he was an excellent elocutionist. So condescending and so refined a nobleman as this can be turned to the best account by a skilful writer. Mr. Ancketill, for instance, is almost as good at poetry as he is at prose; but he is, it would seem, too modest to publish his verses in his own name. Nothing is easier than to make the Duke call for some lines which one or other of the characters had written. "By the by," said the Duke, at the very time when the halo of happiness was dwelling beneath his hospitable roof, "you promised to read us your piece of poetry to-day. I had almost forgotten to remind you of your promise." The poet was too shy, but the Duke offered to read it aloud himself, saying, "We shall just have time; there's an hour till dinner-time yet." One of the stanzas begins:—

> List! from the murky darkness deep,
> A lurid glare amid the storm.

Among intimates moving in good society a poet, we can readily believe, is never asked to explain how any one can listen to a lurid glare. Certainly in the fourth line we read "A minute-gun gives loud alarm"; but as certainly it is to the lurid glare that we seem to be invited to listen. The poem does at last come to an end, and the eloquent elocutionist can rest his ducal voice. "Oh my gracious, ladies," says the Duchess, "there's the first dinner-gong sounding. We have not a moment to spare." Such an exclamation is perhaps a little startling in one who "possessed all the attributes of a perfectly aristocratic and well-bred lady." But let not the reader judge her and her order too harshly. Let not "the sneering democrats" of whom Mr. Ancketill writes venture to disparage duchesses. Let him remember what she had just gone through. The wonder is that she did not exclaim, "Oh my gracious!" a good deal earlier. Yet she had listened in patience and in silence while the Duke was reading such verses as the following:—

> Say, Neptune, god of Ocean deep,
> Why, seated on thy wave-borne throne,
> Did'st not ashore with trident sweep
> This faithful pair—save them alone?
> Was 't anger that the brave dog dared
> To bear thy name, of billows lord,
> Or Amphitrite's love, that spared
> No thought from her, beloved, adored?

It is pleasant to turn from the Duchess when seated in comfort by her fireside, listening to poetry and crying out "Oh my gracious!" to the Duchess when visiting her tenantry. "It was once the author's good fortune," he writes, "to accompany her on one of her tours amongst her cottagers." Having described her affability and her pious condescension, he then turns round upon "the sneering democrats who, if they chance to read these pages, will doubtless characterize the description I have given of a scene of which I was a witness as sentimental twaddle." But, after all, he must not be too hard on these miserable creatures. He must remember that they were, as he himself says, "born in crowded cities where the discomfort and want of cleanliness pervading the dwellings of the bulk of the manufacturing poor precludes the domiciliary visits of ladies. Happy rural England!" he goes on to exclaim, and then utters a pious wish that in the sister country the same blessed state of things were possible. But in the country in Ireland duchesses can no more visit poor people than in the towns in England. "Were there no other obstacles, the religious difficulty renders it impracticable, and the want of cottage cleanliness absolutely prohibits ladies from entering the dwellings of the poor, which they rarely attempt to do." We sincerely pity the poor both of our own towns and of the whole of Ireland. Discomfort is hard enough to bear in itself. It is indeed cruel when it precludes the domiciliary visits of ladies. Though they cannot enter the dwellings of the poor, yet possibly they might go to the outside of the houses of those who are most deserving, and leave copies of this Tale of High Life. It would surely be a good action to let these poor creatures know how much they lose by their religion and their manner of life.

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* *Dowdenham: a Tale of High Life in the Present Period.* By W. R. Ancketill, Author of "The Adventures of Mick Callighin, M.P." London: Marcus Ward & Co. 1879.

MINOR NOTICES.

MR. LANG'S volume on Oxford (1), the contents of which have, we believe, previously made their appearance in the *Portfolio*, is one of the most agreeable and interesting works that we have seen for a long time. The author has the gift, or accomplishment, or both, of a singularly happy style and method. He is never pedantic and never frivolous. He makes one interested when it is desirable in things the essence of which may be dry enough, and he can be light without a hint of forced gaiety or claptrap. He knows his subject thoroughly, and he has given his knowledge to his readers in the most attractive and judicious form. Perhaps the most brilliant, as a literary feat, of his chapters is that headed "The Early Students: a Day with a Medieval Undergraduate." This is certainly as vivid and probably as true a picture of the time as any one could desire to have; and it is difficult to believe while one reads it that Mr. Lang has not been himself accustomed, in bygone ages, to "play pyked staffe" at the Beaumont with Roger de Freshfield and Henricus de Bourges. "Poets at Oxford," again, is admirably contrived. Mr. Lang's last chapter is called "Undergraduate Life," and with this well-worn subject he deals with surprising pithiness and freshness. A Cambridge reviewer may naturally be annoyed at what reads like a dig at Cambridge in the opening paragraph; but such annoyance is perforce dispelled by the writing of one who really has something to say, and who knows how to say it, on a subject which countless dabblers in fiction and essay have done their best to spoil. It is hardly fair to Mr. Lang to make any excerpt from a piece of writing in which conciseness is a striking merit, but his second paragraph contains so much in so few words that we must venture to quote it:—"There is yet another cause which increases the difficulty of describing undergraduate life with truth. There are very many varieties of undergraduates who have very various ways of occupying and amusing themselves. A steady man, who reads his five or six hours a day, and takes his pastime chiefly on the river, finds that his path scarcely ever crosses that of him who belongs to the Bullingdon Club, hunts thrice a week, and rarely dines in hall. Then the 'pale student' who is hard at work in his rooms or in the Bodleian all day, and who has only two friends, out-college men, with whom he takes walks and tea—he sees existence in a very different aspect. The Union politician, who is for ever hanging about his club, dividing the house on questions of blotting-paper and quill pens, discussing its affairs at breakfast, intriguing for the place of Librarian, writing rubbish in the suggestion-book—to him Oxford is only a soil carefully prepared for the growth of that fine flower, the Union. He never encounters the undergraduate who haunts billiard-rooms and shy taverns, who buys jewelry for barmaids, and who is admired for the audacity with which he smuggled a fox-terrier into college in a brown-paper parcel. There are many other species of undergraduates, scarcely more closely resembling each other in manners and modes of thought than the little Japanese student resembles the metaphysical Scotch exhibitioner, or than the hereditary War Minister of Siam (whose career, though brief, was vivacious) resembled the Exeter Sioux, a half-reclaimed savage, who disappeared on the war-path after failing to scalp the Junior Proctor. When the Wet Blanket returned to his lodge in the land of Sitting Bull, he doubtless described Oxford life in his own way to the other Braves, while the squaws hung upon his words, and the papooses played around. His account would vary in many ways from that of

> Whiskered Tomkins from the hall
> Of seedy Magdalene.

And he again would not see Oxford life steadily, and see it whole as a more cultivated and polished undergraduate might. Thus there are countless pictures of the work and ways of undergraduates at the University." For the illustrations as for the letterpress of Mr. Lang's delightful volume we have nothing but praise.

Mr. Halliwell-Phillips makes yet another addition to the vast mass of writing that has been hung, and will doubtless continue to be hung so long as human nature is unchanged, upon Shakspeare's name (2). The author has the virtue of modesty, in that he says in his preface, "The more I read of the tragedy of *Hamlet* the less I really understand it as a whole, and now despair of meeting with any theories that will reconcile its perplexing inconsistencies, making, of course, allowances for those that are most likely intentional." Mr. Halliwell-Phillips adds that he does not hope to have done more than make a few suggestions which may be worthy of consideration. Among such suggestions the most remarkable perhaps is that, "so far from Hamlet being indecisive, although the active principle in his character is strongly influenced by the meditative, he is really a man of singular determination, and, excepting in occasional paroxysms, one of powerful self-control." This theory the author goes on to support by reference to, of all things in the world, the scene in which Hamlet, left alone after the Ghost's disappearance, is joined by his friends and followers. His "wild and whirling words" are, according to the ingenious commentator, the expression of a resolution formed by a powerful intellect to "outwit his companions by banter"; he treats the apparition "with intentional and grotesque disrespect and jocularity at a moment when an irresolute mind would have been terrified and prostrated." This may give people eager to devour Shakspeare commentaries some idea of what they have to expect from these "memoranda," which, if not better, are not worse than the majority of their class. But, with few exceptions, "the best of this kind are but shadows." At the end of Mr. Halliwell-Phillips's little book is found, under the title of "Æsthetic Criticism," what seems to be meant for a humorous allegory, to the humour of which we unfortunately do not possess the key.

The *Era Almanack* (3) for the current year has, in addition to its familiar attractions, a collection of "autograph letters of eminent actors," the writing of which is reproduced with remarkable accuracy, and which have been well chosen to exhibit the characteristics of the writers. It is curious to find the late M. Fechter writing, "Je t'envoie M. ——, qui joue Leartes (*sic*) dans Hamlet," but no doubt this was a mere slip of the pen.

The *Theatre* magazine (4) has entered on a new career under the editorship of Mr. Clement Scott, who is thoroughly qualified for the work which he has undertaken. It contains reviews, signed by well-known critics, among whom the editor himself is numbered, of dramatic and musical performances, some interesting notes on Shylock in Germany, two well-executed photographs of Miss Terry and Mr. Irving in the *Merchant of Venice*, and a discussion, with which the magazine opens, on the question whether, as a good many people have said, there is a dearth of dramatists in England. Mr. Irving writes first on this, from the fulness of a not altogether pleasant experience as a manager. As might be expected, he has been besieged with numberless manuscripts which, with varying degrees of literary merit, "possess one characteristic in common—they are wholly unadapted to the stage. The most curious part of it is that their authors are often conscious of this defect, but do not think it of much account. A gentleman writes to me that he has no knowledge of stage requirements, but has little doubt that, if I approve his play, the necessary alterations can be made. The assumption is that I am to spend my time and pains in trying to turn some quires of dialogue into an acting drama." This is obviously absurd, and aspiring dramatists will do well to lay to heart what Mr. Irving points out—that from Shakspeare downwards successful dramatists have known or learnt something of the practical working of the stage. "One of the most amusing heresies of our time," says the writer, "is that which denies to Shakspeare the authorship which has made him famous; but, if any proof were needed, I have always thought the wonderful acting quality of these dramas a conclusive circumstance in his favour." It is melancholy to think of Mr. Irving surrounded by impracticable "quires of dialogue." Mr. Bendall and Mr. Palgrave Simpson both do good service in exploding the notion of "A Dramatic Ring"—a convenient formula used by would-be playwrights to express the fact that the number of people who have talent and industry enough to write well for the stage is limited, and that they themselves are not, as yet at any rate, of the number. At the same time, it is certainly not more easy, and there is in the nature of things no reason why it should be, to get a first play produced than to get a first novel or volume of poems published. Mr. Moy Thomas, though "far from wishing to say that there is as much encouragement for untried authors as is desirable in the interests of the public," yet in the main agrees with the writers who have preceded him; but in his last sentences, which seem to us much to the point, he introduces a new suggestion. Mr. Neville's experience has naturally been much the same as Mr. Irving's. Mr. Burnand, in the characteristic and amusing paper which ends the discussion, hits what is certainly a blot in our present system, and it is to be hoped that his words will have effect. In the rest of the magazine we may note an excellent article by Mr. Joseph Knight on Mr. Toole, and an enthusiastic and pleasant article by Mrs. Boursot on "Richard Wagner's Mission."

Mr. Pascoe has not, perhaps, made the best use of the opportunities afforded him by the issue of a second edition of his *Dramatic List* (5), which is neither so correct nor so complete as we should like to see it. He has added more than a hundred names, and the incompleteness, of which he is conscious, is certainly not altogether his own fault. But it is odd, for instance, to find no mention either of Mr. Alfred Bishop or of Mr. Norman Forbes. Again, as the late Mr. John Parry is included in the appendix, it seems inconsistent that there should be not a word about Mr. Corney Grain in the bulk of the volume. From a notice of Mr. F. Cooper we are led to infer that Mr. Pascoe regards Laertes in *Hamlet* as a subordinate part. Some trifling but odd mistakes of fact have caught our eye, such as, for example, the statement that Mr. Clifford Cooper was the original Colonel Challice in *Alone*. Unless we are strangely mistaken, he was the original Stratton Strawless. But as long as the stage con-

(1) *Oxford: brief Historical and Descriptive Notes.* By Andrew Lang, M.A. With Etchings and Vignettes by A. Brunet-Debaines, H. Toussaint, and R. Kent Thomas. London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.

(2) *Memoranda on the Tragedy of Hamlet.* By J. O. Halliwell-Phillips, F.R.S., &c. London: Printed by J. E. Adlard.

(3) *The Era Almanack.* Conducted by Edward Ledger. London: 49 Wellington Street, Strand.

(4) *The Theatre: a Monthly Review of the Drama, Music, and the Fine Arts.* Edited by Clement Scott. London: Dickens & Evans.

(5) *The Dramatic List.* Edited by Charles E. Pascoe. Second Edition, revised and enlarged.

tinues to be a popular institution there will be a demand for such a compilation as Mr. Pascoe's, and probably he will find an opportunity of correcting what errors still remain in his work.

Miss Lushington's little story (6), which is founded on fact, is told with much grace and simplicity. Its tone is religious without being goody. Our only objection is to its conclusion, and it must be admitted that, from the author's point of view, there would be some obvious objections to any other ending.

Marion's Story (7) is written by a lady whose earlier works—simple Scottish tales—have earned a measure of well-deserved popularity, and who is now, we believe, in India. It "was originally written in aid of the Magdalen Asylum at Madras," and is published in an enlarged form "in the hope that it may interest a wider circle of readers." Unlike *Moray* and *Geordie's Tryst*, which were published before the author's marriage, *Marion's Story* is not intended for children; its purpose being one of warning and help to young women. Its subject is treated with scrupulous delicacy, and without the introduction or even the suggestion of any sense of vice or peril. The book is one which may usefully be placed in the hands of domestic servants and in the reading-rooms of shops and houses of business in which girls are employed. Its style is natural and graceful, and the delineation of character painstaking and true to experience.

The Chandos Classics (8) are capitally got up and printed. Some people will no doubt be shocked at the modernizing of Spenser's spelling, though it has been done with the utmost care to avoid any mutilation of the text. The question is in fact whether, in words which for the purposes of the metre can be spelt either way, the old or new spelling is the pleasanter to look at.

Mr. Evelyn Ashley has done well in preparing an edition in two volumes of his now well-known Life of Lord Palmerston (9), which was originally issued in five volumes. In the present edition some fresh letters and other new matter make their appearance.

The changes which have taken place since the publication of the fourth edition of Addison on Torts (10) have made it necessary for Mr. Cave in preparing a fifth edition to reconsider the system of arrangement previously adopted. He has among other changes relegated, for very sufficient reasons, the consideration of the rights and duties of bailors and bailees *inter se*, the duty of carriers in carrying goods, and the power of landlords to distrain for rent, to Addison's equally well-known work on Contracts.

Mr. Haynes's work (11) "owes its origin chiefly to the enactment in the Judicature Act 1875, to the effect that the former practice, where not inconsistent with the Acts or Rules of Court, may continue to be used in the High Court of Justice and in the Court of Appeal." Of course absolute knowledge of every detail of the new system cannot be expected, since, as Mr. Haynes observes, "considerable lack of uniformity and differences of opinion respecting some of the minor points of procedure exist in the various Offices and Chambers." Mr. Haynes's work fills a gap which till its appearance had existed, and will no doubt be of use both to students and practitioners.

As *remanets* from Christmas we have Mr. Ballantyne's story (12), which is told in his best manner, and *Only Five* (13), a pretty little child's story, with attractive illustrations.

The third volume of *The Hundred Greatest Men* (14), the first two volumes of which were noticed some time ago in a separate article, deals with religious heroes. It is divided into two parts. The first begins with Moses and ends with Mahomet; the second begins with St. Paul and ends with Wesley. The former of these has a preface by Professor Max Müller, while the second is introduced by M. Renan.

Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co., taking a hint from French publishers, have begun a series of parchment-bound volumes with a well-printed edition of *In Memoriam* (15). The attractiveness of the paper and print will not balance the great disadvantage found in the obstinate refusal of the pages to lie open. Herein lies a most unfortunate difference between the model and the copy. We fail altogether to see the appropriateness of placing an *eau forte* (after the late Mrs. Cameron's fine photograph) of the Laureate himself at the beginning of the volume.

It may be presumed from internal evidence that the author of *A Year's Cookery* is American (16). Such dishes as fried hominy and German sausage are not popular in England, nor is it desirable on sanitary grounds that the latter dish should be recommended to anybody. But a person with any knowledge of the subject may get a good many hints from Mrs. Browne's carefully-arranged volume.

Mr. Sandlands has succeeded in producing a book on the use of the voice in public speaking (17) which is at once sound in theory and written with plainness and common sense. A strange proof is given of how little the subject is understood or studied by those whose constant care it ought to be, in a passage towards the end of the volume. Mr. Sandlands has just set forth, in well-chosen words, a fact which ought to be well known to every person who is called upon to address an audience. This fact is that the student may have mastered the complicated mechanism of elocution perfectly, and still it may be said of him that "he is not yet an artist. The whole realm of thought—his own thought, as well as that embodied in language—lies before him, and his art consists in giving expression to it in real, living words." Mr. Sandlands goes on to say:—"This opinion, I know, will be at variance with that of many in authority. It will, I have no doubt, be the subject of ridicule." This, we confess, surprises us; but it must be presumed that Mr. Sandlands knows well what is the average amount of intelligence and interest given to this subject, and we can only hope that his valuable book will do something to make the standard higher. Of course no art can be learnt from books, but amongst English books that we have seen on this matter, Mr. Sandlands's is far the best. He is not only right practically in his conclusions, but he gives reasons for every one of them.

Messrs. Ward and Lock have brought out an illustrated edition of Whiston's *Josephus* (18). The print, though good, is distressingly small, and the volume is very unwieldy. It would surely have been better to divide it.

The Clarendon Press has issued a most convenient edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Grace Abounding*, and their author's relation of his imprisonment (19). Canon Venables has edited the volume, and furnished it with a biographical introduction and notes. His work has been done with complete care, judgment, and clearness.

Dr. Maudsley has given us, under the name of *The Pathology of Mind* (20), a third edition of the second part of the *Physiology and Pathology of Mind*, recast and enlarged. It is impossible to do justice in a short notice to a work of the value and importance of this volume, and we must be content, for the present at least, with merely noticing its appearance.

Messrs. Kent and Co. have produced a pocket Milton (21) in two tiny volumes, the printing of which is beautifully clear.

Mr. Barnard's illustrations of characters in *Pickwick* (22) are full of the force and invention which his pictures are apt to display. The "Jingle" is admirable in catching in one look and attitude all the characteristics, good and bad, of the man's nature; and the "Bill Sikes" has an almost appalling air of truthfulness. We have heard it objected to the "Sidney Carton" that it is too theatrical, which we take to mean that it is a finely dramatic illustration of a finely dramatic incident.

Mr. Marshall's name is in itself warrant enough for the excellence of the valuable book or pamphlet which he has produced under the name of *A Rule of Proportion* (23). The plan on which the work is constructed was set forth in a lecture delivered by Mr. Marshall some years ago at the Government School of Design in South Kensington.

The new and convenient edition of Colonel Lockhart's *Doubles and Quits* (24) will be greeted with pleasure by the many admirers of the author's singularly bright and pleasant style. But why should it have illustrations such as the wildest dreams after seeing the wildest pictures have never equalled? Who is Sylvestris, and will he ever do it again?

In the current number of the new *Tales from Blackwood* (25) the cleverest story is, we think, "Mrs. Beauchamp's Vengeance."

(6) *A Land and Sea Story.* By Ellen E. Lushington. London: Walter Smith.

(7) *Marion's Story.* By the Author of "Moray," "Geordie's Tryst," &c. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

(8) *The Chandos Classics.—Charles Lamb: Poems and Essays. Spenser: The Faëry Queen.* London: Warne & Co.

(9) *The Life and Correspondence of Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston.* By the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, M.P. 2 vols. London: Bentley.

(10) *Addison on the Law of Torts.* Fifth Edition. By L. W. Cave, Q.C. London: Stevens & Sons.

(11) *The Practice of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice and on Appeal therefrom.* By John F. Haynes, LL.D. London: Stevens & Sons.

(12) *Philosopher Jack: a Tale of the Southern Seas.* By R. M. Ballantyne. London: Nisbet & Co.

(13) *Only Five.* By Ismay Thorn. With Illustrations by T. Pym. London: Shaw & Co.

(14) *The Hundred Greatest Men.* Vol. III. Religion. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(15) *In Memoriam.* London: Kegan Paul & Co.

(16) *A Year's Cookery.* By Phillis Browne. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

(17) *The Voice and Public Speaking.* By J. P. Sandlands, Vicar of Brigstock. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

(18) *The Works of Flavius Josephus.* Translated by William Whiston. With 100 pages of Engravings. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

(19) *Clarendon Press Series.—Bunyan. The Pilgrim's Progress, Grace Abounding, and a Relation of his Imprisonment.* Edited, with Biographical Introduction and Notes, by Edmund Venables, M.A., Precentor and Canon of Lincoln. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

(20) *The Pathology of Mind.* By Henry Maudsley, M.D. London: Macmillan & Co.

(21) *The Poetical Works of John Milton.* 2 vols. London: Kent & Co.

(22) *Character Sketches from Dickens; being Facsimiles of Original Drawings by Fred. Barnard.* London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co.

(23) *A Rule of Proportion for the Human Figure.* By John Marshall, F.R.S. Illustrated by John S. Cuthbert. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

(24) *Doubles and Quits.* By Laurence W. M. Lockhart. With Twelve Illustrations by Sylvestris. New Edition. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons.

(25) *Tales from Blackwood.* No. XXI. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons.

Short's counsels and receipts can be thoroughly recommended (26). The author is orthodox on the subject of salads, and his directions are clear and concise.

The forty-second edition of that invaluable work *Burke's Peerage* (27) has made its appearance. Sir Bernard Burke notes in the course of a few prefatory words that in England "false assumptions can be at once detected, whereas in France, Germany, or Italy it is well-nigh impossible to determine who are and who are not entitled to titulary distinction." Readers of Mr. Hamerton's charming book *Round my House* will be reminded of his description of the various steps by which a Frenchman of untitled birth ennobles himself.

(26) *Breakfasts and Luncheons at Home.* By Short. London: Kirby & Endean.

(27) *Burke's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage.* London: Harrison.

The author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," requests us to state that the novel entitled "Dorcas" was written not by her, but by Miss Georgiana M. Craik.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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OF

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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THE COMING SESSION.

It is not easy to judge beforehand whether the Session is likely to begin with animated debates. The Ministers must necessarily stand on the defensive; and they will probably furnish in the Speech from the Throne harmless and useful occupation for Parliament in the time devoted to practical business. The orators of the Opposition, as distinguished from its responsible leaders, have throughout the recess and to the eve of the Session rather fanned the flame of their own wrath than nursed it to keep it warm. If they transfer their attacks from the platform to the House of Commons, they will perhaps feel the inconvenience of having said beforehand in the most exaggerated language all that they can repeat in the unwelcome presence of adversaries who will for the first time have an opportunity of answering them to their faces. They will scarcely find a hearing for the thrice-told tale of the alleged miscarriage of the Ministerial policy in Europe. Mr. GLADSTONE himself will hesitate before he appeals on the question of the Berlin Memorandum to a tribunal which has again and again given judgment against him. He has, indeed, of late more than once admitted that his accusations are directed as much against the House, in which he hopes at the election to reverse the majority, as against the Government which he was formerly in the habit of exclusively denouncing. His followers have dealt too boldly out of doors with the facts of the Eastern question to challenge correction by renewing their statements in the House. Sir W. HARCOURT will not embarrass the future Cabinet, of which, if it attains power, he will be a considerable member, by the levity of such assertions as that Austria is the gaoler of the Slav nationalities. An explanation of the failure of the Greek negotiation with Turkey will be required of the Government. With this exception, Parliament in its last Session will probably enjoy almost total exemption from the controversy which for two or three years engrossed its attention.

The Government will with better reason be required to explain and defend its colonial and Indian policy; but it may perhaps be necessary to decline the immediate discussion of questions which are not ripe for final decision. It is impossible to gratify the legitimate curiosity of Parliament without furnishing the same information to possible or actual enemies; and it is not desirable to force the Government into the disclosure of purposes which it may be hereafter necessary to modify. It would be especially inexpedient to elicit a Ministerial confirmation of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY'S announcement that the maintenance of English sovereignty in the Transvaal is irrevocable. There is reason to hope that any discussion which may take place on South African politics will not be a party struggle. The Opposition, and perhaps the Conservative party, will be subject to internal divisions. Mr. FORSTER and Mr. COURTNEY have already engaged in a preliminary skirmish on the retention of the Transvaal. The reports which have since arrived of the meeting of the Boers at Pretoria will supply additional arguments on either side. The odd menace of expulsion or social excommunication of the English inhabitants shows on one hand that the Dutch farmers are in earnest, but it also suggests the necessity of guarding the rest of the population against their possible use of absolute power. The debates which may arise in the House of Lords will be perhaps still more interesting. Lord CARNARVON must either vindicate the annexation of the Transvaal or admit an error for which he would be principally responsible. Lord KIMBERLEY on behalf of the late Government will not deny that he concurred in the policy of annexation, of which indeed Mr. COURTNEY was at the time the only active opponent in either House. It is not likely that Mr. GLADSTONE will repeat in Parliament his preposterous assertion that the Government has, through habitual antipathy to freedom, wantonly established despotic government in the Transvaal. Even the wildest animosity is sometimes checked by the knowledge that an outrageous charge will be refuted on the spot; and Mr. FORSTER may remind his impetuous colleague that there are some thousands of natives to be considered as well as the malcontent Boers. It is true that, as Mr. COURTNEY says, the argument founded on the rights of the natives is an afterthought, or a consideration arising since the time of annexation; but, although it may not have been the duty of the English Government to protect native inhabitants of a foreign possession, all persons who have even for a day been subjects of the English Crown may have acquired a right to protection.

It will perhaps be still more difficult to state the intentions of the Government on the more important question of Afghanistan. Whenever there is a war its political consequences must be more or less dependent on military success or failure. Disaffected and hesitating chiefs will wait anxiously for any declarations of the Government which may throw light on the comparative advantages to be gained by resistance or submission. It may not be desirable to inform the rulers of Herat whether they are to be attacked or left to themselves; and it may perhaps not even have been possible to decide on the relations which are to be established for the future between the Afghans and the Indian Government. It will be well to take the earliest opportunity of correcting the newspaper reports of wanton executions. The Government will scarcely be weak enough to surrender by any Parliamentary pledge the indispensable power of excluding military correspondents or of subjecting them to necessary control. One of the first communications which were allowed to pass when the censorship was withdrawn informed the enemy, truly or falsely, that Sir F. ROBERTS was in want of ammunition. The habit of furnishing full and interesting information is incompatible with patriotic reticence. The historical part of the Afghan controversy is almost as obsolete as the Berlin Memorandum. For practical purposes the policy of the Government begins with the arrival of the Russian Mission at Cabul, and the repulse of the English Mission from Ali Musjid. It will not even be easy to interest Parliament in the disputed question whether the refusal of the Afghan officer in charge was more or less courteously expressed. Mr. GLADSTONE characteristically describes Lord JOHN MANNERS'S opinion that there was cause for offence as a gross and flagrant falsehood; but allowance is always made for the language of uncontrollable passion. Notwithstanding the extravagant abuse of the Government by the more violent members of the Opposition, everything which has been done by the VICEROY since the first declaration of war has been justified by obvious political and military necessity. The advance of the army through the passes led to the Treaty of Gundamuk, which the Ministers rightly described at the time as a wholly successful result. Their adversaries have loudly exulted in the unfortunate events which followed; but they would

find it difficult to persuade Parliament either that peace ought not to have been made, or that the war ought not to have been resumed when the treaty was treacherously violated. On this and on other points the true line of defence of the Government is indicated in a singularly able speech, since published in the form of a pamphlet, which Mr. BALFOUR some time since addressed to a Conservative meeting at Edinburgh.

The financial business of the Session will not be unimportant, and it is understood that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will take an early opportunity of explaining his financial policy. The legislative energies of the Government will be best employed in passing the Criminal Code which the ATTORNEY-GENERAL unwillingly postponed in the last Session. Lay members will not view with favour the efforts of professional critics to prevent the introduction of a great and useful reform on the ground that it is not theoretically and minutely perfect. If the Bill is passed, with or without amendment, it will form an invaluable model for codes which may simplify more abstruse branches of the law. It is fortunate that the conduct of the Bill will be in the hands of an eminent lawyer who is thoroughly in earnest in his desire to pass it. All anticipations of Parliamentary proceedings in legislation or policy are unfortunately contingent on the ability of the House of Commons to exercise its functions. The Irish malignants have already threatened to impede or prevent the transaction of business until demands which they know to be impracticable are conceded by Parliament. It will of course be proper to pay serious attention to any measures which may be suggested for the relief of Irish distress; and it is not impossible that the Ministers may require a Bill of Indemnity for some of the remedies which they may have applied. Projects for exempting tenants from liability to rent, and for the wholesale conversion of occupiers into owners, though they cannot be seriously entertained, may probably serve as occasions for obstruction. The experience of late Sessions proves that efforts to render Parliamentary government impossible can neither be safely despised nor easily counteracted. The Ministers may perhaps derive some consolation for the annoyance which they will share with the House of Commons in the disgust and indignation which will be excited against the probable allies of the Liberal party at the next election. At Sheffield the Irish Home Rulers voted for a follower of Mr. GLADSTONE who had expressly rejected their overtures. Sir W. HARCOURT at Oxford paid significant compliments to the faction, which seems likely to resume its former political connexion. It may perhaps not be for the interest of candidates who rely on the Home Rule vote in English towns that the obstructives should immediately before the dissolution have made themselves universally odious.

THE DE FREYCINET MINISTRY.

M. DE FREYCINET'S Ministry will, to all appearance, be M. WADDINGTON'S, written a little larger. It will be quite as much distrusted by the extreme Left, and somewhat more distrusted by the Left Centre. By way of compensation, it will find a more decided support among the deputies of the advanced Left. Too much store, however, must not be set even on this gain, for the efforts that are being made to construct a homogeneous majority out of the advanced and the pure Left are said to be destined to failure, by reason of the unwillingness of the advanced Left to separate themselves definitively from the extreme Left. In that case, the new Ministry will run just the same risks as the Ministry it has displaced. It will continually have to be calculating whether the divisions known to exist among its adversaries will more than balance the divisions suspected to exist among its friends. It is not likely that it will be beaten by a direct vote; but, after recent experience, this prospect yields but scanty comfort. M. WADDINGTON was never beaten by a direct vote, but he had to leave office all the same.

The declaration which M. DE FREYCINET read in the Senate and in the Chamber of Deputies at the end of last week was framed on the principle of saying as little as possible that could compromise or commit its authors. The policy of the late Cabinet is to be carried out with an additional spice of vigour. There are to be rather more dismissals in the public offices, and the reactionary element in the magistracy is to be definitively got rid of. This is to be effected by a device which has the merit of not attacking the principle of irremovability. The judges are to hold their offices by the same tenure on which they hold them now; but the Government has suddenly discovered that there are a great many more judges than are wanted, and that, in deference to a sound economy, a certain number of them must at once be suppressed. The natural way to do this would be to appoint no more judges until successive deaths have brought down their numbers to the desired point. Inasmuch, however, as death cannot be trusted to take off Legitimists and Bonapartists and to leave Republicans alone, the process of reduction is to be undertaken by the Government. It must be supposed that by a fortunate coincidence the number of magistrates needed for the due administration of justice is identical with the number of magistrates whose political principles are of the right sort. When the cumberers of the ground have been got rid of, there will remain just as many vigorous young saplings as are needed to do the work of the courts. It will be curious if, before the end of the year, it should be found necessary to raise the staff to its old numbers. To get rid of a judge you dislike without trenching on the principle that judges hold office during good behaviour would be a triumph of political ingenuity, if it could be repeated whenever it is convenient. As a certain minimum allowance of judges is indispensable to the business of the country, the experiment is probably about to be tried for the first and last time. If its real object were the same as its professed object, its success might be less doubtful. To remove from the Bench any magistrates who allow their political sympathies to warp or colour their administration of justice would be easy enough; but there is no reason to suppose that so modest a measure would at all answer the purpose for which a purification is demanded. That purpose is probably the far more essential one of providing places for Republican seekers for office; and a judge's political antecedents must be remarkably pure if it cannot be shown that his post would be better filled by an advanced Republican. So powerful a bureaucracy as that of France will fight stoutly against the application of the American principle of dividing the spoils at the accession to office of each new Ministry; but, to all appearance, it will fight in vain.

The only question that can be said to divide public attention with the reconstitution of the civil service is the war which the new Cabinet seems resolved to wage with the Church. M. FERRY has introduced another Education Bill, which aims at rendering to elementary education, the same service that his former Bill proposed to render to superior education. The difficulties which this second scheme may encounter are of a more serious kind than those which await the Bill which has been made famous by its seventh clause. The Government propose to secure freedom for the higher education by the simple process of closing the schools which they dislike. Superior education is self-supporting. The parents pay for it; and, as for their own sakes they will wish their sons to have it, they may be trusted to pay for it in the State schools, provided that they can be prevented from paying for it in clerical schools. Elementary education, on the other hand, is not self-supporting, and if the question is left to the decision of the parents, there is not much doubt what their choice will be. If they are not allowed to send their children to such schools as they like, they will certainly not pay money to send them to schools which they do not like. A system of education which is to drive the Church out of the field must not be content with providing a lay school in every commune, or even with shutting up every clerical school. It must make attendance at the lay school compulsory; and, in order that the change shall not be dangerously unpopular, it must ensure that this compulsory attendance shall cost the parent nothing. It is a point of some interest to know in what way a scheme of this kind will affect the French taxpayers. On the one hand, the cost will be very great. Englishmen are feeling something of what the expense of education means, though with us compulsion is nothing like universal, and the schooling is in part paid for by the parents. In France compulsion is to be universal, and the parents are to pay nothing. Under this system it is safe to predict that that cheapness which Mr. ARNOLD not long since recommended to our imitation will quickly disappear, and the outlay per child will rapidly rise to those more magnifi-

cent proportions with which we are familiar in this country. It might seem that this is a change which so frugal a nation as the French will greatly dislike; but against the cost, which will certainly not please them, must be set one or two counter considerations. In the first place, the Bill will create a great number of new posts, and the active goodwill of expectant officials may go some way to make up for the passive dislike of the people who will have to find their salaries. In the next place, the French are accustomed to have a great deal done for them by the Government, and provided that they see and feel that something is being done, they may not be very keen to realize that it is being done for them at their own expense. In the present case they will see that their children are being educated for nothing; and to parents the benefit of this process, while it lasts, will greatly outweigh the loss they will sustain as taxpayers.

The Extreme Left seem likely to be gratified by the revival of a regulation dating from 1830, which directs the military authorities to address all officers as "Monsieur," with the title belonging to their professional rank. General FARRE, or one of his subordinates, has acted upon this rule, and directed a letter to "M. le Général d'AUMALE." This is a very small advance towards that true Republic under which he would be addressed as "General H. CAPET"; but still it is an advance, and as such the extreme Left are pleased and the advanced Left profess to be pleased. It may be taken for granted that men like M. GAMBETTA and M. DE FREYCINET are perfectly aware of the imprudence of alienating moderate politicians from the Republic by devices which only serve to show how many Frenchmen still set a value on titles of nobility. The Duke of AUMALE will be no sufferer by this official cancelling of his ordinary designation. Whether General FARRE calls him what the rest of the world call him, or revives a designation which will never be used outside the War Office, he will still be a great noble and a prince of the blood. But the fact that M. GAMBETTA and M. DE FREYCINET make themselves parties to petty insults of this kind is all the more significant because they cannot really approve of them. It shows the singular bondage to the extreme Left into which the French Government is falling; a bondage which has not even the advantage of entailing protection on the part of the master. The more the distinction between M. DE FREYCINET and such men as M. CLÉMENCEAU, M. BRISSON, or M. MADIER DE MONTJAU—who is now one of the Questors of the Chamber of Deputies—is accentuated the more persistently the extreme Left will ask, Why do we govern France by our agents? if these men are only our servants, let us send them about their business and do the work ourselves.

PLAIN WHIG PRINCIPLES.

A SOLEMN protest in the *Edinburgh Review* on behalf of "plain Whig principles" is unintentionally amusing and indirectly instructive. The moderate Liberals, some of whom perhaps still call themselves Whigs, are with good reason alarmed and offended by the violence of Mr. GLADSTONE and his congenial followers. Sooner or later they will be compelled either to swallow their conscientious scruples or to secede from a party which threatens to become revolutionary. In the meantime, a writer who represents the most ancient and orthodox section of their body only calls attention to the weakness of the Whigs when he endeavours to reassert their ancient supremacy. Although it is certain that the progress of democracy can only be arrested, if at all, by the union of those who wish to maintain the existing Constitution, the *Edinburgh* Reviewer anxiously repels the alliance of the former adversaries of his party. On the issue which will decide the general election he echoes with servile imitation the phrases of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. It is not long since the *Edinburgh Review* denounced with argumentative vigour the Bulgarian agitation and the support which was given by violent Liberals to Russian aggression. It appears that plain Whig principles now include apprehension of personal government, and objection to an imaginary policy which is called Imperialism. If plain Whigs are really opposed to the foreign policy of the present Government, their co-operation with the Radicals will not be less welcome because they are not reconciled to the Birmingham form of government, or to the abolition of the Establishment. The article begins with a quotation from a letter in which Lord RUSSELL, then far advanced in years, foretold the reconstitution of the Liberal party on Whig principles. It is interesting, but not surprising, to find that the typical representative of the party still recited in the decline of his faculties the formula which had served him for a creed through life. Unfortunately there is no indication of any revival of the Whig organization. The Duke of SOMERSET, long known as one of the ablest of the Whig aristocracy, has lately published a confession of political despair; and the younger members of the party are content to exchange the influence of rank and title for the permission of Liberal election managers to represent the opinions of Radical constituencies. If Mr. FITZWILLIAM shares the opinions of the head of his family, he must differ from his intended colleague on almost every question of foreign and domestic policy. The Whig candidate is more likely to be drawn into the current of political change than the Radical to be hampered by the scruples of the Whigs.

The Whigs, when they existed, were often and justly compared to the Left Centre of French Assemblies. A long quotation in the *Review* from one of Mr. BRODRICK's valuable pamphlets contains the statement that in France "the "Extreme Left has proved itself greatly inferior to the "Left Centre in the higher political virtues." He adds that Mr. GOSCHEN, Mr. CHILDERS, Mr. FORSTER, and Mr. STANSFELD belong to the English Left Centre, and that "to drive them into becoming the left wing of the "Right Centre would be an act of political suicide worthy "only of Spanish revolutionists." It is unnecessary to inquire whether Mr. FORSTER and Mr. STANSFELD are properly classified as belonging to the English Left Centre. There is at present no question of excluding from the Liberal party those who share their opinions. Even the Whigs are for the moment tolerated, if they consent, with the *Edinburgh* Reviewer, to pronounce the shibboleth of Imperialism and turbulent foreign policy. As soon as they attempt to assert their independence, they will be repudiated by their Liberal allies. In the days of LOUIS PHILIPPE it was a commonplace saying that France was Left Centre. A modified form of the same doctrine was at a later period propounded by M. THIERS when he declared that the Republic was the form of government which divided Frenchmen the least. The Left Centre, with its political virtues, is now relegated into insignificance, after governing France for a year. The Republic, instead of uniting parties, has both multiplied factions and rendered them more utterly intolerant of one another. Extreme democracy is advancing with rapid strides; and successive Ministers struggle in vain to check, by alternate resistance and compliance, the irresistible pressure which urges them forward. The great difference between the two countries is that there is still in England a Conservative party which has not, as in France, retired in hopelessness from the political conflict. Plain Whigs and Moderate Liberals cannot dispense with the aid of the rank and file of the constituencies. Their political virtues will not avail them at elections. They have hitherto allowed themselves to be directed by the extreme members of the party; and if they ultimately rebel against their imperious associates, they must look for support in some other quarter. It unfortunately happens that almost all moderate Liberals belong to the educated classes, and that they are therefore a fraction of a small minority. Demagogues not unfrequently affect to deny their existence, because their numerical strength bears no proportion to their moral and intellectual superiority.

While the Left still recognizes its Centre, it is for party purposes extremely convenient to appeal to the constituencies on questions of foreign policy which would have been little understood even if they had not been obscured by violence and misrepresentation. The purist of the *Edinburgh* is apparently ready to vote for candidates who will repeat the popular clamour against the Berlin Treaty and the Afghan war. Those who agree with him well know that the questions in dispute have little or nothing to do with political principles; but a majority returned to support Mr. GLADSTONE's views on foreign politics would survive to render practicable the revolutionary changes which he has at various times threatened. The introduction of universal suffrage, the destruction of the Established Church, instalments of Home Rule, and perhaps the com-

pulsory expropriation of landowners would be practical, if not logical, consequences of a decision that the Afghan war was unnecessary. It may be that, as the *Edinburgh* Reviewer asserts, the Church of England is in no danger from the Whigs; but the danger which impends over the Scotch Establishment commenced with Lord HARTINGTON'S wanton declaration. The Whig leader of the Radicals at the same time announced that he would not be deterred from an attack on the Scotch Establishment by any consideration of the effect which might be produced on the Church of England.

The advocate of plain Whig principles evidently believes, not without reason, that Mr. GLADSTONE is the most formidable opponent of his opinions and of the party to which he imagines himself to belong; yet, by way of conciliating the evil influence, he actually expresses a hope that Mr. GLADSTONE will be the next Chancellor of the Exchequer. A Prime Minister of moderate opinions, with the revolutionary leader under his nominal command, would occupy a ridiculous and helpless position. Mr. GLADSTONE has always, and especially in his late speeches, either of set purpose or through imperfect appreciation of logical distinctions, confused politics with finance, as when he declared that the *Alabama* payment was an extraordinary charge, but that the cost of preparations against Russia was a burden properly belonging to the year in which it was incurred. From the vantage ground of the Exchequer Mr. GLADSTONE would dictate to his unequal colleagues their domestic and especially their foreign policy, on the ground that all measures must be considered with reference to their cost. He has always inclined to follow the example of PERCEVAL, who attempted to put Lord WELLINGTON on an allowance, which he was not to exceed, in the conduct of the Peninsular war. Should Mr. GLADSTONE take office in a Government which, if it is formed, will owe its existence to his efforts, he ought to be its chief in name as well as in reality. Three or four years of his administration, which would be directed to the overthrow of the principal institutions of the country, would, whatever other results might follow, put an end to plain Whig principles, and especially to the principle of the divine right of the Whig aristocracy. The decay or extinction of a great historical party is greatly to be regretted; but it is useless to rely on forces which have become obsolete. The epitaph of the party is contained in the Duke of SOMERSET'S exposition of the doctrine of political pessimism. The utility of his book may be reasonably questioned; but some critics will feel a certain sympathy with a writer who appears to have no object except to say what he thinks. Some men of ability speak and write with the object of securing partners in their discontent. If the Duke of SOMERSET is troubled with disagreeable reflections, he is apparently not unwilling that his readers should share his dissatisfaction with limited monarchy, with public meetings, and with democracy.

BIRMINGHAM LIBERALS.

THE inhabitants of Birmingham know their own business best, though strangers might have supposed that no community was less in want of a new Liberal Club. The town is already club-ridden in all its political and municipal affairs; for, by dint of careful organization, the numerical majority effectually excludes the most wealthy and most highly educated part of the population from any share in the management of the common interests. In that happy place taxation and representation are wholly separated. Probably the object of instituting a new Liberal Club is to divide society, in private as in public, into two separate and unfriendly classes. Even in London there is only room for two or three political clubs, while in provincial towns merchants and manufacturers, and residents in the adjoining districts, find it convenient to meet one another as neighbours rather than as partisans. The dominant party at Birmingham, preferring that faction should affect all the relations of life, are perfectly entitled to seclude themselves from all society in which they could learn anything new. To cultivate prejudice and to avoid all risk of instruction is to ordinary minds a condition of that part of happiness which depends on self-complacency. To a body of steady believers in party no opening ceremony could be more acceptable than the delivery of such speeches as those which might be anticipated from Sir W. HARCOURT and Mr. BRIGHT at the dinner of last Tuesday. The orators of the day were in the highest degree unlike one another; and among them they represented with perfect fidelity the tastes and sentiments of Birmingham politicians.

The first speaker probably regards local organization as a serviceable instrument in the great task to which he devotes his energies with an entire absence of fanaticism. Sir W. HARCOURT could not but approve of an institution which might facilitate the management of elections, unless indeed he reflected that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his Liberal Association are more than competent to do all the party work which can be needed at Birmingham. Independently, however, of political considerations, it might be worth while to belong to a Liberal Club if the subscription entitled members to the privilege of hearing many speeches as brilliantly amusing as Sir W. HARCOURT'S. His epigrams were never more sparkling, nor his gaiety more unflagging. It is satisfactory to be assured that one at least of the leaders of Opposition is not in the smallest degree depressed by the complicated misfortunes which have followed and illustrated the unprecedented crimes and follies of the Government. If a figure of speech may be borrowed from an orator who can well spare materials of plagiarism, the Liberal orators have two bogeys in the domestic and foreign policy which they incessantly denounce; but Sir W. HARCOURT does not seriously affect to be frightened by either spectre. He indeed anticipates with pleasure the opportunity of proving that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, or, in other words, the country, is in a bad financial condition; and he reached the climax of hilarity when he quoted from a newspaper correspondent a lugubrious statement of the difficulties encountered by the English army in Afghanistan. There was a certain want of skill in the confession made in the latter part of the speech that the orator had been, as he professed, unconsciously jocular. Humour, said Sir W. HARCOURT, is the juxtaposition of incongruous ideas, and it necessarily arises from a comparison of the performance of the Government with its pretensions. "No doubt nothing "can be more incongruous than that; but then the "humour of the situation is their creation and not mine." SHAKSPEARE'S jesters were familiar with the trick of attributing to the objects of their ridicule the merit of their own satirical humour. The fool offered King LEAR his bauble, on the ground that in giving away his kingdom he was the greater fool of the two. It would, for rhetorical purposes, have been better to affect unbroken gravity than to have made an apology for witty buoyancy of spirit; but, unless the Liberals of Birmingham have become dull under the constant pressure of political agitation, they will not have been disposed to criticize the liveliest and pleasantest of recent public speeches.

Mr. BRIGHT, though he also has great command of humour, only indulged in a few incidental sarcasms. The most remarkable quality in his speech was the freshness which he contrived to impart to the fiftieth or hundredth repetition of his well-known discourse on the past merits and achievements of the Liberal party. It cannot be denied that the topic was suited to the occasion, for the members of the Liberal Club might properly wish to be persuaded, if they were not fully convinced already, that the party which they propose to cement by additional ties has in former years done invaluable and exclusive service to the country. As almost all of them must have heard Mr. BRIGHT'S former speeches, they probably welcomed the mention of the Test Act and of Catholic Emancipation with the pleasure which a dramatic audience finds in the production by a favourite actor of his familiar points. There is after fifty years not much difference of opinion as to the justice and expediency of having removed an offensive disqualification imposed on the members of one particular sect; but, if modern Liberals would reflect on their own subsequent conduct, they might begin, in spite of Mr. BRIGHT, to suspect that the laws against Roman Catholics were not exclusively maintained by the prejudices of a bigoted aristocracy. Since the repeal of Catholic disabilities, and more especially since the so-called Papal Aggression, it has been almost impossible for a Roman Catholic to enter the House of Commons as representative of any constituency in Great Britain. Lord EDWARD HOWARD sat for the family borough of Arundel until it was disfranchised; and the popularity of Sir JOHN SIMEON in the Isle of Wight prevailed for a time against religious prejudice; but there

have been but one or two other exceptions to the practical continuance of the disability which was thought to have been removed in 1829. After the Test Act and the Emancipation Act, M. BRIGHT's audience expected with just confidence the usual quotation of the Duke of WELLINGTON's rash expression of his simple belief in the absolute perfection of the Constitution as it then existed. CANNING had repeatedly said the same thing in more ornate language without forfeiting the confidence of many who are still counted as Liberals. The DUKE displayed a want of judgment and foresight in failing to discern the change of opinion which had been for some time proceeding, and which was suddenly accelerated by the French Revolution of 1830. Whether his undoubted liability to error is at the present day very instructive may reasonably be doubted. It is known that the Duke of WELLINGTON was not even aware, until he was surprised by the remonstrances of his friends, that he had said anything remarkable or imprudent. All the Tories and nearly all the Whigs had held the same belief during all his political life; and he had sincerely shared the common opinion. The inference from his miscalculation is that political changes are sometimes desirable, and not seldom unavoidable. That change is always expedient is a much more questionable generalization, though it is suggested by Mr. BRIGHT.

Sir W. HARCOURT, who accurately describes himself as a moderate Liberal, announced with an affectation of cheerful surprise that he was not frightened by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. He is probably still less suspicious of any revolutionary tendencies in Mr. BRIGHT. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN himself confirmed the statement that the Liberal party is for the present united; and indeed the common ground of action is admirably simple, inasmuch as it consists in a determination to turn the present Government out of office. Mr. GRANT DUFF, speaking on the same day, protested against the demand that the Opposition should propound any policy of their own; yet it is a question of some interest whether a Liberal Government will represent the policy of Sir W. HARCOURT or of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. It is not a sufficient answer to reasonable inquiries that Lord GRANVILLE is personally responsible for the foreign policy of the Liberal party. Lord GRANVILLE has never pledged himself to the proposition that the complications which have arisen in Eastern Europe or in Asia could have been avoided. If he succeeded to the administration of affairs, he would probably abstain as far as possible from action in Turkey, and he would, like the present Government, prosecute the war in Afghanistan exclusively for the purpose of obtaining a safe and honourable peace. The differences of parties on foreign politics are essentially occasional and transitory. There is nothing Conservative and nothing Liberal in the Afghan war; but the largest political issues are raised by Mr. GLADSTONE and by the extreme section of the party. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, with perfect fairness, reserved to himself the right of obtaining proselytes to his own advanced doctrines. He will not rely entirely on his powers of persuasion. The Liberal Associations which are spread over the kingdom will, if they succeed, effect a more organic change in the Constitution than any of the measures which were recapitulated by Mr. BRIGHT.

DEMOCRACY IN VICTORIA.

MR. BERRY seems no longer to hold that supreme and unquestioned position in the Victorian democracy which he attributed to himself when in England. He has not secured an absolute majority for his Reform Bill even in the Legislative Assembly, which had been supposed to be entirely under his control, and he has now appealed to the constituencies to say whether they are prepared to force the proposed new Constitution down the throats of the Legislative Council. The result of the election will be a very fair test of the common sense of the electors. That they should desire a reform of the Constitution is natural enough. They have to wear the shoe, and it is for them to say whether and where it pinches. The difference between wisdom and folly in controversies of this kind is not merely that the wise man proposes wise changes, and the foolish man foolish changes. It lies in this more perhaps than in anything else, that the wise man sees when there are more ways than one of getting his object, and chooses out of them the way that is likely to irritate his opponents the least. Mr. BERRY has taken the very opposite course to this. He has apparently framed his Reform Bill on the simple plan of putting into it everything which the Legislative Council would most like to keep out of it. It is hardly denied, even by the most obstructive members of the Council, that some modification of their powers is demanded by the circumstances of the colony. The Upper House of the Victorian Legislature now wields powers greatly exceeding those which are wielded by the English House of Lords. Both these bodies possess the theoretical right of rejecting any measure that the Lower House may send up to them. The difference is that in one this right is waived, while in the other it is exercised. As soon as the House of Lords has satisfied itself that the House of Commons has determined that a particular Bill ought to pass, and that it is supported in this determination by the constituencies, the House of Lords takes care to give way. Had the Council of Victoria been equally well advised, no serious quarrel need have arisen; and had Mr. BERRY confined himself to discussing remedies for this inconvenience, no one could reasonably have blamed him. The utmost that a Second Chamber can profitably aim at accomplishing is to give the public time to see the real meaning of the measures which the popular Chamber wishes to see adopted. Its veto, to be useful, must be in fact, whatever it may be in name, a purely suspensive veto. Provided that this limitation is well understood, it is probably better that it should not be expressed in the Constitution. There are changes which people do not care enough about to force them in the face of a possible quarrel between the two branches of the Legislature, though they would insist on them if there were any legal means of over-riding the vote of the Upper House. If however, this limitation is not properly understood, there may be nothing for it but to put it into words. Mr. BERRY contends that this necessity has now arisen in Victoria, and, whether he be right or wrong in thinking so, it is not a point upon which the judgment of home observers is likely to be worth much. But the manner in which Mr. BERRY has framed his Reform Bill is a point upon which every man may have an opinion. The proposed resort to a *plébiscite*, the substitution of a nominee for an elective Council, and the denial to the Council of any voice in the expenditure of public money, are points which, quite apart from their own intrinsic demerits, are objectionable as being needlessly revolutionary. The weak point in the present Constitution is the absence of any provision for settling in the last resort differences between the two branches of the Legislature. In order to remedy this, Mr. BERRY is determined to destroy Parliamentary government. If the Victorian electors have any political aptitude, they will decline to blow up the house in order to make a door through a particular piece of wall.

Mr. BERRY and his colleagues are evidently suffering the usual evils of prolonged political excitement. When a Prime Minister allows himself to talk about bringing a considerable branch of the Legislature "under the heel of "authority," he has either lost his temper or thinks it expedient to pretend to have lost it. Speeches of this kind either defeat their professed purpose or go immensely beyond it. If the electors of Victoria are less Radical than Mr. BERRY thinks them, they will prefer to entrust the negotiations for constitutional reform to a Minister who is a little less committed to the rejection of everything short of the whole loaf. If their Radicalism fully comes up to Mr. BERRY's calculations, it may not be long before some younger demagogue begins to talk of bringing Mr. BERRY himself under the heel of the authority which he has invoked. The people of Victoria will display an ignorant patience of taxation which would shock Mr. GLADSTONE if they support a Government which declares that what it wants "is to get at the public purse in a free, "easy, and accessible manner." A more candid admission of a desire to have a finger in other people's pockets has seldom been made. No doubt in Victoria, as elsewhere, there is a section of the community which would like to feel, with another Minister, that they have their hands on the throat of capital. But capital is quickly gained in the Australian colonies; and it is possible that Mr. BERRY has underrated the hostility of the men who look forward to becoming wealthy to legislation which would aim at giving their riches wings.

The Legislative Council have now an opportunity of showing that the lessons of the last twelve months have

not been lost upon them. The leader of the Conservatives in the Assembly has indicated what, in his judgment, would be a reasonable settlement of the questions in dispute between the two Chambers. He would first diminish the probability of a dead-lock, by making the Council a more popular body; and he would meet the possible failure of this expedient by a provision that when, after a dissolution of both Houses, no arrangement could be come to between them, the questions at issue should be decided by a joint vote. In this way the wishes of the popular House would be sure to be carried out, unless the majority in their favour were too small to overcome the opposite majority in the Upper House. It is safe to say that the community would not suffer if a change which failed to command this amount of popular support had to stand over until a larger proportion of the public were convinced of its necessity. The wisdom of the Legislative Council would now be shown in publishing as widely as possible their readiness to accept a Reform Bill of this kind. Whatever there is of moderation or good sense in the colony will thus be enlisted on their side. Mr. Berry cannot deny that this plan would perfectly answer the professed purpose of his Reform Bill; and if he has another and unexpressed motive for bringing forward that singular measure, it is well that he should be compelled to avow it. The Council cannot oppose him so effectually as by letting their own moderation be known of all men. In proportion as the impression that the Council is bent upon retaining the absolute veto which it now has lingers in the minds of the electors, the electors will be disposed to give Mr. Berry the support he asks for; and the more complete that support is, the more difficult it will be to offer any effectual resistance to the constitutional revolution he wishes to bring about. The way to disabuse the electors of any such notion is to repeat, until they are tired of hearing it, that the Council is ready to concede all that is needed to enable the work of legislation to go on smoothly.

THRIFT AND CONSOLS.

The events which have of late kept Lord Derby apart from the ordinary course of political conflict are adding very materially to the list of really good non-political speeches. For the most part, good speeches of this kind are rare. Eloquent men seldom condescend to make them; men who are not eloquent make speeches indeed, but hardly good ones. Lord Derby, whether he is dealing with politics or with any other subject, is not eloquent, but he never makes a bad speech. What he has to say is always excellent—always to the purpose, and precisely expressing the particular shade of meaning he wishes to express. It is really a social benefit to have Lord Derby's powers turned for a time to commercial and economical subjects. He may not always be right in his conclusions—as, for example, when the other day at Huddersfield he unduly depreciated the value of our export trade; but he is always right in his method—always careful, that is to say, to present the really important sides of the subject to his hearers and to send them away with some idea which may bear fruit later on. His speech at Liverpool the other day showed this latter quality in a curiously subtle way. Lord Derby, though he is for the moment unconnected with either political party, has been in this position but a short time, and is not likely to remain in it long. He cannot, therefore, criticize with much freedom acts or omissions of the Conservative Government to which he himself was, in a sense, a party during the years in which he was last in office; and he is probably as unwilling to speak positively of what a Liberal Government ought to do as though he were already a member of Her Majesty's Opposition.

But for this he would no doubt have given a more precise application to his remarks about the distribution of the National Debt and the limitation of deposits in Post Office Savings Banks. What he did say on these subjects pointed very plainly in a particular direction, but he did not state in so many words what this direction was. Indeed he even went out of his way to conceal it. He sees no reason why Savings Banks—it is to be presumed that he is referring to Post Office Savings Banks, as there is a very sufficient reason as regards banks under trustees—should be so closely tied down, both with reference to the amount which any one depositor may hold in them and to the amount which any one depositor may pay in during a year. The two objections usually made to an increase in these respects seem to him of no weight. Savings Banks will never interfere with the business of ordinary banks; and, if they did, why should the State secure ordinary banks a monopoly which would not come to them if people were left perfectly free to place their savings where they like? Nor is he impressed by the danger that, if the State held so much money at call, all the world might wish to draw out their deposits at the same time, and then the State would not have the means of paying them. Lord Derby might have instanced the light which the recent depression has thrown upon this imaginary danger. In England a run upon the State would never be caused by any doubt as to the solvency of the State. It would always be the result of a depression so general and long-continued that no one would have any money to leave in the Savings Banks. If there had been anything in this latter apprehension, some trace of it would have been seen during the last year. The depression which began to pass away in 1879 had been of almost unexampled length, and if ever there was a time when Savings Bank accounts would be likely to show a check in the growth of deposits it is the present. Wages have been low, work has been slack, and as there has been no very large increase of pauperism, the working classes must to a considerable extent have been living upon what they have laid by. Yet the Liverpool Penny Savings Bank Association held at the end of 1879 36,000*l.* more than they held at the end of 1878, and the number of accounts open was increased by 1,700. Probably this is the experience of almost all Savings Banks; and, if so, it suggests, what we believe to be true, that with many people hard times have been treated simply as a motive for more than common economy. People who have not hitherto thought much about laying by money are forced to think of it then. People who have not hitherto thought much about their savings get anxious, and try, perhaps for the first time, to get a little beforehand with the world. For each man who is forced to draw out his savings there is one who strives harder than ever to keep them untouched, or another who is startled into opening an account.

There being no force in the reasons commonly given for keeping down the amount of deposits, there is in Lord Derby's opinion very great force in the commonplace that the more people you interest in keeping things quiet the safer the social system would be. If Lord Derby had meant no conclusion to be drawn from this beyond the propriety of allowing a depositor to hold 500*l.* in all, and to deposit 100*l.* in the course of the year, he would not have spoken the next sentence. "It is rather a trouble-"some business for a poor man who does not employ "a banker to buy into the funds." Undoubtedly it is rather a troublesome business—so troublesome that no poor man is ever likely to make the attempt. But why should it be made troublesome? What is there to prevent Post Offices—or, say, to begin with, the principal Post Office in every town—from receiving small sums of money for investment in Consols? The cost of brokerage, if the existing Post Office servants were the brokers, would be exceedingly small, and, whatever it was, it could be paid by stamps, and be made to include the cost of paying the dividends when the depositor did not prefer to leave them to accumulate. All the advantages that can flow from an extension of the system of Post Office Savings Banks would follow with still greater certainty from the extension of the holding of Consols. The sense of dignity given to the investor—and, by consequence, the sense of participation in the national well-being—would be very much greater, and it would extend to a class which at present is very little affected by appeals of this kind. There are people who are a little above putting money in a Savings Bank, and who, when they have any savings, like to think that they are invested in securities of the same kind as those in which the savings of richer men are invested. They have no opportunity of buying Consols, and the consequence is that they often fall a prey to some high-sounding and fairly promising concern which is perfectly ready to take their money in whatever way is most convenient to them. If they could invest it in Consols with no more trouble, they would in many cases be quite willing to do so. The superiority of Government security is not unappreciated by any class in the community; it is when they

have to decide between private securities, all professedly offering the same prospect of repayment, and only differing in the amount of interest, that the risk of being led astray becomes so great.

What is there to prevent the means of investing money securely from being brought to everybody's door? It has been done in France, and done with most excellent results. That the opportunity would be used if it were offered cannot be doubted. The statistics of Savings Banks deposits are conclusive on this point. No doubt there are a considerable number of depositors in Savings Banks who look upon their deposits as something in the nature of a current account, and draw out and pay in with a frequency which could not be applied to the purchase and sale of Consols. But, on the other hand, there are large numbers of depositors who treat their savings strictly as an investment for old age or accident, and to whom Consols would answer all the purposes of a Savings Bank. When to these are added the class which does not use Savings Banks, but might, and probably would, buy Consols, the number of probable investors becomes large enough to satisfy the most exacting Chancellor of the Exchequer. Why is it that even Lord DERBY seems unwilling to say that the purchase of small sums of Government stock ought to be made as easy as the obtaining a Post Office order? Whatever may be his reason for not putting it into words, there can be no question that this is the obvious moral of his speech. In the Conference on Thrift which is to be held next week at the Mansion-house it is to be hoped that this important side of the subject will not be passed over.

PRIVATE LUNATIC ASYLUMS.

THE South London District of the Metropolitan Counties Branch of the British Medical Association is a body which cannot be complimented upon possessing an elegant title, but it was engaged last Wednesday night in the discussion of a subject of very great public importance. In a meeting, held appropriately enough at Bethlehem Hospital, Dr. BUCKNILL, who is known as an active theorizer as well as a practical expert in the matter of mental diseases, brought the subject of private lunatic asylums before his fellow-members of the Association. The Lunacy Laws have always been a much-debated subject, and not a few cases of late have served to turn public attention once more to them. The propriety and sufficiency of the regulations actually in force have of themselves afforded matter for controversy sufficiently warm. But there has lately been added a considerable suspicion as to the actual observance of these provisions. In a famous case which was heard immediately before and immediately after the Long Vacation, the Judge noticed, and expressed his displeasure at noticing, that the legal formalities of the medical examination had been by no means punctiliously observed. This very week another case has been heard and decided which shows how easy it is to elude even the not very stringent provisions which at present limit the power of incarceration. A person was charged with receiving lunatics as "hysterical patients," and the charge was held to be proved, though no actual misconduct appears to have taken place. Such facts as these, and others which are constantly occurring, serve to keep up the indefinite feeling of uneasiness which exists on the subject. No sensible person supposes that the practices of brutal ill-treatment of lunatics, or of wrongful incarceration of sane people from interested motives, exist on any great scale. But it is felt that, as the law stands, there is not sufficient safeguard against the occurrence of such things, though it may be only in rare and isolated cases.

Dr. BUCKNILL's address was devoted chiefly to the subject of private asylums, the question of certification, which is perhaps of even more practical importance, being dismissed as too large for immediate handling. The speaker took very high ground in his condemnation of the institutions he attacked. He asked his audience whether they considered it right "that diseased and helpless persons should "be confined in asylums for the profit of individuals." As the audience seems to have consisted in no small proportion of the proprietors of such asylums, it is not surprising that several of them declined to give the expected answer to the question. Speaker after speaker rose and objected. One gentleman went so far as to say that there was no such a thing nowadays as the detention of sane people in lunatic asylums. Another protested against "clap-"trap and scurrilous articles" on the subject. But, though the discussion excited so much interest that it was adjourned to admit of more thorough treatment, it does not seem that any one really attempted to examine Dr. BUCKNILL's proposals. These were sweeping enough. The entire abolition of private asylums, the consolidation of all power over lunatics in the hands of the Local Government Board for paupers, and of the Lord Chancellor for persons of property, were some of the demands of this thoroughgoing reformer. Unfortunately his suggestions seem to have been not a little tainted with the spirit of over-generalization by which thoroughgoing reformers are not seldom led astray. We have quoted one of his phrases; here is another:—"It might be very con-"venient to the Commissioners that lunatics should be "gathered together in large herds or groups, but it was "not to the advantage of any one except the cus-"todians." Here we have evidently got into quite a different region from that of the axiom that no private individual ought to make profit out of diseased and helpless persons. This latter, if it is to be taken as having any weight at all, simply means that not only the function of guarding lunatics, but all sorts of other functions, must be taken up by Government. We must abolish private schools, private hospitals, private legal and medical practitioners, and so forth. Reforms urged on principles of this kind are not likely to find wide acceptance; and, had the private asylum keepers been wise, they would have rejoiced to see their enemy adopting such a line of argument. As for the other remark, about lunatics in herds, it seems to be founded on some theory of the treatment of the insane for which we doubt not that Dr. BUCKNILL has plenty to say, but which is evidently a matter for expert argument, and can hardly, as thus enunciated, be considered a valuable contribution to the general discussion of the question. If it means anything, it is as decisive against the large public asylums, of which most people approve, as against the large private asylums, of which many people disapprove. It may, in short, be taken as pretty certain that, if the question of reform is to be successfully approached, it must be approached in a different spirit from this.

We do not see that it is at all necessary to make the question purely or mainly one of private asylums *versus* public. The former institutions have indeed certain obvious drawbacks, which the protests to which we have referred by no means explain away. Their existence is, to a certain extent, a survival of the old barbarous practice of "begging fools" of the Crown, and the fact that the interests of their proprietors are directly concerned in detaining their unfortunate guests cannot be ignored or pooh-poohed. But, on the other hand, private asylums are undoubtedly in many cases a blessing both to sensitive patients and to sensitive relations of patients. They admit perhaps of greater individual care than large public institutions, while they are certainly not likely to be supplanted by a large number of small public institutions which would be infinitely costly. The possibility, moreover, of eluding judicious and frequent inspection is, or ought to be, very small. But the great point of importance is that no person shall be sent to these establishments or to any establishments who is not a lunatic, and it is this point upon which at present public opinion is dissatisfied. It is a truism (though one the truth of which the proprietors of lunatic asylums are naturally loth to admit) that with a large class of persons to send them to a madhouse is to ensure that in a very short time they shall be genuinely mad. How to obviate this danger is the *crux*. The problem has at present been solved in a sufficiently English fashion by avoiding its solution altogether. The present system of certification is about as rational, and may be as effective, as the application of Mr. Justice BRIDLEGOOSE's system of dice-throwing would be. Even the emendations in it proposed by the Lunacy Commissioners leave it much as they found it. The mere fact of a man being a doctor in actual practice does not of necessity prove him to possess any acquaintance with the subtle and terrible phenomena of mental disease. On the other hand, justly or unjustly, the lay public have got it into their heads that professional "mad doctors" are not much more to be trusted than the ordinary practitioner whose experience is confined for the most part to whooping-cough and broken heads. The only person who would be really satisfactory as an arbiter of the

liberty or imprisonment of his fellows would be the ideal *Phronimos* of the Greek philosophers, the practically wise man who has neither theories nor prejudices. Unfortunately it is not easy to put one's hand on a few hundred or thousand of such persons at a moment's notice. We have, however, before pointed out that the appointment of official examiners for the purpose of certification would secure at least a reasonable chance of good administration. Despite the very natural outcry of the private lunatic asylum keepers, it is impossible not to feel that what has to be guarded against is much more the interest which in this case may lead a man to do wrong knowingly than the ignorance which may lead him unwittingly into error. In the case of pauper lunatics the eagerness of relations to rid themselves of an expense and a trouble is balanced by the professional interest of the administrators in keeping down expenditure. There is no such balance in the case of lunatics of a higher class. Nor did Dr. BUCKNILL speak a whit too strongly when he said that the deprivation of the liberty of any of the QUEEN's subjects was an affair for the State alone. Unfortunately this truth is fully recognized in theory already, though it is singularly blinked in practice. The certificate, the licensing of asylums, the inspection of them, all vindicate the position of the State amply as far as theory goes. Nor do private asylums of themselves at all infringe this right. The State, with due precautions, chooses to transfer its captives to certain persons, and the only thing to be contended for is that the precautions should be sufficient and that they should be observed. At present it is by no means certain that they are observed, and it is quite certain that they are far from sufficient. It would therefore seem more reasonable that the advocates of lunacy law reform should concentrate their efforts on this point, which is obviously weak, and not unlikely to be successfully assailed, rather than attack another point of some considerable strength. The objections to private asylums could be in a great degree done away with by the adoption of a rational system of certification, while even the abolition of private asylums would not wholly obviate the dangers of the present mode of procuring in the first place the confinement of a lunatic.

THE NEW RULES FOR THE NAVIGATION OF THE THAMES.

IN the year 1878 the total number of sea-going vessels which arrived in the port of London was 47,728, and their aggregate tonnage was 9,415,873 tons. In 1877 the number of vessels was 47,691, the tonnage 9,706,180; and in 1876 the number of vessels was 44,822, the tonnage 9,211,889. These figures, to which we have previously drawn attention, show not only the enormous magnitude of the Thames traffic, but also that during one year of great depression it considerably increased, and that during another year of equal depression there was only a very trifling decrease. With anything like a revival of trade, this huge traffic, which, to use the language of the Thames Committee, "has almost outgrown the "capacity of the river," will be largely augmented, and will outgrow it altogether; and as, unfortunately, the narrow and winding channel of the Thames cannot be widened or made straight, the navigation of it, already extremely difficult, will be even yet more difficult and dangerous. It is abundantly clear, then, that everything should be done that can be done, by the promulgation and enforcement of well-considered rules for the navigation of the river, to diminish the chances of collision, which are now great, and are likely to become greater. Important, however, as is the question of how to regulate the navigation of the river, it might never have attracted notice had it not been for the collision between the *Bywell Castle* and the *Princess Alice*. The result of that catastrophe was the appointment of the Thames Traffic Committee, who heard a large amount of evidence respecting the navigation of the river, and in their report made a series of elaborate suggestions for its better management. Of some of these suggestions the Conservators have now availed themselves. In October last they provisionally issued rules which were for the most part identical with the principal recommendations of the Committee. Objections to these having been heard and considered, some alterations have been made, and the regulations are now published in what is apparently their final form. It is still necessary that they should be sanctioned by an Order in Council, but probably this sanction will be given as a matter of course.

It was not a little remarkable, as indicating the carelessness with which the Conservators have throughout treated this very important matter, that, when they first gave forth their rules, they did not take the trouble to make a very simple statement in comprehensible language. They had to say that certain by-laws with sub-sections were to come into force and to take the place of others which were to be repealed; but to say this in intelligible sentences was too great an effort for them, and they contentedly published a preamble from which no man could gather which by-laws were to come into operation and which were to be done away with. Now—with the aid presumably of some law-writer or copying-clerk—they have remedied this blunder, and have contrived to express themselves clearly. For the rules themselves they are but in a small degree responsible, since they have, as has been said, accepted for the most part the suggestions of the Committee, and have made only the alterations above referred to and some others of no very great importance. Judging from the specimen of drafting with which they have favoured the world, it may certainly be held to be fortunate that they did not attempt to make large changes in the code of by-laws prepared for them; but it is much to be wished that they had been consistently true to their well-earned character for inertness, and, contenting themselves with small alterations and rearrangement, had not tried to exercise their own judgment further. Unluckily they seem to have thought it necessary to show that they were not mere registrars of the decrees of the Committee, and that they could to some extent form opinions for themselves. Accordingly they have struck out the rules which that body proposed for the navigation of dumb barges—*i.e.* barges managed by oars. Their self-assertion in this case is greatly to be regretted, inasmuch as the necessity for regulating this traffic was shown by evidence which was perhaps stronger than any other adduced before the Committee.

With this unfortunate omission, however, the responsibility of the Conservators in respect of the code which is shortly to become law virtually ends, they having merely done what they were bid. As the Committee who are really answerable for the new rules included some highly competent men, who undoubtedly took much trouble with their work and heard a great deal of evidence, it might well have been expected that the regulations which were the result of their long and careful consideration would be satisfactory ones. On a previous occasion, when commenting on their Report, we endeavoured to show that this expectation had not been fulfilled, and that there were good reasons for holding that some of the proposed rules were bad ones, and would do great harm. Now that it is officially announced that they are shortly to become law, no apology is necessary for again drawing attention to the evil which may be caused by them. The figures which we have quoted show the unparalleled magnitude which the Thames traffic has attained; and it is most urgent that some heed should be given to a series of rules which may make the conduct of that vast traffic even more dangerous than it is now, and may ultimately drive one class of vessels from the river altogether. We believe that this may not improbably be the result of the code which is now to come into force. There is good ground for believing that its authors have been guilty of grave errors both of omission and commission. They might have laid down for the government of the river a broad and simple rule which would have deprived wrongdoers of all excuse, and could be misunderstood by nobody. This, we need hardly say, is the starboard or right-hand side rule, according to which steamers going down stream keep to one side of the river, those going up to the other. It was recommended by the tribunal which reported to the Board of Trade, and was considered by the Committee. With one dissentient they decided against it on the ground of certain objections to it which were enumerated in their Report. To any general rule regulating such navigation as that of the Thames there are certain to be objections, and it would be futile to deny that those put forward by the Committee had considerable weight; but, forcibly stated as they were in the Report, it was scarcely possible to avoid the conclusion that they were more than counterbalanced by the great advantages of this rule, which, if properly enforced, could hardly fail to diminish the chance of collisions. The true cause of its rejection by the Committee was prob-

ably the inveterate dislike which Englishmen have to a uniform and comprehensive act of legislation. It is to be observed that one of the regulations suggested by the Committee, which is identical with the rule for vessels meeting at sea, will to a certain extent make it expedient for ships going down stream to keep to the right-hand side, and for those going up stream to keep to the left; but it has the advantage of not making this legally necessary, so that captains and pilots who navigate their vessels badly will find it far easier to defend their misconduct than they would if an imperative law existed which could not be misinterpreted. Perhaps, however, it was too much to hope that English legislators would recommend a broad and simple enactment; but certainly it might have been hoped that they would avoid positive error, and would not lay down rules which are likely to cause collisions. Unfortunately it seems by no means improbable that this is what the framers of the new code have done. Many of their regulations are taken from the new rules for preventing collisions at sea, and in one case certainly they do not seem to have realized what effect a rule intended to apply to the navigation of the open sea may have when it is applied to the navigation of a crowded river. By the new code steam-whistle signals are largely introduced. A captain may intimate by one short blast of the steam-whistle that he intends to direct his course to the right, or by two blasts that he intends to direct it to the left. Whether the use of these signals will tend to make accidents at sea less numerous it is not necessary now to consider. That it will do so in the Thames is, to say the least, extremely unlikely. The framers of the rules seem to have fallen into the very general error of thinking merely of the case of two vessels approaching each other, and forgetting that many other vessels may be close to them. With several steamers very near him a captain may be utterly misled by a whistle signal intended, not for him, but for another commander. In one of the Thames reaches there are sometimes a dozen steamers at once, and it would be hard to exaggerate the confusion and danger which may be caused when on a dark and hazy night bewildering whistle signals resound in all directions. This grave objection, moreover, is not the only one which can be urged against the provision authorizing the use of these signals. It will certainly serve as a safeguard for the delinquents, already sufficiently numerous, who will not obey the rule of the road; but this is not astonishing, for the new code seems in part to have been framed with the express purpose of giving scope to ingenious defences.

If, however, those who are responsible for it had merely applied the new regulations for ships at sea to the navigation of the Thames, they would undoubtedly have been sheltered by authority. Unfortunately they have not done this, but have invented a rule of their own, which is not unlikely to do great harm by driving one class of vessels from the waters of the Thames. According to the existing law, when two vessels, one of which is a steamer and the other a sailing-ship, are proceeding in such a direction as to involve risk of collision, the steamer is to keep out of the way of the sailing-ship. The obvious justice of this rule needs no exposition. The present legislators have, however, thought fit to improve on it, and have added to it a rider, which is so remarkable that we give it *verbatim*. They lay down that "If, owing to "causes beyond the control of those navigating the steam-"vessel, it is unsafe or impracticable for the steam-vessel "to keep out of the way of the sailing-vessel, she shall "signify the same to the sailing-vessel by four or more "blasts of the steam-whistle in rapid succession, as men-"tioned in Rule [18]; the sailing-vessel shall then keep out "of the way." The language of this extraordinary clause is well worth notice. The legislators, be it observed, have used the word "impracticable," one of the most vague in the English language. Strictly speaking, it means impossible; but those who chose it can hardly have intended it to bear this meaning; for, if it does, the Rule states simply that a steamer shall not get out of the way when she cannot get out of the way. As well enact that a steamer shall not be required to proceed along a high-road. But the word impracticable is not always used in this strict sense, being sometimes meant to indicate, not absolute impossibility, but very great difficulty; and probably it was intended to have some such signification as this by framers who seem intentionally to have used an uncertain word. Even when this interpretation is put on their rule, however, it still remains an absurdity. Nothing is said about the course to be followed when it is "unsafe or im-"practicable" for the sailing-vessel to get out of the way, and, therefore, in those cases where there is difficulty for both vessels, that which has the least power of locomotion is, according to this enactment, to keep clear of the other's course. So monstrous a provision will no doubt be tempered by a Court of law, which will virtually supply what the legislators have left wanting; but, even when freed from preposterous anomaly, the clause will still have a bad effect. It will operate as an encouragement to captains of steamers to do that which a great many of them are only too willing to do already—namely, to refuse to give way to sailing-ships. Although, under the present law, steamers are required to keep out of the path of the latter, they very frequently do not, the captains rightly judging that, even with the law on their side, the masters of other vessels will prefer to avoid collisions. With this clause to aid them, wrongdoers will become more reckless than ever. Men are careless enough with a strict law, and what are they likely to be when the law has deliberately been made vague and uncertain. It will be hard indeed if after a collision the captain of a steamer cannot produce some evidence that it was "unsafe or impracticable" to get out of the way; and though the Courts will of course endeavour to do justice, the proverbial difficulty of collision cases will be increased, and too often it will be impossible to punish the true offender. The probable result, then, of the new rule will be to make the Thames dangerous for sailing-ships, and possibly in time to banish them from the river altogether. This result we believe to be most undesirable. Cargoes to a huge amount are still carried by sailing-ships, and probably will be carried by them for some time. If, however, it was thought desirable to exclude these vessels from the Thames, the project should have been openly stated and fully discussed. As it is, a sluggish and feeble official body has given its facile assent to a grave innovation the full bearing of which its members probably did not in the least understand.

THE DECLINE OF LITERATURE.

"THE stage is fashionable, science is fashionable, art is fashionable, but literature is not fashionable," an acute American critic of English society wrote last year. Is it not true, and, what is more, does not literature deserve that it should be true? Who are the lions of Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomphins? Are they essayists, novelists, poets? or are they not rather the professor who has just demonstrated something about Bathybius, the actor who makes people laugh or cry, or the painter whom half the world blesses, while the other half says that he and his works should be burned? When Colonel Newcome came to town he sought for "the wits" in the Cave of Harmony. He sought for the wits, and he found Captain Costigan. These things are an allegory. The wits of to-day are no more literary men than they are to be found in the Cave of Harmony. The people who "please the town," as the old writers say, are not, in the old sense, men of letters. These used to be the wits; now the wits are painters, actors, newspaper reporters carried to a higher journalistic power, or popular preachers. Literature has ceased to be witty, and therefore, and naturally, it has ceased to be fashionable.

Let us look at any of the ages when literature was fashionable, and when men of letters were courted, caressed by the great, and no less generally known and stared at than if they had been professional beauties. The characteristic of all such periods—that of Anne, of Louis XIV., of the earlier Georges—was the familiarity, the geniality, the accessibility of literature. The greatest men of genius played with their immense powers, and set them to sportive tasks. They came down into the market-place or the coffee-house; they met all comers, refused no challenge, and quitted them like men. The light literary work of those old times was done to perfection by the most distinguished men. Swift, Addison, Steele, Pope, Congreve, and the rest, did not think it beneath them to be playful. They toyed with Saccharissa's snuff-box, and with the curls of Neæra's poodle. They fought honest battles with Grub Street in the open air of literature. They poured out light verse that ladies liked, and that even fops admired and could try to imitate. Every gentleman of spirit was somewhat of a man of letters then, and could turn an epigram or a compliment in verse. Even the fribbles of Molière's plays are more interested in poetry than in scandal or lace. The very best literary genius was always at the service of the stage, and the stage was glad to win its assistance. In short, the men of letters did not cease to be men of the world; while men of the world were tempted to try to become men of letters. It was not odd, then, that literature should be fashionable. Civilized people must have some intellectual interest, and literature supplied all they wanted. Its wit, its courtliness, its readiness and flexible force met them everywhere. In controversy Pascal defeated the

Jesuits with a laugh. In church the preacher was a great writer of permanent excellence, like Bossuet; or, if he was not that, he could preach a gay little essay or sketch a character almost to be mistaken for the real La Bruyère. In the shops the very tradesmen were *connoisseurs*, and could and did discuss Etherege or Boursault with their customers. In the boudoir or the *ruelle* verses were handed round as bright as Pope's or as smart as Voiture's. In the coffee-houses the great men could be seen and heard. Literature, in fact, had taken all human interests for its province, was adorning them all, and making them all imperishable in immortal essays, satires, poems, sermons. Our modern literature is comparatively a dowdy drudge. Satire is beyond her powers; she is ousted by specialists from most of the field of human life; she mopes at home in slippers; she does not go out into the world in the peach-bloom coat of Goldsmith or the ruinous Venice lace of La Fontaine. Literature, in short, is not only out of fashion, she is in a decline.

It may seem paradoxical to talk of the decline of literature at a time when "of making many books there is no end." But that sentence of the Wise Man's contains the very gist of the charge against modern English literature. Authors are, indeed, busy with "making books," rather than with literary composition in the true and old sense of the words. A glance at the most popular books of each season will prove the truth of this pessimistic assertion. The books that succeed best, apart of course from sermons, are of four or five classes, and are chiefly forms of journalism. There are pamphlets or tracts, big or little, on "questions of the day." Such works, for example, as the Duke of Argyll's *Reign of Jaw* (as it has been unkindly styled) about the Afghan question are on the same footing as the newest and most advanced or most reactionary theological speculation. These things are really pamphlets; they are written for the minute, rather than for the hour or the day, or we may say that they are monumental leading articles, and they live but for the life of a leading article. The fact that they are bound up between cloth covers, and that each of them numbers its four or five hundred pages, makes no essential difference. Thus we may set about a fourth of the new books aside as pamphlets which are "without form," and to-morrow will be "void" of interest.

The second of the great classes of modern books which are not literature consists of "picturesque reporting"—or *reportage*, as the French contemptuously call it—in disguise. The picturesque reporter has plenty of fields in which he can do business that is profitable, and produce matter full of contemporary interest, but still matter that lacks the form and stamp of literature. The picturesque reporter may write in big, bloated volumes the life of a contemporary statesman. He may hurry after the Special Correspondents, and compile in seven weeks the history of a great war. He may travel and bring back brilliant reports of the countries he has visited on a bicycle, and the manners he has viewed from the streets, and in this case his work comes more near to permanence than in the others we have mentioned. Instead of travelling, he may make his home in a foreign capital, and write about it in a very full and instructive way, so that his book is more valuable than a series of letters from a Berlin or St. Petersburg Correspondent. It is possible, by the aid of sagacity, or style, or humour, to make a work of this sort as permanently readable as Arthur Young's account of France, or Mme. d'Aulnoy's *Voyage en Espagne*. Humorous travels, like Dumas's, Chapelle and Bachaumont's, or Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, really belong to literature; but we have probably not more than one traveller whose voyages are really humorous. Most of the rest produce lumps of journalism, on a level (as far as literary merit goes) with Mr. Stanley's writings on Central Africa.

There remain three other sort of books which do not properly belong to literature. There is the mass of works of fiction which are in no sense works of art. There are novels, of course, which belong to literature as much as do those of Le Sage or Fielding, but their authors may easily be counted. When novel-writing became a profession, it began to sink from the level of an art to that of a manufacture. Again, there are the countless manuals and handbooks which are published in "series." Mr. Tozer, the dissenting butterman in *Salem Chapel*, said that the congregation liked "a course" of sermons. Apparently the public also likes a "series," and there are few historical, scientific, literary, or even philosophical fields on which many flocks of "series" are not browsing. Occasionally two editorial shepherds discover the same pastures new at the same moment, and then they quarrel as to right of occupation. Who is to drive his flock first among "Foreign Women of Letters," or "Lives and Labours of Great Inventors"? Is Bacon's editor or Bungay's to enter the field? The flock of writers, too, *servum pecus*, have their jealousies, and fight and butt among themselves. Who is to "do" Louise Labé, for example, among the "Literary Women"? While the rival editors of Bacon's and Bungay's "series" fight for the whole field, the learned Tomkins, the discursive Smith, the ponderous sagacity of Brown, and the rapid Jones are all squabbling, all eager to write about Louise Labé. The question has to be settled by the editor, who happens not to know French, but readily undertakes to criticize the life and writings of the passionate poetess of Lyons. Such are the ways of the modern "series," which surely no one will call (with some honourable exceptions) permanent additions to literature. It may even be said that the scores of short popular paths to literary, or philosophical, or scientific knowledge are themselves a proof that literature is declining. Both the production and the enjoyment of literature demand leisure. Now writers hurry through old books with note-book in hand, and readers bustle rapidly through the pages of primers. Books are written for him that runs, and he that runs has seldom time or eyesight for more than a glance at an advertisement by the wayside. The very tattle of the hour is written by persons so grossly ignorant of the language that a gossiping report of a marriage printed this week contains a monstrous and absurd indecency.

Setting apart the journalistic work of big pamphlets, of long "specials," of novels which are pot-boilers, and of manuals and primers, how much literature is left among the books of a year? Alas, it would be a short and invidious calculation that settled this question. Out of about two hundred volumes of poetry (the topic of poetry is too painful to be fully discussed), out of some nine hundred novels, and a few collections of essays, to which 1879 gave birth, how many will be remembered in 1889? Every one may make the reckoning for himself. Every one knows whether modern life is made more brilliant, and whether it is likely to be made more permanent, by modern literature. Perhaps not more than two or three men with the true literary gift have in late years gone down into the market-place, and lighted up with their wit the business and the questions of the day. In science some have distinguished themselves thus; in politics and social discussion we can only think of the name of the author of *Friendship's Garland*.

The causes of the decline of literature are not far to seek. Hurry and impatience, and the crowd of commercial and scientific interests, leave no time for the delicate sense of pleasure in exquisite workmanship, in language truly just and appropriate, in polish of style, in vivacity of wit, in the humour which should never be absent from discussion. Literature can only recover its place when the world regains its leisure.

THE JEWS IN GERMANY.

PROFESSOR HEINRICH VON TREITSCHKE, the eminent German historian, politician, and publicist, declares that there exists in his country a "Jewish question." In the last number but one of the *Preussische Jahrbücher*, of which he is the editor, he concludes a most interesting paper on the prospects of Germany with a trenchant attack on the German Jews; and this attack he justifies and develops in the current number of the same periodical. The position which he takes up is as follows. Germany is a newly-formed country; and though in Prussia it has found a strong and comparatively old State to serve as nucleus or leaven to the whole, the moral unification of the people cannot be said to be yet completed. Both the internal state of the country, in face of the Socialism of the artisan class, and its external policy, in view of the two dangers which menace it from the East and the West, make the firmest moral union at home indispensable. Now there are several reasons, he argues, why the Jew—harmless, and even useful, in some countries—is a source of danger to Germany. The first is that the Jews are much more numerous there than in the other countries of the West. In 1871 there were in Spain 6,000 Jews; in Italy, 40,000; in France, 45,000; in Great Britain, 45,000; in Germany, 512,000. The rate at which they have increased during the present century is very striking. In 1816 there were in Prussia 124,000 Jews; in 1846 there were 215,000; in 1875 there were nearly 340,000. Nothwithstanding 3,000 conversions to Christianity, the proportion of Jews to the whole body of inhabitants in Prussia rose between 1816 and 1846 from 1 in 83 to 1 in 75. At Berlin there was in 1816 1 Jew to every 59 inhabitants; in 1846 1 in every 49; in 1871 1 in every 23; and now there is, probably, 1 in every 20. Nor do these figures give any adequate notion of their influence. The average of wealth among them is very high, and the average of education still more remarkable. In 1875 the proportion of Jews in the Prussian Gymnasien was 1 in 9·5, and in the Realschulen of the first class 1 in 10·26. It is notorious that a quite disproportionate number of Jews are members of the learned professions, and that the press in Germany is almost wholly in their hands, with the result, as Herr von Treitschke says with scanty politeness, that nobody now believes what he reads in the papers. There is further, it is alleged, an important difference between the quality of the Jew in Germany and in France, Italy, or England. The German Jews are very largely immigrants from the Slavonic East, while the Jews in other Western countries are in great part descendants of the Spanish and Portuguese Israelites—in other words, of the aristocracy of the race. The fact of this superior quality causes them to be treated with more respect, and this respectful treatment reacts on their own feeling towards the countries they live in. A Jew in England, France, or Italy feels himself an Englishman, Frenchman, or Italian, while a German Jew, Herr von Treitschke declares, feels himself simply a Jew, not a German at all, and looks on his Teutonic and Christian fellow-citizen with aversion and contempt.

It is easy at all times, and especially pleasant in polemical writing, to deal in generalities. It would require a very intimate knowledge of German society and periodical literature to measure, with any approach to accuracy, the amount of truth which such a charge contains. It is only fair, however, to the accused party to say that the writer who brings it is a notorious partisan. He is a man of learning, and, what is rarer, a man of genius; but neither his learning nor his genius saves him from puerile and, where his Germanism is in question, from almost savage prejudices. When one considers the tone in which he habitually writes of

ourselves, and how he has for years been declaiming against perfidious Albion in the style of a French schoolboy after the Battle of Waterloo, one gets the measure of his judicial power. But as an advocate he is too important a man to be denied a hearing. He is at present engaged in an active controversy on the subject with Herr Graetz, the historian of Judaism, from whom it does not appear likely that he will learn any valuable lesson in courtesy and moderation. The two disputants may be left to a fight which they evidently both enjoy. But the subject has an interest for impartial bystanders, and for the sake of fair play it is worth while to state the case on the other side as it might be put by any moderate and sensible Jew.

"It is not our fault," he might answer, "that we are cleverer than some other races. If we obtain so large a share of good things in Germany, the fact is due simply to our own wits and to free competition. You admit that a return to the old days of persecution is no longer possible; why do you grumble that we make use of the liberty and equality which has been at length granted to us? It is bad enough to taunt us with the faults bred in us by long enslavement and persecution; but it passes the bounds of all reason and fairness to attack us because, starting as we have done heavily weighted in the race, we prove able to beat you on your own ground. We play a great figure on 'Change; well, we have a turn for finance. We have got the control of your press; we should not have done so if we had not readier pens than you. We give our children a good education; nothing more praiseworthy. We only, like other sensible people, do the best we can for ourselves. The German professor lectures at St. Petersburg, the German artist paints at Rome, the German clerk competes successfully with his English rival at Manchester. The Russians are jealous; the Italians would sell more pictures if you did not help to glut their market; the English would rather you went to New York. You are quarrelling not with us, but with the inevitable condition of life, according to which the fittest must win, and according to which you win when you are the fittest. Special reasons there are why we don't get along with you Germans as we do with some other races; but they are not quite those that you say. In the first place, being so many, we naturally form more of a party, and are better able to find all that we need among ourselves than we do elsewhere. Secondly, we are successful, and that makes you dislike us. In Scotland, having to do with people of a different make, we find we can't get on. The Italians say that a Genoese is a match for seven Jews, and there are almost no Jews in Genoa. We don't make a fuss because the Scotch and the Genoese are more than able to hold their own against us. Why should not you be equally charitable? Finally, as regards our alleged want of patriotism, it is unreasonable to expect that old wounds can be cured in a day, especially as you still do your share in keeping them open; and it is unfair to ask that a race which, even in the days of the old prophet, was described as a people that 'shall dwell alone,' and which your age-long persecution has driven into closer union with itself and wider separation from the rest of mankind, shall lose in a day instincts and habits which have worked themselves into the very structure of its character."

Nevertheless, up to a certain point, Herr von Treitschke has reason on his side. The present position of the Jewish race is altogether anomalous. The Jews are at once the most national and the most cosmopolitan race on the earth; but they neither found a State of their own, nor do they become absorbed in the population of the countries they live in. It seems difficult to believe that this contradiction can be a permanent one. The scandalous oppression under which they long suffered forced them to be a caste apart. It was as futile for them to hope for a genuine national life of their own as it was to hope to share the national life of others. Their enfranchisement puts the alternative before them to do either the one or the other; and the one or the other they will in the natural course of things do. It is obvious that the race is in a state of transition; and all final or dogmatic judgments about it are as unreasonable as they are impertinent. But it needs no prophet to see that the sentiment of nationality which has attained in our days a force hitherto unknown in the world must inevitably turn the scale one way or the other. Either some sudden impulse, of which at present there are few signs, will lead the race to attempt the task, whether possible or impossible, of founding a Jewish State in the East, or else continued intercourse with the Christian world, the continued sharing of its public life and continued intermarriages between Jews and Christians, will gradually lead to the absorption of the people by the other nations of the earth. No one but themselves will venture to say which would be the better alternative; but the latter certainly appears the more likely. But it is probable that they will long hover between the two paths, too full of individuality to be easily absorbed, and with too little political cohesion for any great national enterprise to be feasible. And for countries like Germany, where they are very numerous, or like Roumania, where they live among a much less energetic people, the results of this dubious position will not be without inconvenience either to themselves or to those among whom they live. It is idle to complain of what is inevitable, and of what is very largely the result of Christian misdeeds in the past. There is one obvious method by which the preponderance of the Jews may be checked, whether in Germany or elsewhere, which is for the Christians to have their wits about them a little more. Herr von Treitschke looks on his own country as a kind of Promised Land in modern civilization. We do not quarrel with this sentiment, and only wish that the same sort of national faith and pride were commoner than it is among some of our own politicians. If a country does not believe in itself, it is not likely to get others to believe in it. But his inconsistency lies in depreciating and decrying the Jewish population of Germany, and at the same time declaring that they constitute a serious danger to the old and vigorous and, in his eyes, unique German civilization. He must make his choice. Either the Jews are not what he makes them out to be, or else the vitality of his own people is much lower than he pretends. Fuller information on these points can be sought from Herr von Treitschke himself; but for fuller information as to the future of the Hebrew race we may have to wait until Daniel Deronda comes back from the East.

THE PENALTIES OF SCRIBBLING.

WE should hail with satisfaction the appearance of a patent medicine (even if it contained an opiate) which should prove a sure remedy for the fever for scribbling. Failing the discovery of any such specific, perhaps the best way of treating the disease is to "get it over" as quickly as possible. The first symptom is an inclination to write, which is speedily followed by an unnatural craving to see the writing reproduced in print. When the symptoms are so far developed, the patient is undoubtedly in for the fever, and there is nothing to be done but to wish him well through it. In the early stages of the complaint the victim suffers from strange hallucinations. He has an inordinate longing to write for his favourite journal, and his mind pictures to itself the pleasures and glories of being one of its contributors. He dreams of the ecstasies of seeing his own effusions in print, and of reading what he himself has written in pages which he reverences almost more than the Scriptures. He imagines his sage remarks being read in all parts of the world, "from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand," and he feels, with the journalist in *Pickwick*, that the press is indeed a mighty organ, of which he himself would fain turn the handle. He contemplates the raptures of lying upon the tables of the *literati*, of being read by royalty, and of being filed and bound by librarians. In church during the sermon he reflects with satisfaction that, if the parson slays his thousands, he will slay his tens of thousands; for what is the congregation of St. Tabitha's to the vast number of the readers of the "Literary Critic"? He will amuse more people than the most famous comic actor; he will teach and preach in more corners of the globe than the most ubiquitous of itinerant missionaries; and he will speak with the voice to which all men bow and submit—the voice of the "Literary Critic." He will be a lion at once. All authors will tremble in the presence of a live reviewer. In society he will observe men in little groups looking at him, and whispering to each other the momentous words—"He writes for the 'Literary.'" His articles will form the usual topic of conversation, and they will constitute a regular succession of seven days' wonders. He will make for himself an immortal name in his family; just as in noble families there is "the wicked earl," or "the earl that won the Derby," so in his family there will be everlasting traditions of "the Smith that wrote for the 'Literary.'" He closes his meditations with anticipations of the golden rain of guineas which will reward his efforts, and forthwith takes up his pen to write.

Having described the dreams of the scribbler, we proceed to consider the reality. We may as well dismiss at once all idea of the writer who fails to obtain insertion for his articles in the august columns of his favourite journal. He is, in a literary sense, defunct; or, if he is to continue to exist at all, it must be in lower spheres. We will rather contemplate the fortunes of the man who has succeeded in getting an article "taken," and has the proud satisfaction, on cutting a certain number of the "Literary," of seeing the title of his own contribution in the list of contents. Despite his annoyance at finding that what he considers the most telling passages in his production have been excised, he no doubt derives very great gratification in reading his own words in the journal for which he has such a profound respect, and he feels that he has awakened to find himself famous. When he goes out and meets friends who salute him as if nothing had happened, he says to himself, with a smile, "If they only knew——!" He cannot long keep the great news a secret; and, having found a faithful friend, he confides to him the all-important fact that he sees before him a Literary Critic. "I am glad to hear it," replies the friend; "writing will be a nice amusement for you." To the mind of the newly-started journalist it would be as congruous to call the hurling of Jupiter's thunderbolts pretty child's play as to speak of the wieldings of the pen of a contributor to the "Literary" as "a nice amusement." He seeks another friend, who observes, on hearing the news, that the "Literary" has gone downhill very much lately. Another friend congratulates him warmly, adding, "You are the very last man in the world whom I should have expected to write for the newspapers." An old schoolfellow simply asks him why he does it—a question to which he is not able to find an instantaneous answer. As a rule, he only confides the news to his intimate friends; but he cannot resist the temptation of letting a rival of whom he is jealous pick up the astounding information, as if by accident. This is an opportunity of dealing a deathblow, which he could scarcely resist if mortal. Mark how his enemy reels under the blow. "Indeed!" says he, "*I* used to write for the 'Literary' in my scribbling days." Altogether the all-important fact does not

become universally known as soon as might be expected. The journalist cannot tell everybody himself, and hints are not always taken, nor does the information, when delivered directly, create so much astonishment as might be anticipated. The "Literary Critic" is left about the house in conspicuous places; but now that the owner is a contributor, people scarcely ever seem to read it. Occasionally some one says, "I have been reading a capital article in the 'Literary'"; but it never chances to be the article written by our hero. When he has no contribution in the current number, all his friends who are aware that he is in the habit of writing seem to have conspired together to ask him whether he has "anything in the 'Literary' this week"; but when he has a good article in it, no one asks him any question of the kind. When he gives an acquaintance to read what he considers the most amusing article he has ever seen anywhere, he watches its effect from behind the advertisement sheet of the *Times*. Without moving a muscle of his countenance, his acquaintance peruses the article gravely from beginning to end, and lays down the paper with a yawn. A friend asks him whether he has "been writing any letters to the 'Literary Critic' lately?" Now he can stand a good deal, but to hear his articles spoken of as "letters" is simply unbearable; nor is he soothed by the inquiry from a bystander, "Why, if he writes for the newspapers, he never writes for the 'Sloppington Advertizer'?" If he earns a few guineas, at the cost of much time and labour, he seems to earn very little glorification; he cannot discover that he is more respected than formerly, nor is he stared at by open-mouthed admirers.

We have dwelt upon the scribbler's disappointments. But still worse things are in store for him. There is a class of lion-hunter which creates a lion if it cannot catch one. The slightest pretext is sufficient material for it to work upon. Heedlessly wandering away from his own country and his father's house, the Literary Critic is seized upon by one of these sportsmen, who summons the world to prey upon the victim which he or she has netted. The journalist soon feels that even what one of Thackeray's heroes termed "hobloquy" was better than this. He is invited to literary parties where the introductions are conducted in the following manner:—"Mr. Brown, the author of 'A Year's Travel in the Mozambique'; Herr Bleichröder, the inventor of the Baby's Reading Lamp—Mr. Smith, a famous English journalist; Mr. Smith, of the 'Literary Critic'—Mr. Jones, of the 'Unbelievers' Review.'" His few articles have been on light social subjects, and his reviews have been of trashy novels, but he is asked to meet Professor Putkammer because that gentleman has been much interested by an article in the "Literary Critic" upon "Deductions from the Heliometer upon the Value of the Solar Parallax." The Professor naturally expects him, as one of the contributors, to be well versed in the subject. A celebrated divine attacks him from the opposite side of the table on the tone of the theological articles in the "Literary Critic," and an author whose book has been severely treated in the pages of that journal revenges himself by making an evening as disagreeable as possible for the unoffending contributor. Questions as to whether he has written, what he has written, and when he has written for the "Literary Critic" become as familiar to his ears as the conventional inquiries as to health or remarks upon the weather. He almost begins to hate the name of his favourite journal. Instead of being sent down to dinner with charming and beautiful women, he is allotted to bluestockings and champions of women's rights. Before he has half finished a sentence people begin to laugh, and when he observes that a certain song is pretty, he overhears one person saying to another "What dry remarks he makes!" He is set upon by numbers of would-be authors, who come armed with novels and travels in MS. which they request him to read and criticize. He is to decide whether they are worth publishing, what they would cost to publish, or what publisher would accept them. The amateur editor of a local archæological paper begs him to write an article for him, and a clergyman presses him to contribute to the "Parish Magazine." It is useless for him to urge that such things are not in his style. Is not a writer a writer all the world over? A friend whom he can scarcely afford to offend asks him to persuade the editor of the "Literary Critic" to insert one of his articles in that journal. Other friends pester him to write articles upon this subject and upon that, from the theological aspects of the nineteenth century to the breeding of shorthorn cattle. Nor are these uninvited volunteers easily put off; they buttonhold him in the Park or in society, and they coach him in a desultory sort of way on the subjects that they want him to treat; they contrast their own orthodox views with the heterodox opinions of others, and request him particularly to dwell upon certain points. After confusing, without enlightening, him for half an hour, they conclude by saying, "And then I want you to work it all up, you know, into a satirical article." Instead of being invited to country houses for shooting or ball parties, he is asked to meet the bishop and the author of a history in twelve volumes. Young ladies fly from him in terror, and children look upon him as a kind of tutor. Collectors for charities suggest that the objects for which they are working would form suitable channels for the proceeds of his literary labours, and fabulous reports are spread as to the sums which he realizes by his pen.

At the request of some of his acquaintances he reprints his best articles in the form of a book. It is beautifully got up, on toned paper, and the cover is a masterpiece of the binder's art. The only people who read the book are apparently the critics, who dissect his work with the very refinement of cruelty. He had tried his own hand several times at reviewing, and now, to use a phrase to which he was much addicted in his articles, he is "hoist with his own petard." The expense of publishing his book more than absorbs all the loose cash which he had received from his editor, and, disgusted and disappointed, he forswears for the future, books, publishers, authors, and even the "Literary Critic" itself.

ST. BENEDICT AND THE BENEDICTINES.

It has been announced that a solemn centenary is to be observed this year throughout the whole Benedictine Order, and especially at the famous Abbey of Monte Cassino, which was the cradle and is still the centre of its organic life, in honour of the fourteen-hundredth anniversary of the birth of its illustrious founder St. Benedict, in 480. The celebration is a natural one, Benedict may justly be styled the father of Western monasticism, which received its first impetus and its mould from his informing hand, since all later religious orders, or at least all established before the Reformation, are directly or indirectly modifications of his rule. To celebrate his centenary is in fact to keep the birthday of monachism in the Latin Church. And the institution is one to which, apart from all theological or ethical differences of view, Protestants need not be, and of late years have not been, slow to acknowledge their indebtedness. It is not only, as Mr. Lecky has rightly pointed out, that to the monks and especially to the Benedictines we owe it that the dignity of labour came to be appreciated, as under Pagan forms of civilization it never had been appreciated, in modern Europe. Nor was the rapid spread of monasticism due simply to the popular belief—a belief not difficult to account for in a rude and barbarous age, when "conversion" seemed almost to imply seclusion from the world—that the cloister was the sole or the shortest road to heaven. It had other and more sublunary attractions for many classes of minds. It combined the elements of aristocratic and democratic power in the princely position and prestige of the abbot, who ranked with the highest of the land, from whom indeed he was often sprung, and the vast commonwealth of monks where peasants and emancipated serfs found a secure refuge and took their place side by side with the tonsured knight or noble, in the choir and chapter house or at the plough. There too was seen the corporate influence of vast wealth · generally, it is fair to add, expended with great benevolence—combined with the merit of individual poverty. And thus to the ambitious, the philanthropic, and—in Benedictine houses especially—to the studious, the cloister offered attractions hardly less inviting than to the devout. Monasteries were the nurseries not only of labour but of learning; they were the great eleemosynary institutions of the age; and mitred abbots made their voices heard in courts and parliaments. Of this vast and comprehensive system St. Benedict of Nursia was the founder, and from him it derived, as has been intimated already, not merely its origin, but the shape and form which, throughout all variations of detail, it has substantially preserved from his day to our own. If it be true that "the Benedictine statutes still remain a living code, written in the heart of multitudes in every province of the Christian world," that is partly due to the remarkable union in the person of their author of those opposite characteristics, active and passive, which usually divide mankind; he had the instincts at once of a worker and a thinker, a ruler and a recluse. And his whole nature was dominated by that fervent yet profound enthusiasm without which no man in any age—least of all in such an age as his—can hope to exert a lasting influence over his fellows.

Benedict was born at Nursia, in the duchy of Spoleto, in 480 of respectable parents, and, if we may credit Mabillon, gave early presage of his future sanctity by singing eucharistic hymns in his mother's womb. He was sent to Rome for his education, but the sensitive boy fled from the vices of the capital and took refuge in a cave near Subiaco, which is still pointed out to travellers, not far from the site of Nero's villa of *Sublaqueum*, and here he was wont, like St. Jerome, to subdue his animal passions by rolling his naked body among the thorns and sharp points of the rocks. At length his hiding-place was discovered and the fame of his sanctity led a neighbouring convent of monks to choose him for their head, in spite of his earnest remonstrances. They soon tired however of the severity of his rule and attempted to poison him, but the cup miraculously broke in his hands, as the Breviary assures us, and after calmly reproving their wickedness the youthful abbot returned to his old solitude. But solitude was no longer possible for him. Little communities of monks or hermits grew up around his retreat and under his government, including some noble youths from Rome who were drawn thither by his growing reputation, one of whom, Maurus—afterwards known as St. Maur, founder of the Order in France—began, it is said, very soon to share his gift of miracles. There was another attempt to poison him, the culprit this time being a priest named Florentinus, who was envious of his fame, and then at last, about his fiftieth year, Benedict left Subiaco, never to return. He travelled to a hill overlooking the fountain head of the Liris, Monte Cassino, where an ancient temple of Apollo is said to have been still standing, to which the ignorant peasants brought their offerings. Benedict converted them, destroyed the idolatrous temple, cut down the grove, and raised a monastery on its site; and here, to use Milman's words, "arose that great model Republic, which gave its laws to almost the whole of Western Monasticism." But even in this final retreat he was

not left undisturbed. The storm of war swept over Italy, and Totila, the Gothic monarch, came to visit him, when the saint rebuked him for his cruelties, and predicted his conquest of Rome and his death after ten years. His last days are said to have been darkened by a vision of the destruction of his abbey by the Lombards, which happened forty years afterwards, but consoled by another vision, which also came true, of the extension of his rule throughout every part of Europe. He died March 21, 543, and was buried in the oratory of St. John the Baptist which stood on the site of the demolished sanctuary of Apollo.

The Benedictine Rule is of course bound together, as its animating principle, by the threefold cord of monastic perfection—poverty, chastity, and obedience; and the three occupations into which the Benedictine day is apportioned are divine worship, study, and manual labour, the last two of which found no counterpart among the cœnobites of the East. But the comprehensive vigour and wisdom of his polity, which has made it the model for all subsequent institutions of the kind; the skilful adjustment of abbatial dominion with universal suffrage of the monks, at once concentrating power and diffusing it; and that prescient insight into the human heart which has moulded some forty generations of men and women (for there are Benedictine nuns also) into voluntary and submissive instruments of his will—all this does certainly show a legislative capacity which, as Sir James Stephen observes, may well appear to those who reject the theory of supernatural guidance "a phenomenon affording ample exercise for a liberal curiosity." And we may further agree with him that, great as are the services rendered by the Benedictine Order for many centuries, by their agricultural labours, their marvellous architectural achievements, and their priceless libraries, their greatness is most signally attested by the names of so many worthies illustrious alike for active piety, for administrative wisdom, for profound learning, for devout contemplation, and, we may add, for missionary enterprise. The names of Lanfranc and Anselm would alone suffice to show the influence produced by mediæval Benedictines on English history and theological thought. The dying vision of St. Benedict was indeed fulfilled with a rapidity which he could scarcely have foreseen. In Italy houses of his Order began at once to rise, increasing as time went on in spaciousness and splendour, from Calabria to the Alps, and to this day, or at least till the recent changes, scarcely a town of any size was without its Benedictine convent. His monks, as an abbot of Monte Cassino expressed it, "swarmed like bees," and began everywhere to plant new monasteries. Yet it is hardly in Italy that they have won their highest reputation. Before the death of Benedict, his faithful disciple Maurus had crossed the Alps, and the first French Benedictine abbey rose at Glanfeuille on the Loire near Angers. It was the first of many rich and noble foundations, famous for their learning, and still "the name of St. Maur is dear to letters." During the seventeenth century no fewer than a hundred and five writers of that Congregation shared their literary renown, and to them we owe the best editions known of the works of many of the Fathers, both Latin and Greek, as well as of some later celebrities, not to speak here of the gigantic task accomplished by Mabillon alone in his *Spicilegium*, his *Acta Sanctorum*, his Annals of the Benedictine Order and other works.

To English readers it may be more directly interesting to remember that with St. Augustine the rule of St. Benedict passed into this country, and, we might almost say, took possession of it. To quote Milman once more, "In every rich valley, by the side of every clear and deep stream, rose a Benedictine abbey,' and usually the most convenient, fertile, and peaceful spot in any part of England will be found to have been the site of one of these. It may be generally assumed, till evidence appears to the contrary, that an English monastery belonged to this Order, for the Cistercian was only a stricter reform of the Benedictine rule. Far the greater number of our old abbeys, several of our cathedrals, and many parish churches were in Benedictine hands. The names of Canterbury, St. Albans, Westminster, Glastonbury, and Tewkesbury in the south, of Wearmouth, Yarrow, and Lindisfarne in the north, will recall many others to those familiar with our ecclesiastical history or our ruined shrines. So strongly indeed were the English Benedictines rooted in the soil that after the suppression of their houses at the Reformation they resolved at least to retain in the Order all their old titular dignities, in the hope of better days. And we believe that at this moment Dean Stanley has a rival in existence somewhere—though it is not on record that he has ever claimed his seat in the Upper House—in the shape of a mitred Abbot of Westminster. In mediæval England, as on the Continent before the rise of the Jesuits, the education of youth was conducted chiefly in the schools attached to Benedictine monasteries. To this day indeed those schools are frequented by Roman Catholics of the upper classes, many of whom prefer their milder and more liberal discipline to that of the Jesuit teachers. But in the present stage of civilization religious orders, whatever may be thought of them from an ascetic or theological point of view, are not likely again to acquire the wider influence or reputation that once belonged to them. They may still have their uses, but their glories must be sought rather in the past than the present. And a community which has flourished already for nearly fourteen centuries, and shows no signs of decay, may afford to repose on its laurels and dwell with a pardonable pride on the memory of a founder whose name is honoured and his will obeyed, amid all the social and moral revolutions of later ages, by a multitude of men and women throughout modern Europe and beyond it. To a thoughtful observer this abiding influence in a world so full of change will perhaps appear a greater miracle than any of those with which it has pleased his biographers to adorn their record. It would have amazed John Knox and his associates to know that, three centuries after "the rookeries had been pulled down, and the rooks had fled," a large Benedictine monastery and school would be erected in the heart of Presbyterian Scotland, on the banks of the Caledonian Canal; while another, not without architectural pretensions, has arisen almost under the shadow of Hereford Cathedral, to say nothing of the more ambiguous establishment set up by "Father Ignatius" at Llanthony. It may at least be granted, by friends and foes alike, that St. Benedict has fairly earned the honours of his fourteenth centenary.

RECREATIONS OF A GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

MR. GRANT DUFF and other persons who are good enough to concern themselves with high matters have expressed a fear that sufficient attention is not now directed to the breeding up of statesmen. In these days demand generally creates supply, and it is almost surprising that this particular demand should hitherto have been an exception to the rule. Only a few weeks ago an ingenious writer proposed the adoption of literature as a profession, and already diligent observers may see advertisements offering to train up literary aspirants in the way they should go. If, therefore, nobody has yet projected a finishing school for Cabinet Ministers and Governors of colonies, there must be some special obstacle in the way. Possibly that obstacle is to be found in a certain ignorance as to the exact functions of these functionaries; and if this be so, it is satisfactory to know that the Marquess of Lorne has come to the rescue as concerns his own class. We have received a considerable bundle of extracts and newspaper cuttings representing his Excellency's performances in the matter of miscellaneous oratory during some months of the past year. Lord Lorne thinks that "it may be of interest to see to what subjects the attention of a new Governor-General is directed by the people of Canada." We shall not quarrel with the phrase, though perhaps a carper might suggest that these addresses ought rather to be described as exhibiting the subjects to which the attention of the people of Canada has been directed by a new Governor-General. This, however, may be set aside as a subtlety of an unworthily scholastic character. But the bundle certainly supplies valuable material for ascertaining the character of a good proconsul, as some writers love to call officials of the class of the Marquess of Lorne. In default of a Dryden or a Lamb ready to work up this character duly in prose or verse, we may at any rate provisionally attempt the task.

The specimens of Lord Lorne's eloquence with which we have been favoured extend in point of date from the month of May to the month of November, May and September being apparently his most voiceful times. In subject, as might be expected, the speeches are as miscellaneous as the sausage-seller's prophecies in the *Knights*. Lord Lorne speaks concerning Canada, concerning furry hats, concerning art in the colonies, concerning Universities, concerning the late Dr. Whewell, concerning himself, concerning things in general. Coming after Lord Dufferin, it is natural that the speeches should aim at two things first of all—the first being flattery, and the second jokes. The sun which shines upon the Castle of Blarney yokes his horses at a considerable distance from Argyllshire, nor has the latter country, though it may have been the nurse of heroes, hitherto been considered prolific in jokers. Lord Lorne deserves all the more credit for having sturdily aimed at the two chief graces of proconsular oratory. He seems to have had a favourable occasion on some unspecified day in May last when he opened an art gallery at Montreal. We gather from his speech that Canadian art has been sometimes disrespectfully spoken of. "But," says the Marquess, "the meeting to-day enables me to disprove such an assertion, and to gild over with a golden hue more true than that of many of Turner's pictures the supposed spot upon the beauty of our Canadian atmosphere." It would not be kind to inquire too closely into the correctness of this highly metaphorical expression. It savours a little of the early florid manner of some other public orators. It was, however, followed by a remark which we cannot but think unfortunate. Referring to a story told of Correggio (and of that other distinguished brother of the brush, Dick Tinto), Lord Lorne expressed a hope that he might "look forward to the time when Canadian artists would be allowed to wander over the land free of expense, the hotel-keepers being happy to let them pay their bills by the painting of a sign for mine host." To hope that at some future period Canadian artists may attain to the repute of tolerable sign painters is modest enough certainly; but if the Canadian Tintos thought it complimentary, they must be a most unassuming fraternity. On the 24th of the same month the Governor-General found himself in a position which might have tried a more experienced orator. He had to speak at a military banquet where, as guests of the Canadian warriors, not a few Americans were present. On this occasion Lord Lorne showed that he possessed at least the Dantonic quality of audacity. He expressed a hope that the Americans, "should occasion arise, would always be ready to stand by" the Canadian forces. The "tremendous cheering" which this evoked must be taken as a tribute rather to the orator's pluck than to his sentiment, for even

after dinner it must have occurred to some hearers that the probable use of Canadian troops is certainly not to "stand by" those of the United States or *vice versâ*. A week later we find him laying the foundation-stone of the new University buildings at Kingston, when he told his audience how he was once snubbed by Dr. Whewell, whom his Canadian reporters ingeniously disguise under the phonetic form Hewell. The speaker had been performing the well-known exercise of exalting the virtues of Scotch students, and it occurred to him that he had once done the same to Dr. Whewell at Cambridge; whereupon said that dignitary, "Well, there is nothing to prevent you working here, is there?" In "June" (no date) he was once more military, and on the 4th of the same month he had to rub up his French in order to answer an address of the Corporation of Quebec. The reply is a highly creditable composition, containing references to Joan of Arc, to St. Bernard (on the question of whose French sermons the Marquess bravely pronounces), to Du Guesclin, and several other persons.

After this there seems to have been some kind of vacation, and it was not till September that the Governor-General again addressed his subjects. The occasion was that of a meeting of the Toronto Club, and the audience appeared to have laughed and cheered throughout the speech in the most loyal and encouraging manner. Lord Lorne on this occasion proclaimed himself, not unhappily, the "Advertiser-General" of the Dominion, and he hit upon another fancy which shows that his holidays had been well enough employed. "For every few hundred fat oxen that the Canadians sent to England, they might," he said, "calculate on getting in exchange a stout English farmer." This must be admitted to be a picturesque and not infelicitous summary of the agricultural and emigration questions, and of the relations of new and old countries. Another remarkable statement occurs in another speech delivered on the same subject in the same month. This was to the effect that by the system of farm apprenticeship, which it seems prevails in Canada, the money paid into bank as deferred wages to the apprentices is sufficient at the expiry of their indentures to set them up as cultivators for themselves. This perhaps gives a greater idea of the opening for agricultural labourers in the Dominion than any other single fact. There are one or two other speeches of the same kind in the collection which impress us with the idea that Lord Lorne is happier at such matters than when he aspires to the heights of historical allusion and anecdotic eloquence. In the speech to the Montreal St. Andrew's Society, in November last, some attempts of the latter kind seem to have been made. As Lord Dufferin used to take every opportunity for good-humoured laudation of Ireland, so his successor seems to think it his duty to pay the same compliment to his own division of Great Britain. The sober audience greeted with applause a statement to the effect that "Englishmen have for the last two centuries been so grateful to Scotland for giving them a king that they have ever since been only too happy to see Scotchmen getting their own way everywhere." The joke is not a very happy one, and the historical allusion, considering all the circumstances, is scarcely happier.

From this brief summary the trainer of Colonial Governors may obtain some idea of the accomplishments which he should aim at communicating to his charges. It is quite clear that they must be able to joke, and the inference is equally obvious that their jokes need not be too good. Perhaps Sir William Harcourt, in the continued absence of more dignified employment, might undertake the post of Professor of Political Facetiousness. They must also be proficients in the art of historical allusion, for this is at least as valuable in their case as it seemed to Major Pendennis in his education of his nephew. The allusions need not be very recondite, and perhaps they need not be strictly accurate; but they should be aptly chosen, so that the audience may at once respect the learning of their Governor and be flattered by its application. This last point indeed is, after all, the most important. The Governor (General or other) may choose his own methods of compliment, but he must be steadily complimentary. The Professor of the art of "cracking-up" should therefore be the most carefully selected and the most highly paid official of the new academy. We cannot doubt that by this time Lord Lorne perceives the inadequacy of that remark about sign-painters, and blushes at it. A few lessons from the professor would have saved him from this little slip. It is, however, more difficult than in a former case to recommend a candidate for this particular post. Mr. Gladstone would do admirably when he is in the vein; but Mr. Gladstone could hardly be expected to do anything which might tend to the conservation of our colonial empire. Besides, it is but too probable that he would occasionally teach the callow Governor to open his mouth for cursing as well as for blessing, whereas it would appear that the "proconsul" should always bless. He must bless his temporary subjects, of course; he must bless the Mother-country, with a blessing of a slightly patronizing but cordial character; and in time of peace he must bless foreign nations too, though not without a hint of the terrible things they may expect if they dare to arouse the slumbering might of the dependency over which he happens to be set. It is a moot point whether a Professor of Useful Advice ought to be added to the staff or not. His task would certainly be a delicate one, and we do not observe from the speeches before us that there is much demand for the article, at least if, in Lord Lorne's own words, we are to take his speeches as dictated by the wishes of the audiences. Still it might be argued that such a thing might occasionally be required, and that it even enters somewhat prominently into the idea of the functionary in question. This, however, may be an old-fashioned view of the subject. It is clear that, even on the ornamental theory of Viceroys, the accomplishments required of them are not few, and in some cases not easy of acquirement. Lord Lorne's ingenious idea of the "Advertiser-General" expresses this truth of itself. For it is universally admitted nowadays that advertising is a fine, a difficult, and a complicated art.

ALIEN SPIRITS.

THE repeated exposure of the gross and palpable tricks of Spiritualism has at last led to a discovery of a truly alarming character. It was at first assumed by the sceptical, and even conceded by Spiritualists themselves, that the oft-detected imposture proceeded from a purely human and mundane source. Again and again the small band of faithful believers in the efficacy of sensitive table-legs and nervous arm-chairs were compelled to confess that certain interested and unscrupulous adventurers had pushed their way into the sacred circle and were prostituting an exalted creed for the sake of personal profit. These admissions, although sufficiently humiliating at the time, were felt to be consistent with the acknowledged frailty of human nature. Nearly every great and noble movement has suffered in its progress from the unsolicited intrusion of unprincipled persons, and the occasional detection of a swindler was therefore felt to be no insuperable obstacle to the general advancement of the cause. So soon as an eminent professor of the craft was brought clearly within the range of the criminal law, his claims to the possession of supernatural power were promptly abandoned, and the veracious and truly pious Spiritualist professed to rejoice exceedingly over the exposure and expulsion of an unworthy brother. It would seem, however, from the evidence of recent events that Spiritualists have now arrived at a clearer understanding of their position. They are no longer disposed to cast the responsibility of failure upon the harmless human creatures who are good enough to devote their lives to the service of the spiritual truth. They have, to borrow a legal expression, at last decided to change the venue and to transfer the accusation of fraud to the supernatural world, where the culprit, to his own inestimable advantage, is clearly beyond the reach of the police. It would be difficult to exaggerate the benefits to Spiritualism which are implied in this revolution. Historically it will have the effect of introducing the attractive feature of martyrdom into the record of the past; for when once there is a general agreement that the medium is not to be held responsible for his acts, it will be possible to restore to the ranks of Spiritualism a number of persons who have hitherto been regarded even by the most devout as impudent impostors. This in itself is a point of some importance. During recent years detection has so nearly kept pace with achievement, that the army of Spiritualists has been compelled to sacrifice many of its most eminent and skilful leaders, and the phenomena most prized by the believer have been consequently of much rarer occurrence. But if all the frauds incidental to the progress of the movement can be confidently referred to a supernatural agency, the crop of "phenomena" will no doubt be vastly increased, and the professional medium will learn to use his power with a freedom which he has never yet enjoyed. Nor is it merely from an historical point of view that Spiritualism will benefit by the newly-made discovery. Cavillers have been wont to object that the doings and utterances of the spirit world have offered but an imperfect reflection of our many-sided human life. The messages transmitted by the mediums have seldom been witty, and have not always been wise; and not even the occasional presence of the late Mrs. Guppy has served to convince the sceptical of the solid worth of the beings with whom we are brought into communication. But if this higher sphere can be shown to be inhabited by a race of thoroughly untrustworthy spirits the cause will soon gather adherents. A realm which is deeply infected with fraud can no longer seem strange or distant to the dwellers upon earth; and although we may question the advantage of exploring such an unknown land, we cannot in conscience doubt the probability of its existence.

The announcement of this newly discovered element in Spiritualism is due to an incident which recently occurred at a *séance* in Great Russell Street. Two gentlemen, who have since reported their experiences to the public, were directed to the offices of the British National Association of Spiritualists, on the assurance that the phenomena to be witnessed at that establishment were the most genuine in London. On the occasion of their first visit the medium was tied in such a way as to be displeasing to the spirits, and no manifestation occurred; but on a subsequent evening the tying was conducted under the direction of the chairman, and as the reward of his better knowledge of supernatural affairs, a spirit soon appeared answering to the name of "Marie," and supposed to be the representative of a dead child of twelve years of age. Nothing, however, is good enough to convince the irreverent, and we need not therefore be shocked or surprised to learn that Sir George Sitwell and his companion remained unconvinced. They were even so audacious as to detect a "corset" beneath the white spiritual robes; and at a third visit, one of them, utterly forgetful of the fact that the laws of good society are equally binding beyond the grave, rushed forward to grasp the vision, when he discovered to his confusion that he was clasping in his arms the solid

form of Mrs. Corner, the medium. In an adjoining room were found dress, stockings, and boots, with "the other discarded garments" which Mrs. Corner had thrown aside, all of which were handed round "for inspection and examination by those present." On the day following the publication of these interesting particulars, a letter from the Secretary of the Association appeared in the *Times*. The facts as stated by Sir George Sitwell and his companion were not denied, and, what at the first blush would seem to render the discovery of even greater importance, it was even admitted that the medium who now confesses to a "corset" had previously been "completely and exhaustively tested by Mr. Crookes, F.R.S.," who appears never to have perceived either the "corset" or the "other garments" referred to by Sir George Sitwell. It may be that Mr. Crookes's power of detecting "corsets" is not so keen as his spiritual sense, and it is at any rate clear, upon the evidence of the Secretary to the Association, that the existence of the "corset" is not now denied.

But in the Secretary's letter there is a hint of a kind of explanation which has since been developed in the columns of the recognized organ of Spiritualism. The *Medium and Daybreak* is, as we learn from its inscription, a journal "devoted to the history, phenomena, philosophy, and teachings of Spiritualism," and it is therefore not surprising that in a periodical of such comprehensive aims some attention should be given to the unfortunate proceedings in Great Russell Street. Happily, however, the *Medium and Daybreak* has been spared any serious labour in connexion with the affair by reason of a comprehensive analysis of all points in dispute which had already been made by a distinguished Spiritualist lecturer. A certain Mr. Burns, who carries after his name the mysterious initials "O.S.T.," was called upon by an audience of the faithful recently assembled in the Quebec Hall to justify the ways of spirits to men and to explain the apparent exposure, and in the lecture which he delivered upon the occasion the existence of a fraudulent race of spirits is clearly asserted and elaborately discussed. The theory that the medium consciously acted the part of a spirit in order to impose upon the sitters is dismissed at once as an insult to common sense. "All intelligent observers of mediumship," says Mr. Burns, "will agree that under the circumstances the medium did not actually commit the act attributed to her," and there is therefore no alternative but to assume that "some spirit or spirits controlled her and effected her liberation from the fastenings in the cabinet." These spirits were, we are assured, "the real deceivers," and if we are to seek a motive for such reprehensible conduct, it is supplied by the fact that a second séance had been arranged for the same evening, and that the spirits who watched over the interests of this second séance "had used the medium as a materialization to save power." But in case this explanation should not prove entirely acceptable, Mr. Burns has yet another hypothesis equally consistent with the facts. It would appear, according to this alternative theory, that the curse of scepticism is not confined to the human race. There are spirits and spirits; and, in order to go direct to the heart of the mystery, there are spirits so entirely lost to all sense of decency as not to believe in Spiritualism. In the present case it is supposed that some of these "alien spirits," who are rightly denounced as "foes to the cause," had wrongfully "usurped the place of the regular controls," and had taken a mean advantage of the circumstances "to effect all the mischief they possibly could on the reputation of the medium and of the phenomena in general." Mr. Burns further explains in connexion with the subject that not only are there two kinds of spirits, but there are also two kinds of mediums. He divides them into the two classes of spiritual mediums and phenomenal mediums, and he does not hesitate to add that the lady with the corset was no more than a phenomenal medium. It is the peculiar weakness of the phenomenal medium that she requires "conditions"; and that, if these are not forthcoming, she is in danger of falling into bad spirit company, by whom she is led into the most embarrassing situations. Such a medium ought never to be brought into contact with "promiscuous sitters" unless accompanied by some person possessed of "the interior light." And that no such person was present at the séance in Great Russell Street Mr. Burns is fully convinced. Upon this point he will listen to no argument, for, as he justly observes, "if I see how men act, I care not for their professions," and he is persuaded that the sitters acted in such a way as to exclude the possibility of their possessing any interior light. Nor for these special objects of Mr. Burns's contempt do we feel any kind of pity. Our sympathies go rather with the lady who by such a trifling article of dress as a corset has been suddenly degraded to the rank of a merely "phenomenal medium." A more pitiable fate than that of a phenomenal medium can indeed scarcely be conceived. To be caught and detained in the arms of an earnest inquirer is bad enough; but to be held in bondage by spirits who have no belief in Spiritualism is indeed a terrible termination to an otherwise brilliant and blameless career.

INSURANCE COMPANIES' PREMIUMS AND EXPENSES.

THE *Statist* of Saturday last contains an elaborate article on Insurance Companies which is eminently deserving of the attention of intending insurers. It is founded on the returns furnished by the Companies themselves to the Board of Trade, and compares the premiums charged by ninety-two of these Companies at the several ages from 26 to 41, both inclusive, as also the proportion borne by the expenses to the premium income. The importance of these two points in attempting to understand the position of an Insurance-office is obvious. The premium is the annuity paid by an insurer in consideration of the payment to his representatives of a larger sum at a future specified time; and clearly it ought not to exceed what is requisite to discharge the liabilities of the insuring Company, to cover the legitimate current expenses, and to leave a reasonable profit on the capital invested. If it does more than this, the insurer gets less than justice; unless, indeed, he receives advantages over and above the policy for which he contracts. A Company, for instance, may charge too high a premium, but may return the excess in the shape of bonuses, or may periodically increase the amount assured by the policy. In such a case the apparently high premium may not in reality be so. Again, a Company charging a high premium may manage its affairs so well that the security acquired may not be too dearly bought by the additional payment. These are points which the intending insurer should carefully consider for himself. But, other things being equal, it is manifest that the smaller the premium the greater is the advantage to the insurer. As regards the second of the two points we have mentioned, it is clear that the larger the proportion borne by expenses to the premium income the less advantageous is the position of the Company. If, for example, the expenses of one office amount to no more than 5 per cent. of its premium income, while those of another are as much as 15 per cent., the latter, supposing the incomes in both cases to be equal, has 10 per cent. less than the former wherewith to meet its liabilities. Here again, however, we must make some allowances. Thus a new Company, while it is acquiring business, has to incur a considerable outlay, which from the nature of the case must bear a high proportion to the premium income. Even among old-established Companies, it is only fair to observe, those which charge low premiums may appear to be spending a larger proportion of them than those which charge high premiums. For the sake of illustration, let us suppose two offices, one charging 2*l.* 10*s.* per annum to insure 100*l.* at death, the other charging 3*l.*; and let us suppose further that the expenses of each office amount to 5*s.* for every 100*l.* insured. The proportion of expenses to income in the first case is 10 per cent., in the second only 8⅓ per cent., yet the cost of obtaining the business is precisely the same in both. We must not, however, attach too much importance to this, for in the cases here assumed the dearer Company charges 20 per cent. more than the cheaper, although the difference in the proportion of expenses to income is only 1⅔ per cent. Besides, it is plain that the smaller the revenue the greater the need for economy. It will be seen, then, that the excess in the premium must be very large indeed to cause an appreciable diminution in the proportion of expenses to income. With these introductory remarks we pass on to notice the results brought out in the *Statist* article.

That article, as we have said, analyses the returns to the Board of Trade of ninety-two Companies, omitting the remainder either because they take weekly payments, or because of other difficulties in working out details; and it compares the premiums charged from the age of 26 to 41, as well as the proportion of expenses to premium income. The premiums in every case, we should add, are the "with-profits" premiums, these comprising the great bulk of insurance business. The writer admits that, to be scientifically accurate, he ought to have included all ages in the comparison; but statistics do not exist that would enable him to do so, and the ages which he chooses are practically the insuring ages. In order to present the results in a form that will be readily apprehended by his readers and not encumber his columns with too great a mass of figures, he has added together the premiums at each age, sixteen in all, and divided them by sixteen to get the average or mean. The results arrived at are curious. Confining ourselves in the first place to the premiums, we find that the 92 Companies fall into five classes, of which there are 14 in the first and 8 in the last, the great majority being in the three intermediate classes. The 14 Companies in the first class have an aggregate premium income of 2,424,812*l.*, and the mean annual premium to insure 100*l.* at death with profits exceeds 2*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.* But although we have followed our contemporary in classing those 14 Companies together, we should be ourselves inclined to place the first on the list in a category apart. For its mean annual premium is as high as 3*l.* 2*s.* 10*d.*, that of the next on the list being only 2*l.* 18*s.* 5*d.*, and, as we have seen, the average of the 14 being no more than 2*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.* In the second class there are 26 Companies, with an aggregate premium income of 4,563,109*l.*, whose mean annual premium is between 2*l.* 15*s.* and 2*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.* In the third class there are 33 Companies, with an aggregate premium income of 3,114,910*l.*, whose mean annual premium is between 2*l.* 13*s.* 9*d.* and 2*l.* 15*s.* In the fourth class there are 11 Companies with an aggregate premium income of 1,036,124*l.*, whose mean annual premium is between 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* and 2*l.* 13*s.* 9*d.* And in the last there are 8 Companies, with an aggregate premium income of 1,024,795*l.*, whose mean annual premium does not exceed 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* Here, as in the first class, we have to note considerable divergence, the mean annual income of the last upon the list being as low as 2*l.* 6*s.* Broadly, then, the result brought out by this analysis is that the bulk of the Companies making up the three intermediate classes, 70 in number, with an aggregate premium income amounting to 72 per cent. of the total, do not differ very widely from one another in their charges, the variation in the mean being only from 2*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.* as a maximum

to 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* as a minimum, or barely 6½ per cent. But the variation between the first and the last class is very considerable. The difference, for example, between the highest and the lowest is 14*s.*, which would amount in the case of an insurance of 1,000*l.* to 7*l.* The conclusion to be drawn from all this clearly is that, as regards the great majority of offices, a prudent man will pay but secondary attention to the rates of premium when considering with which Company he ought to insure. He will inquire rather into the management; he will ask whether the risks run are very great, whether the investments are sound, and whether the income is earned at a large or a small outlay. But as regards the offices included in the first and the last classes the case is different. The divergence in them is too great not to provoke inquiry. If the premiums charged by the 8 companies in the fifth class are sufficient, those charged by the 14 in the first class must be very much more than sufficient. And a prudent man will desire to know why this is so. We offer no opinion ourselves upon the matter. For the present we are only calling attention to a difference of practice which invites comment. It would be easy no doubt to suggest explanations. It may be said, for instance, that the high premiums are deliberately charged for the purpose of making it possible to declare large bonuses, while the low premiums are calculated simply to carry out literally the contract entered into. In such a case an insurer might very possibly prefer the office charging the higher premium. But our present object is only to draw attention to the facts as we find them, and therefore we refrain from examining this and similar explanations.

Turning now to the proportion borne by the expenses to the premium income, we find the differences much more startling and serious, ranging from 3·9 per cent. up to 75 per cent. Omitting such exceptionally high proportions as 75 and 50 per cent., we find not a few cases where it amounts to 21, 23, 25, 27, and 34 per cent.; while at the other end of the scale we find a great number no higher than 5, 10, and 15 per cent. We do not say that there may not be good reasons for these differences; but a sensible man will require to know what the reasons are before he deals with the former class of offices. His object is to make a provision for his wife, should she survive him, and for his children, especially his daughters; and management which uses up a quarter or one-third of the premium income in earning it is hardly calculated to attract his confidence. If Companies of high character doing a large business are able to defray their expenses with 5 per cent. of their premium income, it is difficult to understand why others should need to spend 20 or 30 per cent. We have already admitted that new Companies must be excepted, and there may be cases where old established Companies are enlarging their business, and are legitimately incurring a largely increased outlay. But we must plainly add that the number of offices showing a high proportion of expenses to premium income is so great as to render this explanation not very probable in every case. At the same time we must not be understood to imply that a high proportion of expenses to premium income is necessarily conclusive against the management of an office. There are other things to be considered, as, for example, the nature of the risks undertaken. All we say is that a heavy expenditure *primâ facie* tells against the management, and ought to warn an intending insurer to inquire very narrowly into the position of the Company. It suggests either extravagance, waste, and absence of efficient supervision, or else a difficulty in obtaining business, so that exorbitant commissions have to be paid to agents to bring it in. The suggestion may happen to be quite unfounded, and the Company may be perfectly safe; but the general public have little means of forming an intelligent opinion on such points, and can only apply such tests as are furnished to them.

OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—II.

THE collection of pictures in the Fourth Gallery at Burlington House, which is devoted to the works of "Holbein and his School, &c.," is, as we said last week, full of attraction. Perhaps the most interesting of many admirable specimens of Holbein's work is the "Portrait of Christina of Denmark, Duchess of Milan" (177), which is a full-length picture hung close to the ground, a method of somewhat doubtful advantage. The picture is thus described in the Catalogue:—"Daughter of Christian II. of Denmark and niece of the Emperor Charles V., married Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan, who died 1535, when she was about fourteen. On the death of his third wife, Jane Seymour, in 1537, Henry VIII. opened negotiations with the Emperor for her hand, and Holbein was sent to Brussels for the purpose of taking her portrait for the King; a letter from John Hatton, English Minister at Brussels, to the Lord Privy Seal, Lord Cromwell, dated March 14, 1438" (this is of course a misprint for 1538) "gives an account of Holbein's interview with the Duchess, and states that he did a sketch of her in three hours; in a previous letter, dated December 9, 1537, Hatton thus describes her:—'I am informed she is of the age of sixteen years, very high of stature for that age. She is higher than the Regent, a goodly personage of body, and competent of beauty, of favour excellent, soft of speech, and very gentle in countenance. She weareth mourning apparel after the manner of Italy.'" The portrait corresponds closely enough to this vivid description of the personage. It is not of course to be supposed that the portrait which we now see was the one which "Mr. Hance," as Holbein is called in Hatton's letter, executed when, "having but three hours' space," he "showed himself to be master of that science." That was probably a drawing like those in the Royal collection, many of which have been lately seen both at Burlington House and at the Grosvenor Gallery. It is unfortunate that the face in the finished work has been injured, so that the modelling is spoiled; but the expression remains, and gives one the idea of a singularly attractive person, with quite enough wit, notwithstanding her gentleness, to have made the reply to Henry's offer which is attributed to her, "that she had only one head; if nature had endowed her with two, one should have been at his Majesty's disposal." The painting of the figure, with the varying textures of the dress, is an admirable example of Holbein's work. The oddly opaque blue of the background, entirely unlike the bright and airy colour frequently employed by this master, is probably due to the incompetence of a cleaner.

The place corresponding to that of this picture is on another wall occupied by a full-length picture of Sir Thomas Gresham (165), founder of the Royal Exchange, which is described in the Catalogue as belonging to the "School of Holbein." The figure, with its black dress, its somewhat melancholy look, and the skull on the ground, has an odd suggestion of Hamlet in the grave scene. There seems to be good ground for supposing, with Mr. Scharf, that the picture was painted by Girolamo da Treviso. To the same painter, or to Bartolomeo Penni, one contemporary critic ascribes the "Portrait of William West, 1st Lord Delawarr" (167), which the Catalogue assigns to Holbein. Another critic points to certain resemblances in the workmanship to that of Van Cleeve, and the late Mr. Wornum thought that it might have been by Strete. The portrait is fine and impressive in attitude and expression. Close to this are two fine specimens of Pourbus, "Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester" (164), and his brother, "Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick" (166), a personage of a very marked, but by no means attractive, expression, which seems to have been caught to the life by the painter. A full-length portrait of Edward VI., when Prince of Wales, at the age of two, by Holbein (163), has been greatly injured, but its beauty and truth are still apparent. One of the finest examples of the master's work seen in this gallery is the "Portrait of Sir Henry Guildford" (174), which is full of expression and is painted with a magnificent freedom and accuracy. The elaborate painting of the dress and its ornaments, which are, however, completely subordinated to the impressive face and bearing of their wearer, is highly remarkable. The companion portrait of Lady Guildford (171) is also striking, but has been unfortunately injured. As striking in some ways as the portrait of Sir Henry Guildford is that of Sir Brian Tuke (188), Secretary to Wolsey and Treasurer of the Chamber to Henry VIII. In this the treatment of the dress and ornaments is extraordinarily fine and careful.

There are in this gallery two works attributed to Joas van Cleeve, one of which, "Portrait of a Man" (206), passed for some time as a Holbein. The other, a portrait of the painter by himself (160), is a fine specimen. Attention should also be given to several specimens of Clouet, which it will be interesting to compare with the work of the greater painter. The gaiety which belongs to them is curiously and pleasantly characteristic of the painter's nationality. Some little Cranachs also have an interest of their own.

The fifth gallery contains one work of exceptional value and beauty—a panel, "Virgin and Child" (223), by Piero della Francesca. Panels by this master are excessively rare—indeed not more than half-a-dozen are known to exist. This one is of unquestionable authenticity, and though much injured both by dirt and fading, is free from repainting, except where it has been necessary to fill in a comparatively narrow strip on the extreme right of the picture. This has been done with the utmost care and skilfulness, and a thin faint line of gold has been employed to indicate the boundary between the original and the supplied portion. The picture is remarkable for the unconventional beauty of its grouping and for its fine feeling and expression. It is further noteworthy as one of the examples of the transition period when two vehicles were employed—tempera for the flesh tints, which accordingly have faded to whiteness, and the then new vehicle of oil for the rich textures and tissues.

This room contains, amongst other things, four pictures by Botticelli (212, 213, 253, 254), which illustrate one of the novels in the *Decameron*. They are thus described in the Catalogue:—"Nastagio degli Oresti, being in love with a daughter of Paolo Traversaro, has his suit rejected, the family of the lady being nobler than his own. He accordingly leaves Ravenna for Chiassi; and one day, while walking disconsolately in the pine woods, sees the apparition of a naked lady pursued by a horseman and dogs. He endeavours ineffectually to defend her; but the horseman dismounts, and plunging his sword into her body, tears out her heart and throws it to his dogs, who devour it (253). He then tells Nastagio that she has to suffer this punishment on the same spot every Friday for her cruelty to him when alive. Nastagio, thinking it would be a warning to his own mistress, invites her to a feast in the woods on the following Friday, and the same apparition then appears, to the great terror of the guests (213). His mistress relents, and consents to marry him; and the wedding feast is afterwards held at Ravenna in the palace of the Traversari" (254). The pictures originally belonged, oddly enough, to *cassoni* or marriage chests; and they have a quaint and curious interest, the one depicting "the great terror of the guests" being

from an irreverent point of view especially pleasing; but it is unfortunate that they have been almost entirely repainted. The extraordinary variety, however, of expressions which now seem oddly out of keeping with the circumstances of the disturbed festal party can hardly have been greatly altered. Not far from these works hangs a "Battle Scene" (219), full of vigour and movement, attributed to Pisanello, and representing probably a Roman engagement with Pyrrhus. It is curious to note in this the painter's sublime rashness in attempting to put into his work more than any picture can possibly contain. A "Virgin and Child" (225), ascribed to Lionardo, has extreme beauty and tenderness. The "Fable of Cupid and Psyche" (227), assigned to Filippo Lippi, might probably be attributed with better show of reason to Filippino; and a portrait (233), ascribed with a necessary query to Raffaelle, is an interesting specimen of the Florentine school. A "Judgment of Solomon," ascribed also with a query to Wohlgemuth, probably does not belong to the Nuremberg school at all, but has some points of strong resemblance to the work of Lucas van Leyden. Three religious pictures (244, 245, 248) of the "Early Castilian School"—that is, of Flemish origin or inspiration—are in their way exceedingly interesting, but the way is one of curiosity rather than beauty. The "Portrait of Don Francesco de Ribas" (242) is a fine and impressive example of Velasquez. It is odd to find a picture, "Portrait of Edward VI. on Horseback" (237), assigned without a query to Holbein, placed in this room far away from all other genuine or doubtful Holbeins; but it is not perhaps difficult to imagine reasons for this at first sight startling condition of things.

The exhibition has, it will have been seen, some points of unusual interest, and certainly does not suffer in attraction from not being inconveniently large.

THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

MR. CARL ROSA has once more undertaken a season of opera in English at Her Majesty's Theatre; and, as usual, his programme is of much interest. Unfortunately Mr. Rosa is unable at present to undertake the active supervision of his enterprise; but he has been happy in putting the duties of musical director into the hands of Signor Randegger, who, long known to the English lovers of music as one of the ablest singing-masters in this country and a clever conductor of musical festivals, now shows himself to be an operatic conductor of rare ability. He directs an admirable band, having Mr. Carrodus as first violin, and a chorus of good voices well trained; and both band and chorus are completely under his control. We ought therefore rather to rejoice that Mr. Mapleson did not carry out his intention of producing Herr Hermann Goetz's *Taming of the Shrew* during the late series of Italian opera at cheap prices, and that it should have been left to Mr. Rosa to introduce this work to a London audience. For the performance of this opera on Tuesday evening may be called the first in London, though we believe it was produced some time ago at Drury Lane; but it excited no interest, and comparatively few of the English public have ever even heard that the Drury Lane representations were given.

The German libretto is by Herr Joseph Victor Widmann, who has treated the original play with the greatest freedom, and, from an operatic point of view, with judgment and dramatic skill. The characters are reduced to Baptista, Katharine and Bianca, Hortensio and Lucentio, Bianca's suitors, and Petruchio; Grumio and a tailor being also introduced. The opera opens in front of Baptista's house with a serenade to Bianca by Lucentio, which is interrupted by a chorus of Baptista's servants who are in rebellion against Katharine's temper. Baptista attempts to pacify them. Katharine appears on the balcony and increases the confusion by her taunts. The neighbours appear at the windows and remonstrate. At last the servants accept Baptista's offer of more pay and more wine, and retire. Lucentio resumes his serenade; Bianca comes to the window. This love scene is interrupted by Hortensio, who comes with a band of musicians also to serenade Bianca. The rivals quarrel. Baptista again comes out, and finally declares to the two suitors that Katharine must be married before Bianca can be wooed. Each of the suitors then determines to get access to the house as a tutor to Bianca, and so gain an advantage over his rival. Petruchio now enters and determines to marry Katharine.

The second act follows the original play more closely. The first scene is between Katharine and Bianca. Petruchio presents himself to Baptista as a suitor for Katharine's hand, and introduces Hortensio and Lucentio in disguise as tutors for Bianca. They go to the garden to look for their pupil, and Baptista then warns Petruchio of his daughter's character. Hortensio comes in with the lute broken around his neck, and Petruchio is left alone. Katharine comes in, and the scene between them is much the same as that in the play, which again is closely followed in the last scene of the act in which Petruchio tells Baptista that he has gained Katharine's consent to the marriage, the only important variation from the original being that Katharine's words are made to show that Petruchio is really gaining her heart. The second act shows the guests assembled for the wedding. They are dismissed by Baptista on account of Petruchio not having arrived, and then the lesson scene between Bianca and her tutors takes place, interrupted by the arrival of Petruchio and Grumio. The guests reassemble and go off to the wedding, and the rest of the act follows the play. The last act is at Petruchio's house, the incidents of the dinner being shown. The tailor enters, and after the scene with him Katharine's taming is complete. Baptista arrives with Lucentio and Bianca, who are now married, and the opera ends. The opera, of course, has a better effect in English than it could have in a foreign language. Perhaps only those who in a long course of opera-going have sounded the depths of imbecility of the ordinary libretto are likely to appreciate the value of the version which is used, written by the Rev. J. Troutbeck, M.A. The language is clear and intelligible, the words are so well adapted to the music that the singers are able to use them unaltered; indeed, if we compare Mr. Troutbeck's work with the original German libretto, we find that he has followed it almost syllable by syllable. In fact, Mr. Troutbeck has accomplished a difficult task in a manner which shows him to be a fluent writer, and to have a real feeling for music.

To describe or criticize Herr Goetz's music is no easy task; but even a first impression shows us that it is worthy of the high opinion which has been formed of it in Germany, where the opera is now well known. Even without analysis of the deeper beauties of the work, its dramatic character alone interests and charms. Every bar has its meaning and expresses the intention of the words, and above all there is the stamp of originality on the whole opera. The music is unconventional, and Herr Goetz has succeeded in writing true music of comedy, a task in which so many great composers have failed; but whilst he has a keen sense of musical humour, it never leads him into the trivialities of opera bouffe, and his music in the more serious and tender situations is full of poetry and charm. It is here that he reminds us most of Herr Wagner—not that there is any servile imitation, but that he employs similar melodic forms, if we may venture to use the words "melodic" and "form" in connection with the works of that composer. But otherwise Herr Goetz no more follows Herr Wagner than he does any other musical writer; and, in spite of some few startling harmonies, is generally content to obtain his dramatic effects by more ordinary and time-honoured means. And, whilst he gives its full value to the orchestra, he yet treats the voices as of more importance than mere additional instruments in the band.

The music is decidedly not of a "popular" character. There are few airs or phrases which can be carried away, and we may hope to be spared the infliction of such works as the "Katharine Quadrilles" or the "Petruchio Waltzes." But we think that the more frequently it is heard, the more its many beauties will grow upon the hearer; and we believe that there is a sufficiently large audience of lovers of true music in England to make the success of the opera almost as great in this country as it has been in Germany. That no difficulties of musical composition can hamper Goetz when he has an idea to carry out is shown very early in the opera, where we have the angry chorus of Baptista's servants, Baptista's soothing words, Katharine's taunts, and the quartet of neighbours remonstrating all carried on at once, all distinct, and all full of individual dramatic character. But he uses this facility of composition only to produce dramatic effect, and never for display. Thus during the boisterous scene at the beginning of the last act, when Petruchio is whipping the servants and throwing the plates and dishes about the room, Goetz makes no attempt at elaborate writing, which would be lost in the bustle, noise, and excitement on the stage, and contents himself with a slight orchestral indication of the scene. The composer is sparing in his use of *leit motivs*—too often a cloak for poverty of invention—the only one which forces itself on the hearer's notice being the opening phrase of Petruchio's air in the first act, "She is a wife for such a man created," which is freely used afterwards to indicate Petruchio's success. He has also written a true overture to the opera, instead of a mere *pot pourri* of the principal airs—another device by which some composers, under the pretence of making their work intelligible and popular, contrive to make a very little original thought go a very long way.

The opera was admirably performed, under the direction of Signor Randegger; and it was scarcely possible to believe that it was a first night of so difficult a work. Band and chorus were alike admirable, and perfectly under command; whilst the singers were all good, and, thanks to proper study and rehearsal, were enabled to entirely conceal the nervousness which artists must always feel on the first night of a new work. The Katharine was Miss Minnie Hauk, and her popularity certainly helped the success of the opera. We have heard that she sang the part when the opera was first produced in Germany, and that some of the music was written for her. Her conception of the character is rather petulant and undignified; but, conception apart, she played the part well and with much dash and fire. Her vocalization we have often spoken of, and we find it unchanged. But there is one serious blot upon her performance which, if she hopes to be successful in opera in English, Miss Hauk should try to wipe out; that is, that she does not pronounce her words at all, and appears to be singing in some entirely unknown tongue. This is the more to be regretted as the other members of the company articulate with unusual distinctness. Miss Georgina Burns sang Bianca, and showed herself to be a florid soprano of great skill, having a beautiful voice and singing with much expression and feeling. Mr. Walter Bolton sang Petruchio; he has a fine barytone voice and a strong manly style of singing which lent itself well to the music; his acting also was satisfactory. The rest of the cast was as follows:—Baptista, Mr. Snazelle; Hortensio, Mr. Leslie Crotty; Lucentio, Mr. Fred. C.

Packard; Grumio, Mr. T. Law; and a Tailor, Mr. Charles Lyall. Mr. Packard has an agreeable tenor voice, which unfortunately is already attacked by the destroying tremolo; but for this he sings well. Mr. Betjemann must be congratulated on his stage management and wonderful power of drilling chorus singers; his crowds look like real crowds, and are not mere rows of motionless figures. Mention may specially be made of the end of the second act, where the guests and servants try to prevent Petruchio from carrying off Katharine before the wedding feast, whilst he and Grumio drive them back with their swords; the lifelike rushes at Petruchio and terrified flights when he threatens were as good examples of skilful and artistic stage management as we could wish to see. In fact, the work was presented to the public in a manner worthy of Mr. Carl Rosa's reputation as a manager.

REVIEWS.

MEMOIRS OF METTERNICH.*

(*First Notice.*)

THE present fragment of autobiography is in a high degree valuable and interesting, though the contents scarcely correspond to the title. Of some parts of his diplomatic and political career Prince Metternich wrote detailed accounts, and the second volume contains a large number of despatches which in some instances supply omissions in the Memoirs; but there is no continuous narrative, and many great historical events scarcely receive passing notice. Prince Richard Metternich has taken an extremely modest view of his duties as editor. He has seldom or never supplied the deficiencies which he found in his father's desultory notes; but his publication, if not complete, is thoroughly authentic, and it forms an important contribution to the history of Napoleon's time. Prince Metternich was not only one of the foremost statesmen of his age; he had a taste for art and science; he was an accomplished member of society, and his Memoirs show that he possessed no ordinary ability as a writer. His studies of the characters of Napoleon and Alexander I. would not have been unworthy of St. Simon. He is probably justified in stating that no other person, not being a Frenchman, had equal opportunities of becoming acquainted with Napoleon; and he attributes to his use of the facilities which he possessed no small share in the final defeat of the Emperor's designs. Referring to Napoleon's invitation to himself to come as Ambassador to Paris, he complacently says, "I do not think it was a good inspiration of Napoleon's which called me to functions which gave me the opportunity of appreciating his excellences, but also the possibility of discovering the faults which at last led him to ruin, and freed Europe from the oppression under which it languished." Both the Memoirs and the despatches contain many striking illustrations of Napoleon's character and methods of proceeding. The story of his famous interview with Metternich at Dresden in 1813 is for the first time told in vivid language with elaborate detail. Frequent reports from Paris to the Court of Vienna of the Emperor's calculated outbreaks against different Envoys at his diplomatic receptions are equally instructive. Of the audacious mendacity which is attributed to him by his old acquaintance two examples may suffice. After the battle of Wagram he induced Prince John of Lichtenstein who, as he knew, had no authority to negotiate, to sign a project of peace, to be submitted to the Emperor Francis, which Napoleon immediately declared to be a treaty with Austria. He instantly ordered the guns to be fired in celebration of the conclusion of peace; and the Emperor Francis and his Minister feared to provoke the disappointment which would have been caused by an announcement of the truth. The Memoirs contain an account given to Prince Metternich by Cardinal Consalvi of the deception which was practised on the Pope when he came to Paris for the coronation of the Empress. As Josephine, having been married only by civil contract, was not, according to the rules of the Church, a lawful wife, no intimation was made that she was to be crowned till the evening before the ceremony. The Pope positively refused to appear if Josephine was to be crowned, until two or three French bishops, sent by the Emperor, assured him with deliberate falsehood that the marriage had been performed according to the rites of the Church. French historians speak of a ceremony of marriage of which Metternich seems not to have heard, performed by Cardinal Fesch on the eve of the coronation. They add that when it became convenient to obtain a divorce some informality in the proceedings was discovered, although the Cardinal insisted that they had been perfectly regular. At a later time, when the Court of Rome was requested to sanction the marriage of Maria Louisa, the true account of a merely civil marriage with Josephine was of course revived.

With a period of more than thirty years after the fall of Napoleon, during which Metternich was one of the principal directors of European politics, the present portion of the Memoirs has nothing to do. Europe was largely indebted to him for the longest peace of modern times; and, on the other hand, his domestic policy in Hungary and in Italy ended in confusion and disaster. When his apology for the later and longer part of his career is published, he will probably be found not to have attributed to himself any responsibility for failure. Confident in the principles which he consistently maintained, he seems also to have been thoroughly satisfied with himself. Guizot himself was not in his own estimation more incapable of obliquity or of error, though it may be admitted that Metternich's self-approval is less obtrusive than the vanity of the austere French intriguer. Scarcely any statesman found the accesses to rank and power so open and so easy. His father, Francis George Count Metternich, was Austrian Ambassador to the Diet when Leopold II. was crowned at Frankfort, and the son, Count Clement, at the age of seventeen, was already representative of the Westphalian Courts of the Empire. Soon afterwards the elder Metternich became Ambassador to the Estates of the Austrian Netherlands, an office which really was that of Prime Minister or Regent of the provinces. The son, who had been carefully educated at Strasburg and Mayence, was employed by his father in State business at Brussels, and in 1794 he became acquainted during a visit to England with George III., the Prince of Wales, and the leaders of both political parties. He ventured to remonstrate with the Prince, whom he greatly admired, on his alliance with the Opposition, and twenty years afterwards the Regent reminded him of the conversation, and told him that he had been perfectly in the right. He was on board Lord Howe's flag-ship on the 30th of May, when the Admiral, in spite of his entreaty, sent him on shore, on hearing that the French fleet had issued from Brest. He stayed at Portsmouth till the shattered fleet returned in triumph after the victory of the 1st of June. On his return he found that the Austrian Government had been compelled to retire from the Netherlands; and he was himself unable to enter on the post of Ambassador Extraordinary at the Hague, to which he had been appointed at the age of twenty-one. By the French occupation of the left bank of the Rhine his family had lost their principal estates, including the titular castle of Metternich. A property in Bohemia remained, and at the subsequent peace of Luneville the abbey of Ochsenhausen was awarded to them in compensation for their losses. Francis II., who had now succeeded Leopold, raised the new possession to the rank of a principality, and some years afterwards Metternich declined an offer of Napoleon's to raise him to the rank of a sovereign member of the Confederation of the Rhine. In the autumn of 1794, on a first visit to Vienna, he found that his parents had arranged for him a marriage with a daughter of Prince Ernest Kaunitz, eldest son of the celebrated Chancellor. By an odd coincidence the wedding, which was deferred till 1795, took place at the then unknown village of Austerlitz. Metternich declares, apparently without conscious insincerity, that the public service had then no attraction for him. "I had determined to remain in private life, and to devote my time to the cultivation of learning and science." One of his reasons was that, in his judgment, public affairs in Austria were not well conducted. "Inaccessible to prejudice, and seeking only the truth in everything, my modesty did not allow me to find fault with persons in power if I was not satisfied with what I saw." His disapproval of the policy of his Government was therefore, he says, ascribed to the weakness of his own understanding; "and, on the whole, my particular vocation seemed to me to be the cultivation of knowledge, especially of the exact and physical sciences, which suited my taste particularly." He had also some knowledge of art, and he was a respectable performer on the violin. Destiny had not intended him for a student and amateur. The Emperor Francis, to whom he communicated his desire of a private life, told him that he might do as he liked for the present, but that he must be prepared to obey his orders. It is difficult to believe that, after fifty years of all but supreme power, Metternich should have regretted his failure to become a third-rate chemist.

He makes no secret of the qualifications for public life which he knew himself to possess; and, if possible, he relies more on his moral excellence than on his sagacity and prudence. The composition of the *Memoirs* was itself prompted by a sense of duty. He undertakes to point out to his descendants "the course by which alone the conscientious man can withstand the claims of time. This course I have indicated by the motto I have chosen, as the symbol of my conviction, for myself and my descendants—*True Strength lies in Right*. Beyond this all is transitory." The same doctrine is elsewhere expounded in full detail, leading to the conclusion that

> when we master these truths what becomes of a selfish policy, of the policy of frontiers, or of the policy of miserable greed, and especially what becomes of that which seeks profit apart from the simplest rules of right, which mocks at the plighted word, and, in short, rests solely on the usurpation of force and craft? After this confession of faith it may be conceived what I have always thought of the politicians of the stamp, or, if we will, of the authority of a Richelieu, a Mazarin, a Canning, a Capo d'Istria, or a Haugwitz.

Canning's name will be seen with some surprise in the list of dishonest statesmen, though the enmity between him and Metternich is well known. It may perhaps have been against the wish of the Austrian Chancellor that Prince Esterhazy concurred with Prince and Princess Lieven in the intrigue against the Duke of Wellington which produced a reconciliation between Canning and George IV. It is edifying to listen to the virtuous sentiments of the veteran master of statecraft who seldom received credit for disinterested simplicity.

* *Memoirs of Prince Metternich*, 1773-1815. Edited by Prince Richard Metternich. Translated by Mrs. Alexander Napier. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1880.

In 1801, at the age of 28, Metternich was appointed Austrian Minister at Dresden; and in 1803 he was transferred to the more important mission at Berlin. The renewal of the war between France and Austria was already impending, and both the Austrian and the Russian Governments were anxious to have the co-operation of Prussia. Count Haugwitz was devoted to the interest of France, and the two Cabinet Secretaries, Lombard and Beyme, were, according to Metternich, whose statement is confirmed by other authorities, in the pay of Napoleon. The King, anxious only to maintain his neutrality, inclined to the French party, while Hardenberg gave all the aid in his power to Metternich. The Emperor Alexander nearly drove the King into alliance with France by an ill-advised threat of violating Russian territory; but Napoleon anticipated him by occupying the Prussian Margravate of Anspach, and the King reluctantly signed the Treaty of Potsdam, by which he bound himself to join the Allies. Haugwitz, who took the document to Vienna, having delayed its presentation till after the battle of Austerlitz, instead of discharging his mission, went to Napoleon's head-quarters to congratulate him on his victory. In the next year the defeat of Jena and the dismemberment of the Prussian monarchy formed an instructive comment on a policy of cowardice. On the conclusion of the Peace of Presburg Metternich was appointed Ambassador to St. Petersburg, in the place of Count Stadion, who became Prime Minister; but about the same time Napoleon, on the recommendation of Talleyrand, intimated his wish to receive Metternich as the Austrian representative at Paris. During a residence of four years he attained a certain intimacy with the Emperor, though he was exposed to occasional bursts of calculated violence; and he was incessantly occupied in preparing for another war, which he saw to be inevitable. The independent and suggestive tone of his correspondence with Stadion shows that the young diplomatist had acquired the full confidence of his Government. After the Treaty of Tilsit he watched the policy of Russia as anxiously as the designs of France; and when Napoleon engaged in the criminal folly of his Spanish enterprise, Metternich began to hope that the liberation of Europe was approaching. In one of his despatches to Stadion he remarks on the uniform result of all the varying systems of policy which had been adopted by different States in their relations with France. Austria, in a long struggle with an open enemy, had been at last defeated. Prussia, after twelve years of deferential neutrality, had been crushed. Finally, Spain, which had placed the national resources at the disposal of the French Emperor, had been treacherously deprived of independence. If he had been writing a political essay instead of an official despatch, Metternich would perhaps have included England among his illustrative examples. If English policy had then been directed by statesmen of the school of Mr. Bright and Lord Derby, the country would only have been saved from subjection by some desperate popular reaction. Napoleon would have required as a condition of peace the reduction of the navy; and compliance with his demand would have been followed by a quarrel and a war of invasion. It is nevertheless remarkable that he once told Metternich that the assemblage of the army at Boulogne was from first to last a feint. Metternich replied that he had himself never doubted that the French preparations were made against Austria, and not against England.

The war of 1809 put an end to Metternich's mission at Paris; and two days after the battle of Wagram, at which he was present in attendance on the Emperor, he succeeded Count Stadion as Prime Minister. One of his first occupations was to negotiate the marriage of Napoleon with the Archduchess Maria Louisa; and he gives the most authentic account of that singular transaction. The first overture was made by Napoleon himself at a masked ball to the Countess of Metternich, who had remained at Paris during the war; but the Government at Vienna had already received an intimation of the scheme through a French agent. In the interview at Dresden in 1813 Napoleon appears to have told Metternich that the marriage had been a blunder; and Metternich, according to his own account, replied that he agreed with the Emperor. Its chief effect was to furnish an additional ground of dissatisfaction to the Emperor Alexander; but there is little doubt that the war with Russia would in any case have occurred. At his own request Metternich went to Paris on pretence of attending the Empress, but with the real purpose of ascertaining whether Napoleon still intended to continue and extend his conquests. After long expectation, in September 1810, he was asked whether Austria would consent to exchange Galicia for a restoration of Illyria and Dalmatia. Metternich at once wrote to Vienna that Napoleon had resolved on war with Russia, but that it would not begin till 1812. He immediately returned to his post as Prime Minister, and prepared incessantly for the struggle which had now assumed a hopeful aspect. In 1813 he was able to offer Napoleon the armed mediation of Austria and to tell him on his refusal that he was lost. Two days afterwards he assented, and Metternich, having learned that Prince Schwartzenberg wished for a delay of twenty days before beginning the campaign, agreed to renew the negotiation. The 10th of August was fixed as the date at which the choice between mediation and war should be made; but Caulaincourt affected not to have received his credentials which arrived on the 12th. On the night of the 10th Metternich ordered the beacons on the frontier of Bohemia to be lighted, and the Austrian army joined the allies. Of the campaigns of 1813 and 1814 and of the Congress of Vienna Metternich had not undertaken to write the history. It may be worth while in another article to notice separately some of the episodes in his narrative, and especially the judgments which he formed of the sovereigns and statesmen with whom he was brought in contact.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY AND OF THE ENGLISH DIALECT SOCIETY.*

THE editor of the *Lay Folk's Mass Book* is fully justified in saying that the publications of the Early English Text Society do far more than fulfil their primary purpose of illustrating the course of the English language. Some of them have scarcely less value for the historian than others have for the comparative mythologist; and the four texts brought together by Canon Simmons possess an interest far beyond that of the dialectic forms which they exhibit, although the changes which converted a Northern into a Midland poem are themselves sufficiently remarkable. The Layman's Mass-book challenges our attention chiefly as throwing light on the spiritual condition of the laity during the ages which preceded the Reformation in this country. This question the editor has treated with considerable fulness in the introduction, and with a discretion as sound as his learning. Even if evidence were previously lacking, the Mass-book which bears the name of Dan Jeremy leaves the fact absolutely certain that English laymen of the twelfth century did not understand the Latin of the missal service. It also proves that, while they were present at this service, they were occupied (with but one or two very brief interruptions) with devotions entirely distinct from those of the celebrant. The origin of this practice, and its extension until it seems fairly to have driven from the field the very theory of congregational worship, are further points of singular interest. The English Prayer-book in the Ordering of Priests, enjoins private devotion on the congregation; and Canon Simmons regards this as the survival of a practice of the early Christian Church which was destined to have most important consequences, as soon as the Roman Church determined that the Latin language should everywhere be the expression of the Latin ritual. The editor rightly speaks of the change to which this resolution inevitably led as "one of many examples where rigid adherence to one outward form has brought about a marked change in the original institution." He adds that when the Eucharist was first celebrated in Latin, it was beyond doubt "a congregational service in which the lay people took part in their own tongue." But the full significance of this fact is brought home to us only when we remember that a Latin liturgy anywhere, even in Rome, was the result of a change, which was only not a revolution because the theories which afterwards grew up in imperial Rome as the mother and mistress of all Churches had not yet taken shape. There are liturgists who contend that the Church of Rome and most of the Churches of the West were Greek religious colonies, with a Greek ritual and a Greek liturgy. In Dean Milman's belief this fact explains the assertion of Sozomen, that during the first centuries there was no public preaching in Rome; but, however this may have been, it seems quite clear that when the Latins became the majority among the faithful, the same principle which had thus far maintained the Greek liturgy where it was the speech of the first converts, substituted for it the liturgy in Latin as the language of the congregation generally. This precedent ought to have led to vernacular liturgies everywhere; but before Augustine had been despatched to England by Pope Gregory, the imperialism of the Latin Church had imparted a special sacredness to the Latin liturgy. But although Britain had been an imperial province, the English had never been subjects of Rome, and they were wholly ignorant of Latin. Hence in England, as Canon Simmons remarks, there probably never was "that answering the priest as with one voice, of which we read in countries where Latin, or what passed for Latin, had been the common tongue." The result was that in this country the practice of simultaneous independent devotions on the part of the priest and the congregation was vastly extended; and at length the theory that the presence of the laity during the Office was primarily and chiefly for the sake of private prayer was formulated with tolerable distinctness, and it was argued, as the editor remarks, in Queen Mary's time by temperate apologists for the Papal system, that, "instead of its being an advantage for Englishmen to understand the common service of the Church, it was a hindrance to their being occupied with their own prayers."

* *The Lay Folk's Mass Book; or, the Manner of Hearing Mass, in Four Texts; and Offices in English according to the Use of York, from Manuscripts of the Xth to the XVth Century.* By Thomas Frederick Simmons, M.A., Canon of York, Rector of Dalton Holme. 1879. Early English Text Society.

England in the Reign of King Henry the Eighth. Part I. Starkey's Life and Letters; with an Extract on Yeomen's Food, &c., in Edward VI.'s Time, from Sir William Forrest's Pleasant Poesye of Princelie Practise, 1548. Edited by Sidney J. Herrtage, B.A. Extra Series. 1878. Early English Text Society.

Original Glossaries, and Glossaries with Fresh Additions: a Dictionary of English Plant Names. By James Britten, F.L.S. (Department of Botany, British Museum), and Robert Holland. Part I. Series C. 1878. English Dialect Society.

Reprinted Glossaries, XVIII.—XXII. Edited by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A. Series B. 1879. English Dialect Society.

The English versions of Dan Jeremy's Mass-book prove that in the fifteenth century "the people were no longer required to answer aloud in the Church of England, if indeed any, except literates, had ever done so, except at the *Orate* in the offertory, possibly at the *Sanctus*, and in the *Paternoster* at the end of the Canon." Amongst other noteworthy facts, the texts of Dan Jeremy's book conclusively show how entirely the celebration of the Mass had become dissociated from the communion of the laity, not a word being said of the houselling or administration of the Sacrament.

The devotions provided in the Layman's Mass-book are practically a running commentary on the Office of the Mass; and it must be admitted that, as a whole, the commentary is excellent, being inspired with a religious spirit at once enlightened and sincere. The sentences treating of the prayer for charity at the Pax teach the reader that that virtue is threefold, consisting of love first of God, then of self, and lastly of our neighbour. That Dan Jeremy was a wise instructor may be seen from the following lines:—

> þo secunde is a priue loue,
> þat is nedeful to my behoue,
> þo whilk loue is propirly
> by-twix my soule and my body.
> þerfore make þou, gode lorde,
> my body & my soule of one a-corde,
> þat ayther part by one assent
> serue þe with gode entent.
> Let neuer my body do þat ille
> þat it may my soulle spille.
> þo third loue is withouten
> to loue ilk neghtbur me abouten
> and of that loue for noþing cese,
> þerfore I pray þe, prince of pese,
> þat þou will make, als þou may best,
> my hert to be in pese & rest
> & redy to loue alle maner of men.

Like the original of the *Gesta Romanorum*, the actual text of Jeremy has disappeared; but in his introduction the editor gives, we think, cogent reasons for his conclusion that it was written in Norman French; that Jeremy himself was a canon of Rouen Cathedral and also Archdeacon of Cleveland; that the book was after his death translated into the dialect of his archdeaconry, and that by means of alterations, carried out so far as they could be without "mis-metering" the poem, it was thrown into a midland form. That the original work was written not later than the middle of the twelfth century the editor regards as proved, amongst other evidence, by the fact that the manner in which the rubric speaks of the ringing of the bell at the elevation shows that the practice had not as yet become general. That the author was therefore the Jeremias who is mentioned as being at Rome with Thurstan, Archbishop of York, in 1123, seems now to be placed beyond doubt by the testimony of charters with which the editor became acquainted while he was writing his introduction. It follows that the author wrote for Normans in England who had not yet become Englishmen; but within a few generations the relations of England with the French kingdom had undergone the change which welded Normans and English into a single people, and Dan Jeremy's work was then as naturally clothed in an English dress as it had been put forth in a French one.

In addition to the Layman's Mass-book, this admirable volume contains five forms of the Bidding-prayer, noteworthy as the only vernacular portion of the Divine Offices of that age. The time of the first of these forms is fixed by the charge to pray "for the patriarch of Jerusalem, and specially for the holy cross, that God for his mercy bring it out of hethen men handes into cristen mens kepyng." These are followed by the York Hours of the Cross and by the York Order of Mass. The editor has rightly judged that the latter may be very acceptable to comparative liturgiologists from the extreme rarity of missals of the York Use and the silence of liturgiologists as to its peculiarities. Four years ago Mr. Maskell's *Ancient Liturgies* was, he adds, the only work in which the student could find the York Mass. It has now been edited for the Surtees Society by Dr. Henderson; but the present volume would have been unfortunately maimed if the editor had not included it with other books which are directly associated with the province of York. Notes and illustrations, rich in learning and interest, with a glossary and index, complete one of the most valuable publications of the Early English Text Society.

Of volumes illustrating England in the reign of Henry VIII. the extra series of the Society gives us, as the first part, Starkey's Life and Letters. The editor rightly speaks of him as a man who owed such importance as he had to the circumstance that he was employed by the King and Cromwell as an instrument for communicating with Pole. In this task he was not very successful; but his letters are not without their value on the two points of the Papal Supremacy and of the legality of the King's marriage with his brother's widow. Of Starkey himself little is known. He belonged, it seems, to a family of high standing in Cheshire. In 1522 he was chosen one of the Proctors for the University of Oxford on the recommendation of Wolsey; but it was not until 1535 that he was instructed to obtain the opinion of Reginald Pole on the treatise relating to the Royal Supremacy, lately put forth by Sampson, Dean of the King's Chapel. A favourable judgment coming from such a man as Pole would greatly strengthen the King in the attitude which he had assumed towards the Pope, and win him the support of many who were now waverers. Starkey accordingly wrote to Pole, expressing the King's wish for his return, and assuring him that the throwing off of the Roman yoke would not involve any change in the doctrine and discipline of the Church. Pole, however, could not be induced to promise anything more than a general consideration of the subject; and in his next letter Starkey had to apologize as best he could for the judicial murder or execution of some Charterhouse monks and others for the "superstitious blindness" which prevented them from "discerning the diversity betwixt the unity spiritual and the unity political." Pole's answer touched only on the political dangers which might arise from the course which the King had taken, and Starkey was instructed to tell him that he had not dealt with the real matter at issue, and that his opinions on the policy of the King's acts might be kept until they were asked for. Pole's rejoinder came in the form of a treatise "De Unione Ecclesiastica," which expressed his mind plainly enough, with reference not merely to doctrine and discipline, but to the King's manner of life. For sending the book he pleaded the strange excuse that, "finding certain leaves which contain the sharpest strictures on the King's character cut out, he suspected that they had been purloined by some of his enemies for the purpose of sending them to Henry and doing him injury, and he therefore determined to forward the book as it was to the King." The extreme astonishment of Starkey at this issue of the negotiations sufficiently proves that he honestly looked forward to success; but, although he warned Pole that nothing but retractation could purge him from the guilt of the blackest treachery, his indignation failed to maintain him in the favour of the King, who now urged that in preaching against the Papal Supremacy he had treated the Bishop of Rome with too great mildness. The sequel brings out the servility of Starkey's character. He wrote to Cromwell, telling him that "from his earnest study of Scripture he has conceived a contempt for the things of this world"; but his letter expressed also a nervous anxiety for the retention of the Royal favour and his own temporal advancement. His threats failed to deter Pole from accepting a Cardinal's hat; the King perhaps felt that his choice of a tool might have been more judicious; and perhaps it was well that Starkey was some months later taken from the world which he professed to despise. It is but just to him to add that, though he had little strength of character, he saw clearly the vast responsibility which lay on the King in the use of the wealth derived from the suppressed monasteries, and that he spoke out on this subject plainly and forcibly.

In the appendix to this volume Mr. Herrtage gives an extract from the "Pleasaunt Poesye of Princelie Practise," written "by the simple and unlearned Sir William Forrest, preiste." Not much can be said for it as a poem; but it is noteworthy as containing a suggestion for compulsory education, and the appointment of overseers, or School Board officers, for carrying it out:—

> At fowre yearis olde let suche too scoole bee sett. . . .
> Leste some perhaps at this myght thus obiecte,
> The poore man his childe cannot so prefer,
> bycawse hee hathe not substaunce in affecte
> for so longe season to fynde his scoler,
> as (for his scoolinge) too paye his Maister;
> to whiche I answere, it muste prouyded bee,
> in eauerye towne the Scoole too go free. . . .
> An Ouerseer, Controwler to bee calde,
> to see vnoccupied none to remayne.

At the same time he urges the need of a fourfold raising of labourers' wages, as the only remedy for the increasing depopulation of the kingdom.

From the English Dialect Society we have the first part of a carefully prepared "Dictionary of English Plant Names," containing the entries from A to F inclusive. It differs from Dr. Prior's volume on the "Popular Names of British Plants" by including not only the vernacular names hitherto unpublished, but also the names, now discarded, by which British plants are mentioned in the works of the older botanists. Of the reprinted Glossaries XVIII.—XXII. we need merely say, with Mr. Skeat, that "those who wish to work at dialects can only be thankful for the time and expense saved by such reprints." The glossaries here reprinted give all the dialectical words contained in no less than ten volumes, and belonging to the dialects of Wiltshire, East Anglia, and East Yorkshire.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF BUCKLE.*

A LADY in one of George Eliot's novels had a method of reading religious biographies which may be applied with equal success to the lives of philosophers. Where she saw the words "sermon," "grace," "works," "outpourings," she skipped; and where her eye met such terms as "boots," "dropsy," "horses," and the like, she read on, and pleased a secular taste. In perusing Mr. Huth's Life of Mr. Buckle most readers will probably keep a sharp eye for "chess," "cigars," "books," "boys," and the like, while less excited about "intellectual laws," "progress," "civilizations," "Comte," and Mr. Buckle's philosophy generally. They may also skip with profit when they see the name of Mr. Glennie. This sage made Mr. Buckle's acquaintance in the East, travelled with him and his companions, the two young Huths, and wrote a work called *Pilgrim Memories*, which irritates Mr. Huth extremely. Mr. Glennie seems, if Mr. Huth is right, to have compiled a treatise not unlike what Johnson's "Life of Boswell" might have been. The author gives himself all the con-

* *Life and Writings of Henry Thomas Buckle.* By Alfred H. Huth. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

versational victories, and obviously thinks Buckle rather a poor creature. Hence the wrath of Mr. Huth, which crackles fiercely in foot-notes, and finally explodes in a polemical appendix. We mean to say no more about Mr. Glennie, except that he is the gentleman who complicated the Eastern question by having a skirmish with Mr. Archibald Forbes in Servia, and acting as his own Special Correspondent. Probably he can take care of himself in this little affair with Mr. Alfred Huth.

This biography is chiefly interesting where it deals with Mr. Buckle less as a philosopher than as a man. It is not easy to say what is Mr. Buckle's precise standing as a philosopher. Twenty years ago, he was worshipped by "thinkers." People who were not thinkers considered Mr. Buckle at once too bold and too cold. We have become accustomed to far greater boldness, for Buckle was only held a little more audacious than the writers in *Essays and Reviews*. The doctrine of evolution has left him far behind, for his *History of Civilization* took no note of our great ancestor, Bathybius. As to Mr. Buckle's coldness, it was a statistical coldness. He found out that so many persons per annum posted unaddressed letters, and he drew depressing inferences. People were made to feel rather less important and self-determined than the pawns in Mr. Buckle's favourite game of chess. Thus the philosopher was rather dreaded than admired in the non-philosophical world. A. K. H. B. lifted up the heel against him, if we may use the expression:—

I have mildly vented my indignation; and I now, in a moral sense, extend my hand to Mr. Buckle. Had he come up that corkscrew stair an hour or two ago, I am not entirely certain that I might not have taken him by the collar and shaken him. And had I found him standing on a chair in the green behind the church, and indoctrinating my simple parishioners with his peculiar notions, I have an entire conviction that I should have forgotten my theoretical assent to the doctrine of religious toleration, and by a gentle hint to my sturdy friends procured him an invigorating bath in that gleaming river.—*Fraser's Magazine*, June, 1859.

We may be certain that many millions of people, "mostly" what Mr. Carlyle calls them, agreed with A. K. H. B. Mr. Huth's book, which seems to be written with rare sincerity, shows us the man as he was, not the philosopher as he was supposed to be.

Henry Buckle was born at Lee in Kent, on November 24, 182 though, for reasons of his own (vol. i. p. 156), he told a correspondent that he was born a year later. We can hardly suppose that he wished to make himself seem a year younger than he really was, and the matter is only worth notice as showing the difficulty of fixing dates in biography. Buckle's father was a City man (an ancestor had been Lord Mayor in 1593), and by both sides he was descended from North-country people. His father, a stout orthodox Churchman, died when Buckle was almost a boy; the death of his mother, his greatest friend, seems to have caused or aided the premature break-up of his own health. As a child, Buckle was extremely weak and nervous, and, properly speaking, he received no training at school or college. His wide knowledge was the result of an average of eight hours' daily study after he reached the age of eighteen. At seventeen he was anxious to marry one, and, shortly after, another of his cousins, and he challenged to deadly combat the successful wooer of one of these ladies. From the other he was separated by relations who had probably exaggerated objections to the marriage of near kinsfolk. This seems to have been a severe misfortune. Mr. Buckle's habits became those of a "fidgety" bachelor:—

He himself paid cash for everything he bought, and was careful to get discount. Once, indeed, when he had bought a new carpet from a man who had promised him discount for cash, and then asked for the whole sum, Buckle quietly returned the unpaid bill to his pocket, and told them to call for payment that day two years. At one time he used to go to the butcher himself to select his meat, and see his steaks cut. He said he had "cultivated" an attention to cookery, and, certainly, was a first-rate judge of good and bad, though a moderate eater. He only ate toast on Mondays, because on that day the bread was more than one day old; but his servant had to bring up the toasting-fork into the dining-room and make the toast as required. No woman, he said, could make tea until he had taught her; the great thing was to have it very hot, the cups, and even the spoons should be warmed. The tea was to stand a little longer when the tea caddy was rather full, to allow time for the leaves to unroll; but at the bottom of the caddy there were more broken leaves, and hence so much time need not be allowed.

He was too particular about his tea and other trifles in his daily life. His conversation was apt to degenerate into controversy, and he was over eager to reach the bottom of every topic. He was not penurious, but people who did not know him seem to have thought him stingy. Out of an income of 1,500*l.* a year he spent 300*l.* yearly on books. He had 22,000 books, yet no one could call him a *bibliophile*. What name can be given to a book collector who has his treasures bound in brown paper by his servant? Mr. Buckle's books were tools rather than idols or friends. Here is an anecdote about his prowess as a student:—

It was his habit to sit up late at night, reading, with a wet towel round his head; and on one of these occasions he was frightened for the first, and only time in his life. It was about two o'clock in the morning, and he had been reading for several hours wholly absorbed in his book. The room was dark but for the two candles which burned on the table before him. Suddenly he became aware of something on the opposite side of the table; and, looking up in that hesitating, doubtful way one does when absorbed in something else, he saw a figure all robed in white gazing full in his face. Before he had time to think he shrieked aloud, and thus woke the landlady whose somnambulic figure it was that had just frightened him.

This was his system of reading:—

For fourteen years he worked here unknown to the literary world; and, unfortunately, we have no record of his life until the year 1850, when his *History* was already partly written, beyond the few chess games which have been printed. That they were no idle years, we may infer from the *History* itself; but still more from the fact that he read nearly all the books he had—that is, about three volumes daily—besides writing in every important book an epitome of its contents, learning more languages, and practising style. He always read pencil in hand, and when he had finished the book, wrote out in ink from his pencil notes what he wished to remember. These, again, when they were notes on a book that he wished to "master," as he called it, he used to read frequently. Sometimes he read and re-read a book twice or thrice, though his memory was so excellent, and his industry in note-taking so great, that he had not to do this very often. His system in reading was not to follow the book, but the subject.

With Buckle's tastes and circumstances, with his love of books, and his powers of concentration and combination, it was perhaps inevitable that he should take to literature. With his ambition, too, and with his income, it was natural that he should avoid frittering away his time on reviews. But it seems to have been an accidental meeting with Mr. Hallam in 1841 that turned his attention to the history of the Middle Ages. On that vast topic he at first intended to write a vast work, which ultimately became *The History of Civilization in England*. Buckle's beginnings were singularly modest. He studied history in Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, and "Hawkins's little book on Germany." This was by way of laying the foundation on which were based the labours of fifteen busy years. Buckle worked from eight to nine hours a day, and never walked less than seven miles each day. His walks were very often made in search of the houses of beggars, whose statements he liked to test before giving money to them in easy charity. His favourite amusement was chess, in which he really seems to have been a master. Captain Kennedy gives this description of Buckle as a chess-player:—

He excelled in pawn play, which he conducted with an ingenuity and deadly accuracy worthy of the renowned pawn general, Szen. He gave large odds, such as Rook and Knight, with wonderful skill and success, appearing to have a sort of intuitive knowledge of a strange opponent's chess idiosyncrasy, which enabled him precisely to gauge the kind of risks he might venture to run. The rendering of heavy odds, as every experienced chess-player knows, necessitates hazardous and unsound play on the part of the giver. These contests of his at odds were always full of interest and entertainment to lookers-on, and a gallery two or three deep often surrounded his board in the Strand Divan, where it was his "custom in the afternoon" to recreate himself with his favourite game. I have occasionally seen roars of laughter elicited from the spectators by the crestfallen aspect of some poor discomfited Rook-player, who, with much care and solicitude, having obtained, as he fondly believed, an impregnable position, had suddenly found his defences scattered like chaff, and himself accommodated with a mate, after the sacrifice, by his keen-witted opponent, of two or three pieces in succession. Whether winning or losing, Mr. Buckle was a courteous and pleasant adversary, and sat quietly before the board, smoking his cigar, and pursuing his game with inflexible steadiness.

Mr. Huth goes so far as to say that "certainly Buckle was in 1851 entitled to the championship, not only of all England, but of the whole world." The titles of his writings on chess occupy five or six pages in his bibliography.

No life could be much less eventful than that of Buckle. He read, annotated, wrote; walked, dined, played chess, and corresponded with Miss Shirreff. Many of his letters to this lady are published; they deal with the outskirts of philosophy, and are not very interesting. The first volume of his great book was published in 1857. It became celebrated at once. Mr. Mudie took no less than a hundred copies (an enormous number for a philosophical book, apparently) and Mr. Buckle had at once the blessing of being translated into Russian and reviewed in a hundred journals. "The only real judgment of my book," he wrote to his friend Mr. Capel, "is that in the *Saturday Review*." Unknown correspondents pestered him from all parts of the world; and one American young lady (vol. ii. p. 90) was almost as explicit as the maiden in *Excelsior*:—

"Oh, come," the maiden said, "and rest
That weary head upon my breast."

As to the Russians, they darted on Mr. Buckle's book as the most advanced thing out. "Mr. Mackenzie Wallace twice found the Russian translation of Buckle's History in peasants' huts." Four independent Russian translations of it were made and sold in a few years. Mr. Mackenzie Wallace rarely heard a serious conversation into which Mr. Buckle's name was not introduced. He vainly attempted to counteract the influence of Buckle; he failed, and the present anarchic condition of Russia may partly justify the indignation of A. K. H. B.

The death of Mr. Buckle's mother, and his controversy about Sir John Coleridge and Thomas Pooley, are the only important events between the publication of his book and the journey to the East which closed with his death in May 1862. As to the Pooley controversy, it is better not to rake up that old story. Pooley was a rustic who thought he could cure the potato disease with the ashes of burnt Bibles. He also scrabbled, like David, on the gates, and wrote things offensive to decent taste in public places. He was sentenced to twenty-one months' imprisonment by a judge who, Mr. Buckle thought, would have been better employed in refuting him. How can you refute the theory that burnt Bibles will cure the potato-rot? Hence many articles, pamphlets, and a confused controversy. Buckle's health was failing. He had intervals of confused consciousness, he used to faint, and at other times would forget where he was. By way of seeking change he accompanied some members of Mr. Huth's family to Egypt and Palestine. The boys with whom he travelled retained very affectionate memories of the philosopher. His ideas about education were simple and practical. He was fond of young people, and they became attached to him. Not a man of much humour, he unbent with boys, and displayed an amiable side of his character. In Egypt

and Palestine he thoroughly enjoyed the natural beauty and historical recollections of these countries. He collected antiquities with zeal, and discussed all topics with almost consuming eagerness. The record of his last days (he fell ill of typhoid fever on the way to Damascus) is embittered by the controversy with Mr. Glennie.

Except for that unlucky controversy, and a few misprints, Mr. Huth has done his part of these volumes well and thoroughly. He is an intense believer; he defends Buckle elaborately from all his assailants, from A. K. H. B. to M. Littré. But his philosophical explanations of Buckle's work affect us less than his picture of a kind heart and a large intellect cramped in a feeble body, and fettered by certain social oddities. One can hardly help feeling as if the moral side of Mr. Buckle's nature, as here revealed, might outlive a philosophy which was but a "moment" in a rapid intellectual process.

TWENTY YEARS IN THE WILD WEST.*

TWENTY Years in the Wild West is an attractive title, and Mrs. Houstoun had the materials for an attractive book. We cannot help thinking that she might have made a better use of them, though we gladly admit that in her little volume there is much that is interesting, instructive, or exciting. Her style, to begin with, is greatly against her, and a simple glance at her pages is sufficient to jar on sensitive nerves. Words are underscored and emphasized with that lack of discrimination and perception which characterizes the style of too many of one's lady correspondents; while, more often than not, it is the least significant word in the sentence that Mrs. Houstoun singles out for special attention. Paragraphs that are perversely involved are lavishly interspersed with parentheses; while elaborate paraphrases and far-fetched phrases and quotations are made to do duty for plain and straightforward language. A graver fault, though one which we should have been more inclined to forgive, is the absence of anything like method or arrangement. At the same time, as we have said, the book is an interesting one, and should be welcome as throwing light on the West of Ireland, at a time when "Irish discontent" is a daily heading in the newspapers. Mrs. Houstoun undoubtedly is well informed as to what she is writing about. In an evil hour it occurred to her husband, who seems to have been a retired soldier with considerable means, to speculate in stock-raising in the Wild West. Unhappily for himself, he went into the enterprise on an extensive scale, and tied himself by a long lease. He rented no less than ninety square miles of hill pasture and bog on the Galway coast, and betook himself to breeding sheep, cattle, and horses. Knowing little or nothing of the business, he had to begin by placing himself entirely in the hands of intelligent natives. We need not say that his undertaking proved a lamentable failure. But when the stakes laid down are so heavy, one is bound over to play out the game, and consequently "the Captain" and his wife drained the cup of their sorrows to the dregs.

We cannot be surprised that, under such circumstances, the lady should write bitterly; but her picture of the general state of things in Galway is as gloomy as that of the more immediate circle of her personal experiences. She denounces absenteeism, the priests, and over-population as the causes of the universal wretchedness, disaffection, and discontent. As for absenteeism, we are bound to say that the book is the most conclusive apology for it that we have ever read. If the "Wild West" is what she describes it, we cannot conceive any gentleman resigning himself to existence there if he has the means of scraping along in a cottage elsewhere. The lot even of a Roman Catholic landlord would be hard; but that of a Protestant must be simply intolerable. Then the malignant influence of the priest comes in; and Mrs. Houstoun represents the priest as the incarnation of truculent self-interest and fanatical intolerance. The old genial type of the reverend father who used to figure in the stories of Lever or Carleton is gone—the men, we mean, who, educated at St. Omer, had seen something of society in France; who could meet the squire or the Protestant rector on pleasant terms; who could sing a capital song, and keep the peace at a mixed supper-party. Mrs. Houstoun made the acquaintance of one of the last of the race at Westport, in the person of a jovial "Dane" O'Rourke. In place of those easy-going men of the world, who were none the worse soldiers of their Church because they met the heretics with chivalrous courtesy, you too commonly find a peasant-born bigot, bred and educated at home, whose first thought is to make a decent living by his calling. He must screw what he can out of poverty-stricken parishioners, who are ground to the dust by rackrents and usurers. He keeps them in slavish terror by the fear of what may befall them after death. Should they turn recalcitrant on any point, he refuses them "the sacraments," which is tantamount in their ideas to eternal perdition, and thereby very quickly brings them to reason. Naturally he detests the immigration of Protestants into his district, since the spread of their free-thinking opinions would be damaging to the dues by which he lives. It is his object to drive them out of the country, or even worse. And, if we may trust Mrs. Houstoun, the ordinary parish priest is absolutely unscrupulous as to his modes of proceeding. He does not hesitate to preach assassination from the altar. She relates two instances in particular, and in the former, as is so frequently the case among the Irish, there is comedy mingled with the tragic and terrible. The hero was a certain "Father Pat," at least as much given to conviviality as any of the jovial clergy of the earlier generation. He had been assisting at a "Station," had been taken ill during the night, and had sent an express in the morning to "the Captain's" residence, to intimate that he was "destroyed enthirely with a pain insoide of him." The Captain went off on the errand of benevolence to find, when he reached the bedside of the sufferer, that the only specific the patient would take was a "hair of the dog that had bitten him." Subsequently the interesting convalescent stopped at the lodge on his way home to lay in a fresh supply of medicine in the shape of a soda-water bottle filled with potheen:—

> Will it be believed that on the Sunday but one that followed on our Good Samaritan-like deed this Louisburg priest fulminated from the altar against us, and likewise caused to be published in the local Roman Catholic papers, the most bitter and the most inciting denunciations to murder. The Scotch adventurer was to be "smashed up"; his people and he, who were robbers of "the countryman's home," were to be destroyed entirely; and his "flocks and herds" were to be "got rid of," so that God's human creatures might have their rights again.

The second case occurred on the occasion of the well-known murder of James Hunter, who had for some years been the Captain's head bailiff. We believe, by the way, that the crime was perpetrated within a dozen miles of the spot where the life of Lord Sligo's agent was attempted a few months ago. Suspicion, amounting almost to conviction, had settled on a certain person. As everybody, however, had refused to give evidence, the Government sent down a force of police, to be supported at the expense of the townland till the assassin was handed over to justice. The pressure began to tell, and the innocent to murmur at having to suffer in their poverty for the guilt of another man, when the priest cut the murmuring short. "Now, boys, I'll have no quarrelling," was the significant warning he addressed to his flock; and it was implicitly obeyed by their silence.

The personal experiences of the Houstouns during their twenty years of exile were exciting and varied enough to gratify any reasonable enthusiasm for enterprise or adventure. They began, as we said, by employing native Hibernians on their enormous grazing farm, and found a treasure of a man to place at the head of their staff. The treasure robbed them right and left in the most barefaced manner, while he had always plausible explanations to account for his deplorable pecuniary deficiencies. He bought superannuated sheep and cattle, charging them with five times the prices he actually paid. Meantime, peasants who had immemorial rights of common confounded the Saxon's cattle with their own, and sold or slaughtered promiscuously and indifferently. The new comer was ruined, or nearly so, when he revolutionized his whole system and replaced his entire body of servants. He imported a trustworthy body of Scotch shepherds, placing the unfortunate James Hunter in charge. Then the grazing appears to have become more profitable, as might very well be the case; but causes of quarrel were multiplied with the Celts. The Scotchmen, though honest and loyal, in natural alarm for their lives or for their families, told far less than they knew of rascalities that were going forward. Nevertheless they were the objects of two separate attempts at intimidation, if not cold-blooded murder. Armed parties stole up to their cottages in the night and poured volleys into the rooms where the children were sleeping. In either instance, whether by intention or good luck, the shots were aimed a trifle high, and missed the sleeping infants by a few inches. These were followed by even a more deliberate attempt to murder the obnoxious master with his wife and servant. They were driving homewards in the dusk along a wild mountain road which had been much broken up by the winter floods. At one place, where it overhung an abyss and the slight parapet had given way, the English groom shouted a warning. The Captain just pulled up in time to save his spirited horses from starting at a low wall of loose stones which had been raised across the road since they passed that way in the morning. It was comparatively a trifle after this, that in revenge for some supposed cause of offence six valuable setters were found dead one morning from poisoned meal that had been thrust into their kennel.

Mrs. Houstoun represents the climate as detestable. Living within reach of some of the most glorious scenery in our islands, there was but one day in sixty when it was clear enough to enjoy the views; and through by far the greater portion of the year they were in perpetual rain, drip, or fog. Otherwise, and had their minds been more free from anxiety, there was a good deal that might have been picturesque and enjoyable in the life. There was fair wild shooting on the hills, and first-rate trout and salmon fishing in the loughs and the rivers. We have a spirited account of a pull in a six-oar boat to the mouth of the Killery Bay, and it is one of the best examples of Mrs. Houstoun's descriptive powers:—

> On both sides rise the mountains with their rugged faces heather-clothed, and with their steep sides ornamented at frequent intervals by rushing water-courses, narrow, silvery, ribbon-like lines, edged with ferns and rendered tortuous by huge masses of rock, from which jut self-sown hollies and dwarf oaks.

Now and again an otter would plunge from the cliffs into the water; or a seal, tame from impunity, would come swimming confidently towards the boat, to draw the fire of the

* *Twenty Years in the Wild West; or, Life in Connaught.* By Mrs. Houstoun, Author of "A Yacht Voyage to Texas." London: John Murray. 1879.

sportsmen. There is an exciting story, too, of the "harrying" an eagle's nest, when the old birds had worn out the patience of the sheep-farmers by their unscrupulous marauding among the lambs. The new comers had built a residence for themselves in the wildest part of the wilds, and what impressed Mrs. Houstoun most disagreeably at first was the utter absence of anything like landscape-gardening about the house. The bog and heather came up to the doors. So she went to considerable trouble and expense in laying out shrubberies and a flower garden. Some of her favourite plants and shrubs she never succeeded in acclimatizing; but, on the other hand, the rapid growth of those that suited the soil and the climate was wonderful. Laurels and rhododendrons, deodaras and araucarias all throve to perfection; there were hedges of fuschia ten feet in height; while many flowering plants that must be housed in England through the winter "formed by far the most remarkable feature in our grounds." But that solitary oasis of grace and beauty in an inhospitable wilderness peopled by savages excited to atrocities by fanatical priests did not suffice to comfort the soul of the exile. In turning her back upon Western Ireland, Mrs. Houstoun must have regretted twenty wasted years of her life; and the moral of her volume unquestionably is that her countrymen and countrywomen should take warning by her sufferings, and chime in with the cry of "Ireland for the Irish."

ASHWELL'S LIFE OF BISHOP WILBERFORCE.*

(Second Notice.)

DR. WILBERFORCE had been Bishop of Oxford for about two years when Lord John Russell, then Prime Minister, startled the Church and the country by selecting Dr. Hampden, Regius Professor of Divinity of Oxford, as Bishop of Hereford in succession to Dr. Musgrave translated to York. The consequent transactions were the crisis of Bishop Wilberforce's public life. He was at an early stage prominently mixed up with the affair, from his active interest, personal and official, in such questions; but, as it went on, he found himself directly responsible for some of its most momentous issues as diocesan of Dr. Hampden in virtue of the Rectory of Ewelme, then attached to the Divinity chair. Canon Ashwell clearly shows his appreciation of the importance of these few weeks by devoting just one hundred out of the five hundred and thirteen pages of his volume to the event, although he has missed the full value to Bishop Wilberforce and the whole Church of what was a present calamity from having constructed his narrative of the Bishop's previous career on a conventional basis. We shall, as far as we can, continue our estimate of the Hampden business to the Bishop of Oxford's own proceedings; still we must begin with a few words on Dr. Hampden himself. This divine first came into general prominence by preaching a course of Bampton Lectures in 1832, followed in 1834 by a pamphlet entitled *Observations on Religious Dissent*, both of them being works of so startling a character that when Lord Melbourne gave their author the Professorship in 1836, a movement in opposition was made at Oxford, which after sundry ups and downs resulted in Convocation passing a statute, which had been brought before it by the Heads of Houses (according to the then constitution of the University), by 474 to 94 votes—a large number in those præ-railroad days—declaring that, having no confidence in Dr. Hampden's mode of treating theological subjects, the University could not allow him to judge of the qualifications of the Select Preachers at St. Mary's. In 1842 advantage was taken of the formation of a new theological Board at Oxford, of which he was *ex officio* chairman, to move for a reversal of the censure. This was, however, rejected by 334 to 219. It was more than bold in Lord John Russell, with all the clergy of England to pick from, and just after the shock of Mr. Newman's secession, to select Dr. Hampden for the see of Hereford, although, in his own characteristic way of throwing insults at his opponents in phrases of sanctimonious magnanimity, he could plead that by withdrawing the recommendation sanctioned by the Queen,

> I should virtually assent to the doctrine that a decree of the University of Oxford is a perpetual ban of exclusion against a clergyman of eminent learning and irreproachable life; and that, in fact, the supremacy which is now by law vested in the Crown is to be transferred to a majority of the members of one of our Universities. . . . . I cannot sacrifice the reputation of Dr. Hampden, the rights of the Crown, and what I believe to be the true interests of the Church, to a feeling which I believe to be founded on misapprehension and fomented by prejudice.

The offensiveness of the selection cannot be better put than it was by one whose own theology combined a large inheritance of the old Low Church school with opinions which made him a distinguished forerunner of the coming Broad Church party, and who, as a Cambridge man, would judge dispassionately of proceedings at Oxford. Archdeacon Hare condemned the appointment as

> a most injudicious measure on the part of the Minister by whom he was appointed; as a wanton outrage on the feelings—prejudices they might be, but still strong and earnest feelings—of a large body of the Church, especially of the clergy; as an act which would infallibly arouse vehement opposition, and break up the peace of the Church at a time when we were hoping for something like a lull after the storms of late years. . . . On these grounds I would have implored the Minister on my knees, if it would have been of any avail, to recall what seemed to me an act of folly almost amounting to madness, of which I have never been able to learn the slightest explanation or defence.

The Bishop of Oxford seems to have been stirred to active opposition by Bishop Phillpotts in a letter of November 18, 1847, three days after the appointment had been made public, in which the writer, with characteristic ability, while in form apologizing for so writing, puts aside any plea for inaction which could be urged by his correspondent on account of his position at Court and the presumed opinions of exalted persons, and then continues:—

> Perhaps it is as well that I delayed, for I am now able to say that the only two of my brethren from whom I have heard warmly concur in the necessity or fitness of adopting some measure, and approve of the particular measure which I had suggested, of our addressing the Archbishop, praying his Grace to lay before Her Majesty our humble and most dutiful hope that she will not recommend for election to the office of Bishop a Professor in the University of Oxford who is now under the censure of that University for holding and maintaining unsound doctrines, which he has refused to retract.
>
> One of the two Bishops who have written to me is a Cambridge man, and he expresses an opinion (while he has no hesitation in concurring in the measure) that Oxford Bishops ought especially to move in the affair and be more prominent in setting it forwards.

The address went on, but in the shape of one to be submitted to Lord John Russell, and was signed by thirteen out of the then Bishops, Archbishop Howley, who did not sign, having, as he himself declared, personally made a strong protest—although Lord John asserted that he had received no discouragement from him—and Bishop Longley of Ripon preferring to write separately. It pressed the impolicy of nominating to the Episcopate one "in the soundness of whose doctrine the University of Oxford has affirmed, by a solemn decree, its want of confidence." The Bishop who worked it as secretary was a Cambridge man, in whom caution generally rose to timidity, Kaye of Lincoln. We have already quoted the Minister's reply. Bishop Wilberforce was very zealous in pushing it as one of the Bench of Bishops; while there is no indication that at the time he, or any other person, attached any importance to the fact that he was Diocesan of Dr. Hampden in virtue of the Rectory of Ewelme, which brought him in relation with the otherwise extra-diocesan Regius Professor of Divinity.

On December 4, however, Mr. Charles Marriott, a distinguished High Church Fellow of Oriel, wrote to the Bishop, stating that theological articles had been drawn up—namely, by a small Committee of Oxford divines—impugning Dr. Hampden, and asked the Diocesan to sign Articles of Request which would transfer the suit to the Arches Court under the Church Discipline Act, giving as his reason that, if this were done, the opposition to the Confirmation at Bow Church would be less likely to be set summarily aside. The Bishop announced by return of post that in his judgment it would not be right for him to "*promote*" any such suit, but that if one were begun in his Consistory Court, he would at once transmit it by Letters of Request to the Court of Arches; and a week later he wrote to a clergyman of his diocese that he thought it "most desirable" that there should be "a formal trial of Dr. Hampden," "expecting," as he himself did, that the Government itself would announce such a trial. On the previous day (December 11) he himself had written to the Prime Minister, suggesting that Dr. Hampden should personally solicit a trial of his orthodoxy; and, strange to say, the Bishop seemed to have been astonished at Lord John's declining the advice. On December 16 he signed the Letters of Request, being advised—as we read with some amusement, remembering the position in which his own successor at Oxford is now standing—that if he refused, he might be compelled by a mandamus from the Queen's Bench. At the same time he wrote privately to Dr. Hampden, "This ministerial act I have not felt at liberty to refuse to perform. It pronounces no opinion of the truth or falsehood of the charges brought against you." On the very next day, anxious to prevent litigation, he wrote again to the Professor, in the first place formulating eleven heads of Christian Belief, which his writings seemed to have contradicted, and of which the Bishop called upon him to "avow his unhesitating reception," and in the second place, "for the peace of the Church, and in deference to the expressed opinion of your Bishop and others to withdraw the 'Bampton Lectures' and the 'Observations on Dissent,'" without thereby "admitting" any unsoundness in them. He accompanied this letter by an explanatory one to Lord John Russell. Dr. Hampden answered by return of post. Had the questions been put by any one but his diocesan, he would have been justified in considering them an "insult," but he acknowledges the Bishop's "kindly spirit."

> On this ground, therefore, and in perfect respect to you as the Bishop of the diocese, and for your personal satisfaction, I unhesitatingly reply in the affirmative. I say "yes" to all your queries on my belief—in that sense in which they are the plain natural sense of the statements of our Articles and Formularies.

At the same time he ignored the suggestion of withdrawing his books. Canon Ashwell says, "This letter was another disappointment to Bishop Wilberforce." We cannot understand why it should have been so. The Bishop, it must be assumed, was well advised when he drafted and put his questions; but it is not clear why a universal "yes" in reply, covering them all, could have been a disappointment. No answer could be more complete in terms; while it is a first principle of justice that a man on his trial, as Dr. Hampden virtually was, should not be bound to amplify his answers at the pleasure of his inquirer; besides it was very sanguine to expect a man who respected himself to leave it open to have it said of him that he ran away from a prosecution

* *Life of the Right Reverend Samuel Wilberforce, D.D., Lord Bishop of Oxford, and afterwards of Winchester.* By A. R. Ashwell, M.A., late Canon of Chichester. Vol. I. London: John Murray. 1880.

and up to a mitre by suppressing books on the understanding that he was not admitting their unsoundness. Plainly the Bishop, by this impulsive, generous, and pacificatory, but impolitic step, gave Dr. Hampden an advantage, of which it is fair to say that he availed himself in language of unimpeachable courtesy. In a few days more the Bishop learned from Dr. Hawkins, then and still Provost of Oriel, that Dr. Hampden had informed him that the "Observations on Religious Dissent" were being sold "against his wish." This fact seemed to the Bishop to change the whole aspect of the case, as the "Observations" would be no longer pleadable, and a suit against the Bampton Lectures alone would, he thought, be no longer sustainable. Besides, he now believed himself to possess a power of option as to signing Letters of Request which he had not previously admitted, so that he considered his signing would more or less implicate him in an opinion on the merits of the case; the result of all which was that, as he wrote to the Provost of Oriel on December 24, "I have withdrawn from the promoters the Letters of Request." The fact was, though it does not so appear in the book, that the Letters which he had at first signed proved to be irregular, and would have had to be signed *de novo*. No doubt the Bishop found himself in a dilemma, and if he had never signed any Letters of Request, he would have had the case before him in its then condition on which to decide whether he would do so for the first time. On the other hand, his opinion of the "wanton outrage," as Archdeacon Hare called it, remaining unchanged, and the objection to Dr. Hampden being in its nature quite independent of any explanation, however plausible, which skilled dialecticians could offer of the real scope of those at best most risky writings, Bishop Wilberforce's more wise and courageous course would have been to have treated his given assent as now beyond his own control; and, after duly warning the promoters of the defeat which he believed imminent for them, to have continued, at their request and on their responsibility, his signature. His so doing would have procured for Dr. Hampden the trial which he had declared desirable in the interest of the impugned Professor's own good name. The trial might, as the Bishop anticipated, have broken down; but this would have at least smoothed the way to the reception of Dr. Hampden into the ranks of an order from which he could no longer be excluded; and when the evils of the original scheme were shown to be inevitable, sound policy would have dictated its being minimized in practice. This could only be reached through some competent decision. It was the Bishop of Oxford's mistake to imagine that his personal conclusions would be accepted as such decision, and so, in his very eagerness to be impartial, he constituted himself the volunteer judge of an unheard controversy.

Unluckily, Bishop Wilberforce added, as a cumulative reason for his change of policy, that he had hitherto been acting on a knowledge of the Bampton Lectures derived from extracts prepared by Mr. Newman in 1836, which, on a very recent study of the book itself, he repudiated in terms which we do not care to quote. Persons in critical periods must often take their sides on convictions derived from extracts set out by competent authorities. The rank and file of a party can hardly do otherwise. Politics would be at a deadlock if every voter were bound to suspend his judgment till he had mastered the speeches of Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone. But there is one law for rank and file and another for commanders. For a man of Bishop Wilberforce's exceptional quickness it would have been the easiest and shortest, no less than the most obvious, measure of precaution, on hearing from the Bishop of Exeter, to run through a single octavo volume. The *naïveté* with which he confessed his neglect sufficiently proves his sincerity, but his having done so most seriously abated from the judicial weight of his words and acts in the eyes of the most impartial bystanders, and placed a legitimate controversial weapon in the hands of all the supporters of Dr. Hampden. The most inexplicable thing in the affair is, that neither he, nor, as it seems, Canon Ashwell, seems in any way to have appreciated the gravity of the blunder. The question between the Bishop and the Hampdenites, by his own showing, was not whether he deserved their thanks for dropping proceedings as soon as he believed that he had been misled by relying on extracts, but whether they deserved an apology from him for his acts under a misapprehension so easy to have been avoided. We have nothing more to do with the subsequent fortunes of the case, as at this stage the Bishop of Oxford dropped out of it. Most churchmen will, we believe, adopt the regretful estimate of his action which is contained in a letter of Bishop Phillpotts of January 1848, published with exemplary fairness by Canon Ashwell. His very mistakes show that the Bishop of Oxford was perfectly sincere all through the affair, and everything confirms his assertion that he had not changed his own opinion upon the offence of making Dr. Hampden a Bishop. But it is quite clear on the evidence of his own letters that he mismanaged it from the attempt to fulfil simultaneously, or by instantaneous transition, the incongruous parts of partisan, administrator, judge, and mediator, while the knowledge of character so generally attributed to him seems to have been singularly at fault. With a man of his temperament, to feel that he had mismanaged a great case, and misread the characters with which he was dealing, must have been singularly painful.

The practical conclusion of the whole affair as it personally affected Bishop Wilberforce may be briefly summed up in his own words by the following passage in an extract from his diary on the fourth anniversary of his consecration (November 30, 1849), quoted by his biographer in the earlier part of the book, among other evidence of his abiding sorrow for his wife, in sight, so to speak, of whose grave it was written:—

Turns of this year . . . . (*c*) Evident withdrawal of Royal favour; G. E. A. [nson]'s death bearing on this. . . . Keep me from even *seeming* double. Make my righteousness of purpose. Teach me to submit when (as in 1847) I am falsely charged with want of simplicity. I. [*i.e. in re* Hampden.]

How far it was judicious to publish this is not our business. The Bishop himself was conscious of the loss of Royal favour, and he connected it with the Hampden affair, while those who are responsible for the book have divulged the fact. He became, we believe, not only a more happy, but a far greater man, owing to the wrench. In the divine ordering of the world the personal religion of rulers must, however indirectly, have its great definite value; so the office of Royal Chaplain is, as a public function, neither despicable nor unimportant. But to the man who fills it with the zest with which Bishop Wilberforce frankly owns that he did, it is not only fascinating, but engrossing. The real great work of his after life, the conception and exhibition of the typical, organizing, executive Bishop of the Church of England would have been impossible from the distraction of thought and pre-occupation of time which his duties must have exacted from an equally typical Court Chaplain. To a sensitive nature such as that of Samuel Wilberforce the wound was peculiarly severe, but in proportion salutary. Of his work as Bishop a very interesting record is seasonably given—although it would more strictly have belonged to a later volume—in a letter from the present Bishop of Ely, Dr. Woodford, minutely and picturesquely portraying the spirit and details of his ordinations, from the writer's own experience "as one of the Examining Chaplains during the long period of sixteen years"—that is, beginning eight years later than the volume closes. In the facts which it portrays it fully justifies the opinion of "one of the senior clergy of the diocese of Oxford, that the most telling part of the late Bishop's work was to be found in his Confirmations and Ordinations." The two concluding words of the last Ordination Charge which Dr. Wilberforce, as Bishop of Winchester, ever delivered were "Work—Pray."

There is a peculiarly sensible letter of September 4, 1846, from him to a friend at Oxford who was disturbed by some busybodies who were shocked at hearing that the Bishop sat by on Sunday evenings while Prince Albert played chess. Prince Albert, as the Bishop explains,

has been accustomed to regard Sunday as it was regarded, I believe, all over Christendom, until the English Puritans altered the English feeling—not as "the Sabbath," but as the great Christian Feast of the Lord's Resurrection, much as we keep Christmas Day.

However, the Prince felt that the more strict way of observing the day .

is now associated with all our religious feelings. He would on no account violate the religious feelings of others. Consequently *cards* are always banished on Sundays, but very often he plays at a round German game of four at chess, with three gentlemen present. *I* never play, because I explained that, whilst I could not say that I thought the *act* wrong, yet I thought it would be highly inexpedient in me to have it said that a clergyman played.

On the whole question the Bishop sums up thus:—

But I do not think the *act* wrong, or the Sunday to be kept as a Sabbath. I believe we as a nation gain much on the one side and lose much on the other by our utterly untrue notions as to Sunday. I believe many are led to spend the day better—here is the good—than they would if they saw games, &c., encouraged after afternoon church. But I believe that the *untruth* of teaching people to believe that a Sabbatical abstinence is our duty does far more harm, leading many to violate their consciences, giving rules which cannot be kept, making it impossible to distinguish between a sinful disregard of the Lord's Day and that use of it as a day of rest and gaiety which it is meant to be, specially for the poor and the confined, and so that multitudes, who under a sounder teaching would come to church and give hours to devotion, &c., and then take their children into the country for a Sunday evening, are led to regard themselves, because they do this, as Sabbath-breakers, and so to throw away all observation of a day the due observation of which they have been accustomed to regard as what they find to be impossible. These were my dear father's views about Sunday, its spiritual character—the entering into that spiritual character being signally blessed to any one, and a mark of growing spirituality, &c.—but the non-*Sabbatical* character of it.

I believe that to proclaim these views would do harm, because the mass of the religious people of the land are so pervaded with other views that it would be really to encourage the irreligious to promulge them.

The fact that the writer was able to claim his father, William Wilberforce, as an advocate for the anti-Sabbatarian view of Sunday merits particular attention. What he says upon the danger of crudely bringing forward a novel view of such a question before people, when much of popular practical religion turns upon another theory, is wise and charitable. We only wish that this train of thought had occurred to him when he worked himself up into such a fury against Mr. Isaac Williams's "Reserve in Communicating Religious Knowledge."

The next biographer must early in his work deal with what was, to a man of the Bishop's affectionate nature and strong opinions respecting Romanism, a trial of exceptional bitterness—the secession to the Church of Rome of so many persons most closely and intimately related to him. There were his only and deeply-loved daughter, with her husband, all his three brothers—the eldest and only layman, William, a man of much erratic talent; Archdeacon Robert, master of a store of learning to which the more eloquent Bishop could lay no claim; and Henry, the counterpart of Samuel in attractive brilliancy; both his wife's surviving sisters—Mrs. Henry Wilberforce and Mrs. Ryder, with her husband—as well as the distinguished widower of the fourth of the Miss Sargents, Archdeacon

Manning. Many men with the training and the earlier career of the Bishop of Oxford would by this have been driven back into suspicious and soured Puritanism. With him the trial brought out all the greater elements of his character. It was henceforward not by condemnations, or deprivations, or petty opposition to eminent theologians seeking literary honours, that Bishop Wilberforce resisted the allurements of Rome; but by acting out the historical Church of England in its completeness. Whoever takes up the pen must have the perspicuity of mind and style to distinguish between the earlier and the later Wilberforce. It would be unjust to him and to Canon Ashwell to insist on the later biography being a mere continuation of the first volume. That has already given us in sufficient completeness one able man's estimate of the Bishop's character, and now we want to have another from another hand.

The volume is not quite free from oversights. R. H. Froude was a Fellow of Oriel, and not, as stated in page 35, of Exeter. The Bishops whose Address elicited William IV.'s famous declaration of care for the Church were those of England, and not, as said in page 77, of Ireland. Neither, as given in page 322, did "Mr. Gladstone become for the first time a Cabinet Minister" when he was made the Colonial Secretary of Sir Robert Peel's re-constituted and now Free-trade Ministry in December 1845. When Sir Robert first came in in 1841 Mr. Gladstone received the now abolished post of Vice-President of the Board of Trade, to which was added the Mastership of the Mint, both these offices carrying with them a Privy Councillorship, but not a seat in the Cabinet. In due time, however, he became President of the Board of Trade, and then entered the Cabinet; but subsequently retired from office, in February, 1845, owing to a conscientious scruple lest his support of the Maynooth Endowment, coupled with the foundation of the Queen's Colleges—both of them inconsistent with the central principles of his book on the Church in relation to the State—should have been attributed to self-interest and greed of place.

STEDMAN'S LYRICS AND IDYLS.*

THIS is a collected edition of poems which have appeared in America at various times since 1860, but they will probably be new to most English readers. Mr. Stedman's command of the resources of English verse entitles him to a high place among the minor poets of our time. His work neither shows original powers of the first rank nor puts forward any claims which would require such powers to make them good; but on its own ground it is generally excellent. An extensive mastery of poetical ideas and language and great skill in versification are guided by a refined taste which is seldom found wanting. Mr. Stedman has made his mark as a careful and judicious critic of modern poetry; and, when he comes to write poetry himself, his critical faculty stands him in good stead by enabling him to make the best of his materials. He does not attempt to disguise the influences which have formed his work. Some of the pieces classed as idyls are nothing else than deliberate and explicit studies in the school of Mr. Tennyson. Take, for example, these lines from "The Freshet":—

I fell in, there,
With Gilbert Ripley, once my chum at Yale.
Poor Gilbert groaned along a double year,—
Read, spoke, boxed, fenced, rowed, trod the football ground,—
Loving the college library more than Greek,
His meerschaum most of all. But when we came
Together, gathered from the breathing-time
They give the fellows while the dog-days last,
He found the harness chafe; then grew morose,
And kicked above the traces, going home
Hardly a Junior, but a sounder man,
In mind and body, than a host who win
Your baccalaureate honours. There he stayed,
Half tired of bookmen, on his father's farm,
And gladly felt the plough-helve. In a year
The old man gave his blessing to the son,
And left his life, as 'twere his harvest-field,
When work was over. Gilbert hugged the farm,
Now made his own, besides a pretty sum
In good State Sixes ; partly worked the land,
With separate theories for every field,
And partly led the student life of old,
Mouthing his Shakespeare's ballads to himself
Among the meadow-mows; or, when he read
In the evening, found a picture of his bull,
Just brought from Devon, sleek as silk, loom in
Before his vision. Thus he weighed his tastes,
Each against each, in happiest equipoise.
The neighbour farmers seeing he had thrift
That would not run to waste, and pardoning all
Beyond their understanding, wished him well.

Yet the following of the master has nothing feeble or servile in it; and in another poem Mr. Stedman has attempted, with creditable success, the very difficult task of furnishing a pendant to one of Mr. Tennyson's best-known minor pieces. In Penelope we have the reply, not exactly to Ulysses's resolve as expressed by Mr. Tennyson, which is a pure soliloquy, but to some supposed communication of it to his wife. The sentiment is un-Homeric; but this can hardly be avoided in any modern poem on a Homeric subject. The Tennysonian ring is hardly less marked than in Mr. Stedman's idyllic manner, but the work is good enough to justify itself. We cite the conclusion of the poem:—

Yet if thou wilt,—in these thy golden years,
Safe-housed in royalty, like a god revered
By all the people,—if thou yearnest yet
Once more to dare the deep and Neptune's hate,
I will not linger in a widowed age;
I will not lose Ulysses, hardly found
After long vigils; but will cleave about
Thy neck, with more than woman's prayers and tears,
Until thou take me with thee. As I left
My sire, I leave my son, to follow where
Ulysses goeth, dearer for the strength
Of that great heart which ever drives him on
To large experience of newer toils!

Trust me, I will not any hindrance prove,
But, like Athenè's helm, a guiding star,
A glory and a comfort! Oh, be sure
My heart shall take its lesson from thine own!
My voice shall cheer the mariners at their oars
In the night watches; it shall warble songs,
Whose music shall o'erpower the luring airs
Of Nereïd or Siren. If we find
Those isles thou namest, where the golden fount
Gives youth to all who taste it, we will drink
Deep draughts, until the furrows leave thy brow,
And I shall walk in beauty, as when first
I saw thee from afar in Sparta's groves.
But if Charybdis seize our keel, or swift
Black currents bear us down the noisome wave
That leads to Hades, till the vessel sink
In Stygian waters, none the less our souls
Shall gain the farther shore, and, hand in hand,
Walk from the strand across Elysian fields,
'Mong happy thronging shades, that point and say:
"There go the great Ulysses, loved of gods,
And she, his wife, most faithful unto death!"

In ballads and minor poems Mr. Stedman shows more of his own individual tastes and powers. He can be strong and direct in telling a grave story, and subtle and light in the half-serious manner attempted by many writers and achieved by few. The only drawback to our enjoyment of "Peter Stuyvesant's New-Year's Call" is a minute linguistic slip, which we should have thought Mr. Stedman too careful a scholar to commit. He makes Dutchmen say "Myn *Gott*," which no Low Dutchman could possibly do unless his speech had got sadly mixed up with High German communications. Neither is "vrouw*lein*" a Dutch word; and, moreover, the proper diminutive of *vrouw* is not equivalent in meaning to the High German *Fräulein*. In several of the poems there is a tendency to revive picturesque old words, which is rather a pleasing feature. "Scathed and *scrawny* mates" for a group of weather-beaten trees is good. Mr. Stedman's observations seem seldom to fail him when he is dealing with scenes he knows; in Europe he does not always hit off the right epithet. It is really adding insult to the injuries of tourists to class Mont Blanc, the most grievously tourist-ridden of all mountains of respectable height, among "ancient summits lone." Even less is Mont Blanc a "lone summit" with regard to its natural configuration. There are mountains which stand out abruptly from the chain to which they belong, and may fairly be called solitary. But such is not Mont Blanc. He is *primus inter pares*, a monarch among a goodly company of surrounding aiguilles, most of which are indeed more worshipful than himself as far as difficulty of access goes. But very few poets have taken the trouble to be accurate about the Alps, and we can hardly expect Mr. Stedman to begin.

In one piece, "The Skull in the Gold Drift," there is an awkward conflict between science and poetry. The skull turned up from the "crystal sands, the drift of Time's despair," is addressed by the poet as follows:—

How seemed this globe of ours when thou didst scan it?
When in its lusty youth, there sprang to birth
All that hath life, unnurtured, and the planet
Was paradise, the true Saturnian earth!
Far toward the poles was stretched the happy garden;
Earth kept it fair by warmth from her own breast;
Toil had not come to dwarf her sons and harden;
No crime (there was no want) perturbed their rest.

Not only is this in flat contradiction to the history of the earth as conceived by modern science (which of itself might not be material), but the contradiction is made glaring by the use of terms and images suggested by geology in the preceding and following stanzas. The supposition of a golden age of highly developed life anterior to all the known geological epochs, and destroyed in a grand convulsion, is too unscientific to be conveniently used by a writer who almost in the same breath confesses to a knowledge of strata, the crust of the earth, and prehistoric animals. It is hardly needful to add in set terms that we have every reason to think of the earliest ages of man on the earth as anything but golden. If he wanted little but his food, he often and long together went in want of that; his rest was much apt to be perturbed by real wild beasts and (after imagination had been cultivated up to a certain point) imagined ghosts; and, if it was not perturbed by crime, it was because there can be no crime where there is no law.

The ode on "The Death of Bryant" is a finished and graceful work of commemorative poetry; the relation to *Lycidas* is transparent; but here again, as with the following of Mr. Tennyson in the idyls, the reproach of servility is avoided. The songs

* *Lyrics and Idylls; with other Poems.* By Edmund Clarence Stedman. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1879.

which follow hard upon this in the present collection are among Mr. Stedman's most successful efforts. There is life in all of them, and a certain continuity of movement which is essential to a good song. They read as if they would really go with music; and composers on the look-out for something better than the insipid stuff on which the art of song-writing is for the most part exercised might do well to try one of these. The "Autumn Song" looks particularly capable of an effective setting; but as we are concerned here with literary merit in the first instance, we select "The Wedding Day":—

I.

Sweetheart, name the day for me
When we two shall wedded be:
Make it ere another moon,
While the meadows are in tune
And the trees are blossoming
And the robins mate and sing.
Whisper, love, and name a day
In this merry month of May.

No, no, no,
You shall not escape me so!
Love will not for ever wait;
Roses fade when gathered late.

II.

Fie, for shame, Sir Malcontent!
How can time be better spent
Than in wooing? I would wed
When the clover blossoms red,
When the air is full of bliss
And the sunshine like a kiss.
If you're good, I'll grant a boon:
You shall have me, Sir, in June.

Nay, nay, nay,
Girls for once should have their way!
If you love me, wait till June;
Rosebuds wither, picked too soon.

As almost all verse-writers do at one time or another, Mr. Stedman has tried his hand on the sonnet, in some respects the most difficult of all established forms of verse to handle with success. The best he gives is inscribed "To Bayard Taylor, with a copy of the Iliad":—

Bayard, awaken not this music strong,
While round thy home the indolent sweet breeze
Floats lightly as the summer breath of seas
O'er which Ulysses heard the Sirens' song.
Dreams of low-lying isles to June belong,
And Circe holds us in her haunts of ease.
But later, when these high ancestral trees
Are sere, and such melodious languors wrong
The reddening strength of the autumnal year,
Yield to heroic words thy ear and eye;—
Intent on these broad pages thou shalt hear
The trumpets' blare, the Argive battle-cry,
And see Achilles hurl his hurtling spear,
And mark the Trojan arrows make reply!

This passes with credit most of the tests proper to be applied to a sonnet. It contains a pointed, graceful, and continuous development of a single theme; the matter is neither too much nor too little. In one point of form it is not strictly orthodox; the Italian school demands a pause in the sense at the end of the eighth line, where the system of quatrains ends and the tercets begin. Here, on the contrary, the eighth line ends in an active verb on which the whole of the ninth line depends. But no English sonnetteer, except perhaps Milton, has ever bound himself in all respects to the strict Italian rules. Even Mr. Rossetti, with his wealth of technical resources, now and then allows himself licenses in rhymes and otherwise. Mr. Stedman is therefore well within his right. Yet we should incline ourselves (if the authority of English poets had not concluded the question) to hold that, inasmuch as the sonnet is in any case an artificial exercise of poetical skill, the rules of the art should be strictly followed. The poet's triumph in the sonnet—as in the many artificial forms of verse among which the sonnet alone has remained in common use—is to show what ease and variety are consistent with the observance of a fixed set of rules. At whatever point the rules are relaxed, the interest of the game is to that extent destroyed. We do not say that a poem of fourteen lines which satisfies the greater part or some, but not all, of the conditions of a sonnet may not be a very beautiful poem. In fact, there are many such (apart from the Shakspearian sonnet, which is a distinct species) to which it would be mere pedantry to refuse the highest admiration. But we think it is to be regretted that they are included in one name with sonnets which are formally perfect. In the old Chancery practice there was a supersubtle distinction between a "bill of review" and a "bill in the nature of a bill of review." We should like to establish a separate class of fourteen-line poems in the nature of sonnets. Perhaps, however, it is going rather far to expect many English readers to be so much as distinctly aware that a sonnet is confined to any particular number of lines.

At the end of the volume there are some translated pieces. The song sung by Jean Prouvaire in *Les Misérables* while awaiting the attack on the barricade is rendered with no small spirit and felicity. Successful translations from French poetry into English are so few that, when one occurs, it deserves special mention. The two next versions are from Theocritus and the Odyssey, and are in English hexameters. If English hexameters were a necessary evil, Mr. Stedman's would be as tolerable as most; but we do not think they are necessary. We prefer of the two the lines from Theocritus, where an attempt is made to give a true spondaic effect in the last foot by combination of monosyllables; for example:—

All which himself had learned, and great and renowned in song grown,

or by the use of such double words as *ploughshare, heartstrings.* At least these effects seem too frequent in a piece of moderate length to be accidental. But we seem to remember some blank verse from Theocritus in an earlier work of Mr. Stedman's, and wish he could give us some more such instead of hexameters. Last we have scenes from the much-translated *Agamemnon*, being the parts which immediately lead up to and follow the murder of the king. The translation is respectable, but wanting in fire and freedom; and we can hardly think it up to the mark of Mr. Stedman's best work. It looks as if it might have been made for some special purpose, to illustrate a lecture or what not, and then thrown in to take its chance with the rest. We have not yet mentioned the military and quasi-military ballads in this book, which, though few, form a class apart, and show that the writer's habitual refinement does not interfere with dash and broad effects in their place. It may perhaps be a fair conjecture that the moral and intellectual tonic of the War of Secession is only beginning to tell on American literature.

MAGNUM BONUM.*

THE first word of the title of this book we are much more disposed to admit as a fair description of the story than the last. It is indeed a great, at all events a long, story. But as to its being also good, that we cannot readily allow. We are too fresh from reading it willingly to concede that it has much merit. It is many a day since we have had an equal struggle to wade through three volumes. We have, indeed, at length reached dry land, but we feel as if we had left our wits behind us. It is not often that we are baffled by a novel. We have learnt the art of sitting down to its three volumes doggedly, and going through them with steady patience at one or two sittings. But *Magnum Bonum* has almost been too much for us. We began it a fortnight ago, but soon laid it down in despair. We took it up again, but again broke down. We tried it at different hours of the day—before a good dinner and after a good dinner. We tried it when we were sleepless, and we tried it when we were drowsy. We tried it over a cup of tea, and again over a pipe. But we could make nothing of it. We left it on the drawing-room table to see whether any one else could read it. We noticed that at least one young lady went through it with apparent interest. We came to the conclusion that, like embroidery, stocking-darning, crewel-work, gossip, and curate-worship, it is adapted only for the fair sex. It is no doubt a very good book, with just enough of sinfulness to admit of a great deal of penitence. It is far more wholesome reading than one of Miss Braddon's novels; of that there can be no question. But three volumes of Miss Braddon we could have skimmed with a tenth of the labour that we have spent on *Magnum Bonum*. Moreover, when we reached the end of them we should have a far clearer understanding of what we had been reading than we have now. For the thread of villany that runs through most of her tales affords an easy clue to follow. If we do now and then take a short cut and miss a few pages here and a few more pages there, we never run a risk of losing ourselves altogether. We stick to the villains, and we feel sure that they will guide us to a clear comprehension of the plot. But in one of Miss Yonge's tales—at all events, in her latter tales—we are at once hopelessly overwhelmed with the number of characters with which she floods her pages. It is almost useless, we feel, even to attempt to make the acquaintance of her first set of people; for by the time that our tired memory shall have nearly accomplished the task a fresh set will rise up, to be followed soon by yet another. We become almost as much bewildered as an unfortunate stranger who should be taken to a dance in some country town where the half-dozen branches of one important family are the leading people. He makes one vain attempt to master the names of the cousinhood to whom he is introduced; but soon finds that he must content himself with looking upon every second partner he has as a Miss Smith.

It is perhaps the case that many of Miss Yonge's readers were introduced to her characters somewhat gradually. Her story perhaps first appeared in the pages of some magazine. Had we read a portion every month, there would certainly never have been any vast call made upon the memory at one time; but then by the beginning of the second month we should have entirely forgotten all that we had read before. Had we been wise, receiving as we did the story in its completed form, we should have begun at once by making an abstract of the characters, as we made one years ago, when we were at the University, of the Kings of Judah and Israel. We were not, however, wise at the time, and we have never had resolution enough to go back and make up for our neglect. The result has been that in reading the book we have been in a hopeless confusion for many hundred pages. There are in it two numerous families of cousins, all Brownlows. Some of them have also the same Christian name. There are, we know, two John Brownlows. These two Johns both become medical

* *Magnum Bonum; or, Mother Carey's Brood.* By Charlotte M. Yonge, Author of the "Heir of Redclyffe," &c. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1879.

men, and both fall in love with the same girl. They were a source of constant vexation to us, so greatly were we confused between the pair of lover cousins. In fact, we never did fairly disentangle the other members of these two families of children. We were always wishing that one of the medical lovers had been christened Tom, or that there had been another young lady provided. In the latter case, we could have known them by their sweethearts.

Miss Yonge no doubt feels that her strength lies in the description of children. But even of children there can be too many, both in real life and in the pages of a story. We cannot complain that she makes her children too good. On the contrary, they are often very sinful indeed. The modes taken to bring them back to virtue are perhaps somewhat violent. One of the Johns, for instance, at the time when he was a reprobate, with a younger and a very delicate brother, passes the night on the side of a glacier "in a dense white fog that shut them in with a damp, cold, moist curtain of undeveloped snow." They are both attacked by rheumatic fever, and both nearly lose their lives. The delicate boy, long before the night on the glacier and the fever, was of course a young saint. His elder brother from this time ceases to be a scamp, and becomes the better saint of the two. But, while piety is no doubt diffused by such narratives as this, it is a great pity that so much bad English should be diffused at the same time. If schoolboys find their silly slang put into very proper books, they are little likely to get cured of using it. After all, there is nothing gained by its introduction. There is nothing humorous in it, as is shown by the rapidity with which it is picked up by the greatest blockheads when they first go to school, and by the ease with which it is copied from them at home by sisters who are scarcely less stupid. Scarcely more amusing are the specimens of schoolboy blundering with which not a few pages of this story are filled. This kind of thing, when it was first brought into our story-books, was not over lively; but surely every one must be more than satiated with it by this time. Miss Yonge has before now given us a good deal of it, and Mr. Ascott Hope has spread it out till it makes the best part of whole chapters, if not of whole books. Others have followed in the same line. Yet we are treated in *Magnum Bonum* to some more of it in such a passage as the following, where two boys are brought in, one preparing his Virgil, the other working at a sum:—

> "I say, what does *pulsum* come from?"
> "What a brute this is of a fraction! Skipjack, what will go in 639 and 852?"
> "*Pulsum*, a pulse—*volat*, flies. Eh! Three'll do it. Or common measure it at once."
> "Bother common measure. The threes in———"
> "*Fama*, fame; *volat*, flies; *pulsum*, the pulse; *cecisse*, to have ceased; *paternis regnis*, in the paternal kingdom. I say, wouldn't that vile Perkins like fun?"
> "The threes in seven—two—in eighteen———"
> "I say, Johnny, is *pulsum* from *pulco*?"
> "Never heard of it."
> "Bobus, is it *pulco, pulxi, pulsum*?"
> "*Pulco*—I make an ass of myself," muttered Bobus.
> "O murder," groaned Johnny, "it has come out 213."
> "Not half so much murder as this *pulsum*. Why it will go in them both. I can see with half an eye."

A quick writer, if he had only a good supply of quill pens, ink, and paper, could surely spin out miles of such poor stuff as this. It is indeed far easier to write such descriptions than to read them when they are once written. Miss Yonge by long practice has acquired a most fatal facility of composition. Her pen runs on so easily, her words flow out so fast, that she can no doubt throw off her pages with as little effort as a tree sheds its leaves in autumn. She need trouble herself very little about a plot, and not at all about the general arrangement of her story. She has apparently a never-ending supply of naughtiness and penitence. A sinner gets a certain amount of law, as it were, given him; just as he seems really likely to become almost interesting, he is pulled sharply up by an accident or an illness, or by "an elderly clergyman with silvery hair," who comes in to spoil sport. Then another character is taken in hand, who is treated in much the same way. The chief sinner is indeed carried off by yellow fever, but then she had first arrived at a state of penitence. The next greatest sinner, to be sure, marries an heiress who had 40,000*l.* a year, but he had first become very penitent also. He really, from a worldly point of view, deserved the yellow fever ten times as much as the other; but we greatly doubt whether, with all his penitence, he would have been accounted by the author's admirers as quite worthy of so distinguished a death.

It is impossible, of course, to refuse to admit that in this book there is not a little that is clever. Miss Yonge could not write 956 somewhat closely-printed pages and keep steadily dull. But in 956 pages even a good deal of cleverness may get so well hidden away that the reader may almost despair of finding it. The story opens well. There is a pleasant old lady and an interesting young doctor, but they both are killed off before the end of the third chapter. We must protest against this habit of making away with good characters so early in the story. When we come across an instance of it we feel ourselves not a little aggrieved. We are vexed much in the same way as any one is vexed who in a country village has taken the trouble to call on some new comers, welcomes them to his table, and then finds that they only propose to stay in the neighbourhood a few weeks. There is, moreover, not a little originality in the character of the mother of one set of heroes and heroines. One of the Johns—we almost forget which—is also drawn with some power. In the sayings of the children there is often something pretty or lively. But then we return to the old grievance. There are so many characters, and so much talk, and so many words, and so many pages, and so much penitence, that the impression left on our mind is one of unutterable weariness. So far from feeling improved and edified by the story, many a reader, we are sure, would be tempted to go and do in downright defiance something highly improper, if not actually profane. We can imagine that a man who should be compelled to read *Magnum Bonum* through from beginning to end might the very next Sunday morning, in a spirit of revolt, lie on his back on a tombstone and smoke his pipe in the face of the beadle himself. But, after all, this is not a book for men, and perhaps it is hardly fair for one of them to venture to criticize it. The ladies, we feel sure, will one and all maintain that we have been unable to enter into its spirit, and so have failed to do it justice.

KERAMIC ART OF JAPAN.*

THREE or four years ago we noticed the commencement of this admirable work, when we reviewed the first two numbers and called attention to the beauty of the illustrations. On that occasion we concluded by expressing a hope that the authors would find such encouragement from the public as would enable them to bring so costly an undertaking to a satisfactory conclusion. We may now congratulate them on having fulfilled their design, though the last part was long delayed, owing to the engagements of MM. Didot, the chromo-lithographers, at the Paris Exhibition. Meanwhile the Essay on Japanese Art, which forms an important portion of the letterpress, was finished, as well as the companion Essay on Keramic Art, separately considered. In the parts now before us we have the accounts of Hizen ware, Satsuma ware, and Kaga ware, besides the special descriptions of the plates. These plates fully maintain the promise of the early parts, with the exception of one or two which appear unnecessarily hard; but whatever is lost in pictorial effect is gained in exactness. Against them may be placed the representations of Kioto ware in Plate XXXV., which appears to be the best picture—considered as a picture—in the book, and the splendid view of a Hizen jar (Plate VI.)

The final instalments of the general essay contain interesting notices of three favourite subjects, or sets of subjects—Buddha, Fusiyama, and the Seven Deities of Good Fortune. These notices are introduced by some critical remarks on decorative art, which are worth repeating. All branches of Japanese art are decorative. The correct principles of an art which is only decorative differ of necessity from those which govern the production of what we in England prefer to decoration—namely, separate pictures. The Japanese artist is a devoted student of natural scenery. He loves nature and paints landscape accordingly. But we have no evidence that he has ever made a special study of perspective. There has been no Japanese Turner, no Cox, or De Wint, to work up scenery into tablets as Wordsworth worked it into sonnets. But every Japanese peasant has his painted rice-bowl, his decorated fan, his ornamental cup. Here pictures are produced and hung in galleries and cabinets, while articles for every-day use—pots, pans, kettles, cauldrons—are hideous. Japanese art is essentially popular, we had almost said vulgar. English art, in spite of all that has been done and is being done to bring it home to the masses, is essentially particular, made for those who can afford to pay for it, and only brought to the notice of the lower classes by occasional and spasmodic efforts. It may be true that Englishmen as a nation have not in them that originative artistic faculty which makes art a necessity to the Japanese. But that they do care for beauty in their surroundings is proved by a hundred examples. The gorgeous, and sometimes really tasteful, decorations of the gin-palace are not lavished recklessly or without careful calculation of the effect they will produce on the minds of men whose homes are plain to ugliness; nor is the effort made in vain. When the Englishman can paint and draw for himself as the Japanese can, then we may expect to see whitewashed walls covered with sketches, and doors and shutters decorated in colours. Meanwhile we must be content to set up drawing-classes in night schools and the study of art in free libraries and galleries as counter-attractions to the public-house. Perhaps the spread of education may raise the standard of taste in the next generation. But though, with a great expenditure, we may at length attain this freedom, the Japanese workman and peasant was born in it; and that it does not depend upon a knowledge of letters may be proved by a reference to Italy, where every child has a knowledge of art, and can point out the best light in which to see a painting. The various pictorial instincts of nations, however interesting they may be to the student of ethnology, are not of course discussed by Messrs. Audsley and Bowes, who content themselves with only such remarks on the abstract definition of decorative art as bring out clearly its true position. But, though familiar in their daily lives, the art of the Japanese "cannot be called monumental at all." It has been objected to it that no perspective is studied, no aerial effects attempted. But the humble artist of Japan "knows as much of perspective as his works require, and quite as much as is commonly found in the

* *Keramic Art of Japan.* By G. A. Audsley and J. L. Bowes. Parts IV., V., VI., and VII. Liverpool. For Subscribers.

most correct efforts of other countries; he is infinitely more appreciative of, and truthful to, the principles of nature in his representations of animate and inanimate creation than any Western artist, while as a colourist he is not surpassed by him." It may be a question for us whether we should not be benefited if the genius of a large number among our young artists could be turned away from the painting of pictures and directed to "mere decoration," and whether the present tendency in that direction, especially in ceramic art, has not had a good effect, not only on the appearance and comfort of our domestic institutions, but also on the fortunes of the artists themselves. It is curious to observe how quickly a good design spreads. No sooner has some artist built a house, or drawn a table, than it is reproduced. The new houses in some neighbourhoods are all copies, in builders' style, of a good design by some great architect who has set the fashion. A great artist in furniture might find public appreciation nowadays; there can be no doubt of the success of some recent efforts to improve hangings and coverings for upholstery; and a very plausible theory may be supported that beauty is, like truth, *magna, et prevalebit.*

The highest efforts of Japanese sculpture have been made in the representations of Buddha. A wonderful statue is in the temple of Kama Koura. It was made six hundred years ago, and represents the great Hindoo reformer enjoying his "nirvana," or that ecstatic disregard of outward things which he held out to his followers as the highest good and final reward. The face is portrayed as "reflecting a sentient soul absorbed in its own impassive bliss, having attained to all knowledge, yet disclosing none of it, baffling all inquiry into the unknown, and promising as consolation for all personal ills a like impersonal happiness, or else an absolute annihilation, just according to the interpretation each believer gave to this spiritual riddle." The gigantic figure inspires less awe "from its massive severity of form than its inscrutable calm and measureless distance from mundane interests and cares." All the statues of Buddha which come to us from Japan are modelled after this one, and all are remarkable for the same air of holy calm and passionless repose. Mr. Jarvis, from whom the authors quote their account of the statue at Kama Koura, very well remarks that "the Oriental sculptor, in obedience to his abstract motive, was obliged virtually to reverse the practice of his Grecian brother. He tried to make men godlike on the physical and intellectual plane of well-understood human constitution. The former proposed to himself the more arduous task of sinking both into an abstract spiritualization, negativing all merely human faculties and ambitions, and creating an ideal form which should suggest a consummate, perfected bliss, destitute of every earthly taint or reminder."

What figures of Buddha have been in one department, views of Fusiyama have been in another. The whole range of Japanese landscape is pervaded by the outline of the snowy cone everywhere reverenced throughout the islands, which is traditionally accounted the temple, the grave, and the monument of the founder of their religion. Two hundred centuries ago, so runs the legend, Fusiyama arose in a single night from the ocean. To the mind of every native the form of the volcano is the perfection of mountainous beauty. "It is painted, embossed, carved, engraved, lacquered, modelled on all their wares; men carry it in their pockets, women wear it on their persons, children by the roadside build miniature Fusiyamas of mud." In p. liv. we have a whimsical example in an ornament of Owari porcelain, painted in blue, which represents a moon rising from behind the sacred peak. Fusiyama, though nearly a hundred miles from Yedo, is yet distinctly visible from the outskirts, for it rises to a height of between fourteen and fifteen thousand feet. "The Japanese are, however, not content with representing it from one point of view, or as seen under one condition of the atmosphere." They study its features in all moods, and whole volumes are devoted to representations of it. The authors describe one book containing four-and-twenty full-page views into every one of which Fusiyama is introduced in a different position and with a varied outline. On the top is the modest, unpretending little hut, the temple and goal of all the native pilgrimages. It is described as adorned with a few images in lava and some tinsel. The primitive worship of the Japanese is very free from the coarser forms of idolatry; but the writers quote a passage in which the Japanese Buddhism is spoken of as more coarsely materialistic than Romanism. The two sects, or to speak more exactly, religions, exist side by side, and both enter largely into the art of the country. To the Shinto form of worship may be attributed the almost universal homage of the seven deities of Good Fortune, "the true household gods of the laughter-loving Japanese." Figures of them are in every house; pictures of them are in every kind of pottery and lacquer. Yet the people do not seem exactly to worship them as idols, nor are they supposed in any way to influence the future state. They are merely temporal, and are regarded only as influencing the destinies of living mortals. They are not gods like the Roman household gods. They are not worshipped by any sect or supported by any form of priestcraft. They do not always occur together. Each man seems to have selected the Good Fortune he most desired for his peculiar reverence. For almost all, Long Life; for the poor, Daily Food and Contentment; for the rich, Love and Glory. The whole seven are sometimes represented together as on a plate figured at p. lx., but a selection is made for separate devotion. The genius of Daily Food is represented as a fisherman, as indicating the part which the sea must have played in the early history of the people. All show the same signs of remote antiquity, and readers of Messrs. Audsley and Bowes's volumes will be able to identify them with ease in many a long familiar picture among the surroundings of their own homes.

We have had little but praise to bestow on this handsome work. The authors have given us more than a mere history of Keramics. They have told us something about the sister arts, and we should be glad if they gave us reason to look forward to similar books on the subjects they have but touched—carving in ivory and wood, bronzes, and, above all, lacquer. What they have said about them has only made us wish for more.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

It has been reserved for a German scholar, Dr. Alfred Katterfeld (1), to write the first detailed biography of so eminent an Englishman as Roger Ascham, and to display him in a point of view hitherto much overlooked by his own countrymen. Ascham was not only one of the fathers of modern culture, but one of the first men in whom the modern instinct for observant travel was developed; he was a more inquisitive and intelligent scrutinizer of foreign manners, Dr. Katterfeld thinks, than Cardan or Montaigne. It also happens that the most important of his travels were performed in Germany, and at a very critical period of German history—circumstances which have naturally increased Dr. Katterfeld's interest in a department of Ascham's activity which his own countrymen have as naturally neglected. Ascham's observations are conveyed in a little undated book, which Dr. Katterfeld considers not to have been printed until some years after the accession of Elizabeth. Even more important, perhaps, are his official letters as secretary to the English Ambassador Morison, and the remains of his extensive private correspondence. His diary is unfortunately lost, and seems to have been destroyed from prudential motives. The vivacity of his descriptions and the penetration of his remarks justify his biographer's praises. He witnessed the humiliation of Charles V., whom he had found at the height of his power, by Maurice of Saxony; he also saw the siege of Metz. Maurice's character is very carefully and impartially drawn by him. He visited Augsburg, then almost the richest mercantile city of Europe; Cologne, the bulwark of the old faith, and Magdeburg of the new; and his observations on all show admirable insight into the circumstances of the time. Visiting Germany in the service of Edward VI., he writes as an ardent partisan of the Reformation, and such no doubt was his sincere conviction. Like most of the Humanists, however, he was far from possessing the spirit of a martyr. In his youth he had disguised his opinions to retain the favour of his patron, Archbishop Lee; after his return from Germany he accepted the post of private secretary to Queen Mary, notwithstanding the change of religion and the execution of the unhappy competitor of whom he has himself left so fair a portrait, and in connexion with whom his own name is chiefly remembered. It is uncertain whether he openly abjured the Reformed faith, but most probably he did not; and his connexions appear to have lain among the most moderate men of the Catholic party, Pole, Heath, and Gardiner. He retained his post at the accession of Elizabeth, and continued to enjoy her favour until his decease in 1568. Dr. Katterfeld has performed his task with laborious thoroughness, examining all extant MSS. except some few to which he was refused access by the discourtesy of the possessors—a great contrast, we are glad to say, to the general tenor of his reception in England. He has corrected numerous errors of his predecessors, especially Dr. Giles, and has added a useful bibliographical notice of the various editions of Ascham's works. His style is simple and clear; his treatment of his subject sometimes almost amusingly methodical and matter-of-fact. It was hardly necessary to point out that Landor's *Imaginary Conversations* cannot be accepted as an authority for the life of Ascham.

Herr Georg Kauffmann (2) expresses the opinion that sufficient monographs have been written upon the various points connected with ancient German history, and that the time has arrived to condense the results obtained into a single comprehensive work. He therefore undertakes to compress the history of the Teutonic race before Charlemagne into two volumes of moderate dimensions. The endeavour after brevity is most laudable, and the execution is such as to show that Herr Kauffmann can distinguish the essential from the unessential, and has thus a grasp of one at least of the principal requisites for success in history. Should his success be incomplete, the cause will be no deficiency in yet higher historic qualities, but adherence to the guides upon whom, very probably with good reason, he has chosen to depend. He follows Roth and Sohm; and, if these writers' views on ancient German institutions have really provided him with the indispensable groundwork of archæological accuracy, there need be no fear for the superstructure of historical narrative which he has erected upon their foundations. Kauffmann is, in truth, an admirable narrator, clear, concise, and masculine; while his views of men and things reveal a generous temper and a ready sympathy for whatever is excellent. This is especially the case

(1) *Roger Ascham. Sein Leben und seine Werke, mit besonderer Berücksichtigung seiner Berichte über Deutschland aus den Jahren* 1550–53. Von Dr. Alfred Katterfeld. Strassburg: K. J. Trübner. London: Trübner & Co.

(2) *Deutsche Geschichte bis auf Karl den Grossen.* Bd. 1. Von G. Kauffmann. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

with the latter part of his volume, where he has to depict the great figures of Ambrose, Alaric, and Stilicho. The present instalment of the work comes down to the death of Alaric's successor, Athaulf, in 415.

The fourth volume of Schlagintweit's Travels in Central Asia (3) is more interesting than its predecessors, being less of a mere catalogue of measurements of the heights of mountains and barometrical tables, and containing a reference to at least one interesting event, the murder of the traveller's brother Adolph, although even this is only narrated upon hearsay. As a rule, however, the narrative is extremely dry; and, as such, fully in keeping with the barren and monotonous character of the desolate country it describes. The most interesting part is perhaps the summary of the expeditions of other travellers, principally Russian and English, the latter mostly of so recent a date as to have almost superseded Herr Schlagintweit, the amount and importance of whose discoveries is by no means such as to explain his quarter of a century's delay in publishing them.

A German translation of General di Cesnola's invaluable work on the archæology of Cyprus (4) is accompanied by a preface by Georg Ebers, and varies from the original in the arrangement of the plates, which, instead of being incorporated with the text, are thrown together at the end of the volume.

August Man's work on Pompeii (5) is not an addition to those manuals of general information respecting the city of which so many already exist, but is principally confined to the single point of the history and development of Pompeian architecture. The writer seeks to determine, in the first place, the period of erection of the more important edifices; secondly, their original style and construction; and, thirdly, the nature, date, and object of the alterations they underwent previous to the destruction of the city. The book is, to a considerable extent, a criticism upon the "Pompeian Studies" of R. Nissen, and contains like it ample and accurate measurements, and minute investigations of all the details of ancient architecture.

No works on mediæval art and archæology have attained or deserved a higher reputation than the splendid publications of Dr. von Hefner-Alteneck (6), and their value is enhanced by their being now combined in the same issue. In 1840 Dr. Hefner began the publication of his celebrated "Costumes of the Christian Middle Ages, from Contemporary Monuments." This magnificent book was completed in 1854, and during its progress the author had already commenced the companion volume on the art of the mediæval period and the Renaissance, which occupied him until 1863. The two books now appear as a single work in 120 parts, three of which have already been published. The selection of subjects for illustration has been revised, the illustrative text greatly improved, and the scope of the treatise extended so as to embrace the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The progress of chromolithography allows the plates to be executed by that method, instead of being coloured by hand as in previous editions. The first three parts comprise Byzantine and Carlovingian subjects to about the end of the ninth century, derived from mosaics, illuminated MSS., and the actual objects represented. Nothing can be more splendid and exquisite than the execution, especially of the magnificent plates representing Justinian and Theodora among their courtiers, and Charles the Bald upon his throne.

Professor Schultz's (7) treatise on the manners and customs of the upper classes in the middle ages, principally Germany, from about 1130 to 1300, is one of great interest and value. It is founded on a very thorough investigation, partly of architectural remains, partly of allusions to ways of life in the literature of the age, especially the contemporary metrical romances, which are full of references to courtly manners and the refinements of advancing civilization. The first chapter is devoted to domestic architecture, including both the exterior construction and internal arrangements of those castles in which the characteristics of a palace and a fortress were combined. The private life of the inmates is next amply detailed; their costumes, amusements, furniture, articles of comfort and luxury, and the machinery of everyday existence in general. The last chapter is devoted to the important subjects of love and marriage, and the intellectual and moral aspects of mediæval civilization will probably be more fully treated in the new volume. The writer's principal reliance is on the contemporary poets, who have, as he remarks, preserved the memory of innumerable customs and objects of use which would otherwise have fallen into oblivion, and whose deficiency in the inventive faculty guarantees the accuracy of their descriptions. He states that he has read upwards of two million verses for the purposes of his work. Next in importance come the works of art in the shape of illuminated manuscripts, painted windows, and sculptures, of which upwards of a hundred examples are given. This work is altogether most valuable, and its only apparent defect is a deficiency in methodical arrangement.

Forestry in its economical aspect is a matter of primary importance on the Continent, and may one day become so in England. According to Herr Geyer (8), the science is degenerating in his country; a fact, if true, of some importance to England, as some of the officers of our Indian Forest Department receive their training in Germany. Herr Geyer attributes the falling off in productiveness to the neglect of financial considerations, and to a defective method of management which impoverishes the soil and impedes the renovation of the wood by natural processes. The Saxon forests are an exception to these remarks. The book is full of interesting details, both silvicultural and economical.

Wundt's Logic (9) is one of those treatises which will probably be hereafter cited as making an epoch in science, but which from their compass and thoroughness are but slowly mastered even by specialists, and require time ere their proper position can be assigned to them. Professor Wundt is indeed anxious not to repel readers by over-abstruseness, and, although fully impressed with the importance of mathematics as an auxiliary to logical processes, has considerately relegated all mathematical formulæ to two special chapters. There is, notwithstanding, abundant scope for severe mental exertion in a treatise by no means confined to technical logic, but which also deals with their application to such fundamental physical and metaphysical problems as causation, force, the reality of time and space, absolute existence, and teleology. The application of the methods of investigation employed in the exact sciences to logic is perhaps the most distinctive feature of the work, and may be expected to be still more prominent in the second and concluding volume.

The essays of so learned a jurist and precise a thinker as Professor Bluntschli (10) well deserve to be collected. Eleven treating of jurisprudence and general polity are included in the first volume. Among the most remarkable are one on the fundamental conception of law, pointing out the confusion between law and religion in the minds of Orientals, and the endeavours of Ultramontane Catholicism to introduce the theocracy grounded on this confusion into Europe; an exposition of the moral and intellectual qualities which confer superiority on the Aryan race; an attempt to discover a *modus vivendi* between Church and State in the marriage question; and an essay on the ideal State, in which Bluntschli ventures on the prediction that the world will eventually become one nation. Though frequently profound, the author's thoughts are everywhere intelligible, and his diction is everywhere transparent.

In the first part of what promises to be a very comprehensive work on Idealism and Positivism, Herr E. Laas (11) analyses the philosophy of Plato as the typical representative of the former theory, whose writings contain, actually or by implication, nearly everything that can be advanced in its support.

The conclusion of Professor Teichmüller's essay on the nature of love (12) is that all love is but the love of the Divinity under veils and symbols—a conclusion not dissimilar from that of Mr. Emerson and the Persian mystics, different as is the road by which Professor Teichmüller has travelled to it. His essay is distinguished by occasional eloquence and prevalent perspicuity of style.

Adam Friedrich Oeser (13) is now perhaps principally known for his intimacy with Goethe at an early period of the latter's life, and the influence he exerted upon the poet's development as an amateur and connoisseur of art. He was, however, one of the most eminent German painters of the eighteenth century, and, if unable to emancipate himself in his works from the conventionality and dilettantism of the time, at all events showed himself intellectually susceptible to higher influences by his cordial sympathy with Winckelmann, with whom he was allied during his residence at Dresden. It was at Dresden that Oeser's best work was performed. After his removal to Leipsic as Director of the Academy of the Fine Arts, his style became tame; but it was there that he made the acquaintance of Goethe, who preserved his veneration for his tutor until his visit to Italy, when, as he says, the scales fell from his eyes. Dr. Dürr points out, however, that this illumination did not extend so far as to enlighten Goethe on the merits of early Florentine art. Oeser died in 1799, at the age of eighty-two. His talents, if not surpassing, were versatile; though principally known as a painter, he also acquired distinction as a sculptor and engraver. Dr. Dürr's monograph is remarkably full and painstaking, omitting nothing that can throw light on Oeser's career, and especially his relations with his illustrious friend.

(3) *Reisen in Indien und Hochasien.* Von Hermann von Schlagintweit-Sakünlünsk. Bd. 4. Jena: Costenoble. London: Kolckmann.

(4) *Cypern: seine alten Städte, Gräber und Tempel.* Von L. Palma di Cesnola. Autorisierte deutsche Bearbeitung von L. Sten, mit Vorwort von Georg Ebers. Th. 1. Jena: Costenoble. London: Kolckmann.

(5) *Pompejanische Beiträge.* Von August Man. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

(6) *Trachten, Kunstwerke und Geräthschaften vom frühen Mittelalter bis Ende des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts nach gleichzeitigen Originalen.* Von Dr. J. H. von Hefner-Alteneck. Lief. 1–3. Frankfurt: Keller. London: Trübner & Co.

(7) *Das höfische Leben zur Zeit der Minnesinger.* Von Dr. Alwin Schultz. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Der Wald im nationalen Wirthschaftsleben.* Von Ph. Geyer. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(9) *Logik. Eine Untersuchung der Principien der Erkenntniss und der Methoden wissenschaftlicher Forschung.* Bd. 1. Von W. Wundt. Stuttgart: Enke. London: Kolckmann.

(10) *Gesammelte Kleine Schriften.* Von J. C. Bluntschli. Bd. 1. Nördlingen: Beck. London: Williams & Norgate.

(11) *Idealismus und Positivismus. Eine kritische Auseinandersetzung.* Von E. Laas. Th. 1. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

(12) *Ueber das Wesen der Liebe.* Von G. Teichmüller. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(13) *A. F. Oeser: ein Beitrag zur Kunstgeschichte des 18. Jahrhunderts.* Von Dr. Alphons Dürr. Leipzig: Dürr. London: Williams & Norgate.

The association of Goethe's name with Gottsched's (14) in one and the same volume seems singular, but is accounted for by the fact that both Herr Bernays's biographies are reprints from the great national biographical dictionary at present in course of publication by the Munich Academy. As an article in an encyclopædia, Herr Bernays's essay on Goethe leaves nothing to be desired, and even as a miniature biography it may be most useful as a handy volume of reference. Its chief defect is the writer's inability to rise above the strictly national point of view. It is unfortunate that all German books on the subject are thus far merely contributions to the literature of Germany. Some day, no doubt, a German biographer will arise who will treat Goethe with the same impartiality as if he were a foreigner; but for such treatment the present excited condition of national sentiment is most unpropitious. In his second memoir Herr Bernays makes out a very good case for Gottsched, reminding us that his canons of criticism were inevitably formed before the appearance of Klopstock and Lessing, and that he would probably have been one of the most effective auxiliaries of the new school if he had been born twenty years later.

In a very interesting and careful volume of biographical and literary criticism, Freiherr von Biedermann (15) investigates some of the more minute and obscure points connected with the works of Goethe. Among the most interesting are those relating to the unfinished dramas, especially *Elpenor*, in which Goethe seems to have designed to shadow forth his attachment to Frau von Stein, and the plot of which Freiherr von Biedermann shows to have been derived from a Chinese source. The projected "Christian Tragedy" is shown to have been inspired by Calderon, and it is made highly probable that the eccentric educational reformer Basedow is the original of "Satyros." Another essay investigates Goethe's contributions to the *Frankfürter Gelehrten-Anzeigen*, and another treats of the principles of rhyme observed by him. The more strictly biographical part of the volume discusses his relations with the Fritsch and Fikentscher families, and his letters to Voigt, Eichstadt, and other minor correspondents.

Berthold Auerbach has been only too prolific of late years. For the second time within twelve months we receive a new volume from his pen. *Der Forstmeister* (16) is a bright, readable story of country life, abounding in idyllic scenes and picturesque descriptions. The principal characters perform the antagonistic parts of villain and victim. The plot is slight, and the author's chief attention has been bestowed upon the delineation of character. Jörns and Ruland are types of native honesty and simple vigour; the heroine is attractive and wholesome; so also is the Vicar, a guileless enthusiast, humorously but sympathetically portrayed. The novel is healthy and agreeable throughout, though devoid of stirring incident or any very definite purpose.

Dr. Virchow's account of his visit to the scene of Dr. Schliemann's discoveries at Hissarlik is the most attractive contribution to the January number of the *Rundschau* (17). He discusses the topography of the plain of Ilion, and especially the alterations which the courses of the rivers have undergone since Homer's time, and directs especial attention to the character of the valuable objects discovered as articles of luxury brought from abroad, the hoard of a mountain chief who must have had a name, and whose name may as well have been Priam as any other. There are also a continuation of the Prussian officer's autobiography, treating of his entry upon military service; and a continued narrative of the resolute, but hopeless and ill-judged, effort of the Poles to shake off the Russian yoke in 1863. The Darwinian theory of facial expression is criticized in another article; and another is devoted to Edgar Quinet, distinguished among illustrious Frenchmen for his German sympathies, and whose own character offered most of the traits that constitute the German poetic and philosophic ideal. It is difficult to make Henry II. and Becket live for the reader of the nineteenth century, and "The Saint" is too deficient in local and historical colouring for such a feat. A little sketch of the peasant life of North Germany is, on the other hand, perfectly true to nature.

(14) *J. W. von Goethe. J. C. Gottsched. Zwei Biographieen.* Von Michael Bernays. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(15) *Goethe—Forschungen.* Von Woldemar Freiherrn von Biedermann. Frankfurt: Rütten & Löning. London: Williams & Norgate.

(16) *Der Forstmeister. Roman.* Von Berthold Auerbach. 2 Bde. Berlin: Paetel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(17) *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 6, Hft. 4. Berlin: Paetel. London: Williams & Norgate.

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THE LIVERPOOL ELECTION.

THE Liverpool election contains almost every element of popular interest which can be found in such contests. Both Conservatives and Liberals are enthusiastic and among themselves unanimous. The meetings on both sides, after filling the largest buildings in the town, overflow into neighbouring spaces. The Conservatives are laudably anxious to reassert their superiority, while their adversaries are not less naturally animated by the hope that they may on this occasion reverse the balance of parties. Amongst other grounds of confidence the Liberals rely on a local influence which was on former occasions used against them. Lord RAMSAY, in one of his earlier speeches, took occasion to remind his followers that he was staying at Knowsley. Lord SANDON, with more adroitness, appealed to the proper jealousy of independent voters, who were, he said, not likely to change their opinions because an eminent neighbour had changed his own. Lord DERBY has not, since his secession from the Cabinet, explained how far he has identified himself with the Liberal party. Perhaps it is enough to know that he is as eager as any member of the Opposition to turn the present Government out of office. Only inhabitants of Liverpool can calculate the number of votes which represent the electoral influence of Knowsley. Another and more powerful body of voters occupied at the beginning of the struggle a position not unlike that which was held by Lord DERBY's ancestor at Bosworth. The Irish Home Rule voters considered that they had power to decide the contest; but until their terms were accepted they kept within their own camp, declining to pledge themselves to the party which courted their alliance.

The Conservatives must be acquitted of any charge of tampering with the enemies of the English connexion. From the first their candidate has professed his determination to vote against any proposal tending to Home Rule. Lord RAMSAY, who seems to possess remarkable aptitude for the functions of a candidate, is on this and on other questions in the hands of experienced local advisers. He and his friends have thought that there was more to be gained than to be lost by assenting to the doctrine of local option. Lord RAMSAY confessed that he had not studied the question whether it was expedient to facilitate the spread of contagious disease. As to Home Rule, he in the first instance repeated the formula lately devised for the use of Liberal candidates by Mr. GLADSTONE himself. Lord RAMSAY would gladly hand over Irish private Bills, about which no Home Ruler ever troubled himself, to any authority which might at any time be constituted for such purposes in Ireland. More generally he offered to support any extension of local self-government, which also was a vague concession, not at present required by any party in Ireland. It seemed that the further undertaking to vote for inquiring into the expediency of creating an Irish Parliament had been thought too dangerous. Mr. GLADSTONE has not yet agreed to the repeal of the Union, or to the separation which would be the first act of an Irish Legislature. It was a still stronger argument against the pledge demanded that it might alienate more support from English voters than it would purchase from Irish Home Rulers. Lancashire and Liverpool have not been in the habit of regarding with especial admiration and deference the Irish immigrants who form a considerable portion of the community. It is probable that even Liberals may resent a claim to determine English contests by votes given at the dictation of demagogues who profess open hostility to England.

The tactics of the Home Rule League, which by a singular accident has the power of interfering in the representation of Liverpool, were not the same which were lately employed at Sheffield; but it was reasonably assumed that eventually the result would not be different. Mr. SULLIVAN and some of the other managers have taken part in both elections, and there seemed to be no reason why they should be more exacting at Liverpool than at Sheffield. Lord RAMSAY was, as far as pledges were concerned, more accommodating than Mr. WADDY, and yet his offers did not at first obtain equal consideration. It was perhaps because Lord RAMSAY was so ready to make large concessions that the Home Rule League rightly thought it possible to exact something more. Their ultimate decision was never doubtful. If they can elect Lord RAMSAY, they will add strength to the only party from which they have anything to hope. Mr. GLADSTONE has not been repelled by the encouragement afforded to anarchy and crime by the Home Rule League, of which he incessantly solicits the alliance. It is notorious that the members of the body who formerly affected moderation have now accepted the doctrines and practice of Mr. PARNELL. Their leader lately boasted at a meeting in the United States that they could return seventy members for Ireland and forty for Great Britain. Among the forty he probably includes Mr. WADDY, and he will have a perfect right to include Lord RAMSAY, should he be returned for Liverpool. Lord RAMSAY and his friends at the beginning of the auction made a liberal bid, though the customer affected to reject the offer with scorn. They rightly judged that they would only have to wait till the market was on the point of closing to find that the bargain was concluded. The secret of the ostensible neutrality of the Home Rule League has already received a painful explanation. It now appears that Lord RAMSAY had told their delegates that he was personally ready to vote for an inquiry into the expediency of an Irish Parliament, but that he could not separate himself from the leaders of his party. Having since apparently satisfied himself that no scruple of loyalty or patriotism will stand in the way of a combination to defeat the present Government, Lord RAMSAY has formally undertaken to comply with the demands of Mr. PARNELL and his allies. An inquiry into the reasons for establishing an Irish Parliament involves the admission of the whole principle for which the Home Rule League contends. No Committee can tell even so inexperienced and so reckless a partisan as Lord RAMSAY anything which he must not already know. An Irish Parliament, even if it were nominally restricted to the functions of an American State Legislature, could not be instituted without a disruption of the monarchy. Its leaders, who would be the Nationalist and Fenian agitators, would disregard any limitation which might have been imposed; and the reserved sovereignty of the Imperial Parliament could only be asserted by the exercise of force. Civil war, and the repeal of an impracticable measure, would almost certainly follow: and the only compensation for incalculable evils would be that Lord RAMSAY had gratified his personal ambition, and perhaps that Mr.

Gladstone had overthrown his hated rival. The contract between the Liverpool Liberals and the Home Rule League may perhaps have been prematurely published. It may not be too late for the real constituency to condemn the most unprincipled of modern political transactions.

Lord Sandon's effective speech was almost exclusively devoted to the issue on which both parties have tacitly agreed to conduct the present contest. On neither side is there any indication of serious interest in domestic policy or legislation. Foreign and Indian affairs are the ostensible subjects of a conflict which is really a trial of strength according to the type of old-fashioned elections. Liberal orators cannot conveniently go far back in the history of the Eastern controversy, because the acts which they would denounce were those of Lord Derby. As Lord Carnarvon has no local connexion with Liverpool, they may not be equally embarrassed in dealing with the annexation of the Transvaal; but the electors are thinking, not of Turkey, or South Africa, or Afghanistan, but of the comparative value of blue and yellow, or whatever may be the respective colours. External politics are well adapted to such trials of strength; for the principles of rival parties are not in any way involved in disputes about the Treaty of Berlin or the Afghan war. Not many years ago, Lord Palmerston, then leader of the Liberal party, was supposed to be constantly engaged in the promotion of English influence abroad. Mr. Disraeli sometimes criticized the turbulent activity which he imputed to the Minister, though he never thwarted his policy when English interests were engaged in diplomacy or in war. The reduction of the contest to a mere comparison of the numerical strength of parties may perhaps be advantageous to the Liberals. It is probable that few of them are at the moment prepared to abandon the party, although at Liverpool, as elsewhere, prudent men must be alarmed at the violence of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell. It is impossible to judge at a distance of the disturbing tendency of the petty issues which are raised by the advocates of special legislative theories. It may be inferred from Lord Ramsay's adhesion to the doctrines of Sir Wilfrid Lawson that the temperance agitators at Liverpool command a considerable number of votes; yet he would probably have shown sounder judgment if he had dissented from measures which are obnoxious, not only to publicans, but to the much larger body of consumers. The Liberal candidate has not been asked to pledge himself to the disestablishment of the Church, though the so-called Liberation Society has lately imposed on Liberal candidates a graduated series of tests, to be administered according to their supposed pliability. They may be well assured that Lord Ramsay, as at present advised, will vote with Lord Hartington, or, more probably, with Mr. Gladstone, on any question relating to the English or Scotch Establishments. If Mr. Whitley defeats the combination of Liberals and Home Rulers, his party will have achieved a signal triumph. Lord Ramsay's success, if it depends on the Irish vote, will have no moral weight, if indeed it has not a ruinous influence on the fortunes of his party.

THE GERMAN ARMY.

The announcement that Prince Bismarck is contemplating an increase in the German army would have excited no surprise and little comment had it not been for the mode in which the announcement was made, and for the reasons for the increase which have been ostentatiously given. The strength of the German army in time of peace is fixed for a period of seven years, and this period will expire in about a twelvemonth. It is not only natural, but highly proper, that notice should be given some little time before the present septennial period expires of the amount of military force which is to be fixed for the next septennial period, in order that those who are to be affected by any change may have adequate warning. The number of soldiers under arms in time of peace is fixed in Germany at one per cent. of the population. During the last few years the population has rapidly increased; and, in order that the ratio may be maintained, 22,000 men are to be added to the army. The addition is not very great in itself, and is merely the addition which would naturally follow on the increase of population. If Prince Bismarck had been content to ask for a simple thing in a simple way, Europe would have paid no attention to his proceedings. But the mode in which he has made his demand is as far from simple as possible. He has chosen to terrify his countrymen with the spectre of an alliance between France and Russia, and he has proved on paper that the German army is weaker than the army of either of these possible allies. Against a combination of forces, each superior to his own, he wants as a safeguard twenty thousand more men, an amount which would become thrice as large in time of war. The safeguard seems hardly adequate to the danger, and it was not difficult to see that this picture of danger to Germany was painted, not for Europe, but for Germany itself. Prince Bismarck contemplates the possible alliance of Russia and France, but omits all notice of the actual alliance between Germany and Austria. The present state of things is a reason for decreasing rather than increasing the German army. Germany has doubled her strength by the Austrian alliance, and, it might be thought, could afford to rest and be thankful. But Prince Bismarck, although he is sometimes thankful, never rests. He may not wish for war, but nothing pleases him so much as to be in the position to get up a war any day with large chances in his favour. This position he has now created for himself. His policy, which has hitherto been very successful, is to isolate those whom he wishes to crush. He so managed things that Europe held aloof while he beat down Austria in 1866 and France in 1870. Russia is very nearly isolated, and her bad quarter of an hour might be very near were it not possible that France, ardently as she desires peace, would not look on quietly while her only Continental ally was being crippled or annihilated. The only offence Russia has ever given Germany is that in 1875 the Government of the Czar saved France from a new war being forced on her before she had recovered her strength. And it would be not merely gratitude, but the simplest instinct of self-preservation, that would prompt France to do for Russia now what Russia a short time ago did for her. But, through the Austrian alliance, Prince Bismarck has got something more than a vast increase of military strength. He has got an opportunity of starting once more the interminable Eastern question whenever he pleases; and he may speculate, not unreasonably, that, if things are well managed, England will be so alarmed that France will have to keep quiet under the penalty of a war with her great neighbour and friend.

Baron Haymerle has been unfolding to the Austro-Hungarian delegations the policy of his Government in a speech to which his hearers could take little exception. He assured them that the new alliance is not directed against France; that he is indifferent to the form of Government which France may adopt, and distrusts a Republic no more than he distrusts a Monarchy. He is quite right in this. France, under its present Government, has not the faintest wish for war, and the German alliance is not directed against France in the sense that the allies have in contemplation to send their troops across the French border. Baron Haymerle further expressed the sincere desire of Austria to see peace preserved, and there is no reason to suppose he was saying anything beyond what he really meant. Austria cannot wish for a war in which she would have nothing to gain; but, on the other hand, it must be said that Austria is now scarcely a free agent; and Prince Bismarck must be very much changed if he could not make her go to war whether she liked war or not. Nothing, again, could be more friendly and moderate than the terms in which Baron Haymerle spoke of the relations of Austria to Servia and Bulgaria. He wishes to respect the independence and promote the interests of those infant Principalities; and it is obvious that no Austrian statesman would be guilty of the folly of desiring by premature violence to annex two more discontented provinces. What Austria desires is not to own the Balkan peninsula, but to exercise a predominating influence over it; and it would cut at the roots of such an influence if she inspired the inhabitants of the peninsula with alarm or hatred from the beginning of their connexion with her. But here, again, it depends much more on Prince Bismarck than on Austrian statesmen whether they can persevere in their proper policy of caution and moderation long enough for it to produce the desired fruits. It may not suit him that the unhappy inhabitants of the peninsula should be left too long undisturbed. If war breaks out, Austria must defend the line of the

Danube, and would scarcely have any choice except to occupy territory which she might not wish to occupy, and the inhabitants of which would bitterly resent her intrusion.

If, then, Prince BISMARCK did not address his reasons for increasing the German army to foreigners, but to Germans, what, it may be asked, could have prompted him to make this grave appeal to the timidity or prudence of Germany when all he wanted was to get a small addition to the army and make it bear the recognized ratio to the population? No one, until Dr. BUSCH discloses the secret, can pretend to say confidently why Prince BISMARCK does anything. All that can be done is to give the best answer which his past history and his present political position suggest. He may have thought it judicious to familiarize the German mind with the notion of a war in which one of the two possible enemies of Germany could be wiped out before they had time to combine. But it may be conjectured that his chief motive was the comparatively humble one of wishing to carry his Bill. Unless all reports of what is going on in the country are untrue, Germany groans under her military burdens more than any other of the Great Powers. She may only be spending twenty-one millions a year in preparation for war, as against the twenty-seven which France is spending; but she is much poorer than France, and her population has suffered much more than the French have done from the recent bad times. Socialism, too, is constantly preaching the iniquity of the conscription, and the strength of German Socialism lies in the disposition of thousands of Germans to be Socialists up to a point, even though they do not accept the Socialist programme. The Progressists have already announced their determination to resist the new Bill to the utmost, and in order to carry it, Prince BISMARCK must secure either the National Liberals or the Centre. For different reasons each of these parties might, if they dared, be disposed to fall away from him, or at least bargain with him for their support. It may save him much trouble if he cuts away all ground for hesitation from both of them by getting it admitted beforehand that the country is in danger. A political opponent will thus be made to appear before his countrymen as a traitor or enemy if he throws any obstacle in the way of the Bill. Few Germans would dare to occupy so unenviable a position; and there is a general disposition among Germans to admit that they do not understand great affairs of State, and that Prince BISMARCK does. If he says the country is in danger, then they say and think it is in danger; and his opinions on the true position of Germany in Europe at any given moment terminate all discussion. If his disquisitions on the strength of the French and Russian armies are in the main merely a piece of Parliamentary manœuvring, foreigners need trouble themselves very little about them. But it would be rash to assume that they are only a piece of Parliamentary manœuvring, and he may have many other projects in his mind besides that of getting through the German Parliament his modest little Bill.

SOUTHWARK.

A SECOND important election will take place immediately after the meeting of Parliament; and the decisions which may be pronounced by two dissimilar constituencies will be expected with reasonable curiosity. It will not be easy for the electors of Southwark to find a candidate with the peculiar qualities of Mr. LOCKE. During the last two or three years he had, through bad health, become prematurely old, and he would have retired from the House of Commons at the dissolution; but he perhaps resented the eagerness with which a portion of his constituents prepared some time ago to take advantage of the vacancy. Mr. LOCKE was highly popular in the House, both as a sagacious politician of tendencies still more moderate than his opinions, and as a genuine humourist. It used to be said, perhaps by an intentional hyperbole, that he could sometimes make Mr. GLADSTONE laugh. If there was any foundation for the statement, the kindly weakness could certainly not be attributed to political sympathy. Mr. LOCKE had always belonged to the Liberal party; but he extremely disliked newfangled projects of change, and he sometimes in a few sentences succeeded admirably in making restless reformers ridiculous. His sarcasms derived additional effect from his voice and manner, which would probably have enabled him to succeed as a comedian of the graver sort. His successor is not likely to be equally amusing, but it may be hoped that he will possess an equal share of good sense and steadiness. In Mr. LOCKE's earlier days the system of primary assemblies and conventions of delegates had not been imported from America. If the machinery works smoothly in Southwark, the Liberal candidate will not be likely to distinguish himself by originality or independence.

The large population of Southwark, as of other metropolitan boroughs, has little of the social or commercial unity which exists in great provincial towns such as Manchester or Liverpool. London south of the river is as little beautiful or interesting as any large mass of buildings which can be found in the world. Southwark possesses a hop market, a few manufactories of an inferior order, and one or two great breweries, and it is traversed by several railways. There are no residents belonging to the upper middle class, nor can those who conduct the business of the place be considered as a mercantile aristocracy. Small tradesmen and working people form the bulk of the constituency; and they probably share the popular feelings and opinions of the day. The interest of the impending election will consist in the indication which it may afford of the impression which has been produced on the mass of the community by recent events and by the Liberal agitation. It may be said to the credit of the Southwark electors that they have returned to Parliament some useful and able members. It was in Southwark that Sir H. LAYARD first found a seat; and the borough had been previously represented by Sir W. MOLESWORTH, who attained to the rank of a statesman, and by Sir C. NAPIER, who satisfied the popular conception of a rough and gallant sailor. It is probable that the electors thought more of the Liberal professions of candidates than of their personal qualifications; but it was an honourable distinction to have risen above the level of other metropolitan boroughs. For many years the electors of London outside the City, with the partial exception of Southwark, were content to return mere political partisans of the humblest pretensions. It may be doubted whether the standard will be raised by the new process of preliminary selection. Some time ago the delegates who had, on Mr. GLADSTONE's recommendation, organized themselves after the American model proposed to subject candidates to a kind of competitive examination. Those who preferred their own self-respect to a seat in Parliament naturally declined a vulgar condescension; but the Two Hundred of Southwark had no difficulty in imposing their terms on more pliable candidates. It is not at present known which of the graduates at the local examination will be chosen to conduct the present contest. There was at the time some dispute between the Convention of Delegates and a body of working-men who wished for a candidate selected from their own body; but probably the internal dissensions may since have been composed. The late Mr. ODGER, an agitator of an almost revolutionary type, once received a large number of votes in Southwark. Another popular favourite of the name of DUNN, who is not known outside the borough, may perhaps be a candidate on the present occasion.

At Southwark, as at Liverpool, the party contest will be ostensibly waged n the issue of the foreign policy of the Government. It is extremely convenient to party managers to deal exclusively with questions which involve no political principle. Domestic affairs seem for the moment to have lost their interest; and Southwark voters would certainly not concern themselves with the tenure of land, with household suffrage in counties, or with County Boards. It is possible that some of them may feel an ignorant antipathy to the Established Church; but the Nonconformists have never been as numerous and powerful in London as in provincial towns. It will be the simplest and easiest plan to denounce the Afghan war, though probably few of the electors have studied its causes or its progress. Of late Liberal orators have almost ceased to discuss the Eastern question; and some of them have at last admitted that the complications with which the Government had to deal during the Russian war and after its close were not the work of the Government. The Afghan war might as probably have been undertaken by the Liberal as by the Conservative party. Sir JOHN HOBHOUSE, the kinsman and predecessor of the highly respectable candidate for Westminster, was officially responsible, as President of the Board of Control, for the former Afghan war. As a matter of fact, the present difficulty has fallen on a Conservative Government, and therefore it

may be a legitimate ground for Liberal attacks. The merits of the late Indian policy will be less considered than the trial of the strength of parties. Very few of the electors will give their votes on any other ground than their preference of the late or of the present Ministers.

In Southwark and in other constituencies which may have to choose members before the general election, another grave consideration will affect the votes of moderate and conscientious politicians. The country can scarcely have yet become so thoroughly demoralized by faction as to be prepared to prefer the interests of party to the unity of the kingdom. Until two or three days ago, no candidate for an English constituency had thought it consistent with his character or with his interests to purchase the Irish vote by a pledge that he would support an inquiry into the expediency of creating an Irish Parliament. If Lord RAMSAY and his local advisers acted on their own discretion, the startling innovation, though not to be disregarded, is of minor importance. The main security of a moral or political principle consists in its being taken for granted, and placed beyond the reach of controversy. The first violation of the rule may do incalculable mischief by establishing a precedent, or by furnishing future offenders with a security that they will not stand alone. Nevertheless Lord RAMSAY, though he has shown considerable ability during his canvass, can claim no political authority; and his submission to the Home Rule faction may possibly be attributed to inexperience and rashness. If he has acted on the advice of the leaders of the Liberal party, they also have committed themselves to a measure which on their part would be almost a crime. A promise to vote for an inquiry as to an Irish Parliament makes repeal of the Union an open question; and Mr. PARNELL and his colleagues can afford to hear with contemptuous toleration professions like those of Lord RAMSAY, that it is not intended to tamper with the integrity of the Empire. There must be many Irish workmen in Southwark, and those who manage them will not fail to follow the example of the Home Rule party at Liverpool. A candidate who has submitted to a preliminary examination will probably not be deterred by any feeling of personal dignity from giving any pledge which may seem likely to secure his return; but the policy of the Liberal party will probably be by that time disclosed, and if the leaders have capitulated to Mr. PARNELL, it is possible that a burst of national indignation may follow. Both the Liberal candidates for Westminster have expressed their determination to resist any pressure which may be put upon them by the Home Rule League. Mr. JOHN MORLEY expressly stated that he would not vote for inquiry into measures which he could in no circumstances approve. A Southwark candidate may perhaps be more accommodating.

MEXICO.

GENERAL GRANT, who has been seeing so many cities and peoples and nations, is going to end his voyage round the world by a visit to Mexico. He will arrive there early next month, and will be received with all the honours that Mexico can pay him. For some time the relations of the present Mexican Government to the Government of Washington were of a somewhat troubled kind. There was money due that Mexico could not or would not pay, and there were thieves or marauders whom Mexico could not or would not catch. The Government of the United States declined to recognize the Government of General PORFIRIO DIAZ. It could not deny that he was in possession of the capital, but it wanted to see whether he would stay there. Gradually, however, things have got better. Tranquillity, as the word is understood in Mexico, was established. Mexico paid up as well as it could; marauders were chased in the border districts with an activity sufficient to enable the American Government to say it was satisfied; and the Government of General DIAZ was recognized. Mr. FOSTER, the American Minister at Mexico, who is an exceptionally able, courteous, and vigorous representative of American diplomacy, has recently made a long tour through the central and northern States of the Mexican Federation, and has not only been cordially received at every point where he stopped, but has done much to familiarize the Mexican mind with the notion that the Americans are not plotters and robbers, and the American mind with the notion that Mexico presents a field in which money may be made. General GRANT may therefore be said to be paying his visit at a propitious time. General DIAZ is now in the fourth year of his Presidency, and he has been a very good President. He fought his way to power after the usual Mexican fashion, following and setting a bad example, and the country had to pay the inevitable cost of the needy followers of a successful General getting hold of such good things as are to be had in Mexico. But the General himself, having the confidence of the army, and managing to keep his army from the disaffection which an army naturally feels when it is left to starve, and not shrinking from severities which were perhaps more necessary than constitutional, set up a reign of something like order. He has, too, a very strong and a very honest wish to see the country making some advance towards the prosperity for which nature has fitted it. He quite understands that the basis of prosperity for Mexico must be the introduction of foreign capital, and he not only receives foreigners with frank courtesy, but listens patiently to their proposals and strives to do justice to their claims. Unfortunately, as he chose some time ago to pass a self-denying ordinance by which the President for the time being is incapable of re-election, his term of office must close at the end of the present year. After some years of difficulty and strife, he has worked the country into a very tolerable state; but his labours have a limit, and next autumn Mexico must pass through that form of chaos which is known as a presidential election.

If Mexico could but have ten years without a revolution, it would unquestionably go forward as much as General DIAZ or any of its most ardent friends could wish, or at least as much as they could reasonably expect. Even with all its recent revolutions, the country is advancing. Mexico city especially has greatly improved. It is well policed, it is lit with gas, and is full of thriving shops, where articles of luxury are sold at prices which show that purchasers must have a considerable amount of ready money in their pockets. Recently the capital has been cheered by the arrival of a Belgian, a German, and an Italian Minister, and the chief difficulty of the new Ministers is to find houses suitable to their dignity. There are many handsome houses in Mexico, but their present occupants can afford to live in them. Outside the city there may be noticed, at least here and there, signs of reviving wealth. The railway from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico is not only a standing monument of the skill of engineers, the enterprise of capitalists, and the excellence of administrators, but has made an important district moderately safe, and has awakened into something like activity every tiny centre of population through which it passes. In some suitable parts of the country energy and money are being applied to the cultivation of coffee; a new and flourishing industry has been started in the manufacture of hemp from the cactus; and if agriculture has not improved, there are at any rate Mexicans who are thinking how it can be improved. More than all, the humblest Indians are beginning to have wants. They are fluttered with those first feelings of discontent with abject squalor which are the germs of all national improvement. Popular education, too, has made a progress surprising in a country so backward, and it scarcely seems extravagant to hope that before long every brigand may be able to read the letters of the traveller whom he despoils. But it must be understood that, apart from political causes of confusion, Mexico is not a country which can advance very rapidly. It has great mineral wealth; but its accessible mines are not rich, and its rich mines are not accessible. A large portion of the land, through defects of soil or climate, is not worth cultivating, and that which is worth cultivating is held in a manner which may safely be described as the worst manner in which land can be held. It is held in large tracts by owners who have mortgaged it for all they can borrow on it, and whose sole idea of happiness is to devote the little that remains to the dismal gaieties of a Mexican town. In Mexico there is no place for immigrants. There is no vacant land for them, and there are too many chances of being shot, and too great a certainty of being hated and thwarted during a precarious life, to induce any one to go to Mexico while Canada and the United States are open to him. It is a mere delusion to suppose that Mexico will rapidly become a great exporting country. What may happen to it, and what, if favourable circumstances permit, will happen to it, is that

the Mexicans, left substantially to themselves, will begin to make money and will learn to wish to make more.

But when we speak of what Mexico might be without revolutions, we know that we are speaking of that which is not probable. The causes of the periodical occurrence of revolutions lie deep in the character and the social condition of the people. Among the mass of those who take part in a revolution, the struggle is simply a scramble for plunder. A successful revolution is always a profitable piece of business, and often it is an easy piece of business. After some preliminary skirmishing in earnest, an arrangement is not unfrequently come to as to which party is to be considered to have won, and a mock battle ratifies the compact of the leaders. Every four years there is a fair occasion for scrambling, as a President is to be elected. The nominal voters may be left entirely out of account. The President is elected by the Congress; but the Congress is elected through the machinery of a popular vote by the Governors of the several States. If the Governors would agree to name the same person, or the minority would be bound by the majority, and if no formidable outsider was prepared to assert a claim to intervene on the ground, indisputable in fact and important in theory, that the election was not a real election, things might go on smoothly. But the chances are that at each crisis conditions so unlikely to be fulfilled will not be fulfilled. It is therefore highly improbable that the era of Mexican revolutions has closed. But it is not impossible that they may become milder and shorter, and that gradually the obstacles to revolutions may become more effectual and the disposition to indulge in them weaker. The most powerful instrument in the control or suppression of revolutions will probably be found in the extension of the means of communication through the country. Not only will there be an increase of prosperity, and, with prosperity, a greater distaste for disorder, but the central Government will be much more powerful, and will be able to act with greater promptitude; while there will be fewer of those isolated districts which, simply because they are isolated, become the hotbeds of revolution. Without railways Mexico can make no real advance towards either prosperity or tranquillity. The Mexicans themselves cannot make their railways, and the whole future of Mexico depends on the willingness of foreigners to make railways for a country where railways, if security for life and property could be assured, would prove satisfactorily remunerative. Fortunately there is already a disposition on the part of foreigners with sufficient capital at their command to help Mexico in this way. Two enterprises of the highest importance are now being actively carried on with American money—an interoceanic railway across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and a railway connecting the American border with the port of Guaymas on the Pacific. Capital from either America or Europe will also probably be soon forthcoming for the construction of lines from the city of Mexico to the interior. It remains for Mexico not to throw away the opportunities offered to it through a childish jealousy of foreigners or through the rivalry of contending cliques.

MR. BRIGHT ON IRISH LAND.

PERHAPS the most significant passage in Mr. BRIGHT's speech at Birmingham was his statement that his plan for purchasing the interests of landlords was approved by the principal Irish members. Mr. PARNELL, indeed, who is probably one of the members to whom he refers, has in his American speeches repeatedly sneered at the plan of compensating the landlords, whom, like Mr. BRIGHT, he proposes to remove from Ireland; but he and his allies will not fail to support a measure which on one side corresponds with their own professed policy. If Parliament could be persuaded to buy out the landlords, the Home Rule party would only object to payment of the purchase money. In the meantime, the foundations will have been laid of a renewed alliance with the Liberal party which may perhaps last over the general election. It is not to be supposed that Mr. BRIGHT overlooked the party advantage which might result from his indirect overtures. In other respects his Birmingham speech can scarcely be called political. With the exception of one inevitable reference to Afghanistan, Zululand, and Asia Minor, he confined himself to a scheme of legislation which in his judgment would cause great and unmixed benefit to Ireland. It would perhaps have been more convenient that he should have proposed his plan in the House of Commons, for the applause of an admiring multitude of his constituents can add nothing to his own authority; but Mr. BRIGHT probably wished to call general attention to a subject which is undoubtedly of great importance. On this as on other questions it would be impossible to accuse Mr. BRIGHT of inconsistency. He has for many years insisted on the expediency of facilitating by the aid of public funds the establishment of large numbers of small freeholders in Ireland. The BRIGHT Clauses, as they are called, in Mr. GLADSTONE's Land Bill involved a practical acceptance of his doctrine; but they have for obvious reasons operated only to a small extent. The Act provides for the advance to an occupier, who may be the highest bidder for his own farm, of a large portion of the purchase-money; but estates are seldom sold piecemeal; and the Encumbered Estates Court is of course bound to obtain the best price for the whole. If therefore the tenants only offer to buy a part of a property, the negotiation, as far as they are concerned, falls to the ground. Mr. BRIGHT mentioned at Birmingham a case in which eighty per cent. of the occupiers were willing to pay the price which was asked for their holdings; but the Court properly declined to leave the remaining fifth part on the hands of the owner. A similar provision in the Church Surplus Act has been found more effective, for the simple reason that the Church Commissioners have no private rights to protect. They have consequently power to sell any farms to the occupier, although the transfer may possibly affect the value of their remaining property.

Mr. BRIGHT proposes a remedy for the alleged imperfections of the Land Act which would probably be effectual. A Land Commission is, according to his plan, to be constituted, with power to buy in the first instance any estates which may be voluntarily offered for sale. Compulsion is to be applied only in the case of the London Companies, although there is no reason to suppose that their property is badly administered or that their tenants specially need protection. Private landowners are to retain their estates as long as they think fit; and it would appear that, even if they wish to sell, the Commissioners are to have no right of pre-emption. Having acquired land by voluntary contract, the Commissioners are to sell it to the occupiers, either for cash, if they have the means of paying, or by imposing a rent-charge which will in a certain number of years cover both principal and interest. Mr. BRIGHT professes to believe that the annual payment would in many, perhaps in most, cases not exceed the present rent. The occupier would, as soon as the bargain was completed, become owner in fee, subject until the expiration of the term to a defeasance on default of the annual payment. The possibility and the probable consequences of the ejectment of defaulters were, as was natural, lightly passed over. Perhaps the Government, or the Commission by which it would be represented, might be better able than existing landlords to deal with contumacious debtors who might be disposed "to "hold a firm grip of the land." It is also possible that public or agrarian opinion might be more favourable to the performance of a contract to buy than of a contract to hire. There is some force in Mr. BRIGHT's contention that, if there is to be fixity of tenure, it may advantageously take the form of freehold possession. It is, as he says, difficult to assess a fair rent by any process except voluntary agreement. Another objection to the conversion of a landlord into an annuitant is that, if Mr. PARNELL's doctrines at any time prevailed, the annuity would not be paid. When tenants are exhorted to determine for themselves what they can afford to pay, and to pay nothing more, it matters little whether the agreed rent is excessive or fair. Fixity of tenure would, as Mr. BRIGHT suggests, convert into absentees the landlords who at present reside. No man in his senses would live by choice in an Irish rural district as an idler without powers, duties, or rights, except the right to a rent which he could receive as conveniently elsewhere, if he received it at all.

Mr. BRIGHT's characteristic inability to change his opinions or customary statements was illustrated by his tacit assumption that the Land Act had been wholly inoperative. He spoke of the Irish occupiers as tenants at will, always in danger of eviction, and liable to a constant increase of rent. He might have remembered that they are entitled to compensation for disturbance, by virtue of

a measure which created an entirely new precedent for interference with the rights of property. Evictions, except for non-payment of rent, are now extremely rare, and a demand for increased rent is subject to the decision of a judicial tribunal. In times of distress the majority of landlords, including nearly all the great owners, make liberal reductions of rent. Whether a Commission, entitled during a term of years to an equal or larger annual payment, could be equally accommodating, may reasonably be questioned. If Mr. BRIGHT's plan at any future time becomes law, the conditions on which large sums of money can safely be advanced must be carefully ascertained and positively fixed, and it would scarcely be practicable to complicate the calculation by an allowance for bad seasons. One of Mr. BRIGHT's statements is that tenants are unwilling to make improvements because they are liable to an increase of rent if it appears that they are thriving. He again forgets that the Land Act makes ample provision to compensate an evicted occupier for any improvements which he may have made. Mr. GLADSTONE, in fact, conferred on the tenant, at the expense of the landlord, a not inconsiderable share of the entire property. It is said with much probability that the rights given by the Act have often served as security for loans. It is highly probable that the charges of the local money-lender may have swallowed up the increased value which legislation had placed on the holdings.

Mr. BRIGHT more than once intimated his dissent from certain wild theories which were not particularly defined. He kept himself entirely clear from complicity with Mr. GLADSTONE's wild and outrageous proposition that landowners may be rightfully expropriated for the purpose of trying economical experiments at the discretion of the Legislature. Mr. PARNELL only differs from Mr. GLADSTONE in his conclusion that the time for expropriation has already arrived, for he condescends to allow an imaginary compensation to landlords from some unnamed public fund. The objections to Mr. BRIGHT's plan as compared with Mr. GLADSTONE's or Mr. PARNELL's are mainly economical or financial. They have been urged with great force by Mr. FAWCETT, to whom Mr. BRIGHT has not attempted a reply. The Treasury is, according to the project, to become the mortgagee of nearly all the land in Ireland, with claims for the regular payment of interest on 600,000 mortgagors, of whom nearly all are poor, and of whom some repudiate any debt connected with the land. It is of the essence of Mr. BRIGHT's project that the Commission, or, in other words, the State, should acquire not only farms which the occupiers are immediately ready to purchase, but the surplus lands which have hitherto principally impeded the effect of the BRIGHT clauses in the Land Act. Property not transferred to the occupiers must either be held by the Commission at its own risk or be sold to outside purchasers in a market where, under the new system, there would be little demand. In bad seasons the Commission must either proceed frequently to eviction or sustain a loss of income which would fall on the general taxpayer. Arguments of this kind may not perhaps be absolutely conclusive, but until Mr. BRIGHT can meet them he is not in a position to embody his theory in an Act of Parliament. Whether distress in Ireland might not be increased by the universal establishment of small freeholds is another serious question. It may be true that peasant proprietors flourish in many parts of the Continent; but two or three generations must elapse before the Irish cease to have large families. A great increase of population with a corresponding subdivision of the land would almost certainly produce distress and periodical famine. No provision is made for the poorest part of the population, consisting of labourers who have no farms to occupy or to buy. Improvements which require large outlay of capital would become impossible; and the only remedy for the distress which would perhaps become general would be emigration. It is true that Ireland, and Great Britain as it is connected with Ireland, are not at present on a bed of roses.

FRENCH LIBERALS AND EDUCATION.

THE French Liberals seem to have made away for the present with all the distinctive principles associated with the name they bear. In this perhaps they are not more inconsistent than the French Conservatives. A party which associates Conservatism with the overthrow of existing institutions, and the substitution of others which could probably not be set up except at the price of a civil war, has no stones to throw even at the most irrational of its opponents. The Liberals, however, have the advantage of being in power, and they are consequently able to give full effect to their political ideas. They are now chiefly occupied with educational questions of all kinds. They point with pride to the fact that as soon as a Liberal Ministry comes into office it at once sets to work to extend education in all directions. The present Government have three Bills at least on hand at the same time—two dealing with the higher education in schools and Universities, and the third dealing with education as given in primary schools. The Bill which has been under discussion for a week past in the Senate is not the one which contains the famous Seventh Clause. It deals entirely with the control of public instruction, with the extent to which this control is to be exercised, and with the composition of the body which is to exercise it. Upon the details of a measure of this kind foreigners cannot of course speak with any confidence. But upon the general question whether it is expedient that the Government shall exercise such power in educational matters as is given it by the Bill it is possible to have a confident opinion. The fault of the existing Council of Public Instruction in the eyes of the Liberals is that it is not chosen in the right way, and not possessed of sufficient authority, and the Government propose to amend it in both these particulars. If the Bill passes, every school that falls within its scope will be placed under a Council, the greater part of whose members will have been chosen by the State, instead of, as under the existing system, by various bodies more or less independent of the State. This Council will have large powers of closing schools, dismissing teachers, forbidding the use of particular books, and generally of interfering in the internal management of the school. The extent of these powers is, of course, disputed. The Liberals allege that they are only meant to be used when a teacher has clearly shown his unfitness to teach, when a school has been shown to be unmanageable, or when the teaching derived from certain books is held to be mischievous. The Conservatives say by way of answer that these powers can be perverted to any purpose which it may suit the Government of the day to entertain. They will plead unfitness to teach or inability to keep order as reasons for withdrawing the licence of a teacher or putting an end to the existence of a school, when the real offence in both cases is that the school or the teaching is Catholic. At all events, if the Council choose to take this line, it does not appear that there is any way of preventing them, and this may be considered as a sufficient condemnation of a Bill which gives this amount of power to a body entirely chosen by the Government for the time being. To the majority of the French Liberals, on the contrary, this appears to be the most natural and defensible of measures. They do not in the least mind saying that their motive for thus dealing with education is the fact that where education is of the proper kind it makes men Liberals, and that on this ground, if on no other, it is the business of Liberals to take care that it is of the right kind. Education as such has not this inevitable tendency; consequently it is not enough to promote education in a general sort of way. Quality as well as quantity must be had. If Catholic parents are suffered to provide education for their children, the State must take care that this permission is surrounded with conditions which shall make it little better than formal. That this is not a perfectly liberal way of dealing with Catholic parents never seems to strike the supporters of the Bill. They are rather disposed to regard it as a measure the propriety of which is self-evident. They have passed beyond those elementary ideas which teach Liberals to respect the right of individuals to do what they please, so far as the exercise of this right does not annoy their fellow-citizens, and have substituted a definition according to which Liberalism means the right of Liberals to make other people do what they please.

Most Englishmen will be inclined to sympathize with the Duke of BROGLIE's denunciation of this measure in the Senate. To talk of liberty of education under a system which makes the State the ultimate judge of what shall be taught and who shall teach, is to use words in a way that deprives them of all rational significance. Yet it is impossible to read the Duke of BROGLIE's speech

without remembering that for the temper of mind which has led to the creation of such a Bill he is in part responsible. The French Liberals can fairly plead that, if they regard Catholicism as incompatible with sincere allegiance to the Republic, and consequently claim the right to surround Catholic teaching of all kinds with a whole series of newly invented disabilities, it is the Duke of BROGLIE and his party that have confirmed them in the idea. It may be that, even if the Orleanists had not under his leadership gone out of their way to convince France that they were Clericals before they were Constitutionalists, the Republican party would still, under the influence of the advanced Left, have displayed the same rooted opposition to religion that now characterizes them. But, at all events, it would not have had the same apparent justification. If the Duke of BROGLIE were questioned, he would probably say that what he dislikes in the Republican Government is not the form, but the substance—not the machinery, but the article it turns out; and in theory he would say this quite truly. But in practice he showed himself animated by a much less discriminating spirit. Instead of dissociating the Republican Government from the particular Republicans who happened to be administering it, he treated the two as completely identical. The Right and the Left Centre were plainly marked out by events as the nucleus of a Conservative party which, while frankly accepting Republican institutions, should labour to inspire them with a Conservative spirit. Probably the Duke of BROGLIE had himself no rooted objection to a Republic. Unfortunately, however, he allied himself to men who were less tolerant. To what extent he was really mixed up with the Royalist intrigues which were in progress during the greater part of Marshal MACMAHON's tenure of office is a point which will only be settled when the DUKE publishes his memoirs. At all events he did enough to convince the Republican party that he was mixed up in them. The same opinion was entertained, rightly or wrongly, of Mgr. DUPANLOUP; and in this way Catholicism became identified, not with Conservative principles, but with Royalist manœuvres. There are still a few Liberals left in France who have remained true to their professions, and are prepared to concede to others what they claim for themselves. But the followers of M. DUFAURE, M. JULES SIMON, and M. LABOULAYE can almost be told on the ten fingers; and though they may accidentally be strong enough to determine the result of a close division, they are not strong enough to affect perceptibly the general current of Liberal opinion in the country. To do to your enemies that which you think they would do to you is the golden rule of French Liberalism. This is combined with a curious inability to believe that there can ever come a time when they will themselves have need of the liberty which they now refuse to others. It is of no use to point out to them that the Council of Education which they are now building up may some day become a weapon of tremendous force in the hands of their adversaries. Catholics could not desire a better Council of Education than the one which this Bill will give them if ever they regain power. It is a simple reproduction of the Government for the time being, and nothing will be needed in order to give Catholics a practical monopoly of the higher education, if not to carry out with scrupulous accuracy the plan which is now under consideration. This prospect, however, has no terror for the Liberals. They cannot persuade themselves that any possibility of reaction remains unexhausted, or that their methods of using their victory are precisely those which are most certain to breed intellectual rebellion in the next generation.

FAGGOTS AND FAGGOTS.

TO-DAY, January 31st, is a day of considerable importance in the annals of electioneering. It is the last day for the completion up to the required point of a rather remarkable structure in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh which has been irreverently denominated the "GLADSTONE Electoral Asylum." As everybody knows, Mr. GLADSTONE in his Northern tour took occasion violently to denounce the device by which his opponents had, it was said, endeavoured to make good their position. A certain portion of his followers followed him in this respect also; but among the Midlothian Liberals were to be found more practical spirits than these. There is, indeed, no reason to think that the promoters of the building which (if their calculations have not failed) ought to come into legal existence to-day abstained from denouncing the faggoteers of Dalkeith. They are doubtless of the same opinion as the celebrated Mr. BAXTER. It is said that a friend visiting BAXTER at the time of the Toleration Act found him in great depression, not to say indignation, on the subject; and knowing that he himself had suffered not a little from the want of toleration, ventured to express surprise. "Yes," said the aged saint, "but I was in the right, and most of those who will profit "by this are in the wrong." As this great Nonconformist viewed toleration, so do some at least of the Midlothian Liberals regard faggots. Employed for the purpose of seating Lord DALKEITH they are an abomination; employed for the purpose of seating Mr. GLADSTONE they are lawful and expedient.

There was, however, not a little ingenuity in the variation with which the art of manufacturing voters has now been applied. It struck some inventive politician that building clubs were at the moment popular in Edinburgh, and that there was colour for the erection of a house or lodging hired or bought of a building Society, even if not fully paid for, into an electoral qualification. Accordingly, no sooner was Mr. GLADSTONE's back turned than they set to work. A site was obtained just outside the City boundary, large premiums were offered to contractors, and a vast body of men were set to work night and day to dig the foundations and, as the phrase is, "rush up" the buildings. These consist, we are told, of some eight or ten sets of houses, arranged in flats, sixteen to the house, and to be paid for in a series of years by the occupants. It is comforting to those who have a fellow-feeling for human misery, and who do not wish even faggoteers to expire of rheumatic fever, to learn that it is not intended that these devoted admirers of Mr. GLADSTONE shall go into residence at once. It is supposed to be sufficient that their abodes shall have to-day—the last day for entry on the valuation roll of the year—attained a certain nominal value, and occupation may be postponed to the more usual, and perhaps more genial, season of Whitsuntide. The erection of the dwellings, as at least by courtesy they must be called, appears, from the notices which have from time to time appeared in the Edinburgh papers, and which have sometimes filtered southwards, to have been attended with a good deal of amusement. Enthusiastic Liberals have walked out on the Dalry Road, and encouraged the workmen by cheering for Mr. GLADSTONE—an interesting display of feeling which rather reminds one of the manners of the stage than of those of real life. On the other hand, the opposite party have been by no means shy of frequenting the same spot. They have pointed out the immediate neighbourhood of a sewage farm, we are told, and other constituents, of what they call in Scotland the amenity of the situation. They have also suggested, and certain recent accidents in London must have been a godsend to them, that other things besides rockets can sometimes come down almost as quickly as they go up. Certainly building operations during which at least two unusually severe frosts have occurred may be regarded with some little suspicion. It can hardly be doubted, too, that unless the Tory lawyers of Edinburgh have singularly lost their cunning, a considerable fight will be made over the qualification, if the houses are not actually fit for habitation at the present moment. We are told, indeed, that many more than the requisite number of occupiers have presented themselves for these in some respects scarcely inviting tenements. There is nothing at all surprising in this, for it is not uncharitable to suppose that the attractions of the "Asylum" are at least not below the value at which their promoters put them. Great pennyworths are generally to be secured more easily at election times than at any others; and, after all, it is fair that an enthusiast should sit at an easy rent when he faces the inconveniences and possible dangers of residences run up in the very depth of winter and in rather less time than would usually be taken in the marking out and digging of their foundations. Meanwhile it is not to be supposed that the agents on the other side are idle. The new valuation roll is as much open to them as it is to their opponents, and as it was last year. It may reasonably be assumed that not a few rent-charges, joint-ownerships, and other devices for the multiplication of votes, have been created to neutralize the threatened contingent from the "Asylum," and thus in all probability the proceeding will leave parties very

much as they were. While, however, it may have no great effect on this particular contest, it can hardly fail to have some little influence as a *reductio ad absurdum* of the system of faggot-voting. As a mere argument to prove that both parties are tarred with the same brush, it is of no great importance, because it is not wanted. It is a notorious fact that never was faggoteering employed on such a scale as by the Liberal party in the days of the Anti-Corn-Law agitation; and it has been asserted without contradiction that the manufacture of qualifications has been for some time going on merrily in certain Northern English counties, which are to be assaulted at the next election by Liberals. There is, therefore, no reason why both parties should not look at the matter on its merits; or rather there would have been no reason had it not been for Mr. GLADSTONE's attack on it.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to say that we are here treating only of what may be called *bonâ fide* faggots, not of fictitious qualifications. The distinction is sometimes ignored, but it is a sufficiently sharp one. For a faggot vote some real consideration must be given, though it is to be assumed that the vote, and not the value received for the consideration, is the object. Votes of this sort are of course perfectly in accordance with the letter of the law, and perhaps as perfectly in opposition to its spirit. They have always been more common in Scotland than in England, partly because of the greater ease with which, under the more feudal conditions of Scotch law and custom, they can be fabricated; partly because of the tempting manner in which Edinburgh is surrounded by a number of small county constituencies; most of all perhaps because, the number of electors being usually smaller in Scotland, a few votes are of more importance there. A brisk politician can do a good day's work for his party in the Lothians, Selkirkshire, Roxburghshire, and so forth, between breakfast and dinner. Now we are not prepared to say that the purchase and exercise of a faggot vote, when it is dictated by actual personal zeal for a cause or party, is a crime. On the contrary, as the sign of an active interest in the fortunes of the country, it may be said to be evidence of a failing which leans rather to the side of virtue. But the recent proceedings in Midlothian show in practice—it has always been evident enough in theory—to what the system amounts. Should this "Asylum" attempt succeed, active electioneering agents have a glorious future before them. The older plan of faggoting had certain disadvantages. It could not be dishonestly carried out without conduct unpleasant to men of honour, and it could not be honestly carried out without entangling the freeholds of the chief proprietors in a manner which even an ardent politician might be inclined hardly to relish. The new plan is free from all these difficulties. All large towns have a disposition to overflow into the adjoining counties, and the centrifugal tendency of those voters who inhabit houses of the lowest electoral value is particularly marked. Modern building is very rapid, and there is generally plenty of capital available for operations which combine the advantages of a tolerably safe and good investment with a certain electoral gain. There are plenty of towns in England where it would be perfectly practicable to throw a solid body of some thousand voters into a neighbouring county in this way. It is true that the Ballot interposes some difficulty in the way of keeping the voters "straight"; but, as in the great majority of cases the houses would be made cheap and attractive, and the payments would be spread over a great number of years, self-interest might be trusted to make tenants steady, at any rate at the particular election in view of which the faggots were created. Elections would in this way become a mere farce, and the result would depend on the longest purse and the adroitest management as directly as in the days of open bribery. Of course to the eye of strict justice there is nothing more immoral or improper in creating 160 votes in a batch than in creating them singly. The result is, however, more startling to the general eye, and therefore likely to have more effect on the general mind. There is no need to credit the promoters of the "Asylum" with the long-sighted design of making faggoting impossible in the near future; but it is more than probable that their smartness, whether it succeed or not in its immediate object, may have that effect.

CHAIRMANSHIP OF THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

THE two sides that are proverbially represented in most controversies are not wanting in the movement which has lately been set on foot for giving the Chairman of the London School Board a salary. The question has been raised by the presentation of a memorial setting forth the growing work of the Board and the consequent importance of its commanding the entire services of its Chairman. It is further stated that he would thus be enabled to exercise a more efficient control over the expenditure and work of the Board, and, by way of conclusion, that the position of the Board demands that it should be placed on a similar footing to that of the Metropolitan Board of Works. This last argument does not impress us as very weighty. If the London School Board is not already respectable enough to stand comparison with the Metropolitan Board of Works, it is not clear how it is to become so by the mere fact that it devotes 2,000*l.* a year out of the rates to the payment of its Chairman. Sir CHARLES REED will be Sir CHARLES REED still, whether he is paid or unpaid; and though we should shrink from a task so invidious as that of comparing him with Sir JAMES HOGG, we should be no more ready to do so than we are if he drew an official income of the same amount. It is certainly due to the position of the School Board that its Chairman should not be without a decent coat to his back, and that his shoes should uniformly be good enough to resist bad weather; but, supposing these essentials to be provided from other sources, that mysterious debt to the position of the Board seems to be discharged. The plea that if the Chairman had a salary he would be able to exercise a more efficient control over expenditure seems to be founded on a mistaken estimate of what it is that leads to expenditure. If a good deal of money simply slipped through the fingers of the Board, stricter supervision on the part of the Chairman might avail to check the stream. But, in so far as the London School Board is costly to the ratepayers, it is costly by design and policy, not by carelessness. If it wasted pence a Chairman always on the watch to see that none rolled on the floor might be of some use. But, if it wastes at all, it wastes pounds, and the Chairman might be at the office for six hours on six days in the week and yet not be able to prevent this. He could only make the intentions of the Board economical by influencing their votes, and if the Board wish to save money, they can prove their desire by their votes with or without a Chairman.

There remains, therefore, the argument that, if the Board had the entire services of their Chairman, he would be able to exercise more efficient control over their general work. Undoubtedly there is force in this reasoning. A permanent Chairman is almost essential to the efficiency of any committee, and it is contended that if he were paid this advantage would be reaped to a much larger extent. If the public pay for fixed and constant service, they have a right to see that they have it; but the knowledge that service is gratuitous forces them to put up with whatever they can get. You cannot look a gift chairman in the mouth any more than a gift horse. It is further insisted that the range of choice would be wider. The Board are not obliged to choose their Chairman from among themselves. They may elect any one they like, and if they have a salary to offer, they might hope to command the services of many capable men outside who could not give the necessary time to the work if they had to make their living in some other way at the same time.

To this it may be answered, first, that much of the gain that is anticipated from the appointment of a paid Chairman has already been realized by other means. The Board has an exceedingly able Secretary in Mr. CROAD, to whom it pays 1,200*l.* a year. When the duties and pay of this official were settled, it was with the knowledge that he would be required to supply that element of continuous supervision which must be given by some one, but may be given indifferently either by a Chairman or a Secretary. It is not alleged that this arrangement has broken down, that Mr. CROAD has proved incompetent to do the work assigned to him, or that any new work has been discovered which does not fall within the province of a Secretary. It is highly improbable that the efficiency of the Board would be promoted by the retirement of Mr. CROAD; and if the Chairman as well as the Secretary are highly paid officials, the salary of the former is a clear addition to the expenditure, without, so far as is

shown, any corresponding addition to value received. The public would not be paying for fixed and constant service which they now do not get and then would get. They would be paying 2,000l. a year more than at present for fixed and constant service which they already to a large extent possess, although in a different form. As regards the alleged extension of the range of choice, it is not at all certain that any such extension would be secured, or indeed that it is required. As a rule, it is more reasonable that the Board should choose its Chairman from among its own members; and if a large salary were attached to the office, it would be more than ever unlikely that the members should agree to pass a self-denying ordinance. If it be an advantage that the Chairman should be taken from outside, the Board will be at least as ready to give the public this advantage if the honour which they forego for themselves is of no money value. Nor in the case of the London School Board is there the slightest danger that the office would go begging because no salary was attached to it. India, the public service, and political life supply a constant succession of men of greater or less eminence who from one cause or another have their time very much on their hands, and are only anxious to find employment for it which they can at least persuade themselves is useful. The reason which prevents more men of this class from coming forward as candidates for membership of the Board is not their inability to give their labour for nothing, but their dislike to the cost and burden of the election. There can be little doubt that at this moment the Board might command the exclusive services of half-a-dozen very proper Chairmen if it were announced that Sir CHARLES REED had resigned, and that his successor would not be a member of the Board.

In spite, therefore, of the many distinguished names which appear at the end of the memorial, the resolution ultimately come to by the Board seems a sound one. It is "inexpedient that the Board should entertain the prayer "of the memorial" until some evidence has been shown that the present distribution of the work between the Chairman and the Secretary needs to be revised, or that the Board is unable to find a competent Chairman unless it is prepared to pay him. In point of fact, the movement seems to have been begun at the wrong end. The Board are the persons who would suffer most directly and immediately by the want of paid chairmanship; and, if the Board had applied to the Education Department, or to Parliament, for leave to provide a salary, nothing could have been more natural. They might or might not have been able to make good their point; but no one could have disputed their right to raise it. In the present case, however, we have the general public—which, so long as the work of the Board is properly done, has no special interest in the machinery by which it is done—coming forward to move the Board to make, for its own interest, a change the convenience of which has never suggested itself to the persons most immediately concerned. If the Board had plainly broken down under its work, it would be a different matter. But, so long as it is not alleged that the system of unpaid chairmanship has proved inadequate to the demands made on it, there seems to be no need to urge the Board to replace it by a system of which nothing is certainly known except that it would increase the expenses of elementary education in London by an appreciable, if small, amount.

CORNER MEN.

A SENTENCE passed this week by Lord Justice BRETT at the Manchester Assizes recalls a state of things which it was hoped had altogether passed away. In the early days of the present Government, before there was an Eastern question or a foreign policy, much used to be heard about the terror in which Liverpool and other Northern towns were kept by a type of ruffian scarcely to be found elsewhere. The "corner man" seemed to be superior to the personal motives which ordinarily lead to the commission of violent assaults. He seldom rifled his victim's pockets; or, if he did, it was rather for the sake of the violence which accompanied the robbery than from any sordid love of gain. Nor did he often cherish any personal grudge against him. The name which the class had earned for itself exactly expressed its peculiar tastes. The corner man was undiscriminating in his assaults. He took people as they came. The more unoffending the passer-by, the more pleasure he felt in knocking him down and kicking him. Some five or six years ago these cases became either more frequent or more brutal, and for a time there was a genuine desire to make an end of them. Unfortunately the public got hold of a wrong notion as to the proper method of dealing with them. It was assumed, without much inquiry, that what was needed was a change in the kind of punishment dealt out to the offenders. This was a natural supposition, in so far that it was only reasonable to take for granted that all that the existing law could do to suppress crimes of this sort had already been tried. Accordingly, most of the discussions provoked by the panic went on the theory that penal servitude had been tried, and had been found to have no terrors; and the substitute commonly demanded was flogging. The mere mention of the lash being enough to madden a certain sect of philanthropists, the controversy soon degenerated into a wrangle as to whether a man whose ordinary amusement consisted in kicking a stranger who had done him no harm until there was only just enough life left in him to secure the assailant against a charge of murder would or not be brutalized by a dozen strokes of the cat. Long before this unprofitable discussion had ended people had got tired of the whole question; and the corner men, either from a desire that their calling should not occupy too large a space in the public imagination, or because some of their number got exceptionally heavy sentences, became more moderate in their pursuit of pleasure, and for a time withdrew themselves from view. The trial which has suggested this retrospect seems to show that this retirement has not been complete. If no one becomes bad all at once, it is plain that the two men who were sentenced by Lord Justice BRETT to twenty years' penal servitude are not novices in the art. Had they been so, they would have been content with a single achievement in a single night. Instead of this, they knocked down and kicked into insensibility three men in the space of about two hours. In each case the assault was perfectly unprovoked. The prisoners had no grudge to avenge, no gain to come by. The sole reason they had for kicking any one of the three men was that he was there to be kicked. They were corner men, and they simply did as corner men are wont to do.

When this question was last under discussion, it was pointed out by several of the judges that the reason why these crimes were committed lay presumably not in the nature of the punishment, but in its uncertainty. In cases of murder, the criminal has two chances of escape. He may never be identified, or the evidence may be insufficient to convict him. In cases of assault, though the injury inflicted and consequently the pleasure felt by the injurer is little less than in cases of murder, a third and more encouraging chance is added. He may be identified, and the evidence may be sufficient to convict him, and yet he may get off with a few months' imprisonment. The cause of this difference is the disposition of magistrates to deal summarily with offences which it was never intended should be treated in this way. The law gives them the option of sending men accused of aggravated assault for trial, or sentencing them to a term of imprisonment somewhat longer than that with which lesser assaults are punished. It is probable that the intention of the Legislature was that this liberty of dealing with the case themselves should be used where the offence, though technically amounting to an aggravated assault, is, in fact, of a less serious character. The magistrates have for the most part interpreted the Act in a much wider sense. They have even invented a formula which they seem to regard as justifying them in dealing summarily with an assault of more than common brutality. They say that the offender richly deserves to be committed for trial, and that they have a great mind to give him his deserts. Having thus satisfied their consciences, they proceed as usual to pass an immediate, and therefore a light, sentence on him. He goes away to prison for six months, probably observing with great truth, as he leaves the court, that he could do that on his head; and at the end of that time he comes out the same man as he went in, except that enforced abstinence has made him healthier. There is no inducement in all this not to resume his old calling. He has not had time to forget its delights, and his old comrades are probably still engaged in it. The result is that he remains a corner man to the end of the chapter, and, if

he is lucky, never comes to any more harm than on the occasion when he was first arrested.

In the present instance, happily for the inhabitants of Ashton-under-Lyne, the corner men flew at higher game than ordinary. If they had assaulted a man of their own class, they might very possibly have now been resting from their labours in the county gaol, with the prospect of coming out again into the pleasant air in the long days and genial weather of July. Instead of this, they kicked a solicitor. The indignation of the magistrates was roused; the case was sent for trial at the assizes; and, instead of the ill-placed benevolence of a Justice of the Peace, the corner men were confronted by the wise severity of Lord Justice BRETT. There can be little question that, if it became universally known that assaults of this kind were invariably sent for trial, and that the sentence in case of conviction was invariably a long term of penal servitude, the trade of corner man would rapidly become unpopular. Revenge is sweet, and gain is sweet, and men will risk or defy penal servitude, as they will risk or defy death itself, in order to gratify their love of either. But it is highly improbable that they will defy penal servitude in order to enjoy the pleasure of half murdering a stranger against whom they bear no malice, and from whom they expect to gain nothing. The crime has its origin, no doubt, in a mere brutalized love of inflicting pain. But this passion would be kept within bounds if the gratification of it inevitably carried with it twenty years of penal servitude. The two requisites for the complete suppression of crimes of this character are certainty and severity of punishment. To secure the first rests with the magistrates; they must always send such cases for trial. To secure the second rests with the judges; they must always visit the offence, in the case of conviction, with a very heavy penalty. If either magistrates or judges are found to disregard their plain duty in these respects, they ought to be brought to a wiser mind by some restriction of the discretion which the law now gives them.

WHAT IS A JINGO?

IT cannot escape the notice of those who have observed the course of public affairs in England and in Europe generally during the last few years, that new forces are at work which tend to the disintegration of the orthodox political parties. Forty years ago the distinction between Liberal and Conservative in England was broad, well defined, and pregnant with meaning; while Continental Liberals were content in general to take their cue from England. Abroad the old Liberalism of the English type is now at a discount. In Germany Parliament obeys willingly one man in whom it has confidence. In the works of one of the ablest political writers whom Germany possesses—Professor Heinrich von Treitschke—the development of a Parliamentary Liberal after the English fashion into (to call a new thing by a new name) a sort of Liberal Absolutist may be traced by any reader. In Italy the mass of political men appear to be absolutely without any compass to guide them, and Parliamentary parties are in a state of confusion so inextricable, and of paralysis so complete, that there seems at times no way of restoration except by means which it is not pleasant to discuss. Even in France, where Parliamentary government as a reality, and not merely as a misleading name for Parliamentary publicity, seems to have the best chance on the Continent, the type of Liberal has wholly changed since the days of the July Monarchy. In England many persons cannot but feel that, if foreign affairs were put out of the question, and if the British Empire were a matter of past history, there is no particular reason why the moderate men on the two sides of the House of Commons should not change places. The Tory of the old school reposes with other historical fossils; the Radical of the new school is as alien from the moderate Liberal as he is from the moderate Conservative. The moderate Liberal does not in his heart wish to see the Church of England disestablished, or to do more on the question of the land than remove the artificial restrictions which prevent its freer circulation; though what he may consent to do rather than sacrifice the Radical and Nonconformist alliance is another matter. People are now asking themselves afresh the question, What are the genuine, living forces now opposed to one another in the country, the forces of which parties should be always the expression, and by which parties are in the long run compelled to shape themselves?

In home affairs the problem is more complicated and obscure; but it is a right instinct which has led the two parties to stake their fortunes at the next election on the foreign policy of the Government. Taking each as a whole, the foreign policy of the last three years and that of Mr. Gladstone's Administration are different in their aim, their spirit, their method, and their result. This is felt and admitted on both sides; and the country will before long be called on to say which it likes best. It can only make a rough estimate whichever way it answers; but there are persons whom a rough estimate does not satisfy, and who want to get a clear sight of the principles at work on both sides. They want to study a little more fully, not only those poor interpreters, the avowed doctrines of the two parties, but their temper, their mental attitude, their bearing, their history, their general disposition and character. They want, above all, to find out what are the influences likely to tell in the future, and how far it is possible to discriminate and measure them. To gain these ends they will do their best to clear their minds of prejudice, and they will assiduously frequent the society and listen to the conversation of men of all parties, from the Radical who thinks the British Empire a misfortune which cannot too soon be mended, to the firmest believer in the imperial destiny of this country.

Chance has given currency to a word which possibly may one day become as widely known and as respectable as the name of Whig or Tory—the word "Jingo." An English traveller abroad is said to have been not long ago asked the question by a Continental politician, "Mais, qu'est-ce que c'est donc, monsieur, que ce Jingo?" His own ideas on the matter not being very clearly defined, he made answer, with delusive playfulness, that it was Mr. Gladstone's familiar spirit. The epithet is now used by Liberal speakers, even by the most moderate and eminent of them, as a convenient missile to fling at their opponents, and by Radicals it is applied freely, and one may say indiscriminately, to all who desire to maintain the honour and integrity of the British Empire. A word which the political excitement of the last three years has engraved so deeply in people's memories, and which the excitement of the next elections will perhaps fix there still more firmly, cannot be soon forgotten; and even if it does not attain hereafter to the classic dignity of the two names cited above, its place in history is already won. But then what is a Jingo exactly? Is it a man who believes in what Lord Derby calls "gunpowder and glory," whatever this may mean? Is it a man who wants to fight everybody all round, if such a man there be? If we turn to that celebrated refrain which has given currency to the word, and which will be remembered longer than many verses of greater lyrical value, we can find nothing more in it than the expression of a modest firmness and self-reliance. It breathes defence, not defiance. It affirms that we have no desire for war, but that, should war arise, we have the means to face it. This temperate affirmation is clenched with an oath, reprehensible indeed, and by no means refined, but far less objectionable than many other such words that we unfortunately hear even from the Liberal workingman as we walk along the streets. Since there is nothing in the origin of the word, as a political term, which explains the use made of it, and since philology has no key by which to unlock its significance, where are we to turn for an explanation? We shall find a clue in the policy and temper of the men who use it as a term of reproach.

Bearing this in mind, we see that Jingoism comes to pretty much the same thing as another word also used by the same sort of people as a term of reproach—namely, "Imperialism." And this again is a word which can have all sorts of meanings given to it. It may mean a policy which rests on the mere lust of conquest, and which wantonly crushes the free development of other peoples, or a policy which rests on the fact that some nations or races are too young, and some too old, to dispense, without loss to themselves, of the government or guidance or protection of others more fortunately situated. The latter policy may be as wise and beneficent as the former is criminal and destructive. Juggling with words of several meanings is a favourite trick of demagogues. They know that the wits of a popular audience are not sharp enough to detect sleight-of-hand. The believer in the one sort of Imperialism can always be charged with the sins of the other, and the wars which the maintenance of every Empire or State from time to time renders necessary form the peg on which the accusation can be hung. The reproach, however, which may attach to the word Jingo has not deterred many persons from adopting, and even from glorying in it. Such persons are much more numerous than might be supposed, and the Imperial policy which they support is not the result of any explosion of feeling, but has been carefully thought out and adopted after mature deliberation. Their opinions may have the same interest to those who think them most foolish and wicked which the sentiments and reasonings of Nonconformists have to those who uphold the Church of England. Their policy, whatever one may think of it, is a fact and a power, and therefore should neither be ignored nor misrepresented. We heard much a few years ago of the philosophical Radical—he was then a phenomenon to be studied—and if he had now as much influence in the country as the unphilosophical Radical has, we should continue to study him. On the same ground, if on no other, it is worth while to set forth, as best we may, the sentiment and policy of the Jingo, which we take to be no more than the antithesis, in foreign and Imperial matters, of the sentiment and policy of the average Radical.

The Jingo reasons as follows. "Wisely or not, we have got a world-wide empire. Perhaps it would have been more prudent if, a century or two ago, we had resisted the impulses which led us to cross the oceans. It is true that, had we done so, the United States—that ideal of the anti-Jingo—would never have been founded. It is true that India would probably have been, and would be now, either the prey to chronic anarchy or else under the rule of those to whom the justice and honesty of English administration would seem a foolish and puritanic scrupulosity. It is true that, from the mere fact of over-population, we should

long ago have been forced to keep down our numbers by cutting one another's throats. But these and other results of a stay-at-home policy are matters of speculation. The fact is that, whether wickedly, or by a blind chance, or providentially, we are now the owners of an empire to which the only parallel which can be found in history is that of Rome, and which in certain respects is an empire still more wonderful and imposing. This we consider to be an achievement of which we may fairly be proud. We know well what labour and danger and responsibility it involves; but to what end has a race been endowed with the toughness, the activity, the enterprise, and the stability which appear to characterize the English race, if it is to shrink from work which involves labour and danger and responsibility? By no act of our own, but by the working of historical laws, a great part of the human race, especially in Asia, is in such a condition that it must be either a prey to the spoiler or governed and protected by a strong Power. There is no Power on earth except England which possesses the strength and the goodwill needed to rule these nations rightly. We have no longer the choice whether to go there or not; we are there; we are pledged to govern and defend them. Those who deride an imperial policy in England show about as much sense as those who should recommend an imperial policy to Belgium or Switzerland. Such a policy is dictated by the situation in which we find ourselves, and by the duty which we owe to those millions who without us would be plunged into sufferings without measure or end. These considerations are decisive, even if conquest, if the getting of an empire, were the wicked thing which you say that it is. But this again we deny. There are just and there are unjust conquests. You Radicals are fond, when talking of Tory landowners, of saying that the soil is a natural monopoly, that no man has an absolute right to it, and that those who use it ill may fairly be made to surrender it to those who will use it well. On such grounds you yourselves demand the expulsion of the unspeakable Turk from Europe. It is only when your own country, during a Conservative administration, acts on this principle that it becomes immoral. The United States were founded and have grown through a stronger and more gifted race taking away the soil from an inferior one, and by killing off the occupiers by the sword, and, what is worse, by the brandy-bottle. Our own country became what it is through Teutonic invaders conquering and robbing, as you would call it, a Celtic population, and being in its turn conquered and robbed by Normans. It was thus that the Hebrews, Jingoes in those days to the core, won for themselves the land flowing with milk and honey; it was thus, to go back to a yet remoter time, that the Indo-Germanic race made its way to Europe; it was thus that the Roman Empire, notwithstanding the crimes which too often marked its history, secured for ages comparative order and good government throughout the greater part of the then known world; it was thus that every State now standing in the world has been built up. In denouncing as immoral the instincts that lead men to seek adventure, to brave difficulty and danger, to fight if need be, to conquer, to rule, to be honoured and followed by others, you are only saying that no nation ever became great except by immoral means, for without these instincts no nation ever did become great. Say what you will, you cannot get out of this dilemma. That race must predominate in the world which, after making provision for a vigorous national life at home, has the most surplus population, energy, enterprise, and talent to spare. If you said that we must take care to predominate to the welfare and not to the detriment of others, well and good; but you say that we should not predominate at all. You go about apologizing for the greatness of your country. When in office you made such an impression on foreign statesmen that they ignored you altogether, except on one occasion to make you pay them for allowing, through mere feebleness of will and inability to see how your acts would be regarded abroad, a ship to leave an English port to prey upon their commerce, and on another occasion to obtain the cheap renown of giving you a slap in the face. Your return to office may be the signal for a war vaster and more terrible than any which the world has seen. And for this reason. Half the Continent is only watching for a good opportunity to spring at the throat of the other. It is a matter of certainty that, should a favourable occasion arise, France and Russia will attack Germany. Against this danger the Austro-German alliance has been formed. It is very possible that Italy might be drawn into the conflict; and it is almost certain that the Eastern question would again enter into an acute stage, that the Turkish Empire would be finally broken up, and that the whole South-East of Europe and a great part of Asia would be plunged into anarchy. These are no remote dangers; already one can almost see the writing on the wall. You charge us with being indifferent to human life and human suffering. It is to save life and to prevent suffering that we wish to keep out of office men pledged to the effacement of England. We know what stuff you are made of; we know how you have acted in the past. The belief that a Liberal Administration would be neutral in a European war is a direct encouragement to intending disturbers of the peace. The belief, on the other hand, that, in the case of a war wantonly begun by any European Government, England would take an active part against the aggressors, would do more than anything else to restrain Powers which harbour aggressive intentions, and to stave off, and perhaps, through delaying it, to prevent altogether, a catastrophe which no humane and reasonable person can think of without dismay.

"We belong, where the British Empire is concerned, to no party. To maintain it intact and to prevent the seeds of its future dissolution being sown we would gladly support either party against the other. We think at the present moment that the Conservative party is more likely to do this work than you, who revile us as Jingoes, are; and therefore—reserving our opinion as to the wisdom of particular measures of policy,—we at present support the Conservative party. But there is no reason why a Liberal should not be a Jingo also; and whoever should convert the Liberal party to Jingoism would confer as great a benefit on that party as he would on the country at large. We believe we make no mistake in saying that, besides those members of the party who have openly avowed themselves in foreign affairs supporters of the Government rather than of the Opposition, there are in the Liberal ranks not a few disguised Jingoes. It may be that a Liberal Government in office would be forced by circumstances to adopt the policy which it has decried in Opposition. But it is hard to see how this could happen during the lifetime of the two men of most genius and authority in the party. As matters stand, the Jingo, if he happens to be a Liberal and has the courage of his opinions, must on foreign questions act with the Conservatives."

Some such statement as this is what a Jingo would have to make if called on to give a reason for the faith that is in him. There is much in it which the great majority of Englishmen can subscribe to without hesitation. Parts of it may appear exaggerated, the fruit of imaginative hopes and fears. What makes it desirable to state it clearly and fully is that it is held firmly by a large number of people.

THE HUMOURS OF GAMBLING.

"THERE is truth in wine," says the maxim which the wisdom of the world owes to the wit of Alcæus. It is no less certain that there is truth in the card-table, or in the wheel of roulette, or rather that these things are touchstones of the character of men or women. Fortunately, or unfortunately, it is no longer easy to watch people as they frankly display their natures and tempers, their courage and cowardice, under the stress of good or bad fortune. Once every gentleman's house had these touchstones;' the table for ombre, or quadrille, or whist, or (when cards were under the ban of law) the E. O. table, where a game was played which needs some explanation. A circular table was divided by rays which spread from a small circle in the centre. Each division was marked with the letters E and O alternately. The gamblers placed their stakes in these divisions, a little totem was spun in the middle of the board, ran out, and fell either into a division marked O or marked E. The bank paid people who had staked on the lucky letter, and raked in the gold of the unfortunates who had backed the wrong vowel. The simple nature of this sport proves how keen our ancestors were in the pursuit of these significant pleasures which we now neglect. The moral Teuton has shut up the palaces of Truth at Baden and Homburg, and it is only the austere Prince of Monaco who allows the heirs of M. Blanc to try the character of visitors from all parts of the world. Here Japanese, Russians, Spaniards, English, French, and Americans still display the seamy sides of their nature to public inspection. In the rooms at Monte Carlo, in an air not wholly fresh or pure, the consumptive patients of Mentone and Cannes pass feverish hours. Round Monte Carlo quite a legend of gamblers' adventures have grown, and the people tell a hundred anecdotes of good and bad luck, of failure and success, of croupiers, and the thieves who pick up orphan and neglected stakes, and who are called *les St. Vincent de Paul*.

The Riviera is a kind of hothouse of the gambling passion, which flourishes among rich and idle people, as the palms and the lemon-trees flourish in the southern sun. The sight of all the gold and banknotes, scattered as profusely as if they were mere theatrical properties, on the tables of Monte Carlo, fosters rapacity and greed. This, at least, is the ordinary moralist's view of the matter. Yet it is noticeable that people who are not at all avaricious are often unable to resist the temptation to play. That temptation really appeals to men's vanity. They believe in their own luck, and are eager to throw a main with Dame Fortune. Many tales are always being told at Monte Carlo about her caprices. Six years ago, for example, a young man went up to one of the roulette-tables as soon as it opened, and placed nine napoleons (the maximum) on number 13, with as many other coins as the rules permit *en cheval*, or on the sides of the square which encloses the number. For three consecutive times 13 came up, and the fortunate youth informed the company that he had fallen asleep at Ventimiglia, (where the Italian Custom-house examines luggage), had dreamed of 13, and had returned to back his fortune.

This story gives an example of a characteristic which exists in most human hearts, and which *roulette* brings to the surface. We are all fetichists at the bottom, and are influenced by purely irrational superstitions. Thus one man will persist in backing the number of the ticket which he receives for his umbrella; another notices the number of the garden-seat on which he sits beside the Mediterranean; a third has in a pocket a little piece of the rope with which some suicide hanged himself. Others have odd ways of staking their money. A man will lay down a bank-note on blank at *Trente et Quarante*, and then rush to the end of the room that he may not hear the words of doom pronounced by the croupier. At *Trente et Quarante* these words are exciting enough.

As most people know, the croupier deals out one row of cards for *rouge*, and stops as soon as he has passed thirty-one; and another row of cards is dealt for *noire* in the same way. The row which reaches thirty-one by the lower number of points is the winner. It is on record that *rouge* once made thirty-two, an extremely good point; that twenty-four had been dealt for *noire*, and that then seven aces in succession were laid down, making *noire* the gainer with thirty-one. The disappointment of the backers of *rouge* may be imagined. It is odd that, among all the desperate people who shoot themselves at Monte Carlo, not one has spared a bullet for the croupier who deals out destiny. Very lately some traveller chanced to knock at the door of a lonely American shanty. No one answering, the traveller entered. He saw a dead man sitting at a card-table, with the blue mark of a bullet-wound in his forehead. The murder was easily explained. The dead man held four aces in his stiffened hand. Opposite him on the rough log-table lay four kings, with which his opponent had hoped to win, and, being met with four aces, had taken a hasty revenge. Now confirmed gamblers believe religiously in the good and bad effect which certain croupiers exercise on their fortunes. One croupier always deals in such a way that there are no regular "runs" or *séries*, not even a run of alternate blacks and reds. Another is a more fortunate croupier; when his hand is in, "runs" are not infrequent. As the dream of the gambler is to back a run and see his capital doubled at every *coup*, this croupier's luck is eagerly followed, and he receives elegant presents of cigars and champagne. It is unnecessary to add that these observances are as purely superstitious as the red man's dance round his red cedar-tree. Croupiers know the value of their place too well to try the trick of substituting arranged packs of cards for those of the *direction*, and theories of their luck are wholly fantastic.

Croupiers do not seem more interesting than bank clerks to the world at large; but their ways and their society have a kind of fascination for confirmed gamblers. They know many stories of Fortune's freakishness—for example, of the curious absence of the number 17 at Homburg, which ruined the half of gambling Europe. For ten days, at a certain roulette table, 17 never came up, never took its turn with its thirty-five brethren. The strange news was telegraphed to Baden Baden and Ems, and the public crowded to Homburg to back 17, "which *must* come up soon, you know," as people say. Few people could wait till 17 did emerge, and the bank in consequence of this craze did a really good business. It is an amusing trait in the natural history of the croupier that the functionaries of the card-tables are much greater men than their comrades of the roulette-table. The former are *messieurs*, the latter, simply *hommes*. In private life they are often good friends enough, but *their wives do not visit each other*. When he is not spinning the little ball or dealing out the cards, the croupier often has some respectable trade, which he exercises at home; he is a tailor, a waiter, perhaps a fencing-master. Rather a good story is told of the impassiveness of the croupier. It was at Baden-Baden, between Sadowa and Sedan; the ruler of Germany was walking in one of the alleys with the Emperor of France. The crowd had deserted the tables to stare at these great monarchs. Some one asked the senior croupier, *le père* Martin, why he did not take a holiday and see the crowned heads. "King William we are always seeing," said the old man, "he is no novelty here." "And the Emperor Napoleon?"—"Ah, the Emperor, he still owes the bank twenty-five louis."

The bank in M. Blanc's time was not the impersonal thing which we presume it is to-day. There was a whole legend about the eccentricities of M. Blanc. Once a ruined player forced his way into the bedroom of the banker, and asked for 10,000 francs. M. Blanc replied that he must consult his partners. The gambler then locked the bedroom door, and began to hammer a great nail into the wall. "What do you mean, sir?" asked the old man, in a rage. "Why, I mean to hang you to this nail, unless you open that bureau and pay the 10,000 francs," said the other, still hammering. There was nothing to be done but to pay the money. M. Blanc had his superstitions, like his patrons; and, when he was at Monte Carlo, played "patience" all day, to judge, by the results, how his other banks were prospering in Germany. He once played himself at Homburg. The day was very hot, and Mme. Blanc had come out into the gardens without a sun-umbrella. She bought a very pretty one, which cost four louis; and M. Blanc, who hated paying away small sums, tried to win back the expense at the card-table. He would not take the chair which one of the servants hastened to offer him. He put down two louis on *noire*, won, then lost, after many losses took a seat, and stayed at the tables till they closed. By that time the umbrella had cost 91,000 francs. From this veracious anecdote we gather that M. Blanc would have made a thoroughly bad gambler. A good gambler backs his good luck with courage, and leaves off playing when he is not in the vein. A bad gambler has no pluck when he is winning, but backs his bad luck with desperate tenacity. M. Blanc had all the courage of the Chevalier du Barri, the worthy uncle of Mr. Barry Lyndon. The usual maximum at the card-table is 12,000 francs, beyond which sum a player may not increase his stake. The great Garcia, that hero of Spain, found these limits (which make the fortune of the bank, for they stop all martingales, or systems of doubling) too narrow for his genius. He asked M. Blanc to let him raise the maximum to 60,000 francs, to which the banker courteously assented. In a few weeks the victorious Garcia borrowed a few louis from the bank to take him back to Paris. M. Blanc, if we may believe M. des Perrières, to whom we owe much of this biographical information, had a genius for advertisement. In Monaco, as in many other towns on the Riviera, a rite is performed on Good Friday which draws great crowds, but too closely reminds the spectator of the spring festival of Adonis in ancient Greece. M. Blanc seized the opportunity, and placarded Nice with advertisements in these terms:—

VILLE DE MONACO.
Grande Procession Allégorique.
A l'Occasion du VENDREDI-SAINT
Il n'y aura qu'un DEMI-REFAIT.

That is to say, on Good Friday the bank would only take half of its usual advantages.

A place like Monte Carlo, full of money, and full of dupes, naturally attracts gentlemen who correct the errors of Fortune in ways more or less ingenious. A certain Comte de Montvilliers has left a legendary fame. At Wiesbaden he found out a way of stopping the gas by which the rooms were lighted. He laid his plans well, in a moment all was dark, and the Count was off with an armful of banknotes, and as much gold as the ancestors of the Alcmæonidæ carried from the treasure-house of Crœsus. Next night the rooms were lighted with lamps. Montvilliers, who was an intelligent bandit, changed his method. He managed to sneak under a divan in the rooms, and stayed there when all the company and the croupiers had departed. When all was darkness and silence he crept out, lighted a dark lantern, and uncovered the roulette table. With a pair of pincers he gently tightened the wires of all the red compartments, so that the roulette ball could not easily enter them. Next day he backed black, and naturally with success. But a judicious croupier had marked the run on black, and examined the roulette wheel. Without saying anything, he reversed at night the arrangement of Montvilliers, who next day lost all he had gained by resolutely backing his favourite black. Scoundrels who have not the nerve for these heroic measures watch the tables and sweep up the stray money of the unobservant. It has happened to us to detect an amateur thus removing our stake to another colour, where the amateur proved unsuccessful. One of these scoundrels hit on a really happy thought. A player had left a large sum of gold on red, where it was doubled and doubled again. Two louis rolled off, undetected by the owner, to the marked off space called *envers*, where they prospered, and became twenty-four louis. A thief who was looking on knew this, and the head croupier was also well aware of it, and of the intentions of the robber. But the latter succeeded. Sidling up to the real owner of the money, he said, "Sir, will you do me a favour? I have twenty-four louis on the *envers*; I dare not take them up, for my father-in-law has just entered the room, and I have promised him that I will never play." The other bowed politely, raked in his own twenty-four pieces of gold, and shortly afterwards presented them to the ingenious guardian of orphan moneys.

We may leave the topic of modern playing at public tables with a piece of invaluable advice, borrowed from M. des Perrières:—"C'est de ne jamais aller au jeu avec la femme que l'on aime, et d'éviter même d'y aller avec celles que l'on n'aime pas."

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S ADDRESS AT BIRMINGHAM.

BIRMINGHAM, which less than a century ago, at the time of the "Church and King" riots, was known as a stronghold of Toryism and of the Established Church, has been no less conspicuous of late years as a centre of Liberalism and Dissent. But it has not been one-sided in its religious liberalism. The Roman Catholics have for many years held an influential position there, and a custom grew up among them between twenty and thirty years ago of holding an annual meeting at the Town Hall, when some distinguished personage, clerical or lay, is asked to preside and deliver a public address. This year they not unnaturally requested Cardinal Newman to occupy the chair, and he accordingly addressed them last Tuesday evening, taking for his subject the change in the general feeling of the country towards Roman Catholics which has occurred during the last thirty years. The choice of subject was eminently characteristic of the man. No reader of the *Apologia*—to say nothing of his earlier works—can be unaware that Cardinal Newman, like most men of genius, has always shown himself very sensitive to the opinion of his fellows. It was evidently a keen distress to him personally, over and above what he felt as an insult to his religion, when, amid the frenzy of the Papal Aggression scare, a speaker in the House of Commons gravely described what were in fact the cellars of the Birmingham Oratory as "underground dungeons from which no shrieks could be heard," or when, as he now tells us, in a village he knew of, "it was prophesied that, if the Papists got the upper hand, the streets would flow with blood." Nor can any one reasonably blame him for smarting under the misjudgments and appreciating the sympathy of his countrymen. It is no less foolish and wrong to ignore public opinion than slavishly to defer to it, and it is perfectly true that "the good opinion of others—their respect, their good wishes, their sympathy, their kindness—is a very great pleasure, a very great gain." Cardinal Newman may therefore pardonably dwell with satisfaction on the contrast between the sort of welcome accorded to Cardinal Wiseman by Englishmen in 1850, which however was partly the Cardinal's own fault, and—as he modestly phrases it—"their conduct towards us now." He was no doubt thinking, though he does not

expressly say so, of the very different reception given to himself last year when he returned from Rome with the same scarlet mantle on his shoulders; and indeed he does speak warmly of "the abounding marks of good will" he has of late years and now again recently received from his countrymen. Their respect for him will not be lessened by knowing how sincerely he values it, though his life bears witness that it weighs but as dust in the balance when any question of conscientious conviction is at stake. But the main purport of this address is to indicate the causes which have led to so marked a change in the tone of public sentiment, not towards himself personally, but towards the Roman Catholic body generally, and he specifies three leading reasons for the happier relations which now prevail between followers of the rival creeds.

There is first of course the psychological law of reaction which, especially when "a kind-hearted people like Englishmen have gone mad," would make the violence of act and word displayed at the time of the Papal Aggression eventually turn against itself, "and then a generous feeling would come over them that perhaps they had been too hard upon us." But closely connected with this there was a second reason for the change in the discovery that "their alarm somehow had been unnecessary," and that the measures to which it had given rise were useless as well as unjust. The Act of Parliament, passed in haste and repealed at leisure, was vexatious and offensive to those at whom it was aimed, but it could have no practical effect without proceeding to direct persecution, and of that there was no idea. But the third and most important reason, to which the Cardinal devotes a considerable portion of his address, is of a more positive kind. There was, he says, "a great misunderstanding," which has been removed partly from the very consequence which was then anticipated and dreaded having actually followed, that is, from the numerous conversions which have since taken place. But here the Cardinal must allow us to interpose a remark. There had been, mainly through the influence of his own example and writings, a great many conversions to the Church of Rome before or during the time of the Papal Aggression excitement, more weighty, if not more numerous, than any which have occurred since. And we cannot but think that the converts themselves were partly to blame for the misunderstandings to which the Cardinal refers. "Of course," he observes, in reference to a prevalent misinterpretation put by Protestants on the creation of the new hierarchy, "it would be very absurd in us, and, I may say, very wicked, if we said that this was a heathen country, and needed conversion as a heathen country needs it." But Protestants might be excused for taking those who did say so at their word. The movement we commented on the other day for getting the Elizabethan martyrs canonized is notoriously of convert origin, and is looked coldly on by old English Roman Catholics, and a question addressed by one of the not least distinguished of the early Tractarian converts to an Anglican friend—"When do you mean to become a Christian?"—represents fairly enough the tone of language, if not of sentiment, too commonly adopted among them at that time. Another prominent convert—who ten years ago signalized himself by modestly advising the Vatican Council (which he believed to be guided by the Holy Ghost) in the name of the whole body of English converts (who had never commissioned him to speak for them and whose great leader notoriously disagreed with him) to define Papal infallibility—quietly states in a work recently published that since the Reformation the English people "have sunk in religion back to the state of savages." Cardinal Newman's language is of course of another kind. "There is a widespread knowledge of Christianity among us (Englishmen), a love of the main truths, a zeal in their behalf, and an admirable prodigality, as I may call it, of contributions in furthering them." He adds indeed that this is not inconsistent with holding that "they only know half the Gospel," and wishing by all fair and honest means to bring them to a knowledge of the rest; on which we might perhaps observe that those who have a love and zeal for "the main truths" must surely know something more than half the Gospel. The Cardinal's point however, in which he is no doubt substantially right, is that the better understanding which has come about between Roman Catholics and Protestants is largely due to the two parties becoming better acquainted with each other. As he puts it, "the Catholics in England fifty years ago were an almost unknown sect among us," whereas now, partly through the number of converts, partly through the influx from Ireland, such an interpenetration has taken place as could not fail to dissolve many prejudices and misconceptions bred from mere ignorance. "Protestants have found them to be men whom they could be drawn to like and to love quite as much as their fellow-Protestants—human beings in whom they could be interested and sympathize with, and interchange good offices with, before the question of religion came into consideration"; and hence by a natural process "that Guy Fawkes or Duke of Alva sort of Papist, who hitherto stood in their minds for the normal representative of a Roman Catholic," has gradually passed into oblivion. We note with pleasure this contemptuous disclaimer of sympathy with persecution in the past.

The Cardinal goes on to say that this improved mutual understanding has come about not only by closer personal intercourse, but also by a knowledge in most cases "not personal and experimental, but public," derived from occasional witnesses, or through the periodical press. And he specially, and we think not unjustly, instances the kind of influence exerted in this way by Pius IX. over English opinion in dispelling the conventional idea of a Pope as "all that is bad"; and that in spite of there being a great deal in his acts and policy peculiarly distasteful to Englishmen. Something was due no doubt to his misfortunes, which were sure to appeal to their generous sympathies, but more, the Cardinal thinks, to the "series of tableaux" brought before them in the reports of his reception of visitors at the Vatican. "The main cause of his popularity was the magic of his presence, the graceful intermingling in him of the human and the divine, the humour, the wit, the playfulness with which he tempered his severity, his naturalness; and then his true eloquence (?) and the resources he had at command for meeting with appropriate words the circumstances of the moment overcame those who were least likely to be overcome." And he proceeds to recount how a Protestant friend of his own, "a man of practised intellect and mature mind," was moved to tears by a discourse of his Holiness at one of these receptions. There is much force in this, for there is a sense in which it is quite true to say that Pius IX. was popular in England, and it is generous of Cardinal Newman to dwell upon it, for the late Pope certainly showed no great affection for him. But his hearers were evidently intended to draw the moral of this eulogy partly from the remark which follows that, notwithstanding the persuasive manner in which Pius preached our holy religion, "we have not lost by his being taken away," inasmuch as "in his successor I recognize *a depth of thought*, a tenderness of heart, a winning simplicity, *a power answering to his name*, which keep me from lamenting that Pope Pius is no longer here." The words we have ventured to italicize indicate qualities in which everybody must discern, without being expressly told so, a marked contrast between the late and the present Pope.

Cardinal Newman concludes by observing that, while he rejoices in the increased friendliness of his countrymen towards Roman Catholics, he sees no sign of their being more friendly to the Roman Catholic religion, and it seems to him questionable whether a country can long continue "in the unnatural position of thinking ill of a religion and thinking well of believers in it." One might expect that either dislike of their creed would create dislike of its adherents, or goodwill towards them would issue in goodwill towards their creed. "How this problem will be solved," are his closing words, "is one of the secrets of the future." The phenomenon thus emphasized is unquestionably a remarkable one, the more so when we bear in mind the fact previously pointed out by the lecturer, that "the main truths" of the Roman Catholic religion are held in common with them by English Christians who are not Roman Catholics. And it could hardly fail to occur to a less acute observer and reasoner than Cardinal Newman that there must be some reason for this persistent distrust of a religion, whose professors have ceased to be looked upon with suspicion or dislike, by those who after all hold the same leading doctrines themselves. There must surely be something, if not in the creed itself, in the existing method of presenting and enforcing it, to account for this seeming perversity. The question is too wide a one to enter upon in detail here, but two observations, suggested by passages in the address before us, may fitly close our comments upon it. Cardinal Newman says of Pius IX., without expressing either approval or disapproval of his own, but as what could not fail to damage his popularity in England, "He claimed, he exercised *larger powers than any other Pope ever did;* he committed himself to ecclesiastical acts *bolder than those of any other Pope.*" When we think of the Hildebrands, the Innocents, and the Bonifaces of mediæval history, this language sounds very strong indeed, and it was evidently intended to be strong. But how did Cardinal Newman himself describe the "largest" and "boldest," as well as the most important and far-reaching of these acts of autocratic power of Pius IX. shortly before it was consummated? He spoke of it in a letter to his own Bishop as like "thunder in the clearest sky"; as a decision which "may be most difficult to maintain logically in the face of historical facts," and which was being extorted by "an aggressive, insolent faction"; which was leading "some of the truest minds to give up theology as a bad job"; and which, if it was carried through—as it was three or four months afterwards—would prove that "it is God's will to throw back 'the times and moments' of that triumph which He has destined for His Kingdom." We might quote a good deal more to the same effect, but this is enough. Can the Cardinal wonder that an act of which he could thus speak himself in its bearings on his own communion should tend, in itself and its consequences, to increase and perpetuate distrust among those without its pale? Once more, he has himself reminded us that Protestant England is not a heathen country, but has a widespread knowledge of Christianity, and a zeal and love for the main truths of revelation. Let us turn to a country which by name and antecedents alike—for its sovereigns have borne for centuries the title of "Catholic"—may be considered the native home and stronghold of Catholicism in his own sense of the word, a country whose whole history and national traditions for above a thousand years may be said to have ingrained Catholicism into the hearts' blood of its people more deeply even than the history of the last three hundred years has ingrained Protestantism into the blood of Englishmen. What is the testimony of a recent traveller, who spent many months in various parts of Spain and took pains to familiarize himself with all classes of the inhabitants, and who writes in no spirit of narrow Protestant intolerance, as to the religious knowledge and faith prevalent there, where the Church of Rome has had her own way for centuries without rival or opponent? Those who have read Mr. Rose's *Untrodden Spain* will

remember that he feels constrained to tell us—not in a spirit of mockery or triumph but of deep regret—a sad and consistent tale of religious ignorance and "the decay of religious faith" in all classes alike, which is but too aptly summed up in the answer given him by a Spanish boatman, when asked why he did not go to church, "My religion has broken down." And we have heard his testimony entirely corroborated by Roman Catholic witnesses. Does not this inevitably suggest that there must be something wrong, we do not say in the theological creed—for with that matter this is not the place to deal—but at least in the practical teaching and working of a religion which, under circumstances exceptionally favourable, has produced results so little satisfactory? Why do Spaniards who know, or ought to know, "the whole Gospel" exhibit so much less zeal and love for it than Englishmen who "know only half"?

A STRANGE DICTIONARY.

TRAVELLERS come upon curious vocabularies in foreign parts. We recently met in Cairo with what professed to be a list of colloquial Arabic words for tourists, in which neither "donkey" nor "donkey boy" occurred. And in every Continental hotel queerly translated *menus* hang on the walls. Such was the famous *carte* at Dieppe in which "Soupe à la reine" was given as "Soup at the Queen," and "sauce piquante" as "the sharp sauce." Not long ago one could read in a Greek inn of "excursions for theater-boxes and tickets for complaints": and be told that "the director is responsable only for such values that have been deposited at his office." In another place a notice is hung in the porter's glass case to say that here "informations shall be given." In Italy we have read of a mysterious, but evidently very intoxicating, drink called "whishyoldirish," and have been advertised of the existence of "worm and cold baths." Still more amusing are lists of words which by grammatical uniformity ought to be in our vocabulary, but which the stupidity or obstinacy of our forefathers led them to reject. There is a little poem, quoted, if we do not mistake, by Mr. Marchant in a book on *Betrothals*, which offers us an example, in expressing the feelings of an ardent lover, of the "beautiful unison and consistency of our language," and which, until we had the good fortune to meet with a German dictionary which has had a large Continental circulation, we thought unrivalled. One verse must suffice here:—

> Let my longings not sink,
> I would die if they sunk!
> Oh, I ask you to think
> As you never have thunk:
> And our fortunes and lives let us link as no lives could be lunk.

But for a long series of such solecisms, for a persistent, unwavering statement of what the English language may be in the mind of a foreigner, a little volume we recently met, which is already in its sixth stereotype edition, and therefore is not only presumably very popular, but carefully revised, exceeds everything except the English names in Paul Hentzner. No dictionary can be above criticism. More than any other kind of book, it is subject to be marked by the peculiar views of the compiler, whether in the transliteration of extraneous words or in the definition of simple ideas. Dr. Johnson was sometimes in a difficulty, and to explain such a word as "net" he postponed the question, and called it "a series of reticulations"; which is no better than the definition of another lexicographer, whose name has not been preserved, and who called a net "a lot of square holes tied together by a string." But a dictionary like Johnson's is one thing; a dictionary of translated words is another. One of the best examples of what this kind of work should be is of course Mr. Bellows's French Dictionary; and assuredly one of the worst is the German book referred to above.

We have long wondered why it is that the Germans have almost a monopoly of these curiosities of literature. So many Germans are acquainted more or less intimately with English that the number and daring of such translations are remarkable. German is a language by no means very remote from English. The exact equivalents of thousands of words are easily found; and, even in the matter of pronunciation, the German's frequent failure to speak good English may be accounted for on the principle that the two tongues are sufficiently near each other for him to be able to pronounce English with a German accent. French is written so differently from its spoken sound that the learner must speak by ear, not by sight; and French is, with the single exception of Arabic, the easiest modern language to speak, and speak badly. It is not difficult to understand why a Frenchman cannot pronounce English or German double consonants; nor is it odd that a Teutonic learner cannot make much distinction between the ten or a dozen different words which to his ears sound alike, as eau, au, aux, oh, haut, &c. But the German's tendency in speaking, and still more in writing, English is not of this kind. He is troubled rather by the ghosts of words which should exist but do not. We occasionally use "aberration," but never "aberr." We often use the form "abject," but never "abjectedness." We think a law may be abrogated, but do not characterize it as "abrogable." So, too, the law-breaker may abscond, but we are careful not to talk of his "absconsion." Neither do we say that he ever "abid" anywhere, that misfortune has "betid" him, or that he "wox" incautious, and was therefore "undid," and was eventually hard "hot." Perhaps we ought, by grammatical laws rigidly applied, to be the happy possessors of such forms as these. That we are not may be our misfortune; the editor—Herr Wessely—of Tauchnitz's "Pocket Dictionary of the English and German Languages" (Leipzig, 1876) evidently thinks it our fault, and uncompromisingly teaches us our own tongue as it ought to be, in his opinion at least. The most purely original portion of Herr Wessely's work is the "Table of the Irregular Verbs"; it has apparently been evolved by a mental process peculiar to the High German idiosyncrasy, and is valuable as affording a knowledge, not only of the words used above, but of many other words of a similar construction and equally delicate shades of meaning.

Under the letter "A" alone in the body of the Dictionary we have column after column taken up with such useful words as abalienate, abaptize, aborr, aberring, absinthian and absinthiated, absist, absorbition, abstringe, accommodableness, accommodateness, acquirable, and aggroup—words which may perhaps be conceived to exist, but which few English ears ever heard. Besides these, there is an equally extensive class to which it is difficult or impossible to assign any definite meaning. They may be found useful to some future Gulliver or Alice. But what can be made of abature, abited, abstrude, absume, acclive, or accritude? It is not very difficult to "abnodate" the puzzle offered by amusive, or angulous, but a man might be "appoplexed" before he could guess the derivation or object of aggrogled, or antigugglер. There are many words, too, which are absolutely unknown to the English of this generation. They do not call up the slightest echo of sense in our ears. Agio and agiotage may just pass muster, but what shall we say of achor, adust, aubin, and aam? This last is, we are told, a substantive, and the equivalent of the German "ohm." Chestexplorer is, it seems, the English for stethoscope. Under the important and often-used expression Chickabiddy we are desired to "see biddy." Biddy is explained as "Hühnchen." There is no mention of Bridget, even in the supplementary "Collection of the most usual Christian Names and the most remarkable Geographical Names." This part of the work should have been called a "Collection of the most remarkable Christian Names and the most usual Geographical Names." Ead, we read, is the English form of Ida. Alcairo is the English for Cairo. Bob or Bobby is the usual English pronunciation of Robert. We write the German Charlotte as Charlot, and Caecilie as Ciss. Conny is our equivalent for "Constantin," Denis for Dionysius. Frat stands with us for Euphrat, and Gill for Gulchen. We write Guiny for Guinea and Gui for Guido. Guy is not mentioned. Mawd is our form of Mathilde, and Mawdin of Magdalene, while Mawdlin stands in English for Lenchen.

From the quantity of mere pot-house slang included in the Pocket Dictionary we might conclude that Herr Wessely is either an innkeeper himself, or has been specially hoaxed by some English "chapman," who favoured him with the meaning of such words as awk, collop, chump, and "big-wig," which last is rendered into German as "ein consequenter mann." Besides "chapmanry," which is translated by "kundschaft," there are many expressions relating to trade, and, strangely enough, to cheese-making, cider-pressing, and similar country employments. The obsolete words may be accounted for by supposing that Herr Wessely has been studying the tavern scenes in Ben Jonson and the early English dramatists; but where did he find "arrivalbook" and "call-horn"? The compound words, indeed, are of startling length and complication. Some of them are of everyday use, and will be most valuable to Germans visiting England and anxious to study our domestic institutions. They will not be long on our shores without hearing "actionthreatener," "aimsight," and "apronstringbold," especially the last. But they may go further afield before they meet with apronman, alightboard, airynotions, atiptoe, bakemeats, bavin, belletrist, biland (a peninsula), bilander, brineprover, cabbageturnip. Perhaps these combinations are common in certain country districts, but Herr Wessely's pupils may search in vain in the dictionary for such a word as cheesecake, while they will hardly succeed in obtaining roast beef if they ask for it as "carbonade." Even when he gives old English words, he mistranslates them. Thus he has "codger," and explains it by "ein bäuerischer Mensch." The word should be "cadger," and should be explained by "pedlar," with perhaps a reference to its origin in days of falconry when the man who bore the "cadge" or cage on which the hawks were perched was known as the cadger. Hawker, an ordinary English term for a travelling merchant or "colporteur," has a similar origin and is correctly given by Herr Wessely. "Airling" is a romp or a tomboy. Edulcorate is translated by *aussüssen*, but the latter expression is not given among the German words, and edulcorate remains a puzzle. Under "by" we have bygone, bylane, bylaw, byname, byspeech, bystander, byway, byword, but not byplay or bypath. Croo is given as an English word, and is translated by *gurren*; but *gurren*, again, is not to be found in the German list. In fact, the number of such omissions is one of the most singular features of this remarkable work. We have such obsolete or unused terms as catercousin, candlebomb, cubature, crummy, chitterling, brush, brustling, burgess-ship, abord, abrood, apeak, aslope, await, astilt, asquint, and many similar and unfamiliar combinations. What is abb? It is translated by *weberzettel*, a weaver's shuttle, and may be a common technical term in some places, and so are boss in the sense of master, and abernethy in the sense of biscuit; but we did not expect to find either in a dictionary, any more than abecedarian, abece (an alphabet), smithery, slabby, pituitous, meslin, looby, lungsick, or Loyds (*sic*), which is translated *schiffsversicherungsverein*, as if we were

in the habit of calling all insurance offices of the kind by the one name. But it would be impossible to open a page of the volume without discovering such forms, and we may heartily recommend the book as a source of unfailing and inexhaustible amusement to the weather-bound traveller within reach of a copy. Even if it "snew" (p. 223), he might not be sorry to have "pight" his tent in such a place, nor will he have "dempt" his labour lost when he has "lough" over Herr Wessley's very "Irregular Verbs."

THRIFT AND POLITICS.

SOME foreign critics have recently told us that we are, without exactly knowing it, in a condition of political "hot bearings," as an engineer would put it; and that, though familiar with England and with other countries where political feeling runs high, they do not remember to have seen an instance of an equal elevation of temperature. This is probably an exaggeration, the actual state of English feeling being almost proverbially inscrutable to foreign observers. Yet now and then incidents do occur which certainly seem to indicate the existence of a certain amount of inflammation. It would be difficult, for instance, to mention any subject which seems at first sight less likely to cause excitement than that of national thrift or national improvidence. There has been lately a good deal of interest shown in this question, and this interest is certainly not a thing with which anybody need quarrel. The speech of Lord Derby on which we recently commented is only the latest of a series of utterances in print and on the platform by persons of more or less position. As usual in such cases, there are a good many nostrums proposed, and the proposers are very confident each in his own nostrum. They may be expected to do a little amicable fighting among themselves, and so long as this fighting does not hinder their very laudable and admirable designs, it does not much matter. But when one local plan, admitted to have worked and to be working admirably, is attacked on the score of its being "an insidious form of political bribery," and when the exponent of another plan is greeted with the somewhat irreverent cry "You're a Papist," the matter assumes a different complexion. When people begin to see Jesuits, or to see Tories, as the case may be, in plans for the better prevention of pauperism and an uncomfortable old age, it must be admitted that the political thermometer seems to deserve a little attention.

Two incidents which have occurred within the past week have given occasion to these remarks. Diligent readers of the newspapers may have observed for some time past a controversy going on about a body cal'ed the Stroud Conservative Friendly Society, and on Monday evening last a meeting was held in London to hear something more about the matter. There is no need to enter into the details of the constitution of this society, which is admitted by its antagonists to be financially sound, and to accomplish its object admirably. The plan on which it works was, it seems, explained in an essay which gained a prize in a contest instituted some years ago by Mr. Forster, and adjudicated upon, among other judges, by Mr. Thomas Hughes, who presided at Monday's meeting. The names of Mr. Forster and Mr. Hughes would seem to be sufficient security that, if there be any Tory venom in the Stroud plan, it must at any rate have been concealed with singular skill. Indeed Mr. Hughes's position appears to have vexed the Liberal opponents of the Stroud scheme not a little. It is said that its champion, Mr. Holloway, is the Conservative candidate for the Gloucestershire borough, and it may be remembered that the political history of Stroud was at the last election an eventful one. Politics there run very high, and while Mr. Holloway alleges that it would have been fatal to his plan to admit jarring elements in it, his opponents allege that its success is in some mysterious way a form of bribery. Why they do not set up a similar society of their own we cannot pretend to say, for the plan is not patented or copyrighted, nor have the allegations of corruption brought against its administration been in any way substantiated. But Mr. Brand, the son of the Speaker, and connected with Stroud by political ties, wrote to Mr. Hughes, ingenuously remarking that he was sorry to see the announcement of his chairmanship. He further made the handsome offer that "to show his good faith in the matter," he would co-operate with Mr. Holloway if the latter gentleman would "drop the name of the Society," and put two or three well-known Liberals on its committee. In this case Mr. Brand would become a member, and "forget the taint of suspicion which attaches to the Society"; himself, it may be added, forgetting that this taint has been attached entirely by himself and his friends. We hope Mr. Brand will not be angry with us if we say that his phraseology and the tenor of his offer remind us a little of the famous stratagem known as the confidence trick. Mr. Brand's plan is the confidence trick with a variation. In the accepted form of the manœuvre, the victim, to show his good faith, deposits something valuable against the worthless promise of his new friends. Mr. Brand, "to show his good faith," deposits his own membership and that of some of his friends in a confessedly flourishing undertaking, and against this Mr. Holloway is invited to give up the management of the Society, in forming which he and his friends have borne the burden and heat of the day. This certainly seems to savour of the well-known "fault of the Dutch." As for the facts, every one who knows anything of country towns where party feeling runs high knows that Mr. Holloway's allegation is a perfectly just one. To invite the co-operation of both parties in any movement would be an almost certain plan of ruining its success. It may be a pity that there should be "blue aisles and buff aisles in the Church," and blue friendly societies and buff societies outside of it; but at present (though we cannot undertake to be accurate in the political colour-science of Stroud) it would appear as if the buff admirers of thrift were of the prudent, but scarcely heroic, opinion, that it is well to let the blue admirers of thrift run the risk and take the trouble, while they reserve a share in the profits for themselves. It may or may not have been wise of the Conservative Friendly Society to decline this view of the matter, but there was certainly nothing unnatural in their proceedings; nor, except at a time of a considerable political excitement, is it easy to understand the attempt to make political capital of the matter. What would be thought, supposing there were no Reform Club, of a London Liberal complaining of the base corruption which excluded him, unless he changed his politics, from taking his lunch at the Carlton?

The very next day another meeting was held at the Mansion House, where, though party politics did not directly crop up, something of political heat was shown. The meeting had been called in connexion with a certain National Thrift Society, of which we do not pretend to know much, and of which that great devil's advocate, the Charity Organization Society, seems to have fallen foul. Under these circumstances, the Lord Mayor, Cardinal Manning, and other persons of distinction who attended, thought it well to adjourn the meeting, after having previously kept it waiting some time while they sat in private but unavoidable conclave. It was not unnatural that some dissatisfaction should be felt at the disappointment and delay, but this dissatisfaction seems to have taken a curiously unreasonable form. Cardinal Manning, as we have said, was a speaker, and the chief advocate of the rather mysterious society is said also to have been a member of the Roman Catholic Church. It therefore seemed logical and pertinent to some of the malcontents to inform this gentleman that he was a Papist, and to break up the meeting with cries of "Jesuits." The resurrection of our old friend the Jesuit might, from the merely humorous side, be viewed with amusement, if not altogether with satisfaction; but it seems a little serious that good advice should be looked upon with disfavour because the adviser happens to be or not to be a Jesuit. It is recorded that an ingenious debtor, who was in trouble before the redoubtable Jeffreys, once got off by the happy, though irrelevant, remark that his creditor was a Trimmer. In the same way, the objectors at the Mansion House appear to have imagined that it was possible to dispose of Cardinal Manning, or of Mr. Bowden Green, or of both, with the simple remark that they were Papists. Cardinal Newman could not have been aware of this fact when he delivered his speech at Birmingham on the same day, or he would probably have felt inclined to modify his consolatory, and in the main correct, remarks on the improved attitude of the generality of Englishmen towards his co-religionists. It is to be feared, indeed, that not very many persons are "at the height," as they would say in France, of the Mansion House malcontent. "Popery and Savings Banks" can hardly, at this time of day, work as a revival of the old anathema of "Popery and Wooden Shoes." But the attempt is a well-intentioned, if an unskilful one, and has the advantage over the conduct of the Stroud Liberals in point of irrelevance and illogicality. It is of the essence of a heated imagination to be irrelevant and illogical. Now the mind has certainly less space to clear between the idea of a political Friendly Society and political corruption than between Popery and any particular form of the encouragement of thrift—unless perhaps the Mansion House speaker was under the impression that the savings of the people would be surreptitiously forwarded to Rome in the shape of Peter's pence.

The Stroud absurdity and the Mansion House absurdity, however, would hardly be worth comment if they were not part and parcel of something larger. When certain great chiefs of the Liberal—or, to speak more correctly, of the Radical—party inform us that Tories are all liars, that they are "terribly wicked," that they have manifested an ineradicable hatred of freedom and justice—they exhibit in comparatively high places exactly the same mood of mind as that which leads Mr. Brand to see a "taint" in a prosperous and honest Friendly Society, and the anonymous Mansion House enthusiast to see Popery in a proposal for national economy. A slight acquaintance with history of course enables any one to judge the chances of parties and persons who fall into this state of mind. They are, so to speak, judged, and it is a foregone conclusion that they cannot stand. But before this conclusion justifies itself, they usually make the country which has the misfortune to contain them pass some singularly bad quarters of an hour. To the man who sees all things in anti-Toryism, all things are by the same token expedient and allowable. He will not recoil before even such an enormous performance as that which has just been gone through at Liverpool by Lord Ramsay, or before such an insinuation as that famous one of Mr. Gladstone's about the Irish Church which Mr. Parnell has just translated into plain English in America. His Tories or his Jesuits, or whatever the special bogies may be, haunt him persistently, and the universe simply becomes a hunting-ground from which it is the whole duty of man to chase them. He abdicates for the time being his prerogatives as a reasonable creature, an honourable man, and a consistent politician. If his bogies support what he considers abuses in a foreign country, he abuses them for their support. If they interfere, he abuses them for their inter-

ference. If they comply with demands that are made of them, it is a servile compromise; if they resist, it is a stupid reluctance or a wanton provocation. In short the bogy-seer, though in himself a highly interesting study to the anthropologist, becomes one of the very worst citizens that can possibly be imagined. And the great danger of him is that he drags with him numbers of people who, to do them justice, do not see, or even pretend to see, the bogies for themselves. It is the old story of the never-to-be-sufficiently-regretted lion which used to give dignity and interest to the finest site in Europe. The people who discern the villany of the present Government, or the connexion of Popery and national thrift, may be counted by tens or (we should hope) units. The people who are likely to vote as if they believed the former of these imaginations are, we fear, to be counted by thousands.

TITHE RENT-CHARGE.

IN a time of agricultural depression it was certain that the traditional Englishman's grievance of the tithe would somehow or other be revived; and that the public mind is but hazily cognizant of the actual state of the question may be inferred when a professional correspondent of the *Times* can be found to write of his own parish that in it "the tithe rent-charge has been long since impropriated or sold in consequence of the insolvency of the vicar." There is an unconscious happiness of blundering in the terms of this proposition which probably escaped the notice of all but a technically instructed circle of readers, while at the same time the practical experience of the writer illustrated a real, if somewhat minute, anomaly in the working of the tithe-commutation system. A system which has now been in operation for nearly half a century probably appears, in popular estimation, to have existed from time immemorial, and the actual tithe of produce, taken if necessary in kind, which was the basis of the older system, may be treated as of prehistoric date, interesting chiefly to the collectors of blue and white earthenware. Among the Dutch tiles which may still here and there be found set round the fireplace in a country town, a familiar pair of pictures represented on one side a canonically-attired person, regarding with beaming face and arms outstretched a countryman carrying a small pig; while on the other side the same figure, with averted face and in an attitude of disgust, turns from the countryman's wife, who is holding out a small baby. The hidden sense of this graceful satire is supposed to lie in the contrast between the tithe-pig and the tenth child, and in the idea of clerical greed and lack of charity which it suggests.

The tithe rent-charge now payable was substituted in 1835 as a commutation for the estimated annual value of all the ordinary tithe then customarily received, or, in other words, of the tithe of produce from the land; and this tithe was either "great," the rectorial portion, or "small," the vicar's share. A detailed account of the distinction between these main divisions of the tithe will be found in Mr. Blunt's *Book of Church Law*; but it may be sufficient here to give the rough and general explanation that the great tithe is that of corn, and the small that of pasture and minor produce. The original intention of all tithe payment was for the provision of spiritual and pastoral care in the places whence the tithes were derived; and in the undertaking of this charge by monastic and other ecclesiastical corporations was laid the foundation of the principle of alienated, or, as it is technically called, "appropriated" tithe. "Impropriated" tithes followed as a result of the dissolution of the religious houses; and the distinction is clearly exhibited by Mr. Blunt in a note:—"Appropriations are the assignment of tithes to clerical corporations, whose members, or some of them, are qualified to do the proper work for which tithes are intended. Impropriations are the assignment of tithes to laymen who are not so qualified." "A very small proportion," he adds, "of the great tithes remained in the hands of the clergy after the Reformation; and the rectorial tithes now held by the clergy are the great tithes of lands that were then waste or worthless, but have since been improved." By "the clergy" in this sentence Mr. Blunt evidently means the parochial clergy, as appropriated tithes belonging to the secular corporations remained, and still remain, to a large extent under the jurisdiction of the Ecclesiastical and other Commissions. The "impropriated" tithes have become merely one of the ordinary securities in private property, and in some cases have been extinguished by sale with the freehold—a process by which every man on certain estates is said to have become his own rector. The corporations who held the appropriations of tithe were of course bound to make provision for the spiritual care of their parishes, and did so by means of permanent deputies, whose office was distinguished by the title "vicarius," or "vicar"; the incumbent so styled being really the deputy of the corporate parish priest or "curate." Till a very recent date the existence of this title told its own ecclesiastical history. We wish that it did so now. A hasty measure, passed without real discussion or notice at the close of a Parliamentary Session, and confessedly devised to conciliate a few dissatisfied and weak members, male and female, of clerical society, who imagined their importance lessened because the subordinate designation of "deputy" was not conferred on them, has flooded the Church of England with a number of so-called "vicars," and the historical sense of the term has in consequence been practically lost. Hence it has become possible for an educated man, not versed in ecclesiastical technicalities, to write the singular statement which we have quoted about "the insolvency of the vicar" as the cause of "the tithes being long since impropriated."

But the principle of "appropriations" has been developed of late years in a new form, and the Dutch tile which consoled the eighteenth-century Nonconformist as he sat by his fireside exiled from municipal office has acquired a prophetic significance. The historical parson of the parish not unfrequently does receive the tithe-pig (in a commuted shape), and does not baptize the baby or recognise it in any way as under his pastoral charge. The Duke of Marlborough (under his earlier style of Lord Blandford) would not allow him to do so if he wished. The "New Parishes" are marked off from the old ones with the spikiest of Parliamentary fences, and the rector or vicar of the Mother Church is not allowed to trespass ecclesiastically on the "Incumbent's" or pseudo-vicar's domains; while the tithe, in the great majority of cases, remains attached to the original benefice. The Church Building Act of 1818 made provision, it is true, for the complete division of parishes for ecclesiastical purposes, and for assigning the tithe of each portion to its own church, and in many cases this has been done; but usually such a course could not have been taken without impoverishing the Mother Church or unduly diminishing its income, especially where the benefice was already a denuded vicarage. Accordingly it is not an uncommon thing to find the tithe rent-charge in some populous suburb of an increasing town collected for the benefit of an incumbent who has no more cure of souls in the parish than the Ecclesiastical Commissioners themselves; and this, to persons who do not understand the subject, may naturally appear as a great hardship and injustice, while it is in reality nothing of the kind. But a real injustice and anomaly, not the less annoying because it only deals with small pecuniary amounts, often arises incidentally in such cases, and requires legal, and perhaps also legislative, attention for its remedy. The assignment of tithe commutation is made upon separate fields or plots of land, of larger or smaller extent as the case may be. Taking one of the smallest of such plots from a chance tithe-map, we find a square half-acre assessed at an annual tithe value of 1*s.* 8*d.* Any one who is acquainted with the manner in which building land is laid out for lease or sale in a London suburb can estimate at once how many dwellings, from fifteen feet of frontage upwards, could be run up on such a site, and can calculate the proportionate tithe rent-charge on each of them, even after taking the assessed value at a two or threefold rental. As it is clearly impossible to collect any kind of rate by twopence or threepence per house, the law allows the tithe-owner to claim the whole value from any one of the occupiers, leaving him to recoup himself as he can; and, if he objects, to compel payment by distraint. There is probably not a beneficed clergyman in the kingdom who would act upon such a legal power; and the maxim "De minimis non curat lex" may be alleged as sufficient answer to the gravamen. But instances of hardship occasionally occur where a benefice is under sequestration, and this is plainly the state of affairs intended by the description to which we have referred. Another case, which happened some years since, fell within our own knowledge. A lady, owning and living in a good house upon one of the tithe-map plots in a London suburb, received from the collector under a sequestration notice of claim for all the tithe chargeable on the original land, on which several houses had been built by other persons. She was advised by a friend not to pay, as the tithe-owner had the power of apportionment, and would probably use it. A few days later her adviser was hastily summoned to find a "man in possession," who had taken in execution, among other things, apparently as appropriate to the occasion, a large family Bible. The claim was at once discharged under protest, and the knot was shortly afterwards cut by the death of the sequestrated rector and the appointment of a successor who was as likely to summon the Pope as the Sheriff to his aid in distress. In one large manufacturing centre it is said that a considerable portion of tithe has been lost beyond recovery in consequence of the unwillingness of the tithe-owner to collect it on subdivided properties. No such difficulty ought to occur, or would occur, upon land held in fee-simple, if the solicitors to the owner would take care, before letting or selling the land for building, that the tithe-rent charge was either capitalized by payment to the authorized trust-fund or secured upon some fixed portion of the property. In the case of settled estates where no power has been reserved to make charges on the land, the latter of these methods alone is now possible; but in any legislation which may be proposed upon the question of landed property it will be well to make some provision for the adoption of the former method where preferable.

It has been inevitable that, upon the coincidence of low agricultural prices with a high premium on the tithe rent-charge, complaints of the unfairness of a "sliding scale" should be heard. These will probably diminish with the fall in the premium which has already set in; and when the period returns for a value below par, it is scarcely likely that they will be heard at all. There is no doubt something to be said in favour of the view of clerical tithe-owners who object to the assessment of their rent-charge for taxing and rating purposes without any deduction on the ground of personal service; but there are considerations on the other hand which are worth being thrown into the balance. The English farmer, as a rule, has a settled antipathy to rates. He knows that they are part of the Constitution; but without any

definitely heathen or heretical belief as to the origin of things, he cherishes a suppressed and hidden opinion that some non-beneficent Demiurge must have had a hand in introducing into creation the element of rates, and that with an especial view to spite himself and the agricultural interest. But he does not accurately distinguish between rates and tithes, which latter he considers to carry the mark of the enemy about them, though his own parson, to whom he pays them, is not a bad sort of man by any means. Indeed in the matter of rates the parson is a fellow-sufferer with himself under the inventions of the malevolent spirit who devised them; and if the rector is perhaps a little hardly dealt with as to his assessment, the farmer's sympathy goes out all the more towards him, and he is the less inclined to think grudgingly of him as the consumer of the tithe. On the other hand, if the rector's assessment were reduced, by so much the more would the farmer's burdens be increased; for "Boards" have neither heart nor conscience, and "calls" must be met when they are made. On the whole, the clergy may do well to accept the tithe rent-charge with "the ills they know" attending on it, rather than fly to others which might bring more worry than relief in their train.

SHILLITO v. SHILLITO AND HIRST.

It has not been our usual practice to notice cases in the Divorce Court. There may be reasons, though we do not profess at all to understand them, for publishing full accounts of these suits in all their nauseous detail; but, generally speaking, there can be none for commenting on them, and for inviting attention to painful and often revolting stories of weakness and sin. Yet exceptions to the most salutary rules sometimes occur, and it is occasionally advisable to speak even of the cases which are tried before Sir James Hannen. As need hardly be said, the branch of law with which he has to deal is of very great importance, and legal questions of grave interest arise in his court. These may demand notice, and emphatically demand notice when they lead to decisions by juries which, if acquiesced in, can scarcely fail to do harm. Hard cases make bad law, and indignation at great moral turpitude sometimes induces juries to give verdicts which, though due to honest abhorrence of wrong, nevertheless strike at the root of all justice by overriding the law. Such errors must needs be protested against, for juries cannot be allowed to constitute themselves tribunals entitled to disregard all limitations in order to punish those whom they believe to be great culprits. It is true that these decisions may be legally reversed; but, notwithstanding this, it is necessary to point out how mistaken they are on account of the not unnatural sympathy which they excite amongst unthinking people. Quite recently a jury, nominally deciding on the facts, but really deciding on the law and facts, has given a decision of this kind, and, spurred no doubt by a just desire to punish abominable malice and wickedness, has arrived at what is perhaps the most astonishing conclusion ever come to in a court of justice. Although the verdict in the case mentioned at the head of this article was obviously prompted by honourable feeling, it must nevertheless be strenuously protested against as one of those judgments which, though they may at first win approval, really do substantial injustice, and tend to upset all that is valuable in law.

The circumstances of the suit which was adjudicated on in so singular a manner were most remarkable. Unfortunately they cannot be narrated without the mention of very unpleasant facts, which cannot be softened by any possible circumlocution, and can only be given as they are stated in the reports of the case. From these, which, it may be observed, seem to be in some respects very imperfect, it appears that the respondent, Mrs. Shillito, whose maiden name was Charlotte Jager, had for about nineteen years before her marriage with Mr. Shillito, the petitioner, lived in the house of the co-respondent Hirst, who was married to her sister. Hirst was a person of highly respectable position, and must have been a man of good repute amongst his neighbours, as he was deacon of the Park Congregational Church at Halifax, where he lived. No suspicion whatever of improper relations between him and his sister-in-law, Charlotte Jager, seems to have been entertained by any one. In 1878 Mr. Shillito, who was a widower with children, became engaged to Miss Jager, whom he had known for eight years, and after this engagement began as singular, and at the same time as painful, a series of incidents as ever were related even in the Divorce Court. In February 1879 Miss Jager quitted her brother-in-law's house by his order, and, as it was settled that the marriage should take place in London, she came to town. Before the marriage took place she showed to her future husband, Shillito, two letters which she had received from Hirst, threatening that, if she did not return to Halifax and get married from his house, he would make known scandalous secrets respecting her. The character of the letters was such as to cause Shillito to ask her whether there had been anything improper between her and Hirst. "She declared," to use the language of the *Times'* report, "that there was no foundation for any such charge or suggestion, and with this explanation or denial the petitioner was satisfied." The marriage took place on March 24th, 1879, not very long apparently after this incident, and Mr. and Mrs. Shillito went back to Halifax. A few days after their return Shillito received from Hirst a letter stating that "for the twenty years the respondent had lived under his roof criminal intercourse had subsisted between them." On making this known to his wife, Shillito could not, according to his account, obtain from her either a denial of the terrible charge made against her or a confession of its truth. Up to this point the facts were strange enough; but what followed was stranger still. On the day following that on which the painful scene between the husband and wife took place, Hirst called on the former, and, while asserting the truth of his statements, expressed his sorrow for what he had done. Shillito told him that, if he were "a demon from hell," he could not have done more to cause misery, and all must agree with the President of the Divorce Court, who said in his summing-up that the expression was no stronger than the occasion warranted. Shillito, however, not only forgave Hirst—forgiving a great deal it must be said—but burnt the letter; and it might naturally be thought that, after such conduct, the other would have desisted from his horrible persecution. Incredible as it may seem, this was not the case. If this extraordinary wretch was really penitent when he saw the unfortunate man who had suffered so greatly, his penitence soon deserted him, and he became yet more malevolent than before. Shillito shortly received letters in which the first accusation was repeated in a tone of triumph, and in which Hirst further said that Mrs. Shillito had been guilty with him since her marriage, and gave the dates and places of their meetings. Shillito told his wife of this charge; and, according to his evidence, she admitted that on one occasion she had been unfaithful to him. He expelled her from the house, and proceedings in the Divorce Court were instituted. The citation was served upon the respondent on the 2nd of June last, little more than two months after the marriage.

Such was the account of this very singular case given in the statements of counsel and in the evidence of the petitioner. That evidence was, however, contradicted on the material point by Mrs. Shillito. This unfortunate woman, who attempted suicide on the day after the citation was served on her, was put in the witness-box, and denied that there had been improper relations between herself and Hirst either before or after her marriage. She also denied that she had made the confession attributed to her. She admitted that, since her expulsion from her husband's house, she had written to him, saying:—"Whatever you may think, I can positively state that I never had any intimacy with Hirst since our marriage." Hirst himself was called, and stated that there had been nothing between Mrs. Shillito and himself after her marriage. His wife, whose evidence was taken at the suggestion of the Judge, said that before her sister's marriage her husband had confessed his misconduct to her; and that, though greatly shocked, she forgave him, in consideration of their children and of the number of years for which they had been married. He seemed deeply penitent, and promised, of course, to have nothing more to do with his sister-in-law. We may observe that this statement of Hirst's was repeated in the presence of the respondent (then Charlotte Jager), who denied the truth of what he said. Mrs. Hirst's evidence concluded the case; but it should be stated that, before it was given, two witnesses had been called who testified to a visit having been paid by Hirst to Mrs. Shillito during her husband's absence from home. Shillito was apparently informed of this visit by his wife.

As has been said, the facts of the case were singular in the extreme; but still they do not seem to have been complex or utterly baffling, and there were apparently only two conclusions which could possibly be drawn from them. It must, of course, be borne in mind that what the jury had to determine was, not the question of ante-nuptial misconduct, but the question of misconduct after marriage; and, when this is remembered, it seems clear that they must either have disbelieved Mrs. Shillito and pronounced her guilty of adultery, or have held, not indeed that her husband was untruthful—for he seemed to be an excellent man—but that he had not rightly understood what his wife said to him in a moment of great pain and excitement, and had wrongly supposed that she confessed to him her guilt, in which case they must have found for the respondent absolutely. The jury, however, did not take either of these views, almost inevitable though they seem. Carried away apparently by a desire to do substantial justice, they brought in one of the most extraordinary verdicts ever recorded in an English court of justice. After they had deliberated for an hour, their finding was, That the respondent had not committed adultery with the co-respondent, but that he had with her, and they assessed the damages against him at 1,000*l.* Strange to say, this verdict seems to have been accepted by the Judge.

Of its transparent absurdity it is not necessary to speak. This is so obvious that it would be a waste of words to expose it, and it is therefore happily unnecessary to dwell upon a singularly unpleasant subject. There can be no need to analyse a decision which is on the face of it self-contradictory, and indeed so preposterous that, were it not for the painful circumstances of the case, it might excite laughter. The jury might as well have found that two and two make five. Only on the supposition of violence or the administration of narcotics could such a verdict be reconciled with reason, and of either violence or narcotics there is not a hint in any report of the case that we have seen. The motives which induced the jurors to give such a judgment were no doubt most praiseworthy. They were not satisfied with the evidence against Mrs. Shillito, and they desired to punish the most loathsome malice. Unfortunately their well-meant effort has resulted, not in substantial justice, but in substantial injustice, while their verdict, apparently acquiesced in, attacks a vital principle of law. A moment's consideration will show

what grievous wrong results from the decision which was arrived at in this remarkable case. In the first place, it can hardly be said that it is fair to the unfortunate Mr. Shillito, whose conduct under the most trying circumstances appears to have been exemplary. Whatever may be thought of the conduct of others, there can be no doubt that he was free from blame, and yet he is left in a most disagreeable position, the peculiar and very painful nature of which is so obvious as to need no demonstration. Then Mrs. Shillito may be very hardly treated by the verdict. It is true that she is absolved; but she is absolved by a self-contradictory and incomprehensible decision; whereas she may have been entitled to a verdict in her favour without any mystifying rider. Her denial of the charge on which the jury had to pronounce may have been perfectly true, and in that case the finding respecting Hirst is clearly unjust to her. The result, therefore, of this attempt at substantial justice has been certainly to do wrong to one person, perhaps to do wrong to another. A graver objection, however, even than injustice to individuals can be urged against this mistaken decision. It infringes a fundamental principle of law. A man cannot be called upon to answer a definite charge and then have judgment given against him on a charge of a totally different nature. The jury were doubtless anxious to punish Hirst, and that his atrocious conduct deserved punishment no one will be inclined to dispute; but, utterly bad as he was, he should only have been punished according to law, and not by any distortion of the law. He was proceeded against on a charge of criminal intercourse with another man's wife, and of this he should have been pronounced innocent or guilty, without any regard to the expediency of punishing him for malignant statements. As a matter of fact, he was pronounced guilty of libel and punished for libel, the inconsistent verdict of which we have spoken serving to cover what was really a marvellous departure in the proceedings. That the man behaved in the vilest manner we need hardly say; and indeed a far more severe penalty than that imposed on him would not have been excessive; but nevertheless he should have been condemned in the right way or not at all. The escape of one culprit is a trifling matter when compared with a perversion of the law.

It may naturally be asked what view the Judge took of the case, and in answer it can only be said that Sir James Hannen's summing-up seems to have been singular in some respects, and to have suggested the verdict found; but that his remarks have apparently suffered more at the hands of the reporters than anything else said at the trial, and that it is impossible to ascertain with certainty what his views were. Very possibly, when a full report of the case appears, it will be seen that he has been altogether misunderstood.

THE P. R.

If any persons regret the "good old days" of the P. R. they need not despair, for there seems to be a kind of reaction growing in its favour. For some time past reprinted reports of old prize-fights—penned, it may be supposed, by the versatile and ingenious Pierce Egan and his compeers—have been current in a London newspaper; and now a more permanent tribute to the excellence of the cultivation of prize-fighting makes its appearance in the shape of a work called *Pugilistica*, "to be completed in 20 parts," the first of which is graced by a preface. The writer of this begins by announcing that he proposes to supply a blank in the home-records of the English people in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; and in his preface and introduction he is better than his word, and displays almost as much ingenuity as a daily leader-writer in dragging into his service all sorts and conditions of men and things of various times. The case of Michael Angelo and his broken nose is first brought in to illustrate the revival of "the art of self-defence as of other arts" in Italy after "the darkness of the middle ages." Then we have the story about Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell; and then we suddenly sink to a record, culled from Malcolm's *Manners and Customs of London*, which runs thus:—"Yesterday a match of boxing was performed before His Grace the Duke of Albemarle, between the Duke's footman and a butcher. The latter won the prize, as he hath done many before, being accounted, though but a little man, the best at that exercise in England." At first sight this might not seem a particularly strong instance in favour of the nobility of fisticuffs; but our author deduces no less than four points to be scored to him and his cause. It is a proof "1. Of ducal patronage. 2. Of a stake of money." (This, it may be thought, would have been better kept out of sight, especially as there is no specific mention of money in the extract.) "3. Of the custom of public boxing. 4. Of the skill of the victor, he 'being but a little man,' and all in a five-line paragraph." It is a little strange that a writer with so evident an appreciation of the merits of terseness should himself be so diffuse; but, no doubt, great deeds demand many and big words.

From the Duke's footman and the butcher we get on by rapid degrees to the late Sir Robert Peel, and the decadence, in the absence of "such patrons of pugilism," of the custom of prize-fighting. "The Ring," we are told, "was doomed, not less by the misconduct of its professors than by the discord and dishonest doings of its so-called patrons and their ruffianly followers, unchecked by the saving salt of sporting gentlemen and men of honour, courage, and standing in society." It is probably the dearth of this "saving salt" which leads the writer to say that "he would not seek to revive the 'glory' of the Ring that is past"; but has thought it a worthy task "to collect and preserve its memories and its deeds of fortitude, skill, courage, and forbearance." Before, however, we are allowed to become acquainted with the records of these noble deeds, we are favoured with an "Introduction" headed "Boxing and Boxers among the Ancients," in which we are reminded of the existence of such persons and things as Homer, Horace, "the sententious Cicero," Eryx, Antæus, Patroclus, Euryalus, Tydides, who "was Euryalus's second in the mill with Epeus," Entellus, Dares, Cloanthus, Gyges, the cæstus, the Abbé St. Non, Smith's *Antiquities of Greece and Rome*; Mr. Grantley Berkeley, St. Bernardine, Ariosto, the late Mr. Dowling, Forsyth's *Remarks during an Excursion in Italy*, the days of Alfred, and the battle of Waterloo. And all this in not a "five-line paragraph," but in twelve pages of which not more than four are extracts. And to all this the writer, when he plunges into his subject, modestly refers as "the poor scattered notices of pugilism as practised and understood by the earlier Celtic nations." He then goes on to observe with great truth that, "so long as man is liable to the imperfections of his nature, he will need the art of defending himself from attack and injury, and of redressing wrong or insult that may be offered to him." The proper weapons to be used on such occasions are, he thinks, "the *fists*—the symbol of personal courage, of prompt readiness for defence and attack—the most harmless, the ever-present, and the least fatal weapons." So far perhaps so good. The writer goes on in his next sentence to decry "the fatal *fleuret*" of "the fire-eating Gaul" (how many per cent. of French duels with the small-sword end fatally?); "the back-handed stiletto" of "the stabbing Italian"; and, which is more odd, "the slaughterous *schlager*" (*sic*) of "the beer-bemused *burschen* of dreamy Vaterland." On this there is a long foot-note, extracted from the *Sporting Life* of July 1863, which for certain reasons deserves attention. The extract gives an account of the student-duels at Heidelberg, to which reference has more than once been made in these columns. The writer of it first describes a sabre-duel between a cavalry officer and a student; and this description is remarkable for some of the oddest transcriber's or printer's blunders that have ever been seen. This duel took place in what readers are led to believe is called the *Ingle Suisse*, or Angels' Meadow. This should, of course, be Engel's Wiese. The seconds gave their directions in this manner:—"'Auf *de* (read *die*) mensur,' go into position and scratch, *Faretz* (read Fertig), ready, and Los, go at it." What, however, is of more importance to the writer both of this extract and of *Pugilistica* is the schläger (throughout miscalled schlager), duel, of which he gives this description:—

> It was on April 10, during vacation, and while there were scarcely any students in Heidelberg, I was sitting at my window, and saw four or five students go towards the *Hirsch Gasse*; I followed them, and when I arrived there the men were stripping. All being in readiness, they were led out of the house, each arm being carefully supported by the seconds. One of these gentlemen was a student from Munich, the other was a Heidelberger, and the men were placed opposite to each other. Silence was called, and the fight began. The first round occupied considerably less than half a minute, and was finished by the seconds springing in and terminating the round, because one of the *schlagers* was bent. The second round followed without any result. The combatants are never allowed to be in *mensur* more than three-quarters of a minute—scarcely ever half a minute: these short rounds are done to rest the arm. In the third round the Munich man got a cut on the cheek, a *Blutcher*, or "a blood," was the cry. The seconds cried "halt!" and "a blood" was scored to the Heidelberg student. The fourth round was a teazer for the Munich man, for he got his nose divided clean in two. No surgeon could have done it better; you could have laid one half back on one cheek, and the other half on the other. After this, the Munich man lost his nerve, and every round he only came up to be receiver-general. At last he got a fearful cut behind the head, dividing an artery. Seeing this, the surgeon immediately stopped the duel, after they had been at it seven minutes (fifteen minutes was the time they had to fight). The wounded man was taken inside the inn, where every necessary attention was paid him which his condition required. I never saw the man again.
>
> The second *schlager* duel which I saw was between a Prussian and a Schwabian: both fine men. The morning was a wet one, so they fought in a cart-shed. Having gone into a detailed account of two other duels, it will not be necessary for me to do so in this one; suffice it to say, the surgeon made them fight out the full time (fifteen minutes), and the Prussian got no less than six ugly cuts about the head; fearful gashes they were. He had to keep his bed; and, like most of these duellists, will carry the marks to the grave. As he was led out of the shed, he presented a piteous spectacle; and I only wish some of the detractors of the P. R. could have seen him as I did. These two *schlager* duels are good average samples.

It is true that the schläger duels are both excessively childish and excessively brutal. The author of *Pugilistica* calls them "sickening and murderous savageries." They are sickening and they are savage, but they are hardly ever murderous. They are got up between the members of two *corps*, just as a cricket match is got up in England between the members of two clubs, and it is seldom that they are preceded by a real quarrel. The blades used are something like a harlequin's bat with a sharp edge; and the face-wounds inflicted by them, though ugly enough to look at at the moment of infliction, do not generally involve more serious consequences than a razor-cut. A student may no doubt get such injuries as the writer describes; but that is the exception. Still, the practice is thoroughly detestable and barbarous—as vile, indeed, as the English boxing seems to the German student, trained to wield and endure the cuts of his thoroughly artificial weapon the schläger. But let us see how this method compares with that of the Prize Ring; and, for the present purpose, let us assume, what is not the

fact, that the two duels described are representative. We look at random through the pages of *Pugilistica*, and we find in p. 22 that "Broughton, when necessary in the conflict, by putting in his stomach blow, often decided the battle, and his lunge under the ear generally produced terrible consequences to his adversary." In p. 53 we hear of a certain Macdonald, who was "beaten so dreadfully that he gave in; that both eyes were closed, and it was found that his jaw was broken." In p. 59, "Ryan's head and eyes made a dreadful appearance"; and in p. 62, we have an exact parallel to the ugly incident of the schläger duel:—"Johnson . . . . caught him so severe and swift a blow in the face as laid his nose completely open." Odds (not unnaturally) "now rose 100 to 10 on Johnson."

On the whole, we may gather cheerfulness from these records in thinking that we are at least in some ways better than we were. On the other hand, while we agree with the virtuous sentiments of the collector of these annals concerning the undesirableness of reviving the P.R., it would certainly be unfortunate if boxing became a lost art. Possibly, as some say, there was less brutality in the way of murderous kicking assaults when "the art of self-defence" was more to the fore. Certainly some general knowledge of it might help to prevent the degrading exhibitions of personal cowardice of which a case lately reported is unhappily not a unique instance. In this particular case (one of too many like it) brought before the Marylebone police magistrate, an "excavator" named Jesse Palmer had gallantly gone to the rescue of a woman whose husband was trying to kill her with a knife. The husband and Palmer struggled; the husband aimed a blow at Palmer, and the knife fell on the ground. In Palmer's reported words, "a number of people came up at that moment" (when the assailant was unarmed), "and he (Palmer) asked them to help him, but they did not offer to do anything at all, and he believed they were all frightened of the prisoner." Possibly if some of the number had taken lessons from Donnelly they might have made a less shocking exhibition of dastardliness.

THE UNLIMITED BANKS AND THE NEW ACT.

THE success of the new Banking Act has been greater and more immediate than was at all expected when it was rushed through Parliament in the very closing week of the last Session. To secure its passing the Chancellor of the Exchequer had dropped some of its most important provisions; that, for example, creating a new class of banks under the name of Reserve Liability, and that imposing a uniform balance sheet. As the Bill was finally carried, it required all who registered under it to attach to their name the word "Limited," and many bankers have a very strong objection to do this. Their reasons are partly sentimental and partly practical; but, whether good or bad, it was feared that the objection would be powerful enough to render the Act nugatory. Many of them, moreover, hoped that such a hasty piece of legislation would be generally acknowledged to need early amendment, and the hope strengthened their inclination to watch and wait. The calming down of the alarm caused by the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank likewise encouraged the same course. As in so many previous cases, it was argued that the apprehensions of Bank shareholders in this instance also would gradually wear away. It was therefore not expected that a very great readiness to avail themselves of the provisions of the new Act would be shown by bank directors. The event, however, has fully justified those who advocated the adoption of a measure allowing the limitation of liability. Of the seven unlimited metropolitan and metropolitan and provincial banks five have already either resolved to register under the Act or are preparing to do so; while of the provincial unlimited banks a considerable number are also taking the same course. It is true that no Scotch or Irish bank has yet shown any inclination to take advantage of the Act. But there are special reasons in both cases accounting for this. Of the Scotch banks three are limited by charter, and yet, like the Bank of England, do not need to announce the fact in their names. Their competitors, whether rightly or wrongly, fear that if they were to "ticket" themselves, they would lose status in popular estimation. It must be admitted that their difficulty is a real one, and that it is quite reasonable they should ask that all Scotch banks should be placed on an equal footing. This being so, it is not at all surprising that they should wait in the hope of obtaining an amendment of the new Act. In the case of the Irish banks, again, there are some which have never yet published a balance sheet, and as a compulsory audit is part of the new Act, these, it need hardly be said, are not likely to adopt its provisions unless compelled to do so by their shareholders. While these hang back, their competitors naturally hesitate in the fear of losing caste with the public. Lastly, it was to be anticipated that the English provincial banks would but slowly and gradually come under the Act. For, as notice of the change has to be given to depositors, they would naturally dread the effect upon a class of persons generally timid, and too often ignorant as well. Here in London, and in other large towns, the public understand the import of the innovation, and are able to estimate the position of the institutions with which they deal. But in small towns and rural districts depositors are likely to be less well informed, and bank directors reasonably hesitate to take any step which might arouse their fears. Naturally, they will prepare the ground carefully before coming to a resolution. Yet, as we have already stated, a considerable number of provincial banks are taking measures to limit their liability.

In this matter the conduct of the great metropolitan and metropolitan and provincial banks is the most important, as in the long run it will determine that of all the others, and, as stated above, five out of the seven of these have either registered under the Act, or are preparing to do so. The Union Bank of London and the London Joint Stock for the present take up a waiting attitude. Both, indeed, express a desire for limitation of liability, but both object to the new Act as passed; especially they object to the obligation to write the word "Limited" after their names. Had the original proposal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to create a new class of banks with the title of "Reserve Liability" been approved by Parliament, both would have availed themselves of the provisions of the Act, but, as this was not done, they remain unlimited for the present in the hope of further legislation. We hardly expect that this hope will be realized. Mr. Gladstone, indeed, some years ago threw out a hint that our whole banking system, including the right of private companies to issue notes, needed to be reconsidered; and it is possible that, if he were to return to power, and were to accept the charge of the finances he might attempt a vast and sweeping measure of reform. But whether the attempt would be successful is another question. And, in any event, it may be doubted whether the particular amendments desired by the Union and the London Joint Stock Banks would form any part of the scheme. But, until a change of Government takes place, it may safely be predicted, we think, that there will be no such further legislation. The very pertinacity with which the Chancellor of the Exchequer clung last Session to the portions of his Bill permitting the limitation of liability, while sacrificing all the rest, proves that he wished to have done with the matter once for all. The Bill, as a matter of fact, does satisfy the demand raised by the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank. The hope, then, in which these two banks are waiting seems a groundless one; and the objections stated against the Act do not appear to be more substantial. There is nothing to prevent the Union and the London Joint Stock Banks, if they choose, from adopting reserve liability; only, whether they do so or not, if they become limited, they must plainly state the fact in their title. We see no hardship in this. Why should banks more than other Companies think the word "Limited" derogatory to them, or shrink from describing themselves truly as they are? The Chairman of the Union Bank of London, indeed, argues that the reserve liability plan would have given us a uniform system of banking; but the *Statist* of last Saturday demonstrates very clearly that it would have done nothing of the kind; that, on the contrary, with a class of reserve liability banks the margin of liability would in some instances have been simply equal to the paid-up capital, whereas in others it would have exceeded that amount nineteen times. If uniformity is really of the value which Mr. Fergusson thinks, the Act as passed is preferable to the original Bill. The truth would seem to be that the objections stated at their shareholders' meetings by the chairmen of the Union and London Joint-Stock Banks to the new Act express only a part of the reasons which actuated them and their co-directors to refuse for the present to become limited. When the London and Westminster, the London and County, and the National Provincial do not fear that the tacking of the word "Limited" to their names will weaken their credit or lower their prestige, the Union and the London Joint-Stock need not be so fastidious. Certainly the National Provincial runs more risk, if risk there be, than either of them. We cannot wonder, therefore, that some of the shareholders were dissatisfied with the reasons assigned. They are obviously so insufficient that we are driven to conclude that the strongest motive is a desire to wait and see how the limitation of liability will affect competitors, before taking a step which could not be retraced.

The three great banks just named which have registered under the Act have not adopted a uniform system. The London and County and the National Provincial have each combined reserve liability with limitation; the London and Westminster has not. The latter institution has been able to do this because the nominal amount of its shares is 100*l.*, of which only 20*l.* is paid up. This leaves a margin of 80*l.* per share still uncalled, and the directors are of opinion that the margin affords all the security to creditors that can be desired. The London and County and the National Provincial, on the other hand, not having so great a margin, are compelled to adopt reserve liability. It would be tedious to enter into minute details; but, broadly stated, the result of the change in the three cases is as follows. The London and Westminster has a paid-up capital of 2,800,000*l.*, with a further callable capital of 11,200,000*l.*; the London and County has a paid-up capital of 2,000,000*l.*, with a callable capital of 2,000,000*l.*, and a reserve liability capital of 4,000,000*l.*; the National Provincial has a paid-up capital of 2,227,000*l.*, with a callable capital of 1,785,000*l.*, and a reserve liability capital of 8,025,000*l.* It will thus be seen that the London and Westminster has a total capital of all kinds of 14,000,000*l.*, the London and County of 8,000,000*l.*, and the National Provincial of 12,037,000*l.* But the whole capital of the London and Westminster can be called up, should the business of the bank require it, whereas half that of the London and County and two-thirds that of the National Provincial can only be called for purposes of winding-up. Applying to these figures the test suggested by Mr. John Dun a couple of months ago in a letter to the *Statist*, which we noticed at the time, we find

that the London and Westminster must lose 8,867,000*l.*, the London and County 5,666,000*l.*, and the National Provincial 7,620,000*l.*, before the creditors can suffer loss. It may safely be pronounced incredible that these enormous sums could be made away with before the banks were wound up, especially as the Act provides the safeguard of a compulsory audit. But while the solvency of all three institutions as limited banks appears unquestionable, many persons are inclined to regret that, were it only for the sake of the example, the London and Westminster has not adopted reserve liability. In the case of that great bank itself, the matter is of no practical importance; but it is urged that, as a general rule, a capital callable for the ordinary business of a bank, however large it may be, does not afford a perfectly satisfactory security to creditors. Growth of business, lock-ups, bad debts, may cause it gradually to disappear, or, at least, so much of it as to leave only a very narrow margin behind. But, where reserve liability is adopted, the bank cannot touch that. If it loses its paid-up and callable capital, it must close its doors, leaving the reserve liability capital to its creditors. Thus, in the three cases which we have been examining, the London and Westminster might conceivably call up the whole of the 11,200,000*l.* which is now uncalled, leaving nothing beyond to the creditors; but the London and County could call up only 2,000,000*l.*, leaving 4,000,000*l.* untouched, while the National Provincial must leave 8,000,000*l.* to its creditors. Of course it will be understood that we do not say this deeming it possible in the cases before us, but only to illustrate the advantages of reserve liability.

REVIEWS.

MEMOIRS OF METTERNICH.*

(*Second Notice.*)

THE despatches which form the second volume of the present publication are in some respects more instructive than Prince Metternich's later reminiscences. Almost all men who have accomplished considerable results imagine themselves, as they look back, to have foreseen or designed many things which were at the time produced or known by mere experience. The despatches which record from day to day Metternich's conversations with Napoleon, and his own conjectures and schemes, are naturally less positive and less consistent than his policy as it is retrospectively described in the Memoirs. He professed in the interview at Dresden to agree with Napoleon that the Austrian marriage had been a blunder, though neither of them explained the reasons of their opinions. It would seem from the despatches that Metternich, if he was not the author of the arrangement, was entirely satisfied with the marriage, on the ground that it seemed likely to secure an interval of peace for the recovery of Austria from military and financial prostration. In 1809 Napoleon's insulting language indicated a purpose of dividing the Empire into three or four separate States, under relatives or dependents of his own. From the date of his marriage to the rupture of 1813, he neither made nor apparently designed any attack on the dominions of his father-in-law. During that time Metternich's chief uneasiness arose from his doubts as to the nature and permanence of the understanding which had been formed between Napoleon and Alexander I. at Tilsit and Erfurt. His reports to the Emperor Francis confirm his own subsequent account of the sagacity with which he discerned in 1810 the approaching rupture with Russia. A less cautious statesman would probably have made his discovery a reason for allying himself with the weaker party. The elder Metternich, who administered the Foreign Office during his son's absence in Paris, had before his return agreed with Count Schouvaloff, then on a mission to Vienna, on the draft of a treaty with Russia. Metternich without hesitation set the project aside, and continued till the beginning of the Russian war to negotiate with both the rival Powers. He steadily resisted the repeated proposals of Napoleon that Austria should seek compensation for territorial losses at the expense of Turkey; but he listened more favourably to overtures for an exchange of a portion of Galicia for Illyria and some of the other provinces which had been lost by Austria in former wars. On the other side he cultivated friendly relations with the Court of Prussia, and when the war began he effected the anomalous objects of furnishing a contingent to the invading army and at the same time maintaining neutrality with Russia. Prince Schwartzenberg's force, which formed the extreme right of the grand army, never during the campaign received an order from Napoleon; nor was there any collision with the enemy, who was also a neutral. The contingent was intended to serve another purpose, which was attained after the retreat from Moscow; Schwartzenberg, when he retired from Lithuania, took a position on the North-Eastern frontier of Austria, to prepare, with reinforcements which were hurried forward from all the provinces of the Empire, for armed mediation and for ultimate intervention. The contingent had, to Napoleon's surprise, been formed of the *cadres* of many regiments; so that, when it became the nucleus of a great army, its numbers admitted of rapid increase. Metternich foresaw the obstinacy with which Napoleon rejected every compromise, but he was firmly resolved not to engage in the war prematurely. He knew that the Russian army wished to retire within its own frontier; and he frequently expresses the opinion that, if Kutusoff had lived, it would never have crossed the Polish border. For the Prussian army, consisting chiefly of recruits, he entertained an undue contempt; and he justly distrusted the King, who had long obeyed Napoleon with the subserviency of habitual fear. At Metternich's request, the Emperor Francis joined his army at a point half-way between the camp of the allies and Napoleon's headquarters, at Dresden. Having heard that Metternich had met Alexander at a place called Opocno, Napoleon invited him to Dresden, where they held the famous conversation which lasted from eleven in the morning to eight at night. The occasion was so far unfavourable to peace that Napoleon's confidence had been revived by the defeat of the Prussians at Lützen and of the Russians at Bautzen. He more than once assured Metternich that he would meet him in a few months at Vienna. "Your soldiers," said the Minister, "are mere children, and if this juvenile army should be swept away, what will happen?" In a phrase easy to conjecture, but so coarse that it could not be literally quoted, the Emperor answered, "A man such as I am does not concern himself much about the lives of a million of men." "Why," replied Metternich, "do you say this to me in private, and not within the hearing of France? Our cause would not lose thereby." Napoleon, seeing the mistake which he had made, attempted to retrieve it by a grosser blunder. The French, he said, had no reason to complain, because to spare them he had sacrificed the Germans and the Poles. Out of 300,000 men lost in the Russian campaign, he asserted that only 30,000 were Frenchmen. "You forget, sire," exclaimed Metternich, "that you are speaking to a German." Both on arriving and on leaving, Metternich found the ante-chamber crowded with generals; and Berthier, of all Napoleon's lieutenants perhaps the most devoted to his chief, entreated him as he entered to make peace, which, he said, France required. On his departure Berthier anxiously inquired whether Metternich was satisfied. "Yes," he said; "he has explained everything to me; it is all over with the man."

Metternich was present with the allied sovereigns on the field of Leipsic, and he took the principal part in the arrangement of the plan of the next campaign, which was settled at Frankfort. Napoleon recognized his hand in the offer which the Allies publicly made, by the Austrian declaration of war, of the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees as the boundaries of France. "No one," said the Emperor, "who knew the French character less thoroughly than Metternich would have thought of the phrase." It is possible that Metternich afterwards exaggerated to himself the certainty which he represents himself as having felt as to the refusal by Napoleon of all tolerable conditions of peace. The harsher terms which were required at the Conference of Chatillon were also intended by Metternich to be rejected. As soon as the fall of Napoleon became imminent, Metternich, cordially supported by Lord Castlereagh, determined on the restoration of the Bourbons, in opposition to the fantastic schemes of the Emperor of Russia. Alexander stole a march upon him by concluding the treaty of Fontainebleau before Metternich's arrival in Paris. The Austrian Minister utterly disapproved of the selection of Elba as the place of Napoleon's residence, and the Emperor Francis dwelt on the grievance of the separation of the island from the Duchy of Tuscany. Nevertheless he found it necessary to acquiesce. In a letter to the Emperor Francis, Metternich mentions that at a dinner at Talleyrand's he had met Marshals Ney, Macdonald, Marmont, Lefebre, and General Dessoles, who were unanimous in their excited feelings against Napoleon. "Marshal Macdonald," he says in another letter, "declares that Napoleon has not two connected ideas." "The Marshals have declared that Napoleon should die if he does not abdicate, and in the opposite case they would immediately join the banner of Louis XVIII." Ney was at the time acting as one of Napoleon's plenipotentiaries. His violence in 1814 proceeded from the same weakness of character which in the following year caused his ruin. An account of the negotiations which resulted in the Peace of Paris by the first of European diplomatists would have been highly valuable; but Prince Metternich devotes only two or three pages to the most important treaty of the time. On the Congress of Vienna he is somewhat more communicative, and the scantiness of his narrative is in some degree corrected in the form of a memoir written by his confidential assistant Gentz, for whom he had procured the appointment of secretary to the Congress.

Perhaps the most interesting parts of Metternich's Memoirs are the judgments which he delivers on the characters of some of the sovereigns and statesmen whom he had known. His elaborate criticisms, written at a later period, sometimes differ from the opinions which he had expressed in contemporary despatches. To Talleyrand he attributes great intellectual power; but he thinks that he was most successful in preventing any definite course from being taken. "In the contrary direction I never could discover equal ability." Napoleon once said to Metternich, "If I want anything done I do not employ the Prince of Benevento; I turn to him when I want a thing not to be done which I wish to appear to want." Like most paradoxes Napoleon's statement was greatly exaggerated. He had not employed Talleyrand for years as his Foreign Minister for merely negative purposes. In later years Talleyrand's faculty of hindrance was exerted with surprising boldness; but not at the instance of the Emperor. At Erfurt he said to Alexander, "Sire, what are you going to do here? It rests with you to save Europe, and you can accomplish this

* *Memoirs of Prince Metternich*, 1773–1815. Edited by Prince Richard Metternich. Translated by Mrs. Alexander Napier. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1880.

resisting Napoleon. The French people are civilized, its Sovereign is not. The Sovereign of Russia is civilized, and his people are not. It is therefore for the Sovereign of Russia to be allied with the French people." Metternich also states that, at another interview with Alexander, Talleyrand said "The Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees are the conquests of France. The rest are the conquests of the Emperor of France, and we shall not hold them." About the same time Talleyrand repeatedly urged Metternich to form an alliance with Russia against Napoleon in the interest of France. It is difficult to judge whether his conduct is more properly to be called patriotism or treason. For Talleyrand's successor, Champagny, Metternich expresses dislike and contempt. His judgment of Fouché's ability and absence of scruple confirms the common opinion. The most important of his negotiations during his residence at Paris were conducted with the Emperor himself. On his first interview an unfavourable impression was produced by Napoleon's ungraceful figure, and endeavour to make an imposing effect; but he found that conversation with him "had a charm difficult to define." He always seized the essential point of the subject, "finding the fitting word for the thing, or inventing it where the usage of the language had not created it." In action also "ordinary rules did not embarrass him; in practice, as in discussion, he went straight to the end in view." In the historical discussions to which he frequently turned the conversation he betrayed his imperfect knowledge of facts, "but an extreme sagacity in appreciating causes and foreseeing consequences." Metternich held that in a certain sense Napoleon was not irreligious; and it is certain that he detested the French philosophers of the eighteenth century, and especially Voltaire. For legitimate succession he had an envious respect. Metternich once told Charles X. that Napoleon said to him at St. Cloud, "Do you know why Louis XVIII. is not sitting in this chair? It is only because I am here." For his followers he had no other regard "than a foreman in a manufactory for his workpeople." Duroc, he said, loved him as a dog loves its master; and Berthier as a nurse loves a child. His courage scarcely needed discussion, though, according to Metternich, he was most tenacious of life. "The history of his campaigns suffices to prove that he was always at the place, dangerous or not, which was most proper for the head of a great army." "In private life, without being amiable, he was good-natured, and even carried indulgence to the point of weakness." The Empress Maria Louisa said to Metternich soon after her marriage, "I have no fear of Napoleon, but I begin to think he is afraid of me." The question whether Napoleon was good or bad seems to Metternich inapplicable to his character. If there were a neutral land where morality and immorality were equally non-existent, it would be his proper dwelling-place. He crushed his enemies, but he bore them no malice, and he pursued his objects without reference to right or wrong. A judge lately told a jury that by the law of England every man is sane or insane. Unless the ethical law is more elastic, Napoleon must be placed on the wrong side of the border.

Of Alexander, with whom his personal relations had sometimes been less amicable, Metternich makes a still more careful study. During the Congress of Vienna the Emperor Francis one day sent for his Minister to inform him that Alexander had announced to the Emperor his determination to challenge Metternich to a duel. Francis II. pointed out the strangeness of the proceeding, but finally said that he had no doubt the challenge would be accepted. A partial explanation averted the duel, but during the remainder of the Congress the Emperor of Russia refused to hold private intercourse with Metternich. A meeting, rendered necessary by the escape of Napoleon from Elba, ostensibly put an end to the quarrel. Gentz says that when Alexander arrived at Vienna he was already embroiled with Austria, France, and England. His displeasure with Austria was really directed against Metternich, who had rejected the Emperor's proposal that he should be generalissimo of the allied armies, with Moreau as the chief of his staff. Another ground of offence was the refusal of Metternich and Schwartzenberg to be bound by a promise made by Alexander to a Swiss lady, who had been his sister's governess, that the allied armies should not enter the territory of Switzerland. At Vienna, Metternich, in concert with Castlereagh and Talleyrand, opposed the annexation of the Duchy of Warsaw to Russia, and the acquisition by Prussia of the kingdom of Saxony. Alexander had reason for attributing the real direction of Austrian policy to Metternich, and he avoided personal collision with Francis II., for whom he felt sincere attachment and respect. In the intervals of their dissensions Metternich had an intimate acquaintance with Alexander, and he seems to have understood his shallow and unstable character. Of the project and conclusion of the Holy Alliance he speaks with unqualified contempt. He tells, not for the first time, the story of Alexander's request to Lord Grey for a plan of an Opposition in Russia. Lord Grey naturally asked whether the Emperor intended to establish a Russian Parliament; in that case he might spare himself the trouble of inventing an Opposition. Napoleon once described, with characteristic subtlety, one of Alexander's fundamental deficiencies:—"There is something in him for which I have no name, and which I cannot better express than by saying that there is always something wanting in him. The most singular thing is that one cannot foresee in any given case or special affair what will be wanting, because that which is wanting changes perpetually."

No space is left to notice many other matters of historical interest, including the reciprocal antipathy produced by differences of opinion, of policy, and of temperament between Metternich and Stein. The want of an index is extremely inconvenient. The translation, both from French and German, is easy and idiomatic, though several passages require correction. The statement that in 1808 Napoleon had made peace with England is a strange as one of the terms of the supposed treaty, which provides that *Bragansia* shall be restored to Portugal. In the original the terms are perhaps those which Napoleon was willing to offer, including the restoration of Portugal to the House of Braganza.

THE GREAT AFRICAN ISLAND.*

MADAGASCAR has been the subject of several interesting volumes. Mr. Sibree's own publication in 1870 of a work he entitled *Madagascar and its People*, and Mr. Ellis's *Three Visits to Madagascar* of earlier date, drew attention to a very strange land and a stranger people. But there has been no such comprehensive account of both in all their various aspects as the present. Without pretending to scientific knowledge Mr. Sibree puts very clearly the problems which the island suggests both to the naturalist and to the ethnologist. From the point of view of the former, Madagascar is as remarkable for its deficiencies as for its riches. Near, comparatively speaking, as it is to Africa, and broad as is the belt of forest which surrounds the island in an almost unbroken line, it has no lions, leopards, elephants, monkeys, zebras, or giraffes, and no hoofed animals, except a species of river hog. The special occupants of its tropical woods are the lemurs, which in Africa are unknown. Mr. Sibree seems rather ashamed at having to avow that, "with two or three exceptions, the serpents of Madagascar are harmless." As, however, one of his missionary brethren describes as "a medium-sized specimen" one which was almost nine feet long, and as thick round the middle as the calf of a man's leg, he ought to be fairly content. Many reptiles live on the summits of gigantic trees above the reach of explorers. Mr. Sibree regrets that naturalists do not take advantage of a cyclone for their researches. Titans of the forest are then levelled, and whole tribes of arboreal reptiles can be studied without labour. In the vegetable kingdom, palms and ferns of various kinds appear to be the most conspicuous products of Madagascar. But its botanical curiosities would seem to have been not more fully examined than its animals. Mr. Sibree dwells with especial admiration on the Traveller's tree, which grows in the forest to a height of ninety feet. Its name is derived from the supply of water which can be obtained by piercing or pulling out a leaf stalk. The same tree grows, says Mr. Sibree, under the name of the fan palm, in the Malay Peninsula. On the original relationship between Madagascar and Malaysia which is indicated in some measure by the flora, and still more by the fauna, of the former, Mr. Sibree quotes, not with absolute assent, but with a certain approval, the remarkable hypothesis constructed by several naturalists, of the existence of a lost continent, named by Mr. Sclater Lemuria, to which Madagascar and Malaysia are supposed to have both belonged. The coral reefs of the region are a sign that the surviving islands belong to the class called by Mr. Darwin sinking lands. Physiology, according to Mr. Sibree, tells the same tale. The Malagasy, after allowing for casual intermixture with negroes and Arabs, are, he is of opinion, clearly of Malay extraction. Their features and hair are Malay, not negro, and their language seems to him to point to the same conclusion. A reputed Hova skull, on which supporters of the theory of an African lineage for the islanders rely, is, he thinks, probably that of a slave. He doubts whether a genuine Hova skull could be readily procured, the Hovas, who are the ruling Madagascar people, preferring to keep their skulls for themselves. At all events, the evidence of language is incapable of being counterfeited; and that, for reasons which we have no space to reproduce, he holds to be decidedly in favour of a Malay origin.

The Malagasy language has an interest independent of the ethnological propositions which it helps to prove. Mr. Sibree considers it an easy tongue on account of the simplicity of the grammar. There is also no fresh character to learn, as the island had no written language before Europeans, who happily were not Germans, taught them the use of letters. He maintains that, although the early Jesuits made some slight attempts to prepare books, the written form of the language in use is due really to the London Missionary Society. The language has some especial deficiencies. Mr. Sibree states that it has no plural form, though in one place he incidentally mentions that the men of a certain Malagasy tribe object strongly to be addressed in the singular. In some other respects the language is meagre. But in one particular its resources are exceptionally great. It contains a complete numeral system up to a million. That the word for a million signifies the finishing of counting can hardly be matter of complaint. A special difficulty for students is that a large number of words which were good Malagasy in one generation become obsolete in the next. When a chief assumes, as he commonly does on his accession to power, the name of a quadruped, bird, or tree, that word becomes among his dependents sacred and tabooed for everyday use. It can no longer be applied

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* *The Great African Island: Chapters on Madagascar.* By the Rev. James Sibree, Junr. With Maps and Illustrations. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

in its proper sense. Thus Mr. Sibree has known the common name for a crocodile, "mamba," to be laid aside in the dominions of a chieftain who was called Andriamamba. If the sovereign of the Hovas, who governs two-thirds of the island, takes a common name, the inconvenience is infinitely greater. The late Queen assumed the name of Rasoherina. As the last four syllables mean a silkworm, it became forthwith necessary to rechristen the silkworm zana-dandy, which signifies "offspring of the silk." As, when the sovereign of another powerful Malagasy tribe dies, he receives a new name, which is equally sacred, the difficulty only shifts. Other words have dropped out of the language through changes in customs. Many were used in connexion with divination, charms, and magical rites which Christianity has displaced. Thus, says Mr. Sibree, "the dictionary of the first missionaries will be to succeeding generations a kind of museum where alone they will find relics of the superstitions of their fathers." On the other hand, the same force of Christianity and civilization which has been destroying has been building up. Not only all the words denoting Christian rites are English, but so are most of the terms expressing grades in government, such as Prime Minister, and ranks and words of command in the army. Of the same extraction are nearly all terms which have to do with education and civilization. Such other evidences of intellectual culture as Malagasy embodies appear to be derived from the old Arab intercourse, which by many centuries preceded that of Europe, with Madagascar.

When the native intellect has created a new word, it is sure to be very significant. Thus a turkey is known by a combination which means "the not terrible bird." Probably the first turkey ever seen excited alarm by its crest and gobbling noise. When its helplessness was discovered, language avenged the panic. The people, having abundant leisure, let their imagination have free play in the coinage of words. The sun is called "the eye of day." The term for glory is "the flower of the grass.' The army is known as "needles of the kingdom, and wetted thread to bind it together." The people style the sovereign, and she by a far less usual courtesy styles them, "father-and-mother." The general application of this term to superiors has sometimes, according to Mr. Sibree, given a more political character to Christianity than was intended. The early missionaries rendered in the Fifth Commandment the words "father and mother" by this Malagasy term for parents. The result was that some loyal native preachers have been in the habit of making it a text for obedience to the Government. Between the word for girl in many tribes and the old English expression for an unmarried girl there is a close analogy. The Malagasy word means "spindle-child." The word for a child dying under two years of age will recall Keats's epitaph on himself. It is "rano," the word for water. Living youths are spoken of as "in the cream of it." Occasionally a moral sentiment is conveyed by a word. Thus the word for hypocrisy means "the becoming good by spreading a mat." In a Malagasy house the floor is seldom if ever cleaned; but when a visitor appears he is honoured by a clean mat being laid over the accumulated filth. Another word embodies, Mr. Sibree thinks, immorality rather than morality. He is very indignant that the act of divorce which a Hova husband can perform by merely sending to his wife a piece of money is called "thanking a wife." The act is doubtless a very bad act; but we do not know that it is made worse by "calling it by a fine name." The Hova thanks his wife for the rejected offer of her future company as the *table-d'hôte* guest thanks a waiter for the dish he passes by. Royal personages in Europe accumulate on their children baptismal names which would be a heavy infliction were they to become chief clerks in the Bank of England, but they are outdone in Madagascar. A recent Madagascar Queen had twelve syllables to her name, and a former Prime Minister ten. At one time it was the habit to prefix a baptismal name to a Malagasy who became a Christian. More lately Protestant missionaries have abandoned the practice, from the fear, we presume, of awakening political suspicion of an alien allegiance. A sufficient reason might have been the objection to increase even by a syllable the labours of human life. The names are often significant of supposed magnificent qualities. But contumelious names are not rare. Thus one high official is known as "Dunghill." The motive is the universal fear of exciting envy. It is common, Mr. Sibree says, if a stranger casually remarks that a child is pretty, for the relatives to reply, "No, it is ugly." Possibly something of this same dread of concentrating the attention of the powers of evil on a particular person may mingle with the sentiment of awe or politeness which makes it indecorous to utter, not only the sovereign's name lightly, but the name of any Malagasy "without making an elaborate apology for doing so." It is not hard to comprehend that a nation with such habits of constructing long words, and apologising in others still longer for not using them, is a nation of "ready and fluent speakers." "Almost all Malagasy," declares Mr. Sibree, "are born orators." He adds, "although"—we should have said "therefore"—"they certainly have also the power of saying a great deal without conveying a clear idea of what they mean." It is terrible to hear that to rhetoric they have lately added logic. Mr. Sibree says that an elementary Logic has become "a very popular work."

Life among the Malagasy is easy. There is not great wealth; but neither is there poverty. Mr. Sibree says that the country, were it properly tilled, could sustain a population from ten to twenty times its present three or four millions. We scarcely see that the total of happiness in Madagascar would be thereby greatly increased. In many respects Mr. Sibree testifies to the existence of so much practical prosperity in the island—at any rate so far as the sway of the Hova Crown extends—that we should be glad could the present condition of things continue. He reckons each missionary as representing in Polynesia a value to European and American commerce of 10,000*l.* a year. "In Madagascar perhaps it would not be too much to say that each missionary represents a value of from 2,000*l.* to 3,000*l.* per annum of foreign imports. . . . So true it always is that Christianity is the best civilizer and the harbinger of all honest trade." This may be a good argument at Manchester in the mouth of a travelling secretary of the London Missionary Society; but we do not know that Madagascar need envy Polynesia in this respect. We are glad to admit that Christian missionaries, not of the London Missionary Society alone, must be credited with having worked much good to Madagascar. They have abated infanticide and some of the worst horrors of war. They have shamed into secrecy the cruel superstitions connected with divination and charms. They have promoted, at all events, external modesty and sobriety. But their success is attributable in part to the very fact that European commerce has been slow to take advantage of the opening which missionaries have made. The Hova kingdom is in the happy state as yet of having Christianity to veto and prune down customs which degrade and brutalize, without the counter influence of an alien civilization to act as a universal solvent. Mr. Sibree's own account of Malagasy institutions indicates an elaborate and deep-rooted system, which might be overthrown but could not so easily be replaced. Hitherto Christian missionaries, conscious that they are left to deal alone with the native rulers, have contented themselves with interposing at the point at which a usage has degenerated into brutality or license. Did they know themselves to be supported by a powerful trading community we are not altogether sure but that they might attempt to import European institutions wholesale. As Mr. Sibree confesses, the extraordinary spread of Christianity through the Hova kingdom during the last sixteen years, and especially since the accession of Queen Rànavàlona in 1868, is due to the fact that the Government has been on the side of the new religion. "A vast proportion of the new converts would have probably become Roman Catholics, or even Mahometans, with almost equal readiness had their rulers favoured those forms of religion." That is not very satisfactory so far as the converts are concerned. But it is well that the missionaries themselves should feel indebted to a protection which binds them to respect a very remarkable national type. Such a sentiment Mr. Sibree himself shows to be entirely compatible with successful protests against the evil phases of Malagasy customs. The problem for missionaries in Madagascar is how to humanize those customs without involving good and bad in one common condemnation.

In solving this difficulty they may learn also how to release Malagasy life from an accretion of traditions and social distinctions which must go near to suffocating all energy. Everywhere in Madagascar life is broken up into sections and fenced about with forms which have lost their meaning. Thus there is the hereditary noblesse, the Andrians. They are buried in tombs different from those of the commonalty. Some of them may carry a scarlet umbrella. The highest grades may marry out of their own rank, though the inferior grades may not. For others the point of honour is that they may not mend a fence. None of them have any more prescriptive right than German nobles or Magyars to occupy State offices. The present Prime Minister, for instance, is not an Andrian, though his family has been wealthy and powerful for several generations. Andrians are often poor enough to be day labourers. One sept of them monopolizes the craft of making tinware. The sovereign is the single sun and centre of Malagasy society. When bricklayers' work has to be done in the Queen's palaces, "all ranks of the people, from the highest to the lowest, take a pride in doing with their hands some of the actual labour, under the eye of their Queen, who sits on a raised seat looking on." The sovereign is an autocrat. The lives and property of all her subjects are at her absolute disposal. It is death even to block the way to her cattle. But she is as much a slave to the ceremonial which environs her as her subjects are slaves to her caprices. She may not move except with an enormous retinue to escort her. On her progresses twenty to thirty thousand attend her. To walk is almost forbidden. From the great New Year's festival which she celebrates by majestically bathing in a silver bath, only screened from view of her Court by the silken mantles her attendants hold, to the moment when her royal corpse is yet more majestically interred, she is a figure in an often rehearsed pageant. The punctiliously regulated life of the sovereign is only an extreme illustration of the minute observances which encompass Malagasy life in all ranks. The best part of a Malagasy's year is robbed from him by a division of days into lucky and unlucky. Out of the twenty-eight days of a month twelve only are lucky. Some months are altogether unlucky. Children born in one month, or on certain days of others, were, until the missionaries interfered, put to death. "The new-born infant's head was placed face downwards in a shallow wooden dish filled with lukewarm water." In one Malagasy tribe a child born on a day of ill omen is buried alive in an ant-hill. The Hovas love their children, yet all infants born in an unlucky month had formerly to be laid down at

the entrance of the village cattlefold, that the oxen might be driven over them. The present Prime Minister survived this ordeal of hoofs and horns. The superstitions connected with burial are still more artificial and vexatious. A Hova whose house cost him ten dollars will spend a couple of hundred on a tomb. All sorts of fantastic forms, some of them exceedingly horrible, are employed when a funeral is solemnized. It is hardly affection which dictates them, but fear. The dead is supposed vaguely still to live and to have a ghost's power of haunting the living. The spirits of Malagasy monarchs are believed to make their abode in a lofty mountain called Ambondrombé. The neighbouring population fancies it hears the firing of cannon by way of salute whenever a royal ghost arrives to take up his abode in this gloomy Olympus.

We have been able to instance only a few of the many curious facts Mr. Sibree has collected. Our readers must go to him to learn how, according to the popular Malagasy doctrine, crocodiles habitually graze on pebbles, and eat oxen and men only by way of a whet; how ants kidnap serpents and cage them till they are fattened to the desired point; and how a Hova, very prudently, is more respectful to his mother-in-law than to his wife. We must also refer to the volume itself those who are curious on Malagasy painting, and carving, and architecture, and agriculture. We shall have effected our purpose, as Mr. Sibree will have effected his, if attention shall have been recalled to a very peculiar type, whether of civilization or of regulated barbarism, and to the interesting experiment of a body of Christian evangelists left to deal by their own unaided resources, not with a mere medley of isolated tribes, but with a powerful throne and a highly elaborate nationality.

HOUGHTON'S NATURAL HISTORY OF THE ANCIENTS.*

THE modest title of *Gleanings*, prefixed to Mr. Houghton's little work on natural history as known to the ancients, is intended, he explains, as a disclaimer of any intention of entering upon so wide a field as that subject would present if considered as a whole. Not a few lectures merely, but an encyclopædic volume, would be needed to give even in an abridged form a systematic view of natural history from the earliest times, even excluding altogether the botanical department of the inquiry, and limiting attention to what was known of the animal kingdom. Nor does Mr. Houghton propose to take his readers back to the earliest relations between man and the lower animals, as they may be traced by the juxtaposition of their remains in caves, kitchen middens, pile-dwellings, or other sources of knowledge prior to the dawn of written history. We are not to look to him for new light upon the stage of incipient civilization at which our rude and remote forefathers first made animals of use for other purposes than food, or to learn at what date the instincts of the dog were brought into use and trained for his master's service in the chase, or for carrying and drawing burdens. How long was it before sheep were gathered and tended in droves, and made to follow the wandering tribes in search of fresher pastures or more copious streams? When was it that the noblest conquest, as Buffon has taught us to regard it, that man has ever made, broke in the horse as his most efficient aid for transport and for war? Problems touching these obscure and rudimentary points of natural history still await the solution of the more scientific natural historian or palæontologist. As the popular expositor of what has been fairly well ascertained by zoological research, or is to be made out by critical study of the records of antiquity, Mr. Houghton has limited his notice to such animals as were familiarly known to the inhabitants of Egypt, Palestine, Assyria, Greece, and Rome from the earliest period of written history down to about the middle of the third century of the Christian era.

The sources on which our author has drawn for his information are in the main fourfold:—1. Natural history; 2. Literary history; 3. Figures of animals on monuments, coins, gems, &c.; 4. Names of animals. Within the range of time embraced by his inquiries there has been no discoverable break between the animal species disclosed by the earliest records and those found alive at the present day. In fact, as Mr. Houghton urges, such evidence as may be supplied unconsciously by prehistoric accounts may be more valuable to us than descriptions of animals in literary history. In the latter case, for instance, the authorities may make loose and inaccurate statements, perchance from hearsay, as to the occurrence of certain animals in particular places, their nature or habits; whereas the evidence of a pile-dwelling, a kitchen midden, or a bone graven with the image of a horse, a reindeer, or a mammoth, forms incontrovertible proof of the presence, be the period what it may, of such and such living forms upon the spot. For the literary material of our inquiry we begin with the records of the Old and New Testaments, with the Egyptian monuments and the lately deciphered cuneiform and bilingual texts exhibiting the names of animals known to the early Assyrians and Akkadians. Amongst classical writers the only approximation to anything like a system of zoology is Aristotle's well-known History of Animals, a work surprising for its width of knowledge and as a monument of diligent research, but, when tried by modern standards, lacking in scientific arrangement, and mixed with a vast amount of fable and error. In justice, however, to the great Stagirite, it must be allowed that his text has undergone an incalculable amount of tampering or falsification, and that, as regards many fundamental principles of biology, the judgment of experts like Professor Huxley has gone far towards vindicating as well his method of investigation as his exact appreciation of natural truth. Whatever ground may be afforded by many portions of what passes as Aristotle's work for the disparaging remarks of Mr. G. H. Lewes and other critics, the great Greek philosopher is not to be denied the credit of having anticipated by the keenness of his insight and the exactitude of his observation not a few of what have often been set up as discoveries of modern times.

Linguistic palæontology—a phrase borrowed from Professor Rolleston—or the evidence supplied by the names of animals, forms another source of information. Words have been well called fossil thoughts, and from the name of an animal in popular use we may derive a valuable clue to its identification or to a knowledge of its chief characteristics. What an admirable name, our author instances, is "flitter-mouse" for one of the commonest of our bats. The porcupine is the "pig-like creature armed with spines"; the Greek rhinoceros is "the animal with a horn on its nose." The squirrel—in Greek *σκίουρος*, "shadow-tail"—must clearly, he remarks, have sat for his name-portrait. Sometimes the name may speak to us of the country whence the animal originally came. Thus the Akkadian name for horse is "the beast of burden from the East"—*i.e.* Media and Armenia; the camel is "the beast of burden from the sea," the sea being the Persian Gulf across which the "ship of the desert" was brought to the Mesopotamian valley from its original home in Arabia. In Akkadian one name for wolf means "high-land"—*i.e.* the mountain district of Elam; the ravenous nature of this wild carnivore being expressed by another name which in English would read "the beast that eats like a dog," or the ravening beast. The first class of animals taken up by our author is that of the *Simiadæ*, or apes and monkeys, as known to the ancients. A conspicuous place in Egyptian mythology was held by the baboon (*Cynocephalus hamadryas*), a species not now found in Egypt, but the only one it would seem known there in early times. It is found often in large groups in Abyssinia and Arabia. This large and wise-looking ape was sacred to Thoth, the lord of letters or Egyptian Mercury. It is not unfrequently depicted seated above the balance in which the soul of the departed is weighed, or in the boat in which a wicked soul is sent back to earth from the presence of Osiris. Other monkeys, apparently some kind of *circopithecus*, occur upon the monuments as tribute to Egyptian monarchs. They are often found embalmed, and are known to have been held in religious reverence. No species of monkey is known to have been indigenous in Palestine. The word used in Scripture for the ape, *kōph*, is not Hebrew, but, like those for ivory (*shēn-hābbīm*, tooth of elephant, from the Sanskrit *ibha*) and peacocks (*tūkkiyīm*), found in combination with it in 1 Kings x. 22, derived from the Sanskrit *kapi*, in Greek *κῆβος*. It was most probably from India that Solomon drew these imports, as well as the almug ("algum") or sandal wood, a native of the mountainous parts of Malabar, though some, reading ostriches for peacocks, look to the eastern coast of Africa as the source of supply. In the Assyrian name for a monkey, *udumu*, it is easy to recognize the Hebrew word, *adam*, for a man.

In the Periplus of Hanno we come upon the name and the characteristics of the African gorilla. To what extent the ancients were able to distinguish between this and other varieties of the anthropoid ape we have no means of determining with any degree of accuracy. Aristotle speaks of three tribes of *simiadæ*—*pithecoi*, *keboi*, and *cynocephaloi*, the *pithecus* being a tailless species, the *kebos* having a tail, and the *cynocephalos* being a dog-headed baboon, corresponding with the designation of modern zoologists. Mr. Houghton has brought together from Pliny, Cicero, and other writers, a variety of notices illustrating the regard, and even religious reverence, in which monkeys of different kinds were held in Rome, and the prices paid for household pets. Not less curious and ample are the notices of the dog, carried back to the earliest times. On the Egyptian monuments the dog has very much the character of the Dalmatian hound or the Eskimo breed. One of the names used for it, *uńsu* or *uńsau*, "wolves," seems to favour the idea of the dog being derived from the domesticated wolf or jackal. In a letter of the nineteenth dynasty, translated by Dr. Birch, large packs of hounds are spoken of—200 of the kind called *unu*, and 300 more *uńsu*, in all 500. Many were pied or spotted, and show somewhat of the greyhound form. The oldest shown by the monuments is a house dog, of the time of Cheops, bound by a cord to his master's chair. The mastiff—never seen in Egypt—is vigorously drawn in several of the Assyrian bas-reliefs, of which our author gives a capital specimen from the British Museum. He considers it to have been allied to the Indian dog, known to Alexander the Great, mentioned by Herodotus, Aristotle, Xenophon, and Strabo amongst the Greeks, Pliny and Solinus among the Latins. Clay models of the noble dogs with which Assurbanipal, son of Esarhaddon, hunted the lion are to be seen in our national collection. The people of Colophon and Castabala, Pliny writes, kept troops of dogs for war purposes, which fought in the first ranks and never retreated. Arrian, who, like Xenophon, was a true sportsman, gives in his excellent work on coursing interesting particulars of the care and skill bestowed on rearing and training hounds for the chase and for domestic use.

* *Gleanings from the Natural History of the Ancients.* By the Rev. W. Houghton, M.A., F.L.S., &c. Illustrated. Cassell, Petter, & Galpin. 1880.

The Egyptians are the first people among whom we find notices of the cat. It figures largely upon the monuments as a domestic pet, and was honoured when dead. Comical stories are told by Herodotus of the anxiety to save the cats when a house caught fire, and of the grief when one died. The cat seems to have served as a retriever in fowling expeditions, and even in fishing. It seems strange that no mention of the cat occurs in the Bible or in any Assyrian record. Even in India Professor Max Müller is quoted as saying that it was but recently known as a domestic animal. Its Sanscrit name is mârjâra, from a root meaning to clean, from the creature's habit of licking herself at her toilet. Her mousing habits were well known to the Romans, and even to the Etruscans, as shown by antique gems and even wall paintings. The mouse-killer domesticated among the Greeks, called γαλῆ, described by Aristotle, and humorously referred to by Aristophanes in the *Peace*, has been shown by Professor Rolleston to have been our white-breasted marten (*Martes foïna*), a different animal from the γαλῆ ἀγρία or ἴκτις, which was larger, and a great lover of honey as well as a killer of birds. Mr. Houghton dwells upon the remarkably scanty occurrence in Latin writers of the word *felis* or *feles*, Cicero using it but once, and that when speaking of Egyptian cats. Ovid in a single passage speaks of a mythological *felis*, into which the sister of Phœbus was changed (*Met.* v. 330). Besides the cat the Egyptians domesticated the ichneumon, popularly known as Pharaoh's rat, which is still to be seen in houses at Cairo. The cattle and horses of the ancients, as well as their poultry and farm produce in general, are graphically brought before our eyes by the wall-paintings of Egypt and the tablets and bas-reliefs from Assyria which adorn our museums. Illustrating his pages with some of the most expressive of these, Mr. Houghton is able to make abundantly clear the points of resemblance and contrast between these early and foreign types and those familiar to ourselves. About two-thirds of his book are taken up with the domesticated animals of all kinds, the remaining third being given to the wild animals. Foremost among these is the king of beasts, who has now disappeared from Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and the whole of Europe, but who was well known and worshipped in Egypt, if not, as is thought likely, tamed and trained for the chase. The grand monarchs of Assyria are portrayed hunting the lion, and even encountering him single-handed. The hyæna was hunted in Egypt, and deer of many kinds excited the ardour of lovers of the chase, whose sport in its manifold forms is vividly described by Xenophon. The disputed identity of the unicorn—in the Hebrew *reëm*—is discussed by our author, who shows it, from Deut. xxxiii. 17, to have certainly had more horns than one, and makes it, with the greatest likelihood, the same as the wild bull of the Assyrian monuments, the Akkadian *am-si*, or ox with horns. Another controversy, never perhaps to be finally disposed of, why the beetle was worshipped by the Egyptians, is the last treated of in this excellent little work, and is still left in much uncertainty. Was it a symbol of the world, or of the sun or the moon, or of Pthah, the creative power of spring, or of fecundity, or what not? Our author is inclined to believe that the main idea involved was the insect's habit of forming balls of dung as depositories for its eggs, which came to be looked upon as a symbol of the sun's creative power. Others have seen in the action of its fore-feet the suggestion of the posture of worship. One of the best qualities of Mr. Houghton's treatment of whatever he takes in hand is that he is instructive and critical without being dogmatic.

ANGLERS' EVENINGS.*

IN Manchester, by the festering banks of the Irwell, in the very centre of river pollution and of all uncleanness, there exists a little missionary band which preaches the virtues of pure water. This band is called the Manchester Anglers' Club; and, as they cannot fish in the black and poisonous streams of their district, they meet in the evenings, and read papers descriptive of distant sport and scenery. These papers have been published, under the name of *Anglers' Evenings*, and form a very pleasant little book, which we heartily recommend to all who love to be quiet and go angling. The members of the Club have wetted their lines in some far-off and in many familiar waters; but, before following them to Scotland and to Norway, let us quote what Mr. Corbett has to say about the condition of the Irwell. The cynical stupidity of defiling rivers by making them common sinks (a practice which is destroying the salmon in the Tweed, the Eden, and the Inne) has never been more plainly demonstrated:—

> And now for the future of the Irwell. There have been put into it, as refuse, several materials which, with the progress of science and invention, have been found capable of better uses, and of these I will name a few. Gas-tar was put in; it now sells for thousands of pounds per annum, and forms the basis of many important trades. Ammonia-water was so wasted, and it is now sold and used. Gas lime was also freely put in the river before a better use was found for it. Cotton waste was put in, I have seen the river white with this material; we have now a group of traders called cotton waste dealers, who have an Exchange of their own. Dye stuffs have been redeemed from waste to a large extent, but they yet form a great portion of the river's pollution. Soap has been very largely put in, and in some cases profitably kept out and converted into fine tallow candles and alkalies. Metallic and chemical refuse, coal, ashes, and cinders are yet thrown into the river. And last, though not least, the valuable article called sewage is still put into the river, to an extent causing a loss, in my belief, of more than a million pounds a year to South Lancashire. At Wrexham, and many other places, it yields a clear profit to the sewage farm of more than 10*l.* per acre per year. The increase in the revenue of land so improved in South Lancashire, to the extent of twenty miles by twelve, would exceed a million a-year, and the sewage of the town would improve such an area very materially, without nuisance from over irrigation. Science has so far advanced as to show that it is profitable to keep sewage out of the rivers, and legislation must proceed to prevent the abuse of the water-ways of the country.

It is more pleasant to turn to Mr. Heywood's account of trout-fishing in Norway. When he has a fortnight's holiday Mr. Heywood crosses from Hull to Bergen, and instantly has his reward. At Dale he finds "the most beautiful spot in the world," and plenty of sea-trout fishing. By an admirable "dispensation" the sea-trout generally does live in the midst of lovely scenery. Mr. Heywood found that of Dale so glorious that he wisely declines to describe it. He was even tempted to throw down his rod for a time, and vow that it was a shame to let anything interfere with the enjoyment of landscape so pure and noble. But his better nature revived, and he was soon busy landing another "Stor fisk." This was wise, for there are plenty of beautiful places where one may go and stare at mountains and cataracts and yet can get no fishing. In many high districts of Switzerland, for example, the success of the cunning old village angler is a mystery unsolved by tourists. The only drawbacks to perfect bliss in Norway are the rather poor accommodation, the scantiness of food, and the existence of some English sportsmen who monopolize great stretches of river. Mr. Heywood was lucky enough to make friends with a fish-spearing but hospitable old farmer in a red cap, who gave him luncheon and leave to angle in his waters. If the inns are not sumptuous, they are not dear, and tenpence-halfpenny usually settled the bill. In one day's walk Mr. Heywood thrice filled his basket with trout, which seem to have varied in size from half-a-pound to three pounds. Minds peaceful and contented take this to be better sport than most salmon-fishing, and it is pleasant to wield a rod rather lighter than a weaver's beam. The bathing was found worthy of the hexameters of Clough—"The water is charged almost like soda-water, with bubbles of air." Norway is clearly the place for the energetic angler, now that commercial enterprise has ruined the rivers at our doors.

How few anglers have tried sea fly-fishing with stout, but not coarse, tackle! E. G. S. contributes a paper on this sport, as pursued by him off the Isle of Man. When a man is forced, for want of better sport, to fish in the sea, he commonly uses the very rudest rods and tackle—the poles, for example, with lines of string and big white-feather flies, common on the Argyleshire coast. With these weapons you may have some butcher-like and facile successes, or you may "grup" nothing at all. E. G. S. tried strong salmon tackle, a civilized rod, flies of some neatness of make, and he trolled with sand-launces by way of bait. He was rewarded by the capture of mighty mackerel, and of "corlig" or "lythe," as the Scotch call them, of seven or eight pounds weight. We can testify that lythe run like sea-trout, even when hooked with tackle that seems strong enough to land the kraken. E. G. S. says with perfect truth that "there is no greater mistake than to use coarse tackle for sea-fishing, whether with the rod or line. Doubtless a very large quantity of fish may be taken with any sort of tackle when they are on the feed; but the experience of those who have tried fishing with fine and carefully made tackle is, that even when fish are not greedily feeding, twice the number may be taken." It is an opinion which we have long held in secret; but the custom of most places is so strong in favour of brutally robust tackle, that to use anything lighter seems affected, unEnglish, and almost savouring of violent Radicalism. The paper of E. G. S. contains minute directions to guide the convert into a form of fishing which, prejudice aside, promises really excellent sport. Two big mackerel, hooked at the same moment on light tackle, can only be landed by skill and patience; and who can say that a "pollack" which runs out fifty yards of line at his first rush is a fish to be despised? E.G.S. adds to his essay the advice not to loose the light skiff with a companion who is a "non-fisherman." Such a being always gets bored and gives trouble, and a non-fisherwoman is a still greater plague. Mr. Edwin Waugh adds a short and humorous story about conger-fishing, told in the Lancashire dialect. Mr. Reid's paper on Grayling is straightforward and useful; for his practical advice we must refer anglers to his essay. A short sketch of cockney fishermen is contributed by Crabstick. This writer has found out an inn on the Tweed which we had fondly believed to be the secret home only of a small band of anglers who keep its whereabouts dark. We do not mean further to divulge the secret thoughtlessly revealed by Crabstick. At this excellent hostelry he met two Southrons in patent leather boots, who tried to fish in the Tweed with "floaters, floaters painted green and white," with the success that may be imagined.

A Manchester party in the kingdom of Galloway has had triumphs which simply amaze us. They followed the course of the Ken, from the two narrows which bear the name of the "College Loup" and the "Tinkler's Loup" (because a tinker and a student leaped across them at some unknown date) down to the "Lochinvar Arms" at Dalry. They declare that they filled their baskets with trout. Now we have fished the Ken with every possible and impossible lure (except worm), from trout-flies to the last thing in imitation minnows, and have never seen anything in

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* *Anglers' Evenings: Papers by Members of the Manchester Anglers' Association.* Manchester: Heywood & Son. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1880.

the water but parr and salmon. There are "splendid trouting streams," as our authorities say, but (at least in autumn) there seem to be no trout in them. Perhaps pike from Loch Ken demolish the trout, or other theories may occur to the scientific imagination. To be sure the invaders went north in spring:—

After the smoke and dust and din of busy Manchester, how serene and balmy the atmosphere of the Stewartry! How inspiriting and elastic the clear sunshine! How lovely the budding hedge-rows, and the mossy banks and woods dotted with pale primroses and sweet violets! The songsters of the woods had once more awakened to new life, and were pouring forth their thrilling strains of melody. The young lambs frisked and gambolled in an ecstasy of delight, the cattle browsed in the fields. The cuckoo gave forth its doleful but melodious note, and the mavis from the shaw saluted his brooding mate. The trees, which were recently so naked and skeleton-like, were fast assuming their beautiful appearance; with branches, lately so bleak and naked, now gracefully bending under the weight of bursting buds and blossoms.

It may be possible that a stream which is good in May is useless in August, only let no man, deceived by the prose and poetry of the Manchester anglers, expect to catch trout in the Ken in autumn. In August we may say of the Galloway waters, as Mr. Stoddart long ago sang of Yarrow,

Waes me! the ancient yellow fin,
I marvel whar' he's gaen tae;
Was ever trout in Forest rin,
Sae comely or sae dainty!

In or near the Forest—namely, at St. Boswells, on the Tweed —Mr. Vannan found good sport. The Tweed is sadly changed since Mr. Stoddart hymned it in verses whose music somehow keeps a kind of echo of the unresting river. All the "mills" of Galashiels have poured their filth into the beautiful pools and streams, and we agree with Mr. Vannan in holding that this pollution is the probable cause of the salmon disease. Here, however, is the record of the sport of William Rankin, a *blind* angler of St. Boswells:—

From twenty to thirty pounds is quite a common weight of fish for him to carry home as the product of one day's fishing; and that in a part of the river, say within a mile or two of St. Boswells, where it is necessarily very much fished. But then the water must be in perfect ply for the minnow, and other circumstances must be favourable. His most successful time is when the flood is falling, and the river assumes that deep-black, and yet clear colour, which all anglers love so well. He informed me that, during the spring of the present year (1879), on two successive days in April, he killed with *artificial* minnow, nine sea-trout, and two or three river-trout, the total weight being thirty-six pounds. On one occasion, with flies of his own tying, he took out of one stream in the Tweed ten trout, weighing seven and a quarter pounds; on another, below Mertoun Bridge, he hooked with fly eight sea-trout, five of which he landed. He now prefers minnow-fishing, because he can make heavier baskets. During two days' salmon-fishing, at the close of November, 1877, he killed on the first day three salmon, weighing twenty-two, thirteen, and ten pounds respectively; and on the second, two salmon and four sea-trout—the salmon twenty-two and seven pounds each; the largest sea-trout seven pounds, and the smallest three.

The dexterity of Rankin, who in spite of his blindness can wade a river so deep and treacherous as the Tweed, is really amazing. At St. Boswells another local angler, William Younger, is the son of a very remarkable man, a rural poet and fly-fisher, and the author of a capital little book on Tweed-fishing. The Tweed fishers are generally interesting companions; they live all their lives with nature, content with very slight gains, and a free, and one may almost say a romantic, existence.

We have hardly space for a full notice of Mr. Bantock's capital paper on Sutherlandshire. No better ground can be recommended to the trout-fisher, who from Inchnadamph can angle in that beautiful sheet of water, Loch Assynt, in Loch Awe, rich in well-fed trout, or in lonely Mulach Corrie, where the rare gillaroo is found. "Gott pless her grace, the goot Tuke of" Sutherland, is the prayer of every angler who visits the Northern county, where capital roads and comfortable inns do not spoil one's delight in the most remarkable of Scotch mountain scenery.

With a word of praise for Mr. Estcourt's "Bibliography of Angling," we close this review of a charming book with an extract to prove that "the mute little fish" are admirers of female beauty. The extract is from an otherwise rather unsatisfactory paper by Mr. Faraday, on "The Mind of Fishes":—

It was the blennies who manifested that appreciation of feminine beauty to which I have alluded. They were generally indifferent to the presence of spectators. On the occasion in question I had the honour of conducting a number of young ladies, pupils from one of our principal schools, round the exhibition. It is necessary to say that the young ladies were merging into womanhood and were exceedingly good-looking. No sooner had we arrived before the blenny tank than one of the fish, happening to turn his head, caught sight of the unusual spectacle and instantly rushed to the front. Other blennies, attracted by his sudden movement, turned round, and followed, and speedily every blenny in the tank (there were some hundreds in all), was pressing his nose against the glass, and a row of gleaming eyes was seen, expressing such intense and unmistakeable admiration and amazement that some of my fair companions actually blushed.

We wish the Manchester Anglers' Association good sport, and plenty of interesting papers to be read in "the winter of our discontent."

THE JUSTICES' NOTE-BOOK.*

MR. WIGRAM has succeeded in what might seem the hopeless task of writing a law book which is at the same time a valuable and trustworthy manual of the branch of law to which it refers, and is also really amusing and eminently readable. The author of this new "Mirror for Justices" is as full of "wise saws and modern instances" as the typical Justice described by Shakspeare, and his appearance on the bench must be hailed with delight by his brother magistrates, no less on account of his obvious acquaintance with his work than on account of the genial spirit which, if we may judge from the tone of his book, his presence must shed over proceedings which are sometimes of necessity dull and disagreeable. In treating of some departments of law, which require elaborate exposition and laboured argument, the light-heartedness of Mr. Wigram's style might be out of place; but the transaction of justices' business is for the most part, at least in theory, pretty plain sailing, and Mr. Wigram has taken the best possible means towards the desirable end of inducing gentlemen on the Commission of the Peace to acquaint themselves with the nature and method of their judicial duties, by rendering his book such as they may read through without weariness. Too many country gentlemen take their seats on the bench in the condition described by Mr. Wigram in his preface, never having heard a case tried, and with the instincts and education of an English gentleman as their sole credentials and qualifications. Such men are to an undignified extent dependent on the magistrates' clerk, and their legal experiments occasionally result in those glaring blunders of law or judgment which have—perhaps, on the whole, unfairly—made "justices' justice" a by-word. Apart from the actual wrong inflicted by erroneous or unduly severe punishments, the spread of education nowadays renders a blunder palpably apparent to classes which in former days were more apt to accept the authority of their social superiors as infallible; and it therefore behoves every man who has a position to sustain to be very careful that he does not lessen the influence pertaining to that position by exposing his incapacity to occupy it.

Mr. Wigram's book takes the form of a modest volume in two parts, the first comprising a brief account of the formation and practice of the tribunals in which justices exercise their functions; the second, a condensed digest of such portions of the criminal and civil law as fall within the province of the justice of the peace. Indeed it may be said that this digest contains, of course in very compressed form and with the omission of all technicalities, a complete synopsis of the criminal law, inasmuch as justices may have to deal with offences of any nature or degree in the course of preliminary investigations held for the purpose of deciding whether persons accused of those serious offences which lie beyond the jurisdiction of justices to decide summarily shall be committed for trial or discharged. The presiding at these investigations constitutes by no means the least important branch of a justice's duty, and Mr. Wigram shows a very just appreciation of the gravity of the issues sometimes involved. At p. 28 he says:—

The committal of a person for trial may in some cases be matter of the most ordinary routine, while in others it is a step involving very grave responsibility. Even upon the assumption that justice is certain to be done in the end, it is no light matter, when unconvinced by the prosecutor's evidence, to inflict upon a man the injury to character, anxiety of mind, and loss of time and money, which are the inevitable consequences of sending him before a jury. It is true that inconveniences of this kind must be resolutely inflicted when public interests are at stake. It is also true that very unpleasant surgical operations are at times indispensable. But if any such operation might have been avoided by a little more judgment or experience on the part of the ordinary medical adviser, he will hardly, if he be wise, attempt to pacify his patient by any truism of the kind.

The other branch of justices' work—namely, that of dealing summarily with minor offences and adjudicating on certain classes of civil claims—though less important in individual cases, yet covers an immense area and involves the application of numerous statutes, some of which are masterpieces of complicated and obscure legislation. Add to this what Mr. Wigram calls administrative duties—"the control of the liquor traffic in all its branches, the granting of licenses for various purposes, the general and authoritative superintendence exercised with respect to highways, lunatics, and the poor, the attendance at Prison and Asylum Committees, &c."—and it will be seen that a conscientious justice's office is no sinecure. In fact, it is marvellous how large a portion of the national welfare is entrusted to the care of the Great Unpaid, assisted only by a comparatively few stipendiary magistrates and recorders, and how well, on the whole, the system works.

With the minutiæ of Mr. Wigram's First Part we do not propose to deal at length. Brief rules are given for the conduct of the hearing of non-indictable offences and complaints, and as to the preliminary investigations of indictable offences, with observations and criticisms on the alterations introduced into the pre-existing procedure by the Summary Jurisdiction Act of 1879, accompanied by a short analysis of the provisions of that statute; whilst a chapter is devoted to the consideration of quarter sessions and appeal, the latter subject being, however, more fully dealt with under its appropriate heading in the Digest.

This Digest, which, as we have said, constitutes Part II. of Mr. Wigram's work, is really most admirable in its way.

* *The Justices' Note-Book.* By W. Knox Wigram, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, J.P. Middlesex. London: Stevens & Sons. 1880.

The statement of the law is interspersed with shrewd commentaries, little bits of advice replete with common sense and good judgment, and illustrations the humour of which is only equalled by their appositeness. Cases are quoted where they are necessary or useful for exemplification, but not in such number as to be confusing or to divert attention from the principles enunciated. The only fault we have to find is that those offences which are not triable at sessions or summarily are not in every case sufficiently distinguished from those which are. Reference to other portions of the book would no doubt solve any question which might arise; but the information might be so easily conveyed in an abbreviated form that there should be no room left for possible hesitation, even at the risk of repetition. As an instance of this sort of omission, we may mention the offence of night-poaching by three or more persons armed, referred to at p. 191 of the Digest, where no indication is given of the fact that this particular offence is not triable at sessions; while, curiously enough, the same offence is also omitted in the list given at p. 45 of crimes only punishable at assizes or in courts of equivalent jurisdiction. Some few inaccuracies have crept in; but they are mostly such as are traceable to the plan necessarily adopted of laying down rules very briefly and comprehensively, without taking into account the exceptions which judicial refinements may have superimposed on those rules. But Mr. Wigram has been a little hasty in post-dating his book in the year 1880, inasmuch as the heading "libel" was obviously written before the late decision in the Labouchere case. After correctly stating that "Justices have no authority to examine into the truth of a charge of libel preferred before them as a possible ground for declining to commit the defendant for trial," he proceeds:—"But any witnesses tendered by the accused on this or any other point ought to be heard, and their depositions taken in the usual way"—a proposition distinctly negatived in the above-mentioned case. We would specially single out for notice, among the short articles in which Mr. Wigram summarizes the law upon different points, those which treat of the "Intoxicating Liquor Laws." The enactments constituting the system by which the sale of stimulants in this country is regulated are, as is well known, numerous and involved, being in many cases interdependent to a most perplexing degree. Mr. Wigram has, however, evolved order out of this legislative chaos, and, by dint of careful arrangement and explanation, has managed to present a comprehensive view of the present condition of the law on this point as administered by justices. Game, too, as a subject of paramount interest to country magistrates, comes in for due notice, and Mr. Wigram gives an elaborate exposition of the somewhat anomalous attitude of the Common Law towards the feathered and furred attributes of the soil, and of the efforts of the Statute law to encircle them with a protection equivalent to that extended to things falling within the meaner category of chattels. In protesting, as a justice should do, against the supposition that Game-laws are passed in the interest only of the rich and as an instrument of oppression against the poor, Mr. Wigram waxes quite warm, and we transcribe a portion of his justification as affording a good specimen of his lively but pithy style of writing:—

> It is supposed by a good many people that the Game-laws are framed in the interest of a privileged class. Into that controversy we are not now going to enter. It is only fair to remember, however, that the wealthiest landowner in England may not carry a gun across his own stubbles, much less knock over one of his own birds, without a ticket-of leave from the Excise first purchased and paid for. Even when the partridge lies dead at his feet it is his own only in a qualified and incomplete sense. It is game as much as ever. No charge of shot can drive that out of it, or reduce it to the level of unsanctified duck or chicken. He may dine upon it or give it away, but he has no right to sell it—except, indeed, to a licensed dealer with an Excise board over his door. He can't even sell it to him unless he hold a shooting certificate running over the entire year. We may warn the poacher out of our woods, but we certainly submit to restrictions which the poacher wouldn't if he stood in our shoes.

How enlightened are Mr. Wigram's views on the matters coming under his notice, may be judged from his expressions of anxiety for the speedy introduction of the Criminal Code; his wise cautions with respect to cases of alleged cruelty to animals by servants, in which humanity for the animal is combined with consideration for the servant, who may in many cases be infinitely less to blame than his employer; his obvious repugnance to punishments being inflicted on children which may tend to injure their prospects in life; and his intolerance of the senseless clamourers against vaccination.

We have hitherto forborne to quote any of the stories with which Mr. Wigram seeks to beguile his brother justices along the path of duty. The apparent paradox which he puts forward, under the head of Bigamy, of a couple who were married at their own parish church with every customary ceremony and observance, being both of full age, sound in body and mind, British-born subjects, and without the slightest obstacle in the way of kindred or affinity, and who yet are not legally man and wife, and might either of them marry again without any risk of being prosecuted for bigamy, is a curious legal problem only to be solved by the explanation Mr. Wigram gives later on in his book. Under the head of Malicious Mischief, the author gives a curious instance of what in his opinion constituted an offence of this nature, the case being that of a compositor who by way of joke altered one single letter of a word which he had set up, after the proof had been revised by the author. The word occurred in the middle of a solemn poem, the transformation rendered it "horribly grotesque," and the thing was not discovered until the whole edition of an expensive work had been printed and circulated. There are many incidents of a like character recorded in Mr. Wigram's book, but we trust that what we have already said will suffice to demonstrate that, both in its grave and its livelier portions, it is thoroughly good, and to recommend it to the attention of those for whom it is primarily intended. Further than this, it is a book which any one might read with profit, and with a strong probability of finding something therein to his advantage. We confess that we first learnt from Mr. Wigram's book the gratifying news that, at least within the Metropolitan Police District, a man may have the satisfaction of apprehending with his own hands an organ-grinder who insists on playing near his house after having been told to go. It would be still more satisfactory, however, if he could always be sure of finding a policeman at hand to do it for him.

A YEAR IN PESHAWUR.*

THIS work recalls to us the cynical remark of Gibbon about the discoverers of sacred relics, who invented names for skeletons, and actions for names. The author of this slender story has experienced what it is to live in a cantonment on the "unscientific" frontier of India, where officers may be shot at in the twilight if they venture beyond the "Circular Road" and the "Mall," and where clever thieves can carry off horses from under the very noses of the somnolent *syces*. Mrs. Trevelyan describes garrison life with a good deal of truth and without affectation, but she seems to us deficient in the ability to weave a consistent and animated story out of her experiences; and her characters, she is careful to tell us, are "typical," and not drawn from life. Practically, if not exactly like Sir Anthony Absolute's dummies, "fit only to dust the company's regimentals," her captains and subalterns are mere pegs to which the incidents are made to fit. The men and women are pen-and-ink sketches, and the whole story hangs together rather loosely. We could almost wish that the dashing lieutenants, the attractive married ladies, and their charming daughters just fresh from England, had been taken from living models. Anglo-Indian authors, in several recent instances, have proved that it is quite possible to draw from nature without encountering the averted looks of their friends and the indignation of the mess-room. Bereft of all individuality, even frontier officers in these stirring times are apt to become tame and lifeless in composition. Then Mrs. Trevelyan is rather unskilful in the development of her incidents. They lack coherence and sequence, and we are more than once tantalized by headings of chapters which lead nowhere in particular and do not advance the story at all. The Indian anecdotes and sayings, like Captain Clutterbuck's stories about Egypt, are somewhat threadbare; and the sentences in Urdu are such as, for orthography and idiom, would hardly satisfy the most lenient Board of Examiners. However, the ground chosen is comparatively unbroken; some of the events are not impossible, if slightly sensational; the style is fair; and the book is quite readable and not too long.

We must presume the 39th Regiment of page 13 to be intended for the 139th, or else for Thackeray's onety-onth. The famous English corps known as the 39th in reality fought at Plassey; and, nearly one hundred years later, was conspicuous at Maharajpore; and it bears, as Macaulay has told us, the proud motto "Primus in Indis" amongst its titles to distinction. Of this excellent regiment a certain Colonel Lindsay is in command, and amongst the officers are Captain or Lieutenant Gordon—for we are not told which—and Robert Hale. The former is a great athlete and a capital sportsman, but unluckily not a ladies' man. Somehow we are quite prepared to hear that these officers, so fearless everywhere but in female society, who are supposed to be confirmed bachelors, fall hopelessly in love almost at first sight when the right young lady with a "distinguée air" and an "unconscious hauteur" makes her appearance at the beginning of the cold season. Robert Hale is junior to Gordon, and has fair curly hair, is a light weight and a capital hand at Polo. Major and Mrs. Munro are exemplary characters. The Major exerts himself to relieve his men of what Mr. Matthew Arnold would term "the hideousness" of barrack life in the hot season. Mrs. Munro nurses young Hale through a fever, which we regret to note he had caught by persistently shooting during the middle of the day like an arrant *griff*, in a tiny cap. We should have thought no frontier officer need have been warned that a helmet of pith or other suitable material was the first condition of Indian sport. But then several of Mrs. Trevelyan's characters do very "griffinish" things, as we shall show. The adjutant, Captain Chaplin, has a charming young wife. The other characters are made up of Mrs. Jones, a flighty woman, willing to flirt whenever she can find an accomplice; the O'Dowds, with a large family and small means,; Mr. Brown, a young officer of Sepoys; the Townleys, a worthy pair, the husband having a turn for horseflesh and for selling Cabuli horses at double their cost price, while Mrs. Townley has the proper pride of the cavalry branch of the service, and can look down severely on the wives of officers of native infantry. A certain Colonel Carter is rather to be pitied. He is posted at Shub-

* *A Year in Peshawur, and a Lady's Ride into the Khyber Pass.* By L. R. Trevelyan. London: Chapman & Hall. 1880.

kuddur, one of the forts on the frontier, and lives in the tiniest of country quarters, and in the neighbourhood of wild tribes ever ready to shoot or stab an Englishman. But his daughter Flora, a sunny and bright companion, shares his solitude, and makes a palace of ease out of the couple of rooms allotted to her and her father.

The earlier chapters of the book introduce us to all these characters, and to the conversations and petty incidents which make up seven-tenths of the Anglo-Indian's life. There are the usual morning calls. There is a "paper chase," in which Mrs. Chaplin is very nearly meeting with an awkward accident, but is rescued by young Hale, without any ulterior scandal. There is a journey to the hills, brought in apparently for the purpose of showing that native ponies jib and kick, and that native coachmen make foolish excuses which deceive no one. We must, however, point out that for more prosaic and ordinary events of this kind Peshawur has no claim to superiority over the dullest station in Oudh or Eastern Bengal. So the real interest only begins when Gordon and Hale, and two officers of native infantry, Fuller and Peters, obtain a week's leave to shoot in the neighbourhood of the fort at Abazaie, an outpost corresponding to Shubkuddur and Michnee, which, readers will note, are real and not imaginary places. Now it is well known that sporting excursions on disturbed frontiers are occasionally full of danger; but it was hardly necessary to make dashing officers of the type described commence operations with a naïve simplicity worthy of a midshipman who has landed for a day or so from the Commodore's ship when it happens to lie for a time in one of the reaches of the Hooghly. The four sportsmen take neither ponies nor native attendants with them. They have nothing but dry biscuits to eat. They walk twelve miles straight on end without seeing a thing or firing a shot. At length they discern a small hill with a village at its foot some three miles off for which they make a push. On nearing the place they are met by a string of natives headed by a fine-looking man with a long black beard, who puts to them several very pertinent questions in a very independent fashion; remarking, in answer to their plea that they were true men and not spies, that they had no *shikaree* with them and had shot no game. The upshot of the parley, carried on by both sides in indifferent Hindustani, is that the four Englishmen are marched off as prisoners, stripped of their coats, and confined for the night. For food they are given milk and *chupatties*, which, as is truly remarked, forms an unpleasant contrast to the Christmas fare which their friends were enjoying at Peshawur. Three of the four are then taken on to another village, Hale remaining behind as a sort of hostage, though with what specific object is not very clear. How the captives are shut up in a sort of public building, and how they are regaled with greasy dishes, while the Headman of the village devises a plan, not to murder the Englishmen, but to carry off the daughter of a rival chief who had been refused to him by her father, is very fairly told. A row ensues, during which the captives escape, just in time to find the bride set down by the dismayed bearers in her *dhooli*, and the Englishmen escort the girl in safety to the village of her would-be husband. This incident, of course, completely turns the tables. Mahomed Ali, the bridegroom, is eternally grateful, loads the deliverers with presents, giving Gordon in particular, a curious silver ornament which figures subsequently in the story, and sends them back with all honour to British territory.

After this we are treated to one or two more stirring incidents. Flora Carter ventures on the Indus on a raft supported by *mussuks*, which the author interprets as "pig-skins." We must assume them to be goat-skins, seeing that the boatman is a Mahomedan. On this frail structure they shoot certain rapids, and as the young lady neither faints nor screams in the midst of dangerous rocks and foaming waters, it is quite natural that one of the officers should henceforth talk of nothing but Miss Carter, and should have an insatiable longing to pay another visit to Shubkuddur Fort. After this young Hale's pony bolts with him at Polo and shies his rider against a stone parapet; though, as we have said, this sort of incident rather impedes than facilitates the progress of the story, and things get flat and commonplace until the chapter about the dog-fight. It seems that one Major McMullin, who is at Michnee what Colonel Carter is at Shubkuddur, having no sunny or bright daughter, consoles himself with the affection of a dog, which can be backed, or, more correctly, can back itself, to beat off any pariah or native dog. After a set-to, in which the dog belonging to one Dalli Khan is worsted, the defeated owner revenges himself by attacking the unlucky Englishman with the aid of three other ruffians, and cutting off his head. We confess that the preceding chapters of social gossip and station amusements had by no means prepared us for this startling tragedy. To make matters worse, Gordon and Peters, who were present, very properly shoot two of the attacking party, and then have to make a clean bolt, though, if their guns were breechloaders, they might have reloaded and have given an account of the two others. Peters gets safe to the Fort and rides on to Peshawur. Gordon, who seems to have very "unscientific" notions of the geography of the place, makes for the hills instead of for British territory, and reaches a village the inhabitants of which deny him shelter. This treatment saved his life, because when Dalli Khan arrived in pursuit of his victim, Gordon had been taken in by some rival villagers who sent him off under a guard to the Khyber Pass. For a time this errant officer disappears from the story. Meanwhile it is not made clear to us why the authorities do nothing to revenge the dead or to rescue the living. Indeed the whole story in which some officers are allowed to go on shooting expeditions to the very foot of the hills while others never think of organizing an expedition to rescue their comrades, savours of a laxity which makes demands on our indulgence. Real officers have, it is perfectly true, been carried off ere now by marauders; but nothing else is thought of in every cantonment on the frontier until they are brought back uninjured. But Mrs. Trevelyan chooses to bring about her *dénouments* by a more pacific agency. Just at this crisis the Commander-in-Chief comes to inspect the troops at Peshawur, and insists on having a little morning's ride through the famed Khyber Pass on his own account. If we recollect rightly, there is some foundation in fact for this adventure, and some part of the Pass was actually explored before the late warlike expedition. Miss Lindsay, being of a fearless nature and having some qualms in regard to the missing Gordon, persuades her father to allow her to accompany the party—an act of indulgence for which some rigid martinets might think he ought to have been deprived of his command. We should state that an escort has been very properly sent by the Ameer of Cabul to protect the English party—an announcement at which we are much less surprised than we are at the statement that the Commander-in-Chief "seemed very pleased to have a lady in the expedition." However, away the riders go, and Miss Lindsay, who had at first led the expedition on a frisky mare named Finella, gradually drops behind with Major Munro, has a fall, and loses the protection of the escort. In this dilemma they think to save time by taking a short cut over a hill, but only get bewildered in steep paths, when, just as they are beginning to repent of their rashness, five men start up, apparently out of the ground, and lay hold of their bridles. The rescue is effected in a mode which resembles the escape of Waverley when he was under charge of Gifted Gilfillan. The audacious raider who was leading off Miss Lindsay receives a stunning blow on the head from the hand of a native soldier who has followed the party unobserved. The reader will scarcely have anticipated that this avenger, who displayed a jot black moustache and a fairer skin than the others, turns out to be Gordon himself. The production by him of the peculiar silver ornament bestowed by Mahomed Ali in the first escapade awes the villagers and ensures a safe conduct for the party. Gordon had been kept a prisoner and made to work like a cooly, till he bribed a native carpenter to aid him to escape in disguise and join the escort provided by the Ameer. We need not dwell on the improbability of this incident. An old Company's officer, versed in native habits, with a good knowledge of Persian and a little Pushtoo, might perhaps escape detection for a time; though we do not know very many men, except Captain Burton and Mr. Gifford Palgrave, whom we could back to pass such an ordeal. But an English officer who is not even credited with a decent knowledge of Hindustani, and who was never the spokesman of his party, would have long before left his bones in the Khyber. However, it was evidently undesirable to introduce a second tragedy into the twelvemonth, and it was necessary to provide Miss Lindsay with a suitable husband; an event which comes to pass with all practicable speed.

Mrs. Trevelyan, we must observe, has narrow ideas about the chances of success in an Indian career, and seems to think that there is nothing in India equal to regimental service with a Queen's corps. Colonel Lindsay had most properly made it a condition of the marriage that Gordon should qualify for the Staff Corps, and every Anglo-Indian knows that this line opens ample field for every diversity of talent. An energetic young officer, once duly qualified, might command the Guide Corps, might become First Assistant to the Resident at Hyderabad, or might fill a Commissionership on a difficult frontier, to say nothing of diplomatic missions and more exalted posts. But we are sorry to say that we detect in the author some slight traces of that supercilious feeling which, more than a quarter of a century ago, enabled a clever satirical draughtsman to give a series of sketches in the *Delhi Punch* on the lofty contempt of the "Royals" in India for the customs of Anglo-Indian society. Mrs. Trevelyan also falls into the not uncommon error of thinking that the massacre of General Elphinstone's force in 1841 occurred in the Khyber Pass. Every reader of Sir John Kaye's History knows that our countrymen were slaughtered in the Khoord Cabul and Jugdulluck defiles. Still we have no objection to Indian books written from an outsider's point of view, provided they are neither too long nor too ambitious. *A Year in Peshawur* fulfils both these conditions.

BEETHOVEN AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.*

NOT the least curious part of Herr Nohl's industrious collection of matters of and concerning Beethoven is its long dedication to "The Master of Masters, Richard Wagner." Herr Nohl, it appears, had in 1865 dedicated to Herr Wagner the "Letters of Beethoven," and had received from him this not uninteresting reply:—"You must have known what you were doing in dedi-

* *Beethoven Depicted by his Contemporaries.* By Ludwig Nohl. Translated from the German by Emily Hill. London: W. Reeves. 1880.

cating this book to me; you must have known that you would offend that large class who constantly labour to impress the public with the idea that I despise our musical classics. Neither can you be ignorant of the reasons sought in support of this foolish notion; I therefore accept your dedication as a declaration of opinion, and offer you my best thanks." Shortly after this *Tristan* was produced, and Herr Nohl was "impressed by the tragic nature and lofty style of this marvellous dramatic creation," but "knew little of the profundity of its ideas, and the surpassing superiority of its artistic expression." This was much, but more was to come. Two years later Herr Nohl received from a bandmaster at Oldenburg a book of Herr Wagner's called *Three Opera Librettos; with a Letter to his Friends;* and while he was reading this any one entering his room "would have been greatly astonished at seeing a mere book produce such an effect on a man long past the inflammable period of youth." It may be said that "mere books" have been known on many occasions to produce more startling effects than this one did; but no doubt the *Three Opera Librettos* had a somewhat remarkable influence in this case. "Never," says Herr Nohl, "since the nights devoted to Shakspeare and Goethe, and the sunshiny hours spent with Beethoven, had I experienced such a convulsion of feeling; never had I seen such a reflex of my own thoughts or felt endowed with such clearness of vision." Here we have of course the secret of the admiration inspired by a good many "mere books," the reader of which finds or thinks he finds in them "his own sentiments, only infinitely better expressed," or perhaps rather expressed exactly as, if he had chosen to take the trouble, he himself would have expressed them. The sentiments inspired or recalled by the three librettos were peculiarly affecting, for, "as when reading *Faust* I often buried my face in the book in a flood of tears, and paused long before I could proceed, such were its pictures of psychological development and of superabounding life—

In wilden Leiden erwuchs er sich selbst."

We are presently told that what *Tristan* "could not accomplish by ideal beauty, and perfect freedom of poetical and musical expression," the *Meistersinger*, "passing beyond the limited sphere of historical narration, was able to perform by its sovereign mastery over all things, even over the most unpoetical forms and means of art." The writer, becoming less rhetorical, goes on to speak of Schindler's Life of Beethoven and of Herr Wagner's dissatisfaction with it, because, "apart from its miserably piecemeal character, this book does not afford any clear view of the artistic life of the great tone-poet," and to give some account of the plan of the present work. Upon this he is perhaps more to be congratulated than upon the extravagances of his dedication, which however, it must be remembered, sound odder to English than they would to German readers.

Among the earliest information about the great composer's life which Herr Nohl has collected with unflagging patience is an extract from a number of *Cramer's Musical Magazine*, published at Kiel in 1783-4. In this Christian Gottlob Neefe, the Electoral organist, wrote:—"Ludwig van Beethoven, son of the above-mentioned tenor singer, is a very promising boy of eleven." (He was really thirteen.) "He plays the piano with fluency and force, reads well at sight, and has mastered the greater part of Sebastian Bach's 'Wohltemperirte Clavier,' which Herr Neefe put into his hands. . . . This youthful genius deserves assistance that he may be enabled to travel; he will certainly become a second Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart if he continues as he has begun." Not more than three years after this prophecy we find a meeting recorded, which took place at Vienna, between Mozart and the young Beethoven. At Mozart's request Beethoven played something which the other took to be a show piece, and "praised with little warmth." Beethoven then asked for a theme for improvisation; and, "as he always played well when irritated, and was further stirred by the presence of the much-venerated master," he improvised with such striking effect that Mozart "went to the friends in the next room, and exclaimed with ardour, 'Look after him; he will some day make a great name in the world.'" After this there is a certain gap in the narrative; and we may pass at once to Tomaschek's description, in 1799, of Beethoven and Wölfl at Prague. Wölfl was six feet high; his fingers could stretch a thirteenth without an effort; his clothes hung about him like those of a scarecrow; his touch, if weak, was marvellously clear, and, with his unusual stretch, he could surmount difficulties which seemed impossible. When he arrived at Prague he spent all his time before his concert in a billiard-room, where, though he played very well, he lost over six hundred gulden to the master, whom he referred for payment to the receipts of his concert. Here he gave a *concerto* of his own, and followed it by playing "Mozart's Fantasia in F Minor, published by Breitkopf, for four hands, exactly as it was printed, without missing or shortening a note for the sake of execution, as the so-called romanticists of our time delight in doing; who, moreover, produce a fatal confusion of sound by means of the pedal, with which they imagine they cover all defects." After this startling performance he improvised and ended the concert with some brilliant and beautiful variations on a theme which he introduced. His playing, we are told, had neither light nor shade, and was wanting in masculine energy. One could not but admire his skill, but he failed to touch the heart. He was popularly known as "Crazy Wölfl." His performances were compared with Beethoven's in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of April 22nd, 1799:—"Opinions differ as to their relative superiority, but the majority incline towards Wölfl." This, after what has just been said, seems odd enough. The writer of the article goes on to give as impartial an account as he can of both players. Beethoven's playing, he says, was "more brilliant, but less delicate," and failed sometimes in clearness. "He appears to most advantage in improvisation, and it is indeed marvellous to see how easily and logically he will extemporize on any given theme, not merely by varying the figures, but by a real development of the idea. Since the death of Mozart no one has given me so much pleasure as Beethoven." What follows about Wölfl corresponds pretty closely to what has been already said, but gives him somewhat more credit for feeling. The article ends, just as an article in an American newspaper might end now, with "Wölfl's unassuming and amiable behaviour naturally contrasts favourably with the somewhat haughty manners of Beethoven." Probably the great composer had snubbed the critic. A longer and far more ornate account of the two players was given by Ignaz von Seyfried, who, after pouring forth a cataract of words to describe the emotional effect of Beethoven's playing, says:—"But who can fathom the depths of the sea? Beethoven's improvisation was like the sacred Sanscrit language whose hieroglyphics the initiated alone can decipher. Wölfl, on the other hand, trained in the school of Mozart, was always equal, never dull, and, being invariably clear, was more accessible to the majority. Art served him merely as a means to an end, he never made it a pompous show-piece of dry learning; and he never failed to excite and sustain interest by a well-arranged succession of ideas."

Passing over, amongst other matters, an interesting but brief account of the first unsuccessful and second successful production of *Fidelio*, we come to another reminiscence of Seyfried's. Spohr had been remarking to him upon Beethoven's extraordinary method of conducting, in which he used the strangest gestures, and Seyfried related what happened at Beethoven's last concert at the Theater an der Wein in 1808. He was playing a new pianoforte *concerto* of his own, but at the beginning of the first *tutti* forgot that he was the soloist, and, jumping up, began to conduct in his usual style. At the first *sforzando* he flung out both his arms so violently as to extinguish both the piano lights. The audience naturally laughed, and Beethoven stopped the band and began again. Seyfried now gave the candles into the hands of two choir-boys, one of whom incautiously drew close to look over the pianoforte part. "When the fatal *sforzando* arrived he received such a smart slap in the face from Beethoven's right hand that he dropped his light in terror; the other boy, more cautious than his companion, had been anxiously following Beethoven's every movement, and by suddenly stopping escaped the blow. If the audience had laughed before, they now bust (*sic*) into a truly Bacchanalian roar." This threw Beethoven into a rage, and the first *allegro* of the concerto was quite lost. At another concert of the same period Beethoven's deafness prevented him from hearing the *piano* passages, and, having probably forgotten them, he beat ten or twelve bars in advance of his orchestra. The consequence was that having, according to his method, disappeared under his desk to indicate a *pp*, he rose gradually, and finally leapt into the air for a *forte* which did not come, and then stared round in horrified amazement until he heard it. Fortunately this took place only at a rehearsal. Another account of his conducting at a concert in 1819 is given by the Swedish poet Atterbom, who "perceived by a decided though brief confusion in the time, and by the omission by the performers in their anxiety of a *piano*, that he could hear nothing, for both mistakes escaped him. He stood as if on a distant island, directing his dark, demoniacal harmonies with the strangest movements. For instance, Beethoven indicates a *pp* by gently kneeling down and stretching out his arms to the floor; but for a *ff* he springs up like an elastic bow set free, seems to rise above his usual height, and spreads both arms widely out; and between these two extremes he constantly oscillates.

There are many personal descriptions of Beethoven in the book, from which we may select one given by Friedrich Rochlitz, who wrote of him thus:—

We were introduced to each other. Beethoven seemed pleased, but embarrassed. Had I not been prepared, I too should have been disconcerted by the sight of him; not merely by his negligent and almost savage exterior, nor yet the thick black hair which bristled around his head, but I should have been startled by the *tout ensemble*. Imagine a man about fifty, rather below the middle height, but very sturdy and compact, with an exceedingly powerful frame, something like Fichte's, only stouter and with a fuller, rounder face; restless, sparkling, piercing eyes; a red, healthy colour; hasty in his gestures; in the expression of the face, and especially in the intelligent and vivacious eyes, a union or a rapid alternation of genial good-nature and dislike; in the whole bearing that tension, that restless, anxious listening peculiar to deaf persons with keen perceptions; now talking cheerfully, now relapsing into gloomy silence; and added to all this, the observer's own preconceived ideas. Such is the man who gives pure and intellectual pleasure to millions.

An English lady, who saw Beethoven in 1825, gives what seems a queer account of his poetical taste:—"He preferred English to French authors; for, said he, 'Ils sont plus vrais.' Thomson is his favourite, but he has very great admiration for Shakspeare." A note, however, informs us that he could not read English.

The last chapters of the book are chiefly taken up with accounts, some of them perhaps needlessly painful, of Beethoven's death "in

the midst of a storm of snow, thunder, and lightning." The book is full of interest, which from its nature is of a somewhat scrappy kind; and the translator may be congratulated on the performance of her task.

SWINBURNE'S STUDY OF SHAKSPEARE.*

THERE can be no denying that Mr. Swinburne, especially in his prose works, offers more difficulties to a conscientious reviewer than almost any other writer of our times. His genius is as irregular as it is indisputable, and the judgment of the critic is subjected to more shocks by the eccentricities of this poet than even by the productions of Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Carlyle in their extremest and most painful development. Every eloquent and ardent writer is tempted sooner or later to kick over the traces and say his mind without much regard to the accepted conventionalities of style. But in Mr. Swinburne's case the disease came on very early in life. His first prose essays, published while he was still on his probation, had striking vigour and melody, chastened to a great degree by a taste which seemed generous and delicate even in its exuberance, and which gave promise of much better things. But no sooner had the public accepted Mr. Swinburne as a writer whose utterances were to be received with interest and respect than he gave the reins to his fancy and his rhetoric, and became, as we have said, one of the most embarrassing phenomena that lie in wait for the critic on his thorny path. So deeply marked were the faults and excesses of style in his last important prose work, the *Note on Charlotte Brontë*, that many even of his stanchest admirers deemed it absolutely hopeless to attempt, by calling attention to them, to induce the author to prune and correct his mannerisms. But at last, we are glad to say, the tide seems to have turned of its own accord. Mr. Swinburne's newest prose work, the present *Study of Shakespeare*, is much more sober and dignified in style, and much less overweighted with ornament, than anything we have received from his pen of late years. To give praise to writing that is so good as Mr. Swinburne's when at his best is hardly necessary, but the general improvement in manner encourages us to explain a little more fully where we think there is still great room for improvement.

It is the special danger of Mr. Swinburne to become unreadable, and this is entirely his own fault, for what he has to say is very seldom wanting in interest. Among the tricks that make his prose style fatiguing we place his allusiveness, his love of reference. He is a learned thinker; his mind is stored with memories of parallel events in literature, many of which have never presented themselves hitherto to any mind but his own. He takes for granted that his reader is not only as learned as himself, but in exactly the same condition of sympathy and memory; so he lightly touches on the distant reference that has occurred to him, and neglects to give the puzzled student enough clue to prevent his being obliged to break off his reading and try to summon up the object so dimly hinted at. For instance, in the present volume, in the midst of a disquisition on the *Taming of the Shrew*, the author suddenly reduces his readers to desperation by casually remarking:—

> The recast of it in which a greater than Berni has deigned to play the part of that poet towards a lesser than Bojardo shows tact and delicacy perhaps without a parallel in literature.

Nothing has been said or is going to be said regarding Bojardo or Berni, and to nine-tenths of its readers this passage will remain simply unintelligible and impertinent. The book even opens with a phrase to which the same objection may be made:—

> The greatest poet of our age has drawn a parallel of elaborate eloquence between Shakespeare and the sea.

Now we know perfectly well whom Mr. Swinburne means when he speaks of the "greatest poet of our age," and we are not at all disposed to contradict him; but we regard the trick of style as tiresome and rhetorical, and we think it would have been more convenient to write "Victor Hugo has drawn a parallel."

Another fault which affects Mr. Swinburne's prose style is the oscillating movement of his sentences, their cumbrous construction, and their inordinate length. It would be paying him but a poor compliment to compare him to Dr. Samuel Parr; but we confess that, as we read the laborious sentences before us, we are reminded again and again of the pomposity that awoke the ridicule of Sydney Smith. Of course, when Mr. Swinburne is happy and alert, his sentences are admirable; but when he is constrained by the nature of his theme to traverse ground which does not specially attract him, he reminds us of Satan pursuing that arduous earthward journey outside the gates of Hell. We quote almost at random a single sentence:—

> This minor transformation of style in the inner play, made solely with the evident view of marking the distinction between its duly artificial forms of speech and the duly natural forms of speech passing between the spectators, is but one among innumerable indications which only a purblind perversity of prepossession can overlook of the especial store set by Shakespeare himself on this favourite work, and the exceptional pains taken by him to preserve it for aftertime in such fullness of finished form as might make it worthiest of profound and perpetual study by the light of far other lamps than illuminate the stage.

This remarkable sentence has some of the worst faults that a sentence could have. It is overloaded with words, its parenthetical clauses are entangled in one another, and nothing but the energy of the writer brings us to the close at all. It is declamatory in its essence, and yet so long that human lungs are scarcely fitted to declaim it. After achieving it, the voice pauses exhausted, and is not ready to proceed without resting; while its excessive redundancy—as, for instance, in the needless repetition of "forms of speech"—must be obvious to every one.

When, however, we pass from manner to matter, we have hardly anything to say but praise. After so much weary pedantry, so much homage paid to that obscure deity, the "New Shakspere," it is refreshing to read the sensible and conservative criticism of a poet whose insight teaches him to revere the old traditions and venerable canons of Shakspearian faith. Mr. Swinburne proceeds on the same lines as Dryden and Coleridge before him; he expounds the general scope and aim of the dramatist, without wasting his time on subtleties of scholarship or on the paradoxes of imaginary allusion. About nearly all the plays he has something fresh and bright to tell us, not lingering on any longer than suffices to put before his readers in a glowing light the one point or phase which commends itself to him as hitherto disregarded. For one or two plays, as for *Twelfth Night* and for *Cymbeline*, he has more to occupy his pen; but, as a rule, he confines himself to a rapid survey of three periods which he conceives can be traced in the development of Shakspeare. The first of these is a lyric and fantastic period, the highest point attained in which is in the domain of comedy and romance. The second period, a comic and historic one, represents the great dramatist at the height of his constructive and practical powers, fitted at every point to meet the requirements of the stage. The third period begins with *King Lear*, and displays Shakspeare at the height of his tragical power and in the sweetness of his reflex romantic tendency. Something of all this, of course, has been said before; but the great interest of this newest study is the light which Mr. Swinburne throws on missing links and collateral branches of the main argument. It is perhaps natural that every commentator who approaches Shakspeare should seem to bring out his own essential quality rather than any very fresh feature in the universal genius of the greatest of writers. Pedants pore for a lifetime over the dramas, only to persuade us that Shakspeare possessed, almost intuitively, the learning that they themselves have laboriously gained. To naturalists he seems above all a great zoologist, to lawyers a consummate student of legal practice, and it is therefore not surprising that Mr. Swinburne draws from the study of Shakspeare those brilliant qualities which pervade his own best lyrical writing. It is almost more as a study of Swinburne than as a study of Shakspeare that this book will attract posterity. We see in it perhaps more clearly than anywhere else what it is in literature that the author of *Erechtheus* really values and delights in, and what figures he would depict, what virtues he would celebrate, if his genius were more fully under his own control. Reading the noble passage in which he analyses and eulogizes the greatest personage in the play of *King John*, we begin to realize that Chastelard is not, after all, the model of masculine virtue to the poet who can thus eloquently and fully appreciate the character of the Bastard.

A copious appendix contains a note on the historical play of *King Edward III.*, with which we cannot say that we sympathize very much, and a humorous Report of the Proceedings on the First Anniversary Session of the Newest Shakespeare Society, a parody of the funniest description, which is yet quite within the limits of good taste. We do not know that Mr. Swinburne ever displayed his genuine vein of fantastic humour more happily than in this delightful piece of fooling. After a preamble, in the course of which Mr. A. proves that Chapman wrote *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which Mr. B. is surprised to hear, since a tabulated statement of the number of times "to" and "from" occur in this play prove beyond question that it is to be assigned to Anthony Munday, the following paper is considered:—

> Mr. C. proceeded to read the argument by which he proposed to establish the fact, hitherto unaccountably overlooked by all preceding commentators, that the character of Romeo was obviously designed as a satire on Lord Burghley. The first, and perhaps the strongest, evidence in favour of this proposition was the extreme difficulty, he might almost say the utter impossibility, of discovering a single point of likeness between the two characters. This would naturally be the first precaution taken by a poor player who designed to attack an all-powerful Minister. But more direct light is thrown upon the subject by a passage in which "that kind of fruit that maids call medlars when they laugh alone" is mentioned in connexion with a wish of Romeo's concerning his mistress. This must evidently be taken to refer to some recent occasion on which the policy of Lord Burghley (possibly in the matter of the Anjou marriage) had been rebuked in private by the Maiden Queen, "his mistress," as meddling, laughable, and fruitless.

Nothing could be devised more ingenious than this as a parody of the mode in which historical allusions are not so much discovered in as thrust upon the text of the poet. The late Mr. Simpson's careful, and in many respects valuable, *School of Shakespeare*, is full of theories as alluring and as baseless as this which pretends to see Burghley typified in Romeo; above all, because there is not one single point of similarity between their characters. We wish, however, that Mr. Swinburne had always confined himself to satire of this innocent and laughable kind. Unfortunately he has once or twice employed language which it were best to leave to the pariahs of literature. We entirely agree with him in re-

* *A Study of Shakespeare.* By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: Chatto & Windus.

pudiating the so-called discoveries, emendations, and restorations of the latest and most pernicious class of Shakspearian commentators; their mechanical tests please us no more than they do Mr. Swinburne, and we look forward with a cheerful satisfaction to seeing their writings gathered into the garner of oblivion. But our eloquent poet should recollect that for the time being, as a great prophet of his own has said, "we have all of us a right to exist, we and our books," and that private differences about such questions as whether Shakspeare measured his verse by the ear or the fingers hardly deserve such a display of public anger.

BROTHER AND SISTER.*

THIS story opens with a blunder. "A little boat," we read in the first paragraph, "was lying in Fernlie Bay, right across the track which the moon was throwing on the water." It is not the first time that we have come across a novelist who believes that the path of the moon, as it is called, is a certain definite track on the water. We remember a story in which the hero, who had been shipwrecked, was saved from drowning by taking care to keep along it as he swam. He was thus seen by a passing boat, and picked up. Miss Scott would certainly have done well to leave the moon alone; but she is one of those writers who use sun, moon, stars, and nature in general to swell out their story to its proper dimensions. Perhaps, however, we are doing her a great injustice. She may be so young and so inexperienced an author as not to be in the least aware of the base use to which the universe is put by so many of her fellow-novelists. Doubtless she has been a diligent reader of modern novels, and has come to the very natural conclusion that the entrance and the exit of a hero and a heroine are always made to the sound of what may be described as picturesque nonsense. We would beg leave to assure her that even people of middle age can well remember the time when a novelist was expected to keep about him such senses as he had, and when he was not granted the privilege of making himself ridiculous merely because he attempted to tell a tale. All that, however, is changed by this time, and no silliness can be too great but that it will pass muster in a story. The heroine of this novel, for instance, Miss Muriel Ravenscroft, goes to church. So far there is nothing very wonderful. Heroines have gone to church for many an age, and doubtless will go to church for many an age yet. But a wonderful thing happened to Muriel. As the hymn was sung, "the waves of sweet sound seemed to encompass her like a background of pure gold, while a warm ray of sunshine, floating through a painted window, illumined the pale clear profile as with a saint's halo." For nonsense this is very pretty, no doubt; but then it is nonsense pure and undefiled. It is bad enough to have waves of sound compared to pure gold, and to have a ray floating. We will allow these to pass muster, however, if our author can explain how any object in nature, or out of it, so far as that goes, can encompass a person like a background. The preacher, who was Muriel's brother Walter, was almost worthy of her. He described so well in his sermon the dancing in Herod's palace that "the whole picture flashed out visibly before his hearers." A visible flash does not strike us as being anything very remarkable in nature. Next time we chance to be in the midst of a thunderstorm we will carefully notice whether the lightning flashes out visibly or merely flashes. The brother and the sister have a talk after the service. She says she can hear the waterfall tangibly. We have reached but the sixty-fourth page of the first volume, and yet we have already come across an encompassing background, a picture that flashed visibly before hearers, and hearing tangibly. We have passed over, too, Walter's almost weird aspect, who "might fitly have been compared to a sable cloud, to which Muriel was the silver lining." In the next line she seemed, we are told, in her light, soft garments, surrounded by a calm radiance. It is well that it was not in church, at the time when she was encompassed by the background of gold, that she was a silver lining to a sable cloud, and surrounded at the same time by a calm radiance. If our readers have not by this time a picture flashing visibly before them of this charming heroine, we would add that her fair face was illuminated by large almond-shaped eyes of an undefined colour. Her bringing up had been admirable. She had mixed on an equality with the few good families in the neighbourhood. She had made friends with all the poor people; "but there was hardly any middle class, there were no *nouveaux riches* in their society, and vulgarity was almost unknown to her." If vulgarity was almost unknown to her, she must have kept very clear of novels and novelists. There is a vulgarity of the middle class, no doubt, as of all other classes, and there is also the vulgarity of thinking that where there are only county families and poor people there vulgarity is not known. But we have wandered somewhat widely from the natural phenomena which first caught our attention. Before we give a description of the plot, we must not forget to notice some tall spiritual-looking fir-trees, a clarid sky, the great pink orb of the moon in a violet-tinted sky, and the last point of the setting sun that flashed like a diamond over the crest of some dark mountains. The fir-trees screened a church from a road, and perhaps on that account they looked spiritual. The clarid sky we give up altogether. It looks a little like clear sky done into the English of some very poor imitation of Mr. Swinburne, but very likely it was never meant to have any meaning at all. The point of the sun that flashed like a diamond might perhaps be seen in a clarid sky, and so might the pink orb of the moon; only that, we are told, is seen in a violet-tinted sky.

The plot of the story is not very easily described, owing to the abundance of heroes. In the first place, Walter Ravenscroft must justly be reckoned one, as he is the brother who gives his name to the story. Besides, he is the victim of a wicked step-grandmamma and an unjust uncle. He is for years kept out of his ancestral property by a trick. Deprived of his estate, he is jilted by the young lady to whom he was engaged. He suffers from what the author calls a mental blight. He takes opium and he raves. He sees a vision, and it vanishes into a clarid sky. He is only calmed by a skilful doctor, who gives him "a morphia hypodermically." This last is a good long word of no less than six syllables, but it is a pity that it is not to be found in ordinary dictionaries. He has, indeed, many of what may be called "the notes" of a hero; but then he is without a heroine till almost the end of the book, when a Maud or an Ethel—we forget which—is suddenly found for him. The real hero, for at least half the book, is a German poet. He, it is clear, is the man after the author's heart. She had, we believe, half intended to let him marry and be happy; but young writers—above all, young lady writers—too often cannot resist the temptation of killing off their favourite characters. So the unfortunate Rudolph von Stein joins the German army at the outbreak of the war, and is killed at the siege of Paris. The reader could have spared him much earlier, for he is not made away with till he has had time to write a great deal of poetry. Of his poems an English version is given in a footnote. The two following stanzas will perhaps reconcile our readers to the untimely death of the bard:—

> Thou art as fair's a floweret,
> As meek, and mild, and true,
> Beaming beneath the sunlight,
> As bright in meadow's dew.
>
> Fairer than fairest roses
> In speechless beauty still,
> Thy eyes alone are telling
> The wonders of thy will.

When he disappears there is happily no need for the heroine to follow him. She had refused to engage herself to him, alleging as her reason the fact that her father had died in a mad-house. This difficulty is, however, got over later in the story, and she marries a medical man. In this worthy gentleman there was, so far as we can call to mind, nothing more remarkable than an enjoyment of light comedy, and a capability of laughing heartily even at tolerably extravagant farce. Buckstone amused him infinitely. His acquaintance with Shakspeare could scarcely have been very accurate. At all events, he makes what seems to be a very singular adaptation of a well-known passage. He had asked the heroine in token of forgiveness to shake hands; she consented. "It was mad presumption," he said, "to ask her hand, but she gave it me and 'all the perfumes of Arabia are not sweeter than that little hand.'" It would seem as if he had a liking for tragedy as well as comedy and farce, and had a confused recollection of Lady Macbeth. It too soon becomes clear that the German poet is not meant very long for this world. The heroine's brother had, the very first time he met him, an instinct against speaking to him. Moreover, he shivered just after speaking to him. Von Stein himself was haunted with a foreboding that something was going to happen, and at once took to writing verses. He shuddered and shivered and more than once felt that some one had that moment walked over his grave. He discovered at last that it was the heroine's brother who had thus walked. "And yet," he exclaimed, "he is a man I could have loved." To have a capacity for loving a man who walked over his grave some months before he was buried showed that he had about him not a little that was heroic. He is, as we have said, killed at Paris, but has time before he dies to send off some farewell verses to the heroine in England.

With his departure the real interest of the story begins. The wicked uncle shows signs of his uneasiness. He tries to soothe his conscience by presents to his injured nephew and niece, which are always returned. The reader is let into long-buried secrets. A diary which had been kept, most conveniently for the plot, by a man on his death-bed is discovered. An old woman turns up from Australia, after an absence of thirty years, and brings with her the remaining fragment of a will which the wicked step-grandmamma had meant to burn. She goes to the wicked uncle, and tells him what she knows:—

> For a moment a fiend seemed to take possession of Lionel. He flew at the miserable old woman, and seizing her by the throat, held her, gasping for breath.
>
> "Dare to utter those words again, and I will shake every breath out of your wretched body," he hissed. "Miserable old hypocrite! How dare you come fawning to me, only to breathe slanders against the dead? Do you think that will serve the living, or bring you peace and competence in your old age?"
>
> "Mercy! Mercy!" she gasped.
>
> "There—say your prayers," he cried, suddenly letting her drop, and turning away to wipe off the perspiration which stood in heavy drops on his forehead.

Old sinners of course cannot go on like that for any length of time when they are so near the end of the story as the uncle was. He goes to Switzerland, tumbles down in descending a glacier, is taken to an inn where, by a wonderful chance, the injured nephew and niece happen to be staying, makes a full confession, and dies penitently. In his will "he bequeaths Netley

* *Brother and Sister.* By Lucy Scott. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1878.

Hall, with all its revenues and encumbrances," to the rightful owner, Walter Ravenscroft. The encumbrances he might perhaps have left to take care of themselves; but the author no doubt wished to give her language a legal turn. The hero—if indeed the nephew is the hero—is not so forgiving as he ought to have been. He has the remains of his wicked step-grandmamma removed from Netley Church and taken to Kensal Green Cemetery. No doubt he was the squire of Netley; but even squires in their own parishes are bound by the law, and cannot quite so easily disturb the graves of their enemies. Besides, Netley had been bequeathed to him with all its encumbrances, and amongst these he ought surely to have reckoned the remains of his penitent uncle's impenitent mother. However, he was, we must remember, a man of weird aspect, and like a sable cloud. Besides that, he was for a long time a clergyman, and now, turning layman, he had become a squire. He had certainly left off taking opium, and had become engaged to a Maud or an Ethel. Nevertheless, his conduct was still likely to be at times eccentric; and, if he committed sacrilege, at all events he was not guilty, like the German, of writing verses.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

WE regret to learn that the author of this laboured and heavy —we cannot call it elaborate or weighty—treatise on the Civil Service of Great Britain (1) is the Chairman of the Commission to which General Grant, under an Act of Congress passed in 1871, entrusted the preparation of rules and regulations supposed, if not intended, to effect the one great reform upon which all Americans, except the politicians, are agreed, and which it would seem that nearly all professional politicians of both parties are equally resolute to defeat, if not openly to oppose. From the first page to the last the book is characterized by all the worst faults of the second-rate American critic of English institutions. Such an American, sent to this country expressly to find in one part of its administrative system a model on which to reform the worst part of the political structure of the United States, can of course lose no opportunity of sneering at what he does not understand, of imputing motives, of vilifying classes, of depreciating the very merits of which his mission is an enforced acknowledgment. Mr. Eaton begins with a radical misconception of the very question he was sent to investigate. There is not, and never has been, in this country, anything like what he calls "the spoils system" of political nomination to the Civil Service. He applies that phrase persistently to practices which never bore the slightest resemblance to that which, under the phrase "To the victors belong the spoils," has been since General Jackson's time the opprobrium of the United States. An official entrusted with the formation of a scheme for the correction of that grand abuse, who sets out with the determination to represent the appointment of civil servants in the first instance by party and personal patronage as exactly equivalent to the periodical clearance of civil offices to make room for the adherents of the victorious faction, displays an utter ignorance of his subject. Ever since England has had a distinctive Civil Service it has been the point of honour of permanent officials to cease from the moment of their appointment to be party men, as it has been the rule of their political superiors to treat and trust them as servants, not of a party, but of the Crown. It is the misfortune of Republics to have no authority placed, like the Crown, above party influence or superior to mere party motives. It may be on this account the more difficult to preserve freedom from partisanship in a service which can look up to no non-partisan chief. But to represent the periodical "clean sweep" of the whole official body of the Federal Government, from Secretaries of State to local postmasters—the system of rotation in office—as analogous to anything that has prevailed in England since the Revolution, is to falsify all the facts of the case. Again, to call the system of competitive examination the "merit system" is to misrepresent all the reasonings of its opponents, which were based on the allegation that examination was no decisive test of merit. Indeed one paramount object of the conservative section of the official world, while the question was still open, was to prevent the supersession of proved merit by literary cramming—an object which they did to some extent accomplish by the drag which their experience and the reasonings drawn from it imposed on the rash enthusiasm of the innovators. It is needless to say that such a critic wholly ignores the fact that practical English sense refuses to apply the competitive system to those offices in which personal character and capacity are of supreme importance. But perhaps the worst feature of the work is the persistent vituperation of those who resisted the competitive system. Whatever may be thought of the merits of the controversy, only profound ignorance or unscrupulous partisanship can have suggested what Mr. Eaton throughout assumes—that the opposition of the permanent officials was otherwise than disinterested, and based upon practical considerations affecting solely the good of the service. That a mere politician, appointed to the Chairmanship of a reforming Commission by a President who carried the abuse to be reformed to its extreme height, should be mistaken on such points might seem a matter of course, and would hardly be worth noting if Mr. Eaton did not lay stress on the opportunities he has enjoyed of acquiring real knowledge of those facts of English life and administration of which he is most signally ignorant. The value of the treatise from an American point of view may be judged by one single fact. The warmest American reformers would be well content with that old English system against which the book is one long invective. What Mr. Eaton represents as closely analogous with the abuse to be reformed would almost content the highest aspirations, would more than satisfy the utmost hopes, of those who are labouring to correct it.

"The Army of Virginia" (2) is, no doubt, the correct technical title of that force which for a few months in 1862 served, and was signally beaten, under General Pope, the then favourite of the Federal War Office, as distinguished from the Peninsular army under command of McClellan. But probably to nine in ten Americans, certainly to all English and European readers, the Army of Virginia is not that Federal force whose commander first introduced the practices of plunder and arson which afterwards disgraced the conduct of the war on the Northern side, but that which, first under Beauregard, then under Joseph E. Johnstone, afterwards under General Lee, defended the Old Dominion against the successive waves of invasion under McDowell, McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Hooker, and Grant. There is obvious unfairness in this technical appropriation of a name which belongs to an army whose fame and cause were as opposite as possible to those of the force of which Major-General G. H. Gordon is the historian, if not exactly the panegyrist. It is noteworthy that the Army of Northern Virginia—such is the proper designation of the first and most famous army that defended the Southern cause—boasts a General Gordon, whose reputation bears to that of his namesake something like the same relation that the achievements of that army bear to those of Pope's command. General Pope was selected for no merit that either the enemy or his own countrymen knew of, except that of boasting more loudly of smaller achievements than any other soldier in a service which counted Banks and Butler among its distinguished commanders. If it be true that the Federal soldiers nevertheless did some things which deserve commemoration, the repute of those who served in that brief and luckless campaign can only be redeemed by showing, what we must admit their historian labours persistently to show, that under such a chief no army could have escaped disastrous and overwhelming defeat. We should, however, note two redeeming merits in this panegyric on a force whose component parts would probably prefer that this brief and inglorious episode in a struggle, not generally inglorious for either side, should be forgotten. The writer speaks with soldierly respect of the Confederate troops and their distinguished leaders, and does justice to the most grievously wronged of Federal commanders—the General who, more hampered and hindered by his own Government than baffled by his opponents, nevertheless organized for the first time the armies of the Union, led one of the best of those armies to some of its not least honourable battlefields, extricated it from a position in which its total destruction by inferior numbers appeared but too probable, saved the Federal cause at Antietam, when President Lincoln was forced to supplicate the aid of the man whom he had throughout thwarted and disgraced, and carried with him into retirement the admiration and gratitude of every soldier who served under him. We trust that history will one day do full justice to General McClellan. Treated as Grant and Sherman were treated, he would probably have eclipsed both; and but for him neither of them would have had an army capable of the exploits by which the fame of both was won. The result of Major-General Gordon's narrative is, we think, rather to intensify the ridicule already attached to the name of his unlucky commander than to redeem the credit of his comrades.

Judge Caton (3), ex-Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois, appears to have been on the whole a more moderate and more respectable politician than most of those who took any active part in politics during the period immediately preceding and following the Civil War. He belonged to that section of Northern Democrats whose attachment to the Union was proved by the loyalty with which, despite discouragement, insult, and at last deliberate bad faith on the part of their opponents in power, they adhered to the Federal cause during the war, and supported a Government whose conduct they could never have approved. But the few political papers contained in this collection of the Chief Justice's writings have now little other interest than attaches to distinct and trustworthy statements of the impression made on his countrymen by the professions of President Lincoln during the first two years of the war, and of the objects with which the war was undertaken by the great majority of the Northern people, and probably by their rulers. From the first, the English partisans of the North represented President Lincoln and his Cabinet as waging war on slavery; and his panegyrists since 1865 have asserted the same thing yet more strenu-

(1) *Civil Service in Great Britain: a History of Abuses and Reforms, and their bearing upon American Politics.* By Dorman B. Eaton. New York: Harper Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

(2) *A History of the Campaign of the Army of Virginia, under John Pope, Brigadier-General U. S. A. From Cedar Mountain to Alexandria, 1862.* By George H. Gordon, late 1st Lieutenant of Mounted Rifles, Colonel 2nd Mass Regt., Brevet Major-General U.S. Vol. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

(3) *Miscellanies.* By John Dean Caton, LL.D., ex-Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois, Author of "A Summer in Norway," &c. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

ously. It is worth repeating, even now, that those who take this view inflict upon the President and his advisers the stigma of deliberate and systematic falsehood. Mr. Lincoln denied over and over again, in the most absolute terms, that he had any intention of meddling with slavery in the Southern States. He acknowledged that he had no right to do so; he appealed to the Northern people on the ground that he would not, that he did not dream of so doing; that he waged war for the Union, and for the Union alone; for the Union with slavery, if the Southern States could be brought back in time; for the Union without slavery, if the destruction of slavery were necessary to the salvation of the Union. Only by these protestations did he obtain the confidence and support even of the Republican majority; without them, he would have been opposed by the votes, very probably by the arms, of the entire Northern Democracy. Without them, therefore, he and his Government would have been crushed at the outset. We believe, as did Judge Caton, that Mr. Lincoln was perfectly sincere; that he cared very little about slavery; that, like the War Democrats, he regarded as his first and paramount duty to preserve the Union of which he was the chief magistrate, with very little regard for any law or right that stood in the way. What was the real necessity, the *sine quâ non*, if not the cause, of the Northern determination to maintain the Union at all costs and hazards, is well set forth by Judge Caton. In 1860 the centre of gravity of the North lay west of the Alleghanies, lay in the great body of Prairie States between the Lakes and the Ohio. Of those States the Mississippi was the natural outlet; and to let the Lower Mississippi fall into the hands of a foreign, a rival, and possibly a hostile Power was a sacrifice to which no nation and no statesman could be compelled by anything but superior force. The Prairie States, in truth, are the political and social keystone of the Union. They can dispense neither with the Atlantic nor with the Gulf States, and are strong enough for the present, probably for long years to come, to hold together these antagonistic and independent elements. The most interesting, however, of Judge Caton's essays have no relation to politics. He appears to have been a close and thoughtful observer of natural phenomena, and his descriptive papers on the Hawaiian volcanoes and on the formation of the prairie, which he ascribes to the destruction of trees by fire, as well as a sympathetic and touching paper on the fate of the great Indian tribe of the Illinois, and the doom of the Red Man generally, are more valuable than his political lucubrations can have been even at the time of their first appearance.

Shakspeare resembles Homer in the misfortune of being so overlaid by layer after layer of comment, the race of commentators multiplying and spreading in each successive generation, that there is no little risk lest ere long the original dramas should lose their hold, not on fame, but on real popularity, by the size of that mountain of comparative rubbish beneath which they are in danger of being buried. Any man of ordinary intelligence can read and, in a general way, understand Shakspeare. But no such man, unless possessed of more than ordinary courage, will long venture to have an opinion of his own upon the merits or meanings whereupon so many volumes have been written to so little purpose. The least offensive of commentators, but perhaps the most mischievous to the permanent popularity of their author, are those who collect either "beauties" or passages supposed to illustrate particular merits, and thus enable the indolent reader to think and talk as if he were familiar with works of which he has read only scattered and ill-combined fragments. Mr. Gilman's panegyric and "suggestive selections" (4) profess to illustrate the morality of a dramatist who no doubt was in his time a sufficiently honest man, but who was far too true to his art to affect the moralist. A much less pretentious—perhaps somewhat less readable—production of the same kind (5) contains, in a pamphlet printed in the closest type on the thinnest paper, the miscellaneous remarks of an anonymous commentator on passages that have suggested to his mind criticisms more or less practical, more or less uninteresting, and hardly more attractive perhaps in substance than in appearance.

We may note, but need not dwell upon, two public documents of considerable importance and interest in their respective ways. The Comptroller of the Currency has put forth in pamphlet form his Annual Report for 1879 (6), showing how easily and completely the resumption of specie payments has been accomplished—the one great service which since the war has countervailed the manifold demerits of the party in power. The Report of the Commissioner entrusted with the supervision, or rather the inspection, of Fish Culture and Fisheries in the waters of the United States (7), has many interesting facts to tell; but these are so overlaid by a mass of uninteresting details—for instance, 450 pages are given to the natural and industrial history of the menhaden, a fish chiefly used for manure—that few will have the courage to hunt them out.

(4) *Shakspeare's Morals: Suggestive Selections, with Brief Collateral Readings and Scriptural References.* Edited by Arthur Gilman, M.A. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

(5) *Scattered Notes on the Text of Shakespeare.* Philadelphia: Wilson & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(6) *Annual Report of the Comptroller of the Currency to Congress, 1st December, 1879.* Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co.

(7) *United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries.* Part V. *Report of the Commissioner for 1877.* Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

The large share taken by Frenchmen in the discovery of North America is little appreciated, probably because, of the European nations among whom the New World was at first divided, France alone retains none of the possessions bought with much blood and treasure. Mr. Parkman has done good service to the history of his country, as well as justice to the memory of many enterprising men, and to the energy of a nation which at one time seemed likely to rival England at once in the East and the West, in more than one former volume relating the adventures of French missionaries and explorers. The work of which an eleventh edition is now offered to the public (8) is probably already known to many of our readers; but its issue in a new and revised form has given the author an opportunity of rendering fuller and well-deserved honour to the name of La Salle, the original discoverer, or at least the first explorer, of the Missouri and Mississippi.

It is impossible in this place to do more than mention a work so elaborate and so valuable as Mr. Short's *North Americans of Antiquity* (9), a complete account of the various prehistoric civilizations of the North-Western continent, from the mound-builders of the region between the Lakes and the Ohio to the founders of the lost cities of Central America. We hope to return to it on a future occasion.

Professor Anderson, of the University of Wisconsin, has done not a little to familiarize the rising generation of Americans with the early history of the most daring and adventurous branch of the great race from which they descend—those Scandinavian sea-rovers of the middle ages, to whom, not without more than mere legendary ground, the first discovery of North-Eastern America is ascribed. His translation of many parts of Snorre's or the prose *Edda* (10) will prove, we doubt not, as attractive as any of its predecessors, and may do as much as his sketches of their history and mythology to render the heroic and poetic character of the sea-kings and their followers intelligible to American as well as to English readers.

A-ló-ha! (11) a word signifying welcome in the Hawaiian language, furnishes the title of a readable and not over-lengthy account of a family visit to that most interesting among the numerous island groups of the Pacific archipelago.

Mr. Knox's *Boy Travellers* (12) is a more ambitious, but not more readable, work, a sort of geographical *Sandford and Merton*, in which the adventures and questions of two young travellers in China and Japan afford their elders occasion to dilate, often at somewhat wearisome length, upon the history, politics, and antiquities of two of the oldest nations of the East, among the last to which the commerce and diplomacy of Europe have forced an access.

A series of Health Primers, put forth by a Philadelphian publishing firm, contains two tolerably readable as well as useful little treatises on the influence of summer and winter respectively on human health (13, 14), and the precautions obviously required and generally neglected against the extremities of either season.

Poets' Homes (15) does, at greater length and evidently with a perfect unconsciousness of impertinence, for the dwellings and private life of the most distinguished, and one or two not very distinguished, American poets, what our "society" journals have recently done, or affected to do, for celebrated or notorious English writers.

The biography of Mr. Octavius Perinchief (16) sets forth at enormous length the religious and practical experiences of an earnest, but by no means very eminent or generally known, pastor and preacher of the present generation.

Mr. Winsor's Handbook of the American Revolution (17) is an account of the most important and exciting episode in the history of the New World, so arranged and so written as to render the story of the War of Independence repulsive even to the ardent patriotism of American schoolboys. It may perhaps have the good effect of associating the 4th of July in the minds of some of the

(8) *La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West.* By Francis Parkman, Author of "Pioneers of France in the New World," &c. &c. Eleventh Edition, revised, with additions. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1879.

(9) *The North Americans of Antiquity; their Origin, Migrations, and Type of Civilization Considered.* By John J. Short. New York: Harper Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

(10) *The Younger Edda: also called Snorre's Edda, or the Prose Edda.* An English Version, with Introduction, Notes, and Vocabulary, by Rasmus B. Anderson, Professor of the Scandinavian Languages in Wisconsin University. Chicago: Griggs & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(11) *A-ló-ha! a Hawaiian Salutation.* By G. L. Chaney. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

(12) *The Boy Travellers in the Far East: Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey to Japan and China.* By T. W. Knox, Author of "Overland through Asia," &c. Illustrated. New York: Harper Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

(13) *American Health Primers.—Winter and its Dangers.* By Hamilton Osgood, M.D. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(14) *The Summer and its Diseases.* By Hamilton Osgood, M.D. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(15) *Poets' Homes: Pen and Pencil Sketches of American Poets and their Homes.* By R. H. Stoddard and others. Boston: Lothrop & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(16) *Octavius Perinchief; his Life of Trial and Supreme Faith.* By Charles Lauman. Washington: J. Angbin. 1879.

(17) *The Reader's Handbook of the American Revolution, 1761–1783.* By Justin Winsor, Librarian of Harvard University. Boston: Osgood, Houghton, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

rising generation with recollections even more wearisome than those of antiquated rhetoric and exaggerated boasting.

Of verse we have no fewer than five volumes, none of them of the highest order of merit. The list includes a solid volume under the title of *Thou and I* (18), by Mr. Theodore Tilton, a well, if not very pleasantly, known name; some new poems by Mrs. Piatt (19); a duodecimo, whose size is due rather to the excellence of the type than to the quantity of matter contained, by Nora Perry (20); and a collection of pieces, mostly brief and spirited (21), by a young Marylander whose sympathies seem to be divided between the section to which his State belonged and the cause of the Union, but who writes with heart and spirit when he takes for his theme the less familiar episodes of the Revolutionary war in which citizens of Maryland took a leading part. Mr. Peterson's *Cæsar* (22) is a poetic glorification of the great demagogue, dictator, soldier, and statesman by whom the Roman Republic was finally overthrown. Those who have studied without prejudice the later history of that Republic may think its destruction no great offence against the interests of humanity; but it is a somewhat curious subject of American eulogy.

The American press is almost as prolific of monthly and other magazines as of daily and weekly journals, but none have reached the influence or popularity of the leading English monthlies and quarterlies. Among the best is the *North American Review* (23), the number of which for November, 1879, contains, with some not very interesting political papers, some passionate diatribes on the Other—that is to say, the "strong-minded"—Side of the Woman Question, by five of its most passionate advocates of either sex. *The United Service* (24) may fairly claim to rank with its elder brethren on this side of the Atlantic devoted to the interests of the same professions. *The Californian* (25) is a magazine of the livelier class, filled chiefly with interesting tales and sketches, among which, however, are one or two papers of graver value, all bearing unmistakably the stamp of that peculiar humour which characterizes the young community—we might almost call it a new nation—growing up under the Federal flag upon the Pacific coast. Among purely professional publications, *The American Journal of Otology* (26) (or of Acoustics and Aural Surgery) appears to possess a genuine practical and scientific value. *The American Art Review* (27) contains some valuable and interesting illustrations well explained by the accompanying text. The *Journal of Mathematics* (28) has been noticed in our columns on a former occasion; we will only say now that its style and execution indicate a "recklessness of expense" which would seem to suggest that its editors appeal to a not inconsiderable public.

(18) *Thou and I: a Lyric of Human Life; with other Poems.* By Theodore Tilton. New York: E. Worthington. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

(19) *Dramatic Persons and Moods; with other New Poems.* By Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(20) *Her Lover's Friend; and other Poems.* By Nora Perry. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(21) *Lord Stirling's Stand; and other Poems.* By W. H. Babcock. Philadelphia and London: Lippincott & Co.

(22) *Cæsar: a Dramatic Study.* By Henry Peterson, Author of "The Modern Job," &c. Philadelphia: Peterson & Co. 1879.

(23) *North American Review.* November, 1879. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(24) *The United Service.* January, 1880. Vol. II. No. 1. Philadelphia: Hamersly & Co. London: B. F. Stevens.

(25) *The Californian.* January, 1880. San Francisco: The A. Roman Publishing Company.

(26) *The American Journal of Otology.* July, 1879. Vol. I. No. 3. (Quarterly.) New York: Woods & Co.

(27) *The American Art Review.* Vol. I. No. 2. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(28) *American Journal of Mathematics, Pure and Applied.* September, 1879. Vol. II. No. 3. New York: D. Van Nostrand. London: Trübner & Co.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

THE Ministerial and Opposition leaders in both Houses performed their recognized duties in the debate on the Address in strict conformity with established precedent. The Duke of ARGYLL alone attempted to deviate from the moderation of which Lord GRANVILLE had set the example. Little disappointment has been caused by the omission of the Ministers to make any new or startling communications. It is usual on the first night of the Session to inform Parliament that papers will be distributed for general information, and to deprecate discussion which, in the meantime, will be premature. Lord BEACONSFIELD, though he professed to be surprised by Lord GRANVILLE's criticisms on the Treaty of Berlin, was perhaps not displeased with the prominence given to a topic which has long ceased to be exciting. It would be difficult to disturb the equanimity of any audience at the present moment by an inquiry whether the English plenipotentiaries a year and a half ago brought back peace with honour. No overwhelming curiosity is even felt as to the delimitation of Montenegro, though Lord BEACONSFIELD wisely answered a grave question asked by Lord GRANVILLE on the subject. It is generally known that, in that rugged and turbulent region, a triangular or polygonal quarrel is still undecided. The Albanians, who are as warlike and nearly as independent as the Montenegrins themselves, have offered an active resistance to the surrender by Turkey of a certain district which they claim as their own. The Porte seems for once to have acted in good faith, and the Turkish Commissioner has made some approach to a settlement of the dispute. The Montenegrins have, by the Treaty of Berlin, acquired a considerable increase of territory; but, on the other hand, they have become much less interesting since they have lost the power of disturbing the peace of Europe by their feuds with their neighbours. Henceforth they will have to deal with Austria instead of with Turkey, and probably they will find it expedient to abstain from disturbance. Lord BEACONSFIELD says that the controversy is likely to end in a satisfactory conclusion; and the House of Lords was apparently not anxious to elicit further information. The much more important difficulties which have arisen in the settlement of the Greek frontier appear also to approach a solution. The Turkish and Greek Commissioners have alternately made inadmissible proposals, and there seemed to be little hope that they would arrive at a conclusion. In these circumstances M. WADDINGTON suggested an International Commission; and his successor has since intimated his concurrence. Lord SALISBURY has accepted the proposal; and it may be assumed that the matter will practically be taken out of the hands of the principals in the transaction. If the Turks were capable of understanding their own interest, they would welcome the termination of the dispute; and they would not even grudge the aggrandizement of a neighbour whose interests are likely to coincide with their own in resistance to foreign aggression.

The Turkish Convention and the acquisition of Cyprus furnished the Opposition with a familiar subject of censure; and the Duke of ARGYLL, with questionable judgment foretold, and therefore invited, the seizure by Russia of the whole or part of Armenia and Kurdistan. It is scarcely probable that the policy of Russia will be determined by the tenor of partisan speeches in England; but a statesman of the Duke of ARGYLL's official rank ought not to provide excuses beforehand for measures which might probably involve war between Russia and England. The imprudence is the less excusable because, as the Duke of ARGYLL must be aware, his voluminous pamphlet on foreign and Indian affairs has already supplied Russian apologists with arguments in defence of measures which are adverse to English interests. Lord HARTINGTON, in more moderate language, repeated objections to the Convention and to the acquisition of Cyprus which have never been sufficiently answered; and he was fully justified in condemning the continued misgovernment of Armenia and Asia Minor. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER confessed his inability to defend the Turkish Ministers; but he referred with good reason to the opposition which the English AMBASSADOR, under the direction of the Government, has, in season and out of season, offered to the crimes and follies of the Porte. As long as KHAIREDDIN was in office Sir H. LAYARD apparently made some progress in inducing the Turks to begin the promised reforms. The present Ministers — who enjoy in a much higher degree than their predecessors the favour of the SULTAN —appear to be thoroughly hostile to English influence, which is identified with the welfare of the subject population. The best extenuation of the evils of the Convention is that they might in any case have occurred, because in the absence of written obligations the English Government would have endeavoured to save Turkey from destruction by promoting improvements which offer the only chance of safety. The motives of England are well understood at Constantinople, and they are fully appreciated by the victims of oppression in Asiatic Turkey. There is no want of evidence of the trust and gratitude which have been produced by the incessant and benevolent remonstrances of the English authorities.

The most important Ministerial statement was the admission by Lord BEACONSFIELD that the Afghan war may, perhaps, result in the dissolution of the monarchy. It is well known that, as he said, the union of the Afghan territory under a single ruler only dates back two or three generations; but when the policy of the present Government first superseded the inaction of their predecessors, there was no thought of breaking up the kingdom of DOST MOHAMMED. As the Opposition speakers pointed out, a country divided among several chiefs could scarcely have a foreign policy to be controlled by the Indian Government; and, it may be added that petty potentates regarding one another as rivals would be habitually open to foreign intrigues. The settlement which Lord BEACONSFIELD indicates may perhaps be unavoidable; but it is not in itself desirable. It may be hoped that he was well informed in his belief that some of the principal chiefs are not unfriendly to the English. They may probably be hesitating until they are assured of protection on the withdrawal of the English army. As might have been expected, the Ministers were unable to inform Parliament whether there was any prospect of an early evacuation of the territory which is controlled by the army. There will be an early discussion of the whole subject; and perhaps by that time the course to be pursued may have become clearer. The Government will also have received full information as to the executions which took place some time since at Cabul. The instructions of the VICEROY to the military commanders

appear to have been wholly unobjectionable. The only criminals designated for punishment were accomplices in the conspiracy against the Envoy, or in the attack on the Residency. The General in command was specially warned to exercise his personal discretion in administering punishment, and not to devolve the responsibility on subordinates. The language of Sir F. ROBERTS's proclamation is less satisfactory; but Lord CRANBROOK appears to be satisfied that no Afghan has been sentenced to death for armed resistance to the invader. In expressing the same belief, Lord BEACONSFIELD can scarcely have foreseen that he would be exposed to an ill-natured and ill-bred taunt consisting in a reference to the language which he used on the first rumour of the Bulgarian massacre.

No direct answer was given to the inquiry whether it is proposed to retain possession of the Transvaal. The Government is quite right in reserving to itself for the present the decision of a difficult question. One element of deliberation will be the wish and opinion of the Parliament of the Cape. A despatch has been received from Sir BARTLE FRERE which shows that the colony is at length inclined to discuss the terms of a South African Confederation. In the scheme which has been approved by Sir BARTLE FRERE's Ministers, the Transvaal is allowed a certain proportion of votes, so that the project must have been founded on a belief that the Republic would not be re-established. There will probably be debates in both Houses on a question which involves many difficulties. It would be desirable that Lord CARNARVON, who is principally responsible for annexation, should state whether his opinion has been changed by later events. It happens that Parliament at first approved the measure almost without discussion. It is scarcely a sufficient excuse for those who now disapprove of the policy of the Government that they were misled by inaccurate representations as to the feeling of the Boers. The acquiescence of the people of the Transvaal may have been too hastily taken for granted; but, on the other hand, it is doubtful whether they really objected at the time to a measure which ensured their protection against a formidable enemy. No objection can be taken to temporary reserve on the part of the Government.

HOME LEGISLATION.

THE Government cannot be reproached with having offered at the opening of the Session one of those ambitious and exhaustive programmes of domestic legislation which are doomed to certain failure, and the failure of which brings discredit on their authors. The Criminal Code and the Bankruptcy Bill are two measures of cardinal importance which the Government does not so much introduce as carry over from last Session. In one respect, however, the Government has made a useful change in its method of dealing with its two principal measures. Both are to be started in the House of Commons, and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL is to be charged with them. Experience has shown that it is of no use to begin a Bill like the Bankruptcy Bill in the House of Lords. The Peers play with it for a time, but do not care to criticize or improve it. There is no one to point out how the provisions of the Bill will really affect the classes whom it professes to aid or control, and at the end of two or three months the Bill comes before the Commons as a new Bill. It is simply the measure of the Government, and all that is known beyond is that the Bill, if approved by the Commons, would be approved by the Lords. This may be confidently said of any Bill approved by the CHANCELLOR, and it is useless to waste time in proving what may be safely assumed without proof. There ought not to be any great difficulty in getting a reasonable Bankruptcy Bill through the Commons, for the mercantile community, irrespective of party, earnestly desires such a Bill, and the abuses denounced last year by the CHANCELLOR are so flagrant and so indisputable that no one can deny that, if Parliament is to legislate at all, they ought to be stopped at once. The Criminal Code is a measure more difficult to pass; for, if its details are criticized, criticism will be endless. On the other hand, it would be rash to calculate that the House of Commons will accept a proposed Code so intimately affecting the liberty of the subject without looking into it. The difficulty is to devise a mode by which the House shall look into the Code sufficiently to discharge its duty of investigation, and yet not so jealously and minutely as to stop the progress of the measure. In the ordinary course of things such a Bill would be referred to a Committee; but a Committee is usually a body so arranged that the Government has a small majority in it, the end of all discussion being that what the Government thinks right is carried by the majority, and what the minority thinks right is reserved for discussion in the House. A Committee thus composed would carry the Criminal Code a very short stage on its way to becoming law. But it is conceivable that a Committee might be composed, and might be so directed in its operations, that it would not consider whether it was defeating or supporting the Government, but what was for the public good. Everything will depend on the composition of the Committee and on the character and scope imparted and assigned to it. An exceptional Committee can alone deal with so exceptional a measure as a Criminal Code.

The minor measures announced by the Government are a Bill for enlarging the powers of life owners to sell, a Bill for consolidating and improving the Lunacy laws, and a Bill for simplifying conveyancing. The CHANCELLOR is the best judge of what reforms are needed in a matter so entirely within his province as the Lunacy laws; and there is so small a prospect of any hostility to a reasonable measure about lunatics, that the only cause of wonder is why it was thought necessary to put such a measure into the very limited list of Government proposals. Perhaps it was introduced to give beforehand a sort of contagion of mildness to the other two proposals between which it was inserted. The Government may have wished to hint that it would do something towards altering the Land laws, but that it was going to do very little. The enlargement of the powers of life tenants is a very small and unobjectionable proposal, but the simplification of conveyancing may mean anything. The CHANCELLOR will have an opportunity of stating his most recent views as to the possibility of giving increased facilities for the transfer of land, and this may be all that the Government considers necessary. It is probable that before long there will be a real separation between parties as to some of the numberless questions which any system of ownership of land must suggest, and the Government may desire not so much to pass particular measures regarding land as to clear its own ground, and relieve itself from the responsibility of seeming to maintain that everything is perfect in a system which in the main it wishes to see maintained. There are many other measures not noticed in the Speech which the Government must introduce or will probably introduce. But, either they are measures in the regular course of business, like the continuance of the Ballot Act, or they are measures like the revision of the Corrupt Practices Act, which every one agrees it would be desirable to get through before a dissolution, but as to the carrying of which the Government may think it imprudent to pledge itself. The Government knows that it is impossible to say what turn things will take in any Session, and what amount of time it will have at its disposal. The countless notices of private members might seem to show that they at least think that the time which Parliament has to give them is unlimited; but the bulk of these notices may be regarded as being principally intended as election addresses. The enterprising member hopes that his enterprise will be remembered in his own little sphere if it remains unnoticed in the large arena of Parliament. It is something for a candidate to be able to explain what great things "my Bill" would have effected if only Parliament could have been got to listen to it.

The harmony of the meeting was not quite uninterrupted during the first night of the sitting of the Commons. The usual review of the policies of the Government and the Opposition was gone through with the proper observance of the ceremonies befiting the occasion. But the Irish longed for a fight too ardently not to create some occasion for it. Mr. SHAW proposed to move an amendment to the Address, imputing the present miseries of Ireland to the criminal neglect of the Government. There was no technical objection to such an amendment. The Speech referred to the distress in Ireland, and any one who chose to take the responsibility might insist that the Address should notice the true causes of this distress. Directly the seconder of the Address sat down, Mr. SHAW was ready to bring forward his amendment; but the SPEAKER could not catch the eye of any one but Lord HARTINGTON.

It is the business of the leader of the Opposition to criticize the Address as a whole, and it is evidently conducive to convenience that the general review of the Address should precede the attack of any one member on a special part of it. When the general consideration of the Address was over the time came for Mr. SHAW to move his amendment; but he would not move it. He and his friends proposed instead that the House should adjourn, on the ground that since the beginning of the debate a paper had been put into the hands of members which he much desired they should study before he tried to prove his case. To the adjournment on such a ground the Government reasonably objected, or seemed to object. Lord HARTINGTON strongly supported the Government, for reasons which seemed intelligible and just. The debate on the Address may be supposed to be confined to matters within the cognizance of Parliament at the time of its meeting, while the new matter which Mr. SHAW wished the House to study had been brought to the knowledge of Parliament in order to prepare it for the examination of a Bill which the Government proposes to introduce. Lord HARTINGTON was immediately made the object of violent attack by the Home Rulers, who said that he always deserted them when they wished him to lead them. It was very desirable that Lord HARTINGTON should have had an opportunity of showing that he is occasionally not afraid of them. But it turned out that he was more Ministerial than the Ministers themselves. With them it was a question of the most technical kind. They distinguished between a debate on the Address and a debate on the Report of the Address. On the occasion of the Report they were themselves going to introduce totally new matter, by making a full exposition of their views on Irish distress, and then Mr. SHAW could make any use he pleased of any materials he could get hold of. Mr. SHAW complained that, if the Government had but told him that they were going to put him in precisely the same position in all but a technical point as he would have occupied if the debate on the Address had been adjourned, he would not have wasted his time and that of other people in pressing for an adjournment. It is unfortunate that in any matter which touches the excited feelings of Irish members the Government should either not know its own mind or should be unable to make it clear what its mind is.

THE LIVERPOOL CONTEST.

THE Liverpool election would in any case have excited political attention and curiosity; but the interest of the struggle has been unexpectedly concentrated on the probable motives and consequences of Lord RAMSAY'S acceptance of the Home Rule test. The scandal would have been somewhat less flagrant if he had not changed his course in the middle of the contest. He in the first instance declined to vote for an inquiry into the proposed restoration of the Irish Parliament. He was willing to inquire into other Irish demands, but it was understood that he objected to the mention of a Parliament, which means the dissolution of the United Kingdom. Although the Irish vote was in consequence professedly withheld, Lord RAMSAY again and again assured his supporters that he was thoroughly satisfied with the prospect of his return. Since the coalition he has stated, probably on sufficient grounds, that, on the contrary, the state of affairs was then very gloomy. There is no doubt that his second version was true; for, if he had expected a majority of the English voters, he could scarcely have submitted to the degradation of retracting his former refusal. He now discovered that his objection was not to an Irish Parliament, but to a restoration of the old Irish Parliament, which no human being had at any time proposed. As one of the Home Rule speakers said, Roman Catholics and Dissenters were excluded from the Irish Parliament before the Union. Apparently Lord RAMSAY had fancied that the zealous Catholics who are now his welcome allies had asked him to assist in repealing Catholic Emancipation, as far as it affects Ireland. It is difficult to measure the ingenious credulity of a candidate determined to win. The Home Rule agitators are in no way responsible for Lord RAMSAY'S incapacity to understand their intentions. At Liverpool, as in Dublin and London, they have announced with perfect [illegible] that the Irish Parliament is to exercise exclu-[illegible]ol over all Irish affairs. It would probably commence the exercise of its functions by imposing prohibitive duties on English manufactures.

The distinction between a vote for an inquiry into the policy of separation and a vote for the actual establishment of an Irish Parliament is almost ostentatiously futile. Every man of ordinary intelligence is capable of judging, without the aid of evidence or argument, whether an Irish Legislature is compatible with the unity of the kingdom. If any theoretical doubt could have existed, it would be dispelled by reference to the history of Ireland during the only period in which it possessed legislative independence. The concessions of 1782, which were extorted by a display of armed force, were followed by the rebellion of 1798, and by the conviction of English statesmen that union was indispensable. The new Parliament which Lord RAMSAY contemplates would be much more unmanageable than the old. Before the Union the Government exercised much control over Irish members by the distribution of favours, places, and pensions. It would have nothing to give to the PARNELLS and BIGGARS of a new Parliament. The Chairman of the Liverpool Home Rule League said a few days ago that five-sixths of the members must be Catholics. It is more certain that the great majority would be enemies of the English connexion. To inquire whether such a measure is desirable is to allow that it is not essentially inadmissible. If Lord RAMSAY and those who accept similar pledges are convinced beforehand that the result of inquiry would be unfavourable to Home Rule, they are acting with bad faith to their new confederates. It is not necessary to discuss seriously commonplace fallacies, such as the proposition that the wishes of a large body of Liberals are entitled to examination. There is nothing to learn which is not known already, and the Home Rule party have proved that they are not in the ordinary sense Liberals by their refusal to vote on general grounds for the Liberal candidate. No political section can be recognized as entitled to moral weight which avowedly maintains a neutral position on all English and Imperial questions. It is intolerable that Irishmen who demand separation from Great Britain should control English elections. A body of Russian ratepayors settled in an English port might as reasonably claim to dictate the policy of a nation which they might professedly desire to injure and to weaken. They could scarcely improve on the hostility which is constantly expressed by the PARNELLS, the O'CONNOR POWERS, and the SULLIVANS. Lord RAMSAY, in courting the professed enemies of his country, cannot be surprised if he alienates the goodwill of Liberals who retain some patriotic feeling.

More important than the Liverpool election, and perhaps dependent on its result, is the policy of some of the Liberal leaders. It is improbable that a political novice, even though he may have just confidence in his own ability, should have ventured on the decisive step of a coalition with the Home Rule League without consulting persons of higher authority. Some principal members of the Opposition probably recommended an experiment which may be abandoned if the election proves that it was impolitic. Lord HARTINGTON has cleared himself from the suspicion of original and direct complicity in the Liverpool intrigue. It appears that Lord RAMSAY had not informed him of his intention, and Lord HARTINGTON adheres to his former refusal to accept the Irish pledge. It could perhaps scarcely be expected that the leader of the Liberal party should not desire the return of an avowed and able supporter; but nevertheless, by expressing a wish for Lord RAMSAY'S success, Lord HARTINGTON makes the repeal of the Union an open question. If advocacy of the disruption of the United Kingdom is no longer incompatible with the principles represented by Lord HARTINGTON, the Liberal party will be as responsible for the consequences as if it openly allied itself with the Home Rule League. Perhaps Lord HARTINGTON, though he is still leader of the Opposition, may not know whether he is to retain his position in a future Liberal Ministry. The candidate whom the extreme section of the party confessedly prefers has for some time past not repeated his disclaimer of willingness to resume office. It is not known whether Mr. GLADSTONE was one of those who advised Lord RAMSAY to give the pledge at a time when, as his subsequent confession shows, he had no other chance of success at Liverpool. It was probably in compliance with a request from Lord RAMSAY'S supporters that Mr. GLADSTONE has written a letter in support of his candidature, which includes no reference to the question on which the decision of the constituencies almost

exclusively depends. With feminine and almost hysterical vehemence Mr. GLADSTONE once more repeats the charges which he has repeatedly urged against the Government, from the frivolous crotchet about the duration of Parliament, and the obsolete grievance of Lord BEACONSFIELD'S empty mention of the Income-tax, to the more pressing and serious topic of the Afghan war. On the main issue of Home Rule he is suspiciously silent; yet he knows that Lord RAMSAY is the first member or candidate in Great Britain who has ventured to pronounce the formula devised by the Irish managers. One of the most active among them, Mr. SULLIVAN, who emulates Mr. PARNELL in violence of language, declared that he was himself a Nationalist, and he insinuated that Home Rule had been a temporary compromise between the Separatists and the English Conservatives. There is, in fact, no Home Rule party in Ireland, though the name is still retained for the purpose of negotiating with pliable candidates for large English towns. Mr. SULLIVAN and his friends, while they impose on Lord RAMSAY an obligation to vote for inquiry into the expediency of a subordinate Parliament, make no secret of their intention to achieve, if possible, absolute independence. The concession of a provincial Legislature, with nominally limited functions, would be gladly welcomed as a step to the attainment of their ultimate object.

A judicious adviser, though his warning might probably be neglected, would recommend the so-called Home Rule party to exercise a certain amount of self-denial during the present Session. The pleasure of obstructing public business would not compensate them for the irritation which their efforts might provoke in constituencies where they hope to decide doubtful elections. It was evident at Liverpool that dislike of Irish dictation has penetrated far down among the mass of the people. Mr. GLADSTONE'S hesitation or reticence may perhaps be explained by his experience of the advantage derived by his opponents from his harangues on Irish grievances during the general election of 1868. While his party obtained an overwhelming majority in other parts of the country, he confirmed the Conservative feeling in Lancashire which had been originally produced by a reaction against the followers of Mr. COBDEN. On some later occasions, as two or three years ago at Salford, the Liberal candidate lost his election because he had given pledges to the Home Rule party far less strong than those which have been exacted from Lord RAMSAY. If the Irish agitators make themselves more than ordinarily disagreeable in the House of Commons, they will both diminish their capacity for mischief at the election and discredit any members who may be thought to have owed their seats to Home Rule support. Recriminations against Conservatives who may, according to Mr. SULLIVAN, formerly have tampered with Home Rule, will produce little popular effect; though impartial politicians may deem their conduct more discreditable than the similar proceedings of their opponents. Mr. SULLIVAN'S statements, if they were true, would prove, not only that some members of the Conservative party had engaged in mischievous intrigues, but also that they had found willing accomplices and tools among the Home Rule managers. He apparently shares the general belief that a suspicion of connivance with Home Rule is likely to make a candidate or a political party unpopular in an English constituency.

THE SITUATION IN EUROPE.

THE dim prospect of a great war has overshadowed Europe for some months, and no one who has any acquaintance with the present state of the Continent would venture to prophesy that all danger of such a war is over. But there are symptoms which may tend to reassure those who need reassuring. The increase of the German army has been treated as totally unimportant everywhere except in Germany itself, where Count MOLTKE has had to explain to an inquiring peasant that not even "our EMPEROR himself" can remedy the corruption of human nature and make it inclined to peace and good will, and where, in Bavaria at least, a free opposition to the augmentation of military expenditure has found expression. Russian critics consider, or are ordered to consider, the increase as solely directed against France, and France has treated the news of more German soldiers being raised with perfect equanimity. It would be difficult to see how France could take umbrage at it. The French, in the first place, have no fancy for a new war, and have no more present intention of attacking Germany than of attacking England. And, in the second place, they must be supposed to know what they themselves are doing. They are going to spend over twenty-eight millions sterling on their army this year, and four millions more for material; while it is said that the autumn manœuvres are to be on a scale which will show what the strength and qualities of the army generally would be if it took the field. It is certainly not for France to complain or affect alarm if Germany makes a small addition to its standing force. Perhaps it may even be said to conduce to the prospects of peace that the minor confidants of Prince BISMARCK are allowed to renew vague hints of coming disturbance, and to disclose what they imagine should be the line of this or that State in cases which it pleases them to imagine. It is not inexpedient that outsiders should be placed on their guard. In a war between France and Germany it would naturally be the aim of Germany to act on the offensive. But, if Germany thought it expedient to take the offensive against Russia, there is serious reason for Prince BISMARCK and his friends to fear that France could not look on with indifference at the balance of power in Europe being disturbed to her lasting detriment. The French would obviously in such a case be in a much more advantageous position if they could take, or seriously threaten to take, the offensive. The ingenuity of Germany has thus been set to work to discover, if possible, some means of preventing France from assuming such a position, without Germany having to take any trouble or to spend a farthing to secure this object. The bright thought has occurred to a journal which is supposed to be "semi-inspired" that England would be a most useful tool for the purpose, and it has been gravely proposed that England should not only close every avenue by which French troops could get at Germany outside French territory, which is not perhaps going beyond the treaty obligations of England, but that England should protect the coasts of North Germany against the French navy. The suggestion is, from an English point of view, unworthy of discussion; but it deserves a passing notice as an indication of the direction in which the thoughts of the German war party are running.

Nothing can be less warlike than the tone of opinion in Austria. The representatives of Austro-Hungary will not listen to any proposal for adding to the military strength of the Empire, and it seems doubtful whether they can be got to vote the necessary funds for the defensive fortifications in which Austria is said to be deficient. The PREMIER is engaged in the difficult task of riding on two horses at the same time. He has got a coalition Cabinet, composed in almost equal proportions of what are termed Autonomists and Constitutionalists. By Autonomists are meant persons who want more Home Rule, although they do not know how much, and by Constitutionalists is meant people who think they have got quite as much Home Rule as they can stand. The Autonomists have a very small majority in the Lower Chamber, while the Constitutionalists have the Upper Chamber at their command. A Minister who has to lean on the support and play off the rivalries of parties so equally balanced is not likely to nourish grand schemes of external extension, or to take any step which one set of his friends would regard as too favourable to the other. Nor have the new commercial relations of Austria with Germany, the nature of which is still as much a secret as ever, diminished the desire of Austria to make herself in some degree independent of Germany by the construction of a railway which will place Austria in direct connexion with Switzerland. The cost of the line, which traverses or penetrates a high mountain range, will be heavy for a country so open to financial embarrassment as Austria; but Austria seems resolved to find the money at any cost. Everything seems to show that Austria will not go crusading beyond her Eastern borders, unless she is pushed forward by Germany. Whether she will be so pushed forward is the unsolved problem of European politics; but it is satisfactory to observe that she will need strong pushing before she runs the risk of going into new adventures. Italy, again, is not a very important Power, but still it tends to the tranquillity and reserve of Austria that Italy is now doing everything in her power to please Austria. A Ministerial circular has been issued directing the local

authorities to repress with firmness any manifestations of hostility to Austria; and it rather adds to the significance of the circular than detracts from it that Italian Ministries are not in the habit of issuing such circulars until they have satisfied themselves that the manifestations which they discountenance either will not take place or will be of trifling importance.

Whatever she may be doing or planning in Asia, in Europe Russia is keeping, to all appearance, as quiet as possible. Her internal troubles may reasonably engross her entire attention. What is the real state of things in Russia no one outside Russia, and probably very few in Russia, can pretend to say. In some ways, it may be surmised, her internal troubles have not as yet hurt her very much. She still manages to keep on foot her enormous army, on which she spent last year nearly twice as much as Germany spent on her army, and she still manages to keep up her financial credit, and Russian stocks are higher than when her internal troubles began. The Russian revolutionists, too, seem to be of the class which, as experience teaches us, seldom succeed, and work in ways which usually fail. The revolution seems to take the form of a struggle to outwit the police, and it must be owned that the revolutionists have played their game better than the police have played theirs. Assassins ride off in daylight, holes are bored, and treasure stolen, houses are set on fire, and the secret press spreads its publications through society. But when the revolutionists are caught they seem to be persons who, as individual operators, may be very dangerous to particular officials, but are outsiders in Russian society. They are old soldiers with one idea in their heads, that of doing mischief, or discontented nobles, or old plotters who have been wanted for years by the police, or young women. It is difficult to believe in the future of a revolution in which girls take a serious and prominent part. Not that the girls have it all to themselves. The boys seem as if they too would like to pronounce. A manifesto of Russian students has been brought to light, in which they threaten to shake society to its foundations because they are made to learn more clasics than they like. It is the sad waste of time thus involved that seems especially to harass their souls. They cannot bear throwing away their precious hours on what they term the sophisms of musty philosophers. Consequently, the whole Government of the Czar must be pulled down. This seems rather like asking that the Queen should abdicate in order that the modern side at Harrow may be properly encouraged. No doubt the education question is a difficult one for the Russian Government. Like some other of the difficulties of Russia, this difficulty has arisen from the premature introduction of Western ways. A zeal for the higher education seized on the Czar and his advisers some years ago, and it was only gradually discovered that no one knew what was to be taught, who was to teach it, or what those who received the education were to do or live on when their training was supposed to be finished. In the same way juries were introduced, and the judges were told that the essence of the institution was that they should be quite independent of the Government. The injunction was taken so literally that the trials became proceedings, not in which the police indicted the prisoners, but in which the prisoners indicted the police. Russia is a very young nation, and the young people of Russia seem to be of a fervid temperament; but despotisms do not crumble under the touch of hands so gentle and so impotent.

TURKEY.

Two articles on Turkey, published respectively in the *Fortnightly Review* and the *Contemporary Review*, contribute, though in unequal proportions, to a knowledge rather of the difficulties of the Eastern question than of the means by which they can be removed; yet it is remarkable that two writers who have few feelings or opinions in common should agree in recommending as the only hopeful measure the revival of Midhat Pasha's Constitution. The writer in the *Contemporary*, who describes himself as "An Eastern Statesman," is bitterly prejudiced, not perhaps against the Government of Constantinople which deserves his strictures, but against the general Mahometan population. He cannot even solicit relief for the unhappy fugitives from Bulgaria without striving to defeat his professed object by asserting, without a shadow of reason, that many of them were concerned in the massacres of 1876. He could not have received any proof of the guilt of these obscure exiles; and he might have remembered that they came from a different part of the country from that in which the outrages were committed. It is perhaps impossible to denounce in too strong language the corruption, the wickedness, and the folly of the Turkish Government, and especially of that part of it which is commonly designated as the "Palace"; but incessant vituperation is tiresome and unprofitable, and the "Eastern Statesman" always seems, perhaps unintentionally, to hold the English Government in some indefinable way responsible for the crimes of Turkish officials. There is no doubt that the Sultan and his Ministers have lately assumed a defiant or insolent attitude towards the English Ambassador. The honour conferred on the Minister of Police soon after Sir H. Layard had required his dismissal was a gross and deliberate affront; and the Ministerial newspapers of Constantinople have been instructed to use language which is not unlike the daily declamation of the journals of Moscow and St. Petersburg. Even within a few days the Sultan has conferred decorations on the Ulemas who sentenced a Mussulman to death for assisting a missionary in the translation of the English Prayer Book. For the present, the Sultan and his Ministers appear to prefer the patronage of Russia to the friendship of England. It is impossible for persons who are not acquainted with diplomatic details to judge whether the Foreign Secretary and his representative have uniformly adopted the most prudent and vigorous course. Political opponents who are incessantly on the watch to discover and expose their failures wilfully diminish for selfish objects the influence of their country.

The writer in the *Contemporary*, though he carps at the policy of the present Government, seems to dissent still more strongly from the doctrines of the Opposition. He truly says that it has been stated again and again since the Crimean war, by Liberal and Conservative Ministers, that British interests demand the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire. He adds that no serious effort has been made by English statesmen of either party to secure the execution of the Sultan's edicts in favour of the Christians. He more than hints at the expediency of annexing Asia Minor and Syria; and there can be no doubt that such a measure would be in the highest degree acceptable to the suffering population. It is nevertheless out of the question for the English nation to undertake a task which would not only be burdensome in itself, but dangerous, as it would excite the jealousy and probably the resistance of Russia and France. Even the alternative measure which the "Eastern Statesman" apparently recommends would be embarrassing both in relation to foreign Powers and as the certain occasion of violent attack on the part of the Opposition. It is suggested that Lord Beaconsfield should have sent an expedition to occupy Smyrna, and that he should have announced that it would be retained until a free Parliament had met at Constantinople. Of the feeling which would have been produced in foreign countries by such an enterprise some judgment may be formed by reference to the statement of the same writer that all the Consuls at Sofia, with the exception of the English Consul, encouraged the Prince of Bulgaria in his unconstitutional conduct to his first Assembly. The confidence reposed in England by the Turkish people, and the animosity against England sometimes displayed by the Turkish Government, are equally founded on the knowledge that English policy has been uniformly, though not always wisely, directed to the improvement of the condition of the people.

The anonymous author of the article in the *Fortnightly Review* describes himself as a British subject who has lived much abroad, and chiefly in the East. He professes to be absolutely without political bias, and he confirms his statement by impartial criticism of the errors which he attributes to both parties. He says that to Englishmen abroad "England has for some time past "presented very much the appearance of a ship suddenly "overtaken by a storm, in which one half of the crew "were doing all they could to frustrate the attempts of "the other half to navigate it, thereby bringing out into "painful relief the inexperience and want of nautical skill of "the latter." It is perhaps, on the whole, less discreditable to sail the ship unskilfully than deliberately to impede the prosecution of the voyage. Like the "Eastern Statesman,"

the writer believes that Turkish subjects of all denominations would gladly accept English government. He confidently asserts that, as a rule, there is no animosity between Moslems and Christians, though he is inclined to draw a strong moral distinction between them. "If once we "could get rid of the absurd fiction that in these coun-"tries the term Christian implies a follower of the teach-"ing of CHRIST, we should be better able to bestow our "sympathies in accordance with that teaching upon those "who are most deserving of them. There can be no doubt "that, in so far as the practice of the Christian virtue in his "daily life is concerned, the Moslem is in every way "infinitely superior to the Christian in Turkey." Of the Bulgarian agitation and its consequences the writer expresses a strong opinion. "Had wise counsels, instead of "an ignorant impulsive agitation, prevailed in England at "this time, more than a million of lives would have been "spared. The European provinces of Turkey would not "have become a theatre in which Bulgarian atrocities "were repeated again and again; and Christian nations "would not have been responsible for an amount of blood-"shed, spoliation, and consequent misery, unparalleled "in the annals of our time." "What," said NAPOLEON to METTERNICH, "are a million of lives to a man like "me?" To factious philanthropy also a million of lives form but a secondary consideration. The main contention of the writer in the *Fortnightly* is that the remaining framework of government and society should, as far as possible, be preserved. As the substitution of English for Turkish rule is practically impossible, anarchy will be only increased and accelerated by discrediting existing authority. The inveterate corruption of Constantinople can, in the opinion of the writer, only be counteracted by the establishment of a Parliamentary government. When the experiment was first tried by MIDHAT PASHA under unfavourable conditions, few foreigners thought that Turkey contained the elements of a representative system; but when the Parliament met, the members, to the surprise of critical observers, displayed an independent spirit which, if the institution had been maintained, would have thrown great difficulties in the way of central maladministration. Like members of the early English Parliaments, the representatives were seriously bent on the redress of grievances in the various districts from which they came; and if the war had not intervened, and if MIDHAT had remained in office, his Parliament would have given him invaluable support in his projects of reform. It is not surprising that the Russians after their victory insisted on the discontinuance of an experiment which might have regenerated the Ottoman Empire. It is unfortunately improbable that the SULTAN will at any time consent to renounce his despotic power; and the objections to coercion, though it would be for his own good, are not to be surmounted.

As far as English intervention for the protection of Eastern populations from domestic misgovernment and external cupidity is practicable, there is reason to believe that, notwithstanding the efforts of party orators, a generous and active policy is on the whole not unpopular. Mr. COWEN lately addressed at Newcastle an audience of the same character with the multitudes who applauded Mr. GLADSTONE's condemnation of foreign policy in general, and Sir W. HARCOURT's joyous exposition of the disasters which, according to his version of history, had befallen the Government. Mr. COWEN's constituents well knew that he was no supporter of the present Ministers, and probably they would have applauded a denunciation of a policy which, whether right or wrong in itself, was that of a Conservative Government; yet they listened to his bold and eloquent vindication of the national position of England with sympathy and unanimous approval. It would be difficult for Mr. GLADSTONE to reconcile Mr. COWEN's protest against the attacks on the Government with his own assertion that the present Parliament is more deficient in independence than any of its predecessors. In general Parliamentary independence might be defined as unwillingness to prefer party ties to public duty. As Mr. COWEN said, thirty or forty Liberal members have habitually agreed with him in the successive stages of the Eastern question. He added that several more would have been added to the number if the House of Commons had voted by ballot. It is satisfactory to know that some able members of the Liberal party are not inclined to acquiesce in the issue which has been raised by Mr. GLADSTONE and his docile followers.

THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD'S BUDGET.

THE first Budget of the new London School Board has a natural interest for all who bore any part in the contest of last November. The issue most frequently raised at that election was the issue between possible economy and alleged extravagance, and the calculations of the Board for the year ending the 25th of March, 1881, are the first-fruits of the reflections brought home to the members by their recent canvass of their constituents. The sum of these calculations is that a rate of 6¼d. in the pound will be required to meet the needs of the Board, being an advance on the rate levied during the current year of about ¾d. in the pound. The two main items which call for this increase are of course the provision and maintenance of schools. For some time to come these items must go on increasing. There are still a number of schools to be built, and of the children who ought to be receiving instruction an appreciable percentage still manage to escape it. Even when the provision of schools shall have completely overtaken the present wants of London, and all the children for whom places are provided shall have been brought to occupy them, the steady increase of London will be represented in the budgets of the School Board. This, as we have often pointed out, constitutes the best answer to the charge of building more schools than are necessary. Let it be granted that a school here and there is not full and not immediately likely to be full, there is not the least danger that its benches will long remain empty. What is not wanted to-day will be wanted to-morrow. What is superfluous this year will be short of what will have to be provided three years hence. The net cost—the cost, that is, after allowing for the Parliamentary grant—per child during the current year has been 36s. 11d., but various reductions will bring it down next year to 34s. 4d. This saving has been effected partly by reducing the teaching staff, and partly, so far as can be made out from the abridged report of Mr. FREEMAN's speech, by reducing the provision of books and apparatus. The wisdom of both these economies is perhaps doubtful. Probably, however, as time goes on, the whole question of the provision of teachers will have to be reconsidered. During the most active part of the School Board's existence trade has been depressed, and the labour market has consequently been overstocked. If, as there seems reason to hope, that depression has passed away, the demand for labour of all kinds will greatly increase. Hitherto the main source from which the teaching staff of elementary schools has been recruited has been the pupil teachers; and it is yet to be seen whether pupil teachers will be forthcoming in sufficient numbers as other ways open in which parents may turn their children's labour to account. It is possible that the teachers in elementary schools may eventually be mainly taken from a class above the children ordinarily attending them. Why, for example, should not a boy who now leaves a middle-class school at fifteen go at once to a training college and be ready in two or three years' time to take the place of an assistant-teacher in an elementary school? He would, supposing secondary education to be properly organized, have the advantage by several years of an ordinary pupil-teacher, and might therefore begin real work at an earlier age. The middle classes are finding it more difficult to provide their sons with careers than the working classes, and, as things go, the post of an elementary teacher is not an ill-paid one.

It is, therefore, clear that no considerable further reduction in the School Board estimates can at present be looked for. Reduction in one direction will be more than balanced by growth in another. At the same time the desire for keeping down expenditure will remain, and the temptation to gratify it as far as possible will remain also. The danger will be that the methods taken to gratify it will involve a kind of saving with which we are but too familiar in the public service. The pennyworth of tar is an economy specially dear to official minds. It is the one point in which expenditure can be reduced, and this fact is quite sufficient to outweigh the other fact that if it is reduced at this point, the money which will still have to be spent will be in a great measure wasted. The main lines in which the outlay of the London School Board must proceed are marked out for it beyond the possibility of revision. But the efficient working of these main lines will often depend on their being properly fed by many side outlays. If these are withdrawn in order to save a far-

thing in the pound; the ratepayers will be the richer no doubt by that amount; but they will have the dissatisfaction of finding out eventually that they have sustained a far more than proportionate loss in the value they receive for all the rest of the money spent. The truth seems to be that there is only one way in which an appreciable reduction of expenditure can be effected without a more than corresponding reduction in school efficiency. When the Education Act was under discussion, a great deal was said for and against the principle of free education, and the feeling of the country proved decidedly adverse to any such arrangement. The importance of making parents pay for their children's schooling was maintained to be in all respects equal to that of making them pay for their children's food and lodging. As not unfrequently happens, as soon as the principle had been triumphantly vindicated in argument it was in a great measure abandoned in practice. A working man is supposed to pay for the education of his children, but the sum demanded from him bears no relation either to the cost of the article or to his ability to pay for it. As regards the cost of the article, he is only called upon to make good the deficiency left after reckoning the Government grant and the contributions of the ratepayer. In London alone, the latter amount for next year to about 650,000*l.*, and to that extent, together with the payments made by the Education Department, the education of the children of the poor is gratuitous. As regards the parent's ability to pay for his child's education, no attempt is made to measure it. At a given school each child pays the same fee, which is usually calculated on the supposed incomes of the poorest class among the parents.

We are not blind to the very great difficulties which compulsory education imposes in the way of a more satisfactory arrangement. All we say is that a vast number of the parents whose children are now receiving a partially gratuitous education in School Board schools are perfectly well able to pay a much larger fee than they do. The only person who would suffer if a larger fee were exacted from them would be the publican. They would have so much less in the week to spend on drink, and in so far as they were subjected to this privation, both they and their families would be all the better for it. No doubt the unfortunate tendency which there is to take the side of the parent who is summoned for not sending his child to school, and the equally unfortunate tendency which sometimes seems to lead a School Board officer to bully the wrong man, would interpose very serious obstacles to the exaction of really adequate fees. But when the Education Act supplies a power of paying or remitting school fees in cases of indigence, we fail to see why the average fee charged should not be larger than at present. No doubt the applications to be excused from paying it would be more frequent; but if a rigid rule were laid down that, where the father was in receipt of decent wages, the payment should never be remitted, we suspect that the increase of expense under this head would be very much less than people suppose. At all events, it would be more satisfactory to know that those who could afford to pay a higher fee were paying it, while those who had a fair excuse to urge were excused from paying, than to know, as we do now, that a large proportion of the parents of children in School Board schools are paying not only less than they could well afford, but less than, down to the building of a School Board school in their neighbourhood, they were paying in a voluntary school. For free education resting on a really consistent and universal basis there may be something to be said. For an education for which the parent is supposed to pay, and, to a considerably greater extent than he does at present, could pay, while it is mainly provided by the taxpayers and the ratepayers, there is extremely little to be said. If any considerable saving is effected in the education rate in London, it must be by a somewhat nearer approach to the principle that a parent is bound, when he has the means, to supply his child with necessaries and to be prepared to pay for them.

M. FERRY'S BILL AND THE SENATE.

NEITHER of the two parties into which the French Legislature is divided upon the question of education seem anxious to bring matters to a decisive issue. By general consent the battle is to be joined upon the 7th Clause of the Bill relating to superior education. In the Chamber of Deputies this measure was passed so long ago that it is already almost forgotten. Principles, important as they are, must yield in interest to persons, and when every morning brings its new crop of dismissals and appointments in the public service, a deputy cannot be expected to trouble himself much about a Bill which, as far as he is concerned, is already an old story. The Government, however, might have been expected to show rather more zeal for their own legislation. Delightful as it may be to feel that the 7th Clause has been safely navigated through the Lower House, this pleasing reflection must be a little dashed by the consciousness that its trials are only half over. It has to pass the Senate as well as the Chamber of Deputies; and, by the practice of most Legislatures, it should have been taken up to the Senate as soon as the Chamber of Deputies had disposed of it. Instead of this, the Senate have not even yet been seised of it. They have debated an Education Bill indeed, but it is one that excites infinitely less popular interest than that with which M. FERRY's name is especially associated. So far as the relative importance of the two measures is concerned, it is by no means clear that the composition of the Educational Council ought not to take precedence of the exclusion of the non-recognized religious orders from schools. But Bills stand to one another in the ratio of the importance attributed to them quite as much as in that of the importance they actually possess. It is far from improbable that, if the 7th Clause is passed by the Senate, the ecclesiastical authorities will so modify their teaching arrangements that schools will continue to be taught by members of religious orders, with the single difference that the recognized orders will concern themselves with teaching, and leave the non-recognized orders to carry on charitable works. In that case the clause will really become—what it has often been represented as being—an anti-Jesuit clause pure and simple. Teaching will be given as now by religious orders, only it will not as now be given by the religious order best qualified to give it. For the moment, however, it matters little whether the 7th Clause is likely to answer its purpose or to fall short of it. It has become by this time a test question, around which parties are forming now combinations that may hereafter have results extending beyond the particular controversy which has given rise to them. Frenchmen are beginning to see that the convenient word Republican has concealed differences of opinion as deep and as irreconcilable as any aroused by the dispute as to the form of government. Men who take opposite sides upon the question whether the State or the parent is to choose the kind of instruction a child shall receive, or upon the question whether the Catholic Church shall be recognized as a French institution, or treated as an enemy to be banished as soon as may be and kept under strict surveillance until it can be got rid of, may in the end discover that the sympathies which bind them together on matters of this order supply a more real ground of union than more directly political issues.

One cause possibly of the delay in bringing the Education Bill before the Senate is the desire of the Government to strengthen their ranks in the interval. Life Senators drop off from time to time, and as the Government command a majority, though a small one, in the Senate, each new vacancy gives them a fresh recruit. On the last occasion this process seemed in danger of being interrupted. A Life Senator had to be elected in place of M. DE MONTALIVET, but the Left no longer presented a united front. According to the arrangement existing between the several groups of the party, it fell to the turn of the Extreme Left to choose the candidate of the majority. Their choice was in itself an excellent one. Dr. BROCA is well known as a man of science, and on the theory—perhaps as good a one as can be devised when tradition supplies no rule—that the Second Chamber is to be composed of eminent men of all kinds, he had a very good claim to the support of the united Left. But passions are rising too high to allow of any arrangement made before they were aroused being rigidly adhered to. Dr. BROCA may have every virtue under heaven, but he is a supporter of the 7th Clause, and to an influential section of the Left Centre this is a sufficient condemnation of his pretensions to enter a political Assembly. About twenty Senators, headed by M. DUFAURE and M. JULES SIMON,

brought forward a candidate of their own, to whom the Right consented to give their votes. At the first ballot Dr. BROCA failed to secure the necessary majority, and on Thursday a second vote was taken. The Government succeeded in carrying their candidate, but not without taking extraordinary pains. It will be difficult for them to hold their own in the Senate, if upon every critical division they have to recall their Ambassadors from Vienna, Berlin, and Switzerland. By doing this they managed to carry Dr. BROCA by three votes. In itself this might seem conclusive as to the fate of the 7th Clause. The same urgent whip, it might be said, will again be issued, and though the division may be close, it will be decisive. It seems doubtful, however, whether every Senator who voted for Dr. BROCA can be trusted to vote for the 7th Clause. The circumstances of the election were such as may well have indisposed moderate members of the Left Centre to break up an understanding to which the extreme Left had honourably adhered in previous contests. It would certainly have been better if full notice had been given of the intention of a part of the Left Centre not to vote with their party in future elections, and if the time chosen for this notice to take effect had coincided with a complete revolution of the rota. As it is, the members of the Extreme Left have some reason to complain that the Left Centre has accepted their support and not given its own in return.

The importance of this division in the Left Centre is not limited to the particular question of Dr. BROCA's election. It indicates a growing inability on the part of a particular group of moderate Republicans to work any longer with the Republican party. The wonder is, not that this inability should now be beginning to show itself; it rather is that it should not have shown itself long ago. The Left Centre and the Left seem every day to have less in common with one another. The one point upon which they cordially agreed was the establishment of Republican institutions, and now that Republican institutions are established and the agreement as to their merits no longer counts for anything, the Left Centre cannot help seeing that the Government which they are expected to support is one with which they have absolutely no sympathy. The Republic as it is understood by men like M. JULES FERRY is not the Republic as understood by M. DUFAURE. It is in no sense a Liberal Republic. It aims not at securing freedom for all parties, but at denying freedom to all parties but one. Instead of throwing the doors of the Republic wide open, its apparent object is to shut them close. The more Frenchmen can be left outside the better those inside are pleased. A Republic in which they had to live on equal terms with their fellow-countrymen of opposite parties would, for them, be little better than a monarchy. They like not to defeat their adversaries merely, but to crush them—not to prevent them from overthrowing the Republic, but to taste something of the bitterness of life under a Republic. This temper of mind is altogether opposed to the anticipations entertained and held out by the Left Centre at the time when it exercised a controlling voice in the Republican councils. The great mistake committed by the moderate Republicans has been in acquiescing without remonstrance in the change which has been going on. That error has been due to the mistaken views of conciliation which led M. WADDINGTON and M. LÉON SAY to think that wrong measures became right if they were carried by the right men. If a year ago these two politicians had retired from the Ministry rather than accept M. FERRY's Education Bill, the Left Centre would by this time have exercised a controlling voice in the Senate, instead of, as now, being divided at the very moment when it is important that it should be united. But, though wiser counsels have been listened to late and partially, it is something that they should have gained a hearing. Though it is only the first step towards the creation of a Republican Opposition, it is better than no step at all.

RAKING UP GRIEVANCES.

THE fact that the Rev. MALCOLM MACCOLL should, in the *Contemporary Review* of this month, have written an article on "Forgotten Aspects of the Irish Question," may not seem in itself a very important one. Mr. MACCOLL is a man of an active pen, as well as of other active qualities, and his articles are proportionately many. But at a time when political excitement is increasing, and when it is to a very considerable extent already directed towards Irish matters, it may seem a little surprising that any one should endeavour to recall "forgotten" aspects of the interminable "question." True, there are some such aspects which might not without advantage be recalled, such as the perpetual disunion of the Irish among themselves, the political incapacity which they have more than once evinced, and so forth. But these are by no means the aspects to which Mr. MACCOLL invites his readers' attention. These are simply the old accusations of English tyranny, the forgetting of which is certainly not due to any want of reminder in the most picturesque terms on the part of Irish politicians. At a moment when the actual distress in Ireland, the lawless agitation which Mr. PARNELL began last summer beyond the Channel and is now continuing beyond the Atlantic, and the relations of the English Home Rulers with some members of the Liberal party, are making the question of Ireland a hot and almost a burning one, Mr. MACCOLL thinks it well to recapitulate the old tyrannical legislation of the fifteenth century, the cruelties of the Elizabethan commanders, the enormities of the Penal Code, the restrictions once imposed on Irish commerce, and so forth. This is his Eirenicon; his contribution to the settlement of a vexed and difficult problem. The party which calls itself Irish is not sufficiently alive to the injuries which it has to revenge, so Mr. MACCOLL is good enough to put in a reminder. The debate is already so unimpassioned and conducted with such an absence of feeling, that Mr. MACCOLL feels constrained to add a little fire and life to it.

We shall not attribute to the author of this mischievous article the important position of an *Éminence grise*; but he may possibly be allowed by those who are conversant with the politics of the last few years to possess some of the functions and peculiarities of a stormy petrel. A certain very famous passage of Greek oratory characterises, not, if we remember aright, very complimentarily, the persons who make themselves busy and obvious in times of public danger and difficulty. Something of the same kind may have been noticed perhaps in modern times, and philosophic observers may have admired the adjustment of means to ends which manifests itself whenever a Church is to be disestablished, a difficult question between the outlines of bean-stacks and human bodies to be settled, a new alliance between Home Rulers and Liberals to be negotiated. Certainly it is singular to find, in an article where it has no conceivable fitness, a long citation from a speech of a Conservative member denouncing Mr. GLADSTONE. But Mr. MACCOLL's argument is, to do him justice, quite consistent from the first, though it may be occasionally diversified by such digressions as this. It is not a new one; it is not, even in strict literalness, a true one; and it may be left to all impartial judges to decide whether it is fair. It simply comes to this:—In time past England has done great wrongs to Ireland; therefore in time present England ought to concede everything to Irish demands. To the feeble folk who point to the enormous reforms, concessions, or whatever they are to be called, of the last fifty years, Mr. MACCOLL has his answer at once. These are only instalments, and quite insufficient instalments. Indeed, by an ingenious misuse of language, he contrives to minimize even such an admission as this. The Land Act, he said, was passed to secure to the occupier "the legitimate fruit of his capital and toil." Clearly, if this fruit was already legitimate, no thanks are due to those who made it legal. At any rate, says our author, the Irish are still unhappy. Perhaps it may be said that this is because they are unreasonable; but Mr. MACCOLL assures us, on the respectable authority of Sir JOHN DAVYS, that it is far from being the case. "There is no people," says this authority, "that doth "love equal and indifferent justice better than the Irish, although it be against themselves." We fancy that in the course of two or three centuries the last clause has somewhat lost its validity, but this is a trifle. Mr. MACCOLL soon gets into his main line of attack, and this is, as we have said, simply a reiteration of the worst charges against England that he can pick out of Irish history from the time of the invasion to the end of the eighteenth century. Not merely direct cruelty, but all the incidents of military operations, such as famine, are made articles of impeachment. It is needless to say that the very ample vengeance which the native

Irish took more than once, is barely alluded to, and then (with the help of BURKE) dismissed as "provoked." It is also needless to say that no hint is given of the fact that, at any rate since the seventeenth century, the worst barbarities and the worst enactments were due, not in any sense to England, but simply to the fratricidal rage of Irishmen against Irishmen. Mr. MACCOLL's readers will look equally in vain for any acknowledgment of the fact that, bad as the repressive policy of England towards Irish trade undoubtedly was for a long time, it was simply the general commercial policy of the period, which almost any other country would have pursued towards a dependency, even if that dependency had not been a constant trouble and drain. Such reflections as this are not in this writer's way. He is concerned merely to pick out the plums of past tyranny and exhibit them. He does indeed remark on the encouraging fact that "Irish disaffection has retired step by step before "English justice." It might possibly strike some people that Irish disaffection, if not at the present very obvious in its usual form, is somewhat busily engaged in the tempting occupation of expropriating, or endeavouring to expropriate, its landlords. You cannot expect people to do several things at the same time. Yet an anthology might be made from the speeches of Irish orators during the last twelvemonth which would not, we think, in any country but England be accepted as evidence of the "retirement of disaffection."

It is by no means our intention to bandy words with Mr. MACCOLL as to the particular historical facts which he mentions in his article. We are inclined, indeed, to think that, though no just and instructed Englishman can exactly be proud of the relations of this country with its sister island, we have of late years been rather too prone to accept sackcloth and ashes for the crimes of our forefathers in this respect. But even supposing that the extreme theory of our ancestors' guilt be true, we do not see that the consequence which is sometimes drawn from it follows. For an entire generation, we might almost say for two entire generations, no one who pretends to historical accuracy or fairness will say that Ireland has been under any artificial or external disadvantage as regards Great Britain. If she has no manufactures, it is now entirely her own fault. If her people are in many cases poor and miserable, so are improvident agricultural peoples all over the world. Only rigid thrift and self-denial, like that of the French, can secure small owners or small occupiers against occasional distress, unless (as in the often and most ignorantly quoted case of the Channel Islands) their profits are largely supplemented from other sources. If the capital which might make Ireland fertile, or, by means of manufactures, supply her want of fertility in parts, is driven away, whose fault is that? The fault of the wickedness of Queen ELIZABETH's generals, or the fault of the incurable delusions of the Irish peasantry as to the rights of property? All these things being so, the raking up of the evil deeds of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries is as illogical as it is inflammatory and mischievous. Perhaps, indeed, those who resort to it are as careless of logic as they are of the laws of respectable political controversy. The reckless assertions of Mr. PARNELL in his American tour are not much more than on a par with these revivals of old stories, and what they lose in accuracy of fact they gain in logic. For if women and children had actually been shot down by the Mayo process-servers at this time of day, there would certainly be a *primâ facie* case against England. Supposing that massacres and outrages were committed two centuries ago, the connexion between this fact and the inferences drawn from it would still be impalpable and invisible. In both cases, however, the object is the same, and an old one. Atrocities at any price; historical and actual atrocities, if possible; but in any case, atrocities. Stories of cannibalism and suicide, and of terrible penalties imposed or proposed upon Roman Catholic priests, may be absolutely *nihil ad rem*, but they will serve to influence a people inflammable and ignorant beyond most people, and perhaps to excite some sentimental and illogical Englishmen as well. There is another obvious consequence. They will not only do this, but they may too easily lead to reprisals. The story of 1641, of the siege of Derry and the methods employed to reduce it, of the wild deeds of that truly "Mad" Parliament, the last Irish Parliament of JAMES II., is as open to intemperate Irish Tories as Mr. MACCOLL's arsenal of antiquated horrors is open to him. Now that the Liverpool contest has made Irish politics more prominent than ever in English elections, this fact opens out a very pretty prospect. Give the electioneering historian a good library, or even half-a-dozen well-known books, abstract from him any lingering sense of logic and decency, and it will be hard if some spirited appeals cannot be concocted. The appropriateness of the temper which such argumentations is likely to induce for the discussion of social, political, and economic problems of the utmost difficulty and perplexity need hardly be further insisted on. We have had, indeed, but too vivid experience of its working in the last few years. Transfer the tactics from Bulgaria to Ireland; confuse the circumstances of half-a-dozen different centuries, and point the moral that "ask and have" is the only proper course for a people so burdened with sins as the English to pursue towards a people so laden with wrongs as the Irish. Such it would appear is the *mot d'ordre* implied in Mr. MACCOLL's article: it remains to be seen how and by whom it will be obeyed or openly pronounced.

A CRUEL SPORT.

THE managers of the Royal Aquarium and the public for whose peculiar tastes they cater bear a curious resemblance to the "corner men" of whom we had occasion to speak last week. The characteristic feature of these latter gentry is the skill with which they inflict every conceivable injury, and yet stop short of taking life. They reduce their victims to insensibility, they break their limbs, they knock out their teeth, they go as near murdering them as a prudent regard for their own safety will allow. But they hardly ever pass this limit. Long practice has taught them where to pause; and though they will go on to the very edge of the forbidden ground, they almost always manage to stop short of it. This is precisely what happens at the Aquarium and other such places. The chief advertised amusement is usually an exhibition which has no merit whatever beyond the fact that it is attended with appreciable and visible danger to the performer, and yet that the performer usually comes out of it alive. Whether we ought to add, and that the performer is a woman, is not clear. Undoubtedly the ZAZELS and the ZAOS who have of late become a constant element in a music-hall entertainment are women; but this may be attributable to other causes than the public indifference to male danger. The chance of seeing a man fall violently on the ground and taken up all but dead might perhaps draw as large a crowd as the same cheering probability in the case of a woman. The reason why managers prefer to put women's lives in peril may either be that they think there are too many women in the world, or that they can be had more cheaply, or that they are less troublesome to train, or that they are willing to come, while men are not. The only thing that is certain is that, for some reason or other, women far oftener than men are to be seen risking their lives to give pleasure to a crowd which is too brutalized to care for any less stimulating amusement.

Some three months ago we had occasion to notice an exhibition of this kind at the Alexandra Palace. One ZAO, "the flying trapeziste," was advertised to execute a feat called the "Balista flight," the point of which consisted in the performer's being shot from a box by a powerful spring, under the impulse of which she was to make several evolutions and then descend into a net. In one of the rehearsals ZAO struck her head against a projecting iron, and fell into the net senseless and streaming with blood. In speaking of this accident we said that, after what had happened, there need be no fear of the "Balista flight" being actually performed. In this respect we underrated the zeal of the British manager. Possibly at the Alexandra Palace it was not performed. But, if so, others were ready to rush in where the directors of the Alexandra Palace feared to tread. The "Balista flight," or something closely resembling it, has been performed at the Aquarium, and on Saturday the waiting public were gratified by the accident which they had presumably hoped to see. The cause of the accident this time was not a projecting iron, but the over-strength of the spring by which the performer is shot out of the box. ZAO was sent forward with so much force that she broke through the net placed to receive her, and struck the ground beneath with a crash which, according to one account, "was heard all

man. In 1839 he gave practical testimony to his new views, when he left Oxford to take the incumbency of the Proprietary Chapel in Margaret Street, of which Henry Drummond was lessee, and which had been previously held by the late Mr. Dodsworth—who himself joined the Church of Rome some years after Mr. Oakeley—and had before belonged to the Unitarians. It is here that his theological career may be said to have begun.

Mr. Gladstone spoke of Mr. Oakeley six years ago, in an article in the *Contemporary Review*, as one "who united to a fine musical ear a much finer and much rarer gift in discerning and expressing the harmony between the inward purposes of Christian work and its outward investiture, and who had gathered round him [at Margaret Chapel] a congregation the most devout and hearty that I, for one, have ever seen in any community of the Christian world." In that congregation Mr. Gladstone himself and the late Mr. Hope Scott were constant worshippers, while many others who had little sympathy with Tractarian views, such as the late Bishop Thirlwall, were attracted by Mr. Oakeley's thoughtful and weighty sermons, which dealt mainly with the ethical aspects of religious truth. But the speciality of Margaret Chapel in those days was to be the pioneer of what was afterwards called "Ritualism" in the Established Church, though scarcely any of the distinctive details now associated with the term would have been found there. Mr. Oakeley's fondness for ritual, which he carried with him into his new communion, probably received its first impulse from his boyish delight in the services of Lichfield Cathedral, where, as we have already seen, he used to play the organ on week days. But choral services and Mr. Oakeley's single surpliced chorister were then considered a startling innovation anywhere out of a cathedral, and the "eastward position" must have looked still more unusual; of vestments, or even of lighted candles—except, as Mr. Oakeley afterwards explained, "on foggy mornings"—there was no thought; while the plain wooden altar cross was quite alarming. It is curious to find a letter in Bishop (then Archdeacon) Wilberforce's Life expressing his disgust after going to Margaret Street at the oddness and Romanizing character of what would now be thought very moderate ceremonial, hardly above the average of many "Evangelical" churches, and his consequent determination never to go there again. It would however be hardly too much to say that to Mr. Oakeley's ministry at Margaret Chapel, as much as to any other single instrumentality, is due that marked restoration of musical and ritual solemnity which has triumphed over the parson-and-clerk duet which formed the almost solitary ideal of Anglican worship in the days of our grandfathers, though it has now almost faded into a dim tradition of the past. It may be difficult for those of a later generation to understand how in 1844 (which falls within the period of Mr. Oakeley's incumbency) the *Times* was fiercely asserting "the repugnance of the laity to the introduction of these obnoxious novelties," which involved "a contest not about words but about principles," and their indignant demand "to be allowed to worship as their fathers worshipped, and to observe the same ritual they had been accustomed to from infancy"; and how mobs of thousands of persons would wait for hours in pouring rain to hoot and yell at the clergyman who introduced these "obnoxious novelties," the whole dispute being about the wearing of a surplice in the pulpit. It is still harder perhaps for us to realize how a year later a huge vestry meeting was gathered in London to complain that "a parish containing upwards of 43,000 souls (of whom it may be doubted if 43 had been in the habit of attending the parish church) was disturbed to its centre at the will of one individual, who at his mere pleasure disturbed and deranged *the beautiful and solemn ceremonial of Church service* which had been handed down to us unchanged for more than two centuries," *i.e.* the parson-and-clerk duet. At last the matter found its way to the House of Lords, and the Bishop of Exeter (Phillpotts)—who had been sharply admonished by the *Times* "as a conscientious man to retire from the bench, and let the people of England have the sacred service of the Church as their sires and grandsires had it"—ventured to ask Earl Fortescue "what these obsolete forms and usages were" which he had denounced, and which, as was asserted, "forced the son to pass the grave of his father, the widower of his wife, the mother of her child, to seek in some remote and unaccustomed house of worship that spiritual sustenance which the novel practices at their own church had rendered unacceptable?" Lord Fortescue, being thus brought to book, had to reply that "the innovations complained of, and which had caused all the mischief, were three in number—namely, preaching in the surplice, the sentences in the Offertory, and the collection after service." We are almost afraid our extracts may raise a smile of incredulity; but it is necessary to bear these things in mind in estimating the nature and extent of the ritual reform, as most people would now agree to call it, to which Mr. Oakeley gave the first impetus in his services at the obscure little chapel which has since grown into one of the stateliest churches of London.

It was while Mr. Oakeley was still at Margaret Street that the disturbance arose at Oxford about his friend and brother fellow Mr. Ward's *Ideal of a Christian Church*, for which he was deprived of his M.A. degree by a decree of Convocation of very questionable legality. Mr. Oakeley, who had nothing to do with the book, chivalrously placed himself by his friend's side, declaring that he also "claimed the right to hold, though not to teach, all Roman doctrine"; and this avowal led to one of the earliest of those ecclesiastical *causes célèbres* in the Arches Court which have of late become only too frequent. But the defendant did not care to await its termination. Within a few months his great leader Mr. Newman had decided on leaving the Church of England, and Mr. Oakeley almost immediately followed him. After going through a theological course at St. Edmund's College, Ware, he was re-ordained by Cardinal Wiseman, and in 1850 appointed to the charge of St. John's, Duncan Terrace, to which was added two years afterwards the titular dignity of Canon of Westminster, and he retained both offices till his death. At Islington, as before at Margaret Street, Mr. Oakeley paid great attention to musical and ceremonial arrangements, and he may be said to have effected no inconsiderable reform in these respects in his new as well as in his old communion. Discarding the services of the "shrieking sisterhood" of female professionals, then almost universally in vogue in Anglo-Roman places of worship—though expressly forbidden by the Roman ritual—he entrusted the singing to a well-trained choir of men and boys, and had soon established for his church the reputation of one of the best musical services in London. But it would be a great mistake to imagine that either there or at Margaret Street his attention was absorbed by externals, however important. Both in his Anglican and his later ministry he always showed himself an indefatigable parish priest, and his church was thronged by a multitude of devout worshippers. It may perhaps be regretted that the career of active usefulness which he had deliberately marked out for himself since he gave up residence at Oxford left him so little time for literary work. Some volumes of sermons and devotional treatises, and several pamphlets and review articles, he has left behind him, which go far to show that under different circumstances he might have made a name in literature. The first and one of the most popular of the Littlemore Series of *Lives of the English Saints*, edited by Mr. Newman, was from his pen, the Life of St. Augustine of Canterbury. His style was evidently, though perhaps unconsciously, modelled on Cardinal Newman's, and has much of the grace, though it lacks the concentrated force, of that great master of English prose. It should be added that his controversial writings, if such they can be called, are free, as he was himself, from any taint of bitterness. Nothing would be more out of harmony with his whole tone than *e.g.* to designate the Church of which he was once a minister, as another clerical convert has lately done, "a monarch's cast-off mistress, now in her dishonourable age vainly striving to cover her nakedness with the gifts which purchased her seduction"—rather an unintelligible phrase, as the Church was not enriched but greatly impoverished at the Reformation—or to describe English Protestantism generally as an "offensive centipede." He kept up through life, as was observed before, habits of friendly intercourse with his old associates, and six years ago he might have been seen at the Union Jubilee dinner at Oxford sitting by the side of Mr. Matthew Arnold, who was an undergraduate at Balliol when he was a Fellow there. One can hardly help wondering, as the converts of that generation are passing away one by one—there are few of the more eminent left now besides the greatest of all—how far their departure may affect that better understanding between members of the rival communions on which Cardinal Newman was discoursing the other day. There can be no doubt that the influence of their antecedents and personal character has done much indirectly in many ways to bridge over what once seemed an impassable chasm, the more so as many of them, like Mr. Oakeley himself, had shared to the full in their earlier days that hatred of the Pope and all his works which Dr. Hook's biographer tells us he used once to consider the essential duty and characteristic of an Englishman. It would be another point well worth inquiring into, but far too wide a question to discuss at the fag-end of an article, what kind and amount of permanent impression the Tractarian converts have made on their adopted communion. There is certainly a conspicuous difference, which can hardly fail to strike outsiders, between the general tone not only of Roman Catholic society in England but of Roman Catholic worship and preaching, as it is now and as it was thirty years ago.

THE MYSTERY OF DOMESTIC SERVICE.

THE distinguished author of the *Servant's Practical Guide* is already known to the public by a learned and discriminating treatise on the manners and tone of good society. Although a member of the aristocracy, he had shown himself to be entirely free from the spirit of exclusiveness which is sometimes assumed to be characteristic of his class. He can contemplate without misgiving the possible diffusion among the masses of those exquisite social graces which have hitherto been the sacred possession of the few, and, as if to vindicate yet more emphatically the breadth and liberality of his sympathies, he now undertakes to discourse upon the manners and customs of domestic servants. Like Orpheus, he has been led by strong devotion to pursue his ideal even to the lower regions, and, having wandered through all the labyrinths of the kitchen and the servants' hall, he at last returns to the light of day to expound to an ignorant public the mysteries of the under world. We were at first disposed greatly to marvel at the Shakspearian grasp of character which could enable one and the same person to pronounce with equal science and familiarity upon the proper bearing of a bishop and the fit behaviour of a butler. It seemed almost too much to expect of "a member of the aristocracy" that he should be able to distinguish between the duties of the first and second housemaid, and allot to the second footman his exact share in the

labours of the household. But this sentiment of astonishment was considerably diminished when we came to consider calmly the general fabric of modern society. Here, as in all other human affairs, the law will be found to hold good that extremes finally meet; and thus we are forced to acknowledge that the noblest product of our later civilization, next to a genuine "member of the aristocracy," is a servant who has grown up under the influence of aristocratic tradition. Following this train of thought, we are brought at last to perceive that the subjects of these two treatises are intimately connected; and that, if the author had so chosen, they might even have been combined. For in what way could the beauty of aristocratic manner and deportment be so aptly illustrated as in the person of a well-educated butler? A member of the aristocracy desiring to elevate his species might seek in vain among his own personal friends for a single example of faultless bearing; and yet among the servants of his friends he could scarcely go astray. Indeed the butler and the footman together may be taken at their best as a complete epitome of the mingled condescension and stateliness of English society. In the plushed and powdered beauty of the one is enshrined a perfect image of the outward magnificence befitting a powerful people, while the grave simplicity of the other would seem to be rather designed to reflect the spiritual qualities of his master's greatness. To pass at once and without some intervening agent from the footman to the host would be too severe a trial of faith even to the most devout. No man, however elevated his position, could hope to bear the test of direct competition with the stately creatures who stand at his doors; and by the cunning economy of our domestic life it has therefore been wisely ordained that the butler should be employed to break the suddenness of the fall and reconcile the mind by a gradual decline of splendour. Although he is dressed with all the simplicity of his master, he is nevertheless endowed with a lofty dignity of bearing which his master cannot rival, and yet at the same time he extends to all visitors to the house a measure of tolerant indulgence which, immediately following the unconcealed contempt of the footman, partly prepares them for the warmer greetings of their host. It has always been a matter of surprise to us that creation, so sparing in the production of other forms of greatness, should have multiplied the race of butlers with such a lavish hand. Nor is it less surprising that their noble qualities and the intricate mysteries of their craft should never until now have attracted reverent studentship. From time to time they have been forced to endure, in common with other rulers of the earth, the feeble satire of professed caricaturists; but it has been left to "a member of the aristocracy" to make that subtle and sympathetic analysis of their virtues which we should expect from one who desires to spread a knowledge of the tone and manners of good society. For it must be remembered that real stateliness of manner is fast falling into decay. It can no longer be learned from our equals, or even from our superiors, and the time must soon arrive when it will be found to have survived only in our servants. It is impossible in these democratic days to predict a very long life even for the dignity of a butler; and it therefore behoves us not to neglect the opportunities of study that are still offered to us.

It should be stated, however, in justice to the liberal scheme of his work that the "member of the aristocracy" does not limit his attention merely to butlers. He even condescends to describe in detail the duties of a nurserymaid, and the shining buttons of the page-boy are found to come within the limits of his inquiry. In short, there is no form of domestic service, however humble, that he will not undertake to discuss if only his readers will agree to be serious. He rightly repudiates at the outset any attempt to approach such a subject in a light or irreverent humour. And even the most frivolous mind must admit that this is indeed no joking matter. We may indulge a laugh now and then at our Parliamentary system, but the more complex machinery of domestic government compels a serious demeanour. It is therefore not wonderful that the writer should have seen fit to adopt "a didactic and unrelieved mode of handling the subject." A man who undertakes to discuss the "method of waiting-at-table, and every branch of domestic service in force in the upper circles of society" cannot by any assumption of gaiety escape a sense of deep responsibility. To write of the "tone and manners" of the great must by comparison have seemed an easy task, for if he had failed in his endeavour, he would only have subjected himself to the criticism of his equals, or his superiors. But even a member of the aristocracy must needs tremble when he has to meet a butler on his own ground. However much he may have fortified himself by consultation with "experienced and competent servants," he must still feel that he is embarking upon a perilous enterprise. Servants, by long-established tradition, are allowed freely to canvass the qualities of their employers, but the corresponding right of a master to criticize his servants has never been conceded, and we cannot but fear lest this endeavour to lay down with exactness the duties which each servant is to discharge should lead to a serious curtailment of that indulgent consideration which servants have hitherto extended to other and less fortunate classes of society. We must admit, however, that even the most sensitive and high-spirited inhabitant of the servants' hall can scarcely take offence at the tone which our author has adopted. Taking the work as a whole, it may be said that the "member of the aristocracy" has been uniformly considerate and respectful. No one could feel more deeply the dignity of the calling which he undertakes to discuss; and there is abundant evidence throughout the volume that his mind is peculiarly susceptible to the grand and imposing effects which a fine array of servants is calculated to present. Here, for example, is a vivid little picture of the majestic spectacle offered to the afternoon caller:—"The bell being rung, the footman opens the hall door wide; he does not hold the handle of the door itself in his hands, but opens it to its full extent, and stands in the centre of the doorway." These few words serve to conjure up a scene of dazzling beauty, while at the same time they serve to provide exact information to a footman ignorant or forgetful of the dignity of his profession. Within our limits it would be obviously impossible to take account of the many little touches of a like character which adorn these pages, and give reality and delicate finish to this interesting gallery of servants' portraits. The "member of the aristocracy" may be said to possess something of the patience and minuteness of Defoe. With the keenest watchfulness he notes every slightest movement of butler, footman, or page-boy; he tracks the progress of the domestic servant through every occupation of the day, and follows him in the exercise of his art with such a loving and searching glance that we are forced to believe that although a hero may miss the applause of his valet, yet the valet is in no danger of having his greatness undervalued by his master. It is of course to be understood that these portraits are in some sense ideal, and they are intended in the first place for the instruction of masters and mistresses. When, for instance, we are reminded that "heavy dining-room chairs are sometimes difficult for a lady to move as near to the table as requisite, therefore a little assistance from the footman is required, which he renders by holding the back of the chair, and gently pushing it forward," we know that this is intended as a delicate mode of conveying to the mistress, or to the servant through the mistress, a noble conception of duty. And yet it is impossible not to feel that such touches are derived from the actual observation of nature. The picture of some perfect footman "holding the back of the chair, and gently pushing it forward," has been indelibly stamped upon the writer's memory, and the young housekeeper is not therefore to be disappointed if her own servants do not always exhibit the excellences described in these pages. The member of the aristocracy has perfected his ideal from the observation of many footmen, and it is easy to perceive that, in spite of his respect and veneration for servants as a class, he still retains the recollection of certain isolated examples of human frailty. He has reminiscences of dinners in which the cucumber was not handed with the salmon, and when the jelly did not accompany the mutton; but these sadder experiences have not been allowed to embitter his general survey of the servant's life. After all, even butlers and footmen are only human, and it is by such little faults as these that they show their sympathy and kinship with a fallen humanity.

ST. JOHN OF RYLO.

I.

BULGARIA, if we take the word not in the special and limited sense actually assigned to it, but in a sense corresponding to its historical and ethnological extent—that is, as denoting the portion of the Balkan peninsula chiefly inhabited by Bulgarians, and which may be defined as reaching from Servia to Adrianople, and from the Danube to the neighbourhood of Salonica—includes within itself three centres of almost equal importance, three hearts corresponding to as many different yet correlated modes of vitality. The political life, once radiating from Preslava, then from Ochrida, and, later, from Tirnova, now centres at Sofia; the popular or national life has even now in a peculiar and distinctive fashion its main seat at Tirnova; but the heart of the religious or ecclesiastical life, intimately connected, though not absolutely identified, with the two former, pulsates at the Monastery of St. John of Rylo.

Rightly to understand this, we must call to mind that while among most other East-Christian nationalities—Armenian, Syrian, Greek, and so forth—the episcopal hierarchy long formed, and in a measure yet forms, the mainstay of the national existence, of which it is itself the most prominent, though not always the truest representative, this very position and these duties have for centuries past been occupied in the Bulgarian nationality by the monastic brotherhood. Compelled by the policy of their Ottoman conquerors to admit a Greek, that is an alien, Episcopacy over them—an organization in which they recognized little else than an instrument of Mahometan oppression and which they hated accordingly—the Bulgarians transferred their religious loyalty to their own native monastic institutions, whence the intrusive Fanariote element was jealously and, in general, successfully excluded; and lavished on the monks of their own kindred the affection and reverence bestowed by other Christian races on the Episcopate and its train. Nor erroneously so. For while the Greek Prelate of the Bulgarian town and plain was too often a mere servile tool and second edition of the reigning Pasha, and his ready co-operator in the task of effacing every vestige of the old nationality, the monk, village-born and bred amid the traditions of his kindred peasantry, himself denizen of some cell ensconced amid the wild recesses of the Balkans where few of the ruling caste would care to follow, kept alive by tale and legend, by mystic rite and secret exhortation, the memories of Bulgaria's glories and greatness, the marvels of her saints, the triumphs of her Czars. His cell was,

for long centuries of forced submission and smouldering revolt, the school of the patriot, the refuge of the outlaw, the link with the past, the hope of the future. And hence it comes that even now, when a native hierarchy has at last occupied the sees left vacant by the expulsion of the Fanariote intruders, while the national spirit itself has borrowed a new inspiration of life from outside influences and contemporary examples, the monastery still maintains its pre-eminence as of all Bulgarian institutions the most characteristic, the most popular, the most revered.

The monasteries of Bulgaria were, and indeed are, legion; they range in size from the solitary hermit's cell up to the crowded "Laura"; but the chiefest of all in the number of its indwellers, the extent of its resources, and the reputation of its sanctity is, and has been for well nigh nine centuries past, the Monastery of St. John of Rylo.

Loftiest of the Balkan ranges, the Rylo mountain, of which Vitos may be geographically considered an outwork or spur, forms the four-fold watershed and limit at once of Bulgaria, Roumelia, Macedonia, and Servia. Its rugged peaks, towering to an altitude of nine thousand feet, from amid a confused wilderness of splintered rocks, precipices, and deep forest-clothed glens, are never free from snow; the view from the topmost summit is said to reach from the Danube to the Ægean. In a winding gorge on the southern flank of this natural fortress, down which a tributary torrent rushes to mingle its waters with those of the Strymon, there nestles at a height of three thousand six hundred feet above the sea-level the monastery of St. John. For seven or eight months of the year it can only be approached, nor, if the winter be severe, even thus, from the valley-entrance opening to the south-west, close by what is now the Turkish frontier. Traversing the long straggling village of Rylo, which, with the vine-covered slopes around it, is included in the demesnes of the monastery, a horse-path leads up between huge perpendicular rocks, into a winding defile, where amid hazel and alder it follows now one bank, now the other of a broad torrent, sometimes keeping close by the water's brink, sometimes suspended high up on a precipitous ledge. Bare at the entry of the pass, the mountain walls, as we gradually gain a higher level, become clothed, first with brushwood, then with trees thickening more and more into dense forest, poplar, ash, maple, oak, till at a level of about three thousand feet the beech, in its noblest forms of growth, takes place of all the rest, and extends in a continuous zone of glossy green till it mingles with the dark pine-groves above; pasture-slopes of a lighter verdure run up here and there between the trees, studded with grazing flocks, the property of the monastery. The red skull-caps and plaited kilts of the herdsmen bear witness, as also do their sallow faces and long hair, to Macedonian origin. Yet they are Bulgarians, nor less genuinely so than their fur-capped, tight-trowsered, ruddy-faced brethren of the North. The apparent difference is the result of disparity, not in race, but in circumstances and climate.

After riding thus for several miles we quit the wide mountain-gorge and its river, said to have run red with blood for seven days when the victorious Turks, at the close of the fourteenth century, penetrated these passes and massacred every inhabitant, monk and priest, cottager and herdsman, man, woman, and child of the many villages that occupied the heights whence these waters descend, since which time to the present this region has remained comparatively uninhabited. We now turn North-Eastward into a pass narrower and wilder than that before traversed, up a rapid ascent overshadowed as we climb by giant trees, and ever hearing, though only seeing by occasional glimpses between red crag and mottled tree-trunk, the foaming torrent below; till of a sudden the rocks to our left hand draw back, leaving a small green plateau between them and the precipice on the right, the trees open out, and the monastery of St. John rises lofty and grey on the level close before us. Seen from without, its appearance is that of a huge quadrangular fortress—with walls sixty feet in height, over which peer out the glittering tops of clustered cupolas, surmounted by gilt crosses. The entrance door is low and iron-grated; the windows, except on the upper part of the side that overhangs the torrent, are mere loopholes; a high-pitched roof, with countless stone chimneys, picturesque in their irregularity, completes the outline. The date of the entire building, with one remarkable exception which we will describe further on, extends from the year 1767, when the older monastery was levelled to the ground during the reign of Sultan Mustapha III. by Turkish—some say Albanian—destructiveness, down to 1844, the year of its completion as it now stands.

Escorted by half-a-dozen monks, who, attired, Basilian fashion, in coarse gowns of dark serge with cowl and girdle, have come to our welcome at the gate, we enter the court—a spacious, but irregular, quadrangle, its greatest breadth being about one hundred and ten yards, its least about seventy. Tiers of arcades, varying somewhat capriciously from three to five, one above another, form the sides of the area; behind them wide galleries run all round the building, one as yet incomplete corner excepted; and broad, open staircases lead up to story after story from the court. Opening into these galleries, from which they chiefly receive light and air, are the cells and other apartments of the monastery. The refectory, stone-vaulted and supported on massive columns, but used only on Sundays and feast-days; the huge kitchen, famous for its cauldrons of Homeric dimensions; the cellars, in one of which is a wine-cask nearly equal in size, though not perhaps in the quality of its contents, to that of Heidelberg; the store-rooms, the library, the wardrobe, and the like, occupy most of the lower or ground story. The upper rooms—second, third, fourth, and fifth stories—are on two sides of the quadrangle, partly tenanted by the monks, partly left to guests of the higher classes; those on the two other sides are allotted to the pilgrims who, to the number of two thousand and more, throng the monastery at certain stated festivals, the most popular of which are that of the Assumption and that of St. John of Rylo himself in the fall of the year.

The monks' cells are comfortable, clean, and tolerably well furnished; that of the hegemonos or abbot, a larger apartment than the rest, does duty for general parlour; though, indeed, no convent rules of enforced silence or churlish seclusion interfere to prevent conversation in any part of the building. The monks themselves, once reckoned by hundreds, now make up barely eighty; and, judging from the small and yearly diminishing number of students or novices who present themselves for admission, will probably dwindle to a yet lower sum. This is not owing to any growing indifference on the part of the people at large to the national faith and rites, to both of which the Bulgarians of our day are sincerely attached; it is merely the natural and inevitable result of those recent events which have opened access to so many secular careers closed during past centuries of Turkish rule to Bulgarian youth. From forty to fifty lay-brothers help the priests in the cultivation of the monastery lands, which extend from the very crest of the mountain far down into the plain. A small body of guards, called pandours, is, by immemorial usage, attached to the establishment; they are said to have done good service in keeping off Turkish marauders during the late war. Their quarters are without the gates. Female pilgrims, if accompanied by their guardians or relations, are however freely admitted within the building; a liberty which seems somewhat startling at first sight, but which is, in truth, apter to prevent scandal than to give rise to it. The monastic rule here followed is, as everywhere throughout Bulgaria, that of St. Basil, but not according to the stricter form of observance, each monk having a right, under certain conditions, to private property; the vow that binds to the order is indissoluble. In administrative matters the hegemonos is supreme, but the bishop of the diocese has the right of visitation, and any serious breach of discipline is promptly and severely punished.

From five to eight hours, according to the varying prescriptions of the calendar and the ritual, allotted to daily chant and prayer, afford a tolerable guarantee against idleness and its consequent evils; while the practice of manual and field labour is doubtless an additional safeguard. Yet the absence of study, or, indeed, of any kind of literary occupation whatever, among the monks is much to be regretted. True, the monastery once possessed, or is said to have possessed, a copious library, rich in manuscripts and historical records; but the part of the building which it occupied was in 1830 ravaged by fire, and a small and insignificant collection, in which catechisms and treatises of Russian divinity and Prayer-Books sent from Moscow figure conspicuously, is almost all that the brethren have now to show. A charter bearing the signature in vermilion of Shishman III., the last of the Bulgarian Czars, is the oldest document yet preserved among the convent records, which also include several firmans granted, not gratuitously, by succeeding Turkish Sultans, from Mahomet II. down to Abd-el-Azeez. The popular belief that creates, in secret vaults somewhere below the building, stored up treasures and chests full of costly relics, is as idle as such imaginings usually are; the reserve wealth of the establishment is, in fact, deposited in Roumanian and Russian banking accounts much more securely than it could be in the underground cellars and secret chambers, real or fancied, of the often-pillaged monastery itself.

WHAT IS USURY?

THE defending of theses which have no practical interest has not, it is believed, yet entirely lost its old attraction, and therefore it may be anticipated that the correspondence between Mr. Ruskin and the Bishop of Manchester which appears in this month's *Contemporary Review* will not lack readers. The subject is an extremely important and an eminently unpractical one. It does not need very close study of history to know that when a practice has for many ages been regarded with varying degrees of reprobation, when it has subsequently passed through a period of oblique toleration, and has at last attained to full freedom and recognition, there is not much chance of this process being reversed. Therefore, even supposing that the Bishop had hopelessly failed to make good his case, there would not be much chance of a renewal of statutes against usury; nor, if Mr. Ruskin had been at a loss for a word to say for himself, would the shareholders of the North-Western Railway have felt materially strengthened in their conviction that their dividends are pretty safe from any interference on the part of Parliament, pulpit, or press. Nevertheless the *gaudia certaminis* in such a case are for the spectators, as well as for the actors, not small. Mr. Ruskin is one of the very few amusing and inspiriting controversialists we have left. He has all Mr. Gladstone's belief in his cause, with a much greater mastery of word-fence and of the peculiar semi-polite Billingsgate without which such a controversy is very poor fun. On the other hand, the Bishop of Manchester fairly deserves to be ranked at least among the lesser *promachi* of miscellaneous debate. Dr. Fraser is not the best of arguers in a novel or doubtful cause, because in that case he is apt to get crotchety, and his crotchets are more eccentric than amusing. But of a

strong position he generally manages to make a good deal; and in this particular instance all that was required of him was to keep cool and talk common sense.

The Bishop had another advantage, his use of which was probably accidental. He evidently managed in the first round to put his adversary out of temper. Mr. Ruskin has for some years been challenging the clergy in general, and the Bishop of Manchester in particular, to answer him about usury, as readers of *Fors Clavigera* very well know. But the Bishop, it seems, has only occasionally read his *Fors*, the eccentric publication of which confines his acquaintance with it to the "rare occasions on which he uses his privileges as a member of the Athenæum Club." Here it is to be observed that "rare occasions" is good, inasmuch as it creates a favourable idea of the hard-worked prelate who seldom leaves his diocese. However this may be, it seems that Dr. Fraser did not see the challenge until it was quoted in some recent remarks of Mr. Ruskin to a clergyman, also published in the *Contemporary Review*. After this preliminary stroke, which Mr. Ruskin evidently did not like, the Bishop attacks his subject in a manner not discreditable to his Oxford training. What is usury? he asks, and proceeds to define it, as most people would define it, to be, not interest, but excessive interest. He points out the various classic passages in the Old Testament on the subject, urging that all of them refer to abuses, not uses of the practice; quotes his own case as an investor in the London and North-Western Railway, the case of a landlord who demands interest for money spent on draining, &c., and generally adopts what may be called the plain, common-sense view of the matter. Indeed, if there be a fault in the letter, it is that it is too purely common sense. Controversially this might have been expected, but there is perhaps something of a false note in the fact of a prelate of the Christian Church taking lower ground in such matters than a casual layman. This indeed gives Mr. Ruskin the opportunity of the only point which he really makes in his rejoinder. Referring to the Bishop's frank and engaging account of his disposal of his income, Mr. Ruskin suggests that a Bishop's stipend may possibly have other objects than accumulation. In other respects, however, the opponent of usury is not so happy. He wastes his time on mere verbal quibbles about the number of *Fors* in which his challenge originally appeared, about the fact that he mentioned the Bishop by title, not by name, and so forth. He does not touch at all the really important point that the various mentions of usury in the Mosaic law clearly discriminate between various applications of it. He is very discursive, occasionally apocalyptic, and not unfrequently rude, as when he talks of the Bishop "taking a commission on the refreshments of passengers." Moreover, he gets himself into a perfectly unnecessary difficulty by some digressions on great cities and their sins. A previous reference to Manchester had brought down a rather indignant protest from Dr. Fraser, who, to do him justice, is equally outspoken in rebuking the faults of his cathedral city himself, and in defending her against outside assailants. In the course of Mr. Ruskin's rejoinder to this he engages in some rather unsavoury details on the subject of "remunerative employment," and lays himself open to the retort that, although he can recognize no distinction between different kinds of usury, there are other kinds of sins in which he is by no means so scrupulous. In short, Mr. Ruskin seems to have rather lost his opportunity, now that he has had one, of exhibiting to a somewhat wider audience than the subscribers to *Fors* and the readers of Mr. R. Sillar what he really has to say against interest. The plan of annotation rather than connected answer which he has adopted, though admirably suited for the gaining of mere dialectic victories, is by no means admirably suited to obtain the assent of cool and intelligent persons; while in this particular instance, as we have seen, even the dialectic successes which Mr. Ruskin's method has secured him are not great. He has said some unpleasant things about Manchester and its Bishop, and has spoken disdainfully of the apostles of "remunerative employment." But the conscientious man—if we may suppose the existence of such a person—who is awaiting with doubt and discomfort the arrival of his next dividend warrant will not, we think, find his doubts either confirmed or removed by Mr. Ruskin's part in this correspondence.

The truth is—and if the Bishop's visits to the Athenæum had been frequent enough to perfect him in the study of *Fors* he would have perceived it readily enough—that Mr. Ruskin's objection to usury is only part of a much wider objection. Dr. Fraser innocently suggests that the great commercial enterprises of the country could not get on without the arrangement which enables people who have superfluous cash and no means of profitably employing it to lend it to those who have means of profitably employing it but have not got it. Now Mr. Ruskin's attentive readers know very well that he has not the slightest wish to encourage the great commercial enterprises of the country. It would probably, indeed, without the dubious references to usury to be found in the Scriptures, have been quite enough for him that usury facilitates commercial enterprises. His ideal is a community of small private expenses and of public expenses large only in the case of art, where the inhabitants shall exchange products and goods according to a system of barter or something not unlike it, and where great commercial enterprises would therefore be as unnecessary and as tabooed as they might be in a new Sparta. A railway, the Bishop might also have known if he had chosen, is an abomination to Mr. Ruskin. How then shall he be pacified by the picture of Dr. Fraser investing the surplus of his income in the London and North-Western? Cotton mills, except on a small scale, are equally an abomination. Is Mr. Ruskin, then, likely to be won over to the cause of interest on money by being informed that Oldham would have had so many thousand fewer spindles if interest did not exist? The Bishop is arguing from the point of view of the state of England, Mr. Ruskin from the point of view of the state of Utopia. If it be necessary to go into questions of Scripture quotations at all, it is clear that Mr. Ruskin has not got a leg to stand on. The prohibition of usury between Jews, at least where the borrowers are in distress, and the express license of it where the borrower is a stranger and in decent circumstances, put the whole thing in a perfectly intelligible light to any reasonable mind. Usury, as now practised in Mr. Ruskin's sense, is almost invariably for the profit of the borrower, and not to ward off some calamity from him. Indeed, in the latter case he would generally find some difficulty in getting any money lent to him at all—a result which may tell against civilization, but certainly does not tell against the practice of moderate interest. For our part, we cannot easily imagine the condition of Mr. Ruskin's ideal commonwealth if it be conducted on the strict principle of "not taking up more than you lay down," which he announces as the law of commercial transactions. Is the shoemaker, for instance—to adopt one of the most Socratically simple of trades—to receive nothing more than the sum expended on his leather implements and thread? If so, it would seem that the community will shortly be without a shoemaker. But perhaps Mr. Ruskin will say that there is a margin of livelihood due to him for his skill, time, and work. Here, however, we detect something very like the "delicate adjustment" of principles which he himself so vigorously condemns. It is quibbling to say that the shoemaker "laid down" such impalpable things as time, skill, and labour; or, if it be not quibbling, no more is it quibbling to say that the lender "lays down" the possibility, which would otherwise be very literally impossible, of profit to the borrower. At any rate it is rather a problem for Didius and Tribonius, and others of Sterne's memorable civilians, than for ordinary folk. As to the real question of usury as it appears to sensible men (and as certainly none of Mr. Ruskin's quotations forbid it so to appear), it may be very shortly disposed of. It is no doubt according to any system of high morality—except, as history informs us, the Stoic—wrong to make capital, as the phrase goes, and here goes particularly happily, out of the necessities of others. But it is not wrong to make fair interest on capital. It may also, in still more delicate systems of morality, be regarded as wrong to lend money in encouragement of overtrading, speculation, and so forth. If, however, this principle be admitted, we see a difficulty in the way of the Company of St. George itself. For its members clearly must not lend each other knives without previously satisfying themselves that the borrower is in a sane, charitable, and cheerful condition of mind. But that it should be wrong to do what is not forbidden by any law, and what is, if properly done, profitable to everybody concerned, is a mystery which we cannot attempt to solve. Even in that much misunderstood country, Utopia, it is not clear why interest should not be allowed. Citizen Eumenes has had a bad year, and cannot quite afford the sum necessary to buy his seed potatoes. Citizen Diotimus has had a good year and has something to spare. Why should he not lend it to the other and share the result, to which he has fairly and notably contributed, being indeed something of a *causa sine quâ non*? Mr. Ruskin himself admits that under his system it would probably be difficult to obtain loans at all, and that the ordinary "Christian" would require to be very strongly reminded of a certain precept not "to turn away." If this is by his own account the attitude of humanity towards such precepts, it seems a pity to add to those which do exist with some authority, others which do not. We fear that the average natural man will be prone to remind Mr. Ruskin that there is only one clear and definite prohibition of interest as interest in the Bible, and that that precept forbids the taking of it by Jews from Jews. "Now," will this natural man say with strict truth in every case but one in a thousand, "I am not a Jew, and therefore your precept does not apply." Such are the sorrowful chances of working the literal method too hard.

VILLAGE CONCERTS.

THE feelings of guests at a country house when their hostess announces a village concert as an "entertainment of obligation" for the following day are a subject into which we are not prepared to inquire. There is a simplicity about the title of the event which is in curious contrast to the consternation spread by the alarming information. The programme of the day of the concert is divulged at breakfast. The morning's skating must be cut short, because luncheon will be half-an-hour earlier than usual. The gentlemen will please to amuse themselves as best they can in the afternoon, taking care to return home early, as dinner will be at five o'clock. The villagers think a great deal of seeing their betters in evening dress; it will therefore be necessary to begin to dress at half-past four. If there are some shortcomings in the dinner, people must be so kind as to make allowances, as some of the servants are going to the concert, and will have to get ready early and walk. The passing of this terrible sentence is received in solemn silence; but when the gentlemen assemble outside the house for their morning cigars,

there are pitiable lamentations, combined with unedifying maledictions, and the early part of the day is spent in melancholy anticipations. A deep gloom hangs over the whole party, and all attempts at amusement are chilled by either the arrangements for or the prospect of "this confounded concert."

The agony begins with the five o'clock dinner; but on this painful subject we will not dwell. It is sufficient to say that the meal combines the horrors of a Sunday in a house of the "save-the-servants-trouble" type with those of an agricultural show dinner. There is no time for coffee, and the party is hurried off with alarming punctuality. The scene of dissipation is a village schoolroom. A strong bouquet of paraffin pervades the building. There is a dense crowd, and the atmosphere is already both hot and oppressive; but nevertheless sneaking draughts attack one's feet and the back of one's neck. Although we were hurried mercilessly to the scene of action, there is a delay of twenty minutes before the commencement of the concert. The clergyman mounts the platform and says that he has been desired to announce that one of the leading performers is unavoidably absent, but that some one else has kindly consented to take her place, and he makes a small joke about "rushing into the breach." The first entertainment is a performance on hand-bells, of which the party with whom we are concerned obtain the full benefit, as they are seated in the front row of chairs. "Oh, where, and oh, where, is my Highland Laddie gone?" is clanged out until the hearers' tympanums begin to ache; "And it's there, oh, it's there," is continued with merciless vigour. These instruments of torture cost more than a sovereign apiece, and a dozen of them have been kindly supplied to the village club by a philanthropic lady living in the neighbourhood. The ears of the audience having been thus numbed, a recitation follows. The man who gives it is a miller residing near the village. His intellect has been cultivated at a commercial school, where he was considered a clever lad. He is deadly pale, but there are dewdrops on his forehead. He starts off with a dash, stops, coughs, looks at his book, stutters, and finally goes off like a machine. In order to appear at his ease, he thrusts one hand into his trouser pockets, occasionally waving the other, which holds his book, in the air. Without pause or hesitation, he dashes through the piece, pulls up with a jerk, and hurries off the platform. The audience do not seem to have had the least idea of what he has been saying, and the performance has resembled one of those provoking fireworks which go off with a bang, instead of fizzing and whirling and throwing out periodical jets of coloured fire. The next entertainment is to be a selection of airs played upon the harp by a countess. Now this harp is known to have cost many hundred guineas, and to be a magnificent piece of workmanship as well as a remarkably fine instrument. A crowd of rustics had watched its arrival in the morning, when it was brought out of a spring van, swathed in blankets. The harpist strikes a few introductory bars, but then stops short. There is a beckoning and signalling. Somebody brings a tuning-key. The precious harp is out of tune. "Do," strikes a friend upon the piano, with one finger. "Do" goes the harp; but unluckily the two "dos" do not agree. Again they try—"Do—do, Re—re, Mi—mi, Fa—fa." There is a whispering. There are consultations. It is given out that, in consequence of a draught, the harp has "run down," and that a thorough and deliberate tuning being necessary, it is impossible to use it during the evening. The next performer is the daughter of a farmer in the neighbourhood. Now a member of the party from the country house considers himself a musical critic, and on the way to the concert he had enlarged upon the beauties of the old English melodies; but when the farmer's daughter sings "Sally in our Alley" it is too much for him. This was one of his favourite English songs, and he had been comparing the simple beauty of this seventeenth-century composition with the songs of the present time, very much to the disparagement of the latter; yet he fairly winces when the rustic maiden brings out the "Sally" and the "Halley," after a pause at the ends of the lines. "The one day" and the "Monday" are even more energetically delivered, and when, after a loud encore, she sings "Oh, breathe not his name," with excruciating pathos, the connoisseur mentally forswears all ballads for the future, as she screams and moans that "the tear that we shed, though in se-cret it rolls, shall long keep his memo-ry green in our souls."

Then follows the lion of the evening, who is to give a reading. To the rustics his powers as a reader are of secondary importance, the interest attaching to him consisting mainly in his being a peer of the realm. As such he is something to be stared and wondered at. His nose, his whiskers, his white tie, his very trousers are all objects of breathless interest, as he stands at full length to be gazed at, free of charge, by the villagers and farmers. Of course the piece which he has selected is out of one of Dickens's books, and he says with solemnity, "I am going to read something out of *Pickwick* to you." With his chin well tucked in he begins. The beginning of the chapter is a little heavy, and the audience look with eyes of wonderment upon the reader, without paying the least attention to his words. As he becomes interested his voice gains strength, and he goes on with a measured swing, regularly dropping his voice at the end of his sentences. There is something about his monotonous style which sounds familiar; but at first we cannot say exactly of what it reminds us. It is not the tone of a man making a speech, nor that of a clergyman reading a service. Suddenly we recognize it. It is the style of a paterfamilias reading prayers. There is no mistaking it. Despite his efforts to be brilliant he has relapsed into the manner to which he is most accustomed, and he reads on solemnly with the regularity of a pendulum. He tries to throw some spirit into the remarks of Mr. Weller, but without effect, and the audience does not laugh. Indeed it is probable that the larger number of his hearers would consider it indecorous to laugh in the presence of such a man. He is seized with the idea that the piece is too long, and he turns hurriedly over a page to see whether it would be possible to do a little judicious skipping. He loses his place and becomes nervous, and observing that even the most humorous passages do not amuse his hearers, his voice becomes more spiritless than ever. Presently somebody laughs, and some-one else hearing it laughs also. There are few things more infectious than laughter, and soon the occupants of the back seats are indulging in it heartily. They are pleased to find that there is nothing improper in laughing before the great man, and after their previous gravity the reaction is all the stronger. The reader being encouraged, he throws a little more life into his words, and even makes a lame attempt or two at humorous action, at which the sitters on the back benches roar with delight. The thought of his own humour makes the reader laugh too, and his voice consequently breaks, and with a fit of coughing he brings his performance to a conclusion.

The surgeon's apprentice sings "The girl I left behind me," and the audience, having found their voices, give an uproarious encore. The youth then begins a song not on the programme, which gives immense pleasure at the further end of the room. The ladies and some of the gentlemen, however, take exception to it. It is "not at all a nice song"; in fact, "it is a dreadful song," and how could the vicar have permitted such a song to be sung at the concert? Where is the vicar? And then there is a solemn whispering. The vicar says that he required the performers to submit every song for his previous approval, but this objectionable ditty being an extra and not on the programme, he naturally knew nothing whatever about it. Lady Jane Grundy talks of taking her party away at once, but Sir Thomas and the vicar persuade her to remain. The young gentlemen who had been so bored at the whole day's proceedings do not appear as much shocked as the circumstances require. In fact, some of them are smiling for the first time since breakfast. After this over-seasoned meat nothing pleases the audience. A lady sings a Scotch song with great feeling and finished vocalization, but it passes unnoticed; and when a long song has been endured, the refrain of which is that somebody—no one knows who—is "always the same, the same," it is a relief to everybody to stand up, sing "God Save the Queen," and go home. When our party reassemble at supper, it is tacitly understood that whatever people may think or feel, they are to say that "it all went off capitally—except that dreadful song."

A village concert may not appear a very serious or important event, and the boredom of a few idle and pleasure-loving guests may seem more absurd than pitiable; but there is another aspect of the question. Many people have little or no idea how much owners of country houses bear for the sake of encouraging these village festivals. Half their success depends upon a strong support from the upper classes and a good show of well-dressed people. The host and hostess, therefore, who are willing to bear the odium which they are pretty certain to incur by taking a large party of guests to one of these entertainments deserve some credit. However excellent your champagne and claret, whatever be the number of tame pheasants which you enable your guests to shoot in a week, and be the ball with which you enliven one of the evenings as magnificent as money can make it, you will require an amazing amount of both tact and good temper to marshal your party through one of these village concerts without misadventure. In these days the model working-man is taught many things, and he is supposed by some people to know even more than is good for him; but, whatever he may have learned about the franchise, the principles of free trade, or the discoveries of modern science, he rarely understands what a self-denial and discomfort it is to a person who always dines at half-past seven or eight o'clock to be obliged to dine at five. Then, again, the good people who get up these concerts and make all the necessary arrangements have a great deal of trouble to undergo; while the kind neighbours who lend pianos, harps, and the services of their workpeople for the cause are not only put to great inconvenience, but are also exposed to severe trials of temper. Altogether, we think that a great deal of good feeling between rich and poor results from village concerts; and that, as a rule, much credit is reflected upon all who have been concerned in them—always excepting the man who sang that dreadful comic song.

STREET INDUSTRIES IN WINTER.

WE can understand that there must be a certain fascination in the life of the industrial wanderer who follows his calling through the fine season in picturesque districts in the country. Whether he trudges it on foot or travels in a caravan, whether he is a mender of pots and kettles or a vendor of wicker-work chairs, he has probably established a profitable connexion and must certainly have his times of enjoyment. It may be disagreeable enough to buffet your way against a bitter March wind, or to plunge through the rain and the lanes over the ankles in mud; but there is no lot in life without its drawbacks, and the rural wanderer has always something to look forward to. We take it for granted that he has money in his purse, or rather in the bag or

dirty canvas that he knots up in intricate complications of twine. He is a welcome guest at the roadside public-house, for he is sure to come in with the gossip of the day, and is always ready with a song, a jest, or a story. He calls for his bacon and eggs, or bread and cheese; and he ekes out his beer with contributions from the local tipplers, who regard him as a decided acquisition to their circle. But in nine cases out of ten he need not fall back upon the alehouse. He has been busy over his jobs at some out-of-the-way farm, and takes care to prolong them to the hour of supper. Of course he is hospitably invited to the meal, and he does ample justice to the solid refreshments. Then he retires to sweet repose in the hay-loft or on the yielding truss of straw in the barn, and sleeps the heavy slumber of the hard-working man, to begin the wanderings of the morrow with a liberal breakfast. Still pleasanter, so far as appearances go, is the gipsying of the family parties in the caravans. They have their regular nooks of call and sojourn, chosen for natural advantages which have been recognized long ago by their experience. There is the wooded bank that breaks the wind and rain when they are blowing roughly up from the exposed quarters. There is the copse, from which the pilgrims can gather the dry firewood, somewhat to the indignation of the lord of the manor, who seldom, however, cares to interfere with people who might do his coverts a mischief. There is the high-road in the lane hard by, for they like a cheerful sense of companionship; and, as they never by any chance carry clocks or watches, it is an object to be within shouting distance of better-provided passengers. Above all, they are near the limpid spring at which they can fill the indispensable tea-kettle. You may even envy them, with their weather-browned faces, excellent spirits, and hearty appetites, as you see them seated of an evening at the *al fresco* repast, with the slanting beams of the setting sun falling through the boughs of the trees on the green table-cloth of turf. Nor are they altogether to be pitied even in bad weather or in the winter, when the low temperature or the nipping blast has driven them indoors. Theirs may be somewhat cramped quarters, within the rickety caravan that can be drawn by the single screw who picks up his living in the ditches. Yet you see a rude reflection in it of the comfort, though more regardless of expense, which Dickens immortalized in the vehicle of Mrs. Jarley of wax-work celebrity. The light from the tiny stove is glimmering through the scarlet curtains; the solitary dip candle or horn lantern shines upon the heads of a Rembrandt-like group clustered round cups and loaves and a capacious teapot; while there is a brisk sound of hissing and an odour in the air which tell of rashers or sausages, or similar delicacies. In short, the tramps in the country who work for their living are for the most part well clothed and better fed; and often, if they avoid temptations to drink, they have snug little sums invested somewhere.

Very different is the lot of some of their brothers and sisters in the cities, and especially in London. Of some of them, we say; for there are street vendors and street vendors, and in that as in all other callings, from the Church and the Bar downwards, there is a wide variety of grades and fortunes. Many of the costermongers and of the people who keep street stalls in the East End and suburban thoroughfares do very well indeed. The latter are regular tradesmen in their way, standing on their respectability as compared with the nomads, while they enjoy the advantage of dispensing with payment of rent and knowing nothing of rates and direct taxes. It is their business to sell cheap, and their interest to sell good, for they have their habitual *clientèle*, fastidious in its way, and quite ready to transfer its custom to the pushing rival over the way. So with the costermonger who goes his rounds with his barrow, or who has accumulated reserves sufficient to start him with a donkey-cart or perhaps even a pony-trap. He makes his circuit as methodically as the sun, and his appearance is expected with far more confidence. Should he be very far behind time, he may find his market forestalled. So he must be up before daylight and beginning his business in the darkness. Any morning in Lower Thames Street, near Billingsgate, or in the neighbourhood of any of the great vegetable markets, you may see the costermongers' carts and barrows "stopping the way," or at all events wedged tightly together in files at the sides of the thoroughfares. The masters leave them in charge of their helps while they are gone themselves to make their bargains. They must necessarily buy what is cheap; but it by no means follows that they buy what is nasty. With perishable articles, specially such as fruit or fish, they may often make a most profitable hit. Sprats—which are the smelt or whitebait of the poor—are perhaps literally being given away; or there is an extraordinary glut of herring or mackarel. Strawberries, slightly the worse for a Channel voyage, are coming in by the bushel at the height of the season; or a consignment of West Indian pines has been slightly bruised in the disembarking in the dog-days. Yet quotations in these luxuries rule pretty steady beyond the reach of market reports; and, with an insignificant reduction in his usual rates, the merchant fills his pockets as he empties his barrow. Then he has the advantage of being able to change his wares with the season and the demand; and, in one way or another all the year round, may reckon pretty confidently on the average of his receipts. In our opinion he is decidedly more to be envied than the tenant of the fixed stall. He has variety of occupation as well as change of scene. He is not being perpetually exasperated by the vociferous competition of a next-door neighbour in the identical line of business, who lures away his customers under his nose and irritates him with surprises in the shape of counter sensations. He forms a wide circle of agreeable acquaintances, and can indulge himself in gossip and flirtation with matrons and maids-of-all-work, when, his goods being pretty nearly disposed of, he can dally over those that hang on hand. Then, should his tastes tend to the convivial, he can afford himself an occasional pint of ale or a glass of "something short"; and if he must be up and about before the early sparrows, he can keep early hours in going to bed, to the saving of fire and candles in winter.

It is when we descend a step or two in the social scale, that we find the street industrials really to be pitied. On the border-land between the well-to-do and the miserable, we should be inclined to place the merchants in coffee, hot chestnuts, and baked potatoes. It is in the bitterest or most ungenial weather that they should drive the briskest trade. Quick returns must in themselves be inspiriting; and however low the thermometer may be, they have a fire or stove at which they can thaw their fingers, while the very glare of it, as it falls on the mist or the mud, is in a certain sense cheerful and companionable. But, on the other hand, their clothing is generally of the flimsiest, and unpleasantly out of keeping with the season of the year. A ragged woollen comforter, twisted and knotted round the neck, is crossed on the chest under a tight-buttoned frock-coat which has been worn to the last stage of attenuation. If the upper half of the body is baked on one side, the other is chilled or drenched, as the case may be; while the ill-shod feet have lost all sensation as they slip about on the broken boot-soles in the half-frozen mud. And the worst is that the most miserable weather may be against those merchants, unless, perhaps, in the case of the coffee-dealers. No doubt when the bleak north wind is howling through the driving sleet, a smoking potato or a handful of hot chestnuts may recommend themselves more to the digestive organs than penny ices or periwinkles. But the shivering passenger may hesitate as to taking his frozen fingers out of his pockets; while he may be rather inclined to reserve his coppers for a mouthful of fire from the gin-palace at the corner. Similar considerations apply even more directly to the unfortunate crossing-sweepers. In fine weather their services become superfluous, and nobody seems to consider it worth his while to remunerate them for making play with their brooms on clean and dry thoroughfares; while in wet or wintry weather, when they are really public benefactors, the hand that should be liberal is occupied with the umbrella, and it is quite out of the question to unbutton the overcoat to get at the pennies which are deposited in a pocket out of reach. As for the itinerant organ-grinders, one must of course regard them as unmitigated nuisances. Next to them come the street singers, who at once excite our resentment and some faint sense of compassion, though they obviously hope to terrorize us out of coppers. They try to be most tuneful in the most inclement weather. Under pretence of gratifying the public taste, they screech out their ballads through a husky throat from the bottom of a cold-ridden chest. The miserable scantiness of their attire may be part of the professional get-up, as the children who come limping at their parents' heels might very well have been left at home under shelter. But as to considerable actual suffering there can be no mistake, as you would find yourself were you to cast off your great-coat, throw open your shirt front, strip off your stockings, and crawl at a foot's pace through the street from breakfast-time to a late supper hour. Far more objectionable are the sturdy "seamen" who have had their timbers shivered in the service of an ungrateful country. One of them has apparently had a leg carried away in action; another shows an empty sleeve in the place of a strong right arm; and a third wears a grim patch on one eye, while the sticking-plaster stretching down over the cheek hides what may be supposed to be a ghastly cutlass slash. The distribution of their losses is too symmetrical and the imposture should be clear to the dullest capacity. Probably, if you had the party strictly searched, you would discover the missing limbs about their persons, while the eye may be winking under its bandages. There can be no question as to the soundness of their lungs, for they are bellowing out the "Bay of Biscay" in stentorian chorus. But they appeal successfully to that love of the British tar which used to bring down the galleries at transpontine theatres; and they awaken sentiments somewhat stronger than disgust when you see them drawing money as well as audiences. We entertain somewhat softer sentiments—though we fear it is a culpable weakness—towards the plaintive old ladies who offer you boxes of matches or vesuvians, or the faded women in the forlorn garb of widowhood who lie in wait for you with muffatees at the approaches to the Clubs. Perhaps they are impostors, and if you give them a bit of silver to get rid of their importunities, it will most likely be spent at the nearest public-house. After all, however, the responsibility for its disposal is theirs, and if the case seems to leave room for a doubt, it may be allowable to give them the benefit of it.

THE FEVER ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

THE rapidity of the late speculative revival is a notable feature of the present time. Twelve months ago we were in the depths of the discredit caused by the Glasgow Bank disaster and the numerous failures that followed after it. Speculation did not exist, and even legitimate business was paralysed. This state of things lasted until the beginning of the summer, when we called attention in these columns to a faint renewal of activity on the Stock Exchange, remarking that, if we were about to witness a

return of commercial prosperity, it was in a revival of speculation that we might expect to see its first beginnings. As the summer wore on, however, the constant rains which did such damage to the crops damped the spirits of the frequenters of Capel Court. At length, in the course of the autumn, a genuine burst of speculation set in, which has gone on increasing ever since until it is assuming the dimensions of a mania. Both New York and Paris had been the scenes of a wild speculative fever in the earlier months of the year, and members of the Stock Exchange and others who had intimate connexions with those cities were moved to envy by the stories which reached them of immense profits realized by a few happy ventures. They were therefore prepared to take advantage of the sudden turn in trade which occurred just at the same time. The Americans, favoured by a succession of three abundant harvests, found themselves in a position to resume the work of development interrupted by the panic of 1873, and began to give large orders for English iron and steel. The sudden activity thus imparted to the iron trade gave courage to business men, and to none more than to the principal operators upon the Stock Exchange. There are many reasons why, as we have already observed, a revival of trade should be ushered in by an outburst of speculation on the Stock Exchange. Its members are, as a body, a highly intelligent and very acute body of men. They have relations with the principal firms in nearly every branch of trade, and thus have excellent means of early and accurate information. Concentrating their attention upon a comparatively mall number of securities, they are able to avail themselves to the fullest of this information, and thus to anticipate coming events. The great City houses are still better placed, each in its own special line, for forecasting the immediate future. And the speculators, pure and simple, are generally sharp and well informed; at the worst, they can follow the lead given by the other classes. When a revival of trade is setting in, people generally have got tired of stagnation and over-caution, and are eager for enterprise and large and bold combinations. The frequenters of the Stock Exchange are full of this new spirit, and act promptly on the first symptoms of returning prosperity. When their ventures prove successful, they try again and again, and each new success gives them courage for larger and bolder strokes, until the moment arrives when the more far-seeing among them feel that the time has come for realization. Last autumn there was this impatience for new enterprise, together with an undoubted revival in some of the principal industries of the country, and there was likewise exceedingly cheap money. This latter circumstance is essential to such a movement as we have been tracing. A vast speculation, such as has been in progress since September last, cannot be carried on without the help of the banks. Very few speculators have money enough to deal on a grand scale; they would soon come to the end of their resources if they could not use their credit largely. Last autumn the banks were as eager to lend as the speculators were to borrow. During the weary years of depression money had accumulated in inconvenient amounts, bills were scarce, the demand for discount was small, and, in short, the means of earning profits were few. In these circumstances bankers were glad to accommodate speculators, and thus the movement went on smoothly and rapidly.

The speculation has been active in every kind of securities. Consols, indeed, had risen so high in the previous period of discredit that a further rise was hardly possible; yet they remain, even now, at a height most unusual in a time of reviving trade. Partly this is due to the cheapness of money of which we have just spoken, and partly it is due to the scarcity of the stock. By the action of the Sinking Fund, old and new, the National Debt is being considerably reduced; while there is a constantly growing demand for Consols from the Savings Banks, from trustees, and generally from persons who desire an unquestionable security. The price of Consols, then, is little affected by the course of speculation. But there is a distinct and remarkable rise in Indian and Colonial securities. In foreign bonds of all kinds the rise is still greater, and more general. In home railways, again, it is excessive. But perhaps it is in the miscellaneous securities, and particularly in mining, iron, and metal shares generally, that it has reached its greatest height. To quote but a few instances, we find, taking the prices at the last settlement—that is, at the end of last week—that Bilbao Iron Ore shares had risen in a month from 17 to 35—in other words, had more than doubled. Darlington Iron shares, which on June 28 were quoted ½, on December 27 had risen to 6, and last week were 11; Ebbw Vale shares on June 27 were 1¼, and last week were 14¼; Sheepbridge Coal and Iron on June 28 were 29½, on December 27 were 64, and last week were 84. Devon Great Consols on June 28 were 1¾, on December 27 were 6½, and last week were 17. Rio Tinto on June 28 were 3⅝, on December 27 were 9. Confining our attention now to a short period, we find that at the last settlement Argentines had risen in a single week 2½, Hungarian Gold Rentes 3¼, Russians of 1875 2¼, Turkish Tribute Loan 2½, Venezuelan Sixes 2, Bolivian 1, Mexican 1¼, Spanish Land Mortgage 1, and Paraguayan ½. In the same short space of a week we find that Lancashire and Yorkshire shares had risen 3½, North-Western 2½, South-Western 2, and Chatham and Dover 2¼. It would weary the reader to add to this list, which we have offered only for the sake of giving an idea of how much the rise has been since the beginning of the speculation, and also of showing that the movement has lost none of its force, but rather is proceeding at an accelerated pace. To a certain extent the rise has been justified. Assuming that the revival of trade is genuine, as undoubtedly it is believed to be in the City, it is a matter of certainty that the railways will have larger traffic, and consequently will be able to declare better dividends until, at least, wages and the prices of materials are again run up so high as to neutralize the effects of increased earnings. The speculators foresaw this, and discounted the profits of the future. We have not a word to say against such discounting within proper limits, but it is difficult to believe that it has been kept within proper limits. As always happens, unwary and clumsy imitators have servilely followed the lead of the well-informed and the far-seeing, and are carrying to excess a rise which to a certain extent was warranted; at least the prosperity of the next few years must be very great indeed if this does not turn out to be the case. Again, the rise in iron, coal, and mining shares generally is a very natural reaction from the depreciation that had prevailed so long. During the past few years the collapse of the coal, iron, and other metal industries has been so extreme that a great number of the properties had almost ceased to have any market value. When, therefore, the American demand suddenly imparted life to those industries, it was inevitable that there should be a great upward bound of prices. Whether the reaction is not going too fast, however, remains to be seen. Lastly, there may have been room for an advance in the value of foreign bonds, for a deep discredit had settled on this kind of investment generally. But the most noticeable feature of the present speculation in these bonds is that it bears upon the stocks of States which are either bankrupt or in poor credit. There is a vast amount of dealing in Mexican, Bolivian, Paraguayan, Venezuelan, Ecuador, and Peruvian bonds; and, amongst European States, Russian, Hungarian, Austrian, Italian, and even Spanish, securities find favour. This is evidence, not of foresight, calculation, and a right perception of the course in which events are travelling, but of the hope that the public may be drawn in if prices are inflated to a sufficient height and for a sufficient time, and that the speculators may thus be enabled to get rid with a profit of worthless rubbish and doubtful securities.

The movement we have been tracing has its counterpart in every commercial country. As already stated, it was preceded by a speculative mania in Paris and New York, and a similar mania is beginning in Germany and Austria. It is one of the concomitants of the revival of trade, and we may expect to see it continue for a considerable while yet. The general public has scarcely taken part in it, but there are symptoms that it may soon do so. The number of *bonâ fide* investors is increasing, as are also the amounts invested. And the success of recent issues of new projects is a sign that money is forthcoming at the hands of the public. If the revival of trade proves genuine and permanent, funds for all sorts of enterprises will be abundant, and the disposition to employ them will also exist. As a matter of course, when the public takes part in the movement, it will receive a great additional impetus, and may perhaps end in a mania as wild and unreasoning as any hitherto witnessed. Meanwhile, however, there are two dangers that speculators are exposed to. One is a considerable advance in the value of money. Even now, cheap as money is, the rates for "carrying-over"—that is to say, the charges made for enabling bargains to be carried over from one settling-day to another—are very heavy, in some instances indeed are enormous, which affords proof that a large proportion of the speculators are financially weak. Should, then, the value of money rise considerably, these weak operators would probably be compelled to throw their stocks upon the market, and thus to depress prices all round. The second danger is the outbreak of a great European war. This would almost certainly be attended by a panic in the stocks affected. But whatever may be thought respecting these dangers by and by, for the present they do not disturb the speculators, and the movement proceeds merrily.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THE expectations aroused concerning the re-arrangement and re-decoration by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft of "the little theatre in the Haymarket" have not been disappointed. It would indeed be difficult to imagine a scheme being more successfully carried out. A full description of the changes made in the house is issued with the playbills, and, pausing only to notice the beauty of the new act drop in which Mr. White has painted figures representing the characters in the *School for Scandal*, which stand out against an elaborate interior painted by Mr. O'Connor, we may be content with observing that a complete revolution has been effected in the inside of the theatre, which is now one of the most attractive and most comfortable in London. One revolutionary proceeding, the abolition of the pit, led, although it had been announced long beforehand, to a sort of O. P. riot in little, on the first night of the new management. A certain number of people who according to some historians were "roughs," according to others old or elderly gentlemen addicted to playgoing, took up a position in the "second circle," which is the substitute for the old pit, and from that position expressed their dissatisfaction with the change that had been made. Mr. Bancroft, as he perhaps could hardly help doing under the circumstances, came forward to repeat an explanation which had been for some months before the p

in the course of which "a voice" replied to his remark that "a theatre is a place of business," "Not at all—it's a place of pleasure!" —and after a certain amount of tumult, the disturbers graciously consented to allow the play to go on.

The affair has been variously commented on by various writers. Some are of opinion that the people who made the disturbance should have been promptly expelled, a course which might possibly have caused yet more disturbance; and some appear to sympathize to a certain extent with the indignant pittites. The matter is a tolerably simple one. It is obvious that in the days of open theatrical competition a manager has a perfect right to arrange his theatre exactly as he likes at his own risk; and it is also obvious that any part of the playgoing public has a right to be dissatisfied with his arrangements. But it does not seem to us that they have any right, having procured certain places, to make an outcry in the form of a public disturbance because certain other places do not exist. Mr. Bancroft could hardly hope to do any good by meeting unreason with reason; and it is only to be regretted that in the excitement of the moment he did himself less than justice by putting himself forward in the character merely of "a business man." Of course every theatrical manager, and every one who follows the fine arts as a profession, is a business man; but there is something in art beyond business, and Mr. Bancroft has himself frequently proved that he is conscious of this.

The selection of *Money* as a fit play with which to open a new campaign at the Haymarket has been a good deal canvassed. There are, no doubt, certain obvious objections to it. The play is in its form, if not in its essence, distinctly old-fashioned, and the attempt to bring it down to the present day by putting it into modern costumes and substituting modern for old-fashioned allusions, is, from an artistic point of view, unfortunate, as it leads to many incongruities. Take, for instance, the Club scene. This, to begin with, is not strictly plausible. It is not eminently likely that two people bent on playing piquet for heavy stakes should choose to play their game in a room devoted to purposes of general conversation. This, however, is necessary for the action of the piece, and a reference to the inconvenience of the method adopted is put into the mouth of the hero, Evelyn, at the end of the scene. But it is hardly wise to exaggerate what air of improbability already exists by representing a room filled with people coming, going, talking with much volubility, smoking, and taking snuff. On the other hand, no doubt Mr. Bancroft's arrangement of the scene gives it considerable liveliness, and if one can tolerate the inconsistency of people costumed in the present fashion adopting the language and manners of Lord Lytton's play, one may perhaps also contemplate with equanimity the spectacle of a large Club which is the chosen haunt of all sorts and conditions of Club-men, and which apparently has only one room for all purposes, except those of dining and consulting books. For the rest, granted that the original and imported inconsistencies of the play can be put up with, it will be found that *Money* is admirably arranged for stage effect, and that it has a quality possessed by an unfortunately small proportion of modern pieces, and generally known as "backbone." The dialogue is in sentimental passages, as has frequently been pointed out, stilted, as Lord Lytton's dialogue of this kind in plays and novels always was; but it has at least more meaning and purpose than a good deal of modern dialogue has; and in the lighter passages it scarcely ever fails to amuse. The characters are types—their colours, to use a metaphor, are laid on with a good fat brush—but they are in most cases well managed and telling. A striking exception is unfortunately found in the part of the hero, Alfred Evelyn, out of which even Macready could get little that gave him any satisfaction. The intrigue upon which the play turns is managed so skilfully that its interest suffers comparatively little from its secret being known to the spectator.

It would appear from the criticisms published that the performance of the piece on the first night of the new management at the Haymarket suffered, not unnaturally, from the effect produced both on the actors and the audience by the disturbance at the beginning of the evening. On a subsequent night, however, the play went as smoothly and briskly as could be desired, and it seems to us to be, on the whole, remarkably well acted. We have spoken above of the difficulties of the impossible part of Evelyn. Considering these, Mr. Conway is decidedly to be congratulated on his performance of it. In pathetic passages he wants reality, but then the pathetic passages are just the least real ones of the part. It is much that he manages to play the part with dignity, and to avoid the air of priggishness which it cannot be easy to banish from it. Mr. Bancroft repeats his successful performance of Sir Frederick Blount. His manner and tone are excellent, but he might with great advantage be somewhat less familiar in his scene of flirtation with Clara Douglas. Clara Douglas is an insipid heroine enough, but Miss Marion Terry succeeds in giving her life and attractiveness. Mrs. Bancroft's performance of Lady Franklin can hardly be too highly praised. She seems to command gaiety at will, and, in a scene which might well verge on farce, preserves throughout the true spirit of comedy. This scene —the one in which Lady Franklin carries out her intention of making the melancholy Graves laugh, sing, and dance—is admirably played both by Mrs. Bancroft and Mr. Arthur Cecil, whose performance of Graves seems to us a singularly well studied and finely executed piece of acting. His facial expression, his voice, and his walk are all admirably in keeping with the character, and he has the art of never seeming to strain at the points which he makes. Mr. Odell's performance of Sir John Vesey has not been received with general favour. It is a new reading and an immensely amusing one of the part. We cannot find in the text any reason for supposing that Sir John was necessarily a person different from the one whom Mr. Odell has invented; but no doubt an actor who undertakes a part which is more or less associated with old traditions must expect to excite some disapproval if he ventures to strike out a new line. It might certainly be reasonable to make Sir John Vesey either more unctuous or more courtly, or both, than Mr. Odell makes him; but it is not in the nature of things unreasonable to make of him the somewhat odd and excessively entertaining figure which Mr. Odell presents to his audience. Probably no actor could do better justice to the part of Deadly Smooth than Mr. Archer, who played it when the piece was performed some years ago under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Miss Diets has a somewhat thankless part, which she plays very well, in Georgina Vesey. The smaller characters are excellently filled. Mr. Kemble's Stout is full of humorous touches, among which may be noticed the very permissible "gag" of constantly addressing Glossmore as "my lord," although it is in direct contradiction to one passage in the text. Mr. Forbes-Robertson, one of the most versatile and accomplished of young actors, displays, as might be expected, invention in the part of Glossmore. Mr. Vollaire brings his experience with great effect to bear on the part of the Old Member. Mr. C. Brookfield, who, we believe, makes his first appearance on the London stage in this piece, plays Sharp the lawyer with a remarkable air of reality, and his by-play, without being in the least obtrusive, is excellent. His elocution and his assumption of the manner of the family lawyer of comedy are alike excellent. A word of praise must also be given to Mr. Stewart Dawson for his performance of the Scotch builder MacStucco, and also, if we are not mistaken, of an unnamed personage in the Club scene who suggests the idea of a half-pay officer.

On the whole, the new managers are, it seems to us, to be congratulated on the success of their first venture. It was perhaps more prudent than dashing to open with a stock piece the representation of which involves such inconsistencies as those we have pointed out. But probably Mr. Bancroft is a better judge of such a matter, as of the expediency of doing away with the Haymarket pit, than any layman can be. The new management starts, at any rate, with an admirably arranged theatre and with an excellent company.

REVIEWS.

GREEN'S SHORT GEOGRAPHY.*

READERS of Miss Austen will remember that when Fanny Price came to stay with her grand relations at Mansfield Park, her cousins the Miss Bertrams at once discovered that her education had been lamentably deficient. "Dear mamma, only think, my cousin cannot put the map of Europe together—or my cousin cannot tell the principal rivers in Russia—or she never heard of Asia Minor. . . . Did you ever hear anything so stupid?" And at last came the culminating instance of ignorance. "Do you know, we asked her last night, which way she would go to get to Ireland; and she said, she should cross to the Isle of Wight." Now the Miss Bertrams, who, as they boasted, could repeat the chronological order of the Kings of England, and of the Roman Emperors as low as Severus, "besides a great deal of the heathen mythology, and all the metals, semi-metals, planets, and distinguished philosophers," had evidently been taught geography on the system which it is Mr. and Mrs. Green's mission to destroy. Had Fanny Price enjoyed the advantage of reading the preface to this work, she might, supposing that she could so far have done violence to her gentle nature, have thrown her cousins' lesson-books aside with scorn, and crushed the young ladies with Mr. Green's dictum:—"Books such as these, if books they must be called, are simply appeals to the memory; they are handbooks of mnemonics, but they are in no sense handbooks of Geography." Fanny herself, on the other hand, was in a condition favourable for the reception of Mr. Green's teaching. If she was hazy in the extreme as to the position of Ireland, she, having lived at Portsmouth, had at least a clear conception of the Isle of Wight. To that small extent, the picture of the earth in which she lived—we are quoting from Mr. Green's description of the objects to be aimed at by the teacher of geography—had grown into distinctness before her. So far at least she had a notion "of the distribution of land and sea."

It is a question whether there is not after all something to be said for the barbarous system on which the Miss Bertrams were educated. At any rate, the pupil laid up a store of possibly useful facts ready to hand. A knowledge of the multiplication-table may not expand the mind, but it is practically useful in many emergencies of life. However, we need not now discuss this subject. We will let Mr. Green speak for himself as to the defects of the existing "handbooks of mnemonics," which "are in no sense handbooks of Geography," and as to the aims of his own system. His opening and rather strong assertion seems to be founded upon some reminiscence of the ancient joke about the criminal who had

* *A Short Geography of the British Islands.* By John Richard Green, M.A., LL.D., Honorary Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, and Alice Stopford Green. With Maps. London: Macmillan & Co. 1879.

his choice between Guicciardini and the galleys; or, to give the jest in its latest American dress, between a rope and the nearest tree on the one hand, and the obligation of becoming a member of a new *Pinafore* company on the other:—

No drearier task can be set for the worst of criminals than that of studying a set of geographical text-books such as the children in our schools are doomed to use. Pages of "tables," "tables" of heights and "tables" of areas, "tables" of mountains and "tables" of table-lands, "tables" of numerals which look like arithmetical problems, but are really statements of population: these, arranged in an alphabetical order or disorder, form the only breaks in a chaotic mass of what are amusingly styled "geographical facts," which turn out simply to be names, names of rivers and names of hills, names of counties and names of towns, a mass barely brought into grammatical shape by the needful verbs and substantives, and dotted over with isolated phrases about mining here and cotton-spinning there, which pass for Industrial Geography.

From this dreary picture we turn to consider what geography really is—"'earth-picturing,' a presentment of earth or a portion of earth's surface in its actual form, and an indication of the influence which that form has exerted on human history or human society." Although it is rather long, we cannot forbear to quote the passage in which Mr. Green unfolds his idea of the way in which geography should be taught—the way in which it will be taught "when the prejudices and traditions of our schools and schoolmasters have passed away." For how many centuries, we wonder, have educational reformers been raging against "the prejudices and traditions" of schoolmasters, and looking forward to the bright time when every boy will be educated on really scientific principles? Do not we all know the ideal boy (of fiction)—Gargantua, Télémaque, Master Tommy Merton, and a host more—who is only waiting for the ideal Ponocrates, Mentor, or Mr. Barlow to come and develop him into the full-blown ideal educational product. However, Mr. Green's discourse on the manner in which the study of geography should be approached is not the less interesting and instructive because he presupposes a child with an exceptional thirst for information:—

The starting-point of education will be the child's first question. And the child's first question is about the material world in which it finds itself. So long as every sight and every sound is an object of wonder, and of the curiosity that comes of wonder, life will be a mere string of "whats" and "whys." With an amusing belief in the omniscience of his elders, the child asks why the moon changes and what are the stars, why the river runs and where the road goes to, why the hills are so high and what is beyond them. To answer these questions as they should be answered is to teach the little questioner Geography. Each of the divisions into which Geography breaks does its part in his training, as the picture of the earth in which he lives grows into distinctness before him. He may never hear of Physiography, but he learns in simple outline what are the forces that tell through heat and cold or wind or rain on the form of the earth, and make it the earth we see. The name of Physical Geography may never reach him, but he gets a notion of what the earth's form actually is, of the distribution of land and sea, of mountain and plain over its surface, of the relative position of continents and of countries, of the "why" rivers run, and the "where" roads run to. As the structure of the world thus becomes distinct to the child he sees why races have settled, why nations lie within their boundaries, why armies have marched and battles have been fought, why commerce has taken one road or another over sea and land, and thus gathers his Historical Geography without knowing it. So as he watches how mountains divide men or rivers draw them together, how hill-line and water-parting become bounds of province and shire, how the town grows up by the stream and the port by the harbour-mouth, the boy lays the foundation of his Political Geography, though he never sees a "table of counties," or learns by rote a "list of populations."

It must not be rashly concluded that Mr. Green has sworn an eternal hostility to tables of counties and lists of populations. On the contrary, his own book contains such tables—lists of counties, county towns, areas in square miles, population, heights of mountains, and so forth. These, we suppose, are as the tithes of mint and cummin, which should not be neglected, although the weightier matters of the law should be first regarded.

We must not linger on Mr. Green's educational dream—for a dream, he admits, it will long remain—in which geography is to "furnish a ground-work for all after instruction"—history, politics, physical science, and language. "It is at any rate such a dream as this that has encouraged its writers to attempt the present book." It will be noted that the names of two authors appear on the title-page. Both writers, Mr. Green tells us, are responsible for the general plan, and for that part of the work which relates to England. The rest—Wales, Scotland, and Ireland—is due to Mrs. Green. With this information, we turn from the preface, which will by teachers be found interesting, and doubtless by pupils too, inasmuch as children are always entertained by knowing what the grown-up world thinks about them. It is, we doubt not, a necessary feature of that "rational system of primary education" to which Mr. Green looks forward, that school-books should be put into "æsthetic" bindings. This one appears in the sweet blue-grey tint which we associate with handbooks on artistic dress and furniture, and is embellished, outside with conventional representations of sky, earth, and sea, savouring strongly of the Renaissance period. The little Cimabue Browns, whose acquaintance we have had the pleasure of making through Mr. Du Maurier, no doubt have all their lesson-books bound in this style. It is possible that this helps to smooth the thorny path of learning; perhaps to the æsthetic infant even a black draught would lose some of its horrors if it was administered in choice blue china or Old Chelsea. We would however suggest to binders and publishers that, when a book is of itself sufficiently thick, there is no excuse for fattening it by sticking in at the end a catalogue fifty-six pages long.

For the general plan of the work we have nothing but praise. The introductory chapter, especially the sections on "Political Geography" and the "General Results of the Character of the British Group," is excellent, and ought to be read not only as an introduction to the study of geography, but to that of history also. We extract one paragraph, as a specimen of the manner in which the subject is treated:—

The strip of sea which runs between the British Isles and the Continent has greatly influenced *the progress of their inhabitants from barbarism to civilization*. Though foreign conquerors have in early ages been able to cross over the sea to Britain; the English Channel and the North Sea have long formed a barrier broad enough to prevent perpetual invasion and disquiet from without, and to give such a measure of security as was needed for the well-being of the British peoples. But on the other hand these seas have not been wide enough to shut out the civilizing influences of Europe; foreign trade, and wealth, and knowledge have been within easy reach of its people. And in some cases the channel which parts these islands from Europe has even invited civilization to their shores. It has made them a safe place of shelter for men driven out from their own lands by poverty, by misgovernment, or by persecution, and wave after wave of immigrants have thus been brought to our coasts, who have carried with them a knowledge of arts and manufactures.

After this chapter we pass to a "General View of England and Wales," and thence are led on to a more detailed survey, divided under the heads of "The Coast," "The Mountain Groups," "The Upland Ranges," "The Plains," "The River System," "The English Counties." The counties again are divided into groups, as "The Counties of the Severn Basin," "The Counties of the Humber Basin," and so on. Scotland is treated on a similar system; Ireland and Wales have to content themselves with two chapters apiece. We should add that there are four good coloured maps, besides twenty-four plain ones. The authors have shown great skill in carrying out their aims. The main features of the country are not lost sight of in a crowd of details. The book is not a gazetteer or a Postal Guide; but no intelligent child could read it without acquiring a clear idea of the form and make of the British Isles, and of the reasons why the life of one district differs from the life of another. "We must learn," the writers tell their pupil,

to know the actual surface of Southern Britain—where it is broken by rocky mountains, where its rivers have formed valleys rich with corn and fruits, and where its broad uplands furnish pastures for flocks. Nor is any of this knowledge useless. We get to understand the true importance of these facts as we watch how from age to age the inexorable lie of the land has compelled very different races and generations of men to live and build their cities by the same rivers in sheltered valleys or in fertile plains; to till the ground in the same fruitful districts; to make their roads along the same lines marked out by nature, sometimes across level plains, sometimes threading narrow valleys between the hills, now turning aside to reach some river-ford, and then rising over a mountain pass where the line of hills dips so as to form a gap in the forbidding heights. We learn why it is that the great English roads are as old as the earliest times told of by any history of England, and why so many towns and even villages have a story that goes back to the first beginnings of our people. And many things hard to understand in history become easy as we know the outer circumstances which led to the events of which we read.

Though we are compelled to observe that the phrase "inexorable lie of the land" is very little better than nonsense—we could hardly tolerate it in a novel—this is otherwise a good description of the aim of the work, and a good specimen of the way in which the authors relieve their subjects by the use of that picturesque style of which Mr. Green is a master. As examples of this descriptive power, we may also call attention to two passages in the part of the work assigned to Mrs. Green—the paragraph at p. 260 on the "Western Watershed" (Scotland), and that at p. 271 in which the Lowland are contrasted with the Highland Hills. These are specimens of pure "word-painting." As illustrations of the method in which the authors endeavour to call forth the thought and intelligence of the pupil, we refer our readers to the passage at p. 92 on the causes of the greatness of London, or that on the importance of rivers to the welfare of a country. The statement that "England is remarkable for the perfection of its river system" gives one a pang as one reflects how shamefully we have poisoned that river system, and how near we are to finding ourselves in the position of "not a drop to drink."

Points of detail of course may be found open to criticism. Such a hard word as "escarpment," which Latham's Dictionary knows only as a military, not as a geographical term, should not have been used before its explanation had been given. "Estuary" too might with advantage have been explained. We do not well understand what is meant by saying of Wales "The moors are studded with small tarns *instead of* lakes." What is a tarn but a mountain lake? Questions of spelling we approach with fear and trembling, never knowing what may be the last official or scientific dictum on the subject; but surely the mountain set down at p. 55 by the name of "Great Gavel" used to be called "Great Gable." And it is confusing to find the hills of Skye termed the Coilin Mountains in one page and the Cuchullin Hills in another. "Knots of head-waters" strikes us as an unfortunate phrase; it would puzzle Michael Scott's fiend to tie water in knots. Among the manufacturing towns on the Mersey, Widnes, a place of recent and rapid growth, instituted—to describe it in a manner easily comprehensible by the non-technical mind—for the production of noxious vapours, should not have been omitted. One word more; it is no part of the business of a geographer to pay compliments to one class more than to another. We find our authors dividing England as it were into sheep and goats, thus:—

To the west and north-west of the range, therefore, lie the whole industrial wealth and activity of England, its centres of dense population, and

its commercial cities, inhabited chiefly by intelligent and trained artisans, classes of rising importance in English political and social life. To the south-east of the range, on the contrary, are the agricultural districts of England, containing but one great centre of crowded population in the valley of the Thames.

Mr. Green ought to be aware that the Intelligent Artisan has become a bore. We are as weary of him and his intelligence as we used to be of the virtues of the Great Middle Class. Enthusiasm for industrial centres and commercial cities is apt to be a little damped by reflections upon the extent to which the inhabitants of some at least of them are addicted to drinking, kicking, and violent assaults in general. Why moreover are the school-children of the agricultural districts to be insulted by the implied disadvantageous comparison, pointed by a significant "on the contrary," with the rising generation of intelligent artisans on the favoured side of "the oolitic range"?

That this book will be extensively used, even on the wrong side of the range, we fully anticipate, and we welcome it as an effort—to our mind a successful one—to give life and meaning to a study which children in general find dry and unattractive. The ultimate decision on which the success of a school-book depends must rest with those engaged in the actual work of educating; but we believe that their verdict will be in its favour.

METRICAL TRANSLATIONS FROM SANSKRIT.*

DR. MUIR, the Nestor of Sanskrit learning, has here brought together in one volume his many fragmentary translations in verse from Sanskrit writers. A few years ago he published a small volume of "Religious and Moral Sentiments metrically rendered from Sanskrit"; but these have been greatly added to and extended, and the result is the handsome volume before us. So long since as 1831 Dr. Muir put forth the first part of his *Christa Sangita*, or Life of Christ in Sanskrit verse. After completing this work, which excited much curiosity and gained considerable favour among learned Hindus, he followed it up with a *Life of St. Paul*. Then he published a work called *Mata pariksha*, or Examination of Religions, which set forth a sketch of the argument for Christianity and combated some of the leading points of Hinduism. These were all composed in verse—in the form most familiar to Brahmans, and therefore most likely to attract their attention. The last of them excited so much interest as to call forth some replies. All of these have been reproduced in the vernacular languages, and they are among the most useful and potent vehicles for the dissemination of Christianity. The time which could be spared from official duties in India was spent by Dr. Muir in the endeavour to bring a knowledge of Christianity to Hindus. In his retirement at home he has been engaged in unfolding the mysteries of Hinduism to Europeans, and his volumes of extracts from Sanskrit texts have thrown a flood of light upon the obscure subjects treated of in the old Hindu writings. These books were for the use of the few—for philosophers and the students of Hinduism—but the present work deserves to have, and will no doubt find, a large and various body of readers.

The translations are generally short and of a religious, moral, and didactic character. The versification is smooth and easy, the language clear and intelligible. No special knowledge is required to understand them. New ideas will be occasionally met with, but more frequently old and familiar ones, presented in new lights and with unfamiliar surroundings. The latter part of the volume contains a series of sketches of the different Vedic deities as they appear in the hymns of the Rig Veda. These are made up of passages culled and brought together from different hymns. They give a very clear outline of the chief attributes of the principal deities, and from no source could the ordinary reader obtain a more adequate and accurate conception of the gods of the old Aryas. One prominent feature in the addresses to the deities is the familiar and friendly way in which they are addressed, and another is the very material and mundane character of the promises made to them. Indra, the god of the sky, is thus addressed:—

Friend Indra, from the sky descend,
Thy course propitious hither bend;
Come straight, and let no rival priest
Prevail to draw thee from our feast.
Let no one catch thee unawares,
Like bird the artful fowler snares.
All is prepared; the soma draught
Is sweet as thou hast ever quaffed;
And we will feed with corn, and tend,
Thy coursers at their journey's end.

Some men may perhaps think that they have heard enough of late of *Ushas*, the Dawn; but if others wish to become acquainted with this beautiful myth, they will in this volume find it described in very graceful flowing verse. Two stanzas descriptive of one of the attributes of Varuna (Οὐρανός), the "all-pervader," we will quote:—

This mighty lord who rules on high,
Though closely veiled from mortal gaze,
All men's most secret acts surveys,
He, ever far, is ever nigh.
* * * *
He marks the good and ill within
The hearts of men; the false and true
Discerns with never-erring view;
He hates deceit, chastises sin.

The above, as we have said, are not strictly translations, but compositions made up from the language of different hymns. But the greater part of the volume is given to translations, as close and true as the nature of the two languages and the trammels of verse will allow. Where there is any material deviation from the original text the author gives an exact prose translation. Very many of the extracts are derived from the great epic poem the "Mahá-Bhárata." One of these is an eloquent impeachment and vindication of the divine government. Draupadi, the heroine, stirred by the wrongs and sufferings of her husband, exclaims:—

I charge the Lord of all—the strong,
The partial Lord—with doing wrong.
* * * *
God does not show for all mankind
A parent's love and wise concern;
But acts like one unfeeling, stern,
Whose eyes caprice and passion blind.

Her husband gently chides her, and expatiates on duty, and on the necessity of performing it for its own sake, not for any hope or prospect of reward. He then says:—

Of all the men who care profess
For virtue—love of that to speak—
The unworthiest far are those who seek
To make a gain of righteousness.

Who thus—to every lofty sense
Of duty dead—from each good act
Its full return would fain extract;—
He forfeits every recompense.

And upon the inscrutable workings of Providence he goes on:—

The gods—for such their sovereign will—
Have veiled from our too curious ken
The laws by which the deeds of men
Are recompensed with good and ill.

No common mortal comprehends
The wondrous power, mysterious skill,
With which these lords of all fulfil
Their high designs, their hidden ends.

We frequently come across striking parallels of Gospel teaching, of which we shall have a little to say anon, thus:—

Shall He to thee support refuse,
Who clothes the swan in dazzling white,
Who robes in green the parrot bright,
The peacock decks in rainbow hues?

Again,

Wealth either leaves a man, O king!
Or else a man his wealth must leave.
What sage for that event will grieve,
Which time at length must surely bring?

What an elevated idea of true worship is expressed in the following verse from the Bhágavata Purána—

To scatter joy throughout thy whole
Surrounding world; to still men's grief;
Such is the worship best and chief
Of God, the Universal Soul—

and how much in unison with Coleridge's "He prayeth best who loveth best." The following, too, strikes a chord which Scott has struck with bolder hand:—

Not such is even the bliss of heaven
As that which fills the breast of men,
To whom, long absent, now 'tis given
Their country once to see again,
Their childhood's home, their natal place,
However poor, or mean, or base.

We have made copious quotations because it is nearly impossible to give any fair notion of such a book as this in any other way. One more passage we will cite, notwithstanding the faulty rhyme of the last couplet—

The wound a foeman's trenchant steel
Inflicts, in time again will heal;
The tree a woodman's axe o'erthrows
Soon sprouts again, and freshly grows;
But never more those wounds are closed,
Which harsh and cutting words have caused.

The whole work, like the foregoing extracts, is strongly impressed with the pensive, reflective character of the Hindu mind, with thoughts about the joys and cares of this life, and the hopes and fears of that to come. There are a few passages of a martial character; but they are somewhat tame, and lack the spirit-stirring ring of Northern heroic songs.

In his Introduction Dr. Muir discusses a very interesting question, which we have reserved for the end of our notice, because some of the extracts quoted will help to the comprehension of it. There is, in the "Mahá-Bhárata," a long and very beautiful episode called the Bhagavad-gítá, the "Divine Song." This is pervaded by such an elevated tone of thought and Christian-like spirit, and contains passages so much in unison with Gospel texts, that it has been thought to have been written under Gospel influence. Dr. Lorinser, who has written strongly upon the subject, and whose arguments have stirred up much discussion, says:—

If we can find in the Bhagavad-gítá passages, and these 'not single and obscure, but numerous' and clear, which present a surprising similarity to passages in the New Testament, we shall be justified in concluding that these coincidences are no play of chance, but that taken altogether they

* *Metrical Translations from Sanskrit Writers, with an Introduction, Prose Versions, and Parallel Passages from Classical Authors.* By J. Muir, C.I.E., D.C.L., LL.D., Ph.D. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

afford conclusive proof that the composer was acquainted with the writings of the New Testament, used them as he thought fit, and has woven into his own work numerous passages, if not word for word, yet preserving the meaning, and shaping it according to his Indian mode of thought.

Among the passages quoted by Dr. Lorinser from the Gítá are these. "They who devoutly worship me are in me and I in them." "Repose thy mind upon me, fix thine understanding and thou shalt hereafter dwell in me." "But if I were not constantly engaged *in work* unwearied . . . these worlds would perish *if I did not work my work.*" "I who am the highest *way.*" "I am the way, beginning, and end." There can be no doubt that these and many other passages in the Gítá are closely similar to the words of the New Testament. Are they, then, borrowed from the Gospel, or are they the independent workings of a Hindu mind? Dr. Lorinser and those who agree with him assume that the Bhagavad Gítá was written after the rise of Christianity; but this is very uncertain, and rests entirely upon inference. Some have come to the conclusion that it was written two or three centuries after Christ; others, who give reasons equally plausible for their view, maintain that it was produced two or three centuries before. The date, then, is of no avail in the argument, and the question has to be judged entirely upon internal evidence. Much has been written upon the subject, and the balance of opinion is against Dr. Lorinser's view. Professor Monier Williams, though he argues generally against it, still thinks that "something may be said for Dr. Lorinser's theory." Dr. Muir himself declines "offering any opinion on this intricate problem, but ventures to make the following remarks on the subject. "There is no doubt a general, or perhaps I might say, a striking, resemblance between the manner in which Krishna asserts his own divine nature, enjoins devotion to his person, and sets forth the blessings which will result to his votaries from such worship, on the one hand, and, on the other, the strain in which the Founder of Christianity is represented in the Gospels, and especially in the Fourth, as speaking of himself and his claims, and the redemption which will follow on their faithful recognition. At the same time, the Bhagavad Gítá contains much which is exclusively Indian in its character, and which finds no counterpart in the New Testament doctrine." While Dr. Muir thus leaves the question open, he has provided in an Appendix considerable helps towards the formation of a judgment. He quotes from classical writers passages breathing the same spirit and often closely resembling in expression the Sanskrit extracts which he has translated. Thus Manu says:—

Our virtue is the only friend
That follows us in death;
All other ties and friendships end
With our departing breath.

And Sophocles, as translated by Professor Campbell:—

For our great Father counteth piety
Far above all. This follows men in death
And faileth not when they resign their breath.

This volume represents the best side of Hindu literature; it is "a collection of some of the best sentiments which are to be found in Sanskrit writers," and is far from being a fair specimen of its general tone and character. There is much in Hindu literature which is repugnant to European morality and sentiment; the good and the bad, the pure and the impure, the noble and the ignoble, are mixed, sometimes alas, in very unequal proportions; but the literature which can supply such a volume of Elegant Extracts as this before us deserves the attentive consideration and study of philosophers and moralists. "Are not," asks Dr. Muir, "the literatures, whether sacred or profane, of all countries, more or less disfigured by something repugnant to the moral sense?"

The misquotation—

When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A veritable angel thou—

must be noted as remarkable in a Scotchman and a poet.

PATTISON'S MILTON.*

MR. MARK PATTISON and the editor of *English Men of Letters* ought to know best about the general aim of the series of biographies which they have successively enriched with their own most interesting contributions. According to Mr. Pattison, his "outline" is intended for those readers "who cannot afford to know more of Milton than can be told in some two hundred and fifty pages." If so, the more affluent section of the public is to be congratulated upon its accidental good fortune; for, though the Rector of Lincoln might undertake a biography for the needy, no production from his hand was likely to assume a flavour of the literary soup-kitchen, still less (if we may use his own phraseology) to "stupefy instead of training the faculties by the rapid inculcation of unassimilated information." On the contrary, we are happy to say that he has never been more himself than in this essay, and has accordingly never been more enjoyable. It is only in the very last sentence of the book that he seems to us to approach shallow water; for if it was necessary by way of a final flourish to introduce Shakspeare and Milton—"Shakspeare first and next Milton"—as those by whom "we shall choose to be represented at the international congress of world poets," it was unfortunate so to couple them in contrast with authors who are our "favourite closet companions." But, in general, this little work, full without overflowing its fixed limits, and of real value as a fresh and vigorous criticism, has the peculiar charm of its author's favourite ironical manner. And it is hardly necessary to add that in a sketch of Milton's life Mr. Pattison finds many opportunities for employing his favourite manner in the service of his favourite antipathies. There is an unmistakable twinkle in the seriousness of such passages as the following, all of which are quite legitimately suggested by their context:—

And in Universities generally it is not literature or general acquirements which recommend a candidate for endowed posts, but technical skill in the prescribed exercises and a pedagogic intention. . . .

In virtue of the grandeur of zeal which inspires them, these pages, which are in substance nothing more than the now familiar omniscient examiner's programme, retain a place as one of our classics. . . .

In those infamous productions, hatched by celibate pedants in the foul atmosphere of the Jesuit colleges, the gamut of charges always ranges from bad grammar to unnatural crime. . . .

It is only to be regretted that a writer at once so grave and so witty should not both give himself the trouble of avoiding an occasional looseness of syntax which it is impossible to suppose intentional, and spare himself that of occasionally using a vocabulary which is manifestly such. "Battailous" is of course a loan, and a very happy one, from Milton's own verse, and, for all we know, "traditive" and "insititious" may occur among Milton's contributions to the "digladiations" of his age; nor would we assert in a witness-box that he nowhere in his prose uses "truant" as a verb. But in a writer of the present day the choice of such words smacks just a little of affectation—a fault unfortunately common enough in masters of style, but not more praiseworthy in them than in their inferiors.

In any case, these trifles have but a feather's weight against the real merits of this admirable essay. If among these merits we are inclined to rank first the recognition of that which gives unity to Milton's life viewed as a whole, it is not because we are able to accept Mr. Pattison's view altogether, but because we are convinced that he has chosen the only admissible standpoint. Milton, born to be a poet, trained himself to become such at first unconsciously, then more and more with a sense of the work, the duty, incumbent upon him. Occasional inevitable impulses of impatience apart, he adhered to his plan of life—of which he was neither weary nor ashamed—through long years of self-preparation, and even through the sustained interruption which absorbed nearly a third of his existence and all the best years of his manhood. This plan was that of perfecting himself, in the first instance, for becoming a great English poet; in the second, for executing a particular great poetical work in his native tongue. Perhaps none of our great poets has aimed so definitely, prepared so fully, achieved so completely. This cardinal fact, which is sufficient to entitle Milton to undisputed possession of the place occupied by him in our national House of Fame, has never been more clearly and convincingly demonstrated than by Mr. Pattison. He shows, not merely (which required no showing) that *Comus* and its companion pieces were, "when produced, as they remain to this day, the finest flower of English poesy," but also that Milton regarded them "only as firstfruits, an earnest of greater things to come." He reminds us how, though "*Paradise Lost* was *composed* after fifty, it was *conceived* at thirty-two"; and he suggests how, even after the accomplishment of his great work, Milton, in *Paradise Regained*, applied to his genius a yet stricter and more conscientious artistic discipline. From this point of view, which we believe to be the true one, Mr. Pattison has consistently and effectively treated "the first Englishman of whom the designation of our series, *Men of Letters*, is appropriate." Milton, he continues,

was also the noblest example of the type. He cultivated not letters, but himself, and sought to enter into possession of his own mental kingdom, not that he might reign there, but that he might royally use its resources in building up a work which should bring honour to his country and his native tongue.

It is of course by no means necessary, because we are of opinion that Mr. Pattison has found the true key to a just appreciation of Milton's life and mind, that we should subscribe to all the deductions which we are asked to accept in addition. Mr. Pattison clearly regards Milton as having not only prostituted his powers, but wasted his time to boot, in his protracted deviation from the course which the promptings of his own inspiration had clearly marked out for him. In the course of his observations tending to this result, Mr. Pattison undoubtedly brings out some plain facts which it is useless to attempt to overlook. That in his pamphlets on Divorce Milton should have sought a general, not a personal, remedy for his own grievance, in one sense shows the breadth and grandeur of his mind; but at the same time his pleadings are hopelessly damaged by the circumstance that the general change was so speedily (if Mr. Masson's discovery of the earlier date of the first Divorce tract be correct, so instantaneously) urged as a remedy for a personal wrong. Again, Milton's theological writings may be deficient in that which to the controversies of theology, as an essentially historical science, is indispensable—a full and even a competent knowledge of the learning of the subjects discussed. When, however, in speaking of Milton's political pamphlets, Mr. Pattison calls upon us to note that these productions, "now only serving as a record of the prostitution of genius to political party, were, at the time at which they appeared, of no use to the cause in which they were written," we demur to both the assertions contained in the sentence. In the first place, are we to be told (as Mr. Pattison tells us again and again) of what the Puritan revolution was to England and to Milton, and almost

* *Milton.* By Mark Pattison, B.D., Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. English Men of Letters Series. London: Macmillan & Co. 1879.

in the same breath to be asked to treat his self-sacrifice to its cause as a surrender of himself "to political party"? In the second place, it seems to us a mere begging of the question to assert (what for that matter we should be slow to allow) that Milton's pamphlets were useless *at the time*. For it may be worth a man's while to become the mouthpiece of a cause, a principle, or a policy, without the hope of producing an immediate effect. Ministers thought one of Burke's greatest Indian speeches unworthy of notice; but it was not on that account a waste of breath. And, to take very much lower ground, is Mr. Pattison prepared to deny that the *Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio*, for instance, sufficiently answered its immediate purpose as a controversial countermove to the *Defensio Regia?* Moreover, though we would willingly go any length in condemning the unworthiness of much in the *Defensio Secunda*, was it not, as a matter of policy at all events, worth while to have the greatest scholar in Europe and his champion answered after a fashion which showed that, as there was no flinching on the part of England's rulers, so they were not without an advocate whose execution of his task made "all Europe ring from side to side?" For it surely was no vain boast in which Milton indulged when he used these words in his famous sonnet. Again, Mr. Pattison takes a very different view from Professor Masson in holding Cromwell to have left Milton (who was after all only a novice in political life) unconsulted on affairs of great importance. But, even were we to accept Mr. Pattison's opinion on this head, it would be useless to speculate on Cromwell's reasons when we know virtually nothing of the personal relations between the two. At all events it is difficult to reconcile the belief that Milton was generally neglected by the leading politicians of the Protectorate with the tradition that he was allowed by the Protector, as he had previously been by the Parliament, "a weekly table for the entertainment of foreign ministers and persons of learning"—which certainly looks as if he had been put forward as what he really was, the literary representative of the Government. To the phrase quoted by Mr. Pattison from Milton's letter to Peter Heimbach in 1657 we should be inclined to attach little weight; but in any case it seems going too far, considering the undeniable notoriety of some of Milton's political writings, to attribute the leniency shown to him after the Restoration to his "insignificance," as well as to his "harmlessness." He could hardly have been regarded as insignificant by a *régime* which, like that of the Restoration, well understood the usefulness of penmanship. At the same time, Mr. Pattison as a matter of course rejects the incredible tradition which states an offer to have been made under Charles II. to continue Milton in his Latin Secretaryship. This story is only less absurd than that of his having died a Roman Catholic, a lively fiction exposed by Mr. Pattison, as it were, from Milton's own mouth.

The true reason, as it seems to us, which led Milton at any risk—whether of health and wealth, or of peace and full contentment of mind—to take up arms on behalf of the Puritan cause, was that "ideal force working in the minds of a few" upon which Mr. Pattison has so appropriately dwelt. Since of these few Milton felt himself one, no tendency to "aloofness" could prevent him from taking an active part in the conflict. He came to it slowly indeed (Mr. Pattison's irony is not at all out of place here), but surely, even from that Italian sojourn which had helped to reveal him to himself. The impulse may have often driven him astray, as it incontestably failed at all times to sustain his pursuit of his aim on a level with that aim itself. But this impulse was part of Milton's character, which, as Mr. Pattison justly says of Milton's mind, was an organic whole. For our part, we are convinced that, not in *Lycidas* only, but already in the earlier *Comus*, and possibly even in the contrast between *Il Penseroso* and *L'Allegro*, is to be discovered the movement of that crusading spirit (so to speak) which made it necessary for Milton to take service under the Commonwealth, and to become the official apologist of the Revolution.

This view of Milton's conduct of his life is, as a matter of course, absolutely independent of whatever judgment we may happen to have formed as to the Revolution and the Restoration themselves. Mr. Pattison could hardly avoid an indication, at least, of his own estimate of these great episodes of our national history, however warily he may tread. To his view of the Restoration as a transaction which swept away the heroic age of England by one fatal blast we can only modestly demur, even as he has modestly advanced it. If "it is for the historian to describe and unfold the sources of this contagion," it is likewise for the historian to distinguish between reaction and decline—two processes by no means so absolutely identical as they are at times assumed to be. And before we can accept, even in passing, the observation that "the Restoration was a moral catastrophe," we may require to be satisfied as to the point in the drama at which Mr. Pattison would place its climax. Meanwhile we have often felt that the treatment of Milton himself by the Restoration age has been very unjustly urged to its discredit. Mr. Pattison speaks of Dryden as a "distinguished exception" to the comparative neglect of Milton's poetic claims; and we may add that even in the preface to the *State of Innocence* Dryden betrays an instinctive recognition of what all critics have recognized as the most characteristic of Milton's poetic qualities. But it should at least be remembered that the subscription for the edition of 1688 revealed a readiness to acknowledge the claims of the Puritan poet, not only among favourite authors such as Dryden and Waller and Dorset, but even in the academical clique of the Christ Church wits. Mr. Pattison is doubtless right in saying that Milton's repute was the work of the Whigs, but it is curious that one of the earliest scholiasts upon Milton should have been Atterbury.

The more specifically literary criticism for which Mr. Pattison has found room within the narrow framework of this biographical essay is throughout discriminating without at all verging upon pettiness; and his observations on *Paradise Lost* in particular explain many of the distinctive features of a poem which has attracted a large number of critics in proportion to the number of its readers. Never exuberant in his praise, Mr. Pattison has, so far as we can observe, criticized Milton's prose style with justice, and his poetic style or styles with generous sympathy, leaving undetermined, though not unnoticed, the question whether the latter is not nearest to perfection in *Paradise Regained*. But on this point, and on other incidental topics of Miltonic criticism, we have left ourselves no space to dwell. We will therefore content ourselves with instancing the brief but conclusive demonstration of the critical opinion that Milton "sees nature through books, but still sees it"; and, on the other hand, with hinting a doubt as to the supposed danger lest "the possibility of epic illusion should be lost to the whole scheme and economy of" *Paradise Lost*. Milton is not even in this respect at the mercy of an academic public, though, without academic criticism such as Mr. Pattison's, Milton will never more than half disclose his beauty and his strength to the public at large. It is this which makes the essay before us hardly less valuable than it is enjoyable. We cannot part from it without expressing our gratification at the cordial tribute which it renders to Mr. Masson's great work, as "a noble and final monument erected to the poet's memory." The wreath which Mr. Pattison has laid beside this monument is no idle or ephemeral adjunct.

BARBARA.*

MISS BRADDON'S latest novel has gone through strange vicissitudes in the matter of its title. It was begun in the columns of a contemporary under the title of "Splendid Misery." Copyright in the title-words was asserted by the proprietor of a halfpenny weekly journal, in which was published, and in which lay buried for years, a short tale with the title 'Splendid Misery.' Under pressure of a suit in Chancery the novel was re-named '*Her* Splendid Misery'; but as this alteration did not satisfy the Court of Chancery, the title was again changed into 'Her Gilded Cage.'" Now in its completed form it is presented to the public under the name and style of *The Story of Barbara; Her Splendid Misery and Her Gilded Cage*, "in the belief that no one can take exception either to a mere Christian name, when used in the title of a novel, or to the trebly distinctive title now given to a book that was written to amuse the public, and not to exercise the copyright lawyers." It would be idle and out of place to comment upon what the Court has decided further than to say that such a decision as Miss Braddon complains of—there was another not very unlike it a few days ago—must seem extraordinarily vexatious to the lay mind. We cannot, however, but hope, if vainly, with her, "that the promised revision of the law of copyright will contain clauses to protect authors against the oppressive surprise of a Chancery suit over a forgotten or a disused title, and that some inexpensive court will be empowered to deal promptly and cheaply with such insignificant contentions." However, further consideration of these matters would take us too far away from the πολλῶν ὀνομάτων μορφὴ μία which Miss Braddon has given to the public.

There can, it seems to us, be little doubt that, whatever faults Miss Braddon may have had or may have as a writer—and such faults have often enough been pointed out in these columns—she must rank as one of the most dexterous of modern novelists. Her earlier novels—sensation novels, as they were called—displayed remarkable inventive and constructive skill; and the fact that more than one of them was turned readily into an effective stage play bears witness to their dramatic instinct. But there are very few writers whose inventive power seems to go on for an indefinite time. Gaboriau's power of designing new situations and complications appeared never to flag; but of course it might have flagged if he had lived longer. Miss Braddon has probably been judicious in not attempting to force her invention, but in trying rather to give a fresh turn and aspect to situations which are common to many works of higher, and to hundreds of lower, calibre than hers. When once we get out of the region of ingenious crime and ingenious detective analysis of it, we find indeed that there are only a certain number of events and emotions upon which a novel can be made to hang; and the success of a novelist who makes use of them is in proportion to the novelty of combination or aspect which he can give to them. Of course a comparatively slight novelty in arrangement is enough for a writer who seeks to attract more by his treatment of character than of event. It is Miss Braddon's merit that she has shown herself able to compose a novel which is at least not unamusing by dint of a simple enough combination of well-worn situations, and of taking more pains to make her characters like human beings than could be discovered in her earlier performances.

The *Story of Barbara* is, if baldly told, the old story of a loving

* *The Story of Barbara; her Splendid Misery and her Gilded Cage.* A Novel. By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," &c. 3 vols. London: John & Robert Maxwell.

couple, of a lost letter, of a consequent belief on the girl's side that her lover is no longer worthy of her, of a loveless marriage following on this belief, and of a *finale* which is happy, except in that it is necessary to get rid of the now superfluous lover. The excitement is, it is true, increased by Barbara's "Splendid Misery" being made more miserable and less splendid on account of her husband's suspecting that she is poisoning him; but the reader is never for a moment in doubt as to who is the real culprit. Perhaps neither the interest nor the pleasantness of the work is increased by the introduction of the selfish father, with whom lady-novelists have now for a long time been wont to afflict their heroines and their readers. This is a kind of trick which Miss Braddon might surely afford to leave alone. The character has, for unexplained reasons, become a stock one with certain writers. It was first introduced, if we remember rightly, by a writer of considerable cleverness and force—Miss Broughton—and for once it did well enough, although it was not attractive. But constant repetition of it is intolerable. It has not been ascertained as a fact that the head of a family belonging to the middle or upper middle class is usually a brute, and yet the study of contemporary fiction of a certain order would lead one to believe that this was so.

The *Story of Barbara* opens remarkably well with a family council between Mrs. Trevornock and her two daughters Barbara and Flossie, concerning an advertisement by which they hope to obtain a lodger in their little house at Camberwell. The conversation is lightly touched; it neither strains at wit nor sinks to imbecility. Nor are the characters either ill-devised or ill-executed, and the author is to be congratulated on having avoided giving any touch of offence to Flossie's irrepressible pertness. Perhaps it is not highly probable that a man like Captain Leland of the Honourable East India Company, home on leave and living chiefly at his club, should look out for lodgings in Camberwell; but then possibly the ways of Anglo-Indian officers some thirty years ago were unlike what they generally are now. The Captain does come, makes himself a general favourite by his pleasant disposition and by a number of little acts of attention and kindness, falls in love with Barbara, and goes back to India engaged to her. Then of course difficulties and dangers begin. A letter comes from him vaguely saying that a shadow has fallen over his life, the darkness of which he cannot ask Barbara to endure with him. She answers, telling him that so long as he is true to her and to himself she will care nothing for any accusation made against him, however hard it may be for him to disprove it. She gives the letter to Flossie to post, and Flossie loses it. Now comes the capital blot upon the story. Since Leland's disappearance, a rich but ungainly and unlovable suitor for Barbara's hand has presented himself in the person of a Mr. Penruth. Mrs. Trevornock, who has always had wild dreams of ambition for Barbara's future, greatly deplores the engagement to Leland as soon as Penruth's attentions to Barbara become marked; and she and Flossie agree between them to say nothing about the loss of Barbara's letter. This is most startling, the more so because neither of them ever appears to be fully conscious of the utter baseness of this extraordinary proceeding. In fact, it may be safely said that the thing as represented is impossible. Any one of Miss Braddon's wicked heroines of older days might have done such a thing without creating any surprise in a reader's mind; but it is altogether monstrous to represent it as being done by such people as Mrs. Trevornock and Flossie. But supposing that this impossibility was necessary, which it obviously was not, for the plot of the story, even then the course of after events is still incomprehensible. Letters—even love-letters—have been known to get lost or mislaid *in transitu*, and a girl of Barbara's temperament, with a full belief in her lover, would surely have given him another chance, instead of assuming at once that he had received her letter and had thought fit to leave it unanswered. However, if she had done this there might have been difficulties in the way of her marrying Mr. Penruth in order to secure comfort for her now invalid mother; and in that case the story would have stopped short.

She does marry Mr. Penruth; and the description of her burying Leland's letters to her on the morning of the wedding-day has considerable force and feeling. They go abroad, and she comes back listless and weary to her "gilded cage" in Cornwall. Here the story takes a new departure, and becomes less pleasant in tone. We are introduced to another set of characters, one of whom is a variant upon the old wicked heroines to whom we have referred. She is a woman of low birth and instincts, secretly married to Penruth's younger brother and heir, but passing under an assumed name as his mistress. The great ambition of her life is of course that her husband should succeed Penruth as the master of the estate; and it not unnaturally occurs to her that, as far as she is concerned, it would be desirable that Penruth should die childless. The experienced novel reader, when he hears that this notion has come into her mind, knows pretty well what he has to expect. The younger brother's wife manages to get engaged as a servant at Penruth's house, and Penruth is soon afterwards attacked with the malady which carried off his father before him —heart-disease. There is one scene, where Mark, the younger brother, has convinced himself against his will of what is going on, which is not without power. He has faced his wife, and told her that facts accuse her:—

"What facts? Who can say that I ever tampered with poison? Who can shew that I ever bought poison?"

"No need to buy the poison that grows in all our hedges. A few young foxglove leaves were all you wanted for your work. Will you go quietly, or shall I tell Dickson to put you out, or send one of the men for a constable?"

"Do you mean it? Do you mean that you can stand there, and in cold blood accuse your wife—your honest wedded wife—of being—"

The white lips faltered. Audacity was this woman's strong point, but there was a limit even to her daring.

"A secret poisoner. Yes, that is what I know you to be."

"If any one has tried to poison your brother, it must be his wife. She wants to get rid of him, that she may go back to her old sweetheart. That ought to be clear enough even to a fool like you. Didn't I see those two plotting together a month ago, and isn't he here now to see how their plot works? Easy enough for him to find out what the poison was, when it was he and she that gave it. I suppose he means to give an extra dose presently, under pretence of curing your brother. It's a deep-laid scheme, Mark; but if you weren't a fool you'd see through it as easy as I can."

"Are you going, or shall I send for the constable?"

"I am going. If I drop down dead on the way, my death shall lie at your door."

"Your life has lain at my door, and has been a heavy load for me to bear!"

"You would not shed a tear, I suppose, if you were to hear of my death?"

"Not one. I should thank God for having removed a monster from the earth."

"My children!" she cried, turning upon him suddenly like a tigress. "My three bonny boys! What is to become of them?"

"They will be taken care of; you need have no fear for them; they have done no wrong."

We do not propose to tell our readers the precise manner—ingenious enough—in which the impending catastrophe has been averted, or how things end, not indeed happily, but less badly than might have been expected. We lay down the novel having been interested in the plot, though it is composed of materials old enough, and feeling a certain regret that a writer who here and there gives indications of being capable of better things should never have attempted them. On the other hand, it may be supposed, no doubt, that by this time Miss Braddon knows accurately enough what are the wishes and tastes of her public.

THE AUSTRALIAN ABROAD.*

SELECTIONS from some lively descriptive letters furnished to the *Melbourne Argus* during a grand tour of the globe fill this pleasant volume. The writer is a quick observer of details, a tolerable humourist, and master of a crisp and nimble style. He seldom goes too far in the fashion which seems obligatory for travelling Special Correspondents, of affecting an innocent self-depreciatory kind of egotism which is nowadays deemed amusing. As a companion for a fireside visit to some of the Japanese and Chinese commercial cities, and thence by Singapore to the Dutch possessions in Java, and to the northern and eastern shores of our Australasian dominion, he will do very well. He surveys many exotic varieties of human life in a spirit free from censorious bigotry, though he has a great spite against the Dutch because they get money out of their colonial plantations. To his fancy, an ideal prehistoric civilization of the Eastern Asiatic islands is a charming vision, which the intrusion of European greediness and sordid dulness has dispelled. He is in general inclined to be rather sceptical of the presumed advantages even of our own social life and institutions, compared with the cheaper and simpler comfort of the alert and cheerful Japanese. But this we may pardon in a colonial English journalist who was going home from Osaca to Melbourne, having bidden a long farewell to London and Paris.

It was just three years ago that Mr. Hingston, after visiting India, Europe, and North America, crossed the Pacific to the Mikado's insular kingdom. Plenty of sight-seeing was ready for him on arriving in the great city of Tokio, which till lately we called Yedo; in Kioto, the ancient sacred capital; and in Osaca, an Asiatic Paris for its bustle of gaieties and light industries, an inland town of many quays and bridges seated amidst confluent rivers. To be sure, we have read many former travellers' accounts of these cities, of their entertaining fashions and manners of living. But this author's frank enjoyment of their novelty is still contagious, while his predilection for the Japanese people affords a sympathetic pleasure to the benevolent reader. That country and its inhabitants are put in such a light that our sense of moral and physical harmony is gently gratified by it. "Know'st thou the land" of such a bright exhilarating climate and delightful verdant scenery, with such a robust, active, merry, patient, good-humoured, polite, and courteous folk? They feed on fish and rice, with sips of tea and whiffs of tobacco, but do the work of horses and take it all in fun. Who would not like to live among the Japs? The "Australian Abroad," for his part, when he had compassed sea and land the whole world round, though it was in winter that he visited that country, at the fag-end of all terrestrial continents, was quite sorry to leave it.

After navigating the so-called Inland Sea, the sounds and channels between the Japanese Islands, where he narrowly escaped a midnight shipwreck, and touching at Nagasaki to express his dislike of the Dutch, our grand tourist ran over to Shanghai. His childlike pleasure in recognizing the original type of the familiar gable-roofed tea-house, with its zigzag wooden bridge of approach high over the surrounding pond or canal, depicted on the old willow-pattern plate, was an agreeable Chinese experience. But on seeing a little more of China, going up from Hongkong to Canton, he felt a humane concern for the depressed condition of its multitudinous population, miserably overcrowded, vilely lodged, clothed,

* *The Australian Abroad: Branches from the Main Routes Round the World.* By James Hingston. London: Sampson Low & Co.

and fed, toiling in hopeless drudgery, uncheered by a ray of mental light. This pitiful state of the town population met the visitor's eye as he rambled through a dizzy labyrinth of close and squalid lanes, escorted by Ah Kum, a humbug of a guide, who wore a costly gold watch, and refused to walk, sitting aloft in a palanquin. Life on the river at Canton seemed to Mr. Hingston much less unhappy; for he was placed there in charge of clever Susan, an engaging and obliging boatwoman, who embarked him with her own floating household, and carried him to scenes of amusement. There is doubtless a frightful abyss of pauperism and of desperate criminality underneath the highly conventional structure of Chinese social order and civility; but Mr. Hingston's view of it was superficial, and he does not seem to have studied the matter. His references to historical and statistical particulars are frequently incorrect, as in the dates of the British wars with China, and in the amazing estimate—perhaps, indeed, a printer's accidental error of numeration—which makes Shanghai command a plain of extent nearly equal to all the Old World. The political and military strength of the Chinese Empire seems, moreover, to be considerably underrated by this Melbourne journalist.

His view of the French settlement at Saigon, in Annam or Cochin China, is simply contemptuous; but when he gets into Dutch India, with a vehement prejudice against the nineteenth-century Hollander, we may look out for harsher scolding. It is no business of ours to plead the case in defence; but Mr. Hingston entirely fails or neglects to bring forward any substantial proofs of his severe indictment against our Dutch neighbours. Their colonial administration is likely to have its faults; but he does not show us, distinctly and certainly, what those faults are. No instances of direct oppression seem to have come to his knowledge, from one end to the other of his journeys through Sunda and Java, among some eighteen millions, as he says, of hard-working natives employed mostly on Dutch Government plantations. It is probable that their economic and industrial condition might be found to bear more resemblance to that of Bengalee opium-growers on Government account than to a positively enslaved class, such as formerly existed in the Spanish American colonies. The evidences of skilful management and of great material prosperity in the Dutch East Indies from the production of coffee, sugar, rice, and a variety of spices, making a trade by which the State gains several millions sterling a year, do not appear so very shocking. These lucrative agricultural operations, carried on in a strict and systematic manner, are described as taking up the entire available soil of Java, so far as the traveller saw, with little pasture for cattle. The native labour, which is here plentiful and efficient, requiring no importation of negroes or coolies, is superintended by about five thousand Europeans, who individually stay but a few years in that exhausting climate. Is Mr. Hingston sure that so large a native population would be able to find a tolerable subsistence without this European direction? He reproaches the Dutch, somewhat inconsistently, for not building churches and schools to teach the Javanese the ways of Western Christendom, and the next moment, for having allowed the "religion, art, and learning" of the native race to perish by a yet more culpable neglect. A more correct ethnology would perhaps have informed him that the ancient and powerful nationality, whatever it was, to which belonged the stupendous extant monuments of Buddhist architecture and sculpture, is not identical with the population now under the charge of the Dutch rulers of Java. It is but reasonable, however, on behalf of the general interests of historical science and comparative art, that the Netherlands Government should take order for the preservation, if not the further exploration, of these seldom visited remains of antiquity. We are obliged to Mr. Hingston for calling attention to the subject.

His testimony is the more opportune just now, when our learned societies have recently been furnished by Mr. William Simpson, the artist of the *Illustrated London News*, with minute descriptions and drawings of the Buddhist topes in the neighbourhood of Jellalabad. It is "a far cry," indeed, from there to Java; but Mr. James Fergusson, in his *History of Indian and Eastern Architecture* (p. 637), suggests that the Buddhist colonists of that remote island came down the Indus, and sailed round the south of India and Ceylon, instead of from the valley of the Ganges. He would lay much stress on a precise comparison of the Gandhara monastery buildings, on the north-west Punjaub frontier, with the amazing structure of Boro Buddor, which Mr. Hingston chooses to call "Boer Buddha," in the interior of Java. This is, in fact, a tope or dagoba—that is to say, a shrine for some Buddhist relics. We gladly join the "Australian Abroad" when he leaves Bantam and Batavia to their Dutch owners, and makes a pilgrimage to that magnificent temple which Sir Stamford Raffles declared to be more wonderful than the Pyramids of Egypt. It was in the brief time of the English Governor of Java, during our war with Napoleon, that "Boer Buddha" was cleared of the tangled and luxuriant vegetation which had been for ages both concealing and slowly destroying its beauties of structure and of decoration. A view of the temple is presented in the frontispiece to this volume. It consists of a solid artificial mound, square in form at the base, where it measures 350 feet on each side, and rising 200 feet in height, with eight terraces receding in the ascent, the uppermost three being circular instead of square, but the whole covered with fine stone masonry, and sustaining nearly five hundred stone buildings, cells or shrines of diverse orders, containing statues of the seated god; and all the stonework is sculptured in bas-relief with an infinite variety of groups and figures. Mr. Hingston seems not to be aware that the Dutch Government and the Batavian Society of Arts and Sciences have published very elaborate and costly works of research, to which references are given by Mr. Fergusson, concerning this prodigious monument of Buddhist art. It is likely enough that the correspondence of style, and perhaps, if it were fully interpreted, of symbolic meaning, in the artistic and historic preaching of the same creed by nations so distant from each other, might yield valuable instruction. The reading and copying of the "Boer Buddha" sculptures would be a task like deciphering some vast library of forgotten writings; there are a dozen figures, still clearly defined, in a space of two feet square. Mr. Hingston, who loves the language of exaggeration, declares that, compared with this building, the work of every modern architect "is as the squeak of a rat to the roar of a lion." He says the same, indeed, of the Taj Mahal at Agra and the Kootub Minar at Delhi. The Buddhists, in his judgment, being a third of the human race, should have something to say for their religion. Not that the "Australian Abroad" knows much of its doctrines, or of their past effects, which have been debilitating, upon the East Asiatic nations. He only thinks that its Javanese and other votaries must have had "an inner beauty in their lives," judging from these "outward and visible signs of it." It is not safe, however, to rely on the presumed sacred motive of sumptuous and ostentatious temple-building, in any style of art, whether for Christian, Mussulman, or some fantastic heathen worship.

Other Buddhist remains in Java are also visited. The temple of Moendoet, near that of "Boer Buddha," contains three colossal female figures of stone. The central statue, one of "a goddess sitting and counting her fingers," is eighteen feet high, and may "challenge the works of all sculptors, ancient and modern." This is Mr. Hingston's description of it; but Colonel Yule, in the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*, 1862, makes it a nearly naked statue of Buddha, eleven feet high; and the two attendant figures are thought to be Vishnu and Siva, indicating a compromise between Buddhism and Hinduism. The external sculpture is copied, in part, from a cave temple at Karli, between Bombay and Poona. At Prambaran or Brambanan are the ruins of three temples, which seem to have been planned and adorned like that of "Boer Buddha," though of smaller dimensions. Two lines of railroad, one from Batavia to Buitenzorg the other from the port of Samarang to inland native towns called Soerakajarta and Djockjakarta, which names are shortened into Solo and Jockio, give access to the interior of Java from its north coast. The author found it easy by these means to visit the petty mock courts of a native Emperor and Sultan, who are pensioned off by the Dutch Government, and are permitted to keep a few soldiers, as well as pet lions and tigers. He was enchanted with the rich loveliness of tropical scenery, and was pleased to verify by actual experiment the disproof of the alleged poisonous influence of the Upas tree, showing with a lucifer match that it is the earth below the suspected tree which emits carbonic acid gas fatal to a sleeper on the ground.

Departing from Java by a steamer which then began monthly running to North Australia, in order to visit the remote colonial settlements about Port Darwin and the shores of Torres Straits near Cape York, the returning Australian journalist was no longer "abroad." His account of those struggling North-coast settlements, Palmerston and Somerset, which belong, curiously enough, to the territorial jurisdiction of South Australia, is not very encouraging; their goldfields are a failure, and the places only exist as Government posts and telegraph stations. Mr. Hingston ekes out his volume with narratives of hasty visits to Sydney and Adelaide, and several chapters of a tour through New Zealand. He contrives to be generally entertaining; but there is little for him to add to previous information regarding our Australasian colonies.

RIBOT'S CONTEMPORARY GERMAN PSYCHOLOGY.*

THE present condition of philosophy in France, if it cannot be called flourishing, may at least be spoken of as hopeful. The orthodox followers of Cousin and the Scotch philosophers do not indeed appear to exert much influence, notwithstanding the prestige given them by their official position. On the other hand, a great deal of activity is manifest outside the ranks of the authorized school. Some small part of this vitality is expended in the production of independent or partially independent systems of thought, among which the writings of M. Rénouvier stand pre-eminent. By far the larger portion of this philosophic industry, however, is devoted to the selective assimilation of the best contemporary foreign work. A number of writers have distinguished themselves by a careful critical estimate of the leading English and German thinkers. A glance at the *Revue Philosophique*, so ably conducted by M. Ribot, will show how eagerly the French mind seizes and appropriates whatever is new and significant in the philosophical literature of their countries. The side of philosophical work which seems most powerfully to attract the French student is modern psychology conceived as a positive science, and as based on biological data. M. Taine's brilliant work, *De l'Intelligence*, gave ample proof of a close study of the newest researches in what may conveniently be called physiological psychology. But the writer who has most

* *La Psychologie Allemande Contemporaine.* (Ecole Expérimentale.) Par Th. Ribot. Paris: Librairie Germer Baillière et Cie. 1879.

signalized himself in this work of critical exposition of foreign work is M. Ribot. This author has shown himself capable of original speculation in his striking little work on Heredity. But for the most part he has laid himself out to master and expound the recent developments of psychological research in England and Germany. His work on contemporary English psychology, the value of which as an exposition is sufficiently attested by the fact that the English version is frequently used by our younger students as an introduction to the subject, illustrated at once his power of seizing the central ideas of a writer, and his critical acumen. He has now supplemented this work by a volume on contemporary German psychology. It is probable that this is a subject very little known to English students of psychology. It is true that Mr. Sully in his volume of essays, and in the pages of *Mind*, has given a summary of all the principal lines of investigation here traced by M. Ribot. But these detached papers leave ample room for a full and connected exposition of this department of psychological work. Hence M. Ribot's book ought, one should suppose, to attract considerable attention in England.

In an introduction, which is pitched perhaps in a rather high key, M. Ribot shows how thoroughly he sympathizes with the intellectual movements which he is about to describe. This introduction is, in truth, a very confident shout of defiance directed to the orthodox camp. The old psychology, by which term M. Ribot means both a metaphysical and a purely subjective psychology, has, according to him, amply proved its incompetence. M. Ribot seems disposed to go almost as far as Dr. Maudsley in his contempt for the introspective study of mind, which, he says, cannot be shaped into a scientific method. All interpretation, all explanation of mind, must come, according to our author, from the region of biological law. He ridicules the way in which certain members of the introspective school coquet with the new physiological method. "Their concessions save nothing. However sincere they may be in their intentions, as a matter of fact these are not carried out. As soon as they put their hand to the task the taste for pure speculation seizes them again. Besides, no attempt to reform that which is radically false can be effective, and the old psychology is a bastard conception, which is destined to perish by the contradictions which it includes." It is possible that others besides the French chair-philosophers will feel this introduction to be a little too strong. We venture to predict that for a long time to come recourse will be had to the old-fashioned introspective way in the higher branches of psychology. The laws of our more complex intellectual and emotional life cannot yet be reached from the physiological side. Much may, no doubt, be done by an objective study of mind in its collective manifestations in national life, &c., but there will still remain many difficult problems of analysis, the solution of which requires, before anything else, a fine introspective insight.

How small is the mental territory to which the physiological method is as yet applicable is strikingly illustrated by M. Ribot's present account of the German physiological psychologists. The stress of their efforts has been directed to the problems attaching to sensation and sensuous perception. What are the precise physiological conditions of sensation; out of what elementary processes do our seemingly simple sensations arise; how is the element of inference in sensuous perception determined; how far can sensibility be measured objectively—that is to say, as a function of physical processes?—these are the sort of inquiries with which German workers have busied themselves. The value of these labours, carried on almost exclusively by trained physiologists, is placed very high by M. Ribot, and justly so. For, as he says, these workers have succeeded in introducing into psychology something like physical experiment. Yet, while fully recognizing the great utility of these researches, we should do well not to ignore their limited range. M. Ribot seems disposed in this volume to place the work of the Germans above that of English psychologists like Professor Bain, Mr. Herbert Spencer, and Mr. G. H. Lewes. He speaks of English psychology rather too loosely as a descriptive rather than an explanatory science. But, in truth, all the writers named above, more especially the last, have distinctly aimed at that kind of physiological interpretation which M. Ribot so greatly commends in the Germans. The determination of the relative scientific value of contemporary English and German psychology turns mainly on the question how far the method of objective experimentation is applicable to mental phenomena, and whether it is likely to yield any results of a large and general character worthy to take rank among laws of mind. So far, we think, and M. Ribot seems inclined to agree with us, these researches, though full of interest and throwing a flood of light on the circumscribed region of phenomena with which they are directly concerned, have failed to furnish any such wide generalizations. It is doubtful indeed whether the conclusion which most closely resembles a comprehensive induction—namely, Fechner's law, to be spoken of presently—is universally valid even in the region of sensory stimulation. This being so, it seems rash as yet to underrate the old methods of psychological inquiry, improved as they have been of late by the addition of strictly objective investigations in animal psychology, the comparative psychology of races, &c.

The group of investigations of which M. Ribot here gives an account, are not, as he remarks, closely connected by any common underlying principle corresponding to that of association in English psychology. They have been carried out mainly by physiologists, the nature of whose special studies has compelled them from time to time to enter the territory of psychological problems. Thus they have so much in common that they set out from the experimental sciences as their starting-point, and adopt a certain positive fashion of treating psychological questions. One of the main branches of this German psychological investigation has been the attempt to give quantitative precision to mental phenomena, to measure sensibility and its variations. The impulse to this kind of research seems to have been given by the metaphysician Herbart, who, adopting a strictly *à priori* and metaphysical method, endeavoured to find a mathematical expression for all mental processes conceived as the manifestations of certain fundamental opposing forces. Accordingly M. Ribot commences his exposition by a brief account of Herbart's curious mathematical psychology. It is no doubt in its method sufficiently unlike the genuinely scientific work of later positive workers, but it deserves to be studied in this connexion as showing how the German mind has been carried forward in the endeavour to bring psychology up to the level of the physical sciences in respect of quantitative exactness. From Herbart M. Ribot passes to that particular development of his doctrine known as ethnographic psychology (*Völkerpsychologie*). After this he gives us a sketch of Beneke's psychology, and then comes to his principal subject—namely, the psychology of the physiologists. We do not much like this arrangement of material. If there was any need of dealing with Beneke's psychology in this place—and it seems to have no bearing on M. Ribot's main subject—it should, we fancy, have been taken immediately after Herbart's system, while the comparative psychology of the race, based as it is on a properly objective method and being still in its infancy, might with advantage have been given after the physiological psychology.

The psychological question which the German physiologists first began to handle is the genesis of our space-perceptions, and more particularly the visual perception of direction, distance, unity of object, &c. The dispute carried on between the two parties named by Helmholtz the Nativists and Empiricists has to do with a properly scientific question—namely, the way in which these space-perceptions manifest themselves as phenomena in time. It does not, strictly speaking, touch the Kantian problem of the ultimate origin of the notion of space. The writer who shaped the question was the celebrated physiologist, Johannes Müller, who was no doubt largely influenced by Kant's conception of space as a subjective form of sensuous perception. M. Ribot furnishes an interesting account of this dispute, a sketch of which appeared in *Mind*, the beginning of last year, giving special prominence to Lotzes' ingenious doctrine of local signs. The arguments of the Empiricists appear to M. Ribot as they do to ourselves by far the more convincing. Yet the writer fully sees the difficulties which beset the question both in the limitations of objective experiment, and in the impossibility of separating the elements of immediate original sensation and acquired inference by an introspective analysis of our perceptions.

After sketching the history of the space-question in Germany, M. Ribot expounds the psycho-physics of Fechner. He gives a very clear and intelligible statement of Fechner's law of stimulation, namely, that when the stimulus increases in arithmetical progression, the sensation (as measured by the smallest perceptible variations) only increases in geometrical progression, that is to say, by some constant fraction. He further appends a valuable account of the criticisms which Fechner's doctrines have called forth. Fechner assumes that the peculiar numerical ratio just described applies to the relation between the physiological and the psychical process. That is to say, he conceives the nervous process to increase in the same proportion as the stimulus or external physical process, while the mental process fails to increase in the same degree. Fechner's critics, however, make out a good case for the supposition that this falling off takes place in the nervous process. The arguments of Delbœuf on this point, going to show that owing to a law of nervous fatigue increase of stimulus produces less and less physiological effect, seems to us to be especially interesting and valuable.

The rest of M. Ribot's volume is taken up by a very full exposition of Wundt's system of physiological psychology, following the order of that writer's last work, *Grundzüge der physiologischen Psychologie*, and by an account of the experimental inquiries into the duration of mental processes, where again our author follows Wundt's exposition. There is something unsatisfactory in this way of treating the subject—partly by topic, partly by book. Thus M. Ribot is compelled to take a good slice out of Wundt's work when dealing with the space-question, and again when treating of the investigation of the duration of mental processes. This want of a simple method of presenting the subject seems the less excusable as much of Wundt's work, though called physiological psychology, is not based on objective methods at all, but is largely speculative. If M. Ribot had wished to give his readers an idea of the full scope of the new psychology in Germany, he might with advantage have added a *précis* of Wundt's work by way of an appendix. We are fully aware of the difficulties of giving an orderly account of a number of detached and fragmentary investigations like those here dealt with; but we think a greater appearance of systematic plan might easily have been secured. It strikes us, further, that M. Ribot would have done well to incorporate some of the results of Helmholtz's researches into the conditions of visual perception as illustrated in the phenomena of chromatic contrast, &c. Helmholtz's great work on physiological optics contains something like a complete doctrine of sensuous perception; and this is by no means the least valuable contribution of German

physiologists to the new psychology. It may be added that, if M. Ribot here and there fails to hit on the best arrangement of his material, his style, by its great perspicuity, does much to make up for this defect. The young student of psychology cannot do better than take M. Ribot for his guide. He is fully master of his subject, and he thoroughly understands the art of setting forth the ideas which he has acquired.

DUNCKER'S HISTORY OF ANTIQUITY.—VOL. III.*

THE opinion which we expressed (February 16, 1878) on the first and second volumes of Professor Max Duncker's *History of Antiquity* applies with equal justice to the third. Mr. Abbott has not spent his time on a profitless task, and he has certainly succeeded in presenting the book to English readers in an almost faultless English dress. There are perhaps not more than two or three sentences in this volume which we could wish to have altered, and in these the flaw would be removed by a slight transposition of words. The antecedent and the relative are awkwardly separated in the following sentence:—"Esarhaddon undertook to subjugate Syria again to the dominion of Assyria, which his father had given up after raising the siege of Jerusalem." A translation which is open to no severer criticism than this is almost perfect. Of the work itself we may say again, as we said before, that it is one from every part of which the student may learn much. For Professor Max Duncker the history of the world exhibits an organic unity; and, although all the parts are by no means of the same importance, there is still no portion which can be profitably studied without reference to any others, and none which will not repay the labour which may be bestowed upon it. In the present volume he traces the long series of causes which after the fall of the Babylonish empire raised Persia to its overwhelming predominance in the ancient Eastern world; and in tracing them he takes care to point out the links which connect these causes with the conditions of thought and belief in the Aryan world of modern Europe. Even the Semitic kingdoms, which may be said never to have known any law beyond the will of a despot, may teach us lessons which we cannot afford altogether to despise; but when these empires come into contact with communities like those of the Greek subjects of the later Lydian kings, or again like those of the Jews, we see how far-reaching the effects may be, and we may feel ourselves justified in discerning through all of them the working of a wisdom higher than that of man. There is the more need of insisting on this because the most valuable parts of this volume may seem at a first glance to point to a different conclusion. The ritual and practice of the surrounding nations determined, in Professor Max Duncker's opinion, the development of Judaic monotheism; and the highest convictions of the Hebrew prophets were forced home to them by the horrible evils which characterized the religion of their neighbours, and indeed of their own countrymen generally. The idea of an absolutely righteous and all-powerful God, whose dominion is the wide universe, was awakened in their minds by the frightful results involved in the worship of gods whose power was bounded within definite or local limits. If on this ground we infer that the growth of religion amongst the Jews depended wholly on their own intellectual activity to the exclusion of any higher influence, or, to speak more plainly, of any Divine direction, we are not more wise than if we assert that language was produced by unaided human effort because words expressing our highest spiritual conceptions are derived from roots which at the outset denoted nothing more than purely physical notions or wants.

In a work which is virtually a universal history of the ancient world space is a matter of no little consequence; and we might therefore be tempted to regret that, even for the purpose of giving force and clearness to his arguments, the author should have filled so many pages with quotations from the historical and prophetical writings of the Old Testament. But the fault may perhaps be pardoned when we remember how often works of this kind sin in the opposite way by stringing or rather massing facts together without the smallest sense of proportion, or without imparting to them the feeblest spark of life. From such dry summaries the reader may well turn with a feeling of satisfaction to the chapters in this volume which show how far the spirit of Hebrew prophecy affected the fortunes of the Jewish nation, and how far, in the furtherance of their own purposes, the prophets employed means as to the rectitude of which there may be differences of opinion. That after so long a series of incompetent or unfortunate rulers the kingdoms of Israel and Judah should be governed at the same time by two such monarchs as Azariah or Uzziah and Jeroboam II. was a noteworthy coincidence. To all outward appearance these kings brought back the country to a condition of prosperity not below that which it had enjoyed even under David or Solomon. Its foreign trade, its internal discipline, its military energy, all underwent a marvellous revival; but in neither kingdom were there any signs which pointed to anything more than a material recovery, while there were many tokens that fatal changes for the worse were going on. There was no evidence that either in Judah or in Israel a more steady political cohesion could be looked for, while there were significant tokens of coming storms in the dark clouds discerned on the political horizon by the keen instinct of the prophets. In the meantime the energy of these two monarchs had restored to their dominions something of their ancient splendour; and the natural effect was a luxuriousness of living which ran into a more ostentatious display of the sensuous Syrian religion. Samaria more especially became filled with magnificent palaces, adorned with the utmost extravagance of Eastern voluptuousness, and the selfishness of the rich had its natural consequence in a grinding oppression of the poor. Of the nature of the ritual which fostered or produced these wretched fruits, it is unnecessary to speak more particularly. No reader of the prophetic books can have failed to form a more or less definite idea on this subject. It is enough to say that the dangers which threatened the kingdoms of Israel and Judah from the quarter of Assyria pointed to the need of an immediate and thorough political combination of all the Syrian nations, if the latter were to have the least chance in the coming conflict with the lords of Nineveh, and that the horrible excesses of Syrian worship, by rousing the indignation and giving strength to the protests of the Hebrew prophets, rendered this political combination impossible. The immediate result may have been the downfall of both kingdoms; but happily the consequences did not end here. The lessons burnt as with a hot iron on the hearts of the prophets kindled in them a spiritual conviction which insured the coherence of the Jewish people when the fabric of the old Mosaic polity had been shattered by those pitiless invaders.

That to this cause alone we owe the endurance of the Jewish society in its national aspect after the destruction of Jerusalem and the Temple by Nebuchadnezzar is proved by the complete disappearance of the Northern kingdom under precisely similar circumstances. In the times preceding the establishment of the Jewish monarchy Jehovah had been to the descendants of Jacob a tribal God, more powerful indeed than the gods of surrounding nations and more righteous, but nothing more. In devotion to him they were united as a people, and the geographical conditions of their country, which to a large extent cut them off, as Professor Max Duncker puts it, from the life of the maritime cities and the life of Damascus and Hamath, fostered this feeling of nationality. But the sensual and cruel Syrian worship still had a strange attraction for them; and the horrible life which sprang from this religion brought home more and more to the minds of the few the utter hatefulness of the whole system in the sight of the God who had brought their fathers out of the land of Egypt. The Syrian gods were entirely sensuous; the God of Israel, although ruling the physical world, must not belong to it. No human passion must mar the beauty of his holiness; no partiality must sully the equality of his justice. This "supernatural point of view," to use the author's words, "disrobed the idea of God of every material element which still adhered to it"; and this idea was more and more dissociated from its connexion with a visible temple and a sacrificial ritual. "What can the holy and just Lord in Heaven care for offerings of food, frankincense, and drink? The lips and the heart must be elevated to his greatness, his commands must be kept, and men must make themselves holy as he is holy. The only service of the holy God is a holy and righteous life. Sacrifice is not required, but recognition of God, simplicity, chastity, and moderation." In this way the religion of the Prophets (for by this title we must speak of the scanty minority which proclaimed this higher faith) was moulded into the majestic form with which it is invested in the words of Isaiah and the great teachers who followed him. The advance thus made was vast indeed; but it would have been beyond measure marvellous if their discernment of the Divine righteousness had enabled them at once to rise to a comprehension of the Divine work in the training of mankind regarded as a whole. Even the book of Job (for we may fairly take it for granted that this book belongs to an earlier age than that of the greater prophets) seemed in its final picture to reassert the conclusion which in previous chapters it had so earnestly opposed; and the prophets, while they insisted on the impartial condemnation and punishment of all sinners, insisted not less positively on the consummation of the Divine judgments during the present life. The theory may not have taken a very definite shape in their minds, and the circumstances under which it was framed left room for a certain amount of inconsistency of which they might remain unconscious; but the idea of a recompense for iniquity, to be inflicted visibly in the sight of the world, took deep root in their minds. The people hankered after the lascivious Syrian worship; and this worship, allowing unbounded licence to the animal passions of human nature, reduced the notion of religion to the mechanical performance of outward acts. It struck, in short, at the very foundations of all that deserved the name of religion, and left the soil dead for the growth of a purer faith. For such iniquity must there not be a sure visitation? Must not the Divine sentence go forth against the rulers who kept up such a system, and against the priests who played into their hands? As to the instruments to be used in the execution of this sentence, could they be in doubt? Their past history showed that the idolatries of the people had interfered with their growth and coherence as a nation, and had left them powerless against the attacks of invaders; and now, behind and beyond the Syrian kingdoms, which thus far they had had most reason to dread, the dark cloud of Assyrian power was gathering volume and casting its awful shadow over the land. The catastrophe, they saw, could not be averted, although it might be delayed, by the repentance of the people; but whether before or after the judgment Jehovah would remain still the righteous and merciful God, who desired only that the sinner might turn from

* *The History of Antiquity.* From the German of Professor Max Duncker. By Evelyn Abbott, M.A., LL.D., Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, Oxford. Vol. III. Richard Bentley & Son. 1879.

his wickedness and live, and the prophets clung to the conviction that even the ruin of the city, the fall of the people, and the scattering of the nation, would not interfere with the final restoration of Israel and the advent of an age of true and just dealing, in which the instruments of war should be turned into ploughshares and pruning-hooks, and the earth should be filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.

In these convictions Professor Duncker finds the key to what may be called the political action of the prophets. Christian teachers, under the assurance that things here are merely tending to their consummation hereafter, are content to assert the laws of right action and the ultimate vindication of the divine justice. But to such limitations the Hebrew prophets had not yet reconciled themselves, and they vehemently interfered in matters which would now be regarded as strictly political. To them it was strictly a question of religion whether the government should ally itself with Syria or with Egypt; and, as in the case of Jeremiah, the prophet might set his face against the popular alliance and insist on submission to an irresistible invader with a pertinacity which might draw on him, not altogether without some show of justice, the suspicion of deliberate treason. The first and the paramount need, therefore, was that of a national reformation; and after a long series of efforts the prophets, in Professor Duncker's belief, resolved to add a supplementary law to the ecclesiastical enactments thus far in use. The true religion could not be found in the Levitical Code:—

> The detailed rules for the priests must be removed; a law-book for the laity was required. For this purpose the regulations scattered through the old books were collected and arranged into a compendium of the requirements which every Israelite had to fulfil. The new conceptions of the prophets must be assimilated to the old regulations, and these brought into harmony with the deeper views of the prophets.

The lofty language in which this law was set forth is "evidence of the effect subsequently exercised by the prophetic mode of conception and expression"; and its contents pointed also unmistakably in the same direction. Such, he thinks, was the origin of the Book of Deuteronomy, in which the prophet fixed "the relation of inspired religion to the rites of worship." In the sufferings which fell on the country during the reigns of the later kings the priests had, like the prophets, reason "to regard the faith of Jehovah in a more inward manner and plant it more deeply in the hearts of the people." The ritual became thus a bond of union, which, far from becoming weaker, gained strength during the bitter time of exile; and thus the union between priest and prophet was completed in the person of Ezekiel. No prophet had declared in more unequivocal terms the universality of the method of Divine government and its absolute impartiality; none had insisted more earnestly on the indispensableness of inward purity, and further, on the efficacy of hearty repentance; but

> his announcements [Professor Duncker urges], are strongly coloured by the priestly point of view on which he takes his stand. He maintains strictly the rubrics and customs of worship, the correct offering of sacrifice. It was a comfort to him in his sorrow to imagine, in minute detail, how the Temple is to be restored with all its buildings, the land divided among the tribes, what was to be allotted to the priests, and what duties would devolve upon them, if Jehovah should restore Israel again out of the captivity.

The foundations were thus more surely laid of a society which returned to its old home with a clear conviction that the life here is only a preparation for the life hereafter; and a momentous step onwards was gained in the interests of mankind amidst the shifting and perishing elements of the Eastern despotisms which, so long as they last, seem absolutely immovable.

From the history of these cumbrous and unwieldy empires Professor Duncker turns to notice the strange and mysterious tribes who were interposed between the Asiatic and the European world in the desolate regions to the north of the Euxine and the Caspian. Here, as elsewhere, his fault lies in the direction of too much quotation. The descriptions of their customs and modes of life, as given by Herodotus, might have been compressed into as many sentences as they now occupy pages; but we must content ourselves with noting his important conclusion that the widely extended hordes of Sarmatians, Scoloti, Arimaspians, and others, comprised in the great body of Scythians, were Aryans in speech and descent. Sweeping away the arbitrary explanations of Greek writers, who saw in the Arimaspians men with one eye in the middle of their faces, Professor Duncker discerns in their name the old Aryan *airyamaçpa*, or the men who have obedient horses. In the name of the three progenitors of the Scoloti, Lipoxais and his brothers, he finds the Aryan *Kshaya*, or prince; and in the story told about them he sees a repetition of the myth of Mithra, Thraêtana, and Kereçaçpa. The Paralatae are the *paradhata*, the advanced, or the *pararata*, or leaders. "Tabiti, the name of the goddess of the Hearth, means in Aryan 'the burning,' 'the illuminating'; just as the name of the deity, Oitosyrus (perhaps *vita-çura*, strong with the bow), reappears in the Persian name Artasyrus." Many of the geographical names yield, he thinks, the same results. "The names of the rivers Tanais and Borysthenes, *vouruçtana*, would mean in old Aryan the 'outstretched' and 'having a broad strand.'" If it be so, the conclusion follows that these tribes "must have separated themselves from the community of the Aryans before the eastern branch were in possession of the Punjab, and the middle branch in possession of Iran, and there arrived at the religious conceptions expressed in the hymns of the Rig Veda, and in the creed of Iran, as it existed before Zarathustra." In two excellent chapters on Lydian history, Professor Duncker points out the real position of the Lydian kings in reference to the Greek settlements which cut them off from the sea, and the full extent of the consequences involved in that which the Greeks themselves chose to call the conquest of Ionia. His argument brings out into rather strong relief the inherent and, it would seem, the incurable vices of the Greek political character. We can only add that he makes a strong effort to retain as historical the Herodotean narrative of the interview between Crœsus and Solon, his contention being that this interview took place in the last year of Solon's life. There are not a few, perhaps, who will regret that the evidence in support of this plea is so weak as to have practically no value.

IN THE SWEET SPRING-TIME.*

THE author, in describing the heroine on a certain afternoon, says that "the slumberous part of her nature had asserted itself." When we came to this passage—and we were well on in the third volume before we reached it—we felt how accurately it described the state in which we had been ever since we had taken up Mrs. Macquoid's novel. As we reached the last page, and our tired eyes closed, and the book dropped out of our weary hands, we felt that we might cry out with Bottom the Weaver, "I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was." How, indeed, can we tell what this most rare vision has been? The author has through three long volumes attempted to describe nature; but we are scarcely bold enough to venture to describe her descriptions. We had not read far in the book before we saw where our chief difficulty would lie; and we at once began to take notes, so that we might be able to follow her in her "word-paintings." We began by doing our best to get before us a clear picture of the heroine, Martha Burridge. "Stay!" our lady readers will at once exclaim. "Surely you must be mistaken. No heroine for many a long day has answered to the name of Martha. They are all Mauds, and Ethels, and Gwendolines." We hasten to admit that in one way Martha is not the heroine, as she does not marry the hero. For him a Gyneth is provided; and Gyneth is a name which no heroine need be ashamed to bear. But Martha does well enough, even in the present refined day, for a poor girl who dies towards the close of the third volume of a broken heart and a ducking in the sea, and so makes way for her happier rival. Still, though she has that untimely end, yet it is on her that the chief interest of the story rests. The reader has a secret hope that after all it will turn out that her fate is happier than her name and her nature seemed to denote. We, at all events, observed her from the first much more carefully than we did her rival Gyneth. Certainly we were not a little struck by the colour of her eyes. Gyneth had merely liquid dark eyes, velvet-like eyes, eyes in which different emotions seemed to call out different hues in the green-grey ring round the pupil. Such eyes are not to be despised in themselves; but most certainly they are not the eyes of one who is to play the leading part in a long story. When compared with Martha's they are almost insignificant. For hers were "singularly green." At one time they had in them dry intenseness, and then in a moment it had fled, and they were full of soft, dark-green light. Two pages later they were sombre with despair. Sometimes the intenseness and the greenness would seem to be found together, for on one occasion we read that they were full of intense green light. Whether it was dry intenseness we are not told. Later on we are told of her deep green eyes. Then we find that the rings below her eyes, which had been purple, were now a dull brown. Next they have a depth of sweetness in them, and then a gleam of green gold darts from them. A few pages further on, an admirer says "Her eyes are so very beautiful, green-gold, and sometimes they look black when the pupils dilate." In the third volume we first learn that these green-gold eyes had a golden veil of lashes, and that they were dark, glowing eyes, that looked almost black with excitement. Her hair was not unworthy of her eyes. It was of a rich deep red, golden at the edges, lying in thick straight masses across her forehead. These rich red masses of hair, we read in another passage, were much too thick to lie flat on her forehead. She had a rich red gold crown of ruffled hair. Her face was crowned with a ruddy wealth of hair. We like to picture her to ourselves in her best gown, a myrtle-green silk. As in the mind's eye we see her green-gold eyes, her red-gold hair, and her myrtle-green dress, we have not certainly before us what the author calls a whole gamut of glorious colour; yet we have, at all events, a green and gold and ruddy wealth. Very fine is she also a few days before her death, when "she smiled proudly; she was very pale, but she looked royally beautiful, her eyes full of dark liquid light." *Dark light* would sound somewhat oddly, were not the two words happily separated by *liquid*, which comes in very well between them. If the reader considers these descriptions carefully, he will see that, after all, the heroine's beauty might have been set off in the few words in which the author hastily sketches a cat. It was, she writes, of carrotty appearance with bright green eyes. The old porter to whom the cat belonged had yellow-green eyes. Had he been young, rich, and a hero, both he and his cat would no doubt have boasted of green-gold eyes, full of soft dark liquid light and dry intenseness, crowned with a ruddy wealth of hair.

* *In the Sweet Spring-Time: a Love Story.* By Katharine S. Macquoid, Author of "Patty," "Diane," &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1880.

Both the heroines were in love with the same hero, and both the heroes were in love with the same heroine. Poor Gyneth for a long time thought her chance was hopeless, and she had good reason for her despair. "She looked across at Miss Burridge, and her last hope faded, shrivelled under the light of those intense eyes." It is not light, but heat, that as a general rule shrivels anything up. But who can be rash enough to pretend to say what effect might be produced by a pair of eyes such as we have described? She might have taken comfort had she known, as the reader does, that her rival had taken to shivering without any sufficient reason. Yet, on the other hand, one day when the air was warm, it had seemed to Gyneth, too, that there was a shiver in the scene, and a strange, heart-stirring sob among the pine-trees. This shiver and this sob were perhaps sufficiently explained. The wind, we are told, moved the branches. If she had some of the alarming experiences of the other heroine, at all events on no single occasion did a gasp quiver in her throat; nor had she a brother across whose brain, while she herself was lying at death's door, strange powers of divination lightened broadly. She was meant to marry, and marry accordingly she does. We, for our part, could have seen her hanged with much complacency, for we were heartily tired of her long before we were allowed to take leave of her at "grey old Fulham Church." And yet there is much no doubt in these funny volumes that will charm many a romantic reader of the present day. In the first place, a passage like the following has such an appearance of philosophical reflection, that we are sure it will be read with pleasure by not a few and not be detected as arrant nonsense:—

When one considers the importance of a man or woman in the scheme of creation, compared with that of a cloud, or a tree, of an ocean, or a wind, or any mere natural feature, it seems strange that mental atmosphere should not have the attributes of the atmosphere of nature; that frost and east wind should make themselves felt from one end of our island to the other, and yet that a corresponding mental atmosphere should not spread, if not from one end of the land to the other, at any rate from one home to another in adjacent places. This is a question which has yet to be investigated, for that the fact exists sometimes, is beyond dispute.

The descriptions of scenery, moreover, are so minute that they will excite no small admiration in all who know nothing of nature, and who at the same time attach next to no meaning to words. For instance, the author describes the sea. It was, she writes, in intensely blue beauty. It was framed in by the feathery green of the trees overhead. Where was the sea, we may well inquire, if the trees overhead framed it in? But to pass on. The sea was welding purple and rose, gold and crimson, into sweetest and most perfect harmony—a pearly grey. *Welding* a few years ago would have struck any one as a curious word to apply to the sea and to colours also; but our authors—especially our lady-novelists—are so rapidly accustoming us to nonsense that it is really very hard to remember that words have any particular meaning of their own. Even a live shrimp is too much for our author's control over her language. It flits to and fro, we read, like rays of light, transparent, and seemingly impalpable. A few lines further down it becomes a bright transparent atom. One of the heroes travels by railway; and, as might be expected, he looks out of the window. "He looked overhead. The fleecy white clouds were lying lazily along a pale bluish ground, and had a family likeness to the fat elms below, there was so little form in them." Here it might be justly thought that our author had reached her very tether in nonsense, with her fleecy clouds on a bluish ground, that were like fat elms which have so little form. But we are not sure that she does not go beyond even this in one or two places. She describes the Thames. It showed a phantom-like grey with a rose-coloured reflection of the sunset. It was of a luminous grey, with angry flame-coloured patches on the grey waters. Before long the stealing grey lost its luminous weirdness. In her opening paragraph she tells us that the day seemed tired of the dry heat. A little way lower down she says that the shocks of corn stood leaning one against another as if they too were faint and weary with the long day's heat. Let us be thankful that she does not take us through the whole parish, and tell us of the faint and weary look of all things on this day that seemed so tired, from the mop-stick and broom-handle that leaned as if exhausted against the wall, to the pump-handle that hung down wearily towards the ground.

If Mrs. Macquoid must describe minutely, let her keep clear of nature, and find out where her strength really lies. She is best at describing a conversation between ladies. She rarely forgets to tell her readers how each one looked as she spoke. Thus, in the fourth chapter of the second volume we have really a very clear picture of all that took place in a scene at the village post-office. The conversation, indeed, we found almost impossible to read, but at a glance we could see the various changes which passed over the heroines as it went on. We were able thereby to make some kind of guess at what they said and what was said to them. Some amusement can almost be got out of the book by thus skimming the opening words of each paragraph. We can busy ourselves with guessing at the course of the conversation. We are like a deaf person in the midst of a group of silly chatterers. He can watch their faces, guess at what they are talking about, and escape the annoyance of hearing their words. Thus, in this chapter, as our eye glanced rapidly along we read, "Martha struggled not to be shy," "Martha's cheeks grew rosy," "Gyneth came a little forward," "Martha tried to harden herself," "Gyneth smiled," "Gyneth spoke hurriedly," "Martha gave her a sidelong glance," "Martha's nervous flush deepened," "Martha's eyes dilated," "Martha glanced quickly," "Martha smiled," "Martha smiled more easily," "Martha laughed," "Martha reddened," "Martha looked at him with a long, suspicious glance," "Martha smiled," "Martha smiled spite of herself," "Martha smiled and was flushed with pleasure," "Martha was silent." We are told, moreover, how Gyneth's sister Louisa sighed, and smiled, and looked fretful, and brimmed over with triumph, and laughed merrily. This goes on from chapter to chapter, from book to book, and from volume to volume. It is very dull reading, no doubt; but it is, at all events, a great deal better than what the author calls Nature, and what any one else would call nonsense.

It is, we fear, almost useless to go on, as we do, protesting against the floods of fine, but very foolish, words that our novelists keep pouring out. The stream never lessens in its volume for all our utterances. Against dulness even the gods fight in vain; and at the present time dulness is doubly strong, for it has fashion for its ally. We can only hope that we may live to see the time when the tide shall turn, and when the picturesque rant of the present generation of novelists shall have given place to simplicity and nature.

XENOPHON IN MODERN GREEK.*

PROFESSOR BLACKIE of Edinburgh is not one of those scholars who espouse a theory by halves or swallow a principle otherwise than whole. And nowhere has he shown this more energetically than in his advocacy of the practice of teaching and learning Greek as a living and spoken language. Those who have read his papers on Modern Greek, Greek accent, and Romaic literature, and glanced at prefaces which he has contributed to handbooks (with which we are not now concerned, but which we can believe to be very valuable in the acquirement of modern and colloquial Greek) must have smiled at the sweeping way in which the Edinburgh Professor seems to find it impossible to aggrandize modern Greek without casting comparative scorn on the old. He sets much store by the gain to scholars and students of the sacred Scriptures to be derived from the modern language, which he pronounces to be identical with that in which St. Paul addressed the Athenians on Mars' Hill; and apparently subordinates precision, succinctness, and taste to the questionable advantage of mastering a colloquial modern phraseology which, whatever we may think of it, we must not call mongrel or hybrid. Old-fashioned scholars, on the other hand, will recall the story of a scholar of a quarter of a century ago who went to the opposite extreme, and discontinued the study of his Greek Testament because he found it corrupted his knowledge of the pure and classical Greek; and to all arguments for the new and compendious mode of picking up Greek (not simply for speaking, but with a view to its literary use) as young men acquire German, French, or Italian for mercantile purposes, by conversation, they are apt to rejoin, "No man having drunk old wine, straightway desireth new; for he saith, the old is better." As long ago as the 10th of August, 1867, we reviewed in these pages the lucubrations on Homeric questions of a modern Greek in his own tongue, and found that his vehicle of language admitted of his describing a Dutch nobleman as *Ὀλλανδὸς κόμης*, and colloquially twitting an unknown Homeric critic as *ὁ Κύριος οἶδε τίς*. Yet it would obviously be absurd to say that there is no gain derivable from a study of the spoken language of to-day, confessedly brought nearer as it has been in the last forty years to its normal classicalism for literary purposes, whether as regards the ordinary reader and writer or the more curious philological student. It is not a fair view of the case to represent our professed scholars as blind to the advantage of the study of modern Greek as a help to a more thorough understanding of ancient. And fortunately a little translation, with a prefatory note, was lately issued by a Professor of another Scotch University, Professor Jebb of Glasgow, which so judiciously limits and defines the bearings of the question that we cannot doubt our readers will be glad to have their attention drawn to it. It is unnecessary to say that Professor Jebb is no mere worshipper of the dry bones of classical literature, largely versed though he is in classical learning, and eminent as is his fame among English and European scholars; and it scarcely needs to be added that he is not only in theory an accomplished modern Hellenist, but is also well acquainted with the best modern Greek scholars in their own land. In view of the lately founded Hellenic Society, and of the endeavours of the Cambridge classical leaders to encourage a wider study of the archæology of Greek literature and monuments, it is plain that Professor Jebb is not likely to sympathize with an unreasonable opposition to the fullest possible utilization of the spoken language; and it will not be hard to show that his recently published work, without much ado in the way of *ambages et longa exorsa*, goes far to point out what may be done with it, and is even now being done.

From Professor Jebb's "Prefatory Note," as he modestly calls it, we learn that the modern Greek version of the Third Book of Xenophon's *Anabasis*, which he here prints on parallel pages with the original Greek of the famous strategist, was made late in life, by one Constantine Bardalachos (1755-1830), many years an eminent teacher in the Greek schools of Bucharest, Chios, and

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* *The Anabasis of Xenophon*. Book III. With the Modern Greek Version of Constantine Bardalachos, and a Prefatory Note by R. C. Jebb, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow. Glasgow: James Maclehose, Publisher to the University. 1879.

Odessa. It is part of a complete translation of the *Anabasis* and *Cyropædia*, much of which suffered shipwreck with its translator, when in July 1830 he was lost in the voyage from Odessa to Greece, where, after the end of the War of Independence, he purposed to spend the remainder of his days. Through the carelessness of a pilot the vessel was wrecked in fair weather off Cythnos or Thermia, one of the Cyclades; but some of the old man's papers, the Xenophon amongst them, were recovered from the wreck, and in 1845 M. Joannes Doumas, a Greek resident in Odessa, published the translation, at his own cost for free circulation in the Hellenic schools of Greece and Turkey. Professor Jebb owes a copy of it, printed at Athens and now rare, as well as the revision of the sheets of his sample book, printed from it at Glasgow, to Professor Michael Constantinides; and he remarks that the Greek of Bardalachos is substantially that of Koraes, a letter from whom to the future translator, urging him to undertake this very task, and dated 1814, is printed by M. Doumas. It is the third book of this translation, little altered by M. Constantinides, except where here or there a phrase or word might jar on the ear of an educated Greek reader, that Professor Jebb has printed, primarily for his class of some fifty students of modern Greek at the University of Glasgow, with the old and new Greek in parallel columns, and no other grammatical commentary or apparatus save a couple of pages detailing "a few elementary points of difference between Old and Modern Greek." He holds that, though the literary form of the version needs amending in a few details, the language of Bardalachos's translation fairly represents the ordinary current idiom. Can it, then, is the question which his tract suggests, be said unreservedly that Greek ought to be taught as a living language? "If this means that Classical Greek can be taught in such a manner that, by the fact of learning it, the student should be at the same time enabled to write and converse in Modern Greek, I can only say that, for my part, I should regard with great interest any teacher who accomplished so remarkable a feat." He evidently does not believe that aught but confusion could result from an attempt to teach classical Greek as if it were identical with the living idiom of to-day. He as undoubtedly declines to adopt with Professor Blackie the modern pronunciation by accent, which would involve in practice the abandonment of Greek verse composition. But, in another sense, he has no doubt that Greek ought to be taught as a living language; *i.e.* while the student can only pick up differences of vocabulary by practice in reading, writing, and speaking modern Greek, he may have differences of grammar pointed out to him as a student of Old Greek as he goes along. He will not hereby immediately or *ipso facto* learn modern Greek, but will be put in the way of learning it, should he desire to do so; and, what is more, he will strengthen his interest in classical Greek at every step, both by gaining collateral light on special points, and noting curious links and strains of continuity in the history of the language.

Professor Jebb's device for comparing the best form of the modern literary language with the normal classicalism of Xenophon shows, we think, at every point the superiority of the old, and palpably condemns the inartistic structure of the new. By practice in reading off the version of Bardalachos alongside of the original, after noting carefully the two succinct pages of "elementary points of difference," an observant linguist will get acclimatized, and feel himself little more at sea than if he were in Dorsetshire, Lancashire, or Scotland, after a youth spent in cockneyland or a midland county. The differences of the Infinitive, for instance, are not grave, *e.g.* the use of an aorist subjunctive with *νὰ* for *ἵνα*, or an aorist with an indicative after a present; or the alternative use of *τὸ λέγειν*, or *τὸ νὰ λέγῃ τις* in the negative sentence *τὸ λέγειν* (or *τὸ νὰ λέγῃ τις*) *πολλὰ δὲν εἶναι καλόν*. It is a somewhat more roundabout manipulation of the classical future or aorist to substitute for it a circumlocutory concatenation of words in which *θὰ*, the modern abbreviated form of *θέλω*, does duty, one while with the infinitive, at another with the particle *νὰ* and the subjunctive aorist. The modern substitute for perfect and pluperfect makes two verbs necessary where one sufficed in classic Greek; and the imperative seems to launch into needless periphrases when the modern Greek interlards his discourse with such words as *ἄς = ἄφες*, interjected, it would seem, only to weaken and qualify the force of the mood. It takes some time to realize these queer forms of late prescription. As regards the pronouns, it strikes us that in the modern Greek there is a great falling off in distinctiveness, and much more need of recourse to special stress in order to mark various meanings; while it is simply a trial to a cultivated ear to find such prepositions as *ἀπὸ* taking the accusative oftener than the genitive; *διὰ* with the accusative instead of the old dative of part affected; *εἰς* with the acc. for the old *ἐν* with the dative; *μὲ* for *μετὰ*, with acc. in the sense of "with," "together with"; and a commoner use of the prepositions *παρὰ* or *ἀπὸ* to denote comparison than of the genitive case in classic Greek. The first chapter of the revised Bardalachos will suffice to illustrate some salient points of difference between Old and New, and it is needless to go further afield to find evidence that the teacher of Odessa had a fully competent knowledge of his author. If we take up Mr. R. W. Taylor's Third Book of the *Anabasis* (Rivingtons, 1877) we shall see, in c. 1, § 3, that *ἐπὶ τὰ ὅπλα* meant, in Xenophon's language, "the place where the arms were piled"—*i.e.* the headquarters, the place where the evening muster was held. It will be seen, by comparing the new version in c. 1, § 33, with the old, that Bardalachos rightly understands the act of the Greeks in piling arms as identical with assembling at the place of evening muster.

The simple comparison of a single section of c. i. § 26, in old and new will show convincingly how colloquial is the latter, not to say unpolished, unadorned, and circumlocutory. We give the latter, and shall seek to elucidate it by the help of the former. *Ὁ μὲν Ξενοφῶν ταῦτα εἶπε, οἱ δὲ λοχαγοὶ ἀκούσαντες τοὺς λόγους τοῦ, τὸν ἐψήφισαν ὅλοι στρατηγόν των, πλὴν ἦτο Ἀπολλωνίδες τις, ὁμιλῶν ὡς Βοιωτός· οὗτος δὲ εἶπεν, ὅτι φλυαρεῖ ὅστις λέγει ὅτι μὲ ἄλλον τρόπον ἤθελε τύχει σωτηρίαν, παρὰ μὲ τὴν ἄδειαν τοῦ βασιλέως, ἂν εἰμπορεῦῃ νὰ τὴν λάβῃ, καὶ τὸν αὐτὸν καιρὸν ἤρχισε νὰ λέγῃ τὰς δυσκολίας.* No exception is to be taken here to the modern description of the pseudo-Bœotian who turned out to be a Lydian porter, and whom Xenophon designates as "Bœotian-speaking"; but we are launched on a sea of slipshod when, in place of Xenophon's explicit phrase for the unanimous decision of the captains that he should lead, his modern Greek counterpart crowds *τοῦ τὸν τῶν* into the space of six words without regard to euphony or lucidity. In keeping with this we have the conditional sentence *ἤθελε τύχει σωτηρίαν*, and the modern resort of comparison after the adj. *ἄλλος*, *παρὰ μὲ τὴν ἄδειαν τοῦ βασιλέως* with another circumlocution for *εἰ δύναιτο* after it, at a manifest sacrifice of grace and conciseness. For other illustrations of the various resorts of the modern comparative we may cite in § 37, *πλειότερα ἀπὸ τούτους*, "more than these," with which may be paralleled *πλειότερα παρὰ τούτους*, both much commoner with the comparative in general conversation than the genitive simply. Other clumsy colloquial forms of the comparison might be instanced which savour of unclassical surplusage, and suggest the thought, "How happy could I be with either" betwixt the claims of two competing forms. Another section, c. i. § 2, is singularly illustrative of the superiority of the old Greek. The Greeks of the *Anabasis* reflect that *πανταχοῦ ὁλόγυρα τῶν ἦσαν πολλὰ καὶ ἔθνη καὶ πόλεις ἐχθρικαί, τὰ ἀναγκαῖα δὲ οὐδεὶς εἰς τὸ ἑξῆς ἔμελλε νὰ τοὺς προμηθεύσῃ ν' ἀγοράζωσιν.* Not to mention that *ὁλόγυρα τῶν* is surely a quasi-barbarism (we avoid the word "patois"), for the classical phrase means "all round them," it is needless to show how much more direct and explicit is the old Greek *ἀγορὰν δὲ οὐδεὶς ἐτὶ παρέξειν ἔμελλεν* than the roundabout phrase which stands nowadays for, "and no one henceforth would purvey them provisions to purchase"; to say nothing of similar sentences, such as § 18, where Bardalachos's version, which may be translated—"would he not, think you, resort to every form of harsh and dishonourable treatment, so as to inspire all with a dread of ever warring against him," is a very ineffectual representative of the old Greek. We omit to notice such peculiarities of the new Greek as *κανεὶς* and *καθεὶς* for *οὐδεὶς* and *ἕκαστος*; the supererogatory addition of *μου* to *ἑαυτόν*; the reversal in new Greek of the good old rule that "neuters plural have a verb singular," and a good many like peculiar usages. It is reasonable and consistent with common sense to use modern Greek as a light and a clue to the history and philologic study of ancient, but this is about all that can be said, though we are far from auguring ill of the attempts of Hellenists of Athens or Glasgow to revive some of the classical purity of antiquity by teaching the corrupt modern Greek to copy Xenophon. "No one," as Professor Jebb has remarked elsewhere, "who is a stranger to Greek literature has seen how perfect an instrument it is possible for human speech to be." But the comparative tests which we have to thank him for laying before us can scarcely be better instanced than by setting alongside of the unwieldy modern sentence (c. i. § 38) *πρέπει νὰ κάμωμεν πάντα τρόπον νὰ μὴ πέσωμεν εἰς τὰς χεῖρας τῶν βαρβάρων*, so full of repetitions and quasi-tautologies, the neat, handy, self-contained devices of the verbal adjective enshrined in the Xenophontean Greek clause, *πάντα ποιητέα ὡς μήποτε ἐπὶ τοῖς βαρβάροις γενώμεθα.*

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE second volume of the Memoirs of Mme. de Rémusat (1) yields nothing in point of interest to the first. It covers the years 1805 and 1806, and abounds with curious details. The trial of Moreau and Polignac, the arrival of the Pope in Paris, the coronation of Napoleon and Josephine, the opening of the campaign of Austerlitz, the battle of Trafalgar, the death of Pitt are some of the public incidents which come in for notice. But, as before, it is in its revelations of the inner life of the Imperial household, and especially of the character of Napoleon, that the real value of the book consists. The position of Mme. de Rémusat's husband as Master of the Robes enables her to give most curious particulars about what may be called the tailoring part of the Coronation and other gorgeous ceremonies, in which the Emperor and his new-made grandees took a *parvenu* delight not dissimilar to that of Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse. The volume concludes with a minute description of the economy of the palace, and with some criticisms of the celebrities of the period in literature and art, which fully bear out the compliments paid by Talleyrand and others to Mme. de Rémusat's powers of mind. It is curious that her grandson, in his editorial notes, does much less than justice to these powers, and in particular makes a most unfounded objection to the criticism of Mme. de Staël as "wanting in repose." A better characterization of the perpetual uneasy effort, the stilted grandiosity, and the unceasing "posing" of

(1) *Mémoires de Madame de Rémusat.* Tome second. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

Corinne we do not remember to have seen. The scandalous portion of the book is at least as scandalous as before. The intrigues of Napoleon with more than one lady of his wife's Court, his still more heinous conduct to Stéphanie de Beauharnais at the very time that he was describing her in pompous edicts as his dear daughter, and the general coarseness of his manners and language are represented with no deliberate malice perhaps, but in colours which could hardly be darker.

The Memoirs of Prince Metternich, published simultaneously in English, French, and German, have already received full notice in our columns. The French edition (2) may perhaps be said to deserve the name of original more than either of the others, the most important, if not the greatest, part of the contents having been originally written in the language of diplomacy.

The fifth volume of the new edition of M. Louis Blanc's *Dix ans de l'histoire d'Angleterre* (3) deals with matters so recent and yet so remote that the reading of it has a curious effect. The last struggles of the Confederates, the general election of 1865, the Jamaica business, are points on which almost every Englishman who is old enough to be a bishop held decided, and perhaps vehement, opinions at the time. Other matters, such as the spiritualist performances of the Davenport Brothers; the deaths of Cobden and Palmerston; the *causes célèbres* of Müller and Constance Kent; the Edmunds scandal, and so forth, if they were at no time such burning questions as the others, bring into still sharper contrast the interest that was felt in them then and the antiquarian indifference with which one reads of them now. In M. Louis Blanc's treatment of his subjects his usual characteristics are apparent; very definite standpoints and manners of seeing, joined to an impartiality which is considerable in so decided a partisan, and an accuracy of fact, not indeed irreproachable, but far from common in Frenchmen.

In the splendid series of editions of French classics published under the title of *Les grands écrivains de la France* there has just been issued the first instalment of one of the most extensive of these undertakings. This edition of St.-Simon (4) is thought by its editor likely to extend to at least thirty of the bulky and handsome volumes in which it appears; and, judging from the first two, it will leave little to desire. M. de Boislisle does full justice to M. Chéruel, the first editor of these famous memoirs who deserved the name. This is not the place for any comments on the memoirs themselves. But it is difficult, when one sees the statement that previously to this no fewer than nine editions of this bulky work have been sold in the last fifty years, to avoid comparing the fate of French and English authors in this respect. How many complete editions of our great English classics have appeared in the same time? And how long would French publishers have allowed such a writer as Defoe to remain, as far as a complete edition goes, absolutely unpublished in any form?

Meanwhile M. Chéruel himself is employing his knowledge of the seventeenth century in more original work. The third volume of his history of the minority of Louis XIV. (5) extends from the beginning of 1648 to the beginning of 1650, thus including the earlier period of the Fronde. The strife between the Parliament and Mazarin, the battle of Lens, the Peace of Westphalia, the siege of Paris, fall within this time, and the volume lands us in the very middle of the singular combinations and dissolutions which the private spirit and self-seeking of the princes of the blood brought about, and closes with the *coup d'état* by which Condé, Conti, and Longueville were arrested and imprisoned at Vincennes, in January 1650.

M. Chéruel's history has over M. Baudrillart's (6) the inestimable advantage of dealing with a definite and manageable subject. Without being given to split hairs, we may ask the question what is luxury? M. Baudrillart somewhere says that candles are a luxury, implying that the natural man goes to bed in the dark. From this point of view everything that is not necessary to an arboreal animal with or without pointed ears would appear to be a luxury, and the range of subject then becomes somewhat impossible, including as it does all arts and manufactures from the beginning of time. Short of this little is possible but a more or less cursory essay. This is what M. Baudrillart's book really is; an essay written in a rather rhetorical style, at somewhat undue length, and without that fulness of dates, references, and such like matters which the modern student loves and demands. The present volume extends from the break-up of the Western Empire to the Renaissance, and deals mainly with Europe and (of European countries) chiefly with France. The pictures of Court manners and costumes under the Valois kings are not without interest.

The late M. Cochin's social and economic writings (7) are for the most part purely occasional, and of no great permanent value, but still form an interesting memorial of an earnest philanthropist. Two papers, however, a report on the condition of the working classes in France, read in London at the time of the Exhibition of 1862, and an historical and descriptive essay on the St. Gobain Glass Works, deserve more definite commendation than this, and are likely to be consulted with advantage by inquirers in future. The other essays or lectures are either reviews of books or addresses urging the formation of co-operative societies and savings banks. M. Cochin seems to have been a strong but reasonable Anglomaniac, and he was at the same time actuated by a religious spirit not very common among French men of business. Both these peculiarities are here prominent.

Among volumes of a topographical and descriptive character the palm must be given to some excellently translated sketches of Signor de Amicis, an Italian writer better known by his recent work on Morocco. The style of these sketches of Paris and London (8) is decidedly exuberant, and, like most modern Italian work, highly reminiscent of certain favourite models. The influence of Gautier is very apparent, and in the article on "A Visit to Victor Hugo" it is impossible to avoid thinking now of Théo's first visit to his master, now of Heine's introduction to Goethe. But there is great vivacity and vigour in the essays, and the picture of London, though highly wrought, is far from ineffective. M. Achard's Black Forest sketches (9), of an uncertain date, will not add much to the reputation of that industrious and often successful novelist; and M. Camille Farcy's *Rhin français* (10) is tiresomely full of the spirit of *La revanche*.

Of educational books M. Fleury's "Elementary History of French Literature" (11) deserves first mention. It is a wonderfully compact little volume, giving an immense amount of information in a very small space. The room allotted to modern authors since the Revolution is indeed disproportionate, amounting as it does to nearly half the volume; but M. Fleury probably had to consider the special market—that of Russia—for which he was manufacturing. His excellent book on Rabelais has already acquitted him of any disrespect to the great ages of French literature. M. Pellissier's book (12) is one of those rhetorical manuals which are common in French educational literature, and which account perhaps more than anything else for the superficial and inaccurate character of French culture. M. Pellissier has, he tells us, had in view the exhibition of "the qualities and virtues which are most necessary to our democratic France." The expression gives the keynote of the book, which is a kind of abstract of the history and literature of the ancient world. The useful Pitt Press Series of French authors for schools has received two additions (13), Scribe's *Verre d'eau*, edited, with somewhat too copious notes, by Mr. Colbeck, and the second part of Voltaire's famous *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, by M. Gustave Masson and Mr. Prothero.

Of the three new volumes of the *Bibliothèque de philosophie contemporaine*, the translation of selected passages of Schopenhauer (14) is of most general interest. M. Espinas's review of the present state of experimental philosophy in Italy (15) contains a series of sketches of Italian men of science and letters rather than anything else; and the translated work of Signor Siciliani (16) shows one of these men of science engaged in assimilating, for the benefit of his hearers or readers, the results of more original thinkers.

We can only briefly notice a batch of scientific monographs. M. Bourgault-Ducoudray's lecture (17) discusses a subject almost proverbially obscure and debated. Mrs. Ayrton's contribution to ethnology (18) consists in a record of her application of the late Mr. Bonomi's measuring system to a certain number of Japanese, while the titles of the works of M. Deltour (19) and M. Siouffi (20) sufficiently explain themselves.

The second volume of M. Paul Stapfer's study of Shakspeare (21), completes a work which is of all the more interest because it is written from a point of view different from any commonly taken in England. M. Stapfer is neither a disciple of the Shakspearian minute philosophy which counts letters and words, nor does he regard our poet as an occasion for eloquent rhapsodies or gracefully affected conceits, nor has he given in his adhesion to the recent school of German Shakspeare-haters. The first volume of the work, which appeared some eighteen months ago, dealt chiefly with the origins of the various plays. The second contains a discussion of some points both of tragic and comic handling in Shakspeare,

(2) *Mémoires de Metternich*, 1773–1815. Paris: Plon.

(3) *Dix ans de l'histoire d'Angleterre.* Par Louis Blanc. Tome 5. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *Les grands écrivains de la France.—Saint-Simon.* Tome 1, 2. A. de Boislisle. Paris: Hachette.

(5) *Histoire de France pendant la minorité de Louis XIV.* Par A. Chéruel. Tome 3. Paris: Hachette.

(6) *Histoire du luxe.* Par H. Baudrillart. Tome 3. Paris: Hachette.

(7) *Etudes sociales.* Par A. Cochin. Paris: Didier.

(8) *Souvenirs de Paris et de Londres.* Par Edmondo de Amicis. Traduit par Mme. J. Colomb. Paris: Hachette.

(9) *Souvenirs de la Forêt Noire.* Par A. Achard. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(10) *Le Rhin français.* Par Camille Farcy. Paris: Quantin.

(11) *Histoire élémentaire de la littérature française.* Par Jules Fleury. Seconde édition. Paris: Plon.

(12) *Les grandes leçons de l'antiquité.* Par A. Pellissier, Paris: Hachette.

(13) *Le verre d'eau.* Par E. Scribe. *Le siècle de Louis XIV.* Par Voltaire. Pitt Press Series. Cambridge: University Press.

(14) *Pensées, maximes et fragments de Schopenhauer.* Traduits par J. Bourdeau. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(15) *La philosophie expérimentale en Italie.* Par A. Espinas. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(16) *Prolegomènes de la psychogénie moderne.* Par P. Siciliani. Traduit par A. Herzen. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(17) *La modalité dans la musique grecque.* Par L. A. Bourgault-Ducoudray. Paris: Imprimerie nationale.

(18) *Recherche sur les Japonais.* Par M. C. Ayrton. Paris: Imprimerie Malteste.

(19) *De l'enseignement secondaire classique en Allemagne et en France* Par F. Deltour. Paris: Hachette.

(20) *Études sur les religions des Sabéens.* Par M. N. Siouffi. Paris: Leroux. London: Trübner.

(21) *Shakspeare et l'antiquité.* Par Paul Stapfer. Tome second. Paris: Sandoz et Fischbacher.

compared in the former case with the Greek tragedians, in the latter with Molière. It will thus be seen that the title *Shakspeare et l'antiquité* must be construed liberally. The merits of M. Stapfer's book are to be found in the absence of prejudice—if we except a somewhat unreasoning adoration of Racine—in wide reading, and in considerable critical acuteness and observation. Its faults lie chiefly in a certain desultoriness and absence of method, in an abuse of quotations, often from quite insignificant authorities, to support positions which the author might generally very well defend with his own forces, and occasionally in a want of thoroughness—as, for instance, in the treatment of the important question of Molière's method of exaggerating particular aspects of character. Perhaps M. Stapfer has had Saint-Mark Girardin's famous *cours* too much before his eyes. But his book has not the less great value and interest for students.

M. Ferdinand Brunetière (22), as a critic, presents to critics an interesting study. He is a neo-classic, or perhaps, as that word is ambiguous, we may be permitted to call him a neotato-classic. Since 1830 there have been various attempts to reverse the work of that great epoch, and to throw out of fashion the catholic and comprehensive study of all periods of French literature which it introduced. M. Brunetière belongs to the very straitest sect of these reactionaries. This sect is not contented with abjuring M. Victor Hugo and all his works. It is not enough for them to regard the great writers of the sixteenth century as at best well-intentioned pioneers who saw but afar off the Promised Land. To them Corneille is an athletic barbarian, and Voltaire a rickety *petit maître* of the Decadence. Beyond the school of Louis XIV. there is no literary salvation in their eyes, and even then they are like the old Scotchwoman, "no that sure" of anybody besides Racine and Boileau. The essays, most of them reprinted from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which M. Brunetière here publishes, are admirable specimens of this curious pedantry. The first of them is entitled "Littérature française du Moyen-Age," and consists chiefly of an attempt to prove that there is no such thing. M. Brunetière is indignant with the people who republish, praise, and pretend to relish *chansons de geste, fabliaux, pastourelles*, and mysteries. According to him, their admiration is mere affectation. No rational person who knows Rabelais and La Fontaine can care to read a *fabliau*; no rational person, shall we say, who can read the Namur Ode can care to read *Roland* or *Aliscans*. The only excuse that we can make for M. Brunetière is that, to do him justice, he does not seem to have read the literature he condemns. He ingenuously confesses that as long as *Roland* was *non traduite* the claims made on its behalf might have been allowed. In another essay on Racine a somewhat similar suspicion is excited. M. Brunetière would have us think that, so far from Racine being merely an improver of Corneille, as his admirers have hitherto contended, it was Racine and not Corneille who was the second founder of French tragedy. "Corneille," says he, "has nothing more than Rotrou Mairet and Du Ryer, except greater genius." We are bound to say that, to any one who has read the authors in question, this is ample and sufficient proof that M. Brunetière has not, unless perhaps he has opened *Venceslas* and *St. Genest*, forgetting that Rotrou did not write these till long after Corneille's masterpieces. In short, we fear that we must deny either M. Brunetière's judgment or his knowledge of the facts. Of course slips of this kind do not decide the question against the neo-classics, but it is unfortunate and remarkable that they are generally to be discovered in their arguments.

It may seem a bold thing of any Frenchman to attempt a translation of *Elia*. M. Dépret (23) has adopted the plan of strictly literal translation, and the effect is better than might have been expected. But the truth is that an English critic, reading such well-known work as Lamb's, naturally and unconsciously reads it in English with his mind, though the French words may be before his eyes. The translator has prefixed a long introduction on Lamb, on humour, and on things in general, which is more destitute of method and composition than is usual with Frenchmen of letters. He is constantly digressing; it is often difficult to make out in what particular galley he is for the moment sailing, and still more difficult to make out what business he has there. His critical dicta again are not happy, as may be judged from his dismissal of Thackeray as *âpre et triste*, and from the fact that he cannot find in *Gulliver*, in *Tom Jones*, or in *The Vicar of Wakefield* any of the moral character upon which Thackeray himself insists.

M. Lemerre's *Petite Bibliothèque Littéraire* has received two accessions. One is the thirteenth volume of the new edition of François Victor Hugo's translation of Shakespeare (24) containing *Timon of Athens* and *Coriolanus*. The other is the third volume of the *Heptaméron* (25), perhaps the most characteristic after Rabelais of all the literary monuments of the French Renaissance.

Two slight but pleasant works of M. Coppée have been recently published. The first is an edition of the little poem of *Bleuette* (26), sumptuously printed in the blue ink which has recently become fashionable with Parisian publishers of choice editions, and illustrated by M. Henri Pille. The poem is a fairy story, written in flowing and elegant verse. The illustrations do not contrast at all favourably with the somewhat similar work to which Mr. Caldecott and some other artists are accustoming English children. *Le Trésor* (27) is from a literary point of view more ambitious, though even in this case M. Coppée has not attempted a *magnum opus*. It is a comedy, or rather a comedietta, written in orthodox Alexandrines, but containing only three personages—the Duke Jean, a reduced noble of the days of the Consulate, the family confessor, and his niece, Véronique, a young lady of what would be called in France *candeur adorable*. A faithless damsel of high rank looms in the distance, and the recovery of a family treasure (which is no treasure) supplies the simple plot of the play. Instead of the diamonds expected, and as it seems found by Véronique, it is discovered that a heroic ancestor, after selling them to meet the necessities of Henri IV., has substituted imitations, and the real *trésor* which comes to his descendant is of course Véronique. The Abbé, who has nineteen tragedies all copied out in full, is rather a pleasant personage, and the piece breathes the air of somewhat calculated simplicity and artificial nature which M. Coppée knows well how to give, and which has made his work popular.

The novels of the month are few and unimportant. *Linda* (28) is a dull and commonplace story of the intrigues of a villain with Judas-coloured hair. *Un Bâtard légitime* (29) approaches the manner of Balzac's less successful work, and deals with the peculiar class of speculators and officials of the First Empire which Balzac loved, but has also some of the features of the novel of adventure. Henry Morel's work (30) attains a much higher literary level than either of these, but it is too painful and disagreeable in subject to obtain or deserve popularity in England. It is a laborious history of the sufferings of a young girl who is guiltless (or all but guiltless), though generally sinned against, and the author has evidently endeavoured to be scrupulously realistic. M. de Queux de St. Hilaire's translation (31) is much the pleasantest of the four. It recounts the escape of a young Greek and his family from the Scio massacres, and is said to be founded on fact. A certain absence of sufficient material is all that can be urged against it.

Two important periodicals of a specialist character have begun with the year 1880. The *Revue égyptologique* (32) appeals to a limited but earnest class of students. It contains a lengthy and unfinished article on the chronology of the Ptolemies by M. Revillout, a philological discussion by Brugsch Bey, and a geographical paper on Lake Mareotis by the same accomplished *savant*. *Le Livre* (33) addresses itself to a wider audience. It is started (under the editorship of M. Octave Uzanne), as a receptacle, in the first place, for bibliographical papers; in the second, for articles on the literary movement in all European countries. The first number is full of interesting matter, though it would perhaps be unfair to expect that it should be perfect. But if the editor wishes it to circulate in England, we should recommend him not in future to insert, under the title of "Bibliography in England," articles on privately printed catalogues of obscene books which have no right whatever to the title of literature. This objectionable article is distinct from the monthly *Chronique* on English literature, which has been entrusted to the capable hands of Mr. Arthur O'Shaughhessy. Mr. O'Shaughnessy's work is of course not intended for his fellow-countrymen, but for foreigners. He has, however, done some injustice to the former in representing himself as *presque seul* in a knowledge of MM. Leconte de Lisle, de Banville, and so forth. And we must say that, in speaking of the *style charmant* of *Theophrastus Such*, he is playing his French readers something of an unkind trick. The publication is very handsomely printed, contains some interesting articles, and must be regarded as indispensable to the bibliomaniac.

(22) *Etudes critiques sur l'histoire de la littérature française.* Par Ferdinand Brunetière. Paris: Hachette.

(23) *Essais choisis de Charles Lamb.* Traduits par L. Dépret. Paris: Charpentier.

(24) *Œuvres complètes de Shakespeare.* Traduites par François-Victor Hugo. Tome 13. Paris: Lemerre.

(25) *L'Heptaméron.* Tome 3. Paris: Lemerre.

(26) *Bleuette.* Par F. Coppée. Illustrations de Henri Pille. Paris: Lemerre.

(27) *Le Trésor.* Comédie. Par F. Coppée. Paris: Lemerre.

(28) *Linda.* Par André d'Arrèze. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(29) *Un Bâtard légitime.* Par Eugène Deligny. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(30) *Mademoiselle Lacour.* Par Henry Morel. Paris: Charpentier.

(31) *Louki-Laras.* Par D. Bikélas. Traduit par le Marquis de Queux de Saint-Hilaire. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(32) *Revue égyptologique.* No. 1. Paris: Leroux.

(33) *Le Livre. Revue mensuelle.* No. 1. Paris: Quantin.

THE

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HERAT.

THE vague language lately used by Lord BEACONSFIELD with respect to the future settlement of Afghanistan has received an unexpected interpretation. The *Times* of Tuesday last contained a statement, evidently derived from some official source, that the Persian Government was to be released from the obligation of abstaining from the assertion of its ancient pretensions to the sovereignty of Herat. The renunciation was the consequence, as it had been the main object, of the Persian war of 1856. Sir JAMES OUTRAM'S victory had convinced the Persians of the inutility of further resistance; and for nearly a quarter of a century the Afghans have retained undisputed possession of the most important city and territory of Central Asia. When a few years ago a dispute arose between Persia and Afghanistan as to the province of Seistan, no question was raised with respect to the sovereignty of Herat. Although the provincial capitals have been jealous of the supremacy of Cabul, SHERE ALI, when he had finally established his claim to the inheritance of DOST MAHOMMED, was represented by a Governor of his own nomination at Herat. Even during the short and troubled interval between the conclusion of the Treaty of Gundamuk and the renewal of the war, AYOUB KHAN, who is still the nominal ruler of Herat, professed loyalty to his brother the AMEER. According to doubtful and imperfectly intelligible rumours, Herat has for some months past been subject to disturbances which almost attained the dimensions of civil war. Regiments from Cabul and indigenous troops have sometimes engaged in actual conflict, with results which are not fully known. Sometimes it was stated that AYOUB KHAN proposed to advance at the head of an army to Candahar; but, if any such purpose was entertained, it was apparently baffled by the mutinous disposition of the soldiery. Statements that Russian agents were busy at Herat, though not improbable, have been founded on mere conjecture; and those of the inhabitants who are said to wish for the annexation of the city and province by England may not perhaps be the dominant party.

The solicitude which has been felt as to Russian designs upon Merv has related exclusively to Herat. Merv itself is a fortified collection of huts, perhaps only periodically inhabited, in an oasis of considerable extent. The Russians, if they possessed Merv, would probably make it the site of a fort, with a garrison sufficient to control the Turcoman nomads in the neighbourhood. The military and political importance of the place consists almost wholly in the basis which it affords for an expedition against Herat. It is true that Russian writers have lately affected to prefer the route of Bokhara, perhaps with the object of diverting attention from Merv. The English Government has never relaxed the vigilance with which Russian movements in the direction of Merv have been watched. On more than one occasion inquiries have been made as to the ultimate purpose of the expedition which is intended to retrieve the failure of last year, and to reduce the Teke Turcomans to submission. Count SCHOUVALOFF assured Lord SALISBURY that it was intended to establish a frontier line considerably to the north of Merv; and similar declarations were made to Lord DUFFERIN by M. DE GIERS, by Baron JOMINI, and by the EMPEROR himself. It is right to admit that none of the communications amounted to promises; so that the Russian Government could not be charged with bad faith if General KAUFMANN took possession of Merv. M. DE GIERS remonstrated against a statement made by the Government to the House of Commons on the ground that it seemed to imply a definite engagement; but he afterwards repeated to Lord DUFFERIN the statement that the intentions expressed by the EMPEROR had not since been modified. The Russian journals have uniformly assumed that Merv was the object of the expedition, and some of them have complacently expatiated on the facilities which the place will afford for an early advance on Herat and an ultimate invasion of India. It was hardly worth while to protest against the conquest of Merv, if entirely new arrangements were to be made as to the sovereignty of Herat.

The formal answers given by Lord BEACONSFIELD and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE to the leaders of the Opposition virtually confirm the statement in the *Times*. There is no longer any doubt that negotiations for the transfer of Herat from Afghanistan to Persia are in progress, and in such matters, as in the question of Home Rule, inquiry implies a preconceived determination. Oriental diplomacy, however obstinate or tortuous, will place no impediment in the way of a coveted acquisition. Persia will assent to any conditions which may be proposed in preference to breaking off a profitable bargain. It will be interesting to learn whether any Afghan negotiator has taken part in a discussion which concerns his countrymen in the first degree. There is no doubt that the Ameer of CABUL was intended to be a trustee for England in defending Herat from foreign aggression; but it can scarcely be denied that he and the nation which he represented had also beneficial interests of their own. In time of war it may perhaps be allowable to dismember an enemy's territory; but it is not perfectly clear that England is at present at war with the Afghan people. The version of the story which was published in the *Times* cannot be complete, although it may be accurate as far as it goes. It is inconceivable that the Government should simply cancel the agreement of 1856, leaving Persia to choose a convenient time for taking Herat by force from its present possessors. A treaty which could only be enforced by a war between two foreign Powers would be equally anomalous and unjustifiable. If England has really undertaken to convey Herat to Persia, some means of accomplishing the transfer must have been provided; yet it would be a strange and hazardous proceeding to undertake a siege of Herat for the purpose of afterwards handing the place over to a claimant whose title has hitherto been consistently disputed by England.

There is yet a fourth party to the negotiation, who may perhaps be found to be the author of the whole combination. The proposal of a transfer of Herat to Persia originated with Russia. Again and again, within a few months, official and semi-official journals have dwelt on the expediency of a friendly understanding between Russia and England, to be cemented by the arrangement which now seems to approach completion. The motives of Russia are more intelligible than the considerations of expediency which may have weighed with the English Government. Although Persia has of late been supposed to incline to the English alliance, no reliance can be placed on a weak Power which has again and again made itself the instrument of Russian policy. A generation ago Herat was defended from a Persian invasion, on the ground that, if it were taken, it might become a Russian possession or dependency. It is possible that, if the transfer is effected

with the consent and indeed at the instance of Russia, the sovereignty of Persia may for the present be nominally respected; but there can be no security against a future conquest or cession. It will also be found that an immediate price must be paid for the consent of Russia. A part of the price of Herat will be paid by Persia in the form of a surrender of so much territory on the southern bank of the Attrek as may enable Russian troops to turn the flank of the Turcomans and to avoid a laborious march through the desert.

The Turcomans have no claim on England as friends or allies; but, on the other hand, they have given no provocation which would justify the conclusion of a treaty hostile to their interests. It may not be possible to apply to Asiatic States the extremely elastic rules of European international law; but the disposal by Great Powers of the territories of their neighbours with exclusive regard to their own convenience resembles too nearly the habitual policy of NAPOLEON at a time when public law had almost ceased to exist. It is probable that the first impression produced by the account of the negotiations may be modified by the explanations which the Government is at present compelled to reserve. If an amicable understanding has been established with Russia, an additional reason will have been furnished for the refusal of the Government to publish the Russian correspondence found at Cabul. It is useless to guess at the Duke of ARGYLL'S reasons for pressing for the publication; and he will have an opportunity of explaining his own conduct. For the present there is, as always, a strong presumption against any measure which tends to produce irritation without yielding any substantial result. The statements of the late Ameer YAKOOB KHAN to General ROBERTS are only historically important as they confirm the belief that SHERE ALI was first alienated from the English alliance in 1873. The two volumes of despatches lately issued contain but little new information. The suspicion that ABDURRAHMAN was deliberately released is fully confirmed; and it appears that at one time his destination was Herat. As his arrival in the city has not been reported, he may perhaps have been restrained by superior orders, until the supposed negotiation with England had either failed or succeeded.

ENGLISH ELECTIONS AND HOME RULE.

THE Conservative victory at Liverpool has afforded a legitimate triumph to the winning party. The Liberals were trying to get a Conservative seat, and they offered to show that their incessant denunciations of the Ministry had been so effectual and convincing that a very important constituency had been converted, and would prefer an adversary to a supporter of an erring Government. They did succeed in polling a very large number of voters, a number exceeding that by which the Conservatives had at former elections seated their members. But the Conservatives outdid them, and by a majority of more than two thousand proved that Liverpool was not converted. This may fairly be described as a test election. The whole conduct and policy of the Ministry was under review, and one of the leading towns of England manifested approval of the policy of the Ministry. The election was also a test election in another sense, for it raised in a distinctive form the question of the relation of English parties to Home Rule. It showed that a Liberal candidate, although bidding just high enough to catch the Irish vote, can still command the general support of the local Liberal party; and it also showed that the mere fact of the Irish vote having been caught stimulates voters who might otherwise be indifferent to show their resentment at Irish dictation. But, with a general election so near, elections even in places much less important than Liverpool show something of the feelings of constituencies generally, and are, after their fashion, test elections. The Barnstaple election shows that in a quiet West of England town where Home Rule is a subject very far from the ordinary thoughts of men, and a contest is fought out on the old-fashioned party lines, the Liberals have been able to maintain the advantage they gained six years ago, and to secure the whole of a representation which they used to share with the Conservatives. The policy of the Government has not been bad enough to convert Liverpool, nor good enough to convert Barnstaple. The Southwark election may also claim to be considered a test election. A Conservative is being opposed by two Liberals. If only one Liberal was standing, and his party heartily supported him, he would probably win. If the Liberal party is divided or sulks, a Conservative may probably get in. The contest has thus become a contest inside the Liberal party, and the rival Liberals oppose each other much more fiercely and openly than either section opposes their common enemy. One section insists on the treason to the party generally which is involved in dividing it. The other insists on its right to have a man exactly after its own heart. Home Rule only enters into the contest in so far as it provokes the question whether it or anything else shall be allowed to divide the Liberal party. So many seats were lost to Conservatives at the last election through the divisions of the Liberal party, that, from a mere electioneering point of view, considerable interest attaches to a contest which may serve to show whether the feeling in the Liberal party that it must not waste its strength is sufficiently powerful to override its perennial impulses to division.

The questions raised by the Liverpool election as to Home Rule were taken up in Parliament immediately on its reassembling. Lord BEACONSFIELD opened the Session by expressing his latest views on Home Rule; and Lord HARTINGTON was questioned as to the part he had taken in supporting Lord RAMSAY. Lord BEACONSFIELD laid down two propositions, which are perhaps true in a remote and inferential sense, but which are open to the charge of unstatesmanlike exaggeration if taken literally. The first proposition was that it was the same thing to talk of Home Rule in Ireland as to talk of Home Rule in Yorkshire. It is contrary to the plainest facts, past and present, to speak as if Ireland were related to England exactly as Yorkshire is related to the rest of England. Ireland is not, and never has been, on the footing of an English county. It has had to be conquered over and over again. It has had a Parliament of its own, and has managed to convince England that it cannot be allowed to have such a Parliament any more. It still has a Peerage of its own, and a Court of its own. It is not allowed to have the English suffrage, or to raise Volunteers. The Established Church has been disestablished, and it has had a Land Act given it which is supposed to be exceptionally adapted to its peculiar needs. It is quite statesmanlike to say that, in spite of these things, Ireland cannot have a new Irish Parliament; but it is not statesmanlike to affect to ignore peculiarities in the situation of Ireland which every one knows to exist. The proposition that every one who supports Home Rule is false to his QUEEN and country evidently reflects nothing more than Lord BEACONSFIELD'S feelings at the moment. It cannot possibly have been consistent with his duty to the Crown to appoint as special representative of the QUEEN in an Irish county a man whom the Minister appointing him thought false to the QUEEN. Lord HARTINGTON had a very different task to fulfil from that of anathematizing Home Rulers. He had to defend himself, not to attack others. He had to explain how it happened that he supported Lord RAMSAY. He frankly acknowledged that he could not have supported Lord RAMSAY if Lord RAMSAY had declared that he would join in asking for an Irish Parliament; but he said that all Lord RAMSAY had done was to promise to join in promoting a formal inquiry whether an Irish Parliament is possible or desirable. This Lord HARTINGTON thought was not enough to alienate him from a candidate who in every other respect was most satisfactory to him. It is extremely undesirable that the lines of party should be made too rigid; but when it is said that Home Rule means something very bad, while an inquiry into the desirability of Home Rule means scarcely anything, we must ask what such an inquiry really does mean; and we cannot find in Lord RAMSAY'S letter justifying his alliance with the Home Rulers any trace of his having given any attention to this very important point.

The simplest way of looking at Home Rule is to regard it as a demand that the Irish shall be placed towards England in the same position as the Canadians. Many other objections to this demand might be urged; but there is one objection to it which is fundamental and sufficient in itself. The Irish could not be in the same position to England as Canadians are. The bases of our relations with Canada are, that in the last resort we can afford to let Canada go, and that we have a reasonable expectation that the Canadians will not

come into collision with the Imperial Parliament. Neither of these bases exists in regard to Ireland. We cannot afford to let Ireland go. We cannot hazard our position in Europe by having a hostile independent little State at our very doors. We have not merely a reasonable expectation, but a full assurance, that the Irish would come into collision with the Imperial Parliament. They are as unfit as any nation could be for a separate representative government. Their leaders spend their time in showing, not how Parliamentary work can be carried on, but how it may be stopped altogether. They themselves are the victims of agitators or the tools of priests. They have scarcely any notion of obeying the law, and regard assassination as a smart national habit. Their dreams are dreams of confiscation and communism. Unless the Imperial power was present to restrain and control, Irish society would break up into anarchy. It is not right that any set of rulers should allow any of those they govern to bring on themselves so much misery as the Irish would bring on themselves if they had not England to keep them in order. But, apart from considerations of humanity, the Irish Parliament would be sure to come into collision with the Imperial Parliament. Things which the Irish Parliament wished for would be vetoed by England, and then this veto would be a new grievance. Sooner or later, and probably before long, this difference would lead to resistance, and then England would have to use force. The logical end of Home Rule is the reconquest of Ireland. An inquiry into the desirableness of Home Rule really means an inquiry into the desirableness of having to reconquer Ireland. How is it possible that such an inquiry should be conducted? An inquiry into Home Rule is useless unless it includes an inquiry into the objections to Home Rule. Either the inquiry would be a mockery, or it would drive the Irish wild. The only justification English candidates have for promising to vote for such an inquiry is that they secretly feel sure that what they are to vote for will never be carried. This is a very poor justification; and they had better face the unpleasant thought what the inquiry they are to vote for really means before they engage to vote for it.

THE DEBATE ON IRISH DISTRESS.

THE objections to the course adopted by Mr. SHAW in moving his amendment on the Report of the Address were as technical as his own reasons for anticipating the debate on the Government Bill were conventional or simply rhetorical. The discussion itself was both proper and inevitable; and the time and occasion for beginning it mattered little. It would perhaps have been more logical to wait for the Bill for enlarging the powers of the Government, especially as the part of the measure which is retrospective raises the whole question of the policy which has been followed to the present time; but there is no need of haste in granting an indemnity which cannot be withheld. If some hours were wasted by Mr. SHAW's refusal to proceed on the first night of the Session, and if the adjournment of the debate on Monday was unnecessary, it cannot be said that the conduct of the Irish members thus far can be rightly described as obstructive. No other question of equal importance requires the attention of Parliament; and it was right that the serious nature of the existing distress should be fully explained. Mr. SHAW, Mr. MITCHELL HENRY, Mr. BLENNERHASSET, and several other members, may be acquitted of any desire to prefer political or party interests to the object of averting famine. Mr. O'DONNELL and a few like-minded associates are responsible for the spiteful and factious extravagance of the invective against the Government which he thought fit to embody in an Amendment. Mr. O'DONNELL did his best to provide an excuse for any disinclination which Parliament might be supposed to feel for considering the charges of agitators who do their best to render government impossible in Ireland. It is a monstrous and insolent falsehood that the petitions of starving cultivators have been answered by arbitrary arrests and displays of military force. An Irish patriot must care but little for the distress of his countrymen when he diverges into idle rant about abuses committed by Ministers which are said to be more dangerous than open treason to the State. Mr. O'SHAUGHNESSY drew a more practical conclusion from the negligence which, like his colleagues, he imputed to the Government. His proposal that, as a penalty, the whole cost of relief should be charged to the Imperial Treasury had the merit of simplicity and boldness.

The proposal of a vote of censure did the Government the service of procuring an almost unanimous acquittal by all sections of the House of Commons, with the exception of the party of Home Rule and the extreme Radical section. It was improbable that any Government should at the same time neglect its duty and sacrifice its own credit by refusing to aid a considerable part of the population which was exposed to severe suffering and imminent danger. There were many concurrent causes of distress, such as the low price of agricultural produce and the refusal of shopkeepers and money-lenders to give further credit; but the greatest of all evils were the deficiency of dry turf and the failure of the potato crop. It was stated in the course of the debate that the crop was short of the average to the value of several millions sterling; and, in default of external relief, the deficiency would be prolonged into future seasons by the unavoidable consumption of seed-potatoes for food. There can be little doubt that, whatever had been done or omitted, the Government would have been blamed. On the other hand, it is not to be assumed that mistakes may not have been committed. At the beginning of September the Irish Local Government Board directed the Inspectors to inquire into the state of the potato crop and on the supply of fuel; and the reports were sent to the Board in the middle of October. It would probably have been impossible to form a judgment of the condition of the crop earlier in the season. The Inspectors were also instructed to ascertain whether there was likely to be an increased demand for Poor-Law relief during the winter. It was already known that indoor or outdoor relief had been given to 7,000 or 8,000 persons in excess of the numbers of the previous year. The official reports confirmed on all points the apprehensions of the Local Government Board. On the 28th of October they accordingly addressed the Irish Government, with which they had probably been already in communication; and an application was made to the Treasury for a relaxation of the terms on which money is advanced to landlords for purposes of improvement.

The Local Government Board at the same time desired the Board of Guardians to take care that the unoccupied wards in the workhouses should at once be cleaned and whitewashed, and placed in every respect in good and habitable order. One of the speakers in the debate declaimed against the alleged inhumanity of the Government in taking measures which pointed to the administration of indoor relief. Under the provisions of the Irish Poor Law, no person can be admitted to the workhouse while he occupies land beyond the extent of a small garden. Small farmers will consequently submit to almost any hardship in preference to resorting to the workhouse. It was insinuated that the Local Government Board desired either to leave the people to starve or to evict them from their holdings. The indignant critic omitted to read the next paragraph of the circular by which the Guardians are directed to take care that the relieving officers may be ready to discharge their duty efficiently "should the condition of the poorer classes render it necessary to afford "relief out of the workhouse more freely than at present." The risk of injustice to occupiers of land had not been overlooked, while precautions were taken against the sufferings to inmates which might have resulted from any unusual crowding in workhouses. The very poorest of the people are not occupiers, but labourers; and it is better that they should be kept alive in the workhouse than that they should be left to starve. At a later time the rules which limit outdoor relief were suspended in cases where the Inspectors thought relaxation necessary; and the Government is not to blame for postponing as long as possible measures which, even when they are necessary, must tend to diminish self-reliance and to encourage pauperism. The exact moment of interference with the ordinary course of law and practice must necessarily be left to the discretion of the responsible authorities; and those who sincerely wish that their duties should be efficiently discharged will place a candid and generous construction on their acts. The person who has to do a thing is more likely to do it well than a hostile critic to be right in condemnation of his conduct. The Government might, as the result has

shown, have judiciously offered at an earlier period the liberal terms which have induced landlords to borrow considerable sums for improvement. The proposal that loans should be made to occupiers as well as to owners is wholly inadmissible. A loan on insufficient security is, as private lenders well know, a gift in all respects, except that it is not rewarded by gratitude.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER informed the House of Commons that the Government had satisfied itself that food and seed potatoes could, if necessary, be despatched without delay into the distressed districts. It was therefore thought unnecessary to accumulate stores of provisions; and his own announcement had been deliberately delayed. The trade supply would be instantly checked if it were known that Government competition was to be feared. The experience acquired on a large scale in India has thrown much light on the difficulties which beset the relief of widespread distress by the most intelligent and beneficent Government. During the great famine in Bengal Lord NORTHBROOK was justified by the result in refusing, against the strong opinion of Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, then Lieutenant-Governor, to prohibit the exportation of grain. Artificial disturbance of prices would have done more harm by discouraging production than any scarcity which could be attributed to the drain caused by foreign demand. On the whole, no sufficient argument was produced in favour of the practical part of the Amendment. Those who would have taken the place of the Ministers if the vote of censure had been carried declined to pledge themselves to a more lavish expenditure. Mr. SHAW himself can have attached little importance to the proposition that the tenure of land was the cause of the distress. Laws which have existed in good as well as in bad times must be compatible with prosperity; and it is obvious that no change which could now be made would affect the present distress. Recriminations as to patronage of Home Rule at Liverpool or in Sligo were entirely irrelevant to the question, though they perhaps formed the most exciting portion of the debate. Lord HARTINGTON virtually approved the measures of the Government as to turf and seed-potatoes; and he had a right to amuse himself by drawing nice distinctions between his own opinions and Lord RAMSAY'S.

M. DE FREYCINET AND THE AMNESTY.

M. DE FREYCINET has made a speech the reception of which supplies a curious commentary on the esteem in which Ministries have lately come to be held in France. He has actually put his foot down—put it down indeed in the mildest and most provisional way, but still put it down—and the Chamber of Deputies seems to have been reduced to speechlessness by the spectacle of so much determination. His oratorical triumph, the *Times* Correspondent informs us, was "surpassed by the moral "triumph of the honest patriot and statesman." The Left, we are further assured, "evidently felt a pleasure in "at length rallying round a chief capable of leading it to "battle." It is with extreme curiosity that we turn to the text of the speech which has earned such exceptional praise. A throng of spectators, the same authority informs us, was waiting to hear whether a French Premier would at last give a fitting answer to the restless agitators who demand a plenary amnesty. And this is what the spectators heard. "The Government," says M. DE FREYCINET, "altogether reject this proposal for a "plenary amnesty." Here, then, France had at last an unmistakable declaration on the part of the Cabinet. Perhaps, when M. DE FREYCINET had spoken his second sentence, France did not feel quite so confident. The Government "will not pledge themselves as to the future "either one way or the other." Surely a foot was never put down with so little determination. You shall not have a plenary amnesty, says this resolute and daring statesman; and then, remembering the relation that ought to exist between valour and discretion, he adds, At least, you shall not have it to-day. It would have been hard upon the advocates of a plenary amnesty to have left them in this uncertainty as to what the morrow might bring forth; so M. DE FREYCINET kindly went on to lay down the conditions under which a plenary amnesty may be granted. First, the amnesty must have ceased to be a matter of agitation out of doors; next, it must have ceased inside the Chamber to wear the appearance of opposition to the Government. An amnesty can only be given when the Government possesses "the moral strength derived "from stability and durability." Plainly, therefore, it is the business of the advocates of an amnesty to help on the realization of this condition. If they want a result that can only be had from a stable Government, let them set to work to make the Government stable. As it is, they are doing nothing of the kind. Instead of trying to give stability to the Government, they systematically withhold their votes from it. "If they sincerely wish to make the "amnesty practicable, let them strengthen the Republican "party by supporting the Government." If they help the Cabinet to carry all the measures it has in hand, then —in a France tranquil and prosperous by reason of its railways, its canals, and its schools—a strong Government may say that the time has come for a complete amnesty to be proclaimed.

The *Times'* Correspondent is full of admiration at the Parliamentary strategy which M. DE FREYCINET'S speech displayed. No doubt if the plan succeeds, it will have a fair claim to be called clever; but it is permissible to doubt whether the snare is not spread too completely in sight of the bird. In the first place, M. DE FREYCINET has completely abandoned the position originally taken by the opponents of the plenary amnesty. He no longer rests his refusal on the exceptional character of the crimes for which the amnesty is demanded. The burning of Paris and the murder of the hostages are not now treated as unpardonable sins. On the contrary, they are sins which it will be proper to pardon by and by, when the Government has been victorious in a certain number of divisions. How many of these triumphs will M. DE FREYCINET think it necessary to reckon up before he regards his Cabinet as sufficiently strong to grant what is asked of it? Judging from similar cases, it may be expected that the very argument which is now used to postpone an amnesty will shortly be used to hurry one on. If there is a necessary connexion between an amnesty and a strong Government, M. DE FREYCINET may soon find it convenient to grant the amnesty in order to create a belief that his Government is strong. No Minister can go on for ever proclaiming his own weakness, and calling upon his lukewarm friends to show their consistency by making him stronger. In the end he will be forced to persuade the country that strength has come by acting as though it had come. Whenever this necessity arises—and it will be strange if it does not soon make its appearance—M. DE FREYCINET will have no choice left him as to the way in which he must act to make the country believe that he is strong. He has proclaimed the symptoms beforehand. When France is tranquil and prosperous, and the Government stable and lasting, the amnesty may be granted. So long, therefore, as the amnesty remains unconceded, France is not tranquil or prosperous, and the Government is not stable or lasting. It is very well for a Minister to say this of his Cabinet and his country when he is fresh in office. He is not then responsible for the absence of these desirable characteristics. But will M. DE FREYCINET venture to say the same thing eighteen months hence? When the elections are next held will he venture to say to the constituencies, I have been Minister for nearly two years, and I have not made either my country or my Cabinet what I wish to see them. I wished France to be tranquil and prosperous; she is neither. I wished my Government to be stable and durable; it is neither. M. DE FREYCINET will be a man of very remarkable courage if he does say this, and if he does not say it, how will he resist the demands for an amnesty? If things have turned out as he wished, why should the concession be delayed? If they have not turned out as he wished, why should he be any longer retained as Minister?

It will be surprising, however, if things are left to go on without further disturbance as long as this. M. DE FREYCINET frankly acknowledges that the Government cannot attain to stability unless it can obtain the entire support of the Left, and in order to get this support, it holds out the amnesty by way of a bribe. If you will vote with me, he says to the advocates of a plenary amnesty, I will see whether I cannot let your friends come back to France. It seems far from unlikely that the Left, having their strength thus openly admitted, will not be long before they give the Cabinet the choice between paying for their support on delivery, or making way for a Cabinet which is willing to do so. The minority in favour of the

amnesty has steadily increased, and though 115 is not a large vote, it is a vote which may greatly embarrass the Government if it is given against it at a critical moment. What the Left will probably say to M. DE FREYCINET will be something to this effect. If you concede the amnesty we will support you in the Chambers, and thereby give you the strength, and France the tranquillity, which you have specified as the conditions under which an amnesty may be granted. In order to enable you to say that these conditions have already been obtained, we will even vote with you in two or three divisions before we raise the amnesty question for the last time. If, on the other hand, you do not concede the amnesty, we shall take the earliest opportunity of upsetting your Government. We shall easily find some occasion on which we can patch up a momentary alliance with the Right, which, though from different motives, is as anxious as we are to see a genuinely Radical Cabinet in office. If M. DE FREYCINET turns a deaf ear to these solicitations, he is not likely to retain power long. If he yields to them, it will not be long before the plenary amnesty is granted.

As regards the absence of agitation out of doors, there is a particular kind of agitation which it seems safe to say will, supposing it to be resorted to, hasten the grant of an amnesty rather than delay it. Whether the Communists who have been condemned in their absence will carry out the design attributed to them and come back to France is, perhaps, doubtful. A man may not like to put his head in a noose, even though he knows that the chances are infinitely against its being drawn tight. But, supposing they do come back, it seems morally certain that the plenary amnesty cannot long be withheld. If no notice is taken of them, they will practically have amnestied themselves. If they are arrested, and tried, an agitation of a new and highly embarrassing kind will at once begin. There was much that accompanied the suppression of the Commune that a French Government will not care to have paraded in the full light of day nine years later, and the counsel for the defence will be perfectly well aware of this. As the Government will not be able to silence the advocate, they will probably think it wise to pardon the client.

EGYPT.

THE documents contained in the French Yellow-book on Egypt, taken in conjunction with a very interesting and able article by Mr. DICEY in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, enable English readers to form a fuller and juster notion of the present state of things in Egypt than has hitherto been possible. It is by examining the circumstances under which the strange institution of a joint Protectorate has been established that we can best understand what this Protectorate really means. Every one knows who knows anything of Egypt that TEWFIK is Viceroy in place of his father ISMAIL, that there is a native Ministry with RIAZ PASHA at its head, that MM. BARING and DE BLIGNIÈRES are the Controllers who keep everything in order, that the Egyptian Government has recently made a proposal for the settlement of its debt which has met with the general acceptance of the public, and that the question of the Domain Loan has been settled by a compromise. A document contained in the French Yellow-book gives in detail a statement of the powers and functions assigned to the Controllers. They do not nominally govern, but they supervise the whole government of the country. They attend at the Councils of Ministers, and vote in those Councils if they please. Every functionary from the highest to the lowest has to give them every information they may require. They act in conjunction with the Commissioners of the Public Debt whenever they please. They have a staff of their own whom they appoint and dismiss, and whose pay they fix, and they are irremovable except with the consent of the Governments appointing them. Since their arrival in Egypt, scarcely three months since, they, and the system they work, have given great satisfaction. Egypt is, for the moment at least, flourishing. The crops have been excellent, the new VICEROY has given no trouble, the old Viceroy has abandoned his hopes of a restoration, the fellahs have been allowed a respite from extortion; the Controllers themselves are recognized as men of unusual ability and honesty; they are warmly supported by their Governments; and few, if any, obstacles are thrown by other Powers in the way of England and France. All this is encouraging and pleasant to hear. But, even when we have heard it all, we may feel that we do not yet know what are the bases of the Protectorate, and what is the real relation of Egypt to France and England. An examination of the French Yellow-book and of the information which Mr. DICEY furnishes will, we think, supply the answer. The secrets—if such a term may be used—of the Protectorate may be said to be two. In the first place, the Protectors decide the fate and fortunes of persons; and, in the second place, they undertake to represent Egypt in regard to all other Powers.

If the Protectors want a person to go, he has got to go; if they want him to be appointed, he has to be appointed; if they say he is to be in disgrace, he is in disgrace. They have invented their system of control, and they enforce it by clearing out of the way any one who thwarts it. Their quarrel with the Khedive was entirely a personal one. He did not suit them, and so they made up their minds to be rid of him. We learn from the French Yellow-book that so early as March of last year Mr. VIVIAN was instructed to suggest, not officially, but by way of a happy thought, that the Khedive should abdicate. The answer of the Khedive was practically given by his contemptuous dismissal of his European Ministers. It had been hinted to him that he would have to go, and he accepted the challenge, and said that, instead of his going, Mr. WILSON and M. DE BLIGNIÈRES should go. The Protectors did not trouble themselves with the Khedive's justification of this step. They took it, as it was meant to be taken, as a stage in a personal quarrel, and pronounced it to be most disrespectful to them. So, again, when the Khedive launched his own private scheme of insolvency, it was the Italian Consul who asked whether he meant to submit the scheme to the Powers or to put it into execution at once; and it was Germany and Austria that gave him notice that they would not hear of a scheme being put into execution which had not been submitted to them. The Protectors were considering not what details in the Khedive's conduct were objectionable, but what was to be done with the person who had displaced them. And here it may be remarked that, in working the personal side of the Protectorate, France has shown herself much more resolute and audacious than England. For some time England kept back France from dealing with the Khedive; but at last France would not be kept back any longer, and so the Khedive was deposed. When the new KHEDIVE was installed, he was ordered to accept Controllers, and France ordered him to accept M. DE BLIGNIÈRES. The KHEDIVE begged hard for some one else, but he begged in vain. France liked the notion of M. DE BLIGNIÈRES supervising a Government from which he had been dismissed, and so he was made supervisor. But there were to be Ministers as well as Controllers, and the beginning of the quarrel with ISMAIL had been his dismissal of NUBAR PASHA. The Protectors at first thought of insisting that NUBAR should be taken back, and only yielded in consideration of a right of veto being accorded to their Ministers. It might have been thought that NUBAR PASHA would have been sent back as soon as there was an opening for him under the new VICEROY. But NUBAR PASHA had fallen out of favour. It was decided that not only should he not go back to Egypt as Minister, but that he should not go back to Egypt at all, until the Protectors had made him feel what it cost to displease them. He was in Paris, and in Paris he had to stay, a decree of exile being fulminated against him. Such is the mode in which the Protectorate is made to work; and it must be owned that it is a very practical mode. All Oriental Governments are personal Governments; and the easiest way of controlling them is to make those composing the Government feel that they have no political existence except that which they are allowed to have.

But the Protectors not only manage Egyptian affairs in Egypt, they represent Egypt to the outer world. To begin with, they settle the relations of Egypt to the Porte; and the most adverse critic must admit that they have shown much firmness in insisting that the proper relations of Egypt to the Porte were those, and only those, which they from time to time considered it advisable they should be. When they were trying to get the Khedive to abdicate, they told him that, if he did not abdicate, they would have him deposed, and that his deposition would involve the revocation of the Firman of

1867, by which, in contravention of the Mahomedan law of succession, the Viceroyalty was to pass to the Khedive's eldest son. While the Protectors and the Khedive were still hesitating, the Porte took the initiative, and telegraphed to the Khedive that he was deposed, and was replaced by his son. This was precisely the result at which the Protectors had been aiming, but the Porte thought it could do a stroke of business on its own account. It seized on the ground occupied only a day or two before by the Protectors, that the same power that could depose the Khedive could revoke the Firman regulating the succession. But this view of the relations of the Porte to Egypt did not suit the Protectors when once they had got TEWFIK in and ISMAIL out. They pointed out to the Porte that it was monstrous to suppose that the SULTAN could play fast and loose with his Firman to Egypt. That of 1867 had been communicated to them, and they had got used to it, and would feel uncomfortable if it was not left in force. The French and English Ambassadors were directed to see that the Porte did not issue any Firman installing TEWFIK until France and England had seen it, revised it, and approved it; and the Porte was plainly told that it must not insert anything in the Firman which would place TEWFIK in a different position from that which he would have occupied if his father had died and he had become Viceroy by inheritance. For a whole month the diplomatists hammered away at the draft Firman; England and France representing Egypt, and Turkey trying on a series of astute dodges, by which it was hoped that words might be slipped in making Egypt more dependent. When the French and English Ambassadors at last got the Firman they wanted, they communicated it to their colleagues. They, as representing Egypt, settled the Firman, and then told those who did not represent Egypt what it was they had settled. But the Protectors have to do, not only with the Porte, but with the Powers having treaty rights against Egypt—that is, all the Powers who joined in setting up the International Tribunals. With these Powers the Protectors treat, not through Egypt, but directly. When the question of the Domain Loan had to be settled the KHEDIVE was ignored. The Controllers went not from Cairo, but from London and Paris, to Vienna, and settled it there. At the same time the Protectors made a proposal that the settlement of the Egyptian debt should be left to a French and English Commission, and that the Treaty Powers should accept the conclusions of this Commission. Austria refused, and it is not perhaps surprising that she should have refused. But what deserves to be noticed is the nature of the proposal and the mode in which it was made. France and England negotiated for Egypt just as if they were Egypt; and this is what the Protectorate means externally, just as internally it means the removal, promotion, or punishment of this or that person according as the Protectors approve or disapprove of his behaviour.

THE DUKE AND THE EMPRESS.

THERE was once a leader of men, in fiction, who was accustomed, on the testimony of his biographer, now and then to divert his followers with "some jokes he had "kept for a season of need." It must be acknowledged that the present Government have followed this practice, not without success, in the matter of the Duke of ARGYLL and his unfortunate propensity to edit the telegraphic compositions of the late Sir JOHN KAYE. Lord GEORGE HAMILTON appears to have profited by his sojourn at the India Office. He discovered, or somebody discovered for him, that in the course of his famous Secretaryship, guided as it was by principles the reversal of which has led to untold woes, the DUKE had bestowed upon HER MAJESTY the title of Empress of India. He mentioned this discovery on that Midlothian visit which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, with ominous infelicity, described as the campaign of DAVID against GOLIATH. Then followed the neat little comedietta of Friday night in last week, wherein Mr. STANHOPE and Sir H. D. WOLFF played their parts with much gravity and discretion, and brought down the House very deservedly. The Duke of ARGYLL looked into the facts, and alas! the facts were exactly what had been stated. Even the energetic eloquence of Mr. BRIGHT could not have found occasion for the utterance of his famous and favourite monosyllable. Half a dozen years before an immoral Cabinet imposed the blot on the QUEEN's head, the Duke of ARGYLL had himself upset the ink. If the title "Empress of India" was an insult to the native or neighbouring princes, the DUKE had sanctioned that insult as far as in him lay. If it was a base and tawdry imitation of tawdry and base originals, so much the worse for the DUKE. If it menaced English liberty with unutterable things, and was, as we have since seen, directly responsible for the violation of the Bill of Rights, the conversion of England to immoral principles of action, the failure of the Irish turf harvest, and the unsatisfactory depression of the revenue, all these things were in a manner upon His Grace's head. At least he ought to have foreseen them; and, if he did not, his character for statesmanship is damaged to serve his character for good intentions. Obviously the joke was a very good one against the Duke of ARGYLL, and not a bad one by any means against his colleagues and his party.

The DUKE, however, is evidently possessed by the eager spirit of the true artist, who never thinks a thing so good that it may not be better. Lord GEORGE HAMILTON's joke was, as we have said, a good one; Sir H. D. WOLFF's and Mr. STANHOPE's diversion was a good comedy well performed. But the Duke of ARGYLL set to work to improve upon it, and on the whole he succeeded. It was laughable as the matter stood on Friday night, but it was much more an occasion for mirth by the same hour on Monday. By that time he had taken his case into his own hands and the Lords into his counsel. He entreated them to allow him to make an explanation, and a very odd explanation it was. In the strict proprieties of the English language it should perhaps rather be called a confession, for the DUKE admitted the facts as they stood. Now, had he stopped there and joined in the laugh against himself, all had been comparatively well for him. For as the supporters of the Government are not for the most part animated by that holy conviction of the villany of all their adversaries which is a pleasant feature of the mental attitude of those adversaries themselves, they would have been contented to laugh at the Duke of ARGYLL and his friends without describing them in the vocabulary of seventeenth-century fanatics. Nor, we should have thought, would such laughter have broken the DUKE's bones. He had indeed been able to show that he did not himself speak against the Royal Titles Bill. This, it seems, made a Conservative friend of his, who thought he had so spoken, a "sadder and a wiser man." We all know that there is infinite room in the Conservative constitution for increase of wisdom, but this particular Conservative must be an easily saddened man. Perhaps it might have been expected that the DUKE, to whom "Em-"press of India" seemed so natural and useful a title, would have given his friends a hint that they were taking the matter a little too seriously. But, things being as they were, he certainly should have held his tongue on Monday; or, at any rate, have abstained from endeavouring to defend himself. For in the course of that defence he succeeded in producing several arguments of some strength, if not of great novelty, in support of the much-condemned designation, and one against it which was a singularly unpleasant one for his own side. The title he had given was, he said, one which had become more or less customary in Hindostan. So said the Government at the time. It was useful to express the sense of the word "sovereign." So argued the supporters of the Ministry. But, says the DUKE in effect, "Though I did "not vote or speak against the measure, I am rather sorry "I did not." And he then quotes an expression of SHERE ALI's on receiving the official intimation of the title, which goes to show that that prince at any rate saw in the title of Empress something like an assertion and confirmation of our position in Asia. Here is another ratification of another argument for the title which, good or bad, was advanced at the time. So that the Duke of ARGYLL has proved three things. The first is that the joke against him is a thoroughly good joke, founded upon fact. The second is, that the sound and fury which his friends emitted on the subject—unchecked, if not encouraged, by himself—was mere sound and fury, inasmuch as a prophet of their own had used the terrible phrase without a suspicion of its wickedness. The third is, that the ridicule with which they also assailed the title was from his present, and probably his past, point of view quite unfounded. Therefore, those who did not laugh at the figure the DUKE

out before may justly laugh now, and those who did laugh may be excused for laughing again. The Conservative friend whom he so unkindly saddened may unbend his tristful visage, and allow his lungs to crow, without fear this time of a reference to *Hansard*, which is indeed of itself calculated somewhat to sadden. For the DUKE has very emphatically written himself down a forgetful person, and the reverse of a humorous one. In the words of a famous apologue which was once, we believe, told for his own benefit in the House of Lords, if it pleases him to do this, it certainly does not hurt his political opponents. Parliament is not very full of jokers just now, and in default of somebody to laugh with, it is always a consolation to have somebody to laugh at.

We should be much more thankful to the DUKE than we are at present if we could think that his woful case would convince his friends of the folly of mounting the high horse on inappropriate occasions. We ourselves did not pretend to admire the addition to the Royal title, for "QUEEN" seemed to us to be good enough; but what volumes of patriotic high-falutin' were uttered and written about this Empress of India business! Only the groves of Blarney could appropriately hold the defunct imperial personages whose evil deeds were quoted against it. The morals of TIBERIUS and the manners of the first NAPOLEON, the mild domestic pastimes of NERO and the foreign policy of CHARLES V. were, or might consistently have been, all declared to be part and parcel of the conceptions of Empire, Emperor, and Empress. It was difficult sometimes to make out whether the disputants were making most of the fact that there had not (at any rate for a long time) been an Empire in England, or of the fact that there had very recently been an Empire in France. And all the while HER MAJESTY had been for years decorated with the obnoxious title by the authentic hand of the Liberal Indian Secretary in the very form which was afterwards adopted. How deeply the Duke of ARGYLL must have meditated on the counsels of the wise but wicked philosophers who deprecate handwriting in certain relations of life! How much better would it have been for him to accept the simple language of his subordinates, and not to rush into elaborate literary composition of his own. In just this arbitrary and tasteless way, it will be remembered by many, pastors and masters at school and college used to alter and refashion the chaste Greek and Latin of our hexameters and iambics. The DUKE'S case should be a warning to all critics and other improvers. Whether it will be a warning to his political friends is, as we have hinted, a point on which we should like to feel more confidence than we do feel. Hitherto there have doubtless been many worthy people who have held that by no possibility could such an abomination as "Empress of India" be the sprout of any but a thoroughly Tory, and therefore thoroughly wicked, brain and heart. They have probably thought that it must have taken even a Tory a great deal of trouble to commit such a wickedness as this; and now it appears that it was, if not invented, at any rate first officially done, by no less a personage than the Duke of ARGYLL. Between the theory of a momentary temptation of the Evil One to which the good DUKE innocently succumbed, and the theory that Tories are not so wicked after all, it seems that these distressed persons will have to decide. It cannot be doubted that they will choose the former.

DISCIPLINE WITHOUT FLOGGING.

AN inquiry is now being carried on at Pietermaritzburg in Natal into the truth of certain "gross exaggerations" and "transparent untruths" which have lately been uttered against the British troops in the Transvaal. Considering who the author of these "gross exaggerations" and "transparent untruths" is, it is certainly expedient that such an inquiry should be instituted. Dr. RUSSELL has not his reputation to make in journalism, and he is consequently not at all likely to make startling stories more startling in order to gain acceptance for his letters. Neither he nor the journal for which he has been acting as Special Correspondent in South Africa is under any special temptation to circulate malicious stories against an English army in the field. On the contrary, if either the *Daily Telegraph* or Dr. RUSSELL had any bias in the matter, it would rather have been towards making much of the gallant regiments who had gone out to defend the peaceful colonists against the bloodthirsty Zulus. The last thing that could have been expected in the columns of a journal which has been a fervid supporter of that and every other war which the present Government have waged was a demonstration that, from the peaceful colonist's point of view, there was not very much to choose between the Zulus and the defenders. Nor is Dr. RUSSELL a man who is likely to be shocked at any trifling breach of discipline. He has seen a great deal of war, and something of most of the armies of the world. He knows what young recruits are like, and how much allowance must be made for the demoralisation whether of defeat or of victory. His testimony comes accompanied, therefore, with almost every recommendation that such evidence can possess, and we frankly confess that upon a matter of this kind the report of a military inquiry being instituted comes attended with singularly few recommendations. It is almost impossible that such an investigation can be begun with a simple desire to arrive at the truth. No Government likes to discover that its troops are utterly undisciplined, that they have no notion of yielding obedience to their officers, and that their favourite pursuit is the harrying of the civil population. It is impossible that such a state of things should exist without some one being to blame for it; and, if it is proved to exist, the second stage of the inquiry is likely to be the unpleasant one Who is to blame for it?

The fact that Sir GARNET WOLSELEY should have anticipated the result of the inquiry by describing statements as to the accuracy or inaccuracy of which he could not possibly know anything as gross exaggerations and transparent untruths is in itself an indication of the attitude of the military authorities towards Dr. RUSSELL. They may not in the end deny that some of his accusations are partially true, but they will not give judgment in his favour even to this extent unless facts make terribly against them. Nor is it likely that the witnesses on Dr. RUSSELL'S side will be at all anxious to come forward to make good his statements. Unless they are called by the military authorities, they will apparently know nothing of the inquiry until it is over; and unless the military authorities are very peremptory in summoning them, or very liberal in payment of travelling expenses, they will not be disposed to go a long distance for the purpose of giving evidence which, as they will shrewdly suspect, the Government can have very little desire to hear. The one expedient which could have secured public confidence for the inquiry seems unfortunately not to have been thought of. Dr. RUSSELL says that, though his letter was published in London on the 21st of November, and he did not leave the Transvaal till the 23rd of December, and Cape Town till the 13th of January, he had no information that an inquiry was about to be held. The absence of the prosecutor is so injurious to anything like confidence in the result, that it is strange that the military authorities should not have tried to keep Dr. RUSSELL in South Africa until they had heard what he had to say. At least it would have been strange except on the assumption that they already knew too well what it was, and that they were not prepared to disprove it. If that was so, the wonder disappears. It must be a very strong Secretary of State or Commander-in-Chief who is not disturbed by reading of nightly "scares," and "stampedes," of "wild "alarms and outbursts of musketry and cannonading at "nothing," and by finding as he goes on that this was the conduct of the troops in presence of the enemy, and that when they had left the enemy behind them it became far worse. All along the road from Pietermaritzburg, towards the front, Dr. RUSSELL heard "stories of indis-"cipline and excesses." The soldiers had to be forbidden to go into the towns and villages they had come to defend. Most of Dr. RUSSELL'S narratives are derived from officers, and in one case he says that the taverns had to be closed by order of the commanding officer, in order to prevent the soldiers from running riot on the march. It does not seem to have made much difference whether they were drunk or sober. The desire for liquor made them just as mad as the drinking of it; when they were denied it they wrecked the public-houses; when they got it they wrecked any building that came handy. In one town Dr. RUSSELL was told that not a single store had escaped pillage. If this was the conduct of British troops in British territory, what would it have been likely to be in an enemy's territory?

There are three morals which follow very plainly from

this narrative of Dr. RUSSELL's. One is the mischief that comes of not keeping the regiments first on the roster for foreign service up to their full strength. It was pointed out at the time that the regiments that left England for South Africa upon the news of Isandula were largely composed of officers who had never seen their men, and of men who had never seen their officers. With seasoned soldiers this may be comparatively a small matter. To them an officer is an officer. It is the institution they obey, not the man. But to recruits it matters a great deal, and the volunteers who came forward to fill the gaps in the regiments ordered to the Cape were largely recruits. What Dr. RUSSELL describes is very much what was predicted when the regiments were embarking. Things are worse than they were expected to be, but the difference is in degree, not in kind. The second moral is, that we have dispensed with flogging without dispensing with the acts for which flogging used to be inflicted. The despised and contemned lash would have put a speedy end to these outrages. If the first offenders had been flogged into sobriety and a moderate regard for rights of property, the complaint would not have proved as infectious as it did. A great deal was said last Session of the superiority of other punishments to flogging. Perhaps the authors of this view will be ingenious enough to point out what punishment they would have inflicted under the circumstances detailed by Dr. RUSSELL. The colonel who told Dr. RUSSELL that, if he carried out his orders, he would not have a man for duty, because one half of the troops would be guarding the other half, exactly describes the situation. When men are wanted for service, a military prison is the last place in which they ought to be. The punishment suitable to their offence is something unpleasant enough to constitute a deterrent force, and rapid enough not to keep either them or those who have the charge of them away from duty. The third moral is that our officers have suffered from the discussions of which military discipline has lately been the theme. It might have been hoped that, in view of such a state of things as that described by Dr. RUSSELL, a commanding officer would have flogged, with or without law, and trusted to the necessities of the case to justify him. If English officers will not maintain discipline at any risk to themselves, it is a bad look out for the English army.

EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY BILLS.

THE House of Lords has already had two Employers' Liability Bills before it; and the House of Commons will shortly be in possession of several more. Lord CAIRNS has declared that the Government would not support Lord DE LA WARR's Bill; and it has been already withdrawn, its author consenting to plead his cause in the Select Committee on the Government measure. At all events strenuous efforts will be made to import provisions similar to those of Lord DE LA WARR's Bill into the Government measure as it passes through the Commons; and on this ground it may not be time lost to examine in what points the two Bills differ from one another. The LORD CHANCELLOR contents himself with a single alteration in the existing law. He proposes to make the employer liable for the negligence of a "servant in authority." If a workman is injured or killed by such negligence, he or his representatives shall have the same right of action against the employer as though there had been no common employment. The term "servant in authority" is defined in three alternative ways. In reference to a railway it stands for any person entrusted by the Company with the management of the railway or traffic, or of any particular part of the railway or traffic, or of any station or works connected with the railway. In reference to a mine, it stands for any person holding the office of agent or manager. In reference to manufactures or works generally, it stands for any servant appointed by his employer to manage such manufacture or works, or any portion thereof.

The fault of this Bill is that it does not fairly carry out the principle on which it seems to be based. By giving a workman injured by the negligence of a "servant in authority" a right of action against the common employer, the Bill admits that it is fair that a workman should be compensated for injuries against which no care of his own could have protected him. An employer, on this view of the case, is bound not to injure his workman, either by his own act or by that of his immediate agent. It would be unfair to hold him responsible for acts done by servants over whose selection he had virtually no control; but where the injury can be traced to the act of a servant picked out by the choice of the employer to exercise a certain delegated authority, the reasoning does not apply. A man who employs a thousand men cannot be expected to ascertain that none of them are careless or awkward. But if he employs ten men to manage those thousand, he stands as regards them in a wholly different position. There is nothing impossible in such a degree of choice as may guarantee the prudence of the ten men to whom he makes over his power. He knows that he is investing them with authority to which the workman has no choice but to submit or lose his place. For his own sake he must make certain inquiries into the character and antecedents of the men thus picked out from among their fellows, and it will be no more difficult to inquire into their possession of the qualities which will prevent them from bringing those under them into avoidable danger. The position of a workman towards the men thus specially set over him is also different from his position towards his fellow-workmen. The latter cannot order him to do what he does not choose to do. If he thinks that the thing they propose to do, or the way in which they propose to do it, will involve danger to life or limb, he can refuse to join them in doing it, or in doing it in that particular way. If both sides hold to their own view, it is the servants in authority who have to decide between them. But when a workman differs in a similar way from one of the men set over him, he must either submit or risk being discharged. Consequently it is of infinitely greater importance to him what manner of man it is that gives him orders than what manner of man it is that has to obey orders in common with him. The Government Bill recognizes this in principle, but stops far short of any rational application of the principle. Why is a person "entrusted "by the Company with the management of the railway "or of the traffic" to involve the Company in liability for his negligence, "and no other person"? The platelayers or signalmen may nominally be under the orders of the General Manager or the Traffic Manager, but they have no more to do with him than they have with the Railway Commissioners. Even the station-master at any large station is far too exalted a personage to be appealed to at every point by every porter or pointsman. The service of a great railway is a hierarchy in which there are many subordinate ranks, and to each man the man immediately above him—the man to whom he looks for instructions, and whose orders he is directed to obey—is the "servant "in authority." Lord DE LA WARR's Bill was in this respect decidedly preferable to the Government Bill. He aimed at creating the same kind of liability, but he extended it to every "person of any superior grade in the "service of the employer who has superintendence en-"trusted to him," and to every "person to whose orders "or directions" the workman is bound to conform. This definition makes the wrong and the remedy co-extensive; the definition given in the Government Bill provides a remedy which is co-extensive with the wrong merely in name. Lord DE LA WARR's Bill was a Bill which would make a substantial difference in the law; the Government Bill will profess to make a difference in the law, while all the time it will leave it pretty much what it is.

There are two other points in which Lord DE LA WARR's Bill differs from the Government Bill. Lord DE LA WARR proposed to make the employer liable for the wrongful act of any person in his service, if this wrongful act be done in obedience to the employer's rules or by-laws, or to instructions given by any person acting under the authority of the employer. This provision seems to follow so naturally from the principle assumed in the Government Bill that we can scarcely suppose that Lord CAIRNS will refuse to introduce it into his Bill. If an employer may be held liable for an injury caused by the negligence of a servant in authority, for which his responsibility may, morally speaking, be the very slightest possible, much more ought he to be held responsible for acts done in obedience to rules for which, as being put out under his direct authority, his responsibility, morally speaking, is complete. As regards the other point of divergence from the Government Bill the case is not quite so clear. Lord DE LA WARR proposed to make the employer liable for any injury caused to a workman "by reason of any defect in the works, ma-"chinery, plant, or stock used for his employer's business."

Both sides have something to say for themselves on this head. The contention of the workman is that the law ought to protect him against dangers caused by the fault of other men and against which he has no power of protecting himself. The instance commonly given is that of a bricklayer who is injured by the fall of the scaffolding on which he is standing. Building has its recognized risks against which no amount of care will insure a man, but this is not one of them. Upon scaffolding, if it is made of proper materials put together with proper care, a man may stand as safely as on the ground beneath. It is only when the wood or the rope is faulty, or when the poles and planks are badly tied together, that the ordinarily careful and skilful workman is in any danger of coming to harm. He has no means of knowing the quality of the materials employed or the manner in which they have been put together. He must take all this on trust; and therefore, if his trust proves to be misplaced, he looks to his employer for compensation. The employer has provided the scaffolding, and he ought to have taken care that it was fit for the purpose for which it was used. The employer answers that he knew no more about the character or construction of the scaffolding than the workman himself. It was made of materials selected and put up by workmen serving under another employer, of whose acts he—the employer against whom it is sought to establish the liability—knew nothing, and for which he cannot be held responsible. In controversies of this kind the chief consideration is how a liability can be most conveniently asserted. It is not denied that a builder may be quite ignorant of the badness of the scaffolding he uses; nor, again, that the maker of the scaffold may in turn throw the blame upon the timber merchant or the rope manufacturer. But, if the workman has to hunt for compensation through all this long series of possible offenders, it is plain that he will never obtain it; and a most effectual safeguard against the supply of dangerous goods will be lost. If, on the other hand, the remedy lay in every man's own hand—if the workman had his right of action against the builder, and the builder had his right of action against the scaffolding-maker, and the scaffolding-maker had his right of action against the timber merchant and the rope-maker, the real culprit would be reached at last; and the knowledge that this would be the case would constitute a powerful safeguard against the particular wrongdoing which it is desired to check. In all respects, therefore, Lord De La Warr's Workman's Compensation Bill is in our opinion superior to the Lord Chancellor's Employers' Liability Bill.

STATESMANSHIP AND MORALITY.

On the first day of the month of Moses last an address was delivered by Mr. Frederic Harrison to a gathering of believers known as Positivists, which address was afterwards published in the world at large, in the *Fortnightly Review*, on the first day of the present month, vulgarly called February. The scope of the address or essay, which is entitled "Empire and Humanity," is to demonstrate that the former and the latter are mutually exclusive terms; that the British Empire is morally on a level with slavery and the slave-trade; that, like these odious institutions, it is a "huge crime against mankind"; and that, since we cannot get rid of it all at once, we are to look upon it as a passing responsibility which unfortunately prevents for a time this "petty island" from attending to its proper work. Moses, who is often referred to by Positivists in terms of cordial approval, was, as is well known, strongly opposed to a policy of invasion and annexation; he had no belief at all in the superiority of his own race and in any preferential rights which might flow therefrom; and a chief aim of his policy was to foster the budding civilization of Og and Sihon, of the Amalekites and Canaanites. But this is by the way. The point on which we wish to fix the attention of our readers is the charge of "wickedness" brought by some against our Empire and by others against those who now administer it. This accusation is not made by Positivists only. If it were confined to that funny little sect it would hardly be necessary to discuss it at length. But for a year or more the same sort of talk has resounded from a hundred Liberal platforms, and been echoed back from a hundred Nonconformist pulpits. At the next election the criminality of the Government will be insisted on by Opposition candidates as much as its imbecility. A charge repeated so often comes at last to be believed by many both of those who make it and of those who listen to it. The intelligence of the average voter cannot be termed active or acute; and the frenzy of partisan feeling into which many Liberal politicians have gradually lashed themselves allows no hearing to the remonstrant voice which pleads for fairness, charity, and moderation. When it is said that a scientific frontier to India means theft, neither more nor less, and that the war in Zululand was downright unprovoked murder; and when this is said often enough, and by men of sufficient authority, the average hearer, who may at first have had an obscure sense that these statements are distortions of the truth, comes at last to think that so after all it must be, else so many people would not go on saying it. The average voter hears only one side—his own side—of the question; or if he by chance looks at the other, it is simply for polemical purposes, and not with the aim of understanding it. In ordinary times there is a sort of instinctive good sense at work which leads people to recoil from fierce and violent and sweeping and insulting charges brought freely and glibly against opponents. Our opponent is of course in the wrong, but still he is not a bad fellow after all. But in times of great and prolonged excitement this sort of diet is the natural food which the passions crave; and even if the public mind shows a tendency after a time to cool down, there are too many persons interested in keeping up its temperature for it to be left to its natural course. And, as it cools, the vexation and disappointment of the bellows-blower increase. In the very hotbeds of a cantankerous Radicalism the artisan voter is not inflamed with the passions which it suits his leaders to attribute to him, and by which his leaders are themselves too often inflamed. He can neither get into Parliament nor into office, nor even into the Town Council; and he is free therefore from that stimulus of rivalry and ambition to which much of the righteous indignation of his leaders is due. But his means of enlightenment are scanty, and when he hears his country charged without ceasing by those whom he is accustomed to trust with robbery, murder, perfidy, tyranny, aggression, and the like, he may end by fancying that there must be something in it, and give his vote to the virtuous accuser.

Mr. Bright asked the other day what was the difference between the homicide which brings a man to the gallows and the homicide which wins for him the Victoria Cross. This was, at all events, the purport of his question. And from the point of view of the Society of Friends the only difference is that the latter crime is more wholesale. On the same principle, the guilt of the assassin and of the judge who sentences him to be hanged is much the same. Tried by this standard, Mr. Gladstone is even more "wicked" than Lord Beaconsfield, for he is answerable for more bloodshed, and was himself a member of that "incapable and guilty administration" which five-and-twenty years ago Mr. Bright denounced in one of his finest bursts of eloquence. But Mr. Gladstone, we are told, is a penitent sinner, a prodigal who, having once fed swine among Conservatives, has come at last to his true home amid the Radicals; while Lord Beaconsfield's heart remains as hard as the nether millstone. The former is now "as good as he is great"; the latter is a compound of Ghenghis Khan and Mephistopheles. It is hardly possible to keep up any political agitation for a long period without the free use of superlatives, and the more signs the country gives of a reaction, the more highly spiced, not to say poisonous, are the epithets to which the agitator is forced to have recourse. But as the stock of adjectives in the English language, though extensive, has yet a limit, and as only a certain percentage of them are uncomplimentary, an end must come to this at last. Unskilful in tactics, the Liberals made the mistake of using up the most telling epithets early in the fray. After calling a man a villain and an idiot to begin with, you cannot very well, at a later stage of the proceedings, produce an effect by saying that his conduct is not thoroughly sagacious and moral. You have to keep on calling him a villain and an idiot, and, as the proceedings are lengthy, you end by becoming a bore. After listening to the oratory which was so plentiful last autumn, many a hearer must have ejaculated, as the American did to the young Englishman who quitted the Uffizi Gallery in a transport of delight over an anæmic Virgin by Botticelli, "I guess, stranger, you've been whipping yourself up with your own tail." By the wholesale use of the most denunciatory terms which the dictionary furnishes the opponents of the Government must have forced some, even among their own supporters, to ask themselves if such epithets can be well deserved, and have led many impartial bystanders to reflect anew on the moral problems which statesmanship involves.

"What is right," one often hears, "for an individual is right for a State. What is wrong for an individual is wrong for a State." To dispute or to qualify this proposition brings down on one's head an amount of virtuous indignation enough to turn a steam-engine. And yet, like many other general propositions, it may be, till qualified and explained, either perfectly true or utterly false. If it means that there is a moral law which nations, in their corporate character, are bound to obey, which they defy at their peril, and the breach of which involves certain retribution, it is true. But if it means that the application of the general principles of morality to particular cases is necessarily identical in the case of nations and of individuals, it is false and misleading. By shuffling the cards cleverly, by using the words now in one sense and now in another, it is easy for an adroit speaker to gain the reputation in the eyes of the unwary of being a man of high moral tone when he is really only a sophist. The fallacy which underlies the proposition, when stated absolutely and without any qualification, is plain enough to those who read it at breakfast-time in the morning paper; but it escapes notice overnight amid the exhilarating hubbub of Kentish fire and prolonged cheering. The fallacy lies in just ignoring the main difference between the two cases. Behind and above two or more individuals whose interests clash, or whose feelings one to another are unfriendly, is seated the

law, stronger than each or all of them; to that they can appeal, to that they must bow. When nations quarrel, there is no appeal except to arms.

Even in the case of individuals it is recognized that, where the law is absent or powerless, or where wrongs have been committed of a kind for which the law can provide no remedy, a course of action may be permissible or even praiseworthy which would be culpable or criminal if legal redress were to be had. The difference which the presence or absence of the law may make in the morality of acts outwardly the same is measured in part by the difference of the sentiments with which we regard Charlotte Corday and those with which we regard a mere ordinary murderer. The latter is felt to be a mere beast of prey; the former lives in history as a heroine. It is true that there are well-meaning people who, if they hear the killing of Marat spoken of as a good deed, produce a little string of texts and precepts to show that it was very wrong; but everybody will at all events admit that between such an act, even if we feel bound to blame it, and the taking away of human life to gratify a private grudge or to gain possession of another man's wife or property, there is a wide difference. Whenever, in short, an emergency arises in which the protection ordinarily given by society to its members is not forthcoming, we are thrown back on that primeval right, that mere struggle for existence, which preceded the social organization of mankind. Our notions of right and of duty are inevitably shaped and coloured by the legal and social conditions of our environment. We live in an orderly and law-abiding society. This is the postulate which in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred underlies our judgment on the morality of our own acts and of those of others; and a careless thinker, such as most of us are, easily falls into the snare of fancying that what holds good of the ninety-nine cases holds good also of the hundredth, in which this postulate is absent. Now the exception and emergency of private life is unhappily too often the rule among nations. For an injury or an insult suffered by one nation from another, there is no redress except by an appeal to arms. There is no international tribunal before which the peoples of the earth can carry their grievances, and whose decision they will accept as binding. We are far from thinking that, even if such a tribunal existed, it would put an end to war. Armies would be as necessary to enforce the verdict of this tribunal against a refractory litigant as policemen and gaolers are to deal with a man who will not pay a fine in a police-court. But wars under these circumstances would lose that character of lawlessness and wantonness which now so often distinguishes them. However, such a tribunal is not yet established, and there seems no reasonable hope that it will be soon established. And there is a certain class of cases which, even if it existed, it would be utterly incompetent to deal with. The expansive power possessed by certain races brings up a set of moral problems which cannot be met by any general rule. The German and the Slav have lived alongside of one another for ages, and the German prospers at the expense of the Slav. He has taken his land; he has Germanized him and absorbed him; and he will go on doing so. The overflow of population from this country drives us, whether we will or no, to a policy of colonization, and in many cases of conquest. It may be safely said that no great international change has ever taken place, and, indeed, that no nation has ever been founded, except by means which, tried by the standard of private right, are more or less indefensible. And yet it is this private right only to which appeal is made by that class of persons who now seek to prove their own virtue by slandering their country.

These considerations are wholly overlooked by those who declaim against the "wickedness" of the wars in South Africa and Afghanistan. We are not here discussing the wisdom of those wars; that is another matter, on which well-informed and right-minded people may fairly differ. We are not saying that it would not have been practicable to avoid them; and of course a war which can be prudently and safely avoided is morally unjustifiable and wrong. But this is a question of fact and argument; "wickedness" is a matter of motive and intent. When Liberal speakers denounce these wars as sins against Heaven and mankind, we can only ask, What would Germany do if France were to summon to arms every able-bodied man in the country? Would it be "wicked" to anticipate, if possible, a blow which could not be averted? And this, it is plausibly alleged, and is by many persons besides Sir Bartle Frere honestly believed—it may have been erroneously alleged and too hastily believed—was our situation with regard to the Zulus. It is at least certain that Cetewayo's warriors were not brought together for the purpose of promoting peace on earth and goodwill among men. They were there to fight, to kill, to conquer, to plunder. What, again, would Germany do if a French embassy was received with honour and confidence at St. Petersburg, and the German ambassador turned back with menace and insult at the Russian frontier? Would it be concluded that French and Russian statesmen were laying their heads together for the benefit of Germany, or would the task of seeking an explanation be handed over by Prince Bismarck to Count Moltke? We may think it injudicious to have interfered at all in Afghanistan; we may criticize as severely as we please the time, the mode, the extent, the objects of the interference; these are points on which the opinions of competent judges are divided. But the Government judged otherwise. Impugn their judgment, if you like; but have done once for all, if you do not wish to lose all character for fairness, for sense, and for decency, with mere vituperation. The feeling that the Government has not had fair play has led not a few Liberals to transfer, at all events for the moment, their support to a party with which they are in many respects out of sympathy. The Government represents the country before the world; and though a continuance of the tactics of late adopted by some of the Liberal leaders can only win the Government votes, moderate men, who think more of their country than of their party, will deplore a course of action which tends more and more to destroy the wholesome and manly traditions of English public life.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS AND LAND REFORM.

EVERY student of politics knows the hard duty which a fact or supposed fact has to do when it has been once prominently brought forward to prove or illustrate some political point. Since Mill's well-known reference to Jersey and Guernsey in his *Political Economy*, these islands have always been a favourite battle-horse of the advocate of small properties, and of late they have been frequently brought forward in this connexion. Mr. Shaw Lefevre told the old story over again no longer ago than last October in the *Fortnightly Review;* and Mr. Shaw Lefevre has recently announced his intention of keeping the Government up to the plan of facilitating the acquisition of small properties by Irish tenants and labourers. Indeed, from the experience of the end of last week and the beginning of this, it might be imagined that the Session had set seriously in for the discussion of such points. This being the case, it may perhaps be worth while to see what the lesson of the Channel Islands really does teach, and whether any such unmistakable evidence of the beauty of small proprietorship, divisibility of inheritance, and so forth, exists in it as is generally assumed. Such an investigation is not likely to throw any discredit on the land system of the Islands, which is probably very well adapted to their necessities. It is undeniable that land is there very much subdivided, and at the same time excellently cultivated. It is certain that the system of land transfer and registration, as well as that which permits the creation of small rent-charges on the land, works very well. But when we are asked to accept the smiling plenty of Jersey and Guernsey as a result of these institutions, it may perhaps strike long-headed inquirers whether it may not be well to inquire what the other circumstances of the case are before assuming that the same cause, or assumed cause, will always have the same effect, or assumed effect, if set to work elsewhere. Short of Mr. Parnell's plans for polite robbery, short of Mr. Bright's vague and ill-defined suggestions, there are many arrangements for the instant and total cure of Irish distress which are based upon our venerable friend the "magic of property" and the like. The partisans of these arrangements may well be asked to look a little more narrowly into the circumstances of what has usually been one of the stock cases quoted on their side.

We shall take Guernsey for examination rather than Jersey, because the former, though the smaller, is in some respects the more typical of the two; but, in truth, the arguments which apply to one apply to the other, with hardly any variation. In the first place, then, Guernsey is an island of a compact shape some hundred miles (in round numbers) distant from the Needles. Its size is about thirty-three square miles; its population at the last census, still in round numbers, was thirty thousand. But, when we come to look a little closer, we shall find that these thirty thousand inhabitants of about two-thirds that number of acres are distributed in a very singular fashion. More than half of them dwell in a town, the town of St. Peter Port. Two or three thousand more live in what is also called a town, but is really a large straggling village, St. Sampson's, and great part of a third parish, St. Martin's, is also thickly dotted with houses. Hence the large majority of the inhabitants of Guernsey are really an urban population. The same is the case with Jersey; and as this similarity is pretty constant there will be need to recur to it. Here at once is a circumstance rather staggering to the inquirer. By a peasant proprietary he does not usually mean dwellers for the most part in the suburbs of a large town—large, that is, comparatively speaking. Again, the island is, so to speak, grouped with unusual compactness round this town or towns. They lie on the centre of its eastern shore, and such is the conformation of the land that hardly any part of it save one outlying portion is more than five miles from the market-place. Again, as every part of the island is within easy reach of the town, so is the town within easy reach of a much larger market. Potatoes and broccoli which are put on board in the afternoon can without any extraordinary celerity of despatch be sold in Covent Garden next morning. Hence all the conditions for profitable cultivation of those things in which the *petite culture* is most profitable are here eminently present. But we must look a little closer even than this. Of what class are the people who inhabit the town? If we inquire we shall find that they contain an extraordinary proportion of the class called in French *rentiers*, the class which lives on its means. The pleasant climate of the island, its reputed and partly real cheapness of provisions, the immunity from Customs duties and other Imperial taxation, and the presence of good schools, besides certain peculiarities of the natives—to be mentioned further on—have attracted a number, varying of course, but relatively very considerable, of moneyed residents. Two or three generations ago, moreover, large fortunes were made by the

islanders in ways more or less legitimate, and these have been husbanded and increased since with a diligence worthy of Scotchmen. Guernseymen of the upper and middle classes who have served in the army, navy, or Civil Service, or have tried the colonies, to a very large extent return home with their half-pay or their savings. These, with the strangers already mentioned, create a resident moneyed class, which, in proportion to a population of thirty thousand, is unusual even in England, and is absolutely unheard of elsewhere. For them plenty of shops and other commercial appliances must exist, and they require numerous domestic servants. At the second town of the island, again, a flourishing industry, that of stoneworking, exists, at which many members of a family often work together, earning wages which may be called, not only relatively, but absolutely, high. This in its turn gives employment to a small fleet of ships. But we are not nearly at the end of the list. Hitherto we have only referred to the exemption from taxation. Taking the incidence of taxes at 2*l.* 10*s.* per head in the United Kingdom, which is near enough to the truth, this, it will be observed, is equivalent to a bonus of 75,000*l.* a year to Guernsey, in return for which nothing is given except an almost nominal service in the militia. But, though the island pays nothing to the Imperial Exchequer, it receives from it not a little. A garrison of considerable strength is kept up, and a staff with several highly paid officials. Probably not less than 50,000*l.* a year comes into the island from this source, for which, let it be remembered, no penny of return or contribution has to be made. A vast sum has in time past been spent on fortifications and military works, much of which has gone directly into the pockets of the islanders, besides indirectly contributing (in the shape of roads, &c.) to their prosperity. To all this, which is the gift of art, we must add yet other gifts of nature. The climate is singularly clement, and at the same time singularly favourable to moderate labour at almost all times of the year. Manure is chiefly obtained from the rocks, the seaweed being cut under legal restrictions and costing nothing. A cheap lean-to greenhouse run up against an artisan's cottage will, without artificial heat, more than pay his rent with grapes or such-like produce. And lastly, the coast everywhere close to the cottage or farm offers fish for the catching, to eke out the produce of the ground, besides the chances of pilotage, coasting traffic (which is considerable), and other such-like gains.

Now we ask any intelligent person to put a finger on one single item of this long list which can be said to be even indirectly connected with land laws or small properties. Yet with such advantages it is impossible for the Guernseyman, save by personal misconduct, not to be prosperous. He is untaxed, the trifling local expenditure is necessarily far lower than local burdens in the most favoured spot in England, and very large sums of money brought from abroad are expended among the people, creating abundance of well-paid employment for surplus hands. At least one thriving non-agricultural industry supplements these. His markets are close at hand, and crave unceasingly to be supplied with the particular produce which soil, climate, and situation make him best able to supply. To make the argument still clearer, let us sketch what Mr. Shaw Lefevre and his friends must do with the South and West of Ireland if they wish really to put it on equal terms with Guernsey. For every compact district of seven miles by five, there must be a central town of more than half the population of that district. That town must contain private persons of means who create a demand for shops, for domestic labour, for labour of all kinds, and pay for what they want with money drawn from sources other than the district itself. Each of these districts—there will be some six or seven hundred of them—must be within easy and cheap reach of a first-rate market, must possess some little manufacture, mining, or other similar industry, to occupy a thousand or more hands, and the sea to fill up any deficiencies of food. It must have a good natural harbour, a soil neither too wet nor too dry, a climate where drought need not be feared, but where floods are physically impossible. Lastly, absolutely no taxes must be raised from it, and England must spend instead at the rate of 30*s.* a head of Imperial money. When this is done the system of small holdings may be tried, and it may be seen whether the Irishman can rival the Channel Islander. Does not the mere exposition of the case, without more words, sufficiently expose the folly of heedlessly coupling causes and effects without looking to see whether the effect is not already explained by another cause? It cannot be too much insisted upon that no one of the advantages we have catalogued has anything to do with the supposed panacea. Small holdings and free land, or rather land subject to an exceedingly delicate and ingeniously arranged set of "servitudes," have not exempted Guernsey from taxation, nor endowed it with a grammar school, with camellia trees growing freely in the open air, with endless granite quarries gaping towards the streets of London, with sea-wrack at the door for gathering, and fish at the door for catching. They certainly will not endow the hills and bogs of Connemara and the sullen plains that rot around the Shannon with any one of these things. If, as we have suggested, Mr. Shaw Lefevre and his friends could cut neat little pieces out of Ireland, dot them about the English Channel, and shape and finish them nicely to pattern, perhaps something might be done, and the experiment would be interesting. But, as it is, though we certainly shall not say that the Guernsey land system has checked the prosperity of the country, we have made it sufficiently obvious that that prosperity has other causes more than sufficient to account for it. In truth, little as it may suit preconceived notions, the tiller of the ground is at the present day little more than a player of the second fiddle in either of the Channel Islands. He is a useful caterer for the towns which other causes have created, and he derives no little prosperity from them, and from the other sources of emolument we have mentioned. In Ireland, on the other hand—at least in the West and South—he is practically the population. In short, the cases are so utterly different that to attempt to argue from one to the other is impossible. It is even unnecessary to hint at the contrast of temperament between the thrifty Norman peasant and the unthrifty Celt. The distinctions which exist of a character undeniable in point of fact, and not likely to excite any bad blood by mention, are enough to expose the fallacy.

MR. BRIGHT ON NONCONFORMITY.

MR. BRIGHT is nothing if not pugnacious, and the allocution he delivered the other day at the Union (Congregational) Chapel, Islington, by way of preface to Mr. R. W. Dale's course of lectures on the "Origin of Evangelical Nonconformity," forms no exception to the rule. He observed indeed in the course of his address that his own religious creed, like that of most people, probably depended on the accident of birth, but it was for the purpose of immediately adding that "if Churchmen had not imprisoned his forefathers for many years in Bedford gaol," he might have been a Churchman himself. And he began by assuring his hearers that he had from boyhood gloried in being "sprung from the stock of the martyrs and sufferers of two centuries ago," and was afraid his coreligionists were not always sufficiently mindful of their honourable descent. In short his feelings are not, *mutatis mutandis*, very unlike those of the little clique of converts who have lately been agitating for the canonization of the Elizabethan martyrs. Mr. Bright may be a Dissenter by the accident of birth, but he is "not ashamed of it," and would evidently be willing to appropriate the popular Dissenting version of a well-known hymn, with the substitution of Quaker for Baptist:—

> I bless the goodness and the grace
> That o'er my birth hath smiled,
> That I was born of Baptist breed
> And not a Churchman's child.

He is anxious that both Nonconformists and Churchmen should carefully study the history of the origin and course of Nonconformist opinions, that the former may learn how much they have to be proud of, and the latter how much they have to regret. Dissent has grown up, on the one hand, through the noble self-sacrifice of the fathers of Nonconformity to the claims of truth and conscience, and on the other through "the unhappy and narrow policy" of the Churchmen who for ages cruelly and vainly persecuted them. The Dissenters have been "the great advancing and reforming force in English political life," the great pioneers and champions of "civil and religious liberty." Now we have no intention of disparaging the moral and political forces which the Puritan element may have contributed to the development of our national life; still less do we desire to justify the feelings of dread and hate and contempt of Dissent which Mr. Bright—somewhat gratuitously perhaps—is pleased to attribute to the Church. No well-informed and reasonable Churchman can wish to deny that the Puritans of the seventeenth century did good service, if not quite in the way they intended, in resisting the absolutism of the Stuarts, or that the Wesleyans of the last century deserve credit for reviving a religious spirit in a period of spiritual deadness. But these admissions, if we may judge from his discourse, would by no means satisfy Mr. Bright. The burden of his tale is that, ever since Nonconformity began—and that, as Mr. Dale reminds us, was in the reign of Queen Elizabeth—the English Church has been persecuting Nonconformists, though not quite so badly as the French Church persecuted Protestants, while the martyrs and sufferers for conscience sake have been testifying through evil report and good report to the great and sacred cause of civil and religious liberty. This view of the matter is at least quite as unhistorical as that which would represent the Church as always ideally perfect, while all heretics and schismatics were simply wicked rebels against the reign of holiness and truth.

The first remark that occurs to one is that the persecuting power, generally speaking, was not the Church of England as a religious body at all. And so much as this would certainly seem to follow from Mr. Bright's not very polite description of Anglicanism as "a system of religion which has been built up, not on the foundation laid down by the Prophets and Apostles of old, but rather on a foundation laid for political purposes by monarchs and statesmen." To whatever extent this may be true, it goes to show—what is really in the main the fact both as to English and French intolerance of Dissent from the dominant faith—that monarchs and statesmen rather than Churchmen were the persecutors, and that their motives were chiefly political. Moreover, if there was ever a time to which Mr. Bright's description applies, it was notably the reign of Queen Elizabeth—by far the most Erastian period of English Church history—and that is just the period Mr. Dale dwelt upon, not without some justice, to illustrate the persecution of the Puritans. He made indeed the odd remark that the Queen "only kept the peace between Catholics and Protestants" while she persecuted Puritans. But his acquaintance with the history of her reign must be something less than moderate if he is not aware that Elizabeth "kept the peace between Catholics

and Protestants," in just the same way as between Churchmen and Puritans, only by fining, imprisoning, or executing those who refused to conform to the established worship. The only difference was that the persecution of Roman Catholics was by far the severer of the two, partly from their suspected complicity with foreign designs against the English Crown, partly because the Queen's policy at first was to conciliate the Puritans as far as possible, and hence their leading men, like Cartwright and Travers, and many others besides, were allowed to act as preachers and beneficed ministers, though without episcopal ordination. It was not until their "discontent," as Mr. Dale terms it, took a form which no Government in that age was likely to tolerate that they were at length put down. And this leads us to a further observation, which Mr. Bright has altogether lost sight of, or rather which he throughout implicitly contradicts. To his mind "the fathers of Nonconformity" were martyrs for the principle of civil and religious liberty. There was really no principle they more heartily detested or more unequivocally condemned. We will not now refer to the opinions of the leading Reformers, like Luther, Calvin, and Knox. Every one who knows anything of the subject is aware that they one and all denounced the toleration of heresy—that is, of whatever they adjudged to be such—in language not unworthy of Torquemada, and acted consistently on their avowed convictions whenever opportunity occurred. But Mr. Bright may not care to include the Reformers in his spiritual ancestry, and we will confine ourselves here to the testimony of Puritans and Nonconformists, with whom he is immediately concerned.

Now the sort of language in which the Elizabethan Puritans expressed their yearning for the sweet reasonableness of civil and religious liberty was of this kind, as it is cited in Strype; we venture to italicize a few words. "Our bishops and proud, popish, presumptuous, petty, pestilent, and pernicious prelates, *are usurpers*. They are cogging and cozening knaves. The bishops will lie like dogs, impudent, shameless, wainscoat-faced bishops." And again, "Our lord bishops, as John of Canterbury [Whitgift], with the rest of such swinish rabble, are petty Anti-christs, petty popes, proud prelates, *enemies to the Gospel*, and most covetous, wretched priests." This was the language of claimants not for toleration but for absolute and exclusive dominion. And they made no secret of it. "The Puritan preachers would have all the remnants and relics of Anti-christ *banished out of the Church*, and not so much as a lord bishop (no not his Grace himself), dumb minister (no not dumb John of London himself), non-resident, archdeacon, abbey-lubber, or any such loiterer, tolerated in our ministry." Even John Milton, in his *Treatise on Reformation*, deliberately consigned all the English bishops, "after a shameful life in this world, to the darkest and deepest gulf of hell," where he proceeds to depict their future torments with a minute and horrible particularity into which our regard for our readers will not allow us to follow him. It is hardly necessary to add that the Puritan aspirations of Elizabeth's reign took an exceedingly practical shape, which served to illustrate their true significance a generation or two afterwards. But the genuine temper of the early Nonconformists, whose history Mr. Bright is so desirous that both Churchmen and Dissenters should more thoroughly master, may be still better illustrated if we follow them across the Atlantic. If there was any set of men who might *a priori* have been expected to practise toleration towards others, surely those who had felt bound to expatriate themselves for conscience sake should have been taught by their antecedents to do so. Yet the "pilgrim fathers," when once settled in New England, became the most ruthless of persecutors, and that too—as Bishop Wilberforce points out in his *History of the American Church*—"years after the true doctrine of toleration had been carried out in Maryland" by Roman Catholic settlers, where "all who professed the faith of Christ were allowed the free exercise of their religion, as long as Romanism was the dominant belief." In New England, on the contrary, "the Puritan magistrates used without scruple the very arms of which at home they had made the loudest complaints." And they did this systematically and on principle. "To say that men ought to have liberty of conscience is impious ignorance," says one of their great authorities. "Religion admits of no eccentricities," says another. "For the security of the flock," says a third, "we pen up the wolf." The use of the Common Prayer-book was rigidly suppressed, but neither did Mr. Bright's spiritual forefathers find any more merciful treatment. "No food," says one of the laws, "shall be allowed a Quaker, Adamite, or other heretic." A whole family was expelled from the town of Salem because its head was confessedly "a dam-ned Quaker." Anabaptists were fined or "whipped unmercifully"; absence from "the ministry of the word" was severely punished by the very persons who in England had bitterly complained of being compelled to attend their parish church. But "the accursed sect of Friends" were the most severely dealt with of all. They were regarded as "energumens"—*i.e.* possessed with devils—and the law ordered that, "if any man turn Quaker, he shall be banished, and not suffered to return *on pain of death*." And many Quakers were actually put to death for their religion in New England, until an order from Charles II. brought this violence to a close. We commend these facts to the attention of the future students of the "origin and career" of Nonconformity, who will be obliged, we fear, if "sprung from the stock of the martyrs," to confess that they are also sprung from the stock of the persecutors.

Mr. Bright quotes with approval a highly characteristic passage from Macaulay—not perhaps the most unimpeachable witness on such a question—to the effect that "it is unquestionable, and a most instructive fact, that the years during which the political power of the Anglican hierarchy was at the zenith were precisely the years during which national virtue was at the lowest point." The reference of course is to the era of the Restoration, and, considering the abundant and obvious ways of accounting for the general demoralization of that age, quite apart from the influence of the Caroline bishops, the implied argument of *post hoc, propter hoc* will probably appear to those who approach the subject from a somewhat less onesided point of view than Lord Macaulay or Mr. Bright, closely akin to the typical fallacy of the old logic books, *Cometa fulsit, bellum erit*. At the period on which Mr. Dale especially dwelt the influence of the Anglican hierarchy was not at its zenith but at its nadir, as well from the dominant Erastianism of the time as from the indifferent character of too many of the Elizabethan bishops, to which Mr. Hallam calls attention, but which was of course chiefly the fault of those who appointed them. It was a time when the Queen was in the habit of treating her "proud prelates," whom she was fond of assuring that she could "frock or unfrock" them at her pleasure, in a way in which no footman would in this day endure to be treated by his master. Yet we fear, if contemporary authorities are to be trusted, "national virtue" was not then at a much higher point, in spite of the impotence of the hierarchy, than at the later period when their increased influence—which was partly due to their own much higher character—worked so disastrously, according to Macaulay, on the morals of the nation. And the persecution of the Puritans was at least as severe under Elizabeth as under Charles II. Nor does Mr. Bright seem to us happier in his estimate of the present than of the past relations of Churchmen to Dissenters. He is unable to conceive "why the Church should so dread, and hate, and despise Dissent," which entertains, we are left to infer, none but the most amicable sentiments towards the Church. But the only detailed evidence he adduces of this hatred and contempt does not strike us as very convincing. It seems that some years ago Mr. Bright met a clergyman from Warwickshire, who professed to be very liberal towards Dissenters, but, when asked why he did not occasionally attend the Dissenting chapel in his parish, "he fell back upon what he called his Orders, his Apostolical Succession"—a statement received with cheers and laughter by the audience. The joke is, however, scarcely obvious. Mr. Bright, as a Quaker, naturally looks upon orders, and sacraments, and Apostolical Succession as all moonshine, and nobody challenges his right to his own opinion on the subject. But why should not the Warwickshire clergyman have an equal right to his opinion, which happens also to accord with the teaching of his Church and the belief of the great majority of the Christian world? Or why should it be thought a conclusive proof of his narrow and bigoted hatred of Dissent that, after preaching to his parishioners in the morning, he does not feel called upon to go and hear the not perhaps very savoury truths which his dear Dissenting brother of Little Bethel may be desirous of impressing upon him in the evening? The position and attitude of the Bishops in the House of Lords is another question, on which we have no room to enter here, and moreover it is not, properly speaking, a question between Church and Dissent. There are Churchmen who agree with Mr. Bright in thinking that it would be better for the Bishops to be exclusively devoted to their spiritual work, and there are countries where the chief official representatives of episcopal and non-episcopal Churches sit side by side in the Upper House of the Legislature. But as the mere name of Bishops appears to produce on Mr. Bright very much the same impression as the sight of a red rag on a bull, it it is perhaps fortunate both for them and for himself that he is, to use his own phrase, "a product of Nonconformity," and need not therefore be brought into too close contact with the disturbing spectacle of lawn sleeves. However deplorable it may be that "the people of this country are parted into two great divisions, the Church and the Dissenters," it is surely as well, if they cannot unite, to let them agree to differ. That end will hardly be promoted by urging on Dissenters with varied and elaborate emphasis that, whenever they choose to trail their coat-tails, the Church may be trusted to tread upon them.

BURGLARS IN COUNTRY PLACES.

AMONG the public benefactors who relieve the tedium of country life burglars may surely claim a prominent position. When there has been no contested election, or colliery accident, or run upon a bank in a rural district for some years, the inhabitants naturally feel a want, and that want is well supplied by a burglar panic. Many ladies live in perpetual dread of robbers; but, although reports of recent burglaries increase their fears, they afford them a large amount of satisfaction. It is a pleasure to them to feel that it is not for nothing that they have looked under their beds for so many years and disturbed their husbands so often when they fancied that they heard that vague but terrible horror, "a noise." The laugh is now turned against the unbelieving male sex who formerly scouted the very idea of the much-dreaded robbers. During a robber panic the female element is decidedly in the ascendant, and the defeated sceptics are obliged to eat humble pie and buy revolvers at their gunsmiths. Above all, the hitherto unheeded victims of chronic terror have the intense gratification of saying to their husbands and brothers "I told you so."

In the depth of winter some country gentleman finds on returning home after a month's absence that mysterious footmarks had been noticed in one of the rooms. His sagacious butler had allowed a week to elapse before communicating with the police upon the subject, and after another day or two one of the rural constabulary had paid a visit to his house to investigate the matter. Over a friendly glass of beer in the pantry, the officer of justice had asked the butler his opinion on the subject, and that functionary had attributed the appearance of the footmarks either directly or indirectly to "them servant women," of whom he entertained a profound detestation. Finishing his second "half pint," the policeman observed that he thought so too. *Causa finita est.* The master, however, takes a different view of the affair; and after due examination of the case he comes to the conclusion that there is strong *primâ facie* evidence of a burglary having been attempted, and only frustrated by the disturbance of the intending thieves. But this opinion is to little purpose. The matter has been already settled in the pantry, and the police and the servants treat the views of the master with scorn. The superintendent assures him that the supposed robbers can only have been "followers," and pooh-poohs the whole affair. In a few days, however, news comes of a serious robbery of plate in a neighbouring rectory, and then the whole aspect of things is changed. The local papers announce the "Daring Robbery," and there is terror among ladies and servants. Before people have had time to get over their first alarm, another burglary is reported as having taken place at a house twenty miles off, and then another attempt is heard of at a place close at hand. A regular panic now sets in. People talk about little else but the burglars, and even men awaken to a sense of danger. Paterfamilias proceeds to put his house into a state of defence. He buys bells for his shutters, and revolvers for himself and his men-servants. He makes all kinds of arrangements with strings and wires which shall indicate the arrival of any nocturnal intruder. Truckle-beds are made up for the men in studies and libraries, and alarums are connected with door-handles. Gamekeepers and gamewatchers are told off for outpost duty, gardeners are placed as sentinels during the dinner hour—a proverbially dangerous time—and terriers, pugs, and poodles are carried off to bedrooms as protections by the ladies and gentlemen of the household. The gunsmith does a brisk trade in pistols, and the ironmonger displays a tempting thief-proof safe in his doorway. The wildest rumours are spread abroad of robberies which have never taken place, of deadly encounters which have never occurred, and of wholesale captures of burglars who are still at large. There are other stories in circulation which are more veracious. A servant who had been posted in a downstairs apartment with a double-barrelled gun was disturbed in his midnight slumbers by the sound of footsteps. Rushing to his window, which he opened, he observed a figure standing between two bushes at a few yards' distance. "Who are you?" said the servant; and receiving no answer, added, "If you don't speak I'll fire." In a few moments he discharged his gun at the legs of the figure, and when the smoke had cleared away and the male portion of the household had rushed to the rescue clothed in night attire and armed with firearms and clubs, it was discovered that the faithful guardian had shot a favourite pony in the legs. One gentleman had surrounded his house with wires which were tightened at a certain hour every evening and connected with spring guns. Contented with his security and oblivious of his ingenious defensive contrivances, he one night went out to see whether it was freezing, and while pacing about near his door he touched one of the treacherous wires, when there was instantaneously a terrific explosion close to his ear, and before he had fairly recovered from the surprise, he narrowly escaped receiving a severe blow on the head from a servant who had hurried to the spot on hearing the noise. Another gentleman who had taken no special precautions against thieves, on getting into bed, distinctly heard a steady filing going on in a room below. The stories of recent burglaries immediately flashed across his mind in their most ghastly form. Lacking a better weapon, he thrust the poker between the bars of the grate, while he bedecked himself in slippers, evening trousers, and a long dressing-gown of Oriental fabric. Looking out of the window, he perceived a faint glimmer from the room beneath, and the filing was more distinct than ever. Despite the entreaties of his wife, he sallied forth to the fray, bed-candle in one hand and red-hot poker in the other. On arriving at the door of the suspected room he could see the reflection of a light beneath the door, and on trying the handle found it locked on the inside. The filing, which had been proceeding very briskly as he reached the door, now ceased altogether. There was an awful pause of a moment's duration, after which, with true British pluck, he burst the door open with two mighty kicks—to find his butler sitting in his pantry engaged in decorative wood-carving. As may be easily imagined, that valuable servant thought that what a recent writer calls "the devil of Scripture" had come for him, when the gorgeously dressed figure of his master brandishing his fiery wand burst with a crash into his chamber.

There is, however, an aspect of a burglar-panic which is far from comic. When, after an hour's peaceful sleep, one is disturbed by one's wife, one's troubles begin. We ask what she is doing. "Listening" is her reply. The suggestion that she should lie down and go to sleep is snubbed by an authoritative but alarming "Hush." Nature asserts itself and we again doze, to be immediately awakened by the words, "I am quite sure I heard a noise." We offer to get up and take a walk through the house to see if any thieves are in it. "Oh, no, for goodness' sake don't do that," is the reply. Of course one gets a refreshing night's rest after this little episode. On another night, at two in the morning, one of the dogs is heard to bark. We look round, and finding all quiet, give it as our opinion that he must have heard the gamekeeper walking round the house, or that, if some thieves had come with burglarious designs, they have been certainly frightened away by his barking. His furious noise gradually subsides into occasional melancholy "yaps," until, after a dismal howl or two, he becomes silent. At last we drop off to sleep, but in a few minutes we are once more disturbed with, "My dear, there is that dog again." On one occasion there could be no doubt that a noise had been really heard, and we had been allowed to venture forth with plenary powers. After examining the lower part of the house we had taken a dark lantern, and had sallied forth and made a tour of the outside of the building. After a fruitless search for thieves and vagabonds, we had returned to our room, and had just settled down again with a satisfactory sense of our virtuous and gallant conduct, when we were aroused by a violent knocking at the front door and jingling of the hall bell. On going downstairs—we may observe that not one of the servants heard the deafening noise—we found two officious policemen at the porch, who had come with the valuable information that they had lately seen a man with a dark lantern walk round the house and enter it.

We must say a word about the houses which the burglars enter. A house is well furnished with men and revolvers, double-barrelled guns, and alarums. After a particularly comfortable and quiet night it is discovered by the housemaids when they go downstairs in the morning that it has been broken into. A piece had been cut out of a plate-glass window and the catch quietly opened. The shutters had offered but little resistance. All the drawers in the room were lying open. The silver tops had been removed from some inkstands, and a few odds and ends had disappeared. The door of the room first entered had been locked on the outer side; but a neat square hole had been cut in the panel by means of a large gimlet and a sharp knife, and through this hole some person unknown had quietly slipped his hand and turned the key. Then the other rooms downstairs have been searched, and some few things have been stolen; but, on the whole, little of value has been taken. The thieves have unaccountably missed things which would have proved rich booty. They have opened drawers in which were bags or purses of money without noticing them; they have walked off with plated goods which they evidently imagined to be silver, and have left massive silver ornaments which they probably considered too large to be real. Altogether, having one's house broken into, considering the risks run, seems oftener than not to be a comparatively harmless affair.

One day the exciting news is spread abroad that a burglar has been caught. Almost accidentally the poor man has fallen within the clutches of the police. It is a matter of good luck rather than cunning, but by some means or other he has tumbled into their hands, and is in the lock-up. There is immense delight and excitement among the inhabitants of the district. The thing is as good as a Cetewayo-hunt. The whole population crowd the square to catch a glimpse of the malefactor as he is taken from the lock-up to the police-court. Ladies sit on the bench to feast their eyes with gazing on the cause of their bad nights. The biggest policeman in the local force stands behind the culprit in the dock. An ordinary screw-driver, some large gimlets, and a chisel that were found upon him are examined with as much interest as if they were antiquities from Mitylene or the jade tools of our Aryan forefathers. In the prison the burglar cannot resist the temptation of inflicting a little chaff upon the country constables, a force for which he entertains a supreme contempt. It is a satisfaction to him to feel that his capture was owing to a mere accident, or possibly to the over-developed art of photography, and not to the exertions of the local police or to any careless or slovenly workmanship on his part. He is pardonably proud of his skill in his craft, and even when standing in the dock feels himself to be a hero. He is perfectly aware that the leading journals will give him a certain back-handed praise in describing his misdeeds, to say nothing of the glories of *The Police News*, and in his penal servitude he will reflect with pleasure upon his notoriety.

After the climax of the capture of the burglar, the panic subsides with wonderful rapidity, although the rest of the gang are still at large. Revolvers are allowed to get rusty, servants take little more trouble than before about fastening window or shutter catches, and ladies abstain (till the next time) from hearing noises in the small hours of the morning.

WASTE OF JUDICIAL POWER.

MISAPPLICATION and waste of power is always a thing to be deplored, especially when the power misapplied and wasted in one direction is urgently needed in another. The general who, having twenty thousand men wherewith to meet two hostile forces of nineteen thousand and one thousand respectively, should confront the larger force with only one thousand men and despatch the residue against the enemy's smaller body, would be justly regarded as a madman; while a contractor who set five hundred men to do the work of ten, and ten to do the work of five hundred, would not be likely to make his fortune. Such, however, are practically the tactics adopted with reference to the trans-

action of judicial business. There are eighteen judges on the bench whose office is to try Common Law and criminal cases, fifteen of these being judges, so to speak, of first instance, and three members of the Court of Appeal. When all these eighteen judges are at work in town, they have as much as they can do to keep pace with the business assigned to them. They have to provide for the Court of Appeal, three Divisional Courts, *nisi prius* trials in London and Westminster, Judges' Chambers, and the Central Criminal Court. At the present moment there are six hundred causes for trial at Westminster alone, besides arrears at Guildhall, in the Divisional Courts, and before the Court of Appeal. And yet, in the face of this pressing need, the metropolis is wellnigh denuded of Common Law judges. Fourteen out of the eighteen are away, one is ill, and three alone are left to do what they can against the ever-accumulating mass of London business. Of course they can do little or nothing. One sits steadily at Chambers, the other two constitute an occasional Divisional Court, or nibble at the cause list; while of these three, two have been lately requisitioned to conduct the Surrey Assizes, leaving for the time being one solitary judge to represent the whole Common Law staff at head-quarters. Such is the dearth of judges that an unlucky suitor who desired the other day to appeal against a decision of the judge at Chambers in a matter requiring speedy determination was fain to betake himself to the Court of Appeal in Chancery as being the nearest thing he could find to a Divisional Court of Common Law, where of course he met with the answer that the Court could do nothing for him. Here was an absolute miscarriage of justice—an appeal given by the law, and yet practically unattainable. The point in the particular case was, if we remember right, an application for a prohibition to a County Court, and, considering how exceedingly well County Court judges, as a rule, know and do their work, probably no substantial harm was done; but the question might have been one of "discovery" or some other of those intermediate proceedings which so often predetermine the fate of a cause.

So far at least as Common Law business is concerned, London is worse off now than in the Long Vacation, inasmuch as there is but one judge at Chambers, and a great deal more for him to do than could possibly arise between August and October, while the chance of appealing within a given time from a decision of that judge when it is obtained depends, as shown in the above instance, upon the assembling of a Divisional Court pretty nearly as uncertain as that which is supposed to meet in the Long Vacation. Moreover, there are the feelings of the suitors in London and Westminster to be considered. In the six hundred causes at Westminster alone there must be at least six hundred people who are either being kept out of their rights or have unfounded actions hanging over their heads, according as the plaintiff or the defendant is in the right—a not inconsiderable item of human inconvenience which ought to carry some weight; and, unfortunately, the two judges who might have done something, however small, towards alleviating this block, both found themselves at the outset involved in well-nigh interminable cases, which occupied many days and prevented any appreciable impression being made on the list. Where is the golden promise of the Judicature Acts as to continuous sittings in London and Westminster? Gog and Magog are the sole tenants, for aught lawyers know, of Guildhall, and day after day the law notices for Westminster consist of little or nothing beyond the ominous announcement, "The Court will not sit in banc to-day," "There will be no *nisi prius* sitting of the Court to-day."

Of course, if it could be demonstrated that the absent judges were well employed elsewhere, there would be no fair ground for complaint, and Londoners would have to put up with the inconvenience they suffer; but the assize reports go very far to prove that a waste and misapplication of force is taking place which is but slightly exaggerated by the imaginary illustrations we adduced at the outset of this article. The eighteen absent judges were despatched a month or so ago on the full winter circuit; that is to say, the assize town in each county of England and Wales has to be visited by one, or, in the large majority of cases, two judges, for the trial of such prisoners as may be found there, and such causes as may be entered there. To receive these judges with due honour as Her Majesty's representatives, the whole array of high sheriff, undersheriffs, chaplain, trumpeters, state carriage and horses, coachmen and footmen, has to be in readiness at each assize town, and fitting lodgings must be prepared for them under pains and penalties. Each judge has, for his part, to transport his personal staff with him, while the nation, at a cost of 75*l.*, considerately supplies him with a marshal to bear him company. Now the least that could be expected is that these elaborate preparations should not be wasted, that this complicated machinery should not be set to grind wind. Yet, at a very large proportion of the assize towns this circuit, this has practically been the case. There is, unfortunately, no possibility of ascertaining, at the time the circuits are fixed, what amount of business is likely to present itself at each place; and it is perhaps too much to expect that persons will commit crimes or institute actions for the sole purpose of affording employment to Her Majesty's judges of assize. Anyhow, the assize reports present a lamentable series of covers, so to speak, drawn blank, or nearly so. To cull but a few from the numerous instances; at Aylesbury there were no causes, and only two prisoners; at Bodmin the whole business, civil and criminal, was over by half-past four the first day; at Huntingdon there was one cause, and one criminal charge in which the grand jury threw out the bill; Nottingham afforded two criminal cases only; at Oakham and Welshpool there was nothing whatever for the judges to do, while in many other places one or more days had to be passed by one or both of the judges in enforced idleness. The culminating absurdity was reached at Beaumaris. There was only one prisoner to be tried there, for a trifling offence, and he was by chance imprisoned at Carnarvon, where the assizes had just concluded. There was nothing for it, however, but that the judge, with all his following, should cross the Straits, taking the solitary culprit with him, and, with the assistance of the Anglesey high sheriff, grand and petty jury, hold a solemn court at Beaumaris for the trial of this one man.

Judges are, as a rule, a long-suffering body, and consider themselves bound in ordinary circumstances to do as they are told, and to carry out their instructions without questioning the wisdom of those instructions. But it fell to the lot of Mr. Justice Stephen to have to go through the solemn farce of opening the Commission at Oakham on the occasion above referred to, and the righteous soul of that most conscientious judge was vexed at the absurdity of his own position, and the anomaly of his being where he was not wanted instead of where he was wanted; so that, having nothing else for himself or the Grand Jury to do, he could not refrain from expressing to them his views on the present state of affairs. As his remarks have already been before the public, there is no need to recapitulate them at length. In substance they were to the following effect. Up to 1876 there were two annual circuits, one in the spring and the other in the summer, at which civil and criminal business was transacted at every assize town throughout England and Wales. A winter circuit also existed almost exclusively for criminal cases, which was only held in counties where there were a sufficiency of prisoners to make it worth while. This was found to weigh heavily upon persons ill-advised enough to commit serious offences in unimportant counties, inasmuch as, to use Mr. Justice Stephen's own illustration, a man charged in August with committing murder in Rutland might have to lie in gaol till the following March, though he might be ultimately acquitted. To remedy this grievance an Act was passed in 1876 empowering the Crown to take steps to amalgamate counties into assize-centres for the purpose of the winter assizes. By reason of the economy thus attained the Legislature saw its way to affording another criminal assize in the autumn, and in 1877 an Act was passed authorizing a similar grouping in the months of September and October. Finally, in 1879, another Act was passed providing for the same amalgamation at the spring circuit, provided that in any case assizes should be held in each county twice a year. On account of this proviso and on account of the above-enumerated Acts applying only to criminal business, it has been the practice to consolidate the assizes on the spring and autumn circuits, and retain them in their original form for the summer and winter circuits. The experience, however, of the present winter circuit seems to point to the necessity for some further remodelling of the system. Mr. Justice Stephen suggests a remedy. "Apply," he says, "to all the circuits, and to both civil and criminal business, the principle of the Winter Assize Acts." He pointed out how a short Act embodying this principle would rid the Statute book of three superfluous Acts, and at least tend to obviate such anomalies as maiden assizes. If a tendency in the opposite direction developed itself, and the agglomerated criminal business of several adjacent counties assumed inconvenient proportions, the difficulty might be met by a rectification of the present somewhat unscientific frontier of the respective jurisdictions of assizes and sessions, which should reduce the work allotted exclusively to the former tribunals. We do not altogether advocate any extension of the jurisdiction of sessions as at present constituted. The existing list of offences triable at sessions contains quite as many serious offences as it appears wise to submit to the adjudication of bodies, many of which do not include a single member possessed of special legal training. But, as we have said, the classification of offences into those triable at sessions and those not so triable is arbitrary, and very possibly a re-classification might be accomplished, which, together with the adoption of a scheme for holding the sessions immediately before the assizes, would keep within reasonable limits the criminal work to be got through on circuit. With regard to the civil business, the statistics of the present circuit would seem to afford a reasonable expectation that, even lumping two or three counties together, the judges would be competent to cope with any number of causes likely to be submitted to them, especially if, as Mr. Justice Stephen appears to suggest, civil business were to be taken at all assizes, so as to avoid accumulation. Moreover, civil business on circuit frequently includes causes which have no earthly connexion with the county in which the assize is held, the venue being laid in that particular county for the convenience of the plaintiff or of both parties. Judges frequently complain of this abuse of the circuit system as a hardship upon county jurors, who have to sit and hear cases not legitimately within their duties; and a reformation in this respect would effect a saving of time on circuit, while redressing a wrong of which county jurors are justly intolerant. Then the continually advancing jurisdiction of County Courts has eat largely into the materials of assize causes, and from all accounts is likely to do so still further. Finally, the facilities of railway travelling are such that after all it is not such a very great hardship if suitors are gradually brought to look to London as the main seat of justice. Save for the Palatine Courts, all Chancery cases have to be tried in London, and though there is a difference between them and Common Law trials, inasmuch as the attendance of the parties and their

witnesses is not so invariably required in the former as in the latter, the difference is not now one of so vital importance as in the days when a journey to the metropolis was a matter of considerable expense and risk. If fewer judges had to be told off for circuit duty, and if those judges were enabled to get through their work without waste of time, there would be more left to get through the cause lists in town, and the main source of expense to country suitors who bring their cases to London—namely, the maintenance of themselves and their witnesses while waiting for the cause to be reached—would be to a very great extent avoided. At any rate the experiment suggested by Mr. Justice Stephen seems worth trying, if only to obviate the recurrence of such absurdities as have taken place this circuit, and which must tend to bring the administration of justice into ridicule. The proposed Act might be worked, like the existing ones, by means of Orders in Council, which could be issued for specified periods only, and thus, if the experiment proved unsuccessful, the old method could be reverted to without the necessity of fresh resort to Parliament.

ST. JOHN OF RYLO.

II.

THE precise date of the foundation of the monastery is uncertain; but it was towards the end of the tenth century, and during the reign of the warlike Simeon, son of Boris, the first Christian among Bulgarian monarchs, that St. John, afterwards named of Rylo, but born of village parents on the plain of Sofia, being dissatisfied with the ordinary routine of the priestly life which he had already embraced, betook himself in quest of higher things to a life of absolute seclusion and uninterrupted prayer in the mountains. The exposed and easily ascended slopes of Vitos—too near, also, it might be, to his native hamlet of Skrino—not affording the retreat he desired, the future saint sought and found a securer concealment among the crags and forests of Rylo; and there in a cave, not far distant from where the monastery now stands, he passed twenty years, his existence unknown to all except to a pious shepherd who supplied him with his daily bread through a rift in the cavern roof. The grotto has since been changed into a chapel, where a monk, who lives ensconced in the rock close by, officiates; pilgrims often visit the spot, and revere the stone-hewn sarcophagus in which the body of the saint is said to have made its first resting place after death. Quitting the cave, for whatever reason, St. John next took up his quarters in a hollow tree; this, too, after a time, he left, and passed the last seven years of his life on the summit of the precipitous rock that overhangs the monastery of his name. Towards the close of his life the fame of his sanctity, amply attested by the customary miracles of hagiographic legend, spread far and wide, till it attracted the Czar Peter himself, son of Simeon, to pay him a visit in person. Not long after, in the year 946, he died, having, in spite or in consequence of his austerities, attained seventy years of age, and eclipsed every ascetic competitor—and of such there were many during the first fervours of Bulgarian Christianity—not merely in the wonders, but still more in the abiding results, of his long career.

Even during his lifetime numerous disciples, amongst whom the most renowned was the young Lucas, a very popular saint whose relics are venerated in a small mountain chapel near the hermitage of his master, had gathered round him; and it was not long before the monastery into which they coalesced obtained the acknowledged primacy among all other national Lauras, and, by a natural result, drew pre-eminently to itself the devotion and the wealth of Bulgaria and her kings. Asen II., the most powerful monarch of the third, or Bulgaro-Wallachian, dynasty that reigned at Tirnova, with his successors, vied in munificence towards the holy place; nor were the monks of St. John wholly undeserving of the bounties they shared. Fifty zealous preachers, sent forth from their mountain cloister in yearly succession to every town and village of Bulgaria (a denomination in which Thrace and Macedonia were then included), maintained the national faith in something of its primitive steadfastness against the conjoined attacks of Latins, Paulicians, and Islam; while a goodly number of subsidiary convents, some of which, in the plain of Sofia, exist to this day, owed not only their foundation, but their maintenance, to the parent monastery of St. John of Rylo. It was at this time that the heroic Relza, lord of the Strymniza province, and alternately rebel and vassal to the Servian monarch Stephen Dushan, after a long and brilliant career of arms, abandoned his princedom for ascetic quiet within the holy walls, where he constructed, it is said, the tower and chapel that yet bear his name, and died a monk in the habit and discipline of the Bulgarian brotherhood.

Half a century later this very tower, with its ribbed walls of massive stone, was all that remained of the monastery of St. John; the rest of the edifice, then not improbably in great part of wood, had been consumed by fire, and the monks butchered by the soldiery of Sultan Bayazid. But after another half-century of desolation, the ruins were visited by three brothers of noble family—Joseph, David, and Theophanes—who left their native home at Krupnik in Macedonia to assume the austerities of hermit life, where St. John had first set the example. Gradually others joined them, till, nearly seventy years after its destruction, the monastery was formally reconstituted by a firman obtained, tradition says, through female influence from Mahomet II., and was reconsecrated by the timely presence of the relics, genuine or supposed, of St. John himself, brought back with solemn pomp from Tirnova, where they had long lain neglected among the ruins of the patriarchal cathedral, and now at last replaced in their proper sanctuary. Each stage of the procession from Tirnova to Rylo is faithfully chronicled in Bulgarian annals; and the halting-place where the bearers rested with their sacred charge on the final mountain ascent, is yet marked out by popular veneration; while the Feast of the Translation of St. John of Rylo, which coincides with that of the Apostles Peter and Paul, is a favourite day of pilgrimage to the shrine of the national patron.

That shrine is now enclosed within the walls of the stateliest church Bulgaria can boast; a church worthy both in dimensions and style of the great monastery it adorns. The length of the building, which stands isolated in the midst of the quadrangle, is a hundred and thirty feet, exclusive of the wide open-arched portico that surrounds it on three sides; the breadth of the nave is a little over sixty feet; the extreme height from the pavement to the cross that tops the central cupola, about eighty. The portico, a graceful arcade constructed of various-coloured marbles hewn in the neighbouring Balkans, shelters the curious fresco paintings with which the outer walls of the church itself are decorated or defaced. One series represents to the gazing pilgrim crowd the life and miracles of the Saint and his disciples; here St. John supplies the defects of the Bulgarian commissariat by miraculously feeding his country's helmeted defenders; there he is no less miraculously fed himself; here he expels demons; there he holds converse with kings; another series exhibits the various seductions of wicked demons, tempting men, women, and even children to sin—the devils very varied and hideous; the joys of Paradise, the terrors of the Last Judgment, the tortures of Hell, all portrayed in the most materialistic imagery, form a third series; while a fourth reproduces the principal parables of Gospel record. One group in particular, that of the Angel of Death requiring the rich man's soul from him at an hour's notice, is considered the masterpiece of the entire collection—it is certainly the biggest. The colouring, it need hardly be said, is throughout better than the drawing; but the latter, even when at its worst, displays a certain freedom of touch and a creditable attempt at realism in form and perspective, which suggest, with time and study, a possibility of artistic improvement wholly absent from the stereotyped symbolism of the Byzantine school.

The interior of the church deserves less qualified praise. Slender marble columns, supporting arches of bold span; light judiciously supplied from above; a roof vaulted into five shapely cupolas; breadth well balanced by height, and strength combined with grace—such are the distinctive features of a building constructed wholly by Bulgarian architects, themselves simple village craftsmen and disciples of no school except that of utility, good sense, and a strong innate feeling for design and ornament. The system of these builders was the same that, to quote Mr. Fergusson in his well-known work, "prevailed since the art first dawned, in Egypt, in Greece, in Rome, in Asia, and in all Europe down to the sixteenth century"; and it had here the same successful result as elsewhere. It is a system destined, there is too much cause to fear, soon to pass away from Bulgarian architecture before the contagion of European imitation and the demon that whispers "Have a taste"; before the apings of sham Classic, sham Gothic, sham Byzantine, and whatever else the models of Paris or Petersburg may supply. But should Bulgaria, true to her unbroken traditions, content herself with cultivating her own native store of constructive and decorative skill, she may yet achieve the task of solving the problem which has long baffled alike Turk and modern Greek, that of how to adapt the laws of architecture, taken in its wider sense, to the exigencies of modern thought and life under the sky and amid the climate and scenery of the Balkan Peninsula.

Inside the church the wood-carving of image-screen, pulpit, and stalls—imitative almost exclusively of fruit and foliage—is in the best style of Bulgarian workmanship, though the gilding with which it is covered detracts somewhat from the effectiveness of the execution. But, indeed, there is scarcely a square inch throughout the whole wall-surface of the interior that is not either overlaid with gilding or bright colour. In front of the Iconostasis, a wooden chest, covered with a pall of embroidered cloth, contains the relics of the patron saint, rarely exposed to view; a few votive offerings—silver candlesticks, lamps, censers, and pictures by Roumanian or Russian artists—are placed close by. The pavement is of variegated marble; a huge round slab placed under the span of each cupola bears the name of one or other of the mason architects, else unrecorded, whose joint labour reared the building. The date of its completion was 1844.

Near the church and also within the monastery court stands the square stone tower often, though erroneously, called after the Servian monarch Stephen Dushan, during whose reign it was erected by his tributary chief or vassal, the Macedonian Relza. Outside, the tower is fluted with lancet-formed bays, three on each side, and crowned with a machicolated parapet; the low door that gives entrance to the interior is placed at a considerable distance above the ground, so as to require the help of a wooden stair or ladder from without—no unusual precaution in buildings of early date. Within, the tower is divided into seven stories, the lowest of which formerly served, and may yet, it is said, occasionally serve, as a prison for conventual ill-doers; it is a dark oubliette worthy of a mediæval castle; above this four successive stories,

each consisting of a single room with narrow loopholes in place of windows, tell of defence rather than of comfort. Evidently it was a tower of refuge in the intention of the builder, but one that could not have held out many days. The uppermost story but one is partitioned into two rooms, and enjoys a more liberal allowance of air and light; it may have served as a dwelling-place for the old ex-warrior monk; above it is a small stone chapel surrounded by a low gallery; here Relza, tradition tells, performed his daily devotions. No contemporary inscription or carved symbol tells of person or date; an omission unfortunately common throughout the whole of Bulgaria, where the very Turkish tombstones, the most unfailing, if not the most trustworthy, recorders elsewhere, are almost always blank. It is not easy to say why it should be so. On the contrary, a mania for inscriptions has seized on the country of late years, and there is scarcely a fountain, an arch, a lodging-house, or even a common dwelling of recent construction, that does not bear its date; a symptom of awakened self-consciousness that has in it a promise of the future.

On the further side of the quadrangle a low postern gate, well furnished with iron-plated doors and bolts, gives egress on a little hamlet made up of the abodes of the convent-guards, of servants, farm-labourers and other dependents; here, too, are stables, cow-houses, sheds for lodging pilgrims who may on crowded festivals be unable to find room within the main building; besides great store-rooms for fuel during the long months of winter, which may be reckoned here at an average as over half the year. Yet, in spite of the great elevation, the cold, though long in its duration, is seldom intense, thanks to the towering peaks and dense woods that screen the glen; but the snow-falls are heavy, and often cut off all intercourse with the nether world for days and even weeks. Beyond these huts a shaded wood-path leading along the edge of the ravine conducts to a sort of Belvidere, whence a view of rare beauty reaches up and down the gorge; the forest foreground is walled in by precipitous rocks and splintered crags of gigantic size, while beyond and above them snow-covered peaks stand out on every side against the violet sky. A foot-track winds up to the left among trees, torrents, and boulders to the pretty little hermitages of St. Lucas and St. John; the horse-path follows the ravine through beech and pine, till at a height of more than six thousand feet it crosses a bare ridge, and thence descends northwards, by steep rocky passes and wide ravines that recall the scenery of the Grisons or Tyrol, till it reaches the bleak plain of Samakow and the Isker. This pass is generally blocked with snow from eight to nine months in the year.

The neighbourhood of the monastery abounds in game; deer, elk, bears, and chamois stock the mountain, unmolested except by a few huntsmen from among the convent-guards, or the villagers of Samakow. No professional Tyrolese sharp-shooter could desire a better ground for his skill; nor need he as yet fear much from native rivalry in this pursuit, the Bulgarian sportsman being at present only an undeveloped possibility. Nor is the peculiar interest afforded by volcanic action wanting here. The monastery is frequently shaken by earthquakes that have from time to time imperilled even its strong construction; and six years since a rift opening among the peaks that overlook the valley widened and deepened rapidly into a kind of crater whence smoke, accompanied at first by an eruption of heated stones, was discharged for several days; and which still gives vent to steaming vapours that melt the fallen snow for some distance round.

WOOD-ENGRAVING IN AMERICA.

SOME little while ago we found occasion to remark upon the exceptional excellence of American woodcuts. The American engraver, it was observed, had acquired in the practice of his art a degree of delicacy and refinement scarcely attempted by the engravers of this country, and rarely equalled even by the most skilful craftsmen of the Continental schools. He had, in fact, as we pointed out at the time, given to the resources of his art a new direction and a larger development. In the determined effort to reproduce the original work of the painter or the draughtsman with as little sacrifice as possible, he had greatly enlarged the means at his command, and had discovered richer and more varied modes of expression. The justice of these observations will, we think, be readily acknowledged by all who are familiar with the admirable wood-blocks published from month to month in the American illustrated magazines. Many of these blocks are executed with a fineness of artistic feeling and a subtle power of manipulation which few English engravers could hope to equal; and, what is no less remarkable, they are printed with an amount of care and finish such as, under similar conditions, would be altogether unattainable in this country. But, although the general excellence of American wood-engraving is widely acknowledged, there is, it would seem, considerable difference of opinion as to the value of the recent development of the art to which we more particularly directed attention. Our favourable criticism, reproduced in the current number of *Harper's Magazine*, has been made the text of a series of short essays, contributed by several of the principal American engravers; and in those papers, which are chiefly interesting by reason of the practical knowledge possessed by their authors, the present aims and resources of the art are thoroughly discussed. Nearly all the writers belong more or less to what may be called the new school of wood-engraving. To the work they produce, therefore, our comments more particularly apply. But the value of their efforts for the advancement of the art has lately been called in question by an older professor of the craft, who has himself exercised a very considerable influence upon the progress of American engraving. Mr. W. J. Linton, whose hostile manifesto was published some little time back in the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine*, is by birth an Englishman, but he has been for many years resident in America, where his skill as an engraver is warmly appreciated. He would seem, however, to be very little satisfied with the progress made during the last few years. The liberty which many of the younger men allow themselves, he is disposed to denounce as a license unwarranted by the inherent laws of the art; and he regards the recent attempts that have been made to reproduce the varied effects of tone and colour, and to imitate the different modes of execution in pen, brush, or charcoal, as a waste of time and a wanton perversion of skill and labour. It would take long to follow Mr. Linton in all the details of criticism, nor is it necessary for our purpose to do so. His general position in regard to the capabilities of the art may however be clearly and briefly stated. He starts with the principle, which no one, we suppose, would be inclined to deny, that the mode of execution in wood-engraving must be governed by the practical conditions under which the engraver has to work. But to this principle he attaches a particular limitation. An engraver, in his judgment, has no right to attempt to imitate the effects proper to another art; and he thus banishes altogether from the realm of legitimate art all kinds of facsimile engraving where the block is cut in such a manner as to imitate the effect of a drawing executed with the pen. If an engraver is set to reproduce a picture or a drawing, no matter what may be the material employed by the original artist, the result must be made to conform to an established rule of practice, determined, not by the character of the particular subject, but by the fixed and rigid principles of the engraver's practice. The original, in short, is to be translated, and not copied. The engraver, if he is true to himself, must proceed as though he were making a direct study from nature; and, while he preserves the broad facts of the artist's design, he must abandon all attempt to reproduce those qualities which indicate an individual style of execution or particular effects of surface and material.

It may be observed that Mr. Linton stands by no means alone in the view which he holds concerning the proper functions of wood-engraving. The principles so energetically enforced by him in the paper to which we have referred are also ably defended by Mr. Henry Holiday in a study of the subject recently published in the *Magazine of Art*. To do justice to the unquestionable truth which underlies their argument we must keep in mind the particular aspect of the question to which they mainly address themselves. In so far as wood-engraving can be regarded as an independent means of artistic expression, the conclusions they seek to establish may be said to be almost incontrovertible; for it is evident that the distinction so often insisted upon between the processes of wood-engraving and the processes of etching or engraving on copper suggests a very important difference in the manner of working. To realize the full force of this distinction we must remember that, whereas the copper-plate prints from the incised line, the wood-block prints from the relief. In the one case, therefore, the artist actually cuts his design as it will ultimately appear upon the paper, while in the other he cuts away all that is not required for his design, and the printed impression is taken from what remains. It is this fact which leads Mr. Linton to declare that all true wood-engraving is produced by the use of what he terms the white line. The surface of the untouched wood-block is represented upon paper by an even tone of deepest black, and upon this dark mass the design has to be indicated by a process which may be said to resemble that of mezzotint-engraving. If, therefore, we suppose the case of an artist working directly from nature upon wood, we may readily acknowledge the method advocated by Mr. Linton and Mr. Holiday to be the most appropriate to the means at his disposal. But, as a matter of fact, wood-engraving has very rarely been used as a means of independent expression, and, with one or two exceptions, belonging to a comparatively recent date, nearly all wood-engravers have been employed in the reproduction of designs already executed in another material. The considerations which have determined the choice of this particular process are of a practical rather than of an artistic character. The wood-block offers the readiest and the most convenient mode of multiplying copies of a design, for it can be associated with ordinary type, and the impressions can be struck off in the printing press without any further expenditure of time or labour. A finished wood-block is, in fact, nothing else than a picturesque arrangement of type, and there would seem to be no better reason for insisting upon the use of the white line in the treatment of a picture than there would be in the demand that books should be printed in white letters upon a black page. Mr. Holiday, however, is by no means disposed to admit this account of the wood-engraver's art. According to his contention, the processes suggested to the engraver by the character of his material have a profound correspondence with the truths of nature. "A little observation," he declares, "will show us that nature, as a rule, exhibits objects light on a dark ground"; and he accordingly concludes that the greatest advantage is offered to an artist by a process "in which lights are taken out with the greatest ease, in which the objects are drawn with light instead of being drawn with darkness." But, if this were true at all, it would hold good as well for the draughtsman as for the engraver; and we might therefore expect

that drawings would, as a general rule, be executed with white upon black paper. But, as a matter of fact, such a principle has never been widely accepted even by engravers upon wood. If we are to reject all woodcuts which are not executed according to this system, we shall have to put aside as illegitimate nearly the whole of the work produced in this kind previously to the days of Bewick. For, if we examine the earlier woodcuts from the designs of artists like Albert Dürer and Holbein, we shall discover that they are open to the reproach which it is now sought to attach to all kinds of facsimile engraving. It is true that the lines in which these artists expressed their ideas were comparatively few in number and of simple character; but they were just such lines as a draughtsman would employ in the ordinary practice of his art. They were in no way specially devised to meet this rigid theory of the legitimate province of wood-engraving; nor do we think that students of art will readily acknowledge the justice of a principle which deprives them of the admirable woodcuts of this earlier time, and leaves in their stead nothing but a handful of designs by Bewick and his followers.

But when the propriety of facsimile engraving is once admitted, the accusations brought against the younger school of American engravers will be found to lose all their force. Their practice is nothing more than a development of a principle that has been tacitly acknowledged since wood-engraving has been in existence; and as the earlier workmen strove to reproduce faithfully the simple lines of the designer, so they now endeavour by greater variety of method to copy exactly the effect and colour of the original drawing. The degree of success which they have attained can only be judged by reference to particular examples; but their efforts would certainly have borne very little fruit if they had allowed themselves to be hampered by the pedantic rules which Mr. Linton and those who think with him now seek to impose upon the art. How much they have gained by the freedom they have enjoyed is sufficiently shown in the series of selected engravings recently issued by the publishers of *Scribner's Monthly Magazine*. In these examples the resources of wood-engraving are applied to the reproduction of nearly every mode of artistic expression. The guiding principle that may be said to characterize all the work of the school springs out of a single desire to preserve the character of the original drawing, and with this object steadily in view, the engraver has permitted himself to make use of devices which are often inconsistent with the conventional kind of execution hitherto employed. That these devices are in many cases experimental is frankly acknowledged; but no one who studies the blocks attentively can fail to perceive that such experiments have been the means of enriching the resources of the art. The engraver seeks in each individual case to adapt his execution to the particular character of the work before him. He tries to preserve not merely the general effect of the design, but the particular manner in which it is expressed, and in this way he discovers new capabilities in the practice of his own craft. Now and then this endeavour to do justice to the original artist may possibly result in failure; but the failure is more than counterbalanced by the general advancement of the school, and by the stronger impress of personal sentiment which is gradually introduced. Each individual engraver begins to acquire and to develop a system of his own, by which he is enabled to infuse into his work a new sense of vitality, and to claim for it a kind of attention and interest such as could never be claimed for the strictest obedience to a rigid rule of procedure.

IMPROVEMENT IN THE COTTON TRADE.

THE improvement in business has at length undoubtedly extended to the cotton trade. With the exception of iron and coal, no industry in the country perhaps has suffered more severely from the long depression. The numerous strikes in Lancashire, the ability with which the case of the men was supported by their advocates, and the serious riots at Blackburn have all made the general public aware of this. Yet, after all that we had heard and read on the subject, we were not prepared for the statement made by Messrs. Ellison in their review of the trade for last year. They say:—"It is certain that, if a change for the better had not taken place before the close of the year, half the spinners and manufacturers of Lancashire would have been ruined." And in support of this startling assertion they offer the following estimate of the losses of manufacturers during the past four years. 1876, 3,289,000*l.*; 1877, 4,213,000*l.*; 1878, 5,599,000*l.*; 1879, 6,024,000*l.*; making a total loss in four years of 19,125,000*l.* In addition to this, they estimate a reduction in wages of 1,323,000*l.* in 1878, and of 3,307,000*l.* in 1879, being a total reduction of 4,630,000*l.* Adding this reduction in wages to the losses of manufacturers, we get a total loss to the trade in four years of very nearly 24,000,000*l.* It will be understood that in this estimate there is not included either the money thrown away in strikes or the money which might have been earned, but was not, while mills were closed or running short time. In other words, it is an estimate of the actual losses of capital by manufacturers, and of the actual losses of earnings on work done by operatives. How far it may be accepted as correct we are, of course, unable to say. Messrs. Ellison are recognized as the highest authority in the trade on questions of the production and consumption of cotton, the producing capacity of the various countries of the world, and so on. They are likely, therefore, to have verified the figures, as far as it is possible to verify what in their nature can be but an approximation to the truth, before giving them to the world. And it must be added that they support their calculations by the last year's balance-sheets of the Oldham Companies. Fifty-five Companies, they tell us, showed on balance a loss of 155,830*l.*, and seven a profit of 4,713*l.*; the net loss was thus 151,117*l.* Of this net loss about 100,000*l.* was incurred last year, and the loss of profits raises this capital loss to about 210,000*l.* Assuming that the losses elsewhere were proportionate to those of the Oldham Joint-Stock Companies, we arrive at an aggregate loss of capital and profits only about three-quarters of a million less than Messrs. Ellison's estimate. It will be seen that here Messrs. Ellison include profits not earned; but these clearly ought not to be reckoned. Every manufacturer, of course, works in the hope of making profit; but it is not necessary to his success, or even to his continuance in business, that he should realize the hope every year. If on the average of years, setting good times against bad, he earns average profits, that is enough. A cotton-spinner would not be poorer at the end of 1879 than at the end of 1878 if he retained his capital intact. It is only the diminution that capital has undergone which ought to be included in such an estimate as we are here considering. On the other hand, the estimate does not take account of the losses suffered by mill-owners who were obliged to sell their mills at a heavy sacrifice because they were unable to keep them open, or of the depreciation undergone by the shares of cotton Companies. In any case, whatever correction may need to be made in Messrs. Ellison's figures, they show that the condition of the cotton trade during the past four years has been indeed calamitous.

The depression reached its extreme point in the spring of last year. After that there was a recovery, which, after several fluctuations, became undoubted in the concluding quarter of the year, and is still gaining strength. The revival would have been quicker and more considerable but for the dearness of the raw material. The cotton crop of 1878 was smaller than had been supposed, and although after the Glasgow Bank failure the price of raw cotton fell to an unusually low level, it began to advance as soon as buying increased. The difficulties of the manufacturer were thus aggravated. He was not able to get more for his goods, and yet he had to pay more dearly for the raw material. Gradually, however, the situation improved, and the prices of both cloth and yarn advanced considerably. Yarn was the first to move, and for a considerable time spinners were doing well, while manufacturers were no better off than before. But cloth, as we have said, has at length shared in the improvement. At the beginning of 1877 the margin of spinners' profits—that is, the difference between the price of raw cotton and that of yarn—was 4½*d.* per pound; it fell continuously, until at one time last year it was as little as 2½*d.* per pound. Last week it had risen to 4½*d.* per pound. We have here statistical evidence of the great improvement that has taken place. As regards the cause of this improvement in spite of successive bad harvests, perhaps the explanation offered by Mr. Giffen in his review of the trade of last year in the Supplement of the *Statist* is the most satisfactory. His theory is that production had actually fallen below the consuming power of the country in the early part of last year. The depression had lasted so long, had reduced prices so inordinately, had led to the stoppage of so many factories of all kinds, and to the working of so many others on short time, that the supply of commodities was exceptionally restricted. The failure of the Glasgow Bank, and the several suspensions to which it led aggravated this state of things by paralysing credit. For eight or ten months afterwards nobody knew whom he might trust, so complete was the shock to the confidence on which commerce rests, and so general were the rumours of financial embarrassment. The banks refused to give their usual accommodation to their customers, and insisted, where they could with any success, upon the credits they had previously granted being lessened. Manufacturers refused to part with their goods except for cash; and wholesale houses acted in the same manner in their dealings. When it is borne in mind that this extraordinary contraction of the volume of business took place after four years of very great depression, during which strikes, failures, and the continuous decline of prices aided the falling off in the demand both at home and abroad in impressing upon manufacturers the prudence of limiting their operations, it will not appear improbable that production may have fallen behind consumption. But if this be so, a revival was inevitable in the absence of some great calamity. It is a fundamental law of political economy that when demand outstrips supply, prices must rise. But a rise of prices would at once encourage manufacturers to make good the void which their discouragement had previously occasioned. And a general rush of buyers is the very thing to restore that confidence which is the soul of trade. It is of course true that last year's bad harvest was a calamity which went far to neutralize the effect of the causes tending to produce greater activity. But, on the other hand, the extraordinary prosperity of the United States, prompting an immense increase of American purchases in this country, gave a new impetus to the trade movement. The influence of these American purchases in diffusing a more hopeful spirit can hardly be exaggerated.

Whether this theory of Mr. Giffen's be correct or not, it appears from a circular of Messrs. Smith, Edwards, and Co. of Liverpool, that the home demand for cotton goods has very considerably increased, and has continued good all through last month. The

new prosperity of the iron and metal trades generally, of mining, shipbuilding, and other important industries, by giving the workpeople increased purchasing power, accounts for much of this improvement. But when the agricultural distress is borne in mind, and also the rise in the price of raw cotton, enhancing the cost of cotton goods, it is difficult to resist the conclusion suggested in the review referred to, that in fact the stock, not of cotton only, but of commodities generally, had run short last year. The foreign demand has increased as well as the home; and, what is more important, the Board of Trade returns for last month show that this increased demand has been general. It has been asserted very confidently and very frequently of late that American competition in cotton was undermining our position in the Eastern markets. So far, however, is this from being the case that, on comparing last month with January twelve months ago, we find a marked increase in the exports of cotton to the United States. We also find a much better demand in the South American countries. The depression from which we are recovering originated in the raw-material-producing countries, and in them has been most severe. The South American States, for example, have suffered intensely. But they have now been favoured with good harvests, and they are once more in the full swing of prosperity. On the Stock Exchange, as we noticed last week, their securities are dealt in largely at higher and still higher quotations; and they have begun to buy from us more freely cotton and other commodities. But most important of all are the augmented exports to the East. During the great strike in North and North-East Lancashire, the masters published a statement in which they showed that it is to the East we must look for the future growth of the cotton trade. The exports of cotton to the Continent have practically remained almost stationary for twenty years, but those to the East have increased enormously. And when we consider the immense populations of those Eastern countries, we see that the capacity for further expansion is almost limitless. Of late years terrible famines in both India and China checked very seriously the power of the people to buy clothing. But these dreadful calamities have now happily ceased; and accordingly we find a great increase in the exports to the two Empires just named, and also to Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, Japan, Java, and the Philippine Islands. As regards India more particularly, we see last month a large increase in the exports to each of the three Presidencies. In conclusion, we thus find that the improvement in the trade has been continuous for some months, that it extends to all branches, and that it is based upon an increased demand both at home and abroad, the foreign demand, too, being very general.

THE CARL ROSA COMPANY IN *LOHENGRIN*.

HERR WAGNER'S *Lohengrin*—the first of his works in the form of a "music drama"—was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre on last Saturday night, after having been announced some ten days before and postponed. This has been one of the most interesting productions of the whole season; for, if we do not mistake the meaning of the composer, he asserts that in "music drama" every element—words, music, acting, singing, and stage arrangement—ought to be of equal importance. As yet, perhaps, even the most fervid of his disciples are rather inclined to think that the music and its proper rendering are the first things to be attended to; but, on the other hand, his most bitter opponents are prepared to admit that the other elements of public representation are of great importance. One of these is the proper understanding of the words by the audience. Of course, when a theatrical performance is given in a language other than that of the country in which it takes place, it is hopeless to expect that the audience as a whole will understand what is spoken on the stage. Thus, when a work like *Lohengrin* is performed for the first time in England in the English language, we, at all events, feel that the composer's intention that the words shall be understood by the whole audience is for the first time fulfilled. That the *libretto* should be—as Herr Wagner, we believe, asserts it ought to be—of as high an order of literary as the score is of musical merit is a condition which is certainly not approached by the English version by Mr. John P. Jackson used by the Carl Rosa Company. Here, for example, is an instance—and not the most striking which could be adduced—of the shortcomings of the English version. Elsa has just replied to the King's questions by a reference to her lost brother:—

THE MEN (*whisperingly*): Most wonderful! How singular her bearing!
THE KING (*affected*): Speak, Elsa, if thou would'st aught to me confide.
ELSA (*gazing before her as in a trance*):

Lonely my lot deploring,
I knelt to God and pray'd,
My grief to him outpouring,
I pleaded for his aid.

And from my woes unbounded
Escaped so sad a cry,
Like mighty notes it sounded
Far o'er me in the sky.

* * * *

In silver armour gleaming
A knight appeared to me;
So pure and noble seeming
The like I ne'er did see.

A golden horn hung lightly—
He leant upon his sword;
He seemed so high and knightly—
He shall me aid afford.

With courteous gentle bearing,
Gave comfort he to me;
No more my lot despairing,
He shall my champion be.

It is needless to make any comment upon these lines; but it is also fair to remember that the difficulty of translating poetry from one tongue to another is more than doubled when the translator has to arrange matters so that the musical accent is not disturbed or altered by the process of substitution. It is also fair to remember that the extraordinary beauty and dramatic force of the music in this passage make it of little importance to those who know something of the opera—and probably most of the audience do know something about it—whether the actual words are or are not somewhat disjointed and feeble. The music is so instinct with life and feeling that all one really wants from the words is a sort of indication of the tenour of the situation. No doubt it would be better if the words were equal in grandeur to their setting; but even then their merit might be drowned in the flood of music which begins here and rises to a majestic storm of passion at the appearance of the wondrous knight.

Apart, however, from any *dicta* of Wagner or his disciples, *Lohengrin* is a work which certainly gains by being given in a familiar language. No doubt the music and the action tell us that Elsa is accused by Telramund; that Lohengrin becomes her champion in return for her love, and that he warns her against doing something; that she disobeys this warning, and that he is obliged to leave her. But what Telramund's accusation may be, or what Lohengrin's warning, or why and when it is disregarded, or what necessity obliges the knight to abandon his dearly-loved bride, can only be explained by the actual spoken words of the libretto. Theoretically, in works cast in the "music-drama" form we ought to know at every moment what particular element of the general sentiment of the situation is being presented to us. For instance, if we only knew that the music between Elsa and Lohengrin immediately following the knight's entrance expresses their mutual love and the warning given to the Princess by her champion, without having the actual meaning of the words impressed on our minds, we should lose one of the most beautiful and poetic touches in the music, which lies in the fact that the *leit motiv* expressing Elsa's misfortunes is given to the voice once only, at the very moment when Lohengrin warns Elsa never to inquire who he is. And, as has been said, it is only fair to remember these circumstances in considering the manner in which Mr. Jackson has performed his task.

As to the soundness of the theory of lyrical drama illustrated by *Lohengrin*, we remarked on its first production in England that Herr Wagner is obviously right in thinking that the conventional forms of ordinary Italian opera are highly artificial. But so is every form which is employed to convey emotion from actors or singers to their audiences. People do not in real life burst into melodious song at exciting moments; but neither do they into lengthy recitative. It is impossible that a play, and still more an opera, should be anything but a highly artificial representation; and there seems no reason why, on the ground of truth to nature, we should prefer an opera written without to one written with full closes. On the other hand, we may certainly repeat what was before said, that Herr Wagner's theory is entirely to be admired so far as it contends that the dramatic plan and construction of an opera, or a music-drama, should be held to be of the first importance.

Most opera-goers are now fully acquainted with the beautiful story of *Lohengrin*, as arranged, with admirable effect and picturesqueness, from the old legend by Herr Wagner; and our present task may be confined to giving some account of the performance of this important opera by Mr. Carl Rosa's company. It may be said at once that, viewed generally, the representation is the best that has been seen in England; not so much because of any special excellence in the principals, although Herr Schott is in some respects the best Lohengrin that we have had on the English stage, as because of the better understanding of how the work should be treated, and of the feeling and unity of band and chorus. The chorus was in the first Italian representation at Covent Garden singularly weak, both dramatically and musically, and it was only natural that it should be so. The singers had to deal with music of an entirely unfamiliar kind, and they ought to have departed entirely from the conventional gestures expressive of emotion in Italian opera in order to realize and give expression to a variety of changing passions. In the great scene of Lohengrin's arrival they could not but give some effect to the swelling beauty and the fire of the music; but they failed to approach in any way the dramatic effect of the excitement spreading gradually from the outskirts to the heart of a vast expectant crowd, of the change from doubt and gloom to an awed but triumphant joy, which helped to make the scene thrilling on the stage of the old Dresden Opera-house. It is exceedingly creditable to Mr. Carl Rosa's stage-manager and the company who work under him that, with more limited resources, they manage to produce the same effect of an agitation rising from sceptical curiosity to full belief in the portent, and spreading wavelike through a crowd. There is, perhaps, in the whole list of the lyrical drama no scene more completely thrilling than this; it is impossible to resist the combined spell of the action and of the

marvellous music. To say that Mr. Carl Rosa's company give this scene so that one has no desire to find fault with it is to give them high praise. Another point in the dramatic action in the scene following this deserving special notice. The fight which it will be remembered ensues between Telramund and the Knight of the Swan is not easy to manage, and never has been well managed before now in England. In Mr. Carl Rosa's arrangement Telramund falls stricken to the ground before the mystic power of Lohengrin's upraised sword, both at this point and in the murderous attack made on the knight in the bridal chamber. The effect is infinitely more striking than that of the best arranged of elaborate mimic combats could be. Mr. Carl Rosa has done much that there is reason to be grateful for in this act, but he has strangely missed a fine effect in the following one, when the stage ought gradually to fill with a crowd of all kinds of people, from nobles to peasants, going and coming, as the day breaks into fulness. Before this the gates of the castle should have been opened by a warder carrying a lantern. The warder does not appear at all; the nobles stroll on the stage much as the nobles in all Italian operas are in the habit of doing, and the effect of the trumpeters answering each other from opposite towers is also omitted. We write of course in ignorance of the difficulties which the stage-manager may have to contend with, but we cannot but deplore these changes. The omission of the bringing on of Telramund's dead body in the last scene we can far more easily put up with.

It will be judged from what we have said that the general dramatic effect of *Lohengrin* was strikingly good. The orchestral performance was of an equally high order. Here and there it might be possible to quarrel with Signor Randegger's time; but we prefer to call attention to the unusual merit generally of the performance. There was a singular delicacy in the whole interpretation, and of this a striking instance was found in the exquisitely beautiful prelude to the first act. Herr Schott's Lohengrin is a fine piece of acting and singing. He is dignified and impressive, and he sings with true feeling. His cantabile passages are not altogether satisfactory, and he is apt, perhaps, to exercise too often his power of declaiming, instead of singing, when he has a word or two to utter in a moment of intense excitement. But on the whole his performance is one of exceptional merit. Miss Julia Gaylord seemed somewhat overweighted with Elsa, but it is very likely that this appearance was the result of nervousness and hoarseness. Miss Gaylord certainly knew what ought to be done with every phase of the part, and it was not often that she failed to give expression to her intentions. Miss Yorke sang well as Ortrud. Her acting gives one the impression that it is cramped by too much faith in adherence to strictly conventional methods. With Mr. Ludwig's Telramund hardly a fault can be found. Mr. Conly and Mr. Crotty sang well as Henry the Fowler and the Herald. Altogether the performance of the opera is highly satisfactory.

NINON AT THE ADELPHI.

It has been thought that the days of melodrama were well nigh over; that audiences accustomed to careful reproductions of everyday life, in which great care was taken to avoid anything like extravagance and to attain a certain sort of truthfulness, would be inclined to laugh at plays of the old-fashioned kind, planned with a view to strong dramatic effects and with heroic contempt for all manner of probability. Even actors, it was supposed, had lost the robust faith necessary for the performance of melodrama. Pieces of this kind cannot be fitly played unless those who render them have a thorough belief in them, and can fight, rescue, declaim, and defy with all the traditional vigour of the old stage, and without being unpleasantly haunted by a sense of absurdity. To not a few people it seemed that the romantic plays, with their broad effects and numerous incidents, and, it must be added, with all their balderdash, had gone the same way as the tragedies of the last century; and no doubt to a considerable proportion of those who go to theatres they would seem as ridiculous as the tragedies would if revived. To some actors, too, a requisition to appear in melodrama would appear about as reasonable as a requisition to appear with trained horses in an "equine" piece; and probably, if they were obliged to perform, they would be utterly unable to conceal their profound contempt for the play they had to represent. Still, in spite of scepticism and disdain both before and behind the curtain, and of the constantly growing inclination towards minute realism on the stage, it seems that melodrama is not by any means dead, and that it may yet please and excite audiences as of old. Mr. Wills has lately produced at the Adelphi a play of this kind, contrived in the old-fashioned way with a view to striking incidents, and with a high-minded disregard not only for probability, but for such petty matters as the records of poor plodding history. The actors who appear in it have no misgivings as to their work, and play with great vigour, and, with one notable exception, in the broad conventional style. The result has been decidedly successful. Audiences have approved, and indeed have grown greatly excited over some scenes in the piece.

One great merit, too often wanting not only in melodrama, but in dramas of all kinds, the play of *Ninon* certainly has. The principal idea on which it is based is a fine one, and undoubtedly admits of dramatic treatment. Whether Mr. Wills has done justice to his own conception, and whether he has been able to set fully before the audience the very striking character which suggested itself to him, is another question, which must, we fear, be answered in the negative. The author seems to have lacked either the will or the power to draw as it should be drawn the picture of his own heroine, and the piece, though telling, as any piece must be of which the principal *motif* is strong, is poor compared with what it might be. In spite of the interest of some of the scenes, the spectator feels a certain disappointment after witnessing the piece. It is, in one respect, so good that it ought to be a great deal better. The idea of the writer has been to represent a woman who, in furtherance of what she believes to be just revenge for a horrible wrong, stoops to the most cunning artifice in order to bring about the death of the man who, as she thinks, ought to pay for his wickedness with his life. While following out her scheme, she finds that this man, towards whom at first she feels so implacable, is of a noble nature, and by degrees her intense hatred changes to love, with which she struggles desperately. Finally she discovers that he is quite innocent of the crime imputed to him. What a fine conception this is, and how much might be made of it by a great dramatist, need scarcely be said. How Mr. Wills has dealt with the child of his own imagination will be best shown by a sketch of his play.

The scene is laid in Paris, and in the first act an old watchmaker called Baget is found bitterly lamenting the loss of his daughter Adèle, who has committed suicide, having, as he imagines, been seduced by the Count de St. Cyr. The confidant of his woes is Marat, whose life the author has considerately prolonged for some months, to enable him to listen to the watchmaker's story. Untroubled, therefore, by the knife of Charlotte Corday, whose visit Mr. Wills has taken the liberty of postponing, Marat is free to sympathize and to hatch diabolical plots, his invention being spurred by the fact that he had himself been a lover of Adèle. A very ingenious scheme suggests itself to him. Baget's other daughter, Ninon, who burns to revenge her sister, is, according to this plan, to appear in the streets so well dressed as to ensure her being hunted by the Republican Furies, and is to take refuge in the house of St. Cyr, who may be relied on to protect a pretty woman in danger. This young aristocrat has declared himself a Republican, and is a deputy; but Marat feels convinced that he is plotting with the Royalists. Ninon is to remain in his house, to gain his confidence, to make him in love with her if possible, and to find out his secrets. These discovered, he will of course go to the guillotine. Into this amiable little scheme Ninon, after a short hesitation, thoroughly enters, and she forthwith proceeds to carry it out. She dresses herself in silks which Marat provides, issues forth, is duly chased by Republican women, is rescued by St. Cyr, who of course appears at the right moment, and is taken to his house. She refuses to give her name, but leads him to believe that she belongs to his order and is in much danger. His sister Josephine suspects the newcomer from the first; but St. Cyr thoroughly trusts the beautiful stranger and keeps her as his guest. Ninon is thus able to follow all Marat's suggestions. She discovers, seemingly, that St. Cyr is a Royalist, and, as she stops some time in his house, she is able to make him madly in love with her. He is engaged in a plot for rescuing the Dauphin from the Temple; and, when he attempts to carry this out, she follows him, a spy on his movements. The rescue of the young prince is effected with an agreeable simplicity which is not uncommon on the stage. St. Cyr, disguised, enters the Temple without any difficulty apparently; and, after trying to get rid of the cobbler Simon by a series of devices too dull to take in even a cobbler, loses patience, thrusts him into a cell, bolts the door, and triumphantly walks off with the boy. His object is thus attained; but he is determined, apparently, to show that he has no more guile in him than the Republicans whose prey can be so easily taken from them; so, by way of keeping the prince perfectly safe and giving him some agreeable associations, he goes with him to the Place de Grève, where a Republican *fête* is to be celebrated, under the shadow of the guillotine. The youth and his wise protector are of course stopped; Marat, with an armed mob, appears, and Ninon, who seems to be a very indifferent spy, makes some communication to him. Nothing comes of it; for the Republicans, if suspicious for awhile, soon relapse into their habitual trustfulness, and St. Cyr is able to escape with the Dauphin. The scene ends with some declamation by Baget, who falls on his knees crying for vengeance after a fashion by no means uncommon with injured fathers in melodrama.

Up to this point the play, though marked by one fine scene between St. Cyr and Ninon, scarcely rises above ordinary pieces of the same class, and is in parts not a little absurd. In the next act, however, some real dramatic fire is shown, and there is a powerfully contrived situation which greatly excites the audience. St. Cyr has concealed the Dauphin in his house, and, having apparently some doubts as to Ninon's real feelings, in spite of her statement that she belongs to the aristocracy, he tries her by telling her that, having had the boy in his hands, he has done his duty as a good Republican and killed him. A woman's indignation at a hideous deed blazes forth, and she denounces him as a detestable assassin. Assured thus of her sympathy, he brings the boy into the room, and all seems well; but, as she is embracing the child, a signal is heard which tells her that Marat, in accordance with an arrangement made with her, is coming to search the house. Anxious above all things to save the unhappy little prince, she throws him

on a sofa, covers him with her cloak, and seats herself in front of him. An admirably contrived scene follows. Marat and his horde enter, the house is searched, and it seems again and again as if the prince must be found. Of course he is not, for the very good reason that, if he was, the play would come to an end; but it should be said that so well is his concealment managed by Miss Wallis, who represents Ninon, that the failure to discover him seems perfectly natural, and quite different from the usual stage failure to discover a victim. A dramatic effect of much intensity is obtained in a manner for which author and actress alike deserve high praise. Simon the cobbler, who is about to be executed for letting the prince escape, is introduced in this scene, at the end of which Ninon tells Marat to come to the house again at three o'clock with his followers. Whether she is merely seeking to gain time, or still intends to betray St. Cyr if she can, does not very clearly appear.

In the last act that nobleman's vindication, which has long been foreseen by an intelligent audience, is at length forthcoming. He was, it appears, in no way guilty towards the unhappy Adèle, who was decoyed away by a seducer who used his name. Just before committing suicide she wrote him a letter which makes it abundantly clear that he had not in any way wronged her. This letter is shown, as need hardly be said, to Ninon, who has once before been on the point of an explanation with him, but of course has had to defer it to the last act. She has long been torn by conflicting feelings, her growing love for him struggling with her desire for revenge. Now that she discovers her terrible mistake, she tells him of her vile artifice, and implores with frantic energy forgiveness, which for awhile he is unable to grant. He pardons her at last, however, and they rush off to be married in some rapid fashion, which is rather obscurely described. Marat, Baget, and the Republican crowd break into the house, and when the couple reappear, having got the knot tied with marvellous speed, St. Cyr is demanded as a victim. Ninon proclaims his innocence, and the two stand together before the mob as the curtain falls. Whether they are to be led off for trial and execution or are to be welcomed as good Republicans it is not easy to say; but very likely Mr. Wills intended that those who witnessed his piece should give it a happy or a sad conclusion as they thought fit, and if this has been his intention, he has certainly done well in leaving something to the imagination of the spectators.

That, in spite of not a few absurdities and of a good deal of very commonplace writing, his play has considerable merit, and that the third act is almost thrilling, cannot be denied; and it is equally clear from the success which *Ninon* has achieved that, notwithstanding the prevalence of what has been called "coat and waistcoat realism," audiences are still willing to welcome a strong mélodrama. But might not Mr. Wills, with such an idea as that which had occurred to him, have written something better than a strong melodrama? Might he not have relied less on the artifices—somewhat coarse even when at their best—which belong to pieces of this kind, and more on the genuine dramatic interest which attaches to such a character as Ninon? How much better it would have been to have shown more fully the beautiful picture of a woman changing hatred for love, and carried away, in spite of herself, by admiration for a character which she had begun by loathing, and to have dealt less in stage rescues, stage risks, and the like well-worn devices. A really powerful play might have been written on so fine a subject; but to attempt such a work Mr. Wills has apparently been unwilling. Perhaps, however, he is not to be blamed. He has preferred to embody his conception in a melodrama; and, though it is to be regretted that he should not have tried to produce something of a better kind, he may have exercised a wise discretion. He certainly deserves credit for having produced a melodrama which is far above the average. Probably a good many people who like plays of the old-fashioned class will be grateful to him for proving that the taste for them is not extinct; and perhaps some who cannot get over the absurdities of melodrama will be grateful to him for a very different reason—namely, for having given an actress who appears likely to take the highest rank an opportunity of showing that tragic power which, always rare, is especially rare now. It is seldom that anything is seen on the English stage so fervid and so full of real feeling as the acting of Miss Wallis in the last scene of the play, where Ninon implores her lover's forgiveness. It may not impossibly remind some spectators of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's rendering of the final scene in *Ernani*, and indeed is in one respect superior to it; for Miss Wallis does not overstep the modesty of nature, and makes no attempt to heighten the pathos of the situation by pawing her lover's head, as the French actress did. In other parts of the play Miss Wallis renders invaluable service to the piece, as she makes a great deal of what are really rather baldly written scenes. With regard to the other performers who appear there is little to be said. All play with zeal and energy, and without extravagance; and all seem to have, as has been said, that belief in their characters which is essential to melodrama; but there is nothing in their acting to call for any special notice.

REVIEWS.

RUSSIA BEFORE AND AFTER THE WAR.*

MR. TAYLOR'S translation is so easy and idiomatic that it might pass for an original work. The knowledge both of English and of German which it displays is the best guarantee of the accuracy of the version. The value of the book itself is in some degree impaired by the fact that it is anonymous, for many of the statements depend on the authority of the writer, whose competence and veracity can now only be estimated with the aid of internal evidence. It is evident that he is not a violent partisan, and that his sympathies are with the moderate or constitutional reformers in Russia. His severe censures on the Government are combined with contemptuous disapproval of the Nihilists and of the agitators for Slavonic supremacy. It appears from the only autobiographical passage in the book that the author is a German subject of Russia belonging to the Baltic Provinces. For the purpose of illustrating his account of the policy and practice of the Government in matters of education, he explains his own reasons for becoming five-and-twenty years ago a student of the University of St. Petersburg. He would have preferred the Livonian University of Dorpat, where the institutions and the form of instruction are exclusively German; but he could not be admitted to Dorpat because he could not then pass an examination in the Russian language, and he was therefore compelled to prefer St. Petersburg, where the lectures and other academic proceedings are naturally conducted in Russian. Entering the University in the crisis of the Crimean war, immediately before the death of Nicholas, he never heard the smallest interest expressed in the siege of Sebastopol or in the result of the war. It would seem that Nicholas had succeeded in stamping out patriotism as well as every independent thought and emotion. The Emperor had a few years ago been with difficulty dissuaded from a scheme of suppressing all the Universities in Russia. He was ultimately content with a narrow restriction of the number of students, and with the enforcement, through general officers who were placed at the head of the Universities, of rigid military discipline. Although the regulations have been greatly relaxed during the present reign, it seems that the discontent and turbulence of the students date from the time of Nicholas. Down to the present time the University rules have been subject to frequent and capricious changes, and the habit of grumbling has a tendency to become chronic. A few days ago the newspapers published a complaint or remonstrance from the pupils of the Real schools, who absurdly call themselves Realists, though their title merely implies their occupation with experimental or applied science. Their main grievance seemed to be the alleged encouragement afforded to classical or literary studies. It is surprising that the Russian Government should be accused of undue preference for the kind of culture which is most likely to produce intellectual activity and independence. When the author of the present volume matriculated at St. Petersburg, he found that an acquaintance with the first ten lines of the Odyssey was accepted by the examiners as ample proof of his proficiency in Greek. His account of the system and history of the Russian Universities is elaborate and instructive. One result of the mode of education is the production of a large class of social and political malcontents. The revolutionary tendencies of University students are indeed not peculiar to Russia, but they seem to be more general and more troublesome there than in any other country.

The title of the book almost suggests the suspicion that it has been selected for the purpose of attracting English readers. The Turkish war to which it refers is merely an incident in the history of Russian policy, which is for the most part confined to internal affairs. It is true that the writer attributes great importance to the probable consequences of the war. The general indignation at the corruption and incapacity which were disclosed by the campaign has greatly increased the prevailing dissatisfaction with the system of absolute government; but still more serious results may possibly follow from an impression of an opposite character. The Government, the majority of generals, the administrators, and the contractors have covered themselves with odium; but the officers and soldiers appear to have inspired confidence and gratitude, which in the opinion of the author are not undeserved. "Politically the circumstance of most importance is this, that the popular verdict on the recent war amounts to a glorification of the warlike resources of the nation, and a condemnation of the way in which they were abused." There is too much reason to fear that any party which may obtain power will appeal to national vanity by promoting new aggressions. The Government also will perhaps bid against its opponents, while it will hope to divert popular disaffection into external channels. The extreme vexation which was caused by the diplomatic defeat of Russia after the war is still a cause of irritation. "The publication of the [Berlin] Treaty raised a storm of moral indignation throughout Russia, and was received like a heavy and altogether unexpected disappointment. The people woke up from their dreams of cloudland." The people could only account for the abolition of the Treaty of San Stefano "as if there was one explanation, and one only, for all that had occurred, namely, a malevolent distrust of his people by the Czar." If the

* *Russia Before and After the War.* By the Author of "Society in St. Petersburg." Translated from the German; with later Additions by the Author. By Edward Fairfax Taylor. London: Longmans & Co. 1880.

cogency and force which are irresistible. Deities which had long since passed out of the memory of the people are shown again in their ancient forms; and the restoration is effected, not by any arbitrary guesswork, but by adducing the testimony of indifferent, or even hostile, writers, of expressions from old charters, of phrases still current in the talk of the people who no longer attach to them any definite meaning, of expressions in popular songs, and of traditions which are preserved to us only in the pages of mediæval chroniclers. His purpose is stated distinctly at the outset. He wishes to ascertain precisely what the old German heathenism was, so far as it stands opposed to the Norse or aloof from it, and he lays down the conditions by which the degrees of likeness or difference are to be determined. If his conclusions are not to be accepted, the battle must be fought out at the threshold; and it will be a hard matter to dispute the grounds on which, as he asserts, rest "the antiquity, originality, and affinity of the German and Norse mythologies." The first of these is the affinity of the dialects spoken by all Teutonic and Scandinavian tribes; the second is their joint possession of terms relating to religious worship. "If," he says, "we are able to produce a word used by the Goths in the fourth century, by the Alemanni in the eighth, in exactly the same form and sense as it continues to bear in the Norse authorities of the twelfth or thirteenth century, the affinity of the German faith with the Norse, and the antiquity of the latter, are thereby vindicated." The third test is found in "the identity of mythic notions and nomenclature, which ever and anon breaks out; thus the agreement of the O. H. G. muspilli, O. Sax. mudspelli, with the Eddic muspell, of the O. H. G. itis, A. Sax. ides, with the Eddic dis, or of the A. Sax. brosinga-mene with the Eddic brisinga-men, affords perfectly conclusive evidence." It is unnecessary to cite the other propositions, and scarcely necessary to remark that the three which we have cited cover a much larger space than Grimm undertook to traverse. We may put the Greek on the one side and the Hindu on the other; and the conclusion remains just as incontrovertible. The identity of the Greek Erinys with the Vedic Saranyu, of the Greek Ouranos with the Hindu Varuna is as clearly proved as that of any Teutonic with any Norse term; and, indeed, although this forms no necessary part of his task, Grimm found himself obliged to take count of the relations of Teutonic and Norse with Hellenic mythology. His survey of the whole field of popular tradition and belief shows him that "all nations have clothed their gods in human shape, and only by way of exception in those of animals; on this fact are founded both their appearances to men, or incarnation, their twofold sex, their intermarrying with mankind, and also the deification of certain men." It further reveals to him the greater prominence of certain characteristics in one system as contrasted with another, and also the evidence that where these characteristics have faded away into the background this had not been their condition from the first. Thus the gods of the whole Aryan world eat, drink, and sleep; but beings who eat, drink, and sleep must die. The Northern mythologies kept this notion before the people with startling clearness; the Southern disguised it and practically put it out of sight; but it was there nevertheless. The Olympian gods feast on ambrosia and are refreshed by nectar, the Soma of the Hindu; but they can be wounded and suffer pain, they may hunger and thirst; and to the Norse mind the inference was oppressively plain. The beautiful Balder has his yearly death and resurrection; but the time will come when the great enemy of all the gods will be let loose, and Asgard shall be desolate. This enemy is Loki, the fire god, who, in punishment of his misdeeds, is put in chains, like Prometheus, and whose release just before the coming on of the twilight of the gods is in close agreement with the release of the chained Prometheus, by whom the empire of Zeus is to be brought to an end. Grimm adds that "the formula 'unz Loki verdr lauss' answers exactly to the Greek πρὶν ἂν ἐκ δεσμῶν χαλάσθῃ Προμηθεύς; the writhings of the fettered Loki make the earth to quake, just as χθὼν σεσάλευται in the case of Prometheus. Only the Greek Satan excites our noblest sympathy, while the Edda presents Loki as a hateful monster." For the reason we need, perhaps, go no further than the use to which the fire is put in the Greek myth. The Northern Odin or Woden is the All-father, from whom men may expect substantial justice; in the Promethean tradition Zeus is an arbitrary tyrant, with a special hatred for mankind. The latter are in a state of abject misery until they receive the boon of fire; the giver of it thus becomes their friend, and his deliverance is associated with the triumph of righteousness over wrong. But it would perhaps be difficult to determine how far the purely spiritual colouring thrown over the myth is not due to the mighty genius of Æschylus; nor is it a hard task to imagine a Prometheus in whom we should see simply a counterpart of the malignant and mischievous Northern god. Nay, even in the case of Loki himself, Grimm notes that among the common people there linger to this day many conceptions "in which Loki is by turns taken for a beneficent and for a hurtful being, for sun, fire, giant, or devil."

In the East, then, as in the West, the same process was going on, a process in which the characteristics of the gods were derived from impressions made on the senses by the phenomena of the outward world, and were gradually moulded into human semblance. Thus far the deities were only magnified men; but Grimm presses the argument too far when he says that they were regarded as subject to the encroachments of age, the evidence being that "Odinn or Wuotan is pictured everywhere as an old greybeard, Thórr as in the full strength of manhood, Balder as a blooming youth." His statement is rather incomplete than wrong when he adds that "the sons of men grow up slowly and gradually, gods attain their full size and strength directly after birth," the Greek Apollo and the Norse Vali, son of Odin, being cited as illustrations, together with Hermes, who, "born at early morn, plays the lute at midday and at eve drives oxen away." So far as the age of the gods is concerned, we might say that it never alters. Odin is always old, Thor is always in mature manhood, Balder and Apollo always in radiant youth. Hermes, on the other hand, is never old; but he may at will return to the state of infancy. In other words, the sunlight is always brilliant; the wind may die away into gentle whisperings or absolute silence after the most tremendous tempest. But it is undeniably true that the notion of physical vastness is common to the pictures of some of the gods, whether in the Greek or in the Northern systems of mythology. The body of the fallen Ares covers seven roods of land; the mighty Thor devours an ox and eight salmon at a single meal. Both the Greek, the Teutonic, and the Norse gods love merriment, and may burst out into inextinguishable laughter; and although they can move with astounding swiftness, they are nevertheless local, and all have their offices and functions. There is no feature in the mythology of the Iliad and Odyssey which may not be traced throughout the wide extent of Aryan tradition. But in each portion of it the mythology is coloured by the conditions of the popular or national life, the beliefs being accordingly sombre or bright, graceful, cumbrous, or grotesque. To Grimm the manifestations of deity in Asiatic legends seemed to be more deeply and purely conceived in comparison with those of the Western Aryans. In these

the god comes down and abides in the flesh for a season for the salvation of mankind. Wherever the doctrine of metempsychosis prevailed, the bodies of animals even were eligible for the avatâra; and of Vishnu's ten successive incarnations the earlier ones are animal; it was in the later ones that he truly became man. The Greek and Teutonic mythologies steer clear of such notions; in both of these the story of the gods was too sensuously conceived to have invested their transformations with the seriousness and duration of an avatâra, although a belief in such incarnation is in itself so nearly akin to that of the heroes being bodily descended from the gods.

All this runs curiously counter to the notion that in the mythology of the Iliad and the Odyssey there are any characteristics which separate it absolutely from that of the Aryan epic poems or of the legends of the Aryan tribes generally. The Iliad and the Odyssey reveal no changes in the popular belief which may not be discerned at work elsewhere; nor is there apparently any reason for looking on the mythology of these two poems as prior in the order of time any more than in the order of thought to that of the Greek lyric poets or of the other poems which went by the name of Homer. Mr. Gladstone's special theories on the subject of Homeric mythology are thus left on one side; and if Grimm's conclusions may be regarded as established, the door is shut on a controversy which may be as unprofitable as it is likely to be protracted. For the present it is more to the purpose to mark the emphasis with which Grimm, writing nearly half a century ago, insisted on the closeness of the affinity between the Teutonic and the Greek mythology—an affinity for which, as in the relation of the Greek and the Teutonic languages, there is, he insists, "no question of borrowing or choice, nothing but unconscious affinity, allowing room (and that inevitably) for considerable divergences."

Of the learning and the sound judgment with which every part of his great subject is illustrated, only those who have spent some time over the book can form an adequate idea. In a few cases perhaps he has left unnoticed points which might seem to strengthen his position. Thus, in speaking of the practice of baking dough in the shapes of animals, he remarks that "baking in the shape of a boar must have been much more widely spread than in the North alone," and refers to the baking of "cochelins" for New Year's Day in France. He might also have referred to the Egyptian custom of baking swine-shaped pieces of dough mentioned by Herodotus. The comparison, if it holds good, would seem to suggest that the European practice was in like manner the substitution of a less for a more costly victim. One of the best sections in this volume is that which treats of Wish, the correlative of the Vedic Kama, and endowed to even a greater degree than Kama, with all the attributes of personality; but we fail to see why to Grimm's thoroughly convincing demonstration the translator should think it necessary to append a note, in which he says:—"That Wish was personified, and very boldly, by the Christian poets, is abundantly proved. That he was ever believed in as a person, even in heathen times, is to my thinking far from clear. I believe some German scholars regard the notion as little better than a mare's nest." The remark seems to have no force, unless the phrase "believed in" is to be taken as equivalent to "worshipped." There is perhaps no reason for saying that Kama was ever an object of worship; but this remark applies also to the Greek Charites, and many other beings whose personality nevertheless we cannot call into question. Not less instructive is the chapter in which Grimm deals with the question whether before their conversion to Christianity the German tribes had any constructed temples. That they used consecrated groves as temples is beyond dispute; but it would appear that built temples were not wholly wanting, although the preference of the people was for the former. This preference Grimm accounts for in one of the few animated passages which break the judicial dispassionateness of his general argument:—

At a time when rude beginnings were all that there was of the builder's art, the human mind must have been roused to a higher devotion by the sight of lofty trees under an open sky, than it could feel inside the stunted

structures reared by unskilful hands. When long afterwards the architecture peculiar to the Teutons reached its perfection, did it not in its boldest erections still aim at reproducing the soaring trees of the forest? Would not the abortion of miserably carved or chiselled images lag far behind the form of the god which the youthful imagination of antiquity pictured to itself, throned on the bowery summit of a sacred tree? In the sweep and under the shades of primeval forests the soul of man found itself filled with the nearness of sovran deities. The mighty influence that a forest life had from the first on the whole being of our nation is attested by the 'marchfellowships'; *marka*, the word from which they took their name, denoted first a forest, and afterwards a boundary.

FOURTEEN MONTHS IN CANTON.*

IT is difficult to understand why this book was published. It consists of a series of letters written by Mrs. Gray to her mother, in which she describes the events of her life during her stay at Canton. These letters, Mrs. Gray tells us in her preface, "were written for circulation amongst my family and a few friends who kindly expressed an interest in all I saw and did in the far-off country of China." For this purpose they are, no doubt, admirably adapted. They contain a great deal of information which was probably new and strange to her correspondents, and the personal narrative which runs through them might readily have invested them with interest to those for whom they were primarily written. But there is a wide gulf separating communications of private and of public interest. Letters which, in a small circle of friends, easily gain a reputation for originality of matter and winsomeness of manner, are no sooner published than they are brought into open competition with all works bearing on the same subject; and, unless they can supply omissions in our previous knowledge or throw a new light on their theme, their author must expect to hear the question asked, Why are they here?

In Archdeacon Gray, the "Henry" of the letters, Mrs. Gray had the best possible guide in her expeditions in and about Canton. Every nook and corner of the city and neighbouring country yielded up their secrets to the indefatigable Archdeacon during his residence of a quarter of a century in the British settlement; and on his return to his post, after a period of rest in England, he must naturally have felt a pleasure in introducing to his bride's notice the scenes with which he was so thoroughly familiar. But Archdeacon Gray is not only well acquainted with his subject, but he has also written about it. His *Walks in the City of Canton* (1875) bristles as plenteously with information as it does with commas, and, as far as the first characteristic is concerned, leaves nothing for Mrs. Gray to tell us. This she practically admits in her letters, since almost everything she describes which is not of personal interest is but a reflection of what we find in the Archdeacon's book, and sometimes, like the reflected images cast in the waters of Canadian lakes, these reflections are so like the realities that they have all the appearance of being one and the same thing. The description in both books of the Emperor's temple is an instance in point, and is as follows:

ARCHDEACON GRAY.	MRS. GRAY.
In front of the principal entrance, there stands a massive monumental arch of granite. The gates of the grand entrance are surmounted by a lofty roof of yellow tiles. On passing this gate, we entered a small courtyard. On the opposite side of this area, there is a gateway resembling, in all respects, that to which we have just referred. When we had passed through this second gateway, we found ourselves in the great quadrangle, or courtyard of the temple. This quadrangle is enclosed on each side, by cloisters, the roofs of which are, by wooden pillars, supported. On the side of the quadrangle, which is immediately opposite to the entrance gates, stands the great shrine in which, the tablet, representing the Emperor, is placed. In the centre of the panel pathway, which conducts through the quadrangle to this shrine, and on the steps, too, by which that fane is more immediately approached there are sculptured in granite, two, or three figures of dragons and a representation of the sun. Upon these sacred emblems, no person, it is supposed, will be so sacrilegious as to tread. The consequence is that persons, when traversing the quadrangle, and ascending the steps by which the great shrine is approached, are obliged to make a detour. Thus, as it is intended, they walk not in a direct line towards the throne on which the tablet, representing majesty, stands. The shrine is enclosed by red stained walls, and is covered with a roof of yellow tiles.	We passed through a massive granite arch, and saw the lofty roof of the temple covered with yellow tiles, which denotes that it is a state endowment. We then went through two courtyards into a quadrangle enclosed by cloisters. Immediately opposite the large entrance gates stands the great shrine, containing the tablet of the Emperor. In the centre of the paved pathway, and also on the steps leading immediately to the shrine I saw two or three figures of dragons, and a representation of the sun engraved on the stone pavement. No person, it is supposed, will be sacrilegious enough to tread on these sacred emblems, and therefore no one will dare to walk straight towards the throne of majesty on which the imperial tablet rests. The shrine is enclosed by red stained walls, and the roof is covered with yellow tiles.

And so on. This is no solitary instance, but throughout the volume similar cases occur over and over again. Sometimes in the midst of what are virtually quotations we meet with some slight but curious divergences as to fact, which make us wonder whether the Archdeacon has been misled, or whether Mrs. Gray has misread the Archdeacon, or whether the printer has misunderstood Mrs. Gray's manuscript. After describing the charnel-house of a Buddhist monastery very much in the terms of her husband, Mrs. Gray says, "Another large ossuary . . . has received its full complement of human ashes, viz., the ashes of 4,948 monks, and more than this a Buddhist is not allowed to deposit in one ossuary." The Archdeacon, on the other hand, says, "For, into an ossuary, so say the Buddhists, the charred remains of not more than five thousand, and forty-eight monks, can be thrown." Again, in describing a duck-farm Mrs. Gray says, "There are itinerant duck and geese vendors, who come to the villages in large boats; they buy from 150 to 1,000 ducks or geese at a time." The Archdeacon in this passage also is not faithfully followed. He says, "Each of these itinerant vendors of ducks buys, at one time, fifteen hundred or two thousand ducks."

But, whether faithfully or unfaithfully, Mrs. Gray follows very closely upon the heels of the Archdeacon in his "Walks." There is, however, as we have said, a personal side in her narrative, and from this it is possible to gather some pictures of antique Oriental life which are well calculated to strike the imagination. There are few who, even at the cost of getting up at two o'clock in the morning, would not like to have been at the Emperor's temple on the annual occasion when at break of day all the mandarins in the district, from the Viceroy downwards, bow themselves thrice to the ground before the Imperial tablet which stands in the place of one who is the "Son of Heaven" and ruler of "all the Earth." There is something in these days of unrest and "push," very captivating in the solemn observances, quiet dignity, and leisurely ease of Chinamen. Their courtly interchange of civilities, their profound salutations, their quaint imagery of speech, their love for those dimly obscure monuments of learning which have been handed down to them from Confucius and still earlier sages, their supreme reverence for age, their conscientious observance of their filial duties, their measured steps, and imperturbable bearing, are all national characteristics, which are to be prized, and not to be lightly thrown away in exchange for something they know not what. China is now the only country in the world where an ancient form of Oriental civilization has been preserved uncontaminated by the upstart ideas of Western nations. As she was, so she is; neither richer nor poorer, neither advancing nor receding, unchanging and feeling no need of change. What, we are tempted to ask, would be the result of the introduction of "Western civilization" into such an Empire? Would the people be happier? Would they be more law-abiding? Would they be more dutiful to their parents, or more honest in their dealings, if, instead of travelling leisurely in boats or in mule-drawn carts, they were to be whisked through the country at the rate of thirty miles an hour; if, instead of being in ignorance of the treasures beneath their feet, they were to be initiated into the mysteries of the formation of joint-stock Companies for the working of mines which exist, or do not exist, as the case may be; or if, instead of the slow-and-sure system of commerce which now obtains among them, they were to be made to experience the excitement of gambling in bubble Companies, and the despair consequent on "black Fridays"? If we might be allowed to argue from the particular to the universal, and to judge of the probable result on the nation of contact with Europeans by the effect produced on the natives at the open ports by an acquaintance with us and our ways, the answer to these questions would not be encouraging. The Duke of Somerset once described Shanghai as a "sink of iniquity." No doubt the expression was exaggerated, but what Shanghai is, that we have made it.

Against the demoralizing effect of consorting with foreigners the Chinese literati have, at Canton and several of the other ports, established a counterblast in the shape of lectureships on the principles of Confucianism. These aids to morality are especially intended for the uneducated classes, who might naturally be supposed to be more easily led away than their learned countrymen, and who have not benefited by the advantages enjoyed by every schoolboy in the Empire of reading, learning, and digesting the words of Confucius and his followers. The doctrines of the sage, and history, so far as it throws light upon them, form the sum total of Chinese education. The Confucian classics are the text-books in every school, and it is on their contents that candidates for degrees are examined at the great competitive examinations. We have heard much glib talk of late years of the Chinese competitive system, and the ability which as a rule distinguishes Chinese Mandarins is pointed at in support of the introduction of competitive examinations among ourselves. But, as a matter of fact, Chinese candidates compete not for office, but for literary degrees, the possession of which, except of the highest rank, merely qualifies the holders for office, and in no way insures them appointments. The first degree, or that of Siu-tsai, is conferred at the Prefectural cities after examination of the candidates by the magistrates of the districts within the Prefectures. The next, or Kü-jin degree, is won at the provincial capital, and the Tsin-sze degree, the highest obtainable, is competed for at Peking at triennial examinations. Both Mrs. Gray and the Archdeacon give us a description of the Examination Hall at Canton, in which we are told stand eleven thousand six hundred and seventy-three cells for the accommodation of Siu-tsai competitors for the Kü-jin degree. But even this number is often not large enough for every candidate to have a cell, and mat sheds are then run up to house the surplus. For the nine days during which the examinations last these cells are the homes of the candidates, and must add considerably to the severity of the ordeal

* *Fourteen Months in Canton.* By Mrs. Gray. With Illustrations. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

by their limited accommodation and scanty furniture. A space of five feet six inches by three feet eight allows a man small latitude for comfort or exercise, and the deal boards which have a double debt to pay, as a bed by night and table all the day, do not promise much rest after the mental toils of elaborating Confucian maxims.

But Mrs. Gray and the Archdeacon penetrated elsewhere besides the public buildings of the city. They visited the cat and dog *cafés*, and saw joints of dogs and portions of cats stewing in tempting gravy. Curiously enough, the position of the dishes and stewpans, and the exact nature of their contents, were almost identically the same when the Archdeacon wrote in 1875 as when Mrs. Gray visited the restaurant in 1877. They dined with Chinese friends; they witnessed Chinese plays; they were startled by Chinese conjuring; and Mrs. Gray personally investigated the mystery of the women's bandaged feet. To many people all this will be interesting enough, but, as we have already indicated, *Fourteen Months in Canton* is a disappointing book. We are ready to believe that when the letters of which the work consists were originally written, Mrs. Gray drew upon the Archdeacon's *Walks in the City of Canton* with the knowledge of her correspondents, and that she published them thoughtlessly without considering what was due to the larger public she addressed. Some such apology for her love of making extracts is certainly needed.

ALTRINCHAM AND BOWDON.

MR. INGHAM'S History is a fair average example of a considerable and apparently increasing class of books—compilations the merits and defects of which are so evenly balanced that it is impossible to award to them either banning or blessing. They are good enough to pass muster and avert blame, but have so many imperfections that praise is out of the question. It is not a little remarkable that local histories and topographies, in which English literature is exceptionally rich, should be so commonly amenable to this charge of decent mediocrity. Whilst they frequently show great industry and laborious research, it must be confessed that they are rarely attractive. They give information, but not delight. A cursory examination of Mr. Ingham's book enables us to get at some of the reasons why works of its class do not attain to a higher place in literature. The initial cause of the failure is that the author does not begin at the beginning. He starts with the assumption that the reader is possessed of a knowledge of scenes and incidents with which he is himself familiar, and so, unwisely and unwittingly, he omits some of the "necessary business" of his theme. This is one of the commonest mistakes of unpractised authorship, and is at the root of half the failures in literature. The right method, especially in local histories and topographies, is for the writer to assume that his possible reader is a dweller at a distance, and wholly ignorant of the locality to be described and of the events which have occurred within its boundary. If Pennant and Daines Barrington had been Gilbert White's neighbours, it is almost certain that we should never have had the minute account of Selborne which is contained in the *Antiquities* and the first nine of the letters to Pennant. White laid down the right "idea of parochial history" in the brief and modest preface which he addresses mainly to "the stationary men" who write about "the districts in which they reside"; and, apart from its value as a contribution to science, the *Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne* remains, after the lapse of a hundred years, the classic model of all works of its class. Mr. Ingham's work is defective and weak precisely where Gilbert White's is strong. We do not here refer to the natural history observations, which are of course the distinctive object of the Hampshire curate's book, but to those introductory portions which deal with the position, the outward aspects, and the people of the parish. In Mr. Ingham's work all these essential details are absent. He does not tell us where Altrincham and Bowdon (they are now virtually one town) are situated, or what is their geographical position relatively to the county of Chester. The topographical features are only vaguely referred to; the geology of the district is barely mentioned; and the botanical and ornithological characteristics, which are of great interest, are not once named. Still more disappointing is the omission of any careful account of the mode of life of the people, of their industries, employments, and means of living. It will be gathered from this that Mr. Ingham's book is destitute of original observation; it is, in fact, mainly a compilation from other books and from registers, records, and similar documents. Even in this respect its value is much depreciated by the deliberate omission of all references to his authorities. In his preface he takes credit for the fact that he has printed "no footnotes or other aids to bewilderment and confusion." Footnotes, however, serve quite other purposes; they are required as a test of authenticity; and, moreover, seeing how much Mr. Ingham has been indebted to Leycester, Ormerod, and other Cheshire historians for a very large portion of his material, it is scarcely fair on his part to have made no acknowledgment of the sources of his information. We have intimated that the book has merits. It is an unpretentious compilation, setting forth in fair narrative form the course of events, and evidencing much painstaking industry and research. Although sadly wanting in perspective, in the loving detail of long acquaintance and close observation, and in literary attractiveness, it has qualities which are too often absent from more ambitious works of its class.

Altrincham and Bowdon both trace their history a long way back. Bowdon is mentioned in the *Domesday Book* as Bogedon, the dwelling by or on the Down; and Altrincham has a charter of incorporation six hundred years old, granted by Hamon de Massey, the first Baron of Dunham, in the reign of Edward I. Down to the end of the last century, however, the two places were small and comparatively insignificant villages; the points of interest in their annals were few, and the historic thread would be very thin indeed were it not intertwined with the career of the successive owners of Dunham. The families which have held, first the castle and barony of Dunham, and subsequently the hall, park, and lordship of the manor, form, in fact, the connecting link which gives something like cohesion to the fragmentary annals of Bowdon and Altrincham, and brings them into association with the history of the county. Hamo, or Hamon de Massey, the first Baron of Dunham, held the lordship under the Earl of Chester at the time of the Domesday Survey. His castle was one of the chain of forts erected, or more probably strengthened, to guard Cheshire against the marauding incursions of the barons on the northern side of the Mersey. At that time—1086—there was already a church at Bowdon, which was certainly of Saxon foundation. The direct descendants of Hamon de Massey held the barony for two hundred and sixty years, the sixth and last baron dying in 1342. Then, after an interval of nearly a hundred years, during which the barony was the subject of sundry "great suits" between contending claimants, the estates at Dunham Massey came into the possession of the Booth family, the founder of which was Robert del Bothe, a younger son of Sir John del Bothe, of Barton, near Manchester. The eighth member of the line was created a baronet in the reign of James I., and his son George was the first Lord Delamer. This George Booth was a man of strong convictions, extraordinary activity, indomitable courage, and, as Clarendon says, great natural impetuosity. As the leader of the Presbyterian party in Cheshire, he was prominent on the side of the Parliamentarians throughout the Civil War; but his independence of spirit was shown, first by his inclusion among these representatives in Parliament to whom Pride's Purge was applied, and afterwards, in Cromwell's later years, as the chief mover in Cheshire for the restoration of the exiled Stuart to the throne. Defeated by Lambert at the decisive battle of Winnington in 1659, he escaped in the disguise of a woman, was captured in Buckinghamshire, and sent to the Tower, but released on the dissolution of the Long Parliament. On the restoration of the King he was created Baron Delamer as a reward for his services. His son, the second Lord Delamer, was an equally active participator in public affairs, and for his defence of what he conceived to be the rights and liberties of the people against the proceedings of Charles II. and James II. he was thrice committed to the Tower, and afterwards tried by Judge Jeffries and a jury of his peers for alleged complicity in the rising of the Duke of Monmouth, but acquitted. By William, in whose behalf he took up arms in Cheshire, he was created Earl of Warrington. The heads of the family who have succeeded, either by direct or collateral descent, to the estates at Dunham, have resided there until within the last ten or fifteen years, and have maintained uninterruptedly a close connexion with the affairs of Altrincham. One of the sons of the house, the Honourable Booth Grey, served the office of mayor in 1758. The fine park, which skirts the northern boundary of Altrincham and Bowdon, has always been kept open for the free use of the inhabitants, and only a month or two ago the present Earl of Stamford and Warrington gave a plot of land for a public park on another side of the town. Mr. Ingham's biographical sketch of the Booths is well done, and particularly valuable is his reprint of the scarce account of the trial of the second Lord Delamer.

The history of Altrincham as a corporation is as quaint and amusing as the records of these ancient forms of municipal life usually are. Sir Charles Dilke's Committee on unreformed municipal corporations, if it ever extends its inquiries as far as this mid-Cheshire town, will not have much fault to find with its administrative proceedings. The eccentricities and worse of such places as Pevensey, Seaford, Brading, Corfe Castle, and Saltash are happily altogether absent from the corporate annals of Altrincham. The charter recognizes a mayor only; there are no aldermen or councillors. Strange to say, the duties of the mayor have not been superseded by the local Board which was established in 1851; neither has the mayor a place on that Board; nor, seemingly, any connexion with it. Under the new and altered conditions of local government he appears to be an anomaly; but no attempt has been made to abolish the office. What his precise powers and duties are it is difficult to discover. The privileges conferred by the charter in 1290 were at the time undoubtedly of great value and highly esteemed. They included an immunity from tolls; the abolition of many servile customs; the grant of rights to all burgesses to cut turf and heath for fuel and thatching purposes, to pasture cattle, and to feed swine on the lands of the lord of the manor; and to obtain timber for the repair of houses and outbuildings. The charter also secured a trial by his peers for any burgess; "nor," says Hamon de Massey's document, which is still preserved in the archives of the town, "shall they be interfered with out of their borough on account of trespasses done within the borough." In return for these privileges, all that appears to have been re-

* *A History of Altrincham and Bowdon; with an Account of the Barony and House of Dunham.* By Alfred Ingham. Altrincham: Mackie, Brettnall, & Co. 1879.

quired of the inhabitants (in addition, probably, to some personal services) was that they should grind their corn at the Baron's mill and use his bakehouse. In course of time various officers were appointed to carry out the behests of the mayor—constables, market-lookers, burleymen or bylawmen, leather-sealers, swine-lookers, ale-tasters, pump-lookers, dog-muzzlers, chimney-sweepers, and the bellman. Each of these had his duties in those simple times. The leather-sealers took care that persons did not sell insufficiently tanned leather. The pump-lookers saw that "no person washed potatoes at ye town's pump, or watered horses, or fetched water to make daub or mortar." The market-lookers prevented the sale of meat unfit for food, and the giving of short weight by bakers. It speaks well for the good beer brewed in those days to find that the ale-taster's office was a sinecure, as there is no mention in the corporate records of fines inflicted on the information of this functionary. A good deal of fun was made of the Mayor of Altrincham in earlier days, doubtless because the office was frequently filled by people in a humble way of life. An old rhyme says:—

> The Mayor of Altrincham and the Mayor of Over,
> The one is a thatcher, the other a dauber.

Sir Walter Scott, in the *Heart of Midlothian*, refers to a Cheshire saying, "I was like the Mayor of Altrincham, who lies in bed whilst his breeches are mending." And a story is told of a Mayor of Over who, on his way to Manchester, called for a shave at a shop in Altrincham. When the barber had finished, his worship said, "You may tell your customers you've had the honour of shaving the Mayor of Over." To which the other replied, "And you may tell yours that you have had the honour of being shaved by the Mayor of Altrincham." The day of mayoral barbers and bakers has long since vanished, and the wealthier residents do not disdain to accept the post; but it is probable that Sir Charles Dilke and his Committee will ere long prove too much for those antique and useless remnants of municipal authority, which, like the corporation of Altrincham, are now little better than a burlesque of local government.

Thomas de Quincey as a child, and again as a youth, visited Altrincham for a day, and he describes in his autobiographical sketches the scene in the market-place in the early morning—the "bonny young women, all trooping about in caps and aprons coquettishly disposed," the butchers' stalls brilliantly clean, the fruits and flowers "scattered about in profusion," and many other things, making altogether "the gayest scene I ever beheld." At that time Altrincham was little more than a village, but as the market town of a considerable agricultural district it was a place of some importance. Since then the railway has changed the entire aspect of the place. Altrincham and Bowdon have become suburbs of Manchester; the population has grown from two thousand or thereabouts to nearly fifteen thousand, and by the end of the century every trace of the primitive Altrincham which De Quincey knew, and of which this volume is the somewhat imperfect memorial, will have wholly passed away.

THE WEIRD SISTERS.*

THIS is by no means the kind of book which may be read with any comfort in a lonely house in the country late at night. It wants the blaze of a dozen gas-burners to support and cheer up the reader in the midst of the feast of horrors which is so bountifully spread before him by the author. We are not ashamed to confess that, as one night we were hastily skimming these three volumes in a long low room that was but dimly lighted, we began to feel in much the same state as was, on one occasion, the wicked hero of the story. "All throughout," we are told, "Grey saw at his left shoulder the Nemesis of his fate, and over the right the pallid face of his murdered victim." We will not, however, allow that our case was altogether the same, for to do so would certainly imply that we are gifted with a most tremendous squint. Nevertheless we saw over both our shoulders as much as any one can see who is looking straight before him and whose eyes are much as other people's. There was only one thing which could counterbalance to any extent the terrors of the narrative, and that was the wonderful absurdity of the language in which it is written. But it is not every one, we fear, who can derive this feeling of comfort, for it is not every one who can tell when a novelist is writing nonsense. We would therefore strongly recommend our country readers—above all, those of the fair sex—not to venture on this story till the days have grown much longer. If they do, they will repent it. The day will pass away, and night will come on. Let them not count on "the violet-purple brooding east" or "the full crimson activity of the splendid west"—we are merely borrowing from our author—or "the pale grey-blue of the northern plains," or "the green sky to the south," or "the pulse of liquid pink overhead." These are very pretty and comforting in their way, but they will not last. "The inviolate darkness" will come on; and what inviolate darkness can at times do they may learn from Mr. Dowling's pages. One night it was "so complete that it pressed with weight upon his (the hero's) eyeballs, and thickened the air in his lungs." On such a night as this they may by chance, as they go upstairs to their rooms, tread, like the hero, on a small piece of plaster which had fallen from the ceiling. How will they be prepared to control their feelings should it, in their case too, make "a sound like a wild beast crunching bones?" They may perchance walk through some passage where the wall-paper has been torn and hangs in shreds. What would they do if they were exposed to such terrors as was the hero, when "long slimy arms of paper stretched out to him from the wall and held him back?" Would not each of them, too, find, as he found, his gullet dry? A dry gullet can indeed be moistened; but what remedy can be found when the air rushing through a man's windpipe seems burdened with sand that tears the skin of his parched throat, when the arteries in his temple twang against the bones with noises that make him giddy, and when the uproar of strangulation is in his head? No moistening, no refreshing draught of porter can cure that. They next may find their face shrivelled up as the hero suddenly found his; or they may exclaim "Aha!" in such a strange way that some young baronet will at once say to them, as one said to the hero, "Did you ever hear the death-scream of a horse?" They may even go on still further, and rave as thus raved Mr. Grey:—

> *That* was the vulgar end of the coarse objective tragedy. That was the poison-bowl, the dagger-thrust. That was the breaking of the last bone on the wheel. I am dead since then. But *that* was only the bell for the curtain to go up on the other tragedy, the subjective play. I am enrolled among the immortals. I play the chief part in a tragico-farce by the Angel of Night. I play the leading part. The stage is in the nether depth. I play to an audience of everlasting Outcasts. The audience are assembled, the curtain is up. I forget my cue, and the prompter is asleep. Judas, I forget my cue, and the prompter is asleep. What am I to say? What am I to do, comrade Judas?

Our warnings, we fear, will be all to no purpose. With a large class of readers no hero is more popular than one who out-villains villany, while many derive a strange kind of pleasure from being sent scared to bed.

The story opens well, and plunges at once into the midst of horrors. The first chapter is entitled "A Conscientious Burglar." This worthy, it so chanced, had happened to break into Mr. Grey's house the very evening that that gentleman, highly respectable banker though he was, murdered his wife. The robber had seen the murder committed, and now came to demand a thousand pounds as hush-money. The banker draws out a revolver, and is going to shoot him dead, when the other utters a loud whistle. All at once a wild alarmed scream of a woman shot up through the silence, and, as though a blast had struck the banker's face, it shrivelled up like a withered leaf. While his face was thus shrivelled up, his eyes were fixed on vacancy. "He seemed to be listening intently, spell-bound by some awful vision, some distracting anticipation intimately concerned with appalling voices." Three whispered words slowly trickled from his lips—that is to say, he said, "What was that?" The reader is disappointed to find that, after all, there is no ghost, and that the distracting anticipation was not justified by the facts of the case. The scream came merely from the burglar's wife, and had been arranged beforehand in case of any danger befalling her husband. With such a "wealth" of villains is the story provided that we hear very little more of this worthy pair. Almost to the last page we had hoped that they would turn up at last and send the hero to the gallows. But hanging apparently was too good for him. He was meant for a more awful fate, and so the author was able to dispense with the further services of his conscientious burglar and his wife.

Let not the reader imagine that the interest of the story flags even for one moment as we close this first chapter. We are at once introduced to the scene of the murder and one of "The Weird Sisters" who give their name to the book. These were not women, but a pair of towers. One of them formed part of a vast pile that belonged to the family of a baronet. In the topmost chamber of that round tower had been found, ages before the story opens, the skeleton of a young lady, the wife of wicked Lord Stancroft, who at one time owned the estate. Ever since her death, "winter and summer, when there was sunshine at sunset, the top of that tower caught the reflection of the last red streak that flickered on the polished surface of the river." Mr. Dowling should have given us a map of the spot. Without it we find it not a little difficult to understand how the reflection from the setting sun can have struck the same place all the year round. However, there "the blood-red glare" was always to be seen; whether it came from the sunset, as the author says, or, as some thought, from the fire where the wicked dowager Lady Stancroft suffered for her great sin; or whether, as others thought, it was the reflection from the wreath of glory worn by the poor young wife. The other Weird Sister was part of the banker's own house. It was not unworthy of its rival. People spoke of it, we read, as a kind of phantom house. They treated it with a sort of superstitious respect, as a thing which might exercise an evil influence over those who fell under the shadow of its displeasure. To describe this place the author puts forth all the power which he possesses—and it is by no means inconsiderable—of writing arrant nonsense. In it a murder has to be committed, and therefore he labours hard for page after page to make it from the beginning as repulsive and disgusting a place as can be imagined. The scene of Macbeth's murder had, we remember, a pleasant seat, and a few lines described it; but Shakspeare and a modern novelist are wide as the poles asunder. Mr. Dowling first begins with the outside. We have gnarled boughs of oaks with huge green and red and yellow slimy weeds among the brambles and shrubs beneath them—no common combination of vegetable life, we undertake to say. "In the vast winds of the winters, when the oaks gored one another,

* *The Weird Sisters.* A Romance. By Richard Dowling, Author of "The Mystery of Killard." 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1880.

and tore off the fangs of their antlers, great boughs fell with shrieks to the earth." We pass by vaults of sickly twilight, where vegetable nature held high saturnalia; shrubs damp with gelatinous dews; strange and depressing odours that filled the mind with hints of unutterable fears; fat reptiles that slipped in the ghostly moonlight; and we thank Heaven when at last we reach a pump and a horse-trough in the middle of a paved court-yard. There we take breath for a moment, but it is only for a moment, as the author at once plunges into a fresh flood of nonsense. In the very next page we come back to the park of gnarled oaks and rank lush undergrowth that was to the rear of all, and at the same time surrounding all. How a thing can surround all, and at the same time be at the rear of all is almost as puzzling as seeing Nemesis at the left shoulder and over the right a pallid face. Such was the place where the banker lived. The same year that he bought it he was appointed "caretaker to the fortune" of a baronet. This too-confiding gentleman rashly intrusted him with "half a million Consols," equal, we are told, to five tons weight of gold:—

About that time he read an account of a certain tree said to be in sympathy with a certain tower. The idea was fresh to him, and seemed to open up a new field of speculation, and he dwelt upon it a good deal.

One evening, as he was rowing from the Castle to his own home, a thought flashed into his mind. There was a striking coincidence in the fact of his being connected so closely with two such houses. Each was unpopular, each was weird, strange: there were queer stories about each, each had a tower. The tower of one had an unpleasant history connected with the skeleton of that poor Spanish lady; the tower on his house had that rusty framework of a tank that looked like a skeleton. "Might not," he thought, with a smile at the absurdity, "there be some sympathy between these two houses?"

The reader, if he has been properly moved by the author, will see no absurdity in the banker's thought. An iron tank on the top of a tower seems at first sight but a poor counterpart to a real skeleton; but then, as by this time we know, the tank was no common one. It had in its ruin been previously likened to the decay of the indomitable natives of America. It had become a tattered flag of distress. In it was stowed away, in the course of the story, the murdered body of the hero's wife. No wonder that even before this the whole building quivered with human horror, was silent with frozen awe; while "in your mental vision," writes Mr. Dowling, "the house itself seemed scared and afeared." What have the readers of such stuff as this, we may well ask, to do with mental vision? No doubt Mr. Dowling merely uses the word in a complimentary sense.

With such a house for his dwelling-place even the most virtuous banker could scarcely help falling into crime. The fates would have been too strong for him. The hero accordingly robs the confiding baronet of every ounce of his five tons of gold, and persuades the aged gentleman on his deathbed to leave him his sole executor. This he does, by the help of a scarcely less aged family solicitor, with great precision of language. "I hereby elect and appoint," his will ran, "Henry Walter Grey, of the Manor House, banker (hereinbefore described as Henry Walter Grey), executor and trustee." No sooner was the will made than the banker murdered his wife, and was ready to propose to the baronet's only daughter and heiress. Unhappily a cousin turns up, the heir to the title and landed estate. He had lived in Egypt, the land, we are told, of "the inexplicable Pyramids and the inscrutable Sphynx" (*sic*). Therefore, "the 'How d'ye do?' of her cousin came to her attended by veiled figures of strange aspect." The cousins of course fall in love. Grey for a while hopes to be yet too much for them. One night he goes out and "whispers to the leafless trees. 'Now, Mr. Prompter, ring down the drop. That's a very pretty end of the fourth act.'" But the fifth act begins very badly for him. His old mother abandons him, and persists in going into an almshouse. This alone was almost enough to ruin the soundest bank. The cousins are married. Grey gets together 20,000*l.* and intends to escape to Spain. First, however, he must burn down his house, and the tank that was a tattered flag of distress, and contained the body of his dead wife. No sooner had he set fire to the place than he became mad, and rushes, with a yell, up the noisome stairs to the tank. The flames cut off his retreat. For an hour and a half he keeps alive, in spite of them. At last the tank falls in through the burning roof. "With that tank the evidence against him had vanished." He at once becomes eager to escape, and calls for help. "Something warm struck his back." This last is really a little too much for us. The man had been an hour and a half on the top of a blazing tower, and now turns round because "something warm struck his back." We scarcely know whether, scoundrel that he was, he deserves the fate that the author awards him. For our part, we should have been quite satisfied had it been the story of his villanies, and not himself, that was pitched into the flames.

MOROCCO.*

READING Signor de Amicis's beautifully illustrated volume makes us marvel at the adventurous courage of men like Gerhard Rholfs who have made their way through the country without his advantages. Signor de Amicis travelled from Tangiers to Fez as the member of a mission from the King of Italy, which accomplished its marches under powerful escorts and was welcomed everywhere with apparent honour and hospitality. Yet what was most disagreeably impressed on the Italians was the malignant fanaticism of the natives, which is perhaps the more extraordinary since they are seldom brought in contact with the Christians they despise and detest. Half-naked santons turned out to curse the strangers; men scowled at them or shook their fists surreptitiously; and the women, boys, and children, who seemed to have less apprehension of penal consequences, actually mobbed them in the streets of the capital and pelted them over the heads of the guards in attendance. It is not surprising that the Signor formed no agreeable impression of the people, who would willingly have taken the life which they did their best to make a burden to him. The Berber mountaineers of the Atlas, of whom he saw but little, retain, he says, some of the manly virtues of savage races. Nor have the nomadic Arab tribes who pasture their flocks on the plains altogether degenerated from their ancient character. But in the Moors of the towns, who now monopolize the wealth and trade of the country, he found hardly any redeeming qualities. He tells us that they are truculent, avaricious, ignorant, insolent, superstitious, and grossly bigoted; and, in fact, if you were to load them with the abusive epithets they were ready to lavish so volubly on the Christians, you would be unlikely to do them any injustice. Nor is the debasement of their characters to be wondered at, considering the system of misgovernment under which they live. The tyranny of the Sultan is almost absolute, and only tempered by some regard to the prejudices of his subjects. He chooses his highest Ministers where he will, often selecting them from the lowest slaves of the palace, as was the case with the powerful vizier who received the Italian embassy. Sid-Moussa, however, chanced to be really a remarkable man, ignorant and unlettered but naturally shrewd, and a practised master of the arts of semi-barbarous diplomacy and intrigue. But he held his place and his life subject to the caprice of his master, who could unmake his creature and chattel with a word as he had made him.

The administration of Moorish finance is Oriental in the extreme, and its fundamental principles are corruption and oppression. The pay of the public functionaries is so absurdly small that it must be a matter of indifference to them whether it runs into arrear or not. Of course they remunerate themselves by bribes and high-handed robbery. Yet nowhere is the possession of riches more uncertain. The governor of a province squeezes the people and hides away the treasure he accumulates, for of course investments at interest are unknown. His enemies at court lodge accusations against him, which are sure to be well founded were there any question of doing justice; or the Sultan may be in pressing need of money. The governor receives an order to repair to the capital, or, more probably, is summarily arrested by soldiers sent for the purpose. At the capital he is thrown into a dungeon, loaded with chains, and put to the torture, till he consents to disgorge the amount of booty which it is calculated that he has probably pillaged in his government. Not unfrequently, we are told, these grasping malefactors cling to their prey with a constancy not to be shaken by the certainty of a horrible, though lingering, death. Their relatives have the secret of the hiding-place of the treasure, and so it remains in the family after all. Sometimes, under stress of circumstances, the Sultan levies on some district what used to be facetiously known in English history as a benevolence. If the people protest their inability to pay, or resolve in desperation to show fight, he lets loose on them two or three thousand of his half-savage horsemen, who rob on their own account while collecting for their sovereign; bringing back by way of trophies some sackfuls of heads, which are tastefully displayed over the gates of his city. It may be supposed that under these conditions of existence husbandry is rude and backward. The richest of the rural population are the tribes of pastoral Arabs, who own great herds of sheep and cattle. The peasants barely scratch the ground with a primitive plough, leaving it to rest from time to time by lying fallow. Signor de Amicis gives a suggestive little sketch of one of these rude implements, where a goat and a donkey yoked together are working in seemingly harmonious fellowship. Yet with all this general wretchedness and the precarious tenure of life and property, the Sultan, as we have said, has to pay a certain regard to prejudices. Signor de Amicis tells a curious story, the exactness of which he vouches for. An old woman of Mogador was knocked down by the horse of an English merchant, unfortunately breaking in the fall two of her front teeth. She carried her complaint to the Caid, insisting that two of the foreigner's incisors should be removed by the law of talion. Like the widow who beset the unjust judge in the parable, she persecuted the Caid day after day, till at length he represented the case to the Englishman, and implored him to submit. This our countryman positively declined to do; whereupon his victim set out on foot, and went with her plaint to the footstool of the Sultan. The vicegerent of Allah admitted the justice of her case, praying her at the same time to accept in compensation money sufficient to make her comfortable for life. It was all in vain, and finally he solved the difficulty by a more successful appeal to the other party. The merchant consented to part with his teeth in exchange for valuable privileges by which he amassed a fortune in a couple of years.

This anecdote is a good illustration of Signor de Amicis's style, which is invariably as bright and animated as his matter is full of information. He appears to have made his trip to Morocco as correspondent for an Italian journal, and his principals could hardly have made a better choice. He showed a lively interest in everything and everybody; studied character, for

* *Morocco: its People and Places.* By Edmondo de Amicis. Translated by C. Rollin-Tilton. London: Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co.

which he had ample opportunities in the variety of attendants and clients attached to the mission; and looked at the people, the scenery, and the cities from the picturesque as well as the prosaic points of view. Though they travelled with all available luxuries, it was a rough and hard life at best; but he bore the hardships with unfailing good humour. He had his own special anxieties in the circumstance that the art of riding does not seem to have been included in his education. Though he had singled out with much self-satisfaction the quietest mule among the animals provided, yet he had more than enough to do to manage it; and his equestrian embarrassments culminated when they made their entry into the narrow streets of Fez, among shouting Arabs and plunging horses. Provisions were supplied in abundance; they carried their own wine, and had very jovial dinners under canvas; but what they chiefly suffered from was the heat and the insects. Italians as they were, and tolerably seasoned, several of the party were altogether prostrated on the return march in the beginning of summer by the scorching sun and the stifling night atmosphere. As for the plague of venomous insects, that began badly as it went on, and never abated. Here is a picture of the pleasures of the mid-day "repose":—"Hardly had we stretched ourselves upon the ground when we were assaulted, stung, and tormented on every side, as if we had chosen a bed of nettles. Caterpillars, spiders, monstrous ants, hornets, and grasshoppers, big, impudent, and determined, swarmed about us. . . . Close by these was a monstrous spider's web, spread over some bushes like a sheet hung out to dry." Once the Signor witnessed the passage of a host of locusts in the shape of a distant field which appeared to be in motion; and one of the suite gave him a most vivid description of a really formidable invasion of these terrible scourges. Then there is nothing for it but resignation. The face of the country is covered; every green thing is devoured; while the stench that emanates from the myriads of dead sometimes breeds contagious fevers, and was followed in 1799 by a fearful pestilence.

On the other hand, the tedious march was enlivened by many picturesque incidents, though of course after a time these began to lose the charm of novelty. The Sultan had sent an escort of his own troops from Fez under the command of one of his generals. Hamed Ben-Kasen, by the way, was a model Moor. He was invariably in good temper; never bullied his men; was up and about early and late; showed himself seemingly perfectly contented on his pay of forty francs a month; and was ready to turn his hand to anything from buckling the girths of a pack-saddle to driving a tent pole. But besides Ben-Kasen and his men, the governor of each town they traversed was bound to meet them on the frontier with a mounted contingent of cavalry, and to remain in attendance to the opposite frontier. These wild horsemen, often well mounted on under-sized horses, though very indifferently armed, delighted to go through their warlike exercises before the strangers, charging, wheeling, firing off their matchlocks, and affecting to take to flight after a hot pursuit. Naturally their moral characters were none of the best; some of them belonged to tribes who have organized robbery into a profession, distributing its departments among the different members of the community; but they were stalwart in their make and martial in their bearing, contrasting favourably with the regular troops of the Sultan, who seemed to be drawn from the dregs of the people, and numbered many boys in their ranks. Then there was the solemn presentation of the *muna*. The *muna* is a tribute in provisions which the inhabitants are compelled to furnish to all guests of the Sultan who pass through their districts. On the first occasion, the head-man of the place came forward, followed by a long file of Arabs, who "deposited at the feet of the Ambassador a great quantity of coal, eggs, sugar, butter, candles, bread, three dozen of hens, and eight sheep." These contributions in kind were all very well so long as they were cooked by the European *chef* of the mission. But Signor de Amicis could never reconcile himself to the Moorish cookery, which he had too many opportunities of appreciating at official banquets, and of which he gives a most entertaining description. One of the *menus* included "twenty-eight enormous dishes, without counting the sweets, any one of which would have been enough for twenty people, of all forms, odours, and flavours; monstrous pieces of mutton on the spit, chickens (with pomatum), game (with cold cream), fish (with cosmetics), livers, puddings, vegetables, eggs, salads, all with the same dreadful combinations of the barber's shop." The Mission had no reason to complain of their reception at Fez. The Sultan, who was extremely prepossessing in appearance, was gracious in the extreme; his Ministers imitated their master's affability; and, though mean externally, the palace prepared for the Mission was spacious and almost sumptuous in its internal accommodation and architecture. But the Signor was dismally struck by the aspect of the city, of which he gives a feelingly graphic description. It is a labyrinth of dilapidated streets and lanes, with blank windowless walls, encumbered with bones and bodies of animals and heaps of decaying putridity. "In some places the ground is so broken, the dust so thick, the smell so horrible, the flies are so numerous, that we have to stop to take breath." No wonder that in so foul an atmosphere and with such depressing surroundings they should have lost health before their departure, and longed for a change of scene and for the open country, when the novelty of their first impressions had worn off.

We must conclude our notice of a fascinating volume with a word of warm praise for the comprehensive and admirable illustrations, which are executed with extraordinary spirit, and, as we should imagine, with great fidelity. The translator, too, seems to have performed his part of the work with much ability; and the book altogether is to be strongly recommended.

CLÉMENT'S MICHAEL ANGELO, LIONARDO DA VINCI, AND RAFFAELLE.*

THESE biographies come before the English public with accumulative credentials. When the first French edition appeared, nineteen years ago, the criticism on Michael Angelo was pronounced the best among the very many that had been attempted. And yet these lives of the three most distinguished artists of the Italian Renaissance have since slumbered on the library shelves of the select few, and probably would not have been brought prominently into light had it not been for the warm encomium of an English Academician. Mr. Poynter in his lectures pronounces "these three notices remarkable, not only for the beautiful spirit in which they are written, but for the justice with which the three characters are compared and analysed." Speedily following on these words, the well-nigh forgotten volume appears in an English garb; and the public are also informed that the notice of Michael Angelo will come out separately in renovated form. Seldom has a short paragraph proved of such advertising power, and fortunately the wares thus offered to the public are of intrinsic and permanent worth.

Michael Angelo, a stumbling-block for three centuries, has been literally encumbered by criticism. Sir Joshua Reynolds somewhat servilely declared that "to kiss the hem of his garment, to catch the slightest of his perfections, would be glory and distinction enough for an ambitious man." Fuseli said that "sublimity of conception, grandeur of form, and breadth of manner are the elements of Michael Angelo's style." Mr. Harford followed in feebler strains of eulogy. Duppa, whose life was pronounced thirty years ago to be "wholly satisfactory," writes:—"The genius of Michael Angelo was vast and wild, by turns extravagant and capricious, rarely to be implicitly followed, but always to be studied with advantage." Grimm, in his highly-coloured biography, places Michael Angelo side by side with Dante and Raffaelle, a triumvirate of the greatest men produced by Italy; "it is art alone which marks the prime of nations." Within comparatively recent years a reaction set in; the Pre-Raffaellites of England and Germany chose their objects of worship from prior historic periods, and Mr. Ruskin, their apologist, has made it part of his mission to run down the Tuscan Titan. But his accusations fall too far from the mark to be worth notice. Mr. Poynter, however, has taken up the cudgels in defence of the great sculptor, architect, and painter of the Italian Renaissance; a timely appeal is made to M. Clément, and the judgment delivered does but confirm the verdict of three centuries.

A connected scheme runs through these triple biographies. "The grand era of modern art, the wonderful epoch of the Renaissance," forms a general background, whereon are grouped in agreement and in contrast Lionardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raffaelle. The literary style is sparkling, even florid, and yet high-sounding sentences are usually sustained by solid thought. Novelty of view would be too much to expect from criticisms which are now nineteen years old, and yet we recur with pleasure and advantage to well-balanced judgments of character, and to vivid historic panoramas. The generalizations are broad and deep, and pointed epithets give a surface brilliancy. The author speaks of the dark ages and the approaching dawn as "a painful period," "a mysterious twilight separating the Renaissance from antiquity," "events following each other without appearing to be connected, drifting at random, as though floated on by a vast stream without guidance and almost without a current. Their progress is uncertain, fitful, obscure, and, like the blind elements, often conflicting, and so we cannot be surprised that the arts should share their fate." M. Clément advancing to the sixteenth century shows how Michael Angelo "broke away from the traditions of the liturgical painting of the middle ages," and likewise stood aloof from classic sculpture. His manner was individual, original, defiant. Marble coming from his chisel no longer expressed beauty simply in an abstract and general manner; carved by a powerful, intelligent hand, it translated ideas and feelings. "The Moses of Michael Angelo beheld God, heard the voice of thunder, and bears the terrible impress of what had been seen on Mount Sinai." "To speak, to strike, to convince, was the sculptor's object; no one cared less to please by small means; when he had said enough he said no more, accordingly he subjugated rather than charmed or beguiled." But M. Clément is too well trained as a critic to deal out unmixed praise, and in terse phrases he assigns limitations to the huge proportions of his hero. Michael Angelo's architecture is designated as "coldly scientific." The fresco-painted ceiling of the Sistine is termed a "painful poem of humanity," "a tragic heaven peopled with gigantic forms." The "Last Judgment" is spoken of as "one of those unheard-of productions of the human mind which, in spite of all criticisms, appal and overcome"; the artist "piles up difficulties, violent postures, extreme pantomimes," "making a kind of rhetoric of his art." Michael Angelo

* *Michelangelo, Lionardo da Vinci, and Raphael; with a Preliminary Chapter on Art in Italy before the Sixteenth Century.* By Charles Clément. Translated by Louisa Corkran. With 8 Illustrations. London: Seeley & Co. 1880.

has been called "the man of four souls," divided, though unequally, between the sister arts of architecture, sculpture, painting, and poetry. Of painting he himself said, in discourse with Vittoria Colonna, that it "approaches God, unites with Him, is a copy of His perfection, a shadow of His brush; in short, a music, a melody." This odd anticipation of the fantastic style of a modern school of art criticism reminds one that there is nothing new under the sun. We have to thank Mrs. Corkran for the lucid and vigorous English of her translation, which reads indeed like an original. M. Clément concludes as follows:—

Such was Michelangelo, the last and greatest of the severe masters. This gigantic figure closes and sums up in himself the movement inaugurated by Dante and Giotto, carried on by Orcagna, Brunelleschi, and Lionardo da Vinci. Surpassed, no doubt, by several of his contemporaries or predecessors in some of the arts he cultivated, this proud and sombre genius stamped on all his works a formidable impress. It may be said of him that he had no ancestors, for he so immeasurably excelled his predecessors that, no matter what he may have assimilated from his age, he had all the characteristics of those exceptional beings who owe to circumstances nothing but the possibility of freely developing their extraordinary faculties. . . . It was not alone by the creative energy of his all-powerful imagination, but by an unparalleled union of the highest and rarest faculties, that he outstripped the celebrated men of that prodigious epoch. Painter, sculptor, architect, engineer, poet, citizen, he appears a Titan beside Dante, Lionardo, Brunelleschi, Raphael, the last scion of a lost race, dominating this army of giants. And, since his character was on a par with his genius, are we not right in assigning to him the first place among the great men of the modern era?

We will briefly bring down the literary history of the subject to the present date. M. Clément, in common with other writers twenty years ago, deplores the non-publication of numerous and important manuscripts; and he wrote without access to the Buonarroti collection in Florence, or to the letters and other documents since acquired by the British Museum. But certain of these letters appeared as far back as 1863 in Grimm's Life of Michael Angelo; and twelve years later, on the occasion of the fourth centenary of the artist's birth, the Buonarroti archives were at last presented to the world. The festival and imposing procession through the streets of Florence were supplemented by formidable literary products; a bulky volume was brought forth, comprising the Buonarroti archives, the letters in the British Museum, and other documents; and occasion was also taken by Commendatore Gotti to rewrite the life of the artist "with the aid of the new documents." A year later, in 1876, Mr. Charles Heath Wilson published an English version of these literary treasures in a new Life of Michael Angelo, which was reviewed in our columns. Since then the Germans have again set to work, and Herr Anton Springer elaborated yet another Life which at once acquired a reputation. Herr Grimm, too, who comes to his renewed labours with a vested interest in the subject, is now incorporating the fresh materials in a revised edition of his well-reputed biography. Thus it will be easily understood that the name of Michael Angelo will not be permitted just yet to rest from controversy.

The second figure in this historic trio, that of Lionardo da Vinci, stands in full relief, and we are enabled to view its fine proportions from all sides. The old facts have been thrown into new lights, but the colouring is, we think, somewhat false. Too much stress is laid on the epicurean aspect of the artist's character. Lionardo is depicted as a self-indulgent man, restless, inconstant. He guessed indeed at the greater part of modern discoveries, but "he did not penetrate deeply into the moral world. The works of Lionardo, elevated and perfect, astonish, captivate, and trouble, but do not stir the depths of the soul." In like depreciatory strains M. Clément protests against the notion that Da Vinci stands as "the most elevated, the most consummate representative of religious art." "The author of the 'Last Supper,'" continues this withering censor, "was neither liturgical, nor Christian, nor religious in any degree. The religious thought is utterly absent from all his works." We need scarcely say that this judgment is counter to the all but unanimous opinion of mankind. And yet this French expert with a specious eloquence sweeps away all that stands in his path. The following rhapsody on Da Vinci's portrait of Mona Lisa in the Louvre is hardly a model of sober criticism:—

This voluptuous, charming image of Mona Lisa has lived for three centuries. Millions of men of all ages and languages have crowded round the narrow canvas. They have been kindled by the rays of those limpid, ardent eyes. They have carried the poisoned dart in their hearts to the four corners of the world. As long as any vestiges remain of this marvellous and fatal beauty, all those who seek to read the mysteries of the soul upon the features of the face will come in anguish to inquire of this new sphinx the solution of the eternal enigma. Lovers, poets, dreamers, go die at her feet! Your despair or your death will not efface that enchanting smile from that mocking mouth, that implacable smile that promises felicity, that will never give happiness.

Raffaelle, like his compeers, is skilfully brought upon the scene with a dramatic sense of the situation. The artist at his birth inherited the sanctity of the religious school of Umbria; "his graceful, facile, happy nature received and developed the germs," while "the elements of a new civilization" in Tuscany brought him daily nearer to naturalism. This analysis, to which in the main we have little to object, follows closely on the method propounded by a brother critic, M. Taine. The formula may be briefly stated thus:—first, given the genius of an artist, and secondly his surroundings, his works follow under the law of cause and effect, almost of necessity. Without caring for the moment to examine the universality of this doctrine, we may at once admit that it receives a certain amount of confirmation in the career of Raffaelle. The sketch offered by M. Clément is tenderly handled. "The delicate feminine nature" of Raffaelle contrasts strongly with "the two athletes of Tuscan art," Michael Angelo and Lionardo. "Guided by an admirable instinct for beauty, which was his true genius, Raffaelle understood all, assimilated all, transformed all into consummate works." In a well-known passage the painter mourns over the paucity of beautiful models, and says that he therefore cherishes a certain ideal in his mind. "I do not know," he adds, "if this idea has any excellence in it, but I strive to realize it." We have always thought that this ideal beauty served as the keynote to Raffaelle's art. Hence he has sometimes won the epithet "divine." We may add that, notwithstanding all that has been well written about him, much more remains to be said. Passavant, in his Life, is far too credulous to be strictly critical. On the other hand, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, who are now engaged in the detailed study of the life and works of Raffaelle, will certainly not fall into weakness for want of scepticism. The reader may gather, from all that we have said, that the new materials which have been rapidly accumulating will impose upon M. Clément the not unpleasing duty of amplifying and rewriting these brilliant pages on Michael Angelo, Lionardo, and Raffaelle.

MINOR NOTICES.

MR. BRET HARTE'S latest story (1) is full of the dash and the humour, not unmixed with pathos, by which he first won his way into the position which he occupies in contemporary literature. Jeff Briggs is a young man who is landlord of a tumble-down little inn in Calaveras County. His aunt, who keeps house with him, and whose character is lightly and skilfully sketched in, has been deploring the lack of custom, when the accident of a storm sends three visitors to the hotel, if hotel it can be called, in the person of a Mr. and Mrs. Mayfield and their daughter. Jeff going out to bring the daughter in from the stage-coach through the swamp caused by torrents of rain, takes her for a child, and treats her like a child, and is horrified when in the indoors light she is revealed as a young woman of twenty-five. The stage is driven by that old and valued acquaintance of all Mr. Bret Harte's readers, Yuba Bill. Jeff of course falls desperately in love with the girl whom he has carried out of the coach, and equally of course Yuba Bill takes him severely to task for his folly, and counsels him to "git." This is the bare outline of the beginning of the story, which is filled in in Mr. Bret Harte's best manner. There are conversations between Miss Mayfield and Jeff in which the hero, unfortunately for him, follows Yuba Bill's advice instead of his own instincts. He leaves his inn, wanders far afield out of reach of all his friends, and is in the depth of misery when he is offered an appointment, which he at once accepts, as treasure-messenger for a large bank between Robinson's Ferry and Memphis. The post is one of obvious danger, as the route is infested with "road agents" or highway robbers. Yuba Bill has meanwhile taken charge of the coach on which Jeff is to travel, and comes into the office asking for the fool that Wells, Fargo, and Co. have sent up to carry their treasure, "because I'd like to introduce him to the champion idjit of Calaveras County, that's been selected to go to h-ll with him, and that's me, Yuba Bill." When he recognizes Jeff, "'It's a lie,' he roared, 'or somebody else has been putting up a job on ye, Jeff!' Because I've been twenty years in the service and am such a nat'ral born mule that when the company strokes my back and sez 'You're the only mule we kin trust, Bill,' I starts up and goes out as a blasted wooden figger-head for road agents to lay fur and practise on, it don't follow that *you've* any call to go.'" However, Jeff and Yuba Bill start together, and on the way Bill points out that the most likely place for an attack is one where it is not altogether desirable to try the manœuvre of driving on hard all past the robbers, because the road is skirted by a precipice, and if one of the horses gets shot and falls the "coach turns sharp off and down we go, the whole kerboodle of us, plump into the Stanislaus!" To which Jeff replies quietly, "And they don't get the money," much to Yuba Bill's admiration. What Yuba Bill prophesies comes to pass, but he, generously sacrificing himself, so manages that he is taken for the treasure-messenger, and draws the first fire of the robbers. The coach, however, is surrounded, and Jeff only escapes by dropping, as if by chance, the wick of a lighted lamp on the haunches of the wheelers, which sets the whole team off in a wild gallop:—

A dozen shots followed them. The men were protected by the coach, but Yuba Bill groaned.

"Are you hit again?" asked Jeff hastily. He had forgotten his saviour.

"No; but the horses are! I felt 'em! Look at 'em, Jeff."

Jeff had gathered up the almost useless reins. The horses were running away; but Blue Grass was limping.

"For God's sake," said Bill, desperately dragging his wounded figure above the dash-board, "keep her up! *Lift her up*, Jeff, till we pass the curve. Don't let her drop or we're———"

"Can you hold the reins?" said Jeff, quickly.

"Give 'em here!"

Jeff passed them to the wounded man. Then, with his bowie-knife between his teeth, he leaped over the dash-board on the backs of the wheelers. He extinguished the blazing drops that the wind had not blown out on their smarting haunches, and with the skill and instinct of a Mexican *vaquero*, made his way over their turbulent tossing backs to Blue Grass, cut her traces and reins, and as the vehicle neared the curve, with a sharp

(1) *Jeff Briggs's Love Story; and other Sketches.* By Bret Harte. London: Chatto & Windus.

lash, drove her to the bank, where she sank even as the coach darted by. Bill uttered a feeble "hurrah!" but at the same moment the reins dropped from his fingers, and he sank at the bottom of the boot.

This is an exciting scene enough, and it is Mr. Bret Harte's merit that after it he never allows the interest of the story to flag till its end. How that end is reached we may leave readers to find out for themselves. The other story in the volume is a good instance of the author's power of mingling pathos and humour, and the paper which ends it, called "Views from a German Spion," is interesting and pleasant.

Very few, we fancy, of those who can most glibly run off Scott's recommendation to visit Melrose Abbey by the pale moonlight have a clear notion how it looks in that sunlight under which alone all peculiarities of plan and minutiæ of detail can be appreciated. Mr. Pinches (2) has come to the assistance of those who desire to study this church systematically by publishing carefully measured drawings of it, including plan, sections, elevations, details, and prospectuses of a folio size, which won the silver medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects. Unfortunately he has not completed the series so as to make it a sufficient monograph of an interesting minster of the second class, belonging to a Cistercian Abbey which was founded in the thirteenth century in succession to the famous Culdee monastery of Old Melrose. The actual church, in Late Pointed—of which so much remains that its restoration, either on paper or in fact, would be a matter of constructive certainty—is remarkable for the combination which it exhibits of the Flamboyant of France and Scotland and the Perpendicular of England, a peculiarity to be accounted for by its border site. The letterpress is disappointing, for Mr. Pinches has not realized that Church architecture requires for its explanation accurate history and some knowledge of ceremonial; and he has the habit of running off into generalities only suitable to an immature age of archæology. Among the existing remains are the mass of what was once the choir or rood screen, standing, according to Cistercian practice, at a considerable distance (in this case three bays out of eight) down what is the architectural nave. We should have thought that at this time of day this feature would have been self-explanatory to any architect who undertook to draw and explain a Cistercian minster. Yet Mr. Pinches first hazards the extraordinary notion that it was built to inclose the church at this end while the rest was being rebuilt—and, it must be presumed, was forgotten to be pulled down—and then he gravely balances between its being "the great organ screen" and what Mr. Walcott calls "a rood screen," though it is fair to say he concludes in favour of the latter, but for the extraordinary reason that he finds the head of our Saviour carved on the boss of its doorway. It seems even more remarkable ignorance that a writer who finds himself face to face at a Cistercian Abbey Church of St. Mary with statues of Our Lord in Majesty ("some King," according to Mr. Pinches), and of the Blessed Virgin over the east window, should gravely inform his readers that they cannot be those of the Scottish "King David and his wife," and are more probably those of "King James IV. and his spouse," who were married at Melrose. A representation of the Trinity on one of the bosses is "a sitting figure supporting our Saviour on the Cross," and a carved sword signifies the tomb of a "Knight Templar." All this is on the level of the blunders of eighteenth-century antiquaries.

In *The Irish Agitator in Parliament and on the Platform* (3) Mr. Bagenall offers in a compact form a careful and readable history of Irish political agitation during the past year. We can recommend it to those who desire to clear their ideas upon a very repulsive and intricate, but increasingly important, episode of contemporary history.

There is no lack of cookery-books nowadays; but nevertheless this unpretending and useful little volume (4) distinctly supplies a desideratum. Mrs. Frederick's book is "not addressed to those who have to cook for themselves, nor to persons who can afford to keep a *chef*, but to the very large class of housekeepers who, though not poor, are obliged to study economy, and who, while employing female cooks of the kind usually called 'plain,' are desirous of enjoying well-prepared and tastefully-arranged meals." To this rather important class these "Hints" may be safely recommended as worth studying. The author steadily keeps in view the simple aim of "making everyday meals at home, particularly the dinner, attractive, without adding to the ordinary household expenses." "A few American recipes" are given in the last chapter.

Mr. Frost's volume (5) has a misleading title. He was in Kent with Charles Dickens, as he might have been in Kent with Shakspeare, or with any other writer from whose works quotations having reference to Kentish places could be extracted. The volume is really a record of a commonplace walking tour in Kent, illustrated by constant reference to Dickens's writings, and diversified by skimble-skamble conversations and stories which cannot be called brilliant.

Mr. Joseph Kindon (6) publishes "this volume of my poems with a mixture of diffidence and confidence. . . . It is not for the poet to criticize, and a perfectly unbiassed judgment on his own works is, least of all, to be expected of a man glowing with creative imagination; it is for the poet to produce, and to have as little of the negative faculty about him as is consistent with exact and clear expression. If any one doubts, from my poetry, whether I have this claim to creative imagination, I myself have so little doubt of its possession, that I make it my defence for publishing this book." We must confess that the defence does not strike us as particularly strong, and that we have enough of "the negative faculty about us" to make us deny that "thoughts" rhymes to "resorts." Nor does this, for instance, seem to us a strikingly happy example of "exact and clear expression":—

> Yet ere the setting of the sun
> The rain has ceased, the clustered leaves
> A softer lustre have put on,
> While the still-listening air receives
> The clear full notes
> Hailing gold-clouds as past each one
> A cloud-veil floats.

As to Mr. Kindon's dramatic sketches, he tells us that they do not pretend to display any stage-constructiveness, or fitness for representation, "but when the interest turns on character, a dramatic form is obviously an advantage; it abridges description, and raises a gently harmonious illusion in the mind of the reader." One of the "dramatic sketches," called *Ravenswood*, is founded on the *Bride of Lammermoor*. One of the scenes takes place in Hades. The author describes its opening thus:—"At a cloud-built table, with imaginary viands on it, the spirits of Lord Ravenswood and several ancestors; also the spirits Revenge, Wrath, and Lust; Charon presides." If the viands are imaginary, the drinks are not, for presently "they drink fire, which courses through them; the others shudder." Then Mr. Kindon attempts to "raise a gently harmonious illusion in the mind of the reader" by such astounding stage-directions as these:—

> An army is seen marching to martial music, their looks noble and defiant; suddenly all the horrors of a battle are seen, and the music changes to discord.
>
> Children are playing in fields; suddenly they are grown men and women, drinking and wrangling in gaudy tap-rooms.
>
> An orator is stirring a crowd to patriotism; suddenly it is dark, he is taking a bribe with one hand, and unfastening the city gate with the other.
>
> A preacher is seen exhorting a congregation to holiness; then they are seen to separate and speak poisonous words, at which the hearers sicken; they handle false weights, bad books, &c., they are seen stealing opinions from others, putting their hands into the hearts of others and crushing out tender feelings; selling the opinions afterwards as their own.

If Mr. Kindon does not seem to us to be "glowing with creative imagination," he has at least a great gift of unconscious humour.

Mr. Besant's excellent Life of Coligny (7), which we noticed some time ago, has now reached a second edition, in the preface to which the author makes some pertinent remarks. He says, amongst other things, that it has been his special aim to show Coligny "as a man very far in advance of his age"; and this he has certainly succeeded in doing. On looking at the book again one is struck anew with its commendable mixture of enthusiasm and judiciousness.

Mr. Gilkes hopes "that the publication of these essays (8) may in some degree serve education; but I publish them diffidently and sadly, for I do not think that they offer to education the kind of help which it most needs." Whether this is so or not, there can be little doubt that Mr. Gilkes has done well in publishing them. They are written in a style which can hardly fail to make them attractive to intelligent boys. There is not any more suspicion of trickery or affectation in the writing than there is of pedantry. The hearers are not talked down to; their sympathy and attention are enlisted by perfectly sound and legitimate means; and it is hardly possible that they can have found any of the lectures dull, or left any of them without carrying away something to think about. These lectures can be thoroughly recommended for their especial end as well as for more general purposes. Mr. Gilkes in his preface takes what will strike many as a pessimistic view of the state of education in very great schools; but it is only fair to remember that he speaks with knowledge gained from observation of at least one case. At any rate, he has done good service to his cause.

Dr. Lauder Brunton's name is warrant enough for the value of the lectures which he has reprinted in the volume called *Pharmacology and Therapeutics* (9), and to which it would be out of the question to do anything like justice in a short notice. We must be content then, for the present at least, with setting forth the object of the book as it is clearly defined in the preface. Under the new name of Pharmacology Dr. Lauder Brunton endeavours to show how the progress of therapeutics is aided by a knowledge of the action of drugs attained by experiment. The method which he adopts for carrying out this intention is that of pre-

(2) *The Abbey Church of Melrose, Scotland.* Illustrated by Frederick Pinches, Architect, A.R.I.B.A. London: Published by the Author.

(3) *The Irish Agitator in Parliament and on the Platform.* By P. H. Bagenall, Barrister-at-Law. Dublin: Hodges, Foster, & Figgis.

(4) *Hints to Housewives on several points, particularly on the Preparation of Economical and Tasteful Dishes.* By Mrs. Frederick. London: Macmillan & Co.

(5) *In Kent with Charles Dickens.* By Thomas Frost. London: Tinsley Brothers.

(6) *Poems and Dramatic Sketches.* By Joseph Kindon, B.A. London: Newman & Co.

(7) *The New Plutarch, Gaspard de Coligny.* By Walter Besant. Second Edition. London: Marcus Ward & Co.

(8) *School Lectures on the Electra of Sophocles and Macbeth.* By A. H. Gilkes, Assistant-Master at Shrewsbury School. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

(9) *Pharmacology and Therapeutics; or, Medicine Past and Present.* The Goulstonian Lectures delivered before the Royal College of Physicians in 1877. By T. Lauder Brunton, M.D., &c. London: Macmillan & Co.

senting the reader with a concise summary of the various modes in which the study of medicine has been pursued in the past, and by pointing out the errors of these different modes, and so arriving at an estimate of the proper value of all the branches of medical science.

Mr. Skinner's digest (10) is careful and accurate, and may be of great use to investors.

A second edition has appeared of Mr. Taswell-Langmead's *English Constitutional History* (11), which first made its appearance some four or five years ago, at which time it was reviewed at length in these columns. The author has now carefully revised his work, and has also made some additions to it.

The usefulness of Mr. Smith's carefully arranged manual, which deals exclusively with Admiralty law (12), is at once obvious. The author has done well in giving authority for every statement, with, as he says, "the twofold purpose of enabling the reader to test its accuracy and directing him where fuller information may be gained."

A fifth edition has appeared of Mr. Snell's valuable *Principles of Equity* (13), thoroughly revised and noted up to date by the editor.

One of the most attractive of the series of "Chandos Classics" (14) is found in a new and convenient edition of that delightful book, White's *Selborne*. Mr. Davies may be congratulated on his share in the work.

Mr. Dixon has fitted himself for the task of writing his bright and pleasant volume on Bird Life (15) by close and constant observation of the creatures with whose habits he deals; and the result is naturally a freshness and vividness of style which is not too common in books treating of natural history subjects. "Had I," he says in a preface, "spent more of my time amongst books instead of amongst bogs, I have no doubt but what this little volume would have found more favour amongst a certain class of naturalists, no matter how questionable or erroneous the matter it contained." Whether Mr. Dixon is right as to this or not, it is, we think, tolerably certain that the excellence of the method he has adopted will be widely appreciated by amateurs. We must not close this brief notice of a very attractive book without a word of praise for Mr. Pearson's wood engravings.

The late Mr. Hain Friswell's writings now appear in a collected form in eight volumes (16), which are admirably printed and got up, and which should be welcomed by all Mr. Friswell's admirers.

The invaluable *Dod* (17) makes a forty-eighth appearance this year, and is as invaluable as ever. It is a weakness of human nature to delight in finding imperfection in what seems perfect, and we could not but feel something of this weakness when we discovered that *Dod* contained at least one small slip.

We have received the seventeenth annual issue of the *Statesman's Year Book* (18).

Mr. Stanford issues "Mathieson's Map of the Railway Systems in England and Scotland corrected to January 1, 1880." It is reduced from Mr. Price Williams's standard map, and compared with Mr. Airey's "Railway Junction Diagrams." Its special value lies in the accuracy and clearness with which it shows the running powers of each line over other lines, while the district belonging to each Company is carefully marked out.

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(10) *The Stock Exchange Year-Book*, 1880. By Thomas Skinner. London: Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co.

(11) *English Constitutional History, from the Teutonic Conquest to the Present Time.* By Thomas Pitt Taswell-Langmead, B.C.L., &c. Second Edition. London: Stevens & Haynes.

(12) *A Summary of the Law and Practice in Admiralty.* By T. Eustace Smith. London: Stevens & Haynes.

(13) *The Principles of Equity.* By Edmund H. T. Snell. Fifth Edition. To which is added *An Epitome of the Equity Practice.* Second Edition. By Archibald Brown. London: Stevens & Haynes.

(14) *The Chandos Classics.—The Natural History of Selborne and the Naturalists' Calendar.* By the Rev. Gilbert White, A.M. A New Edition, edited, with Notes, by G. Christopher Davies. London: Warne & Co.

(15) *Rural Bird Life: being Essays on Ornithology; with Instructions for Preserving Objects relating to that Science.* By Charles Dixon. London: Longmans & Co.

(16) *The Gentle Life Series.* 8 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(17) *Dod's Parliamentary Companion*, 1880. Forty-eighth year. London: Whittaker & Co.

(18) *The Statesman's Year Book for* 1880. By F. Martin. London: Macmillan & Co.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE EXPLOSION IN THE WINTER PALACE.

THE latest attempt on the CZAR's life is much the most appalling and horrible that has been made. It is not only that for a fourth time within a twelvemonth the life of the CZAR has been threatened. That alone would be awful enough. But in this instance the foes of the CZAR are those of his own household. Even in his own home his life hangs on a thread. It is difficult to conceive any human being leading a life less worth living than the Emperor of RUSSIA lives at this moment. He walks in what might seem to be the safest of all places, and an attempt is made to assassinate him. He goes by train, and an attempt is made to assassinate him. He is just sitting down to dinner with his only daughter, and an attempt is made to assassinate him. And to the man himself it must add an extra drop of bitterness to the cup of his affliction that he does not deserve his fate. He is not a bad Czar, and no one pretends that he is a bad Czar. It certainly is not saying much for him, but he may safely be said to be the best of his line. He can neither walk, nor travel, nor eat in safety, simply because he is Czar, and represents a detested Government. And he seems to have no safeguards. His statesmen, his generals, his soldiers, and his police can do nothing to protect him. His whole Empire is in a state of siege, and his military governors are as useless to him personally as so many babies could be. Even intelligence received beforehand of a plot against him is no protection. For months it has been announced that something very dreadful was going to happen in the Winter Palace. His guardians were forewarned, and yet the dreadful thing happens in the Winter Palace just as if no warning had been given. In fact, one half of the inhabitants of the Winter Palace must have been conspiring against the other half. It is said that just before the explosion forty arrests were made in the Winter Palace; and, if forty were arrested, and yet enough remained to carry out the long-prepared design, it is difficult to set any limits to the imagination when it is attempted to picture the cruel treachery which must pervade the circles where fidelity would have seemed most assured. The material used appears to have been dynamite. This material must have been procured; and how could it have been procured except by persons of extraordinary influence, who had the command of military stores, or could get it smuggled into the country? The material had to be conveyed into a cellar, and the approach to every cellar was, we are told, jealously guarded. The explosive material was ignited either by electricity or by a long train reaching into an outer court. No one could have introduced a battery or laid a long train in an outer court of a palace where every movement was supposed to be watched, unless possessing some authority, or holding some station which would forbid any close inspection of what was being done. The new attempt differs from the previous attempts on the CZAR's life in many important respects. It cuts off from the CZAR the last refuge of a hunted man—the refuge of home. It must have been made by the combined efforts of a great number of persons. Those persons must have been in the group of the CZAR's household servants, and there must have been among them some, at least, possessed of recognised influence and station. It is too soon as yet to offer any decided opinion on the character of the enterprise, but it looks, so far as can be judged at present, less like an outbreak of the revolutionary spirit than the intended beginning of a real revolution. Its authors must have planned what they would do in case of success, and they must probably have speculated on the possibility of setting up a Government to their own liking, instead of being contented, like ordinary Nihilists, with trying to make all Governments impossible.

One little ray of light is thrown over the darkness of this terrible event by the intrepid bearing of the Duchess of EDINBURGH in the hour of peril. It is satisfactory to know that the wife of an English Prince behaved in a manner worthy of the family in which she was born and of the family into which she married. Otherwise there is nothing to lessen the gloom and horror which this new attempt on the CZAR will inspire here and throughout the civilized world. Every honest man out of Russia will express a genuine horror of the crime, and a Vienna journalist has already proposed to declare the perpetrators out of the pale of humanity. We have no kind of objection; but the question suggests itself whether they would care a straw whether they were declared to be out of the pale of humanity or not. Will they be declared out of the pale of Russian society? Will they be regarded as persons who have tried to do something equally useless and wicked, or as persons who have tried to do something which cannot indeed be wholly approved, but which has its patriotic side? This is a question most difficult to answer; but a considerable amount of testimony, which seems to be independent and tolerably trustworthy, points to the conclusion that there is a very large portion, possibly the majority, of Russian society which has got beyond Nihilism. It has not, of course, got beyond it in the downward direction, for that would be impossible. Men cannot aim at a blank beyond nothing. But it has got beyond Nihilism in the upward direction, and aims at something. It finds that all law has been superseded by military government, and it asks that law may again prevail. It finds the country groaning under an intolerable burden of taxation, and it asks that the nation should have some real control over its expenditure. It finds robbery and corruption predominant, and it asks for some approach to official purity. It finds dummy Ministers, isolated from each other, and all surrounded by Palace favourites. It asks for Ministers who will have real power, who will act together, and who will communicate directly with the CZAR. But, above all, it asks for a decent amount of personal security. In order to realize the possible mental attitude of Russians who are by no means Nihilists towards the contrivers of the explosion, we must first realize how completely such Russians are without any personal security. Even if they do their utmost to please the Government, they still are not sure of being safe, for the new system has broken down, and the Government can protect neither itself nor its friends. Every action of their lives is watched by spies, who may be as stupid as spies usually are, but whose very stupidity may be dangerous. At any moment any one may be sent to the Eastern provinces or Siberia. This, indeed, is the ordinary lot of Russians, and to a certain extent they have got used to it. But they used to feel that this extra-judicial punishment was only decreed by supreme authority, by the CZAR himself, for what were supposed to be real reasons of State. Now they feel that they are at the mercy of a set of Court favourites who have been scattered over the Empire to show their activity, and who naturally

show it by being active with reason or without. Thus to many Russians the explosion in the Winter Palace may seem to have been only a blow struck in self-defence. It may be assumed that the real question was whether the conspirators or the Government could get the start, and those who live in daily fear of the Government may secretly wish that even people who were ready to do something cruel and wicked had got the start of such a Government as they think theirs to be.

If there is this amount of disaffection, and of disaffection which may to a certain extent be called reasonable, in Russian society, and if the present system has broken down—and it has broken down beyond question—what is the unfortunate, right-minded, bewildered CZAR to do? He may end the state of siege, and concede liberal institutions, is one answer. He may abdicate, and let his son do what he cannot do himself, is another answer. He may continue the present system, and strive to make it effectual, is a third answer. He may get up a new war, is a fourth; and the vast tribe of Bismarckian journals strive to persuade Europe that this is the answer that will probably be found to be the one really given. That he will suddenly turn himself into a constitutional monarch seems most improbable. A Czar who became constitutional all in a moment through sheer personal fright would not be a Czar at all. If he worked gradually, he would not be trusted; and if he seemed to own that panic had driven him into reigning, instead of governing, he would be an object of contempt, and would plunge Russia into anarchy. Russia is not in the least fit for popular government. There are no trained constitutional statesmen, there are no officials to be found who are at once pure and capable, there is no pervading common sense in the educated classes, there is no well-to-do peasantry, there is no communion of thought or interests between the large landowner and the small cultivator. LOUIS XVI. was in about as much of a position to found a constitutional monarchy after he had been visited at Versailles by the fishwives of Paris as the CZAR would be immediately after he has escaped dying at his own dinner-table. The only reforms that would suit Russia are small, gradual, tentative reforms. There might be a cessation of arbitrary measures, there might be a stop put on Court extravagance, and a reduction of the army. There might be Ministers commanding confidence, and allowed in concert with the CZAR to carry out beneficial measures. A better class of officials might by degrees be selected and promoted. The Budget might be subjected to the revision of a Council, the members of which offered some guarantee for independence. It is obvious that reforms of this modest kind could only be made by a Czar who honestly wished to carry them out, and who was honestly thought likely to carry them out by the people. The present CZAR has no such wish and commands no such confidence. His son might possibly do what he cannot do, and the CZAR might abdicate to give his son the chance. But the CZAR may easily convince himself that it is best to hold on. As he disapproves of all concessions of the kind, he may think that his duty to his country forbids that he should allow another to do what he would think it wrong to do. He may consider it inconsistent with his personal dignity to yield to fear what he has declined to yield to reason. Lastly, he may think, and it would be difficult to say that he was wrong in thinking, that the spectacle of a Czar giving up his throne through fear for his life would sooner or later be fatal to his dynasty. If one Czar could do this, the reverence for Czars generally would die away, and gradual reform might be impossible if the fatal secret was disclosed that the policy of a reigning monarch could be changed by an attempt to murder him. All things considered, it seems not improbable that the CZAR will try to go on as he has been going on, knowing that he may be killed, but thinking it better to die than to own himself terrorized, and that he will at any rate postpone his abdication, if he ever contemplates abdicating, until he has proved that his courage, however terribly tried, has not failed him.

ENGLISH PARTIES AND FOREIGN POLICY.

THERE are some indications of an increased disinclination to treat foreign and Indian affairs as subjects of party contests. More than one Liberal member has followed the example of Mr. COWEN in defending the general policy of the Government. Even if they are mistaken, they have the merit of understanding that questions of diplomacy and war have but an accidental connexion with differences of political opinion. Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE, in an able and discriminating speech at Calne, lately discussed the policy of the Government in a critical spirit, without indulging in empty invectives either against the Government or against foreign Powers which may offend the political or ecclesiastical prejudices of some of the leaders of his party. The late conversations on the Tripartite Treaty in both Houses retained some traces of the vicious form of controversy which happily tends, since the elections at Liverpool and Southwark, to become obsolete. Sir W. HARCOURT unnecessarily expressed a hope that the obligations of the treaty had become void, because, as he said, he wished for the abolition of every guarantee for the maintenance of the Turkish Empire. When Sir W. HARCOURT becomes a responsible Minister he will be less anxious to precipitate a crisis which may not improbably end in a general war. He will also remember that some millions of Mahomedans will require a Government, as they cannot be readily extruded bag and baggage into indefinite space. Even if a statesman thought it desirable that any existing Power should be destroyed, he need not embarrass the future action of his own Government by publicly expressing his opinion. Like Mr. GLADSTONE, Sir W. HARCOURT proclaims himself the enemy of Turkey and of Austria, though probably on different grounds. It may hereafter be for the public interest that even a Liberal Government should act in concert with the States which are now objects of capricious vituperation. Lord E. FITZMAURICE thinks that Mr. GLADSTONE dislikes Austria as the ally of Germany, and Germany on account of the FALK laws. It is equally probable that he may be under the influence of his early Italian sympathies.

It is not explained why Sir W. HARCOURT has become the enemy of States which have given him no provocation. He need be under no apprehension that Turkey will be saved from ruin by the Tripartite Treaty. Lord G. HAMILTON, with sufficient accuracy for the occasion and the audience, told a Conservative Association that the treaty was no longer binding. As none of the three parties to the agreement had called on the rest to execute its provisions during the Russian war, it was scarcely necessary to consider what would be the duty of England if Austria or France hereafter unseasonably demanded co-operation in defence of Turkey. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL rightly explained that an unrevoked treaty had not been formally revoked, though, according to his delicate distinction, the covenants had fallen more or less into the shade. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER added that Lord GEORGE HAMILTON had been practically in the right, though he might be technically mistaken; and Lord BEACONSFIELD announced that, in the almost impossible contingency of a demand for the enforcement of the guarantee, he would carefully consider past, present, and future circumstances. More than one speaker justly remarked that a guarantee of the Turkish dominions as they existed in 1856 could scarcely be enforced by or against Powers which had consented to the curtailment of the SULTAN's territory in 1878. Nevertheless the treaty may perhaps not be formally abrogated: In 1846 Lord PALMERSTON asserted that M. GUIZOT's Spanish marriage was a violation of the Treaty of Utrecht, which had been made more than a hundred and thirty years before. It was doubtful whether any part of the treaty had been left untouched during the wars which had been waged and the treaties of peace which had been concluded with the House of BOURBON and with NAPOLEON; but Lord PALMERSTON's assumption that the treaty was still in force was not directly disputed by the French Government.

Though Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE once more recurs to the Berlin Memorandum, public attention is directed, not to the history of the Turkish war, but to the military and political condition of affairs in Afghanistan. The scanty information which has been received from Cabul is, on the whole, not unsatisfactory. No further attempt has been made on the camp at Sherpur, which is probably now impregnable. The occupation of the capital through the winter which is now nearly at an end is thought to have raised the estimation in which English power is held by the Afghans. They are said to have deduced, with a rapidity not unknown to more civilized nations, from the solitary

precedent of the old Afghan war, the conclusion that an invading army must succumb to the severity of the climate. The immunity of the English force from attack and disaster is said to have encouraged demonstrations of friendship and confidence. The majority of the BARUCKZYE family now resides at Cabul, in friendly relations with Sir F. ROBERTS. The Indian Government would probably select one of the number as Ameer if there were sufficient grounds for believing that his title would be recognized. The only conspicuous absentees among the descendants of DOST MAHOMMED are AYOUB KHAN, who was lately supposed to meditate an expedition against Cabul, and ABDURRAHMAN, who, by his own ability and through his connexion with the Russian authorities in Turkestan, may possibly become a formidable pretender. Some years ago he obtained temporary advantages over his brother SHERE ALI, and he is believed to exercise considerable influence among the chiefs of Afghan Turkestan. The reports of his arrival in Balkh seem to be premature; but there is little doubt that he is engaged in warlike preparations. If ABDURRAHMAN establishes his authority among the Northern tribes, it may perhaps be expedient to negotiate with him for a recognition of his title to provinces which he may occupy. There seems to be little chance of maintaining the unity of the Afghan kingdom, and probably a scheme for its dismemberment is already in progress. In the meantime it will be necessary to renew military operations as soon as the weather allows of the commencement of the campaign. The subjugation of the Southern provinces is incomplete as long as a hostile army occupies Ghuznee. It is not known whether MOHAMMED JAN commands popular support, but he seems to be an active and capable leader; and he derives importance from the occupation of a considerable fortress. Sir DONALD STEWART will probably co-operate from Candahar with Sir F. ROBERTS, and probably Ghuznee will be taken in the early spring. It may be hoped that the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF will not previously supersede General ROBERTS, though it is not unnatural that he should become impatient of obscurity and inaction.

The only additional light which has been thrown on the mysterious negotiation with Persia is derived from the real or affected indignation of the Russian journals on the rumour of the proposed arrangements. Some of the same writers had, with the supposed approval of their Government, repeatedly and urgently recommended the transfer of Herat to Persia as the consideration for a friendly understanding with England. The Moscow and St. Petersburg papers now unanimously denounce the alliance of England with Persia, and the acquisition of Herat by a State which has preferred a rival patron. It is even asserted, perhaps without authority, that the Russian Minister at Teheran has threatened to break off relations with the Government. Until the English Ministers are at liberty to become more communicative, it is impossible to judge how far the Russian protests are formidable or even serious. In the absence of full explanations, it is impossible to appreciate the reasons which may have suggested the negotiation. A sudden departure from the traditional policy of the Indian Government with respect to Herat ought to imply a cogent motive. It is possible that the proposed measure may have some relation to the vast preparations for the campaign against the Turcomans. General SKOBELEFF, who has been appointed to the command of the expedition, is young, able, and ambitious; and, according to reports which are probably exaggerated, he recommends that the army should consist of a hundred thousand men. A much smaller force would be sufficient to retrieve the failure of last year; and a great army, necessarily marching by several parallel or converging routes, must have some important destination. The Turcomans on their side are making preparations for resistance; but all their able-bodied men would scarcely equal the Russian army in numbers, and they would be far inferior in arms, in discipline, and in general efficiency. The daring and active general whom they will encounter is probably better qualified for the special service than a profound and scientific strategist. Whatever may be the reasons of the English Government for their project of giving Herat to Persia, it might have been thought that Russia would regard the transfer with complacency. No treaty with England can make Persia permanently inaccessible to Russian influence. The possession of Herat by Persia would furnish an additional reason for diplomatic pressure, which might in case of need be enforced by threats. Probably Persia may have required a guarantee which the English Government was not prepared to give in an unqualified form. If unforeseen difficulties render the scheme abortive, the negotiation may perhaps not have been altogether harmless.

THE IRISH DEBATES.

THE Irish members who, with the aid of Mr. RYLANDS, delayed the passing of the Irish Relief Bill, apparently entertained but little objection to its provisions. Few even of their own number desired either that outdoor relief should be given in the shape of money, or that small farmers should be paid for cultivating their own land. The doubt whether Presentment Sessions ought to be allowed to institute public works had been expressed by Lord EMLY and other peers in a short and pertinent conversation in the House of Lords. The proposal is not free from objection; but in questions of this kind Parliament is wisely disposed to allow a wide discretion to the Government. The miscarriage of a similar experiment in the great Irish famine furnishes a useful warning against a large and reckless expenditure, which has the incidental effect of diverting labour from agriculture. On the whole, the Government has probably been well advised in refusing to allow the Boards of Guardians to institute public works. The Irish poor are not reduced like the Lancashire operatives in the cotton famine to compulsory idleness. There is more doubt about the expediency of giving powers to the Presentment Sessions than as to rejecting an extension of the system. The debate on the clauses of the Relief Bill sufficiently proved the injustice and insincerity of the charge that the Government had been guilty of gross neglect. No alternative measures were seriously proposed; and the more violent speakers virtually admitted the weakness of their own case by their personal attacks on the principal members of the Irish Government. One of them objected to entrust the administration of relief to the LORD-LIEUTENANT because he had refused an invitation to dine with the Lord Mayor of DUBLIN. Other speakers professed to believe that the main object of the Bill was to secure to the landlords the rights of property which have lately been denounced by demagogues as the main cause of Irish distress. Even the followers of Mr. PARNELL cannot be really indifferent to the urgent need of their countrymen. When they object to the only practical methods of relief they may be supposed to rely on the majority which, as they know, will overrule frivolous objections. Their protests will remain on record as excuses for withholding any gratitude which might be considered due to the Government or to Parliament. The famine will be averted; but, as one of their English allies asserted in the debate on the Address, no thanks will be given to the Government.

There was a great preponderance of argument in favour of the application of a portion of the Irish Church Fund to the purposes of the Bill. The loans to landlords are to be repaid in a certain number of years by instalments; but the advance of money at the almost nominal interest of one per cent. of course involves a loss for which some provision must be made. The residue of the Church Fund, which has already furnished the means of one legislative experiment, is not unreasonably charged with the deficiency. Advances to Boards of Guardians at the ordinary rate of interest will be made from the Treasury, which will by the usual precautions secure itself against loss. The actual relations of the fund to the Commissioners of Public Works, and the intended conversion into Terminable Annuities, have no bearing on the principle of the Government measure. As Mr. CHILDERS said, the demand arising from present emergency corresponds much more nearly to the provisions of the Church Disestablishment Act than the application of another portion of the fund to purposes of education. It may be added that it is not inexpedient to diminish the anomaly of a large amount of property held by the State on trust for no definite object. Mr. SYNAN announced that he and his friends were determined to reserve the Irish Church Fund for the compensation of landlords who are hereafter to be expropriated; but Parliament, which has not yet resolved arbitrarily to transform occupiers into owners, is still less disposed to relieve them from the necessity of paying for the property if they acquire it. The most

plausible reason for relieving Irish distress at the cost of the Imperial Treasury is that the sacrifice must have been incurred if there had been no other fund within reach. Large advances made during the famine of 1847 eventually became a gift, though Irish patriots have ever since complained of the parsimonious cruelty of the English Government. If necessary, the precedent must have been followed, as it has been found that landowners cannot afford to borrow at the ordinary rate of interest. As there happens to be an Irish fund which may be legitimately applied to the prevention of famine, the necessity which would justify a demand on the taxpayers of the United Kingdom has not arisen.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was probably but little surprised at Mr. MELDON'S determination to interpose a debate on the Irish Borough Franchise in the midst of the discussion on the Relief Bill. On this question the followers of Mr. SHAW and Mr. PARNELL command the support of nearly the whole body of the Opposition; and few Irish members are disposed actively to resist a measure which is in a certain sense plausible, though its practical effects might probably be noxious. The mischief which is to be set off against the advantage of abolishing an Irish grievance would be limited in extent. A dozen or a score of respectable members would be replaced by congenial allies of Mr. O'CONNOR POWER and Mr. O'DONNELL. In many boroughs the present representation can by no possible contrivance be deteriorated. Nearly every argument which Mr. C. LEWIS used against the proposed extension of the suffrage was sound; but there is no use in delivering an irritating speech, even though all the statements which it contains may be true. It was perhaps worth while to quote from Mr. SULLIVAN'S paper the coarse doggerel in which Irish patriotism expresses its preference for the Zulus over English and Irish soldiers. The national Irish papers have long been a disgrace to journalism; and their malignity illustrates the spirit of the dominant section of the Home Rule party. It is inexpedient to dilate on the demerits of the rabble which under a system of household suffrage would control every Irish borough. No class of the community ought to be attacked in Parliament, even by those who doubt its fitness to exercise political power. It is also imprudent to rely on the absence of agitation among those who are at present disfranchised. When Mr. LOWE used a similar argument against the Reform Bill of 1866, Mr. BRIGHT appealed with conclusive effect to the London mob; and the consequent destruction of the Hyde Park railings was understood to prove that the unenfranchised multitude was in earnest. Nothing would be easier than for Irish demagogues to promote disturbances in support of the demand for household suffrage. At present they probably prefer the hardship of refusal to any political advantage which might result from concession.

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. BRIGHT naturally welcomed the opportunity of expressing their sympathy for the Irish democratic party without pledging themselves to Home Rule. It is a commonplace of Liberalism that devotion to the unity of the kingdom is best shown by extending uniform and equal rights to all its parts. Sir W. HARCOURT even declared, with some rhetorical exaggeration, that, if he was not prepared to give Ireland the benefit of English institutions, he would be an advocate of separation. It is not necessary to construe too literally phrases which require much limitation. The disruption of the kingdom would not become less objectionable if there were conclusive reasons against the equalization of the franchise. It is, in fact, neither possible nor customary to legislate for Ireland without reference to local peculiarities. When there is a question of relieving distress, or of modifying the rights of property and the tenure of land, Irish agitators are not careful to abide strictly by English or Scotch precedents. Mr. LOWTHER, who, against the opinion of his own party, has consistently disapproved of special legislation for Ireland, replied with some point, to a charge of enmity to freedom, that he had always been the champion of freedom of contract. To arguments founded on the poverty and ignorance of the small ratepayers in Irish boroughs Mr. BRIGHT answered, with much force, that exactly the same grounds had been urged for the maintenance of a restricted franchise in Great Britain. It was not because they were likely to return good members, but because they were numerous and powerful, that the present constituencies were created. The Irish householders who are now excluded from the franchise probably bear to the present voters nearly the same relation which the new sections of English constituencies bore to the 10*l.* householders. A privileged class of 4*l.* ratepayers is but a questionable aristocracy.

The Government defeated Mr. MELDON by the normal majority of between fifty and sixty which has maintained itself into the seventh Session of Parliament with little loss. It would scarcely be possible to accept from a private member at the present time a proposal to alter the representative system. Nothing was said by the CHIEF SECRETARY or by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL for Ireland which would preclude the Ministers at some future time from extending the English franchise to Ireland. The present arrangement was made, as some of the speakers in the debate observed, when Parliament at the end of the Session of 1867 was weary of the whole subject of Reform. Mr. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE, by a compromise with the Opposition, and in the absence of remonstrance on the part of the Irish members, inserted the 4*l.* franchise in the Irish Reform Bill. Since that time many attempts have been made to alter the borough qualification; and the Government has, as on the present occasion, rejected the proposal as unnecessary or inopportune, rather than because it was not intrinsically reasonable. It is necessary that political arguments should recommend themselves to the popular understanding; and prudent statesmen will not unnecessarily call attention to the unsatisfactory condition of the poorest classes in Irish towns. Dwellers in mud-huts are perhaps not likely to possess high political intelligence, but they will resent the denial of their capacity and independence. There might be some advantage in increasing the number of voters, which is now in most of the Irish boroughs absurdly small. Some of the speakers of the majority contended that redistribution would be a necessary consequence of reduction of the franchise; but, if the process would be inexpedient, Parliament is not compelled to undertake the task. After a fortnight devoted exclusively to Irish debates, the House of Commons must feel anxious to proceed with its general business.

LORD EDMOND FITZMAURICE AT CALNE.

LORD EDMOND FITZMAURICE is not only a moderate Liberal, but a moderate Liberal in a remarkably comfortable position. He is the brother of the Marquess of LANSDOWNE, and sits for Calne. His title to go into Parliament is unquestioned. He has not to fear a Conservative opponent, or the counter claim of a Gladstonian Liberal. He has been addressing his constituents this week, and his address was rewarded with what is recorded as the usual vote of confidence. Happiest of moderate Liberals, he knows that those whom he addresses will feel all their habitual confidence in him whatever he may say. If he wishes to defend the Government, he can defend it without apprehension of any personal consequences. No one would dream of demanding that he should get a certificate from Lord HARTINGTON before he was accepted at Calne. If he makes out a case against the Government, he can make out his case after his own fashion, owning difficulties, censuring errors, but censuring errors gently; offering opinions, but offering them as merely expressions of what he thinks would have been the best course to have taken under circumstances where there were many objections to any course that could be proposed. He traversed the wide field of the foreign policy of the Government, and had the delight, so rarely given to the moderate Liberal, of being able to discuss point by point in a spirit of moderation. He could afford himself the pleasure of denouncing what he called the tub-thumping style of dealing with foreign policy as securely as if he had been a peer or a journalist. He can survey the Midlothian campaign from the calm heights of a person who possesses a perfectly safe seat. And he can permit himself to denounce tub-thumping on a ground which few Liberals venture to take, being silenced by the fear that they will be thought guilty of personal disrespect to admired leaders. He dislikes tub-thumping because it is not statesmanlike. It is based on ignorance, or at least on insufficient knowledge. If Mr. GLADSTONE, he pathetically exclaimed, did but know a little about Austria before he spoke about it! To be

recognized as an undoubted Liberal, to know that to be re-elected will scarcely cost him as much trouble as to order a new coat, and to be able to smile publicly and with an air of cheerful good humour at the ignorance of Mr. GLADSTONE, form a combination of advantages allotted to very few; and Lord EDMOND, if he is of a pious and grateful disposition, may nightly thank the Providence which has made him in this semi-Liberal land the happy English child of a family that invariably commands the usual confidence of Calne.

It is the general attitude of the speaker towards friends and foes that attracts us. He is aware that the Eastern question is a very old question, a very difficult and complicated question, a question which events rather than opinions must ultimately solve. This old and difficult question touches more or less nearly some of the permanent interests of England. To defend these interests, England must in the last resort be prepared to fight. There is not a single Minister who has held the seals of the Foreign Office since the question was first started by the partition of Poland who has not been willing to go thus far. Within these limits the foreign policy of the present Government has been merely the policy of any possible Government. Directly this is realized, criticism becomes what it ought to be in such a case—criticism of the expediency of this or that step taken by the Government. Lord EDMOND was free and unsparing in criticism of this kind, and he was quite justified in being free. A member of Parliament who wishes to be worthy of his position must try to form an opinion, based on reflection and information, as to what, under given circumstances, is best to be done; and if his opinion is not that on which the Government has acted, he does a public service when he states clearly its differences from the Government's opinion, and explains what he thinks, and why vague denunciations of the Government are as valueless as vague praise of the Government. The only criticism that is instructive is that which begins by treating every part of the Eastern question as one of relative expediency, offers definite suggestions, defends them, and then compares what the Government has done, or is doing, with these suggestions. The essence of this criticism is that the critic should impartially state when in his opinion the Government has been right as well as when it has been wrong. Lord EDMOND's criticism is of this fair and temperate sort; and as no Conservatives criticize the Government, and few Liberals criticize it fairly, it is refreshing to listen to the fair criticism of a Liberal whom circumstances enable to say just what he thinks. With some parts of the criticism recorded at Calne we find it easy to agree, with part we find it impossible to agree. In some points the balance of expediency seems so even that, as the Government was obliged to do something, we may be content to accept what was done. It cannot be too steadily kept in mind that questions so obscure and complicated as the Eastern question can only be rightly judged by the possessors of adequate information; and that, while critics can only gain information from books, journals, and travellers, who usually travel to prove the theory with which they start, the Government has the very important addition to its information which diplomatic correspondence supplies. The presumption in cases where critics have not sufficient information to enable them to pronounce a decisive judgment, is that the Government of the day, however it may be composed, has acted as it has acted because it knows more than the critics know. Criticism that does not recognize this is not fair criticism, and, although Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE never openly offended against a canon which we may be sure he would accept, it is difficult not to suspect that in some instances he would have modified his opinion if he had been behind the scenes, and had known all the Foreign Office could have told him.

To criticize fairly Lord EDMOND's fair criticism would necessitate a very long and minute discussion of many complicated questions. But it is interesting to observe the general results to which fair criticism has led a very promising politician, who has given himself the trouble to think, not only of what was done, but of what ought to have been done. Lord EDMOND, in his pursuit of fairness and clearness, separates himself quite as much from the general body of Liberal critics as from that of Conservative critics. He is for an intimate alliance with Germany, and wishes to see Austria extend herself to Salonica. He dislikes what he calls the living despotism of Russia even more than the moribund despotism of Turkey. He objects to the acquisition of Cyprus, but he objects to it on a ground which the most fiery Conservatives might think deserving of consideration. A study of expediency has convinced him that at the end of the war we ought to have seized on some strong place in the dominions of Turkey; but he thinks we seized on the wrong place. We got something, but we did not get enough. He would himself have preferred Acre. It is unnecessary to ask how he has persuaded himself that we could have got Acre without a standing quarrel with France; for it is the general nature of his opinions, not their value, that we are noticing. A Liberal has got very far away from his tub-thumping leaders when he strives to show that the Government ought to have done something much bolder than what it did, and should have somehow got hold of the key of Syria and Egypt. As to Egypt itself, he seems to think we should exercise a predominating influence. Where he thinks that Lord SALISBURY was wrong was in not forcing the English Minister back on the KHEDIVE. This, he holds, would have been better than to have reverted to the system of control. This may be a doubtful case of expediency; but at any rate a person who holds this view can have no doubt as to the general expediency of interference. It would be difficult to interfere more directly in the affairs of Egypt, if Egypt is to be nominally independent, than to insist that its ruler must always have in his Cabinet an Englishman with a power of veto. As to the Afghan war, Lord EDMOND has no notion of denouncing it as a base, bloody, aggressive, unprovoked war. He merely thinks that events have shown that it would, on the whole, have paid better to adopt a temporizing policy. There is much to be said for such a view, and much to be said against it; but this is one of the instances in which we cannot be sure that the critic would hold to his opinion if he knew all that the Government knows. Even when Lord EDMOND most decisively differs from the Ministry, his views are not of the kind which candid supporters of the Ministry would give themselves much trouble to oppose. He thinks that Lord DERBY let things drift too much, and now that Lord DERBY is no longer one of their leaders, many Conservatives would gladly own that it would have been advantageous to England and Europe if, when the Berlin Memorandum was rejected, we had had a Foreign Minister who had formed and expressed some sort of definite opinion. Lord EDMOND further complained that, after the Treaty of Berlin, the Ministry, or at least some of the Ministers, gave expression to too sanguine expectations of reform in Turkey. There need be no hesitation in agreeing with this criticism, for the Ministers themselves have frankly owned their disappointment, and have changed not only their language but their action. The general result is that when a perfectly independent Liberal who hates tub-thumping sets himself to the labour of fair criticism, he finds that the general foreign policy of the Government is that which any Government must have adopted, that the Government has been often quite right, but has made some blunders, has decided some delicate and doubtful points with doubtful prudence, and in some instances has not strayed from the tub-thumping view as far as it ought to have strayed.

FRANCE.

THE enthusiasm with which M. DE FREYCINET's noble stand against the amnesty agitation was originally greeted has entirely died away. In order that a stand should be noble it must first be a stand, and it is this preliminary feature that is wanting to M. DE FREYCINET's attitude. To tell a naughty child that he shall have his pudding as soon as he has stopped crying is usually tantamount to giving him it at once. The shortest possible flash of silence is accepted as sufficient, and the pudding is eaten before it has had time to get cold. M. DE FREYCINET's announcement that if the advanced Left want a plenary amnesty they must prove themselves worthy of it is quite in this vein. The prescribed acts of virtue do not demand any serious sacrifices. All that the Government asks for is their votes, and there is no reason to suppose that the Cabinet contemplate the introduction of any measures which the Left may not support with a clear conscience. The interval during which the votes must be given and the amnesty withheld is sure not to be

a long one. When the Government has grown accustomed to seeing the advanced Left on its side, it will not like to face the gap which would be occasioned by their withdrawal. The votes which have been gained by a promise will have to be retained by its fulfilment. There are already indications that the excellent case which the partisans of an amnesty have in the circumstances under which the Commune was suppressed will not be neglected. A concession which only stands over until certain railways and canals have been constructed may reasonably be made a little sooner to stave off an inconvenient agitation. The only real plea for withholding an amnesty has been abandoned by M. DE FREYCINET. If the conduct of the Communists is not bad enough to forbid their return to France three years hence, it is not bad enough to forbid their return to France now. The country will be no better protected against their designs because so many more miles of railway have been opened.

The Government have just effected a reform in military administration which will greatly gratify their Radical supporters. In M. WADDINGTON'S time it was considered that the army could not get on without three Inspectors-General, and one of the fortunate Commanders for whom these posts were created was the Duke of AUMALE. Whether the army was in any way the better for these appointments there is nothing to show, but there was an obvious—or what might have been thought an obvious advantage in having one of them held by the most conspicuous member of the Orleans family. Nothing gives to a Republic the appearance of stability so much as the readiness of members of the dethroned family to take service under it. It is a standing admission of the continuity of the *de facto* Government. The Duke of AUMALE wishes to do active duty as a French citizen, and the way of which he makes choice is to apply to the Republic for orders. Unfortunately this is not a kind of reasoning which recommends itself to a French Radical. Continuity with anything that has gone before is the last thing that he desires to maintain. If Royalists find that they can live contentedly under the Republic, that is a sufficient indication that all is not as it should be with the Government. A Royalist has no business to feel contented when his enemies are in power; if they are doing their duty by him, he ought to have very good reason for being discontented. The fact that one of the highest posts in the army is held by the Duke of AUMALE has been a continual grief to politicians of this way of thinking. Of course they have had their compensations—notably when the DUKE'S official letters were addressed to him as "General D'AUMALE." But the thrill of pleasure derived from omitting the title of a Royal prince soon passes away, while the annoyance that he should be there to be addressed continues. Now this is at an end. The Duke of AUMALE retires into the obscurity of a General unattached. The only advantage that the Radicals can derive from this change is the increased alienation of the Orleanist party—the one section of the Conservatives that is not avowedly and permanently hostile to Republican institutions. That M. DE FREYCINET is wise in his generation is highly probable He wishes, above all things, to construct a Ministerial majority — a majority pledged not merely to the maintenance of the Republic, but to the support of the particular Republican Cabinet which is now in office. The virtual dismissal of the Duke of AUMALE will go far to conciliate the extreme Left. M. DE FREYCINET might have rendered many solid services to the State and not have secured the popularity which he will earn by this simple act. Any ill consequences that may flow from it will be some time in maturing, and long before they have come to perfection M. DE FREYCINET will be no longer in need of a majority. The incident is the merest straw in itself, and it may easily be that the Government have really ascertained that the Inspectors-General were not of sufficient use to the Minister of War to make them worth the money they cost. What is really to be noted is the reception which their suppression will meet with at the hands of the Radicals, and the evidence this gives that the Left are as far as ever from appreciating the value of conciliation as a political engine.

M. FERRY'S Education Bill, which has so long been hanging between earth and heaven, is at last coming on for discussion in the Senate. The debate begins next Tuesday, and, with the exception of M. GAMBETTA, whatever there is of eloquence in France will be arrayed on the side either of the attack or the defence. The 7th Clause, as has often been pointed out, has come to bear an importance to which as a matter of fact it is scarcely entitled. Its fate in the Senate divides with M. SARDOU'S new play the attention of Paris society. The positive results which will follow its adoption may not be very considerable, for the Church will in the end find means of substituting teachers not belonging to the prescribed orders, who will do her work equally well. What justifies to some extent the singling out of this clause from many other similar attacks upon liberty of education is the directness with which it assails parental rights. At present every Frenchman can choose his children's teachers. He may have to subject his children to some disadvantages if he chooses those teachers at the bidding of the Church, but, though he may have to pay for his liberty, he is not deprived of it. If the 7th Clause becomes law, this liberty will exist no longer. A class of teachers who have of late years been growing in popularity among French parents will in future be banished from every school. However the application of the law may be suspended or evaded, there can be no question as to the nature of the temper which it is designed to please. The French Radicals hate the Church so cordially that in order to gratify their hatred they are willing to sacrifice the liberty of parents to bring up their children after their own pleasure. No doubt parents will still be free to send their children to schools taught by Catholics, and so far their control over their own children is left unimpaired. But all that this amounts to is that the 7th Clause is more tyrannical in intention than it is in execution. It arbitrarily denies to parents the class of teachers they like best, while allowing them for the present to employ the teacher they like next best. A compromise of this sort has the merit of neither extreme. The man who carries out a bad policy thoroughly and consistently may at least claim intellectual respect. The man who carries out a bad policy weakly and inefficiently fails to gain any respect whatever. It is hard to say whether the 7th Clause is most remarkable for the injury which it purports to inflict on liberty or for the incompleteness of the machinery by which it proposes to inflict it.

THE SOUTHWARK ELECTION.

THE result of the Southwark election, though the return of Mr. CLARKE was not unexpected, is a severe disappointment to the Liberal party. There is reason to believe that the reaction which it discloses is directed rather against the extreme section of the party than against the moderate Liberals. The Irish electors of Southwark, though they seem to have had no separate organization, probably supported Mr. DUNN, or perhaps in some instances Mr. SHIPTON. The Liberal candidate was not even asked to give the pledge which was taken by Lord RAMSAY at Liverpool with results disastrous to his party. The imprudent concession, and the partial sanction which has since been given by the leaders of the party to the policy of tampering with Home Rule, may probably have affected the fortunes of the candidates in Southwark. Among secondary issues, the most important was that of compulsory abstinence as it is promoted by Sir WILFRID LAWSON. The publicans were unanimous on the side of Mr. CLARKE, while the members of temperance societies preferred Mr. DUNN. Mr. SHIPTON, whose pretensions cannot be regarded as serious, was equally unacceptable to both parties in the liquor controversy. It was asserted, perhaps with some exaggeration, that the Radical Club which was represented by Mr. SHIPTON was founded on the great principle, once maintained in a slightly different form by JACK CADE, of beer at a penny a glass. The measure would evidently neither be conducive to temperance nor remunerative to dealers in beer. It is not necessary to discuss the merits of the Permissive Bill, or of its equivalent which has lately been known as local option; but it is certain that, in adhering to Sir WILFRID LAWSON'S proposal, Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. FORSTER have not consulted the interests of their party. Though the publicans are in every borough a numerous body, Liberal candidates might perhaps afford to dispense with their votes, especially as they are outnumbered by the members of the different temperance organizations. Election managers too often forget that sellers of a commodity have necessarily customers, who are as much averse to the restriction of their liberty as dealers to the suppression of their trade. Sober and respectable consumers

of beer are probably more numerous than the drunkards and the ascetics for whose benefit or fancy they are expected to undergo a not inconsiderable hardship. It is to be regretted that beer-sellers and beer-drinkers should be driven to ally themselves with a political party; but the fault rests with the agitators, and the loss will fall on their involuntary allies. For two or three years after the last election Liberal members took every opportunity of repudiating hostility to beer. Those who direct their councils have lately seemed to forget a lesson which produced a strong impression at the time.

As far as the contest was strictly political it turned wholly on foreign and Indian affairs. Mr. Clarke lost no opportunity of reminding the constituency that he supported the policy of the Government in Eastern Europe and in Asia. Neither he nor the supporters of Mr. Dunn laid any considerable stress on domestic legislation. Those who have studied current history, with the result of forming judgments of their own, will not attach undue weight to the opinion of a popular constituency; but votes, if they must be weighed for the purpose of estimating their soundness, can only be counted as principal elements of political power. There have been within the last fortnight three contested elections. In the small borough of Barnstaple, which is remote from the changing influences of political opinion, the Opposition maintained and increased their majority. In Liverpool the Government gained a conspicuous victory; but their triumph in Southwark, where there has never before been a Conservative majority of the whole number that voted, is much more remarkable. It is said that since the Reform Bill no Metropolitan borough has returned a Conservative in a contest for a single seat. The successful candidates of the party for London boroughs in 1874 almost everywhere profited by a division among the Liberals. In Southwark Mr. Clarke has defeated the collective forces of his opponents. It may reasonably be expected that some of the other Metropolitan boroughs will follow the example which has been set. It is at least a great advantage that Liberal candidates will disavow all sympathy with the Home Rule agitation. Some of the most eminent amongst them have not waited for the warning which has been given at Liverpool. Mr. Fawcett long since told the electors of Hackney that he would not in any circumstances countenance an inquiry into a project for the separation of Ireland from the United Kingdom. Before the Liverpool election Sir Arthur Hobhouse and Mr. John Morley made similar statements to the constituency of Westminster.

Perhaps the most satisfactory result of the election is the additional discredit which is thrown on the electoral machinery imported from Birmingham. Mr. Gladstone went out of his way to recommend to the Liberals of Southwark the American system by which he hopes to establish the uncontrolled supremacy of numerical majorities. In deference to his advice, an Executive Council of Two Hundred was elected by those who chose to take part in the process; and the delegates afterwards selected Mr. Dunn and Mr. Thorold Rogers, after the withdrawal of overtures from candidates who declined to submit to a kind of competitive examination. Mr. Dunn, who has the pardonable and not unpopular defect of taciturnity, may perhaps have been a strong candidate. Mr. Thorold Rogers, who has achieved but limited notoriety by the habitual use of strong language, illustrated his own qualifications for political life by a speech in which he denounced the Government of Austria as a fouler despotism than that of Turkey. He had forgotten that his political leaders, probably with his own concurrence, are pledged to the proposition that the Turks as compared with the worst of Europeans are unspeakable barbarians. At the general election he will have the opportunity of learning whether the constituency is as easily attracted by noise and violence as the Liberal Two Hundred. It is highly probable that some of the votes against Mr. Dunn were directed against the delegates. Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Gladstone forget that the members of their governing bodies are known to all their fellow-townsmen, and that some of them may be better known than liked. All reasonable persons acquiesce in the exercise of lawful authority, even when they distrust those in whose hands it is placed. Mr. Chamberlain's Corporation rules Birmingham with undisputed sway; but his Two Hundreds and Three Hundreds claim an extra-legal power which provokes resistance where it fails to command sympathy. A fussy Liberal Association at Finsbury, which proposes to displace Mr. Torrens in favour of Lord Ramsay, will do well to profit by the example of Southwark.

The most obvious of all the political morals to be deduced from the late election is that the more vehement Liberal orators have committed a mistake in tactics. Perhaps it may have been for their interest to heap invective and insult on the Government; but they have shot their bolt too soon. Throughout the autumn and winter itinerant agitators have appealed to the multitude against the decision of Parliament in language studiously adapted to the supposed taste of the audience. The professed object of Mr. Gladstone and his followers has not been to establish or confirm theoretical opinions, but to drive from office the most wicked and most incapable Government which, according to their doctrine, has ever mismanaged public affairs. They have often announced with prophetic exultation that the change which they endeavoured to produce was already complete. Mr. Gladstone's furious and frivolous complaints of the prolongation of Parliament into a seventh Session were evidently inspired by the belief that an immediate dissolution would ensure the defeat of the Ministers. Loud and unqualified vituperation serves the same purpose in political controversy as a general charge in the crisis of a battle. If either attack fails, it is difficult to repeat the experiment. It now appears that the artisans and small tradesmen of Southwark, who probably represent the feelings of hundreds of thousands of their equals, care nothing for Mr. Gladstone's denunciations or for the alleged crimes of the Ministers. They probably believe in an indefinite manner that the Government has done its best to maintain the honour and influence of England, and they suspect the Opposition of subservience to an anti-national faction. It is of course possible that the result of the Southwark contest may be due to local or accidental causes; but as long as it is doubtful whether it may not indicate the tendency of public opinion, it will probably have the effect of checking the torrent of hostile declamation. Of late the enemies of the Government have generally included in their censure a House of Commons which, as they contend, no longer represents the people. If the Southwark precedent is followed, they will be driven to assert that the constituencies are as corrupt as the Cabinet and as Parliament. It will be more prudent to abandon polemical practices which have thus far not succeeded. It is useless to caution the extreme section of the party against an ostentatious alliance with the obstructive faction.

THE POPE'S ENCYCLICAL.

There are few greater fallacies than the notion so frequently met with that the difference between the Christian and the Secularist view of life is one that does not extend to morality. It is fair to say that this mistake has always been confined to England. On the Continent the Liberal party—using that term in its current Continental sense, as equivalent to the anti-Catholic party—are perfectly aware of the lengths to which the difference between them and their opponents extends. There are no subjects more hotly discussed in France or Belgium than marriage and divorce, none on which the opinions of those who take part in the controversy are more completely opposed, and none which are more intimately associated with morality in its most concrete and popular sense. In France a Divorce Bill is now before the Chambers; and if, as is far from improbable, it should become law, a new and fertile element of confusion will be introduced into French society. Hitherto the law of the State and the Church on the subject has been the same, and though there are many recognized marriages which the Church does not accept as ecclesiastically valid, there are none which she does not accept as valid in so far as the matrimonial contract is concerned. If the re-marriage of divorced persons is permitted by French law, there will be a certain number, perhaps a large number, of unions which the civil law will regard as in all respects valid marriages, while the Church will regard them as not even civil marriages. This is the state of things, of course, even in England with Roman Catholics. But in England Roman Catholics are only a small minority of the population, and their divergence from their countrymen on the question of divorce excites no attention. It will be very different in countries where the

majority of the population are still nominally Catholics. A Catholic is not troubled by the spectacle of a couple living together as man and wife after the performance of only the civil rite. If they are not themselves Catholics, it is the nearest approach to the sacrament of matrimony which they are capable of making. But, in the judgment of the Church, the contract of marriage equally with the sacrament of matrimony is indissoluble; and if a prefect, for example, has put away his wife and married another, he will be living in what his bishop will regard as simple concubinage. The relations between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities under these circumstances may be more edifying to devout Catholics than agreeable to those who wish to make the best of both worlds.

It is not probable that the Encyclical which LEO XIII. has just devoted to this vexed question will tend to make matters smoother. Nothing, for example, will more recommend a measure to the majority in the French Chambers than the knowledge that the POPE has denounced it beforehand. It is exceedingly natural that, as more and more Frenchmen break away from Catholic beliefs, they should demand the same liberty in the matter of divorce which is enjoyed in Protestant countries. Even the POPE can scarcely expect men who do not hold marriage to have any religious sanction whatever to assign to it that absolute indissolubility which has in practice never been attributed to it except by those who have raised it to the dignity of a sacrament. The Encyclical aims, indeed, at proving that, even if the question be decided on merely social considerations, divorce ought to be forbidden. The POPE has no difficulty, of course, in showing that divorce is attended by many evils. Englishmen will remember how strenuously this aspect of the question was urged in Parliament when the present Divorce Act was under consideration. But whenever the question is argued on purely social grounds, the theoretical advantages of maintaining marriage to be indissoluble fade before the practical convenience of allowing it in certain cases to be dissolved. In the case of other civil contracts the law favours their abolition when the ends for which they were entered into are no longer attainable, and a man whose wife has proved unfaithful, or a woman whose husband has deserted her, will naturally be hard to convince that the tie which no longer exists to any good purpose should be maintained simply as a disability to the innocent party. They will rather plead that the advantages which the Encyclical treats as inseparable from the doctrine that marriage is indissoluble are equally secured when marriage is held to be indissoluble except for certain grave causes. Undoubtedly the POPE is able to interpose at this point with examples of countries in which divorce, instead of being only granted for grave cause, is practically granted for any or no cause. But no one was ever yet prevented from taking that to which he thinks himself entitled by the warning that, if he did, some one else might take that to which he is not entitled. Divorce cannot permanently be forbidden in a community a large part of whose members are of opinion that it is unreasonable to forbid it. When the POPE traces all the evils of modern times to this pernicious source, he lays himself open to two answers. It may be replied that it is the abuse, not the proper use, of divorce that ministers to these evils, and that they exist in countries where divorce is not permitted. No doubt when divorce comes to be allowed for incompatibility of temper, the POPE's description of the consequences is quite accurate. "Conjugal bonds lose all stability, mutual "affection is impaired," and the wife "runs the risk of "being abandoned after serving man's passion." But the POPE himself does not say that these evil consequences follow from restricted divorce; his contention is that divorce is certain not to remain restricted. Once allowed, he says, "there will remain in future no barriers strong "enough to keep it within the fixed limits originally "assigned to it. . . . The unbridled desire for divorce, "daily becoming more general, must invade a greater "number of minds, like a contagious malady or a river "bursting its embankments." The persons to whom this prediction is addressed will certainly reply that, if the sensible part of the community remain persuaded that morality is desirable, and that unlimited divorce is destructive of morality, they will find some means of limiting it; while, supposing them to be unconvinced as to the value of morality, they will not keep alive an inconvenient restriction in order to secure a doubtful advantage. If their observations have extended to England, they will further say that there divorce has been both allowed and limited for some considerable time, and that at present there are no signs of the liberty being either withdrawn or extended.

The real strength of the Papal case lies in the undoubted inconvenience in Catholic countries of a conflict between civil and ecclesiastical morality upon so conspicuous a theatre as the marriage relation. From this point of view most reasonable people will agree that the argument against allowing divorce in such countries is very strong. But the strength of it will not come home to the combatant whom it is most important to convince. The Continental Liberal sees no inconvenience in a conflict with the Church. On the contrary, he burns to engage in it. His object is to intensify the opposition between civil and ecclesiastical ideas of morality, not to throw a veil over it. The pleasure of getting rid of one wife and marrying another would be rendered far more acute by the consciousness that the woman to whom he was civilly married could never obtain an ecclesiastical marriage even if she could succeed in persuading him to submit to it. Remarriage after divorce makes a greater breach with the Church than anything else—except perhaps marrying a nun—and divorce, as giving the means of effecting this breach, is desired with proportionate ardour. That under these circumstances it can long be withheld seems an impossibility. The Church must either regain her hold over countries like France or Italy, or she must consent to go her own way, and to recognize the fact that European society has to be won back to the fold, not retained in it.

ONE-SIDED FREE-TRADE.

THE Protectionists in the House of Commons make up in confidence for what they lack in persuasiveness. Though they cannot convince others, they are thoroughly convinced themselves. Mr. WHEELHOUSE's speech against one-sided Free-trade might have been delivered by a Hebrew prophet on the eve of the Captivity. Everything to his mind is going wrong, and in a very short time those who now scoff at him will be expiating in misery and ruin their disregard of his well-meant warnings. No doubt there is an element of truth in these lamentations. The trade of the country does suffer from the array of hostile tariffs which meets it on all sides. It would be a great gain to the English manufacturer and the English workman if the goods they make found as ready an entry into foreign markets as into their own. So long as Mr. WHEELHOUSE and the five gentlemen whom he led into the lobby confine themselves to mourning over the hold that Protection has in Europe and America, they have no difficulty in making out their case. It is when they insist that Englishmen would be better off if we retaliated upon the protectionist foreigner, and made the import of his goods into England as difficult as he takes care to make the export of English goods abroad, that their reasoning becomes so obscure. The fact that an enormous amount of foreign goods comes to England is the best possible proof that an enormous amount of foreign goods is wanted in England. They are there, as Mr. BOURKE put it, because people are willing to buy them, and have made money enough to pay for them. If a compensating tariff were imposed, the English consumer would be charged so much more for what he wants. Mr. WHEELHOUSE answers that he would have so much more with which to pay what he is charged. A great part of our imports consists of manufactured articles. If there were no hostile tariffs, the English workman would be able to find a market for his goods abroad, and so would be repaid for the injury done him by competition in his own market. If there were equivalent tariffs at home, these foreign goods would be kept out of the English market, and so Englishmen would be forced to buy goods made in their own country. Unfortunately for Mr. WHEELHOUSE's argument, the exports have obstinately gone on departing from the way in which they should go. It is not enough for his purpose that the proportion of exports to imports should have grown smaller; the exports themselves should have grown smaller. Instead of this, they have grown enormously larger under the very system which Mr. WHEELHOUSE declares must speedily prove fatal to English trade. For the last effort of a dying man, 192,000,000*l.*—the value of the exports of the United King-

dom in 1877—is not so bad. Before Sir ROBERT PEEL took the tariff in hand, the value of our exports was 53,000,000*l.* —the difference between that and the later sum showing the pace at which the ruin, foretold by Mr. WHEELHOUSE, is approaching. It is true that in one instance quoted by Mr. WHEELHOUSE, the exports have declined. We sent fewer goods to the United States in 1878 than we sent in 1854. But this only shows what no one denies—the injurious effect of hostile tariffs on English trade. It does not prove that English trade would have been any better if a retaliatory tariff had been imposed on American goods.

Mr. WHEELHOUSE did not say upon what goods he wishes to impose his retaliatory tariff. It must be presumed, however, that he would leave raw materials to come in, as now, duty free. English cotton-spinners would certainly not be enabled to compete on better terms with the manufacturers of the United States if they had to give more for the cotton they spin. Nor would English workmen be any better off by reason of the improved wages secured them by a protective tax on American manufactures, if they had to pay proportionately more for their food by reason of a duty on American corn. Nor, in the interest of English trade, could it be any gain to tax even manufactured goods which are not usually made in the United Kingdom. There remain the manufactured goods which are made both in England and abroad, and on these Mr. WHEELHOUSE would, it must be supposed, place a duty nicely calculated to give the English producer the command of his own market. This is the outside advantage derivable from a protective tax, since the command of other markets would only be lessened by such an expedient. If we taxed French silks to benefit Spitalfields, or American cottons to benefit Lancashire, the result would probably be seen in an angry increase of duties on other articles by France and the United States. Whatever dawning inclination towards Free-trade may exist in either country would at once be suppressed, and Protectionists would be able to point to England as to a conclusive instance of a country in which Free-trade had been tried and found wanting. Before Mr. WHEELHOUSE can expect Parliament to adopt his views, he must be able to compare with some precision the probable gain from the closing of the English market against foreign goods, and the probable loss from the closing of the foreign market against English goods. It is hard to say what other countries might do if they were provoked into making their duties retaliatory as well as protective.

Philanthropic economists like Mr. WHEELHOUSE are apt to forget the existence of consumers. For them the world is made up of Englishmen who are prevented from getting rid of their goods by the competition of foreign manufacturers. That there are millions of people who make nothing and want to buy everything does not come home to them as a matter of any importance. M. THIERS advocated protective duties because he wished to see the tall chimneys smoke. He never thought at whose cost they would be made to smoke. A duty on foreign manufactures, imposed for the sole reason that without it those manufactures can be sold in the English market at a less price than similar goods made in England, is really a subsidy paid by the public to the particular trades benefited. If Mr. WHEELHOUSE is of opinion that the existence and prosperity of these trades are of sufficient importance to justify their maintenance at the national expense, it would be better to propose a direct grant for the purpose. The country would then know exactly what it was paying, and there would not be the same risk of irritating foreign countries into increasing their tariffs. Before, however, he gives notice of such a resolution, it will be well for him to consider how he will deal with an obvious objection to which all expedients in the nature of protection to native industry are open. If foreigners can undersell Englishmen in the English market, it must be for one of three reasons. Either the industry is one which is not suited to this country, or not so well suited as others; or there is not as much energy or honesty put into it as there is in other countries; or the foreign producer is content with smaller profits or lower wages than the English producer. In the first case the community is asked to subsidize an industry which in all probability had better be abandoned. It would be possible, no doubt, to grow sugar under glass; and if a sufficient duty were laid upon foreign sugars, it might be so grown at a profit. This is an exaggerated example of the operation of protection to native industry; but, in so far as native industry needs protection, it is a perfectly correct example. In the second case, the community would be doing for particular sets of manufacturers what these manufacturers, if they were commonly honest, would be able to do for themselves. It would be interesting, for instance, to know how much American calico is bought in England because it is cheaper than English, and how much because it wears better. In the third case, Protection is neither more nor less than a grant in aid of wages. Mr. WHEELHOUSE must admit that the ideas associated with his proposal are not, at the first blush, of an inviting kind.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE *SATURDAY REVIEW*.

THE correspondence columns of the *Church Times* of last week contained the history of a crime, the criminal being, it was alleged, the *Saturday Review*. The Rev. CHARLES CROSTHWAITE, Canon and Vicar-General of Kildare, wrote to say that he had seen in "a "January number of the *Saturday Review* a notice of "Bishop WILBERFORCE'S 'Life,' with a statement to "the effect that Mr. GLADSTONE'S treatment of the Irish "Church would be affected by the question" of the descent from St. PATRICK. Thereupon, Canon CROSTHWAITE sent a pamphlet of his own on that subject to Mr. GLADSTONE "with the extract from the *Saturday Review* pinned to it." He had not himself seen the "Life," and "depended on "the authority of the *Saturday Review*." In due time he received the expected postcard from Mr. GLADSTONE. After some remarks about the pamphlet and its subject, the writer stated that he had been led by the paragraph sent to refer to the "Life." "There is," said Mr. GLADSTONE, "not a word to sustain the assertion made "about disendowment. If it be a sheer falsehood," he is "sorry to say that it is only one of many published in "the same journal from time to time." Thus it appears that, according to Mr. CROSTHWAITE, in our notice of the Life of Bishop WILBERFORCE we made a reference to Mr. GLADSTONE'S correspondence about the Irish succession. Not only this, but the reference, according to Mr. GLADSTONE, was a false and misleading one. Not only this, but this "sheer falsehood" (we do not pretend to understand Mr. GLADSTONE'S "if") is only "one of many published "in the same journal." We may as well at once complete the historical part of the matter, though the completion may be a little startling. No such statement ever appeared in our notice of Bishop WILBERFORCE'S Life, or, so far as we know, in the *Saturday Review* at all. No allusion even in the two notices which we gave of that work was made to the subject. For Canon CROSTHWAITE'S statement, as for Mr. GLADSTONE'S reply, there is, as regards the *Saturday Review*, no foundation, or suggestion of foundation. We are not experts in the curious dialect of political controversy which Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT have recently revived. But, as a matter of guesswork, we should imagine that the charge itself might very well be described as a "sheer false-"hood."

Here, as far as we are directly or, so to say, personally concerned, the matter might cease. As the *Saturday Review* never made the statement in question, it cannot be considered responsible for its truth or falsehood. The facts of the case might also be held by most impartial judges to throw considerable doubt upon the wholesale charge of mendacity which Mr. GLADSTONE has been good enough to formulate. But this can hardly be considered as finishing the affair. When—to use THACKERAY'S example—a man has been told that at a given time he murdered a little boy and converted him into sausage meat, or when, as has happened before now, he is informed that he, being to the deponent's knowledge married already, has been seen to commit bigamous matrimony in the face of day at St. George's, Hanover Square, the victim not unnaturally fails to be contented with a mere contradiction, or even a complete disproof. He wants to know how the thing came about. By some searching we have discovered a probable, or at least possible, source of the mare's nest. In a notice of Bishop WILBERFORCE'S "Life" which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of December 29 the following sentences occur:—"In 1845 Mr. "GLADSTONE is anxious to know whether the Irish Church "or the Romish Church in Ireland has the Catholic suc-"cession from St. PATRICK, intimating that his own view

"of disendowment would entirely depend on the answer "to *that* question. With the public at large it would "probably go for nothing, but if he himself were as sure "that the Irish Church was the Catholic Church of Ireland "as that the English Church was the Catholic Church of "England, no charge of temporary inefficiency would "weigh with him." We cannot, of course, be certain that this is the passage which Mr. CROSTHWAITE saw, and even if it be, we are not concerned to take up the cudgels for our contemporary, which is quite able to defend itself. But it is exceedingly well worth while to notice the attitude which Mr. GLADSTONE assumes towards this charge. He says, as we have seen, that there is "not a word to "sustain the assertion made about disendowment." We have referred, as Mr. GLADSTONE says he has done, to the letters given in the "Life," and there can be no doubt that such an inference as that we have quoted may fairly be drawn from Mr. GLADSTONE'S own words. He tells the BISHOP, or Dean, as he then was, that "I wish I could "accept your comfort" about the status and descent of the Irish Church; that the "quivering of historical "positions on which important convictions have, in a "material degree, rested themselves is a process inciting "disagreeable sensations"; that he agrees that "the poli- "tical question of the continuance of the present settle- "ment of Church property in Ireland will not be decided "by a reference to his queries"; that he is dissatisfied as to the efficiency of the Church; and that he cannot "have "faith," as against this dissatisfaction, "in the ordinance "of GOD," unless he can "see the seal and signature, and "these how can I separate from ecclesiastical descent?" According to the ordinary meaning of words it would seem from this that Mr. GLADSTONE did consider the question of disendowment—*i.e.* continuance or discontinuance of the present settlement of ecclesiastical property—to be materially dependent in his own case, though not in that of politicians in general, on the proof of descent, which, if sufficient, would serve to make up for shortcomings in efficiency.

This part of the matter is chiefly worth notice because it illustrates the blind precipitation with which Mr. GLADSTONE swallows and repeats any accusation against those who have the good or bad fortune to differ with him politically. A stranger forwards him something which he thinks may be made into a charge against a journal which he regards as a foe. He does worse than accept it without investigation. He takes apparently no trouble at all to ascertain whether the statement quoted was really made by the authority to which it is attributed—for we suppose Mr. CROSTHWAITE must have mentioned the name of the journal from which he fancied he took the extract—and he takes somewhat less than no trouble to ascertain the amount of foundation that it may have in fact. As to its validity, he contents himself with an offhand denial; as to its authorship, he contents himself with informing his correspondent that the author frequently tells lies, and this is doubtless one of them. So engaging indeed is the freedom with which those ugly words are flung about, that Mr. GLADSTONE does not even take the trouble to designate precisely the enemy whom he assails. For aught we know, he may not have shared Canon CROSTHWAITE'S delusion as to the origin of the paragraph, though, taking the two letters as they are printed in context, the reader naturally infers the contrary. Certainly, if the identity of that paragraph be as we have conjectured, it would be singularly difficult for any man in the habit of reading newspapers to make a confusion even between the smallest scrap of the *Saturday Review* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the type, paper, and size of which are wholly and strikingly different. But probably Mr. GLADSTONE did not occupy himself with these peddling details. The impulse of the natural man is in such a case to deny at once; and the impulse of Mr. GLADSTONE in his present mood of mind is to deny with circumstance, and with, if possible, an insulting remark about the accuser. Both Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT indeed at present remind the observer of nothing so much as of the worthy gentlemen who are sometimes to be seen at Social Science Congresses and such like gatherings, and whom, while speeches are being made on their particular crotchets, the amused neighbour may notice shaking their heads, thumping their sticks, and ejaculating, more or less *sotto voce*, "lies," "bosh," "humbug," "scoundrels," &c. A great deal of virtuous indignation has been recently expressed at the idea that the Opposition indulge in vituperation, in inaccuracy of statement, or in any other pastimes unsuitable to the mildest-mannered men that ever wished to turn their adversaries out of Downing Street. We commend this little incident to those who are thus virtuously indignant. A statement which is at least apparently well founded, and which certainly any man might make in perfect good faith, is made (no matter by whom) about Mr. GLADSTONE. In the first place he denies it, in the next he charges the supposed criminal roundly with continual and systematic mendacity. For ourselves we have certainly nothing to complain of. The facts of this case go to show that, as far as Mr. GLADSTONE'S accusations are concerned, the *Saturday Review* might be taken in at the Palace of Truth itself, without fearing the ugly blots of a censorship on the Russian model. "And for our foes may this their blessing be"—to make charges with the accuracy of Canon CROSTHWAITE, and receive them with the calm and judicial scrutiny of Mr. GLADSTONE.

A NEW VIEW OF ST. FRANCIS OF SALES.

FRANCIS OF SALES, like his earlier canonized namesake of Assisi, is one of those Saints whom the Roman Catholic and Protestant worlds have alike consented to honour as a typical representative of sweetness and light; his "sweetness" is indeed noted in the Collect for his festival in the Breviary. He has especially been held up by his panegyrists, and generally accepted, as a man who in one respect at least was before his age, who in the midst of the religious bitterness and intolerance of the Reformation era, while himself a fervent Catholic, refused to employ against Protestants any but spiritual weapons, and by the persuasiveness of his preaching and his character converted a whole province from heresy to the true Church. It will be therefore to many people rather surprising to see a pamphlet entitled *The Persecution of Protestants by St. François de Sales*, the more so when the writer begins by reminding them that he is himself a Catholic and a convert, and prefixes to his *brochure* a "Note for Catholic Readers," which is in many ways so significant that we reprint it here as it stands:

> When first I came across the apparently treacherous and persecuting acts of the Saint, I was perplexed because he had been canonized. I have since learned from able and learned Catholics that a canonized Saint may be in Hell, or may not have any existence. Also that a Pope only acts on evidence produced, and so may be uninformed or misinformed. And yet once again, canonizations are not infallible acts of Popes. This is lucky, and I accept these statements with gratitude; they wipe away a number of historical difficulties which I previously felt, such as the wisdom of invoking St. John Nepomuk, who never existed; or a Grand Inquisitor like St. Peter Arbues, whose friendship in this life I certainly should have avoided.

One comment only we will make on this note. It is not our business to decide how far canonizations are infallible acts of Popes; but Mr. Nevins must be aware that the Vatican Council assigns infallibility in questions not only of faith but of morals to their official utterances, and whatever mistakes of fact may conceivably be made as to the character or even the existence of a given Saint, it is difficult to understand how the Pope could, without prejudice to his infallibility in morals, be mistaken as to the type of sanctity or "heroic virtue" held up to the faithful for imitation. Now, in the case of Francis there was at the time no mistake about the facts, however studiously or ignorantly they may be glossed over by his modern biographers to suit the feeble taste of an age which condemns duplicity and violence even in a sacred cause. Mr. Nevins relies mainly for his facts on the biographies of two earlier writers, "both Catholics, and both *ardent admirers of de Sales*, the Abbé Marsollier and Loyau d'Amboise." The first of these works was dedicated to the reigning Pope, the second to the Archbishop of Paris. Both of them, together with other equally unimpeachable authorities, were quoted in an article by the Rev. L. W. Bacon published two years ago in *Macmillan's Magazine* under the title of "Two Sides to a Saint," and which appears to have first directed Mr. Nevins's attention to the subject. There is no doubt untrustworthy matter in the earlier as well as in the later Lives of St. Francis, but two points come out with unmistakable clearness, which were not then regarded as discreditable to him, but which his modern panegyrists have carefully suppressed—his systematic duplicity, and his unscrupulous recourse to persecution when other means of effecting his purpose failed.

The first point, which can only be noticed briefly here, was most disagreeably illustrated from his youth upwards. Francis, when a mere schoolboy at Paris, determined without the knowledge or consent of his parents, who had very different views for his future, to devote himself to the priesthood, and made a vow of celibacy at the church of St. Etienne-des-Grès, which he afterwards renewed—again without his parents' knowledge—as a young man at Padua. At length when his costly education, designed by his father to fit him for a secular career, was completed, he returned home at the age of twenty-six, and was "thunderstruck," say his biographers—though we hardly see why—to find that arrangements had already been made for his marriage with a charming young heiress in the neighbourhood, aged eighteen. Still Francis was so far from explaining to his father the real state of the case and declining to see the young lady—which was obviously his

only honourable course, if he intended to persevere in his resolve—that he not only allowed himself to be introduced to her as her acknowledged suitor, but paid her frequent visits. The natural result followed; Mademoiselle de Végy fell over head and ears in love with the handsome young count, who fully reciprocated her feelings. But now, when he was bound in honour and good feeling to carry out his engagement, Francis chose to bethink himself of his vow—from which, as his mother reminded him, he could easily have got dispensed, not being in orders—and managed privately to obtain from the Pope the vacant post of Provost of the Chapter of Geneva, through one of the Canons who was his cousin. Then, and not till then, when the details of the approaching wedding were already beginning to be arranged, and after he had secured for himself the highest ecclesiastical dignity in the diocese, he at last broke the news to his parents, and resolutely put aside his mother's indignant remonstrances against the gross and heartless treachery of which he had been guilty. It may be added that Francis continued through life to be not only—as has been said of a distinguished living ecclesiastic—an "apostle of the genteels," but a devoted admirer of the fair sex, one of whom he used to address in his private correspondence as "dearest girl of my heart," while writing letters of a different kind to be shown to her father and her confessor. Not that we at all mean to insinuate against him a charge of immorality, but we do mean that a man with his peculiar capabilities for charming and being charmed by young ladies was doubly culpable in trifling, as he did, with the affections of his affianced bride.

And now it is time to come to the grand achievement of the life of St. Francis, the conversion of the Chablais. Here all his biographies, though there is a notable difference between the earlier and later ones, become wildly mythical. We do not refer to the miracles which they all report, though it is due to him to say that he never speaks of them himself. That is a matter on which people are so sure to form their judgment largely in accordance with their preconceived ideas of what is probable and congruous that it is unprofitable to argue about it, and moreover it may be freely admitted that, if the popular story of his mission is to be accepted at all, it would be far more marvellous without the miracles than with them. The tale as ordinarily told, and summarised in the Breviary lections for his festival, is briefly this; that being sent as a missionary to convert the heretic population of the Chablais, he devoted himself to the arduous task with indomitable perseverance amid the most terrible trials and hardships, and constant perils of death, till at length the eloquence of his preaching and the still more winning saintliness and gentleness of his character overcame the inveterate prejudices of a coarse and brutal population and the 72,000 heretics of the county returned to the true fold. This enumeration is absolutely asserted in the Breviary, and we observe that a recent convert writer against Anglican Orders, who might have been expected to know better, goes out of his way to reproduce this exploded fable, with the cautious reservation, "He is said," &c. The numbers might as well have been put at 700,000; nor is it only the numbers, but the whole character and scenery of the region, that is metamorphosed. The lovely southern shores of the Lake of Geneva, which may be said to blossom as the rose, are turned into a waste and howling wilderness where eternal winter reigns, and its quiet good-humoured peasant denizens into a set of fierce savages thirsting for the blood of the meek apostle, who came unarmed among them taking his life in his hand; even the short three miles' walk from the Castle of Allinges, where he was comfortably housed, to Thonon becomes a perilous and fatiguing journey, in which the pangs of hunger and thirst had to be constantly endured. The facts are these. The Duke of Savoy, having obtained the Chablais from Henry II., King of France, with an express stipulation in the treaty that the Protestant religion, which the inhabitants had professed for nearly sixty years, should not be interfered with, was anxious on political grounds to effect their return to Catholicism, religious disunion being generally at that period considered dangerous to the State. Francis and his cousin—the priest who had procured him the provostship—were chosen for this mission, having of course the whole civil power at their back; but it was thought prudent at first to try gentle means, and the people were again solemnly assured that their liberty of conscience should be respected. The missioners were lodged at Allinges and began to preach in the great church at Thonon, but in spite of all advantages, physical and moral—and a little mild compulsion was adopted from the first—two years of devoted preaching, "sweetness," miracles and all, produced next to no result. The converts could be counted on the fingers. Then Francis thought it was time to act. He crossed the Alps in November and interviewed the Duke at Turin, in order to impress on him the obligation of reducing his heretical subjects to the faith, and the non-obligation of observing the terms of the treaty to which he had sworn. We have no room here for long extracts from his memorial, which occupies five pages of Mr. Nevins's instructive pamphlet, but a few salient points may be jotted down. The Duke must not adopt "the maxim, injurious to God and man," that children are the property of their parents; he must prevent heresy from opening schools; he must burn all heretical books, and allow no more to be published; he must banish Protestants from all public offices, and restore the ecclesiastical property now in the hands of Protestant pastors to its proper owners, the priests, and he must establish the Jesuits in the province; also converts should be liberally rewarded; and, last but not least, "it is necessary to scatter terror through the whole population by wholesome edicts." By such means his Highness would "assure the triumph of the faith in the Chablais," and "extirpate the growing canker of heresy from the land which Heaven had given him."

The Duke, in spite of the remonstrances of his Council, was nothing loth to listen to these mild suggestions, and thenceforth the mission of Francis, which Marsollier admits to have hitherto proved a failure, became a no less conspicuous success, the more so as he proceeded further to invoke the aid of the too famous, or infamous, "Martinengo regiment," which had gained a terrible name already for its ruthless butchery of men, women, and children, and white-haired Protestant pastors. Yet even with these strong-handed auxiliaries success was not complete, and in the autumn of 1598 Francis induced the Duke, who was evidently a tool in his hands, to visit Thonon in person. Orders meanwhile were given for the suppression of the Protestant worship throughout the Chablais. The closing scene shall be told in Mr. Nevins's words:—

> The day after this order was given, the Duke ordered the Protestants to assemble at the Town Hall, and lined the streets and place with the accursed Martinengo regiment. Silence being obtained, the Duke harangues them, and declares that although converts have been made, yet he cannot allow rebels to exist who will "se perdre eux-mêmes pour le temps et pour l'éternité," that "he regarded 'ces endurcis' as the enemies of God and *particularly as his own opponents*"! He winds up by ordering those who wish to be of the religion of their Prince to go to the right, those who will remain obstinate to go to the left. They do so. Then the Duke addresses most amicably the sheep, but the goats he thus harangues: "You, then, wretches, dare in my presence to declare yourselves God's enemies and mine. Go, go out—I deprive you of your offices and dignities and *banish you for ever from my states.* I prefer to be without subjects than have such as you who always set me at defiance." He then signed to his guards, who turned them out.
>
> Marsollier then relates that de Sales with "son extrême douceur" begged the Duke to let him make another attempt to convert them, and before the day was over François had convinced them all but a few who passed over to the other side the lake to Nion!

The speech is given at length by the writer in *Macmillan.* It remains to add that, according to contemporary computation, the total population of the district from which Francis drew his 72,000 converts was under 4,000. A term of six months was allowed them to choose between conversion and exile, after which time all dissent from the established religion was rigorously suppressed. Thus "extreme sweetness" gained the day at last; but the Christian apostle triumphed by much the same means as are prescribed by the Prophet of Islam—"the Koran or the sword." It may be said that in this he simply conformed to the spirit of his age, when Roman Catholics and Protestants alike thought it a duty to repress by force all dissent from the dominant creed. Be it so; but the special praise claimed for Francis, at least by all his modern panegyrists, is that he was above the spirit of his age, and steadily refused to carry on a spiritual warfare by carnal weapons; and it is true that he often used language pointing in this direction. But that only reveals another unpleasant feature of his character. It shows that the duplicity which was so unamiably exemplified in his youthful career, when he won the affection of Mlle. de Végy with the deliberate intention of rejecting it, remained with him through life. Persecution is not made more tolerable by being sheltered under a flimsy pretext of imperturbable suavity, or because the apostle discoursed eloquently from the pulpit while the ruffians of the Martinengo regiment watched the church doors. His subsequent missionary labours in the Pays de Gex were conducted in the same manner as the previous campaign in the Chablais, except that he wasted less time in unprofitable preliminaries, and began with the use of force. We are far from denying that there was much that is really noble and saintly in his character, and are quite content to give him the full benefit of whatever excuse he may derive from the current opinion and practice of a persecuting age. But it is impossible for those who know anything of the actual circumstances to listen without a smile or a sigh to praise bestowed on his "freedom from bigotry in an age of persecution," and on the marvellous success of his unwearied apostolic toils, which was due almost exclusively to the wholesale employment of bribery, treachery, and dragonnades. And it is very difficult to evade the conviction, which Mr. Nevins shrinks from directly owning but scarcely affects to conceal, that the authority—every consistent Vaticanist must say the infallible authority—which canonized him thereby once more set its seal to the rightfulness of religious persecution.

INTERFERENCE.

THERE is no domestic or social habit—or vice, as some regard it—that incurs more odium, considering what the offender's intentions generally are, than what is variously called interference or meddling. Men differ naturally and blamelessly in the way in which their minds receive the business and the scenes which pass around them. It is natural to some tempers to view things external to themselves as mere pictures—moving panoramas, in which their concern is only as lookers-on; and it is equally natural to others to feel a certain connexion and relationship with everything with which their senses come in contact. The fact that they see and hear anything involves a certain share in the action. The man asks himself, Have I anything to do here? and if things strike him as going wrong, or in what he thinks not the best way, again he inquires of himself, Can I set it right? Now

this impulse is what brings about the temptation to interfere and meddle. It belongs to the busy and sanguine as opposed to the placid, resigned, fatalist temperament, that thinks only; that can observe, and let alone; that either takes little notice of things outside its immediate duties or interests, or, noticing them, recognizes no work or duty as consequent on its observation. Those tempers have each their merits and defects. The defects of the interfering temper are palpable enough. They are among the irritants of society. The most generous, merely gratuitous, interference gets little thanks. Nobody can interfere in a matter in which he has no personal interest, and therefore no obvious right to interpose—nobody can thrust himself forward in a matter of nicety where he has no direct business—without incurring more blame and ill-will than praise or thanks. If benevolence in the busy form does not bring its own reward it brings no other. There is always somebody to take offence who would rather run the chances incurred by his own unrestrained action than be benefited by a meddling go-between. Few persons are dispassionate enough to respect the impulse in another which sets him tampering with their liberty of action, advising or meddling irrespectively of their inclination, habits, and will. The rights of men are more dear to them than any benefit to be gained by disregarding or trampling upon them. Yet the interfering temper, when allowed its free exercise, thinks little of this. However much it desires the goodwill of others, there is a self-reliance fostered by indulgence which turns the attention entirely away from misgiving and self-questioning. It proves its popularity to its own satisfaction by a tacit syllogism. Men love their benefactors; I am a benefactor; therefore men love me. A thoroughly genial busybody will go on through life irritating all the human nature it comes across, practically unconscious of giving offence, and never taking a lesson from failure.

In treating this subject the pen insensibly slips through the various declensions from the original amiable impulse – from interference to meddling, from meddling to the busybody. Yet it is a truism to say that interference is often a duty. It depends on the intellect and the moral nature of the active temperament whether we call its action legitimate interference or impertinent meddling. Both start from the same native bias; but this is dignified into high utility, or dwarfed into the troublesome and contemptible, by the purity or pettiness of intention, and the degree of judgment and self-restraint exercised. It is where interference becomes a blind habit that it descends in the scale. Society offers abundant warnings in this matter to those who are open to receive them. People must be of a tough, insensible nature indeed to persevere in this form of intrusion against the coldness and the snubs of their equals; but the fact that we are not all equals still leaves room for its unhealthy growth. It is this that constitutes one of the perils of benevolence, technically so called, to those who devote themselves to good works. Men cannot dedicate themselves to the business of benefiting their neighbours without some risk to themselves. Undue interference is one of these risks. Kind-hearted and benevolent women have often been charged with meddling and exceeding their rights, and have had gradually to retreat from the attitude of dictators in the matter of dress and household economics before the growing independence of the classes once called "lower," who reject the patronage of their goodwill at the price they set upon it of submission to their authority; the fact that the well-meaning ladies believe themselves to know better not constituting this legitimate authority. This, however, is an instance of the more excusable form of the failing, one often unduly charged, indeed, on persons engaged in an arduous, self-denying, and thankless work. The misleading consciousness of good intention is the bane of the busy temper in more important cases than the indiscretions of district visitors. Men who follow its lead are not commonly held in check by severe self-study; intent on benefiting their neighbours by enforcing their own opinions and practices upon them, they are apt to take their own motives for granted. There may be unconscious injustices and infusions of personal feeling that are never guessed by the mind absorbed in setting other people to rights, and alive only to the weight of its own counsels and the importance of things being carried out according to its notions of fitness. This is the state of mind that makes a man meddle in what does not concern him. It has grown upon him by indulgence, till he regards the living world around him as a theatre for the display of his own sense, discernment, conscience, and activity. In everything outside himself that admits of interference he sees a call to interfere. A sense of power, of a wider range of observation, of a deeper insight and finer tact, grows upon him, and with this a contempt for the capacity of others, till there is nothing that is right, nothing but admits of improvement and remodelling from his hand; till there is no sanctuary of private opinion or practice that must not be invaded; no pleasure or taste that must not be touched up, heightened, and have a character given to it, by some infusion of his personality.

Of course all interference implies the assumption of authority in some form or other. This of itself tells nothing against it. All depends upon the truth and fairness of the assumption. Relationship, friendship, a sense of justice, age, experience, knowledge—all constitute a right to interfere, given the fit occasion; all confer authority. Urgency gives a right to intermeddle apart from all these; only the urgency must be real, the occasion important enough, and the impulse stirred by the occasion, not by a bustling habit. The great question with men is this of authority. The first inquiry is not as to the value of the action or suggestion, but as to the right to enforce it. An acknowledged authority may interfere in a very harsh manner, and yet excite less irritation than words that can only assert themselves pragmatically as the sentence of a superior judgment. And authority itself may dictate on supreme questions though it is rebelled against in trifles which seem the inalienable right of the individual. Horace Walpole observes upon this in reporting events at Madrid, where, after a series of assassinations, an edict had been issued commanding that hats should be cocked, cloaks shortened, and capes laid aside. An insurrection was the consequence of this interference with costume. "A nation that has borne the Inquisition cannot support a cocked hat!"

On this subject Barrow delivered himself with characteristic point. Meddling was a topic of his day. He enlarges on it, not only as it concerned public matters, but as it touched the liberty of the individual, on which he expresses himself with a sensitiveness which suggests an aggrieved personal experience. "Every man hath," he says, "a particular gust for diet, for garb, for divertisements and disports arising from particular complexion and other unaccountable causes; and fit it is that he should satisfy it; it is enough that what he doth seemeth good and relisheth to himself." There was probably less interference then with the ways and manners of private life than society exercises now, either as a whole or through its more busy members. It was a more impertinent proceeding to come between a man and his humour. Certainly, humourists are a diminishing class. These "gusts" of which the preacher speaks are nipped in their development through some form of interference or other. As for the question generally, he allows that there are legitimate occasions for meddling with our neighbour's liberty. We may interfere in his blind career of ruin or grievous mischief. "If he hath not his wits about him we may supply him with ours in such exigencies"—a way of putting the case, we may observe, that leaves a great deal to the judgment of the man who throws himself into the breach; as it is the nature of this temperament to be always seeing exigencies, and feeling an imperious call to "thrust eyes, tongue, and hand into his neighbour's business, prying into that which is done, dictating this or that course, usurping a jurisdiction." The moralist raises quite a hurly-burly of words round the busybody—the meddler in other men's matters, the raiser of combustions; his turbulency, irregularity, disorder, pragmatical curiosity, and exorbitancy; contrasting, in a fine simile, these disturbing qualities with the majestic calm of the quiet temper. This quiet is not "a total forbearance from action, not a fastidious drowsy listlessness, not a senseless indifference concerning the matters of others, but such a motion as the heavenly bodies do keep, which so move as they seem ever to stand still, and never disturb one another." After all, the question must be left to individual conscience and judgment in each case which seems to bring with it a call to interpose between a man and his own modes of conducting his affairs. The busy temper cannot and need not wholly suppress itself, but these hints at exorbitancy in the mode may serve as a wholesome check.

A great deal of the outcry against meddling comes from persons who most need some interference with the swing of their course of action. How violently indignant, for instance, are young people when engaged in a course of excitement or dissipation, or any career of passion or self-will, at a word or hint of interference; how jealous of the mere suspicion of it; how insolent in thought, and often in word and act, against the offender. In all headlong doings of any kind and at any age there is the same resentment at any sense of external check, and this probably in every case because there is an enemy in the garrison which responds to the attack from without. There are two classes of mind that are patient of interference—those of the equable yielding order, who have no passion for their own way, who can look at both sides of a question, who are not carried away, who can deliberate if liberty of action remains to them, who can submit to external pressure as a thing to be, when powerless to resist it; and those who are so strong in their own judgment and intention, so confident in their ability to carry their conclusions out, that they are not afraid of it. In fact, some opposition is welcome to such minds, as making them feel their strength and imparting a sense of power. They can accept even unjustifiable intervention from other people, as feeling that no external influence can have weight or force beyond what they choose to give it. All angry feeling against interference is the result of weakness of some sort—weakness of position and of circumstances (a case which excites sympathy), rendering the victims of meddling no longer masters of their own affairs; or weakness of moral ground, the weakness of a mind not in harmony with itself.

OLYMPIA AND THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT.

THE report that the grant which has been voted for the last five years by the German Reichstag for the excavations at Olympia will not be continued in the present year has been received with something like consternation in the archæological world. It is true that notice to this effect was given last year to the directors of the Olympian expedition in Berlin. But it was generally supposed that the extraordinary interest taken in their operations, the brilliant results with which they had been attended, and, above all, the consideration that one year more would suffice to complete the great work, might induce the Government of Germany and the Reichstag to reconsider their decision. It is to be sincerely hoped that they will yet do so; but, if they do

not, it would ill become Englishmen to utter a single word of reproach. Whether they stop or renew the liberal grant by means of which so many of the most interesting historical and archæological problems have been solved, the German Government and people are entitled to the gratitude of every lover of classical antiquity.

The interest felt in Olympia is not without abundant justification. There are very few spots on the earth's surface round which a greater number and variety of human interests are gathered than are indissolubly attached to that little valley in Elis, which, in the form of an irregular oblong, is bounded by the rivers Alpheios and Kladeos on the south and west, and Mount Kronion (Saturn's Hill) on the north. It is true that, like the Ilissus near Athens, both the rivers and the valley are small, and not to be compared with the Mississippi and the vast plains through which it flows (as we were told some years ago at Manchester); but that little valley has been trodden by a greater number of men who have illustrated the annals of the civilized world and shaped the destiny of the human race than the whole Western hemisphere. We do not know for what reason the Peloponnesians chose this spot for their meeting-place; but they may well have done so on the ground of its extraordinary beauty. Looking eastward from the little village of Druva on the lofty right bank of the Kladeos, the spectator has the hill of Kronos and Mount Olympos on his left, and the richly-wooded heights which skirt the south bank of the "most sweetly flowing" Alpheios on his right. Before him is the glorious plain now occupied by hundreds of Arcadian workmen; and beyond it lie successive ranges of hills covered with a rich southern vegetation, whose soft undulating lines cross and melt into each other. The distant background is closed in by the rugged mountains of "happy Arcadia," the haunts of Pan and his beloved Echo.

The name of Olympia is connected not only with the earliest history, but with the oldest mythological traditions, of the Greek race. Kronos was the first King of Elis in the Golden Age, and the first temple erected in his honour stood on the hill which now bears his name. In this favoured spot Zeus himself was born, and was entrusted by his anxious mother Rhea to the Idæan Daktyls, the gigantic primæval blacksmiths, who came from Mount Ida at her call. Herakles, who was one of them, raced his brother Daktyls in the plain, and adorned the victor's brows with an olive garland. Here, too, Kronos and Zeus raced for the sovereignty of Heaven and Earth; and here Apollo outran Hermes in the course, and beat Mars himself in boxing. After the gods come the mythological heroes. In a chariot race in the Eleian plain Pelops won from the betrayed and defeated Oinomaos his daughter and his kingdom. In memory of the dethroned monarch, his grandson, the second Herakles, the son of Alkmene, renewed the Olympian contests, and adorned the victor with the crown of "silvory olive" which he brought from the country of the Hyperboreans, "for the glens of Pelops grew no fair trees," and "it seemed to him that the sacred enclosure was at the mercy of the keen rays of the sun":—

ἀμφὶ κόμαισι βάλῃ γλαυκόχροα κόσμον ἐλαίας· τάν ποτε
Ἴστρου ἀπὸ σκιαρᾶν παγᾶν ἔνεικεν Ἀμφιτρυωνιάδας
μνᾶμα τῶν Οὐλυμπίᾳ κάλλιστον ἄθλων
δᾶμον Ὑπερβορέων πείσαις Ἀπόλλωνος θεράποντα λόγῳ·
πιστὰ φρονέων Διὸς αἴτει πανδόκῳ
ἄλσει σκιαρόν τε φύτευμα ξυνὸν ἀνθρώποις στέφανόν τ' ἀρετᾶν.

Pind. *Ol.* iii. 13.

'Twas from the shady sources of the Danube that of yore the son of Amphitryon brought the tree, to become a most honourable memento of prizes won at Olympia, after persuading the nations of the far north, the worshippers of Apollo, by his words. In friendly feeling he requested for the much-frequented racing-ground of Zeus a plant that should afford a shade for all men in common to enjoy, and which should be used as a crown for deeds of valour [Paley's Translation].

It is evident from these and other legends that in the very earliest ages this valley had been the scene of local festivities and gymnastic contests—had been constituted in fact the common "playing fields" of the Peloponnesian youth. When we at last reach the solid ground of history, we meet first with the name of Iphitos, King of Elis, who came into the Peloponnesus with the Herakleidai, and was contemporary with Lycurgus the legislator. Finding the country torn by intestine feuds, he consulted the Oracle at Delphoi for a remedy, and was directed to sacrifice to Herakles at Olympia, and renew the games. To render the meeting of the hostile tribes possible, Iphitos and the Spartan Lycurgus, the most powerful of the Peloponnesian princes, proclaimed about 884 B.C. the *ἐκεχειρία* (hand-holding), or Sacred Truce, to be observed by all as long as the games continued; and they made of Elis, what it remained through succeeding centuries, a holy inviolable land of peace and Hellenic brotherhood. From this time forward the games were regularly held every fourth year in the first month after the summer solstice, when the moon was full; but it was not until about a hundred years later, in 776, that the names of the victors began to be recorded, and the Olympian æra used in the computation of time. Henceforward, for a period of more than eleven hundred years, in spite of the everlasting feuds which devastated the rest of Greece, this wonderful festival brought together all that was beautiful and magnificent, gifted and glorious, in the most beautiful and gifted people of the world. As long as Greece was free, only men of Greek origin were permitted to enter the lists; but at last barbarian conquerors forced their way into the sacred precincts, and assembled Greece was humbled by the presence of an Alexander and outraged by the victory of a Nero. Yet the humiliation was not all on the side of the Greeks. Macedonian kings and Roman emperors were proud to appear on the Eleian plain, and feigned Hellenic descent to excuse their intrusion.

During the greater part of this long period Olympia was being adorned by the piety and pride of visitors and competitors with magnificent temples and beautiful statues. Besides the great temple of the Panhellic Zeus, built by a local architect, Libo, early in the sixth century B.C., which contained the statue of gold and ivory by the hand of Pheidias, we learn from Pausanias that there was in the Altis a probably still older temple of Here. It also contained Doric temples of Hestia and Demeter, sanctuaries of Eileithyia and Aphrodite Urania and Heroa, of Pelops, "who," says Pausanias, "was as much reverenced above other heroes as Jupiter above other gods," and of his wife Hippodameia. The Altis was further adorned by public halls and colonnades, and by innumerable statues of gods, heroes, and victors in the games, which were ranged along the public ways, set up in front of temples, and interspersed among the sacred groves. Of Zeus alone we read of twenty-seven statues, besides the bronze figures of this god called Zanes, which were erected from the fines inflicted on those who violated the laws of the games. There were also statues of Athene, Demeter, Poseidon, Hestia, Artemis, Hermes, Dionysos, Amphitrite, Asklepios, Hygieia, Herakles, and Nike. The victors, too, during nine hundred years made use of their privilege of erecting statues of themselves in honour of their victories. Pliny, who writes after Olympia had been plundered by Sulla and others, says that in his time there were still three thousand statues in Olympia; and Pausanias, who fills two books of his work with a description of its glories, describes two hundred and thirty selected works of plastic art.

The external splendour of the Olympic festival was maintained, perhaps increased, under the Roman emperors; but the sentiments of religion and patriotism which were its inner life were stifled by the corrupting miasma of foreign despotism. Olympia fell on evil days; the very Roman governors and emperors who loved to display their magnificence and power in her stadion and hippodrome did not scruple to rob her of her choicest works of art; and even the chryselephantine Zeus of Pheidias was carried off to Constantinople towards the end of the fourth century. The names of the victors, once renowned throughout the civilized world, were no longer thought worthy to be recorded; and in 394 A.D. the Olympic festival was abolished for ever by the Emperor Theodosius I. Two years afterwards Alaric and his Goths occupied the neighbouring hill of Pholoe, and finished the work of plunder and devastation which Roman conquerors had begun. They took a very practical view of the value of metal works of art; and it is therefore not wonderful that scarcely one of the many thousand bronze statues which adorned the Altis has come down to us.

Having flourished for a thousand years, Olympia now slumbered in silence and oblivion for a still longer period, hiding her desolation under the deposits of the Alpheios, which at some unknown period must have burst its usual bounds and deluged the whole plain. We hear nothing more of Olympia until the year 1766, when it was visited by our countryman, Richard Chandler. In Germany about the same time the great founder of archæology, Winckelmann, was composing his work on the history of art, and in a letter to a friend expressed his ardent desire to excavate the Olympian stadion "with a hundred workmen." Towards the end of the last century Olympia was again visited by Fauvel and Pouqueville, and by Dodwell, Gell, and Leake, who fixed the site of the Temple of Zeus, and by Stanhope in 1813, who made the first topographical plan of the valley. Of a more serious character was the French expedition of 1829, after the liberation of Greece, the members of which, however, only stayed six weeks. They discovered the famous Metopes of the Temple of Zeus, representing Herakles and the Bull, the Nymph on the Rock, &c., which form some of the principal treasures of the Louvre.

But the glory of restoring the sacred Altis to the light of day was reserved for the new German Empire. Nearly thirty years ago Professor Curtius, then a young man, took up the idea of Winckelmann, and in a lecture at Berlin gave eloquent expression to his ardent desire to excavate the plain of the Alpheios. "When," he asks, "will its lap be once more opened to bring to light the works of the ancients? That which lies buried in the dark depths is life of our life." His highest aspirations were fulfilled, though late. In 1874 he was himself sent to Athens to arrange the provisions of a treaty with Greece, empowering the Germans, under certain conditions, to make excavations for five years in the plain of Olympia. His mission was completely successful, and the terms agreed to bear honourable testimony to the purely scientific views of the German Government. The Reichstag, with the general applause of all Germany, voted the necessary means—namely, 7,500*l.* per annum, for five years. A Board of Directors, consisting of Professors Curtius and Adler, and Legations-Rath Dr. Busch, was appointed, and the practical superintendence of the works on the spot was entrusted to Mr. Adolph Bötticher and Dr. Hirschfeld, who were superseded, before the visit of the present writer, by the learned archæologists Professors Treu and Furtwängler, ably assisted by Mr. Borrmann, the architect, and Mr. Dörpfeld, the engineer. Operations were commenced in October 1875; and, in accordance with the terms of the treaty, the Temple of Zeus was made the starting-point. From this centre trenches were dug radiating in several different directions—to the south, west, south-west, north-west, and north, one of the

first objects being to find the boundary wall of the Altis. This sacred inclosure formed an irregular oblong of not more than 400 by 200 yards in the Olympian plain, the longest sides of which were under the hill of Kronion on the north, and towards the bank of the Alpheios on the south. The Altis, which Pausanias says is Elean for ἄλσος, a grove, was the holy τέμενος, or sacred field, which Herakles marked out of yore and dedicated to his father Zeus.

Without any reference to the dates at which they were severally laid bare, we shall now proceed to enumerate the principal results of the excavations, which have, of course, been chiefly, though not entirely, confined to the Altis. We shall speak first of the buildings, the most important of which in every way is the Doric peripteral temple of the Panhellenic Olympian Zeus. This building is only second in size to the Temple of Athene Alea at Tegea, being about 200 feet long by 90 broad, and about 68 feet high. It is built of the testaceous limestone which the Greeks called πῶρος; and the pillars, of which there were six at each end and thirteen on each side, were covered with a thin coating of light red cement to conceal the rather unsightly appearance of the rough stone. The diameter of these pillars is greater than that of the Parthenon columns, being considerably more than six feet in diameter. The next in size and importance is the Heraion, or Temple of Here, which lies almost due north of the Temple of Zeus, close to the north wall of the Altis. The proportions of this building, which is also Doric and peripteral, are probably unique in the history of architecture; for though only 60 feet broad, it has a length of 150 feet, and has six pillars at each end and sixteen on each of its longer sides. Proceeding eastward of the Heraion along the north wall of the Altis, we come to the Exedra of the Herodes Atticus, a large building of brick, erected by the generous orator at his own cost, in connexion with the aqueduct by which he had greatly increased the salubrity of Olympia. The Exedra stood on a terrace rising by two steps above the plain, and consisted of a large marble reservoir, at each end of which was a small circular temple with Corinthian pillars, one of which contained the statue of Marcus Aurelius and the other of Faustina. Behind the reservoir, and on the upper step of the terrace, was a semicircular apse, round which stood twenty-one statues of members of the Imperial House, of Herodes himself, and his wife Appia Regilla, and his children.

Next to the Exedra on the east come the foundations of eleven "Treasuries" belonging to different States, the mere enumeration of which recalls the widespread celebrity of the Olympian games. The peoples here represented are the Sikyonians, the Carthaginians, the Epidamnians, the Byzantians, the Sybarites, the Cyrenæans, the Selinuntians, the Metapontians, the Athenians, the Megarensians, and the Sicilians of Gela. Between the second and third and the tenth and eleventh of these Treasuries run two narrow paths leading to the Temples of Eileithyia and Aphrodite Urania, higher up the hill Kronion, the sites of which are well known, though they have not yet been excavated. In front of these Treasuries, which line the northern boundary of the Altis, stood the Metroon, or Temple of the Mother of the Gods; it is mentioned by Pausanias, but he speaks of it as a very large building, which it certainly is not. He also says that it was filled with statues of Roman governors, many of which have been found. In a line with the Metroon, and in front of the Treasuries, the bases of the Zanes, mentioned above, have been found. Still further to the East, along the wall of the Altis, the excavators found a tunnel, 65 feet long and 10 feet wide, which is no doubt the κρυπτή—the subterranean passage into the stadion, which lay outside the Altis. Parallel with the eastern wall of the Altis ran another interior wall forming with it a long gallery, which began at the κρυπτή and occupied the whole Eastern side of the sacred enclosure. This was probably the ποικίλη, so called from the pictures which adorned it, which was also known as the "Stoa of the Echo," from its sevenfold reverberations. On the western side of this long portico were forty-six slender Ionic columns, and a second row of pillars in the middle of it divided it into two long aisles.

Towards the north-western corner of the Altis, a short distance to the south-west of the Heraion, is the Philippeion, a small circular temple or Heroon, surrounded by eighteen Ionic pillars, and surmounted by a conical roof. The date of this building is certain, for it was erected by Philip of Macedon in this centre of Greek glory, to celebrate the downfall of Greek liberty at Chæroneia. It contained statues of Alexander, his mother Olympias, Philip himself, and his parents Amyntas and Eurydice, all executed by the famous sculptor Leochares in gold and ivory. To the west of the Heraion, again, in the corner where the northern and western walls of the Altis meet, is a large complex mass of buildings, supposed to include the Bouleuterion, the Prytaneion, and the Temple of Hestia. One of the latest discoveries is that of the Pelopion, which was found, in accordance with the description of Pausanias, to the north of the Temple of Zeus, between it and the Heraion. Parallel with the southern wall of the Altis runs a broad street which is still bordered by bases of very different sizes, intended to sustain statues and other offerings. Where this street debouches on the western wall of the Altis lies the Gate of exit, on issuing from which you come to the interesting Byzantine basilica, which is probably a part of the studio of Pheidias. This scene of the great artist's miraculous creations was held sacred by the Eleians, who maintained a number of permanent officials called Phaidruntai (cleansers), whose duty it was to preserve it from decay. Due north of the Byzantian church is the Gymnasium, which is also outside the Altis, and of which the ground plan, as revealed by the excavations, agrees exactly with the description of Vitruvius.

We proceed to speak of the remains of plastic art which have been found in the ruins of Olympia. The first great prize was the Nike of Paionios of Mende, which was found in December 1875, about twenty-six yards to the east of the south-east corner of the Temple of Zeus. It was hailed with delight as the first specimen of Greek work of which both the design and execution could, with absolute certainty, be traced to an artist of the Pheidian period. Pausanias says that "those of the Dorian Messenians, who once took Naupaktos from the Athenians, offered the statue of Nike on a pillar." This pillar, which is triangular and composed of eight blocks of stone, has also been discovered, with the inscription recorded by Pausanias. The figure of Nike is of Parian marble, and rather more than six feet in height. The Goddess of Victory is represented descending from on high, and slightly bending forward towards the ground. Her right foot just touches the centre of one side of the triangular base; the left leg is bare; and the long flowing garment clings closely to the right leg, and flutters behind her in the breeze, as she descends with easy graceful motion towards the earth.

One of the principal objects of the excavations about the Temple of Zeus was the discovery of the pedimental groups and Metopes, so fully described by Pausanias. We learn from him that the eastern pediment was entrusted to Paionios and the western to Alkamenes. The subject of the former was the Chariot race between Oinomaos and Pelops for the sovereignty of the Peloponnesus; and that of the latter, the battle of the Centaurs and Lapithae. Of both those groups most of the figures have been found, and may be seen at Olympia. They agree in almost all respects with the very full description given of them by Pausanias in the tenth chapter of his fifth book. A still more important discovery from an artistic point of view is the so-called "Atlas Metope" from the eastern façade of the Temple of Zeus, which is by far the best of the architectural sculptures which have as yet been found at Olympia. In this beautiful high relief Herakles is represented standing with his neck bent beneath the weight of the world, which he is temporarily sustaining for the Titan Atlas. Atlas stands before him with the apples of the Hesperides in his hand; behind Herakles stands a maiden, one probably of the Hesperides, who raises her hand to the burden which oppresses the hero as if she desired to aid him.

We have reserved to the last the mention of the greatest prize which fortune has bestowed on the skill and zeal of the German excavators—namely, the statue of Hermes carrying the infant Dionysos, by Praxiteles. "In after times," says Pausanias, "other statues" (*i.e.* than those made of gold and ivory) "were dedicated in the Heraion at Olympia—namely, a Hermes of marble carrying the infant Dionysos, the work of Praxiteles." The god is here represented in a somewhat unusual light. He is not the swift messenger of the gods; still less the stern driver of the dusky herd of hapless ghosts "non lenis precibus fata recludere," but a charming youth, in the very springtide of his beauty, attending on a little child. He is leaning his arm on the stump of a tree, a posture which gives to his form an easy air of negligence and an undulating grace. His whole demeanour denotes perfect repose, and the expression on his beautiful face as he looks at his precious nursling is ineffably sweet and sunny.

Such are some of the main results of the famous German expedition to Olympia; and it is sad to think that so great a work, so admirably begun, may now be interrupted. There is room, however, for hope that the decision of which we have spoken may be reconsidered.

LIVERPOOL AND GENOA.

AMONG the many ways of escaping an English winter few are more likely to be pleasant than a voyage round the Mediterranean. Travellers subject to sea-sickness had better go to Italy by land; but those who are by nature exempt from suffering of this kind, as well as those whose sufferings endure but for a day, may find a steamer quite as much to be enjoyed as a yacht. The thorough-paced yachtsman, indeed, affects to despise "teakettles," but the same calm weather which renders the passage of the Bay of Biscay a happy episode in a steamer voyage leaves the yacht with flapping sails in the trough of the sea, turning almost upside down between great smooth rollers from the Atlantic. There is more variety, too, in the company on board the steamer. If you have come provided with books or work to be done, you are tolerably indifferent as to your fellow-travellers; but there are long hours when it is impossible to read or write, and a cheerful acquaintance on board deserves to be cherished. Though it has been well said that a man need never want a subject to interest him so long as he has himself, a sea voyage in uncongenial society tests one's mental resources, and affords an opportunity of finding out what is the pleasure, enjoyed by so many people, of being dull. Steamers for the Mediterranean generally sail from that "hamlet of Walton" which, like London, the only larger town in the kingdom, possesses the distinction of a name almost certainly Celtic. Liverpool is not a "city" yet. If the schemes for endowing a bishopric of Liverpool are ever carried out, the town, it may be presumed, will receive the same brevet rank as little St. Albans. Not so much a

nucleus for suburbs as London, it is spread, under various jurisdictions, in many different parishes and at least two counties, round that "lower pool" of the Mersey from which the largest township is sometimes said to have been called. The visitor who is fortunate enough to be at Liverpool in clear weather need not fear any want of sights to interest him. The docks, some of which cover nearly a score of acres with one sheet of water; the river wall, eight miles in length; the three millions annually paid in customs; the seven millions of tons in ships for foreign trade, all these particulars are written in bewildering profusion in the local guide-books, together with the information that a native of Liverpool is called a "Dickey Sam," as a Londoner is called a "Cockney." But most travellers going to Italy will desire to refresh their artistic tastes before embarking, and will endeavour to carry away a clear recollection of fine public buildings and galleries of paintings, lest Genoa or Naples should make them ashamed. With St. George's Hall—a building which does honour to the name of its architect Elmes, as the "Burial of Sir John Moore" does honour to Charles Wolfe, since it was his only important work—as a commencement, Liverpool has gone steadily forward. The Walker Gallery, the Brown Library, the Picton Reading Room, the Mayer Museum, and other institutions of a similar character, recall the efforts of private citizens to follow the good example set by merchant princes in old Italian republics. The traveller who goes from Liverpool, say, to Genoa, will be constantly reminded of the parallel, although, in one particular at least, the great English seaport falls lamentably short. There is not a church in Liverpool worthy of the town. A great cathedral—for which Wren's original plans for St. Paul's lie ready to hand—might be raised near the Walker Galleries and St. George's Hall, and would harmonize well with both. Meanwhile we look in vain for anything to compare with St. Laurence at Genoa, or with the glorious group—church, baptistery, campanile, and cloister—at Pisa.

The Italians are too fond of talking as if Genoa were a second Liverpool. The shipping in the whole crowded harbour is about equal to that in one of the larger Liverpool docks. Genoa may be more correctly described as the Clarence Basin or Huskisson Dock of Italy. The whole value of imports and exports put together is not sixteen million sterling; so that, great as Genoa is among little Italian ports, some progress must still be made before it becomes a serious rival to a third-rate English harbour. The glories of Genoa are not of the present, but of the past, and, it may be hoped, of the future. Though its aspect has not that freshness and appearance of good repair which satisfy English eyes in Gibraltar and Valetta, it is yet one of the handsomest towns in Italy, perhaps in Europe. A marble quay, bordered by stately mansions, has a tumble-down cottage, covered picturesquely with creeping vines, for its central feature. The main approach from the harbour to the interior of the city is through an alley no wider than Paternoster Row, but composed of houses as tall as the new Law Courts. A street of palaces worthy to set a copy to Pall Mall is nevertheless so narrow that two carriages can hardly pass each other, and is wholly unfurnished with side-paths for foot passengers. The Exchange, a noble design by Alessi, stands in a dark little court. It contains the statue of a great and successful statesman—one whose career, above that of most others, reminds us that "treason doth never prosper." The statue of Cavour, in all the vulgarity of a modern costume, but too faithfully modelled by a sculptor whose mechanical skill largely exceeded his artistic power, sits in a loggia whose windows look out, across the little square, upon the inn where another and more noisy, if less successful, politician expired. The traveller from our islands will hardly fail to notice a tablet unmentioned by the local guides, since it marks the last resting-place of O'Connell on his fatal journey towards Rome. "Danieli Oconello vindici illi jurium civilium atque sacrorum Hiberniæ suæ qui quum Romam iter haberet his in ædibus cessit e vita," says the inscription, doing full honour to a second-rate hotel by describing it as "Ædes." The "Liberator's" heart alone reached Rome; his body returned to Ireland, where the round tower at Glasnevin, which marks his grave, serves as a trysting place alike for Fenians and Home Rulers. It would be impossible to guess how far the modern modes of agitation in Ireland would have pleased O'Connell; but it is certain that the two and thirty years which have passed since his death at Genoa, have left his countrymen hardly more contented than they were in his day. The concessions of a whole generation of over-indulgent legislators fail to satisfy disciples who, however closely in other respects they may have imitated their master, cannot by the widest stretch of the Irish imagination ever be described as "vindices jurium civilium atque sacrorum." There is something almost of irony in the strange chance which associates the memory of two such men as Cavour and O'Connell, men all whose ideas of statecraft, of political and religious liberty, of what was honourable and of good report, differed so widely.

If O'Connell would find himself behind the times in the Ireland of to-day, it is to be feared that Cavour would be scarcely less out of place in the Italy that now is. As the steamer enters the harbour each passenger is solemnly warned by the steward to make open confession of such contraband articles as an ounce of tobacco or a handful of cigars, since, when the custom-house officers come on board, search will be made throughout the ship and the luggage examined, even if no single traveller proposes to land at Genoa. The cost of such absurd minuteness, of such inquisitorial researches, must be vastly greater than the small sum in fines occasionally levied, especially as such fines are constantly disputed, and almost always, after long and expensive litigation, remitted. The most entertaining stories are to be heard on this subject, and on that of the equally ridiculous and equally futile postal regulations of "Italia Irredenta"; but the traveller, anxious to notice what has been rather than what is, puts them all down to a certain morbid or youthful craving for interference which seems to beset young nations. The money spent on the annoyance of tourists would extinguish brigandage if more discreetly applied. "Dirt is matter in the wrong place"; and the army of custom-house officers who obstruct your landing in Italy might be better employed in taking care of the property which they suffer you to carry with you. In strange contrast to the English seaport from which you have come, you find Genoa crowded with useless, half-drilled soldiers, who cannot even walk in step. You hear everywhere of towns depopulated for want of drainage, and of fevers raging for want of pure water; and you hear at the same time of vast ironclads being built in Spezzia, and of the casting of hundred-ton guns. The price of a man-of-war for which all Italy cannot provide a crew of real sailors would drain Leghorn, or bring clean water to Venice.

Genoa is a clean town for Italy; but the odours which pervade even the noblest palaces go far to spoil the pleasure of looking at the best Vandycks out of England. Vandyck lived and worked long in Genoa, and though scores, perhaps hundreds, of his pictures have gone away, there remain enough in various galleries to make a visit doubly interesting to an English lover of art. The great portrait-painter had not yet attained his highest skill; but you see here the prototypes of many a splendid picture of the islanders among whom his last years were passed. His subject-pictures are perhaps better here than in England. In the Red Palace, bequeathed to the city by the Duke of Galliera, we see the pale horse which in several later pictures bore the ill-fated Charles; but as yet, while he is ridden by the Marquis Brignole, he has not attained the freedom and life which, perhaps with the help of his fellow-pupil Snyders, Vandyck afterwards learned to give him. The dark soft eyes of the Genoese ladies, their cherry lips and tall figures, still live on the canvas; but it is to the portraits of children that the tourist turns with the greatest satisfaction. Children are happily cosmopolitan; the political and commercial, the social and moral struggles which have marked the features of the parents are invisible on their happy faces. Here is the youthful Tobit, with his dog and his fish, in a suit of blue velvet and fur. Here is a little gentleman whose father has brought him a monkey and a parrot from the Indies, and whose mother has endued him in a brocade from Trebizonde. Here two stately little ladies in point lace and stiff silk smile on their freer brothers, whose play they dare not join in their fine gowns. All show the painstaking care in grouping and the vivacity of expression upon which Vandyck improved when he came to paint the children of Charles I., and the gallant boys who were to die at Naseby and Marston Moor. Besides galleries, there are churches to be seen at Genoa, but the short winter's day begins to wane before we can tear ourselves from the pictures. More interesting than the cathedral, because less injured by the well-meant, if ill-directed, efforts of restorers, is the little church and cloister of St. Matthew. It is hardly mentioned by the books, but well repays a visit. When we enter the narrow square we are at once transported into the scenery of a mediæval drama. One side is occupied by the façade of the church, all written over with the epitaphs of the Dorias. The other three sides are formed by the black and white striped walls of lofty houses, whose upper windows are pointed, and whose string-courses are carved with heraldic lions and Paschal Lambs. The lower windows are of renaissance work; and, as the spot of blue above your head pales into the evening primrose, you observe at one corner a doorway which bears over the lintel a tablet recording in magniloquent Latin the gift of the house to Andrea Doria by his grateful fellow-citizens; but within, a barber is shaving a costermonger.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN GYMNASTIC MASTER.

THIS is an age of handbooks; a general proposition which is free from the rashness of most general propositions. If anybody wished to make acquaintance with the philosophy of Hegel, or to appreciate accurately the style of Pope, or to know what fashion Molière had of writing plays, there was once a time when he would set himself, with such assistance of men and books as he could get, to read Molière and Pope and Hegel. He now pays half-a-crown—or less if the discount system and his habits of payment will admit of it—and, having his handbook, is supposed to know all about the subject. Nor is the system by any means limited to books and authors. Indeed, to do justice where justice is due, the books and authors have rather borrowed it from other ingenuous arts than those of literature. Since Hoyle made his fortune as a teacher of whist a century ago and more, all sorts of games and exercises, bodily and mental, have had their handbooks, and it is to be presumed that these handbooks have been bought. The circumstances of the case make it difficult to collect statistics of the success which has attended this method of instruction. But the individual experience of most men probably includes one or two wholly futile attempts to avail themselves of it. There are perhaps few people who have not at some

time or other bought a handbook and learnt by practice how admirably a handbook can teach how not to do it. Perhaps there are not many things in which verbal description, even assisted by diagrams, is more powerless than in teaching the performance of bodily exercises. We shall not assert that no man ever taught himself to waltz, to fence, or to hang by his toes on a trapeze, by diligent and intelligent [illegible] of printed books. But we should very much like to [illegible] performance [illegible] who has done this, and we should wish him a very good-tempered partner, an exceedingly forbearing antagonist, and a floor thickly covered with the softest tan.

The latest manual of gymnastic instruction bears the *nom de plume* of Captain Crawley, who has fathered many such works in time past. The Captain is in many respects of the orthodox type of writers on sporting and kindred subjects. It has been noticed by the best critics that your sporting writer has an altogether phenomenal affection for the Latin Grammar, and for the small scraps of that classic language which may be found neatly arranged and translated at the end of some dictionaries. We do not, indeed, observe that Captain Crawley indulges in the *in medio tutissimus ibis* which is dearest of all to the sporting soul. But, on the other hand, he is extraordinarily fond of *verbum sap.*, which is wont to occur at the end of his chapters as a kind of colophon or tail-piece. Another delight of the sporting writer is general information, which he lavishes with a prodigality suggestive of vast learning. Captain Crawley here displays what has been strikingly called the reticence of power, rather showing us what he could do if he tried than putting forth all his skill. It would be too much to expect that in a treatise on gymnastics we could be delivered from the Greeks and Romans, who very promptly make their appearance. That among the latter people the office of gymnastic teacher was considered "of great honour and distinction" is something of a novelty to us; and it is surely hard on "the Teutonic races" to assert that they "derived their sports—leaping, wrestling, running, &c.," from the Greeks and Romans. A Teutonic race must surely have been a feeble thing if it needed to go to a Greek or a Roman to learn how to run and leap. The Captain, however, soon quits archæology, and only returns to it to inform us that the Knights of the Round Table were adepts in boxing—a statement for which, in some reading in the original histories of those worthies, we can remember but little authority. The Carlovingian Paladins had indeed a certain habit of *le boxe*, which, contrary to all the spirit of chivalry, they too often applied to the "clear visages" of their wives. But the posture of defence common with Lancelot and Percivale was, we think, somewhat different from that which Mr. Cribb and Mr. Bendigo were wont to assume. These, however, are merely the flowers of the Captain's book; its fruits are different. It purports to contain, and really does contain, the verbal description, assisted by numerous cuts, of a very large number of gymnastic feats with bars, parallel and single, with the wooden horse, the trapeze, the rings, and the other machinery of the gymnasium. It even contains a section on calisthenics, which we have read with some eagerness. Calisthenics had always previously been associated in our minds with the use of the globes, as a kind of mystery of the *Bona Dea*—to speak in appropriate sporting style—which it was not lawful for male beings to penetrate. It appears, however, from this work, that calisthenics are only gymnastic exercises without any apparatus, destined to produce graceful deportment. Some of the cuts represent a deportment which we cannot think graceful, but this is doubtless a matter of taste. The bulk of the Captain's book is devoted to more exalted deeds. He is much less parsimonious of appliances than some of his brother handbook writers. We recently saw a book on the same subject, of American origin, but, we think, republished in England, which unfolded a most ingenious scheme of apparatus for the development of muscle. The pupil was to buy a stout broomstick, to cut sockets for it in the door-posts of his bedroom, and there he was. It was impossible not to imagine the countenance of a British landlady when she discerned the use to which an active lodger desirous of a sound mind in a sound body had put her door-posts. The vision also of a house full of such athletic persons all contorting themselves in a sort of frame formed by the door-jambs—for the door would necessarily be open during the process—seemed to invite the meditative imagination. But this ingenious author was, if we recollect aright, really practical; and his descriptions were not only very minute, but were limited to such feats as an intelligent person with a broomstick and license to cut about his door might actually perform. Our Captain is, as we have said, a great deal more ambitious. It must, however, be acknowledged that, with all his ambition, he is a candid Captain. He informs his readers, with a very engaging frankness, though with some monotony, that "it is folly to suppose you can become an athlete by mere reading," that "it is absurd to think you can learn any mechanical art by mere reading," &c. We fully agree with him; but in this case he seems to be in something of the same dilemma that the Caliph Omar—may he be confounded for it—invented for the destruction of the Alexandrian Library. A manual of gymnastics alone is insufficient; with an instructor it is superfluous. What, then, is the good of such a manual? Perhaps this question is more strongly borne in upon us when we read the sections devoted to what may be called combative gymnastics—to wit, boxing and wrestling. The idea of pugilism with a manual is apparently self-contradictory, unless the pugilist has three hands and two pair of eyes. Nor is the case of wrestling much better. "When your antagonist advances his left leg to hank you, the best plan," we are told, "is to hipe him with the right thigh." Is it not pleasant to imagine the student [illegible] Are you going to hank me? and running immediately [illegible] in order to refresh his memory as to the thigh with which [illegible]. Would the banker spare to bank meanwhile? Perhaps, indeed, the real defence of handbooks [illegible] not teach much, they may at any rate create a [illegible] the subject. This would explain the cunning art of the teacher in mixing the wormwood of instruction—here is another classical allusion for Captain Crawley—with the honey of Greek and Roman archæology, the docile want of originality of the Teutonic races, and the pugilistic habits of the Knights of the Round Table.

There is one remark of the Captain's—it is another example of the frankness which, as we have already remarked, is so attractive in him—which strikes us as about the most valuable in the
He observes with some emphasis that, "unless the learner
real liking for the exercise, a natural aptitude for gymn
springy feet, capable hands, a quick eye, good nerve, a lithe body, and a brain apt not to be confused at difficulties, he had better confine himself to such simple, though excellent, means of exercise as running and walking." This is the remark of a sensible man who knows what he is talking about, and who is not beset with the delusion that there is nothing like leather. Some rivals of the Captain's have been wont to talk as if gymnastics were, or ought to be, part of the education and daily life of all men at all ages, no matter what may be their constitution or occupation. Schoolmasters and doctors know what not unfrequently comes of the practical carrying out of this principle. There is of course no doubt that, in almost any case, elementary gymnastic exercises do a vast amount of good. To the want of them is due the fact that so many men nowadays cannot make any unusual or special exertion of the muscles without discomfort, and sometimes something worse. But to be a gymnast in Captain Crawley's sense is nearly as hard as to be a Christian in Mr. Browning's. It is certainly not every man who has the formidable string of qualifications just given; and if any one has them not it is improbable that he will ever succeed in swinging by the back of his neck on a trapeze, and decidedly preferable that he should not attempt to do so. He may still, without attaining this heroic virtue, walk his thirty or thirty-five miles a day comfortably, vault or jump any reasonable obstacle that comes in his way, and perform any other moderate athletic feats which are likely to present themselves in the life of a gentleman as distinguished from that of an acrobat. Rowing will develop the muscles of his legs and arms as well as, and far more pleasantly than, any other exercise; and he will doubtless be none the worse for a little fencing and boxing, learnt, not on the "manual" principles (which are also those of M. Jourdain), but by actual teaching and practice. All these exercises correspond more or less directly with the natural movements and practices of ordinary life. The trapeze and the flying rings correspond perhaps with the circumstances of a certain kind of life, but it is that of a monkey, and not that of a man. It is satisfactory, by the way, to perceive that this principle has now pretty thoroughly made its way in one branch of athletics, or preparation for athletics, where it used to be signally violated. Captain Crawley's remarks on training are not many, but they are sound. The old miseries of training are now pretty generally discarded, and it is recognized that a man undergoing that process should practically live in no other way than that in which it would be good for men to live at all times. In old days the principles of the process were not unlike that which, as a sarcastic Scotchman once remarked, accounts for the inability of the feeble and luxurious Southron to withstand Caledonian good cheer. "You eat too much and you don't drink enough." The same might certainly be said of men in training in the days when a horrified Oxford scout once discovered fourteen chop bones on the breakfast plates of three candidates for Putney, and when liquids were measured out with as much parsimony as if they were poisons. We have changed all that, and there is no doubt that the change is for the better.

AN ASCENT OF THE GRAND PIC DE LA MEIJE.

AN expedition of no common interest is recorded in the lately published number of that well-edited but somewhat austere publication, the *Alpine Journal*. For some time past three energetic members of the Alpine Club, who seem to view with equal contempt hackneyed walks on mountains and those absurd climbs which are known by the name of new routes, have been making a series of ascents in Dauphiné, without the aid of guides, trusting entirely to their own skill and knowledge. Such ascents, as we need hardly say, have not infrequently been made before. So long ago as 1855 the late Mr. Charles Hudson and four other English travellers made their way up Mont Blanc by the old St. Gervais route without guides, their only paid assistants being porters, whom they dismissed at the top of the Aiguille du Goûté. Since that time other bold climbers who were willing to dispense with the valuable but expensive aid of guides have appeared, and not very long ago a striking feat was performed by some amateurs of this order, who reached the summit of the Matterhorn. Even this exploit has now, how-

ever been surpassed, by Messrs. C. and L. Pilkington and Mr. F. Gardiner, the gentlemen to whom we have referred. After making without guides a series of arduous [illegible], including that of the formidable Pic des Ecrins, [illegible] travellers crowned their achievements last summer [illegible]ding the Grand Pic de la Meije, thought by [illegible] most difficult [illegible] in the Alps, with the one exception of the yet unascended Aiguille du Géant. It may not impossibly astonish some readers [illegible] the Dauphiné mountain spoken of [illegible] Matterhorn, inasmuch as that mountain is very commonly [illegible] to be more severe than any other. The opinion is not altogether incorrect, for probably, if the southern side of the Matterhorn had not been made comparatively easy by the ropes which are fixed at the difficult places, it would be as hard as the face of the Grand Pic de la Meije, or as any other series of crags that can be scaled by man. It was, however, by the less arduous northern side, on the only bad part of which a chain has been placed, that the amateurs just mentioned ascended, and their expedition, fine as it was, cannot [illegible] compared with that made on the French peak. To the [illegible]ster of the latter mountain, indeed, the conqueror of the [Mat]terhorn himself has borne witness. "One can scarcely speak in exaggerated terms," says Mr. Whymper, "of its jagged ridges, torrential glaciers, and tremendous precipices." Other travellers of great Alpine experience have been equally struck by this singular peak, the ascent of which without guides is certainly the most remarkable exploit that has yet been achieved by amateurs in the Alps.

We have said the ascent, but we should more properly have said the descent, for though the climb to the top was in parts very difficult, it was neither so trying nor so dangerous as the return thence; and it seems clear that, if the travellers had not been men of steady nerve and great skill, their chance of getting safe back to the valley would have been about on a par with that of arriving punctually by a London and South-Western train. Before, however, speaking of the incidents of their expedition, it would perhaps be well to give a brief account of the mountain, and to show how serious an undertaking its ascent has been thought by those most qualified to judge. The Meije is a very precipitous ridge, running east and west and crowned by four peaks—the Pavé, the Pic Oriental, the Pic Central, and the Grand Pic de la Meije—the two latter, which are the loftiest, being respectively 13,026 and 13,081 feet high. The Pic Central was climbed as long ago as 1870; but the Grand Pic—a far bolder and more striking pinnacle—seemed so hopeless that it daunted mountaineers, even at a time when nearly all the summits once deemed inaccessible had been reached. Some efforts to get to it from the Pic Central were made; but there appears to have been no attempt to ascend it by any other route until 1875, when it was tried from the western *arête* and from the south. A series of determined assaults followed, but it was not till August 1877 that all the difficulties of the mountain were overcome. Most first ascents in the Alps have been made by Englishmen; but in this case it was a member of the French Alpine Club, M. Boileau de Castelnau, who was victorious. In 1878 the summit was attained by Mr. Coolidge, a well-known member of the Alpine Club, and also by two French gentlemen. A year after the latter ascent Mr. Pilkington and his comrades made their very remarkable expedition. All these ascents, it should be observed, were made by the southern face of the mountain.

It may easily be imagined that the cliffs of this southern face, which for so long a time seemed hopeless even to the most confident mountain-climbers, were formidable in the extreme; and from the account which Mr. Coolidge has published of his expedition it seems that the difficulties were not only very great, but were in one respect different from those usually found on mountains, as the trouble of getting down was out of all proportion to that of getting up. Of many *mauvais pas*, the worst was a very steep rock face which had to be climbed. The ascent of this, according to Mr. Coolidge, surpassed in continuous difficulty any other with which he was acquainted; but apparently no one part of it was worse than other places he had crossed. The descent of the cliffs, however, appears to have been trying and dangerous in the highest degree. It must almost have seemed to Mr. Coolidge as if he was going to attain a renown like that of Peter Botte. He says:—"The descent of this wall will always remain in my mind as the most arduous and terrible piece of climbing that it has ever fallen to my lot to perform. When I say this, I am speaking deliberately, and in the conviction that I am not exaggerating the impression it made on me." Mr. Coolidge, who is a most experienced climber, had with him the two Almers, the elder of whom is, as we need hardly say, the best guide in the Alps. If, notwithstanding his aid, coming down the wall was such serious work, how appalling must it have been for unaided amateurs. It may perhaps be said that they would have done better if they had realized more fully how appalling one part of their undertaking was, and had not attempted an expedition in which success would bring nothing at all commensurate with the risk which was necessarily incurred. Such a censure would be by no means without justice; but before considering it we should wish to describe the achievement of the three travellers, who, if foolhardy in some respects, certainly showed remarkable steadiness and skill.

The way to the Grand Pic de la Meije lies first up a great buttress on the southern side of the mountain some distance to the west of the peak itself. Mr. Pilkington and his comrades climbed a part of this buttress a few days before their ascent, and deposited their spare ropes and some provisions at a considerable height. Subsequently, on July 24th, they bivouacked on the Glacier des Etançons, and started at midnight for the formidable ascent, of which, as is often the case with very difficult [illegible], the [illegible] was by no means trying. The buttress was scaled, [illegible] trouble apparently, and at an early hour in the morning the travellers were at the foot of the great rock [illegible] has been [illegible] the only possible way to the summit [illegible] wall, and [illegible] a huge patch of snow called the Glacier Carré, to the east of which the final peak rises. Coming to the end, then, of the easy part of their work, the travellers had to scale this wall, part of which appears to be as nearly vertical as anything which human beings may hope to climb can be. They were able at first to proceed along a ledge trending towards the west; but their progress was soon stopped by ice, and they had to worm themselves up some smooth slabs, and then, after scaling treacherous rocks, to make their way up what Mr. Pilkington, with no exaggeration apparently, calls a precipice. "On removing the loose stones," he says, "the slightest back-handed jerk, just enough to miss the heads of the men behind, sent them clear into the air; they never touched anything after leaving the hand, and disappeared with an unpleasant hum on the Glacier des Etançons, 1,800 feet below." Undismayed by the chance—not inconsiderable, seemingly—of disappearing with an unpleasant hum themselves, the climbers struggled upwards over these thoughtlessly arranged rocks, and, after spending two hours and a half in surmounting the last hundred feet, found themselves at the corner of the Glacier Carré. The passage over this was easy; but the climb up the final peak which followed it appears to have been decidedly arduous in parts, owing to the amount of ice on the mountain. There were, however, no obstacles likely to stop such energetic climbers as Mr. Pilkington and his comrades, and at half-past two they stood on the summit of the grand Pic de la Meije.

Mr. Pilkington speaks as if they had been very happy there, but it is difficult to avoid the conviction that they must have been haunted by a hideous doubt. Climbers on the tops of high mountains have often had misgivings as to getting down again; but in this case the misgivings must have been very serious indeed. To the chance of being smashed into little bits, or of starving quietly on the peak in consequence of not being able to descend it, the travellers were doubtless as indifferent as the Frenchman of romance is to the risks of a duel; but the possibility of a much graver evil must have struck them. They must have felt that, in the event of their being killed, their ascent might be denied by calumniators, and that, owing to posthumous detraction, they would never be credited with having reached the top of the Meije. A more terrible thought could not suggest itself to the mind of an Alpine climber, and these gentlemen had therefore really a strong incentive to avoid a smash, and they had also valid reasons for wishing that they might not be frozen to death, of which there seemed to be some slight chance, as they had to sleep on the snow of the Glacier Carré, with no better protection than that afforded by a thin india-rubber bag. They were none the worse, however, for their chilly night; and—not being Arctic explorers—thought but little of it. They were off as soon as they got thawed in the morning, and a short descent led them to the edge of the rocks which they had ascended with so much difficulty. To attempt to get down them without the aid of a rope to hold on by was apparently as hopeless as it would be to try to get down a brick wall; so a rope was fixed to a jagged tooth of rock, and, holding on to this and partly supported by another rope paid out from above, Mr. Gardiner and Mr. Lawrence Pilkington descended. For Mr. C. Pilkington the work was much more unpleasant, as he had to trust entirely to the fixed rope, and unfortunately the only possible landing place was not directly under the place where the rope was made fast, so that the force of gravity kept pulling Mr. Pilkington away from the right line. Once he found himself "sitting on a projecting rock, with nothing below it but air for at least a hundred feet." He succeeded in joining the other two, at last, however, and after some well-earned rest at a comparatively comfortable spot, the descent was continued. The difficulties which had to be encountered were not inconsiderable, but were small compared with that which had been overcome. Some delay was caused by one of those mistakes which are often made when the hardest part of the day's work is over, and by the state of the snow on a portion of the buttress; but the travellers got to the glacier in good time nevertheless, and were so little tired by their efforts that they were able, instead of sleeping at their bivouac, to walk down to the hamlet of La Bérarde. Whether, after taking their ease at Rodier's inn there, they issued forth to struggle with more precipices and *arêtes*, or whether, content with their very remarkable achievement, they went home, their history does not state.

That their exploit is more striking than anything else as yet done in the Alps by amateurs is indisputable; and, indeed, it is difficult to see how it can be surpassed, unless some members of the Alpine Club should succeed in getting up the Aiguille du Géant without guides, which, to say the least, does not seem likely. No one can read Mr. Pilkington's quietly written account without admiring the singular skill and steady nerve which the travellers showed in carrying out their arduous undertaking. Of course, however, the question which has already been suggested arises with regard to their expedition. Can it be worth while for any rational men to put themselves in such danger for the sake merely of reaching the top of a mountain? To this question we fear only

one answer can be returned. It can hardly be seriously maintained that any possible result which Mr. Pilkington and his comrades could achieve was proportionate to the risk they ran, and they certainly seem to have passed the line which separates bravery from foolhardiness. At the same time, we believe that most people will feel that, though such a seeking out of danger must be condemned, the condemnation with which it is visited is not a severe one. Englishmen have great tenderness for those errors which come from excess of pluck and energy; and, although the doings of Alpine climbers have provoked ridicule which has not always been undeserved, and have occasionally provoked indignant denunciation, some sympathy has generally been felt for their love for the most bold and masculine form of amusement, and some admiration for their courage and enterprise. While, therefore, it is impossible to deny that men who were willing to run great risk and felt a strong desire for dangerous adventure might have found something better to attempt than the ascent of a series of crags which had been thrice scaled before, it is equally impossible not to admire the courage and expertness which were shown on the Grand Pic de la Meije. Mr. Pilkington and his comrades have certainly proved in a very remarkable manner that amateurs may acquire high proficiency in mountain climbing, great skill in which has generally been thought to be beyond the reach of any save those who have been trained on hillside and glacier from their early youth. It is to be hoped, however, that their success may not lead to thoughtless imitation, and that those who envy their prowess will observe how well they had qualified themselves for their work. For any but highly-practised men to attempt to follow their footsteps would be about as wise as it would be for a six months' pupil in a riding-school to attempt a steeplechase, or for a man to try to handle an East-coast fishing smack on the strength of being acquainted with Henley Reach.

AN ITALIAN ON HIS TRAVELS.

SIGNOR DE AMICIS, one of the best-known and most popular, if not the most solid, Italian writers, whose very readable and pleasant work on Morocco we noticed last week, produced not long ago a book which, with his special authorization, Mme. Colomb has translated into French under the title *Souvenirs de Paris et de Londres*. Signor de Amicis, with all his literary cleverness and tact, is apt to take a superficial view of the men and manners of foreign climes with which he makes his countrymen acquainted, and for the most part what he says about Paris might have been readily foreseen. He felt himself bound, on the first day of his return to "beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris," to speak of "le cœur ardent de Paris, la grande route des triomphes mondains, le grand théâtre des ambitions et des débauches célèbres," and so on, by which he means, somewhat oddly, the Boulevard Montmartre. He bursts into exclamations of "Ah! Paris! Ville chère et maudite! sirène effrontée!" and when he has opened his heart in this manner he goes on to give a sketch which is not without picturesqueness of the latest Paris Exhibition. From this he passes on to write at great length of M. Victor Hugo, and what he says by way of literary judgment in this connexion may possibly have been new to Italian readers, but would certainly seem commonplace enough to English people who have any acquaintance with contemporary French literature. However, the somewhat tedious account which he gives of a personal interview with M. Hugo is not without a certain interest, the culminating point of which is found in its exquisitely *naïf* conclusion. He has dwelt upon the tolerably well-known fact that M. Hugo's surrounders address him as "Mon Maître," or even as "Grand Maître," and the awe which he believed them to feel was apparently communicated to his own soul. When to his "Adieu, cher monsieur," M. Hugo replied, "Non, pas d'adieu. Au revoir, n'est-ce pas?"—"Je sortis de là, ému, heureux, avec un peu de mélancolie, et si bouleversé que je me heurtai rudement contre un fauteuil."

On M. Zola, to whom also he paid a visit, Signor de Amicis makes some remarkable observations. M. Zola is, he says, in spite of all, a moral writer. "This one can affirm with conviction. Emile Zola is one of the most moral novelists of France, and it is indeed astonishing that any one can doubt this. . . . His novels, as he says himself, are *de la morale en action*. Their offensiveness reaches only the eyes and the ears. . . . It is a deep conviction which guides him and gives him his strength; he believes that a writer ought to speak and describe that which is real on every occasion, at every cost, whatever it may be, in its entirety, without disguise." One is reminded by this of an apt if unpolished remark of Voltaire's on the same subject. "In this matter he too has what Victor Hugo says Shakespeare has, *une sorte de parti pris gigantesque*. He adapts his faculties so well to this *parti pris* that *il finit par n'être plus qu'une production plutôt qu'une création*," whatever that may mean. "His is a talent which is tranquil, patient, methodical, which gives out no brilliant flashes (*vifs éclairs*), but which throws an equable light on all things from all points of view. He is bold, but prudent in his boldness, self-contained, aiming at no great heights, and never incurring a serious fall, advancing by slow degrees along a direct path to a clearly-seen goal."

Never, perhaps, was a more astounding literary judgment delivered; and there is no room left for surprise on reading afterwards that M. Zola's study is a kind of citadel, where he forgets the world and absorbs himself in "les graves jouissances de la recherche du vrai." Possibly Signor de Amicis's view of M. Zola may have been influenced by M. Zola's parting speech, "Je suis toujours très sensible aux poignées de main amicales qui me viennent des étrangers; mais ce n'est pas d'un étranger que me vient la vôtre; c'est de l'Italie, ma première patrie, où est né mon père." One can understand a graceful speech of this kind giving a kindly turn to the judgment of the person to whom it was addressed; but it does not account for Signor de Amicis's picking out for laudation precisely those qualities which M. Zola does not possess. It is the *vif éclair* which prevents even disgust from making one throw aside some of M. Zola's books after one has read a few pages. As for M. Zola's moral purpose and deliberate progress to a definite goal in the interests of morality, possibly M. Zola and Signor de Amicis believe in it.

Signor de Amicis's experiences of London were less pleasant, if not less interesting, than those which he went through in Paris. He arrived at his station in the dark, and he knew not a word of English; but he had provided himself with the name and address of a certain hotel, written down on a slip of paper. This he showed to a cabman, who paid no attention to it beyond making him a long speech in English. Signor de Amicis gave himself a safe pleasure by calling the cabman an opprobrious name in French or Italian, and went on his way on foot until he reached a hotel where was inscribed *On parle Français*. An ill-tempered woman, who was the landlady, received him, and called the waiter. It is, we believe, not uncommon for landladies on the Continent to call waiters. The waiter, "prononçant chaque mot français avec une contraction qui avait l'air d'un effort pour vomir," and looking at the traveller with that expression of patronage and defiance which Signor de Amicis thinks is peculiar to waiters, informed him that he could have a room, but that it would cost him five shillings. As the writer said this, he eyed Signor de Amicis suspiciously from head to foot. Our author admits that his appearance at this moment was calculated to raise suspicion. He felt himself, however, seized with a feeling of haughtiness worthy of a millionaire, and, throwing a sovereign on the table with a gesture which at the moment he thought might fitly illustrate a line of Dante's, he said, "Pay yourself!" The next morning a thing which strikes Signor de Amicis as singularly interesting befell him. He went out and looked at the Thames, and though he was looking at the Thames for the first time, he could think of nothing but a book which he had lent to a friend, and which had not been returned, of Queen Elizabeth, and of a portrait of Garrick. "Quels étranges tours," he says, "nous joue notre cerveau!" His brain did indeed treat him inconsiderately. He went out prepared to fall into the kind of meditation on the mighty river and city which he thought would befit the occasion, and his brain, scorning his preconceived ideas, would occupy itself with a missing volume of Voltaire. We have seen how Signor de Amicis was impressed with the "sirène effrontée," Paris; and we shall now see that his brain was not always refractory during his contemplation of London. "Who can tell," he says, "the myriad fugitive impressions that seize one who walks alone through a city like London? Admiration asserts itself spasmodically; but between the seizures one is oppressed with weariness of mind and body. A dozen times an hour one asks one's self, 'Am I amusing myself as a matter of fact? Is this all one gets by travelling?' Sometimes you are seized with a sudden dread of being attacked with sudden illness as you walk. . . . Sometimes you feel a sudden and unreasonable gaiety and benevolence; at others, a scowling look, a hasty answer from a stranger, change the current of your ideas, and make you see everything in an evil light," and so on.

On one occasion Signor de Amicis travelled in an omnibus, when he was at first somewhat shocked at the freedom with which people going in and out steadied themselves by resting on his shoulder. His native good humour, however, prevailed, and induced him to even offer his shoulder for this purpose when he had once ascertained the meaning of what was done. In this omnibus one not unamusing thing happened to him. A young man spoke to him in English. He replied in French, "Je ne comprends pas." The young man either did not hear, or thought it was a joke, and continued his speech. Signor de Amicis shook his head to indicate the uselessness of the proceeding, and it happened, seemingly, that the gesture fitted in with what the young man was saying, for he talked faster and with a more satisfied air than before. When at length he stopped, Signor de Amicis replied with a speech in choice Italian, of which the young man evidently understood not a word, but to which he not the less replied again in English; and so this odd conversation went on until the young man got out, when "nous nous séparâmes en nous serrant la main comme deux personnes qui se seraient trouvées complètement d'accord sur toutes les questions du jour."

One can understand that Signor de Amicis was a little confused by the vastness of London all the more readily after reading his account of what he calls "le plus joli déjeuner cosmopolite que j'eusse fait jusque-là." Going over St. Paul's, he fell in with five pleasant young men, one from Cologne, one from Manchester, one from Haarlem, one from Guadalaxara, and the fifth from Lyons. The six of them went to breakfast together. "Excepté l'Espagnol et un peu l'Italien, les autres étaient des éponges à bière; la table fut bientôt couverte de verres vides, et la conversation devint très animée." Before the eighth bottle

the affairs of Europe were amicably settled, and they began to discuss distinguished personages of every nationality. Then, as they became more familiar, every one began to speak of himself. "'Je suis négociant—moi journaliste—moi peintre—moi, j'ai quelque bien,' et l'on se demande son âge, et l'on se dit: 'Vous êtes un beau type allemand,' et 'vous êtes un beau type italien,' et chacun écoute la langue des autres; et de temps en temps une voix s'écrie, 'Mais on ne boit pas, ici!'" Then they all made arrangements to meet again at all kinds of places, at all kinds of times; and then Signor de Amicis prudently took the air on the deck of a steamboat which we are left to infer finally carried him to Antwerp.

SMALL INVESTMENTS IN THE PUBLIC FUNDS.

THE answer given by the Chancellor of the Exchequer on Monday evening to a question put by Mr. Fawcett leads us to hope that before long facilities will be afforded to the poorer portion of the saving classes for investment in Consols. Mr. Fawcett asked whether it is the intention of the Government during the present Session to introduce a measure having that object in view, and the Chancellor replied that the matter is under careful consideration, but that, for the present, he could say no more. The answer, it will be seen, is so vague that it commits Ministers to nothing. Yet, when a subject of this kind is taken into consideration, we may fairly assume that the purpose is to find means for carrying it into effect, and all who have given thought to the question are aware that there are no insuperable difficulties in the way of doing so. Still we are not sanguine enough to expect that, in a Session which has so early witnessed the tactics of obstruction brought into play, there is much chance of carrying a measure that is neither sensational nor affords promise of party advantage. But in any case it is a gain that the question has so far advanced as to be under serious consideration. Of the expediency of providing such facilities there is no room for doubt. At present a servant, workman, or other person of small means and thrifty habits has no perfectly secure investment open to him which yields a moderately reasonable interest. Such a person may join a Club, or a Benefit or Building society, or he may deposit in the Savings Bank, but that is really all. There are, no doubt, joint-stock Companies whose shares are of small amount, yet for some reason or other the classes of whom we speak do not put their money to any large extent in joint-stock enterprise. Now working-men's Clubs and Benefit and Building societies are excellent things in their way, and some of them are admirably managed, but a large number also are of doubtful repute. Too frequently in the case of Clubs the originally fair rules are so changed as to deprive the elder members of the advantages in expectation of which they had paid their subscriptions for a long series of years. And notoriously Benefit and Building societies are liable to be defrauded by dishonest secretaries and treasurers. Even the old Savings Banks are not safe against fraudulent trustees. And the Post Office Savings Banks, though the security they offer is complete, allow no more than 2½ per cent. per annum on deposits. It is, therefore, in the highest degree desirable to bring investment in Consols within the reach of the very humblest. It is true that the Bank of England opposes no difficulty in the way of small investment; but the machinery is wanting by which the poor can avail themselves of the opportunity offered them. A stockbroker would hardly care for the class of clients we are here speaking of; and, indeed, it would not be worth his while to lay himself out for their custom, since his commission would so add to the price of the stock as practically to render it prohibitory. It is like the law costs in buying a few acres of land. What is wanted, then, is a machinery, provided by Government, that shall buy and sell Consols in very small amounts, either free of charge, or at so low a rate as not to be felt even by the very poor.

As is well known, the French Government has provided such a machinery. Throughout the country the Receivers-General and their deputies undertake gratis to buy and sell Rentes in ever so small amounts for whosoever wishes to transact the business through them. How largely this machinery is resorted to is shown by the official statistics of the purchases and sales of Rentes through the Receivers-General from 1871 to 1879, both inclusive. In the earliest of these years, it will be recollected, the first of the great Indemnity Loans was brought out, a circumstance which lends special interest to the period we are dealing with. As was to be expected, there were few dealings in 1871—the year of the capitulation of Paris, the Communist insurrection, and general disorganisation. The purchases did not quite amount to 6 millions sterling. But immediately afterwards they increased largely, until in 1874 they reached the maximum, being almost 24 millions sterling. Then they began to decrease slowly, the amount last year being somewhat under 16 millions sterling. For the whole nine years the purchases exceeded the enormous sum of four milliards of francs; in round numbers they reached 163 millions sterling. The cause of this increase and subsequent decrease in the buying will be found in the price of Rentes. The terrible disasters endured by France, the bitterness of party spirit, the uncertainties of the political future, the vast new creation of Rentes in consequence of the war—all these depressed prices very greatly for some years after the establishment of peace; and this, as we have seen, brought in a rush of country buyers. On the Bourse there was a still greater rush. This eager buying, in conjunction with the rapid recovery of the country, raised prices, and then the small investors began to fall away. But the effect we are here tracing is still more clearly shown in the statistics of sales. In 1871 the sales through the Receivers-General were under 400,000*l.*; even in 1874 they scarcely exceeded 6 millions sterling; but they then rapidly increased, until in 1878 they were over 15 millions sterling. We thus see that these small investors act in precisely the same manner as their richer neighbours, buying in a cheap market and selling in a dear one. Deducting the aggregate sales during the nine years from the aggregate purchases, we get as the excess of the purchases 96½ millions sterling. In other words, the net purchases through the Receivers-General amounted to 96½ millions sterling, or to very nearly half the indemnity paid by France to Germany. It will be borne in mind that the transactions here recorded are in addition to those on the Paris and the Provincial Bourses, and in addition also to the orders sent up direct to the capital by country bankers and other large capitalists. It follows, therefore, that the net small investments in the French Rentes for the past nine years have averaged somewhat over 10½ millions sterling, while the gross small investments have averaged 18 millions sterling. We need hardly point out how powerfully this considerable addition to the demand for the public funds of France contributed to raise the credit of the State. Without reckoning the action of the Bourses, we have seen that in nine short years the small investors, who have not hitherto been thought worthy of consideration in this country, have in France absorbed nearly half of the new debt created to pay the indemnity to Germany, leaving little more than an equal amount to the classes which here we are accustomed to regard as alone the investing and speculating classes. It is safe to say, that but for this vast absorption, the Five per Cents. would not have been run up to 18 above par, in spite of their liability to conversion, nor would their present quotation be so high. And of what political importance this high quotation is, the history of France during these nine years has abundantly illustrated. Another point to be noted is that the re-purchase of the great indemnity loans from foreign holders relieves France from the obligation to remit the interest abroad. Had she been unable to buy back the stock, in addition to the original loss of the capital of the indemnity she would every year have lost the interest on that portion of the loan held abroad. As it is, the whole of the loans being practically held in France, the payment of the interest is merely a transfer from the whole body of Frenchmen, under the name of taxpayers, to a smaller body of Frenchmen under the name of Rentiers. In our own case, it is true, there is little probability of any appreciable amount of Consols being held abroad. Still, even in our own case there are abundance of reasons which make it desirable that the home demand shall be as large as possible.

It may be objected that the money, which, under the plan we are recommending, would be directly invested in Consols, is already so invested in a more roundabout way. The funds of the Saving Banks, for example, are invested by the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt in Terminable Annuities, and thus help to raise the credit of the State quite as effectually as if the depositors in the Savings Banks had themselves bought Consols. That is perfectly true, but it is not to the point. It assumes, in fact, that affording facilities to invest small sums in the Public Funds would not stimulate thrift, and would not attract any money from more questionable employment. Our contention, on the contrary, is that it would very greatly stimulate thrift, would draw out savings which are now hid away in old stockings, and, in short, would attract funds that now never reach the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt. We by no means desire to interfere with the usefulness of the Savings Banks, or to deprive the Exchequer of the means of continuing the system of Terminable Annuities. But it is to take a very narrow view of human nature to conceive that every one is satisfied with the existing means of investment. We believe, on the contrary, that there is as much divergence of opinion on this as on most other matters. Some will no doubt, in any circumstances, go on as before, depositing in the Savings Banks, others will prefer the good fellowship of the Club, or the prospect of owning a house, while many more, not suited now, or suited but badly, will be attracted by the unquestionable security of Consols, and the ease with which they can be transferred. It should never be forgotten that the taste for saving, like most other tastes, grows with use, and therefore that he who would promote thrift should provide for diversities of judgment. From a political point of view, again, it is to be remembered that the influence of this country rests very largely upon the knowledge of her boundless wealth, and of the ease with which she could raise loan after loan of enormous amount. Roughly, her credit is measured in the general estimation by the price of Consols, and every considerable addition to the demand for these would confirm and deepen the impression abroad. But, in truth, it is not necessary to multiply arguments in support of the measure we are recommending. To all who are open to conviction the experience of France is conclusive in its favour.

REVIEWS.

MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.*

OF the three volumes which are to contain the Memoirs of Mme. de Rémusat two have been published, and of these two one and a half have been translated into English. The translation, which is the joint work of Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. Lillie, is unusually well done, being remarkably free from the stiffness and the foreign air which mark most translations. Nor can any one doubt that these memoirs deserved to be translated, and to be well translated, into English. They are entertaining; they bear on a subject of permanent interest—the character and habits of Napoleon; and they are so written as to persuade the reader that the writer is trying to tell the truth. The maiden name of Mme. de Rémusat was Claire de Vergennes, and she was born in 1780. When she was scarcely sixteen she married M. Augustin de Rémusat, who, after her father and grandfather had perished on the scaffold just before the fall of Robespierre, had become the confidential friend and adviser of her mother. The newly-married couple lived in great retirement, but soon after their union formed an acquaintance which was destined to shape the whole course of their future lives. The lady with whom they became intimate was no less a person than the celebrated, unhappy, foolish Joséphine. After a time, the young general who made Joséphine's fortune in making his own became First Consul; and, as his power grew greater, the First Consul thought he ought to have something of a Court. M. de Rémusat was appointed Prefect of the Palace in 1802, and shortly afterwards his wife became Lady-in-Waiting, a title soon changed into that of Lady of the Palace. They stayed on, getting grander and grander as the Consulate passed into the Empire and the Emperor became the master of so many kings. M. de Rémusat was Keeper of the Wardrobe, Chamberlain, and Supervisor of Theatres; and Mme. de Rémusat had even a larger share of the gorgeous finery of the Court than she desired. They saw the Court to its very inside; and Mme. de Rémusat was admitted to the most unreserved confidence of Joséphine, and subjected to the precarious familiarity of Bonaparte. She and her husband were, however, as she says, not good courtiers. They did not push enough, and others who pushed more pushed them aside. Without being dismissed, they retired under pressure into the background; and their original feelings of admiration and affection for Napoleon had so died away that they felt it to be at once inevitable and palatable that they themselves should be out of favour. When Joséphine finally accepted the divorce which had been long hanging over her, Mme. de Rémusat accompanied her into privacy, and remained with her until Joséphine died in 1814. Events had prepared the husband and wife to look on the restoration of the Bourbons, not as a good, but as the least bad, solution of the problems which France had to face; and they were so far compromised that when Napoleon returned from Elba, M. de Rémusat was ordered to leave Paris, and Mme. de Rémusat burnt the precious journal in which she had noted for years her experiences and recorded her observations. Three years later she attempted to restore from memory the substance of her memoirs, and it is the fruit of her recollections which is now, after the lapse of more than sixty years, given to the world. She died in 1821, just in time to escape seeing her husband superseded, on account of the too great liberality of his opinions, in the prefecture which he was then holding under the Bourbons.

Considering the circumstances under which they were written, and that they only embody reminiscences of what Mme. de Rémusat had seen and done many years before, these memoirs are singularly graphic and lifelike. The writer could not possibly write after she knew the end of Napoleon's history as she had written while this history was being worked out. Her presentiments of his fall were not invented; but presentiments that have been fulfilled naturally seem to have been vivid in proportion to their accuracy; and when the great man was safely caged at St. Helena, it was perhaps satisfactory to Mme. de Rémusat to feel that her discrimination had long before sufficed to show her that, if he was a great man, he was also a very little one. The general result of her reminiscences and reflections was that in Napoleon there were two men united. There was, as she puts it, one Napoleon gigantic rather than great, prompt in conception, prompt in execution, absorbed in one dominant thought, and capable of abstracting himself from all secondary impressions—a Napoleon who, if his aims had been higher, might have been the greatest man the world had ever seen, and who at any rate was the most extraordinary. Then there was the other Napoleon, attendant on the first like its bad conscience, the prey of anxiety, suspicion, and passions, distrusting everybody and everything, and especially the creatures whom he made his slaves and the frail institutions he invented. It was this second Napoleon whom she studied in the intimacy of Court life; and she found every day some new trait of character, some petty act of tyranny, some instance of coarse, brutal vulgarity which enabled her to realize how insufferable and odious Napoleon could be at his worst. Her first feelings had been those of unqualified admiration; but she was revolted by the murder of the Duke of Enghien, and, when her moral sympathies had once been shocked, she found in the miseries of her Court life innumerable opportunities of letting her hero descend in her esteem. She cannot be said to add much that is absolutely new to our knowledge of Napoleon; for those acquainted with his history were perfectly aware that, while he was a man of transcendent ability, he was also the greatest liar the world ever produced, odiously tyrannical, and repulsively coarse. Mme. de Rémusat does not give us a new picture of Napoleon, but merely furnishes us with a variety of new details with which to fill up familiar outlines. She carried her powers of feminine observation into the minutest particulars, and any one who cares to learn it may learn from her pages that Napoleon dirtied everything he put on, broke an infinity of nail scissors, and when he played at chess gained an easy victory by laying down the simple rule that he might move his pieces as he pleased. As a memoir-writer, too, Mme. de Rémusat had the advantage of living in an age entirely free from squeamishness, and no sentiments of prudery deterred her from sketching with much minuteness of detail the amours of Napoleon, or the indignation and final submission of Joséphine. These memoirs are never dull, while at the same time they are relieved from the appearance of malice or pettiness by the unmistakable wish of the author throughout to act as rightly as she dared and to think as nobly as she could, by her profound admiration for her reserved and conscientious husband, and by her genuine love for her country.

Napoleon in conversation with Mme. de Rémusat, or in her hearing, occasionally referred to his early life. The earliest reminiscence recorded is that of a prediction made by one of his uncles when he was a child, that he should govern the world, because he was an habitual liar. Napoleon related the anecdote with great complacency, and added "M. de Metternich approaches to being a statesman—he lies very well." In talking of his schooldays he said that he kept aloof from his schoolfellows, and that he had chosen a little corner where he would sit and dream at his ease. When his companions tried to usurp possession of this corner, he defended it with all his might, as he already knew by instinct that his will was to override that of others, and that what pleased him was to belong to him. When he entered on garrison life he took to novels, and allowed his imagination to wander over them, that he might afterwards measure his dreams by the compass of his reason. "I have always liked analysis," he went on to say, "and if I were to be seriously in love, I should analyse my love bit by bit." But, as Mme. de Rémusat contends, he never was in love, and was determined never to let passion subjugate him. He deputed Mme. de Rémusat to explain his views to Joséphine in one of her fits of jealousy. "She troubles herself," Napoleon wished her to know, "a great deal more than is necessary. Joséphine is always afraid that I shall fall seriously in love. Does she not know that I am not made for love? For what is love? A passion which sets all the universe on one side and on the other the beloved object. I certainly am not of a nature to give myself up to any such exclusive feeling. What, then, do these fancies, into which my affections do not enter, matter to her?" Of Joséphine Napoleon was really fond, unless she annoyed him by reminding him that she was his wife. On the eve of one of his battles he wrote to her in the most tender strain:—"Joséphine, you wept when I parted from you—you wept. At that thought all my being trembles. But be consoled, Würmser shall pay dearly for the tears I have seen you shed"; and next day Würmser was beaten. When, again, Lucien had positively refused to obey his brother in the matter of his marriage, Napoleon unbosomed himself to Joséphine. "It is hard," he said, "to find in one's own family such stubborn opposition to interests of such magnitude. Must I rely on myself alone? Well, I will suffice to myself; and you, Joséphine, you will be my comfort always." His favourite theme in discussing the past was the expedition to Egypt. He would speak with enthusiasm of the time when he appeared before the amazed Orientals like a new prophet. He prized the sway he exercised over people's imaginations more highly than any other, for it was the most complete of all. "In France," he said, "one must conquer everything at the point of demonstration. In Egypt we did not require our mathematics." But, if he occasionally gave the reins to his imagination, he aimed, with much success, at having no feelings. A great statesman or a great king, he said, in speaking of Frederick the Great, is a completely eccentric personage, who stands almost alone on his own side, with the world on the other. "The glass through which he looks is his own policy; his sole concern should be that it should neither magnify nor diminish." He described himself as having been much perturbed by the character of Augustus, as drawn by Corneille; for Augustus, who in other respects was admirably politic, was stated to have been guilty of clemency, and neither clemency nor cruelty has any proper place in the mind of a great man. He was much gratified, however, to find the famous "Soyons amis, Cinna," of Augustus so rendered by an ingenious actor as to give the impression of a deep and calculated perfidy, and this opened the eyes of Napoleon, who saw that he might still go on admiring Augustus. Of himself he thought that he had really risen to the highest height, that of standing outside morality altogether. When, towards the end of his time, Talleyrand suggested that the best thing he could do was to restore Ferdinand to the throne of Spain, and that he was still too strong for it to be regarded as a cowardly act, "A cowardly

* *Mémoires de Madame de Rémusat*, 1802–1808. Publiés avec une préface et des notes par son petit-fils, Paul de Rémusat. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1880.

Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat, 1802–1808. Published by her Grandson, M. Paul de Rémusat. Translated from the French by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. John Lillie. 2 vols. Vol. I. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

act," replied Bonaparte; "what does that matter to me? Understand that I should not fail to commit one if it were useful to me. In reality there is nothing really noble or base in this world. Frankly, I am base, essentially base. I give you my word, I should feel no repugnance to commit what would be called by the world a dishonourable action." Nor was Napoleon under any illusion as to the mode in which the world which he so regarded regarded him. The truly happy man, he acknowledged, "is he who hides away from me in the country, and when I die the world will utter a great 'ouf!'"

Mme. de Rémusat was able to call to mind numerous examples of Napoleon's absence of feeling, or of his complete suppression of feeling if he had any. He seemed as fond of the little son of Louis, whom he destined to be his heir, as he ever was of any one; but in 1807 the child died, and when the news of his nephew's death reached Berlin, Bonaparte, who was about to appear in public, was so little affected that Talleyrand said, "You forget that a death has occurred in your family, and that you ought to look serious." "I do not amuse myself," replied Bonaparte, "by thinking of dead people." A story in the same vein is told of him and the little King of Rome. Talma was paying the Emperor a visit and the little boy was brought in. The Emperor took the child on his knees and began to slap him; then turning to Talma, he said, "Talma, tell me what I am doing." Talma did not know what to say. "You do not see it," continued the Emperor; "I am slapping a King." In his endeavours to impose himself on the world no artifices were too small for him. While he was First Consul he made a triumphal entry into Brussels. There was a State visit to the cathedral. The clergy left the altar and proceeded to the grand entrance to await the arrival of the First Consul. But the First Consul did not appear. The clergy were first astonished, then alarmed; but they presently perceived that he had stepped into the church and seated himself on the throne which was prepared for him. The fact was that, just as he was setting out, Bonaparte had been told that on a similar occasion Charles V. had preferred to enter the church by a little side-door which had thenceforward been called by his name, and he thought that an imitation of the manœuvre might lead to the door being called that of Charles V. and of Bonaparte. One of his favourite tricks was to disconcert people by pretending to forget them, just as at one time he took immense pains to captivate his soldiers by always managing to recollect them. He used to go round to ladies of his Court and enjoy the amusement of throwing them into confusion by asking them, "Pray, who are you?" Gentlemen who attended his receptions in a semi-official way were exposed to similar interrogations. Grétry, a member of the Institute, frequently attended the Sunday receptions, and the Emperor was always coming up to him and asking his name. One day Grétry, who was tired of this perpetual question, answered the Emperor's rudely uttered "And you, who are you?" by replying, "Sire, I am still Grétry" ("Sire, toujours Grétry"). Ever afterwards the Emperor recognized him perfectly. This petty pretension of forgetfulness was part of a system. As Mme. de Rémusat says, the aim of Napoleon was to isolate every one. No general or courtier or mistress was to be more than Napoleon made him or her, and no two people were to league together. His greatest troubles came from his own family, and he was distracted by the malice of his relations and the relations of his wife. Louis was especially odious to him, and Napoleon once remarked, "His feigned virtues give me almost as much trouble as Lucien's vices." Mme. de Rémusat was certainly not imposed on by the feigned virtues of Louis. She thoroughly detested him for his odious cruelty to Hortense, whom she to the end of her life believed to have been a model of immaculate virtue. M. Paul de Rémusat takes care by a judicious note that not even the reputation of the exceptional member of the Bonaparte family shall remain unscathed. And of all the family Mme. de Rémusat has drawn a series of portraits which, if the reproduction of disagreeable features is fidelity, must be pronounced to be admirably faithful. The best and certainly the most elaborate is the portrait of Joséphine herself. Mme. de Rémusat was a warm, but an impartial, friend. She seems to have really liked Joséphine, and as really to have despised her. She bears testimony to Joséphine's kindness of heart, even temper, and forgetfulness of injuries; but also paints her as fickle, easy to move and easy to appease, incapable of sustained attention or serious reflection. The genius of Napoleon overawed her; she criticized him only in what concerned herself personally, in everything else she respected what he called the force of his destiny. This was not good for her, for, as Mme. de Rémusat sums up her experience, "Napoleon exerted an evil influence over her, for he inspired her with a contempt for morality, with a large share of his own characteristic suspicions, and he taught her the art of lying, which they both practised with skill and effect."

The only man who was not overawed by Napoleon, who dared to judge and oppose him, and of whom he was afraid, was Talleyrand. M. and Mme. de Rémusat became, as time went on, intimate with Talleyrand, and the Memoirs are enriched with many anecdotes of Talleyrand, and records of his felicitous sayings. One of the first occasions on which Talleyrand and Bonaparte passed the limits of a casual acquaintance was when Bonaparte was on the point of setting out for Egypt. "I was in bed," said Talleyrand, "and Bonaparte came and sat by me. He told me all the dreams of his youthful imagination, and also of the difficulty in which he was placed by the want of money. 'Stay,' I said to him, 'open my desk; you will find there a hundred thousand francs belonging to me; repay me when you return.'" When Bonaparte became First Consul he repaid the money; but he could not believe that Talleyrand could have lent the money without some deep design, and, not being able to find the design out, he frankly asked Talleyrand what his motive had been. Talleyrand said he had no motive except the wish to aid a young man of promise. "In that case," said Bonaparte, "and if it was really done without any design, you acted the part of a dupe." In the same way, when Bonaparte had rejected, as above mentioned, Talleyrand's advice to restore Ferdinand, he ended by saying:—"All I have to do now is to consider whether your advice agrees with my present policy, and to try and find out besides," he added, with a Satanic smile, "whether you have not some private interest in urging me to take this step." Talleyrand, and Talleyrand alone, was, he thought, capable of outwitting him. If Talleyrand managed Napoleon, he let him know that he managed him. Napoleon once asked Talleyrand how he had so rapidly made his great fortune. "Nothing could be more simple," said Talleyrand; "I bought stock on the 17th Brumaire and I sold it again on the 19th." This was the adroitness of invention, but there was a higher kind of adroitness in his management of Napoleon on another occasion, at the time of the signature of the Treaty of Amiens. Talleyrand, after the treaty had been signed, went to see Napoleon, and for a whole hour remained transacting other business, and only at the end produced the treaty. "Why did you not tell me at once?" Napoleon asked. "Oh," replied Talleyrand, "because then you would not have listened to me on any other subject. When you are pleased you are not always pleasant." One or two specimens of Talleyrand's peculiar manner of saying good things, as if in the most natural and simple manner, may also be gathered from these volumes. Napoleon once said to him of Berthier, "He is so uninteresting that I do not know why I should care at all about him, and yet when I think of it I believe I really have some liking for him." "If you do care about him," replied Talleyrand, "do you know the reason why? It is because he believes in you." Many years after the death of Pichegru, just before Moreau's trial, Mme. de Rémusat asked Talleyrand what he thought of this death. "I think," Talleyrand answered, "that it happened very suddenly, and in the nick of time (bien subitement et bien à point)." The reader is indebted to the notes of M. Paul de Rémusat for recalling another saying of Talleyrand's which has the merit, if it be a merit, of being more epigrammatic. Talleyrand, when he quarrelled with Napoleon, was replaced as Minister of Foreign Affairs by Maret, afterwards created Duke of Bassano. Talleyrand had the greatest contempt for his successor, and thus summed up his opinion of him when giving his recollections of the period:—"I never knew but one man so stupid as the Duke of Bassano, he was M. Maret." What between the text and the notes, these volumes are eminently readable, and those who have gone as far as what has now been published will take them will concur in eagerly looking for the completion of the task which M. de Rémusat and his very efficient translators have set themselves.

TORRENS'S MARQUESS WELLESLEY.*

THE object Mr. Torrens had in view in writing this book is not very apparent. The intention indeed appears to be that an historic memoir of O'Connell should follow as a companion volume. "None seemed to me," says Mr. Torrens in his preface, "so characteristically representative of the two races long alienated by evil laws as those eminent men"—Wellesley and O'Connell to wit—"whose likenesses I have sought to trace in these volumes." From which it might be supposed that one of the two was an Englishman and the other an Irishman. As he goes on to observe, "A greater contrast cannot be conceived than that presented by their dissimilar ways of life, habits of thought, and impressive powers of expression. . . . . As they were seldom in contact or antagonism, I have had no temptation to resort to antithesis." That the two men are thus dissimilar appears to Mr. Torrens a reason for coupling them together in a book, from which very Hibernian way of putting it one might suppose that our author himself belongs to the "two races," which is his allusive mode of naming the Irish. Perhaps when he comes to his historic portrait of O'Connell Mr. Torrens may have something new to tell us. The present volume contains nothing that was not known before. The author makes references, indeed, here and there to original authorities; but he does not give the source from which he quotes, nor explain that the papers in question have already appeared in various published works. And when Mr. Torrens does give us anything original, he is almost always inaccurate. Thus, at p. 99 we are told that

> Mornington [on being made a member of the Board of Control—a sinecure office] found it less irksome to study reports and elaborate minutes, received with a broad joke and apparently never thought of more, than intermittently to give perfunctory attendance; and to admit to himself that he was fit for nothing but a sinecure, that was harder (*sic*) than any amount of work; and, when the permanent officials left his table bare day after day, he sent for books out of the limited library which then existed, and occasionally for copies of documents of importance from the archives, and from these he set about compiling, in the twilight of information concerning the East which Burke himself had found it so difficult to read by, a historical epitome of events from the times preceding the establishment of our fac-

* *The Marquess Wellesley; Architect of Empire: an Historic Portrait.* By W. M. Torrens, M.P. London: Chatto and Windus. 1880.

tories at Surat and Cossimbazar. Why he took so much trouble about it he probably could hardly have told at the time. But the irritable ennui within him wanted relief.

That Lord Mornington ever wrote a minute while at the Board of Control, still more that it was received with a broad joke, there is absolutely no evidence to show; and it is equally without proof that he attended the office day by day. The notion that one of the members of a sinecure Board should write minutes or give attendance day by day is sufficiently disposed of by the fact that the office was a sinecure, for Lord Mornington as for all the other members. Nor is it necessary to assume that Lord Mornington found the library too small for his purpose, since the epitome in question is in fact made from Orme's History; as for its having served as a relief from ennui, it consists of a few pages of foolscap, and might have been written in three or four days. When, therefore, Mr. Torrens says a little later that "Mornington had by diligence in his office at the Board of Control, and by thoughtful study of the history of our acquisitions in the East during the forty years that had elapsed since the battle of Plassey, qualified himself in a certain degree for administrative trust," we feel that he is talking nonsense. It is impossible to be diligent in the discharge of duties when there are no duties to discharge, and even if Lord Mornington had been thoughtfully studious, his superiors in the Government would have known and cared nothing about it. He was chosen to be Governor-General of India, not for having made an epitome of Orme's History, but because he was an Irish peer who had made a considerable figure in the House of Commons, and above all because he was an intimate friend of Pitt. It is equally a figure of speech to speak of the "huge East Indiaman" which conveyed Lord Mornington to India; the Indiamen of those days were vessels of about twelve hundred tons. Of the Governor-General after he had landed in India Mr. Torrens says:—"Three months of unquestioned power, with nothing but the sense of ultimate responsibility afar off, would have beguiled a nature less ambitious and idealizing into giving way to the intoxication of power. Mornington never grew bewildered or blinded by the dangerous potion." This is a singularly unhappy criticism. The same thing might be said with perfect truth of every other Governor-General. Sir John Shore, Lord Cornwallis, Lord Minto, Lord Hastings, Lord Amherst—none of these were bewildered or blinded by drinking of the dangerous potion for several years, not to say three months. On the other hand, it has generally been conceded of Lord Wellesley that the pride of power was exhibited by him in an unusual degree, and made a decided foible in an otherwise fine character. Sir James Mackintosh spoke of him as being a Sultanized Englishman. Certainly no Governor-General ever surrounded himself with so much state. Again, speaking of Lord Wellesley's correspondence with English friends, Mr. Torrens felicitously remarks:—

> How his susceptible, eager, inquisitive nature must have gorged (*sic*) such delicious packets[?] may be gathered from replies like the following [Letter to Lord Holland]:—"I request you to accept my acknowledgments for your kind note of April 24th, and for the *Anti Jacobin*, which has amused me greatly. . . . Let me express my gratitude, my dear Lord, for your kind attentions to Lady Mornington and to my children."

Mr. Torrens has indeed a curious incapacity to understand the meaning of language. When the Governor-General goes down to Madras to press on preparations for the war with Mysore, "the whole tone of administration"—in that Presidency—"was gradually changed. The coxcombry of clerkship was snubbed into diligence, and fine-gentleman airs had to give place to civility and regularity in office hours." To apply epithets which at one time might have been applicable to the English Treasury or Foreign Office to Madras office establishments; to speak of old Indians of the last century as giving themselves fine-gentleman airs, is of course ludicrously inappropriate, as is the reference to the supposed "habitual indifference of Anglo-Indian officials," who are much more obnoxious to a charge of over-earnestness. Mr. Torrens is not more happy in his descriptions of places; as when he says that, "in the comparative seclusion of Barrackpore . . . it was . . . pleasant [to the Governor-General] to hear the clank of his orderly's scabbard early and late in the courtyard below," and where he speaks of the waste of money on the "fantastic domes" of Government House at Calcutta. We are informed on unimpeachable authority that the bungalow occupied by the Governor-General at Barrackpore is a one-storied building with nothing below, not even a courtyard, where a scabbard could clank; while, if the photographs of the viceregal residence at Calcutta are to be trusted, it has only one dome, and that entirely remote from the fantastic in appearance. The account given of the College of Fort William, established by Lord Wellesley, shows that Mr. Torrens does not in the least understand what he is writing about; for he talks about "acolytes coming in readily, the young cadets showing up well in most of the schools." The students of the College were young civil servants and not cadets; and as to their coming in readily, as if there had been any option, one might as well talk about the prisoners in a gaol coming readily to the treadmill.

Inaccuracies of this sort are of course much more serious when they refer to larger matters. Thus, when Mr. Torrens says, of the war with Holkar, that Lake, "at the head of British dragoons and Sepoy horse, literally hunted Jeswunt Rao and his predatory host from point to point in the contested Doab, until at length he came up at night with them at Futtehghur, where they were surprised and routed with great loss," the use of the adjective "contested" gives an entirely wrong colour to the narrative. The possession of the Doab was never contested by Holkar in the proper sense of the term. The word "Sepoy," we may observe, invariably denotes a foot soldier; to talk about "Sepoy horse" is like talking about grenadier hussars. Again, "the Raja of Bhurtpore sided against us, and after repeated assaults his citadel remained impregnable. Delhi, on the other hand, was successfully defended." So one might write, the Prussians were defeated at Jena; on the other hand, a picket of French dragoons was surprised by some Brunswick hussars. The siege of Bhurtpore cost us the flower of our army, more men than all the previous war; the so-called successful defence of Delhi was the beating off of a predatory band of troopers, who hung about the place for two or three days, and then hurried off. From Mr. Torrens's way of stating the two cases no one would guess the intrinsic difference between them.

The part of the book which deals with Lord Wellesley's proceedings after his return from India, and his abortive attempts to form a Ministry, is somewhat clearer, because the subject-matter is more familiar to the general reader. The obscurity to be found here is due not to the facts, but to the author's curious way of stating them. Thus, Mr. Torrens quotes a letter from Sir Arthur Wellesley when made Chief Secretary for Ireland to Lord Buckingham, which ends thus:—

> I accepted my present office on condition that it should not prevent my being employed in my profession; and considering that Lord Wellesley had determined to support the new Government, and that they were likely to be placed in difficulties in Ireland, I did not think myself at liberty to decline it.

And he remarks on it:—"The friendship of his old chief remained unbroken; but Grenville could not so easily forgive, and the old class-fellows walked no more together." Who the old chief was was, for what person his friendship remained unbroken, and which were the old class-fellows who no longer walked together, the author has successfully rendered a mystery. Again:—

> Mr. Whitbread had actively supported Sheridan for Westminster against Paull, and on the hustings said that proceedings against Wellesley need not terminate though he were left without a seat in Parliament. This he construed into a pledge that he and his political friends would undertake the part of prosecutors. In a public letter on February 8, 1808, he enjoined Mr. Whitbread, whose talents and whose integrity he honoured, to redeem the implied pledge.

Notwithstanding this way of putting it, the reader must not suppose that the question was of either Sheridan or Lord Wellesley being left without a seat in Parliament, or that Mr. Whitbread addressed a letter to himself. Again:—

> Sidmouth had been Premier, like Grenville, and for a much longer time. Personally he had many friends, and he was the favourite of the King. He was willing to waive his claim to priority in favour of Wellesley, but with his old assailant Canning he repeatedly refused to sit in council. . . . Then there was Castlereagh, who did not pretend to the lead, but who had a devoted following in Parliament, without whom he was resolved that no Government should go on.

It is doubtful whether Mr. Torrens means us to understand that Sidmouth was determined no Government should go on without Castlereagh, or that Castlereagh was determined no Government should go on without his devoted following. Again, "the [Regency] restrictions expired in February 1812. On the 13th a letter to the Duke of York proposed to Grey a union of some of his friends with Ministers, suggesting thereby the omission of Grenville. Grey asked leave to confer with him." The friends in question, however, were not those of the Duke of York, as might be supposed, and it was not with the Duke, but Grenville, that Grey proposed to confer. We must conclude with another curious specimen of the author's criticism:—"The veteran Lake had tottered home to enjoy the evening sunshine of sympathy and homage from surrounding friends, but without having put by enough to support the advancement in the peerage which Wellesley insisted on as his due." Lord Lake was a veteran in one sense, having seen a great deal of service, although by no means an old man, as generals go, being in fact only a little over sixty; but as to his being a tottering one, the truth is that till just before his death he was as active and enduring as the youngest officer in the army. The notion that a viscount requires a larger income than a baron is one in keeping with many of the other reflections in this funny book.

SENIOR'S CONVERSATIONS.*

THE Journals now published are the last which Mr. Senior wrote. Their style and matter display his highest point of perfection in a branch of literature which he may almost be said to have invented. Only long practice combined with natural aptitude rendered it possible to report, in good English and with a substantial accuracy which is proved by internal evidence, long conversations conducted in French. In estimating the value of the statements and opinions which Mr. Senior has recorded it is necessary to remember that they were all intended for future publication. The interlocutors trusted, with good reason, in Mr. Senior's discretion that they would not be compromised with the Government or with contemporaries whom they might criticize;

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* *Conversations with Distinguished Persons during the Second Empire, from* 1860 *to* 1863. By the late Nassau William Senior. Edited by his Daughter, M. C. Simpson. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1880.

but they k[illegible] speaking to a more or less remote [illegible], and that Mr. Senior's long head was, as Mrs. Thrale said of Boswell, equivalent to shorthand. The only doubt which could arise as to Mr. Senior's accuracy and fidelity might be suggested by the vigour, the fulness, and the occasional brilliancy of the different speakers. It seems too true that French conversation twenty years ago was much better than English conversation at the present day. The superiority cannot be attributed to the language, because Mr. Senior writes in thoroughly idiomatic English. In some instances he may perhaps have pruned away redundancies or added force to the original phrases; but his own style in speech or writing was rather solid and weighty than epigrammatic. No man was less inclined to antithesis or paradox, though he never hesitated to avow opinions which might be novel, and therefore unpopular. The merits of the French contributors to his collection are their own, and they are also responsible for an incidental defect which is common to them all. Some of their number discharge with credit that part of the prophetic function which consists in the enunciation of sound principles and suggestive warnings; but in the sense in which a prophet is so called because he predicts future events, the oracles are all equally deceptive. It is true that almost all Mr. Senior's Parisian friends, differing widely among themselves, agreed in hatred and professed contempt for *Celui-ci*, as they designated the Emperor. Some of them foretold his overthrow through the errors of his domestic administration, and many as the result of his foreign policy; but they were all equally certain that his power would be of short duration. A war with Prussia was a contingency which was often mentioned as probable, but it seems not to have occurred to any distinguished Frenchman that France might possibly be defeated. Again and again Mr. Senior was assured that the Church, the army, the middle class, and the workmen were bitterly hostile to the Empire; yet, seven years after the latest conversation recorded, seven millions of Frenchmen, forming an overwhelming majority of the total number of voters, supported the Emperor against all the sections of the Opposition. A ruinously unsuccessful war, which had been in its origin wholly unnecessary, fulfilled by an accident the vaticinations in which it had never been included as one of the probable causes of the fall of the Empire. Unfulfilled prophecies, though they may have been of little use when they were delivered, afterwards furnish valuable materials for the history of opinion. As in the former instalments of the Journals, Mrs. Simpson has edited the work with judgment and ability. The notes in which she gives biographical accounts of some of the less known personages of the dialogues are instructive and judiciously concise. Mr. Senior, though he is ordinarily content to leave his interlocutors to speak, takes in these volumes a less infrequent part in the discussions, always representing, where it was often wanted, the element of sceptical good sense; yet he seldom intervenes except for the purpose of eliciting explanations or of recalling attention to matters which had been overlooked. Having proposed to himself a definite object, he adhered to his plan with a self-denying and artistic consistency. Few writers of equal ability and accomplishment would be content to efface themselves so habitually, with the result of preserving a dramatic unity of design.

In 1860 Mr. Senior found that French society almost unanimously disapproved of the aid which Napoleon III. had given to the cause of Italian unity. General Changarnier accused him of having exhibited personal cowardice at Magenta and Solferino; but the real ground of dissatisfaction with the war was the annexation of Lombardy, and afterwards of the Duchies, to Piedmont. During 1860 Garibaldi added Naples and Sicily to the Italian Kingdom, and in the autumn of the same year the defeat of Lamoricière's Papal army at Castel Fidardo gave Victor Emmanuel possession of the Legations. Mr. Senior's friends frequently assured him that Garibaldi would attack the Austrian possessions in Venetia, and be beaten, with the result of compelling France once more to come to the assistance of Italy. If Prussia supported Austria, the French Emperor would undertake the conquest of the Rhenish provinces; and a campaign on the Rhine might lead to war with England, and perhaps to ulterior consequences, which happily never occurred. "If," said M. de Corcelles, "Garibaldi is beaten, Louis Napoleon must rescue him, and then we shall have a German war. We shall beat the Germans at first—we always do so—will you permit us to reap the fruits of victory?" The same orthodox and intelligent statesman believed "that the only bond among the Italians is war; that peace, instead of a cement, would become a solvent; that left to themselves they would crumble into dust." On the opposite assumption that Italy remained united and monarchical, M. de Corcelles felt "that not merely Louis Napoleon, but, what is more important, France, would have a right to ask for an extension of territory. She might ask for it on the south, on the west, or to the north. She might take Belgium and the Rhine, or Catalonia, or the Riviera and Genoa." The utterly unscrupulous doctrines of virtuous and constitutional politicians furnish a kind of excuse for the less predatory ambition of Napoleon III. Some weight must be attached to the general consent of well-informed Frenchmen in attributing to the Emperor a want of definite theory and purpose. It was believed that his enterprise in 1859 had been in some degree caused by his fear of assassination after the attempt of Orsini. His unfriendly critics generally thought that, although he might entertain vague designs of aggression, his indolence and love of pleasure would prevent him from following any steady and active policy. Some of them maintained that he could not afford to remain for five years at peace; yet it was admitted, not only that the mass of the people were dazzled by his success, but that they heartily sympathized with the cause of Italian unity. With the exception of the Emperor, the only person in high position who took a wise and generous view of the Italian question was Prince Napoleon, who himself had few friends. There appears to have been no foundation for the rumour that he was a candidate for the throne of Naples. The occasional encouragement which the Emperor afforded to a pretender was given to the Murat family. Mr. Senior was sometimes told that England had designs on Sicily, and that Garibaldi's expedition had been supported by English gold. He was probably not believed when he answered that there was no secret service money applicable to such a purpose, and that England wanted nothing from Sicily except oranges and sulphur. He sums up with quiet humour the attacks on England with which M. de Circourt greeted him on his next visit to Paris in 1861:—

> We were wicked for not stopping the war with Austria; we were wicked for not forcing Louis Napoleon to force Victor Emmanuel to observe the peace of Zürich; we were wicked for sending Garibaldi to Naples; we were wicked for sending the French fleet from Gaeta; we were wicked for allowing Prussia to attack Denmark. In short, it is in our power to keep the whole world quiet; it is our fault that it is in an uproar; and we shall be punished by seeing the French flag flying from Mayence to Antwerp, the Greek flag at Corfu, and the green flag in Dublin. Our French friends seemed to think this all very friendly and very wise.

In 1862 and 1863 the popularity of the Emperor had declined, and politicians of the higher classes were more than ever confident of his early overthrow. The restrictions on freedom of debate had been relaxed; and though the Opposition only consisted of five members, public criticism was soon found to be incompatible with absolute power. Thiers, who at this time had not returned to public life, foretold with unusual prescience the effect of a small admixture of liberty in ultimately destroying the fabric of despotism. There is reason to believe that the Emperor himself was aware of the danger of concessions which he nevertheless made in the hope of prolonging under new conditions the existence of his dynasty. The first Napoleon had foreseen that his successor must submit to constitutional restraints which he utterly repudiated for himself. The change in the character of the Second Empire began after the birth of the Prince Imperial, to whom his father was passionately devoted. But for the madness of the German war, it is not impossible that he might have bequeathed to him a constitutional throne. The unemployed statesmen who confided to M. Thiers their ingenious speculations on public affairs for the most part shared the prejudice against the Treaty of Commerce which had probably alienated from the Emperor the goodwill of the traders and artisans. Thiers was content to stigmatize as obvious folly the instalment of Free-trade which no other French ruler has had the sagacity or the courage to imitate or to extend. The Mexican expedition had not at the date of these conversations reached its disastrous close; but it was justly regarded as a rash and wanton expenditure of French resources for the benefit of a foreign and remote country. In 1862 and 1863 the cause of the Mexican failure was not foreseen in England or France, and scarcely in the United States. The establishment of the independence of the Confederacy was regarded as certain; and even Mr. Dayton, the American Minister, believed that the Union could only be re-established by the aid of an imaginary Southern party which would come forward in the event of Northern success. Both Mr. Senior and his friends repeatedly express their surprise at the folly of the Federal Government in offering reiterated affronts to England. It was not unreasonably inferred that there was an intention of provoking a rupture with England, for the purpose of excusing unavoidable defeat in the attempt to reconquer the South. At Lord Cowley's Mr. Senior once met Mr. Dayton, and Mr. Corbyn, who was a Confederate. "If you had been really neutral," said Dayton, "and had not raised the rebel provinces into a nation by allowing them belligerent rights, we should have suppressed the rebellion in three months." "If you had been really neutral," said Corbyn, "and had not supplied the Federals with arms and ammunition, they would have given up in three months." In this and in other respects it is interesting to recall the forgotten memories of seventeen or eighteen years ago. In answer to an inquiry by M. de Montalembert, Mr. Senior told him that English politics were tranquil, and that no one wished to disturb Lord Palmerston. "Does no one," said Montalembert, "care for reform?" "No one," was the reply, "except to detest it." It is doubtful whether there had been a general change of opinion when, three or four years afterwards, both parties successively promoted comprehensive measures of reform. The predictions of 1860 will probably in the last years of the century have been not less completely falsified by experience. Englishmen are perhaps less confident in their anticipations than Frenchmen, and it is possible that they may be more prescient of their own future. Few of them will rival the lucid force and neatness of the Orleanists and Republicans of 1860. Many readers may not unreasonably prefer the dramatic or literary merit of Mr. Senior's reported conversations to their historical interest; but it is impossible to insert extracts of such length as to represent the spirit, the finish, and the variety of a book which is throughout entertaining and instructive.

THE SEAMY SIDE.*

THE clever authors of *Ready Money Mortiboy* and a number of subsequent novels have devised a singularly ingenious complication of events for the plot of their latest novel, which, besides the perception of character and the lightness and humour of writing that belong to most of their works, possesses a strong dramatic element. Events, some of which the experienced novel-reader expects, and for some of which he is entirely unprepared, are dovetailed into each other with singular neatness of construction, and would fall naturally enough into such a series of *tableaux* as is common to some kinds of French plays, or, with judicious management and compression, might afford an effective closing situation for each act of a play arranged in the more usual form of acts without *tableaux*. It is worth noting that the surprises of the story depend almost entirely on the workings of the character of one of its personages. The authors have disdained to perplex the reader as to the thing upon which the main action of the tale hinges—the supposed death of Mr. Anthony Hamblin, the rich and blameless merchant. We know from the first that, for reasons which seem sufficient to him, he has taken advantage of an ice accident on the Serpentine to disappear, leaving his unclaimed coat to create the impression that the bursting water has engulfed him. What we do not know is the fertility of resource of his brother Stephen, known as "Black Hamblin," which up to the last moment seems likely to enable him to carry out his villanous designs. That he will be thwarted finally may of course be taken for granted all through; but the knowledge that this must be so scarcely diminishes the interest with which one watches his doublings.

The novel opens with an annual gathering of the Hamblin family, at which the principal characters are the two brothers already spoken of, Alison, daughter to Anthony Hamblin, and Gilbert Yorke, a young barrister in love with Alison. The gaiety of the evening is disturbed so far as Anthony is concerned by the arrival of a certain Miss Rachel Nethersole, who asks for a private interview with him, and who is described by the footman who shows her in to his companions as "dressed in rusty black, with a shawl over her arm, and a white collar on. As for her face, it's like a door-scraper." To Mr. Hamblin's courteous speeches when he joins her in his study this woman replies, "I neither sit, nor break bread in this house of sin. I am here for a purpose. That despatched, I go as I came." Miss Nethersole goes on to remind Mr. Hamblin of certain events which happened twenty years before at Newbury, when two brothers, "out for some sort of godless holiday," made the acquaintance of two maiden ladies, with one of whom they both fell in love. "The elder stated his case to me." "'Clumsily,' said Anthony, 'so that you believed I was making love to you. When you found out your mistake, you took your'— revenge he was going to say, but he altered the word —'your own course.'" Presently, Miss Nethersole goes on to say, the younger sister disappeared, and sent a letter to the elder saying she was happy with her husband, giving her address, and begging for forgiveness. Miss Nethersole replied by saying that she would never see her again, but would allow her one hundred and fifty pounds a year, to be drawn for on the 1st of January. "For eight years," says Miss Nethersole, "I continued to receive the draft for a hundred and fifty pounds and to honour it":—

Mr. Hamblin started in his chair and sat bolt upright.
"For how long?" he cried.
"For eight years. Ah, you know now why I am here!"
"I know now?" he repeated, as if incredulous.
"You pretend astonishment? That is because you have been found out. Surely I am but an instrument. The judgments are slow, but they are very sure."
Mr. Hamblin sank back in his chair and grasped the arms as if he wanted physical as well as moral support. "Eight years!" he gasped.
"You know what it means. Come, Mr. Hamblin, have the courage to tell me what that means."
"It means," he said, with white lips—"it means—forgery."
"Forgery," she repeated, with manifest enjoyment. "That is exactly what it means. I kept all those drafts, never thinking what might happen. When the ninth first of January came and brought no draft, I knew that my sister was dead. I had the blinds down and went into mourning. But last week I made a discovery. I found out that my sister had been dead six years before the last of those drafts was sent me."
Mr. Hamblin was silent.

Here we have a pretty enough beginning of a mystery. Miss Nethersole tells Anthony that he will be arrested in two days' time. "Think," she says, "of what you have before you; years in a convict prison; years in convict garb, on convict's fare, doing convict's work. And when you come out again, not a man in all the world to take you by the hand and call you friend! Do you tremble?" "He certainly did not. His face was pained, but not terrified. His look was troubled, but not with fear." He replies to Miss Nethersole that, if she executes her threat, her deed will recoil on her own head; and he implores her to destroy the forgeries, in which case he will explain all to her. Now here is what may perhaps fairly be called a flaw, if a slight one, in the construction of the story. There seems no sufficient reason for Hamblin's not revealing the truth to Miss Nethersole at once, instead of giving her a night to think over what he has said, which it must be owned is vague enough, and hardly calculated to carry conviction with it. However, novelists must no doubt be allowed a certain license in matters of this kind; and, if what happens in this scene is improbable, the improbability is at least not glaring. When Miss Nethersole, still firm in her belief that she is "an Instrument" for the punishment of the wicked merchant, goes away, she leaves with Hamblin a journal of her sister's, headed "The Journal of a Deserted Wife"; and, when the door has closed upon his odious visitor, Anthony says, with a sigh, "Poor Alison! Poor child! Must she then learn all?"

A certain proportion of readers will probably guess, at least after this interview, why it is that Anthony is more pained than terrified at Miss Nethersole's threats, and why he makes this remark concerning Alison. But as this happens in the third chapter of the first volume, it is of course only the beginning of the complications, the interest of which may be said never to flag, diversified as it aptly is with exceedingly lively sketches of strange characters and scenes.

One of the best hit-off characters is a certain Mr. Alderney Codd, a cousin of the Hamblins, in whom the faculty of hoping for fabulous wealth, which is sometimes found allied with hopeless impecuniosity, is treated with singular freshness. His sole source of income is a lay fellowship at St. Alphege's, Cambridge, which provides "an annual income for a man who, but for this provision, might have done something useful in the world. It is said that the moiety of the fellowship is retained by a certain firm of lawyers, and distributed annually among a small band of once confiding persons who have with one consent removed their confidence from Mr. Alderney Codd. He is the only member of the family who retains a kindly regard for that dubious sheep of the flock, Stephen." The description which comes later on of the tavern which is the favourite haunt of Alderney and of those like unto him, of the schemes which are discussed, and the talk which goes on there, is admirable. The character of Alison, who of course is of the greatest importance to the success of the book, strikes us as being very happily drawn. There is one scene between her and another character, a certain J. Bunter Baker, who is equally well drawn in all his native repulsiveness, which is so good that at the risk of making too long an extract we must quote it. This offensive young man is charged with a mission from the villanous Stephen, and, having seen Alison once before and been greatly astonished by her beauty and charm, has made up his mind to propose to her. On his way he encourages himself "by little exhortations, such as 'Go in and win, J. Double B. . . . Don't be afraid—she is but a woman. All women are alike. You're not so bad-looking, my boy; you've got a manner of your own with them; you've got the dibs; lots of girls would give their back-hair to get J. Double B.,'" and so on. When it comes to the point, however, his courage fails him, and he gets hot in the nose. He proposes, however, to call again:—

"I dare say [he says] you are pretty dull in this great house all by yourself. I could cheer you up, perhaps. Let me try, Miss Hamblin."
"Cheer her up?" She looked in amazement.
"I'm not a bad sort," he continued, warming to his work. "Come to know me, I am rather a good sort; at least they tell me so." He assumed a smile of satisfaction which made her shudder. "I may have my faults like most men. To begin with, I am not come, like you, of a great City House. I had my own business to make, and I've made it. The dibs are all of my own piling"—he thought this might sound vulgar—"and when I say 'dibs,' of course I mean the money; because I began as nothing but a clerk. You wouldn't think that, Miss Hamblin, would you, to look at me now? However, here I am—just as you see me. I've got a big business in tea; really a big business. There's my cab at the door for you to see the kind of hack I can afford—cheap at a hundred; and I'm quite a young man still, Miss Hamblin, and perhaps not so bad-looking as some—eh? Handsome Jack I have been called. We should run well together; and the long and the short is that, if you will let me pay my attentions to you, I am ready, money or no money."
Alison burst out laughing. She was so happy in her mind that she was amused rather than offended. The man's vulgarity, his impudence, his mock humility, his personal conceit, his intense belief in himself, amused her. She clapped her hands together as delighted as any school-girl at a joke, and burst into merry peals of laughter, which utterly routed and discomfited the wooer.
"Pay your attentions to me, Mr. Baker?" she cried: "oh, I am so sorry, because I am obliged to decline that delicate offer, so delicately made. Another girl, Mr. Baker, must have the happiness of receiving your attentions. And oh! I really feel what I am giving up: the big business in tea, and the cheap hack, and the—the dibs, and the young man, still young, called Handsome Jack. But there are many other girls, I am sure, who take a deep interest in tea, and expensive hacks, and dibs, and Handsome Jacks. You will have better luck with them, no doubt. Good-morning, Mr. Bunter Baker."
She laughed in his face, and left him there standing, hot and flushed. His knees felt shaky, and monosyllables trembled on his lips.

As he went away he became aware that there stood in the doorway an albino boy, who, on being perceived, exchanged his laughter for affected weeping, and exclaimed, "Oh! what a dreadful thing! She won't have him; she throws away his dibs and despises his tea; our full-flavoured at two-and-four, and our reely choice at three-and-two. She won't have him, even though they call him Handsome Jack!"

This boy, Nick Cridland by name, a nephew of Anthony Hamblin, is in one sense the triumph of the book. It cannot but be difficult to represent a boy, with a sharpness, it is true, beyond his years, but with a thorough boy's nature, and so represent him that he never seems either unnatural, tedious, or offensive. Messrs. Besant and Rice have succeeded in doing this, and they have given an element of novelty to their book by making young Nick the principal agent in bringing about the disentanglement of the troubles with which Anthony Hamblin's unfortunate but well-meant plan of passing for being dead surrounds Alison. The character of Stephen, the promoter of these troubles, is drawn

* *The Seamy Side.* A Story. By Walter Besant and James Rice, Authors of "The Golden Butterfly," &c. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1880.

with audacity and success. The authors have not shrunk from showing us a man who has not one good quality left in his nature, and have yet made us believe that it is perfectly possible to meet with such a man any day. There is perhaps more thought in the treatment of his character than the authors have given to any previous creation of theirs.

We have purposely left untold all that happens after Hamblin's self-effacement, and readers of the book will probably be grateful to us for not spoiling their interest in it. *The Seamy Side* is one of the best, if not the best, of the authors' novels.

LEGEND OF THE BURMESE BUDDHA.*

THIS work, although it made its first appearance more than a quarter of a century ago, may be said to be new to the English public. It first came out in the *Journal of the Indian Archipelago*, a periodical of very limited circulation, and it has been twice reprinted in a collected form at Rangoon. Few copies of either edition reached Europe, and these were soon dispersed. The stock at Rangoon has been exhausted for some years, and a reprint in England comes very acceptably to those who have heard of the merits of the work but have not been able to procure it. Some few European scholars into whose hands the book had found its way have spoken of it in highly commendatory terms, and it has been freely used for more than one popular exposition of Buddhism. It is a curious fact that, although it is the work of a French prelate, it has been translated from English into French. The right reverend author has approached his work in the most enlightened and impartial spirit. He sets forth the virtues of Buddhism with candour, and censures its errors and deficiencies with a firm though gentle tone. The keynote to his treatment is found in the preface, where he says:—

> Though based upon capital and revolting errors, Buddhism teaches a surprising number of the finest precepts and purest moral truths. From the abyss of its almost unfathomable darkness it sends forth rays of the brightest hue.

The book has been derived entirely from Burmese sources—from "the religious books of the Burmans, and from frequent conversations on religion, during several years, with the best-informed among the laity and the religious," this last term being used here and throughout the book for *religieux*—a convenient French term for which we have no exact equivalent. A very considerable portion of the work is made up of translations from original authorities; others apparently consist of digests and compilations from various sources. It would have been well if the former had been marked as quotations, and the works specified. The words of an original authority must always have more weight than any summary, however carefully and conscientiously made.

Buddhism, as is well known, spreads over a vast part of Asia, and numbers its adherents by hundreds of millions. It has no Pope, no great central authority to keep the various branches in harmony; so the religion as professed and practised in different countries, though agreeing in the main principles, shows many and important divergences. The Buddhists of Nepaul, Tibet, and the North have been separated from their co-religionists in the South by the reconversion of India to Brahmanism. The canonical books of the North are chiefly written in Sanskrit, and have been made known by the labours of Brian Hodgson and other investigators. There are also many works in Tibetan. But the true scriptural language is Pali, the language of Buddha himself, and the language in which the sacred books of Ceylon are written. It is through the Pali that Buddhism has for the most part been made known to Europe. This religion cannot be written about or spoken of without a constant use of its technical terms, for which European languages afford no equivalents. These terms have become familiar to some extent in their Sanskrit forms, but they appear commonly in their legitimate Pali shapes. In fact, Buddhism has become known to Europe in a Pali dress, and confusion and difficulty will be obviated if that is retained. We have been led to this observation by the fact that in these volumes the familiar names and the technical terms of Buddhism are written according to Burmese orthography, and many of them appear in shapes which none but experts can identify. The author was quite justified in using these words, but he would have removed many a difficulty from the way of his readers, and have obviated much vexation, if he had supplied the Pali forms in brackets, in footnotes, or in a general table at the end. Few readers will find difficulty in identifying *Gaudama* with the Pali *Gotama*; they may recognize *Sakyamuni* in *Thakiamuni*, perhaps even *Suddhodana* in *Thoodaudana*. In such passages as "the *Thoots*, or instructions; the *Wini*, or discipline; and the *Abidama*, or metaphysics," the explanations may enable them to identify these words with *Suttas*, *Vinaya*, and *Abhidhamma*; but only the initiated will perceive that *dzedi* is *chetiya* (Sans. *chaitya*), *dzat* is *jataka*, *tsekiawaday* is *chakkavatti* (Sans. *chakravarti*), and *rathee* is *rikkhi* (Sans. *rishi*), that *Adzatathat* is *Ajatasatru*, and *Pimpathara* is *Bimbisara*. Corrupted forms like these abound, and will be the causes of much needless perplexity. Speaking on this subject, the Bishop says:—"The Burmese employ their common alphabetic characters for writing Pali words. The words, having to pass first through a Burmese ear, and next being expressed by Burmese letters, undergo great change. To such an extent does the metamorphosis reach that very often they are scarcely recognizable." The metamorphosis has been heightened in the work by the occasional use of French phonetics, and the result is that ordinary readers will find much difficulty in reading it and comparing it with such a work as Spence Hardy's Manual.

Burmese annals represent that Buddhism was introduced into Burma in the fourth century of our era; but some maintain that it spread thither long before that time, and it may well have done so. There is no conclusive evidence on the matter. But, whatever may have been the date of its introduction, there can be no doubt of the peculiar importance of the Burmese legends and records:—

> Owing to its geographical position, and perhaps also to political causes, Burma has ever remained out of the reach of Hindu influence, which in Nepaul has coloured Buddhism with Hindu myths, and habited it in gross forms of idolatry. In China, where there already subsisted at the time of the arrival of the preachers of the new doctrine the worship of heroes and ancestors, Buddhism, like an immense parasitic plant, extended itself all over the institutions which it covered rather than destroyed, allowing the ancient forms to subsist under the disguise it afforded them.

Other reasons may be found to account for the comparatively primitive state in which the Buddhism of Burma remains. The people of Burma have never shown any of that aptitude for metaphysical inquiries for which the Hindus have been distinguished. They have clung to the moral and human side of Buddhism without caring to enter deeply into its philosophical teachings. The same simple easy tone of mind has made them contented with the religion of common life; they have not felt the need of sacrifices and propitiatory offerings, so of priests in the true sense of the word they have none; and although it is a duty and a pleasure for them to minister to the wants of those who follow the religious life, these have never attained to anything like the ascendency which the Brahmans have established over the Hindus. The Burmese appear also to be deficient in imagination; they have but few aspirations for the beautiful and the spiritual, and they have no craving for the ritualistic and sensuous forms and ceremonials which have grown to such a height in the Buddhism of Tibet. For all these reasons they have retained a large share of the original simplicity of Buddhism, and their form of religion is consequently of very high interest.

This Legend of Buddha gives a complete history of the life of the great teacher, from his conception and birth to his death and accomplishment of the Nirvána. The whole is told in the most unaffected language, unadorned by flights of imagination or poetic fancy. Marvels and miracles there are, but these are of a prosaic and practical character, directed more to the enforcement or illustration of some particular doctrine than to captivate and allure the imagination. But the great teacher's intense love of humanity, and his compassion for the evils under which it suffers, pervade the whole. His struggles to obtain knowledge, the courage with which he grasped and held fast each new truth as he discerned it, and the unremitting thought with which he worked out his ends, deserve the respect and admiration of all thinking men. Those ends, it is true, reached something like atheism, something like annihilation—we say something like, because the Buddhists themselves as well as European philosophers are at variance as to the exact meaning of these terms; but however much the end may be pitied and deplored, the life of moral rectitude, the love, the tenderness, and the compassion by which that end was to be accomplished, are beyond all praise. No religion has approached so near to the Christian code of morality. This religion, says the venerable prelate, "is the greatest in its extent and diffusion, the most extraordinary and perfect in its fabric and constituent parts, and the wisest in its rules and prescriptions, that has ever existed either in ancient or modern times without the pale of Christianity."

The Bishop has illustrated and explained his text with many learned notes. We have observed some repetition in these, particularly in respect of those relating to the four great truths which constitute the "Law of the Wheel," which is "incessantly revolving upon itself, and successively presenting those four points to the attentive consideration and affectionate piety of the faithful." These four truths are:—1. Pain, or the miseries of life. 2. The causes of pain. 3. The destruction of pain. 4. The way leading to that destruction. The miseries of existence, bodily and mental, are but too well known to all men; the causes of them are to be found in the lusts and desires of life, which must be subdued by patient reflection and constant mortification. "He who has reached this point is just prepared and qualified for going in search of the Neibban (Nirvána) or the *absolute* exemption and *permanent* deliverance from the four causes productive of existence. . . . This is to him what the harbour is to the storm-beaten mariner, or deliverance to the worn-out inmate of a dark dungeon." This deliverance is to be found by following the four roads to perfection:—"Perfect belief, perfect reflection, perfect use of speech, and perfect conduct."

Readers who have only a limited knowledge of the subject are often puzzled by the many points of identity between Brahmanism and Buddhism, and are unable to decide whether some particular tenet belongs to the one or to the other or to both. The metempsychosis is common to both; the Nirvána of the Brahman and the Nibbán of the Buddhist have but a subtle difference. With the Brahman it means absorption into the divine essence of the

* *The Life or Legend of Gaudama, the Buddha of the Burmese.* With Annotations, &c., by the Right Reverend P. Bigandet, Bishop of Ramatha, Vicar Apostolic of Ava and Pegu. 2 vols. Third Edition. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

universe; with the Buddhist it is, according to our author, absolute and permanent deliverance from existence. Gotama Buddha was by birth a Hindu, he was educated in Hindu philosophy and science, and was learned in all the wisdom of the Brahmans. When he became a religious teacher his great object was to bring about a change in the inner life of man, and to show the way to salvation or deliverance through a constant perseverance in well-doing, by a life of unvarying charity, purity, and humility. He interfered with Hindu science and philosophy no further than as they were at variance with his own doctrines, and his preaching was not directly antagonistic to Hinduism. He inculcated his own precepts, but did not assail the old religion. Hence it was that the two religions existed quietly together for a long period, and it was not till Buddhism had developed a formal system that it fell in India under the assaults of the Brahmans.

In addition to the Legend of Buddha, which constitutes the greater part of the two volumes, there is a long and learned essay on the "Seven Ways to Neibban," which is "an abridgment of all the principles that constitute the system of Buddhism." This, as the Bishop confesses, is a very abstruse and difficult subject, and "the reader must be prepared to wade up to his chin into the somewhat muddy waters of metaphysics." This is a sufficient warning to those who care not for such exercises; but it will have its attractions for some minds, and it must be studied by those who "wish to penetrate into the very sanctuary of Buddhism." This is followed by a chapter of much greater general interest on "the Phongyies or Buddhist Monks, sometimes called Talapoins, a name given to them and introduced into Europe by the Portuguese from their carrying a fan formed of *tála-pat* or palm-leaves." These monks are very numerous, they are all clad in yellow, and live in monasteries under the rule of spiritual chiefs. They are vowed to chastity, humility, poverty, and self-submission. They are to live upon alms; but, although they carry a special dish for the reception of gifts, they are not to beg. They practise confession, and one of their duties is to teach the young. "The Phongyies are highly respected by every member of the community. When they appear in public, walking in the streets, they are objects of the greatest attention. The people withdraw before them to leave a free passage. . . . The best proof of the high veneration the people entertain for them is the truly surprising liberality with which they gladly minister to all their wants. They impose upon themselves great sacrifices, incur enormous expenses, place themselves joyfully in narrow circumstances, that they may have the means to build monasteries with the best and most substantial materials, and adorn them with all the luxury the country can afford." This reverence and devotion of the laity has produced its natural results; the monks are reserved, cold, pretentious, and haughty. "Vanity and selfishness, latent in their hearts, force themselves on the attention of an acute observer," but "the most striking feature in their character is their incomparable idleness." "They are bound to read, study, and meditate; but their ignorance and laziness incapacitate them for such intellectual exercises. They remain during the best part of the day sitting in a cross-legged position, or reclining and sleeping, or at least attempting to do so. . . The teaching of their scholars occupies a few of them for a short time in the morning and evening, and they are often relieved from their mortal *ennui* by visitors as idle as themselves, who resort to their dwellings to kill time in their company." The good Bishop says in conclusion that he has "endeavoured to give a faithful account of this great religious order," and although he has "been obliged, for the sake of truth, to mention many abuses that have slowly crept into it," he has "never entertained the slightest intention of casting a malignant contempt or a sneering ridicule upon its members."

In this endeavour he has been completely successful. The whole work is marked with the purest candour and impartiality, and the result is a most interesting and exhaustive account of the origin and the doctrines of this great religion.

HUXLEY ON THE CRAYFISH.*

THERE are two ways by which a scientific knowledge of any branch of natural history may be attained. The mind may be prepared by a systematic study of the first principles or broad generalizations built up by biologists from patient and exhaustive exploration of the whole animal kingdom, the conclusions thus arrived at having to be impressed more or less dogmatically upon the tiro at the outset of his pursuit of nature. Or, contrariwise, the learner may be made to take in hand some individual member of the boundless family of living forms, to study its form and functions, to anatomize its structure, scrutinize its parts and organs, and, by gradual induction from the facts thus brought under observation, come to grasp and realize the laws and processes of vital action which this single specimen shows, in common with others more or less nearly allied to it. Of the two methods, how much soever professional teachers may differ in estimating their intrinsic logical value or their power to discipline the mind, few among learners will hesitate to choose the latter, if only for the charm it presents in bringing the faculties at once face to face with nature, instead of confronting them with abstract formulas.

* *The Crayfish: an Introduction to the Study of Zoology.* By T. H. Huxley, F.R.S. With Eighty-two Illustrations. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1880.

We are glad to see this direct process of natural study adopted by Professor Huxley as an introduction to the study of zoology. He desires to show how the study of one of the commonest and most insignificant of animals leads step by step from everyday knowledge to the widest generalizations and the most difficult problems of zoology. For this purpose he has chosen the crayfish, as an animal easily to be met with, and, albeit common and lowly, capable of illustrating the entire range of biological questions which excite so lively an interest in our day. He cites Roesel von Rosenhof as showing it to be so full of wonders that the greatest naturalist may be puzzled to give a clear account of it. The attention of naturalists has already been largely drawn to the study of the crayfishes, as Professor Huxley shows by the ample list of books and memoirs, in addition to those mentioned in the text and the appendix, which he has brought together at the end of his treatise. In these the student will find the means of systematically carrying on the researches of which the author has so ably indicated the first steps, distributed under I. Natural History; II. Anatomy and Physiology; III. Development; IV. Taxonomy and Distribution. The materials which have up to the present time been collected are, he allows, too scanty as yet for the process of tracing out exhaustively in all its details the genealogy of the crayfishes, and determining, in relation both to geological time and to physiological descent, the various types or groups under which they come before us. The available evidence is nevertheless perfectly clear as far as it goes, and is, Professor Huxley maintains, in complete accordance with the requirements of the doctrine of evolution. If a completely satisfactory theory of the ætiology of the order is still to be regarded as a problem for the future, the present discussion may be taken as laying down the lines upon which the investigation is to be worked out.

If the results obtained by the study of the geographical distribution of the crayfishes are compared with those indicated by their morphological characters, the important fact of a broad and general correspondence between the two is brought to light. That wide belt of the equatorial region of the earth's surface which separates the crayfishes of the Northern from those of the Southern hemisphere is shown by Professor Huxley to represent as it were geographically the wide morphological differences which mark off the two primary divisions of the Potamobiidæ and the Parastacidæ, each group occupying a definite area separated by an extensive border-land untenanted by crayfishes. The two together form, in the metaphorical nomenclature of the zoologist, a tribe, the Astacina, based upon a common plan in nature to which the name of Protastacine has been given. That all crayfishes may be regarded as a modification of this original plan is not, our author argues, an hypothesis, but a generalization obtained by comparing together the observations made upon the structure of individual members of the tribe. In a very clear diagram he has drawn out a graphic illustration of the stages or steps of differentiation through which the forms now existing in nature have passed, ranging by modifications of the tribal, the family, the generic, and the specific plans, down to the morphological characters indicated by each individual form. Whilst from the Potamobine or Northern family are sprung the generic groups of Astacus and Cambarus, to the Parastacine or Southern are to be traced Astacoides, Astacopsis, Chæraps, Engæus, Parastacus, and Paranephrops. Having given an anatomical definition of the general tribe of Astacina, Professor Huxley goes on to define each of the two families, by superadding to the definition of the tribe the statement of the specific peculiarities of the family:—

Thus the *Potamobiidæ* are those *Astacina* in which the podobranchiæ of the second, fourth, fifth, and sixth thoracic appendages are always provided with a plaited lamina, and that of the first is an epipodite devoid of branchial filaments. The first abdominal somite invariably bears appendages in the males, and usually in both sexes. In the males these appendages are styliform, and those of the second somite are always peculiarly modified. The appendages of the four following somites are relatively small. The telson is very generally divided by a transverse incomplete hinge. None of the branchial filaments are terminated by hooks; nor are any of the coxopoditic setæ or the longer setæ of the podobranchiæ hooked, though hooked tubercles occur on the stem and on the laminæ of the latter. The coxopoditic setæ are always long and tortuous.

In the *Parastacidæ*, on the other hand, the podobranchiæ are devoid of more than a rudiment of a lamina, though the stem may be alate. The podobranchia of the first maxillipede has the form of an epipodite; but, in almost all cases, it bears a certain number of well developed branchial filaments. The first abdominal somite possesses no appendages in either sex; and the appendages of the four following somites are large. The telson is never divided by a transverse hinge. More or fewer of the branchial filaments of the podobranchiæ are terminated by short hooked spines; and the coxopoditic setæ, as well as those which beset the stems of the podobranchiæ, have hooked apices.

No other inhabitants of the fresh waters or of the land can be mistaken for crayfishes. But certain marine animals especially resembling the crayfishes have at times been included in the genus Astacus, such as certain kinds of lobster. The anatomical distinctions pointed out by Professor Huxley make abundantly clear the reasons for keeping this genus apart. In the common lobster, for example, Homarus vulgaris, the last thoracic somite is firmly adherent to the rest, the exopodite of the antenna is so small as to appear like a mere movable scale, all the abdominal appendages are well developed in both sexes, and in the males the two anterior pairs are somewhat like those of the male Astacus, but less modified. The chief differences are made clearly evident by the woodcuts, both of the entire specimen and of the anatomical parts shown on a larger scale. The lobster chiefly differs from the Astacina in regard to the gills, of which it exhibits twenty on either side—

namely, six podobranchiæ, ten arthrobranchiæ, and four fully developed pleurobranchiæ, these gills having their filaments much stiffer and more closely set than is the case in most crayfishes. Most important of all, the podobranchiæ have their stem as it were completely cleft into two parts longitudinally, one-half corresponding with the lamina of the crayfish gill and the other with its plume. "Hence in the lobster the base of the podobranchia bears the gill in front, whilst behind it is continued into a broad epipoditic plate, slightly folded upon itself longitudinally, but not plaited as in the crayfish." The distinctive anatomy of the Norway lobster (Nephrops norvegicus) is also explained by our author, who shows how these two genera, Homarus and Nephrops, constitute a family, Homarina, constructed upon the same plan as the crayfishes, but so far apart from the Astacina in the structure of the podobranchiæ and other points as to be relegated to a different tribe, nearer indeed to those of the Potamobiidæ than of the Parastacidæ. Still more distinct is the rock-lobster (Palinurus). Yet, differing as they do in appearance, size, structure, and habit of life, not only all the crayfishes, but the lobsters and rock-lobsters reveal to the morphologist unmistakable signs of fundamental unity of organization on a common plan. Even the common prawn (Palæmon) is very like a miniature lobster or crayfish, the number of the somites and of the appendages, with their general character and disposition, being the same, though lesser differences are shown between them, especially in the respiratory organs. Not far apart, again, is the shrimp (Crangon), differing from the prawn mainly in the character of its locomotive and prehensile thoracic limbs, besides the substitution in some species of the flat head for the sharp rostrum.

A short discussion of other forms of Crustacea, such as the crabs, popularly associated with the crayfishes, as well as the South American and Australian varieties of the latter family, leads Professor Huxley to face the final problem of biology, which is to find out why and how a class of animals of such structure and powers, and so localized or diffused, so different yet so homogeneous in plan, came into being. Setting aside as beyond the pale of science the idea of separate creation, he seeks the cause within the usual settled order of nature, under some form of the law of evolution. Narrowing this hypothesis once more by leaving apart the idea of abiogenesis, or the origin of the crayfish or any other living form from non-living matter—not a particle of evidence for any such process having been found in nature—we come to the doctrine of transformism, all existing kinds of crayfish being conceived as the product of the development or metamorphosis of earlier forms of living beings, the result of the interaction through long past time of two series of factors, the one a process of morphological and concomitant physiological modifications, the other a process of change in the conditions of the earth's surface. To account for the prevalence in Great Britain of fresh-water crayfish, which can hardly be supposed to have crossed the sea, we have to look back to the time when our present island group formed part of the European mainland; when a wide expanse of fresh water extended from the valley of the Danube to that of the Rhône, around the northern escarpment of the Alpine chain, where the glaciers had an enormously wider extension than at present. Still the head-waters of the Danube were connected with those of the Rhine, the Rhône, and the Northern Italian rivers. The Danube debouching into the Black Sea, then connected with the Aralo-Caspian Sea, an easy passage would thus be open for the crayfishes into Western European waters from those of the Aralo-Caspian area, to which we may with most probability look for the original home of the crayfish. From the same vast system of fresh-water lakes, extending from Lake Baikal westwards to Finland and Sweden, eastwards across Asia to Amurland, and, under geographical conditions other than the present, to the lake and river system of the North American continent, we may explain the distribution and subsequent variation of the Transatlantic crayfishes. It may be less easy to account for the presence of the crayfish in Japanese waters; but there is evidence for the belief in an extension of the Asiatic continent quite as far east as that group of islands, enabling us to conceive a common ancestral form, referable, it may be, to the Middle Tertiary formation, yet traceable, in the less developed or imperfect form of fossil remains, to the Jurassic or Triassic period. Professor Huxley's scale presents us with the hypothetical succession of forms of the Astacomorphous type, concluding with the remark that, if such a typical crustacean, having characters intermediate between those of Eryma and those of Pseudastacus, existed in the Triassic epoch or earlier; if it gradually diverged into Pseudastacine and Erymoid forms; if these again took an Astacine and Homarine character, and finally ended in the existing Potamobiidæ and Homarina—the fossil forms left in the track of this process of evolution would be very much what we actually find them. He has thus traced the pedigree and the affinities of a creature familiar to most parts of the British islands, though far less valued or made use of by us than by our nearest Continental neighbours, into whose *cuisine* it largely enters, and to whom we are doubtless indebted for its popular name, as we are for our mutton, beef, and pork, instead of the sheepsflesh, oxflesh, and swineflesh of our English forefathers. Crevis or crevice, the oldest form of spelling, is far more likely, our author thinks, a modification of the French *écrevisse* than of the Low Dutch *crevik*. In "cray" he sees simply a phonetic spelling of the syllable 'cre," in which the "e" was formerly pronounced as all the world except ourselves now pronounce that vowel; while "fish" is the "vis," insensibly modified to suit our knowledge of the thing as an aquatic animal. Though he does not explicitly say so, we apprehend that he attaches to "cray," in this instance, the etymology which makes it expressive of well-known names of places in the chalk country, indicating here the coating of lime which forms the outer skeleton and arms the limbs of the crayfish.

The reader of this valuable monograph will lay it down with a feeling of wonder at the amount and variety of matter which has been got out of so seemingly slight and unpretending a subject.

BREWER'S READER'S HANDBOOK.*

Of the making of queer books there seems to be no end, and this new *Reader's Handbook* is certainly one of the oddest of its class. It corresponds to a real dictionary very much as a policeman in a pantomime corresponds to the solemn functionary of the same name who protects public order in the streets. In its very nature it is farcical and grotesque; it might be called without injustice a very elaborate parody of a lexicon. The author trusts that it may be found to supply a want; without being flippant, we may reply that it certainly will to those who want to laugh. It will be invaluable to people who desire to know, in a great hurry, who it was that brought forward his thirty-two children and presented them as "a valuable offering to his king and country." They will learn from the *Reader's Handbook* that it was Count Abensberg, and that he was a mediæval gentleman who lived a long time ago. In the next page they will find with surprise and pleasure that "Accidente!" is a curse and an oath used in France occasionally, and that Sir Anthony Absolute was a testy but warm-hearted old gentleman, who imagined that he possessed a most angelic temper. The author remarks in the preface that he has borne in mind throughout that it is not enough to state a fact; it must be stated attractively. We thoroughly endorse this very innocent piece of self-laudation, and confess that we never saw miscellaneous information put forward more attractively, or indeed in a more pleasing strain of unconscious humour.

We hardly know whether to give the palm to those articles in the *Reader's Handbook* which deal with ancient or with modern history. For classic times Dr. Brewer seems to have chiefly trusted to that admirable scholar and antiquary who veils her genius under the pseudonym of "Ouida." Several very remarkable passages regarding the associates of Nero and the conduct of Greek life are drawn from the same rich storehouse of fiction. An instance of Dr. Brewer's treatment of the earliest history of mankind may be profitably given from the article "Adam":—

> Adam died on Friday, April 7, at the age of 930 years. Michael swathed (*sic*) his body, and Gabriel discharged the funeral rites. The body was buried at Ghar'ul-Kens, the Grotto of Treasure. His descendants at death amounted to 40,000 souls.

Modern events are treated in a style less exact, perhaps, but very solemnly facetious. Readers are sure to turn to the article "Blimber," as one supplying a long-felt want:—

> *Blimber (Dr.)*, Head of a school for the sons of gentlemen, at Brighton. It was a select school for ten pupils only; but there was learning enough for ten times ten. Mental green peas were produced at Christmas, and intellectual asparagus all the year round. The doctor was really a ripe scholar, and truly kind-hearted; but his great fault was overtasking the boys, and not seeing when the bow was too much stretched. Paul Dombey, a delicate lad, succumbed under this strong mental pressure.
>
> *Mrs. Blimber*, wife of the doctor, not learned, but wished to be thought so. Her pride was to see the boys in the largest possible collars and stiffest possible cravats, which she deemed highly classical.
>
> *Cornelia Blimber*, the doctor's daughter, a slim young lady, who kept her hair short and wore spectacles. She married Mr. Feeder, B.A., Dr. Blimber's usher.

Natural history, too, is not disregarded by Dr. Brewer, and the parody of *Maunder's Treasury of Natural History* is very excellent in such zoological articles as that on the "Aullay":—

> *Aullay*, a monster horse with an elephant's trunk. The creature is as much bigger than an elephant as an elephant is bigger than a sheep. King Baly of India rode on an aullay.

King Baly of India is a potentate of whom few of our readers probably have hitherto heard; and we are curious to know whether he was related to the famous Duke Baily, who, in company with Duke Humphrey, ate periwinkles with a pin in Mr. Gilbert's well-known ballad. It would be even a more curious instance, if the fact were so, of the relation of the infinitely great to the infinitely little than is Dr. Brewer's remarkable article on "Dwarfs," in which enormous erudition at second-hand is made to bear on the minuteness of humanity. We read of Philetas, a poet who was so small that he wore leaden shoes to prevent his being blown away by the wind. Dr. Brewer's guide and monitor in classical lore, the learned Ouida, must have been nodding when this paragraph was written, for the joke against Philetas was, not that he was so small, but that he was so excessively tall and thin. Calvin Philips, who weighed less than two pounds, and whose thighs were not thicker than a man's thumb, must have been a wonder and a delight to Bridgewater, Massachusetts, where he was born in 1791. But of all the dwarfs by far the most curious seems to have been Aristratos, who was so small that no one could see him. He also was a poet, and probably the only one who without offence could bear to be called a minor poet. There are no poets

* *The Reader's Handbook of Allusions, References, Plots, and Stories.* By the Rev. E. Cobham Brewer, LL.D. London: Chatto & Windus.

recorded under the article "Giants in Real Life," except Dr. Samuel Johnson, who is quaintly placed after Og, King of Bashan, and Chang-woo-goo, as the "Giant of Literature." We are told that Cornelius Magrath, the Irish giant, was "reared" by Bishop Berkeley, as if he had been an edifice within that prelate's patronage; and among historical personages of unusual height is rather unfairly included the Great Bed of Ware, whose proportions put the human giants to the blush. Becanus, it appears, said that he had seen a man nearly ten feet and a woman fully ten feet high, but Dr. Brewer gives us no reason to suppose that Becanus abhorred the sin of lying.

Facts, however attractively stated, cease to please as soon as it is observed that they are incorrectly stated. It would be a weary and a thankless task to follow Dr. Brewer through the jungle of his inaccuracies. Sometimes we find that he had a correct idea to start with, and lost it on the way; more often he began with a mistake. The article "Adonis" is one which can hardly have received final revision from Ouida. There is a certain laxity of style as well as of matter about this paragraph in particular:—

Shakespeare has a poem called *Venus and Adonis*. Shelley calls his elegy on the poet Keats *Adonais*, under the idea that the untimely death of Keats resembled that of Adonis.

We have here an instance of the benefits of labour. Had Dr. Brewer taken the trouble to refer to the history of Greek poetry when he was writing about Philetas and his leaden shoes, it is ten to one that he would have met with the names of Moschus and of Bion, and would have escaped another dreadful blunder. He is also unfortunate in the matter of Keats, for under another heading he volunteers the information that the review of the poem of *Endymion* in the *Quarterly Review* killed the poet. We thought it was finally settled long ago that the fatal illness under which Keats succumbed was in no way connected with the critical notices of his works. In the article "Poets of England" we are treated to a list of bards arranged in three classes of merit; the second class includes Shenstone, Keble, and Moore, while Burns and Scott are degraded to the third class, and Coleridge is omitted altogether. Dr. Brewer has the courage of Bentley in some of his proposed emendations. He observes, rightly enough, that the accent is upon the last syllable in the name Cambuscan, though he does not notice that the *can* is simply the title which we nowadays spell Khan. Accordingly he is indignant with Milton for accentuating the name falsely in a famous passage of *Il Penseroso*. Most of his readers will be of opinion that the wonderful music which Milton puts into these lines is more than sufficient excuse for so trifling a blunder, and will scarcely consent to alter

him who left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold

to

him who left of old
The tale of Cambuscan half-told,

which is Dr. Brewer's emendation. The worthy Doctor has an article in his *Reader's Handbook* entitled "Bird told me (A little)"; we think the little bird might have told him that, in correcting Milton's small error, he was fatally ruining that much more essential quality, Milton's matchless harmony of verse.

We should be doing an injustice to the width of Dr. Brewer's scope if we failed to mention the homelier instances in which he puts a fact attractively. For instance, the article "Drink used by actors, orators, &c.," is strikingly original both in matter and manner, and should be studied very carefully. We can only refer to one or two of its paragraphs. It will be, no doubt, important to hundreds of students to learn that Mrs. Jordan drank nothing but calves'-foot jelly dissolved in warm sherry. That Edmund Kean took beef-tea for breakfast and cold brandy during the rest of the day has been recorded before, but it is new to us that Miss Catley could fancy nothing but linseed-tea and Madeira. Henderson confined himself to a mixture more mysterious, though perhaps less nasty than this, for he drank only gum arabic dissolved in sherry. Among these specialists, Mr. G. F. Cooke startles us by the catholicity of his taste, for his favourite liquid is "everything drinkable."

It is not necessary that we should multiply examples of the inaccuracy or frivolity of this extraordinary volume. Almost every page would supply us with something which might fairly be objected to on the ground of taste or fact. Nor can we admire the object more than the execution of the book. The aim of the compiler has been to supply an enormous commonplace book of data that lie outside the scope of ordinary lexicons and manuals. He has not known where to draw the line; and while he has descended in some cases to chronicle the most foolish gossip, he has neglected in others to touch upon whole fields of interesting knowledge. In the matter of the plots of novels he has dedicated to Dickens alone more space than to all the other novelists put together. The existence of a *Dickens Dictionary* may have had something to do with this superfluity. Finally, the only part of the volume which we can except from our general condemnation is the dramatic; it is, indeed, out of all proportion to the rest of the work, but, taken separately, it forms a remarkably complete and accurate companion to the play-house from the earliest times to the beginning of the present century.

LAPIDARIUM WALLIÆ.*

THE pioneers of a novel research almost inevitably perform their work under circumstances which conduce to partial disappointment. Professor Westwood's work on the Early Inscribed Stones of Wales is one to which Cambrian archæologists had been for some time looking forward, when the appearance of Dr. Hübner's *Inscriptiones Britanniæ Christianæ* anticipated it early in 1876. Their editor began his researches nearly forty years ago, and for more than half that period enjoyed facilities of inquiry and co-operation from the *Archæologia Cambrensis* and some of the earlier lights of the allied Archæological Society. Not, however, till the year in which Dr. Hübner published his work did the Cambrian archæologists decisively adopt Dr. Westwood's truly national project by subscribing for its publication in annual parts; and the preface to the concluding part tells us, what we can readily believe, that its completion is greatly due to the liberality of the Treasurer, the Rev. E. L. Barnwell. The works of Dr. Hübner and Professor Westwood do not cover identical ground, for, though the latter includes Roman inscriptions and sculptured stones not inscribed, this addition does not make up for the fact of the limitation of his area to the Principality and its Monmouthshire border. There is no serious cause for regret in his exclusion of the already well-edited stones of Scotland, though a few of them might have been figured with advantage; but it must be felt that the present work would have been more complete had it comprised the inscribed stones of Devon and Cornwall—in other words, of Wales south as well as north of the Bristol Channel. As may be seen from Dr. Hübner, who includes them, not many plates would have been added to the book, and, with the omission of all matter not strictly relevant, the Lapidarium would have been completer in its particular class of monuments. The course which has been adopted is the more to be regretted as it affords space for reprinting in many instances (as *e.g.* at p. 56 from the *Archæol. Cambr.* 1872) guesses of specious ignorance. We refer to a Brecknockshire inscription containing the names of Catacus and *Tegernacus*. The stone now resting in a buttress of St. Michael's Church, Cwmdû, has the undoubted legend, "Catacus hic jacit filius Tegernacus," and has been discussed by epigraphists from Daines Barrington's day down to Professor Rhys. Why then reiterate an anonymous suggestion that the letters are "Latinized Irish-Gaelic, not Welsh"? that "Catacus is the same word as Cathach; and Tegerna[cu]s as Tighearnas"; and that "both names are found combined in *Catigearn*, the assumed commander of the British forces opposed to Hengst and Horsa, and whose remains are supposed to have been interred in the cromlech, known as Kit's Coity House, Aylesford, Kent." Another example of Irish philology of the same school, occurring at p. 63, contains much that might with advantage have been omitted. It relates to the Inscribed and Oghamic stone at Trallong, Brecknockshire, which, according to Professor Rhys, bears the legend in Latin, "Cunoceni filius Cunoceni Hic jacet" (*i.e.* Here lies (the body) of Cynghen, son of Cynghen), and in Ogham "Cunacenniwi Ilweto," for which (See Rhys's *Lectures on Welsh Philology*, p. 395) patient research has found an approximate interpretation. But what light or help to the analysis of the Celtic characters could follow from the quotation which Professor Westwood reprints from Mr. R. B. Brash's paper on the Ogham stones of Wales (*Arch. Cambr.*, 1869, p. 162)? "The Oghams," we are told in p. 63, were read by Mr. Brash "Cu Nacen ni ll il feto," *i.e.* "Cunacen, a warrior, pierced [by] many wounds [lies] beneath in silence," "a rendering in accordance with our knowledge of the Gaedhelic language, and without violence to the original, neither adding to, taking from, or altering a single letter." In the same work (1871, p. 327), as the Professor goes on to say, Mr. Brash adds "that though the word '*Ni*' does signify 'a warrior,' it is here the genitive case of the preceding proper name."

It may perhaps be urged that, considering the hindrances which students of a less exact school than the Oxford Professor of Celtic might be excused for imperfectly surmounting in the difficult problem of proper names, a sufficient criterion of the merits of the *Lapidarium Walliæ* may be looked for in its plates. But why, then, their uniform hue of dingy yellow—the sole point of contrast, as regards many of them, between the figures in the present work and those from which they have been virtually borrowed in the earlier volumes of the *Archæologia Cambrensis*? And this in spite of their established inaccuracy and more recent correction. Some, it is true, have been corrected, thanks to a lively passage of arms at the Cambrian meeting at Carmarthen in 1875; but others stand as they were, to wit the Spittal Stone in Pembrokeshire, the legend on which Professor Westwood still gives as EVALI FILI DENO, though the word has been shown to have two more letters. These, it is true, have been referred to in the letterpress of the *Lapidarium* (p. 109), but the drawing in fig. lii. 2, stands, if we may believe our eyes, just as it stood in the *Archæologia Cambrensis* of 1861, p. 303. Yet this is just where Professor Westwood's work might have been expected to surpass Dr. Hübner's; and we regret that he did not deem it of paramount importance to have all his drawings carefully revised. So far from this, in Mr. Longueville Jones's drawing of the Kilgerran Stone (*Arch. Cambr.* 1855, pp. 9-10), communicated in a paper by

* *Lapidarium Walliæ: the Early Inscribed and Sculptured Stones of Wales.* Delineated and described by J. O. Westwood, M.A., F.L.S., &c. Oxford University Press: 1876-9.

Professor Westwood, there appear a few Ogham digits, which are again figured in the *Lapidarium* (Plate liii. 1-2, p. 110), but without any attempt at a drawing which would represent the Ogham legend in a complete form, though it is one of the most important in the Principality. And the Olydai Ogham, p. 123, plate lix. fig. 2, remains in the same incorrect form in which it was published in *Arch. Cambr.* 1860, p. 125, although the Roman letters accompanying it have been at last corrected.

Professor Westwood's faith in a rubbing once made or obtained is apt to become a snare to him; whereas, in point of fact, in the case of inscribed stones, a rubbing, however exact, is hardly of any value, save as a reminder to one who has examined the stone of the forms of the letters he saw upon it. The stones are commonly so rough that the rubbings reproduce divers lines which are really no part of the letters, but which, without other criteria, are hard to discriminate from them. "Have you ever," crates to Strepsiades in the *Nubes*, "when you looked up, cloud like a centaur, a panther, a wolf, or a bull?" "By have; but what of that?" "They become all things, whatsoever they please," is the philosopher's answer. And it is with stone-rubbing as with cloud-gazing. They do not assume the same form to any two observers. And this Dr. Westwood's long experience should have taught him. But what do we find about the Vitalianus stone in the *Lapidarium*, pp. 103-4?

In Gibson's *Camden*, p. 638 (Gough, *Camden*, ii. p. 521), a stone is described as standing on the N. side of the Church of Nevern, two yards high, triquetrous in form, and inscribed in Roman capital letters

VITALIANI
EMERETO,

the A and L in the upper line being conjoined and the N reversed. Tegid and I searched in vain for this stone, as stated in *Arch. Cambr.* 1860, p. 52, where it was added that some years previously a cross (possibly one of two described above) had been moved from Nevern to Cwm Gloyn, a farm two miles distant, by Mr. Owen. Here ten years later it was discovered by Professor Rhys, who has placed in my hands the rubbing from which my figure is drawn, the letters being between three and four inches high, and occupying seventeen inches along the front of the stone. From the rubbing it appears that the second name should be read Emerito rather than Emereto, as given by Rhys, *Arch. Cambr.* 1873, p. 387; 1874, 20.

So far the *Lapidarium*, and on the strength of this rubbing the Professor adopts "Emerito" on his plate (51-8), and makes the other name VITALIANI, or something like it; and all this in spite of the evidence of personal inspection, and though there is no doubt of the right reading, the letters being in good preservation. Had he reason for doubting the reading, he should have had the stone re-examined and correctly redrawn; and the omission to do this suggests a caution to students using the *Lapidarium* not to place implicit trust in readings based on rubbings alone, without other trustworthy information to check or correct their confused testimony. Unfortunately this category includes several of which the originals are no longer known, among them a stone which Professor Westwood believes to have come from Heriri Mons or Tommen y Mur, and which he gives in Pl. 78, 4; cp. letterpress, p. 156, as reading—

DM.
BARRECT—
CARANTEI.

This inscription, if implicit belief could be placed in it, would be of paramount interest, as exactly marking the transition from ordinary Roman to ordinary British inscriptions, and exemplifying the implied formula for Dis Manibus on this very early stone. But we fear it is too good to be true; for we recall a pathetic episode of the Cambrian meeting at Lampeter in 1878, when Professor Westwood, having got wind of another British inscription beginning with DM, was preparing his hearers to shed tears over its supposed destruction, but a vexatious straggler interrupted the melancholy tale with the glad tidings that he had just found the stone safe and sound, and that he agreed as to the DM, except that he was constrained to add that in this instance the letters did not refer to anybody's *manes*, but to David Morris, or Daniel Morgan, who, with a gentleman named Singer, had bethought himself of the old stone as a means of securing immortality. Professor Westwood, in explaining at *Lapid.* p. 149 (cf. Plate xxi. 6, Inscribed Maenhir near Cellan) that the stone had been confounded with another called "Maen pen foel gwalt gwyn," standing on the adjoining hill, lays himself open to the suspicion of having been entrapped by another little hoax of a Lampeter wag, if, as we are credibly informed, the above five monosyllables can only mean when interpreted, "The Stone with the bald top, O thou man of the white hair."

Our main ground of difference with the author of the *Lapidarium Walliæ* lies in the conviction that greater pains might have procured more trustworthy representations of the stones. When he has once examined a stone, or got a rubbing of an inscription, his mind is in a state of fixity and finality about it; whereas had he been always as keen to correct his first impressions as he shows himself to record his discoveries and achievements in British epigraphy, he would probably not now have occasion to complain that Dr. Hübner thinks fit to warn his readers, in reference to a legend which he knew only on our author's showing, "Lectionem sola Westwoodii fide stare ne obliviscaris" (*Inscript. Brit. Christ.* 138, p. 49). Of the inscription referred to by Dr. Hübner Professor Westwood's version is not accurate even so far as it goes, though the stone is at Llannor, in Carnarvonshire, and has been lately removed into a position where every letter on it might be read; and if Professor Rhys's "secundæ curæ" came too late for rectifying the plate, he might have set himself right in the "additions and corrections." A like reticence in the case of one of the Dolau Cothi stones makes him still seemingly acquiesce in the reading MAQVERAG of the fourth edition of Gibson's *Camden*, though the MAQVERIG of the other editions is more probably correct.

We must also say a word as to our author's language in describing, in various parts of his work, the forms of the letters with which he has to do, as, in p. 27, he speaks of a "G" of the minuscule form, and at p. 177 of another being "rudely minuscule without a top bar." This language is so puzzling that amateur stone-hunters will do well to correct their reading of the *Lapidarium* by a diligent study of Professor Rhys. It would be an ill return, however, for Professor Westwood's labour of nearly forty years in amassing materials for a work which contains plates and descriptions of every extant or traditional inscribed stone of the Principality, if we were to allow ourselves to be understood as finding fault with the book as a whole, or as implying that as a guide to one of the chief archæological interests of Wales, it is other than a valuable work, especially if supplemented by Dr. Hübner and Professor Rhys. Such untiring industry cannot but have contributed to preserve the record of many famous stones despite the occasional drawback of critical slips; and if we cannot exactly regard the author of the *Lapidarium Walliæ* as the father of Brit-Welsh epigraphy, he has at least done very much to give it the rank of a study possessed of an individuality of its own.

FOUR MONTHS IN A SNEAK-BOX.*

OUR readers will be as much puzzled as we were ourselves to know what kind of a thing a Sneak-Box is, in which Mr. Bishop, the author of the book before us, passed no less than four months of his life. A Sneak-Box, we learn from him, is "a purely American model, developed by the bay-men of the New Jersey coast, and recently introduced to the gunning fraternity." Its inventor is Captain Hazelton Seaman—Uncle Haze, as he is familiarly called by his many admirers. Happily he still survives, and has not yet joined in the Elysian fields that group of worthies,

Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes.

Among them, indeed, he will surely be remembered when New Jersey has to yield him up to a better world. For not only has he invented the famous Sneak-Box, but also "during the year 1875 he constructed a new ducking-punt with a low paddle-wheel at the stern." What, compared with such a man as this, is even the famous Twalmley whom Johnson told of, who invented the New Flood-gate Iron and at once became great? It is not surprising that Mr. Bishop celebrates Uncle Haze's praise. "To find such a boat had been with me," he writes, "a study of years. I commenced to search for it in my boyhood, twenty-five years ago." He had travelled in seven foreign countries, carefully examining numerous small boats, he had studied the models at museums and exhibitions, but had failed to discover the object of his desire until the happy day arrived when he visited the shores of New Jersey. He shows his gratitude by writing the history, not only of the builder, but also of the boat. Happily he found generous and able help in his task. "With the assistance of William Errickson, of Barnegat, and Dr. William P. Haywood, of West Creek, Ocean County, New Jersey, I have been able to rescue from oblivion and bring to the light of day a correct history of the Barnegat sneak-box." Into this history we shall not venture to follow our author. "The reader of aquatic proclivities," to use his own term, will, we feel sure, by no means relish a mere abstract; while to any other reader even an abstract would prove intolerably dull reading.

Enough has been said by us about the boat and its builder, and we must now follow Mr. Bishop in his long voyage. We have read it, we must confess, with considerable satisfaction. We are delighted to find that, in one point at least, the Americans are as mad as we are ourselves. Even if he had been an Englishman, president of some canoeing or Alpine club, he could not have gone intentionally and of malice prepense through a longer course of utter discomfort. He can, indeed, boast that he has made a boat voyage of 2,600 miles down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers and along the Gulf of Mexico. In the last part of his voyage he may have seen something that was worth seeing, but the greater part of it seems to us to be nothing but almost intolerable discomfort. He launched his boat on the Ohio at Pittsburg in the beginning of December. For some weeks he had a race, as it were, with the frost, for he ran a great chance of being caught in the ice. In fact, in one place his boat was frozen in for some days. When it was not freezing it very commonly rained. The scenery seems to have been almost the whole way of a most dreary kind. At first he passed through the district of the coal mines, oil wells, and iron-foundries; but even when he had gone by these and escaped from the clouds of smoke, he makes scarcely any mention of scenery which could enliven the traveller on his lonely voyage. The banks of the two rivers for almost the whole course seem to have been flat.

* *Four Months in a Sneak-Box: a Boat Voyage of 2,600 Miles down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, and along the Gulf of Mexico.* By Nathaniel H. Bishop, Author of "A Thousand Miles' Walk across South America." and "Voyage of the Paper Canoe." Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1880.

He had constantly a great difficulty in finding a place where he could encamp for the night. He always slept in his boat; but if he moored it he ran the constant risk of having it swamped by the waves raised by the passing steamers. If he ran it aground the wash still disturbed him, and it was far too heavy to drag with any ease up the shore. More than once, as he slept under the bank, he was nearly swamped by the mass of earth which slipped down on to his boat.

He kept during the night as far as he could from the track of the steamers, but even this course led him once into great straits. He had pushed his boat into a soft, muddy flat of willows. When he woke in the morning he found that the river had sunk in the night, and that his craft was imbedded in mud so soft and slimy that it would not support his weight when he attempted to step upon it in order to push his boat into the water. There, it seemed, he must stay till the river rose. No help could come to him, for he could neither be seen from the land nor from the vessels which passed along the other bank. He managed, however, with the willow-branches which he could reach, to make a kind of "mattress," which, when laid on the mud, bore his weight as he pushed off the boat. His meals were as cheerless as meals could be. For a long while he had no stove or spirit-lamp. The wood was too wet to allow him to make a fire. At the end of his first day on the river, which he had spent in forcing his way through the ice without having time to stop for food, he prepared his supper. "Bread and butter, with Shakers' peach-sauce, and a generous slice of Wilson's compressed beef, a tin of water from the icy reservoir that flowed past my boat and within reach of my arm, all contributed to furnish a most satisfactory meal." We notice, however, that of this cold fare he soon gets tired, and never loses a chance of having his food cooked on any friendly barge. For the first two or three weeks his meals consisted almost entirely of cold food and cold water. Even the icy reservoir did not always treat him kindly; for at times the water was so muddy that it could not be drunk till it had had time given it to settle. One morning he awoke to find that the thermometer marked only six degrees above zero and that his boat was frozen fast. His provisions were frozen also, and he had no means of melting them. Nature was too strong for him, and he was forced for a time to take refuge in that civilization from which he had so joyfully escaped. It was fortunate that it was close to a town that he was thus caught in the ice. He went to look for lodgings, and found them in the house of a German tailor. The honest man at first looked on him with great suspicion:—

> He examined me closely, and having made, as it were, a mental inventory of my features, dress, &c., exclaimed, "Mine friend, in dese times nobody know who's which. I say, sar, nobody knows who's what. Fellers land here and eats mine grub, and den shoves off dere poats, and nevar says 'tank you, sar,' for mine grub. Since de Confederate war all men is skamps, I does fully pelieve. I fights twenty-doo pattles for de Union, nots for de monish, but because I likes de free government; but it is imbossible to feeds all de beebles what lands at Pleasant Run."

The tailor's wife thought it needful to apologize for her husband's bluntness. "Nobody," she said, "knows who's who nowadays. Seems as if everybody had got 'moralized by de war." However, at last they came to trust him entirely, and gave him a better room, assuring him that they knew "who was who."

To the discomforts of the voyage and the dreariness of the scenery were added the rudeness of the boatmen and the dangers of violence both from man and beast. Mr. Bishop says that to avoid the rough characters it was necessary always to enter the night's camping-ground unobserved. When once he was secreted, and covered by the friendly shades of night, he felt perfectly safe. As he slept, he was shut in by the cover to the hold. He had a hatchet and a Colt's revolver by his side, and a double-barrelled gun, carefully charged, snugly stowed away under its deck. At New Orleans he ran considerable risk from the brutal and ignorant mob, among whom rumours had spread that he was "a national Government spy." He was protected, however, by some friendly sailors, one of whom assured him that, if he had been attacked, "they would have backed every man's head down his own throat." Generally, however, he was troubled by nothing worse than such questions as these. "Say, stranger, where did you steal that pumpkin-seed-looking boat from? How much did she cost, any way?" Though he was roughly treated at New Orleans, yet he noticed that, in the South, men seemed always to have time to give a civil answer to any necessary inquiries. This was very far from being the case in the North. In the midst of the wildness of his life he never forgot the decencies of civilization. Thus one Sunday he really did arrive at a pretty camping-ground beneath some great trees on which some parakeets were hopping about. "In this retired haunt of the birds I remained," he writes, "through the whole of that sunny Sunday, cooking my three meals, and reading my Bible, as became a civilized man." We are delighted to find that our kinsmen across the Atlantic hold with us in the faith that three good meals are an important and a solemn part of Sunday observance. We are sorry to have to add, however, that he had, not roast-beef, but an omelette and wheaten grits. He did, no doubt, the best he could properly to observe the day, and we must not be too hard on him. The next day he somewhat made up for his neglect by investing, when he arrived at a town, "in a basketful of mince-pies, that deleterious compound so dear to every American heart." The author now and then openly and avowedly boasts of his country; but nowhere does he more excite the admiration of strangers than when, without the least ostentation, he thus shows us that an American, a man old enough to have spent five-and-twenty years in search of a sneak-box, buys mince-pies for his own consumption by the basketful. Even the captains of the football clubs at our greatest public schools could not buy mince-pies by the basketful. It is in vain for us to pretend to strive with such a nation. Our roast-beef and our plum-pudding carried us safely through the long French war; but what was a race of frog-eaters compared with those men, each one of whom takes his mince-pies by the basketful?

We scarcely know whether Mr. Bishop's pride in his country adds, on the whole, to the interest of his narrative. At times it is not a little amusing, but too often it leads him into somewhat dull details. Thus he reaches Cincinnati. His heart exults as he visits this seat of the pork trade. He recounts how many pigs had been slaughtered and packed in this one town during the past twenty-one years. "The total swells to 12,300,589 hogs, duly registered as having been killed by the pork-packers." We dare say these figures are quite correct. They fail (we are ashamed to confess) to convey much meaning to our minds. A total of more than twelve million hogs is too much for us to grasp. Yet statistics are often misleading. The other day we noticed in a magazine a surprising statement about the number of eggs imported into these islands every year. Failing, as we always do fail, to seize the notion of thousands of millions, we thought that we would ascertain how many eggs every one of us—man, woman, and child—consumes each day. But we were more surprised than ever, for so highly favoured are we that, if this statement be true, the daily consumption of each one of us is about thirty-five eggs. When we think of this, we may take courage again and not be afraid even of the consumers of mince-pies by the basketful. But to return to Mr. Bishop. From pork-packing he gets by an easy and natural transition to the *Trichina spiralis*, and from the *Trichina spiralis* to the *Cysticercus cellulosus*. At first sight the parasites that infest the pig would seem to be but remotely connected with a boat-voyage down the Ohio; but yet, as the reader will have seen, there is no break in the narrative. The only pity is that Mr. Bishop found the river frozen at Cincinnati.

We are surprised to find that he has sorrowfully to own that "the study of physical geography has not been developed among my countrymen." Their maps are very inaccurate. He once asked the agent of one of the largest map establishments how he got "the interior details." "'Oh,' he answered, 'when we cannot get township details from local surveyors, we sling them in anyhow.'" And yet, as Mr. Bishop points out, what a rich reward awaits every American who once grasps what we may well consider as the greatest fact of geography. But we must give this fact in his own words:—

> I nevertheless feel it a duty to place on record a few facts that are well known to scientific men, if not to the writers of popular geographies, regarding the existence within the boundaries of our own country of the longest river in the world. It is time that the recognition of this fact should be established in every school in the United States. As this is a very important subject, let us examine it in detail.
>
> THE MISSOURI IS THE LONGEST RIVER IN THE WORLD, AND THE MISSISSIPPI IS ONLY A BRANCH OF IT.

The Amazon is soon shown to be an impudent pretender, for "there is one river within the confines of our country which is eight hundred and thirteen miles longer than the Amazon." We are reminded how a friend of ours was standing, with some other Englishmen, by an American gentleman on the deck of a steamer which was leaving Constantinople. The English were admiring the mosque of St. Sophia. "I guess," said the Yankee, "we have got a bigger conventicle than that in New York." Not only may the United States boast of having the largest river and the largest conventicle; recent discoveries have proved that they have another claim to imperishable glory. A few short years ago "science was blind to the fact that the true crocodile was a member of the fauna of the United States." Happily Mr. C. J. Maynard, of Newtonville, Massachusetts, arose, and to him "belongs the honour (honor Mr. Bishop writes it) of killing and recognizing one of these huge monsters." Of these great facts we cannot pretend to speak with any authority. We are content with putting it on record in an English journal that—to use an American expression which we find more than once in the book before us—the Missouri "claims" to be the longest river in the world, the true crocodile "claims" to be a member of the fauna of the United States, and the mosque of St. Sophia could not rightfully "claim" to be as big as the biggest conventicle in New York.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE life of a great man may be written from many different points of view, and more particularly so when the great man is a great author. The latest biographer of Goethe (1) does not enter into competition with Mr. Lewes by treating his subject on the literary side, the ethical side, or in any of those aspects which are indeed the most interesting and important, but in handling which a partial failure is almost inevitable. He has confined himself to a department of less moment indeed, but in which complete success is attainable, and he has attained it. His volume is the fullest and most accurate record of the incidents of Goethe's life that can be

(1) *Goethes Leben.* Von H. Düntzer. Leipzig: Fues. London: Williams & Norgate.

desired. It accounts for the employment of Goethe's time in the completest manner, traces out the history of all his works, and shows their connexion with the contemporary incidents of his life. A better illustration of the *votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella* could not well be found. At the same time Herr Düntzer is never dull, or trivial, or verbose. Versed in all the enormous mass of Goethe literature, he handles it with perfect ease and decision, assigns every item to its place, and deals concisely, and yet adequately, with everything. The higher qualifications of the [illegible]pher, if they exist in him, are latent here; but his undertaking does not require them. He appears simply as the arranger and condenser of a vast body of material, providing students of Goethe with a most useful companion to his writings, and more ambitious biographers with a clue which they will not disdain. Of criticism there is little or nothing; the merits of Goethe's works are taken for granted; and the commentator's task is confined to indicating the circumstances which produced them or gave them their peculiar colour. Such a treatment necessarily involves an adequate notice of Goethe's contemporaries as far as they were connected with him, and the crowd of figures thus introduced imparts great animation and variety to the narrative. On the whole, the book is most interesting; and, although its pretensions are not of a high order, it will be found more permanently valuable than many more ambitious essays in biography. The copious and excellent illustrations would alone give it importance, comprising portraits of Goethe at all periods of his life, facsimiles of his handwriting, and representations of persons or places celebrated from their connexion with him.

Dr. A. Fournier's new contributions to the history of Gentz (2) do not relate to that most interesting part of his life when he had become the *fidus Achates* of Prince Metternich. They principally concern the armed peace which existed between France and Austria from 1801 to 1805, the negotiations which transferred Gentz's services from Berlin to Vienna, and his endeavours to foment a warlike policy from the time of his entrance upon the Austrian service. These led to a temporary estrangement between him and his patron Cobenzl, then Minister for Foreign Affairs. Cobenzl, a diplomatist of the eighteenth-century school, regarded European questions solely from an Austrian point of view. Gentz, whose one moral principle was patriotism, considered them in their relation to the general interests of Europe. There is no reason to doubt the perfect sincerity of Gentz's antagonism to the Revolution; it is indeed this rare alliance of almost fanatical intensity of conviction with general laxity of principle that renders his character so interesting a study. These points are well brought out in Dr. Fournier's book, which also contains numerous and striking illustrations of the administrative disorganization of Austria at this critical period of her history.

The English translation of Prince Metternich's Memoirs (3) has obtained such general notice that it is needless to do more than record the publication of the German edition.

Christoph Falk's chronicle of the Prussian town Elbing (4) is in general uninteresting, but incorporates a very circumstantial account by an anonymous writer of the transactions between 1521 and 1526. Some parts of this are expressed with much dramatic vividness, and the whole is well worthy of publication.

Professor Brückner's (5) researches on early Slavonian settlements in the Magdeburg district are chiefly philological, and incidentally throw light on the theory of a recognizable Slavonian element in the population of the existing kingdom of Prussia.

The history of the German settlements in Livonia, Esthonia, and Courland (6) during the middle ages is full of interest. It is the story of conflict between Christianity and heathenism, civilization and barbarism, complicated by the peculiar relations occasioned by the introduction of the Teutonic Knights, whose military rule was not always acceptable to the burghers of the chief commercial towns. The native Esthonians and Letts stood in much the same situation to the settlers as the Caffres now occupy to the colonists of Natal, constituting a regularly organized, though uncivilized, community, unable to contend with the intruders on equal terms, but too numerous and too much inspired with the sentiment of nationality to be expelled or absorbed by their conquerors. At a later period Poland, Sweden, and Russia appear upon the scene, the district becomes alternately and successively their prey, and the German Confederation disappears as an independent State. The German nationality, however, remains, and the adjustment of its privileges and interests with the claims of Panslavism will one day add another to the list of international controversies. The anonymous author has treated his intricate theme with dexterity, and made an obscure and barbarous period of history so entertaining as to warrant high expectations of his second volume, which will have a direct bearing on the problems of our own day.

Dr. Nöldeke has performed an acceptable service by his translation of the section of the Arabic historian Tabari's (7) universal history, which contains the annals of Persia under the Sassanian kings. Tabari was a mere compiler, but judicious and elegant, and this part of his history is probably based upon the lost Khodha Nameh, or Book of Kings, a chronicle of the Sassanian dynasty probably corresponding to the Achæmenian annals mentioned in the Book of Esther. In general, his narrative is sober and straightforward, and the romantic traditions it contains, while greatly enlivening it, are easily separable from the authentic portion. It is also very pleasant reading.

Professor Kirchhoff (8) puts forward his theory respecting the composition of the Odyssey in a complete and revised form. In his view, the Odyssey consists of two poems, the second of which, however, never had an independent existence, but was added as a continuation to the first in the same manner as the *Orlando Furioso* continues the *Orlando Innamorato*. The first part contains the first twelve books as far as xii. 182, with the exception of Books ii., iii., iv., and much other interpolated matter. The second part comprises the remainder of the poem to the end of Book xxiii., also with numerous insertions. The date of the first part is considerably prior to the first Olympiad, that of the second about Olympiad 30. The two differ completely in structure, that of the former being, after the interpolations have been removed, homogeneous, and the piece proceeding wholly from a single author; the other being an amalgamation of distinct lays of earlier date. The union of the two constituted the text to which the editorial committee of Pisistratus had recourse. Such is the form which the hypothesis of Wolff, so far as the Odyssey is concerned, has assumed in the hands of Herr Kirchhoff, whose exposition includes a reproduction of the text, the supposed interpolations being distinguished by a smaller type, and whose critical views are conveyed in six excursuses and a running commentary.

The Gorgons are represented by the poets as dwelling on the confines of the Western ocean; in Greece the most violent thunderclouds commonly come from the west; the Gorgons are ugly and terrible, so are thunderstorms; there are three chief elements in a thunderstorm, cloud, thunder, and lightning, and there are also three Gorgons. It is accordingly apparent to Herr Röscher (9) that a Gorgon is the third part of a thunderstorm, and should he ever discover that Shelley describes Medusa as endowed with "the tempestuous loveliness of terror," he will probably affirm with equal reason that Shelley thought so too.

Professor H. D. Müller's essay on the development of the Aryan family of languages (10) is especially dedicated to the investigation of roots, and the decision of the question whether roots are actual words at one time in use, or mere philological abstractions. Professor Müller supports the former view, and contends for the original identity of verbal and pronominal roots in the most primitive stage of human speech.

H. Bebel (11), Professor at Tübingen in the early part of the sixteenth century, a man of considerable scholarship and humour, translated a number of the best German proverbs into very elegant Latin. Dr. Suringar has republished this curious work, with copious illustrations from the German and Dutch vernacular, and the metrical renderings of proverbs into Latin, current in the sixteenth century.

The most recently published part of the historical series edited by W. Oncken (12) is occupied by the commencement of a history of ancient India by Professor Lefmann. The period comprehended in the present instalment is that from the first Aryan settlement to the birth of Buddha. It follows that there is so far little of a strictly historical character in the work, which is rather a learned and not too abstruse treatise on Indian antiquities, covering nearly the same ground as Mrs. Manning's *Ancient India*.

The third and concluding volume (13) of Albrecht Weber's *Indische Streifen* is a contribution to Indian literature of the highest importance, being a reprint of all the notices of philological and antiquarian works relating to India, written by the learned author since 1869. As hardly anything of importance has escaped him, and Indian philological literature during the period has been remarkably rich, the collection abounds with matter of the most varied interest, while Dr. Weber's authority, it need not be said, is magisterial. Among the most important works reviewed may be mentioned Colebrooke's Essays, Beames's Comparative Grammar of the Indian Languages, Burnell on South Indian Palæography, Childers's Pali Dictionary, Ludwig and Grassmann's Translations of the Rig Veda, Beale and Senart on Buddhism, and Monier Williams's Dictionary of Sanscrit.

The definition of Christian Philosophy propounded by Dr.

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(2) *Gentz und Cobenzl. Geschichte der österreichischen Diplomatie in den Jahren* 1801-1805. *Nach neuen Quellen.* Von Dr. A. Fournier. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Aus Metternich's nachgelassene Papieren.* Bd. 1. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

(4) *Christoph Falk's Elbingisch-Preussische Chronik.* Herausgegeben von M. Töppen. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Die Slavischen Ansiedelungen in der Altmark und den Magdeburgischen.* Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(6) *Geschichte der Ostseeprovinzen Liv-, Est- und Kurland von der ältesten Zeit bis auf unser Jahrhundert.* Th. 1. Mitau: Sieslack. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *Geschichte der Perser und Araber zur Zeit der Sasaniden.* Aus der Arabischen Chronik des Tabari übersetzt von T. Nöldeke. Leyden: Brill. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Die Homerische Odyssee.* Von A. Kirchhoff. Zweite umgearbeitete Auflage. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

(9) *Die Gorgonen und Verwandtes.* Von W. H. Roscher. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Der Indogermanische Sprachbau in seiner Entwicklung.* Von H. D. Müller. Th. 1. Göttingen: Vanderhoeck Ruprecht. London: Williams & Norgate.

(11) *H. Bebel's Proverbia Germanica.* Bearbeitet von W. H. D. Suringar. Leiden: Brill. London: Williams & Norgate.

(12) *Allgemeine Geschichte in Einzeldarstellungen. Geschichte des alten Indiens.* Von Dr. S. Lefmann. Berlin: Grote. London: Kolckmann.

(13) *Indische Streifen.* Von Albrecht Weber. Bd. 3. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Trübner & Co.

Pünjer (14) is assuredly liberal, as his scheme embraces Hume and Spinoza. It is no doubt true that the general course of speculation cannot be properly followed without reference to those thinkers by whom it has been, principally influenced, whatever their creed or school. The most meritorious part of Dr. Pünjer's labours is not, however, his inspection of such oft-travelled regions of thought, but his account of many obscure and forgotten thinkers whose philosophy actually conformed to Christian theology. His sketch of the philosophical opinions and tendencies of Zwingli, Taurellus, Schwenckfeld, and the early Socinian school, is interesting in itself, and supplies information not readily to be met with.

Dr. J. J. Baumann (15) remarks that two essential elements may be distinguished in modern writings on ethical philosophy—the desire to follow out the development of ethics historically as the surest test of the gradual progress of mankind, and the contemplation of ethical doctrine as something already complete; the standard not of man as he is, but as he ought to be. The object of his work is to reconcile both. In a postscript he notices the appearance of Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Data of Ethics* since his own volume went to press, and expresses his general agreement with it, except in so far as it depends upon the theory of evolution, for he cannot hear of "a metaphysical hypothesis." The saving clause is almost as comprehensive as the classification of evolution with metaphysical hypotheses is amazing.

Mme. von Racowitza's memoirs of her acquaintance with Lassalle did her little honour, they still seem respectable by the side of Herr Kutschbach's (16) undisguised bookmaking. The lady might be allowed to think that her share in Lassalle's catastrophe stood in need of explanation; Herr Kutschbach's publication can have no other object than that of pandering to a morbid curiosity. It can only be said for him that, if the documents which he prints are genuine, he will have done something to enlighten the public on a matter with which it has no concern.

Times have changed since English actors occupied the position now held by Italian singers, and riveted the attention of audiences ignorant of their language. Such was the case in Germany during the early part of the seventeenth century, until the Thirty Years' War put a stop to all public amusements. It seems the more remarkable when it is considered that the pieces which commanded such popularity in Germany were by no means the pieces of Shakspeare. They were, indeed, unworthy of the humblest of Shakspeare's contemporaries, and any little merit they may have possessed seems to have been almost obliterated by the "gag" of the performers. That such was the case the collection of their pieces reprinted by Herr Tittmann (17), from the edition of 1620, affords ample testimony. They are but slightly above the level of puppet plays. Some of them, however, possess considerable interest from their relation to better dramas. *Fortunatus* has a certain affinity to Dekker's masterpiece and to the charming creation of Tieck, which is indeed derived from the same source. *Esther* and *The Prodigal Son* may be compared and contrasted with the old miracle plays and Calderon's *autos*. *Somebody and Nobody* is, in Herr Tittmann's opinion, older than Shakspeare. *Julio and Hippolyta*, though a tragedy, is founded on the same idea as *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. The translator or adapter of these pieces was, Herr Tittmann thinks, a German, who stood in some relation with the English troupe. It is worthy of remark that so long as the English actors were strolling players their performances were given in English, but that when they settled anywhere they were bound by contract to learn German.

The life of the ancient Egyptians would probably be as fertile in incidents for the novelist as that of any other people, if we knew more of it. At present we can hardly get beyond two or three typical characters and situations. Herr Ebers has made the most of these on two former occasions, and now shows his recognition of the fact by judiciously declining to glean after himself; and, while retaining the Egyptian scenery which he knows so well how to paint, peopling the foreground with personages better known and nearer to our sympathies. In *Homo Sum* he depicted the life of Christian anchorites; "The Sisters" (18) is a romance of the Ptolemaic period, and the characters are mostly Greek or Roman. The principal ones are Ptolemy Physcon, the most cruel, luxurious, and oppressive, though not the least lettered, of his race, but who talks too much and does too little to produce altogether the impression designed by Herr Ebers; his sister Cleopatra, a successful study of a royal but still feminine nature, half sentimental and half voluptuous; and Publius Scipio Nasica, whose relation to Ptolemy is nearly that of a British Resident in India to a native prince. It is a matter of course that the manly and upright Roman should baffle the dissolute tyrant's plots to possess himself of the noble maiden Clea and her sister, that he should reject the overtures of Queen Cleopatra, and eventually adjust everything by the magic of his *Civis Romanus sum*. The chief interest, nevertheless, is not in the action, but in the vivid picture of Alexandrian civilization at a period of great brilliancy, refinement, and corruption.

Rudolph von Gottschall's "Golden Calf" (19) is a combination of all things appropriate to a romance of modern society, including poetical justice. It is compounded by an experienced hand, and the result is a pleasant and moderately exciting novel of incident.

Braut in Haaren (20) is a pretty story of life in the mountainous districts of Germany, with sturdy honest peasants, gallant young foresters, blushing maidens, just enough villany to preserve the tale from insipidity, and a happy *dénouement* at last.

Unsere Zeit (21) has several contributions of interest, especially a review of the present condition of palæontology by Karl Vogt, significant of the general reaction against Haeckel's ultra-Darwinism; a survey of the political situation in Germany, where the writer seems inclined to despair of the Liberal cause in Parliament, and advises its supporters to rely chiefly upon the press; and an account of Hans Makart, the great contemporary Austrian painter, whose brilliancy of colouring and prodigality of invention are said to rival Rubens and Paul Veronese.

The *Rundschau* has two interesting contributions on the borderland between fiction and studies from real life (22). One, by E. Wichert, sketches the career of a political enthusiast whose heart is ultimately broken by the absorption of his own little German principality into Prussia. The other, and much more remarkable, study is a narrative by Ivan Tourgueneff, of his acquaintance with a remarkable personage, a stormy petrel of revolution, in the days of Louis Philippe and the Republic of 1848; a ragged, sinister, disreputable vagabond, with vestiges of breeding and culture, a powerful intelligence, and preternatural intuition of coming events, without the slightest power of turning them to his own purposes. So graphic is the portrait that we seem to have the very man before us. A trifling slip betrays that the translation is not from the Russian but the French. There are also a review of the Afghan expedition by an impartial looker-on, who entirely justifies the policy of the English Government; and a very interesting biography of Swammerdam, the founder of microscopic anatomy, whose scientific career was ruined by his devotion to the mystical prophetess Antoinette Bourignon.

The *Russian Review* (23) has a detail of recent archæological discoveries in the Crimea, and a piteous account of the sufferings formerly undergone by captive Russians in the Khanates of Central Asia.

(14) *Geschichte der Christlicher Religionsphilosophie seit der Reformation.* Von G. C. B. Pünjer. Bd. 2. Braunschweig: Schwetschke. London: Williams & Norgate.

(15) *Handbuch der Moral, nebst Abriss der Rechtsphilosophie.* Von J. J. Baumann. Leipzig: Herzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(16) *Lassalle's Tod. Im Anschluss an die Memoiren der Helene von Racowitza.* Von W. Kutschbach. Chemnitz: Schmeitzner. London: Kolckmann.

(17) *Die Schauspiele der englischen Komödianten in Deutschland.* Von Julius Tittmann. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

(18) *Die Schwestern.* Roman. Von Georg Ebers. Stuttgart: Hallberger. London: Williams & Norgate.

(19) *Das Goldene Kalb.* Roman. Von R. Gottschall. 3 Bde. Breslau: Trewendt. London: Williams & Norgate.

(20) *Braut in Haaren. Eine Erzählung aus dem Gebirge.* Von H. A. Münnich. Jena: Costenoble. London: Kolckmann.

(21) *Unsere Zeit. Deutsche Revue der Gegenwart.* Herausgegeben von Rudolf von Gottschall. Jahrg. 1880. Hft. 1. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Kolckmann.

(22) *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 6. Hft. 5. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner.

(23) *Russische Revue: Monatsschrift für die Kunde Russlands.* Herausgegeben von C. Rottger. Jahrg. 8. Hft. 12. St. Petersburg: Röttger. London: Trübner.

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OBSTRUCTION.

THE CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has every reason to be satisfied with the first night's debate on his proposed Standing Order. There may have been some ground for alternative suggestions of more rapid and vigorous action; but, as Mr. FAWCETT said, it was desirable not to exhaust the powers of the House in a first experiment. Lord HARTINGTON and the great body of the Opposition loyally supported the Government, notwithstanding a conventional objection on the ground that the Liberal leaders had not been consulted. The criticisms which Lord HARTINGTON thought proper to add were the result of the conventional habit or wish of Parliamentary opposition. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was fully justified in relying on the knowledge and conscience of the House, instead of undertaking to prove notorious facts by detailed evidence. Habitual misconduct by its nature consists of numerous incidents, which may all be separately trifling; but Mr. NEWDEGATE in some degree supplied Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's omission by showing that Mr. PARNELL, Mr. O'DONNELL, and Major NOLAN had in the last Session made many hundred speeches. The allegation that some members of the Conservative party formerly practised obstruction on a small scale is irrelevant, even if it is true. If they had impeded the business of the House so far as to render extraordinary measures necessary, the present proposals would probably have been made by a Government which then commanded a large majority. It may be added that members of the regular Opposition are never likely to proceed to extremes, because they belong to a great party which is interested in maintaining the respect of the House. There can be no doubt that the concurrence of the Liberal leaders in the Standing Orders is politically prudent, as it is undoubtedly honest. The country would not have regarded with indifference any attempt to screen the enemies of Parliamentary freedom from the mild punishment which will follow the repetition of the offence. Mr. DILLWYN has fortunately been induced either to withdraw or to explain away an amendment to the effect that Parliament ought not to deal with the question on the eve of a dissolution. The House of Commons is bound both to maintain its own privileges during its last Session, and to hand over its powers unimpaired to the next Parliament. It is satisfactory to observe that Lord HARTINGTON expressly approved of immediate action; and Mr. DILLWYN probably deferred to the authority of his [illegible]. Some of the preliminary conversations on Thursday evening must have vividly reminded the House of the inconvenience of frivolous interruption. It remains to be seen whether the members against whom the Standing Order is avowedly directed will furnish on the present occasion superfluous illustrations of the necessity of the measure which they oppose.

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has judiciously proposed the mildest remedy for obstruction which is consistent with possible efficiency. Some of the provisions embodied in notices of private members were perhaps equally unobjectionable; but it was obviously proper that the Ministerial leader of the House should be responsible for an organic change in its procedure. It has never before been found necessary to adapt the rules of debate to the contingency of deliberate obstruction of business. During some centuries it has been possible to rely on the good faith and good breeding of members. It has now become necessary to counteract the efforts of cynical conspirators; and the task is extraordinarily difficult. Those who wish to bring Parliament into contempt would be almost as much gratified by stringent restrictions on the freedom of debate as by the exercise of unbounded license. Like the Russian Nihilists, whose enterprise is in some degree analogous to their own, they would gladly force the authority which they assail into excesses of despotism until they are able to destroy it. When the practice of obstruction first began, many proposals were made for the abolition of dilatory forms; but it appeared on fuller consideration that, in curtailing its own privileges, the House would not abate the mischief. If speeches were limited in length, they might be increased in frequency, especially as the obstructive faction constantly receives new reinforcements. It has for some time past been agreed that the internal legislation of the House against contumacious members must be personal, penal, and summary. The last condition is not the least essential. A prolonged debate on the culpability of a member accused of obstruction would serve his purpose as well as any other mode of wasting time and impeding the transaction of business. The most simple punishment which can be inflicted has the merit not only of being just and moderate, but of affording relief to the injured majority of the House. Silence imposed on a prolix brawler is at the same time a censure and a remedy. Perhaps some additional measure may be rendered necessary if the offence is repeated by accomplices, of whom there will be too many—

> *Primo avulso non deficit alter*—

but prudent legislators will incline to undue lenience rather than err on the side of severity.

There has been much difference of opinion as to the expediency of investing the Speaker or the Chairman of Committees with new judicial functions. The Speaker's powers have hitherto been almost exclusively exercised in the form of calling to order members who have transgressed the rules of debate. The mysterious process of naming a delinquent member has almost always been held in reserve; and if ulterior proceedings are necessary, the House itself must intervene. A Chairman of Committees who is thwarted in his efforts to maintain order reports the case to the House on the resumption of the chair by the Speaker. One principle and one tradition have done much to support the dignity and authority of the House of Commons. According to the ancient and undoubted doctrine, the Speaker derives all his powers from the House of which he is the servant. At the same time it is understood that the authority of the Speaker, as the accredited organ of the House, is to be supported in all cases in which he has to act on his own discretion. Few Parliamentary outrages have caused juster indignation than the rudeness to the SPEAKER which has on one or two occasions formed an incident in the course of obstruction. With a prudent jealousy of any extension of the contentious functions of the Speaker, several framers of motions have proposed to give the initiation of proceedings against obstruction to private members; but the objection at once occurs, that the obstructive faction would probably turn the proposed machinery against the supporters of order. They would find amusement in moving resolutions, perhaps against

the leader of the Ministry or of the Opposition, with the additional excitement of divisions. It is well that the magnitude of a probably necessary innovation should not be disguised. A breach of the orders of the House, or a violation of ordinary propriety of language and demeanour, is an intelligible and simple offence, though it may not admit of previous definition. Obstruction, consisting probably in purposed garrulity, aided perhaps by citation of irrelevant documents, raises questions of opinion and of degree. The Speaker will have a delicate task in distinguishing between unconscious verbosity and purposed waste of time. The culprit will probably take care not to deviate too widely from the ostensible subject of debate; and the Speaker will have to judge how far he is either reasonable or sincere. There have been Speakers to whom the proposed power could not have been safely intrusted. The verdict of the tribunal which will decide the issue will not be equally open to question. On the whole, the plan of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER seems more expedient. No member can be charged with obstruction until the Speaker or the Chairman has first called him to order, and afterwards named him. The presiding officer will thus discharge the duty of a committing magistrate, or of a grand jury, while he will be no party to the final conviction. The House will decide on motion, following the preliminary decision of the Speaker; not according to extraneous evidence, but, as Sir H. PEEK expressed it, by instinct, or rather by its own observation and knowledge. Recent experience shows that the worst offenders may always count on the aid of a small and sympathizing minority of English members; but the great majority of the House of Commons has long been weary of the insolence of the obstructive faction, and there will be less hesitation in imposing the penalty because it is extremely mild. An offender impervious to shame will not suffer severe hardship if he is suspended for the remainder of a sitting from the abuse of his privileges as a member of the House of Commons. The consequences of relapse or of repeated convictions are not unduly formidable; and indeed it may perhaps be found that the proposed legislation is simply experimental. The complaint that it is directed against an unpopular knot of members is true in fact, because they have hitherto been the only wilful offenders. It is possible that the formal embodiment in a Standing Order of the indignation of the House of Commons, and of its determination to emancipate itself from tyrannical caprice, may produce an impression which will obviate the necessity of actual resort to measures of prevention. The time which may be occupied in the debate will not have been lost, though it might be advantageously curtailed.

RUSSIA AND GERMANY.

EVERYTHING relating to the recent attempt on the CZAR's life is wonderful. It is wonderful that the German Government should have been long ago informed that something was being prepared in the Winter Palace, that the CZAR was warned, and that the warning was disregarded. It is wonderful that an attempt to kill the CZAR by the explosion of dynamite should have been actually made. It is wonderful that the conspirators should have expected to kill the CZAR by exploding dynamite through two solid floors. In point of fact, the floor of the room in which the CZAR was expected to dine was not in the least injured. Lastly, it is more wonderful than all that, at the end of ten days, nothing apparently should be known of what was really done or of who did it. The rumour of numerous arrests having been made before the explosion is confirmed, and there are other vague rumours of arrests having been made since the explosion. But it is not even hinted that any discoveries have been made showing to whom guilt is to be imputed. Either the police cannot find out the truth or it will not. Speculation has got so far as to surmise that the police are hedging, that they think the Nihilists are going to win in the long run, and that they consider it prudent to look forward to the day when those who arrest Nihilists may in their turn be arrested. This seems rather far-fetched; but the fact remains that the police seem to be either bewildered, or to fear some rock of high influence in their way which they cannot pass. Meantime the CZAR is said to be in a state of religious excitement. He has been so marvellously preserved from the consequences of an explosion operating through two solid floors, that he considers himself to be under the special protection of Providence, and to have received a peculiar mission of indiscriminate repression. General LORIS MELIKOFF is to replace General GOURKO in the supreme command at St. Petersburg; and as Russian officials of a lower order have been found ineffectual, astute Germans are to be called in from the Baltic provinces. At the same time it is said the EMPEROR is having some mysterious edicts printed in the strictest secresy, which are to be published on next Tuesday, the anniversary of the CZAR's accession. On the same day the Nihilists are, as they have managed to announce, going to do something extraordinary. They are in some way to illuminate St. Petersburg by way of cheering society and drawing general attention to their proceedings. Idle as all these rumours may be, they are worth noticing as illustrating the state of society in which such things are possible. Russian society seems to be in a state of utter confusion. It is not so much indignant at the explosion as puzzled by it. If it has little sympathy with the authors of the attempt, it has no belief in the Government. Those who cannot protect themselves cannot, it thinks, protect others. The CZAR may hold out for the moment, but possibly next Tuesday, or a month or two later, he may give in. No one except the CZAR seems to be in any way comforted by his religious mission. Foreigners cannot pretend to be wiser than the Russians themselves, and the Russians say they are bewildered; but, so far as outward signs go, there seems much to make it probable that the CZAR has to confront not a conspiracy, but a revolution.

It is a relief to turn from the details of social life at St. Petersburg, of which we can know extremely little, to the broad and patent facts which must determine our judgment as to the position which Russia now occupies towards other European Powers, and especially towards Germany. That Russia is meditating an attack on Germany is too absurd an assumption not to revolt the common sense of the Germans themselves. All that Russia could hope for in a war with Germany would be to enter on a defensive struggle in which, by abandoning much and undergoing extreme misery, she might hope to tire the Germans out. Such a war might be successful if the Russian nation was as it was in the days of the CZAR's grandfather, extremely patriotic and passionately devoted to its sovereign. As things are, a war with Germany would be probably even more fatal to the CZAR and his dynasty than to Russia itself. Theorists urge that the CZAR might declare war against Germany merely to give a vent to the turbulent ferocity of his subjects. He has no vent to turbulent ferocity to give in this direction. All he can do for his turbulent subjects is to invite them to show the extreme of patience and endurance under tribulation, with the prospect of this patience and endurance ultimately gaining the day. How can a CZAR for whom ruffians lay mines, who is always being shot at, whose house is full of secret, or scarcely secret, enemies, for whom a state of siege does nothing, hope to win the love and fidelity of his subjects by exposing them to such a campaign as that of 1812? Sensible Germans, seeing this, also see that Prince BISMARCK's affected alarm about a Russian attack may be merely a manœuvre to carry his Army Bill. But, then, sensible Germans also go on to wonder why this tremendous machinery is brought into play merely to carry a modest Bill which could be carried anyhow. They cannot keep out of their minds the thought that perhaps Prince BISMARCK means more than he says, and is meditating how he may get Germany to attack Russia with some small sense of decency. This also is the thought that is filling Europe with anxiety. There can be no doubt that Europe is very anxious, and has become more anxious within the last few days. There are good judges who confidently predict that the present year will see a great European war. If the grounds of this prediction are examined, it will be found that they are obtained from an examination of the past history of Prince BISMARCK, and from the conviction which this past history inspires that no scruples would restrain him from striking Russia if he thought that the moment for striking had come, if he could catch Russia at a sufficient disadvantage, and could be sure that she would be sufficiently isolated.

It is announced that Prince HOHENLOHE has left Paris, and has left it in such a way that it is taken for granted that he is not to return. The PRINCE has been one of the

[illegible] supporters of a policy of generous kindness and good feeling towards France, and some apprehension is expressed in Paris of an intention on the part of Prince Bismarck to replace the friendly Ambassador by one less friendly. Nominally, however, Prince Hohenlohe is only going to Berlin in order that he may take part in the debate on the Army Bill. If his duty is to state candidly what are the feelings of France in regard to war, he will have nothing to say except that France has not the remotest intention of making war, or the slightest wish to make war. The French ask for nothing but to be left alone, and to see no European questions raised that would force them to encounter risks from which they shrink. The only important foreign question with which the French Government now has to deal is that of the extradition of Hartmann, who is said to have been a party to the plot for murdering the Czar by upsetting the train at Moscow by which he was travelling. The difficulty in which the French Government finds itself has been much increased by the threat of the Russian Ambassador that he will leave Paris if the extradition is refused. Such a threat is very unwarranted and offensive, but at any rate it might be supposed to put an end to suspicions of any dangerous intimacy between Russia and France. In Austria there is certainly no disposition for war or adventure, and the debates on the Hungarian budget show that, far from there being any willingness to wreck the national finance by ruinous military enterprise, there is a jealous disposition to cut down to the last possible florin the cost of the Bosnian occupation. Nor is there any ardour for war in Germany itself. The Germans are an essentially pacific people and do not like war. The German Emperor, too, takes every opportunity of showing that he retains all his old feelings of affection for the Russian Imperial family. But experience has only too amply shown that neither the German people nor the German Emperor can stop Prince Bismarck when he has once decided firmly on anything. As to whether he has decided on war, speculation is vain. There are signs that point one way, and signs that point another way. One day a Ministerial paper inserts a flaming article intended to provoke and alarm Germany by pointing out that Russia is most unhandsomely fortifying her Polish frontier. The next day the same paper inserts a soothing communication, pointing out with unanswerable force that the Eastern frontier of Germany bristles with fortresses, and that Russia is as much at liberty to build her fortresses as Germany was to build hers. Next week the situation may not improbably be cleared, for Prince Bismarck is himself to speak on the Army Bill, and he must make some exposition of his policy. Meantime Europe is in the undignified position of a culprit waiting to hear his doom. Not improbably the supreme judge of Europe will refrain from pronouncing sentence against any one, and will content himself with parading the awful powers he has at his command should he ever think it necessary to exercise them.

AFGHAN POLICY OF THE GOVERNMENT.

THE Indian Correspondents who record the changes in public opinion or in their own have retracted their complaints that the Government has not announced its Afghan policy. It would be difficult to publish a decision which it has been hitherto impossible to form; but it may be inferred from intimations given in the late debate that the policy of allowing the dissolution of the unity of the Afghan kingdom has been considered. The military difficulties have, it may be hoped, been nearly overcome. Ghuznee appears to be incapable of resisting a regular attack; and it is not certain that it will be necessary to reduce the place by force. Letters between Sir F. Roberts and Mahomed Jan are said to have crossed on the road, and it may be inferred that the insurgent chief is inclined to negotiation; but he is said to have advanced the inadmissible pretension that he should meet Sir F. Roberts on neutral ground. It will be impossible to recognize his affectation of equality, or to allow that any Afghan territory is neutral. Until the details of the negotiation are known, the Indian Government must be supposed capable of maintaining its own dignity. No leader of high rank at present offers open resistance; for, contrary to expectation, Abdurrahman seems not yet to have entered Afghan territory. The Sirdars probably differ in opinion as to the expediency of maintaining the unity of the kingdom. Some of them may perhaps prefer local independence, while others may be disposed to concur in the nomination of some real or nominal ruler. The Indian Government would recognize any Ameer who was known to represent the Afghan chiefs, on condition of his consenting to the guarantees of fidelity and deference which will necessarily be required. Any arrangement of the kind will involve many difficulties, but it is only possible to choose among conflicting embarrassments. The selection of the infant son of Yakoob Khan would involve the appointment of a regency, which, if it could otherwise be trusted, would involve a claim to permanent protection. No satisfactory scheme of dealing with the provincial capitals has yet been devised. The governor and chiefs of Candahar, who have thus far loyally supported the English authorities, might not be willing to recognize an Ameer reigning at Cabul; and a strong pressure is placed on the Government to retain permanent possession of Candahar. Sir H. Rawlinson long ago recommended the occupation of the city as a better military position than Cabul. If the railway which is now in progress is completed, it is almost certain that Candahar will be, directly or indirectly, governed as an English dependency.

It is much more difficult to determine the disposal of Herat. The domestic controversy is simplified by Lord Northbrook's admission that Herat cannot be allowed to pass into the possession of Russia. The Government, sharing the same conviction, is evidently hesitating among two or more modes of guarding against the danger. It would be possible to take the place by an advance from Candahar, and to hold it against foreign or domestic assailants; but the expedition would be long and costly; and there are strong objections to the maintenance of a garrison some hundreds of miles from the Indian frontier. An English force could not be spared for the purpose unless the strength of the army in India was permanently increased; and it is not desirable to strain the loyalty of native troops by compelling them to serve in distant countries and in an unfamiliar climate. From the date of the last Persian war to the death or flight of Shere Ali, the difficulty was reduced to its lowest point by the Afghan occupation of Herat. The place is now in the hands of one or more practically independent chiefs, who might perhaps be induced to accept Russian protection. In these circumstances Sir H. Rawlinson anticipated the Government by recommending a reversal of the former policy in which he was actively concerned. He thinks that Herat might be placed under the sovereignty of Persia on condition of an alliance which would be directed against Russia. It seems that on the Persian side no objection would be raised if only sufficient guarantees were offered against the probable effects of Russian resentment. The Northern provinces of Persia could not be defended against Russia; but Sir H. Rawlinson observes that the Southern provinces and the sea-coast would be equally accessible to English troops. In the conflict for dominion and influence, the condition of a weak State interposed between two great Powers would not be enviable. It is not certain whether the Government may not have desired to arrange with Russia the terms on which Herat might be given over to Persia. It is certain that the scheme was first openly proposed in Russian journals, though the same writers have since felt or affected indignation at the rumour of English negotiations tending to the same result. The plan which Prince Lobanoff is supposed to have brought with him for a general accommodation of differences between England and Russia may perhaps, if it is hereafter disclosed, throw some light on the Herat negotiations. Any such overtures, if they are made, though they must be watched with jealous vigilance, ought not to be summarily rejected. Even if it were reasonable to doubt whether Russia could be trusted to observe a formal compact, the breach of an agreement would simplify some existing complications, or at the worst, it would remit both parties to their present positions.

Lord Northbrook's declaration as to the importance of Herat was not his only contribution during last week's debate to the elucidation of the Afghan controversy. It may indeed be said that his speech offered a retrospective justification of the Duke of Argyll's ill-timed motion. It was wholly unnecessary to renew the exhausted controversy as to the effect on Shere Ali's mind of the [illegible]

and scanty promises of support which were extracted from the Viceroy after he had been warned against undue concession by the Secretary of State. It has been again and again shown that Lord NORTHBROOK was in the first instance inclined to give comparatively strong assurances, and that the Duke of ARGYLL checked his liberality. The promises which the Viceroy made orally to the Afghan Envoy were partially revoked or restricted by his statement in a letter to the Ameer, that the matter would be most conveniently arranged at a future time. The impression produced by the letter is authentically recorded in SHERE ALI's ironical acknowledgment of the communication. He said that he was duly grateful for the undertaking to continue the policy of former Viceroys, but he added, "My "friend, it was in those circumstances not worth my "while to send an Envoy to Simla." The Duke of ARGYLL admits that from that time the Ameer was, as he said, sulky. According to the Government, he is more accurately described as having from 1873 been alienated from England, and inclined to court the protection of Russia. The Duke of ARGYLL forgot to redeem a pledge that he would explain his reasons for asking the Government to produce the Russian correspondence found in Cabul. On the intimation that the publication would not be for the public interest, he properly withdrew his demand; and it may be added that throughout his speech he abstained from the vituperative language which he had been tempted to employ in his book and in some former speeches. An orator of genuine eloquence has no excuse for the violence by which inferior speakers sometimes seek to escape from dulness.

Lord NORTHBROOK makes no pretension to eloquence, but his speech commanded the attention which is always paid in either House to those whose knowledge and judgment are entitled to respect. While he adhered to his former opinion that the rupture with SHERE ALI was unnecessary and injudicious, he showed that he was aware of the irrevocable nature of a completed fact. Lord NORTHBROOK approves of the maintenance of control over the frontier tribes; and he must therefore admit the necessity of holding the advanced frontier, though he would not approve of the retention of Candahar. Lord NORTHBROOK's speech, notwithstanding his antagonism to the Government, has had the effect of reminding the country that complex questions of diplomacy and war are not to be disposed of by one-sided declamation. Sir H. RAWLINSON's remarkable paper has probably promoted the growing disposition to aid and advise the Government, instead of rejoicing in its real or alleged discomfitures. His almost unqualified approval of the Treaty of Gundamuk and of the conduct of both campaigns will have exercised much influence on general opinion. It is well known that Sir H. RAWLINSON has never been a political supporter of the present Ministers; but, since the partial subsidence of factious excitement, it has become intelligible that a statesman may prefer the safety of the Empire to the triumph of a party. Within a few days several Liberal members have publicly condemned the agitation which has been directed against the foreign and Indian policy of the Government, and there is no reason to suppose that the constituencies which they address are more factious than their representatives. The settlement of Afghanistan and the security of Herat have no material connexion with domestic politics; and the solution of difficult problems will not be facilitated by systematic attacks on the Government. Even if mistakes are committed, the nation is necessarily represented by its agents. Their failure may be due to their own fault, but it is the misfortune of their principal. Their reputation will largely depend on the ultimate triumph or defeat of their policy; but efforts to thwart them at every stage of the undertaking only diminish their chances of success. As it may be presumed that their most hostile critics would not urge the immediate evacuation of Afghanistan, it only remains to consider the best means of prosecuting the enterprise.

LAW REFORM.

MEASURES of Law Reform are to be the main, or it may almost be said the sole, work of the Government this Session in the sphere of legislation. The measures they propose have the merit of being really needed, well directed, and well shaped. But unfortunately even the Government is far from sanguine as to its power of carrying what it proposes, and Parliament, although professing its usual anxiety to do its best to reform the law, also shows its usual indifference as regards subjects which it does not understand and which do not interest it. The Bankruptcy Bill alone has an almost assured prospect of becoming law. It is substantially the Bill of last Session, and has been sent to a Select Committee. An alteration in the law of Bankruptcy is urgently demanded by the mercantile community, and the Bill of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL undoubtedly remedies many of the defects of the present system. When it gets before the House the Bill is sure to be attacked on the ground that the present system is radically wrong, inasmuch as it is designed to facilitate bankruptcy. That it is a good thing in itself, provided proper precautions against fraud and collusion are taken, to give a person who cannot pay his debts quite a fresh start in the world is the assumption on which the present system is based; and this assumption will be contested, for reasons which will deserve consideration. But, when once this preliminary objection—which is one of principle—is disposed of, and Parliament decides to work on the present lines, the details of the Bill ought not to provoke any long discussion or persistent opposition. The Criminal Code has a much less hopeful future before it. In fact, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL confessed that it was idle to think of getting it passed in one Session. All he now dreams of is that, if it were cut up into little bits, some of the little bits might be passed this Session, and more little bits might be passed another Session, so that in an unknown number of years the whole might be got through. This may be unavoidable, but it is very disheartening. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL described the enormous pains which had been taken to make the draft Code as perfect as possible. One of the results of the care that has been expended is that the different parts of the Code hang together. From first to last every part is treated as part of a whole; and it is difficult to see how any of the little bits into which the Bill is to be divided can have, if isolated, anything like the value which it was meant to have by those who placed the other little bits in conjunction with it. But, when the ATTORNEY-GENERAL says that there really is no chance of the Bill being passed as a whole, there is no answer. The difficulties in his way are only too obvious. He was followed by two speakers, one on each side of the House, who contended that no Code at all was wanted. The Bill inevitably introduces many changes in the law, and these changes will be warmly opposed. Further, while the Bill does not affect Scotland it does affect Ireland, and the obstacles which national jealousies may interpose are not among the least serious which the ATTORNEY-GENERAL has to contemplate.

The CHANCELLOR on Monday night submitted to the House of Lords a long series of law reforms. Every one of these reforms deals with matters of practical importance, and is designed to further some recognized public interest. Within the limits of change which the CHANCELLOR is, from the general cast of his mind and his habits of thought, willing to accept, the measures proposed are bold, comprehensive, and effectual. They also bear the impress of the long and painful care bestowed on them, and show at once a grasp of principles and a mastery of technicalities. But measures of Law Reform submitted to the Lords by the CHANCELLOR are unhappily to be considered rather as contributions to the formation of sound opinion in the future than as anticipations of what will immediately become law. The CHANCELLOR is guiding in the right road the profession of which he is the head, and also the public so far as the public may deem itself to be capable of comprehending his views. So much he is sure of doing. As to getting the House of Commons in its last Session to trouble itself about the twenty heads of justifiable improvement at which the CHANCELLOR, after an exhaustive study has arrived, that is probably nothing more than a beautiful dream. But the chief of the CHANCELLOR's measures is one so moderate, so justly conceived, and so very advantageous to the public, that even the House of Commons in its present exhausted and prostrated state might possibly be persuaded to spare for it a little of the time which would otherwise be wasted. The aim of the measure, briefly stated, is to make the tenant for life of land the full owner for the purposes of sale, and for the purposes of long leasing. He is to be able to dispose of

his estate as if he really owned it. The land that would come into the market if he were the unrestricted owner, the houses that would be built, the mines that would be opened, may come into the market, be built, or opened, although he is merely the tenant for life. This is only an extension—although an extension equally bold and salutary—of recognized principles of English law. The general principle of English law is that land is to be looked on like any other property. It may be tied up to the same extent, but no more; it may be settled and given by will exactly as Consols may be settled or given. The one exceptional difference is in the case of intestate succession. But English law also recognizes that the public is interested in the mode in which land is held. Precautions of an almost excessive scrupulosity guard against land coming too easily into what is technically known as the "dead hand"; and measures have already been passed with the object of enabling the trustees of settlements to sell land of which they are the nominal owners. But trustees, although they may sell, are generally not at all inclined to sell. It is not their shoe that is pinched by land not being sold. It is the tenant for life that longs to sell one part of his estate so that he may improve another part; who wants to see houses built or mines opened on his land; who feels the weight of charges in times of distress; or who longs to escape from the precarious dignity of an impoverished landowner into the sweet, unostentatious repose enjoyed by the holder of Three per Cents. To substitute the tenant for life who wishes to do something for trustees who wish to do nothing, and at the same time to give him powers which trustees rarely possess, is the simple but most commendable object of the CHANCELLOR's measure.

The new position of the tenant for life is of course to be hedged round by some necessary safeguards. Under existing settlements the consent of the Chancery Division will be necessary. Under future settlements the tenant for life is to be at liberty to sell if his trustees do not object; if they object, he can appeal to the Court. He will not be able unless in very exceptional cases to sell the family mansion-house. When his land is sold, the proceeds of the sale will be kept in Consols, or in other securities permitted by the settlement, unless other land is bought or improvements falling under one of the twenty specified heads are to be made on some portion of the land that remains in settlement or has been brought under it. These are minor details, and only need notice to show how carefully all the consequences of the main principle being accepted have been thought out and worked out by those who framed the Bill. It is the general results of the measure that claim attention, and these results are that a large amount of land will be marketable which now is not marketable, that another large amount of land which is not sold will be greatly improved, and that the person who seems to the world to be the owner of an estate will feel himself to be the owner, and will be able seriously to consider how he may best improve the position of himself and his family. This, however, is not the only measure of the CHANCELLOR which will have an important bearing on the character of land as a marketable commodity. He has ventured to suggest a revolution in conveyancing. To make English deeds at once simple and effectual is a very arduous task, but it is one to fulfil which the CHANCELLOR thinks the mind of man is perhaps not unequal. But then, if deeds are to be short and intelligible, how are solicitors to live? By paying them, the CHANCELLOR answers, not according to the length of deeds, but according to the real services they render. If the client knows that the cost of conveyance will amount to a fixed sum according to the value of the land conveyed, he will be very happy, and his solicitor, if he gets as much money, will be no more unhappy than he is now. There is nothing new in this suggestion. What is new is that a Chancellor should make it. Experts have long been aware that the proper method of paying solicitors lay at the root of all reforms in the language of conveyancing; but this reform has got into the region of possibility now that a Chancellor has determined by a Bill how solicitors shall be paid. A fourth measure limits the time in which actions may be brought, and it would no doubt be a considerable convenience if claims of the ordinary kind could not be brought after three years had expired, instead of the period being, as now, fixed at six years. But although this may be a good hint in a small way for future legislation, still the two chief aims of the CHANCELLOR—that of putting the tenant for life in, or very nearly in, the position of the full owner, for all the purposes of selling or improving land, and that of substituting ordinary English for the curious language of conveyancing, through adopting the right method of paying solicitors—must be retained in the memory as the really prominent parts of Lord CAIRNS's scheme of law reform.

THE INDIAN BUDGET.

OPPOSITION orators committed an unfortunate error in tactics when they selected Indian finance as an illustration of the incapacity, or at any rate the ill success, of the present rulers of the country. Hardly had the plaudits of Midlothian audiences died away, when the secret escaped that, so far as an English Ministry can claim credit or deserve blame in respect of the revenues of India, the Government were in a position to give an unanswerable reply to hostile criticism. The results now officially declared show that the Finance Minister was speaking well within the mark when, a few weeks ago, he asserted his conviction of the substantial soundness of the position. "I feel satisfied," Sir JOHN STRACHEY said, "that India will be able to bear her own proper burdens. "I see much that is encouraging and satisfactory in the "condition and prospects of her finances, and no cause "whatever for despondency." We now know the grounds of this cheerful language. Not only is it not true that India is bankrupt, or on the eve of becoming so, but she is shown to be in possession of resources which place her, as regards solvency, in an exceptionally high position among the nations of the world. During the last four years she has been exposed to a combination of troubles serious enough to explain prolonged embarrassment. Famines have involved an expenditure of ten millions, the fall in exchange has cost eleven millions more, the Afghan war another four millions; at the same time the widely-extended and long-continued distress in the South of India seriously affected several important branches of revenue and checked the natural development of trade. Above all these difficulties, however, the Indian Exchequer rises triumphant. Instead of a deficit of nearly 1½ millions, which was anticipated last spring, the present financial year closes with a surplus of 119,000*l.*, after every ordinary expense has been met and 3¼ millions have been devoted to war, and more than 1½ millions to strategical railways. The realized result has, in fact, improved on the estimate to the extent of five millions. Nor is this the windfall of a single lucky year. In 1880-1 Sir JOHN STRACHEY hopes to end with a surplus of 417,000*l.*, after spending 2 millions on the war and 2½ millions on strategical railways, thus providing another surplus on normal expenditure of the year of 4⅞ millions, making a total surplus for the two years little short of ten millions.

It is true that these agreeable results depend in no small degree on causes which are beyond control. No one can do more than make a rough guess at the profits on the sale of opium, which this year has helped the Indian exchequer to the extent of nearly two millions beyond the expected figure. The course of exchange, too, defies calculation; and the million which has been saved by the improvement of this year's rates might easily have had to be entered on the other side of the account. The improvement of half a million in land revenue and 362,000*l.* in salt is more satisfactory, as attesting, in unmistakable language, the recovery of the famine-stricken populations from the depression produced by their long trial. The saving of 660,000*l.* on public works, and the reduction of the annual outlay in future years under this head to 2½ millions, must be regarded with less unqualified satisfaction. The retrenchment has, it is well known, been forced on the Government by the agitation of which Mr. FAWCETT is the most conspicuous promoter, and is that part of the existing arrangements from which it is probable that the improved position will be first utilized to effect an escape. As Sir JOHN STRACHEY observed, the curtailment has materially checked the efforts of the Indian Government to protect the country from famine by the construction of cheap railways and canals. The real position and prospects of these undertakings are but imperfectly understood by the English public and the amateur exponents of Indian affairs who profess to instruct it. But the Report of the East India Public Works Committee last autumn placed beyond all reasonable

doubt the conclusion that the scheme of outlay on productive public works, on which the Government of India has for some years past been engaged, was judiciously framed in the first instance and has more than realized the expectations of its founders. The Committee found that, whereas 94 millions had been laid out on railways in 1872, with the result of an annual loss in interest of 2,324,000*l.*, the development has been such that, in 1877–78, 114 millions had been laid out with a resulting gain to Government of 65,000*l.*, instead of a loss of nearly 2 millions for which the forecast provided. Of the 17½ millions laid out in works of irrigation, 5½ millions had been invested in works which were sufficient to earn a net surplus of half a million for the Government, besides interest and working expenses. The remaining works, amounting to 10 millions of capital, are in many instances undeveloped or even still under construction; and at present they fall short by 421,000*l.* of paying the accruing interest on their capital. Here, however, as with the railways, there is not the least ground for doubting that the money has been wisely invested, and that the scheme will ultimately prove as remunerative to the State as it has already proved to the landholders. As interruption and delay in a well-conceived project necessarily occasion additional expense, and as in the present instance the postponement involves also the prolonged exposure of large parts of the country to the horrors of famine, it is a matter of regret that ill-considered and ignorant criticism should so far have prevailed over the mature results of experience and foresight as to arrest the completion of many half-finished undertakings, and postpone to an indefinite future many others which, from every point of view, commercial no less than philanthropic, were full of promise. Mr. HYNDMAN, and those who join with him in exulting over the curtailment of Indian public works, would probably be startled to learn that the necessary result of this change of policy is that the protection of the people of India from famine is appreciably further from attainment than it might otherwise have been.

The abolition of the insignificant export duties on lakh and indigo, amounting to 54,000*l.*, is of importance only as a pledge of the continued efforts of the Indian Government in the direction of fiscal reform. India has now swept her tariff clear of every export duty except that on rice, which is justified by the circumstance that Indian rice has a practical monopoly in the English market, and that the exporting districts are among the most prosperous in the country. The changes in the cotton duties effected last spring, however open to criticism on the score of inopportuneness, have at any rate resulted in a material addition to the clothing of the population; and the dissentient members of the VICEROY's Council will probably, under existing circumstances, cease to lament the failure of their endeavour to benefit a small class of mill-owners at the expense of the entire community. Though no further extension of Free-trade policy is conceded during the present year, the Government of India is pledged to lose no opportunity of reducing an impost which, from an Indian no less than an English view, is open to serious objection. In the meantime there is no room for doubting that the millions of India are already reaping the benefit of unrestricted commerce in the cheaper and more abundant supply of a prime necessity of existence. There is every reason to hope that the general improvement of revenue may eventually render the Indian Government altogether independent of Customs duties. Among other projected economies is the reform of the present obsolete, cumbrous and meaningless system of provincial Commanders-in-chief. The Army Commission, Sir JOHN STRACHEY informs us, has suggested a saving of 1¼ million in this and other forms of military extravagance.

The results of the present Budget of course amply justify the policy initiated two years ago for increasing the annual revenues of India sufficiently to provide for occasional outlay on famine relief. The programme has been satisfactorily carried out, notwithstanding the exceptional difficulties of the last two years. In 1877–8 half a million was expended on famine, and a surplus of 1,300,000*l.* provided for investment in productive public works, thereby reducing in a corresponding amount the sum which would otherwise have been borrowed on this account. In 1879–80 the prospect of a still more serious fall in exchange imposed on the Government the necessity of providing additional funds more than equivalent to the proceeds of the recently imposed taxation. Pending the arrangements for meeting this new difficulty, it became true that "the insurance provided against future famine had "virtually ceased to exist"—an unfortunate phrase, which has been the subject of no little misconception. The necessary retrenchments, however, were speedily carried out, and the prescribed margin of income over expenditure was re-established. Meantime, unexpected improvements in the position occurred, and the result has been a surplus far in excess of anything which the Government had pledged itself to provide, or which could reasonably have been suggested as necessary. No country—certainly no country so poor as India—can be expected to carry on war, provide strategical railways, and, at the same time, to show a surplus of something like five millions per annum on its normal income. Under the circumstances the question most pressing on the Finance Minister must be as to the direction in which it is most expedient to afford relief to the taxpayer. No one can doubt the wisdom of saving two millions of comparatively petty traders from the annoyance of direct taxation, the aggregate profits of which were only 340,000*l.*; nor need we grudge the official and professional classes their escape from the privilege of contributing to an overflowing exchequer. Englishmen—always excepting that class of politicians which has become conspicuous for its contempt of all but party considerations—will rejoice in the ascertained prosperity of England's greatest dependency, in the close of a period of anxiety and suffering to vast multitudes of mankind, and in the effectual refutation of gloomy forebodings now shown to be nothing more than the chimeras of insufficient information and superficial thought. The VICEROY and his extremely able Finance Minister may alike be congratulated on a page of Indian history in which not even Liberal partisanship will be able to find material for censure.

BREACH OF PRIVILEGE.

ALTHOUGH the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER perhaps erred in judgment when he pressed his resolution on breach of privilege after Mr. PLIMSOLL's apology, the subsequent attempt to reduce the decision of the House to an absurdity was utterly futile. Sir W. HARCOURT on both occasions committed a graver mistake than that of which he accused Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. It is true that, as he suggested, Parliamentary privilege is vague and elastic, and liable to be impaired by formal definition; but it scarcely follows that it ought never to be invoked, or that the offences denounced by Mr. SULLIVAN were in the smallest degree analogous to Mr. PLIMSOLL's interference with Parliamentary freedom. Obsolete precedents may be found to support the proposition that attacks on members are necessarily breaches of privilege; but, as modern political controversy consists to a great extent of vituperation of opponents, it is impossible to call orators or journalists to account for their compliance with the prevalent custom. When a Conservative orator at a public meeting had the bad taste to call the Home Rule members a gang of rebels, Mr. SULLIVAN, though he might justly be offended, would probably not have brought the attack under the notice of the House of Commons, except by way of retaliation for Sir S. NORTHCOTE's motion. Another Irish member proposed that half a dozen leading articles should be read at the table, though they would have been equivalent to as many more or less effective speeches against obstruction. Mr. SULLIVAN committed a blunder in protesting against the attendance of a peer at a meeting called, amongst other objects, in promotion of the interests of certain Parliamentary candidates. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, by a happy slip of the tongue, defended the conduct of Lord ROSEBERY; and he might have referred to a vehement speech delivered at Leeds by the Duke of ARGYLL in support of two Liberal candidates for the neighbouring division of the West Riding. Mr. SULLIVAN and his friends were not denounced as rebels for the purpose of impeding their action in the House of Commons, but by way of general dislike, and consequent abuse. Many of them habitually use language not less violent when they have occasion to comment on English statesmen, on Irish landlords, or on the other numerous objects of their patriotic animosity. A higher authority may be quoted in vindication of the right of invective. Mr.

Gladstone never makes a speech without describing the Ministers, who are all members of one or the other House of Parliament, as criminals at least as bad as rebels; but none of his victims appeal to privilege against his conscientious conviction that it is sinful to differ from himself. As he says in his lately published letter, "The "first and highest of all tests to be applied to a National "Church is its tendency to promote a sound moral "opinion, or what we"—that is, Mr. Gladstone and those who agree with him—"think to be so." It is perhaps a breach of privilege to consider the policy of the majority of the House of Commons as incompatible with sound morality.

Both Mr. Sullivan and his friendly opponent, Sir W. Harcourt, intended to propound the more than questionable doctrine that the House ought either to assert its privileges on all occasions, or cease to exercise any check on the license of its members or of strangers. On both occasions Sir W. Harcourt moved the same amendment, to the effect that the House saw no cause to take further proceedings. The resolution may perhaps have been in both instances judiciously framed; but the arguments by which it was supported went too far, and the comparison between Mr. Plimsoll's placards and the speeches at the Chelsea meeting was thoroughly misleading. Freedom of debate and independence in legislation are not menaced by the speeches of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright, nor by the rival extravagance of humbler speakers on the other side. A direct appeal to the constituents of a member against his conduct in relation to a pending Bill is an interference with the freedom of the House of Commons. In times of excitement such placards as Mr. Plimsoll's might not improbably cause personal danger to the supporters of an unpopular measure or amendment. A mob would not recognize its own ridiculous incompetence to judge whether a Bill ought or ought not to come on as unopposed after a certain hour in the night. The debate which has since taken place on Lord Sandon's motion to refer Mr. Plimsoll's Bill to a Select Committee furnishes an additional illustration of the necessity of guarding against the repetition of similar irregularities. It may well have been on the whole expedient to accept a retractation as a sufficient settlement of the question; but Sir W. Harcourt's contention that the placards were no more censurable than an ordinary party speech was wholly erroneous.

Parliament will be well advised in retaining all the means of defence which have been provided at different times in contemplation of varying circumstances. Even the power of prohibiting the publication of reports of debates might in possible contingencies be useful; and in the meantime a rusty weapon does no harm while it hangs on the wall. It is to be regretted that modern ingenuity has not devised a remedy against the opposite risk of the suppression of reports. It would perhaps not be possible to summon to the bar of the House publishers of morning papers in which the summaries of speeches were fuller than the reports. Against more positive interference with the supremacy of Parliament, privilege and the penalties by which it is enforced will probably afford sufficient protection. There is no sufficient reason against relinquishing a few definite and personal privileges which were once necessary for the protection of members. Two hundred years ago it was not impossible that a member might be arrested on the pretence of debt for the purpose of preventing him from joining in an obnoxious vote. As debtors can now only be imprisoned after a contumacious refusal to pay a just debt, it is unnecessary to continue an obnoxious, though insignificant, exemption. The peer who some time since refused with impunity to pay a small coal bill cannot be said to have represented the usual practice of his order. It is remarkable that in England members of Parliament have never claimed relief from liability to criminal prosecution. Continental Assemblies have in general a right to give or withhold their assent to the prosecution of their members. At the present time two Socialist representatives are claiming the protection of the German Parliament against political prosecutions. It was not necessary to ask the consent of the House of Commons when O'Connell was prosecuted for sedition five-and-thirty years ago. Although party feeling then ran high, the Opposition never affected to believe that the object of the Government was to exclude a formidable adversary from Parliament. It matters little whether the privilege is maintained or surrendered. Obstinate defendants in County Courts are not likely to feel as a practical grievance the possible avoidance of imprisonment by one of their number who might happen to have a seat in Parliament. It seems strange that, while serious legislation is at a standstill, time can be found for the discussion of such trifles as the exemption of members from arrest.

As long as no interference with Parliamentary legislation or business is attempted, the characters of Ministers and members of the Opposition must take care of themselves, except in cases where protection is afforded under the law of libel; yet it would be imprudent in either House to renounce the right of dealing by its own authority with attacks which threatened its independence. Even the most sweeping charges against the whole House must be borne with equanimity. The present Parliament has been more than once informed by Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Chamberlain, and others that it is the most servile and corrupt which has been known in England since the days of Walpole, or from a much earlier period. The House of Commons has not been terrified by objurgation, and apparently it has in no respect changed its course. The Government still commands the support of its original majority, and some Liberals are disposed to condone its unexampled crimes. If agitators exchanged vague abuse for appeals to physical force, it would be necessary to resort to the comprehensive armoury of privilege. Politicians of Sir W. Harcourt's rank, whose influence in the country is the honourable result of their position in the House of Commons, are not well advised in exposing to odium or ridicule the latent resources of Parliamentary authority. It was scarcely legitimate to taunt Sir Stafford Northcote with his alleged encouragement of Mr. Sullivan's contrivance for wasting time. It has been shown that there was no analogy between the breach of privilege which had been recorded and censured by the House and the out-of-door speeches which were supposed to move Mr. Sullivan's indignation. A much slighter excuse would have sufficed for the interruption of serious business. The innumerable amendments and debates on the Irish Relief Bill were not provoked by any proceeding with reference to privilege. It may be admitted that questions of privilege should not be lightly or frequently raised. Parliamentary leaders always wisely discourage demands made by sensitive members for the punishment of journalists who may have treated them with disrespect. When there has been a real interference with the freedom of debate or with the exercise of the functions of Parliament, the offence ought not to be treated with levity. Abuse of the forms of the House by its own members is an offence of an entirely different character from breach of privilege. The internal dangers by which the House of Commons is threatened are by far the most serious; but it is also proper and prudent to provide against external encroachment, and especially against attempts to transfer legislative power from Parliament to any section of the community.

M. ROUHER ON FREE TRADE.

THE reception given to M. Rouher's speech on the Tariff Bill by the Chamber of Deputies might read more than one lesson to French parties if they were in the mood to listen to any lesson. So far as their adversaries are concerned, triumphant majorities are usually Sadducees. They believe that there is no such thing as a political resurrection. But whenever their adversaries are worth anything, it usually turns out in the end that defeat and destruction are not at all the same thing. Nothing could seem more hopeless than the position of the Bonapartists after Sedan, and yet since then they have had two revivals and two reverses. Under Marshal MacMahon they obtained for a time something like the supreme control of affairs, and though this was lost by the breakdown of the attempt of the 16th May, the blow fell more heavily upon the Royalists than upon the Imperialists. The Duke of Broglie came in for a far larger measure of unpopularity than M. de Fourtou, though it is probable that M. de Fourtou had done more to deserve the lion's share. The steady advance of the Republic in the direction of Radicalism had done much to revive Bonapartist prospects, when they were again clouded by the death of Prince Louis Napoleon. Perhaps the belief that M. Rouher, at all events, has been rendered harmless by this disaster may have had some-

thing to do with the attention paid to him on Saturday and Monday. It is more probable, however, that this attention was a genuine tribute to his great knowledge of the subject, and a half-unconscious admission that on the material prosperity of France a Bonapartist has a right to be listened to. Little as NAPOLEON III. knew how to turn national prosperity to account, there can be no question that the country did make immense progress under his rule, and that the secret of this progress lay in the sound views which he and his advisers entertained of the causes which make a nation prosperous. By a large number of Frenchmen this fact will always be set against the many vices of the Second Empire, and if the Republic is not careful to study the causes of national prosperity with equal zeal and equal success, this fact will undoubtedly be held in time to outweigh those vices. The truth is that the Bonapartists when in power have shown themselves the least vindictive of French parties. They have done all that they thought necessary, and often far more than was really necessary, to keep power in their own hands; but they have not yielded in anything like the same degree as either Royalists or Republicans to the peculiarly French desire to trample on a fallen enemy. The consequence is that they have had time and thought to spare for other things. The Republicans, unfortunately, have their attention so much taken up with the imposition of what they hold to be necessary disabilities on the Church that they cannot always give the necessary care to purely secular considerations. Some grand question of principle is constantly turning up, and the Republican Government has at once to put aside its proper work in order to devise a new bridle for the clergy or the religious orders. Many of M. ROUHER's readers will sigh as they remember how seldom such speeches as his are heard now. Imports and exports, manufactures and raw materials—these, they will say, are the words we should like to hear continually from our representatives. As it is, they are much more occupied in proving to us that, when they shut up the schools to which we wish to send our children, they are promoting liberty of education. It may be a long time before such comparisons injure a fairly strong Government, but they do tend to injure it. They alienate the classes which are the natural supports of every established Government—the classes which, if the Government is only decently prudent, have everything to lose by change. After all, it is by their care for the material interests of their subjects that Governments will ordinarily be judged. They may have higher qualities than this, but none which come so frequently before their subjects' eyes, or which live so long in their subjects' memories. The persistence shown by NAPOLEON III. in setting free the trade of France in the teeth of the Liberal Opposition wins elections for the BONAPARTES twenty years after the occasion on which it was most prominently displayed.

M. ROUHER's line of argument was very much the same as that taken by Mr. BOURKE in the late debate on Mr. WHEELHOUSE's motion. All the signs of prosperity which on the Protectionist showing ought to be wanting are obtrusively present. If the Commercial Treaty has been so disastrous to French trade, the traces of its mischievous influence ought to be visible in every department whether of commerce or industry. There should be less money saved, less money made by the railways which live in part by the carriage of goods, less money paid to the State in taxes. Under all these heads the evidence of facts goes the other way. The deposits which represent the surplus wealth of the population have increased. The earnings of the railway Companies, which represent either the business which produces wealth or the uses to which it is put when produced, have increased. The produce of the succession duties, which best of all represent realized property, has increased. These are the facts which constitute the indirect proof of M. ROUHER's case; and, besides these, there is the direct proof yielded by the actual figures which show what trade was before the Commercial Treaty, and what it has become since. When French manufacturers complain that they stand in need of more protection, they do not consider what the reduction of the protection they formerly enjoyed has brought them in. In 1850 the value of raw materials imported was 727,000,000 francs; in 1876 it was 2,185,000,000 francs. Why was all this additional raw material brought into the country? Not to lie idle in docks and warehouses, but to be used for purposes of manufacture. If the cotton industry, the wool industry, the silk industry, had been reduced to such straits as the protectionists contend, why did they go on paying more and more every year for raw materials, and where did they find the money they paid? In the textile industries alone, the value of the whole import of raw materials of every kind is nearly doubled by the process of manufacture, and this represents but part of the gain which has accrued to French trade. M. ROUHER had even a more telling piece of evidence to produce in the fact that France exports 700,000,000 francs more to European markets than England exports. She is able, that is, to beat the very country in whose interest, according to the protectionists, the Commercial Treaty was made.

Of course these figures will not convince the protectionist agitators. They do not look at Protection as a whole and at Free-trade as a whole, and set the results of the two systems against one another. Their plan is to accept the good results of Free-trade as part of the order of nature, but to regard its drawbacks as entirely due to the cruel action of the Government. The increase in the import of raw materials seems to them nothing to the purpose. They have lived, and in order to live they must of course have had raw materials to work up for their livelihood. What annoys them is that, if there had been protective duties on their manufactures, they might have worked up these raw materials at a much greater profit. They would not have needed, as now, to lower their prices in order to avoid being undersold by the foreigner. They might have undersold the foreigner and kept up their prices at the same time. A man who thinks that he ought to have made threepence on a penny is not comforted by being reminded that he has made twopence. He regards the threepence as the legitimate return for his labour, and holds that in getting only twopence he has been defrauded of half his profits. Even when M. ROUHER dwells on the place which France holds by the side of England in the European markets, he carries no consolation to the manufacturers. They only feel that, but for the Commercial Treaty, they might have been equally in advance of England in the European markets, and still more in advance of her in the French market. What they want in fact is that they should not only drive a good trade at home and abroad, but that their fellow-countrymen should be taxed to support them into the bargain. It is really nothing less than an impudent assertion of their own supreme importance to the society in which they live. We can only make a living profit, they say, under the Commercial Treaty, and we want you to abolish the Treaty, and to tax yourselves freely, in order to enable us to make more than a living profit. The English consumer has learnt to weigh this argument at its true value, and there are signs that the French consumer is about to follow his example.

PARLIAMENTARY SMALL TALK.

THERE is no time at which the contrast between the House of Commons as it is and the House of Commons as it was becomes more disagreeably apparent than in such debates as those of Tuesday last. Great questions will still call forth weighty arguments, but the faculty which small subjects used to possess of doing the same thing seems entirely lost. The peculiar power which Sir GEORGE LEWIS used to exercise has descended to no one. The effect of the change is mischievous in two ways. For one thing, it deprives members of valuable training. There are many men who might usefully contribute to small discussions who cannot take part to any good purpose in larger subjects. We all know, to our cost, the kind of speeches which too often come from the back benches on both sides when the foreign policy of the Government is under consideration. Hashed mutton is all very well in its place, but that place is not in immediate succession to the hot joint. Yet this is exactly the effect produced when an injudicious selection from the weakest points of a speech by a Cabinet Minister or a leader of Opposition is served up as soon as the first speaker has sat down. On such an occasion as last Tuesday, the most commonplace member has at least a chance of being original. He may have really thought out a subject for himself, or he may have special knowledge about it to communicate. For another thing, small subjects sometimes grow into great ones, and when men have been taught to speak carefully on them in the first stage, they

will be more likely to vote intelligently on them in the last stage. Neither of these advantages is likely to be realised when no really good speaker takes part in a debate. The whole affair has lost its interest, and in losing its interest it loses everything that made it useful.

Either of the motions which were before the House of Commons on Tuesday would have given Sir GEORGE LEWIS the precise opportunity he liked. Mr. BLAKE's proposal to abolish the privilege of immunity from arrest now enjoyed by members of Parliament was of little practical importance; but it might have been made the occasion of much interesting speculation on the relation between members and their constituents. The question has long since lost the constitutional importance which may have belonged to it in days when, but for this immunity, obnoxious members of Parliament might have been constantly undergoing arrest for imaginary debts at the instance of imaginary creditors. The issue raised by Mr. LEWIS's amendment was more important than that of a member's protection against an inconvenience which is rarely inflicted on any one. What ought to be the effect on a member's position of bankruptcy, or of those arrangements with creditors which in the majority of cases take the place of bankruptcy? Supposing that bankruptcy constitutes no disability in the opinion of a man's constituents, ought it to constitute one in the opinion of the House of Commons? To what extent are constituents the sole judges of their representative's qualifications? These may be easy questions enough to answer in a particular case, but they are not at all easy questions to answer generally. Yet they have a bearing even upon such pressing matters as the method of dealing with obstruction. If Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's rule is adopted, the House of Commons will be armed with power to say that the representative of this or that constituency shall neither speak nor vote until he has been reconciled to the House he has offended. It would have done members no harm if their ideas upon this question had been cleared up by a good preliminary debate on the not wholly dissimilar question raised by Mr. LEWIS.

The other subject was one of greater interest, though its interest was not derived from the speeches made in the debate. The question of the duration of Parliaments has naturally received unusual prominence from the approach of a dissolution, and Mr. HOLMS and Mr. COWEN have persuaded themselves that the country would be benefited by a more frequent appeal to the electors. A good deal of their reasoning seems to rest on the alleged divergence between the present House of Commons and its constituents. If Parliament sat for five years instead of seven, they contend that the spectacle they are now compelled to witness of a Liberal majority in the country being represented by a Conservative majority in Parliament would be spared them. Of course a very complete change may take place in the feeling of the electors between the meeting of one Parliament and the meeting of the next. But neither Mr. HOLMS nor Mr. COWEN succeeded in showing that quinquennial Parliaments would constitute any safeguard against this possibility. Public opinion might conceivably swing completely round in the course of the first Session of a new Parliament, and in that case the grievance of having to wait four years for the election which would set things right would not be appreciably less than the grievance of having to wait six years. In point of fact, the only complete remedy for this evil would be annual Parliaments, unless indeed it were thought better to institute a system of monthly or weekly votes in each constituency, with the view of determining whether they wished to have a new election before the end of the year. A still more perfect system perhaps would be for each constituency to elect every week a Committee which should have power to give the member notice to quit at the end of the month. In this way elections might be going on all the year round, and Parliament would be reduced to a state of permanent dissolution. The serious answer to this part of Mr. HOLMS's case is that, if public opinion has undergone a complete change, it rarely fails to manifest itself so unmistakably as either to provoke the Government to dissolve or to prevent them from undertaking any serious legislation. Members who wish to stand well with their constituents—and no member who intends to offer himself for re-election is altogether superior to this weakness—are very quick at finding out when the opinion of the electors has swung round; and English Cabinets are seldom desperate enough to risk hopeless exclusion from office after the election by using the last remnants of their power in a way which they know to be distasteful to those from whom it is derived.

The argument that the last Session of a Parliament is usually marked by a general weakening of the leaders' authority on both sides of the House, and by an almost ostentatious desire to curry favour with the electors in whose hands a member's fate will soon rest, is perfectly sound. But it makes directly against any diminution of the Parliamentary term. The really important consideration from this point of view is that no Parliament should be suffered to run out its natural course. Within certain limits, the Government must of course choose its own time for a dissolution, but it is desirable that this time should not be fixed beforehand. The shorter the time for which a Parliament is elected the greater is the probability that it will be allowed to live out its time. Elections being necessarily frequent, a feeling easily grows up against multiplying them without just cause. If Parliaments were triennial, it might be predicted with tolerable confidence that, as a general rule, elections would be triennial also; and, in so far as the substitution of five years for seven had any influence in the matter, it would be in the same direction. But as regards efficiency of legislation—which, after all, is one of the objects for which Parliament exists—any change which shortened Parliaments would be a change for the worse. In the first year of a Parliament members have hardly settled into their places; in the last year they are taken up with speculations whether they will be able to keep them. There remain only the intermediate years, which under a quinquennial system would at most be three. Upon any long course of years the substitution of three years out of five, instead of five out of seven, as the working residuum of each Parliament would effect a considerable subtraction from the available total. Considering the yearly increasing tasks that Parliament has to get through, and the yearly decreasing faculty of getting through them that Parliament displays, very much stronger arguments should be adduced for the change than any contained in Mr. COWEN's job lot of inappropriate historical parallels.

DEAN STANLEY'S MAUSOLEUM.

ON Tuesday last the Dean of WESTMINSTER undertook to defend the intended erection of a statue of Prince LOUIS NAPOLEON in what the world in general knows as HENRY VII.'s Chapel in Westminster, but what the DEAN prefers to call the Royal Mausoleum appended to the Abbey. It is not always given to artists to know their own best work, and it is possible that the DEAN may overrate the merit of the speech he then delivered. That he thinks highly of it may be inferred from his regret that there were not more people to listen to it. Were there not 5,200 signers of the memorial, he seemed to say; but where are the 5,199? Why am I left face to face with Mr. FORDHAM, and with Mr. FORDHAM alone? The DEAN seemingly had the prayer of St. CHRYSOSTOM in his mind; for he made it pretty evident that, had there been no one present but Mr. FORDHAM, he should not have delivered his discourse. Happily for the public, a deputation from the Workman's International Peace Association had paid a visit to the DEAN at the same time. What this Association had specially to do with the matter in hand is not very clear; but they, at all events, formed what the DEAN not very graciously described as "a kind of" audience. As no nearer approach to a real audience was then to be had, the DEAN consented to make the best of things, and proceeded to put the deputation and Mr. FORDHAM in possession of the reasons which have led him to decline the prayer of the memorial. They are of so miscellaneous a character that it will perhaps be best to take them in the order in which they were stated.

The first seems a little self-contradictory. The DEAN distrusts large petitions; but this did not prevent him from finding fault with this one because it is not large enough. "Out of about eight millions of the "adult population of the Empire, 5,200 have signed "the memorial, and out of the adult female population "of about nine millions, three individuals appear to "have signed it." It does not seem to us that an objection to the erection of a statue of a foreign prince in an English church which is shared by more than five thou-

sand representative Englishmen is quite so undeserving of attention as the DEAN thinks. It is fair to say, however, that the DEAN denies that the signatures are representative. From this point of view the number of the signatures goes, he considers, for very little; everything turns on their weight. It is distressing to learn that the DEAN has formed a very low estimate of the assistant-masters of public schools. He had noticed, he said, a remarkable number of signatures of this class, and he places this remark in most suspicious contiguity to the statement that "it is not his opinion that an educated "man ought to be influenced by the opinion of the un-"educated." Assuming then that, as regards public schools, only the head-masters can be regarded as educated, the DEAN points out that only the name of one head-master, the Head-Master of Marlborough, has appeared among the signatures. Oxford and Cambridge contribute no more than one professor each. There is one Nonconformist minister and one clergyman of the Church of England. Seeing Mr. CARLYLE's name, not in Mr. CARLYLE's handwriting, the DEAN jumped to the conclusion that an unworthy trick had been attempted. It now appears that Mr. CARLYLE's name was attached to the memorial at his expressed request. The names of all "the great lights "in science" are absent, the ASTRONOMER ROYAL not, in the DEAN's opinion, falling under that designation. The addition of Mr. FREEMAN's name to the signatures the DEAN evidently considered a positive drawback. He should have known, he says, that that name would be on any memorial relating to Westminster Abbey. This suggests that the DEAN thinks the knowledge of the history of Westminster Abbey rather a disqualification than otherwise for signing a memorial in relation to it. Probably it is not a disqualification which attaches to any of those who originally asked him to accept the statue.

After enumerating his reasons for thinking nothing of the authors of the memorial, the DEAN went on to give his reasons for not acceding to the prayer of it. He is asked to withdraw his consent to the erection of a statue to Prince LOUIS NAPOLEON; how can he do this when he gave that consent originally "from considerations of what "was due to the traditions of the Abbey and to the best "interests of the English people"? The traditions of the Abbey seem to resolve themselves into one—the erection of a statue to the Duke of MONTPENSIER, the brother of LOUIS PHILIPPE. But the Duke of MONTPENSIER was actually buried in the Abbey, which goes for something, and the circumstances of his exile were altogether different from those of Prince LOUIS NAPOLEON's exile. At that time the cause of the BOURBONS was generally accepted by the English people as their own cause. They were at war with NAPOLEON I., and they did not in the least care whether the French took offence at the erection of the statue or not. In the case of Prince LOUIS, the Government of France is a friendly Government, and when the pretensions of an exile are in necessary and constant opposition to the very existence of that Government, it is alike prudent and decent not to give those pretensions anything that may be twisted into a public recognition. How the best interests of the English people are to be promoted by the statue the DEAN did not say. The only explanation that occurs to us is that he looks on its erection as making friends of the mammon of unrighteousness. The BONAPARTES may some day again be rulers of France, and it may then serve the best interests of the English people that they should have been civil to one of their number when the family was in its low estate. Whether the present head of the family is likely to be specially drawn to us by this act of respect to his cousin may perhaps be doubtful, but the DEAN thinks it best to be on the safe side.

If we understand the DEAN rightly, he is tempted to regret that so many Englishmen eminent in art, literature, or science have been buried in the Abbey or the adjacent cloisters. He would rather have their room than their company. The public interest, even of the humblest classes, in the graves of MARY Queen of Scots and of the two Princes murdered in the Tower far exceeds that with which they view the graves of Sir ISAAC NEWTON or of PITT and FOX. If this is a reason for multiplying monuments to princes, it would clearly have been better not to waste any of the necessarily limited space at the disposal of a Dean of Westminster in burying Englishmen eminent in art, literature, or science. From the point of view of popular interest they are mere cumberers of the ground. Every English prince without exception might have had a tomb in the Abbey, and the bodies of a few of the less esteemed members of foreign royal families might have been obtained to fill up vacancies. We hope that the DEAN will not think us wanting in respect for that "heart" which he claims for the Abbey when we suggest that, if popular interest is the best qualification for interment in Westminster Abbey, there is a class of persons who have a better title to the distinction even than princes. The true way to make the Abbey interesting would be to make it a mausoleum of distinguished murderers. In that character it would bear the same relation to its present self that the Chamber of Horrors at Mme. TUSSAUD's bears to the more commonplace room which contains the effigies of monarchs and heroes.

The DEAN's final argument was drawn from the "uni-"versal regret and sympathy" with which the news of the PRINCE's death was received in England. It is strange to hear the existence of this feeling urged as a plea for an act which more than anything else will check this regret and sympathy. Englishmen thought they could safely express their sorrow for a young man's death and a mother's bereavement because these were wholly dissociated from political considerations. The proposal to erect a monument of the PRINCE in Westminster Abbey—we beg the DEAN's pardon, in an appanage to Westminster Abbey—was the first inroad of political feeling into this general mourning. It gave a false colour to the regrets which had been freely uttered, and made the nation an accomplice in an act which, however it may be disguised, cannot but be open to an unfriendly interpretation on the part of the French people. They send the BONAPARTES into exile. We bury them in Westminster Abbey. The ordinary Frenchman will certainly be disposed to read in this contrast a virtual censure by Englishmen of what Frenchmen have done.

THE LATE OPERATIONS AT CABUL.

THE clear accounts furnished by the Correspondents from the camp at Cabul admit of a judgment being now formed of the various actions of last December which resulted in the force being suddenly converted from assailants into assailed, and finding themselves shut up for a time in their entrenchments at Sherpur. The rising of the tribes, and their combination on so large a scale, undoubtedly took us by surprise; nevertheless, the moral aspect of affairs would probably not have been so quickly changed but for two unfortunate incidents—the abortive charge of the cavalry and the temporary abandonment of four horse-artillery guns on the first day, and the loss of the two mountain guns on the last day's fighting. As for the first incident, it is difficult to find fault with the display of so much gallantry; but for a handful of cavalry to charge an army, and over very broken ground—even although that army be not a disciplined one—is not war. Both men and officers suffered very heavily, especially the former, and without inflicting any appreciable loss on the enemy. So bad was the ground that when a handful of the broken regiment of Lancers was got together for a second charge, the men had actually to advance in single file. The moral effect when cavalry are thrown away in attempts to accomplish impossibilities is not the least of the bad results. It must be remembered, however, that the greatest master of modern war over and over again made this mistake, as, for example, in the notable instance in the Spanish war, described by De Ségur, where Napoleon sent the Polish Lancers of his Guard to carry a Spanish battery securely posted above a ravine, galloping up which the gallant horsemen were most of them destroyed without being able even to approach the object of their attack. The common fault, no doubt, in handling cavalry is not to make sufficient use of them; but it requires a peculiar genius to seize the right moment for letting them go, especially against infantry; and if a mistake is made cavalry soon get out of hand. The temporary loss of the guns appears to have been due to their leaving the road, and being taken into ground where they could neither advance nor retreat; but the position of an unfortunate battery commander who is getting orders simultaneously from his colonel, his brigadier, and the general, is not conducive to decision in action. That the guns were recovered by a gallant staff officer was a piece of good fortune on a par with the ill luck of their loss in the first instance. The enemy, unaware of what had happened, made off in another direction, and the guns were left in the ditches where they had been abandoned, to be brought off without any serious fighting.

When the news of the loss of the guns and the unfortunate action of the cavalry was brought into Sherpur by some of the most rapid riders from the scene, a scare was not unnatural. The enemy was between the camp and Macpherson's and Baker's brigades, which were both away at a distance; and it was not known how they had fared. But the opinion which has since been expressed by some Correspondents, that the Sherpur

camp was really in serious danger of being carried, is surely not borne out by the facts. Even if only eight hundred fighting men were left in the place, we may assume, from what we know of the quality of the two sides, that this force would have been quite sufficient to hold its own until the two brigades came up to help; while an attack made on Sherpur by a force which had two of our brigades in its rear would not have been made with much deliberation or persistence. That our handful of cavalry, acting on ground quite unsuitable for horsemen, had not been able to make any impression on the enemy, hardly justifies the inference that eight hundred infantry, fighting on their own ground, would not have been able to hold their own against any number of the Afghans. And, indeed, a couple of companies of the 72nd, posted in the gorge of the Cabul river, sufficed to turn the assailants away from their line altogether. Still we had unquestionably been surprised and outmanœuvred; there had been considerable misadventures during the day, and a less courageous general than Sir Frederick Roberts might well have determined to withdraw his force at once within the Sherpur line until the arrival of reinforcements. Had this been done, the result would in one sense have been the same, because this concentration was eventually forced upon the commander; and the subsequent three days' fighting would have been saved. But the attack on Sherpur which followed would probably have taken place much sooner, and before the position had been strengthened, and have been made with much more determination than was actually exhibited. And although the three days' fighting was inconclusive—indeed may be said to have resulted in defeat, since we had to give up the contested positions to the enemy—still it was illustrated by an exhibition of the splendid fighting qualities of our infantry. Nothing could have been finer than the way in which the heights above Cabul were carried, by an admirable combination of skill and pluck. The one unfortunate incident in the business, the loss of the two mountain guns, seems to have been mainly due to the fact that a detachment of native infantry, belonging to an excellent regiment, but led into action by a gallant young officer of Dragoons who had never done a day's duty with them before, and could not speak a word of their language, would not obey their leader, but went back when they ought to have gone forward. This is an unfortunate thing to do in action; but the sort of arrangement which brought it about is not fair to either officers or sepoys. A Ney or a Murat at the head of British soldiers would not have fared better. The native troops by general consent have behaved admirably in this war when led by officers whom they know and who know them; but, so long as the present system of officering the Indian army is maintained, these conditions must often be wanting; the officers of a native regiment are always liable to be suddenly used up.

The repulse of the attack on Sherpur does not call for much notice, because we had it all our own way; but the duty before it took place was severe, and the reaction upon this, and the subsequent ennui, may perhaps be sufficient to account for a certain tone of despondency which is somewhat too noticeable in the correspondence from that place; while there has been a tendency to make too much of the loss incurred. A list of about three hundred killed and wounded in four days' fighting, out of some four thousand who appear to have been actually engaged, is not large, although, no doubt, the attendant conditions may have served to intensify the effect on the imagination. Some of the loss was unnecessary, and the troops were called on to carry positions which they had to give up immediately afterwards; but further, whereas in ordinary battles the casualties are, so to speak, promiscuous—there being little room for taking aim or for prominence of individuals, but men are knocked over by chance—here some of the best and bravest were the first to fall; some of them men who had already distinguished themselves by their soldierlike qualities, while others were killed in the act of making their reputations, leading on their men and falling at their head in personal combat. In one sense, indeed, the loss may have been insufficient. It is certainly the case that our most bloody battles in India have usually been also the most decisive. We suffered terribly in the engagements with the Sikhs; but they suffered still [illegible], and at last, confessing themselves thoroughly beaten and [illegible]pting the position, gave in completely. The Afghans have [illegible]ver yet been thoroughly punished; perhaps, if they were, they too would knock under for good.

As regards the future, the arrangements which are now being made for strengthening the position at Cabul will put all further attack on it out of question. The forts, within a few hundred yards of Sherpur, which the enemy occupied from the 15th to the 23rd of December, and from which we were unable to dislodge them until, after the grand repulse, they went off of their own accord, have now at last been destroyed, as they should have been in the first instance; all cover round the walls is being levelled; broad roads admit of a sweeping artillery fire in all directions; Sherpur itself has been strengthened, and we have also constructed detached posts which should prevent the enemy from even approaching it or the city of Cabul; the heights above Cabul which were the scene of the three days' fighting being crowned with redoubts which should be practically quite impregnable against Afghan assailants. The Cabul Correspondent of the *Times*, who is understood to be an experienced veteran, suggests a doubt whether the line of posts is not too extensive for the available force; but it is far better to form your retrenched camp by means of detached works so as to admit of the garrison moving freely about in support of the different outworks, and to keep the enemy from out of range of the main position, than to strengthen the latter only, and to leave the exterior circumference all neutral ground. In the present case, too, it must be of paramount necessity to prevent the insurgents from again obtaining possession of the city, even temporarily. Their last occupation was undoubtedly a very untoward event. Our general tendency in India is to be indifferent to the point of recklessness about taking precautions of this sort, and making defences supply the place of numbers. To this day there is hardly a fortified post throughout the length and breadth of India, and it is very unlikely we shall do too much in this way even at Cabul.

It is impossible to mistake the tone of weariness which, to judge by the correspondence in the papers and the general tenor of private letters, seems to have come over the garrison of Cabul. Officers and men are represented as being sick and weary of the war, and longing to be back in India. The feeling of weariness is not unnatural; the troops are now suffering all the discomfort without having any of the excitement of campaigning. But the present situation of things is very much what might have been expected. It was pretty evident, when Roberts made his first advance over the Shuturgardan, that as soon as he had succeeded in reaching Cabul there would be little to do save to hold on there till the spring. On the whole, things have turned out much better than could have been expected; a bold policy, as usually happens in war, has proved a successful one. The health of the army has been good, considering the circumstances; indeed, what the troops in the Kyber, which are in much worse case than those in advance, are suffering from now, is not the sickness produced by the present cold, but the result of their trying march back to India last summer, from the effects of which some regiments in the rear are still almost entirely prostrated. But when we hear it said that a definite policy is now wanted, it may be replied that an army has nothing to do with policy; while there can be no question of retirement in the present state of things. Opposition must first be put down, in whatever part of the country it appears, before we can begin to think about vacating it. Perhaps it is because wars in recent times have been brought to an end so quickly that murmurs are now heard about the duration of this war; but it may be as well to remember that our Peninsular army was—some part of it—eight years at work, and that many of Napoleon's troops were absent from their own country much longer than that. At any rate, the words of advice lately spoken by the Premier will not be out of place; our soldiers, as well as our politicians, have to be firm and steadfast. But with the renewal of active operations in the spring, campaigning in Afghanistan will probably assume a livelier aspect.

THE FRENCH NOBILITY.

A SERIES of articles on foreign nobilities has lately appeared in the columns of one of our daily contemporaries. The subject has a certain amount of interest and importance in the democratic days on which we are fallen, when merit and money are each struggling to oust mere aristocracy from its traditional vantage-ground. We ask ourselves, when we see how are the mighty fallen in some other countries, if the force of tradition, the strength of material wealth, and the generally deserved moral power that hedges round our own titled aristocracy, will avail for long to preserve for them their place, influence, and social predominance. If the House of Peers were swept away in obedience to some new theory, and in its stead there were set up a Senate after a foreign fashion, if we altered the laws relating to land and the succession thereto so as to make them satisfactory to Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain, where would our nobility be then?

It is a pity that the writer of the article on the French nobility in the journal referred to, while giving us but little information of value, should have been at the pains of representing them in a ridiculous light. We suspect that he had been drawing his knowledge from democratic sources, and that he has not much personal acquaintance with the subjects of his satire. He gravely tells us that in France there are over five hundred dukes, several thousand marquesses, and between two and three hundred thousand counts. At that rate, one might calculate that every fiftieth man one met in the street would be a nobleman. And this would be leaving out of reckoning the viscounts, who would be proportionately numerous, and the barons, who would be as thick as blackberries. It is scarcely necessary to say that the estimate is enormously exaggerated. There are in France, as with us, five hereditary nobiliary titles, which correspond with our own—namely, those of *Duc*, *Marquis*, *Comte*, *Vicomte*, and *Baron*—though some mysterious difficulties attach to the relative precedence of marquis and comte, which we do not pretend to fathom, only observing by the way that Napoleon hated and never would confer the former title. We may also note the curious custom in one or two families of alternating titles, the marquis succeeding his father the comte, and being in his turn succeeded by his son as comte, and so on. There is no such title as *Prince*, other than belonging to Royal or Imperial families. Princely prefixes to French names are therefore of foreign importation and origin. The most eminent before the Revolution belonged to dignitaries of the Holy Roman Empire. Napoleon, indeed, created a few princes other than of the blood Imperial, but they were made princes of localities not in

France. Of such were Ney, created *Prince de la Moskowa*; and Berthier, created *Prince de Wagram*. One of the compilers of our Red Books holds that, though the nomenclature and sequence of rank of the five degrees of French nobility correspond with our own, such correspondence exists but in name or theory. A foreign countess, he says, is in no way a countess in our sense of the term. But the only difference—it is of course a striking one—is that foreign countesses are not peeresses, or rather are not the wives of hereditary legislators. With that exception there is no distinction whatever as regards rank; and the wife of an Irish or Scotch earl having no seat in the House of Peers is the exact counterpart of the wife of a recognized French count.

In estimating the value of titles, the dignity of their possessors, and the degree of precedence which should be accorded them, it is of course essential to ascertain whether they are the genuine creations of sovereigns; for the periodical chaos into which the country is thrown by sudden changes of government, and the assumption of power by new men in all departments of the State, opens many doors to all sorts of claimants and adventurers. The genuine nobility is composed of the *ancienne noblesse* of the Bourbon monarchy and nobles of Napoleonic creation. As a rule, the latter are held in scant respect; but there are striking exceptions; and the descendants of such men as Lannes, Masséna, Davoust, Ney, and two or three more, bear names and titles indissolubly associated with traditions which will perhaps for ages be enshrined in the heart of the great mass of the nation. But Napoleon made nobles out of other than heroes. He knew well the shallowness of the ridiculous theory of equality in a country with a history like that of France and among a people who perhaps, above all others, appreciate those distinctions which separate them from and elevate them above the common herd. Since he signally failed, even at the height of his power and renown, to rally to his cause in any considerable numbers the high nobility of the Bourbons, he was compelled to make fresh creations. Generals of brigade, on attaining that grade, became *ipso facto* barons; generals of division became counts. All the marshals, with but two exceptions, if we remember right, were made dukes or princes.

With the collapse of the Napoleonic Empire this state of things came to an end. The brand-new electro-plated *noblesse*, despised by the sterling old nobles of the Royalist monarchy, had not been able to conciliate the respect of the masses: and indeed were regarded as an anomaly in a democratic Empire, and with reason. The people, however cajoled, fascinated, terrified into humble obedience to their democratic Emperor, nevertheless resented the attempt to create a race of minor divinities, and to revive traditions supposed to have received their death-blow at the Revolution. The whole theory of the Bonapartes is that they are the elected of a free people having equal privileges and an equal voice in all matters—that they are the natural chiefs of a Republic, or sovereigns of a Republican Empire. For years after Napoleon I. was seated on the throne the coinage of the country bore on one side the words, "Napoléon I. Empereur," and on the other "République Française." That was a strange jumble of ideas, impossible perhaps in any other country than France—the land nevertheless of logic. On the one side, a theory of liberty, equality, fraternity; on the other, its practical annihilation. But to invent an hereditary nobility was to make the confusion of ideas yet more complete, and indeed such a nobility was quite out of place, and had no *raison d'être* under such conditions.

On the Restoration of the Bourbons the remnants of the old aristocracy began to return from voluntary or enforced emigration, or from home isolation. Although shorn of their privileges and much of their wealth, and no longer feudal lords, they were suffered to regain, amid a people disenchanted with their idols and wearied with change and loss, some little of their ancient prestige. Charles X. was surrounded by as brilliant a throng of historic names as ever gathered about a Court. But he and they soon showed that wisdom and pedigree were not interchangeable terms, and then came the *bourgeois* King Louis Philippe, who sought a popularity, which proved of no long continuance, among the middle rather than the upper classes. In his reign some titles were conferred. In one instance he conferred on his Chancellor, M. Pasquier, a dukedom, which is now enjoyed by his nephew (born Audiffret), as Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier. The revolutionists of 1848 abolished titles and proscribed the use even of the prefix *de*; but these measures met with but indifferent success in their application. They were, however, an improvement upon the proceedings of the men of '89, who were not content with depriving nobles of their distinctions, but, to make doubly sure, deprived them of their heads—all they could catch. In 1848, laws and enactments notwithstanding, a kind of freemasonry was established by the threatened class against which legislation was almost powerless. On the reappearance of the Empire titles were officially restored, and steps were taken to preserve the institution of nobility from further deterioration. Not only was it forbidden to assume a title, or even the *de*, or any name other than the designation defined in the *Acte de Naissance*, but such assumptions were made punishable by fine and imprisonment. Moreover, any notary allowing the insertion in a public or official act or document of an assumed title or name was rendered liable to a heavy punishment himself. In addition to this, a Committee was appointed to examine into the validity of all titles and of all claims to bear titles. The *Acte de Naissance* is a voucher which must be produced by every Frenchman when he comes into contact with the State or with the official world. It defines the owner's exact capacity, and is implicitly to be relied on. In the cases, however, of all persons born before 1805, during the revolutionary era, the *Acte de Naissance* ignores claims to titles, and even the right to use a *de*, so that nobles born in that epoch have to make good their claims from other sources. The titles conferred by Napoleon III.—Duc de Magenta, Duc de Persigny, Comte de Palikao, &c.—were imitations of the titles of the First Empire.

Unfortunately for the reputation of the order, not a few persons in France have, in spite of prohibitions, continued to use titles with which they have dubbed themselves. Imperial thunders, effective enough when launched against men in the performance of public acts, failed to overwhelm the mere counts of social intercourse, who would drop their designations at critical moments and subside gently into their proper quality before the law. It may not be generally known that, strictly speaking, there are no such things in France as courtesy titles. The son of a duke is plain *Monsieur*, just as the daughter of a duke is plain *Mademoiselle*. Whether it be in imitation of German or English custom we know not, but the practice has generally obtained during this century of eldest sons taking the title the next below that of their father, and of younger sons using an inferior title; qualifying the assumption, just as younger sons of dukes and marquesses do in England, by the addition of the Christian name. It will be seen, therefore, that, as Sir Bernard Burke has observed, it is essential, when we want to establish the true status of a man in his own country, that each separate case should be inquired into; for while it would be discourteous to some foreign guests to deny them that precedence and regard which is really their due, it would be absurd to treat others with a distinction to which in their own land they are strangers.

In France, then, speaking generally, the aristocracy may be divided into the families of the descendants or survivors of the *noblesse* of the Bourbon monarchy, which numbers in its ranks the *noblesse* of the Court, capital, and historic fame; and the *noblesse de province*, which, often locally powerful, has not, from want of means and other causes, come prominently forward or made a figure at Court; the titled of Napoleonic creation; and the holders of courtesy titles. But we must not omit to notice a class of possessors of sounding titles and ringing names which are not to be found in any *Livre d'or*, or *Annuaire de la Noblesse*, and which the *Almanac de Gotha* most unceremoniously ignores. These much affect the large "thermal establishments" in Italy, Germany, Spain, and Southern France, as being the rendezvous of a motley gathering of celebrities and nobodies of many countries, in which they find opportunities of borrowing money on the strength of sonorous titles which it is worth nobody's while to challenge. These adventurers know well the ridicule to which their pretensions would expose them in their own native *arrondissement*; and although in France ridicule kills, they are alive to the strange fascination which almost any kind of title has for the people of this country, and shape their course accordingly. Unless Paterfamilias see a newcomer dangling after his wife and daughters he does not trouble himself to inquire into the family history of a casual acquaintance. Besides, even fairly good English society nowadays is pretty largely made up of people too anxious to establish their own claims, and with no particular ancestral traditions they would care to have scrutinized, to be too inquisitive about the foreign count with his polite address, and his countess with her Parisian fashions. But it is by no means difficult for the curiously inclined to obtain some clue to the real position and antecedents of a foreigner. In the case of French subjects a reference to their Embassy and to the *Annuaire de la Noblesse* will usually obtain the required information.

To sum up, the French nobility is still a social power of no mean order. If its exclusiveness and its indisposition to descend into the arena to fight with the masses diminish its political power and its capacity for usefulness, these negative qualities rather add to its social importance. The frequenters of fashionable drawing-rooms cannot fail to be struck with the peculiarities of address and manners which mark the democratic *parvenu*; and in Paris the diplomatic body and foreign visitors of rank naturally prefer, so far as they have a choice, to associate with those whose principles, habits of thought, and everyday manners are akin to their own. And, the nobility is a political power; though, because its influence is in these days exercised at a distance from the great centres of industry, and because it works beneath the surface, English writers are apt to underestimate its latent importance. But its numbers are great, its wealth is far greater than is generally supposed, and, in the spirit of freemasonry peculiar to all aristocracies, they pull well together. We need only look, in proof of this, at the division-lists of the late National Assembly. Moreover, the active sympathy of large bodies of the nobility with the priests, and the almost fanatical zeal of vast numbers of women for religion, contribute together to exercise, especially in country districts and smaller towns, a strong counter-balancing influence to that of the *libres penseurs*.

We have not attempted to treat of several important parts of our subject, such as the varying privileges of the nobility at different epochs; nor have we referred to the extremely numerous *noblesse de robe* which was swept away at the Revolution, and whose members were only nobles through their tenure of certain offices, but had no social standing. It is sufficient to observe that, though as late as less than fifty years back the nobility constituted a class of which the people entertained an inveterate jealousy, now they possess not one single

privilege outside the social circle. But though the institution is not on that account to be ridiculed, seeing that it numbers in its ranks some of the most respectable elements of the community, and is moreover the depository of grand and glorious traditions, it would be idle to make a comparison between the French nobility and the peerage of England. Our nobles, besides being a less numerous and therefore more important class, are hereditary legislators, and supporters of monarchical traditions in a country long and happily rooted in its attachment to and respect for constitutional royalty. In another sense, also, it is evident that comparisons are out of place between the English and French peoples when their institutions, national characteristics, and ways of looking at things are essentially different. In England, for instance, the wealth or the reputed wealth of a nobleman has very much to do with the amount of interest which he excites. In France some persons would honour a nobleman in virtue of his ancient origin; others would ask, "Is he for the King?" (true Royalists never say the *Comte de Chambord*); but a more numerous party only respects nobility when allied with intellect. It is most rarely the case that the first question asked about him is, "Has he much money?" An English lord is looked upon in France as a man who has unlimited means; but it can truly be said that, except in certain circles in Paris, as among hotelkeepers and tradesmen, he excites no interest whatever on that score.

So long as a people respect the honours and orders of their country, it is absurd for outsiders to disparage and ridicule these distinctions. We in England may think that the Legion of Honour is so widely distributed that its possession cannot be particularly prized. There can be no greater mistake. It is greedily sought after and intrigued for by men of all ranks and all parties throughout the country. "Not one simple Chevalier of the Order," said once a French gentleman to us, "would exchange his little bit of red riband for the noble Order of the Garter!" And the same thing may be said of titles. Some staunch Republicans excepted, there are few counts or barons who do not keenly appreciate being counts or barons; and among the untitled multitude there are few indeed who, being even distantly related to a duke or marquess, would willingly allow the fact to escape the general knowledge. So there is still in the land of equality a large store set upon inequalities.

THINGS THAT COME CHEAPER IN THE END.

All vicious pleasures are greatly enhanced when it is possible on any pretext to persuade oneself that they are the fulfilment of a duty. The Manicheans, without doubt, enjoyed their debaucheries all the more because they were indulged in at their religious assemblies; the Protector's soldiers thought it fine fun to kill their enemies to the cry of "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon"; and invalids have felt a virtuous satisfaction in acquiring a fatal habit of nipping because their doctors have ordered them to take a glass of wine when they feel weak. Extravagance, too, like other vices, has an additional charm when it can be yielded to under the cloak of prudence. Economizing is not a very agreeable process; but to be able to fancy that one is economizing when one is in reality launching out into unusually heavy expenditure must be delightful indeed. We sometimes meet with people who seem to enjoy deceiving themselves more than any other amusement; and no form of self-deception can be more agreeable than imagining that present extravagance means future thrift.

Thus a resident in London will persuade himself that it would cost less to take a house by the year in a quiet part of Berkshire or Surrey wherein to spend the autumn than to make an annual tour on the Continent with his wife and family. It is the easiest thing in the world to prove this on paper. Rent will be so much; the wages of a gardener—whose wife will take care of the house when uninhabited by the occupier—so much more; the probable cost of living is also put down, and now you have everything that need be entered on the debtor side of the estimate. On the creditor side you must put the average cost per month of living at first-class Continental hotels; the railway expenses of a tour in Switzerland, Germany, or the north of Italy; and the sums generally laid out on dresses for the girls when at fashionable [illegible]n cities or watering-places, as of course they will be able to [illegible]r their old clothes in the proposed rural retreat. Now add up [illegible]e columns on each side, and the little house in the country will show a flattering balance of several hundred pounds. What could be simpler? If the simplicity were to be strictly adhered to, the truth of the estimate would follow as a necessary consequence; but simplicity, like soda-water, requires certain additions to make it palatable to people who are accustomed to town life in the nineteenth century. At the model villa, for instance, of which we have spoken, it is soon found that at least a pony carriage is indispensable; and as locomotion is a very slow affair in a one-horse conveyance, a pair of ponies and a larger carriage are, after a while, considered necessary. Three or four ponies are bought and sold (not at a profit) before a pair are procured which satisfy the occupier of the happy retreat, and by that time they have cost as much as horses or more. Indeed their owner is not sure that a pair of horses would not have paid better in the end. Further, it is not very pleasant to have a dirty, ill-dressed, and untidy-looking Jack-of-all-trades sitting behind your carriage; therefore a smart groom, with a neat suit of livery, becomes a necessity. But then he will take care of the ponies, and keep the new harness from getting spoiled; so, despite his high wages and the cost of his livery, it is believed that he will eventually prove a saving.

Again, unless a man has some sports or other amusements to while away his time, he can scarcely live for two or three months at a country house without acquiring some taste for gardening. We have heard divines say that, of all recreations, gardening is the most innocent. They are probably right, speaking in a general way; but there are instances in which this innocent recreation would appear to be the veritable "mischief still" spoken of by the poet as readily procurable for idle hands. Let a man once taste the sweets of high gardening, and, unless his moral courage and self-denial are of an equally high order, he is pretty certain to run into extravagance over his hobby. He is always longing for more and more glass. He finds, too, that he wants more and more under-gardeners; and he only requires a head-gardener who understands the art of persuading him that an increase of his hot-houses, his forcing-pits, and his horticultural staff will pay in the end, to have a very fair chance of making his gardens one of the heaviest items in his annual expenditure. It appears to us that the innocence of gardening is rather overrated. Extravagance in a garden can hardly be said to be much more virtuous than extravagance in a stable. But many people seem to consider a love of flowers a sort of whitewash for a multitude of sins. We have known men who were anything but moral in their conduct say, with an air of childish innocence and simplicity, "Well, after all, my greatest pleasure is my garden," as if their admiration of beautiful flowers quite atoned for all their less guileless tastes. When a man takes a country house it behoves him to be specially on his guard against the delusive innocence of gardening, or he will soon find his real balance-sheet very different from the ideal document which we suppose him to have drawn up before coming to the conclusion that a small country house, as opposed to foreign travel, would pay in the end. Our rural householder is further told that nothing pays so well as a pig, and he accordingly buys a couple of pigs, and these pigs really do pay pretty well so long as the family are at their country house; but when they return to London there is an absence of the desirable fluid commonly known as "wash," on which pigs thrive, and meal, though an efficient and more fattening substitute, is not inexpensive. As regards poultry, a few hens are found to pay their way so well that some pens of prize birds are purchased, as it is so much nicer to see thoroughbred things about one; and, independently of the primary cost of these treasures, a large sum has to be laid out in making suitable yards for them, protected with wire-netting. In order to procure the desired poultry, the *Exchange and Mart* is taken in for a few weeks, with the usual result. Chickens, ducks, pigeons, ring-doves, parrots, tame rabbits, and peacocks are bought on most advantageous terms, and boxes, hutches, cots, and pens are made for these charming pets. There is a St. Bernard dog advertised in one number of the periodical, which is too tempting to be missed. He is guaranteed to be of enormous size, quiet with children, clean in the house, good-tempered, affectionate, and a faithful guardian. He turns out to be all that his panegyrist described, and he becomes the pet of the household; so much so, in fact, that it is voted a pity that a suitable helpmate of the same breed is not at hand. To the delight of everybody in the house an advertisement is found in the paper already mentioned of exactly the animal required, and although the price is rather high, she is purchased, because breeding St. Bernards is well known to be a lucrative proceeding. When the time comes for the return to London it is found necessary to appoint a functionary whose sole duty it will be to attend to the pets which have been procured through the convenient medium of the *Exchange and Mart*. Some shooting being to be let in the neighbourhood, it is taken by the occupier of our model residence, because it is a chance which might never occur again; and of course a suitable keeper is engaged to look after it. Every one assures our sportsman that he will find it cheaper in the end to have a regular keeper. When the domestic accounts for the year are drawn up under the chilling atmosphere of the month of February in a gloomy study at the back of the London house, it is found that between shooting, ponies, gardens, pigs, poultry, St. Bernards, and other pets and hobbies, the country villa, with its accompaniments, has cost even more than did the tours on the Continent of former years. The end has come, and the venture has certainly not paid.

If dwellers in cities deceive themselves in expecting country villas to prove economical, dwellers in the country deceive themselves still more with respect to London houses. People who have been in the habit of going to a London hotel or lodging-house for six weeks in the season are sometimes enamoured of the idea that it would be cheaper in the end to take a house. The rent of a small house is, they argue, rather less than the price paid for lodgings, and it would cost no more to keep the servants in London than to pay them board-wages in the country. The only extra expense would be the carriage of the servants to London and back, and this would be amply repaid by the comfort which would be thereby procured; in addition to which it would be much cheaper to feed oneself in one's own house than to pay a West-End hotel or lodging-house-keeper's charges per head for meals. Then at hotels or lodgings each visitor at luncheon, or even tea, is charged for at an exorbitant rate, even if he or she scarcely tastes food; while at one's own house a few people looking in when eating or drinking is going on will not perceptibly affect the bills. Then there will be another great saving—indeed, we may say the greatest

saving of all; when London people show hospitality to the country bumpkin who is residing in lodgings, he is unable to repay their kindness in town; he is often therefore obliged to invite his London hosts to spend a few days with him in the country in return for a single dinner-party, ball, or kettledrum. Now, if he takes a house, he will be able to give a tooth for a tooth; or, to speak more accurately, a dinner-party for a dinner-party, which will be a far better business than feeding a man for a week who has only fed him for a couple of hours. It seems, therefore, very clear to the unsophisticated country gentleman that to take a house in London will pay in the end. When he begins to put his notion into practice he arrives at the conclusion that, the chief extra expense being the journeys to and fro of his servants, the proportionate cost will be less according to the time they remain in London. The average weekly expense of three months will therefore be less than that of six weeks, and a considerable saving may thus be effected at home, because for so long an absence it will be worth reducing the number of men employed in the garden and stables. The cost of the servants' transit, however, and the carriage of the trifles which the cook and butler consider indispensable, amount to considerably more than the estimate, and it is found necessary to have a charwoman and some packers' men in the house for two or three days, both at the beginning and the end of the London visit. The cretonnes and chintzes in the reception-rooms are found to be so dirty that it is decided to purchase new covers for the furniture of these apartments, both for the sake of cleanliness and comfort, and because it will be the most economical proceeding in the end. It would require time and money to clean and callender the old ones: besides which, they would never look really nice after they had been cleaned. London dinner-parties, again, turn out to be far more costly entertainments than was supposed. A good many bachelors and non-dinner-giving dowagers have to be asked to make up a party to meet perhaps one pair of dinner-giving friends, which makes the average cost of repaying dinner with dinner alarmingly high. London luncheons, too, when properly done, prove far from economical meals. But a drum, at any rate, is a cheap affair. At least so thinks a country squire until he receives the bills for the hire of the plants, the glass, and china, the strawberries, the champagne, and the greengrocers. Having a house in London extends one's acquaintance in a wonderful way, and obtains much hospitality; but, besides the necessity of repaying that hospitality in kind, there is the expense of keeping extra night horses and men, or of hiring a brougham at so much an evening. Altogether, when a country gentleman takes a London house for the season, because he thinks it will be cheaper in the end, he is unlikely to find his annual budget improved thereby.

We have only given a couple of familiar instances of the fallacy of expecting certain expenses to turn out probable economies. Many other cases must at once occur to the mind of every head of a family who has any experience. We may conclude by suggesting as food for retrospection and contemplation the various outlays which most householders have at different times made at the request of their servants, who assured them that, although they might appear heavy at first, they would certainly pay in the end. Whether this pleasant anticipation was eventually realized, we leave to those experienced in such matters to say.

CARDINAL MANNING ON THE CHURCH AND SOCIETY.

MR. FROUDE has been contributing a couple of highly characteristic articles to the last number and the last but one of the *North American Review* on "Romanism and the Irish Race." The moral of the tale is summed up at the opening of his second article, where he concludes that, "if England could have thought only of herself," apart from Ireland, she might have left her penal laws against Papists—which were a perfectly fair retaliation on Papal intolerance—unrepealed; and without Catholic Emancipation there would have been "no Catholic revival," no "Tractarian or Anglo-Catholic movement in the English Church," Cardinal Manning would perhaps never have been converted, and Cardinal Newman would have carried with him into obscurity but a few nameless personal admirers. As it is, Latitudinarians and High Churchmen have brought about between them a result which each least expected; "O'Connell's Irish tail and the Oxford theologians created together the singular phenomenon of English polemical Ultramontanism." Certainly O'Connell would have been surprised at the theological, and the Oxford Tractarians at the political, results to which their respective influences have contributed. But Mr. Froude's object is to reaffirm once more the half Catholic, half Carlylean principle on which he has already so often insisted. "Romanism, burdened with so many spiritual incredibilities and so dark a history," was rightly put down with a strong hand, but when a mistaken "Liberalism" withdrew the pressure, it began at once to recover its ground, because it represents a very real and essential principle which the world cannot afford to forget—the principle of authority, or in other words the "natural superiority of truth to falsehood, and right to wrong." It is indeed a delusion to imagine that the Catholic Church is our divinely appointed guide, but it is quite true that there ought to be a divine guidance somewhere, "and, as long as modern civilization continues to deny it, a growing section of mankind will support the Church in refusing to reconcile itself with modern civilization." Mr. Froude of course adds that the Church will come to grief in the long run, for "Romanism cannot again command the serious belief of mankind," but meanwhile England and the United States have a good deal to learn from her, though the lesson may be an unpleasant and humiliating one. And we are left not obscurely to infer that the lesson to be learnt is the duty of suppressing error with a vigorous hand, when once we are clear about the truth. As a distinguished sceptical Professor is reported to have said to Cardinal Manning, "the principle of persecution is right, only you Ultramontanes burn the wrong people." How far Cardinal Manning is prepared openly to endorse that principle, it might not be easy to determine, but we can hardly be wrong in assuming that the article from his pen on "the Catholic Church and Modern Society" which appears in the current number of the same Review was suggested by a perusal of Mr. Froude's papers, though he makes no reference to them. Nor is it very easy to discover what point precisely he is aiming at, though he begins by telling us that his object is not speculative and abstract but strictly concrete and practical. The first part of his paper indeed, if not abstract, is as dry and technical as the rules and definition of a logic manual, without being remarkably original. It is intended to indicate the true nature of Church and State and their relation to each other. We may however pass over these "premisses" of his argument, and come at once to his conclusions, which, if not always easy to reconcile with the premisses, are at least flattering to our national self-esteem. He refers once or twice casually to the Syllabus, but quotes at some length from the Encyclical of Leo XIII. in 1878, and apparently wishes to promote that better understanding between the Church and the Civil Power which the present Pope has all along shown himself specially desirous of bringing about. At the same time we are warned at the outset that the Church can only partially hold political relations with such States as have departed from Catholic unity, which includes all the States of modern Europe. As Mr. Froude holds that England made a mistake, if it was an unavoidable one, in relaxing the penal laws against Papists, Cardinal Manning holds no State to be in a normal and legitimate condition which does not enforce penal laws against Protestantism. The excuse of necessity may in either case prove a valid one, but it is an excuse for a necessary evil.

And now we will try to give a summary of the Cardinal's view, which seems at least to be intended to correspond with the principles of Leo XIII.'s Encyclical. The Church, we are told, can hold no political relations with the revolutionary politics of France and Italy based on the principles of 1789, but it can and ought to hold relations with all States "in all things of the natural order," so far as they do not violate the natural or divine law. But in proportion as the Governments of any countries are under the dominion of an erroneous religion, or of a schism, or of a royal supremacy, or of an imperial despotism, or of an anti-Christian revolution, the Church can hold no relations with them. It cannot condone the Lutheran heresy, or the Anglican schism, *or the four* (Gallican) *Articles of* 1682, or the Organic Articles, or the Russian Synod, or the Falk Laws, and the like. Still the Church is bound to do what it can for such misguided States—that is, for all the modern States of Europe—to preserve what remains in them of Christian faith and morals and to recall them to a more healthy condition. And in proportion as the civil power releases itself from the dominion of influences antagonistic to the Church, the relations between them may become more intimate. This is chiefly the case in Great Britain and the United States—we presume because the English Government is less "under the dominion of the Anglican Schism" than it was formerly, or in other words less closely connected with the Established Church, while there is no Established Church in America. In England there are no religious penal laws, "the Catholic Church has all its spiritual liberties," and there is hardly any branch of the public service into which a Catholic may not enter with a safe conscience. From this the inference is drawn that, in a country like England, for Catholics to hold aloof from the active service of the commonwealth is both a dereliction of duty and "a policy of effacement," which only their enemies can desire to perpetuate. That to a great extent they still do hold aloof, and that the whole British constituency "does not return a single Catholic to Parliament," must be traced to the lingering tradition of the penal laws. As regards the last point, however, we may remind the Cardinal that several Roman Catholics sat for English constituencies before the Papal Aggression panic, though we believe the la[illegible] Sir John Simeon is the only one who has been elected since. In France Cardinal Manning deplores that so many Catholics abstain from voting, while the rivalries and divisions in the Conservative party, "in which the sounder Catholic politicians are, or ought to be, found," still further weaken their influence. Their sympathies are with monarchy rather than with republicanism, but are divided between Imperialists and Legitimists. The Republicanism of France, we are to remember, is not that of Switzerland or America, but is distinctly anti-Christian; if it had its way, "the France of St. Louis would become, not the United States of America, which are just and tolerant in religion, but the France of Voltaire and Rousseau." It is striving by the Ferry Bills, as Germany by the Falk Laws, to expel Christianity from the education and formation of youth, and men, and nations, and political Cæsarism or the deification of the civil power must be the result. "There is not a Government in Europe,' adds the Cardinal—the italics are ours—"*except our own*, that did not use its influence against the [Vatican] Council and the Catholic Church. There is not a Government at this day, *except our own*, which has not a social

revolution at its back, urging it on towards manifest dangers and perhaps towards its ruin."

As to the Vatican Council, we doubt whether any European Government, except that of France during its earlier proceedings, used any influence whatever against it—by which the writer means against the infallibilists and in support of the Opposition—and the French Government did what little it did in that way in concert with leading French prelates like Archbishop Darboy. The English, Prussian, and Russian Governments had of course no direct concern with the matter, though it no doubt indirectly affected the first two, especially on account of their many millions of Roman Catholic subjects. The Roman Catholic Governments were exhorted to use their influence against the dominant Ultramontane party, and perhaps would have done wisely to pay more attention to the advice; but, however that may be, it came from no anti-Christian, or even anti-Catholic quarter, but from Prince Hohenlohe, then Prime Minister of Bavaria, who is, we believe, in the confidence of the present Pope, and whom Cardinal Manning will hardly venture to denounce as not "a good Catholic." He it was who justly pointed out in his despatch to the Continental Governments that the projected dogma of Papal Infallibility is also an eminently political question. But to turn to the general drift of the Cardinal's argument; if he is right in saying that nowhere does his Church enjoy such entire liberty as in the British Empire, and especially in some of its more recent colonies, and that ours is the only Government which is not threatened with a social revolution, what follows? This, for one thing—that a nation and Government which for three centuries and a half has broken with Rome, and which was always before that the most anti-Papal in its temper and legislation of any in Europe, is nevertheless now found, on his own showing, to be, if not the most Christian, certainly the least anti-Christian of any in the world. Of the Governments of France and Italy the Cardinal has not a good word to say; yet France was the eldest daughter of the Church, and Italy has been the cradle and the home of the Papacy. It is easy to reply that they have apostatised from the Church's rule, but it is under her teaching that they learnt the lesson of apostasy. We are far from saying that there is no truth in the reproaches hurled at the illiberal and irreligious, or anti-religious, spirit of modern French and Italian legislation, but under what auspices did that spirit grow up? What influences have made it what it is? France till a century ago, Italy till the other day, were held within the strictest bonds of "Catholic unity." In both countries "the education and formation of boys, youth, men, nations" was under the exclusive control of the Church. Yet "the children of the Crusaders" are what they are in France, and the Italian clergy—as Father Curci emphatically reminded them not many years ago—had the entire training and moulding of the generation who revile the Church, and affect to call themselves atheists. "Yes, gentlemen," he said, "with the temporal power of the Pope, with legitimate princes on the throne, with episcopal authority universally respected and the action of the regular and secular clergy unimpeded and in full operation, with full liberty to do whatever we deemed expedient, *we* have formed this flower of a laity." It may be replied that they have rebelled against their teachers, but why did they rebel? The fault cannot surely have been all on one side. There must have been something to provoke so fierce and so general a revolt from the teaching and tradition of centuries. The Church had on her side authority, prestige, exclusive command of the situation, that claim to divine guidance which Mr. Froude admits to be a most powerful element of her influence and which Cardinal Manning vindicates as her absolute and rightful possession. Yet the nations she ruled have fallen a prey to "anti-Christian revolution," while England alone stands firm, and alone guarantees to her, not indeed the privileges and domination she once enjoyed, but "all her spiritual liberties." The Cardinal has propounded and emphasized a paradox of which he offers no solution, and on the Ultramontane hypothesis it is very hard to find one. The more completely his indictment against modern society can be substantiated—and theorists differing from him as widely as Mr. Froude would agree with a good deal of it—the more perplexing does the problem become. We are not undertaking to solve it here, but we would venture to suggest to Cardinal Manning that in a study of the confessions of several Popes of the sixteenth century, the records of several Councils of the fifteenth, he might find a valuable aid towards a better comprehension of the subject. No pious believer, of whatever communion, can regard with anything like unalloyed satisfaction the present condition of the Christian world; but to say that, in proportion as they have listened to the infallible guidance of the Roman pontiff or rejected it, Christian nations have approached or deflected from the ideal standard of perfect holiness and truth, is a strange reading of history. It is the privilege of Ultramontane apologists to be *Papâ Papaliores*, but we doubt whether the present occupant of the Chair of Peter would be willing unequivocally to endorse the short and easy methods and sweeping assumptions of his Eminence of Westminster. It is satisfactory to find him able to speak so well of his country, but there is something a little odd in the intimate conjunction of praise of the British Constitution with rapturous devotion to the Vatican decrees.

THE DOCTOR IN THE KITCHEN.

SOME time ago we noticed a genial article by Sir Henry Thompson, in which that eminent surgeon, departing from a strictly scientific view of food and drink, considered dinners after the fashion of a gastronome, and in a manner calculated to try the nerves of a medical Puritan. Now another member of the same profession has given readers the benefit of his opinions on this interesting subject, which he has treated with quite as much liberality and quite as much disregard for austere rules as Sir Henry Thompson showed. Mr. Ernest Hart has commenced in the *Sanitary Record* a series of articles on the hygiene of food, and in the second of them he diverges, to use his own expression, "from the theoretical data of physiology and hygiene, to study practically certain kinds of dinners"—or, in other words, to try to point out what sort of dinner is most enjoyable. Few persons are likely to quarrel with him for his divergence, as most people who have any liking for good things or any feeling of hospitality are glad to know what a clever doctor who is not without human sympathies, and can throw aside for the nonce chemistry and physiology, has to say about eating and drinking.

A doctor, however, even when writing in this manner, is in one respect a doctor still. It is said that clergymen can never entirely forget the pulpit, and medical men can never quite get rid of the authoritative manner which belongs to their profession. In following it their business is not to argue, or to explain, or to suggest, but to dictate. It is for them to lay down the law, for others to acquiesce. When they address the outer world they are justifiably positive, as they are learned men addressing the ignorant. Not unnaturally, when they quit medical subjects and deal with others, they are apt to forget that they are no longer lawgivers, and notably is this the case when they deal with such subjects as the arrangement of flavours in a dinner or the dishes which should be served at a pleasant feast. Rules respecting these are not based on scientific knowledge or reasoning, and can only be drawn from the practice of the most accomplished gastronomes and the most skilful cooks. Doctors do not therefore necessarily speak with any special authority in this matter, but nevertheless they are sometimes not a little dogmatic. Sir Henry Thompson, who had some knowledge, but not a large knowledge, of gastronomy, was rather positive, and Mr. Hart, who has next to none, is still more so. He first of all describes dinners which, according to his ideas, should not be given, and then tries to set forth what a dinner should be. What he succeeds best in showing is that he himself has almost everything to learn; but it must in fairness be said that the remarks with which he begins his disquisition are sensible and worth attention. They are by no means new, and indeed have often been made before, but there is no harm in repeating them, for, as will be shown presently, much reiteration is necessary to convince the dinner-giver of his manifold errors. Mr. Hart's plaint at the beginning of his second article is against the established feast of the day, which has been attacked many a time, but which still seems dear to the hearts of free Englishmen. "Typically," says the assailant, "it runs thus:—'Clear' soup, thick soup, turbot, lobster sauce, oyster patty, sweetbreads larded, roast mutton, currant jelly, pheasant, quails," &c. Such a banquet is not perhaps so often seen as it was some years ago; but still it is served more frequently than it should be, as it is, in fact, only fit for undergraduates or for farmers at an annual feast; and if Mr. Hart had contented himself with setting it forth in all its naked horror, or had simply denounced it as a ponderous and ill-arranged meal, far inferior to an ordinary simple dinner, he would have done well, and might have awakened some people to a sense of their misdeeds. Unfortunately, he was not content to do this only, but determined to analyse his "typical dinner," forgetting that he was quitting his own province and venturing into that of the *chef* and the gastronome. The result is to make it clear that some culinary reformers, like improvised judges, should not give reasons. After finding fault, rightly enough, with the nastinesses known as thick soup and lobster-sauce, he goes on to complain of the oyster-patty, on the ground that it is generally badly made, but adds that, when really well made, "it is a costly as well as one of the most difficult achievements of skilled cookery." He might as well have said that a rissole is an achievement of skilled cookery The insipid little puffs of paste to which, for some incomprehensible reason, British matrons and British cooks are so devoted, rarely appear at French tables, and, when they do appear, are served as *hors d'œuvres* and not as *entrées*. Not a little amusing would it be to see the face of a great cook who was told that a *bouchée d'huîtres* was one of the most difficult achievements of his art. Very different, however, would be the views of any skilled man respecting the second *entrée* mentioned in talking of which Mr. Hart is almost as unfortunate as he is in speaking of the first. Having praised where he ought to have condemned without reserve, he condemns absolutely where he ought to praise He says that the extraordinary partiality for sweetbreads shown in English *menus* "must greatly surprise foreigners, who can hardly have imagined that so universally prevailing a sentiment existed in this country in favour of the thymus gland of the calf for the festive dinner-table." We doubt whether it can greatly surprise foreigners, as they have a strong liking for the thymus gland themselves. Even the grave *Dictionnaire de l'Académie* speaks of it as "un manger assez délicat," and a good many receipts for preparing it are to be found in French cookery-books. It would not probably be served at an entertainment of the first order, and no doubt English cooks

are much too fond of it; but, as every one who has studied the French kitchen knows, it combines admirably with certain sauces, into the mysteries of which we need not enter, as they are lightly flavoured by a certain bulb which is supposed to be held in horror by all but coarse-minded people, though as a matter of fact it is used for a large number of dishes by the best cooks. To speak of the "thymus gland" as Mr. Hart does only shows how little attention he has given to culinary subjects.

To follow him further in his analysis of the typical English dinner can hardly be necessary, since he blunders so about the most important portion, the *entrées*. As might be expected, when he abandons destructive criticism, and, having said what a dinner should not be, goes on to show what a dinner should be, he is still more unhappy. He begins by bidding the mistress of the house who would fain give a good dinner study Brillat Savarin, Hayward, and Walker, from not one of whom, as it happens, can any practical knowledge of how to frame an ordinary *menu* be obtained. Mr. Hayward's bright essay must please all who read it, and the "Original" is, as every one knows, quaint and amusing; but vainly will the hapless housewife search either for the information she wants. As for Brillat Savarin's *menus*, they were pronounced long ago by a very great authority to be "écourtés, vulgaires, quelquefois impracticables," and nowadays would seem almost ridiculous. What would be thought, for instance, of the following feast?—1. A large fowl stuffed with truffles "jusqu' à sa conversion en sphéroide." 2. A huge pâté de foie gras. 3. A large carp "à la Chambord," *i.e.* with a garnish of quenelles, mushrooms, and truffles in brown sauce. 4. Truffled quails. 5. A stuffed pike, with crayfish sauce. 6. A pheasant stuffed with a forcemeat of woodcocks. 7. Asparagus. 8. Ortolans flavoured with garlic. 9. Méringues. Certainly the master of a house who found that his wife's study of classical authorities resulted in such a bill of fare as this—which, it may be observed, is Brillat Savarin's proudest effort—would pray for a return to the sweetbreads and the saddle of mutton; and the mistress herself, when she got her weekly bills, would wish devoutly that the distinguished Frenchman had not put off till he was seventy years old that one visit to church which caused his death. Mr. Hart should have examined his authorities more carefully before he referred unsuspecting ladies to them; and we may add that he should have examined his cookery-books more carefully before he made some of the other suggestions which are contained in his remarkable essay. Thus, after saying that fish should be "rather provocative of appetite, and a refreshing vehicle of flavour, than in itself a substantial satisfaction to hunger," he says that a "sole normande," and some other preparations which he names, "should be among the first and simplest suggestions which should occur to the mind in selecting a course of fish." Now Sole à la normande is served with a very rich sauce, composed of fish stock thickened with yoke of egg, and with a garnish consisting of mushrooms, oysters, mussels, fried crusts of bread, and fried smelts, to which luxurious ragoût tails of crayfish or chopped lobster are occasionally added. An admirable dish it is; but unctuous and satisfying in a high degree. Even a man in training would hardly look upon it as merely provocative of appetite; and probably Mr. Hart has been the first, and will be the last, to take this view of a *plat* which may make rash men fit for very little more at dinner. Of his other observations there is scarcely any necessity to speak, as he obviously knows very little of the subject that he has attempted to treat. From the positive manner in which he writes he appears to think that a medical man has what we may term an *ex officio* knowledge of cookery. A short course of study will convince him and those of his brethren who may incline to this opinion that, to obtain this knowledge, medical men must travel by the same road as other people.

He is however, as we have said, quite right when he denounces the ordinary English dinner; and, if he had refrained from attempting explanation and criticism, his anathema would have carried some weight. Such denunciations of senseless adherence to a foolish practice are still needed; for, though the extravagance, bad arrangement, and general nastiness of the typical English dinner have been pointed out again and again, reform proceeds but slowly; and Englishmen seem to cling desperately to the practice of giving a hybrid meal, originally devised by some ingenious people who, without at all understanding the French repast, endeavoured to combine it with the English one and succeed in spoiling both. Not merely ordinary dinner-givers, but those who are supposed to have specially studied how to arrange and serve dinners, seem unable to learn anything, though patent faults have so often been complained of. A curious instance of this persistent disposition to err is afforded in a work recently published, called Warne's *Model Housekeeper*, intended as a companion to Warne's *Cookery Book*, of which a new edition has just appeared. The editor of the first-named volume states that it has been in course of preparation for more than three years, and as so much care has been taken, those who want to know what to give their friends will probably turn anxiously to the bills of fare which are offered. They will find that there has been a rigid determination to adhere to the preposterous old system. Here is what the model housekeeper, after three years' consideration, has to suggest for the month of January:—"Turtle soup; clear gravy soup; cod's head and shoulders; cutlets of sole; tendons de veau; stewed pigeons; rissoles; fillets of duck; saddle of mutton; roast turkey; potatoes; seakale; brocculi; partridges; grouse, &c." To criticize such a bill of fare would be a mere waste of time. Where everything is wrong it would be useless to select any one special feature for blame; but, to show what a French dinner really is, and how entirely it differs from the marvellous English caricature, we will give the *menu* of a dinner which was arranged by a French gastronome of considerable knowledge. It is as follows, the "Sorbet au rhum," which is now so common, being intentionally omitted:—Consommé; Turbot, sauce Hollandaise; Filet de bœuf, braisé au jus; Suprême de volaille aux truffes; Filets de canards sauvages à la Bigarade; Pain de foie gras (cold); Pluviers rôtis; Salade de légumes, &c. It is to be observed that this dinner, though certainly not of the most elaborate kind, can only be served by a very good cook, and that, though scarcely dearer than the terrible banquet of the *Model Housekeeper*, it is liable to objection on the score of expense. A good *menu*, however, is always to some extent elastic, and on an occasion when the services of a first-class cook were not obtainable, and when economy had to be considered, the author of this one modified it by substituting fillets of rabbits for the *suprême* and Poulets au cresson for the plovers. The dinner thus changed is considerably cheaper than that given in Warne, and both differ in every respect from the wonderful feast which it has taken three years to arrange. It is to be feared, however, that the English bill of fare only reflects with some exaggeration what the English host too often thinks it fitting to offer to his friends under the impression that he is giving them a French dinner, and doctors will render no small service to the community if, after proving that such a meal is unhealthy, they will point to good examples, and will show how repasts which are much more digestible and much nicer may be arranged. To do this, however, they must be willing to study the traditions and practice of the French kitchen, and they must not assume that a knowledge of the chemistry of food enables them to dogmatize about the pleasures of the table.

DECAYED CORPORATIONS.

THE Report of the Commission which was issued nearly four years ago, at the instance of Sir Charles Dilke, to inquire into the present state of the municipal corporations of England and Wales which have hitherto escaped the operation of reform, will not gratify those who long for stories of malversation and unholy gains. The successors of those who fifty or sixty years ago used to compile Black Books, Red Books, and other records of improperly acquired wealth will not find its perusal refreshing to their patriotic and virtuous souls. There is here entered no corporation like that of Queenborough, which in 1835 could boast of a revenue of fifteen thousand a year. The historically and dramatically famed hamlet in the Isle of Sheppey has indeed—thanks to the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway—become something less of a mere name than it was. But the treacherous oyster-beds which once made its corporate wealth have deserted it, or have passed into other hands; and Queenborough, though it is still far from being the poorest of municipal bodies, cannot boast of more than half as many hundreds of annual income as it once possessed thousands. Of all the rest (and there are some scores of them), only one has an income much exceeding a thousand pounds annually. This is the borough of Sutton Coldfield, of Falstaffian fame, which seems to be amply estated, and has nearly four thousand a year. No accusation of corrupt management is, however, brought against Sutton Coldfield, though, as is not surprising, those who have not a finger in the pie think that they ought to have, and some would have the pie itself constructed on a different model.

For the most part, the corporations enumerated in this Report come under three different classes, and each class is fertile in interest to those who can find pleasure in the contemplation of the changing forms and aspects of national life. There are boroughs in the list such as Alnwick, Lewes, Henley, and perhaps half a dozen others, which are still, if not exactly important towns, at any rate towns well enough to do in the world, counting their inhabitants by the thousand, and very far indeed from extinction. The curious thing in this class is that the corporation, though it exists and sometimes has fair property and influence, has in some odd way fallen apart from its natural duties, owing sometimes to vice of constitution, sometimes to mere accident, and remains a useless or nearly useless anomaly, while modern bodies such as local Boards perform with less dignity and appropriateness the functions which it ought to fulfil. In this case, of course, the obvious thing to do is to restore the corporation to its proper position. But the majority of the places enumerated in the list are not in this case. Some of them are towns which have to all appearance hopelessly lost all semblance of township, and are simply sleepy villages, sometimes with a hundred or a couple of hundred houses, sometimes with not more than half a dozen. No one who has wandered about the precincts of Winchelsea, or Orford, or Pevensey, or Dunwich, or Corfe Castle, but knows the type of this kind—a place which brings the fairy tales of his youth before him and in which it seems to be always afternoon. Last of all come places like Caerwys and Dinas and half a dozen other Welsh boroughs, where almost all character of what can fairly be called a community is lost, though in not a few cases the formalities of communal life and government are kept up. These last two classes naturally are those which in the Report are most fertile in interesting details. Sometimes indeed they have allowed their corporations wholly to expire, the process of decease being so gradual that the exact moment when life dis-

appeared is not known. At Fowey—not a place in the last gasp either—all that can be said is that somehow or other the corporation died between 1835 and 1850, all efforts to ascertain any more precise date being apparently futile. Newtown, in the Isle of Wight, a mere hamlet which pedestrians may remember on the lower road from Yarmouth to Newport, expired in a municipal sense in 1837. It died in the odour of sanctity, handing over its effects to build a church; while the regalia, and, if we remember rightly (though it is not mentioned in the Report), some furniture of merit, passed to Swainston, the seat of the Simeons. Bossiny, which men may better know by the name of Tintagel, though there is a difference, came to an end somewhat later and in a less regular manner. The last mayor is said still to collect for his own use certain infinitesimal tolls. A tiny slice of land with some buildings is in the possession of a tenant who (happy man!) has paid no rent for thirty years, for the tolerably sufficient reason that there is no one to pay it to; and the mace and cup are believed to be in the keeping of one Mr. Brown. In short, Bossiny, municipally speaking, has wasted away. Caergwele had, even in 1835, forgotten for centuries that it had a corporation, and has not taken the trouble to revive it since. Caerwys, another Flint borough, had, at the date of the former inquiry, an outward and visible sign of a corporation in the shape of a crier; but even he has now passed away. Castle Rising is dead. Rhuddlan is dead. So is Criccieth; so is Grampound. Indeed, a list of dead corporations could be prolonged to a considerable length.

There are, however, not a few places where corporate apparatus for municipal government does still exist, though it performs next to no functions. The most curious, perhaps, of all these is Dinas, in Merionethshire. Dinas has no property, and its corporation does not seem to have exercised, at any rate for a very long time, any particular function, except that the mayor claimed to sit as a magistrate. But the lord of the manor felt that it increased his dignity that Dinas should be corporate, and he accordingly kept the corporation, just as he might have kept a yacht or a pack of hounds, out of his own pocket, paying no inconsiderable stamp duties, &c., for the proceeding. At Kenfig, a village of some five hundred inhabitants near Bridgend in Glamorganshire, a very complete corporation exists. The property of this body extends to no less than 1,200 acres—which, it is fair to add, are only rough open ground. There are a portreeve, a constable of the castle, ten aldermen, a recorder, haywards, ale-tasters, constables, a town-hall, and a corporation rabbit-warren. It may be a little disturbing to modern notions to find that the surplus revenue of Kenfig is divided among the burgesses; but, as the gross income is estimated at 135*l.* per annum, it must be acknowledged that the individual amount of lucre is not great. Corfe Castle, on the occasion of the first inquiry—which, or one like it, is ridiculed admirably in *Crotchet Castle*—covered itself with glory by stoutly refusing information. Unless the then incumbents managed to annex most of the property, of which there is no hint, the reason for refusal could hardly have been any consciousness of malversation. The corporation of Corfe Castle is fully organized, but it does not appear to possess so much as twenty pounds a year. Nevertheless there is not only a mayor, barons, jurors, &c., but an ale-taster and a carnator, an officer whose office—under its modern title of sanitary inspector, or inspector of markets—some good folks doubtless imagine to be an invention of modern wisdom. At Harton—*i.e.* Hartland in Devonshire—there is no carnator, but there is a bread-weigher and, in addition, there is a scavenger. Harton has some small property which appears to be honestly applied to purposes of paving and so forth. Its officers have no salary, and it is therefore only fair that they should have, as in most cases they are reported to have, no duty.

We have said that any idea of corrupt bodies rolling in misapplied wealth is conclusively dispelled by this Report. The entire income of the sixty-three corporations whose revenue is scheduled amounts to about fifteen thousand a year—just that of Queenborough alone in its palmy days—and of this a single corporation, Sutton Coldfield, has more than one-fourth. The small sums which, ranging from thirty shillings to a few hundreds, come in to the others appear to be for the most part applied in one way or another to actual public service. Here and there a small residue is divided among the corporators, and a very few dinners and feasts are still given; but these things are decidedly the exception, and the sums so spent probably do not amount to five hundred a year for the whole kingdom. The actual complaints made to the Commissioners were also far from serious, often being the result merely of the usual local squabbles which constantly occur in small places. The Commissioners, however, may claim to have established three things. First, they have shown that there are a large number of purely functionless bodies in the kingdom, bodies for which in the circumstances no function is possible or at least obvious, and which sometimes, though not always, possess a little property which may be said to be at present wasted. Secondly, they have proved that in many cases the mode of election of the corporation is unsatisfactory, being by nomination of some person, by co-optation, or by other close forms of selection. Thirdly, they have shown that, in a few cases, there are corporations which have plenty of work to do and plenty of means to do it, but which, as a matter of fact, and for various causes, do not do it. In the last case—perhaps in the last two cases—the remedy is easy and obvious; in the former it is a question whether any remedy is required. The gain of interfering with such corporations as those of Kenfig, and Dinas, and Fordwich, is infinitesimal, and therefore interference (which means abolition) seems to be pure vandalism. The surplus funds might, as the Commissioners recommend, be very well handed over to the Charity Commission. But when this is done, it is not clear why Kenfig should not retain its portreeve and Corfe Castle its carnator. There is, moreover, one remark of the Commissioners which hardly, we think, shows the worldly wisdom to be expected from such a body. They say, as an argument for change, that "it has been mentioned to them as an evil arising from the close character of the elections, that different parties in politics and religion have not the opportunity of being represented on the corporation, and that persons holding views differing from the majority of the existing members are seldom elected." This is an evil certainly. But would the fullest application of the Municipal Acts remedy it? We are inclined to doubt it. There is a borough considerably larger than Kenfig or Dinas, and situate not a thousand miles from Sutton Coldfield, where it is credibly reported that members of a party different from the majority have exceedingly little chance of office under the corporation or of membership of it. There is another borough (more fortunate than Queenborough in having preserved its connexion with oysters), where it was reported after last autumn's municipal elections that a new party having come into power, they had on the American system made a clean sweep of every official, from town-clerk to scavenger, and put, as the seventeenth century would have phrased it, "honest men" in their places. Perhaps both these reports are libels, but they are sufficiently in accordance with human nature (which you can neither expel with a fork nor with an Act of Parliament) to make them at least probable. However, we shall be glad if the anticipations of the Commissioners are fulfilled. To the constructive part of their scheme, that which proposes to make bodies which are at present nearly useless useful in the direct sense of their original constitution, no one can wish anything but success.

REPORTERS AT EXECUTIONS.

DURING Mr. Cross's tenure of the office of Home Secretary he has more than once been appealed to, in different senses, on the question of the admission of strangers to be present at executions. When the practice of public hanging was first given up there was, as any one acquainted with English idiosyncrasies might have anticipated, a remarkable eagerness shown for a certain time and by a certain class of persons to obtain this admission. Public executions had for some time ceased to be a favourite amusement with Lord Tom Noddy, or even with persons of less exalted rank; but as soon as admission to private executions became a kind of privilege there were not wanting people who sought for it eagerly enough. Sheriffs and Visiting Justices vacillated a good deal in regard to the principle of admission or exclusion; but for some time it was more or less of an understood thing that "representatives of the press" were allowed. Thereupon followed two very simple and easily foreseen consequences. In the first place, the representatives of the press, as in duty bound, strove to compensate the mass of their readers as much as possible for the loss of their old amusement of beholding the dying struggles of a criminal. The kind of representative of the press who is generally detailed for such duties is nothing if not picturesque, and very picturesque indeed some of these gentlemen manage to be. But this was not all. The press is a very vague term, and the exact definition and verification of a representative of it is by no means easy. Local men might be known, but the exclusion of representatives of the press who were not local would have been illogical. It was obviously not at all difficult for a not very scrupulous person with a hankering for horrors to represent himself as a commissioner of the "Little Peddlington Gazette" or the "Kennaquhair Banner," and the Sheriffs or the governor of the gaol had for the most part too much to do to examine his credentials very narrowly. A practice, and we think a very praiseworthy practice, has therefore grown up of rigidly excluding all but official personages who have a real duty to discharge. Mr. Cross, the Home Office having no direct control over the arrangements of executions, has not much to do with the matter. He did, we think, once issue an eccentric order which occasioned a good deal of amusement at the time, authorizing the admittance of relations of the prisoner to witness his more or less unhappy despatch. But for the most part, as we have said, the Sheriff is theoretically supreme over the details of the execution itself, and the Visiting Justices, though less supreme than they once were, are still nominally masters of the building where it takes place.

A few days ago a man named Cassidy was executed at Manchester for a peculiarly brutal murder, and the representatives of the press were excluded. Outside observers who do not share the taste for hanging may yet have noticed that the more brutal the crime the more lively is the interest that is felt in the criminal. Some good people in Manchester appear to have been aggrieved at their exclusion and the exclusion of the "descriptive" reporters who might have given them something to gloat over. The necessary coroner's inquest, moreover, gave an opportunity of putting this discontent into shape. There is very often a kind of undefined grudge between coroners and the more powerful departments of the law; and something of the kind seems to have manifested itself on this occasion. A juryman took it into his head that Cassidy had had too long a drop—a thing which, still speaking as mere outside observers,

we had always considered to be rather a favour than a hardship. The Governor of the gaol was badgered to say how many feet and inches the drop really was; and, his answers not being considered satisfactory, Mr. Hibbert put a question to Mr. Cross on the subject, to which practically two answers were given, on Thursday in last week and on Monday in this, the second being in reply to an inquiry made, not by Mr. Hibbert, but by Mr. Pease. This last was, at least as reported, not quite so satisfactory as the former. It contained, indeed, the important fact that the drop was not 9 feet 6 inches, as had been alleged, but 8 feet; and this will, we hope, satisfy the Manchester critics, who are probably better acquainted than we are with the exact height from which it is proper to conduct the operation. But, whereas in his first answer Mr. Cross seems to have been quite firm as to the question of admission of reporters in the second his reply was ambiguous, not to say weak. He said to Mr. Hibbert that it had been found that the admission of reporters invariably led to the publication of details which must have a bad effect; that the Sheriff and the Visiting Justices were the actual, and fully sufficient, arbiters of the matter; and that he could not see that it was desirable to interfere with their decision. But the answer to Mr. Pease included, as reported, the statement that "he would communicate with the authorities and see what could be done." Now, as in the case before him reporters were excluded, it is clear that the only thing that "could be done" is not to exclude reporters.

If this is a correct interpretation of Mr. Cross's words, we venture to think that he has made a great mistake in abandoning his first position. We cannot see a single argument of weight for the admission of representatives of the press on such an occasion. It is idle to pretend that such admission is required to prevent irregularities. Considering that an execution is practically controlled by three different authorities, the gaol officials, the Visiting Justices, and the Sheriff, each of which is more or less independent of, and therefore competent to act as a check on the others, and that the inquest comes in as a fourth, it is pretty certain that there can be no danger of any impropriety occurring which the presence of half a dozen or half a hundred picturesque scribes with note-books would do anything to prevent. On the other hand, the presence of the picturesque gentlemen and their note-books goes far to neutralize whatever good was expected or intended from the prohibition of public executions. It does away with the mystery, or semi-mystery, of the death, which has no insignificant effect in increasing its terror. And it substitutes for whatever there was degrading in the old practice a degrading influence somewhat different, it may be, in kind, but by no means less bad in degree, and extending to a much larger number of persons. The largest crowd that ever pressed round an execution is a mere insignificant handful compared to the number of readers, not merely of the metropolitan journals, but of those of towns such as Manchester. To these masses of readers the details of the prisoner's mental and bodily suffering are given, drawn by pens which aim at nothing but glaring colours and prominent outlines. It is impossible that such accounts should have the least deterrent or reformatory influence, and it is very possible indeed that they may have no small influence in degrading the taste and cultivating the appetite for coarse food. If Mr. Cross really thinks as he thought some time ago, that it would be a comfort to the relatives of a ne'er-do-weel to be quite sure of his having gone over to the majority, let him by all means make arrangements for their admission, always taking care that the relationship is sufficiently made out. But if the general public have no need to see with their actual bodily eyes the ghastly preliminaries and circumstances of the last act of the law, no more have they any need to see them through the telescope of a "smart paragraphist," as advertisements sometimes describe the class of men of letters who affect this department of literary work. The smart paragraphist is an exceedingly doubtful moral influence in such a case; as an æsthetic influence he is not doubtful at all. All that the public has a right to know, when it has once decided on the principle of the privacy of executions, is that these executions have been carried out with due skill and on the right person. As we have seen, the law provides official witnesses of so diverse a character, appointed in such different ways, and representing so many different classes of the community, that there is no reasonable cause whatever to doubt the propriety of the arrangements carried on under their supervision. It has taken these authorities some time to come to the sensible conclusion that it is no part of their duty to furnish local newspapers with exciting "copy," or to stimulate the local youth to "play Peace" with one another, as happened not long ago, by scientific descriptions of the method of suspending criminals by their necks until they are dead. It would be a thousand pities if this conclusion, which is in every way for the public good, should not receive the support it deserves from the Government and the public themselves.

OLEOMARGARINE.

THE correspondence just published concerning the manufacture of oleomargarine in the United States, has a considerable and not altogether a pleasant interest. Just as in the American tongue window-blinds mean venetians, and boots nothing under a Wellington, so oleomargarine is a fine name—for which it would seem, however, that a Frenchman, and not an American, is responsible—given to an article of commerce which there is too much reason to fear is largely sold as the best butter, while it has really no more relation to butter than pinchbeck has to gold. A certain M. Mège, it appears, some time ago hit upon an ingenious process, which is grandiloquently indicated in a number of the *New York Advertiser*, dated 2nd of February, 1878. "The rapid growth of the business" (of manufacturing sham butter), said this paper, "in this country indicates very clearly that the discovery made by M. Mège, who established the identity of the limpid and odourless oil of fresh beef fat with the oily element of cow's milk, came in time to meet a present want, just as petroleum was discovered when the whale-fishing began to languish, and gold when the world's supply of the precious metal was running short." In the same way, a grocer emancipated from ordinary prejudices might speak of the fortunate discovery of sand when the supply of sugar began to languish, or of the "present want" of genuine tea being happily met by an ingenious manipulation of sloe-leaves. The processes by which M. Mège arrived at what are perhaps not unjustly called "his extraordinary results" have, we are told, "been vividly described by M. Felix Blondel, in a paper published in the *Moniteur Scientifique*." "At his farm in Vincennes M. Mège placed several milch cows on a strict diet, found that they soon decreased in weight and in the yield of milk; but their milk always contained butter. This led to the conclusion that the butter was produced from the fat of the animal, which, being re-absorbed and carried into the circulation, was deprived of its stearine by respiratory combustion, and furnished its oleomargarine to the udders, when, under the influence of the mammary pepsin, it was changed into butyric oleomargarine—that is to say, into butter." After this assumption, or hint, that oleomargarine is identical with butter, one is not surprised to learn that "the way was then opened to the production of an article precisely the same as milk-butter." In September of last year, Consul-General Archibald, of New York, wrote in a letter to the Foreign Office concerning the manufacture of this "article precisely the same as milk-butter," that, "during the last two years, the quantity of fat manufactured into oleomargarine and oleomargarine-butter by the Commercial Manufacturing Company has been, it is stated on reliable authority, about 200,000 lbs. per week, yielding 80,000 lbs. of oil and butter. Of this, about 75 per cent., or 60,000 lbs. per week was the *oil* product 'oleomargarine,' all of which was exported, in barrels or tierces, for the most part under the name of 'oleomargarine,' but sometimes as 'butter fat,' or simply as 'oil.'" Thus the Company above named has exported alone about 3,000,000 lbs. annually; but to that must be added an equal quantity exported by outside manufacturers. The shipments of the outside manufacturers "are made to Hamburg, Bremen, and other German ports, also to Rotterdam, but none, as I am informed, to the United Kingdom." It is, however, natural to conclude that some of it finds its way to the United Kingdom in addition to the products of the Commercial Manufacturing Company, which, from a place called Oss, where they undergo a process which is intended to make them look and taste more like real butter, are reshipped "to France and England, but chiefly to England, under what designation I am unable to ascertain." Probably, it will be thought, under most designations which are calculated to persuade a purchaser that he is buying the purest and most carefully made milk butter. It is not easy, Consul-General Archibald goes on to observe, to ascertain if shipments of this article from New York are sometimes made as of genuine butter; but, from inquiries made of the steamship Companies, he has discovered that "the consignments of the butter products are chiefly made by their steamers under the designation of 'butterine.' The article is put up in half tubs or firkins in precisely the same way as butter, and the tubs are enclosed in crates to protect them from injury on the voyage. It is also made up into 1 lb. pats covered by muslin or thin cotton wrappers, stamped as genuine butter is stamped, and packed in boxes for shipment."

These facts are significant enough, and with his account of them Mr. Archibald transmits various extracts relating to the manufacture of oleomargarine and to its healthfulness as an article of food. Opinions naturally differ on this point. The Prospectus of the Commercial Manufacturing Company backs its appreciation of its own wares by a quotation from the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, under the heading "Butter," which points out that, according to French official reports, there is more in the way of food to be got out of artificial than out of real butter, and that the substitute is perfectly wholesome. It also observes that the same *octroi* duties are imposed on the sham as on the genuine article in France; and asserts that "there can be no doubt that a pure, sweet fat, such as is manufactured by the process of M. Mège-Mouries, is a safer and more wholesome article than the unsavoury, rancid butter which is sold so freely among the poorer classes." This, considering the qualities of "unsavoury, rancid butter," is perhaps a tolerably safe assertion, which rests, however, upon the assumption that the mechanical butter, so to call it, is pure and sweet. This assumption was not accepted by Mr. Michels who in 1878 addressed a letter to the *American Dairyman*, in which he gave an alarming account of a microscopical examination which he had made of specimens of true butter and of oleomargarine. He found, he said, striking differences between them, and was of opinion that the animal fats from which oleomargarine was made were probably so substantially uncooked that poisonous elements or living parasites might be retained in an active form in the oleomargarine as finally supplied to consumers.

He also observed that "the prospectus of the companies states that the caul fat of the ox only is used for making oleomargarine, but I have reason to believe that the refuse fat of at least one pork-packing establishment is used. Thus already a departure is made from the programme, and as the trade increases fat of every description will probably be offered for sale, and even that from the carcases of diseased animals may be purchased without guilty knowledge by the managers."

Mr. Michels was answered in the *New York Times* by Professor Mott, who controverted all his assertions, and quoted a letter from Professor Arnold, of the Medical Department, University of New York, who had "made a careful microscopical examination of the sample of caul fat, stearine, and oleomargarine which you placed in my hands. These substances are entirely free from any impurity or injurious material detectable by the microscope. I have also submitted the oleomargarine butter to a similar examination, comparing it with natural butter, and find the oleomargarine butter to consist of exceedingly clear and beautiful oil globules, a sufficient proof of its purity." "Exceedingly pure and beautiful oil globules" are, no doubt, in some conjunctions a very desirable article of food; but, so far as we know, they are certainly not butter. The controversy took a more lively turn in the reply to Professor Mott's answer, which appeared in due course in the *American Dairyman*, and in the course of which this somewhat curious statement by Mr. Michels was cited. "Mr. Michels says that, on applying to the *New York Times* Office, he was candidly told by the editor-in-chief that the letter to which Dr. Mott had signed his name was nothing but an advertisement from the oleomargarine factory; that, in fact, they had received hundreds of dollars for its insertion, and that therefore no reply would be permitted to me. . . . I state these facts and leave them without comment; for if honoured names and great institutions can thus be used to advertise a grease factory, abuse rather than praise must be welcome from such a source." The facts, if correctly stated, are certainly startling enough. The writer of the reply just quoted makes in the course of his long letter one remark which is peculiarly to the point. "If," he says, "as is stated, a single manufactory in New York is producing 100,000 lbs. a day of the compound (and there are seven of these concerns in that city, to say nothing of others in different localities) how long will it take to drive genuine butter out of the market, especially if, as is claimed, the bogus stuff can be so scented and flavoured as to prevent its being distinguished by the taste or by other means than a scientific examination?" Even the test of a scientific examination cannot be implicitly relied on, not only because of such differences in the opinions of experts as have been shown by the foregoing extracts, but because also the specimens submitted may differ. We remember a case in which a certain article was submitted for analysis by its proprietors to a distinguished analyst, who thoughtfully provided himself with another sample of it bought in market overt. His report on the two samples pleased the proprietors so much that they kept it entirely and solely for their private entertainment.

While it may be uncertain whether or how far the substance called oleomargarine is objectionable as an article of food, it is quite certain that it is not butter, and, it is to be feared, equally certain that it is extensively sold as butter of exceptionally prime quality at exceptionally high prices. Many years ago Dr. Wyntor revealed some depths of iniquity in the adulteration trade, the meanest perhaps, if not the most dangerous, of which was that P.D., or pepper-dust, was frequently sold as pepper, and D.P.D., or dust of pepper dust, as either pepper dust or pepper itself. Something like this, in addition to what is already done with oleomargarine, might well have happened in this case if the matter had not been made public in a Parliamentary paper. It is to be hoped that now that this has been done the thing will not be allowed to drop.

THE MONEY MARKET.

THERE is much discussion in the City concerning the prospects of the money market. The value of money so largely affects all kinds of business in which the use of borrowed capital is necessary, that the matter is one of great practical moment. Low rates favour speculative enterprise, and, when trade is improving, encourage people to extend their transactions. On the other hand, when bankers exact high terms for the accommodation they afford their customers, the latter have to consider carefully whether the undertakings in which they are about to embark will bear the cost. In the early period of a trade revival, then, cheap money is of great advantage. During the past two months the course of the money market has seemed anomalous, and even yet there is much uncertainty as to the prospects of the immediate future. In reality, however, there is nothing puzzling, or even extraordinary, in what has occurred. During the long depression immense sums of loanable capital had accumulated in the banks throughout the country, and rates in consequence had fallen to a very low level. This continued until the export of gold to the United States became large, when gradually the value of money began to rise. The usual autumn outflow of coin to the provinces gave additional impetus to the movement. We can trace all this very clearly in the weekly returns of the Bank of England. At the end of July the coin and bullion in the Bank amounted to 35,900,000*l.*; at the end of December they had fallen to 27,600,000*l.*, showing a decrease of over 8¼ millions. At the end of July, again, the open market rate for three-months' bank bills was ⅞ per cent.; at the end of December the rate had risen to 2½ per cent. We thus see how the value of money kept pace with the diminution in the stock of coin and bullion. Before the old year ended the gold export to the United States had ceased; and, with the opening of the new year, the dividend payments let loose funds which for some time before had been accumulating; while the banks, having made up their accounts and shown satisfactory balances, felt at liberty to reduce them again. The result, as might have been expected, was an abundance of money in the loan market, and consequently a fall in its value. Before the end of January the open market rate for three-months' bank bills had gone down to 1½ per cent. With February, however, a fresh rise began; and in the middle of the present week three-months' bank bills were quoted outside as high as 2⅞ per cent. The question is, will this upward movement continue, or is it merely temporary? Business men, and many of the writers of City articles, have been surprised because rates fell so suddenly and heavily last month. They argued that the greater activity of trade, having enhanced the value of money in the autumn, ought to have kept it up in January, and they were at a loss to account for the fall. Now they reason that, bills being still scarce, the upward movement is entirely artificial, and will not last beyond the end of next month. In all this there is utter misconception. The greater activity of trade had little or nothing to do with the enhancement of the value of money last autumn, which, as we have just shown, was caused by the export of gold to the United States. As a matter of fact, a trade revival in its early stages scarcely affects the money market. The preceding period of depression has weeded out the weak traders who depended entirely upon credit, but it has left the strong men who have capital of their own. Moreover, it has enforced upon them economies in all departments, and thus has made possible a large production at a small cost. It has also taught extreme caution; and for a considerable time men refuse to trust others, parting with their goods only for cash. It is not until the revival has passed out of the stage in which doubts are entertained of its permanence, and has entered upon that in which everybody is sanguinely looking forward to making his fortune and is equally hopeful of his neighbours, that it reacts upon the value of money. Then wages run up bound by bound, prices become exorbitant, the cost of production is greatly increased, while business is extended in all directions, and transactions are largely multiplied; the consequence of all which is that every one begins to need additional capital. We are still far from this stage, and therefore may leave out of consideration the greater activity of trade.

The causes which during the past two or three weeks have been sending up the value of money are plain enough. First, and most potent for the moment, is the collection of the revenue. When Mr. Lowe, during his Chancellorship of the Exchequer, provided himself with a surplus by collecting five quarters' taxes in a single twelvemonth, he made a change which exercises an unforeseen influence on the money market every February and March. His innovation throws into the first three months of the year so large a proportion of the revenue payments that it takes out of the open market much of the loanable capital, and hands it over to the Bank of England. For example, on New Year's Day, 1879, the Government deposits in the Bank of England amounted to 4,900,000*l.*; on March 26 they had risen to eleven millions. In the three months, that is, over six millions had been taken out of the open market and lodged in the Bank of England. This transference of loanable capital diminished the lending power of the bill-brokers and the smaller credit houses, while it increased enormously the Bank's control of the market. In the present year the Government deposits have risen from 4,100,000*l.* on January 21 to 7,300,000*l.* on February 18, being an increase of 3,200,000*l.* in four weeks. And in these four weeks the outer market rate went up more than one-half per cent. By the end of March another four millions may be expected to be added to the Government deposits, and with the addition it may be reasonably assumed that the value of money will tend upwards. A variety of other temporary causes are aiding this one. Since the beginning of the year speculation on the Stock Exchange has assumed exceptionally large proportions, and as each fortnightly settlement comes round, the demand for loans, to carry over transactions, is active. The settlement immediately preceding that which was concluded yesterday was, we believe, the heaviest on record, and in many cases the charges made for carrying over were extremely onerous. Since then speculation has received a check; and at one time there was a considerable fall of prices, which is said to have lightened the account. But this week there has been a recovery, and there are symptoms that speculation will make a fresh start. If so, the demand for advances will continue. Another circumstance tending to keep up rates is the continuous export of gold. The outflow to the United States, as we remarked above, ceased before Christmas, and is not likely to begin again for the present. But week after week small sums are taken for Egypt and South America, and though the sums in each case are small, in the aggregate they reach a considerable amount. It is true that the stock of coin and bullion in the Bank of England has increased since the beginning of the year; but it has done so only because gold has been returned from the provinces in such quantities as to overbalance the export. This does not really mend matters; it only brings into view what was before not apparent. Coin

which a few weeks ago was held by bankers all over the United Kingdom is now accumulated in the Bank of England. It does not make up for the export to which we have referred, nor does it really add to our resources, though it may make them more easily utilized.

The causes we have hitherto been tracing are temporary in their nature. The pressure of the revenue collection will cease at the end of next month, and shortly afterwards the Government deposits will be dispersed in dividend and other payments, and the Bank of England will lose the control over the market which it owes to their accumulation. The Stock Exchange settlements can hardly in themselves exercise any important influence upon the money market. And the export of gold, if it be confined to Egypt and South America, is a mere driblet of the international bullion movement. What, then, are the permanent causes affecting the value of money? Chief amongst them is the production of gold; and, as we have often pointed out in these columns, this has for years been decreasing. Since the United States began to prepare for the resumption of specie payments, they have used up the whole supply furnished by their own mines, and in addition they last year took about sixteen millions sterling from Europe. The appearances are that they will again this year retain their home yield. Russia and Germany are barely supplied by the produce of the Russian mines. Consequently, other gold-using countries have to depend upon Australia alone for what they need to make good the wear and tear of their coinage, and to enlarge its volume. But the production of the Australian mines has been falling off for a long time, and this year it has decreased enormously. The shipments of gold from Australia have been unusually small, and at present no more than 150,000*l.* is known to be on the way to this country—a sum which would not make good half last week's exportation. It is clear that this increasing scarcity of gold must sooner or later enhance the value of money. If Mr. Brough Smith's reports on the Wynnad district prove correct, we may no doubt hereafter expect a considerable increase of our gold supply from India; but that will take time to bring about, and we are now considering only the near future. As we have already observed, the United States will probably retain the stock they now possess, in addition to what will be raised in the present year; that is, unless we in this country bid so high as to attract gold across the Atlantic. But this would imply an extraordinary enhancement in the value of money. Money on call in New York bears five per cent. interest at this moment; and before gold could be attracted to this country, it must not only bear a higher interest here, but the cost and risk of bringing it over must also be covered. It is very clear, then, that the value of money will not be kept down by imports of gold from the United States. As regards the Continent, it is less easy to speak with any confidence. Immense quantities of Stock Exchange securities have been bought of late from France and Germany, and the natural inference would be that we are in debt to those countries; but the exchanges seem to say the contrary. There is also another class of considerations to be taken into account. Apprehensions of war in the coming summer prevail very generally. If war breaks out, it will certainly cause the transference to this country for the sake of safety of an immense loanable capital. This happened in 1870, and it will unquestionably happen again, even though we ourselves should be involved in the struggle. The natural tendency of an influx of new capital is of course to depress rates, and that tendency would assert itself in the long run, supposing the war to be short, and not to lead to the issue of immense loans. But this would only be after a while. The first consequence of an outbreak of war on a large scale would be a panic, more or less diffused, and a sudden and very great rise in the value of money. Even if war is happily avoided, there are causes for anxiety and uneasiness which may go far to check enterprise on the Continent, and may prompt timid people to remit money to this country for safety. On the other hand it is also possible that the confidence in the preservation of peace which was so strikingly exhibited by the capitalist class all through the Eastern complications, and which is still shown in spite of the increase of the German army, the attempts on the Czar's life, and the *Italia Irredenta* agitation, may continue to maintain itself. In that case, money is as likely to go to the Continent as to come thence. On the whole, it seems probable that the value of money may continue to rise next month, and that during the spring and early summer it may maintain a moderately high level.

THE CARL ROSA OPERA.

ONE of the most interesting performances given by Mr. Rosa this year is that of *Rienzi*, produced by him so successfully during his last season in London. The work itself we discussed fully on its production last year, and we need only now point out that by its being performed in the same season with *Lohengrin*, we are enabled to contrast the composer's manner of treating grand opera with the dawn of his later method of music drama. Herr Schott made his *début* in England in this opera. Though at first his voice was much affected by our climate, and he had not quite accustomed himself to the higher pitch of the orchestra, still his performance was one of exceptional merit. The accidents we have mentioned made the peculiar quality of his voice more remarkable than it was when he sang *Lohengrin*, by which time they had been to a great extent overcome. His great *forte* as a singer is musical declamation, and most of Rienzi's music is declamatory. His fine appearance and dignified bearing are well suited to the part, and he fully enters into the spirit of the many strong dramatic situations. As a minor point, but still one of some importance, we must notice his admirable horsemanship, which made the great scene of the gathering of Rienzi's troops really impressive, instead of ridiculous, as it too often is. Granted that the horse he rides is well trained, yet even a trained horse requires a good horseman to manage him, and nothing could be more skilful than Herr Schott's management of his charger, giving as he did an air of reality and life to the scene with only a few feet of space in which to manœuvre; and he by no means brought his horse to rest when he had to sing, but kept the animal in constant movement whilst he delivered the address to the armed citizens and joined in the battle-hymn. The important character of Irene, Rienzi's sister, was taken by Mlle. Lido. All that could be done for the part by thoroughly skilful vocalization she did, but her worn voice and want of dramatic feeling prevented her from doing it justice. At times the great dramatic power of the music seemed to carry her away, and give some life to her acting and some meaning to her singing; but, on the whole, her performance was tame and spiritless Miss Josephine Yorke was admirable as Adriano, Irene's lover; she not only sang the music thoroughly well, but acted the part with much meaning and without exaggeration. Miss Albu, who, we believe, has not appeared in London before this season, sang the small part of the Messenger of Peace. She has a beautiful voice, and has had good training; her production is excellent, and her method generally very good; even this small part shows that she has much musical feeling, and altogether she bids fair in time to take a high place amongst our English operatic singers.

Mr. Snazelle deserves great praise for his performance of Cecco del Vecchio; his admirable pantomime did much to help the general effect; we may especially notice the scene just before the excommunication of Rienzi, when Cecco and Adriano stand ready to assassinate the Tribune, the way in which Mr. Snazelle indicates by change of facial expression and of attitude the gradual repentance of Cecco during Rienzi's speech being a really fine piece of acting. The other parts were well done, the cast being—Stefano Colonna, Mr. Leslie Crotty; Paolo Orsini, Mr. Walter Bolton; Raimondo, Mr. George Conly; and Baroncelli, Mr. Dudley Thomas. The chorus were excellent throughout the opera, and the band, under Signor Randegger, admirable. We may indeed almost venture to say that a finer performance of the overture has never been heard in England. Mr. Betjemann's arrangement of the crowds was excellent; and the scene after the fight between the Colonnas and the Orsinis and the scene of the burning of the capital are triumphs of spectacular stage management.

Mr. Rosa has added Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon* to the *répertoire* of his company, and has wisely restored it to its original form by cutting out the recitatives which have been added to fit the work for the Italian opera stage and replacing them by spoken dialogue. The ear being no longer wearied by the long, tedious, laboured recitatives, the merits of the music are more apparent, and its many defects press less upon the attention. This opera also owes much of its success to the stage manager. The scene at the commencement of the first act, with the gipsy performance and Mignon's first entry, was capitally arranged. Mr. Betjemann himself playing the part of Giarno with great spirit; his powers as a violinist enabled him to play the prelude to Mignon's dance himself. An excellent figure in this scene was an old, decrepid gipsy, who acts as Giarno's factotum The stage management of the fire scene was also very good; the crowd rush away from the house in terror on the alarm being first given; and this movement, as well as the hurry and bustle of the attempts to put the fire out, was admirably executed. Mr. Joseph Maas sang Wilhelm Meister, and the music suited him admirably; his voice, without having lost any of its beautiful quality, seems to have gained much in power, and neither hard work nor carelessness has injured his excellent vocalization, and his singing was so good all through the opera that it is difficult to select any particular instance of exceptional merit; perhaps his singing of the beautiful passage "Adieu, Mignon," was the most effective. Without being able to say that he acted the part at all, yet he must be given credit for the workmanlike way in which he walked through it. If there is not much to praise, on the other hand there is nothing to find fault with. Mr. Leslie Crotty was Lothario; he sang the music extremely well, and followed the usual colourless traditions in the histrionic representation of that gloomy and thankless part. Mr. Charles Lyall was good as Laertes; but rather too much inclined to buffoonery of a not very refined character.

On the occasion on which we heard the opera Miss Josephine Yorke sang the part of Frederick in place of Mme. Selina Dolaro, who sang the music well. Miss Georgina Burns was an admirable Filina; the quality of her voice is well suited to the music, and her fluent, easy vocalization enables her to give full expression to the sentiment of the music even in the most florid passages, whilst her acting of the part was thoroughly arch and coquettish, without ever being ungraceful or coarse. Miss Julia Gaylord made a really great artistic success as Mignon. The part suits her well, giving as it does ample display for good and varied acting without making any prolonged strain on the physical powers. Her singing was excellent, and her great power of clearly pronouncing her words and giving them their true meaning, without disfiguring the music, has never been better shown.

Thus she made a strong effect in Mignon's song, "Know'st thou that dear land"; her singing of the words "'Tis there my heart so longs to live" being a triumph of true dramatic singing. As to her acting, every phase of the character was equally well shown; the sullenness under ill-treatment, the tender worshipping love, the childish merriment, or the fierce passion of jealousy—all were admirable. The general performance of band and chorus was good, though the band was not quite so well together under Mr. Perio as it is under Signor Randegger, and, further, Mr. Perio very nearly destroyed the effect of the *gavotte entr'acte* by making the pause far too long.

The English version is by Mr. Arthur Matthison, and it is by no means good. There is often a strong flavour of the style of the translations of Italian libretti generally sold in our opera houses, and very frequently the singers are obliged to alter the words, as the text is not adapted to the music. Another opera has been produced for the first time in English this season, Signor Verdi's *Aïda*. The English version in this case is by Mr. Henry Hersee, and again we cannot say that the work is good. Act the second opens with this chorus:—

> He comes, with plaudits welcomed
> Due to the deeds he has done;
> The hero, clad in armour bright,
> Refulgent as the sun.
> Oh! hasten, let us deck thy brows
> With laurels and with blooming flowers!
> The hymn of glory soon shall blend
> With strains from love's soft bowers.

We regret to say also that this opera does not appear to have had the advantage of Mr. Betjemann's attention. The stage-grouping and the processions are left entirely as they were arranged at this house during the Italian season, and showed obvious signs of want of rehearsal; otherwise the performance was very good. The part of Radames suits Mr. Maas well, and he sang it admirably. Mr. George Conly was quiet and dignified as Ramphis, and his fine voice was heard to great advantage in the music of the part. Mr. O'Mahony, whom we have not heard before, sang the King. This part gives no opportunity for acting, so we are unable to form any opinion as to his dramatic powers; but he has a very beautiful voice, and a good method of singing, so that he will doubtless prove a valuable member of the company. Mr. Ludwig was good as Amonasro. Miss Yorke was, on the whole, very successful in the part of Amneris; she controlled her tendency to exaggeration of facial expression, and was quiet and dignified; she was unable to do much with the very difficult scene where Amneris listens to the trial of Radames, but wisely did not attempt to do anything beyond her powers. Miss Minnie Hauk's Aïda we cannot praise. The strong dramatic feeling which she has shown in some parts was entirely wanting, whilst her fault of elaborate and meaningless gesture was made painfully obtrusive; nor were these mistakes in her acting redeemed by any display of good singing. Here, again, her faults seem to have grown upon her, and her singing of the part was disfigured by faulty production of the voice, affectation in phrasing, and bad pronunciation of the words. The chorus and band, under Signor Randegger, were all that could be wished; and the performance of the work, taken as a whole, quite worthy of Mr. Carl Rosa's reputation.

REVIEWS.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF JOHN DE WITT.*

WHEN, about a year ago, the tercentenary of the event which opens the history of the United Netherlands was celebrated with patriotic rejoicings from the Maas to the Ems, it must be confessed that Europe at large, and England in particular, preserved an attitude of what strongly resembled indifference towards this national jubilee. And yet, in the case of our own country at all events, there was nothing to restrain an adequate demonstration of sympathetic goodwill. The international relations between England and the Netherlands, and the sentiments which those relations have produced, have indeed been subject to an unparalleled series of violent fluctuations, differing from one another as the Puritan enthusiasm of Spenser for the cause of the Lady Belge differs from Dryden's courtly abhorrence of the ill-natured and ill-mannered descendants of the authors of the Amboyna tragedy. Even in the second quarter of the present century, it was only after wishing to uphold Dutch policy, though on the side of injustice, that English popular opinion was brought to a fairly unanimous recognition of its error of judgment. In still more recent days we have been able to give ourselves up without reserve to the impressions of remoter historic memories; and one of the most brilliantly successful historical narratives composed in this generation has largely contributed to revive in Englishmen the admiration due to the great Dutch struggle for freedom, to which the aid of Elizabethan England was so tardily and so imperfectly given. A more than usually enduring phase of artistic taste and *dilettante* fashion has contributed its influence towards the same result, and had it but suited William the Taciturn to bring about the Union of Utrecht at a more convenient season than the dead of winter, its celebration would hardly have been allowed to pass by unnoticed, except here and there, among ourselves.

It is all the more gratifying to find that the year 1879 was not to close without having produced the first instalment of an English historical work which promises to form a most valuable addition to the generally accessible sources of information concerning one of the most interesting, and at the same time most complicated, periods of Dutch political life. If Mr. Geddes has been fired by the honourable ambition of worthily carrying on the thread of Mr. Motley's labours, the conception of the *History of the Administration of John de Witt* is not the less its author's own, and his grasp of the general European history of the times with which he deals is, to say the least, as vigorous as that exhibited in the rather disappointing second volume of the *Life and Death of John of Barneveld*. We cannot, however, suppress a wish that Mr. Geddes had not thought it necessary to imitate Mr. Motley—or rather, perhaps, the inimitable old master who is primarily responsible for the fashion to which we refer—in adopting the familiarly picturesque style of historical composition. He more than once gives vent to a regret which we both understand and share, that so little should be known as to the personal life, character, and habits of the chief personage of his narrative, whom he is unable to call his hero. A Boswell or a "chatty" French memoir-writer would, as he freely avows, have been hailed by him as a godsend for enlivening his book. Other writers before Mr. Geddes have made the most of the modest *ménage* of the Grand Pensionary of Holland—consisting of John the man-servant and old Griettin the maid; and we can excuse him for clutching eagerly even at De Witt's pipe and tobacco-box, although the habit might at a venture have been assumed to have been acquired at the University of Leyden, to the threshold of whose lecture-rooms the weed is at this day no stranger. But the theme of Mr. Geddes's narrative, and the way in which he tells it, are quite attractive enough to dispense with the need of tricking it out with the tawdry ornaments of would-be humorous phrases and more or less felicitous nicknames. The *nom de scène* of "Bellicoso" is at all events intended as the equivalent of the native sobriquet of Vice-Admiral de With, a personage sufficiently striking in himself; for he was on the one hand as fearless a commander as any that the Dutch navy boasted, and on the other so far from popular that the sailors "would more cheerfully toss him overboard than obey him." The constant introduction of "that rogue Musch" after this facetious fashion is less pardonably tedious; and the most impatient critic of the proceedings of the States-General must grow weary of finding them ironically paraphrased as the "intelligent," or "enlightened," or "educated mediocrities." After all, if a comical effect be desired, it is most liberally supplied by the official style of their High Mightinesses themselves, and, indeed, by the epistolary courtesies of the Dutch society of the age in general. Here, for instance, is a fragment of a letter, hardly to be termed "familiar," in which a sister, while according to custom addressing her brother as "Your Nobleness," requests him to say to "Miss Kletscher," with reference to a French maid recommended by her—

> that I fear the girl is somewhat over-hasty in the head for me, thanking her nobleness for the trouble she has taken, and requesting that, if her nobleness falls in with another, she will be pleased to let your nobleness at once know, in order that your nobleness may inform me by a note.

We are, however, so thoroughly convinced that a healthy reaction in the taste of English readers of history will before long sweep away the affectations of which we complain, that we think it unnecessary to dwell further on the peculiarities of Mr. Geddes's style. It is only on occasion that he indulges in Carlylese, and when he does so, he is so painfully like his model that the effort is too severe to last. The following, for instance, reminds us of nothing so much as of those famous bits of Cambridge Greek prose the only fault in which lay in their being just a shade too Thucydidean to have been written by Thucydides:—

> Hollanders and Zealanders had suffered severely from the English depredations, and this new stadholderless government lay listlessly doing nothing. Their sea-king, Tromp; why not let him, invincible yet, loose upon these English? "What, have we no government, then? Give us our captain-general, as of old."

Turning, as we very readily do, from the form to the substance of this volume, we need hardly observe that in both biographical and general historical interest it cannot fail to be surpassed by its successor or successors. John de Witt was still a young man—only thirty years of age—when in July 1653 he was sworn in to the highest office in the most powerful of the United Provinces. For five months previously he had provisionally held this post of Councillor-Pensionary, "or, as he is called in England, Grand Pensionary," of Holland, the youthful successor of such aged servants of the State as Adrian Pauw, Lord of Heemsteede, and the venerable Father Cats. Before this, De Witt had for about two years been Pensionary of his native city of Dort, to whose virtually hereditary oligarchy his family belonged; and as such he represented the town in the States of Holland when assembled at the Hague; or, more strictly speaking, it was his duty "to accompany the town's deputies to the meetings of the Provincial States, in order to advise and assist the deputies and conduct their business. In the Provincial States he collected the opinions of his group, expressed its views, and announced its vote." It was the privilege of Dort, which that town owed to its antiquity, for its

* *History of the Administration of John de Witt, Grand Pensionary of Holland.* By James Geddes. Vol. I. 1623–1654. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1879.

delegates to vote first in the States of Holland; while its Pensionary acted *ex officio* as the substitute of the Grand Pensionary of the province in the case of his absence. Thus birth and merit combined to place De Witt early at the head of affairs; and he seems to have exercised a commanding influence upon them since the beginning of the year 1652, when he managed the business of a Committee on English affairs, appointed by Holland, in its usual high-handed manner, on its own account. In other words, the volume before us contains the narrative of not more than two years of De Witt's visible statesmanship; and though these include transactions of extreme importance, and at least one State paper of signal interest, De Witt's justification of his own conduct with reference to the *Acte van Seclusie*, still a more abundant harvest of personal monuments of his political activity may be looked for in the account of his tenure of power during the eventful eighteen years which followed. Mr. Geddes, it is true, has judiciously warned us that the man himself is likely to remain in a great measure hidden from our view; but his principles as well as his practice as a politician cannot but reveal themselves more clearly in the light of the events which succeeded the fortunate audacities and trickeries of the spring and summer of the year 1654. We shall be interested to see what share Mr. Geddes attributes to John de Witt in the publication entitled *Holland's Interest*, written by Peter de la Court not long after the loss of Brazil by the Dutch, but which to a brilliant essayist has suggested "John de Witt, looking over the shoulders of his friend the author, and murmuring his daily evensong, 'De furore monarcharum libera nos Domino!'" The continuation of Mr. Geddes's *History*, before it reaches the catastrophe of the De Witts, the tragic accompaniment of the heroic resistance offered by Holland under William of Orange to the assault of two powerful monarchies, will have to give the whole story of the designs of France against the Netherlands, as well as that of the Second Anglo-Dutch War and the Triple Alliance, in which John de Witt achieved his greatest successes as a national politician. To this later period likewise belongs the completion, in so far as it can ever be said to have been completed, of the political system of which De Witt was the lifelong champion, by means of the Perpetual Edict and the Act of Harmony of the year 1667.

Already, however, in the first instalment of his work Mr. Geddes has found occasion for much valuable research, and for comments which are certainly not deficient in decisiveness. We cannot here do more than refer to the remarkably lucid introductory section entitled "De Witt's Political Environment," in which the three chief aspects of Dutch politics in the middle of the seventeenth century are sketched with a vigorous hand. The first subdivision of this section deals with the Peace of Münster and the negotiations during which, "as Aitzema puts it, the Republic laboured as if in travail in ushering the Peace into the world." The conclusion of the Peace was a triumph of the oligarchy of Holland over the views of the House of Orange upheld by faithful Zealand, and over the policy of the French alliance; and it opens, as Mr. Geddes shows, a period in which De Witt, and William III., and Marlborough were to carry the new principle of statesmanship to its logical consequences. Instead of war *in perpetuum* in alliance with France against Spain, the establishment of a barrier of Spanish territory against France had now been recognized as the basis of a true Dutch policy; and from establishing a barrier to defending it, the step was an inevitable one. From the question of the Peace of Münster and its significance for the Netherlands, Mr. Geddes passes to a consideration of their attitude towards England, and thence to a brief but very perspicuous delineation of the nature of the Union, and an account of the struggle between Holland and "the Prince," the ardent and ambitious William II., whose second and most dangerous tyrannical design, the secret offensive treaty with Mazarin, was only rendered futile by the sudden hand of death. Against his previous violation of the constitution in the matter of the state of war, which had culminated in the attempt upon Amsterdam, Dort had set the example of resistance; and Jacob de Witt, the father of the future Grand Pensionary, was one of the six patriots whose imprisonment at Loevesteyn gave rise to the contemptuous term applied by the partisans of the House of Orange to their opponents as the "Loevesteyn faction."

For English readers this volume is likely to possess a unique interest, centring in its narrative of what may assuredly be termed the strangest diplomatic negotiation into which this country has ever entered with a foreign Power. We do not know whither else to turn for so plain and succinct an account as that furnished in Mr. Geddes's pages of the great Protestant and Republican scheme of an Anglo-Dutch coalition. Though other projects of alliances have been more long-lived than this, yet it formed part of one of the grandest political conceptions which have ever entered the brain of a practical statesman; and (which is perhaps strangest of all) it both preceded and followed the passing of an English law intended to destroy the maritime trade of the Dutch and the waging of a war which had threatened to ruin Amsterdam, "the emporium and sovereign city of the world's commerce." Oliver Cromwell, of whose "great form" De Witt had, in the opinion of his biographer, "by no means taken the measure," in no transaction of his life exhibited a more striking combination of visionary grandeur of aim with politic readiness to drop what was practically beyond his reach. Nevertheless it must be allowed that the projected union of the two Republics had been imperfectly "thought out" on the English side, and that the pettier notions of the Dutch had at least the advantage of having a more substantial basis. There is considerable vagueness in the view attributed to Cromwell by an intermediary that "both parties would require to think of means which would contribute to the firm and friendly alliance of the two Powers," and there is some reason to doubt whether he was right in surmising "that the security might be found in admitting into the Government of each country two or three representatives from the other; the English representatives to have seats in the States-General or in the Dutch Council of State, and the Dutch representatives to have seats in the English Council of State." At the same time, Cromwell adhered with the utmost tenacity to the demand which he perceived to be one of immediate urgency—that the Prince of Orange should be excluded from office. He showed much flexibility with regard to the question as to how this was to be done, thus using his best endeavours to facilitate De Witt's difficult task; but from the demand itself he never swerved. De Witt's diplomatic skill and audacity, on the other hand, entitle him to the highest admiration which can be given to the unscrupulous pursuit of a clearly conceived purpose. He persuaded Cromwell to accept, in lieu of the public article in the treaty originally proposed, an obligation to exclude the Prince of Orange on the part of the Province of Holland alone, and he thus contrived both to bring about the peace with England which he knew to be indispensable, and to trick Holland into passing the Act which accomplished a primary object of his own policy at home.

It is impossible here to follow Mr. Geddes at length into the speculations with which this volume concludes concerning the general character and result of De Witt's "work," and the possibility which existed for him of following a course different from that which he actually adopted. Ardent democracies established on a broad basis, and heroic individuals or families with an uncontrollable instinct in the direction of monarchy, have, more usually than cumbrously constructed and slowly moving oligarchies, secured for themselves the sympathy of modern historians. Of all Federal systems of which history knows, that of the Union of Utrecht was probably the least compact; and the mutual jealousy of the provinces, more especially that of the smaller against the greatest, placed any revision of its conditions virtually out of the question. In De Witt's days Holland paid more than fifty-eight per cent. of the common expenditure of the Union, and Utrecht rather less than six; yet Utrecht could and did strive to counteract or undo what the action of Holland had accomplished. Still more unworkable was the principle that in every province every town retained its sovereign rights except where these were, with those of the provinces, abridged by the Act of Union, and, together with these rights, a *liberum veto* upon proceedings of the States-General as well as of the Provincial States. Of the difficulties and absurdities of "home rule," as Mr. Geddes calls it, the history of the "United" Netherlands is accordingly full, and fuller than ever in the Stadholderless time which succeeded upon Prince William II.'s transitory *coup d'état*; nor is there anything exceptional in the illustration, belonging to the time of the second Anglo-Dutch war, of the coexistence of "six lieutenant-admirals instead of one, with such a nominal right of supreme command to one of them as the weak States-General could bestow, but had not the faintest vestige of power to enforce." The House of Orange and its friends, both foreign and domestic, including the populace, the bulk of the army, and the Calvinistic clergy, were ready to apply a simple remedy. But, apart from questions of right and law, can it be conceived that a community such as that of the free Netherlands—artificial in the conditions of its political as of its commercial life—could have been carried safely through the complications and dangers of the third quarter of the seventeenth century by the novel experiment of a democratic monarchy, conducted in the first instance by a princely family divided against itself? The Province of Holland was strong enough to assume the primacy which was its due, but neither strong nor self-sacrificing enough to merge its identity in that of the common country—a country the reverse of united, even in its political aims. The policy of De Witt, though a transitory, was therefore a necessary one; and in so far, at least, we may subscribe to the following remarks of Mr. Geddes, which we cite in conclusion as an example of his style when on a level with the general excellence of his treatment of his theme:—

> We cannot blame De Witt because he could not get rid of these facts, but he did not desire to get rid of them. On the contrary, he seized and gave stability to their worst characteristics, and made the isolation everywhere deeper and wider. His work tended to perpetuate the evil. But we are bound to consider whether any other course was open to him. There seem to us to have been only two ways of making a nation out of that congeries of provincial and municipal atoms: either to raise the Prince of Orange to supreme power, or to begin to lay the foundations of a homogeneous democratic republic, led by Holland as the most powerful, the most enterprising and energetic, and the wealthiest State. But could he enthrone, in his political creed, a disloyal House, whose two last representatives, for self-aggrandizing ends, would have led the little Republic into strange courses? Of a homogeneous democratic Republic he had no conception; and, if he had, could he have enthroned the ignorant and Orange-worshipping populace, whose fitness for political supremacy was still a long way off, and who would have instantly raised the dreaded House to power with shouts of loud acclaim? There was thus no theory of government left him but government by his own order, the oligarchy; and its ... was municipal privilege and corporate home rule. Its chief merit in De Witt's hands was that it secured for a time the predominance of Holland, and gave to the United Provinces, as Minister and leader, the greatest Dutchman of his time, and one, moreover, on whose public virtue there is hardly a blemish or a spot.

JUNGLE LIFE IN INDIA.*

ON taking up this work we thought that seven hundred pages of jungle life and geology might be too much of one subject. On laying it down after a careful perusal, we may fairly say that we could hardly wish anything omitted. Readers are here introduced to a very different India, as we are told in the preface, from the India of populous cities, mighty Rajas, and splendid monuments that have been described at least a score of times. This is a record of work of a peculiar and scientific kind, carried out in the teeth of great obstacles, manifold privations, and trials of climate. It introduces us to tracts little known except to political officers deputed to put down wicked customs, or to soldiers who have had to penetrate the fastnesses of some rebellious and wayward chief. And the story is told in a simple, straightforward, and unaffected style. Doubtless there is a tinge of sameness in all the experiences and adventures, and certain remarkable sites and ranges are visited twice, three, and even four times over. But the author acted judiciously in publishing his diary with only few alterations, instead of attempting to weave scattered incidents and disjointed visits into one connected whole. Mr. Ball has been employed for more than fourteen years, under the Government of India, in surveying regions which have enjoyed a vague reputation for mineral wealth, such as coal, copper, lead, gold, and diamonds, and he has taken copious notes of their main geological features. In the course of his wanderings he has become familiar with those settled districts of Western Bengal where red sandstone, undulating scenery, and clear streams are a positive relief to Anglo-Indians tired with the oppressive sameness of interminable rice-fields alternating with villages buried deep in bamboos and palms. He went all over a province known as "Non-regulation," and comprised in the South-West Frontier Agency. He visited Orissa, and ascended the Mahanuddi to the outlying post of Sambhulpore. He penetrated to such recondite and feverish places as Kalahundi, Bustar, and Jaipur, which must not be confounded with the principality of the same name in Rajputana. Twice he sailed to the Andamans and Nicobars, and added considerably to our knowledge of the zoology of these islands lying in "dark purple spheres of sea." He made the ascent of a mountain in Ganjam known as Mahendragiri, with the view of judging of its fitness for a sanatorium. Four times he got to the top of Parasnath with its Jain temples. He became familiar with Santals and Paharries, with the Rajmahal hills and with the plateau of Sirgooja. He found time to write a chapter on the remarkable series of lakes which form a striking feature of the Himalayas in the neighbourhood of Naini Tál. And in 1874 he made a journey to our Trans-Indus territories, and ascended the Suliman range in company with wild Beloochee horsemen. So, whether he writes as a scientific geologist, or as a genuine sportsman indifferent to large bags, or as a pioneer and explorer amongst non-Aryan savages, he has a great deal to tell us which will be new to most readers, and which even experienced district officers and Commissioners ought to be glad to know.

Mr. Ball had a regular plan of operations, and it was as follows. Tent life and jungle exploration being the enjoyable incidents of the Indian cold season, the author generally left Calcutta early in November with a fairly defined plan for his geological campaign, and marched with tents, making investigations into basaltic trap, shales, sandstone, coal-measures, mudstones, laterite, and so forth, on his march; and occasionally he rested for a few days at spots of more than ordinary interest. He had, of course, a retinue of native servants with bullock-carts and elephants. But his wanderings extended far beyond the compass of a magistrate's cold-weather tour, both as regards time and distance. Practically he was out in camp during the whole of the hot weather, felt the hot winds, and now and then came in for a few "north-westers," and for a foretaste of the rains. Exposed as he was to considerable variations of temperature, to the chill of an elevated plateau, to the radiation of rocks in a narrow valley, or to intense heat under canvas, he was repeatedly struck down by fever and ague. Fortunately, he seems to have escaped the disease known as regular jungle fever. He had further to endure innumerable privations and hardships, as well as divers petty annoyances. His servants fell ill, or, if they kept their health, were guilty of acts of insubordination. His commissariat was restricted. His postal arrangements were defective and irregular, and sometimes ceased to act at all. Occasionally he was without letters and papers for weeks and even months, and was then overwhelmed with a file of seventy issues, or with official requests that had long ago answered themselves. His horse fell dead lame and he had to perform his journeys on foot. Prolonged marching told upon the endurance of his elephants, and their rate of speed dropped from four miles an hour to one and a half. Occasionally one of these animals, as every sportsman knows to his discomposure, would break its chains at night, wander into the jungle, and give infinite trouble before it could be recaptured. To the heat and the chances of fever, and to the crosses and losses of Indian travel, from which no one except perhaps a Viceroy or a Lieutenant-Governor can claim exemption, were added those which arose out of Mr. Ball's peculiar position. A magistrate within his district, and a Commissioner within his division, meet with obsequiousness and attention wherever they go. Rajas send baskets of fruits and flowers, and reserve for them the best beats on their well-known preserves. Native shikarrees disclose to them alone the haunts of the tiger and the pastures of the *sambur* and the *gaur*. But Mr. Ball was not a magistrate, and wielded no executive authority at all. It is true that Commissioners and other magnates issued circulars about his coming, and warned Zemindars, their agents, and the head men of villages, to show him respect and civility and to furnish his camp with supplies. But every Anglo-Indian knows that there are hosts of underlings who are quite ready to keep the letter of such orders and defy their spirit, and who are delighted at the bare chance of showing to any gentleman of undefined position just as much insolence as they think is safe. Mr. Ball's mission was neither to exact the dues of the State, nor to protect ryots from tyranny, nor to assure Rajas that they would be supported by the Government if they behaved themselves. And we are not surprised to hear that natives now and then regarded him as a harmless lunatic, when they saw him chipping stones, hunting for coal, asking suspicious questions about gold-washing and diamonds, climbing scarped rocks in the heat of the day, and persisting in visiting lonely places which popular fancy had peopled with ghosts and demons. There were, of course, varieties of these jungly Zemindars. While some underbred specimens chewed *pun*, and smoked and spat, and asked impertinent questions, others were glad to befriend this wandering Englishman. Raja Bindeshuri Sing, the ruler of Sirgooja, was a favourable type of his class; and specimens of his conversation show point, refinement, and tact. This gentleman was very properly in late years made a Companion of the Star of India; but it is significant of the Oriental way of dealing with enemies, that in the Keonjur disturbances of 1868, this same polished Raja, taking the field with us, had no hesitation in cutting off the ears and noses of the mutineers whom he did not either hang or shoot. If his not very well-defined position subjected Mr. Ball to sundry annoyances; if he had to wait here for supplies and there for transport; if, when his camp was robbed, the native inspector of police was lax and exacting by turns; if the Uriya in his native wilds was a very different being from the Uriya bearer of Chowringhi, who is generally faithful and attentive—if, in short, the spirit of the jungly tribes was anything but divine and in some cases was below the level of humanity—yet at the same time the author obtained glimpses of native character and feeling not always disclosed to men who may be more accomplished linguists and fill higher posts. It is fair to state that Mr. Ball was never intimidated or threatened with violence, and that he marched for weeks and months miles away from all civilization, without ever having to use his weapons against anything but birds and beasts. Something of this is due to his cheerful and patient spirit and to his ability to manage natives. Indeed it is impossible to read his journal without feeling that no man who did not possess a fund of self-reliance, a fertility of resources, a command of temper, and a keen observation, could have discovered so much or surmounted so many obstacles.

Readers of different temperaments and pursuits may find plenty of interest in these pages. To the sportsman they will tell something, though this is not a sporting work. To a zoologist the jungles that stretch from the Damudah in a western and south-westerly direction to the Mahanuddi and the Wyngunga offer manifold attractions; and all persons removed from such commissariat as any decent native bazaar affords must rely on the tank and the marsh for the materials of their dinner. Snipe and teal, ducks of various kinds, partridges of more than one sort, jungle fowl, spur fowl, and pea fowl, fell to Mr. Ball's gun on his long marches. And he was repeatedly invited by chiefs and landholders to take up his station on an extemporized platform and enjoy a *hank*, or drive for large game. Somehow these expeditions were often failures, or the results were small compared to the trouble taken and the number of men employed. Possibly the Raja took for himself the best station, and placed his guest where neither deer nor tiger would break; or the beaters made too much or too little noise; or some hitch occurred just at the critical moment. But often we read of a bear, or a deer or two, or a few peafowl as the sum total of an organized hunt; and, to say the truth, repeated failures incline us to think that Mr. Ball is not quite as skilful with the rifle as he is with the hammer. Tigers were often seen but not accounted for; and it was not till the cold season of 1876-7 that he managed to knock over one of these animals with an express bullet. But failures and successes are both truthfully and graphically recorded; and in his visits to the Andamans he floundered through mud and decayed vegetation in tidal creeks and infected jungles in search of strange specimens. His account of the swallows and their edible nests made of seaweed, cemented by a gelatinous substance of dark colour; of the *bêche-de-mer*, or sea-slug; of the crab-plovers; of the megapodes, or mound-builders, and the strange way in which the eggs are hatched by warmth produced by the chemical action of time and decaying vegetation, will interest others besides ornithologists. We observe that in one of these trips the author had the advantage of serving under Mr. A. O. Hume, a well-known zoologist, who at that time was at the head of the department of Revenue and Agriculture expressly created by Lord Mayo. Several other facts may be noted in these pages. Cocoanuts are not indigenous in the Andamans, though they have been introduced and do well at Port Blair; and yet there are forests of these trees on the Nicobars and the Coco Islands. The rhinoceros is not found on the south or right bank of the Ganges near the Rajmahal Hills, though we rather think

* *Jungle Life in India; or, the Journeys and Journals of an Indian Geologist.* By V. Ball, M.A., Geological Survey of India, Fellow of the Calcutta University and of the Geological Societies of London and Ireland. London: De La Rue & Co. 1880.

this animal was known there a quarter of a century ago. No grey partridges were seen in a long march from Jaipur in the south to Chateesgurh in the Central Provinces, and the shrill cry of this species can easily be distinguished from that of any other. And only one specimen of the floriken was obtained in Chutia Nagpore, though the bird is common in the huge plains on both banks of the Ganges, especially in the districts of Dinagepore and Rungpore. Of larger game there was occasionally no lack, in spite of the efforts of Sontals and others to keep these animals for their own special amusement and support.

We have not forgotten that geology was the chief object of all these expeditions, and Mr. Ball in one of his appendices gives a list of the various learned papers which he has at times contributed to the records of the Geological Survey or to the Asiatic Society regarding fauna and flora, and the coal and copper fields which he so patiently surveyed. To these sources we must refer all who wish to start Companies or to add to their own scientific knowledge. But we think it most desirable to draw attention to certain passages where the author condenses his own experience, and warns speculators of difficulties and obstacles. Very often anticipations of rich and inexhaustible seams of metal have turned out to be wholly delusive. Sometimes the veins are thin or are disturbed by "faults." When found at no great depth from the surface, they are speedily worked out. In one notable instance great expectations were formed by the discovery of coal in the Suliman range, but the seams were thin and not worth working, and the author finds it imperative to negative all hopes of vast abundance of coal in that quarter. A seam of coal, we are pointedly told, must not be taken to mean a "coal cliff." Then, even supposing we have the luck to light on a tract full of mineral resources, the success of mining adventure is affected by a variety of other considerations. Transport is expensive and communications are uncertain. Native agents will not take to geology and can never be wholly trusted, and Englishmen fall sick and die in jungly places far away from medical advice. Mining rights are mixed up with the land tenures, and native proprietors drive hard bargains, or involve Companies and their managers in heartbreaking and ruinous litigation. Sometimes the ground has been already occupied, and we find mention of Rajas who sub-let the rights to gold washings, and of natives who have smelted iron ore for years after a rude and unscientific fashion. In one passage Mr. Ball rather adopts the views of the non-official community, and inclines to think that the official class, or some members of it, dislike the sturdy and independent Englishman and still regard him as "an interloper." To this it might probably be replied with much truth that this same independent and vigorous Englishman is apt to override native rights and feelings altogether, and that the magistrate can only be said to dislike "interlopers" when he interferes to see that the natives have fair play. Moreover, it is well known and might be within Mr. Ball's own experience, that English Companies have been wound up simply because they went to work with too little capital, or with insufficient knowledge of the locality, or because they had rash and inexperienced managers, or because labour was too high in price, and the article produced did not sell. For a long time coal has been produced in the Ranigunge coal-field which does not suit sea-going steamers at all, and gives out far less heat and light than English or Australian coal. Government would hardly employ such qualified agents as Mr. Ball to report on the mineral resources of India unless they were really anxious to promote healthy private enterprise; and any exceptional jealousy shown by the official to the non-official class is certain eventually to disappear with the extension of railways and the spread of commercial venture, and with a wider and sounder knowledge of those elements of failure and success which must be taken into account in all such enterprises, from Canada clearances and ostrich-farming at the Cape, to coffee estates in Ceylon or tea-gardens in Assam and Darjeeling.

Many of Mr. Ball's descriptions of the scenery of Chutia Nagpore and of adjacent native principalities are attractive. He was not ordinarily employed in the magnificent ranges of the Himalayas; nor, again, was he confined to the arid plains of Hindustan and Behar. Some of his illustrations give us glimpses of considerable natural beauty, and no tour could ever be uninteresting which took the traveller through rocks and glades, by clear streams and under lofty peaks, and afforded him views over a wide tract of country in which patches of cultivation stand out in contrast to primeval forests. Then it must not be forgotten that in all these trips Mr. Ball was his own master. He pitched and struck his tents when and where he liked. He had only to take care to accumulate sufficient raw material to work up into a goodly report during the inactive hot season. He was never diverted from a cherished plan by any request from a tiresome Commissioner to know why he had failed to rout out a nest of *budmashes* (bad characters) at the other end of his district, or by an urgent demand from the Board of Revenue that he should march in a totally different direction to conclude a settlement of revenue with some impracticable *Puttidars*. A vast territory was open before him, and he could go from north to south and from east to west as it suited him. This freedom of action must have compensated for many privations, for the impertinence of ill-bred agents and the neglect of sluggish inspectors of police. We may notice one or two points where Mr. Ball's knowledge of native terms appears rather defective. The phrase *running a muck* is not derived from the Arabic word *ahmak* or foolish, but we think comes straight from the Malay "*amok*." And when he names a functionary as Nigoman or revenue collector, he means, we apprehend, only the Persian word *Nigah-bán*, a keeper or custodian. Again, when, at page 477, he describes a threshing-floor as made by the Hos Kols of mud or clay, smoothed down and baked by the sun, as well as the process of treading out the grain by the unmuzzled oxen, he does not seem to be aware that he is describing what he might have witnessed in any Bengali village within a few miles of Calcutta. But whether we judge the book by the varied scenery traversed, or by the odd sights witnessed, or by the description of the native as he appeared in his undress without varnish or veneer, or by the general style of the narrative, we can recommend this volume as picturesque, new, and original, and can fairly say that, if the life of a pioneer in the jungles is ever to be brought home to the untravelled Englishman, it can only be by such journals, which are worth a bookshelf of flimsy sketches and of flying tours.

MUIRHEAD'S GAIUS AND ULPIAN.*

MUCH has been done of late years to remove from these kingdoms the reproach of neglecting the study of Roman law; and the present edition of Gaius and Ulpian is to be welcomed as an important contribution to that end. The specific occasion of it is the new collation of the unique Verona MS. of Gaius by Studemund, the results of which have occupied Continental scholars for the last few years, and are now for the first time brought before English readers. Professor Muirhead's edition, however, has quite enough merits of its own to stand on without this element of new matter, though the new matter is of importance. It is a thoroughly careful and scholarly work, aiming at the right sort of ends, and successfully accomplishing them. The editor has not been led away by any temptation either to lower his book to the level of a mere manual for examinations, or to treat Gaius as a peg whereon to hang discursive essays in general jurisprudence. He has taken in its full and simple sense the duty of editing a classical text of Roman law, and has performed it with constant diligence and with judgment seldom at fault. The translation subjoined to the text is made as close as practicable, and many technical terms are either retained in the Latin form or given in English forms which are transcripts rather than translations. In this we think Professor Muirhead quite right; it is a case in which the fear of uncouthness should not be allowed to outweigh the need of accuracy. The terms of Roman law cannot all be fitted with English or Scottish equivalents, and even where it seems possible there is danger of confusing the reader's ideas. So far as modern technical terms have been employed, Professor Muirhead has naturally preferred those of Scots law to the English ones where they differ; and this may be found a little perplexing at first by English students using the book, but the inconvenience is one which the use itself will soon remedy. A new and material feature of the book is the "Alphabetical Digest of the matters contained in the text and notes, and of service as an index." This occupies nearly two hundred pages, and in fact amounts to a concise exegetical and critical dictionary of so much of the Roman law as is to be learnt from Gaius and Ulpian. Great clearness and concentration are gained by this method, as may be seen by turning to any of the important articles, such as *Caput*, *Hereditas*, *Testament*. Altogether the student equipped with Professor Muirhead's edition may go forward with the confidence of the soldier who knows that he is armed with a weapon at least equal to anything yet produced.

At this time of day it is needless to say much of the scientific and historical value of that which remains to us of the Roman law treatises of the classical period in their original form. Besides their primary importance for the knowledge of Roman law itself, comparative jurisprudence and the comparative history of institutions could without them hardly exist, or would at best be far more conjectural than they are. Several indications of great interest—fewer, unhappily, than could be wished—are given in passing allusions to usages and ideas already obsolete in the writer's time. Thus we find noted in Gaius the anxiety of the men of old time that an heir should not be long wanting, "ut esset qui sacra faceret," showing the importance in old Roman life of the family ritual which to this day plays a conspicuous part in the Hindú law of succession, and helping us to trace back the origin of the quasi-religious view of inheritance to the far past of [illegible] undivided Aryan stock. So, too, when we read of [illegible] class of descendants called *sui heredes* that they are in a manner owners of the inheritance even in the ancestor's lifetime—"vivo quoque parente quodammodo domini existimantur"—we cannot but recognize a surviving analogy to the Joint Family of Hindú law. Again, the remark that in old times the spoil taken from an enemy was deemed eminently and peculiarly a man's own—"maxime sua esse credebant quæ ex hostibus cepissent"—throws some light on the obscure question of the origin of private property (for so far, at any rate, we have got in the history of institutions as to know that the fact and the idea of property as a separate individual right by no means come by nature in the earliest stages of human culture). And here once more we are struck by a Hindú analogy. Things gained by personal valour are mentioned as among the first recognized

* *The Institutes of Gaius and Rules of Ulpian.* The former from Studemund's Apograph of the Verona Codex. With Translation and Notes, &c. By James Muirhead, Professor of the Civil Law in the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1880.

kinds of property known as "self-acquired," which may be held as *peculium* (to use a Roman term) by a member of an undivided Joint Family. It is interesting, again, though not quite in the same way, to find in Ulpian that the distinction between authorized and unauthorized religious orders in Roman Catholic countries, and the laws of mortmain established in most civilized nations, have their prototype in the rules of Roman law concerning bequests to temples:—"Deos heredes instituere non possumus præter eos quos senatus consulto constitutionibusve principum instituere concessum est." It would not be difficult to multiply instances to the like effect. Again, we read in Gaius of the *actio furti* that "if clothes have been given to a fuller to be pressed or scoured, or to a tailor to be repaired, and that for a fixed recompense, if he has lost them by theft it is he that has the *actio furti*, and not the owner; for it matters not to the latter whether they be lost or not, seeing he can recover damages from the fuller or tailor, if he be solvent, by an action of location. . . . What has been said of a fuller or tailor applies equally to him to whom we have lent some specific article." This is exactly parallel to the rule of early Teutonic and Anglo-Norman law, traceable in England almost into modern times, that possessory remedies belong to the bailee and not to the bailor; and the same reason is given for it, though it is at least probable that the reason inverts the historical relations. (See Mr. O. W. Holmes, junior's article on "Possession" in *American Law Review* for July 1878.) But we shall now turn to a subject more immediately relevant, if to some readers dry and crabbed—namely, Professor Muirhead's critical and other notes on Gaius.

The materials for reproducing the text of Gaius are far from being all that could be wished. The one MS. on which we have to depend is a palimpsest not in the best condition, the Epistles of Jerome having been written over Gaius by some good man who little thought how ungrateful posterity would be for his labours. Some parts have even been thrice written upon. It is true that the skilled and patient industry of Studemund has recovered the readings of the original in many places where they had escaped his predecessors in the work; but, when all is done, there still remains a sad account of hopeless blanks. And, by a special perversity of fortune, some of the most mutilated passages of Gaius are such as we can least afford to miss, relating to topics of great historical interest, which in Justinian's Institutes were either omitted as obsolete or recast in accordance with the then existing law. Elsewhere it is for the most part not difficult to fill up the general sense at least by the help of parallel passages from Justinian, the Digest, or other relics of the earlier jurisprudence. But, even where we have got the certain readings of the Verona MS., there is often a considerable field for the learning and ingenuity of editors. For the MS. text itself is none of the best. It is described by Krüger and Studemund, in their recent smaller edition of Gaius, as abounding in the following kinds of error, apart from obvious clerical blunders. Abbreviations in the MS. from which it was copied appear to have been misread; marginal glosses have been copied into the text; words and whole sentences have been omitted, from the scribe's eye being deceived by the similarity of their endings to those of some preceding word or clause. Altogether the critical work to be done is of no common difficulty, and the difficulty is increased by the nature of the subject; for scholarship and palæography must be joined with an accurate historical knowledge of Roman law to effect any probable reconstruction in corrupt places. Excellent progress has already been made by Continental scholars armed with Studemund's new collation. In Germany Studemund and Krüger have published a reformed text to which Mommsen has contributed his criticism, and the veteran Huschke has recast his well-known edition. In Holland Polenaar has produced a somewhat daring recension, and Goudsmit of Leyden (already more or less known to English students by a translation of his Pandects which appeared some years ago) has given us some acceptable emendations in a critical essay.

But, having the harvests of all these labourers before him, Professor Muirhead has not failed to find something more for his own hand to do. For example, in the Second Book of Gaius, § 135*a*, we read:—"In potestate patris non sunt qui cum eo civitate Romana donati sunt, nec in accipienda civitate Romana pater petiit *a principe* ut eos in potestate haberet." The words *a principe* are Professor Muirhead's interpretation of the MS. abbreviation *ap*, which seems better than Huschke's *aut post* (inserting *statim* immediately before on a doubtful interpretation of the MS.) In iii. § 146, there occurs a sentence which Professor Muirhead has rightly seen to be unsatisfactory, though we shall suggest a different remedy. The question is of the case where a band of gladiators is let out on the terms of, say, 20 denarii being paid for the use of each who comes back sound, and 1,000 for every one killed or disabled. Is the contract one of sale or of hiring? The answer is that it is partly one and partly the other: "Magis placuit eorum qui integri exierint locationem et conductionem contractam videri, at eorum qui occisi aut debilitati sunt emptionem et venditionem esse; idque ex accidentibus apparet, *tamquam sub condicione facta cuiusque venditione an locatione*" (venditionem an locationem, MS.) As Professor Muirhead notes, the sense must be that "two conditional contracts were entered into as regards each of the gladiators, one of sale, the other of location; the event was to determine which became operative." He suggests as an improvement . . . . et venditione et locatione [utrum emptio et venditio contracta sit an locatio et conductio]. Certainly something is wrong, for the "venditione *an* locatione" of the text is not Latin as it stands. But it is easier to read *aut* for *an*, a very slight change, when the clause will read thus:—"and this appears from the event, as if in the case of each gladiator there had been a conditional contract of sale or hiring in the alternative." One might also read *apparere* for *apparet* (as Huschke has already done, finding sufficient reason, it would seem, in the greater elegance of continuing the reference to the foregoing *magis placuit*), substitute *itaque* for *idque*, and read "factum cuiusque venditionem an locationem"; translating, "And (it has been held) that thus, according to the event, the contract made as it were conditionally concerning each gladiator turns out a sale or a hiring, as the case may be." The construction is condensed and something harsh, but the departure from the MS. is hardly wider than in the other reading proposed, and the difficulty of the clause would increase the chance of corruption; and we are rather inclined to submit this as the more probable emendation of the two.

Professor Muirhead's criticism is on occasion conservative as well as constructive; once or twice, indeed, he resists changes which appear to us not only justified but necessary. Thus in Gai. iii. § 201, "interdum alienas res occupare et usucapere concessum est, nec creditur furtum fieri, veluti res hereditarias quarum heres non est nactus possessionem, nisi necessarius heres *esset*" (so MS.), Professor Muirhead "fails to see why" the German editors write *extet*. Surely *esset* is in that sentence a wrong tense which Gaius could not possibly have used. We have heard, it is true, of late English expounders of Roman law who have assumed that the classical jurists could not write Latin and are not to be construed by the ordinary rules of Latin grammar. But Professor Muirhead will at least agree with us that this opinion is to be rejected. We must likewise differ from him on a point of Latinity in his note on Gai. iii. § 189, where he calls *animadvertere* "so feeble a word" for capital punishment that Gaius cannot be supposed to have been content with it. The usage is classical and not infrequent. On the other hand, we are quite of Professor Muirhead's mind as to leaving the MS. text in iii. § 212. A direct action lies under the Aquilian law only "si quis corpore suo damnum dederit." Where the injury is not *corpore datum* the remedy is by *utilis actio*. Gaius gives undoubted instances, and proceeds:—"Item si quis alienum servum de ponte aut ripa in flumen proiecerit et is suffocatus fuerit, quamquam hic corpore suo damnum dedisse eo quod proiecerit non difficiliter intellegi potest." This is contrary to the law as stated in Justinian's Institutes, and the German editors alter it into correspondence. Polenaar lets it stand, and so does Professor Muirhead, holding that Gaius here gives, but with dissent, the opinion current in his own time. That Gaius's own opinion should sooner or later have prevailed and been adopted by Justinian's commissioners is natural enough. Professor Muirhead translates the expression of dissent thus:—"Although here it can easily be seen that, by the push given to the slave, the delinquent did the mischief by his direct act." We think this is a shade too strong; it seems to us that Gaius meant by "non difficiliter intellegi potest" rather what an English lawyer means when he says that the contrary of a received opinion is at least arguable; and we should be inclined so to translate the phrase.

Not to leave off in the arid region of textual criticism, we have reserved our last word for one or two historical points. Professor Muirhead says (on Gai. iii. § 134) that "amongst peregrins a *nudum pactum* was creative of action." We are not aware of any authority for this statement in its general and obvious sense, and it would involve some strange consequences. If it were so, the edict of Caracalla would have actually curtailed, instead of extending, the legal capacities and remedies of the *peregrini* who thereby were converted into *cives*. Again, if a *nudum pactum* was held to create an obligation *jure gentium*, how comes there to be no trace of such a doctrine in the Prætorian law? Professor Muirhead's remark is probably intended to be limited by the context where it occurs; but we have failed to discover what the limitation is, or what known doctrine of Roman law is referred to. On the formula "Fidepromittis? fidepromitto" there is an interesting note, pointing out how in the Republican times breach of faith (*fidem fallere*) was a grave social offence, even where there was no legal obligation, so that a very imperfect law of contracts was found less insufficient in practice than might have been expected. Somewhat in the same way the English law of contract was supplemented in its rudimentary stage, which lasted into the sixteenth century, by the jurisdiction of the spiritual courts to entertain, as matters of conscience, suits *pro læsione fidei*.

MOTHS.*

"SINCE the time of Addison," Lord Macaulay writes, "the open violation of decency has always been considered among us as the mark of a fool." It is not far short of forty years since this was written, and we greatly doubt whether it could with equal justice be said of the present time. We often wonder how it comes to pass that, if a feeling of delicacy no longer acts as a restraint in the choice of books for reading, at all events there is no regard for the opinion that may be formed of the understanding of the reader. By the books that a man reads, almost as much as by his friends, it can be seen what kind of man he is. A

* *Moths.* A Novel. By Ouida. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus, 1880.

woman whose taste was so depraved as to find pleasure in reading some of the stories that women are now writing, would, we should have hoped, at all events have hidden herself away while she enjoyed her favourite author. No less ought a man to keep concealed from his fellow-men the emptiness of mind and the poverty of understanding which could lead him to waste his time on the silly writings of this new race of female authors. "Show me," might very properly be said, "a reader of"—and here three or four novelists might be named—"and I will show you a fool." The readers to whom Addison gave so wholesome a lesson had at all events one excuse. Vicious and heartless though their favourite authors were, they had wit. No amount of salt could keep them sweet, but salt there was in abundance. It was wit and virtue, as Macaulay says, that Addison reconciled. But while in a certain school of writers of the present time we have not a little of the indelicacy that disgraced the Restoration, we have not one grain of the wit. There is a kind of spurious imitation of it which bears about as much likeness to the real thing as tinsel does to gold and silver. There is a great swell of words, a tawdriness of language, an affectation of art and sentiment, beneath which is hidden a beggarly poverty of thought. This alone ought at once to disgust any one who was gifted with even a moderate amount of common sense. Such extravagance of writing he ought to look upon as an insult to his understanding. "Does the woman take her readers for a pack of fools," he might very fairly ask, "that she writes for them in a style which a few short years ago would scarcely have been tolerated even in Bedlam?" Readers, however, seem to be found in greater numbers than ever, and folly that would once have been treated with utter contempt is now highly rewarded.

It is always dangerous to attack a book of this kind. What the author asks for is notoriety, and notoriety is gained whenever a criminal is put in the dock. It is needful, however, now and then fairly to put before the world what kind of literature it is that is being sold on our railway-stalls and sent up and down the country by our circulating libraries. We are not of those who hold that, because the class of rich idlers has lately gained largely in numbers and in shamelessness, English society as a whole is corrupt. Scattered throughout the land in all its length and breadth there is happily still to be found that virtuous home life which has done so much to make our country what it is. It is the honourable duty of the critic to guide those who are living such lives as these in their reading, to introduce them to writers of sense and learning and virtue, and to guard them against both fools and profligates. They might perchance, in their innocence, be misled by the titlepage of the novel before us, which they would find adorned with a quotation from the Scriptures. Let them but turn over the leaf, and they will find Scriptures, virtue, and common sense left very far behind. They will be at once introduced to Lady Dolly, "who," they will read, "had everything that can constitute the joys of a woman of her epoch." Why *epoch?* may with good reason be asked. The author either means *time of life*, or *age in which this woman was living*. But neither of those meanings belongs to *epoch*. *Epoch* is defined by Johnson as "the time at which a new computation is begun." Perhaps, after all, some excuse might be made for the word as it is here used. Lady Dolly is living at the present time, and from it the computation might well be begun of the age of silly and vicious female writers. However, we have little doubt that the author thought that *epoch* would better round off the first paragraph of her book than either *age* or *time of life*, and that therefore she chose it, in full confidence that such readers as she is likely to get would like a word none the less because they only partially understood it. In the second page the dress of this lady of the epoch is described. It was "*baptiste* sublimised and apotheosised by niello buttons, old lace, and genius." A few pages further on we come across brown holland sublimated, canonized, and raised to the empyrean. Outside the author's mongrel English there are, of course, no such words to be found as *sublimised* and *apotheosised*, whether by buttons or by anything else. But we must not be too hasty. To her may not belong the honour, or the disgrace, of their invention. She is, we little doubt, a diligent student of her sister novelists—for by what other course of study can she have arrived at the very perfection of a foolish style?—and in a rival's book she may first have come across them. They were too good, and too long, and too unmeaning to be let slip. "'Odours,' 'pregnant,' and 'vouchsafed,'" said Sir Andrew Aguecheek; "I'll get 'em all three ready." Sir Andrew, however, fool though he was, nevertheless got ready words that were in the language. He did not borrow barbarous compounds of ignorance, Latin, and Greek.

For the present, however, we shall pass over the author's language, though no doubt we shall have to return to it again. We shall come to her description of society. Society, we assume, she describes as it is known to her. Perhaps this is all that she could do were she to aim at being true to nature. But then we prefer that those who only know a certain kind of society should at all events have the decency to hold their tongues.

> The chatter of the world [she writes] has almost always an element of the amusing in it, because it ruins so many characters, and gossips and chuckles so merrily and so lightly over infamy, incest, or anything else that it thinks only fun, and deals with such impudent personalities.

In another passage the author writes:—

> Those who are little children now will have little left to learn when they reach womanhood. The little children that are about us at afternoon tea and at lawn tennis, that are petted by house-parties and romped with at pigeon-shooting, will have little left to discover. They are miniature women already; they know the meaning of many a dubious phrase; they know the relative value of social positions; they know much of the science of flirtation which society has substituted for passion; they understand very thoroughly the shades of intimacy, the suggestions of a smile, the degrees of hot and cold, that may be marked by a bow or emphasized with a good-day. All the subtle science of society is learned by them instinctively and unconsciously, as they learn French and German from their maids. When they are women they will at least never have Eve's excuse for sin; they will know everything that any tempter could tell them.

When the author thus utters her shameless slanders against the little children who all around us are growing up to womanhood; when she says that the chatter of the world has in it an element of the amusing because it ruins characters and chuckles merrily over infamy and incest, we turn round upon her, and ask her what is the world in which she lives, and to what class of infamy belong the mothers that she knows whose little daughters are being reared in a steady course of vice? We are reminded how, when Johnson was once told that a miserable wretch who had fled the country had long been a suspected man, he answered, "By those who look close to the ground dirt will be seen. I hope I see things from a greater distance." It is indeed astonishing that any women could be found, except the most abandoned, to read this gross libeller of her sex. What indignation ought to be raised in any woman of common decency, or any man who is not ashamed of his own mother, on reading such a passage as the following:—"She had a gown cut *en cœur*, which was as indecent as the heart of woman could desire." Not the heart of some one of the infamous women who crowd these pages, but the heart of woman—woman whom it has been the aim of a long line of writers to surround and defend with thoughts of chivalry and purity, and whom now a base herd of female novelists are trying to drag down to the level of their own coarse imaginations. The whole plot of this story is an abomination in itself. We might indeed despair of society were we to believe that a woman's tale of incest would not be treated with the contempt and disgust that it deserves. It is she, and not the world, who chuckles so merrily and so lightly over this horrible subject. It is she who spreads it out and dwells upon it in three long volumes. It is she who adds to it the utmost aggravation. And then she attacks "the woman of modern society," who is, she says, "too often at once the feeblest and the foulest outcome of a false civilization." She attacks the world, "which always greets with a damnable smile the approach of a foul idea." She is shocked at "the inane cruel chirping laughter of society when it smells a sin." She writes that "society chirped and babbled merrily of all the filth that satirists scarce dare do more than hint at lest they fall under the law." What right has she to take the shameless profligates of one small class and to call them the world and society? There may be a society which babbles merrily of filth, there may be a world which chuckles over infamy and incest. But we will not allow either those who live in this shameless society and form part of this infamous world, or those who pretend to be familiar with it, to put forward the impudent claim that they are society and they are the world. It would indeed have been a great misfortune had the author of this story been really a clever writer. She is very pretentious; but he must be a poor blockhead indeed who cannot discover that she is very silly. She greatly affects knowledge. She has the names of a certain number of classical authors on her tongue. She writes of the vice which "it is the fashion to pretend to believe shut up between the pages of Suetonius and Livy." She can excite the admiration of her readers by speaking familiarly of "the divine caduceus" and "the thronged auditorium." She makes a waiting-maid sit down by the seashore on a nice smooth stone, which the next moment is called "a madreporic throne." She represents a great duchess when going out shooting as carrying "her own chokebore by Purdy." She calls sea-shingle "the disordered detritus of the beach." She says that a great singer was famous "from Neva to Tagus, from Danube to Seine." She makes the hero pick the rare *Wolfinia Carinthiana*. She describes moths as "burning themselves in feverish frailty." She brings in French with wonderful facility. Perhaps, however, we might object to an excess of accentuation in such a phrase as the following—"qui donc à (*sic*) voulu me mystifier?" Her studies, it will be seen, have been extensive, if not accurate. They have not, however, kept her from writing rant, and from filling her books with folly. Rant, however, might be forgiven, and folly might be laughed at. But there is much in this ignorant, dull, and disgusting story which no person whose mind is not utterly corrupt can either forgive or make a subject of laughter.

RECENT SCIENCE PRIMERS.*

ALTHOUGH no royal road to knowledge has yet been discovered, it is not to be denied that much has been done to shorten and make smooth the path by which the tiro has to make his way to the temple of science or to the stores of

* *Primer of the Industrial Geography of Great Britain and Ireland.* By G. Phillips Bevan, F.G.S., F.S.S., &c. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Allen. 1880.

Physical Geography. By Edward W. Lewis, F.R.G.S. London: Moffatt & Paige. 1880.

Easy Lessons in Heat. By C. A. Martineau. Illustrated. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

Manuals of the Science and Art of Teaching.—(No. 3) *Mechanics*; (Nos. 7, 8) *Domestic Economy.* London: National Society. 1880.

learning heaped up by the literary industry of the past. Not only have conspicuous strides been effected in the method of teaching, but still more striking improvements, it may be thought, are to be seen in the elementary works or manuals which are put into the hands of the beginner. Instead of its being taken for granted that anything was good enough for the first stages of education, and that nothing was easier than to indite handbooks for use in the nursery or the preparatory school, it has come to be realized that to lay aright the foundations of knowledge is amongst the tasks which tax the highest capacity, and give fitting scope for the energy and skill of those best qualified in each department. It is a hopeful sign of educational progress that we see acknowledged masters in many a special branch of science, or in the supreme science of teaching itself, coming forward with handbooks or primers in which the elementary principles of each department of study are laid down with the clearness of consummate knowledge, and with an authority which precludes the fear of the pupil's having later on to retrace his steps. We have had a pleasant task in noticing from time to time more than one series of publications of this kind, in which names of the highest standing in physics, in history, or in classical and general letters, have stood as vouchers for the quality of the teaching, compressed into the minimum of space, and conveyed in terms suited to the beginner. The supply of manuals of this class continues, and we find before us a batch of those most recently issued, which seem well fitted to strengthen the hands of parents and elementary teachers in meeting the intellectual needs of their youthful charges.

Some, indeed, of this series are suited for a more mature class of students, and open up fields of inquiry or information which have hardly, if at all, been hitherto included in the curriculum of education. A strong feeling having grown up of late in favour of embodying in our scheme of education some acquaintance with the industrial condition of the various countries of the world—a kind of knowledge manifestly of very great importance in these days of technical activity—the plan has been conceived of a series of text-books, or primers, setting forth in the simplest language the resources and industries of each country, together with the physical and geographical causes or conditions which have led to their existence. The introductory volume of this series now before us is Mr. Phillips Bevan's *Primer of the Industrial Geography of Great Britain and Ireland*. We here find compressed within little more than a hundred pages a fairly ample and methodical summary of the causes to which our island group, small as it is amongst the states or empires of the earth, owes its high position of wealth and power. This is mainly due, the writer shows, to its geographical position and to the great number and variety of industries which are carried on within so small a space. With her silver streak of sea as a shield from foreign invasion and a channel for her world-wide commerce, she has beneath her soil mineral treasures of vast extent and priceless value. Beginning with coal and iron, Mr. Bevan gives a list of the coal-fields or basins of Great Britain and Ireland, eighteen in number, summarizing the total output of the year as about 150,000,000 tons, giving employment to some half million of colliers and miners. With all regard to economy of space, he might have found room for more definite figures, distinguishing the yield of each separate basin. The want of such tables is, indeed, the one fault we have to find with his work throughout. The sketch of the iron industry, its rise, diffusion, and recent memorable fluctuations, is very clear and full; the different ores are distinguished, with the processes applicable to each; and due notice is taken of the vast development of the steel manufacture, which bids fair to make iron ere long a thing of the past. Copper, brass, tin, and lead fill another chapter, followed by hardware trades, building, glass, and pottery. The textile trades are dealt with under the several heads of (1) cotton and wool; (2) flax, jute, silk, and lace. Agriculture has justice done to it in a single chapter, in which local causes, such as geological formation, varieties of soil, and water supply are shown to determine the diversities of cultivation and the quality and quantity of produce. Food and drink supply items for a short but diversified chapter. Railways and shipping ports bring together ample details of the latest and most widely developed of our industries, the tonnage of shipping, British and foreign, being made to tell anew its marvellous tale of modern progress, the figures having well nigh doubled themselves within the last fourteen years. The useful little manual closes with a "Lesson Table of Industries," giving for each county and each principal town or district the special industry or culture for which it is notable. The series, which we understand is to extend to fifteen volumes, is likely, if carried on throughout on the same plan, to be welcomed as a valuable aid to those engaged in the practical branches of education.

Under the title of *Physical Geography* Mr. Edward W. Lewis has put together an instructive series of facts and theories arranged on the basis of questions set at the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations. Without degenerating into the mere cram which we so often find in compilations of this kind, this short compendium enables the pupil to grasp rapidly the leading principles which may be said to underlie and regulate all we know of the existing state of land, sea, and atmosphere, as well as of the physical agencies which have brought about and continue to modify the condition of the earth's crust. Why the author should have fixed almost exclusively upon South America in illustration of the laws which result in the formation of a continent, determining its physical features, the set and volume of its rivers, and other peculiarities of its climate, we fail to perceive, unless it be that the New World may be held to represent in its comparative novelty features of greater attraction to the student. The Nile basin and the Himalaya range are taken as typical illustrations of the effects of river erosion on the one hand, and the laws of mountain elevation and glacial action on the other. From these special instances Mr. Lewis passes on to a more general survey of fluviatile and marine denudation, the growth of coral reefs, the courses of volcanic action and the distribution of eruptive centres, the laws and effects of tidal action and of oceanic currents, with the vertical and lateral circulation of water, particularly in the Atlantic, as affecting the climate of Europe through the medium of the equatorial current, or so-called Gulf Stream. The action of periodical or regular winds is explained, in contrast with that of cyclones or occasional atmospheric disturbances, of which the main phenomena and laws are summarily laid down in their bearing upon practical navigation. What has been done of late towards securing solid ground for a science of weather is made as clear as may well be within limits so narrow. The local circumstances influencing climate, such as altitude, proximity to the sea, ocean currents, the slope of a country, its soil, mountain chains, prevailing wind, and vegetation, are shown to modify the general laws of solar evaporation, condensation, circulation, and consequent pressure. The use of isothermal and isobaric lines in making the results clear to the eye upon a weather chart is explained. In giving in to the popular theory of the connexion of rainfall with sun-spots, which he supports by tables of maximum rain at eleven years' interval, our author, as usual, fails to note whether these figures have been deduced from observations all round the globe (which, in fact, there are as yet no means of determining), or merely from those of a few stations like Madras and the British Isles, which fall in with the hypothesis. Had he had the advantage of seeing the critical discussion of the available meteorological records in Mr. G. M. Whipple's paper lately read before the Royal Society (January 15), he would doubtless have given less definite place to the eleven years' cycle as an element in the determination of such climatic influences.

In *Easy Lessons in Heat*, one of Messrs. Macmillan's excellent series of scientific text-books, Miss C. A. Martineau introduces the beginner to the simple and fundamental problems which lie at the threshold of one of the most progressive and inexhaustible of physical inquiries. The class of readers she has in view are those who, without having the wish or the opportunity to study larger books, are properly curious about what goes on around them every day, who would fain know the how and the why of such familiar matters as the boiling and freezing of water, the draught which goes up a chimney when a fire is lighted, the lighting of that fire, whence the heat comes from which lights it, how it is kept up, and so on. From the simple fact that heat makes most things expand, she proceeds to give elementary notions of the vibratory motion of particles, comparing a heated body to a crowd of people swaying to and fro, and spreading further and still further apart. How heat spreads, first in solids and next in liquids and gases, is illustrated by simple experiments, and the measure of temperature is explained. What is meant by specific heat is made clear, as is the effect of heat in changing solids into liquids and liquids into gases. The anomaly of water expanding after a certain point with cold brings in an excellent chapter upon freezing and crystallization of water, and the phenomena of latent heat, illustrated by woodcuts of snowflakes and flowers of ice, borrowed from Professor Tyndall. From artificial experiments the learner is led on to the infinitely grander operations of nature in geysers and hot springs, in rain and vapour. Wave action and radiation are explained, together with the formation of dew. How heat does work, and what becomes of the heat spent in doing it, brings us to the final lesson that no fact in nature is isolated, but that seemingly small and disconnected truths widen out and link themselves together until they become coextensive with the whole fabric of nature, bearing witness to the unity and continuity of the universe itself. Each chapter of this useful little manual has prefixed to it a list of the simple apparatus needed to exemplify or illustrate the lesson comprised in it. It will greatly encourage the tiro in this branch of physics to see how near at hand are all the experimental aids required for the proof or the verification of each step that his teacher bids him take.

The wide demand for the National Society's Manuals on the Science and Art of Teaching has prompted the issue of a series of works on more advanced subjects, suited to the needs, not only of teachers in elementary schools and students under training, for whom they were primarily intended, but also to those engaged in schools of a higher grade. The preparation of them has been entrusted to writers of distinction in their various departments, who have had large experience as teachers and examiners. What is distinctively aimed at is the training of the teacher in the method of imparting knowledge and disciplining the faculties for the discovery or recognition of truth, as well as forming practical habits in dealing with the economy of life. One of the numbers of this series now before us treats of the teaching of mechanics, starting from the elementary conceptions of matter, its physical states and properties, and the measures of extent, time, and velocity. Next comes energy, or the power to do work, as exhibited by matter in motion and by heat; what is meant by the conservation and transference of energy being exceedingly well set forth. The laws of friction lead to the study of the simple mechanical powers. The principle of liquid pressure is briefly

discussed in theory and practice; as is next the flow of liquids and solids, and the parallelogram of velocities applied both to the path of a projectile and the resultant of multiple forces. A great deal of sound philosophy is here compressed into little more than fifty pages. Two other members of the same series deal with domestic economy; the first (No. 7) relating to dress, dwelling, spending, saving; the second (No. 8) to food, its composition, functions, and preparation. The practice of housekeeping in its widest sense, which is the result here ultimately aimed at, is more than books can pretend to impart. But rules and maxims for the use of persons engaged in practical teaching may be with good effect embodied in print, as the sensible little handbooks before us sufficiently prove. Though bearing no author's name, they are manifestly the work of writers who have added practical experience to theoretical study. With these in hand the young or unpractised teacher may face a class without the uneasy feeling that he is launching, as it were, upon a wide and unknown sea without chart or compass.

THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY.*

CAPTAIN RAIKES has condensed the matter of fourteen thousand pages of Minutes. He has examined many hundreds of manuscript volumes in which are recorded the proceedings of the Courts of Aldermen, Common Council, and Lieutenancy. He has spared no labour, and the publishers have spared no illustrations. The result is a history of which the second and last volume has now appeared, and of which the London Artillerymen may well be proud. The work is bulky; but they should be bound to carry it in their saddle-bags and knapsacks on their periodical marches to meet, as is their privilege, Royal personages at what was once Temple Bar, and to escort Lord Mayors to Westminster Hall. The whole makes a grand chronicle of achievements in purely civic fields. During their occasional banquets, for which their chronicler is careful to inform the public they pay out of their own private purses, one warrior might be detailed to mount the rostrum, and read how the London Artillerymen of old confronted "No Popery" rioters, "Corresponding Society" men, and Chartists, or more dangerous foes in the shape of tyrannical aldermen, and envious Volunteers. But then the work should have been printed for private circulation only. Its interest is too esoteric for the profane understanding of outsiders. No honorary members are ever admitted into the Company. We can feel, as we study these thousand pages, that had we the happiness to see the venerable legion from the inner side we might possibly be as enthusiastic in its praise as is its Musketry Instructor. Gazing and carping from without the sacred walls of its practising-ground we sincerely grieve to be unable in our account of this second volume to recant our verdict on the first. Everything possible has been done by historian, and printer, and heliotypist to set forth the reasons for public gratitude to the most ancient of military corps. Yet the impression upon the outer world must, we fear, be that from the whole circle of human institutions scarcely one could have been more easily spared than the Honourable Artillery Company of London.

But happily there are tastes of all kinds. There may even be minds which will be fascinated by the annals of the Honourable Artillery Company's two centuries and a half of acknowledged existence. For the benefit of any such possible persons we propose to note the chief landmarks of the long and authentic history embraced in this concluding portion of Captain Raikes's work. The volume opens with a dispute between the Company and the Lord Mayor elect, Sir Matthew Blackistone. The Company had refused to attend Sir William on Lord Mayor's Day unless he paid them the customary fee of 50*l.* He offered 30*l.*, with an offer to eke the money out by tickets for the Guildhall Banquet and wine. But the Company refused to eat and drink it out in that way. Eventually it lost all, for King George II. died, and the Mayor was sworn privately at Westminster. In ordinary circumstances there would have been compensation. There was no 50*l.* or Guildhall dinner. But there ought to have been an Address to the new king, and a glorious display of "weepers, queue wigs, and black swords." All was arranged, down to the wording of the Address to "You, Great Sir," King George the Third. The President of the Company himself marred that plan by taking offence about some formality. To the horror of the Company and all loyal Englishmen it seemed doubtful when and how the young Sovereign was to be assured of the devotion of the citizen guardians of his throne. A royal marriage, however, speedily followed a royal accession. That was an auspicious occasion for felicitations, accompanied by a request to His Majesty, "Dread Sir," to nominate in place of the late king a Captain-General over "US," in large capital letters, "who may be a witness that we shall never fail to discharge the trust reposed in us." It is added, with the emphasis befitting the martial contemporaries of Captain John Gilpin, "even to the Risque of our lives." The most important event in the annals is that "at a Court held on the 24th of November the title of Beadle was changed to that of Messenger." We think that rather a pity. Since 1760 the Company had been without a Captain-General. In 1766 the King nominated the Prince of Wales. In honour of His Royal Highness's birthday, a ham and two fillets of veal were ordered to be provided, "to be eat cold in the evening, and two currant tarts four shillings each."

The year 1767 is memorable for a treaty of friendship between two warlike bodies. Lord Mayors, jealous, it would seem, of the independent bearing of the Artillery Company, had sought to sow enmity between it and another redoubtable corps, "the Ancient Body of Cripplegate Grenadiers," whose history is yet to be written. "A body of men who call themselves Cripplegate Grenadiers," as the Artillery Company was wont contumeliously to describe them, had more than once been asked to attend Lord Mayors at Westminster in place of the Artillery Company. We regret to say they succumbed to such a temptation even a few years after 1767. In the latter year, at any rate, they were better advised. The Grenadiers "determined to end such animosities," remembering that they "for many years bore the peake of threatens (*sic*) from" the Artillery Company "from an old grudge of this sort nineteen years ago." The Artillery Company reciprocated the generosity, and the Lord Mayor elect of 1767 had to invite, and probably fee, them both. It may be that the necessity contributed to sour the relations between the Mansion House and Bunhill Fields. Among the entries for the following June we read with dismay that "the Lord Mayor had been treated with great contempt by the Armourer." The Commissioners of Lieutenancy avenged their chief by suspending their annual payment of 150*l.* to the Company. But the Armourer was dismissed and the pension renewed. Among the Company's officials elected in 1770 were two conspicuous politicians. One was Lord Mayor Beckford, the other was Alderman John Wilkes, who was chosen one of the "Generals." It may have been due to the energy of General John Wilkes that the Adjutant discovered shortly afterwards the remarkable fact that "the exercises practised by the Company were quite different to those used by every corps in the kingdom." Thereupon a drill-serjeant was appointed. Lord Mayor Beckford was succeeded in 1771 at the Mansion House by an equal friend of liberty, Lord Mayor Brass Crosby. The Lord Mayor and Mr. Alderman Oliver were committed to the Tower by the House of Commons for their conduct in the constitutional question of the imprisoned printers. The Corporation sympathized with its head, and so did the Artillery Company. When the prorogation opened the Tower doors, the Company "attended in uniform, with twenty-one field-pieces, which were fired when the Lord Mayor and Mr. Alderman Oliver arrived at the gate." In May 1773 "twelve dozen Queen's Ware plates, at three shillings a dozen, were ordered to be purchased"; and in July, four dozen hat pins, with other warlike ammunition. Passing to 1775, we find a long and particular account of the renewal of the Company's lease of its ground, in connexion with the involved and not very creditable negotiations between the City Corporation and the Prebendary of Finsbury about a fresh lease to the former of the prebendal lands. By the amiable disposition of the Corporation, of the Company's Court of Assistants, and of the actual Prebendary of Finsbury, Dr. Christopher Wilson, afterwards Bishop of Bristol, aided by the Parliamentary interest of Lord Rockingham, Dr. Wilson's patron, and of the Corporation, the various financial and legal difficulties were at length surmounted. The only party robbed was the Church. But in those days no one pitied the Church. At least the public, which owes in part to the arrangement Finsbury Park, lost less by the intrigue than by the analogous transaction to which the Southampton branch of the Fitzroy family owes its estates in St. Pancras. As the chairman of the Company's Committee "paid a Benevolence of ten guineas to the Poor-Box, it being customary to make a present on such an occasion," even charity was satisfied.

Secured in the possession of its ground for a new term, the Company became more martial in demeanour than ever. For Lord Mayor's Day in 1777 an order is recorded that the officers are to watch over their men's conduct on that night, "as a considerable share of the future fame of this Company depends on the spirited execution of the guard at Guildhall." The next year, obviously *ex abundanti cautelâ* only, it is decreed that "any member convicted of being disguised in liquor at the Lord Mayor's ball, being in regimentals, shall be fined half a guinea." The next month it was resolved at a Court to beat up for new members, in view of "the general preparations for war then being made throughout Europe," and also of the evidence afforded by "the Charter of Henry VIII. and the Patents of James I. and Charles I., that the Company was in those times deemed useful for the maintenance, defence, and safety of the Realm." Such a spirit is sure of a worthy sphere sooner or later. The Company had to wait for its opportunity a short two years. Wednesday, the 7th of July, 1780, was, says Walpole, "the fatal day" for London. It was a proud day for the London Artillery Company. Lord George Gordon's admirers took possession of the metropolis on that day, and the Artillery Company, if not actually under fire, was behind it. The mob sacked a house in Broad Street; and a contemporary engraving depicts the Company firing on the rioters. The Company's Major is seen in the print, which is reproduced in the present volume, giving the word. His superior rank is denoted by a majestic width of person at least double that of any of his men. On no subsequent occasion did matters come to this extreme of direct collision with an enemy; but the Company was often called out in the years of high political strife which followed, to guard the tranquillity of London streets. An element of prudence was mixed with their bravery. They decided at this period not to print in their lists their residences, as "in times of tumult the

* *History of the Honourable Artillery Company.* By Captain G. A. Raikes. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1879.

places of abode being known might prove inconvenient." Still, in times before the new police force was enrolled, they probably had their uses. In 1794 they received the thanks of the Lord Mayor for intimidating mobs which were endeavouring to destroy public-houses where recruits were enlisted. They were under arms during the trials of Hardy, Thelwall, and Horne Tooke. In the following year they were at various times called out to protect the City against disturbances supposed to be contemplated by the Corresponding Society, or by Bethnal Green weavers out of work. During elections, moreover, when it was held unconstitutional to keep the Guards at the Bank, the Company took their place. But one of their grandest displays was on the occasion of the great Chartist assemblage in 1848. That occasion must rank in their history second only to the 7th of July, 1780. They had the glory of being instructed as if on the eve of real battle. Their Colonel, "in a short spirit-stirring speech called on them to stand by one another and to fire low, picking off the ringleaders." They could even boast that they had real stones thrown at them. It was not their fault, but their misfortune, that they never had the luck to be under fire of musketry. One of their corps, however, a Mr. Richard Pepys, blew off his own hand in firing a salute to the President, and the Company never forgot it. Mr. Richard Pepys's name is constantly recurring in connexion with favours received. The Company created an office as a pension for him, interested itself to obtain a City post for him, and finally paid him off with a gift of 150*l.*, when he sailed to some appointment in Sierra Leone. Of less splendid experiences than shooting or being shot at there is a sufficient abundance for the latter years of last century. There were field days with the Royal Independent Blue Volunteers of Marylebone in 1783; balloon experiments on the Artillery Ground by Michael Biaggini in the same year and by Vincent Lunardi, "Secretary to the Neapolitan Ambassador," in 1784, when the royal Captain-General was present; and again in 1785 addresses to the King, expressing the loyal Company's "highest gratification" at the removal of the Coalition Ministry, and, somewhat later, the dismissal of Mr. Thomas Lawrence for holding "opinions inimical to the present Government of the country." Among other incidents in the *olla podrida* of the Company's annals, we note the incorporation in 1784 of the present Regent's Park Toxophilite Society as a flank division of Archers; feuds with the farmers of Finsbury Fields on account of the obstructions they raised to the Company's annual march to practise for itself with bows and arrows, according to the usage of the reign of King Henry VIII.; and Orange demonstrations of the Company, which was till 1829 always devoutly Protestant, though it fired on Lord George Gordon's friends. There are even entries of such really military events as inspections, sometimes in association with twelve thousand other Metropolitan Volunteers, when the Company was by general consent ranked as first battalion of the first brigade, under the eyes of the King himself, sometimes alone, when the Assistant Adjutant-General Macquarie "told Mr. Alderman Watson that they were an astonishing corps." Assistant Adjutant-General Macquarie was very probably right.

Not all of the performances we have thus briefly summarized were, as we have intimated, of a strictly military character. But the Company once at least in its career appeared on the point of coming to actual blows with another body of civic warriors. In 1795 the sanctity of the Company's Artillery Ground was threatened. A new-fangled soldiery, called the City Militia, was in that year reorganized, and pretended to represent the Ancient City Trained Bands. The Company's leases had always recognized the right of the City Trained Bands to the use of the Artillery Ground for drilling and exercising. Accordingly, the City Commissioners of Lieutenancy claimed the use of the ground and armoury daily. It was almost adding insult to injury that they expressed their magnanimous readiness to leave it free to the Company itself for part of two days in each week. The Court of Assistants replied by a haughty defiance to demands which, it declared, would end in the virtual annihilation of the glorious Artillery Company. For five years the strife raged, the City authorities being opposed to the Company, which had gradually, like other City Companies, been emancipating itself from identity with the Mansion House and Guildhall. On the 29th of October, 1796, it seemed as if the crisis had arrived. The Company had about doubled its numbers since 1783. Then it counted but two hundred and thirty men, of whom only from sixty to eighty were privates and ten gunners, the rest being officers of various ranks, and thirty-one bandsmen. Still, between four and five hundred made hardly a force to match the City Militia. Yet the commanding officers locked their gates, posted their men and field-pieces in convenient positions, and prepared for victory or death. We wish we had space to narrate the event with all Captain Raikes's solemnity. We can only state, in the briefest way, that the London Militia, with bayonets fixed and drums beating, marched right up to the gates, and then, finding them inhospitably shut, took it so much to heart that they marched back to St. George's Fields. The Company remained in possession of all the honours of victory. Unhappily, courts of law thought the new London Militia corresponded to the old London Trained Bands. After further and vain legal resistance, the Company resigned itself to the ignominy of admitting partners in its parade ground. One Black Monday in May 1800, "all the gates were locked, and at a quarter to eleven the West Regiment of London Militia presented themselves at the Gate in Bunhill Row, and, on declaring who they were, the Committee ordered the Messenger to open the gates, when they marched in." *Sic transit gloria mundi.* However, though the City Militia had got the better of the Company, fortunately for its self-respect City Volunteers sprang up at different times, and tried to emulate the victory of the Militia. Sturdily did the Company hold its ground. Volunteers, whether in the reign of George III., or in that of Queen Victoria, could never violate that holy herbage of the Artillery Ground. Bank of England Volunteers, Royal East India Volunteers, and City Police, looked with ineffectual longing through the wrought-iron gates into a drill ground smoky but unmatched in the metropolis. Their prayers were regularly declined with regrets. No such politeness softened the Company's rejection of a letter in 1873 from the officers of the City Volunteer regiments, in which the Court of Assistants was requested to admit the Volunteers to drill in its ground, as being "the successors of the London Trained Bands." The Court would not consent even to "receive the letter," in consequence of "the most offensive and unwarrantable terms in which it was written." The offensiveness was in the Volunteers' claim to be in the place of the ancient Trained Bands. The Volunteers would have withdrawn that allegation. But the Company refused to be appeased. They declared that the terms of their lease did not even allow them to suffer the Volunteers to drill in their ground for a few hours on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

The Company's success on this occasion in playing the dog in the manger made amends for its defeat seventy-three years before. In the interval, however, it sustained two very considerable reverses, and from its own Captains-General. The year 1840 saw "the commencement of the first great struggle between the civil and military authorities of the Company." King George IV., who had been Captain-General when Prince of Wales, retained the command when King. The frequent changes in uniform which Captain Raikes records during that period are apparently to be attributed to the fine taste in tailoring of the "first gentleman." The Duke of Sussex had been Colonel under him, and on his death was appointed by the Queen Captain-General. Three years later some members of the Company met together and passed resolutions for various military changes. The Captain-General declared this to be subversive of all military discipline, there being a proper military committee for such matters. The Court of Assistants received the remonstrance not very amiably, insisting that, being citizens as well as soldiers, and serving at their own cost, they were not bound by strict military etiquette. The Captain-General laid the matter before Sir James Graham, who was Home Secretary. Sir James Graham intimated that, unless the Company showed a better disciplined temper, "he must advise the breaking up of a corps where such improper notions and feelings were entertained." The Company, mingling discretion with its valour, submitted; and the Crown took into its own hands the appointment to the posts—previously elective—of the field officers and adjutant. That was rebuff the first. On the death of the Duke of Sussex, Prince Albert was nominated Captain-General and Colonel, and the officers assumed a new forage cap. The Company was exultant at its continued connexion with the Throne. But it found that the new Captain-General took a serious aspect of his duties. In 1849 the less tractable members of the Company, puffed up probably by the splendour of their public services during the Chartist demonstration of the preceding year, persuaded the Annual General Court to pass a Resolution that "the Court of Assistants should have the exclusive cognizance of all offences, civil and military." They obtained a majority in the Court of Assistants, and made the Court address the Queen for a restoration of the old privilege of electing the officers, whether commissioned or non-commissioned. It appeared nevertheless that the numerical strength of the Company was on the side of military authority. While only 126 signed an address to the Prince in favour of the Resolution and Address to Her Majesty, 190 signed an address against both. In vain the former party invoked and obtained the aid of the Court of Aldermen, who represented that their privileges with regard to the exclusion of any regular armed force might lead to the loss by the City of the presence within it of this invaluable body of defenders. The Prince, like the Duke of Sussex, appealed to the Home Office. Sir George Grey threatened, like Sir James Graham, to recommend the dissolution of the Company should it insist upon bearing arms without submitting to ordinary military discipline.

Thus was quenched by the heavy hand of Whig bureaucracy the last spark of the old spirit of civic independence in Bunhill Fields. The uniform was changed; and the photographs of the gallant fellows in their new and prosaic garb present a dreary contrast to the old pictures. Even the gold sash which the superior officers had been specially authorized by King George IV. to wear at Court was stripped off them. The reason alleged was lest they should too closely resemble Guardsmen, as if that had not been the sash's especial value. Unlike the old days, when to bear themselves handsomely and not be prematurely "disguised in liquor" on Lord Mayor's Day was about all which was expected of Honourable Artillerymen, they are now positively "required to attend regimental drills regularly." In its new career we can well believe that the Company acquits itself becomingly, and is remarked for efficiency among Volunteer Corps. Good officers, like Captain Raikes, both record its achievements and secure that they deserve to be recorded. But we must be pardoned by the historiographer for a certain feeling of regret that all is so spick and span and respectable and military among the martial tenants of the dismal old Artillery Ground. There were always courageous

Volunteers and steady Regulars for the asking in England; but there was only one London Artillery Company with its long roll of trivial deeds and queer and pompous pretensions. The Honourable Company, though its name remains, is numbered to all essential purposes with the dead; and Captain Raikes has written its epitaph in two big and painstaking volumes.

ALPHONSE KARR'S LOG-BOOK.*

THE period of 1830 in French literature seems strangely far off to students and critics of the latest generation, who can scarcely realize the violence with which the great conflict between the Classical and Romantic schools was conducted. Yet the greatest leader of the Romanticists still lives, and so do some of the lesser members of the band, one of whom, M. Alphonse Karr, has collected, under the title of *Le Livre de Bord*, some reminiscences which, if scattered and chaotic, are not without attraction. The beginning of M. Karr's career was perhaps more curious than pleasant. In his youth he entered the Collége Bourbon, where he met with M. Legouvé, with Sainte-Beuve and with Gustave Planche. His purse was slender and he paid his "pension" by giving lessons to the lower classes of the Collége. What spare time was left to him he employed in composing a tragedy and a long epic poem. After he had to leave the Collége, on account of a difference with one of the masters, he attempted to obtain a place as a lock-keeper on the Seine, in which position he thought he would find plenty of time to devote to his tragedy. Giving up this scheme, he became an usher in a school kept by an old acquaintance, who appears to have been a most objectionable rascal. This man kept M. Karr on short commons, he cheated him, and finally coming home drunk, attempted to shoot him, on which M. Karr prudently knocked him down and left the house. Then he obtained a master's place at the Collége Bourbon, and devoted all his leisure moments to writing article after article, which he put into the editorial box of the *Figaro*, the columns of which he watched anxiously every Sunday when at a *café* he ran through the file of the past week. On one of these Sundays he was astonished by seeing the heading of one of his articles in print. "M'aurait-on volé mon titre?" he asked himself; "mais non, cette première ligne est de moi et la seconde aussi; c'est un de mes articles; je ne dors pas!" A yet greater surprise was in store for him; the second article was his also, and so was the third. "Il n'y en a que trois; tout le journal est de moi!" The *Figaro* of that day had at least one attentive and contented reader. M. Karr's only touch of disappointment lay in the fact that none of his poetry had been inserted. The following Sunday he went to see Victor Bohain, the editor, and Nestor Roqueplan. "You have been so kind," said Bohain, "for some time past as to send us contributions 'tant en vers qu'en prose.'" "Tant en vers qu'en prose," repeated Nestor with emphasis. "Your verses," continued Bohain, "are charming; but I would sooner die than put one of them into the paper. When I bought it verses were admitted, and we had twenty-eight subscribers. We must have prose, and nothing but prose. What you have done is very good, but you will improve with practice. You must get up politics." Nestor, seeing M. Karr's discomfiture, added, "My dear sir, writing political articles is easier than you seem to think; the *Figaro* is an Opposition paper, and when that is remembered, everything else is simple enough." "Vous attaquez, vous blâmez et vous *blaguez* tout ce que fait le Gouvernement; ses lois sont mauvaises, ses ministres imbéciles; les maitresses de ses ministres sont laides et vieilles; ou les habits des ministres sont chamarrés d'or—et le célèbre Timon, c'est-à-dire M. de Cormenin, prétend que 'cet or est tissé de la sueur du peuple'—ou ces habits sont simples, et alors ce sont des haillons—leurs chevaux sont des rosses, et aucun de leurs discours n'est écrit en Français." "Yes," added Bohain, gravely, "the thing is, as you see, quite simple."

Later on M. Karr learnt how it was that his articles had suddenly appeared in such profusion. The contributors to the *Figaro* had demanded more pay; the editor had refused; and the result was a strike. At that time writers of the highest order were paid at the rate of five francs a column, or less than a sou a line, and what they struck for was an increase of two francs per column. The first day of the strike Bohain and Nestor Roqueplan wrote the whole paper between them; the second they hunted among the outside contributions put aside for possible consideration, and coming upon M. Karr's filled the paper with them. The description of the way in which political articles were manufactured was evidently not overcharged. Bohain and Roqueplan constantly urged M. Karr to pay more attention to politics, and one day they applauded him for an allusion to the intemperate habits of some Minister. "You see," said Nestor, "I told you it was easy enough." "But," replied M. Karr, "I know nothing about such things as these. It was in the columns of the *Figaro* that I first read of this Minister's unhappy fondness for drink." "Do you suppose," said Roqueplan, "that your colleagues know any more about such things than you do? As to this disastrous propensity, I don't see why you shouldn't have invented it as easily as Brucker did, for it is probably not true." "Not true?" asked M. Karr, astounded. "Well, it would perhaps be going too far to assert positively that it is not true; all that is quite certain is that we know nothing about it."

M. Karr gives a too brief account of a dinner given to celebrate his admission on the staff of the *Figaro*, at which were present, besides Bohain and Roqueplan, Jules Janin, Béquet, Méry, Rolle, Alphonse Royer, Gozlan, Blanqui, Brucker, Michel Masson, Léon Vidal, Eléonore de Vaulabelle, and others; and he goes on to tell us how, not long after this dinner, a Government prosecution was instituted against the *Figaro*. The cause for this prosecution was the publication of this sentence—"On a vu hier M. Roux entrer aux Tuileries." Now M. Roux was a celebrated oculist, and to say that he had been seen entering the Tuileries was evidently to say that His Majesty Charles X. was going blind. For this Bohain was sentenced to a year's imprisonment.

This seems startling enough, but it is perhaps hardly more curious than the account which M. Karr gives of newspaper prosecutions in general at that period. The conduct of such cases for the defence was beginning to be exceedingly popular among young advocates, since of course the paper defended, and all other papers of the same political creed, gave every possible publicity to the name of the counsel for the defence, and all possible praise to his speech. One day a young advocate might be walking disconsolate and unknown in the Salle des Pas-Perdus; the next all Paris knew not only his name, but was further told that he was a fit successor to Cicero, Demosthenes, or Mirabeau. Consequently, as of course it was only Opposition papers that stood in need of counsel's aid, the junior bar, or great part of it, went over by degrees to the Opposition. They undertook such cases without a fee, and in their speeches tried, instead of exculpating the paper in other ways, to make out that the writers had not been half severe enough on the conduct of the Government. The result was that the judges became exasperated, that the client got the *maximum* penalty, and the newspaper and the counsel an excellent advertisement. In one case a Government prosecution was eagerly sought for, and regarded as a Heaven-sent deliverance. This was when a paper was in a bad way financially, and its creditors became pressing. The prosecution took place, and saved the concern. "Il n'était pas sans exemple qu'un journal, en pareille circonstance, fût aidé et relevé par ses coreligionnaires. En tout cas on tombait glorieusement sur le champ d'honneur, victime du despotisme de la royauté et du 'parti prêtre.' Ni le marchand de papier ni l'imprimeur n'osaient rien réclamer."

Among M. Karr's extremely rambling and incoherent anecdotes of his newspaper life at this period there is one which relates to one of the many speculations of Victor Bohain. This arose out of the fact that a young man named Napoléon Landais came to M. Karr to beg for a helping hand on the road of literature and journalism. This young man was not a brilliant or an apt young man, and finally M. Karr sent him to Bohain, who had various literary projects on hand, in which Landais's knowledge, such as it was, picked up when he was usher at a school, might be of some use. "I have undertaken to do something for your young man," said Bohain, "for a reason which you will not guess. It is that his name is Napoleon." The "légende Napoléonienne" was then in full force. Louis Philippe was the Napoléon de la paix, Arago the Napoléon de l'astronomie, Véfour the Napoléon de la cuisine, Franconi the Napoléon du cheval, and so on. "I shall make your man," continued Bohain, "work at a great dictionary, which will be published in parts." "But I never told you," replied M. Karr, "that Landais could make a dictionary." "What does that matter? His name is Napoléon, and when the Parisians have seen Napoléon Landais in large letters on the walls for six months, he will be a famous man. As for the dictionary, it's odd if the newest dictionary is not at least as good as the newest but one, for it's simply a question of copying that with a few additions and omissions." In due time the dictionary appeared with complete success; but before this result was attained a vexatious incident befell Bohain. Just when everything was ready for the appearance in a blaze of triumph of the first part, a publisher came to Bohain and said, "M. Landais has made over to me the copyright of this novel which he has written. Read these few pages; they contain over a hundred grammatical blunders. When you publish the dictionary I shall publish the novel with all its faults, and there'll be an end to your scheme." Bohain came to the point with "Combien voulez-vous?" and the affair was arranged; but Bohain's natural comment upon it was, "Quelle sottise d'avoir pris l'homme avec le nom; c'était si facile à inventer ce nom-là!"

* *Le Livre de Bord.* Par Alphonse Karr. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

CHRONICLES OF NO-MAN'S LAND.*

UNDER this somewhat fanciful title Mr. Boyle has published a third collection of his entertaining papers. Even in the adventurous corps of War Correspondents who hold themselves ready on the shortest notice for missions to any quarter of the globe, few men have seen more service than Mr. Boyle. He has been with the Rajahs of the Brooke dynasty in Borneo; and, if we remember rightly, with "the grey-eyed filibuster" Walker in Nicaragua; he has made the campaigns of Ashanti and Afghanistan with the British troops, and accompanied the forces of Turks and Russians in the more ferocious warfare in Servia and Bulgaria; he has lived with the silver miners of Chontales and the diamond-

* *Chronicles of No-Man's Land.* A Third Series of "Camp Notes." By Fred. Boyle, Author of "To the Cape for Diamonds," &c. London: Chapman & Hall. 1880.

diggers of the Transvaal. Consequently, when he sets his memory to work, or makes reference to his multifarious note-books, he draws upon a rich repertory of varied incident and information. Nobody can complain of lack of variety in his present book; and indeed the most conspicuous feature of the compilation is the designed absence of method. We are hurried in quick transition from one side of the world to the other; and make passing acquaintance in a succession of lively chapters with Malays and Serbs, Ashantis and Pathans.

Mr. Boyle has one characteristic quality of the Special Correspondent. He holds strong opinions and expresses them decidedly—perhaps sometimes too decidedly; though, to do him justice, they are generally founded on close observation and considerable experience. On no subject is he more frankly outspoken than on the emancipated Christian races of the East, whose brilliant capabilities for better things have been the theme of so much burning eloquence among the orators who denounce Lord Beaconsfield as a Mephistopheles. "To feel the due depth of horror which should be excited by 'Bulgarian atrocities,' it is essential that a man should not have visited these countries, should not have talked with refugees." The Serbs, according to Mr. Boyle, are well enough if you take them for what they are—that is to say, for a half-civilized people, with some sprinkling of negative semi-savage virtues. They bear calamities almost too patiently; with a fatalism akin to that of the Turk, but arising rather from stolid apathy than religious sentiment. It is not their fault that they are ignorant and superstitious; but they are callously brutal as well. Without being positively cruel, they were absolutely indifferent to the sufferings of their own wounded. It was not only that they never volunteered for service in the ambulance corps or the hospitals. But Mr. Boyle says that he has seen women step over the bodies of prostrate sufferers lying at their doors without an offer of assistance or even a sign of sympathy. As soldiers he pronounces the men almost worthless; and this was the opinion of Russian officers, who left Servia with a profound contempt for the allies they came to lead. Yet the Serbs spoke so big on the eve of engagements that they deceived even their own countrymen, who ought to have known them better. When Mr. Boyle asked some destitute refugees why they had not used the time at their disposal to place their property in safety, they gave in cautious tones the significant answer, "We thought the Serbs would fight." Nor has he any strong faith in the material prosperity of the country now that it has been relieved from the incubus of Ottoman superiority. The educated upper classes are the most objectionable members of the community. They are puffed up with conceit and shallow self-complacency. Many of them are fairly well off, or even rich; but they take care to place their capital beyond reach of domestic troubles, investing it, for the most part, in Austria and Roumania. Consequently they have a comparatively slight stake in the country, and they leave its politics to penniless adventurers. Ristic rose to the premiership from handling a barber's razor, and his success should say something for his shrewdness, though Mr. Boyle declares him to be anything but clever. If Mr. Boyle's account of the people may be trusted, we can only say it is a pity they are not more prepossessing, since Servia has undoubtedly attractions for tourists. Though it has neither lakes nor mountains, it has magnificent forests, and some of the hill scenery has a gloomy grandeur of its own. As for the living, it must be a miracle of cheapness. We are told that "three-half-pence a pair for fowls is thought no less than robbery at Belgrade"; while Mr. Boyle's native coachman swore and grumbled for a day at an overcharge of fivepence-halfpenny for a couple of fat geese. The Bulgarians are described as still less taking than their Servian neighbours, and more radically vicious. They can boast the single virtue of industry, which explains that rude plenty in their villages which excited the envy of the Russian liberators, while it exculpated the much-abused Turks from the worst charges of habitual oppression. Mr. Boyle has seen a Bulgar family hard at work in their field by the side of the road; and no one of the party lifted his head to cast a glance at the glittering staff of a Russian Grand Duke. But their "stupidity is only matched by their sullen ill-will." Though they love money, they will neither sell nor give. They will fight doggedly when "cornered"; but never if they can help it. As for the malignity of their reprisals on their helpless Turkish neighbours, it surpassed the atrocity of those outrages by Circassians and Bashi-Bazouks which raised the storm of indignant execration through Europe. "In a wine-shop at Sistof a Bulgar was displaying his hacked knife when my courier entered. He said, 'At first I used to go out with a gun, but this is better. I have killed ten of them. I have cut them up like lambs.'" And it must be remembered that the man was a specimen of the "peaceable peasant," and that he had no cause of personal enmity to the helpless victims he butchered.

From Mr. Boyle's gloomy pictures of the races to whom the more emotional philanthropists of Europe would confide the regeneration of the East, we pass to the wilds of West Africa by a natural train of association. In a specially noteworthy chapter entitled "The Resurrection of Ashanti," he gives a strange sketch of the history of the kingdom since Sir Garnet Wolseley shattered the power of Koffee Kalkalli. The authority for his statements is a certain Mr. Kean, who made his way to the capital with a couple of English companions, having been persuaded to the adventure by an article in which Mr. Boyle had spoken of the extraordinary wealth of Ashanti Land in accumulated nuggets and gold dust. The three Englishmen succeeded in reaching Coomassie, passing the deserted forts and stockades that marked the line of the British advance and withdrawal. They were treated with inquisitive civility by the natives, though many districts that used to be covered with villages were now abandoned to jungle and wild animals. The travellers found Coomassie in excitement. There was a great gathering of the caboceers or chiefs, and it seemed evident that the Ashantees were in a political crisis. Yet the Englishmen were suffered to go about much as they pleased; they met nobles in silken robes and golden ornaments, who courteously saluted them; they gazed on the traces of English occupation in the shape of rows of shattered houses still scorched and cracked by fire; and they were only turned back from the sacred precincts of the palace that was tenanted at the time by Koffee Kalkalli in person. But the crowning sensation was to come. On the morrow they were invited to accompany one of the great feudatory princes to a council hall erected in haste, where a grand national palaver was being held. Three hundred chiefs were present, with their immediate attendants grouped behind them. The question for discussion was nothing less than the deposition of Koffee Kalkalli, who was arraigned by a venerable caboceer in a vigorous oration as the destroyer of his country. The monarch was summoned to appear in person and defend himself, and he came accordingly. He was received with ceremonious though chilling respect, and was heard calmly and patiently. He urged that he had been forced into the unfortunate war, but pleaded guilty to the charge of having been singularly unlucky in it. His fetish had deserted him, he said. The sovereign of Ashanti should be the favourite of the gods, and he requested permission to come down from the stool of state, and take his seat in the circle of the caboceers. So it was arranged; and one of his brethren was promptly elected his successor. Perhaps, Mr. Boyle remarks, the strangest act in the strange drama was that which followed. According to all the precedents of barbaric policy, and indeed of certain Courts that call themselves civilized, we should have supposed that the fallen king would have been made away with publicly or privately. It seemed a case for applying the maxim that "stone-dead has no fellow." But, on the contrary, Koffee Kalkalli's homage having been graciously received by his brother, he craved permission to profer a request. He asked no less a boon than the post of commander-in-chief of all the armies of Ashanti, and it was given him on the moment, without any appearance of distrust. Though a minority objected, they grounded their protest on the incompetency of the new-made general, not on the presumption that he would abuse his power. Subsequently the feudatory who had taken the Englishmen under his special protection explained the political situation to them, apparently in consequence of instructions from the King. The allied kingdoms of Ashanti had fallen away from her. She had but ten thousand fighting men, guns for three thousand, and very little powder. On the other hand, Bequoi had twice as many men and guns, with great abundance of ammunition, while Djabin could place fifty thousand soldiers in the field. The caboceer concluded by offering magnificent terms to secure the military services of the Englishmen and the use of "their fetish." It appears that the Englishmen assented; but at that point, as Mr. Boyle informs us, the manuscript of the narrator comes to a tantalizing conclusion. It is of the less consequence that the *dénouement* of the story seems to be matter of history among Europeans on the Gold Coast. The new King had recruited a corps of Houssas, armed with breech-loaders and drilled by the Europeans. By superior discipline and the help of these auxiliaries, the armies of Bequoi were utterly routed, the kingdom again subjected, and the troops brought back into the Ashanti ranks. As for the still more formidable power of Djabin, we are told that its collapse has been even more complete; its capital has been razed from the face of the earth, while its subjects have been likewise absorbed among the Ashantees. Mr. Boyle asserts that the power of Ashanti has become far more formidable than before our invasion; and that these "barbarian" neighbours of ours are fully alive to the fact, and confident in their improved discipline and equipments. "Let those of the late Government," he concludes, "who persuaded us to keep the Gold Coast now observe the situation there and tell us what to do. For those who served in the war are puzzled." We have directed attention to the most interesting or striking articles in the volume, but several of the rest are well worth reading.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

PROFESSOR WALKER has on more than one former occasion done good service in the diffusion of clearer and more correct notions upon some elementary, but very important, practical principles of political economy than generally prevail among his countrymen. His views, however, are not always orthodox, at least with reference to the standard of thought recognized among French as well as English economists, especially upon the subject of money. As the present work (1) is devoted chiefly to this particular point, it exhibits perhaps less of the author's merits and more of his peculiar defects or eccentricities. It has, however, a merit for which students and opponents alike have reason to be

(1) *Money in its Relations to Trade and Industry.* By Francis A. Walker, Professor of Political Economy and History, Yale College, Author of "The Wages Question," &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

grateful—that of distinct statement and generally lucid explanation. Two principal points in the present treatise are likely to excite attention and criticism. The first relates to the standard of value, or, as, for the purpose of greater distinctness in the expression of his particular meaning, the author calls it, the standard of deferred payments. Professor Walker frankly admits that for short periods gold or silver (he would perhaps say gold *and* silver) afford the best or at least the most convenient measure of value as well as the only practically available machinery. For short periods the value of the precious metals, and especially of gold, fluctuates less than any other measure that could be adopted; but this could hardly be said of money incomes fixed for a long period. Consequently the Professor proposes, in regard to contracts at long dates—such as leases or national debts—a contract based on the market prices of a great number of articles largely and permanently consumed, these prices to be periodically ascertained by official commissioners. But surely it might have occurred to him that any tendency of the precious metals to depreciation is, in an age like this, sufficiently discounted by the prudence of contracting parties, and that the injustice done is at any rate one of those to which, for common convenience and with no great practical hardship, science as well as Government applies the rule *de minimis*. Still the idea is neither essentially unsound nor impracticable, as is shown by the existence of corn-rents and *metayer* contracts, and the English system of tithe commutation. More serious theoretical, if not practical, objections may be urged against his second special heresy bi-metallism. All the Professor's reasoning cannot get rid of the fact that the comparative value of gold and silver constantly fluctuates. How great and how sudden may be these fluctuations we have recently been reminded to our cost. The double standard, as the Professor himself does not deny, though he fails to make the point so clear as might be desired, simply enables the debtor to avail himself of every such fluctuation to cheat the creditor; or, since the double standard is itself part of the contract, it might be more correct to say, renders all contracts in some degree uncertain, to the disadvantage of the creditor. This injustice or uncertainty is of a much graver and more practical kind than that caused by the secular fluctuations in purchasing power of either metal singly. One very interesting and instructive portion of the book has an historical rather than a practical value. We refer to the author's brief, but clear and tolerably complete, sketch of the causes of the accumulation of the precious metals in royal and imperial treasuries prior to the conquests of Alexander and of the later Roman Republic, the dispersal of these treasures during the period of the Empire, the diminution, if not cessation, of production under the later Cæsars and their barbarian successors, and the consequent "silver famine" of the middle ages, and the extraordinary revolution introduced in this respect by the discovery of America. In a few pages he gives a clear account of a part of economic history too much neglected by historians, and affords to the student a light by which many otherwise half-understood or wholly inexplicable problems may be easily solved.

Mr. S. P. Day's sketches of American life and society (2) are alike unpleasant and unjust. We do not mean to say that many of his criticisms are not well founded, or that the disagreeable incidents and offensive peculiarities he describes may not be met with in the course of a six months' sojourn in the States. But, when the general result of such sketches and criticisms is to represent that as usual which is at most but incidental, or to give undue prominence to the disagreeable features of a picture necessarily drawn in outline, we have a caricature, not a portrait, and a caricature of which a less sensitive people than our Transatlantic cousins might not unnaturally complain. For example, the general impression left on the mind of any reader of this volume wholly unacquainted with America would be that the hotels are thoroughly uncomfortable, and hardly fit for English ladies; at least that ladies must meet with much discomfort and some annoyance in Transatlantic travel. We do not hesitate to say that, despite the necessary intermingling of all classes at a common table, this is not the case. The custom may not be less distasteful to those who cling closely to the reserve and privacy characteristic of English manners than the Continental table d'hôte. But it is certainly not more so. The scrambling, the difficulty of obtaining attention from waiters, described by Mr. Day, does not at all accord with our own experience. On the contrary, nothing seems to us more surprising than the certainty with which travellers do contrive to get fed, and comfortably fed, under the very peculiar and difficult conditions sometimes to be met with in American travelling. A hundred hungry people pour out of a train at a side station where twenty minutes are allowed for a meal. It seems impossible that everybody should be served before the bell rings, and no doubt the time allowed is insufficient for those who habitually regard their comfort and their digestion. But we have seen over and over again how certainly those who will wait will find the implied contract strictly fulfilled, will get for their half dollar or dollar all, even to the cup of rather weak coffee or tea, which the refreshment vendor professes to afford. In the great hotels of such cities as New York, Chicago, and St. Louis, the meals, though less comfortable, are as good as and cheaper than those of English inns whose bills would reach twice or thrice the amount; and if Mr. Day has really found the chambers assigned to him as a bachelor so exceedingly uncomfortable, he must either have been accustomed to much more luxurious accommodation than most bachelors of moderate means find at home, or must have been singularly out of favour with the hotel clerks on whose goodwill he was dependent. The women, especially the young women, and children of the North are doubtless noisy and forward according to the English standard. But perhaps Frenchmen might be similarly impressed by some peculiarities of English usage; and if the traveller's taste may be occasionally offended by a display of reckless noisy talkativeness on the part of young girls, if he is startled by the extreme self-possession, coolness, and independence of the merest children, it is but just to say that it is his taste only that is likely to be offended—that, if the juvenile population of the States are prematurely forward and self-dependent, they have learnt earlier than English children that respect for the rights of others which self-dependence involves and requires. To the South, moreover, and especially to the older settled States on the Atlantic coast, we believe that hardly any of Mr. Day's social criticisms can be applied without a very large deduction. His complaints of the provision for the material comfort of travellers no doubt do apply there to a much greater extent than in the North; but, on the other hand, the hotels, which can no longer feed the traveller as they did before the war, at any rate acknowledge, in the moderation of their charges, the inferior quality of their accommodation. We must agree, however, with one of Mr. Day's remarks. The negroes are by far the best, most agreeable, and most courteous of American servants. Perhaps for this reason they are extensively employed in all those hotels which, not being conducted on the English system, cannot expect to have the civility of their waiters ensured by English methods and at English cost.

Mr. Benjamin's treatise on Art in America (3) is of course open to criticism on the score alike of disappointing omissions and of what seems disproportionate attention given to particular artists or schools. But where individual taste enters so largely into the selection and treatment of the subject this could not but be the case. It is possible also that no other critic would agree in all, perhaps in the majority, of Mr. Benjamin's criticisms, and we shall not add to the number of those who will challenge them. It must be granted that the author has done his best to vindicate them by the insertion of a great number of well-selected illustrations, so executed as to do such justice as small engravings adapted to the pages of a volume of moderate size can do to elaborate landscape and figure paintings in oil. As an ornament to the drawing-room table the book will no doubt be deservedly a favourite.

Mr. Allibone's *Great Authors of all Ages* (4) is hardly true to its title. It begins rather oddly with the name of Pericles, which is attached to the speech recorded by Thucydides in language which, as with all the Thucydidean speeches, is most assuredly the author's and not the orator's. Next come fragments of Cicero, Sallust, and Pliny the Younger; not a line from Cæsar or Tacitus; not one from Herodotus, Xenophon, or Demosthenes. Petrarch, Macchiavelli, Sir Thomas More, Latimer, Ridley, Montaigne, Raleigh, Bacon, Hobbes, Elyot represent, with a few others, what may be called the middle age of European literature. Among modern writers the selection is of course much larger, but perhaps hardly more complete. For what purpose such collections are made it is difficult to understand. Even the most superficial readers of a superficial age and country can hardly suppose that by extracts thus selected they obtain a real knowledge either of the individual authors or of the general character and tone of literature at different periods and in different languages. How much the wiser on any subject would be the reader who should have perused attentively every page of this heavy and closely-printed volume we cannot conceive.

Infinitely greater interest and value belong to the simple story, told in language which, while not affectedly simple, must be intelligible to the youngest children, of Magellan (5), the great discoverer of the Straits that bear his name, the undertaker of the first voyage round the world, though unhappily he did not live to see his enterprise accomplished. The subject is one of profound interest—an interest which children and adults are equally capable of feeling. The incidents, in themselves exciting, are clearly and well told, and an almost absolute freedom from cant and affectation characterizes one of the best volumes of a series for which young and old alike may be grateful to Messrs. Lee and Shepard.

Mr. Waring's *Book of the Farm* (6) will appear to critics unable to apply to it the standard of actual experience to bear that practical character which he claims for it. Its topics seem well arranged, and are certainly treated with remarkable clearness. The author has had no little experience of his own, and has profited largely

(2) *Life and Society in America.* By Samuel Phillips Day, Author of "Down South," &c. London: Newman & Co. 1880.

(3) *Art in America: a Critical and Historical Sketch.* By S. G. W. Benjamin, Author of "Contemporary Art in Europe," &c. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(4) *Great Authors of all Ages; being Selections from the Prose Works of Eminent Writers from the Time of Pericles to the Present Day.* With Indexes. By S. A. Allibone, Author of "Poetical Quotations from Chaucer to Tennyson," &c. Philadelphia and London: Lippincott & Co. 1880.

(5) *Magellan; or, the First Voyage Round the World.* By George M. Towle, Author of "Vasco da Gama," &c. Boston: Lee & Shepard. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(6) *Waring's Book of the Farm; being a Revised Edition of "The Handy-book of Husbandry": a Guide for Farmers.* By George E. Waring, Jun. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Porter & Coats. London: Trübner & Co.

by that of others. He deals with all the various conditions of good farming under American circumstances carefully and elaborately, dwelling more than we might have expected from an American on the importance of manure, the paramount necessity of returning to the soil the elements that are drawn from it, as a rule, with somewhat reckless eagerness. The work contains many hints that may be useful to those who are not farmers in the poultry-yard, the stable, or the garden.

Mr. Dana's work on the Corals and Coral Islands (7) whose history involves some of the most important and doubtful questions in the natural history of the globe we inhabit, is less ...ry and technical than it appears at first sight, and makes no demand on the patience or attention of the reader that the subject or the author's treatment of it does not fully warrant. A great majority of well-read men and women have probably but a very dim idea of the real character of the various coralline structures and of the polyps by which they have been in some sense built; a very faint notion even of the form and appearance of the living or dead varieties, save only that which, distinguished as the precious coral, is the best known and most valued of all, but perhaps, from any other point of view than that of purely human use, the least important. A little time given to Mr. Dana's well-written and excellently printed work, with its few clear and well-executed illustrations, will enable any reader of average intelligence to understand what the coral islands are, how they have been formed, what is the appearance, what the life of the creatures by which they have been in the course of ages constructed, and what are the circumstances under which alone they can come into existence; by a knowledge of which their part in the geological history of the world can be assigned, and important inferences drawn with regard to the past of those seas in which alone they are found. Mr. Dana has come to the conclusion, strongly urged by the most recent and best-informed authorities, that the atoll, the barrier, and nearly all the forms of coral islands or lagoons to be found chiefly in the equatorial waters of the Pacific imply a gradual but very slow subsidence of ground which must, when their work began, have been within twenty fathoms of the surface; and that this, as is proved by the height of many of these structures, must have gone on sinking for thousands of years and hundreds of feet afterwards. Mr. Dana argues, and apparently on sufficient grounds, that the coral reefs to which atolls and islands alike owe their peculiar character and construction, can come into existence only where subsidence is going on at a certain very slow rate; that this, with the other conditions of their existence, occurred only in those parts of the world where coral reefs are found, chiefly in the Pacific; that the other sunken continents in which, for various reasons, geologists are more or less disposed to believe, probably sank too rapidly to allow the industrious polyps to repair their loss; and that this, and this alone, is the reason why corals are unknown and islands so rare in the Atlantic. The whole subject in all its various branches is well and lucidly treated.

Brazil (8), like most other South American countries, Chili perhaps excepted, is not in the best possible odour with European diplomatists, investors, or emigrants; each class having reasons of its own for trusting the Imperial Government almost as little as the Argentine Republic or the anarchy of Peru. What Brazil might have to say in answer to her various accusers is another matter. The complainants have been heard at ample length, and the defence, if any has been made, has failed to reach the ears or satisfy the judgment of the Old World. Even to travellers a country very little known, and from many points of view both interesting and attractive, does not seem especially agreeable. It is impossible in these days of geographical enthusiasm that a river like the Amazon should not draw numerous adventurers to explore the vast expanse of its branching waters; but somehow we hear or remember more of their sufferings or disappointments than of their successes. If travellers have not much that is absolutely new to tell, they may at any rate describe what they have seen, and tell what they have done and suffered, without feeling that sense of treading on beaten and familiar ground which nowadays might discourage the most adventurous and thorough-going of explorers, even in countries so lately thrown open to European enterprise as China and Japan. Mr. Herbert Smith, who has repeatedly visited Brazil within the last ten years, who first proposed to himself to write about the country because he had seen something of it, and more lately returned thither that he might write a book worth reading, has, we think, fairly accomplished his purpose. He has much to tell of Brazilian life, society, industry, scenery, zoology—in fact, of Brazil in every aspect and from every point of view; and if, in consequence, his book is somewhat solid, the reader will not find it wearisome.

Mr. Packard's treatise on Zoology (9) appeals rather to the student than to the general reader, for whom also it professes to be intended. The latter, we think, will find it too long, too minute, and hardly adapted to his purpose. Indeed the same work can hardly answer both ends. The proportions required are distinct in the two cases. It is to the professed student of zoology that Mr. Packard's work is, we think, likely to be especially useful; and it would seem that the author has spared no pains, thought no elaboration needless, to assist the genuine student in the laboratory or the class-room or to guide his researches out of doors.

A valuable, and in its way an interesting, zoological monograph is Mr. D. G. Elliot's very elaborate synopsis of the Trochilidæ (10), a complete scientific and technical account of all the innumerable species of humming-birds.

What Mr. Root modestly calls in his first title the *A B C of Bee Culture* (11) is really, as described in the sub-title, a cyclopædia of apiculture arranged in the form of a dictionary, and giving minute instructions and counsel, as well as elaborate narratives of experiment in every branch of this interesting art, by the most prominent of the numerous bee-keepers of the States, wherein the production of honey is a large and important industry.

Mr. King's *Trouting on the Brulé River* (12) is a lively and readable, but decidedly too lengthy, account of a pleasantly spent holiday, by one who is at once a hard-working lawyer by profession and an eager enthusiast in angling.

Mr. Batty, the author of a practical treatise on taxidermy (13), contrives to give to what professes to be nothing more than a manual of his art the interest attaching to the personal experiences of a naturalist and sportsman, who has devoted the best years of his life and the skill and intentness of an ardent votary at once of sport and science to the study of the habits of wild creatures, as well as of the means of killing them and preserving their forms to ornament the home or enlighten the frequenters of the museum.

The author of *The Reign of God* (14) has written some four hundred pages to prove that Christian faith and belief in the veracity of Scripture are utterly incompatible with the acceptance of the latest theories of science, of the doctrine of evolution, or indeed of the doctrine of uniform law governing the world since its creation; an argument for which thoughtful and earnest theologians may perhaps not be quite so grateful as the writer evidently expects, or as his zeal and industry might seem to deserve. It has evidently never occurred to him that the conclusion he desires to draw may be exactly inverted. Indeed he supposes himself to have proved at the very outset that no such thing as a "reign of law" exists, or at least can be demonstrated.

Dr. Church's monograph on the Comstock Lode (15), the great silver vein of Nevada, whose extent and limits have even yet not been thoroughly ascertained, has a special technical and scientific value rather than a general interest.

The same may be said of the three numbers of Mr. Van Nostrand's Science Series (16) now before us, which deal with fluid motions, with the theory of the arch, and the form and use of articulate links.

Mr. Gardner's partly professional, partly practical, partly social treatise on *Common Sense in Church Building* (17) has at least the merit of brevity and freedom from perplexing technicalities.

(7) *Corals and Coral Islands.* By James D. Dana, LL.D., Professor of Geology and Mineralogy in Yale College. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(8) *Brazil: the Amazons and the Coast.* By Herbert H. Smith. Illustrated. New York: C. Scribner's Sons. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(9) *Zoology for Students and General Readers.* By A. S. Packard, Jun., M.D., Ph.D. Illustrated. New York: Holt & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(10) *A Classification and Synopsis of the Trochilidæ.* By Daniel G. Elliot, F.R.S.E., &c. Washington: The Smithsonian Institution. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(11) *The A B C of Bee Culture: a Cyclopædia of everything pertaining to the care of the Honey-Bee.* By A. J. Root. Medina, Ohio: A. J. Root. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(12) *Trouting on the Brulé River; or, Lawyers' Summer Wayfaring in the Northern Wilderness.* By J. L. King. Chicago: The "Chicago Legal News" Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(13) *Practical Taxidermy and Home Decoration; together with General Information for Sportsmen.* By Joseph H. Batty. Illustrated. New York: Orange Judd Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(14) *The Reign of God* not the *Reign of Law.* By Thomas Scott Bacon. Baltimore: Turnbull Brothers. London: Trübner & Co.

(15) *The Comstock Lode: its Formation and History.* By John A. Church, E.M., Ph.D. Illustrated. New York: Wiley & Sons. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(16) *Van Nostrand's Science Series.—Linkages: the Different Forms and Uses of Articulated Links.* By J. D. C. De Roos. *Theory of Solid and Braced Elastic Arches.* By W. Cain, C.E. *On the Motion of a Solid in a Fluid.* By T. Craig, PhD.

(17) *Common Sense in Church-Building.* Illustrated. By E. C. Gardner, Author of "Homes and How to Make Them," &c. New York: Bicknell & Comstock. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

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THE GERMAN ARMY BILL.

THE absence of Prince BISMARCK deprived the debate on the Army Bill of much of its interest. He may have been too unwell to feel capable of making a serious effort, or, as his admirers themselves seem to have calculated, he may have thought that the part of a peaceful, commonplace speaker was beneath him. If the Bill was not to be made the occasion of a general review of the policy of Europe and Germany, a much humbler person could say all that was to be said in favour of a measure which introduced no novelty, and which no one seriously opposed. It was evident that, before the debate came on, peace had been decided on. The influence, whatever it may have been, which succeeded in publishing an official denunciation of the alarming notices of Russian preparations, ultimately prevailed, and it was determined that Germany should claim once more to be regarded as the special and perpetual protectress of European peace. When, as Count MOLTKE said in the course of the debate, has the German MICHAEL ever drawn his sword except to defend his skin? The question is difficult to answer, because the German MICHAEL has only had his new sword—the sword of the German Empire—for ten short years. During these ten years the sword has not been drawn, but it was very near leaping out of its scabbard in 1875. Then, too, it was his own honest skin that MICHAEL prepared to defend. The interests of his skin seemed to demand that he should slash the skin of JACQUES BONHOMME before his adversary had had time to buy himself a sword long and strong enough to defend himself with. There are exceptions, but there are very few exceptions, to the rule that all wars are defensive in the eyes of those who make them. Even NAPOLEON, when he wanted employment for his troops and distraction for his subjects, invariably represented himself as plotted against, not plotting, and as forced by circumstances over which he had no control to defeat by anticipating the machinations of his enemies. No one doubts that, if Prince BISMARCK wished for war, he would give MICHAEL to understand that his skin was very much in danger. The alarm which Prince BISMARCK has created has been due, not in the least to the new measure of defence which he has recommended to the German Parliament, but entirely to the language he has thought proper to use or authorize in regard to it. What terrified Europe was that this language had all the appearance of the language that usually precedes offensive wars made under colour of being defensive. Why did Prince BISMARCK adopt or sanction this language? Partly, no doubt, to stir MICHAEL up and make him pliable and obedient for the sake of his skin; but also in part, it may be conjectured, to assert his position in Europe, and to remind the world that he could make war if he pleased. The time is not very distant when, in much the same way, Europe was taught to hang on the lips of LOUIS NAPOLEON, and tried to spell the future out of his New Year utterances. The secret of his authority was that he had managed to persuade Europe that he was more ready to fight than any one else. France was taken to be the Power least reluctant to go to war, and the EMPEROR seemed to blow war or peace as he pleased. To secure a recognition of this attitude towards Europe is to command such innumerable advantages in diplomacy that it is not surprising if Prince BISMARCK should take some trouble to remind the world that the mantle of the French EMPEROR has fallen on his shoulders.

If the Army Bill needed to be defended, it could not have had a better defender than Count MOLTKE. The German army is based on a percentage of the population, and as the population has increased, the natural question is not why the army should be increased, but why it should not be increased? Are there any reasons why Germany should virtually reduce her army? It is calculated, and Germans accept the calculation, that one per cent. of the population devoted to active service is, with proportionate reserves, sufficient to defend the country. If the army is not increased as the population increases, it follows that less than one per cent. is thought sufficient. It is true that nothing could better illustrate the enormous size of modern armaments than the fact that the mere increase of the German population in the last few years involves an increase of 20,000 men in the army, or, with the proportionate reserves, 90,000 men. This in itself might be called an army, according to the standard of old times. But, if the population has increased, this addition carries with it no new strain on the population. Can, then, this increased population afford to dispense with the amount of defensive power which its numbers would, according to the German system of calculation, suggest? It might be said that 400,000 men could defend forty-two millions of people as well as forty millions. Whether it would or not must depend altogether on the peculiar circumstances of the country in question. In England we do not increase our army as our population increases, for we think, rightly or wrongly, that our defensive power on land is sufficient to protect our population, although this may be much larger than it used to be. But this is because we trust primarily to our navy; and Englishmen of all parties look to the Government to measure the force of other navies, and always to furnish England with a navy greatly superior to any other. In the same way Germans who ask themselves whether their army can be reduced must look at the position of Germany in Europe, and also at the movements of other Powers. This is no challenge to other Powers; it is merely a piece of common sense, just as it is a piece of common sense that we should ask ourselves what the navies of France, of Italy, or of Germany are like before we decide what our own navy is to be like. Count MOLTKE laid great stress on the exceptional position of Germany as alone having great Powers on all its borders. It is true that France has nothing to fear from Italy, Spain, Switzerland, or Belgium, and that experience has shown that English descents on the French seaboard come to very little. France has only to guard against Germany, although it ought to be taken into account that, in saying this, French skins and not French interests are recognized. Germany has nothing like Algeria, like the French colonies, like the traditional interests of France in Italy, Syria, and Egypt. But it is only France that is thus favourably situated. Austria bordered by Germany, Italy, Russia, and territories formerly or now forming part of Turkey, is much worse off than Germany in point of dangerous neighbours. Russia, again, is pre-eminently exposed to attack, however secure she may seem to be against serious invasion. Her possible enemies encompass her over something like the space of a hemisphere. To say nothing of Turkey, China, England, and the hosts of

savages whom she has half conquered, half alarmed, her geographical position makes her extremely open to attack from a coalition of Germany and Austria. When he referred to the past, Count MOLTKE was unanswerable. When Germany was disunited, she was the easy prey of the foreigner. MICHAEL was always having his skin slashed, not only by Frenchmen and Swedes, but by other MICHAELS who ought to have kept their hands off him. But Germany is united now, and forty-two million MICHAELS are ready to fight for themselves and each other. United Germany, too, has many advantages besides its paramount advantage of union. It can concentrate its forces much more rapidly than Austria or Russia can. The completeness of its network of communications enables it to send its forces here and there as it pleases; and while it has a navy which for offensive purposes is by no means contemptible, its coast-line is easily defended. Altogether, it may perhaps be said that, if France stands first, Germany stands second, among the Great Powers in the advantage of its position.

But when Count MOLTKE points to the actual forces of Russia and France, and shows how very great and imposing they are, there is nothing to say except to acknowledge that Germany has no very good reason for declining to allow the increase of her population to be accompanied by a corresponding increase in her army. France has now a very large force at her disposal. In the last war she had eight army corps, she now has nineteen; she then possessed twenty-six infantry divisions, she now has thirty-eight; she then had twenty-six cavalry brigades, she now has thirty-seven. Count MOLTKE summed up by saying that the effective strength of the French army was double what it had been in 1870. Russia, too, has a largely increased army. She has twenty-four new reserve infantry divisions and twenty-four reserve artillery brigades, and a fourth battalion has been added to a hundred and fifty-two foot regiments. These are very good reasons for urging that the German army shall not be reduced—that is, that it shall follow the standard of population. When the demand for what is called an increase, but what is really a supplementing, of the German army according to a recognized scale is put in this modest way, neither Germans nor outsiders have anything to say against it. In the same way, when the minor portions of the Army Bill are studied, it is entirely for the military authorities of Germany to say whether more officers are required, whether a longer time of active employment is needed for the reserve, and whether three years is not the shortest time in which a recruit can be drilled into a really effective soldier. The German army is strong, not only in numbers, but in the perfection of discipline, in its intelligence, and in its habits of obedience. If one per cent. of the population is to serve under arms, it must be for the good of the country that the one per cent. that serves should be as effective as possible. But, after all, this very effective army is a great burden to the country; and Count MOLTKE, who is much more than a mere strategist, and knows too much of war to underrate its horrors, could not satisfy himself or his hearers without showing that he had studied the very grave questions of the permanence of the military burdens which weigh down all Continental nations, and of the real safeguards against war. He expressed the greatest distrust of all philanthropic and humanitarian movements in the direction of peace, and said that a strong Government alone could decide when partial disarmament was possible, and that the best safeguard against war was a strong Government with a strong army. He showed that wars had arisen, or might arise, from the Government of the country which made war being too weak to resist a popular longing for war. He did not name the Governments which have been or may be too weak; but it did not need names for his hearers to understand to what Powers he was referring. France may hanker after revenge. Russia has been swept away, and may be swept away again, by a Panslavist movement. Italy may burn to reclaim provinces which Italians with a vague knowledge of history state to be Italian. So far Count MOLTKE was quite justified in what he said. War often comes from a people forcing the hand of a weak Government; but he omitted to notice that war also often comes from a strong Government forcing the hand of a people. The Danish and Austrian wars of Prussia were entirely wars of the Government, not of the people; and so were the Crimean war, and especially the Mexican war of France. After the Empire was established all the wars of the first NAPOLEON were wars of the sovereign. The French invasion of Spain under the Duke of ANGOULÊME, the premature attack of Austria in 1859, the conquest of Algeria, were altogether wars of the Government, not of the people. It is precisely because Prince BISMARCK often seems so much stronger than the German EMPEROR and the German people that Europe is perpetually disquieted as to what Prince BISMARCK may do next. Even in a free nation like England, the rule is that the Government makes war and the people acquiesce in the war because they reasonably think that the Government knows best when war must be made. The Chinese war, the Abyssinian war, the Ashantee war, the Afghan war, were all Government wars. The Zulu war was not even a Government war; it was the war of a minor Government official. As a rule, it may be said that all wars made by a Government are approved or acquiesced in by the people, unless they happen to be disastrous. Prince BISMARCK was only exaggerating a little when he said that he staked his head on the success of the Austrian war. If Prince BISMARCK now told MICHAEL that, to save his skin, he must invade France or Russia, he would only need success to be more idolized than ever, and he would not even risk his head in case of a reverse. The increase in the German army is perfectly justifiable; but we cannot find much comfort in Count MOLTKE's theory of the essentially pacific character of strong Governments.

RUSSIA.

THE peaceable celebration of the Emperor ALEXANDER's twenty-fifth anniversary proved that the audacity of Russian conspirators and the inefficiency of Russian police arrangements, though extraordinary, are not supernatural nor infinite. Although the attempted crime of the following day shows that Nihilist menaces are sometimes the expression of a deliberate purpose, the threats of explosions and conflagrations to take place on the 2nd of March were probably unconnected with any more serious design than the hope of forcing the EMPEROR and the Government into some exhibition of undignified panic. Incendiaries and assassins are not likely to aggravate the chances of detection by announcing beforehand the place and the date of their criminal attempt. In 1848 the English promotors of a much milder form of sedition issued a similar notice or challenge for the 10th of April. The respectable inhabitants of London consequently organized themselves for the suppression of possible disturbance, and the Government took the necessary military precautions; but, when the appointed day arrived, the mob was content to forward a petition to the House of Commons, and the principal result of the crisis was a general and not unpleasant holiday. Under the protection of a police which cannot but have taken warning by recent events, and of a great military force, the EMPEROR has been able to receive in safety the congratulations and good wishes of his subjects. There is no reason to doubt that the loyal enthusiasm of the assembled multitudes was sincere, and that it represented the feelings of the vast mass of the population of the Empire. The murderous attack on Count LORIS MELIKOFF on the following day afforded a terrible illustration of the power of mischief which may be exercised by one desperate man, and still more by a secret body disposing of the services of a succession of more or less willing agents; but there is as yet no sufficient proof that any large class of the community is irreconcilably disloyal. As far as it is at present possible to judge, the nature of the outrages perpetrated shows that the active conspirators are few in number, although their grievances and some of their aspirations may not be confined to themselves. There is no indication of complicity on the part of the populace of the towns; and the peasants are believed to retain their unqualified devotion to the EMPEROR. Both the moderate and the extreme malcontents belong to the educated classes, in which a desire for some share in the government of the country may be expected to prevail. Only fanatics and wild adventurers can hope to attain any political object by murder and arson.

It is possible, but scarcely probable, that the outrage in the Winter Palace may have interfered with the concession of some constitutional reform. The acts of grace which were thought appropriate to the day have consisted in remissions of Crown debts and of the punishments for petty

offences, and of honorary or official promotions. The only administrative innovation is not in the direction of freedom, as it consists in the appointment of a dictator, with unlimited powers, criminal as well as civil. The office created for Count MELIKOFF is evidently temporary, though its duration is not limited by the EMPEROR'S decree. When the devolution of absolute power on a single delegate is no longer thought necessary, hopes of constitutional legislation may perhaps revive. In the meantime no organic change has been even provisionally made. The stream of despotic power can rise no higher than its source. The control over person and property which is vested in Count MELIKOFF must have been already inherent in the Sovereign from whom he derives his commission. In a certain sense the appointment is a higher and more transcendental act of authority than the exercise by the EMPEROR himself of the same powers. The Crown and Parliament of England could not transfer to any other authority the right of general legislation. Count MELIKOFF is empowered to define criminal acts, to determine the penalties, and to pronounce judgment and sentence. If he entertains doubts on any point, he may, at his discretion, ask instructions from the EMPEROR; but no appeal is allowed to any subject. If Count MELIKOFF deserves his reputation as a temperate and prudent administrator, he will as seldom as possible deviate from the ordinary course of proceeding. The regular Courts will supply the most convenient machinery for the administration of justice, and the supplementary process of deportation or imprisonment without trial has long been practised by the police. The employment of juries in criminal cases will necessarily be suspended, and probably it will not be hereafter revived. The institution appears not to be suited to Russian character or tradition, even when the jurors are, as in the trial of VERA SASSULITCH, taken from the upper classes. In more civilized parts of the Continent it has sometimes been difficult to convince juries that they are not entrusted with discretionary powers. It is not desirable that assassins should enjoy impunity because a jury may think the police deserving of censure.

There is great difficulty in relaxing the absolutism which exists in Russia. The classes which desire some admixture of constitutional government might perhaps supply competent advisers to the EMPEROR in his administrative and legislative capacity; but, possessing no political weight in the country, they cannot offer the Government independent support against disaffection or revolution. The functions of an Assembly, or of a consultative Council, would always be dependent on the will of the EMPEROR, although he might have formally denuded himself of the prerogative of revocation. The army and the police to a man would obey him in preference to any rival authority; and, if his supremacy were thought to be endangered, he could at any moment resume absolute power by an appeal to the people. The nobles, the public functionaries, the mercantile and professional classes, are nothing in the estimation of the peasantry and the clergy in comparison with the semi-divine Czar. Any restriction on his executive omnipotence, even if it had been imposed by himself, would be unanimously rejected as an impious usurpation, if it were maintained against his will. The simplest and least invidious check on autocracy would be the establishment of a Cabinet appointed on the advice of a Prime Minister and responsible to its chief. It is thought that the mere suggestion of such an arrangement, with Count SCHOUVALOFF as Premier, has for the time alienated the EMPEROR from his former favourite, who is at the same time his ablest counsellor. A corporate Ministry would probably have enabled the EMPEROR to resist the mischievous pressure which drove him against his apparent will into the Turkish war. If it is true that he has now resolved to discourage the Slavonic agitation, he would act wisely in providing himself with support which, though not independent, would be in some degree external. The opportunity of reorganizing the superior administration cannot be long delayed, though the aged CHANCELLOR still clings to office.

There is some reason to hope that the Russian Government will not at present recur to the hackneyed device of diverting a dangerous agitation into the channel of foreign aggression or war. The rumour of an impending rupture with Germany was from the first incredible; and there seems to be no immediate risk of a collision with England in Asia. The questionable project of a Persian occupation of Herat is apparently abandoned, and the scheme of splitting up Afghanistan into two or three Principalities is disavowed by the Government, though some measure of the kind may perhaps eventually be found unavoidable. The Russian expedition against the Turcomans will be prosecuted with vigour, and probably to a successful issue; but the newspapers are at present instructed to represent the enterprise as unimportant, for the apparent purpose of conciliating English jealousies. Nothing is known of the nature of the overtures which are said to be made through Prince LOBANOFF with a view to an amicable arrangement of English and Russian pretensions in Central Asia; but, if both parties are sincerely desirous of peace, it will not be impossible to settle terms of compromise. It is true that Russia would expect to receive some equivalent for any concession which may be made; but a diplomatic bargain, like a private contract, necessarily involves covenants by both parties. There is at present no reason to suppose that any negotiation which may be instituted will be liable to disturbance by reason of a personal change in the Russian Government. The Emperor ALEXANDER is about to retire, as usual, to Livadia; and he has not announced any purpose of abdication. The family discords and jealousies which are said to have lately disturbed his Court and household have probably been imagined or greatly exaggerated. It is not known that the members of the Imperial family resent the appointment of Count MELIKOFF, which in no manner affects their interests. If no further conspiracies occur, the extraordinary measures which have been adopted will be gradually discontinued; but the attempted assassination of the GOVERNOR-GENERAL renders it impossible to hope for an early relaxation of precautions which are justifiable if they prove to be effective.

THE SIX SEATS.

THE postponement of the Bill for apportioning the six vacant seats may have been unavoidable in the pressure of public business; but, if the Government had been eager to proceed with the measure, an earlier opportunity would have been found, and the indifference with which the postponement was received by the House raises a doubt whether it will be passed before the dissolution. The rumoured scheme for supplying the vacancies is unobjectionable, if it is admitted that considerable minorities in populous towns and counties are entitled to representation; but, as long as the principle is not universally accepted, it is undesirable to add indefinitely to the number of constituencies which return each three members. The ingenious contrivance of allowing to each elector only two votes has, except in Birmingham, for the most part answered the purpose of its inventors; but the plan fails when the representative of the minority vacates his seat in the middle of a Parliamentary term. Through a casualty of this kind Glasgow has now three Liberal members, although a Conservative was returned in 1874. The addition of a third member to the representation of Bristol will secure a vote to the present Government, and a similar result will probably be attained at Sheffield, though the hope of retrieving the late defeat has not been abandoned. The preference given to the city of Dublin and the county of Cork over English and Scotch claimants is probably intended to gratify Irish patriotism. One or both constituencies will perhaps reward the Ministers for their discernment by returning one of their supporters. But it would not be advantageous to the Conservative party to rely for any considerable portion of its strength on the support of members representing minorities. A victory in an equal contest for an ordinary borough such as Southwark is a far more valuable triumph than the probable election of members of the party at Bristol and Sheffield. It is true that in some large towns, including Liverpool, and in several counties, the Liberals in their turn profit by the limits imposed on the absolute power of the majority; but, on the whole, the party which inclines to democratic opinions would prefer the maintenance in every constituency of the absolute supremacy of numbers.

No enthusiastic interest has been at any time felt in the disposal of the vacant seats, though when, in the course of last Session, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE said that there was

no reason for haste, the inference that dissolution was not the imminent was eagerly or unwillingly drawn by contending parties. The theoretical arguments for completing the number of the House of Commons are perhaps stronger than the objections. It seems reasonable to take the opportunity afforded by the disfranchisement of a corrupt borough to diminish inequalities of representation which are popularly regarded as anomalous. Many large towns, including London, and several populous counties have far less than the proportion of members which would be allotted to them in a new arrangement of electoral districts; and perhaps some projectors may cherish doctrines as fantastic as Mr. GLADSTONE'S discovery that representation ought to vary with distance from the seat of legislation. Advocates of the rights of minorities wish to extend the system of three-cornered constituencies, although the balance of parties may not be affected when large Conservative counties are set off against large Liberal boroughs. The chief difficulty in the distribution of vacant seats arises from the suspicion with which any definite measure is certain to be received. No Government is likely to inflict intentional injury on its own party, and it is still less probable that any Government will obtain credit for disinterested impartiality. When Mr. DISRAELI said that he had given a member to the University of London for the exclusive benefit of Mr. LOWE, he was not understood to be speaking seriously. All the actual or probable claimants have plausible pretensions, and few among them can deny that their competitors are almost equally entitled to consideration.

It may be added that, with the exception of active political managers and of possible candidates, the imperfectly represented portion of the community is not deeply anxious for additional electoral privileges. New constituencies are necessarily large; and the privilege of returning the twenty-thousandth part of a member has not an unlimited value. An imaginary legislator, at liberty to consider only the character of the House of Commons, might perhaps be inclined rather to multiply than to curtail arithmetical anomalies. The little borough of Ripon, which has sent to Parliament far more than its share of eminent lawyers and statesmen, is again about to render good service to the State by providing for Mr. GOSCHEN a refuge from the real or anticipated caprice of the City of London. The Radnor Boroughs have for twelve years returned Lord HARTINGTON, and not many years ago they were represented by Sir G. C. LEWIS. Midhurst, Calne, and other small constituencies which happily and almost unaccountably survive, are more scrupulous than many large towns and counties in the qualifications which they require from their members. Any project of the kind is of course as unsubstantial as a dream. One of many reasons for regarding historical accidents with tenderness is that they cannot be artificially reproduced. Even if such an experiment were practicable, small constituencies ought to be exceptions to the general representation of the mass of the community. No rational politician would wish to dispense with the popular authority which attaches to members for great cities and large districts. Six new seats ought to add something more than as many votes to the party or parties which will profit by Sir S. NORTHCOTE'S proposed legislation. The public interest will not be greatly affected by his decision among conflicting demands.

Except for polemical purposes the Liberal party will be comparatively indifferent to provisions which they will on probable grounds hold to be only temporary. They are, with one or two exceptions, pledged to uniformity of suffrage, and therefore by a necessary consequence to a large redistribution of seats. Some of the most active members of the party, including Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, will use their utmost efforts to repeal the existing laws which to a certain extent provide for the representation of minorities. The same object will be more effectually attained by the suppression of small boroughs following the abolition of Conservative supremacy in the counties. It is not even necessary for the purposes of uniform suffrage and redistribution that the Liberal party should succeed at the general election, for many Conservatives have improvidently fallen into the habit of speaking of the concession of household county suffrage as a mere question of time. Those who believe that the change is likely to be made will feel but moderate interest in a provisional rearrangement of seats. There was a time before the first Reform Bill when still smaller legislative measures raised important political issues, and in one instance dislocated parties. The extension of the boundaries of East Retford, in preference to the transfer of the seat to a large manufacturing town, broke up the alliance between the Duke of WELLINGTON and the followers of CANNING. Some years before, Lord LIVERPOOL had, in the tone of a speaker who enunciated a commonplace, contended in the House of Lords that Leeds was happy and prosperous because it was exempt from the turmoil of periodical elections. A Minister in the present day is relieved from the necessity of maintaining unpopular paradoxes. He may even trust, though a Conservative, to the judgment of large constituencies, when he remembers the services rendered to his party by Southwark and by Liverpool.

The desire of towns and districts for separate representation is perhaps conventional; or rather it is mainly confined to small knots of active politicians, and to professional candidates for employment in various departments of agency. For purposes of legislation and public discussion it is proper to assume that the power of electing one or more members is a boon as well as a privilege. The party which commands a majority in the new constituency may also feel a certain satisfaction in the opportunity of promoting its doctrines. But the grant to a borough or a county of a third member may often be resented as an injury by the dominant party. The vote is likely to be secured by the local minority with the result of disturbing existing political arrangements. Mr. BRIGHT is in the habit of repeating the hypothetical complaint that if Birmingham failed to return, as at present, three Liberal members, a Conservative colleague would neutralize the vote of himself, or of his Liberal colleague. It may be conjectured, by the aid of recent experience, that at Liverpool the right of returning three members affects in the same manner the Conservative representation. The City of London with its four members enjoys the peculiar advantage of securing to a large majority three-fourths of the representation. On the whole, as a rule, the old system of giving two members to each constituency, large or small, is probably the best; but it is well to try other experiments to a limited extent. The representation of minorities has the disadvantage of not being secure. If democratic principles generally prevail, those who rely on the numerical strength of their partisans will not permanently tolerate any check to the popular will. It is not impossible that, in a general redistribution of seats, the triangular constituencies may be swept away.

THE ARMY.

COLONEL STANLEY must have been a happy man on Monday night. Of late years the Army Estimates have been too much like an unusually heavy goods train, which is shunted out of the way to make room for everything else, and may think itself lucky if it is able to go five miles on end without being pulled up. This year these same Estimates have been voted at express speed. A single sitting has seen the beginning and the end of them. It is early days to be finding fault with the too great rapidity with which public business is disposed of; but it is impossible not to feel that if the Estimates are despatched at this pace, they might almost as well have been taken as read. There was certainly no obstruction, but then there was no criticism either. The money was voted almost without a word. Ten millions is rather a large sum to be disposed of in this way; and if the result of the experience the House has had of obstruction during the last three Sessions is to silence every member who is competent to question the propriety of a particular outlay, the English pocket may yet suffer as much as the English temper has suffered in former years.

It is true that the Army Estimates for 1880–81 are unusually devoid of interest. Whatever curiosity is felt about military affairs centres upon the expected Report of Lord AIREY'S Committee. The whole system under which the army is at present organized is on its trial, and when this is known to be the case, it is difficult to pay much attention to items of expenditure that recur every year. The evidence taken by this Committee ought to set at rest the doubts which have of late been so abundant with respect to the fitness of a short-service system for the multifarious

requirements of the English army. Until the work of the Committee is done, the possibility that considerable changes may be proposed cannot be altogether put aside. The consequence is that no one cares very much about the comparatively trifling changes which are needed to bring the existing system into a state of decent efficiency. This is unfortunate, inasmuch as there is no security that the report of the Committee when presented will be, or indeed ought to be, made the basis of legislation; and if it is not, the army will go for at least another year with undoubted defects left unremedied, because next year it is possible that more problematical defects will be in course of being remedied. Considering how much there is in the army which needs no Committee to show that it is faulty, it would have been well if Colonel STANLEY's speech had told us more of those unobtrusive reforms which must always be in progress if a complicated system is to be kept in good working order. For example, Colonel STANLEY might profitably have repeated the assurance, given but never acted on, of his predecessor, that the English army should not be entirely composed of skeleton regiments. It is essential, no doubt, to a short-service system that a large proportion of regiments should, in time of peace, be skeletons. If every regiment were maintained at its full strength, the framework of the enlarged army which would be called into being as soon as war became imminent would be wanting. The Reserves would have no places to fall into, and no officers to command them. If the promise relating to the eighteen regiments first on the roster for foreign service had been kept as well as made, there would have been no cause for dissatisfaction. Taking this number as about equivalent to an army corps, the ordinary needs of English policy would be answered if it were maintained in a state of constant efficiency. The reason of the thing is even too obvious. If anything whatever could be said against it, the military authorities would be tempted to defend the regulation, and there might be a chance of their giving effect to it. As it is, there is no ground to suppose that we are better prepared, or even in the way to be better prepared, for meeting any sudden call upon our resources than we were when reinforcements were ordered to South Africa. Unless every military theory is at fault, soldiers, before taking the field, ought to know one another and to know their officers. Without this they are no better than a capable mob—capable, because they can be brought into order much more rapidly than if they were not soldiers to begin with—but a mob, inasmuch as they have not yet been brought into order. Yet this was precisely the condition in which we sent off troops for immediate and trying service in Zululand. The normal condition of the regiments that stood first on the roster was to be short of something like half their full strength; and as soon as the order to embark came, the gaps had to be filled up by volunteers from other battalions. The new men had never seen either the officers who were to lead them into action or the comrades by whose side they were to fight. They were necessarily destitute of regimental feeling or traditions, for if they won honours, it would be for a regiment to which they did not really belong. We say nothing as to the want of preparation which was disclosed at the same time. That may be gathered from the fact that sentimental newspapers went into ecstasies because we accomplished with tremendous toil in about three weeks what, if things had been in proper train, ought to have been accomplished easily in twenty-four hours. It was natural to look to Colonel STANLEY's speech for some assurance that this disgraceful state of things would never recur. Nothing of the kind, however, is to be found there, and as the SECRETARY of STATE must be at least as anxious as other people to prevent its recurrence, it must be presumed that he has no such assurance to give. At all events, it is better to have no assurances at all than assurances of the kind furnished by Sir GARNET WOLSELEY in his singularly ill-judged "report in answer to inquiries" as to the conduct of these very troops. It is to be hoped that the SECRETARY of STATE will not allow Dr. RUSSELL's charges to go unnoticed, unless there is something more to be said in disproof of them than has yet been alleged.

The recruits in 1879 were fewer than in 1878 by about two thousand four hundred, and those in 1877 by two thousand eight hundred. On the face of it this is not particularly satisfactory. It is true that the shortcoming is in part due to the raising of the standard and to the increased care shown in passing recruits. It may be hoped, therefore, that, if the quantity is somewhat less, the quality is somewhat better, and that the recruits we did get last year contained a larger percentage of men to boys, and of men physically qualified for hard work. Still the English army is not numerically strong enough to stand with impunity any constant diminution in the number of recruits. However great may have been the improvement in the men enlisted last year, there were fewer enlisted than were wanted. This is plain from the consoling tone in which Colonel STANLEY says that, although recruiting has slightly fallen off, "the only "fall below the establishment to any considerable extent "has been in the Royal Artillery." There only have we many men less than we need; everywhere else we have only a few less than we need. It is to be noted, also, that down to quite the end of the year the recruiting sergeant had a very slack demand for labour to compete with. This year he will find the market in a very different state, and there is some room for fear that, if the higher standard and greater care of which Colonel STANLEY speaks are maintained—and, beyond question, they ought to be maintained—the recruiting of the present year will show a still scantier supply of men. The most satisfactory point in Colonel STANLEY's speech was the diminution in the number of desertions. The percentage of deserters to recruits in 1879 was 15 as against 19 in 1878, and 17 in 1877. The provision in the Army Discipline Act which allows a recruit to claim his discharge within a specified period from his enlisting, is not yet well known; and Colonel STANLEY expects that, as it becomes known, the number of deserters will decrease. Under the old plan a certain proportion of recruits had always repented of what they had done by the time they joined their regiment, and to them the temptation to desert was naturally very strong. The beginning of a soldier's life is not likely to be attractive to men who have no longer even the initial wish to be a soldier. As regards recruits of this type the system was an ingenious combination of the faults of a conscription with those of voluntary enlistment. The State could not lay hands upon whom it would, and yet those upon whom it did lay hands were not always willing captives. The number of re-enlistments after desertion continues much the same, and is not likely to diminish so long as to bear a sign of belonging to the English army is considered a disgrace.

PUBLICANS AND POLITICS.

THE licensed victuallers have special organs of their own, in which their claims are urged, their rights defended, and their special views expounded. A close organization supplies the means of enforcing a concurrence of action throughout England, and those who guide this Association have at least the merit of knowing exactly what they want, and of saying what they mean. These organs naturally regard the Southwark election as a great triumph for the interests they represent. But they are peculiarly anxious to have it understood that to publicans it is a matter of complete indifference that the triumph of beer was also a triumph of Conservatism. The licensed victuallers are not so much apart from as above party. To them it is perfectly immaterial what a candidate thinks about Russia, or Home Rule, or the county franchise. He may attack or defend budgets, wars, or treaties. The one question is whether he is or is not sound about beer. If he is sound on that cardinal point, he is to be zealously supported against an unsound or wavering candidate. The publicans are perfectly fair, and would place the great beer interest at the disposal of the fiercest Radical who would pledge himself that the flow of genuine liquor should be unimpeded, against the staunchest Conservative who ventured to hint that a check might not improperly be imposed on the mighty volume of the river of beer. But a Conservative candidate has at starting the great advantage of coming better recommended, for he belongs to a party that is believed to be generally sound, while a Liberal belongs to a party that is believed to be generally unsound. Even if a Liberal expresses a hearty and sincere detestation of local option, Sunday closing, abridged hours, and other abominations, he is eyed with suspicion, and hesitating publicans ask what is this striped and streaked animal that is coming over in this curious way from the fold of the black sheep into the fold of the

white. A Liberal candidate may overcome distrust, but he has distrust to overcome. He himself may be pronounced harmless; but then, he wants to get into Parliament in order to support and work with persons who are decidedly dangerous. The publicans, therefore, will keep him out of Parliament if they can, and in many constituencies they can and will keep him out. There are indeed influences against which the publicans cannot contend. A Liberal candidate may be personally very popular, like the Liberal member for Oxford, or have overpowering family claims like the Liberal member for Calne, or be supported by a perfected political machinery like the Liberal members for Birmingham. Or there may be some issue presented to the constituencies in which the electors take a deep interest. When they had got the Irish Church in their heads, the electors had no room for thoughts of beer. But in quiet times, and when in point of personal pretensions and qualifications there is little to choose between candidates, the publicans have a very great influence. It is quite possible that the next election may be fought in a very quiet time. The fever of discussion which attacks on the foreign policy of the Ministry furnished has died away, and the addresses of candidates will chiefly refer to subjects on which it is felt that there is much to be said on both sides. The publicans will find that calm and peace in the electoral mind which possesses a favourable field for the winning arguments of beer. The publicans have the great advantage that those whom they wish to canvass come to them. They have not to look up reluctant householders or intrude unwelcome dissertations. It is the voters who come gaily and gladly to the publicans, and in an easy and animated chat the publican instils into the mind of a sociable customer the arguments that experience has shown to be the most convincing. He does not dwell much on the constitutional danger and difficulty of confiding to a parish what ought to be the task of Parliament. Such a topic is rather too lofty and fatiguing for the uninstructed mind in its moments of social ease. Nor does he say much as to the iniquity of despoiling his own injured class, for he knows that even the customers of publicans think more of their own sorrows than of his. But he insists, and he seldom insists in vain, on the unfairness of denying to the poor what the rich take care to retain for themselves. The rich are to have every variety of delicate liquor day and night at their command. The poor alone are to be deprived of the humble fluid in which their soul rejoices. It is so un-English to "rob a poor man of his beer." Inspirited, charmed, and instructed, the voter goes away and determines that there shall be one more true Englishman at the poll, and one more champion of the poor.

Without having come under the spell of the fascinating publican, impartial persons may acknowledge that it is a very bad precedent for Parliament to delegate its functions to a parish, and that it is the fanaticism of philanthropy to try to cure the vices of the poor by denying them a pleasure which the rich retain unimpaired. But a Liberal candidate has to think how he is to get into Parliament, and when he finds the publicans lost to him, or, as is generally the case, knows beforehand that they are lost to him, he seeks his new world to redress the balance of the old. Local option is the new world which he usually calls in. And if he can satisfy his conscience on the constitutional question, he may say to himself, with very great plausibility, that local option is much misunderstood and is not liable to the reproach that it would rob publicans or deprive a poor man of his beer. If England is taken as a whole, the result of local option would probably be that the publican would gain more than he would lose, and the poor man would gain too, if to have more beer offered him is a gain. It is admitted on all hands that Parliament would never pass a Bill giving the power of local option except with a provision requiring publicans thrown out of business to be adequately compensated. Local option might possibly prevent some new public-houses being opened, but in doing this it would only secure the fortunes of existing public-houses. If the parish that was exercising its local option chose to shut up existing public-houses it would have to pay compensation. The essence of local option is that the body exercising it should have the powers and responsibilities of Parliament in regard to beer. If it exercises its powers it comes under its responsibilities. The rates must be charged for a term of years with a sum by means of which the amount borrowed to compensate the publicans may be paid off. It would not be easy to get ratepayers to undertake the burden. To buy out all the publicans would ruin the ratepayers, and if a few only were bought out, the value of the houses remaining untouched would rise, and so compensation would become gradually more and more onerous. There is, too, another consideration which would weigh with ratepayers. The parish that is to be entrusted with local option will decide not only how few public-houses there are to be, but how many. Some sort of body elected from time to time is, we suppose, to decide how many or how few public-houses are wanted. A body elected at one time might overrule a body elected at another time. The new-comers might think that there were not enough public-houses for the reasonable accommodation of the inhabitants. New houses would be licensed, and those who were paying extra rates for the suppression of some houses, would see others opened, and could scarcely help feeling that they were paying their money for nothing. The burden of the rates would be permanent or at least would continue for a long time, while there might be rapid fluctuations on the great question of beer in the minds of the electors. But there would be this inequality among the holders of different opinions, that those who were in favour of beer could undo the work of their predecessors without adding to the rates, while those who were against beer could only regain the position they had lost by throwing new burdens on the ratepayers. It may further be remarked that the principle of local option, if once adopted, goes a very long way. There is such a thing as the tyranny of philanthropy. Cases where such a tyranny is exercised must necessarily be rare, but they are not imaginary. There is in the United Kingdom a town of eight thousand inhabitants where the landowner, who happens to own every foot of the soil, has announced his intention of shutting up every public-house. There is nothing in the law as it now is to stop this vexatious proceeding. But if the town affected had local option with Parliamentary powers, it would decide how many public-houses it needed, and would justly claim the Parliamentary right of expropriation. The landowner would be compelled to sell sites for a fit number of public-houses just as he would be compelled to sell land for a railway or a canal, and local option would have not the un-English effect of robbing a poor man of his beer, but the very English effect of restoring to the poor man the beer of which he had been robbed.

Local option is generally understood to refer only to licensing, and if it refers only to licensing, it may be reasonably contended that, however objectionable on constitutional grounds, it is not calculated to injure the publicans or to stint the poor. The publicans naturally object to it, because they do not want to have themselves and their doings made the subject of everlasting discussion, and because, although they might not be injured by it, they would have to take a large amount of trouble to ensure not being injured by it. But if local option is to go beyond licensing, and to extend to determining the hours of closing, then, no doubt, the publicans might possibly be injured and the poor stinted. It is especially the question of Sunday closing that would be fought out in the various spheres of local option. Public-houses are now closed on Sundays in Scotland and Ireland, and there is a very strong movement headed by an Archbishop for closing public-houses on Sundays in England. No compensation is given to the owners or lessees of public-houses for Sunday closing, and thus the ratepayers would have no pecuniary reasons for not closing the houses on Sundays. Public-houses are closed on Sundays in Scotland and Ireland because the Scotch and Irish wish them to be closed. In England the general feeling is that they should be open, not for the sake of the publicans, many of whom would not at all object to Sunday closing, but for the sake of the poor. But there can be no doubt that if every English parish had to decide whether public-houses were to be kept open on Sunday or not, there are many parishes in which public-houses would be closed. We are unable to see any reason in principle why, if local option is to be allowed, the parishes should not settle for themselves the question of closing or keeping open public-houses on Sunday just as they would settle every other question about beer. We have [illegible]

Sabbath observance in every English parish would be a great calamity; and, if local option is to extend so far, there is a new and grave objection to it added to the numerous objections to which on constitutional grounds it is exposed.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY.

FOR some time past the chances have been in favour of the nomination of General GRANT as Republican candidate for the Presidency of the United States. The State Conventions of Pennsylvania, New York, and Illinois have instructed their delegates to support him at Chicago; and Mr. CONKLING defeated a proposal that the New York Delegates should be instructed to vote for Mr. BLAINE as a second choice. General GRANT's Republican competitors are exposed to the common disadvantage of equal mediocrity. Except to those who may be familiar with the details of party politics, there seems to be no reason for preferring Mr. BLAINE to Mr. SHERMAN, or either of them to Mr. CONKLING. They are all active politicians; they have all ability and a certain influence; and they all probably concur in their dislike to any organic change in the existing mode of distributing patronage. The revenue officers throughout the United States are at the present time actively supporting Mr. SHERMAN, as a recognized official duty to be discharged at their peril. A prohibition of the practice by the actual President has never been regarded as operative. If Mr. SHERMAN or Mr. BLAINE becomes President, he will, like Mr. HAYES, excite no personal enthusiasm, and he will probably discharge the duties of the office without discredit. Mr. SHERMAN, though his financial orthodoxy is not unsuspected, has on the whole been fortunate in his administration of the Treasury. During his term of office a large portion of the debt has been paid off and re-borrowed at a lower rate of interest, and the paper currency has risen to par. He has sometimes been too sanguine in attributing to himself the merit or luck of having resumed specie payments, for greenbacks are still a legal tender; and if circumstances caused their depreciation, gold would again disappear from circulation. To Mr. SHERMAN's credit he has endeavoured, not without effect, to counteract the unwise legislation which rewarded the exertions of those who were interested in the production of silver. The Treasury or the Mint has contrived so far to restrict the coinage of silver that it has not to any considerable extent superseded gold and greenbacks. Mr. CONKLING and Mr. BLAINE are supposed to hold the same opinions on currency with Mr. SHERMAN, and all the aspirants support the protective policy which is approved by nearly the whole Republican party. If the tenure of power by the Republicans were secure, the managers of the State Conventions would probably indulge their special predilections in the choice of the delegation to Chicago; but they will agree in thinking that it is more necessary to defeat the common enemy than to secure the nomination to their favourite candidates.

The Democrats, though they have not abandoned the hope of retrieving the miscarriage of 1876, have not yet agreed on a nominee. It has often been asserted that Mr. TILDEN was no longer a possible candidate; but he has not yet been confronted with any formidable rival. The secession at the New York State election of Mr. KELLY and the Tammany Hall faction was supposed, as it enabled the Republicans to elect a Governor, to have inflicted a heavy blow on Mr. TILDEN; but he is believed to have since patched up the feud with KELLY; and it is in any case improbable that the majority of voters in the State will allow the Republicans a second time to profit by the internal dissensions of the Democrats. As Mr. TILDEN's election was on the last occasion only avoided by gross fraud, he may perhaps be thought by his party to have a legitimate claim to the succession. His merits, which seem to consist mainly in adroit manipulation of elections, were sufficient to command the unanimous support of the Democrats in 1876. He probably never lost a vote in consequence of the outrageous charges of fraud which were preferred against him by Republican journalists during the contest. It is understood that personal calumnies form a recognized branch of American polemics; and if Mr. TILDEN had been guilty, he would probably have been acquitted on the assumption that the imputations on his character were conventional methods of controversy. The State elections of the last autumn indicated a decline of Democratic power; but it is uncertain whether the majority has within four years been reversed. If the calculations of Democratic politicians may be trusted, the Southern States, with the aid of New York, will be strong enough to carry the election. The defection of a single Southern State, or a division of the New York vote, would give the victory to the Republicans, who, as might be expected, dispute the soundness of the Democratic estimate. The trial of strength will not be deranged by the interference of any third or independent organization. The Labour party and the Greenback party have either been dissolved, or have satisfied themselves that they are powerless.

The approximately equal balance of numbers between the two great parties furnishes a strong reason for proposing General GRANT as the Republican candidate. No other Republican would have so fair a chance of detaching a portion of the Democratic body, including perhaps one or two Southern States, from the adverse party. The innovation of a second re-election is not unlikely to strike the fancy of a community which has seldom the opportunity of emerging from commonplace routine. There may be a certain excitement in doing what might have been done at any time, and was never done before. If an exception to uniform practice is to be made, the candidate who is to profit by the disregard of precedent ought to be conspicuous and popular. General GRANT is incomparably better known both to his own countrymen and to foreigners than any other living American, perhaps than any American since WASHINGTON. If he has succeeded but moderately as a President, he has led vast armies to victory; and since the close of his military career he has given himself an unusually complete political education. His natural shrewdness will probably have enabled him to derive instruction from his former mistakes. When he was first elected he was new to party conflicts, and he found himself surrounded and controlled by veteran politicians. After a brief struggle for independence, he succumbed to the party managers, on condition of dividing with them the patronage of the Republic. He cannot but be aware that the corruption which he tolerated during his second term of office was injurious to his own reputation and to that of his party. If he is once more elected, he will be at least equal in experience to any member of his Cabinet or of the Senate, and he will derive strength from an extraordinary proof of popular confidence. It will be no small advantage to an incoming President to have been wholly unconnected with recent party controversies.

From the time when General GRANT's name was proposed for a second re-election there was no serious doubt of his willingness to accept the offer. A voluntary candidature would have been equally impolitic and undignified, and it was judicious in the first instance to display a certain coyness and hesitation; but there was no good reason for declining the highest honour which could be paid to an American citizen, or for renouncing the only suitable object of ambition to which an ex-President can aspire. It was reasonable to assume that General GRANT's friends knew his mind better than strangers, if not better than himself. An active man in middle life, who has already held great positions, is not likely to prefer permanent rest to high employment. It is true that most of his predecessors have subsided into obscurity, scarcely disturbed in the case of one or two of their number by ill-judged re-entrance into public life as members of the Senate or of the House of Representatives. General GRANT is, happily for himself, debarred from seeking distinction as an orator or debater. Former ex-Presidents have seldom possessed either remarkable abilities or claims to distinction on the ground of their public services. Mr. LINCOLN, who formed an exception to the rule of personal insignificance, was himself elected in preference to Mr. SEWARD and other leaders of the party because he was at the time little known. If General GRANT had from the expiration of his second term desired re-election, he could not have promoted his candidature more judiciously than by the course which he has actually followed. The almost royal honours with which he has been received in Europe and in the East gratified the patriotic self-complacency of Americans, while his absence removed him from domestic collisions and jealousies.

It is hardly possible that he can have made a leisurely journey round the world without adding largely to the political knowledge in which he may during his earlier career have been deficient. He has now been personally acquainted with every living statesman; and he has had opportunities of watching the tendencies of the most various political institutions. Even in China and Japan he has, either as a compliment to himself and to his country, or in the hope of some advantage, been consulted on questions of war and peace. To be in sight and out of reach is the most advantageous position for an aspirant to the Presidency. The conjecture that his long travels were not unconnected with legitimate projects of ambition is strengthened by his visit to Cuba and Mexico at the moment when his friends were preparing his nomination. On his way to Havannah he judiciously advertised himself by attending a series of elaborate festivities given in his honour on the eve of the meeting of the Republican State Convention. It is less surprising that he meets with powerful support than that he is not accepted by acclamation as the nominee of the party. If the Democrats prove themselves to be formidable opponents, the Republicans will probably rally round the most eminent candidate who can be found on either side.

THE FRENCH EDUCATION BILL.

THE French Government are either very confident of the success of their Education Bill in the Senate, or very distrustful of their own ability to defend it. The general discussion, which answers to the English debate on the second reading, ran its course and came to an end without a single Minister taking part in it. If the opponents of the Bill had been exclusively taken from the Right, M. FERRY might perhaps have pleaded that between him and them there is no common ground, and that to debate first principles would have been to waste the time of the Senate. But after M. JULES SIMON had spoken this excuse ceased to be of any avail. So long as he was in the Tribune the question was argued upon principles which, in name at least, are M. FERRY's own. The Right, said M. SIMON, dislike this Bill because it is opposed to their religious beliefs; I dislike it because it is opposed to my Republican beliefs. This, at least, was a position which M. FERRY might have been expected not to leave unattacked. M. JULES SIMON is not a Republican of yesterday. He has a right to speak with authority upon what constitutes Republican ideas. To treat his speech as unworthy of a reply was to allow a really grave accusation to go unanswered to the country. When the Right tell M. FERRY that he is not a consistent Republican he may say that they are not good judges. He cannot say this when it is M. JULES SIMON who brings the charge. Undoubtedly M. FERRY would have found it extremely hard to answer M. SIMON. His Education Bill is all that M. SIMON accuses it of being. Indeed, some of its defenders hardly took the trouble to deny this. There was an evident disposition on the Ministerial side to admit that its provisions could not be reconciled with the doctrine of liberty of education as ordinarily understood. It seemed safer to argue that liberty of education was only a secondary and subordinate liberty, to be conceded and enjoyed when it does not conflict with more important liberties. Still, this doctrine is as yet sufficiently novel to stand in some need of Ministerial support, and of Ministerial support it got none. Whether the Government think the theory so self-evident that it may be left to make its own way, or so questionable that it would be imprudent to adopt it, must for the present remain unknown.

M. JULES SIMON wisely laid no stress upon his accidental agreement with the Right. He appealed to the Senate in the character of an impenitent Liberal. The cause of which he has made himself the champion is the freedom of the parent to choose a teacher for his child. The State may do what it pleases about education, provided that it does not contradict this fundamental law. It may provide education for those who like to avail themselves of it. It may refuse to affix its stamp to any educational result with which it is not satisfied. It may do what it can to raise the standard of education in schools which are not under its control. But it has no business to prescribe to a parent that he shall send his child to this school rather than to that. It is for him to decide what manner of person he wishes his child to be, and to take such measures as seem good to him to give effect to his desire. The choice of a teacher is the first and principal of these measures. When the parent delegates to another the duty of teaching his child, he puts into his hands the formation of the child's character. The child learns something from his teachers over and above the particular knowledge which they communicate. There is a moral as well as an intellectual process going on in every class-room. In so far as a parent is forced to commit his child to a moral training in which he has no confidence, the liberty of deciding what manner of person he wishes his child to be is denied him, and M. FERRY's Education Bill does all it can to subject parents to this compulsion. By the Seventh Clause it directly narrows the field of a parent's choice; by other clauses it does so indirectly. The object of the Bill is to subject the free Universities which have grown up since 1875 to a variety of disabilities. They are to be forbidden to call themselves Universities, or even Faculties. Their students must be matriculated at the State University, and examined by its professors. It is not denied by the advocates of the Bill that these regulations are meant to be destructive. They predict that under the weight of them the free Universities will dwindle and die out. First of all, a great number of parents will be tempted to withdraw their children in the belief that they will get on better in their future careers if they go to the State University; and, next, the loss of so many students will render it impossible to keep the free Universities open for the few who will continue to send their sons there. The supporters of the Bill are at all events outspoken. They do not profess to think that the free Universities will prosper under the new legislation. Though the Bill is professedly intended to promote liberty of teaching, its authors avow that this liberty is to be strictly confined to such teaching as they themselves approve.

M. SIMON does not rest his opposition to the Bill entirely on abstract principles. He contends that it will do harm to education and harm to the Republic. The State University itself will be a loser by the monopoly which it is proposed to confer upon it. It has greatly profited by the rivalry to which it has been lately exposed. New Lycées have been opened, new professorships have been founded, and a variety of new facilities have been provided for education of the kind which the authors of the Bill desire to foster. It is improbable that either the Government would have proposed or the Chamber consented to spend money in this way had it not been for the stimulus supplied by competition. The State has not liked to see its University outdone in any way by the free Universities. The higher education has thus been protected against a danger which, if the State University stood alone, might easily become serious. To a country so burdened as France, economy in the expenditure of the taxes is a consideration of immense importance, and nowhere could a saving be more easily effected than in the vote for the University. So long as the free Universities exist there is not the slightest risk of this being attempted, because every saving that is effected in the State University is tantamount to a grant in aid of the free Universities. Take away the free Universities, and there will be nothing to prevent the Government or the Chambers from economizing in this convenient field. When there is no education to be had except in the State Colleges, the quality of the education given in them will become a matter of secondary moment. It will no longer be maintained, as it is now, by the knowledge that, if it is suffered to fall below the level of that given in the free Universities, the State Colleges will by degrees be deserted. The danger of being starved by the Government is not the only danger against which the free Universities serve to protect the State University. There is the further risk of a decline in the intrinsic qualities of the education given. The free Universities are so many additional chances in favour of educational progress. If a professor in a free University discovers a new truth or invents a new method, he cannot keep it to himself. It inevitably becomes the property of the State University as well as of the free Universities. Each is anxious to outstrip the other; but each, whether it will or not, is compelled to draw the other after it.

We shall not be doing the authors of this Bill much injustice if we assume that they will view a merely educational loss with considerable indifference. Provided that they can prevent Catholic parents from sending their children to Catholic Colleges, they will not much care

whether the education given in the State Colleges is better or worse than what used to be given in them. Even with men of this way of thinking, however, M. SIMON'S concluding argument ought to have some weight. If the Republic is to endure in France, it must reassure the consciences of those by whose consent it has to live. If the Republic presents itself to those who are prejudiced against it as a prison, in which all liberty of action is forbidden except to the friends of the gaolers, it will make no progress in the country. If it is to attract fresh inmates, it must show them that the life they will live under its roof will be the life they themselves enjoy. The first thought of a Republican should be to make the Republic loveable. If M. FERRY gains his end, it will be hated by every Catholic in France.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE NONCONFORMISTS.

IT is said that an anxious clergyman has just applied to Lord HARTINGTON to know whether it is possible for the leaders of the Liberal party to give any support to disestablishment in England. Lord HARTINGTON'S reply as reported was characterized by the caution which only on rare occasions fails him. He was not, he said, himself a member of the Liberation Society, nor was he aware in what way the leaders of the Liberal party had given any countenance to the agitation for disestablishment. We do not know whether the disturbed soul of his correspondent was comforted by this somewhat meagre reply. He might possibly have rejoined that disestablishment accomplished in Ireland, and disestablishment in Scotland avowedly "postponed but not forgotten" (as the Duchess of DEVONSHIRE used to say when she was pestered for invitations), had at least given some countenance to the idea that disestablishment in England and the Liberal leaders were not ideas wholly impossible to be conjoined. But he might also have called Lord HARTINGTON'S attention to some singular remarks of Mr. GLADSTONE'S at an electioneering meeting in Marylebone last week. Mr. GLADSTONE, indeed, is not formally a "leader "of the Liberal party" just at this moment; but most people know well enough that, whether he be nominally or not a leader while the party is in a minority, it is to Mr. GLADSTONE that we must look for the probable lines of Liberal policy should the present Opposition succeed in changing places with the present Ministry. Even putting this out of the question, however, the words to which we have alluded were curious enough, and well enough deserving of a little attention.

It was natural that, speaking in support of the candidature of Sir THOMAS CHAMBERS and Mr. GRANT, Mr. GLADSTONE should deprecate schisms in the Liberal party. But he did more than this. "He pointed to "the Nonconformist section of the Liberal party as "an example to be followed. . . . It was the largest "of all the sections of the party, and its peculiar and "distinctive feature was disestablishment. This had "been erected not merely into a political idea, but into a "religious conviction. But the Nonconformists pursued "it with moderation. They placed their own policy and "beloved conviction in the shade in order not to interfere "with the success of the cause in which they believe their "idea is included and absorbed." And later, so entranced is Mr. GLADSTONE apparently by the spectacle of Nonconformist excellence, he went out of his way to remark that it was mainly by the Nonconformist Liberals that the Government had been deterred from supporting Turkey by force of arms. In these phrases, and in yet another, that "all the different convictions dear to members of the "party were entitled to the most careful and respectful "consideration," there is more than one point which in its turn deserves consideration, careful, if not respectful. For nothing could show better than these last words the inherent vice of that conception of politics and government which has succeeded to the old Whig idea in that portion of the Liberal party which Mr. GLADSTONE represents. Such a party as he describes is, by the law of its being, whenever it comes into power, bound not to consult the good of the nation, but the convictions of its motley array of supporters. While these convictions, adjusted as best they may be, are in turn carefully and respectfully considered, it is not difficult to see that the country must go to the wall. But for the present the particular words which Mr. GLADSTONE devoted to a particular conviction are those which deserve most study. They are not, it is to be noticed, a mere compliment to the Nonconformists, such as those with which Mr. GLADSTONE has often, and elsewhere in this very speech, rewarded the fulsome adulation which the Nonconformists are wont to bestow upon himself. It does no harm, except perhaps to the speaker, to represent the Nonconformists or any other body as the chief, if not the sole, depositaries of virtue, wisdom, and common sense, the salt of the English nation, and so forth. Flattery, unlike five-pound notes, has not yet been forbidden by any statute as a political instrument, and the flatterer and the flattered must be left to settle the use and value of it between them. But the terms of the present tribute to Nonconformist excellence amount to something more than mere flattery. The Nonconformists are, Mr. GLADSTONE tells them, actually the largest section of the Liberal party—a remarkable admission in itself. This largest section of the party, moreover, not merely holds a particular conviction with religious as well as political fervour, but believes that this conviction is "included and absorbed" in the Liberal cause. Thus the Nonconformist ideal is placed on quite a different footing from most of the other ideals which their friends call convictions and their enemies crazes. Very few of these would be allowed even by their warmest partisans to be included and absorbed in the Liberal cause or creed—whatever that may be. The Liberal teetotaller is a Liberal and a teetotaller, not a teetotaller *quâ* Liberal. But the largest section of the Liberal party, by the confession of one who for seven years at least was the undisputed leader of that party, holds that the Liberal creed necessarily includes disestablishment, that disestablishment is an unavoidable product and corollary of Liberalism. After which we are told that all the convictions of the Liberal sects deserve careful and respectful consideration. Most careful surely and most respectful, when the time comes, must be the consideration accorded to this belief of the largest sect of all—a belief which is held, not as a piece of will-worship, but as one of the cardinal doctrines of the faith.

Mr. GLADSTONE has on more than one occasion shown considerable anxiety to shield himself from the charge of inconsistency by going back upon his own words and indicating the precise point at which his infant convictions chipped their shell. It is not at all improbable that the passage upon which we are commenting may have some day to do duty in this respect. When, as is very probable, it becomes clear to Mr. GLADSTONE that his last attempt to stir up a kind of moral jehad against the Government is useless, he will have to look out for some new and more exciting method of calling together his partisans. There is one such method of which it can be said with the utmost truth *probatum est*. If you have a party, and the largest section of that party holds that a certain proceeding is inextricably bound up with the party creed, what more obvious way of encouraging it than to think—as quickly as possible—once, twice, and thrice about it, and then to proclaim it at once as the immediate object of contention? Then Mr. GLADSTONE will have in the words we have quoted a convenient reference. He will be able to point out that, in a phrase of his own, the basis of his convictions first began to "quiver" when he realized how the virtuous Nonconformists held disestablishment to be necessarily the Liberal policy, how they were the backbone of the party, how they had long possessed their souls in patience, and deserved the reward of that careful consideration which is so readily turned into reckless action. It is easy for a politician to fall into the mood of PYM—who, by the way, is always said to have been a steady Churchman himself—and to decide that "it will not do to discourage friends." Indeed a person given to logical consideration of his own position might reasonably feel uncomfortable in such a position as Mr. GLADSTONE describes. He belongs to a party the largest section of which holds that disestablishment is not only desirable in itself, but is actually part of the Liberal cause. Now it is not possible for any man to say that disestablishment is a question of small moment. Its effect upon the whole social, economical, and political fabric, putting religious questions entirely aside, must for weal or for woe be vaster than that of any single legislative act ever accomplished in this country. The largest section of his followers, says Mr. GLADSTONE, thinks that a Liberal *quâ* Liberal is bound to wish for the change. Either, then, his conception of Liberalism is something essentially different from theirs, and they cannot honestly be said to belong to the same party at all, or he is bound to take their views into respectful consideration. No sensible person willingly

attempts political prophecy; and prophecy as to the probable conduct of the Liberal party, as at present constituted and led, would be peculiarly rash. Its leaders—at least its titular leaders—are so frankly opportunist, and at the same time so amiably susceptible to pressure, that this is a matter which may safely defy prediction. Other sections may be even more threatening in their demands for respectful consideration than the Nonconformists; the number of these latter may have been miscalculated by Mr. GLADSTONE's natural partiality to his warmest admirers; it may even be a mistake to suppose that, save among a noisy minority, disestablishment is so dear to the Nonconformists themselves as Mr. GLADSTONE believes. The phrase of yesterday, however, will remain useful. It can be subjected to the familiar process of development which Mr. GLADSTONE's mind is, of all minds, the best calculated to perform in a shorter or longer time as circumstances demand. It can be treated as a mere *ballon d'essai* to see how the political winds blow, or (though, as we have seen, with doubtful legitimacy) as a complimentary illustration and nothing more. But meanwhile it is worth noting, and will very probably be heard of again.

THE GAME-LAWS.

NO one in the House of Commons, perhaps, was quite as wise as might have been wished on Tuesday night. Prudence is not expected from Mr. PETER TAYLOR, but there is no obvious reason why Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, who has shot at game whenever he has found any to shoot at for five-and-thirty years, should be so anxious to deprive himself in age of the pleasure which he enjoyed in youth. Mr. TAYLOR showed his customary enthusiasm in speaking of poachers. To him this interesting class is still invested with the romance which attached to it in the novels which beguiled his boyish leisure. The human being who hunts somebody else's rabbits is in his eyes the direct descendant of those noble outlaws whose time was equally divided between sport and the redress of baronial wrong-doing. He has never noticed that poaching has gradually come to wear the commercial character which is natural to it in a commercial country. The poacher's ultimate object is the price which the poulterer is impartially willing to pay either to him or to the lawful slayer of the game sold. Sir WALTER BARTTELOT was equally in extremes when he treated the charges brought against the Game-laws and their administration as all alike worthless. It is quite true that we do not require the abolition of the Game-laws in order to get rid of the evils connected with them. This would have been an excellent plea on behalf of an amendment purporting to get rid of the evil in question without abolishing the Game-laws. But it is not equally appropriate when urged on behalf of an amendment "that it is not now expedient to deal with "the question of the Game-laws." Probably Sir WALTER BARTTELOT thought that he had saved his consistency by the introduction of the word "now." But, if a time of unexampled agricultural depression is not appropriate to a rational reform of the Game-laws, it is difficult to conceive when the really convenient season will come. Lord PERCY was no less unfortunate when he defended the Game-laws on the ground that, without them, the gentry who now direct the local affairs of their districts would become absentees. There may be a shadow of truth in the suggestion; but it is not one that can be judiciously put forward on the Conservative side. If the unequalled position of an English country gentleman has no charms for those who enjoy it except the power of shooting hares and pheasants that it carries with it, Radicals will be tempted to say that the importance of the gentry to the neighbourhood by which they set so little store has been overrated.

Mr. READ and Mr. PELL did not, it is needless to say, fall into the blunders of Sir WALTER BARTTELOT and Lord PERCY. They made exceedingly sensible speeches, but they did not show themselves equal to the task of framing an amendment. Mr. READ wishes every farmer to have the privilege of killing hares and rabbits which prey upon his farm, and he believes that it is upon hares and rabbits that almost the whole of the agricultural grievance centres. Mr. PELL says more vaguely that hares and rabbits ought to be kept in their places—a concession which still leaves it uncertain what their places are, and who is to have the right of assigning them. He looks back with fond recollection to a Bill which he himself once introduced, and has hardly yet forgiven the Scotch member who snuffed it out. But neither Mr. READ nor Mr. PELL cared to give the House of Commons the opportunity of adopting, even in the innocent form of an abstract resolution, these moderate and sensible views. Either their fidelity to their party is stronger than their fidelity to their constituents, or they have convinced themselves that in the present Parliament the question cannot be raised to any useful purpose. A somewhat wider view of Conservative interests might have shown them that the subject has now become one of too much interest to farmers to make it safe to put it aside. A good many county votes will probably be given or withheld at the general election according as the elector thinks the candidate likely or unlikely to vote for a reform of the Game-laws. This same reasoning applies with even greater force to the Government. When Sir MATTHEW RIDLEY rose avowedly to state on the part of the Government how they regarded the motion and the amendment, it was to be expected that he would either declare the Game-laws to be perfect, or indicate the direction in which they require amendment. He did neither. The Government, he said, preferred to meet the motion with a direct negative. They could not admit that the Game-laws ought to be abolished, and they did not want to say that it is not now expedient to deal with them. In that case, why did not Sir MATTHEW RIDLEY either bring forward an amendment of his own, embodying the changes of which he thinks the Game-laws are susceptible, or else move the previous question, and state in doing so what the Government proposed ultimately to suggest, and why they did not now suggest it? It is impossible to divine from Sir MATTHEW RIDLEY's speech whether, on the question of the Game-laws, the Government are moderately Conservative or moderately Radical. The only thing that is clear is that they do not go to extremes on one side or the other. If they are sincerely anxious not to see the Game-laws rudely handled, they would do well to take them in hand. Whenever the Liberals come into power, they will almost certainly be dealt with; and though no Government is likely to go the length of Mr. PETER TAYLOR, it is quite possible that a Liberal Government might not content itself with legislating about hares and rabbits. That they did not support Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's amendment was reasonable enough. The House of Commons ought not to be committed to immediate legislation on any subject by the accidental success of a rather lame joke.

It is the more extraordinary that the Government should have said nothing about the excessive preservation of ground game, because a passage condemning this practice was introduced into the report of the Committee of 1873 at the instance of a former Conservative Minister. At the suggestion of Mr. WARD HUNT, the Committee declared that that they could not "too strongly repro-"bate the practice of some landlords and their shooting "tenants of keeping up a large stock of hares and rabbits "on cultivated lands to the injury of the crops of the "farming tenants." In the same Committee a proposal to take rabbits out of the Game-laws was carried by eleven votes to seven, while one to treat hares in the same fashion was only rejected by ten votes against eight. It can hardly be maintained that the practice in question has decreased during the seven years which have elapsed since this Report was presented, and the damage done to farmers by its continuance is not likely to be less felt in bad times than it was in good. A practice which has been "reprobated" by a Select Committee of the House of Commons, at the instance of so staunch a Conservative as Mr. WARD HUNT, may fairly be made a subject of legislation when the warning has remained ineffectual for seven years.

The fact that hares and, still more, rabbits are an important element in the national food supply is not one to be forgotten. The Select Committee which reported in 1873 were told that the number of ground game annually produced was thirty millions; and, though Mr. MUNTZ objects to this fact being treated as of any moment, because eight rabbits consume the keep of one sheep, there is an occasional advantage in having something for dinner which is not butcher's meat. If the contents of the national larder were judged upon the principle of excluding everything which was more costly than

mutton, hares and rabbits might not be the only food the production of which would be forbidden for the future. But one of the arguments most constantly used in defence of the Game-laws is calculated incidentally to reassure us upon this point. "If the game," said Sir WALTER BARTTELOT, "were given up to the tenant, he would prove "to be the best gamekeeper"; and we do not see why, if hares and rabbits were given up to the tenant, he would not prove to be at least as active a purveyor of food for the community as the landlord is now.

STRONG LANGUAGE.

IT might seem to require a lifetime to estimate strength of language at its true value. Those who have a past to look back upon are increasingly struck by the recoil of telling utterances—forcible words that once went for so much to themselves—upon the authors of them. The time too often comes when the strongest words, put together with the most deliberate intention by men who knew the meaning of what they said and believed themselves to be saying what they meant, instead of being testimonies to sustained force of conviction, are the most awkward of all witnesses to inconsistency and change, to the power of circumstances and the subtle hidden temptations of self-interest. The speakers perhaps thought that, because the expression was vehement and committed them to a course, they were expressing their whole selves; but we see now that it was only part of them that spoke. Something which is more intimately the man's nature and self has acted in the long run in direct opposition to his most emphatic, sharply-defined, memorable sayings of a past date. This perhaps sounds a mere commonplace. It has been said often enough before now that humanity is weak and unstable, and that people must express themselves according to their nature, and be vehement if that nature is impulsive. But the question is whether the recoil we speak of is mainly due to such inherent weakness and inconstancy; whether some want of simplicity of intention, at the time equally unsuspected by speaker and hearer, the sort of duplicity that haunts rhetorical display, has not more to do with it. It is a great thing for a mind solely absorbed in its subject by the mere force of conviction to condense its meaning into memorable sounding words. The belief must have a strong grasp to dictate such expressions, apart from any solicitude to dress it in felicitous terms; and words thus spoken will stand the wear and tear of life. But in most epigrammatic sayings, political, religious, or personal, sayings that live in men's memories as characteristic of the speaker, there is something which betrays to a matured experience a double action at the moment of utterance, a solicitude to set off the speaker's self to advantage, a care that shared the mind's attention with the subject itself, and led to conscious sacrifice of truth to effect. There are signs of deliberate exaggeration in order to cut a figure, and to illustrate, together with the matter in hand, the wit, readiness, vehemence, and passion on which the speaker was in the habit of valuing himself—all at the cost of absolute sincerity. It is difficult to say what a mind in this mood will not commit itself to in order to condense a judgment into a nutshell, and reduce it to a size and portableness that any memory can carry. A case in point, except that the recoil on the speaker came much sooner than in the ordinary course of events, occurs in a neat trenchant saying of Gibbon's, recorded against him by Charles Fox. The odd volume of the *Decline and Fall* that contained it, when sold under an execution, fetched three guineas—more, we are told, for the memorandum in the handwriting of the owner than for the book itself. It ran thus:—"I received this work from the author. N.B.—I heard him declare at Brooks's, the day after the Rescript of Spain was notified, that nothing could save this country but *six heads* (of certain Ministers whom he named) upon the table. In fourteen days after this anathema he became a Lord of Trade, and has ever since talked out of the House as he has voted in it, the advocate and champion of those Ministers. CHARLES FOX." It was the ambition to live beyond the moment in the memory of his hearers that suggested to the great historian this form for his opinion, for of course no one will suppose that this sanguinary method of epigrammatic censure meant what it said. This, however, is an extreme example.

No doubt epigrammatic language has an educating power. Strong words, well and roundly uttered, impress the young hearer with the sense of a strong presence—which it is a good thing now and then to feel—the presence of a vigorous will, deep convictions, a fearless advocacy of truth, or of what the speaker holds for truth. His words seem to constitute him a permanent exponent and champion of opinion; they mark him as exceptional and distinct. Inexperience cannot help regarding strong words not only as the expression of intense and even original thought, but also as trammels willingly assumed. The man is seen in the act of binding himself, and limiting his choice of action. Every epithet is supposed to be a link in the chain, every round assertion commits him to all futurity. Words fail of their power, and even miss their aim, if they do not do something of all this, and, doing this, they quicken the blood, and set the hearer's thoughts in a train outside of his small personal interests; and yet what words uttered under the mixed motives we have indicated stand the test of time, and do not, in the course of events, rise up against the speaker? There are occasions when strong things need to be said, when moderate men therefore accept the duty of saying them; but it is taking them out of their way; they retire into themselves after saying them. But we speak rather of those with whom the task is self-chosen because it is congenial. A party cannot do without men of this turn, men whose minds adapt themselves instinctively to this method of expression; there is a work for vehement language to do—at least all sides seem to find it so; but people who encourage themselves in it become tools in the process, and suffer the fate of tools in being used up and degenerating in the service. This subsidence into a mere habit of speech, which, as it grows in wordy strength, tells less and less for weight and permanence of conviction, this losing the sense of the value of words, is what saddens observers who can compare a man's present with his past.

Lacordaire, speaking of the rhetoric of the extreme Ultramontane party of his day, describes this degeneracy. "Their style is always the same; full of spleen and outrageous personalities. The whole secret of that style consists in finding out some insult for a substantive and some other insult for an adjective." "Look," he asks again, "at the story of our troubles, and tell me who are those whose memory has remained pure; those only who were never extreme; all others have forfeited the esteem of their country." But here, probably, prejudice would be enough to keep the vituperators in one key. These are not the people who change their note; the recoil we have spoken of does not come from any change in them, but from the change of the world towards them. Nothing tends more to ensure a certain consistency than strong prejudice, which can be forcible to the end without danger of eating its words; the concise verdict recorded of some sturdy Briton by Dr. Johnson, "For anything I see, all foreigners are fools," was not likely to be reversed by time. Consistency of this sort, which can safely indulge in strong utterance, is simple and onesided; larger natures are confronted by another side which holds their tongue in check, or punishes them if they give it license. In this way a man's blind followers are in little danger so long as he himself keeps his ground. As a rule, though not always, the strong language of which we are thinking belongs more to followers than to leaders, to the exponent of another man's views rather than to the originator. If people will recall the occasions on which they have indulged in a strength of language which does not harmonize with their present feeling, they will probably find that it was under the support of another judgment than their own, of opinions taken up, not derived from their inner self. We may note in others that where a man is vehement against his nature, his vehemence of words attaches not to his original bias but to borrowed and adopted opinions; hence a subsequent contradiction, in which we may find more to praise for the candour of recantation than to blame for the inconsistency.

Strong words which do not give expression to the speaker's own thought take the place of action in his mind. We see this whenever party warfare runs high. When action is called for, men moderate the force of their words. It is not only that politicians in office are restrained by motives of policy from the license they allowed themselves in opposition. The temptation to wound with the tongue flags in everybody with the sense of real work. Thus surgeons with this sense of power use a studied mildness of speech. A late eminent practitioner had a favourite phrase, "a little something," which he was wont to apply to some of the most formidable operations of his art. There is a literal sense in which words are weapons on which we need not dwell, except to say that, under the most unveiled ferocity of purpose, we see the same double action of thought—the desire not only to move others, but also to do one's self credit in the manner of moving them. When M. Rochefort (of whom the saying was reported) told a mob of Communists that "society owed but one duty to princes before putting them to death—that of identification," the satisfaction of turning off a neat, terse sentence must have divided the orator's thoughts with his ostensible object.

Our ears are so much more used to the strong language of denunciation than to its opposite that, with many persons, the words suggest nothing else. There is, however, a vehemence of praise which is subject to exactly the same reversal through time and change. People are sometimes so attracted and fascinated by an object which falls in with and supports some view or theory then occupying their minds that, in its presence, impressions of memory are absolutely obliterated; nothing was ever comparable to the thing in hand; it is eulogized in a strain of extravagant panegyric which lives much longer in the memory of the hearer than of him who spoke it, and whose recollection sees it in very different colours. With him it has served its turn. It is very true that some people can only express themselves through hyperbole. Their minds are so little analytical that all minute shades of difference are lost to them. Indolent minds take refuge in it as saving trouble. To say modestly of a thing, says La Bruyère, that it is good or bad, requires good sense and correct expression; *c'est une affaire*. It is much shorter to say decidedly, in a tone that dispenses with proof, it is execrable, it is miraculous. This, of course, goes far to explain the strength of the current social vocabulary. A strong thing, said seriously, ought to cost a man something; it ought to take something out of him; he ought not to say it and forget it. But this seriousness is not incumbent on us always. A lusty hyperbole is admitted to be one of the lurking-places of wit; such sayings, uttered with a jocund courage, are invigorating performances. Even the hearer, who could not—dare not perhaps—say such things himself, when he listens to another pronouncing,

denouncing, vituperating, feels as if he were lifted above the dead level of monotonous life. A character hit off in a short formula of memorable words lives in his mind; though in the end it may tell more against the consistency of the painter than for the truth of his picture. Biographers are often unjust towards their subjects in preserving such utterances. An arrogant saying is left on record, and perhaps lives in the reader's memory when all else fades into indistinctness; such, for example, as the late Mme. Bunsen's summary judgment of the *Heart of Midlothian*—Scott being disparaged in her circle—as "mere book-making."

Perhaps it is no argument against strong words that men cannot always live up to them. The preacher who denounces the holder of another creed from the pulpit and fraternizes with him in private has a line that may be clear to himself, though he perplexes the congregation which he has indoctrinated with his views. We are too complex in our nature and our duties towards one another for our mutual relations to be settled in a few sentences, though these may be true as far as they go, or as true as it was in the nature of the speaker to put them; for it must be observed that the teachers and preachers who make the deepest and most lasting impressions are not the sayers of strong things. They are not tempted to say them, for they can do without them.

THE NAVY ESTIMATES.

It was not to be expected that a Government which has been savagely attacked for extravagance would, on the eve of a dissolution, bring forward large naval Estimates; and perhaps the Lords of the Admiralty deserve credit for not being carried too far by a desire for economy which naturally becomes intense as Parliament approaches its end, and for introducing Estimates which are only a little lower than those for 1879-80. These amounted to 10,586,894*l.*, while those for the coming financial year are 10,492,935*l.*; so that the net decrease is 93,959*l.*, which for the national exchequer is a small sum. It may possibly be thought that the real decrease in the actual cost to the country will be much greater, inasmuch as the expenditure during the current year has largely exceeded the estimates; but this view would not be correct, as the increase has not been due to charges which can be rightly debited to the navy, but to those which were incurred for the conveyance of troops. The sum, therefore, which is demanded for the maintenance of the navy during 1880-81 may be considered as practically the same as that which has been required for the expiring year; and those who have some regard for the efficiency of that service on which the very existence of the country may at any time depend will be glad that the Cabinet has not sought an easy popularity by making a large reduction. Still it is to be observed that, if no exaggerated dread of the hustings has been shown, the wish for apparent economy has exercised a powerful influence, and that, as has been pointed out in the *Times*, the Estimates are now lower than they were during the last year of Mr. Goschen's administration at the Admiralty. Whether the sum now demanded is sufficient, or anything like sufficient, for keeping up such fleets as this country would inevitably require in the event of a great war is, to say the least, doubtful in the extreme; but before considering this question it may be well to draw attention to the leading features of the present statement, and to the singular nature of one of the reductions which are contemplated.

That part of the Estimates which is scanned with the closest attention, and is rightly made the subject of the most careful criticism, is that relating to the ship-building work which is to be executed in the national dockyards or by contract. Here the Estimates show a decrease in charge and an increase in the tons' weight of hull to be built. The total amount demanded for dockyards and naval stores is 2,354,585*l.* against 2,385,000*l.* voted last year, so that the decrease is 30,415*l.* The expenditure on shipbuilding by contract is to be 769,000*l.*, or 73,000*l.* less than what was required for the expiring year. For these sums 12,636 tons' weight of hull are to be built at the dockyards, and 4,310 tons at private yards. Last year the shipbuilding work to be executed at the national dockyards was estimated at 12,151 tons, and the contractors' work was stated at 3,127 tons. On the whole, then, there is an increase in the tonnage to be built, while the expenditure is to be smaller; and, at first sight, this seems satisfactory enough. But all satisfaction vanishes when the detailed account of the shipbuilding work which is to be carried on at the public dockyards is examined. If it is only less by a little than it was last year, that is because the work was comparatively easy, owing to the great exertions which were made when a war with Russia seemed imminent. It is difficult to imagine that any one who has given attention to naval affairs can suppose that the proposed additions to the navy are such as ought to be made when the present strength of foreign naval armaments and the work which our navy would have to do in the event of a war are considered. With regard to the most important vessels in a modern fleet, the ironclads, the list is miserably deficient. Not very long ago we pointed out that this country only possesses four vessels fit for service which can properly be considered as first-class turret ships, three which may be classed as second-rate, five broadside vessels of the first and six of the second rank. This certainly forms no very mighty squadron for such a power as Great Britain, and, seeing what France and Italy are doing, there can hardly be a doubt that our fleet of armoured ships ought to be considerably increased. Very small, however, is the number of ironclad men-of-war to be added to the navy in 1880-81. One of these, the *Inflexible*, is, it is true, a great vessel; but, though her completion is now promised, it has been delayed so long that it may be regarded, like the completion of Cologne Cathedral, as something to be hoped for rather than expected. Begun in 1874, she is, it is said, to be finished some time before March 1881; but very likely when that month comes round she will still be in the hands of the artificers. No other ironclad built at the national dockyards is to be added to the efficient fleet this year; but the *Superb* and *Neptune*, which were bought in 1878, and were generally thought to have been ready long ago, are to have some considerable alterations made in their armaments, while the *Orion*, purchased in the same year, is to be completed. One vessel which may be finished, and three vessels which were supposed to have been finished some time since, scarcely represent such an addition to the navy as Englishmen should desire. With other armoured vessels the work to be done is not more remarkable. The *Agamemnon* and *Ajax* are to be advanced to $\frac{75}{100}$ths and $\frac{68}{100}$ths of completion respectively; the *Polyphemus*—that torpedo-ram of which so much has been said—to $\frac{90}{100}$ths; the *Colossus*, a new steel armour-plated turret-ship, to $\frac{35}{100}$ths; and the *Majestic* and *Conqueror*, two other turret-ships, to $\frac{20}{100}$ths and $\frac{40}{100}$ths of completion respectively. Two new ironclads are to be commenced; but, as no money is allotted to one, and only a very trifling sum to the other, they scarcely belong to the construction of 1880 81. The Estimates, it should be said, do not indicate whether they are to be powerful sea-going vessels or comparatively small ships for coast defence. Very moderate, then, and indeed not a little disappointing, are the undertakings of the Admiralty with regard to armour-plated vessels for the next twelve months. Rather more ambition is shown respecting other ships, as one corvette, one large despatch vessel, four sloops, and fifteen gunboats are to be finished. Even with this portion of the fleet, however, there will be no very active effort, and, on the whole, the proposed additions to the strength of the navy in 1880-81 must be pronounced to be lamentably insufficient when patent facts, which none but Radical orators and Cabinet Ministers eager for economy can ignore, are taken into consideration.

The reduction then on the total sum demanded for shipbuilding and stores is due to an exaggerated economy for which the Government is not perhaps to be severely blamed, but which nevertheless is deeply to be regretted. Most of the other reductions seem unimportant; but there is one which cannot be too strongly condemned. Last year Mr. Smith reduced the number of boys in the Navy by 1,000, and thereby effected a comparatively trifling saving. Now he proposes to reduce the number still further. During the ensuing year there will be 400 less boys than are employed under the reduced estimate of 1879-80, and the country will save their rations, and in wages the gigantic sum of 3,906*l.* A more striking example of unwise and petty saving can hardly be imagined. The boys who are now at work on board vessels of war and training ships will, in due course of time, help to man the navy. It requires now a considerable period to train a man-of-war seaman, and, in the event of a war, the ranks of the navy could no longer be recruited from the merchant service as of old. The men of the Naval Reserve would no doubt be of great use, but they would be far inferior to those who from their youth had been trained on board the Queen's ships. To diminish the number of boys in the wholesale manner that is now proposed is, for the sake of a very small present gain in money, to weaken essentially the fleet of the future, and to cause a deficiency which in time of need cannot be remedied by any possible administrative effort. Strange to say, the diminution made in the number of boys scarcely attracted any notice last year, and though there was some discussion about comparatively trivial questions relating to the Estimates, this unwise reduction passed almost unobserved. It is to be hoped that when the Estimates are discussed this Session some attention will be given to the manner in which the future efficiency of the navy is being endangered for the sake of a saving which would appear inconsiderable to the officials of a private company. There are naval reformers in the House of Commons who are old enough to remember the time when there was very great difficulty in manning the navy, and they can hardly approve of measures which must inevitably cause a recurrence of this difficulty in the event of a war.

The desire for economy which has prompted such a reduction as this, and has also fettered works at the dockyards, cannot but be deeply deplored, for never perhaps in a time of peace has the importance of maintaining a powerful navy been so obvious as it is now. There is the necessity of keeping pace with the navies of foreign Powers, to the great strength of which Sir Spencer Robinson has so opportunely drawn notice; and, in addition to this, a new necessity of the most imperious kind has arisen. As has been pointed out lately by ourselves and by others, the navy would, in a war, have to protect, not only our commerce and our dependencies, but even the very food of the people. We now derive a considerable part of our supplies from America, and it seems not improbable that before long we shall derive a part from Australia. An enemy who could stop the stream of vessels carrying meat and grain would do as much harm as an enemy who could plunder homesteads and stop the cattle and corn traffic on the railways. No attempt to disprove the possibility of such a blow being struck has been made, and we venture to predict that none will be made, as it is but too painfully clear

that an enterprising foe would make a desperate, and perhaps successful, effort to intercept our supplies of food. Some fanatics think, and some dishonest men pretend to think, that this country need never go to war, and these no doubt would find in the probability of such an attack a reason for avoiding hostilities under any circumstances; but none who are rational and honest can doubt that a war may be forced on Great Britain just as a lawsuit may be forced on an equitable and pacific man. Should we become involved in war, a considerable portion of our supplies may be stopped, unless we have a very large and powerful navy; yet, strange to say, the time when this fact has become most apparent is the time chosen for indulging in short-sighted parsimony, and for relaxing the effort to maintain and increase our fleets. For this most unfortunate and inopportune economy, however, it would be hard to hold the Admiralty exclusively responsible. The First Lord may have been very unwise in one of his reductions, and the constructors, in their desire to make the *Inflexible* as perfect as possible, may have kept her too long in hand; but there can be no doubt that, on the whole, the affairs of the Admiralty are well administered, that the money voted is wisely spent, and that, if there is slackness at the dockyards, it is because not nearly enough money is voted to keep them active, and to make such additions as should be made to our fleets.

KEEPING ONE'S CARRIAGE.

AMONG the numerous forms of domestic tyranny which people love to inflict upon themselves there are few greater than that which is sometimes involved in the possession of a carriage. It is no uncommon thing to see men who have spent one half of their lives in longing for this luxury pass the remaining half in a state bordering on utter misery, arising from an almost invincible reluctance to use the very thing for which they have so ardently wished. The motives for this reluctance are somewhat difficult to explain. It does not arise, as a rule, from pure humanity, for many men who will not allow their own horses to be overworked will think nothing of ordering a fly whenever an exceptionally long or arduous journey has to be performed. Nor does it necessarily arise from any wish to deprive one's family or belongings of pleasure or recreation, for where such a wish was possible the carriage would never have been purchased. It is generally due to an exaggerated estimate which all men are more or less prone to form of the value of their own horses, and to a consequent apprehension of the results of too much work in the shape of veterinary surgeons' bills. This feeling, if allowed to grow unchecked by considerations of necessity, seldom fails to attain to a pitch which, as we have already observed, entails little short of actual misery on the proprietor.

Let us suppose the case of a man living in the country who has brought up a tolerably large family on anything but a large income. He has had a somewhat hard struggle, but his principal difficulties are now tided over. His older sons are making their own way in the world, one or two daughters are married, and only a few of the younger children remain under the paternal roof. He finds that advancing years involve an advancing bill for hired conveyance, and why should he not possess his own carriage? It will merely be the actual cost of the horse and the vehicle; for his garden is small, the gardener announces his ability to fulfil the double duty, there is a stable and coach-house standing invitingly empty, and there is a patch of meadow on which the horse can graze. His wife on being consulted gives her cordial approval—more likely than not she had herself put the notion into his head—and the sole question now remaining is as to the description of carriage to be procured. After much hesitation and discussion a brougham is probably determined on as the most suitable for use both by day and night, and for a time all goes well. The formidable arrear of calls which had gradually accumulated is quickly cleared off; dinner parties and dances become more frequent, and every one is highly pleased. Before long, however, a change is perceptible. The gardener or coachman begins to find the night work irksome and to resent it; but he has sufficient sagacity to put his objections on the score of solicitude for the horse, not for himself. The animal, he says, is kept waiting too long in the cold when the carriage is ordered to take up, and, unless this is altered, he cannot be responsible for the consequences. Some slight resistance is perhaps attempted; but the man has got up his case, the master has not, and the former is ready with innumerable instances of horses rendered useless by exposure and sold at a fearful sacrifice, of veterinary surgeons' bills of unheard-of length, and divers others equally potent arguments. The master is silenced, if not convinced, makes the first fatal concession, and gives in. From that hour the family might, as far as pleasure is concerned, almost as well give up going out at all. It is not enough, when they do go to a party, that the carriage is ordered to take them home at an unconscionably early hour; for full ten minutes before it is due the unfortunate owner is fidgeting about, taking furtive peeps through curtains and shutters, and making himself and everybody else generally uncomfortable. In vain do the girls, supported by their mother, plead that the programme is barely half over, that their best dances are yet to come, and that their horse can bear waiting as well as other people's; he is deaf alike to persuasion and argument, and at length the family are fain, for very peace sake, to tear themselves away, almost wishing they had never come. Emboldened by success, the coachman next determines to have a veto put upon going out at night at all, and again he carries his point. He informs his master that the horse is rapidly losing condition, and that it is too delicate to stand night air, in addition to which he hints that when he does go out it is not properly treated. Being asked for explanations on this last point he coolly proceeds to demolish the reputation of all the stables within a radius of ten miles. At Mr. Brown's they are draughty, at Mr. Jones's they are not ventilated at all, at Mr. Robinson's there is nothing but hard water, while at Mr. Smith's they give mouldy hay. The luckless master suspects that the whole thing is unmitigated humbug; he sees that his horse is really in perfect condition; but he can neither reply to the torrent of argument, nor summon moral courage to resist the imposition. So the carriage goes out no more at night, its place being taken by a fly, much to the delight of the young ones, who can now enjoy their parties in peace.

Finding himself master of the situation, the man carries the war a step further and assails one of the most important and useful functions of a carriage—namely, that of going to and from the railway station with visitors or even members of the family. The usual type of argument is once more resorted to. Trains are always late, and the horse has to stand in the cold—an infliction which, we may casually remark, is not shared by the driver if there is a public-house handy. Luggage knocks the carriage about; it is not the kind of work on which a gentleman's carriage ought to be employed; only last week a horse was frightened by a passing express and ran away, smashing a valuable carriage to pieces, and so on *ad libitum*. In the end the functions of the carriage are limited to an occasional afternoon drive for the purpose of shopping or visiting, the drive being performed at the exhilarating rate of about four miles an hour, not including sundry stoppages to rest the horse whenever a gentle gradient, dignified with the name of hill, is safely surmounted, to accomplish which feat the occupants, including the ladies, are made to turn out and drag their dresses over a mile or so of dusty road. Were it not an acknowledged fact that no work is worse for a horse than too much, the animal would simply never leave the stable at all, and the necessity for occasional exercise frequently renders the carriage a positive nuisance. On a certain day Paterfamilias will announce at lunch that the horse has not been out for three days, and requires an airing. The family arrangements for the afternoon have already been made, but must now be given up, and a solemn and uninteresting drive substituted. The next morning brings an unexpected invitation to a picnic or afternoon party at a distance, and application is at once made for the carriage. Not at all; "the horse was out yesterday, and may have to go out again to-morrow," is the reply. If the unfortunate owner is good-natured, a fly is promised; if not, the young people retire discomfited, asking each other, not without reason, what on earth is the use of a carriage which can only be used when they do not want it, and never when they do. As time goes on matters become worse and worse. Formerly it was considered an offence to keep the horse waiting at night; now the objection extends with equal force to the daytime. If any of the family wish to drive out they are requested to state the precise moment at which they want the carriage brought round, and woe betide them if they are not ready to the minute. It matters nothing that the master of the house is not going with them; that he has, in fact, a pressing engagement elsewhere; nothing will induce him to leave the house until he has seen them off, and accordingly he takes his stand in the hall, watch in hand, and keeps up a perpetual worry and fuss. Card-cases, purses, rugs, umbrellas, everything, in fact, likely to be useful, are perforce left behind; the party are bundled into the carriage like cattle into a truck, and then he goes his way rejoicing, because the horse has not been kept waiting.

Another delusion cherished by the victims of this peculiar monomania is a deeply-rooted idea that no one but themselves or their coachmen can manage their horses. The particular animal in question may be as old as Methuselah or as quiet as a lamb, but it makes no difference. It may happen that a grown-up son is on a visit home, and one day offers to take the girls out for a drive. Such an idea cannot, however, be entertained for a moment. Not that the father is ill-natured; on the contrary, he likes to see his young folk enjoy themselves; but he is firmly convinced that, unless he is present, something is sure to go wrong. Accordingly, the most absurd excuses are unblushingly put forward. It is too hot, or too cold; there is going to be a shower; the roads are bad, and not fit for driving; and, in one extreme case, we have known the goodness of the roads pleaded as an excuse for refusing, on the ground that the horse would be sure to be over-driven. As the unhappy man grows older this mania grows stronger and stronger, until the carriage lies idle for five days in the week. In vain is it pointed out to him that the horse of his neighbour the doctor is doing its hundred miles a week and is in perfect condition; that many tradesmen, and notably butchers, work their cattle even harder; he inwardly admits the truth of the reasoning, but cannot bring himself to apply it to his own precious animal. His annual bill for flys has meanwhile gradually mounted up to its old figure, if not even higher; but he can neither bring himself to sell his carriage nor to use it. It remains a dead weight on his hands; and he ends by wishing heartily that he had stuck to hiring, and never bought one at all.

DR. RUSSELL OF MAYNOOTH.

THE death of Dr. Russell, President of Maynooth, removes by far the most distinguished divine, with one notable exception, of the English-speaking Roman Catholic body, the only born member of that body, except the late Cardinal Wiseman, who could be said to stand in the first class of scholars or theologians. Under any other Pope than Pius IX. he would long since have been raised to the episcopate, if not to the Sacred College, and it is highly characteristic of the influence which for many years past has prevailed at the Vatican that a man of some practical shrewdness and the narrowest Ultramontane views, but wholly devoid of any intellectual tastes or distinction, like Cardinal Cullen, should have received the highest honours of his Church, while the greatest living scholar among his Roman Catholic countrymen was persistently kept out in the cold. That Dr. Russell would have been, as was generally reported, the first Irish Cardinal named by the present Pope, we can readily believe. It is said indeed that, but for his failing health, he would have succeeded Dr. Cullen last year as Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin. But that he should never have attained any higher dignity than that of President of Maynooth—for which of course he was eminently qualified, but which he owed not to the authorities of his Church but to the British Government—is after all intelligible enough. That he was himself, like Cardinal Newman, averse to promotion and publicity, and preferred the quiet life of a student and recluse, may be quite true, but that is not the reason why he was never promoted. When we say that he was a man of scholarly mind, and of great and varied learning and intellectual culture, well versed in languages, ecclesiastical history, and patristic literature as well as in theology, the translator of Leibnitz's *Systema Theologicum*, and a contributor to both the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and the *English Encyclopædia*, it is hardly necessary to add that he was very far from being an Ultramontane. It is true that at one time he was associated with Dr., afterwards Cardinal, Wiseman in the conduct of the *Dublin Review*; but in those days Dr. Wiseman, who was himself a scholar and a man of learning, affected a broad and moderate line, and professed a warm admiration of Lamennais and even of Dr. Arnold. It was before the great reaction had set in at Rome, and the Tractarian converts had taught their English co-religionists that purity of Catholic doctrine was to be measured by its extremest divergence from every form, and especially from the Anglican form, of Protestantism. Dr. Russell was not, in fact, at all the kind of man whom the late Pope delighted to honour, nor would he have proved a suitable instrument for the work entrusted to Dr. Cullen of Romanizing the Irish priesthood. That his influence in moulding the successive generations of candidates for the priesthood placed under his care at Maynooth has not left more perceptible traces may be partly due to that very width and refinement of intellectual cultivation which most of them were little capable of appreciating. The endowment of Maynooth, whether a wise measure or not on other grounds, had the indirect but inevitable effect of lowering rather than raising the social and intellectual status of the Irish Roman Catholic clergy. Before that time many of them used to receive their education abroad, which implied that their parents were in a position to make some outlay upon it, and where moreover their mental horizon was likely to be enlarged by new associations. But a free education, with an assured position but small and precarious income afterwards, has naturally attracted the youth of the peasant class and sons of small tradesmen, who now compose the bulk of the Irish priesthood. It is not, however, for this reason alone that Dr. Russell has, to all appearance, failed to leave his mark upon them as a body. The influence of Rome, and those who represented the mind of Rome in Ireland, was against him. On this, however, we shall have a word to say presently.

To many of our readers Dr. Russell's name may be chiefly known, or chiefly interesting, from his connexion with the religious career of Cardinal Newman. To speak indeed, as some of the papers have done, and as is implied in the *Times'* obituary, of his principal claim to remembrance being "the direct authorship of the conversion of John Henry Newman to the Roman Catholic Church," is simply absurd. That result was due, as every one who is even moderately acquainted with the works of the eminent convert must be well aware, to his own solitary study and meditations, and not to any personal influences from without. What he says of Dr. Russell in the *Apologia* is that "he had, perhaps, more to do with my conversion *than any one else*"—which is quite another thing; he repeats again and again how little anybody had to do with it, and how studiously he held aloof from personal intercourse with Roman Catholics to the last. What happened was this—that in the summer of 1841 Dr. Russell, in passing through Oxford, called on Mr. Newman at Oriel, who took him over some of the University buildings; and again another summer he called on him on his way from Dublin to London. "I do not recollect," adds the author, "that he said a word on the subject of religion on either occasion." It was in fact to this studious abstention from all attempts at proselytizing that he owed whatever influence he may have exercised over Dr. Newman's mind. "He sent me at different times several letters; he was always gentle, mild, unobtrusive, uncontroversial. *He let me alone.*" We may observe in passing that it is by the same method of letting them alone to follow out their own convictions that Dr. Newman himself has won over such recruits as his personal influence has attracted to the Roman Church—a method very unlike that of another distinguished convert, who is fond of hurrying proselytes over the Rubicon after half an hour's conversation, sometimes to find them two or three days later recross the stream uttering anything but benedictions on him and his cause. Dr. Russell's letters no doubt helped to remove some anti-Roman prepossessions from the mind of the future Cardinal, though they cannot with any accuracy be said to have "resulted in his determination to join the Roman Church." He also gave Mr. Newman one or two books, which served the same purpose, and it is worth noting what they were. One was a volume of Liguori's sermons, without any references to "Mariolatry"—and there are whole volumes of his sermons which might be preached with much edification from an Evangelical pulpit—and another was "Veron's Rule of Faith." The selection of this last by Dr. Russell is very significant. Our readers may possibly recollect that we had occasion to refer to it the other day in connexion with the Roman doctrine of communication, and it is constantly quoted in a curious work published early in the last century, *Proposal for Catholic Communion by a Minister of the Church of England*, noticed at some length in our columns three years ago, and which has since been reprinted in accordance with a suggestion we then ventured to make, and under the title prefixed to our article of *An Eirenicon of the Eighteenth Century*. And it is frequently quoted there precisely because it presents Roman doctrine in its most moderate and conciliatory form. Veron was a Gallican divine of the first half of the seventeenth century, who disclaims Papal infallibility and autocracy, and so treats the doctrine of the Mass and the Sacraments that a well-known Anglican controversialist of the Oxford movement, Sir W. Palmer, says he has no material fault to find with his teaching on these points. We fear Veron would be considered little better than a heretic by modern Ultramontanes, but it was his *Regula Fidei* which Dr. Russell presented to Mr. Newman, and it held formerly such high authority in Ireland that Archbishop Murray cited it before a Committee of the House of Commons as the most authentic exposition of Catholic doctrine. It is a brief and admirably lucid treatise, and we observe that it is mentioned in the *Apologia* without a word of censure. Such then was the nature and extent of Dr. Russell's intercourse with Mr. Newman at Oxford, which afterwards, when the latter was called to preside over the so-called Catholic University of Dublin, ripened into a warm and lasting friendship.

We have already explained why Dr. Russell so little succeeded in infusing into the general body of the Irish priesthood the *mitis sapientia* characteristic of his own gentle and cultivated mind. Cardinal Cullen, who was an active and conscientious prelate, did something no doubt towards taming the rowdyism of the "surpliced ruffians"—as the *Times* used to call them—whose aggressive nationalism was apt to be a good deal more conspicuous than their devotion to Catholic interests. That was part of the special work he was sent from Rome to effect, but he did it not by elevating their standard of mental culture so much as by imposing a rigid system of Roman drill, and reforms of that sort cannot touch the root of the evil—they are too skin-deep to endure. At this moment numbers of Irish priests are popularly reputed to be Fenians; not of course that they actually belong to a secret Society under the ban of their Church, but that their sympathies are with the party it represents. We heard only the other day of an Irish country gentleman, who is not only a devout and exemplary Roman Catholic, but a model landlord, residing on his property and devoting himself heart and soul to the interest of his tenants, being "denounced from the altar" in three different churches. The fact is that the spread of education is loosening the old traditional hold of the priesthood over the masses, which was partly based on mere habit or superstition, and as they have not qualified themselves to reclaim their influence on higher grounds, they are constrained too often to clutch at a fresh lease of power by throwing themselves once more into the stream of popular agitation. With such revolutionary courses Rome can never have any sympathy, and Cardinal Cullen was placed at Dublin to check them. But neither could those who exemplified in their own lives a nobler ideal and might have trained their brethren to better things—men like Dr. Russell and Bishop Moriarty—command the confidence of Rome. Bishop Doyle in the last generation, Bishop Moriarty and Dr. Russell in our own day, represented a type of higher ecclesiastical dignitaries which the Roman Catholic Church is fast losing, and can ill afford to lose, not only in Ireland but elsewhere. In Italy it is almost extinct; in France it barely survived the fall of the Gallican Church; the Syllabus and the Vatican Council are killing it out in Germany. Throughout the long pontificate of Pius IX. the Curia waged an internecine warfare with a spirit which was in the Church but not of it, as they understood the matter, and in the persons of Dr. Döllinger and his allies they hoped to have cast it out. Leo XIII. is differently minded, but it remains to be seen how far he will be able to arrest the fatal results of a policy so long and so studiously identified with the whole framework of ecclesiastical government, and which received its apotheosis in decrees which it may prove equally inconvenient to enforce or to disclaim. What Dr. Russell, who used to make Veron's *Regula Fidei* his textbook, thought of Papal infallibility we are never likely to hear. But it can hardly have caused less embarrassment to him than to the late Bishop Haneberg, who assured Dr. Döllinger that after again going over the whole historical argument he could find no support for it in the traditions of the Church, but finally acquiesced on the desperate

plea that perhaps the Church might require a new doctrine to meet the emergencies of the present age. The standing tradition of the Irish Roman Catholic Church was directly opposed to the doctrine, and the most widely known catechism, composed by an Irish priest and disseminated under episcopal sanction over the length and breadth of the country, denounced it as "a Protestant invention," fathered on Catholics by the ignorance or malice of their assailants. Dr. Russell must have been familiar with Keenan's Catechism from his youth, and would probably have appealed to it as freely as to Veron's manual up to July 1870. It must have been a bitter humiliation to him in his later years to feel that either his Church had changed her faith, or he had all his life been wrong on a point which concerns the very foundations of Christian belief. Meanwhile in him his country has lost a man looked up to by all who had the advantage of knowing him, whether members of his own communion or others, not merely as a kindly and dignified ecclesiastic and a learned professor, but as a typical example of a gentleman, a scholar, and a divine.

ABOO ROWASH.

EVERY traveller, even the least adventurous, likes to visit places unvisited by other travellers. Ladies like to be "the only lady who ever ascended" some mountain, or "the only lady who ever descended" into some cavern. People of experience in the ways of guide-book writers frequently hit upon such places by finding them labelled as "not worth the trouble," or "not worth the fatigue," of a visit. Among the excursions from Cairo, Aboo Rowash shares this fate. The writers of the handbooks and tourists who describe their adventures on the Nile can never have ascended to the strange pyramid which is perched on the top of this mountain, or they would not say, as most of them do, that it presents little of interest. The excursion is very easily made. There are no Arabs to mob you, as at the great pyramids. You can sit in solitude on the nameless ruins, and eat your sandwich without a dozen spectators watching every morsel with hungry eyes. And this year, when the Boolak Museum is closed for repair and rearrangement, and when Cairo is already noisy with preparations for the Prophet's birthday, and the streets crowded with processions singing to welcome the pilgrims from Mecca, it is pleasant to escape for a time with a sympathetic companion or two and try for ourselves whether there is nothing to see on the mountain. We have often looked at it from afar. It is conspicuous from Gheezeh, a high, white, flat-topped precipice—how high we cannot tell from a distance, but evidently much higher than the rocky platform on which the Great Pyramid stands. It is difficult to believe that any very large building can exist in such an inaccessible situation; yet, looking from the plain, we can just descry a cairn of some kind on the very summit. Aboo Rowash is, in truth, the highest of the Libyan chain which borders the cultivated land on the west—the highest, that is, of the mountains visible from the river, between the Delta and the Fyoom. It may rise as much as four hundred feet above the plain, and the face towards the river is a sheer cliff of remarkable, almost chalky, whiteness. The green Delta comes close up to it on the north. The yellow desert stretches in wide sandy slopes to the south. Behind it to the west is the unknown land of dark rocks and trackless wastes which the ancients, who saw the sun depart thither each evening, called Amenti, the hidden abode of the dead.

We first make for the great pyramids along the avenue of acacias which the late Khedive constructed in 1868 for the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Arabs who see us approaching are disappointed when we turn our donkeys' heads northward and leave the road with only a glance at the pyramids. It is a long way, they tell us, to Aboo Rowash; there is nothing to be seen there, they assert; but when we question them particularly, we soon ascertain that not one of them has ever ascended the mountain, or knows what is on the top. Continuing our course along the edge of the desert, and only stopping here and there to pick up specimens of the beautiful little flowers which grow in the sandy turf, we reach at length, after an hour's further ride, a valley which leads up towards the cliff. The sand is deep, yet a torrent seems, from the marks it has left, to have occasionally, if not often, run its brief course through the defile, which, becoming gradually narrower and more rocky, reminds those of us who have been at Thebes of the approach to the tombs of the Kings. At length we have to alight, and desiring our attendants to take the donkeys on to the point at which we propose to descend, we apply ourselves to climbing. A little way up we diverge to the right to visit a cave. It is a mere cleft in the rock, but when we peer into the darkness beyond, we discover that it extends some yards into the face of the rock. There is a black smoky look about the entrance which answers well to the horrible memories of the place. Here, no long time ago, the slave-trading Arabs used to come with their caravans, and in that hideous hole used to store their human merchandise. The blackness is caused by smoke; for here, it is said, on one occasion, if not oftener, a fire has been lighted to force some unhappy slave to come forth from the inner recesses, in which he—perhaps she—had endeavoured to hide.

Turning away with a shudder, we ascend a steep ridge of black rocks by a series of natural steps. Soon we are at the level of the summit of the white cliff on our right. Its face is marked by the fall from above of great blocks of limestone, which have come down in a cascade and lie in heaps of *débris* below. Thus it is that the buildings which the ancient kings had been at such pains to raise on the plateau were gradually dilapidated by modern marauders too lazy to quarry for themselves. Once on the top, we encounter, at the southern edge, what may have been a pyramid, but is now only a square of two or three courses of cut stone, stone so much disintegrated that few traces of cutting remain. Beyond it is another, rather higher, but still more difficult to recognise as anything but natural rock. To the right, and almost at the edge of the cliff, is the largest and least ruined of the remains, standing out on the rocky promontory by itself. It is flat-topped, only five or six courses of masonry in height, the core of natural rock appearing here and there behind the casing of squared limestone. All round it a series of heaps of red granite, like satellites round a planet, show where the members of the household were buried near the last resting-place of the Pharaoh whom they had served in life. Most, if not all, of them have been dug out, yet we do not hear that any discoveries have been made tending to identify the pyramid. Merely to judge by its time-worn appearance, it may be older than the oldest of which we know the age. The top is easily gained, and then we see that a great rock has been squared, faced with stone blocks externally, and hollowed out within. The entrance is to the north, and in a few moments we can descend from block to block, until we stand in the centre of the chamber. The passage to it is cut in the living rock, like the chamber itself. Both have been lined with stone of a finer quality, and the mortar adheres still to the rough-hewn walls. How they were roofed, seeing that the passage is some ten feet wide, and the chamber fifteen by forty, cannot now be known. Pharaoh's grave is rifled. Nothing but this great pit is left, with the long passage which leads into it, to show where he rested, and whether the whole structure was surmounted by a pyramid. Such a pyramid on such a height would indeed be a conspicuous feature in the landscape, and would be visible many miles away in the Delta. The wonder is how stones from the Mokattem mountains on the opposite side of the Nile, and great boulders of syenite from the cataract 600 miles away to the southward, could have been transported to the top of the cliff. A kind of causeway may be traced nearly a mile down the steep incline to the north, itself a cyclopean work. The choice of this great hill, the fact that the causeway leads away from Memphis, the rude character of the masonry, the distance between this and the continuous pyramid-field of Gheezeh, Sakkara, and Dashoor, seem to be reasons for assigning Aboo Rowash to a different period from other pyramids, perhaps an earlier, but more likely a later period. Another puzzling fact may be found in a curious mound of broken crockery which lies immediately to the east between the pyramid and the precipice. We often read on the monuments of the Old Monarchy that so many jars of wine, so many of incense, so many of honey, were offered at the tomb. Sometimes these offerings are called innumerable. If this mound is the site of the temple attached to the pyramid, it may be that all these broken vases and drinking cups were used in the worship of the deceased king. Among them we find some hammers of hard stone, either the relics of the actual pyramid-builders, the implements with which they chipped those mighty masses of granite, or else the rude tools with which some barbarian horde, perhaps from beyond the desert, broke up the masonry when they hurled the squared blocks of the casing over the cliff. "Perhaps and perhaps" are, after all, the words most frequently on the lips when we try to account for the phenomena presented by such a place, and the mind of the visitor, perplexed and baffled at every turn, finds a satisfaction in leaving the pyramid to look at the view.

It has the advantage over the view from the top of the Great Pyramid of including the whole of the principal pyramids, with the exception of Maydoom. In the foreground are the mighty cairns of Shoofoo and Chafra, hiding the smaller buildings of the Gheezeh group. Behind them we see, though further off, the stepped pyramid of Sakkara, surrounded by many a mouldering heap, the ruins of other pyramids and tombs and temples without number. Beyond these, again, are the giant forms of the two great pyramids of Dashoor, one of which, the most distant, has lately been identified as the probable monument of a king of the fifth dynasty. Dashoor is full twenty miles from Aboo Rowash; but the pyramids there, being only smaller than the two greatest pyramids of Gheezeh, are plainly visible from such a height as this. Then we turn eastward. Below us is the saint's tomb which gives the Arab name to the mountain, looking like a bee-hive among bushes, but really a good-sized dome surrounded by lofty trees. Next comes a long belt of dark palms, looking almost black by contrast with the intense green of the land beyond and between them and the distant river. The Nile looks cold and white from where we stand; but all the green fields are intersected by canals of the deepest blue, here and there the mounds and minarets of a village showing beside the pools and among the palms. In the far distance is the Mokattem range, bounding the valley on the east, and at its feet Cairo half hidden in its smoky haze, though we can make out the dome of Sultan Hassan, and the heavy mass of the citadel above. On the hither side of the river is the late Khedive's vast "folly"—the so-called park and palace of Gheezeh—a whitewashed, rambling barrack, standing in a marsh of newly-reclaimed land. Nearer still, besides the palaces of some junior members of the family, all vastly out of proportion

to the rank and importance of the owner, we are shown one house which looks modest enough. Here lives Ismail's widowed daughter; and it was here that, during the money troubles of last year, her Highness's affectionate father called one day and took away with him, in spite of her opposition, a coffer containing some twelve thousand sovereigns which her husband had laid by as an endowment for his orphan. So runs the story; and there is, unfortunately, little reason to doubt its substantial truth. It is one of an immense crop of similar legends which were supposed to be secrets before the present Viceroy's accession. We turn with pleasure towards the north, and away from the palaces. In this direction the view is most extensive, but most featureless. The Delta stretches away interminably, as if from our very feet; a wilderness of green fields, blue water, dark trees, and brown villages, without a hill to catch or rest the eye. We see the point where the Nile divides, and the canal that supplies Suez. In the middle distance are the towers of the Barrage, a vast unfinished dam intended for the regulation of the water supply, and still seen with horror by the fellah, who believes it to be an abortive contrivance for taxing his water and imposing forced labour. What a happy valley it might be but for its Government, we cannot help exclaiming, as a corollary to the proposition that so rich a view can hardly exist elsewhere on earth. Then, marking out our route towards Cairo as on a map, among the villages and fields below us, we descend and take our winding way home, better pleased with Aboo Rowash than we expected. The road is intricate, and, though as the crow flies only about two-thirds as long as that round by the pyramids, occupies a longer time.

MR. GRISSELL IN NEWGATE.

THE enterprising person who created such an excitement in the last, and what might have been expected to be the dullest, days of the Session of 1879, is in Newgate, and there can be little doubt that he is in his proper place there. Sir Stafford Northcote is nothing if not a merciful man, and he proved on Tuesday night that the quality of mercy can sometimes be strained. Mr. Grissell, it must be remembered, is an offender of a very complex kind. His original offence was sufficiently black; and, if offences are to be judged by their tendency to do public harm, it merited in itself a very severe punishment. But this original offence was aggravated by conduct which an assembly, even if it had not the traditions of the House of Commons, could not possibly overlook. By absconding on a transparently false pretext, and perhaps still more by giving himself up to justice when it was a foregone conclusion that justice could do little or nothing to him, he did all that lay in his power to make a farce of the whole proceeding. Finally, though no proper indemnity covered his various misdemeanors, he allowed several weeks of the new Session to pass without even going through the formality of making a submission. For all these things it seemed good to the Chancellor of the Exchequer that Mr. Grissell should be brought to the bar and reprimanded. The proceeding might have been for the moment imposing, especially if the traditional practice of making the culprit go on his knees had been followed. But, though the reprimand might be unpleasant to a man of honour and spirit, it could hardly in these days be considered likely to deter the particular persons who are most likely to imitate Mr. Grissell's various delinquencies. Accordingly, protests arose from the most diverse quarters of the House against this limitation of the penalty, and Sir Stafford Northcote had to give way. Perhaps, in some respects, it was better that the penalty should be a genuine expression of the will of the House itself than that it should be prescribed by the Government; but this is the only excuse that can be made for a proposal which was certainly inadequate.

According to Mr. Walpole's account, the culprit appears almost to the last moment to have been still under the highly erroneous idea that the whole thing was more or less of a joke. It is probable that the short debate on Tuesday night and his own prompt arrest may have undeceived Mr. Grissell. His demeanour when on Wednesday afternoon he was brought to the bar—an actual material bar arranged for such purposes—was humble enough, and his apology likewise. It could indeed hardly be other than a lame apology. It was complimentary to the newspaper press, no doubt, that Mr. Grissell should attribute to a paragraph in the *Times* the quenching of his desire to make submission somewhat less tardily than he actually did. But as the *Times* is not, as far as we know, the accredited organ of the House of Commons, the excuse must be pronounced more ingenious than satisfactory. The sentence which followed this little scene illustrated the curious traditional differences which exist between the practices and powers of the two Houses, and nearly all of which have historical and constitutional explanations. Ignorant people had gone about saying that Mr. Grissell would be committed to durance of some kind or other for a week or fortnight, or longer. Had his offence been an offence against the Upper House this might have been the case. But here, as in other cases, we see the broad distinction between the two Houses, the one possessing and the other not possessing the character and powers of an ordinary court of justice. The House of Commons can avenge itself by committing an offender, but it cannot so far arrogate judicial powers as to sentence him to imprisonment for any specified time. He is committed, and that is all; but he is not released until Parliament rises in virtue of a prorogation or dissolution, unless some special motion is made in his favour. Mr. Grissell might have been incarcerated like his unfortunate solicitor in the Clock Tower, but the House preferred to send him to Newgate. Though not the most dignified, nor in some respects the most comfortable, residence of the two, the establishment in the Old Bailey has its advantages from the point of view of the prisoner. There is no Big Ben in Newgate, and Mr. Grissell may therefore sleep undisturbed by the vibration which had such intense effect on his much less culpable partner in guilt. Probably his cell will be less spacious, its furniture less abundant, and its appliances generally less thoughtfully considered than would have been the case with the Westminster apartment. But it is whispered, though not many people have had an opportunity of knowing by experience, that the House, or rather its prison, is a decidedly expensive hotel for those who sojourn there against their will. Two centuries ago Milton and the Serjeant-at-arms had a little dispute about fees, which shows that the same complaint existed then; and indeed there is no particular reason why the tariff should be as "strictly moderate" as hotel-keepers by profession assure us is the case with theirs. The galley is a galley in which no well-meaning or well-doing person has any business whatever, and those who find their way there are, in our day at least, not at all likely to deserve much compassion from outsiders. The House of Commons, as this case abundantly shows, is rather too slow than too hasty in punishing aggressors, and when they are punished they are likely to get less, not more, than their deserts.

This being the case, it is allowable, without incurring the charge of vindictiveness, to hope that Mr. Grissell will not be allowed to quit his present sojourn too soon. The Easter holidays being only an adjournment, not a prorogation, would not necessarily come to his relief, though it is not improbable that the House, which is placable enough nowadays, may consider them a fitting occasion for pardon. Something less than a month's imprisonment can hardly be considered too heavy a punishment for gross and repeated offences against the public good and the dignity of the House of Commons. It cannot be doubted that in a few days we shall hear of Mr. Grissell's health being affected. It has been historically proved to be extremely delicate. And, indeed, it is somewhat remarkable with what unanimity the health of educated criminals, especially when they undergo milder forms of punishment than the common run of prisoners, is wont to give way. We do not know whether, among the varied directions in which Mr. Grissell has turned his powers, literary industry holds a place. Of late years it has served the turn of more than one such captive to relate, in his most affecting manner, the secrets of the prison-house. Mr. Grissell, indeed, is at a disadvantage—or, from another point of view, an advantage—compared to Silvio Pellico and other historians of the dungeon. His life as a first-class misdemeanant—which position it may be supposed he will hold—may be somewhat monotonous, indeed nearly as much so as that of a hard-worked professional man whose office happens to be in his own house. He will not, for some time at any rate, be able to take those trips to Boulogne which are so necessary to his "sanitation," as the current scientific slang has it. But in other respects his sufferings are not likely to be acute. He may join one of those curious Mutual Improvement Societies where the members are bound to read books of a strictly edifying character for so many hours every day. It is even to be believed that no obstruction would be thrown in his way if he devoted himself to the most unedifying of literature, and sent messengers three times a day to Mr. Mudie's for novels, or backed himself to read all the minor poetry of the month. As he seems to be what our ancestors used to call a projector, and what we by a slight change of word and meaning call a promoter, he may profitably employ himself in devising new projects and new methods of promoting them, methods, let us hope, which this time will not lead him to Newgate. Seclusion of such a kind may not seem a very terrible punishment for what is in all seriousness a very serious offence. But, on the whole, the genuine testimony of those who have experienced it seems to be unanimous to the effect that imprisonment is not pleasant. It is extremely rare for an Englishman who has not committed a crime, and who is of full age, to be prevented—actually prevented by *force majeure*—from doing what he chooses. He may virtually be enslaved pretty closely by professional duties, but these he can break through if he chooses to take the consequences. This is not the case with Mr. Grissell. He cannot "put his hat upon his head and walk into the Strand," or rather into Newgate Street, and there is every reason to believe that the knowledge of this must be annoying. There is, indeed, poetical authority to the effect that bolts, and bars, and windows, and such-like apparatus do not make a prison. But we are inclined to think that they do, with all respect to Lovelace. Since most of us were boys we have not experienced the "absolute shall" which, especially when assisted by bolts and bars and warders, amounts to a total loss of personal liberty. Therefore, if anybody thinks that Mr. Grissell's punishment is altogether futile, he is probably wrong. But at the same time it should not be too short. It is in many cases a capital thing to look at passing events in the light of a joke; but the line must be drawn somewhere. Mr. Grissell's idea of jocularity is peculiar; and he seems to cling to it with singular pertinacity. His original attempt, whether seriously meant, or only intended to impose on third parties, seemed to him (when it had failed) to be a joke of which it was absurd for the House of Commons to take notice. The mandate of the House for his arrest was a joke; hobnobbing with the messenger at Boulogne was an excellent joke; surrender-

ing at the fag end of the Session was the best joke of all. It was perhaps natural that, imagining the House to have taken the same view, he should have thought it unnecessary to revive the old jest in the present Session. Newgate is an excellent place for reflection. Prisoners are proverbially said to cool their heels in such places; but it is probable that the cooling effect on the head is, in most cases at least, equally remarkable. In a few weeks' detention Mr. Grissell will be able to reconsider his theory of jokes, and to adjust it with greater delicacy to the actual condition of things in this world. There have been times when he would by no means have got off so easily. Nobody wishes to recur to the practices of those times; to which, however, Mr. Grissell's original offence was decidedly better suited than to the manners and customs of the present day. But it is just as well that a warning should be given to would-be imitators, and if the matter had remained where it was some days ago, it cannot be said that the warning would have been a very serious one. As it is, all that we and the public generally have now to do with Mr. Grissell is to wish him a happy, but not too speedy, release, and a conversion during his sojourn from the errors of his preceding ways. Charity and justice may thus be mingled in a sufficiently exact proportion.

INCREASE OF EMIGRATION.

THE Report on Emigration and Immigration which has just been issued by the Statistical Department of the Board of Trade shows that there was a considerable increase last year in the number of persons who left this country for places outside of Europe. During the long depression of trade there had been a great falling-off in emigration and a great increase in immigration; so that in 1876 the difference between the two—that is, the net loss of population—amounted to no more than 38,065; in 1877 the loss was still further reduced to 31,305. It will be understood, of course, that we are speaking only of persons of British or Irish birth. It will be seen that two years ago immigration, practically speaking, balanced emigration, a loss of 31,000 in a year out of a population of 34 millions being undeserving of notice. But in 1878 a change set in. In that year the number of emigrants of British and Irish birth was 112,902, while the number of immigrants was only 54,944; the excess of emigrants over immigrants was thus 57,958. Last year there was a still further increase in the number of emigrants, which was 164,274; and there was a still further decrease in the number of immigrants, which was only 37,936. Therefore, the net loss of population last year rose to 126,338, being more than twice the net loss in 1878, and more than four times the net loss in 1877. It may be assumed, that, as a general rule, emigrants go out as steerage passengers. Of course a certain proportion, belonging to the better classes, pay for a cabin passage, but the vast majority of those who leave this country for other lands in search of fortune have not the means of doing so. It is important to note, therefore, as additional evidence of the renewed growth of emigration, that it is among steerage passengers that the increase has taken place. For instance, the number of cabin passengers has risen only from 37,147 in 1877 to 43,928 last year, while the number of steerage passengers has risen in the same interval from 82,824 to 173,235, that is, has more than doubled. Again, as bearing on the same point, we may observe that "the general labourers" who went away in 1877 were only 9,816, but last year were as many as 28,504; that is, were nearly trebled. The "miners and quarrymen" in 1877 were only 1,428, and last year were 3,933, and the "farmers" had risen from 2,477 in 1877, to 5,382 last year; in these last figures we have a reminder of the severity of the agricultural distress.

At first sight it may seem strange that emigration, which was so large during the inflation years that followed the Franco-German war, should have continued to fall off throughout the period of depression that succeeded, and should begin to increase again just as the depression was drawing to an end. But a little consideration will show us, we think, that in reality the fluctuations were perfectly natural, and might have been foreseen by any one who had given thought to the subject. As we have often pointed out in these columns, the peculiarity of the depression through which we have so long been passing is that it took its rise in the raw-material-producing countries. It began with a panic in Vienna in May 1873, and was intensified by the panic in New York in the September following. In the United States the ruin was general and severe. Banks, mills, and forges were closed all over the Union, the making of railways was stopped, and for a while almost all industry was prostrated. Crowds of workpeople were thrown out of employment, and all the great cities were visited by a real distress. Here, in England, we had only a pale reflex of what was suffered on the other side of the Atlantic. We had no panic, and until the autumn of 1878 we can scarcely be said to have had many serious failures. The iron, the coal, and the cotton industries, no doubt, were in a state of collapse; but the general prosperity of the country was not severely diminished until a succession of bad harvests came to aggravate the falling-off in the purchasing power of our foreign customers. Even at the worst, however, we experienced nothing like the distress felt in the United States for a couple of years after the New York panic. It was, therefore, the most natural thing in the world that emigration from this country to the United States should go on decreasing year by year, and that immigration from the United States to the United Kingdom should go on increasing. And it is equally natural that when a succession of abundant harvests restored prosperity to the United States, emigration thither should recommence. And this is precisely what has happened. Of the whole addition of 69,000 to the net emigration of last year, 51,000 is to the United States, 10,000 to British North America, and only 8,000 to all other places.

It is suggested by Mr. Giffen, the author of the Report on which we are commenting, that a decrease of emigration is not a peculiarity of the late depression, but, on the contrary, occurs in all periods of bad trade. The statistics seem to bear out the suggestion, although, unfortunately, the record of immigration is of too recent a date to throw any light upon the subject, Mr. Giffen himself having been the first to recognize its value. But it is difficult to conceive why emigration should, as a rule, so fall off. In the late depression, as we have just seen, there were special reasons accounting for the decrease. But periods of bad trade are not always more severely felt in the raw-material-producing than in the manufacturing countries, and when they are not so, or rather when the reverse is the case, it is natural to expect that emigration should be stimulated. It is true, of course, that wages fall in times of depression, and employment becomes scarce, and that, in consequence, the working classes have not as much money as in more prosperous years. What, therefore, Mr. Giffen calls "tentative" emigration would naturally be checked, while many of those who desire to leave the country would want the means of doing so. This would account for a certain falling off, and it would also account for a considerable increase as soon as trade began to revive. People who had been pinched by being thrown out of work would avail themselves of their first earnings to go to some country with more openings for mere labour. But the point cannot be adequately discussed without taking into consideration the circumstances of the countries to which emigrants go, as well as those of the country which they leave; and among these circumstances we would include the political as well as the economical. For example, there was a great falling off in the emigration to the United States both in 1861 and 1862; but the three previous years had also seen a much diminished emigration, though not nearly to so great an extent as in 1861 and 1862; and there was a sudden increase in 1863. Was, then, the continued decline in 1861 and 1862 merely the effect of the depression beginning in 1857? Or was it caused by the outbreak of the Civil War? The sudden increase in 1863 would seem to prevent our ascribing much influence to the Civil War, and yet it is difficult to believe that the working classes in Europe were not affected by fear of the conscription. Again, we notice a considerable falling off in emigration in 1855. How far was that influenced by the Crimean war? But without dwelling further upon this part of the subject, we may note that the statistics do undoubtedly show a decrease of emigration in former periods of depression as well as in that through which we have just passed. It will be interesting, then, to observe whether, supposing the revival of trade to prove permanent, the increase of emigration will also continue. The people of this country are sufficiently educated to appreciate the importance of not overcrowding the labour market, and they have a natural taste for adventure. The close balance between emigration and immigration which we have seen in 1877 proves with what facility they move from country to country, and what a small margin of advantage induces them to cross the Atlantic. It would seem not improbable, therefore, should trade improve so as to bring back again the high wages of 1873, that large numbers may go abroad for the purpose of determining for themselves whether England or America offers the better home to a working man, intending to come back again should the experiment be in favour of this country. If this happens, we shall have a substantial reason for that falling off of emigration in periods of depression which we noticed above. On the other hand, it is certain that the remuneration of labour in England and the United States has for some time been so closely approximating that the inducement to a skilled workman to break up his home and go abroad is now much less than it formerly was. It is not impossible, therefore, that the increase of emigration, though continuing, may be at a slower rate than in past periods of prosperity.

There is one other point deserving of notice; it is that, in spite of the distress in Ireland, the increase of emigration from that island is not more rapid than from Great Britain. Just as happened in the case of the whole United Kingdom, the emigration from Ireland fell off through the late depression. In 1873 the Irish emigrants numbered 83,692; they decreased through the following years, until in 1877 they did not exceed 22,831; they then began to increase, and last year amounted to 41,296—barely half the numbers of 1873, and just the numbers of 1875. Moreover, while in the three years 1853-55 the Irish emigrants constituted 61 per cent. of the total that left the United Kingdom for places outside Europe, and even so late as 1871-75 formed 34 per cent. of the total, last year they were no more than 25 per cent. How far this decrease in Irish emigration is attributable to the poverty of the Irish people, and how far to the impression made upon them by the consequences of the New York panic, there are, of course, no means of determining. But it is to be borne in mind that the poverty now existing is not comparable to that of the famine years, when the exodus assumed such enormous proportions. Moreover, it is an honourable characteristic of the poorer classes in Ireland that the members of a family

who are doing well abroad send home to the friends they have left behind them the means of following in their steps. It is hardly probable, therefore, that inability to find the passage money stops any large number. On the other hand, the communications between the Irish in the United States and the Irish at home are close and constant; and it is not improbable that the stories of the distress that prevailed in the winter of 1873-74 may have made a great impression on them. But the full effects of the late severe winter upon the course of emigration will not be known for another twelve months. In comparison with the amount of the population, however, the emigration from Ireland even now is greater than that from the rest of the United Kingdom. While the population of England and Wales is about four times that of Ireland, the number of English and Welsh emigrants last year was not 2½ times the Irish—104,275 against 41,296. Thus it is only relatively to its former immense proportions that the Irish emigration now seems small. In reality it is very large when we take into consideration the amount of the population. The emigration from Ireland as well as that from Great Britain is mainly to the United States. The emigration to other places is comparatively insignificant, and does not fluctuate at all to the same extent with the condition of trade. It would seem, therefore, to be self-supporting, since it varies with the means of the emigrating classes, and also with the degree of attraction which the new countries have for them.

THE THEATRES.

THE production at the Imperial (Afternoon) Theatre of *As You Like It* is among the most satisfactory of recent theatrical events. The play has been put on the stage with excellent taste and discretion, and the company engaged in its representation is, on the whole, remarkably good. The scenery, by Mr. Perkins, has much beauty, especially the Forest of Arden scene; and it does not appear to us that either the stage arrangements or the dresses, admirably designed by Mr. Forbes-Robertson, are over-elaborate. It has been suggested that the banished Duke and his court would hardly present so spruce an appearance as that in which we see them; but it seems to us that to indicate the wear-and-tear to which a forest life would expose them would be to push realism too far. One might as well insist on Macbeth making his first appearance in a war-worn and travel-stained condition. Granted that costume and stage arrangements are important illustrations to the play, then surely it is desirable to produce with them as generally correct and as pleasant an impression as possible, without making them so obtrusively gorgeous as to distract the attention or descending to sordid particularities which have no real value. This, as it seems to us, Miss Litton has succeeded in doing. To come, however, to what is more important than these matters, the acting of the piece.

The performances of Miss Litton as Rosalind and of Mr. Kyrle Bellew as Orlando cannot but add to their reputations. We do not know if Miss Litton has ever before appeared in a Shakspearian part on the London stage. As Rosalind she displays a keen perception, great technical skill, and a power, which is not too common, of speaking blank verse as it should be spoken. It might perhaps be said that generally Miss Litton is not at her best in the more tender passages of the part; but it must be added that her rendering of the scene where Rosalind, half swooning at the tale of Orlando's wound, begs Oliver to commend her "counterfeiting" to his brother, is excellent. Among many things which are very good in conception and execution, special commendation may be given to Miss Litton's scene with Silvius and Phœbe, and to the delivery of the epilogue. Miss Litton wears a boy's disguise (and her disguise as Ganymede is original and admirably designed) with a better grace than any actress we have ever seen except Mme. Trebelli; and the scenes between Ganymede and Orlando are, it appears to us, given in exactly the right tone and spirit by both the players concerned in them. Anything like real tenderness on Orlando's part to Ganymede would surely be far out of place. One touch, at the end of the principal scene between them, where Orlando is really moved for a moment by the disguised Rosalind's tears, and on her changing them to mockery goes off half laughing, half vexed at himself, is particularly well given. Mr. Bellew is throughout picturesque and manly; he can be tender and impassioned when those qualities are needed, and he speaks his lines excellently. He has to a great extent got rid of a certain restlessness which has before been observed in his acting; but his exits reminded us more than once of M. Mounet-Sully's trick of leaving the stage as if he had suddenly recollected that it was eleven o'clock and that he was late for a most important appointment. Both Mr. Bellew and Mr. Allbrook, who plays Charles, go through the wrestling scene with capital effect. Mr. Hermann Vezin's Jacques is already known to many playgoers. He delivers all his words, and notably the famous speech, with consummate skill, and one need only question whether Jacques was in truth so seriously melancholy a personage as Mr. Vezin makes him seem. Mr. Brough's performance of Touchstone has much humour without descending to caricature. Mr. Farren's Adam is a well-considered and skilful, if dry, piece of acting. The other characters are, on the whole, well filled, and special praise may be given to Miss S. Hodson and Mr. Bannister for their playing of Audrey and William. The glees and madrigals are well sung, and Mr. Coventry gives Amiens's songs with a pleasant voice, and occasionally with a good method.

Mr. Edgar Bruce has opened his management of the Prince of Wales's Theatre with the production of Messrs. Grove and Merivale's play *Forget-Me-Not*, which, it may be remembered, was brought out in the off-season last year at the Lyceum, and which has since then been played with success in America. On its first production we gave a full description of the piece, which turns upon a certain article, or rather upon two articles, of the Code Napoléon, which give an adventuress a hold over an innocent girl, on whom they enable her to impose her presence for a definite time. The girl's sister has married the adventuress's son, and, as he has not complied with the provisions of the Code, it rests with Stéphanie de Mohrivart, the adventuress, to make the marriage legal or null and void. This the girl, Alice Verney, is bent on keeping from her sister's knowledge, and it is only if by their help she can regain a place in the society from which she has been outlawed that Stéphanie will refrain from annulling the marriage. The main action resolves itself into a struggle, of which the interest hardly flags for a moment, between Stéphanie and Sir Horace Welby, a rich Englishman, who is in love with Alice, and bent on saving her from the clutches of Forget-Me-Not, as Stéphanie is called. It has been thought by some that the motive of the play is hardly strong enough; but, in fact, there are few stronger passions than that inspired by the desire of a woman, well born and accomplished, to get back within the pale of a society from which her misdeeds have banished her. Nor could anything well be stronger than the resolve of such a man as Sir Horace Welby to save the girl he loves from the influence of such a woman as Stéphanie. The fault, or one of the faults, of the piece is that the struggle is, in one scene at least, too protracted. This is the scene between Stéphanie and Sir Horace in the second act, which is abnormally long, and should either be cut, broken up, or played quicker. Another fault is the introduction, by way of a comic character, of an Italian prince, who is the only person in a society of mixed nationalities who speaks broken English, and yet another is the finale to the play, which seems contrived merely to give Miss Geneviève Ward (Stéphanie) an opportunity for an effective exit. Matters should be so arranged that it should appear impossible to get her safe out of the house without the strange device of telling the man whose vengeance she dreads to turn his back. As things are now managed the situation seems strained. With these reservations we see no reason, on a second hearing, to change the high opinion which we formerly expressed of Messrs. Merivale and Grove's striking and original play, and of Miss Ward's fine and strong performance of the chief character. In some ways, indeed, Miss Ward's performance has gained by experience; but she makes a curious blunder in the scene already referred to. When she has made her appeal for pity to Sir Horace, and had it rejected, she turns on him with certain words which make him exclaim, "She-devil, you drop your mask at last!"—to which she replies with the bitterest scorn of him. For some inexplicable reason, Miss Ward, instead of making at this point the sudden change which seems indicated by Sir Horace's words, keeps up the half-hysterical tone of the preceding speeches, and thus makes her adversary's speeches sound absurd. At one point—the sudden breakdown of her courage when Sir Horace produces his last weapon against her—the actress is even finer than before. Even so practised and skilful an actor as Mr. Clayton is at some disadvantage in assuming a part which was so admirably played before as Sir Horace Welby was by Mr. Forbes-Robertson. Mr. Clayton did not at first seem quite to have made up his mind what to do with the part; but no doubt by this time he has mastered it. Mr. Flockton gives a singular intensity to the part of Barrato.

Since the preceding remarks were written the *Times* has come out with a second criticism of *Forget-Me-Not*. In the course of it the critic gives a curious proof of his wisdom and experience. "The grounds on which the battle (between Sir Horace and Stéphanie) is fought," he says, do not seem on either side of sufficient weight to "an English judgment"—that is, to the judgment of the *Times'* critic. Because, to his judgment, the motive (the strength of which we have already pointed out) is weak, therefore a doubt, for which he candidly admits "there may be no foundation," occurs to the critic's mind whether, as he ingeniously puts it, "despite the obvious originality of much of the execution, there has not been some French influence at work, perhaps insensibly, on the design. . . . There is nothing in the play that would strike a French audience as unpractical or unreasonable." There is, as a matter of fact, no such subtle and mysterious difference as is here suggested between a French and an English audience, and the doubt as to the "French influence" has been answered in a letter to the *Times* by Mr. Grove, who, thinking that "silence might be misconstrued," has recorded that "the play owes nothing to any French or other source, and that, such as it is, it was entirely devised and written by Mr. Herman Merivale and myself."

At the Olympic Mr. J. S. Clarke is appearing in *Red Tape* and *The Heir-at-Law*, and delighting great part of his audiences by employing the same grimaces and intonations in different characters and in different situations. Certainly Mr. Clarke does sometimes make one laugh against one's judgment. The revival of *The Heir-at-Law* has another interest for those who have watched the career of one of the most promising of our young actors. In the difficult and not very grateful part of Dick Dowlas, Mr. Carton, especially in the unnatural and unpleasant

scene with Zekiel Homespun, which he makes as little unpleasant as may be, gives evidence of possessing a strength which his previous performances have hardly shown.

A contrast to Mr. Clarke's somewhat monotonous fooling is found in Mr. Toole's welcome reappearance at the Folly, where, pending the production of a new piece, he has been acting three of his favourite parts—Simmons in the *Spitalfields Weaver*, Buzfuz in *Bardell* v. *Pickwick*, and Puddicombe in *Our Clerks*.

We may take this opportunity of calling attention to the exhibition at 168 New Bond Street of a "Dramatic Fine Art Gallery," which is interesting, both as showing the skill in drawing and painting possessed by certain living players, and as containing various dramatic portraits of historical value.

REVIEWS.

RUSSIA AND ENGLAND.*

THE lady who describes herself by the letters O. K. makes no secret of her real name, as she states that she is a sister of General Kiréeff; but it is perhaps courteous to accept the designation which appears on the title-page. In a short introduction Mr. Froude recommends "this excellent book" to the attention of his countrymen. He is fully justified in remarking that no foreigner who has written in the English language has shown more effective command of it. "O. K. plays with our most complicated idioms, and turns and twists and points her sarcasms with a skill which many an accomplished English authoress might despair of imitating." Exception may be taken to the further statement that, "far from bearing us ill will, she desires nothing so much as a hearty alliance between her country and ours." Whether national friendship is likely to be promoted by skilful turning, twisting, and pointing of envenomed sarcasms is a question with which Mr. Froude has apparently not concerned himself. Three years ago he introduced to English readers a short book or pamphlet by the same writer, which is incorporated in the present work. It was observed at the time that there was perhaps some indiscretion in publishing an angry and irritating invective against England by a Russian writer, at a time when slight causes might possibly have produced a rupture between the two countries. Now that the strain is temporarily relaxed, there is less objection to the process of twisting and turning and pointing unfriendly sarcasms. Mr. Froude is not pledged to all the charges against his own country which form a great part of O. K.'s excellent book; but, if he was consulted, he might have advantageously advised his friend not to republish from her former pamphlet sneers such as that England "secretly strangles murderers in the recesses of her gaols." Educated Englishmen know that the privacy of executions was introduced some years ago in the interest of public morality; and that abundant precautions are taken against any abuses which might result from undue secresy. A lady who only wished to point a sarcasm may readily be excused for an unjust insinuation. In a dispassionate argument, and still more in a persuasive remonstrance, it would have been desirable to avoid the use of the invidious phrases of "Russophobe" and "Turcophil." The assumption that opponents of Russian aggrandizement are affected by habitual terror of one nation or by prejudiced devotion to another is neither conciliatory nor well founded. It would be equally inexpedient to attribute the converse feeling to the Russians; but O. K. has reproduced from her pamphlet a singular disquisition on the reason "why the Russians hate the Turks." The answer is even more surprising than the question. It seems that the Russians hate the Turks because in the thirteenth century they were conquered by the Tartars. The foreign dominion lasted only two hundred years, but "so late as 1571 Moscow was burnt to the ground by a wandering horde of Asiatics." "The Tartars taught the Russian people what the rule of the Asiatic is—a dreadful lesson, creating that inextinguishable hatred of the Turk which will ultimately secure his ejection from Europe. The death-warrant of the Ottoman was signed by Timour the Tartar." One of the most famous exploits of Timour was the victory of Angora over the Ottoman Sultan Bajazet, who, according to a disputed tradition, was afterwards carried about by the conqueror in an iron cage. The subsequent decline of the Mongol power left room for the revival and aggrandizement of the Ottoman Empire. Bajazet can scarcely have anticipated that the remote descendants of himself and his countrymen should be held responsible for the exploits of his victorious enemy. It would be interesting to learn whether Mr. Froude thinks either that avowed hatred of a foreign nation justifies aggressive war, or that the Turks of the present day can be justly punished for the alleged misdeeds of an alien potentate six hundred years ago. The historical excuse for animosity is as inconsistent with fact as it is absurd in theory. Long after the days of Timour the Russians and Turks were united by a common jealousy of the Tartar Khans of the Crimea. The English, who were never conquered by the Tartars, can scarcely be expected to share that inextinguishable hatred which is to secure the ejection of the Turks from Europe. When more territory is wanted the same excuse would serve for their expulsion from Asiatic Turkey. In other parts of the book O. K. dilates on the pacific inclinations of the Emperor Alexander, and on his anxiety to avoid the war into which he was, according to her version of events, ultimately forced. Perhaps the Emperor is exempt from that inextinguishable hatred which his subjects feel for their unfortunate neighbours. It is permissible to entertain some suspicion of a policy which is avowedly founded on hereditary hatred. The small English party, including Mr. Froude, which urgently recommended co-operation with Russia, would have obtained still fewer proselytes if it had consciously abetted the inextinguishable hatred of one country for another. The Bulgarian outrages furnished to the orators of St. James's Hall, though not to O. K., a more plausible pretext for intervention than the conquests of Timour.

Against some drawbacks attending feminine participation in political controversy may be set off the advantage of a candid expression of genuine antipathies. O. K. is a much abler disputant than the generality of men; but the sarcastic outbursts which express her real feelings are sometimes more instructive than her deliberate statements. As it would not be advisable to proclaim inextinguishable hatred to all neighbouring Powers, O. K. denies in formal terms that Russians regard Austro-Hungary with animosity; but the temptation to offer an affront in the repudiation of dislike is irresistible. "There can be no national hatred between Russians and Austrians, because there are no Austrians." "With the Slavs of Austria and Hungary—that is, with the majority of the subjects of the Hapsburgs—the Slavs of Russia can only have the liveliest feelings of sympathy and fraternity." In the same manner the American Fenians had the liveliest feelings of sympathy and fraternity for Irish enemies of the English connexion. The Germans of Austria and Styria, the Magyars, the Poles of Galicia, and even the loyal Croatians and Czechs, are virtually informed by O. K. that Russian intrigues will be directed in the future as in the past to the disruption of a great and ancient monarchy, and to the humiliation of the most civilized portion of its subjects. In other passages it is said that Austria is detested with a hatred which is probably inextinguishable. In that country, as in Turkey, professed sympathies of race are supposed to justify foreign conspiracy against established order. In another part of the book O. K. disclaims on the part of Russia any menace to Austria. She is probably familiar with the work in which General Fadaieeff, a well-known member of her party, contends that Austria must be destroyed as the first step to the conquest of Turkey. On this point, as in other parts of her argument, O. K. quotes, as might be expected, congenial sentiments expressed by English Liberal orators and writers. "Mr. Gladstone in March 1878 referred to the long catalogue of Austria's misdeeds, 'scarcely relieved by a solitary act done on behalf of justice and freedom.'" A former Prime Minister of England who may be Prime Minister again committed a gross indiscretion in publicly insulting a great European Power, which is also one of the most ancient allies of England. The heroic struggles of Austria against Napoleon were undertaken in defence of justice and freedom. The greatest injustice perpetrated in modern times by the Austrian Government was the suppression by armed force of the Hungarian Constitution. The triumph of despotism over freedom was accomplished by the aid of "the Emperor Nicholas, *preux chevalier* in all his feelings, a sincere ally of his allies." It is true that Nicholas was consistent in his hatred of liberty. According to O. K., "he was devoted to his country; he was proud of her, he upheld her dignity with all his power, and he followed without hesitation wherever his duty led." The Emperor Nicholas has never been charged with want of patriotism, which, in a despot of his type, is almost indistinguishable from egotism. He followed when his supposed duty to himself led in more than one questionable direction. It was his duty, according to his interpretation, to practise frightful oppression in Poland, to interfere on behalf of revolutionary wrong in Hungary, to crush freedom, education, and internal improvement at home, and, finally, to entail great misfortunes on his country by a wanton and unprovoked attack upon Turkey. As the Slavonic sentiment had not then been invented, he picked a quarrel with the Porte in the form of a ridiculous squabble about the keys of the Church of the Sepulchre at Jerusalem. O. K.'s admiration of his character is perfectly natural; but the expression of her feeling might have been judiciously omitted in an appeal to the judgment and sympathies of Englishmen.

The substance of the book consists in an eloquent vindication of the Panslavonic movement which has its centre at Moscow. The author is a close friend of Mr. Aksakoff and of his chief political allies; and the sister of Kiréeff, the first Russian volunteer who fell in the Servian war, may well be excused for enthusiasm in a cause which is nevertheless without foundation in justice, while it is dangerous to the peace of Europe. As late as the time of the Crimean war the ethnological doctrine which the Slavonic agitators proclaim was unknown, except perhaps to a few students. When it was necessary to find a pretext for interfering in the Turkish provinces, Eastern orthodoxy was represented as the bond of union not only with Bulgarians, but with Greeks. The philological connexion of the various dialects of the Slavonic tongue was artificially converted into a political relation, though the Polish Slavs were systematically persecuted and oppressed, and though the Germans of the Baltic provinces would have been held guilty of treason if they had sought the protection of Prussia. The ethnological theory was the more convenient

* *Russia and England, from 1876 to 1880: a Protest and an Appeal.* By O. K., Author of "Is Russia Wrong?" London: Longmans & Co. 1880.

because it applied to the Roman Catholics of Bohemia, as well as to the races which adhered to the Eastern Church. A wholly factitious enthusiasm gradually became more or less sincere; but from its first beginning to the present day the Russian Slavonic movement has included a large element of lawless ambition. There is no reason to doubt the accuracy of O. K.'s account of the methods by which the party of aggression forced the Emperor into war. If it is right and expedient that a great Power should interfere on behalf of any foreign population which speaks a dialect of its own language, and if such a policy is indisputably conducive to the interests of Russia, O. K. has produced an effectual apology for the late war, and for similar enterprises to be proximately undertaken. Her assumption, sometimes tacit and more often explicit, that the enterprise was righteous, proves with equal force that, in partially opposing it, the English Government and nation were wholly in the wrong. The writer does not conceal from herself the all but complete unanimity of English opinion on the aggressive policy of Russia; and she not unnaturally regrets the apparent conversion of Mr. Gladstone himself to the national belief. It has for some time past been one of his favourite charges against the Government that its measures have resulted in the triumph and aggrandizement of the adversary with whom Mr. Gladstone had been erroneously thought to sympathize. One of his pamphlets, under the title of "The Friends and Foes of Russia," contained an argument to prove that the Liberals had a better claim than the Government to the credit of having counteracted Russian designs. It is not surprising that O. K., who quotes many denunciations of anti-Russian policy from Mr. Gladstone's letters and speeches, should complain that he also ranges himself among the alarmists and the sceptics. A foreigner may be excused for failing to appreciate the temptations of party controversy. The supposed prejudices of constituencies must account for Mr. Gladstone's protest against the transfer of Bessarabia from a nominally constitutional State to an absolute monarchy. A Russian advocate of the Panslavonic doctrine is perfectly consistent in regarding annexation to the Russian Empire as an advantage and a duty. O. K. makes no mention of Prince Tcherkassky, though, as the confidential associate of Aksakoff, he was probably one of her political friends. The anarchical tyranny of his administration of Poland formed his title to the office of organizing Bulgaria. In the interval between his two missions he took occasion publicly to denounce the claim of the Poles to independent existence. The Slavonic party has systematically assailed the national organization of Livonia and Esthonia, and it regards with unconcealed jealousy the constitutional rights of Finland. With its efforts to break up the Austrian monarchy O. K. openly sympathizes. Between English traditions and Slavonic aspirations there would be nothing in common, even if it could be seriously believed that a fantastic theory, invented in the present generation, was unconnected with the policy which had on other pretexts been followed by Russia for more than a century. Many Russians and friends of Russia regard the agitation which is promoted by the Slavonic party as one of the chief causes of disaffection and general disorganization. Vague excitement never confines itself to a single channel; and, when external aggression is for the time checked, some of its advocates substitute revolution for conquest. The party of which O. K. is a powerful supporter is indeed loyal to the Emperor; but it has made him responsible in the popular judgment for the partial failure of its schemes. The author of *Russia Before and After the War*, a Russian subject and a German of the Baltic Provinces, holds that there is a close connexion between the Nihilists and the Slavonic agitation:—"What Aksakoff and his friends called the broadening of Russia into Slavonic nationality and the acquisition of new forms of life meant, in the eyes of the Nihilists, merely the collapse of all existing systems, the beginning of the end so long striven for by the revolutionary parties in Russia and Europe." The same writer maintains that the danger is only to be counteracted by the assertion of the right of England to be consulted in the affairs of Europe.

On the subject of Afghanistan and Central Asia O. K. agrees on all points with the Duke of Argyll, who has, indeed, stated the case for Russia against England with a fulness which leaves his clients little to desire. She also quotes the admissions of Lord Beaconsfield and of other statesmen of the same opinions that there is room in Asia for Russia and for England. Her desire to promote friendly and sympathetic relations between the two Powers must be accepted as sincere; but unfortunately O. K. is not the only interpreter of Russian designs. Although she appears to believe that the invasion of India has neither been contemplated nor desired, Russian journals are incessantly occupied with projects of a conquest which they affect to regard as an enterprise of liberation. The plans of campaign which are believed to have been prepared at the time of the Russian mission to Cabul may not justify remonstrance, as there was then a probability of war; but, if they were deemed to be practicable, the risk of invasion cannot be disregarded as chimerical. No reasonable Englishman wishes for hostile relations with Russia. If designs on India were frankly and fairly abandoned, the establishment of Russian power in Central Asia would be regarded with genuine good will. No one seriously believes that there is any converse danger of English interference with the Russian dominions. The overtures of friendship with which O. K. concludes her able and remarkable work may be cordially, but conditionally, accepted.

BUNBURY'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY.*

(First Notice.)

MR. BUNBURY is fully justified in saying that the want of such a work as that which he has written has been felt by classical scholars; and we may say without reservation that his purpose in writing it has been worthily achieved. He has undertaken a toilsome task which necessarily carries him many times over the same ground, and he is fully aware that the method which he has adopted lays him open in greater or less degree to a charge of repetition. But he has worked not so much for the few who may read his book systematically from beginning to end as for the larger number who may resort to it for exact information on the state of ancient geographical knowledge in reference to particular countries, or in relation to special historical events and incidents. That the book appears now rather than at an earlier time is in every way a gain. During the lifetime of the present generation the amount of geographical knowledge has been vastly increased. Many problems which had defied the efforts of explorers have received a final solution, and perhaps there is not a single disputed point on which some light, to say the least, has not been thrown by recent investigations. The works of Mannert, Ukert, and Forbiger belong to the earlier half of the present century; and that of Forbiger, the most recent of the three, is loaded with huge lists of names which are far from adding to its attractions. Nor can it be said that the excellent *Dictionary of Geography* edited by Dr. Smith at all answers the purpose which Mr. Bunbury has set before himself in the preparation of these three volumes. It is one thing to bring together all the information to be gleaned from ancient writers about particular places and countries, and to present this information in the exact form which the methods of modern geographical science have rendered practicable; and quite another to trace the conceptions of these countries or places as they were presented to the minds of the ancient geographers. The truth is that in such a work as the *Dictionary of Geography* these conceptions are made to pass through an alembic which in all cases modifies, and in many changes altogether, their real character. The reader may study each article carefully; but he does so with a map before him which exhibits the region in question in the light shed upon it by geographical researches extended down to his own time. He cannot rid himself completely of the impressions thus made on his mind; and often, perhaps, he makes no effort to do so. If the statement of the ancient writer tallies with the results of recent observation and inquiry, it is assumed that the idea in the mind of that writer was the same as that which would present itself to the mind of the modern geographer. The result is a subtle and perhaps unconscious worship of the map as an eternal institution, a worship not greatly disturbed by the remembrance of the changes which the map is undergoing at all times. With us these changes relate commonly to points of detail; and any new information with regard to spots insufficiently known, or even not known at all, immediately finds its proper place, and in no way dislocates the arrangements of the map generally.

To suppose that this was the case with the Greek and Roman geographers is to stray as wide of the facts as it is possible to do. It is well to know the exact position of Arbela or Gymnias, Palibothra or Barygaza, and the exact configuration of the regions to which they belong; but we shall not approach to a knowledge of the idea of those places or countries as they were present to the mind of Xenophon, or Arrian, or Strabo, unless we keep constantly before us the conditions under which their ideas and their knowledge were obtained. We have in truth to realize the very natural and necessary fact that these conditions must in the earliest ages have been simply those of blank ignorance. At first no one knew anything except about his own place of abode or about such neighbouring parts as he had himself visited. In course of time he would learn something more from strangers whom purposes of barter or war might bring into contact with him; and, so far as the methods available during ages long subsequent to the rise of contemporary history are concerned, there is practically nothing more to be said. The geographical knowledge of the pre-Christian centuries was either derived from the reports of merchants or was the result of military expeditions. Explorations for the special purpose of gaining new information, or rectifying prevalent errors or misconception, were unknown; and even when, from the days of Eratosthenes onwards, the geography of the ancient world assumed a scientific form, the distinction between the more recent and the earlier geographers was much more apparent than real. Ideas of a scientific geography the successors of Eratosthenes certainly had; but their efforts to realize them often ended in worse confusion. They knew what ought to be done, and they knew what they needed in order to accomplish the work—a store, namely, of mathematically exact observations. But this mathematical accuracy was just what was beyond their reach. There were very few places about the position of which they could obtain exact reports; and an error as to the relative position of two or three cities, or the direction of a line of coast, had its result often in the distortion of the shape of a whole continent.

The conclusion is, that the works of ancient geographers, and the geographical statements of historians, are to be taken with extreme wariness and caution. Nor is it too much to say that they are

* *A History of Ancient Geography among the Greeks and Romans, from the earliest Ages till the Fall of the Roman Empire.* By E. H. Bunbury, F.R.G.S. 2 vols. London: Murray. 1879.

never to be regarded with absolute confidence, and that besides the modern map, we ought to have the map of the country as it was present to the mind of the historian or geographer whose works we are studying. We are all familiar with the "Orbis veteribus notus" which accompanies most school atlases; and the map of the world according to Herodotus is also pretty generally known by sight. But it is commonly regarded as little better than a curiosity, to be looked at and put aside. A comparison of his map with those of later writers is seldom or never thought of, and yet these not only show what each writer knew, or supposed that he knew, of the countries with which he was dealing, but exhibit the growth of geographical knowledge as the ages rolled away. This growth is of the strangest sort, the advance being sometimes by great leaps, while at others we have singular oscillations, some of which bring about errors or delusions more serious than those of earlier periods. It cannot be said, therefore, that the growth of geographical knowledge was continuous, and still less that anything deserving the name of knowledge is to be looked for in the epical literature which quickened the historical instinct of later ages. The bearing of these remarks on a multitude of speculations relating to the geography of the ancient world is obvious. Unless they can be refuted, no room is left for the decision of any geographical question on the mere weight of statements made by any ancient authorities. The blow falls not merely on the poems which we now receive as Homeric, not merely on the assertions of Herodotus, or Thucydides, or Xenophon, but even on scientific astronomers like Hipparchus, and systematic geographers like Strabo. Not one of these had any adequate guarantees against mistakes and blunders of the most serious kind; and in some respects the men of science were rather worse off than those who made little or no pretension to it.

This is the keynote of Mr. Bunbury's work; and, as the systematic working out of this position is its chief characteristic, so we believe that, by the fulness and exactness with which he has accomplished this task, he has done the highest service, and deserves the gratitude not only of geographical students, but of all scholars whose researches trench on the description of the earth, of its productions, and of its inhabitants. The superstitious veneration paid to ancient poets especially has been a source of the most serious mischief; and its effects are not much counteracted by such works as the *Dictionary of Geography*, although their value is admittedly great. At the outset Mr. Bunbury enters a protest against the undue weight attached to the words of ancient writers:—

> Instead of at once drawing the line, as would be done without hesitation in the case of a mediæval writer, between what was accurate and trustworthy and what was vague and inaccurate, the most fanciful suggestions have been made and ingenious theories invented to account for what was simply erroneous. Even the supposition of vast physical changes has been introduced or adopted rather than acknowledge that Herodotus or Strabo can have made a mistake.

His object therefore has been chiefly to determine how far ancient writers were right in their geographical descriptions, and how far they were wrong, and to pass sentence against them without hesitation whenever their words are palpably opposed to facts which must have been in their days what they are in our own.

This task is by no means so easy as many may be disposed to think it. We often import into the study of ancient writers a mass of prepossessions derived from the experience of more recent ages, and even cautious readers may do so with profound unconsciousness. The Iliad and Odyssey are poems which mention a great many names of places and countries, with some of which the poet was beyond all doubt personally familiar. We have no warrant for assuming that he had this acquaintance with all the spots or regions of which he gives us a detailed description. He relates, further, some military expeditions and voyages to distant lands. We are still less justified in taking up the narrative with the notion that he had in his mind with regard to these any definite geographical system. The course to be followed by us is clear. We have to confine our attention, as Mr. Bunbury insists, "as entirely as possible to the words of the poet himself and the conclusions that may be legitimately drawn from his own language." This was the position laid down by Mr. Gladstone; but unfortunately he did not adhere to his rule, and his examination of these poems yielded little more than a plentiful crop of paradox. We are met at starting by the fact that the poets of the Iliad and Odyssey had no words for the points of the compass. They speak of Darkness, and of the direction or quarter of the Dawn and the Sun; but the vagueness with which these terms are used has led many, and not in recent times only, to suppose that by the former the North was meant, and by the latter the South. The theory falls to the ground at once, inasmuch as in these phrases the dawn is invariably associated with the sun. Mr. Gladstone argues that they must be taken definitely to mean the South-east and the North-west, and then uses them systematically with this meaning, for which, of course, there is simply no evidence whatever. Strabo, it is true, speaks of Homer as the founder of scientific geography; but we have only to take the indications of place as given, for instance, in the voyages of Odysseus, to see the uselessness of looking for a geographical system where none ever existed. The land of the Cyclopes has been supposed to be Sicily. Yet it is certain, Mr. Bunbury remarks, that there is nothing in the Odyssey to lead to that conclusion:—

> There is no indication either of the distance or of the direction of the voyage from the land of the Lotus-eaters thither; and it is scarcely necessary to add that neither the name of Sicily nor that of Ætna is found in Homer. . . . To this it must be added that Homer elsewhere speaks of an island called Thrinakia, which has been almost universally identified with Sicily; and not only is there nothing to connect this with the land of the Cyclopes, but the two appear in the mind of the poet to have been entirely separate.

From the island of Æolus, of which we are told only that it lay a long way to the west of Ithaca, the wanderer goes to the land of the Læstrygones. Six days and nights of hard rowing are spent on the voyage; but nothing is said as to the direction in which they were moving. For the voyage from the city of Lamos to the island of Kirke or Circe we have no indication even of time. The attempt to identify this spot with the Italian promontory of Circeii, which is not an island at all, Mr. Bunbury justly speaks of as absurd; adding that it is "equally impossible to attempt any other determination of an island of which nothing is told us that is not on the face of it purely fabulous." The difficulties are not lessened when we come to the names of well-known places. The group of islands which includes Kephallenia is headed by one for which no representative can be found, and this island is, strangely enough, mentioned in the catalogue of ships in the Iliad as one which contributed forty ships for the war, while Kephallenia, Ithaca, and Zakynthos together furnished only twelve. The efforts to meet the difficulty are only evasions. Colonel Leake tried to satisfy himself with the thought that "there is no proof in the Iliad or Odyssey that Dulichium, although at the head of an insular confederacy, was itself an island." There is none in the Iliad; but the place is mentioned thrice in the Odyssey, and in each instance we are expressly told that it was an island. There is absolutely no room for doubt when we read the lines

> ὅσσοι γὰρ νήσοισιν ἐπικρατέουσιν ἄριστοι·
> Δουλιχίῳ τε Σάμῃ τε καὶ ὑλήεντι Ζακύνθῳ,

and no room, therefore, for the notion, which Mr. Gladstone eagerly adopts, that the three islands were in fact two, Dulichium and Same being names for different portions of Kephallenia. The only indication of sailing by the stars is found in the Odyssey, where the nymph Calypso tells the wanderer that, in order to reach the Phaiakian land, he must keep the constellation of the Great Bear steadily on his left hand: or, in other words, that he must sail from west to east. But this, seemingly, will not suit any of the hypotheses with which geographers wish to make it fit. Some, therefore, interpret it to mean the north-east, others the south-east, while Mr. Gladstone, admitting that, if the words are taken in their natural sense, they are fatal to his whole fabric of Homeric geography, argues that the phrase, ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ χειρὸς, means not "on his left hand," but "on his right." On this Mr. Bunbury trenchantly remarks, "Among all the subtle attempts that have been made from the days of the Alexandrian critics to our own to explain away the poet's meaning when it did not suit their purpose, it would be difficult to find a more ingenious piece of special pleading than the elaborate excursus in which Mr. Gladstone attempts to support this strange paradox." It is perhaps enough to say that the phrase, although it does not occur elsewhere in the Iliad or Odyssey, is used by Apollonius Rhodius in its usual sense, although it is not easy to see what would be gained even if we had a definite indication of direction for a land which, when it is reached, is manifestly a Nephelokokkygia.

With the Argonautic expedition Mr. Bunbury deals, as we might expect, much more summarily. The details which impart to the voyage from the Symplegades to Colchis the character of a geographical treatise are the additions or inventions of comparatively late years, and the Orphic Argonautica must be assigned to a time subsequent to the first century of the Christian era. In the Odyssey the story of the Argonauts is connected chiefly with the dangers of the rocks called Planctæ; and the poet places these rocks between the shoals of the Seirens and the whirlpools of Skylla and Charybdis, which were generally connected with the western parts of the Mediterranean. It is easy to say that the Planctæ and the Symplegades were two names for the same object; but this was not at all the idea of the Homeric poet, nor is anything gained, as Mr. Bunbury urges, by the attempt "to combine into one narrative stories originally quite unconnected with one another, and to give a definite form to what the earliest poets and their hearers were contented to leave wholly vague and unsubstantial."

It is unnecessary to go through the remaining details to be found in the geography of the Iliad and the Odyssey, in the Homeric hymns, or the dramas of Æschylus, and scarcely necessary to say that the idea of their resting on any geographical system has been effectually disposed of by Mr. Bunbury. But it is never satisfactory that a question should be cast aside as insoluble; and in a special degree it is unsatisfactory to be told that the Homeric and other traditions are mere freaks of fancy without substance and without meaning. It is not easy to believe that the idea of Cyclopes, of Lotus-eaters, of Kirke or Calypso, came into the poet's head without any suggestion from without. Geographically, Mr. Bunbury can make nothing of Læstrygones and Phaiakians, and he is therefore content to banish them "to the outer zone of the Homeric world, in which everything was still shrouded in a veil of marvel and mystery. We can as little explain in the one case as in the other what gave rise to the original legend that has been amplified by the creative genius of the poet into the form with which we are all familiar." If by this nothing more is meant than that no geographical explanations

can be found for them, Mr. Bunbury's conclusion is perfectly right; but those who hold that the materials of these traditions may be examined by other methods which are not geographical will be apt to receive with impatience the assertion that the stories of the Hesperides, of the oxen of Herakles and the island of Erytheia, are undoubtedly Phenician, and may be tempted to reply that Mr. Bunbury himself has given the clue to the early form of the Argonautic tale when he says that the quest of the golden fleece may probably "be regarded as having formed from the first the essential nucleus of the legend." It is surely not more difficult to light on the nucleus of the Phaiakian story; and if we are to be reminded, as Mr. Bunbury reminds us, that "their ships had no need of steersmen or rudders, but knew of their own accord where they were to go," it would be well to tell us also that they knew—or, in other words, were in the habit of visiting—all the cities and fields of the earth. Thus we see that we are dealing with a fleet which could sail over the dry land, with ships which navigate the ocean of air. The scrutiny of the Homeric poems proves abundantly that the Phaiakian land has no place in the geography of the earth. The method of comparative mythology explains the story, not only in its origin, but down to its minute details. The two together finally set at rest the whole question of Homeric geography.

This is a most important result; and it opens the way for an unprejudiced examination of the geography of Hecataeus, Herodotus, and later writers. The light thrown on their ideas by Mr. Bunbury's exhaustive treatment is striking and often startling. The comparatively small effect which the introduction of scientific form and arrangement had in the correcting of misconceptions or the removal of blunders is one of the most wonderful facts connected with the history of geography. Mr. Bunbury's researches in this portion of his work assign their true value to the work of all the scientific geographers who followed Eratosthenes, and call for a separate notice.

DENT'S HISTORY OF BIRMINGHAM.*

THE *History of the Corporation of Birmingham*, some time since reviewed in our columns (see *Saturday Review*, October 26, 1878), was a work issued by the authority and under the direction of the Corporation itself. Its author dealt in a full and instructive manner with the special subject entrusted to him, and traced the growth of an important municipal organization out of the primitive and unpromising elements of the manor steward and the parish constable. With the domestic, social, and political life of the increasing town Mr. Bunce was only incidentally concerned. Mr. Dent, in *Old and New Birmingham*, has proposed to himself the more popular task of writing a "History of the Town and its People." And if we undertake the task of criticizing his work, it is only because he has shown that his subject is of more than local interest, and deserves a more careful literary treatment than is necessary for a publication issued in its present form. The volume before us has the appearance of a bound series of numbers or parts of a cheap periodical, and we believe that the work has actually been issued in parts. It is fully worth the labour of revision and of republication in an altered and permanent form; and among other things its title requires reconsideration. The custom of language from the days which distinguished the "Old" and the "New" Rome to those which recognize an "Old" and a "New" World has attached to the words the idea of local separation. "New" Birmingham should be in America or Australia. Mr. Dent is telling us of the same Birmingham past and present.

There are perhaps more dismal prospects in the world, and more gloomy moments in human life, than those which come within the experience of a passenger from London or Bristol when his train draws up at the Birmingham ticket platform. His eye wanders over a sunless waste, once evidently a smiling valley with its streamlet flowing between green hillsides, and strives in vain to pierce the smoke, while a strange, quick groan at intervals strikes his ear, apparently from the ground beneath his feet. These sounds proceed, not from imprisoned souls, but from the Birmingham proof-house; a term which it may be well not to explain too fully to nervous old ladies in the train. It is pleasant to obtain a glimpse through the "East Prospect of Birmingham" by Westley, taken in 1730, of some portion of this district in its earlier country aspect; and the "prospect," with its accompanying ground-plan, is additionally useful in enabling strangers to Birmingham to understand the principle which has governed the construction of what at first sight appears to be a very perplexing labyrinth. The passenger, ascending into daylight out of the enlarged rat-hole which represents the main station of the town, and into which he has found his way by a tunnel, is aware that the fine street forming the main artery of modern Birmingham must be upon a hill of some elevation, but may easily forget that the old lines of communication in the country are to be looked for in the valleys below. In fact, New Street is comparatively what its name implies, and the town has grown upon the intersection of the lines of traffic now represented by the two London and the Midland lines of railway. The converging roads from the south-east going out on one line towards Wolverhampton, and the Severn Valley road from Worcester into Derbyshire coming in below the hill from the south-west, formed the nucleus around which the old town grew, its one parish church of St. Martin standing just above the little stream known as the Rea, which carries to the Trent such waters of the high land on the west as do not fall towards the feeders of the Severn. The advantage of such a position as the key to the great mining district towards London and the whole of South-Eastern England, and towards Bristol and the South-West by the Severn, will be evident by a railway map even to such readers as have never experienced the sudden plunge at Birmingham out of the Warwickshire fields and fresh air into the smoke and dreariness of the long miles of "Black Country" beyond it. But, however impossible it may now seem to think of Birmingham as a country town, it is necessary to remember that it is not itself in the mining district, and that, as it gathered round the early village centre its growing industrial population, it became the home not of labourers, but of craftsmen. The original character of its trade may be illustrated from two existing instances, which exhibit great industries arising out of the demand for minute and carefully finished workmanship in vast quantities—the manufacture of steel-pens and that of screws.

Sword-blades and gun-barrels were among the heaviest products of Birmingham manufacture in the seventeenth century. Of foundries for cannon we have not observed any mention in this history, and we believe that there were none. "There exists," Mr. Dent writes, "a popular error among those who know our town but imperfectly, picturing Birmingham as grimy with the dense smoke of furnaces, echoing with the clangour of forges, gleaming with great fires. No picture of the town could be wider of the mark. Scarcely a bar or pig of iron has ever been smelted within its boundaries; there was a solitary furnace at Aston where the blast was blown by a water-wheel, and one of the first steam-engines in this neighbourhood was erected to supply its place." Even this furnace was blown out before 1795, and some cinders from its calx were cut and polished by an ingenious townsman, who "set them in rings and brooches, and sold them as fragments of Pompey's Pillar." The name itself by which the great industry of the town in its many branches was known during the eighteenth century sufficiently indicates its character. The trade of Birmingham was the "toy trade," and the great factory at Soho was established in 1764 by Matthew Boulton for the making of "toys." This word derives its current meaning from an original use for "petty commodities or trifles," and in its trade sense represented buckles, clasps, chains, and an endless variety of small articles of hardware. It was as "a Birmingham buckle-maker" that the "writer who signed himself Job Nott" addressed "his dear brother artificers" in a series of "pamphlets on local and imperial politics" at the time of the French Revolution and during several succeeding years. Mr. Dent is, as we have reason to believe, right in his conjecture of the authorship of these vigorous and effective papers, as to which it is matter of regret that "the most complete series known to be in existence was destroyed in the disastrous fire at the Reference Library"; a regret which is increased as we read the statement that "Job Nott was not among the lovers of liberty and progress, but rather of the unreasoning opponents of all reforms, and of those who in Birmingham ceased to exercise any great influence among the people subsequent to the close of the eighteenth century." It may be hoped that the author's general accuracy as a local historian is not to be judged by this specimen. The "influence" of a gentleman who was not more marked by his dignified presence than by his courteous manner and his cultivated mind is still fresh among Birmingham men. Mr. Theodore Price of Harborne was among the last survivors of those who could look back on the "Church and King" riots of 1791 as a memory of their manhood, and died at the age of ninety some thirty years ago. He was, indeed, a leading member of the group of thoughtful men who were ardent local supporters of Pitt, while Fox forms the centre of the group who, in Gilray's coarse caricature, are drinking the "Birmingham Toast, July 14, 1791"; and perhaps there is no community in England where political feeling so disturbs the exercise of fair judgment as that of Birmingham. This restless activity of thought and passionate rivalry of action may have grown out of the conditions of the local trade, which has depended on the inventive faculty, on the perpetual development of variety, and on the creation and following out of new lines rather than on a mere patient industry within accustomed grooves. It may be a further and more intricate psychological question whether a certain contempt for the rest of mankind which is a characteristic of Birmingham politicians may not be the result of a trade which has, in many of its branches, flourished in direct proportion to the prevalence of a public taste for show and shams instead of plain use and intrinsic value. It has been a "Brummagem" demand which created the "Brummagem" supply; and the shrewd brains and skilful hands which could "make you a hundred pounds' worth of jewellery out of a guinea and a copper kettle" must have learnt to despise their home customers as completely as they could despise the "Indians" for whom certain "medals in imitation of guineas and half-guineas" bearing the date of 1800 were executed. By an unintentional irony these curious evidences of a not too pious fraud have remained to this day in a drawer of relics side by side with "a silver medal on the death of Louis XVI., presented by Mr. ——," a manufacturer of such "toys," the latter bearing the legend, "Multis ille bonis flebilis

* *Old and New Birmingham: a History of the Town and its People.* By Robert K. Dent. With Illustrations. Birmingham: Houghton & Hammond. 1880.

occidit." It is doubted whether the tradition that Birmingham once drove an active trade in idols for the use of the Hindoos rests upon any sound basis of fact; but the spurious spade guineas "made for the Indians" are in point of morality on a level, if anything, not quite so high. There were tender consciences, certainly, among these makers of ancient shams; and Mr. Dent quotes from the late Recorder of Birmingham a good story of an artist in some vile metal known as "soft tommy," overheard by his master cursing the future wearer of the buckles which he was making, who explained that he only wished to be beforehand with the wearer, who was certain to curse him.

We have already pointed out the necessity for a careful revision and re-editing of Mr. Dent's History. It contains valuable material, but much in the same way that the contents of a gold-digger's cradle do so; there is a weary amount of "stuff" to be cleansed and sifted away before the genuine metal can be stored. The book as it stands has as much and as little title to the name of a "History of Birmingham" as a file of a London daily paper for the last century would have to the name of a History of England during that period. The vivid description of the "Church and King" riots of 1791, drawn mainly by the pens of two ladies, sufferers from the outbreak, is a nugget both of size and value; and the story of the "Political Union" movement, under Thomas Attwood, fifty years ago, is fully and vigorously told. The true character of the frightful outrages of 1791 may be learnt from Mr. Dent's pages, although he allows too deep a shadow to rest on the political and ecclesiastical party whose watchword was so shamefully paraded and abused. The magistrates, no doubt, were paralysed by the sudden explosion of licentious fury from the lowest stratum of the populace, which they were, till the arrival of the military, without any physical power to control; but the horror with which the riot was regarded and remembered in the true "Church and King" ranks of the town is still familiar to those who have heard its tradition from contemporaries. Birmingham in 1791 was no more represented by the rioters than "corner-men" represent the Liverpool of to-day.

Among minor details, the challenge to "wager of battle" by the accused upon a charge of murder at Warwick Assizes in 1817 is quite curious enough to deserve a particular account of the legal procedure in the case; but if Mr. Dent allows, in any revised edition of his work, the reappearance of the whole nauseous story of outrage and crime which he has disinterred for his present purpose, he will deserve criticism of a kind which for the present we suspend.

The illustrations throughout the volume are numerous and interesting, consisting of fac-simile engravings from local originals of various dates and various styles of art. The reproduction of a handbill of 1731 notifying the running of a "Birmingham Stage Coach," with woodcut heading, is among the most amusing and characteristic of these pictures, and by some unaccountable accident it is inserted in its proper place. For the rest, it might perhaps be possible to combine the letterpress and the illustrations upon some system of more incongruous inappropriateness than the ingenuity of Mr. Dent's printers has already devised; but our own powers would be entirely unequal to the attempt.

MADEMOISELLE DE MERSAC.*

THE materials of three-volume novels which deal with nothing more repellent and unnatural than the love stories of innocent people cannot but have a certain family resemblance. There must be at least two men in love with the same girl, and it is obvious that both cannot be successful. When a writer has got thus far he has to face the difficulties, first, of continuing the story through the rest of his three volumes, then of bringing it to a satisfactory conclusion. In one sense the latter of these is the greater. Padding a novel is not probably a very difficult task, and novel-readers are lenient enough as to the manner in which it is done, especially if the author is considerate enough to isolate the padding from the story proper, so that an experienced reader can tell at a glance what to skip. But to bring matters to an end which shall give general satisfaction is not so easy. If both the young men are meritorious, and one of them marries the girl, some kind of consolation prize must be found for the other. He may perhaps discover that he has really been in love all the time with somebody else, who has also been in love with him; or he may have a single but brilliant career, in the course of which he will from time to time look fondly and with a sigh at an old glove, or a locket, or a piece of crumpled note-paper covered with a girlish scrawl; or he may be the means of providing the happy couple with a handsome income, and find his reward in the contemplation of his own generosity. Perhaps any method of this kind is more likely to please than that which the writer of *Mademoiselle de Mersac* has adopted of causing the girl to die as soon as she has finally decided which of her two suitors she can and will marry. He adds, it is true, that, if she had married the chosen one, both she and he would have discovered that they had made a mistake; but probably many readers will feel that it would have been fair at least to give them a chance.

We have begun, as we believe some novel-readers are in the habit of beginning, at the wrong end of a book which is not without freshness and attraction. The author has provided for various tastes by making part of the action of the story take place in Algiers, with the scenery and life of which he is evidently familiar, and by having a list of characters, half of whom are French, half English, while his heroine is the daughter of a French father and an English mother. She and her brother Léon live under the care of the Duchess de Breuil, an old friend of their father's. This is what Mr. Norris says of his heroine's position:—

Mademoiselle de Mersac, whose character exhibited a good many traits of a kind more or less puzzling to her friends, was in nothing more incomprehensible to them than in her prolonged and voluntary spinsterhood. A young lady of the quasi mature age of three-and twenty, beautiful, well-dowered, of excellent family, and still unmarried, is no ordinary phenomenon in French society; but then Mademoiselle de Mersac was not an ordinary person, nor were her circumstances ordinary circumstances. Had she occupied a position analogous to that of her neighbours, her matrimonial affairs would, of course, have been arranged for her long since by provident parents; but Fate had decreed that she should make her *début* in society as an orphan, and, further, that she should do so in the exceptional character of absolute mistress of her own destinies. For the late Marquis de Mersac, influenced by his English education, his English wife, and also perhaps by certain melancholy experiences of his own, had harboured, and frequently expressed, an intention that his daughter should choose her husband for herself *à la mode anglaise*. Whether, after his death, his desires would have been respected by the Duchesse de Breuil (who, for her part, thought them eminently injudicious), had that lady possessed the power of opposing them, is at least open to doubt; but, happily or unhappily for Jeanne, she had no such power.

Mlle. de Mersac's marriage-portion was held in trust for her until the date of her wedding or the completion of her thirtieth year; and she could please herself entirely in the matter of marriage. The Duchess did what she could by bringing forward one eligible suitor after another, but Jeanne would have nothing to say to any of them.

Jeanne, when we are first introduced to her, is waiting for her brother Léon, who has been away in England; and, going to meet the horseman whom she takes for him, finds that it is a groom, with a note to say that he is stopping to breakfast in the town. The Duchess, when she hears of this, is irritated. She does not "like to think that my boy cares so little about seeing us again that he is ready to turn aside, as soon as he lands, to breakfast with the first one he meets. Who is his friend?" Jeanne replies, "M. de Saint-Luc, I believe"; on which the Duchess's face loses its cross expression, and she proceeds to speak in praise of Saint-Luc in an aggressive way. Finally, she asks Jeanne why she dislikes Saint-Luc, and Jeanne answers, "I neither like nor dislike him; I care nothing about him. But I do not think his company is likely to do Léon any good. He is a gambler; he has dissipated his fortune by betting and card-playing in Paris." It is needless to say that M. de Saint-Luc is one of the two regulation suitors of a three-volume love story. The other is a Mr. Barrington, a rich Englishman, who appears on the scene a little later. M. de Saint-Luc goes the wrong way to work to gain the love of Jeanne, whom, the Duchess has told him, he must woo "à l'anglaise"—that is, he must make her love him before she will consent to marry him. He knows her fondness for Léon, but he does not know her dread of his influence on Léon, and therefore he is very attentive to the brother, hoping thus to create a favourable impression on the sister, but in reality doing exactly the opposite. It is a well-meant but mistaken kindness of his to Léon that furnishes the author with the difficulty in the way of Jeanne's love affairs going smoothly which is the necessary point of departure. The thing is devised with some ingenuity, and should not perhaps be criticized too keenly. Léon proposes one night to Saint-Luc to turn into the club and play at whatever happens to be going on. Saint-Luc, who is himself going to play, advises Léon not to do so, "firstly, because they are playing lansquenet at the club to-night, and lansquenet is, of all games that I know, the one at which large sums are most easily lost. Secondly, because there is no luck in the air to-night. Thirdly, because you have not got enough money in your pockets. I have three hundred francs, the loss of which will probably sober me. You will lose what you have in a few minutes, after which you will take to paper and become reckless. Also, your head is not so cool as mine to start with." These are all excellent reasons, and, of course have no kind of effect on Léon. What Saint-Luc has prophesied, and more, comes to pass. The deal falls to Saint-Luc, and Léon, who is sitting next to him, covers his stake four times and loses. The fifth time he gets back his paper, and soon twenty francs of winnings. "That," says Saint-Luc good-naturedly in his ear, "is not the way to play lansquenet," and of course his timely warning has no effect. Léon continues his foolish system of doubling with other dealers, finally loses his temper, and might have got into a serious scrape but for Saint-Luc's intervention. The deal comes back to Saint-Luc, who in sheer thoughtlessness puts up a heavy stake, which Léon immediately covers. Luck runs completely against Léon, who by his continual doubles is merely blocking the way for other players. Saint-Luc attempts to help him out in a certain way which is prevented by the technicalities of the club rules. It may be noted that the description of the game is throughout admirably clear, and that the excitement is very skilfully kept up. Finally, having won a very heavy sum from Léon, Saint-Luc quietly passes the deal, which of course seemed a very cruel thing to do. He did it, however, with the best intentions, as Léon found out the next morning when Saint-Luc, saying that he had always found his card-winnings go out at the window, tore up Léon's

* *Mademoiselle de Mersac.* By W. E. Norris, Author of "Heaps of Money." 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1880.

I. O. U.'s and flung them away. Unfortunately he had not calculated on the early training which made it impossible to Léon to consider himself discharged from his debt by such a process as this. Yet, if he were not so discharged, he would have to sell his patrimony. Only one way out of a serious difficulty occurs to Saint-Luc:—

"You said just now that a man cannot take a present of money from a friend—not that I ever proposed to make you such a present; but let that pass. One thing, however, you must admit; anybody may accept money from his nearest relations, and I think you could hardly refuse the sum in question if it were offered to you by—your sister."

"Quite out of the question," answered Léon. "Even supposing that I were enough of a scoundrel to rob Jeanne of her fortune, I could not do so. It is held in trust for her till her marriage."

"Yes; but upon her marriage I have heard—I understood," said Saint-Luc, a little confusedly—"that is, Madame la Duchesse told me, one day, that it would become her absolute property."

"That is so certainly, but——"

"Just allow me to finish what I was going to say. You know what my wishes have been, and are, with regard to your sister, and lately you have encouraged me to hope that, in spite of all that has passed, there might still be a chance for me. Well, supposing that I have the great good fortune to succeed, what I would propose to you is this. Let your sister, on her wedding-day, pay you 255,800 francs (a sum which is, I believe, more than covered by her dowry). You will then pass the money on to me, and all will be said and done. I don't see what objection you can make to such an arrangement. You must remember that, in suggesting it to you, I am thinking of her comfort as much as of yours, and that if you agree to it, you will spare her and Madame de Breuil an amount of unhappiness which, in my humble opinion, you have no right to inflict upon them."

This, however, leads to fresh and worse difficulties. Jeanne is terribly upset when Léon tells her what has happened. It seems to her that he has "allowed a stranger to think that he might take your sister in payment of a gambling debt." Nothing is further from Saint-Luc's mind than such a view of the matter as this, but Jeanne, with her unhappy prejudice against him, does not perceive this. So, Barrington having been summoned to England and gone away without any definite declaration, and Léon and Saint-Luc being on the spot, Jeanne agrees to a marriage with a man whom she cannot ever love, since she does love another man. This is a pretty complication enough, and its unravelling gives matter enough for the greater part of the second and third volumes of the book, which are diversified with clever sketches of character and scenery. We have perhaps had enough of the Franco-Prussian war in novels, but the writer of *Mademoiselle de Mersac* manages to treat it with a certain freshness. The book, if not violently exciting, is pleasant and wholesome reading, and is written with style and knowledge.

MALLESON'S HERAT.*

THIS book sets forth the importance, indeed the necessity, of our instantly acquiring Herat. And the argument by which this thesis is enforced has all the merit of novelty. The annexation is urged mainly on moral grounds. A good deal is, of course, made of the danger of allowing the place to fall to Russia; but we are also enjoined to go there as a matter of duty, not to ourselves, but to our fellow-creatures. "Polity, justice, humanity, the very safety of our Indian Empire, demand the movement. No people implore it more than the Heratis." "Again, in 1717 Herat experienced, for the first time, the horrors of conquest by the Afghans, and the still more prolonged misery of Afghan rule. The nature of that rule has been described in words that burn, by an eyewitness, the illustrious Hungarian, Arminius Vambéry. How the Afghan conqueror swaggers in the streets, disdaining work, but at any time ready to murder and to plunder; how the Afghan governor lays on imported and exported articles duties all but prohibitory, thus stifling the trade which is the life-blood of the place; how the very caravans which, before the Afghan period, traversed the neighbouring valleys and passes in safety, are now plundered within Herat territory, often with the connivance of the Afghan governor; how the people, ground down by taxes, by plunder, by oppression in its most loathsome forms, turn their longing eyes to England to rid them of their insolent oppressors—all these things, and more, are told in full detail by Vambéry. . . . Talk of Bulgarian atrocities! they sink to nothing when compared with the daily, hourly atrocities perpetrated by the Afghans upon the Heratis. . . . Her palaces are in ruins, her markets are but a shadow of what they once were, her children crouch before the insolent Afghan; but she survives, the vital spark still burns, dimly indeed, but it burns. . . . The first necessity is the removal of the oppressor who, for more than a century and a half, has so shamefully abused his position." And so on, in glowing periods. Here is a case clearly for humanitarian interference. It may be all very well for cold-blooded politicians to contemplate the possibility of counteracting the efforts of an insidious Power to possess herself of the garden of Central Asia; but the great heart of Liberal England will beat faster than that of a calculating statesman; here is something worse than the unspeakable Turk close to our own door, so to speak. We may gratify our noblest aspirations as a benevolent and beneficent nation, and do a good stroke of business into the bargain, by straightway marching on and taking possession of Herat. Nor will it be all patriotism and spending money. We shall soon be recouped the little outlay involved in the move by the great trade which would spring into life upon the annexation:—

In a few years Herat would prove the milch-cow of Northern India. . . . The actual products of the Herat Valley are assafœtida, saffron, pistachio-nuts, fruits of all sorts, gum-mastic, manna, wheat, barley, and other descriptions of corn. . . . The grapes are peculiarly luscious.

Who can doubt that the annexation would be self-supporting? The trade in pistachio-nuts alone should go far to pay for the cost of the garrison. It was that eminent philanthropist, Mr. Ralph Nickleby, who pointed out that there were nearly two millions of unhappy souls in London alone who never tasted muffins from one year's end to the other; but the number of our unfortunate fellow-countrymen who have never tasted pistachio-nuts at all must be vastly greater. The commercial uses of assafœtida are practically boundless. Nor is it only agricultural products which would reward our benevolence. "The existence of silver mines rests on the authority of Ibn Haukal and Edrisi," although it appears that the working of the principal mine "has been abandoned on account of its great depth and by reason also of the scarcity of firewood in the vicinity." But British capital and enterprise would no doubt soon overcome such difficulties as want of fuel or excessive depth. The American silver mines have lately shown signs of stopping their yield. We might call on the East to redress the deficiency of the West.

It is not too much to affirm that a few years of English administration would suffice to place Herat and its districts in the position with respect to Afghanistan which the province of Bengal occupies with respect to Northern India—that is, Herat would pay all the expenses of occupation of Afghanistan and still yield something more to the Treasury.

The comparison is apt. Bengal is about twice as large as France, and has sixty-six millions of inhabitants; Herat is in a valley perhaps five-and-twenty miles wide, bounded by rugged hills:—

But this is the least of the benefits its occupation would accomplish. The indirect wealth which would accrue to England by the possession of the key to the markets of Central Asia is not to be calculated. But it is not to the cupidity of the British manufacturer that I would appeal. There is something more important even than the commercial interests of the country. These people in their agony implore the protection of England.

And so on. There are some forty or fifty pages of this sort. The padding of the book consists of descriptions, taken from various writers, of the different routes to this promised land of milk and pistachio-nuts. Evidently there is nothing more easy than to get to Herat. You have only to hold Afghanistan in force, to put down all opposition throughout the country; to extend your line of communications from India, which you now find so easy to keep open, for about three times the length of the line now held from Peshawur to Cabul, a line held by nearly twenty thousand men, who do not command a yard of ground off the road they are standing on; you have only to do this, and Herat is yours. Along the proposed routes there are some well-defined tracks, if no actual roads, and on some of these water and food are to be got at every stage. True, for the greater part of the way, food, and at some places even water, would have to be taken by an army; and as General Roberts has not at present the means of moving one-third of his small force, our transport arrangements must first be overhauled; but these are, after all, matters of detail, and the troops, when they do get in sight of Herat, will be rewarded by picturing "what she may yet once more become should England accept the offer which the Heratis earnestly press upon her."

Colonel Malleson indeed lays great stress on the prosperity of Herat in former days, and assumes that, if it fell into the hands of a settled Government, it would thereon recover this prosperity, and become again a great commercial emporium. It is so very favourably situated for becoming the centre of trade in Central Asia. But when Herat is pointed to as having been a great city in ancient times, it has to be remembered that Central Asia also was a populous and fertile country, and that it will not suffice merely to govern a single district well if the surrounding country be sterile and barbarous. The truth is that a great blight has fallen over that as over other great tracts of the earth's surface—Palestine and North Africa, for example. The very climate of some countries has altered. It would be as reasonable to suppose that Babylon and Nineveh would rise to their former splendour if the Euphrates Valley railway were carried out, or that a great wine trade would spring up in Palestine if the Metropolitan police were set down there, as to suppose that Herat is likely to become again what it once was, if it were to pass into the hands of the British. It may become necessary some day to go to the extreme length of occupying Herat; although previously to doing so it would be necessary to put our Indian military system on an entirely new footing, and also to accomplish a real occupation of Afghanistan, matters which Colonel Malleson does not even allude to; but, if we are forced to such an undertaking, no sane person will be for one moment misled by such bunkum as this, that the Heratis are eagerly longing for their deliverance, and that Herat will turn out to be another Bengal and cover all the costs of occupation.

In truth this book is hardly worth serious notice. The grammar of it is on a par with the argument; as, for example, where we are told that "the eternal law which decrees that commerce shall find the quickest and cheapest route . . . . which, when the route by the Cape of Good Hope was discovered, abandoned the time-honoured markets of Venice." It seems to be an eternal law that our author's books are

* *Herat: the Granary and Garden of Central Asia.* By Colonel G. B. Malleson, C.S.I., Author of the "History of the Indian Mutiny," &c. London: Allen & Co. 1880.

to be full of fustian and bad English; but he does score one point which is of considerable importance. The Afghans did not show themselves good soldiers on the invasion of 1878, or again last year. They allowed us to carry what might have been impregnable positions with trifling loss. Nor have they proved more capable in attack. The only sign of ability in the late rising was the suddenness and secrecy with which it was effected. But that nevertheless they possess excellent fighting qualities, if these were turned to good account, there is no question; if they had been led by intelligent commanders, the advance on Cabul, so easily accomplished, would have been made quite impracticable for us, with our limited means. Therein lay the danger which the opponents of the Government policy have persistently ignored. They point to the difficulties of transport and communication which we have experienced, and ask how it would be possible for the Russians to march a great army through Afghanistan to the invasion of India. But no sane person, so far as we know, has ever contemplated such a thing. What, however, does seem plain is that it would be quite possible for Russia to organize and make use of the military resources of that country, when not only would it become quite unassailable, but the means would be afforded for making her position there a constant menace to India without the presence of any Russian army. The position for the English Government in India would then be quite unbearable. From that difficulty there is good reason to believe we have been delivered by the prompt action taken in the autumn of 1878. Had the advance been delayed even till the spring, the task would probably have been vastly more difficult. The enormous preparations which Shere Ali had been making, and the great accumulation of warlike stores found at Cabul, are significant of his belief, at any rate, that the time was coming when Russia and Afghanistan might be found in active alliance against India. Except with such an aim this great equipment would have had no meaning.

PASSAGES IN CHURCH HISTORY.*

THE editor, or, to use his or her own word, the compiler, of these volumes has attempted too much or too little. In a brief introductory note we are informed that Dr. Jenkins left at his death a mass of papers in a state of great confusion; that his intention had evidently been to give a general account of the progress of the Church from the Apostolic times to the present day, but that only portions from the history of each century had been written, and these in an incomplete and fragmentary form. The first three centuries were, in fact, dealt with by Dr. Jenkins in a volume called the *Age of the Martyrs*, published in his lifetime, and intended as an introduction to the present work. The note, after disclaiming responsibility for the opinions of Dr. Jenkins, whose "enthusiastic spirit led him to see only goodness and beauty where sterner judges would detect many errors," concludes with these ominous words:—"But, apart from the intrinsic value of the work, it certainly presents a picture of his own pure and devotional mind which cannot fail to be attractive to all, and deeply interesting to those who had the privilege of knowing him." Will friendly editors never learn that "masses of papers" which are deeply interesting to the privileged few cannot always be wisely submitted to the judgment of the general public?

Dr. Jenkins, as we learn from a brief memoir, was the holder of a Missionary Fellowship, who, after some eight years of work in Africa as chaplain to Her Majesty's forces at Natal, found his health so impaired by privation and hardship, as well as by the climate of the colony, that he was obliged to return to England. With the permission of the Bishop of London, at whose disposal he was placed by the conditions of his fellowship, he took up his abode for a time in Oxford, and employed his leisure partly in those ministrations among railway servants and their families which earned for him the title of the "Railway Apostle," and partly in literary work. Both in Oxford and afterwards at Aberdare Dr. Jenkins laboured among his people with great devotion and conspicuous effect; and it is with all the respect and admiration which such a life inspires that we proceed to express and, as we believe, to justify our regret that these fruits of his more studious hours have been given to the world in their present form.

The author's estimate of historical characters and events is, indeed, often such as to provoke criticism, and for this he must doubtless be held answerable; but for the fact that his incomplete and often carelessly worded notes have been strung together and presented to us in the outward garb of a book we must blame those who have had the disposal of his manuscripts. It was open to the compiler of these volumes either to produce a history based upon Dr. Jenkins's notes—a work which, if successfully accomplished, would have been a credit to himself—or to consider that as the materials had not been worked up into a literary form by the author, his reputation would be best consulted by withholding them from publication. The adoption of a middle course leaves us uncertain in many instances whether to lament the accidental incompleteness of an episode or to criticize the inadequacy of its treatment. When, for instance, we are told of Philip II., that "after the death of the Emperor he left the Netherlands and for the rest of his days dwelt in Spain, watching the rising up of the stern Escorial and laying the dead of his race in its vast dark vaults," we feel that this is neither history nor biography; but we are uncertain whether we are reading a grave assertion that Philip's later days were spent in attending funerals or a somewhat scanty note somewhat wordily expressed. The author's plan of telling the story of the Church in the biographies of those who were the representative men of periods or ideas is in itself most admirable, and has recently been carried out in part in the successful series of "The Fathers for English Readers"; but to deal with one thousand five hundred years of Church history in this or in any other way is a very serious undertaking, and one to which the two small volumes before us are manifestly inadequate. It was perhaps from a desire to economize time and space that Dr. Jenkins omitted all critical examination of many disputed questions and all mention whatever of not a few. Yet his verdicts upon some familiar historical characters and solutions of some well-worn historical problems are so unexpected that we would gladly have heard his reasons, and some notice of the existence of other views might reasonably have been expected.

In passages such as that which we have quoted on Philip II. there is a sacrifice of substance to what looks like an effort after picturesqueness of style, for which Dr. Jenkins was presumably himself responsible; but side by side with blemishes of this kind we find instances of slovenliness of composition and inaccuracy in grammar and orthography which should have been corrected by those who prepared his manuscripts for the press. These are most numerous in the earlier chapters. The attempts of Constantine to check the Trinitarian Controversy are thus referred to (vol. i. p. 3):—"He wrote to command the dispute to cease; but it was too grave for this." In p. 24 Eusebius of Nicomedia is spoken of as Eusebius of Nicedeia. At p. 54 we have "underlaid" for the preterite of underlie. Of the Cilician Mazaca we are told (vol. i. p. 67) "The town itself had changed its name to Cæsarea in the days of Tiberius, *because* (*sic*) Julian had passed through and found the temples of Jupiter and Apollo in squalid ruin, and had vented his useless rage in withdrawing from it its Imperial name." This account might at least have been rendered intelligible by the substitution of "but" for "because"; but in the very next page we read that "Cleanthes had learned from *Zeus*, possessing but a single garment and working as a porter for his daily bread." But we will not attempt the ungracious and unprofitable task of enumerating even the more unpardonable of the inaccuracies with which these pages abound. Let two other glaring examples suffice. At the bottom of page 454 of vol. i. we read:—"Luitprand, King of the Lombards, was sent back from the gates of Rome the remonstrances of Gregory II. The great new *by* power of the Franks was also ready to come over the Alps." These two bewildering sentences need only that the word "by" should be transferred from the second to the first, but no one has been at the pains to make this transfer. In the chapter on "The League" (vol. ii. chap. xxx.) the Massacre of St. Bartholomew and death of Charles IX. have been assigned to the years 1592 and 1594 by the substitution in each case of a 9 for a 7. And here we are reminded of an instance of Dr. Jenkins's odd system of selection among the disputed and undisputed facts of history. He tells us that, after the Massacre, "orders went into the country, and the deeds of blood were repeated throughout the land. Yet here and there men refused to execute such a cruel sentence, and were held harmless; the Bishop of Lisieux took it upon himself to suspend the execution as dishonouring the cause of Christ, and they that had been most fiercely persecuted by the Huguenots were now the first to shelter and protect them." This honour has been claimed for Hennuyer with equal confidence by previous writers, and perhaps we can hardly blame the author of a sketch of Church history for not discussing the objections which have been urged against the claim; but Lacretelle, for instance, couples with the Bishop's name that of Sigognes, Governor of Dieppe, pays a tribute to the "heroic humanity" of the Montmorencies, and records the names of the Viscount d'Orthe and the Count de Tende, who, so far from being "held harmless," died, it is supposed, by poison.

The eccentricities of form which we have noticed add much to the difficulty of criticizing the substance of Dr. Jenkins's work. Of the biographical sketches of which it mainly, though not entirely, consists, some are, as a matter of course, much better than others. It may, however, be said of them in general terms that they make no pretence to be written in a critical or judicial spirit; and, while the genial amiability of the author saves him from controversial bitterness, he does not attempt to disguise the strength of his theological and ecclesiastical bias, and often brushes away old conflicts of opinion by the mere uncompromising use of epithets. As we are hurried through the Councils of Nicæa, Tyre, and Sardica, the persecution of Athanasius, and the lives of SS. Basil, Chrysostom, Jerome, Ambrose, Martin of Tours, and Augustine, in less than one hundred and fifty pages, the accounts of Arianism and Pelagianism are necessarily slight; but we are surprised to find in the life of Augustine—in other respects perhaps the best of the early chapters, and one of the best in the book—no account at all of Manicheism. In the brief life of St. Martin it is spoken of as an Eastern heresy which "had the old characteristics of the Gnostics, sometimes 'the hurtful refusal of God's gifts, sometimes the depth of unhallowed licentiousness"; but of Manes himself, and the strange dualism of his system, we have not a word.

* *Passages in Church History.* Selected from the MSS. of the late Rev. J. D. Jenkins, D.D. Oxford and London: James Parker & Co. 1879.

When we come to the days of Charles the Great we learn with interest that a much earlier origin than we had supposed must be assigned to an error, historical this time, and not theological, which modern writers have been at much pains to explode. "His brother Carloman," we read, "died in the course of the year 771, leaving to Charles the whole of the vast heritage of his father. Soon afterwards he became known by the great name of Charlemagne." The domestic infidelity and military ferocity of Charles are ignored. Of his nine divorces, we only hear of that of Desiderata, while we are assured that he "struggled with his evil passions, and sought earnestly to subdue them by prayer and fasting, though the troubles of those unquiet days left him little time for such holy exercises." In the chapter on the scholastic philosophy the personal history of Abelard is passed over altogether. Yet it is surely possible to treat it in outline without shocking the sense of propriety of ordinary readers; and to say that "it seems plain that in his latter years his moral character had improved" is to trifle, however unintentionally, with the facts.

Of the Crusaders Dr. Jenkins speaks with unqualified approval:—"The cause of their lamentable failure was the profligacy of Frederick II., King of Sicily and Emperor of the Romans." Indeed there is in his references to this Emperor something of the bitterness to which Roman Catholic writers on the subject have accustomed us; and the whole chapter on "The Struggle of the Church with the Hohenstaufen," from its title to its last word, is the work of an advocate rather than an historian. If Hallam is too lenient to the Emperors in his treatment of this epoch, we may surely appeal to so orthodox a writer as the Archbishop of Dublin, and contrast his lecture on the Popes and the Hohenstaufen, the twelfth of his series on mediæval Church history, with the chapter before us. It is, as the Archbishop reminds us, "a thrice-told tale"; and indeed the Holy Roman Empire and the long tragedy of the house of Swabia are subjects of never-failing interest; but there is more reason on this account for a new historian to keep clear of the old animosities which have gathered round them. Frederick II. stands forth as the champion of irreligion, if not of Atheism—the scoffer, the deceiver, the libertine; and, even allowing for the trials of his position and the treatment he received from the Popes, history cannot pass a much lighter sentence on him than that of poetry, pronounced by the Ghibelline Dante. But for Barbarossa, "the greatest Emperor since Charles," and "one of the noblest figures of mediæval Europe," Dr. Jenkins has no good word; while Adrian, Alexander, Innocent, Honorius, and Gregory, are hardly ever mentioned without epithets of praise and expressions of admiration. In this chapter, at p. 151, occurs one of the clerical errors of the abundance of which we have had to complain. We are told that the struggle of the Church and the Hohenstaufen ended only with the deposition of the grandson of Barbarossa by Frederick II. at the Council of Lyons. For Frederick II. we must, of course, read Innocent IV. Though the defeat of Frederick at Legnano is described, we look in vain for an account of its results in the concession to the Lombard cities secured by the treaty of Constance.

On the interesting subject of Savonarola and the Medici Dr. Jenkins seems to write with a certain constraint. The relations of "Brother Jerome," as he calls him, with the Popes are doubtless embarrassing. We read that Savonarola, when summoned to Rome by Alexander VI., "spoke strongly against the unworthy Pope," and also that "Alexander VI. had undoubtedly been the chief cause of the terrible fate to which Savonarola succumbed": but we read also that "the last five years of the Pontiff's life seem to have been sanctified by a true repentance." This "unworthy" is the worst epithet which can be found for Roderigo Borgia, "the scourge of Christendom and the opprobrium of the human race"; and for the story of his death by poison, now generally and doubtless justly discredited, we have the story of his declining years "sanctified by true repentance." To Lucrezia Borgia we are introduced, without reference to her previous history, as married to Alfonso, "whom she aided with her clear counsel and wife-like affection, while she gained the respect and admiration of her husband's subjects by her unselfish wisdom and princely care." To this commendation is added a quotation from Roscoe, to the effect that "towards the close of her life she became severely rigid in her religious duties, and devoted herself to works of benevolence and piety"—words which certainly suggest a very different context. After this we are not surprised to read of "the saintly Giovanni de' Medici," but we confess to a feeling of strangeness in meeting in a later chapter (p. 529) with "Rubens, the pure-minded and devout."

To our author himself no one will deny the possession of these qualities. As children he would lead us, a child himself, through the dark and foul places of history, seeing but little evil except in opposition to the Church, from which he finds it hard to distinguish the Papacy. But while by its purity and simplicity his narrative seems fitted to be an introduction to Church history for young people, the faults of one-sidedness and inaccuracy which we have been compelled to point out make it a dangerous guide for beginners, and remove it far indeed from the rank of a standard authority for general readers.

CLASSICAL SCHOOL-BOOKS.*

MR. A. SIDGWICK'S edition of the Twenty-second Book of the Iliad is raised above the rank of merely rudimentary by a few aids to the use of grammar and lexicon, some small points of accentuation, and so forth. It may be added that the particular book is well chosen for its purpose; indeed it is apter for a young scholar's use than any other book of the Iliad except the Sixth, with the famous interview between Hector and Andromache. The student knows by heart every turn and bend in the eventful courses round the walls, the dreamlike chase wherein one cannot catch nor can the other escape, and where, in Zeus's weighing of the scales, Hector's eventually sinks. And the whole book is of equal value, whether we take Hector's dying prophecy of ill to his rival, or Priam and Hecuba's lament, or Andromache's thrice-touching dirge. Mr. Sidgwick gives in his introduction a brief summary of all that needed to be said as to Homer, his date, his critics, and the nightmare of Wolf's prolegomena, and we thank him for the admission that Wolf made the utmost of the "difficulty of oral transmission." On the whole, this little edition deserves the credit of "multum in parvo," and yet it is not crowded with supererogatory matter. On the ten lines v. 111—21 we are indebted to Mr. Sidgwick's elucidation for the discovery that there is no expressed apodosis; and he rightly and simply explains the proverbial line οὐ μέν πως νῦν ἐστιν ἀπὸ δρυὸς οὐδ' ἀπὸ πέτρης. There is an idiomatic repetition in v. 203, πυμάτόν τε καὶ ὕστατον, "last and latest," with which Mr. Sidgwick compares our parallel "first and foremost." In 219 πεφυγμένον ἄμμε, "escaped from us," is a strange deponent form only found in the epic.

Mr. Edmund Fowle appears to find a demand for a cheaper form of the collected lessons which make up his First Book of the Iliad. The latter half is printed without notes, though we are referred to the general vocabulary for the difficulties which may occur. Thus, if we look at v. 401, δίπτυχα ποιήσαντες, we shall find δίπτυχα ποιεῖν correctly explained "to lay double," i.e. to lay the flesh or thigh-pieces of the victim on a layer of fat, and upon this to place still another. Examination on other points shows Mr. Fowle to be generally correct, but we are not sure that his method is progressive enough.

There is more bone and muscle in the *Second Greek Reader*, of the Clarendon Press Series, whether we consider the valuable and practical syntax meted out to suit the precise needs of readers of Herodotus and Xenophon, and placed at the threshold of the volume, or examine the historical essays and notes referring to Marathon, Platæa, the Spartan State, and the Spartan King. It must be confessed, however, that it seems an awkward way of providing a new book of Attic Greek prose to take down one's Herodotus and convert him from Ionic into Attic, and it is hardly justified on the plea that fourth-form boys want more lively and real pictures of Greek history and Greek life than can be got in the limited scope of the *Anabasis*. The objection to this device is that we are not engaged on a genuine Greek author, and there is a suspicion of tinkering in the composition; though this does not apply to the selections from Xenophon, some of which are from the Lacedæmonian Republic and give details of the training of the heroes of Thermopylæ and Platæa, others the picture of the able Greek sovereign and statesman, Agesilaus. In his passages from Herodotus Mr. Bell has managed to include all the most stirring that are concerned with the invasion of Greece and the Persian war. Such anecdotes as the run of Pheidippides, the Athenian courier, and his mysterious message from the great god Pan to the Athenians, have a flavour of the Father of History that is worth preserving, though, as the note at l. 253 informs us, "it is unfortunate that Herodotus has not more exactly recorded the time of this remarkable run," a distance of 125 miles or so in two days. Here, too, are the death of Callimachus and the exploit of Æschylus's brother Cynegeirus; and we are obliged to agree with Mr. Bell that, when we get into the more technical Greek of Xenophon, things are less lively. There is much to be learned about the Spartan discipline; elaborate problems as to the training of boys and young men, now and then involving such unusual phrases as τὸν τορωτέρον τῶν εἰρένων, "the sharpest of the twenty-year olds," for εἴρην was the technical word for the Spartan youth after twenty, of an age to speak in the Assembly and to command troops. We have already mentioned the succinct, lucid,

* *Homer's Iliad.* Book XXII. By Arthur Sidgwick, M.A., Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1880.

First Book of Homer's Iliad in Graduated Lessons, &c. By Rev. Edmund Fowle. London: Longmans & Co. 1880.

Second Greek Reader.—Selections from Herodotus and Xenophon. With Introductory Notes and Vocabulary. By A. M. Bell, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1879.

The Georgics of Virgil. Book IV. Edited by C. E. Jepp, M.A., Head-Master of King Edward's School, Stratford-on-Avon. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1880.

The Phormio of Terence. Revised Text and Notes. By Rev. John Bond, M.A., and Arthur S. Walpole, B.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1879.

Cæsar de Bello Gallico. B. I.-III. Edited by J. H. Merryweather, M.A., and C. C. Tancock, M.A., Assistant-Masters at Charterhouse. London: Rivingtons. 1880.

Livy's History of Rome. A Literal Translation from Text of Madvig. Books V., VI., VII. By "A First-classman." Oxford: James Thornton. 1879.

and work-a-day syntax which is so valuable a part of this manual.

The next volume on our list is a prize in its way—the Fourth Book of the Georgics, edited as a labour of love, with rare pains and refinement, by Mr. Jepp. Not that there is any lack of exponents of any part of Virgil; but somehow new beauties rise unbidden to the faithful admirer of the most cultivated of poets. Little niceties of sense yield themselves to the competent scholar like Mr. Jepp who limits his study to a choice portion, such as the Bee-book, and treats it in a way wherein no critic can complain that aught of importance has been overlooked. He has doubtless read and re-read his commentaries. We are reminded of Conington when, in reference to v. 29, he calls attention to Virgil's grandiose manner in the line "Aut praeceps Neptuno immersit Eurus." Here "Neptuno" is = aquâ, by metonomy, just as in 64 at "Matris quate cymbala circum," "matris," standing for Cybele, the mother of the gods, is another instance of Virgil's magniloquence. Compare "Pocula Acheloia," in the First Book of the Georgics. In v. 50 Mr. Jepp aptly notes on "vocisque offensa resultat imago," the instance of transferred epithet by the figure Hypallage, it being the voice, not the echo, which strikes. Mr. Blackmore poetically turns it, "And baffled, backward leaps the ghost of sound"; and Mr. Jepp's translation is often as good as if it were poetry, for neatness and point of expression. In v. 105 *seq.*, Virgil gives directions for clipping the queen's wings to keep her from straying, and this plan, as Mr. Jepp informs us, is recommended also in Hunter's *Manual*. In like manner, at 178, in reference to the division of labour among the bees—"Grandaevis oppida curae Et munire favos, et daedala fingere tecta"—we are referred to Aristotle, *Hist. An.* ix. 40; though Mr. Neighbour states that, as a matter of fact, the younger workers perform all the home duties for the first two or three weeks of existence, till they are strong enough to forage; and at v. 190, "Fessosque sopor suus occupat artus," we are reminded that Huber and Von Berlepsch maintain that bees do sleep, though the process of honey-making is not intermitted by night. "Sopor suus," according to Conington, = the sleep they need; according to Mr. Kennedy, "their peculiar sleep." On the interpretation of the lines,

> Quotque in flore novo pomis se fertilis arbos
> Induerat, totidem autumno matura tenebat,

we cannot doubt that Mr. Jepp's sense is the true one, which connects "matura" with "poma," not "arbos." "All the fruits his prolific tree had clothed itself withal at early flowering, full as many it retained in autumn ripeness." Mr. Blackmore's verdict is in the same sense. In the episode of Aristaeus occurs a line which has been the subject of some dispute, whether, when that famous beemaster says to Proteus, "Scis, Proteu, scis ipse; neque est te fallere quicquam" (427), the sense is, "Nor is it possible to deceive you in aught," or "you cannot give me the slip, do what you will, so give up the attempt;" it seems to us that the taking "fallere" as *i.q.* λανθάνειν settles the question. For a specimen of Mr. Jepp's renderings we may cite vv. 523-27, "Tum quoque marmorea—flumine ripae." "Even then, while Hebrus, stream of Oeagrus his sire, was rolling down in mid-current the head torn from that marble neck, his very voice and his tongue now cold in death kept calling, Eurydice! ah, poor Eurydice! with fleeting breath. Eurydice! the banks re-echoed all adown the stream." Of course he refers to Pope's parallel passage in the Ode on St. Cecilia's Day. Mr. Jepp will do well to annotate some other choice classic gem.

Messrs. Bond and Walpole's edition of the *Phormio* of Terence apparently claims in its preface to lay the foundation of a third critical edition of the dramatist. They first animadvert, not quite undeservedly, on Mr. Parry's ultra-conservatism as to MSS. The second edition to which they refer (Professor Wagner's) they cannot acquit of carelessness; and it may be owned that they themselves come before the public with a text vastly improved by a return to the reading of the Bembine Codex, and by the help of the edition of Umpfenbach. They are, it must be added, somewhat cavalier in their ignoring of more than one good serviceable Terence of the last quarter of a century. Their own work is extremely elementary and slender in respect of prosody and scansion, a matter in which as yet no English editor has achieved much. We have to thank them, however, for a capital introduction to Terence and to Latin comedy. It deals in interesting notes on Terence's loans from the Attic New Comedy, as seen in his seven extant plays, and examines his humour, his plots, his sentiment, and character-painting, with much appropriate illustrative remark. Of the scansion we have said that the account given in the introduction is slender; but it is just to add that when we are once in the midst of the play, the editors elucidate patiently all difficulties, and never leave the tiro hopelessly in the lurch. In glancing over the first act one or two notes have struck us as worth notice, either for appositeness or defect. In the first scene, 43-44, are two highly appropriate notes—one grammatical, the other illustrative—on *unciatim* as the accusative case of a noun used adverbially; the other on the antithetic force of the same word in the studied climax—namely, "What the poor wretch *ounce by ounce*, with miserly stinting, has barely spared from his rations, all this is to go at one fell sweep." At v. 47, "alio ferietur munere," we demur to their statement that the expression does not occur elsewhere, and see no occasion for connecting the phrase with a mistranslation of πληγέντες δώροις, in Herodot. viii. 5. "Ferire" here, as in *Propert.* III. iii. 50, and in Plaut. *Trin.* ii. 119, is obviously "to cozen," and is so given in Lewis and Short's *New Latin Dictionary* (Clarendon Press). The editors deserve the credit of their note on vv. 48-9, as to the punctuation "ubi erit puero natalis dies, ubi initiabunt," explaining this by referring the allusion to the ceremony of "weaning." A capital note, at v. 89, illustrates the word "Tonstrina," that many-featured "Truefitt's" of ancient Rome—a lounge as popular as the Balnea of the Empire, the κουρεῖα of Athens, or, as the editors note in an afterthought, the kindred lounge at Florence (see George Eliot's *Romola*).

Editions of *Caesar's Commentaries* threaten to flood the market; but we cannot doubt that the first instalment of Messrs. Merryweather and Tancock's *Caesar de Bello Gallico* in Rivington's Classical Series fully justifies its existence. Adopting the text of the last edition of Kraner (Dittenburger, Berlin, 1877), but accommodating the numbering of sections to correspond with the Oxford Pocket Classics edition, they have further laid Kraner's notes under contribution for matters of detail and illustration; whilst for sites of battlefields, routes of march and geographical questions, they own themselves indebted to Napoleon III.'s *Julius Caesar*. A short and clear introduction discusses "Gaul and its relations with Rome," and gives the life of the conqueror of Gaul up to 58 B.C. We may also commend the general accuracy of the geographical indices which form part of the appendix. It remains to be added that this edition furnishes a clear readable type, a sufficient descriptive heading to each chapter, a map or plan at need to explain to the reader such details of Roman and Gallic strategy as the field of battle with Ariovistus or the battle on the Sabis, and a practical running commentary. Wherever we have tested the notes, as in the campaign against Ariovistus, they strike us as admirably to the purpose, whether critical or explanatory.

We scarcely know what to say to a translation of the Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Books of Livy, professing nothing higher than to pull pass-men through moderations, intended to be literal, though not slavishly so, and to give only elementary details of the political history of Rome in an introduction of eight pages. The translator shrouds his identity under the mysterious title of "A First-class man." A glance at his handiwork in translating Camillus's speech (Book V. 49-50, &c.) enables us to assess him as neither better nor worse than the common run of manufacturers of "cribs," which are precisely the kind of translations that scholars do not desire to see multiplied. It is probably well fitted for its not very ambitious purpose of passing undergraduates through the previous examinations or moderations.

QUEEN OF THE MEADOW.*

MR. GIBBON'S novel answers to its attractive name, and from the first page to the last has a pleasant fragrance of the country. He deals in charming rustic descriptions without indulging in them to excess, and your fancy can realize the farm of his *Queen of the Meadow*, with its rick yard and rich hay fields, and its general air of peace and plenty. We appreciate the care he has evidently bestowed on his work, and the thought he has given to developing his characters. But in the composition of his story and the unfolding of his plot, he inclines to a somewhat far-fetched exercise of ingenuity. Considering that his chief hero and heroine are eminently frank in speech and straightforward in mind, we feel that they must have quickly come to understand each other in place of prolonging a game of cross purposes. Polly Holt, the Queen of the Meadow, and mistress of the Meadow Farm, is a pretty and unprotected female who can very well take care of herself. She does not lead an altogether solitary life, for her cousin, Sarah Hodsoll, shares her home and the cares of the establishment. But naturally a woman with such weighty agricultural responsibilities is all the better for having a man of knowledge and experience to lean upon; and Polly has got into the habit of having recourse to her cousin and neighbour Michael Hazell. Nobody doubts that Michael adores her. With her quick perceptions, she is fully alive to the fact that she could hardly find a more stalwart arm to lean upon. He is always eager to place his time and intelligence at her disposal, and he is thoroughly conversant with all farming affairs. These gifts and qualifications of his, however, serviceable to her as they are, form only a small part of his merits. In temper, as well as in character and conduct, he is as nearly perfect as a man can be. Moreover, he carries the embodiment of the spirit of chivalry into the business of his everyday life; and in the course of the story she has opportunities of learning the self-sacrifice and devotion of which he is capable. Possibly he has made the mistake of a man earnestly in love, and has shown himself too tender and submissive. It is certain that she trifles with his feelings unfairly; and, after treating him one day as a head-bailiff or a brother, she wounds him the next by thrusting him off at arm's length. We do not blame him for not being quicker to comprehend her—for not making a resolute clutch at the prize which is almost within reach of his strong hand. It is the nature of true love to be timid and self-diffident. But we do feel afterwards that he is provokingly and persistently dull when he fails to read the signs of her readiness to yield to him.

* *Queen of the Meadow.* By Charles Gibbon, Author of "Robin Gray," &c. Chatto & Windus. 1880.

Mr. Gibbon takes a pride in perpetually tantalizing us, by making Michael put aside the happiness which we know awaits him in the end. Time after time he brings him up to Polly, who plays about him like a shy filly round a sieveful of oats; and when Michael has only to throw the arm with the halter round her neck, he makes some awkward movement that scares her away. So we grow somewhat weary of the repetition of scenes which wantonly delay the inevitable *dénouement*.

The book reminds us in many respects of Mr. Hardy's *Far from the Madding Crowd*, though we are too well persuaded of Mr. Gibbon's originality to believe that he ever consciously borrowed from it. He does not show the same lively appreciation of quaint rustic humour in depicting his clodhoppers and repeating their talk; but he is by no means destitute of the sense of drollery, and the language of his people is always natural, while his conceptions of them never turn towards caricatures. Like Mr. Hardy he puts forward an aspirant to the hand of the heiress of the farm who is altogether unworthy of her; yet he not only attributes redeeming virtues to Walton, but makes him come to good in the end. Indeed, Tom Walton is perhaps more natural than Michael Hazell, because he is far less admirable. He is a man to touch the fancies of many women, though hardly perhaps the fancy of such a girl as Polly Holt. One of the gravest indictments that can be brought against him in striking his moral balance-sheet is the number of female hearts he has played fast and loose with. Besides that, he is unduly addicted to jovial company, and has risked and lost far more than he could afford in the racing for which he neglects his farming. Walton is very much an English counterpart of the fast Irish squireen of a former generation; and he is all that would be most objectionable to the refined tastes of a "born lady." He lives upon the borders of a wider world than that of his parish, without belonging to it; he frequents the great meetings at Goodwood and Epsom, where he has been in the habit of burning his fingers till he has involved himself heavily in debt. So of course he gives himself the airs of a man of fashion among his neighbours, and these airs sit very awkwardly upon him. He is apt to give himself the airs of a conqueror, too, on very slight provocation; and Mr. Gibbon makes clever use of these in Walton's interviews with Polly. Whenever she yields him an inch, he immediately takes an ell. We have too much confidence in Polly's good sense and discernment to believe that he is even a formidable rival to Michael. Yet there is no reckoning absolutely with the caprices of the wayward nature with which Mr. Gibbon endows his heroine, and there is always excitement in the notion that it is quite possible she may make a fool of herself. There are clever touches of the unpleasant side of human nature in the selfishness induced by intense concentration on her own feelings, in a nature that is otherwise open-hearted and generous. She is strongly attached to her cousin and companion Sarah. The two girls have lived hitherto in unreserved intimacy, and yet, though her own love anxieties might have sharpened her quick perceptions, she shows herself altogether blind to the state of Sarah's heart. It never occurs to her that that silent young woman, who has become of a sudden so very odd in her ways, is really pining in secret for Walton, and letting concealment like "a worm i' the bud, prey on her damask cheek." Yet all the time the changes of mood of the heiress are putting Sarah through torments of jealousy and apprehension. If Walton is once fairly rejected, there is the hope that he may come back to what Sarah would call his first love—to what he might have characterized himself as a meaningless flirtation. A sharp-sighted girl, saying little and thinking much, she sees all the time even more clearly than Polly, that Walton is unlikely to make a good husband. There is the ring of earnest passion in the words with which she breaks out hotly on one occasion, when Polly is discussing the propriety of engaging herself to Walton, and weighing the chances of being reasonably happy with him. She asks the advice of Sarah, as that of a thoroughly disinterested party, and of course without the slightest intention of taking it. Sarah flashes out, "I will tell you what I would do—I would leave him to the woman who cares enough for him to risk her happiness on the chance of keeping him straight; and who, failing in that, would still be faithful to him when he sank into the worst state of poverty." Even then, notwithstanding the fervour of the words and the violence of the gesture, Polly suspects nothing of the passion that prompted them. No wonder that Sarah resents a blindness which is not only unfeeling but singularly unflattering; and when her jealousy makes her guilty of rather a malicious action afterwards, we cannot help feeling that there was every excuse for her. We fully appreciate the principle of art which groups the minor interests and personages round a single prominent central figure. Yet, considering the part she has to play in the story, Mr. Gibbon keeps Sarah somewhat too much in the background. We rather surmise her actual idiosyncrasy than understand it. And our sympathies with her in her unfortunate attachment and trying domestic circumstances are but languid, because it is only latterly we recognize that she is really a very attractive young girl, who might aspire without presumption to captivate the volatile Mr. Walton.

A more commonplace writer must have brought his story to an abrupt conclusion with the generous devotion of Michael Hazell on the death of his father. The old man's end had been hastened by some business anxieties. A county bank had come suddenly to grief; and an exceedingly bad case of bankruptcy it must have been, since next to nothing was paid in the pound. Polly's fortune had gone in the crash; and, by her father's will—by the way, one of the oddest and most fantastical we remember to have met with in the pages of fiction—old Hazell was in some measure morally responsible. He agrees with his son that Polly must be saved, as far as possible, from the consequences of the failure; but his natural idea is that the cousins, who seem such excellent friends, should fulfil the dearest wish of his heart and marry. Michael Hazell goes much further. He desires that his father should make a will leaving his money to Polly, as being merely the settlement of her lawful claims; so that, in place of being fettered to him by an intolerable obligation, she shall be free to wed Walton or anybody else. And he goes the length of deceiving his father into destroying the will in which he had set out the true state of the case. Polly gets scent of the pious fraud, and with womanly ingenuity and perseverance puzzles out all the facts. Is it credible or natural, we ask, that instead of being melted by Michael's self-denying tenderness for her and by his delicate generosity, she makes a bitter grievance of his having sought to deceive her, and treats him with a petulant severity that reduces him to wretchedness and despair? It is true that she loves and respects him in her heart all the time, as she well may do; that she is treasuring a withered rosebud of his as a love-gage; and that her aggressive petulance is in great measure simulated. But we repeat that we decline to believe for a moment that a girl of her honourable and warm-hearted character could have been warped into a course of ungrateful injustice which must have troubled her conscience with intolerable qualms. We think we have said enough to prove our assertion that Mr. Gibbon carries ingenuity too far in imagining refinements of subtlety in the behaviour of his characters. But at all events it is a fault on the right side, though he would draw his sketches more true to the life were he to put some check on the exuberance of his fancy.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

COUNT ADHÉMAR D'ANTIOCHE'S *Deux diplomates* (1) is not exactly a book for the general reader, but it is likely to prove interesting to those who have studied the political history of Europe towards the middle of the nineteenth century. The two diplomatists are Count Raczynski, a Polish nobleman who attained a high position in the Prussian diplomatic service, and the better known Spaniard, Donoso Cortes, Marquis of Valdegamas. The book consists of an interchange of letters between the two extending over the period 1848-1851. It thus deals chiefly with the troubles of the first year and their settlement, the establishment of the French Empire, &c. Both Raczynski and Cortes were fervent Anglophobes, and this book is a good reminder of the time when Palmerston was the bugbear of half Europe. "L'Angleterre c'est le mal," says one correspondent, and the other remarks that he has made against us "le serment d'Annibal." Putting this frame of mind aside as a curiosity, and noting as its corollary the frantic terror of "la Révolution" which both writers display, we may say that on some isolated points, such as the character of the Third Napoleon and his rule, interesting views and opinions are given.

The title of M. Paquier's history (2) is perhaps a little misleading. The reader may expect to find it occupied with an account of the deeply interesting subject of the old provincial autonomies of France, and of their modification and gradual absorption. As a matter of fact, however, it is rather a discursive essay on the general history of the country as modified by the general history of Europe. Digressions are frequently made of an even less relevant character, as when M. Paquier deals lengthily with the rise and establishment of the Prussian and Russian monarchies. Indeed the book seems to be rather a channel for the conveyance of a certain number of general historical *aperçus* than a systematic treatise on its subject, or on any subject. It winds up oddly enough with a tirade against this country. We made France our catspaw in the Crimea (where it hurt our *amour propre* that she saved us at Inkermann), in China, in Mexico; we nearly wrecked the Suez Canal; we spoilt the chance of checking Prussia by refusing to interfere in behalf of Denmark; we left France in the lurch in the war of 1870; and (crowning injury!) we sent her "sacks of potatoes" afterwards. The passage has not only intrinsic interest for Englishmen, but exhibits well enough the engaging desultoriness of M. Paquier's method.

The group of great soldiers of various ranks who helped in the early part of the seventeenth century to carry out the ambitious designs of Henry IV. and of Richelieu, and who threw the appearance of military glory over the earlier part of the reign of Louis XIV., occupy an important place in military biography. M. Bourelly's hero (3) was almost as typical of the less splendidly descended class of these warriors as his brother Marshal, d'Artagnan, whose memoirs suggested to the genius of the elder Dumas his most famous, and perhaps his best, work. Fabert was a member of a family which, while nominally noble and possessed of considerable property, did not scorn to pursue various profitable avocations of a commercial

(1) *Deux diplomates*. Par le Comte Adhémar d'Antioche. Paris: Plon.

(2) *Histoire de l'Unité politique et territoriale de la France*. Par J. B. Paquier. Tomes 2-3. Paris: Hachette.

(3) *Le Maréchal de Fabert*. Par J. Bourelly. Première partie, 1599-1652. Paris: Didier.

and semi-commercial kind. His father was a celebrated printer, and the young soldier himself at a later period derived revenues, very large for the time, from some iron works in the neighbourhood of Metz, which was the seat of the family. But he early showed ability and taste for military pursuits, and the Thirty Years' War gave him ample employment. His first patron was the Duke d'Epernon, and this for a time made him rather obnoxious to the young King Louis XIII., and his favourites. But Fabert's bravery and military skill, with or without patronage, made his way, and Richelieu was not a man to discourage such an officer, whose birth was not likely to render him dangerous to the State, and whose military capacity could do it service. When this volume (which is to be followed by another) closes we leave Fabert governor of Sedan, a peculiarly important post because of the neighbourhood of the frontier and the machinations of the dispossessed Duke of Bouillon. This government he held for many years, including the earlier period of the Fronde, where the narrative for the time ceases.

Two more bulky volumes of M. Thiers's speeches (4) cover the years 1842-1848. Among the speeches of more or less general interest which they contain may be mentioned two on the vexed question of the right of search, 1842; one (with references in others) on the Tahiti business, 1844; one, of peculiar interest when we remember what happened later, on the fortifications of Paris; and several pronounced in February 1848, and dealing with not a few of the circumstances which led to the Revolution.

There are few classes of books to which the historian of the dignified kind is more indebted than that to which M. de Calonne's work (5) belongs, nor are there many which have a greater interest for the general reader who has some tincture of history. The title describes it fairly enough. It is a careful summary of what may be called fifteenth-century daily life in Amiens, Abbeville, and other towns of the same district. Municipal offices, food supply, prices, finance, charity, the administration of justice, military arrangements, and so forth, have each its chapter, and in each a crowd of interesting facts will be found. M. de Calonne is evidently a believer, though not a fanatical believer, in the good old times. In one respect he certainly makes good his case, as far as figures go. It has often been debated whether the material comfort of the lower classes has or has not kept pace with the development of wealth and luxury among the upper. Macaulay, it will be remembered, as regards England in the seventeenth century, took the side of the progressists very decidedly. M. de Calonne, as regards France in the fifteenth, takes with equal decision and with more accurate and elaborate figures the side of the past. He points out that at that time the daily pay of a fully qualified mason, carpenter, or other such workman, was equal to about seven francs—much higher than the corresponding amount now. But the actual value is even more in favour of the fifteenth century, inasmuch as the workman's daily pay would have enabled him to buy forty-eight pounds of bread, three gallons of wine, two hundred eggs, or eight pounds of butter, any one of which purchases would, it is hardly necessary to say, cost far more than seven francs now. This is only an instance of the kind of information which is contained in abundance in this very interesting and well-arranged book. The sections devoted to municipal, military, and charitable arrangements are particularly well worth attention.

The thirteenth and fourteenth volumes of M. R. St. Hilaire's History of Spain (6), which conclude the work, cover the period from 1764 to 1833. The greater part of the space is naturally taken up with the Peninsular War, of which M. St. Hilaire gives an account not aiming at any special picturesqueness, but clear, fair, and, to the best of our examination, accurate. His notices of Wellington are very different from the usual French treatment of that general, though, on the other hand, he has adopted the somewhat exaggerated condemnation of Soult which has become fashionable among those who wish to excuse the failures of the French in the Peninsula. That Spain and the Spaniards play the least part in these volumes is not the fault of M. St. Hilaire. The really interesting part of Spanish history had passed before they begin.

Some books of travel, more or less attractive in themselves, also illustrate different ways of writing such things. MM. Verbrugghe (7) occasionally fall into the rather painful mood of jerky jocularity which too many travellers think it necessary to assume. But, on the other hand, their descriptions of scenery and atmospheric effects are frequently much above the average, and the subject gives them good scope. The book records a journey round rather than through South and Central America, with delays of some length on the Amazon, in Peru, and in Columbia. The Amazonian portion suffers, as do most books dealing with that subject, from comparison with Mr. Bates, though MM. Verbrugghe are much more deliberately picturesque than that excellent naturalist and topographer. In less trodden ways they show to better advantage. On the other hand, the well-known author of *Le Pays des Milliards* is nothing if not a dramatic traveller. M. Tissot (8) is to be congratulated on the interesting conversations he has wherever he goes, on the cordial welcomes with which he meets, and above all on the extraordinary beauty of the damsels who everywhere present themselves to his enraptured gaze. Istria, Croatia, and Hungary are still sufficiently little known countries to give a traveller of this kind great advantages, and M. Tissot has produced a lively and readable book. It is, as we have hinted, written in ink of very bright rose colour, the actual attractions of the countries travelled through being evidently enhanced to the traveller by the fact that his foes the Germans are not popular there. M. Tissot tells us with much relish how, something once having been lost in a mixed company, the only German present was promptly charged (on no other evidence than his nationality) with the theft, the stolen property being immediately discovered on him. But, apart from ebullitions of childishness like this, the book is not unamusing, though the salt-cellar is, we think, occasionally necessary during its perusal. M. Cotteau (9), again, represents a third order of travellers, and to our mind the best of the three. His subject is of course a sufficiently hackneyed one, though less so to his own countrymen than to us. But the narrative of his three or four months' run through India and Ceylon is very fluently and pleasantly written, free alike from travellers' jocosity and from travellers' tales, and quite readable even by those to whom Ellora and Madura, Elephanta and the Taj, are very familiar stories. The tour was only finished a twelvemonth ago, and therefore may probably claim to be the most recent book on India. It is, however, simply a sketch of a tour, and does not pretend to any but very occasional reflections, political or other.

The seventh volume of M. Baillon's elaborate and profusely illustrated work on botany (10) includes the families of Melastomaceæ, Cornaceæ, Umbelliferæ, Rubiaceæ, Valerianaceæ, and Dipsacaceæ.

Dr. Lesson (11) appears to have served for many years in the medical department of the French navy, especially in Polynesia. His stay in that part of the world seems to have terminated in 1850, but we gather from the preface that want of official encouragement deterred him from an earlier publication of his researches. The present bulky volume is only the beginning of a work intended to prove, contrary to the general opinion, that the Polynesian races must have originated in New Zealand, or thereabouts. It contains elaborate anthropological details of the inhabitants of the various groups. These details do not wholly exclude manners and customs, but are chiefly occupied with physical and linguistic characteristics.

The title of Dr. Joyau's thesis (12) may strike some readers as rather an odd one. Instead of invention, we might almost read imagination, for it is with this faculty and its applications that he principally busies himself. The essay is well written, and not uninteresting to read. It is distinguished from much of the philosophical writing of the day, and assimilated to that of the last and preceding centuries, by being much less full of technicalities and by not being definitely attached to any school.

"The Logic of Hypothesis" (13) is a sufficiently scholarly handling of a not very different subject treated in a somewhat stricter form. M. Naville discusses the uses and limitations of hypothesis in science, partly from the historic, partly from the critical side; and, according to a good old practice, now too much neglected, he has added an appendix of objections or queries, with replies thereto.

M. Paulhan's contribution (14) to the *Bibliothèque utile* is, like most of the volumes of the series, popular, not to say anecdotical, and abounds in extracts.

La question du divorce is (15), as may perhaps have been anticipated, a very well written book which had much better not have been written at all. In form it is a reply to a certain Abbé Vidieu, whose intellectual calibre may be inferred from the fact that he seems to have informed the congregation of St. Roch that in the market-places of London and other English towns unhappy women, with downcast eyes, may be seen put up for sale by their brutal husbands. It is only fair to the Abbé to mention his perfectly true statement that no such sight can be seen in Catholic Ireland. It appears, moreover, that the British Government has in vain endeavoured to get the odious law altered. Of such an antagonist M. Dumas has of course, as he would himself say, *beau jeu*. His method reminds students of French literature of that of certain of the *philosophes* of the last century, and especially of Helvétius in his famous book. There is a wonderful parade of learning, which, somehow or other, is generally directed to the extraction of matters which might quite as well have been left in their obscurity. There are passages of real literary merit, and indeed of eloquence, in the book, but its compound of virtuous indignation and questionable details is not pleasing.

M. Dumas has preferred to occupy himself rather with the Abbé Vidieu than with Père Didon (16), though there is some

(4) *Discours parlementaires de M. Thiers.* Tomes 6, 7. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *La vie municipale au XVme siècle dans le nord de la France.* Par le Baron A. de Calonne. Paris: Didier.

(6) *Histoire d'Espagne.* Par. R St. Hilaire. Tome 13, 14. Paris: Ferne, Jouvet, & Cie.

(7) *Forêts vierges.* Par L. and G. Verbrugghe. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(8) *Voyage au pays des Tziganes.* Par Victor Tissot. Paris: Dentu.

(9) *Promenade dans l'Inde.* Par E. Cotteau. Paris: Plon.

(10) *Histoire des plantes.* Par H. Baillon. Tome 7. Paris: Hachette.

(11) *Les Polynésiens.* Par le Dr. A. Lesson. Tome 1. Paris: Leroux. London: Trübner.

(12) *L'invention dans les arts, dans les sciences et dans la pratique de la vertu.* Par E. Joyau. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(13) *La logique de l'hypothèse.* Par E. Naville. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(14) *Physiologie de l'esprit.* Par F. Paulhan. "Bibliothèque utile." Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(15) *La question du divorce.* Par A. Dumas *fils.* Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(16) *Indissolubilité et divorce.* Par le Père Didon. Paris: Dentu.

reference to the latter in his volume. The Jesuit Father's sermons on the subject were, it may be remembered, interrupted, but not because they were in any way scandalous. Père Didon, like some others of his order, is a great advocate of the reconcilement, where possible, of the Church with the modern spirit. These sermons are spirited and sometimes eloquent; but, as is the wont of their kind, somewhat deficient in argumentative force, and especially in attention to the arguments of the other side. Père Didon is particularly weak in dealing with (or rather in avoiding) the great contention of M. Naquet's partisans, that the marriage tie, though nominally indissoluble in France, is worn more loosely there than in any other country.

M. Hovelacque's lecture on secular and religious instruction (17) has at least the merit of being outspoken. The author thinks Christian morality and teaching bad in themselves, and says so. Unfortunately for him, he does not write well or argue forcibly, so that his contribution is hardly likely to be welcome even to his own side.

Admiral Jurien de la Gravière's treatment, from the point of view of modern and professional seamanship, of the naval incidents recorded by Herodotus and Thucydides (18) is full of interest, but would have been better if it had been cut down to half the length. A good many rhetorical ornaments could be spared, and the recounting of much miscellaneous history is also superfluous. If these things were struck out, an essay of moderate bulk would remain which would be equally welcome to students of antiquity and to those who care for antiquity only in so far as it bears on the present. The Admiral's indication of the points in which modern naval warfare is reverting to something like the conditions of the oldest maritime tactics known, though not exactly novel, is worth attention.

The sixth volume of M. Louis Blanc's *Dix ans de l'histoire d'Angleterre* (19) is less interesting than some of its forerunners. The abortive Reform Bill of 1866, the Austro-Prussian war of the same year, and the agitation of the Jamaica Committee, are M. Blanc's chief subjects, and the volume is less diversified than usual by comment on social and miscellaneous matters.

On the other hand, the third volume of *Le livre de bord* (20) fully maintains its interest. The heads of each chapter are full of attraction to those who are familiar with the French literary history of the last half-century, and the contents will prove excellent reading, whether the reader be provided or not with this previous acquaintance. Lassailly, one of the least known, but not least gifted, of the second division of romanticists, Mme. de Girardin, her husband, Emile Deschamps, Pradier, Gerard de Nerval—this list is only a selection of the names concerning whose owners M. Karr gives all kinds of quaint gossip, almost always amusing, sometimes pathetic, and, let it be added, not often other than good-natured. The odd history of Lassailly is perhaps the most characteristic of the batch. This Bohemian, in the proper sense of the term, was once seized by Balzac with a view to the appalling process which in Balzac's language was called collaboration, and found himself after a time simply obliged to fly for his life. Latterly he spent all the money he earned in opera tickets that he might at a distance worship an unknown beauty. There is also a great deal of space devoted to Victor Hugo in the volume, and not a few of the facts or assertions will be useful to the composer of M. Hugo's biography when the day—let us hope still distant—comes for the discharge of that difficult task.

George Sand's memory has not been much served by the republication of her *Souvenirs of* 1848 (21). They are mostly articles in the author's "preaching" style, destitute of incident or fact, and hardly of much value even to the historian. We may except a charming pair of letters between a workman who has been left in Paris and his wife who has fled to her parents in the country. Besides these *Souvenirs*, the volume contains a large number of short prefatory notices contributed to books which are hardly in any one case remembered or worth remembering.

The "little citizen" of M. Jules Simon's book (22) is treated somewhat after the same fashion as Masters Sandford and Merton, and instructed as to the theory of civil marriage, the principles of '89, the processes of the code, and the importance of not marrying till you can keep a family, by an excellent godfather. It is a harmless little book, though it occasionally approaches what Mr. Carlyle used to call a "dull-snuffling" tone.

The letters of Mme. de Gérando (23), friend of Mme. Recamier, Mme. de Staël, &c., and wife of a sufficiently well-known husband, exhibit the writer in an amiable light, but are somewhat deficient in incident and attraction.

Yet another collection of Gautier's scattered newspaper articles has appeared (24); and, like its forerunners, it is welcome. Most of the contents of the volume come from a long defunct periodical called *La charte de* 1830; and, as the only known file of this perished during the Commune, the collection is believed to be still far from complete. There is the widest diversity of subject, though in all the papers the "gold powder" which, as M. Karr says, Théophile Gautier used to scatter over everything that he treated, is apparent. An amusing piece of exaggeration, entitled "Au bord de l'océan," may perhaps be specially mentioned. Some literary notices, reprinted from Crepet's excellent *Poètes français*, are of a higher order, but they are also much better known.

Henry Gréville's "Sketches" (25) are short stories, mostly dealing with Russian subjects, and therefore of the author's best and most welcome brand. The first, a pathetic legend of death poisoning, and the last but one, an amusing story of a practical joke played upon a rather dangerous butt—the Emperor Nicholas—are perhaps the best. Nearly all, however, are well enough suited to fill up a spare ten minutes, though they are not exactly masterpieces. *Le château des épines* (26) is a novel of strong situations. It begins with what looks like a murder, and ends with what is a great hardship inflicted by the operation of the French code—that code in which some authorities would have us see the perfection of justice and mercy. M. Ulbach would perhaps have done more wisely if he had adopted situations a little less strong, but his novel is by no means without merit. We do not know that we can say the same of the tales of M. Paul Alexis (27). M. Alexis is a fervent admirer of M. Zola, and he prefaces his book with a tribute to his model, and a profession of the strictest naturalist faith. It is therefore not surprising to find in his work nothing above the level of newspaper reporting (with a preference for subjects which in England are not usually reported), and a total absence of humour, sense of proportion, and most other literary merits. Fortunately M. Assollant (28) has not forgotten that he is a Frenchman, and that therefore neither a belief in naturalism nor in anything else authorizes him to be dull. *Hyacinthe* is a very amusing picture of provincial life, perfectly natural if not naturalist, and agreeably destitute of the slightest intention to support or attack any theory of morals or literature. Perhaps one ought to be a little grateful to M. Zola and his school for the feeling of delight experienced in shutting their books, and passing to some author who does not think that the ideal writer is he who has the impudence to write what few people would have the impudence to say.

(17) *Laïques et congréganistes.* Par A. Hovelacque. Paris: Leroux.

(18) *La marine des anciens.* Par le Vice-Amiral Jurien de la Gravière. Paris: Plon.

(19) *Dix ans de l'histoire d'Angleterre.* Par Louis Blanc. Tome 6. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(20) *Le livre de bord.* Par Alphonse Karr. Tome 3. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(21) *Souvenirs de* 1848. Par George Sand. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(22) *Le livre du petit citoyen.* Par Jules Simon. Bibliothèque des Ecoles et des Familles. Paris: Hachette.

(23) *Lettres de la Baronne de Gérando.* Paris: Didier.

(24) *Fusains et eaux fortes.* Par Théophile Gautier. Paris: Charpentier.

(25) *Croquis.* Par Henry Gréville. Paris: Plon.

(26) *Le château des épines.* Par Louis Ulbach. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(27) *La fin de Lucie Pellegrin.* Par Paul Alexis. Paris: Charpentier

(28) *Hyacinthe.* Par Alfred Assollant. Paris: Dentu.

THE

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THE DISSOLUTION.

THE sudden announcement of an immediate dissolution was a great but a pleasant surprise. The House of Commons and the country were equally glad that suspense was at an end, and that the fate of members and of parties was to be decided in a month. The contest will be serious and severe, and when there is to be a fight, civilians, like soldiers, burn to have it fought at once. The lines of battle have been drawn up, and the generals have issued the usual words of encouragement and guidance before the first shot is fired. At the moment when the constituencies learnt that there was to be a general election, they had before them the manifesto of Lord BEACONSFIELD. Being in the secret of the dissolution, he could easily get the start of all the world, and he could determine from the outset what should be the issues to be decided and what should be the aims of the combatants. Nothing that Lord BEACONSFIELD can write or say can harm him at all or hurt Conservatives very much. His language is his own, and it has long been recognized that he may speak either as a novelist or a politician as he pleases. His followers echo his sentiments with a conviction that they must somehow be audaciously clever, and will some day appear to be the exact sentiments which ordinary Conservatives unconsciously held. If they do not understand his language, they can admire it; and they have a feeling of satisfaction in the thought, which is indisputably just, that no one in the whole world could have written anything like this manifesto. If it is to be criticized as the mere address of a party leader, nothing could seem more pompous, inaccurate, pretentious, and misleading. It is so conceived by its author as to supply his opponents with an obvious and effective reply on each point that is touched on. Regarded as a statement of the Conservative case, it may be safely pronounced the worst statement that could have been made. It concentrates the attention of the electors on Home Rule and foreign affairs, and it couples the real danger of the Irish movement with a purely imaginary design to alienate and break up the colonies; while it makes the goal of English policy abroad to be the ascendency of England in Europe. Far from desiring to alienate and repel the colonies, the very basis of Home Rule is the desire that the experiment so happily tried in Canada should be repeated for the benefit of Ireland. If it is intended to suggest that Liberals are the secret friends of Home Rulers, no means of adding a sting to the suggestion could have been less felicitous than that of hinting that the enemies of the colonies are those who, by granting free institutions to the colonies and by inventing the system of federation, have bound the colonies by new ties to the mother-country. Ascendency in Europe is dangerous to any Power, and, fortunately, impossible for England. It was gained for a time by LOUIS NAPOLEON, and is now enjoyed by Prince BISMARCK; but no manifesto will persuade Englishmen to wish to secure for themselves what they deplore when possessed by others. All ascendency is invariably described by its possessors as exclusively held for pacific purposes. The Empire of Peace was the dictum of LOUIS NAPOLEON at the beginning of his reign, and Prince BISMARCK is never tired of explaining to the German people that he thinks of nothing but self-defence. Acting as an equal, England may do much in the Councils of Europe to ensure peace, or to see that unavoidable wars do not hurt her. But the ascendency which would enable England to decree that no war, just or unjust, should be fought in Europe could only be obtained by a series of wars so successful that England would command peace through having no one left to fight with. If there could be an unkind and, as most people would think, an utterly unjust aspersion of ordinary Conservatives, it would be that their foreign policy was a policy of ascendency. But, however much he may soar into the regions of mystery and nonsense, Lord BEACONSFIELD may be safely assumed always to write with a purpose. He must have had some object in writing as he has done, and in order to appreciate the objects of his manifesto, it must be kept in mind that he was composing an electioneering address. To discredit the Liberals he may have thought it insufficient to denounce Home Rulers as traitors. But if there was a dark conspiracy to be suggested as going on in some unknown and remote part of the world, who could tell but that the confused minds of electors might believe that all the opponents of Lord BEACONSFIELD were engaged in it? The conspiracy was imaginary; but it is a sound electioneering maxim that, if enough dirt is thrown, some will stick. Then there are also some electors who, without troubling themselves to consider what the ascendency of England in Europe may mean, would think it something very fine and grand; while Lord BEACONSFIELD could trust that any apprehensions which his language might excite would be calmed down by the tamer and more sensible addresses of his colleagues, and that few persons would seriously believe that Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE or Mr. CROSS would engage in a dangerous and ruinous hunt after ascendency.

To the manifesto of the PREMIER the leaders of the three sections of his opponents have not delayed making a reply. The Home Rulers have no connexion as such with the Liberal party, but they are among the opponents of Lord BEACONSFIELD, and his manifesto seems to have had the effect of making their opposition to Lord BEACONSFIELD more determined and resolute than it hitherto has been. Mr. SHAW evidently wrote his address in a moment of what seemed to him just indignation. He bitterly resented the misrepresentations of which he thought Lord BEACONSFIELD had been guilty. The Home Rulers are accused of wishing to dismember the Empire, whereas in Mr. SHAW's eyes they are only seeking by constitutional means a constitutional object, with the purpose of binding the different parts of the Empire more closely together. No Government has done less for Ireland than the present Government; and Mr. SHAW finds it as easy to forget the Irish Education Bills as to ignore obstruction. Perhaps the most noticeable part of the address is that in which Mr. SHAW seems to associate himself and the more moderate Home Rulers more closely with the agitators for a redistribution of Irish landed property than has hitherto been the case. Mr. GLADSTONE also has issued his address to his admirers in Midlothian; and as a composition it has all the merits in which the manifesto of Lord BEACONSFIELD is so deficient. It is not much more than a laboured denunciation of everything the Ministry has done, from the day when it entered office to the moment when Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE had produced his Budget. But it is clear, vigorous, and flowing. Mr. GLADSTONE passes from point to point with the art of a practised critic, and every point adds something to the whole. It is needless to criti-

cize it, for to criticize it is to repeat the criticisms which Mr. GLADSTONE'S orations for the last three years have provoked; but no one can doubt that Mr. GLADSTONE believes what he says, and what he wishes to bring home to the electors is brought home to them with singular effectiveness. Lord HARTINGTON had a much more difficult task before him. He had to define the position and determine the action of a great party. He had to consider, not how to formulate the aims of Irish outsiders, or to get up the longest string of charges against a Ministry, but on what lines he is to lead the Opposition in a new Parliament, or to take office if office should before long come within his grasp. He has succeeded so well in the discharge of his task; his address is so broad in scope, and so well judged in details, that those who did not know have wondered with unfounded suspicion whether he really wrote it himself. It seems contrary to the chances of life that the son of a Duke should have penned a manifesto so statesmanlike, so telling, and pervaded by the signs of so much discrimination and tact. Lord HARTINGTON of course writes as a Whig. He cannot in an electioneering address be perfectly fair to his opponents. He has to lay down general Liberal principles, and this he does very explicitly, but with studied moderation. He has had the courage to say that he does not think that ranting at Home Rulers is the true way to govern Ireland. His Irish policy may be right or wrong, but at any rate it is a policy to which the most moderate of his followers may conscientiously adhere. It is founded on three simple propositions—that all wild proposals for an independent Irish Parliament must be steadily resisted; that measures for the extension of local self-government must be such as can be extended to all the three kingdoms; and that Irishmen must in all respects be treated by Englishmen as Englishmen treat themselves. The foreign policy of Lord HARTINGTON is again the old Whig policy; the policy, more or less, of Lord PALMERSTON and Lord RUSSELL. Its cardinal principles are that England should take an active part, but only as an equal, in the councils of Europe; that all aggression touching England should be firmly resisted; that wars should be avoided when possible; but that, when perturbations arise, England should take, to the utmost possible extent compatible with the preservation of her own interests, the side of the free or the oppressed. Excepting perhaps in the latter point, and there only to a small extent, we do not see that there is much difference between the foreign policy of Lord HARTINGTON and that of moderate Conservatives. It is of course opposed altogether to the policy of hunting after ascendency, but that is rather a whim of Lord BEACONSFIELD'S than a serious motive of party action. Finally, Lord HARTINGTON has distinct measures to suggest which he wishes his party to try to carry. The list is not a very thrilling one, but at any rate it relieves its author from the imputation of having nothing to propose.

The last duty of the Government before the dissolution was to introduce the Budget and obtain the sanction of Parliament to it. The position of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE was not an enviable one. There was a great shortcoming in the revenue of the financial year now drawing to its close, as compared with its estimated yield. This deficiency amounted to no less a sum than 2,195,000*l.* It has been caused by the general badness of trade, and by a deplorably bad harvest. The people have been less well off, and have therefore drunk less. There has been a decrease of 800,000*l.* in the Customs receipts on spirits, a decrease in the Excise receipts of 800,000*l.* on spirits, and of 940,000*l.* on malt. The diminution of receipts from drink thus more than accounts for the total deficit. Times now are better, and with better times and a fairly good harvest, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE calculates that the people will gradually resume their normal amount of drinking. He does not think that, even with a general election to help them, they will drink quite so much at present as they would drink in good times. But there will be, it is hoped, a perceptible augmentation of prosperity and drink, and the revenue for the coming year is taken at 700,000*l.* more than that of the present year. This is, as Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE justly said, a most moderate computation, and would balance the estimated ordinary expenditure. But then it is not only the ordinary expenditure and receipts that have to be taken into account. The country spent six millions on the settlement of the Eastern Question and six millions on the South African war. Of these twelve millions we still owe eight. Of the eight millions two are to be kept as part of the floating debt, and the other six are to be paid off by short terminable annuities expiring in five years' time. The annual charge for these annuities will be 1,400,000*l.*, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE proposes to get the money partly by an increase of the Probate duties, and partly by dipping into his own sacred Sinking Fund, and stopping the machinery for hastening the extinction of the National Debt. He thus hopes to avoid at once the reproach of leaving the burden of small wars to posterity, and the alienation of taxpayers who might not like to have new taxes imposed on them. They will not, it is thought, much care for the interests of the dead or the integrity of a Sinking Fund. As we are on the eve of an appeal to the constituencies, the Budget, therefore, is not badly devised, although it must have cost Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE something to abandon his own pet project, and to have himself to verify the predictions of the critics who suggested that the Sinking Fund would only go on until some Chancellor of the Exchequer wanted money, and thought it would be very convenient to dip his hands into it.

PREPARING FOR THE ELECTIONS.

AS soon as the announcement of the impending dissolution was made, preparations for the elections began. Members rushed off to the telegraph office and fought to get to the clerks. Agents were set to work, and when day dawned the adroitest machinery was in full play. To secure all the vehicles and all the public-houses, or at least to leave opponents with nothing but a donkey cart and a beershop, became at once the feats and the tests of electioneering ability. Candidates whose constituencies are of that peculiar kind that to be out of sight for an hour is to be dead set off to perorate, to guide or be guided, and to pay. How much will be spent in the constituencies in the next three weeks no one knows or ever will know, but it is safe to compute that the total will be nearer two millions than one. To have to contribute even a modest amount to this grand total is disagreeable to many, if not to most, candidates; but candidates have, as a rule, to go through worse things than spending money with the chance of spending it in vain. The physical strain on candidates is enormous, and the mental strain is often greater. A candidate has the anxious question to consider what it is that will secure victory in his particular constituency. Many voters—perhaps for the credit of Parliament it may be said the majority of voters—vote on public grounds. In Ireland and Scotland, beyond doubt, the majority of electors vote on such public grounds as commend themselves to Scotch and Irish voters. In England there is much voting on public grounds, but also much voting that can scarcely be called voting on any but small private grounds. First of all, there is the immense beer interest, which sways innumerable votes. Second in importance among the obscure causes of local defeats or victories is the ingrained habit of regarding elections as games in which each party wants to win for the mere sake of winning. The calamities and perversity of Turkey, the vicissitudes of finance, the peril of war, or the instability of peace, are merely the paraphernalia of the game. The real thing is to humiliate the man in the next street. Then, again, there are purely local influences. One candidate is a large employer of labour in the district, another lives in the place and gives dinner-parties, frequent, splendid, and, according to provincial ideas, good. And then the personal qualities of the candidate have some effect. It is some advantage to be able to speak well. If electors do not hope that their candidate will speak like Mr. GLADSTONE, neither do they endure without a pang of pain that he should speak like Lord MANDEVILLE. Any kind of political, professional, or social eminence tells a little—not much perhaps, but still there is always a percentage of voters who feel themselves to be gaining a faint and reflected credit when they vote for a Cabinet Minister, a general, or a lord. All these things have to be attentively considered by a candidate, and to think of them by day and dream of them by night is very hard work.

The most various calculations as to the result of the elections are current, and no one really knows how they will go. On the last two occasions of a general election the Government of the day entirely miscalculated the effect of a dissolution. If Governments may be so

deceived, how can private persons hope to calculate rightly? Nothing can be done except to sum up the advantages with which each party starts. The Conservatives start with the publicans on their side—an advantage so great that no other single advantage can rival it. Then they have the squires and the clergy, both important, and deservedly important, forces in English rural life. Their candidates, too, as a rule, are men of higher social standing, and, if not richer, are supported by much more handsome party contributions. In the special circumstances of the time they have also the advantage that there are many voters who, even if they do not think the foreign policy of the Government anything very grand or majestic, yet think it better than that of their opponents, who feel some fear and much dislike of the Home Rulers, or who ponder over the composition of the Liberal party, and see no use in helping to bring in a Ministry which could not last for a quarter of a year. On the other hand, the Liberals have some very considerable advantages. Nothing can make up to them for having lost the publicans; but still they have many elements of strength. They have the Nonconformists with them, and all those who dislike squires or clergymen. They have the memory of great services to appeal to. They have had the best literature of the country on their side for thirty years. They have in Lord Hartington a leader who during the last few years has gained more in public esteem than any other rising politician. Their cause is associated, rather vaguely perhaps, but still it is associated, with the cause of civilization, of progress, and of sympathy with the oppressed throughout the world. Their thoughts are in harmony with the ordinary and permanent thoughts of the bulk of English-speaking communities. Then the Liberals have been out of office for some time. Their errors and follies have been condoned or forgotten, and, as all Governments must disappoint many people, the legion of the disappointed will turn affectionately to those who may do more, and cannot do less, for them. Then at the last general election it was the Liberals who were the sufferers. They have many unexpected defeats to retrieve, and the fiercest spirit of party zeal will animate them in their desperate efforts to get back at any cost their Alsaces and Lorraines. Even crotchets may for the moment fade away under the overpowering influence of a desire for victory, and the divisions of the Liberals may be not so much healed as effaced by the ambition of success.

If we do not know who will win, we at any rate know that every seat that can be contested with the ghost of a chance will be contested. When we look through the long list of constituencies and candidates, it seems scarcely possible that there should be more contests than are now threatened, and yet it is certain that at the eleventh hour new struggles will be devised. It is scarcely possible that there should not be some Liberal gains in Scotland. The contest in Midlothian will absorb public attention, and the ingenious builders of flats must regret that they have taken so much trouble for nothing. But Mr. Gladstone will probably have Leeds to retire on, and an unsuccessful contest will only show that not even Mr. Gladstone can shake the supremacy of so deservedly popular a landowner as the Duke of Buccleuch. Dr. Playfair may have some trouble to retain his seat, in spite of his services and of his ability, as the passionate declamations of Mr. Gladstone may have alienated an educated constituency as much as they charmed the humble voters of Midlothian. Still the balance of gain in Scotland will probably rest with the Liberals. In Ireland the Home Rulers are literally standing in shoals. In Queen's County there are four Home Rule candidates, in Wexford County there are five, in Kildare and Kilkenny there are three. Every additional return of a Home Ruler is an embarrassment to Lord Hartington; but it is a diminution of Ministerial strength; and the general result of the Irish and Scotch elections may not improbably be that it will remain with the English constituencies to decide whether the Government is to have a working majority or not. With the exception of Lord Hartington himself, and possibly of Mr. Lowe, no member of the late or present Cabinet seems to have a serious contest before him. The distracted constituency of Stoke-on-Trent is perplexed by the rival pretensions of no fewer than six candidates; and Peterborough appears to be in an almost equal state of confusion. At Thirsk two Conservatives seem to be standing against each other, and at Northampton Mr. Bradlaugh adds himself as an outsider to the two Liberal candidates; but it is remarkable in how very few constituencies either party is throwing away its strength by intestine divisions. This, of course, specially affects the Liberals, as it was they who have suffered almost exclusively by those divisions in the past. The Liberals seem more united than they have been for years. Those who agreed with and those who differed from the foreign policy of Mr. Gladstone have fallen on each other's necks, and Mr. Cowen more particularly is pronounced to have the entire confidence of those who most differ from him. The quality of the candidates remains unchanged on the Conservative side, except that more young barristers of promise appear to be Conservatives than used to be the case. On the Liberal side there is not much change, but what change there is seems to be for the better. It is at least some comfort to the Liberals of Southwark that they will now have an opportunity of voting for Mr. Cohen instead of for Mr. Dunn.

AFGHANISTAN.

THE relations of the Indian Government with Afghanistan are still unsatisfactory, though there is no reason for alarm. The success of the impending expedition against Ghuznee is confidently anticipated; and the enumeration of the English troops engaged in the various operations seems to prove the impossibility of serious resistance. The statement that there are more than fifty thousand men in the country or in the passes produces a double impression. It is well that the Government can without intolerable strain dispose of so considerable a force; but, on the other hand, the difficulty of the task is indicated by the exertion which is considered necessary. Although party invective and recrimination have perhaps not wholly worn themselves out, attention is now almost exclusively concentrated on military operations or on future political combinations. The latest considerable speech on the controversy which has now become obsolete was delivered a few days ago by Lord Lytton to his Council. It was natural that he should be anxious to reply to the Duke of Argyll and to Mr. Gladstone; and his answer was both forcible in argument and temperate in tone. If a Viceroy can properly make speeches, Lord Lytton spoke well; but, on the whole, even vicarious sovereigns should, as a rule, decline discussion. A great potentate, especially if his power is in a certain sense absolute, should not put himself on a level with assailants or critics. An argumentative defence is likely to provoke further attack, which may perhaps convince careless or prejudiced judges. Mr. Gladstone's financial inaccuracies had already been fully exposed; and the Duke of Argyll has in some degree defeated his own purpose by his unqualified denunciations of the policy which has been adopted. Lord Lytton could not foresee that soon after the publication of his speech Afghan policy would for some weeks be discussed at home exclusively with relation to the interests of parties. A victory or a misfortune occurring in March or April might possibly determine the event of a great political contest.

Lord Stratheden, who is not subject to official scruples or restrictions, has contributed little to the settlement of Afghan difficulties by causing, through his notice of motion, the publication of Shere Ali's letter to the Sultan, written in 1878. It was already known that the Ameer had long before resolved on breaking off the English alliance; and even if he could still be called to account, his feeble attempt to convert the Sultan to his new policy would scarcely have constituted an additional offence. The document, though it is no longer interesting, is so far amusing that it is evidently not original. The thoughts and the language are entirely European; and indeed the Ameer makes no attempt to disguise the source of the information which he communicates to the head of his religion. "I am convinced," he says, "by my frequent interviews with the Russian Envoy, who has been here some "time, that the Russians are always more honourable and "sincere than the English; that is why I think it my duty "to urge your Highness to abandon the English alliance, "and come to an understanding with the Russians." General Skobeleff could scarcely say less in behalf of his own nation and against the rivals who might soon become enemies; and he perhaps thought that the letter which he caused the Ameer to write might facilitate some intrigue

for the submission of the Turks to the enemy who was then encamped outside Constantinople. Of the comparative honour and sincerity of Russia and England SHERE ALI probably retained his own opinion, if indeed he judged of either nation by its moral virtues or defects. Perhaps the most important part of the letter is the date of January 1878. The Envoy had then been some time at Cabul; he remained there till the end of the following July; and when he retired, he in the first instance left the rest of the Mission behind him. During nearly the whole time the Indian Government took no hostile measures against the AMEER; and nothing can be more absurd than the reproaches which have been addressed to Lord LYTTON and the SECRETARY of STATE because they made no attempt at the time to cultivate friendly relations.

It has for some time past been thought desirable to open a way to co-operation with the only descendant of DOST MAHOMMED who is known to possess ability or influence. Several weeks have passed since ABDURRAHMAN was allowed or caused by the Russian authorities to retire from the residence where he had long lived under their protection, for the purpose of seeking his fortune in Afghanistan. It is not known whether General KAUFMANN provided him with funds for the purpose, though some calculations published in the Russian newspapers of the amount of savings which ABDURRAHMAN had made out of his allowance excited reasonable suspicion. From Tashkend he proceeded to Bokhara, where he appears to have been on friendly terms with the KHAN. His later movements have not been accurately known, but it was lately stated that he was still within Russian territory at Samarcand. According to another account, he has invited the Afghan Sirdars and chiefs, including JAN MAHOMMED, to meet him at a place in Afghan Turkestan, probably for the purpose of concerting measures against the English. If the rumour is confirmed, the proposed combination may perhaps be in some degree formidable. It is said that JAN MAHOMMED had previously sent emissaries to urge the different tribes to hold themselves ready for a sacred war. His sagacity was thought to be shown by his postponement of any gathering of the clans until all preparations were completed. If a numerous army was collected before the time had come for action, it would be exposed to internal jealousies and quarrels; and it may be added that, in the absence of commissariat arrangements, an Afghan army necessarily provokes irritation by living on the country. Whether it will at any time become prudent to encounter the English army in the field is a question which the enemy will have to consider. It is injudicious to calculate on success before it is achieved; but, if Sir F. ROBERTS or Sir DONALD STEWART is strong enough to take Ghuznee, it is scarcely probable that any Afghan leader will be able to assume the offensive. For the next seven or eight months nothing is to be apprehended from the severity of the climate; and all the passes, including the Shutargardan, will soon be open. There is little doubt that the unexpected attack on Cabul in the middle of December was encouraged by a belief, founded on the precedent of forty years ago, that an English army could not maintain itself at Cabul through the winter. The Afghans have never had experience of a victory over English troops when the weather was favourable to military operations.

If ABDURRAHMAN really proposes to put himself at the head of the national forces, he displays more courage than prudence. His relative and enemy, SHERE ALI, though he collected enormous military stores for the purpose of some eventual struggle, never ventured on a rupture till he was backed by the Russian Envoy, who may have been profuse in promises of aid. As soon as the English army began its advance to Cabul, SHERE ALI fled without an attempt at resistance; and after his death no Afghan leader offered serious resistance until JAN MAHOMMED attacked Cabul with overwhelming superiority of numbers. Even if ABDURRAHMAN should induce the majority of the chiefs to acknowledge his supremacy, Candahar will probably remain faithful to its English connexion; and the mutinous regiments which are incessantly fighting with one another at Herat will scarcely be at the disposal of a pretender who is not even in possession of Cabul. If ABDURRAHMAN could collect under his banner all the regular troops who were raised by SHERE ALI, he would, independently of the levies of the tribes, be inferior to the English in numbers, and still more in the quality of troops. There is no use in considering his military prospects, except so far as they are likely to affect his conduct. If he possesses the intelligence for which he has received credit, he will hesitate to engage in an unequal struggle, especially as victory, even if it were attainable, is not his only resource. It is highly improbable that he will be able to expel the army which now occupies a great part of Afghanistan; but it is not impossible that he may make advantageous terms for himself, if he can furnish sufficient guarantees of his future fidelity. None of his BARUCKZYE kindred have hitherto shown the ability or force of character which would enable them to maintain themselves if they were placed in power. It would be convenient to deal with a possible ally, even though he might have been an enemy. ABDURRAHMAN may perhaps be under engagements to Russia, but, if he were Ameer, he would rely on the protector who might in his estimation be most powerful. A comparatively strong and partially independent Afghanistan might after all be constituted if a strong ruler could be found.

THE SENATE AND THE SEVENTH CLAUSE.

THE debate in the French Senate on the 7th Clause of the Education Bill fully redeemed the oratorical reputation of the Ministry. M. JULES FERRY made the speech which he had kept in reserve all through the general discussion of the Bill, and M. DE FREYCINET put on all his skill to undo the impression left by his colleague. No two things could well be more different than the 7th Clause as it was presented by the MINISTER of PUBLIC INSTRUCTION and the 7th Clause as presented by the PRIME MINISTER. They might have belonged to two distinct Bills, and have been brought forward by two distinct Cabinets. The arguments of the two speakers were as nearly as possible mutually destructive. Had they been addressed to the same section of the Chamber this might have been a tactical error; but, as they were really intended to influence two forms of political opinion which have nothing in common except a portion of their name, the divergence served its turn and offended no one. M. JULES FERRY'S speech could hardly have been meant to assist the passage of the clause. It was plainly addressed to men who needed no persuasion. The Advanced Left had forgiven the Government much because of the 7th Clause, and in voting for it they would only be giving effect to their own favourite ideas. The object of M. FERRY'S speech was probably of a personal kind. If the clause was accepted by the Senate, no harm would have been done. If the clause was rejected, and its author had to leave the Cabinet, very considerable good might have been done to M. FERRY himself. If he could count upon the support of the Advanced Left, he would stand in a much more favourable position than if he left office after attempting to make things pleasant to every one. M. FERRY'S future is irrevocably marked out by his antecedents. Unless he shall some day consent to do public penance, the author of the FERRY Bill cannot hope to make part of any Government which is not markedly Radical. Consequently he has everything to gain by recommending himself to the Advanced Left. Their support may be of the utmost value to him in the future, and their support is to be had if he will consent to pay the price asked for it. Judging by his speech, M. FERRY is quite willing to pay that price. He shrank from no extreme which could be supposed likely to please those whose favour he wished to gain. He defended the 7th Clause on the ground that the State has a right to say what a parent shall teach his child, and what he shall be forbidden to teach him. There are many thousands of parents at this moment in France who wish their children to be brought up by the Jesuits. They know what the Jesuits teach them, or they see what sort of men the children of other parents become under Jesuit teaching, and they approve of the result. There are many other French parents who wish their children to be brought up by atheists. They approve of the teaching given in their schools, and wish to put their children under their care. On M. FERRY'S theory the State has a right to forbid the Catholic parent to send his son to a Jesuit college, or to forbid the atheist parent to send his son to a secularist school. It is plain that no defence can be constructed on behalf of one of these prohibitions which shall not extend to the other. If the State is not going outside its province in closing a Jesuit school against the children of Ultramontane parents, it would not be going beyond its province if it closed a secularist school against the children of atheist

parents. It might be acting beneficially for the children, and therefore wisely for itself, in the one case, and injuriously to the children, and consequently unwisely for itself, in the other case, but the principle involved is the same in both instances. Prudently or imprudently, the State judges what is best for children to learn—determines, that is, whether it wishes them to be brought up as Ultramontanes or as secularists—and then sets to work to give effect to its choice. This is the theory of education which is now popular with the Advanced Left. They are not disturbed at being reminded that their policy is identical with that of the Ultramontanes. They take this rather as an argument in its favour. The Ultramontanes have at various times enjoyed a very large share of political power, and the Advanced Left are probably of opinion that, if they wish to attain the same result, they cannot do better than use the same means.

M. DE FREYCINET's speech was obviously intended to win votes to the clause. It was studiously conciliatory in tone, and animated throughout by a spirit of genuine moderation, which seemed strangely out of place considering the cause which he was defending. M. FERRY had done his utmost to magnify the clause; M. DE FREYCINET did all he could to minimize it. In the hands of M. FERRY it was an indispensable bulwark against a most serious danger; in the hands of the PRIME MINISTER it ceased to have any positive or immediate significance, and became simply a bulwark against the multiplication of religious orders to which the State had not been asked to extend its recognition. The adoption of the clause, said M. DE FREYCINET, would not be tantamount to the beginning of a crusade against the unrecognized orders; on the contrary, provided that they did nothing injurious to the State, they would be allowed to go on teaching much as before. M. DE FREYCINET hardly affected to deny that this way of regarding the clause made it a matter of very little moment whether it was passed or not. Or, rather, he hardly affected to deny that it was important to pass it, not because the Jesuits now constituted a public danger, but because they had constituted a public danger in 1877, and it seemed impossible to maintain the Government majority in the Chamber at its present strength unless the Radical section of it were conciliated by this trifling sacrifice. If, he said to the Left Centre, you were asked to vote against religion or against parental freedom, I could understand the excitement which the 7th Clause has created. Inasmuch as religion is not really assailed at all, and parents will be allowed to choose teachers for their children with scarcely more interference than at present, why should practical men like M. SIMON and M. DUFAURE insist on throwing the Liberal party into confusion by refusing to grant what nearly every Liberal demands, and what, if granted, will leave everything pretty much where it is?

M. DE FREYCINET's way of approaching the question bears some likeness to a process with which we are familiar in this country. Englishmen are constantly asked to vote for this or that measure on the ground that it can be so interpreted as to mean little or nothing. There is a sense, they are told, in which Home Rule is quite compatible with the unimpaired maintenance of the Union, a sense in which Local Option is quite distinct from the Permissive Bill. The answer to these representations is sufficiently simple. If this or that demand means no more than it is represented to mean, why is it so ardently desired? It is not conceivable that the Extreme Left should have worked themselves into a frenzy on behalf of the 7th Clause if they meant it to have no further result than the limitation of Jesuit schools to their present number. They were content to hear the Minister give this account of the measure because they thought it might make its success more probable; but, if the Senate had allowed itself to be persuaded by his politic assurances, the Extreme Left would never have rested until they had brought the administration of the clause into harmony with its plain sense.

The Senate has wisely determined to give the country some reason for the distribution of the work of legislation over two Chambers. Of course the rejection of the clause has already provoked a cry for an amendment of the Constitution which shall take the drag off the wheel, and allow the Extreme Left to drive the Republic to ruin at their own pace. Even if this demand were to be granted, the action of the Senate would be fully justified. A Second Chamber had better be abolished for doing its duty than for incapacity to do anything. If the Liberal Republicans in the Senate had voted for the 7th Clause, they would have done violence to their convictions, and proved their own impotence, by one and the same act. What are they there for, except to moderate the injudicious action of the popular Chamber? If they are not strong enough for this, they are not strong enough for the specific function with which they are charged. It is more probable, however, that many of the professed defenders of the clause are themselves relieved by its disappearance. Abuse of the Senate is a luxury that costs nothing, and involves no responsibilities.

SOUTH AFRICAN AFFAIRS.

IN one of the despatches which have lately been published relating to the affairs of South Africa, Sir M. H. BEACH indicates a disinclination to encourage the proceedings which have been instituted against the leaders of the malcontents in the Transvaal. While he professedly acknowledges the impossibility of tolerating open defiance of the English Government, he desires Sir GARNET WOLSELEY to deal leniently with offenders who, as he suggests, have acted under the pressure of an uninformed public opinion. It is not usual to excuse the leaders in a seditious movement on the ground that they were instigated to violence by their own followers. The opposite assumption, that the chiefs of a revolt are almost exclusively responsible, is generally both consistent with the facts and convenient for the purpose of asserting lawful authority. It may be that the rebellious attitude of the Boers is less morally culpable than ordinary instances of resistance to an established Government; but it is hardly the business of the COLONIAL SECRETARY to provide apologies for opponents who still maintain a hostile attitude. It is only when it prospers, and not when it may seem comparatively venial, that treason loses its name. Mr. PRETORIUS and Mr. BOK, who are under prosecution, have affected to withhold recognition from the actual Government of the Transvaal, and to recognize as still valid the credentials of the Assembly which represented the Dutch community before the annexation. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY would have displayed culpable weakness if he had declined a public and audacious challenge. Instead of waiting for the civil war which was threatened, he arrested the chief promoters of the movement, and it is to be regretted that his conduct should be but coldly approved, if indeed it is not by implication censured. There was no reason to fear that he or his successor would administer the law with undue severity; and, if necessary, a private hint might have been given without the inconvenience of reassuring the seditious party.

Some of the leading Boers have been guilty of a grievous crime as well as of technical contumacy. In a despatch published some time ago Sir GARNET WOLSELEY stated that persons whom he named had instigated the natives who were then in arms against the English forces to continue their resistance. There is reason to believe that the same faction had intrigued both with CETEWAYO and with SECOCOENI, the ancient enemy of their own race and of their former Government. The indulgence which might be due to the opponents of the annexation of the Transvaal is not to be extended to traitors of the worst kind who ally themselves with savages against European supremacy. Neither laws nor treaties are necessary to create the duty of defending against native aggression the rights of the superior race. Dutch subjects of the English Crown who conspire with Caffres or Zulus against the Government forfeit all claim to impunity and compassion. The strong language used by Sir GARNET WOLSELEY in denouncing their treason was not too severe for the occasion. He will probably keep his word by making any offenders of the kind whom he can catch acquainted with the hangman. Even if the former Republic had been still in existence, the commander of the English troops would have been justified in punishing the complicity of any part of the white population with barbarous enemies. The misconduct of the disloyal Boers seriously affects the question of the expediency of withdrawing from the Transvaal. The annexation was accomplished with friendly intentions, though the measure may have been unduly precipitate. One of the immediate objects contemplated by Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE was the protection of the inhabitants from SECOCOENI, who had recently defeated them in the field. The relations of all parties may, however, have been modified by the attempt to form an alliance with the Caffre chief. If the leaders of the Boers can be

induced to reconsider their threatened policy of resistance, it may be prudent to remain as far as possible officially ignorant of any criminal intentions which may have been formed; but it is necessary to make the offenders understand that henceforth similar outrages will not be perpetrated with impunity. It may be inferred from Sir GARNET WOLSELEY'S expressions that, if he had been able to seize the culprits, he would not have waited for instructions from home to punish their treachery.

If the Government had hesitated to retain possession of the Transvaal, they would perhaps have been deterred from restoring the independence of the province by the increasing probability of a South African federation. Sir BARTLE FRERE, though some of his acts have caused just dissatisfaction at home, appears to have discovered more completely than his predecessors the secret of obtaining the confidence of the colonists. Through his influence a Ministry favourable both to the English connexion and to the union of the South African colonies and States has now held office for two years with the apparent approval of the community. The Government of the Cape has proposed to take preliminary steps towards a federation; and, although there may perhaps be difficulties in the adjustment of competing claims to representation, the minor provinces will probably at once accept the principle of union. If the dissatisfied portion of the inhabitants of the Transvaal wish for a pretext for desisting from a hopeless struggle, the opportunity of joining a Confederacy may perhaps be represented as preferable to direct submission to the authority of England. The Cape, which must always be the most powerful member of the proposed union, contains a large population of Dutch origin. It is remarkable that during the late controversy no pressure has been put on the Cape Legislature by constituencies which might have been expected to sympathize with the claims of the Transvaal. In a South African Confederacy including all the provinces the Dutch would at present form a majority, though the English settlers surpass them in commercial and political activity. The Orange Free State will for the present hold aloof from a Confederacy of the English settlements; but if the union is accomplished, and if it produces its expected results, the whole of South Africa will inevitably in course of time form a single dominion.

The example of the United States, since followed by Canada, furnishes the best illustration of the advantages of federation. If the former colonies, or some of them, had retained their original seclusion when they became independent of the English Crown, they would, like European States, have been further separated by tariffs and Customs Houses, and they would have been liable to the risk of war. The unity which was first created for purposes of external security has in innumerable ways promoted the general prosperity, and it has been the foundation of national greatness. The Australian colonies, which have learned by experience the evils of conflicting commercial legislation, will sooner or later throw down the barriers by which they are still divided. In South Africa there is a motive for union which scarcely exists in Canada, and not at all in Australia. Although the wars of the last two years have put an end to immediate risk of native hostilities, all the provinces are liable to be drawn into collision with warlike tribes spreading in unknown numbers far into the interior of the continent. A common system of defence and a uniform native policy will furnish the best security from attack. The native difficulty adds one to the many complications of the question of the Transvaal. The great majority of the inhabitants of the province are natives, who are liable to oppression by the Dutch farmers. Before the annexation the English Government may not have been directly or indirectly responsible for the condition of the native residents in a foreign and independent State; but the natives of the Transvaal have now for a time been English subjects, and they are therefore entitled to protection. There is no reason to suppose that legislation which will probably be founded on the law and practice of the Cape will be unjust to any class of the community. The Imperial Government has for some years recommended confederation for sufficient reasons in the interest of the colonies. It has only so far a selfish motive for promoting a sound policy, that it justly desires relief from the burden of native wars. Now that the Zulu power is broken, a Federal Government of South Africa would be able to defend itself against any aggression. As the objections of the Cape, which was comparatively safe from attack, appear to have been overcome, the minor provinces will be well advised in seizing the occasion. It seems to be a proof of the increasing popularity of the measure that the Committee which professes to represent the Transvaal malcontents has offered to join in a confederation. The proposal may also perhaps imply a disposition to modify the demand for total independence. According to late accounts, Mr. KRUGER has lately used comparatively conciliatory language.

THE NAVY.

IT would not have been surprising if the speech of the FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY, in introducing the Estimates on Monday night, had been to some extent an electioneering address; but he emphatically denied that this was the case, and the statement made by him had indeed nothing of an electioneering character. There was no attempt to exaggerate what had been done at the Admiralty under the present Government, and no attempt to make too little of what his predecessors had done. The merits of candour and fairness may certainly be claimed for his speech, the moderate tone of which was praised even by such determined antagonists as Mr. REED and Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE. But unfortunately Mr. SMITH'S speech, however excellent in form, was by no means satisfactory in substance. He was indeed able to announce that a new and very powerful gun is to be introduced into the navy, and that the Naval Constructors of the Admiralty, with their usual unceasing ingenuity, have designed a vessel of a novel kind which will be fit for service at a time when the map of Europe may have been changed twice over; but, with the exception of this moderately reassuring news, the FIRST LORD had nothing to tell the House which might not have been anticipated from the Estimates, the meagre and insufficient nature of which we pointed out last week. He urged, of course, that the reductions he had made were not excessive, and, to meet the charge of not building ships enough, he used one argument which, coming from a less grave and serious speaker, would have provoked laughter. On the whole, a very weak case was made out for the Admiralty by the FIRST LORD, and, justly enough, his critics did not spare him. Some mistakes they made from that want of fairness which seems to be nowadays the ineradicable fault of Liberals; but their principal strictures had considerable weight nevertheless, and they succeeded in making it only too clear that, while other navies are rapidly advancing, the British navy is standing still.

The FIRST LORD strove of course to prove that all probable contingencies had been taken into account, and that a fair rate of progress was maintained; but, in order to make a plausible defence, he was obliged to ignore some very grave facts which have of late been pointed out and are becoming patent to all dispassionate people. He was aided in so doing by one of those circumstances which occasionally help Ministers in distress. Before the House went into Committee of Supply there was a short discussion on naval affairs, in the course of which one member thought fit to allege that the discipline of the navy was in a bad state. In replying with just indignation to this charge, which appears to be utterly unfounded, Mr. SMITH had deservedly with him the sympathy of the House, and this was no doubt of advantage to him when he was answering other charges of a very different nature. Among the first criticisms to which he replied was one which was made in our columns. We pointed out that the manner in which he was reducing the number of boys in the service must inevitably impair the future efficiency of the navy, inasmuch as vessels of war can only be fitly manned by those who have been trained in the navy from their youth. Last year the total number of boys on board men-of-war and training-ships was reduced by 1,000, and Mr. SMITH now proposes to make a further reduction of 400, which will bring the number on board training-ships down to 2,200. In justification of this reduction he said that it had been calculated that a force of 18,000 blue-jackets was required for the service, and that 2,200 boys would be more than sufficient to make up what he termed the "waste" that annually occurs with this number of seamen. This is a singular example of that plausible but unwise economy which has so often led Ministers astray. The navy can only be recruited from a specially trained class of young men, and

it is clear that the number of these should always be greatly in excess of the *minimum* which is sufficient to fill up the ranks in time of peace. In the event of war there would probably be the most urgent need for a large increase in the force of blue-jackets within a comparatively short space of time; but such an increase would be absolutely impossible unless there had been many more boys trained than were likely to be wanted during time of peace. It is true that by keeping the strength of them above what, according to a strict calculation, are peace requirements, some expenditure is incurred which might be dispensed with; but the sum thus saved is astonishingly small, while the security gained is of incalculable value. In order to effect what is really a trumpery saving, the power which this country should possess of rapidly augmenting its navy afloat is to be sensibly diminished. It would be almost as reasonable to break up a large proportion of the vessels not now in commission on the ground that the total number of ships is above that required when the country is not at war.

Another and very serious objection to the Estimates has been based on the small amount of shipbuilding which is to be executed during the financial year. In treating this, the FIRST LORD followed exactly the opposite course to that which he had pursued when defending the reduction just mentioned, and, altogether abandoning the present, he scanned the far future. The unsleeping designers of the Admiralty have invented a new type for men-of-war, which may be regarded as an improvement on the *Téméraire*, and it has been decided to lay down one, perhaps two vessels of this kind. The new ship will have "two fixed armour towers, "with two 43-ton breechloading guns revolving within "each of them, and a battery of breechloading guns "capable of piercing armour between them." Her speed will be fifteen knots; a considerable portion of her waterline will be protected by armour of enormous strength. No doubt this will be a very formidable war vessel, and probably the discussions about her and her guns, which may be expected to take place in the Parliament after next, will possess considerable interest; but at present Mr. SMITH seems rather premature in holding forth on her merits. Only a small sum is to be spent on her this year, and, at the present rate of construction of ironclads, six or seven years—peaceable years, let it be hoped—may be expected to pass before she is finished. Her possible good qualities therefore are hardly likely to console those who reflect on the troubled state of affairs which the PRIME MINISTER's letter so clearly indicates for the scantiness of the additions to be made to the navy during the next twelve months. On this subject the FIRST LORD had of course something to say, and he brought forward an argument in defence of comparative sluggishness which was perhaps one of the strangest ever presented to Parliament. "If they built ships more "rapidly," he said, "they might find them useless in "fifteen or twenty years. As invention went on, we "should have an extreme difficulty to contend against "if we went on increasing the number of our ships." This statement is undoubtedly true, and would carry great weight if it were possible to look forward to a time when invention will have come to an end, and if foreign Powers would obligingly agree not to do anything calculated to cause war until after the arrival of that blissful period, due allowance being then made for the time necessary for the construction of a perfect ship. As, however, a navy must be ready to defend the country in case of war, and as unfortunately Governments do not give two or three years' notice of their intention to declare war, but, on the contrary, sometimes begin hostilities with the most indecent disregard for the convenience of their adversaries, it is unfortunately necessary that ships should be begun, continued, and completed, even at the risk of their proving obsolete after a certain time. Just at present there appears to be, not owing to any want of administrative energy or ability at the Admiralty, but to an exaggerated desire for economy, a strong tendency to dawdle, and to exceed even the long periods hitherto required for the construction of great men-of-war; and it would be much better to refer this procrastination to its true cause, for which the Admiralty is not exclusively responsible, than to resort to arguments according to which it would always be impolitic to build ships, seeing that, by the time they are finished, some one may have devised a plan of building better ones.

With respect to the imperious necessity which has now arisen for protecting the large supplies of food required for the support of the people Mr. SMITH said nothing, and in this he did well, for any attempt to prove that we possess sufficient means for guarding against the danger which would threaten these supplies in case of war would only have exposed him to a crushing reply. He did indeed refer to the possibility of arming merchant-vessels, and said that "the Government could avail itself of the services "of ten, twenty, or thirty fast ships, which could rapidly be "armed and used as cruisers, though, as they would probably be larger and more vulnerable than the enemy's "regular unarmoured cruisers, they would probably have "the chances against them in an engagement." Such an auxiliary fleet might possibly prove to be of much value; but it is to be remembered that its use would be an absolutely new experiment, and that the experiment might fail. Whether any of the great merchant steamers could be rapidly turned into men-of-war, capable of meeting the war-vessels of other nations, seems doubtful, as it appears by no means certain that they might not be sent to the bottom by a few shots. Mr. SMITH's reservation is therefore full of meaning, and shows that the authorities at Whitehall are not over-confident as to the result to be obtained by taking merchantmen into the navy in time of war.

As was to be expected, his critics, with such an opportunity, made a vigorous attack upon him; but, not content to rely on what was really a strong case, they injured the effect of their onslaught by exaggeration and want of fairness. Mr. REED complained justly of the huge time now taken in constructing ironclads, but ignored the fact that he was himself in part responsible for the delay which occurred in the building of the *Inflexible*, the *Ajax*, and the *Agamemnon*. Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE complained of the small number of ironclads built since the present Government had been in office, but entirely overlooked the work which has been done in repairing ships and keeping them efficient, to which Mr. GOSCHEN, who defended Mr. SMITH a great deal better than Mr. SMITH defended himself, had to draw attention. "There were," said this very straightforward member of the late Administration, "two distinct "policies which a First Lord could adopt—one the repair-"ing, the other the building, of ships. Now the right "honourable gentleman opposite had adopted the former, "and the result was the complaints as to the paucity of the "ships he was building. . . . The late Government fol-"lowed a different course. They concentrated a great deal "of their attention on building, and were in consequence "abused for not having repaired sufficiently.". The real difficulty in regard to the navy could hardly be better indicated than it is in this terse statement. That the Admiralty must be able both to repair and to build ships, if the supremacy of the British navy is to be maintained, is too obvious to need comment. To do this, however, much larger sums are required than have been hitherto given; but no Government seems willing to put this disagreeable fact plainly before the country. All that can be done is done with the money voted; but that is not enough, and Ministers are afraid to ask for more. It would be hard, indeed, to hold one member of the Cabinet responsible for a desire for economy which seems to be very generally felt; but it certainly seems strange that the FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY should be explaining how he is going to reduce expenditure, and to place the navy on a peace footing, at a time when the PRIME MINISTER is proclaiming the necessity of maintaining the ascendency of England in the councils of Europe.

THE REACTION IN VICTORIA.

THE Parliamentary and Ministerial change which has taken place in the colony of Victoria ought to satisfy more than one class of politicians at home. Those who wish to see English institutions spread as widely as possible over the world have nevertheless regretted the impossibility of transplanting to the colonies the social and political conditions which affect the distribution of power in the mother-country. In a new settlement, where all the inhabitants are virtually equal, universal suffrage is not only just, but inevitable. In the United States it has gradually superseded the more complicated system of a colonial period. In Australia it has been regarded as a necessary condition of the constitutional experiment which bears the name of responsible government.

The colony of New South Wales has administered its public affairs with prudence and moderation; but the adjacent province of Victoria has for several years been in great measure governed by revolutionary demagogues of an especially obnoxious type. The origin of the agitation was the real or supposed conflict of interests between the large landowners and the rest of the community. It was necessary to regulate the possession of land, and up to a certain point the legislation on the subject was not essentially unjust; but unfortunately the controversy produced a schism between the owners of property and the mass of the community, and colonial politicians learned to think that the main object of legislation was to redress the inequalities of fortune. The labouring classes were taught to regard their own special interests as the sole object of political action; and producers took the opportunity of allying themselves with those whom they employed for the establishment of commercial monopoly. The absolute control of legislation by the leaders of the majority was checked by the action of the Council which divided constitutional authority with the Assembly. Almost from the first establishment of responsible government, the two branches of the Legislature have been at variance, and several years ago they came to an open rupture on the subject of a grossly irregular grant made by the Assembly to an ex-Governor whom the majority regarded with some reason as a partisan of their own.

A more habitual ground of contention was the pretension of the Assembly to withdraw all financial measures from the control of the Council. It was admitted that, in accordance with English precedent, the Upper House could not amend money Bills; but the Council claimed the power which belongs to the House of Lords of rejecting them. There was no reason why the discussion should result in a quarrel; but Mr. Berry, the late Minister, was bent on depriving the Council of all independent authority. On several occasions he tacked general enactments to money Bills, with the knowledge, and probably with the intent, that they would be rejected by the Council. He appealed, not without success, to the prejudices of the Assembly and the mass of the people against the alleged usurpation of the Council; and on all occasions he contrived to defeat schemes of compromise. He also refused to acquiesce in proposals for reforms in the constitution of the Council which might perhaps have increased its influence. A body consisting of lawyers, auctioneers, merchants, and others of the same rank was denounced as a selfish aristocracy, and the official demagogues loudly demanded constitutional changes which would have vested all power primarily in the Assembly, and eventually in the constituencies themselves.

At the beginning of last year Mr. Berry induced the Assembly to make the liberal grant of 5,000*l.* for the expenses of himself and a member of the Assembly, who were to proceed to England, as delegates, to confer with the Imperial Government. Mr. Berry's colleague, Mr. Pearson, having during a colonial residence of a few years apparently denuded himself of English predilections, had, not long before his mission, proposed to tax the owners of property for the purpose of providing remunerative employment to labourers. The emissaries laid before the Colonial Secretary an audacious project for the reform of the Council and for the submission of disputed measures to a popular vote or plebiscite. The new Council was to be appointed by the actual Ministers, who would of course have composed it exclusively of their own partisans. Sir M. H. Beach was not ignorant that Mr. Berry and his colleagues in the Ministry had repeatedly threatened secession or armed rebellion. He had also received from a large section of the respectable classes protests against changes in the Constitution which would leave property at the mercy of the numerical majority. The dominant party had already imposed a tax on property beyond a certain amount, for the avowed object of producing artificial subdivision. The Colonial Secretary judiciously declined to consider the schemes which were proposed, on the ground that the resources of colonial legislation were not exhausted. It was satisfactory to have the opportunity of exhibiting a deeper respect for the principle of responsible government than that which was felt or affected by its professed champions.

On his return to Victoria Mr. Berry at once renewed his offensive policy; but he found, to his surprise and disappointment, that his factious extravagance had provoked a reaction. The colonists were at the same time beginning to learn that the classes which had obtained protection as consumers themselves in turn suffered from its effects when it was applied to the raw materials which they used and to articles of general consumption. The coachmakers, while they cherished their own monopoly, objected to protective duties on springs, on tires, and on panels; and the farmers desired to be relieved from the artificial cost of all the manufactured products which they required. A dissolution, forced upon the Ministry by the diminution of their majority in the Assembly, has happily resulted in a victory for the Opposition. Mr. Service, who succeeds Mr. Berry as principal Minister, has taken a principal part in resisting his attacks on the Council. The others are little known in England. The negative advantages of the change are great and undeniable. It is well for the colony to have even for a time got rid of Mr. Berry and of Sir Bryan O'Loghlen, who as Attorney-General gave legal sanction to all the most outrageous proceedings of the late Government, while he almost surpassed Mr. Berry himself in violence of language. On one occasion the Attorney-General talked of sending by force on board ship the Governor of the colony, who had in vain deferred to the most extravagant demands of his Ministers.

The apologists of democracy may congratulate themselves on the temporary or permanent removal of one of the most effective arguments against the system which they defend. For some years the Victorian Ministers have discharged the function of the drunken Helots of universal suffrage. Their violence, their ignorance, and their shameless injustice illustrated all the defects of government by numbers. It is satisfactory to find that the exposure has at last produced disgust and repentance. Although a majority may sometimes be as tyrannical as a single despot, it is itself, as democratic theorists have acutely remarked, in an actual or possible state of internal change. The particles which compose the majority are in a state of flux; and the minority may in some cases become the majority in turn. The change, indeed, may never occur; but the victims of oppression have the consolation of knowing that relief is always possible. It has yet to be seen whether the new Ministry of Victoria will be able or willing to alter the perverse economic policy which has been carried to greater excess there than in any other civilized country; but the socialistic projects of Mr. Berry, and of Mr. Pearson who was not a Minister, will be at least interrupted. There can be little doubt that Mr. Service will profit by his friendly relations with the Council to effect a permanent readjustment of the relations between the two branches of the Legislature. The Council has never claimed in theory an equal share in financial legislation; but it may in some cases have strained the analogies which it draws from the English Parliamentary Constitution. An elected Colonial Council has not the influence and authority of the House of Lords, and still less can it rival the hereditary tact and prudence which have survived innumerable changes in the distribution of power. The Imperial Government will, if its consent is necessary, readily approve and facilitate any reasonable compromise which may obviate future collisions. If the Assembly renounces the pretension of a right to tack legislative measures to financial Bills, the Council may properly disclaim any interference with taxation and expenditure. The nominal privilege of rejecting a money Bill as a whole can only remain in the text of the Constitution on the understanding that it is never to be practically exercised.

THE INDIAN LAW COMMISSION.

THE codification of the Indian law is unquestionably the most interesting experiment in legislation which modern history presents. The enormous area affected, and the strange diversities of race, religion, social development, and general circumstances, among the two hundred millions of people with whom the Indian Legislature is concerned, are in themselves sufficient to invest the task with more than ordinary importance. The fact that a hundred and forty millions of British subjects are Hindoos, living under a system of personal law which has its roots in the very earliest forms of human society, invests the local customs and traditional rules of India

with deep significance to the philosophic statesman. Happily for the sake of science, the appointment of Sir H. MAINE to the post of Legal Member of Council brought to bear the full force of an intellect of the highest order upon all the varied and curious problems involved in the juxtaposition of primitive law with the exigencies of modern civilization. His researches, and still more his admirable utilization of the researches of less thoughtful observers than himself, have shown how enormous an addition to our knowledge of the primitive world and of the development of all those conditions which constitute civilization is to be found in scientific study of the growth of Indian law. He pointed out, moreover, that one effect of the introduction of settled and efficient government was the paralysis of those powers by which, at earlier stages of its history, society provides, in the growth of custom, rules of conduct binding on all its members; and that the distinct and peremptory language of statutory enactment necessarily results in arresting the gradual process by which, so long as a community is governed by customary laws, it unconsciously moulds them into harmony with the new feelings, beliefs, and wants to which the progress of civilization gives rise. This was conspicuously the case in British India. Hindu law, it is certain, had been from quite immemorial times in a state of flux. Even the half-mythical MENU recognizes a general departure from the strict standard of the primitive faith, and legislates for a world which has fallen away hopelessly from original righteousness. Every subsequent century has brought some new variation, and at present there is no province in India in which the prevalent law does not embody some more or less complete modification of the ancient Brahminical institutions. At the same time, close contact with modern civilization has forced into notice innumerable matters which lay altogether beyond the area covered by the ancient law, and for which it was necessary to provide by express enactment. Thus the British Government found itself confronted with a legislative task of unexampled magnitude and importance, partly necessitated by the internal changes in the structure of native life and society, and partly by the external influences of European civilization.

The duties thus imposed on the Legislature have been, upon the whole, courageously and skilfully discharged. Lord CORNWALLIS in 1793 conferred on the people of India the inestimable boon of a system of definite rights distinctly enunciated and legally enforceable by a proscribed procedure, instead of the almost "pure despotism" of preceding *régimes*. The laws promulgated under this system were termed "Regulations," owing to a lawyer's doubts as to the competence of the Indian authorities to infringe on the legislative powers of the English Parliament, or to modify the "laws and customs" by which it had been decreed that the various nationalities of India were to be governed. Successive Charters and Acts cleared away all uncertainty on this point, and considerable portions of the law have been gradually reduced to the systematic arrangement and exact language of a code. The earlier Regulations, which were often little more than loosely worded administrative orders, have been replaced in numerous instances by precise and methodical enactments. Lord MACAULAY and his colleagues, in their first great instalment—the Penal Code—held out to subsequent legislators an almost perfect example of simplicity, lucidity, and common sense. In later times, the procedure of the Courts, civil and criminal, has been embodied in similarly constructed enactments. The laws of Contract and Evidence have undergone the same process; so, again, have the law of Limitation and the various administrative measures under which the daily life, so to speak, of a State is carried on. Altogether, if the existing Acts, which are to a large extent fashioned on the model of the best-drawn modern English statutes, were arranged on an intelligible system, instead of merely in chronological order, a Code of very considerable pretensions to completeness would be found to be already in existence. There are, however, still many important topics for which it is desirable to provide. The personal law of Hindus and that of Mahommedans still remain distinct, so far as such subjects as religion, inheritance, marriage, adoption, and other personal and family relations are concerned; nor, perhaps, would it be desirable to bring to bear upon these great bodies of ancient customary law the searching process of codification. Some things are best managed by being left alone, and the vagueness and indistinctness of a custom sometimes indicate that it is dying slowly out under influences with which it would be undesirable to interfere. But in other parts of the great domain of social life the Government cannot properly abstain from solving difficulties to which its own presence and action have given rise; and the determination to give a Civil Code to India is among the settled principles of the Government which are understood to have passed beyond the stage of discussion. The only doubt has been as to the manner in which the process of codification can be most conveniently completed. The Law Commission, which for many years secured the co-operation of several distinguished lawyers in England, was excessively costly, and did not prove altogether successful; it was ultimately allowed to become practically obsolete. On the other hand, the most recent proposals of the Indian Legislative Department have not met with such public acceptance as to admit of the Government assuming the responsibility of passing them into law. Under these circumstances, it was resolved a year ago to associate with the present Legal Member two of the ablest of the Indian judges, and to await the results of their inquiries both as to the merits of several proposed enactments and as to the possibility of a general scheme of codification.

The Report submitted by these gentlemen gives evidence of thoughtfulness and erudition, and will no doubt be of material assistance to the Government in determining the course of action which it will, with reference to the many conflicting interests concerned, be most expedient to adopt in completing the Indian Code. With their leading recommendations, and the somewhat over-subtle arguments by which they are supported, few persons, we should think, will feel inclined to disagree. The Commissioners advise that the process of codifying well-marked divisions of the substantive law should continue; that the eventual combination of these divisions in a general Code should be borne in mind; that the English law, with the necessary modifications, should be made the basis of the future Code; that, in recasting the materials of English law, due regard should be had to native habits and modes of thought; that the propositions of the Codes should be broad, simple, and readily intelligible; that the desire of uniformity in legislation should not be allowed to exclude the considerate treatment of local customs; that preparation should be made for a systematic chapter on interpretation; and that the proposal for framing a digest of the decisions of the Indian Courts should be abandoned.

The Commissioners also submit amended drafts of several Bills which they think should forthwith be passed. One of these refers to the transfer of property, leases, mortgages, and, generally, contracts affecting immovable property; another to trusts; a third to negotiable instruments; others to alluvion, master and servant, and easements. When these subjects have been provided for, the Commissioners recommend the codification of the law of Wrongs, a subject, which, curiously enough, none of the numerous authors of Indian legislation have as yet essayed to throw into systematic form. The consequence is that, if one Hindu assaults or libels another, his consequent liability will be tested by the principles, not themselves always especially distinct, by which the English Courts are governed on these subjects—a *reductio ad absurdum*, of which long usage has perhaps in some degree veiled the full significance. The arguments with which the Commissioners enforce the postponement of the codification of this subject do not appear to us altogether convincing. It is, of course, true in one sense that, as "wrongs" are correlative to rights, it is impossible to deal with the former till the latter have been clearly ascertained and accurately defined. But, on the other hand, the ordinary rights the infringement of which constitutes a legal "injury" are sufficiently understood, and the practical inconvenience involved in leaving so elementary a chapter of law in an obscure and unsettled state would justify a departure from a strictly scientific order of subjects. On the same grounds we should deprecate the proposal to postpone the codification of the law of interpretation, which would naturally occupy the position of a preliminary chapter to the Code, and which certainly ought to be settled before the language of the law is allowed to be coloured by meanings of which it may hereafter be difficult to get rid. These, however, and a host of other questions, will have to be settled before the Government of India is likely to commit itself

to so ambitious a scheme of legislation. The general characteristic of the proposed enactments, so far as we are able to judge, appears to be a somewhat over-nice exactness, a too constant endeavour to translate into abstract language the subtleties and refinements of English case-law, and an occasional forgetfulness of that excellent maxim of Lord MANSFIELD, that "our jurisprudence should "be bottomed on plain, broad principles, such as not only "judges can without difficulty apply to the cases that "occur, but as those whose rights are to be decided upon "by them, can understand." Whether or not, however, the suggestions of the Commissioners be accepted, their Report will prove a valuable addition to the existing stock of knowledge as to a subject about which Englishmen, as a rule, think and know a great deal too little.

LOCAL OPTION.

THE advocates of local option have enjoyed this week a proud distinction over their fellows. Other men know that their special crazes are one and all forgotten in the excitement of a dissolution. For the moment hardly any one cares very much about the CLAIMANT or about the Vaccination Bill. Here and there there may be a constituency in which these questions have some slight influence on the result of the contest, but they are absolutely without interest for the great majority of the electors. It is not so with local option. Hundreds of candidates are at this moment pondering what answers they will give to the questions which Sir WILFRID LAWSON'S henchmen will ask them during the coming weeks, and how their prospects will be affected by the estimate formed of their answers. All over the country there are large sections of voters who are as keenly and as exclusively concerned about local option as they were this day week. Last Saturday they tore open their newspapers to see what had been said about it in the House of Commons the preceding night; to-day they will tear open their newspapers to read what is said about it in the addresses or the speeches of those who solicit their vote and interest at the coming election. Whatever else Sir WILFRID LAWSON has done, he has succeeded in making the lives of many actual and prospective members of Parliament a burden to their possessors. He has devised a formula so elastic that there is no escape from it short of positive rejection. In the comparatively happy days when his name was only associated with the Permissive Bill a candidate had some chance. He could fall back upon the eternal and convenient distinction between principles and methods of giving effect to them, and could plead that, though he was not prepared to vote for Sir WILFRID LAWSON'S Bill, he was somehow quite at one with Sir WILFRID LAWSON. Of course this did not always succeed. When the Lawsonites were very strong or very enthusiastic, they insisted on more than this amount of agreement. But very often it did succeed. A candidate who professed himself ready to vote, not indeed for the Permissive Bill, but for some other Bill which should approach the same end by other methods, was accepted as the best that could be had—the more readily that the more clear-sighted supporters of the Permissive Bill knew very well that, if once the control of the liquor trade were entrusted to the ratepayers, it would be impossible in the end to limit the use they should make of this control. Now the compliant candidate has no refuge left him. He is simply asked to pledge himself to a compromise which is in fact identical with that on the back of which he has ridden off so triumphantly in times past. But a compromise suggested by himself and a compromise suggested by Sir WILFRID LAWSON are very different things. Only the partisans of the Permissive Bill cared to inquire into the meaning of the former, and they had often good reason for not pushing the investigation too far. The latter takes hold of that large body of electors who, either by instinct or conviction, have assured themselves that anything which Sir WILFRID LAWSON says will content him is sure to be the Permissive Bill under another name.

This last class of persons will not be made the fewer by the turn which last week's debate took. If there had been any doubt as to the meaning attached to local option by the patentee of the phrase, there could be none after Sir WILFRID LAWSON'S speech. The argument on which he laid most stress was that his object was simply to give the ratepayers the power of closing public-houses which is already possessed by landlords. Lord ZETLAND, he said, has put a stop to the drink traffic at Grangemouth. "I only "want four-fifths of the ratepayers, where there is not a "landlord like Lord ZETLAND, to have the same power as "Lord ZETLAND has." The power which Lord ZETLAND has is a power to put a stop to the drink traffic in a particular town, and what Lord ZETLAND has in one town Sir WILFRID wishes the ratepayers everywhere to have in their several towns and villages. It can hardly be supposed that agitators who have such precise notions of what it is that they want will be content with something quite different, so long as it goes by the same name. To have a voice in the licensing of public-houses will only make the ratepayers partakers in the sin of selling liquor if they are forbidden to shut up public-houses altogether. To give local option while stopping short of the Permissive Bill would be like leaving a patient to doctor himself, on condition that he took his pill every other night and his draught twice a day, instead of taking his pill every night and his draught three times a day. If he is fit to regulate his own treatment, he must be fit to decide when he may dispense with drugs altogether. In point of fact, local option, in the limited sense which those who have unwillingly swallowed the formula wish to give it, would involve a more deliberate recognition of the liquor traffic than has ever yet been obtained from Parliament. How are the ratepayers, once invested with the right of regulating the number of public-houses, to be prevented from decreeing that there shall be none at all? Only by an Act of Parliament assigning a certain number of public-houses to a specific area or a specific population. In other words, Parliament must for the first time enact that, whether the magistrates like it or not, and whether the landowner likes it or not, there must be a public-house, say, to every thousand persons or to every square mile of ground. Without this, local option in its possible results is indistinguishable from the Permissive Bill. With this, all that the advocates of local option will have succeeded in doing will be to make Parliament tenfold more the child of the licensed victuallers than it is already. The happiness of the candidate who accepts local option in this latter sense will be exceedingly shortlived. He will certainly find, after he has voted for allowing the ratepayers to regulate, but forbidding them to put an end to, the liquor traffic, that he is in worse odour with the supporters he has worked so hard to retain than if he had been plain-spoken with them from the first.

It is needless to say that opposition to local option implies—except to Mr. GLADSTONE—no contentment with the existing licensing system. Indeed the most satisfactory symptom in the recent debate was the evidence afforded that the hope of seeing the experiment of free-trade in liquor tried under more favourable conditions, and for a longer time, than at Liverpool, need not be altogether abandoned. Lord HARTINGTON is of opinion that "there "is very much to be said in favour of that principle, sub-"ject only to Excise and police regulations," and a shade of regret may be detected in Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech that the course of recent legislation should have been in direct contrariety to the Report of the Select Committee of 1854—a Committee, as he was careful to remind the House, which consisted of members of great and proved impartiality, and possessing a very full acquaintance with the subject. Sir WILFRID LAWSON paid the principle of free-trade in liquor the undesigned compliment of misrepresenting its history. It was because, he said, of the failure of that principle that the country had had to resort to a restrictive system. The true account of the matter is that the principle has never been properly tried—never tried, that is to say, in combination with a full recognition by the magistrates of the need of enforcing stringent police regulations. The trial which is alleged to have been made of it in Liverpool proved nothing against the principle. The old system was restored, not because Free-trade had failed, but because the narrow majority on the Town Council which had resolved to try it was replaced by a narrow majority resolved that it should not be tried. The best contribution that could be made to the solution of the drink difficulty would be a determination on the part of some energetic local authority to repeat the Liverpool experiment.

LEO XIII. AND THOMAS AQUINAS.

THE reception accorded last Sunday by Pope Leo XIII. in the Sala Ducale of the Vatican to some four thousand "doctors of philosophy and cultivators and encouragers of science, assembled at Rome from all parts of the world," must have presented a picturesque and impressive spectacle. The Latin address read by Mgr. Triperi, "Hymnographer to the Congregation of Rites," whatever precisely that may mean, with the reply of his Holiness in the same language, lasting some twenty minutes and interrupted by constant bursts of enthusiastic applause, the time occupied in kissing hands and presenting offerings of books, and the solemn benediction at the close, could not fail to make on those who were present a vivid impression which they are not likely soon to forget. And that impression would be heightened by contrast in the minds of such of them as had been accustomed to witness the very different kind of pageants enacted on gala days at the Vatican under the predecessor of Leo. An assemblage of four thousand *savans* collected to hear a panegyric on sound philosophy and learning and a strong exhortation to cultivate natural science is scarcely an idea that would have commended itself to the mind of Pius IX. But it is not only nor chiefly as an imposing spectacle that the reception of last Sunday must be regarded, if we would estimate its true significance. Mere theatrical display is as little to the taste of the present Pope as it was entirely congenial to the last. This public gathering at the Vatican was the result of an Encyclical issued last year in which his Holiness urged the renewed study of St. Thomas Aquinas, in place of the modern text-books which had generally superseded it in clerical education. And it was unquestionably with a serious purpose that in his address the other day the Pope "dwelt on the importance of the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas, and especially on its great utility as a means of combating the scepticism of the present century," and "pointed out that it was not opposed to the progress of natural science." He went further and "strongly exhorted" his hearers "to cultivate natural science, but in a Christian spirit." This, by the way, is not quite the same thing as exhorting them, according to the gloss of the *Times*, which is not at all borne out by the language of the Encyclical, "to cultivate it in the nineteenth century in humble accordance with the methods adopted by the Angelic Doctor in the thirteenth," meaning apparently that they should adopt deductive instead of inductive methods. Such a suggestion would be almost unmeaning. It was not indeed, as the *Times* proceeds to admit, against inductive philosophy that Aquinas fought, because—to cite the same accurate authority—it "had not yet been invented." Induction, we need hardly say, forms just as integral a part of the *Organon* of Aristotle as of the *Novum Organum* of Bacon; the speciality of the latter, as his latest editor, Mr. Fowler, has justly pointed out, was not to "invent" Induction, but to propound "a new method of Induction," which should not simply accumulate instances, but arrange and utilize them on legitimate and rational principles. Of this method Aquinas was inevitably ignorant, and there is nothing to show that his ignorance of it is what the Pope desired to commend. But the notion is so widely prevalent that he in particular and the Schoolmen in general were mere slavish and unreasoning chroniclers of the *dicta* of an infallible Church, that it may be worth while to inquire a little more closely into their real place in the history of thought. Even the *Times* allows that no professor of natural science in our own day could be more candid and honest in his dialectic than Aquinas, and that he always put his opponents' case as strongly as his own. The writer adds that, if the universities and seminaries to which Pope Leo appeals to accept St. Thomas as their patron would be as careful as he was to examine facts before drawing their conclusions, there would be no disadvantage in a renewed study of his works. It is only fair to infer from all that has hitherto appeared of his general tone of mind and disposition, as well as from the tone of the Encyclical itself, that Leo XIII. does really wish to encourage this candid and scientific temper in holding up Thomas Aquinas as a model for study and imitation.

Scholasticism is a phenomenon so strange and uncongenial to modern thinkers ordinarily, that they are tempted to turn aside from it with a shudder or a sneer; they seem to themselves to have passed from a world of realities into a world of fanciful abstractions, where the forms of language or of logic take the place of facts. The Scholastic philosophy attained its zenith in the thirteenth century, when history and criticism were almost unknown, when few understood any language but Latin or thought any other worth understanding, and when the entire circle of human knowledge was comprised within very narrow limits. But if scholasticism, as a very competent critic has observed, "seems separated from the rest of literature by an impassable barrier," that is only one side of the truth about it. Those vast tomes of the Schoolmen, as he further observes, not only bespeak an amount of literary toil rare in the most cultivated times, but give evidence of a precision of thought and a subtlety of logical analysis which may challenge comparison with the best works of the best ages of philosophy. It is not very easy to define what Scholasticism is, and there is really more force than at first sight appears in Haureau's seemingly tautologous definition, "Scholastic philosophy is the philosophy which was taught in the Schools." It is in fact the philosophy of the *scholæ*, or, in other words, that which created the universities of Europe and was in turn fostered by them. For in this respect, as well as in the subject-matter of what was taught, the rise of the new system effected what was nothing short of a revolution in mediæval Europe. The old cathedral and monastic schools, which had afforded a fair instruction in grammar, were deserted for the new universities, and the students who had before been scattered over a number of smaller schools were assembled at a few great centres, which at once led to a concentration of energy and a freedom of handling unknown in earlier times. Compared with the preceding ages the intellectual emancipation of the eleventh, and still more of the succeeding centuries, was marvellous, though the Schoolmen themselves bowed down before the authority not only of the Church, but of Aristotle, who became to them, as it has been said, "a kind of supplementary Father." They looked to authority for their premisses, and building, as they believed, on adamantine foundations, were fearless as to the conclusions and followed out their thoughts with a hardihood and exuberant ingenuity of what we might almost call rationalistic speculation which has perhaps never been surpassed. In the *Organon* of Aristotle they found an unrivalled method for prosecuting their inquiries. And there is this distinction between the theological controversies of the early and of the middle ages, that the former mainly concerned fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith such as the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the like, while the latter turned rather on the methods of the Divine operation—on such questions *e.g.* as the nature of the Atonement or of the Real Presence and the effects of sacramental grace. "The Fathers contended for the facts on which the faith is built, the Schoolmen for the ulterior questions which arise, upon the mode of the Divine action." Their unflinching belief in abstract principles was partly no doubt due to their ignorance of history; but if their system was narrow, it is fair to remember that something of narrowness is almost inseparable from that concentration of thought and purpose by which the highest victories of humanity have been achieved.

And now, if we turn from Scholasticism in general to Thomas Aquinas, "the most saintly of the learned, and the most learned of the saints," who was its leading representative, we shall find even a writer so little careful as Dean Milman to conceal his contempt for the whole system—of which he thinks "the sole result to posterity is barren amazement"—constrained to speak of him in terms of very high commendation. Aquinas, he tells us, was an intellectual theologian who approaches more nearly than most divines, or even than most philosophers, to pure embodied intellect, without polemical anger or ecclesiastical jealousies, with no fear of the consequences of any investigation, hardly hating heresy, and loving nothing but naked abstract truth. He reserves indeed its unassailable province to Church authority and tradition, but within the proper sphere of philosophy asserts full freedom, and will exempt no Father—not even St. Augustine—from critical examination; he is "eclectic" and independent in his judgments. Where his views are narrow, it is rather his age that is in fault than himself. It was almost inevitable, living when he did, that he should condemn all "usury," that is interest on money, as dishonest, and that he should justify the forcible repression of heresy, which he defends by arguments very like those used in a later age by Dr. Johnson. On the other hand, on some practical questions he is notably in advance of his age. He distinctly maintains the right of subjects to withhold or withdraw their allegiance from unjust or usurping rulers. And he no less distinctly lays down that the profession of an actor—which, according to a tradition long current in the Church, and often enforced by *ipso facto* excommunication, is unlawful—is not in itself unlawful or sinful, inasmuch as recreation is necessary to mankind. "*Officium histrionum, quod ordinatur ad solatium hominibus exhibendum, non est secundum se illicitum.*" Bossuet characteristically asserts that he is mistaken on both points. It must be remembered that Thomas was hardly forty-eight at the time of his death. The *Summa Theologiæ*, which was placed on a table by the side of the Bible at the Council of Trent, occupied the last nine years of his life. Readers of Dante, who assigns to the Angelic Doctor a sphere beyond the reach of praise, will not need to be reminded how largely it has influenced the composition of the *Divina Commedia*. But a more permanent interest perhaps attaches to his ethical than to his directly theological writings. Whether the principles of his theology are true or false is a question which can hardly affect our estimate of his personal greatness. That he must be reckoned, with Aristotle and St. Augustine, among the few master minds that have left their impress on the development of human thought is beyond question. As Bareille says, "He was indeed an extraordinary genius, whose power contemporary minds were constrained to recognize, whether they bruised themselves against his logic or submitted to his guidance; he ruled in both ways, but more by seconding than by checking the movements of his age." It is moreover a mistake to suppose that Aquinas, as the greatest of the Schoolmen, has only left his mark on that scheme of Catholic philosophy, or theology, whichever we please to term it, which they aspired to build up on the foundations of the earlier patristic teaching. Scholasticism has helped to shape the principal Confessions of the Reformation no less unmistakably than the decrees of Trent. Its traces may perhaps be less perceptible in the Thirty-nine Articles, which partake of the nature of a compromise, but the Schoolmen are largely responsible for the methods, however strongly they might repudiate the conclusions, of Calvin's Institutes and the Westminster Confession. It is not of course the relative truth of the rival systems formulated at the Reformation that Leo XIII. intended to determine by his recent Encyclical; for him and those

whom he addresses that is not an open question. He was not thinking of the doctrines to be learnt, but of the manner of learning them. And to be brought into contact with such a mind as that of Aquinas cannot but tend, like the study of Aristotle, to sharpen the intellectual faculties. Whether Latin theology is a legitimate development of the doctrine of the ancient Church or a corruption of it, is a point on which opinions will necessarily differ, but there can be little doubt that those who are bound to acquire a knowledge of it had better go direct to the fountain head in writers like Thomas Aquinas than imbibe the stream when discoloured by later infusions and filtrated through meaner intellects. Modern Roman theology is virtually the creation of the Jesuits, but Aquinas was born three centuries before Ignatius Loyola. When the Pope puts him forward as the model for theological and philosophical students, he is only so far reactionary that he is recalling them from a later to an earlier, and what all who are acquainted with the subject will know to be a purer and healthier, tradition of their Church.

THE TERRORS OF A GENERAL ELECTION.

THE approach of a general election must cause considerable mental anxiety to a body of men who are scarcely fitted by nature to bear any severe intellectual strain. The typical British legislator has often been exposed to ridicule; but in the present crisis he certainly deserves our sympathy. After an exceptionally long interval, he is suddenly called upon to play an unaccustomed part in public affairs, and to exchange the dignified ease of Westminster for the turbulent activity of the hustings. To the great mass of respectable members of the House of Commons such a change must be fraught with suffering. The honest and estimable gentlemen whose oratorical exercise has been strictly limited to cheers and groans, and whose punctual attendance in the division lobbies has placed them beyond reproach, are not necessarily endowed with the faculties required for a clear exposition of public policy. This is a task which in their capacity of members of Parliament they have wisely left to their leaders. It is rather too much to expect that a man who has honourably retired from business with a fortune sufficient to deserve the confidence of a large constituency should straightway apply himself to the arduous study of public affairs. Political life would upon such terms be scarcely worth living, and the House of Commons would cease to be reckoned as the pleasantest club in London. To undertake anything like a serious study of the science of government would be in truth to make a business of pleasure, and thus to deprive a Parliamentary career of the attractions which it now offers to those who have already exhausted their energies in the care of their own affairs. But, although this is undoubtedly true, it is a truth which is not sufficiently recognized by an exacting public. In the feeling of reverence which popularly attaches to our national institutions, we are apt to regard the members of the House of Commons as a body of trained and expert legislators who are profoundly conversant with the questions they are called upon to determine. Such a presumption is both misleading and unjust. It may perhaps be fair to require of a criminal that he should know the law, but it is absolutely unfair to expect the same knowledge of a legislator. Still less have we the right to demand that a member of Parliament should understand those larger and more complex questions which affect Imperial policy. It is bad enough that respectable men of domestic habits and advancing years should be compelled to absent themselves from home and to keep late hours. So much, however, they are willing to endure for their country's sake; but the claims of patriotism are unduly strained when we require that this self-sacrifice shall be in all cases associated with political intelligence.

On the eve of a general election these sound and sober views of the proper duties of a member of Parliament are perhaps apt to be forgotten. A popular prejudice inclines us to expect from the candidate something wholly different from what is required in the full-fledged legislator, and the desire to satisfy this expectation leads in many cases to acute suffering and disappointment. If it were not for the comfort that springs out of the sense of having companions in misfortune, the effort and anguish of such an epoch would scarcely be tolerable. For the first time in a period, perhaps, of seven years, the steady-going legislator has to provide himself with a set of coherent political opinions. Although he may have passed through a blameless Parliamentary career, voting punctually with his party, and enthusiastic in his support of the local water scheme, he is not allowed to escape from this burdensome intellectual exercise. By the strict conventions of his position he is bound to assume the attitude of a thinker, and to declare himself possessed of individual ideas. And by a still harder necessity he is pledged to try to find for these ideas a decent form of expression. Constituencies have become so unscrupulous as to demand information even upon questions of foreign policy. There was a time in the history of our country when it was enough for a politician to own a general distrust of the schemes of France, a sentiment which was at a later date exchanged for a manly contempt of Russia. But since those happy days no end of strange and uncouth names have blossomed upon the politician's map. Men past middle life, who want nothing more than a quiet seat on the back benches, are forced to enter upon a methodical study of geography; they must know what is meant by "a big Bulgaria," and be able to put their finger upon Cyprus, or to trace the course of Lord Beaconsfield's "scientific frontier." And if they wish to succeed they must perform such intellectual feats without any appearance of effort or distress. There are so many younger aspirants for political honours to whom these complex problems are comparatively familiar, that the mature candidate is now hardly pressed in the race, and unless he can make a fair show of understanding the questions of the hour, his prospects are gravely imperilled. His difficulties would not, however, be altogether insuperable if he were allowed to take his own time, and to deal with the subjects of political controversy after his own fashion. It seems, indeed, somewhat unfair that the politician should not be allowed to enjoy the kind of liberty that is granted to the popular preacher. The occupant of the pulpit is never harassed by an intrusive and vexatious curiosity. He can lavish upon his hearers all he knows without the fear of being asked for more, whereas the unfortunate candidate can never feel any assurance that his ignorance will be left undisturbed. To prepare for a general election is therefore even more difficult than to "cram" for a Civil Service Examination, for the public-spirited electors will admit no limitation of subject. Possibly when the arduous labours of statesmanship have come to be more clearly appreciated, some organized scheme of political examination will be charitably provided. Candidates will then be allowed to take up a certain number of subjects, and will not be exposed to inquiry upon matters outside the limits of their studies. The kind of political machinery that has been perfected at Birmingham and other large towns could be aptly applied to this end; and, besides selecting the fit person to represent the borough, the "Three Hundred" might draw up a list of political questions in which the candidate would be expected to show proficiency. Under such an arrangement the politician who had taken up Afghanistan as his special subject would not be required to answer any inquiries touching the Zulu war; nor would the philosopher who had lavished his intellectual resources upon the problems of the liquor traffic be liable to be embarrassed by impertinent questions as to local taxation. The statement of such a convenient arrangement must seem like a tantalizing dream to the crowds of unfortunate gentlemen who will shortly have to meet their constituencies. In place of this orderly method of examination, they will have to face and to endure an irregular process of torture trying alike to their conscience and to their intelligence. In the short interval that must now elapse before the hour of their trial, vast piles of unstudied Blue-books will rise in judgment against them. Their sleep will be constantly interrupted by visions of the rubicund publican and the pale-faced abstainer; they will see the Irish vote swiftly passing from their grasp, or will wake in conscience-stricken despair at the thought of having eaten unwisely of the forbidden fruit of Home Rule. It is in vain that they now turn their attention to the study of subjects too long neglected. The wasted autumn days passed in a country house when there was leisure enough to have ascertained the geographical position of the Euphrates Valley are remembered with many vain regrets. All opportunities of solid information have now passed beyond recall, and the little time that is still left scarcely suffices to determine the advantages of marrying a deceased wife's sister, or to settle the awful question of female suffrage.

But even if we charitably assume that the unfortunate candidate has made up his mind upon all these matters, his position nevertheless demands our warmest sympathies. In the bosom of his family he has to endure bitter reproaches for interrupting the serious business of society with his trivial political concerns. No sooner have his wife and daughters comfortably settled themselves down for the London season than they are recalled to the country to preside at electoral tea-parties and to listen to luminous expositions of Imperial policy. At such a moment the anxious mother will perhaps remind her husband that his career in Parliament has been something of a disappointment to the family. While he is straining every nerve to regain his seat, she will possibly suggest that the moment has arrived when he should carefully consider his fitness for public life, and she will calmly point out to him that, in spite of the undiminished confidence of his constituents, time is slipping away and the girls are still unmarried. To such arguments as these the leaders of the two great parties have supplied their followers with no sufficient answer. In a season of stagnant trade and diminished rentals, the feminine reasoning acquires a double force and urgency; for, if money is to be spent at all, surely his own flesh and blood have a higher claim than the Government or the Opposition. Harassed by these heartrending appeals from the domestic circle, the jaded candidate is apt to cut but a sorry figure before his constituents. After a few stormy meetings he begins himself to doubt whether he was ever intended by nature to take a prominent part in public affairs. A long silence in the House of Commons has led him to take an exaggerated estimate of his own oratorical powers; and he now realizes, almost with the sense of new discovery, that he is neither a lucid nor a fluent speaker. He finds to his disgust that he is scarcely a match even for the leader of the local debating society, and he is forced to endure the humiliation of listening to the cheers of the audience as this enthusiastic politician exposes the miserable incompetence of their candidate. The chairman of his committee is not unlikely to prove a yet further source of disappointment. For months past the friendship of this valued personage has been sedulously cultivated. He has been allowed to shoot the pheasants, and

he has been repeatedly invited to dinner, and yet, in spite of every precaution, he incontinently pledges his chief to some dangerous admission with regard to "local option" or the burial of Dissenters. The time and energy of the candidate are henceforth entirely absorbed in endeavouring to rectify the blunder of his lieutenant. At every meeting he is obliged to enter upon a long and tedious personal explanation, and before this is successfully completed he has forgotten the substance of a carefully prepared speech, and confused a mass of figures with a studied peroration concerning the responsibilities of empire and the beauty of freedom. For sufferings like these even success is but a poor recompense, and we suspect that if the House of Commons could be polled there would be found a number of worthy old gentlemen who would gladly follow the example of Cincinnatus, and exchange the business of government for the charms of rural life.

RURAL POSTMEN.

Among those victims of official economy who now and then share with Afghan assassins and other oppressed persons the sympathy of a tender-hearted public, rural postmen occupy what may be called a respectable position. The essentially commonplace nature of their sufferings must prevent them from ever creating such sensation as is excited by more heroic characters. They are not liable to be run over and mangled like railway porters, or to be dashed against casual projections like female athletes; but in the temporary absence of any more important objects of compassion, they are a sure and unfailing resource for philanthropists, professional and amateur. They resemble in one respect the article of female attire whose mention was so bitterly resented by Mrs. Wilfer; we "know they are there." We also know that they have to walk considerable distances and that their salaries are not large. On the occasion of a heavy fall of snow or rain it may be easily conceived that the post is not a comfortable one, and we may even presume that they sometimes catch cold in the execution of their duty. They are therefore a legitimate cause of "tears of compassion trembling on the eyelids" of friends of humanity, whose sympathy might perhaps be rudely withdrawn from them if, as in the case of the Needy Knife-grinder, they were subjected to the test of a personal interview. The work of a rural letter-carrier makes no very great demands upon the intellect, and, like the making of laws, and other useful and important functions, it requires no special training. All that is needed is a disposition to walk the necessary distance, and a character for common honesty. Unless, therefore, the principle of competitive examination—which might in this case take the form of a long-distance walking competition—were adopted in the selection of candidates, it would be difficult to prevent many incompetent persons from entering the profession. Those "wastrels," as they are commonly called in the North of England, who can never settle down to any regular trade, sometimes take up the work for a few weeks or months, until the monotony of their daily round begins to pall upon them, when they perhaps exchange it for tramping of a different kind, which, while it possesses the charm of variety, is not rewarded by any regular salary, and involves the necessity of frequently sleeping in the open air, together with other discomforts. It is seldom that country postmen belong to the class of agricultural labourers or other outdoor workers. Sometimes, indeed, the Squire gets the situation for a "handy man" who is no longer handy; but for the most part they seem to be men of sedentary occupation, who from various causes have sought employment in the open air late in life. Of those whom we have known, by far the greater part have been tailors or bootmakers, who often ply their trade in the evening when their walking is over. Still more frequently they have given it up because it has injured their health, and the doctor has ordered them more active employment. It thus happens that the office of letter-carrier is often undertaken by men whose constitution is already unsound, and the strain caused by exertion for which their previous way of life has rendered them unfit sometimes brings about a breakdown. If the death is sudden enough to involve an inquest, it is followed by an outburst of honest British indignation, somewhat akin to those periodical fits of morality which Macaulay ridiculed. The local and possibly also the London papers are inundated with letters on the inhuman treatment of Government servants, a member of the Statistical Society—who signs his name in full—calculates the pence and fractions of pence which the victim received for each mile that he walked, and men who grudge fourteen shillings a week to their own labourers are the first to inveigh against the wickedness which requites so much industry with a pittance of twenty. No doubt to walk twenty-five or thirty miles a day is tolerably severe work for ordinary persons, and puts a dangerous strain on weak hearts and diseased constitutions; but for a strong healthy man there are worse things than exposure to wind and rain, and even in such winters as we have experienced lately the number of days during which snow is on the ground is limited. The work is probably not much harder, and certainly is far less tiresome, than that of London postmen, while the pure air and pleasant scenery make the day's walk in fine weather absolutely enjoyable.

The position, too, is worth some slight sacrifice of comfort, for the postman in retired districts is an important personage; and his arrival is the great event of each day. He brings all the morning's news from the post town, a full account of the grand wedding which took place yesterday morning, and the concert last night; he knows the current price of corn, and whether there is a rise or fall in the egg and poultry market; and, in fact, acts as a daily supplement to the weekly newspaper. He takes a deep interest in the young ladies at the hall and the parson's daughter at the rectory; and has a keen eye for letters addressed to them in a masculine handwriting. He resents the institution of private letter-bags, rather on the ground of interference with his prerogative than of the additional trouble which they entail upon him. The squire finds him useful, because he always knows where wild duck are lying, and will undertake to put up a snipe which he marked down in a field close by. He is adored by the women servants, and hated by the footman, who finds him a dangerous rival in the housemaid's affections. Perhaps it is the thoroughly human character of his interests which prevents the postman from attaining to scientific fame such as has been sometimes gained by bakers and others of humble station. It is as well that it should be so, for trains and mail-carts can hardly be expected to wait while a studious postman is stopping to examine the geological formation of the country as manifested in a new railway cutting, or rushing across meadows in pursuit of a rare moth, or investigating the domestic habits of the common earth-worm; and a postmaster would scarcely be gratified if, on emptying the letter-bags, he found them in the condition of Mr. Blasenbalg's creel in *New Men and Old Acres*. Whatever the cause, we may be tolerably certain that no such student exists among postmen; for, if there were such a person, his life would long since have been made the subject of an instructive volume by the indefatigable Mr. Smiles. Perhaps their opportunities of close communion with nature, and their intercourse with all sorts and conditions of men, may suggest poetry as the study in which they are most likely to excel. They possess some, at least, of the qualifications pronounced necessary by the learned Imlac; and we may some day find "Poems on Post-cards; or, the Lucubrations of a Letter-Carrier" among the announcements in the publishers' column of the *Times*.

When the postman has a pony to help him on his way, the number and variety of the parcels which he can carry is truly astonishing. We have seen a man in the North of England ride into a village on a dun Iceland pony with a sack slung across the front of the saddle containing a couple of live ducks, whose heads, thrust through holes cut at each end, were now and then turned upwards with an expression quite pathetic, while they protested loudly against the irregular method of their conveyance. Two pairs of heavy boots hung down from behind, while the man himself had his letter-bags on one side, a huge parcel under the opposite arm, a net of lemons over his shoulder, and a leg of mutton balanced by some mysterious means on the saddle in front of him. It is scarcely to be wondered at if such a general benefactor occasionally suffers from the injudicious hospitality of his friends. Beer in warm weather and spirits in cold are often too freely bestowed in return for some specially interesting piece of news, or as payment of the carriage of a parcel, and towards the conclusion of his round the postman's gait is not always characterized by that steadiness and certainty which are desirable in a public functionary. He naturally resents any allusions to his infirmity, and we have known one to be so enraged by the insults of an irreverent chimney-sweep as to throw down his bags and challenge the mocker to fight. The timely intervention of two policemen rescued the bags from the gutter and their bearer from utter defeat. The difficulty which exists in some districts of getting men to undertake the work makes the authorities look kindly upon such slight irregularities. A fall by the roadside, followed by entire inability to rise again, has been charitably ascribed to sunstroke, without too careful an inquiry into the question whether the sun chanced to shine on that particular day; and a long-suffering postmaster once told us that, if any of his letter-carriers did not arrive at the proper time, he always sent a cart to pick the man out of the ditch and to collect any letters which might be lying about the road.

It sometimes happens that a rural letter-carrier is also the village postmaster, and in this case the business of the post-office is generally carried on by his wife. The office then becomes for the women of the village what the public-house is for the men, and Mrs. Mailsetter in the *Antiquary* is by no means the only postmistress who has got into trouble through anxiety to know all about the business of her neighbours. It would be interesting to know how many of these officials are dismissed every year for irregularities of this kind. Sometimes, no doubt, discretion gets the better of curiosity, and investigations are confined to the covers of letters, which afford ample material for speculation. A rapid succession of blue envelopes, directed in the cramped character of small tradesmen or the big round hand of a lawyer's clerk, may be the first indication of an approaching bankruptcy. Frequent letters addressed to a lady in a masculine hand will suggest an engagement not yet made public, and a scrutiny of the postmarks may sometimes serve to identify the happy man. The authorities of a country post-office may thus gain considerable insight into their neighbours' affairs by the indulgence of what they would no doubt regard as legitimate curiosity, and without overstepping the bounds of honesty; but there are times when this source of information fails. Perhaps a series of letters in an unknown hand, and with a postmark which conveys no distinct idea to the official mind, creates a mi-directed longing after truth. But as the culprit in this case has no inten-

tion of immediate confession, such rough-and-ready means of access to the desired knowledge would be dangerous, and the domestic appliances of every-day life suggest a far less clumsy alternative. The kettle singing on the hob has more uses than the innocent one of tea-making, and the jet of steam which issues from the spout is an excellent means of producing solution of continuity between the flap and the main body of an envelope, without leaving any distinct traces of its use. The letter, having been read, is carefully fastened up again and sent on. If there is any delay in its delivery, it is probably not noticed, or passed over with a grumble. The culprit, encouraged by a first success, grows more and more daring, and the spout of the tea-kettle comes into constant use. It is not in human nature that the intelligence thus discovered should be kept entirely secret. The desire of contributing something new to the stock of village gossip overpowers prudential considerations, and perhaps a neighbour is taken into confidence. More often, no doubt, the news is vaguely hinted at as something which has been heard from a friend at a distance, or been told by some one who has dropped in at the office—a stranger, of course. Gradually the whole village is set by the ears, and people begin to wonder how it is that their most private affairs are known all over the country side. Suspicion is thus aroused; but so long as the inquiring mind of the postmistress confines its investigations to the letters of her neighbours and equals, the chances of detection are very small. The rustic is slow to take action of any kind, and in such a case would certainly not know what kind of action to take. His notions of how letters come and go are of the vaguest, and he lives in utter ignorance of the existence of a Postmaster-General. Thus the emoluments of a rural postmastership may long continue to form a kind of "endowment of research," unless a stronger and more reckless curiosity impels the culprit to tamper with the letters of her social superiors. Then detection sooner or later is almost certain. The squire, after writing indignantly to his favourite journal on the subject of postal irregularities in general without producing any beneficial effects, bethinks him of writing to the authorities on his own particular case. Perhaps the spout of the kettle some day performs its functions inadequately, and necessitates the suppression of a letter, or a clumsy attempt to reproduce the original method of fastening it. Suspicion then becomes certainty, and just when the unconscious woman is gloating over some interesting details of family history or a specially tender passage in a love-letter, an official appears to pronounce sentence of dismissal, and to take charge of the office until a trustworthy person can be found in the neighbourhood. Meanwhile the ejected one is left to undergo the jeers of her offended neighbours, and a sermon from the rector on a text taken from the third chapter of the Book of Genesis.

MR. GLADSTONE'S NINE POINTS.

IT is not easy to calculate exactly whether the Government, before finally deciding on a dissolution, had before them the curious letter which Mr. Gladstone addressed at the end of last week to the *Scotsman*. Mr. Gladstone has been, naturally enough, inclined of late to communicate with the organs of public opinion chiefly read by those whom he hopes to make his constituents; and it is doubtless an additional attraction to him that the Scotch papers are free from the lamentable taint besetting London journalism. Otherwise it was almost unkind of him not to let the inhabitants of the unworthy city which happens to be the capital of Great Britain participate at once in the amusement he had in store for them. A document more characteristic of "the stern logician Gladstone"—as a French newspaper, with remarkable and ultra-Gallic felicity, has just described him—has hardly ever appeared, and it is an odd enough coincidence that he should, so to speak, "go to the country" upon it. Chronological and other reasons seem to acquit the Ministry of any malicious intention in the matter, but the coincidence, let it be once more repeated, is certainly a curious accident.

It seems that some time ago—indeed we have a more or less distinct remembrance of the fact—Mr. Gladstone solemnly contradicted twelve lies which were being circulated by wicked Tories respecting him. On this occasion he cannot muster more than nine untruths which require to be solemnly testified against. This of itself, to adopt for a moment his own style of criticism, throws serious doubt on the accuracy of his first paragraph. This paragraph states that, in Mr. Gladstone's opinion, "whatever may have been or may continue to be the depression of trade, the circulation of untruths and calumnies continues to be brisk." Now, by irresistible arithmetic, we find that the circulation of untruths and calumnies has diminished to the extent of 25 per cent., so that the preamble would seem to be not proven. Mr. Gladstone then states that "the practice of fabrication by some, leading to culpably careless adoption by others, is, as far as he knows, without precedent in political warfare"—a statement which shows a decidedly less intimate acquaintance with political history than we should have supposed him to possess. The interest of the epistle, however, lies characteristically in the postscript, wherein the nine articles of Tory calumny are solemnly marshalled in order that they be without qualification contradicted. It has been said, we are told, that it is Mr. Gladstone's intention to raise the question whether the exclusion of Roman Catholics from the throne is a political necessity; that he was a faggot voter for Midlothian; that he suggested the formation of the Civil Service Stores in lieu of an increase of salaries; that he sanctioned the exertions of an emissary from England to stimulate the war feeling in Russia; that he was connected with Gilbey and Co.; that he has announced an intention to withdraw the country from all its entangling engagements; that he was in office for sixteen years out of the twenty from 1856 to 1876; that during those years there was "no action, or protest, or otherwise" (*sic*), on behalf of the subject races of Turkey; and, lastly, that he has treated the connexion of the colonies with the mother-country as matter of indifference. All which positions Mr. Gladstone does solemnly and without qualification deny. The first thought that strikes a reader of this singular list will be the odd admixture of its component parts. The first, third, and fifth articles are wholly out of keeping with the other six, and require, one would have thought, either a wholly different kind of notice or no notice at all. It is quite possible that such allegations may have been made; it is quite certain that, if they have been made, they are not worth contradiction, and hardly worth attention. There have been times perhaps when voters could have been got to believe that Mr. Gladstone helped in altering the wine duties because he was interested in the importation of wine, and that Gladstone claret thus deserves its name in another sense than that generally received. But, if Mr. Gladstone really thinks that any voter of Midlothian would allow his vote to be decided by an idle tale of this kind, referring to a matter twenty years old and bearing on the face of it its own absurdity and falsehood, we should think that his best plan was not to court the suffrages of such a constituency. The charge about the Civil Service Stores is more fantastic, more ingenious, and much less vulgar. Unfortunately, however, it is a little too ingenious, though the victim might, had he a grain of that humour which is unfortunately absent from his composition, have adopted it as a tribute to his own financial ingenuity. The champion of retrenchment should surely not treat thus harshly a soft impeachment which opens up endless possibilities of economy. Who knows but that in the federation of the world to which some of Mr. Gladstone's friends look forward, all public salaries may be abolished by an extension of this method, co-operation and cutting down of the estimates marching hand in hand even to the vanishing-point of the estimates altogether? There is a tradition that in the palmy days of mediæval Universities, their members used to support themselves by making each other's coats and boots. The army, navy, and civil service of the future may be destined, if this bright hint of Mr. Gladstone's calumniator be properly improved, to subsist in the same manner. In the article about admitting Roman Catholics to the throne we enter upon a new field. This charge is evidently calculated for the latitude and longitude of Edinburgh, and it is quite possible that it may have been really made. But here also the meeting of hypothetical accusations of this sort displays Mr. Gladstone in a somewhat comical light. There is a story, too irreverent, unfortunately, for full quotation, which tells how an Irish electioneerer once parried a large number of accusations by replying that, at any rate, he had never committed a certain fantastic crime invented by him on the spur of the moment. The audience were expected to infer, and did infer, that his opponent was guilty of this outrage. Could not Mr. Gladstone have retaliated upon Lord Dalkeith in a similar fashion? We are afraid that he could not; for, as we have said, it has not pleased Providence to provide him, among his many and remarkable gifts, with one single grain of the commodity called humour.

The remaining charges, though less amusing at first sight, are productive of plenty of amusement when looked at a little closer, and illustrate the idiosyncrasies of their contradictor quite as well as the others. When we examine them, it appears that Mr. Gladstone's courageous denial is in some cases merely a formal and colourable exculpation; that in others it assumes as fact what is really matter of argument; and that in others, again, it is, to put the matter politely, not in accordance with history. In two cases the denial is quite true to the ear, but, as it happens, false to the sense. Mr. Gladstone is, we believe, absolutely correct in saying that he never was a faggot voter for Midlothian. But the maker of this charge—an idle piece of political recrimination enough—no doubt had in his mind the fact that something like a faggot qualification was once created, or sought to be created, for Mr. Gladstone in a Scotch constituency. In the same way it is literally false that Mr. Gladstone was in office for sixteen out of the twenty years from 1856 to 1876. As a matter of fact, Mr. Gladstone was in office during thirteen Sessions (twelve according to the most rigid computation), covering parts of fifteen different years during that time. But it is again clear that the gist of the charge is that Mr. Gladstone was in office during the greater part of the time which elapsed between the Treaty of Paris and the Herzegovinian insurrection. This is as absolutely true as the form in which it was stated is slovenly and erroneous. It may be the part of a stern logician to meet accusations in this way, but it is scarcely that of a candid moralist. In the other four heads we come upon purely argumentative matter. Mr. Gladstone denies without qualification that he sanctioned the exertions of an emissary to stimulate the war feeling in Russia. Now this matter was fully sifted in the controversy between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bourke a short time ago, when it was proved that, if Mr. Gladstone did not exactly sanction the exertions of an emissary to stimulate the war feeling in Russia, he did sanction the translation of a pamphlet of his into Russian by a person who was afterwards reported as publicly representing himself as Mr. Gladstone's friend, agent, or emissary; and such translation

could only have been made with the intention, as it undoubtedly had the effect, of stimulating the war feeling in Russia. Again, Mr. Gladstone denies that during his tenure of office no effort was made on behalf of the subject races of Turkey. This too is a point which has been over and over again debated, and we shall be within the truth when we say that Mr. Gladstone will find it hard to get any impartial judge to endorse his contradiction except in a purely formal sense. Much the same may be said of the article about the colonies. We need only ask what the colonies themselves thought on the subject during Mr. Gladstone's Premiership. As to announcing an intention to withdraw the country from its entangling engagements, we dare say that Mr. Gladstone never arranged those precise words in this precise order. But that they represent a legitimate inference from many of his speeches, especially those of the Midlothian campaign, is best suggested by the fact that his own supporters thought it necessary to hint gently that surely Mr. Gladstone did not mean what he is thus represented to have said. Far be it from us to question the truth and sincerity of these denials. But we think that, considering all things, they might have been a little less off-hand if they were to be made at all. That, like the others, they had better—from Mr. Gladstone's point of view and that of his party—not have been made at all, is pretty clear. They may well enough suit the purposes of Scotch electioneering, which turns much on what is called "heckling"—the proposition, that is to say, by casual persons of all sorts of insignificant questions, to which a candidate is expected to return a categorical and unhesitating answer. This extension of the catechetical method into matters political has never been very much the fashion in England; and it will, we hope, be long before it becomes fashionable. It leads, as we have seen, either to the habit of elevating the most trivial matters into a factitious importance, or else to the still worse habit of torturing truth and fact so as to give a categorical denial that will serve the purpose and be formally maintainable. If a statesman of Mr. Gladstone's rank cannot hold his own without descending to contradict vulgar rumours attacking his honesty, and without quibbling about points of infinitesimal importance with all comers, he exhibits, consciously or unconsciously, a singular weakness of attitude.

A LIBERATIONIST PANIC.

IT is commonly supposed that paroxysms of ecclesiastical fright and cries of "The Church in danger!" recur more frequently in the history of the "State Church" than in that of the "Free Churches." Yet, however it may have been in the age of Queen Anne and Dr. Sacheverell, it seems in the age of Queen Victoria and Mr. R. W. Dale that an excited condition of politico-religious apprehension is merely intermittent amongst Churchmen, but is chronic amongst Dissenters. The columns of the Dissenting newspapers for the last few weeks have exhibited the interesting spectacle of the rise and progress of a Liberationist grievance. The first note of the shriek was struck by the *Nonconformist and Independent* on January 22nd, in an article with the significant title, "The Decennial Census—Rocks Ahead." For the last two decades the Liberationist agitators have traded on the absurd and worthless statistics which were provided for them by Mr. Horace Mann in the census of 1851. English Puritanism has never been remarkable for accuracy in figures, but has always shown a preference for round numbers. The "Millenary Petition" which the Nonconformists presented to James I. bore only some seven hundred and fifty signatures instead of a thousand; but it was immediately entered in the archives of Puritan tradition, and is confidently cited by Dissenting lecturers, as the petition of the "Thousand" Ministers. No sober historical critic, Conformist or Nonconformist, has ever been able to fit a name to each of the "Two Thousand" who are supposed to have been ejected from English benefices after the Act of Uniformity, or rather between the restoration of the episcopate in 1660 and the passing of the Act in 1662. Nevertheless a modern Dissenter accepts the numerical tradition of the Two Thousand confessors quite as implicitly as any market-woman of the Rheinland accepts the numerical tradition of the Eleven Thousand virgin-companions of St. Ursula. The untrustworthy arithmetic of English Dissent reached a climax in Mr. Bright's recent speech at Union Chapel, Islington, when he rhapsodically asserted that "half the population, measured by those who attend places of worship, are Nonconformists"—by which he meant Dissenters or Separatists, which the old Nonconformists were not, having been the greatest foes to separation, as all their writings prove. No doubt Mr. Bright and his hearers heartily wish that half the population of the land were Dissenters. Whether they are or are not is very easily discoverable. If the simple, honest, straightforward question "What is your religious profession?" were put to every English head of a family by the census-takers of 1881, as the Council of the Social Science Association has innocently suggested, the statistics of English religion would be removed out of unscientific fog into scientific sunshine. Accurate and unanswerable demonstration would take the place of wild assertion and loose conjecture. Churchmen seem to have no fear of such a census; but the bare suggestion of it has filled the ranks of Dissent with panic. Detection of their bad arithmetic by a genuine census is the "rock ahead." The spark kindled by the Social Science Association has blazed up into a "burning question," and the Liberation Society, the Dissenting deputies, and all the sectarian newspapers agree in demanding that the Census of 1881 shall have no religious column, or shall be vague, useless, and misleading in the article of religion, like the Census of 1851. That Census, as every one will remember, did not include a census of religious profession, but substituted for it a census of the accidental attendance at churches and chapels on a particular Sunday. At the time of the next decennial Census, in 1861, the Dissenters raised such loud shrieks of terror and anger at the prospect of the detection of their numerical minority, that they succeeded in obtaining the rejection of a clause requiring every occupier to state the religious profession of each person in his house on the night of the Census. They wanted the State to re-establish that illusory form of taking stock of the "comparative religion" of the nation which had done them such good service during the preceding decade, and accordingly Mr. Edward Baines moved that an inquiry should be made, and returns be obtained from all places of worship, similar to those obtained in the Census of 1851.

Any one who has pondered seriously over the title of the Liberation Society cannot fail to be struck by the fact that it assumes the good of the Church of England to be the chief end of its existence. It was founded, as we all know, in order to burst the bonds of Churchmen, and to liberate them from "State patronage and control." Hence the Liberationist newspapers fall naturally into the hypocrisy of pretending to be the sincerest friends of the National Church. The *Christian World*, in an article ominously entitled "A Sectarian Census," offers the following kindly bit of counsel:—"Were Churchmen wise, they would ask for a census on the lines of 1851." It is amusing but perplexing to find that the sixpenny *Nonconformist and Independent*, which is issued from the same office as the penny *Christian World*, and which is partly made up of the same typographical materials, dissents entirely from its fellow-combatant. "The Religious Census of 1851," says the more expensive Dissenting paper, "was too damaging to the Church of England for its authorities ever willingly to consent to similar returns being obtained." If any unprejudiced observer will collect a series of the arguments which the Liberationists are now busily urging against the honest form of census proposed by the Social Science Association, and on behalf of the illusory census proposed by themselves, he will be amazed at their shifty, contradictory, and casuistical tone. Their great dread, as one of them freely confesses, is the taking of "a *plebiscite* on the subject of Disestablishment." The refusal of Liberal constituencies to have Liberationist candidates forced upon them by caucuses and "Hundreds," of which local Dissenting ministers invariably form a component part; the regular diminution of Dissenting congregations by the ravages of Ritualism on one side and of Plymouth Brethren and the more "dissident" sects on the other, are possibly opening their eyes to the fact that they have been living in a fool's paradise for the last twenty years. They have been congratulating themselves and heaping together political capital throughout this period on the credit of the "religious accommodation" which they have provided, the chapels which they have built, the sheds which they have hired, the theatres which they have opened for Sunday performances, the "sittings" which they have added. The official statistics of Wesleyan Methodism, to say nothing of less popular sects, have proved year by year during the same period that the increase of sittings and the decrease of sitters may be correlative ecclesiastical phenomena. A Dissenting minister writing to the *Nonconformist* and *Independent* trusts that "an effort will be made to carry a clause providing for accurate returns being obtained of the number of places of worship and of sittings provided by each religious denomination"; and he adds that "it would be well to give publicity to the fact, which is already demonstrated by the returns in the Diocesan Calendars, that the Church of England does not provide accommodation for more than a fourth part of the population." These shifty, worthless, and indirect tricks of sectarian arithmetic are to be urged upon the State in order that the State may save the sects from revealing the comparative numerical feebleness of their adherents. The Dissenting leading articles upon the Census make fun of an immense number of Englishmen whom they please to label "nominal adherents of the Church." But, unless every sitter upon a new Wesleyan, Independent, or Baptist "sitting" may be asked the direct question, "What is your religious profession?" how can the statistician be certain whether the sitter is or is "not a *bonâ fide* member of the Church" of Methodism, Independency, or Anabaptism? The sitter may have taken the sitting because he admires the preacher, or because the chapel is near his house. Other reasons may have guided his choice. Some time ago we were informed by an official of an Independent congregation that a friend came into his town with the intention of setting up a baker's shop; but before deciding where he would take a "sitting," he put the leading question, "Can you tell me, as a friend, at which chapel there are fewest bakers?" If the Liberationist has a right to insist that the State shall weed the National Church of all Churchmen who are "nominal adherents," of all who are not "*bonâ fide* members," the statistician has a similar right to demand that each sect shall only be allowed to claim as its own those who are "*bonâ fide* members," and are not merely "nominal adherents." The latter phrase, as used by Liberationist agitators, is an intolerable insult to hundreds of cultivated Englishmen, and to tens of thousands of the English poor. Clergymen and Dissenters alike need to be reminded that a man may be a very zealous

Churchman without being a regular church-goer? The Church of England never had two more devoted adherents than Coleridge and Wordsworth. Their influence is felt at this hour in the direction taken by the two most influential forces of her contemporary life—the High Church movement, and the Broad Church movement; the foremost men of these two schools were in great measure the spiritual children of one or of the other, or of both. Yet Wordsworth and Coleridge were not assiduous church-goers. It must be remembered that church-going is not a part of the religion of a Churchman in the same degree in which the "meeting" is a part of the religion of a Dissenter. It would be easy to produce a very long catalogue of enthusiastic Churchmen, from the days of the canonized hermits to our own generation, who did not or who do not comply with that dogmatic test of "*bond fide* membership" which the Liberation Society, the Dissenting deputies, and the sectarian newspapers have defined as the only true test, and which they want the State to establish by law in its Census of 1881. The professed foes of Establishment and of State interference in religion coolly demand that Mr. Sclater-Booth's Census Bill shall be made into a new "Test Act," which is to be turned against Conformists instead of Nonconformists.

We have already observed that there is something shifty, casuistical, and self-contradictory in the Liberationist scheme of counting seats instead of counting souls, and in the pleas which the agitators offer for their misleading alternative. This plan is to be forced by the State upon Churchmen in order to compel them to submit to some "*bond fide* test" of their religious opinions; but Dissenters, on the contrary, are to be freed by the State from any compliance with the more direct and common-sense plan desired by every serious statistician, and used in every other civilized nation in Europe, "because," as Mr. Henry Richard said to the Dissenting deputies, "we deny the right of the State to make this compulsory inquisition under penalties of law into the religious opinions of the people." Their religious opinions are not the object of the inquiry, but their denominational membership. Mr. Richard thought he had made a splendid point, and he was rewarded by the "laughter" of his audience, when he demanded, "Who is, for instance, to say the religious opinion of a baby?" The most scrupulous of householders can scarcely refuse to say whether the baby is to be entered as a member of the family of Smith, or of Jones, or of Montmorency. Mr. Richard speaks exactly as if it were still a political offence to be and to declare oneself a Roman Catholic or a Quaker. It is surprising to us that he and his fellow-agitators against an equitable common-sense Census show no sorrow at the declension of that spirit of "testimony" which was the glory of former generations of Puritans, Quakers, and Methodists. Concealment of their religious profession, which the degenerate sons affect to regard as a supreme obligation of the conscience, would have been regarded by their ancestors as the deepest crime against conscience. The *Freeman*, a weekly organ of the Baptists, goes further than Mr. Richard, and manages to discover a similarity between the English House of Commons and King Nebuchadnezzar. "Let our friends of the Establishment," it exclaims, "enrol amongst their number all the infamous and impious who have not the courage to avow their scepticism; that is their business." And after handing over, with genuine Pharisaism, "all the publicans and sinners" to the Church, it goes on to assert that the Baptists "object to the Inquisition; it is no secret that many excellent Christian men are prepared at any cost to follow the grand old Nonconformists of Babylon and dare the results, simply writing 'O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter.'" The choice of a precedent does not say much for Baptist study of the Old Testament. Nebuchadnezzar had commanded "an inquiry to be made into the religious profession of every inhabitant"—we use the words of the Dissenting deputies. The three Conformists to the National Church of Israel, instead of refusing to state "their religious profession," like the English "Nonconformists," made the boldest and most open statement of it. If the *Freeman* had quoted the seventeenth and eighteenth verses, it would have perceived the absurdity of its perverted application of the sixteenth verse. The Church and the sects do not and cannot agree as to the human elements which go to make "a Church." The former, quite independently of the accident of its establishment or disestablishment, is built upon foundation as wide as humanity and nationality, and offers baptism, the instrument of its membership, to "all nations" and to "every creature." A sect, on the contrary, is built upon the narrower foundation of election, or of conscious conversion, or of agreement in a set of religious opinions. The Brownists and Anabaptists of Elizabeth's day gloried in being the members of little flock." They declared the parochial congregations of the Church of England to be no churches, but anti-Christian assemblies, because they were too wide and generous, and comprehended the "mixed multitude." In the same spirit of excommunicating narrowness, the modern Liberationist interferes with the freedom of religious confession. He says, "I have decided, and I want the State to decide, that church-going, chapel-going, sitting or pew-hiring, are the only permissible proofs of adherence to a Church. Unless the census-taker finds you at church, I shall not allow you to call yourself a Churchman."

GOODRICH CASTLE.

"LORD TALBOT of Goodrig and Urchenfield" is one of the titles of "our English Achilles" in the swelling proclamation of that hero's honours in the first part of *Henry VI*. The traveller to Goodrich Castle, between Ross and Monmouth, will owe neither to the annotators of Shakspeare nor to Murray's *Handbook to Herefordshire* his information that this baronial fortress stands within the remarkable territory of Archenfield, or that it was the feudal home of the renowned antagonist of Jeanne d'Arc. Sir John Talbot's presence, indeed, was more powerfully felt on the banks of the Loire than on the heights of the Wye, but his war-beaten face was feared even in the latter province. We may first touch upon the character of his border feudality, which before his time held some singular political privileges. Urchenfield, or, as it is named in Domesday, Archenfield, or, as it was called under the Welsh princes, Ergyng, comprehended the portion of Herefordshire south-west of the Wye; Moccas being the most northerly parish, and the ancient confines of the province being the same as those of the present Deanery of Irchinfield, which includes thirty-eight churches. In the reign of Edward the Confessor the borderland of Ergyng was inhabited by a mixed population of Welsh and Saxons, having laws and customs of their own. The King had there ninety-six freemen with their villeins, who paid tribute to the crown in honey. In keeping with the custom of more purely Saxon states human life was valued in pieces of silver, a King's man being worth twice as much as a thane's man. If a Welshman killed a Welshman the parents of the slain man plundered the slayer and his relations, and set fire to their houses and harried them until the burial of the corpse on the following day at noon, the King receiving a third part of the prey and the parents of the victim keeping the remainder. To "post like the commandment of a king," Ulysses's instance of peremptory despatch, would not in this liberty have applied, for here the King's writ did not run. Screened by forests, defended by rocks, and moated by the river, the region was a natural stronghold of freedom and independence. The prerogatives of the people were therefore thought worthy of careful statement in Domesday in order to their conservation; for the men of Archenfield were, moreover, a warlike body which the Conqueror thought it wiser to conciliate than to offend, and to rouse for rather than against him. Their claim to lead the royal army in marching towards the enemy, and to form the rereward on return from an expedition, was allowed, together with other observances that marked them a peculiar people. It is stated that King Edward the Confessor had here three churches, whose priests, besides offering masses for him every week, performed his embassies to the Welsh chieftains; for the ministers of religion were reverenced, says Higden (*X. Script.*, 188) like angels, no ambassadors being so willingly obeyed. The churches referred to are Hentlend, Whitchurch, and Ballingham, which are still comprised in the Irchinfield deanery. Eighty years before St. Augustine lifted up the cross at Canterbury Dubritius had Christianized the Welsh borderland; and to that saint each of the churches named is dedicated, they having been, until the year 1133, included in the see of Llandaff, of which he was bishop. The prescriptive relief from ordinary tallage was enjoyed in the province until 8 Edward III., when, notwithstanding the petition of the inhabitants for continued exemption, and their citation of Domesday in proof of their historical freedom from tribute, except to proceed in the Royal army when commanded, they were taxed with the rest of the county of Hereford (Rot. Parl. II. 82).

It is fortunate for the modern eye that in old days the point of landscape best suited for a defensive work generally commanded the choicest scenery, a remark to which the situation of Goodrich Castle is no exception. Natural perfection of landscape, said a critic of the last century, is not often realized. Nature, says William Gilpin, lays out her plans on a magnificent scale, but shows little taste in the distribution of her opulent materials. Her barbaric riches require artistic skill to arrange so that "lines of confusion and stones of emptiness" may be brought into harmony and fulness of meaning. But "the landscape at Goodrich," remarks our fastidious critic, "is correctly picturesque," a judgment in which most spectators of the scenery will agree. The winding river, bordered on one side by verdant acclivities, and on the other by stately cliffs that are broken and splintered into a thousand wild and grotesque forms and draperied with creeping shrubs, flowers, and foliage of all colours, might have inspired Milton when he described the outskirts of Eden. At least it may help us to realize his picture, particularly when the level rays of a glittering sunset strike across the natural turrets and battlements in the distance, and the "rocky pillars" on the frontier of the vista.

Goodrich Castle is not mentioned in Domesday, nor is there any account of its erection. Godric Mappeson, whose name explains that of Goodrich, is said in the Survey to hold pastures and a fishery in Archenfield, for which he returned eighteen sextaros of honey; a kind of tribute which shows that an *apium custos*, or keeper of bees, was among the twenty-nine serfs who cultivated his estate. Herefordshire and Gloucestershire in the eleventh century were lands flowing with milk and honey, or at least with honey, bees, if we may judge from the evidence of Domesday, being almost as abundant as flowers. In the preparation of mead and of confections for sacred and secular feasts, honey was an important article of commerce, and nearly every

copse, grove, and monastic garden in certain provinces fostered its swarms of bees. The rectangular keep, which is the most perfect portion of the ruin, is one of the border "castles and pyles" which William II. empowered the Lords Marchers to erect against the predatory incursions of the Welsh. The Red King had thrice invaded Wales in person, the last time in 1089, when he threatened to exterminate every man in that turbulent country. He was roused to this furious spirit of vengeance by the Welshmen having, in spite of the Royalists of Archenfield, seized the opportunity of his absence in Normandy to lay waste the bordering counties with unsparing slaughter of their inhabitants. William's sanguinary intention was defeated by the protection afforded to the enemy in the impenetrable recesses of their mountains and forests. Being baffled in a summary conquest of the country, Rufus deputed the work of subjection to his chief barons, of whom it might be said, as of the servants of Alexander in the Maccabees, "they all put crowns upon themselves"; and their claims to petty sovereignty lasted to the time of Sir John Talbot, who exercised his power with traditional severity, though not with "snaffle, spur, and spear," as did his forerunners. One of these chieftains was Hugh de Lacy, whose feudal sway in Herefordshire extended over sixty-five lordships which had been confiscated from Roger his brother, on account of the latter having conspired against the king in favour of Robert Curthose. The head of Hugh's barony was Ewias, where he founded Llantony Abbey; and included in his demesne was a great part of Wormlow, within which hundred lies Goodrich Castle, a fortress that in its Norman portion agrees with De Lacy's period and is probably of his foundation.

Hugh de Lacy died in 1131 without lineal offspring, his estates being consequently inherited by Gilbert, his sister's son, but Goodrich seems to have been withheld by the king. The first time we positively hear of the castle is in 1165, when it was granted to the powerful William Marshall, Protector of the kingdom during the minority of Henry III., who paid two knight's fees (about 30s.) annually for the possession. Marshall presents a more favourable figure in Shakspeare's *King John*, where he passionately reprobates the murder of Prince Arthur, than in Matthew Paris's *Chronicle*, where we are given to believe that in commanding a military expedition against the Irish he used such severities of sword and fire as to render the provinces of that people another Golgotha. Above all, he wrested by violence two fair manors from a bishop, who in resentment pronounced against him sentence of excommunication, and moreover prophesied that his sons should be deprived of the blessing of increase. It fell out, accordingly, that they had no sons to meet the enemy at the gate; the male line of the Marshalls failing with Anselm, the last surviving son of the Protector, who died at Chepstow Castle in 1245, twelve days after the death of his brother Walter at Goodrich Castle, where, some years ago, his seal was found among the ruins. The two massive drum towers which give such picturesque grandeur to the remains were built either by William de Valence, to whom the castle was granted after the Marshalls, or by Aymer his son. William obtained the hand of Joanna de Monchensy, niece of Anselm Marshall, together with the earldom of Pembroke. His warfaring experience had been as various as the Knight's of the *Canterbury Tales*. He had reddened his sword against the Saracens, and afterwards against the Welsh. When the barons took up arms against the foreigners and Valence he was obliged to fly from the kingdom. On his return he, at the siege of Northampton, put the baronial forces to rout; but again losing all at the battle of Lewes, he was forced to escape to France, till the battle of Evesham gained him back his estates. In 1296 he was slain at Bayonne. His body being brought to England, Aymer built over his remains the rich tomb of French design with its Limoge enamels in Westminster Abbey, where a still more splendid resting-place, on the north side of the sacrarium, was secured for himself. Joanna his widow continued to reside at Goodrich Castle, and there received, in 1297, Joanna daughter of Edward I., and her son Gilbert, with a large retinue. This Joanna came to the Countess for advice, being in a great strait, in consequence of having married, unknown to her father, the obscure Ralph de Monthermer, who was her second husband. Mrs. Green, who in her *Lives of the Princesses* (vol. ii. p. 345) tells the whole story, suggests that the greeting of the friends would not have been so cordial had the Princess foreseen that Isabella, the daughter of the Countess of Pembroke, who was then at the castle, would by and by be the second wife of her own loved Monthermer. The household roll of the castle at this period shows, among many curious entries, the lavish hospitality of the Christmas cheer—25th Edward I.—when as many as thirty-three oxen were sacrificed to the appetites of the numerous guests. The Scandinavian custom of having abundant swine's flesh, with the typical boar's head, was then not forsaken in England; and so we find that eighty pigs shared the fate of the oxen, wine in proportionate quantity being supplied from the great mart of Bristol.

Aymer de Valence, son of the Countess Dowager, who died in 1307, inherited the title and estates. He was a tall pale man, nicknamed by Gaveston "Joseph the Jew." As he was the destroyer of Nigel Bruce, of Piers Gaveston, and of the popular Thomas of Lancaster, the less regret was felt that he himself died not the common death of men. The last of his three wives, Mary, daughter of Guy de Chatillon, was maid, wife, and widow in one and the same day:—

> Sad Chatillon on her bridal morn,
> Who wept her bleeding love.

For on the day of her wedding her lord was killed at a tournament held to celebrate the occasion (23 June, 1324). Thereupon she founded Pembroke Hall (now College) at Cambridge. As he left no offspring his estates devolved to Isabel and Joan, his two sisters' daughters. Joan married John Comyn, who was stabbed to death by Robert Bruce for refusing to support his claim to the Scottish crown. Elizabeth Comyn, one of their three children, became the wife of Richard Talbot, by which union Goodrich Castle came to the great Shrewsbury family. This lady was violently seized at her house at Kennington by the rapacious De Spencers, concerning whom there was a Welsh proverb that when anything was missing whether an ox, or an ass, or a fine woman, it was "gone to Caerphilly," their great stronghold. Lady Talbot was kept in durance for more than a year, until, compelled by threats, she consigned Goodrich and the manor of Painswick into their hands, the younger of these favourites of the king appropriating the present castle. Goodrich became the principal seat of the Talbots, and by license from Edward III. Richard, the first of the family who held the estate, constructed at the basement of the keep a prison for offenders. It was a strong apartment, fifteen feet square, with an inner cell, which had a small orifice for the admission of air; but the outer cell, which was entered by a low-pointed arch still to be seen, had no provision for air or light. Lord Richard served Edward III. in his wars, being allowed seven knights and one hundred men as his retinue. He died 1356. Flanesford Priory, below the castle, was of his foundation, and there are extensive remains of it now used for farm offices.

The castle derives its chief interest from having been the home of the renowned Sir John Talbot, the sixth baron, who has been more celebrated by the poet than by the historian, for, singular to say, though one of the greatest soldiers of English history, there is no biography of him, except in the merest sketch, in his native language. But Shakspeare and Schiller, to say nothing of Voltaire and Southey, have well celebrated his heroic deeds, though a peasant maid was his chief antagonist. He was born in 1384, being the second son of Richard (II.) Talbot, from whom he inherited the castle in 1421. A room, or the site of one, in the keep is pointed out as his favourite apartment. His departure in 1427 for the second time to the French wars was perhaps as little regretted by his neighbours about Monmouth as his presence was welcomed by the enemy at Orleans, for he seems to have been hardly less a scourge at home than abroad. In 1423 a petition was preferred against him by the male inhabitants of the Hundred of Wormlow, complaining of "many and various extortions, oppressions, murders, homicides, forcible and violent ejections from their lands and houses" endured by them, and their wives and children, together with the wrong imprisonment of some in strong dungeons until ransom for their liberty could be found; all which iniquities were committed by Sir John Talbot and his brother, jointly with fifty gentlemen of his retinue; and the petitioners dolorously prayed the Commons for a Government inquiry to restrain these malpractices (*Rot. Parl.* vol. ii.) For twenty-four years he was the dread and dismay of France, and victorious in no less than forty battles and skirmishes; his campaign against the mysterious Maid of Orleans being, of course, the most romantic episode of his warlike career. "His nobleness," says an old writer, "bred such terror in the hearts of the French, that ofttimes great armies were defeated and put to flight at the only hearing of his name, insomuch that the French women, to affray their children, would tell them that 'The Talbot cometh.'" His good fortune failed him at the battle of Patay, in 1429, when he was overmatched by Jeanne d'Arc, and taken prisoner, with Lord Scales and others. For three and a half years he was in captivity, the good citizens of England taxing themselves the while for his ransom. Though the conspicuous virtue of Talbot was the Achillean one of valour, which, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, we do injustice to his devotional character if we accept Schiller's dramatic presentment of his taking leave of the world. When wounded to death at the battle of Chatillon we find him, in his Germanized form, breathing a pessimist's scorn on the whole system of things, with as firm a conviction as the Schopenhauer of a later day that whatever is is wrong, and with as seeming a disbelief of an explanatory hereafter. Shakspeare gives a truer and more touching picture grounded upon the old chronicler Hall's account of the parting scene between the dying knight and his son, Lord Lisle, who perished by his side, and "soul with soul" fled with him "from France to Heaven." Had he been a canonized saint his relics could not have been more marvellously recovered. Like "the brand Excalibur," his sword was flung into deep water; at least it was found in the river Dordogne. It bore the inscription, "Sum Talboti MIIIICXLIII. Pro vincere inimicos meos." A sword with bad Latin upon it, but good steel within it, says Fuller. Whether this weapon yet exists we know not, but at least as interesting a relic is his Prayer-Book, which, after remaining in obscurity for four centuries, was sold by a peasant to a Breton collector, from whom it passed to the Didot Library. On the dispersion of that collection it was secured by Mr. Quaritch, who lately offered it in one of his remarkable catalogues for 1,000*l*. The precious MS. was a gift from the Duke of Bedford to Sir John Talbot on the occasion of Sir John's marriage with the sister of the Earl of Warwick, c. 1424. The devotional verses believed to have been inscribed by Talbot himself in the volume, and liberally quoted in the catalogue, are worthy for their poetic vigour and touching sincerity to be included in a chronological selection of sacred pieces. But the most striking discovery of all was that of Talbot's body, within the last few years, at Whitchurch, Salop. There had been much uncertainty as to the place of his final

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sepulture, though there was little doubt of his having been first interred at Rouen. By the instruction of his will, dated Portsmouth, 1 Sept. 1452, not long ago examined by Mr. Stephen Tucker, Rouge Croix, he was to be buried in the chancel of Blakemere church—an injunction said to have been over-ruled by a promise made to his bodyguard of Whitchurch men, who saved his life at Patay, that he would be laid among them at their English home. The question was decided in 1874 on the removal of his effigy to effect some repairs of the monument at Whitchurch. His bones were found, and through the fissure in his skull made by the fatal axe-blow a mouse had entered, and in the "very dome of thought and palace of the soul" made a nest for her young—a singular burlesque on the once mighty Talbot.

Goodrich Castle remained in possession of the Shrewsbury family until 1616, Lord Gilbert, with Mary his wife, being the last of the Talbots who was resident there. He died May 8, 1616, leaving Elizabeth, his daughter and heiress, who was married to Henry Grey, Earl of Kent, in whose family it continued till the death of the last Henry, Duke of Kent, in 1740. It was then sold to Admiral Griffin of Hadnock, Mrs. Marriot, his granddaughter, being now or lately the owner of the ruin.

Standing on an elevated promontory, the castle from the river is on its south side nearly hidden by foliage; but, as approached from the north by fields, the bold masses come into full relief. The general outline is a parallelogram, with a broad round tower at each angle; the extreme length being 176 feet, breadth 152 feet, and the average thickness of the walls 7 feet. The grey Norman keep is built of stone from Dean Forest; but the flanking Edwardian towers, and the rest of the structure, are made of sandstone excavated on the spot, and are as red as Murray's Handbook. The entrance to the Castle, which is near the east angle, is itself a fortress of almost impregnable strength. A dark vaulted avenue, 50 feet in length, it was first defended by a drawbridge over the castle moat, which was formed by the quarry from which the building stones were dug. About 11 feet within was a massive gate, over which were machicolations for pouring boiling water or molten lead on the heads of assailants. Beyond this gate were two portcullises and another strong gate. The fine banqueting hall, the Early English chapel, and many other apartments, together with the watch tower, the galleries, the concealed passages within the walls, and the cunningly-placed loopholes, are a rich study for the curious in castle architecture.

Notwithstanding the immense strength of the fortress, it is not known that its capacity for resistance was tested before the Great Rebellion. At that epoch it was first occupied by the Parliament; but in 1646 it was garrisoned for the King by Sir Richard Lingen, and reduced by Colonel Birch, whose Diary, published by the Camden Society, gives an account of his operations. The enemy was eighteen weeks before the Castle, losing twenty-four men before the capitulation. The energy of the final assault is shown by the rent and ruined walls, whose "old baroness" has been rendered by time as picturesque as the scenery. We are sorry that Wordsworth has not left in a sonnet the impression of his visit to Goodrich; but we may recollect that his poem "We are Seven" was suggested (June 1798) by meeting among the ruins the child-heroine of the piece.

CABS AT ELECTIONS.

THE heart of the conscientious cab-proprietor, as well as of the conscientious election agent, will be gladdened by a Bill which the Attorney-General brought in on Tuesday last. As everybody knows, one of the most obvious outward and visible signs of an election is the cab provided for the occasion with staring posters, driven by a charioteer who is not always in a state satisfactory to Dr. Richardson, and containing independent electors whose external appearance is not that of "carriage company." Everybody ought also to know (though it is possible that everybody does not) that the existence of these cabs, or at least their use, is a more or less direct breach of the law. By various acts dating as far back as 1854 it was made illegal to pay any sum for the conveyance of voters to the poll. The Attorney-General now proposes to do away with this prohibition, and from the general tenor of the remarks made on his proposal, it seemed probable that it would not meet with any serious opposition, though not a few notices of amendments have been given since. The privileges now enjoyed by the so-called agricultural boroughs, Cricklade, Shoreham, East Retford, and a few others, would thus be extended to the whole kingdom; and the voter would be able to enjoy his drive without the feeling, which no doubt is deeply painful to him at present, that he is helping to commit a breach of the law. To the candidates it will probably not make much difference. As it is, every available cab and omnibus, almost every available vehicle of any kind, is engaged on one side or another at elections in every borough, large or small; and therefore the question of increasing or diminishing election expenses will hardly be considered.

It has been noted of old that elections give peculiar scope to the natural desire of law-abiding Britons to break the law in small points. There is not much temptation nowadays to candidates to indulge in the cynical diversions which Mr. Sarcastic permitted himself in the case of the borough of One Vote. The ingenuity of agents is sadly circumscribed by the Ballot, by the abolition of the hustings, and by the impossibility (not to mention the uselessness) of bribery and treating on a great scale. In the employment of messengers, paid canvassers, and miscellaneous hangers-on of all sorts, openings still exist in a small way for improving the chances of the party. But the conveyances are by far the most important item. In the first place, though their employment is clearly illegal, there is, as the Attorney-General pointed out, no definite penalty for it. Often, too, the danger, slight as it is, is evaded by one of the old tricks dear to the political mind. The cabs are paid for, not by the candidate or his declared agent, but by a confiding friend, who is not reimbursed till a sufficient period has passed to enable unpleasant inquiries to be defied. In procuring the coveted vehicles, too, there is endless opportunity for jockeying. At the last Liverpool election, for instance, one party was said to have secured all the cabs in the town, so that ferry-boats and trains full of vehicles had to be imported at the last moment from Birkenhead and Manchester. The recent announcement of the dissolution is reported to have occasioned a similar stroke of policy in many other boroughs. On the day of the election itself, and even for some time before it, the cab, as we have said, is a highly important feature of the contest. That the cab power engaged bears any reasonable proportion to the work which ostensibly has to be done cannot, indeed, be said. Even in the largest boroughs polling stations are tolerably numerous, and considering the number of hours during which the poll is open, it may be estimated that about one-twentieth of the vehicles actually engaged would usually suffice to take all the voters to the poll, supposing every one of them to be lame and unable to walk. The election cab, however, is contrived to pay, not a double, but a tenfold or twentyfold, debt. In the first place, it serves as an effective movable machine for the display of the party colours and of the brief and exciting appeals which electioneering ingenuity concocts. "Robinson and Retrenchment" may appear on its back. "Vote Early for Robinson" may decorate the doors, and a few banners and streamers with similar devices blossom on the roof and the box. Off duty—and it must be confessed they are very often off duty—the cabs cluster round the public-houses, and form agreeable masses of colour, while their drivers and passengers discuss the state of the poll over beer which is, let it be hoped, not gratuitous. Occasionally a voter, usually in solemn solitude, with his legs on the front seat and a pipe in his mouth, is actually conveyed to the poll. More frequently parties of voters, or possibly non-voters, take healthful and refreshing pleasure drives about the borough, and genially pay their fare by cheering for the generous hirer, sometimes also for his opponent. To be conveyed to the poll in the cab of the man you are not going to vote for is held to be a piece of exquisite wit by a certain class of electors. Besides all this, the vague desire to "rally round" their man, which Dickens ridiculed in one of his happiest hits, always besets large numbers of persons at elections. Messrs. Buffer and Boots were far from being singular in the notion that to take a cab and gallop somewhere is a political demonstration of great and helpful significance. Nor is it to be forgotten, lastly, that the engagement of a considerable number of cabs or other vehicles, especially if they are of local origin, indirectly secures a considerable amount of support. The cab-owners certainly, the cab-drivers not improbably, are voters, and the hangers-on of one kind and another add to the number of persons who are under obligations to the candidate. It would be unfair, perhaps, to agents, and it would certainly be unfair to candidates, to say that the augmentation of this number is the chief object to which outlay is directed. But it would, on the other hand, be ridiculous to affect to believe that it is not an object at all. Direct bribery has become impossible in its old form, and as yet no organization of cliques and wire-pullers seems to have been generally set on foot to make it possible in a new form. But indirect bribery in the form of lucrative employment is still possible enough, and has the advantage of looking much more respectable. In old days there was not much bashfulness about the reception of half a ten-pound note before, and the other half after, the voter had recorded his vote for the generous donor. But even the people who did hesitate about this transaction are not likely to see much harm in a contract for cab-letting at a little more than market-price, or an engagement at handsome wages in some possibly useful, and certainly harmless, capacity.

Some persons of rigid virtue in the House of Commons appear to have thought that it might be better to strengthen the present prohibition than to repeal it. In the abstract they are probably right. But if a law is universally broken without much chance or possibility of punishment, and without any very obviously bad consequences, repeal is the most practical, if not the most dignified, course. There is just sufficient, though only just sufficient, reason for the use of parti-coloured vehicles to justify it formally. It is possible that to some of the poorer voters the time occupied in walking to the poll and back may be of importance. If the cabs were absolutely cut off, a multiplication of polling-places would be called for, and this in its turn would give colour to a multiplication of paid agents of different kinds to look after the candidates' interest at each polling-place. The possibility of corrupt or semi-corrupt practices would thus only change its form, and not disappear. It is noticeable that the Attorney-General proposes to legalise the conveyance of voters, not merely by cab or omnibus, but by railway. The issue of railway passes to out-voters in counties has been common, and there is no doubt that it has added very largely to the great expense of such elections. Such conveyance stands on rather a

different footing from the cab-hiring which we have been considering, and if it were extended to boroughs, it might lead to a considerable increase of expense in this case also. It must, however, be admitted that it is difficult to attach any corrupt character to such a proceeding, while the hire of exclusive conveyances certainly lends itself in a certain degree to corrupt practices. Still the argument that it is well to accept facts and to legalize custom has some weight. From another point of view the election cab, though surely an absolutely beautiful object, is one of the last remaining ornaments of the terribly unpicturesque election of the present day. From the nomination, huddled over in a few minutes, to the shabby polling-booths where the elector hides himself as if he were going to do something disgraceful, all is painfully devoid of movement and colour. The election cab contributes both, sometimes a great deal of both. We should be glad to think that its elevation into the status of a legal vehicle would be followed by an improvement in the style of its decoration. The age is one of some little pretension in this respect, and though we have no Herr Makart, like the Viennese, to arrange our "triumphs," we are not destitute of ingenious artists. Now that valentines have been made not wholly hideous, attention might be turned to election posters. The ordinary Clarence cab is not a promising subject to work on, it must be confessed, but it is all the more tempting to ambitious reformers. The enterprising publishers who devote themselves to Christmas cards might perhaps find a profitable occupation in this new direction.

THE BUYING-OUT OF THE WATER COMPANIES.

THERE can be little doubt that the Dissolution has killed Mr. Cross's Water Bill. His own answer to Sir C. Dilke on Monday evening seems to imply as much. And indeed it is obviously unlikely that, in the face of the universal disapproval which the measure has called forth, it will be brought forward again in its present shape, whatever may be the result of the elections. But a definite scheme for buying out the Water Companies having been laid before the House of Commons by a responsible Minister of the Crown, the question can hardly be allowed to drop altogether. If the present Government remains in power, it is in some sort bound by its agreement with the Companies, and probably may think it incumbent on it either to induce them to modify their terms, or else to take a vote of Parliament on the subject. If, on the other hand, the Liberals get a majority, they may be expected to bring forward a plan of their own, were it only to prove to the country how much better than their opponents they take care of the public interests. It is desirable, then, even now to discuss Mr. Cross's Bill, to point out where it goes wrong, and endeavour to find the true principles on which any future measure should be founded.

The first point to be borne in mind is that the buying out of the Water Companies has become necessary because they have failed to do their duty. They do not give a sufficient supply, and the water which they do give is not pure. They have therefore no claim to more than just and equitable treatment. Now the law does not confer upon them a monopoly of the water-supply of London, and it does not permit them to increase their profits indefinitely. The majority of them are limited to dividends of ten per cent. When, therefore, Mr. Cross proclaimed that he would be no party to a compulsory purchase, he placed himself at a hopeless disadvantage as a negotiator. His error was of precisely the same kind as that of a diplomatist who should announce to a foreign Court whose aggressions he wished to restrain that, whatever might happen, his Government would not fight. It was not at all necessary for Mr. Cross either to propose compulsory purchase or to threaten the Companies with the proposal. All the world knows that Parliament has the power to buy out whom it pleases and to create as much competition as it will. All that Mr. Cross need have done was to inquire of the Companies their terms, reserving to himself the right to improve the water supply of London in some other way, if a reasonable bargain could not be struck. This would not necessarily have implied a threat of compulsory purchase; it might have only meant that the Government would try whether it could not force the Companies to give pure water and constant service—in short, adopt towards them the policy pursued towards the Gas Companies. Another error into which Mr. Cross fell was, we think, the proposal to create a Water Trust. We have already too many local authorities in London. In every parish, or union of parishes, we have a Vestry, or a Board of Works, and a Board of Guardians; above these we have the Metropolitan Board of Works and the Corporation, the Metropolitan Asylums Board, and the School Board, and Mr. Cross would add a Water Trust. It is the mistake committed in the United States, where there are so many Legislatures that all of them are more or less inefficient, corrupt, and ignorant. The true course is, where it is practicable, to amalgamate, rather than to multiply. We have in London trained, practised, skilful administrators in an abundance such as no other city in the world can equal, and yet our local boards are composed of nobodies. We have never advocated the dangerous project of a colossal London municipality, but there is no reason for going to the opposite extreme and needlessly multiplying separate local j[illegible]

But it may be more to the purpose to show the badness of the bargain made for us by the Home Secretary. Mr. Cross undertook to secure to the shareholders the full amount of their present income, and in addition to pay such a sum as would represent their expectation of increased income in the future. But it is to be borne in mind, in the first place, that the Companies are by no means sure of continuing to earn their present income without further outlay of capital. The Bill was introduced because the agitation for purer water and a better service had become so strong as to compel the attention of the Government. But if the Companies were obliged to supply pure water and to give a constant service, what chance would there be of their continuing to earn the present percentage of profits? The very starting-point of the negotiations is thus questionable. And as for the purchase of the unearned increment, while in principle it is undoubtedly fair, in detail it compels the water consumers to pay now, and too heavily, for a benefit in a perhaps distant future. We have shown that the income of the Companies must probably fluctuate, and that its increase may be considerably postponed, yet Mr. Cross's Bill would have assured to them its present full amount, and the full amount of the expected increase according to the Companies' own calculations; and it would have guaranteed both these by mortgaging the water rates in the first place, and, in addition to them, the general rates of the metropolis. The extreme possible value, present and future, of the Companies' property having thus been paid for, what would the inhabitants of the metropolis acquire? Not a complete water service, not even the machinery for supplying such service, but simply the right to reject the foul water of the Thames and the inadequate filtering beds, to condemn the inefficient machinery and worn-out pipes, and to provide for themselves a proper supply. In other words, when the Companies were bought out, many millions would still have to be spent in bringing to London wholesome water in the requisite abundance. That, of course, is no reason why the shareholders in the Water Companies should be made to take less for their property than it is worth. As Parliament has encouraged them to invest their money in undertakings which perform a public service, however inadequately, there is no question that they should be fully compensated when their property is taken over. But it is a reason for vigilant care that no more than fair compensation should be paid. A few figures will show that more than fair compensation was proposed to be given by the Bill.

In round numbers, the capital of the eight Companies may be set down at nine millions, though, in fact, it is a little less. And at the end of last August—that is, shortly after Mr. Cross's promise in the House of Commons that he would introduce a Bill for buying them out—the market value of that capital, taking the Stock Exchange quotations of the shares then sold as the basis of the calculation, was a little over 16¾ millions. This latter sum, then, represents the value of the Companies' properties in the opinion of men of business. And of course it includes the prospective as well as the present value. But as the number of sales at the current prices was small, it must be added that, in the opinion of the shareholders themselves, the properties were worth more. Let us, then, take another estimate. According to the first schedule of the Bill, which gives the amounts to be paid to each of the eight Companies, the present aggregate income of the eight is 773,454*l.* Now at twenty years' purchase the price of this income would be 15½ millions. We should have thought that twenty years' purchase would be ample for water-works. But we have already seen that at the end of August last the shares were worth 1¼ million more at the quotations then current. It is, however, to be borne in mind that at that time Mr. Cross's promise had already been given, and that consequently the shareholders were reckoning upon obtaining something like a fancy price from the Government. But, not to push the argument too far, let us take, what everyone will admit to be a sufficiently high valuation, twenty-five years' purchase, and the price will still be under 19½ millions. Even at thirty years' purchase, it would not quite reach 23¼ millions. And, be it remembered, in all these computations we are assuming that the present income is maintained without the outlay of additional capital, which, as we have already shown, is an untenable assumption. Now let us see what the price offered by the Bill actually is. It is 22,098,700*l.* paid down, and during the next twelve years 9,300,000*l.* additional, both of these amounts in the form of stock bearing 3½ per cent. interest, and guaranteed, as we have already said, by a mortgage on the water-rates and on the general rates of the metropolis. The total purchase-money is thus 31,398,700*l.* Judging by the stock of the Metropolitan Board of Works, it may be taken for certain that the proposed 3½ per cents would sell at par or above it. The present value, therefore, of the Deferred Stock—that is, the 9,300,000*l.*—would be over 7¾ millions. Consequently the present value of the purchase-money would be about 30 millions. Thus the price offered by Mr. Cross to the Water Companies is about 80 per cent. higher than the value at the Stock Exchange prices nearly a fortnight after he gave his promise to buy; it is nearly double the value at twenty years' purchase; it is more than 50 per cent. higher than the value at twenty-five years' purchase; and it is considerably more than 25 per cent. above the value at thirty years' purchase; in short, it is about forty years' purchase of the present income. If this is not an exorbitant price, then we are all mistaken in our ideas of what things are worth. Even in England, the richest country in the world, where a great estate confers social status, and land consequently fetches a fancy price, thirty-three years'

purchase for land is the ordinary estimate in the best of times. It would be absurd to say that water shares can be of higher value than land. Mr. Cross's mistake, as we have said, was that he began his negotiations by announcing that he would not compel the Companies to sell, thus virtually making them masters of the situation. But it is difficult to conceive how he can have persuaded himself that the ratepayers of the metropolis would consent to pay for works some of which are fit only to be condemned, nearly twice as much as investors think them worth.

THE CARL ROSA OPERA SEASON.

ON Saturday last the season of opera in English at Her Majesty's Theatre was brought to an end. On looking back at the results of the season we find but little to regret; and when we remember that Mr. Rosa has been away from his post of manager, we can only say that the work has been admirably carried on by those who have replaced him. Mr. Randegger has evidently spared no pains in superintending the musical part of the undertaking, and, with but few exceptions, Mr. Betjemann has been equally careful with the stage arrangements. There has been no want of interest or novelty in the performances; several operas have been performed for the first time in English; and Hermann Goetz's great work, *The Taming of the Shrew*, has been produced for the first time with an adequate performance in London. This work had the rather curious fate on its first performance at Her Majesty's this year to please the public better than the critics; but further hearing of it seems to have increased its charm for lovers of music of all grades of artistic education. All technical musicians admire not only the beauty of the results, but the great mastery of musical methods by which they are produced. Those who admire music as an art, but who know nothing of the technical part of the subject, find the beauty of the melodies grow upon them as they become more familiar with their somewhat unusual forms; and we think that no person of artistic sensibilities, who is tolerably familiar with the music, would for one moment endorse the accusations of want of originality, dulness, and lack of dramatic meaning which were so freely brought against the work early in the season. Popular success is not always a fair test of merit in art, especially in music; but it is a remarkable fact that in operatic art it is a tolerably trustworthy guide. We believe that, speaking generally, no opera which a good musician would condemn has ever kept the stage, and no really meritorious work has ever entirely failed, though it may have had but little success at first. If this be true, *The Taming of the Shrew* bears the test well, Mr. Carl Rosa having even found it desirable to give one performance of it after the close of Miss Minnie Hauk's engagement, Miss Gaylord, who sang the part in the provinces, taking her place as Katherine. It is to be hoped that the great success of this opera may induce Mr. Mapleson to produce it during the Italian season. It is true that the interest of the work would be injured by playing it with an Italian libretto; but still the music alone would make it attractive, if it were carefully done. But, to make it successful, more care must be given to rehearsal, especially with the chorus, than has been generally bestowed upon the performances during the Italian seasons. However, whether we hear Goetz's work during the summer or whether we have to wait until Mr. Rosa's next season, we may be glad that so good an opera has been written, whilst we regret that an early death should have taken the composer before he had time to do much more work.

Mr. Carl Rosa has, in the course of the season, given some examples of "English Opera," a school which died in early infancy; whether because it was destroyed and swamped by the fashionable rage for Italian music, or whether because there were no composers to carry it on, we cannot say. It is the fashion to treat these slight works with a contempt which they do not deserve, and we even find traces of a vague feeling that it is beneath the dignity of Mr. Rosa and his artists to meddle with such puerile works. We, however, think that Mr. Rosa is right to produce them. On the grounds of expediency he is undoubtedly right, as *The Bohemian Girl*, *Maritana*, and *The Lily of Killarney*—which, though composed by a foreigner, yet belongs to this class of opera—have always attracted good houses. Of course these works are of great interest to the student of development in musical forms; for, although they do not fill in a link in any well-marked line of descent, yet they show such strong leanings to one or two well-marked types that they serve the same purpose in musical history that what biologists call *intercalary* forms serve in the study of the history of animal species—that is to say, we find a fourth cousin, from whose features and character we can guess what some forgotten individual in the direct line of descent was like. Now all three of these works show, first of all, that they sprang from the older English type of ballad opera, which was hardly different from a drama with introduced songs, the action being occasionally accented by one of those peculiar subdued orchestral passages which are known by the name of *melos*. They also in form resemble the style of the French Opéra Comique, except that the concerted pieces are not quite so important; and further, particularly in Wallace's work, *Maritana*, we find much resemblance to the early modern composers of Italy, Bellini being often brought to our recollection in the course of this opera. It is perhaps to be regretted that no work of either of these two schools has been produced this season with which a comparison could be made. *Carmen*, though somewhat closely following the Opéra Comique form, is yet too free from the conventionalities of the school to be a good example. The *Trovatore* of Verdi is the only specimen of the modern Italian school which has been produced; and this, though we are accustomed to look upon it as exhibiting the over-anxiety for smooth and taking melody which is supposed to be the characteristic of this class of opera, yet is far stronger and much more dramatic than the works of Donizetti and Bellini, which the English operas somewhat resemble. Curiously Sir Julius Benedict's work most strongly recalls the ballad opera form; whilst Wallace's most resembles the Italian school. Balfe's work shows us all his well-known faults; but, at the same time, hearing it reminds us that there was a British composer who had the gift of melody perhaps more strongly than any other writer, and we must content ourselves for the present with this boast.

These operas have, we regret to say, not been produced with the same care as the more important works; *Maritana*, in particular, showing great want of rehearsal. Mr. Pew, who conducted, has not that power of instinctively feeling when a mistake is coming and preventing it which distinguishes some conductors. This work gives Miss Georgina Burns more to do than other operas in which she has sung, and we have nothing but praise for her singing of the music. Her acting was conventional, but had ease and brightness. Mr. Maas sang Don Cæsar de Bazan admirably; but his acting of the part was by no means good. *The Lily of Killarney* gives Miss Gaylord a good opportunity of showing her skill as an actress; and her Eily O'Connor was excellent. Her singing also was very good. Several performances of this opera have been given under the bâton of its composer.

We must notice with approval the great reform which has been introduced by this company in the matter of entr'actes; throughout the season, with very few exceptions, they have been quite long enough to rest the ear and the eye without having been so long as to weary the audience. This is a subject we have often discussed, and we see with pleasure this commencement of improvement. We hope that this system may extend to the Italian season. In the course of our remarks on individual performances we have often had occasion to notice unfavourably the English versions of the operas used by Mr. Carl Rosa's company, and we again call attention to the subject. No doubt Italian libretti are not generally of a high order of literary merit, and in their case the English adapter has great difficulties in his way; but they might be overcome more successfully than they generally are. Yet this excuse cannot be offered in the case of German and French opera-books; and the admirable version of Gounod's *Faust*, by the late Mr. Chorley, is a proof that it is possible to produce an English book to an opera which shall have real literary merit. Mr. Troutbeck's translation of the German text of *The Taming of the Shrew*, which we have already commented upon, again shows that good work is possible in this kind of writing. It may be urged that this is a small detail. We think not, and we believe that the future success of opera in English is being seriously imperilled by the weakness and puerility of many of the English versions which are now used.

On the whole, however, this last season has been one of great artistic success, and has done much in spreading the taste for operatic music. We hope that other operatic managers will take to heart the lesson that Mr. Carl Rosa has read to them, and be led to see that the matter of first importance is to give works of interest, and do them thoroughly well; and that if this is done the public are better pleased than they are with one or two great or fashionable singers ill supported, and singing in indifferent works which have been carelessly produced.

REVIEWS.

RHEINSBERG.*

MR. ANDREW HAMILTON is a remarkably agreeable writer; but we confess to having felt some difficulty, on closing the second of these delightful and unpretending volumes, in accounting to ourselves for the attraction which they had exercised upon us. We rather fancy, however, that this attraction was due to the element of the unexpected to be found in them. It is not that they are especially witty, for Mr. Hamilton's efforts in this direction, though frequent and sustained, are not pre-eminently fascinating. Nor is the phenomenon of an entertaining book about a corner of the Mark Brandenburg really surprising; for the Mark is the cradle of an important series of events in the annals of Europe, and around that cradle both legend and history have woven a multitude of interesting associations. What is undeniably noteworthy is to meet with a work full of entertainment, and by no means devoid of instruction, the subject of which has already been in part copiously though incidentally treated by a master hand; for no division of Mr. Carlyle's most elaborate historical narrative is more successful in its way than that in which he deals with the last stage of his Crown Prince's "apprenticeship," and with his spiritual *Wanderjahre*. There is the more reason for congratulating a later writer upon his literary skill in effectively treating such a subject afresh, when it is of a nature which cannot exactly be called inexhaustible, and when he proves unable to shed any new light upon its most problem-

* *Rheinsberg: Memorials of Frederick the Great and Prince Henry of Prussia.* By Andrew Hamilton. 2 vols. John Murray. 1880.

atical points. Mr. Hamilton leaves two questions—not in themselves very difficult to answer roughly, but still not quite satisfactorily solved—very much where he found them; and has nothing of his own to contribute by way of reason why Frederick first would, and then would not, live with his wife, and why his brother, Prince Henry, could serve, but could not endure, him. Although, however, these pleasant pages have not helped finally to set our minds at rest about matters which grave historians have either imperfectly discussed or discreetly evaded, *Rheinsberg* succeeds in recalling attention both to those matters themselves and to the chapters of history to which they belong. Taking advantage of the widely prevalent taste for bits of still life on paper as well as on canvas, and for the quiet methods of an art which understands how to attract with the aid of materials at first sight uninviting if not repulsive, Mr. Hamilton has contrived to give a breath of literary life to the dead palace by the lake, among sand and heath and forest, and, by bringing his scenery home to us with singular skill, to make certain passages of historical biography, momentarily at least, more vivid than even Mr. Carlyle's conscientious use of books had made them. Grateful for this result, we have no desire to cavil at Mr. Hamilton's devices for easing or ornamenting his discursive narrative. The figures or episodes of the guard of the stage-coach, the landlord of the "Rathskeller," the talkative tailor, and the rest of them, must be allowed as part of his stock-in-trade to the author of a work which seems designed to obscure rather than to reveal the fact that he is both a modest and a conscientious historical student. Such Mr. Hamilton's use of his authorities, and indeed the refreshingly accurate way in which he cites them, would alone prove him to be. At the same time, as he assumes the existence of so small a degree of interest in his theme on the part of most English readers, he might perhaps advantageously have assumed a correspondingly scanty measure of knowledge. The very name, for instance, of the Princess who was the *châtelaine* of Rheinsberg during its most brilliant period is hardly mentioned by Mr. Hamilton except in a footnote; though doubtless many of his readers would have been glad to have their memory refreshed as to her antecedents and connexions. It is not every one who can have even Mr. Carlyle at his fingers' ends, though few will be likely to quarrel with Mr. Hamilton's enthusiastic admiration of his great predecessor, to whom his style occasionally offers the sincerest kind of flattery. We cannot help adding that he moves among his references and allusions with the ease of one who really knows German as well as Germany; we have only noticed one (possibly accidental) false German form in this book ("Mecklenbürger" for "Mecklenburger"); and only one (frankly avowed) instance of want of familiarity with German ways. A "cucumber cure" is, or was, no uncommon expedient of German medical treatment; and we believe enjoys high esteem among persons who have happened to survive it.

Landscapes like those which Mr. Hamilton describes with so much tact and skill—solitudes of forest with patches of clearings so bare as to seem "trysting-places for all the winds," large lakes "very lovely but very grave . . . . having in" them "nothing of more transient sadness and knowing nothing of change," and what modern artistic slang would call "sand-symphonies" in drab and grey—must be left to create their impression slowly and gradually; nor will we spoil the total effect from this point of view of the volume before us by piecemeal quotations. The palace of Rheinsberg, and probably the town from which it takes its name, have seen their best days; the forlorn hope of the citizens, the railway, has left them aside; and if the palace itself is as yet neither bodily *abgetragen* nor converted into the Normal School of which Mr. Carlyle had heard rumours, nor put to any other useful purpose, the reason probably is that even the thrifty Prussian administration desired to spare so interesting a monument of the Prussian dynasty. This kind of piety is naturally thought to be more loudly called for in the Mark Brandenburg than, for instance, in the Duchy of Schleswig. Yet even at Rheinsberg it seems to be carried to no superstitious length; and Mr. Hamilton observed with intelligible astonishment the neglected condition of a double memorial erected by Prince Henry to his elder—King Frederick II.'s younger—brother, Augustus William, Prince of Prussia, the great-grandfather of the Emperor William. The Prince was not buried here, and it appears to be uncertain whether his heart was actually placed in the urn which professes to contain his ashes; but in any case it is strange that the cloud which overhung the unfortunate Prince's last days should have been allowed, as it were, to settle round the monument of his younger brother's splenetic affection. For in honouring the memory of Augustus William, Prince Henry was casting an oblique reflection upon the King who had attributed to the Prince of Prussia's failure the greater part of the misfortunes of a perilous period in his struggles.

As is well known, the historical associations of Rheinsberg belong only to a relatively short part of Prussian history; and neither the palace nor the town has any antiquarian interest to speak of, dating from earlier times. A robuster faith than any which these latter days can sustain would be requisite for a revival of curiosity with regard to the legend of Remus, the brother of Romulus, as the founder of Remusberg, Remsberg, or Reinsberg, though Frederick the Great desperately clung to his belief in the silly tale, in spite of the critical sneers of Voltaire. It was probably an invention of the early part of the seventeenth century—of all the ages of German pedantry the most extravagantly pedantic. Mr. Hamilton has been at the trouble of tracing the tale as near to its fountain-head as possible, having had in his hands "the only documentary evidence known" on the subject—a volume of the *Miscellanea Lipsiensia* of the year 1717, in which Christopher Pyl, M.A., rector of the Grammar School at Antlam, in Pomerania, reprints (apparently in good faith) a tract entitled

"Sepulchrum Remi, fratris Romuli, in monte Remi, vulgo Remsberg. nuper detectum, erutis binis marmoribus uno vetustissimo, altero recentiore, Quibus pervulgatus ille error de Remo, a fratre interfecto, confutatur." The "vetustissimum marmor" in question "was about three-quarters of a Brandenburg ell in length and half an ell in breadth. On one side of it were six birds in relief, "without doubt the six vultures which appeared to Remus," proving that "of his own accord he had left Rome to his brother, and, followed by a great multitude of shepherds, had penetrated into these regions, where, in this delightful spot, he had settled down, and spent the rest of his life, and died." On the other side was an inscription, many of the letters of which were effaced and illegible.

What evidence could be more conclusive? and how one is struck afresh by the truth of the observation that the points of view are many and various from which the credibility of early Roman history may be discussed! Prince Frederick told Voltaire as a matter of fact that two monks, sent out by the Pope, had come to Rheinsberg in quest of the place founded by Remus, and had caused search to be made for his ashes in the island in the lake which is called the Isle of Remus to this day. Prince Henry drew the island into his grounds in 1771, before which it had been in the hands of a tenant; and crowned the *Arx Remi* with gimcracks in the true Twitnam style. *Petits soupers* were discussed in a Chinese pagoda in honour of the elder brother—him of Rome, not him of Potsdam; now all has vanished, and Remus is as completely forgotten as Augustus William.

According to Mr. Hamilton, "some have thought" that the whole Remus business was "got up as a compliment" to Justus von Bredow, who early in the seventeenth century was lord of the manor of Rheinsberg. He sold it to the Lochow family (every name "ends in ow" in those parts); on the dying out of which, after terrible sufferings undergone by the district in the Thirty Years' War and the times of the Great Elector, it fell to the bestowal of that prince. He gave it to an officer, who soon sold it to Privy Councillor Chenevix de Béville, whose son in his turn sold it in 1734 to King Frederick William I., when the latter in his forgiving mood was anxious to gratify his son, the Crown Prince, by purchasing it for him as a residence. M. Chenevix de Béville was one of the many Huguenots who left France before the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; while two cousins of his took flight to England and Ireland, where the name Chenevix still survives in an honoured conjunction. It is not a little curious that Rheinsberg, which was successively to become the residence of two princes who cherished, each in his own way, so warm a predilection for things French, should have French associations of a still earlier date. Mr. Hamilton informs us that "more refugees had settled in the county" (lordship?) "of Ruppin than in any other part of the Mark, the devastations of the Thirty Years' War having thinned the population more than elsewhere. Whole villages were repeopled by the French." To Rheinsberg French refugees were more especially attracted by the French Protestant chaplain whom the Bévilles had brought with them into the Middle-Mark, and by the place of worship which had been built for his ministrations. It appears to have been in the capacity of regular French preacher as well as almoner to the household that a divine was invited to Rheinsberg by the Crown Prince Frederick, who plays some small part in Frederick's biography, and was ultimately minister of the French Episcopal Church in the Savoy. Jean Deschamps was a pupil of the famous Wolff, the author of "the best philosophy going," and had translated one of his minor works. In Deschamps's Sunday services a more volatile divine seems afterwards to have taken occasional part—Jordan, who was, like Deschamps, a Frenchman born in exile, but who appears to have been a general utility friend and companion of the true native *abbé* type. He was a man of books, if not of learning; and, while he contributed to the Prince's pleasures, he helped to manage his business, particularly the very important loan department. For Frederick's finances were in chronic disorder, and his loans were at times of a nature not unlikely to involve him in worse than pecuniary embarrassments. Jordan is thus invited by his royal patron to return to the sphere of his Sunday "duty" and everyday pleasures:—

Notre petit prêtre à rabat
Vous marque son impatience;
Il veut, dit-il, votre présence
Pour célébrer un sien sabbat
Avec grande magnificence.
Son marguillier, ce petit fat,
Prétend en fredons marotiques
Psalmodier de longs cantiques
Pour amuser les auditeurs;
Ils feront bailler les apôtres,
Qui, je crois, du goût de nous autres,
Connaissent des plaisirs meilleurs.

The style *à la* Clement Marot was certainly not that which the Crown Prince preferred either in or out of chapel; and perhaps the descendants of the Huguenot refugees at Rheinsberg and in its neighbourhood may have shaken their grave heads at some of the French company brought down to the Prince's little Court, and at some of the elaborate frescoes painted in the palace by the Parisian master, Antoine Pesne. The mere fact, however, that the Crown Princess was so happy at Rheinsberg shows that the laws of propriety were in no marked degree violated there; moreover, the Crown Prince was still under a vigilant, though now kindly, fatherly eye. And, in truth, Frederick's nature, as well as his circumstances, inclined him to self-restraint; and in this respect, at all events, his brother, Prince Henry, was more genuinely a Frenchman than he. During Prince Henry's occupancy of Rheinsberg there was less of litera-

ture and more of gaiety in the palace and its precincts than during his brother's quadriennium. A "Court of Opposition," as Mr. Hamilton calls Prince Henry's, is usually a lively one—as the Suffolk Correspondence and other illustrations abundantly show. But Prince Henry, besides being as musical as the King, was as fond of theatricals as of music, and had a French theatre at Rheinsberg after that at Berlin had been broken up. In his later years two visits to Paris completed his transformation into a Frenchman; but, though the friendships which he had formed were naturally on the side of the old *régime*, he had independence—or perversity—of mind enough to take views of his own of the French Revolution and of the proceedings of the Coalition. Though the hospitality of Rheinsberg was at one time or another freely extended to the *émigrés*, the Prince kept both his ears and his doors open to other visitants, and after the peace of Basle received at Rheinsberg an active, and as people at Berlin thought dangerous, member of the French Embassy. Prince Henry's influence is supposed to have helped to accomplish the pacification in question—about as sorry a reminiscence, after all is said, as could connect itself with the name of any Prussian prince.

As already observed, Prince Henry's antipathy to his great brother, though copiously enough illustrated in Mr. Hamilton's second volume, receives no new explanation there. Prince Henry's nature was, like Frederick's and their father's, altogether despotic; in a different dynasty and under different circumstances the jealous hatred which could bear no brother on the throne might have found even more violent ways of expressing itself. Still it was going tolerably far, even after the hero's death, to set up a monument at Rheinsberg—"the biggest, gravest, and most solid of" the Prince's "architectural undertakings"—"to the memory of the Prince of Prussia and the other heroes of the Seven Years' War, with the exception of the King." One other portrait is of course also, though from a different cause, wanting on it—that of the victor of Freiberg, the last and (if the world would but have believed it) the one decisive battle of the Seven Years' War. More interesting to posterity than this monument of Prince Henry's unextinguishable jealousy would have been the Commentary which he wrote on Frederick's history of the war itself, but which (fortunately, perhaps, for his reputation) he ordered to be destroyed after his death. Swift's commentary on Burnet would have here found an equal in bitterness, if not in roughness of tone. Short and unbloody as the war of 1778-9 (the war of the Bavarian Succession) was, Prince Henry found time in it for resigning his command; and after the death of Frederick it was not long before the relations between his successor and his brother were not very different from what those between the latter and himself had been.

Prince Henry's conjugal relations, like many things in his life, ran curiously parallel in a certain measure to those of the brother whom he learnt to hate so bitterly. Prince Henry and Princess Wilhelmina kept court together at Rheinsberg for just the same period of time as the Crown Prince and his consort had done (four years) with tastes not very different, and under circumstances of income quite as uneasy. The Princess Henry seems, however, to have been extremely attractive, a lady of *esprit* and beauty, known at the Berlin Court (as Mr. Hamilton states on an authority to which we rejoice to find him frequently refer—the charming Memoirs of Countess Voss) "by a whole list of endearing epithets —'La Belle Fée,' 'La Divine,' 'La Toute Divine,' 'L'Incomparable,' &c." In the Crown Prince's time, when the Rheinsberg Court had been a very *pays du tendre* for the invention of poetic names and epithets, a more modest designation had belonged to the Princess to whom Frederick had given his hand in an obedient moment, and of whom, during his father's lifetime, he continued to appear a contented husband, after having been a far from enthusiastic bridegroom. Other princes have on their accession to the throne rapidly concluded marriages which the policy of their predecessors had delayed; Frederick II. adopted the converse process. It is to be regretted that the present opportunity has not been taken to present a more distinct portrait of Queen Elizabeth Christina, especially as Mr. Hamilton refers to a monograph concerning her. We are not altogether inclined to take her insipidity on trust; and though her pietism may not have been to her husband's taste, yet he might have allowed his wife to read or even to write psalms, as the Great Elector had done before him. And, upon the whole, had it suited the despotic nature of King Frederick II. even virtually to own himself in the wrong, there seems reason to believe that he would have put an end to his separation from his Queen before his death. He said of her favourite, the pious and sentimental Gellert, that he was the most reasonable of all German men of letters; and some praise of the same kind seems to have been due to the wife who had remained "Constance," though he had ceased to be "Constant," as in the pleasant artificial days of the Order of Bayard at Rheinsberg.

DOUGLAS'S CONFUCIANISM AND TAOUISM.*

THE systematic and unprejudiced examination of the non-Christian religions of the world must tend to throw light on the nature of Christianity itself. This must be admitted by all who are not prepared to maintain that religion is a matter which lies wholly beyond the range of thought and inquiry; and even for those who claim the most unqualified submission to their own faith the character of the faith professed by other peoples or nations must be a subject of supreme importance if the former is to grapple with and overcome the latter. Between all the religious systems of the world it will be seen that there are points of contact and agreement as well as points of difference and antagonism; and the true method of dealing with false or imperfect systems can be reached only after an impartial historical scrutiny, which shall clearly show the causes and the consequences of their failure. The spirit in which this inquiry has been undertaken and in no small measure already carried out is one of the most encouraging signs of the present time; and among the many volumes which embody the results of the examination thus far made none is likely to be more useful, and few probably will be found more generally interesting and attractive, than that of Mr. Douglas.

The Englishman and the Chinaman stand at almost opposite poles of thought; and to the former the ways of the latter, where they are not actually disagreeable and repulsive, are apt to appear ridiculous. The attempt to produce agreement between oil and vinegar is of not much use; and it may at once be admitted that there is much in the processes of Chinese speculation into which Englishmen will never enter, and with which they cannot be expected to sympathize. Chinese names convey to them little meaning or none; and for this reason Chinese geography is but vaguely and feebly impressed on their minds. It is not an easy task to distinguish accurately between the provinces of Chin and Ching, of Tsin and Ts'in, of Ke and K'e, or to attach a definite idea to the almost endless series of monosyllabic monarchs who in their goodness or their badness seem to follow certain stereotyped fashions, and to exercise a monotonous influence on the fortunes of their country. Yet the feeling of repulsion, which may sometimes rise almost to disgust, at the seeming vapidity of Chinese philosophy, depends to a certain degree on the terms used in describing it. The great Chinese teachers have all been disposed to concern themselves especially with outward things, and we are scarcely able to throw ourselves into the mind of a man to whom a posture is everything, and for whom the proper arrangement of sacrificial vessels is the most important concern in human life. We may therefore be tempted to smile when we find Confucius telling his son that if he does not learn the rules of propriety his character cannot be established, or declaring that it is only a superior man who can arrive at the knowledge of his own destiny. Yet we should cease to see anything ridiculous in these statements if for "propriety" we substitute the familiar τὸ πρέπον and τὸ καλόν, and for the "superior man" the well-known καλοκἀγαθός of the Greeks. But the history of Chinese philosophy (of Chinese religion there can scarcely be said to be any history at all) has a direct bearing on some of the most momentous controversies which have agitated the schools of Western thought; and it further exhibits certain features which are perhaps not seen elsewhere in such startling prominence. The present condition of the two great systems which have exercised most influence in China is one thing; the change which these systems have undergone since the times of their founders is another and a very different thing. Both involve points of great interest; but the contrast between the present and the past is far more instructive, and the inquiry into its causes will much more fully repay the student for the attention which he may give to it.

This contrast Mr. Douglas has brought out with the greatest clearness, and no part of his book is likely to be more practically useful than the chapters in which he shows the present phases of Confucianism and Taouism in China. It is well to know what these systems were intended to be by the thinkers who propounded them; and for the history of religion, and of matters bearing on religion, there can be few subjects of greater importance. But for the teacher and the missionary the first consideration must be that of the form of thought with which he must himself be brought into contact. Of Confucianism it may be fairly said that it never was and never professed to be a religion. It propounded a set of ethical rules, it regulated the postures of the body in all occupations and at every hour of the day and night, it enjoined the rigid observance of a minute ritual which was wholly unconnected with the attitude of the heart or the affections of the worshipper, it inculcated an ethical system in the form of dogmatic axioms. These precepts exalted the sovereign, and laid stress on the merits of loyalty; and thus, although the sage reserved to the subject in the last resort the right of rebellion against worthless emperors, the whole system became an admirable weapon for rulers in possession, and these were not slow to recognise the benefits which they might receive by adopting and upholding it. The canonical books in which this system is drawn out have become the foundation of all Chinese literature, and have moulded the thoughts and language of the whole Chinese people. Indeed it would be scarcely an exaggeration to say that from the days of Confucius there has been no thought except that of the philosopher, if we put aside the system which for a time stood out in open antagonism to it, but which, for all practical purposes, has now become a system of mere charlatanism and jugglery.

The history of these two systems shows, in truth, how incompetent the Chinese are for any sustained and exhaustive thought. The philosophy of Laou-tsze was certainly an attempt to go pretty far down towards the root of things; but his language pointed to a direct connexion between right conduct and length of days; and the vaunted possession of a talisman or elixir of life became, after

* *Non-Christian Religious Systems—Confucianism and Taouism.* By Robert K. Douglas, of the British Museum, and Professor of Chinese at King's College, London. Published under the direction of the Committee of General Literature and Education appointed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1879.

no long time, the most prominent characteristic of the system. The abstruser portions of the teaching, whether of Confucius or of Laou-tsze, were thrown off by the popular mind as easily as water dries off a duck's back; and their attention was wholly fixed on stories which spoke of Laou-tsze's servant as living with his master for two centuries, and as becoming a heap of dry bones when the philosopher, making him lean forward, drew the talisman out of his mouth. According to the tale the servant was restored to life, just as Olger the Dane was restored to his youth when the magic ring of Morgan le Fay was placed upon his finger, and the impulse thus given to popular credulity has only acquired strength with the lapse of ages. With the notion of the talisman the idea of the transmutation of metals sprang up in a natural order, and thus the Chinese were furnished with the complete system of Western alchemy. The whole visible world was peopled with demons, who could be kept at bay only by charms and spells worn on the person of the believer. "All mountains," said a well-known Taouist doctor of the fourth century, "are inhabited by evil spirits who are more or less powerful according to the size of the mountain. If the traveller has no protection he will fall into some calamity. He will be attacked by sickness, or pierced by thorns, or witness strange sights and sounds. He will see trees moved, but not by wind, and stones will fall without any apparent cause from impending rocks, and will strike him." After some more details of the same kind, the doctor winds up with the counsel that the traveller should not only bear a suitable charm on his person, but should fast and purify himself for several days before undertaking the journey. The present condition of the Taouist priests, and of the devotees more immediately connected with them, is said to be very deplorable. The nunneries are described as haunts of every vice; and it may be nothing less than the truth that "the modern Taouists have sunk lower in the estimation of their fellow-men than any but the most degraded of idolaters" (p. 287). Still it is a strange fact that, in such a state of things, the book most diligently circulated amongst the Taouist population should be the *Kan ying peen*, or the Book of Rewards and Punishments. Of the whole text of this manual Mr. Douglas has given a translation. It must certainly be admitted that of the multitude of precepts contained in it by far the larger number are of a sort which must have the approval of Christians generally. Among these are the following:—

Practise righteousness and filial piety.

Have pity for orphans, and show compassion to widows.

Rejoice at the success of others, and sympathize with their reverses, even as though you were in their place.

Do not expose the faults of others. Forego much and take little.

Bestow favours without expecting recompense.

The negative precepts are in many instances equally wholesome:—

Be not forgetful of benefits.

Do not reward the unrighteous.

Do not overthrow another that you may take his place.

Do not make crooked that which is straight, nor make straight that which is crooked.

Do not throw your own fault upon another.

Do not seek your own advantage at the expense of others.

Do not seek to gain promotion by deceit and fraud.

There are, of course, other precepts, both positive and negative, which exhibit the distinctive features of Taouist talismanic superstitions, and encourage a belief in magic; but in spite of these it is a perplexing fact that this book should be "the one above all others which exercises influence over Taouists of the present day," unless, indeed, we suppose that to the large majority of precepts which must, so far as they are obeyed, counteract these superstitions, no attention whatever is paid.

For the student of the history of religious thought the most interesting portion of Mr. Douglas's volume will be that which exhibits the system of Laou-tsze as a protest against the dead formalism of the teaching of Confucius. This protest is just as significant whether we grant or deny the historical existence of Laou-tsze, and his alleged intercourse with his more worldly and, in the end, more successful rival. When a disciple came to him to ask counsel for the sovereign of Wei, Confucius insisted that the matter of the first importance was to rectify names. On being asked to explain an answer which the hearer thought very unreasonable, Confucius added:—

If names be not correct, language is not in accordance with the truth of things. If language be not in accordance with the truth of things, affairs cannot be carried on successfully. When affairs cannot be carried on successfully, proprieties and music will not flourish. When proprieties and music do not flourish, punishments will not be properly awarded. When punishments are not properly awarded, the people do not know how to move hand or foot. Therefore the superior man considers it necessary that names should be used appropriately, and that his directions should be carried out appropriately. A superior man requires that his words should be correct.

Such advice as this to Laou-tsze or to the founders of Taouism, whoever they may have been, seemed little better than husks to be thrown to swine. He rebelled against the dominion of mere words, and insisted that things are only labelled when men feel that without these marks they have no hold on the reality. "What is the groundwork of the Book of Changes?" asked Laou-tsze of Confucius. When the latter replied that it treated of humanity and justice Laou-tsze indignantly answered:—

The justice and humanity of the day are no more than empty names; they only serve as a mask to cruelty, and trouble the hearts of men. The pigeon does not bathe all day to make itself white; nor does the crow paint itself each morning to make itself black. . . . To what good is humanity and justice? You are like a man who beats a drum while searching for a truant sheep.

The complete opposition between the two men is admirably exhibited by Mr. Douglas, who remarks that Confucius

would have men practise humanity and call it humanity; he would have men dutiful to their parents, and call it filial piety. . . . Laou-tsze, on the contrary, held that when men professed to be humane, filial, and loyal, it was a sure sign that the substance had disappeared and that the shadow only remained. . . . If the pigeon began to bathe itself, and the crow to paint itself, would it not be a sign that they had lost their original colours?

For twenty years Confucius sought the *Taou*, or virtue, or whatever else it may be called, of Laou-tsze, but failed to find it. Laou-tsze was at no loss to account for his failure:—

If *Taou* could be offered to men, there is no one who would not wish to offer it to his prince; . . . if it could be transmitted to men, there is no one who would not wish to transmit it to his children. Why then are you not able to acquire it? This is the reason; it is that you are incapable of giving it an asylum in the bottom of your heart.

The difference between the two teachers was vast indeed. While the one was busying himself with names, the other was warning his disciples not to judge their fellow-men:—

Be content to know yourself . . . and learn not to impute wickedness to the unfortunate. If one man dies and another is preserved alive, why point at either of them as the object of Heaven's hatred? A truly good man loves all men and rejects none . . . but bad men are the materials on which he works, and to bring such back to *Taou* is the great object of his life.

That the teaching of such a man should have been perverted into a system of charms and spells is a catastrophe which must excite in all lovers of truth a feeling of profound disappointment and regret. The causes which rendered this change inevitable are well drawn out in Mr. Douglas's pages.

THE HEART OF HOLLAND.*

THE Heart of Holland stands the best test to which a book of travels can be put. It raises in the reader a strong desire to follow in the footsteps of the author, and to see with his own eyes all the spots which are described to him by another. We had not reached the end of M. Havard's volume before we had got out our maps, our Bradshaw, and our Baedeker, and planned another trip to Holland. We are glad to say that in this, the third of his narratives of journeys in the Low Countries, he has to a great extent avoided the errors into which he fell in his second volume. *The Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee* was, as our review of it showed (see *Saturday Review*, November 13, 1875), a very interesting volume. But in *Picturesque Holland* we had to point out (*Saturday Review*, January 20, 1877) that the author had "fallen a prey to that common danger of authorship, a first success." He started on his second trip with a great political purpose, and he examined questions which could just as well have been discussed had he never stopped outside his own study. In his present journey he certainly brings in not a few quotations from historical writers which are somewhat wearisome. His history, moreover, is not always accurate. We Englishmen, at all events, are certainly amazed to read that "at every period of its history Flushing was a standing menace to maritime Albion." Almost as much are we surprised to learn that we "feel a resentment towards the memory of that great man, Michael van Ruyter." It is amusing also to see how ingeniously M. Havard turns the tables upon us in a way we could not have looked for. Certainly we had always thought it a just source of pride that, in the days of the first Napoleon, our country had fought and beaten from every sea the allied fleets of almost the whole Continent. The real courage, it seems, was all on the other side. "At the epoch of the wars of the Empire," M. Havard writes, "the town of Flushing may claim a large share of the dauntless deeds of that unequal strife in which the Continental navy endeavoured to make head against the unrivalled fleet of England." He might with almost as much reason tell us of that unequal strife in which the Spanish monarchy endeavoured to make head against the unrivalled Seven United Provinces. One or two of the historical digressions might very well have been omitted by the translator, especially one nearly ten pages long, in which is traced the connexion between France and Middelburg. This portion of history may likely enough, to use the author's words, be doubly interesting to Frenchmen. Nevertheless, for Englishmen it is somewhat dull reading. A great deal, however, of the historical matter brought in by the author aptly illustrates the spots which are visited, while some of it is altogether original. Thus M. Havard publishes a manuscript note, which was shown him by a Dutch friend, of the siege of Middelburg in 1574:—

"I, Andries Mathieusz," says this note, "I married my wife on the 21st of February, 1574, on the very same day when this town of Middelburg was given over into the hands of the Prince of Orange, and to celebrate our wedding we had cakes of linseed (*lysaet wafelen*), and horse's flesh at two schillings the pound, a pound of bread costing six schillings, and at this price it is not easy to have any; likewise a pound of butter at four schillings."

M. Havard touchingly adds, with a remembrance of the siege of Paris, "This note will awaken terrible recollections, hardly seven years old, among ourselves."

* *The Heart of Holland.* By Henry Havard, Author of "Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee" and "Picturesque Holland." Translated by Mrs. Cashel Hoey. With Eight Illustrations. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1880.

The chief interest of the book lies in the lively and pleasant descriptions which the author gives of the adventures of himself and his fellow-travellers, and of the places they visit. This time they confined their explorations to the province of Zealand. In spite of extension of the railway service, communication is still by no means easy there, while between many of the more outlying parts there is no regular system of transport. They hired, therefore, a large boat, or rather a small ship, a Dutch *tjalk*. This they fitted up in a luxurious manner, and cruised about in it from island to island. It proved by no means trustworthy, however, and took to leaking badly. The crew, moreover, had become very surly by the time the travellers were near the end of their trip. They had still a stormy passage to make up the Scheldt, and they were greatly puzzled what course to take. Happily they were relieved from their difficulties by a mutiny among the sailors, who refused to do any more work. M. Havard and his friends were only too glad to be able to get rid of them and their ship, and, packing up their goods, made the rest of their trip on land. Our passion for scenery has set in so strongly towards mountains that the belief is commonly held, almost as an article of faith, that, without at all events good-sized hills, there can be no beauty. M. Havard fights fiercely against this superstition. He has, he says, in his rambles visited the northern frontiers of Sweden and the southernmost point of Sicily. But nowhere, he maintains, either in the North or the South, have his eyes "been surprised and rejoiced by equal intensity of colouring, at once bright and delicate, by a blending of tones so fine, harmonious, exquisite, and yet incomparably bold." Yet the greater part of the province lies below the sea-level, while the only heights it can boast of are the sand-hills scattered along the west coast. What is that to M. Havard, who thus eloquently and, we will add, truthfully defends his beloved Low Countries?—

Let us, at once and for ever, get rid of the prevalent notion that the skies of the Netherlands are grey, dull, foggy, smoky, and opaque. Let certain critics at once and for ever discard the astonishment which they, and their predecessors for the last fifty years, have been in the habit of expressing, that a school of masterly colourists should have existed in a country which is popularly believed to be destitute of both light and colour.

M. Havard likes the people almost as well as the islands they inhabit, and almost better still does he like the houses and villages and towns they have built for themselves. Each place that he comes to seems better than the last. Some of the towns that interest him the most are scarcely mentioned in Baedeker. Veer is not mentioned at all, yet to Veer M. Havard gives nearly two whole chapters. This old ruined town "seems to say, 'Before you look at me as I am, remember what I have been, and, above all, what I hoped to be.'" It still can boast of its gigantic church and majestic belfry, its lofty trees and red roofs; and these at times, according to the English translator, are all steeped in scintillating radiance. "Sparkling," we venture to suggest, would better suit so old-fashioned a place and people. It still can show a beautiful fountain covered by a delightful little building that is thoroughly Gothic. The travellers looked for something else. They looked for "some chattering housewife in the costume of the middle ages, the large Flemish collar and the little cap, coming along the road, with her shining copper pail hanging over her arm." They listened for some song of those old days, "warbled by a laughing and still innocent Marguerite, who will presently lean on the margin of the granite basin, and dream of the unknown. But no! echo remains mute, the fountain is deserted." The lines of streets are in many places marked only by the avenues of trees. Houses are being pulled down or are left to fall of themselves. They went over one lofty house on all the floors of which were huge rooms, and which had a spacious court and a garden. The rent was about three shillings a week. The Town Hall nevertheless is kept in good repair. "The dark brown wood carvings, the great benches with their red cushions, the chair of justice, with its desk, back-cushion, and rod, emblem of justiciary authority, are exactly the same as they were when the last sentence was pronounced by the last 'Magistrat.'" It can boast of a great curiosity—the famous cup which was given to the town in 1551 by Maximilian of Burgundy. In 1867 this cup was exhibited in Paris, and the enormous sum of 100,000 francs was offered for it. Yet the Burgomaster and Aldermen of this poor decayed town had strength of mind to refuse the offer. In the register M. Havard was shown the record of the marriage of Mynheer Hugo de Groot. In many of these places it might be difficult to find a lodging, unless one followed M. Havard's example, and went in one's own boat. Even when an inn can be found, it is not always the case that a dinner is to be had. Thus in the Hôtel of Commerce at Flushing the travellers were at first charmed by the welcome they received from Mynheer Peeters, the landlord. He had heard of their being in the island, for the fame of the party had spread. They asked for dinner:—

"There are so few travellers at this season," said Mynheer Peeters, "that I have no table d'hôte!"

"No matter. You can let us have a private room and a dinner all to ourselves."

"No," said he with sullen gravity, "that would upset the house, and I don't want to have everything turned upside down!"

I confess that I looked at this man with stony stupefaction. An innkeeper refusing to let travellers have their dinner! My hands fell helplessly down by my sides. Afterwards, a person to whom I related this anomaly and our amazement, said gravely, "Peeters is well-to-do; he is rich." What a country must this be in which wealth serves as an innkeeper's excuse for such an answer!

The landlord of the Abdy Hotel at Middelburg does not carry severity to quite such a height. He is indeed "stern of countenance and majestic of bearing, and belongs to that class of Zealand hotel-keepers who consider that they exercise a priesthood rather than a profession." In his house all meals take place at fixed and immutable hours, and nobody ever thinks of disputing them. "If you were to ask for a cup of tea at noon, it would be proposed that you should wait until nine o'clock in the evening." The Governor of the Province once took up his residence there, while the Government House was being got ready for him. After some while the landlord pointed out to his Excellency that, though he had a palace, yet he lodged at his inn. "Many unfortunate travellers, not so well off as your Excellency, knock at my door every night; and I am obliged to refuse them admittance. Is this just?" The Governor asked what it was he wanted him to do? "'I desire,' replied Mynheer Bularys respectfully, but firmly, 'that your Excellency should go and live at your palace.'" Yet if the landlord would allow a weary man to stay there for a few weeks, we know not where, if we may trust our author's account, he could better find repose. "Never," M. Havard writes, "was there a dwelling so conducive to meditation." To reach it the traveller has to thread a perfect maze of streets, and pass under a whole series of arches. "It is like penetrating into some fortress, which done, one finds oneself in a wide space, shaded by fine trees, and surrounded by venerable Gothic buildings." The fair was being held in Middelburg when the travellers were there, and they were much struck by the magnificence of the Dutch merry-go-rounds when compared with "the humble wooden coursers of our (*i.e.* French) fairs." Yet exactly such a machine as excited M. Havard's wonder have we ourselves seen in the great Easter Fair at Rheims.

Everywhere in Zealand he was pleased with the friendly manners of the people. "If," he writes, "a peasant meets a foreigner, he makes every possible effort to understand him." He draws a distinction between the manners of the Zealanders and the people of the province of Holland. We are glad to learn that this distinction exists, for the only time that we ever ventured on a Dutch phrase we certainly found that no effort was made to understand us. We had lost our way in one of the northern towns—we forget which—and night was coming on. Armed with a sentence from our Baedeker, and putting into our features as affable an air as we could command, we thus addressed an aged citizen:—"Welke is de korste weg naar, &c.?" The old gentleman gazed at us with alarm, and then hobbled off as fast as he could. Somewhat discouraged, we next applied to a schoolboy. He cast upon us one frightened glance, and fled in terror. Our spirit failed, and never since that evening have we been daring enough to venture on speaking Dutch. When we go to Zealand we shall take heart again. We shall make our first attempt at the village of Wormeldingen, where, according to our author, the men have always a kind word for the stranger, and the women a pleasant smile:—

You would never meet a peasant or a village girl upon the road without having a cheerful "good day" from them, and if there were many of you, they would not only say "*Gorden dag*" in the singular, but they would give you a complex and plural greeting: "*Dag drie*," if you were three; "*Dag vier*," if you were four; that is to say, "Good day to the three of you," "Good day to the four of you," and "*Dag zamen*," which means "Good day together," if there were but two. Sometimes a roguish boy (there are such in every country) will salute a traveller who is going along with an ass or a dog with his "*Dag zamen*," but we must not grudge people their harmless joke, and this one is too inoffensive to vex anybody.

We must not forget to say, by way of conclusion, that the translator has, on the whole, done her work well. Some of her sentences certainly too much betray their French origin; and now and then she uses such words as "scintillating" and "shimmering." Nevertheless we have read the book with a good deal of pleasure, and we feel sure that many a reader will feel indebted to her for thus introducing them to the *Heart of Holland*.

RECORDS OF THE CITY OF OXFORD.*

THIS is a very valuable book, and in matter, arrangement, and outward form it is most creditable to all concerned. Though Oxford is not the most important city in England, it may fairly be said that the records of her municipal life are more interesting than those of any other city could be, because they are the records of an incessant struggle with a rival power within her walls:—

Other boroughs [says Mr. Turner's preface] have had from time to time to defend their rights and liberties against encroachments of those possessing wealth and power; but however potent the antagonist might be, a borough could offer a resistance with far greater chance of success in most cases than when that antagonist was side by side with it, and when each day brought his claims into immediate contact with its own.

And what is especially curious is that the most determined attempt to humiliate the city of Oxford and subject it to the University was made at a time when all other English boroughs had long since achieved their freedom. The century of controversy, if not of actual fighting, of attempts to fasten the yoke and

* *Selections from the Records of the City of Oxford, with Extracts from other Documents illustrating the Municipal History: Henry VIII. to Elizabeth* [1509–1583]. Edited, by authority of the Corporation of the City of Oxford, by William H. Turner, of the Bodleian Library; under the direction of Robert S. Hawkins, Town Clerk. Oxford and London: James Parker & Co. 1880.

attempts to throw it off, was for Oxford not so much the thirteenth as the sixteenth. Mr. Green has shown both in his History and in his paper on the "Early History of Oxford," how the moment when the University was beginning was the moment when the city also was emerging into a prosperous municipal life. In course of time the "Chauncellor and Schollers" changed all that, and formed within the boundaries of the city a great privileged class—a class with its own courts, almost its own laws, and with its own ideas of the value of the rights and liberties of citizens. Again, as time passed by, the obnoxious privileges became modified, and various Royal charters during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries did something to emancipate the city from the sovereignty of the Chancellor. But the day came when a Fellow of Magdalen became the first man in the kingdom; and Wolsey was not the man to forget his old University or to refuse to do it a good turn. The Charter of 1523, granted by Henry VIII. at his special request, is for the City of Oxford literally a charter of servitude; the granting of it was the signal for a period of wrangling and dispute which lasted well into Elizabeth's reign. It is this very period, a period of exceptional interest, that is covered by the volume before us. All the earlier records, save a few charters and grants, are irrecoverably lost; for the Council possessed no muniment room, and seems never to have entered its own proceedings in a book before the year 1519. Thus the history of mediæval Oxford, as distinguished from the Oxford of the sixteenth century, has to be gathered out of scanty and scattered materials, for nothing exists on the spot. It is of no use to lament the carelessness of Corporations, the criminal neglect of the town-clerks of the past. We must be thankful that here at least we have the existing records—or a first instalment of them—in print, and that the task of preparing them has fallen to such an expert in manuscripts as Mr. Turner, and so enlightened a citizen as Mr. Hawkins. It is only to be hoped that another volume, giving us the Oxford of the Civil War, will follow in due time.

The quarrels between Town and Gown are not the only matters of interest with which these records deal, but they are the most copious and deserve to be first noticed. Even in 1517, six years before Wolsey's Charter, we have a petition from the city to the King, complaining of the way in which the provisions of the Charter of Edward III. are evaded. That Charter had limited the privileges of the University to "clarks and their menyall men," and such specified trades as furnished the University exclusively—limners, stationers, manciples, and cooks; but now in any trial in the Mayor's Court the scholars have a way of interfering, and of withdrawing the culprit, "be he a stranger or privie, tayloure, glover, cobbler, fisher, boocher, carter, or collier," by declaring him to be a "menyall" of their own. But small matters of this kind disappear from view when Wolsey's Charter is granted. From the sixteen articles of the Charter we quote two or three:—

> 10. Item, yf any priveledged person by processe from the prynce be it in the King's own cause, be arrested or imprisoned, the Maior and bailifes upon notice of ye Vice-Chauncelor imeadiatlye shalbe delivered without fee uppon payne of xxli.
>
> 11. Item, it is also graunted unto the Chauncelor, Scholers, and ther servaunts, minysters wth ther howshould, and all other priviledged persons, may make and exercise all manner of byinge and sellinge, and exercise all manner of occupation wthin the towne of Oxon and suburbs of the same, as burgesses maye.
>
> 15. Item, yt is further graunted that for any sentence in any judgemente just or unjust by the saide Chauncellor, Commyssarie or his deputie, by any of them pronounced against any person shalbe holden good whether it be just or unjust, and for the same sentence so just or unjust that neyther the Chauncellor or his deputy or any of them shall not be drawen out of the Universitie for false judgment, or for the same vexed or troubled by any writte comandemente of the Kinge, or any manner of meane whatsoever, nor afore the King's Commissioner or his Justice in any courte upon payne of xxli as often as.

Small wonder that many pages of the book should be filled with the protests of the city against these new bonds. The Chancellor's commissary was not too gentle in the assertion of his rights.—

> If any that pretend to have privilege of the University do any trespass, owe any money, to any inhabitant of the said Town, the Commissary useth to commit to prison the party to whom the debt is owing, or the trespass committed, there to remain until he hath found surety that he shall not sue for his recompense and dewtie according to the King's laws, but only before the same Commissary, contrary to the common laws of this realm and divers statutes provided in that behalf.

The town trades found their customs invaded, and the commercial system of the time overturned, by an enemy worse than cooperation. The consciences of the Mayor and Bayliffs were brought into "perilous danger" by their having to swear before the Vice-Chancellor an oath which contradicted an oath that they had sworn before the Barons of the King's Exchequer. They must have the Charter revoked and their old liberties and franchises restored. The King wished to refer the matter to the arbitration of Sir Thomas More; but to this proposal the answer of the city was conclusive:—"By suche arbytrements in tymys past, the Comyssary and Procters, and ther officers of the University, hath usurped and dayly usurpyth upon the Towne, of div's matt's contrary to their composicions." In short, within six or seven years after the granting of the Charter, we find the University and city in open conflict. The mayor will not take the oath; the bailiffs close the doors of the Guildhall against the University, and are proceeded against and punished. Street riots, the natural expression of this mutual animosity, are of daily and nightly occurrence.

The two figures that stand out from the controversy, the Hector and Achilles of Wolsey's Oxford, are Michael Hethe, the mayor, and Edmund Shether, the proctor, excellent representatives of their parties—of sturdy burgher-like resistance, and of aristocratic and privileged aggression. Michael Hethe, brewer, of Slaying Lane, was elected Councillor in 1518, and was mayor in 1530, the year when the quarrel with the University came to a crisis; but in the interval we find his name frequently coming up as leading the disaffected party in their demands for redress. He it was that refused to take the oath; and his answers to the messengers who came to summon him before the University show that his refusal had been well considered. "Recommend me with yor master," he says on the first summons, "and shewe hym I am here in thys towne the Kyngs graceis lyvetenaunt for lacke of a better, and I knowe no cause why I shoulde appear before hym, I know hym not for my ordenary." This was flat contumacy, and the result was painful:—

> Item, on Marten Lynsey, Depute to Chaunseler of the sayd Universite, the iiij day of August, the xxij yere of your most noble raygne causyd on Michell Hethe, then beyng Mayer of the sayd towne, to be opynly denownsyd and publichyd excommunicat in every pariche churche of Oxford aforsayd; and also denownsyd and publichyd al those to be excommunicat and acursyd wheche shuld ete, drynk, or company wt the sayd Mayar, by reason wherof the sayd Mayar, avoydyng of further inconveniens, avoydyd forthe of the sayd towne.

The Mayor returned however, and though he expressly refused the conditions offered him for absolution ("quod dictus Michael expresse facere recusabat"), he seems to have won the day, and had his sentence removed. But while he and Master Edmund Shether lived in the same town there was no peace for either party. Six years afterwards we read that this terrible proctor, with a following of two hundred scholars, after running a-muck at any townsmen whom they could catch at Carfax, "came to William Fallyfields house and brake down ye pentisyes and windowes of his house and his dores, and called for fier, and said they would fier his house; and from hence they went to Michael Heathes house, one of the Aldermen of ye said towne, and beate at his dores and windowes so yt they brake yere windowes, and called for fier"—and used language that we should be sorry to print, though it was a proctor that used it. This proctor is indeed, as Mr. Turner sententiously says, "a striking figure." His great instrument for keeping order seems to have been a poleaxe; and it must be admitted that a poleaxe would be a great help to a proctor on occasion. One Robert Maydeman, a citizen, had at one time painful experience of Mr. Shether and his axe;—

> Item, Robt Maydeman deposeth yt as he and a little ladde wch is his brother were comminge from Oseney to his house ye 3de day of March last past, about ye houre of eight of ye clocke in ye night, mett with certayne schollers against St. Peters Church in Bayly, and there did beate him, and ere yt he came at Carfaxe there met him another company of schollers and there beate him, and at Carfaxe their met him another company and did beate him, and there lost his cappe, and soe ye said Robt. would have taken his house, and ye schollers yt were in ye street did put him from his dore, soe yt he was fayne to take one William Dewys house, a botcher; and within halfe an houre after ye sayd Robt. came to ye dore and would have gon to his house, and their met with Edmund Shether, ye Proctor, goinge downe ye streete with a poleaxe in his hand, and had a paire of brexen journeys on his backe, and a blacke cloake then, and a skoll on his head, and there desired him yt he might have his cappe yt he lost, and therewith ye Proctor did thrust his pole-axe at him, but saide never a word to him.

These miserable squabbles, as we have said, fill the better part of the records of the eighty years; but at the same time there is much in the volume that is interesting in quite other directions. In few books, we imagine, can we find so lifelike a picture of the details of the Dissolution as what is here said of the destruction of the Abbeys of Osney and Eynsham. The very Bill for the demolition of Osney is preserved; and we read with a strange feeling the cold-blooded entries of "xs to Popping Jaye the joiner, for taking down ye stalls and sydes of ye quire and hye altar"; of "vs vd to John Wesburne, chief carpenter, *for hangyng the great bell*"; of "xxs to John Edwards, carpenter, for taking downe of the roofe of ye fraterhowse at Abynton, in parte of his bargen." With a still stranger feeling we read the record of the paltry espionage and despicable delation by which the Royal Council got up their case against the Abbots. (See the information of John Parkyns, January 18, 15 37/8, pp. 141-4.) But it is well known that Thomas Cromwell did not stick at a trifle; all means were good enough for him. It is more important to note a little entry of the conditions on which he disposed of the site of Osney Abbey, which shows that he had views of his own as to the future of Oxford. A very curious and unique document (from the Gough MSS. in the Bodleian) gives an exact account of the leasing of Osney Abbey to a person who bore the beautiful name of William Stumpe, a Malmesbury clothier; and, after stating the precise extent of the abbey, it goes on to specify Mr. Stumpe's obligations. "He must bind hymself *to fynd worke for* 2,000 *persons* from tyme to tyme, if they may be gotten, *that will do their worke well contynually in clothemakyng*, for the succour of the Cytye of Oxenford and the coutrey abowt yt, for the which intent the mylles were made." In other words, Oxford was to become a great manufacturing town. Why the attempt failed does not appear; but it is interesting to speculate on what might have been the future of the University had it succeeded. Probably, instead of a Royalist Oxford in the seventeenth century, and a Jacobite Oxford in the eighteenth, we should have had a great Republican or Whig party within the University, or at least controlling it from close by; and who knows whether University reform might not have been antedated by a couple of centuries?

There is much else in this volume on which it would be inter-

esting to dwell; notably, the minute account of the preparations for the burning of the bishops, which includes the very bill of fare supplied to Cranmer in his last days. But these matters and the purely municipal and official records we must leave unnoticed. We may conclude by again expressing the hope that Mr. Turner may soon be ready with another volume, carrying us down to the time of the Parliament and the siege. That volume could hardly fail to be as important a contribution to the history of England as this is to the history of the University and the city.

THE GREATEST HEIRESS IN ENGLAND.*

IF Mrs. Oliphant had kept the present novel up to the point of merit with which it starts, if the second and third volumes had been equal to the first, it might rank among her best. We find in it a nature and insight, a freshness and humour, which prove her to be in the vein. She has hit on a congenial subject. She enters upon the story with interest and spirit, and with that power which a plot that suits her always develops. But it happens to other writers besides Shakspeare to quote Dr. Johnson—that what they do best they soon cease to do; and in novelists, above most others, this best often lies in or near the beginning. The careful unfolding of their story is apt to give place to the knack of writing as the work proceeds; with, however, in the present case, bright passages at intervals and returns to nature and probability.

We think it likely that an old play, to which indeed one of the characters makes vague allusion, suggested to Mrs. Oliphant the idea of the plot. We mean the play which owes such lingering ghost-like existence as alone it deserves to four words, once proverbial, but which now lives embalmed—their source probably unknown to the ordinary run of readers—in that scene in *Guy Mannering* where Counsellor Pleydell defeats Glossin's last resource by introducing in the nick of time "the real Simon Pure." The present novel and the play alike rest their interest on a will and its consequences. But while the playwright (Mrs. Centlivre) represents the will as already in operation, Mrs. Oliphant introduces us to its gradual growth under the hands of the father of the heroine, who, in the course of arranging and rearranging and adding codicils to the document, embodies in its provisions the conclusions of a naturally acute mind speculating on a society of which it knew nothing by experience. The design in both cases is to make marriage a difficulty, almost amounting to an impossibility, to the heiress whom the whimsical father leaves behind him.

John Trevor, the father of the heroine, begins life in very commonplace fashion as the master of a commercial school. He marries late a woman no longer young, who had led a hard life like himself, and who dies in a few years, leaving one child, a girl. She had lately inherited a brother's money, which turned out to be, not a humble competence, as she had supposed, but an immense fortune. It is this fortune that develops John Trevor into a sort of commercial Polonius. He is not without imagination, and "the management of a great fortune excites the mind and draws forth this faculty." He throws himself into the combinations of speculative money-makers, and acquires a sort of divination and spirit of prophecy. After many successful *coups* a new sense of cleverness steals into his heart, and it occurs to him to shape out his daughter's life for her as well as her fortune. Hence the will, which was to be a potential living instrument by which from his grave he would still be able to look after the affairs which had cost him so much trouble. From this point of view a husband had no place. John Trevor would rather, if he could have settled it for his daughter, that she should never marry. All his calculations went for her as Lucy Trevor, not as Mrs. So and So. He intended her to make a very fine use of her money, living to that end like a princess; he imagined her a sort of national institution. In this dream of what his daughter was to be he took very little count, which was natural enough, of what she, a quiet, slim girl of seventeen, actually was:—

> The manner in which she was to conduct herself in all the difficulties she might meet was the subject of his continual thoughts, until at last it seemed to the old man that he saw her, as in a mirror, moving along through the difficulties and perplexities of her life, in which his own position would enable him to accompany her with his advice, rather than that he was actually inventing the entire course of her experience for her.

And Lucy is constituted, alike by her dutifulness and her absence of imagination, to humour this dream. She is bored by the will—which it never occurs to her to dispute in any of its clauses—simply from hearing so much of it. It divests the idea of wealth of its charms; but she listens, takes for granted, and assents on all but one point. She has a little half-brother of whom her father takes small account, being, in fact, ashamed of the weakness of a second marriage, and determined that what comes through Lucy's mother shall never be devoted to the boy's use. It is the only point in the will that Lucy disputes. She will not promise that little Jock shall have no share in her prosperity, but be held down to the sphere of life in which his father was born. This child, of imagination all compact, who at seven or eight reads Shakspeare and *Don Quixote* and every book he can lay his hand on, is a pretty contrast to his sister and only friend. He strikes the reader as an idealized portrait, and drawn *con amore*. The pair are thus set before us:—

> Though he had lain as still on the rug as if there had been no quicksilver in his little veins, he could scarcely stand quietly now and have his little greatcoat put on, which his sister did with great care. She was seventeen, a staid little person, with much composure of manner, dressed in a grey walking dress trimmed with grey fur, very neat, comfortable, and sensible, but not quite becoming to Lucy, who was of that kind of fair complexion which tends towards greyness; fair hair with no colour in it, and a face more pale than rosy. Ill-natured people said of her that she was all the same colour, hair, cheeks, and eyes—which was not true, and yet so far true as to make the grey dress the least favourable envelope that could have been chosen. . . . Whoever might be found fault with for untidiness in Mrs. Stones's establishment, it never was Lucy; her collars were always spotless, her ribbons always neatly tied, her dress the very perfection of good order and completeness. She put on her brother's little coat and buttoned it to the last button though he was dancing all the time with impatience; then enveloped his throat with a warm woollen scarf and tucked in the ends. "Now your gloves, Jocky," she said, and she would not move till he had dragged these articles on, and had them buttoned in their turn. . . . "Well," Lucy added, surveying him with mingled satisfaction in the result and reluctance to allow it to be complete, "Now we may go."

It is difficult to invest such a heroine with the prestige of wealth. The design, indeed, is that Lucy should be in strong contrast with her expectations and her father's ideal; but the title of the book has to be borne out. *The Greatest Heiress in England* should have something to show for her money, if not in her own person, yet in the *éclat* that hangs about it and the reverence of the servile crowd; but we must say that Lucy never gets beyond the heiress-ship of ten, or say twenty, thousand pounds in the manners and designs of the speculators upon her fortune. The old man reckons on defeating the wolves who are to surround his poor lamb. "One wolf is not a bad thing to keep off the others"; but the wolves in this case are such a commonplace pack! They show so little sense of the prize for which they are plotting that the reader cannot set her on the pedestal which unbounded ideal wealth raises in the imagination. She stimulates no ambitions. Anybody thinks himself good enough to scheme for her, without realizing what it is that he schemes for.

In order to keep her safe, the father's last crowning device is to appoint seven guardians, without whose joint consent she is not to marry. They are all different in their positions in life, their circumstances and surroundings. The first of them is a woman of rank, the aunt of a neighbouring baronet. We observe in Mrs. Oliphant a graduated scale of care in her delineation of characters who are to fill the scene and work out her plots. Persons of rank and position are invested with individuality. Pains are bestowed upon them to keep them distinct in their aims or in their modes of carrying them out; but when we come to a lower grade, the middle class in its various aspects, she takes them in the lump, all actuated by the same impulses, all equally direct and blindly bent on following them out. It is here that the story breaks down. The father dies; his will is read; and seven persons find themselves named as having a veto on the heiress's marriage. The lady of rank has the first turn. Lucy is to spend her first six months with Lady Randolph, aunt of Sir Thomas, who is wolf number one in the father's foresight. Among the others are a schoolmistress, a lawyer, two humble relations of her mother, the rector of the parish, and the Dissenting minister to whose congregation the deceased had belonged. The last two, having neither sons nor nephews, can only supply a little sparring characteristic of their respective social standings; but the imaginations of the others are at once in a blaze to utilize this good thing for some pretender whose one chance in life is a piece of luck like this falling in his way. The schoolmistress has a nephew who does not get on. She summons him at once to her house, and throws him, without any regard to appearances, into contact with her pupil. The attorney's wife has a son, whom she is in an equal hurry to throw at the poor girl's head. He is a mere lout, with nothing to say for himself, and his hands always in his pockets, who has to be goaded to pay the heiress the commonest civilities, and whose only notion of what is to be got out of her is horses to ride and nothing to do. It never seems to occur to his mother that Lucy, after six months' living with fine people, and with the consciousness of owning a million of money, might detect these shortcomings in the youth, or have founded any ideas upon her altered position; nor to either of these schemers does it occur that each must depend ultimately for success on the consent of the other. In fact, this idea of the seven vetoes has the look of being forgotten by the author when it has furnished a scene or two, until it suits her to call it to remembrance in the wind-up. As for the humble relations who are to succeed to the charge of the heiress after her taste of polished and cultivated society, they display a vulgarity of thought as well as tone which is with Mrs. Oliphant a class distinction, a blemish inseparable from a certain station of life. As we have said, she bestows her careful writing on "society." If people are not in society, or at least have not some claim to, that privilege, she sets her pen off at a gallop, and makes them say and do anything that comes first to hand. This couple also have a candidate—a cousin who succeeded John Trevor in the mastership of the commercial school. On him the author bestows some pains, investing him with more character than the rest. Not that any one of the would-be lovers is without happy distinguishing touches characteristic of the author.

One pretender who has no interest among the seven guardians belongs to a distinct class, and brings out, no doubt, some real experience. Lucy has a clever schoolfellow better born than herself, but as poor as she is rich. Mary Russell, and the family of

* *The Greatest Heiress in England.* By Mrs. Oliphant. London: Hurst & Blackett.

which she is a member, furnish some good scenes. Here again is a brother, who enters upon the pursuit backed by his own conceit and the adoration of mother and sisters. The history of his novel and its dedication, and how the scandal of the dedication sold off the novel, shows knowledge. The heroine's simple efforts to relieve the transparent poverty of the family surroundings, the recoil from a gift, the eagerness for a loan which there is no possibility of repaying, but which relieves the recipient from the humiliation of gratitude, are all good. The mother, who had flounced off in high dudgeon at the frank offer of help in money, has come back as the new idea flashes on her :—

> All her defences were broken down. She grasped Lucy's arm and clung to it as if it had been an anchor of salvation. "And I came," she gasped, "to say, if you would really be so kind—oh! how can I ask it? as to *lend* us the money you spoke of—only to *lend* it, Miss Trevor, till something better turns up—till Bertie gets something to do . . . it can't be but that we shall be able to repay you somehow . . . the best people have to borrow sometimes, and there is nothing to be ashamed of in being poor."

The will, which had directed Lucy to be generous on a large scale, had said nothing about loans. Lucy did not know how to overcome Mrs. Russell's scruples :—

> She hesitated and faltered. "Dear Mrs. Russell, it is there for you—if you would only take it, take it altogether!" she said in a supplicating tone. "No," said her visitor firmly. "No, Lucy, do not ask me. You will only make me go away very miserable—more miserable than I was when I came. If you will *lend* it to me I shall be very glad. I don't hesitate to say that it will be a very great service—it will almost be the saving of our lives. I would offer to pay you interest, but I don't think you would like that. I told Bertie so; and he said if I were to give you an I-O-U; I don't understand it, Lucy, and you do not understand it, my dear; but he says that is the way."

When the "loan" is given it is thousands, not the poor hundred Mrs. Russell hoped for. It raises the family ideas to the point of giving out that they have had a fortune left them, which might as well have been twice as much as the bequeather had untold wealth.

Lady Randolph, who first takes the heiress in charge, has also a candidate of her own. Her nephew, Sir Thomas, or Sir Tom, as he is called, who has open manners, a cheery voice, and great good-nature, makes an impression at once, though neither the reader nor the heroine knows this. He is well done. It is a pity that the implied dissipation of his early life, and the means through which he had wasted his large fortune, are not veiled in a deeper obscurity. He owns himself a prodigal, and comes round the seven guardians in a genial fashion, making confessions not over-seriously of the follies of his previous life. Curiously enough, though he is known to be hard up, his "poor acres heavy with mortgages, stiff with borrowings," yet nobody had thought of his using his opportunities for repairing his broken fortunes. All regard the lady as indeed flying high; as though her million—for she is a millionaire—had been the paltry twenty thousand which we take to be the highest sum that the imagination of the crew of suitors had been able to master. These are considerations that will not trouble the novel reader, who takes up the book for amusement and will not quarrel with details if he finds the end answered. The heroine is a nice heroine, with points in her character as well as in her situation which will secure her a more lasting place in his memory than is the lot of many of the class; and, as for her choice, he will probably see with the author a natural affinity between heiresses and prodigals. If, as Lord Burleigh said, Rank is ancient Riches, if riches lie at the foundation of title, they are equally necessary to keep it in repair, to maintain it in a gilded and flourishing condition.

BOULGER'S CENTRAL ASIAN PORTRAITS.*

SUCCESS in taking portraits may depend on the materials for the picture almost as much as on the painter's skill. We have not to complain, in the case before us, either of any want of diligence or of lax inquiries on Mr. Boulger's part. He has devoted much time to the exploration, on paper, of Central Asia; and neither Major Burnaby nor Mr. McGahan could have exhibited more energy in evading Russian colonels and crossing inhospitable wastes than the author has shown in ransacking authentic "books of travel, histories, and official documents," in order to fill up the outlines of every sketch. But the impression left on the mind, after all, is that of deficiency of subject-matter. Recent critics have remarked on the tendency of modern Roman historians to "go beyond the evidence." They fill in details, it is urged, and supply motives for actions on the part of Cæsar or Cato as if they had before them huge diaries and lengthy correspondence, written by the principal actors and published in neat binding by the firm of the Sosii. Mr. Boulger, to do him justice, seems conscious of this weakness in his case. Of one notable character he tells us "that it is not easy to grasp the individuality of Abdul Rahman by means of the extremely meagre evidence which we possess." This refers to a Khokandian and not to the son of Afzul Khan. Of Khudayar Khan, who played a not unimportant part at Khokand, we have but a slight sketch; and in more than one-half of these short biographies there is a want of breadth, animation, and vitality. The characters live but do not move. Nor can we endorse the apparent censure passed by Mr. Boulger on the Indian Government for having thrown impediments in the way of Central Asian exploration by Englishmen, and thus diminished our chances of getting at the truth. It may doubtless be convenient that Khans and Viziers should be "interviewed" by adventurous correspondents and roving colonels, provided this can be done without danger to themselves and risk of diplomatic rupture, followed by that ominous phrase "ulterior measures." But Governments have to weigh consequences, and it is hardly to be expected that Ministers and Viceroys can permit their own officials to get into scrapes or situations of peril whence a moveable column may be required to extricate them. Opinion differs considerably amongst Anglo-Indian experts as to the value of Captain Butler's recent discoveries, and it is not worth our while to run the risk of multiplying causes of political scandal in order that the reading public may know exactly what changes have occurred in the grim features of some Asiatic tyrant since he was last seen by General Abbott on his ride to Khiva, or described by Professor Vambéry when eluding detection in the guise of a Dervish.

* *Central Asian Portraits.—The Celebrities of the Khanates and the Neighbouring States.* By Demetrius Charles Boulger, Member of the Royal Asiatic Society, Author of "England and Russia in Central Asia," "Yakoob Beg," &c. London: Allen & Co. 1880.

These sketches are seventeen in number. We have Dost Mahommed, his son, and his grandson; three Russian generals; the Akhond of Swat, well known to Anglo-Indian officials on the North-West Frontier; and divers other potentates, who, having risen to notoriety by treachery or talent, in their turn have given way to some one with more ability and fewer scruples. One of the most prominent figures in Afghanistan, and indeed in Central Asia, will always be Dost Mahommed; and Mr. Boulger tries hard to bring this Sirdar before us by the help of Sir A. Burnes and Mohun Lal, the Hindu convert to Mahomedanism. It is curious that he should make no reference to the graphic description of the Dost by Sir John Kaye, who had himself seen this Barukzye chief playing at chess with Miss Eden in the drawing-room of Government House at Calcutta. We reproduce a striking passage from the *War in Afghanistan* (vol. i. p. 105) :—

> Nature seems to have designed him for a hero of the true Afghan stamp and character. Of a graceful person, a prepossessing countenance, a bold, frank manner, he was outwardly endowed with all those gifts which most inspire confidence and attract affection; whilst undoubted courage, enterprise, activity, somewhat of the recklessness and unscrupulousness of his race, combined with a more than common measure of intelligence and sagacity, gave him a command over his fellows and a mastery over circumstances which raised him at length to the chief seat in the empire. His youth was stained with many crimes, which he lived to deplore. It is the glory of Dost Mahommed that, in the vigour of his years, he looked back with contrition upon the excesses of his early life, and lived down many of the besetting infirmities which had overshadowed the dawn of his career. . . At the zenith of his reputation there was not, perhaps in all Central Asia, a chief so remarkable for the exercise of self-discipline and self-control; but he emerged out of a cloudy morn of vice and sank into a gloomy night of folly.

In General Lumsden's *Mission to Kandahar* there is also a capital sketch of the Dost, as he appeared in his later years, in 1857. It is melancholy, even at this lapse of time, to read a grave proposal of Sir W. Macnaghten that a chief of such signal courage, ambition, and capacity should be compensated for the loss of a kingdom which he had shown himself fully capable of governing, by the grant of a zemindarry or estate in the valley of the Deyrah. As well might our envoy have expected the Alexander of Juvenal's Tenth Satire to be contented with banishment to the rocks of Gyara or to the limits of Seriphus. Had the English administrators of that day given their support to the Barukzye Sirdars, and adopted for the Dost the policy of Lord Mayo towards Shere Ali, the whole course of recent history might have been changed. But, whatever may be thought of a policy of our time which finds able partisans and opponents, there can be no doubt that Kaye hardly used too strong language in regard to Lord Auckland's course. "It was in principle and act an unrighteous usurpation, and the curse of God was on it from the first." On the whole, we prefer Mr. Boulger's portrait of the Dost to that of his son Shere Ali. In the latter case the author indents on the writings of the late Mr. J. S. Wyllie, and quotes a passage which might induce his readers to imagine that that able young civilian had seen Shere Ali in the flesh. To the best of our belief, with the exception of the time when the Dost and his young son were detained in India between 1840 and 1842, no Englishman ever set eyes on the late Wali until the Umballa Durbar. Mr. Wyllie took his materials at second-hand. Mr. Boulger further omits all mention of the late Syed Nur Mahomed, and without him no portrait of Shere Ali is complete. The Syed, who has lately been denounced as an evil counsellor and arch traitor, was, like many other Afghans, plausible and treacherous, but his ability and devotion to his master's interests admit of no question, and a description which omits even to mention the Minister cannot be said to be realistic as regards the ruler. Yakub Khan, our late choice, fares slightly better; but here we have the help of Lieutenant Marsh, who in his *Ride through Islam* describes the Governor of Herat as he saw him in 1873, when four years of close confinement had not crushed his spirit. To speculate on the exact share taken by Yakub in the recent disastrous occurrences at Cabul would be equally premature and useless. It is some satisfaction to reflect that for the last ten years, mutilations, the knife, the blinding needle, and other ready instruments of Afghan revenge have gone out of fashion. A generation ago, when a rebellious son or troublesome nephew once entered a dungeon he rarely came out of it again.

Perhaps the account of Amir Hussain Khan, better known as Shuja-ud-Doulah, pleases us the most. He is hereditary Governor

of a frontier city in the northern part of Khorassan. Of pure Persian blood, he speaks Turkish as well as his own language, possesses a smattering of English and French, is a *bon vivant*, and a successful sportsman. How he was very nearly thrust into a sack and smothered, but was saved by the intercession of a friend; how his son closed the gates of the city against him, but was attacked and expelled the district, revenging himself subsequently by carrying off a beautiful bride intended for his father, is clearly and concisely told. Like most other vigorous despots, who are impervious to European influence and example, this Governor is very free with the bastinado and the knife. Mutilation saves all expense about prison discipline, though, in reality, it merely converts thieves and robbers into helpless beggars who, in another shape, get their living out of society. We should be glad to think that the ability which appears to characterize this Governor was devoted to putting down the Turkoman raiders. But, according to Mr. Boulger, expeditions made by the latter for the purpose of carrying off slaves from Khorassan are met by Persian reprisals to carry off "loot." That the decrepid, impecunious, and helpless Government of the Shah should ever apply itself in earnest to the task of dealing effectively with robbery would indeed be a surprise to those who have studied the national character. Izzat Kutebar is another adventurer in whom Mr. Boulger endeavours to excite some interest by calling him the Rob Roy of the Steppe, or the Knight of the Steppe, and by giving us a specimen of his oratory. But, to say the truth, all the author's researches only excite a curiosity which they do not gratify. Very likely this chief routed Cossacks, slipped through the hands of Russian leaders, and effected his retreat over what is oddly designated a "sandy morass." But we do not discern evidence to justify the conclusion that he had in him the makings of a great soldier. He may have been an active freebooter with some sense of independence and a touch of patriotism. But Mr. Boulger will find it hard to support his theory that it is open to an ordinary leader of Turkomans or Kirghiz to become a Nadir Shah.

As a contrast to pretenders to empire, picturesque borderers, and governors polished in appearance but savage at heart, we have portraits of three Russian generals—Kaufmann, Kolpakoffsky, and Tchernaieff. The first of these personages is charged with vanity, extravagance, and recklessness; but we shall be slow to hold General Kaufmann mainly responsible for lack of progress and failure to develop trade. Visions of a rapidly increasing commerce in the Khanates must, in the nature of things, be disappointing. Trade will not spring up, in spite of certain spots of unrivalled fertility, amidst "sandy morasses" or deserts, and along shallow rivers in which a light flotilla of gunboats can manage to float. There is really no ground for assuming that the occupation of any one or all three of the Khanates, would have been followed by a "roaring trade" in Khiva melons, Kirghiz fat-tailed sheep, or Turkoman horses, had the title of Governor-General of Turkestan been exchanged for that of a Chief Commissioner, and had the post been filled by Sir R. Temple or Sir Bartle Frere. We, however, quite agree with Mr. Boulger that it would be absurd to compare General Kaufmann with Warren Hastings or Clive. Nor are we aware that the idea has occurred to any one. We are informed that General Kolpakoffsky, who has acted as deputy to Kaufmann and who is now officiating as Governor-General of the province of Samiretchinsk, is friendly to England. And we are quite willing to take Mr. Boulger's voucher for the purity of his private life, his military experience, and his rare administrative skill. That he speaks the native Kirghiz tongue and that he can make very long journeys on horseback is of course very gratifying; but there is many an Anglo-Indian administrator of eminence of whom much the same can be said without the least approach to exaggeration. We have been told once or twice lately that Russian officials are better calculated to govern Orientals than ourselves because of the greater similarity of the national disposition and habits. Mr. Boulger, apparently, does not share this view, for he mentions it as a distinctive feature of General Kolpakoffsky that, unlike his contemporaries, "he has always striven to understand the people whom he governs." Our own opinion is that, in spite of insular prejudices and an occasional want of sympathy, the Englishman in a pith helmet and an alpaca coat would in the end gain the greater influence over acute and sensitive Asiatics. But we do not care to pursue the comparisons which Mr. Boulger's volume unavoidably suggests. Of the third Russian officer, General Tchernaieff, it was already known to us that he captured Tashkend with only two thousand men, and that, after a successful career in Central Asia, he reappeared in Servia in the year 1876. We are now informed that he has in the interval practised without much success as a notary public; that he has not been very lucky in sundry commercial ventures; and that he has written important articles in the *Russki Mir*. He also attracted general sympathy by taking a bath in the native fashion immediately after the surrender of Tashkend, and by drinking off a bowl of tea without hesitation, when offered him by one of the crowd immediately after his ablutions. In contrast to the preceding there is the present Amir of Bokhara, Mozuffar-Uddin Khan, whom the author describes as a bigot and a tyrant, at least in his treatment of dignitaries and nobles. Mr. Boulger must excuse our saying that for a real portrait of this strict disciplinarian we do not want anything beyond M. Vambéry's graphic description at p. 187 of his *Travels in Central Asia*. That accomplished writer saw the Amir both at Bokhara and at Samarcand; and he really brings before us in a few pages the man himself, with his fine black eyes, corpulence, thin beard, affable manners, hatred of innovation, love of economy, strict sumptuary legislation, and simple fare of pilao boiled with mutton fat, the same dish satisfying "prince, official, merchant, mechanic, and peasant." In conclusion, it might be ill-natured and incorrect to assert that the present work is an illustration of Dr. Johnson's saying of a bad thing well done. We admit the workmanship to be very fair even when we lament the deficiency of the materials. But it will scarcely enhance Mr. Boulger's reputation as a well-known writer on Central Asia, nor does it add much to our means of solving those difficult questions which that vague geographical title inevitably suggests.

GOLD, SILVER, AND PRECIOUS STONES.*

IT is not long since we noticed the Blue-book issued last session on Hall-marks. We then took occasion to speak of the present decayed condition of English art in the precious metals. The publication of books on the goldsmith's work has never been more frequent than of late. Every year several volumes are issued in which the great achievements of old artists in gold and silver are duly set forth and criticized. Yet we hear only of machine-made jewelry; of racing-plate weighing so many ounces, but otherwise valueless; of caskets which blend in one half-a-dozen styles and systems of symbolism; of bridal suites of diamonds and pearls in which the number and size of the stones are the only things worth noticing; in short, everywhere, year after year, we note the same dreary monotony of aimless design and meaningless ornament, the same high estimate of what may be termed mere brute value, and the same failure to produce high art-work. We all laughed at the rich manufacturer who changed his pictures as well as his wall-paper every couple of years; but we think it quite the obvious thing to do to melt up family plate and buy new, or send the ancestral diamonds to be recut. Yet a jewel which has about it even a suspicion of Cellini, or a cup which may, however doubtfully, be assigned to Holbein, is worth, as everybody knows, five, six, seven, perhaps a hundred times, the value of the gold, silver, and precious stones used in its construction. We hope that the interest which has evidently been aroused in the public mind may lead to better things. Some of us may live to see a case or two of jewelry at Royal Academy Exhibitions. The present system of hall-marking, as we observed on a former occasion, is fatal to the possibility of true art being attached to silver-work at present. Should one of our first artists design a statuette, a cup, or a casket in a precious metal, it could not be sold without a special license, and even then not until it had been assayed at Goldsmiths' Hall. Little obstructions and delays are sufficient to cripple the progress of a manufacture in which the risks and expenses are so great. But it is humiliating to think that at a period when England has reached her highest point of material wealth, at a time when, for thirty years at least, prophets and priests, poets and essayists, have been lecturing us upon the religious, moral, social, and political importance of æsthetics, Mr. Pollen is forced to acknowledge in the volume before us that there is not much to be said of modern plate. That silver-work should have been better in the barbarous age of the Georges than in the full blaze of our Victorian civilization and æsthetic refinement is a fact which must be left to Mr. Herbert Spencer and his coadjutors for insertion in its proper place as a social phenomenon.

Mr. Pollen's larger volume consists of a catalogue of the examples of gold and silver work at the South Kensington Museum, preceded by a sketch of the history of the art, and illustrated by chromo-lithographs, etchings, and woodcuts. The sketch is published separately, and with only the woodcuts from the larger work. Mr. Pollen begins, of course, with the Book of Genesis and Abraham's wealth in silver and gold; but we have not been able to verify the assertion in his first sentence:—"It is said in the Book of Genesis that Abraham in the twentieth century B.C., when he went out of Egypt, was very rich." We do not remember a word in the Biblical narrative about "the twentieth century B.C." Archbishop Ussher dates the event about 1921, Hales about 2077; but neither finds a text to support his view. If we suppose that Abraham acquired his wealth in Egypt, it follows that gold was already in existence there; and Mr. Pollen might have begun with that country, taking the Hebrew patriarch in his proper chronological position. Many older examples of Egyptian jewelry have been found than the ornaments of Queen Aah-hotep exhibited here in 1852. Mr. Pollen's account of them is sadly misprinted; but we gather that in his opinion the Queen lived about 1500 B.C. It is very difficult to date any Egyptian monument with much certainty before 1300 B.C. and the reigns of the nineteenth dynasty. Herr Brugsch places Queen Aah-hotep about the year 1700 B.C., and even Wilkinson makes the commencement of her son's reign 1520. So that Mr. Pollen's 1500 agrees with no theory. Further on, mentioning Osirtasen I., he says he was contemporary with Joseph. This is likely enough, but is inconsistent with any system of chronology if Abraham lived "in the twentieth century B.C."; for it makes Abraham and Joseph to visit Egypt together, as all the authorities

* *Ancient and Modern Gold and Silversmith's Work in the South Kensington Museum.* By John Hungerford Pollen. London: Chapman and Hall. 1878.

Gold and Silversmith's Work. By the Same. S. K. M. Art Handbooks. London: Chapman & Hall. 1879.

History and Mystery of Precious Stones. By William Jones. London: Richard Bentley. 1880.

are for once agreed in placing Osirtasen in, or nearly in, 2000 B.C. Mr. Pollen further tells us that Moses lived under Thothmes III. —a view almost universally abandoned. When Mr. Pollen touches on Egypt and Israel he might have given a more intelligent account of the treasures of the Tabernacle, as there is not a single item for which a probably contemporary example from Egypt may not be found in our museums. This chapter is by far the weakest in the book; but Mr. Pollen *vires acquirit eundo*. The account of early Greek work is well condensed; and the chapter on Roman gold and silver, supplemented by notes in the catalogue and an admirable etching by Mr. McCarty, is almost exhaustive. As an instance of the truth that, before our own degenerate days, the value of plate was not reckoned by weight alone, we may quote the cost, recorded by Pliny, of a bowl on "which was represented Ulysses and Diomed with the palladium," which was sold for 33*ol*. per ounce. Would not a racing cup by Mr. Watts or Sir Frederick Leighton probably fetch as much? But all trades, since what may be called the modern English renascence, have been slow to learn that good work is better than gold and good design more precious than rubies.

On mediæval metal-work Mr. Pollen is naturally well informed, though we miss any reference to Iceland, and are told that Ireland is "the most distant of the European islands." He is very clear in denying that art failed under the influence of early Christianity:—

Of the new or revived art under Christianity we will treat presently; here it must be noted that Constantine built the great basilicas of St. John Lateran and the old St. Peter's in Rome, and, besides encouraging religious art, determined to build and adorn a new capital. It cannot therefore be said that Christianity killed the arts of antiquity. On the contrary, the most cursory examination of the catacombs shows that such modest ornamentation as could be placed with propriety over the altars of those sacred grottoes was carefully carried out before the conversion of the Emperor. The paintings still remaining there are rude, but it was such art as was procurable.

This is very true of more arts than one, and it may safely be doubted whether any greater or more influential work was ever executed than the great basilica of St. Sophia. The notes in the catalogue are often interesting, but it might have been expected that South Kensington would have found Mr. Pollen at least one herald capable of giving an intelligible heraldic account of the beautiful "Pembroke Casket." One shield, the most important of all, is wholly omitted in Mr. Pollen's description; which, fortunately for the reader, is supplemented by a fair etching by Mr. Harbutt. Indeed the etchings are all very fair, and show how satisfactorily a book may be illustrated with plates of this kind. One drawing, of a seventeenth-century cup, might very easily pass for a "Little Master."

Mr. Jones's book is of a very different character from Mr. Pollen's. In the first place, Mr. Jones is seldom dry; Mr. Pollen is seldom easy reading. Mr. Pollen admits such a sentence as that in which he tells us that Irish golden jewels are "principally personal ornaments for the head, neck, breast, limbs, chest, waist, &c." We have all read in *Brown, Jones, and Robinson* of the stuffed horse which was really all Wallenstein's, "except the head, neck, legs, and part of the body," which had been "restored." Where the ancient Irish wore their "personal ornaments" except upon their heads, bodies, and limbs Mr. Pollen endeavours perhaps to tell us by his "&c." Mr. Jones, on the other hand, though seldom turgid, offers us some curious points of grammatical structure. "In 1442 two parts of the 'Pusan,' the great collar of gold and rubies, *was* pawned." As we mentioned Joseph above, the following remarks of Mr. Jones on his career may be appropriate here; as appropriate, at least, as they are in p. 144 of the *History and Mystery of Precious Stones*:—"Inexorable with the Arabian princess, severe with his own brethren, proof against the blandishments of Potiphar's wife, yet susceptible of every pure and generous affection, Joseph, the saviour of Egypt, was ever consistent with himself." For the story of the Arabian princess which calls forth this burst of eloquence, as well as for the connecting link between Joseph and precious stones, we must refer to the book. It is dedicated to Mr. Ruskin, from whom one or two quotations are taken with a due amount of the adulation which the great apostle of high art seems to exact from his followers. For the rest it is made up of a series of pleasant and well-chosen anecdotes, stories, quotations, and archæological notes, arranged in so orderly a manner that, though there is no index, the reader will seldom miss it. As an example of Mr. Jones's style, and as throwing some light on recent events, we may quote the following paragraph:—

The Estrella do Sul (Star of the South) brilliant, in the possession of the Khedive of Egypt, has a curious story attached to it. It was found in 1853 at Bargagem of Idinas Gerães (Brazil), by a negress. In the rough state it weighed 254½ carats. Of the score or two of persons who made fortunes by the discovery, Casimiro (de Tal), whose negress brought it to him in order to obtain her freedom, was the only one disappointed, having sold it for 3,000*l*. At the Bank of Rio de Janeiro it was deposited for 30,000*l*. It was cut by Costar, of Amsterdam, who became its possessor, and was sold to the Khedive.

What has become of it? The bondholders should ascertain. The following will be new to many of our readers:—

The true value of jewels, as souvenirs of affection, is shown in the will of the late Earl Stanhope, in which he gives certain diamonds to his daughter-in-law Evelyn (the present Countess Stanhope), for her life, stating that, in so doing, it is in accordance with the wishes of his late wife, as expressed in a memorandum, in which she sets forth that the jewels were part value of the deceased peer's published works, and as such she was very proud of them. After the death of the Countess, the diamonds were to be made heirlooms, to pass with the title.

LOYAL AND LAWLESS.*

MR. BURKE'S book stands in some need of the introduction which is explanatory rather than apologetic. At all events he frankly warns his readers of what they may expect, and hints that, if they are to do justice to themselves or him, they must prepare themselves for somewhat serious reading. We have used the word "book" advisedly; for, though *Loyal and Lawless* contains several stories, crossing each other like the tracks in a mountain country, it scarcely satisfies the ordinary conception of a novel. Mr. Burke can be amusing and even sensational when he pleases, but on this occasion he has deliberately preferred to be instructive; and it must be admitted that he shows a certain daring originality. Political novels, dull, dreary, and clever, are by no means uncommon; and several of the latter class have made the literary reputation of an author whom Mr. Burke heartily admires. But Lord Beaconsfield and his imitators have treated their politics from the æsthetic and artistic point of view; making principles, party measures, patriotism, and political self-seeking, the essence and savour of an exciting story. It has pleased Mr. Burke to pursue a different system. He interpolates whole chapters of political dialogue and disquisition which have not even an indirect bearing on his plot. There is an advantage in this plan, no doubt, inasmuch as you may skip them should you care to do so; a course of proceeding, however, which we are far from advising. On the contrary, if any one desires to get lively lights on our administration of British India, or to coach himself up in contemporary Irish questions with the least amount of plodding and the smallest expenditure of energy, we strongly recommend Mr. Burke's political chapters to him. For Mr. Burke, though he can be earnest enough, has an Irishman's sense of humour. He illustrates his positions and arguments by happy anecdotes which in their variety and appositeness remind us of Charles Lever in the best of his later Irish novels, or in the brilliant essays he wrote in the exile of his foreign consulates under the pseudonym of Cornelius O'Dowd. He sketches after the life, with sharp and suggestive touches, the portraits of those typical Irishmen whose conduct, language, motives, and inconsistencies of character utterly mystify the innocent Saxon. And he brings in startling stories of "cuteness" and crime, with even more startling pieces of evidence from those Blue-books which are so seldom waded through by ordinary readers, in spite of their strong and realistic sensationalism, and the dramatic elements in which they abound. We have the English landowner and absentee with a great Irish rent-roll. We have the resident proprietor, heartily loyal, but who has learned in a measure, under stress of his surroundings, to conform himself to the ways of thinking of his more unscrupulous countrymen; who is morbidly alive to the blunders and inconsistencies of English administration, while honestly devoted to the English connexion. We have the big farmer and the small holder; the priest; the "patriot" and agitator; the *parvenu* who has risen to wealth by roguery, and is at the bottom of much of the mischief he professes to deplore. We have the voluble demagogue beginning life at the bar, who has been bought over by place to the side of the authorities; and who has the candour to confess the reconsideration of his opinions when he has been steadied by the responsibilities of office and the prospect of further advancement. Of course we are also made familiar with persons among the peasant class who are the instruments of wire-pullers that keep themselves in the background, and whose deeds of atrocity are regarded with a curious leniency even by those who very possibly may be their victims. Mr. Burke bears a genuinely Irish name; and there can be no question that he knows a great deal about Ireland. And we should have fancied that the Irish questions in which he is so deeply interested were large enough to furnish ample material for a couple of moderate-sized volumes. But, as it happens, he is nearly equally well informed about India, as we learned from his former novel of *Beating the Air*; and, apparently for the sake of contrasting the British treatment of Irish and of Indians, he has thought it well to invite us incidentally to a tour through Hindostan. As he is always an entertaining and intelligent companion, we have nothing to say against this, except in his own interests. Had he been a veteran in his craft, like Mr. Anthony Trollope, he would assuredly have taken more thought for the future, and been less lavish of valuable resources. As it is, we are inclined to admire the ingenuity which has covered such a breadth and variety of ground within the modest limits of his space, as we marvel at the multitude of his characters. We are perpetually being presented to new acquaintances, who, after he has casually paraded them through a couple of pages or so, are dropped out of sight, never to reappear. Sooner or later, should Mr. Burke persevere in a pursuit for which he has undoubtedly not a few of the most indispensable qualifications, he will have cause to regret the reckless expenditure of material which a prudent economy would have utilized to more advantage.

At the same time, the thread of a telling story runs conspicuously through the motley web, and an attractive hero and more attractive heroine stand prominently out in front of the crowd. Arthur Greville is one of the many men whose prospects in life are exceptionally problematical. He has many points in his favour, and a good many more against him. Holding a post in a crack Government office, he is at the same time a man of fashion and comparatively an idler. He is well born and well connected, with

* *Loyal and Lawless.* By Ulick Ralph Burke, Author of "Beating the Air," &c. Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1880.

a small independence which depends on the good will of his father, and subsequently on the caprices of an unfriendly elder brother. He has abundance of talent, with the capacity for hard work if only he should receive encouragement enough to stimulate his ambition. In these circumstances, and being the hero of a fiction, he necessarily falls in love. The lady of his affections is all that is desirable; and the sole drawback is that the match is socially unequal. Lady Cecil Brydges has an only brother, and is the only daughter of a wealthy peer. In the quiet solitudes of Lord Chippendale's country seat in Dorsetshire, Greville and the pretty Lady Cecil are thrown into close companionship. Her mother means her to make a suitable marriage; and is so profoundly persuaded of Mr. Greville's ineligibility that she pays no attention to his growing intimacy with her daughter. In many of his little social touches, by the way, Mr. Burke shows acute knowledge of the world. Greville, who is a man of sense and of honour, awakens of a sudden to the awkward realities of his situation. He has no right to steal into the affections of a girl to whom he dare not make an offer of his hand. So he nerves himself to a painful resolution, and decides to fly from temptation and Lady Cecil. But, weakly taking a final walk with her before his departure, he is betrayed of course into a passionate explanation. It is Lady Cecil's frank expressions of surprise that force on the explanation, and her frankness is very prettily depicted without doing the slightest prejudice to her modesty. The lovers part half engaged, though Greville has the grace not to bind her formally. Then in the separation comes a harrowing *contretemps, à la Lucia di Lammermoor*. Lady Chippendale stoops to intercept and suppress the lovers' letters, and each of them believes the other to be false. Lady Cecil engages herself elsewhere; and, once formally pledged to another man, with her honest nature, there seems to be no means of extrication from the dilemma, unless Greville is to be united to her as a wealthy widow. But, within the small space which he can spare to it from politics, Mr. Burke compresses the complications of a rather intricate plot. Greville, who has been left almost penniless by his dead father, turns out to be the legitimate son and rightful baronet in place of his elder brother. As the head of an ancient family, with a rental of 4,000*l.* a year, he might fairly aspire to marriage with Lady Cecil. And as it seldom rains but it pours, the way to their union has been still further smoothed for him. When Lord Chippendale had broken off his daughter's engagement to her former betrothed, on being made acquainted with a scandalous incident in that gentleman's bachelor career, he had promised that Cecil might choose freely for herself, provided her choice lighted on a gentleman. Narrow circumstances need be no obstacle, as he should undertake to provide handsomely for the housekeeping. So he dowers Cecil with an amount equal to half Sir Arthur Greville's income, and gives them his blessing and best wishes into the bargain. Moreover, to ensure their happiness, Greville has the promise of a Parliamentary future opened to him, being returned, by an unlooked for piece of good luck, as Conservative member for an Irish county; and he ought to bring to the discharge of his duties as a legislator a profound acquaintance with the feeling and wishes of his constituents, if an elaborate course of self-education could secure this.

Among the best of the minor characters is Mr. Terence Donelan, who is Greville's principal mentor in his studies of Irish affairs. Another gentleman who commends himself to our approval is Mr. Adam Crayshaw. Mr. Crayshaw, when first introduced, is far from being attractive. He is barely a gentleman by birth, and still less so by habits and education. He is of that objectionable type of Parliamentary prigs who go about the world with obtrusive self-assurance, hunting for facts and statistics like Mr. Gradgrind; and it is his peregrinations in that pursuit that land us with him in India. But Crayshaw has married in haste to repent at leisure; and when his wife, who never loved him, has eloped and died in disgrace, he comes out as an altogether altered character. He becomes the staunch friend of Sir Arthur Greville, who has had occasion to do him some delicate kindnesses; and he welcomes the opportunities of showing his gratitude when his nature has been ennobled by his sorrows and humiliations. We should have been glad to have seen something more of Miss Marian Trelawney, who becomes Crayshaw's second wife; as of Miss Trelawney's father, who is surnamed Don Whiskerandos. But it is the misfortune of Mr. Burke's cursory and too comprehensive method of treatment that he does imperfect justice to himself as well as to some of his cleverest creations; and we hope that, when he makes his next appearance as a novelist, he may be induced to narrow his immediate range, remembering that he should keep something in reserve for his future.

THE RACEHORSE IN TRAINING.*

THE author of this book has had great experience in the subject of which he treats. For thirty years he has managed a large racing stud, and his stables afford room for fifty horses. Many very celebrated racehorses were trained by him; and he has had ample opportunities of observing the peculiarities of horses, as well as the characteristics, agreeable and otherwise, of the British Turf. Having taken up his pen in order to write about the subjects with which he is best acquainted, he uses it very creditably. The book is readable; and, when the author has said all he has to say, he stops, without padding his volume unnecessarily. It is something to find a book on sporting subjects free from Latin or Greek quotations; but Mr. Day is not guiltless of cribbing from English authors. He quotes Shakspeare, Byron, Butler, and finally Dr. Johnson; but only within moderate limits—for a sporting writer. He makes a daring dash into grand language in his second chapter. Writing on manure, he describes it as being "in a high state of fermentation, disengaging deleterious gases—for the sole purpose of producing excessive heat, poisoning the circumambient air that beneficent nature has provided." Having, however, relieved himself of this wordy firework over the dung-heap, he seems to have thrown his dictionary on one side, and to have descended to language "understanded of the people."

The first matter dealt with is the stable. The author's own stable consists of nineteen boxes and thirty-one stalls. He considers flint pavement preferable to brick, the latter being slippery and less durable. Drains he dislikes. As a substitute he would have every stable completely cleaned out every day and left to air while the horses are at exercise. For food, he gives his horses the best English oats and the finest hay he can procure. Beans and peas he seldom uses. As alteratives he now and then gives a small quantity of green food in summer and carrots in winter. For water, he prefers rain water collected in large tanks. Failing that, he would use pond water; or, last of all, he would use well-water softened with either wheat-flour or chalk. His stable hours begin at 5 A.M. in winter and at 4 in summer. He is no advocate for over-exercising, about a couple of hours in the morning and an hour or an hour and a half in the afternoon being all that he expects of his horses in hard training. He expresses a strong opinion against the use of bandages when horses are in health, and he recommends plenty of hand-rubbing in order to dry the legs and assist circulation. In treating of roaring he says he is told that at the Cape of Good Hope this disease is unknown, and that the worst roarers, when taken there, become sound. With regard to condition he thinks that no definite rules can be laid down, and that no one but the trainer, who is well aware of the temperament and idiosyncrasies of any particular horse, can be any judge whether he is fit to run. Some horses run better when carrying a good deal of flesh, and others when drawn very fine; but, generally speaking, Mr. W. Day likes his horses to be very light when they are to start for a race. He says that the outward appearance of a horse is often very deceptive, in proof of which he gives the following anecdote. A colt, which he had trained until he thought he was, if anything, too light, broke his thigh, and had to be destroyed. A *post-mortem* examination was then made, when, instead of being, as was expected, almost a scarecrow, he was found, to the astonishment of all concerned, to be a mass of fat. This was, of course, clear evidence that the colt was not properly prepared; and yet, from his external appearance, any trainer would have felt inclined to ease him in his work and endeavour to get him a little bigger. Contrary to the conventional opinion of racing men, Mr. Day considers a glossy coat to be no criterion whatever of a horse's condition. That a horse should look sleek in his coat is generally considered one of the very first symptoms of health, whether in a carriage-horse, a hunter, or a racehorse; but Mr. Day thinks otherwise, and in the sixth chapter of his book he enters at some length into the question. Writing about condition leads the author to make a few remarks upon the opinions of his patrons thereon, and he enlarges on the difficulty of pleasing employers on this point. He tells a story about some horses which belonged to two racing confederates. These animals he was training for their engagements at a certain meeting, a short time before which he received visits on different days from each of their joint owners. One of these gentlemen was extremely dissatisfied, and he complained that the horses were "as fat as bacon hogs." When his colleague arrived a day or two later he was even more displeased. In his opinion the horses were much too light and overtrained, and he described them as being "as dry as chips." When the races took place neither of the owners would back the horses, although for diametrically opposite reasons. Yet the horses won. We may here observe that the moral of most of the anecdotes in this instructive volume amounts to this—that owners who implicitly trust and act upon the advice of Mr. William Day are always rewarded with success, while those who take the opposite course are equally certain to be confounded. In our author's opinion one of the best tests of fitness is a horse's behaviour after a gallop. If his nostrils are then very little distended, and if his flanks are not heaving, he is probably sufficiently prepared for racing. Sweating, of which many trainers think so much, Mr. William Day considers no criterion of a horse's condition, as many horses sweat very freely even when completely prepared. His favourite tests, however, are trials, and he uses them almost as often as a criterion of condition as of quality. Contrary to the doctrine generally thought the most orthodox, he distrusts public form, and places great reliance in private trials. He candidly allows that the results of several trials of the same horses are often very contradictory; but, where there can be any doubt, he would try and try again until thoroughly satisfied as to the merits of the horses. In a trial, as in a race, especially when the distance is short, a very trifling misadventure, such as a horse crossing his legs at the start, may make the result untrustworthy. The author thinks that a common cause of the mistakes made in private trials is that, the jockeys being ordered not to hurry their horses until they are well settled into their strides,

* *The Racehorse in Training; with Hints on Racing and Racing Reforms.* By William Day. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1880.

some distance is often traversed before they are going at racing pace, and, consequently the actual length of the trial-course is materially shortened. He is in favour of trying yearlings. Many people object to trying horses until they are two years old, and even some trainers who try yearlings never make the trial course longer than three furlongs; but Mr. William Day tries them over half a mile, and discards such yearlings as then appear worthless. The results of trials are sometimes contradicted in racing through the fault of the jockey, in proof of which the following stories are given:—

There are instances again when defeat of highly-tried horses may be accounted for; as, for example, when Nimrod beat Fisherman and Marionette at Stockbridge in 1859. The owner of Fisherman gave me 25*l.* and paid Nimrod's stake (10*l.*) to make running for him. This the rider of Marionette also knew, and Fisherman and Marionette waited together so far behind that they never could get up and were easily defeated, both being about two stone better than the horse that was enabled to beat them through the circumstances described. A singular case of this sort took place not many years ago on the same spot, when odds of fifty to one were actually laid on a horse which waited such a long way behind his stable companion, a mare, that he could never catch her, and so was defeated by a head.

The bugbear of many good judges of horses is bad hocks, but Mr. Day thinks that "the worst-looking hocks, with spavins and curbs, often stand the test of work, whilst the perfectly-shaped ones will give way with little or no warning, and never get right again, treat them as you will." In fact, he would "not much object to a spavin or a curb," although nothing would induce him to buy a horse with a thorough pin, as he has "never known one so affected to stand a thorough preparation." While admitting that a good big horse is probably better than a good little one, he expresses a partiality for small horses, and he is no doubt right in believing them to be more easily procurable. Small horses he believes to be at their best when two years old, while larger horses do not ripen until much later. He also lays stress on the point that big horses are the most likely to become roarers. He prefers yearlings from private breeding farms to those which are sold at large commercial establishments, at which he thinks there is far too much "stall-feeding" for selling purposes. Giving immense sums for yearlings he thinks a foolish system, and he finds that he can get good ones for from one hundred to three hundred guineas. Once he purchased a yearling for ten guineas which afterwards won many races, including the Great Eastern Handicap and the Shrewsbury Cup. He complains bitterly of the yearlings too often sent to trainers, saying that they frequently are without a single quality to recommend them except lumps of fat, and that their owners grumble when they turn out to be worthless.

Jockeys will not feel flattered by the opinion expressed of them in this book. They are described as being "for the most part precocious lads who neither know their own business nor will submit to be taught it by those who do." The light-weight pigmies are "generally left at the post, or get badly off, and ride their horses to a standstill before half the distance has been gone over in the vain hope of regaining their lost ground. After the race" they will have "the audacity, with smiling face, to tell you" that they were the "first away to a very good start," or, at any rate, they "will never admit being further from the first horse than a length or two." The only remedy which the writer can suggest is to get rid of the necessity of baby jockeys by raising the scale of weights, so as to enable more experienced lads, or even men, to ride. He would like to raise the standard of weights as much as 21 lbs., and he states that the late John Scott agreed with him on this point. He objects strongly to the practice of giving large presents to jockeys when they have ridden the winner of a great race; but he makes no protest against magnificent presents being made to the trainers of successful horses. Indeed he complains of the irregularity with which trainers' accounts are settled. He tells us that some owners "pay yearly, some in a number of years, some not at all." Many employers pay in bills of exchange, which, when the trainer requires ready money, have to be discounted by money-lenders at fifty per cent., and perhaps renewed on maturity at the same terms. He states that the late "John Scott had at one time over 20,000*l.* on his books owing to him, over and above his yearly bills." On the other hand he admits that munificent presents, and even bequests, are made to trainers, by some employers, while there are owners who will even advance large sums to their trainers when they are short of capital. He tells us that the late Mr. Boyce, the trainer, "was, at the death of his employer, not only left his string of racehorses, but the house, stables, and the whole of the household furniture, even to the linen, plate, and pictures." Another employer, who did not owe his trainer a farthing, sent him 8,000*l.* on account.

To our mind, the most objectionable part of this book is that which preaches the pernicious doctrine that by keeping racehorses and betting "it is possible with a limited income to gain a fortune," "if not in the first, then in subsequent years." We are not prepared to affirm that such a thing is mathematically impossible, but upon its excessive improbability we think it needless to enlarge. What is said about betting will be considered perfectly fair by betting-men, but the following anecdotes of the proceedings of trainers and their commissioners may surprise weak-minded non-betting people:—

In another instance in 1859, some time before the Two Thousand, I asked my commissioner to back *Promised Land* for me. But he declared this could not be done. "No one will lay," he averred, "except at a very short and unfair price." "Very well," I replied, "I shall not run him." It is almost absurd to add that this had the desired effect. "How much do you want to back him for, and what price will you take?" came the rejoinder in the shape of a question. I named the amount and my price, and in the course of the same day was informed by my worthy commissioner, "Rather than you shall not be on, Mr. Day, I will lay you the money myself." A similar thing occurred with the same horse and the same person for the Goodwood Cup. The horse was first favourite before a shilling of my commission was executed. But I changed the face of things by informing this worthy on the night before the race: "I shall not run the horse here in this case; I shall keep him for the St. Leger." And again it was found my money could be speedily put on for me at my own price.

* * * *

One other more recent instance in respect to the Goodwood Stakes must suffice. Our commissioner at the time was requested to back a horse for that race for 1,000*l.* immediately after the publication of the weights. Between this period and the declaration of the minor forfeits there was a great deal of betting, our horse standing at 50 to 1. On the latter declaration, he rose to 33 to 1, at which price he stood some time, and then advanced to 20 to 1, when the commissioner said that most of the money was on. But when asked for his account, he replied that the returns from the country had not yet been received, and that he would send it in so soon as these came to hand. But the so-called returns were, as might have been expected, delayed, and before their arrival the horse had reached the short price of 7 to 1. Then he enclosed the account, saying: "With great regret I have to inform you that my country agent has spoiled the whole thing. He has missed the long shots and has been compelled to take the shortest price, which only has since been obtainable; and the unfortunate result is a considerable reduction of the average, which now stands at 12 to 1."

* * * *

The horse won, and what was the result? Instead of receiving the 25,000*l.* which we were fairly entitled to, we received only 12,000*l.*, or a little less than half.

In reading the chapter on betting, we are left with the impression that the author considers the greatest evil of racing to be the forestalling of owners in the betting market. He dwells in a later chapter upon the disagreeable concomitants of racecourses in the shape of singers of indecent songs, whom he describes as trolling forth offensive doggerel. He believes that, "once freed from obnoxious elements"—*i.e.* the trollers of offensive doggerel, and not the gentlemen who refuse to run their horses unless they can obtain what they consider sufficiently long prices against them—the turf "would receive a sudden access of visitors, who now avoid it." Who these visitors would be, we are informed in the next sentence. "Clergymen of many denominations are deterred from attending races, not because they disapprove the sport in itself, but because of the Saturnalia into which, unchecked by any authority, the scene is turned." Surely the millennium would be reached when the Archbishop of Canterbury and "the dear Dissenting brother" should stand side by side watching the Derby through their binoculars. Mr. William Day, however, does not wish to see music banished from the racecourse, provided it be decent and improving music. "Melody," he tells us, "adds to such diversion a pleasure of its own; songs that would delight and not offend the senses, would be an acquisition to such a scene, whilst instrumental music would help to beguile that period which, in the intervals of racing, might become, by comparison, wearisome; and those who should contribute such accessions, deserve both encouragement and reward."

When we have added that Mr. William Day never exercises horses on a Sunday, and that there is a good index at the end of his book, we think we have said all we have to say about *The Race-Horse in Training*.

MINOR NOTICES.

THE Masque (1), the reprint of which Mr. Law has edited, was "presented upon Sunday night being the eight of Jan^y 1604 in the Greate Hall at Hampton Court and personated by the Queene's most excellent Majestie, attended by eleven Ladies of Honour." Mr. Law's interesting introduction begins with a sketch of the Court, early in the course of which he notes that the Queen "in her way southward from Scotland had been received at Althorp in a most elaborate and exquisitely beautiful pageant designed by Ben Jonson." For the masque of the Twelve Goddesses Queen Elizabeth's wardrobes were sacked, a proceeding which Mr. Law says "is of a piece with all James's acts," and Mr. Law thinks it probable that the machinery and scenery of the show were devised by Inigo Jones. Of the masque itself a clear and consecutive account is compiled, and there are interesting extracts from a letter of Dudley Carleton's to John Chamberlain, dated January 15, 1604, which has never before been printed. "Theyr heads," Carleton writes in one passage, "by theyr dressing did onely distinguish the difference of y^e goddesses they did represent. Onely Pallas had a trick by herself, for her clothes were not so much below the knee but that we might see a woman had both feete and legs which I never knew before. She had a paire of buskins sett with rich stones, a helmet full of jewells, and her whole attire embosed with jewells of seueral fashions." It is curious to find a record of the early existence of literary piracy in the fact that a spurious edition of the masque was produced without the author's permission or name, which not unnaturally "seems to have given some offence to Daniel and the Court." Daniel described it as "the Vnmannerly presumption of an indiscrete printer who without warrant hath divulged the late shewe at Court, and the same very disorderly set forth." There are three copies extant of the spurious edition, and only

(1) *The Vision of the Twelve Goddesses; a Royall Masque.* By Samuel Daniel. Reprinted and Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Ernest Law. London: Bernard Quaritch.

two, so far as Mr. Law can ascertain, of the authentic version which was produced by Daniel to correct the errors of the printed one. Mr. Law is enthusiastic, perhaps too enthusiastic, over the merits of masques in general; but both the reprint itself and his introduction to and comments upon it have much interest.

The handsome testimonial edition of Mr. Planché's Extravaganzas (2) will be a valuable addition to dramatic libraries. Mr. Planché's career as a dramatic author was begun in 1818 with *Amoroso King of Little Britain*, which was produced successfully at Drury Lane, but which its author, who, in spite of its success, describes it as a "crude attempt at dramatic writing," has prevailed on his editors to exclude from the present collection. The first play in the edition is *Success; or, a Hit if You Like It*, which was modelled on the plan of a French *Revue*, and was produced with an excellent cast at the Adelphi in 1825. The piece is cleverly and brightly constructed, and, like most of those in the collection, has in its allusions and the notes which explain them considerable value in connexion with stage history. This is followed by *Olympic Revels*, the first piece of that class which Mr. Planché may be said to have invented. Before the production of this play, Mr. Planché tells us, it had been the practice "to dress a burlesque in the most *outré* and ridiculous fashion. My suggestion to try the effect of persons picturesquely attired, speaking absurd doggerel, fortunately took the fancy of the fair lessee (Mme. Vestris), and the alteration was highly appreciated by the public; but many old actors could never get over their early impressions. Liston thought to the last that Prometheus, instead of wearing the Phrygian cap, tunic, and trousers, should have been dressed like a great lubberly boy, in a red jacket and nankeens, with a pinafore all besmeared with lollipops." The fanciful and delicately humorous style of piece of which Mr. Planché is the acknowledged master has unfortunately almost disappeared, to make way for what is in most cases mis-called burlesque; but we heartily endorse an editorial note on Mr. Planché's prefatory words to *King Christmas*, the last play in the collection. The author writes, "of this, my last extravaganza," and the editors add in a foot-note "Query, *latest*, as we sincerely trust that *King Christmas* may not be Mr. Planché's 'last extravaganza.'" We need only add that we can take up any of the five volumes of this handsome and welcome edition with the certainty of lighting upon something entertaining or interesting.

The family history of the Gilpins (3), written by the Rev. William Gilpin, the author of *Forest Scenery* and of sundry *Picturesque Tours*, covers a period of nearly two hundred years, from the birth of Dr. Richard Gilpin, in 1625, to the death of the writer of the memoirs, in 1804. The earliest member of the group, Dr. Richard Gilpin, was rector of Greystoke, in Cumberland. His life was uneventful. His eldest son, William Gilpin, was Recorder of Carlisle; and, as legal adviser and agent for Sir James Lowther, then the richest and most influential man in Cumberland, he had much to do with the development of the town and port of Whitehaven. John Bernard Gilpin, the youngest son of William, was an officer in the army, and was in Carlisle Castle as commandant of a company of invalids at the time of the entry of the Pretender in 1745. The biographies of these three persons, with an autobiography of the author, the Rev. William Gilpin, Vicar of Boldre, in Hampshire, and some brief notices of other members of the Gilpin family, make up the volume. It is a wearisome record of a series of commonplace lives, of no interest whatever to the general public, and with only the most meagre claim to local attention in the county to which the family belonged. The book has been produced at the expense of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Antiquarian and Archæological Society. It is grievous to see a Society which has done some useful, though modest, work in the past, wasting its not too abundant funds upon a publication so dreary and worthless as the Gilpin Memoirs.

The twenty-second number of the new *Tales from Blackwood* (4) contains a curiously touching story by Charles Lever, called "Some One Pays," and a tale, "Left-handed Elsa," which we should be disposed to commend but for its unlucky resemblance to a story in *Phantastes*.

Mr. Dickens's new Dictionary (5) is justly described on its cover as "an easy guide for travellers." The plan of the work is simple and effective. Some thirty-five important towns on the Continent have been chosen as centres of travel, and from them the routes to the most frequented places are given, the average of those places being forty to each centre. To take the illustration given in the preface, "From the centre of *Munich* we have the routes Frankfort-Munich and Munich-Verona; the centre of *Naples* shows Naples-Verona; by continuing these three we have Frankfort-Verona, Frankfort-Naples, or Naples-Munich." The time occupied in following the routes from the centres to the radial towns is given; and, when one country is left for another, the hours of arrival and departure are given according to the railway time of the respective countries, while the actual time occupied can be seen from a table which shows the variations of railway time for the whole of the Continent. Alternative routes are shown together, and arrangements have been made to obtain the earliest information as to any change in the services. The directions and counsels given to travellers at the beginning of the book are excellent.

Mr. MacColla's sketch of the history and law of actions for breach of promise of marriage (6) has considerable interest. It is not a little curious that this should be the first work on the subject. Mr. MacColla gives no definite opinion himself as to the desirableness of the law remaining or not as it is, but states the arguments on both sides fairly. Legal readers will possibly wish that he had not attempted to enliven his subject; but, on the other hand, laymen may possibly be glad that he has done so.

There is something decidedly attractive in Mr. Anderson's small volume concerning his travels (7), which, to judge from his descriptions, he must have found, on the whole, more curious than pleasant. He gives but a poor account of the Persian character, as to which he writes, with a pleasing touch of unconscious irony, "their great faults are in the want of honesty, truthfulness, and other similar virtues; these they are totally unacquainted with, and a falsehood is considered in Persia more a virtue than a crime." Later on Mr. Anderson gives a plain and succinct account of some of the abominable barbarities and cruelties practised by the Shah, and then exclaims, with not unnatural indignation, "And this is he whose society was courted by some of the most fashionable circles of European nobility!" At Shiraz Mr. Anderson found a welcome contrast to most of his experiences in the hospitality of the European residents, a hospitality which, he says, is too often trespassed upon by "loafing, dissimulating Italians and Germans, who frequently pass through Persia on foot *en route* for India." This is an odd passage, and seems to require annotation. Mr. Anderson's *Wanderings in Persia* include an account of his experiences on his return journey in Russia, of which country he seems to have formed no better opinion than he did of Persia; and certainly his bitter expressions with regard to certain parts of the Russian system are warranted by the scenes and facts which he describes.

Mr. Parker Gillmore says that the main contents of the volume (8) he has lately produced were so well received by the public some years ago that he has "presumed to hope this corrected and improved edition may obtain fresh favours from critics as well as general readers." The book is full of stirring tales, one of the oddest and most exciting of which will be found under the heading, "A Battle in a Billiard-Room." One passage, relating to the author's slaying of an alligator is curious as showing how the love of animals may co-exist with the love of chasing and killing them. "Towards the majority of animals I have a strong feeling of kindness, amounting to love. . . . In killing most species of game I have always felt a qualm at depriving a helpless animal of life, but on this occasion I turned from my handiwork well satisfied with my performance."

Mr. Bicknell in his "sermonettes" (9) has wisely avoided any attempt at fine writing, and has aimed merely at placing what he has to say in as simple, interesting, and easy a form as he can command.

Bibliophiles will welcome Mr. Stock's facsimile reproduction of the autograph MS. of the *De Imitatione Christi* (10), which has had to encounter a curious series of misadventures before it saw the light, caused first by the difficulties of photographing and the breakage of negatives, then by the destruction by fire of some of the electro blocks, and then by various accidents which befel the Dutch paper. The final result, however, is completely satisfactory.

The fresh appearance of any important edition of *Don Quixote* (11) is an event of great interest to literature. One hundred and sixty-eight years ago Motteux's translation obtained some well-deserved favour, for it supplanted the infamous caricature which John Philips made of the ever chivalrous and pure-minded knight some five-and-twenty years before. But Motteux allowed his own version to retain too much of the impurity of the one that he corrected, and his first edition, which appeared in 1712, was disfigured by the plates that were originally prepared for the folio of Philips. If these had been the only things stolen from Philips by Motteux, there would have been less to complain of in the revival of a translation that is not suitable to our own day or adapted to our tastes. It is not unlikely that Lord Woodhouslee is responsible for

(2) *Testimonial Edition of the Extravaganzas of J. R. Planché, Esq. (Somerset Herald)* 1825-1871. Edited by T. F. Dillon Croker and Stephen Tucker (Rouge Croix.) London: Samuel French.

(3) *Memoirs of Dr. Richard Gilpin, and of his Posterity in the Two Succeeding Generations. Written in the year* 1791. By the Rev. William Gilpin. Edited by W. Jackson, F.S.A. London: B. Quaritch. Carlisle: Thurnam & Sons. 1879.

(4) *Tales from Blackwood.* New Series. No. XXII. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood.

(5) *Dickens's Dictionary of Continental Railways, Steamboats, Diligences, &c.* Published Monthly. No. 1. March 1880. London: Charles Dickens.

(6) *Breach of Promise; its History and Social Considerations: to which are added a few Pages on the Law of Breach of Promise and a Glance at many Amusing Cases since the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.* By Charles J. MacColla. London: Pickering.

(7) *My Wanderings in Persia.* By T. S. Anderson With Illustrations and Map, showing the Scientific Frontier in Afghanistan and the Russian Advance in Central Asia. London: James Blackwood & Co.

(8) *Adventures in Many Lands.* By Parker Gillmore, "Ubique." With Illustrations by Sidney P. Hall. London: Marcus Ward & Co.

(9) *Sunday Snowdrops: Lay Sermons.* More especially for the Use of Young Boys. By Walter L. Bicknell. London: Masters & Co.

(10) *The Imitation of Christ; being the Autograph Manuscript of Thomas à Kempis' "De Imitatione Christi."* Reproduced in Facsimile from the Original preserved in the Royal Library at Brussels. With an Introduction by Charles Ruelens, Keeper of the Department of Manuscripts, Royal Library, Brussels. London: Elliot Stock.

(11) *The History of the Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha.* Translated from the Spanish by P. A. Motteux. Vol. I. Edinburgh: Paterson.

the rash encomiums which have been given to this work, and which the present publisher reproduces; but even he complains of "the licentiousness, abbreviations, and enlargements," which required to be corrected, and probably, but for his dislike of Smollett, we should never have heard of any praise of Peter Motteux from his lordship. The most singular thing, however, remains to be said of this translation. It is not the work of Motteux. The title-page of the third edition informs us that it is "translated from the original Spanish by several hands," and is published by Peter Motteux. What Lord Woodhouslee properly calls his "presumptuous mutilations" of the original make us regret that a work already dead should have been by artificial means made to bear the semblance of life. For some time it had been the common belief that Motteux's translation was made not from the original Spanish, but from French; and Jarvis, who appears to have always been unfortunate in his accusations, says that it "is a kind of loose paraphrase rather than a translation, and is taken wholly from the French." This was repeated by Sir Joseph Collyer in his *Dictionary of the World*, from which it was borrowed by Navarette. It is, however, not true. Bad as some of the French versions are, there is none to equal it in that respect to be found in the French tongue.

Messrs. Paul and Co. have published a beautiful edition (12), bound in vellum, of Shelley's minor poems, with an excellent preface by Mr. Garnett.

A handsome and convenient library edition of Mr. Stubbs's well-known and most valuable work, *The Constitutional History of England* (13), has just been issued from the Clarendon Press. It is needless to say that the printing and getting-up of the book are excellent.

We note, with every hope of its success, the enterprising publication at Rome of a magazine written in English (14), and dealing with subjects of wide and general interest. The first number contains, amongst other things, articles on "English Parties and Foreign Politics," on the French drama, on Renaissance literature, and on the revival of antique jewelry.

In the October number of the *Melbourne Review* (15) two articles—on Balzac and on Lessing's *Nathan der Weise*—have special literary interest. Whether Mr. Blanbaum, who writes the second of these articles, is right in thinking that a translation of *Nathan* would find favour on the stage, is perhaps open to question.

The December number of the *Victorian Review* (16) has many articles of interest, among them one by Mr. Edward Dicey on agricultural distress in England; and it follows the model of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in having a *feuilleton* of fiction, the present one being Mr. Francillon's clever story, "A Bad Bargain," which, in construction, is as ingenious as one of Gaboriau's stories.

We have received the sixth issue of the *Victorian Year-Book* (17), in which several fresh tables have been introduced, while the figures have been corrected to the latest date.

A third edition, revised and enlarged, has appeared of Mr. Thackeray's well-known *Anthologia Latina* (18).

This is the 167th year of publication of Debrett (19), and the present edition contains valuable additions to what seemed before a singularly complete work. Amongst these additions is copious information, the collection of which must have cost considerable pains, as to "particulars of the professional services and residences of collateral branches."

A third edition has just appeared of Mr. Stephen Hawtrey's Introduction to Euclid (20), and will be welcome to the many people who remember Mr. Hawtrey's skill in making the rough ways of Euclid seem smooth to his pupils.

(12) *Poems selected from Percy Bysshe Shelley*. With Preface by Richard Garnett. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.

(13) *The Constitutional History of England*. By William Stubbs, D.D. Library Edition. Oxford: Clarendon Press. London: Macmillan & Co.

(14) *Minerva*. A Monthly Review. Edited by Pericles Tzikos. Rome: "Minerva" Office. London: Williams & Norgate.

(15) *The Melbourne Review*. Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, and Brisbane: Robertson.

(16) *The Victorian Review*. Melbourne: "Victorian Review" Publishing Company. London: Macmillan.

(17) *Victorian Year-Book*, 1878-9. (Sixth Year of Issue.) By Henry Heylyn Hayter, Government Statist of Victoria. Melbourne: John Ferres. London: George Robertson.

(18) *Anthologia Latina*. Selected and arranged by the Rev. St. John Thackeray, M.A., Assistant Master at Eton College. Third Edition. London: Bell & Sons.

(19) *Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Titles of Courtesy*. Edited by Robert H. Mair, LL.D. London: Dean & Son. 1880.

(20) *An Introduction to the Elements of Euclid*. By the Rev. Stephen Hawtrey, M.A. Third Edition. London: Longmans.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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CONTENTS OF No. 1,272, MARCH 13, 1880:

CONTENTS OF No. 1,271, MARCH 6, 1880:

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

GROVE TESTIMONIAL FUND.—On the occasion of Mr. GEORGE GROVE'S retirement from the Board of the Crystal Palace Company, it is proposed to offer him a public recognition of the value of the services which he has rendered to music in connexion with the Saturday Concerts. It is thought that the same opportunity may not unfitly be taken advantage of to testify to the value of his labours in behalf of Biblical History and Geography in connexion with the Palestine Exploration Fund and the Dictionary of the Bible.

With this object it is proposed to raise a Fund by Subscription, and to employ the proceeds as may hereafter be determined by the Committee.

Subscriptions are invited, and should be paid in to the "Grove Testimonial Fund," at the London and County Bank, Hanover Square, as soon as possible.

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Testimonials will be received at Malvern by the SECRETARY of the College, not later than April 21; and he will in the meantime supply any further information that may be desired.

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TO the MEMBERS of the SENATE of the UNIVERSITY of CAMBRIDGE.

GENTLEMEN,—The announcement made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer yesterday evening will lead almost immediately to the Dissolution of the present Parliament.

Under other circumstances I might possibly have wished to withdraw myself into private life, but as the works of the University Commission are incomplete, I own I feel so intensely interested in the results of their labours that I should still desire, with your leave, to be in the place I have so long occupied as your representative, in case any questions should arise about them.

To other topics I need hardly refer. The great principle of Conservative Progress, which I have ever advocated, is as true and just and important now as it ever was in any part of my Parliamentary career; and, to my mind, the wise application of that principle to all our Institutions, whether they are Political, Academical, or Religious, are, under Heaven, the real secret and the primary cause of our national well-being.

It is with these convictions that I venture to solicit once more a renewal of your confidence, not unmindful of the kindly, cordial, and generous support which I have received at your hands for not less than four-and-twenty years.

I am, Gentlemen, with great respect, yours most faithfully,

S. H. WALPOLE.

109 Eaton Square, London, March 9, 1880.

TO the MEMBERS of the SENATE of the UNIVERSITY of CAMBRIDGE.

GENTLEMEN,—Twelve years' service as your Representative in three Parliaments emboldens me to seek the renewal of a trust which is the highest honour to which a man engaged in public affairs can look.

My course in the next Parliament, if you do me the honour to re-elect me, will be consistent with the steady but independent support which I have given to the present Government.

The interests of our beloved University at this critical period will be to me a first care, as well as those of learning in general, while it will be an object of my anxious solicitude that the Church of England should suffer no detriment either as a Divine Institution or as an Estate of the Realm.

I have the honour to remain, Gentlemen, your faithful and obedient Servant,

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SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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MR. GLADSTONE IN MIDLOTHIAN.

AFTER preliminary gallops at Marylebone and at four or five railway stations, Mr. GLADSTONE has settled down to his work in Midlothian. He is with good reason exempt from the fear of tiring himself out by any amount of supererogatory work. He began his speech at the Edinburgh Music Hall with the statement that on his former visit he had endeavoured in some degree to open the case which was to be submitted to the constituency at the general election. To the world at large it might have appeared that he then exhausted every subject which could affect the decision of the electors; but careful readers had remarked, not without solicitude, that in one of his returning railway speeches he expressed regret at the necessity which had compelled him to omit several material topics. Notwithstanding the implied promise of his exordium, in his later Edinburgh speech he said nothing new. The customary eloquence showed no tendency to flag, though, if it were allowable to offer advice to so great an orator, Mr. GLADSTONE might perhaps be reminded that, by the use of incessant superlatives, he adds as little to impressiveness as a man who stands on tiptoe adds to his apparent stature. It is a symptom, not of force, but of excitement, to lay extraordinary emphasis on statements which are sometimes not even true. Mr. GLADSTONE asserts that in newspapers opposed to his policy "violent passions, "outrageous hatred, and sordid greed for office are described "as the motives by which his conduct is governed." Of violent language, and of hatred of some of his opponents, Mr. GLADSTONE cannot be held guiltless; but no respectable writer has ever accused him of sordid greed of office. An exclusive and intolerant conviction of the justice of his own opinions may be naturally and properly associated with a desire of the power which would enable him to give effect to his policy. Of a selfish regard to his own personal advantage he cannot be acquitted, only because he has not been accused. In one part of his speech he complains, with a whimsical and transient sensitiveness, that the Ministers, instead of standing on the defensive, have infringed constitutional precedent by attacking the Opposition. After exposure during three or four years to incessant vituperation, Lord BEACONSFIELD could scarcely be expected to admit that his assailants were themselves faultless. If it is wrong to break international and municipal law, to tarnish and deface the good name of England, and heedlessly to aggravate the distress of the country by useless and mischievous measures, it cannot be right to impute these offences to a Government without sufficient foundation. Lord BEACONSFIELD, in claiming the confidence of the country, which, as he believes, approves his conduct, is entitled to express a doubt whether his irreconcilable opponents would not, by reversing his measures, compromise the safety and honour of England. Neither Mr. GLADSTONE's accusation nor Lord BEACONSFIELD's counter-charge decides the controversy; but both are agreed that the issue is of vital importance.

Only the charm which Mr. GLADSTONE's eloquence exercises on a Scotch audience can render tolerable the recapitulation of statments and arguments which every reader of newspapers has long since known by heart. It is not unamusing to study Mr. GLADSTONE's criticisms on the Peace party, while at the same time he admits that an error, arising from the mixed nature of humanity, is 'not only a respectable but a noble error." He is anxious to deny his own participation in the error, however noble and by dint of frequent repetition he has persuaded himself that on one occasion he also took a daring course. The treaties made in 1870 with France and Prussia, to the effect that either of the two Powers would join with England in the contingency of an attack on Belgium by the other, were perhaps not extraordinarily brilliant specimens of diplomacy, though, as Mr. GLADSTONE characteristically boasts, the preparations to give effect to the treaties only cost two millions. Either Prussia or France would have been only too glad of an English alliance, if the other party had meddled with Belgium. Both Powers had, shortly before the war, discussed the annexation of Belgium to France without the smallest regard to the objections of England. After the rupture, the danger had become remote, if not imaginary. The protest against an attack on Belgium which never took place cost two millions; and, as Mr. GLADSTONE says, the protest against the Russian designs on Turkey cost six millions at first and additional sums afterwards; and it proved but partially effective. Unfortunately diplomatic resistance to the designs of a great Power bent upon war costs more and produces less result than a harmless flourish when there is no real danger. Mr. GLADSTONE quotes Lord BEACONSFIELD's expression of opinion that the Russian attack upon Turkey might have been prevented by determined opposition. It by no means follows that Lord BEACONSFIELD was inconsistent in not acting on his own judgment, with Lord DERBY in his Cabinet and with Mr. GLADSTONE exciting the people against the Government and Russia against Turkey. A statesman is only bound to do what is possible. The inevitable consequence of the neutrality of England was the defeat of Turkey, with which the Ministers are now unjustly taunted. It is true that there was vacillation, amounting, according to Mr. GLADSTONE, to ineptitude, while Lord DERBY was determined that force should not in any contingency be employed. The hesitation of England may probably have been a chief cause "of that deplorable "and ruinous war." The Ministers "did not counsel "Turkey's submission to superior force; they neither would "advise her to submit, nor would they assist her to resist." It may be added in their excuse that they gave the Porte full warning that no English aid would be forthcoming in the event of war.

The most absurd idea which Mr. GLADSTONE can conceive, though he has often discerned equal absurdity in opinions adverse to his own, is that "the presence of certain British "ironclads in the Sea of Marmora prevented the victorious "Russian armies from entering Constantinople." Facts are never absurd, because they could not have happened if they had been inconsistent with the condition of things. It is certain that the presence of the British ironclads, by its political effect, if not by material force, produced the result which, in Mr. GLADSTONE's judgment, is utterly absurd. "The first bitter disappointment was prepared "for Russia, now intoxicated with the prospect of certain "triumph, by the appearance of the British fleet in the "Bosphorus, and by the impression produced by this "event at the headquarters of the Grand Duke NICHOLAS. "'The impossible had come to pass.' The army remained, "as if rooted to the spot, outside the gates of that city "which since the days of IGOR and OLEG had never seen "the face of a Muscovite invader. For months the "Russian soldiers looked wistfully at the Mosque of St.

"Sophia, and dared not reach out their hands to "reach the Jerusalem of Slav orthodoxy, and take pos- "session of the inheritance of the COMNENI. In the "eyes of the Government the fear of intervention "'from the despised West' outweighed the appre- "hension of wounding the popular spirit and ne- "glecting the sacred traditions of the past. AKSAKOFF "and his friends raged furiously, but in vain. They were "forced to confess that the cause of Western civilization "was not yet defunct, and that the name of England had "still some meaning in the world." Such is the language used by the author of *Russia Before and After the War*, himself a Russian subject. Mr. GLADSTONE failed to explain to the assembly which laughed at his denunciation of the most absurd of ideas why the Russian army halted outside Constantinople.

It was an anti-climax in the latter part of the speech to expatiate on the supposed misdeeds of the Tory party in other times, when there was no BEACONSFIELD to mislead them. Mr. GLADSTONE might well have left to Mr. BRIGHT the office of denouncing the great French war, which, after the rise of NAPOLEON, became the most righteous and glorious of all enterprises recorded in English history. As Mr. GLADSTONE significantly remarked, the war added six hundred and fifty millions to the National Debt. That it saved the independence of England and restored the freedom of Europe are secondary considerations for an orator who, notwithstanding his heroic outlay of two millions in 1870, is perhaps not far from sharing in the "noble error" of the peace party. It was, if possible, still more irrelevant to complain of the two hundred millions of debt which were incurred during the American war. Mr. GLADSTONE declared, in a peroration of unusual eloquence, that he has laboured to maintain the noble inheritance which has descended to us in his youth, in his manhood, and till his hairs were grey. During five-and-twenty years he laboured as one of the Tories whom he now holds up to contempt and indignation. He had a perfect right in later years to change his convictions; but he must know from his own experience that the opinions to which he is now opposed are consistent with conscientious patriotism. It is a defect in his intellect or his temperament that he can never recognize the existence of two sides to a question. His adversaries appear to him always to maintain, under the influence of the worst motives, the most absurd ideas which may be applicable to the immediate subject of controversy. Only a belief in his own ineffable superiority can account for such an outburst as the first speech by which he delayed the departure of the Great Northern train from King's Cross station. He may prove to have been justified in his prophecy that he would win the contest for Midlothian, though it is usually wise to postpone boasts of victory to the time when the harness is taken off. In any other statesman it would have seemed strangely arrogant to announce to a casual crowd that he was also about to eject from seats which they unworthily occupy many other members who he hoped would attempt in retirement to acquire the Parliamentary qualifications in which they are at present deficient. It is good to be superior to the rest of mankind; but, as Lord GRANVILLE lately told Lord BEACONSFIELD, it is not wise to assert even an undisputed ascendency. As he proceeded on his journey Mr. GLADSTONE subsided into ordinary pugnacity. At York, where the train had lost fifty minutes, he took occasion to excite the jealousy of the farmers against the landlords, on the ground that the increased probate duties will fall upon stock and not on the freehold. He took care not to add that farmers' stock will divide the burden with all other personalty, and that the anomaly or inequality attaches to the whole probate duty, which has existed during his own long administration of the finances. It was injudicious of Sir S. NORTHCOTE to furnish with fresh pretexts for hostility an adversary who needed no supplement to his inexhaustible controversial resources. Mr. GLADSTONE's speeches on Thursday at Corstorphine and Ratho were, as usual, powerful, and more than usually temperate in tone, if not in substance. His frequent demonstrations of the incompatibility of the Anglo-Turkish Convention with the public law of Europe have always been weakened by the fact that Europe has never complained. His own policy of coercing Turkey in 1876 may have been morally justifiable, but it would have been a startling innovation in international jurisprudence. It is satisfactory to observe that, in speaking at Ratho on domestic affairs, Mr. GLADSTONE abstained from repeating the revolutionary proposition that, if peasant proprietorship was economically expedient, the land ought to be compulsorily taken for the purpose from its present owners.

LORD HARTINGTON AT ACCRINGTON.

ELECTION speeches of the modern pattern are lik epic poems divided into cantos or books. The candidate has to go to so many places and to speak to so many people, and, when he is standing for such a constituency as North-East Lancashire and holds so important a position in the county as Lord HARTINGTON holds, his speeches are reported so fully, that he is obliged to portion out what he has to say, and to deliver his sentiments by instalments. Lord HARTINGTON gave his hearers at Accrington the first canto of his electioneering epic. There are many other cantos to come, and in this initiatory portion he only introduced himself and his opponents on the scene, and laid the foundation for the main action of his epic. It is true that in electioneering addresses there is often to be observed a failing in the proposed progress of the author, and his hearers or readers find that in some strange way they are always being brought back to the first canto. Lord HARTINGTON may not be able to find new matter enough to fill up the other cantos which he promised the electors. Still it is proverbially harder to make a good beginning than to write any other part of a poem, except perhaps the finish, and Lord HARTINGTON in beginning well got through the most difficult portion of his task. He discussed the possible motives of the Government for dissolving Parliament at a length which would have been disproportionate if his speech was to be taken by itself, and not as one of many speeches making a whole. But if there must be a beginning of the epic, it is perhaps a natural beginning for the candidate to tell how it happens that he is where and when he is. Lord HARTINGTON has been washed by a sudden storm on the friendly shore of Lancashire, and, after the usage of epic heroes, he tells how spiteful were the gods who broke up his ship, and yet how thankful he is that he has been carried where he finds a kindly welcome, winning manners, and perhaps a new love. Looked at from any other than the epical point of view, a discussion on the reasons for dissolving Parliament is far from interesting. It does not seem to concern any one why the Government did what every one is very glad that it did. Lord HARTINGTON gave many excellent reasons for supposing that the Government did not think of dissolving when the Session opened. To dissolve seems to have been a happy thought that suddenly struck it. Even a Conservative Government must be allowed to have happy thoughts sometimes. The Ministry likes the dissolution, the Opposition likes it, the country likes it, the existing Parliament longs to end, those who hope to be returned to a new Parliament long to begin. Provided the thought of dissolving was a good one, what can it matter to any one whether it got into the brain of the Ministry all at once or bit by bit? As between contending parties, this sudden dissolution was eminently fair. The Conservatives were no better prepared for it than the Liberals. It was made after the Liberals had had a good opportunity of dissociating themselves from Home Rule, and before the Conservatives could show any special danger menacing Europe against which England had to guard. The Government had to disclose its financial plans and to offer to its adversaries the advantage of proving them to be unsatisfactory. The sorrows of the dying farmer are really a handsome present to the Opposition. The Water Bill had just lived long enough to arouse the indignation of ratepayers, and not long enough to receive any justification before a Committee of which it may be susceptible. Lord BEACONSFIELD at any rate offered his opponents a perfectly fair field of contest, and, to crown his kindnesses, he composed and published his wonderful manifesto.

To Lord HARTINGTON this manifesto was a godsend. It permitted him to treat the subjects discussed in it in the manner most favourable to his cause, and the obvious criticisms which he bestowed on it occupied all but the opening of his introductory speech. It

is difficult to conceive how these criticisms could have been better put. Lord HARTINGTON in this part of his speech was eminently clear, logical, vigorous, and yet moderate in tone and sparing of idle abuse. The decided line he has taken during this Session against the obstructives gave countenance to the renewed statement of his determined opposition to Home Rule, and Lord BEACONSFIELD's mysterious reference to the Colonies gave an easy opportunity for inferring that what was an absurd imputation in one case must necessarily be absurd in another. Lord HARTINGTON has had plenty of time to think over his letter to Lord RAMSAY, and he now explains that he regarded Lord RAMSAY as a promising lad who certainly made some rash concessions to win the Home Rule vote, but who was on the whole such a nice young man that he deserved a gentle pat on the back. If Lord HARTINGTON had written two months ago what he says now he might have saved himself from much misinterpretation. It is quite evident that Lord HARTINGTON would not now write as he wrote then. He would be much more guarded, and would tell the rash boy a little more explicitly what he thought of him. There is not the least real ground for saying or thinking that Liberals like Lord HARTINGTON are inclined to give in to the demand for Home Rule, nor are much more advanced Liberals in England inclined to waver on this point in their support of Lord HARTINGTON. The rejection by the Conservative party of the Irish Election Bill gave all Liberals equally the advantage of being able to say that their answer to Home Rule was to treat Irishmen as on an equality with Englishmen, so that they seem to have a policy towards Ireland more conciliatory than that of mere negation. On the other hand, the acrimonious language of Lord BEACONSFIELD's address has secured for the Liberal party in England the Irish vote without any inconvenient pledges being asked for. So far the Liberals meet English electors on favourable terms as regards Ireland. But nothing that Lord HARTINGTON or any other Liberal can do or say can diminish the force of one obvious consideration. A Conservative Government can exist without the support of the Home Rulers, and a Liberal Government cannot. It might happen that the Home Rulers would for a time support a Liberal Ministry rather than let the Conservatives in again, although the Liberal Ministry did nothing to please them. But it is the prospect of a Government dependent on Home Rule support, even if this support were given gratis, that frightens many Englishmen, and makes them think it better that the firmness of Lord HARTINGTON in resisting the pressure of his inconvenient supporters should not be put just at present to the test.

Lord HARTINGTON in foreign policy belongs to the old school of Whigs. His school is the school of Lord PALMERSTON and Lord RUSSELL. He knows that England must fulfil every engagement, prudent or imprudent, into which she has entered. He is well aware that England cannot remain indifferent to European affairs, and that the influence of England must depend on her power to act as well as on her good intentions. Lord DERBY, as was announced at Accrington, has given in his definite adhesion to the Liberal party, and in Lancashire it must be some advantage to Lord HARTINGTON that he has the open support of a person like Lord DERBY, who has held high office, and is of great local importance. It is something, too, for a Liberal to say that the foreign policy of the Government has alienated its own Foreign Secretary. But Lord HARTINGTON's views of foreign policy are not really those of Lord DERBY. A disciple of Lord PALMERSTON is not likely to admire endless pausing, hesitation, and uncertainty, although he may in a general way agree in a dislike of rash enterprise and hazardous undertakings. The only point perhaps on which Lord DERBY more closely approaches the traditional Whig policy than that of those with whom he lately acted is a sympathy with what are called nationalities and a distrust of the Porte. Both Lord HARTINGTON and Lord DERBY would equally disclaim any desire that England should try to dictate to Europe, and have an equal dislike of a race for ascendency. Lord DERBY, too, did one thing during his tenure of power of which Liberals strongly approve, when he aided Russia to the best of his power in defeating the German project of a war to crush France in 1875. But Lord HARTINGTON, in the midst of his criticisms of the Ministry, always takes care to make it clear that England must be prompt and decided whenever she takes any part, and Lord DERBY is not quite the man to carry out such a policy. The trouble for Lord HARTINGTON here, again, is that he finds it easier to inspire confidence in himself than in those with whom he must act if in power. On the other hand, if it is to be his fate to remain out of office, it is a gain, not only to his party, but to the country, that he should personally win general confidence and give something like coherence and dignity to the Opposition.

PRINCE ORLOFF AND THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

THE French Government has had an awkward business to manage in the demand for the extradition of HARTMANN. The Advanced Left, on whose support M. DE FREYCINET's Administration rests, has no particular love for the Nihilists, but it cherishes a kind of official sympathy for revolutionists everywhere. Probably, if it had been asked to say positively whether it wished a man who had attempted to murder the Emperor of RUSSIA to find sanctuary in France, it would have proclaimed its readiness to surrender him; but it would be exceedingly unwilling to admit that any such person was in France at any given time. Considering that, if the HARTMANN lately in custody in Paris was really the HARTMANN implicated in the Moscow conspiracy, he was not very likely to return to Russia, and that his absence from the country was not a matter to cause the authorities any regret, it would have been wiser if the Russian Government had never asserted the identity of the two men, or founded thereon any demand for extradition. They must have been very well aware that M. DE FREYCINET would not give up the alleged criminal unless very strong evidence both of his identity and of his complicity was laid before him, and they must also have been aware that the proofs they had to offer were not of a very conclusive kind. Documentary evidence of identity can rarely be very satisfactory, and it does not appear from the precise and detailed account furnished by the Paris Correspondent of the *Times* that any other evidence was brought forward. The Russian Government furnished in the first instance a photograph and a description; but the PUBLIC PROSECUTOR reported, after an examination of the prisoner, that he was not particularly like the photograph, and did not very well answer to the description. Before M. DE FREYCINET had received this report, Prince ORLOFF, according to the *Times*' Correspondent, had indicated a means of escape for the French Government, supposing them to be in difficulties. If you have to refuse our demand, the PRINCE had in effect said, refuse it on strictly judicial grounds. Do not tell us that the Left are so much in love with murder, when the victim is a crowned head, that they will not hear of HARTMANN being given up; but say that the French law requires such and such proofs of identity, or what not, and that this indispensable minimum has not been furnished to you. Accordingly, M. DE FREYCINET, at his next interview with the PRINCE, dwelt much on the necessity of having better proofs than any that had yet been brought forward, and was told that M. MORAVIEFF, the Russian Advocate-General, was on his way with additional evidence. When M. MORAVIEFF reached Paris it turned out that he had no fresh evidence to offer. All he could do was to explain why Russian procedure did not admit of any fresh evidence being offered. Accordingly, when the Cabinet met and were informed by the KEEPER of the SEALS, the PROCUREUR of the Republic, and the PROCUREUR-GENERAL of the Paris Court of Appeal that neither the identity of HARTMANN nor his complicity in the attempt to destroy the Imperial train had been proved by the documents already supplied, and heard from the PRIME MINISTER that no further documents were forthcoming, they had no choice but to set HARTMANN free. This decision was communicated to Prince ORLOFF in a private note from M. DE FREYCINET, in which it was expressly stated that he would be informed of the Ministerial resolution in an official letter. Unluckily Prince ORLOFF seems to have disregarded this intimation, and to have treated M. DE FREYCINET's note as official. At all events he sent it on to his Government, by whom it was taken as official, and, viewed in this light, it was discovered to contain two very grievous aggravations of the original offence. The first was that M. DE FREYCINET said that the decision of the Cabinet had been unanimous, thus implying that the Russian demand

had found no advocates among the Ministers, and had, in fact, been treated as utterly inadmissible. The second was that M. DE FREYCINET had expressed the indignation of the Cabinet at the horrible outrage to which His Majesty the CZAR had been exposed, thus referring to the august object of these outrages in too familiar and informal a manner. The arrival two days later of the formal notification did not mend matters. Prince ORLOFF has been recalled to St. Petersburg, General CHANZY is expected at Paris, and apparently the two countries may for some time to come have to carry on such negotiations as are necessary through a Chargé d'Affaires.

There seems no reason to suppose that M. DE FREYCINET could possibly have done otherwise than he did. The extradition of criminals whose acts may be variously regarded as political or non-political is always a very delicate matter. The general disposition of Continental lawyers is to regard the murder of sovereigns as a political crime in virtue of the dignity of the person against whom the attempt is directed; but in extradition treaties between France and other countries the term "political" has been interpreted so as to exclude the murder or attempted murder of the Chief of the State. With Russia, however, France has no extradition treaty; and it is easy to see how variously this absence of a treaty would be taken according as the persons concerned in the argument did or did not wish HARTMANN to be given up. In the one case it would be maintained that the French Government had given their own definition of a political crime in the treaties they had repeatedly made with foreign countries, and that by this definition they would be bound, even though they happened not to have communicated it to the Russian Government. In the other case it would be urged that the general definition of a political crime must be held to remain in force except in cases where it had been modified by a specific treaty, for, it must be presumed, specific considerations. No such treaty had been made with Russia, and an attempt on the life of the Russian sovereign must therefore still be regarded as a political crime. If HARTMANN had been given up, the question would certainly have been raised in the Chamber of Deputies, and the debate that must have arisen, besides being exceedingly embarrassing to the Government, might have been very injurious to the maintenance of friendly relations with Russia. It is at least possible that the Chamber might have interfered in time to stop the Executive from surrendering their prisoner, and if extradition had after all been refused as the result of a Ministerial defeat, matters would have been in a very much worse position than they are at present. The happy absence of adequate proof of HARTMANN's guilt, made the more telling perhaps by M. DE FREYCINET and M. CAZOT's convenient inability to satisfy themselves that the proofs actually furnished were adequate, has certainly got the French Government out of a dilemma without, so far as yet appears, any real breach of diplomatic propriety.

It is true no doubt that M. DE FREYCINET's Government will have to pay the costs of his escape. There will be a coolness probably between France and Russia until such time as the interest of the latter in being on good terms with the French Government shall get the better of the irritation which at present leads her to regard M. GRÉVY and his Ministers as so many protectors of assassins. But this coolness will be very far from being an unmixed evil for France. The friendship of Russia has of late perhaps been rather an embarrassment than an advantage. There are overtures which cannot be rejected without risk, or accepted without still greater risk; and if a temporary estrangement relieves France from all immediate chance of these overtures being repeated, M. DE FREYCINET may not have cause to regret HARTMANN's brief sojourn in Paris. There seems now to be a disposition to throw the blame of the misunderstanding on Prince ORLOFF. Whether to do so be just or unjust, it is plain that, if the Russian Government has already repented of its demand, the Ambassador through whom it was presented will make a very convenient scapegoat.

THE BUDGET DEBATE.

THE last financial debate of the Session and the Parliament was conducted under singular conditions. At one time the SPEAKER was the solitary hearer of Sir G. BALFOUR's eloquence. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER and Mr. GLADSTONE himself could only command a limited audience. The great majority of members had dispersed to attend to their own interests in the impending elections; and the few who remained were more or less consciously engaged in the same occupation. Mr. GLADSTONE warned Sir S. NORTHCOTE that in the next fortnight he would hear more of the alteration of the Probate duties, and there is not the smallest reason to doubt that the promise will be amply fulfilled. From the same quarter the Ministers will hear many other assertions and arguments, and none that will be in any way pleasant. If the House had been at leisure to consider the question of Probate on its merits, some of the criticisms made by various members would have deserved attention. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER could only have excused the imperfections of the measure on the ground that he also was pressed for time. It is, as Mr. GLADSTONE said, monstrous that the representatives of the deceased should be required to pay full duty on assets, without allowance for debts which may in some cases be of equal amount. The arrangement was not less monstrous during the many years of Mr. GLADSTONE's financial administration. The sole motive for the change in the duties proposed in connexion with the present Budget was that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER required 700,000*l.*, and would be glad of a larger sum, which he may probably receive. A correction of the anomaly which was justly denounced would both have taken time and have involved a considerable sacrifice of revenue. With still better reason the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER abstained from dealing with the fiscal distinction between personal and real property. It would have been impossible to deal with so complicated a matter on the eve of a dissolution. The imposition of Probate duty on land, and the equalization of the Legacy and Succession duties, would promote a result which a popular school of economists holds to be desirable, by compelling many heirs and devisees to sell their estates.

The establishment of uniformity between Probate and Administration duties was not urgently necessary, although it is perhaps defensible. Mr. DODSON indeed contended that the existing practice had the advantage of inducing owners of property to make wills, instead of trusting to the law of distribution; but in most cases the division of assets under the statute is reasonable and just, and it is not the business of financiers to inculcate by penalties or exemptions rules of virtue and prudence. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's object was not the production of symmetry, but the increase of the whole produce of the tax. Equality might have been not less effectually and more satisfactorily accomplished by lowering the duties on intestate estates instead of raising the Probate duties. Great and just objection was made to the capricious scale of taxation, and to the sudden jumps of percentage when the property reaches certain amounts. The technical excuse that an *ad valorem* duty could not be levied because it would require a large stock of stamps was scarcely worthy of Sir S. NORTHCOTE's good sense and candour. It is far more easy to charge a fixed percentage on property liable to probate than on incomes, which are nevertheless all equally taxed. The new scale of duties will be in some respects less anomalous than the old; but the total charge on personal property will be increased by the exact amount which is added to the revenue. As the greater part of the accumulated deficits is to be covered by the diversion of the Sinking Fund and the expected surpluses of the next five years, it would perhaps have been better to dispense with any additional taxation. The increase of the Probate duties is only less objectionable than another penny of Income-tax, or than an increase of some existing duty which would have deranged special trades. By complying to a limited extent with the remonstrances and demands of his opponents, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will not modify a single paragraph in Mr. GLADSTONE's indignant speeches, or blunt the point of one of Sir W. HARCOURT's epigrams.

The discussion on the Probate duty naturally widened into a debate not so much on the Budget as on the financial policy of the Government during the last six years. Of the Budget itself, the additional Probate duty, which was a concession to the clamour of the Opposition, was the most objectionable part. According to hostile critics, the whole floating debt which has been incurred during three years ought to have been paid off by means of new taxes imposed at a time when they would have been most inconvenient and oppressive. Such a policy would

have [illegible] the double merit of conforming to an arbitrary doctrine, and of rendering the Government as unpopular as possible on the eve of the election. Mr. GLADSTONE has always been consistent in the opinion that the costs even of war ought to be paid out of the revenue of the year. His admirers have lately often quoted an opinion expressed by Prince ALBERT at the beginning of the Crimean war, that "GLADSTONE's proposal is wise and "courageous." At that time the PRINCE could have known little of finance; and he had not observed that Mr. GLADSTONE frequently hinted, as a reason for his policy, that heavy taxation would disgust the community with the war which he was nominally and grudgingly promoting. There are indeed sometimes strong financial reasons for contributing out of revenue to extraordinary expenditure. After several years of war PITT deeply regretted that he had borrowed lavishly, instead of meeting the costs as far as possible out of revenue; but his reason was that he had expected to finish the struggle in two or three campaigns. A costly diplomatic crisis which is now at an end requires no sudden and extraordinary exertion. Notwithstanding all the strong language which has been used for the last eight months, and which will be repeated again and again in the next fortnight, it was more prudent to spread the burden over five years than to make an enormous temporary addition to the burdens of the country.

It was hardly worth Mr. CHILDERS's while to discuss once more in detail Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's six or seven Budgets. It is true that a larger sum has been spent than in the previous six years, and that a smaller amount has been received; but neither Mr. CHILDERS nor any other competent critic either charges the Government with extravagance or holds it responsible for the depression of trade and the consequent decline of the revenue. When Mr. GLADSTONE in his autumn Midlothian speeches undertook to expose the prodigality of the Ministers, he could only think of a statement, which he afterwards partially retracted, that an office of 2,000*l.* had been improperly created for the benefit of a partisan. It was a more expensive proceeding to call out the reserves, to bring the Indian troops to Malta, and to prepare for a war which at one time seemed imminent; but the large expenditure for these purposes, incurred with the approval of a respectable section of the Liberal party, raises an issue not of finance but of political expediency. The leaders of the Opposition contend that all the measures of the Government were inexpedient, and that some of them were illegal. On the other hand, the Ministers allege, with at least equal plausibility, that the display of readiness for war had the intended effect of preserving peace. If they were wrong, their error was not financial. A man who goes to the expense of underpinning his house may possibly have been unnecessarily alarmed as to the insecurity of his foundations; but it would be absurd to accuse him of extravagance. It is not surprising that the Opposition should triumph over the suspension of the Sinking Fund. Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. LOWE from the first objected to Sir S. NORTHCOTE's plan for reducing the National Debt, on the ground that the annual payment appropriated to the purpose would be always liable to diversion. The more complicated and more expensive system of Terminable Annuities has the advantage, as its advocates remark, of being automatic. It is to be regretted that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER consented to the suspension which he seemed to be inclined to explain away. It is generally thought that his estimates of revenue for the next year are unduly low, and it may be hoped that a considerable surplus will be applicable to the reduction of the floating debt. On the whole, he may be content to have had no more formidable attack to meet in the House of Commons. His chief opponent has reserved himself for a provincial audience before which he cannot be answered.

ITALY.

ENGLAND, the august mother of Parliaments, has lately had the satisfaction of seeing that her youngest daughter already knows how to follow with almost startling fidelity in her venerable footsteps. Italy has been having a grand debate on foreign affairs, and the Italian debate has been an exact copy of the debates on foreign affairs to which our recent Parliamentary history has accustomed us. The debate has been very long, even longer if possible than an English debate. It has been furious and impassioned. It has been full of personalities. The past, even the remote past, has been ransacked in order to furnish materials for stinging retorts and damning accusations. And yet, after all, there is nothing like a clear difference of opinion between those who attack and those who defend. Uphold the dignity of Italy, is the cry of the Right. We are upholding it, replies the Left. Strive for peace, say the critics. We are striving for it, say the occupants of power. Be friendly with all, but specially allied with none, is the advice given to the Government. What with you is advice is with us practice, is the Ministerial retort. To abuse the Ministry for everything it does or does not do is the simple strategy of the Opposition, and the maxim is carried out with an earnestness that leaves little to be desired according to the English standard. Italy must not allow herself to be effaced, is the standing cry; but when the Ministry modestly urges that it has tried to make Italy act on its own account, this is said to have been the grossest of blunders. Signor VISCONTI VENOSTA described the humble attempt of the Italian Ministry to settle the dispute about the frontier of Greece as an "odious initiative." To interpose in any way so that the tiny grievances of Montenegro may be amicably redressed was, in his eyes, a gigantic blunder, amounting almost to a crime. Signor CAIROLI made an excellent speech on behalf of the Ministry. He spoke the language of reason and common sense. He did not for a moment admit that Italy had come from Berlin humiliated or isolated. He stated that the Government had used, and would use, all its legal powers to discourage and repress the ambition of the fanatics who shriek for "Italia "Irredenta." He congratulated Italy on the excellence of its relations with Austria, and expressed a firm determination to keep these relations as good in the future as they are now. Where Italy has recognized and special interests, as in Egypt, Turkey, and Tunis, he will do all he can do to uphold these interests intact. Otherwise, he wishes to be quiet and friendly with all the world. There is only one reply to such a speech, and that reply is embodied in the order of the day, moved by Signor MINGHETTI. "Your policy may be good or bad," is the gist of this order, "but you are not the right man to carry it out. "We want to get rid of you and to come in ourselves. Very "likely we shall do exactly what you are doing; but then "it will be we, not you, who do it, and this will be eminently satisfactory to us." Scarcely anything could show more decisively how completely our system of Parliamentary government can be copied by those who pay us the compliment of imitating our institutions.

At a late stage of the debate, or at what would here be thought a late stage, for it was the sixth day of discussion, a representative of Italia Irredenta arose, and at least saved the Italian Parliament from the reproach of so incompletely representing the nation, that the feelings of one section of the people could find no expression in the Chamber. Signor BOVIO and those who acted with him were, he said, perfectly aware that nothing could be done at present to satisfy the national aspirations for Trieste and Istria, but they should feel happier if the Government would place on record that all Italy had those aspirations, and looked to time to bring with it the fulfilment of their hopes or claims. Signor BOVIO must have known that no Italian Government could put anything of the sort on record without preparing to face a war with Austria and Germany; but he had had his say, and that was enough for him. It is not in the direction of Trieste and Istria that an Italian Government, however it may be composed, has to direct its thoughts. Italy has difficulties to encounter in the determination of its foreign policy. These difficulties are not very great; but they are real. It must be allowed that it is puzzling for an Italian statesman to know what his country can fairly demand that he should do with regard to Egypt. There are more Italians in Egypt than any other class of Europeans, and Italian enjoys with French the distinction of being the recognized language of the tribunals. If Egypt is to be nursed by foreign Powers, it seems natural to Italians that Italy should have its share in the nursing. Italy has at different times tried to get its share, but has failed. It first tried to get an Italian Minister appointed when the late Khedive appointed an English and a French Minister, and if the attempt had succeeded, Egypt would now be under a triple

protectorate. France positively refused to let Italy come in as a partner in the management of Egypt, and England acquiesced in the decision of France. The system of governing Egypt by a protectorate may be bad or good, but it would be utterly impracticable if three Powers had to decide on every detail of a joint method of action. The Italian Opposition, after taunting the Left with its weakness in not insisting on a share in the management of Egypt, now adopts a totally different policy, and insists that Italy should uphold the independence of Egypt. By this is meant something very different from what is generally understood by the independence of a foreign country. It means that all Europe should have a finger in the Egyptian pie, and that Italy should join Germany and Austria in the endeavour to break up the Anglo-French Protectorate, and get Egypt under the tutelage of all the Great Powers. This policy is directed to a certain extent against England, but much more against France; for it was France that excluded Italy from the share she claimed in the arrangement of Egypt, and it is not in Egypt alone that France endeavours to prevent Italy from asserting herself as a Mediterranean Power. France has instantly interfered when Italy has shown any wish to occupy a position of exceptional influence in Tunis; and, as one speaker observed, France has actually the cruelty to impose a tax on fishermen plying their trade off the Algerian coast. This is a very small matter, and it did not need this humble argument to prove that it is now a settled part of French policy that, if the Mediterranean cannot be altogether a French lake, it shall be at least a French lake as far as Italy is concerned.

So far, then, as her position in the Mediterranean goes, Italy is drawn towards Austria and placed in antagonism to France. In her struggle with the Papacy Italy has no more to fear from Austria than from Republican France, and in this light she may regard both Powers impartially. But there is a third element in Italian politics which her statesmen cannot ignore. She cannot be indifferent to what may take place in the Balkan Peninsula. If she did not uphold the cause of the Christian nationalities, she would be faithless to the principles to which she owes her existence. And then, again, she naturally dreads the extension of Austrian territory. Italy has cheerfully acquiesced in the acquisition of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria; but she is most anxious, and every Englishman would, if he were an Italian, be most anxious, that Austria shall not go further. The prospect of an Austria holding Trieste on the one side, and coming down to the Egean on the other, is not a very cheerful prospect for an Italian. He cannot even extract any comfort from the calculation that Austria might break up under the dangerous process of extension. For he knows that, if Austria did break up, it might be the dreaded German who would become the neighbour of Italy at the head of the Adriatic. It is Prince BISMARCK under whose auspices the extension of Austria southwards is supposed to be likely to take place, and it is Prince BISMARCK who has informed the world that Pesth, not Vienna, is the true centre of Austrian gravity. Italy, however, finds that here France works with her, not against her. It is France that has done most for Greece, and if France finds courage to oppose Prince BISMARCK in anything, it will certainly be in the question of the future settlement of the Balkan peninsula. It may be hoped that no new settlement will be required for some time; but the incurable folly of the Turks makes it impossible to reckon with confidence on the peace of the East. There is an uneasy feeling through all Europe that Turkey may collapse any day, and that Prince BISMARCK may any day propel Austria forwards. Italians who share this feeling naturally consider to whom they are to trust when the hour of danger comes, and they cannot fail to see that their wishes and fears are precisely the same as those of France. Drawn away from France when they think of the Mediterranean, they are drawn to her when they think of the Balkan peninsula, and of the aggrandizement or disruption of Austria. For the present they wisely think that the best thing is to keep very quiet, and not to commit themselves for or against any one Power. But, however quiet they may be, they know that there may be difficulties before them, and their attitude is therefore necessarily that of an uneasy passivity.

LORD GRANVILLE AND THE GOVERNMENT.

LORD STRATHEDEN may claim the credit of having enlivened one of the last sittings of the House of Lords before the dissolution by giving occasion for a general political debate. The motion which furnished the nominal subject of discussion was not seriously noticed; and indeed it appeared that SHERE ALI's celebrated letter to the SULTAN is no better than a forgery. It had already been observed that the style and composition were not those of an Asiatic writer, and it was inferred that the Russian Envoy at Cabul was the author of the document. If the letter had been genuine, it had long ceased to be interesting, and indeed it merely served as an excuse for a speech expressing opinions held only by one person. Lord GRANVILLE professed to admit that Lord STRATHEDEN had a right to blame the Government for not accomplishing all the objects which were, in his opinion, desirable; but, as Lord BEACONSFIELD remarked, Lord STRATHEDEN is the only member of either party who can be described as a man of war. If he had had his will, the English Government would have quarrelled with Russia on every point of difference which arose in the course of a long negotiation. The Government, on the other hand, sought peace and ensued it. When Lord GRANVILLE asked whether peace had been maintained in Europe, Asia, or Africa, he knew that, although other Powers engaged in war, England had remained at peace in Europe. The short African war had nothing to do with general policy, and the Afghan war depends on special circumstances. Both conflicts were unwelcome and burdensome; but a war with Russia would have been an evil and a danger of very different magnitude. Between antagonistic Powers actually or approximately equal in force, compromise is the indispensable condition of peace. The Government gave up several claims which it might have willingly asserted; but, on the other hand, it obtained substantial concessions. Lord STRATHEDEN holds that all its demands were just, and hastily concludes that they ought all to have been enforced. Lord GRANVILLE would certainly not contend that the Government ought to have resisted by force the Russian acquisition of Kars, of Batoum, or of Bessarabia.

The debate, which took its rise in a spurious letter from SHERE ALI to the SULTAN, turned principally on an authentic letter addressed by Lord BEACONSFIELD to the Duke of MARLBOROUGH. No composition could be more obviously open to adverse criticism; and yet Lord GRANVILLE would perhaps have been well advised in leaving it as it stood. There was an undoubted impropriety in claiming for England ascendency in the councils of Europe, if supremacy or superiority was intended by the phrase. As a political term, ascendency is most familiarly associated with the former privileges which the Irish Protestants enjoyed at the expense of their Roman Catholic countrymen. Whatever may be the meaning of the word, it would have been more prudent not to advance a pretension which might have offended foreign communities, though it seems luckily to have escaped their notice. As Lord GRANVILLE said, Lord BEACONSFIELD could not be well advised in proclaiming the ascendency which he in fact possesses in his Cabinet and his party. If a verbal error had been committed, it was not the business of the Opposition to enable the Ministers to explain it away. Lord BEACONSFIELD himself, Lord CRANBROOK, and the LORD CHANCELLOR denied that any invidious claim had been made, and contended that the whole sentence was a protest against the tendency of Opposition speeches to impair the influence of England abroad. The author of the inculpated phrase was not especially luminous in his apologetic interpretation. "The word ascendency is one which involves important moral actions, and is not a word of offence, but one which will always be accepted in a liberal and generous spirit." As MERLIN said of his magic book,

> None can read the text,
> And none can read the comment but myself.

Yet, on the whole, the sage perhaps acquires some advantage by substituting the gloss for the original text. It is remarkable that no inquiry was made as to the meaning of "light and leading," which is said to be a quotation from BURKE.

Whatever doubt might attach to the interpretation of Lord BEACONSFIELD's letter, its general purpose was sufficiently clear. One of the most skilful masters of party tactics judged that it was desirable to concentrate the attention of the constituents on two or three prominent

issues. If they were not fairly raised between the Government and the Opposition, argumentative objections might perhaps not destroy the effect of general denunciations. In substance the leaders of the Opposition were accused of having impaired the influence of England abroad, and of having actively or passively encouraged Irish Home Rule. Lord BEACONSFIELD and Lord CRANBROOK have since explained that the low estimation in which at their accession to power English policy was held by foreign Governments was first disclosed when the Eastern troubles rendered intervention necessary. The composition of the Berlin Memorandum, and the manner in which it was prepared, certainly indicated a belief on the part of the three Imperial Courts that England had retired from the European concert. The refusal of the English Government to accept the dictation of the EMPERORS was regarded throughout Europe as a proof of the revival of national spirit, though it was communicated by Lord DERBY. There may be some difference of opinion as to the importance of foreign judgments of this country; for, as Mr. LOWE has justly remarked, the power of England is independent of the opinions which may be held at Berlin and St. Petersburg; but the inconvenience of an unduly modest and retiring policy is that vigorous demonstrations become the only methods of satisfying other Powers that it is necessary to reckon with England. It has fallen to the lot of Lord BEACONSFIELD in more than one instance to repair the shortcomings of Mr. GLADSTONE. The Cabinet which submitted to the modification of the Black Sea Treaty, and to the iniquitous terms of the *Alabama* arbitration, was at least liable to be misunderstood. The Prime Minister of the time seemed to delight in opportunities of advertising his own indifference or ignorance in matters of foreign policy. Mr. GLADSTONE professed not even to have heard of the indirect claims of the United States when they had become both irritating and dangerous; and on one occasion he expressed a doubt whether the kingdom of Prussia still existed after the establishment of the German Empire. Nearly all Continental politicians hold, not without partial inaccuracy and exaggeration, the comparative opinion of the character of the two Administrations which Lord BEACONSFIELD desires to inculcate on the constituencies. A proposition which has obtained wide acceptance may be unsound, but it cannot be incredible. The Government has achieved a certain triumph in the change which has lately taken place in the language of Liberal orators. Charges of the vague crime called Imperialism have entirely disappeared; and the Opposition candidates anxiously assure the electors that they will be as patriotic, and, if necessary, as warlike, as the Ministers whose turbulence they had habitually denounced. Liberals who have consistently differed from their party on foreign policy have displayed additional courage, and Mr. GLADSTONE himself in one of his railway speeches exhorted the electors of Newcastle to elect Mr. COWEN, knowing probably that, though he is a voluntary accomplice of the worst of criminals, his seat is safe.

A similar change in the tone of the Opposition has been effected in reference to Home Rule. Since the Liverpool election, Liberal speakers have been anxious to guard themselves against all suspicion of complicity in Lord RAMSAY'S ill-judged submission. They show a laudable simplicity when they exhibit surprise and indignation at Lord BEACONSFIELD'S assumption that his own party represents the unity of the kingdom. If they expected to be attacked on their strong points, they entirely misconceived the character and tactics of their assailant. The Irish political managers have themselves found it necessary to alter their whole system of operations in England. During the autumn and early winter they publicly tendered the votes at their disposal to the candidate who might be willing to make the largest concessions. Mr. PARNELL boasted to his American admirers that he could return forty members in Great Britain; and it was thought that some portion of his statement might possibly be true. At Liverpool it appeared that more was lost than gained by an alliance with a faction which ostentatiously professed to be alien in blood and indifferent to the contests of English parties. It is now believed that the Irish voters have been instructed to vote in all instances for Liberal candidates, on the ground that they may be expected to be more pliable than their adversaries. Lord BEACONSFIELD is not inclined to lose any advantage which his party may derive from even a one-sided alliance between two sections of his opponents. If the Irish Home Rule voters support the Liberals, it is a reasonable or plausible inference that, if they have not stipulated for an equivalent, they feel certain that they will obtain it. Lord GRANVILLE was perhaps well advised in restraining his apparent inclination to introduce a discussion on Home Rule into a debate on the Eastern question.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT AND THE SEVENTH CLAUSE.

THE French Left have been busy for the last ten days in flogging a dead horse. In the debate on the 7th Clause, the speeches of their representatives in the Senate showed a decided desire to prove that it was essential that the clause should be carried, and that it did not matter the least whether it was carried or not. At one time the Senate was assured that nothing but this invaluable product of M. JULES FERRY'S ingenious brain stood between France and a counter-revolution. At another time the clause was described as a compromise which the Left had offered the enemy out of pure charity, and which they would not be sorry to see refused. In that case they would be at liberty to show what terrible stuff they are made of. Hitherto the religious orders had only seen the ocean in its calm. If the Senate refused to turn them out of the schools, they should see the ocean in tempest. Since the rejection of the clause this last spectacle has been daily on view in the columns of the newspapers of the Advanced and Extreme Left. It cannot, however, as yet be said to be very terrible. The *République Française* in particular writes as though the end of the world were at hand. The battle of Armageddon was never painted in gloomier colours than is the contest between the Republic and the Church upon which France is now entering. Except in highly-strung leading articles there seem to be no traces of these tremendous possibilities. Worldly Paris and religious Paris go their several ways pretty much as though their hands were not to be at one another's throats in a few days' time. The means by which they are to be brought into contact is the enforcement of certain rusty decrees which have at various times from the reign of LOUIS XIV. onwards been made against the Jesuits. It was to these, under the modest name of "existing laws," that M. DE FREYCINET referred in his speech in favour of the obnoxious clause, and since its rejection a great deal more has been said about them. The position of the Government may be best explained by an imaginary English parallel. Supposing that the House of Lords in 1851 had thrown out the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, and Lord RUSSELL had thereupon declared that the Government would fall back upon the unrepealed penal laws which had been suffered to fall into disuse, it is easy to imagine with what rapture this announcement would have been welcomed. The *Times* would have drawn solemn pictures of the evils that must come upon England if the Papal aggression were allowed to go unavenged. The Lords would have been warned that any inconvenience that might follow upon the application of the existing laws would lie at their door. Had they been so minded, they might have armed the Executive with more serviceable, because less formidable, means of defending the State against the Roman Church. Their refusal to do this had forced the Government to go to extremes. As Roman Catholic bishops were not to be forbidden to take territorial titles, the Executive had no choice but to examine whether it had not still the power to hang, draw, and quarter them. If it should prove that it had this power, it would now have no choice but to use it. The Lords had rejected mild measures, and they would be responsible for anything that might happen from the application of stronger measures. This is precisely what the Left are now saying in France. Though France is a Catholic country, there is a large armoury of obsolete legislation against any phase of Catholicism which the BOURBON monarchs happened to dislike, and the Left are not at all above using one enemy to hurt another. Their organs are wisely silent upon the question how much of this legislation is still available. If they were really resolved upon trying the experiment, this would be a very important point to consider; but, as in all probability they are only making believe very much, it does not greatly matter. The "existing laws" will do to supply a text for articles until such time as some newer subject presents itself; and then, having answered their purpose, they will be restored to their congenial obscurity.

M. DE FREYCINET is just the Minister to handle this

frame of mind judiciously. There is not the slightest ground for believing that he shares in any degree whatever the alarms which are attributed to the Left by their favourite journals. Probably, indeed, there is no member of the Cabinet who does share them. Hope of doing a good turn for himself had much more to do in inducing M. FERRY to frame the 7th Clause than fear of any bad turn that the Jesuits were likely to do him. M. DE FREYCINET, in particular, has given abundant indication of being in his sound mind upon this question. When he made his oratorical tour some time back, the text upon which he most dwelt was, not the necessity of protecting the Republic against the Church, but the necessity of not giving the Church any cause to be frightened at the Republic. At least the theme of every speech was the importance of winning converts to the Republic, and in a Catholic country converts are not likely to be won to the Republic if the Republic takes to proscribing religious orders. M. DE FREYCINET'S speech in defence of the 7th Clause pointed in the same direction. A Ministerial measure was never advocated by a Minister with so little enthusiasm. He did not pretend to think it necessary; he did not pretend to say that if it was passed he meant to put it into execution. The one reason he assigned for asking the Senate to vote it was that it would come to nothing, and that the Chamber of Deputies would be kept in good humour. Leave it to me, he said in effect, and you will see that the Jesuits will be in no way the worse for the clause, while I shall be in a much more comfortable position as regards my supporters. The Senate declined to look at the question in this easy-going way; but it is not likely that the rejection of a clause for which he cared so little has made M. DE FREYCINET a fanatic.

What he has done since is quite consistent with the tone he then adopted. When the 7th Clause was offered a second time to the Senate, M. DE FREYCINET declared that he had nothing more to say, and that the Government had accepted the duty of applying the existing laws. On the following day he made a similar statement to the Chamber of Deputies, and the next thing to be seen is how he will set to work to perform the duty he has accepted. We shall be exceedingly surprised if he really performs it at all. A circular may be addressed to the prefects or to the magistrates telling them that certain laws against religious congregations, though they have been allowed to fall into disuse, have never been repealed, that it has become necessary to consider how they may best be put in force, and that the Government desires to hear what are the numbers and position of such and such orders in the department. What hints will at the same time be given to the officials entrusted with the preparation of these reports is another question, and in a matter of such moment it will obviously be impossible for the reports to be produced. The public attention will be kept on the stretch until such time as it finds something more amusing to occupy it, and a large number of nervous ladies will be continually expecting to see their favourite preacher carried away to gaol, or shipped off to Cayenne. By degrees the whole affair will be forgotten, and at last the journals of the Left will solemnly assure their readers that the mere dread of the laws being applied has proved sufficient to bring the religious orders to their senses, and that they have wisely abstained from doing anything which could force the Government to proceed against them. After every allowance has been made for the folly and the fanaticism which have traditionally distinguished French Radicals, we cannot believe that they would have the strength to push any Government into so disastrous an enterprise as a conflict with the Church would certainly prove. The Republic under which the French nation wishes to live is a Republic framed on modern ideas, not on the doctrinaire extravagances of 1793. In such a Republic the religion of the majority of the people must be taken into account just as much as their land or their family life. To ask them to abandon the Church is like asking them to give up the principle of private property, or to make the marriage contract terminable at the pleasure of either party. It is true, no doubt, that the existence of religious orders is not indispensable to the existence of Catholicism as the religion of the majority of Frenchmen; but, if the Catholic Church chooses to treat the connexion as indissoluble—if, that is to say, she insists upon doing a great part of her work by the instrumentality of religious orders—it comes to very much the same thing. The POPE is not likely again to throw the Jesuits overboard, though, if he is temperately dealt with, he will probably be quite willing to moderate a zeal which, in his estimation, is not invariably according to knowledge. The practical politicians of the Left are not likely to lose sight of these simple but pertinent facts, and the execution of the penal laws will, in that case, gave occasion for much declamation and for very little else.

LONDON WATER AND LONDON RATEPAYERS.

MR. CROSS has succeeded in contributing a paving-stone of extraordinary size to the region of which good intentions make the floor. It is perfectly easy to trace in imagination the steps by which he conceived his too famous bargain with the London Water Companies, and, taken by itself, each step seems highly natural and proper. He began, no doubt, by reminding himself that a friendly arrangement, if it could be arrived at, would be in every way better than an arbitration. Arbitrations mean arbitrators to arrive at conclusions, and counsel to provide materials for conclusions, and both are expensive luxuries. On the other hand, the Water Companies would naturally not consent to forego arbitration unless the terms offered them were fairly favourable. Thus Mr. CROSS began his investigation under a bias—an inevitable and reasonable bias—but still a bias. Every step in the negotiation was regarded as affecting the question, Will the Water Companies care to accept this? The first consideration that offered itself was the income the shareholders were actually making. The form in which the value of an investment presents itself to the ordinary English holder is that of a half-yearly dividend; consequently, if Mr. CROSS had offered to buy the stock of the Water Companies at the price which it would have fetched before it was known that the Government had such a purchase in their heads, the shareholders would naturally have objected that, as long as their shares went on paying them a large percentage, they had no intention of taking a much smaller percentage in exchange. By meditating on this Mr. CROSS arrived at the conclusion that the shareholder's income must be taken as the basis of the bargain. If a certain stock brings its holder 100*l.* a year on what he thinks fairly good security, he will not be inclined to take 50*l.* a year in exchange for it on a better security. If Mr. CROSS had stopped here all might have gone well. But, unfortunately for the Government, the actual and immediate dividend is not all that a holder of Water Company stock has to look to. The Legislature has been extraordinarily kind to this class of investors. While the Gas Companies have to content themselves with charging for the amount of gas consumed, and contrive to make a not despicable profit by doing so, the Water Companies occupy a far more dignified position. They stand on the same level with the municipal authorities, and take payment not as the price of water supplied, but in the shape of a percentage on the rateable value of houses. The consumer may be a man who never uses water except for cooking and washing, or he may be the President of a Total Abstinence Association, but neither fact will be considered in his water rate. Even empty houses are supposed to be water drinkers to the extent of half the rate. It further happens that the value on which the rate is assessed is not merely a very various quantity, but in many parts of London a very growing one. Not only does the same man pay a very different sum for precisely the same quantity of water, according as he lives in one house or another; but, if he happens to live in an improving neighbourhood, he will pay a larger sum for the same quantity of water every time that his house is revalued. In the natural course of things, therefore—assuming the maintenance of this absurd regulation to be the natural course of things—the Companies would be entitled to charge more and more for their water as time went on, and presumably in future years to divide a larger dividend than they have ever divided yet. Mr. CROSS was evidently impressed by this reflection also; and, under its influence, he devised the scheme of a deferred stock. The shareholders were to be paid, not only the full amount of what they now receive, but also a certain further sum in lieu of what, if the Government had not interfered, they might have looked to receive at some future day.

This is the element in the transaction that has broken the ratepayers' backs. Had the shareholders only been paid a price which would have given them the income

they are now receiving, we question whether the terms would have excited much opposition. No doubt the position of the shareholders would have been immeasurably improved. They would have got the same income, on first-rate security, as they had been getting on security which, though it bore a fair character in the market, was still very inferior to the water-rate created by the Bill, plus the general rates of the metropolis. But it is so much the custom of Englishmen to look at the amount of income rather than at the quality of the investment, that this would not, we fancy, have struck people as an unfair bargain. They would have argued that the shareholders were not anxious to sell their property; that the Government, acting as the representative of the London ratepayers, was tempting them to sell; and that, so long as the security they possessed was good enough for their purpose, they could not be expected to exchange it for a better if the exchange involved a considerable loss of income. But when the Deferred Stock came into view, the whole aspect of the question was changed. The present arrangement about payment for water is so obviously and absurdly unfair, that the ratepayers had a perfect right to challenge Mr. Cross's assumption that it was going to endure for ever. Supposing the Act which enables the Company to charge more and more for precisely the same article were to be repealed, the claim to a Deferred Stock would melt into air. To offer such terms to the Water Companies as were offered in the Government Bill would have been to saddle the ratepayers for ever with the cost of a blunder which might any Session have been put right by a stroke of a draftsman's pen. When Mr. Cross said on Tuesday that, if time had allowed, he would have been able to show clearly what advantages the ratepayers would have received under the Bill, he left out of sight the real pinch of the controversy. No one denies that the ratepayers would have received advantages under the Bill, and merely to get rid of the Water Companies would have been a very great advantage indeed. But the question is whether the ratepayers could not have received the same advantage from a very much smaller outlay, and unless Mr. Cross had been able to show this also, he might as well have held his peace.

The truth is that Mr. Cross began the negotiation at the wrong end. Instead of setting to work to consider what terms the Companies were likely to accept, he should have considered what he could do to place himself in a commanding position with regard to the Companies. The London Water Companies have no guaranteed monopoly of the water supply. A rival Company, proposing to supply London with better water and on a better system, might at any moment have been set up if Parliament had chosen, or the metropolitan local authorities might have been authorized by statute to furnish such improved supply either by buying up the present Water Companies or otherwise. A hint that the Government had either of these plans in contemplation would have been sufficient to bring the Water Companies to their knees. The quality of the present supply is certainly open to question, even if we allow, as we are quite ready to do, that it is better than much of the apparently purer water which people drink in the country. The machinery by which it is introduced into houses is often exceedingly faulty. The price charged for it seems large enough to give the purchaser a right to something better. All these considerations pointed to an intimation on the part of the Government that they would be disposed to give a favourable hearing to any scheme for giving London a better supply of better water, either by means of a new Company, or by entrusting the power of obtaining such an improved supply to the Corporation of London and the Metropolitan Board of Works. After such an intimation as this, Mr. Cross would have found the Water Companies very much more easy to deal with. If, after all, he had wanted to buy their stock, he would have been able to buy it at something very much nearer a fair price than the exorbitant sum which he actually offered.

ANOTHER EGYPTIAN QUESTION.

It is a curious fact that hitherto so-called classical scholars have neglected Egypt. English historians of the new school, using the light of scientific knowledge, have one by one attacked the old strongholds of Greek, Roman, English, and other traditions, and have placed the history of Europe on a fairly sound foundation. We know how cultivation and learning spread. We have the codes of various schools of law. We have traced architecture to a very remote period. We have applied our scientific methods even to the Bible, and it cannot be said that the result—so far as any result has been attained—is unsatisfactory. But there is a point beyond which none of these investigations go. It is sometimes objected to Egyptian research that so much must in any case remain uncertain, such long periods of years must after all be left in the obscurity in which we find them. This is an imbecile objection; but we do not wonder, when we look at the most popular books on Egypt, that scientific and classical scholars of history refuse to enter the labyrinth. The interest truly is great. We find a civilization in Assyria at a very early period. But the civilization of Egypt is older by far. We find the Greeks great in art and writing at a period which may be placed at half a millennium B.C. Where did the Greeks get the Doric column? Where did they learn their letters? In Egypt. We find the Etruscans burrowing into the rocks of Italy and painting on the walls of their grottoes representations of feasts and merrymaking for the entertainment of their souls deceased. Whence did the Etruscans learn the immortality of the soul and imitate these strange pictures? The only possible answer is, From Egypt. There are some among us who would give the same answer if asked for the origin of much of the Mosaic law, or the origin of glass-making, or the costume of mediæval priests, or the divisions of the solar year, or the measure of feet in verse, or the invention of harmony in music. In fact, if we go far enough back into the history of any art or science, we come to Egypt. There, for the most part, we stop. The further prosecution of inquiry is made disagreeable or impossible because of the unscientific method which has been applied to it. The business of investigating the remains of the three great civilizations which at different times flourished in the Nile valley has been left to foreigners, almost entirely—the few Englishmen who have pursued the study of hieroglyphs and the ancient language of Egypt being for the most part, or altogether, voluntary students already engaged on some other subject. So far the greatest masters of interpretation in England have been content to follow the systems of foreign decipherers; and the idea of distinguishing between the different periods of the history and language has been almost wholly set aside. Some months ago we had occasion to complain of this confusion in the arrangements of our great national collection. We cannot say that this confusion is not equally apparent in the department of literature. We have no professors of Egyptian literature, yet it might be supposed, antecedently to experience, that all literature turns on it. We have no professors of Egyptian history, yet there can be no doubt that the obscurities of early European and Asiatic history might be removed if we knew something of it. We talk of the Pelasgic, the Etruscan, the Phœnician migrations. Yet we never attempt to connect them with the revolutions which caused them; we cannot identify with any certainty the names of the Mediterranean nations mentioned in the inscriptions of the second Egyptian Empire; and so much the more are we ignorant of the peoples mentioned and described by the scribes and artists of the first monarchy. It is absolutely certain that a large number of the most difficult problems which at present puzzle investigators into the early history of the Italian and Greek peninsulas might be solved by an intelligent reference to Egypt. To take a single example of the neglect of this branch of classical study—or study which should be classic—let us suppose an examination in which a student of Greek is asked to trace the letters of the Greek alphabet one by one to their origin in the hieroglyphs. Not one student in twenty thousand could give a reply—not one examiner in twenty—or shall we say a hundred?—could judge of the correctness of the answer. Yet what a number of important literary questions must turn upon such knowledge it requires only a moment's thought to estimate.

The diggings which for a number of years were carried on in Egypt, under the superintendence of a French antiquary appointed by the Government of the Khedive, resulted in unexpected discoveries. No book, even the best, on Egyptian history or art, written above ten years ago is now of absolute value. Everything has been revolutionized. We have had revealed to us a world of which we knew nothing. The mist which hangs so darkly over what we talk of as the Bronze age or the Stone age, or what not, has been partly removed, and a vista, long distant, like that which Christian had through the perspective glass, has been opened to us of a primitive people, dwelling in a happy valley bathed in sunshine, where the seasons changed regularly, where the earth yielded its increase in plenty, "where never wind blew chilly," where never drought scorched, where the arts were in perfection, painting and architecture and sculpture, where writing recorded events, where law regulated deeds, where religion comforted the sorrowful. All this and much more we have had revealed to us of an epoch so remote that we cannot date it—an epoch as long before that which most English writers intend by the phrase "Ancient Egyptians" as that is from the Christian era. These researches, so important to the history of all mankind, have been now for several years discontinued. The want of money, from which every one in Egypt, except the late Khedive himself, suffered during the last years of his reign, put an end to the diggings, even though they had been in too many cases carried on by the help of labour which, if it was not forced, was at least not voluntary. There were some who rejoiced at the cessation of these works. Enthusiastic lovers of the fellah, when they heard that golden orna-

ments had been added to the Museum, used to inquire much too inquisitively whether the peasant who found them had been paid a fair price for them. In too many cases, unless the French and German directors of these researches are terribly maligned, the feelings of the people were not considered. Several students of old Egypt and its remains have nevertheless been engaged in advocating the formation of a fund for the purpose of continuing the search for records of the early history. We sympathize with them, but only to a certain length. We should be glad to see an English society of the kind organized. The French—at the least those Frenchmen who have hitherto shown themselves interested in Egypt—have not conducted their operations in a way to conciliate the people. There is a very curious passage on this subject in the book of a French author (M. Rhoné), who is one of the most pleasing of modern writers on Egypt, and enjoys the confidence of the French authorities at Boolak. He says, after speaking of the universal Oriental phrase "sa parole Anglaise" as a guarantee of good faith, that an Englishman has the tact to respect the dignity of an Eastern, to humour his susceptibilities, and to treat him as an equal. He can sustain cordial and honourable relations with him, and "hence, in great part, the preponderating influence which England enjoys in the East takes its birth." M. Rhoné does not stop here. He also puts the other side of the question. "The French, and even those most distinguished by education, make, it is said, the mistake of disdaining Orientals in general, whatever their rank and personal standing. They look upon them as barbarians from whom they have the right to demand obedience, and whom they can treat as revolted slaves when their services are refused or ill rendered." Those who know Egypt best will dread giving countenance to any movement calculated to put Frenchmen of a scientific turn into authority over Egyptians.

The regret with which such observations as the above are made is increased when we reflect on the importance of the objects to be gained by further researches, and the difficulty of obtaining either the financial or political sinews for the employment of competent English investigators. An expedition to the North Pole which can add little, perhaps nothing, to our knowledge, will cost more than ten years of such diggings as we would see undertaken. Forced labour in any shape or form whatever would be intolerable to the English mind. Labour is cheap enough in Egypt to enable magnificent works to be carried on at a very moderate expense. There might be further researches on the site of This, further inquiry for papyri, special investigations of the obscure period of the Foreigners after the Sixth Dynasty, and the so-called Hyksos, after the Twelfth. It is rather in Egypt than from surveying remote quarters of the land of Canaan that information as to the Israelites may be obtained. The study of the oldest of all documents can never be properly carried on until we know where each scarab bearing an inscription was found; and to this end it would be necessary to have a competent scholar on the spot during the summer months. It is then that antiquities are uncovered in digging away old mounds, and dealers in such things collect them at the country fairs, week by week, but keep no record of whence they came. Antiquities so discovered should be left in the country, as the German Government has left the antiquities of Olympia, and as Dr. Schliemann has left what he found in Mycenæ. The Khedive is not likely to refuse his sanction to a scheme which would mean the spending of money in remote parts of his country. The Boolak authorities could hardly object to an expedition which would so greatly add to the number and value of the objects in their collection. The difficulty would be, not so much the financial one—for money would surely be forthcoming—as the men. The scheme is one which can only be worthily taken up by the Universities, and research should be directed, in the first place, not to the manners and customs of the three or four different nations whom we class ignorantly together as Ancient Egyptians, but to some one point at a time, as the object to be aimed at. The number of such points is so great, and their relative importance so difficult to assess, that we must postpone their consideration for the present.

CHESS.

THE question has been over and over again argued whether chess or whist be the more scientific game. We generally find that those who play whist well and chess indifferently think more highly of the one in which they excel; but we invariably find a good chess player who is also a poor hand at cards maintain the great superiority of his own game, on the ground that the element of luck has no place therein. This argument is not, however, conclusive. It should be remembered that luck, like water, finds its level in the long run. How often one hears a man exclaiming against "my luck"; "I am never lucky at cards"; or, "I have put ten years running into a Derby lottery, and have never won anything yet"—quite oblivious of the fact that numbers of people have been competing with him on perfectly equal terms. The true answer to all theories about fortune at cards is, of course, that in due time one colour or number will win just as often as another, and that every player in games of pure chance is consequently on the same footing. But successful whist-players do not win by luck. We are not about to make a detailed comparison between the two games, and indeed we are disposed to hold that there are far more differences than likenesses between chess and whist. In the former the battle is fought on an open plain where thirty-two combatants are all visible to each other; in the latter only four out of the fifty-two fighting men are at any time engaged; the rest are ambushed in reserve, and their quality can only be divined by watching the result between the actual combatants. In the former game the plans of a player cannot be frustrated by any freak of fortune; in the other the best calculations may be fatally disarranged by unforeseen contingencies, or through the blunders of a partner. Again, a different kind of talent, or the same talent in very different degrees, is called into exercise; whist demands delicate *finesse*, chess more caution or circumspection; whist makes a greater tax upon the memory, chess upon the faculties of observation and concentration; in the first there is more calculation of probabilities, for deductions must be drawn in great part from uncertain *data*; in the last there is more calculation of visible possibilities. The probabilities are here far more easily ascertainable than in whist, for a skilled performer can at any rate see pretty clearly in what direction and with what force his antagonist is pushing, and far oftener than not he will divine a plan which nevertheless he may not be able to forestall. But he has to reckon on a vast number of possibilities as well on his own side as against, and to remember that every one of the thirty-two combatants has a power of its own and a possible line of action both by itself and in combination. There is no divinity hedging a king at cards, who is liable to be taken by the smallest trump, or may be dragged in the wake of the winning card of another hand; in chess a piece may become useless through being blocked, but its power is only suspended by circumstances and may be fully recovered. Lastly, chess demands, on the whole, in a larger degree than does the other game, the instant seizure of the right moment for the right move: the effect of a wrong lead may often be partially recovered, but against equal play the effect of a false move is not to be undone; and, in the former case, the penalty may be only the loss of a point, whereas in the latter, unless error answers error, the first mistake must lead to the loss of the game. We need not dwell on such features of resemblance as may exist between these two favourite pastimes, merely remarking that in both book study should be made the groundwork by all who aim high. We know that this opinion will be called in question by many practical whist-players, who deride book theories as never fitting in with the experience of actual play. All that is wanted, they will tell you, is to remember the cards that are out, to watch the cards as they fall, and to use a little ordinary common sense. Perhaps the race of warriors is not even yet extinct who look down on book study as a means of developing military capacity. But how true does the experience of every succeeding war prove the *dictum* of Napoleon to be, when he says, "Study the campaigns of Cæsar, Hannibal, Alexander, Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne; penetrate yourself with the spirit of those great men. That is the way to become a leader and to understand war." The advice applies in every pursuit of art or science; but it is only an intelligent minority who, entering into the spirit of a theory, are able or will take the trouble to suit the rule to the occasion and not the occasion to the rule. If, as we hold, book study is profitable at whist, it is in chess quite indispensable to such as have the ambition to be masters.

There are in England, as in nearly every other country, a vast number of chess amateurs. A few choice spirits stand not so very far from the top of the ladder, while every lower step is more thickly peopled, and a large crowd is gathered at the bottom. Why is this the case? Some will say that most persons cannot afford to give up sufficient time to become proficients at what, after all, is only a game. No doubt this is partially true; but it does not explain why so many never rise from the ranks who day after day, or night after night, may be found poring over the board. There are two other reasons for the very general mediocrity; one is that, to excel, a man must have good brains and a taste for exercising them in this particular line; another, that the art of opening a game is neglected. We remember that the late Mr. Staunton, himself an eminently scientific student, as also a brilliant executant, used to insist on the necessity of studying "that most important feature in chess—the art of opening the game." What would be thought of a general who did not know how to commence an action? or of a battalion leader who could not dispose his men in suitable fashion for attack or defence? On the tiny field of chess the same combinations are required as on a theatre of battle. In both the first consideration is the disposition of the lines of operation in the most advantageous manner; the second, the skilful concentration of the forces with the greatest possible rapidity upon the vital point of the enemy's line; the third, the simultaneous employment of these forces upon the point aimed at. How can all this be brought about against science but by opposing science? Not the most assiduous porer over abstruse variations will necessarily develop into a Morphy or a Staunton; but familiarity with the openings will often enable a player to obtain such initial advantages of position that his more dashing but less scientific opponent will fail to recover subsequently the lost ground. The great secret of obtaining this initial success may be learnt entirely and solely from books. The acknowledged authorities on the art, such as Salvio, Lewis, Staunton, La Bourdonnais, Philidor, Ghulam Kassim, Jaenisch, &c., are sufficiently agreed in most cases as to which are the best ten or twelve moves for either side in the different openings to make any one of them a trustworthy guide.

There are also several ably conducted chess periodicals in England, Germany, France, and Italy, which may be profitably consulted. Noticeable amongst these is the *Chess Monthly Magazine* (Dean and Son), lately started by the eminent professional Herr Zukertort. We can from diligent perusal strongly recommend this publication to all players who like to go over games fought between masters of the art, and to learn from the sound criticism given the why and wherefore of the moves. Without such detailed criticism it is often difficult to follow the intentions of the players. After the first ten or twelve moves we begin to find our authorities differing widely as to the best course to follow. When we consider that the advance of a simple pawn may give rise to variation upon variation, and that any move in any direction modifies more or less the general situation, it will readily be seen how manifold are the complications which arise, and what demands are made upon the intellectual and moral, and even the physical, qualities of the performers. There are the *pros* and *cons* of various courses to be rapidly summed up, *ruses* and false attacks to be guarded against, and means devised for entangling the foe. There is a call for perseverance, coolness, or, it may be, for courageous initiative. And few who have not a *mens sana* encased in *corpore sano* can hold their own in the acute phases of a long ordeal.

We can trace the existence of the game of chess as far back as some two thousand years ago. Whoever was its inventor—he probably hailed from China—had the game of war in his mind's eye. And it was an Asiatic army which was represented, as we gather from the composition of the forces. For aught we know, it may have been the *kriegsspiel* or war-game designed to give, in miniature, instruction in the then theory of war. During the last few centuries the power and scope of the pieces have undergone marvellously little alteration when we consider that the game is in vogue in almost every country throughout Asia, Europe, and America. Revolution has penetrated everywhere else the thresholds of sovereigns and of feudal nobles; but here the kings, queens, bishops, and knights have preserved their conservatism intact; and the "peasants," as the Germans now designate the pawns, though they have been conceded some small privileges, have never clamoured for radical changes in their estate. It is curious to note how some of the pieces are differently named in different countries. What we call "knights" are in Germany "leapers," so termed, of course, on account of the faculty they possess, and which is peculiar to them, of leaping over the heads of friends and foes alike. The "castles" were formerly "war-chariots," but are now called "rooks," after the Indian *roth*. The pieces we call "bishops" the French call "fools." Formerly these were elephants, carrying in their howdahs warriors of renown. In the East the "queen" of European boards is designated "vizier," which would seem to be a more appropriate appellation for a powerful combatant. Before the pawns were styled "peasants" the Germans had dubbed them *Wenden*, or Vandals, a term of contempt or expressive of their feeble action. The French call our "castle," which goes equally by the name of "rook," a "*tour*." We do not know that we have anywhere met with the observation, but it has doubtless struck many persons that national characteristics find, comparing small things with great, as much their expression in combats at chess as on theatres of war and enterprise. In the great match between England and France, fought some thirty or thirty-five years back by Mr. Howard Staunton and M. St. Amant, an examination of the numerous games shows on the part of the latter greater *finesse*, more inventiveness, more dash, combined with uncertainty of aim; on the English side, more judgment, less speculation, more determined "hard pounding" on a definite point. But, not to judge from an isolated instance, if we search the voluminous military history of chess, we shall find in the performances of such Frenchmen as La Bourdonnais and Philidor more of genius and brilliancy; in those of such Germans as Anderssen (who, however, is credited with the "most brilliant game on record"), Von H. der Laza, and Jaenisch, more of science and depth; in those of Englishmen, such as Staunton, Lewis, Cochrane, more of sound practical judgment. Every quality has of course its value in its proper place; and genius has sometimes stolen a march upon the slower judgment. Some twenty years back America sent over to Europe the youthful, but peerless, Paul Morphy. He came, he saw, he conquered. Such an exhibition of skill was never before seen, and has not been seen since. The most accomplished players in the Old World were vanquished one after another; and, if ever genius and judgment, boldness and caution were duly combined, they were so in this wonderful player. It has always been matter for regret with patriotic chess enthusiasts that our own great champion, Mr. Staunton, was unable to arrange for an encounter with the conquering American. The Eastern world has produced first-rate players, one of whom, Ghulam Kassim, of Madras, was a distinguished writer on the subject. Italy had sent forth redoubtable performers and excellent critics at a time when chess was almost unknown here. As scientific and thoroughly exhaustive critics, however, the Germans, it may well be believed, more than hold their own.

We should be making a grave omission did we not refer to the fact that, as in every other department of intellectual activity, so in chess, the ladies are resolved not to leave man alone in his glory. Ladies' clubs have been formed in this country, and their members contest with men on even terms. But America has thus far produced the best lady player. Mrs. Gilbert, of New York, in a recent match with a well-known gentleman performer has been astonishing the chess world by her feats of prescience, doing what we never knew done before—namely, announcing, twenty or thirty moves beforehand, the exact process by which she intends compassing the destruction of her antagonist, and carrying out her threat at the point indicated to the very move. But, as a rule, the physical strength of women is not equal to a prolonged struggle. We fancy a good many ladies would like for the nonce to enjoy the imperial prerogative of Napoleon, who, according to Mme. de Rémusat, insisted upon moving his own pieces as he liked, crediting them with exceptional powers in cases of urgency. We can easily believe he always won. He most undoubtedly used to cheat at cards; but then, as he frankly explained, was it not his object to win? How these little circumstances illustrate the later phases of the man's career who had come to regard every moral and physical obstacle, fortune and time itself, as so many things to be made subservient to his own iron and reckless will. Half the catastrophes inducing his downfall were due to his ignoring the existence of a law of nature superior to himself. There are curious, but well authenticated, anecdotes showing what fascinations chess possesses for some minds. We have heard of one of Her Majesty's ships being nearly run ashore through the captain, absorbed in his combinations, not heeding the repeated representations of his lieutenant that they were getting uncommonly near the land. There was once a caliph of Bagdad who would not be disturbed in his game, though his city was being carried by assault. And Charles XII. of Sweden, when hardly beset by the Turks in his house at Bender, was at least as much interested in beating his antagonist across the board as in beating off the Turks. Again, an Elector of Saxony, taken prisoner at the battle of Muhlberg by the Emperor Charles V., was playing chess with a fellow-prisoner when tidings were brought to him that he had been sentenced to death. He looked up for a moment to remark upon the irregularity of the proceeding and then resumed the game, which, to his great delight, he won. When we add that Frederick the Great and Marshal Saxe were enthusiasts for the game, who will say it is not a pastime in which it is worth while to excel? Though many persons are debarred by other occupations from devoting to it sufficient attention, those who have the leisure may remember the dictum of the Duke of Wellington, which is applicable to all pursuits, that "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER.

TWO very well known passages of two very different poets, Burns and Professor Wendell Holmes, have expressed happily enough the difference between men's views of themselves and other men's views of them. There are certain of the latter class of character-studies which would, just at the present moment, be decidedly interesting if they could be got at. Last Saturday, for instance, Lord Derby completed the series of strategic movements by which he has retired from connexion with the Conservative party and declared himself to belong to the enemies of that party. What does the Opposition think of its new ally? and particularly what does Mr. Gladstone think of Lord Derby? Probably Mr. Gladstone would decline to answer that question, even as, with remarkable judgment, though contrary to Scotch practice, he declined to answer some inconvenient questions of his Conservative hecklers at Edinburgh. But, supposing Mr. Gladstone to be an inmate of the Palace of Truth, and to be interrogated in that less convenient abode, what result should we get? There is proverbially joy over one sinner that repents; and, as Mr. Gladstone more than once in his life has been in the position of a person who finds it advisable to change parties, he is not likely to be, in the abstract, hard upon Lord Derby for this act. Besides, he has left the wrong side and come over to the right, which, to persons of Mr. Gladstone's temperament, makes a vast difference. His plaintive expostulation with Providence at Hawarden not long ago as to its strange conduct in allowing men of virtue and intelligence to be Conservatives, may be thought to have received a partial but gracious answer in this distinguished conversion. But is Lord Derby, from Mr. Gladstone's point of view, a person of intelligence and virtue? That is the question. Certainly there are difficulties in the way of an affirmative solution. In one of those remarkable wayside speeches, in which Mr. Gladstone puts his head out of the window of a carriage and shakes his fist at the Government like the comic father pursuing a runaway couple to Gretna Green, the following passage occurs:—"For the last six years England has been principally employed in promoting the interests of arbitrary power." Now, for at least four of those years Lord Derby was a prominent and active agent in this promotion, and he has not, as far as we know, purged his offence by any apology or penance. In no one of the remarkable series of confessions which relieved his mind two years ago did he hint that anything in the policy of the Government up to the time of the active measures taken to check Russia was contrary to his views. The whole earlier course of that policy which, far more than the later, attracted Mr. Gladstone's wrath and denunciation was accomplished with Lord Derby's consent and (as far as direct agency went) by himself. The points of contact between the two statesmen are therefore few and comparatively unimportant, the points of difference many and grave. How does Mr. Gladstone reconcile himself to this? Probably with the aid of the invaluable *distinguo*, of the excellence of which his philosophical and casuistical studies must have convinced him. Just as at Edin-

burgh the other night, Mr. Gladstone with great *naïveté* observed in effect that he objected to the faggot votes created against him, but had as yet seen nothing to object to in those created on his side, so it is probable that he has distinguished between the Lord Derby of two years ago and the Lord Derby of to-day. The latter is too valuable a friend to be slighted, the former is buried in a magnanimous oblivion. Yet Mr. Gladstone has not always shown himself possessed of a bad memory or a forgiving one. So that we shall probably be safe in assuming that Mr. Gladstone's Lord Derby (to use the phrase of the American poet and essayist) is a person with considerable influence in Lancashire, who has been induced to give that influence to the Liberal party. This leaves the distinguished proselyte but a faint personality, and perhaps not a very dignified attitude, but more than this we can hardly attempt to fill in. At one period of the seventeenth century it used to be fashionable to couch satire and flattery in the form of instructions to painters, who were charged not to forget this and that feature of the subject. Our painter would have rather a difficult task in this instance, yet, if he could accomplish it, it would be an interesting contribution to an interesting gallery.

A companion portrait would be much less difficult to paint. What does Mr. Gladstone think of Lord Hartington? The general outline of the picture is easy enough to indicate. The heir of the House of Devonshire doubtless seems to Mr. Gladstone a good young man sent down from heaven to raise the hopes of the Liberal party at a difficult moment, and to keep his own place warm for him. The details of the representation may be a little more conjectural. From Mr. Gladstone's well-known and frequently enunciated contempt for the House of Lords, which can only pass decently good measures by the aid of special Divine interposition, he can hardly fail to entertain something of a similar feeling—mixed, doubtless, with compassion—for one who is destined, unless accident forbids or Mr. Gladstone himself thinks his three thoughts with unusual rapidity, to figure some day in that unfortunate assembly. This element of weakness in Lord Hartington's character our painter will have to take account of, as also of another. Mr. Gladstone ought to have sympathy with his follower, or leader, or rival, or colleague—all the terms being more or less appropriate—for his dexterity in shifting sails to suit the wind. But the late Premier can hardly think altogether approvingly of the manner of Lord Hartington's performance of this nautical manœuvre. In the matter of the Army Discipline Bill, as in that of the Liverpool election, Lord Hartington showed himself slightly susceptible to bullying. It is only fair to Mr. Gladstone to say that he himself is not a good subject for that process. You may gently lead him either by blowing up a gaol and murdering a policeman, as is the Irish manner, or by peppering the highest in a contest of highly-spiced flattery, as is the manner of Scotchmen and of the English Nonconformists. But for direct brow-beating *à la* Chamberlain, Mr. Gladstone has, to do him justice, too proud a stomach, unless it comes from foreign Powers. It is also probable that Lord Hartington's tendencies towards common-sense argument slightly revolt his late chief. The sometime Postmaster-General, he must think, is fatally deficient in superlatives. He does not refer sufficiently often to the "last drop of his blood" and the "last breath in his body," according to the picturesque but harmless vocabulary which in Mr. Gladstone's mouth replaces the still more picturesque, but not so harmless, expletives of the streets. Still we cannot doubt that the portrait of Lord Hartington, drawn according to Mr. Gladstone's instructions, would be on the whole complimentary. It might be described in the catalogue as "Portrait of an Amiable and Judicious Young Nobleman," and there would be great scope for an inscription such as that to which some exhibitors at the Royal Academy are prone. If this inscription, like the character of Lord Derby, were composed in the Palace of Truth, it would probably run as follows:—"He is a useful piece of furniture, never out of the way (except sometimes when the frivolities of hunting and racing allure his young mind), and seldom in it. I put myself in his place when I choose; and when I don't choose, he occupies mine, with a sufficient absence of shining qualities. In fact, he combines the advantages of a foil and a substitute, and can be trusted to discharge the duties of the former admirably, and those of the latter as well as could be expected."

These two sketches, and especially the last, seem to invite the composition of a third, to be hung upon the same line, and necessitating a similar inquiry. What does Lord Hartington think of Mr. Gladstone? It is probable that in general he thinks of him very much as an enlightened Roman or Carthaginian general did of the elephants which accompanied his army. They were very large, very imposing, and tremendously strong, but painfully uncertain in their operation, and quite as likely to upset friends as to trample down foes. Lord Hartington, however, is not allowed the benefit of the device of which the strategy of the period referred to availed itself. He cannot place a mahout with a sharp chisel and mallet behind Mr. Gladstone to put a stop to his inconvenient exploits as soon as he shows signs of denouncing the House of Lords, or inviting Home Rulers to convert him to Home Rule, as their predecessors converted him to disestablishment, or charging a whole Continental nation with being in alliance with the evil one. He has to grin and bear it, and very hard it must be to do both. Lord Hartington can scarcely help imagining himself, with a shudder, called when in power to face an Austrian Ambassador after such an escapade of his leader-follower as last Wednesday's. It cannot be wholly pleasant to read declarations of fervent Liberals that Mr. Gladstone, and nobody but Mr. Gladstone, shall be their leader, and to look forward to a relapse into Postmaster-Generalship, or some more gilded slavery, after bearing the heat and burden of long years of Opposition. It is probable, also, that Lord Hartington would prefer to be informed beforehand of the peculiar direction which Mr. Gladstone's boomerang flights are likely to take. It might then be possible, if not to guard against them, at any rate to adjust the position beforehand. All these circumstances might well make Lord Hartington hesitate in giving his instructions to our artist. In public, of course, these instructions would not be difficult; and terms of almost filial veneration would doubtless flow from the lips of the leader of the Opposition, especially if he had not yet seen the morning papers, or if, for a wonder, Mr. Gladstone had not been speaking anywhere or writing anything. In private, and with the limitations proposed *ex hypothesi*, the task might be more difficult. It is almost alarming to think of the colours in which Lord Hartington, especially with Mr. Adam at his elbow, would have drawn his late chief just after the last Midlothian campaign; and everything goes to show that the same tints will be required again. Perhaps, on the whole, allegorical portraiture would be most satisfactory to the complicated and overcharged feelings of the chief of that Opposition which Mr. Gladstone has just pronounced sacrosanct. The already suggestive picture of the elephant slaying its foes by thousands and its friends by tens of thousands would make a fine picture of its kind. If, however, this be thought too distant, historical, and foreign, another trope of the same kind presents itself as not inappropriate. A bull in a china-shop is an object rarely seen in nature, though frequent in the mouths of men. It is not known, we believe, who first crystallized the idea and put it into effective phrase. But, whoever he was, he could hardly have had before him a more striking exemplification of his thought than the activity of Mr. Gladstone as it must present itself to the sorely-tried eyes of Lord Hartington's mind.

THE POPE AND THE *CULTURKAMPF*.

FROM the time when he succeeded to the Papal throne Leo XIII. has manifested, as indeed he had done previously in his offices of Nuncio and afterwards of Archbishop, that statesmanlike temper and capacity in which his predecessor was so signally deficient. The pastoral he issued only a few months before his election, as Archbishop of Perugia, though dealing largely with religious subjects and written throughout in a religious spirit, reads more like the work of a statesman than of a theologian. It reminded one of the tone of the Hildebrands and Innocents of a former age rather than of the compiler of the Syllabus, only that the future Pope contemplated the relations of the Church and civil society from the standpoint not of the thirteenth century but of the nineteenth. It has been from the first his avowed aim to bring about that reconciliation of the Church with modern civilization which the Syllabus, taken in its natural and obvious sense, pronounces to be impossible. To a pontiff thus minded it was of course peculiarly embarrassing to find that the policy of his predecessor, consistently pursued during a reign of unprecedented length, had left him the inheritance of something like an internecine feud between the civil and spiritual powers in almost every European country. In Italy, France, Switzerland, and Germany the state of tension was most severe, and in three of those countries it was such as actually to impede the ordinary routine of ecclesiastical work, and in some places to bring it to a deadlock altogether. Several sees in Italy and Germany, and hundreds of parishes were vacant, while in Switzerland the State had in many parishes substituted "Christian Catholic" pastors for those in communion with Rome. In France the contest had begun which has issued in the Ferry Bill, and of which, in spite of the rejection of the seventh clause by the Senate, we have by no means as yet seen the end. That in many of these cases the State was partially or entirely in the wrong, if judged by any standard of even-handed justice which English public opinion would recognize, is perfectly true; but if the State was in the wrong, it cannot fairly be maintained that the Church, as administered under the Ultramontane autocracy of Pius IX., was in the right. The Falk Laws were a clumsy and impolitic reply to the challenge of the Vatican Council, and even so zealous an anti-Vaticanist as Father Hyacinthe made no secret of his disgust at the illiberal partiality of ecclesiastical statesmanship at Geneva. But these procedings, just or unjust, were provoked by the Vatican decrees, and by the long course of studiously irritating and aggressive policy which culminated in the infallibilist triumph. Hard words, to be sure, break no bones, but such words as had for many years past emanated periodically from the Vatican itself, and from the various official or officious organs—such as the *Civiltà Cattolica* and the *Univers*—which were known to speak its mind, amounted to little short of a declaration of war against the whole framework and constitution of modern society; and such a declaration could hardly be ignored, when coming from an authority which aspired to "tune the pulpits" and the confessionals of half Christendom. An idea was growing up on both sides throughout the Continent that clergy and laity were natural enemies, and that there could be no enduring peace till one party or the other had gained the ascendency. The *Non possumus* of the Vatican was met in Germany, and elsewhere, by the defiant response, "We won't go to Canossa." The ecclesiastical authorities wholly failed to comprehend the temper of the age, while statesmen like Prince Bismarck

failed—as "men of blood and iron" always do fail—to appreciate the strength of moral forces, and imagined that consciences, enlightened or otherwise, could be crushed under the letter of the law. The result, as we observed just now, was a deadlock injurious to the best interests of all concerned.

This was the state of things two years ago, when Leo XIII. ascended the Papal throne, but he has already within that short period succeeded in effecting a considerable improvement, in spite of serious hindrances caused quite as much by his own side as by its opponents. Even in Italy some approach has been made to a better understanding between the rival powers, but there of course the difficulties are exceptionally grave, and it would greatly try the capacities of a consummate statesman, with the best will for devising an equitable arrangement, to discover a *modus vivendi* that should satisfy the reasonable requirements of both parties. In Switzerland, where the quarrel was very much of the Pope's making originally, though the Government showed itself more than ready to take up the gauntlet he had thrown down, matters appear to be satisfactorily adjusted. But in Germany, where more than a thousand parishes are reported to be now vacant, besides about half the bishoprics, the task of reconciliation was at once more urgent and not so easy. But here too, if we may trust the latest information, the tact of Leo XIII., and probably still more the confidence he has inspired—in place of the deep distrust created by the language and acts of Pius IX.—have proved equal to the occasion. He may have felt that he could afford to be generous, because in the main he had justice on his side. The provocation caused by the policy of the Curia, and the very natural suspicion it engendered of a radical hostility to German unity on the part of the Church, goes far to explain, though it does not excuse, the assumption on Prince Bismarck's part—as a distinguished English Liberal worded it—of the attitude of "a Pope in jackboots." We have often before now criticized in detail the provisions of the May Laws, some of which merely constituted a sentimental grievance, while others must be regarded as a direct intrusion into the spiritual sphere, and were resented accordingly by the Protestant as well as the Catholic clergy, many of whom were fined or imprisoned in consequence. The concession on what the *Times* Correspondent calls "the main point in dispute," contained in the final clause of the Pope's recent letter to the Archbishop of Cologne, deals with what was a sentimental grievance only. The passage in the English translation runs as follows:—

> The second year is now elapsing since we ordained that thou mightest unite thy prayers and those of thy believing flock with ours, that God, who is rich in mercy, might hear our supplications and haply restore that freedom, to the fulfilment of our wishes. This was not granted, but still firmly hope that, with the Divine aid, our efforts in this respect will meet with the desired success. Gradually, and little by little, hollow suspicion and its invariable accompaniment, unrighteous envy towards the Church, will cease, and the chiefs of the State, looking at facts in a favourable and appreciative light, will easily come to see that we do not interfere with the rights of others, and that between the ecclesiastical and political powers a lasting understanding may exist, provided only there does not fail on both sides the will and the inclination to maintain peace, or, if need be, restore it. That we are animated with this spirit and this will must be the firm and unflinching conviction of thee, reverend brother, and all believers in Germany. Yes, we cherish this will so decidedly, that in view of the advantages likely to result therefrom for public order, we make no scruple of declaring to thee that we, in order to hasten this understanding, will permit the name of those priests chosen by the Bishops as fellow-workers in their diocese in the cure of souls to be primarily submitted for approval to the Prussian Government.

This submission to the Government of the names of priests appointed to parochial cures had long been allowed in other parts of Germany, and although the right claimed might easily be used in a vexatious manner, it is hard to see how any question of principle can be involved in the mere formality, and the Prussian Government has all along had a veto on appointments to bishoprics.

The interference of the Falk Laws with clerical education was a matter of much higher practical importance, and here it is evident that the Government are prepared to make important concessions. The Bishop of Strasburg has already been permitted to reopen his seminary, and it is further reported that "a Bill repealing some of the more oppressive clauses of the ecclesiastical laws is being drawn up by the Prussian Government, and will no doubt be passed by Parliament." The same correspondent adds that all parties are agreed on there being no need to control the religious action of the clergy, if the Pope no longer objects—as Leo XIII. obviously does not object—to German unity under a Protestant sovereign. The Government will however reserve "the right to confirm the nomination of priests, to punish political agitation in the pulpit, and to supervise elementary education." On the first point we have already spoken. The second sounds strange to English ears, but all Continental Governments are more exacting in such matters than our own, and in practice everything would depend on how the right was exercised. Many clergymen in England have preached strongly against *e.g.* the divorce law, and the proposal to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and we should feel it to be a monstrous injustice if their liberty of speech were made penal; but the Government would—at least on Continental principles—be within its right in restraining attacks from the pulpit on the whole existing order of things, and "punishing political agitation" need not mean more than this. It would be felt in this country to be a grave impropriety, though not a ground for judicial interference, if a preacher were to tell his congregation what candidates they ought to vote for in an election to Parliament. The third right claimed by the Prussian Government, supervision of elementary instruction—that is, we presume, in its secular aspects—is not only exercised by our own Government, but universally admitted to be just and beneficial. No one can speak more distinctly on this point than Cardinal Manning in his recent Lenten pastoral, and what Cardinal Manning openly approves the most Ultramontane of German bishops need not hesitate to admit. His words are worth quoting. "No schools are under a more rigorous inspection than ours. . . . *This is a great benefit to us*, and a great security for good management. For anything and for everything we are liable to censure from the Government, from the Guardians, from the public newspapers. The censures are at times overstrained, and sometimes unjust, but their effect upon us is good. They keep us from careless or superficial management. We are forced to do our duty thoroughly and with all our might." Of a similar compulsion the German Catholics, if they are wise, will not complain. And meanwhile, as far as religious education is concerned, the new Minister who has succeeded Dr. Falk has already largely modified his policy in a denominational sense. The settlement of the controversy therefore will not be a triumph for either party, but a compromise in which each surrenders something, while securing all that its real interests demand; and this is in itself a guarantee for its permanence. There is no "minting of Canossa coins," but the *Culturkampf* seems to be coming quietly to an end. If it still leaves the German hierarchy under some restrictions unknown before 1870, for that they have to thank their own sudden change of front in view of the arbitrary Roman pretensions to which, after an illusory show of resistance, they passively succumbed.

Two collateral questions are naturally suggested by the apparently approaching close of the conflict between Church and State in Germany, on which however we can only say a word in passing here. It may be asked what effect the reconciliation is likely to have on the condition of the Old Catholics, and on the religious life of the Church from which they have seceded. There can be no doubt that in the early days of the struggle the Prussian Government saw its advantage in promoting a movement which might serve to hamper the action of its formidable rival, but this patronage, never very decided or cordial, has for some time been virtually withdrawn. And the internal dissensions of the Old Catholics, to which Professor Schulte called attention in a remarkable paper in the *Contemporary Review* last August, have conspired to their disadvantage with the prestige which a little mild persecution has inevitably conferred upon their opponents, while in Germany, as in Switzerland, the conciliatory policy of Leo XIII. has done far more to impair their prospects than the curses of Pius IX. His evident desire for their reabsorption into the general body may be disappointed, but it is less likely than under the late *régime* that their numbers will largely increase. On the other hand the likelihood is proportionately greater of the growth of what may, for want of a better name, be called an Old Catholic element within the visible unity of the Roman Church. The acquiescence of German Catholics, whether clergy or laity, in the Vatican decrees was notoriously in many, if not most cases, more ostensible than real, and the loyalty to their Church evoked by the aggressive action of the Falk Laws rather silenced opposition than secured assent. When the pressure is withdrawn, they will be at leisure to review the whole situation calmly, and may find that pretensions at once arrogant and unhistorical do not become more palatable by lapse of years. To judge indeed from the language of the Belgian Bishops and other high authorities who might be named, it has already come to be the avowed object of Ultramontane apologists to show, not how great is the import of the infallibilist dogma, but how small. If an objection is raised to any Papal pronouncement, it is at once thrown overboard, not without a contemptuous smile. The Pope was only expressing his own views, not defining doctrines; or he was dealing with personal matters; or he was speaking as a private doctor, not by apostolic authority; or he was not resting on the testimony of revelation. In short, he cannot have been infallible, for he was mistaken. If this is the tone enforced by the exigencies of controversy on the very authors and advocates of the dogma, when it is barely ten years old, what inference is likely to be drawn by those who were always its opponents? Leo XIII. has afforded fresh evidence of his discernment of the true interests of his Church in seeking to bring the ecclesiastical conflict in Germany to an end. But he would confer a more lasting boon on German Catholicism if he could heal the internal malady which the policy of his predecessor has bequeathed to it.

LIEUTENANT PALANDER ON THE VOYAGE OF THE *VEGA*.

Considering what very moderate achievements in the Arctic regions have of late attracted a large share of public attention, it is certainly surprising that an account of the voyage of the *Vega*, written by the commander of that vessel, should have received so little notice. In the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine* for the present month, Lieutenant Palander, of the Swedish navy, has told how the North-East passage was made. His account, though very clear and graphic, is so simple and unpretentious, and so brief, that it scarcely seems proportionate to the importance of what he has to narrate, and perhaps for this reason it has not attracted the attention of a public which, having seen failure described in elaborate volumes, can hardly believe that success requires only a few modest pages. It is to be hoped, however, that this neglect will not continue, and that Lieutenant

Palander's remarkable narrative will be read as it deserves; for, if it is thought to merit no more consideration than the many stories of travel which appear in magazines, his countrymen will certainly be justified in thinking that Englishmen are rightly charged with insular narrowness, and that they greatly magnify what their own sailors achieve, while they give little heed to what is done by the sailors of other nations.

There is no doubt one reason why an account of the North-East passage should not excite so much interest in this country as some other stories of Arctic exploration. Owing to causes not altogether easy to fathom, English navigators have for a very long period abandoned the idea of passing from the Atlantic to Behring's Straits through the seas north of Asia, and have devoted all their efforts to the attainment of other objects. This fact, however, can scarcely excuse the singular apathy which has been shown respecting Lieutenant Palander's story; and it must be remembered that, although the Asian Arctic regions have been neglected for a great while, Englishmen have not always been indifferent to the allurements of the Kara Sea, but that when the spirit of adventure ran most high, the Eastern Ocean was sought by English seamen. At the beginning of his history Lieutenant Palander gives a short account of previous attempts to make the North-East passage, from which it appears that it has been essayed by thirteen expeditions, five of which were sent from England. The first effort ever made was in 1553, when three ships —the *Bona Esperanza*, *Bona Ventura*, and *Bona Confidentia*—sailed from England. Other expeditions made for the North-East in 1556, 1580, and 1608, after which there was, so far as this country was concerned, a very long pause. Finally, in 1676 the last British expedition was despatched, and after it "there occurs," to use the writer's words, "an interval of two hundred years without any attempt to make the North-East passage. In 1872 the *Admiral Tegetthoff* was sent out by Austria and Lieutenants Payer and Weyprecht made their justly famous voyage. Finally, in 1878 the *Vega* sailed from Sweden, and Professor Nordenskiöld and Lieutenant Palander achieved what English sailors had first attempted more than three centuries before. Surely the narrative which the latter has recently published in this country merits as much attention as those which described the summer trip of the *Pandora*, and the very cautious exploration of Sir George Nares.

Over both it certainly has one great advantage already referred to—that of brevity. It seems, at first sight, highly improbable that Lieutenant Palander should be able to tell the story of such a voyage in a few pages; but he has undoubtedly succeeded in doing so; and, as need hardly be said, his curt history is full of interest. He first describes the fitting out of the *Vega*, which had been built for seal and whale-fishing, and was therefore suited for Arctic navigation. Her two principal officers and her crew belonged to the Swedish navy, and the Swedish Government gave great assistance in her equipment and in provisioning her; but she did not sail as a Swedish man-of-war, and had to carry the flag of the Swedish Yacht Club. As is well known, she left Gothenburg in the early part of July 1878, Professor Nordenskiöld, the projector and leader of the expedition, joining it afterwards at Tromsoe. The *Vega* left this place on July 21st, with her consort, the *Lena*, a small screw-steamer destined for the navigation of the river of that name, which was to accompany her during a considerable part of her voyage.

In the first part of their arduous undertaking the Swedish explorers appear from Lieutenant Palander's narrative to have had fairly good fortune. Entering the Kara Sea at what experience has shown to be the right time, they found it free from ice. Two vessels bound for the Yenisei had previously met them, and from one of these a final supply of coal was taken. On August 9, the Kara Sea having been crossed, these vessels had to leave the *Vega* and *Lena*, which then began their slow voyage along the flat Siberian coast. At the outset they found that the charts of this coast were very erroneous, and that they must make their way as best they could without putting any trust in their maps. The difficulty thus caused was a very grave one, but it cannot have been by any means unexpected, and is indeed such as all Arctic explorers necessarily have to contend against. It is to be observed, however, that with the *Vega* the utter untrustworthiness of the charts was specially trying. During a great portion of her voyage she had to keep close to the coast, and the water on the northern shores of Siberia is exceptionally shallow. The vessel therefore was incessantly in danger of grounding, and the explorers had literally to feel their way. How extremely trying, therefore, the work of Lieutenant Palander and his associates must have been will be seen at once by any sailor who reads his narrative; but, owing to its simplicity, brevity, and to the absence of any attempt to dwell on the dangers which had to be encountered, this may not be so apparent to all readers. To make the difficulties of shallow waters yet greater, there were the constant fogs of the Eastern Arctic Ocean, which Lieutenant Palander pronounces to be "more dense than anywhere else in the world." Perhaps if he had been in London lately he would retract this statement; but it must be said that in frequency the fogs of the Siberian coast appear to exceed even those of the British capital. Despite them, however, the *Vega* made good progress, and on August 19 she safely passed Cape Tchelyuskin, the northernmost point of the Old World, which had never been doubled by any vessel before. Nature has not always given to the extreme points of continents the attention they might be thought to deserve, and from the silence of Lieutenant Palander respecting the appearance of Cape Tchelyuskin, it may be gathered that this was not remarkable. Its true geographical position, which was carefully ascertained, was found to be not a little different from that previously laid down. It is in lat. 77° 36′ N., long. 103° 25′ E. After doubling it the *Vega* made her way with fair rapidity to the south and to the east. Near the delta of the Lena river she parted from her excellent consort the *Lena*, which had to proceed up that great stream to Yakutsk. From the delta a favourable wind carried the *Vega* some distance on her way; but, though she made good progress, disappointment awaited Professor Nordenskiöld when the ship drew near Liakov Island. Here he had hoped to land and collect fossil remains; but, owing to shallow water and to fogs, a landing could not be effected, and the mammoth bones remained undisturbed. Continuing her easterly course, the *Vega* reached Cape Sholagskoi; but, after this was passed, the ice, which rapidly increased, made further progress extremely arduous. Notwithstanding, however, the difficulties caused by ice, by fogs, and by water so shallow as sometimes only to leave a few inches under the keel, the voyage was continued past Cape Yakan; past the mysterious Wrangel's Land, supposed to be inhabited by an aboriginal race; past the point absurdly called North Cape, and across Koliutchin Bay. A point to the east of this was reached on September 28th, and the *Vega* was now close to her goal—that is, to Behring's Straits. Of 4,000 miles, all but 120 had been accomplished, and for those 120 miles the course lay through waters which are usually navigable for some weeks after September 28th. To traverse this small distance, however, was, in the autumn of 1878, absolutely impossible. The ice collected early, and the unfortunate explorers, with success almost within their grasp, with the eastern outlet of the Arctic Ocean almost in sight, found themselves doomed to pass a winter on the coast. After the 28th the cold increased rapidly, the weather remained perfectly calm, and it soon became evident that until the next summer the *Vega's* chance of reaching the sea of Kamtchatka would be about on a par with that of reaching the North Pole.

The unexpected arrest of the vessel's progress—news of which, it may be remembered, reached Europe—does not seem to have in the least dismayed the hardy and patient Swedes. Preparations were at once made for rendering the *Vega* as comfortable as possible during the winter, and for carrying on those mysterious scientific observations which have so deep a charm for Arctic navigators. In this case the scientific works certainly had the merit of providing full occupation for all on board the vessel, and neither weariness nor depression seems to have been felt during the winter months. The explorers were not altogether thrown on their own resources during their captivity, for the coast off which they were icebound was inhabited, and the natives proved to be excellent people. It is a most singular fact that, of all primitive races, those who dwell in the most barren and forbidding regions are apparently the best. The good qualities of the Esquimaux are well known, and the Tchuktchis of Eastern Siberia seem to be at least their equals. Lieutenant Palander describes them as "good-natured, friendly, hospitable, and honest," and says that, though numbers of them were constantly on board the ship, during the whole winter, only two or three thefts of the most trifling description were committed. Treated with wise kindness and liberality by the Swedes, they were useful in various ways, and were able at times to supply the mariners with fresh fish or reindeer flesh. These were of course most acceptable, but were not indispensable, the *Vega* being admirably found in stores. Lieutenant Palander gives a table of the dietary, which proves how well the ship had been provisioned, and what careful forethought had been exercised. As the crew remained perfectly healthy during the winter, and as no symptom of scurvy ever appeared, this table may be considered to show the diet which is best suited for Arctic regions, and is therefore well worth attention. As might be expected, preserved vegetables figure very largely in it, and it may horrify the followers of Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Dr. Richardson to learn that a gill of rum or brandy was served out daily to each man. A small quantity of tobacco was also given, and there was of course an allowance of lime-juice every day. The variety of good food shown by the dietary is most remarkable, and since for once what was agreeable proved to be wholesome, it is greatly to be hoped that, should there be any future Arctic expeditions, the valuable experience of the Swedish explorers may be utilized, and the diet which kept the crew healthy during the worst period of the year followed as closely as possible.

The men must have needed some physical comforts to cheer them, as their utterly unexpected detention lasted nearly ten months. The vessel remained firmly bound until July 18, 1879, when Lieutenant Palander noticed that the line of the tidometer showed astern, and immediately afterwards saw the ice to landward separate from the outer ground-ice belt. Steam was got up, and at 4.30 P.M. the vessel was in motion. That evening she reached a navigable sea, having got away from the place where she had so long been held fast "as quietly and with as little trouble" as if she "had gone out to sea from a common harbour." On July 20 East Cape was passed, and the North-East passage completed. Having been thus entirely successful in their great undertaking, the explorers, after a short delay at some islands near the Straits, set their course for Japan, and arrived at Yokohama on September 2.

Their voyage must certainly take rank as one of the most remarkable ever made in the Arctic Ocean. The difficulties they had to encounter were no doubt less than those against which other navigators in Arctic seas have had to contend; but never-

theless they were in all probability such as could only have been overcome by very skilful and very determined men. How great they were cannot be easily learnt from Lieutenant Palander's narrative, since, unlike most travellers, he seems anxious to speak as slightly as possible of the obstacles he was able to overcome. His reticence is to be admired, and should do him no harm with English readers. It is for those who have failed to indulge in many words. Those who have succeeded can afford to be brief.

INJUDICIOUS WOMEN.

A RUDE man who was told that a certain lady was a little injudicious asked his informant whether he had ever known a judicious woman. If such a question were put to us, we should reply that we know not only judicious, but over-judicious, women. We might even add that we know women who are as wise as serpents; though not as harmless as doves. But whether women are always injudicious, or, as we maintain, sometimes the contrary, it must, we should think, be generally admitted that they are occasionally jealous. When one lady is jealous of another she instinctively talks a great deal about her, and the general drift of her remarks under such circumstances must be pretty familiar to every one whose acquaintanceship is not confined to the male sex. It is certain that she will never admit her jealousy; but beyond that there is no saying what observations she may make about her enemy; nor will she miss any opportunity of saying an unkind word of her. She will generally contrive, however, that none of her weapons of attack shall be so damaging as her praise. She will allow that her enemy is beautiful—beautiful as a tigress—but she will affirm that she is wicked; she will admit that she is amusing, but she will declare her to be ill-natured; if she calls her innocent, she also calls her silly; and if she praises her as true-hearted and trustworthy, she stigmatizes her as unsympathetic and uninteresting. If she begins by describing her as clever, she goes on to hint that she is an infidel. If she praises her balls and her parties, she abuses her for being too fat or too thin, a bad caller, or a Roman Catholic. There are plenty of other faults with which ladies accuse each other behind their backs; such as inhospitality, idleness, having "odd people" to stay with them, frequently changing their servants, and even telling lies; but it is needless to multiply instances. When, however, a lady is so renowned for her personal goodness and excellence, her social charms and her unselfishness, that any attack upon her character with the usual weapons would be worse than useless, her opponents resort to the equivocal subterfuge of calling her injudicious. We wish to call special attention to this point, because, after some experience, we have come to the conclusion that in a large number of cases this is the most unfair and unwarrantable of all the forms of backbiting attack ever stooped to by woman, which is saying not a little. It is worthy of classification with the "You will be sorry for it when I am gone," or the "Please yourself; pray do not consult *my* wishes," of the direct feminine attack; and we veritably believe that some women consider that any woman who is charitable, kind, and unselfish, must *ipso facto* be injudicious. If one lady hears that another has built a church or endowed a scholarship, she is generally ready, like a true Bible-loving Englishwoman, to say, "To what purpose is this waste?" or words to the same effect.

It is all very well to have a stall at a fashionable bazaar for the relief of a famine in Beloochistan, or to be one of the lady patronesses of a charity ball; but to visit in person a squalid lodging in a back street, and carry food and clothing to a starving family, is considered injudicious. There are "proper people" to do all these things. Are there not the district visitor, the clergyman, the relieving officer, and the parish doctor? How much better it would be if Lady Jane would fulfil the duties of her own position and remember her station! It would be quite useless to reply to the speaker that there are "proper people" to do some of the things to which she devotes much of her time; that there are professional comedians to act, that there are gamekeepers to follow the shooters, that there are wise men to give opinions upon things "not understanded of women," and that there are stable-boys to talk slang. It would be worse than useless to suggest that it might be better if she herself attended a little more to the duties of her position, and if she were not so apt to forget her station in life. To say such things would be futile, because she connects most injudicious acts directly or indirectly with charity, and of charity she is certainly not guilty; therefore she cannot believe herself to be injudicious. It is quite permissible for a girl to dance till three or four o'clock in the morning, and then to drive several miles home on a snowy night, but it is thought imprudent to get up at seven o'clock to go to an early service. The latter is fatiguing and might expose the devotee to cold. Then it is quite right and proper to pay forty guineas for a dress, but to give five shillings to a poor person is most injudicious; giving such a large sum to one person is robbing others, and so much in a single case is quite uncalled for. It is simple extravagance, and the indulgence of such indiscreet charity may soon lead the donor into serious embarrassment. Moreover, it is wrong because it tends to pauperize the recipient, and it is mischievous in principle because it helps to hamper the working of the Anti-Mendicity Society. There is another thing also about that five shillings. The case in which it was given was not a deserving one. The husband of the woman who received it was once seen drunk; therefore, to give her money—and so much too—is directly to encourage vice. "Depend upon it some of that money would be spent in drink," says the speaker, as she finishes her glass of 1858 Lafitte. Again, as regards visiting the poor, it is very right that ladies should drive about picturesque country lanes in comfortable pony carriages, district visiting, provided there are no fevers about; but if they rarely go to any cottages unless the occupants are ill or in serious want, and then pay frequent visits until the distress is alleviated, they come under the social anathema. "A friend will say "How very injudicious Lady Jane is. She suddenly took up some cottagers named Smith, whom she had never been near before, and went to see them every day for a month, taking soup and wine and meat and even bread, and then she suddenly dropped them, and I hear that she has not been to their cottage for weeks and weeks"; the truth being that, while the Smiths had illness or serious want in their house, she assisted them, but when they were off the sick list, or when work was found for the husband and sons, she left them to themselves. It is not only among the lowest classes that poverty exists; but, although it is quite legitimate for a lady to visit and help cottagers, under certain restrictions, she is considered to be interfering where she has no business, and to be lowering herself, if she visits and assists people in distress among the middle classes. There is another kind of charity which exposes a woman to the charge of being injudicious. This is showing kindness and hospitality to little-known newcomers in an exclusive neighbourhood. People with good credentials are sometimes looked upon coldly for months after their arrival in a new neighbourhood, and the time spent in a freezing social atmosphere is both wearisome and unpleasant in the extreme. When, therefore, an old resident is philanthropic enough to break the ice, and to invite them to meet their neighbours, she appears to the new arrivals to be the very incarnation of charity, while to the old neighbours she seems an excessively injudicious woman. Then, again, hostesses who give grand balls and other entertainments to their friends are excellent people; but ladies who give servants' balls, or entertainments to the poor, "do an infinite amount of mischief." At best, if nothing else can be said against the acts of charity of a kind-hearted woman, "it is a pity that she does not consult her clergyman before giving away money or meddling among the parishioners."

One celebrated statesman lately said of another celebrated statesman that he had not a single redeeming vice. Now if, in an otherwise spotless female character, it is tolerable that there should be one redeeming weakness, we are inclined to think that a slight absence of the judicious character in her charitable actions is the most endurable. It is well that men should be a little stern in cases of mendicancy, and it may be necessary for them to send a beggar or two to the county gaol now and then to encourage the others; but while the husband looks very terrible at Petty Sessions, and inquires with searching severity into all cases of professed distress or vagrancy, we are not very sure that we like to see the wife too austere in cases of want and destitution, even when the sufferers have been reduced through their own neglect or vices. Every case of distress, whether deserved or not, merits a certain amount of pity, and we venture to think that a woman looks as interesting when nursing a sick poacher as when nursing a sick clergyman. Pauperization is, we admit, a very terrible evil; but want of tenderness in woman is a still greater. It may be gratifying to reflect that beggars are no longer encouraged; that charity is managed by boards and committees, and that the undeserving, at any rate among the poor, meet with their due; but we have made such wonderful progress in these directions within the last few years that we may afford to give a little toleration to a woman here and there who is so injudicious as to distribute alms according to her own private judgment, without consulting boards, curates, or district visitors.

It seems sometimes to be forgotten that there is more than one description of injudicious woman. There are, for instance, women who repeat things about which they would wisely be silent, who speak ill of their neighbours, and irritate where they might soothe. There are ladies who goad their husbands into extravagant expenditure, and urge them to engage in ambitious projects from which they would naturally shrink. There are women who overfeed themselves while they neglect to feed the poor, and overfatigue themselves with dissipation, although they fancy themselves too delicate to engage in the most trifling works of charity. They are unhappy unless they have three times the number of servants necessary for their wants, and yet they themselves are the abject slaves of society. We admit that such women as these are very injudicious, nor do we offer the slightest excuse for them. Our gallantry, again, is not sufficiently pronounced to enable us to defend ladies who are so injudicious as to assume the prerogatives of men, to ape the manners of a class of women of whose very existence they should be ignorant, or to talk glibly upon subjects concerning which they are profoundly ignorant.

We think we have sufficiently shown that we have no wish to cloak the fact that there are such creatures in the world as injudicious women; but, while we freely admit both their existence and their enormities, we contend that there is something to be said in favour of that special type of injudicious woman which errs in the direction of excessive charity and liberality; and we own that, when we are told by a lady that some one whom we have never seen is injudicious in the exercise of her benevo-

lence, we are inclined to a certain prepossession in her favour. There are certain forms of female praise which are very damaging; but, on the contrary, feminine abuse for injudicious liberality may generally be accepted as presumptive evidence in favour of the accused.

ELECTION ADDRESSES.

If the glory of elections has somewhat departed with the disappearance of the hustings and the appearance of the Ballot, the comparative disuse of treating and the almost entire disuse of direct bribery, there are still elements left in electioneering to divert the outsider who is not too busily engaged in getting himself or somebody else elected. The independent Bridgewater elector who epigrammatically remarked to the late Mr. Bagehot, "I'm not going to do nothing for gentlefolks, unless gentlefolks does something for I," expressed a feeling of humanity which is common, if not wholly praiseworthy. The gentlefolks who are at this moment so busily claiming the honour of being allowed to sit up till six o'clock in the morning or six o'clock the next evening listening to Mr. Biggar are not permitted to do much directly for their fellow-creatures; but they provide him, if he be of a studious turn, with an immense amount of literature which is not destitute of amusing features. The amusement is indeed generally indirect, for the man who would dare to write a deliberately comic election address would be a bolder man —if his candidature were serious—than Achilles or Almanzor. Of indirect comedy, as well as of direct edification, there is, however, plenty to be found in the voluminous manifestoes which are just now gladdening the hearts of newspaper managers, and occasionally irritating the tempers of newspaper editors. Nor was there ever a period when the volume of such matter was greater. Time was when elections were almost purely local matters, and little except their result interested outsiders. Nowadays voters are so much scattered that election addresses intended for Cornwall have a public in London. Perhaps the majority of them—certainly a very large number—thus find their way side by side into the columns of the London papers, and what might once have been a toilsome study of comparative criticism becomes light and easy and capable of being prosecuted at the breakfast-table; for the freedom of which, by the way, once so famous, we do not on this occasion observe the slightest demand.

The philosophy of election addresses is perhaps to be better studied in the compositions of the political rank and file than in those of the leaders, if only for the simple reason that the obscure are necessarily the most numerous. Considering that the preparation of these documents must frequently be a severe trial to gentlemen who have not, as a rule, studied brevity in composition, it is almost surprising that a regular profession or subdivision of a profession has not sprung up to meet the demand. Some of the youthful persons who, in obedience to a suggestion of Mr. James Payn's, are now being trained up in literature, might be specially devoted to this department; for, though the occasions of exercising their skill would not be numerous, the fees would be proportionately high, and the qualifications required are somewhat peculiar. The ideal election address is a document the positive and negative properties of which are numerous, and not such as all comers are able to impart. An election address must not, save in very exceptional instances, be very short, for in that case there is an appearance of disrespect to the constituency, who may well think that ink and lamp oil should have been expended more generously. It should not be too long, lest haply the patience of the constituency should break down in the middle, and thereby miss the most effective points. In this latter respect the leader of the Opposition seems to have committed an error. Again, it is well that an election address should not be too argumentative, wherein also Lord Hartington comes short of perfection. For one of the first duties of an address, especially of a leader's address, is that it should be rousing and inspiriting. Now the effect of argument is occasionally rather soporific than stimulant. On the other hand, in the attempt to be trenchant excessive dogmatism and the airs of the superior person are carefully to be eschewed. It is a question how far epigram and piquancy are permissible. The literal meaning of the word "piquant" is understood to be pricking, and the danger of piquancy is that you occasionally prick the person whom you wish to conciliate. An agreeable instance of this misfortune has just been given by the right honourable member and candidate for the University of London, who, in endeavouring to throw stones at Lord Beaconsfield, projected his missile with happy directness, not merely in the face of the unfortunate correspondent whom he ostensibly addressed, but also in the faces of a solid phalanx of the constituency. On the other hand, a heavy address is not likely to win many votes, if it be not in any great danger of losing some. Opinions differ very much as to the propriety of being accurate in the statements made in these documents. On the one hand, it may be contended that very few of those who are addressed know the facts, and that a fiction is just as good to repeat and flourish in the face of an adversary as the fact itself. Against this may be set the consideration that it is unpleasant to some people (though not, it seems, to all) to be convicted of deliberate misstatement, and that the eyes of opponents are somewhat quick to detect anything of the kind. There is also a divergence between the ancient and the modern practice in the point of making reference to the individual interests of the constituency contested. This used to be done almost universally in England, and is still done almost universally in France. The progress of civilization, however, has rendered it in some cases difficult. There are now few towns which still require to have roads or railways brought near them, and not very many which have an industry so decidedly staple that it can safely be taken under definite protection. This makes the candidature of those who seek University seats rather easier than that of ordinary wooers of boroughs and counties, where interests are apt to jar. Human nature, however, being what it is, references of this kind, where practicable, are probably not unwise.

So far we have have dealt with the philosophy of election addresses chiefly in the abstract; but abundant illustrations are at hand. But few candidates, it is probable, could attain the heroic height of self-satisfaction with which the sitting members for Birmingham laconically inform their constituents that, in a faithless and backsliding Parliament, they, at any rate, have done their duty. It is more usual to hint modestly at an endeavour to perform that not always easy task. 'Tis not in mortals—except in Messrs. Bright, Muntz, and Chamberlain—to command success in such an attempt, and the inference obviously is that it is vain for any ordinary mortal to compete with them. Modesty, however, is not universal even among candidates less good and great. When the eye falls upon the confident announcement "the Liberal party has not the least wish to separate Ireland or any other part of the United Kingdom," it naturally travels down the page expecting to see the signature of Lord Hartington, of Mr. Gladstone, of Mr. Forster, or at least of Mr. Goschen or Mr. Lowe. But the gentlemen who thus take upon them to speak for the Liberal party are Messrs. W. H. Stone and J. Ebenezer Saunders, of whom all that we can say is that they are candidates for Greenwich, and that from another sentence in their address they appear to have arrived at the conclusion that, jointly, they are about equal to Mr. Gladstone. It is natural that documents of this kind should exhibit a somewhat wide divergence of opinion. For instance, Mr. Charsley in Buckinghamshire is quite certain that, unless local taxation is altered in favour of the landowners and landholders, terrible things will happen; while Mr. Thorold Rogers in Southwark is equally certain that taxation must be altered in favour of those who do not hold or own land. In Marylebone Mr. Daniel Grant considers it evident that the depression of trade is due to the policy of the Government; while in Lambeth Sir James Lawrence, who probably considers himself as good a Liberal as Mr. Grant, informs us that the depression of trade cannot fairly be charged upon them. The reform of the Bankruptcy Law is the darling project of Mr. Arthur Cohen, Q.C., and this, he owns to the inhabitants of Southwark, seems to him of more importance than a great many other things. Elsewhere a singularly vague but very tempting promise has been discovered in the phrase, "the appropriation of funds hitherto improperly diverted." Obviously, the "proper diversion" of funds, though something of a contradiction in terms, would lead them to flow into that pocket in which the voter holds his hands—and possibly not much else—as he reads the inviting placard. Mr. Reed at Cardiff is business-like and truthful. "Gentlemen," he says, "you have other things to regard besides home and foreign policy. You have the interests, the business, the prosperity, and the reputation before the world of Cardiff itself to consider." There is the good old all-Muggleton ring about this. On the other hand, Mr. Samuda, save by a vague reference, seems to assume that the Tower Hamlets think only of foreign affairs and free trade to the exclusion of baser and more particular matters. A phrase which we like, and which is new to us, is to be found in the address of Mr. Robinson, a competitor for East Surrey. "I offer myself," says Mr. Robinson, "as one of your Liberal candidates." "Your member," "your representative," are of course common, but "your candidate" is new. It suggests the signature of a letter—I am your obedient candidate, your poor unfortunate faithful candidate, and so forth. There must be a certain pride in the soul of the elector who finds himself in possession of so fair a herd of candidates.

Speaking generally, the election address, like most other things in this world, divides itself into three classes. There is the address which is obviously the work of its ostensible author, who is well enough accustomed to such work; there is the address which is also original, but whose author is not quite a deacon in his craft; and there is the address which has been composed by a talented and obliging friend, and which bears marks of joint authorship. In the two former cases, the reader is often tempted to remember a certain sentence of Thackeray's and to imagine that it expresses the author's feeling. "Though I have written the above paragraphs myself, and don't understand a word of them, I can't upon my conscience help thinking that they are mighty pretty writing." A postscript of this kind might perhaps fairly be attached to a certain manifesto which led the van, and to not a few of its followers. In the third case—the case where the time-honoured phrase "I take up my pen," would be less appropriate than "I take up somebody else's pen"—the ostensible author, if he is wise, will leave his coadjutor full liberty of action and expression. Collaboration in such cases is fatal, and can rarely be concealed, though it would be unkind to point out individual instances of it. It may be noticed also that in this as in other instances the last comer is by no means at a disadvantage. It is, we believe, an article of faith among election agents that to get your address out first is somehow a benefit. From a literary

point of view it is very much the reverse. For you can obviously, instead of stating your own views, be down upon your opponent's shortcomings, which is not only much easier, but also much more exciting and stimulating to the readers. Such are the outlines of the philosophy of election addresses, with examples of the most recent date. They are very heartily at the service of belated candidates, who with their aid can hardly fail to produce masterpieces before the event of next Wednesday makes addresses give way in point of practical importance to the more uniform and monotonous compositions of the Clerk of the Crown.

TASTE, SHAKSPEARE, AND THE MUSICAL GLASSES.

MR. JAMES PAYN, who seldom writes without being amusing, has contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* a characteristic article on "Sham Admiration in Literature," a thing of which there is no doubt plenty in existence, almost as much, perhaps, or indeed quite as much as there is of sham admiration in pictorial and sculptural art. Probably there are as many persons who speak with bated breath of Shakspeare and the musical glasses in entire ignorance of what they are talking about as there are people of the Cimabue Brown class, who go into esoteric raptures over things of which they have no suspicion of knowledge. An astute Jew in one of Lever's novels observes that there are three things which people will do as long as the world goes on—make love, make war, and gamble; and he might perhaps, without fear of contradiction, have included sham admiration in his list of perennial attitudes of mind or action. The sham admiration, however, which Mr. Payn in the main justly holds up to ridicule is not of the esoteric kind, but is of that wider sort which includes things which the majority of mankind have agreed to be excellent, and which the sham admirers think it perfectly safe to admire. "There are," as Mr. Payn says, "certain books which are standard, and, as it were, planted in the British soil, before which the great majority of us bow the knee and doff the cap with a reverence that in its ignorance reminds one of fetish worship, and in its affectation of the passion for High Art." This, no doubt, is generally true, but we doubt if the illustrations which the writer proceeds to give are altogether happy. The first instance he adduces of books "without which no gentleman's library can be considered complete," and which the person who affects a sound literary taste feels himself bound to admire, is *The Rambler;* and it seems to us to be open to question whether, to begin with, the sort of people at whom Mr. Payn's satire is aimed have ever heard of *The Rambler;* and, in the second place, whether, if they have heard of it, they find it a duty to praise it, unless indeed they happen to have mixed it up with *The Spectator*. Indeed, if *The Spectator* were substituted for *The Rambler*, the following remarks of the writer would perhaps have more force:—"Given the age of the ordinary individual—that is to say, of the gentleman 'fond of books, who has really no time for reading'—and it is easy to guess his literary idols. They are the gods of his youth; and whether he has been 'suckled in a creed outworn' or not, he knows no other. These persons, however, rarely give their opinion about literary matters except on compulsion; they are harmless and truthful. The tendency of society in general, on the other hand, is not only to praise *The Rambler* which they have not read, but to express a noble scorn for those who have read it and don't like it." Mr. Payn himself read *The Rambler* and did not like it; indeed, when he was shut up with it and a Shepherd's Guide for all literary food in a mountain inn, he was very glad to have the Shepherd's Guide to turn to; and we are far less disposed to find fault with what has been well called his "literary palate" in this instance than in some others, to the chief one amongst which we may as well come at once.

This instance will seem so startling to many people that it may be desirable to set forth Mr. Payn's confession or defiance in his own words. "I remember," he writes, "in my own case that from that mere reverence for authority which I hope I share with my neighbours, I used to speak of *Headlong Hall* and *Crotchet Castle*—both great favourites of our forefathers—with much respect, until one wet day in the country I found myself shut up with them. I won't say what I suffered; better judges of literature than myself admire them still, I know. I will only remark that *I* don't admire them. I don't say they are the dullest novels ever printed, because that would be invidious, and might do wrong to works of even greater-pretensions; but to my mind they are dull." It is impossible not to admire the candour of this statement, as well as the kindly and condescending reticence of its concluding sentence; but it suggests food for some curious reflections. It is in the first place, or it seems to be, a strange inference that, because these books—two of Peacock's happiest efforts—were great favourites of our forefathers, therefore they are not now great favourites. The deduction is illogical, and the conclusion involved in it, we venture to say, is not correct. They are great favourites still with most people who know them and a curious proof of the virtue that is in them was given by the success, with the larger number of people who do not know them, of a singularly coarse imitation of their style and method which a few years ago made some noise. This defect, as it seems to us, in Mr. Payn's appreciation, is the more odd, because he himself has much of the qualities of light true humour and close observation, of giving just the right touch of exaggeration to his satire, which adorn Peacock's writings. But, then, three-volume novels were not quite so recognised an institution in the days of Peacock, though even about that period their tyranny was beginning to be felt, as they are now; and possibly the now unusual form in which the works are cast had something to do with Mr. Payn's dislike to them. Form of this kind, in these days of rapid reading, has in such matters an influence quite out of proportion to its real value. But if Mr. Payn is entirely wrong in his estimation of Peacock, it is worth while to remember that Peacock was equally wrong, or more wrong, in his estimation of a greater writer than himself. In *Crotchet Castle* there occurs a passage referring to Sir Walter Scott, which it may not be amiss to give at length, as there is every reason to believe that the sentiments put into Dr. Folliott's mouth represent with more or less accuracy Peacock's own opinions. The party, we are told, fall into a discussion on legendary histories:—

Lady Clarinda. History is but a tiresome thing in itself; it becomes more agreeable the more romance is mixed up with it. The great enchanter has made me learn many things which I should never have dreamed of studying, if they had not come to me in the form of amusement.

The Revd. Dr. Folliott. What enchanter is that? There are two enchanters; he of the North, and he of the South.

Mr. Trillo. Rossini?

Dr. Folliott. Ay, there is another enchanter. But I mean the great enchanter of Covent Garden; he who, for more than a quarter of a century, has produced two pantomimes a year, to the delight of children of all ages, including myself at all ages. That is the enchanter for me. I am for the pantomimes. All the Northern enchanter's romances put together would not furnish materials for half the Southern enchanter's pantomimes.

Lady Clarinda. Surely you do not class literature with pantomime?

Dr. Folliott. In these cases I do. They are both one, with a slight difference. The one is the literature of pantomime, the other is the pantomime of literature. There is the same variety of character, the same diversity of story, the same copiousness of incident, the same research into costume, the same display of heraldry, falconry, minstrelsy, scenery, monkery, witchery, devilry, robbery, poachery, piracy, fishery, gipsy-astrology, demonology, architecture, fortification, castrametation, navigation; the same running base of love and battle. The main difference is, that the one set of amusing fictions is told in music and action; the other in all the worst dialects of the English language. As to any sentence worth remembering, any moral or political truth, anything having a tendency, however remote, to make men wiser or better, to make them think, to make them even think of thinking; they are both precisely alike; *nuspiam, nequaquam, nullibi, nullimodis*.

Lady Clarinda. Very amusing, however.

Dr. Folliott. Very amusing, very amusing.

Mr. Chainmail. My quarrel with the Northern enchanter is, that he has grossly misrepresented the twelfth century.

Dr. Folliott. He has misrepresented everything, or he would not have been very amusing.

It is evident that neither Peacock nor Mr. Payn can be said to have been endowed with a catholic taste. Peacock saw little or nothing to admire in Scott; Mr. Payn sees nothing to admire in Peacock; and it might be possible to find some great author in whom Scott saw nothing to admire. "And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges." Those who admire in their different degrees all three writers can only be retrospectively sorry for Peacock, and presently sorry for Mr. Payn.

Mr. Payn gives some striking and interesting cases of a courage akin to his own, amongst which is Miss Martineau's confession to him that she found *Tom Jones* a wearisome book; and this gives him an opportunity for making some brief but excellent critical remarks on *Tom Jones*, which we will not spoil by quoting. Miss Martineau was, with regard to her dislike of the book on some grounds, in good company, if Colonel Newcome is to be accounted good company. On the subject of Milton the writer is orthodox; and we are pleased to hear how "he *did* have it out" with some one who, at the mention of the *Earthly Paradise*, exclaimed scornfully, "Oh! give me *Paradise Lost*," and who was driven, under cross-examination, to confess that he had never read a word of Milton for forty years, and then only in extracts from *Enfield's Speaker*. Of Shakspeare he writes, truly enough, that, though there is a good deal of lying about him, yet in the main people do know at least a little of him, and admire what little they know. Probably in the days of Otway the same people would have gone with the crowd of detractors just as they go now with the crowd of admirers. But, however that may be, they are at least "in a position much superior to" that of an acquaintance of Mr. Payn's, who informed him that "her daughters were going to the theatre that night to see Shakspeare's *Turning of the Screw*." The story sounds extravagant, but it is not perhaps really more odd than many authentic stories of a like kind, amongst which may be cited that of the spectator who, at the end of the first act of *Hamlet*, said, pointing to the retreating figure of the chief tragedian who had been called before the curtain, "Can you tell me, sir, if that young man appears again?" On being told that the young man did appear again not infrequently, he added, "Oh! Then I'm off."

On the whole, we may conclude from what Mr. Payn says, that he does admire Shakspeare. Yet, although he certainly displays in the course of his entertaining article a good deal of the courage of his opinions, it is barely possible that he shares the sentiment which George III. expressed when he told Miss Burney in confidence that Shakspeare was greatly overrated, only it didn't do to say so.

CONTROVERSIAL HORNETS' NESTS.

A PAPER of which the exact designation in its special class of literature is uncertain, since its four pages are insufficient to raise it to the dignity of a "tract," while the more modest "leaflet" may not boast of more than two, has recently been issued by a Society or body of persons whose designation is indeed not uncertain, but only, to the ordinary lay comprehension, unintelligible. This Society appears to be known as the "Irish Church Missions," and to have its headquarters in a street leading from the Strand to the Embankment. It was, therefore, probable that some key to its nature and objects might be within our reach, and the now recognized encyclopædia for statesmen and candidates, *Whitaker's Almanac*, was fortunately at hand. The search was fruitless; and an appeal to the *Churchman's Almanac* was made with no better result. Internal evidence and analogy alone remained for the solution of the question, What can "Irish Church Missions" be? The Fiji Islands Mission is known to be a mission to the Fiji Islands; these missions might therefore be supposed to be missions to the Irish Church. But to what "Irish Church"? Grave difficulties beset the adoption of either of the only possible answers to this query. The American Church Missions are missions conducted by the American Church; and these therefore may be similar missions undertaken by the Irish Church. But then the Irish Church is not situated in the Strand; and, as an additional difficulty in the way of this interpretation, the internal evidence shows that the field in which these missions work is Connemara, itself a district in Ireland in which the parochial system of the Irish Church exists; so that the conception would involve the obvious impossibility of a mission sent by the Irish Church to itself. The only remaining explanation would seem to be that the term Irish is used to differentiate certain Church Missions of a Hibernian and possibly abnormal type, and this solution best meets the peculiar circumstances of the case. The paper narrates, in the form of correspondence, an episode arising out of the administration of the Duchess of Marlborough's Relief Fund; and the actors or writers are certain officials of the mysterious "Irish Church Missions" on the one part and Lord Randolph Churchill on the other. The nobleman, as the scene opens, is discovered standing alone, like the Knight of Snowdoun in the *Lady of the Lake*, while two shadowy figures disappear in the background, Colonel Spencer and a certain Mr. Baker, whose desertion of their chief, under the circumstances, strikes us as slightly ungrateful, though undeniably prudent. The pluck and dash of the solitary combatant comes out in consequence into clearer relief. He executes a masterly retreat in the end; but this was inevitable through the very pardonable mistake of his original plan.

Lord Randolph Churchill took a high class at Oxford, where the School of Law and Modern History furnished him with valuable methods of preparation for public life. But there is reason to fear that he did not make sufficient use of his opportunities in Long Vacations, and that he missed some hardly less valuable lessons which he might have derived from the experience of under-gardeners and keepers' boys at Blenheim. He has evidently never mastered the scientific method of "tackling" a hornet's nest. This is a process which requires something beyond mere go and courage, and we have ourselves a very distinct remembrance of the entire failure of an experimental application of blazing turpentine for the purpose. We congratulate Lord Randolph on having escaped without a sting, as we did; but the immediate result was only to leave the hornets very indignant in their own heavy way, expressed in much solemn buzzing from and around their central "office." Fortunately the hornet is not a very dangerous enemy. A wasp, in his body-armour of black and yellow in bars, has all the speed in going and skill in steering with which Oxford men are familiar under a like arrangement of colour; but the hornet, an insect of different build and of a pronounced orange hue, has just as much and as little likeness to his active congener as that which exists between a Thames barge and the Brasenose eight. He will make a heavy kind of rush at his assailant in a straight line, which he does not know how to change; and then he will go back to his retreat in some obscure hole where the small society to which he belongs—for hornet communities are always small—dwells surrounded by a collection of papers constructed after a peculiar fashion of their own, and where their existence is only revealed to curious investigators by a continuous dull hum proceeding from inside.

But the investigator should not rashly probe the hole in the bank, or roof, or hollow tree with his finger or his stick; and Lord Randolph Churchill, even in a private letter to his uncle, "in reply to Mr. Baker's inquiries" concerning any possible sectarian distinctions in the distribution of relief, was somewhat rash in writing as follows:—"Mr. Cory, I am happy to say, is not a member of" a certain Committee receiving grants; "that gentleman occupies the unenviable position of being the head of a Society known as the 'Irish Church Missions'—a Society whose object is to pervert the Catholic peasants by all sorts of bribes and unworthy dodges. Connemara, the only district in Ireland where this mischievous Society has had any success, has been so long disturbed by their efforts that any effectual relief of distress is rendered very difficult. Mr. Baker and his friends will do wisely to receive any statements from this Society with great suspicion." There is something about this direct and vigorous style of treatment which might certainly prove a little irritating to the members of a Society strongly orange in hue and provided by nature with stings; and the writer, although evidently well up in his *Tancred*, was so far unmindful of, or unwarned by, the experience of a great authority on modern history, who once dated a letter from a still more august residence in which he chanced to be staying, as to head his conciliatory effusion "Private Secretary's Lodge, Phoenix Park." Thus dated, the letter became in law the property of the Postmaster-General; and what that excellent nobleman did with it—whether Colonel Spencer ever received it, or whether, having received it, he failed to "take care of his pockets," or merely left it lying about, or willingly otherwise disposed of it—does not appear in the evidence, and we do not know. It was dated on the 1st of February; and on the 4th of that month it suddenly turns up at Clifton, where "an officer of the Society" and of the Royal Artillery, Colonel Biggs, chanced to be resting in one of his flights. Immediately this gallant gentleman rushes point-blank at "my Lord." "A letter of yours to the address of Colonel Spencer, dated February 1st, has been sent to me." As it happened, the letter had been written, not "to the address of Colonel Spencer" merely, but to "dear Colonel Spencer" personally; and while it may be assumed that the Artillery Colonel's eccentric style of composition was only the casual result of excited feeling at the moment, we will venture to express a hope that he does not point his guns on quite the same method as his sentences. But "all sorts of bribes and unworthy dodges," ascribed, too, to a "Society" whose "object and work" is "to give to ignorant Roman Catholics" an "inestimable blessing . . . . in place of deadly error," were really too much for Colonel Biggs to put up with; he "felt bound in duty and honour to make the same known to the Committee of the Society"; but before doing so he had "the honour to request" an explanation from "my Lord." There is a familiar tone of the old Adam about this missive which suggests that "a friend," if that had been possible, would have been more to the writer's mind than a "Committee," and Lord Randolph Churchill's reply by return of post seems hardly calculated to still the rising temptation. He declines all correspondence with the Colonel, with whom there is no chance of an amicable agreement, adding, however, with a cruel hidden meaning, "I trust that it will not occur to you that I am a Papist in disguise."

Upon this Colonel Biggs withdraws from the scene, and a fortnight elapses before, on February 19th, Captain the Hon. Francis Maude, R.N., writing from the London office of the Society—of which it is now seen that he, as chairman, and not some unknown Mr. Cory, is "the head"—"has the honour to request" distinct explanation about the "bribes and unworthy dodges," as "this Committee cannot make light of such statements dated from the Private Secretary's Lodge." We regret to add that this solemn warning was quite lost on Lord Randolph Churchill, who, whether the Committee could or could not "make light" of him, proceeded on the 20th February to show himself perfectly capable of making light of the Committee. Again providing himself with the note-paper obnoxiously headed "Private Secretary's Lodge," and assuring "F. Maude, Esq.," that, "though I do happen at present to inhabit" that dwelling, "I am not, and never have been, Private Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant"—which perhaps, all things considered, shows a wise as well as patriotic abnegation of paternal feeling on the Duke's part—he attacks the whole community in its nest with a yet more blazing torch than had been applied to its wandering members in the first instance. "F. Maude, Esq." (Sir Bernard Burke does not seem to have been at hand) "appears to have the honour of being Chairman of the Irish Church Missions Society"—"appearances" in the case being at least justified by his own direct statement to that effect; and Lord Randolph Churchill will have nothing to do in the way of this controversy "either with you, or your Society, or any one else." "A certain Colonel Biggs appears to have got hold of this letter" ("a private communication from me to my uncle"), "somehow or other"; and "I presume that Colonel Biggs considers himself an officer and a gentleman, as well as an eminent Christian." There is more in the same strain which it is not necessary to quote, and which we think would hardly have been written if Lord Randolph had studied the habits of *Vespa Crabro* under the keeper's boy. All the result obtained was in the form of a tremendous onslaught of the whole Society represented by its Chairman, from which Lord Randolph had no resource but to protect himself by bolting into "St. James's Club, Piccadilly," and "having the honour" from that safe shelter "to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 26th inst."—this time properly superscribing his note to "the Honourable Francis Maude."

Into the merits of this lively "affair" there is no occasion for entering. Rightly or wrongly, there are and have been for several years in Ireland certain persons contumeliously described as "soupers"; and whether or not these converts and their English patrons be the survivors or representatives of the "Second Reformation" immortalized in *Tancred*, to which "the babe in arms subscribed its fanatical five shillings," there is little doubt that "what was principally wanted in both cases were, subscriptions." Lord Randolph Churchill will in all likelihood prove to have been the best "deputation" that the Society ever yet retained. His rhetorical periods are reaching the ears of thousands of Protestant households, and a responding stream of post-office orders may soon be pouring into Buckingham Street. Indirectly, therefore, he may learn, or at least may set into practical motion, the scientific method of capturing nests to which we have already referred, and which has often been known to succeed when the blazing turpentine treatment has failed. The requisite appliances are very simple. A ladder, a cord, and a brown jar; for its contents, the keeper will recommend

a basis of beer, the Scotch gardener will incline to whisky; a little patience and persistency in presenting it day by day at the entrance of the Society's quarters; and the hornets' own blundering will do the rest. They will consider the offering as a tribute to their recognized merits, themselves as a Society supported by voluntary contributions; and the end will not be far off; they will gradually, but totally, disappear. We have every sympathy with Lord Randolph Churchill, who has only gone about a right work in an inartistic way; and we strongly advise him to take counsel with the experienced authorities at Blenheim as soon as he can find an opportunity, and to profit by their suggestions on any future occasion when he may feel himself called on to deal with the hornets of modern religious controversy.

THE POST OFFICE MONEY-ORDERS BILL.

AN innocent-looking measure, introduced at the beginning of the Session which is about to end so abruptly, by the Postmaster General and Sir H. Selwyn-Ibbetson, "to grant additional facilities for transmitting small sums of money through the Post Office," has aroused an amount of opposition amongst bankers not very intelligible to the general public; and, what is more curious still, the Bill seems to have met with the approval of the Governor of the Bank of England, who, of all persons, would have the best right to object on the grounds on which the opposition is based. It is hardly necessary to argue that the professed object of the Bill is a desirable one. The money-order system of the Post Office, however defective it may be in other respects, is eminently successful at least in this, that year by year it grows in popularity. And that, after all, is the best test of its usefulness. All parties, then, must admit that it is desirable to increase as much as possible the usefulness of so popular a system. But it is objected by the opponents of the Bill that, as a matter of fact, it does not give increased facilities for transferring small sums through the Post Office, while, on the other hand, it introduces an innovation that ought to be strenuously resisted by all who wish to maintain a sound currency in England. To make the points at issue clear it may be well to sketch briefly the history of the measure.

In the year 1870 the net profit of the money-order business of the Post Office was estimated at 51,000*l.*, and—to bring within the reach of the poorest of the saving classes a system thus proved to be highly prized by the public—in the following May the rates of charge for Post-Office orders were greatly reduced, the minimum being lowered from threepence to one penny. The change was fully appreciated by the public, as is proved by the fact that, whereas in 1870 the number of orders issued was only 10 millions and the amounts sent only 20 millions sterling, in 1875 the number issued exceeded 16½ millions and the amount sent 26¾ millions. In other words, the number of orders issued increased in the five years more than 65 per cent., while the amounts transmitted increased 33¾ per cent. It is quite clear from these figures that the usefulness of the Post Office Money-Order Department admits of being indefinitely augmented, and that the way to do so is to reduce the charge for orders. Unfortunately the experiment to which we have just been referring was pecuniarily a failure. In 1870, as we have already stated, the net profit on money-orders was 51,000*l.*, and in 1875 it had fallen to 4,556*l.* Even this represents the business too favourably, for there was an actual loss of over 1,300*l.* on the home orders, which the higher rates charged on foreign and colonial orders converted into the above-mentioned small profit. The question then naturally arose, How could the usefulness of the department be maintained and extended without inflicting loss upon the Post Office? Various schemes were propounded, and in 1876 a Committee was appointed to consider the most promising of these. In the following year it reported, though with considerable hesitation, in favour of postal notes. A Bill was introduced accordingly, giving authority to the Post Office to issue such notes, but was withdrawn, and in the present Session a more matured measure, having the same object in view, was brought in. This latter Bill consisted of three clauses, of which one exempted the Post Office from the operation of the Acts regulating and restricting the issue of notes in the United Kingdom, and another authorized the Post Office to issue notes for denominations not higher than twenty shillings, and having currency for not more than twelve months from the end of the month in which they should be issued. Instantly notices of opposition were given by Sir J. Lubbock and other members, which so frightened the Government that on last Monday fortnight, when the second reading ought to have come on, Sir H. Selwyn-Ibbetson announced that the Bank Charter Act would not be repealed in favour of the Post Office, that the currency of the notes would be restricted to six months, and that they would be issued for only four denominations—half-a-crown, five shillings, ten shillings, and fifteen shillings.

The motive for the opposition to the Bill will be apparent from the foregoing historical sketch. The measure was regarded by the banking world as a first step to the issue of a Government paper currency, restricted at first to one-pound notes, but soon to be followed, if successful, by others of higher denomination. In short, it was looked upon as laying the foundation for a Government paper currency, destined in time to supersede bank-notes altogether. Of course it was not supposed that the Government had in contemplation a scheme of such magnitude, though possibly, it was thought, some of the Post-Office officials might harbour the notion. In any case, it was contended, the tendency of the measure was such as we have said. If one-pound notes were successful, notes of other denominations would follow, just as one-pound notes were suggested by the Post-Office order. Many economists and statesmen are of opinion that the issue of notes belongs as much to the State as the coinage of money; but it may freely be conceded to the opponents of the Bill that, if the question who is to issue paper currency is to be raised, it ought to be raised explicitly, and not by a kind of side wind. However, as the Bill is now amended, this objection hardly applies. Yet even to the amended Bill the opposition promises to be vigorous. It is contended that a quantity of notes such as is proposed cannot circulate without displacing an equal quantity of gold, and the gold actually in circulation, we are reminded, forms the ultimate reserve from which we should have to draw in a great emergency, such as a serious foreign war. But is not this conjuring up formidable dangers somewhat too lightly? The Bill, as now amended, limits the currency of the notes to six months, and therefore the number of them out at any one time could not exceed half those issued in the year, or, let us say, fifteen or sixteen millions sterling. The largest proportion of them would necessarily be for small denominations, the small orders being by far the most numerous, and indeed those on which the loss to the Post Office occurred. How could notes for half-a-crown and five shillings displace gold? They might drive out silver, and so injure the Mint, but clearly not gold. Gold could be affected only by the notes for ten and fifteen shillings, and these would be so few as to make little impression upon a gold currency estimated to amount to 100 millions—less impression, we should say, than the recent fall in prices, which in three years reduced the gold currency about four millions. It is a more real objection that the Bill would not give the facilities for transmitting small sums which it promises. For obtaining notes for half-a-crown or five shillings the charge would be one penny, for ten and fifteen shillings twopence. Below half-a-crown no note could be obtained, and consequently a person wishing to send a smaller sum would have to transmit postage-stamps, or a Post-Office order of the old kind. For sums between half-a-crown and five shillings he would have a similar difficulty. But he can already send postage-stamps in an unregistered letter for a penny, while, if he has recourse to the Post-Office order, the Bill gives him no relief. In fairness, however, it should be borne in mind that the measure is only an experiment. If it proves successful, the charges may be reduced, notes for other denominations may be issued, and, in short, any change may be made which experience may suggest. It is no valid objection against a plan admitting of development that it does not accomplish everything at its very first introduction.

The history of the Bill which we gave above explains the reasons that recommend it to the Post Office. While the lowest charge for an order was threepence, the system paid; but it ceased to do so when the lowest charge was reduced to one penny. The penny charge had, therefore, to be abolished, although the system developed so rapidly while that charge existed. But the penny charge, it is thought, can be restored up to the limit of five shillings under the proposed scheme, and the twopenny charge can be extended to fifteen shillings. This can be done because the Post Office will have the use of the money paid for the notes for six months, and the profit made in that time ought to more than cover the expenses incurred. Besides, the expenses ought not to be so heavy in the case of the notes as in the case of Post-Office orders. Even in the case of Post-Office orders, the expenses have been considerably reduced since 1875. Much of the journal-keeping previously thought necessary has been dispensed with, and as, at the same time, the minimum charge has been raised to twopence, a profit was secured in the last financial year. But there is one point connected with the working of the proposed postal-note system to which careful attention must be given, or it will land the Post Office in difficulties that will bring it into discredit. If the Bill becomes law, a person may lodge money with the Post Office in London, let us say, and obtain a note for the same amount on the payment of a penny or twopence, as the case may be, and this note he may transmit through the post to a parent, or child, or other correspondent, resident, let us suppose, in the Orkneys or in Arran Island. To this correspondent the note is payable. Others may do the same in Manchester, Liverpool, and Glasgow. In the same way notes may, and doubtless will, be transmitted to the Highlands and the wilds of Connemara. Thus the Post Offices scattered through the most remote parts of the United Kingdom will constantly owe money to unknown persons on notes payable on demand. Letters of advice are out of the question, because the object of making the notes current for six months is to reduce the clerical work, and, besides, it is impossible to foresee when the notes will be presented. It will be necessary, therefore, for each Post Office throughout the United Kingdom always to keep a cash reserve. Undertaking banking business, the Post Office, in fact, will have to act like a bank. And as it has branches in every town in the United Kingdom, it will have to take care that none of those branches are forced to close their doors. The necessity of doing this will diminish the profits of the new business, but to what extent experience alone can tell.

REVIEWS.

MASSON'S LIFE OF MILTON.—VOL. VI.

THE preface to the concluding volume of Professor Masson's great work breathes a spirit of tempered self-complacency by no means unbecoming in one who has at last brought safely into port his huge argosy, which certainly beyond all cavil "overpeers the petty traffickers" of contemporary biographical literature. We can only congratulate the author upon what has indisputably proved the "faithful fulfilment of a large design," while following our own inclination in touching as slightly as possible on the "flaws of mechanical form" which, in the opinion of the person who ought to know best, "revision might amend." Mr. Masson has deliberately chosen and consistently carried out a method of narrative not exactly new in itself, but probably never before attempted on such a scale, or executed with so extraordinary an assiduity. Thus, in the present volume he divides the last fourteen years of Milton's life into three sections; the year of the Restoration itself, and the two subsequent periods of about equal length, marked off from one another by the fortunate coincidence of two events, respectively of the highest significance—namely, the fall of Clarendon and the publication of *Paradise Lost*. In accordance with the general plan of the work, in each of these three sections a chapter of Milton's biography is preceded by a survey of the history of the time, accompanied, except in the instance of the year of the Restoration, by a review of their literary history in particular. Substantial completeness and (what previous volumes had not so invariably accustomed us to) a fair regard for proportion are noticeable in nearly the whole series of sections and sub-sections. It is only in his observations on the dramatic literature of the second septennium of the reign that its critical annalist seems to claim the right of ceasing to be exhaustive, and there are few readers who will not feel grateful for this timely abstinence. In general, few facts or names calling for commemoration slip through the net; and the copious index to the whole work which is promised will, if well executed, render it a work of reference of unique value for students of the period which it covers. For the rest, the principle having once been admitted that things contemporaneous in the life of a nation—or of two nations so closely related to one another as England and Scotland—are rarely without some bearing, direct or indirect, upon one another, the uses of Mr. Masson's method are undeniable. At all events, as a philosopher has observed, "things contemporaneous are consentaneous," and the completeness of the picture enhances the instructiveness of any part of it. Yet this method may be misused so as to become tedious, if not absolutely misleading. Thus it is tedious, though probably not altogether useless, to have to contemplate the authors alive at the Restoration in groups of men under sixty and over fifty (*alias* "the authors of Davenant's own wave," *alias* "Davenant's coetaneans"), of men under fifty but over forty, and so forth; but unluckily Mr. Masson has caught from the venerable father of the school to which he belongs the trick of exhibiting the scaffolding of his literary edifice as one of its most prominent decorations. Superfluous nothing can fairly be called that is *once* told in this volume; nor are we tempted to express an impious wish that any of the records, either of Scottish or of English affairs, which are here put to so good a purpose, might have gone down with the "eighty-five hogsheads of old Scottish history" which, as it seems, lie under the water somewhere off Berwick to this day. On the other hand, there seems reason to protest against the re-introduction, as of matters which might or might not have reached Milton's ears or impressed his mind in a particular period of his *biography*, of transactions already previously discussed as *history*. Possibly this inconvenience may not be altogether separable from Mr. Masson's conception of his work. The same cannot be said of his eccentricities of manner and style, fewer perhaps in number than of old, but in which we cannot altogether suppress a fear that he takes a secret joy. We are thin-skinned enough to feel offended by the description of King Charles II. as "this lazy, coffin-faced lout"; while it seems to us a mere parody on fine writing and impressive moralizing to conclude a very entertaining account of the "lout's" coronation as follows:—

> There could be no fireworks that night [by reason of the storm], and London and Westminster had to be content with bonfires. And, through the night, on the roof of Westminster Hall, by the flashes of the lightning, one might have discerned, as distinctly as though the whole ceremonial of the day, the three fixed black poles, with the three skulls on their tops [Cromwell's, Bradshaw's, and Ireton's]; and the anointed and crowned King had gone home to Mrs. Palmer; and a venerable archbishop, and a bevy of good and learned bishops about him, had done their blasphemous uttermost; and is it God or Mephistopheles that governs the world?

As we indulge the hope that, after all, Mr. Masson's faith is not shaken at its base, we can only suppose that, though there were no fireworks on the night of the coronation, he was determined that his narrative of it should not conclude without some. Elsewhere he contents himself with sending up a solitary rocket of startling suddenness. On the question as to how far Clarendon was aware of Charles II.'s conversion to Roman Catholicism we read, and rub our eyes as we do so, "But Clarendon cannot have known, Clarendon *would have to shoot himself had he known*, the full state of the case."

But although Mr. Masson may not be an elegant historian, he is what is of infinitely greater importance—a singularly accurate, and therefore an altogether trustworthy one. It is not for nothing that his narrative bristles with figures, and that he is for ever distributing his accumulations of facts into groups and tables. We can sympathize with him in his complaints as to the absence of dates in Clarendon, which exceed in their bitterness Mr. Carlyle's reprobation of the indexless Ranke. Mr. Masson himself has the invaluable habit of verifying his statements before he makes them; and in consequence we believe that he speaks, as usual, according to book when remarking in his preface that "the errors of fact that have yet been pointed out in the previous volumes are few and slight." He adds that he is "aware of some that have not been pointed out." In his present volume he has incidentally corrected one or two; perhaps the index volume may give a complete list of reconsidered points. At the same time it is satisfactory to have to deal with an author who does not follow the fashion which seems to be gaining ground in Germany of rewriting a book during publication. There are only a few queries as to statements of fact which the present volume has suggested to us. We will not undertake to revive the question which Mr. Masson revives (we must say, after no very charitable fashion) as to the fidelity of Queen Henrietta Maria to the memory of her royal consort. But even Clarendon—and it occurs to us that it might have fared better with the poor little Queen's reputation, had Clarendon been better disposed towards her—might have set Mr. Masson right as to her services to the living King. It is hard that she should be spoken of as returning to England in 1660 "on her first visit to England, since she had left her husband to his fate there in February 1641-2." We had always thought she came back in 1643, and was of some use—and some trouble—to her husband in that and the following year. Again (to pass to literary lives), is it correct to say that, after the Restoration, Cowley's lot, "as far as Charles and the Court were concerned, was to be respectful neglect." Johnson, in his carefully written Life of the poet, mentions the disappointment which suggested to Suckling the considerate reference to "Savoy missing Cowley," but likewise states that, though his retreat at Chertsey "was but slenderly accommodated, yet he soon obtained, by the interest of the Earl of St. Alban's and the Duke of Buckingham, such a lease of the Queen's lands as afforded him an ample income." Of a very different "man of letters" (under which guise we observe he has recently made his appearance), Bunyan, we notice that Mr. Masson unhesitatingly asserts that he had been a "Parliamentarian soldier"; Mr. Froude has, we think, succeeded in throwing at least considerable doubt on this popular assumption. Two other assertions of Mr. Masson's which we should hesitate to accept perhaps reduce themselves to matters of opinion. They concern two works at the opposite poles of dramatic literature. We do not share the belief that "the fatal blow" was inflicted on "Heroic" plays by the *Rehearsal*. To Mr. Masson's interesting criticism on *Samson Agonistes* we desire to pay all deference; but without yielding even to him in admiration of the beauties of the poem, we should hesitate to describe it, with special regard to its lyrical portions, as a "consummate specimen of English verse."

Upon the whole, the Restoration age has never found a severer critic than this both conscientious and generous historian of its earlier years. For, differ though we may from several of Mr. Masson's conclusions—and even perhaps in some measure from the tendency of their sum total—we should be loth not to acknowledge the liberal breadth as well as the solidity of the grounds on which his judgments are founded. We do not expect him to judge Dryden, for instance, with so kindly an eye as that which all but winks at the scurrilities of "honest Andrew Marvell"; but we rejoice in the ready recognition of the real merits of the representative author of the Restoration, which the present age may be almost said to persist in ignoring. Most assuredly it is not too much to say of Dryden that "for one thing, he was evidently a new master in the art of writing English." Dryden has been reproached with arrogance for declaring, in words combining self-satisfaction with courtliness, that it was in the reign of Charles II. that English first began to be spoken and written with propriety. But there is some truth in the assertion as well as some arrogance. The prose style to which modern English has on the whole adhered, and which is almost as far removed from that of Milton as from that of the Elizabethans, formed itself in the Restoration age; and Burke acknowledged his teacher in Dryden. Of Butler again and the much-vaunted *Hudibras*, Mr. Masson, whom the indisputable merits of that burlesque do not blind to its characteristic defects, offers what seems to us a remarkably well-balanced judgment. The entire literature of the Restoration age, as compared with that of the Civil War period preceding, he has perhaps rather too persistently sought to depreciate on statistical grounds. In the first place, we are not aware in whom the harmless, and, as Mr. Masson allows, necessary phrase, "the literature of the Restoration," has fostered the conception of "a fresh outburst and abundance after a period of sterility or poverty." In the second place, the statistics of the number of books published or entered on the Registers furnish in any case a doubtful guidance, as Mr. Masson himself, by noticing the fact that political and religious pamphlets formed a great part of the Commonwealth literature, very candidly admits. But we do not scruple to go further and to question whether, even if the statistics of works *composed* in the one and the other period could be

* *The Life of John Milton: Narrated in Connexion with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of his Time.* By David Masson, &c. Vol. vi. 1660-1674. Macmillan & Co. 1880.

perhaps, the result might not prove a delusive one. For what would it boot to reckon the later plays of Shirley among the productions of the Commonwealth, and some of the earlier writings of Bunyan among the fruits of the Restoration? We are very far from denying, and we think that Mr. Masson has done most excellent service in insisting upon, the fact that Puritanism had its intellectual as well as its moral side, and that the phases of its productivity were many. On the other hand, with or without Professor Henry Morley's tables of dates before us, we claim for the Restoration age the character which has usually been ascribed to it of an age of intellectual activity. It was not the less so because it was one of preparation as well as of achievement. If we refuse to derive our conceptions of Puritanism from Butler's caricatures, and to think of the Presbyterians and Independents of the Commonwealth as a series of Sir Hudibrases and Ralphos, neither need we be deterred by the same author's gibes, or by the self-abuse in which no age has more liberally indulged, from acknowledging the vitality of many of its growths. We can see no "sycophancy" in ascribing the foundation of the Royal Society to the period when it occurred, and accordingly regarding it "as one of the institutions of the Restoration"; that it had its origin in earlier ideas is a matter of course. If the Restoration may claim for itself the later years of Hobbes, by whose philosophy it was so much influenced, may it not also claim the youth of his lineal successor? If Hobbes was the predecessor of Locke, Pearson, whose famous book made its appearance in the year before the Restoration, was the forerunner of Barrow. We chiefly remember Barrow as a theological controversialist; but how enduring was the influence which he exercised upon the studies of one of our great Universities, as to which the educational philosophers of the Commonwealth had uncommonly few successful reforms to register. If in the polite literature of the Restoration the drama asserted a preponderance which is upon the whole to be regretted, it far from engrossed the attention of the literary public. Perhaps Mr. Masson has hardly done justice to the *verve* and ingenuity of Dryden's first important non-dramatic poem; on the other hand, he has convincingly shown that it was not by Dryden alone that *Paradise Lost* itself was welcomed on or shortly after publication. It is worthy of notice that in the preface to his rhymed adaptation of *Paradise Lost* as an opera, Dryden incidentally reproves the false critics who have presumed to censure Milton for his choice of a supernatural argument; and other illustrations might easily be brought to show how the Restoration age was neither devoid nor incapable of sympathy with a sublime poet or sublime theme. While, by the way, on the subject of Milton and Dryden, we may notice the curious coincidence that it was to the question of Dryden's brother-in-law, Sir Robert Howard, "What made him side with the Republicans?" that Milton made the half-humorous answer:—"Among other reasons, because theirs was the most frugal government, for that the trappings of a monarchy might set up an ordinary Commonwealth." This recalls the famous description of the economical Radicals in *Absalom and Achitophel*:—

These were for laying honest David by
On principles of pure good husbandry.

But we are not writing the apology of the Restoration age; nor has Mr. Masson at all taken up the position of delivering a general indictment against it. Generalities are, fortunately, not his foible, though the temptations in this direction incidental to his theme must be allowed to be considerable. The preciseness of his narrative on such heads as the treatment of the Regicides after the Restoration would alone give his book a solid value among recent historical authorities on the period. A careful account of this particular episode certainly suggests grave reflections on the haphazard nature of all legislation into which the personal element largely enters. It should at the same time be remembered that in this matter the Convention Parliament showed itself more Royalist than the King, just as its successor showed itself much more enthusiastically devoted than the Supreme Governor of the Church to its supposed interests. Illogical and unjust as were some of the exceptions actually made to the Act of Indemnity, some of those proposed, but not carried, were more extravagant still; thus the irrepressible Prynne actually proposed Richard Cromwell! The treatment of Milton himself, which of course Mr. Masson discusses at length, is by no means easy of explanation. It was while the Lords and Commons were at issue as to the amendments of the former on the Indemnity Bill, that the proclamation was issued for the arrest of Milton and Goodwin as having in writings of theirs justified the execution of King Charles I.—the former in his First *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano* and *Eikonoklastes*, the latter in his *Obstructors of Justice*. Both, as is well-known, escaped with their lives; but what is strange is that while Goodwin was ultimately among the eighteen persons excepted from the Act to the extent of perpetual incapacitation, Milton was in the end subjected to no penalty whatever. We agree with Mr. Masson that the probability of that "fine and faithful man," Marvell, having exerted himself in Milton's behalf, and the tradition that Davenant gratefully saved a life for a life, will not suffice to account for the escape of the great literary champion of the Regicides. The same tradition, however, as Mr. Masson points out, which records the successful efforts of Davenant, likewise mentions a brother-in-law of Monk, Sir Thomas Clarges, and the king-maker's right-hand man in the Government, Secretary Morrice, as having "managed matters artfully" for Milton; and Mr. Masson suggests with much probability that Arthur Annesley, who afterwards, when Earl of Anglesey, is found on intimate terms with Milton, may have exerted his great influence in the House of Commons. But the assumption that Hyde must have consented to the proposal of sparing Milton seems to us uncalled-for, since there is no evidence of any intervention in the details of the Indemnity business; in which case all kindly speculation as to his motives becomes useless. Not the least curious point in the matter certainly is, as Mr. Masson shows, the omission of all mention of Milton's *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates* in the proclamation, though the publication of that tract followed within a fortnight after the act of the King's execution itself.

No side of the history of the fourteen years following upon the Restoration is fuller of interest than the ecclesiastical, and none has been more lucidly and instructively treated by Mr. Masson. The ecclesiastical questions of the days of the Clarendon Code and the Test Act were indeed different from those which had exercised Milton as the upholder of Vane's pure Voluntaryism against the less intransigent policy of the great Protector; but we should think Mr. Masson not far wrong in supposing him, on the eve of the ejection of the Presbyterians from the Church, to have had his "speculative consolations." Much of the sympathy which has been bestowed upon the martyrs of Nonconformity on the occasion of the Ejection is justified by the general hardship of the case, and much of the indignation expended upon it by its injustice; on the other hand, there are two points of view which are not usually made prominent in commemorations of St. Bartholomew's Day. We refer partly to the readiness of a large number of Presbyterians to accept a modified Episcopal Establishment, and more especially to their willingness to "achieve at the same time the other desirable end of turning out the Independents, the Baptists, *et hoc genus omne*." That the King's assent to the Uniformity Act should not have been forgotten at the time of the issue of his Declaration of Religious Indulgence is, however, explicable enough. Mr. Masson recalls the fact that, even before the issue of that unfortunate Declaration—which provoked the Test Act—

Congregational and Presbyterian ministers in considerable numbers had applied for the King's licences for their tabernacles and had received them. There is even evidence that some of the more eminent Nonconformist ministers were offered and accepted temporary Government allowances of 50*l*. to 100*l*. a year for the exercise of their pastoral services among their flocks. This curious fact can bear no other construction than that it had occurred to Charles and some of his advisers that they might go beyond the mere offer of future toleration or indulgence for dissent, and might venture cautiously on some attempt to re-open the greater question of the constitution of the Established Church itself by an experiment in the direction of concurrent endowment.

Concerning Milton's own views on ecclesiastical matters, Mr. Masson, after his closing survey of the posthumous *Treatise of Christian Doctrine*, comes to a conclusion which it will be difficult to gainsay, that he "cannot be identified with any sect in the sum-total of his opinions at the last."

We should have liked to urge a plea in mitigation of Mr. Masson's rather summary verdict upon the foreign policy of Charles II., "vendidit hic auro patriam." But space fails us for this and for many other comments on Mr. Masson's historical narrative. Of his literary criticism contained in this volume, so far as Milton is concerned, much has already been published in the admirable library edition of the *Poetical Works*. What seems to us the most valuable part of the remarks on *Paradise Lost* is the demonstration of the consistent Ptolemaic cosmology of the poem. Mr. Masson fully justifies his description of it as a new cosmical epic, and thus duly solves the sufficiently vexed question as to who should be regarded as its hero. But we must refrain from dwelling further on this division of Mr. Masson's multifarious labours. The satisfaction with which he looks back on their completion will be shared by a large and varied body of students; for this *Life of Milton* is a book which the present generation will hand down with pride to its successors.

VAN LIMBURG-BROUWER'S AKBAR.*

A REMARKABLE book, in its original form accessible only to a limited number of readers, is, by the translation which now appears, made the possession of the English-reading world. *Akbar* belongs to the same class of writings as the series of brilliant studies from antiquity in the form of novels which Dr. Ebers has produced in the last few years. Like them, it is an historical romance and something more. The period selected for illustration is not fixed upon solely on account of its fitness for artistic treatment, though in this case historical importance and attractiveness from the artistic point of view coincide very happily. The splendour of Akbar's reign, the large-minded beneficence of his rule, and his ambition, unparalleled in the Oriental world, of founding a new empire of reason co-extensive with the power of his arms, afford a field for the romance-writer to which no objection can be taken save that it is too vast. Nor is the execution unworthy of the subject. Limburg-Brouwer's novel deserves to take high rank on its own artistic merits; and, when we consider how few are the men of letters who have succeeded in historical romance, there is something really surprising in the excellence attained by this one, the solitary work of fiction of an Orientalist.

* *Akbar; een oostersche roman*. Door Mr. P. A. S. van Limburg-Brouwer. Tweede druk.'s Gravenhage: Martinus Nijhoff. 1873.

Akbar: an Eastern Romance. By Dr. P. A. S. van Limburg-Brouwer. Translated from the Dutch by M. M. With Notes, and an Introductory Life of the Emperor Akbar, by Clements R. Markham, C.B., F.R.S. London: Allen & Co. 1879.

Such a success, however, is not unique; for we are reminded of Mr. Gifford Palgrave's equally solitary and brilliant *Hermann Agha*, which may without inaccuracy be classed as of the semi-historical kind. In all such books a certain interest is presupposed on the reader's part beyond the mere desire to be entertained with a moving story. But, if this be granted, nothing is wanting on the author's part to sustain the interest to the end. The plot is well designed, the action well conducted, and the dialogue, if it has not the lifelike stamp of the great masters of fiction, is appropriate, simple, and dignified. The style, like that of most good Dutch writers, is clear and straightforward; the translation hardly does justice to the original in this respect. The cumbrous and involved periods which in Germany are constantly inflicted on the reader even by authors of good repute have never found favour in the Netherlands in modern times. No attempt is made at introducing minute local colour in either description or dialogue; in fact, it is as obvious in reading *Akbar* that the narrator, though a master of Oriental literature, neither has seen nor pretends to have seen the East himself, as it is in reading *Hermann Agha* that we are being led through scenery thoroughly familiar to our guide. There are introduced, however, some very felicitous translations of Sanskrit poetry, showing a flexibility of verse and a power of producing unusual effects which one is not accustomed to associate with the Dutch language. In the English these passages are represented partly by Mr. Griffith's and partly by Mr. Edwin Arnold's versions.

The hero of *Akbar* is Siddha Ráma, a young noble of Kashmir, to whom we are introduced as he is setting forth to take service with the Court at Agra, and visiting on his way a hermit known as Gaurapada (changed by the translator, for some unexplained reason, to Gurupada). This hermit is in truth a prince who has preferred voluntary exile and oblivion to exposing his country to the risks of civil dissension in the face of a powerful neighbour. Gaurapada has a tame tiger, who seems to us the greatest improbability to which Limburg-Brouwer has committed himself. The tiger is, however, necessary to the story, as at a critical moment he saves his master from the hands and the cord of a Thug commissioned by Gorakh, the evil genius of the romance. This Gorakh is a priest of Durgá, revered by the people as a saint, commanding the services of devoted and unscrupulous followers, and using his position as an engine of conspiracy; and his figure is one of the most strikingly drawn in the book. His name is apparently taken from one of the countless appellations of Durgá's mightier consort Śiva. The intrigues carried on by Salim, who afterwards reigned as Jahangir, against his father Akbar, supply Limburg-Brouwer with an historical plot on which, in an altered sense of the word, the plot of his romance depends. The head and front of the conspiracy, and Gorakh's closest ally, is one Salhana, uncle to Siddha, and Governor of Allahabad. Siddha is betrothed to his daughter, Irávatí, who is completely innocent of these plottings, and is intended to realize for European readers the type of heroic womanliness presented in the classical poems of India. The conspirator's agent at Agra is the wife of Faizi, the brother of the statesman and scholar Abú-'l-Fazl, and himself a distinguished man of letters (the two brothers are historical persons, and as to them Limburg-Brouwer has, besides inventing the incidents of their relations with Siddha, only taken a few excusable liberties with dates). Abú-'l-Fazl and Faizi both show every friendship to Siddha on his introduction to the Court; meanwhile he is sought out by Faizi's wife, not knowing who she is, and drawn into a guilty intimacy with her. The reader who has any taste left for the old-fashioned, and—let us say it without any disparagement—frankly artificial school of historical romance will not need to be told more. Evidently we have here all the elements of a stirring and complicated plot. Siddha, after thus having become, under a strange and fatal temptation, false at once to his betrothed, to his friend, and to the wise and generous ruler to whom he has pledged his allegiance, at the end redeems his honour and is restored to happiness; but we shall not disclose the manner in which it is effected. We will only add that there is a further complication in the shape of a passion on Salim's part for Irávatí, and that she not only succeeds in humbling his audacity, but makes an impression on him for good, which is unfortunately not to be traced in anything that history records of the real Jahangir. The foot-note in which Mr. Clements Markham describes his career is a pitiless comment on the deliberately softened statement in Limburg-Brouwer's text, which, after all, is at least as much justified by artistic necessity as Sir Walter Scott's picture of Richard I. in the splendidly unhistorical pages of *Ivanhoe*.

In addition to the romance proper, there is a speculative vein running through the book which gives it a particular attraction for philosophically minded readers. This finds its scope in discussions between Akbar and the Jesuit missionaries, set off by the denunciations of the fanatically orthodox Mahometan Abdul Kadir (another real person, who composed a history of the time, still extant), and in the conversation of Akbar and his intimate counsellors on the project of establishing a new and comprehensive form of religion; for which, however, he seems to have purposely chosen a name (Tauhíd-i-Iláhí, the unity of God) conveying nothing unfamiliar to orthodox Mahometans. The point of view of an enlightened Brahman is represented by Siddha's teacher Kullúka, who is admitted to these conferences. In work of this kind it is naturally difficult to avoid making the persons of the story the vehicles of thoughts and expressions which are familiar, not to say possible, only to modern and Western thinkers. On the other hand, Eastern speculation had in Akbar's day long since attained its highest developments in both India and Persia, and partly anticipated ideas commonly supposed to be newer. Akbar's philosophic turn of mind is in any case an undoubted historical fact; and there is no great breach of probability in Limburg-Brouwer's manner of using it.

The introduction and occasional notes added by Mr. Clements Markham are excellently fitted to make the text clear and carry out the author's purpose; they give necessary explanations with sufficient fulness to be interesting, and without running into tedious excrescences. Brevity has perhaps been too much studied in the notes on Hindu philosophy, which seem to us not likely to convey any distinct ideas to a reader knowing nothing of the subject beforehand. We wish it were possible for us to give as unqualified commendation to the English rendering of Limburg-Brouwer's work itself. The translation is flowing and spirited enough, and reproduces the general effect, but it cannot be called accurate. "M. M.'s" version seems to have been made under pressure of other occupations, or in some way under conditions excluding due attention to the exact meaning of the original. We have been hardly able to find a couple of pages together free from errors of various degrees in grammar or construction. Sometimes they do not practically affect the sense, but many times they spoil the point of a passage. Thus, at p. 6 we read, "Before either Kullúka or the servants could hasten after him, they saw him draw rein," &c. It should be, "Forthwith, and even before Kullúka, one of the servants was hastening after his young master, when he saw him," &c. Here no great harm is done. But presently, at p. 10, the hermit Gaurapada is made to say to Siddha, who puts his hand to his dagger at the approach of the tame tiger, "Leave that plaything in its place. Do not injure Hara" (the tiger's name). What he does say is, "Leave that plaything in its place. You would not hurt Hara much with it." Again, at p. 16, Kullúka begins to tell Siddha the story of the mysterious hermit's life as follows:—

> "He was once a king."
>
> "How now," said Siddha, a little disturbed, "are you going to tell me a tale from Somadeva, like those I heard so often from you when I was a little boy?"

This is unintelligible. Why should Siddha think he is being put off with a trivial fairy tale, if the Brahman opens at once with a new and startling piece of information? But Limburg-Brouwer was a better workman than this. Kullúka really says:—"Once on a time there was a king" ("Er was eens een koning"). It looks very much as if the translator had confused the Dutch *er* with the similarly written High-German pronoun. And, by the way, the note at p. 242 is mistaken in giving *Ausbreitung* as the German equivalent of *uitgebreidheid*—that is, extension in the philosophical sense. Philologically it is the nearest High-German word, but it has not the same meaning. The proper term is *Ausdehnung*. At p. 77 Siddha is speaking with Akbar, whose person is as yet unknown to him, concerning Akbar himself, and Akbar says in the English:—"*I know him, and all is not so well as I could wish*, and I agree that he is ambitious"; which would be pointless and clumsy. Limburg-Brouwer's text says:—"I know him more or less, *but not so well as I should like*," &c. At p. 111, Gorakh, the priest-conspirator, addresses the following extraordinary salutation to the hero:—"The unworthy servant of Siva's holy consort greets thee, O Moral Force." The original is quite clear to this effect:—"The unworthy servant of Śiva's holy consort, the infinite Power that dwells in him, salutes you." Shortly afterwards the same person is made to say:—"Think that the mighty Goddess to whose service all my feeble strength is devoted not only protects but destroys also, and that *there is no hope of mercy or salvation for him whom, through her priests, she has chosen out for her service and who has turned from it.*" Here is a considerable departure from the true sense, which is thus:—"There is no hope of mercy, no chance of rescue, to him whom by the mouth of her priests she has once pointed out to her faithful as a chosen sacrifice"—*i.e.* whom Gorakh has determined to put out of the way, and named to his followers as a victim destined for the goddess.

We have taken sufficient instances up and down the book to exclude the possibility of our having merely lighted on occasional slips; but it would be wearisome to produce more. We are aware that, for one reason or another, accurate translation from modern languages is a thing very seldom to be met with. But the reason is obscure to us. Mistakes such as we have cited would seriously diminish in the eyes of an Oxford or Cambridge examiner the value of a translation at sight from previously unknown passages of Greek or Latin authors; and we cannot help thinking the avoidance of them a thing fairly to be required by the public from those who translate to please themselves, and with abundant opportunities of information and correction. Their presence is especially annoying when the work otherwise bears marks of real interest in the subject, and desire to do it justice. However, the novel-reading English public is not critical, and is most unlikely to turn to *Akbar* in the original. We have all the more felt bound to show, in common justice to the memory of Limburg-Brouwer, that he is not answerable for everything that appears in the translation.

THE MUNSTER CIRCUIT.*

MR. O'FLANAGAN has been much exercised in mind by the dearth of forensic literature. The world has been fairly supplied with "forensic speeches, biography, and law," but not with what he calls "forensic literature." Forensic literature serves apparently a very high moral purpose. Like history in general, it inculcates, we learn from Mr. O'Flanagan, how, "by observing the result of certain rash or criminal acts, to avoid their commission." We find it difficult to elevate our minds to the level of this high moral purpose of the present volume; and even the author is evidently oppressed in his earlier pages by a sense of the solemn pledges he has undertaken. In vain do we plod through his chronicles of the Munster Circuit for the first century and a half. They have nothing to do with the humours or morality either of the Assize Court or of the Bar Mess. They are a tedious medley of romance and history, such as would not have misbecome the pen of the late Mr. G. P. R. James. The dulness is illustrated rather than relieved by such humorous remarks as that "Cromwell, during his sojourn in Ireland, went the Munster Circuit."

It is a pity Mr. O'Flanagan should have clogged his volume with this dead weight at its beginning, for when he passes the reign of Queen Anne his narrative brightens. He has some strange stories to tell of the classes of offences tried on the Munster Circuit, which was in these respects only an example of Ireland at large. Abduction, as Mr. Lecky has explained in his history of the last century, was a particularly favourite Irish crime. It was punishable with death; yet Abduction Clubs flourished in many places. Their members swore to aid whomsoever the lot had selected for an heiress's husband. When an opportunity had been found or made, the endeavour was to obtain a semblance of consent by the victim. One contrivance was to place her in front on the saddle, as if it were she, and not the man, who was the abductor. Illogical judges nevertheless forced reluctant juries to convict, and many ravishers were hanged. But, remarks Mr. O'Flanagan, the objects of their persecution "were, from that strange sympathy with crime so frequently found in Ireland, regarded with aversion by the lower orders." There was a sentiment in abduction which conciliated sympathy. There was a similar sentiment on the Munster Circuit in favour of assassination and burglary. In 1754 soldiers had to be sent to arrest one Morty O'Sullivan, who had murdered a man named Puxley. O'Sullivan stood a regular siege. Dislodged by the house being set on fire, he sallied forth and was slain. Two of his servants were hanged as accomplices. One of them wrote the night before his execution an elegy on the death of the murderer his master, in which Irish opinion saw nothing inappropriate. Even a splendid feat of gallantry like the defence of Highfort House against fourteen burglars, which earned knighthood for its owner, John Purcell, made, according to Mr. O'Flanagan, the doer "an object of dislike to the peasantry." Unaided he had beaten off the gang, after killing two and wounding three others. As a result, he was twice in danger of life from Rockites. When another Irish gentleman, Mr. George Bond Low, being shot at, bravely pursued and captured his would-be assassin, Mr. O'Flanagan remarks that "Mr. Low's courage and daring in bringing the miscreant to justice made him very unpopular." Mr. O'Flanagan gives as "a specimen of the law and order on the Munster Circuit towards the close of the last century" another siege sustained against a money-lending attorney, Denis O'Brien, by his mortgagee, a Justice of the Peace, and owner of a house which bore the euphonious name of Clonamuckoge. The Sheriff's men, armed with a Chancery decree, made an entry into the house, and "fired repeated volleys through the boarded ceiling in hopes of shooting the men above." The garrison, however, had prepared for such a case. They had supplied themselves with bullet-proof iron pots, and, taking each of them a stand in one of these, returned the fire with deadly effect. The attack was consequently defeated; but O'Brien was subsequently put in possession by troops and cannon from Clonmel. A yet more Irish feature in the incident is that it was discovered that the interval allowed for redemption after the mortgage-money was due had not elapsed. The result was that O'Brien was put out of his hardly-acquired property by ejectment. Another unsatisfactory instance of the manner in which popular sympathy, though in this case less unreasonable, has always been allowed to interfere with Irish justice, is Mr. O'Flanagan's account of the trials of Lord Kingston and his son, Colonel King, for the murder of Colonel FitzGerald. FitzGerald was the illegitimate son of Lady Kingston's brother, and had been brought up with her children. Though himself married, and the trusted friend of the whole family, he seduced Lady Mary King. When at length she had been rescued from him he was detected in a new plot to get her into his power. Lord Kingston shot him while he was struggling with Colonel King. The terrible provocation and the excitement would probably have reduced the Earl's offence at most to manslaughter; and his son might have been acquitted altogether. Both, indeed, were, in fact, acquitted. It was, however, not on a fair view of the merits of their cases, but from the scandalous circumstance that "the witnesses to sustain the prosecution were not to be found." The same perverted sentiment may be traced in a pathetic legend associated with the trial of Scanlan at Limerick for the murder of the heroine of Gerald Griffin's novel, *The Collegians*, and Mr. Boucicault's play, *The Colleen Bawn*. Scanlan, who was a gentleman, was permitted to ride in his own carriage to Gallows Green. But "the horses refused to stir. Neither blows nor entreaties could persuade them to draw their master to the place of execution." The horses of one of his tenants which happened to come by with a load of hay were substituted. They, too, "on crossing Balls Bridge lay down, and no whip or effort could make them move." In this particular case the popular sympathy seemed all on the side of Scanlan's victim. Yet there was enough left of Irish pity for a dastardly murderer to call up the fiction of a protest by the brute creation against an act of ordinary justice.

When a jury could be persuaded to convict, the law made the most of its opportunity. Prisoners were cooped up, on the Munster Circuit, in the most frightful gaols. Mr. O'Flanagan describes how in the South Gaol of Cork towards the end of the last century even debtors were obliged to drink salt water for three months, "their pumps being for a long time dry." When a convict had been hanged, the law was not content till his head was fixed on an iron-spike, and exposed for a public warning. If a party of men had committed a capital crime all that could be caught were executed. Thus, for the shooting of Colonel Hutchinson at Macroom, by a number of burglars whom he was resisting, not one, two, or three, but nine men suffered death. Mr. O'Flanagan tells a striking story in regard to these executions. As the condemned were riding pinioned to the gibbet an old woman threw herself before the horses, screaming out in Irish, "John Duggan, John Duggan! you owe me sixpence." John Duggan, though fast tied, contrived to jerk out of his pocket a sixpenny piece to her. Her reply to a reproach by the crowd for dunning a man on his way to be hanged, was, "Troth, then, shure I wouldn't be afther letting it rest upon his sowl." If, however, justice was determined to have good measure at the gallows' foot, it did not always take sufficient care of the machinery. In 1766 a tailor, Patrick Redmond, was hanged at Cork for robbing a house. But "an actor named Glover by means of friction and fumigation succeeded in restoring animation." Redmond, according to Gibson's History of Cork, was "the third tailor who had outlived hanging during two years." He got tipsy in the course of the day. To the horror of those who had seen him hanged in the morning, and had not heard of his resuscitation, he made his way at night on to the stage to thank his deliverer. Mr. O'Flanagan reassures anxious sympathizers by mentioning that "it is not stated he was retaken."

Clare, Limerick, Kerry, and Cork, which constitute the Munster Circuit, were, likely, as may be inferred from the picture Mr. O'Flanagan draws of their degree of obedience to law, to attract abundance of legal ability. Among the Circuit's earlier leaders were the two John Fitzgibbons, father and son. The father was at first refused a call by the King's Inn for the dire crime of having, while studying in London, committed a contempt in publishing Select Reports of Cases before the Courts at Westminster. The Irish Lord Chancellor and Lord Chief Justice, however, interceded for him. He loved money. A client once apologized for the smallness of a fee on the plea that it was "all he had in the world." "Oh," said Fitzgibbon, "as it is all you have in the world, why I must take it." His second son became Lord Chancellor, and is still remembered with popular hatred as Earl of Clare. In 1775, three years later than Fitzgibbon's call to the bar, a more famous though less prosperous barrister commenced his career. In that year Curran was called. After a common fashion he has often been spoken of as a briefless barrister of long standing. On the contrary, as Mr. O'Flanagan proves from his fee book, he made in the first year 117*l.* 1*s.* 4*d.* An English barrister would account that a very promising beginning, even though his income should not mount, like Curran's, by the fourth year to 1038*l.* 10*s.* Curran and Fitzgibbon were keen enemies. On one occasion they fought a duel. Fitzgibbon, when Chancellor, retaliated by depriving Curran practically of all business in his court. Curran estimated his loss by the Chancellor's hostility at 30,000*l.* Another and much more unfortunate victim to Fitzgibbon's tyranny was a certain Baron Power. Mr. O'Flanagan makes the remarkable observation that, "as a general rule, judges do not die by their own hand." Neither, fortunately, do tailors, or grocers, or shoemakers, as a general rule. He says that "the legal annals of Ireland give only one instance of suicide by a judge." This single instance is that of Baron Power. The Baron, besides his seat on the Bench, by a strange abuse of patronage, held also the post of Usher to the Court of Chancery. The Usher's remuneration was the interest he was allowed by custom to draw from money lodged with him to abide the results of decrees. A decree having been made for payment out of Court of interest as well as principal, he refused compliance. Thereupon the Chancellor ordered his attendance in the Court at its next sitting to account. The judge in vain remonstrated against the indignity. Lord Clare replied that he was dealing, "not with Baron Power, but with the Usher of his Court." The next day being Sunday, the unfortunate Baron had a respite. He employed it in drowning himself. Curran did not let himself be shuffled either out of life or out of wit by his ungenerous rival. He could return stroke for stroke; and Lord Clare's demerits are embalmed for ever in Curran's irresistible sarcasms. Curran's law was not always his own. Mr. O'Flanagan states that his best legal opinions were only signed by him, being in fact written by Charles Burton, originally an English solicitor's clerk, whom he had persuaded to settle in Ireland, and

* *The Munster Circuit; Tales, Trials, and Traditions.* By J. R. O'Flanagan. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

be called to the Irish Bar. "Carry the brief to Mr. Burton, but I will thank you for the fee," was the answer of Curran to an attorney who found him dining and joyous. But no other than himself was answerable for the outbursts of invective and pathos which by turns melted and withered. Flowers, however, culled from Curran's speeches have a somewhat tawdry air now. Mr. O'Flanagan might have saved himself the trouble of printing long paragraphs of burning oratory in a suit for damages by an injured husband against Lord Headfort. They were eloquent once; to us they breathe chiefly of pounds, shillings, and pence.

Some specimens which Mr. O'Flanagan has preserved of O'Connell's extraordinary power as an advocate have more reality about them. He understood his countrymen; "and who can compete with a Kerry man"? But he also had a very competent knowledge of law. For several years he went the Munster Circuit, possessing the great advantage of having relations in almost every county. Usually at Limerick, says Mr. O'Flanagan, "he had the dock to defend, one of the officers in Limerick Gaol engaging him for that purpose." Probably it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that "he gained the reputation of being the best criminal lawyer in Europe." He showed some of the finest qualities of an advocate in the inquiry into what is called the Doneraile Conspiracy, when twenty-one men were tried on a charge of having plotted the murder of four Doneraile gentlemen. The vicinity of Doneraile was infested with Rockites. The conspiracy was supposed to have had its origin in a desire of the Rockites for vengeance upon Mr. Bond Low, who, as we have already mentioned, had committed the impropriety of capturing a man who had tried to murder him. The Solicitor-General, Doherty, afterwards Chief Justice, who prosecuted for the Crown, appealed to the jury, in fact, to convict for the sake of example. The prisoners were tried in batches of four. The first detachment had for counsel two barristers very ill-fitted to cope with Mr. Doherty. One of them, David R. Pigot, was so far an orator that he was accustomed to "practise attitudes before a cheval glass in his study." But his real skill was in special pleading. The result of the Solicitor-General's impassioned declamation and the gentlemanlike dealing of Mr. Pigot on the other side with the professional informers was that the first four defendants were found guilty by the jury in five minutes. Saturday afternoon had come, and the Court adjourned to the Monday before trying a second batch. The Solicitor-General refused to say who would form it. In any case, the facts and the evidence would be the same as those on which the first four had been convicted, and the prisoners and their families were in despair. There was one hope. O'Connell was known to be at his Kerry home, Derrynane, ninety miles away. William Burke, a brother of one of the accused, rode off at five on that Saturday afternoon. By Sunday morning he was in O'Connell's library. Burke understood O'Connell, as O'Connell understood his countrymen. "The friends," he said, "of the prisoners yet untried for the Doneraile Conspiracy sent me for you. If you don't defend them Doherty will hang them all. There's a hundred guineas for you. If you come they'll be safe; if not, they'll all be hanged." On the Monday morning four other prisoners had been arraigned, and Mr. Doherty had just begun his address to the jury, when, amid "loud and continued cheers, which," according to Mr. O'Flanagan, "vires acquirit eundo," O'Connell strode into the bar seats. By leave of the Court, he eat a breakfast of milk and sandwiches in Court. "On hearing a legal proposition incorrectly stated by the Solicitor-General, O'Connell instantly exclaimed, his mouth half full of bread and milk, 'That's not law,' and the Court decided in his favour." From the moment he entered the Court the tide turned. According to Mr. O'Flanagan, he upset Mr. Doherty's law; he deliberately irritated him out of his lofty air of superiority by mimicking his Anglicized pronunciation; he annihilated his witnesses. One of them naively exclaimed, "It's little I thought, Mr. O'Connell, I'd be answering you this day." The jury which had tried the first four prisoners convicted them in five minutes. The jury which tried the second four acquitted one; on the guilt or innocence of the other three they could not agree in forty hours. There was even a majority of nine for an acquittal. Then they were discharged, one juryman being pronounced in danger of death from gout. The same week a third batch of four was tried, and the jury in five minutes brought in a verdict of not guilty. The Solicitor-General then decided to proceed with no further trials, and the untried prisoners were let out on bail. The three about whom the jury could not agree were tried a second time in 1830, when two were acquitted and one was convicted. O'Connell was not their counsel on that occasion. Considering that on the first trial there had actually been a large majority in favour of an acquittal, the case of the convicted man seems hard. The first four, whose guilt a respectable jury had found in five minutes, had their capital sentences commuted for transportation for life. Clearly there was a gross miscarriage of justice in the case either of the first jury, and of that which was impannelled in 1830, or in that of the second and third juries. The facts and the evidence in all four trials appear to have been the same. The one distinct element in the second and third was the presence of O'Connell.

Other names distinguished in records of the Irish bar occur in Mr. O'Flanagan's pages. There is Sir Toby Butler, who, having pledged himself to a client to drink no wine till the hearing of an important case was over, steeped two hot loaves in two bottles of claret and ate them. There is Chief Justice Bushe, described by John Kemble as "the greatest actor off the stage." There is Lord Norbury with his grotesque extravagances, and Serjeant MacMahon, famous for confused metaphors, who would exclaim to a jury, "I smell a rat, but I'll nip it in the bud." There is Harry Cooper who "had the knack of talking shorthand," and Jonathan Henn, of a lineage of famous lawyers, whose "level language" and honest face convinced jurymen that his side must be in the right. There is Isaac Butt, though Mr. O'Flanagan has nothing worth quoting to say of him. There is Anster, the translator of *Faust*. Anster only once defended a prisoner charged with murder. He got the man off through a flaw in the indictment which a veteran friend pointed out to him. One such client was enough. Sitting up very late the same night he heard a knock, which he answered. At the door stood his client. "Oh! Kelly, is that you?" he said, mentioning by accident not the living, but the murdered man. "I'm not Kelly, plaze your honour," returned the client, "'tis myself is the boy that shot him." But for much which is amusing we must refer our readers to the volume itself. We have no space to tell how, until comparatively recent times, barristers on the Munster Circuit argued not in wigs and gowns, but in morning dress—how, till past the middle of the last century, they rode the circuit, acting as the judges' escort—how ready counsel were to fight one another, or anybody else; and how a Chief Justice, Lord Clonmel, declared *à propos* of duelling that "in cases of a wounded spirit—and a wounded spirit who can bear?—the Court will never interpose its discretionary authority." We have said enough to show that Mr. O'Flanagan has collected abundance of interesting matter, and might well have confined himself to his theme of Bar and Bench sayings and doings.

PERCY'S METALLURGY.—SILVER AND GOLD.*

DR. PERCY has followed up his valuable treatises upon the metallurgy of fuel and of lead by a no less elaborate and exhaustive series of investigations into the origin, the properties, and the treatment of what are conventionally known as the precious metals. So closely allied are the kindred subjects of silver and gold that the two must be dealt with together, up to the point, at least, at which they leave the hands of the scientific metallurgist for separate application to the purposes of decorative art or the exigencies of commerce. It is now more than ten years, Dr. Percy tells us in his preface, since he began to write upon this branch of metallurgy, which he hoped to be able to treat adequately within the compass of a single volume of moderate size. He found it by degrees impossible to compress within these limits a subject which of all departments of metallurgy he justly considers to be the most extensive, the most varied, and the most complicated. The plan of the work has in consequence extended to two volumes, the first of which is now before us. Much of the second volume is, we are glad to hear, already in type, and it is the more likely to be ready for early publication on account of the writer's recent resignation of his absorbing duties at the Royal School of Mines. Such is the poor modicum of consolation to be derived from the withdrawal of the ablest exponent of this branch of science and industry from the post which he has filled for nearly thirty years. The laboratory and school in Jermyn Street, wherein advances of so much value have been made in the processes of metallurgy, and whence so large a band of pupils has been sent forth as practical metallurgists and mining engineers, have been absorbed by the all-devouring octopus of South Kensington. It is not easy to conceive how the important functions of the School of Mines are to be performed in its new home, apart from the collections, models, and other needful accessories to instruction previously at hand in the Geological Museum in Jermyn Street. We can only hope that the vacant chair may be occupied by a successor as thoroughly master of his subject as Dr. Percy has shown himself to be.

Starting with historical notices of silver, Dr. Percy traces this beautiful metal as a medium of exchange as early as the time of Abraham, before which period it had been in use in the East for purposes of ornament to an extent and for a range of time which we are wholly unable to estimate. Specimens of silver manufacture have come down to us which possess the twofold interest of illustrating, on the one hand, the metallurgical knowledge and artistic skill of the epoch that produced them, and, on the other, the physical changes which have passed over the metal during the ages that it has been hidden from sight. For a test of this latter kind Dr. Percy instances a silver ornament brought by General de Cesnola from a tomb in the island of Cyprus, examined by Mr. Church. To this specimen he assigns an age of fifteen hundred years—an estimate which seems strangely modest in contrast with the high antiquity indicated by the archaic style of the sculptured monuments of Cypriote art. We should have preferred seeing the results of the same tests applied to specimens from Hissarlik, Nineveh, or Egypt, for which an antiquity of not far from twice that number of years may with confidence be claimed. This Cypriote ornament, in the form of a crescent, thin at the ends and thicker towards the middle, was, as regards its general mass and surface, extremely brittle, whilst white, metallic, highly lustrous, and uniform; the inner core, existing only in the thicker part of the crescent, being of

* *Metallurgy: the Art of Extracting Metals from their Ores.* By John Percy, M.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., &c. Silver and Gold. Part I. With numerous Illustrations on Wood, mostly from Original Drawings. London: John Murray. 1880.

unaltered ductile metal. The composition of both parts was precisely the same—namely, 94·69 per cent. of silver, 0·41 of gold, 3·43 of copper, 0·28 of lead, and 1·21 of antimony, with traces of arsenic and bismuth. The brittleness of the outer mass forms an interesting proof of a molecular change set up through the course of ages in the original homogeneous metal from without, but not having yet penetrated to the interior core of the ornament. A crypto-crystalline structure had been produced in the fusiform alloy, making it easy of fracture. It is curious that, though a smart blow with a hammer at once shattered it to powder, the brittle mass could, by rolling or gently hammering, be readily restored to its pristine ductile condition. The density of the brittle silver was 9·06, but by rolling this became 10·20. Here was a physical change in a metal caused, it would seem, neither by vibratory nor concussive action, nor by great changes of temperature. We are reminded of the opalescent effects manifested by specimens of glass after being long buried underground. How far, we ask, is the cause of change to be sought in the chemical action of the soil or other surroundings, or in molecular action going on in the substance itself, originally set up by the forces of smelting, hammering, or welding?

An ancient vase of thin silver taken out of brick earth near London was found by Mr. Warrington to be very brittle and highly crystallized, having on its surface a thin layer of chloride of silver. The crystals, it was thought, might have pre-existed, and been merely disclosed by the slow biting or etching action of the chlorine derived from some chloride existing in the soil. The brittleness was removed by heating to redness for a few minutes, the metal becoming compact and granular in structure, and its specific gravity being increased from 9·937 to 9·950. Later on Dr. Percy speaks of experiments made by him upon a silver coin of Edward the Confessor, showing 10·50 per cent. of chloride of silver. In some antique silver vessels found at Hildesheim in October 1868, Schertel's analysis proved that a small proportion of copper had been mixed in the original alloy of silver and gold, and that the first cause of change was the percolation of water charged with chlorides in solution, converting the copper into cupric chloride, which formed with the silver argentous and cuprous chlorides. The cuprous chloride was then reconverted into cupric chloride, and again attacked the silver. The clay surrounding the metal kept the liquid in contact with it, and acted like a filter, so that in time, with little copper, much silver was converted into chloride, forming a thick incrustation upon the vessels. Dr. Percy is of opinion that, even without the copper, chloride of silver would be formed under the conditions stated—namely, the presence of atmospheric oxygen and dissolved chlorides, of which chloride of sodium must surely have been one. Silver coins, he holds, have been more or less converted into chloride of silver by long immersion in sea-water. He gives details of various laboratory experiments on the formation of chloride of silver, a subject of great importance in connexion with the metallurgical processes for the extraction of silver from its ores and certain argentiferous products.

The accompanying formulæ, in accordance with the excellent rule maintained throughout the book, are given in terms of the atomic system of weights now current, as well as those of the older nomenclature. From the chemical properties of silver, which are treated of in the first part of the volume, the author proceeds to the discussion of alloys and ores. In his systematic investigation of the admixture of silver with other metals, he has not limited himself to such alloys as are in familiar use, or the properties of which render them of appreciable value for the purposes of science, commerce, or ornament, but has included the results of experimentation on the capacity of fusion with the various metallic substances newly added to the list of elementary forms of matter, with results of curious interest to the laboratory student. From Mr. Crookes, the discoverer of thallium, he has received a specimen of an alloy of equal parts of that metal and silver, fairly malleable, but not equal to much hammering, easily cut with a penknife, white on the surface when freshly scraped, but quickly tarnishing and turning a yellow tint, owing to the oxidation of the thallium. When moistened turmeric paper is applied even to its freshly-cut surface, the paper is immediately stained brown. Such an alloy is hardly likely to be of much practical use. The two metals, though readily fusible together, being easily separated on a cupel, Mr. Crookes suggests that thallium might be used instead of lead for the cupellation of silver. An alloy of 40 per cent. of palladium with 60 per cent. of silver has been introduced with effect into the arts. It is white, pretty hard, elastic, and malleable. It is not blackened by sulphuretted hydrogen, even when, as Dr. Percy found, the palladium is reduced to 25 per cent. He had made of it thirty years ago a set of weights which remain as bright as at first. Rolled into sheet and reduced to powder, it has been found to adhere well to china by firing, and to acquire a fine polish by burnishing, but its colour is inferior to that of silver. This alloy has been used by dentists. No alloy of silver and iridium has yet been found possible. A mixture of these metals having been exposed to a high temperature, on attempting to pour out the contents of the crucible, silver alone flows out, a thick mass being left in the crucible. Berthier tried in vain to alloy silver and chromium; nor has any one else, as far as Dr. Percy knows, been more successful. The same French savant came nearer to success with tungsten and silver. Dr. Percy in 1844 tried the alloy of 100 grains of tungsten, prepared from tungstate of ammonia, with 300 grains of fine silver and some charcoal. A button of metal was obtained which weighed 398 grains. This was melted again, but failed to be cast in an ingot mould, as it could not be fully poured out. It was white and tough as standard silver, but was no more than a mechanical mixture, such as that produced by heating copper and tungsten together. From an experiment made with small quantities Berthier concluded that molybdenum behaves towards silver like tungsten. Whether potassium will alloy with silver seems doubtful; but an alloy of 30·32 per cent. of silver, and 63·68 of sodium has been produced by Mr. Louis in Dr. Percy's laboratory. Alloys of aluminium in various proportions with silver have been applied to industrial and artistic purposes, not being affected by sulphuretted hydrogen, and proving, when mixed in equal parts, as hard as bronze. An alloy of 100 parts of aluminium and five of silver has been used for watch-springs. Our author has met with no satisfactory record of alloys of silver with glucinium, barium, strontium, calcium, titanium, rhodium, osmium, vanadium, or tantalum. Alloys of silver and gold will be considered in the forthcoming volume.

It is impossible to predict when we shall have exhausted the ores of silver, or the natural sources from which the metal may be extracted. Nor is it easier for mineralogists to arrive at a perfect agreement as to the analysis of the metal, whether in its native state or in its various associations. After going systematically through the previously known mineral species, the regions in which they are found, and their constitution as determined by analysts of the highest repute, our author has to supplement his statement with a list of argentiferous minerals brought to notice since that part of his work was set up in type. Amongst these are the polyarsenide of copper, silver and bismuth, from Copiapo, the mercurial selenitic sulphide of silver from Caracoles, and the fahlerz or grey copper ore, very rich in silver, from Huanchaca in Bolivia, with their analyses and description by Domeyko. Besides those ores which constitute mineral species, containing silver either as an essential or as an isomorphous element, there are also many other ores which contain a compound of silver as an accidental constituent mechanically intermixed. Native gold is always argentiferous. Both silver and gold have been found in native arsenic from Bolivia. From galena, which is always argentiferous, a large quantity of silver is annually extracted in the United Kingdom and in other parts of the world. Blende, and sulphuretted ores of copper, as well as sulphuretted and arsenical ores of iron, are occasionally argentiferous, as Dr. Percy has shown whilst describing the processes of lead-smelting in his volume on the metallurgy of that metal. In his volume on iron and steel it was recorded that silver to the extent of half an ounce per ton had been found in a black-based iron-stone from South Wales. The presence of one centigramme of silver in a cubic metre of sea-water has been reported by Malaguti and Durocher, who thereupon compute the total yield of silver from the ocean at some 2,000,000 tons, or two thousand times the annual product of all the known terrestrial sources.

In dealing with silver assaying the author does not attempt a history of that art, interesting as such a record would be. He seeks to describe, as concisely as is compatible with clearness, the art as practised in the metallurgical laboratory of the Royal School of Mines. The reader can here form a clear idea of the soundness and practical utility of the teaching there imparted. The first part treats of the assay of argentiferous ores and metallurgical processes; the second of the assay of gold and silver bullion, coin and plate. Some valuable hints from practical refiners are appended "on the states in which silver is imported into England, and the necessity of precautions in purchasing it." An important section is taken up with the separation of silver from metallic copper by the liquation process, which is followed by silver smelting as applied both to ore containing silver in the simple metallic state and in combination with lead. The subject of amalgamation, with extraction of silver from its ores by means of mercury, as practised both in ancient and more recent times, is exhaustively treated, and this completes the volume, the value of which is enhanced by an excellent index. We regret our inability in a notice so limited to do justice to the stores of knowledge and the capacity for imparting instruction which entitle the work to a very high rank in the literature of practical science.

JEZEBEL'S DAUGHTER.*

As a Dedication to the first volume of this novel Mr. Wilkie Collins publishes an address "To Alberto Caccia," in much the same way as Lord Beaconsfield the other day wrote his letter to the Duke of Marlborough. Signor Caccia, as we learn, is Mr. Collins's "good friend and brother in the art," and the translator of his novels into Italian. It is as absurd to suppose that this gentleman did not know already what he was told in the Dedication as that the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland did not beforehand know what the Prime Minister told him with so much gravity and in such peculiar English. Great men of all kinds do not easily bring themselves to address the people directly. They always like to have a confidant, to whom they speak with the utmost frankness like the hero on the stage. They never betray by even a single glance that they are conscious of the presence of a vast audience that is hanging on all they speak. Their sole aim is to make their good and trusty friend understand their motives and their actions, and so long as he is in a position to judge them

* *Jezebel's Daughter.* By Wilkie Collins. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1880.

justly, they are indifferent to the opinion of the rest of the world. So Mr. Collins begins by informing Signor Alberto Caccia—and informing him in print—"that this new novel does not present the proposed sequel to my last work of fiction—*The Fallen Leaves.*" This important fact, it will at first sight seem, might very properly have been left to the translator to discover for himself, as soon as he set about his task of turning the book into Italian. But in the next paragraph we see that he is treated just as if he were an English duke living in Ireland. He is written to, but he is not, if we may so say, written at. Mr. Collins thus continues his Dedication:—

> The first part of that story has, through circumstances connected with the various forms of publications adopted thus far, addressed itself to a comparatively limited class of readers in England. When the book is finally reprinted in its cheapest form—then, and then only, it will appeal to the great audience of the English people. I am waiting for that time, to complete my design by writing the second part of "The Fallen Leaves."

Mr. Collins is not quite so ambitious as Tom Brown, Dr. Johnson's first master, who published a spelling-book and dedicated it to the Universe. He is satisfied with the great audience of the English people. We once knew an eccentric but somewhat humorous gentleman who, whenever he saw a crowd gathered together, would mount the nearest steps, and gravely bow to it with a mingled air of condescension and importance. This he did so well that once or twice he was almost mistaken for a great man, and only just missed being greeted with cheers, instead of hisses and laughter. Mr. Collins, it will be noticed, does not merely address this great audience of the English people. He appeals to it. He has, it would seem, been brought before the judgment-seat of certain critics who flatter the prejudices of a narrow-minded minority of readers. These writers, "the nasty posterity of Tartuffe," as he calls them, had, it also appears, attacked other stories of his, as *Basil*, *Armadale*, and *The New Magdalen*. Happily he himself knows "that the wholesome audience of the nation at large has done liberal justice to those books." Meanwhile *Fallen Leaves* is still sold at too dear a price for liberal justice to be done to it. It is painful, no doubt, for the author patiently to wait under the shameful charges that have been made against him. He longs to appeal in the case of *Fallen Leaves* also to the wholesome audience of the nation, the great audience of the English people. But "circumstances connected with the various forms of publication" are too strong for him. He longs for justice; but, after all, the novels of a deeply-injured man must first be sold in three volumes at half-a-guinea the volume. He should remember, however, that this great wholesome audience is perhaps waiting very eagerly for the promised continuation. In this expectation we do not ourselves share. We certainly did read *Fallen Leaves* when it came out; and, if we can trust our memory, we laughed at it, as we have laughed at more than one of Mr. Collins's stories. What it was all about we have altogether forgotten. That he had promised to continue it we had also forgotten. When he does bring out the second part we shall be anything but pleased; for we shall not, we fear, be able to understand it, through our entire forgetfulness of all that had been told in the three previous volumes. And yet it is by no means a book that we ought to have forgotten. If we may trust the author's account, it is really a pious work. "I say plainly," he writes, "that I have never asserted a truer claim to the best and noblest sympathies of Christian readers than in presenting to them, in my last novel, the character of the innocent victim of infamy, rescued and purified from the contamination of the streets." This may be very true. At all events we are not prepared to deny it, for we bear Mr. Collins's writings far too little in our memory to be able to form an estimate of the comparative claims of each of his novels to Christian sympathy. The only fact that we do clearly remember about *Fallen Leaves* is its dulness and its silliness. But very good people, very good Christians moreover, may be very dull and also very silly; and so we shall not on that account dispute the author's assertion or deny his claims.

While, however, we had forgotten, as we have said, his promise to write a sequel to his good book, and while, therefore, we are indifferent to his failure to keep it, it can scarcely be hoped that the great wholesome audience will be equally patient under this cruel disappointment. Even though *Fallen Leaves* is not yet in a cheap enough form to bring it within the reach of all, yet at all events it is known to those who can subscribe to a circulating library. The best and noblest Christian sympathies of these readers have been aroused, and their interest too. The hero and heroine were doubtless left in the midst of great perplexities and dangers. Everything was done, we may be sure, to contrive a mystery and to stimulate curiosity—a pious curiosity, we will add. At least half a year has passed, and surely the volumes of a novel can be written at the rate of one in every two months. The dreary winter is over, spring has at length come, and *Fallen Leaves*, it might have been hoped, was going to be supplemented by "Fresh Leaves," or "Verdant Shoots," or "Spring Buds." Instead of that appears *Jezebel's Daughter*. Let the English people be patient. Happily they have the sudden dissolution and the election to console them; while, after all, *Jezebel's Daughter* is really by no means bad when looked upon as a mere sop to stay the stomach. Let us see what Mr. Collins thinks of it himself. He tells his translator that he will find, he hopes, in its pages two interesting studies of humanity. And there is more than this. But here Mr. Collins must speak for himself:

> In view of the distrust which certain readers feel, when a novelist builds his fiction on a foundation of fact, it may not be amiss to mention (before I close these lines), that the accessories of the scenes in the Deadhouse of Frankfort have been studied on the spot. The published rules and ground-plans of the curious mortuary establishment have also been laid on my desk, as aids to memory while I was writing the closing passages of the story.

Mr. Collins's audience is the great audience of the English people, the wholesome audience of the nation, who will like their story-teller all the better when they know that he has kept by him, as he wrote, the rules and ground-plans of a mortuary establishment. They will at once give up Shakspeare. What rules and ground-plans had he of the churchyards at Elsinore and Verona? We trust that our lady-novelists, who are much given in their stories to death-beds and scenes in churchyards, will take a hint from this ingenious, if somewhat unimaginative, novelist. Let them be able to assure their readers that the chapter in which they kill off their heroine has been written under the directions of an eminent general practitioner, while all the arrangements of her funeral have been revised by an experienced undertaker from Messrs. Banting. It would not be amiss to give in an appendix the rules and ground-plans of one of the suburban cemeteries, with the different scales of funeral charges.

Mr. Collins's Dedication has taken up so much of our attention that we have left ourselves but scanty space for dealing with his story. Its name is somewhat misleading, for the real heroine is Jezebel herself, and not her daughter. In her the author, as he tells us, or as rather he tells Signor Caccia, and through him the great wholesome audience, "has endeavoured to work out the interesting moral problem, which takes for its groundwork the strongest of all instincts in a woman, the instinct of maternal love, and traces to its solution the restraining and purifying influence of this one virtue over an otherwise cruel, false, and degraded nature." The tale is told to a considerable extent in the convenient forms of diaries and other documents. Even the wicked heroine, who is accidentally killed by poisoning just after she had tried to poison a highly respectable and most virtuous hero's elderly aunt, had kept up to the last a record of her crimes. When she had herself taken the poison, and felt it working, she had intended "to destroy these compromising pages of her diary," but her mind had begun to wander, and she failed in the attempt. Her death is not described with that minuteness of horrors in which Mr. Collins so often delights. "I cannot prevail upon myself to dwell," he makes the narrator of the story say, "on the deliberate progress of the hellish Borgia poison, in undermining the forces of life. The nervous shudderings reached their climax, and then declined as gradually as they had arisen." Perhaps the author's moderation is due to his fear that he might not be able to give a description which would be at all worthy of the scene in the deadhouse, which had just been brought to a close. It may, however, be owing to nothing more than the happy fact that he had got so near the end of the third volume that he had only just space to wind up his story. He had still Jezebel's daughter on hand and her lover, and he had to get not only Jezebel killed but the young people happily married. Whatever may be the cause, we are only too glad to have such singular moderation displayed. We feel, however, that the great wholesome audience who read this book when in its cheapest form will not share in our satisfaction. Such a moral writer as Mr. Collins surely could, they will maintain, in describing the death-bed of a poisoner, a second time appeal to "the best and noblest sympathies of Christian readers." As it is, even the very brief account that he does give of the end of this miserable woman, he closes with the pious ejaculation, in a paragraph all to itself, "Lord, have mercy on her—miserable sinner!" But this utterance would have been far more effective had "the deliberate progress" of the poison been traced with Mr. Collins's skill, and at his usual length.

We shall look forward with some slight interest to the publication of Mr. Collins's next story, whether it is to be the continuation of *Fallen Leaves* or not. We are not too old to learn as critics, and we shall hope that he will next time deal, not with those who have offended him by failing to see how moral a writer he really is, but with those who blame him for his extravagance and his dulness, and who laugh at him for his overweening conceit.

LEWIS AND SHORT'S LATIN DICTIONARY.*

IT might puzzle the deftest of literary conjurors to devise an all-sufficient test of a new dictionary or lexicon. It is in the nature of things that each one of such works should lay claim to some happy addition or innovation which no pains have been spared to make the most of. From the very beginning of Latin lexicography in England, Thomas Cooper of Magdalen College School professes, in his *Thesaurus* of 1584, to have so improved on Stephens, Eliot, and his former self, "ut nihil pene desyderari possit," and the whole history of the matter is, in fact, a continued process of development. The result is that a brushing up of the literature of the subject is more curious than profitable—one fact coming out palpably, that lexicographists have a tendency to borrow wholesale, so that occasionally there occurs, even down to modern days, a "damnable iteration" of blunders and

* *A Latin Dictionary, founded on Andrews's Edition of Freund's Latin Dictionary.* Revised, Enlarged, and in great part Rewritten, by Charlton T. Lewis, Ph.D., and Charles Short, LL.D., Professor of Latin in Columbia College, New York. Oxford: Clarendon Press, &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1879.

misquotations. It must, however, be admitted that the writers of prefaces to the dictionaries of the last sixty years, whilst commemorating with abundant flourishes their own improvements, are mostly candid enough to acknowledge the researches of their rivals. Amongst the Latin dictionaries (for reference) most familiar to the scholar will generally be found the so-called Dictionary of Forcellini (and Facciolati, by Bailey), Scheller's Lexicon, and, going further back, Gesner's Thesaurus, all of which were needed in our college days to supplement the imperfect and defective services of our Ainsworth. A better time dawned when Dr. Wilhelm Freund's *Latin-German Dictionary* of 1834-45 was translated at New York under the editorship of Dr. Andrews in 1851, and became very shortly the most extensively used Latin Dictionary in England and America. The present editors of Andrews's Freund do not hesitate to assert that its only rivals are really "reprints or abridgments, so that it has formed in fact the standard book of reference for a generation of scholars." To some extent, no doubt, this is true, though any one who is inclined to glance at the preface of Dr. W. Smith's *Latin-English Dictionary* (1855) may find under five different heads, in pp. vi.-vii., sufficient proof of inaccuracy to show that it could not have been an unerring guide to competing successors; indeed our own experience of the copious and critical Latin-English Lexicon of J. E. Riddle (1849) and of Dr. W. Smith (1855), the former based on Freund immediately, the latter much more on Forcellini and Freund than on Andrews, has hitherto disposed us to hold fast by the two tolerably compendious works just named, instead of having recourse to Transatlantic lexicographers. But the advances made in the ancillary sciences of lexicography—*e.g.* orthography, philology, syntax, history, archæology—have required that the Freund or Andrews of to-day should furnish the student with far more than the scholarship of thirty years ago could supply; and therefore, after a partial revision by the original author (fifteen years ago), and a recourse to Professor Henry Drisler, who counselled, but declined to undertake, a thorough reconstruction of the work, the sheets were handed over, with all appropriate aids, to the present editors, for compilation of the Dictionary before us. Of these, Dr. Short is responsible for letter A (or 216 pages), Dr. Charlton T. Lewis for the remainder, or lion's share—namely, 1,793 pages. Help has also been derived from other eminent coadjutors; such as Dr. Gustavus Fisher, of New Brunswick, and Professor G. M. Lane, of Harvard, the former of whom has communicated excellent articles on the etymologies of such words as "contra," "sic," "suus," "sisto," "solvo," "tunc," "tum"; the latter a vigilant and fruitful correction of the press.

Two very useful prefatory catalogues or indices—the one orthographical, the other of ancient authors or books referred to in editing the work—are good features in this edition. The former is mainly taken from Brambach's *Aids to Latin Orthography*; the latter contains the names of most of the books of reference we should have expected, though we might stickle for a citation of that handy ancient gazetteer, the *Orbis Latinus* (of Graesse, Dresden, 1861), and perhaps of Hübner's *Roman Inscriptions*. The abbreviations used of ancient authors, their works and dates given on the authority of Teuffel, leave little to be supplemented or corrected. The date of Palladius is rightly given with a query, and the authorship of *Ætna* is assigned, in apparent following of Mr. Munro, to Lucilius Junior. In *Notes and Queries*, November 8, 1879, Professor Mayor of Cambridge has generously testified to the distinct advance of this new lexicon on its rivals and predecessors for common use, its obligations to the excellent *Lateinisch Deutsches Wörterbuch* of Georges, its removal of many errors, and its discrimination of various senses, such as the two under "abortus" and "conditio," "conditio," "condicio." But, as was to be expected, he has noted not a few incorrect references which Dr. Lewis has transplanted from Freund, as where, under "camisia," he refers to "Hieron. de vest. mul. 64. n. 11."; here, as Forcellini rightly has it, the reference should be to Hieron. de Vest. Sac. Ep. ad Fab. 128, sect. 11. A similar reference for "Ininterpretabilis sermo" is impossibly referred to Vulg. Hebr.; v. 71? and under "lanceo" Mr. Lewis and Dr. Short betray an oblivion of the treatise of Tertullian when they refer to Tert. adv. Marc. 13, where a little more exactness would have taught them that the correct reference would have been, with Scheller, Tert. c. Marc. c. iii. l. 8. To such persistent lifelong students as Professor Mayor and a few others the examination of a new Lexicon must be a "happy hunting-ground," and we cannot too heartily re-echo his advice to English students to show their gratitude to the New-World scholars and their Dictionary by laying it on their library table for marginal correction and revision.

The task of reviewing a dictionary must needs be elephantine, if it is to proceed on the principle of testing the work page by page, or even by the process of examining some specified classes of words—dramatic, botanic, zoologic, archaic words, words of the silver age, and so forth. It is indeed a task scarcely to be accomplished with any thoroughness unless with an ample margin of time, and an amount of leisure scarcely compatible with any but the most orderly and methodical student life. In default of this, one must be contented to pursue a kind of "hide-and-seek" process, suggested by one's classical reading from day to day, with the aid of memory and the helps to it afforded by marginal or special notes, the result of which may be to amass a tolerable number of test words, whereby to measure the sufficiency of the lexicographers' labours in different fields. A word or two may be said, in passing, in reference to the sound philological help of Dr. Fisher, which the indication of the preface enables us to examine in a limited number of examples. Thus of *Contra* we are taught that the stem is *con*, *i.q. cum*, through a comparative form *conter*; cf. alter, uter, inter, præter, &c., in the *abl. fem.* form, like the locative ablatives *ea*, *quâ*, &c., cf. ultrâ, intrâ, extrâ, citrâ; after which the various senses of the adverb and preposition are carefully discriminated and graduated. *Sic* is traced, through old form sice, Plaut. *Rud.* ii. 4, 12, and *seic*, (C. I. L. 818) to *si*, the locative form of pronoun stem *sa* = ὁ, ἁ, or ἡ, and the demonstrative *ce* (see Corss. *Ausspr.* i. 777); and the demonstrative adverb of time, "Tunc," is derived from *tum* and the demonstrative suffix *ce*, whilst various instances are adduced to illustrate the use of *tunc*, always emphatically and generally of *point* of time, in ante-classic and classic prose. In post-Augustan writers it is often used without emphasis and of *periods* of time. The statistics of the comparative use of *tunc* and *tum* give the former as infrequent until after the Augustan period. Cicero has thirty *tums* and Cæsar five, for one *tunc*; but *Tunc* predominates in the post-Augustan writers and jurists. Thus far we have noted one or two samples of Dr. Fisher's etymologies. A few more may be taken from Mr. Lewis's field. Thus *exsul* is derived, not, as usually, from "solum," but from *sal*, Sanscrit *sar*, "to go." Latin, salire, saltare, cf. præsul, consul, subsul (Corss. *Ausspr.* 2. 71). Feriæ is given as *i.q. fesiæ* from the same root as "festus"; *garrio* is traced to the Sanscrit gir, γῆρυς, voice; and *grex* to the Sanscrit *jar*, "come together," compare ἀγείρω and armentum. *Herba* is given as the old Latin "forb-ea," Greek φορβή, Sanscrit *bhar*, to nourish. *Infula* is traced to the Sanscrit *bhâla*, brow, cf. the Greek φάλος φαλαρά; and the root of *latro* is found in λα, λαϝ, in λάω and λεία, lucrum. The shades of sense of this word, from a hired servant or mercenary to a freebooter, are curious, though familiar to Latin readers. *Lupus*, akin to λύκος, the basis of a score of adages, is connected with the Sanscrit *vrika*, and our *wolf*. To glance at a question of spelling, we note that our Transatlantic editors solve the question of cheragra *v.* chiragra by giving the former as the poetic collateral form. For this they have the sanction of Bentley and Orelli on Hor. *S.* ii. 7, 15, which Conington also approves on the passage from Persius, v. 58:—Cum lapidosa cheragra Fregerit articulos—a metaphor suggestive of a hailstorm of chalkstones, or of the man referred to in Mr. Pattison's *Casaubon* who had discharged from his body "more than his whole weight in chalkstones." If we want a sample of an old official word of Rome, we can take one that occurs frequently in Livy (Book I. c. 8); its origin is referred to the Etrurians and its etymology to *ligo*. It seems to have been pronounced Lictor. Under this article we are told that in processions the *primus lictor* went foremost, and the nearest to the Consul was called *proximus*. They were freeborn till the time of Tacitus, formed "decuriæ," or companies, "apparitorum," and attended only such magistrates as enjoyed "potestatem cum imperio." Why a lady's large pearl worn in private was designated her "Lictor" in a figure is not so clearly explained by Smith or Lewis and Short as by Forcellini, who says that it was usual at Rome, "propter unionem" (*h.e.* the ornament in question), "decedi feminis, assurgi, et reverentiam conciliari."

Under the word Macula (derived by our editors from Malocula, maleula, cf. Sanscrit *Mala*, "dirt") we miss, amongst general or transferred senses, the one which Mr. A. Palmer of Dublin recognizes in his edition of Ovid's *Heroides*, v. 19, "retia maculis distincta"—to wit, "nets distinguished, or marked out, by knots," so called, no doubt, as he plausibly suggests, because they were of a different colour from the net itself. Among other interesting questions on which light is found in passing, is the intensive force of *dis* in "Distædet" (I greatly loathe), "dispudet" (I am much ashamed), in Terence and Plautus; where, *sub art.* "dis," it is shown that this intensive force is but a development of its original meaning, as *e.g.* "differtus" is properly "stuffed out," and "dilaudo" is to "scatter praise of." The space devoted to the explanation of "Epimenia," "provisions for a month," "a month's rations," Juv. vii. 120, is needlessly scanty, and requires to be supplemented by Professor Mayor's note, who refers the word to Moorish slaves, and says that to such were served, besides corn, wine, and olives, windfalls and tough bulbs. The same erudite searcher might have brought stores of Roman lore to bear on that lounge of gossips, the "Tonstrina." We must say that we cannot excuse the omission of the word "eschatocollion," on the score of its being a Greek form, for "the last folded sheet," or "the last page," when it occurs in so well-known a poet as Martial ii. 6, and when it might have been compared with our kindred word "protocol." Whilst we are upon the subject of Martial, it may be interesting to inquire what light is thrown by the editors upon the Roman substitute for glass. Our resort is to the word "specularis," and the so-called "lapis specularis" with which Roman windows were furnished. After the general sense of the adjective "of or belonging to a mirror," we find "in particular specularis lapis," "a kind of transparent stone, muscovy-glass, isinglass-stone, mica." Hence "specularia-orum, n." window-panes, a window. *Loci classici* for this word and its use are duly cited here—to wit, Juv. iv. 21, and Mart. viii. 14:—

Hibernis objecta notis specularia puros
Admittunt soles, et sine fæce diem.

and it is beyond doubt that some transparent material was in use by Romans for greenhouses and litters. It is curious, however, that Drs. Lewis and Short ignore "talc" as a synonym of the "specularis lapis," and split "talc" as the

material of Roman "specularia." "Talc," we know, "is a soft magnesian mineral of a soapy feel, and usually of a greenish, greyish, or whitish colour, occurring in foliated or easily cleavable masses, and also in compact granular masses." More is to be learnt from Dr. Daubeney's *Lectures on Rom. Husb.*, p. 294-5, and from Becker's *Gallus*, 363. Indeed the former of these books would be a mine of information, out of the materials of which we might test the new lexicographers as to the terms of Roman agriculture, farming, live-stock, poultry, and *res rusticæ* in general. Thus the "flos in pratis cui nomen *amello*," Virg. Georg. iv. 27, is identified with the "Purple Italian Starwort" or "Aster Amellus" of Linnæus. The "Volæma pira" of Georg. ii. 88, which some have dubbed "warden" and some "pounder pears," appear in this dictionary by the former distinctive appellation, though, had the derivation been vouchsafed, "quia volâ manus impleant," it might have shown cause for the latter identification. A somewhat frequent recurrence, in the course of our testing the work before us, to the "Ætna incerti auctoris" so ably edited by Mr. Munro in 1867, has satisfied us that Drs. Lewis and Short's acquaintance with that poem is very scanty. In a single passage of it (*Ætn.* 292, &c.) occur two distinct metaphors relating to hydraulic machines, so uncommon that it is a locus classicus on the topic, the one referring to such an instrument as Claudius's *Triton*, on Lake Fucinus, which signalled the naumachia, the other to the *cortina*, *i.q.* an hydraulis or water-organ, so called perhaps from its tripodlike shape, perhaps from the noise resembling that emitted from the Delphic *cortina*. The lines most to the point run thus:—

> Nam veluti sonat hora duci *Tritone canoro*,
> Pellit opus *collectus aquæ* victusque moveri
> Spiritus et longas emugit buccina voces:
> Carmineque irriguo magnis *cortina* theatris
> Imparibus numerosa modis canit arte regentis
> Quæ tenuem impellens animam *subremigat* unda;
> Haud aliter summota furens torrentibus aura
> Pugnat in angusto, et magnum commurmurat Ætna.

Here in the first line the epithet "canorus" exalts the Triton above the level of an ordinary, mute, fishpond-God, such as is cited under Triton B. Transf. I., and no reference is made to the musical Sea-god worked by water-pressure ("collectu aquæ," for which Lewis and Short cite Lucret. iv. 414). Just below, where "carmine irriguo" seems to indicate the same mechanism, the editors, had they examined the passage, might have divined that "cortina" meant not the "circle of a theatre," as they give it, but a water-organ such as is described by the Greek writer on pneumatics, Heron, and in relation to the organism of which the expressive word "subremigat" manifestly plays an important part. The editors might with advantage glance at the poem we refer to for one or two valuable corrections of their pages. Thus, *inter alia*, they might cite Ætna (325), for "sipho" = "a fire engine"; and 267 for "fœnilia," in the sense of hay-lofts.

A word deserves to be said, in conclusion, for the completeness of the proper names of this Dictionary, both in matter and quantity. Whether it is a parasite from a comedy of Plautus, or a geographical division of ancient Gaul, a goddess, a nymph, or a myth, that we are in quest of, either and all will be found within the covers of the present work. This was not always so with lexicographers, though it is evident that when one is looking out words, two books of reference in hand are less desirable than one. It is to be hoped that this feature may be retained in the dictionaries of the future, whether Professor Key's, said to be already under revision at Cambridge, or the one which it is currently asserted that we may expect from Oxford.

CHERBULIEZ'S *AMOURS FRAGILES*.*

It is perhaps needless to tell any one who is at all acquainted with M. Cherbuliez's writings that, in spite of the title of his latest production, it has nothing in common with the school which chooses to call itself realistic, and which has been admirably satirized by M. Jules Claretie in *Le Troisième Dessous*. Never perhaps was any word so grossly misapplied, even by the English votaries of the widely opposite "æsthetic" school, as *réalisme* to the works of M. Zola and the writers who attempt to outdo him in the minute description of non-existent garbage. Assuming even that M. Zola's descriptions are true, which, in the case of his latest outrageous and unamusing production, they certainly are not, what is there more real in a gutter or a scavenger's cart than in a fine landscape? What claim to showing things as they are has a man who collects a quantity of traits of infamy and calls the miserable hotch-potch a character? In such a proceeding there is neither art nor imagination; it requires nothing but the patience of a mudlark. However, it may be supposed that M. Zola will be forgotten, or remembered only as a literary monstrosity, when M. Cherbuliez's writings still continue to give delight.

M. Cherbuliez's latest volume contains three stories, "Le Roi Apépi," "Le Bel Edwards," and "Les Inconséquences de M. Drommel." The first of these is specially remarkable as an instance of how much can be done by a master of the art of fiction with what seem scanty materials; and it contains some characters which are hit off in M. Cherbuliez's best manner. The story opens by telling us that one night, coming home from his club, the Marquess de Miraval found awaiting him a letter from his niece, Mme. de Penneville, who was staying at Vichy. She writes to say that the waters have done her a great deal of good, but that her recovery is, she thinks, endangered by some bad news. The doctors all say that "le premier devoir des personnes qui souffrent d'une hépatite chronique est de ne point se faire de soucis; je ne m'en fais pas, mais on m'en donne." Her mind is troubled and tormented with thinking of a certain Mme. Corneuil, whom she detests without ever having seen her. "You, my dear uncle," she writes, "have always been curious and well-informed; let me know as soon as you can who and what is Mme. Corneuil." The Marquess was an old diplomatist, sixty-five years of age, with every reason for enjoying the world after his own fashion, part of which was to look on at life like one who is out of the game but knows its every move. He had had two years of married life, and had then resolved to remain a widower, replying, as did a celebrated painter, to those who advised him to marry again, "Est-il donc si agréable, en rentrant chez soi, d'y trouver une étrangère?" He had never regarded women from a serious point of view. He was a sage, or some might say an egotist; "c'est une distinction qui n'est pas toujours facile à faire." M. de Miraval writes back to his niece a long letter concerning Mme. Corneuil. She was the daughter of an *agent d'affaires*. M. Corneuil had met her at Alexandria, had married her, and come back with her to his native town, Périgueux; four years after which a separation between them was pronounced, giving half of the husband's fortune to the wife. Mme. Corneuil, armed with this, came to Paris. She was ambitious, she desired to have a *salon*. She gave little dinners, she attempted literature; and, when that failed, she devoted herself to good works. The Marquess adds that he knows why his niece is troubled. Her son Horace, who is of an abnormally studious disposition, is mad on the subject of Egyptology, and has fallen in, in Egypt, where he has been pursuing his studies, with Mme. Corneuil. This, M. de Miraval thinks, she ought to regard rather as a blessing than as a trouble, and he gives his reasons for saying so. Mme. de Penneville writes back to him begging him to come to her at Vichy; and, in spite of that love which every well-organized person has for Paris, he goes. She meets him at the station with the exclamation, "Figurez-vous que cette femme est veuve et qu'il s'est mis en tête de l'épouser!" The Marquess replies, "Ah! pauvre mère! Cette fois, j'en conviens, le cas est grave." In the conversation which follows between them, it appears that Mme. Corneuil and her mother are staying at Lausanne, and that Horace, who has written a letter of twelve pages to his mother concerning his intended wife, is also staying there. "My dear uncle," says Mme. Penneville, "if you would only go to Lausanne." The Marquess gives a start of surprise. "Seigneur Dieu! dit-il, Lausanne est bien loin."

However, with an amount of heroism and self-sacrifice equal to that displayed under similar circumstances by Major Pendennis, M. de Miraval does start for Lausanne, leaving strict injunctions with Mme. de Penneville to believe not a word of the letters which he will write to her, but to answer as if she believed them, and to send his letters on to Horace with instructions to keep them private. His first action on arriving at Lausanne is to procure a complete set of fishing tackle, his second to dine, and his third to pay a visit to Horace. Horace himself is employed, pen in hand, upon his great work *Histoire des Hycsos*. He has made it his great object to prove that the king under whom Joseph was minister was Apophis or Apépi, King of the Hycsos, and the reading at the Institute of the first chapters of his history has made some noise. We have a significant description of his appearance and that of his room:—

> Vêtu d'une sorte de burnous en laine blanche, le cou libre, les cheveux en désordre, il était accoudé sur une table ronde, en face d'une écritoire dont le couvercle était surmonté d'un sphinx, et sa figure exprimait le contentement du cœur uni à la parfaite sérénité de la conscience. Au milieu de la table s'épanouissait une belle rose pourpre, presque noire, qu'il avait mise tremper dans un verre et dans laquelle une statuette en faïence bleue, qui représentait une déesse égyptienne au visage de chatte, plongeait indiscrètement, sans se dérider, son museau rébarbatif. Horace contemplait par instants ce museau, qui lui était cher, et cette rose, que Mme. Corneuil avait cueillie pour lui il n'y avait pas une heure; par instants aussi, tournant ses yeux vers sa fenêtre toute grande ouverte, il s'apercevait que la lune, alors dans son plein, projetait dans les eaux frissonnantes du lac une longue traînée de paillettes d'or. Mais, par une grâce d'état, il ne laissait pas d'être tout entier à son travail, il n'avait aucune distraction, il appartenait aux Hycsos. La lune, la rose, Mme. Corneuil, la déesse à la tête de chatte, le sphinx qui surmontait l'écritoire, les *Impurs* et le roi Apépi, tout cela se mariait, se confondait intimement dans sa pensée. Les bienheureux du paradis voient tout en Dieu et peuvent penser à tout sans se distraire un seul moment de leur idée, qui est éternelle. Le comte Horace était tout à la fois à Lausanne, dans le voisinage d'une femme dont l'image ne le quittait pas, et en Égypte, deux mille ans avant Jésus-Christ, et son bonheur était parfait comme son application.
>
> Il venait d'écrire cette phrase: "Considérez les sculptures de l'époque des Pasteurs, examinez avec soin et sans parti pris ces figures anguleuses, aux pommettes très saillantes, et, si vous êtes de bonne foi, vous conviendrez que la race des Hycsos n'était pas purement sémitique, mais qu'elle était fortement mélangée d'éléments touraniens."
>
> Satisfait de sa conclusion, il interrompit une seconde son travail, posa la plume, et, attirant à lui la rose pourpre, il la pressa sur ses lèvres; mais il entendit frapper à sa porte. Il remit précipitamment la rose dans son verre, et d'un ton d'humeur il cria: Entrez!

M. de Miraval comes in, and then ensues between the two a dialogue conceived and written with all M. Cherbuliez's keenness and grace. In the course of it the uncle says, "Et moi, je te jure par ce qu'il y a de plus sacré, par le grand Sésostris lui-même"; and Horace interrupts him with "Oh,

* *Amours Fragiles*. Par Victor Cherbuliez. Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1880.

my dear uncle, how mistaken you are! Of course it is natural enough, since you have never studied the history of Egypt closely; but let me tell you that, if ever in the world there was an exaggerated and undeserved reputation, it is that of the man whom you call the great Sesostris, and whose proper name was Rameses the Second. Swear, if you like, by King Cheops, vanquisher of the Bedouins; by Menès, the builder of Memphis"; and so the young man runs on for about a page and a half, winding up by saying of Sesostris, "son seul titre de gloire est d'avoir eu cent soixante-dix enfants dont soixante-neuf fils." "Diable!" says the uncle, "c'est bien quelque chose que cela. . . Mais enfin qu'en veux-tu conclure?" "J'en conclus, répondit Horace, à qui l'incident avait fait perdre de vue le principal, j'en conclus que Sésostris. . . non, reprit-il, j'en conclus que j'adore Mme. Corneuil et qu'avant trois mois elle sera ma femme." To which M. de Miraval makes the unexpected reply, "Horace, mon héritier et mon petit-neveu, viens dans mes bras!" He explains that he is delighted with this youthful ardour, that he had imagined the affair was merely such a passing matter as, on an historical occasion, one of the Club des Hachichins called a "fantaisie de plafond"; but that, as he sees it is serious, he will, if Horace will introduce him, make Mme. Corneuil's acquaintance, and, if she is all that she is described, he will become his great-nephew's advocate with Mme. de Penneville. Then the wily old diplomatist begins his campaign. He is introduced to the lady, and, to use an expressive phrase, is "struck all of a heap." He becomes strangely capricious concerning the engagements which are made for their meeting again; he makes mysterious visits to the other side of the lake; he announces that he is going to leave Lausanne, and is found still staying there days afterwards. He writes a letter to Mme. de Penneville which, according to his instructions, she sends on to Horace, and which ends with, "Soit dit sans reproche, je regrette amèrement d'être venu à Lausanne; tu ne te doutes pas du triste service que tu m'as rendu en m'y envoyant, des journées orageuses et des nuits agitées qu'y passe ton vieil oncle qui t'embrasse." He had previously said that, despite Mme. de Corneuil's charms, he did not think her quite the wife for a student like Horace, and that he had always found fish and lovers very difficult people to deal with. In this comparison we may note in passing there is more meaning than at first sight appears. The Marquess continues by making half-confidences about a secret weight on his mind to Mme. Corneuil's mother; and the end of the whole thing is that one evening Mme. Corneuil falls fast asleep while Horace is reading out his most striking and convincing passage concerning "Le Roi Apépi." Letters of the most admirably characteristic kind are written by Horace, by Mme. Corneuil's mother, and to the mother by the Marquess, who has not read his *L'Aventurière* for nothing. The ending of the story, however, is, unlike that of the famous play, strictly comic, and we prefer not to reveal the secret of the Marquess's plan. We have left ourselves no space to speak of the other two stories in M. Cherbuliez's volume, but "Le Bel Edwards" is perhaps, after "Le Roi Apépi," a little disappointing. On the other hand, "Le Roi Apépi" might carry off two duller stories than M. Cherbuliez could write.

SKETCHES IN THE HUNTING FIELD.*

HUNTING sketches and scenes from the hunting field have been decidedly overdone, especially in the shape of correspondence to the sporting papers. We know nothing more dismally wearisome than the details of runs where the topography is given with a minuteness which would be valuable and meritorious if it applied to the geography of Central Africa. We do not doubt that these things have a strong personal interest for the riders whose going is lauded ecstatically, as for the fast ladies whose charms and horsemanship awaken the slumbering poetry in the soul of the labouring contributor. But these *Sketches in the Hunting Field* by Mr. Watson are of a very different character. They show spirit and freshness as well as knowledge; and the author, who speaks with authority as editor of *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, writes like a gentleman as well as like a sportsman. He is greatly to be congratulated on finding a capable artist in Mr. Sturgess, whose studies are familiar to the readers of the *Graphic*. Turning lightly over the pages, Mr. Sturgess's lively illustrations give one a pleasant clue to the contents of the chapters. Thus in the frontispiece are a pair of horsemen jogging side by side, "Up the lane there, past the strawyard." The clever picture tells its own story. The broad-shouldered farmer in the low, broad-brimmed hat, and the easy-sitting coat with the square-cut pocket flaps, has clearly invited his elegantly attired companion, in the faultless cut-away and unimpeachable boots and breeches, to drop in at his homestead on his way back from the run. Both men are admirably mounted in their respective degrees; though the horse of the farmer may be described as serviceable, while that of his companion is stylish and fashionable as well. Then in the full-sized plates, and the telling little tail-pieces, we have a series of the incidents and humours of the hunting field and the steeplechase course. There are hunters full of suppressed fire being ridden gently along the roadside to the meet. There are horses at the meet and the coverside, playfully throwing off the accumulated exuberance of spirits which they have been bottling up through long confinement in the frost. There are horses out for gentle exercise, or being brought quietly up to the side of the mail phaeton, where the rider, luxuriating in the pleasure to come, is leisurely divesting himself of his wraps. There are horses craning at ugly fences, or clearing them lightly in their powerful stride, or crashing and blundering through rails and hurdles. The force of a few eloquently suggestive touches betrays the capabilities and inner mind of the rider; letting us into something of the secrets that exist between him and his horse. We can tell at a glance from his seat in the saddle, from his squared shoulders, his resolute wrists, and the iron grip of his immovable nether limbs, that he means jumping, and will not be denied. Or we surmise from a certain undefinable limpness, or from a spasmodic clutching at the horse's head, that caution instead of courage is his strong point, and that he is doing his best to ensure a refusal or a catastrophe. Here we have an animal newly saddled for a steeplechase, indulging freely in formidable antics that remind one of the performances of an Australian buck-jumper, and make the timid spectator's blood run cold, especially when the mud lies heavy along the course, and a searching wind from the north is penetrating to the bones.

If we turn from the illustrations to the text, our raised expectations are pleasantly satisfied. Mr. Watson is as handy with the pen as Mr. Sturgess is clever with the pencil. His sketches, on the whole, are eulogistical of divers sporting worthies, though a few of them are flavoured with good-humoured satire. Among the latter, of course, a foremost place is allotted to the sportsman who is strong in theory but defective in practice. Perhaps Mr. Tewters, the scientific sportsman, may be somewhat overdone, and overleaps the boundaries of legitimate caricature. At all events he is made to leap over little else, though he broaches his dogmas with serene self-confidence, even when he has come up to the scratch at the meet and in the saddle. It is his fixed opinion, authoritatively enunciated, that "a great deal too much nonsense is talked about men riding straight. Fencing is so simple that there is no reason why any man with common sense and the use of his limbs should not ride." We are assured that, to do Tewters justice, he has the courage of his convictions. By way of enforcing his position that "a seat is kept either by balance or grip, and a combination of the two methods affords absolute security," he goes straight enough at a fair hunting-fence. In practice he turns a violent somersault in the air, landing heavily on the other side on his back, while his horse goes galloping away from him. But any number of failures in the face of the field do not for a moment shake his profound convictions. He explains them with an ingenuity of apology which goes far to command respect; and he quotes sporting authorities and journals at second-hand, as if their doctrines were the fruit of his personal experiences. Decidedly more probable is the "after-dinner sportsman," "who goes wonderfully straight and well after dinner, or even at breakfast, especially after a glass of curaçoa or brandy, but who does not appear to equal advantage when hounds are running." "Fluffyer," like many famous after-dinner fishermen whom we have met with, firmly believes in his mythical feats; and, by dint of repeating his playful fancies, has come to take them himself for gospel. And many ladies might lay to heart with much advantage the moral conveyed in the chapter entitled "A Young Hunting Lady." Miss Kitty has pluck and considerable personal attractions, and, we may add, very considerable impudence; although the impudence may be ascribed almost as much to ignorance as to vanity. Born somewhere near the City, and brought up in Bloomsbury, she knew nothing of hunting, of horses, or of hounds, till her father, having made a handsome fortune, retired with it to a residence in the Meadowmere country. Pluming herself on her looks, and believing in her horsemanship, Kitty never imagines that she can possibly be in the way. She overrides the pack and heads the fox with a self-complacency that maddens earnest hunting-men and makes expostulation doubly difficult to the highly polished master of the hounds. And in honeyed accents, with wreathed smiles, she addresses herself to these hunting enthusiasts in the opening moments of a promising burst, praying them to dismount and adjust her girths, or to pull up and hold open a gate for her.

Among the sketches that set forth the more serious side of the subject "The Straight Rider" figures conspicuously; though Wynnerley of the Guards, on our first introduction to him, rather reminds us of a lady novelist's sensational military hero, whose outward appearance belies his qualities. Wynnerley "is a youth with mild blue eyes set in a smooth, rosy, and guileless countenance, decorated only by a faint and downy moustache, and now wearing such a weary and melancholy aspect that we who know him well understand that he is peculiarly happy and alert this morning." In reality, though a gentleman and a man of honour, the guardsman is hard as nails and sharp as a needle; and, as we need, scarcely add, a finished horseman. A picturesque and humorous incident in his public performances as a jockey is the manner of his winning the steeplechase at the Meadowmere Race Meeting. He has been brought down specially to ride old Fireworks, a veteran who must have come to the front in the betting had it not been for his diabolical temper, and his knack of unseating any average jockey. Wynnerley, when shown over the course, insinuates, with a pleasant hypocrisy that almost verges on sharp practice, his mortal apprehensions of the water-jump and of a stiff post and rails; the result being that his rather conceited guide, in his contempt for the nervous stranger, is encouraged to lay the more heavily against him. When Fire-

* *Sketches in the Hunting Field.* By Alfred E. T. Watson. With Illustrations by John Sturgess. London: Chapman & Hall. 1880.

works is ridden out on the eventful morning, there is much excitement and malicious fun among the bystanders, who are confidently expecting the discomfiture of his rider. Of course the accomplished Wynnerley asserts his supremacy with an easy grace that is all his own, and, cantering in a winner by many lengths, lands a heap of money that has been recklessly laid against him. Of a very different and more striking type is Tom Maizeley, "the English farmer" whom we have seen already as he rode up the lane past the stackyard. "There is nothing particular about him. He is only a steady-going, hard-headed, soft-hearted English farmer"; but we are glad to know that he is a representative man among many whom one may come across every day in an English hunting field. Maizeley will keep on the best of terms with the master of the hounds, who happens to be likewise his landlord and a liberal one, in spite of the efforts of Radical canvassers who try to persuade him that he is the victim of arbitrary oppression. He delights in the quiet enjoyment of a day's hunting, though he makes no pretension to being a brilliant rider. "He and his horse perfectly understand each other." He guesses the line the fox is likely to take as well as any man who follows the pack; he seldom jumps when there is a gate or a gap convenient; when he must get out of an enclosure, he prefers waiting till some more impetuous horseman clears the way; and, thanks to judgment, knowledge, or instinct, he is generally "there or thereabouts" at the finish. Finally, talking of instinct, we may single out, from among the portraits of professionals, Bill Heigh, huntsman of the Meadowmere. Bill was one of those boys who take naturally to the saddle, just as many lads have an irrepressible passion for the sea. The son of the gardener of the master of the hounds, he would play truant from his father's pursuits, for which he had no sort of vocation. Scrambling after the hounds on a notorious kicking pony, he attracted the notice of Maizeley the younger. Maizeley, who fancied the boy's pluck, mounted him on "a young one," when in turn he arrested the attention of the master. Not only did he ride with courage and judgment, but he showed a shrewd perception of the science of hunting in the remarks he made in his excitement when the hounds had come to a check. The master decided to utilize his precocious talent. He was installed forthwith as second horseman; was promoted to the dignity of whip, and from that to the glory of the huntsmanship; and there was but one opinion among the gentlemen of the Meadowmere as to the manner in which he discharged the duties of the post. We have merely selected some of the more characteristic sketches for notice; but the others, with hardly an exception, are almost equally good.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

AFTER all that has been written about Mozart (1), there might hardly have seemed room for yet another biography, especially one precluded by the very principle of its composition from containing anything new. Dr. Nohl, however, whose original labours in musical biography, with all their merits, are frequently too æsthetically profound to be readable, has for once produced a truly entertaining as well as instructive volume, by sinking his own personality as far as possible, and contenting himself with stringing together the copious notices and testimonies of contemporaries respecting the life of Mozart. These are fortunately so full and graphic as, with some necessary connecting links and an occasional elucidation of a doubtful point, to amount very nearly to a complete biography. Mozart's extraordinary innate faculty for music, comparable to the precocity of a Lawrence in painting or a Bidder in arithmetic, rendered him an object of public curiosity at so early an age that the details of his career are remarkably full so long as he continues an itinerant musician. His married life was less open to observation, and the interesting letters of his father cease altogether, while Mozart was himself no penman. There is, however, no lack of reminiscences and anecdotes, generally bearing the stamp of authenticity. By piecing these together, and judiciously preserving the language of the narrators, Dr. Nohl has been able, not merely to produce a consecutive narrative, but to represent Mozart as he actually appeared to the world around him. This is assuredly better than pages of subjective criticism, barely intelligible in the absence of the works under discussion. Dr. Nohl's own supplements and comments are inspired by the most impassioned admiration for Mozart, both as artist and man, and traces of dissatisfaction with modern musical schools are easily discoverable. His own portion of the book, indeed, wears too much of the air of a continual panegyric, but the fault was not one to be easily avoided. The acknowledgment of Mozart's venial weaknesses and imprudences, the latter mostly due to excessive generosity, does not require much space, and when it has once been made, hardly anything remains but admiration for the man who, more than almost any other man of genius, makes the impression of a wonderful natural phenomenon.

The loss of Alexander von Humboldt's (2) correspondence with his brother Wilhelm has always been a subject of regret. Living generally apart, and being at the same time greatly attached to each other, they must have maintained an epistolary intercourse during the greater part of their lives; but Wilhelm's letters to his brother have shared the fate of almost all the other correspondence addressed to the latter, and until a recent discovery in the family archives, none of Alexander's letters were known to exist, with the exception of some relating to his travels in America and Russia. Thirty-seven more, however, have now been found, chiefly written from Paris between 1819 and 1827, and almost entirely in French. They principally relate to private affairs, which from the position and pursuits of the writer usually possess general interest on the score of their relation to literature or science, and, in conjunction with the letters of travel previously published, make a very agreeable little volume, the interest of which is further enhanced by a well-written preliminary sketch of Wilhelm von Humboldt's life in its connexion with his more celebrated but not more truly illustrious relative. The contrast between the German and the French letters is a striking instance of the superiority of the former language as a medium of sentiment and feeling.

Dr. Finsch's expedition to Western Siberia (3) was a branch of the German Arctic expedition. It was evidently most diligently and successfully performed, and it is no fault of Dr. Finsch's if, in the absence of exciting incident, it shares in the usual monotony of travel in a cold and dreary region. The natural resources of Western Siberia are nevertheless considerable; and when the pressure of population begins to be felt in European Russia, Asiatic Russia will begin to be cultivated and populous. The most interesting part of Dr. Finsch's expedition relates to the valleys of the Obi and Irtisch, which are sometimes highly picturesque.

Otto Kaemmel's investigation of the original colonization of the German provinces of the Austrian Empire (4) by the Teutonic race has almost more connexion with Roman than with German history. The traces of Roman occupation are indeed more numerous and more easily followed than those of German settlement, which are principally to be collected from charters of the ninth century. Roman inscriptions and other remains, on the other hand, are numerous, and show that the originally Celtic population was as thoroughly Latinized as in Britain. The standard of civilization attained, however, does not seem to have been very high at any time, and falls off during the fourth century, after which date no more coins are met with. Slavonian tribes then overran the country, and have left their traces legible in the local terminology. During the eighth century they were for the most part converted to Christianity; in the following century a tide of German colonization set in, which bade fair to extend itself over the whole of the Roman province of Pannonia, when in 907 a terrible defeat from the Magyars, the most recent invaders of the country, threw it back to its present limits.

The attention already bestowed upon the English version of *Russia Before and After the War* (5) dispenses us from the necessity of noticing the original at length. The author is understood to be Julius Eckardt, so well known as an authority on the affairs of the Russian Baltic provinces.

The dismal story of the Czarewitch Alexis (6) is related with apparent impartiality by Professor Brückner. A more tragical situation than the execution of a son by his father for reasons of State could not well be conceived, were there any of that romantic element in the character of Alexis with which dramatists and novelists have managed to invest Don Carlos. In fact, however, the hapless Czarewitch is interesting only by his catastrophe, and the pity, largely leavened by contempt, which this excites is insufficient for tragedy. Peter exhibited an utter want of natural feeling, and his hypocrisy is as repulsive as his barbarity; nevertheless, apart from these accessories, his proceedings were justified, if not imperiously required, by the duty he owed his people. If, apart from his fate, Alexis excites any interest, it is as a type and summary of all the national qualities and propensities that make the diffusion of civilization among the lower orders of Russians so difficult an undertaking.

Dr. Pastor's (7) history of the various attempts at reconciliation between the Church of Rome and the German Reformers, which continued to be made until the Convention of Augsburg virtually acknowledged the incurable nature of their dissensions, is a very one-sided performance. He throws all the blame upon the German princes; and, admitting the religious character of the Reformation in its early stages, maintains that it soon became a mere question of the secularization of Church property and the subjugation of the ecclesiastical authority by the State. He takes no notice of the counter-reformation of the Roman Church under the influence of Loyola and Caraffa, the very principle of which was the impossibility of any compromise. His narrative, however, is extremely interesting, and even strengthens the impression of how great a misfortune it was that the Emperor of Germany should also have been King of Spain, and, as such, disqualified from availing himself of the noblest opportunity ever offered to a sovereign.

(1) *Mozart nach den Schilderungen seiner Zeitgenossen.* Von Dr. L. Nohl. Leipzig: Thiel. London: Trübner & Co.

(2) *Briefe Alexander's von Humboldt an seinen Bruder Wilhelm.* Herausgegben von der Familie von Humboldt in Ottmachau. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Reise nach West-Sibirien im Jahre 1876.* Von Dr. O. Finsch. 2 Abthe. Berlin: Wallroth. London: Williams & Norgate.

(4) *Die Anfänge deutschen Lebens in Oesterreich bis zum Ausgange der Karolingerzeit.* Von Otto Kaemmel. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Russland vor und nach dem Kriege.* Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

(6) *Der Zarewitsch Alexei.* Von A. Brückner. Heidelberg: Winter. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *Die kirchlichen Reunionsbestrebungen während der Regierung Karls V.* Von Dr. L. Pastor. Freiburg: Herden: London: Williams & Norgate.

The title of Bishop Stepischnegg's book (8) is calculated to mislead. It is neither a biography of Pius IX. nor a review of his pontificate in relation to the age, but a chronicle of the most remarkable transactions between Church and State which occurred while he was Pope, especially in Austria and the German Empire. It may be of some value as a book of reference, but is devoid of literary pretensions, and is only preserved from utter insipidity by the amusing contrast between the author's unaffected horror at the slightest infringement of the privileges of the Roman Church in Prussia or elsewhere, and his undisguised complacency at every instance of the oppression of Protestants, particularly in Austria, during the evil days of the Concordat.

In struggling for the preservation of the Pope's temporal power, the Church of Rome has been fighting to retain what she would frequently have been better without. The Pope has not always been able to reconcile his interests as a temporal prince with his mission as head of the Church, and when the two have come into collision, the latter has commonly gone to the wall. The history of Pope Urban VIII. (9) affords a remarkable example. As Pope it was Urban's business to put down the Reformation by all possible means; as Prince he was much more concerned to deliver himself from the tyranny of Spain and Austria, and he scarcely dissembled that he regarded Gustavus Adolphus as the instrument of his deliverance. His lukewarmness in the Catholic cause brought upon him at last a solemn protest in full consistory from the Spanish Ambassador, Cardinal Borgia, and the scandal thus created is the principal subject of Herr Gregorovius's very entertaining little volume. After three years of fruitless efforts to obtain satisfaction from the Cardinal, Urban at length gained his point to some extent by issuing an edict enjoining bishops to reside in their dioceses, in obedience to which Borgia was compelled to return to Spain. The character of this Pope is vividly drawn by Gregorovius. Worldly, martial, and ostentatious, he made a considerable figure as a temporal ruler; but ecclesiastically he marks the dying out of the ascetic and crusading spirit which, under the stimulus of the Reformation, had prevailed in the Roman Church since the middle of the sixteenth century.

It is astonishing how much Herr Tollin finds to say, or rather to write, about Servetus (10). To a volume on his relations with Luther, and another on his relations with Melanchthon, is now added another on his relations with Martin Bucer. There is really not much to be said about them. Bucer was naturally alarmed at the scandal which the heresies of Servetus were calculated to bring upon the Reformation, and took care to discourage them and dissociate himself from them; but he was himself a very liberal theologian, and Herr Tollin is probably correct in considering that his interference was chiefly dictated by motives of policy. This is really nearly all he has to say, and it seems incomprehensible how he should have been able to say it at such length.

G. Roskoff (11), the author of a valuable work on the superstitions connected with demonology, investigates the much debated question whether any savages are entirely destitute of religious ideas. He energetically maintains the contrary, pointing out that nearly all the affirmative evidence on the subject is derived from the accounts of missionaries and others whose own conception of religion was exceedingly narrow, and who in fact only intended to convey that the barbarous people described by them were destitute of religious notions analogous to their own. Sorcery involves the conception, however rudimentary, of superhuman power capable of being invoked or propitiated, and sorcery in some shape or other is practised by every uncivilized people. Religious ideas, nevertheless, are not innate; they are inferences inevitably forced upon man by his perception of his feeble and dependent condition, of which no savage is too savage to be conscious.

Professor Zöckler (12) is one of the few writers who, in the face of accumulated proofs of the rude and barbarous condition of primitive man, continue to maintain that he was created in a state of civilization. He seems to have read everything that has been written on the subject, but to be incapable of turning his erudition to any good purpose.

The method of Dr. Räbiger's "Encyclopædia of Theology" (13) is mainly historical, conveying a clear and comprehensive account of the developments which theology has undergone at various periods, with a review of the most important works in its various departments. A preliminary essay treats of the definition and principal departments of theology, its relation to the other sciences, and the chief theological schools.

The late Dr. Albert Peip's (14) lectures on the philosophy of religion probably have been published out of respect for his memory; since, although learned and interesting, they contain little that has not been already frequently expressed in some shape or other. They include a criticism of the evidences of natural religion, and an account of the principal ethnic religions.

Victor von Strauss's essays on religion (15) relate principally to the Oriental religions, especially that of Lao-Tsé, of which the writer, whose own point of view is nevertheless strictly Christian, entertains a very high opinion. Professor Max Müller's essays are also the subject of a dissertation, and the entire collection is prefaced by an essay on Christianity as a divine revelation.

The economical history of England during the middle ages has attracted almost more attention on the Continent than in England itself, and become the subject of standard works by Brentano, Nasse, and others. Dr. Ochenkowski's essay (16) is an additional contribution to the subject, of especial interest from the extensive survey taken by the writer, which comprises agriculture, manufactures, internal trade, and international commerce. Dr. Ochenkowski's especial point of view is the conception of the mediæval epoch as a period of transition, and of the development of a primitive economical system into a complicated one. He especially insists that the object of mediæval statesmen was different from that of modern economists, that the aim of their legislation was not so much to favour the general accumulation of wealth as to prevent the impoverishment of any class of the community. Protective legislation was not designed to benefit the country at the expense of its neighbours, but to keep the particular class of artisans affected at a certain level of comfort; and the encouragement frequently afforded to foreigners was rather intended for the encouragement of population than of industry. On the whole, he thinks there was less selfishness and more rough common sense in mediæval economics than is usually allowed.

Dr. Lübke's "History of Italian Painting" (17) is a highly meritorious work in its way—copious, accurate, and accomplishing its object in a manner which leaves little to be desired so far as the mere communication of information is concerned. Its defect is the writer's incapacity to vivify his material; the execution is formal and prosaic, and nothing but the interest of the subject redeems the book from absolute dulness. It is an excellent catalogue, but hardly a work to be read. The plates also are tame and mechanically executed, too much restricted to a single class of subject, and for the most part old acquaintances.

The first part of Herr Prölsz's (18) history of the modern drama is divided between the beginnings of the modern drama in general and the drama of Spain in particular. His analysis of the latter is chiefly founded upon Schack's, but is nevertheless, or perhaps on that account, an excellent and discriminating piece of criticism. He points out that Calderon was the most Oriental of the Spanish dramatic poets, and that his affinity to the national genius in that respect obtained him the preference over his more regular and classical competitors.

Karl Gutzkow's posthumous novel, "The Paumgärtners of Hohenschwangau" (19), is a romance of the period of the Reformation, and in some degree a sequel to a former work. It is full of movement and incident, although the author's laudable efforts to render it a true picture of the period give it somewhat too much the air of a compilation from musty books. It was left unfinished, and the third volume has been added by another hand, to the satisfaction, we are informed, of the publisher, but perhaps not equally to the satisfaction of the public. One of Gutzkow's merits is ease of dialogue; the continuator avoids dialogue as much as he can.

The March number of the *Rundschau* (20), somewhat less interesting than usual, contains the commencement of a new story of Swiss life, "Lotti the Watchmaker," something in the manner of Gottfried Keller; and a pleasant sketch of Tyrolese manners and customs by a great authority on the district, Ludwig Steub. [illegible] history, allowing him great eminence as a diplomatist, denying him high rank as a statesman, admitting his services in the war with Napoleon, but condemning his repression of all liberal tendencies and national aspirations during the thirty years of his supremacy, which might have been so fruitful for good in other hands. The reminiscences of the Polish insurrection of 1863 are concluded in an article chiefly remarkable for a rebuke, significant in view of the present uneasy relations between Russia and Germany, of the former country's forgetfulness of the services rendered by the latter as a sentinel over the insurgents, services certainly inglorious and disagreeable enough to have earned the gratitude of the Power in whose behalf they were rendered.

(8) *Papst Pius IX. und seine Zeit.* Von Dr. J. M. Stepischnegg, Fürstbischof von Lavant. 2 Bde. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

(9) *Urban VIII. im Widerspruch zu Spanien und dem Kaiser.* Von F. Gregorovius. Stuttgart: Cotta.

(10) *Servet und die oberländischen Reformatoren.* Von H. Tollin. Bd. 1: Michael Servet und Martin Butzer. Berlin: Mecklenburg. London: Williams & Norgate.

(11) *Das Religionswesen der rohesten Naturvölker.* Von G. Roskoff. Leipzig. Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

(12) *Die Lehre vom Urstand des Menschen.* Von O. Zöckler. Gütersloh: Bertelsmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

(13) *Theologik oder Encyklopädie der Theologie.* Dargestellt von Dr. J. F. Räbiger. Leipzic: Fues. London: Williams & Norgate.

(14) *Religionsphilosophie.* Von Dr. A. Peip. Herausgegeben von Dr. T. Hoppe. Gütersloh: Bertelsmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

(15) *Essays zur allgemeinen Religionswissenschaft.* Von Victor von Strauss und Torney. Heidelberg: Winter. London: Williams & Norgate.

(16) *England's wirthschaftliche Entwickelung im Ausgange des Mittelalters.* Von Dr. W. von Ochenkowski. Jena: Fischer. London: Williams & Norgate.

(17) *Geschichte der Italienischer Malerei vom vierten bis ins sechzehnte Jahrhundert.* Von W. Lübke. 2 Bde. Stuttgart: Ebner & Seubert. London: Williams & Norgate.

(18) *Geschichte des neueren Dramas.* Von R. Prölsz. Bd. 1. Hft. 1. Leipzig: Schlicke. London: Williams & Norgate.

(19) *Die Paumgärtner von Hohenschwangau.* Historischer Roman von Karl Gutzkow. 3 Bde. Breslau: Schottlaender. London: Williams & Norgate.

(20) *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 6, Hft. 6. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner.

NOTICE.

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THE COMING CONTEST.

NEXT week the fight will really begin, and the busy time of preparation will be over. During the last few days there has been interminable speechifying, for the most part of an unedifying sort, profuse expenditure, and a little free-fighting. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE professed to like the disorder which awaited him in Hackney. It reminded him of the good old days when the frank humour of the mob had its swing, and men broke each other's bones for the love of their common country. The farther off these good old days get the better for every one, and peaceable men of all parties who like honesty and spirit will lament that Mr. COWEN has been a conspicuous victim of this ancestral violence. But in one way this playfulness of ruffianism has its good side, for it is a symptom of the general interest which the elections excite. Whoever may win, it is at least certain that the contest will have been well fought. Wherever there is a hope there is a hard struggle, and even where there is no hope there is the animation of hoping against hope. There is to be a contest wherever a contest seemed possible, and there is even to be a contest where a contest might have been thought impossible. Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE relies on his youth, his name, and a friendly subscription to contest the Conservative stronghold of Middlesex. An adventurous spirit has dared to challenge Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE at Calne; and a still bolder spirit, confiding in the thought that a man who can edit an Indian paper can do anything, has ventured to break the solemn stillness of that home of indignant wisdom, the Elgin Burghs. Even family ties have been rudely snapped, and the sentiment uttered by Mr. GLADSTONE, that an honest politician should oppose his nearest and dearest, has found expression in Marlborough, where the house of BRUCE is divided against itself, and the electors will have to exercise the nicest discrimination between the Christian names of an uncle and a nephew. In this fierce contest, who will win? The simplest answer is that no one knows. Both parties are very confident, and each seems to have good ground for confidence. That both can be right is impossible; but it is quite possible that each should have good grounds for thinking it is right. The Conservatives are very united and very determined, not to say furious, and many more Liberals have gone over to them than Conservatives have gone over to the Liberals. Many people must know among their acquaintances as many of these Liberal defections as would at least equal in amount the electors of an Irish borough. On the other hand, the Liberals can point to many constituencies traditionally Liberal which went over at the last election and which may be expected to be reclaimed; and the three sections of Liberals—the section of the type of the SPEAKER, who say that, "after all, they cling to the party "of political progress"; the section of the HARTINGTON type, who are sure that their favourite will always uphold the honour of the country, and hope that he will sit comfortably and firmly on his own tail; and the section of the GLADSTONE type, who have at least gone so far as to read and profoundly admire one in fifty of Mr. GLADSTONE's speeches—are all, with few exceptions, working harmoniously and vigorously together.

The elections must for the moment be regarded from an electioneering point of view, and every one must be taken to be not a Conservative who on some conceivable issue would join in trying to turn out the present Government. This, it may be observed, is different from the political point of view; for on such questions as foreign policy and concessions to Ireland a large number of Liberals would vote with the Conservatives, and on such questions as the Irish franchise, the county franchise, county government, and the alteration of the land laws, it will always be open to the Conservatives to outstrip their opponents and once more dish the Whigs. But for mere temporary electioneering purposes the only question is how far the present Ministerial majority will be sustained, increased, diminished, or annihilated. And at the outset it must be owned that in any calculation of the results there are two dark quantities. These are the publicans and the farmers. Any one who walks the streets of London would think that there were no Liberals left in the metropolis. Every public-house from basement to garret is adorned with Conservative placards. Curiously enough, milk and tobacco seem to be strongly Liberal. But what is a man with a modest little cow or a rickety Highlander over his door to his gorgeous neighbour, whose gas glares and whose beer flows in perennial honour of Conservatism? The doubt that the publicans suggest is whether they have not a little overdone the splendid homage to the Crown, the Altar, and the Tap, whether they have not roused some little indignation by their effusiveness, and whether there are not some quiet people who, under cover of the Ballot, will show that they resent what they consider to be the arrogant obtrusiveness of beer. As to the farmers, we know of no reason to suppose that they have turned Liberal, except that, to look at the threatened contests, there must be people who are willing to spend a large amount of money on the speculation that the farmers have become Liberal. In the Home counties especially, which have hitherto been reckoned strongholds of Conservatism, contests are to be fought which, if the statistics of the last general election are to be taken as a guide, seem hopeless. There is to be a contest in East Essex, where two Conservatives were then returned unopposed. There is to be a contest in South Essex, where the Liberals were last time 800 votes below their opponents. There is to be a contest in all three divisions of Kent, whereas in 1874 six Conservatives were easily returned; and out of the three divisions of Surrey two are to be contested, in one of which there was in 1874 no contest, and in the other of which so well-known and highly esteemed a Liberal as Mr. LOCKE KING was defeated by about 1,300 votes. In counties far away, as in two divisions of Cheshire, there are contests of a similar kind to take place. Such contests are of a totally different kind from that of Lord HARTINGTON in North-East Lancashire or that of Mr. GREY in South Northumberland; for there a powerful and recognized Liberal interest is trying to assert itself now as it has done before. It is the contests waged in purely agricultural counties, where Conservatism is triumphant, that deserve attention. Very possibly the Liberals may be beaten all round, and it seems to us safest in making any calculation to suppose that they will be so. But Liberal agents have at any rate persuaded candidates to think that it will not be so; and it may safely be said that, if the Liberals could make any serious impression on the English counties, they would very soon be in office.

Any estimate of the result of the elections must be pure guesswork. All that can be done is to see what chances either party has, and a party may be said to have a chance in any of the following cases. The majority at the last election may have been a very narrow one; or there may be a good candidate on one side and a weak one on the other; or the constituency may on the last occasion of voting have departed from long or strong convictions; or local influence may have changed hands; or one of the parties may be divided by having more candidates than it can possibly carry. For example, in 1874, at Bath, a Conservative got in by a majority of six; another got in at Bedford by a majority of four; another was returned for Thirsk by a majority of one; and a fourth at Northallerton by a majority of seven. In all these cases it is natural to suppose that a Liberal may now have a good chance. This is all that can be said by those who do not know the particular constituencies. In each of the four cases the Conservatives may now not only retain but increase their majorities. Southwark supplies an instance of the chance that depends on the comparative strength of the candidates. For Mr. COHEN is a very strong candidate, and Mr. CLARKE has most unfortunately been prevented by sudden illness from doing justice to himself and his party. Brighton, Cambridge, Devonport, and Falmouth afford examples of constituencies which last time suddenly changed their opinions, and which those who were then defeated hope, vainly or not, to win back. In the Tower Hamlets, at Northampton, Peterborough, and Kidderminster, there is a superfluity of Liberal candidates, and at Gloucester and Leicester there is a superfluity of Conservatives. Marlborough supplies a conspicuous instance of a constituency where it is at present an open question whether local influence has changed hands; and perhaps the same may be said of Abingdon, Andover, Barnstaple, Clitheroe, and Westbury. Then, again, there is Birmingham, where it is hard to believe that the organization of the Liberals can for ever keep out a minority member; and in some large constituencies, and especially some of the metropolitan boroughs, there is to all appearance a tide of opinion just now flowing that may slightly or largely alter the representation. Adding up all these chances on either side, it would appear that there are in England and Wales about forty-five seats which the Liberals may hope to win, and about thirty which the Conservatives may hope to win. This does not at all mean that the Liberals will, on the whole, win fifteen seats. It merely means that, principally because they were defeated last time, and often by small majorities, they have on abstract electioneering principles more to gain than their opponents. In Scotland almost every Conservative county seat is being attacked. There are no less than 17 county contests, and it must be remembered that in 1874 Dumbartonshire was carried for the Conservatives by 53 votes, South Lanarkshire by 21, Roxburghshire by 26, and Stirlingshire by 44. It may be added that among Scotch boroughs the Ayr district was carried by 14 votes, and Wigtown by 2. On the other hand the Liberals only carried Caithness by 11 votes, Kircudbrightshire by 4, and Renfrewshire by 8. Where majorities were last time so small, each party that lost then must be held to have a fair chance of success now. But unless Scotch Liberals are altogether wrong, a strong tide of Liberal opinion has lately swept over Scotland, just as we know a strong tide of Conservative opinion swept over Lancashire and the South of England in 1874. No one can say how strong the Scotch tide is; but it may perhaps approximate to truth to say that the Liberals have a chance of winning fourteen Scotch seats, and that the Conservatives have a chance of winning four. As to Ireland it is almost impossible for any one in England even to go so far as to guess on any principles what is likely to happen. We know that men like Sir GEORGE BOWYER and Lord ROBERT MONTAGU have had to retire, that the Home Rulers are quarrelling amongst themselves, and that Conservatives have had to give way on the land question if not on that of Home Rule. If the same bases of calculation were to be applied to Ireland as have been applied above to Great Britain, it might perhaps be said that the Conservatives have a chance of losing thirteen seats and gaining five. But it is idle to speculate about Ireland, and all that can be said is that the Home Rulers believe, or affect to believe, that the loss to the Government will be considerably greater than that of eight seats. At the end of all calculations we get no further than that the Opposition, used in the most vague and general sense of the term, has a prospect of gaining in Ireland and Scotland, and that, as to England, the secret of the election lies in the bosoms of the electors.

MR. GLADSTONE ON DISESTABLISHMENT.

MR. GLADSTONE may perhaps have confirmed in Midlothian the local conviction that the Government is weak, wicked, and corrupt; but, as all the votes which he is likely to influence were already secured, a victory which consists in slaying the slain has little practical value. It is possible that even on some Scotch minds his violent and voluble rhetoric may have produced the same impression which is widely felt in England. Probably the great majority of the educated classes now believe more firmly than they did previously to the two oratorical circuits in Midlothian that, either as a Minister or as a patron of a Ministry, Mr. GLADSTONE would be the most dangerous of living statesmen. He has not on the present occasion repeated, if he has not retracted, his anarchical suggestion that all property in land is, subject to pecuniary compensation, held on the sufferance of the Parliament for the time being. His wanton insult to the Austrian Government and nation is a more conclusive proof of his unfitness to direct the national policy. Lord BEACONSFIELD is often apparently careless in his political utterances; but he has probably in his whole life never approached the extravagance of Mr. GLADSTONE's wanton denunciation of a friendly Power. It is not certain whether the attack on Austria was the result of personal irritation at an absurd newspaper report of language addressed by the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH to the English AMBASSADOR. He might have assumed, as the fact was, that the EMPEROR had spoken with dignified propriety, and in any case he ought to have abstained from an ill-bred retort. The ill feeling against an ancient and valuable ally to which Mr. GLADSTONE sought to pledge his countrymen and a future Liberal Government was probably a result of various causes. He once disliked Austria as the chief opponent of Italian unity; and he now fears that the same Power may interfere with the growth of Slavonic power and with the supremacy of the Greek Church in the East. The complaint that METTERNICH had opposed the establishment of Belgian independence was deliberately offensive on the eve of the CROWN PRINCE's marriage with a Belgian Princess. A similar objection might be justly taken to Mr. CROSS's language with reference to Russia; but there is a distinction between an ally and a diplomatic antagonist; and Mr. CROSS has no mission to represent the foreign policy of a party. In the domestic controversies with which Mr. GLADSTONE is more familiar he constantly commits the rhetorical error of trying to prove too much. Even a Scotch Radical must sometimes reflect that the chances are enormously against the truth of the proposition that the Government is always and everywhere in the wrong. In one of his speeches Mr. GLADSTONE boasted that, if he hit hard, he fought fairly. He is apparently unconscious of the gross injustice of attributing to Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE the alleged anomaly of the exemption of real property from probate duty. The factious sophism of assuming that the farmers are especially wronged by a tax on personalty is intended to widen the differences which may already exist between tenants and landlords.

Reasonable curiosity was excited by Mr. GLADSTONE's announcement that he would on Monday last expound his opinions on the question of disestablishment of the Church of Scotland; but those who have studied his mode of thought anticipate additional obscurity whenever he undertakes to be explicit. On several occasions Mr. GLADSTONE has lately made the whimsical complaint that disestablishment has during the present contest been more often mentioned by its opponents than by its promoters. It is strange that he should be surprised at efforts to expose the conspiracy of silence in which he and the other enemies of the Scotch Establishment have deliberately engaged. They are aware that some votes may be lost by hostility to the National Church, and that none can be gained, because the assailants are without exception members of the Liberal party. The blunder into which Lord HARTINGTON was two or three years ago led by Mr. ADAM has never been in-

tentionally repeated, though it could not be cancelled. The experienced Liberal manager of elections had for once made a serious miscalculation in overlooking the fact that some members of the Established Church had up to that time been Liberals. Either Mr. ADAM or Lord HARTINGTON was responsible for the further menace to the English Church contained in the announcement that no consideration for its security would deter the Liberal leaders from sacrificing the Scotch Establishment to [t]hose popular clamour. No one who has watched Mr. [GL]ADSTONE's recent career doubts that he would welcome the opportunity of destroying the Establishment either in England or Scotland. He is never weary of proclaiming the moral superiority of Nonconformist ministers to the English clergy; nor has he ever repudiated the unbounded confidence which is reposed in him by preachers of all denominations. He lately praised the Dissenters for the reticence which they practise during the present contest on the subject in which they are principally interested. They are on their part satisfied that his gratitude for their provisional silence implies a promise to gratify their demands as soon as opportunity occurs. Nearly two-thirds of his Midlothian speeches have been delivered in Free Church places of worship, placed at his disposal by elders and ministers who trust that he will in due time avenge them on their enemies of the Establishment.

The promised disclosure at Gilmerton consisted in a literal repetition of phrases which are unconsciously significant. After the usual remark on the supposed perversity of the friends of the Establishment in calling attention to the danger with which it is threatened, Mr. GLADSTONE once more declared that the question was not immediately urgent, and that, when it might hereafter come to the front, it would be determined in accordance with the wish of the people of Scotland. He drew at great length a distinction between the Irish Church, which he stigmatized as alien and anomalous, and the Scotch Church, which had before the disruption of 1843 been, as he says, supported by a majority of the people. No Manchester murders and no Fenian explosions were needed to produce in Scotland the beneficent result which had been attained in Ireland; and incidentally Mr. GLADSTONE repeated the explanation that it was on the popular mind, and but indirectly on his own, that the Fenian outrages had so effectively acted. Perhaps Mr. GLADSTONE had really failed to understand the analogy which has been suggested between his past achievements and his possible conduct in the future. None of his critics have supposed that the Free Church agitators would blow up prisons or murder policemen; but they remarked that it had only taken three years to remove the Irish Church, in Mr. GLADSTONE's estimation, into the region of practical politics; and that his convictions on the Scotch Church might perhaps ripen as fast. If he had been under cross-examination in a court of justice, he would have been sharply reminded that he had not answered the question whether he would support disestablishment; but in this case, as in many other instances, reluctance to give evidence is in itself a sufficient answer. It would be discreditable to a statesman of the highest rank, peculiarly interested in ecclesiastical matters, not to have made up his mind on the subject of destroying the most important institution in the country. If Mr. GLADSTONE had not been converted to the doctrines of the Liberation Society, he would not have affected to make his future action conditional on the decision of a future majority. He will of course not destroy any Church, as long as the House of Commons is disposed to maintain it. It is not in this way that he deals with the issues of foreign and domestic policy, which are nevertheless not more important [t]han the maintenance or abolition of the Church.

It would have been easy for Mr. GLADSTONE to say that he retained the opinion which he formerly held, that the Church of England at least ought to be defended against all encroachment. The eagerness with which he assured an inquisitive Dissenting preacher that he was opposed to all further endowments contrasted strongly with his silence on the question of the Establishment. There was in this instance no contention that the question had not become pressing, though nothing can be more improbable than that any such application of public money will be at any time proposed. Mr. GLADSTONE had on this point an opinion of his own; and he was ready to avow it, without waiting for instructions from an electoral majority. It is uncertain whether the Scotch Established Church has any considerable influence in the constituencies, though it is evident that Mr. ADAM no longer instructs his candidates to alienate any votes which it may control. The English Church, according to Mr. GLADSTONE's questionable statement, is still further in the political background, but those with whom its maintenance is a social and political object of the first importance are powerful by their influence and not contemptible in number. They have now, notwithstanding Mr. GLADSTONE's implied disclaimer, received sufficient warning of his opinions, if not of his intentions. They will not even be greatly reassured by the statement that the next Parliament is to occupy itself mainly or exclusively with the extension of the franchise, with the imposition of restrictions on the exercise of ownership in land, and with the transfer of rural authority from justices to elected bodies. It is not impossible that the Nonconformists may become impatient of the postponement of their demands, after a victory which, if it is achieved, will be largely due to their co-operation.

EUROPEAN QUIET.

WHILE we are having so much excitement at home, a spell of profound quiet seems to have come over Europe. There appears to be nothing whatever for Special Correspondents to telegraph. In despair one sends the dimensions of the villa at Baden where the QUEEN is to stay; and another flashes the important announcement that M. GAMBETTA has been advised to give up smoking. This is soothing and refreshing after the disturbing announcements to which we were lately accustomed—movements of troops, projects of new alliances, and deadly attacks on sovereigns. To this happy result every considerable Continental Power has in some measure contributed. France has done something by showing that she neither courted the friendship nor feared the wrath of Russia. In Italy the long debate on foreign affairs ended in the adoption of an order of the day which advocated a policy firm at home and pacific abroad; and this policy was immediately illustrated by the unconditional acceptance by Italy of the Egyptian Commission of Liquidation. Austria lives in a chronic state of Ministerial crisis; but the PRIME MINISTER manages to get along by yielding a little all round, and promising to be very economical. Even in Germany there is a seeming relaxation in the rigour with which not only the Falk Laws, but the laws against the Socialists, are administered, and a Socialist deputy has actually been acquitted in face of the vehement oratory of the Public Prosecutor. Russia has fallen into the arms of Germany, and has begun under stern compulsion to attend to her own business. The strange plan of having a real Czar to be shot at and to govern while the titular Czar eats and drives about under a system of minute precautions, seems for the present to be answering. General LORIS MELIKOFF is now supreme, for the famous Third Section has ceased to exist, and its mysterious and terrific powers are centred in him alone. The Dictator is, however, doing something more than dictating. He is cautiously introducing reforms. Some semblance of life is being imparted to local institutions. We read that at Smolensk the Marshal of the Nobility communicated to the Assembly over which he presided a circular from the MINISTER of the INTERIOR, announcing that the right of Governors to refuse to confirm the elections of District Marshals of the Nobility, on account of their being supposed to be ill affected towards the Government, had been annulled by Imperial order. It is difficult for foreigners to estimate the importance of the announcement; but, at any rate, those to whom it was addressed, and who may be supposed to understand it, received it with a burst of enthusiastic applause. A raid, too, seems to have been made on the erring officials who have been the curse of the country and the chief cause of the distrust which has been shown towards the Government. Of course, as in all such outbreaks of virtuous indignation, great people are overlooked and little people are caught. It does not seem much that a railway official has been sent to Siberia, and that a lawyer has been deported. The people who really robbed the Russian army were much higher up in the scale than that. But it is something that any official should be punished for anything, and sanguine Russians

may hope that influential plunderers, if they have not had a punishment, have at least had a warning.

Among the causes that have contributed to the present state of European quiet, the altered disposition of Russia and the persistent moderation of Austria may be reckoned as the most important. The explosion in the Winter Palace warmed into expansive sympathy the affection of the German EMPEROR for his nephew. On his side the CZAR was ready to give a conspicuous proof that he was not coquetting with France. Prince ORLOFF is too experienced a diplomatist not to have acted under instructions; and if his instructions were at once to make the extradition of HARTMANN a personal matter between Russia and France, and yet to take care that the extradition could not possibly be effected, he has faithfully and punctiliously obeyed them. But Prince BISMARCK gave a helping hand. He allowed to be blazed over Europe one of those non-official communications by which he sets in motion the wheels of his changing policy. He hinted with contemptuous good humour that France was sure not to surrender HARTMANN, for the French Government is young and weak, and only solid and old-established Governments can afford to do their duty to threatened sovereigns. He thus encouraged Russia to treat the surrender of HARTMANN as a question, not of law and justice, but as one dependent on the character of the Government to which it was addressed, and at the same time hinted at the quarter in which the CZAR might find a steady and useful friendship. The reconciliation of Germany and Russia may be primarily the work of the sovereigns, but it has had more or less the approval of Prince BISMARCK; and if Prince GORTCHAKOFF dislikes it, he is now so evidently shelved that his views are comparatively unimportant. To be friendly with Germany is, at the present time, for Russia to be on good terms with England. The CZAR, at a recent audience, appears to have signalled out Lord DUFFERIN as the especial object of his most cordial attention, while he treated General CHANZY as NAPOLEON used to treat the diplomatists whose presence he just consented to tolerate. The chances of collision between England and Russia in the East grow daily less. General SKOBELEFF has at last consented to take the command of the expedition against the Turkomans; but it seems to be understood that the means at his command will not suffice to do more than give the Turkomans a lesson, and probably to occupy and fortify posts along the line of communication. On the other hand, Lord CRANBROOK has announced that all projects for handing over Herat to Persia are in abeyance, if not finally abandoned. The transfer of Herat to a nominee of England would naturally have provoked Russia to seek for compensation in the northern provinces of Persia, and England could scarcely have been under a greater disadvantage than to have to encounter Russia on the borders of the Caspian. If Russia and England continue to walk in the paths of common sense, there is no immediate reason why the peace of Asia, any more than the peace of Europe, should be disturbed.

The recent action of Austria has been even more important in contributing to quiet than any change in Russian policy. In fact, it may be surmised that the change in Russian policy is in a great degree due to the action of Austria. It is perhaps affectation to express surprise at anything Mr. GLADSTONE can say; but still it is impossible not to feel some astonishment at the language which Mr. GLADSTONE has used about Austria. Experience has long ago shown that Mr. GLADSTONE could pass five years as Prime Minister without acquiring the knowledge of Continental affairs which it might have been thought must have come without effort to a man in such a position. But it is still wonderful to find that he has not even the knowledge of the ordinary reader of a penny newspaper. He seems to think that Austria is still the Austria of Prince METTERNICH. The kind friends who surround him appear to have managed to get into his head the fact that Austria has become a constitutional country at home; but it would have needed a surgical operation to introduce the idea that the foreign policy of Austria is as much changed as her home policy. Dates make no kind of difference to him, and he spoke quite comfortably about Austrians in Belgium, where no Austrian has been during the present century. He warned the Hungarians against their immoderate love of dangerous annexations—the Hungarians, of all people, who have with great difficulty been persuaded to acquiesce in the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and who have fought over every penny which they considered was being taken out of the country and spent abroad. If we are to speak of all the subjects of the Emperor of AUSTRIA as Austrians, then we may safely say that it is the Austrians who have in the most resolute manner shown their determination to keep Austria out of all costly adventures. Their cry, day after day, has been that they cannot afford to run risks. They might have honestly hoped that they would be recognized as devotees of Peace, Economy, and Reform after Mr. GLADSTONE's own heart. The exhortations to Austria to be up and doing come entirely from the outside. Austria herself turns a very deaf ear to these exhortations. She does not appear to be at all enamoured of the idea of making Pesth the centre of her activity. To visions of domination over the Balkan peninsula and sovereignty in the Ægean, she mildly replies that the realization of such grand projects looks as if it would cost something, and that Austria has not a florin to spare. Austrians think much more of the Arlberg Railway than of the Gulf of Salonica. The great charm of the German alliance is to them that it affords a hope that some day they need not spend quite so much on their army. And not only is Europe thus relieved from the fear of Austrian rashness, but it is obvious that the present attitude of Austria must exercise a considerable effect on the relations of Germany and Russia. If Austria will not consent to be pushed forward by Prince BISMARCK, then Austria gives by her alliance something useful to Germany, but not nearly so useful as might have been hoped. On the other hand, Russia feels more at ease about Austria, and therefore about Germany as the guide and guardian of Austria. Room is thus made for the revival of an old friendship, and so long as Prince BISMARCK allows Germany to be on good terms with Russia, there is no fear of present disturbance in Europe. Thus there is now quiet in Europe, and Europe has largely to thank Austria, and especially Hungarian Austria, for this pleasant state of things.

ELECTION PROSPECTS.

THE innumerable speeches which fill the columns of the newspapers will probably have little effect on the election. As candidates only address their respective supporters, their arguments and their declamations confirm existing opinions and prejudices, or, at the worst, leave them unaltered. Readers of reports have the advantage of comparing, if they think fit, conflicting statements or reasons, but they also have with few exceptions long since made up their minds. Still the ubiquitous debate is in some respects not uninstructive. The issues raised are those which in the judgment of the speakers are likely to decide the contest, and the mode of treatment approximately represents the supposed predilections of the various constituencies. Mr. GLADSTONE's encyclopædia of party rhetoric is an exception to ordinary rules, though he also has corrected, in deference to public opinion, some of the more extravagant errata of his autumn edition. It is doubtful whether foreign politics will enter so largely into the consideration of the electors as if the dissolution had occurred one or two years earlier. The Turkish war and the Treaty of Berlin are passing into the background of popular interest, though the Government is still thought by friends and opponents either to have displayed commendable spirit or to have engaged in a hazardous and costly policy. Nevertheless the Government and its supporters have won a great moral victory, though they may lose its fruits through the rapid conversion of their adversaries. Every Liberal candidate, including the leaders of the party, now dilates on all occasions on the courage and patriotism with which, as they contend, they have in former times vindicated the honour and power of the country. The clamour against the policy which was nicknamed Imperialism has so wholly subsided that careless politicians almost forget how Mr. GLADSTONE recommended that England should, like women in ancient Greece, be neither seen nor heard in the councils of Europe. The proselytes or penitents who now assume an ambitious and almost warlike tone virtually admit, not indeed that Lord BEACONSFIELD and his supporters were in the right, but that they judged correctly of the temper of the English nation. The flattery

of imitation is the more delicate and gratifying when it is unwillingly offered.

The elections will be less a conflict of opinions than a trial of party strength, impaired or reinforced to a certain extent by the intervention of minor organizations. The Conservatives are, as usual, all of one mind, and the Liberals are more generally united than at the last election. Some of the special auxiliaries on whom they rely are both strong in numbers and zealous in support of the Liberal cause. All the Dissenting preachers, and the bulk of the Dissenting laity, will exhibit the zeal for the Liberal cause which has long made them favourite objects of Mr. GLADSTONE's adulation; but it is doubtful whether they ought not to be counted as part of the main body rather than as mere allies. From the numerous body of advocates of abstinence or of local option must be deducted, for purposes of calculation, the large section which is already reckoned under the head of Nonconformists. The residue will, on the ground that the adverse party is unanimously hostile to their claims, condone the disclaimers of sympathy with their opinions which the Liberal leaders incessantly repeat. The Irish voters in the large towns will throw the whole of their not inconsiderable weight into the scale of the Liberal candidates. Their managers, taking warning by the Liverpool election, have directed that no questions should be asked, and that the Home Rule vote shall in every instance be given against the Government. They are probably not troubled by a doubt, which must press on the minds of Liberal candidates and agents, whether their alliance may not sometimes be rather a loss than a gain. In spite of indignant protests, many simple-minded electors will suspect that the zealous friends of the Liberal party are not at the same time its irreconcilable opponents. The commonplace statement that the Union will be best preserved by justice to Ireland implies a promise of something more than an equalization of the Irish Parliamentary franchise with that of England. It must be inconvenient to a respectable candidate to find himself on the same side with Mr. BIGGAR, who lately expressed a hope that an Irish HARTMANN would be found, apparently to assassinate the QUEEN.

The Conservatives also count on the support of special classes which have no necessary or permanent connexion with the party. The small but powerful body of Jews, once unanimously Liberal, is now perhaps equally divided. The Jewish sympathies which were attracted by the foreign policy of the Government have not been reclaimed by Mr. GLADSTONE's vituperation. His proposition that the Jews of Servia and Roumania could not expect to escape persecution if the Jews of Sheffield voted against Mr. GLADSTONE's candidate has probably not been forgotten. The sneers directed by Mr. LOWE and others against the Semitic descent of Lord BEACONSFIELD are not unlikely to have affected Jewish susceptibilities. The Roman Catholics also, and especially those of rank and fortune, are generally transferring their allegiance to the party with which, but for their own former disqualifications, they would naturally sympathize. Mr. GLADSTONE's Vatican pamphlets, though they really expressed his disappointed sympathies with Rome, may probably have given offence to zealous Catholics; but the cause of their present political tendencies lies much deeper. It is not certain that the change will largely affect the result of the election. The great mass of Irish Catholics resident in England have no connexion with the gentry belonging to the same creed, and they will be guided rather by the Home Rule managers than even by the priests. It must also be remembered that two English Roman Catholic prelates, one of them belonging to an ancient English family, have lately published inflammatory denunciations of the administration of Ireland. The farmers will, as a body, remain true to their familiar colours, though many attempts have been made to disturb their party allegiance. A few tenant farmers will be returned by constituencies generally careless of politics, and anxious to obtain concessions from the landlords; but for the present there is no considerable defection, and the farmers distrust the party which, as soon as it succeeds to power, will take out of their hands the entire county representation.

The league of licensed victuallers is likely to be as formidable as at the last election. Mr. BRIGHT's adroit efforts to conciliate the Birmingham members of the trade appear to have been unsuccessful, though one of them asserted, perhaps truly, that half their number were already Liberals. He probably reserved the fact that, like the nobleman who compared the claims of his sect and his country on his allegiance, they were licensed victuallers first and Liberals afterwards. Mr. BRIGHT's arguments in favour of Sunday closing appear not to have convinced an audience which understood the fallacy of the precedent which he deduced from the example of other traders. A grocer or a draper might probably not sell an additional article in a week if his shop were open seven days instead of six. A man who buys a pair of gloves on Saturday, does not require another pair on Sunday; but he is extremely likely, if he takes a pint of beer on one day, to require another pint on the next day. The publicans perhaps care as little as Mr. BRIGHT himself for the convenience of the multitude of consumers who would, if all places of entertainment were closed, be unable to obtain either rest or refreshment except in their own homes; but the licensed victuallers knew that every shilling which they might be prohibited from earning on Sunday would be a dead loss. They also regarded with suspicion Mr. BRIGHT's remark that the suppression of a certain number of public-houses would consolidate the monopoly of the rest. In the present day monopolies, though they are extremely profitable to their owners, have the serious disadvantage of being invidious and precarious. If Sir WILFRID LAWSON could shut up half the public-houses in the kingdom, he would agitate with much greater force against the privileged remainder. The publicans will not be discouraged by the twofold recognition of their importance on the eve of an election. Mr. BRIGHT undertook to protect their interests, or at least to secure them compensation; and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN publicly announced his abandonment of the Gothenburg scheme. It was not clear what result Mr. BRIGHT expected from the transfer of the licensing power from the Justices to the Corporations; but the publicans would deprecate the change. At present the proceedings are judicial. Corporations represent the popular local opinion, and too often, and more especially at Birmingham, they are composed exclusively of political partisans. A Conservative licensed victualler would trust the magistrates more implicitly than a committee of a Radical Corporation. On the whole, it is nearly certain that the licensed victuallers will give the present Government, not only their votes but their influence with customers, whose interests in the particular case are identical with their own. Permissive agitators seem never to remember that in prohibiting the sale of liquor they would also prohibit the purchase. In his touching picture of the blessings of social life on Sunday Mr. BRIGHT omits the conditions of eating, drinking, and sitting by a comfortable fire. Whether the publicans and their clients or the Permissive party are the more numerous is doubtful; but nearly all the friends of local option would in any case vote for Liberal candidates, while the opponents of compulsory asceticism increase the normal strength of the Conservative party. It would be useless to proceed from an inquiry into some of the conditions of the contest to a conjectural anticipation of the result which will be known in a fortnight.

THE SHORT SESSION.

THE last Session, or fragment of a Session, of the Parliament elected in 1874 must be noticed now, if at all, for it is destined to be soon forgotten. Whatever may have been the reserved purpose of Lord BEACONSFIELD, the Cabinet in general must have expected that the Session would be allowed to complete its regular course. The LORD CHANCELLOR had prepared three important Bills relating to land, which he afterwards introduced; after the beginning of March Sir S. NORTHCOTE fixed a day for a Bill on the distribution of seats; and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL was undoubtedly authorized by the Government to proceed with the Criminal Code, which was to be referred to a Committee. Mr. CROSS supposed that another Committee, to which he proposed to refer the Bill for purchasing the undertakings of the London Water Companies, would have time for a long inquiry. The intentions of the Government may perhaps have been modified by the Southwark election immediately after the meeting of Parliament, and by the Liverpool election in the last days of the recess. The unfortunate result of Lord RAMSAY's advances to the Home Rule voters may have suggested the expediency of relying on the general impatience provoked by the insolent dictation

of Irish agitators. Mr. PARNELL had boasted that he could control forty seats in Great Britain; and the Conservative agents may have thought that they saw their way to a defeat of the Liberals in the same constituencies. The earliest part of the Session was almost exclusively devoted to Irish affairs, and principally to the Government Relief Bill. On the first night Mr. SHAW forced an adjournment of the debate on the Address; and a censure on the Government which he proposed in the form of an Amendment was debated during three or four sittings. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE in vain suggested that the discussion of the conduct and proposals of the Government would be more conveniently taken when he introduced his Bill for Indemnity and for the extension of the powers of the Government and subordinate authorities. The Irish members were determined to have the first word, and it was impossible to prove that their speeches amounted to obstruction. On the division they were defeated by more than three to one; but the support which they received from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Mr. RYLANDS, and Mr. MUNDELLA seemed to indicate an actual or probable alliance between the Home Rule members and the extreme Radical section. Ingenious politicians began to conjecture that Lord BEACONSFIELD might possibly be advised to dissolve early in the Session on the pretext of Liberal connivance at obstruction.

Except from irreconcilable Irish patriots, the Relief Bill met with general approval. Lord EMLY, in a speech which proved his knowledge of the subject, objected to the powers given to Presentment Sessions to provide employment on public works; and other criticisms of the details of the Bill were considered in both Houses. On the whole, it was admitted that the Government had displayed both prudence and vigour; and the application of a small portion of the Irish Church Fund to the relief of distress was sanctioned by a large majority. Mr. MELDON's motion for the assimilation of the Irish borough franchise to that of England furnished the Liberals with a legitimate opportunity of acting in concert with Mr. SHAW and his followers. Mr. BRIGHT and Sir W. HARCOURT delivered speeches in favour of a measure which had the advantage of seeming to be equitable, and the negative merit of, at the worst, being calculated to do little harm. The representation of Ireland would be almost imperceptibly deteriorated by a change which cannot be long delayed; but the Government, as on former occasions, opposed the Bill, which was rejected on a strict party division by the normal majority of sixty. The Home Rule members had thus far been constantly pugnacious and occasionally tedious; but it could not be denied that they were fully entitled both to discuss the Relief Bill and to ask for the removal of an electoral inequality which could only be vindicated on grounds of practical expediency. A trivial question of privilege, unwisely elevated to importance by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, was welcomed by two or three Irish members as an occasion for caricaturing the proposal of the Minister. Mr. PLIMSOLL, having in a characteristic burst of excitement denounced by public placards the Parliamentary conduct of two members who were not even opponents of one of his benevolent Bills, was with difficulty induced to apologize to the House for an indefensible proceeding. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE nevertheless insisted on recording a censure of the breach of privilege; and, notwithstanding an opposition which was led by Sir W. HARCOURT, he was as usual supported by his loyal majority. On a later day Mr. SULLIVAN and Mr. O'DONNELL facetiously complained of mock breaches of privilege, which Sir W. HARCOURT affected to extenuate in the same tone in which he had dealt with Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's condemnation of Mr. PLIMSOLL.

On one of the last days of February the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER proposed a Standing Order for the purpose of checking wilful obstruction. At the instance of any member or of his own motion, the Speaker or Chairman of Committee was empowered, after preliminary calls to order, to name a member as transgressing the rules of debate. The House might then, on motion without debate, suspend the offender from the exercise of his Parliamentary privilege for the day, or, on repetition of the offence, for a longer time. A violent opposition to a moderate and reasonable proposal would perhaps not have been unwelcome to the Government; but Lord HARTINGTON, as might have been expected from his character, and even Mr. GLADSTONE, approved of the principle of the Standing Order, and announced that, if their objections to certain details were not accepted by the Government, they would abstain from proposing amendments. The members against whom the Standing Order was directed abstained from violent opposition. The new rule was adopted almost with unanimity; but it will be for the next Parliament to test its efficiency. The highest Parliamentary authorities are believed not to be sanguine as to the possibility of suppressing contumacious obstruction by any legislative or disciplinary measure. There is a general consent of opinion that Sir S. NORTHCOTE was well advised in proposing a mild measure; and, although the question is disputed, he seems to have been right in vesting the power of suspension rather in the House than in the presiding officer. The way seemed now clear for the useful legislation to which, as some of the Ministers had stated, the Session was to be devoted. There was no immediate danger of Parliamentary obstruction, and the passing of a few measures which would have provoked little opposition might have given the Government an additional claim to the confidence of the constituencies. On the other hand, some irritation was caused in London by the announcement of the bargain which Mr. CROSS had provisionally concluded with the Water Companies. He had conceded to them the receipt of their actual income, and of an increment which, in default of new circumstances, they will obtain in a few years; and the result of providing the same revenue with improved security had of course been to raise largely the market price of the shares. Mr. CROSS seems to have satisfied himself that a voluntary purchase could not have been effected on better terms; and he trusted to the Select Committee to give due weight to objections which might be urged on behalf of the consumers. The clamour which was excited by the publication of the scheme must have convinced him that he had made a mistake.

The transaction of business would have been facilitated by the indisposition of Parliament to revive obsolete discussions of foreign affairs, though the Duke of ARGYLL had forced the House of Lords once more to travel over the dreary record of the transactions between SHERE ALI and successive Viceroys. In the House of Commons Mr. FAWCETT confined himself to the practical proposition that the English Treasury ought to bear a part of the cost of the Afghan war. A resolution in favour of Protection, under the name of Reciprocity, unwisely proposed by Mr. WHEELHOUSE, gave Mr. BOURKE and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER an opportunity of delivering vigorous and conclusive speeches against any relapse into worn-out economical errors. Mr. HOLMS found little support for a motion for the institution of quinquennial Parliaments. Mr. BLAKE was defeated by only a small majority in a proposal to abolish the exemption of members from arrest; but the question excited little interest. Mr. P. A. TAYLOR would have been signally defeated on a motion for the total abolition of the Game-laws, if Sir W. BARTTELOT had not rendered him the service of moving an amendment to the effect that no change was at present needed. More popular interest was excited by Sir W. LAWSON's Permissive Bill in its new disguise of Local Option. Mr. GLADSTONE, notwithstanding his language in Midlothian, declined to vote; and Lord HARTINGTON voted against Local Option. Mr. BRIGHT also repeated his former objections to the Permissive Bill; and the influence of the coming election was represented by an adverse majority increased since last year. On the 8th of March the announcement of the dissolution came like thunder in a clear sky. The causes of the decision are not to be found in the unexciting history of the short Session; but all parties were unwilling too severely to criticize a measure which they all professed to desire, if not to approve. The chief transactions of the short remainder of the Session were the unnecessary alteration of the Corrupt Practices Act and the Budget, which was unavoidably introduced at an unusually early date. The proposal that the conveyance of borough voters to the poll should be made legal might have been plausibly attributed to a generous desire of furnishing Mr. GLADSTONE, who needs no such boon, with additional materials for vituperation. The Budget, as far as it spreads the payment of the accumulated deficits over five years, was generally approved; but a considerable increase of the Probate duty under pretext of readjustment has provided Mr. GLADSTONE with matter for half-a-

dozen speeches on the preference given by the Government to landlords over tenants. The alleged injustice which he denounces is much more largely involved in the Probate duty which Mr. GLADSTONE has never altered than in the new addition; but the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER ought to have foreseen the facilities which he afforded for hostile clamour. The Parliament has expired suddenly, like a man who in extreme age dies of an accident. If the labours of its last Session had not been undertaken, the results would scarcely have been missed.

THE REPUBLIC AND THE JESUITS.

IF the question were less serious in its bearing on the tranquil working of Republican institutions in France, there would be something exceedingly comic in the invocations of the "existing laws" with which the speeches and newspapers of the Left are now laden. In the Radical vocabulary "existing" must for the future be taken as equivalent to "obsolete." The French Government cannot find any law applicable to its present wants without going back to the time of the First Republic and the reign of LOUIS XV. When a man speaks of the clothes he now has in wear he is not usually understood to mean the clothes which have come down to him from his grandfather and great-grandfather. The Republic of 1848, the Second Empire, and the present Republic for the first nine years of its life, have managed to get on very well without appealing to the laws in question; and it would be at least interesting if the Left would condescend to inform their countrymen what it is that has made perseverance in this commonplace path impracticable. Granting, for the sake of argument, that the non-recognized religious orders are as black as it pleases M. PAUL BERT to paint them, for what is it that they are now to be punished? It is not a light matter to recall to active life laws that have been forgotten for so many years. Disused statutes are like disused ordnance; they sometimes burst at the moment of discharge, and hurt no one but those who insisted on firing them. The charges brought against these orders, so far as they are not of the purely declamatory type, seem to be two—that, under their influence, the Church has ever since 1870 been an element of confusion and strife in French society, and that they were directly responsible for Marshal MACMAHON's action in 1877. Both these statements are to some extent true; but both might be very much more true than they are without in the least affording a foundation for the conclusions which the Left seek to build upon them. The conduct of the French clergy ever since the fall of the Empire has undoubtedly been extremely shortsighted. In point of fact, to compare great things with small, they have acted very much as the English licensed victuallers have acted. They have been so much afraid of what the Radicals had in store for them that they have identified themselves altogether with the Conservatives, in entire forgetfulness of the fact that some day or other the Liberal party was certain to be again in power, and that then it might be highly inconvenient to have been continually at war with it. The clergy assumed from 1871 onwards that the only hope of religion in France lay in a return to monarchical government. Instead of seeking to be on friendly terms with the Republican authorities, and frankly accepting the Republican Constitution, they intrigued against both. That they did so in part under the guidance of the Jesuits is quite possible. The Jesuits had the ear of the then POPE, and they had also the ear of the reactionary leaders in France, and as both, for different reasons, were eager for the overthrow of the Republic, such influence as they possessed was naturally thrown in this direction. In 1877 this agitation came to a head in the injudicious and hopeless enterprise of the 16th of May. That this was largely the work of ecclesiastics is likely enough. It was almost too foolish to be the work of laymen. But when all this has been admitted, how much nearer are we to the point to which the Left seek to bring us? The Jesuits have done their utmost, and the result has been their complete overthrow. The 16th of May did more to establish the Republic in France than all the efforts of the Republican party put together. It made it clear that the French people were thoroughly anti-clerical as anti-clerical was then understood—that is, that they were thoroughly determined that France should not be governed for clerical ends nor by clerical methods. Since the 13th of December, 1877, what has the Republic had to fear from the Jesuits? The Right could not even have rejected the 7th Clause in the Senate had it not been for the help of the very man whom in May 1877 they had instigated Marshal MACMAHON to dismiss from his councils. They have never so much as snatched a victory in either Chamber by their own strength. They have never exercised the slightest influence on the course of public affairs. The alliance between the Conservatives and the Jesuits may have been absolutely Satanic in its wickedness, but it has been absolutely unfruitful in its results.

Nor is it at all certain that, if the Church had played the part of peacemaker, she would have found any one to listen to her. It suits the purpose of the Left to assume that the reactionary sentiment which was dominant in the Assembly of 1871 would have been inert and harmless if the Jesuits had not been at hand to turn it to their own purposes. There is nothing in the conduct of the Right during the last few years that gives the least colour to this assumption. No doubt they were very glad to get all the help they could; and, so long as the clergy or the religious orders chose to work with them, their devotion to the Church was edifying. But the Right have invariably shown themselves possessed of a store of party passion which needed no replenishing from without. It is enough that they were Legitimists, or Orleanists, or Bonapartists, to ensure their being enemies of the Republic. If they were ardent Catholics at the same time, they had an additional reason for hating it; but as they hated it with all their strength before, not much came of the addition. It is a characteristic of French parties to detest one another with a constancy and a violence to which there is no parallel in England; and if the Catholic Church had taken an opposite course, it is far more probable that the Right would have become lukewarm Catholics than that they would have become even acquiescent Republicans. Inexplicable as it may appear to a French Radical, there are a considerable number of his countrymen to whom his doctrines and his person are alike distasteful. If the clergy, whether secular or regular, had set themselves to root out this reprehensible feeling, as undoubtedly they ought to have done, the Right would suddenly have become convinced of the paramount necessity of checking ecclesiastical usurpation. The Eldest Son of the Church was never disposed to let his mother have any will of her own, and the parties among whom French royalty is now held in commission are quite capable of emulating his indifference to spiritual claims if it suited their purpose to do so. If there is any genuine alarm underneath the Radical attack upon the religious orders, it is one which has altogether mistaken the quarter from which danger to the Republic is really to be apprehended. By doing all they can to make a lasting peace between the Church and the Republic impossible, the Left are enlisting on the side of reaction numbers of Frenchmen who would not otherwise have been drawn in that direction. The Church is the one institution which now links the France of the present to the France of the past. Everything else is changed in form, if not in substance; the Church alone has survived the revolution, and is in essentials a copy, if a pale copy, of what she was under the old order of things. As she has at the same time parted with all that associated her with the abuses of that old order, and is now poor enough to excite neither envy nor irritation. there is nothing to prevent the good will which naturally grows up towards such an institution in a nation in which the conservative instinct is extremely strong from having its free course. Why the Radicals should have laboured so hard to make it needlessly difficult for any one entertaining this good will to call himself a Republican would be unintelligible if we accepted their own account of the matter as the true one. To suppose that they attack the Church because they fear her is to suppose them ignorant of the very obvious fact that, if the Republicans had chosen to bid against the Right for ecclesiastical favour, there is very good ground for supposing that their offers would not have gone unregarded. To suppose that they attack the Church because they hate her, is to suppose that, like many other people, the pleasure of gratifying a traditional and accumulated spite—a spite, it must be admitted, which is not entirely without cause—blinds them to the plain dictates of prudence. Their demeanour is that of a man who feels that, if he could but

once get his foot on the neck of his adversary, he would not care much how long he might be able to keep it there, or what might happen to him when it was withdrawn.

THE CLEWER COLLAPSE.

IT is impossible at the first moment adequately to estimate the severity of the blow which the Church Association has by its own vindictive obstinacy brought upon itself in its contest with the Bishop of OXFORD and Canon CARTER. If the new Solemn League and Covenant had only been litigious and persecuting after the manner of men, it would have sat down and striven to make the best of its defeat last year in the Court of Appeal. Dr. JULIUS was confessedly the puppet of an organized conspiracy in London to which Clewer was only a name and a battle-field, and even conspirators might be satisfied when a unanimous Court, in the persons of Lords Justices BRAMWELL, BAGGALLAY, and THESIGER, confirmed the appeal which had come before it from the narrow and crotchety decision of the Queen's Bench, under which Bishops found themselves reduced to the humiliating condition of mere officers of the Court for the furtherance of vexatious persecutions. But the promoters of the suit had gone too far for retreat, when, in furtherance of their avowed intention of crushing their aged and honoured victim, they passed over the Public Worship Act of 1874 in favour of what they hoped and believed to be the more merciless Church Discipline Act of 1840; so, in the spirit of the infatuated EMPEROR, when he telegraphed back to Paris "Tout peut se "rétablir," they elected to make a dash into their Sedan, that House of Lords from which there is no appeal. The blow which the Church Association has thus brought upon itself is not to be measured by the many thousand pounds which it will wring from its sanguine and sanguinary votaries, nor by the disappointment which it will feel in losing what seemed to be so sure a chance of persecuting men so well hated as the Bishop of OXFORD and Canon CARTER. The rejection of its appeal is a rout, and not a defeat, as the condemnation of its policy, pronounced by the mouth of the law, will be endorsed by common sense and the general moral sentiment of the country. If anything were wanting to complete the catastrophe, it would be found in the antecedents and plainly expressed personal opinions upon ritual and ecclesiastical matters of the four eminent jurists who composed the Court; for even the Church Association will hardly insinuate that the English Church Union can have beguiled or terrorized Lord CAIRNS, Lord PENZANCE, Lord SELBORNE, and Lord BLACKBURN.

The legal question at stake was of a somewhat technical and restricted character, being the contention as to whether the expression "it shall be lawful"—occurring in the Church Discipline Act of 1840, as in so many other Acts of Parliament—ought, as common sense and grammar would dictate, to be taken as permissive or as imperative and obligatory. The drift of the contention in the present case was the presence or absence of discretion on the part of a Bishop to decline to entertain any complaint about anything brought by anybody against any clergyman. The Queen's Bench, for reasons ingeniously expounded by the CHIEF JUSTICE, decided that the words were obligatory and imposed a duty, while this decision has been unanimously overthrown both by the intermediate and by the ultimate Court of Appeal. Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN, taking a technical view of the authorities which came under his notice, and not helped by the Bishop of OXFORD's counsel, who was none other than the BISHOP himself, decided that, for good or ill, these words must be generally held to be obligatory, and that the onus in each case of proving them to be permissive rested on those whose interest lay that way. He found no such proof in the Church Discipline Act, and so, groaning much over the confusion which he saw must result from his view ultimately prevailing, he had no option but to compel the prelate to obey the behests of the Association. The higher Courts, taking a wider and a simpler view of words which Lord CAIRNS calls "plain and unambiguous," and "merely "making that legal and possible which there would other-"wise be no right or authority to do," have reversed the presumption. The words—so it is now decided—are generally permissive; though there is a large and clearly definable class of cases in which they become obligatory, not *proprio vigore*, but in virtue of another principle as plain and unambiguous as the first one. The cases which misled the CHIEF JUSTICE can all be referred to this principle, which is tersely summed up by Lord PENZANCE as follows:—"The "conclusion arrived at by the Courts in these cases was "this—that, regard being had to the subject matter, to "the position and character of the person empowered, to "the general objects of the statutes, and, above all, to the "position and rights of the person or class of persons for "whose benefit the power was conferred, the exercise of "any discretion by the person empowered could not have "been intended."

The question which the House of Lords had to consider was whether the case now before them fell under this exception; and the reasons which led the Judges unanimously to resolve that it did not so fall give us the clue to the policy and intentions of the Church Association. In other words, the evils which, as the Law Lords declare, would flow from reading the Church Discipline Act in the way which the Church Association has tried to force upon the Bishops and Judges, are the very objects for which that pestilent confederation exists and energizes. In defining them we shall avail ourselves of Lord CAIRNS's language. The Association claims that "any one who never entered the "parish; who never had been in England; who was igno-"rant perhaps of the language; who was not a member of "the Church of England; who was not possibly a believer "in Christianity; or who was a pauper or wholly un-"able to answer the costs of the suit," may force the Bishop to proceed, though "the offence charged may be "an offence against the laws ecclesiastical, but it may be "of so trifling and insignificant a nature, that no one "having any discretion in the matter ought to allow it to "be the subject of litigation." Such is the demand of the Association, while upon its policy Lord SELBORNE dryly observes:—"It is, at least, not obvious that it would "be for the interest either of the Church or of the State "to open or leave open so very wide a door to private in-"tolerance, contentiousness, uncharitableness, or folly."

Here we have the Church Association painted by artists whom no one will accuse of being actuated by any malicious prepossessions against it, and the common sense of moderate, peaceable Church people will welcome with thankfulness the revelation and the discomfiture of its catspaw the too-daring parishioner of Clewer. As at the downfall of his more eminent namesake,

> Ere the mightiest Julius fell,
> The ghosts did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets—

so there will be much squeaking and gibbering, we make no doubt, and perhaps even more naughty sounds in the Committee Room of the Church Association. But the tide is on the turn, and the general community will, we are sure, recognize that the Church of England must tolerate great variety within the limits of the Prayer-Book; and that, wherever there is real zeal and an earnest purpose, it must not be too severe even upon occasional excess or defect, unless it desires to give comfort to that agitation of the enemies of the Church of England, the inferential encouragement of which by Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE has been astonishing the electors of Middlesex, when the young candidate informed them that "he would desire to "maintain the historical connexion of the Church with "the State; but if public opinion declared itself de-"cisively against the connexion, he would not stand in "the way of the wishes of the majority of the people."

INDIAN FINANCE AND PUBLIC WORKS.

INDIA still continues to supply the opponents of the Government with a congenial topic for dispraise. Undeterred by arithmetical demonstration to the contrary, Mr. GLADSTONE maintains his accusation against the rulers of that country, as having "augmented her taxation and "contracted her liberties"; while Lord GRANVILLE denounces them as destroying the liberties of the press and "so extravagant as to be obliged to stop all public works." Language of this nature is understood perhaps by speaker and hearers alike as not intended *au sérieux*, or as anything but the licensed inaccuracy of electioneering rhetoric. Probably not one in a thousand of Lord GRANVILLE's or Mr. GLADSTONE's hearers has any sort of knowledge of

Indian finance or the slightest interest in or connexion with Indian administration; and if the convictions of such people as to the necessity of a change of Ministry can be strengthened by a hasy impression that India is being shamefully misgoverned, political excitement is not likely to be very scrupulous as to the means by which that impression is produced. Not the less is it a grave misfortune that the English people should be taught to consider Indian politics as within the sphere of their interests and at the same time to be content with sensational, inaccurate, and misleading treatment of the great administrative questions involved. English public opinion does, as the events of the last two years have shown, exercise a perceptible influence on the course of the Indian Government, and that influence may easily become extremely pernicious. It becomes daily more important that Englishmen should take the trouble to learn the facts about the great dependency with which they have come into such intimate connexion; and speeches such as those which the VICEROY and Sir JOHN STRACHEY recently delivered on the introduction of the Budget are sufficient to give any one who will read them with attention such an insight into the position of the country as will be a guarantee, at any rate, against the commoner and grosser delusions which prevail regarding it.

The topics with which English public opinion has of late been principally concerned are the alleged insolvency of India, the alleged increase of taxation, the alleged misappropriation of funds collected for the relief of famine to war and other matters, the alleged wastefulness of the expenditure on public works, and, finally, the alleged mismanagement of the Customs revenue, especially the remission of a part of the cotton duties in deference to the interests of the Manchester manufacturers. As to each of these the figures of Sir JOHN STRACHEY's balance-sheet are curiously instructive. With regard to the first, it is now clear beyond the possibility of dispute that the view, taken by Mr. FAWCETT and others, of the Indian Exchequer, as sinking year by year into more hopeless embarrassment, is wholly without foundation. The country has just passed through a period into which every possible cause of financial embarrassment would appear to have been crowded. There has been a famine, the most intense and wide-spread on record, which has at once involved the Government in enormous expenditure and crippled the resources from which such expenditure must be met. There have been losses, wholly unprecedented, owing to the depreciation of silver and the course of exchange; there has been war, not on a great scale, but still costly and difficult; there has been paralysis of trade, partly owing to the famine, partly in sympathy with the depression in Europe and America. Through this severe ordeal the country has passed without any permanent injury. It has rallied with extraordinary speed from the effects of the famine. The results of the last two years and the estimates for the coming year point to a condition of financial soundness to which most European Exchequers might look with despairing envy. During these three years it is estimated that 5½ millions will have been spent in war, 3½ millions in the construction of strategical railways on the frontier, 400,000*l.* will have been devoted to famine relief, 10 millions will have been lost by the unfavourable exchange, 900,000*l.* will have been given up in remission of taxation, and yet the period will end with a surplus of 3½ millions.

The same result is shown in perhaps a still more conclusive way by a review of the finance of the past decade. During this period the expenditure of India—war, famine, public works, and every other kind of outlay included—exceeded its income by 36¾ millions; but the whole of this excess, with the exception of a million, was invested in productive works, whose productiveness is now satisfactorily attested by the fact that in the coming year the railways and canals will, notwithstanding the incomplete or undeveloped condition of several of them, earn enough to cover their working expenses and interest on their capital. During this period 9¼ millions will have been spent in war and frontier railways, and 14½ millions in famine relief, the whole of which, with the exception of a million, will have been defrayed from current income; an achievement which certainly appears to us to place the Indian Exchequer in an almost unrivalled position as regards the capacity to meet extraordinary expenditure.

The next charge of which the financial statement disposes is that of increased taxation. Mr. FORSTER and Mr. GLADSTONE, misled by accounts which they had not taken the trouble to examine, put forward some months ago definite allegations on this head, and though explanations were immediately forthcoming it is satisfactory now to know from the highest authority the precise facts of the case. Of the apparent increase on which Mr. FORSTER dilated, part is owing to additions of territory—five great provinces, with an area double that of the German Empire; part, 8½ millions, to changes in the form of the accounts, which show gross items on both sides of the balance-sheet instead of net results on one side only; part to the increased area of cultivation, the enhanced value of agricultural produce, and the extension of canal irrigation; none, it is satisfactory to know, to a heavier load of taxation imposed on the individual taxpayer. During the three years with which the financial statement deals, remissions of taxation amounting to 900,000*l.* have taken place, and neither the land revenue nor other imposts have at any previous time fallen with a lighter incidence on the general population. It is true that, with the view of equalizing the salt duties, the price of salt was raised last year in the South of India and lowered in the North, the change being adverse to 47 millions of people and favourable to 130 millions; but even in those parts of the country where the price has been raised the consumption is greater than it was three years ago, while with vast multitudes in Upper and Central India the cheapened price of this invaluable necessity has resulted in an increase of consumption so considerable as fully to compensate the Government for the original sacrifice of revenue. The great Customs line which stretched right across India, and was a constant source of oppression, has been abolished, the 100,000*l.* involved in its maintenance has been saved, vastly greater quantities of salt have been consumed, and the receipts of Government have steadily increased. No financial reform was ever carried through with more absolute success.

The charge of wasteful expenditure on public works had been already to a great extent disproved by the finding of the Parliamentary Committee last summer, and is now disposed of by the fact that the balance-sheet of the coming year is expected to show profits more than equivalent to their expenses and interest. The true position of this grand undertaking is insufficiently understood. In 1873 the Government embarked on what was probably the greatest speculation in the world. It determined to make a system of canals and railways all over the country, and in so doing to invest from three to five millions of borrowed capital per annum for a series of years. This programme has been carried out with an exactitude and success creditable alike to the authors of the scheme and those to whom its execution has been entrusted. The expenditure has been less, the profits have been larger and more quickly earned, than it was safe to hope. The curtailment of this scheme and the restriction of the outlay to 2½ millions per annum—conceded last year to English agitation—are measures which every Indian administrator deplored at the time, and in which, in the present condition of the finances of the country, the Government can hardly be expected to persevere. Sir J. STRACHEY speaks with emphatic regret of the results of this unfortunate change of plan. It must, he says, seriously postpone the day when the country will be protected against famine by its railways and canals. The LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR of BENGAL has an overflowing exchequer and an admirable scheme of works, which, "without costing the Imperial "revenues a shilling, would have added several millions "to the wealth of his great province"; but all is at a standstill. The LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR of the NORTH-WEST PROVINCES has a similar scheme of light railways, which, in conjunction with the canals, would have gone far to render famine in that part of India impossible; but he, too, is unable to proceed, owing to the restrictive policy proscribed last year. This state of things is not of course likely to be endured for long; but meanwhile the loss to the country is great, and it remains a matter of regret that a scheme so fraught with blessings to mankind, and which had hitherto more than realized the hopes of its founders, should not have been carried out in its integrity.

Of the "Famine Insurance Fund" Sir JOHN STRACHEY gives an account which not the dullest of his opponents will, we think, be able to misunderstand. The Government having made up its mind for a liability on account of famine expenditure of 15 millions in ten years, it became necessary to provide a margin of ordinary

income over ordinary expenditure of 1½ millions per annum. A further margin of half a million was to be provided against unforeseen contingencies. Abnormal expenditure on war, famine relief, and Public Works undertaken either as "productive" or as "protective against "famine," was excluded from the calculation. This programme has been faithfully carried out. "If the accounts "and estimates of the three years," Sir J. Strachey says, "are subjected to the most severe criticism, it will be "found that the estimated and actual surplus of revenue "during this period does truly far exceed the 6,000,000l. "which, according to the standard which we have pre-"sented to ourselves, should be attained in three years, "if the solvency of the State is to be assured."

As regards the remission of the cotton duties, the results have fully justified the convictions of those who in England and India have advocated a policy of free trade. Vast quantities of the non-dutiable qualities of goods have poured into the country, trade has received a perceptible stimulus, and Sir J. STRACHEY may already congratulate himself on the approach of the day when the continuance of the now surviving duties will become obviously indefensible. The abolition of all restrictions on Indian trade has for years been his darling project, and already he ventures to predict "that the time is not "hopelessly distant when the ports of India will be "thrown open freely to the commerce of the world."

Such, as it appears to us, are the results which the last Indian Budget establishes—results to which the VICEROY and his Minister may justifiably point as the best refutation of the libels which ignorance or partisanship has for months past been hurling at the Indian Administration. It is too much, of course, to hope that English statesmen, in the passionate excitement of a great political duel, should find leisure or inclination to call in question the accuracy of their facts or the justice of their accusations. But to the mass of educated Englishmen, who love fair play and regard the fortunes of India as something more than a rhetorical convenience, such a statement as that of the Indian Finance Minister will carry a profound conviction that one portion at least of England's great task of Empire is being performed in a manner of which England will have no reason to be ashamed.

ONE-SIDED FREE TRADE.

IT was not to be expected that the late Parliament would come to an end without the plaintive notes of the preachers of Reciprocity being again heard. Mr. WHEELHOUSE's ill success was a sufficient reason why their last lamentations should not be upraised in the Commons. On the whole, the House of Lords forms a better field for this kind of exercise. Reciprocity is not a subject upon which a speaker likes to be too sharply brought to book, and in the calm atmosphere of the House of Lords he may look pretty confidently to escape this. If reciprocity were a Liberal craze, Lord BEACONSFIELD would be a formidable critic; but as it is exclusively a Conservative delusion, the PRIME MINISTER is bound to treat it tenderly. Consequently the Duke of RUTLAND did not risk much when he rose on Monday to call attention to the disastrous results of one-sided free trade. He was sure of an answer, because Lord BEACONSFIELD would not choose it to be said that the Government had remained silent when one of their own party was calling for a return to protective duties; and he was sure of a courteous answer, because on the eve of an election Lord BEACONSFIELD would not wish to make a single supporter less anxious by ever so little for the success of the Government. In consequence, perhaps, of this sense of security the Duke of RUTLAND was not quite so cautious in his handling of his subject as the members of the House of Commons who share his views. The success of reciprocity is to be obtained, he frankly admitted, by the imposition of retaliatory duties. England is to coerce France and America into abolishing Protection by setting up protection anew within her own borders. It must be supposed that the Duke of RUTLAND is so much in love with the idea of retaliation that he does not care whether the application of it has any effect or not. The French people are slowly and painfully groping their way towards free trade, and if there is anything that could make them retrace the steps they have taken, it would be the news that England had at length been disabused of the fallacy which she had done so much to impose upon the world. If England were to give up free trade, the hopes of the protectionists would rise in every country of the world. Instead of accepting the change as a warning to reconsider their ways, they would read in it an intimation that their ways were once more becoming the ways of reasonable men in all countries. So long as England adheres to free trade, even when the immediate results of it are inconvenient to her, foreign protectionists, are, at all events, forced to explain the fact. If England were to abandon free trade, they would say with apparent reason that the motives which had led us to adopt it in the first instance were not only strictly selfish, but strictly temporary as well.

There is another argument, however, which might have been expected to commend itself to the Duke of RUTLAND with a great deal more force than this one. After all, he would probably care very little whether the retaliatory duties he wishes to see imposed failed of their effect or not. If reciprocity proved unattainable by these means, England and her neighbours must be content to tax each other's goods as long as the world lasts. But the proposer of retaliatory duties is bound to take into account the possibility that the imposition of them may have the intended effect; and it is plain that if, under the pressure of duties reimposed upon French goods entering England, France were to take off the duties she now levies on English goods entering France, large bodies of English workmen would be very cruelly treated. There can be no use in imposing protective duties in favour of any English industry if it is strong enough to flourish without them. English goods sold in England have the advantage of cheaper carriage; and if under a system of free trade other countries are able to produce them more cheaply, it is clear that they must enjoy superior natural advantages for their production. Consequently the industries engaged in producing them can never flourish except under a system of protection. They may be recalled to life by the imposition of retaliatory duties, but as soon as those retaliatory duties are taken off they will once more begin to languish. What the Duke of RUTLAND asks the Government to do, therefore, comes to this. Certain large trades have been ruined by French competition. The ruin of a trade means that capital is at all events on the high road to be withdrawn from it, and that the workmen employed in it have begun to migrate to other industries. In other words, the worst is already over. The sufferers by foreign competition have recognized the hard facts of the situation and have begun to make provision against them. How does the Duke of RUTLAND propose to treat these unfortunate people? He calmly advises that they should be encouraged once more to invest their capital and industry in a trade which can only flourish under protective duties, while at the same time he avows that as soon as these protective duties have answered their purpose they are to be taken off. This is the only meaning that his proposal can possibly bear. Something must be done, the DUKE says, to force other countries to reduce their duties, and this something is to be the imposition of a retaliatory duty. Necessarily, therefore, this retaliatory duty must be taken off as soon as the duties against which it is aimed have been taken off; otherwise they would be put on again immediately, and the whole object of imposing the retaliatory duty would be lost. The Duke of RUTLAND is so much impressed with the hard case of the sugar-refiners, who are suffering from the French bounties, that he wishes to restore them to prosperity by immolating the silk-weavers, or whatever other class of workers he may select for an experiment in the direction of retaliation.

Lord HARTINGTON has lately been much exercised to discover Mr. ECROYD's views about reciprocity. We do not know that he will be much the wiser after reading the Duke of RUTLAND's exposition of them. Mr. ECROYD wishes, it seems, to see England and her colonies formed into a vast Zollverein, in which England shall undertake to supply her wants from colonial produce rather than from the produce of any foreign nation which imposes duties on English goods, while the colonies shall undertake to admit all our goods without duty. If this be really Mr. ECROYD's view, he seems to have studied colonial practice to wonderfully little profit. Protection is at least as popular in the colonies as it is in the United States or in France; and, unfortunately, the country against which protective duties are most frequently and constantly

imposed in Great Britain. The trades which the colonists wish to see established within their own boundaries are usually those in which the mother-country is their most dangerous rival. They want to secure variety of employment, and for this purpose they are bent upon protecting a number of young and tender industries in the hope that they will one day be able to subsist alone. The establishment of free trade with England would be false to this design, and we fail entirely to see how Mr. Ecroyd and the Duke of Rutland propose to get over this difficulty. Where business is concerned the colonies are remarkably free from any sentimental weakness towards England. If it can be proved to them that they will benefit by the Zollverein, they would no doubt be willing enough to enter into it; but as the thing they are most afraid of is the competition of English producers, it is not easy to see how the proof is to be made out to their satisfaction.

CONTRASTS.

AMONGST the enliveners of commonplace existence—the life of commonplace minds in commonplace circumstances—perhaps no intellectual stimulant is equal to strong contrasts, whether in the world of fact or of fiction, whether viewed as a personal matter or regarded as a spectacle. There is something in a marked contrast which shakes the stagnant faculties, makes thinking easy, and puts even the dullest intelligence on its mettle. From the mere act of contemplating it the man derives a sense of elevation, as feeling that, without his reflections and judgment upon it, the phenomenon would fail of its purpose. And, as offering themselves unsought, there is something in strong contrasts peculiarly grateful and pleasing to ordinary listless observers—to idle readers and lazy thinkers. And of course not only to them. Every one is struck by a striking contrast; touched by a tender, impressed by an awful, amused by a grotesque, surprised by a startling, hit by a neat, pleased by a fanciful, amazed by a hyperbolical, contrast. But this is specially the field of minds too slow to catch passing impressions or too mercurial to retain them. It needs little thought or trouble, makes small demand on taste, discrimination, attention, or knowledge, to take in the bearings of a bold effective contrast. People are here all on a par. Language readily suggests itself in such cases to the least eloquent or exact of speech. Take, for example, the ruin of to-day contrasted with the careless prosperity of yesterday. There is always something to be said to the point; anybody can be sententious on sudden changes in circumstances, fortunes, events; or even on broad distinctions in moral character. Who can say how much the present general interest in politics and cognate matters is not quickened by the marked contrast of character between the two great leaders of opposing parties? Thus all persons who aim at exciting the interest and gaining the ear of numbers deal in the widest contrasts that their subject leaves room for. People who do not know that they are inventing are constantly dragged into hyperbole by the necessity of indulging this natural craving—of presenting a subject in the only light that will reach the sympathy of the mass, exciting that tingle of pleasing astonishment which a telling contrast serves to produce. It is a commonplace to say that partisans generally—agitators, alarmists, pleaders, even professional philanthropists—deal in exaggerated contrasts, setting poverty in its ideal destitution by the side of wealth, oppression of one class against tyranny and license in another, making what is temporary and accidental the rule, and a casual extreme contrast the normal state of things. There is a feeling indeed that, as a whole, men need this stimulus; that the simplicity of fact will not rouse them to their duty. The modesty of literal truth does certainly require nicer wording to set it off than the advocate has often at his command, or than his hearer has patience or justice to appreciate. There must be picturesque heightening of differences to raise such an image as will catch the interest and excite a sympathetic unanimity. Our noblest feelings owe something to this artificial heightening; as, for instance, patriotism. The likeness between man and man is certainly greater than the difference and contrast. It can never be obliterated. Men have more in common in their nature than what is distinctive; yet it is on the violent contrasts between nations and nations that it is the business of the political advocate to enlarge. The likeness is ignored, forgotten, under the figment of being taken for granted. According to race, or even geographical distinction, men are angels or fiends. Though only a silver streak divides them, yet

> Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know
> 'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low.

It is of no use to complain that men are thus influenced; people must receive truth according to their capacity. It is only in utopias that contrasts are minimized. We cannot do without them as objects for the fancy to rest and work upon. Men would not be more philosophical or truth-loving simply by the absence of this quickening power, by the quenching of imagination and emotion.

But it is in a more domestic field that this turn for contrasts shows itself in the most marked manner. All persons who talk much of themselves are driven as it were into drawing them. It may be done in the simplest manner, and from the most blameless motives. Every career presents striking contrasts with other careers—contrasts especially telling on the person most interested, contrasts in the course and tenor of life, in domestic trials, in literary achievement, and generally in success and failure; and they are sure to excite interest. It is a line of thought, however, presenting peculiar temptations to our natural frailty. Vanity on the one hand is apt to draw favourable contrasts flattering to self-love; envy is ever making grudging comparisons, and growing and gathering bitterness under the indulged habit. With the fortunate man, it is his luck, if it is nothing else, that establishes a standing contrast. The man with a grievance fixes his standpoint on contrasts between his own deserts and others, and between the world's estimate of them and his own. We may say that the talk of the garrulous poor is made up of contrasts. The solitary inmate of many a humble cottage feeds her self-respect on them, contrasting herself with her neighbours, to her own overpowering advantage, her strength of principle with their weakness, her strictness with their license, her plainness with their finery, her home-bound existence with their gadding, not failing to contrast the liberal benevolences bestowed on the undeserving with the scanty recognition of her own merits.

With this taste and propensity so active in human nature, it is natural that violent contrasts should be the food and material of romance; they are indeed essential to the popular novel. A novel in which the characters are carefully drawn, in which they act upon one another as they might do in familiar social life, is felt to be tame—the stimulus is wanting. The more contrasts we get between appearances and realities, prosperity and adversity, virtues and vices, happiness and misery, wealth and poverty, joy and despair, between yesterday and to-day, the more the tale answers to a demand; for whereas the happiness of real life consists in the fewness and moderation of these contrasts, the harmony of circumstances, the fitness of the man for his work and place, the gentle sequence of events, the novel pleases by showing life in a directly opposite aspect; by crowding it with startling transitions, setting every condition cheek by jowl with its opposite, vulgarity with high place, virtuous seeming with inward depravity; by caricaturing the instability of earthly things, reducing the most assured position to a mere house of cards; by the constant contrast between what seems and what is. Of course contrasts, as stock in trade, cost the inferior artist very little. He regards them as self-acting; they are to impress by their own force and weight; but they are not the less a supreme test of power. The writer who can apprehend and portray all the features of a strong contrast of passion and feeling is master of his craft. What a grasp of the position, for instance, is shown in the passage in *Jane Eyre* when what was to have been the heroine's wedding-day is turned to desolation, and she describes the contrast of feeling—"A Christmas frost had come at Midsummer."

Whatever shows, with the proper touch, the strongest contrast between the life pictured by imagination and the life men are most familiar with must always please. Thus pastorals in a splendid and highly artificial state of society, and fairies and genii in homely or simple ones, took the fancy of their day by storm. Burlesque and parody we need only mention, as both depend for success on violent contrast set out in the caricature of resemblance or even identity. But gentle and refined humour also, the humour of the choicest spirits, often shines through this medium. All illustration is likeness in contrast—that is, what furnishes the illustration must have essential and fundamental differences before the imagination can apply it to its purposes; but the object of the illustration generally is to fix minds on the likeness, while only passively apprehending the difference. There is, however, another style of illustration which directs the mind, not to the likeness, but to the contrast, as when Charles Lamb, whose love for cities and streets is well known, was shown a picturesque country lane, he exclaimed, "It is nothing compared to Wardour Street." Imagination plays on the same line when Addison proposes as one of the innumerable subjects for possible essays "Cæsar's behaviour and my own under parallel circumstances"; or Swift's appeal to the general experience—"If a man will observe as he walks the streets, I believe he will find the merriest countenances in mourning coaches"; or Sainte-Beuve persisting in fighting a duel under his umbrella—"Je veux bien être tué, mais mouillé non"; or Dryden describing the Dutch sailors before an action:—

> Vast bulks which little souls but ill supply.

And Pascal shows the same vein, reversing the fable of the mountain and the mouse, when, remarking on the contrast between great events and their causes, he wrote "Si le nez de Cléopâtre eut été plus court toute la face de la terre auroit changé."

The whole system of conceits was based on this idea of the sympathy of the human mind with broad contrasts. The poet expresses his fantastic affectation of passion through the medium of his lady's girdle:—

> Give me what this riband bound,
> Take all the rest, the world goes round.

The didactic author, using contrast as the sugared brim of the cup, hoped through its means to cheat readers into imbibing his wholesome bitters, and entitled his book "Antithesis or contrariety between the Wicked and the Godly, set forth in form of a pair of gloves for every man to wear." Such conceits have had their day, but they were an appeal to a universal

and lasting taste which all minds share, and with which every intellect can play; as, for example, the Irish butler who denied his master to callers on the ground that he was out in the back-yard shooting rats with cannon for his *diversion*.

In all moving incidents the presence of contrast is essential to give full effect to the tragic and intenser points of the scene. This has been noted as Shakspeare's rule, so to call it. Thus the murder in *Macbeth* is ushered in by serene reflections on the habits of swallows. And in history it is the same. Its more tragic stories take hold on the memory in proportion to the incongruities that surround them, tincturing terror with the grotesque, and stimulating the brain by the contrast of the homely and familiar with the abnormal. Take the accounts given by contemporaries of the assassination of the Duke of Berri, so strangely crowded by these contrasts. Wherever the news spread it was met by some startling incongruity, finding its way into a ballroom on the last night of the carnival, and scattering paleness and confusion among the revellers, all possessed by an odd spirit of travesty and burlesque, and habited in the most absurd disguises. The unfortunate victim was meanwhile carried from the door of the Opera House, where he was struck, to a sordid room in the *entresol* of the building, and laid on a truckle-bed that was with difficulty found for him; and there, in the midst of the hurry, dismay, suspense, despair of the occasion, and the anguish of a ghastly wound, disturbed by bursts of applause and gay music from the ballet still going on—for the news had not reached the stage; a ballet-girl, enlisted in the confusion as an attendant, ministering in the dress of her part, which there was no time to change. But this is carrying our subject into a more serious train than we intended.

Taking a general view of the question, we may observe that all self-reliant schemes for the amelioration of men agree in doing away with contrasts in their condition, and placing life on one level of thought, work, station, and aim. The authors of such schemes have a good deal to say for themselves; but men would be duller creatures than they are now if they had their way, and, if duller, then not happier nor better.

AGNOSTICISM AND WOMEN.

IT is a real relief to turn from the startling and not always savoury lucubrations of our strong-minded sisters, whose first aim appears to be to obliterate all distinction between the sexes, or rather to show that the distinction is an exploded fallacy, to an essay, by no means deficient in intellectual force, by a lady who is not ashamed to write like a woman, and even—which some of her more ambitious rivals may think a yet graver offence—like a Christian. Not that the thoughtful paper on "Agnosticism and Women," contributed by Mrs. Lathbury to the new number of the *Nineteenth Century*, is chiefly remarkable for being neither unfeminine nor irreligious. We should be inclined to say that its most prominent characteristic, which is not always equally apparent in the noisy advocates of woman's rights, is its strong common sense. The writer has evidently thought out her principles, and holds them with a steady grasp, but here she is content to appeal to facts. That Christianity presents to serious minds a far nobler, and therefore more satisfying, view of human life than Agnosticism does not prove its truth. We cannot adopt the reasoning of the excellent housekeeper who was shocked at the conversion of a young lady of the family to Popery, and confidentially assured her sympathizing fellow-servants amid her sobs that for her part she could never abandon her faith in Protestantism and hot suppers. But still, although "the happiness or unhappiness of a religion does not constitute its truth," it is permissible to remind those who are tempted to become Agnostics, often quite as much from fancy or fashion or intellectual vanity as from earnest conviction, that they must lay their account for sacrificing much which they can hardly regard as otherwise than valuable. It is not the writer's fault that her argument proves, not indeed too much for its validity, but more than is comprised within the immediate scope of the article. The considerations urged do not affect women exclusively, and they suggest more than is actually expressed. But the line of reasoning does apply primarily to women, and with such obvious force that many men who have lost all religious belief had far rather leave to their wives and sisters the "early heaven and happy views" which for themselves have faded into unreality, on a somewhat analogous principle to that of the famous infidel writer who insisted on his servants going to church, as the best security for his silver spoons. "Men prefer to hope that women will be slow to drive logic to its ultimate end; that they will still cling with womanly inconsistency to all that is refining and soothing in the old creeds; and that the newer and colder lights of their husbands and brothers will only serve to eliminate from those creeds the elements of superstition and fear which are now considered so debasing." The hope is of course a chimerical one. Women, emotional in temperament and timid in intellect, will not long hold out against the avowed convictions of the men they reverence and love. And thus it becomes a very practical question how the spread of Agnosticism among them will affect the interests and employments of all but the comparatively few who take an active share of some kind in professional or public work, especially as life advances and the buoyancy of youth is past. At present these interests have been mainly three:—

> It is not the lot of all to be either wives or mothers, and anyhow there are a very large number of women who find themselves, as life goes on, with no children of their own to educate, and no husband in whose pursuits they can forget themselves. To what interests and employments has this large part of the community hitherto looked forward? What has lain between the eager life of youth and the ideal rest of old age? Speaking broadly, their interests have mainly been three: Taking care of the old or sick, teaching the ignorant, and watching—not to speak of praying—with a cheerful countenance for the wellbeing of those they love. How will Agnosticism affect these three interests in the future?

After some general and very pertinent remarks on the characteristic differences between men and women, showing especially how the work of the heart rather than of the head is the sphere of woman's peculiar excellences, Mrs. Lathbury proceeds to examine in detail the probable bearing of Agnosticism on each of the three main interests already specified. The duty of tending the sick and aged must obviously lose much of its grace and significance, and nearly all the sustaining power of hope, if all is to end with death, and the unlovely process of decay, mental and bodily, is lightened by no promise of a second spring. This view of the matter does indeed, as the writer points out, give a terrible edge to the Agnostic argument for "euthanasia," on which we have before now taken occasion to comment. "By what arguments will it be brought home to the Agnostic ratepayer that it is his duty to support the hopeless lunatic or incurable pauper," or, we may add, not to abuse the latter as the *corpus vile* for some interesting scientific experiment? But to dwell on this aspect of the question would be to digress into a wider field. It will be better to follow Mrs. Lathbury into her felicitous treatment of the second main interest of woman's life—teaching the ignorant—where the argument is not at first sight so obvious. There are none who profess a livelier enthusiasm for the spread of education or a fiercer contempt for all restrictions on the diffusion of knowledge than Agnostics. But when all their fine phrases are reduced to the simple test of fact, what does it come to? What is one of the most direct and inevitable results of increased knowledge on those whose lot in life is a hard and suffering one? The Germans have a saying, *Man fühlt sich*, meaning that men, as they grow up, become conscious of the rights and dignity of manhood; they realize their position in the world. But this realizing process has other aspects also, not so flattering to pride or self-love. As the writer says, "to *know* that you are unhappy is to feel it," and, if this world ends all, is it not a somewhat questionable gain to the poor to know and realize fully that their lot is pain and discomfort here, and that there is no hereafter? Will it not suggest questionings about equality and justice neither pleasant to themselves nor of happy augury for the public weal? Will they not have exchanged the comparative bliss of ignorant content for a knowledge of higher possibilities with no practical hope of attainment? There are those, not otherwise unhappily circumstanced, to whom it is little short of an intolerable trial to feel conscious of energies and capabilities for which their position in life—perhaps through some apparently capricious accident, or some early false step of their own—does not seem likely ever to give adequate scope; and, if they are religious persons, their only consolation lies in the hope that—in the words of a Christian poet—"God hath some grand employment for His son" in a future state of being. Of that hope Agnosticism would finally deprive them. And it would no less deprive the whole body of the educated poor of the hope that the cruel inequalities of this world may be redressed in the world to come. The social change no doubt would be enormous, as Mrs. Lathbury observes, if the dreams of the educational philanthropist were realized to the full; but after all what would be the net result?

> The life of working-men might attain to a pale imitation of that tepid luxury which clubs bestow upon the classes above them. The long day in the coal-mine or the factory may be enlivened by the thought of the contest over the chess-board or the billiard-table awaiting him at night. The more studious might look forward to the hour spent in reading in the unpretending comfort of a free library. The politics of the moment may be sufficiently interesting to give a passing excitement to an evening's conversation, and a popular lecturer might gain a fairly intelligent audience. These are the unambitious aims that really lie at the bottom of many a high-flown eulogy of the education of the working-men; and what does it come to? A little more learning to help a man to know the inevitable depth of his real ignorance; a little more leisure to spend in well-lighted rooms with spillikins and coffee; a little fewer open and violent sins; a little more veneer of the more respectable sins of the upper classes.

There does not seem to be very much in all this to fire the enthusiasm of a thoughtful woman. And it must be further recollected that the strongest intellectual conviction, even assuming it to be well grounded, will not suffice to transform the moral nature, any more than a conviction of the fatal consequences of indulgence, here or hereafter, will quench the flame of vindictive or sensual passion. Can the Agnostic promise that under his teaching the human heart will cease, not only to believe in any higher than our poor human perfection, but to long for it, "or will he lessen the unquenchable desire for reunion with those who are parted from us by death" by convincing his disciples that it is never destined to be gratified? To such queries experience suggests a negative reply. There will still be left an aching void, which material prosperity cannot fill, and which that material adversity which increased knowledge has enabled them to realise more keenly will render doubly sensible to the poor. If then it be true—and surely here Mrs. Lathbury is right—that

"woman's work deals, as a rule, with the individual," what encouragement will the female Agnostic have in her individual teaching of the poor? It is worse than idle to say that she may go on teaching them the old myths. If she has a conscience she cannot do so, and if she has none, she will fail to impress on their belief what she holds to be unbelievable herself.

There is yet a third office in which, more even than in the solace of mental or bodily anguish, woman has hitherto proved herself "a ministering angel." When others, however closely united by ties of intimacy or of blood, have hardened their hearts against the prodigal, she has still claimed the merciful prerogative "of waiting in patience for the turning again of those who have chosen to pursue an evil path." And here, more than anywhere else, Agnosticism must paralyse her efforts, because it dries up the very source of hope. Hope for a better future in the present life alone remains, and towards this the mother or sister of the truant can often do but little. For the revival of his higher nature when at last an opportunity for her influence occurs—perhaps when he is already on his deathbed—she can do still less. To say that "there is no guarantee that Agnosticism will always be confined to highly conscientious people" sounds almost like a sarcasm or a truism, yet it is well to emphasize distinctly what is so strangely apt to be ignored, if not at least implicitly denied. But even the belief in an abstract ideal of virtue would offer but a feeble support to the Agnostic preacher of repentance. It will truly be a sad day for our women when there is nothing between them and their despair about the erring human being in whom their heart's love is centred but the bitter realization of how far short of that ideal he has fallen. To women also, in proportion as they transfer their allegiance to the new Agnostic creed, must "the individual wither, and the world grow more and more." They will be tempted to throw themselves with despairing eagerness into some phase of active work, and neglect that sphere of home life wherein their truer and nobler mission lies. A select few may make their mark in some professional career; for the many who must still seek their occupation in the exercise of their affections, life will have become a dreary, uphill task, with little to sustain or cheer their hearts. This is of course no sufficient ground for clinging, against conviction, to "a creed outworn," but it is surely some reason for hesitation before "sapping with solemn sneers" a faith which has confessedly done much to ennoble and beautify this life, and which perhaps has not yet been quite so clearly proved to have no promise of the next. When all spiritual faith is abandoned, material improvement must be the ultimate term of human progress, and even this will be pursued in a different temper and with lower aims when the background is torn out of the picture on which the mental gaze was fixed. After our cathedrals have been turned into music halls, and we have ceased to build churches or hospitals—there were no hospitals, be it remembered, before the Christian era—it may not be found easy to concentrate the same unselfish enthusiasm on the construction of Board Schools and drinking fountains. What had been viewed as means will henceforth become ends, for there will be no higher end beyond. Mrs. Lathbury does not however ask anybody to believe, or profess to believe, in Christianity, because of the heavy losses entailed by disbelief. But there is much force in her concluding appeal—not confined to readers of her own sex—to those who have made the sacrifice to pause before forcing on others their reasons for the want of hope that is in them. They are not asked to return to a forsaken faith, but merely to remember facts:—

> If it is the lot of any to be obliged through honesty of thought to cast away their ancient landmarks, at least let them consider if it is all gain to others that they should be led to do likewise. What has the Agnostic to offer in compensation? In the strength of his days he sets out for the goal of culture. Physical, mental, moral culture, is his aim and his watchword. Enlightenment in this world takes the place of hope in the next, and the intellect alone sets its seal upon the future. Enthusiastic for all progress, he forgets that a progress that comes to an end with death is no true progress at all, and that which is untrue for the individual cannot be true for the human race. With their faith that of an ultimate age of ice, and their hope bounded by the grave, what is left to the women of the future but their love alone to tell them of how much happiness and misery they are capable? If such is the only truth possible for mankind, in very mercy let us pause long before we help others to attain to it.

CAUTIONS FOR CHOICE OF PARLIAMENT MEN.

A TRACT under this title which appears in the Miscellanies of George Savile, Marquess of Halifax, is naturally attractive to students of comparative history at the present time. The grandfather of Chesterfield and the author of the *Character of a Trimmer* might be expected to have something worth saying on such a subject. The Parliament for which it was written must, to judge from internal evidence, have been that of 1695. Before the writs were issued for that Parliament Halifax was dead, and as the tract refers to the passing of the Triennial Bill at the end of 1694, it must, if it be genuine, as the style declares pretty clearly, have been the work of the last few weeks of his life. The copy before us bears the date of 1700, and seems to have been bought in the next year by Edward Coke of Norfolk. Why and how the volume left the safe and dignified seclusion of Holkham and wandered about in secondhand booksellers' shops, is a question in which nobody but the present Lord Leicester and the possessor of the volume can feel much interest, and the interest of the latter person is limited to the comfortable knowledge that he himself obtained it for a legal and sufficient consideration. A great sage almost contemporary with Halifax would have said that the reason of books straying is *Quis est in illis habitus errandi*; as to the fact, as distinguished from the reason, no one conversant with them will hesitate for a moment.

Halifax, who may be taken as the ideal Moderate Liberal, was very much in the habit of addressing anonymous appeals to the constituencies, and most of them can be recognized by a peculiarity of style, of which he was almost the inventor, but which was quickly caught up by others. This consisted of an elaborate plainness of speech, flavoured with a very pleasant irony. The plainness hit the taste of the average elector, who in those days, as perhaps also in these, was wisely distrustful of tall talk, finical phrases, and exaggerated eloquence. The irony flattered him if he understood it, and did no harm if he did not. The "cautions" are divided, after the fashion of the time, into a great many heads; and the first head of all is sufficiently apposite to the present occasion. "A very extraordinary earnestness to be chosen" the writer thinks to be no good symptom. He deprecates "the raising a kind of petty war, entering the lists rather for a combat than an election, and throwing fireballs to put men in heat." "For," says this cold-blooded person, "it will never be thought that a man should take such extravagant pains only for the sake of doing good to others." And he makes other remarks about "self-denying zeal," "blustering," and so forth, which really seem to have been inspired by a kind of prophetic instinct. In short, the opinion of Halifax upon the Midlothian contest becomes a matter of great interest, but of comparative certainty, when this little tract is read. It is almost startling, too, to come upon the next head, which states that "recommending letters ought to have no effect on elections." Diligent students of contemporary events may perhaps think, *inter alia*, of a certain metropolitan borough, where for some days past one of the candidates has produced at each meeting a letter with the Edinburgh or Birmingham postmark, and has slightly parodied the famous sentiment of Jack Horner by pointing out what a good boy he must be to excite such interest in men so good and great. That "non-attendance in former Parliaments ought to disqualify a man" is a subject which need not now be dilated on, because it is well known that all members of Parliament are now attentive to their business. But head number four again makes us "warm," as they say in the children's game. Our mentor protests with all his strength against men who are "unquiet and busy in their natures." He thinks it pretty sure that "men who cannot allow themselves to be at rest will allow nobody else to be quiet." And he is of opinion that, "their thoughts being in a perpetual motion, they have not time to dwell on anything long enough to entertain a scruple." Obviously Halifax was afraid of persons who thought on the principle of once, twice, thrice, and away. Nor is his phrase of "quietness" unworthy of attention. He would clearly not have thought it a fatal charge that Mr. A.'s policy was a blank, or that Mr. B. has anything to gain by a decisive testimonial that he had in five years upset more institutions and worried more interests than any other single person whose deeds are registered in history. It may be well, however, not to follow this up further, because our author indulges in inferences which would hurt the delicacy of the present age. He hints that his unquiet persons are generally "at full liberty to do what is most convenient for them," and, in short, approaches altogether too near to the scurrilous and shocking.

In the next section we come upon a contrast rather than a coincidence. Does anybody nowadays "apprehend that great drinkers are fit to serve in Parliament"? Evidently many people did so then, and the pamphleteer does his utmost to controvert this opinion in terms which would delight Dr. Richardson and Cardinal Manning, not to mention the late (and perhaps future) member for Carlisle. He admits that the practice of much drinking has "a sociable and well-natured appearance," but opines that "it is by no means to be relied on. Nothing is more frail than a man engaged in wet popularity." It must be admitted that wet popularity is far from being a vile phrase. The argument is strengthened by a curious citation. In 1647, he says, the county of Devon petitioned the House of Commons against the undue election of such burgesses as are "strong in wine and weak in wisdom." Truly a most epigrammatic county! The seventh head attacks the capacity of "wanting-men," *i.e.* men of small property. Here Halifax is something out of harmony with our day, and we pass over his reasonings, albeit they are perhaps worthy of some attention in connexion with such a matter as that which led to Mr. Grissell's imprisonment. Still more is the eighth head to be slurred, for this testifies against the choosing of "blockheads," and it would probably be taken as a breach of privilege to hint that any candidate, much more any member, corresponded to this description. Then Halifax goes on to deprecate the sending of very young men to Parliament—a practice which, if not altogether unheard of nowadays, is certainly not so common as it once was. After this comes mention of "a sort of men whose heads are only appurtenances to their perukes." Here syllogism itself comes to the rescue of the character of our modern Parliament men. There are no perukes nowadays, or at least not many, and so there cannot be many heads which are only appurtenances to them. The argument is irrefragable. As to "men of injustice and violence in their private dealings," "excessive spenders" and "unreasonable savers," these are points delicate to handle, and we shall pass them by. But the thirteenth head will make the heads of its readers bristle with horror. Halifax, benighted trimmer that he was, is of opinion that no one

should be elected for a county unless he has some considerable estate in it or expects such, and he attributes motives for strangers standing which really almost incline one to think that if he were an elector of Midlothian he would vote for Lord Dalkeith. It would, however, be Halifax's turn to shudder at the present day on the subject of his next head. This is directed against the candidature of lawyers of whom there are about one hundred, or is it two hundred?—standing at the present moment. From this point matters become worse and worse. It is perhaps natural in a trimmer to decry "men tied to a party," upon whom he spends some of the finest flowers of his sarcasm, and "exorbitant pretenders to merit in the late revolution," who were doubtless nearly as troublesome in his day as those who now insist upon their admirable conduct in saving Belgium. That "military officers are out of place in the House of Commons" is of course an illiberal opinion on a par with the exclusion of lawyers. "It maketh the room look like a guard-room," says our author, with a fine disgust which at this moment is curiously obsolete. Yet it is pleasant to the fancy to imagine all the captains and majors and colonels, past and present, arrayed in full uniform at St. Stephen's. Objections to "pensioners" and to "opponents of the Triennial Bill," again become less interesting, but the last sentence deserves citation. "In the mean time," says the author, "after having told my opinion who ought not to be chosen, if I should be asked who ought to be, my answer must be, 'choose Englishmen,' and when I have said that, to deal honestly, I will not undertake that they are easy to be found."

We do not know what may be generally thought nowadays of this little electoral manual. It is, as we have said, evident that the author was in many respects a most benighted person. He had no proper appreciation of heroic legislation, and even thought that it was a merit in a member of Parliament to be quiet. He somewhere protests against "trifling" with the business of the House? What, then, would he have thought of obstruction? He is evidently dubious as to the precise merit which ought to be attached to the practice of violently denouncing opponents, and is hopelessly given up to the "stake-in-the-country" delusion. There are even signs about him of infection with the worst of all diseases, patriotism. Nowhere is there to be discerned in his address any reference to anything but the interests of England, and he even seems to be of the opinion that Englishmen would do well to mind those interests. Of the latest lights in constitutional principles he does not seem to have the least inkling. Although there was then a good deal of jealousy between town and country, he does not intimate that the member for St. Michael's was necessarily a better authority on national affairs than the member for Westminster, nor does he tell electors that the expiring Parliament is the worst of all actual and possible Parliaments. Nor does he even hint that his own enemies (and if the author was indeed Halifax he had not a few) are all abandoned villains acting under the direct inspiration of the devil. Indeed, from the general tenor of his observations it may be shrewdly suspected that he would have applied various derogatory terms to this kind of electioneering, and would have talked of "heats," "private enmities," &c. &c. On no occasion throughout his pamphlet does he mount a stump, even of the most moderate height, and altogether it is to be feared that he is, according to modern notions, an inferior person. Yet perhaps in the days when great drinkers were thought fit to sit in Parliament, if in no others, his counsels may have been attended to with some advantage. He seems to have thought that the atmosphere of Parliament was somehow or other very much like the atmosphere of any other place, and that the rules of wisdom, justice, and common sense which applied elsewhere applied also there. Above all—for that last sentence somehow sticks in the reader's memory—he seems to have remembered that he was an Englishman, and to have wished that his clients should remember it too. He had an idea evidently that the English Parliament was meant for England, and seems not to have troubled himself greatly about the concerns of the universe at large, except as they concerned this island, which perhaps he did not think "small" or "little." All these things doubtless were delusions, but somehow a voter reading them just before voting might be captivated with them. This would be a pity, and everybody who possesses Halifax's *Miscellanies* had better lock up his copy, if only to prevent it undergoing the fate which in all probability must have befallen the copy of Mr. Edward Coke of Norfolk.

CHRISTIANS OF ST. JOHN.

"VERILY those who have believed," saith the Koran, "and those who have become Jews, and the Christians and the Sabians, whosoever hath believed in God and the Last Day, and hath done that which is right—they shall have their reward with their Lord, and there shall come no fear upon them, neither shall they grieve." It is very easy to condemn a religion, or to bless it altogether, as Mohammad did in the case of the Sabians; but it is not easy to define who the Sabians were. There are few names to which so many meanings have been attributed, few which have been so grievously misapplied. We call the ancient inhabitants of Southern Arabia "Sabians." The same name denoted the philosophical sectaries of Harran, and the pseudo-Christian remains of Babylonian astrolatry; whilst Arabian writers use "Sabian" when they mean "Pagan," and apply the word indiscriminately to every one in all parts of the world who is neither Jew, Turk, Magian, nor Christian. In the midst of this confusion modern research has had a hard battle to establish a true order and to distinguish between genuine Sabians, so-called Sabians, and Sabians who are not Sabians at all. Quatremère, Renan, Chwolsohn, and Sprenger have devoted ingenious and learned labour to the investigation of the problem involved in the name of Sabian, and we are now able at least to say that most of the peoples known by that name were not Sabians in the true sense. We must disabuse our minds of the notion that this designation has any connexion with the ancient Cushite civilization of the Yemen, and must shut our ears to the seductive resemblance in the sound of Saba and the Queen of Sheba. This wonderful Himyerite people have nought in common with Semitic Sabism, and scholars now distinguish them by the altered spelling of Sabæans.

We must equally exclude from the census of true Sabians the people of Harran, who, if they were Sabian (*i.e.* Nabathean) in race, were Greek in religion. Whatever remnants they possessed of the old Chaldean star-worship were overpowered by the influence of a debased form of Neoplatonism which had reached them from Alexandria. Their very town was known as 'Ἑλληνόπολις (with the sense of "City of Pagans"); and the Arabian historian El-Mes'údí tells us that they had, besides temples dedicated to the stars, others set apart for the worship of Reason and the First Cause, of the Soul, and of Matter. The oldest chronologist of the Arabs, El-Beyrúní, of whose *Vestiges of the Past* Dr. Sachau has lately given us a magnificent translation, speaks of the Harranians at some length, and we learn from him that they reverenced many prophets, "most of whom were Greek philosophers." Beyrúní at first joins in the common error of calling these people Sabians; but subsequently advocates the view that they are not the true Sabians, who are in his opinion nothing else than "the remnant of the Jewish tribes who remained in Babylonia when the other tribes left it for Jerusalem in the days of Cyrus and Artaxerxes. These remaining tribes felt themselves attracted to the rites of the Magians, and so they inclined towards the religion of Nebuchadnezzar, and adopted a system mixed up of Magism and Judaism, like that of the Samaritans in Syria." These "remnants of the Jewish tribes," settled in Mesopotamia, are the true Sabians, he says; for the Harranians, though they are even better known by this name, did not adopt it till A.H. 228, under 'Abbási rule, for the purpose of obtaining the rights of *μετουσία*, or covenanted protection. When El-Beyrúní speaks of the true Sabians as remnants of the Babylonian Jews, he is so near the truth that we must say no more of the Harranians, interesting as they are, but turn to this third people to whom the name of Sabian is applied.

It may seem a startling attempt to seek to trace a connexion between the Tower of Babel and a Christian sect of the Euphrates valley; but nevertheless the descent of the modern Mandæans of Wasit and its neighbourhood from the Chaldeans is tolerably well established. Much laborious research has been expended on the Nabatheans, and the problem of their ethnic position has been complicated by the circumstance that their name, like Sabian, has commonly been used in the East to mean simply "Pagan." From incontrovertible linguistic evidence, however, and from the scanty details we possess of the scientific and astrological theories of the Nabatheans, we are able to assert that they were nothing else than late Chaldeans; and from many and striking resemblances we can certainly trace their descendants in the modern Subbas or Sabians of Mesopotamia, who call themselves Mandæans (*Mando-Yahya*, "disciples of John"), and whom travellers have described under the name of "Christians of St. John." Like their predecessors, the Nabatheans, these "Christians of St. John" speak an Aramæan dialect, a corrupt Chaldee, which Renan calls the *patois de la famille sémitique*. Like the Nabatheans, they have a great reverence for the planets, and time their weighty occasions in scrupulous reference to the positions and conjunctions of the heavenly bodies. Like the Nabatheans, they have a variety of sacred books—a Divan, a Book of Adam, of John Baptist, and the like—some of which we may suspect to be identical with the Scriptures of the Nabatheans. It was probably the existence of these books which procured for the Sabians exemption from the punishment which awaited other unbelievers, as recorded in the verse before quoted from the Koran; for the prophet Mohammad regarded the possession of revealed scriptures as the very condition of a true or nearly true religion. How these Sabians became Christians, or what passed for Christians, is not apparent. Probably they found it convenient to give in their adherence to the dominant faith, just as their namesakes of Harran, under Muslim rule, found it useful to call themselves Sabians, and thus escape the penalties of paganism. But they were doubtless influenced by other motives than those of mere policy. They could not pass through the first six centuries after Christ without coming into close contact with some of the *bizarre* forms of Christianity, or Christianised Judaism, which were floating about in Syria. Renan sees in them the Elchasaites of the φιλοσοφούμενα ascribed to Origen; and Sprenger, in his exhaustive Life of Mohammad, takes a similar view, tracing the religious change of the Sabians into the Mandæans to the influence of Christian Ebionites and Hemerobaptists. The name Sabian, if it has been a cause of confusion by its resemblance to Sabæan, may here be of service to us; for it means, not as the Arabs contemptuously say, "one who turns from his own

religion and takes another," but "a washer"—a meaning fully explained by the frequent ablutions of the modern Mandæans. It is not difficult to understand the veneration with which a sect much given to washing would regard the profession of St. John the Baptist; and we need not be surprised, therefore, at finding him placed in their religion above all other prophets, and even over Christ himself. The belief in St. John the Baptist is not the fundamental dogma of Christianity; and, in point of fact, the "Disciples of John" are no Christians at all. But the name was convenient, and so they turned their old Chaldean mythology into a Christian hagiology, and called their seers and augurs, priests and bishops. In spite of which, they are still genuine Chaldeans in religion as well as speech.

Very little is known of this curious relic of Babylon the Great. Manuscripts of the Mandæan Scriptures exist in various libraries of Europe, but, with the exception of the *Book of Adam* (Codex Nasaræus), edited by Professor Norberg, they have not been published. Chwolsohn, indeed, has thrown the light of his brilliant talents upon the history of the Sabians and their religion, and the finest Arabist of Europe has treated of the Mandaitic grammar with his customary acumen. But we know at present but little of the actual tenets and practices of the "Christians of St. John," and the scanty information gathered by travellers has hitherto been profoundly unsatisfactory. Such is the secrecy observed by the Sabians, so terrible are the punishments prepared for those who reveal the mysteries of the faith to unbelievers, that it is almost impossible to obtain any communications from the people themselves; and the dwellers around know next to nothing about them. They are decidedly "a peculiar people," and they sit not down with the ungodly. Quite recently, however, an unusually favourable opportunity presented itself for a more thorough investigation into the beliefs and superstitions of the Mandæans or Subbas. Two gentlemen, filled with zeal for their respective causes, happened by a propitious fate to be thrown together in the valley of the Euphrates. One was M. Siouffi, the French Vice-Consul at Mosul, the other the Rev. P. Marie-Joseph, head of the Carmelite Mission at Baghdad. The former was on the look-out for a Subba, the latter for a convert. They discovered that their interests were one and decided to work together. M. Marie-Joseph converted a Subba from St. Johnian Christianity to the true Catholic faith, and M. Siouffi immediately set about extracting from him all the information about his people and their religion that Adam—such was his time-honoured name—could supply. The result was a volume of *Études sur la religion des Soubbas ou Sabéens*, which M. Leroux has just presented to the public of Paris. It is full of the most curious notes on Sabian manners and customs, doctrines, superstitions, and the like, and has the advantage in authority which belongs to a work taken down from the lips of a native. Yet it must be taken with some reservation, partly because M. Siouffi was able to hold only imperfect converse with his informer, from which one might expect a certain amount of inaccuracy and misunderstanding in his reports, and partly because the new convert, with all his convert's candour in revealing the deformities of the religion he has abandoned, nevertheless showed some hesitation in answering M. Siouffi's questions on the more sacred portions of the Mandæan faith, and may have concealed more than his questioner could suspect. M. Siouffi's work shows no very thorough acquaintance with the labours of his predecessors, and his ignorance laid him the more open to any imposition which the young man Adam may have sought to practise on him. On the other hand, it is an important fact that Adam was trained for priest's orders in the Mandæan Church, and was therefore doubtless instructed in the greatest mysteries of the faith, if so be that it has an esoteric as well as an exoteric doctrine. Making every reservation, M. Siouffi's book is the most important contribution to our knowledge of the Sabians, or Nasareans, or Mandæans, or Subbas, or "Christians of St. John," choose which name we will, that has appeared since Chwolsohn's *Sabier und Sabismus*.

Since the Sabians became pseudo-Christians, they have taken pains to make it evident that they worship but one God, Alaha; nevertheless the three hundred and sixty celestial personages who are neither angels nor saints, who were not created by Alaha like other creatures, but came into existence of their own accord when Alaha pronounced their names, who possess omniscience and rule each a seperate kingdom in Paradise, and, though married to females of their own species, have children by the mere utterance of a word, are practically divinities. They also reverence their one great prophet, Yahya, or John the Baptist, as one of the three hundred and sixty, and invoke the name of Bahram-rabba, lord of rivers, when they perform their religious ablutions. They believe in evil spirits (Malakún), some of whom execute the punishments of the Mataratas or seven hells, whilst others occupy themselves in tempting and injuring mankind on earth, and cause suicides, sudden deaths, and other calamities. When a man is possessed by a devil of this kind the Subba priest exorcises him. If the devil is of a sweet and docile nature, he will probably go out at the bare sight of the priest; but if he is perverse and obstinate, a regular ceremony has to be performed and the great name of Manda-d-haiy invoked. The fiend usually asks for time, in order to effect his retreat satisfactorily, and at the expiration of the period allowed the priest returns to see if the devil has kept his word. If he is still there, an exorcism is performed on the following Sunday, incense is burned, amulets applied, and prayers recited. The fiend generally leaves at this point, but if he is very obstinate the final resource is tried, and the whole body of priests exorcise him *en masse*. This is considered infallible, unless the devil belong to the species called Kersa-Seyna, the offspring of human beings united to demons, in which case the victim cannot expect release. Adam avers that he has seen and performed many castings-out of devils, and he has no doubt as to the efficacy of exorcism. These spirits live upon food snatched from the tables of men; and it has often been observed, according to Adam, that there is a marked deficiency in the food when any one has spoken during a meal. To prevent this, the Subbas carefully abstain from speaking whilst they eat; and this is believed to be a sure preservation against the assaults of the Jinn.

The world, according to Subba legend, was not created by the supreme Alaha, who was content with making the angels and the Paradise they dwell in. But these three hundred and sixty celestials were not satisfied at this abrupt cessation in the work of creation, and they went in a body to Alaha, and prayed him to make something more. So Hivel-Ziva received instructions, and set out on a long and weary journey to find a certain woman, whose child would be wanted to support the new world. He travelled for centuries, and was sent from one king of the celestial world to another, till at length, in the dominions of King Akrún, he found Ruhaya, whom he soon contrived to carry off and to imprison in a castle of iron until her son should be born. This child, Ur, who speedily grew to gigantic proportions, was destined to carry the world on his head. Hivel-Ziva collected seven handfuls of dust of different metals, and with these he made a pedestal, whereon he set Ur; and then he proceeded to place the seven worlds on his head, one above the other. A drink of the Water of Life caused Ruhaya to bring forth seven other children—six male and one female—who are the seven superior planets; they have souls, and do not perish at the Last Day, and they have each a special function to perform in the universe. Then Hivel-Ziva made the four great rivers, and the four elements, and established the seven hells (Mataratas), each of which is governed by one of the seven great planets; and he created the mysterious world—not our common Arda-Tivel, but that unseen Mshúni-Kuhta, inhabited only by pure and spotless beings. Finally, each world was given a first man; and the hells were made ready for sinners, and put under the control of Avather and Ptahil. They are however, only purgatories for the most part, and souls are allowed, after suffering their appointed torments, to pass thence to the beautiful Almi-Danhúra, the Paradise of the blessed, where the heavenly powers reside. Eternal damnation is decreed only for murderers, renegades from the Subba faith, and seducers of virgins; but the severe penalty attaching to this last sin is seldom referred to by the politic priests, who are afraid lest any of their congregation, rebuked by their consciences, should be driven to despair of salvation, and hence desert the religion that condemned them. These priests, classed in the three orders of deacons, priests, and bishops, enjoy the profound veneration of their flocks, and draw a very large revenue. They are compelled to marry, to eat their meals in solitude, and to fetch water for themselves from the river. The principal religious duties they impose upon their people are frequently-repeated baptism, with complete immersion in the river, in the name of Alaha, Manda-d-haiy, and Yahya Yuhana; prayer at least twice a day, each time lasting two hours or more, addressed to Alaha, Maar-eddarbútha, and the other celestials, Yahya, Adam, &c.; confession, constant ablutions in all possible cases of religious impurity, a species of eucharistic celebration, and a kind of mass for the souls of the dead, which lasts seven days, and is the highest perfection of religious observance. Strict fasting is forbidden, but on certain occasions they abstain from meat. They eat only flesh that is killed by the consecrated sacrificer. They pay the most careful respect to the planets, and have a firm belief in astrology. No voyage or enterprise of any importance is begun without first consulting the stars through the medium of the priests. If they are ill they apply to the priest for an amulet, and ignore the doctor; and they are particular in having the horoscopes of every new-born infant drawn up by their priestly astrologer.

This is what the science of the Chaldeans has come to. These are the representatives of the "wise men from the East." And again, on the other hand, these are the "Christians" of St. John. They are no credit to either side; their astrology is degraded, and their Christianity almost omits Christ. Yet these Subbas, with their Sabian traditions and Chaldean language, with their parody and pretence of Christianity, form a study which is perhaps unique in its peculiar interest. There is no sect which is more closely connected with a remote and obscure antiquity, and none which exhibits a more surprising confusion of contradictory creeds.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

IT may seem strange in our days that people who enjoy a large share of public favour should be indifferent to it, and even dislike it; but these peculiar feelings are shown every year by the University crews. For a considerable time past the boat-race has possessed inscrutable attractions for the London mob, and also for that large section of society which is as anxious to relieve the monotony of idleness as those who compose the mob are to escape from work. Accordingly the "great aquatic event of the year," as it is called, attracts vast crowds to that very ugly portion of the Thames which lies between Putney and Mortlake; and for

a considerable period before the race the banks are thronged by people who really undergo considerable discomfort in order to see the crews of whose performances elaborate accounts are given by reporters of more or less intelligence. It seems to be generally thought that the young men who constitute the two Eights are performing a public duty in training, practising, and rowing the race; and that, through the medium of its representative the press, the country watches them with great solicitude. This view, however, touching and inspiriting as it is, has never been accepted by those most concerned. Unmoved by the enthusiasm of St. Giles and Whitechapel; unmoved by the fact that they give a large number of people an excuse for drinking champagne in the morning; unmoved even by the yet more striking fact that the betting on the contest is officially quoted, the crews persist in regarding it as not being really a public event, but as partaking far more of the nature of a private trial, interesting only to members of the Universities, and to a certain number of boating men. The impertinence of this assumption has greatly shocked many writers for the press, as need hardly be said; and this year, when the arrogant youths had the audacity to fix their own hour for the race, and to adhere to it, considerable indignation was expressed. It is true that there were very good reasons for rowing at the hour on which they determined. The race, as every one knows, is usually rowed on the last of the flood from Putney to Mortlake, and if this course was to be followed on March 20th, it was clear that the crews would have to start at 7.30 A.M., or thereabouts. The race, it was true, could be rowed at a much later hour by reversing the course, and taking the last of the ebb; but, though this seemed a very simple manner of avoiding the difficulty of an early start, there were really very valid reasons against it. In a race rowed from Mortlake to Putney one crew necessarily has a considerable advantage over the other during the first part of the contest, and this fact appeared conclusive to the misguided young men of the two boat clubs, who probably thought the first essential condition of a race was that it should be as fair as possible; and who perhaps thought also that the question interested them more than it did anybody else, and was for them to decide. Their mistake was speedily made manifest to them. To attend a race at 7.30 or 7.45 A.M., it would be necessary to rise very early, and it was indignantly pointed out that for "the convenience of the public" it was imperatively necessary that the race should be rowed in an unfair manner. At the outset some impression seems to have been produced on the Cambridge crew, and they rather weakly suggested that the day of the race should be altered. Fortunately the Oxford men were sensible, and the question was referred to Messrs. Darbishire, Goldie, and Chambers, who decided that the race should be rowed on the morning of the 20th.

The crews, however, were not destined even now to escape without further pressure. After everything had seemingly been finally settled, Mr. Orrell Lever appeared on the scene as the representative alike of the steamboat interest and of the very many people belonging to all ranks of society who dislike getting up early. Mr. Lever appealed to the crews to row on the ebb, and thus to give "many thousands an opportunity of witnessing the race without undue risk to life or property who otherwise would be unable to do so." Mr. Lever did not mean, as might at first appear, that there might be undue risk to life or property if Londoners had to get up before six, but referred to dangers to be apprehended from the morning fog. His earnest appeal, which was certainly touching, and much resembled those made by missionaries and by promoters of public Companies, fell unfortunately on stony ears. Having asked for telegrams in answer to his eloquence, he received two brief ones, that from the Oxford captain being indeed laconic even for a telegram, and merely informing him that the race would not be rowed on the ebb. At this the ruler of the Citizen steamers waxed wroth, and with cruel kindness informed the sinful captains of seven that, to show his anxiety to accommodate the Universities "for this great national event," he would give a boat free of cost for each University, but that for all others he must charge one hundred instead of fifty guineas as usual. The sins of the crews would therefore be visited on the heads of the sightseers, who would not only have to leave their beds early, but would be required to pay double fares. In consequence of Mr. Lever's decision, some tugs were hired to convey the umpire and spectators, but objections were raised to these, and finally the difficulty with the deeply-hurt but not implacable representative of the national interests was got over. Four steamers, engaged, we believe, on the usual terms, accompanied the race, and it is only fair to say that they were well handled by their respective captains, the Press steamer in particular being very cleverly taken under the small southern span of Hammersmith Bridge.

That there should have been so much hubbub over a very simple question, which really hardly admits of argument, is most strange. The University boat-race is not a "public event," or, as Mr. Lever has it, a "great national event," any more than the Oxford and Cambridge Club is a great national institution. The race is a private trial between crews who represent and are chosen from the boat clubs of their respective Universities, and, as we have said, only concerns members of the Universities and boating men. If the public like to come in huge crowds to see it, of course the public is at liberty to do so, just as it would be at liberty, if it thought fit, to go down in excursion trains to Oxford or Cambridge and throng the banks of the Isis or the Cam; but to say that the public convenience is the first thing to be considered in arranging a race at which, so far as can be ascertained, the presence of the public is not wished for, is to advance a claim on behalf of the multitude which on the face of it is absurd. It has been argued that the University crews do not themselves treat their contest as a private or quasi-private trial, inasmuch as they desire that the course should be kept clear for them, and certainly it seems at first sight as though this did give to the "event" that public character which is so vehemently asserted; but a very little acquaintance with the history of the race is sufficient to show that this is a mistaken view. The course has to be kept clear on account of the great concourse of boats and steamers which would cause danger to crews and spectators, and probably make the race absolutely impossible unless regulations were strictly enforced. In other words, the public come to see the race in such huge numbers that the race could not be rowed unless some kind of order was maintained. It can hardly be seriously argued that by asking for a measure made necessary by the unsought presence of a multitude of sightseers, the crews acquiesce in giving a public character to their contest.

That the crews of this year were right, then, in not yielding to absurd dictation, and in holding to the hour they had fixed, can hardly be disputed, and indeed, even if the boat-race had been correctly treated as a "national event" they would have been right in refusing to change the time. Obviously the race ought to be rowed on equal terms, and the people who wished that it should be rowed on unequal terms in order that they might be saved the trouble of getting up early were not worth a moment's consideration. Mr. Lever maintained, as has been seen, that there would be danger owing to the morning fog; but this was not to be feared, as, if there was enough fog to cause peril, there would be enough to stop the race. Any risks which the steamers might run in going up to Putney could easily be avoided by the very simple process of sending them up the evening before. As it was, Mr. Lever's gloomy vaticinations proved to be in one respect correct, for on Saturday morning a very dense fog enveloped Putney and its surroundings. In spite of this a depressed and blasphemous crowd assembled on the banks of the river; but when eight o'clock drew near, it became evident that they would be able to begin the day's drinking at an even earlier hour than they had expected. Danger to those afloat there would be none, as it was obvious that the race could not be rowed. It was postponed till Monday morning; and though this postponement was much to be regretted, as it must have disappointed many who took a legitimate interest in the race, it had one most excellent result, for it rendered void all bets. According to the mysterious laws of betting, everything is nullified if a Sunday intervenes between the day fixed for an event and that on which it takes place, so that the ingenious gentlemen who had in this case been giving themselves considerable trouble in the hope of reaping an adequate return found that all their pains had been wasted. Their discomfiture cannot but give pleasure to the many who regret that the boat-race should ever have been made the subject of other than trivial wagers. On Monday morning a greatly diminished attendance showed that the interest in the "national event" had suffered much by the postponement. The crowd on the banks was smaller than it usually is; there were very few carriages and, compared with what there generally are, very few steamers and boats. Confidence must have been rudely shaken in the young men who, when fixing the time for their contest, could not foresee that there would be a heavy fog. The young men, however, were in no way affected by their abated popularity, for they rowed a very fine race. After a beautifully even start, they kept all but level with each other for some time, and then Cambridge, rowing from forty to thirty-seven, drew ahead, and led by something like three-quarters of a length when off the Crab Tree, a mile and a quarter from the start. From the Cottage to Hammersmith Bridge the struggle was a very fine one, the light blues, who were rowing far better than had been expected, maintaining their lead. They were certainly aided by the Oxford coxswain, who kept his boat too much inshore in the early part of the race, and who, when near the Distillery, seemed seized with a sudden desire to show how well she would answer her helm. Not to be behindhand in loyal efforts to give the weaker crew a chance, one of the Oxford Eight caught a crab, after Hammersmith Bridge had been passed, with such breadth of style that it seemed almost as if he would capsize the boat. At the time when this accident happened the Oxford crew were gaining on their antagonists, who had rowed a two-mile race with much courage and vigour, but whose strength was now failing. At the western end of Chiswick Eyot the dark blue was from half to three-quarters of a length ahead, and when Chiswick Church was breasted the race was practically decided. The Oxford crew had held to the old tactics which had so often proved successful, and, though they had not seen their antagonists leading without yielding to the temptation to spurt—being, after all, imperfect like other human creatures—they had in the main obeyed the stern dictates of duty, and would not be tempted into rowing so quick a stroke as the others. Their virtue was rewarded in the upper part of Corney Reach, for the Cambridge men were exhausted, and the Oxford boat drew steadily away. When Barnes Bridge was reached the race had become, what in the latter part of the course it so frequently is, a mere procession; and the spectators at Mortlake had the pleasure of seeing a plucky but jaded crew follow in the wake of a comparatively fresh one. The winning boat passed the post with a length and three-quarters of clear water between her stern

and the other's bow, according to the *dictum* of Mr. Fairrie, the judge. To some of those on board the steamers it certainly seemed that the two were separated by a longer interval. The crowd on the banks waited with exemplary patience to learn the result, which, for some incomprehensible reason, appeared to afford them gratification.

The race of 1880, which thus ended in the victory of Oxford, will long be remembered on account of the singular controversy which preceded it, and will also be remembered by boating men as a fine contest, in which the weaker crew surprised the prophets, and made a most gallant struggle. By betting men, also, the race is not likely to be forgotten; and let it be hoped that the recollection of the bitter disappointment which some of them had to endure on this occasion may tend in future to keep them away from the banks of the Thames.

GOOD NEWS FOR HUSBANDS.

A HEAVIER blow has rarely been dealt to the rights of woman than that which was inflicted in the Court of Appeal at Westminster on Wednesday last. Everybody has seen advertisements to the effect that John Smith warns all tradesmen not to give credit to Jane Smith his wife, or, as the warning is sometimes more politely framed, not to give credit to any one in his name without his authority. This invitation of public attention to the domestic relations of the Smith family is naturally taken as a sign that those relations are somewhat strained. Until last Wednesday, however, few people doubted, and no ladies had any doubt at all, that the unpleasant announcement was necessary to bar Mrs. Smith from her ancient and otherwise indefeasible right to run up bills, subject only to the very doubtful construction which might be placed on the word "necessaries." This right has generally been taken to be one of the fairest flowers of the feminine prerogative, and it has been proposed that a certain clause of the marriage service should run "With all the worldly goods of all my tradesmen I thee endow," instead of or as a supplement to the usual formula. It is true that experienced lawyers may have felt a doubt as to the correctness of this opinion, inasmuch as years ago there was a case which the Court of Common Pleas decided in the contrary sense. But even on that occasion one of the judges dissented, and since then it happens that the question has never gone to a Court of Appeal, and has never even in an inferior Court been decided purely on its merits. The case of Debenham *v.* Mellon, which brought out the judgment of Wednesday, was fortunately a typical one. There was no allegation that the goods bought were not fairly to be called articles of necessity. There was no separation between husband and wife, nor apparently any ill feeling between them. But the husband had forbidden his wife to run up bills and the bills had been run up. Therefore Mr. Justice Bowen decided that whatever *primâ facie* presumption of authority there might be was rebutted by the fact of prohibition, and left to the jury only this question of fact, which was not disputed. This ruling was supported on Wednesday by Lords Justices Bramwell, Baggallay, and Thesiger, who were unanimous in their judgment. There must have been wailing and consternation in the counting-houses of not a few tradesmen when the decision was known.

The point of technical importance, of course, is the point whether or not it is necessary for the tradesman to be made aware of the husband's prohibition. It has always been contended by tradesmen themselves that this was necessary, while the unpleasantness of making something like domestic dissension evident has no doubt deterred most men from communicating the prohibition directly. In a case which occurred not long ago, but which unfortunately was not a typical case, as there was misconduct on the wife's side, the judge pointed out the impropriety committed by tradesmen who were in the habit not merely of asking no questions, but of taking steps rather to prevent than to procure information on the subject. It is a general, if not a universal, practice, to direct bills for goods ordered by a lady to the lady herself and not to the husband, whence it sometimes happens that the first thing the latter hears of them is that the tradesman will wait no longer, and he has therefore no opportunity of checking the indebtedness. The wont of tradesmen on such occasions is to defend themselves by saying that "ladies would not like it" if they did otherwise. Lord Justice Bramwell's judgment makes terrible havoc of this ingenious plea. He points out that, though it may be a strong consideration for the tradesman not to offend his customers, that is a matter for the tradesman and not for the law. He might perhaps have added that the cases in which customers were offended would be precisely the cases in which it was desirable that the practice of concealment should not go on. The whole of the learned Judge's argument is full of the most painful common sense, which will make ladies and tradesmen justly and alike indignant. The latter estimable class of persons sometimes affect to be on too confidential, not to say sentimental, terms with their lovely customers to think of questioning their domestic happiness or doubting their honour. According to them, no suspicion of the existence of such a sordid person as a husband who objects to pay his wife's bills enters into their guileless heads. It is the joy, and should be the pride and object, of the husband to collect money for the adornment of the wife of his bosom. "For men must work and women must spend" is the burden of an unpublished version of the late Canon Kingsley's touching song, which is said to have obtained (in MS.) an enormous success in linen-draping circles. It is also rumoured that in the same circles the well-known definition of man's duties, "C'est l'homme qui se bast et qui conseille," is translated, with some amplification, "The husband uselessly fights against his wife's bills, and takes the advice of counsel in vain on the subject." All this pleasant tradition is made of none effect by Wednesday's judgment. Lord Justice Bramwell, contemning the maxim that credit is the soul of trade, asks ruthlessly, "Why should wives have such authority?" The law, he thinks, knows nothing of any general usage in favour of having dress on credit. Perhaps there are people who are not so happily ignorant as the law; but it may be that that august entity knows only what ought to be and not what is. The judge, indeed, makes an exception in favour of the time-honoured weekly bill. So long as a husband lives with his wife, the butcher's bills may be run up without fear on the part of wife or butcher, which is indeed reasonable. Reason, it may be said, dictates the whole judgment rather than a regard for the finer feelings. There are a great many ladies who do not think of running up bills unknown to their husbands, and who yet, we fear, will feel aggrieved at the Lords Justices and their judgment. It is doubtless sweet to feel that opportunities of extravagance are open, even if the individual possessor of those opportunities be too virtuous to profit by them. The killing frost of Wednesday's judgment nips these opportunities, and limits the expensive powers of woman to a prosaic and perhaps beggarly allowance.

It is to be observed that there is one little remnant of the privilege, or rather the supposed privilege, which the judgment has spared. Much of Lord Justice Bramwell's reasoning goes to the extent of a total refusal to wives of any authority to pledge their husband's credit unless usage or permission can be pleaded. The actual terms, however, require that a prohibition shall have been issued, though it may simply be addressed in private to the wife, and need not be communicated to the tradesman, save on his express demand. It may be thought that, with the accustomed perfidy of man, this limitation is dwelt on rather to impress upon husbands the necessity of pronouncing the requisite formula than with a view of saving their last prerogative of expense to wives. But into this question we need not enter. Girls of spirit will doubtless think of forming a league to decline the bonds of matrimony with any man who does not renounce the power of prohibition beforehand. It is our painful duty to point out that here too the odious law has been beforehand with them. It is, we believe, a well-established principle in England that no ante-nuptial contract of such a kind is binding. It is doubtful, too, whether many women —or, for the matter of that, many human beings—would have strength of mind to refuse a definite allowance. "I do not," said an historical character, "know any one to whom a twenty-pound note would *not* be convenient," though we do not intend to hint that a twenty-pound note would satisfy any woman who respected herself. But when the perfidious husband offers a sum which is probably a good deal more than his innocent spouse has ever had lawful command of as a girl, or perhaps tenders the still more tempting cheque book, he has only to remark carelessly "You won't go beyond that," and the thing is done. Common decency demands a grateful and thoughtless "Of course not" in reply, though even the reply is not wanted. The prohibition is issued, and that is enough. From this great wrong a House of Lords cannot be expected to give relief, though there is no knowing what might be done by a House of Ladies. At present the law is clear, and the famous authority of women to pledge their husbands' credit is circumscribed within the narrowest limits. It will run to beef, but not to bonnets; a cabbage may be purchased without and even in spite of authority, but not a costume. A certain abuse, or rather possibility of abuse, is opened up by the exceptions. What if some desperate housewife were to open a truck-system with her milliner, and exchange steaks (expressly sanctioned by name in Lord Justice Bramwell's judgment) for the trappings of vanity? This idea, however, is probably the offspring of a depraved imagination. "How many steaks must I give for one ball-dress?" would be an interesting problem for an examiner of the higher forms of public schools, but hardly anything more. It will be rather curious to see whether the decision has any effect on the general practice of tradesmen. Many things have combined of late to hit hard the old practice of combining long prices and long credit. This judgment, though by no means likely to end retail dealing on credit, which is in some respects a convenient practice enough, must tend further to restrict it. It has very rarely been pronounced so authoritatively that in such dealing the law, if it does not exactly refuse to recognize credit, looks on it with a certain amount of disfavour. The burden of ascertaining the truth is, almost for the first time, thrown directly on the tradesman. Nor can it be said that it is unfair thus to throw it, because the balance of profit in the transaction undoubtedly lies with him, as is clearly perceived from the wide margin existing in most cases between cash and credit prices. Of course ladies are not alone in a leaning to credit, but perhaps it may be said that they are apt to continue fond of it longer than men, partly because of the very customary opinion which the Court of Appeal has just pronounced to be fallacious. Sooner or later a man has to pay his own bills; in the theory referred to a woman when once she was married had an almost unlimited credit to draw on. It is not very likely that

many ladies will expose themselves to the awkward consequences which, as was hinted in the judgment, would follow a false representation of authority; nor even in this case would the tradesman benefit. On the whole, nobody who need be much pitied suffers from the decision, and to a class of men who, with many and grave faults, possess after all some merit, and form a considerable proportion of the nation, it is distinctly good news.

THE STAFF COLLEGE.

IT appears that the subject of the Staff College is again exercising the minds of the military authorities, and a preliminary investigation is now being prosecuted which may or may not lead to the adoption of that panacea for all the ills that British institutions are heir to—a Committee of Inquiry. One of the principal questions to be propounded is whether the present regulations ensure that the best men—that is, the men best suited morally and physically for the staff—obtain admission to the College; and before proceeding to discuss this question it may be well if, for the benefit of our civilian readers, we state fully what those regulations are. An officer wishing to compete for entrance to the College must make his application while actually serving with his regiment or corps. He must have five years' service at least, and must produce a certificate from his commanding officer to the effect that he is in every respect a thoroughly good and efficient regimental officer. A Board consisting of the three senior officers of his regiment then reports confidentially upon the following subjects:—Whether the candidate's conduct is marked by steadiness, prudence, and temperance? Is he extravagant in his mode of living? Does he display activity, intelligence, discretion, and zeal in his profession? Is his disposition such as would enable him to perform the duties of the staff with tact and discrimination, in a manner calculated to ensure that orders which he might convey would be cheerfully carried out? or are his manners and temper objectionable and likely to cause him to disagree with those with whom he might be brought in contact? Is he active and energetic in his habits? a good or indifferent rider? and is he short-sighted or deaf? A medical certificate of good health and fitness for the active duties of the staff must also be furnished. Finally, the candidate must be attached for a month to the staff of a general officer, who at the end of that period will report confidentially on the officer's general fitness for staff employment, and especially on his aptitude for business and for conducting official correspondence. These preliminary tests being satisfactorily passed, the candidate may present himself at the competitive examination for admission to the College.

Now it might not unnaturally be supposed that an officer who combined in his own person all these qualifications, and who moreover possessed sufficient brains to place him among the successful twenty at the examination, would be something very much like perfection itself, and certainly admirably adapted in every way for the duties of the staff. It might also be supposed that by the time such a paragon had passed safely through the arduous and varied course of instruction at the College, he would be something quite too perfect—in fact, a combination of physical and intellectual excellence seldom to be found out of three-volume novels. Unfortunately, perfection is notoriously difficult of attainment, and it is well known in the service that here and there an officer obtains access to the College who does not by any means come up to the required standard of regimental efficiency. Let us suppose the case of an officer of some nine or ten years' service, who has spent nearly the whole of it with his regiment, taking his full share of foreign service and no more than his share of leave. He subscribes to all the regimental clubs and institutions, entertains guests at the mess, goes into society, and generally supports the credit of the corps. Possibly he has served with it in one of our numerous little wars, and wears a medal. Yet, in spite of all this, it is remarked that he is kept perpetually in the background—in a word, that he never comes to the front. His turn for detachment never seems to arrive, the adjutant being always ready with some unanswerable reason why his company is not to go just then. If his colonel is ordered to detail an officer for some special duty, he is sure not to be the one chosen. In short, he is kept under continual supervision, not from any actual or openly expressed dissatisfaction with him as an officer, but simply from a feeling that he had better not be trusted in any independent capacity. While he may be an excellent subordinate, no one ever dreams of placing him in any situation of command. The officer in question, having always been of a somewhat studious turn, determines one day to try to vary the monotony of regimental routine by going to the Staff College, and forthwith begins to study. When he feels himself sufficiently advanced, he formally announces his intention to his colonel and applies for the necessary certificate. The colonel at once finds himself in a dilemma. On the one hand, he feels perfectly convinced that the applicant has not the makings of a good staff officer in him, and he also knows that this conviction is shared by the regiment in general. On the other hand, is he to take upon himself the responsibility of depriving an officer against whom he can adduce no actual shortcomings of a chance of distinction? May he not after all be mistaken in his opinion, and is it not well known that many who have not been good regimental officers have succeeded on the staff? In despair he turns to the copies of his own and his predecessor's confidential reports on the officer in question. He finds such terms as "careful," "steady," and "attentive," in abundance—in a word, all is mediocrity—and nothing further. But he cannot make up his mind to say "No," so the certificate is promised, and the candidate is passed on to the regimental Board. Here, again, there is the same unwillingness to cast the first stone at an old comrade, and eventually the examination is passed successfully, and he joins the College.

In this way, doubtless, some men who cannot be said to be thoroughly good regimental officers succeed in getting on the staff; but they are the exception, and not, as represented in certain quarters, the rule. Even when such officers have joined the College, they may fail at either the first or second yearly examination, or they may be unfavourably reported upon by the College authorities and removed. That the present system regulating admission is not perfect we admit; still the tests demanded are fixed at so high a standard that we can hardly wonder if they are not always rigidly fulfilled. Nor is it easy in time of peace to suggest any improvement on the old system of selection for the staff, which may be briefly described as nepotism tempered by favouritism, and anything is better than that. The real advantage of the Staff College is that it provides a body of men who must at the worst have been fairly good regimental officers, who possess a considerable share of brains and intelligence, and, more than all, who have proved their capacity and willingness for work. Thus a certain fixed, tangible standard of merit is provided; and we cannot at present see how any other system would answer better. For example, it has been laid down, and very justly, in the Queen's regulations, that officers who have not passed through the Staff College may yet be eligible for staff employment if they are of "proved ability in the field"; and there is no doubt that, if the term be accepted in its full and proper sense, such officers should have precedence of all others. But what is "proved ability in the field"? Will any two authorities agree in their definition of the term? An aide-de-camp or an orderly officer who safely delivers an important despatch at a critical moment may be considered by one general to have proved his ability, while another would ridicule the idea. The very vagueness of the term is dangerous, and in a protracted campaign might open the door to serious abuse. As we have already said, we are not prepared to suggest any improvement on the present mode of supplying the staff of our army. The intellectual and educational part of the process is an actual reality, which cannot be gainsaid or controverted; the moral part is, and must remain, to a certain extent, a matter of opinion; and where this element is once introduced into the question we must allow for human fallibility. Whatever faults there are in the system occur not in the College, but in the regiment; and the sole remedy that can be applied is for commanding and superior officers to harden their hearts and speak their opinions freely.

Another subject connected with the Staff College which will probably form a matter of inquiry is the curriculum of study. This, however, is comparatively a matter of detail, and doubtless some room for improvement may be found. There used to be, if we mistake not, an undue preponderance of subjects which are, or rather should be, left entirely to the Engineers and Artillery. For instance, permanent fortification was carried to an extent which would certainly appear excessive when it is remembered that, wherever siege operations on a large scale are undertaken, there are sure to be a sufficient number of engineer officers present. Again, the study of the manufacture and working of the heaviest guns, such as are only used on board ship or in places like Gibraltar or Malta, would appear unnecessary, for we certainly cannot be said to suffer from a dearth of artillery officers. It is constantly urged that the College course is too theoretical and not sufficiently practical; but for this there is no remedy. With the exception of the limited extent of country around Aldershot, every inch of which is familiar to nearly every officer in the service, we have no ground available for instruction. A certain sum is appropriated in the College estimates for manœuvres, and accordingly once a year the commandant, professors, and students sally forth for a four or five days' trip, during which imaginary troops are conducted through imaginary operations, the sole reality about the affair being the expense. Practical training, whether for officers or men, means an unlimited extent of varied country, which with us is an impossibility. Some improvement on the present course may, however, be made with advantage, for military science is perpetually developing fresh features which demand attention and study.

There can be no doubt that the Staff College has done, and is doing, immense good in a quiet unobtrusive way. It has brought to the front dozens of good men who must otherwise have rusted in obscurity for want of interest, and, more than this, it has indirectly raised the intellectual level of our officers in general, inasmuch as every candidate who succeeds represents three or four more who, though they have failed, have yet studied. The names of such men as Evelyn Wood, Pomeroy Colley, and Redvers Buller—the latter of whom, however, quitted the College on service before completing his course—ought to convince the most sceptical on this point. As we remarked on a recent occasion, the nation is just now a little out of temper with military education in general; but, at any rate, we hope that the utility of the Staff College may not be impaired.

THE NEW BANKING ACT AT WORK.

THE *Statist* of Saturday last contains a very full and detailed account of the progress made under the new Act in limiting the liability of shareholders, the leading points of which are highly interesting. It may be recollected that about a month ago the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated in the House of Commons that he was unofficially informed that more than half the unlimited banks had decided to avail themselves of the benefit of the Act of last year. The *Statist* has been at the pains to verify this statement, and it brings out a great number of other facts which the Minister could not touch upon in reply to a question. It will be seen, from what we proceed to show, that the success of the Act has been much greater and prompter than was generally expected. The Act was permissive, and for that reason it was commonly assumed that it must fail. The banks, it was said, never could come to an agreement among themselves, and without an agreement each would be afraid to act, lest it should give an advantage to its competitors. Moreover, the Act was passed in a hurry. Some clauses to which importance was attached were left out, and amendments very much desired were not seriously discussed. It was argued that legislation manifestly so incomplete could not be final; and it was concluded that bankers would wait for a more thorough measure. The obstacles which the Act had to overcome were therefore considerable; and the success it has attained is, for that reason, the more remarkable.

When the Act was passed matters stood in this way. Not reckoning the Bank of England—which, of course, is a limited bank, and to which the measure does not apply—there were altogether thirteen metropolitan banks, four of which were unlimited and nine limited. The four unlimited had a paid-up capital of 5,195,000*l.*, a reserve fund of 2,269,000*l.*, and shareholders numbering 11,596. The limited, on the other hand, had a paid-up capital of no more than 2,578,000*l.*, and a reserve fund of only 471,000*l.*; while the number of shareholders was barely 3,077. It will be seen from these figures how inconsiderable the limited banks were in comparison with the unlimited, here in London at least. Though in the proportion of nine to four, they had not half the paid-up capital; they had only one-fifth the reserve fund, and they had little more than a quarter of the number of shareholders. Indeed one single unlimited bank, the London and Westminster, had 50 per cent. more shareholders than all its nine limited competitors taken together; it had more than twice as large a reserve fund; and it had nearly four-fifths of their paid-up capital. But a great change has now taken place. Two of the four unlimited banks have decided to become limited, and their paid-up capital amounts to 2,600,000*l.*, or more than half the aggregate of the four; their reserve fund is also more than half, being 1,219,000*l.*; and the number of proprietors is nearly half, being 5,700. Thus the state of the case in London now is eleven limited banks, with a paid-up capital of 5,178,000*l.*, a reserve fund of 1,690,000*l.*, and 8,777 shareholders. On the other hand, the unlimited banks are only two; their paid-up capital is 2,595,000*l.*; their reserve fund, 1,051,000*l.*; and the number of shareholders, 5,896. Therefore, among the purely London banks, the unlimited have but half the paid-up capital, and they are weaker also as regards reserve fund and number of shareholders.

Coming now to the banks that are partly metropolitan and partly provincial, we find that when the Act passed three were unlimited and six limited. The three unlimited had a paid-up capital of 3,537,000*l.*, a reserve fund of 1,890,000*l.*, and their shareholders numbered 9,639. The six limited banks of the same class had a paid-up capital of 1,780,000*l.*, a reserve fund of 306,000*l.*, and their shareholders numbered 5,654. Here also, it will be seen, the limited banks were incomparably weaker than their unlimited competitors. But here the change has been complete. The three unlimited banks which were partly metropolitan and partly provincial have all decided to become limited. Consequently, the statement regarding this class of banks now is—they are nine in number; they are all limited, or becoming limited; they have a paid-up capital of 5,317,000*l.*, a reserve fund of 2,196,000*l.*, and the number of their shareholders is 15,293. Coming in the last place to the purely provincial banks, there were of these, when the Act passed, fifty-five unlimited and forty-three limited. The fifty-five unlimited had a paid-up capital of 12,116,000*l.*, a reserve fund of 7,036,000*l.*, and the number of their proprietors was 20,146. The forty-three limited banks had a paid-up capital of 8,307,000*l.*, a reserve fund of 3,584,000*l.*, and the number of their shareholders was 19,525. In this class, it will be seen, the pre-eminence of the unlimited banks was by no means so marked as in the other two. Their paid-up capital exceeded that of the limited banks by less than one-third; and there was not a great disparity of numbers as regards the shareholders. The change that has now taken place has transferred the superiority altogether to the limited banks. Twenty-three purely provincial banks formerly unlimited have decided to become limited. Of these the paid-up capital amounts to 5,368,000*l.*, the reserve fund to 3,418,000*l.*, and the number of shareholders to 10,824. The result is that the purely provincial banks already limited, or becoming limited, number sixty-six; their paid-up capital amounts to 13,675,000*l.*, their reserve fund to 7,065,000*l.*, and the number of their shareholders to 30,349. On the other hand, the banks of the same class remaining unlimited now number no more than thirty-two; their paid-up capital amounts to only 6,730,000*l.*, their reserve fund to 3,608,000*l.*, and the number of their shareholders to 9,408. In other words, the purely provincial banks remaining unlimited are, as respects number, paid-up capital, and reserve fund, less than half as strong as the limited, and have not quite one-third as many shareholders.

To sum up what we have said, the case stood thus when the Act received the Royal assent; there were in England, Wales, and the Isle of Man altogether sixty-two unlimited banks, having an aggregate paid-up capital of 20,848,000*l.*, a reserve fund of 11,195,000*l.*, and shareholders numbering 41,381. Of limited banks there were altogether fifty-eight, having an aggregate paid-up capital of 12,665,000*l.*, a reserve fund of 4,361,000*l.*, and shareholders numbering 28,256. Thus in capital the limited banks had about three-fifths as much as the unlimited, and nearly three-fourths as many shareholders. Now the state of the case is as follows:—The number of unlimited banks is reduced to thirty-four, their paid-up capital to 9,325,000*l.*, their reserve fund to 4,659,000*l.*, and their shareholders to 15,304. On the other hand, the number of limited banks has been raised to eighty-six, their paid-up capital to 24,170,000*l.*, their reserve fund to 10,951,000*l.*, and their shareholders to 54,419. The number of limited banks is now 71·7 per cent. of the whole, their paid-up capital 72·1 per cent.; their reserve fund 70·2 per cent.; and the number of their shareholders 78 per cent. In other words, whether as respects number, capital, or shareholders, they constitute almost three-fourths of all the banking interest of England. Even this, however, does not represent the whole extent of the movement. At the end of the article referred to, the *Statist* prints a list of the banks still remaining unlimited, and in two columns it sets out any expressions of opinion on this subject contained in the reports lately issued, or elicited at the shareholders' meetings, and also any declarations of policy made. From this analysis it appears that out of the thirty-four banks, sixteen, or almost one-half, have expressed themselves in favour of limitation of liability, but for one reason or another have decided to take no step as yet. It is highly probable that of these sixteen some will follow the example so generally set them the next time they meet their shareholders. On the occasion already referred to, the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated that the Government does not intend to legislate further in the matter. If the coming elections, then, result in a Conservative victory, the prospect of an amending Bill will become so remote that it is almost certain that such of the banks as are only waiting for further legislation will see the uselessness of waiting any longer. If, on the contrary, the Liberals gain a majority, it is likely that the banks which as yet have made no change will put off doing so until they have learned the intentions of the new Ministry. But sooner or later the universal limitation of liability appears to be assured. The figures we have quoted prove beyond a doubt that the Act of last year was no mere panic legislation, but was passed in response to a very genuine and well-founded demand. The Act, as we have already said, was not thoroughly considered, and is very incomplete; but with all its imperfections it has been accepted as a boon, and its provisions resorted to so generally and so promptly that we may be pretty sure the other banks will follow.

It is very desirable that they should do so. We need not now dwell upon the danger of a deterioration in the proprietary of banks which remain unlimited. This matter has been sufficiently discussed already. But there is another point of view from which, perhaps, the question has not been sufficiently regarded. Unlimited liability undoubtedly encouraged the giving of credit where credit was not deserved. It is notorious that the Glasgow Bank was able to continue the malpractices which ruined so many hundred families, solely because the liability of its shareholders was unlimited. Its acceptances were given so recklessly, and were put in circulation in such enormous numbers, that again and again people grew alarmed, and made up their minds to have nothing more to do with its paper. But after a while they reflected that the Bank was unlimited, and that consequently, whatever might happen, the unfortunate shareholders would be responsible to the last penny belonging to them. It is in the highest degree improbable, indeed, that mismanagement such as that of the Glasgow Bank will soon again be witnessed. But mismanagement of a lesser kind is always to be apprehended, and unlimited liability indisputably fosters it. In another way, too, its influence is injurious. One of the great difficulties bank managers have to contend against is the accumulation of deposits in larger amounts than they can profitably employ. Of course the giving of interest attracts these deposits, and is thus at the root of the mischief. But it cannot be doubted that unlimited liability also counts for something in the matter. And it will be a relief to the banks themselves as well as a public advantage, if the movement now on foot should permanently check the undue accumulation of deposits which cannot be safely and prudently employed.

PICTURE EXHIBITIONS.

M. DE NEUVILLE'S battle-piece, "The Defence of Rorke's Drift," is now being exhibited at the Fine Art Society's rooms in New Bond Street. The picture is in many respects a remarkable one. It cannot be easy for a French painter, completely used to painting French scenes of battle, to adapt his figures to the English type. This M. de Neuville has succeeded

thoroughly in doing; and in this respect it is highly interesting to compare the finished picture with the small study which hangs on its right hand as one enters. This study, unlike the one on the left, takes a different view of the situation, and is extremely sketchy; but in spite of its sketchiness all the types are obviously French. The finished picture has remarkable force and spirit; and the details, thoughtfully conceived and admirably executed, combine to make a striking and lasting impression on the spectator. Every salient feature of this gallant defence which has been recorded is given its proper importance by the painter, who, while he has spared no pains in this matter, has made his composition impressive as a whole. The detached figures, among whom Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead, Surgeon Reynolds, and the Rev. George Smith are prominent, stand out with due force; but there is no suggestion of the general effect being sacrificed to any particular detail. We have heard it objected that M. de Neuville has erred on the side of suppressing the "sensationalism" which some painters might have been tempted to get out of the savage bravery of the masses of Zulus, but it seems to us that in this matter his instinct and judgment have been highly artistic. There is, we think, more strength in the suggestion of the surging herd of warriors nearly hidden by the smoke, in which only a few figures are distinguishable, than there would have been in a more direct representation. The attention is fixed, as it should be, on the defenders, and their gestures, looks, and attitudes give a complete enough idea of the odds which their bravery has to encounter. If any fault were to be found with the actual painting of this fine work, we should be inclined to discover it in the flames which issue from the burning hospital; but flame is, no doubt, an exceedingly difficult thing to paint. There are, as we have hinted, many striking points of detail in the picture, among which we may refer to the expression of the wounded corporal on the left, who seems to forget his hurts in his excitement over the fortune of the fight, and to the admirably lifelike look of Surgeon Reynolds's bull-terrier in the central group. Altogether the picture is, as may have been supposed from what we have said already, a fine representation of a most impressive incident of warfare. The description of the work issued in the gallery is complete and careful, and contains the nominal list of all those who were engaged in the defence. There is considerable interest to be found in the comparison of the finished picture with the two small studies which hang on either side of it.

The present exhibition at the French Gallery, though it contains no such striking pictures as M. de Neuville's "Le Bourget," exhibited there some little time ago, is well up to the mark in general excellence. One of the most remarkable pictures to be seen there is M. Olivier Merson's "Flight into Egypt" (8). This is a work of which the general impression is fine. It represents with much accuracy and beauty a calm starlit night in the plains. The atmosphere is admirably luminous; and at first sight the figure of the Sphinx, against one paw of which the Virgin lies sleeping with her child in her arms, is imposing enough. Unfortunately, a further examination will show that the Virgin must be, at a moderate computation, about forty feet high. In spite of this curious blunder, the quality of light in the picture, and its general idea, cannot but prove attractive. Corot's "Lake Nemi" (17), with a single figure of a bather climbing out of the water, which hangs on the same wall, is a fine specimen of the master's work, and shows in a marked degree his pathetic sympathy with, and power of interpreting, the shifting moods of nature. On the opposite wall is a large, but not particularly admirable, picture by M. von Angeli, entitled "The Avenger of his Honour." The work is strictly conventional, and painted with a painfully smooth accuracy. It might pass, with a few alterations, for the death of Rizzio; but to us it is suggestive of nothing so much as of that well-known and clever satire in etching, "La Fin de l'Acte à L'Opéra." Of the other large pictures M. Salmson's "An Arrest in Picardy" (159) has much truth and movement, the figure of the accusing woman shaking an angry fist in the culprit's face being particularly good, while the atmosphere of the whole work is remarkable; and M. Billet's "Avant la Pêche" (186) is a delightfully bright and pleasant composition, something in the manner of M. Israels in his happier moods. M. Constant's "Sur les Terrasses—Tanger" (172) is an odd work, gorgeous, but not altogether pleasing in colour, and the principal figure is a woman with a painfully and startlingly masculine head. M. Kauffmann's power of humour is illustrated in several small works, amongst which we may single out for special praise "The Village Belle" (123). M. Heffner sends some striking and beautiful landscape studies, the best of which perhaps is "The Forest Glade" (200). The Gallery contains many imitations, varying in merit, of M. Meissonier's style, and M. Domingo, a master in the same school, is represented by a tiny work, "A Game of Piquet" (206), in his accustomed manner, the full merit of which can only be discovered by the aid of a magnifying glass. M. de Neuville sends a finely painted, but not very interesting, picture, "Giving the Password" (23); and Mr. Alma-Tadema a charming little episode of antique life, "A Well-Protected Slumber" (205).

Mr. Frith has painted, and Mr. Tom Taylor has described in a handbook issued to visitors, a series of anecdotes on canvas entitled "The Race for Wealth," which are shown at the King Street Galleries. Mr. Tom Taylor goes audaciously to work. On the first page he strikes the parallel between Mr. Frith and Hogarth; quoting from the latter his explanation of the essentially dramatic purpose of his paintings. "I have endeavoured," wrote Hogarth, "to treat my subjects as a dramatic writer, my picture is my stage, my men and women my players, who by means of certain actions and postures are to exhibit a dumb show." No doubt Mr. Frith has also endeavoured to do this; but beyond that point the parallel suggested by Mr. Tom Taylor will not hold good. He might as well have quoted in defence of Romeo Coates, to keep to Hogarth's dramatic metaphor, the "endeavours" of Garrick to interpret the character of Romeo. Mr. Frith's productions are dramatic in the same sense in which the performances of a bad actor are dramatic, and, with the exception of one single figure in one of the groups, in no other sense. The exhibition of "a dumb show" may have high interest, but that depends upon the figures having the attributes of life, and seeming as if they could speak if they would. This is what is found in the works of the great painter between whom and Mr. Frith Mr. Tom Taylor has ventured to suggest a comparison, and it is precisely what is not found in the works of Mr. Frith. The figures are no better than dummies; and the accompaniments of the figures, the furniture and appointments of each scene, are painted in the most dingy and scratchy manner, instead of being, as in Hogarth, instinct with the full skill of a master of his craft. The first of Mr. Frith's series shows the interior of a speculator's office, with various details, all of which Mr. Tom Taylor, who never aims at criticism throughout his showman's catalogue, describes at length. In one instance he displays something of the imagination which some superior showmen put into their "patter," for he discovers "a touch of ruth" in the profoundly inexpressive face of a young clerk who is exhibiting a mining map. In doing this he does injustice, it would seem, to the subject of his eulogy. We cannot suppose that Mr. Frith thinks such a speculator as he represents would not take care to inspire "young clerks" with belief in himself. The clock, Mr. Tom Taylor points out to us, "marks half past eleven"; and he proceeds to comment on this exquisite touch by saying, "Visitors can be early in the city on such business—the greener, the eagerer." The second scene, an "at home" at the speculator's house, is chiefly remarkable for the fact that in the pictures on the walls "we can identify work of Turner, Egg, and C. Leslie, Frank Stone, and Linnell." This is, of course, profoundly interesting. The third scene is ushered in with notes of admiration. "The bubble has burst! The blow has fallen! We are in the cosy breakfast parlour of the comfortable country rector," of whom Mr. Tom Taylor goes on to say that "he sits with bowed head in collapse; who shall say with what bitter whisperings of self-reproach?" To us, we confess, he looks remarkably stolid and comfortable, perhaps a trifle sleepy. As for the "young sailor-boy, new (*sic*) come home, who sits in his naval cadet's jacket, the focus of the glow and light of family love," he is even more of a dull and wooden doll than the two daughters, who "have started up, their arms round each other, as if for mutual strength and support." The one good touch in the group and the one and only good thing in the series is the figure of the mother, which has some real feeling. We need hardly go at length through these performances. We have already dwelt upon their commonplaceness, their want of invention and imagination, and it is only necessary to add that their flatness and vulgarity is not redeemed by any technical excellence. Mr. Tom Taylor's guide-book is admirably suited to its purpose, and ends with these profound remarks, "The race for wealth has been run. We see the end of one of 'the favourites.' Perhaps if we could follow the others whom we saw entered for the race, we should find their finish, if less ignominious, hardly more happy."

REVIEWS.

THE TEMPLE AT BUDDHA-GAYÂ.*

THE disinterment of some Merovingian King who looks upwards in placid majesty for a moment from his golden shroud, and then, shroud and all, collapses into dust, is but a type of what happens more slowly in other cases. Some building, perhaps but a fragment, which has lain unknown and unvisited for two thousand years, is discovered, fresh in beauty and sharpness of detail, preserved perhaps by the rubbish-heaps with which its would-be destroyers had covered it; a few years pass and its treasures of rarity and beauty have disappeared; often no one can tell how or why. Sometimes, indeed, the how and why is obvious enough. Thus General Cunningham, defending his action in removing the best sculptures of Bharahut against the lamented Professor Childers, who found in the proceeding "an aroma of Vandalism," says justly:—"I am willing to accept the *aroma*, since I have saved all the more important sculptures. Of those that were left behind, *every stone that was removable has since been carted away by the people* for building purposes." In any case we must accept the dilemma. The veil of ages once lifted cannot be replaced. What we should desire then is speedy and accurate measurement, description, and illustration, before the inevitable acceleration of decay begins. These remarks are suggested by two works which

* *Buddha-Gayâ; the Hermitage of Sâkya Muni.* By Rajendralâla Mitra, LL.D., C.I.E., &c. Published under the Orders of the Government of Bengal. Calcutta.

have recently reached us, both illustrating Buddhistic localities of great interest—namely, General Cunningham's account of the Stúpa of Bharahut (with which we shall not deal at present), and Dr. Rajendralála Mitra's monograph on Buddha-Gayá. The latter has been described not a day too soon, and to the learned Doctor and Pundit thanks are due for his endeavours to secure a record of what remained before decay and vandalism should have done their worst.

Buddha-Gayá never sank into the safe oblivion that shielded the fragments of Bharahut and Amarávati, two places the origin of whose sanctity can only be surmised. Benares, where Sákya first preached his doctrine, has become the metropolis of another Law. Kapila, his birthplace, Kusinagara, the place of his Nirvána, had passed out of sight and memory, till rescued by the same engineer officer whose services to Indian history will never allow the name of Cunningham to be forgotten. But Buddh-Gayá, even after the last pool of Buddhist doctrine had dried up in India, continued to draw from foreign lands devout pilgrims with presents and well-intentioned restorers. Its sacredness was due to the fact that round its ruined shrines once stood the groves of Uruvilvá, where Sákya passed through his six years of asceticism; and here beneath a pippal tree on the banks of the Nairanjaná—the Liláján of our day, probably the Erenysis of Megasthenes—after abandoning asceticism as vain, he accomplished the "meditation of perfection" by which he was believed to have achieved the Buddhahood. If any one would read in pleasant and poetic abridgment what befell this prince of hermits in the years of his penance and in the days of his final struggle and victory, we refer him to the charming quasi-Tennysonian verse of Mr. Edwin Arnold, which has lately won him from the sympathetic King of Siam the appropriate Order of the White Elephant.

Here then at *Buddh*-Gayá—so called to distinguish it from other localities of Hindu sanctity in the same district—sacred sites were crowded together as closely as the holy places of Jerusalem in the traditions of the monks:—

> Every spot where the Saint had rested or taken his meal, every pool in which he had laved his person or washed his scanty raiment, every nook or corner connected in some way or other with his long-protracted meditations and self-torture, once had its recording-stone; and nothing was left undone to produce an unintermitted page of monumental history for the period he devoted to the acquirement of perfection in the knowledge of good and evil.—p. 21

Of these sacred places the focus and most sacred of all was Bodhidrúma, the Tree of Understanding, the pippal under whose shade the climax had been reached. And for all these local monuments of Buddhist tradition the Chinese Hwen Thsang's narrative remains to us an indicator, like those of the Arculfs, and Willibalds, and Burchards of the earlier and later middle ages for Jerusalem. He found the Bodhi-tree (*c.* A.D. 637) surrounded by an oblong walled enclosure of brick, some 20 feet in height and 500 paces in circuit, and girdled with umbrageous trees. In the centre of this enclosure stood the "Diamond Throne," dating from the foundation of the world. When all the world quaked this throne alone was unmoved, and seated on it all the Buddhas of past ages had achieved the divine climax of wisdom and power. And there, immovable it still remained; only, since the degeneracy of this latter Kalpa, sand and soil had spread over the precious adamant, and it was no longer visible. Above its site, however, still grew the tree, which had undergone many vicissitudes, but survived them all. Close on the east of the tree was a lofty *vihára* (the word originally meaning a place of recreation, then a monastery, but, like that word in its other shape of *minster*, often used as here for the shrine attached to the monastery), "built of blue bricks covered with lime," 160 or 170 feet in height, with a base of 20 paces square. Its façades rose in tiers of niches, each containing a figure of Buddha, and combined with other elaborate sculptures and images of Rishis or holy anchorets, the whole crowned with a gilt copper *amlaka*, the *donla* or emblic myrobalan—in fact, with a many-lobed orange-like spheroid. On the east side (that of the entrance) a two-storied pavilion had been erected, in contact with the tower, bearing a high-pitched triple roof. Of the many sacred sites and buildings described by Hwen Thsang, this, the great temple, alone remains manifest. The Brahmans have adopted the general traditional sanctities of the place, though not now occupying that monument. A Sivaite monastery has been built at hand; and, by a strange perversion, many of the numerous votive dagobas which had gathered round the Buddhist shrine have been adopted as the gross emblem of Mahadeo, and planted over the sepulchres of defunct sanniyásis.

Curious questions have arisen as to the age of the great temple as we now see it. General Cunningham, after showing in detail the remarkable precision with which it agrees in dimensions and in several other particulars with those given by Hwen Thsang, comes to the conclusion "that we now see before us the very temple which Hwen Thsang visited and described in A.D. 637. To all those who have seen the temple this opinion has appeared equally certain and conclusive" (*Archæol. Reports*, vol. iii. p. 91). Judging from the exterior alone, there could thus be hardly room for doubt that the building is the same that was seen in the seventh century. The interior structure, as it is, consists of a cell of oblong rectangular form (20 feet 4 inches by 13 feet), covered, at 22 feet from the floor, with a pointed vault. Above this is another chamber, also oblong, and similarly vaulted at about an equal height. And such doubt as has arisen regarding the identity of the present building with that seen by Hwen Thsang has been suggested by these vaults; for it has been a generally accepted doctrine that the Hindus were ignorant of the true arch, or at least never used it; their openings, where a lintel was not employed, being formed by the *horizontal* arch, in which each layer of brick or stone is stepped or corbelled out until the narrowed space can be spanned. This is exactly the same principle on which rivers in the Himálaya, when not exceeding forty or fifty yards in width, are bridged with logs of cedar. The treasury of Atreus at Mycenæ, and the cell of Maes-How in Orkney, are instances of this construction in stone; and it is in this way that the towers, corridors, and openings of old Hindu temples on the Continent, as well as those in Java, and in Camboja, are closed in. It is thus that the doorways of the Kutb Minár at Delhi, and the splendid arches of the adjoining mosque, and great tomb of Alá-uddín, are formed. In these latter cases we find the Hindu artisan carrying out the orders, perhaps the design, of the Mahommedan Lord, who could at least rudely sketch the form of the openings he desired, though he could not teach constructive detail.

Now it is very remarkable that the arches of the Buddh-Gayá Temple are of a very peculiar kind (which we shall presently explain), and that kind the same that is so extensively used in the great mediæval structures at Pagán on the Irawadi; whilst it is also an historical fact, known from an inscription still existing on the spot, that the Buddh-Gayá Temple was in some measure, large or small, restored or repaired by a mission from one of the Burmese kingdoms (apparently Arakan), in the year 1305-6. Putting these two facts together, it is not wonderful that the belief should have been adopted by Mr. Fergusson and others that the "restoration" accomplished by the Burmese in the fourteenth century went far towards reconstruction, and included the building of the vaulted cells. It may be added that the three-storied arrangement of cell above cell, though most unusual in Indian shrines of any kind, has exact parallels among the great brick temples on the Irawadi. In 1865 Mr. Fergusson, in a letter printed by the Asiatic Society of Bengal, expressed his opinion thus:—

> I see no reason to doubt the evidence of the inscription that the building was erected in the first years of the fourteenth century. From its architecture. . . . I should have been inclined to make it even more modern; and the evidence of the arches . . . . is to my mind conclusive that it was erected long after the Mahomedan conquest. Had it been built by true Hindoos they would not have been found there even then; but the Burmese never hated the arch so cordially as the true Hindoo. . . . I feel nearly quite certain that the arches were inserted and the tower took its present form in the beginning of the fourteenth century.

We may observe in passing that the penultimate remark about the Burmese, so far as it applies to their mediæval buildings (and practically now they never build except in timber), would be fairly paralleled by another apophthegm which (*pace tanti viri*) we will hazard here—namely, that the Dutchman never hated sausages like the true Osmanli Turk. Mr. Fergusson is not one apt to change his opinions. But so strong have, we apprehend, been the arguments urged by General Cunningham on this subject (*Archæological Reports*, vol. iii.), that in the last form of the Oriental portion of his great work (*The History of Indian and Eastern Architecture*, 1876), Mr. Fergusson's views show evident modification. His latest utterance will be found at p. 70 of that work. It intimates in effect that the substantial identity of the existing structure with that of the seventh century may be accepted, but that the arches are mediæval additions by the Burmese.

The peculiarity of these arches is this; that the bricks, instead of lying flat face to flat face, with the arch joints parallel to the abutment, are laid edge to edge, with the arch joints at right angles to the abutment. In fact, they are exactly like the segments of those flat circular or annular cakes, cut by lines radiating from the centre, that we see in a confectioner's window. This peculiar arch is also that used in all the great vaults or "caves," as the Burmese call them, of the temples at Pagán, though in the minor openings of those buildings arches of ordinary European structure (*i.e.* with the bricks laid face to face), whether pointed, cusped, triangular, or even perfectly flat, are common. When these peculiar arches were first described in the narrative of Major Phayre's Mission to Ava in 1855, they were not known to exist in India; but the identity of the arches at Buddh-Gayá was recognized by General Cunningham and others some years later, and naturally the first impression was that they had been introduced by the Burmese restorers of 1305-6. From a further study of the building, however, General Cunningham has arrived at a conviction that the internal arching, though not part of the original construction, is of a date prior to Hwen Thsang's visit, and he finds this addition to elucidate a story which that worthy relates. This story tells how the pious Minister of an heretical king, who tried to destroy the Bodhi-tree, was ordered by his master to remove the Buddha image and substitute an emblem of Mahadeo. The Minister tried "to make the best of both worlds" by building a screen-wall before the Buddha, and setting up the Mahadeo in front of it. Assuming that the cell was originally square (as it assuredly was), the screen-wall would destroy its symmetry; and General Cunningham conceives that the vault and its abutment walls were introduced at this time, reducing, as they would, the deformed cell again to quadrilateral symmetry. This ingenious argument certainly goes very near carrying conviction. Dr. Rajendra, who supports it strongly, cites another ancient temple at Kunch in the same district, where there has also been an evidently subsequent introduction of a vaulted lining to the cell. It is true that, as he says, there is here no reason to suspect Burmese intervention. Still it is to be noted that at Kunch, as at

Buddh-Gayá, the corbelled construction belongs to the original edifice, the radiated arch is the later addition. And we can hardly suppose that here also was enacted the little drama of the heretic king and the Buddhist Minister. So that altogether the evidence of the Kunch temple is by no means decisive.

Demonstration, however, of the antiquity of the arch in India has recently been found. In vol. viii. of the *Archæological Reports of India*, Mr. Beglar, one of General Cunningham's assistants, describes his exploration of an ancient site at Nongarh, a place adjoining the East Indian Railway in Behar. The result of the excavation was to show that a small temple had existed on the site; that in course of time this temple fell in ruins, and became a low mound; that subsequently over this mound a *stúpa* was built. From the fragment of an image bearing an inscription the temple is assigned with probability to the age of the Christian era. In any case Mr. Beglar found that this temple, ruined, and buried, and piled with rubbish over which a Buddhist tope had been built, had been vaulted with bricks set edge to edge, in the fashion of the Burmese temples, and of those of Kunch and Buddh-Gayá. This discovery seems to prove beyond question that, however limited was the use of the true arch by the Hindus, they did know it some two thousand years ago in this peculiar form, and occasionally used it. We gather also that this form of construction was carried from India by the architects, whoever they were, of those wonderful structures at Pagán. We suspect that the origin of this kind of arch was entirely independent of any Western influences. It is precisely similar to the structure of very ancient wells in Upper India. In these we often find the steyning to be formed of large flat bricks or tiles, moulded so as to radiate from the centre of the well when laid in their annular bed. The brick arch of the Behar temples looks like a direct transfer of this construction from the well, where it was intended to resist horizontal pressure, to the vault, where it resists vertical pressure.

We have spoken of repairs by the Burmese in 1305–6. The character of these seems to have been exactly such as their countrymen have applied to the great temples on the Irawadi; and the accounts we have of the latter illustrate aptly the deterioration which formerly made Mr. Fergusson hesitate to recognize, in the existing tower of Buddh-Gayá, a relic even of the splendours described by Hwen Thsang. In the *Mission to Ava* (p. 44) we read of the Pagán temples:—

> It is only from the study and comparison of the remains of the unrepaired and unbarbarized temples that their full intention and true character can be made out. Every main cornice, for instance, is crowned with a sort of battlemented parapet, assuming in the repaired buildings a coarse incongruous appearance in rude plaster-work. In the temples which remain in their original state . . . . we find these battlements to be but the settings of embossed and glazed, and sometimes richly-coloured, tiles, which in fact must have formed a brilliant "polychromatic" coronet to each successive terrace of the temple. In the basement mouldings . . . . the upper limb is an ogee carved in bold foliation of truly classical character. This, in the restorations and beautifications, has been . . . . degraded into an idiotic and misplaced repetition of the battlemented crown of the cornice.

And so on. Compare this with Dr. Rajendra's observations at Buddh-Gayá, where the material is precisely the same, *i.e.* brick-work of an extraordinarily fine kind, but set only in *clay* and coated with plaster:—

> The plastering shows that the mouldings had undergone at least three successive repairs. . . . The repairers were in every case less efficient than those who built the temple. . . . Most of the finer stucco mouldings have been covered over—fine, bold, clear scrolls and forms, which with the first touch of the repairer became coarse and rude, and subsequently entirely hidden, changing well-formed, ribbed-melon capitals into misshapen round balls, and floral bases into plain toruses (pp. 86–87).

Whatever mischief may have been done by the Burmese of the fourteenth century, possibly their labours helped to preserve so much of the old temple as has survived to our day. Unfortunately no such apology can attach to renewed efforts of like kind made recently:—

> Certain Burmese gentlemen [writes Dr. Rajendra], deputed by H.M. the King of Burma, arrived at Buddh-Gayá at the beginning of 1877, and with the sanction of the Mahant [*i.e.* the Abbot of the adjoining convent], who is the present owner of the temple . . . carried on demolitions and excavations . . . which in a manner swept away most of the landmarks. The remains of the vaulted gateway . . . had been completely demolished . . . the stone pavilion over the Buddhapad [foot-mark] had been dismantled . . . the granite plinth beside it had been removed . . . the sites of the chambers brought to light by Major Mead had been cleared out. The drain-pipe and gargoyle which marked the level of the granite pavement had been destroyed. The foundations of the old buildings noticed by Hiouen Thsang around the Great Temple had been excavated for bricks, and filled up with rubbish. The revetment wall round the sacred Bodhi-tree had been rebuilt on a different foundation. The plaster ornaments on the interior face of the sanctuary had been knocked off and covered with a coat of plain stucco . . . The Burmese gentlemen were doubtless very pious and enthusiastic in the cause of their religion, but they were working on no systematic or traditional plan. They were ignorant of the true history of their faith, and perfectly innocent of all knowledge of architecture, and the requirements of archæology and history; and the mischief they have done by their misdirected zeal has been serious.—p. 66.

Some fanciful traveller has called the capital of the Siamese the Eastern Venice; but, with the late proceedings at St. Mark's fresh in memory, this recital might tempt a malignant suggestion that that title belongs of right to the Burmese. If these "Burmese gentlemen" had indeed "no traditional plan," they had at least a traditional model; it was that of the bull in a china-shop. But was all this perpetrated before any rumour of it could travel fifteen miles to the head-quarters of the district? Or was the collector an archæologic Gallio who cared for none of these things? The fact is that at present such risks are left to chance or the caprice of the civil authority. It is needful that law should make it as binding on the civil authorities of an Indian district to prevent the destruction of history as to protect property. It was understood last year that Lord Lytton had such a bill *in petto*. We trust he will not delay its introduction. When the line of railway to Candahar is laid, the lines of our future Afghan policy must be pretty well laid also; but much experience shows that it is just in such matters as this of archæology (*i.e.* of the protection of historical records), that all depends on the ruler's feeling an exceptional interest in the subject. Lord Lytton does feel that interest; his successor may be indifferent. Mr. Sherring, in his *History of Benares*, tells us that the remains at Sárnáth, where the fragment of a magnificent *stúpa* still commemorates the spot where Sákya began to "turn the Wheel of the Law," have contributed many cartloads of sculptured and other stones to the building of two bridges. A rock at the mouth of Singapore river, inscribed with ancient Indian characters, and well known as an object of historical interest ever since Raffles laid the foundation of the modern town, was blown up, some thirty or forty years ago, in defiance of remonstrance, because it stood in the way of some trumpery bungalow. And Mr. Rivett Carnac last year brought to notice the growing danger to all ancient remains from the very fact of the spread of a kind of antiquarian taste, and the opening of the tourist market for curiosities. Nothing will meet these dangers, as well as the older and more brutal kinds of vandalism, but law.

Dr. Rajendra's book contains many other points of interest, intelligently discussed or touched on. It has been published by order of the Government of Bengal, and apparently owes its origin to the Burmese freaks of which we have spoken. That Government, on hearing of those proceedings, sent Dr. Rajendra to the spot to watch and advise, but apparently too late for any good purpose. Having made his official report, he found himself in possession of a good deal of material which he thought it well to utilize in a monograph on the subject. After noticing the labours of his predecessors on this field, he writes:—

> Coming . . . after so many distinguished inquirers, I could only hope to glean where they had reaped the harvest. In the following pages I have, therefore, attempted to follow their footsteps, to elucidate questions left doubtful by them, to elaborate where they are brief, to fill up *lacunæ*, and to summarize all that is worth knowing of a locality which occupies a most important position in the religious history of India.

As regards much of the scope thus indicated, Dr. Rajendra has done good service, and we can cordially praise him, though we could hardly regard the book with complacency as the result of a Government archæological survey of one of the most famous sites in India, or as the original work of a European archæologist. In the matter of illustration there is much in this handsome volume that is open to criticism. No one of the numerous plates gives a just idea of the general impression of this majestic temple. For that we must go to Mr. Fergusson's work (see the admirable cut at p. 70). There is no attempt to give a much-needed section of the temple, or to elucidate graphically the remains of the pavilion spoken of by Hwen Thsang. In his attempt to compile restorations of the tower and its porch, Dr. Rajendra went *ultra crepidam*, and the latter attempt is indeed ridiculous. It is curious, we may remark in passing, that among the great remains of Pagán there is a temple called the *Bodhi*, dating from about A.D. 1200, which was evidently intended as a reproduction of the shrine at Buddh-Gayá. A photograph of this exists in Colonel Tripe's collection in the India Office Library. We must dwell for a moment, however reluctantly, on the defective character of Dr. Rajendra's attempts in this way, because rumours have reached us of some intention on the part of the Bengal Government to "restore" the structure. This is a wild idea. What they may well do is to spend money in exploring thoroughly the mass of rubbish which still encompasses the temple; to procure, by aid of special scaffoldings, accurate measurements, drawings, and large-scale photographs of the facts of the architecture as they are; and to see that the building has every fair chance given it to live out its natural life. But any attempt at the *restoration* of such a structure is absurd; and the only possible repair will hardly commend itself, for it would necessarily be in the Burmese fashion—namely, a new coat of plaster.

Dr. Rajendra in his natural character as a Sanskrit scholar speaks with more mastery of his subject. And his remarks in condemnation of the inscription regarding the origin of the Buddh-Gayá Temple, which was published by Sir C. Wilkins in vol. i. of the *Asiatic Researches*, are weighty. It is impossible, we should think, after reading them to regard that inscription as anything but a modern figment, a conclusion to which Buchanan Hamilton, no pundit but a shrewd observer, came long ago, though the document has since been treated as if it were a genuine record.

SCHIERN'S LIFE OF BOTHWELL.*

ALTHOUGH bearing the name of the Earl of Bothwell, this work may fairly be reckoned as adding one more to the long list of volumes which the misfortunes of the unhappy princess whose connexion with the Earl wrought so much woe have called

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* *Life of James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell.* By Frederick Schiern, Professor of History in the University of Copenhagen. Translated from the Danish by the Rev. David Berry, F.S.A. Scot. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1880.

into being. Nearly two-thirds of the book have been got through, before Mary Stuart disappears from its pages, and Bothwell is left to thread his way as best he can through the maze of troubles that he has spread for himself. This was perhaps unavoidable, as the fortunes of the two were so closely intertwined that to explain the nature of Bothwell's position in Scotland at the time when he left it, it was necessary to take a retrospective view of the events which had happened in the kingdom for the years immediately preceding that date. In so doing Professor Schiern has made himself thoroughly familiar with the authorities on both sides, and has been struck, as every student of the history of those times must be struck, by the very contradictory nature of the evidence produced by these authorities. Truly, one is driven to the conclusion that either all persons who wrote in those days had a wonderful gift of lying, or else that some of the witchcraft they were so fond of talking about had really affected them. For there is hardly one circumstance connected with Mary Stuart but is told in a different way, according as the teller of it is her partisan or her accuser. To neither of these classes can Professor Schiern be said to belong absolutely, though he certainly leans more to the side of the Queen's defenders, and evidently thinks that the "Casket Letters" were spurious. While hesitating to cast upon the Queen any of the guilt of Darnley's murder, this author cannot, in the face of facts, acquit her of having had any secret understanding with Bothwell before the day when he carried her off, apparently against her will, to Dunbar. He thinks that "a middle way seems still capable of being found, which may come nearer the truth." As, however, Professor Schiern has not yet found out that Mary did not marry Bothwell, and as he cannot gainsay the fact that she advanced him to the highest honours in the kingdom when the voice of the people was denouncing him as the King's murderer, such a "middle way" seems as far from being got at as ever. The story of Mary Stuart's fortunes and misfortunes has been so often told that it is needless to enter in detail into all that Professor Schiern has to say about it. The real interest of his book lies in the information which it contains about the life of Bothwell after the surrender at Carberry. From that day this man, who had been the prominent figure in all Scottish affairs, and whose position was as well secured as the favour of the Sovereign, the bond of the lords, and an armed following of four thousand men could make it, disappears from the scene, and his name is heard no more, save in the denunciations launched against him as a murderer, an outlaw, and a pirate, whom all friends of Scotland were entreated to deliver up to justice. Like the poor woman in whose ruin he had had so large a share, Bothwell was doomed to pass the last years of his wild and stormy life in close imprisonment in a remote corner of a foreign land. There he died forgotten and unmourned even by his nearest kindred. So utterly was he lost sight of by his contemporaries that he was believed to be dead while he was still lingering in prison, and that they did not even know the name of the castle in which he was confined. The only trustworthy information concerning the latter period of his life must be sought from Scandinavian sources. The existence of documents throwing light upon the history of Bothwell was first brought into notice by the Danish historian Suhm, at the close of the last century. The MS. which he found in the Royal Library of Stockholm, together with other contributions to the subject from the Danish State Archives, was printed for the Bannatyne Club in 1829; but, owing to the limited number of copies printed, this book is now so scarce as to be hardly obtainable. These documents, together with every other scrap of written or printed matter in any way connected with his subject, Professor Schiern has carefully examined and compared. His book is therefore not only well written and interesting, but, at the same time, is so thoroughly trustworthy that it can well bear the test of close critical examination. He has succeeded in making his story both clear and connected—no easy task, seeing that the same fatality which prevented any two people seeing the doings of Mary Stuart in the same light seems to have touched the history of Bothwell too. In Scotland it was commonly believed that when he left Dunbar he took to the high seas as a pirate until he was captured in battle by the Danes. And Professor Schiern mentions that but a few years ago a picture was exhibited in the Danish Academy representing the action in which he was taken. That battle, it seems, never took place, and is merely one of the many myths connected with the name of this notorious noble.

The true story of his adventures, as we gather it from Professor Schiern's pages, is briefly this. After leaving the field of Carberry he rode straight to Dunbar, and thence put to sea with two vessels and made for Spynie Castle, which was in possession of his uncle, Bishop Hepburn, of Moray. From Spynie he sailed for his own dukedom of the Orkneys. But, as the keeper of Kirkwall Castle showed himself unfriendly, the Earl stayed there but two days and passed on to Shetland. There he hired two more vessels from German merchants, and with these he made for Bressay Sound, hoping that, as the stormy season had already begun, he might be able to pass the winter there unmolested. Suddenly the Scotch and English cruisers that were sent in pursuit of him appeared in the Sound. Bothwell's ships slipped their cables and got out to sea, passing safely over a rock on which one of their pursuers struck. But the enemy followed close, and off the coast a battle was fought, and one of Bothwell's ships was taken. Thanks to a strong south-west wind, he himself, with two of his vessels, got off into the North Sea. But the gale that had stood him in good stead up to this point now went a little too far, and carried him on to the coast of Norway. Here he fell in with a Hanse ship, which piloted his ships into Karm Sound. While they were there, a Danish war-ship, under the command of the famous Captain Christian Aalborg, came to Karm; and, when he found that these strangers were without commissions, sea-briefs, or passports, he made up his mind to take them to Bergen. As they were a numerous company, to effect this required some generalship. Aalborg got eighty of Bothwell's men on board his own ship on pretence of supplying them with provisions, put some of his own crew in their places, and summoned the peasants of the neighbourhood to assist him in taking these pirates before he let his intention be known to the pirates themselves. Then, to Aalborg's surprise, Bothwell, who had hitherto kept in the background, came forward, and introduced himself as the King of Scotland. As he was dressed in an old boatswain's suit, all his clothes having been left behind in one of his ships in Shetland, Aalborg did not believe the story, and made the whole party come with him to Bergen. He then reported the pretensions of his prisoner to the Governor of the Castle, who called together the chief people in Bergen and came on board to inquire into the case. He asked Bothwell for his passport, to which he haughtily replied that, as he was the chief ruler in his own land, he could get a passport from no one higher than himself. Still the Governor was not satisfied, but thought that if Bothwell were such an exalted personage he must have some very suspicious reasons for travelling in such guise. The upshot of the inquiry was that Bothwell was told he must remain at Bergen till the King's pleasure was known. He was in nowise under restraint, but lived at his own charges in an inn in the town, and was treated as a person of distinction by the Governor and the chief people of the place. It would have been better for the Earl in the end if he had kept more in the background, for he met in society a lady who claimed to be his first, and therefore only lawful, wife. She summoned him before the Court, and told how long years before he had decoyed her away from her home and country, read in his presence the letters in which he had promised to marry her, and denounced him for his faithlessness in having married two other wives, to wit, Lady Jane Gordon, and finally the Scottish Queen. This was certainly rather an unpleasant way of establishing his identity, and to appease the indignant lady Bothwell had to promise her an annuity from Scotland, and to hand over to her the smaller of his two ships. His captain, too, was seized, and put in prison for previously committed piracy, and though the offence he was charged with was prior to his entering into Bothwell's service, still it clearly told strongly against him in the public mind. For we presently find him asking to be allowed a small boat, that he may row along the coast to Copenhagen. The reason he gives for this request is that he suffers much from sea-sickness on the open sea, though to hear the Lord High Admiral of Scotland confessing such a weakness is as startling as the ignorance of geography which his request betrays. The permission he asked was refused, and at last, after having been a month in Bergen, he left it in the custody of Aalborg on the last day of September for Copenhagen. When he reached that city, he was confined in the castle until the pleasure of the King, who was in Jutland, should be known about "the Scottish King," as they called him. Here he remained three months, and during that time his enemies, who had now the upper hand in Scotland, wrote to Frederick, demanding that he should be given up to them to receive the due reward of his many crimes, or that he should be beheaded in Denmark, and his head sent over to be exhibited where those crimes had been committed. At the same time Bothwell wrote to the King, explaining the circumstances which had led to his arrival in Denmark, declaring himself the real Regent of Scotland, denouncing his opponents, the lords, as rebels, and asking Frederick's help to put them down. Frederick complied with neither petition; he kept Bothwell as a State prisoner, and in January of the following year, 1568, he was sent across the Sound to Malmo Castle in Scania. Here he was still allowed some measure of liberty; he received visitors, and had silk and velvet clothes given him by the King, so that he might make an appearance suited to his rank. But in June 1573 he was suddenly taken from Malmo to the more solitary and out-of-the-way fortress of Dragsholm, in Zealand, where he was kept in close and rigorous confinement till his death, which took place in April 1578. No satisfactory reason has yet been produced to account for this sudden change in the treatment of the captive Earl. Reports of his death were spread from time to time. It was also commonly believed that he went mad some time before he died, but of this there is no conclusive evidence. He had been dead to the outside world since the day when the gates of Dragsholm shut upon him, and when his life actually ended no one heard of it outside the walls. He was buried in the lonely churchyard of the nearest village.

As for the so-called "Testament" of Bothwell, in which he is said to have made a death-bed confession exonerating Mary from any share in his crimes or complicity in his plots, Professor Schiern considers it to have been a forgery got up by the Queen's party as a counterpoise for the famous "Casket Letters." He draws attention to the fact that, as the Earl lived five years after he left Malmo, this confession, which purports to have been made there, was certainly not a deathbed confession, for two of the witnesses, whose names were appended to it, had died in the early years of Bothwell's sojourn in Denmark; also that no original of the document has ever been produced. Copies of an abstract of its contents were handed about among those most interested in the transactions it referred to. One of these

abstracts formed the first article in the accusation of Morton. There are also two MSS. of the same document in the University Library in Edinburgh, and one of them, now printed for the first time, is added by the translator in a note. As a still stronger argument against the genuine character of this "testament," Professor Schiern lays great stress on the fact that James VI., when he went to Denmark to bring home his bride, though he showed himself so eager for information upon every possible subject as to excite the surprise of the Danes, made not the slightest effort to clear up the doubts which existed about this "testament." Now, as the sons of the very men who were supposed to have witnessed it were much with him in Denmark, and returned with him to Scotland, he had every opportunity for establishing its authenticity. And as he was naturally anxious to clear his mother's memory, and could not have forgotten the impression which the document made upon himself when he first heard it read, there is no reason to doubt that he would have done so if he could.

With the account of the chivalrous expedition of James to Denmark Professor Schiern brings his book to a close. The translator deserves the thanks of all those who are interested in the history of the period of which Professor Schiern treats for having placed his work within reach of English readers. Danish is so little known among us that the very existence of this Life of Bothwell has been hitherto unknown save to a few students of history. The difficult work of translation has been exceptionally well done. While the style is clear and easy it yet retains the vigour of the original, and here and there the translator has added notes for the further elucidation of the text.

CHINESE STORIES.*

THE Chinese have had to pay one penalty at least for their early knowledge of printing and their universal system of education. The wandering storyteller who delights the idlers in the bazaars of Cairo or Damascus, or who stirs up the passions of his Bedouin hearers amid the sands of the desert, or who entrances swarthy audiences in the cool of the evening on the outskirts of an Indian village, is unknown in China. The ready eloquence, the impromptu jest, the varied tones of those professional worthies who find a ready welcome in every house or tent from Cairo to Calcutta, are exchanged in China for unyielding types on the printed page. But "what the eye hath not seen the heart doth not grieve after," and Chinamen who have known no other storytellers than their books have no desire to become acquainted with the fairies, gods, and demons of their lands through any other channel than these. We have no present intention of tracing the gradual development of Chinese mythology from the original conception of the male and female principles of nature to the universal belief in the gods and goddesses, fairies and sprites, which personify the lights of heaven and the wonders of the earth, and which haunt every nook and corner of the land, from the loftiest mountain down to the smallest stream. That "millions of spiritual beings walk the earth" is a belief endorsed by Confucius, and let the superstitious rites which have been observed by myriads of his followers testify to their full concurrence in his views. Chinamen are still in the full enjoyment of the simple privileges pertaining to that pre-scientific stage of thought when every unusual phenomenon is attributed to the direct agency of some supernatural being. If the floods descend, it is that the dragon is spouting out water over the land; if a pestilence breaks out, it is that the local deities are offended; if sudden death overtakes any one, it is that some demon has sucked his life-breath from his nostrils. And so we find that in every unlooked-for event in the life of the nation or of the individual the sprites bear their part. They attend at the birth of the infant, and they follow the corpse to the tomb, and so interweave the threads of their being with the web of human existence that they form part and parcel of the every-day life of the people.

Thus there are ample materials ready to hand for the creation of every variety of fairy tale and ghost story. But though writers without number have sought to embalm the superstition and reflect the fancy of bygone ages, they have failed, as Chinese storytellers must always fail, to present them in such a shape as to make them generally attractive. They contain, without question, a vast amount of extremely interesting information on the habits of thought and life of the people; but the imagination of Chinamen is too untrained and disjointed to enable them to weave a consistent story. It calls up isolated pictures, but fails to connect them into a well-sustained narrative. It works without design, and runs riot as in a dream. Some of the earlier stories to be found in the works of the Han Dynasty, and borrowed from India, are as good as anything of the kind to be found in Europe; but of the later stories there is little more to be said than that they are curious.

Of all the collections of modern stories, however, the one from which Mr. Giles has chosen to make his selections is undoubtedly the best. The stories are above the average of similar compositions; and the literary style is of so exceptional a purity that it has won for the compilation a high place in the estimation of educated Chinamen. The entire work consists of three hundred and eighty-five stories, and of these Mr. Giles has translated one hundred and sixty-four in the volumes before us. The author, who wrote towards the close of the seventeenth century, has been fortunate in his translator. Every advantage which an easy flowing style can give has been reaped by P'u Sungling in Mr. Giles's pages. His rendering also of the text is, as a rule, literally accurate. In a few instances, in the exercise of a wise discretion he has toned down certain passages to make them presentable to European readers, as, for example, the "love" scene in the story of "Baby" Ning, or, as Mr. Giles, leaving the first character untranslated, prefers to call her, Miss Ying-ning. In the original this passage is quite untranslatable, and we should have left unnoticed the fact of Mr. Giles's having paraphrased it—though he has allowed himself a wide license in doing so—were it not that he uses his very loose paraphrase to support a theory which the original contradicts. The story runs that one day a young gentleman named Wang was walking in the neighbourhood of the village in which he lived, when he met on the road a pretty girl who was picking plum-blossoms. Abashed by the fixed gaze with which Wang eyed her, the young lady dropped the flower she held in her hand and walked away. Wang picked up the discarded flower, and "stood there disconsolate as if he had lost his wits." He returned home, but could neither "talk nor eat," and before long took to his bed, where he lay ill and delirious. By a curious set of circumstances, such as are only to be found in a Chinese story, Wang finds himself a few weeks later a guest in the house of the young lady's adopted mother, who turns out to be his cousin. After a formal introduction to the young lady, he meets her in the garden of the house, where at his first interview with her occurs the scene which Mr. Giles considers "should for ever disabuse people of the notion that there is no such thing as 'making love' among the Chinese." Mr. Giles tells us in his preface that he began the translation of these stories in 1877, and it is possible, therefore, that he added a note to his paraphrase after the recollection of the original passage had faded from his mind. On meeting Baby Ning in the garden, Wang of course produces his cherished flower from his sleeve and tries to explain to her that it was out of affection to her that he had kept it. She replies, somewhat illogically since he had only just discovered his relationship to her, that it could have been merely out of regard for her as a cousin, and then, according to Mr. Giles, Wang says, "I wasn't talking about ordinary relations, but about husbands and wives." "What's the difference?" asked Ying Ning. "Why," replied Wang, "husband and wife are always together." "Just what I should not like," cried she, "to be always with anybody." And then follows the note which begins as above.

Now the fact is that, in the original, the language employed by Wang far more nearly resembles that used by the Elders to Susannah than that to be expected from a lover in an English sense. And this just marks the contrast between love among the Chinese and among Western nations. With Chinamen it is a delirium, a rapture, based on no regard for the moral qualities of the objects of their admiration, but purely and simply on a desire to possess them. They do not understand the idea of friendship in love, and the notion of an acquaintanceship ripening into affection is altogether foreign to them. If a young Chinaman falls in love, it must needs be after the manner of Wang, who is so enraptured with the beauty of a young lady he casually meets on the road that he goes home and takes to his bed, and is restored to health only by an introduction to the fair one, whom at his first interview he addresses in language which is quite untranslatable into English. Of course we do not mean to say that it never happens that young people in the poorer ranks of life (for it is only among such that pre-nuptial acquaintanceships are generally permitted) entertain a genuine affection for each other; but, speaking broadly, love among suitors is unknown in China, and the constitution of society makes it impossible that it should be otherwise.

The majority of the tales told by Mr. Giles are Fox stories such as are to be met with in the folk-lore of Japan and of other countries. In most cases the foxes take the form of young ladies, who are sometimes evilly disposed and sometimes mischievous, but always beautiful, and who occasionally are represented as fulfilling the duties of wives and mothers without in any way betraying their uncanny nature, until, at the end of the story, they disappear, or are transformed into some monstrous shape. Another common fancy is that the ghosts of deceased men re-enter their former bodies and resume their worldly occupations in distant parts of the Empire. In the story of "The Faithless Widow" there is an instance of this. A man named Niu dies leaving a wife and family. Being in straitened circumstances the widow marries again, and hands over her children to the care of an aunt. Years afterwards one of the sons recognizes his father Niu in the person of a pawnbroker with whom he has taken service. The pawnbroker acknowledges the relationship and introduces his son to a stepmother. Being made desirous of visiting his old home by this revival of former associations, Niu starts on his journey thither, when suddenly he reappears leading by the ear his first wife whom, after roundly abusing for deserting his children, he bites across the neck. The son rushes to the rescue of his mother, when lo! she disappears, and Niu vanishes away in a black vapour. On returning to his native place the son finds that his mother died on the very day and hour when he had witnessed her disappearance. There is a want of point in this and a great many of the stories; but there is much that is amusing in them, and the constant references they contain to the manners and customs of the people give them more than a passing interest.

* *Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio.* Translated and Annotated by Herbert A. Giles. 2 vols. London: De La Rue & Co. 1880.

Some of Mr. Giles's notes help to elucidate, while others tend rather to confuse the reader. In his note on the Dragon boat festival, he seems to be in strange perplexity as to the name of the well-known statesman in whose honour it is annually held. The story runs that during the reign of Prince Hwai (B.C. 314), a certain "Chancellor of the three Royal clans" (San lü tai fu), named K'ü Yuan, having been unjustly denounced by a jealous rival and dismissed by his sovereign, gave vent to his despair in a poem entitled "Li sao; or, the Dissipation of Grief," and then drowned himself. In honour of his memory a festival is held in the South of China on each anniversary of his death, at which Dragon-shaped boats are rowed up and down the rivers to commemorate the efforts made to recover his body. This story is told in the history of the period (Shi ki), in the biographical dictionaries, and in the introductions to certainly most of the editions of K'ü Yuan's poem, the "Li sao"; yet Mr. Giles appears to be in doubt on the subject. In the note referred to he is perplexed whether to follow Mr. Wells Williams, who in his *Middle Kingdom* speaks of the statesman as Wu Yun, or Mr. Mayers, who gives the name correctly. But still another difficulty overtakes him. In the Chinese author's preface K'ü Yuan is spoken of as *San lü she*, or Chancellor of the three Royal clans. Mr. Giles mistakes this description of his office for his name, and adds in a footnote in this place that San Lü was the hero of the Dragon festival. Thus a third doubt arises in his mind, and K'ü Yuan becomes, like Mrs. Malaprop's Cerberus, "three gentlemen at once." But, after all, neither the identity of a statesman nor Mr. Giles's heretical views on Chinese love-making and other social subjects are likely to affect the ready reception his present work is sure to meet with. These are subjects entirely apart from P'u Sung-ling's stories, and there are many people to whom an introduction to Chinese folklore through the medium of Mr. Giles's facile translation will be a source of pleasurable interest and amusement.

OUR BURMESE WARS.*

THIS book reminds us of *Nicholas Nickleby* and of Mr. Wititterly's opinion of his wife. "She forms and expresses an immense variety of opinions on an immense variety of subjects. If some people in public life were acquainted with Mrs. Wititterly's real opinion of them they would not hold their heads, perhaps, quite as high as they do." Though Colonel Laurie does not make a profession of omniscience, he manages to cover a large extent of ground and to quote from "an immense variety" of authors. His readings, like those proposed by Dr. Pangloss for his pupil Dick Dowlas, seem to have been "various." Indeed, there is no end to the authors whose sayings he brings in. He has that peculiar sort of memory which, when a subject has been disposed of, is always suggesting to him some further illustration or some remote analogy. His pages teem with notes, a few of which are apposite, others are not wanted at all, and others again might with advantage have been incorporated into the text. Quotations master the narrative, but unluckily the references are not always given. In one place "a highly intelligent officer" writes about the vast importance to us of Upper Burma. In another, "one of our best public writers" holds some mysterious doctrine about the "lucubrations" of the *Golos*. Another "authority" sees a full payment of all expenses in the teak forests, the fertile soil, and the noble rivers of Pegu. There are constant appeals to the author's own works and to previous writers on Burma, and it is not always easy to follow this sort of literary Proteus. While extracts abound, illustrations and comparisons and suggestions are still more abundant and bewildering. The author of *Peter Simple* served in the first Burmese war, and it is suggested that the sight of one of the few war steamers then in existence doubtless drew forth many a witty remark from the "Sea Fielding." Marryat's *forte*, we may observe, was humour, and not wit. When Scindia, in 1827, lent half a million to the Government of Lord Amherst, he must, we are reminded, have been influenced by an aphorism of Bacon's about lending moneys "far off, or putting them into unknown hands." Archdeacon Paley is quoted for the justification of particular wars. A stockade is set on fire, and immediately the "quiet landscape is disturbed with the fierce and raging element." The sun does not rise in Pegu or Burma, but, in its place, we behold "Surya ascending in full splendour, as if seeking a vantage-point to view the coming fray." After this it is to be expected that H.M.'s brig *The Serpent* becomes the "wily one," and impresses you with the belief that she is brooding over mischief. A schedule of ordnance captured from the Burmese at Rangoon in April, 1852, carries this discursive writer off to Patrick Miller, of Dalswinton, who invented carronades and named them from a place called Carron. The sight of the P. and O. steamer *Oriental* reminds Colonel Laurie that this vessel had once the honour of carrying the author of *The Crescent and the Cross*, and that Wilkie, who is "the Scottish Teniers," died on board the same vessel. Ophelia is mysteriously associated with the Buddhist doctrine of Nirvan or final absorption into the Deity. We might get rid of war altogether, it is suggested, not by the wordy speeches of Peace Societies, but if our life would only cease to be what Byron termed it, "a false nature." If Pondicherry is the "Niobe of the French possessions" in India, we wonder what classical figures ought to be applied to Chandernagore, Karikal, and Mahé. Are they her children? for, if so, to make the comparison apposite, they should have been blotted out of the map, or annexed to Bengal, Madras, and Bombay. But there is really no limit to Colonel Laurie's excursions into poetry and prose. Goldsmith's Chinese Philosopher; Machiavelli; Campbell, the author of the *Pleasures of Hope*, and Sir A. Campbell, who dictated the Treaty of Yandaboo; Benjamin Franklin, with his views on nursing, whistles, and the use of sunshine instead of candles; Southey's *Curse of Kehama*; Macduff weeping over his children; Hamlet's banter with Ophelia; speculation as to Buddha's identity; Spenser and "Jolly June"—these and a quantity of other authors and illustrations are successively pressed into service, even though, like Mrs. Malaprop's epithets, they might be thought to be a mile off. It is curious that with all this miscellaneous information Colonel Laurie omits to tell us that Admiral Austen, who died of cholera near Prome, in the second Burmese war, was a brother of Jane Austen, and that the French adventurer who, having been half over the world, ended by taking service with the Ruler of Ava, in reality bore the name of Rigodon, which he changed into D'Orgoni, as being more euphonious and aristocratic. We may add that *mozuffar* is not the same as *musafir*, "a traveller," but means "victorious."

As far as we can make out, one main purpose of the author is to prove that, as there have been two Burmese wars already, there ought necessarily to be a third; and that as we have annexed Arracan and Tenasserim in one campaign and Pegu in another, we might wind up affairs conclusively in that quarter by occupying the whole of Upper Burma. In support of this conclusion we have the usual speculations as to the intrinsic value and inexhaustible resources of this favoured tract. There are rubies and gold, to say nothing of baser metals, and the mines, if properly worked, would pay off half the national debt of India before the present century expires. Drugs and spices, gums and gamboge, redwood and sandal wood, are found in forests and by streams. Then we have the usual stock arguments about trade with Western China and the rich provinces of Yunan and Szechuen. In short, Upper Burma is not the "worthless rind" which it was rashly said to be by Lord Dalhousie, but a valuable increment which is substantially a part of Lower Burma and Pegu, and almost as good as "annexed" already.

The contrast between the first and second Burmese wars, though to be gathered from these pages, is nowhere drawn with a very clear and definite outline. At both periods the Burmese displayed their usual arrogance and absurdity, and there were the same characteristics of stockades, thick jungles, heat, damp, and liability to epidemics. But between the years 1824 and 1852 the Anglo-Indian Government had made marked advances in all that relates to the transport, commissariat, and comfortable housing of troops; and there was all the difference in the world between the two statesmen who, at each epoch, respectively presided over the Indian administration. The first Burmese war began with an unprovoked attack on the part of Burmese soldiers on our own possessions in an island to the south of Chittagong. We had to fit out an expedition to Rangoon, capture the place, sail up the Irrawaddy, and not halt until our troops were within forty-five miles of Ava. These operations lasted two years, and cost us more than ten millions of money. Meanwhile a large force remained stationary at Rangoon, and, like our army at Walcheren, suffered from dysentery and scurvy owing to unwholesome food and defective arrangements. On the frontiers of Bengal we entered Assam, drove out the Burmese, and retained that country. The results, at the chief seat of operations, were the annexation of Arracan and the Tenasserim provinces, which left untouched the intervening kingdom of Pegu. Rather more than a quarter of a century afterwards, the Government of India, which had narrowly escaped a war with Burma at the time of our Afghan disaster of 1841, had again to demand reparation for a series of injuries inflicted on our merchants by the local authorities at Rangoon, countenanced and supported by the King. It was remarked at the time that the best person to negotiate a difficult question with an arrogant Asiatic Court would have been an able and experienced Commissioner versed in the Burmese language, and not a gallant Admiral, about as fit for diplomacy as Hatchway or Commodore Trunnion. But, whatever doubts there may have been as to the origin of the war, there could be none as to the vigour and capacity with which it was brought to an issue. Lord Dalhousie at once hastened down to Calcutta, organized an expedition of military and naval forces, acted as his own War Minister, and finished the campaign in eight months at a cost of one million and a half. He then completed our seaboard by the annexation of Pegu and Lower Burma; and, while he commanded the whole waterway between the native capital and the sea, he also effectively disposed of any settlement by either the French or the Americans in the gap which had been left open in the earlier campaign.

Colonel Laurie's pages may serve to remind politicians of all shades who have been dragged into the whirlpool of Anglo-Indian discussion about treaties, frontiers, fringes of independent States, and possible occupations of military posts, that to this hour we hold Lower Burma and Pegu by the simple fact of our being there. The Secret Committee of the Court of Directors in 1852, acting under the injunctions of the President of the Board of Control, wished for a Treaty of Cession. Lord Dalhousie, with marvellous clearness of vision, insight into native character, and force of language, combated this view and held that a treaty

* *Our Burmese Wars and Relations with Burma; being an Abstract of Military and Political Operations* 1824-6—1852-3, *with various Statistical Information.* By Colonel W. F. B. Laurie, Author of "Rangoon" and "Pegu," Narratives of the Second Burmese War. London: Allen & Co. 1880.

was a thing to be avoided. It would give us, he argued, no greater hold on the country than what we had obtained by taking Prome, Bassein, and such frontier stations as Thyetmyo and Toungkoo. A treaty with such a ruler and nation only serves to multiply causes of scandal and offence; "points of contact, and consequently points of conflict." The British would be held down to observe every clause in the very strictest interpretation of both letter and spirit. The Burmese would quibble about the first and laugh at the second. So the country remains ours by simple right of annexation, and Colonel Laurie with both point and propriety, singles out for his title-page the Governor-General's prompt and celebrated reply to the Burmese Envoy who came to ask for the restitution of these possessions, that "the British flag should wave over them as long as the sun shone in the Heavens." These words delivered in the great Hall at Government House, Calcutta, were criticized at the time as somewhat theatrical. They were, in reality, admirably suited to the race for whose warning they were uttered. No serious retaliation has since ever been contemplated by the Burmese. During the Mutiny Burma was almost denuded of English troops. Even late revolutions, attended by all sorts of atrocities, have been confined to the Palace; and at any time the Chief Commissioner, on a word from the Viceroy, can stop the importation into the upper regions of the Irrawaddy of a detestable compound called *ngape*, as essential to the Burmese as beer to the Englishman, made up of fish only preserved from utter putrefaction by the admixture of sea salt. We do not think that Colonel Laurie's pages contain any reference to this condiment. In justice to the author we must allow that a good deal of second-hand information is to be gleaned from his pages; and that his narrative of the events of 1852, in which he took an active part, is spirited and correct. There was no very great or decisive action against foes protected by stockades, from which, when shelled out, they could find safety in the jungles. There was nothing to recall to us the capture of the Sikh batteries at Sobraon, or the complete route of the Khalsa at Goojerat. Towns and fortified places were taken one after another by the combined action of English and native troops on land, and by the *Fox* frigate and gun-boats and the war steamers of the now defunct Indian navy. There was also a lengthy episode of the pursuit of a celebrated leader named Myat-htoon, in which success was gained by Sir John Cheape against an enemy protected by dense forest, intimate knowledge of the country, and faithlessness on the part of our own native guides. Almost the only mishap of the campaign was the investment of Pegu by the enemy, when, after its capture, we had garrisoned it with too small a force. But this temporary check never caused anything like the anxiety called forth by the recent retirement into the Shirpur cantonments. The second Burmese war is a notable instance of a territory acquired in as short a space and at as small an expenditure as possible, and followed by complete pacification and an increase to the revenue surpassing Lord Dalhousie's anticipations. But then the country is fertile, the population easy to manage, and the climate equable though moist and hot. Moreover, Buddhists have nothing of the intolerance and fanaticism which characterizes Mohammedans in their rocky defiles. There is now a railway connecting Rangoon and Prome, a distance of 163 miles; but we are unable to comprehend how this line, which was only opened in May 1877, has already caused "an appreciable increase of population in the tracts through which it runs." What is meant, doubtless, is that stations on the railway have attracted the existing population, and have become centres or points of social and commercial activity. Rangoon itself is a city well laid out, on a noble river, within easy reach of the sea, possessing docks which are in course of improvement. The population of the town has rapidly increased, and the only drawback to a residence in Burma is that nearly all houses are built of wood, and that it has but a faint imitation of that charming division of the year known as the Indian cold weather. The province has been very fortunate in the officers who have filled the important post of Chief Commissioner. All have been men of good capacity, and some are men of real note. Sir A. Phayre, who was the first selection for the conquered province, has since been Governor of the Mauritius. The present Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal acted for some months as Chief Commissioner; and the administration is now in the hands of a clear-sighted and hard-headed Scotchman, who is thoroughly versed in the best traditions of the Calcutta Foreign Office. We trust that the great want of the whole province, population, may be slowly supplied, and that the abilities of which Colonel Laurie has certainly given proof may be devoted to writing about some other event than the one on which he seems resolutely determined—a third Burmese war, which is to end in the flight or dethronement of the reigning King of Ava, and our attainment of a frontier almost conterminous with China.

MARTHA AND MARY.*

MARTHA and Mary is in many respects an odd book. It begins with an account of a rich and very old woman, who lies in a meat-screen before a large fire in a tumbledown house, and who is no sooner introduced to the reader than she dies, so that the reader may possibly think the meat-screen and various other unpleasant details might as well have been left out. All that is necessary is that the old woman should die, leaving her possessions, which are considerable, to a nephew, whose whereabouts is unknown. Then follows a minute description, with all kinds of valueless details, of life in a Nonconformist minister's family. All the family are introduced carefully by name, although only two of the children have anything to do with the story. Then follows a marriage, the circumstances of which we may describe presently; then some space is taken up in describing how the heroine took to writing novels which were not particularly successful. Her plots, she says, were good, because she got them out of the newspapers; but her characters were lifeless. Then comes another marriage, after a ludicrously spun out and improbable misunderstanding; and then the book becomes at once commonplace and wildly extravagant. The commonplaceness is due to the employment of a very well-worn *ficelle* to bring about a catastrophe; the extravagance to the author's unhappy attempt at giving it an air of freshness. The volumes are called *Martha and Mary* because they are all about Martha.

* *Martha and Mary*. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1880.

Martha is the daughter of Mr. Pattison, a Baptist minister, and, as we have said, the beginning of the book is filled with all sorts of details concerning the public and private life of Baptists. There is an account of a "baptizing," and we are even treated at full length to an extempore prayer. We are told how one of Martha's sisters fell ill and got well again, and how one of her brothers shook the missionary-box and spent a threepenny-piece which tumbled out on a banquet of goodies. Then a chapter is devoted to the history of the death of two children who have absolutely nothing to do with the story. After this begins what the writer is pleased to call "Book II." of the novel, and this opens with yet another description of a Baptist congregation, which we may as well quote as a specimen of the author's style:—

> The congregation was just about the same, two or three missing perhaps. Papa gave a look round, mentally noting who was not there, with, no doubt, a private resolution to call upon them and know the reason why. I think the female church members' bonnets were perhaps a trifle more painful than ever. For downright, unblushing finery give me a little chapel where each tries to dress each other down, and for hard, square, bad taste it must be Baptist. Papa gave out the hymn two lines at a time and then prayed. We all stood up and turned round facing the other way, and in the middle of the long prayer all about things in general, to my unbounded astonishment, who should come into chapel but a young man! If an elephant had walked up the aisle I should have been much less surprised.

As the heroine was now about nineteen, it was of course high time for a young man to appear. This young man introduces himself as Mr. Alfred Burnaby, the heir of the old woman who died in the meat-screen, and from the following elegant reflections of the heroine it might be thought that his arrival was peculiarly opportune. "I think," she says to herself, while waiting for tea, "I will be married after all" (nobody has yet asked her), "if I could only pick up a sailor who would never be at home; it would be so jolly to have a house of one's own. Men must be awfully silly to marry, if they *only* knew what we have them for." Mr. Alfred Burnaby is not a sailor, and the heroine rather dislikes him than not; but she marries him, as heroines have a way of marrying disagreeable persons, because her father is in debt. It may be noted as one of the numberless details which have nothing whatever to do with the action of the story, that the heroine's sister, Martha, is in love with Alfred Burnaby. After this we have yet another description of the Baptist chapel, and then we find Mr. Burnaby ill treating his wife. Then Martha's father dies, which takes her away from Burnside, the family estate of the Burnabys; and while she is away, a mysterious friend of her husband's, who has been paying a long visit at Burnside, writes to tell her that Alfred is laid up with scarlet-fever, and she had better not come back. The intelligence has an effect opposite to that intended, as Martha starts off at once to look after him. When she got there, however, the cupboard was bare. Both Mr. Burnaby and his mysterious friend have left the house. The reader who has got thus far with this curious composition will already have suspected that Mr. Alfred Burnaby is an impostor. This is, in fact, the case, and the real heir to the property arrives at Burnside soon after Martha, whom he takes, without adequate reason, for a servant. Meanwhile the false Alfred Burnaby is considerate enough to be killed in a railway accident; or rather to seem to be killed; and the real heir, who is an elderly gentleman, is kind enough, with singular suddenness, to adopt the nameless widow (the impostor's true name is never discovered) as his daughter.

It was now that Martha took to writing the novels with the good plots (taken from the newspapers) and the dummy heroes; and while she was longing to meet a man who would give her a real notion of a hero, she went to pay a visit to her mother, who had inherited a little money and was living in London. It is needless to say that the hero turned up with commendable promptitude; but we cannot help adding that he does not strike us as being very much more lifelike than the "dummies" in her former works of whom Martha speaks with contempt. He is a tall man, pale, with smooth dark hair, and dark brown eyes. He has an earnest, affectionate, almost caressing manner. His eyes look unutterable things, and his first appearance produces in Martha "a sudden purely disinterested, almost mesmeric thrill." He "bends over a pretty girl and looks his deceivingest" (*sic*). He fills Martha with such awe that on her first introduction to him she cannot bear to hear him call her Mrs. Burnaby, since it is not really her name; and "at the risk of being thought sentimental" she asks him to call her Mrs. Martha. He soon begins to address her as "my friend," or as "my little friend," or as

"Patty." There is more about Baptist chapels, to one of which this hero, by name Dr. Charteris, goes in order to meet Martha. Mrs. Charteris, his mother, takes an early opportunity of telling Martha that he is engaged to somebody else; and, in spite of every kind of hint to the contrary, Martha believes this false statement to be true. This gives an opportunity for filling out several chapters, a process which is helped by Dr. Charteris being unable to make up his mind whether he owes most to his mother or to the woman whom he wishes to marry. Finally affairs are brought to a crisis by Dr. Charteris being knocked down as the result of a rash interference in a street quarrel between a man and his wife, and by Martha's arriving just in time to pick him up. They are married, in a somewhat remarkable fashion, at St. George's. There is a good deal about Martha's sentiments before and after the birth of her son, and about a page concerning the event itself. Shortly after this has taken place Martha's first husband turns up again. She then takes the remarkable step of hiding in a low slum, the existence of which she has discovered in the course of district-visiting. Then she has a long illness, and meanwhile the first husband spreads slanderous reports concerning her. She becomes a nurse at a hospital, where of course Dr. Charteris is one of the physicians. Fate, it must be admitted, is not alone responsible for this, since this is what Martha writes about it in the record of her curious life:—

> I was not weakly going to give way to self-indulgence or even self-opinions, which generally mean what one likes; but when one cannot sleep, it is a bad look-out, and beyond mere self-control.
>
> And besides, that is all very fine, but I would not allow myself to consider that if I got into a certain hospital, I should hear of Charlie, sometimes even see him though it should be far off, and I could conscientiously avoid him, but he would be there sometimes, under the same roof. Any hospital would do, and it was for no private reason, of course, but—but—I would move heaven and earth to get into that special one, and I did.
>
> I liked it very well, very much even; the quiet was heavenly; one could breathe in the great corridors; pleasant society was always to be had; "good" to be done was always at hand; one did not have to exhaust one's good impulses in a five-mile walk to and from the "objects."
>
> The sediment of pain was only stirred up now and then. On the surface there were bright-coloured quilts, cheerful fires, toys, flowers, and for the most part rosy, healthy-looking, smiling faces.
>
> That is the most astonishing thing of all. I cannot account for it unless mental worry is more distressing than physical pain; but any two or three hundred workwomen, clerks, and business-men look far more pale and haggard than the same average of hospital patients—of course there are exceptions. Above all—life had an interest.

The first definite news she gets of Dr. Charteris is that he has offered himself as a subject for the experiment of transfusion, the person to be benefited by it being the so-called Alfred Burnaby. Charteris expects to die, but in fact Burnaby dies, and the doctor, at the point of death, recovers on hearing this. "All England," says the writer, "looked for the result, and called the experiment a failure, but only two or three ever knew that what appeared a misfortune was really a great mercy." Charteris and Martha go through the marriage service for the second time, and the last chapter of this odd farrago is headed "The Pacific Ocean," the writer thereby meaning, it may be supposed, that all ends happily. How the boy got over the difficulty of his illegitimate birth we are not told. It is clear that this plot at least was not taken from the newspapers, or, if it was, they must have been an odd collection. Whether some of the characters are lifelike, people more experienced in the ways of Baptists than we are must decide.

HENRY OF HUNTINGDON.*

It seems surprising that a chronicler whose name is so well known to students of English history as Henry of Huntingdon should never have been put forth in England since the time of Queen Elizabeth. That work of Sir Henry Savile, it is true, was nearly superseded by an edition of Mr. Petrie's thirty years ago; but the editor's death prevented his book from becoming complete. Mr. Thomas Arnold, the editor of the *Select Works of John Wyclif*, has in the scholarly volume before us repaired the omission. His critical apparatus leaves little or nothing to be wished for; and he has supplemented our knowledge of what he calls "the filiation of chronicles," one of the nicest points in literary criticism, by a new and acute study of the manuscripts of his author.

Dr. Stubbs, in his preface to Hoveden, was the first to point out that an obscure Durham compilation, the *Historia post Baedam*, was worked up entire into the texture of Hoveden's first part. Mr. Arnold has now shown that it also entered largely into the composition of another work, which he has for the first time brought to light. This is a history claiming the name of Marianus, which exists in four copies, hitherto believed to be manuscripts of Henry of Huntingdon. We have now the pedigree of these chronicles complete from the time of Bede. His *Church History*, ending in 731, is followed by the *Gesta veterum Northanhymbrorum*, which break off in 803. These bear a distinct Northern colour, and were probably compiled by a Northumbrian monk early in the ninth century. Next come the Winchester Chronicle, Asser's Life of Alfred, and the continuation of the Northumbrian Annals by a monk of Chester-le-Street; which to a great extent overlap one another in time, and are mutually dependent. Florence of Worcester carries the history on to 1117, the year before his death; and an edition of the Northumbrian Annals, much interpolated, by a canon of Hexham about 1130, completes the earlier series.

The next cycle involves greater difficulty. The histories of Simeon of Durham (to 1129) and Henry of Huntingdon (ultimately to 1154) have long been known and read. But their relation to previous chronicles is still partly uncertain. Mr. Arnold is inclined to see the foundation of the former in the Northumbrian Annals with the Chester continuation, the rest being built up out of Florence of Worcester. The sources of Henry of Huntingdon are different and wider. Eutropius and Aurelius Victor, Bede, and the first two books of Nennius furnish him with almost all of his earlier facts; we shall see, however, afterwards that he was not content with mere facts. Since Bede, he relies on "such things as we have been able to find in the stores amassed by the careful industry of elder writers" (p. 117.) That is to say, he used the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle; and, as Dr. Liebermann has apparently proved in the *Forschungen zur deutschen Geschichte* for 1878, he used it in the two recensions which we know from the Peterborough (E.) and Abingdon (C.) codices. It was from the latter, of which he availed himself only occasionally, that he got such materials as the genealogies of kings, the song of Brunanburh, and the notices of the years 891, 894 to 920, and 944. Unlike Simeon of Durham, he seems not to have made use of Florence of Worcester. Dr. Liebermann quotes a number of common mistakes—*e.g.* of translation from Old-English, with which he was imperfectly acquainted, where Florence might have kept him right. Thus he makes Æthelflæd daughter instead of wife to Æthelred, the ealdorman of Mercia, and consequently her daughter Ælfwyne becomes her sister (pp. 157, 158). *Myranheafod* he translates absurdly "caput formicae," where Florence has "caput equae" (p. 178; see the *Forschungen*, vol. xviii. p. 283). Mr. Arnold, it must be mentioned, does not consider the absolute independence of Archdeacon Henry to be certainly established (pref., p. lviii.) He adds to his authorities, besides the abridgment of Tudebodus for the first Crusade, some Franco-Norman annals now lost, and the works of Dudo of St. Quentin and William of Jumièges.

After Simeon and Henry there comes the *Historia post Baedam*, a compilation of a very composite character, much of it being taken directly from Henry of Huntingdon. It is, as has been said, practically represented by the first part of Hoveden (see Dr. Stubbs's pref., vol. i., pp. xxvi. to xxxiii.) What Mr. Arnold has brought out is the fact that it suffered a further redaction and a new infusion from Henry of Huntingdon, and that this last composition, bearing the name of Marianus, has until now lain concealed under the supposed guise of Huntingdon manuscripts. Marianus had made a "Universal Chronicle," reaching from the beginning of the world to his own day—the time of William the Conqueror. Florence of Worcester is for the most part an enlarged edition and a continuation of this book. The connexion between Florence and the *Historia post Baedam*, and the incorporation of much of the latter in the pseudo-Huntingdon manuscripts, gave rise to a promiscuous use of Marianus's name; although in this repeated filtration an indefinitely small part of his work survived. Finally, the editor began and ended his composition with a fairly accurate transcript of Henry of Huntingdon; and thus the last strain was added to the web of critical perplexity, and the "Marianist" book became confounded with the history of our Archdeacon. This is the "filiation of chronicles" which Mr. Arnold has completed. We have traced it at length, because, though the series has been fully described by its unravellers, Mr. Arnold's arrangement of his facts is not so lucid as we could have desired. We pass from the criticism to the book itself and its author.

Biographies of Henry of Huntingdon, from Capgrave's in the first part of the fifteenth century onwards, have not been wanting. But they give us little real knowledge of the gay and heedless life of the young scholar, as he passed from his home in the fens, while William II. was still reigning, to the brilliant court of the Bishop of Lincoln. For Robert Bloet had little of the spiritual churchman in him; and he lived the princely feudatory that his noble revenue allowed him to be. At Lincoln Henry learned the breeding of the courtier rather than that of the clerk. He wrote epigrams and poems, two long ones "of Love" and "of Herbs," others of "Spices" and "Gems." Years after, when writing to a friend "touching the Contempt of the World," he recalls with a lingering insistence, that looks half like regret, the glories of his boyish life (p. 299). His earnest renunciation of them only emphasizes the violence of the wrench which turned the courtier into the country clergyman. But Lincoln was not wholly given over to pleasure and state. There was yet a remnant, and the tradition was still strong, of that colony of zealous and learned clerics whom Remigius, the founder of the see, had chosen to be his first Chapter. Henry mentions with loving regard his "master," Albinus of Anjou (p. 301). And it is to this scholarly training that we must certainly attribute the idea and the performance of his historical work. The position of Archdeacon of Huntingdon, which he attained in 1110, or perhaps later, left him the calm and the leisure to carry it into execution. The book was done in 1130; it was continued and reissued in 1135, 1139, and 1145; a final revision brought it down to 1154. The original seven books grew into ten, as one was divided, and two were intercalated before the concluding book. These last are

* *Henrici archidiaconi Huntendunensis Historia Anglorum: the History of the English by Henry, Archdeacon of Huntingdon.* Edited by Thomas Arnold, M.A. (Rolls' Series; 74th Issue.)

of a miscellaneous, rather than purely historical, character; and Mr. Arnold has judiciously followed the example of his predecessors in omitting them, with the exception of one epistle, which he prints in an appendix. Of the rest he has given extracts sufficient to let us see precisely what value or interest they represent (pref., pp. xvi. to xxx.), and most readers will agree with him that it is not much.

The symmetry of the history gains by the absence of these heterogeneous insertions. How they ever came to be in it is a wonder. For Henry set out with a very just and modern conception of his scope. "History," he says in the prologue, "mirrors to us the past as though it were present; it gathers from things past the image of things to come." And he spared no pains to make the work answer his idea. Ornamented, in the manner of the age and with more than its usual learning, with a store of classical scraps, and with excellent speeches ready made on all occasions, it describes the British islands and their people, and tells their story from the coming of Julius Cæsar to the death of King Stephen. Henry opens, as he promised, in a lively and picturesque way. But he soon falls into the mannerism of the chronicler, and a chronicle, as Ralph de Diceto said, is but "the shadow of a history" (Stubbs, preface to *Benedictus Abbas*, vol. i. p. xi.) Its arrangement has no other basis than that of time. It only touches occasionally, and as by accident, the deeper relations of cause and effect, the political and social bearing of events. Yet, without attaining this, Henry of Huntingdon has not seldom reached what is commonly viewed as the climax of historic art, the presentment of action in a dramatic form. And this he owed, not to any theory of composition, but to the abundance that lay before him of folk-songs and sayings. Our quarrel with him is that he used them so sparingly. Few will refuse to acknowledge with Mr. Freeman that we have one instance of such use in the account of Stamfordbridge, where, "as soon as he reaches the actual fight, his narrative, hitherto meagre and inaccurate, suddenly lights up and becomes minute, poetical, and evidently founded on an accurate knowledge of the spot" (*Norman Conquest*, vol. iii. p. 721).

> Pugna igitur incepta est, qua gravior non fuerat. Coeuntes namque a summo mane usque ad meridiem, cum horribiliter ruentes utrinque perseverarent, maximus numerus Anglorum Norwagenses cedere sed non fugere compulit. Ultra flumen igitur repulsi, vivis supra mortuos transeuntibus, magnanimiter restiterunt. Quidam vero Norwagensis, fama dignus aeterna, super pontem restitit, et plus quadraginta viris Anglorum securi caedens electa, usque ad horam diei nonam omnem exercitum Anglorum detinuit solus: usquequo quidam navim ingressus per foramina pontis in celandis eum percussit jaculo" (p. 200).

We cannot allow with Dr. Liebermann and Mr. Arnold that this is merely an example of the author's "embellishing turn" (pref. p. lix.), though Henry certainly displays it elsewhere. His use of oral information and unwritten tradition is also generally indistinct. He speaks of the massacre of St. Brice, 1002, "whereof we have in childhood heard certain very aged persons tell" (p. 174). But a story at such a distance of time can hardly have retained on either side much of its original elements. When he comes to his own day he is surprisingly barren of new data. Except a couple of anecdotes, he adds to the history of the Conqueror and William Rufus nothing but an account, personally interesting, of the removal of the bishopric of Dorchester to Lincoln, and a portrait of Remigius. For Henry I. and Stephen he is fuller, but hardly tells us anything we do not know from other sources.

The value of the history in its earlier part is, as Mr. Freeman has pointed out (vol. ii. p. 641), that it "always represents an independent tradition." His judgment of Coolred of Mercia, "avitae virtutis haeres" (p. 110), his version of the history of Eadric Streona (p. 176 and fol.), and of the death of Godwine (p. 194), may illustrate the fact. The student of Shakspeare will seize another instance, the original, through Holinshed, of the last scene in *Macbeth*, where Siward says "Gaudeo plane, non enim alio me vel filium meum digner funere" (p. 194). Henry's looseness, however, and want of precision make us wonder how his first editor, Sir Henry Savile, could speak of him in company with Hoveden, as "authores cum primis boni et diligentes, verissimique superiorum temporum indices"; still more how our most recent historian could distinguish him as "a brief but accurate annalist." Try as he will to hide his personality, he appears throughout the imaginative writer that his boyhood promised. His work is filled with fancied speeches, and pieces of his own verse are scattered through his pages, at first veiled under the oblique phrase "quidam scripsit" (p. 11), but in the end emerging into the declared "sic diximus heroice" (p. 291). Though hardly showing a political bias, except the national one which held the kingly line to have been unbroken by the Conquest, Henry was left, in the reaction from the feudal splendour of Bishop Bloet's surroundings, a strong partisan of the stricter school among the clergy. He wishes for an "increase of the episcopate," and an organized "church-work." Gloucester, Oxford, and Leicester should have their bishops (p. 111); the clergy should abandon the cares of the world (pp. 305 to 318). We have no means of knowing how far Henry's actual efforts in his archdeaconry agreed with his principles. In his book he remains a type of the scholarly and practical churchman, the creation of the Norman Conquest and of Lanfranc. At the same time he is no class-historian; and his interest is far more national than local.

A TREASURY OF ENGLISH SONNETS.*

IT seems very difficult for the purveyors of popular literature to understand that enough is as good as a feast, and indeed much better. Mr. Main has set down before us in this *Treasury of English Sonnets* a banquet of formidable proportions, and we confess that our appetite fails us in the presence of so great a quantity and of a quality so various. A good sonnet is a very pleasant and attractive thing; but in this volume we are offered nearly six hundred sonnets, by no means all good, or even tolerable; and the effect of reading these little pieces one after another soon becomes exceedingly tiresome and vapid. Mr. Main has taken so much pains, and has displayed such care and research in his notes, that it is really a misfortune that it is impossible to praise the result. Unluckily, in poetry, learning and industry are very poor substitutes for taste; and, had Mr. Main put aside three parts of his pedantry, and occupied himself a little more with the essential value of the sonnets, he might have produced a useful and attractive book. As it is, his volume is a mine in which lazier compilers will dig, and so very considerably lighten their labours; but it is hardly a book that any one will take up for the sheer pleasure of the poetry to be found in it.

The same error has been fallen into by those who have preceded Mr. Main in the compilation of English sonnets, and we might have hoped that the warning would have been taken in a more sensible spirit. In his *Specimens of English Sonnets*, in 1833, a work of very considerable scholarly value, the late Mr. Dyce was rather concerned with reviving the memories of forgotten poets than with confining himself rigidly to the very best productions in sonnet-form. Still more lax and effusive is Leigh Hunt's posthumous and unrevised *Book of the Sonnet*, into which the desire to attract the Transatlantic public introduced far too many American sonnets of a wholly ephemeral nature. Seeing that both these works have lost their value and have failed to gain a place in our living literature, it was to be supposed that Mr. Main would try to avoid their faults; but as a matter of fact he has erred more in the same direction than either Leigh Hunt or Dyce. By far the best selection with which we are acquainted is one made in France under the direction of M. Charles Asselineau, and published in 1875 under the title of *Le Livre des Sonnets*. This little book professes to contain "fourteen dizains" of selected sonnets, the best to be found in all French literature, and arranged in chronological order. Of course, the sonnet has never flourished in France with the same vigour and freshness which it has shown on this side of the Channel; and it must be confessed that, even in this small collection, there are not a few specimens of a conventional and unimportant cast. But the number of sonnets is so few, and the selection so careful, that the book gives the reader an agreeable and, if we may so say, a classical impression. This is precisely what is wanting in Mr. Main's ponderous collection, and we can only wish that some one would select one hundred and forty from among the best of these miscellaneous six hundred, and publish them in the neat and comfortable form adopted by the firm of M. Lemerre. We should then possess a little volume of rare beauty and excellence, and we conceive that no real lover of poetry would waste a regret upon the four hundred and sixty sonnets relegated to obscurity.

Abandoning, therefore, the hope of finding in Mr. Main's *Treasury* any aid to intellectual enjoyment, or indeed of regarding it as, in Charles Lamb's sense, a book at all, it is left to us to consider its pretensions as a storehouse of material, good, bad, and mediocre. A special feature, and one characteristic of our antiquarian age, is the prominent place given in it to the minor writers of the time of Elizabeth. In John Florio, the translator of Montaigne, Mr. Main is ambitious to present to us an unknown English poet; but we cannot say that the sonnet, "Concerning the Honour of Books," on which he builds this claim, seems to us to display any poetical gift beyond that so common in the age of Shakspeare, of clothing the commonplaces of human vanity in a dignified and pleasing robe of fluent verse. Barnabe Barnes, whose name will be still more unfamiliar to the ordinary student of poetry, has a much more valid claim to recognition. The following sonnet, taken from a very rare volume of 1595, *A Divine Century of Spiritual Sonnets*, is certainly worthy of a place in that smaller selection which we hope to see, and gives us a favourable idea of the powers of Barnabe Barnes:—

> Unto my spirit lend an angel's wing,
> By which it might mount to that place of rest
> Where Paradise may me relieve opprest;
> Lend to my tongue an angel's voice to sing
> Thy praise my comfort, and for ever bring
> My notes thereof from the bright east to west.
> Thy mercy lend unto my soul distrest,
> Thy grace unto my wits; then shall the sting
> Of righteousness that monster Satan kill,
> Who with despair my dear salvation dared,
> And like the Philistine stood breathing still
> Proud threats against my soul for heaven prepared:
> At length I like an angel shall appear,
> In spotless white an angel's crown to wear.

The couplet at the end of this interesting poem reminds us of a fact which becomes unpleasantly emphasized when we read a great number of the so-called sonnets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—namely, that, in point of fact, these pretty quatorzains

* *A Treasury of English Sonnets.* Edited from the Original Sources, with Notes and Illustrations, by David M. Main. Manchester: Ireland & Co.

are not sonnets at all. In the French collection we have just referred to, only one writer closes the sonnet with a couplet, and this is the poetess of Lyons, Louise Labé. But the license which in France was accidental became the rule in England, so that of one hundred and twenty sonnets which in Mr. Main's collection precede the first of Milton's, only two, one by Sidney and one by Constable, conform to this primal rule of the Petrarchan model. In fact, as we have lately pointed out, the "sugred quatorzains," of which Shakspeare's are the most familiar, have so very little in common with the pure sonnets of Wordsworth or of Petrarch, that some other term is needed to define them. It is probably the wide cultivation of an entirely dissolute form of the sonnet in England that has produced the general impression, even among instructed critics, that the exact rules of construction may in this case be always indefinitely laid aside. For instance, Mr. Spedding has actually held that "the necessity of forcing the thought into the frame has spoiled many good sonnets," and that the omission of certain lines would improve some examples of this form of verse. We are at one with Mr. Main when, commenting on this opinion, he remarks, "Before a sonnet can be 'spoiled' it must be a sonnet; a sonnet has fourteen lines. Discard any one of the objectionable lines, and where is the sonnet?" The whole matter may probably be taken as a test of instinct for poetical form. Sydney Dobell, whose lack of style was so marked as to interfere with the lasting worth of the most interesting of his writings, was a still greater offender in this respect than the Elizabethans, for he thought it legitimate to compose sonnets in fifteen lines.

Mr. Main is so painstaking, and fishes with so fine a mesh, that it is not often that a good sonnet escapes his too capacious net; but in his selection from Dr. Donne we find reason to complain that he has given us what we do not want, and has withheld from us what we do want. About the famous "Death, be not proud, though some have called thee so," there can be no two opinions; but of Mr. Main's other specimen from Donne, "As due by many titles, we resign," not much more can be said than that it reflects the scholastic ingenuity which was the weak side of the poet, and not the lyrical passion which was his strong side. We much prefer the seventh of the series called "Holy Sonnets," the opening phrases of which were probably in the mind of Milton when he wrote his "At a Solemn Music":—

> At the round earth's imagined corners blow
> Your trumpets, angels, and arise, arise
> From death, you numberless infinities
> Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go
> All whom the Flood did, and Fire shall, o'erthrow;
> All whom death, war, age, agues, tyrannies,
> Despair, law, chance hath slain; and you whose eyes
> Shall behold God, and never taste death's woe;
> But let them sleep, Lord, and we mourn a space,
> For if above all those my sins abound,
> 'Tis late to ask abundance of Thy grace,
> When we are there. Here on this lowly ground
> Teach me how to repent, for that's as good
> As if Thoud'st seal'd my pardon with my blood.

Milton found no followers for a hundred years after his practice of the sonnet; but when, towards the middle of the eighteenth century, it once more came into fashion in England, his pure Petrarchan specimens were taken as their model by the sonneteers of the school of Gray and Warton. Several examples of this gentle rivulet of inspiration deserve to live, in spite of Wordsworth's condemnation of the best of them all, Gray's sonnet on the death of Mr. Richard West. But when Gray, Mason, and Warton had passed away, the sonnet fell into Della Cruscan hands, and especially into those of a few ladies more remarkable for sentiment and cultivation than for talent. In the practice of Miss Charlotte Smith and Miss Anna Seward the sonnet became as nerveless and as incorrect as in that of the laxest of the Elizabethans, and even Cowper's exquisite quatorzain to Mrs. Unwin, "Mary! I want a lyre with other strings," ends with the hated couplet. Bowles, about whose poetical genius Coleridge held so strange a heresy throughout his life, was not more skilful; and as a matter of fact the sonnet, in its noblest form, was handed by Milton down to Wordsworth without an intermediate station. Wordsworth has written more good sonnets, in point of number, than any other English poet; perhaps, considering the vigour and versatility of his genius, it might be said more than any other European poet; yet we confess that there are not a few of the sixty-one examples printed by Mr. Main which seem to us rather interesting from the intellectual than from the purely poetical side, so rarely does inspiration, even in the case of the greatest poets, produce an absolutely perfect sonnet. As we reach the confines of the present century the selection becomes wild and profuse to the last degree; the examples from Lord Thurlow and John Wilson, interesting to the present generation from their unfamiliarity, do not tend to induce us to reverse the decision that time has passed on the claim of these writers to be considered poets. Sir Aubrey de Vere, on the other hand, a poet whose dignified and recluse mind courted seclusion, excelled in the use of the sonnet, and may very well be recommended to the study of lovers of poetry. The oblivion that has fallen round this refined writer, who died in 1846, is shown by the fact that some of his best pieces are constantly attributed to the living author of the same name.

The greatest error in Mr. Main's volume is that he does not keep to his intention of including sonnets only by deceased poets, but extends his scope, fitfully and without judgment, to a few living writers. Here, where he cannot be guided by traditional opinion, his want of taste and tact has led him into great absurdities. At least half of the sonneteers from whom he quotes bear names totally unknown even to students of poetry, and some of the best names of our generation are absent. This fact gives a good notion of the calibre of the book, which is learned and eminently laborious, but edited without taste or feeling.

MARY CARPENTER.*

WITH the life of Mary Carpenter passed away one of the most remarkable women of the century. Few persons perhaps realize how much she has helped to develop our more enlightened views upon education and the treatment of the semi-criminal class. Mary Carpenter was born at Exeter, in 1807. When she was ten years old her father, Dr. Lant Carpenter—who will long be held in affectionate remembrance by those who lived under his wise and kind control as a schoolmaster—became one of the ministers of the well-known Unitarian Congregation meeting at Lewins Mead, Bristol. From that time until his death in 1840 Mary Carpenter was first the pupil and then the able assistant of her father's labours. To him she owed an education far more thorough and advanced than falls to the lot of most women. An interesting letter of Dr. James Martineau, who was one of the many eminent men who passed some years at Dr. Carpenter's school, gives us an account of her youthful attainments, in which Latin, geology, natural philosophy, and chemistry appear as part of the daily studies. A marked seriousness of purpose distinguished her from early childhood, and the accuracy and precision that her father's teaching enforced stood her in good stead when later life developed the powers for which she became remarkable. To this early training Mary Carpenter looked back with affectionate reverence. Throughout her life the memory of her father blended consciously with all she did. When nearer seventy than sixty, the impression left on friends in America who then saw her for the first time was that they were "talking with *some one's* daughter; her words had so much filial reference in them." To quote Dr. Martineau, "a man must be without head or heart who . . . . could forget such a master as Dr. Lant Carpenter, or remember him without affectionate veneration." Her father's position naturally brought her into contact with many eminent men, and most of the schemes that owe their origin to Mary Carpenter can be traced to the inspiration furnished to her in her youth by her father's friends. There were other sides of her character on which the home influence told. Both parents had an earnest devotion which showed itself in the marked individualistic way that is often to be found among Nonconformists. Taught from an early age to bring the strictest investigation to bear upon each thought and action, she became self-analytical and conscientious to a very high degree. In later life she could view more calmly the growth of her religious principles; but her diary is filled, while still young, with heartsearching scruples and bitter confessions of shortcomings. After her father's death, which took place when she was thirty-three, Mary Carpenter lived on with her widowed mother at Bristol until 1856, when Mrs. Carpenter died, and her daughter found herself with no home tie remaining and with a sense of loneliness that was at times overwhelming. Her always active life needed the repose that home ties afford to restore the right balance. The interests in Mary Carpenter's life were manifold, but they did not make up for the loss of the ever-ready sympathy that the presence of her mother assured to her. She needed something to supply the feeling that she was needed for her own sake. This she partially gained in later life by adopting a daughter, but whether it completely filled the void is not told. The work, however, of her life left little time to spare for regrets or self-musings. One enterprise led on to another in rapid succession, and running through them all is a vein of unity that enables us to see how each would naturally arise out of the needs and shortcomings of those undertaken before.

Her earliest efforts were directed in 1835 to carrying out in Bristol a plan of Dr. Tuckerman, of Boston, by which the poor of that city were to be more systematically looked after than was then the custom in our English towns. An organization was formed under the name of the "Working and Visiting Society," through which it was hoped the very lowest classes might be reached and helped. This method was that which we are now accustomed to consider the only reasonable one—namely, that regular records were kept, and no relief administered without the sanction of a committee; but in 1835, when it was first introduced into Bristol, the plan was an entirely new one. For more than twenty years Miss Carpenter acted as secretary, and took also an active part in the actual visiting. From the knowledge thus gained of the lowest classes sprang the scheme of the Ragged Schools which first opened the eyes of the public to the needs of our pauper children, and culminated in 1870 in the Elementary Education Act. The battle she fought, however, was long and arduous. Everything had to be done by herself personally. The pivot on which all her hopes turned was the exercise of personal influence over that portion of the population which had been brought up in crime and ignorance from their birth. By no fault of their own these children were brought into the

* *The Life and Work of Mary Carpenter.* By J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1879.

world. Though neglected by the State in the comparative innocence of their early youth, they were certain to come upon the State for maintenance of a more costly kind when ignorance and crime had done its work upon their lives. Year after year she reiterated her pleadings for these Arab children. When her voice was powerless in council, she fell back upon the practical working of her own schemes for reaching a class of children that National and British Schools did not succeed in getting hold of. After a time she gradually became convinced that another kind of school was also needed. The simply ignorant and poverty-stricken outcasts she could reach through Ragged Schools; the children already fallen into habits of vice, but not confirmed in them, had nowhere to go except to prison, where contact with crime in a more pronounced form only encouraged and developed the seed of evil. Reformatory schools were needed; but they must be based upon a system of home life if real reform could be looked for in the children. This was a startling suggestion, at a time when prisons themselves had hardly become humane in their treatment of convicts, and it fell at first upon ears hard of hearing. After many journeys to London to confer with influential people interested in the cause she had at heart, Miss Carpenter determined to open a Reformatory for children of the class she wished to reach, and to undertake the management of it herself. When it could be proved how well such a school answered, she had more hope of convincing those who withstood the whole scheme of reforming institutions. Through the generous help of Mr. Russell Scott, who placed suitable premises at her disposal, and through the liberality of Lady Byron and others who came forward to her aid, she started a school at Kingswood, framed upon plans which were in successful operation at Mettrai and at the Rauhe Haus near Hamburg. Into the working of this school Mary Carpenter threw herself with characteristic energy. A committee was formed, and for some years she retained practical control of the institution. Finding, however, that the union of boys and girls under one roof was not desirable, she shortly afterwards turned her attention to starting another institution for girls only; and without neglecting Kingswood, which now contained boys alone, she opened in 1854 a Reformatory School for girls at Bristol, which became her head-quarters for life. This school she managed solely. The officials were under her, and on her alone fell the whole responsibility. In spite of these new interests and duties, no old ones were allowed to drop. The Ragged School, the Sunday School, and Kingswood continued to draw from her the same close attention and care that she had given to each of them when she first set it on foot. Her heart only seemed to expand with the birth of each fresh scheme for the good of the classes she loved so well, and she who had no children of her own was recognized as a mother by numberless little ones who owned no parent.

It was not by these means alone that she strove to win a place for her undertaking in the public esteem. She was constantly in correspondence with public men upon educational questions. Legislation which should give to Ragged and Industrial Schools the same openings that the National and British Schools then had was the point she especially pressed. Sir Stafford Northcote's Bill of 1857 satisfied her entirely; but its progress was stopped by the dissolution of Parliament, and Sir Stafford Northcote not being returned at the general election, the measure passed into the hands of Mr. Adderley, and was carried through the House of Commons in a different form from that desired by Miss Carpenter. It is true her wishes were not always those that showed themselves to be the wisest when put to the test. The "day-feeding Industrial Schools," which provide food for the children but return them to undesirable home influences in the evenings, have proved to do often more harm than good by shifting from the parents' shoulders the responsibility of providing food for the family, while the children lose the good that entire absence from home might have gained for them. The Ragged Schools at that time had more to be said for them; and if, as Lord Granville wrote in a letter to Miss Carpenter, "all the Ragged Schools for the present and for the future were to have" her as manager, "there would be no difficulty"; but, as it was, numbers of schools and refuges of a less desirable kind were induced by the minute of June 1856 to declare themselves "Ragged or Reformatory Schools," and the national expenditure was increased alarmingly. It is only through seeing the actual working of such measures that their wisdom can be ascertained. Such people as Mary Carpenter are greatly needed to rouse public thought and invigorate public action; but the ultimate conclusion of the nation can only be arrived at through careful consideration of both success and failure on a large scale.

Strong and energetic as Miss Carpenter was in all that touched the welfare of the poor at home, her efforts and enthusiasm were destined to find a wider field. As year after year passed, and the measures she had at heart failed to pass into law, she fell back once more upon interests which had been keenly excited in early youth. In 1833 her sympathies had been kindled towards India by a visit of the Rajah Rammohun Roy to Bristol. This remarkable man had grafted on Hindu learning the larger culture of European thought, and his character fitted him to take the lead among those whom he met. His studies had directed him towards Christianity, which he ultimately embraced, though not in the orthodox form, and the controversy excited by this brought him to England. But he came only to die. With him faded hopes which many had formed for the future of India, but not before they had found a lasting home in the heart of Mary Carpenter. Young as she was at the time, the aspirations of the Rajah fell as seed into a ground already prepared for the reception of grand projects, through the ardent passion that her father had early aroused in her for Negro emancipation. This seed, however, was not destined to bear fruit until more than thirty years had passed. The delay caused by the slow action of Parliament in educational reform had depressed her in body and mind, and she hailed with delight the return of enthusiasm which the visits of some distinguished natives of India in 1864 again aroused in her. The subject they had at heart was female education. She grasped it at once, and from that day she felt more and more drawn to go herself to India to open the way for the education of native women. Two years were destined to pass before this enterprise was carried out; but when once her enthusiasm was kindled, it never slept until it could be put into practice. In 1866, at the age of fifty-nine, she made her first visit to India, and spent six months in inspecting existing educational agencies, and in setting on foot others that might prepare the way for fresh enterprises. She herself started a free school for the lower classes at Calcutta, and when again she visited India two years later, it was to found a Female Normal School at Bombay and another Native Girls' School at Ahmedabad. Twice more she revisited India, but the difficulties in the way of female education were greater than she had anticipated. The schools she started gradually ceased to interest those to whom they looked for support, and her later visits brought disappointment and discouragement to her hopes of anything like a comprehensive regeneration of the women of India. The last seven years of her life found Mary Carpenter reaping the reward of her labours. Once more she returned to the old work in England with the enthusiasm of her earlier days. Her judgment might sometimes be at fault, but the will and perseverance to carry out her projects never failed her. A visit to America served to show her how far her name had travelled. She repeated there the inspection of schools and prisons, and, until her death in June 1877, continued to bring the same energy and devotion to bear on the questions that had absorbed her through life. When apparently in her usual health one evening she passed away peacefully as she slept.

We have sketched the life of Mary Carpenter at too great a length to be able to do more than glance at the merits of the biography itself. Owing partly to the fact that she was one of those women who become absorbed in their work, and therefore did not touch the outer world on many points, and partly to the fact that, after the early chapters, her biographer has dwelt but slightly on the more private side of her life, the book is too much a continuous account of the successes or failures of her various schemes to be very attractive reading for those who do not care for such questions. Perhaps it is from the desire to lessen this effect that there is a slight strain at effect in the table of contents. To her family the work of Mary Carpenter might easily appear in the light of a sacred call, and each successive step would appear a special leading. The book might have had a keener interest if it had been more varied in its treatment; but in Mary Carpenter herself we shall look in vain for variety. Her strength lay in a single purpose carried out through a long life with single-minded perseverance; the charm that comes from diversity of interest and ready sympathy with people unlike herself could hardly have been hers. But it is the work of such women as Mary Carpenter that will live; and all that mars the recollection of their self-devotion may well be forgotten when death has closed a life that has been nobly consecrated to the welfare of others.

TWO WOMEN.*

WE should have liked this story a great deal more had there been only one woman instead of two, and only two volumes instead of three. The reader would act not unwisely who should skip over the second volume altogether, and pass from the end of the first, where the opening scene of the hero's love-making is brought to a close, to the beginning of the third, where, after an interval of seven years, the curtain draws up on the second and concluding scene. He would not have the slightest difficulty in following the thread of the story were he once informed that in the part which he had omitted was described, at very great length, the love that the hero had made to a very heartless beauty of society. This passage in the life of Mr. Hugh Ludlow we found, we will confess, uncommonly heavy reading. We were the more disappointed with it, and even vexed, as we had gone through the opening volume with much pleasure. Here we had found but little need for skipping. We are not disposed to think any the worse of the author—on the contrary, we ought perhaps to think a good deal the better—because she has not succeeded in giving life to such an artificial creature of society as Miss Cicely Verner. In a slight confusion of metaphors she says that, to the hero's mind, his first love, Dorothy Wilmot, "seemed like some pale image in the distance, eclipsed and almost blotted out by that other dazzling figure." We were not so dazzled by Miss Verner as to allow her either to eclipse or blot out her fair rival. We found her so intolerable and so dull that we could only keep ourselves from falling to sleep, as we read of her, by turning over the pages with the utmost rapidity. We dared not pause for a moment and try to read steadily on, as we knew that the volume would at once fall out of our hands and we should sink into a deep slumber.

* *Two Women.* By Georgiana M. Craik, Author of "Mildred," "Faith Unwin's Ordeal," &c. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1880.

Though we think all the better of the author, as we have said, for her inability to render her artificial heroine interesting and lively, yet we cannot but regret that her want of judgment should lead her to attempt a task for which she is but little fit. Let her henceforth leave the Cicely Verners of the world to her sister novelists who know nothing of women but as they are artificial. She has higher powers, and can paint with a skilful hand and a graceful touch woman as she is true to nature. She has not at her command, she ought to know, that profusion of words which is required by the writer who would describe a heartless beauty. She deals in very few words, if indeed in any, which she does not understand. We were a little alarmed almost at the opening of the story by her use of *exordium*. It is a somewhat strange word to apply to "some excellent advice" which a sister gave a brother when he was starting on his journey, and looks a little as if it were confused with exhortation. But, after all, a sister's advice, even if it does not always have an end, must at all events have a beginning, and so perhaps the word is here used with understanding. Later on we came to the dazzling figure that eclipsed and blotted out a pale image. But here we are pretty well at the end of our author's "wealth of words"; and therefore it will be at once acknowledged by every one that she is indeed ill fitted for all the purposes of modern writing. Then, too, she gives no descriptions of scenery. The scene of the first volume she lays in the mountain district of Wales. Her heroine, moreover, is a Cumberland girl, though transplanted to a Welsh parsonage. The girl had the greatest enjoyment of scenery, and liked nothing better than mountains. Strange to say, she seems to have been content with merely climbing them, and never once found it needful to talk about them, still less to describe them. She, poor spiritless creature, would spend a whole afternoon in roaming over the hills with a young Oxonian, without once halting on the top of some lofty hill to bid him admire the tender light, or the shimmering sheen, or the glinting aureole round the violet brow of some purple crag in the opaline west. Now the young reader whose reading carries him back but a few years may very well ask, how are these volumes ever filled when big words and fine descriptions are left out? You might, he would think, as well expect a bladder to become blown if no air were allowed to enter it. Nevertheless, Miss Craik, in spite of her simplicity of taste, does manage to fill two of her volumes in an agreeable enough manner. If we might venture to use a word which, though undoubtedly old, has never yet managed to struggle up into good society, she is a dab at love-making; and love-making, too, of the good old simple school. She takes her hero, the only son of a wealthy country gentleman, into a quiet parsonage for a long vacation's reading. His tutor is a simple elderly widower, with whom is living his orphan niece, Dorothy Wilmot. Under the very nose of the unsuspicious old gentleman the young people make love for almost a whole volume together, and yet he would never have discovered it had it not been for the vigilance of an old servant. He had indeed remarked that the young man in his reading let his thoughts wander in an unaccountable way. "I cannot tell how it is, Mr. Ludlow," he said to him one day, "but it seems to me that you experience a certain difficulty in fixing your mind steadily on your work." He beat about for some while for an explanation of his inattention. "I have wondered whether the extreme quietness of the life you lead with us may possibly have a depressing effect upon you." It is but a small space that the old rector fills in the story; yet his character, if but lightly sketched, is drawn with a good deal of skill. Very touching is his grief when he at length discovered all that had been going on, and felt that he might be reproached by Hugh's father with a breach of trust.

Dorothy's character is charming throughout. She is just one of those girls whom an old fellow may fall in love with for a brief hour, as he reads her story by his fireside, and goes back in his thoughts to the days when all the world was young. We do not like to speak with any tone of authority about lads and lasses and love-making. It is a good many years since Plancus was consul. Yet we are almost bold enough to maintain that Dorothy is too old by a couple of years when the hero—and the reader, too, for the matter of that—first falls in love with her. At the age of nineteen she could not have been so delightful a little simpleton, even though she had passed her childhood in a Cumberland dale, and had now been living for some while in a lonely Welsh parsonage. Her talks with the hero are admirable. Her utter ignorance of the conventionalities of society at first annoy him, almost as much as they startle him. The first morning after his arrival at the parsonage he rose early, and went to join her in the garden:—

"Good morning! You have got up early, Mr. Ludlow," she said. "I like people who get up early; but I did not expect that you would do it."

"Why not?" he asked, a little piqued by this reception.

"Because I thought you would have town ways," she replied. "You are not country bred. You are a—" she paused for a moment, and glanced at him rather dubiously, "—a fine gentleman, and fine gentlemen don't keep our sort of hours."

"I don't know why you should brand me as a fine gentleman," Hugh said rather quickly.

"Do you mind being called one?" She stopped her flower gathering, and looked up inquiringly in his face. "I didn't suppose you would. I only said it as an experiment."

"As an experiment!" Hugh repeated.

"I mean, I wanted to see if the shoe fitted."

"Oh!"

And then Hugh felt that he winced a little.

She lets him know that she is not altogether pleased at finding that he was not a boy as she had expected; "I thought," she said, "you would be more of a boy, and awkward, and that you wouldn't know what to do with your hands. It was rather a disappointment." She admits that he may be very nice in another way. "Only when one expects a person to be one thing, and he proves to be something else, it takes a little while to get over it." The chief charm of Dorothy's character in the early part of the story lies in the fact that she "was not boyish in any defiant desire to be so, but only from ignorance, and the circumstances of her bringing-up." She had never had a girl for her friend. The minor proprieties of life were altogether unknown to her; yet there was nothing that she desired more than to learn to be like other girls. "I don't want to be odd; I don't indeed," she earnestly assured the hero. She was always puzzling him as to how he could manage to explain to her the ordinary rules of life, and yet avoid hurting her feelings by showing her that she had broken them. He had been talking one day to her about the theatre, and she had been wondering if ever she should see a play:—

"Perhaps you may. If you ever come up to town, I will get my mother to ask you."

"But I might not like to go with your mother," rather quickly.

"Oh, I would go, too, you know. We would only take my mother with us because—well, because that is how people do things in towns."

"What! take their mothers everywhere with them? Young men?" said Dorothy, opening her eyes wide in surprise.

"No, no, not exactly; that would be too much for the old ladies," Hugh hastened to explain. "But you see, this is how it is; a box holds four people, and if you and my mother and I, and possibly Phœbe, were all to make a party, and fill one together, why, that would look comfortable, and —domestic, you know."

After this kind of talk had gone on for a few weeks, and after the young people had spent their afternoons in rambling together over the hills, the hero, as might be expected, says to himself one day, "Charming as Dorothy is, I couldn't fall in love with her if I tried." The experienced reader, of course, knows very well what this means, and is prepared for a very early proposal. The young lovers soon begin to talk over their plans. Hugh is entirely dependent on his father, and so he tells Dorothy that they must wait three years till he had left college. "They wouldn't let me come there, would they?" she asks. Their courtship was, however, discovered by the too watchful old servant, and the lovers were at once separated. Hugh was forbidden even to write to Dorothy. For three years he remained faithful to her, when, unhappily, he was introduced to the dazzling figure that eclipsed and blotted out for a time, not only poor Dolly, but also our interest in the story. In the third volume we find the old rector dead, and the heroine gaining her living as a daily governess in London. One day she goes to Hampstead, but does not, as we had fully expected, meet the faithless Hugh on the Heath. However, she has to return home by the railway, and in a train many a pair of modern lovers have met. It is, however, not at the end but almost at the beginning of the third volume, that these two thus pick up the thread which was snapped many years before. How, the reader may well ask, is the rest of the story filled up? Partly by a cousin of Dorothy's, who turns up from the gold-diggings, and partly by one of those attacks of typhoid fever to which heroes have become of late almost as much exposed as the members of the Royal Family. Then, too, there is a good deal more lively and pleasant talk, so that the third volume, if it is rather long, is nevertheless not often tedious.

How much do we wish that Miss Craik had had the courage to defy the publishers and the proprietors of circulating libraries, and had given us a story in one, or at most in two, volumes. "Let no man," wrote Tristram Shandy, "say—'Come, I'll write a *duodecimo*.'" If no man can venture to say this, it is not certainly reasonable to expect it of any woman. Nevertheless we cannot but feel regret when we see so much that is delightful greatly injured by being joined to so much that is, to say the least, uncommonly dull. However, we must not end with a word of blame. Dorothy's character is so charming that by itself it would be sufficient to give Miss Craik's story a high place among the novels of the present day; and there are other characters besides, which, though not equally important, are yet very cleverly drawn.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT was the most distinguished of those Southern officers in the Federal service who, on the outbreak of the Civil War, chose to adhere to their flag rather than their State. Professional feeling and instinct might well incline men as honest and high-minded as those who took the opposite course to cling to the service in which they had been educated and had spent their lives. But it was by those who preferred the cause of their native States that the proof of loyalty which self-sacrifice can afford was chiefly given. As Farragut was a sailor and no lawyer, it never seems to have occurred to him that his own State, Virginia, had, in joining the Union, expressly reserved the right to secede at pleasure, and that her own citizens therefore, in fighting to deprive her of this right, merited the name of rebels somewhat better than their antagonists. It is fair to say that he did not manifest the senseless virulence in which many Southern renegades outdid the fiercest abolitionists. Two of the most brilliant and important naval exploits of the war — the forcing the passage of the

Lower Mississippi, which was followed by the fall of New Orleans, and led eventually to the practical severance of the Confederacy, and the capture of the forts defending the harbour of Mobile—were achieved by Farragut, and no name in the service rivalled his either in the estimation of his countrymen or in the opinion of foreign observers. Like most American biographies, the present volume (1) is somewhat heavy, lengthy, and overloaded with despatches and letters of no very material interest. This is the more excusable, however, as the work is written by the Admiral's son, to whom naturally every memorial of his distinguished father was precious, and the material of the larger part at least was furnished by the Admiral himself. It is noteworthy that even a Northern Republican shows a pride of ancestry quite as strong as any Englishman of family could do, and the author takes abundant pains to set forth at length the splendid Spanish pedigree claimed by his family, and dwells with no little satisfaction on the welcome given to his father in the island from which the first of the name who settled in America came, and in which the ancient memorials of the Ferreguts are still to be found.

Whatever impartial observers may have thought of Mr. Garrison's long political career, whatever judgment may be passed by history upon the party struggle in which he took for thirty-five years so active and perilous a share, there can be no doubt of his title to a fuller record or literary monument than this comparatively brief and modest biography (2). Among those political enthusiasts who in the whole field of public affairs can see but the one grievance or evil that has seized upon their own imagination, few have been more sincere, more earnest, or in a certain sense more reasonable, than the first apostle of American Abolitionism. Those who condemned the anti-slavery agitation in the North did so on grounds less applicable to Mr. Garrison than to most of his coadjutors, especially to those politicians who in the later period of his career, and perhaps for purposes by no means so single and pure as his own, came to his support. When he began his propagandist work abolitionism was hardly more popular in the North than in the Slave States themselves. To all who cherished the Union as the basis of that national greatness of which they were proud, the security for the attainment of that magnificent future to which they justly looked forward, the agitation was exceedingly unwelcome. There were many who disapproved of it on higher and stronger grounds than those of patriotic ambition. It was a distinct breach of faith, a lawless interference by the citizens of one set of States with the domestic institutions of their confederates, institutions which, when the Union was framed, had been openly and formally accepted. This indeed Mr. Garrison himself would hardly have denied. He and his party appealed to a higher law, but had the honesty to admit that in so appealing they must forfeit all claims resting upon that lower law whose obligations they violently broke—a doctrine which of course condemns their conduct in the Civil War. It is the earlier part of Garrison's career that will seem in history the brightest, most honourable, and least stained by those insincerities and moral inconsistencies from which few politicians are free, but which are especially censurable in those who, standing aloof from the general issues of politics, cannot plead the politician's excuse of necessity. For many years the life of an abolitionist agitator, even in the North, was one of constant danger and suffering, and might at any moment be closed by what certainly deserved the name of martyrdom. Over and over again were the presses of Garrison and his friends destroyed, their meetings interrupted by angry mobs, their lives seriously endangered. He was certainly not open to the charges justly brought against those politicians who took up the cause when it became powerful and comparatively prosperous. That in the course of his career Mr. Garrison did much terrible mischief, that for a long time he rendered the position of the slaves worse than it had been or would have been but for him, that in his denunciations of slave-owners he was neither just, reasonable, nor accurate, is as certain as that the attainment of his paramount object through means which he did not foresee was in great measure due to the impression which the persistent efforts of himself and other men equally resolute and devoted made upon the conscience, feelings, and passions of the Northern people. In his personal character there was as much to admire, as little to disapprove or condemn, as can well be the case with any man engaged in a fierce and angry controversy involving at once the strongest feelings and the deepest practical interests of those concerned in it. The present memoir is well worth reading, will be heartily enjoyed by those who aided more or less warmly with the objects of Mr. Garrison, may be read with patience by those or the descendants of those whom he most deeply injured, and will interest all who can appreciate dauntless moral and physical courage, displayed amid perils perhaps more trying to nerve and spirit than those of the battle-field.

Mr. Daniels's account of the Huguenot settlement in the Nipmuck Country (3), the township now known as Oxford, Massachusetts, is not a little disappointing. No part of the history of American colonization is more profoundly interesting than the narrative of those fugitives from religious persecution in Europe to whom the original settlement of New England was due. The French Huguenots, moreover, deserve a much more unmixed sympathy than can be given to their English congeners and co-religionists. The latter had suffered far less persecution than they inflicted even in England, had manifested at home a spirit more tyrannical than that of Laud or Strafford, and disgraced their cause in New England by persecutions not less savage and much more senseless than those of the Stuarts or the Bourbons. The French Protestants, partly, no doubt, for lack of opportunity, but partly also from a better and more Christian spirit, are free from this indelible stain on the memory of the Puritans. It is not absurd to speak of them in the terms of praise so ridiculously bestowed on the latter as the champions and martyrs of civil and religious freedom. A clear account of a Huguenot colony in New England would therefore be valuable and interesting, if only from the contrast it would necessarily present to the history of its neighbours. Unfortunately, little or nothing seems to be known of the real story of the French settlers in the Nipmuck country. That they were French Protestants, driven from their country by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, settled on certain specified lands by a compact between a couple of French speculators in England and certain Puritan grantees of an extensive tract of land in Massachusetts, that they founded a tolerably thriving village, and were driven thence by the Indians—this is almost all that Mr. Daniels can tell us. The story of the French villagers occupies but a very few pages; the rest of the volume contains very uninteresting and unimportant accounts of the squabbles between the grantees and speculators that followed the failure of the attempted plantation. Perhaps the most valuable part of the book consists of a few paragraphs which throw a lurid light on the dealing of the English colonists with the Indian tribes. Savage reprisals may be necessary in savage warfare. They have occurred so often, and stain so equally the dealings of all civilized States with the natives of America, that it would not be worth while to dwell on them. But the deliberate ferocity, the utter contempt for law and justice shown in the execution of Indian chiefs, after a great and regular war, as criminals, is peculiarly characteristic of the temper and ideas of the Puritan administration of Massachusetts and the neighbouring settlements.

Most volumes of the series of *Boston Monday Lectures* contain something that is worth notice from one or another point of view. Perhaps the series of addresses on Labour (4), delivered by Mr. Joseph Cook, is as valuable or as entertaining as any. The latter word is certainly the more applicable to the author's reasoning on the employment of women. That the weaker sex should be, with certain restrictions, permitted to engage in any labour that is not injurious to their health or character is an assumption that will be more generally accepted than the odd condition imposed by the lecturer—that a public authority should be entitled to pronounce what occupations women can safely undertake, and that they should be legally confined to these. But what is still more extraordinary is the cool pretension, not argued but simply laid down, that restrictions imposed on female labourers in the interests of morality or of public health should not interfere with the amount of their remuneration; that is, that employers should be compelled to pay for inferior service at the same rate as superior, because the inferiority is due to the disadvantages at which the weaker sex are placed by nature.

Under the title *Two Sides of the Atlantic* (5) Mr. Burnley gives a sort of half-connected narrative, evidently in large part fictitious, of travel in the United States, sketches of the more familiar aspects of life in American streets, hotels, and villages, with a variety of remarks intended to be comic or sarcastic, but sometimes a little wanting alike in point and in humour. To these are appended, not very appropriately, a set of similar sketches of the life of an English manufacturing town, under the title of "Bradford Night Scenes," which contains perhaps as much that will be new to the ordinary English reader as the Transatlantic sketches.

The Chicago Reporter (6) gives, without intending it, an exceedingly unpleasant impression of the character of that journalism of which he proclaims himself a representative. There is scarcely one of his narratives which could by any possibility have .... in any English newspaper, except perhaps one or two of the worst of those recent imitations of the Transatlantic press which go by the name of "society" journals.

In a simple, modest, brief, and unaffectedly written volume (7) Mr. Myers, a Jewish minister, gives an account of the religious and quasi-religious customs and ceremonies of his people as they now exist, referring by way of illustration and explanation to their past history and to the fuller and very different ritual of

(1) *The Life and Letters of David Glasgow Farragut, First Admiral of the United States Navy.* By his Son, Loyall Farragut. Illustrated. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(2) *William Lloyd Garrison and his Times; or, Sketches of the Anti-Slavery Movement in America and of the Man who was its Founder and Moral Leader.* By Oliver Johnson. Boston: Russell & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(3) *The Huguenots in the Nipmuck Country; or, Oxford prior to 1713.* By G. F. Daniels. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(4) *Boston Monday Lectures.—Labor; with Preludes on Current Events.* By Joseph Cook. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(5) *Two Sides of the Atlantic.* By James Burnley. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

(6) *Suppressed Sensations; or, Leaves from the Note-Book of a Chicago Reporter.* Illustrated. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(7) *The Jews, their Customs and Ceremonies; with a Full Account of all their Religious Observances from the Cradle to the Grave.* By the Rev. M. Myers. New York: R. Worthington. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

Palestine while the Temple still existed and the strict observance of the law was possible. So little is known, even by most well-informed Christians, respecting either the tenets or the distinctive observances of the most peculiar of all existing sects —a sect which is at the same time a nation, and which derives its creed and ceremonies from an antiquity so remote and so splendid —that this little work ought to be widely popular, as we doubt not it will be in some sense useful. Though the Jews for obvious reasons excite, in England at least, neither the hostility nor the distrust entertained by Protestants for Roman Catholics, or by the Roman Catholics of Continental countries for Protestants, they are still regarded with a sort of cold, ignorant dislike and distrust which, if in some measure explained by their exclusiveness and by their supposed rather than their real business and social characteristics, certainly find no justification either in their religious opinions or in the morality that is connected with them.

Among many valuable works that have issued from the "Riverside Press" of Cambridge, Massachusetts, a complete edition of the known and supposed works of Chaucer (8) deserves especial notice. It is contained in three well-printed octavo volumes, prefaced by a brief, but very useful sketch of the poet's life, works, and times, and a yet briefer and not less useful exposition of the peculiarities of the English of his age. We have also, what will be very welcome to a large number of readers, an explanation of the meaning of those astrological terms with which very few but antiquaries are nowadays familiar.

The fourth annual volume of the Transactions of the American Public Health Association (9) possesses an especial interest and value on account of the records it contains of the late fearful outbreak of yellow fever in the Mississippi Valley. The opinions and even the experience of different writers and practitioners appear greatly to vary. The spontaneous generation or invariable importation of the disease, the utility or inutility of quarantine, the germinal or inorganic character of the virus, are points upon which the most contradictory views are expressed and maintained by evidence collected with equal care, and in equal abundance, on either side. This, however, must be the case so long as the general question of contagion and the origin of specific fevers remains an unsettled question, and will in nowise diminish the interest of the Transactions for professional students.

Dr. Dawson's *Fossil Men and their Modern Representatives* (10) does not deserve the less attention because the author's theories and inferences are on many points somewhat heterodox. He contends, for example, very earnestly against the doctrine which distinguishes clearly and sharply between the Palæolithic and Neolithic ages, insisting that polished and unpolished stone weapons may well have been used at the same time and in the same communities for different purposes, and that, after the introduction of metals, the ruder were likely to survive the finer forms of the antiquated instruments. A special value attaches to that considerable portion of the volume which deals with American, and especially with Canadian, prehistoric antiquities. Here again the author takes a view contrary to that generally adopted by archæologists. He supposes that the prehistoric civilization of America, if not less ancient than is commonly supposed, was not so utterly disconnected with the more modern history of the continent; that the Mound-Builders were exterminated by races still existing at the time of the discovery of Columbus, indeed at a still later period; that not very long before the French and Spanish conquests nations of great power, and much more civilized than the wild Indian tribes with which the English colonists first came into collision, extended over the greater part of what is now the United States; that war and other causes had been continuously for many ages wasting and depopulating the continent. Many of his most important facts and most interesting specimens have been collected from the buried ruins of the forgotten city or town of Hochelaga, an Indian fortress which occupied a considerable portion of what is now the site of Montreal, and was still existing when the first French expedition made its way up the St. Lawrence.

Mr. Theodore Woolsey's *Communism and Socialism* (11) is not more correctly than modestly described by its author as a mere sketch; and the subject is one that can hardly be dealt with within limits so narrow. The volume contains little or nothing that is new, even the existing or extinct communities in America whose various theories, principles, and practices it describes, being known to English readers from fuller and not less trustworthy [illegible].

Dr. Benjamin Taylor's *Summer-Savory* (12) is a collection of sketches of scenery and social life written in a light and pleasant style, which is perhaps most agreeable when it does not aim at professed pleasantry or half-sarcastic humour. The name of Mr. Bayard Taylor is sufficient to secure readers for the collected volume of his poems (13). Dr. Ticknor's posthumous volume of verse (14) is chiefly noticeable for its strong Southern and martial spirit. Few of the pieces possess very striking merit; all are short, simple, and unpretentious.

Of those works which can hardly be called literature in the general sense we have this month a treatise on operative surgery (15), by Dr. Stephen Smith, the surgeon of two New York hospitals; a monograph on the Interoceanic Ship Canal (16) across the Isthmus of Panama; a treatise on the Strength of Wrought-iron and Chain Cables (17); and the convenient and useful American Almanac for 1880 (18), containing a very valuable mass of statistical information.

(8) *The Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer; to which are appended Poems attributed to Chaucer.* Edited by A. Gilman, M.A. 3 vols. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(9) *Public Health Reports and Papers.* Vol. 5. Presented at the Meetings of the Public Health Association in the Years 1877–78. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(10) *Fossil Men and their Modern Representatives.* By J. W. Dawson, LL.D., F.R.S., &c. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1880.

(11) *Communism and Socialism in their History and Theory.* A Sketch. By Theodore D. Woolsey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(12) *Summer-Savory, Gleaned from Rural Nooks in Pleasant Weather.* By Benjamin F. Taylor, LL.D., Author of "The World on Wheels," &c. Chicago: Griggs & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(13) *The Poetical Works of Bayard Taylor.* Household Edition. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(14) *The Poems of Frank O. Ticknor, M.D.* Philadelphia and London: Lippincott & Co. 1879.

(15) *Manual of the Principles and Practice of Operative Surgery.* By Stephen Smith, A.M., M.D., Surgeon to Bellevue and St. Vincent Hospitals, New York. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(16) *The American Interoceanic Ship Canal Question.* By Rear-Admiral Daniel Ammen, U.S.N. Philadelphia: Hammersly & Co. London: B. F. Stevens. 1880.

(17) *Experiments on the Strength of Wrought-Iron and of Chain Cables.* By Commander L. A. Beardslee, U.S.N. Revised and abridged by W. Kent, M.E. New York: Wiley & Sons. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(18) *American Almanac and Treasury of Facts, Statistical, Financial, and Political, for the year 1880.* New York: American News Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

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THE ELECTIONS.

ELECTIONS enough have already been decided to show what the composition of the new Parliament will be. The great Conservative majority of 1874 has been altogether swept away. The question that remains to be decided is simply with what majority the Liberals will start in office. The Administration of Lord BEACONSFIELD appealed to the country, and the country has answered the appeal by saying that it is tired of the Administration of Lord BEACONSFIELD. In two days' polling the Liberals have gained thirty-one seats. This just reduces the Government majority to zero. In those English boroughs where the result of the polling is as yet unknown there will certainly be some Conservative gains; but there will also be some Liberal gains, and the result hitherto obtained will probably be little disturbed. There remain Scotland and the English counties. Here the gains, whether large or small, must be on the Liberal side. It is the English boroughs that have killed the Government, and it would be very interesting, if only it were possible, to know why they have killed it. To some extent there has been unquestionably displayed a real difference of political opinion. Just as the City of London has pronounced clearly for the policy of the Government, so the North of England has pronounced clearly against it. At Sheffield the Conservatives have had a triumph; but there can be no mistaking the enormous majority for Mr. GLADSTONE and his Liberal colleague at Leeds, the considerable Liberal majority at Manchester, and the rejection of two Conservatives at Salford. In 1877 there was a by-election at Salford which was regarded as in some measure a test case, showing how the Government was standing with the constituencies. A Conservative was returned by a majority of 1800; now two Liberals have majorities of 3,000 over their Conservative opponents. Mr. FORSTER receives a Liberal colleague at Bradford, and Mr. CHILDERS is equally fortunate at Pontefract. Nottingham, which may perhaps be classed with Northern constituencies, replaces two Conservatives with two Liberals, and has returned its chosen candidates by very large majorities. Not that there has been anything like a sweeping revulsion of feeling in the North. In a large number of Northern boroughs the representation is unchanged. Still the voting in places like Leeds, Manchester, and Salford, coupled with the general Liberal success in the North, has justified the confident assertion of Liberal prophets that, at any rate north of the Trent, the tide had turned in their favour. There the simple issue of GLADSTONE or BEACONSFIELD has been fought out, and the North has gone for GLADSTONE.

But what is really remarkable, and what has, we feel sure, taken the Liberals quite as much by surprise as the Conservatives, is that the Liberals have had a triumph all round. They have won in all kinds of constituencies and in all parts of England. They have been equally successful in those boroughs of moderate size which may be taken to represent the average feelings of the ordinary Englishman, and in those smaller boroughs which are usually supposed to be torn by local passions or dominated by local ascendency. In the South and West of England, where they were supposed to be weakest, they have gained Bath, Exeter, Gloucester, Oxford, Truro, and Winchester. In the centre of England they have gained at Bedford, Buckingham, Bury St. Edmunds, Cambridge, Cheltenham, Coventry, East Retford, Evesham, Grantham, Hereford, Ipswich, Kidderminster, King's Lynn, Lincoln, Tamworth, and Worcester. This is a long list, to which, of course, Conservative gains in the same districts might be opposed; but it is not merely that the Liberals have won on the whole, but that, excepting perhaps in metropolitan constituencies, they have won in constituencies big, middling, and small. In the small boroughs they have won Andover, Brecon, Petersfield, Rye, Wallingford, and, more wonderful than all, Stamford, where no Liberal had been returned since the first Reform Bill. A Liberal at Stamford is like a fly in amber, and equally suggests the question how on earth he got there. If the constituencies of all kinds were to give an answer, they could not have given a much more decisive one. But why they have given it no one can exactly say. They have not only given it, but they have given it after the utmost exertions had been made on both sides to get every elector to pronounce an opinion. It is astonishing how heavy the polling has been both in large and small places. For example, at Cheltenham the registered electors are 5,018, and 4,615 polled, and the Conservative who was beaten polled more than he polled in 1874 when he won. At Bedford 2,500 out of 2,600, and at Durham 2,295 out of 2,382, went to the poll, while at Barnstaple, Stamford, and Tiverton more persons appear to have polled than were on the register. In places where there was evidently a very strong current of political feeling it was inevitable that there should be a great increase in the number of persons who would take the trouble to vote. Six years ago a Liberal headed the poll at Leeds with 15,000; Mr. GLADSTONE now heads it with 24,000. At Salford the Liberal voters have suddenly risen from 6,000 to 11,000. At Manchester, Mr. BIRLEY, who was at the head of the poll in 1874, has now polled more than he did then, and yet he is beaten by 4,000 votes. But in little places quite as strenuous efforts have been made as in large ones, and there is scarcely a single constituency which has been snapped by an accidental triumph over supine or disunited enemies. The only conspicuous instance of voters not coming to the poll is the City of London, where scarcely three-fifths of the voters took the trouble to vote, and where the Conservative with the highest figure did not poll nearly half the constituency in his favour.

It is idle to speculate on the causes of the Liberal success. Very probably a large number of electors were tired of the Government merely because it had been six years in office. Another considerable section may have thought that the Liberal leaders, many of whom are men of great personal ability, ought to have their turn and show what they can do. But there are some things that the elections have placed beyond contest. They show that the publicans have not exercised the influence which it was expected they would exercise. At Birmingham they may have been conciliated by the honeyed words of Mr. BRIGHT; but, if they went against him, they did him no harm. The returns also show that the Liberals were not divided by crotchets, that their party organization is much improved, that the Liberals who love Mr. GLADSTONE work hard for him, that the Liberals who distrust him confide in Lord HARTINGTON, and that the moderate Liberals have, as a rule, not gone over or abstained, but have at the eleventh hour voted with their party. No conspicuous politician has as yet lost his seat, the nearest approaches to this being the

rejection of Mr. RAIKES at Chester, and of SIR JOHN LUBBOCK at Maidstone. Both would be considerable losses to the new Parliament, but both are sure to find seats before long. Promising members hitherto unknown to Parliamentary life have been found at Oldham in Mr. STANLEY, at Grantham in Mr. ROUNDELL, and at Oxford in Mr. CHITTY; and that good boy Lord RAMSAY has now an opportunity of showing how good he is, and how quickly he can gain the discretion which will win him the complete confidence of Lord HARTINGTON. As the Conservatives were able to secure a seat at Rochester, it may be regretted that they did not confer on the new Parliament the benefit of Mr. SETON-KARR'S long knowledge of the East, and sound and moderate judgment in all things relating to India. Mr. WREN, who now sits for Wallingford, will perhaps cram Parliament with the zeal with which he has crammed successive batches of Civil servants. At Exeter the eloquence and the influence of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE have sufficed to return his son at the expense of an old friend and a valuable, because honourable and upright, supporter, Mr. ARTHUR MILLS. Sir WILLIAM PALLISER and Sir HENRY TYLER will contribute to the new Parliament special knowledge of a kind that will be generally recognized as useful, and Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD has travelled and written enough to raise expectations, which may or may not be fulfilled, of his being able to amuse, to instruct, and to excite his hearers at Westminster. Liberals generally will have the pleasure of travelling to Westminster to occupy the side of the House from which they have been so long excluded, and every winning candidate and his friends must rejoice in the result. But in point of personal gratification few perhaps will be able to rival the satisfaction of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who heads the poll, has got an excellent Liberal as his colleague, and has actually defeated a local brewer; of Lord NORTHBROOK, who, after all the criticisms that have been passed on him as Viceroy of India, sees his eldest son at the head of the poll at Winchester; or of Mrs. GLADSTONE, whose dear Yorkshire friends have exerted themselves in a way that she tells them gives her husband much comfort in his present time of trial. A few days more, and the general topic of discussion will probably be, not the elections, but the composition of the coming Liberal Cabinet.

THE METROPOLITAN BOROUGHS.

THE most remarkable circumstance in the metropolitan elections is not that some Conservative candidates are defeated, but that any are returned. The substitution, under the last Reform Act, of household suffrage for the ten-pound franchise effected a smaller change in London than in provincial towns, because the majority of metropolitan householders were already qualified; yet it might have been expected that the new electors, belonging with few exceptions to the humbler class, would have supported the Liberal party. Mr. W. H. SMITH was nevertheless returned for Westminster at the first election after the Act of 1867, at a time when the Conservative cause throughout the kingdom was at the lowest point of depression. It is highly creditable to the constituency that the pre-eminent claim which he has since established to their confidence is fully recognized. The return of his colleague, though he is a respectable and useful member, probably indicates the strength of the Conservative party rather than personal preference. The battle was fairly fought with worthy antagonists. Sir ARTHUR HOBHOUSE, though he is not a popular speaker, has acquired reputation in his profession and in the public service; and Mr. JOHN MORLEY, already eminent in literature and in moral and political controversy, would probably have risen to high distinction in the House of Commons. The city of Westminster still retains some of the characteristics which gave it extraordinary political importance when there were few numerous and independent constituencies. In its wide area it includes rich and poor districts, and many streets of intermediate quality. It would be interesting, if it were practicable, to analyse and classify the votes which were given on either side. The region round Grosvenor Square, including Mayfair, probably contributed to the Conservative majority; but the residents are more conspicuous by wealth and position than by their numbers. The superior tradesmen have during a whole generation gradually undergone a process of conversion from Liberalism, which is perhaps now almost complete; but, even in combination with their richer customers, they must have formed a comparatively small section of the 15,000 or 16,000 electors who voted. The majority of the whole constituency probably live on wages; and many working-men must have supported the successful candidates. There were few collateral issues to impair the political significance of the contest. The licensed victuallers and the customers whose interests are identical with theirs may have preferred the representatives of the party which has threatened them least. On the other hand, it is said that Mr. MORLEY succeeded better than his colleague or his opponents in purging himself from the suspicion of complicity with Co-operative Stores.

It might have been expected that Hackney, with nearly double the number of electors, and without any aristocratic admixture, would arrive at a different conclusion from Westminster. The Liberal candidates were well known and popular, and one of them has deservedly attained a high Parliamentary position. Mr. BARTLEY must be of a sanguine disposition if he hoped in such a constituency to defeat Mr. FAWCETT and Mr. HOLMS. He did a service to his party by proving that in Hackney there were more than ten thousand Conservative voters. The actual or retired tradesmen and others who occupy villa residences in the district have probably joined in the reaction against Liberalism which first disclosed itself twelve or fifteen years ago. The extreme opinions which then frightened large and small owners of property are now more openly avowed; and the fact that the most powerful leader of the Liberal party frequently countenances revolutionary proposals has produced a profound impression on all the classes which have anything to lose; but there are certainly not ten thousand electors of Hackney who live, as the phrase is, on their means. In this instance, also, many working-men and many small tradesmen must have voted for the Conservative candidate. The section of the community which lately prevented the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER from addressing the constituency is probably numerous; but it is satisfactory to find that it does not include the whole population. It is uncertain whether in Hackney or in other metropolitan boroughs the questions which have occupied the almost exclusive attention of political speakers have greatly influenced the elections. The excitement which prevailed a year ago on foreign policy has rapidly subsided; and probably the results of the different contests represent with approximate accuracy the ordinary strength of the rival parties. In certain classes it is notorious that many former Liberals have temporarily or definitively left their party, principally in consequence of Mr. GLADSTONE'S conduct and language; but the alarm which he has caused is probably not shared by the bulk of the constituencies. In estimating the value of the expression of opinion it is well to remember that every London borough contains a larger or smaller proportion of Irish voters, almost exclusively of the working class. Nearly all of them act under the direction of agitators from Ireland, who have on this occasion used their utmost exertions to return Liberal candidates. It is possible that resentment at Irish dictation may have induced a certain number of English voters to support the party which is not allied with the promoters of Home Rule.

The City of London has an organization and a unity of its own which belong to none of the other metropolitan constituencies. London has been arbitrarily, though necessarily, divided into districts which, with the exception of the City and partially of Westminster, have no necessary independence. The peculiar qualification of a large number of City electors also tends to create a local and municipal patriotism. The citizens of London feel an attachment which is elsewhere imperfectly appreciated to municipal institutions and customs which appear to strangers anomalous and obsolete. The civic aristocracy is, as might be expected, in general, though not unanimously, Conservative. The great majority of liverymen were formerly Liberal; but they care more for their own institutions than for democratic progress. They well know that the establishment of a Metropolitan municipality would deprive the City of its splendour and its privileges, and they accept in earnest

the assurances of statesmen on festive occasions that they will always maintain the rights of the first of English Corporations. In the present election foreign politics have probably had more influence on the result in the City than in other constituencies. Some plaintive Liberal orators still complain of the irregular conversion of an anti-Turkish meeting into an assembly of enthusiastic supporters of the Government. The disturbers were to blame, but they represented the prevailing feeling of their fellow-citizens. For a long time no subsequent attempt was made in the City to oppose the Ministerial policy. For all these reasons it seemed probable that the Conservatives would succeed in returning three members; but so large a majority could not have been anticipated. It is to be regretted that the fourth seat is not occupied by Mr. GOSCHEN, whose personal qualifications for the function of representing a great commercial community are perhaps unequalled. He seems, however, to have acted prudently in declining a contest which might perhaps have resulted in the election of one of the other Liberal candidates in his place.

The return of two Conservative members for Greenwich proves the sound judgment of Mr. GLADSTONE in taking refuge at Leeds in default of success in Midlothian. It also shows that suburban residents have in the borough of Greenwich, as elsewhere, for perfectly intelligible reasons, rallied to the Conservative party. The narrow majority of the Liberal candidates in more than one of the metropolitan boroughs where they have been successful shows that London artisans and tradesmen have not been convinced by incessant declamation of the unsoundness of Lord BEACONSFIELD's foreign policy. The present election will furnish the future Government with matter for reflection when the inevitable scheme of redistribution is introduced. In any arrangement founded on population or on rateable value, London will be entitled to a large increase of representation; and the Liberal leaders will not feel the confidence in new metropolitan constituencies which Mr. GLADSTONE reposes in the admiring voters of Scotch boroughs. The denunciations which he has often directed against London newspapers and London Clubs seem to be in some degree applicable to the mass of London ratepayers, and to the Liverymen of the City. It is probable that the reaction which once more illustrates the caprice of household suffrage under the Ballot would have been still more sweeping if the agitation in Midlothian had not detached large numbers of moderate Liberals from the party with which they have habitually acted. The gain resulting from the excitement produced in Scotland is perhaps not equal to the loss; for it is doubtful whether a single opponent has been won over, though previously formed convictions have probably been confirmed. For the moment the followers of Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord HARTINGTON are entitled to exult in their victory. Comparatively neutral politicians may be excused for doubting whether three changes of Ministry, resulting from three successive elections, prove the steadiness and wisdom of popular constituencies.

THE DECREES AGAINST THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

THE blow against the Jesuits has at last been struck, and nobody seems quite sure how much harm it has done them. In point of fact, until five months have passed away, no one will have the materials for being sure. The non-recognized religious orders—with the exception of the Jesuits—have been told to do one thing; the Jesuits have been told to do another thing; and it remains to be seen whether either will do what they are told. Every kind of reason has been given for the action of the Government except the most important reason of all, the motive which has induced them to do as they have done. Upon that point they have been carefully and obstinately silent. It might have been expected that when M. DE FREYCINET made up his mind to set the Senate at defiance he would state in one Chamber or the other why he had determined to do so. Apparently he is so convinced of the wisdom of the course he has adopted that he considers it to need no exposition. The fact that the Senate has decided one thing is in his eyes sufficient ground for deciding the contrary. Otherwise, the least that a co-ordinate branch of the Legislature might have looked for was some explanation why its opinion was not to go for as much as the opinion of the Chamber of Deputies. The Constitution gives the Senate equal powers, and provides that it shall be created by a process differing in detail from that by which the Chamber of Deputies is created, but identical with it in principle. There is no apparent reason therefore why the Ministry should despise the Senate and hold to the Chamber of Deputies rather than despise the Chamber of Deputies and hold to the Senate. Both Assemblies trace their origin to universal suffrage, and though one is in name more popular than the other, it is not clear how they differ in substance. M. DE FREYCINET chose to think that something must be done against the Jesuits, and he proposed the 7th Clause as the least measure which he thought would meet the case. The Chamber of Deputies enthusiastically adopted his views; but the Senate with equal decision rejected them. Considering that both Chambers are elective, this seemed to point to a deadlock out of which there was no way except by a dissolution. Half the elective members of the Senate sit by a mandate of later date than the Deputies themselves; and it is consequently doubtful whether in this instance the vote of the First Chamber interprets the opinion of the country with greater accuracy than the vote of the Second. The power of dissolving the Chamber of Deputies is vested by the Constitution in the President conjointly with the Senate, and it is difficult to suppose that, if M. DE FREYCINET had asked M. GRÉVY to move the Senate to give the requisite consent, the permission to dissolve would have been refused. Had it been refused, M. DE FREYCINET would have been clearly in the right. The Senate and the Minister would have differed as to the interpretation to be put upon the popular feeling, and the Senate, not the Minister, would have shrunk from verifying theory by an appeal to facts. As it is, the Minister has shrunk from this decisive ordeal. He has rested content with a majority in the Chamber of Deputies as elected in 1877, in total disregard of the later date at which the contact of the Senate with the electors has taken place. In short, he has acted as though the existing Constitution of France provided but a single Chamber, and the addition of a second were merely ornamental. We know of no country in which there is a second elective Chamber where the voice of that Chamber would be so entirely set at nought as the vote of the Senate has lately been in France. Even in the colony of Victoria there has been a dissolution, and a dissolution with the result that the impression generally entertained of the issue of the elections has been completely falsified. In France alone the Second Chamber has been openly defied. The next time that the Senatorial elections are held it will not be wonderful if the electors bethink themselves how little attention has been paid to the previous expression of their opinion.

M. DE FREYCINET has said that, if the Senate would have passed the 7th Clause of M. FERRY's Education Bill, the Government would have asked no more. From this it appears that the one point which the Government were anxious to secure was the exclusion of members of the non-recognized religious orders from the exercise of the teaching function. Let it be conceded that this object will be obviously attained by the decrees which have just been issued; what is the gain which it is supposed will accrue to the Government in consequence? When the Jesuits and all the other non-recognized religious orders have been satisfactorily got rid of, to what body will the education of the children of whom these Orders have hitherto had the charge be made over for the future? The Radicals seem to assume that in this matter the parent counts for nothing. He has sent his son to a Jesuit school instead of to a lycée up to this time, and for the future he will send him to a lycée instead of to a Jesuit school. Why should he do anything of the kind? Because, it will be said, the Jesuit school will be closed by order of the Government, and consequently he will have no alternative but to send him to a lycée. This view of affairs seems to credit French parents with exceedingly little inventiveness, and French Catholics with a strange want of ability to adapt themselves to new circumstances. The reason why the Jesuit schools have been popular is, in part, that they are supposed to follow a more rational system than that followed in the lycées; in part, that the parents like the religious teaching given in these schools; and in part that parents expect, either in their own persons or in those of their children, to reap some advantage from giving the Church the preference over the State. It is not likely that these motives will cease to operate immediately upon the execution of the new decrees. The lycées will not become any better from

the withdrawal of competition. The desire that children should receive religious training of a specific kind will not be extinguished. The influential or fashionable classes which have hitherto supported the Jesuit schools will not transfer their countenance to the institutions which they have so long been decrying. Nor is it probable that the Church will be found wanting when means have to be provided for giving effect to these feelings. If it were necessary, we should no doubt hear that this or that eminent teacher had retired from the Jesuit Order, had been admitted into one of the orders recognized by the French Government, and was about to open a school in such and such a street, and under such and such patronage. It is not at all clear, however, that any such necessity will arise. The law on which the decrees are founded is by no means easy of interpretation, and it is quite possible that the Jesuits may find it so easy to evade dissolution that they will be under no temptation to exchange into an order which has not been dissolved. Even if it could be supposed that, as regards the Jesuits themselves, the decrees would have the tremendous force which the Ministerial Radicals are disposed to attribute to them, the same teaching would continue to be given by other teachers. It is not the instructions of a particular body of schoolmasters which has made a large number of Frenchmen reactionary and Ultramontane. That they are so is the result of a great variety of influences; and, as long as these influences continue to operate, the result will continue to be observed. This particular attack upon the Jesuits will only arm the reactionary and Ultramontane section of French society with a very much better argument than any they have had yet. They have been predicting for years that the Republic would in the end attack the Church, and they are now for the first time able to point to facts in support of their opinion. There can be few worse policies than to fulfil the predictions of an adversary.

MR. GLADSTONE.

THE deluge of Mr. GLADSTONE's speeches has continued without abatement to the end. Within two or three days of the election he delivered several orations, of which perhaps the most significant was a short address to the electors of Peebles. Forgetting, or not regarding as serious, the repeated professions of Lord HARTINGTON, he intimated his determination to abandon two of the territorial acquisitions which have been made since his retirement from office. He undertook to repudiate the possession of Cyprus and of the Transvaal as dominions both worthless in themselves and discreditable in the circumstances of annexation. Both questions deserve grave consideration; but it is not the duty of a statesman to decide such issues without reference to accomplished facts or consultation with his colleagues, or to announce his conclusions for the purpose of exciting applause to the first mob which he may casually meet. Other Liberal leaders have of late repeatedly pledged themselves to accept the responsibility of the Eastern policy of Lord BEACONSFIELD's Government, including the acquisition of Cyprus. Lord CARNARVON, who is habitually courted by the Liberal party, suppressed the Transvaal Republic, and appropriated its territory; Lord KIMBERLEY, who was Secretary for the Colonies in Mr. GLADSTONE's Cabinet, approved the annexation; and Mr. FORSTER has more than once protested against the abandonment of the native inhabitants of the province to the mercy of the Dutch settlers. No serious Parliamentary opposition was offered to the measure except by Mr. COURTNEY, who found no support in his vigorous and consistent opposition to Lord CARNARVON's policy. It is a natural inference from the thoughtless communication made to the Peebles audience that Mr. GLADSTONE will, in the event of his accession to power, hold himself at liberty to repudiate more important engagements than those which relate to Cyprus and the Transvaal. His possible colleagues or clients must rejoice at the close of his circuit of declamation.

On Monday Mr. GLADSTONE's torrent of eloquence had temporarily subsided into a placid current. Instead of violently denouncing his enemies, he was friendly, familiar, and communicative, even in personal details. By the advice of a physician, who is, as might be inferred from his rare sagacity, a Scotchman, Mr. GLADSTONE has, it seems, the habit of applying suitable remedies as soon as he feels himself indisposed. So admirable a practice accounted for his being perfectly well on Sunday, though he had been a little disordered on Saturday. The cheerfulness of rapid convalescence was only disturbed by a supposed calumny which he was characteristically eager to correct. A local caricaturist had added to a picture of Mr. GLADSTONE a legend to the effect that he had no support except at Dalmeny, which is Lord ROSEBERY's residence. The facetious artist had, it seems, placed the statement between inverted commas, and Mr. GLADSTONE, shocked at the cruel mendacity of the libeller, denied that he had said anything of the kind. Future biographers will take notice that Mr. GLADSTONE neither sells cheap claret nor wantonly contradicts his own repeated boasts that he has a majority in Midlothian. He found a pleasanter topic in the candidature of one of his sons for Middlesex, which is of course intended as a compliment to himself. He naturally conjectured that the metropolitan county of England was actuated by a desire to imitate the mid or central county of Scotland. Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE's inexperience accounts for a declaration which probably represents higher authority than his own. He said in one of his speeches that he desired to support the English Established Church, but that, if the majority were of an opposite opinion, he would not attempt to thwart their wishes. As Mr. GLADSTONE has frequently used similar language in speaking of the Scotch Establishment, there can be little doubt that the candidate for Middlesex has inadvertently expressed his intentions.

No inference can be drawn from Mr. GLADSTONE's silence as to the course which he will follow if his party returns to office. Mr. FORSTER was apparently not in his confidence on the subject when he lately said, with obvious truth, that the only possible Prime Ministers of a Liberal Government were Lord GRANVILLE, Lord HARTINGTON, and Mr. GLADSTONE. He added that, if Mr. GLADSTONE chose to accept the office, neither of his former colleagues would dispute his claims. Such a competition would be equally unwise and ungracious; but the leaders of the party will, if the occasion arises, await Mr. GLADSTONE's resolution with serious anxiety. His accession to power would reduce to insignificance the moderate Liberal party. He might possibly be once more willing to leave to Lord GRANVILLE the ordinary conduct of foreign affairs, though the national policy would be liable to disturbance through the sympathies and antipathies which Mr. GLADSTONE has recently cultivated. On all domestic questions he would be practically supreme. His most devoted admirers scarcely exaggerate his paramount influence over the most numerous section of the Liberal constituencies. An impulsive and passionate character becomes popular through the very defects which impair the confidence of colleagues and of Parliamentary followers. A Cabinet controlled by such a Premier must be prepared to join him in agitation for any of the thirty measures which he lately announced as necessary and urgent. The other alternative which he may perhaps choose will also be a source of embarrassment. Out of office Mr. GLADSTONE would still be regarded as the leader of the party of movement; and there is no room in the English constitutional system for an irresponsible patron of the Government. Lord GREY expresses a feeling of uneasiness which is widely entertained in his anticipation that the policy of a Liberal Government will be directed by Mr. GLADSTONE, whether he is in or out of office. The revolutionary tone and temper of his Midlothian speeches, both in the autumn and in the spring, are even more alarming than his special opinions on domestic and foreign policy. In an answer to Lord GREY which showed good taste and good feeling, Mr. GLADSTONE concurred in the opinion that his own possession of power without responsibility would be injurious to the public interest; but he suggested that the independent characters of Lord GRANVILLE and Lord HARTINGTON would furnish a sufficient security against their dependence on himself. It is nevertheless certain that a Liberal Ministry would be deserted by the Radical members of the party if it were on any question opposed by Mr. GLADSTONE. In defending himself against Lord GREY's charge that he had propounded revolutionary doctrines, Mr. GLADSTONE made no reference to his mischievous suggestion that Parliament might justly expropriate landowners for the purpose of creating bodies of peasant proprietors, if such a measure were economically desirable.

If any orator can make financial speeches attractive, Mr. GLADSTONE has almost exclusive possession of the secret; yet it is difficult to suppose that his large audience at Stow was either entertained or convinced by his elaborate

manipulation of figures. Even a Scotch tradesman or artisan can scarcely pretend to hold a confident opinion on the comparative merits of the different methods which have been employed in the reduction of the National Debt. Terminable Annuities, once created, are, as Mr. GLADSTONE said, self-acting. On the other hand, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S Sinking Fund, as long as it is maintained, is more effective and more economical. If the Stow meeting preferred the plan of Terminable Annuities, its judgment must have been formed not by the force of Mr. GLADSTONE'S arguments, but on his authority. There is no doubt that he has been a great financier; but his judgment on financial as on political questions is impaired by prejudice and passion. In the course of his financial speech he thought fit to introduce an episode on the advantages of democracy as illustrated by the success of the American Government and Legislature in reducing the debt. Mr. GLADSTONE never spares adulation of the United States, probably as a set-off to his famous eulogy of the Confederate Government. If an aristocracy or an English Ministry were to support a strict protective system and an irredeemable paper currency, and if it had borrowed the whole amount of the sums required for the most costly war on record, Mr. GLADSTONE would not be so complimentary in his criticisms. It is not the business of Englishmen to find fault with the financial policy of foreign countries, except when they are for party purposes proposed as models for imitation. The advantage of rapidly reducing the interest of the American debt has been purchased by the payment, up to the time of commutation, of an extravagant percentage; but the Treasury and Congress had a full right to choose the course which might be most convenient. The whole of Mr. GLADSTONE'S latest financial argument was vitiated by his habitual confusion of finance with politics. It has never been denied that Lord BEACONSFIELD'S Government has spent more and received less than Mr. GLADSTONE'S. It follows that the debt cannot have been as rapidly reduced as if no change had occurred. The cost of the Indian troops at Malta, of calling out the reserves, of keeping a large fleet for many months in Turkish waters, had in some way to be met. The choice of means was a question exclusively of finance; the amount to be provided was wholly dependent on national policy. Mr. GLADSTONE mixes up the two separate issues so constantly that he must be supposed to delude himself before he misleads his followers. Before the production of the Budget Mr. GLADSTONE and his adherents frequently challenged Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE to impose taxes for the immediate discharge of an accumulated debt of seven or eight millions. They can hardly have expected to tempt the most simple-minded of adversaries into a suicidal decision on the eve of the general election; but it was hoped that discredit would be thrown on the Government by its admitted inability to pay off the debt. When it was announced that the payment would be spread over five years, the decision of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER commanded general approval; and from that time the majority of Liberal speakers have judiciously avoided the question of finance.

THE AUSTRIAN OCCUPATION.

ONE of the minor trials to which quiet Englishmen are continually exposed is that no one seems able to speak or write about any subject connected, however remotely, with the Eastern Question, in simple and natural English and in a guarded and unbiassed manner. Mr. ARTHUR EVANS has been writing on the Austrian occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and if he would but have confined himself to what he knows and has seen, his contribution to the *Fortnightly Review* would have been equally welcome and valuable. He is one of the very few Englishmen who have lived and travelled in the remote and savage districts of which he speaks. It is impressive, to say the least, to peruse the composition of a writer who can say what he saw at Kulen Vakup, who has received the confidences of a Vakup Beg familiarly known as Fat ALAJ, and has discussed with a Serbian gentleman the probable spread of the Russian language south of the Danube. To get at facts and put away theories, fears, and prejudices is, after all the interminable discussions with which we have lately been made familiar, the only method of dealing with the Eastern Question which is of the slightest real use. Mr. EVANS does give us some facts, and so far we may be grateful to him; but he is cursed with a turn for epigrams and eloquence, and he keeps breaking out and bewildering us when we most fondly hope that we have got him safe and that he is going to instruct us. He takes up his parable against Austria, and thunders away in that flowery historical style which is so distracting. "From the days of the hyæna of Prague "to the days of the hyæna of Brescia the policy of the "HAPSBURGS has been essentially the same," and so forth. Oh! for one hour of blind old DRYASDUST, who at least, if we went through the intense nuisance of reading him, let us know more or less what he meant. Even when we do know what Mr. EVANS means, we too often have to listen to nothing but screams of passion. Count ANDRASSY, we are told, in accepting the task of occupying Bosnia, served his sovereign and betrayed his country. Why should we not say that Count ANDRASSY served his sovereign and took the line he thought best for his country, although a visitor to Kulen Vakup and a friend of Fat ALAJ thinks he judged wrongly? If we could simply put aside the writer's impassioned utterances and stick entirely to his facts, no great harm would be done. But facts are only what a man sees or hears, and it is he that brings the eye and the ear to the task of collecting information. We cannot be quite easy about the eye and ear of an observer whose mind was tossed with thoughts of the hyænas of Prague and Brescia, and who was perfectly positive that Count ANDRASSY had betrayed his country.

Taking into account the furious prepossessions of Mr. EVANS on the one hand, and his indisputable knowledge of the country on the other, we find the following facts in his article for our consideration. To the credit side of Austria's account there stand some items of considerable importance. She has overthrown for ever the tyranny of Pashas and Kaimakams; she has abrogated the whole iniquitous system of tax-farming; she has removed the religious disabilities that weighed upon the Rayah; and she has terminated the wholesale murder and outrage of a reign of terror. On the other hand, the debtor side is heavy. Austria governs through an alien bureaucracy and soldiery; the provinces are more heavily taxed than they were under the Turks; the Serbs are persecuted for being Serbs; an agrarian system which they detest has been reimposed on the cultivators of the soil; and the refugees who had fled to Austria were sent back with so much cruel negligence that nearly one-half of them perished. The general result is stated by Mr. EVANS to be that their Austrian rulers are equally detested by Mahommedans and Christians, and that in despair numbers have taken to the hills, and live, or try to live, by brigandage. As illustrations of the tyranny of an alien bureaucracy, we are told that the Serbs are not allowed to have the benefit of the old Cyrillian characters being used in public documents, and that telegrams complaining to the EMPEROR of local officials are burked in the offices from which they are supposed to have been despatched. Cemeteries have been converted into public gardens, and rows of houses have been knocked down for street improvements without compensation to the proprietors. The Serbs are persecuted for being Serbs in different ways. In the first place, they are not allowed to call themselves Serbs, which must no doubt be trying. German is to be made obligatory in the higher schools. The masters are to be corporals in the army. Under these circumstances the Serbs are beginning to try to make their own language more like the Russian. Not that they have the slightest wish to fall politically into the hands of Russia. "The memories of their own ancient Czars, of "SAMUEL and STEPHEN, effectually withhold their alle-"giance from the Russian autocrat." But in the midst of their misery and brigandage they seem to have literary aspirations; and, as they have not much of a literature of their own, they feel obliged to import one, and fancy that the shades of SAMUEL and STEPHEN would smile more blandly on the introduction of Russian than on that of German learning. We imagine that they are right, and that SAMUEL, at any rate, would hardly have been up to GOETHE. The tenure of land under the Turks was what is known in books of political economy as a metayer tenure. The holder of the soil paid to the proprietor one-third of the crops. This tenure has been reimposed, or, at least, the Austrians have done their best to reimpose it. The proprietors are mostly Mahommedans, and the holders Christians; and the

Christians hoped in their sanguine way that Austria would terminate the old tenure by the simple process of letting the holders have the land and pay nothing for it. In this they have been disappointed, and they feel their disappointment keenly. The repatriation of the refugees was managed, unless Mr. EVANS is more mistaken than it is possible to believe him to be, in a most clumsy and heartless way. The poor wretches were driven over the border to starve and die in the snow. Austria had given them but very scanty hospitality while she allowed them to remain on her soil, and carted them into the wilderness when she wished finally to be rid of them.

The main conclusion at which Mr. EVANS arrives is that Austria does not deserve to be promoted to the office of protecting any more Slav nationalities, that it would be very dangerous for her to go forward to Salonica, and that she should be restrained by other Powers, and especially by England, if she showed any signs of moving in that direction. It is easy to agree with him that Austria would be guilty of the height of folly if she trod in the dangerous path of adventurous annexation; that the subject nationalities of Turkey do not wish to pass under the domination of Austria, and that it certainly is not the business of England to exert the influence she may justly claim to possess in favour of an alien and aggressive Power. But Mr. EVANS does not appear to us to do anything like justice to the disinclination of the Austrians themselves to become aggressive or adventurous. The occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina is looked on in Austria as a sad necessity. Austria could not go on any longer with the tyranny of Pashas and Kaimakams on her border. She did not see any way of making this tyranny cease except by occupying the provinces. If the inhabitants had been left to themselves, they would have simply cut each other's throats. To have handed them back to Turkey, and merely pledged the Turks to reform, would have been an idle and cruel mockery. In carrying out the undertaking forced on them, much against their will, the Austrians have done some things well and some things badly. The Rayahs entirely declined to be content with anything short of being allowed such a domination over the Mahommedans as the Mahommedans had been used to exercise over them. No honest and civilized Government could have permitted this. The first basis of good administration is to do justice to every one, and nothing could have been more unjust than to alter by a stroke of the pen the whole tenure of property, and to confiscate the lands of Mahommedans in order to please Christians. That the Austrians, on the other hand, have not unjustly sacrificed Christians to please Mahommedans is shown by the statement of Mr. EVANS that the Austrians are equally detested by both. It may further be observed that even Mr. EVANS, although his brain is teeming with HAPSBURG hyænas, does not appear to have noticed that the inhabitants of the provinces had any reason to complain of the Austrian soldiery. There may have been displayed civilian harshness, but not military cruelty. That the Austrian bureaucracy has not been very genial or accommodating, and that it has gone on in its usual vexatious bureaucratic way, is highly probable; but these are faults of all bureaucracies, and Austria had no other machinery of administration than its bureaucracy to employ in introducing good government. After reading all that Mr. EVANS has to say, we may still think that the Austrian occupation was better for the provinces than anything else they could practically get, and that, while they have done some good by their occupation, the Austrians are not to be severely blamed for such evils as may have accompanied the accomplishment of their work. At the same time, as it was Europe that invited Austria to go into Bosnia and Herzegovina, it is clearly beneficial that Europe should watch what she does now she has got there, and should learn to distinguish between a case where an Austrian occupation was the least evil open to choice, and cases in which an Austrian occupation would be as unjust and unnecessary as it would be ruinous to herself.

AMERICAN POLITICS.

POLITICAL like social fashions inevitably wear out; and the people of the United States no longer attach absorbing interest to Presidential elections. The policy and prosperity of the Union will be but imperceptibly affected by the result of the contest which is now languidly beginning. The Republicans and the Democrats will find it difficult to promulgate distinctive opinions for the purposes of the canvass; and the President who may be elected will be neither able nor willing to exercise any controlling influence over public affairs. There is every reason to expect that the protective tariff will be maintained, and that the currency will be neither secured by the abolition of paper money as a legal tender nor depreciated by excessive coinage of silver. The interference of Federal troops with State elections has ceased to raise any practical question; and Civil Service reform seems destined to be indefinitely postponed. Except to professional managers of elections, it matters little whether Republican supremacy is to be at last interrupted; and probably the internal contest for nominations will excite more interest than the ultimate election. Among the Democrats only two or three names have been mentioned; and the hope that Senator BAYARD may detach a few votes from the Republicans is probably chimerical. Mr. TILDEN has at last informed his followers that he is still a candidate for the Democratic nomination; and probably he will be preferred by his party to any competitor. He seems to have established a claim to support by his success in obtaining a majority of votes at the last election, though he was deprived of the fruits of victory by the frauds of Southern Republican agents. Charges of personal dishonesty, which were preferred against Mr. TILDEN by his opponents, were properly disregarded as ordinary incidents in a nearly-balanced contest. Foreigners are sometimes surprised at the readiness of American orators and journalists to prove that a candidate who may possibly become a President is a notorious swindler; but they are probably aware that their calumnies are not even provisionally believed.

A few scattered purists raise a plausible objection to all the candidates for the Presidency. None of them are supposed to be specially opposed to political corruption as it is ordinarily practised by party managers. Mr. TILDEN, Mr. BLAINE, and Mr. SHERMAN have attained high positions in their respective parties by their skill in manipulating special interests and in managing elections. General GRANT's last administration was discredited by the constant disclosure of official frauds, in some of which members of the Cabinet were engaged. There is little use in vague aspirations to theoretical purity. It is scarcely possible that any American politician should have become conspicuous enough to be a candidate for the Presidency, except by compliance with the conditions on which success in public life depends. There is no reason to believe that the Republicans in general think worse of Mr. SHERMAN because he has employed the subordinate officers of the Treasury throughout the Union to act as his election agents. It is true that the PRESIDENT forbade by proclamation any such employment of public servants; but Mr. HAYES was not a candidate for re-election. Mr. BLAINE, who seems to obtain more votes than Mr. SHERMAN, is a politician of the same class. None of his supporters doubt that, if he becomes President, his patronage will be used to reward their services. It must be difficult to cultivate or even to affect enthusiasm for candidates possessed perhaps of more than average ability, but representing no intelligible cause or principle, while they profess exactly the same opinions, which indeed are also held by their Democratic opponents.

Over his competitors of both parties General GRANT enjoys the great advantage of personal distinction. If he was not an especially scrupulous or efficient President, he had previously been a successful commander, and he has since contrived to obtain recognition in foreign countries as the most eminent of living Americans. The objection which was first raised to a second re-election, or to a third term of Presidential office, has lost its force as the proposed innovation became familiar. It is argued that reappointment after an interval is not liable to the objection that a President is tempted to use the powers of his office for his own benefit. The interval of four years has been sufficient to enable General GRANT to detach himself from associates or dependents with whom a connexion might be objectionable. It is difficult for foreign observers to test the accuracy of the statements which are made by General GRANT's supporters and opponents. The first State Convention which decided in his favour was that of Pennsylvania, which was managed by the well-known CAMERON family, probably not in the interests of political or official purity. A majority of the Republican delegates of New York was also secured; but other Northern States have hesitated, and there are no

indications of the enthusiasm which might have been expected to welcome his candidature. The nominations of GRANT by Republican Conventions in two or three Southern States will have little ultimate value, because the votes of their Presidential electors will almost certainly be given to the Democratic nominee; but they may count for something in the Republican Convention. The partisans of General GRANT still assert that he will be nominated at Chicago in preference to Mr. BLAINE. Mr. SHERMAN has a much smaller following; and it is thought that his adherents may ultimately vote for GRANT. Before the canvass began sanguine partisans hoped that GRANT's supposed popularity would give him the votes of one or more Southern States; but it is now understood that the Democrats will control all the Southern votes, and that, if they can secure New York and Ohio, they will elect a President. On the whole the chances incline to the Republican party, and among their candidates to General GRANT, though he has not been chosen, as his friends had hoped, by popular acclamation. It is not impossible that if GRANT is elected he may disappoint both his opponents and his partisans. He is shrewd and determined, and although he formerly gave way to the professional politicians of the Senate, he is now equal or superior to any rival in practical experience. It would be greatly to the interest of a President to break through the less creditable traditions of the office. It is not impossible that a reform of the Civil Service, rendered practicable by an appeal to the patriotism of the people, might procure for General GRANT a fourth term of office.

As far as it is at present possible to judge, the future President may hope to hold office in prosperity and peace. The revival of trade in the United States is both more rapid and more certain than on this side of the Atlantic; and the incessant strikes which derange particular branches of industry have for the most part been justified by a success which is in itself a proof of commercial and industrial prosperity. In all countries the Government for the time obtains a certain amount of credit from the prevalence of good fortune among the community. There will also be opportunities of appealing to popular vanity. The actual PRESIDENT, though he is not of a blustering disposition, has taken occasion to proclaim a new doctrine of international law, which his successors will probably consider themselves bound to maintain. It seems that the MONROE doctrine, which took its origin in a short-sighted suggestion of CANNING's, has now grown into a claim of sovereignty for certain purposes over the whole American continent. When M. DE LESSEPS first proposed to unite the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by a canal, he was warned that his enterprise would fail unless it received the sanction of the American Government. It mattered comparatively little whether the President and the Congress had a right to interfere with a scheme which they had the power to defeat. No prudent capitalist would provide money for the construction of a canal which could scarcely be constructed without the permission of the American Government. The PRESIDENT and the SECRETARY of STATE now assert that the work must become American property, though a treaty exists by which the United States and Great Britain undertake to guarantee the independence and neutrality of an inter-oceanic canal. It is perhaps fortunate that the projector is a Frenchman, and that the work itself may possibly be indefinitely delayed. In the meantime it will be desirable to abstain, if possible, from disputing a pretension which it may be ultimately necessary to admit. The MONROE doctrine was sufficiently valid, when backed by threats of force, to compel NAPOLEON III. to withdraw the French army from Mexico. It would be difficult to protect a Panama Canal against American troops and ships. The Federal Government might find a shadow of precedent for its claims in the more moderate pretensions of Great Britain to the free use of the Suez Canal. It cannot be denied that, if M. DE LESSEPS's scheme were accomplished, it would be largely used for the coasting trade between the Atlantic and Pacific shores of the United States. The communication would be at least as indispensable to the American Union as the free use of the Suez Canal to the Power which possesses India.

THE BRIGHTON REVIEW.

THOSE who maintained, amidst the foolish sneers and equally foolish praise of which the Volunteers were once the subject, that the movement had real stuff in it, have good reason to be satisfied with the evidence that time has yielded of the truth of their theory. The Brighton Review was in its infancy a mere monster excursion, and, what was worse, it was constantly maintained that a monster excursion was all that it was possible to make it. When it was objected that volunteering had been set on foot for military and not social ends, and that, if these military ends were habitually neglected, there might as well be no Volunteers, some unwise friends of the movement resorted, by way of answer, to gushing declamation about the advantages of exercise and the charms of good-fellowship. If a force which had in it the making of good soldiers could have been spoiled by newspaper folly, volunteering would by this time have been reckoned among extinct crazes. The review of last Monday was in all respects a most satisfactory contrast to its predecessors. The fact that it is separated from the last of them by so long an interval makes this improvement the more conspicuous. Of course the sham fight on the Downs was not a very striking example of the military art. Sham fights in England seldom are so, even where the combatants are regular troops. The national regard for private property stands very much in the way, and the prescription in favour of Volunteers, though it is growing, is yet a long way short of the prescription in favour of fox-hunters. Regiments in different stages of efficiency can hardly be expected to show to the best advantage on the one day in the year on which they have an opportunity of acting together. But in the Brighton Review there are more important things than the sham fight. The conditions under which it takes place are certain never to be paralleled in real warfare. The Volunteers would then be differently brigaded and differently led. The change which is so encouraging in the proceedings of last Monday is the change in the whole bearing of the regiments which took part in them. On the Sunday, when a large number of Volunteers were quartered in the town, Brighton seems to have presented a wholly different aspect from that which it wore on the corresponding day in former years. The Volunteers have learnt that while they are in uniform they ought to be subject to all the restraints to which regular soldiers are subject. They have come to Brighton to learn, so far as is possible in so short a time, what soldiering is really like, and it is only by seizing every occasion of study which is presented to them that they can do this to any purpose. Even in the hardest campaigns there is a good deal besides fighting to be done, and these secondary, but not unimportant, aspects of a soldier's life may be better studied perhaps at Brighton than the more purely warlike side. Endurance of unaccustomed hardships, punctuality, subordination of amusement to business, observance of discipline when not actually under arms—these and the like are the qualities in which the Volunteers seem to have gained so greatly; and, if they had never marched to the Downs at all, their improvement in these respects would have given their real well-wishers the best possible ground for satisfaction. The Volunteers cost the country something, and the country has consequently a right to ask what return it gets for its money. Reviews such as those of Monday last supply a most encouraging answer to this inquiry. The Volunteers constitute a second line of defence of very genuine value. It may be hoped that the navy will never be so far neglected as to give an enemy the opportunity of testing what this second line is worth; but we may assume that the chances of an invader's success have been appreciably diminished by the progress which the Volunteers have made since the days when the publication of the *Battle of Dorking* first startled people into considering what amount of protection the force was likely to afford.

The Brighton Review of 1880 shows very plainly under what treatment volunteering best prospers. For some years past there has been no disposition on the part of the military authorities to accord the Volunteers any undue favour. They have been told a good many useful truths, and taught to do without the flattery which it was at one time the fashion to bestow on them whenever they performed the simplest military duty without breaking down. It has been seen that the War Office meant business, and the

Volunteers have had the good sense to see that to mean business was the best compliment that the War Office could pay them. A notion used to prevail that the Volunteers needed to be coaxed into doing even the minimum of work required of them, and that the best form which coaxing could take was the reduction of that minimum to the lowest possible point. No theory could be more short-sighted. Even if some men would have been induced to become Volunteers by the prospect of having nothing to do except march out with their corps when they happened to want a little gregarious exercise, at least as many would have been kept out of the force by the certainty that there was nothing to be learnt by joining it. If the numerical losses from this cause had only equalled the gains, the result to the movement would have been disastrous. The men who would have been kept out would have been the men it was important to gain; the men who would have been tempted in would have been men whom it was better to lose. In proportion as the demands made on the Volunteers have grown, their numbers and their diligence have steadily increased. Many have joined them when they saw that they were expected to make themselves soldiers, so far as the time they could give to the work allowed, to whom playing at soldiers would have had no attraction whatever. If some foolish friends of the movement had been listened to, volunteering would by this time have died out. Its strength has lain in the fact that in its later stages it placed before the Volunteer recruit a standard of efficiency which it was worth while taking some trouble to attain. The accounts of the march past on Monday show a degree of proficiency which can only have been secured by considerable practice, and when the first novelty has worn off considerable practice means considerable self-denial. Drill may be pleasant enough when a man is at it; but a Volunteer does not become qualified to take his part in a review such as that of Monday without going to drill a good many times when he would rather be somewhere else.

The London and Brighton Railway Company has apparently profited by the long interval which has elapsed since the last review on a great scale. The punctuality of the whole service was remarkable, and allowed the programme of the day to be carried out with exceptional accuracy of detail. Considering how large a part railways now play in warfare, it is a pity that Volunteer reviews are not more turned to account by way of practice. Unfortunately the interests of the Companies very often conflict with those of the War Office in this matter. The Companies want to be carrying pleasure-takers on the very same days on which the War Office wants them to be carrying Volunteers. The burden falls with peculiar severity on the London and Brighton Company, because Brighton can only be approached by that line, and the town is especially convenient for Volunteer reviews. Notwithstanding this latter fact, there seems no adequate reason why Brighton should always be chosen. As much may be gained by learning how to dispense with conveniences as by learning how to make the most of them. If ever the Volunteers should be called out for active service, the enemy would not arrange his movements with any regard to facilities either of transit or of commissariat. At least the facilities consulted would be exclusively his own. It would be well that the staff of other Companies besides the London and Brighton should have the benefit of an experience which in England must be gained from the Volunteers or not at all. It is not expedient that the Government should ever appear in the character of a disappointed suitor for a Company's favours, and statutory powers might very well be taken to compel all railways to carry Volunteers on one of the summer Bank holidays, with proper provisions against an undue share of the burden being thrown on any one Company. Those Companies which do not command the accommodation of all kinds which is furnished by the Brighton station would thus be trained in the art of making the most of what is to be had at the station chosen on military grounds to be the scene of the review. Though the number of the Volunteers present at a review under these circumstances might be less, the benefit to the officers would be decidedly greater.

ELEMENTARY TEACHERS.

THE week of a General Election is an unhappy occasion for the meeting of a "Conference." When these interesting gatherings are held in the autumn the newspapers are glad to give them a prominence which is measured chiefly by the absence of other matter. In September the three days' meeting of the National Union of Elementary Teachers, which seems to have been going on at Brighton since Monday, would have filled an equal number of columns on each of the three days. As it is, we are left in doubt whether the proceedings extended beyond the first evening. The President's address, however, would alone give the public ample matter for reflection, if just now they had time to reflect. The growing incongruity between the machinery and the object of elementary education was never more strikingly shown. Everybody knows in a rough sort of way what the education of the poor is in practice. Children go to school when they are about five years old, and the great majority of them leave school when they are about twelve. In this interval, if their attendance is regular and the teaching good, they learn to read fairly, to write not very badly, and to know enough of figures to carry them through the calculations of ordinary life. In addition to this, they learn such things as can be conveyed to them through the books which they must read for practice, and as they cannot be kept to the three R's for the whole of every school-day, they learn such things as can be taught them without books by their teachers. If the elementary schools were all that they ought to be, a child would leave school at twelve not altogether unequipped for the humble career which ordinarily lies before him. He would read well enough to improve his acquaintance with books if his taste led him that way; he would be able to make out a bill, to sign a receipt, and to write a letter; he would be familiar enough with figures not to be cheated in paying an account; and he would have some slight general knowledge of the physical conditions of the world and of the historical conditions of the country in which he lives—that kind of knowledge which an intelligent teacher can give in conversational lectures with the help of a black board, some maps, and a few tables of dates. This is what an elementary school may hope to do under very favourable circumstances. It is needless to say that in a very large number of cases circumstances are not very favourable. Children come to school when they are too old, and leave it when they are too young. While they are there they do not attend regularly. The school apparatus is old-fashioned or otherwise unsuitable. The teacher is a bad hand at keeping order, and consequently a great deal of time is wasted. From these and similar causes the most is not made of the single opportunity that the children have of learning anything, and many of them go away from school knowing very little, and certain to forget even that little. These, even at the best, are the objects for which elementary schools exist. It is well to enumerate them by way of reminder, because we are sure that the nature and extent of them would never be divined from the opening address at the Conference of elementary teachers. The speaker claimed for the Union that it had created in the public mind a truer estimate of the work and position of teachers, had checked unsound educational legislation, and had secured many acknowledged improvements in the code. That it may have achieved this last result is possible. The code is now so fearfully and wonderfully made that it would be the height of rashness to dogmatize as to how its multitudinous clauses found their way into it. As regards the supposed enlightenment of the public mind, it is to be feared that the Union congratulates itself without cause. There is nothing about which people are more hopelessly at sea than the work and position of elementary teachers. They have no clear idea of the qualifications wanted for the work or of the means by which these qualifications are to be secured.

It is certain that they will receive no enlightenment, except of a purely negative kind, from the address in which these triumphant results are claimed on behalf of the Teachers' Union. The whole of it may be read and re-read without any suspicion that it refers to schools of the sort we have been describing. It speaks of the teachers' function as being to give a "liberal education." It urges them not to neglect the acquisition of political influence.

It advocates the creation of a Representative Educational Council, incorporated by Act of Parliament, in which shall be vested the sole power of granting diplomas to teachers. It complains that the present supply of teachers is far in excess of the demand, which we presume is the equivalent in Economical language of a complaint that even now teachers cannot get as high salaries as they think they deserve. It objects to the employment of pupil teachers, and raises the question whether the education of teachers should not begin at the training colleges instead of ending there. All this, it will be observed, has reference to the partially gratuitous teaching of poor children under twelve years old. It is to them that a "liberal education" is to be "given.". It is for their benefit that a Representative Educational Council is to be incorporated, and that teachers are to be subjected to a longer and a more costly preparation than is now prescribed for them. So far as we can see, the whole of the supposed gain will be intercepted on the journey. The Teachers' Union suggests no way of keeping children longer at school; its one object is to ensure that teachers shall be more expensively prepared and more largely paid for teaching them while they are there. The process the Union proposes to itself is one for the better provision and grinding of razors with which to cut stone blocks. It is only to be expected that a large profession should look after its own advancement, and there is no reason to quarrel with elementary teachers for not being more unselfish than their neighbours. All that it is necessary to do is to warn the public that their interests and the interests of elementary teachers, as interpreted by the National Union, are antagonistic rather than identical. What is wanted in the interest of the public is a sufficient supply of competent teachers who are not above their work. It is plain, from the President's address, that some members of the Teachers' Union are very much above their work. It is a most important thing that the children of the poor should receive the rudiments of education; and the law has been very properly called in to ensure that they do receive them. It is quite right that every parent should be compelled to send his child to school for a reasonable number of years, and that while the child is nominally at school the parent should be compelled to see that he attends regularly. It is greatly to be desired that the years which a child stays at school should be spent under the care of capable and intelligent teachers. So far, however, from there being any need of a new organization to provide teachers, there seems rather need for a revision of the arrangements already existing for that purpose. We are in danger, as it seems, of getting too good an instrument for our money—too good, that is to say, not in regard of the work itself, but in regard of the estimation in which the instrument holds the work. The career of an elementary teacher cannot be an exciting one. He may look of course to the satisfaction that attends the consciousness of humble service honestly rendered. But the service will remain humble to the last, and if the teacher does not realize this fact, he will be very likely not to honestly render it. The proceedings of the Teachers' Conference at Brighton, so far as can be judged from the opening address, are distinctly open to this objection. They point to a conception of the elementary teacher's duties which must inevitably be injurious to the proper discharge of them. An engine-driver who thought that he ought to have been a Civil Engineer, and whose mind was chiefly occupied with schemes for raising his class and himself with it to this its proper level, would not succeed in doing what he wanted, but he would make an uncommonly bad engine-driver while he was trying to do it. As regards elementary teachers, the danger arising from their becoming over ambitious is twofold. There is first the probability that they will do their proper work less well, and next the probability that they will insensibly change the character of their work. So long as the Government grant depends on the number of children who pass the Inspector's examination, managers may probably be trusted to keep the former tendency in check. But there is no room for similar confidence as regards the second tendency. There are many philanthropic persons who see matter for rejoicing in every addition to the Schedule of Extra Subjects, and who think that the money of needy ratepayers cannot be better employed than in giving children, whose parents are in many cases better off than they are, the means of qualifying themselves for entry into a superior school. It is upon this sentimental disposition that the Teachers' Union will seek to work; and, judging from the proceedings of the London and Birmingham School Boards, it may fairly hope to work upon it with considerable effect.

THE JESUITS AND THE CIVIL POWER.

We have discussed elsewhere the decree issued by the French Government, with questionable justice and more than questionable wisdom, for the expulsion of the Jesuits. But whatever may be thought of the policy and probable results of the rebuke thus administered to the Senate for its rejection of the seventh clause of the Ferry Bill, the feeling which prompted the measure opens out an inquiry of considerable interest, which the indiscreet method of its expression in the present case tends rather to heighten than to diminish. For the existing hostility of French Republicans to the Jesuits is no isolated or exceptional phenomenon, nor is it at all peculiar either to France or to the Republic. It is of course true, as we have been copiously reminded in the course of the recent debates in the French Chambers, that the Monarchy of the Restoration maintained an equally unfriendly attitude towards the Order, while about a century ago the Court of France joined the other Catholic Powers in demanding its suppression. But this is only a very small part of the truth. From its very foundation the Jesuit Society has somehow or other enlisted against itself the jealous hostility both of civil and ecclesiastical authorities in every Roman Catholic country of Europe, not less than of Protestants, against whose advance it was specially organized. This is surely a sufficiently remarkable fact, and it does not become less remarkable when we reflect that the conflict appears always to have been keenest in those countries where the Jesuits were most intimately known. The Order was founded by a Spanish knight, and it bears in its character and constitution the traces of its Spanish origin. Yet it was Charles III. of Spain who brought about the league of Catholic sovereigns which led to its suppression by Pope Clement XIV. In Italy, again, the new Society found its earliest home, and has always had its headquarters and the base of its operations; and in Italy—and among their own former pupils—the Jesuits have met their bitterest and most uncompromising assailants. We have said that from the first they had provoked the animosity of both civil and ecclesiastical authorities, and in saying this we did not refer only or chiefly to the rivalry—often exceedingly bitter—between the secular and regular clergy, which dates from the earliest introduction of religious orders into the Church, and is intelligible enough, even apart from the justice or injustice of their mutual recriminations. Yet even here it may be worth noting that no other order—not even the Franciscans, who were the best hated of all during the later middle ages—ever managed to draw on itself the same intensity of mingled hatred and distrust. It is more material to remark, what is at first sight far more inexplicable, that not only bishops but the Popes themselves have from the days of Ignatius downwards shown a deep distrust of the Society expressly organized by him for the maintenance and augmentation of Papal autocracy. Paul III. inserted a clause in the original Bull of authorization, limiting the number of members to sixty, and although he was afterwards induced to withdraw a restriction so fatal to their aims, Sixtus V., by far the ablest pontiff of the sixteenth century, resolved on enforcing several sweeping changes in their constitution, including a change of name, about which they were extremely sensitive, and was only prevented from carrying out his intentions by the shortness of his reign. Two centuries later Clement XIV. was willing enough to accede to the universal demand of Catholic Europe for their suppression; and it is an open secret that there is little love lost between the Jesuits and the present occupant of the Papal throne. It must be allowed that such facts require an explanation, which is not adequately supplied by their own proud boast of how completely their founder's prayer has been answered, that they might be hated of all men, like Him whose name they have assumed, and for His name's sake.

There may be said, roughly speaking, to be three current phases of opinion which may be taken variously to interpret the traditional instinct or prejudice against the Jesuits. We have first the popular Protestant hypothesis, of which Mr. Whalley used to be the spokesman in Parliament, and which found a ghastly illustration in the sensational religious works of the days of our grandmothers. According to this view the Jesuits are a kind of secret police of the Evil One, being occupied in promoting the interests of their Church, which are identified with their own, by fair means or foul, with a diabolical craft only exceeded by their diabolical wickedness. They have spies or familiars, male or female, in every court, every society, in almost every private family—especially in Protestant families; they are united in a chronic conspiracy against the peace alike of households and of empires. It was not beneath them to bribe or coerce the reporters, as he publicly complained in Parliament, into garbling their version in the *Times* of the somewhat inaudible language of a venerable Irish peer lately deceased, and it is not beyond their capacity to control by invisible and unsuspected agencies the policy of States, and virtually to shape the destinies of the civilized world. They are gifted with the preternatural power, as well as the Satanic malice, of the genii of Eastern fable, while, unlike them, they are closely bound together in a federation of evil for the pur-

suit of a common end. They are disguised at this moment, in spite of the labours of the Church Association, in the surplice of Anglican rectors, while "the female Jesuit" plies her seductive arts under the innocent semblance of a Protestant kitchen-maid. Let no one imagine that we have dressed up a mere scarecrow of our own, or laid on one touch of colouring which it would not be easy to match in the familiar pictures drawn by Protestant alarmists. No rational person of course accepts this startling caricature—which may be compared with the delineation of the Freemasons sometimes found in foreign Jesuit treatises—but even the silliest caricature has usually some kind of basis, however inadequate, and there could hardly be so much smoke if there was no fire. More plausible, and less wildly inaccurate, is the opposite hypothesis, formerly prevalent among English Liberals, and accepted with a difference by many earnest Roman Catholics, that the Jesuits are much like other orders in the Church of Rome, more zealous and energetic perhaps, and therefore naturally more offensive to those who regard with dislike or fear the progress of the Roman Catholic religion, but not otherwise distinguishable from the general mass of religious corporations from which they are so sharply and unfavourably discriminated by the recent action of the French Government. This view on the surface looks reasonable enough, and it is really nearer the truth than the Protestant bogy view, but it is not the less quite unequal to the exigency of facts. Benedictines, Dominicans, and Franciscans have been in their day as zealous and as influential as Jesuits, and the Dominicans moreover were officially connected with the hateful and hated Inquisition, yet none of these vast and powerful organizations have ever encountered, either within the pale of their own Church or beyond it, a tithe of the suspicion and enmity so persistently roused by the children of Ignatius. Some third hypothesis is manifestly required, which, without violating the dictates of experience and common sense, shall yet do justice to the admitted facts of the case past and present. And that hypothesis may perhaps be not inaptly summed up in the well-known saying about the Jesuits, *ubi bene, nihil melius: ubi male, nihil pejus*. They have been powerful alike for good and for evil, but always powerful, and always using their power, whether well or ill, for the aggrandizement of their Order. They have acted all along as an *imperium in imperio*, confronting "the white Pope" with "the black Pope," and not unfrequently pitting the one against the other with a large measure of at least temporary success. And hence from their first origin the Popes have been very naturally suspicious of these self-chosen prætorians, as the Roman Emperors were jealous of the Prætorian Guards and the Sultan of the Janissaries, lest they too should aspire to make and unmake and mould the rulers before whose throne they bowed in professedly absolute subjection.

No estimate of the Jesuits would be a fair one which ignored the real services they have rendered to the highest interests of their Church, and indeed to the cause of Christian civilization. They have been effective preachers, and were for a long time the ablest and most accomplished teachers of youth throughout the continent of Europe; even now, when they seem to a great extent to have lost their educational cunning, their schools in France are pronounced by independent critics, like Mr. Matthew Arnold, to be at least equal in intellectual working, and decidedly superior in moral culture, to the best of the Government *lycées*. They have on the whole maintained unbroken, in spite of the worse than questionable ethical system exposed by Pascal, a far higher standard of moral purity in their own body than any of their rivals either among religious orders or the secular priesthood. And they have shown themselves devoted, untiring, and very successful missionaries in heathen lands. Yet even here their career has been marked by strange aberrations, inconsistent at once with their religious profession and with the principles of morality, as in the famous controversy about the "Chinese Rites," described at length in Mr. Cartwright's *Historical Sketch*. And that very controversy would alone suffice to remind us that, after full allowance has been made, as it ought to be made, for *ubi bene, nihil melius*, there is also another and a darker side to the picture. The ambitious design which was indelibly impressed by Ignatius Loyola on the constitution—we might add the very name—of his Order has proved throughout the secret both of its weakness and its strength. To that supreme end all considerations, moral and religious, not excluding their most cherished theological principle, have been subordinated. From the first they were not content to trust to their enormous educational and spiritual influence, but aspired also to "shape the whispers" of all the Catholic thrones of Europe, and to undermine all the thrones which they regarded an anti-Catholic. They governed the French Church through the mistresses of Louis XIV., and they plotted persistently against the crown and life of Queen Elizabeth. They did not scruple to make good their position at the French Court by more than conniving at Gallican opinions—which could never have been their own—and actually helped to frame the Declaration of Gallican Liberties. When threatened with expulsion from France in the last century, they offered to purchase a reprieve by teaching the Four Gallican Articles, which directly contravene the fundamental principles of Jesuit theology. Their influence has everywhere been used, and perhaps consistently used, in the service of both civil and ecclesiastical despotism; but the means employed have not unfrequently been such as no plea of conscience could excuse. When the Order was dissolved by the authority of the Holy See, which they of all men were bound to respect as final and absolute, they held together in defiance of it under the shelter of the schismatic Governments of Russia and Prussia. They are not only "Catholics first and patriots afterwards," in whatever country their lot may be cast, but Jesuits first and Catholics afterwards. The interests of the Church are to their minds summed up in the interests of their own Order, and a Pope who opposes them, like Ganganelli, is, ecclesiastically speaking, no better than a suicidal maniac, whose dangerous perversity it is the truest charity to restrain. Still more of course are secular Governments which pursue an anti-Catholic—that is an anti-Jesuit—policy to be treated as natural enemies; while in dealing with Governments which could be made subservient to their purposes they would adopt, as they have shown in France, in Mexico, in China, and in Russia, a policy of the extremest Erastianism. That a society numbering many thousands of members, spread over the face of the world and organized on the strictest principle of military discipline, so resolute in its ambitious aims, and so versatile and unscrupulous in its methods of prosecuting them, should be viewed with jealousy by civil Governments—and not least by the Governments of Roman Catholic countries, where its influence is most likely to be felt—can be no matter of surprise. Their official organ, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, specially authenticated by a Brief of Pius IX., declared shortly before the Vatican Council that "Christian States have ceased to exist; human society has relapsed into heathenism, and is like an earthly body with no breath from heaven." The Syllabus and the Vatican Council, the two crowning achievements of modern Jesuitism, were their chosen instruments for reversing this fatal tendency of modern civilization. It is not wonderful that the civil power, thus rudely challenged, should have learnt to regard the Church which they claimed to represent, and under the last pontificate practically ruled, as "an organization bristling with dangerous sentiments," and the Jesuit Order itself as "the Prætorian Guard of a dangerous ecclesiastical Cæsarism."

CANVASSING.

CANVASSING is one of the most ancient political practices in existence, and it is also one of the most disagreeable. Few, indeed, of those who aspire to Parliamentary honours are fortunate enough or bold enough altogether to escape from its mortifications, and for several days past hundreds of well-meaning and high-principled gentlemen have been suffering acutely from the mental and physical distress which it entails. Under the most favourable circumstances the ordeal is one to which all but the most inexperienced look forward with disgust; while in those places where the constituency just falls short of being large enough to render a personal canvass of the whole electoral body obviously impossible, a trial of the severest kind is put upon the health and temper of a candidate. In such cases it is considered a matter of paramount necessity that every effort should be made to accomplish the feat of shaking each individual voter by the hand; and for this purpose from morning till night the candidate, like some one of the professional pedestrians of the day, is compelled to devote himself to his task of dreary perambulation. Perhaps the canvassing of a county is even more trying than that of a borough. In bad weather it is certainly so, and at the best of times the distances which have to be covered obviously tend to aggravate the strain which the nervous system is called upon to endure.

The physical trial, however—the loitering in east winds, the hanging about unresponsive door-knockers, and the trudging in unsavoury slums—is not the worst of the evils which the canvasser has to suffer. The vigil which must be kept by this unhappy postulant of the honours of St. Stephen's possesses other features from which the stoutest heart may well recoil. Among these, the well-intentioned hospitality which produces for the refreshment of so distinguished a visitor the inevitable "sherry" is the most terrible. To refuse is dangerous; to drink is to rush upon almost certain doom. Between the affront and the glass the unfortunate candidate has no alternative; and he will probably, as long as tortured nature can endure, prefer rather to sip than to offend. Then, too, there is the absolute necessity of preserving an appearance of *bonhomie* and affability foreign possibly even to one's most favourable moments. In spite of the weariness of body, the east wind, and the sherry, each new elector must be greeted with a smile of benevolent joviality, and each new hand must be shaken with the same fervid heartiness. Nor can the mind even be allowed to distract itself from the appointed task. A jocose answer or a good-humoured repartee must be always ready should the occasion arise; while an ever-patient and sympathetic ear must be turned to the prolonged tales of complicated suffering which the humbler classes delight to tell. In an immense number of cases it will be found that the free and independent elector himself is absent; and in such an event all the arts of fascination have to be employed in securing the good opinion of the female part of the establishment. Especially on these occasions, and indeed always, must due notice be taken of the children, who will be found everywhere to abound in inverse proportion to the accommodation which the premises seem capable of affording; and the most pronounced attentions must be of course devoted to any baby whom the watchful eyes of the candidate or his companions may be able to detect. If nature has not implanted in your bosom an instinctive desire to kiss every infant in the constituency, yet, as the Honourable

[illegible] Slumkey admitted, "it must be done." In spite, it may [illegible] almost Herodian antipathies, the struggling innocent [illegible] unhesitatingly upon the knee, and its suspicions, should its gaze be attracted in that direction, must be at once allayed by a detailed examination of the mysteries of your gold chronometer or any other part of your apparel which may take its youthful fancy. In these conciliatory efforts, which aim mainly or exclusively at winning the approbation of the female heart, it need scarcely be said that personal appearance is a matter of much importance. Talleyrand is said on one occasion to have defeated Mirabeau at an election for the National Assembly by calling attention to the fact of his rival being severely pitted by the smallpox; and there is no doubt that, especially in these domestic visits, the young and interesting candidate possesses a considerable advantage over a less prepossessing opponent. He will probably, in order to obtain the fullest benefit of it, be recommended to adopt, even at a considerable sacrifice of comfort, the most becoming and distinguished mode of dress which can be devised, and it may be well for him before taking his departure to present to each household a few cartes-de-visite, the distribution of which is the newest and most fashionable development of the electioneering art. Photographers are already in the habit of soliciting such orders "by the thousand copies," and no doubt when the great era of female suffrage ultimately arrives, enlarged photographs will be placarded as freely as "squibs" or addresses.

It is, however, necessary for the complete canvasser to be no less prepared for rebuffs than for conquest. Not impossibly the door, in answer to his insinuating tap, will be opened only just far enough to disclose the form of a hostile and implacable elector who lowers upon the disturber of his peace as savagely as if he were a sheriff's officer or the parish rate collector. In vain the most courteous smile is directed at this ugly Caliban. He grunts out perhaps that he is a Republican, or at any rate that "he don't want any of you," and the door is again shut with a sharp and decisive click which leaves you half inclined to laugh, and more than half inclined to commit immediate trespass and assault. But fortunately the rebuff direct of this kind is not common, and in most cases even the least yielding opponent is not unwilling to discuss his differences with his visitor upon the vantage ground of his own premises. Some persons we have met who, after welcoming their visitor with a most deceptive courtesy, have launched out as soon as it is too late for retreat into an evidently studied denunciation of him and his party. The unfortunate candidate, like the Wedding Guest, is unable to escape, and it will be almost useless for him to attempt to stir until his tormentor has succeeded in discharging the suppressed political irritation with which his breast is burdened. On these occasions the assistance of friends will be found invaluable for the purpose of distracting the attention of the foe from the principal object of his attack, but they can at best only make a slight diversion, and the first opportunity has to be taken of evacuating in as good order as possible the untenable position. Another stumbling-block which the canvasser is pretty sure to come across in the course of his peregrinations is the man who, without declaring himself absolutely irreconcilable, is desirous of having a few points cleared up before he can conscientiously promise his support, and who proceeds to interrogate the perhaps youthful and inexperienced politician as if he were an embodied digest of all the Blue-books in existence. The same gentleman is dissatisfied with some points of your recent speech, and the local paper having been produced, the oration delivered with so much effect a few nights since to an enthusiastic gathering of not over-logical supporters is subjected to a cold statistical criticism which it was ill fitted to bear.

Another difficulty to be contended with, and one against which it will be well to be prepared, is the man with a crotchet. He is a teetotaller, or an anti-vaccinator, or flogging in the army is his particular antipathy, and upon one or other of these hobbies his entire political energies are concentrated. Your feeble protestations in favour of temperance or your general declarations against persecution and cruelty serve rather to excite than to appease him. He will have a pledge or nothing; he demands the immediate suppression of the class or practice to which he objects, and unless you are prepared to join him in a Parliamentary crusade against publicans or doctors, or the cat, your eloquent remarks on Imperial interests and European policy will be wholly lost. Then, too, there is the religious enthusiast, who adopts the manner of a Jeremiah and warns you that the especial vengeance of Heaven is in store for your party in general and you in particular. Utterances of this kind are of course unanswerable, and the candidate will be compelled to depart summarily while his admonisher perhaps treats him to a few verses of one of Moody and Sankey's hymns as he goes, by way of exorcism. But it must not by any means be supposed that all or even the majority of persons with whom the canvasser has to deal will display any very lively interest, either hostile or otherwise, in the purpose of his visit. Absolute indifference to political disputes will be found in a great many cases to exist, and it will then be only on local or personal grounds that any successful appeal can be made. Among the very poor, the great difficulty is to parry the more or less direct invitations to bribery which are thrown out. Traditions of corruption still hang about certain districts and places, and a vote is there regarded strictly as an article of commerce. In such cases an air of considerable reserve and mystery is wont to be assumed; the fact of the existence of a wife and six children is insinuated, and the badness of the times is dwelt upon with peculiar emphasis. When these artifices fail in eliciting anything more than expressions of sympathy, and assurances of the great regard entertained by "the party" for the working classes in general, more undisguised overtures will probably follow, and either there will be a direct intimation that, great as is the elector's devotion to yourself and your party, something will have to be done for him before his allegiance takes the practical form of coming to the poll, or, as is by no means uncommon with the more astute, some worthless article, such as a roll of blue calico or a cracked teapot, will be offered for purchase "on your own terms." As a last resort, something to drink is usually applied for, and when this, too, has to be refused, it requires more than ordinary tact to prevent an outbreak of undisguised hostility, which even the expressive glances of your experienced agent are unable to avert.

Amid such curiously varied experiences of men and manners the day's work is at length completed, and unless there is a meeting to be attended or a deputation to be received—which is only too probable—some few hours of well-earned repose may be enjoyed before the time comes for sallying forth upon the labours of the morrow. In such intervals one will be apt to reflect that perhaps even the proud position of a British legislator may be purchased at too dear a price; and certainly it is devoutly to be hoped that the days are not far distant when the hideous necessity of canvassing will be numbered with the *peine forte et dure* and other obsolete forms of torture.

A NEW EXPONENT OF MILL.

IN October last Professor Max Müller delivered an address "On Freedom" to the members of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, which he afterwards published in the *Contemporary Review* for November. To the majority of his readers his discourse probably appeared to be well worthy of consideration, if somewhat discursive, and to be marked by the singular liberality of thought which was to be expected in anything produced by this distinguished writer. The British Radical, however, is not as other men are, and he is able to detect over-much contentment with the existing state of society, and too marked an indisposition to break with the past, where others can only see unprejudiced thought and advanced ideas. One Mr. James T. Mackenzie has commented in this month's *Contemporary* on Professor Max Müller's article, and has certainly been animated by a strong desire to prove the shallowness of the optimist and conservative opinions he attacks. We must confess to not knowing who Mr. J. T. Mackenzie may be, or whether he has ever sought to enlighten the world before; but we are consoled for our ignorance by the reflection that, deplorable as it may be, it is probably general. Judging from the style of Mr. Mackenzie's essay, which reads so oddly in the excellent periodical to which he has been allowed to contribute, we should say that his sentences have hitherto been composed for the benefit of debating societies. One passage seems strongly to confirm this supposition. Mr. Mackenzie dislikes certain Acts of Parliament; so he says that, if the "printers had refused to give out the MS."; "if the compositors had struck rather than set up anything so utterly filthy and detestable; if policemen and surgeons had refused to exercise their powers, and had barbed their refusal with scorn and execration"; "if there had been a general insurrection and refusal to pay taxes"; "and if Englishwomen had gone into sackcloth," "then there would be reason to believe that the spirit of liberty was not lying in a swoon of drunken luxury in the English people." Now this remarkable piece of declamation, with its talk of barbed refusals, and sackcloth, and a spirit which somehow lies in a drunken swoon in a people, is very similar to that which greatly delights young men at debating clubs; and it is difficult to believe that the writer is not fresh from practice at one of those institutions. It is possible, however, that what seems the natural inference from this and other thrilling paragraphs is incorrect, and that Mr. Mackenzie is one who has long trodden in the paths of righteousness, and has often instructed mankind before. In that case, we can only compliment him on the youthful vigour which marks his peculiar rhetoric.

It may seem strange at first sight that Professor Max Müller's remarks about Mill should have raised Radical ire, inasmuch as he shares the views which that great writer expressed as to the gradual suppression of individuality, and says that, though "the enemy whose encroachments Mill feared most and resented most has been driven back and forced to keep within its own bounds," his "principal fears have nevertheless not been belied, and the blight of uniformity which he saw approaching with its attendant evils of feebleness, indifference, and sequacity, has been spreading more widely than ever in his days." Thoroughgoing worshippers, however, are never satisfied with what is said of their prophet by any one who has not the same unquestioning reverence and devotion as themselves; and Mr. Mackenzie is so angry with Professor Max Müller, apparently for venturing to handle Mill at all, that, with the grace and gentlemanly feeling which so often mark writers of his calibre, he hints that the Professor has not consulted on one point the work of which he speaks. In this Mr. Mackenzie is following the example of the Comtist writers, who frequently begin controversies by asserting that their antagonists have not read Comte; and, no doubt, it is permissible to believe that the dreary pages of the verbose Frenchman have been too much for students; but to suggest that a learned man, famous above all things for his untiring industry, has commented on a well-known and very short book without

having read it all is as childish as it is impertinent. However, Mr. Mackenzie is wroth, and with disputants of his class good sense and good taste alike disappear when indignation is felt. What cause there can be for anger, apart from the jealousy of a votary, it is certainly hard to discover. Seemingly, the reason for discontent with Professor Müller is that he thinks that men now enjoy as much freedom as Mill claimed for them twenty years ago. To none but the Radical mind could such a statement, whether altogether true or not, appear offensive; but to the Radical mind it is intensely irritating. "The passage in the Professor's article which most of all startled me," says Mr. Mackenzie, "was the following:—'I can hardly believe that, were he [Mill] still among us, he would claim a larger measure of freedom for the individual than is now accorded to every one of us in the society in which we move.'" Professor Müller therefore startles his eminent critic, and, it would seem, by inference reflects on Mill, when he says that Englishmen are free. To prove the erroneous nature of this shallow view, which, it is to be feared, is very generally held, Mr. Mackenzie refers to the statutes which he thinks so wicked, to "the Mrs. Besant dead-lock," to the Truelove prosecution, and then, after rambling in a hazy manner through various subjects, makes the following remarkable statement:—

> There is scarcely one of the shackles to which Mill referred by name that has been removed; while several of the old weapons against freedom have been hunted up and loaded, ready to go off in case of need. Some causes of opprobrium have been removed, for example, by the Secular Oaths Bill; but, speaking broadly, whatever legal freedom of discussion and action has gained, has been gained by compromise or a fluke. The opening of museums, picture galleries, &c., on Sunday (which he advocates in strong terms, but as to which I hesitate greatly), will probably be carried before long; but, on the whole, the power of society over the individual, whether by law or otherwise, has been immensely fortified. Mr. Max Müller looks at these things from the summits of "the mountains of Rasselas," or some such place, with that splendid and capacious brain of his full of Sanskrit. If he will read more newspapers, and read them minutely, he will receive a very different impression from that which now possesses him. Judges, magistrates, barristers, and officials of various kinds have taken to putting on the legal screw in ways which were not dreamt of in the days when Mr. Mill wrote his Essay. I could quote from memory a score of instances within the last few months—instances, I mean, in which official administrators of one kind or the other have used the law as a screw to compel not only judicially formulated compliance, but compliance far beyond that limit. It is one of the vilest forms of persecution, and it is a growing one. The specific cases are passed over in silence, or half silence, because no one likes to touch pitch; but that is what the administrators count upon.

Of the specific cases referred to little need be said. Mr. Mackenzie happens to dislike statutes which were undoubtedly passed for the public welfare, and therefore speaks of them as though they belonged to the middle ages. Of the Truelove case he is not qualified to speak, as he admits himself that he has never seen the incriminated pamphlet. His general statements, however, do certainly charge either the governing classes or the majority—it is not clear which—with very grievous sins, and describe a condition of society which would unutterably horrify Mr. Mill if he could come amongst us again. There is terrible oppression. Judges, magistrates, and officials put on the "legal screw," and in turn a screw—illegal, it may be presumed—is put on the judges and magistrates by some mysterious body, and the result is the vilest persecution. The ordinary Englishman, who is under the impression that he is the free citizen of a free country, will be astonished when he learns, from a paragraph which might at first sight be thought to describe Russia rather than England, how utterly mistaken he is. Perhaps, however, he will derive some consolation from observing, when he recovers himself enough to read the passage over again, that the assertions in it are altogether general, and are not supported by a tittle of proof. Mr. Mackenzie has been so "startled" by Professor Müller's statement that nowadays there is freedom in this country as to feel impelled to startle others by proclaiming that oppression and corruption are steadily advancing in the land. Wisely, however, he makes no attempt to prove the truth of his remarkable allegations, and for this reticence he doubtless has the best of all possible reasons. The gentleman who steadily maintains that the earth is flat and not round contents himself with simply making the assertion, and Mr. Mackenzie follows his excellent example. In either case disproof or argument would be altogether superfluous. We have given this extract from his article for the same reason that we have chosen his article for comment—namely, to show what strange things Radicals are willing to say; but it would be a waste of space to answer this balderdash which has been so strangely allowed to appear in the pages of the *Contemporary Review*.

Another part of his article is worth referring to as it shows a singular propensity which is not uncommon with those who consider themselves fitted to reorganize society. As we have said, Radicals seem to view with extreme dislike the treatment of their prophet's doctrines by any but themselves; yet when it suits them they are willing to treat those doctrines in the freest possible spirit. Thus Mr. Mackenzie has to speak in the course of his article of Mill's view with regard to marriage, and he takes the opportunity of explaining Mill's opinions and of saying what his views would be if he were alive now. It need hardly be said that those opinions, as stated by Mill himself, have long ceased to carry any weight. The painful story of his private life has, unfortunately, been made known to all; and it has been seen that his discreditable union with the woman for whom he had so frantic an admiration must in all probability have prejudiced his views respecting the marriage contract. These views, however, are precisely what his discreet and modest disciple selects to dwell upon; and, not satisfied with Mill's careful and comparatively moderate speech, he proceeds to amplify it, and to explain what his master might, could, should, or would have said. The following is the explanation of Mill's opinions which this diffident writer offers a good many years after Mr. Mill's death:—

> We may conjecture that if Mr. Mill were now living and were to address himself to this subject generally, he would first of all demand that with regard to the one ground on which English law now *dissolves* the contract, the wife should be placed (as she is in Scotland) upon a footing of entire equality with the husband; secondly, that there should be liberty for the spouses to dissolve the contract by mutual agreement, under proper guarantees; and, thirdly, he would maintain that the one injury which is held in England to dissolve the contract (from the husband's side) is not in itself necessarily the worst or most fatal, and that therefore the list of causes for which one of the spouses may by compulsion get freed should be made wider. But he was, as I have remarked, a very cautious and reticent propagandist, and it is only by close watching and *reading particular passages in the light of general propositions which are locally a long way off from them* [the italics are Mr. Mackenzie's], that you get at his whole meaning.

A very full meaning certainly when the student thus enlightened is able to "get at" it. But why, it may be asked, preserve the institution at all if it is to be so much shattered? Why not follow the example of the Nihilists, who are consistent, and do away with the marriage contract altogether? Doubtless, the next disciple who expounds Mill for the multitude will discover that, by throwing the light of a sufficient number of propositions on a sufficient number of passages a long way from them, it can be clearly shown that, if he were alive, he would earnestly advocate the complete abolition of marriage.

There are many other passages in Mr. Mackenzie's attack on Professor Müller's discourse and exposition of Mill which are almost as amazing as that just quoted, and might be worth citing as showing the singular constitution of the Radical mind; but probably our readers will be of opinion that enough of Mr. Mackenzie's effusion has been given. There is, however, one more observation to be made about it. Singularly enough, the very appearance of this silly stuff in the pages of such a periodical as the *Contemporary Review* demonstrates the facts which Mr. Mackenzie seems most anxious to dispute—to wit, the progress of tolerance in England, and the effect which the better part of Mill's writings has had on English opinion. There is now such a readiness to listen to both sides that a very feeble writer may obtain a hearing against a very illustrious one if he thinks that there is some ground for complaining that the other's treatment of a question has been misleading. The facts in the present case are not a little remarkable. Professor Müller, a man of the highest attainments and possessing a European reputation, makes some remarks about Mill's Essay on Liberty in a discourse which he publishes. To these Mr. Mackenzie—an utterly obscure man—objects, and, though he has not the smallest literary capacity, and really has nothing to say that is in the least worth attention, he is allowed a place in the magazine that contained Professor Müller's article, on the ground, we suppose, that in anything like a controversy both sides must be heard, however weak the arguments of one of the disputants may be. In this case it certainly seems as if the principle of toleration had been carried too far, and as if the editor, in his anxiety for fairness, had not sufficiently considered what he was inflicting on his readers; but nevertheless, if there has been a fault, it has been a fault on the right side, and the appearance of such an article as Mr. Mackenzie's in the *Contemporary Review* shows how deeply one of the principles for which Mill most earnestly contended is now respected.

THE BISHOPRIC OF LIVERPOOL.

BLUNTLY stated, the fact would seem incredible, that until Queen Victoria had been nine years on the throne there were fewer bishoprics in England than there had been in the reign of Henry VIII. The ill-devised see of Westminster which he set up collapsed when Edward VI. translated its first holder to Norwich. Mary replaced the Benedictines in the Abbey, and although Elizabeth restored the Dean and Canons, she let the bishopric drop without substituting any other in its place. The diocese of Ripon, indeed, was established with a great flourish of trumpets in 1836; but the price which the Church paid for the benefit was the amalgamation of Bristol with Gloucester. At last the late Lord Powis's honest Welsh pertinacity overtrumped the stolid resistance offered by cowardice and routine, and in 1847 the see of Manchester was created, without the suppression of either of those in North Wales which had been destined to serve as victim. Then came thirty years of Commissions, Reports, Societies, and abortive Bills, till Mr. Cross, encouraged by exemplary private munificence, placed the movement on a new footing by launching that project of six new sees, equally divided between the provinces of Canterbury and York, which has now, by the completion of the endowment for Liverpool, been half accomplished, while the work is far advanced at Newcastle and a substantive beginning has been made at Wakefield and Southwell. The Home Secretary has had the courage to appeal for the success of his enterprise to an entirely new application of an established and universally lauded principle. For building and restoring churches, and for endowing their parsons, as well as for founding bishoprics in the Colonies, the State had long recognized the potency of private munificence. But a Lord Bishop of the Establishment, with his succession to the House of Lords, was far too grand a personage to be beholden

to voluntary alms for his means of living. It was all very well for a benevolent dreamer, such as Lord Lyttelton, to suggest so revolutionary an idea; and, as blowing bubbles is a very harmless amusement, he might be left to follow his bent. To Mr. Cross's mind, however, business-like as he is, the difficulty which presented itself was not the acceptance of the idea of voluntary succour for a public good, but the recognition of any principle which should make that acceptance objectionable. He was, indeed, adverse to one leading principle of Lord Lyttelton's Bill—that of the general enabling powers which it proposed to create for a formally unlimited increase of the Episcopate, without the see, the place, or the number of proposed bishoprics being specified in the statute. Whether this was excessive caution or not it is needless now to discuss. For our part, we think that the precaution of bringing in both Queen—that is to say, Ministers—and Ecclesiastical Commission, provided in Lord Lyttelton's Bill, would have been sufficient to prevent abuse. But the Minister accepted the other main feature of the measure, that of reliance upon voluntary benevolence. A fortunate occasion presented itself for bridging over any abrupt transition between the old idea that bishoprics could only be set up by readjusting the actual Church funds sequestrated by the Ecclesiastical Commission, and that of launching appeals for additional contributions. This was the timely and generous surrender by the actual Bishop of Winchester of the pompous see-house constructed in George IV.'s days by the bland Bishop Sumner in St. James's Square. The sale of this mansion proved to be a sufficient start for establishing the Bishopric of St. Albans, and that was soon followed by Lady Rolle's exceptionally noble contribution which made the long-desired and long-despaired of Bishopric of Cornwall a reality. There was a private donor ready in 1847 to have founded it, but the wise men of that day insisted on looking their gift horse in the mouth. The delay, however, was not on the whole unfortunate, as by the terms of Dr. Walker's offer the see must have been fixed at St. Columb, a far less advantageous site than Truro. His schemes creating these two bishoprics in the province of Canterbury were the models for Mr. Cross's later Act, which prospectively established a see taken from Lincoln and Lichfield at the old collegiate church of Southwell in the same province, and also Liverpool out of Chester, Newcastle out of Durham, and Wakefield out of Ripon, all of them in that of York. The existence of all these new dioceses was to be contingent upon private liberality, the only contributions of a public character which were accepted being limited stipends assessed upon those of the old sees which were to be respectively relieved, so that none of them should hereafter fall below 4,200*l.* a year, nor Durham, which is to give 1,000*l.* a year to Newcastle, below 7,000*l.* The minimum income of any new see was fixed at 3,500*l.* a year, or 3,000*l.* together with a house, and was not to exceed 4,200*l.* a year. The idea which underlies these provisions is that, as the new bishops would range with their older brethren both in Parliament and elsewhere, so they should also fairly match them in means.

Mr. Cross, in his anxiety that the increase of bishops should wear the appearance of being a development and not a revolution, laid great stress upon its being what he termed a moderate one. Without contesting the principle of this condition, we think that the application need not have been so rigid, and that the measure might well have provided by anticipation for the formation of new sees in Surrey (leaving that suburban region, West Kent, to Rochester), Suffolk, Warwickshire reviving the style of Coventry and including Birmingham, Bristol severed from Gloucester, Derbyshire, and Sheffield or Beverley. The practical prospects of completing the endowment in any of these cases would be about equal to that which exists in those of Southwell or Wakefield, and the difference between an ultimate number of two archbishoprics with thirty-two or thirty-eight suffragan sees is not so very vital.

No one donor overshadows all his compeers at Liverpool, although there are several gifts of 10,000*l.*, while the energy of one of these large givers, Mr. Torr, the late member for the borough, has been the chief promoter of the work. This new see will be the first example of an urban bishopric, as Truro was of a territorial one, started on the mere claims of the place to the benefit, and with no adventitious assistance from previously existing institutions. The sees of Ripon and Manchester, endowed as they were by the Church funds in the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commission, rested upon the actual collegiate church and its corporation already existing in each place, which by change of name became Cathedral and Chapter, while St. Albans already possessed its abbey. At Liverpool the need of a cathedral and chapter, for work and not show, is already felt and canvassed. The same generosity which has made the see a reality ought to be sufficient to ensure the accessories. When a county in so unprosperous a case as Cornwall is able to set in hand, for so small a place as Truro, a cathedral of the amplitude and the grandeur of the one which Mr. Pearson has designed, it would be a *laches* not to be dreamed of were Liverpool to lag behind. It is true that not every bishop of a new see may have the energy and influence of Bishop Benson. But, with his recent example to show the way, no one ought to be so deficient in the courage of conception and the patience of execution as not at least to be able with such superior advantages to tread in the steps of his Cornish brother. A random idea has been thrown out of utilizing the occasion at Liverpool for galvanizing a long-deceased and forgotten failure, and setting up Wren's happily rejected first notion for St. Paul's. This is of course a crotchet which cannot for a moment be entertained. We are unwilling to import what might be mistaken for party questions into the consideration of the subject. Nevertheless, at a time when the temptation of an electioneering triumph has proved to be motive enough for those whose whole career ought to have been a guarantee for nobler conceptions of statesmanship to bring the notion of disestablishment into dangerous familiarity with the minds least likely to make a good use of it, we may point out how strong a constructive argument may be found against the assumed popularity of the change in the unstinted affluence of voluntary donors, which had made both the extension of the episcopate and the revival of cathedrals in their buildings and their institutions not possible only, but popular, and brought them into course of execution.

The *Times* has been amusing in its solemn blundering over some incidents of the new sees which are being created. It has grasped the fact that bishops' seats have the honorary distinction of being entitled cities; and so it conjectures that, as soon as the Order in Council appears, Liverpool may, if it thinks fit, assume for itself that title. The idea that a grant from the sovereign is needful, and that such grant was actually made to St. Albans and Truro, never seems to have crossed our contemporary's mind. At this point, however, the *Times* gets vexed and troubled why Westminster should be a city, forgetful that Henry VIII. made it for a short time a bishopric, and that he gave it the consequent rank. Furthermore, our contemporary is sorely tried because certain existing towns and villages were Saxon bishoprics, and yet are no cities now. These mysterious places follow a simple law—namely, that the fact of the town having been a pre-conquestal see no more makes the place a city than it makes the parson a dean. Cities are the seats of post-conquestal bishoprics, excluding those Saxon sees which endured for only a few years after the Conquest; and in compliance with this rule, the only places so entitled which cannot show their separate bishops are Westminster, Coventry, Bath, and now Bristol.

PARLIAMENT AT THE ANTIPODES.

SINCE the announcement by telegraph of the discomfiture of the Berry Ministry in Victoria, there has been time for letters to arrive describing, not indeed the conflict itself, but the state of things which immediately preceded it. The *Times'* Correspondent, who has at intervals given very interesting descriptions of the political state of men and things in that part of the world, has recently devoted himself to the Victorian Assembly, and has drawn a very striking picture of what may be called the probable possibilities of democracy. The writer cannot be said to be prejudiced against Victoria or things Victorian. In another very recent letter he gives a description of Melbourne, its climate, its people, its institutions, which is little short of enthusiastic, and certainly goes beyond the accepted ideas on the subject. All travellers unite in praising the situation of the city near the magnificent harbour of Port Philip, and in admiring its public buildings and institutions. Democratic communities indeed are not wont to be behindhand in the latter respect, for the simple reason that such things contribute more to the enjoyment of the majority than to that of the minority, while they are erected more at the cost of the minority than at that of the majority. But the climate of Melbourne has by no means united all suffrages, and the fact acknowledged by the Correspondent that its death-rate is greater than that of most large English towns seems to show that there is some ground for doubt. We have heard Victorians themselves give unpleasant accounts of the tendency of their country's flies to dispute possession with human beings in such matters as food and drink. Nor do sharks in the bright blue sea and thermometers at 110° in the shade strike the home-keeping Briton as unqualified attractions. There is a delicate point which the writer touches upon, and wherein his testimony is again somewhat more favourable than that of local witnesses. It is of course perfectly unreasonable that a casual Englishman, because he chooses to visit Melbourne, should expect to be fêted and caressed. Indeed we remember reading an Australian novel in which the tax laid upon Victorian hospitality by such visitors was most bitterly complained of. This may have been an isolated case, but it deserves to be taken account of in estimating the *Times'* Correspondent's commendations of the "overflowing kindness and courtesy" of the Melbournians towards Englishmen. It is evident that at least he is not a prejudiced critic, or, if he be prejudiced at all, that he is prejudiced in favour of his subject.

The description, however, which this investigator gives of the proceedings and character of the last Victorian Assembly cannot be said to be attractive. The material arrangements of that Assembly are indeed all that the stoutest formalist could wish. There are a Speaker and a wig and a mace, and benches right and left, and cross-benches and a gangway, and many other indispensable accompaniments of legislative Assemblies on the English model. Democratic as they are, the Victorians have not yet fallen into one of the commonest and most unwise faults of democracy, the rejection of pomp and ceremony. Even Doctor Bidache, the Republican enthusiast in M. Sardou's play, came to the conclusion that in some respects it was a mistake to reject these vanities, and that, for instance, a civil marriage was terribly wanting in impressiveness. If the Victorian Assembly is not impressive, it is at any rate not for want of wigs. Another interesting

fact is that the Victorians appear to have inherited or acquired the curious English love of precedent, which is as mortar to the bricks of a constitution, and which, somehow or other, Continental bricklayers have never been able to secure. But, barring the precedents and the wigs, our leniently disposed critic does not find much to satisfy him in the Victorian House of Commons. He confesses to a regret that "the Queen's Government should not be carried on by statesmen who have at least mastered the Queen's English." We are afraid that the Correspondent is in the full Jacobin sense an "aristocrat," and, though there have been members of the British House of Commons who have had at least as much difficulty with the letter *h* as poor Mr. Berry, it may be admitted that the ears of Englishmen of a certain position are generally tainted with this aristocratic repugnance to the omission. Our author, however, endeavours to justify himself, protesting that he does not consider the *h* an absolute shibboleth, and that he is even willing to overlook rough manners, neglected dress, and an undue indifference to soap. But he cannot away with the metaphorical uncleanness of tongue and hands which accompanies this literal uncleanness. His examples indeed, as in the case of the *h*, might be retorted with some success upon Englishmen by Victorians, though as yet the precincts of the House of Commons itself do not furnish examples quite so heinous. When we hear that a Victorian Cabinet Minister called an opponent a cabbage-seller, it is difficult not to remember that a highly accomplished, and indeed altogether "superior," member of the British Legislature not long ago thought it comic and cogent to talk about "bookstalls" in connexion with the First Lord of the Admiralty. As for "liar," which seems to be a favourite word in Victoria, it has seldom been far from Mr. Bright's lips or pen during the last few months. Still, as we have said, these amenities are not openly exchanged in the House itself, though there is no knowing what we may come to soon. Another and exceedingly ugly weapon of Victorian controversy is the accusation of "stealing." The Correspondent says that accusations of this kind were habitually brought against the members of the late Cabinet, or most of them; that both parties take for granted that the chiefs of the other side, if not of their own, will help themselves and their friends out of the public purse. Here at least we may without Pharisaism congratulate ourselves that we are not as the Victorians are—as yet. The charges of jobbery which at rare intervals are brought against public men with us, and which are rarely well founded, differ *toto cœlo* from such charges of direct dishonesty. Nor have we yet arrived at the state of the Victorian Assembly in that famous scene not long ago when an irate member endeavoured to seize the mace or some other weapon, and to clear the House with it in the style of Larry McHale. As for another story told, it is disgraceful but comic, and approaches more nearly to what might have been possible in Ireland, if not in Great Britain, scarcely a hundred years ago. A Ministerialist was suspected of meditating treachery, whereupon the Government Whips made him very drunk, and brought him to vote in that condition. That a free fight should ensue, or something very like it, was evidently unavoidable. The House and the public generally seem to have been a good deal shocked by these performances, which is creditable to them. It is added, too, that this Assembly was an exceptional Assembly; though it is not clear what there is to prevent a succession of such exceptional Assemblies from being elected. The same Correspondent, in a previous letter, alluded to the Victorian habit of "blowing"—an interesting but elliptical phrase, to which, for the understanding of the people at home, it is necessary to add "their own trumpet." We do not know whether they blow much about their Assembly, which, to the British mind, might seem better treated by a judicious silence. It is said that the scandals of the last House—now, it is to be hoped, replaced by a better—have produced the usual and fatal effect which every democratic community from Athens to America has experienced. The best men in Melbourne—the best not merely by birth and wealth, but by intelligence, culture, and morality—have been so disgusted with the state of things that they will have nothing to do with it. They cannot deal the foul blows that the contest requires, and they do not care to expose themselves to them in a practically defenceless condition. The new Government may have for the time brought about a better state of things; but what Mr. Berry and his party succeeded in doing once they may succeed in doing again.

It may be a little dangerous, but is not uninteresting, to inquire whether the ugly consequences which the *Times*' Correspondent deplores are after all quite unconnected with the more trivial drawbacks in respect of manners which he describes. It is no doubt almost sacrilegious in the present day to hint anything of the kind. But, considering that manners are after all only a moral code embodied in certain half-conventional outward signs, there may be something to be said for the more old-fashioned view. A man who will not wash his hands because he has work which renders such a process useless is not blameworthy; but he who legislates can certainly spare the time for ablution, and, as the colony probably provides him with soap, cannot plead poverty. If he neglects these opportunities, it is probably not unjust to argue from his predilection for dirt of the physical kind to a predilection for the dirt of the moral kind. It is possible, though difficult, for a person who has from his youth up ignored the *h* to acquire the habit of using that letter, and he who does not shows an indifference to the good opinion of others which may—we do not say that it often does—extend a little further than orthoepy. Lastly, it must be remembered that the coarse personalities and foul aspersions on character which pain the Correspondent are, as a matter of fact, usually found in connexion with the absence of *h*'s and the presence of dirt. They are found elsewhere, no doubt, more's the pity, and they are fortunately by no means invariable accompaniments of personal and linguistic slovenliness. But, considering the well-known verdict of such a person as the late Mr. Mill on the moral characteristics of different orders of society, it would appear that there is still something to be said for the aristocratic conception of the governing man as against the democratic. We may add that the case of Victoria seems to show the same thing pretty strongly *à posteriori*. The "disgusting vices" which a great writer charges against democracy are corruption, civil dissension, and ingratitude towards leaders. This last article has been a good deal affected by changes of manners, which have sent the axe out of fashion. But, if we may trust the *Times*' Correspondent, the first two will have lately been as rampant in Victoria as they could well be short of actual civil war. A Government the majority of whose members were habitually charged with personal dishonesty; an Assembly which frequently, if not habitually, indulged in the language and manners of the frequenters of some low drinking-shop; and classes out of doors so embittered against one another that open violence was feared—these were the results of a model democracy. If any one chooses to set to the same credit the recent change, he can do so, though, considering the force of reaction in all cases, the proceeding does not seem very reasonable. At any rate, the late political experiences of Victoria supply political students with instructive and interesting, but we fear we can hardly say cheerful or encouraging, matter for reflection.

THE EASTERN PYRENEES.

MR. SENIOR tells us in the last volume of his entertaining work that, in conversation with a distinguished Frenchman, the latter gravely mooted the advisableness of incorporating with France the Spanish province of Catalonia. It would appear that this was only one of several choice landed properties marked out in the minds of many of the Second Empire men for annexation at a suitable opportunity. On the score of geographical propriety, there was a good deal to be said in favour of annexing Savoy and Nice. Something might be advanced on like grounds for taking part of the Rhine frontier. No two States, however, are more clearly separated by nature than France and Spain. It is indeed quite inconceivable at this time of day that any man aspiring to be considered a statesman, or even a man of ordinary common sense, should seriously propose that the one nation should go over these mountains to possess itself of a province belonging to the other. Such notions were all very natural and suitable in the age of Louis XIV., but many things have happened since then. Both nations, indeed, have reason to congratulate themselves that the Pyrenees exist as a potent geographical expression and a well-defined boundary mark. Each holds now exactly that ground which in strictest geographical propriety should belong to it; one is on this side of a lofty mountain barrier, the other on that side. In no province of Spain lying under this barrier is there any French element which would welcome annexation by France; and the "Peace of the Pyrenees," in 1659, has never been disturbed by any conspiracies on the part of Roussillonais or Cerdagnais desiring to be reincorporated with Spain. When the invasion of Napoleon had been repelled by the united efforts of England, Spain, and Portugal, the ridge of the Pyrenees became once more the limits as defined by that treaty. Moreover, apart from their being so clearly separated territorially, the two peoples are by no means calculated to pull well together; one is too powerful, the other too proud. It is true that the recollection of a certain ethnical affinity, identity of creed, and a similar proneness to be carried away by ardent if fitful enthusiasm in generous causes, will occasionally evoke reciprocal compliments. The recent highly creditable exertions of the Paris press in favour of the sufferers through the inundations in Murcia called forth unbounded fraternal recognition of French generosity and nobility of soul from all ranks and classes throughout Spain; but, when the sentimental fireworks have been let off on either side of the Pyrenees, the situation remains the same. The Spaniards' general estimate of their neighbours' character and of the danger of having too intimate relations with them is capitally rendered in the Spanish proverb, which we give in its French dress, since the French rather like repeating it than otherwise, probably reading therein some recondite compliment to themselves:—"Ne demande pas du feu à un Français, même pour allumer ta pipe—il te portera l'incendie!"

The department of the Eastern Pyrenees went formerly by the name of Roussillon, and it has known many masters. During a long period it was under rulers of its own, called Counts of Roussillon. The last of these bequeathed it in 1178 to the King of Aragon. Three centuries later it was ceded to Louis XI. of France. Again it was recovered by a King of Aragon, but a hundred and fifty years later was finally annexed to France, retaining until the Revolution its appellation of province of Roussillon. With the many objects of interest which this department has to offer to the antiquary, artist, mineralogist, invalid, and epicure, we should have wondered that our countrymen so rarely turn off the high road to Spain to enter it, if we had not often noticed

that they take less trouble to find out the beauties of France than those of countries further away. How many, we should like to know, of the hundreds of English residents at Dinan, Dinard, and on the outskirts of Brittany, have ever explored that astonishing collection of Celtic remains strewn broadcast over the moors hard by? where also grows the very broom which gave our Plantagenets their name and armorial bearings. There are numbers of Englishmen who speak as though they knew the country thoroughly, and whose experience has been confined to visiting a large city at either end of a long line of rail, and on the journey between to catching a peep, in the intervals of sleeping, eating, and novel-reading, at a flying landscape of vines and poplars. It would surprise such as have adjudged France to be a flat, uninteresting country, after a run from Calais to Paris, to learn what variety and beauty of scenery may be found in places off the beaten tracks. But very few, comparatively speaking, of the scores of thousands who each year rush through France do turn off the great highways. Those who do so in search of natural beauties visit the Vale of the Gresivaudan, the gorge of the Grande Chartreuse, or the romantic scenery of the Vosges or Ardennes, or explore Auvergne or the Rhóne with its superb prospects; and their verdict is very different from that of the commonplace tourist. One of the departments least known in its interior by English people is, as we have remarked, that of the Eastern Pyrenees. The western and central portions of the great mountain chain are the annual resort of multitudes of travellers. Some come to drink or dip in various healing waters, others to climb lofty peaks affording superb views, to angle for trout in purling streams of exquisite purity, or to get meagre but novel sport with the gun in return for much hard walking. Nearly everywhere there are good hotels to put up at, and almost always throughout the summer and autumn a sunshine may be enjoyed which is too often denied to the tourist of the Alps. But the eastern end is a *terra incognita*. Till recently the line of rail now connecting the south of France, through Narbonne and Perpignan, with Barcelona and the Spanish northern and eastern system, only ran to the frontier, and a most tiresome journey had to be performed by diligence on the other side. Now that this is changed, the Eastern Pyrenees will probably not have long to wait before they experience and profit by the necessary British invasion. Already the recognized advanced guards under Messrs. Cook have passed through. But this is just what tourists have generally done hitherto; they have passed by on the coast road, without penetrating into the interior. And the coast route gives no fair idea of what is to be seen inland. It cannot compete for a moment in beauty of scenery or colouring with the lovely Corniche road. Salt lagoons stretch away on either side, only relieved at intervals by tracts of brown barren-looking soil, where, however, the vine flourishes. Arrived at Perpignan, the capital of the department, the traveller is struck by the poverty of the hotels for so considerable a town, and by the unsavoury odours, engendered by a visible neglect of all sanitary laws, which pervade the narrow streets. Here we begin to take leave of France proper. Not only do we hear an unfamiliar tongue spoken all round, but such French as is spoken is badly pronounced; the dress of the lower orders has Spanish peculiarities; and the shops display many articles of Spanish production. The market-place is well worth a visit in the early morning, when the newcomer will be struck by the quaint costumes of peasants from the country, and by the immense variety and abundance of produce for sale. If it is autumn there will be a magnificent show of vegetables and fruit. The most exquisite grapes may be bought for a song, as also the luscious white figs called *Coll de Signora*, which no other fig of any kind or clime can match. After Perpignan, as we approach the frontier and come more under mountain shelter, the country rapidly improves, and we enter a zone of vine and olive, of palm, orange, and cactus. It is this district which produces the rich powerful wines of Banyuls, Grenache, Muscat, and, above all, of the superb white Maccabeo; the less costly of which are much used to *corser* or fortify the weaker wines further north. Their generic name is *vins de Roussillon*, and probably some of the vintage really does find its way into the Mas-deu, sold as Masdeu in England; but somehow it seems oftener than not to lose flavour on the road. Perhaps the best wine of the country comes from the slopes about Collioure, where the vines flourish wonderfully on what is bare rock scattered over with sand; and, as rain seldom falls here, the dressers have to depend on artificial irrigation.

The coast line takes us by many spots interesting to lovers of antiquities. Narbonne, the "pulcherrima Narbo" of Martial, was, till recently, when much ancient masonry was abstracted for the making of fortifications and other purposes, a town full of Roman monuments, buildings, and Arab remains. Many important architectural fragments, Phœnician, Roman, and Visigothic, are preserved in the museum. Shortly after Narbonne we come upon Salces with its saline waters mentioned by Strabo. It was at Elne (called Illiberis by the Romans and afterwards Elena by Constantine) that Hannibal pitched his first camp in Gaul. The church and cloisters with their bas-reliefs and very ancient inscriptions are well worth [illegible]ection. After passing the small, picturesque port of Collio[illegible]—the ancient Cauco-Illiberis—we come to Port Vendres (*Portus Veneris*). As this is the only considerable harbour between Marseilles and the frontier, efforts are now being made by the Government to increase its commercial importance; and it will doubtless become the central place of export for a large district. A few miles beyond, the easternmost ridge of the Pyrenees juts out into the Mediterranean at Cap Creus, the ancient Aphrodisium, and we are on Spanish ground.

Besides the road leading into Spain another line of rail runs now from Perpignan into the heart of the department—the line from Perpignan to Prades. It traverses the wide plain of Roussillon, ascending the right bank of the torrential Tet, till it reaches well up into the mountains. It would astonish some of our hardly pushed farmers at home to see with what little cost and trouble man earns a livelihood and competency in these parts. Most Southern peoples are inclined to allow nature to do her full share of the work to be done; and nature works hard about here, filling the valleys with corn and maize, and hemp and fruits, and making a vast, rich vinery of the terraced hill-sides. The terminus of the rail is Prades, which lies just under the gigantic mass of the Canigou, the loftiest mountain in the Eastern division. We would strongly recommend a short sojourn at Prades, especially during the autumn months, when the climate, resembling that of Lombardy at that season, is absolutely perfect. There is an hotel greatly to be commended for its cleanliness and comfort, and enjoying a well-deserved reputation for its irreproachable *cuisine*. We notice that the guide-books are just awake to the fact of the existence of a bathing establishment at Molitg, some five miles distant. The waters are sulphurous, and most efficacious in skin diseases; and in summer and autumn the baths, picturesquely situated, are thronged by French and Spaniards. Some ten miles from Prades are also the baths of Olette. There is here a curious relic of Latin times in the name given to an ancient zigzag mule path—*gradus d'Olette*, or sometimes in modern patois, *graus*. Three miles to the north of Prades is Vernet with another water-cure establishment. From here the ascent of the Canigou may be made without too much difficulty. A magnificent view is obtained from the summit, embracing the plain of Roussillon, the mountains of Catalonia, and a wide reach of the Mediterranean. Excursions should be made to the ruins of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Michael de Cuxa, as also to those of St. Martin du Canigou. The country around is studded with watch-towers, the shells of mediæval castles, and with considerable villages on the hill-sides. Chief in interest among these is Ria, on the road to Mont Louis, which, by the by, is the most elevated garrison town in Europe.

Returning to Perpignan—the starting-point for the interior—the tourist should next follow the road to Amélie-les-Bains, to which it is proposed shortly to lay a line of rail. The route as far as Le Boulou is that of the old post road from Perpignan to Barcelona. Here are several copious mineral springs, with a bathing establishment crowded in summer and autumn. The waters are little known out of the department, but are there very generally drunk, being highly efficacious in complaints of the digestive organs. Just beyond Le Boulou, on the road to Spain, occurs the Col de Perthus—the pass traversed by the army of Hannibal on its march into Gaul, and which later was trodden successively by the conquering legions of Pompey and Cæsar. At Amélie, some ten miles beyond Le Boulou, are sulphur springs which must have been of repute in the time of the Romans, to judge by the remains of baths; and they are much esteemed now in cases of consumption and rheumatism. The French Government has erected here an immense military hospital especially intended for officers, of whom after the Crimean war as many as five hundred were under treatment at the same time. We have always wondered that these sheltered and delightful winter quarters have not been more appreciated by our countrymen. Perhaps one great reason is that there is neither English chaplain nor doctor within a hundred miles or more of the place. One necessary of life is, however, forthcoming—the daily post with the daily *Times*. And there is a telegraph office. Apartments and villas are to be found at very moderate rents. Beautiful walks amid olive and orange, citron, palm, and vine, may be found, and excursions taken to various points of interest in the midst of grand scenery. A few miles beyond Amélie are the baths of La Preste, the waters of which are considered to be of extraordinary potency in calculous complaints.

It has now been resolved to make a railroad into this district, which will not only render the numerous thermal establishments more accessible, but will be the means of opening out its vast mineral resources. For the Eastern Pyrenees have attractions not only for the artist, the *bon vivant*, and the invalid, but for the speculator. We were amused lately on consulting a popular Encyclopædia to learn that iron is to be found in the Pyrenees, but that the mines are of limited extent and the supply of small account. The fact is, the mines, little worked hitherto, cover an immense area—at least in this division of the mountains—and their produce is only limited by the demand. The whole group of mountains lying in a semicircle about the Canigou, which itself is charged with ore, is more or less one continuous mine, producing, where worked, iron of the very best quality. But the mountain paths are so difficult, the distances of the mines from main roads so considerable, and from any railroad so much greater still, that it is easy to understand why comparatively little attention has hitherto been bestowed upon the sleeping treasure. At length, however, the people of these parts are waking up to realize the value of what lies under their feet. As an instance of this we may mention that some years ago a gentleman owning property not far from Olette sold a hill, inside and out, for 150 francs. It seemed of no use or value to him, being a wild, barren bit of ground scattered over with boulders of indifferent marble; and what would

be gained by digging the iron, for which no purchaser could be found in this out-of-the-way corner? At the present time you might offer, and probably in vain, two million francs for that hill. It is in the upper part of the valley of the Tet, and at Prades the railway is now brought within ten miles, and will be brought nearer still. The adjoining iron mine of Escaro is worked by an Englishman, Mr. Sharpe, son of the late eminent architect, who owns also a quarry of marble in the vicinity. There is plenty of room for many more Englishmen whose taste may lie in this direction. Again, when the rail is laid to Amélie, the mines on that side of the Canigou (this mountain separates the valleys of the Tet and the Tech) will increase immensely in value, while others which have only been scratched will be opened up. The most convenient headquarters for persons wishing to explore the mine country about the sources of the Tet would be Prades or Olette; and for those who would visit that of the Tech, either La Preste or Prats de Mollo. For visitors unencumbered with heavy baggage a most charming mountain route over a wing of the Canigou may be taken from Olette to Prats de Mollo, whereby the long roundabout journey by Prades, Perpignan, and Amélie is avoided. Whether or not it is likely that the mines of this region will ever be worked profitably on a more extensive scale is a matter on which we offer no opinion. Undoubtedly, however, the resources we have spoken of are in existence, and the proposed improvement of communications will bring them within easier reach of the main routes of commerce.

ELECTION AMENITIES.

THE lovers of things as they once were have been wont of late years to lament over the comparatively prosaic character which the abolition of the hustings and the institution of the Ballot have given to elections. There is no doubt that a certain decrease in boisterousness is observable, not merely since the days immortalized by Hogarth, but since days which all but the very youngest can perfectly well remember. Only a dozen years ago the general election of 1868 had its full share of disorder; but that of 1874 was, it must be admitted, comparatively quiet. The present struggle has not resulted in any great number of broken heads, yet it has not been all plain sailing either for the rank and file or for the distinguished persons who occupy the position of candidates. Indeed the latter have been on the whole rather unlucky, and in not a few instances must have had any blue mould which may have clung about them effectually dissipated by the application of the old original Irish detergent. The excitable persons who nearly squeezed the breath out of Mr. Cowen's body at Newcastle a fortnight ago did it in pure kindness, and the election frolics which drove Mr. Collins from a meeting at Derby and abruptly terminated the addresses of not a few Metropolitan candidates from time to time, appear to have been for the most part impartial and "promiscuous" in their character. We must go to Scotland and Ireland for instances where the limbs, if not the life, of Parliamentary aspirants have been really in danger, though Cardiff has maintained the pugnacious character of the Principality, and a little incident at Chester last Monday redeems England from the reproach of contributing nothing in the way of a stramash to the history of the election of 1880.

The earliest, and perhaps the most comic, of these incidents was a singular disaster which befell Mr. Pender, the late member, and probably, as he is unopposed, the future or present member, for the Wick Burghs. Like most Scotch borough members, Mr. Pender had to woo the suffrages of a considerable number of small constituencies, two of which, Kirkwall and Stromness, are, it is hardly necessary to say, in the mainland of Orkney. After Mr. Pender had canvassed Kirkwall, he set off for Stromness, and then a quaint scene occurred. We have said that there is no opposition to Mr. Pender. Whether this was taken by the Kirkwallers as an insult, or whether they dislike Mr. Pender personally, or whether a desire came upon them for one of the rather sanguinary frolics in which their Norse ancestors used to indulge, we cannot pretend to say. There is a famous story of that part of the world (whether Orkney or Caithness we forget) which tells how a political debate was cut short by the pithy remark of an orator, "Short rede, good rede, slay we the Bishop." Somebody appears to have said to the Kirkwallers, "Short rede, good rede, drown we the candidate." They set about this diabolical intention with a cunning equally diabolical. It is a customary compliment to take the horses out of a member's carriage, and draw it. This the cunning Kirkwallers pretended to do, and, though there were suspicions, the candidate seems to have thought that he was going to have what reporters call an ovation. The human horses, however, proceeded to run the carriage down into the sea, which would probably have placed Mr. Pender in a condition to appreciate the feelings of the victims of the Tay Bridge disaster. Fortunately for him the carriage stuck, and the attempt failed. Thereupon the crowd smashed the windows, also Mr. Pender's hat, and the unfortunate ex-member had to address mollifying words out of the window, like Mr. Gladstone, but in less happy circumstances. This gave the better disposed among the crowd—the *viri pietate graves*—time to work upon its feelings, and no further attempt was made to set a late member of Parliament afloat on the ocean wave in this novel fashion.

The sufferings of Mr. Pender were, however, a mere joke to the sufferings of Mr. Parnell at Enniscorthy on Sunday. Of these latter it seems hardly lawful to speak in plain prose. The best blank verse would scarcely be too good for this remarkable example of the wrath of Nemesis, which has, as we learn from a resolution of the Nationalists of Loughrea, caused "a wave of profound sorrow to sweep over the country at the lamentable degeneracy shown by the inhabitants of once gallant and glorious Wexford." There will always be differences of opinion, and, for our part, we should have thought that the inhabitants of gallant and glorious Wexford had shown themselves to be broths of boys entirely. It is well known that Mr. Parnell is carrying out on a large scale a kind of parable of the sower, taking candidates and scattering them broadcast about the land. Enniscorthy, we fear, is but a stony soil. For some reason best known to Mr. Parnell, the Chevalier O'Clery, who represented the county with that full approval of the priests which a Papal Zouave who has fired his shot—we believe Mr. O'Clery did fire his shot—for the temporal power is bound to receive, appears unsatisfactory to the obstructionist chief. So Mr. Parnell took two candidates and went down with them to Enniscorthy. Ominous signs, we are told, showed themselves on the way. Ravens croaked on the wrong side; that is to say, when they came to the town of Ferns their reception was much less cordial than that accorded to the Rev. Joseph Murphy. The world may know nothing of the Reverend Joseph, but the tale will show that he is not one of its least men. His first stroke showed the master hand. While Mr. Parnell and his candidates were idly marshalling green flags, Mr. O'Clery and six priests, among whom the Rev. Joseph Murphy and a certain Father O'Gorman were prominent, seized and garrisoned the platform, from which a sacrilegious Parnellite in vain endeavoured to dislodge them. The Reverend Joseph then comprehensively announced that "he stood there to resist the dictatorship of every man," a sentiment than which it is difficult to imagine anything more noble or less clear. The enemy advanced, and Mr. Parnell, reckless of Nemesis, attempted to mount the platform. Only Homer, the unknown author of the romance of *Fierabras*, or Thackeray, could fitly describe what followed. To put it unambitiously, there was a free fight, and Mr. Parnell got very much the worst of it. The crowd, if they did not smite him on the nose, as Smith O'Brien was smitten, caught him by the legs, smashed his hat, tore his nether garments, and so forth. In short, had it not been for the magnanimous interference of the Reverend Joseph, as merciful as he was strong, Mr. Parnell would apparently by this time have been resolved into his constituent elements, and Ireland would have mourned her hero. When something like an audience had been obtained, the insults of the crowd were even more cruel than their injuries. They entreated Mr. Parnell to take off the hat which they had smashed; they bade him mend the garments they had torn. Finally, he was mildly informed that he had had "a warning," and was let go, though a second attack seems to have been made on him before he got to the train. History records few more awful examples of the mutability of human affairs than this. A few short hours before, and Mr. Parnell was the idol of mobs; "it was roses, roses all the way"; and now the many-headed substituted for roses blows of the alpeen, which were only averted from the sacred crown of Charles Stuart Parnell by the good offices of the Rev. Joseph Murphy, his conqueror and benefactor.

After this splendid demonstration of that ineradicable inclination to quarrel among themselves which is one of the most attractive and convenient characteristics of Irish patriots, it seems tame to hear that at Dundee an unsuccessful attempt was made and frustrated by the police to put a certain Mr. Blair—or was it Mr. Barry?—into the docks. In Ireland they manage these things better, and their attempts are not unsuccessful, while the police simply survey the scene. The Chester affair was a little better thought out. A certain mysterious Mr. Malgarini—who somehow confusedly suggests Mr. Turnerelli, *quia desinunt ambo in i*—seems to have thought that the battle between Messrs. Raikes and Dodson and their secords might as well be complicated by his own candidature, and suddenly appeared on the scene. In his case the hackneyed phrase has full propriety and local colour, for Mr. Malgarini—not inappropriately, perhaps—affects theatres as places of oratory. When the curtain of the theatre rose Mr. Malgarini was visible in evening dress and white gloves. The free and independent electors opened the discussion with a salvo of rotten eggs, and then went for Mr. Malgarini, who retired in disorder to his hotel. This vote of want of confidence seems to have been taken as decisive, for among the candidates nominated for Chester on Tuesday we do not observe Mr. Malgarini's highly euphonious name.

Such are the chief breaches of the peace which have occurred up to the time of our writing. They will no doubt—in Ireland especially—be supplemented by a good many more before the elections are over. In the abstract, of course, all these things are highly discreditable; and when they are got up and organized against special candidates or special parties by their opponents, no words can be too strong for them, except in Ireland. We do not know, however, that there is much need to affect sorrow or indignation at the conduct which resulted in Mr. Parnell's discomfiture. For the better part of a year he has been covertly urging his hearers to do to others pretty much what has now been done to him, and it would be mere hypocrisy to pretend to be sorry that he has been hoist with his own petard. The case is a case of diamond cut diamond, and of the two precious stones, we incline to prefer the Reverend Joseph. The cases of Mr. Pender and of the unfortunate Dundee candidate, who seems, like Mr. Malgarini, to have accepted the verdict of the people and refused to be

nominated, are somewhat different. The North Sea was clearly not intended by nature, nor the Dundee docks by the Harbour Board of that respectable town, as receptacles for stray candidates. The test of swimming or sinking under such conditions is now recognized by the best authorities as indecisive and improper even in the case of witches; and we do not see that there is any greater appropriateness in it when applied to Parliamentary aspirants. The exuberant fancy of the electors of New Ross, who playfully stretch ropes across their streets in order to trip up candidates' horses, is another instance of an overstepping of the limits of becoming mirth. However, the doctrine that all is fair in love, war, and elections seems not to have even yet lost its hold on the minds of a considerable portion of the British nation. As the candidates generally pay for all the damage that is done, the high principle of men who would not like to cause their neighbour loss is satisfied, while the bodily inconvenience which is sometimes caused to that neighbour is overlooked as trifling. There is probably also a feeling in the breast of the illiterate elector that the candidates themselves are fair game. It is for their party to protect them if it can. All which is no doubt very wrong, and deserves the sternest reprobation. When we think of Mr. Pender sadly voyaging across to Norway in his possibly unseaworthy carriage, or of Mr. Blair fathoming the Dundee docks, or of Mr. Malgarini with his fair white gloves dyed with the kindred hues of orange and of egg, it is impossible not to feel indignant and pitiful. But then the scene at Enniscorthy rises before the mind's eye, and, viewed through the medium of Mr. Parnell's discomfiture, rioting somehow looks like a civil game. The late member for Meath has a good many sins to answer for; perhaps not the least is that he has taught peaceful and law-abiding Britons to look with tolerance on breaches of the peace and the law. It is impossible to regard the hat, or the coat, or the other garments of Mr. Parnell as we feel they ought to be regarded; human nature is too weak for that. It was, as in a parallel case recorded by Mr. Browning, "sad and bad and mad" of the Enniscorthyites to rabble Mr. Parnell; but, somehow or other, the knowledge that he was rabbled is not wholly disagreeable. This is wrong, but it is human nature.

THE DRAGOMAN IN CAIRO.

THERE have been many searchings of heart lately in the chief city of Egypt on the great donkey-boy question. Everybody who knows anything about the Turks knows that, sluggish as they are to make laws or institute reforms, when they rouse themselves they are very likely to overdo the task, whatever it is. They are very likely to err on the side of severity in punishment for small offences. Thus, in Cairo a fine of twenty francs is the prescribed penalty for the cabman's crime of "crawling." It need hardly be observed that such a regulation cannot be enforced, and a recent attempt to put it into practice caused a strike among the hackney coachmen, which lasted, to the great inconvenience of the public, for several days. A small fine—say, sixpence—would discourage the practice sufficiently. The same tendency to overdo legislation is exemplified in the regulations under which dragomans and donkey-boys pursue their several vocations. People who have visited Cairo can never forget the donkey-boy. He is one of the central features of the place. To travellers he is the incarnation of everything Oriental, strange, convenient, civil, and wonderful in Egypt. His activity, his ready tact, his good temper, his avidity for backsheesh, but, above all, his knowledge of English, are astonishing. You are addressed unexpectedly in remote streets in a very good imitation of your native tongue, "How you do, Englishman; want donkey?" When you have hired him, the boy does everything for you. He makes your bargains at the bazaar. He prescribes the proper tobacco for your cigarettes. He points out the local celebrities. He tells you the latest news, the last scandal about the Khedive, the name of his donkey, the date of an approaching festival; and, in fact, everything you want to know. Many Englishmen, accustomed to winter in Egypt year after year, retain a donkey-boy for the season, and in cases of severe illness we have known one of these extraordinary factotums turn into a tender, attentive, and vigilant nurse. It would surprise many people who know the virtues of the donkey-boy to be told that almost all the accomplishments which make him valuable to the traveller are exercised in defiance of the law. If you return to Cairo a second time, it is very probable that you will find your favourite donkey-boy in prison when you arrive. The law, made in the interest of the dragomans, is that a donkey-boy may not speak English, may not interpret, and may not pay money for his employer. Such a law, like the law about hackney carriages, cannot be enforced with any regularity, but it is often made the instrument of oppression, either through envy or spite, and, in days now happily gone by, through tyranny. A boy thrown into prison for an indefinite period—for there is no Habeas Corpus Act in Egypt—used to be tempted to enlist. Many a recruit was thus obtained and sent to perish in Abyssinia. The dragomans, who think that they only should be allowed to interpret, have not however been able to prevent the donkey-boys from learning English; and of late years, on many occasions, travellers have found it possible to go up the Nile, or on other journeys, with the help of a donkey-boy only and no dragoman. The donkey-boy sometimes develops into a dragoman, but this can only be if he has learned to write and cipher; and some of the most accomplished "boys" remain "boys" to the end of their lives.

As a matter of fact, the average donkey-boy speaks better English than the average dragoman. A dragoman who can write English is indeed a rarity, and, so far as we are aware, but one single dragoman has followed the fashion of English travellers and rushed into print. He is not an Egyptian, but a Syrian, of the name of Morroni, and has written a *Special Guide-Book* for Cairo and its environs, which is in many respects one of the most curious works it has ever been our fortune to meet. Mr. Morroni introduces his book with a modest preface:—"Many years spent in Egypt, in the capacity of Contractor and Travelling companion, have made me acquire such an experience, both of the country and of the requirements of travellers, that I consider a special guide-book for Cairo as a most useful, and, I may say, an almost indispensable publication, for English and American Visitors." The volume opens with a brief historical sketch, from which we learn some interesting and hitherto but little known facts. Menes was, it seems, the same as Misrahim, the son of Ham. From the expulsion of the Shepherd-kings until the arrival of Joseph the son of Jacob "there is a chasm in Egyptian history." In 525 B.C. "Cambyses, Emperor of Persia, added Egypt to his other provinces, and continued attached to Persia for 195 years." Cambyses' attachment to Persia was apparently a love which even death could not extinguish. A geographical sketch follows the historical, and then the guide-book proper begins with this axiom:—"To visit Cairo, its monuments and environs, it requires seven days, which ought to be employed as follows, viz." Then come the usual programmes, among which we are recommended to see "Boulac's Museum and town," and told that on the "5 Day, It is necessary the Whole day to visit the Petrified Wood and Mokattam." Another whole day is required to "visit the Nile Dam," and the seventh and last day is reserved for the Pyramids of Gizeh and Sakkarah, "for this reason that, after the ascent of the great Pyramide and 5 hours ride to Sakkarah and back to Gizeh where your carriage remains waiting, no one will for several days after feel inclined either to walk or ride." It does not seem to occur to our dragoman that some people may have a journey to make on the morrow, and that for those who propose to remain longer at Cairo it will be better to see Sakkarah and Gheezeh on different excursions. We next come to the description of Cairo. The old town is a labyrinth of winding streets, "where people are constantly forced to their stops, and where everything that strikes the eye is an object of surprise. . . . A curions sight are also the innumerable and curiousity ornamented porticos." After the old town, we visit the new. "The second town to wit; that of Ismail Pacha, with its fairy-like gardens, its avenues, its theatres, and its fine wide streets lined with magnificent buildings, recalls to the mind the aspect of the finest European cities and symbolizes the connecting link which now binds Africa to Europe and the East with the West." The wall of Cairo totters, and "will in consequence of the numerous transformation of the city which is daily undergoing, end by dissappearing altogether." Mr. Morroni then takes us to the principal mosques. That of Sultan Hassan excites his admiration. It stands "at 99 feet above the level of the Mediterranean by adding 97 feet to the height of the minaret we obtain the same attitude as that of the town of Assooan. . . . This monument formely surrounded by horels and ugly buildings has been disengaged and it actually stands forth in all its majestic beauty." To the Mosque of Kaloun "persons attacked with jaundice, consumption, and barren women," repair to seek for remedies, "which are by some people considered efficacious." The Mosque of Sitti Zenab "has an elegant coquettish and almost feminin aspect." But Mr. Morroni's highest admiration is reserved for the Mosque of Mohamed-Aly in the Citadel. "Its hight, the elegance of its minarets, the profusion with which alabaster has been lavished on all sides, the majestic size of its cupola, and the hardihood of its general design' are the causes of his admiration, and awaken in his bosom "the remembrance of the illustrious man who lies beneath its dome." We then visit the well "which Joseph son of Ayoub or salading first Ayoubite Sovereign caused to be dug." Next our attention is called to the view. Cairo is in the foreground, with its suburbs. Beyond, and "opposite to Giseh stands the Great Pyramid of that colossal monument which has withstood the action of time and of every agent of distruction." Further south "can be descrived the Pyramides of Sakkarah." A ramble round the bazaars gives Mr. Morroni further opportunity for the display of his peculiar genius. "In general the sword-blades and gun-barels come mostely from Europe; they being merely fitted up in this country." There is a curious remark on another subject. Lane, if we remember rightly, describes the decapitation of a criminal. Mr. Morroni only says, "Cairo also possesses a new establishment which reflects great credit on the Minister who conceived the idea and followed up its executions." He goes on to give a not very *à propos* account of the public library.

On the longer excursions Mr. Morroni is equally entertaining. At Rhoda we see a palace which, "with its garden-walls overlonging the river, is a very elegant dwelling." At Kasr en Nil is "the fine iron bridge on the Nile 1,500 feet long, with a division or partition 100 feet long piroting on its axes." Over this remarkable structure we proceed to the Great Pyramid, the ascent of which may be made by 206 steps. "Both during the ascent and descent one is forced to make numberless zig-zags, and to seek for places

offering favourable anfractuosities." Within the pyramid "it is necessary to climb by scrambling and crambling on one's hands!" The Sphinx is formed "by a natural rock, to which the Egyptians gave the autward appearance of that symbolical animal." The rock being composed of layers, "advantage was taken of the internal existing between them to trace out the mouth." Of Sakkarah, too, there is a full description. "In the center of this Pyramide is a large well, the top of which is on a line with the basis of the Pyramid, and descending far into the earth the age of this monument and name of the King are unknown." We are also taken to visit the abortive "barrage" on which Mohammed Ali spent so much money and so many lives, and after all left unfinished. Mr. Morroni overlooks this fact when he describes the festivities which took place when the Viceroy opened the works:—

Then all under-handed opposition ceased, and the Arab's poets sang the praires of Mohammed Ali and celebrated the triumph of art over the waters. The first stone was laid in great poump and ceremonied by H. H. himself in presence of the Cheifs of the Religion muttering their prayers over the corpses of 50 buffaloes slain on the spot according to the ancient habits and in presince of the Consuls of all the Foreign Powers and of all the high native officials.

Nor were the corpses of the fifty "buffaloes" enough. In the evening 15,000 soldiers partook of an immense feast "prepared by more than 300 cook's busy roasting whole sheeps and oxen." We reluctantly pass by the rest of Mr. Morroni's account of this singular festival, nor shall we quote from his "Musulman Almanack." The only very important correction we would ask him to note for his next edition is that of a statement almost on his last page. At the festival of the Prophet it is not the "Chek el Bakry" who "crosses on horseback the bodies of the faithful," but the Sheyk of the Saidieh dervishes. At the end of the little volume are some advertisements which the reader must by no means skip. He will learn strange things of "dresses adopted for gentlemen," of the Germam dispensary, of the British Pharmacopocia, of a restaurant which offers great confort for its excellent cusine, of ready-made closing and fancy articles, and many other wonderful things. It is a pity no literary donkey-boy exists, for only a donkey-boy could hope to rival, in style and information, the work of Mr. Morroni.

THE PRICE OF WHEAT.

ONE HALF of the agricultural year has this week come to an end, and it is instructive to look back on the course of the wheat market since its beginning. The last harvest was by general consent the worst since 1816—a period of sixty-three years, or the lifetime of two generations. And it was bad, too, all over Europe. Even Austria-Hungary, usually an exporter, is this year an importer; and Russia, hitherto the second greatest source of our supply, has this year but little to sell to us, while several of her provinces are in distress, and some are even suffering from famine. It was natural, therefore, when the full extent of our disaster was realized in the autumn, that very gloomy forebodings should prevail as to the winter then approaching. It may be worth while to remind our readers of the estimates then put forward on the very highest authority. The wheat yield at home was about two-thirds of the average in quantity, while the quality was so bad that its real bread-making value might be taken at about three-fifths of an average crop. Taking this as admitted, it was estimated that we should require to buy from foreigners in the course of the year from 16 to 18 million quarters. From 1866 to 1872 our imports never reached 10 million quarters, and even in 1876-77 they but slightly exceeded 12 million; the estimate, therefore, was that we should need nearly 50 per cent. more than we had required three years ago. In the two agricultural years immediately preceding the current one we imported about 14½ million quarters, and when these enormous purchases, never previously exampled, seemed likely to be largely exceeded, very grave apprehensions were entertained of the effects upon the condition of the people. What made the matter still more serious was that, as we have already said, the harvests all over the Continent were very deficient. It was estimated that France would need about 8 million quarters; and that Austria-Hungary, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, Spain, and Portugal, would require among them 10 million quarters more. Thus the wants of the Continent were estimated at about 18 million quarters, making the requirements of the whole of Europe from 34 to 36 million. On the other hand, it was estimated that the surplus which America had to sell was about 24 million quarters, and that Russia could dispose of about 5 million, making together 29 million quarters. Assuming that Chili, Algiers, India, Australia, and other countries would make up the deficiency after North America and Russia were exhausted, it still seemed to many persons an irrefutable conclusion that the price of wheat during the year must stand very high. As a matter of fact, however, it has not done so.

Our readers are aware that for the purpose of fixing the Tithe Rent Charge, a record is kept of the average price of wheat in 150 towns of England and Wales, and is published weekly in the *London Gazette*. Now we find that at the end of August last the price averaged 49s. 3d. per quarter; in October it had risen sevenpence; but it then began to fall, and in February had got as low as 43s. 1d.; since then it has begun to rise again, and last week it was as high as 47s. 3d.—still, however, two shillings lower than in October. How very moderate even the highest of these quotations is will be understood when we add that, for the thirteen years ending with September last, the average price was 53s. 3d. Thus we arrive at the strange fact that during the six months immediately following the worst harvest known in England for sixty-three years, and with the whole Continent bidding against us in the markets of the world, the price of British wheat has been lower than the average of the previous thirteen years. No doubt it is true that the exceedingly bad condition in which the crop was got in last autumn must be taken into account. The small yield and bad quality, due to the incessant rains while the ear was on the stalk, were aggravated by the inclement weather of the harvest season. The grain consequently was so damp and soft that it required to be mixed with foreign wheat before grinding, and therefore fetched a lower price than it would have commanded had it been saved in good condition. Still, even when full weight is given to this consideration, the range of prices during the six months gives cause for well-founded surprise, and all the more because a powerful and well-sustained effort has been made to enhance prices. A "ring," as a combination of persons to rig a market is called in the United States, was formed in Chicago as soon as it became evident that the harvests of Europe had failed. This ring bought up immense quantities of wheat, and has held them back in the hope of realizing a large profit. For a time the speculation was attended by a measure of success. At the end of August the price of red winter wheat at New York was $1 12c. per bushel; it rose steadily during the succeeding months, until in December it reached $1 58c. per bushel, being a rise of over 41 per cent.; since then it has fluctuated widely, but the general tendency has undoubtedly been downwards, and this week it is as low as $1 39c. per bushel, being a fall from the December quotation of just 12 per cent. It will be seen that the movements in price on the two sides of the Atlantic are not in parallel lines. In England the maximum point was touched by British corn in October, after which there was a steady decline; in New York, on the contrary, the highest level was not reached till December. In England, again, the tendency of late has been upwards, though to a moderate extent; whereas in New York the past fortnight has witnessed a very sharp fall. The explanation is partly, no doubt, that the home wheat now coming to market is in better condition than that previously sold; but it is chiefly to be found in the fact that the withholding of supplies by the Chicago ring has induced purchasers to buy only from hand to mouth. Knowing that immense stocks are held in America, and must sooner or later be sold, buyers have taken only just enough to satisfy their present wants, calculating that as the year advances prices must be forced down by the bringing to market of the stocks now held back. In following this policy they have necessarily allowed their own stocks to run down, and have been willing to enhance their bids for supplies ready for delivery. On the other hand, the ring, seeing the year running away, are no longer so confident of success as before, and are tempting purchasers by coming down in their terms. Thus the knowledge that large stocks were withheld from the market has helped to defeat the plans of those who withheld them.

The course of prices which we have been tracing shows most strikingly how little dependent this country is, not only on its own harvests, but on any particular source of its foreign supply. As sixty-three years have elapsed since England has suffered from so bad a harvest as that of last year, it may reasonably be hoped that a long period will again pass away before she is visited by a similar failure. Moreover, it is in the highest degree improbable that all Europe as well as England will soon again pass through such a trial. The experiment of free trade has thus been put to the severest test, and has borne it most successfully. So long as we retain the command of the sea, we may now rest satisfied that the country is safe against such an enhancement of the price of food as would press heavily on the working classes. Nor need we fear an artificial withholding of supplies by the greatest foreign producer. We have seen how little effect combination in America has had upon prices, although the Russian surplus for export was exceptionally small, and the rest of Europe were buyers instead of sellers. But it will be long before America can again have such pre-eminence in the market. Yet, even under these exceptional circumstances, the area from which we are now supplied is so enormous that it has neutralized Russian deficiency and American combination. As years go on, that area will increase more and more. Already we receive a considerable quantity of wheat from India, and an advance of a very few shillings per quarter would bring us much more; while every improvement in the communications of the wheat-growing districts with the sea will enable India to lay down wheat in the London market more and more cheaply. So, again, the growth of population in Australia, and the consequent extension of the area of cultivation, will rapidly increase the exports from our colonies there. Lastly, railway construction, better government, the accumulation of capital, and the like, will increase the surplus produce of such countries as Egypt, Roumania, and the South American Republics. The members of the Chicago ring did not g
attention to these facts, and they miscalculated accordingly.
erred in another way also. Because last year with an average harvest we imported 24½ million quarters of wheat, they concluded that this year, with a harvest one-third below the average, we must import at least 28 million quarters. But they forget that last year

the price was exceptionally low, and that a serious rise might be expected to check consumption. Last year the cheapness of wheat induced people to use it instead of inferior grains; this year its comparative dearness puts a stop to this, and the change enables buyers, as we said above, to purchase only from hand to mouth.

As regards the future course of the market, it seems probable that the price will not be very much lower than it is at present. Europe still needs very large supplies, and of course will have to pay for them. But, on the other hand, the time is fast approaching when the new harvest will begin to ripen in some parts of the United States. The indications are, it is said, that the growing crop will be superior even to the last. According to returns published at the end of the second week of March by one of the Chicago papers, the area under winter wheat in the States of Illinois, Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky, Missouri, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Kansas, and Iowa exceeds by about fifty per cent. last year's acreage, and in eight out of the ten States the condition of the plant was excellent. From the rest of the country the reports are equally favourable. At home, too, and throughout Europe, the favourable weather of the past month promises well for the result of the next harvest. Under these circumstances, the members of the Chicago ring will naturally be anxious to get rid of their stocks without loss; and we may expect, therefore, that the American exports will from this time forward be large. Should the summer be exceptionally favourable, and the harvest very early, there may even be a considerable fall in price; for buyers in Europe will feel their advantage and hold back, while sellers in America will be eager to realise on any terms rather than have their stocks left upon their hands. But of course we have no right to count upon exceptionally favourable circumstances. If the summer is an ordinary one, and the harvest takes place at the usual time, the likelihood seems to be that prices will not drop much below their present level.

REVIEWS.

LIFE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.*

SIR THEODORE MARTIN is to be congratulated on the completion of his arduous and delicate task, though he may perhaps feel, like Gibbon on his terrace at Lausanne, that the discontinuance of a customary occupation causes a feeling of regret, as on parting with a friend. Of the industry, the literary skill, and the good taste with which he has written the Life of the Prince Consort, there is, except among a few party politicians, little difference of opinion. Throughout the work, courtly reticence has been reconciled with independent judgment, and sincere appreciation has never expressed itself in the language of flattery. It is perhaps fortunate that the concluding portion of the book furnishes little occasion for controversy. The factious folly which discerned in the revelations of the previous volume a supposed tendency to usurpation on the part of the Crown has already collapsed. It happens that in a letter now published, and written to the Princess Royal in 1860, the Prince Consort had unconsciously anticipated and answered the vulgar charge of personal government. The Princess had sent him a memorandum of her own in favour of Ministerial responsibility, in which her father heartily concurred. He added that the responsibility of Ministers, involving the ultimate right of decision, was the correlative of the maxim that the King can do no wrong. "Why should a transgressor of the law of the State find protection in the mere will of the sovereign? Let this be so, and all law and justice must come to an end." As to "the patriarchal relation of kings to their people, and as to personal government," he said that "the patriarchal relation is pretty much like the idyllic life of the Arcadian shepherds, a figure of speech and not much more." Monarchy from the days of Attila to those of Louis XV. "was as little like a patriarchal relation as anything could be. On the contrary, it was sovereignty based upon spoliation, war, murder, oppression, and massacre." Again, after the fall of Napoleon, "The betrayed peoples were required to become good children, because the Princes styled themselves good fathers. The July Revolution, and all that has taken place since then, sufficiently demonstrate that the peoples neither can nor will play the part of children." The Prince Consort could not have guessed that the constitutional acceptance by the Queen of the advice of a Minister commanding a large majority in Parliament would have been denounced as an undue exercise of personal government. He reserved to himself the right of forming and expressing an independent judgment on the opinions and conduct of the Ministers, but in all instances he acquiesced in the decision of the Cabinet as final. Lord John Russell, amongst others, furnished him with sufficiently tempting occasions of criticism. In one of his Notes Lord John gave offence to nearly all the European Governments, by unnecessarily vindicating as consistent with international law the utterly lawless, though morally justifiable, enterprise of Cavour and his King against Central Italy and Naples. A more prudent statesman, while he approved of the result, would have relied for apology on extraordinary circumstances constituting political necessity. Lord John Russell took the opportunity of justifying on general grounds acts which might have formed a dangerous precedent. "The craving," said the Prince, "of individual statesmen to thrust themselves into the van in the general movement, and to make themselves conspicuous, is a constant temptation to mischief." "Sir George Lewis," who, it may be remarked, of all statesmen of the time most nearly resembled the Prince Consort in moral and intellectual temperament, "said to me lately, 'I find that the Cabinet is an institution intended to prevent individual Ministers from immortalizing themselves at the expense of the country.' This would be a valuable institution, if it ever fulfilled its destiny."

In the last two years of the Prince's life, which form the subject of the concluding volume, there was an unusual lull in party politics. The contest for office had been decided in favour of the Liberals in 1859; and the wise selection of Lord Palmerston as Prime Minister in preference to his rival made the Government generally popular. Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli, at the head of a powerful Opposition, were content to suspend for the time the struggle for office. As they well knew, Lord Palmerston had greater facilities than any Conservative Minister for restraining all tendencies to innovation. He was indeed compelled to allow Lord John Russell to amuse himself by introducing a Reform Bill in the Session of 1860; but after the second reading, he complacently informed the Queen that "dislike of the Bill is a growing feeling in the House, and not confined to the Opposition side." Later in the year Lord John Russell himself discovered that he had committed an anachronism in attempting unseasonably to renew in the same field the cherished triumph of his youth. In a letter to Lord Palmerston he confessed that "the apathy of the country is undeniable, nor is it a transient humour. It seems rather a confirmed habit of mind." Lord Palmerston must have congratulated himself on his prudent resolution to allow his restless colleague free scope for the indulgence of his prejudices. His differences with another and still more unmanageable colleague were so notorious at the time as perhaps to render unobjectionable Sir Theodore Martin's reference to the internal dissensions of the Cabinet on the paper duty. In one of his late speeches Mr. Gladstone recapitulated the story for the purpose of exposing the House of Lords to odium, with a conventional mention of Lord Palmerston as the Minister who revenged himself in 1861 for a check inflicted in 1860. The Prime Minister, in fact, as Mr. Gladstone well knows, highly approved the rejection by the House of Lords of the Bill for the repeal of the paper duty. The smallness of the majority for the Bill in the House of Commons "may," as Lord Palmerston wrote to the Queen, "probably encourage the House of Lords to throw out the Bill when it comes to their House, and Viscount Palmerston is bound in duty to say that, if they do so, they will perform a good public service." Mr. Gladstone's opposition to the loan for fortifications, which was nevertheless effected by his chief, was also well known at the time. He had, notwithstanding his eloquence and his great financial success, little or no influence in Lord Palmerston's Cabinet; but he was more or less consciously establishing his position as the future head of a party which greatly changed its character after the death of Lord Palmerston, Lord Herbert, the Duke of Newcastle, and Sir G. Lewis. The Government during 1860 and 1861 contrived to deal with its own internal rivalries; and it was seldom assailed by the Opposition. On foreign affairs its leading members were united. "The two old Italian masters," as Prince Albert, in a phrase invented by Lady W. Russell, called Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, heartily sympathized from first to last with all the movements which ultimately resulted in the establishment of Italian unity. The Prince Consort, though he was not unfriendly to the cause of Italy, had by this time learned profoundly to distrust the vacillating and impulsive policy of the Emperor of the French. He was less surprised than the Ministers at his annexation of Savoy and Nice, on the pretext of the acquisition by Victor Emmanuel of the Tuscan Duchies. Lord John Russell's disappointment found expression in an indignant speech which was afterwards followed by angry correspondence, and even by threats of war on the part of the French Minister. With dangers of this kind Lord Palmerston knew how to deal. He informed Count Flahault that, if the French Government really desired war, the challenge would be accepted, and that he thought that the result might perhaps be favourable to England. From that time to the end of his administration and his life he was not troubled with further menaces of the same kind.

The annexation of Savoy, while it gratified the national feeling of France, inflicted but little loss on Italy; but it caused just uneasiness by the precedent which it seemed to establish of disturbance of the territorial arrangements which had then existed for nearly fifty years. Those who were interested in European politics twenty years ago remember the incessant agitation caused or encouraged by Napoleon III. for the re-arrangement of the map of Europe. From time to time pamphlets appeared at Paris, with real or supposed official sanction, proposing additions of territory, sometimes to Austria, and sometimes to Prussia, in compensation for sacrifices which were for the most part not clearly defined. It was understood on all sides that the various schemes related to the recovery by France of the frontier of the Rhine; and it was probably in the hope of commencing some negotiation on the subject that the Emperor proposed to visit the Prince Regent of Prussia at Baden. The design was baffled by the invitation of many German Princes to assist at the reception of the Emperor; and it was not till after many years that overtures were made on either side for the

* *The Life of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort.* By Theodore Martin. Vol. V. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1880.

spoliation of weaker neighbours. Another danger to peace was caused by the designs against the Austrian possession of Venetia, which, after the marvellous success of his Neapolitan enterprise, were loudly proclaimed by Garibaldi. There was no doubt that the attack would be easily repelled; but it was uncertain whether France would afterwards interfere to prevent the Austrian occupation of Lombardy. The ascendency which Cavour ultimately established over the impetuous adventurer saved the new-born monarchy from imminent peril. To the Prince Consort no foreign politics were so interesting as those of Germany. He deeply regretted the animosity which was caused between Prussia and England by the wanton and ignorant attacks of the press, and especially of the *Times*, on the German Governments and nation. He had through life retained the well-founded conviction that the regeneration and unity of Germany depended absolutely on the extension of the influence of Prussia. No discredit is thrown on his sagacity by his failure to foresee the methods by which Prussian predominance was destined to be attained. The Prince took every opportunity of impressing on the Prince Regent, afterwards King, and now German Emperor, that Prussia ought to secure the confidence of Germany by setting an example of constitutional freedom. He regretted the disregard of legislative control in the organization of the army, which nevertheless after his death enabled Prussia to expel Austria from the Confederation, to acquire possession of Schleswig-Holstein, Hanover, and Electoral Hesse, and after the victorious French campaign to re-establish the German Empire. The road to unity through constitutional freedom might possibly have led to the same point, but it would have been much longer. The hints from time to time suggested in the *Times* that the Prince was devoted to German dynastic politics, to the detriment of English interests, were as unworthy and as baseless as the agitation against personal government which not long since attained temporary and scandalous notoriety. The last public service which the Prince rendered to the Queen and to his adopted country was the introduction of one or two conciliatory sentences into the despatch addressed to the American Government on the occasion of the *Trent* outrage. The lawless act of an American officer had been publicly approved by the House of Representatives; and nearly every town in Massachusetts had bestowed its freedom on the offender in reward of his insolent conduct. There is reason to believe that the Cabinet had almost resolved to refuse reparation, and that Mr. Lincoln overruled his advisers. A vote of the body which not long since gave a complimentary reception to Mr. Parnell had perhaps no political significance. The blustering language of the despatch in which Mr. Seward conceded the just demand of the English Government might perhaps have been employed to justify a refusal, if Lord Russell's peremptory draft had not been corrected by the Prince Consort. An additional reason for courtesy in the form of remonstrance had been furnished by the immediate despatch of reinforcements to Canada. The English Minister at Washington had warned his Government that vigorous preparations for war afforded the only prospect of maintaining peace.

The future popularity of Sir Theodore Martin's work will perhaps depend less on the valuable materials for history which it contains than on the biographical interest attaching to a record of a singularly faultless character. The consciousness of great intellectual power combined with indefatigable industry may perhaps sometimes have tempted the Prince to assume an unduly didactic attitude. The published fragment of the Life of Bishop Wilberforce contains a prelection by Prince Albert on the duties of an English bishop which must have amused the humorous and courtly prelate, as addressed to a great ecclesiastical dignitary by a lay foreign Lutheran of six-and-twenty; but in his communications with the Queen's Ministers the Prince seems to have appreciated more justly their position and his own; and his knowledge of Continental affairs enabled him to give useful information even to experienced statesmen. The respectful tone in which he is addressed by all his correspondents is evidently suggested by genuine recognition of his ability and knowledge as well as by formal deference to his rank. Lord Palmerston, with whom the Prince Consort had once engaged in an injudicious contest for influence, appears during his last administration to have greatly relied on his mature judgment and knowledge. Attentive students of biography know that letters frequently illustrate the character of the recipient as fully as those which he writes. In the case of the Prince Consort the contributions of his correspondents are especially valuable, because his own letters relate principally to public business. His letters to the King of Prussia are in the nature of State papers, and even his confidential communications with Baron Stockmar have something of the character of disquisitions. Of the kindliness of Prince Albert's nature, and of the warmth and tenacity of his domestic affections, Sir Theodore Martin is able to furnish ample descriptions. His acknowledgment of the generous confidence which has enabled him to write with independence is probably as well founded as it is evidently sincere; but in his peculiar circumstances the biographer must have submitted to voluntary restraints which would not have been imposed upon him by external authority. He could not properly criticize a character which, as it was known, must have been subject to foibles and defects. His sources of information perhaps supplied inadequate illustrations of the lighter side of the Prince Consort's nature. The work would have been still more complete if Sir Theodore Martin had been enabled by circumstances to preserve some record of the gaiety and humour which occasionally relieved the serious tenour of the Prince's grave and laborious life. It is for the most part neither in official intercourse nor in family life that a genial nature relaxes into hearty merriment; yet there were times when the Prince Consort told and enjoyed good stories, of which some are still remembered. The wise statesman, the blameless father of a family, the model of public and private virtue, might command among men of the world only imperfect sympathy, if it were not known that he was capable of genuine laughter.

DIXON'S ROYAL WINDSOR.*

IN a few simple and pathetic words of preface Miss Dixon tells us how the last evening of her father's life was spent in completing the revision of the third volume of *Royal Windsor*. "What could be done by another hand," she adds, "has been done; but if any errors have crept into the text of the fourth volume, the blame rests with me." It is only justice to say that Miss Dixon appears to have been perfectly competent to carry on the revision thus bequeathed to her, and that the fourth volume shows no signs of the absence of the author's hand.

Much that may be said during a writer's lifetime would be out of place and out of taste immediately after his death. We have not, it is well known, ever been among the admirers of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's style and method as an historian. Without offence, we may say that he belonged to a class of writers who are more attractive to the "general reader" of the circulating libraries than to sober students of history. Further than this we need not now go in criticism. But even if we were disposed to be critical, we should acknowledge that from our point of view these two volumes do show some advance upon their predecessors which we noticed about this time last year. On the whole, the author has less frequently strayed from the beaten track of plain prose; the colouring of his descriptions has been a little toned down, the glitter a little subdued. We could not, even now, term the style austere and chastened, but we may admit that its distressing brilliancy is less obtrusive than of old. We must too in fairness add that, however much there may be in Mr. Dixon's writings which only readers of uncultivated taste could admire, he had the merit of feeling a genuine interest in and sympathy for the men and women of the past, and did not descend to that contemptuous method, which popular writers so often affect, of treating our ancestors as a set of mere knaves and fools.

The third volume opens with Henry VII. riding into Windsor on Saturday, March 29th, 1488, to make his preparations for keeping the feast of St. George in St. George's Hall. Saturday, as Mr. Dixon, following Bacon's *Life and Reign of King Henry VII.*, tells us, was Henry's lucky day—"on a Saturday he had won the battle of Bosworth Field; and on a Saturday he had entered London and secured his crown." To St. George Henry, as befitted one who aspired to the throne of England, professed an especial devotion. "Never for a moment had he failed his patron." We are not sure that this is quite the orthodox and reverential way of expressing a man's relations to his patron saint. It is he who needs his patron's help, not his patron his. Henry, it would seem, had been a dutiful and assiduous votary, and the Saint had never turned a deaf ear to his prayers. This beginning supplies the author with an opportunity for sketching the past history of Henry and his family, and for describing the events which constrained the King to let two successive anniversaries of the Saint pass uncelebrated at Windsor. Queen Elizabeth of York, the "Lady Bessy" of ballad, is set before us in the most approved novelist's manner:—

> Bright, supple, fair, with sea-blue eyes and tawny locks, she looked the model of such angels as Italian masters then loved to paint. Youth, fortune, love attended on her steps; yet few princesses of her race had passed through so much tempest as Elizabeth of York.

It is sad to think of "tawny locks," which would be so valuable to a modern heroine, having been wasted upon a rigid age which forbade even the youngest and fairest matron to display more than one poor tuft of hair between the headdress and that white expanse of forehead, rounded and polished like an egg, which seems to have been the chief "point" of a fifteenth-century beauty. However powerful may have been the charm of Lady Bessy's tawny locks and sea-blue eyes, the assertion that Henry of Richmond invaded England "more to deliver her from bondage than to win a crown" strikes us as savouring rather of romance than of history. We are favoured with a description of his eyes also:—

> Kate seemed to have come back to earth in him. Her eyes were his; two restless and mercurial orbs; not sea-blue, like the other princes of his house, but dark and mystical, with the glamour of a Celtic race.

"Kate," be it explained, is Richmond's grandmother, Katharine of France. Whether an historian is entitled to take the liberty of styling her "Kate" because her first husband, King Henry V., used to do so, is a point on which we have our doubts. Of Richmond's mother, the Lady Margaret, we read:—

> The king's mother, Margaret of Richmond, had no youth, no beauty, to engage the eye. Her wan and troubled face rested on a bent and broken frame. Picture and victim of the civil war, she looked, like many other wrecks around her, wasted in the fire and withered by the storm.

* *Royal Windsor.* By William Hepworth Dixon. Vols. III. and IV. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1880.

Somerset, her father, plucked that red rose in the Temple garden, with his cry:

> "Let him that is no coward and no flatterer,
> But dare maintain the party of the truth,
> Pluck a red rose with me."

Somerset stood against Plantagenet, each in his own person representing a branch of the royal house. No one suffered more in that "contention" than Lady Margaret. The duke, her father, perished in the cause. The second duke, her uncle, fell at St. Albans; and his son, her cousin Henry, lost his life.

The Lady Margaret's father, John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, though he was, as the head of the Beaufort family, the natural rival of Richard Plantagenet, and though the dramatist represents him as plucking the red rose in the Temple Gardens, can hardly be said to have "perished in the cause," as he died in 1444, some years before the rivalry of the Roses ripened into civil war. He is mainly remarkable for having conducted a feeble campaign in France, and for the suspicion of suicide which attached to his death.

The author goes on to tell of the efforts of "Lovel our dog" and John de la Pole to cast Henry down from his new-won throne. In two successive years Lovel figured as an insurgent leader. As the writer puts it, in speaking of the second attempt, "Returning to his bark and snap, Lovel appeared once more in a rebel camp." The second chapter gives an account of the additions to Windsor Castle planned, and to some extent carried out, by Henry. We are told how he first designed to erect his chapel—"a mausoleum for his dynasty"—at Windsor, but afterwards chose another site. "What Windsor lost Westminster was to gain." Under present circumstances, Westminster's gain seems likely to have its drawbacks. Had the "mausoleum" been erected at Windsor, a place of courtly, not of national, associations, statues to foreign pretenders might be set up in it by those who have a mind, without making the nation an accomplice in an affront to a friendly Government and people.

The chapter headed "A Windsor Comedy" has not, as might be rashly supposed, anything to do with Sir John Falstaff or the Merry Wives, but begins an account, amusing enough, of the process by which Henry half cajoled, half coerced Philip of Austria, who had been cast by tempest on the English shores, into giving up the refugee Edmund de la Pole. "A fat young person, restless, timid, and scant of breath," is the unflattering description, worthy of Mr. Carlyle's pen, which is here given of Philip the Handsome. Philip's perturbations are recounted in a lively and decidedly rhythmical manner. "He knew his host. Unless he fled, Henry was certain to insist on having Pole, and heaven know what besides. . . The roads were long, the English riders fleet." The author shows a dramatist's or a novelist's insight into Philip's secret thoughts:—

> Still, as he sat alone, the query came to him, whether all these courtesies might not mask some sinister design? By similar courtesies, his father, Maximilian, had laid hands on Edmund de la Pole; by similar courtesies, his wife's father, Fernando, had entrapped Cesare Borgia. Such things were of the day. Was Henry of higher chivalry than Cæsar and the king of Aragon? Don Philip fancied not. Like other kings, he had been known to smile, and murder while he smiled. . . What evil scheme, then, lurked beneath those Tudor smiles? Philip was vain, but not so vain as to imagine, that an old man could have fallen in love, like a flower-girl, with his rosy cheek. He drank more wine.

At this point we may leave Don Philip, "flustered by his wine, and fretted by his fears." We pass to the reign of Henry VIII., and to "that mystery of mysteries, called the Duke of Buckingham's plot," as to which the author corrects various errors of Shakspeare, who "mistook the man, misplaced the scene, misrepresented the event." For Buckingham the author has little pity; but all his sympathies go with a later traitor or victim, the Earl of Surrey, whom he paints in the most glowing colours as a cavalier, a poet, "a liberal, opposed in heart and mind to what he called the Old Superstition," and well-nigh as a saint. "He led a life so pure that he was deemed austere." Eating flesh in Lent, and calling notorious sinners to repentance by breaking their windows at dead of night, seem to have been among the developments of Surrey's religious zeal. For this last performance he may, as he averred, and as his panegyrist believes, have had the highest motives; but it must be admitted to bear a suspicious family likeness to the freaks of other young gentlemen of quality who never incurred the reproach of austerity. Edward Seymour, "one of the hangers-on at court, known by his sour visage, and his luck at cards"—the future Duke of Somerset—plays the villain in the drama of which Surrey is the good hero. That Surrey owed his death to the hostile influence of Seymour has long been an accepted belief. At an earlier stage of his career, Seymour, according to Mr. Dixon, helped to destroy Surrey's cousin, Queen Anne Boleyn, in order to "lift his sister Jane, a middle-aged coquette, into her majesty's seat." A dark hint is thrown out that Seymour may have had some hand in the death of Surrey's playmate, friend, and brother-in-law, Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond, whom, it was suspected, the King, in default of a legitimate son, had once intended to make his heir:—

> Seymour detested him [Richmond], for both his own sake and his wife's sake. Each was a rival of his sister Jane. By what means—foul or fair—he passed away, no man can say. Like to the beginning was the end of that strange life. Out of the shadows he had come, into the shadows he fell back.

Not that in these pages Henry Fitzroy's origin is left in the shadows. On the contrary, a pretty strong light is turned upon the subject, and the fact that his birthplace was a house called "Jericho," which Henry VIII. greatly frequented, gives occasion for a distressing joke about "gone to Jericho." But there is much, derived from Surrey himself, about the early life of Richmond and his friend at Windsor which is pleasant reading enough, despite the overstrained style; and those unacquainted with our early poets may obtain from the specimens here given, and the remarks upon them, a good idea of Surrey's musical verse. We wish the author had less frequently transferred to his own prose the "lilt" which he so praises in the Earl's poetry. A chapter is given to Fair Geraldine, with whom, so it is asserted, Surrey "was not in love . . . . . except so far as Shakspere may be said to have been in love with Portia, Viola, and Imogen." This illustration is not very apposite, as at any rate Geraldine actually existed, and was not a pure creation of the poet's fancy.

The chapter headed "Lady Elizabeth's Grace" will hardly meet with the approbation of M. Wiesener, who has laboured so hard to demolish the "legend" of the persecution of Elizabeth by her cruel half-sister. Bedingfield, Elizabeth's custodian, who in truth appears to have been a "gaoler" much of the type of Sir Hudson Lowe, is here described as "a brute, who seemed unconscious of the lady's rank, and even of her sex," and the men under his command as "a gang of rake-hells gathered from the city slums." Of Queen Mary we have a personal description, which, even if not exaggerated as to facts, is too painful for good taste. Some decorous reticence, some decent charity towards physical defects and infirmities, should be observed even in writing of "old maids of thirty-nine." By way of dealing out even-handed justice to both sides, Philip of Spain is treated in much the same style of unpleasant exaggeration:—

> The "good" young man turned out a cheat. Instead of looking handsome and heroic, like his portraits, he was a dwarf; with crooked legs, a narrow chest, a hanging lip, a gaping mouth, and a protruding jaw.

We are told that from the time of his landing to that of his coming to Windsor, "no drop of English wine had passed Don Philip's throat, nor had the Spanish shirt of mail been taken off," so fearful was he of poison or assassination. The statement about the wine may be literally true; but both Lingard and Mr. Froude agree—and it is not often that they do agree—that on his first reception in England Philip pledged the company in a tankard of English ale, in order to show his readiness to adapt himself to the customs of the country. Before leaving this volume, we will note a misprint in the chapter on Ascham's *Schoolmaster*—that of "Turnor" for Tusser, whose lamentable, though not very poetical, lines, setting forth how he once received "fifty-three stripes" from Udall, the master of Eton, are here quoted.

On the last volume our limits will not permit us to comment at any length. The most interesting passages are those upon James and Charles I.'s enforcement of their forest rights at Windsor, and upon the rebuilding of Windsor Cross by Bishop Goodman. The history of the Castle is brought down to the close of the reign of George III., and thence—George IV. and his connexion with Windsor being ignored altogether—to our present Sovereign:—

> A third scene—and the last—shows the fortress of Edward, the court of Elizabeth, the camp of Cromwell, the head-quarters of William, changed into the picture of an English home.

MEMOIR OF BISHOP MILMAN.*

WITH all the loving care bestowed upon this book, there is one point where it is deficient. Those who knew Robert Milman, whether in England or in India, whether as priest or bishop, know that he was not only a very saintly character and a man of highly original mind, but that there was in him a depth of grim humour which no amount of anxiety could exhaust, and that he was constantly saying, without effort or premeditation, good things which made one think as well as laugh. Of this humour, so much a part of the very nature of the man himself, there is scarcely a spark in the four hundred pages before us. It is also a subject of regret to us that her estimate of his episcopal work has induced his biographer to devote only some six or seven pages to the first fifty years of his life; although Miss Milman can quote from an "Indian civilian high in office, a Presbyterian by birth, creed, and education," the assertion that Bishop Milman "made such a mark as no man had ever made in India before." We think that old Indians who watched how Milman's predecessor, in times far more critical, while the flames of the Mutiny were still smouldering, went about his work, will be slow to admit that any Indian ecclesiastic, however eminent, has ever surpassed Bishop Cotton, the great statesman prelate who disarmed suspicion and silenced opposition, and at the same time was ever learning and modifying his theories as experience guided him. But this is rather anticipating matters; and we must repeat our regret that more is not told us of the earlier life of Milman than that, having been presented by the care of his uncle, the Dean of St. Paul's, who was then Canon of Westminster, to the living of Chaddleworth in Berkshire, almost immediately on his ordination to the priesthood, he became successively Vicar of Lambourne and of Marlow, reducing his income and adding to his labours at each exchange, and everywhere setting a very high example of parochial work. There are many more good stories about him still afloat than

* *Memoir of the Right Rev. Robert Milman, D.D., Lord Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India; with a Selection from his Correspondence and Journals.* By his Sister, Frances Maria Milman. London: John Murray. 1879.

the solitary one given in this book, which tells us how, when a Lambourne horse achieved some unusual triumph, and the ringers, horsey every one of them, defied the Vicar and got into the belfry and celebrated the victory by a merry peal of the church bells, the Vicar summoned them before the magistrates for an act of trespass, and on the following Sunday preached a sermon on the abuses of the turf which made his hearers tremble. A day's ramble on the Berkshire downs, with judicious inquiries made of the natives, would even at this distance of time bring to light a multitude of stories of the Vicar of Lambourne which would show what manner of man he was. We ourselves have a good store of them. Amidst unceasing parochial activity Mr. Milman was an intense student. He was eminently what is called an "uncomfortable" man; he had no sense of personal comfort or ease; it was not asceticism, but sheer indifference, which shaped his life and made him reckless of health, regardless of food, whether as to its quality or the regularity with which it was served, which sent him to bed almost at the hour when the rest of the world was thinking of rising, and made him content with four or five hours of rest. His studies were not unproductive. Several works of his will long survive him. The Life of Tasso which he published in 1850 testifies to the elegance of his Italian scholarship; while at Lambourne he published the *Conversion of Pomerania*, now a text-book in the Oxford schools; and his devotional Exposition of Isaiah, chapter liii., *The Love of the Atonement*, published about the same time, at once took that foremost place among devotional books which it is not likely to lose. It was another instance of the keen discernment of the late Bishop Wilberforce that he asked the Vicar of Lambourne to leave the Berkshire downs and a purely agricultural flock and take charge of the more important parish of Great Marlow. The Bishop was wont to say that Milman's was the most original mind in the diocese; it was well stored with patristic reading, and his sermons at Oxford and his lectures at Cuddesdon delighted as much as they astonished his hearers.

In January 1867, when he had nearly completed his fifty-first year, Milman was offered the see of Calcutta by the present [Lord] Salisbury. He was by no means the first person to whom [the] offer had been made. There are at least two bishops now on [t]he Bench who, with other very eminent men, shrank from the responsibility; but Milman regarded the offer as a call, and when told that the see had been vacant three months and that he had better not delay his departure to the autumn, he replied with military promptitude that he would be ready in a fortnight. Consecrated on the Feast of the Purification, he left his old home on February 14, and on Lady Day was enthroned in the cathedral at Calcutta.

The difficulties of an Indian bishop can hardly be realized save by those who have special knowledge of them. Indian bishops are, to a degree which has no counterpart elsewhere, officers of State, and bound by regulations which seem at times to subordinate their spiritual to their official functions. They exist, as no other bishops exist, under the provisions of an Act of Parliament—the 53rd George III.—which could not contemplate the present condition of India either ecclesiastical or social. When Wilberforce and his friends succeeded in getting passed the Act of 1814, under which Bishop Middleton was consecrated and sent to Hindostan, they aimed only, as the Act declares, at "the superintendence and good government of the Ministers of the Church Establishment within the East Indies." There was not a single clergyman in India except the chaplains of the East India Company, and there was no appreciable English population except the servants of the Company. The only missionaries whom English money supported were in Lutheran orders, and it was not likely that the Company, then in the plenitude of its power, would encourage missionaries, when it had but recently expelled the Serampore brethren from the territory of which it was the ruler. But now, although the Establishment remains, and a hundred and sixty chaplains are maintained out of the resources of the country, there has grown up a clerical body, composed of divers elements, which altogether outnumbers the chaplains, who are not unfrequently given to calling themselves "the Indian Church." Our Indian possessions are no longer a huge garrison. As railways have been developed, and tea-planting and other industries have attracted immigrants from this country, it has been found necessary to provide the ministrations of religion for this civilian population, who have no claim on the services of the chaplains; and between thirty and forty clergymen are thus employed. Within the last fifty years missionary work has covered nearly the whole of India with a network of evangelistic agencies, and the missionary clergy now number nearly three hundred, of whom more than one-third are natives of the land and the indigenous clergy of the true Indian Church. Over this complex clerical body, consisting of Government chaplains, English pastors, English missionaries, and native clergy, the Bishops of India preside; and to direct workers so differently conditioned and work so diversified is a Herculean and even impossible task. They are hampered, too, in a way which other bishops know nothing of; the Letters Patent granted in 1814 curtailed the full episcopal powers, and intimated in so uncertain tone that these limited powers were liable to further curtailment at the Royal pleasure. The later Acts which constituted the sees of Madras and Bombay repeated the tone of the earlier Act. As our Indian Empire has grown, the sees have, by a legal fiction, been supposed to extend in corresponding measure; and, in spite of the immense change which has altered the whole work of the Church, and has introduced four distinct groups of clergy where originally there was only one, the original conception of Indian bishops, which made them quasi-chaplains-general in episcopal orders, still remains in full and unassailed force. The sees of Lahore and Rangoon were only allowed by the authorities to be founded by private munificence two years ago, when the death of Bishop Milman from overwork proved the necessity of such relief, on condition that the new bishops received, in addition to the endowments of their sees, the position and emoluments of Government chaplains, and therewith the subordination to the civil authorities. Even this might have been impossible but for the discovery that the Act of 1814 in strictness only extended to what was at that time British India. Moreover, the terms of the Royal Proclamation of 1858, in which all persons under the authority of the Crown are strictly enjoined "that they abstain from all interference with the religious belief or worship" of any of their fellow-subjects in India, do undoubtedly limit the episcopal functions to the oversight of the Government chaplains. No bishop in India, so far as we know, has ever acted on the letter or the spirit either of the Letters Patent or of the Royal Proclamation of 1858. Middleton, Heber, Cotton, Douglas, and Milman have been strenuous evangelists; and, as there have been no missionary successes on a scale to provoke an outbreak of Hindoo or Mussulman fanaticism, they have not been interfered with in their missionary work. But they have all done what they have done with strength overtasked and with minds distracted by many duties; and with an episcopate so constituted and so limited the unification of the Indian clergy is impossible. Bishop Milman wrote, in spite of these documents:—"We Indian bishops were especially appointed from the first with distinctly missionary objects; to be mere head military chaplain is not a position which would have much attraction." Feeling this intensely himself, he called upon the chaplains at least to show sympathy with missionary work, adding:—"You are, before Christ, as responsible for the heathen round you as you are for the British soldier. There is no evading this accountability by any one who undertakes an Indian chaplaincy. I felt it in my own person even terribly when I accepted the bishopric, most reluctantly, God is my witness." Nevertheless, the man who, situated as Milman was, wrote these words, was obviously in a false position.

How he endeavoured to prepare himself for this arduous work is very generally known, and is amply brought out in his biography. That a man should have acquired after his fiftieth birthday a knowledge of Arabic, Persian, Hindustani, and Bengali, a power of ministering easily and with comfort to himself in the two last-named tongues, and the extraordinary facility of speaking—as on one occasion he spoke to educated Hindoos for an hour and a half, without a single note—in idiomatic Hindustani, using, as his subject compelled him to use, many scientific and theological terms, is a feat almost unparalleled. His addresses in English on subjects which were not remotely connected with Christianity were eagerly listened to by the natives, who appreciated him "because he always treated them with respect." And yet, although his work was done by almost superhuman effort, it could not be done as it ought to have been. The Bishop's life was a protracted scramble, possible only to a man of iron frame and blessed with perfect indifference to his own comfort. "The diocese has to be gone round once in three years," he wrote, and he managed to accomplish the feat, but only by incessant night travelling, now in dak gharri, now in palki, now in canal boat, now on horseback, and after nine years he sank beneath the burden utterly worn out. Under his guidance a new Furlough Bill was passed which made it possible for bishops to go to England more frequently than before, and at the same time prevented their remaining away from their dioceses and their work too long. There can be no doubt that under Milman's rule the standard of Christian living among the laity, and of ministerial obligation among the clergy, was visibly raised; with no thought of being popular, he had a wonderful gift of winning men's hearts; the palace was described as a "happy hospitable home," whose doors were ever open, and were a true type of the heart of the owner; and it is sad to think that under the burden of labours with which it was impossible to cope, a valuable life has been sacrificed, when with ripened experience it was rapidly accumulating larger and larger results.

WILLOBIE'S AVISA.*

TO approach the private and personal life of Shakspeare is an ambition which human curiosity would do well to resign. By an extraordinary fatality the darkness which conceals the individual career of the great poet covers also all those who are known to have been brought into connexion with him. No sooner do we become aware of some fresh link between him and his contemporaries than the customary disappointment results, and we are bound to confess that the new information leaves us as ill informed as it found us. But perhaps in no instance are we so vexatiously balked, led so close to the verge of a revelation and then thrust back again, as in the case of the curious little book called *Willobie's Avisa* which Dr. Grosart has just reprinted for the first time from a unique perfect exemplar which has only lately come to hand. Towards the close of the next century Sir Aston Cokain left on

* *Willobie his Avisa; or, the True Picture of a Modest Maid and of a Chaste and Constant Wife.* 1594. Reprinted for Sixty Subscribers by the Rev. A. B. Grosart. Blackburn: 1880.

record that he knew Massinger intimately, and could have written his life had he cared to do so. We feel that we could almost have pardoned him for the infamous comedies that he found time to write if he would have earned our forgiveness by undertaking the task which he disdained so cavalierly. In like manner it is plain that the anonymous poet of *Avisa* might have secured immortality had he resigned the delight of writing mediocre verses, and had told us, in plain prose, all that he knew about Shakspeare.

That he did know not a little seems tantalizingly certain. In the prefatory verses attached to *Willobie's Avisa* we find the earliest mention of Shakspeare's name that has hitherto come to light:—

> Though Collatine have dearly bought,
>   To high renown, a lasting life,
> And found, that most in vain have sought,
>   To have a fair and constant wife,
> Yet Tarquin plucked his glistering grape,
> And Shake-speare paints poor Lucrece' rape.

Before, however, we dwell on those passages in the body of the poem which seem to refer to the great poet, we may describe the general tenor of the work itself. It opens with a description, in high-flown terms, of a certain Avisa, a young maiden of lowly origin, not sprung "from eagles' nest, but turtle-bred," of the most delicate beauty, and constant, both as a maiden and a wife, against the attacks of many lovers of high degree. That this Avisa is a real person becomes obvious from many little realistic touches, which the author does not hesitate to give—among others, that she is the daughter of the mayor of a neighbouring town. She was born

> At wester side of Albion's isle,
> Where Austin pitched his monkish tent;

that is, it would seem, at Glastonbury, in Somersetshire; but she lives in a "rosy vale" at some distance from her birthplace, and close to an ancient castle. It appears that even before her marriage she is the hostess of a village inn, and hither comes a nobleman—but whether the occupant of the castle or not is not stated—to make trial of her virtue. The nobleman offers her the pomp and station of a lady, but will not offer marriage, and his entreaties and her refusals are given in dramatic form, at great length. At last he rides off in a passion, vowing to be revenged upon her, and she presently marries some one in her own position, whom she seems to bring to share the tavern with her; for she still serves travellers with liquor, under the sign of "St. George and the Dragon." A soldier comes and makes hot love to her, and in the same dramatic form his pleadings and her rejection are recorded. The soldier is at last got rid of, and then "a close and wary suitor, D. B., a Frenchman," lays siege to her heart with letters, jewels, rings, and a "long-continued course of courtesy," but in vain. To him succeeds a still more mysterious and persuasive "Dydimus Harco, Anglo-Germanus," who pleads without success for some time, and then gives place to the reputed author of the poem, Henry Willobie. It is during his suit that those allusions occur which have very plausibly been supposed to refer to Shakspeare. The whole passage is so curious that we quote it entire:—

> H. W. being suddenly affected with the contagion of a fantastical fit, at the first sight of A[visa], pineth awhile in secret grief, at length not being able any longer to endure the burning heat of so fervent a humour, bewrayeth the secresy of his disease unto his familiar friend W. S., who not long before had tried the courtesy of the like passion, and was now newly recovered of the like infection; yet, finding his friend let blood in the same vein, he took pleasure for a time to see him bleed, and instead of stopping the issue, he enlargeth the wound with the sharp razor of a willing conceit, persuading him that he thought it a matter very easy to be compassed, and, no doubt, with pain, diligence, and some cost, in time to be obtained. Thus this miserable comforter comforting his friend with an impossibility, either that for now he would secretly laugh at his friend's folly, that had given occasion not long before unto others to laugh at his own, or because he would see whether another could play his part better than himself, and in viewing afar off the course of this loving comedy, he determined to see whether it would sort to a happier end for this new actor than it did for the old player. But at length this comedy was like to have grown to a tragedy, by the weak and feeble state that H. W. was brought unto by a desperate view of an impossibility of obtaining his purpose, till time and necessity, being his best physicians, brought him a plaster, if not to heal, yet in part to ease his malady. In all which discourse, is lively represented the unduly rage of unbridled fancy, having the reins to rove at liberty, with the divers and sundry changes of affections and temptations, which Will, let loose from Reason, can devise.

All this, if it means anything at all, seems to mean that Henry Willobie, about whose identity we shall presently have something to say, falling in love with Avisa, the fair and chaste hostess of the "St. George and Dragon," and prosecuting his suit without success, bethought him of his friend William Shakspeare, whose general practice of love-poetry, and specially his late inditing of the *Sonnets*, had pointed him out as a man unusually gifted in reading the secrets of the heart; but that Shakspeare, not being inclined to interest himself seriously in Willobie's success, took a pleasure in teasing him, and leading him on with inflammatory counsel. We may note that the peculiar wording of the passage denotes, not only that W. S. was prominent as a love-poet; but that he was connected, probably as an actor, with the stage. We return to the poem, and we find that for the next few pages the two interlocutors are W. S. and H. W., W. S. encouraging the lover to persist in his suit, and remarking—

> She is no saint, she is no nun.
> I think in time she may be won.

Five years later, in that spurious collection of verses by various hands called the *Passionate Pilgrim*, there were attributed to Shakspeare certain stanzas commencing—

> When as thine eye hath chose the dame,
> And stalled the deer that thou shouldst strike,

which have so extraordinary an identity, both in metre, tone, and style, with those given to W. S. in *Avisa*, that the parallel struck the first critics into whose hands the latter poem fell. Unfortunately this interesting fact scarcely helps us. If the *Passionate Pilgrim*, or if these particular verses, could be by any canon of criticism considered Shakspeare's, we should be able to secure a link of personality. But unfortunately that volume was a nefarious speculation, very little of which, and certainly not these special stanzas, can be supposed to come from the pen of Shakspeare. One thing, however, seems certain, and that is that they are by the same hand that wrote the praises of Avisa, and the fact that in 1599 Willobie's verses could be attributed to Shakspeare tends to confirm the supposition that his friend W. S., in 1594, was Shakspeare.

But who was the author of *Avisa*? This also is an extremely obscure and complicated question. The Henry Willoughby or Willobie, upon whom it is fathered by an editor who signs himself Hadrian Dorrell, has been identified by Dr. Grosart with a certain youth of that name who was sixteen years of age when he matriculated, in 1591, at the College of St. John's, Oxford. In the prose preface to *Avisa* Hadrian Dorrell pretends that his young friend Willobie has started on the Queen's service to the Continent, and has given him leave to search in his study, where, among his papers, Dorrell has found this poem, which he gives to the world. If we only possessed this first edition of *Avisa*, there would be no reason for doubting this statement; but, when it came to be reprinted in 1596, some very extraordinary additional information was forthcoming. It seems that the poem gave great scandal, and especially to the family of Sir Ralph Horsey; so far, indeed, that a poetaster of the name of Peter Colse came forward with a pamphlet attacking the author of *Avisa*, and accusing him of libellous indiscretion. To this attack Dorrell replied in the preface of his 1596 edition; but, forgetting that he had described Willobie as a young man, he now declared, no doubt in order to assert a literary alibi, that the poem had been written at least five-and-thirty years before. This would refer it to 1560; and, so rapid had been the progress of our literature that we may feel almost certain that this smooth and modern production could not have been composed in an age of which *Tottel's Miscellanies* marked the extreme limit of accomplishment. Hadrian Dorrell being thus caught in the plain act of lying, and being further discovered asserting in the strongest language that Avisa was not an existent person at all, but only a type or figure of chastity—as though any poet would represent such an ideal as serving drink to wayfarers from behind the bar of a country inn—we begin gravely to doubt his first as well as his second story, and to guess that the name of Henry Willobie was from the beginning brought in to veil the real authorship. That he really existed as a person, not as a poet, seems to be certain, as well as that in 1596 he was dead. But the opaque mystery that shrouds the whole story of this curious book falls equally on the person of Hadrian Dorrell himself. No such contemporary name is known, and to us it seems probable that this was a pseudonym used by the author alike of preface and poem, and we would suggest that the initials may be connected with the D. H., Dydimus Harco, who is represented in the poem as having immediately preceded Henry Willobie in the courtship of Avisa.

Altogether, it must be confessed that the republication of this poem of *Willobie's Avisa*, to which Shakspearian students have looked forward with so much expectation, and which it was hoped would throw light on that mystery of the *Sonnets* about which the critics are always fidgeting, has resulted in nothing but disappointment and ungratified curiosity. Even Mr. Swinburne, who hailed the announcement with a characteristic outburst of "gratitude for the one inestimable boon long hoped for against hoping," must allow that he has to be thankful for very small mercies. At last a perfect copy of the much-discussed *Avisa* has been discovered; at last it has been very carefully and exhaustively edited by one of the most learned of our Elizabethan critics, with the careful collation of all collateral and illustrative literature; and the result is that some one, we know not who, being in love with the hostess of a country tavern, appealed to Shakspeare for assistance in prosecuting his suit, and that Shakspeare teased and bantered him in humorous malice. This is interesting, and the record of it is valuable; but it brings us so near to the person of the great poet, and at the same time reveals to us so extremely little of his nature, that we are almost like the boy in Mr. Sala's novel who was so much hurt by the pennies which the lady threw in his face that he forbore to thank her. We desire, as in duty bound, to thank Dr. Grosart; but we can scarcely be expected to forgive the author of *Willobie's Avisa*.

THE CHURCH UNDER QUEEN ELIZABETH.*

"BEATI Pacifici" is the curiously inappropriate motto which Dr. Lee has prefixed to his ferocious onslaught upon Queen Elizabeth, her statesmen, and the prelates who ruled the Anglican Church during her reign. His notion of a *pacificus* would be applauded by the most pugnacious Irishman at Donnybrook Fair. He attempts to make peace in the Church by knocking down every Christian who disagrees with him. Such an ideal of pacification accords better with the Old Testament than with the New; and we

* *The Church under Queen Elizabeth: an Historical Sketch.* By the Rev. F. G. Lee, D.D., Vicar of all Saints, Lambeth. 2 vols. W. H. Allen. 1880.

only wonder that a writer so fond of filling up vacant spaces with mottoes and texts did not go on to interpret Scripture by Scripture, after the fashion of the "Commentary purely Biblical," by adding the Psalmist's exclamation, "Blessed be the Lord my strength, who teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight." His long "introduction" in the first volume is a great deal more interesting than his book itself. *The Church under Queen Elizabeth* contains nothing new, though the author plainly imagines that it will nearly all be new to the very curious class of readers for whose illumination he has been moved to study what he considers to be the true sources of Elizabethan Church history. These sources are Morris's *Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers*, Foley's *Records of the English Province*, the *Douay Diary*, Jessop's *One Generation of a Norfolk House*, and "the profound treatise by Harpsfield, Archdeacon of Canterbury, on 'The Pretended Divorce of Henry VIII.,'" of which the author made plentiful use in his previous *Historical Sketches of the Reformation*. Dr. Lee has supplemented these infallible authorities, as he evidently regards them, with occasional glances at the less trustworthy evidence supplied by some of the publications of the Parker Society, the Calendars of State Papers, Strype, Miss Strickland, and a number of ephemeral pamphlets. The latter are mostly cited to substantiate some damaging allusion to the morals of the Queen and the English Bishops, or some one-sided representation of the terrible condition of the Church. Our peacemaker gives the name "Corporate Reunion" to the object on whose behalf he lays about him with his literary tomahawk. It is the loss of "corporate union," after the accession of Elizabeth, which throws him into so violent a passion with the Queen, with Cecil, and with the reforming party—except perhaps with his predecessors in Nonconformity. We scarcely suppose that Dr. Lee will be offended with us when we call him a successor of the Elizabethan Nonconformists. He agrees with them in substance; he differs only in accidents. We cannot call him a Papist, for he still holds a beneficed cure under the jurisdiction of the successor of Cranmer. As the Elizabethan Nonconformists wished to Calvinize or Zwinglianize the National Church whilst they held fast to its clerical offices, so our Victorian Nonconformist wishes to Romanize it—in a sense undreamed of by the Ritualists who are the butt of his satire—without renouncing his vicarage. That the complete Romanizing of the English Church is that which Dr. Lee himself really means by "Corporate Reunion," whatever it may mean with others, is stated as openly as possible over and over again in his introduction and in his history. "England," he says, "was duped into practically repudiating her relations with the Universal Christian kingdom, its laws, and its ruler. Cranmer first betrayed the local flock which he was to govern, and so made a similar work easier for those who came after him, Matthew Parker and his immediate allies." The Church of England, in which the author holds office as a beneficed and licensed priest, is described by him, with all the emphasis of capital letters, as "The New Church, finally arranged, formed, and moulded under Queen Elizabeth," as "a purely local and national body, neither more nor less." As some of the early Puritan Nonconformists, groaning under their grievous sense of the insufficiency of their Anglican ordination by the hands of bishops, quieted their consciences by obtaining a supplementary and purely Presbyterian ordination from Geneva, and were thus enabled to hold livings and exercise their ministry with self-satisfaction, in like manner Dr. Lee and others, if we rightly understand his appendix on the Order of Corporate Reunion, have obtained "actual power of jurisdiction" and "certain integrity of all sacraments" from the hands of "the Bishop of Dorchester, the Bishop of Selby, and the Bishop of Caerleon"—prelates residing and officiating nobody knows where. Although the Pope may not acknowledge these prelates, it is evident that they acknowledge him, for the end of all their labours, as of Dr. Lee's historical sketching, is "Restored peace and Visible Unity, under the paternal rule of the Primate of Christendom."

We need hardly say that Dr. Lee can see nothing but wholesale destruction and deformation in the Church work of Elizabeth and her bishops. He is even incapable of perceiving, or at least of granting, that this was not the aspect in which their work was regarded by themselves. He frequently drags forward Bishop Pilkington of Durham as the type of a deformer, and even uses that treasury of pure English and masculine teaching, the Bishop's Exposition upon Aggeus and Abdias, as an arsenal of missiles for hurling at the prelate himself. A student with the least germ of critical faculty would have asked why a great preacher early in Elizabeth's reign should have selected the prophecies of Haggai and Obadiah as fit subjects for a long series of popular expository sermons. The text which Pilkington placed on his title-page might have given Dr. Lee a hint why he applied the prophecies of the age in which the Jewish Temple was rebuilding to the needs of English churchgoers in the age of Elizabeth. "The earnest love that I beare to Thy House hath eaten Me: Psal. lxix. Joan ii."—this is the text with which Pilkington began his exposition of Haggai. "Except the Lord build the House, they labour in vaine that build it" is the text prefixed to his exposition of Nehemiah. He believed that the Queen, the Parliament, the bishops, and the christened people of England were divinely called to a work of building rather than pulling down, construction rather than destruction, reformation and not deformation. "The chief interest of his (Haggai's) prophecy," says Pilkington, "is to stir all to the speedy building of God's House, which they had so long neglected." It is worth observing that the Bishop's ideal rulers, next to the reforming and rebuilding kings of the Old Testament, are "Constantinus Magnus, Justinianus, Theodosius, Carolus Magnus, and Ludovicus Pius." He is eager that "our mild Ester," as he calls Elizabeth, should follow their example "in their zeal and earnest love to build God's House"; and he prays that "the Lord, for His crucified Christ's sake, which came down from the bosom of His Father to teach us to build Him a House here," would grant all the English folk, "in all degrees, from the highest to the lowest, an earnest simple love to the true building of His House." Bishop Pilkington may have been a destroyer, and Dr. F. G. Lee may be a constructor; but it is scarcely fair in the latter to hide the substantially constructive intention and character of the Bishop's sermons, which are only second to Latimer's in their fearless impartiality, their glimpses of contemporary social life, and the purity and vigour of their English. If he had inspected the letters and writings of the English Reformers a little less superficially, he could not have failed to be struck with one common characteristic which runs through them all—namely, that in casting out of the National Church those things which Dr. Lee seems to regard as the supreme signs of Catholicity, if not even of Christianity, they sincerely believed that they were fighting against Mammon as well as against the foreign usurpation of the Roman Bishop. Pardons, purgatory, memorial masses, trentals, "diriges," are never mentioned by Bishop Pilkington in his sermons without a reference to the money which the Pope or the Popish priest gained by them. Gross secularity and love of money are the charges which he most often brings against his typical "Sir John Lacklatin" and "Sir John Mumblemattins." It may be possible that he knew his own contemporaries less exactly than Dr. Lee knows them; but it ought to be remembered that his words were addressed to a generation which knew Sir John Lacklatin face to face, and could verify the truth or falsehood of Pilkington's charges. "The ministers of Christ's kingdom," says Pilkington, "have power spiritual to loose and bind; Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you forgive, they are forgiven; but not when Sir John Lacklatin for money lay his hand on his head." The complaints which the Elizabethan prelates made against the spiritual inefficiency or the immorality of the "popishly affected" clergy are either ignored by Dr. Lee, or else are inverted into proofs of the contrary. Archbishop Grindal told Cecil that the Bishop of Carlisle had no help in his cathedral because "all his prebendaries are ignorant priests or old unlearned monks." "If there be a trental to be said," asks Pilkington, "or any money to be gotten for masses, diriges, relics, pardons, &c., then who is so ready as they? They can smell it out a great sort of miles off. But if a man want comfort in conscience, would understand his duty towards God, or God's goodness towards us; they be blind beasts, ignorant dolts, unlearned asses, and can do nothing but make holy-water, and bid them say a Lady's Psalter." It is a gain to the true knowledge of the age to have all that mass of evidence brought forward which Dr. Lee cites with such pleasure from Roman Catholic contemporaries of Elizabeth. But it does not disprove the evidence on the contrary side; it has to be balanced against it. The final witness of history, when it is fairly put before the student with some completeness, will always make for the vindication and the condemnation of both parties in any great religious or political struggle. He will learn that the one was not so wholly bad as its enemies pretended, the other not so wholly good as its advocates contended.

As the cause of the present incomparable misery of England amongst nations, and of the incomparable degradation of the English Church amongst churches, is traced back by Dr. Lee to Elizabeth's rebellion against "the Primate of Christendom," we are surprised to find so little detail in his book concerning the exact relations between the English Queen and the successive Roman Bishops of her time. During her long reign the Roman chair was held in turn by nine Popes. The reader will scarcely believe that even the name of Paul IV., to whom Elizabeth officially notified her accession, and who demanded that she should submit her claims to his decision, is not to be found in Dr. Lee's index or text. Perhaps he has omitted all mention of this Pope on account of his dislike to Philip II., his persecution of Cardinal Pole, and his employment of wicked German and Lutheran heretics to defend "the Holy City," as Dr. Lee calls Rome, against the holy Roman Catholic and Spanish besiegers under the Duke of Alva. Yet, if we accept Von Ranke's estimate of Paul's policy, this Pope did far more than the English Queen herself to bring about the result which is the cause of all Dr. Lee's sorrow and of his historical sketching. That Papal supremacy which was restored in England by "the Supreme Governess of the Church of England,' Mary, and her husband Philip II.—an event of which Dr. Lee writes with ecstatic effusion—need not have been again so quickly lost. "Paul," says Von Ranke, "had not to acquire the allegiance of England, he had merely to retain it." Dr. Lee gives us two glimpses of Pius IV. First, we see "the members of the Council of Trent wishing him many years and eternal memory." Secondly, we see him writing to Elizabeth "a beautiful and even touching letter." His severe Dominican successor, Pius V., the great "St. Pius" of the Roman Calendar, was a very different Pope, and the contrast between them appeared in their different treatment of the royal English schismatic. While Pius IV. addressed her as "his dear daughter in Christ," and entreated the prodigal child to return to him as her "true father," Pius V. thundered out his famous Bull against her as "Elizabeth,

pretended Queen of England." Dr. Lee of course gives an English version of this document, which is conceived quite in his own style. He revels in the furious rant of its language, and in its tremendous assumption of a worldwide secular as well as spiritual jurisdiction. Pius V. not only affected to "cut off" the English Queen "from the unity of the Body of Christ," but commanded "all and singular the nobles, the people, and others, never to venture to obey her monitions, mandates, and laws," and "released" all English citizens from the Oath of Allegiance. Our historical sketcher actually describes this usurping and extranational call to civil rebellion, this piece of ecclesiastical Cæsarism, as "the paternal action of His Holiness," and he calls attention to the Bull as "weightily spoke, not with the stuttering accents of usurping and pitiful heretics, but with all the due and delegated authority of the First-born of the Most Highest." We can only conclude that if the vicar of All Saints, Lambeth, had lived in the reign of Elizabeth, he would have piously taken part in some plot against his Queen; or that he would, as he says of his hero Felton, have declined, after the decision of the Pope, to acknowledge Elizabeth as his sovereign.

We get no portrait of Gregory XIII. Perhaps Dr. Lee dislikes him, as much as he dares to dislike a Pope, because he "reformed" the Calendar. Urban VI., Gregory XIV., and Innocent IX. share his lot. Our sketcher is of course forced to take some notice of Sixtus V. This Pope, he tells us, sent Philip II. "a blessed banner, and His Holiness's good wishes for the success of the Armada." He devotes a footnote to a curt biography of this high-minded and able pontiff, in which he informs us, after the manner of Miss Mangnall's Questions, "He encouraged the Holy League in France, formed to defend the Faith against the Huguenots, and was active both in maintaining the rights of the Primate of Christendom, and in putting down innovation and error." Baron Hübner has shown us that Sixtus V. was a thoroughly patriotic Roman and Italian as well as the international "Primate of Christendom," and that his encouragement of the League in France and of the Armada against England was by no means so hearty as Dr. Lee imagines, since his sympathy with the predominantly Roman Catholic policy of Spain was conditioned by his terror at the prospect of an almost universal Spanish Empire. Dr. Lee would certainly have praised him less had he known more about him, for he disliked what Dr. Lee most admires, and admired what he most dislikes. Philip II., one of our historian's heroes, put no confidence in Sixtus. Henry IV., while still a Protestant, liked him. But it must be most painful to Dr. Lee to be told that Sixtus V. admired Queen Elizabeth, and was admired by her. When her statesmen were once pressing her to choose a husband, she replied, "I know only of one man who is worthy of my hand, and that man is Sixtus V." It is true that he sent his blessing to Philip II. before the sailing of the Armada; he was glad to think that the flower of Philip's Neapolitan nobility and soldiery should be removed so far away from Italy as England was; but the Pope never paid his promised contribution, contending that it had not been earned, as the Spaniards had never landed upon the English coast. Dr. Lee loosely introduces the name of the last Pope contemporary with Elizabeth, the able and pacific Clement VIII., but in no connection with her. "One of the Primates of Christendom," he tells us, "highly commended his [Richard Hooker's] labours." He learned this from Keble's notes to Hooker. Clement VIII. was scarcely a Pope after Dr. Lee's model. He absolved that politic convert, Henry IV. of France, Elizabeth's friend, to the irritation of her foes and Dr. Lee's friends, the Spaniards. He winked at Henry's Edict of Nantes and the consequent toleration of French Protestantism. What must be even worse in Dr. Lee's opinion, Clement, if we may trust Sully, put some restraint upon the intrigues of the Jesuits in England. When Henry IV. sent Sully to England, immediately after the death of Elizabeth, the French statesman was at the pains to collect particulars as to her relations with the Pope at the close of her reign, especially in regard to the differences between the English Romanist secular clergy and the Jesuits. The Queen even provided those of the secular clergy who were deputed to visit the Pope with a passport signed by the hand of Cecil. She thought, says Sully, that she was bound to defend the seculars, and looked upon the Jesuits as her real enemies. Considering the purpose of his volumes, Dr. Lee might well have substituted some account of this episode for the turgid pages with which he describes the last days and nights of the Queen's life, a description which he must surely have originally purposed for a novel.

If Dr. Lee has succeeded in nothing else, we are bound to say that he has achieved one unique feat. He has compiled the most comical, absurd, slipshod, and useless index ever appended to an English book. Thus, under the letter A, we find "Another controversy arises," and "Another pilgrimage of grace"; while under C or P we find no reference to either. Under G we are referred to "General social disorder," "Great changes in the mass," and "Great confusion": under D, to "Disgusting barbarities," "Disagreeable events," "Disastrous times," and "Dislike of vestments"; under F, to "Frightful atrocities" and "Frightful cruelties"; under S, to "Striking results of the Reformation." But under the letter T, where nineteen entries begin with the word "The"—such as "The Catholic Church, what it teaches," "The Gallows in constant use," and "The Queen visits Canterbury"—he excels all that has ever been perpetrated in ridiculous indexing.

HEINE'S PROSE.*

Of German prose writers, Heine is, as far as readableness is concerned, without question the first. Indeed it would be difficult to name any writer in any language, except perhaps Voltaire, who surpasses him in this respect. Both Heine and Voltaire, however great or small the subjects may be that they write upon, reduce to a minimum the amount of co-operation which they require from the mind of the reader. They can thus be turned to in the spare moments of a busy life, or in times of physical depression, when almost all other writers would fatigue. Heine's prose has, further, a great advantage over his verse in that it can be translated with not much more loss of life and spirit than is inseparable from nearly all translations. Of Heine's poetry this cannot be said. The best translations are not Heine. Here and there, when the poet happens to be in a commonplace or conventional mood, the translator succeeds in doing him justice; but where Heine is himself he can only be understood and enjoyed in the original German. But a good deal of what is most truly characteristic in Heine comes out as much in his prose as in his verse; and these two little volumes of translations will enable those who cannot read the original to gain an insight into the mind of one of the most striking and fascinating writers whom modern Europe has produced. The *English Fragments* have a special interest for the English reader; but the selection from Heine's prose works in general, most judiciously made and excellently translated by Mr. Snodgrass, gives a much completer view of the qualities of the writer's mind.

Heine, as may be imagined, did not like England or the English. He was bewildered by the noise and hurry of London life. English religion, English morality, English manners, were all an offence to him. He could never forgive us for overthrowing his idol, Napoleon. He could never forgive us for thinking Wellington—"that wooden pedant," as he called him—a great man. But, though Heine is not the writer to whom we go to have our national pride flattered, his criticism of us is often such as may be taken to heart with no little profit. However spiteful it may be, as it sometimes is, it is always the criticism of an intelligent adversary, and from such criticism there is much to be learnt. It nearly always finds out some weak point in our public or social life. Who that moves about in society can fail to see the point of what the critic says, referring to the vain efforts of the Englishman to affect a foreign lightness, of "the whole unrefreshing life of those wooden butterflies that hover about in the drawing-rooms of the West-End"? Who that knows what the state of England was between the battle of Waterloo and the passing of the Reform Act of 1832—in the days of Eldon and Castlereagh—can help feeling that something very like even justice is dealt out to the Radical Cobbett and to his opponents in the following words? After quoting from the *Political Register*, he goes on:—

> So far Cobbett. When I transcribe his words he issues bodily forth again as I saw him last year at the noisy dinner held at the "Crown and Anchor Tavern." I see him again with his scolding red face and his Radical laugh, in which the most poisonous, deadly hatred blends together, in a manner quite awful to behold, with that scornful joy which anticipates the ruin of an enemy. . . . He is the watchdog who attacks furiously everybody whom he does not know, though it be the best friend of the house, the calves of whose legs are not safe from his teeth. He always barks, and just on account of his incessant barking is never heeded when he barks at an actual thief. As a consequence, those high-born thieves who plunder England do not once think it necessary to throw to the snarling Cobbett a crust of bread to stop his mouth. This vexes the dog most bitterly, and he shows his ugly teeth.
>
> Old Cobbett! Dog of England! I love thee not, because every common brutish nature [not a good translation of *gemeine Natur*] is revolting to me; but I feel for thee down to the very depths of my soul, when I see how thou canst not break away from thy chain to reach those thieves who laughingly snatch away their booty before thine eyes, while scoffing at thy futile springs and thine impotent howling.

Heine is full of observations on England which are always acute and suggestive, even when they are only half truths, or even when they are not true at all. "The common people," he says, speaking of aristocratic privileges, "would themselves fight for these privileges with far more zeal than the aristocrats, simply because they believe far more firmly in traditional forms than the aristocrats, who have, for the most part, lost faith even in themselves." And again:—"If you speak to the most stupid Englishman about politics, he always knows how to say something rational. But as soon as you turn the conversation on religion, the most sensible Englishman will deliver himself of nothing but absurdities." The thoroughbred Englishman he detests, he tells us, with his whole soul. "Their prayers," he exclaims, with a sudden outburst of spleen, "their mechanical Anglican devotion, their church-going with gilded prayer-book under their arm, their absurd and wearisome Sunday observances, their awkward piety, are especially repugnant to me. I am firmly persuaded that a blaspheming Frenchman is a more pleasing object in the sight of God than a praying Englishman." Englishmen abroad find no more favour in his eyes than Englishmen at home. He attacks their *ennui*, "their curiosity without interest, their polished clumsiness, their pedantic egotism, and their air of chill satisfaction in the contemplation of all melancholy objects." The

* *Wit, Wisdom, and Pathos from the Prose of Heinrich Heine; with a Few Pieces from the Book of Songs.* Selected and Translated by J. Snodgrass. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

English Fragments, from the German of Heinrich Heine. Translated by Sarah Norris. Edinburgh: Grant & Son. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1880.

Protestant pietists, he says again, "are mystics without imagination, and the Protestant orthodox are dogmatists without intelligence." These are hard sayings, and many of Heine's attacks upon us have lost much of their point through the changes which have taken place in English society during the last half-century. Many, too, of his outbursts are only the ebullitions of a poetic nature which finds itself in the wrong environment, and reacts vivaciously on what jars upon it. But it is very seldom that in any of his criticisms, whether true, or half true, or wholly untrue, we cannot find something worth attending to.

Heine's judgments on the political situation of Europe are of very unequal value. But his blunders are the mistakes of an over-quick intellect. "There are no longer," he says, "nationalities in Europe, but only parties." The strongest force in modern politics—the principle of nationality—was growing up all around him, and he remained unconscious of it. For his own race he felt that mixture of pride and shame which has characterized many gifted Jews. "One has nothing but contumely and misfortune from it. I tell you it is not a religion. It is a misfortune." In a famous passage, again, he says, speaking of Moses:—"He did not, however, like the Egyptians, fashion his works of art out of bricks and granite. He erected human pyramids; he carved out human obelisks; he took a poor shepherd tribe and created therefrom a people fit to defy the centuries—a great, a holy, an eternal people; a People of God, that should serve all other peoples as an example—yea, that should be the prototype of all humanity; he created Israel. With greater justice than the Roman poet might this artist, the son of Amram and of Jochebed, boast that he had erected a monument that should outlive all the creations of brass." Heine predicted that great social convulsion in Germany, compared to which the French Revolution was to be mere child's play, which still declines to come at the bidding of so many prophets. He taunted his countrymen with their inability to do three things which they have since accomplished—the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine, the occupation of Paris, and the completion of the cathedral at Köln. On the other hand, he showed great perspicacity on matters where his brother Liberals in Europe were all astray. He saw through the false pathos which the Polish rising excited. His masterly piece of satire, the *Zwei Ritter*, would make it difficult for anybody who had read it to indulge any more in false pathos on the subject. "His muse," he says of Victor Hugo, "in spite of its majesty, is embarrassed by a kind of German helplessness. I might say the same of his muse as we say of a beautiful Englishwoman—she has two left hands." Of Lessing he says:—"His wit was no little French lapdog chasing its own shadow; it was more like the fierce German tomcat playing with a mouse before strangling it." Mme. de Staël is to him "the passionate woman in all her turbulence of soul, a veritable hurricane in petticoats, sweeping through our peaceful Germany, and everywhere exclaiming rapturously, 'What a refreshing stillness breathes over this land! How delightfully cool it is in your woods! What reviving perfume of violets! How peacefully the greenfinches warble in their German nests! You are a good and virtuous people, and can have no idea what corruption of morals prevails amongst us in the Rue du Bac.'"

It is the quality of all wit to take one by surprise; but hardly any writer gives one so sudden a surprise as Heine. The effect often depends on the inversion of some familiar phrase, as in the case of the old nurse in the charming "Memoirs of Schnabelowpski," who had blond teeth and white hair, or of the fat woman of whom he says that it would be easier for a camel to enter into the kingdom of heaven than for her to pass through the eye of a needle. The address with which he can insinuate a charge is unsurpassed. His gross aspersions on Schlegel and Platen are better forgotten. His reflections on Chateaubriand and Villemain are not, like too many of his attacks, unquotable. Speaking of his arrival in Paris, "I did not," he says, "go to witness the grand opera, because I had come to Paris in order to amuse myself. To my great regret I did not see M. de Chateaubriand, who would certainly have afforded me amusement. Nor did I see M. Villemain, his housekeeper informing me that it was Thursday, on which day he washed himself."

Mr. Snodgrass's volume closes with some translations from Heine's verse, which cannot be said to be even moderately successful. In one of the pieces—the well-known "Es war ein alter König"—the whole point of the poem is missed. The translator makes the queen and her young paramour die of grief, whereas it is perfectly clear that they die of decapitation.

BUNBURY'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY.*

(*Second Notice.*)

In showing that there is nothing even approaching to a geographical system in the Iliad or Odyssey, in the Hesiodic Theogony, in the so-called Homeric Hymns, or in the story of the wanderings of Io as related in the *Chained Prometheus* of Æschylus, Mr. Bunbury has done a service to the study of geography the value of which cannot, we think, be easily overrated. He has, we believe, once and for all cleared the ground for a thoroughly impartial and unprejudiced examination of the geographical statements of later writers, and entirely removed the prepossession which regarded the positive assertions of ancient geographers as an ark not to be touched lightly or with irreverent hands. Nor, probably, would this prepossession have been removed so effectually by a book thrown into any other than the historical form which Mr. Bunbury has adopted. The *Dictionary of Geography* would correct beyond doubt the several errors of Herodotus or his successors on particular points; but for the majority of readers it would not touch the general impression that those ancient writers wrote with an accurate knowledge of the places mentioned by them—a knowledge to which they could lay claim only in rare instances. Mr. Bunbury has shown that, even for the scientific geographers who followed Eratosthenes, the conditions under which fresh discoveries were made or fresh information obtained can scarcely be said to have differed essentially from those which determined the notions of generations which preceded the dawn of a written literature.

Such a position as this, it is clear, can be established only by a patient and minute examination of the maps of the world exhibited by the whole series of ancient geographers. This task is, as we have seen, one which renders necessary a considerable amount of repetition. The process may not be altogether inviting, and the volumes which give the result may not furnish the lightest and the most attractive reading. But for real scholars and students this method will have a value which will more than compensate for a few inevitable disadvantages. The only point as to which they would have to assure themselves would relate to the trust to be placed in their guide. To test all his statements would be a work scarcely less arduous than that which their guide professes to have performed for them; but a careful sifting of any section will, we think, fully satisfy them of Mr. Bunbury's trustworthiness and of the scrupulous accuracy which marks his quotations generally. We have detected but few mistakes, and none of any importance. It is not easy to see in the passage cited from the Odyssey (iv. 563 *et seq.*) that Menelaus "was destined to a separate existence apart from the other dead." Taken in their natural sense, the words imply that he will reach the regions of the blessed without undergoing the doom of death in his own person. Nor can it be said that even within the Arctic circle there is a night of six months' duration, if the expression is to be construed strictly as denoting the complete absence of the sun for the entire half-year (i. 198). It is a little perplexing to be told that the name of the Hercynian forest appears for the first time in the pages of Theophrastus (i. 604), when Mr. Bunbury has already expressed his opinion that the Arkynian mountains of Aristotle are evidently an exaggerated notion of the Herkynian forest in Germany (i. 400). It can be merely a slip when Mr. Bunbury speaks of Augustus as ascending the Roman throne (ii. 145), when there was no throne to ascend; but, if we understand the passage of Arrian aright, it is more nearly an error to say that Alexander the Great wrote to his mother a letter identifying the Indus with the Nile, which appears to have been extant at a later period. If Arrian may be trusted, Alexander, there can be no doubt, supposed the Indus to be the Nile because he saw crocodiles in it, but, on finding out his mistake, he cut out the whole passage from his letter. These and one or two other insignificant flaws scarcely call for notice; and the reader may therefore trust himself without misgiving to Mr. Bunbury's guidance. If he has patience to follow him through both his volumes, he will be well rewarded by the clearness with which the uncertain and oscillating growth of geographical knowledge is traced through the long series of writers from Hekatæus to the latest disciples of Ptolemy. As he turns from one map to another, he may be surprised to find that the later maps betray in some points errors of a much more serious character than the earlier ones; but he will have learnt an invaluable lesson in the evidence thus furnished to him that scientific ideas are practically useless apart from exact and well-ascertained observations. Such observations could be obtained only in the rarest instances. The position of Massalia might be marked with accuracy; but if Byzantium was placed (as it was by some) on the same level of latitude, the result must be a strange distortion of the map of nearly half Europe. The student will thus learn that the statements of ancient writers are not to be trusted implicitly, even when they happen to be borne out by more recent explorations. Thus Herodotus distinguishes the Tanais from the other Scythian rivers as flowing from a lake which he styles a great one. On this Mr. Bunbury remarks:—

> In point of fact the Don does rise in a lake, while the Bug and the Dneister do not; but it is one of such very small dimensions as not even to figure on any ordinary map of Russia, and it is wholly inconceivable that the informants of the historian had sufficiently accurate knowledge of these remote regions of the interior to be aware of this minute fact, while their general notions were so vague and incoherent.—i. 184.

We cannot indeed impress too strongly on our minds that the geographical knowledge possessed by Thucydides or Aristotle was the result of observations amassed during a long series of centuries by colonists, traders, pirates, kidnappers, and military leaders. Of explorations undertaken purely for the sake of advancing geographical science we have but a few instances; and of these some, to say the least, must be classed amongst incidents the reality of which we cannot hope to establish. To this number belong some of the voyages which have received the name of Periplі, or circumnavigations, although they were chiefly expeditions along a single line of coast which involved no circuit. The narratives of these voyages have not been treated with perfect fairness by

* *A History of Ancient Geography among the Greeks and Romans from the Earliest Ages to the Fall of the Roman Empire.* By E. H. Bunbury, F.R.G.S. 2 vols. London: Murray. 1879.

modern writers; but Mr. Bunbury, we believe, holds the balance truly between undue credulity and unreasonable doubt. Sir Cornewall Lewis had rejected with a decisiveness bordering on contempt the records of the voyages of the Massalian Pytheas; Mr. Bunbury remarks that he did so "without adverting to the points in which our present full knowledge of the northern regions of Europe has shown that Pytheas was right, and Polybius and Strabo were wrong" (i. 612). The great critic who made such havoc of the professed historical records of ancient Rome before the Punic wars had rejected not less summarily the story of the African Periplus by the ships of Pharaoh Necho. The reasons which led Ephorus and Eratosthenes to dismiss it as incredible are manifestly worthless; but it cannot be thrown aside on the ground of insufficiency of time for the enterprise. Major Rennall held that this was quite long enough, while he adds the perfectly true remark that if the voyagers passed Cape Guardafui at the right season, "they would be favoured by the northern monsoon as far as the southern tropic, and would also have a strong current in their favour the whole way round the Cape of Good Hope"; and that on the western coast, while they remained in the southern hemisphere, they would be able to reckon generally on a favourable wind as well as a northward current. They would thus have almost everything in their favour, and the enterprise would have a chance of success which it could not have if the ships sailed from Egypt to the Pillars of Hercules, and thence attempted to coast round the African continent. To these considerations must be added the statement that the navigators in sailing round Libya had the sun on their right hand. If the Periplus was accomplished in fact, this would be true; but we have to determine first whether the notion of this fact would not be obtained without the passing of Cape Agulhas:—

The Egyptian priests were well aware [Mr. Bunbury remarks] that the sun was vertical at Syene at the time of the summer solstice; and it was an inference so natural as to be almost inevitable that any one proceeding further south would have the sun to the north of him. The frequent intercourse with Meroe would confirm this view. It is probable moreover that Phenician navigators had already frequented the coasts of the Erythræan sea, considerably to the south of the tropic of Cancer; and even in the particular voyage in question, if we suppose that the narrative had *any* foundation in fact, and that an exploring expedition was really sent out by Necho, it would easily have attained to latitudes where the phenomenon in question might be observed during a part of the year. Nothing is more common than to have theoretical inferences converted into statements of fact.—i. 293.

At the same time it must be admitted that the argument drawn from the neglect of the discoveries made by this Periplus, supposing it to have been carried out, has no weight. Captain Cook is supposed to have discovered the eastern coast of New Holland; it had really been explored by a Dutch voyager a century and a half earlier. The discovery of North America, under the name of Vinland, by the Northmen in the eleventh century, is now an admitted fact; but it led to no solid results, and to all intents and purposes Columbus withdrew the veil for the first time from the New World. It can scarcely be doubted that the Samian Aristarchus propounded the whole heliocentric system of Copernicus and Newton, if we except the formal statement of the principle of gravitation; but on the subsequent course of Greek astronomical science it had no influence whatever. On the other hand, if we put on one side the incident of the northerly sun, the story of the Periplus is marked by a complete absence of geographical details. No mention is made of the change of seasons in the southern hemisphere,

a circumstance which must have been the more strongly impressed upon the minds of the navigators from its intimate connexion with the choice of times for halting, with the purpose of sowing and reaping corn for their own supply. Nor is anything said of other changes in the celestial appearances, such as the disappearance of the Great Bear and the pole-star, by which the Phenicians were accustomed to steer, and the loss of which must therefore have been a source of great perplexity to them in the southern hemisphere.

It may be said that the narrative of Herodotus is very brief, and furnishes us with next to no details of the voyage; but to this Mr. Bunbury makes the obvious reply, that this very brevity "leaves us simply to choose between the bare statement of the fact on one side, and its great intrinsic improbability on the other."

A far more important incident in the history of discovery is the so-called Periplus of the Carthaginian Hanno, who, beyond doubt, penetrated to the latitude of Sierra Leone from the colony which he established at Cerne. But, unless the position of this spot can be determined, the geography of the whole voyage must remain vague and indefinite. We are, however, told that it was an island in the bight of a deep bay, and that the distance between it and the Pillars of Hercules was much the same as the distance between the Pillars and Carthage. This distance is exceeded by 320 geographical miles if, with Rennell—who was followed by Ukert and Movers—we identify Cerne with the island of Arquin, which lies a little to the south of Cape Blanco. Even a strong southward current will not account for so large an error in the reckoning; and some, accordingly, have placed Cerne near Aghadir or Santa Cruz. But this falls as far short of the distance stated by the Periplus as the other exceeds it, and there is no island answering to the description in the neighbourhood. The true position, Mr. Bunbury remarks, has been pointed out by Dr. C. Müller at a point intermediate between the two, where an island, still called Herne on the French charts, is seen in the bight of a deep bay at the mouth of the Rio do Ouro. This point being determined, the mountain called Theôn Ochêma is easily identified with the conical hill named Sagres by the Portuguese. Three days' further movement southward brought them to the Southern Horn, whence they returned in terror at the streams and pillars of fire which seemed to bar all progress. This statement brought the narrative into special discredit with later geographers; yet the explanation is found in the practice, still maintained on this part of the coast, of setting fire in the autumn to the long grass, and filling, seemingly, the whole land with conflagration.

The Periplus of Hanno can scarcely be compared with that which bears the name of Scylax, and which, as it mentions the founding of the Athenian colony of Neapolis on the Thracian coast B.C. 360, and speaks of Olynthus, which was destroyed in B.C. 347, as a city still existing, must have been drawn up between those dates. This was the first professed geographical treatise, and it gives chiefly the results of information obtained from merchants or travellers about countries which the compiler had probably not seen, or with which he had a very imperfect acquaintance. But among the documents bearing this title one or two exhibit a very different character. The Periplus of Nearchus, of which Arrian has fortunately preserved to us a full abstract, was the genuine narrative of a coasting exploration undertaken for combined military and commercial purposes. Far more remarkable for the character and accuracy of its details is the Periplus of the Erythræan Sea. It was drawn up, seemingly, about the time of Pliny, by some merchant of Alexandria (the idea of Arrian being the author is now generally given up), and furnishes the exact sailing directions which are needed by traders, and which, more than any other kind of information, tended to bring ancient geography into anything approaching correctness of form. Mr. Bunbury carefully examines this little work, which, for the clearness and exactness of its statements and for the amount of geographical knowledge which it displays of the coasts both of Africa and of India, he regards as entitled to special consideration. The writer was fully aware that the African continent, from a point at least forty miles to the south of Cape Guardafui, had a general direction to the south, "instead of trending away at once to the west, as supposed by all earlier geographers from Eratosthenes to Strabo." The means were thus furnished for correcting one of those strange distortions of coast line which disfigure the ancient maps; and perhaps it may be said that, in the larger number of cases, these distortions might have been corrected by aid of information not much less trustworthy than that of the Erythræan Periplus. But, unfortunately, the progress of geographical theory tended not seldom to make matters worse instead of better. The accurate determination of one point, taken with another which was glaringly incorrect, might disfigure the map of the world itself; and the degree of distortion betrayed in the most scientific of the ancient maps is astonishing enough, until we remember that no geographer was in possession of exact data for the whole ground of which he professed to treat. The geography of Ptolemy is cast into a scientific form; yet his outline of the North African coast is almost more erroneous than that of Herodotus: nor can we well attach too much weight to the remarks of Mr. Bunbury on this point of cardinal importance. The assignment of latitude and longitude for a series of ports or inland cities is only the mode in which Ptolemy, following in the lines of Hipparchus, expressed the conclusions drawn from the statements of his authorities, and the conclusions thus presented have no more intrinsic authority than the original statements expressed in the popular language.

But this [Mr. Bunbury urges] is precisely what has been too often lost sight of. The blind, and almost superstitious, reverence with which Ptolemy was regarded throughout the Middle Ages, has descended in some degree to our own days; and it is not uncommon to find writers referring to his statements as if his *apparently* definite and scientific results must necessarily be based upon definite information and scientific calculation. Yet it is certain that he possessed no materials that could enable him to arrive at any such conclusion. It has been well remarked of him, as of the Greek writers in other instances, that their theoretical development of science far outstripped their power of its practical application. He saw clearly the true principles upon which geography should be based, and the true mode in which a map should be constructed. But the means at his command did not enable him to carry his ideas into execution; the substance did not correspond to the form; and the specious edifice that he reared served by its external symmetry to conceal the imperfect character of its foundations and the rottenness of its materials.

A full appreciation of the extent and nature of the difficulties which beset the ancient geographers on every side can be attained only by the historical method which Mr. Bunbury has applied to the whole mass of geographical information stored up in Greek and Roman literature. He has applied this method with unwearied patience and unfailing care; and the result is a work which entitles him to the gratitude not only of geographical, but of all historical, scholars.

NO RELATIONS.*

M. HECTOR MALOT is one of the few French novelists who may congratulate themselves on winning fame and popularity without pandering to impure and vitiated tastes. His novel of *Sans Famille*—"No Relations," as the title is translated in the English edition—gained him the Monthyon prize of virtue of 25,000 francs, and deserved to gain it. The story is at once simple and interesting, and may be recommended to both old and young as safe family reading. M. Malot carries

* *No Relations.—The Monthyon Prize Novel.* By Hector Malot. Edited by the Author of "Hogan, M.P." &c. Richard Bentley & Son. 1880.

us all over France and brings us in contact with many ranks and conditions of men in the course of his little hero's peregrinations. Now we are with peasants; now with mountebanks; now we are among a mining population and are left at the bottom of a coal-mine by an accident which spreads a fever of excitement round the neighbourhood. Occasionally we find ourselves with people of position and education; and again we are cast abroad upon the world, mixing with thieves and most disreputable members of the dangerous classes, and brought into disagreeable contact with magistrates and officers of justice. Incident follows fast upon incident, and adventure crowds upon adventure, as these pictures of quiet landscapes and the life of cities, in which M. Malot excels, are perpetually changing. Yet he never gives a shock to our sense of the proprieties; nor, except perhaps in a single instance, are our feelings unnecessarily harrowed. Little Remi becomes professionally a vagabond, and is thrown by the chances of his unlucky fate into what might have been circumstances of extreme temptation. That he does not succumb is owing, in the first place, to his own frank and honest disposition, and his natural predilection for good rather than evil. And it is by no means so unnatural as it may appear at the first blush that he should touch pitch without being defiled. He had had all the advantages of a decent moral education, having been tenderly brought up through his childhood by a worthy and affectionate peasant woman. When he is forced suddenly to leave the shelter of her roof by circumstances which neither he nor she can control, he finds himself handed over to a venerable gentleman who picks up a precarious livelihood on the roads. But Remi's new master is superior to what he seems; while his misanthropy, which holds him aloof from low companions, makes him a more trustworthy guardian than he might otherwise have been. Subsequently one of the vicissitudes of his chequered lot leaves Remi companion to a little English invalid of his own age, who is presumed to be the only child of a rich and doting mother. The English lady is all that is graceful and refined, so that Remi is confirmed in his honest aspirations before being separated for a time from these kind friends and patrons. Throughout the story M. Malot dwells by preference on the brighter and more kindly aspects of human nature. Not that we are not casually introduced to a variety of wicked or repulsive characters; but those appear to be generally brought in for purposes of contrast, and are somewhat summarily dismissed when they have figured in the parts assigned to them. He excels in his pictures of cottage interiors, among virtuous peasants and the deserving city poor. But what his younger readers especially will most delight in is his studies of animals as developed by close companionship with man. M. Malot must evidently have lived in intimacy with dogs of high intelligence and delicate susceptibilities; and we should say, from the happy touches with which he has worked out the eccentricities of the facetious M. Joli-Cœur, that the portrait must have been painted after nature from some pet monkey of his own.

When we first make the acquaintance of the little Remi, he is happy and thoroughly contented. He is the adopted child of Mother Barberin, who is rich in the possession of a cow and fortunate in the absence of her husband, who had gone to seek work in Paris. An unlucky accident that happened to Barberin is the beginning of Remi's varied experiences and of his adventures, good and bad. So long as that respectable *père de famille* was in receipt of wages, he left his wife very much to her own devices; but when he is crippled and laid up in hospital at Paris, he begins to send her urgent messages. The cow must be sold; and that lamentable domestic bereavement was Remi's first great sorrow. We do not exaggerate in calling it a lamentable bereavement. It is true that the milk and butter had enabled them to fare luxuriously; but, to do them justice, in parting from the beast it was not only the privations they were to suffer that affected them. Their cow had become their friend and companion. "She understood us; and, with her great, round, gentle eyes, she well knew how to make us understand her feelings and desires. In a word, we loved her and she loved us." So it was sad to put her halter into the hand of the matter-of-fact dealer who had begun by depreciating her good qualities by way of beating down her price. A more bitter separation was to follow, when Remi himself had to go. Barberin had come back, like a prodigal father; and his first idea was to rid his cottage of this useless mouth. Then Remi, like the cow, fetched a sum of money. The purchaser in this case was a striking-looking old man, attired something like a mountaineer of the Apennines—in a tall grey hat, sheepskin doublet, tunic of faded velvet, and woollen gaiters fastened with ribbons. Still more strange and fantastic was the troupe he travelled with, which was composed of three dogs and a monkey. There is a moving description of the boy's grief when he looked back as he was being led over the ridge above the cottage, and saw his foster-mother at work in the garden, unconscious as yet that he had been sent away from her. But we are prepossessed in favour of his new master when we find the old man speaking gently and sympathetically to the boy, and urging, besides, that even the conduct of Barberin should not disgust him with human nature. Barberin was bound to live, and would find living hard enough work. It is exceedingly natural, too, that Remi should be somewhat consoled in the midst of his sorrow by the promise of hob-nailed shoes and a pair of velvet breeches. It is a world of novelties and marvels that lies before him. He had already been dazzled by a visit to the interior of the village café, of whose splendour he had as yet had but a faint glimpse, as he cast casual glances in passing through the open door. He rallied his spirits during the afternoon; at night, however, he is overpowered by a scene of helpless desolation. After a wet and weary march they had been refused shelter in the village, and had to content themselves with rough quarters in a barn. As Remi lay in the darkness utterly miserable, curled up and shivering on a heap of fern, he felt a warm breath on his face. He stretched out his hand, and it rested on a woolly coat. It was Capi, the poodle, who had crept to him to offer his sympathy. "He stretched himself presently on the fern close by me, and began to lick my hands gently. Quite touched by the caress, I raised myself and kissed him on his cold nose. He gave a little stifled whine, then quietly laid his paw on my hand and lay still. Then I forgot my weariness and my sorrows; my choking throat was relieved; I breathed once again, for I was no longer alone; I had a friend."

Capi's friendship never belied itself; and Remi got on very well with the rest of the *troupe*, even when separated from his master, and temporarily in command. It was M. Joli-Cœur, the monkey, who caused him most anxiety. Not that Joli-Cœur had a bad heart, or was naturally vicious. But he was something of a sensualist, and supremely egotistical. He could not endure patiently the privations, which came to the little party of performers often enough; and he would never be serious for more than a minute, even in the gravest circumstances. But Remi came to know him too well to feel hurt or annoyed; and though he had none of the affectionate regard for him which he entertained for the estimable Capi, yet he missed him sadly when the monkey died of a chest complaint. There is a very melancholy and touching account of its last illness. For tragedy had succeeded to tragedy. Not only had Joli-Cœur been carried off by a complaint caught by exposure, but two of the dogs had been snapped up by wolves when the party had been overtaken by a snowstorm in the middle of a forest. Then his good-natured master had perished of cold in Paris, having found the great city as inhospitable as the forests or the solitary *landes*. Remi owed his safety to the charity of a family who could ill afford to bestow it, but for which he had ample opportunities of showing his gratitude. When he sets out upon his wanderings a second time, a veteran in experience, though a child in years, he has a little travelling comrade of his own age. The companionship proves a godsend and a source of fortune as well. Mattia is a Savoyard, with a genius for music, who plays the violin admirably and makes money more quickly even than Capi. Compared to Mattia, Remi had hitherto been lapped in luxury. His appeal to Remi, when imploring him to take him with him, is eloquent of all the sufferings he had undergone. "If I do my work badly you can beat me—that's agreed; all I ask is, that you won't hit me about the head. You must agree to that, because my head's so tender, ever since Garofali knocked it about so much." They find patrons everywhere, make money fast, and are cordially at one as to the disposal of it. Remi is to buy a cow for Mother Barberin, to replace the old friend she had sold. There is a good deal of quiet humour in the story of the purchase, of the subsequent escape of the much-prized animal and its recovery from the authorities, who had laid an embargo on it, and of the triumphant success of the delightful surprise they had arranged for Mother Barberin. The natural incongruities between the methodical habits and the juvenile impulses of the pair of boys are admirably worked out. They toil hard; they live sparingly and self-denyingly; they are cautious, thoughtful, and intelligent far beyond their years. Still they are boys, and almost children, after all, and every now and then they remember that. "Mattia often said to me, all of a sudden, and for no reason at all, 'Let us have a game.' Then in a twinkling, the knapsacks, musical instruments, and all were pitched to one side, and we began to play on the road-side; and more than once, were it not for my watch, we should have played all night. But the watch reminded me that I was chief of the troupe, and that we must work—must earn money to live on. Then I slung the harp on my galled shoulders once more, and set off. Forward!"

The most sensational event in Remi's eventful life is his entombment in an inundated coal-mine, where he has been doing the duty of an apprentice for a friend. The warnings that preceded the catastrophe, the sufferings and talk of the imprisoned group of colliers, the display of the men's innermost characters under the alternations of exaltation and profound depression, are elaborated with a minute fidelity that gives a strong impression of reality. And Remi's boyish love affair with a little dumb girl who was his good angel when he was on the point of starving along with his master, and for whom, in his gratitude, he conceives a romantic attachment, is charmingly told. We do not like the scenes in England, whither he has been sent by the intrigues of the leading villain of the book, who turns out to be his wicked uncle. Artfully compromised and unjustly charged with a criminal offence, he escapes from the perils that seem certainly to await him, by startling and surprising devices that say little for the astuteness of our police. Clearly M. Malot has striven conscientiously to get up the English portions of the subject; but like all French novelists, almost without exception, his natural forces fail him when he sets foot upon English soil. And the *dénouement*, though eminently satisfactory to Remi, as it restores him to a wealthy and affectionate family, sounds distinctly improbable to the dispassionate reader; while in the closing scenes, ranks and classes are confounded in a manner that reminds us of the motley mob that covers the stage in a pantomime

transformation. But these are blemishes that would scarcely spoil to French readers a story that is consistently excellent in all its characteristic features. We may add that the translator has done his part of the work satisfactorily, though all good French novels must lose more or less in the translating.

FARMING FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT.*

IN the autumn of last year we hailed with a mixture of curiosity and satisfaction the experiments in dairy-farming and poultry-keeping of an amateur agriculturist, whose account of himself was that the health of his wife and young children rendered it expedient for him to take a small farm within an easy distance of town, and combine with his commercial occupations the pursuit of agriculture on a limited scale, with a view to home consumption and the supply of butter, milk, eggs, and poultry to the London markets. Beginning in a small way, endowed with much perseverance, and fortunate in being served by a trustworthy bailiff and helpers on whom he could rely, Mr. Roland, as his earlier volumes set forth, prospered in the farming industries which he there details. The first of his books, that on dairy-farming, contained many useful hints which won it a welcome from the readers of such literature; and the success of these volumes has apparently induced the author to complete the cycle of his "Farming for Pleasure and Profit," and furnish his readers with the results of his experience in stock-keeping, draining, and root-growing. It is to these that we now propose to devote a few remarks.

And first as to stock-farming; and, in particular, to a branch of it interesting to every family which has garden stuff, a wash-tub, and the other familiar appliances of pig-feeding. It is doubtless good advice to keep Berkshire pigs, as being the hardiest, the least susceptible to weather, and the best to cut up for bacon from their large proportion of lean flesh. If always kept in their styes, the manure is very profitable (Mr. Roland calls it "the sheet-anchor of his hops"), though many turn out their pigs to graze, as indeed it may be well to do with breeding sows. Between the smaller and larger breeds, in view of an equal demand for pork and bacon, it will be found that the Berkshire breed is better than any other on a farm where there is a mixed produce and plenty of rough food to be consumed, though dairy-farmers who do not rear calves on skim-milk will find a small fine breed fatten quicker on it, and command a ready sale as porkers. Instead of giving us a "march past" of all the breeds of swine, Mr. Roland would have done well to single out a few of the best, whether pure or as crosses; for it is of less practical advantage to know of the "ould Irish breed that it is as big as a jackass," or of the Rudgewick breed that some samples of it have reached the weight of an ox, than to learn the art of so crossing the larger breeds as to realize the best combination of size, form, and quality in a given animal. The good effected for the original Essex breed by seasonable crossing with black Neapolitans and black Chinese is an instance of this. "The true Berkshire hog," we are told, "is of a reddish-brown colour, with black spots, the head well balanced, with ears generally standing forward, though sometimes hanging over the eyes. He is short-legged and small-boned, with a rough curly coat that by its appearance would seem to indicate both coarse skin and flesh. Yet no pigs make finer bacon. They can be made to attain a very large size, 100 stone having occasionally been reached, though from forty to fifty stone when fattened is the more general average." Even here, however, the original stock has been improved by a cross of the black Berkshire with the Neapolitan, and of the white with the Chinese, in an increase of aptitude to fatten in the early stages of growth. In his second chapter Mr. Roland makes good his judgment in regarding the black Berkshire as best suiting his purposes, and distinguishes between the breeds needed for the supply of London and large towns. Store pigs can only pay where there is an opportunity of turning them out, and an ample run. The amateur pig farmer will find in the fourth section undeniable criterions of the model pig, from the full cheeks and short straight frontispiece to the broad shoulders and broader chine, short legs, and earth-trailing belly. The author's experiences in cheap purchase of brewers' grains for pig feed are more applicable to town farmers than to those further afield; but many of his practical remarks how to feed pigs economically and profitably are deserving of all attention. Cooked or steamed food is infinitely more effective than uncooked. Mr. Roland appends to his remarks on pig-feeding, as to his several surveys of sheep and oxen, useful chapters on the diseases of the different animals, with remedies tested by him in different emergencies. While accepting *cum grano* his assurance that the pig is not so dirty as he is commonly accounted, we quite admit that, with due attention to his health, diet, temperature, and cleanliness, he is a more profitable as well as a more pleasant beast than where he is left to his normal wallowing in the mire.

In the chapter on sheep, where the author passes in review the best breeds in youth, age, health, and disease, it is probably because the epidemic among sheep, far more serious than "foot-rot," which has destroyed whole flocks during the past winter in the Western counties, occurred since this book was written, that no notice whatever is vouchsafed of so serious a cause of the present agricultural distress. The disease we refer to is apparently a "rot" all over, which smites a flock so widely that the unfortunate farmer has to anticipate the stroke of pestilence by the sale of his doomed sheep, at a ruinously low price per head, to the butchers who purvey cheap meat for the large population of the "Black country." Our surmise is that Mr. Roland happily knows nothing of such experiences. As regards oxen, he rightly regards the stock-keeper's true aim as being the marketable value of the carcase—in other words, largest size, with early maturity, at the smallest cost; and here he reckons the improved shorthorn as *facile princeps* in putting on flesh, though the cows are not, unless in exceptional cases, the best of milkers. The *pros* and *cons* of oxen as draught animals, fed on grass in summer and straw in winter, and, when no longer fit for work, consigned to the butcher, are so utterly a question of the past, in some at least of the counties of which Mr. Roland speaks, that a yoke of oxen and driver is now scarcely to be seen. It is hard to fight the battle of the Herefords against ever-increasing odds in behalf of the shorthorns, though there are still many who prefer them, and these not, we suspect, so exclusively in their own district as Mr. Roland thinks. We have certainly met with them in Montgomeryshire and elsewhere on rich fertile soils, justifying their reputation as a good grazing breed, and showing the same good taste as their shorthorned and more fashionable rivals in requiring good keep, not coarse scanty pasture. Unquestionably the shorthorns bear the palm "in short back and long frame with a fine mellow handle, in being velvety to the touch with a plentiful supply of soft, mossy hair, and a hide very soft, while not too thin." Many are ready for the butcher at two years old, and five-year old steers range from 140 to 150 stones of 14 lb. For poorer pasture our author offers us the choice of a mixed breed, in crosses of shorthorn with Alderney and Ayrshire, Aberdeen, Angus, and Fife, and divers other Highland or English breeds, which we can testify do exceedingly well on average park-pastures and are in great request for the butcher, while the cows give a little, though rich, milk. In the sixth chapter, on stock-feeding, some sage help is given towards deciding between boxes, stall, and yards for feeding cattle. The best compromise is covered yards.

Into the mysteries of drainage of land, discussed in the fifth section, it would be useless to enter cursorily, though we fully subscribe to the author's advice to engage for such work only a thoroughly qualified drainer, and not the mere clever workman who has watched a job or two done scientifically, and thinks "hur could do that hurself." We miss, indeed, one important counsel which might prevent much labour lost—namely, that in the case of extensive draining on an estate, sketch maps and plans of the operations should be made at the time, and preserved as memorials to other tenants, and perhaps to other landlords, of the course of this or that drain, when perchance choked up or forgotten in after years. Perhaps the scale of Mr. Roland's operations did not require such a record. On the whole subject, however, we should prefer to trust such experience as that of the author of "Agriculture" in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, who (*inter alia*) advocates four feet as the minimum depth for all drains, whereas Mr. Roland (p. 335) is content with three. In the chapter on Irrigation there is much interesting matter on the too-often neglected treatment of "water-meadows," and a specially instructive episode on the highly profitable conversion in Lombardy of barren sands and unhealthy marshes into fertile meadows by irrigation. Our author states that the meadows lying on the south of Milan are dressed by the sewage water from the city, and are cut seven or eight times a year, and in some instances as many as nine times. In his other chapters he collects the results of his experience in manures, invoking here and there the corroborative evidence of chemists and agriculturists. As he notes in p. 187, Barnaby Googe's dictum in the sixteenth century that "'lime and marl' are good for the father, but bad for the son," is not borne out by modern farming experience.

The bulk of the last or sixth section is devoted to a survey of English root crops, *i.e.* turnips, mangolds, carrots, parsnips, artichokes (Jerusalem), and potatoes, with suggestive hints for growing, ripening, storing, and making the best of each; and we have a supplementary chapter on the cultivation of hops, a staple of English agriculture and commerce which since its introduction from Flanders in 1524 has found a second nursing-mother in England. Of the roots, mangolds like a moist rich soil, carrots a friable and sandy, and turnips a light, dry, pliable soil, or the opposite to a heavy clay. From the loving pains with which Mr. Roland lingers over the subject of swedes and turnips in general, we should judge him to have found his account in making turnip crops a main source of supply in stock-feeding. His maxim is "to use your turnips first, and depend on mangolds for later feeding of stock." Carrots, however, are a paying and feeding crop for horses, cows, and pigs, especially with the addition of some oats, hay-chaff, or barley-straw to correct the laxative tendency of carrots alone. Parsnips thrive better on a stiffer soil, and both these roots are peculiarly exempt from the attacks of the weather or of insects. Two great recommendations of the Girasole, or Jerusalem artichoke, are that they need no storing, and may be grown in any odd corner. Sheep eat them with avidity, and they are largely used by Mr. Roland for his pigs. We must pass over his remarks on the potato in health and disease to devote a sentence or two to his hop-land, in regard to which he seems to have been prompted as much by a

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* *Farming for Pleasure and Profit.* Fourth Section: Stock Feeding and Cattle Rearing. Fifth Section: Drainage of Land, Irrigation, and Manures. Sixth Section: Root-Growing and the Cultivation of Hops. By Arthur Roland. Edited by W. H. Ablett. London: Chapman & Hall (Limited). 1880.

view to ornament as to profit. As his five acres of hops lay contiguous to his house and garden, and he waited a few years before taking them into his own hands, his ash spinnies and plantation of Spanish chestnuts were ready in the nick of time for the climber, while the pigs provided abundance of manure. Anon he turned his kitchen garden into a flower garden, and hung a gate to connect this with his hop yard, which was rendered picturesque by festoons over grass alleys, while the seven or eight-foot margins of the enclosure furnished space for vegetables, fruit espaliers, and currant and gooseberry bushes. He admits that he incurs the sneers of his neighbours (and he must have plenty of competent critics of Farnham hops on the borders of Surrey and Hants) by anticipating the possible failure of a crop by planting something else between every other row, and so lessening his risk from casualties; but he can bear a little chaff if he not only pleases his eye, but gets in fair years as much as 5 cwt. an acre. He finds a calcareous subsoil the best security for the duration of a hop ground. Mr. Roland's details on the cultivation and management of hops are as interesting and instructive as any part of his volumes; perhaps this is because the subject appears to be one of his special hobbies. His chief drawback as a writer is discursiveness, and yet some allowance must be made for discursiveness when it leads him to moot such questions as the best mode of "securing skilled and efficient labour," "better housing of workmen," "beer v. no beer," and the like. Yet it is surely a mistake to condemn beer and cider, though the part payment of wages in them is justly blamed as vicious. In conclusion, we cordially agree with our author that, in the event of a continued demand at home for all kinds of American produce, "the plain course before British farmers is to produce the things which will pay them to grow and rear," to grow beef instead of corn, and "to conciliate the remunerative market at their own doors for dairy produce," and we might add, for poultry, fruit, and vegetables.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE third and last volume of the Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat (1) is somewhat less interesting than its two forerunners. This simply arises from the fact that the author deals more with public, and therefore well-known, events than with what passed behind the scenes. Such matter of private interest as this volume contains rather concerns the relations of Madame de Rémusat herself with Talleyrand than her dealings with Napoleon and Josephine. Yet the volume has plenty of attractions. There is, to begin with, an interesting preface written by Charles de Rémusat some twenty years ago with a view to the present publication, and containing some references to the Second Empire, and to the probable future of the Napoleonic cult in France, which are well worth reading. Here and there too are curious bits of anecdote. Such is the story of the Emperor, when about to start on one of his campaigns, putting one arm round Josephine and the other on Talleyrand's shoulder, and saying to M. de Rémusat, "It is sad to leave the two persons one loves best in the world at once." Another curious incident is the famous interview of Napoleon with the wife of Herr von Hatzfeld, in which, for a wonder, the latter obtained her husband's pardon; the pardon being, as one story has it, due to the fact of the Emperor having discovered that the evidence against his victim was worthless, and wishing to gain credit for clemency cheaply. Yet a third is to be found in a note in which M. Paul de Rémusat states that his father had heard from General Foy the account of a singular conversation with Napoleon on Spanish affairs, wherein the latter roundly stated that English troops always had beaten French ones. Such things as these have made this work the most interesting of its kind which has appeared for many years, and if they are not more abundant in the present volume, it must be remembered that in the period it covers M. and Madame de Rémusat were already somewhat out of favour.

While Mme. de Rémusat's Memoirs concern chiefly Napoleon's private life, the interesting publication (2) in which M. d'Eckmühl has been endeavouring to clear his father's memory throws a good deal of light on the conduct of the Emperor outside his home. It may be at once granted that M. d'Eckmühl has shown that, whatever Davout's conduct at Hamburg and elsewhere may have been, it was always far milder than his orders, and that to his own relations and friends he was gentle enough. The Marshal's letters to his wife are indeed almost as interesting as Marlborough's. The book, too, exhibits very well Napoleon's constant habit of trying to sow discord between his generals (a habit which resulted, with rare poetical justice, in the disasters of the Spanish campaigns), and also his tyrannical method of prescribing what his Marshals and their wives should do. At one time the Emperor orders that the Princess d'Eckmühl shall give a ball, at another he complains that she does not keep up a sufficiently large establishment. Principalities and pensions and offices might seem to some people rather dearly bought at such a rate.

M. Zevort's monograph on the Foreign Ministry of D'Argenson (3) is a less interesting and less well-executed specimen of the same kind of work, but contains valuable information for the student of mid-eighteenth century history. The very curious personal character of D'Argenson is rather hinted at than fully drawn, and, as the period dealt with was a mere fragment of his life, the book is to a certain extent deficient in dramatic interest. As to the relations of the different European States at the time it is very copious. In particular it illustrates well a curious and disastrous habit of French statesmen. Unconscious of the thoroughly rotten state of France, they seem to have been constantly busied with schemes for reconstructing Europe exactly as in the days of Henry IV. and Richelieu. Napoleon said that Fontenoy prolonged the Monarchy for forty years; he might also have said that it made its fall certain.

M. Girard, a captain of engineers in the Belgian army, has written a somewhat ambitious essay (4) on the general relations of science and philosophy, with the object of making the latter a "science of sciences," embracing at once the principles and results of all scientific inquiry.

The relation of Christianity to social progress forms the subject of M. Ribot's compact but far from summary treatise (5). The author decides that the spirit usually designated (on the Continent rather than in England) as "revolutionary" is only a passing manifestation, and that a return to Christian principles, if not to any specific form of Christianity, is for European peoples a necessity. This inquiry is supplemented by a discussion of the social and economic theories of M. Le Play.

The sketches to which, following the example of his illustrious brother, M. Amédée Thierry has given the name of *récits* (6), are certainly in the abstract admissible enough as helps to the understanding of the more obscure parts, perhaps of all parts, of history. M. Thierry has indeed been a little rash, and more than a little unlucky, in remarking of Gibbon that in him "on y sent trop le vide des détails, et les détails sont l'âme de l'histoire." It is quite true that under the conditions of Gibbon's work he is often compelled to be chary of details; but his glory as an historian is that the want of them is rarely felt, owing to the admirable selection of those which he does give and the masterly suggestiveness of his generalizations. Details are rather the body than the soul of history. But, however this may be, there was certainly room for M. Thierry's work. That work is perhaps scarcely remarkable for the vividness and picturesque composition which are required to justify it. Even with the aid of a great many "purple patches" from Claudian, these narratives are on the whole dull. Now we should imagine that a *récit* is bound above all things not to be dull.

It would require a skilful professor of classification to decide to what literary *genre* the papers which M. Karr has republished under the general title of *Pendant la pluie* (7) belong. They may, however, fairly be regarded as belonging to the class of desultory soul-deliverances to which veteran men of letters, especially when they have had much to do with periodical writing, often addict themselves. Sometime M. Karr goes "*pendant la pluie*" into his library, and takes up an old book and talks at the present generation by the aid thereof. Sometimes he wanders about Europe, and gives us his impressions of men and things. Sometimes, and rather often, he inveighs against modern feminine costume, laying it down as an eternal verity that high waists are the proper thing, which seems to be a little arbitrary. Then, as in his case is unavoidable, he becomes personal for a change, and assaults poor M. de Lacretelle for writing a book about *Lamartine et ses amis* without putting him—Alphonse Karr—among the friends. Elsewhere he recurs with pride to the days when he taught several mariners of Havre to build a cunning vessel which defeated the machinations of some abominable "coureurs anglais," who were wont to bring over preposterously slender boats and win all the regatta prizes. But, in truth, the subject of M. Karr's parable does not much matter, except when he becomes directly political, in which case it must be admitted that he is too often in the neighbourhood of the *genre ennuyeux*. The pleasant fashion in which he handles nearly all his subjects, and of which (it is lamentable to have to confess it) he and his now rare contemporaries do not seem to have taught the secret to the present generation of Frenchmen, save in a very few cases, is the element of attraction in these random studies. They are not merely pleasant to read *pendant la pluie* but *pendant le beau temps* as well, and, except the victims of M. Karr's wrath—nay, even including these, unless they be men of the thinnest of skins—everybody ought to enjoy their perusal.

The fifth volume of the works of the Cardinal de Retz in the edition of the "Grands écrivains" (8) contains the completion of the Memoirs, now edited for the first time critically, a large number of political pamphlets written by or attributed to the Cardinal, and the well-known *Conjuration de Fiesque*.

M. de Foville has produced, in a volume with a not very engaging title (9), a book of considerable interest to others besides mere statisticians. It contains a good deal of curious information

(1) *Mémoires de Madame Rémusat.* Tome III. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *Le Maréchal Davout.* Troisième partie. La Russie et Hambourg. Paris: Didier.

(3) *Le Marquis d'Argenson.* Par Edgar Zevort. Paris: Germer Baillière.

(4) *La philosophie scientifique.* Par H. Girard. Paris: Baudry. London: Trübner.

(5) *Du rôle social des idées chrétiennes.* Par Paul Ribot. Paris: Plon.

(6) *Alaric.* Par Amédée Thierry. Paris: Didier.

(7) *Pendant la pluie.* Par Alphonse Karr. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(8) *Les grands écrivains de la France.—Cardinal de Retz.* Tome V. Paris: Hachette.

(9) *La transformation des moyens de transport.* Par Alfred de Foville. Paris: Guillaume.

as to the methods and cost of locomotion, not only in France, but also in other countries. M. de Foville has subjoined some rather far-reaching speculations on the future of his subject, and its influence on social and political progress and well-being.

The earliest years of Napoleon Bonaparte have never yet received quite such careful consideration as that which M. Iung's two volumes (10)—to be apparently followed by others—devote to them. The author has diligently consulted the archives of the French War Office and other manuscript sources. His book has what is too rare in French historical studies—the distinction of being provided with maps, and he never mentions a proper name without giving some particulars, where any are known, about its owner and his family. The present volumes go as far as 1794, the author's announced intention being to carry his work down to 1799.

We do not think that M. Paul Bert has done himself much credit by his collection and publication of *La morale des Jésuites* (11). The characteristics of Jesuitical morality and casuistry are, or ought to be, known to every educated person, and most persons whose reading is pretty wide know the monstrous lengths to which the system of minute soul-inspection has been carried. M. Bert has collected together in a thick volume all the most scandalous passages he could find, accompanying them by occasional comments expressive of virtuous indignation. It is astonishing how prone virtuous indignation is to pitch upon just those subjects which it is much better to be silent about.

M. Croiset's essay on Pindar (12) is creditable to French scholarship, which, after an eclipse of considerable duration, has recently shown many signs of revival. The author handles his subject with a good deal of literary skill, and at the same time in a manner satisfactorily different from the superficial fluency which has too often characterized his countrymen's efforts on such subjects, and which he takes occasion obliquely to rebuke in Villemain, a most notorious offender in this kind. M. Croiset has laid out his task in a thoroughly scientific fashion. He begins with a short biographical and bibliographical notice, then deals at length with the general laws and character of Greek lyric poetry, and finally attacks the Odes themselves under such headings as "Gods and Heroes in Pindar," "Pindar on Human Destiny," "Personal Relations of the Poet," &c. The treatment is thus exhaustive in design, and in execution it can be well spoken of.

Should M. Legrelle further add to the bulk of his essay (13) it will certainly become one of the most voluminous essays known to bibliography. In its present form it extends to nearly a thousand closely printed royal octavo pages, and contains all the unpleasant facts that the author can get together about Germany and Germans. M. Legrelle is not satisfied with raking up all the stories he can find against the invaders for their actual conduct in the last war. His four chapters—imagination shudders at the idea of a chapter of two hundred and fifty huge pages—deal not only with this subject, but with the internal condition of Germany (Prussia, M. Legrelle prefers as a title), with the activity of the German race abroad, and with the probable future of Europe. The author is one of the most determined of pessimists, and the "Dieu sauve la France" with which he concludes is rather a melancholy prayer than an expression of cheerful confidence. It appears to him possible that England may be bribed to accept Dunkirk or Calais, Spain to take back Roussillon, Belgium to accept French Flanders, &c. But let no one suppose that M. Legrelle is sanguine as to the prosperity of countries other than his own. According to him, the existence of a German hospital at Dalston, supported to some extent by English subscriptions, the presence of Professor Max Müller at Oxford, and the ubiquity of German waiters, presage the speedy downfall of England, or at least many unpleasant consequences to us. In short, M. Legrelle is what the Scandinavians call a seer of ghosts by daylight.

M. Astruc's book (14), if it does not command a wide audience, will come opportunely enough to those Gentiles who desire to acquaint themselves with the present attitude of Judaism. His sermons, for the most part, are polemical against materialism, defend the monotheist principle, and maintain from the Talmud as well as the Scriptures the morality of Judaism. The book, like all M. Lemerre's publications, is attractively got up.

Profils intimes (15) is a record of interviewing, pure and simple; nor, to do it justice, does it pretend to be anything more. M. Marx has professionally visited a great many people, from George Sand to M. Jules Verne and from M. John Lemoinne to Mlle. Schneider, and he gives a faithful account of their conversation, their rooms, their coats, their hose, and their hats.

There is a good deal of sprightliness in M. Audebrand's *Petites comédies du boudoir* (16). They are, for the most part, very brief, and touch off various aspects of Parisian life cleverly, vividly, and in a spirit of satire which is not at all ill-humoured.

It would be difficult to find two accounts of travel over, in part, very nearly the same ground, made under more different circumstances than those recorded in the works of MM. d'Audiffret (17) and Simon Mayer (18). The former went to Japan because he had nothing better to do, and came away from it for the same reason. He has described his globe-trotting pleasantly enough, but with no very striking success. The chief note of M. d'Audiffret as a traveller seems, though he claims to be very *blasé*, to be an innocent kind of wonder, which is excited indifferently by the Bishop of Colombo's gaiters, by the frequency of English naval stations, by the heat in the Red Sea, and by the bigness of things in America. M. Simon Mayer, on the other hand, went to New Caledonia as a *Communard*, and his experiences, first laid before the readers of the *National*, are here gathered together. The jerky style of the book and its occasional tall talk (both resulting from a corrupt following of M. Victor Hugo) produce at first an unpleasant effect. The facts which the writer has to tell of his successive sufferings in the Toulon *bagne*, in the convict ship *Virginie*, and in the house of exile itself, are, however, of sufficient interest to fix the attention by degrees. It is indeed impossible to avoid mentally reminding M. Mayer that his presence in his unpleasant galley was altogether his own doing; but he seems to have made out, after every deduction, a fair case of unnecessary harshness against the authorities.

A perusal of *Daniel Rochat* (19) will perhaps not a little help to explain its ill success as an acted play. There are of course what Bailie Jarvis would call "glimmerings" in it, as there must almost of necessity be in any piece of M. Sardou's. The interesting young woman who expects to see Voltaire in the flesh—*un centénaire c'est intéressant*—the unlucky misunderstanding by which the pious zeal of a Protestant household against Roman Catholicism is mistaken for an indifference to religious ceremonies altogether, and the underplot of the loves of Casimir Fargis and Esther Henderson are redeeming features. But no one can contend that they save the piece as a whole. Whether the situation is one which could be treated dramatically, except in the style of high tragedy, is a question of abstract criticism with which fortunately we need not here trouble ourselves. It is sufficient to say that in *Daniel Rochat* it is not so treated, and that the piece is never in its present form likely to have a genuine success.

Two volumes of poetry (20), part of which will be familiar to students of the Parnassian school, express well enough different characteristics of that populous and not wholly uniform academy. M. Silvestre represents chiefly its earlier form, as shown in the original *Parnasse Contemporain* of 1866, and is deeply imbued with the spirit sometimes of Baudelaire, sometimes of De Banville. There is, indeed, in this volume no work of a later date than 1872. M. Aicard (21) has advanced into a further stage. His book is a romance of Provençal life told in loose narrative verse, with lyrical preludes, sometimes of considerable beauty. The narrative itself is, for French poetry, surprisingly pedestrian in style, and we should have liked the preludes better, we think, alone. The work, however, may be of some interest as indicating the tendency of a certain number of French poets, with M. Coppée at their head, to return to usual domestic interests as sufficient to furnish them with subjects, instead of courting the somewhat intense and exotic inspiration of the earlier Parnasse.

The literature of translation has been enriched by the first volume of a new prose version of *Orlando Furioso* (22), produced in M. Lemerre's dainty little series, and by the third volume of a meritorious rendering of Strabo (23).

M. Lemerre has conferred another favour upon the lovers of handy little books by reprinting in duodecimo M. Alphonse Daudet's charming *Le petit chose* (24). This work, suggested probably by the author's own experiences as an usher, is one of the best examples of his earlier and better style, before he made personal allusion and gossip the main attractions of his work. It is characteristic, however, that even here there are things of the kind, notably an ill-natured sketch which must be taken, whether it is meant or not, for M. Leconte de Lisle. There is at least no necessity for M. Daudet's readers to "bathe themselves in water and be unclean until the evening"—a regimen which Mr. Carlyle would infallibly prescribe to readers of M. Zola. That notorious author has at last succeeded in putting into the hands of his critics, in *Nana* (25), a final and complete proof of the badness of his literary method, whereby a novel is made into a *procès verbal*. There is no need to dwell on the objectionable character of the matter, because the book is damned irreparably by the badness of its form. The work of M. Ernest Daudet (26) and the anonymous *A côté du bonheur* (27) are examples, and, on the whole, very fair examples, of the ordinary French novel of the better class. M. Daudet, in particular, usually leans to virtue's side in his study of manners, without indulging unduly in the use of rose-pink. The steps whereby the younger members of the

(10) *Bonaparte et son temps*—1769–1799. Par Th. Iung. Paris: Charpentier.

(11) *La morale des Jésuites.* Par Paul Bert. Paris: Charpentier.

(12) *La poésie de Pindare.* Par Alfred Croiset. Paris: Hachette.

(13) *La Prusse et la France.* Par A. Legrelle. Nouvelle édition. Paris: Cotillon.

(14) *Entretiens sur le Judaisme.* Par E. Astruc. Paris: Lemerre.

(15) *Profils intimes.* Par Adrien Marx. Paris: Dentu.

(16) *Petites comédies du boudoir.* Par Ph. Audebrand. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(17) *Notes d'un Globe-Trotter.* Par Emile d'Audiffret. Paris: Plon.

(18) *Souvenirs d'un déporté.* Par Simon Mayer. Paris: Dentu.

(19) *Daniel Rochat.* Comédie. Par Victorien Sardou. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(20) *Poésies d'Armand Silvestre.* Paris: Lemerre.

(21) *Miette et Noré.* Par Jean Aicard. Paris: Charpentier.

(22) *Roland Furieux.* Traduction nouvelle. Par F. Reynard Paris: Lemerre.

(23) *Géographie de Strabon.* Traduction nouvelle. Par A. Tardieu. Tome 3. Paris: Hachette.

(24) *Le petit chose.* Par Alphonse Daudet. Paris: Lemerre.

(25) *Nana.* Par Emile Zola. Paris: Charpentier.

(26) *La maison de Graville.* Par Ernest Daudet. Paris: Plon.

(27) *A côté du bonheur.* Paris: Calmann Lévy.

Graville family are rescued from evil ways and directed into paths of peace are related in a sufficiently interesting manner. *Le mariage d'Odette* (28) is more ambitious, and deals with more perilous stuff. It is a novel with a purpose—the purpose being to show the danger of bringing up young ladies in habits of free thought, by means of the fortunes of Germaine and Odette Laviguerie, daughters of a *savant* of very advanced opinions. Everybody is rendered sufficiently miserable by Odette's want of self-control, and the moral, if rather painfully put, is also put forcibly. A strict critic, however, might point out to M. Delpit that the muddle by which the wrong man is made to marry the wrong woman, owing to Germaine's well-meant lack of outspokenness, is nearly as much responsible for the catastrophe as Odette's lack of moral elevation. *Miss Eva* (29) is a book full of characters and their conversation; we cannot say much more about it. The Baron de Nervo, whose other works seem to have been of a more serious class, has attempted in *Lucia* (30) a short romance of the pathetic kind. His success is not great, partly owing to his uncomfortable style, which abounds in such verbal jingles as "adorée, dévorée," "sinon un bonheur, du moins un honneur," and so forth. M. Lindau's volume of short tales (31) is, on the other hand, pleasantly enough written. Most of them, though not all, deal with China and other Eastern countries.

(28) *Le mariage d'Odette.* Par Albert Delpit. Paris: Plon.
(29) *Miss Eva.* Par Charles Deslys. Paris: Dentu.
(30) *Lucia.* Par le baron de Nervo. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(31) *Peines perdues.* Par Rodolphe Lindau. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE ELECTIONS.

THERE are 302 members returned for English and Welsh boroughs. All the English and Welsh boroughs have now returned their members, and the result is that 217 Liberals and 85 Conservatives sit for these constituencies. In the last Parliament the boroughs returned 158 Liberals and 144 Conservatives, so that there has been under this head a Liberal gain of 59. This figure is as nearly as possible that of the late Conservative majority, so that the English and Welsh boroughs may be said to have swept away the whole Conservative majority, and given an equal majority to their opponents. The Home Rulers may be reckoned at about 60, and thus, if everything had depended on the borough elections, the two great parties would each have had as nearly as possible 300 representatives, and the rest of the House would have consisted of Home Rulers. The Home Rulers would, it may be presumed, have joined in helping to turn the Conservatives out of office, and in ordinary cases they would probably have seldom or never voted in a body against the Liberals. Still it is easily conceivable that the Home Rulers might on some important division have carried their full strength into the opposite camp, and a Liberal Government might have been constantly harassed with the difficulty of keeping its followers sufficiently together to prevent the Conservatives, aided by a portion of the Home Rulers, from beating it on questions of minor importance. For such a Government to be really strong, it was necessary that enough seats should be gained in the counties and in Scotland to make any possible junction of Conservatives and Home Rulers of no moment. Up to the present time there have been gained sixteen seats in the counties and nine in Scotland, or twenty-five in all, counting fifty on a division. The Home Rulers are thus disposed of, and there are still some further possible gains for the Liberals in the counties and in Scotland. There is, too, a serious split among the Home Rulers, and it has become less likely than ever that they will act as a body. There is the party of Mr. SHAW, and the party of Mr. PARNELL, which are at open war with each other. Mr. PARNELL has few enemies whom he hates and defies more openly than Home Rulers who will not follow him blindly, and he has fought against his new foes with audacity and success. He has largely increased the numbers of his special band, and it seems probable that half the Home Rulers will now look to him to teach them at every step what to do. At Cork he has got himself returned, in spite of the strongest opposition on the part of the priests, and of local influence so strong that he owned that he would be content to secure the return of a Conservative so long as that most detestable of all beings, a sham Home Ruler—that is, a Home Ruler who will not submit to his dictation—was not returned. In the new Parliament Mr. SHAW, if re-elected, will not even nominally lead the Home Rulers. He will lead his group, and Mr. PARNELL will lead his group. The importance of the Home Rulers will thus be greatly diminished. The Parliamentary representatives of Ireland will be grouped under four heads. There will be the Conservatives, who may be roughly set down at 25; the Liberals, who may number 15; and 60 Home Rulers, divided not very unequally between the followers of Mr. SHAW and the band of Mr. PARNELL. England and Scotland may be expected to return about 325 Liberals and 225 Conservatives, giving a Liberal majority of 100. From this must be deducted 10, the number by which the Conservative Irish members will probably surpass the Liberal Irish members. The new Liberal Government will thus start with a majority of 90 over the Conservatives, and with the Home Rulers split into two hostile sections of nearly equal strength. If the Liberal leaders are capable of doing great things for their country, they certainly have now an admirable opportunity.

The Liberal gains in the counties have been small as compared with those in the boroughs, but they have been sufficient to show that those great Conservative strongholds could be attacked with a success sufficient to justify the attack. The Home counties have been true to their allegiance to Conservatism, and Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE was easily defeated in Middlesex, although he won a great personal success by an unusual display of energy and eloquence. His delighted father has pronounced him to be a chip of the old block, and boasts that his son has accomplished the apparently impossible feat of speaking more in a given time than he himself has ever accomplished. Kent, Surrey, and Essex remain, so far as is yet known, true to their colours, although the personal popularity and local influence of Mr. WOOD nearly won him a triumph. The seat that haunts Sir THOMAS BUXTON's life, like the ghost of a possibility, has once more eluded his grasp. In the South and South-Western counties there have as yet been no Conservative losses. But in Wales, in Central England, and in the North the Liberals have had marked success. In Carmarthenshire, Pembrokeshire, Herefordshire, and Radnorshire there have been Liberal gains; and Mr. WATKIN WILLIAMS has wrested Carnarvonshire from the command of its chief landowner, by the astonishing majority of a thousand votes. In Central England Mr. HOWARD, as the representative of the Farmers' Alliance, heads the Bedfordshire poll, and furnishes a Liberal colleague to Lord TAVISTOCK. East Derbyshire, Huntingdonshire, South Leicestershire, Nottinghamshire, North and East Staffordshire, and South Warwickshire have given accessions to the Liberal strength; while in South Norfolk the difference of a single vote has displaced Mr. CLARE READ, who has been for fifteen years one of the ablest and most honest representatives of the Conservative agricultural interest in Parliament. In the North, two seats have been gained in Lancashire, and two in Yorkshire, while in Cumberland a Liberal gain in one division is balanced by a Conservative gain in the other—the solitary instance of a Conservative gain in a county after a contest. Mr. RATHBONE resigned a certain seat at Liverpool for the chance of opposing successfully Mr. CROSS and his colleague; but the result, which showed a great strength of Liberal voters, also showed that the seats of the Conservatives were never seriously endangered. It is impossible without an accurate knowledge of each constituency separately to pronounce any opinion on the causes of these Liberal successes. In Wales probably the success is rather that of Nonconformity than of rebellious farmers; and in the Northern counties especially, and in a less degree in such counties as Staffordshire and Derbyshire, it must be remembered that a portion of the voters quite sufficient to turn the scale are not agriculturists, but really belong to the borough population. Still the Liberal successes cannot be all accounted for in this way; and as in Herefordshire a Liberal tenant-farmer has been returned, while in Norfolk a Conservative tenant-farmer has

been defeated, and as in Bedfordshire the champion of the Farmers' Alliance has come in at the head of the poll, it is difficult not to believe that there has been some change in the sentiments of the farmers, which has expressed itself under the cover of the Ballot. And in reviewing the results in the counties, it is necessary to take into account those boroughs which are really small counties in themselves, such as East Retford, where there has been a Liberal gain, and Cricklade, where Professor MASKELYNE, who will be a very valuable accession to the new Parliament, actually polled double the number of votes that were given to his Conservative opponent.

Scotland has done all, and more than all, that she promised for the party which to her mind is led by Mr. GLADSTONE, and embodied in him. Four Conservatives have been returned for Scotch constituencies, and it is now by no means improbable that the Conservative Scotch members may fill the whole first-class compartment of which so much has been said. But out of the 60 Scotch members more than 50 will no doubt be Liberals. Dumfriesshire is regarded by the Scotch as a victory hardly less important than that of Midlothian, and Peeblesshire and Stirlingshire were won after some anxiety as to the result had been experienced. The Wigtown and Ayr boroughs have been detached from Conservatism, but the majorities by which at the last election Conservatives were returned were very slight, and there was little doubt that these boroughs would go over in the present state of Gladstonian enthusiasm. The efforts of the Conservatives in the Scotch boroughs which are recognized as permanently Liberal were so ludicrously unsuccessful as to involve the party which made them in some amount of ridicule, and to cause the inhabitants of these boroughs to rejoice greatly in the defeat in Buteshire of the supposed author of these useless contests. Some part of the Scotch Liberal triumph must be attributed to the action of the Ballot, especially in Midlothian, where Lord DALKEITH had every reason, so far as promises went, to expect a majority of 200, and where at least that number of his professing supporters must have gone over to his great rival. In England the most conspicuous instance of a disappointment of this kind seems to be Brighton, where two Liberals were elected, to the great surprise of their Conservative opponents. On both sides the representatives returned are, with some exceptions, of a better class than in the last Parliament, and that is conspicuously so with the Liberals. Whatever else the new Parliament may be, it will not be a stupid Parliament. In Liberal lawyers the new Government will be strong almost to the point of embarrassment. Since we last wrote, Mr. CHARLES RUSSELL, Mr. BUTT, and Mr. DAVEY have been added to the roll; and if there were suddenly a dozen vacancies on the bench, a Liberal Government could fill them up with credit to itself out of its Parliamentary supporters alone. An excess of legal strength may be a source of difficulty to the Government that commands it; but at any rate the new Government will start with an imposing array of lawyers devoted to its cause, with a majority of ninety, with an overpowering superiority of debating strength in the Commons, and with an enthusiastic confidence in its own ability, ingenuity, and wisdom.

THE FUTURE MINISTRY.

LORD BEACONSFIELD will probably follow the precedent which he was the first to establish by resigning office before Parliament meets. Although the new practice is reasonable and convenient, it affords one of many indications of a practical change in the Constitution. In the overthrow of Ministries the constituencies take the place which formerly was occupied by Parliament, and in earlier times by the Crown. The great political litigation which is now decided has been conducted before the same tribunal, to the great advantage of the party which was enabled to use the most plausible and popular arguments. It is a matter of regret that the representative system should have been weakened by the great increase of the electoral body; but there is no advantage in refusing to recognize accomplished revolutions or changes. As the suffrage is more widely extended the supremacy of Parliament will be still further impaired, and statesmen will have more and more occasion to struggle against the power of demagogues. It is doubtful whether the recent victory of the Liberal party has depended to any considerable extent on issues of national policy. Large numbers of former Liberals have joined the Conservatives, and there is no reason to think that there has been any movement in the opposite direction. In many constituencies the defeated Conservative candidates received more votes than in 1874; but the whole electoral body had in the interval been enormously increased, and the newcomers were almost all Liberals. If the election had been contested on the register of 1874, the result would perhaps have been the same as in that year. The old constituencies under the original Reform Act would have given the Conservatives a majority of two to one. The multitude has supported the party which offered the largest concessions to the popular craving for power. Disappointed Conservatives have been misled by the leaders of both parties, who with apparent reason assumed that the contest would turn on the foreign policy of the Government and its opponents.

The only difficulty in forming a new Government will arise from the number of claimants; but the same embarrassment has often occurred before; and it must be at once overcome. The chances seem to be against Mr. GLADSTONE'S acceptance of office, though his former colleagues would offer no opposition to any pretensions which he might advance. Lord HARTINGTON was probably not thinking of Mr. GLADSTONE when he lately announced that a moderate Liberal Government was the only Government possible. The elasticity of the term moderate will perhaps be illustrated by the selection of some members of the extreme party, who can scarcely be passed over; but the great majority of the new Ministers will be entitled to the name of Whigs, if that designation still survives. Lord GRANVILLE and Lord HARTINGTON, who will hold the highest rank, are not likely to profess revolutionary opinions. Mr. FORSTER and Mr. CHILDERS will not resort to measures which are now considered violent, though they will be eager for an extension of the franchise and for changes in the tenure of land which have but lately been urged on public attention. It is to be hoped that Mr. GOSCHEN'S bold and statesmanlike disapproval of uniformity of suffrage will not prevent the most accomplished financier of the party from taking office with his former colleagues. On such a question a solitary politician may, without loss of credit, defer to the almost unanimous opinion of the party. Mr. LOWE was never blamed for retaining his seat in the Cabinet which introduced the Ballot, though he must have profoundly disapproved of the greatest impulse which has yet been given to the progress of democratic power. He has now set an example which Mr. GOSCHEN may honourably follow, by declining any further to oppose a measure which is unanimously supported by his party. It would not be for the public benefit that puritanic scruples should disqualify for office conscientious and independent dissentients from some of the opinions of their party. Sir W. HARCOURT will for the first time have the opportunity of exhibiting in one of the great departments the industry to which he owes much of his Parliamentary success, and the administrative capacity which he probably possesses. During his tenure of office he will perhaps sometimes regret the happy days in which he could devote himself exclusively to the pleasant duties of ridicule and invective. The new Prime Minister will be neither so ungrateful nor so imprudent as to forget the claims of Mr. GRANT DUFF, who has both served long in subordinate office, and afforded valuable aid to the party by his zeal, his activity, and his inexhaustible stores of information. It would be absurd to expect that he would now resume a place of the same order with that which he held under Mr. GLADSTONE. It will scarcely be possible to pass over Sir CHARLES DILKE in the distribution of offices; and it is not altogether improbable that he may be offered the place of Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant. The appointment of Mr. FAWCETT to some considerable office would be generally approved. No member of the Liberal party has shown greater ability and industry, and on some questions his special knowledge is almost unrivalled. Mr. FAWCETT'S independence and political honesty may not be so peculiar to himself, but they form additional qualifications for office. Whether it will be thought practical or desirable to find room for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is more doubtful. A Government which included two of the most advanced Radicals in the House of Commons could scarcely be described as exclusively moderate in its composition.

[illegible] appointments of particular offices to members of the Cabinet will, as in all such cases, be regulated partly by considerations of fitness, and to a great extent by the necessity of adjusting rival pretensions. Lord SELBORNE will of course be Chancellor, and it may be confidently expected that Lord NORTHBROOK will be Secretary for India, unless he should think it unadvisable to undertake the settlement of controversies in which he has taken an active part. No member of the Liberal party has had so great a variety of official experience; for he would be no stranger at the Treasury, at the Admiralty, or at the Home or Colonial Office. Lord KIMBERLEY's diplomatic experience points him out as the probable Foreign Secretary, for there would be conclusive objections to the return of Lord DERBY to the office which he held for many years as a member of the opposite party. There is no reason to doubt that he will accept the inevitable offer of some high post in the Cabinet. Lord CARNARVON, not having publicly announced his adhesion to the Liberal party, is probably not a candidate for office. There is reason to fear that Lord CARDWELL's health may prevent him from giving his former colleagues the aid of his long experience, of his good sense, and his moderation. If rumour is to be trusted, several of the former Liberal Ministers will retire on the present occasion. The Duke of ARGYLL, Lord ABERDARE, and Lord RIPON are not expected at present to return to office. If Sir HENRY JAMES resumes his former post of Attorney-General, Mr. HERSCHELL will probably be his colleague as Solicitor. As vacancies occur, Mr. CHITTY, Mr. HORACE DAVEY, and Mr. COHEN will relieve the Government from any difficulty as to Law Officers. The list which has been given is not exhaustive; but the general composition of the Cabinet is not doubtful.

It will not be pleasant to members who have lately spent thousands of pounds on their elections to be reminded that the Parliament may not improbably be dissolved in two or at most in three years. The extension of household suffrage to the counties and the consequent redistribution of seats can scarcely be deferred beyond the Session of next year. The extension or deterioration of the suffrage will meet with no effectual resistance in either House; for, even if the Government majority were insufficient, many Conservatives have trifled and tampered with a measure which will perhaps finally annihilate their party. The House of Lords will, with its customary prudence, abstain from opposing innovation when it is ascertained to be irresistible. A change which is as simple as it will probably be mischievous will be complicated by the more difficult task of creating new electoral districts. Many small boroughs which last week returned Liberals probably forgot that they were voting their own destruction. They have done their best to pull down the hedge which, in the cant phrase, kept out the man on the other side. It will be impossible to maintain the exclusive right of three or four hundred ratepayers to return a member when the adjacent county contains thirty times that number all in possession of the franchise. When it is too late the small boroughs and their members will protest in vain against democratic uniformity. With or without a complete system of redistribution, a County Franchise Bill will be passed in 1881; and, according to precedent, there ought to be a general election in the following autumn. The sovereign ratepayer will have a right to demand immediate enjoyment of his victory over disfranchised freeholders and tenant-farmers. The Radical section of the Liberal party will also insist on an appeal to the new constituencies, which may probably give them a large accession of strength. The experience of the late election will have satisfied them of the advantage which extreme Liberalism derives from the addition to the constituencies of large numbers of the poorer class of voters. The rural labourers will supply them with powerful reinforcements.

MR. GLADSTONE.

MR. GLADSTONE'S election for Midlothian might be plausibly described as an insignificant event. Notwithstanding the stress which has been laid on the Duke of BUCCLEUGH's territorial influence, Lord ROSEBERY's property in the county is as large as the DUKE's, and the constituency is in a large measure urban. In 1868 Lord DALKEITH was defeated by a larger majority in a contest with an ordinary candidate. A little Scotch county in which fewer than three thousand electors voted has, in reply to Mr. GLADSTONE's eloquent and prolonged appeals, returned him by a majority of 211. If there had been time for the faggot votes which the Liberal party were busily manufacturing to be placed on the register, the numbers would have been increased by two or three hundred. On the other side, it may be said with perfect truth that the Midlothian contest has attracted universal attention. Mr. GLADSTONE's original motive for selecting the county as the scene of his oratorical efforts has never been satisfactorily explained. Perhaps the Duke of BUCCLEUGH might have been spared the attack which has been directed against his local influence if he had not, after the return of the Plenipotentiaries from Berlin, presided at an entertainment given in their honour. Whatever may have been the motive which gave rise to the contest, it has been conducted, at least on one side, with extraordinary vigour. Mr. GLADSTONE is pleased to say in his address that it approached to the verge of bitterness. In the same sense the fountain of Marah might have been described as slightly bitter. Passionate vituperation, expressing a political enmity which is undoubtedly genuine, has never been more systematically employed. The expulsion from office of a Government which was denounced as the worst and wickedest known in modern times was the avowed object of a fortnight's declamation in the autumn, followed by an equal profusion of polemical oratory in the spring. Having accomplished his object, Mr. GLADSTONE announces his intention of discontinuing his incessant attacks. If he adheres to his purpose, the termination of his invectives will be a relief to readers of newspapers. It is not surprising that he parts from his defeated adversaries with a sneer. His hope that they will profit by reflection will probably be gratified, though they are more likely to reflect on the caprice of constituencies than on their own demerits.

If Midlothian is not the most important even of Scotch counties, the candidate who is now its representative is much the most considerable member of the party which he has led to victory. Lord ROSEBERY perhaps only expressed the prevailing Liberal sentiment when, forgetting the ordinary modesty of language, he assured an excited crowd that it was "a great night for Mid-"lothian, a great night for Scotland, a great night for "Great Britain, and a great night for the world." It might have been supposed that the enthusiastic orator had reached a climax; but Lord ROSEBERY proceeded to congratulate the 1579 electors on having as their member "the foremost man of Great Britain, the "greatest champion of liberty that now lives in the "world." Eulogies delivered in the presence of their object were formerly supposed to be subject to some of the restraints which limit the freedom of self-praise. Mr. GLADSTONE is undoubtedly one of the two foremost men of Great Britain, and he is the greatest champion of party that now lives in the world. He has won for the Liberals not only Midlothian, but many other Scotch seats; and the enormous majority by which he was returned for Leeds represents the success of his agitation in the populous districts of the North of England. He may probably consider as but a trifling drawback the alienation which his violence has produced among moderate Liberals of the upper and middle classes, who are in average constituencies only counted by hundreds. Westminster, the City of London, the metropolitan suburban counties, Liverpool, and East Cumberland are not powerful enough to turn the scale against the constituencies which follow Mr. GLADSTONE. Although the depression of trade and the large addition to the constituencies of voters of the humblest class would probably have placed the Conservatives at a disadvantage, it is not absolutely certain that the Government would have been defeated if Mr. GLADSTONE had been silent and inactive. He found abundance of arguments for less ingenious candidates, and by dint of incessant repetition he produced an impression that the Government had mismanaged domestic and foreign affairs. In the course of his long series of speeches he encouraged almost every aspiration for change which is entertained by any class of theorists. Sometimes he tampered with the foundations of landed property, or he disclosed his well-known leaning to universal suffrage. He flattered the envy and jealousy which is directed against the possessors of rank and of wealth. The enemies of the Scotch or the English Church found in his speeches intelligible intimations of his readiness to promote disestab-

lishment as soon as it takes the form of a popular demand. Menaces to existing institutions seldom fail to excite the sympathy of the multitude. It is significant that, even in a familiar speech to his friends and neighbours at Hawarden, after laying down his arms, he carefully holds up to popular odium the concentrated wealth of London, the luxury of Westminster, and the landed property of Middlesex.

Having almost single-handed overthrown Lord BEACONSFIELD, Mr. GLADSTONE has, according to the practice of the Constitution, a right to succeed him if he wishes to resume office. A large section of his adherents find it difficult to understand why his claims should be postponed to those of Liberal leaders who are less powerful and less popular. If the majorities which have carried the election could be consulted on the choice of a Minister, they would almost unanimously elect Mr. GLADSTONE; but a vote by ballot among Liberal members of the House of Commons might have an opposite result. Passion, impetuosity, and earnestness, which means a consciousness of being always in the right, command at a distance the confidence which they disturb when they are exhibited in closer political intercourse. A wanton declaration of hostility to a great and friendly Power wins the applause of an audience of partisans, while it provokes the surprise and distrust of responsible politicians. Scotch Radicals may probably agree with the doctrine that it is well to hear nothing of foreign politics; but a statesman who, during a long career, has taken little or no interest in international relations, fails to influence even his own supporters in Parliament when he indulges in chance enthusiasm for or against some foreign State. One considerable section of the House of Commons would prefer Mr. GLADSTONE to any other Minister, because he would give their policy a preponderance in the councils of the party. The dangers which might result from internal division would perhaps be regarded as less objectionable than the moderation against which Mr. GLADSTONE's presence would afford the fullest security. The rest of the Liberal party would hold that Mr. GLADSTONE's strongest claim to their confidence rested on his acknowledged skill in finance; but, on the whole, if they had the choice, they would dispense with the active services of the leader who has brought them into power.

The decision must rest with Mr. GLADSTONE himself. It is not known whether he has yet made up his mind to accept or to refuse an offer which will necessarily be made. It has been truly said that the QUEEN, with whom the formal selection rests, may, without infringement of constitutional propriety, take notice of Mr. GLADSTONE's late display of political influence, and apply to him as the most conspicuous member of the dominant party to form an Administration. It is not absolutely necessary, though it is usual, to ask the advice of the outgoing Minister in the preliminary nomination of his successor. In the present instance it is unlikely that the QUEEN should deviate from the ordinary course. She will almost certainly consult her Prime Minister, who on his part will not fail to give her sound and loyal advice. If Lord BEACONSFIELD were capable on such an occasion of preferring party interests to the advantage of the Sovereign and the country, he might perhaps be inclined to recommend an application to Mr. GLADSTONE; but there is no doubt that he will leave to the adverse party the responsibility of choosing both the actual and the conventional leader. Five years ago Mr. GLADSTONE addressed to Lord GRANVILLE, as his principal colleague, the resignation of his post as head of the party. Circumstances may perhaps justify the retractation of the surrender, but it has not been publicly revoked. To the other party Lord GRANVILLE is the official leader of the Liberals; and Lord BEACONSFIELD will not fail to recognize his position. If it is determined that Mr. GLADSTONE is to resume his place at the head of the party, Lord GRANVILLE will have the opportunity of advising the QUEEN to entrust the formation of a Ministry to the chosen leader of the majority. The personal selection of a Prime Minister by the Sovereign is in modern times practicable only when there is no candidate for the office possessing pre-eminent claims. WILLIAM IV. had no difficulty in appointing Lord MELBOURNE on the resignation of Lord GREY; but when her present MAJESTY, to avoid the necessity of choosing between two rival leaders, instructed Lord GRANVILLE to form a Ministry in 1859, Lord JOHN RUSSELL refused to serve under a Premier whose official rank and standing had been inferior to his own. The consequent selection of Lord PALMERSTON was probably a severe disappointment. In the present instance the leaders of the party will adjust their respective pretensions amicably, and the QUEEN will not withhold her sanction from the arrangement which may be proposed to her as most conducive to the public interest.

ARMENIA.

LORD SALISBURY once said in the House of Lords that it was impossible to instil common sense into the heads of the Turks. This was extremely true; but the Turks have their revenge, for they have had a very large share in the downfall of the Ministry of which Lord SALISBURY is a prominent member. The settlement of the Eastern Question adopted in 1878 was based, in a great degree, on the supposition that the heads of the Turks had been so broken or cracked that there must have been an opening for the introduction of something like common sense into them. But the Turks have gone on from bad to worse, from worse to as bad as can be. They have conceded nothing, reformed nothing, arranged nothing. They have even got past making promises. They do not play off the English AMBASSADOR at Constantinople against the Russian, or the Russian against the English. They entrench themselves in their obstinacy, and defy all Ambassadors alike. This has been a great disappointment to the English Government, and it is one that was very little deserved. For the Government would have been very ready to help Turkey, if Turkey would have given them the slightest chance of helping it with effect. It is obvious that, so far as the recent elections have turned on foreign policy, the Government would have been in a much better position if they could have pointed to reforms in Turkey, and insisted that a reformed Turkey would be a solid barrier against Russia; if they could have met the charge that they sided against the oppressed by showing that Turkey was no longer oppressive, and if they could have invited their critics to own that the model Government of Cyprus was in some way, however faint, being copied in Asia Minor. But nothing of the kind has been possible. At every point the Turks have cut away the ground under the English Ministry. They offer no barrier, even of the slightest kind, against any one. There is nothing to be found in Constantinople except jobbery, intrigue, and a palace which is the home of senseless extravagance, and which its wretched owner dare not leave; while Asia Minor is the deplorable scene of a misery that has passed the borders of starvation, and of a confusion that is scarcely distinguishable from anarchy. The Ministry has been far too honest to refuse to look plain facts in the face. Lord SALISBURY has publicly warned Turkey that its last chance seems to be rapidly fading away, and the English fleet has been sent into Turkish waters to restrain the Porte in one of its most outrageous defiances of decency. But the plain facts remain, and if Lord SALISBURY had continued in office, he would inevitably have had before long to confront the enormous difficulties which a Turkey going headlong to destruction must offer to every English statesman.

Of all instances of Turkish misrule, Armenia is at the present time by far the most important. Not that Armenia is peculiarly badly treated. There is, we may be sure, as nearly as possible the same state of things in the province next to Armenia as in Armenia itself. But Armenia stands in a very singular and exceptional position. One of the chief provisions of the treaty that ended the Crimean war, and one of the standing maxims of European statesmen, had been that all the Great Powers should be rigidly excluded from interfering in the internal affairs of Turkey. Russia, under a strained interpretation of an ancient treaty, claimed a right of protectorate over Orthodox Christians; but this claim was persistently and effectually resisted by the other Powers. In the Treaty of Berlin, however, a memorable departure was made from the old rule, and it was made in favour of Armenia. The Porte engaged to realize without delay the ameliorations and reforms which are demanded by the local wants of the provinces inhabited by the Armenians, and to guarantee their security against the Circassians and Kurds. It further engaged periodically to make known the measures taken to this

and to the Powers, "who will superintend the application of "them." This was to go very far in the authorization of interference. To promise reforms was nothing, to promise to communicate them was not much, but to give a treaty right to foreign Powers to superintend the application of reforms was a very great deal. Russia is conterminous with Armenia, Russia has a million of Armenian subjects, Russia includes the chief seat of the Armenian Church, Russia has got hold of the fortresses which place Armenia at her disposal, and now Russia has a treaty right to superintend the application of reforms in Armenia. Russia has not got to invent an Armenian question. She has had one invented for her, and she can raise it any day she pleases. There is no doubt that this provision of the Berlin Treaty was one of the concessions to Russia which the English Ministry thought it wise to make, in order to gain what were comparatively greater advantages in a general settlement. There is no reason whatever to blame the Ministry. On the contrary, it ought to be recognized that they took a very peculiar step in order to insure relief to the oppressed. But it cannot be supposed that they would have made a concession so gratifying to Russia, unless they had believed that it was not Russia, but England, into whose hands the task of superintending the promised reforms in Armenia would naturally fall. England was to guide Turkey into the path of reform. There would be, in the language of the Treaty, ameliorations and reforms throughout Asia Minor, and consequently in Armenia, and over these satisfactory processes England would watch like a good angel. Unhappily the Turks have disappointed the English Ministry in this as in everything else. Not only have they not themselves even begun to introduce any reforms in Armenia, but they have thwarted and baffled the English Ministry whenever it has tried to get such reforms started.

A description of the state of things now existing in Armenia has been recently given by a writer who signs himself "An Eastern Statesman," and who is by no means unfriendly to the Turks, but says a good word for them when he can honestly do so. He only corroborates and condenses the information given by travellers and by impartial correspondents writing for English journals of all shades of opinion. But at any rate he has the merit of putting his case shortly and plainly. The instruments used by the Government in the work of oppression are, he says, the Kurds, the Circassians, the army, the police, the courts of justice, the tax-gatherers, and the agrarian laws. It may seem to need explanation how both the Kurds and the army that is supposed to put down the Kurds can be made to work to the same end. It is managed in this way. After the Kurds have done a fair amount of ravishing and plundering, an army is sent into the country. The Kurds retire into the hills, and the army does them no harm, letting them carry off all their plunder except that portion which they give by agreement to the Turkish pashas. The army then collects from those whom it comes to save the whole tax of the province, including the portion which ought to have been paid by the Kurds. The army then goes away, and leaves behind it a local militia composed of Turks and Kurds, which collects some more taxes, those collected by the army being treated as supplementary or exceptional, and not allowed to count in favour of those who have paid them. Then the Kurd robbers come again in a formal manner, and take possession of the province until another army comes, and then the process begins again. It must be owned that the writer does not explain how, under such a state of things, there can be anything left for robbers to steal or extort, or for corrupt courts of justice to give to the wrong man. It appears that, according to their own statements, the Armenians are being gradually exterminated; but the bulk of the people are just able to avoid actually dying. At one time the Porte did defer so far to the instances of the English Ministry that it promised to introduce the first and best of all reforms into Armenia by establishing a decent gendarmerie, with European officers. The gendarmerie remained wholly in the clouds, but some officers were appointed. They were never, however, allowed to leave Constantinople, and after a short time their pay was stopped. So far as Turkey goes there is not a ray of light for the Armenians; but they have unquestionably a clear provision of the Treaty of Berlin as a beacon of hope. Who will enforce this provision, and when, and how far it will be enforced, may be altogether uncertain; but the fact that it has been ostentatiously infringed, and will some day be enforced, is a matter that must command the serious attention of Lord SALISBURY's successor, as it has commanded that of Lord SALISBURY himself.

CONTINENTAL OPINION ON THE ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

WITH the exception of the Russian press, and of two or three French papers, Continental journals express unanimous regret at the fall of the Conservative Ministry in England. Foreign politicians had not waited for the event to publish their opinions; but they have no means of reaching the masses of voters who decide the election. In London, indeed, and in Sheffield strong and well-founded jealousy of Russian designs has induced a large part of the population to appreciate the common interests of England and of civilized Europe. In the majority of constituencies the suppression of the Established Church or of the sale of beer occupies a much larger share of public attention than the maintenance of English dominion in Asia or of peace in Europe. The explanations which Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord HARTINGTON supplied of the sympathy for Lord BEACONSFIELD's Government which prevails on the Continent were probably deemed more than sufficient. It was suggested that French, German, and Austrian writers consulted the respective interests of their own countries, which might be antagonistic to a sound English policy. Mr. GLADSTONE took occasion to quote a declamatory assertion of Lord JOHN RUSSELL's in 1850, that Lord PALMERSTON was not the Minister of France, Austria, Prussia, or Russia, but the Minister of England. The House of Commons applauded the patriotic antithesis; but as soon as the debate was over, Lord JOHN RUSSELL addressed to Lord PALMERSTON a peremptory reproof; and in the following year on the same ground he dismissed him from office. Mr. GLADSTONE himself joined in the censure on Lord PALMERSTON which the House of Commons declined to pass. The present insinuation is, if Mr. GLADSTONE's sneers have any meaning, that Lord BEACONSFIELD has thwarted Russia, not on grounds of English policy, but for the benefit of Germany or Austria. Mr. GLADSTONE himself can scarcely, notwithstanding his habitual ignorance of foreign affairs, believe in the accusation which he hints; but he thinks it good enough for an applauding Midlothian crowd. Lord HARTINGTON with more moderation confined himself to the remark that foreign Powers probably wished well to the English Ministry because they thought it likely to serve their purposes.

Continental statesmen are quite right in regarding English policy as it tends to clash or coincide with their own. The value of their present approval depends, not on opinions of interested foreigners, but on the expediency for English purposes of common action. Germany, Austria, and even Italy wish to preserve peace, which is only possible during the suspension of Russian schemes of aggrandizement. The policy of France is equally pacific; and it is there well known that Lord BEACONSFIELD's Government would have discouraged to the utmost any combination of the central European Powers against the French Republic. If a landowner is liked and respected by his neighbours because he is neither litigiously disposed himself nor tolerant of encroachments on the property of others, it is no imputation on his character that his neighbours wish him well rather for the sake of their own comfort and convenience than from disinterested attachment. The character and tendency which foreign politicians attribute to Lord BEACONSFIELD's Cabinet are those which ought to belong to a prudent and patriotic Government. The evidence furnished by the Russian press strongly confirms the conclusions of European opinion. The progress of the elections has been watched in St. Petersburg and Moscow with undisguised satisfaction, because a change of Ministry is there expected to produce the same results which excite uneasiness in Vienna, Berlin, and Paris. Mr. GLADSTONE's wanton denunciation of Austria is especially welcome to the Slavonic party, because the progress of Russia in the Balkan peninsula is mainly checked by the Austrian occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. As one result of the English elections, the Russian press has commenced a fresh agitation against Austria. Against the distrust of Liberal policy which is felt by other Continental Powers, and the interested good will of Russia, Mr.

GLADSTONE proposes to set off the supposed confidence of the Southern Slavs, and perhaps of the Austrian subjects with whom the revolutionists of Italy desire to effect political union. An alliance with discontented populations is a defiance of the Governments to which they are actually subject. Mr. GLADSTONE's sympathy with Bulgarian and Macedonian Christians offers direct encouragement to Russia. In some of his speeches he has even gone out of his way to distinguish the Slavonic inhabitants of the Austrian dominions from the Magyars and the Germans. He probably meant less than he said; but the Governments which he attacks cannot be expected to inquire how far he is in earnest. In the probable contingency of Mr. GLADSTONE's refusing office, much of the distrust which is at present felt will disappear. Lord GRANVILLE is not likely to found a policy either on philanthropic sentiment or on gratuitous national antipathies. The worst that is likely to happen under his administration would be the practical withdrawal of England from the European concert.

Almost all Continental critics naturally exaggerate the influence which foreign affairs have exercised in the late elections. The verdict of the numerical majority has been given in favour of the supremacy of numbers; or, in other words, of democracy. The result has shown the electoral weakness of the moderate Liberals, who may nevertheless in almost every constituency be counted by hundreds of the most intelligent and thoughtful class. The time has not arrived when the best intellects of the country will be forced to retire, as in the United States and the Australian colonies, from public life; but on no previous occasion has cultivated opinion been more generally overruled. It is true that the new House of Commons will not be inferior to the last in the social position or in the average ability of its members, and that the Stoke election of 1874 was as discreditable as the Northampton election of 1880; but the spirit of Parliament will have been largely modified. It was not without significance that Mr. GLADSTONE in one of his latest Scotch speeches protested against deference to the opinions of peers, of the landed gentry, of the rich, and in general of those who are commonly called the upper classes. The Jacobinical French journalists perhaps appreciate more justly than other foreign writers the real meaning and tendency of the reaction which has taken so many observers by surprise. The shaft which was sunk down to a new stratum in 1867 was supposed, after the failure of the experiment in the following year, to have satisfied at the last election the expectations of the undertakers. The formation has now been more decisively tested; and if any doubt of its quality remained, the managers of the work are immediately about to sink deeper still. One of the causes which will diminish the attention of England to European interests is the probable agitation for various domestic changes. Mr. LOWE's cynical threat that the next Liberal Government would harass more interests than the last was probably prophetic, though it was scarcely prudent. It unfortunately happens that political power is in the hands of those who have no tangible interests to be harassed by legislation.

The impending change of Ministry may not improbably affect the projects of the Russian Government in Central Asia. The reports which have for some time been spread of the abandonment or postponement of the expedition to Merv may have been intended only to lull suspicion; and the appointment of General SKOBELEFF to the command of the army which is to attack the Turkomans seems to indicate a vigorous campaign. A belief that no effort would be made to counteract Russian designs in Northern Afghanistan might perhaps encourage ambitious designs. The movements of ABDURRAHMAN may not improbably have been concerted with his recent protectors, though he will of course regulate his conduct with exclusive regard to his own interests. Lord HARTINGTON was not well advised in stating that the policy of a Government in which he must hold a principal place would be to evacuate Afghanistan as soon as possible; and he has since partially explained away phrases which had not perhaps been sufficiently considered. Early evacuation may possibly be judicious, but it would not be prudent to inform friends and enemies that they have nothing to hope or to fear. Lord HARTINGTON professed to believe that the present Government was not disinclined to the same policy, but he is not in the secrets of the Cabinet. The only interest of Continental Powers in the affairs of Afghanistan or Central Asia is founded on a desire that England and Russia should continue to be rivals, if not enemies. They may perhaps overrate the indifference of Liberal statesmen to the risk of Russian aggression. Lord NORTHBROOK, who will probably have much influence over the Indian policy of the next Cabinet, was seven years ago not indisposed to guarantee the Ameer of AFGHANISTAN against Russian hostility; and the events which have since occurred can scarcely have diminished the jealousy with which Russian encroachment is regarded. All the calculations, both of Russian sympathizers and of unfriendly critics of Liberal policy in other Continental countries, depend on a doubtful assumption. Until it is known whether Mr. GLADSTONE takes office it is useless to speculate on the policy of the Government. Though he has done more than all his political colleagues to achieve a great party triumph, some of his principles and theories are peculiar to himself. No other Liberal Minister has announced that foreign affairs should never be heard of, or that Austria is excluded from English sympathy. His personal eccentricities will be important or indifferent as he takes the lead in the Government or stands apart. The secret will soon be disclosed, and in the meantime foreign critics will do well to suspend their judgment.

ENGLISH FARMING AND AMERICAN MEAT.

THE statistics of meat production in the United States which appeared in the *Times* of Tuesday have an extraordinary interest for farmers at the present moment. Large numbers of them are probably considering whether they can go on paying the rent and the wages they at present pay, and farming the land as they at present farm it. Six months ago they had pretty well made up their minds that a change must be made somewhere. More money must be got out of the land or less money sunk in it. But good weather, with the prospects it suggests of good crops and good pasture, may have once more made them hopeful. Last year they had to face American competition under cruel disadvantages. Now that the seasons once more follow their normal rule, and March winds have been properly succeeded by April showers, even American competition may not look quite so formidable. If this is the opinion they come to after careful study of all the evidence they can get, they will of course have a just right to their conclusions; but it will be tempting disaster if they jump at such an opinion without this previous study.

The first fact which the writer in the *Times* mentions is the very curious one that compulsory slaughter at the port of landing has not had the effect which was attributed to it by the Opposition when the Animals' Diseases Act was under discussion. It was generally predicted that the enactment of this provision would greatly discourage the importation of cattle. Even those who defended compulsory slaughter in the interest of the consumer hardly ventured to question this result. They contented themselves with pointing out that it was better to check importation, even if we thereby lost our foreign meat supply, than to leave importation free and lose our home meat supply. Had the advocates of the restriction been prophets, they might have taken a much bolder tone. If they had denied the existence of the alleged danger, they would have been well within the mark. Instead of the importation of meat having been discouraged, it has apparently been greatly encouraged. Since 1877 the imports of live animals have increased 80 per cent. Notwithstanding the undoubted inconvenience to which the trade is subjected by the present regulation, it has nearly doubled itself in three years. That is a circumstance which farmers will do well to weigh in its political as well as in its economical aspect. Every addition that is made to the cattle imported into Great Britain and Ireland is a diminution from the force of the argument in favour of stringent restrictions upon importation. So long as the consumer depends upon home-grown meat for all but a scarcely appreciable fraction of his total supply, it is to his interest, as well as to the farmer's, to make any sacrifice to keep out disease. But, supposing that half or a third of the meat supply came from abroad, it is quite possible that the consumer's interest would then be best consulted by admitting foreign cattle freely. The risk to the home supply involved

In admission might be less important than the risk to the foreign supply involved in exclusion. It is too soon as yet to predict how soon the foreign supply will grow to these large proportions; but it is scarcely doubtful that we are now witnessing the mere beginnings of a process which contains within itself immense possibilities of increase. The stock of oxen and other cattle, excluding milk-cows, in the United States is twenty-two millions, and it increases at the rate of a million annually. This is while the export of cattle to England does not exceed thirty thousand in a year; and it is not difficult to conceive the effect which a large and rapid increase in the English demand will exert upon the American supply. The quality of the cattle in the United States is steadily improving. Every year "numbers of well-descended, usually pure bred "Shorthorn or Hereford bulls are purchased from Kentucky or the more Eastern States," and on well-managed runs more and more attention is paid to the selection alike of sires and dams. The grazing grounds on which these herds are pastured are of vast extent, and only a small part of them have as yet been occupied or even surveyed. With these facilities and the inducements afforded by the English demand, it is not wonderful that "the cattle throughout "America are increasing considerably faster than the "population, and there is an annually augmenting surplus "for exportation."

As yet the farmers' best friends are the shipping and dock Companies. The freights for the present year are about 20 per cent. higher than they were last year, and the charges for landing, lairage, and slaughtering seem in some cases to be exorbitant. It is stated that at the Victoria Docks 10*s*. 6*d*. an hour is charged for all work done after 6 P.M., even by the shipper's own men. It costs something like twelve times as much to land cattle at these docks as it does to land them at Gravesend. It is impossible, however, that these charges should be maintained permanently. It is a serious matter, no doubt, to build new docks, but as soon as it comes to be understood that large profits are to be made by it, fresh capital will find its way into this kind of enterprise. A more serious obstacle to the growth of the trade is the high price at which meat continues to be sold in butchers' shops. Whether this is owing to combination among butchers or to the cost of carriage, we will not undertake to decide. Indeed nothing but the opening of retail shops for the exclusive sale of foreign meat can bring this question to the test. If it is true that the American exporters intend shortly to set up shops of their own, at which meat as good in quality as most of that now sold in butchers' shops will be to be had at little more than half the price which the butchers ask, it will soon be known to whom the public must attribute the lightening of their purses which has so long been going on.

Nor is the trade in live meat the only rival which the English farmer has to fear. Nothing could well be less inviting than the tinned meats which some years back were introduced into this country. "Australian mutton" threatened for a time to become an equivalent for all that was least satisfactory in human food. As the methods of preparation have improved, the importation into England has increased, until the writer in the *Times* declares that "any one who has watched the clean and "careful manner in which the wholesome meat is "handled and put up foresees that the prejudice "with which American meat is still sometimes regarded "must speedily disappear." One firm alone at Chicago put up daily from 40,000 to 50,000 cans of beef, "carefully "and cleanly cooked in tins made on the premises"; while another Company slaughtered 80,000 beasts between July and November last year. Another formidable form of competition is to be seen in the trade in fresh meat. This is brought over in refrigerating chambers kept at a uniform temperature of 34 to 38 degrees, and is landed in good condition. The difficulty in this case is the rapidity with which the meat must be disposed of after its arrival. The appearance of a few hundred additional carcases in the market runs down the price, and during the last six months superior American beef has repeatedly been sold at 4½*d*. per lb. This involves a loss to the shipper which he is not likely to tempt by rashly enlarging his consignments. Still the writer in the *Times* does not estimate the superiority of home-grown over American meat at more than 1*d*. per lb.; so that, as already the latter can be sold at 6*d*. per lb. and yield a good profit to the exporter, the British farmer must prepare himself to produce meat which shall sell at 7*d*. per lb. This is excellent news for the consumer, though we fear that it will carry dismay to a class which has of late had to endure an extraordinary share of discouragement and disaster.

PRINCE NAPOLEON AND THE REPUBLIC.

THE decrees against the Religious Orders have gained the embarrassing support of Prince NAPOLEON. From the Bonapartist point of view he sees in them nothing objectionable. They come in part from a source which is above suspicion—the First Empire; and, if they can also be traced to the first Republic, hatred of the giver is not an adequate reason for rejecting a gift which is in itself good. The Concordat, Prince NAPOLEON thinks, has been too much forgotten, and if the blessings he attributes to it had really flowed from this source, his doxology would be justified. Religious peace, the most precious of goods, liberty of conscience, the most sacred of rights, can alike, he thinks, be traced to the beneficent hand of NAPOLEON I. It is sad to find that this "charter of pacification" is threatened on two sides. There are those for whom an oppressive and intolerant State religion still has charms. They would like to reproduce the pre-Revolution Church, just as they would like to reproduce the pre-Revolution monarchy. There are others who wish to see society organized on a basis which shall exclude the ideas of GOD and of a moral law. They would like to revive the religious madness of 1793, just as they would like to revive its political madness. Between these two extremes Prince NAPOLEON takes his stand. Come one, come all, he will not desert this post. If wild Republicans demand the separation of Church and State, and ask to be given the delightful spectacle of closed churches and a starving clergy, Prince NAPOLEON will oppose them. If wild Royalists set themselves against any one of the principles consecrated by the Revolution, Prince NAPOLEON will defend that principle. The weak point in the PRINCE's letter is that it seems to suggest alike to the authors and to the opponents of the decrees the answer—Thank you for nothing. M. DE FREYCINET is probably quite as ready to take his stand between opposing extremes as Prince NAPOLEON himself. He has no more intention of suppressing the budget of public worship than he has of re-endowing the Church with her confiscated estates. In point of fact, Prince NAPOLEON and the Left which looks to M. GAMBETTA, as distinct from the Left which adores M. CLÉMENCEAU, want exactly the same thing. They might not express it in quite the same phrases—we do not remember at least that M. GAMBETTA has ever expressed any horror at the prospect of a society without GOD—but when their wishes and intentions come to be reckoned up they are pretty well identical. They both desire a Church that will hold her tongue and mind her own business, and from this point of view the religious orders are especially distasteful to them. The parish priests are in the pay of the State, and though this circumstance does not moderate their language about things temporal as much as it might, it has a good deal of effect on them in the long run. The bishops are more independent, but there are not very many of them, and they have few direct means of getting at the laity. The religious orders are neither paid nor controlled by the State, and, through the part they play in education, they have very direct opportunities of getting at the laity. Consequently, the Ministerial Left and the Imperialist Pretender are equally anxious to maintain the principle which subordinates the existence of religious orders to the authorization and surveillance of the civil power. They may be permitted to exist, but only so long and so far as the civil power knows and approves of what they are doing. Neither the Republicanism which now rules France, nor the Imperialism which lies in wait to replace it, has any genuine conception of what liberty means. A certain measure of freedom is necessary to the citizen's happiness, and this measure, whatever it is, ought to be secured to him by the State. But he must learn to regard it as a gift from the Government, just as he regards a police force or a system of roads. That there can be any region in which the Government has no place seems never to occur to French politicians of this type. The State must do everything for the citizen, and, in return for this advantage, the citizen must surrender the right of doing anything for himself. At all events, he must not use this right except under State supervision. A religious order

—provided it is not the Jesuits—may submit its statutes to the civil authorities, and receive from them a sort of secular consecration; but it must not presume to live without this consecration. To allow it to do so would be to place the State at the feet of the Theocracy.

In some respects Prince NAPOLEON is better qualified than the Republican Government to offer this compromise to the Church. The Empire has more to give the Church than the Republican Government. The latter leans upon a body of opinion which is definitely anti-religious; the former leans upon a body of opinion which is simply irreligious. If M. GAMBETTA or M. DE FREYCINET were now to make a speech to their constituents, they would hardly find it expedient to denounce an organization of society which dispenses with GOD and a moral law. A considerable number of their hearers would be quite prepared to dispense with either or both. Prince NAPOLEON'S followers, on the other hand, are willing, and even anxious, to retain the ideas of GOD and of a moral law. They may not care much for them in themselves, but they value them for the ideas which are associated with them. Man is so constituted that sentimental sanctions of some kind are needed for the security of property. This difference between the two parties is seen in their respective ways of dealing with the Church. Both wish to keep the Church submissive; but the Bonapartists are quite ready to do this by civil words and substantial services; whereas the Republican Government prefer to do it by threats of the worse evils which will come upon the Church if she is not submissive. The choice of this latter method is not determined by the taste of the Republican leaders. It is probable that M. GAMBETTA, it is certain that M. DE FREYCINET, would prefer to follow the example of the Bonapartists if it were not for the obstinacy of their supporters. They are practical politicians, and they know how much is gained by civility. But they have to deal with men who, of the two, would rather see the Church insulted than injured; not of course that they object to the injury, but that the insult is so much more dear to them. It is difficult for the leaders of a party animated by these wishes to keep on commonly decent terms with the Church. To do so they must be prepared to restrain the ardour of the extreme section of their followers, and it is only by leaving this ardour to find its natural expression that they can hope to secure a majority in favour of giving the priests their incomes and maintaining the fabrics of the churches. In theory, religion has a claim to be protected against outrage, but it would be scarcely possible for M. DE FREYCINET'S Government to prosecute the amiable enthusiasts who celebrate Good Friday by blasphemous profanities which we prefer not to quote, or the sportive villagers who get up mock processions of the viaticum to a sick person. It is by maintaining a judicious blindness to such demonstrations as these that M. DE FREYCINET and his colleagues are able to avoid abolishing religious orders altogether and leaving the clergy to support themselves. The Bonapartists are under no difficulty on this head. Where religion is concerned they wish to be secular, but respectable; to keep the Church strictly under the control of the civil power, but to pay it a proper amount of external deference while it remains under that control. Even Prince NAPOLEON himself, since he has been chief of the party, has frankly come round to this view. There was a time when he himself was not immaculate as regards Good Friday; but he has now explained that, when he went to dine on that day with a few literary friends, he had forgotten what day it was. The Princess CLOTILDE keeps all Fridays so strictly that he had lost the faculty of distinguishing between one Friday and another.

For the moment, no doubt, the PRINCE'S letter seems a mistake. The Conservatives denounce it, because it is anti-clerical; the Republicans denounce it, because it is the letter of an avowed Pretender; the Bonapartists dislike it, because it makes a breach between them and the men with whom they have till lately been acting. It does not follow, however, that the letter is really a blunder. The great difficulty for the Bonapartists at this moment is to find a reason for existing. The Republicans can beat them from the point of view of the principles of 1789, the Royalists can beat them from the point of view of a settled hereditary Government. Prince NAPOLEON'S letter is addressed to that large section of Frenchmen which, though it has accepted the Republic, is still afraid of it, and would like to be assured that, if the Republic proves to be revolutionary, there will be a Government to be had which can be Conservative without being reactionary. If M. DUFAURE were at the head of affairs, this section would be much less fearful of the future than it is. But if M. DUFAURE had been Minister, there would have been no attack upon the religious orders, and to Conservatives of this particular shade an attack upon the religious orders, provided it is not pushed too far, is by no means disagreeable. It is far from unlikely, therefore, that Prince NAPOLEON judges his own interests more accurately than the Bonapartist journalists, and that in the long run his letter may prove to have done him real service. If the Republic were genuinely Conservative or genuinely Liberal, the offers of a Bonapartist Pretender would have but a small chance of being listened to. But a Republic which is neither Conservative nor Liberal, which neither protects the Church on the one hand nor leaves it free on the other, is exceedingly likely, as time goes on, to make enemies all round. When these enemies begin to realize how numerous they are, they may find in Prince NAPOLEON a leader under whom men of very different views may conveniently agree to differ.

SHOPS AND STORES.

THE great controversy of Shops v. Co-operative Stores has played a large part in the elections which are now nearly over. The keenness of the political antagonism excited by the struggle has thrown into the background such side issues as the wrongs of the Claimant and the sacred duty of letting children catch the small-pox. Even Local Option has been remarkable rather for the enmity it aroused in the publicans than for the devotion of its own friends. The detestation of Co-operation which burns in the breast of every shopkeeper worthy of the name found, therefore, a comparatively clear field. Next to the licensed victuallers—in some constituencies scarcely next to them—the retail tradesmen have been loudest in their enumeration of their wrongs, and in their appeal for redress. Unlike the publicans, however, their love and their trade seem to have been about equally distributed between the rival political parties. In Westminster, in which, as the home of several of the chief Stores, the controversy raged most fiercely, the war of placards was for a long time equally balanced. The retail shopkeeper was alternately implored not to be humbugged by the Tories or taken in by the Radicals; and it was only when the tradesmen discovered that one of the candidates had furnished his house from a Co-operative Store that either side seemed to have the advantage. It does not appear that Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S timely discovery that the Stores ought to pay Income-tax had much weight with the traders. Perhaps they thought that it would have deserved more gratitude if it had come a little sooner. Concessions made on the eve of an election are sometimes suspected even by those who profit by them.

There is a curious discrepancy between the enthusiasm which the tradesmen throw into their demand and the smallness, to judge by its probable results, of the demand itself. However angry they may be with Co-operative Stores, they have never suggested that it should be made illegal either to set them up or to deal at them. The only thing they insist on is that the Civil servants of the Crown should have no share in their management. Their grievance is that the taxes which they pay go in part to feed the destroyers of their peace. Secretaries and chief clerks, colonels and lieutenant-generals, post-captains and commanders, all live on the national exchequer during business hours, and then go off to the Stores to earn money in their hours of leisure. The shopkeepers have never yet answered the argument that the Government prescribes the hours during which its work is to be done, and that when these hours are over the time of the workers is their own. Perhaps they feel that the country is somehow defrauded when a Civil servant is discovered out of whom some more work might be got. Perhaps they do not care whether much or little is got out of them provided that their leisure is not spent in this particular way. At all events, it is only in the direction of Co-operative Stores that the tradesmen show any inclination to pry into the occupation of Civil servants after office hours. They may write for the newspapers, or become directors of joint stock Companies, or defraud the public of their time be-

fore breakfast or after dinner in any way that pleases them. It is only when their occupation takes the shape of a Co-operative Store and interferes with the sacred rights of the retail shopkeeper that the latter seriously bethinks himself what to do. He does not see apparently that the force of his argument is somewhat weakened by his long acquiescence in these sinful practices. He ought to have been on the watch for the first sign of a disposition on the part of the Civil servant to make money by serving other masters than the public. Then perhaps the great principle might have been established that the Government has a right to the idleness as well as to the industry of its servants, and that a clerk's work is never done. As it is, it is not an easy matter for a Government to issue any general order against Civil servants taking part in the management of a Co-operative Store. It is possible, no doubt, to make some such stipulation in cases of promotion. The head of a department may, if he chooses, assume that the duties of the post to which a clerk is about to be moved are incompatible with this or that other employment; and, acting on this assumption, he may make appointment to the one conditional on his surrender of the other. But it is only very occasionally that this opportunity occurs; and we should not envy the Minister who undertook to justify in the House of Commons a Minute forbidding Civil servants or officers in the army or navy to be directors of Co-operative Stores. Yet, unless some such Minute can be got out of the Government, the labour of the shopkeepers will go for nought. That is the only concession which it is in the power of a Government to make to them, and until the order actually appears, it is hard to believe that there is any likelihood of this concession being made.

There is one ground indeed on which the appearance of such an order would be very welcome. Nothing else, probably, will convince the tradesmen how little this particular change would do for them. If every Civil servant who is concerned in the management of Co-operative Stores were forced to abandon the work to-morrow, it would make no perceptible difference in their prosperity. An advertisement would appear in the newspapers convening a special general meeting of the shareholders for the purpose of electing directors in the room of Messrs. So-and-so, who had resigned. There would be no difficulty in filling their places—there never is any difficulty in finding directors for anything under the sun; and when once the election was over, the Stores would go on just as before. It is really astonishing that so many presumably shrewd persons should be so completely in the dark as to the causes which make Co-operative Stores successful. That success has nothing to do with the names by which they are known, or with the fact that some of their directors are in the service of the Crown. Customers go to them because they sell good articles at lower prices than are charged for them in most shops, and so long as they continue to do this, customers will continue to go to them. There is nothing in the least mysterious or underhand about their prosperity. Where shops are carried on upon similar principles they are equally prosperous. What the tradesmen do not see is that it is not possible for more than a comparatively small number of distributing agencies to be prosperous, whether they are called shops or Co-operative Stores. If a large shop of the kind which is now so general had been set up in the place of every Co-operative Store, the injury done to the small tradesmen in the neighbourhood would have been of the same kind as that done by the Store. A trader with a large capital and large appliances for business can afford to sell his goods cheaper than a trader with a small capital and small appliances for business. Or, rather, what seem like large appliances are really small in comparison with the business that is done by them. A shopkeeper who employs a hundred carts to carry out his goods may deliver as many parcels as twenty shopkeepers employing ten carts each. He seems to be spending a great deal of money on carriage, and yet all the time he is only spending half what his twenty neighbours must spend if they want to execute the same number of orders. The same reasoning applies with still greater force to rent and servants, and the conclusion to which it points is that, when once distribution on a large scale is organized, distribution on a small scale must come to an end, except where it can offer special advantages to the purchaser. In some trades these special advantages can be offered, and then the tradesman will have no cause to dread the competition either of larger shopkeepers or of Co-operative Stores. In others they cannot be offered, or, if offered, are not tempting enough to make it worth any one's while to accept them, when the higher prices which accompany acceptance is taken into account; and then the tradesmen will be gradually but surely distanced alike by larger shops and by Co-operative Stores. This is the common sense of the whole controversy, and in the end it may be hoped that the shopkeepers will have the wit to see it. That their case is a hard one cannot be denied; but, like other hard cases, it will not be made less hard by threats of making themselves a nuisance at every election.

THE USES OF ASSERTION.

IT would be premature at the present moment to attempt to draw all the lessons which may and should be learnt from the late extraordinary revolution in the constituencies. That it is an extraordinary revolution, and withal an all but complete surprise, hardly those who have profited by it attempt to deny. It was indeed, we are aware, well known beforehand to Sir William Harcourt, but this is rather a deduction from than a confirmation of the fact of Sir William Harcourt's omniscience. Most other persons of all shades of politics admit that their previous opinions, if only in degree, have been falsified, and they are therefore bound, being reasonable beings, to look about for the cause of the error. There are doubtless, as we have said, many such causes, each of which deserves examination and ought to have it. But there is one which is all the more likely to be overlooked because it is the interest of one party to deny its existence, while it is a decidedly unpleasant thing for any Englishman to have to recognize it. The mere aimless love of change; the generous, if not particularly reasonable, desire to "give some one else a turn"; the natural impatience of persons suffering under bad trade, bad harvests, and the like—are all forces which have, no doubt, to be reckoned with. But, when due allowance has been made for all these and their result, there still remains a balance of the balance, as a Yankee would say, which demands its explanation. It would be absurd to deny all force to the appeals which have been made by word of mouth and by the pen during the last few months, and indeed the last few years, on both sides. It would be equally absurd to deny that the immense preponderance of the votes of the electors on one side shows that the style, or the matter, or both, of the appeal of that side has had most influence with them. If we compare the two classes of appeals, it will go hard but we shall discover what sort of argument, or of substitute for argument, is likely to be in the future, as it has actually been in the present, which is now almost past, effectual with the electorate as actually constituted. In the present election there was no single blazing question calculated to draw a decided answer one way or another, as in 1868; nor were there the personal inducements and irritations which undoubtedly played a large part in that of 1874. So far as the election of 1880 has answered any question whatever, it has answered one of a most complicated nature concerning the conduct of a Government not in one conjuncture only, but in a long series of difficult and elaborate transactions. It would be ridiculous to suppose that the average elector has mastered independently and for himself the problem of the Eastern policy of the Ministry. So far as he has exercised his intellect upon it at all, he has exercised it on the views of the question which were presented to him by the rival parties, not on the question itself. It is, therefore, those views and the manner of their presentation which have to be compared for our purpose.

It does not require very great acuteness or a very tenacious memory to discover almost at a glance the striking difference which exists. For the last few months consistently, and, to a great extent, for the last few years, the style of argument of the Opposition has been for the most part a style of pure assertion. We forget whether it was Sir William Harcourt, or Mr. Chamberlain, or Mr. Bright who first promulgated the sentence, "the worst Government that the country has ever known." The phrase revolted at once not merely the sense of fairness and the predilection for decent language which for some time have characterized educated Englishmen, but also the knowledge of history which such Englishmen possess. To compare the actions of the present Government, even viewed in the most unfavourable light, to those of the Cabal, of Danby in his transactions with the Pension Parliament, of Sunderland in the latter days of James II., of half a dozen venal, corrupt, or incapable Governments in the eighteenth century, is simply an outrage upon common sense. But the phrase was rapidly caught up, has been frequently repeated, and has been cheered again and again by crowded public meetings. Take, again, Mr. Bright's famous and favourite monosyllable "lie." This word, either in its blunt three letters or in periphrases hardly less blunt, has been constantly hurled at the Government by their foes. They were a "Cabinet of all the Liars." They lied about the Indian troops, about the Turkish Convention, about Afghanistan, about this, that, and the other. So again with the kindred charge of "stealing." They "stole" Cyprus, they "filched" Cyprus, and so forth. So again about the Afghan and Zulu wars, the management of the finances, the transactions in regard to Ireland, to the Slave Circular, and to a hundred other questions. The Opposition were not content with

questioning the wisdom of these transactions, or with showing how they could have been managed better. Indeed they may be said to have abstained from the latter somewhat perilous attempt altogether. They formulated their objections into more or less striking and succinct phrases, and unweariedly asserted them in season and out of season. Thus the electorate, in matters of which from the nature of the case they could have little or no first-hand knowledge, had put before them, sometimes with great eloquence, and always with unhesitating assurance, views of the various transactions in which the Government had been engaged of which it could at least be said that they were comprehensible to the meanest intelligence. That the Government was composed of liars, thieves, and perhaps a few fools; that they had robbed and cheated and butchered and raised taxes and wasted them; that the only salvation of the country was in a Liberal majority—to these three propositions, varied sometimes, for the most part merely repeated, the vast volume of Opposition speechifying, article-writing, and pamphleteering may for the most part be reduced.

Against this the Government had nothing to do but to argue. Their arguments might be good or bad, but argument was the only weapon they had. When an enemy in public affairs—for in private there are shorter and more satisfactory methods of repartee—calls you a liar, it is useless to reply "I am not." When you are accused of stealing, denial will not save you in popular opinion. The only thing to do is to resort to more or less laborious argument in order to disprove the assertions; that is to say, when they are sufficiently definite to be dealt with in any way. This is what the Government and their supporters have done, or endeavoured to do. We do not say that they wholly succeeded, or that they made the best of such arguments as might have been brought forward. We do not even say that on some points the balance of argument might not have gone against them. But what we do say is, that the battle as actually conducted has been one, not of argument against argument, but of argument against assertion. The Ministerial contention has all along been that, given such circumstances and such means of acting, their action has been as good as could be reasonably expected, and as successful as could reasonably be expected likewise. They have given, with repetition sufficiently wearisome to those who knew them before, the grounds for this contention. Sometimes they have failed to sustain it; oftener they have, in our judgment, fairly made it out. But the point is that their arguments, whether strong or weak, have for the most part been simply ignored. The great chorus has arisen in reply, "You are fools, you are liars, you are thieves, you are the worst Government that England ever knew." It was for the constituencies to decide whether they would attend to the assertions or the arguments. They have decided in a manner which is perfectly unmistakable. They have listened to the assertions, and whistled the arguments down the wind. The "dull defensive war" of appeal to impartial witnesses, to actual facts, or to partial witnesses and to distorted facts, as the case may be—for it really does not much matter—has proved no match for the Opposition attack of unqualified, unproved, sometimes even obviously false and almost impossible, assertion.

It cannot be said that this fact supplies material for comfortable reflection, and the reflection is not the more comfortable because we know the stage we have now reached to have been already reached in other countries. Extreme partisans of the Opposition have sometimes affected to pooh-pooh complaints of violent language and to refer the complainants to the past history of English electioneering. It might be retorted that it is a little odd for such persons to be in one sense, if not in another, of the verb *laudo*, *laudatores temporis acti*. But, in truth, the cases are not parallel. Personal vituperation and sweeping assertion were the guerrillas and irregulars of old election battles; they never formed the main strength of the attack. A few doubtful enemies might be won, a few irresolute friends might be confirmed in their friendship by such means; but the main body went on different principles. The case now appears to be entirely reversed, and the party which has grown out of the ashes of the Whigs certainly cannot adopt the boast of its ancestors, that "Whigs allow no force but argument." It would seem, on the contrary, that Radicals allow no force, but assertion; and, what is worse still, that the vast majority of the electors, to whom it would be absurd to apply any name implying definite political views, agree with them on this point. For the future, then, save at those very rare times when exhaustion, personal inconvenience, party dissension, and the proverbial "next morning's headache" incline the majority to rest and inaction, we may, if the precedents of 1868 and 1880 are to be relied upon, look for two methods only of successful electioneering. The one is the proposition of some measure which may excite the natural appetite for destruction and change which lurks in most men. The other is, to confine the attack upon the adversary to large general assertions of a more or less personal kind, which hardly admit of refutation except by laborious argument, for which argument, as it is now amply proved, the constituencies have no stomach. A cynical person is reported to have said, that with a sufficient staff of orators he would undertake to stump England into voting that two and two make five. The boast is amply justified by the events of the last fortnight, more amply than any man could have foreseen. For it is not here, at any rate for the most part, a case of organization, which has usually been considered to be the sinews of the agitators' war. If in a very few boroughs the victorious party have the advantage in this respect, the reverse is the case in most others and in the counties. The motto of political success in time to come must, it would seem, be not so much "Organize! organize! organize!" or "Register! register! register!" though it would doubtless be rash to neglect these precautions. "Assert! assert! assert!" is the word of the future in English politics. After all, the wisdom of the ancients has anticipated the principle, though not the application. "Throw plenty of mud, and some will stick," is not a maxim of yesterday. Whether men of principle, intelligence, and gentle nurture are likely to adapt themselves to the new method is a question which until recently we should have answered in the negative. But, however this may be, the electors of England have emphatically pronounced that by assertion and not by argument their votes are to be won.

RENAN ON THE ORIGIN OF CHRISTIANITY.

THE third course of Hibbert Lectures was begun on Tuesday last at St. George's Hall by the distinguished French scholar and Academician, M. Renan. It may be remembered that the Hibbert Trust was founded to promote "free and scientific treatment of religious and theological subjects," and that the first course was delivered in 1878 by Professor Max Müller, in the Chapter House at Westminster, and the second last year by Mr. Renouf, a learned Roman Catholic of the Liberal school, who has few equals among living students in his own chosen department of Egyptology. This year the Trustees have fixed on an ex-Ultramontane thinker, whose precise theological standpoint it might not be very easy to define, but whose brilliancy alike of conception and expression is universally recognized. And M. Renan has very characteristically taken for his subject "The Influence of the Institutions, Thought, and Culture of Rome on Christianity and the Development of the Catholic Church." That he would treat his theme as an outsider, or, in plainer words, as a sceptic, was of course understood beforehand; but there are sceptics and sceptics, and the scepticism of M. Renan is as little like that of Gibbon—who has handled the same question in his famous fifteenth chapter—as the refined sarcasm of Mr. Matthew Arnold is like the coarse vulgarity of Tom Paine. It is seldom that a man who has been born and bred a Roman Catholic does not retain through life indelible traces of his original creed in his mental constitution, however widely he may have diverged from the doctrinal belief of his youth; and M. Renan's whole way of looking at Church history is essentially Roman, as will appear in the sequel, though he has long since abandoned all faith in the religious claims of the Papacy. If Christianity on his theory owes its origin, as a world-wide creed, not so much to its reputed Founder as to the "divine enthusiasm," or divine credulity, "of a woman" (Mary Magdalene) in accepting and propagating the beautiful myth of the Resurrection, it owed its universality and permanence to Rome. This is the result to his mind of that "grand historical survey of man's efforts to solve the problems which surround him and have to do with his destiny" which he has set before himself as the aim of his investigations. That there is a certain truth in this view of the case we are far from denying, but nevertheless the lecturer's way of presenting it is a distinctively Roman, or to say the least a distinctively Latin one. But that need not be matter of regret, as it is for this very reason just the view of the case with which an English audience is least likely to be familiar.

M. Renan begins by defining his attitude towards religion, or, as he phrases it, "the religious sentiment," which, though an external, cannot be called a hostile, still less a contemptuous one. On the contrary he considers "the religious feeling a divine thing in man, and a mark of his higher destiny." And the religious feeling is evidently represented to his mind by its specifically Christian form, in which the value and dignity of suffering occupies so prominent a place. He would cordially endorse the well-known teaching of the American poet as to "how divine a thing it is to suffer and be strong." The founders of religion, he tell us, were not "workers in the void"—which apparently means Agnostics—but "the reformers, prophets, *martyrs*, with their protests against falsehood and a gross and fatalistic materialism." The blood of the martyrs has been the seed of every faith. "We are all children of the martyrs," and all great benefactors of mankind have had "to expiate by suffering the good they did." It is not therefore wonderful that there should be no more creative or heroic period in the history of mankind than the martyr age of the Church, "the years which elapsed between the sweet Galilean vision and the death of Marcus Aurelius." During these hundred-and-fifty years were laid the foundations of the great religious system which Rome was destined to spread over the civilised world; for Rome began from the second century to exert a decisive influence over the Christian Church, as will be more fully shown in future lectures. The remainder of the present one is devoted to an exhibition of the nature and conditions of the work which it fell to her lot to achieve. For it was not to the old Roman religion, or anything at all like it, that the world-wide Empire gave an ecumenical predominance coextensive with her own. The pitiful, poverty-stricken "Italiote religions," superstitious, sectional, local, unmoral, had no root of vitality in them. Nor was that wider and grander "cultus of the Roman State," by which Augustus and his successors endeavoured everywhere to supplement or supersede them, any more equal to the emergency. Just as it was not the narrow and austere

culture of ancient Latium, but the broad and massive civilization which she had first herself borrowed from Greece, that she transmitted to later ages, so was it with her religion also. "It was Judaism under its Christian form which Rome propagated without wishing it, and yet with such mighty energy that from a certain epoch Romanism and Christianity became all but synonymous words." This is true in great measure of Western Christianity, but too absolutely expressed. And, although he had spoken in an earlier passage of the great Greek Fathers, Clement of Alexandria and Origen, M. Renan virtually forgets or ignores, as is almost invariably the case with modern Roman Catholic writers, the very existence of the Eastern Church. It is true indeed that the East also lay within the precincts of the ancient Empire, and remained under its nominal rule when the very name had been transferred to a newly organized power in the West. But no one would dream of identifying the Eastern Christianity of any age with "Romanism," in any sense of that somewhat ambiguous term.

In his next point the lecturer is on firmer ground, and if he is viewing the progress of the Gospel, like Gibbon, from its purely human side, he says nothing here which, so regarded, any Christian believer need hesitate to admit. "The unity of the Empire (humanly speaking) *was* the condition precedent of all religious proselytism on a grand scale, if it was to place itself above the nationalities." It has often been the boast of Christian apologists that Rome bridged over the habitable world with her vast roadways and viaducts for the feet of apostles to traverse them. And thus the Empire from the first unconsciously served the interests of the Church. But not quite unconsciously, as time went on. M. Renan says rightly that "there was no persecution for abstract doctrine under Constantine's predecessors"; but long before the fourth century the Emperors had begun more or less clearly to perceive the parasitic growth, as they regarded it, of a power conterminous with the Empire and out of harmony with its existing life. They did not persecute opinions, but they persecuted—and some of the best and wisest of them persecuted most persistently—the organization in which these opinions were localized, and in which an unerring instinct taught them to dread the development of a rival power to their own. It is true that this persecution was intermittent—whence "the Ten Persecutions" are a commonplace of Church histories, though the phrase is rather a misleading one—and that it was not of that minute and vexatious kind which might have been found under a more limited, and, if we may use the word, more fussy kind of Government. There are some very suggestive remarks on this subject in the closing chapter of Dr. Döllinger's *First Age of the Church*. So far M. Renan is certainly right in saying that liberty, including liberty of thought, fared better under the Empire than under the Republic or the Greek commonwealths. "This kind of liberty often enjoyed more toleration under a king than under jealous and prejudiced shopkeepers"; and he instances "the Athenian Inquisition" which put Socrates to death. On the other hand the Church, growing up under the shelter of the Empire, and after the conversion of Constantine in formal alliance with it, borrowed much of the temper of her great auxiliary. It is going too far to say with the lecturer that "the Church became wholly Roman, and has remained to our own days like a survival of the Empire"; but it is true that the Roman Church, to which alone M. Renan's statement can be properly applied, recalls in her history, constitution, and spirit, the Roman poet's famous description of the "arts" by which Rome was to subdue the world.

We must pass over M. Renan's account of "the ethical condition of the Roman Empire at the time of the origin of Christianity," which does not indeed appear to have been very fully reported, and his eloquent and forcible contrast between the moral and religious atmosphere of "the Pagan temple" on one hand and that of "the Synagogue and the Church" on the other, and proceed to notice in conclusion his very interesting comments on the relations of Christianity to patriotism; which betray however, more than any other part of the lecture, the habitual and almost absolute "identification of Romanism and Christianity" in his own mind. It is a just and weighty reflection that many earnest Liberals are apt, in their indignation against despotism, to forget that "political aspirations are not everything here below." It was something far other and deeper than mere political reform which the world was yearning for, and dimly groping after, at the time of the first preaching of the Gospel. But the contrast between Catholicism and nationalism—which is a real one—is drawn in the following vigorous passage, with all the exaggerated sharpness of the advanced Ultramontanism of the days of Pius IX:—

> The establishment of Christianity responded to this cry of all tender and weary souls. Christianity could only have been born and have spread at an epoch when men had no longer a country. If anything was wanting to the founders of the Church it was patriotism. After developing this point at some length, the lecturer remarked that as patriotism wanes, socialism is wont to get the upper hand. Christianity was that explosion of social and religious ideas which became inevitable after Augustus had put an end to political struggles. A universal religion, like Islam, Christianity could not but be at bottom the foe of nationalities. How many centuries had it taken and how many schisms had it cost to form National Churches with a religion which was at first the negation of every earthly country—a religion which was born at an epoch when there could be found in the world neither city nor citizens, a religion which the old republics, inflexible and strong, of Italy and Greece would surely have expelled as poison deadly to the State.

It would have been hardly possible for the Christian Church to acquire and consolidate its ecumenical character except under an ecumenical Empire. The gradual breaking-up of Europe into its various modern nationalities rendered the maintenance of that character increasingly difficult, and had much to do with the "many schisms" of the Reformation era. And hence perhaps the mediæval Popes, in spite of the constant and bitter feuds of Guelf and Ghibelline, clung instinctively throughout to the splendid fiction—for it was latterly little better than a fiction—of the Holy Roman Empire. To this day a curious relic of that assumed alliance of Church and Empire is embedded in the Roman Missal, in the shape of a collect—which has fallen, we believe, into practical disuse—*pro Christianissimo Imperatore nostro*, entreating God to "look mercifully on the Roman Empire, that the barbarous nations may be repressed with the right hand of His power." But while Christianity has created a higher and wider brotherhood than that of race or blood, the idea that it is inconsistent with patriotism, or even with "national Churches," if subordinated to a broader unity, would be disclaimed by most intelligent Roman Catholics, and is not borne out by the records of Christian history. The comparison with Islam is not a happy one, for Islam has never become in fact, and it may well be doubted if it is capable of becoming, "a universal religion." To a Turk religion does not supersede patriotism, but is identified with it. M. Renan's course of lectures, when completed, will undoubtedly supply abundant matter for reflection, but he is a writer who, in spite—perhaps we should rather say in part because—of his seductive charm of style, always requires to be studied with caution. He combines the brilliancy of an imaginative sceptic with the onesided ardour of an Ultramontane and a Frenchman.

OUT OF IT.

THERE are some slang phrases which, if possibly objectionable, are certainly expressive. We are not prepared to trace the origin of the expression which forms the subject of this article, but we believe that most of our readers will allow that it would accurately describe the condition in which, on more than one occasion in the course of their lives, they have found themselves. Without attempting a definition of the expression, we appeal to every one who has experienced the sensation which it describes to say whether or not he enjoyed himself under the circumstances. The worst of such a condition is that in most cases it involves a certain amount of disappointment. It may occasionally overtake us when we expected nothing else, but it comes more commonly when we had hoped for far better things. People often imagine that, if they could only get the *entrée* into some envied clique, their position and happiness would be assured for the terms of their natural lives. At last the much-desired opportunity presents itself, and they enter the celestial portals. Their surroundings when they find themselves there may possibly surpass their fondest wishes, but as regards themselves, all is not satisfactory; on the contrary, they are conscious of a complete though indescribable failure, and they collapse with the lugubrious acknowledgment that somehow they feel "out of it." They are painfully conscious that they have nothing in common with the inhabitants of their longed-for paradise; and these exalted beings give them clearly to understand that they look upon them as flies in their ointment. To have the cup of happiness snatched from one's grasp just as one is putting it to one's lips is mortifying, and the sense of disappointment of one's fondest hopes is even worse. In these days "society," in one form or another, is the most run after of all will-o'-the-wisps, and there are many thousands of people whose highest desire is to be on a familiar footing with some coterie which more especially recommends itself to their tastes. They are ever on the watch for an opportunity of inserting the thin end of the wedge into the desired set. There is great diversity of opinion as to what is the most delectable of earthly circles; but one or two descriptions, taken at random, will easily exemplify the common experience of searchers after social perfection.

There are many people, for instance, who read a little, talk a great deal, and think scarcely at all, and yet imagine themselves to be literary, and entertain an ardent longing to get into a literary set. After anxious and weary struggles they obtain the acquaintance of an intellectual lion-hunter, and, by dint of perseverance, induce this being to invite them to meet some literary people. We will imagine a would-be member of such a clique going to a dinner-party of this description. He congratulates himself that the golden gates are at last about to open to him, and he feels that, after all, patience and dogged perseverance are always rewarded in the end. He is about to find himself among congenial spirits, and his own true worth is going to be for the first time appreciated. Instead of feeling that he is going amongst strangers, he rather seems to be returning to his own brethren and his father's house. On entering the drawing-room, the first thing that strikes him is the ugliness of most of his fellow-guests. His genial host takes him by the arm, and confidentially tells him "who's who." As each celebrity is pointed out to him, he feels as if a star had fallen from his little heaven, so disappointing are the fleshly appearances of those great writers in comparison with the ideals which he had previously formed of them. He is sent in to dinner with the daughter of a savant. He tries to say something clever on the staircase, and tells an amusing literary anecdote as soon as he is seated at the dinner-table; but "Yes," "No," and "Really" seem to constitute the entire vocabulary of his companion. As he cannot

succeed in interesting the fair creature, he tries his other neighbour. This is a lady with a long skinny neck, whose dress resembles a flimsy yellow sack. He talks books and magazines to her for a few minutes, and receives a little cold encouragement. She then smiles for the first time, and quietly says, "You seem to have read a great deal of rubbish." After this he relapses into silence for a time, and has leisure to observe the *literati* devouring their food. There is a famous poet at the opposite end of the table, but all that he can see of him is that he is fat, and has a long grey board. There is a red-whiskered man and there is a red-nosed man, and he knows that one of them is a writer and politician of high reputation; but he could not quite make out from his host's description before dinner whether the nose or the whiskers belonged to the genius. Immediately opposite to him sits a well-known writer of articles in the magazines, whom his host told him he ought to know. This gentleman is apparently a clergyman, and does not look very clean. He never has the opportunity of getting a single word with him during the evening. A famous novelist is in full view. Her books are intellectual, with a strong flavour of the romantic. There is a spirit in them that yearns for the days to come when modern science shall have torn away the veils of prejudice and superstition and the new gospel shall be fearlessly preached. She wears a false front, and seems uninterested in anything except her dinner. Near her sits the writer of some amusing but naughty novels. She has a stern face, and looks like a severe governess. The idea of facing these viragos when they shall be let loose in the drawing-room is terrifying to our novice; but it is some temporary relief to his mind when they leave the room, and the men draw up to one end of the table. He finds, however, that nobody cares to talk to him or to hear what he has to say; so he might as well have saved himself the trouble of cramming up all the leading weeklies and monthlies for the occasion. The whole party listen to the conversation of two men who "talk like books," as unlearned people sometimes say. The most ignorant man in England who would hold his tongue would have made an excellent member of a literary party of this kind, and our novice begins to be conscious that he can scarcely have been invited on account of his prodigious talents. In the drawing-room he finds that the guests break up into little groups and converse confidentially, and he himself is left to his own devices. At last a charitable savant takes pity upon him and enters into a conversation on topics which he thinks suited to the inferior intellect of a poor creature evidently belonging to the outer world. Although the experience is humiliating, even talk of this kind is better than none; but it is scarcely begun when silence is ordered that one of the company may give a recitation in French, and soon after that the party breaks up. As he drives home the aspirant feels that his entrance into literary society has been far from a marked success, and he owns to himself that he had never in his life felt so much "out of it" as he did during the last three hours. If this is the way in which the learned spend their evenings he would rather dine at his club, and it seems probable that the men and women of letters whom he has just left will offer no obstacle to his doing so.

When a man takes a good house in a good country neighbourhood, armed with the best introductions, and is invited immediately to dine at the best house in that best of neighbourhoods, he has every reason for self-congratulation; but let us observe how he passes his evening. The chances are that he finds a large party, and that he and his wife and the curate are the only guests who are not staying in the house. The names of the ladies, written on slips of paper, are thrown into a china bowl, and the gentlemen draw them like lots, in order to see who they are to take into the dining-room. The stranger finds himself between two ladies whom he has never seen before nor is likely to see again, while his wife is between the London doctor and the agent of the Irish estate. The party in the house have their own jokes and interests. At the mention of some apparently meaningless words there is immense amusement, concerning the origin of which the outsiders are absolutely ignorant. The subjects talked of are chiefly the incidents of the day's shooting, or the details of a practical joke played in the house the night before, or the doings of some friends of the family who are mentioned by their Christian names only. The host and hostess are genial enough to the newcomers, but they introduce them to nobody, and talk of little but the common friends to whom their acquaintance is due. This is so much the case that they almost seem to say, "We should certainly not have called upon you at all if Lady Plantagenet had not asked us to do so, and we have undergone the nuisance of having you to dinner (once) to please her only." When the dining-room is deserted, most of the party, both male and female, go into the billiard or music rooms, while only the unhappy outsiders, the hostess, and one aged lady remain to "do company" in the drawing-room. The new neighbours naturally feel that, though present in body, they are, socially speaking, out of the whole thing, and the servant who announces that their carriage is at the door seems like an angel of mercy come to their relief.

To be suddenly thrown amongst a fast set is to ordinary people much the same thing as to be thrown on dry land would be to a fish. The very language of his new acquaintances is to him incomprehensible. A great deal of their talk is made up of apparently unmeaning phrases and scraps from comic songs. Their social intercourse consists of a rough horse-play, in which the ladies join with even greater spirit than the men. In this happy coterie there seem to be two or three "butts," who positively take a pleasure in being affronted for the amusement of the company, while there are one or two ladies who appear to be privileged to say or do whatever they please, and to insult any of the men either by word or act, according to their fancy. A person who has not been fully initiated into these and the other mysteries of this wonderful confraternity is made to feel painfully conscious that he is an outsider, and he is certain to receive no attention or hospitality beyond mere meat and drink. We will cite only one other instance of occasions when one is likely to feel "out of it." A friend invites our wife to luncheon. She implores her to come any day or every day. Whenever they meet, she pesters her to come over at the earliest opportunity, without the formality of sending a previous notice. At last our wife takes her at her word, and drives (five miles) to the house of her importunate acquaintance. Another and more intimate friend of the hostess happens to have arrived a few minutes earlier, and it is at once evident that a mistake has been committed, although it is too late for retreat. Throughout luncheon, as well as before and after, the hostess talks almost entirely to her more honoured guest, and on pretence of taking the latter to her bed-room for a minute to give her a little sal volatile for her headache, remains closeted with her for three-quarters of an hour, leaving her other guest to amuse herself with the reflection that she is altogether "out of it."

It may be that in our times well-bred people are not so flagrantly rude to those whose company they dislike as they used to be in days gone by. There may be none of the coarse rebuffs or duel-provoking insults which were common in the latter part of the last century; but it seems to us that neither is the gentleman of our time so courteous as the man of the old school; and if the man of breeding of the present day is under no circumstances so offensive as was his progenitor when put out, he far more frequently succeeds in making those whom he does not care to please feel uncomfortable, unwelcome, and, in the slang phraseology of the period, thoroughly out of it. And if the man of modern times is an offender in this respect, the woman is often even more guilty. She revels in the art of being politely disagreeable, and enjoys nothing so much as seeing others feel themselves to be in a false position.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

THERE have been few more stirring times in the history of the French nation, few more productive of remarkable men, than the period of the reign of Louis XIV.; hence it seems scarcely surprising that, in the crowd and bustle of notable names and important events, some striking figures should have fallen into oblivion who were worthy of a better fate. It is mainly to Charles Nodier and Théophile Gautier that we are indebted for the rescue of Bergerac's name and works from the entire neglect which had fallen on them; Nodier having called attention to the literary importance of the *Voyages Fantastiques*, while Gautier, in his delightful series of notices of forgotten worthies, published under the name of *Les Grotesques*, gives us a vivid sketch of the life and manners of their author. A more curious instance of the influence of a man's external appearance upon his character and conduct we have never met with. He who has been fortunate enough to see a portrait of Cyrano will undoubtedly agree with Gautier in considering that, of all the strange and noteworthy things that rivet the attention of those who profess an interest in this author, that which absorbs the faculties of the wondering student is his nose. It is a monstrous nose, huge and rocky as some savage mountain chain, marking by its immensity a face of singular beauty and power. This terrible projection which went before him through life exercised such dominion over him that it would seem rather that the nose led the man on to the assault than that the man mounted the breach bringing his nose along with him. Be this as it may, however, Cyrano came to Paris at the age of sixteen, and wrought such dire vengeance upon those who so much as looked at the wonderful feature that before long all Parisians passed him in the street with averted eyes, and he himself, despite his tender years, was commonly spoken of as "l'intrépide." Such was the number of duels he fought that he writes in one of his letters, "quand tout le genre humain serait érigé en une tête, quand de tous les vivans il n'en resterait qu'un, ce serait encore un duel qui me resterait à faire."

But, although he spent much of his time and of his energy in brawling and fighting, he by no means neglected the study of literature and of science, of which he was passionately fond. It was at this time that Gassendi was engaged in educating Chapelle, the son of François Lhuillier; Bernier, Hesnant, and Molière being admitted to the lessons that he gave. It is characteristic of Bergerac that, having heard of these lessons, he started off, sword in hand, and intimidated master and pupils into receiving him of their number. With an eager desire to learn and a great aptitude for acquiring knowledge quickly, he soon proved himself a worthy disciple of the celebrated master, and missed no opportunity in after life of bearing testimony to the gratitude and friendship which he bore to his instructor. How much he profited by his precepts may be readily seen on perusal of the *Histoire comique des Estats et Empires de la Lune et du Soleil*, where, in the midst of the wildest extravagance, much deep thought and true learning are to be found. In these works Cyrano has shown that power of making lucky shots which has distinguished many men of genius. It is certainly

after reading some of the recent theories concerning the solar system, to come upon this passage in the *Etat et Empire de la Lune*:—"Je croys que les planettes sont des mondes autour du soleil, et que les estoilles fixes sont aussi des soleils qui ont des planettes autour d'eux, c'est à dire des mondes que nous ne voyons pas d'ici, à cause de leur petitesse et parce que leur lumière empruntée ne sçaurait venir jusqu'à nous. . . . De sorte que tous ces autres mondes qu'on ne voit point, ou qu'on ne voit qu'imparfaitement, ne sont rien que l'écume des soleils qui se purgent." "And," he continues, "as a fire throws out its cinders, so the suns throw out some of the matter which nourishes their fire."

Cyrano had not remained long under the tuition of Gassendi before his friend Le Bret counselled him to enter the regiment of Guards commanded by M. de Carbon Casteljaloux, and, having joined as a cadet, he was wounded at the siege of Mouzon. It was on his return to Paris that he performed the exploit celebrated by Gautier, which, if it were not well attested by his contemporaries, would seem to be a pure romance. His friend the poet Sinière had written an epigram against a powerful noble, and, having been threatened with personal violence, took refuge with Cyrano. Being told that an armed band awaited the passage of the unlucky poet, Bergerac, nothing daunted, sallied forth with sword and lantern, Sinière, more dead than alive, going with him. Cyrano, coming upon the men assembled to the number of a hundred, fell upon them single-handed, killing some, wounding others, and putting the remainder to flight. It was not until 1641 that he devoted himself entirely to writing, his comedy of the *Pédant joué*, which inspired Molière to write the *Fourberies de Scapin*, being acted in 1645. After reading *Le Pédant joué*, we are tempted to quote a statement made by one who assisted at a representation of *The Winter's Tale*, that "it is not a very funny comedy." In spite of its many flashes of true wit, it is disfigured by an affected style and intolerably long speeches. As a specimen of the shorter dialogue it contains, we may quote a few sentences from the scene between the "capitan" Chateaufort and the peasant Gareau:—

CHATEAUFORT.

Où vas-tu, bon homme?

GAREAU.

Tout devant moi.

CHATEAUFORT.

Mais je te demande où va le chemin que tu suis?

GAREAU.

Il ne va pas, il ne bouge.

CHATEAUFORT.

Pauvre rustre, ce n'est pas cela que je veux savoir. Je te demande si tu as encore bien du chemin à faire aujourd'hui?

GAREAU.

Nanain da. Je le trouverai tout fait.

It was probably concerning this play that he had a dispute with the fat comedian Montfleury, which led to his addressing him in the following terms:—"Enfin, gros homme, je vous ai vu! Mes prunelles ont achevé sur vous de grands voyages; et le jour que vous éboulâtes corporellement jusqu'à moi, j'eus le temps de parcourir votre hémisphère, ou pour parler plus véritablement, d'en découvrir quelques cantons. . . . Si la Terre est un animal, vous voyant aussi rond, et aussi large qu'elle, je soutiens que vous êtes son mâle, et qu'elle a depuis peu accouché de l'Amérique dont vous l'avez engrossée." Not content with fathering America upon the unfortunate man, Cyrano forbade him on pain of death to follow his customary avocation; and Montfleury, having the imprudence to appear afterwards on the boards, was immediately greeted by the terrible voice of his enemy, who from the parterre bade him retire or die. It speaks worlds for the dread in which Cyrano was held that the audience did not interfere, and that the actor remained in hiding until Bergerac relented and suffered him to act once more. The best scene in *Le Pédant joué* is undoubtedly that of the Turkish galley, which Molière has appropriated with trifling alterations in *Les Fourberies de Scapin*—a theft from which he had nothing to fear, for the piece was not acted until after Cyrano's death. On the other hand, Corneille helped himself very liberally from Bergerac's writings during his lifetime, and, wonderful to say, met with no worse punishment than a published letter "Contre un pilleur de pensées."

After the wholesale manner in which Corneille had pillaged Cyrano's *Agrippine*, it is surprising, considering the time in which he lived, that the offended author should have shown so much forbearance. So great is the resemblance to Corneille's style, even in those passages of *Agrippine* which he had managed to keep his hands off, that in reading them one instinctively hears the voice of a well-known modern tragedian rumbling and bellowing through the verse. The first representation of Cyrano's tragedy was the signal for a tremendous uproar. Stilted as the language may appear to a modern reader, it is wickedly natural in comparison with its immediate predecessors. Then, as in more recent times, the public was slow to comprehend that the utterances placed in the mouths of fictitious personages could express sentiments other than those entertained by the writer himself; and when Séjanus exclaimed, "Allons frappons l'hostie," the audience rose with indignant cries of "Ah! l'athée! comme il parle du saint sacrement." The priests, who hated Cyrano for his scientific attainments, were not slow to make what profit they could out of such speeches as these:—

TÉRENTIUS.

Respecte et crains des Dieux l'effroyable tonnerre!

SÉJANUS.

Il ne tombe jamais en hiver sur la terre.
J'ai six mois pour le moins à me moquer des Dieux,
Ensuite je ferai ma paix avec les cieux.

TÉRENTIUS.

Ces Dieux renverseront tout ce que tu proposes.

SÉJANUS.

Un peu d'encens brûlé rajuste bien des choses.

TÉRENTIUS.

Qui les craint ne craint rien.

SÉJANUS.

Ces enfans de l'effroi,
Ces beaux riens qu'on adore, et sans savoir pourquoi,
Ces altérés du sang des bêtes qu'on assomme,
Ces Dieux que l'homme a fait et qui n'ont point fait l'homme,
Des plus fermes États ce fantasque soutien,
Va, va, Térentius, qui les craint ne craint rien.

TÉRENTIUS.

Mais, s'il n'en était point, cette machine ronde. . . .

SÉJANUS.

Oui, mais s'il en était serais-je encore au monde?

The Duke d'Arpagon, his former patron, withdrew his support, terrified by the chorus of indignation raised against his *protégé*. Cyrano, deeply discouraged, was thinking of leaving Paris, when an accident happened which compelled him to retire without loss of time. As he was entering the Duke's house one evening he received a violent blow on the head from a block of wood, thrown possibly on purpose. The Duke, seeing an opportunity of ridding himself for ever of an unpopular attendant, "advised" him to go into the country; and Cyrano, in a dying state, was taken from Paris by his friend Tanneguy Regnault de Boiselavis. Tenderly nursed, he lingered on for fourteen months; but, in spite of every care, he died in September 1655, in the house of his brother Cyrano de Mauvières.

A CO-OPERATIVE MAGAZINE.

IT may be remembered that one of the false accusations which grieved Mr. Gladstone most in his recent canvass for Midlothian was the assertion that he had met the demand of the Civil Service for increase of salaries by the suggestion that they should found Co-operative Stores. We pointed out at the time what vast prospects of economic improvement this happy—if in the particular instance unfounded—idea appeared to open up; and we are glad to find that it has not failed to germinate in the fruitful soil of energetic minds. There lies before us an extremely interesting document, professing to be the prospectus of a new quarterly magazine, to be called by the comprehensive title of the *London and Edinburgh*. It is stated in the document that "this high-class Magazine will from the first occupy a leading position as a unique literary periodical." It does not do to pin one's faith too closely to the statements of a prospectus; but we are inclined to think that in this statement the projectors of the *London and Edinburgh* have confined themselves within the strict limits of veracity. Their periodical, should it appear, will in some important features be wholly unique, and we should imagine is likely to remain so. The unicity—if we may be allowed a most useful and wholly respectable term, which somehow has escaped currency hitherto—will not, we think, consist in the appended list of *distinguished* contributors, of whose italic distinction, with one single exception, the world is, we fancy, somewhat ignorant. The list, by the way, contains the name of one lady who is curiously described as "a three-volume novelist." Does this allude to peculiarities of stature and dimensions on the part of the author, or is it an easy fashion of designating the usual form of the work? We cannot say, and indeed it does not much matter. For the charm of the *London and Edinburgh* consists not in its staff, but in the very singular manner in which that staff is to receive the hire which its unique labours will no doubt most worthily deserve.

Those who have studied the history of literature are aware that, until very recently, a fine ceremonial prudery drew a veil over this important part of literary transactions. Nothing was more amusing in the amusing volume of Mr. Macvey Napier's correspondence, issued a year or two ago, than the little *minauderies* that went on between the editor and the contributors of the *Edinburgh Review* on this point. The latter occasionally affected extreme surprise at the discovery of a cheque in the interesting correspondence which, purely on literary topics, they kept up with Mr. Napier, while on Mr. Napier's own part the operation was managed with equal care. No idea of a bargain or understanding could be thought of, and the whole proceeding suggested that of Mr. Wemmick on the morning of his marriage, "Here's a contributor; let's give him a cheque." The distinguished—in italics—staff of the *London and Edinburgh* will not be treated in this fashion; but a refinement of a still happier kind has been hit upon to save their feelings and assist the financial operations of the magazine. Instead of being paid by the latter, they will pay it—a thought of grand simplicity which at once stamps the projector of the *London and Edinburgh* as a genius. The fortunate aspirant whose article is accepted by the unique periodical will have instantly to send one guinea to the editor. But let us hasten to say that he is to have an equivalent. In return for the guinea twenty copies of the magazine will be sent him on the day of publication. These,

it is pointed out, he can either distribute among his friends, or "place them in the hands of his stationer, who will gladly sell and charge a slight commission." Now the price of the magazine being half-a-crown, a moderate acquaintance with arithmetic shows that a potentiality of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice is thus conferred upon a contributor to the *London and Edinburgh.* It is not to be supposed that he is limited to his beggarly twenty copies. The generous magazine will send him as many copies as he chooses to send it shillings, and his friends and his stationers will doubtless, like certain famous Irish hares, "be jostling each other" with half-crowns in their hands. Only there is a slight stipulation; the contributions must not be "lengthy." The reason for this will appear to the deep and patient thinker after a time. Suppose that the *London and Edinburgh* consists of two hundred pages, if all those pages were occupied by a single contributor, one guinea might be all that ever reached the till. Forty contributions, each with its guinea post-office order, would put a very different complexion on the state of affairs. But it must not be imagined that the combinations of the fertile intellect which has devised this scheme end here. If a gifted author is too destitute of friends and stationers, or too lazy or too unskilled in the arts of barter and sale, to relish this plan, there is another. He may pay half a guinea a year and have done with it, and his work shall then have "consideration." Nor let any one reply inconsiderately that there are magazines where he can have consideration for nothing at all but the postage of his MSS. backwards and forwards. There are contingent advantages attendant upon this half-guinea. In the first place, the subscriber will receive the magazine for a year gratis. In the second, there is a possibility of a very good gift indeed. The editor of the *London and Edinburgh* will introduce his rejected contributors to "other editors and publishers" for whose periodicals "such style of matter is suited." Thus, though they may be rejected by the *London and Edinburgh*, they have the satisfaction of knowing that the *Edinburgh*-by-itself, the *Quarterly*, the *Nineteenth Century*, and a score of inferior publications will scramble for them. Imagination fails to conjure up a more majestic idea than that of the editor of the *London and Edinburgh*, surrounded by post-office orders from eager contributors, and sending off his waste-paper baskets hourly by special carrier to Albemarle Street and Piccadilly and Paternoster Row. One suggestion, of great importance to poets, we have hitherto omitted to notice. Poems of about twelve lines only—surely the editor might have made it fourteen in order to include sonnets—can be inserted by taking ten copies instead of twenty. It may also be mentioned that the editor, with some caution, "hopes" that all the contents of his magazine will be noticed by reviewers, and that he assures us that "no entrance fees are charged." The last assurance is not unnecessary, for, we confess, without it we should have been very apt to confuse the guineas and the half-guineas already mentioned with entrance fees, or, as it used to be vulgarly termed, "footing."

There once was a French literary periodical—and a very good periodical too, as it happened—of which one of its most faithful and distinguished contributors has written that it had during its two years of existence no less than seventeen subscribers, besides the staff. *La Renaissance* did not exactly flourish under these circumstances. But the *London and Edinburgh*, it appears to us, cannot fail to prosper as long as it has contributors. Let us take them at forty for prose compositions, "not lengthy," and twenty for poems of only about twelve lines. There is a circulation of a thousand copies at once. It is true that there are some difficulties which seem to require elucidation. For instance, will the management undertake not to sell against the contributors? If they do not, we cannot help fearing that the gladness with which the stationers will engage to sell their customers' copies for them will be small. As to disposing of them to friends, that is a revival of the old plan of subscription publication, and we see no reason to doubt that it can easily be carried out. If a contributor to the *London and Edinburgh* were to call upon a friend and give that friend the choice between hearing the contribution read and buying a copy, or two copies, or the whole batch of twenty, can it be doubted which alternative the friend would adopt? There are authors in country districts, and especially in Scotland, who are credibly said to have made a livelihood for long years by hawking about their own works; and it is impossible to say that an itinerant confraternity of contributors to the *London and Edinburgh* might not (unless the Legislature interfered) have equal success. Moreover it is, unluckily for human nature, quite certain that there is a very large number of persons who would gladly pay ten shillings for the privilege of getting ten copies of a poem of their own printed. It is true that they might do it more cheaply for themselves, but that they do not know; and, besides, there is the joy of seeing themselves not merely in print, but in print cheek by jowl with other distinguished writers in a unique publication. We are disposed, on the whole, to think very well of the chances of the *London and Edinburgh*, except as to its chances of having all its articles reviewed. Here we cannot but think that the editor has allowed his hopes to run away with his judgment. As we have pointed out, it will be his object and interest to have as many articles as possible, and he cannot expect the benevolent daily and weekly journals that review periodicals to give him up their whole space. If he had said "*nearly* all," it would surely have been more worthy of the honourable frankness and explicitness which elsewhere characterize his proposals. Then there is that paragraph about recommending the rejected communications to other periodicals. It is true that he is careful to say "rejected not for want of literary merit," but this may only mean that, as we can very well believe, no contribution will be rejected for want of literary merit. Indeed the conventions of literature make that impossible. Our projector knows that, after passing the contribution on to *Blackwood* or *Fraser*, he could comfort the contributor by urging want of room or unsuitability of style or something of the kind. Now we put it to him whether this passing on does not "something smack," as old authors have it. It would almost seem as if—though that is impossible—he took his future contributors for persons ignorant of the world, and not amply provided with common sense. However, this is but an error of judgment, or it may be the excess of a sanguine and over-confident mind. Confidence is the soul of success, by which we do not at all mean that the trick of success is a confidence trick, though somehow that guinea—but here we had better stop. It is evident that the projector of the *London and Edinburgh* has deserved success already; whether he will command it, time and the hour must show. We should not like to know a contributor to that periodical, because, though in some respects he would be an interesting anthropological study, his tendency to distribute copies of the unique magazine might be painful. But we should like very much to know a stationer who would gladly sell copies of that magazine under the circumstances mentioned, because he would be a useful as well as an agreeable acquaintance.

RACING YACHTS.

IT seems not unlikely that the yacht racing of the coming season will be better than any that has been witnessed for a considerable time. Contests between great cutters are thought by many good judges to be the finest of all that take place on the waters, and it seems not improbable that, at the regattas of 1880, at least four great cutters will be constantly doing battle. The *Formosa*, the latest offspring of the famous Cowes yard, and the indomitable *Arrow*, nominally fifty-five years old, will have to maintain their places, if they can, against two cutters which have been built on the Clyde and at Lymington expressly for racing, and represent the latest ideas of naval architects as to the best method of planning a racing yacht. An unusual interest will indeed attach to the performances of these two vessels. They may be considered as representatives respectively of the Clyde and the Solent; and they may also be said to represent the latest method of naval architecture as against the old system, the Scotch vessel being built of steel, the other of that heart of oak which was once so dear to the British seaman, but is now neglected for all but yachts and coasters. The struggles, then, between these two craft, and between them and the others that have been named, are likely to make memorable the races in which they figure during their first season; and, should any of those races be sailed in a really strong breeze, or should the vessels come in for a summer gale on their way from port to port, their performances may have a wider interest than that which belongs to racing. In both cutters the present system of building a racing yacht has been carried to what seems almost its furthest point of development. Both are very narrow and very deep, and both have, we believe, a larger proportional amount of lead ballast on the keel than any other yachts afloat, except some very small ones. They ought then, according to commonly received ideas, to be very bad vessels in a sea. It seems, however, by no means unlikely that this will not be the case, and that yachts of this peculiar type may be found to possess, in addition to the great merit of being absolutely uncapsizable, the almost equally great merit of being very easy in a sea, and of being able to make their way through the water when other sailing ships are hove to.

Such at least appears to be the view held by Mr. Dixon Kemp, a gentleman who, as we need hardly say, has long interested himself in questions connected with pleasure vessels, and is the author of a very elaborate work on yacht designing. At a recent meeting at the Institution of Naval Architects Mr. Kemp read a paper on the stability of yachts, which has been published in *Hunt's Yachting Magazine* for the present month. In this monograph he compared the types of three well-known vessels of this kind built at different times; and showed, carefully and minutely, the differences between them, estimating with scientific precision the advantages which lead ballast and the placing a good deal of that ballast on the keel gave the two younger vessels as against the older one. After speaking at length of their stability, and showing how this would be largely altered by certain changes in the ballasting, Mr. Kemp stated that the last built of the three, which seems to be of an almost exaggerated type, was an admirable vessel in a sea. This portion of his remarks, though very brief, was undoubtedly the most interesting, as the facts which he mentioned concern not merely yacht builders, but also those who construct vessels of other kinds. Before considering this, however, it may be well to notice Mr. Kemp's account of the stability of the yachts, and thus to follow the order which he himself has observed. There was nothing very novel in what he had to say about the righting power of these vessels; but he had taken great pains with his subject, and was able to describe with singular clearness and in minute detail the qualities possessed by what Americans call the English lead mines.

The oldest vessel of the three, the *Rose of Devon*, which was launched in 1869, is 81 feet long at the load water-line, has 21 ft. beam, and draws 10 ft. of water amidships. The

Florinda, launched in 1873, is 86 ft. long, with 19 ft. 3 in. beam and 11 ft. draught of water; and the *Jullanar*, launched in 1875, is 100 ft. long, with 17 ft. beam, and 14 ft. draught. The *Rose of Devon* is, or was when Mr. Kemp last heard of her, ballasted with iron, while the other two are ballasted with lead, of which there is a considerable proportion on their keels. The differences between the three are remarkable, and, so far as regards the two first named, are, it would seem, almost entirely caused by ballasting. The qualities of the third, however, are in large part due to a great alteration in type. The *Rose of Devon* has a greater initial stability—that is, a greater power of resisting a light pressure of wind than either of the others. Mr. Dixon Kemp calculated that a breeze which would cause a pressure of 1 lb. to the square foot on the sails would heel the old yacht 9°, the *Florinda* 12°, and the *Jullanar* 14°. A breeze causing a pressure of 2·5 lbs. to the square foot would heel the *Rose of Devon* 24°, the *Jullanar* 32°, and the *Florinda* 40°—the *Jullanar*, it will be observed, already surpassing her rival. With largely augmented wind pressures much greater changes would occur, and the newest of the three would have a resisting power far beyond that of the other two. Mr. Kemp shows the qualities of each ship by the well-known figure called a curve of stability—that is, a curve showing the righting power which a ship has at varying angles of inclination. This is usually indicated by giving what is known as the length of the righting lever; but Mr. Kemp has preferred to give the righting moment in foot-tons. The curves set out show that, up to an inclination of about 12°, the *Rose of Devon* has a greater righting power than the *Florinda*, and, up to an inclination of about 16°, a greater righting power than the *Jullanar*. When these inclinations are passed, however, the other two outstrip her; and, at an angle of about 40°, apparently where her righting power is at its maximum, that of the *Florinda* is somewhat greater, that of the *Jullanar* much greater, the last-named vessel's highest resisting power not being reached until the inclination is 70°, at which angle the power of both of the other yachts is rapidly declining, the *Florinda*, however, remaining superior to the *Rose of Devon*. It is clear, then, that the newer yachts have, in all but very slight breezes, considerable advantages over the old craft, and are, in one respect, safer than she is, as one runs less risk of capsizing than she does, while the other is absolutely uncapsizable. These advantages, however, are due in great part to lead ballast. Mr. Kemp, who is not chary of his labour, shows that, with iron ballast, such as the *Rose of Devon* has, the *Florinda* would be much inferior to her, and the *Jullanar* inferior up to an inclination of about 37°, beyond which point, however, she would rise very rapidly, attaining her maximum as before at 70°. What would happen if the conditions were further changed, and if the *Rose of Devon* had lead ballast, Mr. Kemp does not say, but it would be hard to blame him for not showing this. Calculating curves of stability is very laborious work, and Mr. Kemp having set out no less than six for his paper, could hardly be expected to do more. Indeed Mr. White of the Admiralty, who took part in the discussion which followed Mr. Kemp's remarks, expressed surprise at what he had been able to accomplish.

In one way the result of Mr. Kemp's labours may somewhat surprise those who take interest in racing yachts. The *Florinda* is generally supposed to be the most successful vessel of this class afloat; but it would certainly seem as if in one respect she owed her superiority to a yacht of 1869 to her lead ballast merely. With her entrance and run, and the speed which may be due to their lines, we have nothing now to do; but it seems clear that, if ballasted in the same way as the *Rose of Devon* is, she would heel rather more than that vessel in light breezes, very much more in strong breezes, and would be more likely to capsize. She would therefore be a less comfortable and less safe vessel, and, unless superiority in form made up for deficiency in stiffness, would be less weatherly. Of course it may be said that the lines of the *Florinda* are better than those of the older ship; but Mr. John Harvey, who designed the *Rose of Devon*, is acquainted with his craft, and possibly her form is as well suited for rapid progress through the water as that of the *Florinda*. It would be absurd to dogmatize on such a subject or to attempt to draw any conclusions as certain; but the interesting facts set forth by Mr. Kemp show that the type of the most famous yacht of the day is in one respect decidedly inferior to that of a yacht built in 1869, and suggest that the superiority which she would undoubtedly show over the latter in sailing would be almost entirely due to her lead ballast. The *Jullanar* of course differs largely from both, and represents the most advanced type; but she cannot be said to be superior to the *Florinda*, as the many contests between the two in 1878 left them nearly equal, the *Florinda*, if we remember rightly, having slightly the advantage. It must be remembered too that the *Jullanar*, though really larger than the *Florinda*, receives, owing to the absurdity of yacht measurement, time allowance from her. It seems probable therefore that, considered merely as a racing yacht, the *Florinda* is the better of the two. Apart, however, from speed in comparatively smooth water, the *Jullanar* has very great advantages over the other. She is slightly more crank in light breezes, but has far more stiffness in strong ones, is absolutely uncapsizable, supposing that the deck fittings remain tight, and, most important of all, is, if Mr. Kemp's information is correct, an admirable vessel in a sea, far superior to yachts of the proportions of the *Rose of Devon* or the *Florinda*. This fact, to which Mr. Kemp hardly seems to give the weight it deserves, is very important, as it interests not only constructors of yachts, but many others. It had been commonly thought that, to be easy in a sea, a vessel should have considerable beam; and in a recent and very excellent work—Mr. White's *Manual of Naval Architecture*—it is said that the deep narrow ships which were built under the old builders' measurement were extremely poor ones. It is generally considered that a very low centre of gravity makes a vessel decidedly bad in a sea, although it enables her to stand up well to her canvas. Mr. Kemp, however, asserts that "length and depth are the properties on which ease and comfort in a sea may depend," and says that the *Jullanar*, long, narrow, with a very low centre of gravity, could in heavy weather be sailed in comparative comfort, while a vessel with more beam and less depth would be hove to. No harm comes, he says, from the low centre of gravity if the centre of buoyancy is low too, or, in other words, if the initial stability is small. This view, which at first sight seems contradictory to the established one, is very possibly correct; for Mr. Kemp has had great opportunities for observation, and is thoroughly qualified to observe accurately; but it is to be regretted that he has treated this, the most important part of his subject, briefly, and has not brought forward more facts in support of his opinions. It has been said of the *Jullanar* that she was once able to beat to windward in a gale which stopped even steamers, but no account of this performance has, so far as we are aware, ever appeared. It is to be hoped that at some future time Mr. Kemp will amplify his statements on this matter, and will give in support of his views the facts on which they rest. The information he will doubtless be able to afford will have great interest, and will be in one respect novel. The *Jullanar* is, as every one acquainted with racing yachts knows, very good in a stiff breeze; but Mr. Kemp refers, as we understand, to her behaviour under conditions more trying than are often brought about by what is thought a stiff breeze in a yacht race, to wit those produced by a real gale of wind and a heavy sea. It would be most interesting to all shipbuilders to learn fully how a vessel of her type conducts herself when subjected to these tests.

With regard to the bad ballasting which contributes to her peculiar qualities and to the merits of the *Florinda* there is one observation to be made. Racing yachts are now ballasted exclusively, or all but exclusively, with lead, and of late there has been a tendency to put more and more of this on the keel. As has been seen, the two new racing craft which have been built have huge lead keels, and Mr. Kemp in one of his six curves shows what the *Florinda* would be with a keel of this kind weighing forty tons, showing thereby, we believe, the qualities to be expected from an improvement which is being carried out. A twenty-ton yacht has lately been built which is to carry twenty tons of lead in this way, and it seems probable that, with racing vessels, metal keels are likely in future to constitute an even larger proportion of the ballast than heretofore. It is difficult to avoid some conjecture as to what would happen to a vessel thus weighted if she got aground with a nasty sea on, and, bumping heavily, rubbed her lead keel off. If she got afloat again, what sort of stability would she have? Would it not be something like that which Mr. Reed prophesied for the *Inflexible* after action, and would she not be in danger, to use a sailor's phrase, of "turning turtle"? Calculations less laborious, perhaps, than those of Mr. Kemp would give an answer to these questions; but it is to be feared that the answer might be of a somewhat unpleasant kind.

A TREAT FOR THE NEXT CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE was, it seems, too conscientious in his Budget calculations; and though his mistake may have been on the right side, and though perhaps it did not very materially contribute to the crushing defeat the Government has sustained, there can be no doubt that it was a mistake, and one which has in its small way helped towards the general catastrophe. It is a pity that a Minister should suffer for his virtues, but such is the world. It will be recollected that when Sir Stafford announced the intention of the Government to dissolve, Mr. Cross's unfortunate Water Bill had been already introduced, and had raised a general spirit of opposition in all parties. When, therefore, the Chancellor of the Exchequer went on to say that the dissolution was postponed only just long enough to permit him to carry through his financial proposals, every one supposed that the Budget would be a very sanguine one. Unquestionably the temptation was strong to make the very most of everything that told in favour of the revenue, and to extenuate all that was unsatisfactory. Sir Stafford Northcote, however, not only resisted the temptation, but went to the opposite extreme, and made things worse than they really were. In fact, he has been too scrupulous, and has prepared for his successor a handsome surplus. It was very honest of him, but it was unlucky all the same. Every one will remember the bitterness with which Mr. Gladstone criticized the Budget and the amendment of the Probate duties, and there can be no doubt that the criticism told. Experts, indeed, were satisfied at the time that much of the criticism was unfair, and that the financial situation was by no means so gloomy as the Chancellor of the Exchequer painted it. But the general public does not consist of experts, and not unnaturally took the word of so great a master in finance as Mr. Gladstone.

Twelve months ago, when the Chancellor of the Exchequer

introduced his Budget for the year that has just ended, he estimated the revenue at 83,055,000*l.*, and subsequently he estimated the expenditure at 84,200,000*l.*, thus leaving an estimated deficit of 1,145,000*l.* But four weeks ago, when introducing the Budget for the current year, he estimated the revenue which he actually would receive up to the end of March at 80,860,000*l.*, which was 2,195,000*l.* below the estimate of twelve months ago, and made the deficit 3,340,000*l.* As a matter of fact, the revenue amounted to 81,265,055*l.*, which was 405,000*l.* better than the Chancellor of the Exchequer's estimate three weeks before, and reduced the deficit considerably below three millions. In reality, the statement of expenditure just issued shows that the actual outlay was 94,000*l.* less than his latest estimate, and consequently that the result of the year was half a million better than he expected. By the time this result became known the elections had actually begun, all interest in the Budget was forgotten in the struggle that was going on, and the world had no time to stop to correct mistakes in financial arithmetic. On the few who did pay attention to the matter the effect was not favourable. They had been convinced all along that the Chancellor's estimate was too low, and their opinion of his financial judgment was not raised by his having failed at such a critical moment to bring his estimate nearer the truth even for so short a period as three weeks. The failure seemed to convict him of a liability to be depressed by unfavourable circumstances. This impression was strengthened by his estimates for the new year upon which we have entered. For it he anticipates a total revenue of 82,260,000*l.*, but of this 700,000*l.* are from the increased Probate duties; so that from last year's taxes he expects to receive only 81,560,000*l.* But we have just seen that last year's receipts amounted to 81,265,000*l.*; consequently he estimates for the current year an increase of barely 295,000*l.* On the very face of it this is much too low. The falling off of last year's revenue from last year's original estimates was 1,790,000*l.*, but the falling off in Customs and Excise alone was considerably more than this, amounting, in fact, to over three millions, and almost the whole of this loss is on spirits and malt. Taking Customs and Excise together, the decrease in the receipts from the spirit duties is very nearly 1½ millions, and from the malt duty about 940,000*l.*; in other words, the falling off from spirits and malt is nearly 2½ millions, or not a great deal short of three-quarters of a million more than the net falling off of the whole revenue. Part of this decrease is only apparent, for in the week or two preceding the introduction of the Budget a year ago, there was a rush to clear dutiable goods through the Custom House, in the apprehension that there might be increased taxation. And, so far as it is real, it is palpably temporary. The decline of nearly a million in the malt duty is plainly due to last year's very late and very bad barley harvest; and the falling off in the spirit duties is also manifestly due to the depression of trade. We are afraid we must dismiss Sir S. Northcote's suggestion that the people are becoming more temperate as one that will not bear examination. Wholesale conversions, like those that were effected by Father Mathew's preaching in Ireland, might account for the enormous falling off in the spirit revenue of 1½ million in a single year; but, as there had been no such moral revolution in any class of the population, we must set down the change to poverty, not to improved morality. The year has been a very trying one in the rural districts all through the United Kingdom. In Ireland there has been extreme distress, deepening in many cases almost into famine; and in England the difficulties of the farmers have prevented them from employing as many labourers as usual. In the manufacturing districts, again, it will be recollected that the winter of 1878-79 was very severe; that in London, Sheffield, and most of the large towns, subscriptions had to be raised to relieve the distress, and that trade did not begin to improve until near the end of the summer. It is therefore evident that this is the true explanation of the falling off in the revenue. Indeed it may be observed as a general principle that a period of bad trade tells most seriously upon the revenue just when it is coming to an end. The public income continues to improve long after the depression has set in, and it continues to decline for a considerable time after the revival has begun. This latter process is what has been going on during the past year, and the fact affords no countenance to the theory that the people are becoming more temperate. When they have more money to spend, they will spend more (among other things) in drinking. The only question is whether they will have more money in the year upon which we have entered. To us there seems every reason to believe that they will.

We have seen that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has estimated an increase on the whole revenue in the current year over that just ended of not quite 300,000*l.*, and we have shown that considerably more than the whole decrease from last year's estimates occurred in the malt and spirit duties. How exceptional was the falling off of last year will be gathered from the facts that we must go back fully five years—that is, to the year ending with March 1875—to find the Customs income so low, and that we must go still further back to get so small an Excise income. Is it likely, we would ask, that these great items of revenue have not merely lost their elasticity, but have lost all the increase made by them during the past five years and more? Of course, if we are to have another harvest as bad as the last, if it rains all through the summer and autumn, and if the distress in Ireland and the difficulties in England are deepened, we cannot expect improvement in the revenue. But there is no reason to anticipate such a calamity as this. On the contrary, it may be hoped that the cycle of bad seasons has now run its course, and that we may reasonably look forward to a good year. If so, the malt duty will not only yield as much as usual, but perhaps a good deal more, since an increased amount of brewing may be looked for. Moreover, an improvement in the condition of the agricultural classes will enable them to spend more liberally; and a fairly good harvest, which is the only thing wanted to give strength and duration to the revival of trade, will increase the employment of the labouring classes, and by cheapening food will make their wages go further. But if Customs and Excise together should yield as much as they did in the year ending with March 1879, the increase under these two heads alone upon the estimates for the current year would be about 2½ millions. Even if the improvement should be only half as much as this, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has provided for his successor a minimum surplus of one million. Whether the larger or the smaller figure will be reached depends, first, upon the character of the seasons; secondly, upon the continuance of prosperity in the United States and India; and, thirdly, upon the maintenance of peace in Europe. But that, in the absence of an extraordinary combination of untoward circumstances, there will be a considerable surplus, may be regarded as reasonably certain. That this, indeed, is Sir Stafford Northcote's own opinion would appear from his proposals for paying off the accumulated deficits. Those deficits now amount to eight millions, six millions of which he proposes to get rid of by means of terminable annuities ending in 1885; the remaining two he hopes to pay off, partly out of the contributions which he is sanguine enough to expect from South Africa towards defraying the cost of the Zulu war, and partly out of ordinary surpluses. But if he anticipates a surplus, why did he not allow for the fact in his estimates? This would clearly have been the more prudent course, from a party point of view, when going to the country. Perhaps he reckoned upon remaining in office, and in that case he would be the better able to make an impression on the debt by having an available surplus at the end of the year. As it happens, the only effect of his self-denying caution is that he will enable the Liberal leaders to boast that the instant they assume the management of affairs surpluses reappear. There can be no doubt that they may be trusted to improve the occasion.

THE THEATRES.

OF *The Pirates of Penzance*, the new work by Messrs. W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, it may, we think, be said, "Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other!" Some critics, American and English, have discovered that *The Pirates of Penzance* is only *Pinafore* in a new dress; while the *Times'* critic, with exquisitely grave absurdity, has pointed out that "the plot is weak, and the chief characters are copies—copies from Mr. Gilbert's own originals—but copies still." It would be about as much to the purpose to say that the plot of *Tom Thumb* is weak; but, as a matter of fact, the plot of *The Pirates of Penzance* is full of matter. As to the resemblance to *Pinafore*, no doubt there is a general resemblance between the two pieces, for the very sufficient reason that both are conceived in the same spirit. This spirit is, as it seems to us, the true spirit of burlesque, and it is as reasonable to complain of Mr. Gilbert's adhering to this as it would be to upbraid a novelist for always writing good English. Mr. Gilbert may be regarded as the inventor of a special form of burlesque, in which what looks at first sight like ordinary everyday life becomes a kind of phantasmagoria bewildering to the spectators, but not to the actors, who accept without a sign of astonishment the most startling narrations and events as if they were trivial and commonplace. There is of course a danger that this kind of thing may be repeated too often, a danger which is common to all specialties in art. Thus far, however, Mr. Gilbert has certainly avoided this difficulty. In construction and in writing, whether of prose or verse, *The Pirates of Penzance* is as fresh and sparkling as possible. "On its own peculiar grounds," says the *Times*, "little fault can be found with it. But," the writer continues, with an absolutely astounding stolidity, "it is different when we regard it as the basis of musical construction, as a libretto. Music is fully able to deal with broadly comic phases of human life. Such a character as, say, Figaro, in the scores of Rossini and of Mozart, stands forth with a graphic distinctness unattainable by words alone." Mr. Gilbert himself has perhaps never written anything quite so exquisitely comic as the passage just quoted. When Mr. Gilbert assumes stupidity it is easy to see that it is an assumption, and the pretence is a shade less amusing than the real thing. Mr. Sullivan's music is, it seems to us, as pleasantly fresh as is Mr. Gilbert's piece. It is admirably suited to the words in the purely comic passages, in many of which Mr. Sullivan's orchestration is singularly ingenious and apt; and in some others, notably a cavatina for the hero in the first act, and a duet for the hero and the heroine in the second, it has true beauty and invention.

The central idea of the many convolutions which go to make up the plot of *The Pirates of Penzance* is that of a young man whose nurse has by mistake apprenticed him to a Pirate King instead of to a pilot. There is, it may be stated in passing, a story in a back number of *Household Words* or of *All the Year Round* which turns upon the same confusion of names. Ruth, the nurse spoken of, relates in a characteristic song how, mistaking her instructions, which within her brain did gyrate, she committed the

irretrievable mistake of binding the young Frederic apprentice to a pirate, and she ends by informing the pirate crew that

> This is how you find me now,
> A member of your shy lot,
> Which you wouldn't have found had he been bound
> Apprentice to a pilot.

Ruth loves Frederic, who, never having seen any other woman, is somewhat in doubt as to whether she is beautiful or not, but is quite prepared to marry her on her assurance that she really is a very fine woman. Unfortunately, just after she has made this assertion, Major-General Stanley's daughters appear, and Frederic and Mabel immediately fall in love with each other. The kindly resolution of all the other girls to talk with great interest about the weather while the lovemaking is going on gives Mr. Sullivan an opportunity for an exceedingly pretty piece of concerted music. The pirates enter stealthily, seize on a maiden apiece, and propose to have the marriage service immediately performed, when the Major-General enters, and presently gives some account of himself in a patter song, each verse of which ends with a rhyme, which he has immense difficulty in finding. The Major-General of course is well informed on all subjects, except those connected with his profession. He is well up in Tenierses and Zoffanys, and he knows the croaking chorus from the *Frogs* of Aristophanes. He is competent to speak with authority of the square of the hypothenuse (which is the more fortunate as it supplies him with one of the rhymes that have to be painfully sought for), and he "can whistle all the airs in that infernal nonsense *Pinafore*," but of things pertaining to active military service he knows little or nothing. He rescues his daughters from the matrimonial designs of the pirate band by pleading *in formâ pupilli*, the pirates being bound according to their own laws never to molest an orphan—a practice which, as Frederic has before pointed out, interferes to a considerable extent with the gains of their calling. The act drop falls upon a tableau composed by the Pirate King, surrounded by his crew, waving the black flag at the right of the stage, while the Major-General, surrounded by his twenty-four daughters waving their handkerchiefs, brandishes the British Standard at the opposite side.

The interpretation of the work is singularly successful. The chorus are admirably trained both in singing and acting, and the band is led with delicacy and firmness by Mr. Alfred Cellier. Miss Marion Hood makes her first appearance as Mabel, the heroine. She has a good voice and her singing has much merit, but, like her acting, suggests the notion that it would have been the better for more training. Miss Hood, with some obvious advantages, has two serious faults to overcome—restlessness and self-consciousness. Miss Emily Cross plays Ruth, the part which was to have been taken by Miss Everard, and plays it very well. Her musical skill enables her to overcome successfully the difficulties of dealing with music which is not particularly well adapted to her voice. Others of Major-General Stanley's daughters are well represented by Miss Gwynne, Miss La Rue, and Miss Bond. Mr. George Grossmith appears as the Major-General. He has the rare art of singing admirably without seeming to possess any voice, and certainly no one could deliver the patter-song with more complete success, with more commendable gravity and absence of exaggeration. There is, on the whole, less of Major-General Stanley in *The Pirates* than of Sir Joseph Porter in *Pinafore*; but the one part is in Mr. Grossmith's hands as careful and attractive a study as the other. Mr. Temple's Pirate Captain suggests, exactly as it should, pleasing reminiscences of the days when such figures as that which he presents, "twopence coloured," were a delight; and he sings the song of "The Pirate King" with capital dash and vigour. Dash is the one thing that seems to us to be wanting to Mr. George Power's performance of Frederic. Mr. Power has a very "sympathetic" voice of true tenor quality, which he uses with great skill and delicacy, and there is nothing to blame in his acting except the fact that he seems afraid to let himself go. This is a fault on the right side, but it is one which gives an air of inefficiency to an otherwise artistic performance. We must take this occasion of speaking of Mr. Rutland Barrington's excellent performance, although he does not appear until the second act, when he enters as the Sergeant in command of a detachment of police, who are opposed to the pirates. Mr. Barrington is as good an actor as he is a singer, and he has a full appreciation of the author's peculiar vein of humour. His song, with a chorus from the policemen, describing how, "take one consideration with another, the policeman's lot is not a happy one," is very funny in itself and is capitally given. We do not propose to discount, by relating them, the surprises of the second act; but it may be said of it briefly that it is as fresh and vivacious as the first. It is, however, to be hoped that, as time goes on, *encores* will either grow less frequent or meet with less ready response. Protest against the habit of *encores* is, it is to be feared, useless.

We have not till now found an opportunity of speaking of the performance at the St. James's Theatre of *Still Waters Run Deep* and *Old Cronies*. In the comedy Mrs. Kendal's impersonation of Mrs. Sternhold is the most interesting point, because it exhibits the actress in an entirely new light, and shows that her range is wider than might have been imagined. The representation is at once forcible and fine, and in the more passionate passages is very remarkable. That Mrs. Kendal's taste is equal to her talent is shown by her avoiding, in the most striking of these, any comparison with Mrs. Alfred Wigan's fine rendering of the same point. Mr. Hare's Potter is an elaborate and highly-finished study of an old—possibly a too old—man. But one could hardly wish it to be changed. Mr. Terriss as Hawkesley is at his best in the later—that is, the stronger—scenes of the play. Mr. Kendal's Mildmay is, like everything he does, carefully thought out and executed; but it interests us less than some of his performances have done, possibly because it is wanting in the variety which the character seems capable of assuming. Mr. Theyre Smith's comedietta *Old Cronies*, which precedes the comedy, is remarkable both as to writing and as to acting. It might be said, not unfairly, that the little piece is all about nothing; but the nothing is so charmingly written, and so perfectly acted by Mr. Wenman and Mr. Mackintosh, that it leaves behind it a singularly pleasant impression—such an impression, in fact, as is caused by seeing a piece of the same calibre played at the Français by picked actors, not, as is too often the case nowadays at that theatre, by players of second-rate quality.

Mr. Hollingshead, by engaging the Hanlon-Lees at the Gaiety, has given playgoers an opportunity of seeing pantomime understood and interpreted as a fine art. Not very long ago we wrote in high praise of Mr. Paul Martinetti, who is the only other fine artist in pure pantomime who has been seen for years in London. The Hanlon-Lees have the advantage of Mr. Paul Martinetti and his company in numbers. All of them, including M. Agoust, who belongs to the troop, can act admirably in dumb show; and several of them, chief among whom are Messrs. F. and W. Hanlon, are both actors and gymnasts. The precision and rapidity with which the most complicated and bewildering "tricks" are executed by the whole company are extraordinary. Two scenes of pure pantomime acting are specially remarkable. One consists in nothing but the constant filching of a spirit-flask from a traveller by the two chief members of the company; the other represents their successive hair-breadth escapes from the pursuit of a gendarme, capitally represented by M. Agoust. Both scenes are worth close observation. The piece has a wild plot, and some wildly punning dialogue. Mr. Righton and Mr. W. E. Penley get all the fun that there is to be got out of two speaking parts.

At the Folly Theatre Mr. Toole has lately produced Mr. H. J. Byron's comedy of *The Upper Crust*, in which Mr. Toole himself plays the most important part. Mr. Byron seldom fails to be amusing. In the piece which we now speak of he is as amusing as ever, and he has avoided a fault which has been found in some of his plays, that of finishing up an entertaining comedy with a weak climax. The construction is that of a keen and practised playwright, and the dialogue, which never flags, contains some of the happiest lines which Mr. Byron has ever written. Unfortunately some of these lines seem to be quite over the heads of the audience. The fact that the name of Adam Smith appears to be entirely unknown to the spectators suggests some curious and not altogether pleasing reflections. It is perhaps even more remarkable that the point of "It cuts both ways—like many old saws" should be missed. There are, however, plenty of points which no audience can fail to take; and, what is perhaps more important for the success of the piece, the author has fitted Mr. Toole with an admirably devised part, which is played as only Mr. Toole could play it. It is the actor's merit that, while he gives full prominence to the broader characteristics of the part, he never neglects or forgets its finer shades. The three ladies' parts are well rendered by Miss Cavalier, Miss Phillips, and Miss Thorne.

REVIEWS.

BURTON'S REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.*

(First Notice.)

THE addition of a single word to the title-page of these volumes would have been of material assistance to any reader desirous of understanding their method and appreciating their real excellences. As a *supplementary* history of the reign of Queen Anne Mr. Burton's book has merits commending themselves almost at first sight; and the points which it elucidates afresh, or puts in a light surer, and therefore probably truer, than that in which other recent historians have presented them, are very far from being the least important or the least interesting in the range of its theme. Thus, above all, no one will be disappointed who seeks for a judgment at once shrewd and generous of the history of the Union with Scotland in an author to whom we owe the most readable and the most complete History of Scotland up to the time of the Revolution Settlement. Exhaustive, on the other hand, or even fairly well balanced in the relative thoroughness and fulness of its several divisions, the work before us can scarcely be called. The author is perpetually accounting for his transitions and excursions, or apologizing for them; but it is undeniable that the former are often as abrupt as the latter are lengthy. It is quite needless to say that Mr. Burton is one of those who read much and

* *A History of the Reign of Queen Anne.* By John Hill Burton, D.C.L., Historiographer Royal for Scotland. 3 vols. William Blackwood & Sons. 1880.

do not often read in vain; nor need one seek far in these volumes for evidence of the qualities which distinguish the scholar who draws on ample resources from the adept in the art of reproducing at secondhand. Yet this work, produced in his full literary maturity by an historian who enjoys an official pre-eminence beyond the Border, and a widespread recognition on both sides of it, furnishes a noteworthy instance of the untoward consequences of neglecting the artistic, or, one might almost say, technical, side of historical composition. As Mr. Burton lacks neither knowledge nor spirit, so his *Reign of Queen Anne* is abundantly instructive and frequently entertaining; but to any one who has expected to find in this thousand or so of pages something like a comprehensive survey of the period which they profess to cover, the substitute provided is likely to prove disappointing. It will certainly be perplexing to the less advanced student (say at one of the Scottish Universities where no history is taught) who should innocently hope with its aid to master in outline the course of the period in question.

Before taking another occasion of adverting to some of those portions of this History which seem to claim more special attention, we feel bound in some measure to make good the opinion we have advanced as to the general method, or want of method, characterizing it. To compare Mr. Burton's treatment of his subject with that of other recent English historians would be a useless task, since by their narratives of the reign of Queen Anne neither Lord Stanhope, nor Mr. Wyon, nor, to our knowledge, any other English writer with an ambition beyond the favourite duodecimo of the present period, has achieved a conspicuous success. At the same time we cannot but think Mr. Burton's reference to Lord Stanhope as to "one who, when he had made himself fully master of the facts, could be relied upon for absolute justice, with perhaps a tinge of generosity," needlessly patronizing in tone. We are glad to find Mr. Burton, on the one hand, though clearly himself no stranger to some of the battle-fields of which he speaks, ready to make use of the eminently "standard" authority of Archdeacon Coxe; and, on the other, pay to the great historical genius of Ranke a warmer tribute of esteem than is usual on the part of historical writers of established reputation in "Britain." Even for O. von Noorden, scarcely known at all in this country, he has at least a polite word. But of course neither the historian of England in the Reformation and Revolution periods nor Schlosser's conscientious successor has essayed to treat the period of Queen Anne's reign as a distinct theme. There are few themes of the kind which are from some points of view so complete in themselves; and yet, after happily choosing a subject for the treatment of which he has several special qualifications, Mr. Burton appears to have been often at a loss how to arrange the materials before him. To be sure, he is constantly telling us why he has put something in or has left something over; but this kind of unasked confidence is apt to weary the reader, like a letter half made up of reasons for not being longer than it actually is. Now and then Mr. Burton protests that he will not be guilty of deviations from the straight path. Thus, having touched on and quite appositely illustrated the extreme necessitousness of the Court of King Charles III. of Spain, Great Britain's pompous ally and greedy pensioner, he thinks it necessary to add a rather obscure confession of having "been drawn into this separate story further than we should have gone in limiting our history to 'The British Empire.' There is a warning to stop in time, that the name of our country be not unjustly compromised." At other times he passes with extreme rapidity over important events or transactions, or omits to furnish the grounds of statements possessing considerable significance. Thus, after Godolphin has been roundly introduced as "the greatest master of finance and pecuniary economy that ever held rule in Britain," it is annoying to be referred, in support of the assertion, to two volumes of the Calendars of State Papers, *passim*, without obtaining any illustrations from Mr. Burton himself beyond the Lord Treasurer's hesitation in allowing a new silver trumpet to the third troop of Guards before being informed "what's become of the old one," and his vigilant economy in the matter of the Coronation accounts. So important an episode as "the celebrated simultaneous creation of twelve peers" is dismissed in a few lines; nor have we noticed any reference at all to another achievement of the same unscrupulous statesman—that Schism Act which it is comforting to find the *Quarterly Review*, in its recent lively article on Bolingbroke, execrate in no measured terms. But, in truth, we must confess that Mr. Burton's account of the last four years of Queen Anne's reign strikes us as decidedly meagre and unsatisfactory. On the other hand, there is no sparing of space in the relation of the ceremonial of Queen Anne's coronation, or even in that of the externals of the Sacheverell trial. In these instances, however, as in the passages about "multiplepoinding," and other peculiarities of the Scots law, most readers will at all events find an element of novelty; but the digressions concerning the earlier history of the French tongue, and the predecessors of Rapin in England and Scotland, appear to us purely superfluous.

Mr. Burton, we need hardly say, makes ample use of his opportunities and his vigilance as a reader; thus the whole literature, if one may so call it, of the Sacheverell case has by him for the first time been made serviceable to a more balanced judgment of the significance of the entire transaction. Concerning the rather out-of-the-way subject, again, of the French refugees in England—a subject fully ripe for a monograph—he has much that is valuable as well as curious to say. But in his concluding chapter, on the "Intellectual Progress" of the age, he has attempted either too much or too little for any perceptible purpose. We will not assert that this chapter is poorer than the corresponding section of Lord Stanhope's book, called, with even grander breadth, "The Age of Anne," for that would be going far. But who in the world can be interested or benefited by a hasty reference beginning after the following fashion?

> There was in existence a book of great rarity published at Oxford in 1485, being a translation from Greek into Latin. It led the way to the original Greek of the Epistle of Phalaris, who had been Governor of Agrigentum some five centuries before the Christian era, and was supposed to be a master of the Greek language in the period of its purity.

To some readers "Tom Brown," for whose reputation Mr. Burton appears generously to entertain a certain kind of tenderness, may present himself as a discovery, while others may share the historian's estimate of his wit. For ourselves, we can only esteem it fortunate that we are spared a series of extracts from Tom d'Urfey and Ned Ward, lesser and perhaps looser humourists of the same "school." Of Brome, whose *Jovial Crew* according to Mr. Burton was popular in London when Gay was at work on the *Beggar's Opera*, and is accordingly cited in this chapter, we are mysteriously told that "so little is known that he is not easily identified." We had thought that few of Ben Jonson's followers were better known than his "faithful servant Dick Brome," whose works were republished only the other day. But though his play kept the stage in Queen Anne's reign, an extract from it was hardly called for here. The quotations from Swift are unnecessary for another reason—because they are already known to most people; though there are probably but few to whom it would have occurred to reflect on Swift's lines descriptive of the Apollo Belvidere by printing in a parallel column those of Byron suggested by the same statue. Altogether, this concluding chapter scarcely tends to modify the impression which these volumes as a whole, notwithstanding their merits, leave upon the mind—that of unevenness and incompleteness. They are far from exhausting the history of the reign of Queen Anne in its main points, though they include even such odds and ends as the services of the age to the science of geology, and, by implication, to that of palæozoic entomology.

We regret to add that in points of detail also this History shows, in our judgment, a surprising want of finish. Perhaps what seems to us a not unfrequent obscurity of style may not seem the same to others; and we have no space for quotations. At all events, such a word as "uncompliability," and such a phrase as to "exorcise into existence," appear to us to clog the progress of a sentence as much as faultiness of construction. Unfortunately, too, Mr. Burton has been badly served by his printer, whose vagaries are many and various:—*Normandy* for *Normanby*, and *Sylvia* for *Sylva* (Evelyn's), and *Königsburg* for *Königsberg*, and *Legh* for *Queich*, and *condé* (repeatedly) for the Spanish *conde*, together with *Reformation* for *Restoration*, and *Thomas* for *Robert Harley* as the heading of a page. With regard to the last of these blunders, we at first fancied that the Treasurer's cousin might have been in the mind's eye of the printer; but after a glance at the top of the page opposite, it does not need the acumen of Mr. William Blades to account for the misnomer. Since Mr. Burton takes occasion to remind us that genealogy is an exact science, he might have likewise remembered that an accurate terminology is one of its most useful adjuncts. In that case, he would have avoided giving the vague title of "Prince" Frederick to the Elector who afterwards became King Frederick, and whom two pages later Mr. Burton, by a strange slip, calls "King William." In like manner, the famous Margrave Louis of Baden-Baden is in the loose English fashion called Prince Louis of Baden in the same page in which he has received his proper title, and a few pages further is quite incorrectly raised to a dukedom. It may seem trifling to notice such slips as these, but inaccuracy in an historical work is always worth pointing out. The book is not free from incorrectness of a graver sort, which surprises us in an historian of Mr. Burton's attainments and achievements. Making every allowance for laxity of phraseology and for vivacity of imagination, we fail to see how Marlborough could have looked on the Moselle and the Saar as "penetrating to the heart of France." Nor can we accept the first part of the following geographical description of Bavaria early in the eighteenth century—whatever the last clause in the sentence may mean:—

> The largest of these States was Bavaria—an electorate of the Empire, covering a space from Donauworth on the Danube up to the watershed of the Alps, where it marched with Italy and the Austrian Tyrol.

On returning, as we hope to do, to Mr. Burton's volumes, we desire to touch no further on inaccuracies or obscurities of detail. And, in order to have done with fault-finding, we may advert at once to another blemish which we find it difficult to pass by. Mr. Burton would not accept it as a compliment were we to declare our undiminished belief in the candour of his judgments and the straightforwardness of his views on questions of public morality. It is the more disappointing that he should in these volumes, on more than one occasion, have lapsed into an apologetic tone which appears to us very unfortunate. Is it to the purpose, and, if to the purpose, is it fair, after an interesting and entertaining passage describing the evils of the English recruiting organization, to fall back upon the empty generality that "we may safely believe that there were deeper blots in the shape of injustice and cruelties in the machinations by which those who were to be our allies raised their forces"? What avails it, after narrating the strange

story of the execution at Leith of Captain Green of the *Worcester*, and of two of her crew, and characterizing the crime as it deserves to be characterized, to add the quite inapposite reflection that, if Green and his crew had been caught as buccaneers by "any of the Continental Powers of Europe . . . there would have been the question by torture to begin with, while all who escaped the rope would have been chained for life to the long galleys then employed in the coasting and river navigation of the Mediterranean and the narrow seas." That the captain and his shipmates would have elsewhere been cruelly punished for crimes committed by them is no excuse for the fact that, in Scotland, they more promptly expiated a deed they had not done. But there appears to be an unfailing resource in the sentiment of gratitude towards Providence that, after all, Great Britain was in the past, as she is now, different from other nations. It is this sentiment which helps to carry an historian easily through the narrative of such transactions as the "preliminary arrangements" for the peace of Utrecht, at their exclusion from which the Dutch, forsooth, "showed some grotesque tokens of resentment." At the same time we gladly acknowledge that where Mr. Burton enters most fully into parts of his theme, he shows fairness of spirit as well as comprehensiveness of judgment. And we hope, in another article, to indicate some at least of the passages which render the book, notwithstanding its defects, a valuable addition to our historical literature.

HELLENICA.*

THE object of these essays is to bring the meaning and importance of Greek literature nearer to educated English readers who are not scholars by profession. Most of them are such as might be added by way of excursus or introduction to translations of the works discussed; and to those who have any current or recent knowledge of our Universities the names of the writers will in most cases be a sufficient voucher for the competence of the execution. Those who read the originals will find here a welcome companion; and those who do not are provided with interesting and enlightening accounts of what the originals tell us. The essayists have written independently, and there are considerable differences in the extent to which they have aimed at a popular treatment of their subjects. All may be said to express results of scholarship in a literary form; but Mr. Dakyns's paper on Xenophon, for instance, stands as distinctly on the side of literature as Professor Jebb's on the speeches in Thucydides does on the side of scholarship. Oxford and Cambridge are both represented; but Oxford is in a majority of two to one, and has the philosophical interest of the book all to herself. The two full and excellent essays on the Platonic theory of education, and on Aristotle's conception of the State, of which we shall presently have more to say, are both contributed by Fellows of Balliol.

The series is led off by Mr. Ernest Myers with a paper on Æschylus, in which he gives a brilliant exposition of the origin and conditions of the Attic drama, and of Æschylus's poetical character. He takes occasion to correct to some extent the commonly received opinion. Æschylus's magniloquence in poetry and conservatism in politics have both, as Mr. Myers justly points out, been exaggerated beyond the measure of any legitimate inference from the testimony of his own works, partly owing to serious acceptance of the picture of him deliberately exaggerated by Aristophanes to heighten the contrast with Euripides. Mr. Abbott, the editor of the volume, follows with a discussion of "The Theology and Ethics of Sophocles." To extract a complete ethical or theological system from a dramatist is not a hopeful task, and the better the dramatist knows his art the less hopeful it is likely to be. Nevertheless the Greek drama, turning largely as it does on the relations of man to superhuman powers, well deserves to be specially studied for the indications it gives of the half-conscious ethical development of the best Greek minds. Here, as in Pindar (though in Pindar something of conscious purpose is manifest), we watch the gradual displacement of the frank and unquestioning anthropomorphism of the Homeric age by conceptions that aim at satisfying a higher moral and intellectual standard. In this spirit Mr. Abbott has discussed the Sophoclean treatment of the Gods and their dealings with mankind.

Mr. Nettleship's contribution, entitled "The Theory of Education in the *Republic* of Plato," is the longest and perhaps the most interesting in the book. In Germany it would have been garnished with a much greater display of Greek and Latin quotations (which Mr. Nettleship seems purposely to avoid), and published as a monograph. Its general object is to exhibit the vital substance of the original and almost modern ideas which are apt to be hidden from the modern reader by the unfamiliar form of Plato's teaching. The first postulate of Plato's scheme is that education is essentially a kind of nurture, τροφή: "the human self"—mind as well as body—"is a living being, requiring a certain environment in order to grow properly, and capable of growing improperly in an immense variety of ways." Hence a necessary condition of a science of education being formed is a scientific knowledge of the human mind. We must know not merely what we want to produce, but what we have to work upon; a consideration which may seem obvious enough when stated, but has often been forgotten long after Plato's time. Starting from this conception, Plato thoroughly grasped the point that the formation of character, not the imparting of this and that piece of knowledge, is the first thing needful in an education worthy of the name. And here we find the key, as Mr. Nettleship observes, to the practical success of modern, and especially English, school and university training, as compared with the very inadequate means provided by the official instruction. An informal discipline and "preparation for the art of life" has been evolved in the little commonwealths of our public schools, which is at times underrated by educational theorists, but is rightly felt by men of the world to have an importance of its own. When we come to details, Plato's theory of the function of poetry and music is so strange to modern ears as to require a good deal of explanation, and the explanation is carefully given. The poet's duty of elevating the minds of the young and informing them with all things good and beautiful, as conceived by Plato, is compared with Milton's treatment of a similar theme; and Plato's attack on the drama as a demoralizing power is put in a light which makes it intelligible by reference to the miscellaneous novel-reading of our own time. The ethical importance attached by Plato to music is ingeniously accounted for, not by any wild supposition of Greek music having had resources or powers to us unknown, but by the very simplicity of the means then at its disposal and the obvious character of its expression. And if we consider music in its simpler forms, we shall find Plato's view in the main applicable at the present day. No parent of right feeling and good taste would care to have his growing children's ears constantly fed with music-hall songs, or even with such melodies as "Grandfather's Clock." And when we remember that taste and moral feeling were almost inseparable in the mind of Plato and his contemporaries, we shall perhaps no longer think him extravagant. Mr. Nettleship goes on to the refining influence of music in modern life, and suggests, in the following excellent passage, that of all the fine arts music is that on which we can most surely rely for the purpose of raising the general standard of English culture:—

> We may collect engravings, and photographs, and china, and make ourselves learned in the history of art; we may found museums and institutes, and spread casts of Venus and Apollo through the land; we may give thousands of pounds for pieces of clever vulgarity; but we shall not make English life much more beautiful or more joyous, unless we can produce art which will educate the nation to see with its eyes and to hear with its ears the country in which it dwells and the history which it inherits. It is in music perhaps that the outlook is the least discouraging. Here there is a possibility of acting upon large masses with some effect; here social distinctions are less felt; here too the English nature seems to show more aptitude and susceptibility. We can hardly hope to make our great towns beautiful, but it is not chimerical to look forward to a time when they may each have their orchestra and chorus, and adequate provision for hearing them. There is no need to quarrel about the precise educational effect which modern music has or may have. That it has some such effect will not be denied except by those who wish to keep it to themselves, or by those who are irritated at the stupidity of its would-be advocates. The apparent vagueness of its influence, arising from the difficulty of formulating it, is neither a proof of its unreality nor an argument against utilising it. Everybody who is at all susceptible to music knows that he is better for having it, and worse for being without it; he also probably knows that the composers whom the world has agreed to call great are, some or all of them, those to whose music he most likes to listen; more than this he need not be able to say, for a fact is not made more of a fact by being talked or written about. If it be once fully recognised that music has a great emotional power over a considerable proportion of English people, the proper application of the power becomes a public duty, and it is only a question of time to discover the best ways of doing it.

Plato's theory of physical education then comes under review; as Mr. Nettleship not obscurely hints, it agrees pretty well with the practice of the average English undergraduate in excluding intellectual exercises for two or three years. The crown of a man's training, according to Plato's matured view, is the discipline of philosophy and "dialectic," which last is really an untranslatable term. Here Mr. Nettleship has to face the difficult task of giving in a relatively short compass a fair notion of the nature and calling of philosophy as conceived by Plato, and he acquits himself of it with great skill. Some of his remarks on the present state of philosophical studies are worth quoting:—

> A systematic study of philosophy, in the spirit and under the conditions suggested by Plato, is as remote from the modern theory and practice of education as a systematic employment of the arts. His account of what actually took place in his time might be applied with slight modifications to our own: "those who study philosophy at all, do it in this way: when they are just emerged from boyhood, in the intervals of business and money-making, they go into the most difficult part of the subject, I mean logic, and then they leave it; I am speaking of those who become the greatest proficients; and in after years, if they ever accept an invitation to listen to a philosophical discussion, they are quite proud of themselves, for they look upon it as a mere pastime; and as they draw towards old age, their light goes out, all but that of a very few, and is never kindled again." Philosophy in modern England has not even the advantage, a dubious advantage perhaps, of that conventional glory which attached to the word in the society of Plato's day, when a "philosopher" seems to have combined in himself the lofty associations of the "savant" with the social prestige of the "man of culture." It would hardly now be said of philosophy that it is "a place full of fair names and shows," into which the "escaped convicts" of other professions "are glad to take a leap." In the popular estimation, it is a cold and comfortless region, haunted mainly by the fancies of dreamers, the sneers of sceptics, and the formulas of pedants. Not, indeed, that it is looked upon with less suspicion on that account. The cry is as loud now as it was in Plato's time, that speculation unsettles and corrupts the mind of the young. And if we retort with him that the so-called theories upon which society is so hard are often nothing but its own opinions articulately expressed, and though we may not attach so much importance as he did to the love of speculative truth and the dangers of its perversion, we cannot deny that the forcible or adroit expression of what many men are dumbly feeling has in itself an incalcu-

* *Hellenica: a Collection of Essays on Greek Poetry, Philosophy, History, and Religion.* Edited by Evelyn Abbott, M.A., LL.D., &c. London: Rivingtons. 1880.

lable power, and that not only are many honest minds needlessly perplexed by speculative writing and discussion, but that much real force of intellect and character is spoiled or frittered away by the want of method and management in the higher branches of our education.

The final pages of the essay discuss Plato's conception of "the good."

In the next place Mr. A. C. Bradley, who has made himself known in philosophy as well as in scholarship, writes on "Aristotle's Conception of the State." His explanation of the fundamental difference in conditions between a Greek city and a modern nation will naturally have little novelty for scholars, but it is clear and strikingly put. Coming to Aristotle's view of the State as the only means of realizing a worthy life for man, he shows how Aristotle finds in it a "union of right and might" which cannot otherwise exist. "The reason why it is necessary for morality lies in the imperfection of man, and in the fact that the State has might"; a doctrine which, thus summarized and put into English, reads strangely like a foretaste of Hobbes. There is an interesting discussion of the indications in Aristotle of the analogy of the State to a living organism, a matter which has quite lately acquired new importance. If Aristotle here points towards the modern scientific views which are at this day profoundly modifying ethics and theoretical politics, his theory of leisure being a necessary condition of citizenship runs counter to all our present notions, and is a serious difficulty to his commentator. Not only is the Aristotelian ideal of leisure marred for us by the consideration that it depends on the common uses of life being provided for by slave-labour, but the *βαναυσία* which is opposed to the culture of the true citizen is defined in a manner hardly less repugnant to our feeling in another direction. The artist and the musician belong, according to Aristotle, to the "mechanical" classes, because they work to please other people. In our own time the attribution of such a character to such art as M. Delaunay's or Herr Joachim's (to say nothing of Beethoven's or Raphael's) would itself be justly reckoned the surest mark of *βαναυσία* among persons whose tastes were in any degree cultivated. Yet Aristotle's opinion does not merely reflect the prejudices of his time, but has elements of partly apprehended truth in it which Mr. Bradley carefully exhibits. Aristotle's recognition of the practical side of the science of politics, his denunciation of the simplicity obtained by neglecting the real facts, and the stress he lays on the limitation of our ideals by the actual conditions of human commonwealths, are duly brought into prominence. Lastly Mr. Bradley points out that the modern State, notwithstanding the minimizing doctrines of a certain school, is more than a mere guardian of the peace, and endeavours in some measure to carry out Aristotle's conception.

Professor Jebb gives us a discussion of Thucydides's use of speeches in his history, which is excellent alike in matter and in workmanship. Its very thoroughness prevents us from attempting to give an account of it; we can only say in general terms that it should be the companion of every English student of Thucydides who wishes to enter into the spirit of the author, and to learn from him something more than examples of odd constructions. Mr. Dakyns finds an amount and variety of interest in Xenophon which we conceive will be new to most readers. But that may very possibly be for the reason that Xenophon is but little read. The *Memorabilia*, and a book or two of the *Anabasis*—perhaps hardly looked at after school-days—make up the Xenophon even of many scholars. Xenophon pays in this way for his indiscretion in writing Attic which was not only elegant but easy to read. If he had scattered a few hopeless anacoluthas about his minor works he might have made himself necessary to examiners. Mr. Strachan-Davidson, on the other hand, while he does justice to Polybius's merits and importance as an historian, fully justifies the exclusion of his work from the regular course of classical training. Mr. Courtney's short paper on Epicurus gives us in a pleasing literary form the result of Gomperz's labours on the Herculaneum rolls, literally saved so as by fire, which have already corrected to some extent our knowledge of Epicurus's own doctrine on material points. Mr. F. W. Myers's well-written sketch of the splendour and decay of the Greek oracles bears lightly a weight of learning, and leaves the subject, perhaps wisely, without propounding any definite conclusion.

BRIAN HODGSON'S INDIAN ESSAYS.*

THE author of these two volumes, who is still living, went out to India as a young Bengal civilian in 1818, the year in which Warren Hastings died. Nearly the whole of his term of service was spent at Khatmandhu, where he was our Resident or Minister for about twenty years. The nature of this appointment entails much less of that overwhelming and incessant correspondence which occupies the time of diplomatists or Political officers at Indore, Gwalior, or Mount Aboo. It certainly demands much tact, knowledge of Oriental character, and conciliatory firmness. But, owing to the extreme jealousy of interference invariably shown by the Nepal Durbar, and especially by the late Jung Bahadur, the British Resident exercises none of that ill-defined and elastic power which may elsewhere extend from regulating the mere ceremonial of a Durbar to the suppression of a host of iniquitous functionaries. The country is hermetically sealed to Anglo-Indian mercantile enterprise. Even the Resident himself finds it difficult to get across a particular stream or to visit a secluded valley. Occasionally, the post may become one of the highest importance, and it is at all times indispensable that it should be filled by a civil or military officer who enjoys both the confidence of the Viceroy and the goodwill of the Nepalese Court. But, in quiet times, an official stationed at Khatmandhu has mainly to breathe pure mountain air, to sketch from nature and take photographs, and to occupy his leisure with researches into Indian history or Oriental tongues. It is no exaggeration to say that these rare opportunities have seldom been put to much better philological account than by Mr. Brian Hodgson. The present work is a republication of divers essays which, during and after the period of his Indian service, he has contributed to the *Journal of the Bengal Asiatic Society* and to other periodicals. The arrangement of the papers strikes us as slightly unmethodical; and a large portion is taken up with vocabularies occurring at intervals, which, though possessing a lively interest for Orientalists, cannot be supposed to have much attraction for the general reader. But there are one or two essays which politicians might do well to study, and others which contain a fund of very curious details about jungly and aboriginal tribes.

So much has been written on Aryan languages that Mr. Hodgson's researches into the dialects of non-Aryan tribes have a double value. It may almost be said that with regard to certain tribes of the Himalayan region and of the North-Eastern frontier of India he is the one great authority. Additions since his days have been comparatively trifling. It is somewhat difficult to give a summary of Mr. Hodgson's labours, or to classify the deductions to which they lawfully lead. But he seems to have made a deep study of the dialects of the Tibeto-Burman family; of the languages of the broken tribes of Nepal; of the Kirantis who give a name to a large tract of forest; of the aborigines of Central India, and of the Nilgiri hills; and even of those of Southern India and Ceylon. Probably several of the vocabularies may be susceptible of improvement; and it has been questioned, with some show of reason, whether Mr. Hodgson is correct in designating some of these obscure dialects as Turanian. Few Orientalists need to be warned against hasty deductions from the recurrence of divers terms of purely Sanskrit origin, and even of Persian, in such non-Aryan dialects as the Dhimal, the Bodo, and the "uncultivated class" of Dravidian tongues. These Sanskrit words are mere foreigners, pressed into service by chance, necessity, or intercourse with Englishmen more familiar with Aryan tongues. On the other hand, the Koch dialect, spoken by a tribe in the Terai, is nothing more or less than a sort of indifferent Bengali, which any one acquainted with either Bengali or Sanskrit can perfectly comprehend. Occasionally, too, we light on refinements which we should hardly have expected in what Dr. Johnson would have called "savage men and savage manners." Mr. Hodgson can discern faint traces of the dual number in the Bodo and Dhimal dialects. The Vayu grammar boasts of continuative, reciprocal, potential, optative, and causal moods, besides those common to all decent languages. Such phrases as the following in the same language, "They two taste me; they all taste me; they all tasted him," are quoted, we apprehend, to signify the action of the dual and plural of the agent. They are not to be taken as implying a tendency to cannibalism.

The papers about tribes who gave way to Aryan invaders some three thousand years ago appear to us to have more point and significance than mere verbal affinities or discrepancies. Dhimals and Bodos, for instance, live at the base of the Lower Himalayan ranges in Sikhim or Bhootán or in Central and Lower Assam, and grow strong and healthy in a malarious atmosphere which would kill an ordinary Hindu in a fortnight. The Bodos are far the more numerous, as the Dhimals only number a few thousands and seem fated to fade away. They are pithily described as "erratic cultivators of the wilds," and it is rather staggering to be told that, owing to this propensity, neither language has a name for a village. They burn bits of land here and there, and break up fresh soil after the second year. Taxation is levied by the Raja of Sikhim, for instance, on the agricultural implements, and not on the acreage; a light tribute of three or four days' work in the year is also exacted. They have neither sheep nor buffaloes, but a few cows, plenty of goats, poultry, and swine, and some pigeons and ducks. The wife spins and dyes the clothes of the family; the husband makes his own utensils, constructs and furnishes his own house, and brews his own beer. They have no distinction of caste, nor any slaves or servants. They are better fed and housed than many inhabitants of the plains, and there is, in fact, a simplicity and equality amongst this primitive race which ought to charm an ultra-Liberal Association. Concubinage is rare, and, though chastity is prized, adultery is only visited with moderate penalties. It is pleasant to be told that all the horrible customs for which Hindu superstition is responsible are unknown. No suttee, no human sacrifices, and no female infanticide. Violent crimes are rare, and offenders against propriety and custom are admonished, fined, or excommunicated. It is also singular to find a tribe amongst which priests do not form a separate caste. Any one may take up and may drop the priestly office. They worship the elements and the "starry host," offer sacrifices, and have recourse to oaths and ordeals. We observe that the list of deities is rather a long one, and includes a string of rivers, Rajas, lesser deities, and gods taken from the Hindu calendar. They drink copiously of a fermented and subacid liquor, without getting drunk; and, if not very cleanly in their persons, are manly,

* *Miscellaneous Essays relating to Indian Subjects.* By Brian Houghton Hodgson, Esq., F.R.S., Corresponding Member of the Institute, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, Member of the Asiatic Societies of Calcutta and London, and late Minister at the Court of Nepal. 2 vols. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

hy, and straightforward. They do not get up grand ...arties, like the Santals; nor do they, like the Garos, cut off the heads of unoffending villagers as a propitiation to some irate deity; and they are not given to the repulsive custom of polyandry, as are the Todas, whom Mr. Hodgson elsewhere characterizes as "filthy." The picture of the savage and simple life of the Bodos is not overdrawn and it is not unpleasing.

The variety of topics handled in these Essays may be illustrated by an account of the Nepalese Mission to Pekin, which starts once in five years. Contrary to all precedent and expectation, the Maharaja of Nepal—we apprehend with the consent of his Prime Minister, who must then have been Mataber Sing—handed over to the author, at the close of his residence in 1843, certain official documents about the routes taken by the Embassy. These papers are remarkable for brevity, and we get but few glimpses of Chinese manners or country, but decidedly clear impressions of the serious discomforts experienced by a Hindu ambassador, scrupulous as to caste and diet, at the hands of those whom he would be justified in terming anything but Celestials. For the first part of the journey all goes well enough. The ambassador is carried in a sedan or litter, stops to cook his own clean food, and encounters no pollution. He rests, moreover, for six weeks at the celebrated city of Lhassa. But, after this point, the sedan is exchanged for a pony, and the pure rice and milk of a Hindu for a villanous compound of brick tea, sun-dried flesh, and even cats and puppies, served up by unartistic cooks and seasoned with impertinent remarks. This sort of treatment lasts over seventeen hundred miles, and things scarcely improve when the pony is discarded for a carriage or cart. The length of the route from Khatmandhu to Pekin may be set down, roundly, at 4,300 miles. The unlucky ambassadors have to cross about 104 or 106 mountain ranges and 652 rivers, of which 607 are bridged. They also get a view of 100 forts and 150 lakes and tanks. The time of departure is regulated by the melting of the snows. Mr. Hodgson inclines to the opinion that there are much larger and wider plains in Tibet than is commonly supposed. That this country is the breeding-place of countless waders and divers, and that waterfowl descend in flocks to the plains of India in October, returning to Tibet to incubate in March and April, was already well known to sportsmen and naturalists. It is very characteristic of Oriental *insouciance* that the Nepalese writer of the summaries repeatedly states in his Diary that they rested at a "nameless spot"; the fact being, we take it, that the haughty Nepalese was either too wearied on arriving at a resting-place to find out the real Chinese word, or else that, like Captain Knockdunder in the *Heart of Midlothian*, he allowed "these tamned Southron names" to go clean out of his head. For members of the Geographical Society, a separate paper or appendage to the Chinese route, consisting in an examination of seven great rivers of Nepal, will have no inconsiderable attraction.

Philanthropists who, like Mr. Gladstone, speak with bated breath and in tones of apology for the responsibilities entailed on us by our Indian Empire, might profitably employ the intervals between one diatribe and another in studying the system of law, police, and judicial administration still prevalent in Nepal. At first sight it might appear that, as Pyrrhus said of the Roman army, these barbarians had nothing so very barbarous about them. There are four and even more tribunals at Khatmandhu for civil and military cases. There is a record office, and a separate venue for cases connected with lands assigned to soldiers, for cases about houses, and for criminals. The courts at the capital are close to each other. There is a court of appeal. There is no long vacation, and no trouble about winter or spring assizes, as the judges have only fifteen holidays in the year, taken at two intervals. The spectacle, too, of a dissatisfied litigant proceeding to the palace gate and roaring out "justice! justice!" has something delightfully primitive about it. There is, further, a sort of ecclesiastical tribunal, presided over by a dignitary who seems to combine the offices of Archbishop and Lord High Chancellor, and who punishes sins of uncleanness and of "eating with those with whom you ought not to eat." But Mr. Hodgson was not content with more formal inquiries about the nature and powers of the various tribunals, the venue of cases, and the limits of appeal. He put some pertinacious and troublesome questions as to procedure, fees, and punishments, which elicited the following replies. Disputes between debtor and creditor are decided by ordeal. The names of the plaintiff and defendant are written on pieces of paper, which are then rolled up in a ball and tied to two reeds. After a Brahman has pronounced certain texts, the litigants, who by this time have walked into a tank, take a simultaneous plunge in the water, while two attendants hold the reeds and balls of paper in their hands. The ball which happens to be nearest the man who first rises to the surface is at once destroyed. The other is carried back to the court, opened, and read out. The name found on this scroll is, of course, that of the victorious suitor, be he plaintiff or defendant. The loser pays a fine to Government, but the winner is presented with a turban, for which he also pays five rupees, the loser being mulcted additionally in the same sum, which goes towards "the purification of the Court." The Government seems to come in for divers other windfalls or perquisites. No allowance is ever made to witnesses or arbitrators; and those who like the notion of patriarchal justice may be delighted to hear that anything like a race of lawyers is unknown. Whipping is the ordinary mode of interrogating the accused in criminal cases, and even if the evidence is sufficient to maintain a conviction, the proceedings are not complete until the prisoner confesses his guilt, to which end, if silent," he is "scolded, beaten, and frightened." Burglary ...d by the loss of both hands; and incest, cow-killing, the ...tion by a low-caste man of a high-caste woman, and robbery, are all capital crimes. Parbutties, as distinguished from Newars, may, in cases of adultery, take the law into their own hands and slay the adulterer, but they must prove the crime afterwards to the satisfaction of the Court, or be hanged for failure of proof. This chapter, we note, is based on queries put several years ago; but we should doubt if the Nepalese have voluntarily taken up Law Reform. And the diplomatic relations between our own Resident and Jung Bahadur or his successor, though amicable, preclude the probability of advice on internal economy being either proffered on the one hand or accepted on the other. Indeed we have quite enough to do with Afghanistan and with Burmese complications to render undesirable any entanglement with the sensitive Durbar at Khatmandhu.

We must question the propriety of republishing certain letters addressed to the editor of the *Friend of India* more than forty years ago, regarding the "Pre-eminence of the Vernaculars." A great battle was then raging in minutes, letters, and editorials, between Lord Macaulay, aided by Sir Charles, then Mr. Trevelyan, Mr. Colvin, Dr. Duff, and some others, as representing what were called the "Anglicists" against the advocates of classical Oriental literature. Not only is the controversy out of date, but the position secured by the brilliant pen of Macaulay has in popular estimation never been seriously questioned. The simple issue then was, whether we ought to try to civilize Hindus and Mohammedans and make them apt scholars, good judges, and fair administrators through the medium of Sanskrit and Arabic or through English literature. No real friend of the natives has ever endeavoured to prove that Lord William Bentinck, Lord Auckland, and Macaulay were wrong; and Mr. Hodgson really misapprehends the object of the fight when he writes about the "pre-eminence of the Vernaculars." The contest lay between Manu and Newton, Kalidasa and Shakspeare. Whether the vernacular languages of India, Hindi, Bengali, and others, could not be improved, and whether the children of artisans and Ryots could not obtain through those dialects the sort of moderate education which the School Boards are now imparting to a similar class in England, was not a question at that time seriously entertained. Some years afterwards vernacular education was taken up in the North-Western Provinces by Mr. Thomason and his successors, and at a later period in Bengal by Sir John Grant and Sir George Campbell, after a feeble attempt by Lord Hardinge. But at the time referred to by Mr. Hodgson, all that we had to see to was "the revival and promotion of literature and the encouragement of the learned natives of India, and the introduction and promotion of the sciences among the inhabitants of the British Territories."

Mr. Hodgson has rendered such eminent services to philology that we regret to join issue with him on what is, after all, but a small portion of his reprint. But his claims to respect do not rest solely on the vocabularies and the customs of unknown tribes. He has supplied the British Museum and other institutions with more than ten thousand specimens of birds, mammals, and reptiles; his drawings of these same species number nearly one thousand nine hundred; he has devoted time and money to architecture and ethnography; he has made a splendid collection of manuscripts in Sanskrit, Persian, and Newar; and his career justifies the reflection that in the wide field of India there is ample room for every kind of talent, for the learning of the savant as well as for the skill of the administrator; for Munro and for Thomason, as well as for Halhed, Colebrooke, Hodgson, and John Muir.

OUR AUSTRALIAN COUSINS.*

CONSIDERING how large a book this is, it is surprising how little information it contains. The big words that the author uses, and the abundance of them, make the progress through his narrative not unlike that through the Australian scrub. The traveller struggles onwards hour after hour in the hope that he will at length come upon some pleasing variety; but everywhere he meets with the same dreary scenery. At the end of the day, when he reposes by the camp-fire, he finds it almost impossible to bring before his mind a single definite scene. He can remember nothing but scrub, endless scrub. Mr. Inglis, in his preface, says, "I do not profess to be a polished writer. The graces of my style are perhaps conspicuous by absence." It is not polish that we ask for, nor graces of style. We should, however, have liked a little plain, simple English. From this his writings are almost as far removed as possible. He has been bred in a bad school—one of the worst of schools. He has been a newspaper Correspondent. In the book before us are incorporated, he tells us, letters which he wrote to the *Pioneer* when acting as Special Correspondent for that journal. It is a pity that he did not give us an entirely fresh work. At all events he might have gone over his contributions, and scored over with his pen three lines in every four. Had the book been cut down to one-fourth of its present size, it would even then have been too big for the matter that it contains. But we are expecting what is impossible. A newspaper Correspondent has long and carefully trained himself

* *Our Australian Cousins.* By James Inglis ("Maori"), Author of "Sport and Work on the Nepaul Frontier," &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

in the art of expansion, and it is idle to expect that he should of a sudden be able to take to compression. He is like a man who starts off a succession of fire-balloons. If he makes them only light enough, each one will go up and amuse for a few moments. Then it drifts out of sight and is forgotten. But then no one asks that they shall all be gathered and exhibited the following day. It is the more to be regretted that Mr. Inglis has been trained in so faulty a school, as his experiences of life have been varied. He went at the age of eighteen to New Zealand. Then for more than twelve years he lived in India. Ill health came upon him, and for change of air he settled in Australia. He has been "cadet on a sheep-run, gold-digger, travelling agent, and general utility-man, indigo planter, and manager of large estates, journalist, traveller, special correspondent, and newspaper manager." At present he is secretary of an Insurance Company. He has, therefore, seen life under many forms. It is a pity that he did not try his hand at writing quite early in his career, while he was still innocently washing sheep, and long before he had written a single letter to a newspaper. We doubt whether in those days he could, if he had tried, have penned such an admirable instance of the art of sinking as the following description of "an engineering work" near Sydney:—"When to its marvellous construction is added the fact that it lies right in the heart of most magnificent scenery, and affords one of the finest combinations of the wonderful work of man, blended with the noblest natural displays of the wonders of the Creator's hand, it may well stir the curiosity of the most apathetic, and it is certainly well worth a visit." We doubt, moreover, whether in those days he would have called his sheep-dogs "canine creatures," or good horses "equine wonders," or mud "a sloppy deposit," or bathers men "divested of their habiliments." He would have talked of fruitful, and not "fecund," soil; and he would have stared with amazement, when he and his companions were going to fish in the sea, had some one expressed a hope that they would "find opportunity for the exercise of their pleasurable pastime in the fecund lap of the ocean." What would he have understood by it, in those days of his simplicity and ignorance of fine words, had one of his comrades, thrusting his fingers into an open oyster, called out that the fish had closed "its gaping portals," and that he could not free "his imprisoned digits" unless some one severed "the strong contractile muscle of the powerful bivalve"? The author's long residence in India enables him to give a variety to his terms which is more perplexing than pleasing. Thus, in the page in which we were told of the equine wonders, we read of "the course festival," "a gharry," "the famed Munipoorees." We next come across—still on the same page—"spring-looking little 'tats,'" "the *beau-ideal* of a hockey-tat," "calabash hats," "shimmering silks," "a wealth of jewellery," and "a splendid loot." In another passage we find "a meandering bullock-track" quickly turned into a "primitive *via dolorosa*," and ending in "a spacious *débouchement*."

There is apparently nothing that Mr. Inglis looks upon as a greater fault in composition than the repetition of a word. He is describing a country which has, to use his own language, "an eventful wealth of incidents." Eventful wealth, it would seem, requires great variety of words. Hence it arises, no doubt, that, having in one line spoken of horses and in another of dogs, he in the next called them equine wonders and canine creatures. It is evidently this principle that has guided him in such a sentence as the following:—"The same reasons that militate as yet against the erection of costly warehouses, spacious, handsome shops, tell against the establishment of palatial hotels." By "militate" he means just the same as "tell against," while palatial, costly, spacious, and handsome "are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations." Now and then the use of a fine word enables him greatly to add to the length and the dignity of a phrase. Thus he tells us that "some pigeons wheeled round in mazy gyrations." In one passage he describes a rowing-match near Sydney. From earliest dawn the population of the city had turned out *en masse*, we read, to witness the race. Nevertheless, some hours later on, a good many seemed to be still left, for "by mid-day a steady exodus set in from the excited city." A steady exodus, that is to say, at noon, of a population that from earliest dawn had turned out *en masse*. The exodus took a variety of ways. Trains densely packed with eager passengers shot swiftly along the line. Every description of vehicle rolled merrily over the roads, conveying their excited occupants to the scene of action. Steamers ploughed their way, and next threaded their tortuous way, bearing dense crowds of ardent partisans of the two men of the day. The weather was as fine as the author's style. "The sun burst from his canopy of cloud, and, as if sharing in the general excitement, flashed his penetrating rays on bush and rock, and dancing wave, till the sheen on the water was like a vast sheet of burnished silver, flashing from its glittering surface the concentrated rays of many moons. The scene was indeed a lovely one. The arrangements were most excellent." The concentrated rays of many moons that were flashed from the glittering surface of the sheen that was flashed from the penetrating rays of the sun when sharing in the general excitement of a boat-race ought surely to have been separated by more than seven words from the arrangements, however excellent they were. After "a lovely one," the author might have indulged in a fresh paragraph at least. We are not sure that he would not have done well had he left a blank space of at least one inch in length.

In more places than one we find descriptions which read somewhat too much like a puff. We do not object when the author tells us that he was invited to enjoy the sport of a certain district by "several influential run-holders." He does not mention their names, and therefore he cannot be accused of flattery. He certainly is entitled to let the world know that he can reckon among his acquaintances several influential run-holders of the Darling Downs district. But it is a different matter when he tells us that a certain hotel at Sydney, which he names, "has long been acknowledged to hold premier position as the aristocratic and select resort"; and that another, which he also names, "ranks next in order of importance and excellence." At the *table d'hôte* of this second hotel, he goes on to say, "many of the best-known men in this town may daily be seen at lunch-time." Mr. Inglis does not lose the opportunity of praising the Australasian Accident Assurance Association, of which he has had "the honour to be nominated as Secretary." He and his Association have had an uphill task, he laments, to educate the minds of the public into an appreciation of their objects, aims, and character. They have had cold and jealous glances cast upon them by rival institutions. "Existing insurance societies, from the empyrean heights of their immaculate orthodoxy, looked upon us as a nondescript sort of corporation." However, the nondescripts have plodded on and their patience has been rewarded. In the year in which he wrote they had issued 1,550 policies, taking in premiums over 4,000*l*. The modest Secretary thus continues:—

> After meeting all claims, writing off all preliminary and other expenses, we go on our way with a good progressive business well established, our capital all available and well invested, and a growing belief in the soundness of our management and the excellence of our aims becoming more and more general and widespread.
>
> Comparing our career so far with, say, the Scottish Accident Company, we have outpaced it completely, and though we have not as yet touched the working classes much, I look forward with hope and confidence to a great and prosperous career for the society.

Such a passage as this, in which the Secretary turns author and then puffs himself and his Association, contrasts somewhat oddly with the following passage in the preface:—

> The future of Australia lies in the hands of her young men. If they use the mighty power they possess, and send the right men to their parliaments and councils, and purge them of corrupt government, and look on things with a wider and more comprehensive vision; say less, and act more, in fact: act righteously and honestly and loyally, and if my pages of sporting recollection, scenic description, and straightforward criticism, shall conduce in the least degree to this result, I shall think my night oil has burned to good purpose.

It is not easy to see how pages of sporting recollection can in any case conduce to the great ends with which Mr. Inglis opens this fine passage. Perhaps the sentence was so long that, before he brought it to an end, he had altogether forgotten how it had begun. Certainly it is impossible to believe that so wordy a writer as he is can, by his writings, teach any one to say less and act more. But even if we can suppose that his book does conduce to this great result, it is difficult to believe that, when he was burning his night oil, he had not also in view the Society of which he is Secretary as well as the wider and more comprehensive vision of the young men of Australia. After all, he only falls into the ordinary style of new communities, which are certainly greatly given to blow their own trumpets. "Let me," he says in one passage, "identify myself with my adopted country, and speak as an Antipodean Welchman." He should remember, however, that that which may likely enough interest "Antipodean Welchmen" will prove to be dull in Europe. For instance, it is hard to believe that any one on this side of the equator can care to be told, in a print as big as that of Macaulay's *History of England*, that if he goes to see the Zigzag in New South Wales, "he will do well to lay in a modest store of sandwiches and sherry." Mr. Inglis states this important fact as a word of caution to the unwary traveller of sanguine nature. It has already been spread abroad through the columns of the *Pioneer* to the inhabitants of India, and now it is told to those who dwell in these islands. The right of translation is reserved, and we may assume therefore that there is an intention that it shall be translated into foreign languages, and made known to the races of Europe. As some kind of return, we should do well were we to caution the unwary "Antipodean Welchman" of sanguine nature about every place in our continent where they would do well to make similar provision. The list will be, we fear, somewhat a long one, and if it is printed in the large type in which Mr. Inglis indulges, it will surely take more than one ship to carry it over to Australia. But it will be, at all events, a very harmless kind of reading, and it may possibly save some one "Antipodean Welchman" from suffering the pangs which come upon one who has to go without his lunch.

Absurd and dull as this big book seems to us, we should not be surprised were it to have a considerable sale. For, after all, it is written in a style which, bad as it is, appears to be very popular, and it contains a great variety of those petty details which really do interest people if only they are gifted with a high degree of stupidity.

NICOLS'S PHYSICAL HISTORY OF THE EARTH.*

In the reasonable belief that no liberal education can be held to be complete without some knowledge of the leading principles of modern science, Mr. Arthur Nicols has put together a highly

* *Chapters from the Physical History of the Earth: an Introduction to Geology and Palæontology*. By Arthur Nicols, F.G.S., F.R.G.S., &c. C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1880.

serviceable little volume as an introduction to geology and palæontology, bearing the title of *Chapters from the Physical History of the Earth*. While so many excellent text-books exist already, it might, he admits, be thought unnecessary to add to their number. But he finds a sufficient plea for the publication of the present manual in the fact that most works of the kind deal with special subjects in a style too technical for the beginner or the imperfectly grounded student. What is still called for is that the varied stores of knowledge contained in numerous special works should be so combined as to elucidate the general physical and biological history of our planet. As few students have time or opportunity for acquainting themselves thoroughly with astronomical physics, physical geography, biology, osteology, and anthropology, so as to work out for themselves the relations which these sciences, amongst others, bear to geology and palæontology, Mr. Nicols has made it his task to furnish a guide to the leading facts and principles of what the Germans call "earth-knowledge," avoiding as much as may be technicalities and abstruse terminology, and incorporating what has been made good by the highest authorities without encumbering his text with an undue amount of references. At the same time that adequate mention is made of all the most important sources whence facts or conclusions have been derived, the reader's attention is not diverted from the contemplation of nature herself. The result is a work likely to be of great use to the student in his first steps towards science, and to prove generally interesting as it presents a comprehensive outline of the earth's history from the earliest times to the present.

That the mind of the learner may be fitly prepared for the reception of the leading truths of geology and palæontology, the first essential step is to realize clearly the idea of the unity and continuity of physical phenomena, and of the forces which brought them about. To this task Mr. Nicols addresses himself in his introductory chapter. He sketches briefly the stages through which men's minds have been led to this result, casting off one by one the traditional errors or imperfect conceptions of earlier times, and the mythical notions out of which emerged in the first instance all that has been since learnt of the constitution of the universe. Astronomy was the first of the sciences to break the shackles of superstition and fancy, giving mathematical fixity and harmony to the theory of the heavenly movements which had before been vague and empirical, the ingenious guesswork of astrology and priestcraft. Chemistry and physics broke loose from the bondage of alchemy, and the realm of nature, hitherto partitioned into the four elementary provinces of earth, air, fire, and water, was seen to widen out into one broad empire, of which the elements were incalculably numerous, whilst the system was coherent, uniform, and all-pervading. Yet, with all the advances that had been made good in astronomy and chemistry, the interior of the earth remained almost throughout the last century a sealed book. Before the appearance of William Smith's *Tabular View*, in the year 1815, scarcely anything like standing-ground had been obtained for a systematic survey of the history and constitution of our globe. The progress of the science of geology is, as our author represents it, a matter of contemporaneous history, the names of the early masters who have not long passed away—Humboldt, Murchison, D'Orbigny, Lyell, Sedgwick, Hugh Miller, and others—blending with those of living investigators and thinkers in the same field of knowledge. The last and crowning work of this great movement has been the demonstration of the continuity of life upon the earth. Instead of the breaks which had previously been imagined in the order of creation—old species dying out and new forms coming in by some wholly indefinable agency—it was recognized that every individual being of to-day was the offspring by unbroken descent from forms traceable backwards as far as research could penetrate. Whatever differences of structure or formation might be visible between the organisms now alive and the fossil specimens yielded by the rocks were to be explained by no cataclysmic changes interrupting the course or the propagation of life on land or in the water, but by gradual evolution and differentiation under the action of uniform law. Whatever the length of time involved in these wondrous changes, whether in the once living forms themselves or in the earth, their abode and their tomb, their relative ages in geological order were demonstrably determined; and the tables which enable the tiro to take in at a glance the superposition of rocks in the earth's crust, or the succession of forms in the evolution of animal life, have not less scientific certainty than the planetary distances or the laws of the moon's motion. For the origin and classification of the materials of our earth generically known as rocks, with the changes they have undergone in all stages of their formation through the operation of physical causes, such as contraction and displacement, the action of fire, water, air, frost, &c., the learner has to look to geology. For the growth and the relationships of the various forms of life disclosed by the fossil remains of those earlier ages he has recourse to the teachings of palæontology:—

From these rocks we learn the marvellous history of *life*. They are the records, which nothing can falsify, of a steady progress under eternal laws from lower to higher forms of being. Any one of us with sufficient diligence can read these records. They tell us that the earth has been the scene of life and death, pain and pleasure, for incalculable ages. The plan has ever been the same—immutable as the laws of matter—but it has been expanded by gradations, always, as far as we can judge, tending towards a higher order of things. Geology tells us, in unmistakable language, that the land and water have changed places repeatedly, that continents have sunk, that oceans have been filled up, that both inorganic and organic rocks have been raised into mountain chains, that there has been a long succession of forms of life appearing and disappearing throu[illegible] cycles of time whose vastness we cannot fully comprehend. Thousanc[illegible] years must be as seconds of time to him who would compute the earth's age, and whole species and genera of plants and animals are but so many finely graduated marks on the great scale of life-duration.

In the first part of his work the author traces the story of the rocks, beginning with the unstratified series, which he shows to have been the parents of the stratified deposits, formed as the latter were by various physical agencies from the *detritus* of earlier azoic materials, and fitted for the introduction and gradual development of organic life. The physical constituents of each series, their relative order of deposit, the influences of upheaval, subsidence, and denudation in altering their superficial aspect and their conformity of level, are briefly but adequately explained; and the reader is thus prepared for the second and more prominent portion of the work, which treats of the history of vegetable and animal life upon the earth and in the waters from the earliest period, and of the succession of lower and higher forms throughout the whole series of rocks, illustrated by descriptions and illustrations of the fossils characteristic of each formation. This enumeration leads to an instructive chapter upon the continuity of life:—

Fossils mainly represent extinct species of animals and plants; but the great types to which they belong have always survived. Throughout the history of the earth, fluctuations in the tide level of life have repeatedly occurred; nevertheless it has been steadily rising during all time. In Laurentian times, it was at its lowest, and appears gradually to have advanced in three successive waves of molluscan, reptilian, and mammalian forms, severally represented in the PRIMARY, SECONDARY, and TERTIARY eras, culminating in man. We can point distinctly to a time when nothing approaching a mollusc had appeared, to another when no living creature among many species possessed a backbone, and to a third when none suckled its young. First among recognizable organized beings, the foraminifers have persisted through all the formations, and are with us now; so have their immediate successors, the molluscs, as a group, though some remarkable members of it are extinct. Hence it would seem that the lower organizations have the best chance of surviving, through the very comprehensiveness of their type. More complete and highly specialized forms have departed, while these, the starting-points of structural progress, are left to indicate the line of ascent to more complex types. That such an ascent is much more than an ingenious hypothesis, no palæontologist will now dispute, even if he holds that it does not explain the almost sudden appearance and disappearance of some large groups. We cannot pass from one formation to another, either upwards or downwards, without encountering the strongest suggestions of lineal relationship between the fossils of rocks in superposition.

Mr. Nicols points to the proofs to be seen in nature of this ascending scale of life, indicating a primary law operating over the whole vast period included in geological time. At one extremity we see man, at the other a mollusc or foraminifer. Gradations rising through crustacea, fishes, reptiles, and birds, up to mammalia, fill the interval. The general or comprehensive type is seen to precede the special and the complex, organic affinity forming an indissoluble bond of connexion between the lowest and highest. To this proof a further potent argument is added from the researches of Von Baër. This sagacious naturalist pointed out that the young of animals resembled the genus to which they belonged more nearly than the species or the individual organism. In other words, the embryo possesses the characters common to the group, developing those of the individual only at the adult stage. This observation has been confirmed by Mr. Darwin and other naturalists, who have shown that we have in the career of the individual the epitome, so to speak, of the history of life itself from its earliest traceable beginning. Could specimens of all organisms, living and fossil, be gathered together in one collective view, the continuity of life throughout the entire series would be indicated with no less clearness than the pedigree of any family or the identity of any individual among mankind. The testimony is as yet imperfect, there being gaps innumerable in the series of palæontology, or, as Mr. Darwin puts it, in the pages of the biological record; but all evidence points the same way, and unexpected facts turn up from time to time contributing to the supply of missing links. A striking instance of this is to be seen in the fossil remains which within the last few years have made good the pedigree of the horse through the hipparion and eo-hippos. To fill up a still more important blank we await the disinterment of fossil lemurs.

At the same time, as our author is careful to note, the doctrine of evolution is not to be set down as final and all-sufficient. As a working hypothesis it enables the palæontologist to classify and compare his facts, and to give them a meaning, intelligible so far at least as our knowledge extends. With wider and deeper research it may be modified or expanded, as astronomical theories have in succession given way before advancing light. What we may reasonably anticipate, however, is not the reversal or abandonment of the theory, but its ampler extension and clearer definition. As the nebula seen under higher telescopic power assumes forms of ever-growing symmetry and splendour, and the minute formless organism comes out into unexpected complexity, grace, and beauty as the power of the microscope is brought with more and more intensity to bear upon it, so may we count upon every fresh exploration of the field of life giving greater definiteness to our ideas of its continuity, and deeper conviction to our belief that nature is ever one and the same.

In the second section of his work the author traces the successive stages of life as manifested in the rocks, from its earliest vestiges in the Laurentian deposits, noting by the way the controversy as to the organic character of *Eozoon Canadense*. The illustrations which accompany his pages will greatly assist the learner in framing correct and clear ideas of the various forms in which life has developed itself in the waters and upon the land, and in recog-

nizing them when carrying on his studies of nature, as he should never fail to do to the utmost of his opportunities, with the aid of a museum or a collection of fossils. Without such adjuncts the most admirable of manuals as well as the amplest and most precise of oral teachings will be found but of secondary value. In Mr. Nicols's little work the student will find precisely the guide he needs in entering upon this stage of his inquiries. He will be able to draw out for himself the history of life upon the earth as it is to be deciphered from nature's records, the long series culminating at length in man, whose origin, affinities, and development he is taught to investigate by the same methods and with reference to the same principles as the lowlier or less complex types which have preceded him. The gains made by science in the discovery of indications of man in a fossil state are briefly touched upon by Mr. Nicols, who discusses, without dogmatizing, the monogenistic and polygenistic theories of man's origin, and his affinities with the lower animals, considering him strictly from the zoological point of view. The various estimates of man's antiquity, with the evidences upon which they have been made to rest, are criticized in a cautious spirit. The fossil skeletons from Gundaloupe are far from pointing to an extreme age, the limestone breccia in which they were found imbedded being of rapid formation, and the skeleton in the British Museum being carefully disposed in an attitude which betokens anything but a remote period of interment. The body laid on its back, with the hands crossed in modern Christian fashion, not doubled up as in all known cases of Carib or early Indian burial, with vestiges of the original animal matter mingled with the phosphates of the bones, would suggest a date much nearer our own times. More definite are the indications yielded by the skulls and bones of men under many layers of alluvial soil, under manifold strata of forest growth, and in conglomerates of coral reef in parts of America and the adjacent islands. The outlines of the mammoth, reindeer, horse, and other animals never known within the historic period in the region where these remains are found, form part of the illustrations which enrich Mr. Nicols's pages. Both in narrative and argument he shows a command of his subject and a power of imparting instruction which entitle him to the confidence of the reader.

ISLAM IN CHINA.*

JUST about the time when Mohammed was entering in triumph the city of his birth which had so long contemned and rejected him, a maternal uncle of this same Prophet was on the seas of the furthest East, carrying the "good news" of Islam, along with the merchandise of Arabia, to the traders of Canton, a port which was well accustomed to the sight of Arab faces, and which had for centuries formed one of the links in the brisk trade which was carried on between East and West *viâ* Persia and Arabia. The Prophet's uncle was doubtless urged to this voyage more by the interests of commerce than by the spirit of the propaganda; nevertheless, like all the early Muslims, he would not lose an opportunity of addressing a word of exhortation to an unbelieving people; and the kindly reception accorded to him and his gospel bred a corresponding zeal in the teacher, so that he asked and obtained from the Emperor of all the Celestials free leave to practise his new religion in Canton, and even to build a mosque there. Thus the first of the six mosques of Canton was built nearly thirteen hundred years ago, and the seeds of a great Musulman population sown. The maternal uncle returned to Arabia to visit his distinguished nephew; but Mohammed was dead, and his uncle, after weeping upon his beard, took his weary way back to China, armed with an authorized version of the Koran as revised by the orders of the First Khalif.

The Arab traders whom commercial enterprise periodically brought to Canton began now to regard the place rather as a colony than a mere trading mart. They settled there in considerable numbers, under the auspices of the uncle of their Prophet, and worshipped in the mosque he had built. In later times they would come and do homage to the Muslim missionary's grave, hard by this mosque. Thus there grew up a veritable Arab colony in Canton which bade fair to take the lead of the natives by its energy in commerce and its consequent wealth. This colony was augmented from time to time in many and strange ways. The 'Abbásy Khalifs of Baghdad were firm allies of the Chinese Emperors, and one of them, El-Mansúr (or Almanzor, as our pre-Lane *Arabian Nights* would have it), sent a contingent of troops to help the Emperor against a rebel who was giving him serious trouble. These warriors would prefer to stay with their colonized countrymen rather than march the long journey back to Persia or Syria; and thus the numbers of the Chinese Muslims were mightily swelled. Then, when Genghiz Khan was overturning the existing state of things in all Asia with his Mongol hordes, refugees and war-prisoners came to add to the colony, which grew and flourished and spread through all the provinces of China. These offshoots from the mother-colony of Canton used a peculiar means of increasing their population. Apart from the natural addition to their numbers, they took advantage of their own wealth and prosperity, and of the extreme destitution and poverty of their Chinese neighbours in time of dearth and famine, to buy from them their starving children, whom the hungry parents were only too willing to get rid of. These the Muslims brought up in the Arabian faith, and thus whole towns were peopled by Chinese converts. This custom was the more necessary as the Muslims were not allowed by their law to marry any but Muslim women, and these were in a minority in a colony composed mainly of traders and soldiers. Still they made up for this deficiency by taking Chinese women as concubines; and the fruit of these unions and of the Muslim marriages proper, added to the purchased children, resulted in a very rapid increase of population. Indeed, so quickly did the Mohammedan colony grow that the few traders who taught the faith of the Arabian Prophet at the end of the first quarter of the seventh century have now developed into a population of some twenty millions of Muslims, almost all of the severely orthodox sect of the Hanafys, and all as good Mohammedans as one would wish to see anywhere.

These Mohammedan Chinese form a separate and distinct race by themselves. They are not Chinese, nor Arab, nor Tartar; but something of all of these. Their sloping eyes might be Chinese, if it were not for the Arab fire that lurks under the lids; their high cheek-bones remind one of the large infusion of Tartar blood in their veins; whilst their proud carriage, their well-made muscular bodies, and their fine cast of features, point to their Arabian ancestry. In character they resemble the Chinese proper no more than in appearance. They are vastly more energetic—a fact due, no doubt, in part to the comparative rareness of opium-smoking among them, but mainly to their diverse origin; they are "as honest as the day," which is more than one can say for the rest of the inhabitants of China; they make upright traders and just and impartial magistrates. They live together in singular harmony; and, generally speaking, they form the hardest-working, most efficient and energetic, and, at the same time, most respectable and honest and loyal portion of the Chinese Emperor's subjects.

An especial interest attaches to these people at the present time for several reasons. The British public is for the most part only awake to those matters which obviously affect what are called its "interests." As these twenty millions of Mohammedans in China do not seem to be obviously connected with those interests, the British public ignores their existence. When these Muslims rebelled against an unwarrantable and cruel persecution and founded the Panthay kingdom, and, finding themselves on the brink of destruction, sent a prince to implore aid of England, our interests did not seem to require the existence of the Panthays, and thirty thousand of them were butchered in Talyfu. Since then the shortlived independence of Eastern Turkestan under its Mohammedan ruler, the Atalik Ghazy of Kashgar, has again called the attention of England to the importance of these Chinese Muslims, and it is probably due to the books that have been published about that sensation of Central Asia, Yakoob Beg, that anybody in England knows that there are any Muslims at all in China. That there are twenty millions of them, that they are spread over the whole empire, that they congregated in such numbers in Yun-nan as to form an independent kingdom which was able for twenty years to resist the whole might of China; that Eastern Turkestan itself is Mohammedan, and was made independent by Mohammedans—these are facts, we believe, little realized by Englishmen. They are not realized simply because they do not seem to have any connexion with British commerce, or with any of those matters we care most about—not even with British missions, for somehow we do not succeed much in converting Mohammedans. There are, however, as we have said, reasons which give this curious people dwelling in China, yet not Chinese, a peculiar importance. One of them is the present, dislocated and precarious condition of the Chinese Empire; its financial difficulties, its official corruption, and the poverty and discontent of its taxpayers. Another reason is the energetic and progressive character of the Mohammedan population and its desire for independence, the attainment of which it confidently anticipates. In any revolution in China this vigorous pushing minority is not unlikely to come to the front; and, if it once gained a temporary ascendency, so weak is the hold of the State religion or of Buddhism on the Chinese that it is quite conceivable that the majority might acquiesce in the rule of an heretical minority. The addition of even a quarter of so vast an empire as China to the list of Mohammedan kingdoms could not fail materially to affect the relations of Europe and Asia and of the various States in Asia. The presence of a new and considerable Mohammedan Power would complicate the Central Asian question in no common degree; and the designs of Russia upon our Indian Empire would be in great measure cast into the shade by the more imminent danger in the further East.

It may be said that it is useless to waste time in the contemplation of a chimerical future. There is certainly no probability of any Mohammedan supremacy in China, but a large increase of the Muslim power there is assuredly among the possibilities of the future. This strange race, the Muslim Chinese, has grown rapidly, and shows no sign of diminishing its rate of increase. It has not only increased in numbers, but it is, as a rule, richer than its neighbours. The Emperors of China have discovered its merits, and entrusted Muslims with various posts of importance in every grade of the official classes; and the Muslims have justified the trust and shown themselves better servants than their Confucian rivals. The result has been an increase of Imperial favour, which has scarcely been shaken even by the violent and bloody contests which the jealousy of petty officials has from time to time stirred up between the Muslims and

* *Le Mahométisme en Chine.* Par P. Dabry de Thiersant, Consul-général et Chargé d'affaires de France. 2 vols. Paris: Leroux.

their neighbours. Indeed the courage and obstinacy with which the Muslims waged their twenty years' war against the Imperial armies has rather added to the esteem in which they were held than the contrary; for they have proved themselves formidable. Thus we find a numerous and energetic people of foreign creed in the midst of a crumbling Empire—a people who are distinct from the rest of the population, yet conform sufficiently to their customs to be regarded as practically part of the nation; a people who have proved themselves superior in all moral and intellectual qualities to the rest of the inhabitants of China, and have thus gained the confidence of the supreme Government. We find this people clustered in millions in the south-western province of Yun-nan and the north-western provinces of Kan-suh and Eastern Turkestan, besides being sprinkled thinly over the rest of China. It is this congregating in special localities that makes the danger. Yun-nan is perhaps the most fertile province in China, and is possibly the key of a great trade route in the future; and Yun-nan was the seat of the Panthay kingdom, and is still mainly Mohammedan. Kan-suh contains eight million Muslims; and it was in Kan-suh that the insurrection originated which resulted in the independent Muslim kingdom of the Atalik Ghazy, whereby Eastern Turkestan and part of Kan-suh were freed from the Chinese yoke. Eastern Turkestan is again Chinese, and Kuldja, to the north of it, is restored to the Celestials by the Russians, who only occupied it, as they say, for the better security of trade during the disturbance caused by the Atalik Ghazy. Yun-nan and its Panthay kingdom has been trampled upon and drenched with blood. All is again under the Emperor's rule; but for how long? Will these ambitious people, who have already made so good a fight for their independence, give over the struggle? And, as they are increasing in strength and determination in proportion as the other Chinese are becoming weak and divided, is it not probable that a fresh struggle may end in something more than the partial success that crowned their former efforts? In short, will China be able to repress these strong Mohammedan efforts at disintegration, or will the Empire have eventually to submit to division on the creation of a new Mohammedan kingdom?

These surely are sufficient reasons for giving some share of our attention to this important department of Chinese politics. So important may it become to English interests in Asia that it is to be regretted that we are not better informed on the subject in our own language, instead of being indebted to a French Consul for our knowledge of many of the most weighty facts and statistics. We cannot, however, confess ourselves grateful for much more than the bare facts, for M. de Thiersant has wrapped up his statements in an extremely opaque envelope of mere verbiage; and he has seemingly taken a malicious delight in arranging his book in a perverse order, repeating endless decrees to identical effects, and generally spreading forth ink and paper before an unsympathizing, not to say tormented, reader. He has, however, thrown considerable light upon a really important subject, and has evidently given much conscientious care to his work. That he did not know how to do it better, we are sorry; but we are grateful to him for having done it at all.

ORLANDO.*

NOT a few novelists begin their books in the flow of a happy inspiration with a rather brilliant dash, droop heavily in the meandering course of the story, and wind up with a lame and impotent conclusion. Miss Black, on the contrary, begins fairly well; but her performance surpasses her promise, and she ends far better than she began. Orlando, as we see him first, strikes us as somewhat of a stage-struck hero, with decidedly more sentiment than nerve and muscle. He is inclined to take his changing colours from the people and objects about him; he is the unresisting subject of those first impressions to which he shows himself singularly plastic; and while he has almost a superabundance of the diffidence of ingenuous youth, he seldom seems to be sure of his own mind. The fact is, we believe, that the author is as conscious of all this as her readers. She decided to try the hazardous experiment of developing her hero naturally from feeble youth into full-grown manhood. And it is certain that Orlando Sherborne, though he improves wonderfully under the discipline of life and the teaching of the blighted affections, remains to the last more or less true to early appearances. To the last he is carried away by his sympathetic impulses, and he is only saved from making shipwreck of his happiness by chances on which he had no right to reckon. This, however, though it may be false to the commonplace ideas of fiction, is a faithful picture of the ordinary human career, and Miss Black has woven an interesting and touching story out of simple and natural materials.

As must be almost invariably the case with lady novelists, she is much more at home with her women than with her men. Her women live and breathe in actual flesh and blood, while her men are inclined to be fantastic when they are not feminine. Two young ladies stand out conspicuously in her pages, and both are excellent in their different ways. Each in her turn has the opportunity of rising by the strength of disinterested love to the sublimity of self-sacrifice, and the one and the other show themselves equally generous. They are finely and delicately contrasted, too, in their temperaments, in their upbringing, in their lives and in their destinies. Elizabeth Glendinning first dazzles the fancy of the impressionable Orlando. She is a vision of all that is bright and beautiful, and her attractions are acknowledged by the most fastidious judges. Highly connected and highly accomplished, she is a woman that any man might be proud to mate with. So thinks Orlando, when he is struck with love at first sight, as in meditative mood he sees her for the first time under appropriately romantic circumstances. Her graceful figure goes gliding under the shady foliage of the grove in which he has been reposing of a summer afternoon. Forthwith he echoes the sentiment of the lover of Elaine in the *Idylls of the King*, "Here by God's grace is the one maid for me." So Miss Glendinning might have been, and would have been, but unfortunately she is already bespoken, and by the mockery of destiny had said the fatal Yes in the very hour when Orlando has lost his heart to her. She had been flattered into a precipitate mistake by the addresses, compliments, and condescending admiration of a brilliant scapegrace. Her heart, which deserves a more fervent response, warns her in the critical moment of the decisive interview that this plausible Captain Grove is altogether unworthy of her. A timely word of resolute retractation would have saved her from a world of misery; but the staunch loyalty of her nature makes her loth to draw back. And that same sense of constancy binds her in inextricable entanglement through a long course of wretched years. Her first forebodings are quickly confirmed, and she is speedily disenchanted of her passion for Grove as she loses all respect for him. She discerns only too clearly his shallowness and selfishness; nor does it need the outspoken criticisms of all her friends and relations to confirm her in her increasingly unfavourable opinion of him. He is not only a *roué*, but a dishonourable scoundrel. He borrows, or rather appropriates, great part of her fortune to pay his play debts. He taunts her at the same time with the injury she has done him in coming between him and the wealthy relative from whom he had great pecuniary expectations. He is sent abroad in confidential Government employment, and betrays the Government secrets to the newspaper press. The scandal compromises him openly in the eyes of the world, and his character is absolutely blasted. Still Miss Glendinning clings to him through good and evil report. More than once, in her hopeless disappointment and the intensity of her sufferings, she makes a plaintive appeal to his generosity, and prays him to set her free from her ill-considered promise. He gives her fresh proofs of his irredeemable baseness by appealing more earnestly than ever to her constancy and her humanity. Should she abandon him, his fate is sealed. But in any case it is all over with him, and only a question of time. He dies at last at Monte Carlo, where he has been leading a scandalously dissipated life under the very eyes of his lady love, paying her duty visits in her apartments at Mentone in the intervals of his debaucheries. Elizabeth Glendinning's chains are broken, and she hastens home to recruit her health and spirits. She has but a single hope left her on earth, and that hope she scarcely dare acknowledge to herself. She knows that Orlando Sherborne has remained a bachelor; she believes that her unlucky choice is the cause of the lonely existence which he has striven to occupy with the interests of the Sherborne property. And it is just possible that, faded in beauty and withered in heart though she is, the old passion may revive when he meets her under the old circumstances, and that she may make some tardy compensation for the mischief she has done him.

Unfortunately for Miss Glendinning, the situation is complicated by incidents which the author has worked out very artistically. Through the intervention of an artist friend, Orlando has made the acquaintance of a family of ladies in Gower Street into which the clever artist has married. As may be conceived from their selection of a residence in the neighbourhood of the London University and the British Museum, Mrs. Cash and her daughter are strong-minded women. We rather think she had a seat on the London School Board; at all events she has figured on public platforms, where she has spoken with equal eloquence and good sense. Her daughters, who are extremely well educated and accomplished, have taken after her as a matter of course. But the Cashes have achieved the difficult, if not the impossible, by being not only strong-minded but feminine and fascinating. When Orlando made acquaintance with Viola, the youngest unmarried daughter, we did not see how he could help falling in love with her. And as she was evidently disposed to respond to his attachment, we felt that, by all the traditions of fiction, it was she and not Miss Glendinning who was entitled to become the mistress in his ancestral halls. Their unconscious courtship down in the country is really very pretty; though we dislike Viola being introduced as talking School Board and taking a special interest in the schools Mr. Sherborne is building. When the staid and practical-minded young squire goes hunting for violets on his hands and knees on mossy banks in his damp coverts; when he leaves a basket of violets and heart's-ease tastefully arranged at Viola's door on the morning of her birthday, we feel, as she and her family do, that it really amounts to a declaration. If there is a marked trait in Orlando's character it is his honesty; by this time he has learnt to know what he wishes; and we are sure that he can hardly stop short under any circumstances. But it is at that moment, by one of the inscrutable caprices of Fate, that Captain Grove dies and Miss Glendinning returns. She is received in the house of Sherborne's married sister, where, by an untoward accident, he is visiting at the time; and he is constrained to take his share in the dangerous office of consoling the object of his early devotion. All things considered, we should have thought his wisdom would have warned him to steer

* *Orlando.* By Clementina Black, Author of "A Sussex Idyl." London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1880.

clear of *tête-à-têtes*, to avoid meetings of the eyes, and to limit his speech to sympathetic generalities. But there comes in that touch of consistency with his early character which we have already referred to. Had he taken the pains to search into his heart, he would have assured himself that his happiness was bound up in Viola Cash. Elizabeth Glendinning, pale and sorrow-stricken, is merely the phantom of a vanished passion. But that pale face of hers, and her desponding utterances, stir his sympathetic nature irresistibly. Hope tells her a flattering tale when she sees how deeply he feels for her. Going out of his way to meet her alone in a London garden, he confirms her in her self-deception out of sheer pity, and renews the offer he made so many years before. In the brightening prospect of opening vistas of happiness Miss Glendinning jumps at the offer, metaphorically speaking. Orlando realizes the whole measure of his mistake—or, in other words, he feels what a fool he has made of himself—when he next finds himself face to face with Viola. His self-apology had been that it was only his own happiness he had been sacrificing; that Viola was unconscious of an affection which he had never expressed in language. She betrays her feelings only too clearly with her accustomed candour; and, as he cannot leave her without a word, they come to an explanation. It is a question of the niceties of our mental constitution how far she was likely to have received his lame explanation uncomplainingly, not only condoning his conduct, but approving it. It is a question of casuistry how far she was justified in urging him to persist in marrying one woman while he was hopelessly devoted to another. Be that as it may, no great mischief is done. Miss Glendinning fortunately happens to discover that she is trembling on the brink of a second mistake, and is in a fair way to complete the ruin of the life of the man whom she has already caused to suffer so deeply. We may say of Orlando that "all's well that ends well"; and we part, after all, on pleasant terms with the personages of a clever and entertaining novel.

BELLS.*

THE recent extraordinary outburst of books on bells would tempt a joker to say that a new branch had been added to *belles lettres*. It is not long since we reviewed a couple of stout volumes on the subject, and no fewer than four claim our attention again already. Three of them are very serious works indeed, and partake rather of the character of scientific or mathematical treatises than of light literature. Mr. Lomax's little book is a mere compilation from other authorities, but very pleasantly written, and gives a brief yet sufficiently complete account of the subject for people who do not want to take it up as a pursuit. All these three, however, deal as much with the musical as with the antiquarian aspect of bells; but Mr. North's volume—full, careful, and accurate as it is, for the most part—only describes the appearance and age of the Northamptonshire bells, with no account of their notes or pitches. This is a defect which might easily be remedied. There are many scientific musicians among us who have long been engaged on musical tone, and on the gradual growth of the present diapason; and to them it would be very important, where the date of a bell is known, to be able to ascertain its exact pitch. Unfortunately, this has yet to be done for the few uncracked mediæval bells which have remained in our church towers; but when we remember that, as musical instruments, bells are far older among us than organ pipes, their value as ancient evidence will at once appear. After all, however, it is strange how modern even the oldest bells are; for the first Englishman known to have been a bell-founder by trade lived in 1284, when he made four bells for the cathedral church of Exeter, none of which remain; and one which is dated 1296 is the most ancient identified in England. The oldest bell mentioned by Mr. North as still hanging in a Northamptonshire steeple is that of Cold Ashby, which bears the date 1317; but there are many undated examples which, from the style of the inscriptions, must be considerably older. One hundred and thirty-seven in all may be said with certainty to have been cast before the commencement of the seventeenth century, and of these twenty-three are dated. In Leicestershire Mr. North found one hundred and forty of the early period; so that there is only a difference of three old bells between the two counties, a curious coincidence. But Northampton does not seem to have boasted of a bell-founder till the end of the sixteenth century, being thus about a hundred years later than Leicester. Moreover, many of the Northamptonshire bells were made by Newcombe of Leicester, the two which hang beside "Maria" at Cold Ashby being by him, with the inscription, "Newcombe of Leicester made mee 1606."

The curious local customs of which Mr. North has recorded so many may be illustrated by the quotation from Bridges, who says:—"Part of the land on which the Vicarage house was built is taken out of the land belonging to the Rectory, and, to enlarge the premises, an addition was made of some town ground; in consideration of which every Vicar finds bell ropes at his own charges." Anecdotes like this occur under the name of nearly every parish in Mr. North's volume, and greatly enliven what is at best but an inventory. Thus we read of Anthony Catesby of Whiston in the reign of Henry VIII. that, in conjunction with his wife and son, he built Whiston Church, but that his money was exhausted before the bells were hung. To provide them he sold a flock of sheep, and, when he heard the sound of the chimes coming across the valley, he said to his wife, "Do you hear how my lambs are bleating?" Mr. North points out that a very similar story is told of Zitholf of St. Albans, who is said to have built the belfry with the price of his flocks. Here is an example suited to the Society for repressing restoration. At Longthorpe the bell was taken down with the intention of rehanging it in the new tower then about to be erected. "Unfortunately, when the new tower was completed, it was found too small to contain the bell," which was sold to a local ironmonger and a smaller bell bought. The sequel is also instructive: "After a time the old bell passed into the hands of Mr. Johnson, who presented it to the Roman Catholic chapel at Peterborough." Among the Northamptonshire bells there is but one bearing a figure. At Stanion the fourth bell has on it a relief of the Virgin and Child. Of rhymes Mr. North gives many, but few worth quoting, and some are rather profane; for instance:—

> Pull on, brave boys, I'm metal to the back,
> But will be hanged before I crack.

But most of the couplets are like this one at Kingsthorpe:—

> Robert Atton made me
> The treble bell for to be. 1621.

There is not a trace of poetry in any of them. In Ashover Church, in Derbyshire, there is, according to Mr. Lomax, this inscription on a bell, which we presume was shortly recast:—

> This old bell rung the downfall of Buonaparte, and broke, April, 1814.

We are not told whether it was recast in time to ring the same personage's second downfall in the following year. Political events are mentioned on other bells in various places. Mr. Lomax is mistaken in saying that the inscription on the St. Mary's bell at Oxford has not been deciphered. When we reviewed Mr. North's former volume (15th of April, 1876), we had occasion to quote some notes in which he informed us that the bell was cast at Leicester, by the famous Newcombe, in 1612, and that Dr. Rimbault considered the madrigal tune written round it to be somewhat in the style of a well-known glee, "In Going to my Lonesome Bed." Both at Hove, near Brighton, and at All Saints, Northampton, the foolish rhymes occur:—

> I mean to make it understood
> That though I'm little yet I'm good.

Mr. North apparently does not approve of change-ringing among old bells, which are more precious to him for their appearance than their sound. Its introduction in the seventeenth century produced, he considers, more havoc amongst ancient bells than did even the Reformation. He speaks at some length of the great popularity of the ringer's art, and quotes an old writer who says, "I have known more than one of my countrymen who would undertake more travel and cost besides to hear a peal of grandsires, than they would bestow upon a generation of grandchildren." If any one wishes to know what a peal of grandsires is, he may be referred to Mr. Snowdon or Mr. Lomax. Mr. Snowdon is, in fact, so learned in his *Treatise on Treble Bob* that we must be satisfied with the briefer account of Mr. Lomax, though readers who do not understand such things will not find it very simple:—"When we have five bells to ring, a plan known as 'grandsire' is adopted. The reader will have seen that hitherto the treble has hunted throughout, and has been the only bell which did so; whereas now another bell shares in the same privilege." Then, clearly, to know what a grandsire is we must find out what "hunting" is. Mr. Lomax explains the word at some length:—"The object of all systems of changing is to use up all possible permutations, without repetition or omission. . . . Hunting is when the bell takes each place in succession, striking twice at the lead and twice when behind. In the following example:—

```
1 2 3 4 5
2
2
3
3
4
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1 hunts *up* the whole way and 4 hunts *down* for all the changes, except the first or 'round.'" Several pages of similarly recondite matter follow, until at last the "Grandsire" is reached. But the technical terms of change-ringing are many and strange. The whole title of Mr. Snowdon's book, for instance, is "A Treatise on Treble Bob, containing the history of treble bob; with an explanation of the in and out-of-course of the changes; the mode of pricking touches and peals; the qualities and mode of transposing peals; with elaborate instructions for proving peals; and an explanation of Lockwood's system of composition, and hints on conducting and calling round."

Verily, as Mr. North quotes from Southey, "great are the mysteries of bell-ringing." Three bells can ring six changes thus:—

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1 2 3
1 3 2
2 1 3
2 3 1
3 1 2
3 2 1
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* *The Church Bells of Northamptonshire.* By Thomas North. Leicester: Clarke.

Bells and Bell-Ringers. By Benjamin Lomax. London: Infield.

The Change-Ringer's Guide to the Steeples of England. By J. E. Acland-Troyte and R. H. D. Acland-Troyte. London: Gardner.

A Treatise on Treble Bob. Parts 1 and 2. By J. W. Snowdon. Leeds: Old Bank Chambers.

Four bells can ring twenty-four changes, five bells one hundred and twenty, and "it has been calculated that it would take ninety-one years to ring the changes upon twelve bells, at the rate of two strokes to a second; and the full changes upon twenty-four bells would occupy more than 117,000 billions of years."

The *Change-Ringer's Guide* is rather a topographical than a campanological work. It gives the names of Societies and steeples where change-ringing is practised, arranged alphabetically in counties, together with the days on which there is regular bell-ringing, the name and address in each place of one person who is willing to give information on the subject, and the nearest railway station. The book, which is small enough for the pocket, will of course be indispensable for any one who, "staying or travelling away from home, is anxious as ever to pursue his favourite exercise, yet has no means of finding out when or where he can get a pull." In an appendix is added from *Church Bells* a "form of service for the dedication of a peal," together with many other items of information and instruction. We gather from it that the Westminster clock chimes are supposed to have been adapted from a phrase in the opening symphony of "I know that my Redeemer liveth," in Handel's oratorio of the *Messiah*. There is also a list of the big bells of Europe, from which it appears that Big Ben is eighth in order of size, three at Moscow, one at Novogorod, one at Cologne, one at Olmutz, and one at Vienna being all larger. The famous, but now broken bell at Moscow, cast in 1734, weighs 220 tons, and is 22 feet 8 inches in diameter. The great bell of St. Peter's at Rome is only 8 tons in weight, and the great bell of St. Paul's, London, 5 tons 4 cwt. The largest in England after Big Ben is Great Tom of Oxford, which is 7 feet in diameter, and weighs 7 tons 12 cwt. Great Tom of Lincoln, cast in 1835, is 6 feet 10½ inches in diameter and weighs 8 cwt. more than the heaviest bell at St. Paul's.

MINOR NOTICES.

"THE tragic drama of *Angelo*," says Mr. Coe in the prefatory remarks which precede his version of that great work (1), "is one in which I have always felt an unquestionable interest." It is likely that few people would be disposed to question the interest felt in this play by Mr. Coe or by any one else, and it was perhaps unnecessary that he should explain that the cause of his interest probably lay in the fact that *Angelo* was "the first work by Victor Hugo that I had in my youth the pleasure of seeing represented at the Théâtre Français." Mr. Coe goes on to observe presently, with obvious truth, that "Victor Hugo's drama, poetical in spirit, is nevertheless written in prose." It is not altogether abnormal for the prose works of great writers to be "poetical in spirit," and Mr. Coe, who has thought fit to turn M. Hugo's prose into "English blank verse," has given a fresh proof, if any were needed, that it is possible for that which is intended for poetry to be excessively prosy. Let us take at once one of the earliest fine speeches in the play, and see what Mr. Coe's transmogrification makes of it. La Tisbe gives some account of her early life in these words:—

> Non, tenez, je suis bonne, voilà l'histoire. Vous savez qui je suis? rien, une fille du peuple, une comédienne, une chose que vous caressez aujourd'hui et que vous briserez demain. Toujours en jouant. Eh bien? si peu que je sois, j'ai eu une mère. Savez-vous ce que c'est que d'avoir une mère? En avez-vous eu une, vous? Savez-vous ce que c'est d'être enfant? pauvre enfant, faible, nu, misérable, affamé, seul au monde, et de sentir que vous avez auprès de vous, autour de vous, au-dessus de vous, marchant quand vous marchez, s'arrêtant quand vouz vous arrêtez, souriant quand vous pleurez, une femme—non, on ne sait pas encore que c'est une femme—un ange qui est là, qui vous regarde, qui vous apprend à parler, qui vous apprend à rire, qui vous apprend à aimer! qui vous réchauffe vos doigts dans ses mains, votre corps dans ses genoux, votre âme dans son cœur! qui vous donne son lait quand vous êtes petit, son pain quand vous êtes grand, sa vie toujours! à qui vous dites "Ma mère!" et qui vous dit "Mon enfant" d'une manière si douce que ces deux mots-là réjouissent Dieu!

This, the masterly opening of a most stirring and powerful speech, is thus rendered by Mr. Coe:—

> Nay, nay, I will be docile;
> Here is the history. You know that I,
> Comedian, child of the people—something
> To be caressed to-day, despised to-morrow,
> As it may please my masters—even I,
> Low as I may have been, had once a mother.
> Great lord, have you had one? Knew you what 'twas
> To be a child? A poor child, weak and famished,
> Naked, and miserable in the world,
> And feel that you had near you and around you,
> Ay, and above you, walking when you walked,
> When you stopped, stopping, smiling when you smiled,
> A woman? No, the child knows not that 'tis
> Even a woman. 'Tis an angel that
> Looks down and smiles; from whom we learn to speak,
> From whom we learn to sing, to laugh, to love;
> Who warms us with her warmth, who near her heart
> Enfolds our feeble form, feeds with her milk,
> Bestows her health, her life, whom we call *mother*,
> Who calls us *child*—sweet sounds that angels hear
> With tears of joy.

Mr. Coe's reason or excuse for this flabby and incorrect paraphrase in what is meant for blank verse of M. Hugo's splendid prose, and for many others like unto it, is that, "as it is notoriously difficult in a translation of art literature from one tongue into another to reproduce the whole spiritual life of the original, I conceived that I could fairly seek some compensation in adopting a rhythmical flow of language that might fall more or less melodiously on the ear." It is unfortunate that Mr. Coe's "rhythmical flow of language" flows rather less than more melodiously on the ear, and, so far from reproducing "the whole," does not reproduce any touch of the "spirit and life of the original." But when we read, a little later on, his dictum that, "although I am aware their professors of rhetoric claim for French verse a rhythm, it possesses in reality only a metre, and has no natural rhythm or cadence, like that which belongs innately to the English language," we feel that we have no further right to be astonished at anything which Mr. Coe may say or do. It is at any rate only consistent with this that he should quote with unmeasured approval, and even enthusiasm, these astoundingly uninstructed remarks made by an English critic *à propos* of the performance of *Hernani* given in London last year by the Comédie Française:—"There is an immense obstacle to the appreciation of a French rhymed serious play in the declamation of the actors, which, however skilfully managed, has, to English ears, a monotony of rhythm which wearies, while it largely interferes with the accent of passion. In fact (the italics are ours) *it seems to Englishmen that it is by accident when the emphasis in French stage declamation falls on the emphatic word.*" After one has read Mr. Coe's prefatory remarks and some portion of his version of *Angelo*, it becomes a matter of absolutely no moment that he has chosen to reconstruct M. Hugo's fourth act.

To the surprise, as we should imagine, of all upon whose hands time has not for the last few years been hanging heavily, the decennial Ober-Ammergau Passion Play is on us again (though, to be sure, after only nine years' interval), and with its recurrence have come new editions of the three admirable handbooks prepared upon the last occasions by Mr. MacColl (2), Mr. Oxenham (3), and Mr. Blackburn (4). Our advice to all who have money to spare for a holiday, in spite of the hard times and of the general election, is not to miss the opportunity of beholding, while yet it flourishes undeteriorated, this unique spectacle—reverent, artistic, and picturesque as it is in itself and in its accessories—and we further advise them to slip these thin volumes into their pockets or portmanteaus. Mr. MacColl and Mr. Blackburn supplement their former descriptions with some timely information as to the arrangements for the present season. The twenty-four representations are to run from Whitsun Monday, May 17, to September 26. In looking at the list of performers we find that, as in 1870-1, so now, Mair is the Christus; Zwink, St. John; Hett, St. Peter; Lechner, Judas; J. Lang, Caiaphas; and Diemer, Choragus. All who remember the last occasion will welcome this as good news. Only—why we know not—the stately presentment of Pilate by Flunger (the Christus of 1850) is replaced by Thomas Rendl, who on the last occasion personated Joseph of Arimathea. Both the Virgin and St. Mary Magdalene are placed in new hands, which is not to be regretted, as their former representatives certainly did not add strength to the performance. The venerable rustic who esteemed it a privilege to appear in dumb show as Barabbas is again to be indulged. Mr. Blackburn's illustrative portraits reproduced in this edition are those of the actors of 1870-71. A permanent theatre has in the intervening time been built to hold 4,500 spectators, in lieu of the old scaffoldings, but we are glad to read in Mr. Blackburn's preface that, "it is interesting to learn from private letters that the worthy inhabitants of Ober-Ammergau are preparing for their work in the same earnest devotional spirit as in 1870, and that they were in no sense demoralized by the popularity of the last performances." The railroad from Munich, which stopped at Weilheim in 1871, has now been continued to Murnau.

Miss Tuckey, in the latest volume of the New Plutarch Series, tells the story of Joan of Arc's (5) life and deeds. Miss Tuckey has studied her subject long and carefully, and writes with fervour. The volume has much interest, and its writer's enthusiasm has not prevented her from telling her story plainly and succinctly.

Mr. Lanier, who dates his preface from Baltimore, Md., may be congratulated on the manner in which he has carried out his capital notion of preparing an edition of some of Froissart's Chronicles (6) for boy-readers. His introduction is excellent both as to its tone and with regard to the manner in which he has expressed himself. There is no affectation, and no suspicion of writing down to his readers. The author says things which can hardly be said too often in plain, fresh, and manly language, which will at once enlist the sympathy of his readers. The illustrations have a good deal of dash.

Mr. Shaw, in the preface to his useful and convenient little

(1) *Angelo: a Tragedy.* By Victor Hugo. Rendered into English Blank Verse, with Explanatory Notes and some Prefatory Remarks on French Dramatic Poetry, Past and Present, by Ernest Oswald Coe. London: David Stott.

(2) *The Ober-Ammergau Passion Play.* Reprinted, by permission, from the "Times." By the Rev. Malcolm MacColl. New and Revised Edition. London: Rivingtons.

(3) *Recollections of Ober-Ammergau in 1871.* By Henry Nutcombe Oxenham. London: Rivingtons.

(4) *Art in the Mountains: the Story of the Passion Play.* By Henry Blackburn. With numerous Illustrations. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(5) *The New Plutarch.—Joan of Arc.* By Janet Tuckey. London and Belfast: Marcus Ward & Co.

(6) *The Boy's Froissart; being Sir John Froissart's Chronicles of Adventure, Battle, and Custom in England, France, Spain, &c.* Edited for Boys, with an Introduction, by Sidney Lanier. Illustrated by Alfred Kappes. London: Sampson Low & Co.

volume (7), points out with truth that, while it is possible to ascertain the methods adopted by private gardeners, market gardeners want either the time or the inclination to make any written record of their practice. Mr. Shaw's object has been to supply the deficiency here indicated, and we hope with him that his book may be "the means of enabling people to obtain more and better flowers, fruits, or vegetables from their gardens than they have hitherto done."

Mr. Glenny's object has been to show (8) how an amateur may "dispense with the skilled labour which is often difficult, and sometimes impossible, to obtain." An amateur in any business who can succeed in doing this must have somewhat unusual capacities; but certainly Mr. Glenny's instructions are as clear and concise as possible.

Dr. Lumby's edition of the *Utopia* (9), which includes William Roper's Life of More, is of course admirably got up and printed. The introduction is good, and the notes are for the most part well considered. We find one very odd derivation in p. 195. "*Pardy.* A corruption of the French pour Dieu." *Par* Dieu, the obvious derivation, is of course the right one. Littré gives "Pardi ou Pardine, *int. fam.* Altération de pardieu." The only possible excuse for Dr. Lumby is that *Pardi* is not given in the Dictionary of the Academy.

We cannot attempt in a short notice to do full justice to Mr. Anderson's valuable and exhaustive work on Lightning Conductors (10). We must be content, for the present at least, with pointing out that the work is written in a clear and agreeable style, and that no pains have been spared in consulting authorities and collecting statistics.

No one could well be better fitted for the task of translating Herr Wagner's *Beethoven* (11) than Mr. Dannreuther, and musicians, whether of the Wagnerian or anti-Wagnerian school, who prefer reading English to reading German, should be grateful to him for having undertaken it. The care and conscientiousness of Mr. Dannreuther's work can best be illustrated by a reference to one or two of his foot-notes. Thus in p. 17, on the passage, "Our consciousness which only in gazing at a semblance is enabled to grasp the idea manifested by it," we have the foot-note, "'Im Schauen des Scheines,' literally 'In the seeing of a sheen'"; and again, in p. 37, the passage "the fettered demon of music playing before us with the childishness of one born an old man," is illustrated by the note, "'Mit der Kindlichkeit eines geborenen Greises vor uns spielen.' Childishness in English conveys rather more than is intended by 'Kindlichkeit.'" Whether Herr Wagner is right in thus describing Haydn's instrumental music need not be here discussed.

Mr. Carlos's excellent translation of the *Sidereal Messenger* (12) is the result of his having been engaged some time ago in cataloguing the old books belonging to Christ's Hospital. Among these was a volume, printed in 1653 in London, containing, amongst other things, Galileo's *Siderius Nuncius* and Kepler's *Dioptrics.* Mr. Carlos found Galileo's account of his discoveries so interesting that he took up its translation as a recreation from school work, and there is little doubt that his readers will share the interest which he himself felt in it.

Many people who read Mr. Sturgis's *Little Comedies* (13) as they came out in *Blackwood's Magazine* will welcome their reappearance in a collected form and in a prettily got up volume. Mr. Sturgis's writing is light and graceful. His characters are lifelike, and his dialogue is never strained or wearisome. He has what used to be called "a pretty turn" for poetry. It is almost impossible to make a quotation from any of the delicate little scenes without spoiling it by separation from its context; but we must hazard one from *Fire-Flies*:—

Bino. You will scorn me, as you are a woman. But stay. I am possessed by the God. Now the divine madness works. You draw poetry to you, lady, as the moon the tide. Hush!

> O dainty mask, like our Italian night,
> Most beautiful, and hiding all but stars,
> Whose is the face thou hidest from my sight?
> —Would I could find some other rhyme than "wars."

May wars never come between us.

Bice. My lips were not the first to frame the word.

Bino. Thy lips should frame things sweeter than mere speech.

Bice. I know no rhyme more gracious than, Absurd!

Bino. And I no rhyme less terrible than, Breach!

Bice. In truth, I fear you are but a camp-singer, for war and breach come quickest to your lips. You are no poet for a lady's chamber, to conjure a nap before dressing-time. Rather you should swagger in camp, and be clapped on the shoulder by comrade This and comrade That, with, "A draught of wine, my lad!" or, "A rousing song, my boy!" Ah, if you should be less a poet than a swashbuckler!

Bino. For it's ho! wine ho!

> And give me a flagon of wine,
> Till here and there I go,—what ho!
> And reeling to and fro,—what ho!
> Feel all the world is mine.

Bice. A kitchen-wench would cry "Good" to those lines. They are well enough to call a tapster—what ho!

Bino.

> O lady of the starry eyes,
> O lady of the bitter tongue,
> Lips should be taught more sweet replies,
> While you and I are young.

The miniature edition of selected poems from Wordsworth (14) published by Messrs. Kent is very prettily got up, and printed with admirable clearness. The selections seem to us to have been made with great judgment.

Mr. Infield's novel compilation (15) has much to recommend it. It preserves the most weighty political speeches of the day, giving in the more important passages the *ipsissima verba* of the speakers; it maintains a strict impartiality, and gives the date of every incident, and a reference to the source of its report whenever the matter has not been common to the whole of the daily press; and its usefulness is completed by a full and well arranged index.

Mr. Morris has republished in a little volume a number of letters contributed by him during the last seven years to the *Times* (16), mostly on the subject of birds. The first letter of all, written in 1873, protests against the cruel traps set on the tops of poles, artfully placed so as to seem a convenient alighting place to flying owls and hawks. The practice, it is to be feared, is still too common; and we can only hope that Mr. Morris's volume may do something towards suppressing it.

Miss Bell's translation of Herr Ebers's novel (17) is smooth and, as far as style goes, readable enough; but unfortunately the matter with which she has had to deal has little real life in it.

The same firm issues a translation, by Mr. Macdowall, of Herr Reuter's *Ut mine Stromtid* (18), a work which is likely to be more popular than Herr Ebers's learned attempt to bring dry bones to life.

Mr. Kent's translation of *Le Cousin Pons* (19) is for the most part both spirited and accurate, and he has wrestled successfully with the turning of Schmucke's German-French into German-English. It is perhaps doubtful whether people who do not read Balzac in French will care to read him in English.

The Year (20), written for and produced at the Bradford Musical Festival in 1859, like so many works given at provincial musical meetings, attracted some notice at the time. The libretto is a compilation from the works of various poets, and it is much to the credit of the composer that he should have made so pleasing a cantata from the materials before him. When we say that it is an amalgam of Pope, Thomson, Hood, Cowper, and Chorley, we think we have said enough as to the difficulty of his task. With Haydn's *Seasons* ringing in our ears, a work built upon the same lines must naturally be somewhat handicapped, though the *Seasons* is by no means in the first rank. Still Mr. Jackson's work is one which the public must thank Messrs. Novello for keeping before them.

Miss Smith's unpretentious little cantata (21) is by no means so unpleasant as its title would imply. It is true the boyish vigour of Charles Kingsley may have led him to cry

> Welcome, black North-Easter,
> O'er the German foam!

but the generality of mortals will hardly echo his sentiments. The cantata, however, is an artistic little production, written with much judgment and giving evidence of thorough musical training. The chorus "Let the luscious south wind" is especially pleasing. Amateur choral societies cannot fail to appreciate its value.

M. Silas's work is always artistic, and though the present production (22) is no novelty, it is by no means the less welcome. It has already stood the test of professional criticism, being the work selected at the Belgian International Competition of Sacred Music in 1866 as worthy of the first prize. Aiming at no special originality of treatment, M. Silas has invested it with an interest peculiar to himself, and of which we would fain have more. The vigorous "Gloria," the plaintive "Incarnatus," and the graceful "Ave Maria" are all effective, whilst the "Tantum ergo" is in its way as pleasing a piece of sacred music as could be wished for.

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(7) *The London Market Gardens; Flowers, Fruits, and Vegetables as Grown for Market.* By C. W. Shaw. London: 37 Southampton Street.

(8) *A Year's Work in Garden and Greenhouse.* By George Glenny. London: Chatto & Windus.

(9) *Pitt Press Series.—More's Utopia; the English Translation thereof made by Raphe Robynson.* Edited, with Introduction, Notes, Glossary, and Index of Names, by J. Rawson Lumby, D.D., Fellow of St. Catharine's College, Morrisian Professor of Divinity. Cambridge: University Press. London: Cambridge Warehouse. Leipzig: Brockhaus.

(10) *Lightning Conductors: their History, Nature, and Mode of Application.* By Richard Anderson, F.C.S., Member of the Society of Telegraph Engineers. With numerous Illustrations. London and New York: E. and F. N. Spon.

(11) *Beethoven.* By Richard Wagner. With a Supplement from the Philosophical Works of Arthur Schopenhauer. Translated by Edward Dannreuther. London: William Reeves.

(12) *The Sidereal Messenger of Galileo Galilei, and a Part of the Preface to Kepler's Dioptrics.* A Translation, with Introduction and Notes, by Edward Stafford Carlos, M.A., Head Mathematical Master in Christ's Hospital. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons.

(13) *Little Comedies.* By Julian Sturgis, Author of "John-a-Dreams." Edinburgh and London: Blackwood.

(14) *Poems of Wordsworth.* Selected from the Best Editions. 2 vols. London: Kent & Co.

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OF

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SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
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THE ELECTIONS.

WITH the exception of the Scotch Universities and of the remote Orkney Islands, all the constituencies have now returned their members. There have, therefore, been returned 649 out of 652 members, and the members returned consist of 351 Liberals, 236 Conservatives, and 62 Home Rulers. The Liberals have thus a majority of 53 over Conservatives and Home Rulers combined. But the occasion on which all Home Rulers and all Conservatives would unite is very difficult to conceive. The more violent section of the Home Rulers will probably vote against a Liberal Government, as it would vote against a Conservative Government. The moderate section will either vote with a Liberal Government or abstain from voting. The pending Scotch elections may probably result in the return of one Conservative and two Liberals. The position of parties in the new Parliament will therefore be that the Liberals will be 353 to 237 Conservatives—that is, the former will have a majority of 116, while this majority may be decreased or increased by the Irish vote. In 1868 Mr. GLADSTONE had a majority of 120, but this included all the Irish members who were in favour of the disestablishment of the Irish Church. Until the Irish Universities Bill divided the party, the non-Conservative Irish vote was always at the command of Mr. GLADSTONE. In the new Parliament the Liberal majority without the Irish vote will be almost exactly as strong as the Liberal majority was in 1868 with the Irish vote. It is obvious, therefore, that the Liberals are much stronger now than they were in 1868. How it happens that they are so strong now is being gradually cleared up as the history of different elections becomes known. The Conservatives have put forth their whole strength, but so have the Liberals, and the first cause of the Liberal victory is that the Liberals have worked with enthusiasm and with a much improved organization. But, although Mr. CHAMBERLAIN may be right in thinking that organization has done much for his party, enthusiasm has done more. Contest after contest has been won by obscure, unpaid, fervent canvassers. Crotchets have been thrown aside and the party has been thoroughly united. Moderate Liberals have not, as a rule, forsaken their party. There have been exceptions in London and in some portion of the educated classes. But they have been numerically few. Moderate Liberals have voted for Lord HARTINGTON, and advanced Liberals have voted for Mr. GLADSTONE. The Liberal party, moderate or advanced, meant to win, and if it really meant to win it was sure to win. No less than fifty-seven seats now gained by the Liberals were lost to them in 1874. They had so far only to reconquer their old ground. But, although the Liberal party was sure to win, in the sense that it would greatly reduce or annihilate the Conservative majority, it is impossible to say that it was likely to win to anything like the extent to which it has won. Mr. WILLIAM GLADSTONE, when returning to his friends at Hawarden after his triumph in East Worcestershire, told his hearers that long ago Mr. ADAM had informed him that the Liberals would in the next Parliament have a majority of forty, clear of the Home Rulers. This certainly was a remarkable prophecy; but it must be remembered that it is the business of a Whip to keep up the spirits of his party, and Mr. ADAM may have thought that a handsome round figure was the kind of thing to keep up Mr. WILLIAM GLADSTONE's spirits. It was impossible that even Mr. ADAM should really know all the causes that would be at work at the particular crisis of the dissolution in favour of the Liberals. To take only one instance—how could he have foreseen that Lord BEACONSFIELD would pen a manifesto that would damage and discredit his party, and would prompt numbers who were inclined to view without disapprobation the general conduct of the Cabinet to resolve that, so far as they could affect the decision, he should be displaced from the direction of public affairs?

The Liberal gains have been, speaking roughly, in four quarters—in the moderate-sized boroughs, which are now almost entirely represented by Liberals; in the counties, in Wales, and in Scotland. In all those quarters there were some common causes of Liberal success, of which the chief were a disposition to regard the contest as a personal one between Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord BEACONSFIELD, and a strong preference for the former, a growing confidence in and admiration for Lord HARTINGTON, a conviction that the last Parliament did not represent the real strength of the Liberal party, and a vague persuasion that a Liberal Ministry would reduce taxation. Perhaps beyond all is to be placed the success of success. Early Liberal triumphs propagated later ones, and it so happened that there was not a single day in which there was not a balance of Liberal gains to record. The zeal of the Nonconformists also made itself felt in every constituency where Liberals won the seat; and it was probably stimulated by the fact that on this occasion the English Roman Catholic vote was given to the Conservatives. But there were also special causes at work in each quarter. In the boroughs a chief—if not the chief—of those causes was indignation at the line taken by the publicans. It is difficult, except from actual observation, to picture the resentment aroused in the minds of small unpretending householders by the flaunting Conservatism of the beersellers, and by the difficulty which humble Liberals felt where to turn to get a glass of beer in peace. In the counties the Government suffered many reverses on account of their Agricultural Holdings Act. For electioneering purposes the Government would have done much better to have introduced no Act affecting agricultural holdings. The farmers considered that the Act had been brought in for their benefit, and then found the benefit illusory. A Liberal candidate had only to enumerate the landowners of the county who had contracted themselves out of the Act, and to ask what good the Act could possibly be supposed to have done to the farmers he addressed. They would not so much have minded their old Conservative friends having done nothing for them, but they were irritated by something having been done for them which turned out to be nothing. In Wales the Liberals had a godsend in the shape of Mr. MARTEN's Act. Here, again, if the Conservatives had done nothing, but merely resisted Mr. MORGAN's Burials Bill, they would at least have given no new handle of offence. But an Act which treated the burial of Dissenters as a merely sanitary measure, and proposed to put rural districts to expense in order to provide cemeteries, was easily represented as at once a personal insult to Dissenters and a wanton attack on their pockets. It is needless to say that Conservatives may reasonably insist that these interpretations of the Agricultural Holdings Act and of Mr. MARTEN's Act were unwarranted and unfair. But it is not necessary, in examining why electors voted as they did, to ask also whether they

were justified in so voting. The first thing after an election is to collect facts rather than to reason on them. In Scotland Mr. GLADSTONE did more perhaps than elsewhere to win elections. But long before Mr. GLADSTONE opened his Midlothian campaign, those who were acquainted with Scotch constituencies were sure that the Liberals would gain at the next election. Scotch electors busied themselves with the foreign policy of the Government much more than English electors did, and for some reason they disapproved of it from the first, and never wavered in their disapproval. There has, too, in recent years been growing in Scotland what may be termed a sense of equality rather than a passion for it. Humble Scotchmen not only say, but think, that one man is as good as his neighbour; and, although traditional feelings make them very glad to find one of their gentry on their own side, they regard the humiliation of a Conservative landlord as a proper tribute to their own importance.

It remains to say a few words on the Irish elections. There are 62 Home Rulers, 16 Liberals, and 25 Conservatives. The Liberals remain as they were. They have lost four seats to Conservatives and gained five from them. They have won two seats from Home Rulers and lost three to them. The Conservatives have lost five seats to Home Rulers and won none from them. The Home Rulers gain in the whole six seats, five from Conservatives and one from a Liberal. The gains of the Conservatives from Liberals were in the small constituencies of Carrickfergus, Coleraine, Enniskillen, and Newry. The gains of the Liberals from Conservatives were in the much more important constituencies of Donegal, Monaghan, Tyrone, and Dublin City. In the same way, the gains of Liberals from Home Rulers were in the small constituencies of Athlone and Dundalk, while their losses to Home Rulers were in Cork City, Kerry, and Kildare. The more important constituencies, therefore, so far prefer Liberals as against Conservatives, and Home Rulers as against Liberals. In Monaghan, Tyrone, and Donegal the influence of the priests or of the Presbyterian ministry was used in support of the Liberals, and in Dublin City the Roman Catholic ARCHBISHOP bestowed his blessing on the Home Ruler and the Liberal impartially. But the great interest of the Irish elections has centred in the attack of Mr. PARNELL on weak-kneed Home Rulers. He has arrived like a thunderbolt in constituency after constituency, and has imposed himself or a faithful follower on the electors. He has been returned for Cork City, Mayo, and Meath. He has turned out, as deficient in earnest devotion to the cause, Mr. O'CLERY in Wexford, Major O'GORMAN in Waterford, Mr. KING HARMAN in Sligo, The O'CONOR DON in Roscommon, Mr. MURPHY in Cork City, and he did his best to turn out Colonel COULTHURST in Cork County; and in Mayo he took the trouble personally to extinguish Mr. BROWN, for no other avowed fault except that the object of his displeasure had the audacity to own land. The priests have, almost without exception, strongly opposed him when they have thought him interfering in the business of other people; although in the county of Meath, which he represented in the last Parliament, they have ordered collections to be made at the doors of the churches to defray his election expenses. His most active lieutenant is Mr. FINIGAN, who has promised solemnly never to rest until he has persuaded a Saxon Parliament to pass a law enacting that an Irish farmer shall first live in complete personal comfort, then pay his general debts, and, lastly, give any balance there may be in his pocket to his landlord for rent. There is therefore every prospect of Mr. FINIGAN having a long and busy career. It is estimated that Mr. PARNELL's personal following will have risen from six in the last Parliament to 25 in the new Parliament. With this support he has pledged himself to quarrel with every English Government that can possibly be formed; and in a few weeks he will have the pleasure of beginning his campaign.

THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

ALTHOUGH the caprice of the constituencies and the triumph of numbers over intelligence cause just alarm, sanguine minds will find consolation in some of the circumstances of the election. Sir GEORGE BOWYER justly attributes the defeat of the Ministers in part to their unaccountable rashness in precipitating the dissolution. It is certain that large numbers of ignorant voters desired a change merely because industry had been depressed during three or [illegible] years. A revival of trade and a good harvest would have conciliated much unreasoning opposition, but the Conservative party would not in any case have obtained a majority. The lines of political division tend more and more to coincide with the social stratification; and, as Mr. GLADSTONE said at Hawarden, in slightly varied words, commercial wealth, diffused competence, and property are, in the eyes of the faction which he leads, disqualifications for the exercise of electoral power. Under the present Constitution, and still more when the proposed change in the suffrage shall have been accomplished, the advocates of innovation are likely to be almost always on the stronger side. Uniform household suffrage, attended by the establishment of approximately equal electoral districts, will deprive landowners of the remnant of influence which they still exercise in counties, and it will in a great measure disfranchise tenant farmers. The levity with which Lord HARTINGTON some years since pledged himself and his party to the change may probably be explained by the conscious security of position which is often found among social magnates. The probable abstinence of his Radical followers from any immediate display of mutinous independence will be explained by their knowledge that the approaching Reform Bill will bring them large reinforcements.

Optimists will place some reliance on the personal composition of the House of Commons. If Ireland is left out of consideration, there has, since the first Reform Bill, been no Parliament in which a larger proportion of members belonged to the wealthy and to the educated classes. The great majority hold the rank of gentlemen, as the term is conventionally understood; and many members, old and new, are above the average in ability and attainments. The factitious agitation for the direct representation of the working class has for the time almost wholly subsided. One of two artisan candidates who proposed themselves for election was rejected by a large majority of a popular constituency, and Mr. BROADHURST, who sits for Stoke, is at least preferable to his predecessor. One additional tenant-farmer has been elected; and one who was well known and highly respected has lost his seat by unlucky mismanagement of votes. If the House of Commons were unpledged, and if it were during its term independent of constituents, it might command as much confidence as it is possible to repose in any English Legislature. Two or three members of questionable character are always to be found in a numerous assembly, and there is no reason to suppose that they will have any weight among their colleagues. The Irish managers have not been well advised in selecting candidates without regard to social status, to local connexion, or to personal fitness. Some theorists approve the entrance into Parliament of even the lowest demagogues, on the ground that they will find themselves powerless; but it is not desirable to provide rewards for vulgar agitation. The majority of the Liberal party in the House of Commons strongly sympathizes with the less reactionary section of its defeated antagonists; but, without the faintest propensity to revolutionary policy, it will support all the measures which may be proposed by its leaders. In its first Session Parliament will probably occupy itself with legislation of secondary importance. Mr. LOWE's anxiety to strike while the iron is hot will scarcely be shared either by the Ministry or by the House of Commons. It will be impossible to deal with the complicated subject of land tenure during the approaching summer; and immediately after an election there can be no need for hurry in deteriorating the electoral system. The Burials Bill and the reduction of the borough franchise in Ireland will probably satisfy for the moment the popular appetite for change.

One of the most surprising peculiarities of the election was the tacit refusal of the constituencies to interest themselves in the questions which had been proposed to them by the leaders of both parties as main political issues. It is doubtful whether half a dozen seats have been won or lost through any predilection or prejudice of the electors with respect to Eastern or Indian policy. That no Conservatives have been converted by the violent and virulent declamations of Mr. GLADSTONE and his humbler imitators is proved by the large increase of the number of voters whom they polled. The much larger body by which they were defeated belonged, for the most part, to a class which knows and cares nothing about

foreign politics. Denunciations of the extravagance and turbulence of the worst and wickedest Government on record served, at most, to stimulate the democratic instinct which required no artificial pressure. With the doubtful exception of the member for Dundee, who had practically become a convert to Conservatism, none of the many Liberals who had supported the foreign policy of the Government suffered for their patriotic independence. Mr. WALTER, Mr. EUSTACE SMITH, Mr. BEAUMONT, and many other Liberal opponents of Mr. GLADSTONE's agitation have been re-elected; and Mr. GLADSTONE himself, though he must have deeply resented the conscientious defection of an advanced Liberal supporter, thought it prudent to commend the resolution of the electors of Newcastle to return Mr. COWEN. The exultation of the aggressive faction in Russia, and the uneasiness which prevails in other parts of the Continent, may perhaps be justified by the language formerly used by the Liberal leaders; but it is founded on a mistake, as far as it assumes a change in the opinions of the English people. Their verdict, as far as it has been in any sense taken, is neither for nor against Lord BEACONSFIELD's policy. It is only in times of unusual excitement that large bodies of men can persuade themselves to be enthusiastic on questions which they are incapable of understanding. In spite of the appeals of demagogues, the country habitually entrusts foreign policy to the conduct of the responsible Government. There can be little doubt that, if Lord GRANVILLE and Lord HARTINGTON control foreign affairs, they will, as far as possible, continue for the present the policy of their predecessors. No prudent calculator will undertake to trace beforehand the orbit which Mr. GLADSTONE may describe. It is only certain that his conduct would be regulated by sympathies and antipathies restrained as little as possible either by considerations of expediency or by diplomatic or historical knowledge. Six years ago Mr. GLADSTONE had taken as little interest in Turkish affairs as in other branches of foreign policy. His possible interference will not be rendered safer or easier through his wanton declarations of hostility to Austria. There is still reason to hope that the fortunes of the country may be placed in other hands.

Domestic legislation is likely in the present Parliament to be more important than foreign policy. Some of the largest measures on which the extreme Liberals are bent will not be brought forward for the moment. The Nonconformist ministers, who have been the most active election agents, scarcely hope to carry disestablishment until their strength is increased by the extension of the suffrage. It is doubtful whether any sweeping change in the laws relating to land will be soon effected. Lord SELBORNE expressed approval both of the Land Bills introduced by Lord CAIRNS and of his prudence in contenting himself with a moderate change. On this subject, as well as on the alteration of the franchise, Lord HARTINGTON has perhaps pledged himself prematurely. It is probable that in the course of two or three years new subjects may acquire a prominence which is not yet perceptible. Every movement will have a democratic origin and tendency, and its success will depend on preponderance of force rather than on the merits of special measures. The temper of the new House of Commons will not be revolutionary, except as far as it is affected by external pressure. The party of resistance will be in a minority both in the House and in the country, but the election shows that it will represent a large body of opinion. Notwithstanding Mr. GLADSTONE's sneers at station and property, it is not an insignificant circumstance that the present Government should have been supported by London, Westminster, Greenwich, and by a large party in the Tower Hamlets, and that it should have carried all the metropolitan counties. Middlesex, Kent, Surrey, Essex, Sussex, and Hampshire have not returned a single Liberal member. In Hertfordshire, Berkshire, and Buckinghamshire, the same preference was given to the Conservatives, though in either county the minority returned a third member. The Opposition have conquered the West Riding of Yorkshire; but Lancashire is still equally divided, and the great town of Liverpool is on the same side with the City of London. In all or nearly all the constituencies which have been enumerated the middle class is predominant. In South-West Lancashire the independent electors defeated the influence of Lord DERBY and Lord SEFTON. It may be roughly conjectured that the actual and retired tradesmen, the merchants and clerks, and the professional men, who thirty years ago were generally Liberal, have now joined the Conservative party. Although they are largely outnumbered, they cannot be left out of consideration in an estimate of political forces.

AFGHANISTAN.

A JOURNAL which is perhaps feeling its way to a change of party blames the Government for having, on the eve of its retirement from office, made a permanent and perhaps irrevocable arrangement of the affairs of an Afghan province. There might be some foundation for the censure if the new settlement of Candahar had been made after the English elections; but it is nearly certain that the appointment of SHERE ALI as chief, or Wali, had been completed before the reverse of the Ministerial fortunes. The Indian Government must have resolved on converting Candahar into a protected State when the railway was projected, for it is highly improbable that a work so important and so costly should have been undertaken, if the maintenance and use of the line was to be contingent on the policy of an independent Afghan Government. Lord LYTTON's responsibility in the matter is undoubtedly covered by the authority of the English Cabinet. It would be premature to form a positive opinion on the policy of the measure, until the reasons and circumstances are officially explained. It has long been known that Indian politicians of one school have thought it expedient either to occupy Candahar, or to secure a paramount control over its native Government. Other writers of authority contend that Khelat should form the limit or terminus of English enterprise in that direction. General KAYE has lately argued in a published letter that it is useless to incur the expense and risk of holding an advanced frontier, when the possession of the passes enables an English force at any time to occupy Candahar and, if necessary, to advance on Cabul. The Government has preferred the bolder policy, and it ought not to be supposed that those who had the amplest means of knowledge were necessarily in the wrong. It would be rash to place implicit trust in the loyalty of any Afghan chief; but thus far SHERE ALI has justified a confidence which is not inconsistent with judicious precautions. The most obvious objection to the plan is that it burdens the Indian Treasury and War Office with the maintenance of the troops at the disposal of the Residence, far in advance of the old frontier of the Empire. On the other hand, a friendly Government at Candahar will serve to counteract the turbulence of the remoter provinces of Afghanistan.

It is difficult to ascertain by a comparison of conflicting statements how far the Afghan tribes are connected with one another by a sentiment of national unity. It is easy to understand that a ruler of Cabul would consider himself entitled to reign over all the dominions which had at any time been united under his most powerful predecessor. It is not equally certain that Candahar would prefer the supremacy of Cabul to qualified independence under an English protectorate. It is possible to lay too much stress on the phrases which have been used by English politicians of both parties. An independent and friendly Afghan kingdom practically means a trustworthy subordinate ally. The Treaty of Gundamuk renewed the obligation more or less voluntarily incurred by DOST MAHOMMED, that he should allow to the Indian Government the direction of his foreign policy. In his time the covenant took the form of a promise to consider the friends and enemies respectively of the Imperial Power as also his own. To the same effect YAKOOB KHAN undertook to submit the regulation of his foreign policy to the Viceroy or his Resident at Cabul. The essential condition of the policy which has been pursued from time to time by different methods was not that Afghanistan should be independent, but that it should be friendly. The Candahar settlement is a bold experiment tried in the hope of securing the friendship of one part of Afghanistan which is important by its position. One of the considerations which moved the English and Indian Governments was probably a desire to open a new commercial route and market. SHERE ALI, in his independence and during the professed continuance of friendly relations, obstinately refused to admit English travellers and traders into his dominions. They will now be able to proceed at least as far as Candahar; and, if the protectorate continues and the railway is kept open, the city and province will pro-

bably enter on a course of unprecedented prosperity. The Indian Treasury may perhaps not profit immediately by the encouragement of trade, but it is part of the duty of the Government to encourage by legitimate business the enterprise of English and native traders. An arbitrary reversal by the future Ministry of the decisive measure which has been adopted would be unjustifiable unless it were founded on reasons which are not at present known.

It will fortunately not be possible, even if it were thought desirable, to interrupt the movement on Ghuznee which is now in progress. It is confidently asserted that the fortress is incapable of resisting modern artillery, and no doubt seems to be entertained of Sir DONALD STEWART'S early success. The chiefs who have visited Cabul for the purpose of negotiation appear to be of secondary rank, but it is supposed that their presence indicates doubt and division among the insurgents. It was a matter of course that their request for a suspension of operations against Ghuznee should be summarily disregarded. Whatever cost or exertion may be required would be preferable to the possession by a hostile or doubtful force of a stronghold commanding more than one of the roads from the Indian frontier to Cabul. Some of the neighbouring tribes which have lately been engaged in petty hostilities against the garrison of Ghuznee may perhaps be inclined to co-operate with the English troops. It may be hoped that resistance in the southern and eastern provinces will be suppressed before it becomes necessary to deal with the most formidable claimant of the Afghan throne. If current reports can be trusted, ABDURRAHMAN is consolidating his power in Afghan-Turkestan, and probably some of the unemployed soldiery from other provinces may have taken service under him. According to a recent telegram from Cabul, he announces that he will shortly arrive in Kohistan, where all the chiefs have promised to welcome him. If European notions of succession prevailed in Afghanistan, ABDURRAHMAN, as the eldest son of the eldest son, would be the legitimate heir of DOST MAHOMMED. His title derives some valid support from the military and political ability which he is said to have displayed during the long dynastic struggle which followed the death of DOST MAHOMMED. If the Indian Government has engaged in any negotiation with the pretender, its secret has thus far been kept. It is not a conclusive objection to the recognition of ABDURRAHMAN that he was for many years a Russian prisoner, and that he has been lately released for the apparent purpose of causing embarrassment to the Indian Government. It is not probable that gratitude would interfere with his regard for his own interests, if he were fully satisfied that his establishment at Herat depends on the favour of the Viceroy. It would be inconvenient that he should attribute any overtures which he may receive to fear of his success in an independent enterprise.

Notwithstanding the recent violence of clamour and invective, there is reason to hope that the new Government and Parliament will not allow the domestic and foreign policy of India to become a subject of party recrimination or conflict. The Duke of ARGYLL has disqualified himself by his writings and his speeches from any official connexion with Indian affairs. Lord HARTINGTON afterwards retracted or explained away a hasty declaration that it would be desirable to evacuate Afghanistan as soon as possible. The House of Commons, though it contains an overwhelming number of opponents of the present Government, will be less unequally divided on questions of foreign and of Indian policy. The minority of the Opposition which gave a patriotic support to Lord BEACONSFIELD still forms a portion of the Liberal party; and a hasty determination to renounce the advantages derived from great and costly efforts would be highly unpopular in the country. It is much to be regretted that several members and candidates of Indian experience have been defeated at the election because they were political supporters of the Government. Mr. SETON-KARR, Mr. C. DENNISON, and Mr. SMOLLETT possess a special knowledge in which the House of Commons is generally deficient. It is extremely unfortunate that Sir RICHARD TEMPLE should have failed to obtain the seat for Worcestershire for which he was willing to exchange one of the highest posts in India. The railway to Candahar, which is intimately connected with the policy of the Indian Government, will have been in a great measure the result of Sir R. TEMPLE'S energy. It is a bad consequence of the recent encroachments of faction on public spirit that nearly all the leaders of the Liberal party have pledged themselves to positive opinions on Indian policy, instead of reserving their freedom of judgment. They are welcome to throw all responsibility on their predecessors, if only they carry measures already commenced to their legitimate conclusion.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S WAYS.

PRINCE BISMARCK has been going through another of his resignations. Germany and Europe are so thoroughly accustomed to these resignations, and know so exactly what they mean, that no one on this occasion misinterpreted what Prince BISMARCK was doing. When Prince BISMARCK resigns the process is totally unconnected with his tenure of office. He is merely using a form of advertisement. Something has happened which he does not like, or something which he wishes to see done is left undone. In order to have his way he has only to let the world know that he wishes to have it. He must help the public to understand that he really attaches importance to the matter he has in hand. The method he adopts is singular and original, but effectual. He writes a letter to the EMPEROR, saying that he really must resign; and, before the EMPEROR has had time to read the letter, he sends to the papers to let them know that the letter has been sent. With the shortest possible delay the EMPEROR replies that he would rather cut off his right hand than part with his beloved CHANCELLOR. This letter is in its turn sent to the newspapers, and then everything is complete. Prince BISMARCK has registered his decree, and all the world obeys it. On this occasion the decree he has chosen to register is that there shall be a penny stamp on post-office orders. This does not seem a very grand cause of so great a disturbance, but it meant much more than it seemed to mean. The Federal Council had ventured to resist the imposition of this trifling tax, although Prince BISMARCK had directed that it should be imposed. The voting power of Prussia in the Federal Council is by no means proportionate to her wealth, population, and authority, and while in the division on the stamp duty Prussia with her immediate allies could only muster twenty-eight votes, the minor States told thirty votes, and Prussia and the CHANCELLOR were beaten. Of course, when the powerful resignation machinery was brought into play, the Federal Council acted in a spirit of what has been aptly described as repentant cheerfulness, and was quite ready to put any stamp on anything. But this was not enough. Repentance was good, but security for proper conduct in the future was better. Nothing annoyed Prince BISMARCK so much as that almost all the votes of the recalcitrants had been given by proxy. One member who attended had no fewer than thirteen votes in his pocket. This seemed to Prince BISMARCK a most pernicious abuse, and he thought that he might get rid of the resistance of the Federal Council without altering its constitution if he only stopped voting by proxy. He has a legitimate confidence in himself, and he feels reasonably sure that the representatives of the small States, although they are bold enough behind his back, and send proxies that may be used against him, dare not look him in the face and vote the wrong way. He has therefore decreed that proxies shall be abolished; and, what with its repentant cheerfulness and its members being made to come to look at him, the Federal Council has no doubt been brought sufficiently to its senses, and is not likely to give him any more trouble. The only criticism his success provokes is that it is his success. Prince BISMARCK is the German Empire, and a German Empire without Prince BISMARCK will be altogether a new creation.

In some directions Prince BISMARCK is carrying out his general policy with vigilance and success. He has invented another step for Germany to take in the direction of Protection. The German coasting trade is not quite so much in the hands of Germans as patriotic Germans could wish. Dutchmen and Danes manage to pick a meagre livelihood out of the unattractive process of creeping from one German port to another, and these interlopers are to be scared away. Justice, as it is put, is to be done to German shipowners, and upon Protectionist principles it is quite just that, as it is the business of the

community to enable German shipowners to live, everything should be done to enable them to live as comfortably as possible. Then Socialism is, it is said, growing discouraged under the influence of the wise system of repression which Prince BISMARCK has happily established. There has been an election in one of the districts of Berlin, and the Socialists have polled under three thousand votes now, while in 1878 they polled upwards of seven thousand. Professor VIRCHOW, the successful candidate, brings to the Chamber a European reputation, and he is a Progressist. This means that he is a Parliamentary enemy of Prince BISMARCK, and his return appears to have been greatly facilitated by the abstention of the Conservative voters. So far his success is not all that could be wished; but at any rate the Socialists appear to have been momentarily or permanently eclipsed, and so far repression has answered. Slowly, too—very slowly, but still perhaps surely—Prince BISMARCK is making way with his project for reconciliation with the Vatican. But he has faithfully redeemed his promise not to go to Canossa. Both sides are to give way if his scheme is realized, but his side is not to begin. The Vatican must start first on the road of peace. If the bishops and priests are ordered to behave pleasantly to the State, to forget all that has passed, and to work with the authorities in an affable and conciliatory manner, then Prince BISMARCK will do something for them. The existing laws shall be worked in a very indulgent spirit. Good turns shall be done all round, and possibly the happy day may arrive when some portion of the existing laws may be repealed. Signs are not wanting that Prince BISMARCK's offer, which does not err on the side of cowardice in concession, will before long be adopted.

Austria, on the other hand, does not appear to be going on quite as Prince BISMARCK would wish. The Austrian Ministry now occupies one of the most singular positions ever occupied by a Ministry. It has only got about twenty adherents in the Chamber, but neither the Constitutional nor the Autonomist party has a majority. The Ministry therefore trusts that by taking its twenty votes first to one side and then to the other it can command the Chamber. The Ministry is divided as nearly as may be between the contending parties; and in this respect, as in every other, Count TAAFFE spends his time in walking along a tight-rope and just keeping his balance. But a Minister cannot be always doing nothing. He must at least ask for the yearly supplies, if he does nothing else; and, whatever he does or asks for, there is always some one ready to quarrel with him. He had arrived so far in the Budget as to reach the estimate for secret-service money. The amount asked for was very small, but the Constitutional party declared that secret-service money could only be properly entrusted to a Minister in whom the Chamber had confidence. Count TAAFFE's twenty men and the Autonomists ought to have turned round and declared that the Chamber had confidence in the Minister; but enough members of the Autonomist party stayed away to let the Government be beaten. A motion of want of confidence was therefore carried against the Government, and theoretically the Ministry ought to have resigned. But Count TAAFFE cannot resign, as there is no one to replace him. The result is that Austria is reduced to as complete a state of inactivity as a great Power can fall into. And not only did the Right fail to support the Minister with sufficient determination, and allow itself as well as the Ministry to be beaten, but very free expression was given by some speakers among its ranks to the opinion that Austria should not be too cordial to Germany or too hostile to Russia. It is easy to exaggerate the importance of any section of Austrian politicians. The weight of the Court and the national feelings of Germans and Hungarians might in a critical moment break down all opposition. But at the same time it is evident that the policy which Prince BISMARCK might like to force on Austria is not a policy which escapes serious opposition in the Austrian Chamber. As time runs on it becomes apparent that the union between Germany and Austria is not nearly so strong or so indissoluble as was at one time supposed.

THE BONAPARTISTS AND PRINCE NAPOLEON.

PRINCE NAPOLEON'S letter has greatly disturbed the Bonapartist journals. Many of them had insensibly come to be Conservative—in the sense in which that much abused word is for the moment understood in France—rather than Imperialist, and they naturally dislike this sudden call to declare under which flag they are fighting. All their recent associations are Conservative, and as of late Conservative and Clerical have been pretty nearly identical terms, Prince NAPOLEON's letter makes silence impossible. There are some things about which a party writer may be discreet, but he cannot be discreet about the decrees against the religious orders. The Government have taken so decided a line that the absence of resistance is tantamount to support. He that is not with the religious orders is against them. Nor is it possible for the Conservatives to overlook defection upon this point. They have never before had such good cards dealt to them since the Republic was set up, and on the skill and unanimity with which they play them their future in a great measure depends. If a newspaper which has hitherto acted with them opposes them now, it must not expect to be taken back into favour a little time hence. Its desertion will be remembered as long as the conflict between the Church and the Republic endures. The Bonapartist journals have for the most part recognized this necessity, and sorrowfully thrown over Prince NAPOLEON. It is awkward, no doubt, to be at issue with the chief of the BONAPARTES; but it would be more awkward to be at issue with their subscribers. Nor is it the journalists of the party alone that have been annoyed by the PRINCE's letter. Since the death of Prince LOUIS the specific characteristics of Bonapartism have been much less conspicuous than they used to be. Royalists and Imperialists had grown accustomed to acting together. Neither of them had any present hope of overthrowing the Republic, and consequently neither of them cared to define precisely what form of Government they proposed to put in its place. This pleasant agreement to go as far as they can together has been sadly interfered with by Prince NAPOLEON's letter. These peaceful Bonapartist sheep have been suddenly accused by their companions of being wolves in disguise, and the only means they have of disproving the charge is to make common cause with them against the real wolf. The Conservatives who have accepted the Bonapartist pretension to be reckoned among the friends of order and religion suddenly discover that the head of the Bonapartist party approves the decrees against the religious orders, and openly allies himself with the policy of the Government. More than this, he declares that this policy is really the policy of the Empire, that the Republic has only borrowed it, and that all true Imperialists will see in its adoption a tribute to the soundness and permanence of Napoleonic ideas. There can be no fellowship between a party which regards this man as its leader and honest Conservatives. A Bonapartist who wishes still to be regarded as a Conservative must disavow allegiance to Prince NAPOLEON by word as well as by deed. It is not enough that he shows by his conduct that he detests the principles of which the letter is the expression, he must openly say that he detests them. Under such pressure as this the majority of Bonapartists, with Cardinal BONAPARTE and two BONAPARTE princes at their head, have given way. After all, their alliance with the Conservatives is of more importance to them than the favour of a leader who may never have any rewards to bestow. Men soon take their colour from the society they keep, and for the last ten years Bonapartism pure and simple has been in little favour in France. The enterprises of the party have all been undertaken in combination with Monarchists of various shades, and little by little the opinions which the members of the coalition hold in common have to many Bonapartists become more important than those which they themselves are supposed to hold apart.

The motives which have decided the Bonapartists generally to disown Prince NAPOLEON's letter are sufficiently intelligible; but it may be thought that, in proportion as they are so, the PRINCE's motive in writing the letter becomes harder to interpret. Why should he desire thus to break up the Imperialist party? He was under no pressing necessity to avow his convictions about the religious orders. No one had asked him for his opinion for or against them. He is not himself intimate with the

Clerical party, and his tastes and antecedents seemed to make it most natural for him to maintain an attitude of impartial and amused criticism of the violent language resorted to by both combatants. Why has Prince NAPOLEON put all these considerations aside and descended into the battle, with, as it may seem, no other object than that of throwing his own special followers into confusion? More than one possible answer may be given to this question. One is, that the change which the party had lately undergone, though pleasant enough for the rank and file, was not equally pleasant to its chief. It really amounted to an absorption of the Bonapartists in the Conservatives; and, as the ultimate aims of the Conservatives are Royalist, there was real danger that the aims of the Bonapartists might insensibly come to be Royalist too. Had Prince NAPOLEON's position in the party been more established this danger might have been considerably less. With the Legitimist pretender impracticable, and the Orleanist pretender self-effaced, a strong Bonapartist pretender might have held a conspicuous position among the rival Conservative factions. But to do this Prince NAPOLEON must himself have been a Conservative; at all events, he must not have been hampered by a character and a history which are scarcely compatible with Conservatism of the Clerical and reactionary type which now prevails in France. When once the impossibility of his leading the Bonapartists as a Conservative is admitted, the necessity of his leading it in some other character becomes evident. Prince NAPOLEON is not a man to throw away his chances. Accident has made him the head of the house, but the dignity did not, we may be sure, find him unprepared. The combinations which might raise him to greatness had no doubt been weighed and calculated, and he had not still to decide upon a policy when the news from Zululand arrived. He may only have been waiting for an opportunity to mark his assumption of the leadership by some decided step, something which should force men to ask themselves whether they were still Bonapartists. From this point of view it does not really matter that the immediate result of this step has been to breed a quarrel between the PRINCE and his followers. It would have been of little use to retain their nominal allegiance if this had been done at the cost of foregoing all further demands on it.

Another answer is that Prince NAPOLEON possibly sees that the Bonapartists have very few chances if they are content to remain the mere detachment of the Conservatives which they have lately tended to become. After all, there is no real identity between them and their allies. The one looks forward to a restoration which shall reunite France to a past which begins in the tenth century; the other looks forward to a restoration which shall reunite France to a past which begins with the nineteenth. The attitude of the two parties towards the Revolution of 1789 is necessarily and radically different. From that Revolution the Empire and the Republic alike take their origin; and Imperialists, equally with Republicans, are bound to accept, not merely its accomplished results, but the ideas on which those results are founded. Consequently it is the business of the Imperialists to show a reason for their existence, not merely as against the Republic, but as against the Legitimate Monarchy. In their recent relations with the Conservatives this necessity has been allowed to drop out of sight, and Prince NAPOLEON is probably of opinion both that it is essential to recall it to view, and that the quarrel with the religious orders affords an excellent opportunity of doing this. The ecclesiastical controversy is one about which the majority of the Republican party is greatly excited, and in spite of the Republican journals a great number of Republicans will be disposed to regard Prince NAPOLEON with far more friendly eyes now than before the publication of his letter. In the reactionary party he could never have been of any importance. In the Republican party he may be a force which the politicians at present in power may hereafter have to reckon in a way they will not much like.

LORD HAMPTON.

LORD HAMPTON, better known as Sir JOHN PAKINGTON, furnished one of many instances of the practical and administrative capacity which may be found among members of Parliament who have not been regularly trained for office. Birth and early association connected him with the Conservative [illegible] which might almost be [illegible] Minister. Though he was [illegible] without intellectual or rhetorical [illegible] PAKINGTON held opinions of his own on [illegible] which might in different circumstances have [illegible] to rank as a Liberal. In the days of his political [illegible] official activity, as at present, there was no real difference of temperament or of principle between moderate and intelligent members of the two great parties; and twenty or thirty years ago the passion and bigotry of popular constituencies operated less directly and less constantly on the minds of their representatives. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON had the good fortune to represent throughout his career a small rural borough, which only transferred its allegiance to a newcomer when he was far advanced in years. He was consequently at liberty to serve his country to the best of his judgment; and, while many of his contemporaries were more showy and more versatile, he was excelled by none in conscientious devotion to the public good. If his speeches were long and tedious, they contained the result of serious thought and study; and they were never defaced by personal or factious invective. On some occasions Sir JOHN PAKINGTON acted independently of his party, though he was never suspected of intrigue or of disloyalty to his political associates. It cannot be said that even among the most intolerant of his opponents he provoked any special enmity; for the spiteful comments which have lately been made on his appointment to a modest post were but incidentally addressed to himself.

It was much to his credit that, at the disruption of the Conservative party in 1846, he adhered to Sir ROBERT PEEL, when Lord STANLEY seceded from the Government. On this, as on other points, he belonged to the more advanced or less narrow section of the party. He had consequently no share in the discredit of the scandalous coalition by which Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Lord GEORGE BENTINCK drove the best Minister of the time from office. One of Sir ROBERT PEEL's last official acts was to recognize Mr. PAKINGTON's services by his elevation to a baronetcy. When, on his resignation, Sir R. PEEL finally retired from his position as a leader of a party, his adherents were at liberty to choose between the separate organization which was formed by the outgoing Ministers and reunion with the mass of the party. With Sir F. THESIGER and other faithful followers of Sir ROBERT PEEL who had voted for the repeal of the Corn-laws, Sir J. PAKINGTON determined to remain a Conservative. The Peelites, as they were called, consisting of Sir JAMES GRAHAM, Mr. GLADSTONE, the Duke of NEWCASTLE, Mr. CARDWELL, Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT, and three or four others, had with few exceptions held office under Sir ROBERT PEEL. It was not to be expected that the independent members who had acted with them in the Corn-law struggle should to the same extent share their just resentment against the Protectionist leaders. Neither the Duke of WELLINGTON nor Sir R. PEEL himself assumed the character of Peelites. During the short remainder of his life, the great Conservative statesman occupied himself chiefly in protecting his wayward Whig successor from the consequences of his blunders. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON accepted Lord DERBY as his chief; and when Mr. DISRAELI, in spite of Lord DERBY's jealous reluctance, forced himself into the position of leader in the House of Commons, Sir JOHN PAKINGTON became one of his most useful supporters; yet some surprise was felt when, six years after the defeat of the Conservative Government, he was selected as a member of Lord DERBY's first Cabinet. Up to that time his highest official functions had been those of a Chairman of Quarter Sessions.

In December 1851 Lord JOHN RUSSELL dismissed Lord PALMERSTON from office; and in March 1852, with a humorous celerity of retaliation, Lord PALMERSTON forced Lord JOHN RUSSELL to resign. The Peelites could have furnished the materials of an excellent Cabinet, but they were for the moment unpopular in consequence of their resistance in the previous year to the foolish Ecclesiastical Titles Bill; and they had in any case no party to back them. Lord DERBY once said that the uncouth grammatical term *anacoluthon* should be translated by the word Peelite, or a leader without followers. The disruption had, in the American phrase, decapitated the Conservative party so completely that when Lord DERBY formed a

[illegible] to be raised for the [illegible] a Privy Councillor. There had [illegible] times of a similar promotion [illegible] of Parliament to high official posts; [illegible] of Mr. DISRAELI's accurate judgment of [illegible] Lord DERBY found it possible to select a Cabinet [illegible] inferior in the ability of its members to the [illegible] which it superseded. General PEEL, Mr. [illegible] and Mr. WALPOLE supplied by natural aptitude [illegible] Parliamentary experience their want of official knowledge. Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI might be fairly pitted against Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Lord PALMERSTON; and Sir JOHN PAKINGTON's industry and good sense soon acquired for him the character of an efficient head of a department. Lord DERBY's Administration, though it lasted only for a few months, produced many advantages to the party. Mr. DISRAELI took the opportunity to relieve himself and his colleagues from the burden of Protectionist principles; and Lord PALMERSTON, for reasons of his own, facilitated the operation. If the Peelites had remained neutral, Mr. DISRAELI would probably have defeated Lord JOHN RUSSELL in the decisive contest on the Budget; but the surviving colleagues of Sir ROBERT PEEL took the opportunity of a just revenge, and Mr. GLADSTONE, in his speech on the Budget, delivered a fatal blow to the Government.

The Conservatives, on returning to the Opposition benches, found themselves in a better position than before their brief trial of office. Their leaders had now Cabinet rank and a certain official experience, and though they could make no immediate impression on the solid ranks of the coalesced Whigs and Peelites, they were from this time ready to profit by any favourable opportunity. When Lord DERBY in 1858 formed his second Ministry, it was a matter of course that Sir JOHN PAKINGTON should hold a Cabinet office. When he became First Lord of the Admiralty, he was as ignorant as most of his predecessors and successors of all matters relating to the navy; but his natural capacity for administration, cultivated by his short experience at the Colonial Office, enabled him to master the rudiments of his business, and his patriotic zeal was stimulated by the discovery that his predecessors had allowed rival Powers to attain maritime equality or superiority. He perhaps described his measures too ambitiously when he boasted of reconstructing the navy. The ships which he built have long since been superseded, but nearly all chiefs of the Admiralty during twenty years have thought it necessary to profess the same desire to create a navy more powerful than that of any rival. His tenure of office was again not destined to be long. Mr. GLADSTONE had indeed so far allied himself with Lord DERBY that he voted on the side of the Government in the division which followed the general election of 1859; but Lord PALMERSTON prudently complied with his terms on the formation of his Cabinet, and from that time he approached more and more rapidly to the democratic tendencies which have not yet reached their lowest point. From 1859 to 1866 the Opposition made no attempt to recover office; and Sir JOHN PAKINGTON, acting separately from his colleagues, employed himself mainly in promoting national education. One of his schemes included the formation of School Boards, which, in accordance with the doctrines then professed by Nonconformists as well as by Churchmen, were to provide religious education in accordance with the opinions of the local majority. Although he was from time to time sharply criticized by leading members of his own party, Sir JOHN PAKINGTON persisted in his efforts; but it was impossible to effect so great a change without official authority, and without the support of a Parliamentary majority. In 1866 Sir JOHN PAKINGTON returned to the Admiralty, and in the following year he succeeded General PEEL at the War Office. He had not lost his characteristic zeal and energy; but for the third time he was compelled with his colleagues to retire after a short term of office. He had probably concurred, less unwillingly than some of his colleagues, in Mr. DISRAELI's Reform Bill, though he may have been less confident than his leader of the supposed party advantage of sinking to a lower political stratum. When Mr. DISRAELI at last succeeded to office as leader of a majority, Sir JOHN PAKINGTON had arrived at the age of seventy-four. He was compensated with a well-earned peerage for the omission to find him a place in the new Cabinet; and he accepted the comparatively humble post of First Commissioner of the Civil Service. The reward of a long and useful career was not excessive, and there can be no doubt that he continued, as in former times, to perform his duties with conscientious assiduity. No politician or Minister has left a more blameless reputation.

A QUESTION OF AUTHORSHIP.

FOR the last week there has been going on in the columns of the *Times* an interesting discussion as to the invention of the Farmers' Alliance. With that body itself and its objects the discussion has also had a good deal to do, though we need not have very much to do with it here. It seems, on the authority of some journals and of the person who claims to be its father, that the Farmers' Alliance has "driven the wedge home between "the farmers and the landlords," and has thus contributed to the late Liberal victory. To have achieved a class division between two sets of persons whose interests, in the interest of the country, ought to be married indissolubly, would seem to be rather a dubious feat. The notion suggests itself, too, as a short hint to an impartial farmer, that the result of such a proceeding might be by no means beneficial to the farmers themselves. Even under present circumstances, compulsory expropriation or compulsory division of property is not very likely in England. The most that the Farmers' Alliance, if it had really assumed any attitude hostile to the landlords, could expect would be legislation crippling the owner in his contract with his tenant. In such a case it might probably occur to the owner whether it might not be possible to do without tenants altogether. In Hungary and in America it is said that farms of a size equal to the largest English estates are cultivated, often under paid management, with a profit. Agricultural colleges are not unknown, and there are plenty of capable young men quite willing to go to them if the subsequent difficulty of finding capital for tenant-farming were withdrawn. It might some day strike a landlord of ten or twenty thousand acres that a staff of educated bailiffs or agents and a regular commercial management of his property might be preferable to the present system of capricious returns of rent at the most inconvenient times, with a staff of grumbling and caballing tenants placed by the law in a position of "Heads we win; tails you lose," and not to be calculated upon even at the polling-booth. Such a change would be a grave one in the rural economy of England, but it seems a not impossible consequence of aggressive farmers' organizations. However, the present question is a less serious one than this. The problem is not so much what is the Farmers' Alliance going to do, as who formed this notable organization? While M. RENAN has been lecturing on the origin of Christianity, Mr. F. H. O'DONNELL, late member and member-elect for the borough of Dungarvan, has been lecturing on the origin of the Farmers' Alliance. The latter question may be of less general importance than the former, but it is unquestionably possessed of interest in its way.

Mr. O'DONNELL is rather an authority on the subject of origins, and it is but recently that he indulged in a controversy with Lord LIFFORD on the subject of his own. We do not propose to enter upon that delicate question further than to observe that internal evidence seems to justify Mr. O'DONNELL's claim that Ireland and not Scotland gave him birth. For, in the first place, he is a decidedly amusing person, and, as a rule, there is more of this quality in those descendants of the bare-armed Fenians who have remained in Erin than in those who migrated to Caledonia. In the second place, there is in Mr. O'DONNELL another quality for which we find it hard to select a name which shall be at once polite and appropriate. The brutal Saxon is wont to call it "Irish impudence," and with the due allowance for the said brutality it might perhaps be called "engaging self-assertion." A Scotchman is not usually behindhand in estimating himself highly, but his self-assertion is rarely of such a lively and vocal character as Mr. O'DONNELL's. On this particular occasion Mr. O'DONNELL surpassed himself. Writing to the *Times* about the general election, after an appropriate war-dance over the bodies of the prostrate Tories, Mr. O'DONNELL proceeded to point out his own part in procuring the victory. "When I founded and organized the "Farmers' Alliance during April and May of last year," said he with a fine cursoriness of statement, "what had I "in view but the crushing, the overwhelming overthrow

"of British landlordism?" In other words, the cause of the late Liberal victory is Mr. O'DONNELL, with only the intermediate step of causation supplied by the Farmers' Alliance. It is perhaps not surprising that the authorities of the Alliance demur to this sweeping assertion of parentage. They apparently belong to the unwise majority of children who don't know their own fathers. The Secretary of the Alliance, Mr. W. E. BEAR, wrote at once to disown his maker. He admits a certain suggestion on Mr. O'DONNELL's part, but denies everything else, and is especially indignant at the statement that "Irish agitation has been trans-"planted into the centres of English landlordism." The chosen of Dungarvan would have been false to the noblest traditions of his race if he had failed to accept the challenge. He replied in a letter of four paragraphs, in each of which a distinct flourish and "whack" of the shillelagh is visible and audible. In the first, scorn is loftily applied to the "Liberal Secretary" who "would gladly disavow "an obnoxious obligation." In the second, Mr. O'DONNELL asserts that he paid the expenses of the first meeting of the Alliance at the Westminster Palace Hotel, where (more by token) the inquirer can see the identical receipt. In the third, "the merit of others" is recognized, "but," the writer repeats sternly, "I "founded the Farmers' Alliance." Finally, Mr. BEAR is reminded that, "as he will remember, I have always "admitted that his ignorance of Irish agricultural condi-"tions was only equalled by his excellent sense in English "and Scotch affairs." It must be allowed that the blackthorn of Dungarvan is no mean weapon. The Secretary's retort that Mr. O'DONNELL promised five pounds and paid two guineas is worthy of a Saxon. In the first place, it reduces the question to peddling matters of arithmetic beneath the attention of a great soul which, in travelling about England on other business, founds casually, and as a *parergon*, a Farmers' Alliance. In the second place, it shows a lack of astuteness. It would have been wiser of Mr. BEAR to "repee the thrilling obligeotion," as Captain COSTIGAN has it, of the two guineas, and to claim the five pounds. A doughtier champion, however, now appears to teach the fainting battle how to rage. Mr. JAMES HOWARD, the Chairman of the Alliance, disposes of Mr. O'DONNELL very shortly. The founding of the Alliance was, he says, a question of time only, he himself and Mr. BEAR having designed it for years past. Mr. O'DONNELL's action happened to coincide with the actual establishment of it; but at the very first meeting he was found to be impracticable. The words United Kingdom shocked Mr. O'DONNELL's Irish soul, and Mr. HOWARD "cut the cable"—and Mr. O'DONNELL. Mr. HOWARD further denies that the Alliance is political or that its object is discord. These are points upon which there seem to be differences of opinion; but Mr. HOWARD, who has got into Parliament on the shoulders of the Alliance, ought to know. We have not yet seen the repartee which may be expected from the claimant to the authorship of that association, who is left so unpleasantly adrift by its chairman. Perhaps Mr. O'DONNELL, having asserted himself sufficiently, will disdain to retort upon his ungrateful children, and will be content to leave Mr. BEAR in the attitude of REGAN, and Mr. HOWARD in that of GONERIL, to the reprobation of the world. It is a pretty quarrel; but, like other things, it might get tedious if it went on too long.

There is, however, a certain tone of asperity in Mr. HOWARD's letter which is not altogether unworthy of notice. It may be that "a little grain of conscience made "him sour," and, if so, we do not greatly wonder at it. It is admitted that Mr. O'DONNELL had some connexion, if only an accidental and temporary one, with the formation of the Alliance. Mr. HOWARD found him impossible and cut him adrift. Now would it not have been a little wiser if Mr. HOWARD and Mr. BEAR had declined the connexion altogether instead of severing it after a time? Mr. O'DONNELL's opinions on land questions could hardly be unknown to them, unless they are persons of singular want of knowledge in their own special subjects. It is true that the anti-rent agitation had not in May flaunted itself so unblushingly as it did in the late summer and early autumn. But though this might be an excuse for outsiders, it certainly could not be one for experts. If opposition to landlordism was so abhorrent to the real founders of the Alliance as Mr. HOWARD wishes to make out, it was certainly odd that they should parley with a member of the extremest group of Irish intransigents. At any rate they can hardly complain if Mr. O'DONNELL, especially when he sees his own view of the matter enforced by authorities more or less independent, should attribute to the Alliance the principles which he had himself in view in helping to found it. Oddly enough too, Mr. HOWARD does not seem to have differed with Mr. O'DONNELL on any point affecting the land question, but on one of pure politics. We are glad that the newly elected member for Bedfordshire is staunch to the Union—that he did not, like some political friends of his, try to make terms with Home Rule at a time when it seemed that Home Rulers were necessary to the Liberal party. But the Union and the land laws are, after all, two separate questions, having no direct, though it may be much indirect, connexion. It would have been more satisfactory if moral as well as political difficulties had helped to develop the incompatibility between father and children. As it is, Mr. HOWARD's assurances of the objects of the Alliance are satisfactory, though a little vague, and not wholly consistent with the assertions of others. But for the future he will do well to remember certain ancient proverbs about evil communications, about the information supplied as to a man's character and objects by the character and objects of his companions, and so forth. On the face of the thing it looks very much as if Mr. O'DONNELL's claim to have thrown, in one way or in another, an apple of discord into English rural life were by no means unfounded. Whether Mr. HOWARD and Mr. BEAR were his accomplices or his dupes is an interesting but secondary question.

CHARITY ORGANIZATION.

LORD DERBY gave as one of his reasons for making a speech at the annual meeting of the Charity Organization Society on Tuesday, that it has been bitterly and continuously attacked. Lord DERBY accounts for this unpopularity by the fact that one of the main functions of the Society is the detection of imposture. Desirable as it is that the rogues who write begging letters should be exposed, they cannot be expected to enjoy the process, and even when exposed, they have occasional opportunities of throwing dirt on the Society which has interfered with their peculiar industry. It is strange if, among the many who have given them money, they do not find some who will continue to believe their story even after its falsehood has been proved; and occasionally they are able to persuade those to whom they apply that it would be useless and even cruel to make inquiries about them from a Society which will be sure to believe its own officials, no matter what they say. Occasionally, too, the most careful inquiry will lead to a wrong conclusion, and relief which is really needed may be refused in the honest conviction that the applicant is undeserving. The really poor are sometimes as perversely stupid as the sham poor are perversely ingenious; and, in their desire to put their case in the most favourable light, they conceal things which they had better have told. Some one who knows that they are really very proper objects of charity gets indignant when their application is rejected, and from that day forward the Charity Organization Society has another enemy.

There is another circumstance also which perhaps goes quite as far to account for the attacks made on the Society, and that is the misconception which often exists as to its true object. It is sometimes assumed that to organize charity is the same thing as to supersede it, and that the Society has not done its duty if it refuses relief to any one who is really in distress. In point of fact, the Society, as originally constituted, was not intended to relieve distress at all. It was supposed that this duty would be adequately discharged by existing charitable agencies, if they would only listen to the Society's exhortations and avail themselves of its apparatus for making inquiries. By degrees it was found that the Society's operations brought the members in contact with a good deal of distress which no existing agency seemed adequately to meet. Existing agencies had their lists full, or looked coldly on persons recommended by a Society with which they felt no sympathy; and in this way local Relief Committees grew up, and found more and more to do, with the result that relief now employs a larger share of the Society's resources than organization itself. Still the distribution of this relief is governed by

rules which are not, and are not meant to be, those which govern private charity. The reason for this distinction is obvious. The Relief Committees of the Charity Organization Society are not intended to take the place of other charitable agencies. On the contrary, they are specially designed to fill any gaps which may be left in the network of these agencies. Considerable care, therefore, is necessary to prevent mutual overlapping, and one of the results of this care is the frequent rejection of cases, not as undeserving, but as "ineligible." It often happens that people who have recommended cases to the notice of the Society take this rejection as a personal affront. They forget that the Society was founded, not to spend money on cases sought out by private charity, but to seek out cases for private charity to spend money on, and they take every occasion that offers itself of proclaiming their disappointment and disgust that the Society is not something else. There is a rule, for example, which forbids relief to be given except in cases in which there is reason to suppose that permanent good will be done. This is not a rule for the exercise of individual liberality. It was never intended to lay down as a general principle that a man may not be saved from starvation to-day because he is very likely to be starving again to-morrow. The rule is simply framed for the guidance of the Society's own operations, and the meaning of it is, that as there are abundance of agencies, charitable and legal, which relieve cases of ordinary destitution, the Society's money shall be kept for cases in which a little judicious outlay may place the applicant beyond the reach of destitution. If a case rejected as ineligible on the ground that no permanent good could be done by relieving it happens to have been recommended by some one who has no real knowledge of the Society's operations, it is as likely as not that he will be excessively indignant at the refusal of relief, and will very possibly talk about drying up the generous flow of charity, and, in fact, write much such a letter as that quoted by the Duke of Northumberland on Tuesday. It is fair, however, to say that certain members of the Society are not always careful enough to distinguish between distress which may be properly relieved by private charity and distress which may be properly relieved by the Society's Committees. Nothing is more calculated to do the Society harm than an attempt to treat these two spheres as necessarily identical.

It must be admitted, as regards the organizing function of the Society, that a good deal of time is sometimes wasted and a good deal of nonsense sometimes talked. If it were desired to give practical people a distaste for charity organization, the best possible way would be to show them the notices of motions to be discussed at the weekly meetings of the Central Council, and to withhold from them the fact that there are a large number of District Committees doing actual work among the London poor. Men who in their own estimation are excellently qualified for seats in the House of Commons are occasionally compelled to content themselves with seats in the Council of the Charity Organization Society; and, under these circumstances, it is useless to hope that a great deal of eloquence will not be spent on abstract resolutions. But even the Central Council does more useful service than might be expected from the reports of its debates. It works out schemes which, if they were not taken up by somebody with energy and leisure, would never be worked out at all. It has lately, for example, been giving careful attention to the project of superseding charitable by provident dispensaries; and Mr. Stansfeld stated on Tuesday that he hoped in a few days to lay before a large representative meeting a plan, in the first place, for covering the whole metropolis with a self-supporting system of provident dispensaries, and, secondly, for so associating the dispensaries with the hospitals that both hospitals and dispensaries might each carry on the work they were specially fitted to deal with. At present the whole system of medical charity is in the most unsatisfactory state possible. There is no more reason for presenting people with advice and medicine when they can afford to obtain them for themselves than there is for presenting them with food or clothing when they are in a position to buy both. Yet hospitals and dispensaries, for the most part, pay no attention to the poverty of the applicant. Either they dispense advice and medicines to all comers, or they regulate their benevolence, not by the inability of the applicant to get relief in other ways, but by his success in getting an order from a subscriber. Upon the provident plan, every one who is not absolutely destitute would pay a small weekly sum to a district dispensary, in return for which he would get medical advice and medicines. The class of cases which are now dealt with in the out-patient department of hospitals would thus be provided for; the hospitals would be enabled to devote themselves in a great degree to the care of in-patients; and those who now throng the out-patients' room, without any adequate cause beyond their own desire to save expense, would be forced either to pay at least a subscription to a dispensary or to run the risk of having their circumstances inquired into and their application rejected by the hospital officials. Probably a very small weekly payment, if the subscribers were numerous, would cover the expenses of a provident dispensary, and cases in which this weekly payment had not been made would properly be left to the Poor-law authorities. The increasing connexion between the Charity Organization Society and the Guardians of the Poor is one of the most encouraging features of the movement. The right enjoyed by the English pauper to maintenance at the cost of the community is so absolute that the greatest possible care is needed in its administration. Genuine destitution is the only title to this relief that can be safely recognized, and the existence of such machinery as that provided by the Charity Organization Society enables the Guardians to pass over many cases which without such machinery they would probably feel compelled to relieve. Altogether, though the Society is not perfect, its merits very much exceed its faults, and its disappearance would leave a very serious gulf in the existing arrangements for dealing with poverty.

THE NEW PROVINCIALISM.

It has long been held that among the special blessings enjoyed by England was the absence of anything like a true provincialism, or feeling of estrangement between the capital and the country. The very use of the term "provinces" has been condemned as a late and unintelligent vulgarism expressing a difference which does not exist. It is quite true that until very recently those who held this view occupied an exceedingly strong position. Even in old days, when "Lunnon" was the object of something short of affection on the part of countrymen, it was regarded rather with awe than with dislike. The Londoner was an eccentric, uncouth, and rather immoral being, but he was wise and knowing, especially as regarded political matters. The influence of landlordism, too, formed a link between town and country which was hardly known anywhere else in Europe. The greater, if not the smaller, landlords were in more or less sympathy with the metropolis, and the country with the landlords. As coaches, and in the beginning railroads, increased, the bonds of union were drawn tighter, and a good many misunderstandings were removed. The elections for London, Westminster, and Middlesex still had a kind of prerogative force in the kingdom, and though counties and small boroughs by no means followed like sheep, the importance of metropolitan opinion in political matters was never for a moment contested. Of late years, however, we have seen a good deal of this changed, and the most singular feature of the late—in compliment to Orkney and Shetland we should perhaps say the present—general election has been the split between the capital and the country. The so-called metropolitan boroughs have indeed returned a majority of Liberals; which, however, those who have profited by it cannot pretend to construe as a majority of wealth, knowledge, or intelligence. The cities of London and Westminster have given the Conservatives an enormous majority, and the Home counties, which, owing to the centrifugal system of modern London living, represent the capital more than even the cities of London and Westminster, and far more than the satellite boroughs, have returned in the face of one of the strongest political reactions ever known a solid phalanx of twenty Tory members. A singular letter which appeared in the *Times* of Wednesday from Mr. George Melly, a well-known Liverpool Liberal and an ex-member of Parliament, asserts, after Sir W. Harcourt, that London has been completely ignorant of the political opinion of the country; or, as we should prefer to put the thing, that the country has chosen to ignore or contradict the political feeling of London. Mr. Melly's letter is not directed avowedly to this point, but to a previous letter of Sir George Bowyer's, with which we need not trouble ourselves. It is sufficient that the reply contains a distinct expression of the existence of a political feeling in the country hostile to that of London, which is one of the most flagrant notes of provincialism. Nor is it superfluous to add that the persistent adulation which Mr. Gladstone has for years paid to provincial opinion as contrasted with metropolitan confirms this theory. That adulation indeed has been no doubt to a great extent a cause as well as a consequence of the phenomenon. But all careful students of Mr. Gladstone must have noticed that he often has a singular *flair* of popular feeling, a quality which has stood him in good stead, and which enables him to lead by dint of following, in a way

to which historians, in the case of statesmen of less severe and lofty morality, have sometimes applied hard names.

It seems at first sight incredible that such a feeling, which is contrary to all notions of progress, civilization, and so forth, should have grown up in these latter days. But, if the conditions are inspected more narrowly, the strangeness wears off. In the first place, paradoxical as it may seem, the very perfection of means of communication has loosened instead of tightening the hold of London on the country. In old days, and even within the last twenty or thirty years, a man who had occasion to come to London on business was forced to stay there perhaps for weeks, certainly for days. In the last few years this has been changed. A man eats his breakfast in a great town of Lancashire or Yorkshire, travels up to London, does a couple of hours' business, and is back and in bed before midnight. If his business is not capable of being despatched quite so rapidly, he puts himself into the sleeping-car of the mail, is shunted into a siding at St. Pancras or Euston till it is time to get up, breakfasts in the refreshment-room, does his day's business, and returns in the same way to breakfast at home thirty-six hours after he left it. In neither case has he time to shake down into town life, to rub opinions with his fellows of the capital, to cease, in a word, to be provincial. So with holidays. Where once he took his wife and daughters to London, he now takes them to Paris or to Rome. There are day schools or grammar schools in his own town, whether it be large or small, which enable his children to pass their youth as well as their manhood in it. In some cases regular law courts attend to local business. The very amusements which quite recently were only attainable in London come to the great and even the small provincial towns to seek spectators. Nor is it to be forgotten that the provincial press has immensely increased of late. Not so very long ago a daily newspaper was unheard of in any but the very largest country towns; now such papers are as common as blackberries, while all the larger towns have their halfpenny evening papers as well, which make the London press almost superfluous. In this provincial press, too, there is an element which works positively in the same direction in which the influences just mentioned work negatively. The first-hand knowledge of London life, as distinguished from mere office business, is relatively diminishing. But a marvellous second-hand knowledge is supplied by the great creature known as the London Correspondent. This wonderful man belongs to the Reform and the Carlton at the same time, takes friends to dine—apparently by special permission of the Committee—at the Athenæum, is hand and glove with every Cabinet Minister, every foreign Ambassador, every famous artist and man of letters. Mr. Melly unconsciously supplies a delightful instance of the powers of the London Correspondent. "It was believed in the provinces," he says, "rightly or wrongly, that the ovation [to Lord Beaconsfield in the summer of 1878] was arranged and paid for; that Woolwich artisans were brought in special trains to swell the triumph; that hired mobs were incited to disturb public meetings." This is the sort of thing, as every one who has occasion to read country papers knows, with which their correspondence columns teem, and Mr. Melly, with some ingenuousness, points to the results of the election as a consequence of it. To these important influences—ignorance of and exclusion from the actual intellectual life of London, and fantastic, not to say false, representations of that life—there are others to add. The Ballot has weakened, if it has not destroyed, the influence of large proprietors, great merchants, and the like, who actually live in London, and are partakers in the movement of the place. No greater proof of this could be had than the large number of "carpet-baggers" who have ousted local magnates in the recent contest. Last of all, in large sections of the country like Scotland and Wales there has been no hesitation in appealing to a kind of pseudo-national sentiment, which is in itself declared provincialism pure and simple. From all which considerations we are inclined to think that Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Melly are perfectly right, though doubtless they will not thank us for the form which our approval takes. It does actually seem that a recrudescence of provincialism has taken place, that it has played an important part in the late contest, and that it will have to be reckoned with in political calculations henceforward.

If this is the case, it appears to us to be beyond all doubt a grave misfortune. It is not only that any such feeling must interpose a serious difficulty in the way of consistent and sober statesmanship, which is hampered enough already, in all conscience. It is not merely that the loss of national unity of feeling is a very considerable loss; the worst of it is that, if the provinces are going in this way to assume a kind of *frondeur* attitude towards the educated inhabitants of the capital, it is pretty certain that they will be habitually in the wrong. For it must be remembered that the capital of England at present, and the cultivation and society which represent it, by no means deserve the uncomplimentary descriptions which have in times past been applied to capitals such as Rome or Paris, and which at some times of its history might have even been applied to London itself. The London Correspondent before mentioned (and Mr. Gladstone and some other persons of distinction have not been ashamed to follow him) is wont to represent the Clubs, notwithstanding his own multifold membership thereof, as bodies consisting of luxurious idlers, dividing their time between wicked cabals against pure-minded statesmen and indulgence in the grossest luxuries. It need hardly be said that, if the provinces (the phrase is rather Mr. Melly's than ours) believe this, they make a very absurd mistake. In the first place, since the multiplication of Clubs, good, bad, and indifferent, the term has lost any specific meaning; and, in the second place, London society, in the large sense in which it has just declared its faith in the present Government, or rather its disbelief in that which is to come, cannot be described by any such term at all. It does not consist of the luxurious idlers of democratic imagination in any but an infinitesimal proportion. It consists of men of all degrees of wealth, intelligence, and knowledge, most of whom work more or less hard in their way, who, almost whether they will or not, have the movement of affairs at home and abroad constantly before their eyes, who are singularly free from respect of persons, and who have none of the local jealousies, prejudices, and limitations which are so noticeable to a Londoner in the inhabitants even of the largest provincial towns. Mr. Melly, who is full of matter for comment, tells us that in Leicestershire the Liberals hung portraits of Mr. Gladstone across the lanes for the rustics to worship, and that "the seed of the Bulgarian agitation has never ceased to grow." These are two admirable illustrations of the sort of fetish worship which forms part of all provincialism. The average metropolitan elector who gave his vote last week for the Conservatives would certainly not have been induced to do so by a portrait of Lord Beaconsfield being hung across Chancery Lane. As to the Bulgarian affair, he probably reflected that a good many things had happened since that, and gave his vote according to actual circumstances, and not according to his views four years ago. Indeed Mr. Melly's reference reminds one strikingly of some remarks of Frederick the Great about the Trojan war. This attention to actuality is what may, as a rule, be expected from a metropolitan population which is not frivolous or uninstructed; and it is a want of this attention to actuality and a concentration upon all sorts of bygone questions, personal likings and antipathies, vague accusations of immorality, and so forth, which is eminently characteristic of provincialism. The provincial—we are not now speaking injuriously, but defining him as a general idea—is always behind the times, can always be led away by red herrings of sufficient potency, is always ready to let his jealousy of the capital vent itself. We should have said not very long ago that this unpleasant species was unknown in England. But Mr. Gladstone, it would appear, has discovered the cockatrice's egg, and has succeeded in hatching it with the warmth of his flattery. The election hints the fact, Mr. Melly states it more or less openly, and we, albeit unwilling, must, we suppose, admit it.

MISS COBBE'S RECOLLECTIONS OF MARY CARPENTER.

MR. LECKY has pointed out with no less force than eloquence the profound influence exercised by "the mediæval conception of the Virgin Mother" in elevating woman to her rightful position in society. And he rightly considers it a striking illustration of the qualities which prove most attractive in women that one "of whom we know nothing except her gentleness and her sorrow" should have exerted a magnetic power upon the world incomparably greater than that of the most majestic female patriots of Paganism. And this influence was materially aided by the noble example of the virgin martyrs of the early Church, like St. Perpetua and the Lyonese slave girl Blandina. It introduced and consecrated a new ideal of excellence in which women may naturally claim pre-eminence. For the change from the heroic to the saintly, or from the Pagan to the Christian ideal, was a change from an essentially masculine to an essentially feminine type of goodness. In the classical ages it was rather by overcoming than by ennobling the characteristic peculiarities of their sex that women became illustrious. But we admire St. Elizabeth of Hungary, or Mrs. Fry, or Sister Dora, for the lofty qualities they exhibited, not in spite of their sex but in consequence of it. It is not indeed too much to say that no earlier religion, not excepting the Jewish, had given adequate scope to that gracious instinct and genius of charity which may be termed the crowning glory of womanhood. In the Christian Church it seemed at once to spring up by a spontaneous growth, and we find it already conspicuous in the New Testament. Coming down a little later, the mothers of St. Augustine, St. Chrysostom, St. Basil, and others eminent among the Fathers of the Church were mainly instrumental in the conversion of their sons, while in the organization of charitable works women took a leading part from the first. Fabiola, Paula, Melania, and other noble Roman ladies devoted their time and their means to the founding and propagation of vast charitable institutions; the Empress Flaccilla used herself to nurse the sick in the hospitals, and Tertullian tells us, in the second century, that the discharge of such duties was held incumbent on Christian wives. At a very early period this new development of woman's mission received a direct ecclesiastical sanction in the institution of "widows," "deaconesses" and consecrated "virgins"—we need not enter here on the various controversies raised as to the precise form of these different offices or societies, which eventually merged in the conventual system of mediæval Catholicism. The total suppression of that system at the Reformation is regarded by Mr. Lecky, not without reason, as a misfortune to women and to the world in general. He even goes so far as to say that there is nothing so much to be deplored in modern history as the mistake made by the Reformers, who were often so timid in doctrinal innovation, when they levelled to the ground, instead of seeking to regenerate it, the whole conventual institution of the Church." It is obvious to remark that their mistake has been more or less

exemplified in our own day, both in the English Church and among foreign Protestants, by the revival of sisterhoods, deaconess institutions, and the like. But it is also true, and is more to our immediate purpose, that under no phase of Christian belief which retained anything of the spirit of the Gospel, Catholic or Protestant, have there ever been wanting splendid individual examples of that charitable self-devotion which finds its corporate expression in the life of religious orders of women. Macaulay observed long ago that Mrs. Fry the Quakeress would certainly have been canonized by the Church of Rome, and the same may be said of the Unitarian Mary Carpenter and the Anglican Sister Dora, to take illustrations only of recent date. As regards the former indeed, Miss Cobbe tells us that she has "heard pious Catholics, while she lived, speak of her as 'that other Mary—Mary Carpenter.'"

We have so lately reviewed Mary Carpenter's *Life and Work* that there is no occasion here for attempting any sketch or criticism of her career as a whole. It is Miss Cobbe's avowed object in the suggestive and very readable paper she has contributed to the second number of the *Modern Review* to supplement the published Life by some personal recollections of her own, and these offer several points of interest. In her religious convictions Mary Carpenter belonged to the extreme right, or, as it is sometimes called, orthodox section of the Unitarian body, which is now, we believe, a rapidly diminishing one. Miss Cobbe quotes the language of prayers that she was in the habit of reading, which appeared to her—as it certainly does to us—more "Trinitarian" than Unitarian, and which was therefore to herself, as an avowed theist, not only unreal but "unspeakably painful." And it is curious to learn how Mary Carpenter, who rejected the doctrines of the Church of England not only with aversion but with something like contempt, thought it a sufficient and conclusive answer to any sceptical difficulties based on modern Biblical criticism to say, "Oh, but my father [Dr. Lant Carpenter] *settled all that! He harmonized the Gospels.*" It may be, as Miss Cobbe suggests, that in her later years her views on such matters became broader; but at all events we have here an instructive illustration of a fact sometimes apt to be forgotten or ignored, that rigid dogmatism is confined to no one single school of Christian, or indeed of non-Christian, belief. Puritans, Baptists, Quakers, and even atheists—who would have scorned the modern sobriquet of Agnostics—have shown themselves every whit as dogmatic, and moreover quite as ready to persecute for their own cherished beliefs or unbeliefs, as the sternest of Roman Catholic inquisitors. But the special charm and nobility of Mary Carpenter's character and work, and it may fairly be added of her religion, was independent of the particular form of theology she had inherited from her father, and we can readily accept Miss Cobbe's assurance that no words can exaggerate the depth and sincerity of her devotion and saintliness of life. Few lives could better endure the Scriptural test of being judged by their fruits. Ascetic, or rather Stoical, as she was in her own temper and habits, she could be generous and indulgent to the weaknesses of others, and her cheerful and kindly forbearance in dealing with her ragged scholars is no less admirable than her courage, energy, and self-devotion. All these qualities were called into play in the "Ragged School of St James' Back," situated in a filthy and disreputable lane at Bristol—now happily swept away—into which no policeman would ordinarily venture to penetrate:—

It was a wonderful spectacle to see Mary Carpenter sitting patiently before the large school gallery in this place, teaching, singing, and praying with the wild street-boys, in spite of endless interruptions caused by such proceedings as shooting marbles at any object behind her, whistling, stamping, fighting, shrieking out "Amen" in the middle of the prayer, and sometimes rising *en masse* and tearing, like a troupe of bisons in hob-nailed shoes, down from the gallery, round the great schoolroom and down the stairs, out into the street. These irrepressible outbreaks she bore with infinite good humour, and, what seemed to me more marvellous still, she heeded, apparently, not at all the indescribable abomination of the odours of a tripe and trotter shop next door, wherein operations were frequently carried on which, together with the *bouquet de peuple* of the poor little unkempt scholars, rendered the school, of a hot summer's evening, little better than the ill-smelling *giro* of Dante's "Inferno." These trifles, however, scarcely even attracted Mary Carpenter's attention, fixed as it was on the possibility of "taking hold," (as she used to say) of one little urchin or another, on whom, for the moment, her hopes were fixed.

Nor was the humorous element by any means absent from her own mind or from the circumstances of her self-chosen calling. The droll things which occurred daily in this school, and the wonderful replies of the untrained and unruly urchins whom she was labouring so hard to civilize, amused her immensely. She would say herself, "Only to get them to use the *school comb* is something!" One day she complained to Miss Cobbe that she had been heaping coals of fire on the head of an ungrateful teacher without producing the desired effect. "It will take *another scuttle*, my dear friend, was the reply." At this she laughed heartily. But the next evening she had to make the sorrowful confession, "I tried that *other scuttle*, but it was no go!" Some of the boys' answers are very happy in their way. Thus one young ragamuffin, being asked what was meant by conscience, replied, "A thing a gen'elman hasn't got, who, when a boy finds his purse and gives it back to him, doesn't give the boy sixpence." Another, who was questioned as to what pleasures he enjoyed most in the year, was candid enough to confess, "Cockfightin', ma'am; there's a pit up by the 'Black Boy,' as is worth anythink in Brissel." Miss Cobbe adds an amusing anecdote of her own experiences in this same unpromising locality, which is creditable alike to herself and to her penitent disciples:—

One winter's night when it was raining heavily, as I was passing through Lewin's Mead, I was greeted by a chorus of voices, "Cob-web! Cob-web!" emanating from the depths of a black archway. Standing still under my umbrella, and looking down the cavern, I remarked, "Don't you think I must be a little tougher than a cobweb to come out such a night as this to teach such little scamps as you?" "Indeed you is, mum; that's true!" "Well, don't you think *you* would be more comfortable in that nice warm schoolroom than in this dark, cold place?" "Yes, 'm, we would." "You'll have to promise to be tremendously good, I can tell you, if I bring you in again. Will you promise?" Vows of everlasting order and obedience were tendered, and, to Miss Carpenter's intense amusement, I came into St. James' Back, followed by a whole troop of little outlaws reduced to temporary subjection. At all events, they never shouted "Cob-web" again.

So thorough and hearty was Mary Carpenter's devotion to her rough and often uphill work, that a gentleman who contemplated it—from a considerable distance—thought "it was, after all, just like fox-hunting." She got up as cheerfully on a cold winter's morning to look after some hopeful little pickpocket as he got up to follow the hounds. But it must not for a moment be imagined that her view of her self-imposed duties, however cheerily she discharged them, was not a deeply and even passionately serious one. It was to her the one end of existence, and she could conceive no higher or more pressing obligation than to turn any one of those poor little sinners from the error of its ways. On one occasion she was deploring that everybody would not agree to give his undivided attention to "*the* great cause of the age," because, if they *did*, it would at once be carried. But what is the great cause of the age? was the universal exclamation. Was it Parliamentary Reform? or Woman's Rights? or Teetotalism? or Abolition of Slavery? or what? "Why," she replied indignantly, "the *Industrial Schools Bill, of course.*" It is by such singleminded and unselfish enthusiasm as this that great reforms and beneficent conquests are achieved in the world. And Mary Carpenter was as completely absorbed, heart and soul, in the moral and spiritual culture of each individual child that came under her care as though there had been none besides, nor did any want of responsiveness on their part daunt her or tempt her to desist from the task of what she was wont to call "mothering" these waifs and strays of society. Her interest was in the children themselves, and did not evaporate, as sometimes happens, in an official interest in the Institution. One characteristic story we must subjoin in conclusion, which shows that, while her whole tone of mind and way of regarding her life-work was not only an intensely earnest but an intensely religious one, nobody could have a keener discernment of any sort of cant or a more hearty contempt for it:—

She told me one day of her visit to a celebrated institution, said to be supported semi-miraculously by answers to prayer, in the specific shape of cheques. Miss Carpenter said that she asked the matron (or some other official) whether it was supported by voluntary subscriptions. "Oh dear, no, madam," the woman replied; "do you not know? It is entirely supported by prayer." "Oh, indeed!" replied Miss Carpenter. "I dare say, however, when friends have once been moved to send you money, they continue to do so regularly?" "Yes, certainly they do." "And they mostly send it at the beginning of the year?" "Yes, yes; very regularly." "Ah, well!" said Miss Carpenter, "when people send me money for Red Lodge under those circumstances, *I enter them in my Reports as Annual Subscribers.*"

LOCAL STEEPLECHASES.

NEXT to the sacred festival of the Bank Holiday ranks the local steeplechase in the estimation of the country bumpkin. It is a feast day of stricter obligation than even that of the county ball, the agricultural show, or the confirmation. We have long ago become weary of hearing the Derby spoken of as the Carnival of Great Britain, but we believe that the local steeplechase might with more justice be described as the grand festival of English country life. Against flat races many people protest, and spasmodic efforts are occasionally made to put down nearly every regular race meeting in the country. If the principle of local option were applied to races, the lives of very few meetings would be worth twelve months' purchase; but with steeplechases it is far otherwise. The latter are absolved on the convenient plea of being "very different things," and even the clergyman often connives at them, if he does not actually attend them in person. Some few of us may perhaps remember the time when local flat races stood on much the same footing, when horses were trained at home, and two-mile heats over hilly courses were the fashion. We recollect a divine of the old high-and-dry school who always attended the races which annually took place near his comfortable rectory. On the Sunday preceding the meeting he used to take occasion when in the pulpit to deliver himself of a kind of *apologia* for the institution, and as regularly as the year came round he endeavoured to prove from a well-known passage in holy writ how it was evident that St. Paul "and the other gentlemen of his day" were in the habit of attending the races of the period. He was careful to point out that, although there was no harm in going to races, there was serious harm in heavy gambling and excessive beer-drinking—sins that he had no mind to. The days of this good man are long since ended, and in these times the general consensus of opinion among the steady-going leaders of rural opinion seems to be that flat races are wrong, but that steeplechases are right.

The first symptom of the approach of the annual steeplechase is the appearance of small account-books and pencils in the hands of certain of the sportsmen of the neighbourhood. When out hunting and in the country towns, these gentlemen go to all their acquaintances and ask for a subscription to the coming steeplechase. At the meets of the hounds, dirty-looking light-weight boys appear on long-tailed well-bred horses, which horses are destined to be described for the future as having been regularly hunted with the Slopperton Hounds; and those who value the soundness of their own limbs or those of their steeds will do well to give them a wide berth, for, being unaccustomed to the hunting-field, they frequently lash out furiously with their hind legs when other horses approach them. Here and there, in large grass-fields one sees some bushes, brambles, and two or three hurdles made up into an artificial fence, over which the farmers train their horses—an unmistakable sign of an approaching steeplechase. Many a hunting man puts one of his best horses on one side to be trained for the great event. Endless councils of war are held with stud grooms about the training of these champions, and their condition and the state of their legs become more interesting for a few weeks than all domestic and foreign politics put together. A crowd of husbands, wives, sisters, and brothers anxiously watch the steeplechase horse taking a gallop round a large field, and unless he goes absolutely lame, or roars like a bull, they are all in ecstasies at his performance, and are convinced that his victory is a moral certainty. Between the owner, the stud groom, and the advice of friends, the chances are strongly in favour of the horse's being galloped till he breaks down, and if he does not break down, it is not unlikely that his wind will be affected. As regards the jockey there is often a battle royal. The owner wants to ride himself, but his wife or mother won't let him. There is much finessing on both sides. The terrified female relative believes that her husband or son "will not really be so cruel when the time comes, but that it is better not to say too much about it"; the would-be jockey, on the other hand, thinks that if he keeps quiet his female guardian will eventually give way. As the time approaches, the strain becomes too great and there is a grand climax. Tears are copiously shed, and the "if-you-love-me-you won't-do-it" argument is resorted to. If the jockey is the father of a family, he is asked whether he has a spark of affection for his offspring remaining, and his wife declares that if her husband rides, nothing will induce her to go to see him, and that she will spend the whole day locked up in her room weeping bitterly on her knees while her unfeeling spouse is enjoying himself.

The local steeplechase is one of the few occasions for which country houses are filled with guests. It is a kind of general picnic, and it occupies the whole party from breakfast time until dinner, which is saying not a little, while it affords food for conversation during the evening before and the evening after. Few entertainments are more dependent upon the weather. Many steeplechase courses are selected near rivers, because the land adjoining them is often flat, while the surface is covered with grass, and, the pasturage being rich and suited for cattle, stiff ox fences divide the enclosures. Consequently when there are unusually heavy rains, it sometimes happens that the course is flooded by the overflowing of the river, and the affair has to be put off. The most popular conveyance for use at steeplechases is a large break. Many of these carriages crowd the roads on the morning of the race, filled with people wrapped up in cloaks and ulsters, while large luncheon baskets peep between the legs of the coachmen and footmen on the boxes. There are landaus and broughams; but smart carriages seem singularly out of place when careering through the mud, and over the ridge and furrow which usually has to be traversed before the point is reached from which the race is to be witnessed. There are also farmers' shandry-dans of all descriptions, with women attired in gorgeous bonnets sitting in the back seats, the general characteristic of the vehicles being that they are in the condition technically known as "out of trim." When a carriage has been driven on to the course there is a rush of men to take out the horses and the pole and push it into a favourable position. There are bumps and jostlings, but at last the machine is brought to anchor. At the time of year at which the greater number of these steeplechases take place there is generally a cutting easterly wind, and as the spot usually chosen for the spectators is the crest of a hill, all the surroundings are eminently calculated to produce bodily discomfort in the present and influenza in the future. It not unfrequently happens that there is a heavy downpour of rain throughout the proceedings. The turf about the carriages then becomes trodden down until it is a sea of mud, and universal misery is the consequence. Boots, trousers, and dresses are soon saturated with wet and loaded with damp clay. But we will not dwell on these horrors. Be the weather wet or fine, there is generally confusion in the saddling tent. After months of anxious preparation, the amateur jockeys and trainers seem to have left everything of importance to the last moment, and every one who is concerned either directly or indirectly with the race appears to be in a fuss. To add to the confusion, one rider has failed at the eleventh hour, and a substitute has to be procured and thrust into boots, breeches, and racing colours which do not fit him, at even greater speed than his horse is likely to carry him. There is something wrong with one man's stirrup leathers, the girths of another are cracked, and a third has left his saddle-cloth and weights at home. When in racing costume, the varieties of make and shape of the British gentleman are very conspicuous, and the peculiarities of the lean and the fat are revealed in all their glory. At last the group of horsemen are started. As they clear the first fence, the spectators give the sort of roar of admiration which is heard at a display of fireworks when a large rocket is sent off. When one horse refuses at the second fence there are shouts of laughter, and when he refuses again the populace is even better pleased. If, when chastised for his misbehaviour, the brute takes to kicking, there are screams of delight. When he at last gets over the dreaded obstacle all eyes are turned to the little party of leading horses which are now in the distance, the colours of the jockeys bobbing up and down over the ridge and furrow, or gliding with apparently little effort over the fences which come in their way. There is now a general rush to the water-jump, which the competitors have to negotiate on their course the first time round. Spectators crowd on either side of this artificial arrangement, hoping to see a good splash or roll, some broken bones, or even perhaps a corpse. Presently the leading horses come in sight and rapidly approach the sham brook, agony being depicted upon the faces of their riders. As each animal bounds over there are more sky-rocket roars of approval among the spectators. In most cases the worst that happens is that some of the horses drop their hind legs into the water where it is only a few inches deep—indeed the water-jump is often one of the safest fences in the whole course. A few fields further on a horse is seen to be riderless, but a cry of "he's up" relieves the minds of those ladies who would consider it the proper thing to be greatly shocked if any one were to be seriously hurt. Three fields from home there are only two horses left in the race, one of which refuses, and the winner comes in absolutely alone, the finish being not unfrequently the tamest part of the business. There is immense cheering, and the course is crowded, when two of the field, whose very existence had been forgotten in the general admiration of the winner, come galloping in among the people, making a very pretty race for second honours. The crowd scatters as if a shell had burst among them, and one man is knocked down and injured; but, as he was not riding in the race, he somehow or other is not supposed to count.

An interval then follows for luncheon. There is an unpacking of hampers and a spreading of white cloths on box seats, moveable tables, and ladies' knees. The parties belonging to the different carriages come flocking back like chickens to a hen, and a great feast begins. Accidents will happen at steeplechase luncheons, but they are supposed to add to the fun. The bottle of salad mixture has broken in one hamper, and its contents have permeated all the other eatables. A large dish of mutton pies has been upset by a clumsy servant, and the pies have rolled under the carriages. An eager groom, who is acting as a temporary footman, has put his foot into a mayonaise, and a gentleman on the box of a landau has upset a bottle of champagne among four ladies who are sitting in the carriage below. We never understand why it is that people drink champagne at race luncheons who scarcely ever drink it on any other occasion. When the Englishman is celebrating high festival he considers it the proper thing to drink champagne and eat lobster salad; champagne and lobster salad consequently appear in profusion at all our steeplechases, ball suppers, and wedding breakfasts. The worst of it is that the champagne which flows so copiously at steeplechases is often very bad, and wise men and women will fight shy of fluids passing under that name on racecourses. Plenty of luncheon, much small talk, and a little racing make up the grand total of most local steeplechases; while their after consequences are a great number of bad colds. Like other amusements, they have their drawbacks; but, as amusements go, local steeplechases are not, as boys say, bad fun.

THE MEDIÆVAL ABBESS.

We have no mediæval chronicle by an English nun of an English nunnery. The female historian is a product of modern culture, and we might in vain look into the convents or the castles of olden time for an Agnes Strickland or a Mrs. Everett Green. While Simeon of Durham, William of Malmesbury, Jocelin of Brakelond, the monks of St. Albans, and many more of the cloistered brotherhood were diligently preparing their respective narratives of the past, or recording events that were happening around or within their chapter-rooms, we do not find a single female recluse relating the incidents of her conventual life, or even becoming the historian of the mystic strivings and communings of her own poor soul. Such literary lady abbesses as Bokdovina of Poitiers, Heloisa of Argenteuil, Hrothswitha of Gandersheim, or Hildegarde of St. Rupert's Mount, find no likenesses in the convents of England; and it was St. Teresa of Avila, and not a glorified virgin of English origin, who by her soul-piercing glances and seraphic outpourings attracted the "consecrated kisses" of Crashaw's muse. We need not suppose that all the communities of religious women were like the sisters of St. Mary de Pree, Herts, so uneducated that they could neither read nor sing, for their case was confessed to be exceptional. There were few nunneries where the inmates could not sing anthems by note in the chapel choir, as well as "chant faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon" in the cloistral walk; but it must be owned that the genius of the English nun has not impressed itself on our minds in a literary form. It is true there is the treatise on Hawking, attributed to Juliana Barnés, Prioress of Sopewell, a cell of St. Albans; and it is possible that in the

scandalous destruction of the monastic libraries at the suppression of religious houses some writings of female authorship may have perished, a fate from which Wynkin de Worde secured Juliana's book.

If we may estimate the loss of the literature of the nunneries by analogy with the destruction of their material fabrics, it would seem to be enormous. Of the Benedictine monasteries there are many noble remains, but of the nunneries of that Order almost the only complete church of importance is Romsey Abbey, a building that sheds its dignity over the whole county of Hants. Besides this, there exist a few chapels which have been converted to parish uses, such as St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, and the Norman church of Elstow; also there are the stately thirteenth-century columns of Whitby, and the interesting buildings of Lacock in Wilts; but of the seventy-nine nunneries which once gave their picturesque forms to the landscape, the vestiges are now mostly confined to the foundation-charters by which the abbesses held their estates and privileges. A study of these humble-looking documents will help more to recall the former significance of the institutions they represent than even the visible grandeur of the architectural remains of some famous abbey of which kings were the founders and queens the nursing-mothers.

The first Benedictine nun was St. Scholastica, St. Benedict's sister, who about A.D. 543 founded a convent on Monte Casino. The first English nunnery was instituted at Folkestone, A.D. 630, by King Edbald, for his daughter Egwitha, whose haloed head is now on the town seal. The original charter of that house has perished, but Capgrave has preserved a notice of the foundation. One of the earliest English documents extant is a charter granted to Barking Abbey by Ethelred, King of the West Saxons, A.D. 692. It is undoubtedly genuine, and has been reproduced in the first volume of *Facsimiles of Ancient Charters* from the Cotton MS. Barking was conspicuous for royal nurture, and among the illustrious ladies who followed one another in the government of the Abbey were Oswyth, daughter of Edifrith, King of Northumberland, Ethelburgha, wife of Ina, King of the West Saxons, who was afterwards canonised, and Cuthburgha, sister of the same Ina. Elfrida, the widow of King Edgar and mother of Ethelred, after ejecting Wulfhulda, a beautiful nun of Wilton whom Edgar had seduced, took upon herself the conduct of Barking Nunnery; and Maud, wife of King Stephen, for a short time governed the same house. During the oversight of Adeliza, who succeeded Maud, Stephen and his whole court were entertained for several days in this convent, his queen, the late abbess, being among the company. In the Cotton Library is a charter with the Great Seal attached, which is dated at Barking and witnessed by the nobles present. As some atonement for the massacre of Archbishop Becket, the sister of that prelate was placed by Henry II. at the head of Barking Abbey, a dignity which made her one of the four greatest abbesses of the land, the three others being of Wilton, St. Mary's at Winchester, and Shaftesbury. We may cite Canon Venables's article "Abbess" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* for the statement that the office of abbess was elective, the choice being by the secret voting of the sisters from their own body, the elect nun being afterwards solemnly ordained by the bishop. This was certainly the regular form, but distinct charters show that there were modifications in practice. At Barking the abbess was appointed by the King until about A.D. 1200, when by Papal decree the election was vested in the convent and confirmed by Royal authority. Bishop Gundulph, the founder of Malling Abbey, Kent, is reported to have governed that house himself, and to have appointed Avicia, the first abbess, only when on his death-bed. Kilburn, in Middlesex, was founded by Walter Abbot, of Westminster (ob. 1191), who assigned the manor of Paddington to the almoner of the Abbey for the provision of doles at the celebration of his anniversary. The Abbots of Westminster were prescriptively exempt from episcopal jurisdiction, an immunity which was also asserted for their dependency of Kilburn. This claim led to discord between the head of the diocese and the mitred dignitary of Westminster. To decide the dispute, Roger, Bishop of London (A.D. 1225), referred the question to the Papal Court. The result was that the prioress of the house, though appointed by the abbot, was ordered to be obedient to the bishop, who was to have access to the cell of Kilburn, to be received with procession, to preach, hear confession, and enjoin penances. The regulation of the house belonged to the abbot, and that he was not invariably severe in all the details of domestic arrangement may be inferred from the fact that the last prioress's chamber was furnished with eight pillows of down, and its walls were hung with green and red silk enriched with figured borders. Before the nuns of Langley, near Bredon, Leicestershire, could elect their own prioress, the permission of the lay patron was to be obtained, who on such occasions sent a page with a white staff to guard the door of the priory till the election was over, a process not unlike the election of the Pope. Thomas de St. Walery, lord of Ambrosden, the son of the founder of Studley Nunnery, Oxfordshire, in confirming and enlarging the privileges granted by his father, made a provision that the Prioress of Studley should always be elected with the approbation of himself and his heirs, or of his seneschal, should he be absent from England; but after the election she was to be presented to the Bishop of Lincoln. She was then to do fealty at her secular patron's Court. Stamford Abbey, in Northamptonshire, was subordinate to the Abbey of Peterborough, and was built in the time of Henry II. for forty nuns. It was an annual custom on the morrow of the Feast of St. Michael for the prioress and some of her sisters, in the name of the whole convent, to render, either by word or in writing, under the convent seal, a recognition of their subjection to the abbot. This was a less generous ordination than that enjoyed by the nuns of Annethwaite, in Cumberland. The good works of William Rufus are thought to be limited in number; but among his pious acts was the foundation, in the second year of his reign, of that convent, which he dedicated to Christ Jesus and His mother Mary. The privileges of the nuns were to be the same as those of the monastery of Westminster, and their lands to be held as freely as "hert may it thynk or ygh may it see," which is a bit of epigrammatic English inserted into the twelfth-century Latin charter.

The coming woman, when emancipated from home and husband, and raised to a seat among the lawgivers at Westminster, will have regained only a part of the authority formerly possessed by certain of her kindred. The mediæval abbess, in the midst of her devout family, was endowed with prerogatives which might satisfy the utmost greed of the votary of Social Science of the present, but which the latter will no more recover in full for her sex than Isis will again gather into one body the alienated limbs of the good Osiris. It might hardly be suspected that so advanced a stage of feminine rights had been reached more than five centuries ago as that women should be invited to co-operate with bishops and barons at the National Council. Fuller, indeed, says in his *Church History* (Book VI.) that abbesses, though holding baronies, "never were summoned as baronesses to Parliament, because that honour was never conferred on any ecclesiastical female." A reference to Palgrave's *Parliamentary Writs* (vol. i. 164) will show that certain abbesses were not only theoretically entitled, by their territorial importance, to a seat in the Legislature, but that they were actually required to attend, at least on one occasion, with the great abbots, prelates, and secular magnates, the King's Parliament at Westminster. The business was to treat upon an Act for conferring knighthood on the first Prince of Wales with three hundred of his companions, and the Abbesses of Shaftesbury, Barking, Wilton, and St. Mary's Winton were summoned "*in propriâ personâ*" to the consultation. A grand religious ceremony closed the proceedings, when the crowd was so dense at the Abbey that two knights were killed in the crush, and the Prince could only find room to go through his part of the ceremony by standing (so it is said) on the high altar.

The agitation for women's rights, at least in the form of the assertion of some specific claims which might seem prescriptive only to certain classes of men, dates many centuries back. The spiteful frenzy of the platform aspirant to masculine privileges is suspiciously modern. More convincing than passionate outcries against oppression was the authority of the vellum deed with its *inspeximus*, sealed with the seals of successive monarchs, which the mediæval abbess coolly brought before the Royal Commissioners who demanded the antecedents of her tenure. Whether the contracted Latin of her charters was always intelligible to the abbess herself may be questioned, but she had at hand some learned chaplain or lawyer who could unfold its mystery. For instance, we find a generous expounder of the muniments of Godstow Nunnery, whose reason for affording a translation of these documents was, he says, that "women of religion in reading books of Latin be excused of great understanding where it is not their mother-tongue."

Among the prerogatives asserted by the Benedictine Abbess of Wroxall, in Warwickshire, was the right to hold a court leet and to erect its natural appendage, a gallows, both in Wroxall and Hatton, which claims were brought into question at the time of the inquisition of Edward I. into manorial customs. In the *Placita de quo Warranto*, however, it was proved that the pretensions in question had been confirmed by Henry II., Richard I., John, and Henry III.; they were consequently allowed by the greatest of the Plantagenets. Godfrey Gifford, Bishop of Worcester, made in his old age a visitation of Wroxall, and preached upon the text, *Non est talis mulier super terram*. There were, however, many such politically privileged abbesses as the lady he addressed on one Eve of St. Luke. The Abbess of Malling was one of those who in the *Placita* (6 Edward I.) renewed their pretensions before the royal justiciaries to enormous liberties and franchises. Besides the minor prerogatives comprised in the assize, or correction of abuses in the supply of bread and ale, and the holding of periodical markets and fairs, she claimed to have "view of frank-pledge," that is, the office usually held by the county sheriff, to take the oaths of young freemen in order to see that each was settled in some tithing which was collectively answerable for his fidelity towards the king and his subjects. The Abbess also vindicated an immemorial right, which King John had confirmed, to the nuns of St. Mary de Malling, that they should hold all their lands freely and unmolested, with the liberty of keeping court or holding trials within their jurisdiction, including the right of *furcas*, or to condemn malefactors, if men, to the gallows, or, if women, to be drowned in the nearest pool or river. In a similar manner the Abbess of Godstow (9 Edward V.) claimed view of frank-pledge, the assize of bread and ale in Eton, and the right of gallows on their own land, "without the license and will of our Lord the King."

Whether the powers of the abbess extended to the entombing alive of erring sisters, as we are taught to believe in *Marmion*, may be open to question. The picturesque voyage of Abbess Hilda with her holy maids to Lindisfarne, and the tragic issues announced by the passing knell that swung over the midnight wave to the answering rock of Northumbria, causing the Warkworth hermit to tell his beads with increased devotion, and frightening the stag

on Cheviot Fell, are poetical fiction—"merely this and nothing more." We doubt whether there is an authenticated instance in Christian annals of any such tragic entombment. We remember an honest clergyman of the most pronounced Protestant type, who proposed to intensify the already sufficient charges of cruelty against a corrupt Church by adding to the treatises he had already written a paper on instances of offending nuns being committed to the grave while in health and vigour; but, after a painful search among home and foreign historians, our zealous friend was obliged to rest satisfied with the doubtful note on the subject in Sir Walter Scott's poem. Here we may touch upon the difference in the story of the wrongdoing of Marmion, as told in a document to be found in Dugdale, compared with the account with which Scott has made us familiar. According to the former narrative the Conqueror gave to Sir Robert Marmion the town and castle of Tamworth, with much surrounding district. The Abbey of Pollsworth being within the territory thus conferred, Sir Robert "chased away" the Abbess Osryth and all the ladies of the house of Pollsworth, so that they retired to their cell of Woldbyry, and stayed there nearly a year. Within that space Marmion made a great gathering at Tamworth Castle of earls and barons and fine ladies. The feast being over and the guests retired to rest, Lord Marmion was visited in his sleep by a nun with a cross in her hand, who said to him, "Yield to me and my sisters my lands and my tenants, the which King Egbright my father me gave, or you shall have an evil end, so shall you go into hell." Lest he should confound a reality for a dream, the lady smote him in the side with the point of her cross, and so vanished. With a sharp cry he awoke, and calling his lords, they recommended confession to a priest, and the priest ordered the restitution of the abbey to the nuns. Sir Robert Marmion and the other great lords who were at the gathering accordingly rode on the morrow to the cell of Woldbyry and brought again Oswyth and her sister to their former abode; restoring to them at the same time their lands and tenements unto the "leyst alpurth of godys." This restoration to the "last half-pennyworth" may be applied analogically to the Sisterhood of Mr. Jacob Bright in their demand to be reinstated in their Parliamentary sphere, whence subjected woman has for many days been estranged.

BRITISH DECORATIONS.

IT is related that Napoleon I., when setting foot upon the British man-of-war which was to convey him to St. Helena, was particularly impressed with the appearance of the marine guard of honour drawn up on the quarter-deck to salute him. He inspected it carefully; and, noticing the total absence of anything like decorations among the men, inquired whether none of them had seen any service? On being informed that there was hardly a man present who had not been repeatedly engaged, he exclaimed, "What! plenty of fighting and no medals! that is not the way to encourage the military spirit." Possibly not; but we would venture to observe that just then the military spirit, with us at any rate, required but little encouragement. We had, in fact, at that moment barely concluded twenty years of well-nigh incessant war with the chief naval and military Powers of the world; war that was waged by land and by sea in every quarter of the globe, and in which our soldiers and sailors alike had achieved an almost unbroken succession of victories and triumphs to which, by the admission of the historians of our then bitterest foe, there is hardly a parallel in history. Nor was the martial spirit confined to the actual combatants; the nation at large participated in it to the full. Challenges to fight were thrown down and accepted on the smallest provocation and without a moment's hesitation, supplies were voted with enthusiasm, and the accumulation of a national debt eclipsing in magnitude anything that the world had then seen was viewed with indifference and regarded as of secondary importance to the honour and success of our arms. And yet not a single decoration was to be seen among the rank and file of our fleets and armies, and very few among the officers; even those few being principally the gifts of foreign potentates. As we shall presently see, we have since made up for lost time in this respect; but, whether the martial spirit has been thereby stimulated among our soldiers and sailors, whether they fight better now than in days of yore, is a question upon which our readers can form their own opinion.

Although, according to a well-known authority—the author of *Medals of the British Army*—decorations for military service date back as far as 1643, there was no regular issue of them, and in later times the only decorations to be seen in our army were granted by foreign monarchs. For instance, in 1794 Pope Pius VI. presented gold medals to certain officers of the 12th Lancers, in recognition of the good conduct of a detachment of that regiment which was quartered at Civita Vecchia; and in the same year gold medals were presented by the Emperor of Germany to the officers of two squadrons of the 15th Light Dragoons (now Hussars) to commemorate their devoted gallantry at Villiers-en-Couche. The first general issue of a medal was that granted for Waterloo, which was authorized in March 1816, and was presented to all officers and men who had served in that campaign. It appears strange enough to us that no recognition was made of the long series of military and naval battles which occurred during what is known as the revolutionary war; but, in spite of repeated efforts, it was not until 1847 that the injustice of the omission was recognised, and on the 1st of June in that year it was announced in orders that "Her Majesty had been graciously pleased to command that medals should be struck to record the services of her fleets and armies during the wars commencing in 1793 and ending in 1814, and that one should be presented to every officer, non-commissioned officer, and private or seaman who was present in any battle or siege to commemorate which medals had already been struck by H.M.'s predecessors and had been conferred upon generals or superior officers." In March 1851 another order appeared, announcing that Her Majesty had approved of the application of the East India Company to grant a medal for services ranging from the storming of Allighur in 1803 down to the siege of Bhurtpore in 1826, and further confirming the grant of certain medals already awarded by the Company. The ice once broken, the stream of decorations set in, and has continued to flow with increasing force ever since. Colonel Brine, R.E., has tabulated and arranged them as far as possible in chronological order on a single sheet folding into a demi-octavo paper cover (Stanford), and we shall presently offer a few remarks on the execution of the work. In the meantime we may summarize the details by observing that there are now in existence seven British Orders available for the sterner sex, both civil and military; namely, the Garter, the Bath, the Thistle, the St. Patrick, the Michael and George, the Star of India, and the Indian Empire; and to these we may add the Guelphic Hanoverian Order. For the softer sex there are the English Maids of Honour, the Victoria and Albert, the Crown of India, and the St. Katharine for nurses—the last-named, by the way, being jet-black, a colour which we should have thought more suggestive than appropriate in an hospital. Of purely military decorations awarded for various campaigns or wars, we have fifteen—namely, the military war-medals for services between 1801 and 1814, the gold medal and the gold cross for certain battles in the Peninsular war, and the following medals:—the Waterloo; the South Africa (three wars, exclusive of the Zulu war); the China (three wars); the Afghan, Scinde, and Gwalior; the Sutlej; the New Zealand (three wars); the Punjab; the Indian or Frontier medal (which includes one Persian, three Burmese, and endless little wars, such as the Umbeyla, Hazara, Looshai, Jowaki, and Perak campaigns); the Crimean; the Mutiny; the Abyssinian and the Ashantee medals. In addition to the above, there are various military decorations for exceptional or gallant services, such as the Order of British India for native officers, the Indian Order of Merit for native soldiers, the Long Service and Good Conduct medal, the Distinguished Service medal, the Victoria Cross, the Empress of India commemoration medal, and the Best Shot of the Army medal. There are also eight different decorations awarded at various times by foreign potentates, such as the Legion of Honour, and the Turkish and Sardinian medals. Of purely naval decorations we have eight—namely, the Naval War Medal, 1793 to 1840; the Naval Gold Medal, 1794 to 1815, for superior officers; the Arctic Discoveries; the Good Conduct; the Baltic; the Conspicuous Gallantry; the Arctic Medal, 1875-76; and the Victoria Cross, which in the navy is suspended by a blue ribbon, whereas red is worn by the army. Wherever our land and sea forces co-operated, as in the Crimea, China, &c., the navy received a medal similar to that awarded to the army. Lastly, there are sundry medals open to all classes, such as the Royal Humane Society; the Royal Lifeboat Institution; the Shipwrecked Mariners; the Tayleur Medal, for saving life at sea; the Albert Medal, for saving life by land and by sea (two classes); and the St. John Ambulance Order.

Every one remembers how Lord Macaulay, in his essay on Lord Clive, sneers at "the merest bauble, a medal, a cross, or a yard of coloured ribbon"; but it would take more than even a Macaulay's sarcasm to undermine the popularity which these things undoubtedly possess, at any rate with those who wear them. There is only one process which could deteriorate their value, and that unfortunately is precisely the one which is now in full force—that is to say, that, with our usual tendency to violent reaction, we are making them so common that they are rapidly becoming worthless. Take a single case, that of the C.B. Time was when this decoration was only conferred upon officers for some signal, exceptional, or meritorious service; and so long as this rule was observed it was in every sense a distinction as well as a decoration. Now it has become a sort of rule to confer it upon every officer who commands a regiment during a campaign, no matter how brief or bloodless its share may have been, and for such an officer not to receive it is tantamount to a mark of official displeasure, as a recent example in the Zulu war has clearly proved. Under these circumstances, though it may still be a decoration, it certainly is no longer a distinction. In the same way, every official who fills a post of the smallest responsibility in any of our colonies without committing any serious blunder during his term of office, expects, and feels himself aggrieved if he does not receive, the C.M.G.; and of late there has been a tendency to bestow this decoration on superior officers who serve in our colonial wars as a sort of supplement to the C.B. It seems strange that, although there is only one Imperial order for services rendered in our numerous colonies—namely, the Michael and George—no less than three have been created for India, namely, the Star of India, the Crown of India, and the Indian Empire. By the way, we notice in Colonel Brine's sheet that New Zealand has an order of its own; and probably other colonies will soon follow suit, until the number will become somewhat bewildering. Perhaps it would be as well to forestall the in-

advisable, and to institute one or two Imperial Orders for general use among our numerous possessions. Titles could easily be found; for instance, the "Star of Universal Dominion," the "Cross of Imperium et Libertas," or the "Order of the Empire on which the Sun Never Sets," would each and all, we think, be appropriate and withal attractive; but we merely submit these as suggestions. With regard to medals proper, we mean those given for service against an enemy by land or sea, there is much that seems open to objection in the system of award. They are lavished too freely and without sufficient discrimination; hence their value also is rapidly deteriorating. As a general rule, a medal is given to every man who serves in a campaign, and clasps or bars are added for every general engagement in which the wearer took part. Some of these, such as the Sutlej and Punjab medals, each with three clasps; the Crimean medal, with four clasps; and the Mutiny medal, with five clasps, all represent stern hard fighting, and, moreover, exposure to climate, and were well and fairly earned. Again there are other medals of a less pretentious nature, which nevertheless represent a considerable amount of irregular fighting and exposure to climate and disease, such as the first Burmese and Ashantee medals. On the other hand, sundry medals have been issued which represent neither danger from an enemy nor from any other source. The Baltic medal is an example. We equipped and despatched a magnificent fleet which did literally nothing. A few corvettes or frigates bombarded an isolated port here and there; but, unless we are mistaken, not a single line-of-battle-ship fired a shot in anger. Yet every sailor and marine in the fleet received a medal. Again, take the Abyssinian medal. Not a single man was killed in action during the campaign, or rather expedition, and only about fifty were wounded. Again, take the operations of the Peshawur Valley column in November 1878. The sole action in which it was engaged was the capture of Ali Musjid, which entailed a loss of 2 officers and 14 men killed, and 30 men wounded. Yet not merely a medal, but a special clasp, is to be awarded for this paltry affair, the said clasp being apparently intended to counterbalance that given to the Kuram Valley force for the action of the Peiwar. Considerations of this nature will frequently present themselves in military operations, and cannot always be ignored; but we fear that the value of the decoration is not raised by such concessions. The Crimean campaign has, however, more to answer for in this respect than any other. Here is a list of decorations worn by many officers now in the service who were not present at a single battle, having only landed in time for the close of the siege of Sebastopol:—Crimean medal, Turkish medal, Sardinian medal, Legion of Honour, Medijie, and C.B.

We cannot congratulate Colonel Brine upon the execution of his work; the very title is, in fact, misleading. For instance, if we wish to know what the Order of the Garter is like, we are confronted by a patch of blue paint and nothing else, which leaves us nearly as wise as we were before. A more correct title would have been "Ribbons of British Decorations," for that is all that Colonel Brine gives us. Nor are even these always correctly represented; for instance, the ribbon of the Bath is crimson, not light red, as given; the Sardinian ribbon is far darker than Colonel Brine represents it; and the beautiful Scinde and Gwalior ribbon is mutilated almost beyond recognition. Still it is the first attempt yet made in this direction, and perhaps we may some day be favoured with a more elaborate work. We have also to notice *British Naval and Military Medals and Decorations*, by Mr. J. Harris Gibson (Stanford). Mr. Gibson confines himself to purely military and naval medals and decorations. He makes no attempt at illustration, but his descriptions are nevertheless complete, exhaustive, and correct. The obverse and reverse of every medal, the ribbon by which it is suspended, the number of clasps accompanying it, and the service for which it was awarded, are all given in a clear, concise, and simple manner. In addition to the medals already noticed, Mr. Gibson gives us a long list of what may be called private medals, peculiar to various regiments or ships, which must have cost him considerable trouble and research. His list of naval battles and services, including as it does even boat actions, is the most complete and comprehensive we have seen. We have known many more ostentatious works, but none which more thorough[ly] merits success.

M. GOT'S DIARY IN LONDON.

M. GEORGES D'HEYLLI, who is known as the writer of various *brochures* and volumes connected with theatrical matters, has added to the list of his works a little book containing the diary, or passages from the diary, kept by M. Got when some of the Comédie Française came to London in 1871, and also the journal kept by M. Sarcey in 1879. M. d'Heylli opens his interesting compilation with an introduction which gives a brief account of the three journeyings undertaken by the Comédie, one of which in 1868 carried them through provincial France, while the others were the two visits to London above referred to. The difference between the first expedition and the second was marked enough. As soon as it was known that the Comédie was about to make a provincial tour, M. Thierry, who was at that time the administrator of the Company, was besieged by letters from mayors, prefects, and critics in various country towns, all clamouring for a visit; and of course those small towns which were left out of the route filled with indignation. One important place, Bordeaux, was singularly unlucky. M. Halanzier, who was at that time managing the theatre there, had made a contract with the Company of the Gaîté to run a *féerie* at Bordeaux for a time, which covered the leave of absence of the Comédie, and this contract it was impossible to break. Saving, however, a few such annoying circumstances as these, the whole tour, which, like that of 1879, was the result of extensive repairs going on in the theatre in the Rue Richelieu, was a complete triumph. The second absence of the Comédie from Paris took place under very different circumstances, and seemed at first as if it would have far less satisfactory results. Possibly, however, the fact that in the end it did save the Théâtre Français from the ruin which seemed to threaten it may be held to have made up for the difficulties and discouragements encountered at the outset. These were not few. There was only one theatre available at the time for the purposes of M. Got, who headed the expedition; and the smallness of this house—the Opéra Comique—made it necessary to announce prices which, at that date, were thought somewhat high. There were other difficulties to be got over; and, while the fifteen players of mark who came over to England had these to contend with, their comrades in Paris fared no better. On the 11th of May M. Thierry wrote to M. Got:—"Je suis comme vous; j'ai bon espoir dans le succès de vos efforts et de ceux de vos camarades. . . . Quant à nous, nous faisons, comme vous à Londres, des raccords et des répétitions à n'en plus finir. Vous savez probablement que Boudeville nous est venu en aide. Avec lui nous avons eu *Le Menteur*, où il a joué le rôle de Cliton, et nous allons avoir *Le Mariage de Figaro*, où il jouera Antonio. Un jeune comédien du théâtre de Cluny qui se nomme Richard s'est mis aussi *pour l'honneur* à notre disposition, ce qui nous fait à peu près deux amoureux, car nous n'avions qu'un, hélas! nous n'avions que Charpentier pour la tragédie comme pour la comédie, et nous ne pouvions pas même jouer les deux actes du *Dépit Amoureux*. Il n'est pas possible de se figurer une plus étroite pénurie." It is not stated whether this young actor was identical with the M. Richard who was playing not long ago at the Français, and who, if we remember rightly, appeared in London last year. The letter goes on to say that the audience is numerous, but not lucrative. The National Guard found visits to the theatre an agreeable distraction, and the municipality of the first arrondissement sent in a tragedy to be played. M. Thierry objected that there was no reading committee. "We will find you one" was the answer; and the further objection that there not enough actors at hand was met in the same way It does not seem, however, that the tragedy was ever performed.

M. Got's diary, which in the first instance was never meant for publication, is in various ways full of interest, and he seems to have had more than enough to do all the time. On the 19th of April, having started his arrangements for the season and left M. Bressant to see them carried out, he returned to Paris, and found himself put up to play *Le Duc Job* the very next night, and for one or two nights following before his return to London. His remarks upon the first performance of the play just named in London are characteristic, and his criticism on the piece is perfectly just:—"Spectacle, *Le Duc Job*. Recette, 4,100 fr. Voilà qui semble remonter, mais cela ne durera pas. Non. La pièce est jouée trop faiblement; les premiers interprètes ont vieilli depuis douze ans, dame! . . . Et les nouveaux ne sont pas toujours bons, et ne s'en doutent guère. Et puis la pièce, si honnête et bien pensée qu'elle soit, est écrite dans une espèce d'argot, demi-boursier, demi-rapin de la haute, qui doit être inextricable pour les oreilles anglaises." It is curious to contrast the account of the next performance—*Le Misanthrope*—with M. Sarcey's description of the reception of the same play eight years later at the Gaiety. M. Got wrote, "Je m'en doutais bien avec ce diable de *Misanthrope*. Mes camarades avaient beau dire! Pourquoi Londres s'intéresserait-elle à ces sublimités toutes morales davantage que Paris?" M. Got seems to underrate this great play, and the public which listened to it on the first night of the 1879 visit contradicted his notion that it could not be appreciated in England. M. Sarcey, in a passage which bears amusing marks of his amiable delight at finding that London was not inhabited by savages, wrote of it thus:—"It was to be feared that *Le Misanthrope* might prove a trifle wearisome. Between ourselves, this play is not always a source of unmixed delight even in Paris; one listens to it with respect, but without enthusiasm. What chance, then, would it have with an audience which, however intelligent and educated, could not be as familiar as we are, whether with the court manners of the time or with the delicacies of our language? Well! It is an astoundingly improbable fact which I state, without trying to explain it, that *Le Misanthrope* had a prodigious effect. Nor was the applause premeditated. It was not a case of a whole audience that had agreed to hide its ignorance and boredom with polite bravos. Not at all; people laughed in the right places, and marked their knowledge of them with that little buzz of contentment which rises from stalls to boxes, and cannot have been prearranged."

To return, however, to M. Got's diary. It is to be regretted that he has, from excellent motives, omitted what would have been a most interesting account of his hurried journey to Paris, on the 20th of May, to see after his parents' safety, and of the perils which he encountered during his stay there. All that we hear of these is contained in his account of how, on his arrival in London again on a Sunday morning, he immediately bought an *Observer* to see what had been going on during the week. "Performances,"

he writes, "had been given every evening by our company, and the paper was filled with details, fortunately somewhat more terrible than true, of events in Paris. Amongst other headings was this—'M. Got Shot.' How on earth could this news arrive before I did?"

Shortly after his return *Mlle. de Belle-Isle* was represented. As to this, as well as to other pieces, M. d'Heylli, in his introduction, makes some pertinent remarks. "How curious," he says, "were the casts of the pieces, given all of them by the same fifteen players! For instance, in *Le Dépit Amoureux*, which in Paris serves for a *lever du rideau*, and is generally entrusted to *pensionnaires*, there appeared in London MM. Got (Mascarille), Delaunay (Eraste), and Coquelin (Gros-René). In *L'Honneur et l'Argent* the all but dumb parts of friends and creditors were played by Bressant, Febvre, Boucher, and even the *régisseur* Chevallier, who came on to increase the crowd. In *Le Misanthrope* we have Got playing L'Exempt and Mlle. Favart Célimène. Coquelin appears as the dancing master in *Il ne faut jurer de rien*, and Talbot in the same piece as a tavern-keeper with a few lines to speak." In the *Barbier de Séville* Febvre played the little part of the notary, and Garraud that of l'Eveillé, while in *Mercadet* Delaunay appeared as Méricourt, and Coquelin as Justin. Other pieces are quoted to illustrate the curious fact of London audiences having seen "casts" more interesting, in the way of the smallest parts being filled by the best actors, than have ever been presented in Paris.

It would be tedious to remind readers how different not only in this, but in many other matters, was the latest visit of the Comédie to London. Then the way was smoothed for the success which was from the first assured. It is, however, generally more interesting to read of a successful struggle with difficulties than of a success never interrupted; and there is more pleasure to be got from M. Got's diary of jottings than from M. Sarcey's elaborate and self-conscious platitudes.

CITY PAROCHIAL CHARITIES.

"BEATI possidentes," said Prince Bismarck; but, true as the saying may be in the territorial affairs of great States, it is not so universally true of the subjects of those States in relation to the property which they may possess. The landowner in England is now told by Mr. Gladstone that he holds his possessions only at the will of the Parliament of the day; the fundholder of a generation or two ago lived in daily fear of "the sponge"; the Irish Church in our own time held its revenues by a better title than that by which Woburn is held by its owner, but Black Care sat behind it, and a great defender of the Church arose who swept those revenues away and devoted them to the benefit of idiots and lunatics. In like manner the great City Guilds hear not without trembling the threatening murmurs which Liberals—other than Liberal members for the City—are wont to raise on the subject of the great estates owned and administered by them; lawfully owned and well administered, no doubt, but which not the less offer an irresistible temptation to a certain class of politicians, who, like the hypochondriac, cry always, "We were well; we would be better," and in the result seldom realize their wish.

Among other *possidentes* to whom their possessions are, now at least, no great blessing are the owners of those funds whence proceed the charities that give a heading to our article. They also, in most cases, hold their property by a perfect title, and appear to have administered it for the most part fairly and equitably for the benefit of those to whose use the piety of former ages had destined it. The great difficulty in their way—that which has made their possessions rather a *damnosa hereditas* than a benefit—is that the recipients of the charities, either by operation of law, by the advance of civilization, or by a change in the habits of the people, have in great measure perished from out of the land; and that, though legal ownership still exists in the persons of the trustees, the funds have frequently no real owner, by failure of the *cestui-que* trusts. Under these circumstances a Royal Commission was issued in the autumn of 1878 to the Duke of Northumberland and the six following gentlemen—Canon Gregory, the Rev. William Rogers, Mr. Farrer Herschell, Q.C., Mr. George Cubitt, Mr. Albert Pell, and Mr. Henry Hucks Gibbs—to inquire into the condition of these Parochial Charities, and to make such recommendations as their inquiries might suggest for their future regulation and administration and for the due appropriation of the funds. The intent of the Government in appointing such a Commission was doubtless to secure moderate and well-considered recommendations; and the names of the Commissioners, representing as they do different sections of political feeling, are a guarantee that, while no violent changes would be proposed and no funds belonging to these charities unduly diverted from their original objects, none would be left either to accumulate needlessly or to be spent on unworthy objects. The Report which has just been printed appears to us to justify this expectation, and will, we think, on the one hand, go far to satisfy those who have been urgent in demanding the inquiry; and, on the other, to calm the fears of those who apprehended that they would be deprived of their ancient and just rights in funds which had been given for their benefit or committed to their care.

That some action was urgently required will be manifest by a glance at some of the facts brought out in the evidence collected by the Commission, alike as to the condition of the recipients of the charities, the present amount of the funds, and the uses to which they have been put. It is very much to the credit of the authorities in the several parishes that, in spite of their not unnatural fears of the tendency of such an inquiry, so little reluctance has been shown by them to give full information to the Commissioners on all these points.

The area of the City is but one square mile, the number of civil parishes therein contained is 109 (reduced by union for ecclesiastical purposes to 60), and the population at the time of the last decennial census was 75,000, against 112,000 according to the census of 1861. The annual income held by these 109 parishes collectively was in 1876 no less than 104,904*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, given or bequeathed for the most part for eleemosynary and ecclesiastical purposes, but in part also acquired, whether by gift or by purchase out of the rates, for the general purposes of the parishes. Of this sum, however, 17,700*l.* is now administered under schemes approved by the Court of Chancery; and other schemes, involving about 6,200*l.* a year, are still under the consideration of the Court; so that the net annual income coming under the view of the Commission may be taken to be about 81,000*l.*, besides any increment which during the four years since 1876 may have accrued from the augmentation in the value of property in the City. The probability of such increment may be gathered from such instances as that of St. Augustine's, where a house let for 20*l.* in 1868 now produces 250*l.*; that of Allhallows, Lombard Street, where houses rented in 1860 for 482*l.* now let for 1,200*l.*; and that of St. Peter le Poor, where the rent of certain houses belonging to the parish was raised in 1873 from 60*l.* to 1,450*l.*

While the money value of the charity estates has been continually increasing, such of the objects to which the funds were devoted as had not wholly passed away were daily diminishing in an inverse ratio. Not to speak of gifts for "superstitious uses," which had either been seized by the Crown or transferred to other ecclesiastical or eleemosynary purposes, there were many instances in which the original and praiseworthy purpose of the donor had been forgotten or neglected and the money otherwise employed. Thus daily prayers for which funds had been given ceased to be said in some churches. Lectures ceased to be given in others. Bow Bell was, by the will of one Downing, who devised a house for its maintenance, to be rung at nine every night, and now, to the loss of many whose title to be called Cockneys may therefore seriously be called in question, is rung no longer. Some parishes which are possessed of funds destined for church purposes have no church of their own to which to apply them; while other parishes have churches, but no funds with which to maintain them. Some have abundant money to relieve the wants of the poor, but have no poor to relieve. Some have neither poor nor rich, and indeed have no householders, properly so called. Thus the Bank of England, like another Dragon of Wantley, has swallowed up the church and the whole of the parish most prophetically called St. Christopher le *Stocks*, and has devoured also no small part of the parish of St. Bartholomew-by-the-Exchange, which only saved its church from the same fate by transporting it stone by stone into Fore Street. The Post Office, again, represents three-quarters of the parish of St. Anne and St. Agnes; and the Cannon Street Railway Station is left to account for a large part of Allhallows-the-Great, from which parish in 1878 twenty-seven families were being expelled by the destruction of their houses for City improvements. The churchwarden of St. Andrew Hubbard, searching for a poor man like Diogenes for an honest one, "could not find a single poor person who had any possible claim on the parish"; while the more fortunate rector of St. Vedast Foster says, "There is one poor person in the parish." St. Peter le Poor belies its name, for "there are very few poor within its boundaries." Where, as in this last case, the objects of charity have not wholly ceased from among us, the income is frequently far more than sufficient. St. Anne and St. Agnes has a balance "which wants to be dealt with." Another parish, having more than it needs for Church purposes, is able to spend it and borrow more for a very profitable building speculation. "The consequence," says one witness, "of having large sums of money without proper recipients, is that the parish estate is looked on as a milch-cow." St. Mary Bothaw has a bequest of 3*l.* a year for the poor; but there are no poor, so the parish cannot distribute it.

The clergy and parish officials charged with the administration of these charitable funds appear to have done their best to distribute them fairly, when the circumstances of the parish gave them opportunities of doing so within its borders—applying to Church purposes that which either by direction of the donor or by fair construction could be so applied, and to the relief of the poor what was plainly eleemosynary in its origin; often in the latter case interpreting their duty largely, and seeking beyond the bounds of the parish those poor who had formerly belonged to it, and even, in a few instances, the descendants of such as had so belonged. The Rector of Allhallows the Less speaks with pride of the discovery of "three extra objects in Christmas 1878—old men who had been working in the parish for a great number of years, and are now unable to do anything." It cannot be said, however, that all their almsgiving was quite justifiable, or even well calculated to benefit its objects. Sometimes, through want of knowledge, and in defiance of political economy, surplus funds were applied to the payment of poor rates, thus (at least under the altered condition of the Poor-law) benefiting the rich and not the poor. Sometimes this mistake was due to the original sin of the donors, whose bounty had taken the form of doles; concerning which doles

there is a very general agreement in the evidence that they are at best useless and tend to pauperize the recipients; and one vestry clerk euphemistically says of them that "they do not tend to promote the sobriety of the district."

Under the circumstances to which we have above referred, it is no wonder if the parishes have been sometimes hard put to it to find an outlet for their funds, and have occasionally been too ready to act on the maxim "Charity begins at home." The direction which this abuse has taken has been not unnaturally towards the increase of the creature comforts of the vestry or the parishioners. Thus the vestry of St. Anne and St. Agnes enjoy "a glass of wine round," and an Easter dinner. The vestry of St. Botolph's, Aldersgate, expend 72*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* on "visiting the tombs," a phrase which a witness explains by saying, "It simply means a dinner given by the churchwardens out of the funds voted by the vestry." In the parish of St. Martin Orgar all the parishioners who chose to attend were made happy by a Greenwich dinner at a cost of some 72*l.* It is fair to add that in some cases the entertainments are paid for out of moneys claimed by the parishes as their own property, and not as charity funds, while in other cases money was especially bequeathed for a feast to promote good will and reconciliation. But the vestry do not appear to confine themselves to the precise amount of 5*s.*, which the donor had left for what he calls "a love feast," with the same conscientiousness which they exhibit in the case of the bequest of 1*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* dedicated "to the maintenance of some godly, virtuous, and well-disposed scholar at the University of Oxford or Cambridge." The 1*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* is, we presume, still enjoyed by the scholar, but a dinner at Richmond costing 60*l.* represents for the too fortunate legatees the modest 5*s.* of the testator. And it has not been their own comfort only which some parishes have sought, but also the discomfort of others; as witness the surprising contributions of 25*l.* and 50*l.* respectively by the parishes of St. Vedast Foster and St. Michael le Querne, in aid of the efforts of the Church Association for the prosecution of their rector.

This condition of things was unsatisfactory enough; and accordingly some of the parishes submitted schemes to the Charity Commissioners. Some of these schemes have been considered and approved, while some, though long ago submitted, still remain for one reason or another untouched; and of the schemes approved some no longer meet the necessities of the case. Thus a sum which has already reached 1,344*l.*, and is still accumulating, was appropriated, under a scheme sanctioned by Sir J. Romilly, to provide a cemetery for the parish of St. Michael, Crooked Lane; but, as hardly any one lives in the parish, few are likely to die there, and none to need a cemetery. Several of the witnesses seem to have given much attention to plans for the better distribution of the charities. Thus a witness, speaking on behalf of St. Augustine, says:—

> We considered it would be more satisfactory to wait for some general scheme rather than apply for a scheme for our individual charities. In the furtherance of a general scheme we should be very glad to pay over such sums of money as we fairly could not find employment for in the parish. A strict line should be drawn between (1) the large bequests for strictly ecclesiastical purposes, *i.e.* for the maintenance and upholding of the fabric of the churches and the maintenance of divine worship; and (2) the purely eleemosynary gifts.

And a witness from St. Christopher le Stocks, who attaches more importance to local administration, says:—

> There would be no difficulty in applying these charities if we were allowed to apply them to those who work in the parish, who are a very large class, among whom would be many proper recipients.
>
> The foundation of any satisfactory redistribution must be local administration. It was argued at a meeting of churchwardens and trustees that what was required was not so much a confiscation of our property, but largely increased facilities for making use of it; and a speedy way of getting authority to make use of it.

It will be seen that the Commissioners have reconciled both these views. Their Report says:—

> It would be easy to multiply examples of the defects and anomalies apparent in the present administration of the City Parochial Charities, but we believe that we have given enough to establish the following facts; namely,
>
> That this administration is not calculated to be productive of the full benefits which ought to accrue to the class for whose advantage these charities were originally founded.
>
> That the relation between the administrating bodies and that class is so completely altered, that neither in the strictly literal nor the strictly legal sense can the intentions of the founders generally be carried out.
>
> That in practice the administrators are compelled to act on the *cy près* principle according to the will or caprice of the local managing bodies.
>
> That it is practically impossible to effect a combination of these Charities under the existing system.

And they proceed to recommend that an Executive Commission be appointed, paid out of the funds of these charities, and consisting of three persons, of whom one is to be a member of the staff of the Charity Commissioners. The duties of this Commission would be (1st) to inquire into the origin and administration of each charity, and to examine the accounts of the trustees for seven years past; (2nd) to classify the charities under two heads—namely, Eleemosynary and Ecclesiastical. It is proposed to include in the Ecclesiastical class not only such funds as by the terms of the bequests went to the maintenance of the fabric, the services, or the clergy, but also such as have been for many years so used by the parish. It is on this point that a difference of opinion was manifested by some members of the Commission, to whose memoranda on the subject we will presently advert. The Report continues:—

> In those parishes where the income of any estate or estates has been applied for the maintenance of the fabric or support of the church, as well as for the relief of the poor, and there is no evidence that such application is inconsistent with the intention of the donors, the Executive Commission would be instructed to make an equitable division of the proceeds of such estates, the one portion to be applicable to ecclesiastical, the other to eleemosynary purposes.

And it is suggested that out of the mass of ecclesiastical funds the Commission should allot to each parish whose endowments bear that character such portion as it m..y deem necessary. This being deducted, the trustees are to be required to hand over the surplus to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, to be by them applied in aid of the erection and repair of churches, and of the spiritual needs of the poorer parishes within the metropolitan area, devoting to the increase of poorer benefices within the same area the funds derived from bequests for lectures, &c. As to the funds classed as eleemosynary, the trustees in the several parishes are to retain such an amount for the purposes of their trusts as the Executive Commission may authorize, and are to hand over the surplus to a Board to be constituted for the purpose, to which Board will also pass the whole estate of any trust where it can be shown that its objects no longer exist.

The proposed constitution of the Board is as follows:—

> Fifteen members chosen by ballot from the representatives of the City parishes, such representatives being elected annually in the proportion of one to each parish by the electors on the parliamentary registry.
>
> Two members of the Common Council.
>
> Two of the Metropolitan Asylums Board.
>
> Two of the Metropolitan Board of Works.
>
> With four co-optative members, together with a paid chairman and secretary, to be appointed by the Secretary of State for the Home Department.

On this Board would devolve the duty of forming schemes for the application of the funds dedicated to strictly charitable or philanthropical purposes arising from the above sources and from the suppression of obsolete charities; and the Report indicates certain examples of objects to which the funds might be applied in the discretion of the Board, but subject to the disapproval, within a fixed time, of the Charity Commissioners, to whom all schemes as well as the accounts of the Board are to be submitted. The intervention of the Charity Commission does not commend itself to Mr. Herschell, who would leave the Board unfettered; but we incline to think that it would be unwise to leave the disposal of these funds to the sole and unchecked discretion of a popular Board; and we do not see any force in the objection which the same Commissioner urges, with the support of Mr. Rogers and Mr. Pell, to the use of the increment of any particular trust for kindred purposes to those on which the original funds of the trust have been for a long time employed. If, for example, any City parish possesses an estate given or hitherto used for church purposes, and either the church has been taken down, or the value of the estate has enormously increased, there seems to us to be no valid reason why the surplus funds so arising should not be employed for church purposes in other parishes.

Altogether we must consider the recommendations of the Commission to be of a very satisfactory and practical character, and such as can scarcely fail to command the approval of the incoming Government.

THE FLOATING DEBT.

THE impending change of Ministry has given rise to a general expectation that the Floating Debt will be speedily and largely reduced. The expectation is natural. It has been the policy of all Liberal Governments for a long time, or indeed, we should rather say, of all Administrations preceding the present, to keep the Floating Debt at a low figure. For example, we have to go back to the time of the Crimean war and the Indian Mutiny to find it above 20 millions. In 1856 it slightly exceeded 28 millions; but strenuous efforts were then made to bring it within more manageable proportions, and in 1859 it was got down to a little more than 18¼ millions. In 1866 it only slightly exceeded 8 millions; and in 1874, when Mr. Gladstone's Administration came to an end, it was under 4½ millions. Thus, between the close of the Crimean war and the defeat of the last Liberal Cabinet, nearly six-sevenths of the Floating Debt were paid off or funded. But with Lord Beaconsfield's Ministry a change set in, and at the termination of the financial year which has just ended this part of the debt had again risen to over 30¾ millions, or more than 2¼ millions higher than it was at the close of the Crimean war. During the six years of the present Administration the Funded Debt has been reduced 26 millions, but the increase of the Floating Debt was somewhat greater, and thus the net result is that the liabilities of the country have been increased during the period by a quarter of a million. It is quite true, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer pointed out in his last Budget statement, that a large part of the Floating Debt is covered by excellent security, and in reality adds nothing to the taxpayer's burdens. The Suez Canal Bonds, for instance, not only represent a very valuable property, but the interest on them is paid by the Egyptian Government. Again, the loan of two millions to India is repayable at very short dates. And the advances to local authorities are well secured, while the interest is covered by that which the local authorities pay. Sir S. Northcote is therefore justified in saying that the debt which imposes a burden upon the taxpayer has been reduced during his administration by 18 millions. But we are not now concerned with the reduction of the general debt. Our object is

to trace the growth of the Floating Debt, which, whether recoverable from other quarters or not, is in the first place a portion of the liabilities of the United Kingdom. According to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's last Budget statement, the Floating Debt was last month composed as follows:—5,100,000*l.* Exchequer Bonds, 5,431,000*l.* Treasury Bills, 3,800,000*l.* Suez Canal Bonds, 8,360,000*l.* Local Loan Bonds, and 8,100,000*l.* Supply Bonds, making altogether 30,791,000*l.* The last item mentioned in this list, the 8 millions of Supply Bonds, represents the accumulated deficits of the last few years, and Sir Stafford Northcote himself found it necessary to provide for paying off the larger part of these. He proposed, accordingly, by means of Terminable Annuities, to clear off 6 millions in five years, thus leaving only 2 millions of the accumulated deficits to be dealt with. We showed last week, when commenting upon the yield of the revenue in the past financial year, that the current year will probably give a surplus of a million or two, and, in addition, the South African colonies are expected to contribute something to the cost of the Zulu war. Evidently Sir S. Northcote calculated upon paying out of these two sources within the next twelve months the two millions of accumulated deficits which he left uncovered. Let us assume that his intention in this respect will be carried out by his successor. We then have as the amount of the Floating Debt to be dealt with by the new Chancellor of the Exchequer about 22¾ millions. This is a considerably larger amount than, since the suppression of the Indian Mutiny, has been thought compatible with good finance by Liberal Chancellors of the Exchequer.

We have on former occasions shown the objections to a very large Floating Debt, and we need not go over the same ground again; the more especially as Sir S. Northcote himself admits the justice of such objections, though he endeavours to turn their point by observing that little more than half his Floating Debt is in the hands of the public. Unquestionably this diminishes their force. The National Debt Commissioners are not likely to throw his Bills upon the Chancellor's hands at an inconvenient time. But it is to be borne in mind that, to the extent to which the Commissioners invest in Treasury Bills and Exchequer Bonds, to the same extent they lessen their purchases of Consols and Terminable Annuities. However, we need not push this point, but may rest content with Sir S. Northcote's express admission that a large Floating Debt in the hands of the public would be inconvenient, and with his practical admission, by the creation of Terminable Annuities, that its amount last month was excessive. The interesting question just now is, what will the next Chancellor of the Exchequer do? We have shown above what has been the practice of previous Liberal Ministers, and sound theory is undoubtedly in favour of that practice. Moreover, for the next few years there is likely to be a motive for keeping down the Floating Debt which Sir S. Northcote has not had. He succeeded to office just when the period of prosperity "by leaps and bounds" had come to a close, and since then year after year the depression went on increasing. In consequence, the value of money tended downwards, and, with certain exceptions, the Chancellor of the Exchequer was able to borrow on very moderate terms. Now the tide has apparently again turned, and we may hope that a period of fresh prosperity has set in, during which the value of money will tend upwards. The Chancellor of the Exchequer will therefore not be able to borrow on such favourable terms, and occasionally may even have to pay high rates. This will be a check upon borrowing; and at the same time the return of prosperity, by increasing the revenue, will afford less excuse for further resorts to credit. We may conclude, therefore, that a reduction of the Floating Debt is probable. It remains only to inquire in what way it had best be effected.

To apply to this purpose the surpluses which improved trade and increased employment may be expected to yield would be a slow process, and would leave the Government exposed to all the inconveniences attending constant renewals of bills in a rising market. There remains the alternative either of the issue of Consols or the creation of fresh Terminable Annuities. But it is hardly to be supposed that the new Government will add to the permanent debt of the country by the issue of Consols. All parties are at length awaking to the duty of reducing the debt in times of peace and prosperity; and to increase it would be a retrograde movement for which there is no justification. The obvious means of attaining the object in view would be to follow the example set by Sir S. Northcote last month, which itself followed the precedent of 1864, when 5 millions of Floating Debt were cancelled, and to convert another portion into Terminable Annuities. Of course there is the difficulty that there is no public market for Terminable Annuities. Whether it be that the investing public do not like a stock which expires after a term of years, or that the conditions offered are not considered sufficiently favourable, it is certain that in the open market Terminable Annuities do not sell. Consequently they can be created only to the amount which the National Debt Commissioners have funds to absorb. But there seems no reason to apprehend a serious obstacle in this direction. The mere reduction of the Floating Debt, however, is of much less importance than the stoppage of its growth. In the statement given above of the composition of the Floating Debt we saw that over 8¼ millions are Local Loan Bonds—that is to say, have been incurred in order to lend money to local authorities. As long as this system continues, the Floating Debt must go on growing; and how to stop it is the first point to which a new Chancellor of the Exchequer should give his attention. Sir S. Northcote attempted but failed to do this, and it must be admitted to be by no means an easy task. The local authorities are required by law to effect a great many improvements which involve them in considerable expense, and they have now grown accustomed to obtain the money on easy t[erms] from the Treasury. To refuse to lend further would obviously provoke much discontent, which might find vent in ways anything but agreeable to party leaders. But risks of this kind have to be run by statesmen who undertake the responsibility of government. It is not necessary absolutely to stop lending. There are some public works so desirable that the Government are bound to insist upon their execution, and yet the local authorities may be too poor to bear the charge which they would have to incur if they borrowed in the open market. But loans should be restricted to cases where there is a plain necessity for them. It is ridiculous to lend to such a town as Birmingham, whose credit ought to be good enough to secure fair terms in the open market. If there is anything in the state of the law which prevents such a town from borrowing reasonable amounts for useful purposes, the law ought to be reformed at once. But if the difficulty of borrowing arises from past extravagance, or from too great haste in making improvements, and consequently in incurring debt, there would be no harm in the town being made to feel the consequences. Nor is it only to great centres of industry like Birmingham that these remarks apply. Loans to local authorities should be exceptional, and should be made in each particular instance only on proof that the public interest requires it. In London, for example, the credit of the Metropolitan Board of Works is so good that it is able to borrow advantageously not only for itself, but also for the parish vestries. If this precedent were followed widely, the State need seldom intervene. Assuming that the County Government Boards to which the Liberal party is pledged are called into existence, they ought to stand in high credit, and ought to be able to lend profitably for themselves to the smaller rural districts, which at present are those that most need Treasury help. The real problem, then, involved in the reduction of the Floating Debt is not how best and most speedily to pay off a portion of it, but how to stop its future growth. And this, again, resolves itself into the question, how to get rid of the necessity for making advances to local authorities. Until this latter question is solved satisfactorily, the difficulty will continue to recur.

REVIEWS.

SCHÖMANN'S ANTIQUITIES OF GREECE.*

THE object of the translators in publishing this work in an English dress is to place in the hands of English scholars a book which may serve as a connecting link between a History of Greece like that of Grote and a Dictionary of Antiquities like that of Dr. William Smith, and which may therefore be used less as a work merely for reference than as a series of systematic treatises on integral parts of the subject. Thus the greater part of this, the first volume, of Schömann's work is occupied with the constitutional history of Athens and Sparta; the general characteristics of the Greek State and the forms through which it had passed, before we reach the period of a contemporary written history, being given in two earlier sections or parts. The value of such a work must depend almost wholly on the soundness of the conclusions or general views of the author on the chief questions with which he must deal in summary rather than in full detail. Practically he is discharging the office of the historian; but he is also giving judgment without placing the whole of his evidence before the reader. This must be so from the necessity of the case; but it is clear that the work will assume a very different form as it comes from the hands of a Mitford, a Thirlwall, or a Grote. Of the two States to the portraiture of which the larger portion of this volume is devoted, the more brilliant city, which has left its mark on all time, has a history as brief and rapidly shifting as it was splendid. During this short period it furnished lessons of political experience from which statesmen of every age have gained wisdom. It exhibited an astonishing growth in a constitution which secured the largest amount of freedom to the individual citizen and insured his highest culture by means of an education which drew out every part of his nature, and impelled him to make the greatest sacrifices for the sake of the State to which he owed a life of such many-sided activity and such exquisite refinement. This phase of short-lived splendour was followed by a war with a rival State which represented tendencies widely, if not radically, opposed to its own; a State which insisted on the complete isolation of the members of the Hellenic people, which set its face steadily against the Pan-Hellenic dreams of Perikles, and which rendered the growth of an Hellenic nation wholly impossible. This war tempted the Athenians to an abandonment of the policy in which alone, as Perikles had assured them, they would find safety; and the frightful catastrophe which was the direct consequence of their fault naturally weakened the con-

* *The Antiquities of Greece.* Translated from the German of G. F. Schömann. By E. G. Hardy, M.A., Head-Master of the Grammar School, Grantham, and J. S. Mann, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. *The State.* Rivingtons. 1880.

fidence of the people in their own political sagacity, and made them disposed to listen to advisers who proposed to point out to them the only practicable method of escape from their difficulties and their troubles. The result was the upsetting of the constitution the foundations of which had been laid by Solon, and of which the superstructure had been raised by Kleisthenes, Ephialtes, and Perikles himself. Now it is clear that the value of the lesson which the whole of this wonderful history teaches must be measured precisely by the degree in which our judgment of the several actors in it squares with the facts. If these facts cannot be given in detail, it becomes of the first importance to ascertain whether the change which led to the exaltation of the Four Hundred was good or bad, whether the oligarchic party or that of the people most desired the good of the country, and most consistently and steadily worked for it, and to which party the evils from which Athens suffered were chiefly to be ascribed.

We shall see presently how far Schömann's judgment on this question and on some others scarcely less important can be accepted with entire confidence; but we may say at once that the method of the work is thoroughly sound, and that the book ought to be both attractive and profitable to the student. The author set about his task with the purpose of imparting "a vivid understanding of classical antiquity" to readers who, "without having made any special investigation into the ancient world, nevertheless feel the need of making themselves better acquainted with its spirit and character." But he was aware that a general interest would be felt only in that portion of the subject which is concerned with the social, political, and religious life of the Greeks; and to this he has rightly confined himself. An introductory chapter on Homeric Greece, in which the evidence of the Iliad and Odyssey to the prehistoric condition of the country is not unduly strained, brings him to a survey of those shifting scenes in the political development of the country which preceded the historical Greece of Herodotus and Thucydides. Nor can it justly be said that the picture here drawn of Homeric society prejudges any questions which may be supposed to lie open with regard to the time when the Iliad and Odyssey, as they have come down to us, assumed their exact present shape. The poems themselves may be the work of one poet or of many; they may have been pieced or dovetailed together; but the pictures which they bring before us belong beyond doubt to a comparatively primitive state of things; and, when we find with regard to particular crimes, for instance, a stage of sentiment markedly opposed to that of the historical ages, we are at once driven to the conclusion that we are confronted with the earlier practice, and that in this practice we have an historical fact of real value. With questions belonging to still earlier times Schömann happily deals briefly and summarily. He does not care to hazard a conjecture as to the precise path by which the Hellenic tribes may have entered Greece, or to determine exactly what may be meant by the Pelasgian name, or what may have been the origin of the people to whom that name was applied. The task of explaining it from Greek roots is so unsatisfactory that he does not wonder at the temptation which has led some to seek its meaning in other languages. Among these, "as was to be expected, Sanskrit, the language of the mystic *Konx om pax*, has generally been chosen." But clearly the search must be given up as a hopeless one. There is no use in referring it to Pelops or Pelagon, "because the explanation of these names themselves is anything but certain"; and so we welcome with a certain feeling of thankfulness the undoubtedly judicious conclusion that

> the name of Pelasgi, having originally been the appellation of some one of the peoples who inhabited Greece in prehistoric times, was at a later period, after the Hellenic people had extended itself over the whole land, and their name had become the collective title of the race, employed as the most universal term for all the pre-Hellenic populations, without respect to their true ethnographical relationship; so that the Philistines or Phenicians may, at any rate, be assigned a place among them, while many tribes which are usually brought before our notice under special names of their own, and are commonly distinguished from the Pelasgi, such as Leleges, Caucones, and Thracians, are not on that account to be considered less Pelasgian than others who are expressly included under the name.

In the Iliad and Odyssey, and more particularly in the latter, Schömann finds reasons for limiting some statements of Thucydides in the introductory chapters of his history. The proposition that piracy was in the earlier ages regarded strictly as an honourable profession must, he holds, be taken with large qualifications. It was contradicted by Aristarchus, and in the Odyssey the father of the suitor Antinous is certainly said to have been nearly killed by the people of Ithaca for joining the Taphians in a plundering expedition against their friends the Thesprotians. The raids of pirates must therefore, it would seem, be directed against avowed enemies; but the modification seems, after all, to be slender enough. The words of Thucydides seem to apply strictly to the practice of the Dyak pirates at the time when Sir James Brooke first found his way to their haunts; and the license taken by plunderers in prehistoric Hellas may have been practically as large without violating the restrictions mentioned in the Odyssey. We approach a more debatable land when we turn to the changes which are supposed to have followed the Dorian emigration. With the author's general method we have no quarrel; but little seems to be gained by treating the evidence at our command as more solid or satisfactory than it really is. We can neither deny nor affirm that Aristodemos, Temenos, and Kresphontes obtained each the Peloponnesian territories of which they are said to have become the sovereigns; and when we are told that the date even of the last member of the dynasty of Temenos "cannot be fixed with certainty," we feel that in dealing with the dynasty generally we are moving among quagmires. Less than this we cannot say when Schömann comes to examine the changes in the Athenian constitution before the time of Solon. The Medontidæ, so called from Medon, the son of the last King Codrus, are said to have ruled as archons for life at Athens for more than three centuries. During the whole of this time there was practically no knowledge of writing in the country. "No adoption of it in the education of the young can be detected," the author tells us, "earlier than the sixth century," although he allows that some few instances of written composition may have existed as early as the eighth or ninth. When then we admit that for the whole period during which the Codridæ ruled at Athens no particulars can be given, except that at last the cruelty of Hippomenes led to his deposition and to the throwing open of the archonship annually to all Eupatrids, we can but hesitate to pledge ourselves to the correctness of so shadowy a narrative. It is strange perhaps that the first archon for life and the first annual archon should be called Medon and Creon respectively; but we are quite willing to allow that no great stress should be laid on coincidences of name, which in some instances certainly are accidental, and that the change from life archons to annual magistrates had proceeded from the efforts of the Eupatrids to secure a more general participation in the State authority.

We approach a subject of much greater importance when we deal with the reforms ascribed to Solon. Did he summarily release landowners from their mortgages, and did he debase the metallic currency? These are really the two questions to be answered. Schömann answers them in the affirmative; but we cannot say that we are at all convinced by his arguments. We have, it is true, anecdotes which tell us that, although Solon was above such evil-doing himself, there were among his friends some who, knowing what he was about to do, made capital for themselves by buying lands the price of which they did not pay until after the debasement of the standard. These anecdotes come to us from times separated from those of Solon by a series of many centuries; and Schömann allows that the facts may not have been precisely as Plutarch relates them. But the real point is, whether the changes introduced by Solon, momentous as they were, answered at all to what we understand as a debasement of the currency, and still more to what we should understand by a nullifying of mortgages. Undoubtedly the lower classes had, as Schömann says, been suffering under a heavy yoke; but what was this yoke, and what were the classes which were oppressed by it? They were, as he has already said, Thêtes, or serfs, whose properties (if ever they had any) had long since "fallen into the hands of the rich nobility" (p. 323). In other words, these Thêtes were no longer landed proprietors themselves, and they had no land to give in pledge. At best they were simply suffered to live upon it as Hektemorioi; and Schömann seems to think that, as such, they were placed under the almost impossible obligation of paying not one-sixth (as is generally supposed) but five-sixths of the produce to their lord. By the measure known as the Seisactheia Solon, he holds, "provided that for the future the person of the debtor should cease to be pledged"; but the fact that it could be pledged seems to be evidence that he was not the owner of property which he could offer as security for his debt. He adds that Solon himself "boasts, in fragments of his poems which are still extant, of having removed from the mortgaged plots of land the pillars that served to show that they were thus pledged, and of having insured a return to their fatherland of many who had either fled to foreign countries to escape serfage, or had actually been sold by their creditors." But these creditors could only have been the owners of the soil, for Schömann has himself asserted that the debtors had already lost their land (if they ever owned any), and that their persons were pledged and their bodies liable to be sold if they failed to furnish the amount of produce expected from them. Clearly the money-lenders (if there were any who lent money at all) must also have been the landed proprietors, for these would never have dreamt of suffering their own serfs to pledge their persons to a set of professional usurers who might at any moment deprive them of their property. But, in truth, there is nothing in the language of Solon which countenances the notion that he was dealing with anything of the nature of a modern mortgage. He speaks of a peasantry horribly oppressed, confined in chains, and constantly sold out of the country, and of boundaries which, being fixed in many parts, he had removed from the black earth; and he goes on to speak of having set free the soil itself, which had heretofore been itself enslaved, before he mentions that he had rescued large numbers from foreign bondage. It seems abundantly clear that Solon was dealing with the religious ownership of the land by Eupatrids, and with the outward signs of that ownership which were invested with an inviolable sacredness. It needed no small courage thus to make away with his neighbour's landmarks, and so to declare the serf a free man, who, if he owned no soil himself, was yet bound only to pay a certain amount of produce or money to the owners simply as a rent, this amount being no doubt very much smaller than that which had been squeezed out of him under the old system. In short, by this great measure Solon called into being for the first time a body of free labourers; but it can scarcely be said that Schömann's account of this momentous change is as vivid as he may have supposed it to have been.

The picture which our author draws of the decline and fall of the Athenian State we regard with not less misgiving. To the wonderful efforts made by the people after the catastrophe

at Syracuse he does full justice: but it seems scarcely fair to say that they "gave ear" to the counsels of those who "declared it was necessary to undertake a transformation of the democratic constitution that had hitherto existed into a more oligarchic or aristocratic system of government." The fact is that they were bullied into obedience by men who cheated them with what they knew to be a flat falsehood as to the intentions and wishes of the Persian King; and it is by no means easy to see why, as Schömann insists, we must concede that some share in bringing about the change is to be ascribed to the "sound sense" of the people, and that otherwise it would not have been carried out so easily. He is obliged to add that another part of the people—namely, the army at Samos—held fast to the democracy and did not trust to the promises of the oligarchs. Surely, if sound sense was exhibited anywhere, it was exhibited by these Athenians who deliberately declared that Athens had revolted from them. It is not a question of the merits or demerits of oligarchy. The usurpation of the Four Hundred brought nothing but disaster and calamity to Athens. The misery of the time was not redeemed by the faintest alleviation of the general wretchedness; and we cannot but feel a certain distrust in the guidance of a critic who thus fails to note some of the most important features of a memorable time. After all, this is but saying that the book is one about which the reader should carefully exercise his own judgment; and the reservation in no way detracts from the great value of the treatise as a whole. The work of the translators, we need only add, has been admirably done.

EPISODES OF ANGLO-INDIAN HISTORY.*

THIS book is written to supply a want—that of a popular book on the history of British India "calculated to engage the attention of the ordinary reader." The ordinary reader is credited, however, with a considerable previous knowledge of the subject if he is to pursue it with advantage in Mr. Adams's pages, which, as must be the case with all such compilations, bristle with the names of persons and places to a degree necessarily somewhat bewildering to any one not already familiar with the subject. In fact, to attempt to write a history of India in which "the many difficult problems connected with our position in that country and our relations towards its people have been left untouched" must obviously fail to explain a great deal that needs to be explained if the narrative is to be intelligible. The truth is that a short popular history of India is from the nature of the case impracticable. An epitome becomes a mere inventory of names and places; and the so-called short histories and manuals are mainly of use as books of reference to those who are already well acquainted with the subject. The only way of making a short account of British Indian history generally readable would be to limit it to some short epoch; then the subject might be adequately treated within a moderate space. Of this book, which is limited to the military history of India, it may be said that the connecting passages are made as succinct as the nature of the case permits; but the military events with which it is concerned are narrated in the purely conventional style. The main facts are given of such and such a battle having been fought, and in a general way the result. But how it was won, and in what essential respects it differs from other battles, are points left to the reader's imagination to supply. The British soldier is always heroic and invincible; a sepoy is always a sepoy; and there is nothing in the book to indicate that any change had come over the organization of the Indian army from the time of Clive to that of Lord Gough, or that the composition of the native armies opposed to us had undergone any development. Of course, when history is written in this uncritical fashion, all the old mistakes of former writers crop up again. Thus we are told that the army of Nazir Jung which advanced on Pondicherry in 1749 was "a formidable army, in truth, for it consisted of 300,000 men, one half of whom were cavalry, with 800 guns and 1,300 elephants." This account is purely mythical; 150,000 cavalry, even if they had ever been collected, could not have been kept together for a single day in that country. To speak of this rabble as an army at all is misleading, as well as the comparison between the strength of the so-called opposing forces. "The forces of the allies did not exceed 40,000 men." But forty thousand or even four thousand men would be just as good as forty million of such a rabble; in fact, as the event proved, a few hundreds of the right sort were sufficient to overthrow these "armies with almost ridiculous ease." The Indian princes had not then learned the secret of military organization.

When our author does venture upon a criticism of his own it is often inappropriate. Thus, speaking of the first indecisive day at Ferozeshuhur, Mr. Adams says:—"The British had suffered so severely that the prudent counsel—from a military point of view—to retire to Ferozepur was given by some experienced officers." As if on the battle-field, when two armies are struggling for mastery, there could be any other point of view than a military one from which to survey the position. In fact, however, so far from such counsel being prudent, retirement on that occasion would have been madness. A great many officers, whether experienced or otherwise, had lost their heads on that eventful night, and, as always happens in such cases, the course which appears to give the momentary chance of escape will be seized on, no matter how great the ultimate danger—else why do armies allow themselves to be cut to pieces by running away?—but if we had retreated from Ferozeshuhur we should very probably have lost India. There were no reserves to speak of, and the beaten army would never have reached them. Happily, there were a few men in the army, including the Governor-General, who had not lost their heads, and the course was adopted which alone offered a chance of safety—to attack again at daybreak. As always happens in these bloody battles, the enemy also had had quite enough fighting, and victory went to the side which had the last kick left in it. Speaking of the same army after Sobraon, Mr. Adams says:—"Two days later the whole British army, with camp followers, counted 100,000 men." So one might say of a rich nobleman, that his family, including his servants, numbered fifty children. In the description of the battle of Deig, fought by Lake's army against Holkar in 1805, we are told that "Fraser, the general in command in Lake's absence, was mortally wounded; but Colonel Monson succeeded to the command, and by his courage and coolness retrieved his impaired reputation." This is a specimen of the inept criticism which pervades the book. Monson was a man of conspicuous bravery, his reputation in which respect had never been impaired. What he lacked was decision of character when placed in independent command, a defect which unfortunately he showed signally on this occasion, stopping the advance of the army just as the victory was won, and allowing the enemy to get away without being punished. "How can one account," wrote Lord Lake to the Governor-General on this occasion, "for a man who is as brave as a lion losing his head entirely when any responsibility is placed on him?" When he comes to the Indian Mutiny, Mr. Adams follows Sir John Kaye implicitly, and naturally falls into a good many pitfalls. Thus he adopts unhesitatingly the account of Havelock's so-called "battles" in his first advance on Cawnpore. Havelock in his despatches described numerous battles as having been fought on this advance, and as no lists of casualties accompanied the reports, the view was accepted at the time. But when the returns came to hand it was found that no one had been either killed or wounded. In fact, no battles had been fought. The rebels on these occasions would not stay to oppose our advance, which was thus a mere armed demonstration, although there was plenty of hard fighting later on. Kaye in his description says of one of these demonstrations that "it was scarcely a battle, but it was a consummate victory; our Enfield rifles and our guns would not permit a conflict"; thus showing, under the haze of the words employed, a suspicion that he was talking nonsense. Mr. Adams quotes the account as if it were an appropriate description of what took place. Nevertheless, after all abatement made for these faults, Mr. Adams's book may be recommended as bringing together a record of all our Indian campaigns within the compass of a single volume.

It is very noticeable that those of our Indian wars which have been most stubbornly contested have also been the most decisive. The Mahratta war of 1803-4 is a case in point. Never were British troops exposed to so hot a fire as at Assaye, and not even at Waterloo did any regiment suffer so heavily as did the 74th on that day. In truth it afforded quite a new experience of Eastern warfare. In our previous wars we had not found the Mahrattas formidable foes. Indeed the famous Colonel Goddard marched right across India with a brigade of Bengal Sepoys which had not the support of a single British soldier. And in our wars with Mysore, in which the Mahrattas had acted as allies, they had been of but little use, and had not impressed us with their fighting power. Their organization under French officers, and the collection of the great artillery equipment of which in due course we relieved them, were effected afterwards, and in a very few years. Certainly neither the Governor-General nor his illustrious brother at all anticipated the hard fighting in store for the British forces. And it is remarkable that the troops opposed to Lake in Northern India fought much better at a later period of the campaign, as at Laswari and Deig—in fact after they had got rid of their European officers than they did at the beginning before Alighur and Delhi. It cannot be said that the battles fought by Lord Lake were ever really critical, but under a less determined man than General Wellesley the issue of Assaye might certainly have been different; and, if so, the course of Indian history would have taken a very different turn, although of course that might be said of what has happened at every point in our onward course. One result, however, of our hard fighting was that when the enemy gave in, they gave in completely. They, too, had had quite enough; it took many years for the Mahrattas to show head again. The conquest of the Sikhs was still more difficult and still more complete. Here, too, we altogether underestimated our opponents at the outset. It is a singular thing that, although our officers crossed and recrossed the Punjab during the first Afghan war, and had abundant opportunities of seeing the Sikh army, they all seemed to have formed a poor opinion of it. The detachments from the Sikh army which co-operated with us in the second advance on Cabul were thought to show no stomach for fighting. And probably it was in consequence of this that, although the coming struggle with the Sikhs was distinctly foreseen by the Indian Government, no adequate precautions were taken to meet it; the army was neither concentrated on the frontier nor supplied with proper magazines, and eventually their invasion of our territories took us by surprise. Then was fought the most indecisive and, excepting Sobraon, the most bloody battle we ever fought in

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* *Episodes of Anglo-Indian History: a Series of Chapters from the Annals of British India, showing the Rise and Progress of our Indian Empire.* By W. Davenport Adams. London: Marlborough & Co.

India. By the end of the day the native troops had gone to pieces, as the phrase goes, and the greater part of the Europeans also were quite out of hand. But the enemy were still harder hit, and the Governor-General, like a true soldier, divined that the victory would rest with the side which showed the most tenacity; he got a remnant of his army together next morning, and with that made the decisive attack. Even then we only escaped by a lucky chance. Our ammunition was exhausted, and the men were worn out by their exertions, when a fresh Sikh army came up, only, as it happened, to retire. In this battle, as in the still more bloody one of Sobraon, the loss incurred, and the difficulty of carrying the enemy's position, were ascribed to the want of tactical ability shown by the Commander-in-Chief; but to the fact that the enemy was so severely punished by the stand-up mode of fighting adopted may be ascribed the unquestioning way in which the Sikhs, after one more struggle, accepted the position and their conquest, although of course many political conditions combined to conduce towards this result.

In our late war with Afghanistan we may note the same tendency to underrate the foe at starting. No one seems to have been aware of the enormous armament collected by Shere Ali at Cabul, and although the Afghans have nowhere made a good stand, still, had they turned their available means to proper use, our troops and resources might well have proved insufficient for the work they had to perform. Of course the obvious answer to this objection is that in war a great deal must be left to chance, and that it does not do to overvalue your enemy, especially in the East; which is quite true. The enemy may always be expected to blunder and to show want of nerve; and the boldest policy is usually the safest in war. Had we assaulted Sebastopol in September 1854, how many lives would have been saved in the long run! The speculation may also be suggested that it is because the Afghans have never yet been thoroughly punished in any action, that they are still so pugnaciously disposed. One such thrashing as we gave the Sikhs might bring them to terms. And, considering how small is the loss of life in action compared with that caused by disease, it may be matter for regret that the Afghans have never as yet given General Roberts and his gallant army the chance of trying the effect on them of a good stand-up fight.

HANDBOOK TO ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.*

THIS is the fitting completion of Mr. Murray's *Handbook to the English Cathedrals*, of which the first instalment, including the Southern cathedrals, was published as long ago as 1861. The promise given at the outset, of supplying a series of works which might serve both as a history and as a guide on the spot, has been fully made good; and the whole of the existing cathedrals of England and Wales have been described and illustrated with a scientific accuracy and a refined appreciation which merit the highest praise. Truro is an apparent exception to this statement. But that which now serves as the cathedral of the revived Cornish diocese is a mere parish church, which is to be absorbed in the stately building about to rise from the designs of Mr. Pearson, the first stone of which is to be laid by the Prince of Wales, as Duke of Cornwall, on the 20th of next month. When built, the cathedral of St. Mary's, Truro, will not be unworthy to take rank, "for grace, for simplicity, for religiousness"—to quote the words of Bishop Benson—among the cathedrals of England; but at present the design exists only on paper. Of the four new sees created by Mr. Cross's Act, Southwell alone has a church which is quite up to the mark as a cathedral, though Newcastle approaches it. This series of handbooks may be therefore regarded as for the present closed. More than one similar handbook may be, and, we trust, is, in contemplation. Westminster Abbey imperatively demands a sister volume based, like this one, on the volume of "Memorials" compiled by its Dean, which, we believe, gave the first impulse to Dean Milman's enterprise. A series is also required illustrative of the minsters and chief monastic churches of England, in which the future cathedral of Southwell may appropriately occupy the first place. The names of such noble fanes as Beverley and Selby, Sherborne and Christchurch, Romsey and Tewkesbury, and others which will at once occur to our readers, will show that such volumes would hardly, if at all, yield to the Cathedral Handbooks in interest and attractiveness. This series finished, a third might appropriately include our principal ruined abbeys, such as Fountains and Rievaulx, Netley and Glastonbury, Buildwas and Wenlock. But we are perhaps looking too far ahead.

The volume before us is distinguished from its predecessors in authorship as well as subject. The other volumes of the series were the work of the late accomplished antiquary, Mr. Richard J. King, to whom we are indebted for several of the best of the English County Handbooks—especially of those excellent types of their class, the Handbooks to Devon and Cornwall. But even if Mr. King's premature death—an irreparable loss to archæology—had not necessitated a change of plan, the ground was already occupied both by Dean Milman and Mr. William Longman. It was therefore wisely decided that this handbook should not be a new work, but "an abridgment of the 'Annals,' retaining as far as possible the Dean's text unaltered."

* *Handbook to the Cathedrals of England.—St. Paul's.* With Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1879.

Dean Milman's materials have been recast, and brought down to the present time, with the addition of sufficient architectural details. Those of the present fabric are mainly derived from Mr. Longman's *History of the Three Cathedrals dedicated to St. Paul in London*, which we reviewed on its publication, and which was to a large extent compiled chiefly from the writings of Mr. Joseph Gwilt and of Sir Henry Ellis, with the assistance of the Cathedral surveyor, Mr. Penrose. The history of the Cathedral is traced from its foundation by Mellitus, the companion of St. Augustine, on a site already devoted to pagan worship, to its rebuilding, after its destruction by fire, by Bishop Maurice, Chaplain and Chancellor to William the Conqueror, and Bishop Richard de Belmeis, in the "novel transmarine style of building" introduced from Normandy. We read in succession of the addition of the choir and extended eastern limb—the site of the shrine of St. Erkenwald—by Roger the Black and his successors in the episcopate in the latter half of the thirteenth century; the demolition of its spire, the loftiest in the world, and its roof by lightning in 1561; the repair of the ruined fabric as "a national work"; its costly but ill-judged restoration by Inigo Jones, with the addition of the magnificent but most incongruous Corinthian portico at the west end, intended to put a stop to the desecration of the nave, or "Paul's walk," by providing a covered place for the mixed rabble who had been accustomed to make of its consecrated aisles a market, an exchange, and a place of assignation, and thus "eject from the church itself those whom it was impracticable to expel entirely from the precincts." Then follows the narrative of the foul desecration of the cathedral during the Civil Wars, when the body of the church became a cavalry stable and its aisles cavalry barracks, and the portico was let out for mean shops to sempstresses and hucksters, and the historical monuments were "left to the idle amusement of the rude soldiers." The extensive scheme of repair proposed after the Restoration by Sir Christopher Wren was frustrated by the Fire of London, which gave the great architect a plausible excuse for the destruction of all that remained of the old cathedral, and its rebuilding from the foundations on an entirely new plan. The history of the rebuilding, and the architectural description of the edifice, are preceded by a notice of the chief monuments that adorned the old edifice, the most notable of which were those of John of Gaunt and his wife Constance, and of John of Beauchamp, so signally misappropriated to "good Duke Humphrey," who thus became "the patron of dinnerless parasites," of which, as well as of the shrouded effigy of Dr. Donne, which mainly, and of the recumbent effigy of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Chancellor Bacon's father, which partially escaped the conflagration of 1666, there are woodcuts. Dr. Donne's monument has lately been removed from the crypt and replaced in the upper church.

A considerable portion of the volume is occupied by a compendious notice of the modern monuments with which the naked walls and vacant recesses of the cathedral have been peopled; and certainly, whatever exception may justly be taken in too many instances to their design and execution, to the great improvement of the general effect of this still somewhat cold and uninspiring interior. Beginning with the statue of Howard the philanthropist, erected in 1796, in whose case "admiration of the highest Christian charity" "extorted the first triumph over the inveterate prejudice" against the admission of monumental sculpture into the cathedral, and those of Johnson (whose semi-nude figure too vividly recalls a burly fellowship-porter who, having just set down his load, is stripping for a wash), his friend Reynolds—to whom the vergers counsel all preachers, new to the pulpit, to direct their discourses if they wish to be heard—and Sir William Jones, which occupy the four most conspicuous positions under the dome—the Handbook passes in review the more interesting of these "vast masses of marble," exhibiting "Fames and Victories and all kinds of unmeaning allegories, gallant men fighting and dying in every conceivable or hardly conceivable attitude," which in the course of the last eighty years "have risen on every side, on every wall, under every arch." The roll of naval and military heroes, who form the majority of the series, is not inappropriately broken by memorials of Middleton, the first, and Heber, the most celebrated, of our Indian bishops, as well as of Bishop Blomfield (by G. Richmond), the solitary Bishop of London commemorated in his own cathedral, and Dean Milman, of whose altar tomb, with a recumbent effigy of Williamson, there is a woodcut. Of his successor in the decanal stall, Dean Mansel, the consummate metaphysician and profound logician, the only memorial—hardly adequate to his merits—is a painted window by Hardman, in the Morning Chapel, which also contains a mosaic by Salviati to the memory of Archdeacon Hale, whose name was so long and so intimately connected with this cathedral. The later additions to this monumental sculpture gallery include the two Sir Charles Napiers, Sir Henry Lawrence, Hallam, Turner, Marochetti's huge black marble portal in the north aisle—mistaken by some for a short way of exit for hungry visitors to the bun-shop opposite—bearing the name of Lord Melbourne and his diplomatist brother; and the series closes with Mr. Stevens's long-looked-for monument to the Duke of Wellington, the latest, and by far the noblest, of the sepulchral memorials with which St. Paul's is decorated or encumbered, of which we had the opportunity of giving a critical description shortly after its completion. A woodcut indicates the general arrangement and motive of this very striking work, and shows how much the composition has suffered by the loss of the equestrian statue which the sculptor intended should sur-

mount the whole—sacrificed, it is said, to a poor jest of Dean Milman's, about the "great Duke riding into the Cathedral atop of his own monument." Happily it is not too late to add this feature, so essential to the completeness of the design, to which we are somewhat surprised to observe no reference in the letterpress. We may pass from the cenotaph to the tomb of Wellington, a sarcophagus of Cornish porphyry—"wrought in the simplest and severest style, unadorned, and, because unadorned, more grand and impressive"—in the crypt, eastward of the one which, designed and executed by Torrigiano for Cardinal Wolsey, and left lying neglected for centuries in the Tomb House at Windsor, now encases the coffin of England's great naval deliverer, Lord Nelson.

This crypt, forming a second and "under" church—not truly subterranean, as, from the elevation of the main floor, it is entirely above ground—corresponding in all its parts and arrangements with the upper church, has been of late years rescued from the neglect to which it had been doomed, and brought into vital connexion with the religious life of the cathedral. Walls have been thrown down, encumbering partitions removed, windows have been opened and glased, and—the most important alteration of all—an altar has been placed at the east end, appropriate fittings have risen around it, a tesselated pavement has been laid down, and the once dark, dreary, and useless vault has been converted into a chapel, and that not for show but for regular use. However we may rejoice at such an employment of the crypt, it certainly never entered into the calculations of the great architect of St. Paul's, who left its interior entirely devoid of the slightest approach to ornament, wearing "the appearance of a rock-hewn cave," devoted to the purposes of interment. Wren himself lies buried under a black marble slab at the east end of the south aisle, while "at his feet repose a long line of the artists who have done honour to England," from Reynolds, West, and Lawrence down to Turner, who lies, according to his dying request, as near as possible to Sir Joshua Reynolds, but not "as, in one of his fits of ill humour with the world, he had willed," in his "Carthage"—now one of the chief ornaments of the National Gallery—as a shroud. The great sculptors, Flaxman, Chantry, Westmacott, are elsewhere; but the sister art of architecture has some of her sons sleeping by the side of her great English representative. The crypt contains the graves of Mylne, the builder of the former Blackfriars Bridge, whose graceful arches and Ionic columned piers have not yet quite passed out of memory; and of "the skilful disciple, the almost worshipper of Wren, long the faithful custodian of Wren's works and of Wren's fame, Charles Robert Cockerell." One of the illustrations of the Handbook represents the Crypt Chapel, with its simple but appropriate fittings. Another woodcut, copied from Hollar, depicts the crypt of the former cathedral, used as the parish church of St. Faith, destroyed in the Fire of 1666, certainly not to the advantage of its modern successor. With all our admiration for Wren's architectural genius, we confess that the contrast of the clustered columns, the long-drawn groined vault, the carved bosses, and moulded capitals and bases with the almost savage nakedness of Wren's crypt is a painful one. It must, however, be remembered that the earlier structure was constructed for use as a parish church, while Wren's crypt was, as we have said, simply a basement story not intended for the public eye.

The just admiration entertained by Dean Milman for Wren and his works, especially for the cathedral over which for nearly nineteen years he presided, together with his strong predilection for Classical over Gothic architecture, blinded him to the real merits of the vast edifice on the ruins of which Wren's structure rose. Judging it simply from Hollar's plates, devoid as they are of all artistic feeling and full of evident inaccuracies, executed after the conflagration of the spire and roofs had deprived the cathedral of some of its most striking features, and the restoration by Inigo Jones—the first example of cathedral restoration in England, and of evil omen for subsequent works of the same nature—had drawn a smooth classical skin over the stern ruggedness of the vast Norman nave, and, with utter disregard to the original design, had refashioned the whole exterior "as suited his own notions of proportion and symmetry," Dean Milman pronounces Old St. Paul's "a gloomy, ponderous pile—with disproportioned aisles and transepts, and a low, square, somewhat clumsy tower," with "nothing to distinguish it" beyond its "vast size."—which "of all England's more glorious cathedrals could have been best spared." No verdict could be more unjust. Instead of being forced to "bow its head before the cathedrals of many of our provincial cities," Old St. Paul's must have stood as supereminent among them for architectural interest and varied beauty of design as for dimensions. Had Dean Milman enjoyed the advantage of seeing Mr. Edmund Ferrey's admirable restoration of Old St. Paul's—reduced copies of which are to be found in Mr. Longman's book—with all his appreciation of the "splendour and beauty of the proportions" of the new cathedral, he would have more adequately realized the immense and irreparable loss which mediæval architecture sustained in the destruction of its predecessor. With its twelve-bayed nave and twelve-bayed choir—the former a stately example of Norman, akin to Ely and Peterborough, and with the advantage over them of having a groined roof—the latter of the same date and style as the matchless Angel choir of Lincoln, and rivalling it in delicacy of design as it surpassed it in height, only eighteen inches less than Westminster Abbey; its five-bayed transepts reaching to the unexampled length of 340 feet, only ten feet short of the whole length of Chester Cathedral, and exceeding that of Hereford by fifteen feet; its enormously lofty and, even after the loss of its leaden steeple, majestic tower, with its graceful flying buttresses; its gorgeous Catherine-wheel window, nearly forty feet in diameter in the east front (surely this cannot be the "rose window" styled by the Dean "poor and insignificant"); its two-storied cloister (a singular arrangement reproduced at a later time in the still existing cloisters attached to St. Stephen's Chapel at Westminster), interesting fragments of which, as well as of the lofty octagonal Chapter House which stood embosomed in its graceful arcades, have recently rewarded Mr. Penrose's investigations—the effect of Old St. Paul's, both without and within, must have been one of overpowering magnificence. But "for the grace, which absolutely fascinates the eye," of the matchless exterior of the present cathedral, we should find it very difficult to pardon Wren for the remorseless decision with which he blew up and battered down the scorched walls and pillars to which the "obstinate piety" of Sancroft, then Dean, still clung. The fact that "a temporary choir had been hastily put up at the west end" proves that the nave at least had preserved its roof and was not beyond repair, and it is more than probable that the whole cathedral might have been restored, if the great architect had been so disposed. But he wanted a clear field for carrying out his grand idea, conceived long before the Fire, of a "vast auditory in the centre of the church, rising into a rotundo bearing a cupola, and then ending in a lantern," the gradual development of which may be traced in the All Souls' drawings; and we can hardly be surprised at his pronouncing the repairs of the half-calcined ruins hopeless, and "clearing away every vestige of the ancient fabric," that he might "build a new one worthy of the nation and of the City—the Christian nation, the Christian city."

The suggestion which has been thrown out that Wren's first design for St. Paul's should be erected as the cathedral of the new see of Liverpool gives an additional temporary interest to the woodcuts of the northern elevation and of the ground-plan. The exterior strikes us as decidedly heavy. The cupola certainly wants "the majestic, yet airy swelling"—to adopt Dean Milman's felicitous description—of the present dome; and the mode in which it rises through the roof, as Mr. Fergusson has remarked, detaches it still more from the main body of the church than in the present edifice, and injures the unity of the composition. The somewhat *mesquin* single cupola covering the western vestibule—there is no proper nave—is a poor substitute for the lovely campaniles, so exquisitely proportioned to the façade, and, in their broken outlines and contrasted curves, forming such a perfect foil to the calm majesty of the central dome, which grace the present west front; while the huge windows which occur at intervals, big enough for a loaded stage-waggon to drive through, are certainly very ugly features. The whole is weighed down by a cumbrous attic running round the building above the principal order. As far as the exterior is concerned, we may fairly congratulate ourselves that the opposition of those in authority—whether of the Duke of York, according to Spence's somewhat apocryphal anecdote, or, as seems more probable, of the bishops and clergy on the Commission, who thought the design not enough of a cathedral fashion, and were startled by the novelty of "a quire designed circular" and the absence of "aisles or naves"—proved insurmountable, and that Wren was compelled (the story goes that he did it with tears) to lay aside his first design and proceed to the conception of another.

It seems that in another important respect Wren was overruled by the Commission. The close screen which long divided the choir from the dome area is proved, by the substructure in the crypt, to have formed no part of his original plan, in which the organ found a place under one of the side arches of the choir, where, indeed, it will be remembered, it stood temporarily after its dethronement from the screen. We have lately seen a return to Wren's original intentions in the partial removal and lowering of the Commissioners' "heavy, clumsy, misplaced iron fence" which so long "compressed the cathedral in its gloomy gaol," hiding its proportions from all but "those who were admitted within the gates, usually inexorably closed." The words of the ill-treated, maligned, thwarted architect descending with sorrow to his grave, as Pope records in a "sad line" given by Dean Milman, show Wren's conviction that the judgment of posterity would be with him. "As for the iron fence, it was wrested from me, and the doing it carried on in a way that I may venture to say will be condemned."

On the various schemes suggested for the decoration of the interior of St. Paul's the author of the new matter of the Handbook cautiously forbears to enter. After referring to the mosaics already executed by Salviati from Mr. Watts's designs in the spandrels of the dome arches, and the unfortunate painted windows of the apse, carried out in defiance of all true principles of their art from Schnorr's designs, he continues (p. 95, note):—

> Much doubt has, however, been expressed as to the effect of introducing painted glass to any considerable extent into St. Paul's, and until some consistent general scheme of decoration has been adopted, it seems scarcely desirable to give any detailed description of particular experimental improvements.

It ought to be mentioned that the history and description of the edifice are followed, as in the other volumes of the series, by a history of the See and short biographical sketches of the Bishops, with the addition of memoirs of a few of the more eminent Deans. This

appendix, being almost entirely derived from Dean Milman's larger work, is naturally of high excellence. The additions necessary to bring it down to the present time, including the life of the Dean himself, are quite worthy of their position.

A DREAMER.*

THE hero of this story, Philip Temple, starts with being "the anxiety, the bugbear, the volcano," of his family, and ends with marrying the heroine and writing M.P. after his name. His progress is by no means an easy one, for not only does he in the course of the story get engaged to another woman, but the heroine also gets engaged to another man. In such embarrassments are they involved by about the middle of the second volume, that he proposes to her that they shall both at the same time destroy themselves. "That they might lose their identity in the awful step into another world did not occur to him." Griselda, the heroine, was, fortunately, a little more prudent, and scarcely liked this leap in the dark. "To her, who knew nothing about the next world, the idea of death did not wholly obliterate the idea of parting." Her lover points out to her that they will "not be the first who have chosen hell to be together." "Griselda paled. 'Why must we choose hell?' she asked faintly." Happily there did not seem to be any very satisfactory answer to this question, and so they decided—elected, they would no doubt have said—to go on living. The reader will perceive from this hasty sketch of the plot that the story is one full of striking contrasts. It is not one that is very easy to follow or to describe, for it is full of complications. Moreover it is so very dull that it is almost impossible to summon up sufficient patience to master the plot. We have not only Philip Temple, the hero, but his rival, Ralph Lindsay, who dies of a fever; his future wife's brother, who commits forgery and dies in gaol; her father, who is a gambler and who seems to have been murdered; her uncle, who conceals a will and robs her of her inheritance, but dies penitent; her cousin and rival, who hides her father's penitence and carries on the fraud, and a male cousin, "who had no internal conscience. Any conscience he possessed was external." Besides all these we have a minor villain or two, an old family lawyer, a benevolent family doctor, a good clergyman and his gentle wife, an uncle and general who dies in the nick of time, an old cabinet with a secret drawer, scenery, metaphors, big words, philosophy, and rant. We have, indeed, a maze through which it is our hard task to attempt to guide our readers. Our only chance of not losing ourselves would seem to lie in sticking as close to the hero possible.

Philip Temple, then, was in his early manhood, as we have already said, an anxiety, a bugbear, and a volcano. He had at college sewn a crop of wild oats which had, we are told, been quickly regretted and forsaken. The metaphor seems to be somewhat confused, but the result was satisfactory. He was a martyr to theories, but he was now bent on virtuous courses. "The pendulum of his nature," as we read in another metaphor, which again is more satisfactory than intelligible, "having rebounded from the quarter to which his short course of recklessness had swung him, he was now more demonstrably virtuous than was exactly natural to him." Though we shall not be so rude as to require our author to explain the action of the pendulum, yet perhaps we may venture to ask what she means when she calls her hero "demonstrably virtuous." Had she said "demonstratively virtuous" she might perhaps have justified the expression which, as it now stands, is demonstrably meaningless. But to return to our hero. Finding himself without employment, "he suddenly accepted a subordinate post offered to him in a Government mission to Paris." A Government mission to Timbuctoo or to Khiva would have seemed more likely in these latter days than one to Paris; but then in neither of these places was the heiress Miss Agnes Mortimer to be found. She was a grand, dignified creature, with a cool, stately hand, and stately tenderness, whose beauty was rather that of a goddess than of a nymph. At this time the real heroine, Griselda Mortimer, was but a child; moreover, she was still unknown to the hero. Philip Temple therefore at once fell in love with the dignified creature, and was accepted. Soon after her father died, and she came into the ancestral estate. On his marriage he was to become through her the owner of Salehurst, and "to exercise his vocation of first-rate country gentleman." Salehurst was a place well worth owning, for it not only possessed the finest beech-trees in the county, but also it had a bedchamber in which Queen Elizabeth had reposed her regal head. The people of the neighbourhood had already begun to touch their hats to him with much respect as he passed, when the old family lawyer behaved in the most unlawyerlike manner. He told Philip that Agnes's grandfather, a short time before he died, had made a second will by which he had left the estate to Griselda's father, the gambler William Mortimer. This will, however, had never been found. The reader now understands the mysterious utterances of Agnes's penitent father, who, on his death-bed, had told her that he wished that a certain document should be found and acted upon at once. Philip insists that she should make restitution. She replies that, if her uncle went to law about it, there could be no question of the verdict. He rejoins, in terms that might puzzle the Lord Chancellor himself, "The law deals with generalities. It knows nothing of the great law of exceptivity." Exceptivity or not, she sticks to her estate and loses her lover. He goes home to his father. The old gentleman, knowing nothing of the old family lawyer, the hidden will, and the great law of exceptivity, naturally enough begins to talk about Agnes. His son merely said "'Agnes?' while his eyes gazed further away than ever." "What are you looking at?" asked the old gentleman; "what do you see?"—

> "A forest," said Philip, turning and fixing his eyes on his father, who involuntarily started—this strange son of his was so unaccountable and irrelevant in his speech—"and a man passing through it. The forest is dark and bewildering, and the man has lost his way. He is pursued by strange creatures and wild voices, and eyes staring at him." Philip shuddered himself, and paused for a moment; then he continued, smiling—"That is the conventional beginning, is it not? Can you guess what follows? The man is going on, following a rising path with a stream flowing beside and beneath it. The path leads westward. If he walks on, he thinks the sun will overtake him. There is a beautiful form waiting for him, with jewels flashing on her brow. She takes his hand to lead him. They go on together. He is following the same westward path, but he thinks it is she who is guiding him. The path is smooth now, edged with moss and flowers. Sometimes she drops a jewel, and he picks it up and treasures it. They are in the sunlight. It has overtaken him. He feels the light and the warmth, and calls on her to rejoice. But the sun has been too much for her: she is gone—melted—lost. He is alone. He has only the jewels left which she did not value. Yet he feels the sunshine. He cannot leave it. He is in the right path. He can't go back to find her, and she is vanished. She can't come to him—in the sunlight. Have you understood the parable, father?"

The father had not understood the parable. Indeed, unless he had spent his lifetime in reading silly novels, we do not see how he could have had a chance of even guessing at its meaning.

Philip went to live in London, where he studied Sanskrit, and was attended by an old man and woman imported from Whitechapel. In a few years he became of so much importance in the world that his communications to the editor were always inserted in the *Times*. He had meanwhile become very intimate with one Ralph Lindsay. Yet, if he had been prudent, he would have shunned him from the first. "Perhaps," the author says, "Philip was more susceptible to indefinable impressions than are most men. As he took Ralph's hand and met the look in his eyes, he felt a thrill run through his frame that made Ralph a person of importance in his sight from henceforth." These indefinable impressions are very useful to our lady novelists. They take the place which used to be held in our literature by gipsies and old women riding on broomsticks. Philip at once felt that, in some inexplicable manner, his lot was mingled with Ralph's. It was all a dim, undefined, incomprehensible sensation or revelation, but it robbed him of speech. How, we may again ask, though no longer in amazement, for we come far too often across such passages as these—how can any readers be found who will submit to so monstrous an insult being put upon their understandings as is implied in presenting to them such folly as this? Stories like these, we believe, are gravely read aloud in the family circle while crewel-work and embroidery go on, or while the obliging young curate holds the skein of wool as the thread is wound on the reel. Are there no Mr. Burchells left in the land, or Squire Henleys? Will no one shout out "Fudge," and no one venture to snatch the volume out of the hands of the fair reader and pitch it into the fire? But our indignation leads us too far from the particular instance of folly which must still occupy our attention. Ralph falls in love with Griselda, between whom and Philip had grown up at the same time "a very subtle relationship." Philip nevertheless was quite willing that Griselda should marry his friend; but Ralph saw that it was possible that "this subtle relationship might expand into mutual affection." Griselda hereupon talks to the hero about the temptations of life. These, it seems, according to this young lady's experience, "slap us in the face and stun us." As he was unable to make any reply to all this, they gazed into each other's eyes. The result of this gazing was by no means agreeable. "The future was impenetrable to them both; but the mysterious precursor of doom had laid his finger on them, and without recognizing him, they felt his presence." However, doom did not, as has been shown, trouble them very much in the end. A man who is to write M.P. after his name, and marry a heroine, might well have been confident throughout his career. Griselda, being defrauded of her property, gains her living by her voice, and becomes a famous singer. In spite of her brilliant success, it was generally prophesied that she would early quit her profession, and crystallize as a wife. She is pursued by a wicked Captain, with basilisk eyes. "She cringed from (*sic*) him," but a terrible doom seemed to be overtaking her. Where her difficulty lay in avoiding the villain is not very easy to see. At all events, in her despair, she becomes engaged to Lindsay as her only means of escape. Philip goes to see her, and takes her a present from her lover. "I feel choked, Lindsay, by presentiments," he exclaimed, before he started on his journey. "Lindsay," he adds, "did you ever speculate on the nearness of the unseen?" Matters get to so serious a pass that the author herself steps on to the scene, and, like a Greek chorus, exclaims, "I hear a rustling of the wings of Fate hovering round the head of her victim." Ralph gets a letter from his friend. He shivers as he opens it. He very wisely puts it down unread and makes himself a cup of tea. A few pages further on we have the chill touch of doom. Then, at a critical moment, a clock struck with the mellow (*sic*) suddenness that rouses one in deep stillness. Ralph discovers that Philip and Griselda are in love with each other, and at once falls into a fever and dies. He has just strength to write one word, "Traitor." Philip is full of remorse. "Why," he exclaims,

* *A Dreamer*. By Katharine Wylde. 3 vols. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1880.

"can't I believe in some panacea? Why can't I shoot myself, or burn my hand, or open my veins, and let myself bleed till I fall from weakness?" As he cannot do any of these things, he manages to live for one volume longer, and in the end, as we have said, obtains a most respectable position and a most eligible wife, considering that he began life as an anxiety, a bugbear, and a volcano.

OUR FUTURE HIGHWAY.*

CAPTAIN CAMERON'S journey from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf must have seemed child's play and unmixed pleasure after his expedition across Africa. And, although an accident or an awkward encounter is always possible in travelling through an unsettled and semi-barbarous country, on the whole there would appear to have been no great danger in accomplishing a singularly interesting tour. The Turkish officials are always disposed to be civil to Englishmen bringing credentials or letters of introduction; and the zaptiehs whom they supply as guides or escort shelter the travellers under the authority of the Government. Consuls, English or foreign, are always delighted to welcome Europeans who bring them the latest intelligence of the civilization from which they are banished; Christians of all creeds and races are pleased to have an opportunity of airing their grievances, in the hope that representations in influential quarters may possibly bring them compensation and redress; while the Arabs show their proverbial hospitality, especially if their visitors are so well armed as to be formidable. There is always the chance of being waylaid by one of those bands of robbers who infest some of the hill ranges and whose hands are against every man; but even against hazards of the kind the odds are considerable. At the same time the undertaking is by no means smooth sailing, though Captain Cameron's resources as a sailor and veteran explorer stood him of course in very good stead. Dealing with Orientals of all ranks demands almost as much tact and patience, firmness and good temper, as managing the headmen of African villages, and the rank and file of the trains of negro carriers. They will persist in throwing obstacles in the traveller's way, partly from private reasons of self-interest, partly from constitutional procrastination and apathy. Then the behaviour of the traveller's followers is perpetually involving him in trouble; and a quarrel in the midst of a fanatical population may lead to very serious consequences. As for rough accommodation, that is of course to be expected. In their tent, which they pitched when camping in the country, Captain Cameron and his companion could always make themselves comfortable. But for the most part their halting places were in villages or cities, and then they fell back on habitations of stone or mud. It was no unusual occurrence, when arriving late in the night, wearied, wet, and hungry, to experience extreme difficulty in obtaining admission even to the public khan or caravanserai. Sometimes it was occupied already by a caravan, or was in the possession of shepherds and their flocks. Sometimes the keeper, from ill-temper or fanaticism, positively refused to receive them, until menaced by some official whom they had to hunt up. And occasionally he had locked up the chambers and gone away with the key. The fact of there being doors to lock seems to infer a certain amount of civilization; but the luxurious accommodation of these cells was limited to the lock and key. In these cases, however, Captain Cameron's seamanlike handiness came into play. He set himself to give a homelike appearance to their temporary quarters, and this is how he succeeded at Orfa, the ancient Edessa:—

> A mere cell of a room, with a door and a window and rough stone walls, we had converted into a comfortable-looking apartment. Round the walls we had put the sides of our tent, and eked them out with plaids. Our trunks, covered with plaids and rugs, formed seats, and our table, covered with books and writing materials, was in the middle. Guns were ranged in order; and on some large nails, which we always carried for the purpose, were hung our pistols, belts, field-glasses, and compasses. Aneroids, thermometers, and watches were arranged on their board, and it looked quite as if we had taken a long lease of the place, instead of being mere wayfaring wanderers.

Of the ten alternative routes suggested by projectors of different nationalities for connecting the West with the East by railway, the line of march followed by Captain Cameron is that which he believes to be the most practicable. And though he cannot pronounce upon the others from actual comparison and personal observation, he surveyed that of his own choice carefully and scientifically, confirming his previous prepossessions in its favour. The engineering difficulties are nowhere considerable; the hilly ranges that cross it may be surmounted by easy gradients; the chief engineering works of any serious cost are bridges, with here and there a long viaduct; while over vast extents of alluvial plain the rails might be laid, league after league, with no labour beyond that of smoothing the road. As for the prospects of the line paying commercially, he argues that even in point of local traffic there is a good trade to be counted upon even at present by cutting the ground from under the feet of the camels who transport produce laboriously and at heavy charges; that the country, which has been lying fallow in many places for centuries, is as capable of vast production as ever it was; that the multiplication of the primitive machinery for irrigation would reclaim much of the alluvial plain of the Tigris lying along the sides of the projected line; and that, though local capitalists will never take the initiative, they are ready and even eager to come forward as shareholders if Europeans will show them the way.

Captain Cameron landed in Syria at Beirut, passed northwards by Baalbec, Homs, Hamah, and Aleppo to Orfa, whence he turned westwards by Mardin to the Tigris at Mosul; thence he followed the course of the river by Bagdad and Bassorah to the Persian Gulf. His route lay through the remains, or at all events over the sites, of some of the most venerable cities in the world, and he gives exceedingly interesting sketches of their histories. It is a matter for congratulation that some of these should have been buried out of sight and memory, like the ancient Nineveh. There, at all events, the monuments of the past may be brought to light by laborious excavation. Elsewhere, wars, sieges, and storms have done their work; a succession of modern towns have been built out of the old materials; and, except where you come on the traces of the foundations of walls, or on some once impregnable fortress established on the solid rock, it is almost impossible to identify the archæological features. Even the stupendous ruins of Baalbec are in process of steady demolition, and their obliteration can be only a question of time unless the authorities can be persuaded to interpose effectually. It is to be regretted that a site which has no special recommendations had not been abandoned to the Bedouins and the jackals. As it is, we are told that the indolent inhabitants quarry the ruins habitually for their houses and fences. "During the last half-century several of the principal rows of columns have disappeared." After the visit paid by Captain Burton some years ago, cramps of iron were driven in here and there, to support stones and columns that were tottering to their fall. Since then these cramps have been actually stolen for the sake of the metal; while "some of the enormous stones which form one of the principal features of the place have been drilled and blasted."

Captain Cameron repeats the familiar story of townsfolk, farmers, and peasants groaning alike under a Government that oppresses while it fails to protect them. And a state of things which has existed ever since the Ottoman occupation had been aggravated by the consequences of the prolonged war. Owing to the desperate financial straits of the Porte, taxation had been increased and unsparingly levied. The central power, having its attention directed elsewhere, had given even less heed than usual to complaints against the arbitrary proceedings of its governors. Many able-bodied men had been withdrawn from cultivation to be drafted into the armies. Captain Cameron, by the way, who saw some of the regiments returning, speaks in the highest terms of the Turks as material for troops, though the officers neglected their duties disgracefully. But, above all, the inhabitants of certain unfortunate districts complained with much reason of their hard position, placed between the inexorable agents of their Government and the Bedouins. The sheikh of a village near Aleppo came out to ride some distance with the Christian travellers. The tale he had to tell was melancholy enough. The Bedouins, he said, used to levy black-mail on him, protecting him in return against the tax-collectors. Ten years before, the Turks sent a force of mounted riflemen, who kept the Bedouins at a distance and collected contributions for the State. At the outbreak of the war that flying corps was withdrawn. The Bedouins returned, exacted the full arrears of their black-mail, and further revenged themselves by refusing to interfere with the tax-gatherers who collected the increased war-taxes. Another class greatly to be pitied were the prisoners, who experienced precisely the same treatment whether under sentence following on conviction or while merely waiting their trial. Captain Cameron describes the scene in the prison of Bab, a small town only eighteen miles from Aleppo. In a vast arched chamber on the ground-floor, enclosed in front by a massive wooden grating and guarded by sentries with loaded muskets, were crowded together prisoners of all ages, some in chains and some unfettered. The offences they were charged with ranged from murder to inability to pay the Government taxes. Those who had money might buy food and tobacco; and in their Oriental acquiescence in the decrees of destiny they made themselves merry enough. The majority who had no money were in the extremity of starvation, so that the innocent peasant, who was merely a pauper, suffered far more than the murdering robber who had had the opportunity of emptying the purse of his victim. At the same time Captain Cameron remarks that no actual cruelty was intended. The state of things was simply due to the indifference which leaves an exhausted beast of burden to be devoured alive by jackals and vultures, instead of mercifully putting it out of its misery. As for the Christians, who were full of grievances which they expressed with much voluble plausibility, their lot seemed to be in no way exceptionally lamentable. Though they might have difficulty in obtaining redress for some particular outrage, their complaints of injustice when they were asked to state them in detail generally resolved themselves into vague generalities.

The hospitality which Captain Cameron received might sometimes have been oppressive to a man who had not gone through a course of rough cookery among the native chieftains of Central Africa. One improvised banquet which he describes was a fair sample of many. It was offered by a certain Mohammed Pasha, who had the reputation of being a notorious robber, and had stolen the affix of "Pasha" among other things. He had given

* *Our Future Highway.* By Verney Lovett Cameron, C.B., Commander, R.N. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

himself rank as a Pasha by corrupting his family name, and found the title serviceable. Whether robber or not, Mohammed seems to have been a fine fellow, fond of adventure, sport, society, and good living, though his cooking left much to be desired according to Western ideas. On the centre of the carpet was served "a huge platter, on which was a pile of rice deluged with ghee, surmounted by a boiled sheep, chopped up into little pieces without any regard to joints or proportions of fat, lean, and gristle." This was surrounded by bowls of lentil soup and piles of Arab bread, and succeeded by a second course in which "figs, mutton, honey, rice, fowls, and soup were impartially mixed together by the company." An obtrusively hospitable old gentleman seated next to Captain Cameron kept a watchful eye on the proceedings of his guest, stuffing him like a capon with unctuous morsels rolled up in the form of balls, whenever he showed signs of flagging. But their travelling life, on the whole, was a varied and healthy one; and habitual exercise invigorated the digestive powers. As the march often followed the banks of the river, Captain Cameron had fair sport among waterfowl; and, though unsuccessful in his attempts on the wild boar, had some exciting days among the islands and jungles of the Tigris. But what he chiefly enjoyed was coursing the gazelle with greyhounds, having been fortunate in picking up some excellent dogs, and still more lucky in being admirably mounted. The day may come when through travellers to our Eastern possessions by the Tigris valley route will break the journey among the mud flats of Mesopotamia for coursing and a little winter wild-fowl shooting.

IWANOFF'S BIBLE ILLUSTRATIONS.*

THESE Biblical compositions from the hand of a distinguished Russian painter present unaccustomed phases of art and conditions of mind. They take a new view of old themes—the Annunciation, the Announcement of the Angel to the Shepherds, and the Message to take the young Child and the Mother into Egypt; subjects which have grown somewhat threadbare under the reiterations of early and late Italian masters are here clothed afresh and reanimated by a life-giving spirit. And yet any originality which they may appear to possess may be assigned to ascertained causes. In the first place, we have here the voice of the Russian—that is, of the Greek—Church; hence these illustrations of the Old and New Testament differ from the readings of Giotto, Fra Angelico, Raffaelle, and other masters who laboured in the service of the Latin Church. And then, again, this allegiance to the Greek Church and to the Empire of the East naturally induces an affiliation to the art types and traditions of Byzantium; hence in these compositions are found surviving pictorial traits which throughout Western Europe have long since died out. Further, it is not to be forgotten that Alexander Iwanoff was by birth and in his sympathies Russian; and accordingly his style stands aloof from Southern systems, and claims close consanguinity with Northern lands and semi-civilized races, reflecting ethnological types which hitherto have been strangers to the world of art. The combined products of these causes strike the English eye as somewhat abnormal; yet all the more do these reproductions from the portfolios of an artist who in arduous endeavour was sustained by noble motive open a field for interesting speculation.

The life and labours of Alexander Iwanoff are little known beyond the Russian frontier, and the notice accompanying these chromo prints tells little more than that the painter was born in 1806 and died in 1858. We will add a few data which happen to have fallen under our own observation. The rise of modern art in Russia has been rapid; the growth can hardly be said to be indigenous to the soil, for there was no natural stratum out of which the stunted plant could spring; and so flower and fruit had to be fostered and forced as exotics. In fact, it soon became evident that Russia could not easily rear at home the art she needed, and that the shortest way was to transplant the painter bodily to warmer latitudes and brighter skies, where such latent talents as might exist would meet with the best chance of development. Accordingly a branch of the St. Petersburg Academy was founded on the banks of the Tiber, and students, finding the surroundings congenial, not unfrequently prolonged their sojourn in the Eternal City indefinitely; and hence it happens that the rarest products of the Russian school, such as the designs here before us, have been nurtured and matured in Italy. Iwanoff, though looked upon by the community of artists dwelling in Rome as a recluse, belonged to a goodly company. Almost all the great painters of Russia, such as Lossenko, Brulloff, Bruni, Neff, Gay, and Flavitsky, men who made a name throughout Europe by master-works like "The Last Days of Pompeii" and "The Brazen Serpent"—large, ambitious pictures, honoured by conspicuous positions within the Hermitage at St. Petersburg—perfected their academic and eclectic styles by persistent study in Rome. Alexander Iwanoff, in common with our countryman John Gibson, spent the best part of his life there; the thirty years during which he struggled to express noble thoughts in adequate pictorial form were associated with the labours of Thorwaldsen, Overbeck, Cornelius, and Gibson, all intent in their several ways on securing to the art of Central and Northern Europe a sound and vital revival.

Alexander Iwanoff overtaxed his physical power, though perhaps he scarcely over-rated his mental capacity, in pledging himself to immortality by one tremendous effort—a composition of thirty-five life-size figures representing the baptism of St. John on Jordan's banks with Christ appearing to the assembled people. The appreciative critic Count Raczynski, judging from preliminary studies, predicted that the picture would make an epoch in Russian art; and when we saw the completed work in the painter's studio about the year 1856, it had become the public talk of Rome. The artists in the Café Greco were unanimous in its praise; but Russia had hardly time to verify the verdict passed in its favour while fame or reward could come to the painter himself. The picture is in conception eminently original, as indeed are the designs now brought before the public. The multitude, draped and undraped, are gathered on the banks of the Jordan awaiting baptism; the Saviour in the distance approaches, but He is yet alone, and the silence and the solitude of the situation become impressive. The Baptist, clad in camel's hair, a dweller in woods and desert places, exclaims with upraised arms, "Behold the Lamb of God!" The art, as in the compositions here reproduced, is abnormal; the types are of a race almost aboriginal in form and physiognomy; the scene is laid neither in Italy nor in Palestine, but somewhere apparently far away as the wilds of Central Asia or Northern Siberia. Such are the wide-stretching geographic and ethnographic materials which Iwanoff gathered within the circuit of his far from homogeneous art. The painter died shortly after the victory he won. And the picture which we knew in Rome ere it had obtained distinction or gained a worthy destination, we met ten years later holding a conspicuous place in the public gallery of Moscow. The traits which strike Western Europeans as strange in type seem to seize strongly on the minds of the faithful in the Eastern or Russian Church. The popularity achieved by this almost repellent composition is attested by its publication as a coloured print sold in the streets at the price of a few pence. The Russian peasant has a craving for Biblical and legendary engravings, displayed and sold largely during fairs and at places of pilgrimage. The scenes depicted, as in the Biblical series before us, are usually stimulating and sensational; they bring into play the machinery of the supernatural, they abound in miracle. But poor Iwanoff, as we have indicated, did not live to enjoy the popularity which his highly seasoned art was sure in the end to win. We seem to see him now—silent and sad, careworn and broken in health—as he stood before the immense canvas into which for the space of twenty years he had breathed his thoughts and aspirations. He had borne up against poverty, he had struggled manfully through obscurity, and then, as the goal was reached, he died. Even in the proverbial calamities of genius few stories are more touching. But Russian artists overtax their powers, and are prone to break down prematurely under the severe tension. Flavitsky collapsed from want of rest, Brulloff died in harness, and Iwanoff barely lived to see his life's work accomplished.

Till the appearance of the present publication a reasonable account could hardly be given of how twenty or thirty years were overborne with labour, and why the artist at length sank under ill-requited efforts. The great picture of which we have spoken is not in itself adequate cause. But it now becomes apparent how during this protracted period the painter was maturing in thought and elaborating in form a series of more than two hundred compositions setting forth the dealings of God with the children of men. On the death of the painter in 1858 this pictorial Bible descended to his brother, an architect, and then, on the decease of the brother in 1877, the designs came by bequest to the German Archæological Institute of Rôme, as universal legatee, accompanied with the condition that "these scenes from the Old and New Testament should be published." An announcement signed by the President on behalf of the Institute states that the Directorate are anxious that this obligation should be carried out in conformity with the will of the testator, and in a manner worthy of his intention. They declare their conviction that the work will find a favourable reception not only in Russia, where the name of Iwanoff is in every mouth, but also in other countries. The painter, it is added, by the richness and vividness of his imagination and by the power of his representation, ranks among the most gifted artists of the new epoch. Further, it is anticipated that his compositions will raise special interest by a remarkable individuality or idiosyncrasy, which must be traced back to Russia, the native land of the artist. In the course of the publication a biography is promised which will assign to the painter his position in the history of art. The entire work will contain 232 plates.

These Biblical illustrations go far to justify the preceding encomium, though their somewhat fantastic or fanatic character may shock minds attempered to more moderate styles. One characteristic which cannot fail to strike the most casual observer is the bold and imaginative treatment of angels, such as may have been present in the vision of St. John in Patmos—beings of preternatural size and power, arrayed with four-fold wings, and environed with iridescent and light-emitting glories. The angel closing the eyes of Zacharias approaches with slow, solemn, and stately step, while the arm is stretched forth as with divine volition; the figure is statuesque, and sustains a poise between motion and rest, being both, yet neither. The Angel appearing to St. Joseph in a Dream shares, with others, Byzantine

* *Darstellungen aus der heiligen Geschichte; hinterlassene Entwürfe von Alexander Iwanoff.* Im Auftrage der Central-Direction des Kaiserlich Deutschen Instituts für Archäologische Correspondenz. Berlin and London: Asher & Co. 1879.

scale and immobility—traits which Cimabue, amid the early revivalists, took as an inheritance from the Eastern hemisphere of sacred art. The painter in many passages seems to catch inspiration from the glowing and mystic visions of Ezekiel; the angels are clothed in the bird-like wings of cherubim; they are orbed within moonlike spheres wherein are set wheels of radiating light and glory. Such scenes recall Ezekiel's vision—"Then the glory of the Lord went up from the cherub, and stood over the threshold of the house; and the house was filled with the cloud, and the court was full of the brightness of the Lord's glory. And the sound of the cherubim's wings was heard even to the outer court." The reader will readily believe how much of Oriental splendour shines within these designs. The golden seven-branch candlestick sheds a flood of rainbow colour within the court of the Temple, and light, with rays darting from the centre of all light, pierces as an all-searching eye, and dispels darkness from the place of revelation. We have seldom recognized in art so full a sense of the supernatural.

It is scarcely needful to wait for the promised biography to form an estimate of Iwanoff, and to assign to his creations their true position in the history of art. As already indicated, the style is impressed with the statuesque stateliness, and with somewhat of the stolidity, of the arts which centred in Constantinople—arts which still live and germinate on Mount Athos, as well as in the monasteries of Russia. Also, as before stated, these designs are flushed and fired with Oriental colour, a colour which, like that of Venice, has been reflected as an afterglow from the splendour of the East. And going still further eastward, from the shores of the Bosphorus to the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates, we find that the painter has borrowed from the bas-reliefs of Assyria the ample angel-wings which, like sails, float in air, or fall as ample draperies round the feet upon the ground. Yet one more noteworthy circumstance is that the simplicity of every-day nature is permitted a place within the sphere of the supernatural. Accordingly, St. Zacharias and St. Joseph appear as no other than old men, and the shepherds in the fields among the sheep, startled in their slumber, make no pretence to be more than ordinary peasants. By this approach to nature Iwanoff in the Russian school divides himself from the party of stagnation and of finality, and allies his art to action and progress. The churches in St. Petersburg and Moscow, richly adorned with paintings, are divided between styles old and new; the historic school of the past, coeval, at least in manner if not in date, with the mosaics in Ravenna, Torcello, and Venice on the one hand, and on the other the modern school of the present day, which takes models from actual life and seeks to represent and realize nature just as she is. Iwanoff holds a happy mean between these two extremes; he reconciles in good degree the real with the ideal, the secular with the sacred, the natural with the superhuman. The Russian Church, in the interpretation put upon the second commandment, denies herself the use of graven images; but just in proportion as she eschews statues does she espouse warmly the art of painting. Hence a wide field is open to those illustrations from the sacred narrative. Many pictorial Bibles have been attempted, but Iwanoff differs from all his predecessors. He is not so formal and academic as Raffaelle or Schnorr; he is not so exclusively spiritual as Overbeck; he does not introduce as much of outward and landscape nature as Doré among the French, Schirmer among the Germans, or Martin and Danby here at home. Among our English artists perhaps the position of Iwanoff may be more nearly found somewhere between Fuseli, Blake, and Stothard; and the approach would be all the closer if it had so chanced that the art of these painters had, like that of this great Russian designer, been identified with the Greek Church and the Byzantine Empire.

MARK TWAIN'S TRAMP ABROAD.*

MR. MARK TWAIN started for Europe in March 1878, with the intention of course of writing a book about what he did and saw. The result is the two volumes called *A Tramp Abroad*; and the first fault which a person who reads through the two volumes will probably be inclined to find with them is that they are two instead of one. On the other hand, nobody but a reviewer would dream of reading straight through the volumes. They are things to be taken for a spell and then laid down again until another idle half-hour is ready to be filled up. This would perhaps make a sufficient general answer to the reviewer's complaint; but it will not account for the carelessness with which, in the English edition, a good deal of matter which is obviously out of place is retained in the second volume. It may be interesting to some American readers to have put before them extracts from exceedingly well-known books about Alpine climbing; but it can hardly be interesting to any English readers. There is something not altogether unpleasing in the simplicity with which the writer waxes enthusiastic about the "imposing Alpine mass" of the Rigi; but one may have too much of that sort of thing. Besides, calling the Rigi by this grandiloquent name leaves the writer rather at a loss what to say about the Matterhorn. He gets out of it with some ingenuity by the help of such phrases as "colossal wedge," "sky-cleaving monolith," and "Napoleon of the mountain world." In speaking of the Matterhorn, by the way, Mr. Twain constantly refers to "Lord Douglas," although in one of the extracts above referred to the title occurs more than once, and is of course correctly given. However, if there are certain parts of Mr. Twain's volumes which are dull (and there is one story of an imaginary expedition the dulness of which, relieved by a very few bright touches, is monstrous and overwhelming), there are also plenty of passages, stories, bits of observation, scraps of character and conversation, and so forth, which are delightfully bright and clever. And a practised reader can always skip the dull parts.

One of the most pleasing instances of Mr. Twain's powers is found very early in the book. He wandered into the beautiful Heidelberg woods, and was standing in meditation beneath the pine-trees. A raven croaked. He looked up and saw the bird observing him, and felt as a man feels who finds that a stranger has been secretly watching him. "I eyed the raven and the raven eyed me. Nothing was said during some seconds. Then the bird stepped a little way along his limb to get a better point of observation, lifted his wings, stuck his head far down below his shoulders toward me, and croaked again—a croak with a distinctly insulting expression about it. If he had spoken in English, he could not have said any more plainly than he did say in raven, 'Well, what do *you* want here?'" This was bad enough, especially as Mr. Twain's refusal to bandy words with a raven only encouraged the adversary to the use of what was evidently the most horrible language. But when, not content with this, the raven called to another raven, and the two together discussed Mr. Mark Twain with the most complete freedom, he felt that there was nothing for it but flight, and he was probably right. This incident reminds him of Jim Baker, a simple-hearted, middle-aged miner who lived all alone in a corner of California, and had studied the beasts and birds around him so closely that he got, as he said, to understand everything they said. He found that some animals have a very limited language, and are unable to use any adornments of speech, while others have a fine and ready command of brilliant words and phrases, which they enjoy exhibiting. After long and careful consideration he had settled that the blue-jays were the best talkers he had found among birds and beasts:—

> There's more *to* a blue jay than any other creature. He has got more moods, and more different kinds of feelings than other creatures; and mind you, whatever a blue-jay feels, he can put into language. And no mere commonplace language, either, but rattling, out-and-out book talk—and bristling with metaphor, too—just bristling! And as for command of language—why *you* never see a blue-jay get stuck for a word. No man ever did. They just boil out of him! And another thing: I've noticed a good deal, and there's no bird, or cow, or anything that uses as good grammar as a blue-jay. You may say a cat uses good grammar. Well, a cat does—but you let a cat get excited, once; you let a cat get to pulling fur with another cat on a shed, nights, and you'll hear grammar that will give you the lockjaw. Ignorant people think it's the *noise* which fighting cats make that is so aggravating, but it ain't so; it's the sickening grammar they use. Now I've never heard a jay use bad grammar but very seldom; and when they do, they are as ashamed as a human; they shut right down and leave.
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> You may call a jay a bird. Well, so he is, in a measure—because he's got feathers on him, and don't belong to no church, perhaps; but otherwise he is just as much a human as you be. And I'll tell you for why. A jay's gifts, and instincts, and feelings, and interests, cover the whole ground. A jay hasn't got any more principle than a Congressman. A jay will lie, a jay will steal, a jay will deceive, a jay will betray; and four times out of five, a jay will go back on his solemnest promise. The sacredness of an obligation is a thing which you can't cram into no blue-jay's head. Now, on top of all this, there's another thing; a jay can outswear any gentleman in the mines. You think a cat can swear. Well, a cat can; but you give a blue-jay a subject that calls for his reserve powers, and where is your cat? Don't talk to *me*—I know too much about this thing. And there's yet another thing: in the one little particular of scolding—just good, clean, out-and-out scolding—a blue-jay can lay over anything, human or divine. Yes, sir, a jay is everything that a man is. A jay can cry, a jay can laugh, a jay can feel shame, a jay can reason and plan and discuss, a jay likes gossip and scandal, a jay has got a sense of humour, a jay knows when he is an ass just as well as you do—maybe better. If a jay ain't human, he'd better take in his sign, that's all. Now I'm going to tell you a perfectly true fact about some blue-jays.

The "perfectly true fact" occupies the next chapter, and is well worth reading. To tell it in any words but those of Jim Baker would be to spoil it.

The author has naturally a good deal to say about the Heidelberg students, and he devotes considerable space to the duels of the Corps-Students, those curious encounters which take place at the Hirsch-Gasse, and which have been more than once briefly described in these columns. Mr. Twain seems to have been fortunate or unfortunate in seeing, on the day when he visited this place, a succession of unusually ghastly duels, and his impression of the whole proceedings was a good deal more serious than we should have expected. However, no doubt most of these duels do look ugly enough, and possibly Mr. Twain has deliberately heightened his description, for the sake of contrast to the very amusing skit upon a French duel which follows his serious account of the Hirsch-Gasse and its occupants. In some particulars this account is curiously incorrect. Mr. Mark Twain describes the schläger as "quite heavy." He has not noted that it is a weapon absolutely useless except for the artificial student-duelling, and, as he has given so much space to these unique and somewhat barbaric contests, it is a pity that it did not occur to him to try to throw some light on the origin of the schläger, that curious blade which resembles a sharp-edged harlequin's bat made

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* *A Tramp Abroad.* By Mark Twain, Author of "The Innocents Abroad," "The New Pilgrim's Progress," &c. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1880.

in steel and fitted with a solid claymore-like hilt. So lately as in Crabb Robinson's time the student duels were fought with small swords fitted with a button not on, but near, the point, so as to avoid the chance of a fatal wound, while admitting a visible and tangible puncture. How the altogether abnormal arm now in use was developed we have never been able to discover, in spite of many inquiries. That there is science in its employment there is no doubt; but the one fact that the heavily-padded right arm is constantly brought into requisition in the fashion of a shield to receive the adversary's blows, will show at once how useless, except indeed as a kind of corollary to backsword play, the science is. Mr. Twain dwells, by no means unjustly, on the endurance exhibited by Corps-Students in taking, without any signs of pain, cuts on the face, which always look ugly, must be considerably painful, and may, if neglected, be highly dangerous. The contrast between this endurance and the rule of the game which stops a duel for the slightest scratch on the hand caused by the flexible blade making its way inside the hilt opposed to it is curious. Mr. Twain, in connexion with the student-duels, informs his readers that a Corps-Student's wearing a riband across his breast indicates that he has fought three decisive duels and is "free"—that is, can refuse all but serious duels without reproach. As a matter of fact, it signifies that he has ceased to be a *fuchs*, or freshman, and, having become a *bursch*, or full member of the corps, has more fighting on his hands than he had before. We may note in passing that a *fuchs* in a duel wears a cap which gives some slight protection to the head, while a *bursch* fights bareheaded.

From his French duel the author goes on to the theatre at Mannheim, where he heard *Lohengrin*, as to which he has some astoundingly stupid would-be-humorous remarks to make. What he says, however, of the considerate behaviour of members of German audiences in never disturbing their companions is both true and well worth attention. Apparently his account of a raft journey is genuine, and some of the bits of description in connexion with this have truth and vigour. The truth and humour of his account of his getting lost at dead of night in the dark in his own bed-room can perhaps be only appreciated by people who have gone through the same experience, and for the sake of the world at large it is to be hoped that such people are few. In the course of his journeys Mr. Twain fell in with a wonderful guide-book written from the German a long time ago by an Englishman. Of this it is only fair to leave Mr. Twain to expound the humours, but we cannot resist giving a few quotations from a rival production which was presented to him under the title *Catalogue of Pictures in the old Pinacotek* (at Munich). Among the descriptions are:—

> Portrait of a young man. A long while this picture was thought to be Bindi Altoviti's portrait; now somebody will again have it to be the self-portrait of Raphael.
>
> Susan bathing, surprised by the two old man. In the background is the lapidation of the condemned.
>
> A larder with greens and dead game animated by a cook-maid and two kitchen-boys.

And the work contains this warning:—

> It is not permitted to make use of the work in question to a publication of the same contents as well as to the pirated edition of it.

Some of the best things in the book are to be found, where they are placed with a probably conscious air of pedantry, in the appendices at the end of the second volume. For instance, in an Appendix on the German language, we have this practical illustration of some of its difficulties:—

TALE OF THE FISHWIFE AND ITS SAD FATE.

(*I capitalise the nouns, in the German (and ancient English) fashion.*)

> It is a bleak Day. Hear the Rain, how he pours, and the Hail, how he rattles; and see the Snow, how he drifts along, and oh, the Mud, how deep he is! Ah, the poor Fishwife, it is stuck fast in the Mire; it has dropped its Basket of Fishes; and its Hands have been cut by the Scales as it seized some of the falling Creatures; and one Scale has even got into its Eye, and it cannot get her out. It opens its Mouth to cry for Help, but if any Sound comes out of him, alas! he is drowned by the raging of the Storm. And now a Tomcat has got one of the Fishes, and she will surely escape with him. No; she bites off a Fin, she holds her in her Mouth—will she swallow her? No; the Fishwife's brave Mother-Dog deserts his Puppies and rescues the Fin, which he eats himself as his Reward. O horror! the Lightning has struck the Fishbasket! he sets him on Fire; See the Flame, how she licks the doomed Utensil with her red and angry Tongue! Now she attacks the helpless Fishwife's Foot—she burns him up, all but the big Toe, and even *she* is partly consumed; and still she spreads, still she waves her fiery Tongues! She attacks the Fishwife's Leg and destroys it; she attacks its Hand and destroys *her*; she attacks its poor worn Garment and destroys *her* also; she attacks its Body and consumes *him*; she wreathes herself about its Heart and *it* is consumed; next about its Breast, and in a Moment *she* is a Cinder; now she reaches its Neck—*he* goes; now its Chin—*it* goes; now its Nose—*she* goes. In another Moment, except Help come, the Fishwife will be no more! Time presses—is there none to succour and save? Yes! Joy, joy! with flying Feet the she-Englishwoman comes! But alas! the generous she-Female is too late! Where now is the fated Fishwife? It has ceased from its Suffering; it has gone to a better Land; all that is left of it for its loved Ones to lament over is this poor smouldering Ash-heap. Ah, woful, woful Ash-heap! Let us take him up tenderly, reverently, upon the lowly Shovel, and bear him to his long Rest, with the Prayer that when he rises again it will be in a Realm where he will have one good square responsible Sex, and have it all to himself, instead of having a mangy lot of assorted Sexes scattered all over him in Spots.

Mr. Twain's volumes are, to quote a pantomime clown's phrase, very "loose and careless," and he has sometimes reached intense dulness in the desire to be funny. He is perhaps more irritating, however—and it may be added offensive—when he writes seriously, as in the chapter on "Indecent License in Art," concerning things of which he evidently has no sort of comprehension. But, we repeat, to people who know how to skip, and how to read, if they do read them, such passages as the one referred to without feeling annoyed, the book is sure to furnish a good deal of genuine amusement.

CLASSICS, LATIN AND GREEK.*

OUR readers will scarcely need to be reminded that, among editors of classics for the use of schools or colleges, Mr. Arthur Sidgwick has made the *Æneid* peculiarly his own; and a little consideration of the particular theme which he now undertakes will excite special interest, inasmuch as the Seventh and Eighth Books open and carry forward the second half of Virgil's epic—the Roman Iliad of battle succeeding the Odyssey of wanderings. The Seventh Book opens what may be called a new "diorama," in which pass in rapid succession "battle-pieces, sea adventures, councils of gods, single combats, feasts and funerals, splendid scenes and similes." Few efforts of epic genius transcend the account of Alecto's execution of Juno's bidding in rousing Amata, the Matrons, Turnus, and the Tuscan peasants to bitter hostility against the Trojan interlopers. The prefatory notes of the Introduction furnish all the needful prolegomena as to story, style, and similes; indeed we are not sure that the repetition of all this in each volume is not a needless concession to the theory that schoolboys use up a book in a term. But it is simply fair to add that in the commentary there is no repetition. Perhaps the true aim of the editor of such a brief commentary should be to give the learner a distinct view of the poet's mind, even in such parenthetical clauses as where, in speaking of the tomb of Æneas's nurse, the reservation "Si qua est ea gloria" (v. 4) qualifies the fame attaching to her sepulture there, because that honour may be naught, *i.e.* if Caieta cannot know or feel it—"a reference," says Conington, "to the insensibility of the dead." The transitive sense of "resonat," "makes echo"; the intransitive use of "posuere" in vv. 12 and 27; the probable interpretation in 37 of "Quæ tempora rerum," *h.e.* "each deed in due order," or "the times of all that befell"; and the coupling of "advena," a substantive, with "exercitus" as "the stranger-host" adjectivally, are severally noted, and give promise of similar exactitude to the end of the two books. But this eye to minutiæ does not interfere with such needful stage directions, so to speak, as the hint on the passage 36-37, that the poet's pausing at this point to invoke the Muse indicates a solemn and critical moment. In like manner the editor points out that in the account (vii. 107-147) of the fateful cakes, where the Harpies in the Third Book had portended a famine, driving them to eat their tables, the solution is a prophecy fulfilled to the ear, though not to the sense. And so too he has a word of explanation in matters of conflicting geographical details, *e.g.* at vii. 84, where Latinus "lucos sub altâ consulit Albuneâ, &c."; here the commentator seems driven to the conclusion that the Albunea of the text is not the Sibyl of Tibur, thirty miles off, but a shrine near some sulphur springs at Laurentum. Mr. Sidgwick has always laid great stress as an exponent of Virgil on questions of mythology and antiquarian interest, as witness his note in v. 180 as to Janus, "a genuine old Latin deity, god of morning and of gates, in fact, of beginnings," hence of gateways, as entrances and beginnings of expeditions. "It was like the Romans," as Mommsen (i. 173) remarks, "with their love of abstractions, to have a god of beginnings." A good specimen of the whole is the episode of Silvia's stag. How easily a well-practised scholar can conjure light out of darkness is seen in a single elucidation of Mr. Sidgwick's on the line 498, "Nec dextræ erranti deus abfuit." "Erranti," we are told, "is proleptic and gives the result of the verb"; "Nor did the God leave his hand to falter." We may supplement Mr. Sidgwick's touches by one of Professor Conington's on 502, 'Atque imploranti similis," where he notes that Dryden in his *Annus Mirabilis* talks of *the beseeching eyes* of a hunted stag.

Not less interesting in its way is the next group of school books on our list, each containing a sample of the soldier-historian and essayist, Xenophon—namely, two editions of one of his later opuscula, the *Agesilaus*, which reads like a somewhat overdrawn piece of hero-worship, and Mr. Pretor's edition of the concluding book of the *Anabasis*. Mr. Hailstone strikes us as conforming most closely to the exact type of a Pitt Press Series edition, being scrupulous to quote his references in full for every

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* *P. Vergili Maronis Æneidos* Libri VII., VIII. Edited, with English Notes, by A. Sidgwick, M.A., Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Cambridge: Pitt Press. 1879.

Agesilaus of Xenophon. The Text Revised, with Critical and Explanatory Notes, &c., by H. Hailstone, M.A., late Scholar of Peter House, Cambridge. Cambridge: University Press. 1879.

Xenophon's Agesilaus. With Syntax Rules and References, Notes and Indices, by R. W. Taylor, M.A., Head-Master of Kelly College, Tavistock. London: Rivingtons. 1880.

The Anabasis of Xenophon. Book VI. With English Notes by A. Pretor, M.A., Fellow of St. Catharine's, Cambridge. Cambridge: University Press. 1879.

M. Tulli Ciceronis Cato Major De Senectute. By James S. Reid, M.L., M.A., Fellow and Assistant-Tutor of Gonville and Caius Colleges, Cambridge. Cambridge: Pitt Press. 1879.

Gai Juli Cæsaris de Bello Gallico Commentariorum I., II. With English Notes by A. G. Peskett, M.A., Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge. Cambridge: University Press. 1879.

construction, grammatical notice, or historical incident or comparison. In his prefatory discussion of the genuineness of the *Agesilaus* he adduces cogent reasons why it should be admitted, when we consider the long familiarity of the author with Lacedæmonian customs, manners, and discipline, and his obvious prepossession in favour of them. He also brings to bear upon the text those passages of the *Hellenics* which at first sight seem to convict the historian of not being at one with the biographer, explaining the discrepancies by pointing out the different task which Xenophon set himself in either case. We should say, however, that Mr. Taylor's edition of the *Agesilaus* is by far the pleasanter volume to study; the gist of all necessary collateral annotation is given explicitly and lucidly, without too much array of Greek, and certainly for young students, and perhaps also for others, it is likely to be the more popular book. We own to a sympathy with those critics who like Xenophon least in his character of panegyrist; in fact, the *Agesilaus* lags after the first and second chapters, which in Mr. Taylor's headings are represented as "Agesilaus in Asia," and "Agesilaus in Europe." When we get beyond these to the contemplation of the undersized, halt, mean-looking hero's continence, moderation, vigour and patriotism—so easy to extol when the opposite picture is furnished by the effeminate Persian despots—the panegyric is apt to become wearisome. Out of these two first chapters, therefore, we select the few notes of either commentator for which we can find room. In i. § 6, at ἔτι μὲν νέος ὤν, Mr. Taylor notes that Agesilaus was then over forty, so that the expression seems hardly suitable; but Mr. Hailstone anticipates this objection by citing *Anab.* II. i. 13, where Phalinus addresses Xenophon—then thirty-two years of age—as ὦ νεανίσκε. In i. § 7, on τριάκοντα Σπαρτιατῶν, Mr. Taylor notes that Agesilaus required these as a sort of council of officers, since Spartan citizens did not, as a rule, go on foreign service. The νεοδαμώδεις of the context were the enfranchised Helots who had received their freedom as a reward for bravery in war, and of these Mr. Hailstone notes that they ranked in civil rights above the Periœci. In i. § 17, Xenophon says, in eulogy of his hero, "He was thought to have acted in this worthily of a general, in that when war was declared, and to deceive became thenceforward just and right, he demonstrated Tissaphernes a mere child in deceit"; and here Mr. Hailstone assists the clearing of the sense briefly effected by Mr. Taylor, by pertinent parallels from Plutarch, Thucydides, and the *Memorabilia*, to prove the ancient belief that all—even τὸ ἐξαπατᾶν—is fair in war. In § 21 of the same chapter, noticing the humane policy of Agesilaus with reference to deserted children left behind by traders, whom he took care to have conveyed to some place without the camp, where they might be protected, both our editors note—Mr. Taylor succinctly, and Mr. Hailstone more at large and with a reference to Jelf's Greek Grammar—the correct use of the plural συγκομίζοιντο ποι, because παιδάρια, though neuter in form, is masculine in sense. So, also, as to the partitive character of the genitive in § 22, τῶν κατὰ κράτος ἁναλώτων τειχέων. That it may not be supposed that Mr. Taylor's succinctness of annotation leads him to omit aught that is vital to the elucidation of his subject, we might cite long and full historical notes in §§ 14, 15, 16, 21, 22, of the second chapter, where the omission of any prefatory prolegomena is amply made up for. He is also commendably alive to those comparisons of things ancient and modern which add double interest to the study of history; *e.g.*, on i. § 34, speaking of the Eastern claim of homage and prostration, and Agesilaus's abrogation of it, he recalls the fact that a similar claim has been in modern times, in such countries as China and Burmah, an impediment to diplomatic intercourse with Western nations.

Mr. Pretor's task in editing the Sixth or penultimate book of the famous "Retreat of the Ten Thousand" deals with only a limited range of events, between the Greeks' truce with Corylas, King of Paphlagonia, and the arrival of the first separated, and then reunited, troops at the port of Calpe. In form and style of annotation it deals more with the manner than the matter of the text, which, by the way, appears more than usually perplexed in this book, though we are bound herein to commend Mr. Pretor's vigilance and acumen. The passage in c. 1 (§§ 23-30), which refers to Xenophon's reasons for declining the offer of the supreme command, and leaving it to devolve on Cheirisophus, suggests to Mr. Pretor matter for some acute and generally plausible notes, and affords him ground for a charge against Xenophon of declining it from motives of self-interest; indeed, as is shown in his own account (vi. 1, § 31), it was not till he had exhausted all his series of excuses, and saw that he must try "*something more*" (πλείονος ἐνδέον), that he appealed to the ordeal of sacrifice. In § 18 of c. i. (cf. ii. § 12) it is well explained that ἐκ τῆς νικώσης (sc. γνώμης) is remarkable for an irregular use of ἐκ, where κατὰ with the accusative would be normal, and that its special force implies "At the suggestion of the decisive vote." Poppo translates "de sententia plurium." In ii. 14 we are disposed to agree with Mr. Pretor that, by αὐτῷ, in ἐπιτρέπει αὐτῷ, Xenophon refers to Neon, not to himself.

The other classics in the group before us recall the groove in which school and college editions are apt to run, and of which we have had occasion to complain heretofore. Must we still hear Cicero *De Senectute* lectured on *ad infinitum?* Is there never to be a change from the books of Cæsar's Commentary on the Gallic War? Doubtless Mr. Reid's edition of the former contains much collateral matter of value and interest to mature students, and it may be handled with profit with a view to the acquirement of Ciceronian Latin. He is especially instructive when he discusses such a word as "mancipium," and shows us how "emancipo" is susceptible of two such exactly opposite meanings as "to set free" and "to enslave oneself to." We constantly light upon some nicety of diction worth noting, *e.g.* in § 14, that "good lungs," as characteristic of an orator, are always "bona latera," never "pulmones"; that "propter," "hardly," used adverbially, is almost unprecedented out of Cicero; and that the repetition of the antecedent in the relative clause is not very uncommon in Cicero, though not so common as in Cæsar. The Dialogue itself has its interest as a sustained lecture on old age, based on models from Plato, Xenophon, Hippocrates, Aristo, and others, and the delineation of Cato's character is noteworthy. To our mind, however, there is no chapter in it of greater interest than that which dwells on the pleasure which the aged derive from the pursuits of agriculture, and in which is described the process of *occatio*, or "harrowing," though the philosopher was wrong in his *unde derivatur*. "Occa," says Mr. Reid, is *rastrum*, probably from its sharp points (root *ak-*; so Corssen), *occatio* harrowing. The date of the treatise is brought home to April 44 B.C.

Mr. Peskett's method of editing the Commentaries is such as to relieve them of the tedium arising from over-minute detail, while the careful comparison of the local knowledge collected in Napoleon III.'s *Cæsar* has been of manifest service in fixing particular localities. By far the chief interest of the Second Book concerns the day when Cæsar overcame the Nervii, the events of which are narrated by the great strategist with admirable clearness and candour. Doubtless the advent of the reserve under Labienus turned what might else have been a defeat into a victory, signalized by the conqueror as won over the most indomitable of foes; but it deserves commemoration how Cæsar fought himself in the ranks to rekindle the failing courage of his troops until such time as the reserve could come up. This battle offers a special field to Mr. Peskett for exact annotation of the text, from which we learn what a serious undertaking it was that the Nervii proposed to themselves, and how Cæsar's disposition of his forces foiled them. As a rule, Mr. Peskett's verbal notes are few, but sufficient. Such annotations as that on "de improviso" = ἐξ ἀπροσδοκήτου (c. 3) ought to be made once for all, and the changes of construction from the "ratio directa" to "obliqua" ought not to be reiterated over much, so as to leave nothing to the learner's wits. There is more interest when we catch the great despatch-writer napping, as where in c. 5 "magno opere" and "quanto opere" are repeated within two words of each other, and convict the illustrious general of "hasty writing." We may add that, whenever there is room for explaining such technical terms as "legionem sub sarcinis adoriri" (c. 17), or "testudine factâ" (c. 6), the editor is most explicit and accurate in his elucidations. His geographical and topographical knowledge, too, is conspicuous.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

PETER the Hermit (1) has always been one of the enigmatical figures of history. Great events are rarely brought about by insignificant agents, and, with every allowance for the temper of the age, it has seemed difficult to understand how an obscure person who never subsequently gave any indication of remarkable capacity or force of character should by mere power of speech have achieved the feat, traditionally ascribed to him, of "hurling Europe against Asia." It is now nearly forty years since Herr von Sybel in his History of the Crusades sought to transfer this dubious glory from Peter to Pope Urban II., and Herr Hagenmeyer now comes to his aid by a minute and detailed criticism on all the incidents of Peter's history as recorded by contemporary annalists. He certainly seems to establish that, although Peter may very probably have been subject to hallucinations, the legend of his vision at Jerusalem is a mere embellishment of the general fact. The account of Anna Comnena, who had conversed with him, distinctly implies that he did not succeed in reaching the Holy Sepulchre on his first pilgrimage, and that it was his disappointment at his failure, not a celestial commission, nor the entreaties of the Emperor Alexius, that incited him to preach the Crusade. Hagenmeyer further shows that the Crusade had been a project of Gregory VII., which his successor Urban might very naturally revive, especially under the stimulus of the embassy from Alexius, which appeared at the Council of Piacenza, six months before the actual assumption of the Cross at the Council of Clermont; and that there is not the slightest evidence of Peter having had any communication with the Pope prior to this latter Council, or even of his presence at it, although both are sufficiently probable. All such particulars are but the embellishments of later writers, which should have been propounded as plausible conjectures at the most. Herr Hagenmeyer's criticism seems unanswerable, and it inspires the more confidence as it is not pushed to extremes, but leaves the Hermit still in the position of an actual historical personage whose part in the great enterprise of his time was very considerable, although this was neither originated nor conducted by him. There seems little reason to doubt that he returned safely to his own country, and died as prior of a monastery founded by himself.

(1) *Peter der Eremite. Ein kritischer Beitrag zur Geschichte des ersten Kreuzzuges.* Von H. Hagenmeyer. Leipzig: Harrassowitz. London: Nutt.

Karl Grün's so-called History of the Culture of the Seventeenth Century (2) lapses insensibly into an ordinary narrative of political events, chiefly distinguished from other works of the class by the absence of the order and regularity which a stricter historical purpose would have imposed. The writer gossips pleasantly enough about a great number of interesting matters, and his opinions are in general sound and enlightened; but neither in narrative nor in disquisition does he rise for an instant above commonplace.

The story of Caroline von Linsingen (3) would make a very pretty addition to the *chronique scandaleuse* of the House of Hanover, if there were any truth in it. But, although it is credible that William IV., when Duke of Clarence, might have gained the affections of a young German lady under a promise of marriage, it is not credible that he should have been divorced from her so quietly that the world never heard of either transaction. It is even less credible that he should have made love in Hanover while living in England, where he appears, so far as we can discover, to have spent all his time between 1790 and 1792, the alleged date of these adventures. Mlle. von Linsingen certainly seems to have got hold of the wrong prince, which is a pity, for four other English princes actually were receiving their education in Germany in 1790. It will be for the anonymous editor of her letters to show whether there is any grain of truth at the bottom of her tale, for which a moderate amount of research might have prevented his making himself responsible. The story is conveyed in a number of letters written by her to her son-in-law at a later period of her life, and stated to have been discovered among the papers of the late Baron von Reichenbach. This is probably the fact, for they are accompanied by an essay "Upon Caroline's Sensitivity," which could hardly have been written by any one but the apostle of *od* force. The letters are couched in the high-flown sentimental style of the period to which they are attributed, and might pass muster fairly as compositions of Caroline von Linsingen; but one ascribed to the Duke of Clarence himself is a sore trial of the reader's faith. Mlle. von Linsingen will hardly take rank in history as a second Mrs. Fitzherbert; but it would be an interesting inquiry whether her story is an entire fabrication, and, if so, whether it may not, like the original draft of the Book of Mormon, have been originally intended as a romance.

General Mösle (4) appears to have been a meritorious officer of one of the minor German States; but the only remarkable incident in his career was his mission to Vienna in October 1848 as a Commissioner from the Frankfort Parliament, with the object of inducing Prince Windischgrätz to come to terms with the insurgent Viennese. He has left a lively account of the mission, which was inevitably a complete failure. Some miscellanies, autobiographical, critical, and political, make up the remainder of his writings.

The Life of Albertino Mussato (5), a poet and advocate of Padua and contemporary of Dante, affords some curious illustrations of the condition of the North Italian Republics at the beginning of the fourteenth century. He is further interesting as the author of the first drama upon a subject derived from Italian history, although written in Latin.

A comprehensive biography of Haydn, by R. Pohl, is in progress, with which the more recent biography of A. Reissmann (6) will hardly interfere. It is essentially a work for musicians, passing but lightly over the events of the composer's life, which were, indeed, not numerous or remarkable, and principally occupied with the analysis and exposition of his works. The author's excellent biography of Schumann is a guarantee for his competence in this particular, and the comprehension of his work is materially assisted by the numerous printed specimens of Haydn's music which it contains.

Dr. Pervanoglu's sketches of Greek life (7) would be a very pleasing book were it not so manifestly intended for foreign consumption. The writer holds a brief for his nation, and fatigues the reader with incessant encomiums of its virtues and apologies for its shortcomings, most of which might very well be taken for granted. The work is nevertheless interesting, from its pictures of manners and customs, its notices of local peculiarities, and its review of what has been done and what remains to be done in public works, education, and the restoration of the language to classic purity.

The first part of Dr. Wünsche's *Bibliotheca Rabbinica* (8) is devoted to Jewish commentaries on Ecclesiastes, which frequently shows considerable ingenuity in setting aside awkward questions suggested by the apparent meaning of the writer, and sometimes real penetration. The most interesting part, however, is the collection of tales, anecdotes, and parables serving as illustrations of the text, some of which are very suggestive from their characteristically Jewish colouring, and others from their analogies with the popular tales of other nations. One is substantially the same as the parable of the labourers who each received a penny, but the point is quite destroyed.

The genuineness of the Pastoral Epistles (9) attributed to St. Paul is notoriously one of the most difficult of the controversies relating to the canon of the New Testament. It is now once again investigated by Professor Holtzmann, one of the most eminent of German critical theologians and one of the least obnoxious to imputations of party spirit. Holtzmann's verdict is against the Epistles, on the ground of the difficulty of assigning them to any definite period in the life of St. Paul, their references, as he thinks, to questions and controversies of a later date, and their peculiarities of diction. They differ more in style, he says, from any of St. Paul's undoubted epistles than the earliest and the latest of these do from each other. He ascribes them to a period when the need of a stricter ecclesiastical organization was beginning to be felt, and considers them as the immediate precursors of the Pseudo-Ignatian Epistles.

Professor Keil's Commentary on Mark and Luke (10) is composed from a strictly orthodox point of view, but is purely critical and exegetical. It is dry, clear, erudite, and very full of matter, its brevity considered.

"Rome and Roman Life in Antiquity" (11) is the title of a popular, yet accurate and comprehensive, work by H. Bender, the first half of which appears in a cheap and handsome volume. The larger portion of this is devoted to a topography of the city, tracing its various changes from the early period when the Seven Hills were well-defined eminences, the sites of as many separate villages or fortresses, down to the time when the description of Poggio Bracciolini nearly corresponds with the features of the existing city. Chapters on Roman social and domestic arrangements conclude the volume, which is elegantly illustrated.

Dr. Manitius's "World of Language" (12) is a general review of the tongues of the earth in their intellectual and literary character. The first volume includes the languages of Asia, Africa, and Australia. The general physiognomy of the leading families of speech is ably characterized, and a fair, though concise, sketch of the spirit of the literature of each is added, with translations in many instances. The work makes no pretension to originality, but is well calculated to disseminate sound knowledge on the subject of which it treats.

Herr Faulmann's "Illustrated History of Alphabets" (13) is a professedly popular work, compiled from a great number of sources, and contributing little or nothing to the solution of the important philological problems connected with the subject. The compilation, however, seems to have been made with judgment, all the known alphabets of the world are noticed, and specimens given of them all, though these seldom comprise the whole of the alphabet. There are some interesting palæographical illustrations, and a useful appendix on printing and stenography.

The "Encyclopædia of Natural Science," (14) edited by Dr. G. Jäger and his associates, continues to make satisfactory progress. The last instalment of the mathematical section contains the conclusion of a treatise on planimetry, and the commencement of one on stereometry, both by Dr. Reidt. The articles in the zoological and anthropological section continue to be concise and well digested; and perhaps it is only prejudice which makes us impatient of what to the unaccustomed eye seems the singular mixture of Noah's ark with the gazetteer and the classical dictionary.

Dr. Hahn's discoveries (15) and his name conjoined irresistibly suggest associations with the idea of a cock and a bull. The theory that granite, gneiss, and serpentine should be of vegetable origin is sufficiently startling; but when the same assertion is made with respect to meteoric iron, we can but repeat with the Doctor himself, "besonders merkwürdig!" and express our humiliation that our countryman Sir William Thomson should be so far outdone. Dr. Hahn names the plant which he has discovered in shooting stars, "Astrosideron Quenstedti," and there certainly appears as much reason for believing in its vegetable origin as in that of the *Marmora Darwini*, which grows luxuriantly in the Doctor's writing-table, or of the *Stygia Rudolphi*, ejected from the crater of Pichincha along with other vegetable matter. It is only fair to add that Dr. Hahn's volume is accompanied with thirty plates of the streakings and dapplings in stone which he takes for fossil plants, and that the resemblance is sometimes almost as close as that of acicular crystals to pins and

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(2) *Kulturgeschichte des siebzehnten Jahrhunderts.* Von Karl Grün. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Barth. London: Nutt.

(3) *Caroline von Linsingen, die Gattin eines englischen Prinzen. Ungedruckte Briefe und Abhandlungen.* Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(4) *Aus dem literarischen Nachlasse von J. L. Mösle.* Oldenburg: Schulze. London: Nutt.

(5) *Albertino Mussato.* Von J. Wychgram. Leipzig: Veit. London: Nutt.

(6) *Joseph Haydn. Sein Leben und seine Werke.* Von A. Reissmann. Berlin: Guttentag. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *Culturbilder aus Griechenland.* Von Dr. J. Pervanoglu. Leipzig: Friedrich. London: Nutt.

(8) *Bibliotheca Rabbinica. Eine Sammlung alter Midraschim zum ersten Male ins Deutsch übertragen.* Von Dr. A. Wünsche. Lief. 1. Liepzig: Schulze. London: Nutt.

(9) *Die Pastoralbriefe. Kritisch und exegetisch behandelt.* Von H. J. Holtzmann. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Commentar über die Evangelien des Markus und Lukas.* Von C. F. Keil. Leipzig: Dörffling & Franke. London: Williams & Norgate.

(11) *Rom und Römisches Leben im Alterthum.* Von H. Bender. Halbband I. Tübingen: Laupp. London: Williams & Norgate.

(12) *Die Sprachenwelt in ihrem geschichtlich-literarischen Entwickelungsgange zur Humanität.* Von H. A. Manitius. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Koch. London: Nutt.

(13) *Illustrirte Geschichte der Schrift. Populär-wissenschaftliche Darstellung der Entstehung der Schrift,* &c. Von K. Faulmann. Wien: Hartleben. London: Williams & Norgate.

(14) *Encylopædie der Naturwissenschaften.* Herausgegeben von Prof. G. Jäger, &c. Abth. 1. Lief 7, 8. Breslau: Trewendt. London: Williams & Norgate.

(15) *Die Urzelle, nebst dem Beweis dass Granit, Gneiss, Serpentin, Basalt, endlich Meteorstein und Meteoreisen aus Pflanzen bestehen.* Von Dr. Otto Hahn. Tübingen: Laupp. London: Williams & Norgate.

needles, or of a well-known flint in the British Museum to a portrait of Chaucer.

The author of *Force and Matter* has collected a great number of instances attesting the capacity of animals for affection, compassion, self-denial, and other human virtues. Dr. Büchner's motive (16) is obviously to support the Darwinian theory; but, although this polemical intention has certainly imparted a bias to his book, it may be forgiven in consideration of the prettiness of many of the anecdotes he relates, and his eloquent exordium in praise of love as the animating principle of creation. Many—perhaps most—of the instances he produces in support of his views are insufficiently authenticated, but, with every deduction on this score, enough remains to prove that animals are a good deal more than mere machines.

The German language being confessedly the best adapted for translation of any in Europe, Herr Weizmann (17) is warranted in raising an outcry against negligent or ignorant translators who would take away its character. The translator of Daudet confounds *chouette* with *alouette*—a less excusable mistake than Juliet's; the translator of Dickens turns *a black glazed stock without a tie* into *a black lacquered stick without a knob*. There are a legion of other blunders equally amusing.

The *Rundschau* (18) has a suggestive, though brief, discourse by Professor Curtius, on the analogy between the history of Germany with that of Greece. The Professor considers that his countrymen have succeeded where Greece failed. Some may think that an analogy between Prussia and Macedon would have been more to the purpose. Ottokar Lorenz contributes an interesting account of Wallenstein's administration of his principality of Mecklenburg. Professor Brandes's acute and refined criticism of Prosper Mérimée exhibits him as the "Black Knight of the great Romantic Tournament"—a romanticist, partially disguising his tendencies under classical forms.

The *Russian Review* (19) perhaps betrays traces of its recent collision with the police in its careful avoidance of political topics, except in an article on Russian finance, which few but experts will be able to follow. The remainder of the number is chiefly occupied by two academical dissertations of a perfectly harmless character; one, a memoir of the philologist Schiefner, celebrated for his researches on Buddhism and on the Siberian languages; the other, a review of the progress of Russian geographical discovery during the reign of the present Czar.

(16) *Liebe und Liebes-Leben in der Thierwelt.* Von Dr. L. Büchner. Berlin: Hofmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

(17) *Dickens und Daudet in deutscher Uebersetzung.* Von Louis Weizmann. Berlin: Hermann. London: Nutt.

(18) *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 6. Hft. 7. Berlin: Paetel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(19) *Russische Revue: Monatsschrift für die Kunde Russlands.* Herausgegeben von C. Röttger. Jahrg. 9. Hft. 2. St. Petersburg: Schmitzdorff. London: Trübner.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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OF

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THE PREMIERSHIP.

AFTER a week chiefly occupied by the ceremonial observances customary on such occasions, the formal resignation of Lord BEACONSFIELD made it on Thursday necessary for the QUEEN to select his successor. Her choice fell on the politician who for the last five years has been recognized as the leader of the Liberal party in the Lower House. In sending for Lord HARTINGTON the QUEEN doubtless was guided not merely by this consideration, but by the tone of Lord HARTINGTON'S own utterances since the result of the elections was practically decided. The speeches delivered by him a fortnight ago at Chesterfield and Darwen were those of a man who, if he was not determined to assume the chief command, at any rate expected that it would be offered to him. Yet it does not appear that Lord HARTINGTON, who cannot be supposed to have been surprised by the summons, was prepared immediately either to obey the QUEEN'S commands or to announce his inability to obey them. More journeys to and fro between Windsor and London were still necessary before the question of Premiership, which has exercised so many minds for the last few days, could be decided. The delay shows at least that the leaders of the late Opposition had not absolutely settled in their own minds the problem which others have been so busy in settling for them. It might easily have been arranged beforehand what each of the three possible Premiers should do in the case of his being summoned to Windsor. That Lord HARTINGTON'S journey was indecisive shows that neither he himself, nor Lord GRANVILLE, nor Mr. GLADSTONE, had arrived at such an arrangement, despite all the advice offered to them.

It was natural that when the result of the elections was known there should be much discussion and many conjectures as to the composition of the future Government; but it could scarcely have been expected that opposite parties should concur in urging as indispensable the appointment of Mr. GLADSTONE to the post of Prime Minister. If the Liberal members of the House of Commons could elect the head of the Government by ballot, it is probable that Mr. GLADSTONE would be left in a minority; and the great body of Conservative members may be supposed to think that his accession to power would be mischievous or dangerous; yet the newspaper press has been almost unanimous in recommending that the victor in the late contest should be rewarded with the spoils. Radical writers are perfectly consistent in demanding for their leader the direction of the national policy, though it is difficult to understand why they should place a superfluous difficulty in his way by offering gratuitous insults to the QUEEN. The clouds which are said to have interposed between the QUEEN and the nation must, if they exist, have been wholly raised by Radical pamphleteers and their sympathizing commentators. The relations of the Crown and the Cabinet have been in no degree modified under Lord BEACONSFIELD'S Administration, and there is no reason to doubt that the QUEEN will maintain the constitutional impartiality which she has displayed to a long succession of Ministers during more than forty years. Her volunteer advisers committed an impertinence when they demanded that she should pass under Mr. GLADSTONE'S yoke, instead of exercising her own judgment in the offer which she must make to some leader of the dominant party. They apparently desired either to expose the QUEEN to popular discontent in the probable contingency of her preferring the recognized leader of the party, or to attribute any overture which might be made to Mr. GLADSTONE to fear rather than to independent judgment.

The large section of the Liberal party which has for five years followed Lord HARTINGTON might have had something to say in the controversy; but it has been almost wholly silent. Notwithstanding Mr. GLADSTONE'S habitual denunciation of metropolitan journalists, his reluctant followers and possible adversaries, the moderate Liberals, have no recognized organ in the press. The legitimate and general wish that Lord GRANVILLE and Lord HARTINGTON should be the principal members of the new Government has in consequence scarcely found public expression, though it has been duly recognized by the action of the QUEEN. The preference for Ministers whose future course may be the subject of calculation is not confined to Liberals who distrust sentimental impulses as political forces. Some members who are not averse to large domestic innovations justly distrust a foreign policy which in the last Parliament was never accepted by the Opposition as a whole. Mr. GLADSTONE'S wanton declaration of hostility to Austria has not increased the general confidence in his judgment and temper. The character of a watch-dog, which, with unconscious plagiarism from Mr. ROEBUCK, he lately assumed, is scarcely compatible with the dignity of a Prime Minister. The intimation that his disapproval related to the foreign and not to the internal policy of Austria would have been an additional insult even if it had been strictly accurate. It is assuredly not the business of an English statesman to meddle with Austrian administration; but Mr. GLADSTONE has more than once referred in taunting or menacing language to the alleged antagonism of the various tribes which compose the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. If advanced Liberals are willing to incur the risk of Mr. GLADSTONE'S conduct of foreign affairs in consideration of his tendency to sweeping legislation at home, his less enthusiastic allies might have been supposed to regard with some anxiety the thirty urgent questions which he sometime since enumerated as illustrations of the negligence or incompetence of the Conservative Government. Even if Liberal members really believed that all the institutions of the country ought to be disturbed, they have not forgotten the effect of Mr. GLADSTONE'S restlessness during his former administration. It may perhaps have been right to harass, as Mr. LOWE has boasted, every interest in the country, but the operation proved to be highly unpopular. The prosperous years which ended about the time of the last general election had, in consequence of the Ministerial policy, produced almost as strong a feeling of irritation as the period of depression for which Lord BEACONSFIELD and his colleagues have lately been made responsible. It is surprising that the want of confidence in Mr. GLADSTONE which prevails among a large portion of the Liberal party should have been suppressed when it might have affected the choice of a Prime Minister.

The eagerness of Conservative politicians for the appointment of Mr. GLADSTONE as head of the Ministry is still more remarkable, as it is more short-sighted. Some of his opponents probably believe that his rash impetuosity would destroy any Government which he might control; but the experiment of raising an adversary to the highest summit of power in the hope that he may fall

is extremely doubtful. Mr. GLADSTONE's last term of office extended to five years; and it might have lasted longer but for an act of imprudent caprice. A more ostensible excuse for a paradoxical preference is supplied by the undoubted complications which must result from Mr. GLADSTONE's exclusion from office while his political activity is unabated. In his answer to Lord GREY he admitted that the disjunction of power from responsibility was inconvenient and even unconstitutional; but the anomaly has perhaps been exaggerated, and it is not for the interest of Mr. GLADSTONE's opponents to remove it at their own expense. That Mr. GLADSTONE would be more capable of doing harm as the patron of a Ministry than as a Minister is a proposition as unsound as the commonplace fallacy that an untrustworthy friend is worse than an enemy. A rash engine-driver would be likely to do more harm than a stoker who merely advised his comrade to go too fast. As an independent supporter of a Liberal Government Mr. GLADSTONE would be in some degree restrained by personal friendship, by good taste, and by loyalty to his party from interfering too officiously or too often. If he differed from the Ministers on questions of foreign policy, he would be powerless to impede or precipitate their action, because they would be supported both by the bulk of their own party and probably by the Conservative Opposition. In domestic affairs an independent leader would perhaps be more troublesome; but the initiation of legislation is inseparable from office. A Prime Minister, especially if he possesses personal ascendency, can almost always impose his policy on his colleagues, because they must either accept his measures or break up the Government. An extraneous ally can only undertake independent legislation at the risk of finding himself baffled by a coalition of the two regular parties. If Mr. GLADSTONE had been an independent member from 1868 to 1874, he could not have passed his Irish Bills, nor could he have established the Ballot or abolished purchase in the army.

The suggestion that Mr. GLADSTONE should hold a secondary office in the Cabinet is full of inconvenience. The custom by which the First Lord of the Treasury holds the rank of Prime Minister is founded on the large amount of patronage at his disposal. There were some exceptions to the rule in the last century, as when Lord CHATHAM held the Privy Seal on the understanding that he should direct the policy of the Government, though the Duke of GRAFTON was at the Treasury. It has since sometimes happened that a colleague has by superior ability or force of character overshadowed the Prime Minister, as when CASTLEREAGH, and afterwards CANNING, administered the Foreign Office; but both Ministers were on terms of close personal and political intimacy with Lord LIVERPOOL, and the Duke of WELLINGTON, who was a not less powerful member of the same Cabinet, was thoroughly loyal to his chief. As President of the Council, or Chancellor of the Duchy, Mr. GLADSTONE would control the deliberations of the Cabinet; and, in spite of any formal arrangement which might be made, he would be practically leader of the House of Commons. It would be much more convenient that he should also be Prime Minister than that he should be stigmatized as unfit to hold the nominal rank which corresponded to his real position. During the whole of the discussion the Radicals have, from their own point of view, been in the right, though some of their organs have given unnecessary offence by bad taste and violence. Those Conservatives who have insisted on the appointment of Mr. GLADSTONE have utterly misconceived both the public interest and their own. The timidity which has prevented the followers of Lord GRANVILLE and Lord HARTINGTON from expressing their genuine opinions is intelligible rather than worthy of admiration. After all, the discussion was idle, for the decision has from the first rested absolutely with Mr. GLADSTONE.

POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

THE present Parliament and the incoming Cabinet will probably be much more largely occupied with domestic legislation than with foreign affairs. Mr. GLADSTONE himself would be powerless to disturb the concert of Europe, although he still encourages his admiring correspondents in the Balkan provinces by mysterious denunciations of Austria. Knowledge, as well as power and popular support, is necessary to a statesman who seeks to influence the fortunes of Europe or of the world. Mr. GLADSTONE's acquaintance with foreign policy begins with the Bulgarian atrocities, and will end with the complete execution of the Treaty of Berlin. Few months have passed since he declared, in undoubted accordance with his habitual opinion and practice, that the external relations of England ought, as a rule, neither to be heard of nor seen. If Mr. GLADSTONE were at this moment absolute dictator, he would find the reversal of the policy of his predecessors difficult or impossible. At home the Ministry will be necessarily more active; but its prudent members will not be in a hurry to produce or disclose the dissensions which may hereafter destroy the unity of the party. Even the extension of household suffrage to counties seems for the moment to have receded into the background. The zealous proselyte who demands the disfranchisement of all owners of property has outstripped his new allies. The more moderate section of Liberals, though they have been pledged by Lord HARTINGTON to the dangerous measure of uniform suffrage, well know that every poor and ignorant voter whom they add to the constituent body will reinforce their formidable rivals. Some of them have perhaps derived from the Scotch University elections additional knowledge of the real division of parties. Of the graduates of the four Universities probably not a dozen are connected with the aristocracy or with the landed gentry; yet two Conservative members would have been returned but for the special claims of one candidate on an academic constituency. Mr. LYON PLAYFAIR seems not to add to his other qualifications remarkable tact or sense of fitness. Apparently irritated at the smallness of his majority, he reproached the electors with their regard to political principle, and threatened them with disfranchisement, which, he said, was desired by some of the members of his party. It is evident that the most highly educated portion of the middle class in Scotland has not participated in the factious excitement created by Mr. GLADSTONE.

The uneasiness which prevails among those Liberals who may be described as old-fashioned finds a curious illustration in the confused and inconsistent language of the *Edinburgh Review*. In the earlier part of an article on the new Parliament the writer professes exuberant delight at the defeat of the Conservatives, who for the most part hold opinions scarcely distinguishable from "plain Whig principles." It could scarcely have been expected that the organ of a party which once was aristocratic should be especially delighted with the electoral disasters of the great families which are now on the losing side. Still stranger is the exultation created by the supposed "wavering of the farmers in their allegiance to the "squires." It seems that they are beginning to find out "that the debtor and creditor have opposite interests, and "that a disguised landlord's agent is not the best possible "tenant's champion." The relation of landlords and tenants has seldom been described in terms pointing so directly to legislative spoliation of the creditor; but it is satisfactory to find that the unfamiliar cant of revolution is immediately retracted, unless indeed two writers of opposite principles have agreed to compose an *amœbean* eulogy on the two conflicting forms of Liberalism. The debtor and creditor, or, in other words, the landlord and tenant, "have opposite interests"; but the Whig interlocutor proceeds to contradict his Radical associate by asserting in the same page that "the interests of landlords and "tenants are not at variance; we believe them, on the "contrary, to be inseparable and identical." If the response or antiphon is to be preferred to the previous statement which it contradicts, the substitution of two or three tenant farmers for landowners will leave untouched the interests which are common to both. In another part of the same article the reviewer, not perhaps understanding the effect of his proposal, recommends that the county franchise should henceforth be limited to occupiers, so that the owners of all the landed property in the kingdom would be summarily disfranchised. Only resident proprietors would be represented, and not in regard of their property. Owners of houses or land in boroughs now vote for the county; but they are to share in the arbitrary disqualification. Converts from plain Whig principles seem to be intoxicated by their first intercourse with unscrupulous democracy.

With a singularly bad grace the *Edinburgh* Reviewer follows the example of Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir W. HARCOURT by sneering at that society with which his period,

the other hand, although they fought well, manœuvred badly, and much popular indignation was excited in Chili at the tedious course which the war seemed to be taking. But in time the rules of modern international law told against Peru. It is permitted to import arms and stores of war if the importers can escape the vigilance of cruisers. The subject of any neutral State who likes to incur the penalties of carrying contraband can do so, and Peru was able to import arms and stores freely. The Chilian cruisers tried to intercept these consignments, but generally failed in the attempt. It is not permitted, however, to sell and despatch an ironclad, and so well was the rule observed that Peru could not find anywhere an ironclad that she could purchase to repair her losses. As the navy of Peru could not be replenished, the Chilians, who had from the outset a supremacy of naval force, had only to go on until at last they reduced the navy of Peru to nothing or to a mere shadow. By land Chili found that, when once she commanded the sea, she could attack under cover of her fleet, and she did attack, and has had the best of the fight. It is very difficult from the geographical configuration of Peru for the military force of an enemy to move forward quickly. The invaders have to make their way along a mere strip between the mountains and the sea, and to move over ground destitute of supplies and frequently broken into points where resistance can be easily offered. Still the command of the sea, the possession of the chief sources of Peruvian wealth, and some successes on land would have entitled Chili to expect Peru to sue for peace, and Peru would before this in all probability have attempted to save what was left to her if she had had anything to save. How it has happened that a State which a little time ago could bleed lenders to any amount for which she liked to ask, had nothing left to save, is a curious instance of the proverbial insecurity of the wealth attributed by popular fancy to the American colonies of Spain.

The *Times* has lately published a series of letters from a correspondent who has been travelling in Peru, and these letters, which are written with vigour and ease, will refresh the memory of the few Englishmen who know Peru personally, and will supply information too late to be of any use to the unfortunate bondholders who have sown their cash broadcast without knowing anything of the country to which they were sending it. Peru, as persons who have had the good fortune to be educated in National schools are doubtless aware, is a very long and not very wide country, with a wall of mountains running at no great distance from the sea coast. Unfortunately all the natural wealth of Peru is on the wrong side of this mountain wall, which rises even in its passes to a height of more than fifteen thousand feet. On the seaboard side of the wall there is a continuous stretch of barren, ugly, waterless rocks, broken by one good harbour, that of Callao. A cold current of air streaming from the South Pole along the coast so plays with the vapours arising from the Pacific that while for one half of the year there are constant clouds, yet there is never any rain. The moisture is lifted over the Andes, and there is condensed into abundant rain, which nourishes a prolific vegetation and supplies the sources of the affluents of the enormous rivers that ultimately find their way into the Southern Atlantic. On this side, too, nature has placed the rich silver deposits of Cerro Pasco, so that it may be said that in the accessible parts of Peru there is nothing worth having, while everything that is worth having is inaccessible. But off the coast of the accessible side was found the guano which gave Peru so strange a burst of temporary prosperity. When the guano came to an end it was obvious that Peru must come to an end unless the provinces which contained all its solid and indestructible wealth were made accessible. As far back as 1862 President Pardo, who was not long ago murdered, drew the attention of his countrymen to their real situation. He calculated that guano had already at that time given Peru as much as 30,000,000*l.*, and he urged that the future yield should not be entirely wasted, but should, at least in part, be spent on an enterprise that would open up new possibilities to Peru, and protect her against the collapse of her fortunes. The project was a very bold one. It consisted in running a railway from Callao straight over the Andes, and then down again, until it ended where a navigable river would have given a waterway to the Atlantic and to Europe. When the line had surmounted the Andes it was to have sent out two branches, one to the silver mines of Cerro Pasco and another to a district rich in every kind of agricultural and forest produce. This was an undertaking very arduous and very costly, especially as another line over the Andes was projected and partially completed; but Peru would have been saved if the line from Callao had been carried out, and she was in the singular position that she could have practically had the railway for nothing. Her accidental ownership of guano would have enabled her to unite for ever, and without further cost, the two halves of the country. Peru really set in earnest to have this railway made, and her energy was stimulated and directed by the ingenuity and boldness of an enterprising American. Enough has already been done to make the line, so far as it has gone, one of the greatest feats of mountain engineering in the world, if not the greatest. 140 kilometres have been opened for traffic, and the line has been carried to a height of more than 11,000 feet. A rise of about 4,000 feet still remains to be accomplished; but enough has been done to account for the absorption of much money, and to proclaim the triumph of engineering skill. The railway, however, is only a project so far as the connexion of the two halves of the country goes. The money is gone, and the guano is gone, and the enterprising contractor is dead, and accessible Peru is still as much divided from inaccessible Peru as ever.

There is no apparent source from which, if the war stopped, Peru could draw new life, while, if the war goes on, the Peruvians have the pleasure of fighting. This is a real pleasure to them, and the more they suffer the more they like the war. Troops are collected by wholesale impressment, and Peruvian Indians fight well and eat nothing. The resistance of a nation which fights because it thinks it has sustained "defeats more glorious than "victories," because it hates its enemies bitterly, and above all because peace and war are equally ruinous to it, must collapse in the long run, but may last much beyond what its opponents expect or think reasonable. The blockade or the bombardment of Callao would do much harm to the foreign colony of Lima and to the small remnants of commercial activity that Peru still possesses. But there seems to be no reason why it should make the Peruvians give in. To hurt Callao is not to capture Lima, and the Chilians have not as yet shown anything like the military strength which would enable them to take possession of the capital. It must also be considered that while Peru has lost the guano, Chili has not only got it, but has begun to deal with it. Negotiations have been for some time going on between Chili and the Peruvian bondholders. The nature of the proposed bargain, which is said to have been at length concluded after many difficulties, is that the bondholders are to receive guano from Chili, and to pay Chili for giving it to them. Chili holds the guano by right of conquest, and any concession to the bondholders must have been chiefly prompted by calculations as to what course would be most likely to raise or establish Chilian credit in the European market. At any rate Chili has cut away from the Peruvians the hope that by making peace they can get back their guano. Chili would necessarily, in any arrangement with the bondholders, stipulate that the guano should be given over after peace to the bondholders, not to the Peruvians, and for Peruvian purposes it might be as well cast into the sea. To have to pay their just debts will be only an aggravation of injury to men who have long had nothing but their plunder from guano contracts to live upon. The real difficulty of Chili is that she has scarcely anything to offer to Peru as the reward of peace. She can offer not to bombard ports, but the bombardment of ports only damages a few merchants and the inhabitants of the place. She can also offer not to make any more military descents on the Peruvian coasts. But these military descents do not carry the war much further forward, and always offer the enemy a chance, and by no means a bad chance, of a partial and temporary success. Meanwhile Chili, which has a real credit and a solid reputation to keep up, is undergoing a most serious pecuniary drain; and it is not impossible that, in spite of the substantial successes of Chili, there may be found to be a greater desire for peace at Valparaiso than at Lima.

THE HOME RULERS.

THE election for the county of Cork, which completed the returns for Ireland, surpassed in interest and importance all that had preceded it. It was supposed that Mr. PARNELL would achieve his crowning victory, and would secure the return of a devotee unknown in the county, displacing Colonel COLTHURST. The seat of Mr. SHAW was not directly attacked; but Mr. SHAW earnestly deprecated a contest, and, had Mr. PARNELL's nominee been returned at the head of the poll, not only would Mr. SHAW's wishes have been disregarded, but his leadership of the party would have been rudely shaken. Mr. PARNELL indulged in his usual vituperations of an antagonist, and denounced Colonel COLTHURST as having truckled to the Saxon and neglected the interests of his constituents. On the one side were arrayed Mr. PARNELL as dictator, the small farmers who look at the land question through his eyes, and the peasantry who believe that he is the man to do something for them which no one else can do. On the other side there were Mr. SHAW himself and those who honestly accept him as their leader, the gentry, the humbler electors who resented the intrusion of an outsider, and, above all, the priests. The contest was really a pitched battle between the priests and Mr. PARNELL, and Mr. PARNELL had so often beaten them that the priests strained every nerve to show that in a great Southern county they still retained their boasted influence. In the end Mr. SHAW was returned at the head of the poll by a majority of nearly 2,000 votes; while a narrow but sufficient majority of 150 gave the second seat to Colonel COLTHURST. The party is now definitively split into two sections, of which that of Mr. PARNELL is the weaker, although the more violent. Nominally a show of union is still retained. Mr. PARNELL asserts that he has always been the most docile of men, and that his readiness to obey in the past, which has cost him the most painful sacrifices of feeling, ought to be taken as a guarantee that he will be equally amenable in the future. Mr. SHAW says that he always counts his sheep, even if some of them are a little blacker than he could wish, as belonging to the same fold. But this union is only nominal. Mr. SHAW treats the following of Mr. PARNELL as obviously deficient in the first rudiments of common sense; and whenever united action is proposed it is immediately declined. As soon as Mr. SHAW had announced that he intended to be present at a gathering of the party in Dublin on the eve of the meeting of the new Parliament, Mr. PARNELL wrote to say that he certainly should not attend the meeting, and that he thought that to go there would be a very silly waste of time. Personal bitterness also has arisen to an extreme point in the ranks of the Home Rulers, and Mr. SULLIVAN has declared that he will rather vacate his seat for Louth than sit as the colleague of Mr. CALLAN, who owed his seat to the patronage of Mr. PARNELL. The Home Ruler, too, whom Mr. CALLAN defeated declares that he will not offer himself to replace Mr. SULLIVAN if to sit for Louth would impose on him the ignominy of being the colleague of Mr. CALLAN. What Mr. CALLAN has done that is thought so unpardonable is not evident. He is accused of having asked for Saxon gold to pay his expenses; but Home Rulers must be supposed to know where their own shoe pinches, and can perhaps feel other grievances which they cannot state. The case is only worth noticing as bringing into special prominence the dissensions which are distracting the party.

The most striking feature in recent Home Rule contests and utterances is that Home Rule appears, at least for the moment, to have dropped almost entirely out of sight. Mr. SMYTH indeed remains true to his colours, and has devised the best formula for Home Rule that has yet been offered. His motto is, a Free Senate and a Citizen Army; and this is really what Home Rule means, when it is made to have any definite meaning. But other Home Rulers talk, not of Home Rule, but of the land. Mr. PARNELL devotes himself exclusively to his peculiar form of land agitation, and Mr. SHAW feels drawn towards the new Parliament as destined to do something with regard to the land which has never been done, nor perhaps dreamt of, before. It is the fashion for every one to regard his own peculiar subject as the turning-point of the late elections, and Mr. SHAW seems convinced that English electors thronged to turn out Lord BEACONSFIELD in order that a comfortable provision might be made for Irish farmers. He has tried to define the future attitude of his party towards the Liberal majority. He will endeavour to get from this majority what he wants, and if he cannot get what he wants, he will stand aloof. It would, as he says, argue a want of earnestness if he settled into the position of a tame Whig. But he warns his party that, if what it desires is to be got, it must make itself pleasant, show itself moderate and forbearing, and even make large allowances for Liberal leaders who have to overcome the prejudices of ordinary Englishmen against every proposal for benefiting Ireland in the way in which Ireland wishes to be benefited. Nothing, as he truly says, can be more absurd than to suppose that the way to make England yield is to seize her by the throat, and bid her stand and deliver. This amounts to a formal declaration against the policy of obstruction, and the position of the Obstructionists will probably be found to be weaker in the new Parliament than it was before the dissolution. It is true that Mr. PARNELL has increased his personal following. He has now at his command a band, many members of which are as utterly unknown in Ireland as they are in England, and who have no other avenue to importance except that of obeying him implicitly. He has now got six-and-twenty satellites instead of six, to speak after his pattern, and to waste time as he wishes; but he cannot pursue a course of wanton obstruction without at the same time proclaiming that he is breaking away from the leader of his party, and is representing only the minority of Home Rulers. The fear lately entertained that he had Ireland behind him has been dissipated, and Obstructionists who obstruct in the name of Home Rule will be regarded as an unimportant set of noisy disturbers. It is probable that the new Parliament will be much less indulgent to obstruction than the last. It is bent upon doing something that will win it real credit, and will form a striking contrast to the inactivity of its predecessor. Those who are bent upon business cannot tolerate idle opposition with the amiable placidity which is natural to men who bring in Bills only to weep gently over their inevitable failure. The Liberal leaders, too, have always been for dealing with obstruction in a more stringent way than found favour with their good-humoured and undecided opponents. And if there is one claim which they have put forward more prominently than another at the late elections, as the object of their peculiar care, it is the claim of the House of Commons to be treated with respect and to be enabled to uphold its dignity. The Liberal majority will feel that to allow Parliament to be set at naught by a handful of noisy Irishmen would be a treason to the constituencies, which have been pointedly told that the honour of Parliament shall be zealously maintained.

The fact, too, that Home Rule is out of date, and has been superseded by the land agitation, will make the relations between the Liberal majority and the Home Rulers comparatively smooth. The new Government may be expected to bring in some measure for dealing with Irish land; and although this measure will necessarily disappoint unreasonable expectations, still it will be, in the view of Home Rulers, a step in the right direction, and a peaceful interval must be allowed to elapse in order to give time for any Bill, bad or good, being prepared. It has been said that Mr. BRIGHT would be glad to resume office with the one object of putting before Parliament an Irish Land Bill after his own fancy. It is not probable that even this temptation would induce him to encounter the fatigues of office, or to busy himself, or feel that he ought to busy himself, with the cares of administration, of which he must have very unpleasant recollections. But if he has any longing to bring in an Irish Land Bill, and thinks that he could draft it easily and carry it quickly, he must have a very inadequate conception of the difficulties that would beset him. From no quarter has there as yet been any suggestion made of a Bill that would give Irish tenants any considerable portion of what they ask for without infringing elementary rules of justice or subjecting the State to onerous obligations. A new Ministry cannot invent and shape an Irish Land Bill without much previous thought and study, and nothing would so much discredit it as to wear the appearance of being willing to introduce crude schemes rather than none, in order to show the greatness of its energy, and make use of its magnificent majority. Meanwhile the Irish seem to be occupying themselves with personal rather than political questions. Above all, they interest themselves in the great problem of who is to be the new Lord-Lieutenant. It is even considered to be a point of

the deepest interest to Ireland whether the wife of the unknown Lord-Lieutenant is likely to be popular. The smiles of beauty and the charms of manner can always make Irishmen more or less happy; and to Englishmen it is pleasant to notice this side of Irish life, and to find that to speak of the feeling of Ireland is occasionally much the same as to speak of the feeling of Ascot on the Cup Day. But man is a composite animal, and it is not to be supposed that Home Rule makes up the whole life of any one, not even of Mr. FINIGAN. A popular and sensible Lord-Lieutenant, with a pleasant and active wife, does real good in a thousand ways; and it is to be hoped that a Liberal Ministry will be again as fortunate as it was in the days when Lord and Lady SPENCER reigned in the Castle.

THE PANAMA CANAL AND THE CLAYTON-BULWER TREATY.

EITHER M. DE LESSEPS is too sanguine in assuming that the obstacles to the construction of his canal are removed, or he must have entered into some arrangement with the Government of the United States, which cannot for the moment be conveniently disclosed. The interesting statement that a hotelkeeper at Chicago refused to send in a bill for entertaining M. DE LESSEPS is not in itself a conclusive proof that he will be allowed to make one of the most useful of all possible public works. Material difficulties vanish before the energy of the vigorous and cheerful octogenarian. Between the two oceans there appears to be only one hill of the moderate height of 120 feet, and the supposed unhealthiness of the Isthmus is disproved by the freedom of a party of a hundred and thirty persons from any kind of illness. It is true that there is a considerable mortality of Chinese coolies; but M. DE LESSEPS is ready with a pleasant and satisfactory explanation of a fact which might otherwise cause uneasiness. The Chinese might, if they thought fit, live for an indefinite time in the best of climates; but unluckily they are in the habit, in consequence of certain morbid tendencies, of committing suicide on a large scale. M. DE LESSEPS has ascertained that an ordinary Chinaman deposits his savings at the foot of a tree, and then hangs himself on one of the branches. He is supposed to believe that, after voluntarily departing this life in Panama, he will rise again in China with his hard-won earnings, having saved the inconvenience and expense of the voyage across the Pacific. If the great projector has occasion to employ Chinese labourers, he will probably make it worth their while to postpone their euthanasia till the canal is finished. There is no doubt that by some method the necessary labour may be procured, and that the enterprise is physically feasible if sufficient capital is forthcoming. Of the more serious political impediments M. DE LESSEPS speaks but lightly. Although he is not prepared to assure his friends that the American Government has withdrawn its objections, he intimates his belief that his assurances have been favourably received. According to his account, the management will be in the hands of the subscribers; and he implies that a purely commercial undertaking will provoke no national jealousy. It is not impossible that he may have secretly acquiesced in the pretensions of the United States.

If no such understanding has been established, the scheme is likely to fail or to be indefinitely delayed; and in any case capitalists will require more definite information before they advance their money. It matters little whether the projectors have international law on their side, if they have not secured the consent of a Power which can prevent the construction of the canal or control its navigation. The American Government has not been slow to assert claims which are incompatible with the design of M. DE LESSEPS, unless he thinks fit to become the agent and dependent of the United States. Some time since the PRESIDENT, in a Message to the Senate, declared that the MONROE doctrine would be infringed if any interoceanic canal were constructed except with the sanction of the American Government. The Senate Committee of Foreign Relations, which exercises some of the powers that in England belong to the Foreign Secretary, has reported in accordance with the PRESIDENT's Message; and the Senate, though it has not yet taken any step on the subject, will probably confirm the decision of the Committee. Believers in the force of the system which is figuratively described as International Law would find the process by which it is now to be altered instructive, if not encouraging. The Republic of Columbia possesses the absolute dominion over a tract of land on which it authorizes a commercial Company to construct a canal. It might be supposed that in the first instance it was unnecessary to obtain the consent of any third party; though, when the communication is opened, foreign Governments may properly demand freedom of passage for their subjects; and as among themselves equality of treatment. The MONROE doctrine, which was an *ex parte* declaration in no way binding on foreign Governments, has, even if its validity is assumed, no relation to the proposed undertaking. At the instance of CANNING, who entirely failed to foresee the consequences of his suggestion, President MONROE nearly sixty years ago declared that the American continent was no longer subject to settlement by foreign Powers or to extension of their actual dominion. CANNING's object was to prevent ALEXANDER I. and METTERNICH from interfering in the dispute between Spain and the South American colonies. The Government of the United States perhaps foresaw the advantage which might be derived from a vague protest against an improbable enterprise. There is no question of settlement or of acquisition of sovereignty on the Isthmus of Panama, and M. DE LESSEPS and his associates are private adventurers acting under the authority of the local Government. On the other hand, it may be argued that the Power which for its own purposes invented the MONROE doctrine has an equal right to extend it, or to establish a HAYES doctrine as its supplement. The question is wholly as to power, and not as to right. The expulsion of the French army from Mexico, and the consequent overthrow of the Empire of MAXIMILIAN, are the most instructive corollaries of the MONROE doctrine.

If the common law of nations is elastic in its interpretation and uncertain of execution, positive contracts in the form of treaties are more definite, and it might have been supposed that they were more binding. The conditions on which a canal between the Atlantic and Pacific is to be constructed and used are, as between England and the United States, expressly defined by the Treaty of 1850, negotiated by Mr. CLAYTON, Secretary of State, and Mr. BULWER, afterwards Lord DALLING, English Minister at Washington. It now appears that this formal agreement is to be overruled to make room for an entirely novel American pretension. The Senate Committee for Foreign Affairs pronounces the treaty to have been ill-advised, often infringed, and always inoperative. On these grounds, which it might be difficult to establish by proof, the Committee recommends that the PRESIDENT should take immediate steps for the abrogation of the treaty. Among private persons it is no objection to a bargain that one party afterwards thinks that it is ill-advised, or, in other words, that it might operate to his disadvantage. It is certain that the Treaty of 1850 has been in no degree injurious to the United States, as American interests were understood when it was concluded. It has undoubtedly been inoperative as far as it affects a proposed canal which has not yet been constructed; but a contract which provides for a future state of things can scarcely be invalidated by a delay in a proposed arrangement. The covenant which the Americans seek to rescind seems not to be in itself unreasonable. It was agreed that neither Government should acquire possession of any part of the country to be traversed by the canal; that their subjects and citizens should enjoy equal rights of passage; and that the canal should be subject to a joint protectorate.

Of other clauses in the treaty the United States have already had the advantage. Before that date the English had established on a part of the Central American coast an anomalous dependency called the Mosquito Kingdom, nominally ruled by a native Indian chief. The Americans regarded with a jealousy which, if it was exaggerated, was not unintelligible, a condition of affairs which seemed to conflict with the MONROE doctrine. They declined to recognize the sovereignty of a native; and, on the other side, Lord PALMERSTON took a fancy to the Mosquito Kingdom, which he governed through an agent under the title of Consul. The CLAYTON-BULWER Treaty put an end to the supposed grievance by abolishing the English protectorate, and incidentally the Mosquito Kingdom, which has not since been heard of. The Americans were perhaps not much the better for the concession; but they had professed to think it important as long as it was withheld

The steps by which the PRESIDENT is to proceed to the abrogation of the treaty are not specified in the Report of the Committee. It may be hoped that no English Minister will consent to the simple repeal of the treaty, even if he is unable to prevent it from being broken. It would be intolerable that a single Power should either have exclusive possession of the canal, if it is made, or that it should secure a monopoly of the trade with the Pacific, with New Zealand, and with the coasts of Asia by the imposition of differential duties. No MONROE doctrine can give the United States a right to annex to the detriment of foreign countries a territory which is now independent, and which is separated from American territory by hundreds of miles. There may be room for negotiation if the PRESIDENT and Senate are willing to guarantee freedom of passage and equality of rates. On any other terms it would be unwise to renounce an undoubted right, which it might possibly become necessary to maintain by force. The interest of all Europe would be in this case identical with that of England, unless indeed the United States should bribe any Government to desert the common cause by the offer of especially favourable terms. A one-sided denunciation of the treaty ought to be treated as absolutely void. No such measure can in any way affect English rights, though it may be judicious to wait for a convenient opportunity of asserting them.

THE FRENCH CLERGY AND THE RADICALS.

THERE is something quite edifying in the discoveries which the French Left are daily making with regard to the secular clergy. Hasty observers have supposed that M. FERRY and M. GAMBETTA had no love for the Catholic priesthood generally. They have been believed to share to the full in that hatred for the cassock which is commonly entertained by Continental Radicals. Their special hostility to the religious orders was explained by the facts that the religious orders were unpopular—at least that the Jesuits were so—and that obsolete laws still in existence gave the Government means of annoying them, which were wanting or could not be conveniently used in the case of the parochial clergy. It turns out that the distinction between Seculars and Regulars which it was proposed to consecrate in the seventh clause of M. FERRY's Education Bill is not of this accidental kind. M. FERRY, in a speech he has lately been making to the electors whom he represents in the Council-General, is as complimentary to the one as he is hostile to the other. We are in presence, he says, of two very different priesthoods. One is the clergy of the Concordat, the clergy of the parishes, the clergy whom we know, whom we reverence, to whom we are bound by contract, and who, within the limits fixed by that contract are the dependents of the State. The other is the clergy of the Congregations, a clergy whom we know not, and who desire to remain unknown by us, a clergy not foreseen by the Concordat, a clergy who, under all sorts of names and in robes of all colours, wish to form outside the Church of the Concordat another Church, altogether dissociated from the State, recruited and enriched at the expense of the recognized clergy, and depending entirely on a foreign sovereignty. It is against this latter clergy that the French Government have been forced to take up arms. They have done so as much in the interest of the pillaged and oppressed parish priests as in that of the State. Wicked and designing bishops have written as though the decrees against the religious orders were measures directed against the Catholic Church. On the contrary, they are designed to relieve the Catholic Church from an incubus which left to herself she has not the strength to shake off. The *République Française* makes M. FERRY's words its own, and adds to them others in the same strain. Never, it says, will the secular clergy be treated by serious and instructed men having the charge and the responsibility of Government in the way in which the regular clergy are now to be treated under the provisions of the ecclesiastical law. To be the working parson of a French parish is a very different thing from being a Jesuit or a Capuchin. The State has one policy in respect of monks belonging to orders whose chiefs live at Rome, and another in respect of Frenchmen who have embraced the sacerdotal state and are fulfilling their duties under the authority of the law. It sees in the former a friend and a servant, in the latter a stranger and an enemy.

There is a foundation of truth in this distinction, which, under other circumstances, might have been of real service to the Government. The secular clergy have never been over fond of the regular clergy. They have been in the habit of thinking that in the division of rewards and work they have had too much of the work, and the religious orders too much of the rewards. A country curé may have more liberty than the member of a religious order; but he buys it at the cost of hard fare and dull labour. The stimulus of ecclesiastical controversy is denied him; he has only to go on year after year christening, marrying, and burying his parishioners, and eking out with such fees as he can obtain for these services the pittance of 24*l.* a year which the munificence of the State allows him. When he compares with this the comparatively exciting duties of the religious orders—the schools for the upper classes maintained by the Jesuits, the Lent preachings of the Dominicans—he would be more than human if he did not sometimes think his lot a hard one; and if the Left had managed their attack upon the religious orders with more judgment, they might have found allies of some value in the secular clergy. In order to do this they should have begun by rendering some substantial service to the secular clergy, and should have been careful not to let their dislike of the religious orders be mistaken for dislike of the Catholic Church. Instead of this, the Left refused to raise the salaries of the parish priests, while they assailed the religious orders on grounds which would have supplied an equally good ground for an attack upon Catholic laymen. No matter what M. FERRY or the *République Française* may say, the object of Radical hostility is not any specific aspect of Catholicism, but Catholicism itself. M. PAUL BERT's denunciation of the Jesuits in the Chamber of Deputies resolved itself into an attack upon the confessional, and the manifestations of Radical feeling with which the priests are most familiar, are found, when looked at closely, to be entirely superior to any nice distinctions between one kind of ecclesiastic and another. It is Catholic dogma, Catholic practices, and Catholic persons that the French Radical dislikes, and, ordinarily speaking, he has not sufficient command of his emotions to be civil to his parish priest, even though he has the opportunity of rewarding himself for his self-denial by openly insulting a monk. The consequence has been that the secular clergy mistrust the Radicals nearly as thoroughly as the religious orders mistrust them. To all appearance the new decrees have found French Catholics a perfectly united body. The regular clergy are regarded simply as the advanced guard of the ecclesiastical army. The antagonism which formerly existed between them and the regular clergy has disappeared in presence of the common foe, and such assurances as those lately given by M. FERRY are treated as so many falsehoods told with a purpose.

It is not surprising that this should have come about. The Radicals have found the task of making believe to like the secular clergy too hard for them. Here and there an opportunist speaker may try to be civil to them; but for the most part the effort is too trying, and is never seriously made. Indeed the younger Radicals would scorn the notion of making it. Speakers like M. CLÉMENCEAU do not pretend to see in the religious orders something to be hated, and in the parochial clergy something to be loved. They hate them both, and they avow it. They are as anxious to suppress the ecclesiastical budget, and to leave the clergy to the casual contributions of their economically minded flocks, as to banish the religious orders. The ideal Republic which M. CLÉMENCEAU described the other day was a Republic which should accord to the priesthood, whether secular or regular, nothing but a temporary and contemptuous toleration. Not even their churches were any longer to be left to them. The fabrics belong to the State, and the State would no longer be so inconsistent as to lend them for the performance of a particular type of religious worship. If the parochial clergy turn for comfort to the *République Française*, they find, it is true, a different treatment of the subject from that adopted in the *Justice*, but hardly one which is calculated to give them much more comfort. It is something to know that M. GAMBETTA is not in favour of striking them off the list of State pensioners, but when they read that the reason why they are to be retained in this position is that they may be kept in proper order by

r, their hearts may well fail them. They know what became of the Constitutional clergy in the First Revolution, and the part reserved for them by the *République Française* is likely in the end to prove very little better than this. On the whole, therefore, there is no reason to believe that even the moderation of tone which characterizes the references to ecclesiastical questions in M. DE FREYCINET'S Circular will win over the secular clergy to the Republic. That they could even now be won over is probable enough, but it must be by a very different policy from any that a Government which relies on Radical support can be expected to adopt. The Radicals will look with favour on no Cabinet which will not allow them to shake their fists at the Catholic Church, and so long as a Cabinet leaves its supporters free to amuse themselves in this way, it will not hold its own with any section of the Catholic clergy.

THE *ATALANTA*.

THERE is happily no need as yet to despair of the safety of the *Atalanta*. If she were to arrive in Falmouth to-day she would have been eighty-four days in coming from Bermuda, and such a passage, though long, is not by any means of unparalleled length. The same period has recently been occupied in making the voyage, and H.M.S. *Viper* was still longer in getting to Bermuda from England. Quite lately a vessel which met with no accidents, but was merely delayed by contrary winds, was ninety days in coming from New York to the Thames; and it is certain that violent north and north-easterly gales have swept across the track from Bermuda, so that homeward-bound sailing-ships may have been driven far off their course. For a week to come, therefore, the arrival of the *Atalanta*, or, at all events, reassuring intelligence about her, may be hoped for; but at the same time it would be puerile to deny that, though loss or disaster is still anything but certain, there is reason for very grave apprehension. From the tone of the Admiralty circular which was issued last week it was clear that serious fears were felt by those most competent to judge regarding the safety of the ship. The *Atalanta* had the reputation of sailing fairly well, and, like most vessels of her type, could beat well to windward. The fact of her being long overdue is therefore more alarming than it would be with many other vessels. To the absence of tidings respecting her during any part of her voyage too much weight has perhaps been given, as even on what are considered as crowded tracks, a vessel may still be solitary for a considerable time. In the famous race of the tea-clippers ships which were pursuing a similar course, with comparatively favourable winds, were out of sight of each other for very long. Far graver than the fact that nothing has been seen of the *Atalanta* is the fact that the worst possible weather is known to have prevailed in the Atlantic at the time when she was making, or may have been making, the passage. It is often said that a good ship with plenty of sea-room need not fear the heaviest gale; but this, like many other general statements, is not universally true. There are some mishaps which baffle the skill of the best seamen, and one of these may have befallen the *Atalanta*. It is not in the least likely that, if lost, she has been lost in the same way as the *Eurydice* was, inasmuch as the capsizing of that ship was undoubtedly due to the neglect of precautions which ought to have been taken; and the lesson is little likely to have been forgotten. We may safely assume that Captain STIRLING did not allow the maindeck ports to be kept open after the barometer had given him unmistakable warning. If the *Atalanta* has gone down, the misfortune has probably been due to some combination of circumstances against which skill and foresight were of no avail. Of this, however, it will be scarcely possible to convince the multitude; and, if the missing vessel is no longer afloat, her loss, coming so soon after that of the *Eurydice*, may have very serious results. It must of necessity shake the confidence of the seafaring population in training-ships; and, though seamen are perhaps more fearless than any other class of men, their distrust, when once aroused, is deep and long-lived. The consequence of the calamity which is now dreaded may be a greatly increased difficulty in manning the vessels in which man-of-war sailors are trained, or at least in finding volunteers of the best class.

It is to be hoped that this feeling of distrust, which, under any circumstances, will be strong, will not be augmented by the efforts of critics anxious to prove that the Admiralty always has blundered and always will. As has been said, the best seaman may lose his ship, and very possibly the *Atalanta* may have been as fit to meet the winds and waves as any sailing-vessel could be. The whole history of the frigate will doubtless be carefully examined, and the result of the inquiry will very probably be to show that there was no reason whatever for dreading any mishap to her other than such as must be dreaded for all sailing-vessels. On one point, however, prompt explanation should be given, in order to anticipate malevolent criticism, and to show that an obvious and most important precaution was not neglected. The *Atalanta* was, it seems, built in 1844, and was therefore thirty-four years old when she was commissioned as a training-ship. The ordinary life of a wooden vessel is reckoned at sixteen years, and as the existence of the *Atalanta* had extended over more than twice this span, it is clear that, before she was allowed to go to sea with three hundred men on board, she ought to have been subjected to the most minute and searching survey that could possibly be made, and to have had every repair executed for which the smallest necessity appeared. We doubt not that this was done, and that it can be clearly shown that there was no neglect of precautions which were so obviously essential; but full information on the subject should be afforded, and an account should be given of the measures which were taken to ascertain the condition of the ship, and of the manner in which defects which surely must have existed were made good. It seems, at first sight, a strange thing to allow a wooden vessel thirty-six years old, with three hundred people on board her, to meet the winter gales of the Atlantic, and it should be manifest that, before she was commissioned, the *Atalanta* was proved to be in thoroughly sound condition. It is to be observed that, after sailing during a certain period as a frigate, the *Atalanta* was turned into a police hulk. This may have been either because vessels of her class were thought to be no longer useful, or because she was judged to be no longer fit for the sea. If the latter was the reason why she was laid up, a grave responsibility certainly weighs on those who allowed her to be equipped as a training-ship. Not long ago a wooden man-of-war on the Australian station was found to be in such a state that, had she encountered a gale of wind, she must almost inevitably have sunk. It is scarcely possible, however, to believe that the *Atalanta*, despite her age, was in a defective state, or that the necessity of testing her soundness and strength in every possible way was overlooked.

Assuming, then, as is indeed most probable, that the vessel was perfectly strong and seaworthy, and that, as is also most probable, there was no neglect whatever on the part of those in charge of her, the *Atalanta* may still have been lost in the open sea. Unless, as has been suggested, she was wrecked off Bermuda, she must, after she had made part of her way home, have been exposed to gales of unusual severity. A sailing-vessel laying-to in a gale may be placed in great danger if, owing to a change in the direction of the wind, she has to bear up and run in order to avoid falling into the trough of the sea. She incurs the risk of being "pooped"—that is, of being overwhelmed by a great mass of water breaking over the stern—and the number of sailing-ships which have been thus sunk is not small. A ship of good stability and well handled may be capsized if a sudden gust such as occurs sometimes in a gale catches her at the end of a very long roll. In some of the statements which have appeared respecting the *Atalanta*, it has been said that there was little danger of her capsizing, owing to her "stiffness" or power of resisting the heeling action of the wind. This shows some misapprehension of the nature of the ship's stability. The *Atalanta* is a very broad vessel, carrying a small quantity of ballast. She would therefore have great righting power at moderate angles of inclination, but if pressed over much her righting power would probably be largely diminished, especially if a considerable proportion of her water tanks were empty. It may be thought that so good an officer as Captain STIRLING cannot have neglected the obvious precaution of filling the tanks with salt water; but it must be remembered that they may have been left intentionally open in order to obtain ease in a sea. From what has been published respecting the vessel, it seems clear that she was a heavy roller in a gale of wind.

The loss of the *Atalanta* in mid ocean through causes altogether beyond human control must therefore be regarded as a possible, though very improbable, catastrophe. Of the accidents which may have occurred through want of vigilance or skill we do not desire to speak, as they are manifold, and as we prefer to believe that there has been no lack either of good seamanship or of watchfulness. Fortunately all speculation may shortly be set at rest, either by tidings of the missing ship or by her safe arrival. She may have lost a mast, and made slow progress under jury rig, or she may have suffered so much in the gale as to be obliged to take refuge somewhere in the Azores. If, however, there is no news of her during the next two or three days, the Admiralty would do well to reassure the public on the one point concerning which they can give certain information. It should be made clear that the *Atalanta* was not dangerously weakened by age. A vessel thirty-six years old may spring hopeless leaks in a gale which a new and strong ship would weather without harm or danger.

NUISANCES AND LEGISLATION.

THE important inquiry into effluvium nuisances in which the Local Government Board has been engaged for the last five years is at length completed. Dr. BALLARD's Report is now before the public, and they will wait, perhaps with interest, to see what steps the new Government will take to give effect to its conclusions. It is necessary to qualify the expression of this expectation because the interest which the public, even persons whose comfort is most directly affected, take in the abatement of nuisances is singularly small. Men who will spend time, money, and trouble in getting redress for an injury to their pocket—a redress which very likely leaves them poorer when it is obtained—will endure a far more costly injury to health with comparative indifference. They grumble a little, as they grumble at such purely inevitable evils as a wet summer or a cold winter, but that is all. They hardly seem to regard nuisances as preventable annoyances. When the Noxious Gases Bill was before Parliament last year, Mr. SCLATER BOOTH probably received ten deputations from the manufacturers who inflicted the injury for every one he received from the districts which suffered under it. The public who are stifled by noxious gases stand to the manufacturer who generates them in the relation of consumer to producer. In the protectionist controversy it is found that, except in very special cases, the eagerness of the producer to put his rivals at a disadvantage is far more effective than the eagerness of the consumer to get his wants supplied cheaply, and a similar rule seems to hold good in the nuisance controversy. The health of a whole district suffers because the manufacturers engaged in a certain trade will not forego the extra profit derived from using an offensive process instead of an inoffensive one. It might be thought that in a matter where the many are pitted against the few, the many would necessarily win. As a matter of fact, it is almost always the few who win, and who in a sense deserve to win. The authors of the nuisance show real energy in defending their right to produce it. The victims of the nuisance hardly seem to know that they suffer under it. Indeed, this indifference is one of the surest signs of the injury that has been done them. They have become so acclimatized to breathe poisonous gases that no immediate ill result follows, and consequently no strong desire is felt to get rid of them. The process by which the mischief is done is usually a slow one. Sometimes it takes a generation to make its effects clearly visible. An experienced medical man, whose practice includes Northfleet, where some of the largest cement manufactories are situated, told Dr. BALLARD that during the last thirty-five years he had noticed a marked deterioration in the general health and aspect of the population. The people have become "pale and pasty-faced," and diseases "have "altered to a lower type." This is the kind of report which is constantly made in these cases. In one sense—the sense in which the words are most commonly used—many of the nuisances with which Dr. BALLARD's Report deals are not injurious to health. There is not, that is to say, any specific form of acute disease that follows immediately upon exposure to them. The sense in which they are injurious to health is a more subtle, but not for that reason a less hurtful, one. They alter the whole constitution for the worse, and, in doing so, they inflict more harm upon the community than many more directly destructive agencies. A nuisance which attacks life injures the actual sufferers and those dependent on them. A nuisance which attacks the constitution injures not only the actual sufferers, but the generations which, by reason of their bad constitutions, will come into the world less fitted to fill their proper place in it than they would have been had they been born of healthy parents. In this fact State interference with nuisances probably has its orgin. National health is slowly coming to be recognized as an important element in national prosperity. That the community is bound to protect its members against avoidable discomfort as well as against avoidable disease is as yet hardly an accepted proposition.

If the issue lay plainly between injury to manufacturers and injury to the public there would even now be little hope of any good result. It seems so shocking to an Englishman that trade should be interfered with—even if the object of the interference is the health and happiness of the community for whose benefit trade is supposed to be carried on—that a good deal more suffering would probably be inflicted and endured before any effective remedy would be applied. Happily Dr. BALLARD's inquiries point to a different conclusion. "It is commonly "found in practice to be as much to the interest of the "manufacturers as of the public that the emanations from "offensive processes should be arrested." It may be objected that, if this is so, there can be no need of administrative or Parliamentary interference. What it is to a man's interest to do he may surely be trusted to do of his own accord. But this theory directly conflicts with everyday experience. Men do not always know—it may almost be said that they seldom do know—their own interest in matters which involve the immediate spending of money and departure from practice and tradition. A manufacturer may know that, if he had the capital necessary for the adoption of a particular process, his profits would in the end be larger. But if he does not possess the necessary capital, it may take all the pressure that Parliament and a Government department can bring to bear to induce him to raise it. Nor must it be forgotten that the introduction of new processes ordinarily demands a degree of intelligence on the part of the workman which is not always forthcoming. There are processes which, though in proper hands they answer their purpose very well, do not answer it at all if they are carelessly applied. The consequence is that a manufacturer sometimes incurs considerable cost in abating a nuisance only to find that his money is gone, while the nuisance remains where it was. These causes, and others like them, combine to indispose manufacturers to consult what in a sense is their own interest in the matter of nuisances; and the only means of neutralizing these causes is to call into being some unmistakable inconvenience which can only be averted by the adoption of the improved processes. A manufacturer's readiness to move in this direction is strangely and illogically quickened by the discovery that he will be fined if he goes on in his old way. He may be losing far more than the amount of the fine by his refusal to do what the medical officers have suggested; but it is the thought of the fine that seems eventually to determine him to do as he is bidden. The knowledge that in insisting on his obeying the law the State is only forcing him to consult his own advantage should have the effect of removing any lingering objection that may be felt to legislation of a more energetic kind than has hitherto been tried. We shall not be really impeding trade by insisting on its being carried on in a fashion consistent with the health of the community. Here and there, no doubt, particular traders may be inconvenienced for a time; but this will be simply because they have not kept pace with the progress of invention, and have preferred to work as they have been accustomed to work, instead of as science tells them they ought to work. It will hardly be contended that the health of the community ought to be sacrificed, not merely to the interests of traders, but to the interests of traders who do not know their own business.

There is one remark which it is important to make in connexion with this subject at this particular juncture. The new Government will have large arrears to make up in the direction of sanitary legislation, and it is idle to hope that this can be done if the Minister who is charged

with the preparation and conduct of such legislation is not in the Cabinet. The Ministerial programme for each Session is a selection from many competing measures. Each department of the Government contributes, or may contribute, its share; but it is obvious that this share is likely to be larger, and to have a better place given it, when its chief can defend his own Bills in Cabinet Councils than when he is left to get such help as he can from more fortunately situated Ministers. There are advantages, no doubt, in a small Cabinet over a large one; but the question whether the President of the Local Government shall be a Cabinet Minister has nothing to do with the number of the Cabinet. There can be no reason, for example, why the postal service, which furnishes next to no work for legislation, should be represented by a Cabinet Minister, while the department concerned with the constantly growing needs of public health and Poor-law administration should be represented by a Minister not in the Cabinet. The Local Government Board has grown by degrees to cover much of the ground which is covered in foreign countries by the Ministry of the Interior, and except in titular rank it is now of at least equal importance with the Home Office. As such its chief ought to be included in the Cabinet, whether the offices which share that dignity among them are fifteen or twelve.

THE NEW RENAISSANCE.

IN the short and very imperfectly reported address which he delivered at the close of M. Renan's last lecture, Dr. Martineau drew out what he conceived to be the moral of the whole course more pointedly than the lecturer had cared to do himself. He considered that, as in the early Christian ages, Paganism—or what he preferred to call Hellenism—and Atheism were apparently engaged in a death struggle for religious supremacy in the Roman Empire, which however resulted in the triumph of a third form of belief ignored or trampled on by both alike, so in our own day, when the future of religion seems to lie between the rival forces of Christianity and Agnosticism, a third solution of the problem might eventually be found; and his hearers were left to infer that this *tertium quid* would be a purified and enlightened Theism. Whatever may be thought of the analogy suggested between the traditional Paganism of the Empire and the traditional Christianity of to-day, or of the proposed Church of the Future, Dr. Martineau had good reason for tracing in the present unsettled and fluctuating condition of religious thought something analogous to the restless temper of the age when a corrupt and exploded Paganism was gradually succumbing to the nascent faith of the sect that was everywhere spoken against. He might indeed have gone further, and shown how one of the most curious among the moral and intellectual phenomena of our own day is a kind of spurious revival of "Hellenism," recalling in its darker rather than its brighter features the Renaissance of the fifteenth century. But that Renaissance did not end in the common absorption of the Hellenic and Christian elements into some newer, and presumably nobler, phase of creed or culture, but in the great schism of the sixteenth century, and the striking revival of spiritual life, under somewhat different forms, which followed it, in both divisions of Western Christendom. We shall not essay prediction, but no fairly intelligent observer can have failed to notice that peculiar classical or Pagan revival of our own day which is a present and a patent fact, revealing itself at once in art, in literature, and in social life. A recent writer has not inaptly described it as "the reappearance of a passionate love for, and a desire to rest in and thoroughly sympathize with, mere nature, accompanied by a more or less complete and sympathetic rejection of the supernatural, its aspirations, its consolations, and its terrors." One of the leading prophets of the new evangel, of whose high classic and literary culture we desire to speak with all respect, Mr. J. A. Symonds, does not widely differ from this external estimate, when he reminds us (to the discredit of the former) that "modern [*i.e.* Christian] morality has hitherto been theological, and has implied the will of a Divine Governor," whereas "Greek morality was radically scientific; the belief on which it eventually rested was a belief in φύσις, in the order of the universe"; and accordingly, while the motto of the one system is contained in St. Paul's words, "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain," the other may be summed up in Göthe's well-known lines, "Im Ganzen, Guten, Schönen resolut zu leben." Göthe may indeed be fairly taken as the typical representative or precursor of this revived Hellenism. It is recorded of him that "repugnance to the supernatural was an inherent part of his mind"; and therefore on the approach of death "he only calculated the chances that might still remain to him of life and enjoyment, and the means he might employ for increasing them, among the foremost of which he placed care in keeping at a distance all gloomy thoughts," and when the end was close at hand his last words were, "Open the shutters that more light may come into the room." Conspicuous in our own day among the literary exponents, in prose or verse, of this Pagan or naturalistic reaction, are writers like Mr. Pater, Mr. Symonds, and Mr. Swinburne, the latter of whom strikes the keynote of the movement in such poems as "Hymn to Proserpine" and "Our Lady of Pain," while we recognise in the obscene rhapsodies of Walt Whitman—which are as dull as ditchwater and a good deal dirtier—the shout of its drunken helot. It would be going much too far to say that "all able authors are avowed and aggressive atheists," but it is quite true that "a good many writers make it a condition of ability to exclude the Unknown Factor, . . and in fact to speak from the Agnostic standpoint."

Our last extract is taken from an article on "Debased Hellenism and the New Renaissance" in the April number of the *Church Quarterly Review*—an article containing much interesting matter, though we could wish the writer had drawn out more fully and distinctly than he has done the signs and characteristics of the movement he so earnestly condemns. We quite agree with him that, if the worst vices of Greek civilization and art were repeated, and if possible, exaggerated in Rome, the tendency of some of our own schools, both of literature and art, seems to be to repeat them now, and that a protest is accordingly needed. That this new Renaissance should emulate, as indeed that of the fifteenth century did, the lower and debased rather than the higher moral tone of Greek art and culture, was perhaps inevitable, and is certainly the fact. Those who would revert from belief in a Divine Ruler of the world to belief in Nature—to adopt Mr. Symonds's account of the distinction of the two systems—are not in the same position with thinkers of an earlier age who, like some of the greatest among the old Greek poets and philosophers, were really "looking through nature up to nature's God." It is an echo of the baser, not the better, Hellenism that bids men exchange the "lilies and languors of virtue for the raptures and roses of vice," and calls on the dethroned goddess of lust to "come down and redeem us from virtue." There is moreover a fatal defect inherent in this—as it must be regarded in its ethical aspect—"third-rate imitation of polished ungodliness." Every attempt at the galvanized revival of a defunct form of civilization is necessarily unreal, but the unreality is doubled in this case, for it is not merely an imitation but an imitation of an imitation. We have to measure the descent first from Pericles to Politian, and then from Politian to the modern pretenders who ape his worst extravagances. The *Church Quarterly* reviewer has traced out in the following passage the essential contrast between what he calls the Greek and Gothic—or, as we should prefer to term it, the Christian—philosophy of life, while he denounces the special and superadded vice of our new Renaissance in fastening on the worst side of the Greek ideal:—

> The theory of the nature and uses of Beauty leads, in real truth, to all the questions which make up the standing dispute between Greek and Gothic philosophy of life. We call it Greek and Gothic for brevity's sake: Professor Arnold calls it Greek and Hebraic. Naturalist and Ascetic, or Secular and Monastic, Mediæval and Renaissance, are all names for contradictory views of Life, and of Beauty as one of its pervading and unavoidable phenomena. Nobody knows what it is, but everybody knows that it is there, and nearly all admit that it ought to be there; in other words, that it is good or symbolic of good. Now the Hellenic error about Beauty, seriously exaggerated by the Renaissance for reasons soon to be considered, was to pass from Beauty as symbolic of Good to Beauty as synonymous with Good. Men felt that Virtue and the Good were beautiful, and trusted therefore to their notions of moral beauty as an infallible guide into the eternally true and perfect. The error was excusable, for few or none can escape it who possess vigorous and healthy perceptions and love of Right, yet are not taught the fall, corruption, and frailty of their own souls. If man's taste for all beauty were infallibly correct, it would guide him infallibly to good; which it fails to do. If beauty were inseparable from good, many beautiful people would be much better than they are.
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> The subtlest, grossest, and most prevailing sin of the vulgar, or modern, Renaissance is the continual issue and reissue of images of beauty fancifully complicated with criminal passion, whether lewd or furious; indeed, it sometimes affects the most skilful work of the time, and rises out of vulgarity into infamy. These combinations are not untrue to nature, in this sense of the words, that something like them does occur in human life; now, as in the fifth century B.C. But they were not the ideals of that century.

It has been already shown that any attempt among ourselves to revive "the delighted animalism of Greek life" is a very different thing, both morally and intellectually, from what the pursuit of their cherished ideal was to those old Athenians who had never known or rejected any better and purer faith. But that is not all. We have learnt from boyhood to gaze in something like a rapture of admiration on that wonderful product of human genius, the Athens of Pericles and Pheidias and Socrates, of those unrivalled orators and poets who being dead yet speak, and whose glowing words have rung music in the ears of some seventy generations of mankind. And our admiration is a perfectly natural one; the spectacle is unique, for history has not such another marvel to record. As a recent poet put it:—

> Every thought of all their thinking swayed the world for good or ill,
> Every pulse of all their life-blood beats across the ages still.

But then we must remember that there was also a darker side to the picture, from which, as Professor Jowett—no prejudiced or unfriendly critic—observes, "we should have turned away with loathing and detestation." And that darker side—not of course in its naked deformity, which would be felt to be intolerable—is what some of our classical revivalists, like their predecessors four centuries ago, seem constrained or determined to unveil.

The writer in the *Church Quarterly* rightly specifies two prominent causes of the moral decline of Athens, the disorder of sexual relations and slavery. The critical significance of this last

point is rather apt to be overlooked. It really divides the Greek from every variety of modern life by an impassable gulf, and renders all social or political analogies to a great extent nugatory or misleading. When we recollect that all mechanical labour, whatever was esteemed *βάναυσον*, or unfit for a gentleman, was devolved on a helot class immensely outnumbering the little community of free citizens, it becomes at once evident that the Athenian democracy in its most democratic days was, as compared with any form of political life we are familiar with, in one sense, a close and oppressive aristocracy. On the moral degradation of Greek, and still more of later Roman society, to which this absolute domination over a subject class offered such fatal facilities we need not dwell here. Nor was that by any means the only cause of those "evil relations between the sexes" to which the reviewer refers. On one part of the subject it is difficult for an English writer to speak in detail. It has been treated with great tact and discrimination, both in its darker and its nobler aspects—for he shows that it had a nobler side—by Mr. Mahaffy in his *Social Life in Greece*. But we may observe here that it has a direct bearing on one prominent contrast of Christian and classical art. As Winckelmann remarked, "the supreme beauty of Greek art is rather male than female," and sculpture is as far superior to painting in the capacity of expressing masculine vigour and beauty as painting is superior to sculpture in the expression of feminine grace. This is undoubtedly one reason why sculpture has always been regarded as distinctively Pagan, and painting as distinctively Christian, the Pagan instinct delighting rather to glorify the masculine and the Christian instinct the feminine qualities, both moral and physical. Here again our modern Renaissance naturally manifests its unmistakable preference for the Pagan or Hellenic as distinguished from the specifically Christian type of excellence. It is not of course the recognition of masculine virtues, which must have their place and value under every system, but the depreciation—amounting both in ancient Greece and Rome almost to simple contempt—of the feminine type, which is in fault. This one-sided conception of excellence culminated philosophically in the hard and pitiless Stoic ideal, while it lent itself no less readily to the popular canonization of Harmodius and Aristogeiton. And there are not wanting ominous signs of a tendency in the bastard Renaissance of our own day to reproduce the twin characteristics so inseparably united under that old civilization which is its prototype—reckless cruelty and unbridled license. Both forms of selfishness, for they have a common root, were abundantly exemplified in the literature and the life of the Italian Hellenists of the fifteenth century; both have found at least literary expression in the "debased Hellenism" of our own. It might not even be a difficult, however ungracious, task to point to ugly revelations which suggest that in some quarters these neo-Pagan aspirations are beginning already to be translated into act. But we must content ourselves with having struck a note of warning, not, as the *Church Quarterly* writer justly intimates, at all before it was required.

THE NEXT MORNING.

THERE is a very well-known and not over agreeable set of feelings and reflections to which tradition has assigned the expressive, if illogical, period of "next morning." This hour would appear to have already dawned for a good many persons in this realm of England at different times during the last week or ten days. It is about that time since the people arose in their majesty and pronounced—it is not very clear what in the positive sense, but, in the negative—a tolerably decided disapproval of the Government of the country. It would now appear that, after arising, some at least of the people have sat down again, and have gone through the less majestic but inevitable process of reflection. The reflection does not seem to have been in all cases satisfactory. Since Sir Wilfrid Lawson, borrowing apparently the formula of that state of life which is supposed to be his special horror, declared that "he never felt so jolly in his life," a change appears to have come over the spirit of the Radical dream. For the leaders there is the unpleasant fact of the laws of arithmetic which make it inevitable that, in a party possessing superior persons enough for three Governments, two-thirds at least must be disappointed. For those who are anxious and troubled about the future there are little qualms and shiverings as to the result of the last leap in the dark. But for a good many more people there appear to be uncomfortable feelings about the past. They are reviewing their own conduct, not invariably with satisfaction; it would even seem that they are in some cases reviewing the whole result of the election with a similar feeling.

First and foremost—leading, in fact, in the commonest of canters—comes the delightful incident of Mr. Samuel Morley and the *Record*. Mr. Morley, who is one of the best of men, and one of the wealthiest of Nonconformists, appears, like many of his fellows, to have gone into the late contest under a banner with the simple device upon it, "There is one God, and Mr. Gladstone is his prophet." Even this simple device, however, was too complicated for Mr. Bradlaugh, the Radical candidate for Northampton, and there were searchings of heart among the electors of that borough in consequence. Ingenious persons therefore procured from Mr. Morley a kind of certificate for Mr. Bradlaugh, and with that certificate the secularist lecturer went in and won. There were, however, admirers of Mr. Morley who could not reconcile this conduct with their ideas of the duties of a religious man, and more searchings of heart occurred. Thereupon Mr. Morley wrote to the *Record* an epistle which, we should imagine, every member of the outgoing Government will have framed and glazed as an heirloom, by way of explanation or sample of the causes which led to their downfall. In this epistle Mr. Morley states that he received a letter asking him to join Mr. Adam in warranting Mr. Bradlaugh. "In the hurry of the moment," it seems, Mr. Morley naturally overlooked his religious principles and telegraphed an affirmative. However, he "deeply regrets" the step he took, which was the work of a moment. After all, he did not write the letter or the telegram himself, which seems to be some comfort to his conscience. It will be observed that not only are Mr. Morley's religious principles of such a conveniently unobtrusive character that he can forget all about them in the hurry of the moment, but his repentance is so judiciously tardy that it does not arise till after the object of his trespass is secured. The earlier part of his proceedings would seem to have been indicated by a misremembrance, in the hurry of the moment, of a well-known text of Scripture. Mr. Morley's new reading is, "Me ye have always with you, but an opportunity of defeating Lord Beaconsfield ye have not always." The delay of the expression of repentance was doubtless due to a reflection that, as the sin was committed, the solace might be at least made secure. Mr. Morley's "next morning" appears to be susceptible of indefinite postponement to suit his own convenience, which is seldom the case with this bad quarter of an hour. However, we have not the slightest doubt that his repentance is very sincere indeed, and that the spectacle of Mr. Bradlaugh sitting on the same benches with himself will frequently afflict him. Perhaps his director (have they directors in Mr. Morley's branch of Nonconformity?) ordered him to refrain from rescinding the famous telegram in order that this refined penalty might be exacted. Only thus can we account satisfactorily for the display of a conscience which unites a remarkable tenderness with a still more remarkable elasticity. It is at least fortunate that Mr. Morley did not take a hint from Mr. Lowe, and say that the election of Mr. Bradlaugh having clearly shown the sentiments of the nation as to Theism, he abandons his own antiquated preferences and discards the "unnecessary hypothesis." At present the scandal which such a statement would have given is avoided, and a pleasing diversity is introduced into the spectacle of the effects of politics on morality. After all, Mr. Morley cannot be charged with indifference to the interests of religion as he understands the word. In a speech at Bristol, where he repeated his peccavi with some modification, he is reported to have observed with joy that "now the census would not be tampered with." In other words, there may be a few atheists in Parliament, but the poverty of the Nonconformist land will not be spied out by an inconvenient system of numeration. For the wise man there are always compensations.

Another interesting patient who is troubled with qualms is Mr. T. E. Page, of the Charterhouse. One day last week Mr. Chamberlain wrote to the *Times*, with his usual urbane readiness in offering instruction to his fellow-creatures, informing the world that the Liberal majority was the work of the despised and vilified Caucus, in which, by the way, there is no doubt that he is right to some extent. The claim, however, troubled Mr. Page very much. Mr. Page had been "indulging in what he thought a reasonable exultation in a distinguished victory." Whether it might not be well for persons in the peculiar position of schoolmasters to keep their political opinions rather more secret than this is a question upon which we shall not enter. The point of interest is the fact of Mr. Page's modest "exultation" and the cruel check which Mr. Chamberlain's douche produced thereon. Mr. Page thinks that several other Liberals besides himself ought to be "sobered" by this explanation of the "distinguished victory." There is, it seems, "a dictatorial ring" about Mr. Chamberlain's letter, which, to use a picturesque French phrase, "warms the ears" of Mr. Page. To this plaintive expression of discomfort Mr. Chamberlain himself replied not, but Mr. George Brodrick, of all persons, came to the rescue. Mr. Brodrick is nearly as interesting an instance of conversion as Mr. Lowe, for it is not very long ago that he protested, in what most people thought a very manly and creditable way, against this identical caucus system. But several things have happened since then, and Mr. Brodrick is a convertite, though with some reserves. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Page seems to be of more stubborn temper, and he replied on Wednesday last with an unanswerable exposure of the drawbacks of the Birmingham system. The country is very much obliged to him for it. But is it not slightly innocent of Mr. Page to have wrapped himself up in his "reasonable exultation" so closely that nothing short of the rude hand and dictatorial voice of Mr. Chamberlain could "strip it off him"? Surely he might have known—it was plain enough to other people, if not to him—for whom and for what he was voting or praying. If such amiable persons could not see (especially with the light of Army Discipline Bills, &c.) Mr. Chamberlain and the reign of caucus in the background behind Mr. Gladstone and the reign of righteousness, it was certainly not for want of being warned. They are George Dandins, who "would have it" very decidedly, though they do not quite seem to possess the philosophical acquiescence which distinguished their spiritual ancestor. It must be a savagely embittered Tory, or a moderate man of a most unamiably cynical temper, who can refuse a tear to poor Mr. Page, with his "reasonable exultation" all dashed by Mr. Chamberlain's explanations, his laugh of sober triumph transferred to the wrong side of his mouth, and his pen

sadly employed in constructing unanswerable arguments against the tyranny to which, forewarned, but not choosing to take the warning, he has just given his vote and interest. Could not the sixth form at Charterhouse elaborate a set of versions of the fable of the Man, the Horse, and the Stag for the comfort and instruction of their dejected instructor?

Mr. Morley consoling himself for having forgotten his God in the hurry of the moment by the thought that the Nonconformists will not be numbered, and Mr. Page protesting, with belated logic, against the Birmingham dictator, are perhaps the chief and most picturesque wearers of sackcloth and ashes just now; but they are by no means the only ones who have brought the ashes and the sackcloth into the public ways. The open proclamation of the fact that Wales has gone "solid" or almost so for the Opposition in consequence of the spiritual tyranny of the Nonconformist ministers seems to have had nearly the same effect on the nerves of some Welsh Liberals as Mr. Chamberlain's epistle has had on those of Mr. Page. Mr. Osborne Morgan, who ought to know, attributes the result solely and simply to sectarian feeling. We do not know whether, when Mr. Osborne Morgan made this statement, he had seen an exceedingly instructive document published by the *Liverpool Courier*. In this circular, which is worthy of preservation as a *pièce justificative* for the history of the election of 1880, the following phrases, with others which we decline to quote, occur:—"I am now going to sign for or against that liberty which has been purchased for me by the blood of the martyrs and the lives of my fathers"; "in obedience to my God I do with my hand set my X on the side of Rendel and liberty," &c. &c. Beyond all doubt "A Welsh Elector" had not seen this choice specimen of Nonconformist electioneering, though, if he had, it might account for the asperity with which he contradicted in the *Times* Mr. Osborne Morgan's assertion. For him, as for Mr. Page, the election was a triumph of "Liberal policy and statesmanship." Perhaps that Welsh Elector, unlike Mr. Page, is still cosily enveloped in his delusion; but if he has read his newspapers like an enlightened person we fear that he too will be undeceived. It is cheering in the midst of all this discomfort—and we are bound to add of all this imbecility, it being perfectly clear that the good people who make the complaints and counter-assertions voted without a ghost of an idea of the whole question before them—to reflect that there is one bright spot. It does not appear that Mr. Gladstone is at all disturbed in his mind. In his remarks to correspondents and deputations and Congregationalist ministers, whom he compliments—with great reason, if we may believe the *Liverpool Courier*—on their valuable aid, a serene satisfaction is alone visible. For Mr. Gladstone all things have worked together for good. The ingenious persons who voted for Rendel and liberty in obedience to their God, and those who, like Pierre Leroux's editor, agreed, in voting for Bradlaugh, to regard *la question de Dieu* as very much inferior in actuality to the question of turning out Lord Beaconsfield; the long-headed wirepullers of the Caucus, and their somewhat short-headed friends who played into the hands of the Caucus while dreading and detesting it, all assume the appearance of defenders of truth and freedom. The essence of the philosopher, it is said, is to be able to see unity underlying diversity. What a philosopher Mr. Gladstone must be, and how wanting in philosophy are the foolish persons who are now feeling as if it were "next morning."

BRAINS AND SCHOOLS.

A CORRESPONDENCE of unusual interest has been going on for a week or two past in the columns of the *Times*. Even at this exceptionally exciting moment, the letters on brain exhaustion and intellectual pressure have been eagerly read. One witness has followed another, until at length there is a really formidable array of testimony to the existence of a grave and increasing evil. It is maintained alike by parents and doctors, by school teachers and school managers, that the standard of girls' education, whether in secondary or in elementary schools, has been placed unduly high, and the facts brought forward in support of this position seem to be beyond dispute. There are several reasons why the danger should be greater for girls than it is for boys. In the first place, the brain power in girls is developed earlier and is stimulated by a greater degree of nervous energy. A very eminent physician has said that women are now aiming at doing everything that men do, and that to each thing that they aim at they bring twice the amount of eagerness that men bring. Unfortunately, in spite of all that the advocates of the equality of the sexes can say, women are not the equals of men as regards physical strength; and when they try to do the same amount of work, and throw a double mental strain into the effort, the result will inevitably be seen in one form or another of physical or mental disease. What is true of women as compared with men is still more true of girls as compared with boys. A more precocious growth of brain power naturally leads, unless very great care is taken, to an equally precocious accession of brain exhaustion. In the second place, the education of girls is governed by less rational principles than that of boys. Generations of schoolmasters have pretty well discovered what boys can advantageously do and what they cannot. Good girls' schools are things of yesterday. Everything about them is still in the experimental stage. Enthusiastic head-mistresses are keenly alive to the amount of leeway there is to make up, and they have not yet learnt that an increase of speed which runs the ship upon a rock is only a proof of bad seamanship. A third reason is to be found in the earlier age at which girls' education ordinarily comes to an end. The reputation of a school largely depends on the success of its scholars at Oxford and Cambridge; and, if boys are to do well at the University, they must not be overworked before they go there. If it were more the custom to send girls to Girton, there would be a similar inducement not to use up their mental powers by the time they are eighteen; but, as matrimonial and social customs will for a long time to come fix eighteen as the point at which a young lady's education is, in the great majority of cases, considered to be finished, the force of this particular inducement to caution is not likely to be largely felt. A fourth reason is that public opinion now puts athletic eminence at least on a level with intellectual eminence. The production of brain exhaustion demands a considerable amount of brain work, and in boys' schools the time which is devoted to games makes it difficult for an ordinary boy to work more than is good for him. By and by parents may be as anxious that their daughters should do conspicuously well at lawn tennis as in languages or mathematics; but there are few or none of whom this can as yet be said. The excellence which gains fame for a girls' school is exclusively intellectual excellence.

Mrs. Garrott Anderson tells a story which, if we had not her authority for it, would be hardly credible. "A little girl of eleven," she says, "attending one of the best day schools, was obviously finding it very difficult to overtake her work." Considering what one part only of her work was, it would have been odd if she had not found it hard to overtake. The German lesson she had to prepare out of school hours included the translation of a page of English into German, and of a page of German into English, together with the learning by heart of nine irregular verbs and two pages of phrases. Of course all this was in addition to the child's ordinary work in English and French, and probably the usual accomplishments of music and drawing were not neglected. This was in no sense an exceptional case, at all events in this particular school; for when the child's mother remonstrated with the schoolmistress, all she said was, "Ah, Fräulein is apt to give too long lessons." As Mrs. Garrott Anderson justly says, with a careless mother, the child would have gone on attempting to do this monstrous task; and where children's education is concerned there are as many careless mothers now as ever there were. The only difference is that, whereas formerly they did not care how little a child knew, they now do not care how much a child does. Unfortunately there is little reason to hope that even medical warnings will have much effect. The doctor is sent for when the child is ill and dismissed when the child gets well, and as soon as his back is turned all that he has told the mother is too often forgotten. The child must go to school because it is inconvenient to keep her at home, and while at school she must learn what other children are learning. Otherwise the mother would have to take special trouble in the matter. She would have to ascertain how much work the child was doing and with how much ease or difficulty she seemed to do it. Then she would have to make special arrangements with the schoolmistress, who, especially if the child were clever, would naturally wish to press her on, and all this would very probably have to be done in the teeth of the child's own desire to keep abreast of her companions. A process of this kind involves a good deal more thought and labour than many mothers care to give to their children's health. It is so much easier to say that what is done by all children cannot be very injurious to one, and in this comfortable conviction to allow things to take their course.

The case of elementary schools is somewhat different. There the existence of the evil seems to have been placed beyond dispute, but the principal, at all events the original, sinner is the Education Department. In theory the parents of the children have the same power that the parents of children attending secondary schools have. Even in these days of compulsion a man could hardly be fined for refusing to allow his child to be taught an extra subject. But the relations of such a parent, whether with a School Board or with the managers of a voluntary school, would not be agreeable. The omission of a child to learn an extra subject would mean the loss of the Government grant for a pass in that subject. By this means the income and character of the school would both suffer, and the parent who had presumed to put his child's health before the wishes of the school authorities would be a black sheep in their eyes. The poor seldom care to make themselves objects of dislike to those from whom they hope to derive some benefit. And, apart from this, they are not likely to be more clear-sighted than their betters as regards the cause of a child's ill-health. There is one very good reason, however, why the public should not acquiesce in this state of things in the case of elementary schools. In the case of secondary schools the chief agent in a reform must be the parent, and the parent cannot be made wise by Act of Parliament. In the case of elementary schools the chief agent in the reform must be the Education Department, and it is possible to make the Education Department wise by Act of Parliament. No doubt, if the Fourth Schedule were done away with, energetic school managers might still wish to load the brains of the children with more learning than they can healthily master during the few years they remain at school. But the strength of the motive for this desire would be very much lessened. Theoretical zeal for the diffusion of knowledge is now stimulated by practical zeal for a share in the payments which the possession of that knowledge by the children brings into

the managers. The more extra subjects are taken up, the less will be the sum which the ratepayers or the subscribers will have to find in order to meet the expenses of the school. If the Education Department were to limit its payments to necessary subjects, together with such additional knowledge as could be conveyed in the process of teaching these necessary subjects, this source of temptation would be removed. It may be objected that the quality of elementary education would suffer. If it is true that the health of the children suffers from the labour it costs them to assimilate the present quality of elementary knowledge, this would be no harm. Learning, be it little or much, becomes a dangerous thing when it injures health now and strength hereafter. Apart from this, however, the whole policy of the Education Department in relation to extra subjects needs revision. Education is now largely paid for out of the rates. And in proportion as it is so it becomes a matter for the most careful consideration whether anything ought to be taught as part of the school course, except the bare rudiments. It is not considered expedient to give paupers more than a minimum of physical necessaries, and it ought not to be taken for granted, as it lately has been, that anything more than a corresponding minimum of mental necessaries ought to be supplied under the market value. If parents wish their children to learn more than this minimum, they should have every opportunity of getting what they desire at the lowest remunerative rate. But it does not follow that they should have an opportunity of getting what they desire at a rate which is only made remunerative by being supplemented by the contributions of ratepayers scarcely richer than themselves. The whole machinery of the Parliamentary grant demands inquiry alike in the interest of the children's health and of the taxpayers' pockets.

THE NEW MUSEUM AT BOOLAK.

THE Ministry of Nubar Pasha, Sir Rivers Wilson, and M. de Blignières left to Egypt, at their premature downfall, one enduring monument of their brief tenure of power. A moderate sum was set apart for the rebuilding of the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities which M. Mariette has gathered at Boolak. During a great part of the present season the public has not been admitted within its doors, while re-arrangement was going on, and even now the rooms are not all complete. But the alterations and improvements are so great that it is only surprising that the Museum should be open at all before next winter. The miserable shed which was all that Ismail Pasha could find for one of the most magnificent collections in the world was water-tight neither above nor below. It was accessible to anything like a high Nile, and a single night's rain was sufficient to break through the roof. The Khedive, it was said, had done munificently. He had given a palace for the Museum. And unfortunately, while he yet reigned, it was impossible to grumble. It was hoped that he might be induced to give a better building, and more than one well-informed person asserted that he fully intended removing everything to his favourite residence at Gheezeh. This would have taken the Museum out of the reach of ordinary students, and would have been in every way a misfortune, especially as it would have placed the collection more in the power of the Khedive, who, as is well known, carried off other collections belonging to the State, including a famous cabinet of coins. For these, no doubt, the new *régime* can make him pay; but the Boolak collections are invaluable. It would be easy to name half a dozen objects any one of which would be worth no particular sum, but only as much as the wealthiest purchaser could afford to give. The Khedive knew this well, and many who grumbled that M. de Blignières had decided to rebuild the Museum at Boolak were silenced when they heard a whisper of the alternative. It was certainly allowed that the Museum must remain by the river's bank. The great Sphinxes, the colossal Rameses, the red granite coffins, could not be carried through the streets without risk; indeed—for new Egypt does not seem to have the mechanical appliances of five thousand years ago—it was doubtful if they could be carried at all. Moreover, there were certain fragile objects, and those among the most precious, which could not be moved without the greatest danger, almost the certainty, of irreparable injury. On the whole, then, M. de Blignières seems to have been well advised to improve the existing building, if it could be called a building, and at least to transform it from a shed into a permanent structure, at the same time raising the level, and making provision against inundation which should obviate the danger of damp reaching the coloured objects. Boolak is out of the way, but Gheezeh would have been twice as far from Cairo; and at all events it is not so far as South Kensington is from London.

When the Museum was closed and the chief curiosities packed up and stored away, the floors and roofs were wholly removed. The stone walls, where there were any, were strengthened, a deep layer of waterproof concrete was laid down everywhere, and the level of the surrounding garden raised nearly three feet above the highest recorded high-water mark. In December all Cairo was startled to hear that the case containing the regal scarabs—that is, the beads which were inscribed with cartouches or ovals of old kings—had been stolen. This unfortunately proved to be but too true. Nor has any portion of the plunder been recovered, though inquisitorial and, indeed, to an Englishman's ideas, tyrannical proceedings were taken against not only suspected persons, but even against Arabs who had at any time sold such *anteekas* to tourists. It is, however, satisfactory to know that the rarer examples, such as one belonging to the time of the Third Dynasty, and another representing Osiris as king of Egypt, which may be of any age, were safe; and also that duplicates of all the ordinary examples were in another case. About the middle of February a favoured few were admitted to the Museum, and after the beginning of March matters were so far forward that little or no restriction was placed on the admission of the public, though only five of the seven or eight rooms were yet open.

The greatest improvement is to be remarked in the assembling of all, or almost all, the objects belonging to the earliest period in one large room, hitherto nearly useless from its proximity to the bank of the river and its consequent exposure almost annually to the influence of the inundation. Here we are now able to compare in one field of vision the famous wooden man, the pair of statues from Maydoom, and the magnificent diorite sitting figure of Chafra, the Pharaoh who built the second pyramid of Gheezeh. Near him is the sarcophagus of Shoofoo-Ankh, who may be considered the architect of the Great Pyramid. Close by are two other red granite coffins, of magnificent proportions, and engraved with hieroglyphs in the large style which distinguished the art of that remote period. They formerly stood in the open court in front of the Museum, and it is satisfactory to note their removal to a place of shelter. Both once contained the bodies of princes, the sons of kings, and one cannot repress a feeling of regret that, after such elaborate and costly sepulture, they should have been cast out and left to the tender mercies of scarab-seeking Arabs. Although this chamber contains the oldest monuments known to exist, the earliest period represented in it is that of Seneferoo, who is generally looked upon as the last king of the Third Dynasty. His son, Rahotep, is described as his heir; but he must have died young, or at least before his father. It is curious to find, even then, all our modern systems of honorary distinction in full use. The prince bore the titles of chief priest of a temple, chief overseer of works, chief of the arsenal, superintendent of canals, chief steward, general of bowmen, and other offices which are described in a language and style so archaic, or perhaps we should say so different from the later writing of the inhabitants of the land, that they are not intelligible. Close behind the statues of the prince and his wife are two paintings in a kind of fresco, or, as M. Mariette calls it, "gouache," also from the now dilapidated tombs of Maydoom; and near them is a monument chiefly remarkable for containing among the inscriptions the name of a very ancient king. It does not seem possible that Shery was actually living under the Second Dynasty; but he is described as priest of the divinity of Send, whose name in its royal oval answers to that of Senda, the thirteenth king after Menes. He is also priest of another king's divine worship, a king Per-heb-sen, who is only known by his mention on this important monument. Shery may have lived many generations later than the Pharaohs in whose honour he performed his sacerdotal functions, and, as M. Mariette observes, the memory of some of these early kings was kept alive down to the latest period, and priests of the cult of Papi, Menkaoora, Shoofoo, Seneferoo, and even Menes, are mentioned under the Ptolemies. Circumstances like these give a continuity to Egyptian history which it would otherwise want. Religious endowments were respected in the changes and chances of so many millenniums, and the restoration of estates to the temples is constantly recorded as a meritorious action in all periods of Egyptian history. The greatest revival of the kind took place under the Twenty-sixth Dynasty. Old titles were revived, even though they had become unintelligible. The old form of the hieroglyphs was copied. The arts of carving and painting followed the style, not of the great works of the Nineteenth Dynasty, under Rameses and his successors, but went back to the early type of the pyramid builders, and remind the modern student of the Gothic revival of our own time. But the rule of the Psamthiks and Nekaoos soon came to an end. The attempt to go back to the good style of the ancients gave way under Cambyses and Darius, and the Ptolemies made no advance; the effect of Greek influence on Egyptian art was, strange to say, to give it a stiffness greater than it had before; symmetry was studied before fitness, and even the portraits of kings and the figures of the gods became more architectural features in well-balanced designs.

Many examples both of the revival and the decay of Egyptian art may be seen in the Museum. Among them are two interesting busts, both found at Karnac. The larger represents a queen's head, the crown and part of the throat being broken away, leaving only the face perfect. It is a singularly lifelike face. The nose is, to say the least, *retroussé*; the mouth wears a pleasant smile. The white alabaster of which it is made adds to the effect of the bust, and produces an extraordinary impression of sweetness, grace, and irregular beauty, combined with a certain idea of power, and at the same time, it must be confessed, of insincerity. This was the great Queen Thya, the wife of Amenhotep III., the king whose statues are the great colossi of the plain of Thebes. She was probably a foreigner, and lowly born, but Amenhotep loved her, and signalized his love by associating her with himself on the throne, and her name with his in countless inscriptions. The adjoining bust, though it is of black granite, and terribly mutilated, bears a singular resemblance to that of the queen. It represents Merenptah, the "Pharaoh of the Exodus." The likeness to Thya may perhaps be accounted for

If we remember that Rameses II., the father of Merenptah, was descended through his mother from the old royal line, and is said in some inscriptions to have been king from his birth. It is interesting thus to trace a family likeness in people who were as long before the Christian era as we are after it. Later than Merenptah there is little or no sculpture of the same excellence till we come to the time of the Twenty-sixth Dynasty, as we have remarked; but of that period the Museum possesses some statuettes of an excellence seldom surpassed even under the early monarchy. They seem all four to have been executed by the same hand, and are full of a delicacy and grace very unusual; but the straining after what must even then have been an archaic style is very apparent. The central figure represents Psamthik, a priest of Osiris and Athor, standing immediately before, and, so to speak, under the chin of a beautiful cow, who wears the moon between her delicately curved horns, and seems to protect and guide her worshipper. At either sides are seated figures of Osiris and Athor. Near them is a figure of the hippopotamus goddess, sometimes called Thoueris, sometimes simply the Nile, a hideous form, but exquisitely sculptured, and, like all the four, in a hard green stone, perhaps diorite. One cannot but admire their finish, their grace, and their simplicity; but when we compare them with the great diorite figure of Chafra, some two thousand years older, we perceive at once the meaning of such a phrase as dead and living art.

MEN-SERVANTS.

It is an obviously interesting subject for a minute philosopher to inquire why, as a rule, men-servants are less often complained of than their fellows in slavery—the maids. A philosopher of this order, who has recently furnished the *Times* with a study of Jeames, assigns two causes—first, that there are fewer servants of the male sex, which seems a base and rationalistic explanation; secondly, that their misdemeanours press less heavily upon the persons who employ them. A third solution of the problem might be found in the fact that these persons generally know a good less about what are familiarly termed the goings-on of their domestics than the masters and mistresses of humbler establishments. The larger the family, in the wide sense, the less chance there is of individual members of it, whether they are on equal terms or on the extremely unequal footing of master and servant, rubbing against one another unpleasantly. Nevertheless there is doubtless good ground for the theory that John is not a more perfect being than Mary, and that in some respects he is even less perfect. The more commonplace woes upon which the *Times* essayist has touched are indeed common to the two. A singular voracity, unequalled in the personal experience of any other class of human beings except Australian aborigines and young gentlemen in training, a faculty for not dwelling together in unity which might move the ghost of Dr. Watts to the composition of another immortal song on the delights of dogs, and an undue tendency to the consumption of alcoholic liquors, may be at once confessed and deplored in both. But the acute observer will reflect that, as the masculine gender is more worthy than the feminine, so the unworthiness of the masculine is greater in inconvenient results, if not in moral turpitude. A drunken virago of five foot one is morally and sentimentally a more unpleasant object than a drunken male being of six foot two; but she strikes less awe into the timorous beholder. The philosopher whose essay serves us as a text was once only preserved by the opportune presence of two undergraduates of the University of Oxford from the unpleasantness of being defied by such a monster. Now it is clear that even the extension of the lodging-house system and of that of unattached students will not enable the University to supply two well-grown undergraduates as a personal bodyguard to every man who keeps a man-servant; yet without such a bodyguard the master may be given over as a prey unto his man, and the police, still to quote our authority, will refuse their services except as impartial witnesses to "see fair."

It has often been complained that, in such matters as this, the lions are not allowed their fair share of the painting. This is not the case in the present instance. Mr. Yellowplush has evidently long ceased to be a rare bird in the servants' hall, though it must be admitted that he does not seem to have communicated to his companions or bequeathed to his successors the charm of his remarkable orthography. Two of the attacked—"R. H. M." and Arthur Mills—have entered the lists against the *Times*' essayist, and have endeavoured to put the other side of the question. "R. H. M." is a very reasonable sort of man, and urges what he has to say with good enough sense and in good enough English. The only thing comic about his letter is the curious bit of ambition with which it concludes. Servants, according to "R. H. M.," are badly off for a future; their vocation is not a career open to talent. "The mechanic," he says, "is often seen rising to a high position, and even becoming a leader or well-known supporter of a great national movement, while the man-servant rarely rises to be more than a publican and lodging-house keeper." If it will comfort "R. H. M.," we can tell him that we recently read (it is true it was in a novel) of a man-servant who became a literary critic of great fame and ruthless severity. Otherwise it must be confessed that the ranks of the world's greatest men have not been largely recruited from the household brigade. We had always ourselves set this down to the wise indifference of the wise; but, according to "R. H. M.," it is only the hardness of fate. It is a little surprising, however, that any one should pant for the position of a risen mechanic leading, or notoriously following, national movements, and should look down upon the sweet security of the bar. But perhaps "R. H. M." has in his mind the troublesome persons who at one time permissively prohibit and at another locally opt, and who have certainly succeeded in planting some thorns in the cushion of Boniface. On the whole, we incline to think that "R. H. M." secretly wishes for a butler franchise. Mr. Arthur Mills is a much more eccentric person. The thesis he has set himself to prove is that the position of men-servants is a very undesirable position; and, as far as assertions go, he certainly makes this out. He represents as a common fate of his ill-used fellows that he falls into "the pitiable condition of finding himself under the control of a master or mistress whose delight is in outraging his sense of self-respect, placing him under the eye of suspicion, debarring him from all ideas of independence, extinguishing hope, and disheartening all his efforts to give satisfaction." Certainly Mrs. Brownrigg was a merciful employer compared to this dreadful pair. And what is the consequence? Mr. A. Mills assures us that it creates, among other things, "a loss of appetite and a revulsion from food." Now, without pressing too strongly on a delicate subject, once already referred to, we believe that the majority of housekeepers will corroborate us when we say that this result is one of by no means common occurrence. *Argal* the causes which, according to Mr. Mills, produce it must be uncommon too, and the master and mistress who are outragers of self-respect and extinguishers of hope, who have a morbid fancy for placing their servant under the eye of suspicion, cannot be quite such common objects of the London streets as Mr. Mill would make out. The accuser, however, has all the confidence of his function. He proceeds to inform us after the fashion of the Early English poets that "the sumptuous surroundings of his employers seem to satiate their hearts with selfishness," from which it naturally follows that they look upon "the man-servant as a machine made to order." The special purpose of this machine is then indicated in terms which (pleading ignorance of the *argot* of the service) we must confess that we do not fully understand. The fiendish employer, it seems, regards the man-servant as "constructed to attain the accomplishment of hunting the banisters for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four." How does one hunt a banister? and does he give good sport? Is he pursued on foot or horseback, and is a *costume de sport* and a *cor de chasse* necessary? It is conceivable that the occupation of hunting the banister for sixteen hours consecutively might become monotonous, but the odd thing is that Mr. Mills complains of the "tyrannical tenacity" with which masters enforce the sport. Surely the banisters even of the most many-staired house would soon be exterminated with such hot work as this. *Ex nostrâ conjecturâ* we propose "haunting" or "mounting" in lieu of hunting. It is true that the really representative butler or footman only mounts the stairs—not the banisters—under protest, but he may safely be said to haunt them, grouping himself with graceful grandeur—Mr. Mills's alliteration is catching—round their lower growth.

Who is to decide this weighty argument? For ourselves we own to a partial leaning, if not to the side of Mr. Mills, at any rate to that of "R.H.M." The Devil's advocate of the *Times* betrays a certain animus, which may be attributed to the discomfiture which he so nearly received from that very large butler. Besides, he is not as fully penetrated with his subject as he might be. He gives as a reason for employing men instead of maids that the latter "cannot be expected to carry up a luncheon or dinner tray for a dozen persons." Now let it be remembered that he is, by his own confession, dealing, not with establishments where many footmen are kept, but with singly manned places. All we can say is that, if he gets a single man to bring up constantly a luncheon or dinner-tray for a dozen people, he is the most ungrateful of employers to grumble. There was once a butler who represented to his mistress—it was in a country house, and somebody had come in to lunch—that he himself and his assistant could not be expected to provide for the wants of twelve people, and that "the children"—*i.e.* the eldest hopes of the house—must be sent upstairs for the occasion. Indeed there can be only two fit uses for such a treasure as a man-servant who will bring up a luncheon or dinner-tray for a dozen people twice a day; the one is that he should be instantly embalmed and put in the place of honour at the new Natural History Museum, the other that he should be pensioned at the nation's cost and implored to bring up the largest possible family of children in his own admirable ways. As against the essayist moreover we should maintain that the most glaring drawback of men-servants is not their immorality, or their drunkenness, or their dishonesty, or their quarrelsomeness, but simply their tendency to do nothing. It is difficult for any thinking person to contemplate a footman in full flower without being convinced of the truth of that footman's evident feeling that his business is simply to exist and be beautiful. You might as well expect the statues or the exotics in the hall which is his habitat to come down and make themselves useful. It is true that the great majority of men-servants have not arrived at this stage, and that the perfect butler, for instance, has passed it. But it is the stage to which all the former tend, and from which the latter has only emerged, as the nineteenth-century English gentleman emerged from his more bedizened eighteenth-century predecessor. The unliveried or only partially liveried footman strives towards it, the disliveried butler has reminiscences of it. In short, the correct

theory of domestic service is that men-servants should be kept for the purpose of living in a vain show, and women-servants for the sake of doing the work necessary to that living. Mr. Mills indicates with sufficient precision the delicate character of the organism which the *Times'* essayist would put to the vilest uses. He has a sense of self-respect—in the matter of coalscuttles. He cannot bear to be placed under the eye of suspicion—in the matter of bottles of wine. Ideas of independence and hope spring eternal in his breast, only to be nipped by the deliberate cruelty of his master and mistress. Is this a thing fit to black human nature's daily boots, to comply with its imperious orders, and, begging Mr. Mills's pardon for the odious phrase, to fetch and carry for it? Clearly not. Of course there are men-servants who are simply worth any money that their master can afford to pay them, who literally lay themselves out to save him trouble and relieve him of the minor worries of life in a way in which maid-servants with the best intentions in the world never think of, and therefore never adopt. To be *prévoyant* is not among the numerous excellences of the fairest of all possible sexes in any rank of life. If anybody can secure a really good man-servant, then he most decidedly secures a good thing. But, on the whole, the probabilities are rather against his securing it, and there is not much doubt as to the reason why. Modern democratic ideas have made domestic service unpopular, and it is not for men, as it is for women, almost the only reputable employment open on a large scale. The consequences of these two simple facts do not need much exposition.

FRENCH PLAYERS ON THEIR ART.

THE increasing importance with which the actor's art is invested has been illustrated in various ways of late, and few more interesting instances of this have been seen than are afforded by two little pamphlets, by M. Coquelin *aîné* and M. Dupont-Vernon respectively, which have just appeared in Paris. True, the theatre has always been more a part of every one's daily life and interest in France than in England; but against this fact may be set others which are referred to by M. Coquelin in his attractive *brochure* called *L'Art et le Comédien*. In the first sentences of this the distinguished actor points out the superstition which he wishes to combat. "For some time past," he writes, "people have talked a good deal about us; discussions have been going on concerning actors and the stage, people have tried to assign us a place apart, whether with regard to art or to society; and have even gone so far as to say that" "nous n'étions que de simples perroquets. . . . Je vais essayer de prouver que le comédien est un artiste et qu'il a son place dans un État au même titre que tous les autres citoyens." What, he continues, is art "si non l'interprétation de la nature, de la vérité, plus ou moins pénétrée d'un certain rayonnement, qui n'altère pas les proportions, mais qui néanmoins accuse le trait ou le colore, met la vie en relief, de manière que notre esprit en soit plus vivement et plus profondément frappé?" "And is not this," M. Coquelin suggests, as it seems to us with perfect truth, "what the comedian does?" The difference he points out is this. The poet's instruments are words, the sculptor's marble or bronze, the painter's his colours, and so on, while the actor is his own key-board, and plays on his own chords. To this, the writer observes, it may be objected that the actor cannot be called an artist, because the thought that he interprets is not his own, and that the word art involves the idea of creation. To the supposed objection he has a complete and fully-developed answer. He begins by quoting letters addressed by various eminent writers to various eminent players, the burden of all which is to the same effect. Voltaire said of Mlle. Clairon's Electra, "Ce n'est pas moi qui ai fait cela, c'est elle; elle a créé son rôle!"; and, passing over many others, we come to a letter from M. Ambroise Thomas to M. Faure, concerning *Hamlet*, in which the composer speaks of "la magnifique *création* de votre rôle."

M. Coquelin observes with truth that, even in interpreting the work of a great genius, a great actor puts into the part which he plays something of his own intellect and of the result of his own laborious studies; and he strengthens his argument that the actor is an artist in the sense which he gives to the word, by pointing to the many second and third-rate plays which owed their success merely to the overmastering genius of Talma, while he takes occasion to refer to the later case of the great Frédérick's success in the part of Robert Macaire. In speaking of this he quotes what the actor himself has left on record concerning his famous invention. The piece in which Robert Macaire first appeared, *L'Auberge des Adrets*, was intended by its authors for a sombre and impressive melodrama. "Ce n'était même plus le mélodrame, usé, démodé, descendant un degré de plus vers l'oubli, où la loi de nature entraine toute chose; c'était son effondrement soudain." In reading over his part again and again, he was at his wits' end what to do with it; then it suddenly struck him that, if the two chief characters, Robert Macaire and Bertrand, were played from a comic point of view, they would be excessively funny. He communicated what he called his "idée bizarre, folle" to Firmin, who was to play Bertrand, and who jumped at the notion. They rehearsed their effects in secret and let no one know till the first night of the piece of the curious improvement on the author's idea which had occurred to Lemaitre, and the immense success of which is matter of history. Two of the authors recognised the value of what Frédérick had done; the third went about clamouring that his piece had been ruined. This was, of course, an unusually striking instance of an actor being at the same time the author of a popular part in a piece not written by himself. A modern parallel to it in some respects may be found in Mr. Sothern's Lord Dundreary. But, as M. Coquelin aptly reminds us, in speaking of Lemaître we must remember that the same actor who invented Robert Macaire was also the interpreter of Ruy Blas, of his performance of which part M. Victor Hugo said that it was not "une représentation, mais une *transfiguration*." M. Coquelin adds, "might not the same word be justly applied to M. Regnier in *La Joie fait Peur*, *Gabrielle*, *L'Aventurière*, or *Romulus*; to M. Delaunay when he plays Fortunio, Perdican, or Horace in *L'Ecole des Femmes*; to M. Got, whether as the Duc Job, Giboyer, or the marvellous Abbé in *Il ne faut jurer de rien*; to M. Dumaine in *Patrie*; to M. Saint-Germain in *Bébé*?" One name which his readers will naturally supply for themselves M. Coquelin has equally naturally omitted.

He goes on, after further remarks of interest on this part of his subject, to speak of Diderot's *Paradoxe sur le Comédien*, and we note with satisfaction that M. Coquelin's views on this matter coincide with those which were expressed some time ago in these columns. "The paradox," he writes, "is truth itself; and I am persuaded that no one can be a great actor who does not hold himself completely in hand, and who cannot express at will emotions which he does not feel, which he never will feel, and which, according to his real nature, he never could feel. This it is which makes our calling an art, and a creative art. The same faculty which enables the dramatic poet to call up from his brain a Tartufe or a Macbeth, although he, the poet, may be the most virtuous of men, enables the actor in his turn to assimilate such a character to himself, to work its secret springs at will, and yet never to lose his own individuality, but to stand as much apart from the feigned personage as a painter does from his canvas." This, which seems to us extremely well put, is illustrated by stories of Talma which correspond more or less closely to those of Garrick laughing and joking at the wing, or making a comic aside to a comrade, during or just after the most passionate passages of *King Lear*; and the writer then goes on to make an appropriate comparison between an actor and a pianoforte player:—"Donc l'acteur ne doit pas être ému. Il n'en a pas besoin, pas plus qu'un pianiste n'a besoin d'être au désespoir pour jouer la marche funèbre de Chopin ou de Beethoven. Il la sait; il ouvre son clavecin, et vous êtes empoigné. Il y a gros à parier, au contraire, que s'il s'abandonnait à quelque douleur personnelle, il la jouerait de travers; et, par analogie, qu'un acteur qui considérerait ses émotions propres autrement que comme des matériaux à utiliser, ou qui ferait absolument siennes les passions de son rôle, serait exposé à s'en tirer assez mal. L'émotion bégaie et sanglote, entrecoupe la voix ou la brise. On ne l'entendrait plus."

The same theory is naturally at the bottom of what M. Coquelin has to say a little later on concerning "naturalness" on the stage; and, in illustration of this, one pregnant sentence may be quoted from the many excellent remarks which he puts forth:—"Vous avez un milieu spécial; il faut vous y approprier." Tones and actions which might be full of meaning and impressiveness in private life will seem feeble and vapid on the stage of a theatre. M. Coquelin's pamphlet is full of interest, and the peroration in which he recurs to the question of the dignity of the actor's art is not without eloquence.

If a portion of M. Coquelin's work is a useful supplement to Diderot's *Paradoxe*, so M. Dupont-Vernon's *L'Art de Bien Dire* is a valuable complement to M. Legouvé's *L'Art de la Lecture*. His instructions are thoroughly reasonable, and he gives his reasons for every one of them. Three things, he says in a preliminary address (the work was originally in the form of a lecture, or lectures, to his pupils), are specially necessary in elocution. First, to analyse carefully the words which have to be spoken; secondly, to find for each sentiment or idea the particular expression which fits it, and to remember that the expression of every idea or sentiment takes form in a series of intonations which could be musically notated; thirdly, to place the tonic or dominant note on the important word in the phrase. This last instruction will show how wide of the mark are people who think that emphasis in French verse is a matter of chance; and this point is most fully illustrated in the body of the lecture by instance after instance chosen with a happy skill and judgment. On the subject of "Nature" in recitation M. Dupont-Vernon quotes from the *Précieuses Ridicules* Cathos asking Mascarille where he will send his piece, and his reply, "To the Hôtel de Bourgogne of course—les autres sont des ignorants, ils récitent comme l'on parle." This shows us, says the writer, the secret of the charm of diction which Molière practised and taught. "*Il récitait comme l'on parle.* Ayons toujours ce précepte devant les yeux." Of course M. Dupont-Vernon explains that this seeming naturalness is the result of science and study; and in this respect his views are at one with those held by M. Coquelin as to the art of acting in general. People who think that this is an easy thing to acquire or to practise cannot do better than study the two little books of which we have written.

ENGLISH PRE-EMINENCE AT SEA.

IN a short Report prefixed to the Annual Statement of the Navigation and Shipping of the United Kingdom for the year 1879, Mr. Giffen brings out very strikingly the marked pre-eminence of this country at sea. In a vague way, no doubt, it is known to the general public that England is superior to other nations as a maritime Power; but how great her superiority is, and how rapidly it is growing, is understood by very few. Nor is this much to be wondered at, when we find the representatives of great shipping ports, themselves men who have been connected all their lives with shipping, deploring in the House of Commons the condition of our mercantile marine. As a matter of fact, however, so far is it from being true that our mercantile marine is depressed that the very reverse is the truth. During 1878 and 1879, as Mr. Giffen points out, when the late bad times were at their worst, there was a large increase in the entries and clearances of shipping at the ports of the United Kingdom; this increase was exclusively in British vessels, there being, indeed, a decrease in foreign entries and clearances; and, moreover, the increase was most marked in steam shipping. Nor is this all. The new tonnage added to the Register in the United Kingdom in every year during the late depression has exceeded 400,000 tons. It is clear, therefore, that, instead of finding it difficult to hold its own, as advocates of reciprocity would wish to persuade us, the British mercantile marine is beating foreign shipping in bad times as well as in good, or, rather, in bad times even more than in good. From 1840 up to 1876 the foreign tonnage entered and cleared at ports in the United Kingdom continued to increase much more slowly than the British tonnage, yet it did increase; but since 1876 it has been steadily decreasing. On the other hand, the British tonnage entered and cleared has gone on continuously increasing. Whereas in 1873, the year of highest inflation, the tonnage of British ships in the British trade was only 66·7 per cent. of the total tonnage employed in the trade, in 1879 it was as much as 71 per cent.; and we may add, to show that this gain of British at the expense of foreign shipping is not accidental, that in 1860 the proportion had been as low as 56·3 per cent. During the past twenty years, therefore, British pre-eminence at sea has been establishing itself on a more and more secure basis. If it be urged that during the late bad times British shipping was employed with little profit to the owners, and drove out foreign shipping merely because there was a larger capital behind it, we point to the new tonnage added to the Register as referred to above. Clearly new vessels would not be built at this rate unless they could be employed profitably. The immense proportion of British ships in the British trade will best be understood when we say that in 1878 the proportion of native tonnage was only 25·7 per cent. in the United States foreign trade; in the French, only 30·1; in the Dutch, only 29·1; in the German, only 37·7; and in the Russian, in 1877, only 8·2. It is further observed by Mr. Giffen that, in addition to the vessels employed in our own trade with other countries, British vessels are largely employed in the trade between the Colonies and certain foreign countries; and in support of this statement he refers to tables prepared in his department for the use of the Colonial Defence Commission. It would be very interesting to have those tables; for, so far as we are aware, no statistics on the subject have yet been published.

We have seen that the British mercantile marine continues to gain ground upon the merchant navies of other countries, and that in our own trade, whether coastwise or with the rest of the world, the British tonnage engaged is to the foreign as 71 to 29, or over 7 to 3. We have seen also that it is largely employed in the trade of foreign countries with one another, and we have glanced incidentally at the fact that its recent growth has been chiefly in steamers. This last is the point of real importance, as it gives us unquestioned preponderance at sea. Even in England the employment of steam at sea advanced slowly. In 1840 the entire steam tonnage of the United Kingdom was only 87,539 tons; ten years later it had not quite doubled, being no more than 167,398 tons; even in 1860 it was no more than 452,352 tons; and it was not till 1870 that it quite equalled the sailing tonnage. In that year our steam merchant navy reached 1,111,375 tons, which, allowing with Mr. Giffen a steam ton to be equal in effectiveness to about four sailing tons, would be very nearly equivalent to 4½ million sailing tons. But in 1870 the sailing fleet of the United Kingdom amounted to 4,506,318 tons. Thus steam took more than thirty years to overtake sails. But during the past nine years the construction of steam vessels has been enormous, while the sailing merchant navy has actually decreased. In 1879 the steam mercantile marine of the United Kingdom amounted to 2,508,102 tons, being an increase of over 125 per cent. in the nine years. But, on the other hand, the sailing fleet stood at only 4,013,187 tons, being a decrease of almost half a million tons in the nine years, or just one-ninth. Reckoning, as before, each steam ton to be equal to four sailing tons, our steam fleet would be now equivalent to 10 million sailing tons, and, adding the sailing vessels, we should get a total of 14 million tons. This, it will be understood, is the tonnage of the United Kingdom alone. But the tonnage of the whole British Empire amounts to 2,733,269 steam tons and 5,729,095 sailing tons, which, computing as before, is equivalent to 16 million sailing tons. The steam merchant navies of foreign countries are small, and consequently the 8,200,000 tons of all kinds which comprise those navies are computed by Mr. Giffen to be equivalent to less than 11½ millions sailing tons. In effectiveness, therefore, it follows that the tonnage of the British Empire is about 58 per cent. of the whole tonnage of the world. In other words, it exceeds that of other maritime nations in the proportion of 58 to 42. Further, the mercantile marine of the United Kingdom alone exceeds those of the countries not comprised in the British Empire by 2½ million tons, or by a tonnage equal to the whole sea-going marine of the United States added to the merchant navy of France. If we inquire in what trades the growth of British shipping is most marked, we find that it in those with the principal European countries and the United States. Thus, in the trade with the United States the clearances of steam shipping during the last four years have increased one million tons, in that with France half a million tons, with Germany and Russia 300,000 tons each, with Italy 320,000 tons. There is also an increase in the trade with the Colonies and British possessions, but it is much smaller than in the other cases mentioned. It is, however, to be borne in mind that the voyage to India, Hong Kong, or Australia is very much longer than to any part of Europe and the Atlantic ports of America, and consequently that a proportionate increase of the shipping employed on those distant voyages may be going on, though it is not so apparent on the face of the returns. The growth of our mercantile marine being, as we have seen above, altogether in steamers, it was to be expected that the size of the ships would increase; and we find that the fact is so. It is true even of sailing ships, the average measurement of which has risen from 202 tons in 1860 to 238 tons last year. But, as was to have been expected, it is in steamers that we find the most marked enlargement. Their average measurement in 1860 was 430 tons; in 1870, 464 tons; and last year, 651 tons. The increase of size in the last nine years is especially remarkable, and points to a great gain in economy, as well as in efficiency. And this increased economy is still further shown in the very slight addition to the number of men and boys employed. Thus, since 1860 the number has risen only from 171,592 to 193,548, or about fourteen per cent. From the point of view of national defence this is not so satisfactory, as it shows that the mercantile marine is becoming less and less a nursery for the Royal Navy. But for purely trading purposes the fact is of the highest importance. If the strength of the crews grew in the same proportion as the shipping, maritime business would suffer from every variation in the labour market.

The advantages derived by the country from its great preponderance at sea are so obvious as hardly to call for remark. If we were involved in war we should have an immense reserve of strength to draw upon in numberless ways. The building yards, which, as we have seen, are kept employed in bad times as well as in good, would be at the disposal of the Government for rapidly increasing its fighting fleet; many of the vessels now employed in trade might be armed and used with effect in various services; and the rest would afford means of conveying troops from and to distant parts of the world, and provisioning armies in the field. It is often said, indeed, that the very magnitude of our commerce is its weakness, since it would fall a prey to cruisers. But there are two sides even to this question. The United Kingdom beats the world in the construction of ships, and consequently hostile *Alabamas*, if fitted out against us, ought to be quickly chased from the seas by vessels infinitely their superiors in speed and power. This, however, is too large a subject for incidental notice. We will only say in general that our resources are intrinsically as available for war as for peace, for attack as for defence, and that it is our own fault if our wealth is not also our strength. In the meanwhile, so long as peace continues, our maritime pre-eminence secures to us the greater part of the carrying trade of the world. England has commercial relations with every part of the earth; with many parts it almost monopolizes the commerce; and in all this vast trade three out of every four tons employed are British, besides a large number of ships employed in other trades. The freights thus earned go towards enabling us to pay for the goods we import from every country, and partly account for the fact that we constantly import more than we export without drawing upon our capital. They also help to explain our command over the money markets of the world. Nor is the effect to be overlooked of the constant appearance of British ships in every port. The perpetual presence of the British flag, and the familiarity thus acquired with British ways, British goods, and British money, predispose the natives to deal with this country. As regards the causes of our pre-eminence, they are to be found partly in the commercial pre-eminence of England, and in her possession of more capital, more skill, and more mechanical appliances than other countries, and partly in the natural aptitudes of her people, but chiefly in the revolution that has been effected during the last twenty years in naval construction. We have seen above how steam has been superseding sails, and how the process has been accelerated during the past nine years. Simultaneously iron has been supplanting wood as the material of shipbuilding; and it is this latter change more particularly which has given us the advantage over all competitors, for iron ships can be built better and more cheaply here than anywhere else in the world. No doubt, also, the unwise legislation of other countries has materially helped us; the United States, for example, forbid their shipowners to buy foreign-built vessels, thus compelling them to compete against us with inferior ships. The result of all these co-operating causes is that we are able to do more work at sea than all our rivals put together,

that our shipowners are getting the carrying trade of the world into their hands, and that, whether for commerce or for war, we have acquired a position which no other nation has ever attained to, and which nothing but senseless negligence or rash and stupid parsimony can seriously endanger.

LEARNING IN THE ARMY.

UNDER the above heading the *Daily News* lately informed its readers that the German Minister of War has exhorted colonels commanding regiments to urge their subalterns to the study of modern languages. This, we are told, is no new thing, for a similar recommendation is issued every year in some form or other, and, moreover, it "does not apply to languages only, but to science, art, and even to accomplishments which, from a military point of view, are generally considered of minor importance—such as musical talent and facility of elocution." We must confess ourselves somewhat at a loss to understand the necessity for official encouragement in the case of the last two items. A musical subaltern, especially if he is in the early stages of the cornopean, is regarded rather as a curse than a blessing by his brother officers; and if there is one profession more than another in which, in our opinion, speechmaking should be discouraged, it is the army. According to the *Daily News*, however, the Germans think differently, though we must say that the way in which these accomplishments are turned to account in the German army strikes us, from a military point of view, as somewhat peculiar. For instance, we read that, "If it were desired to have the military resources of Persia examined, the records would be searched for the names of officers having acquaintance with the Shah's dominions; or, to take a more familiar example, if Louis II. of Bavaria were to visit Berlin, the staff chosen to attend him would probably be selected from amongst officers noted for their great love of music. . . . It is not too much to say that, if the [German] War Office wanted to compose offhand a staff of good fellows for the entertainment of some captive potentate, it could designate at once a batch of officers skilled in comic acting, singing, and endowed with a knack of turning society verses." These are all doubtless valuable military accomplishments, and we are confident that the British taxpayer will agree with us on this point; but the *Daily News* is in error in supposing that they are the exclusive property of German officers. We believe that our own War Office also could find, without much searching, any number of officers of this description, who would devote themselves with zeal and energy to the entertainment of any "captive potentate" who might be sent to England. It would be difficult to imagine a more interesting spectacle than Cetywayo living at free quarters in London, surrounded by a staff of officers specially selected by the Horse Guards for their advanced views on the subject of polygamy, busily engaged in "comic acting, singing," and "turning society verses" for his amusement. The *Daily News*, however, does not confine itself to speculations on a possible future, but points out how in actual experience these accomplishments of the versatile German officers were once utilised. "Indeed something of this kind was effected when Napoleon III. was a prisoner at Wilhelmshohe, for all the officers appointed to attend him spoke French with a fluency that astonished him, whilst one of them had been chosen purposely because he had written a number of treatises on the conquest of Gaul, and was likely to prove companionable to the Imperial author of the *Life of Cæsar*." We have always felt inclined to pity "captive potentates" when they are made, as they often have been, the objects of ostentatious and ridiculous attentions on the part of their conquerors, and we have often thought how bored the poor King of France must have been when the Black Prince insisted on performing the duties of a mess-waiter to him; but the case of Napoleon III. strikes us as the hardest of all. To be defeated, to lose his throne, and be made a prisoner, was bad enough; to be surrounded by officers of his enemy's army detailed for the express purpose of entertaining him with what in his circumstances must have been something very like buffoonery, was worse; but to have one of them constantly reminding him that he had written a conspicuously unsuccessful book was surely the unkindest cut of all.

The moral of our contemporary's lecture may be condensed as follows:—You never know at what moment a "captive potentate" may fall into your hands, therefore have the officers of your army educated in "comic acting, singing, and turning society verses." He then affords us the startling information that "the British army is not managed like the German, and our social system is not like that of our neighbours, so that in some things their example would be of little use to us." So we should imagine, judging by the specimen just given; but let us proceed. We are told that "there are some ledgers at the Berlin War Office in which hundreds of officers are entered as being possessed of special gifts," and, further on, "it may be questioned whether we might not take a leaf out of those ledgers at Berlin. With colonies stretching in every direction, and with necessities constantly recurring for studying countries nearer home, it would be highly desirable that the War Office should know exactly how many of our officers are versed in foreign tongues, and to what extent." Has the writer of this extraordinary effusion never heard of such a thing as a confidential report? Is he aware that such reports are annually made on every officer in the service to the Commander-in-Chief? A form of one of these documents is lying on the table before us; it is War Office Form No. 1,114, and, if examined, will be found to contain all the information that the *Daily News* suggests, and a good deal more. For instance, the following are some of the heads:—Whether the officer was a cadet at the Royal Military College; whether passed through Staff College; whether passed through any other schools of instruction, mentioning certificates obtained; whether acquainted with any and what foreign languages; whether distinguished in the field or noticed in despatches or general orders. There are also headings for battles or campaigns, orders or decorations, service on the staff, whether general or regimental, state of health, fitness for active service, eyesight, horsemanship, reasons for considering the officer fit for his position or for advancement, opinion as to his general abilities, reasons for dissatisfaction (if any) with his conduct, and other similar information. True, we observe with regret the absence of headings for "comic acting, singing," &c.; but surely there is enough in the list we have given to enable the military authorities to form a pretty fair opinion as to each officer's value and attainments. A considerable part of the article we are discussing is based upon the assumption that our officers do not study foreign languages, and that they require encouragement to do so. Again, we would ask, has the writer never seen an Indian Army List? If he merely glances at one, he will find scores and scores of officers distinguished for proficiency in one or more of a list of languages including Hindustani, Persian, Arabian, Oordoo, Tamil, Sanskrit, Burmese, and several other Eastern tongues. Has he never seen a report of one of the annual final examinations at the Staff College? We take up one or two at random, and we find, in addition to the one language which is obligatory on every candidate, a goodly list of others as extra subjects, among which we may mention French, German, Hindustani, Dutch, Russian, Spanish and Italian. The *Daily News*, however, in its sudden linguistic frenzy, would have languages to supersede everything, except of course comic acting and singing; for we read that "numbers of officers of studious mood think they do their duty in devoting themselves to what they term professional studies—mathematics, engineering, and fortification—even though they may have no taste for such pursuits; but even in war-time how many of these find their attainments of any use to them? With the encouragement given to the study of the so-called military sciences, the army will always have enough engineers and draughtsmen, but it can never have too many linguists." We certainly should have thought that the much despised "mathematics, engineering, and fortification" would prove at least as useful as the most attentive study of German to an officer who is about to embark for a war, say, in New Guinea. The *Daily News* is evidently seriously dissatisfied with our present system of military education, for we are told that, "as things go at present, the officers of our army have not incentives enough to study things outside the ordinary military curriculum." We wonder whether the writer has any notion what the ordinary curriculum of the young officer of the present day is like. It is not perhaps very elaborate or very arduous; but still, by the time he has passed his drill, his course of musketry instruction, his gymnastics, his course of garrison instruction—including as it does tactics, military drawing and topography, military law and fortification—and by the time he has attended a possible course at Hythe for musketry, another at Aldershot or elsewhere for signalling, and another at Chatham for field works, he has done pretty well. It is easy enough to suggest that officers ought to know more, and that "a prize in money or a step in promotion" should be given to an officer for every language in which he may become proficient; but we cannot say that we agree with the writer. Good regimental officers are the life and soul of our army, and they are those who make their regiment their home, and who identify themselves with their men, not merely in the barrack or on the parade-ground, but in their sports and recreations, at all times and in all seasons. If officers were to spend all their available time in studying languages and sciences for money or other prizes, they would soon cease to take the smallest interest in their men, and would look upon all duty as a tedious nuisance.

We have had enough and to spare of this servile imitation of foreign models, and the sooner we recognize this fact the better. The whole article we have been discussing is written with the notion that the German officer is better than the British because he studies foreign languages and sciences. We do not admit the superiority; on the contrary, we feel confident that if a dozen of each could be taken at random, the British officers would be found to be better shots, better horsemen, more travelled—and therefore possessing greater knowledge of the world—more self-reliant in emergencies, and withal quite as accomplished. It is certainly surprising that a journal like the *Daily News* should have devoted a whole column to such unmitigated nonsense as we have been describing. The article only adds one more to the numerous proofs already existing of the astounding ignorance on military matters which characterizes the British civilian.

RACING.

WHEN the racing season has begun, even a general election does not prevent men who are fond of the Turf from interesting themselves in their favourite pursuit. During the time that the late electioneering excitement was at its height, heavy

betting on the approaching Derby began for the first time. Indeed the Turf has always been a favourite diversion among politicians, and many Cabinet Ministers have owned studs of racehorses. Racing matters form a convenient neutral topic of conversation in the lobbies of the House of Commons; politicians of opposite principles may agree as to the capability or otherwise of some four-year-old to give a three-year-old 7 lbs. over six furlongs, and statesmen who do not sit on the same side of the House at St. Stephen's may vote for the same measures in the great Turf Parliament at Newmarket. A year ago we called attention to the fact that the enormous sum of 225,000*l.* had been given to be run for at the various race meetings in Great Britain and Ireland, during the preceding season; but this amount was exceeded by more than 8,000*l.* in the season of 1879. On the other hand, the actual amount raced for, including the stakes, was about 10,000*l.* less in 1879 than in 1878. During the two previous years, again, the amount of added money had been increased by something like 30,000*l.* a year, so that although the Turf, in a financial point of view, is holding its own, it cannot be said to have advanced with such prodigious strides in 1879 as in 1878 or 1877. As regards the number of horses that have run during the year there has not been much difference for the last five years, the lowest number within that period which ran in one year having been 2,054 and the highest 2,113. Objectors to two-year-old racing may be glad to hear that the number of horses of that age which took part in races during 1879 was fewer by twenty-nine than that of the previous year. Although the number of racehorses aged five or upwards was higher in 1879 than 1878, it is very noticeable that during the last three years there have not been half as many horses aged five or upwards running in public as there were during a similar period ten years ago. Those who dislike short courses may not be pleased to know that last year a far larger sum of added money was given for races between five and six furlongs in length than for those of any other distance. It was to selling races of five or six furlongs, too, that the largest bulk of money was added. Beyond that distance the money added to selling races diminished at a wonderful ratio, decreasing rapidly from 32,000*l.* at five or six furlongs, to 205*l.* at two miles and upwards.

Breeders have lately had the choice of several fresh horses of promise at the stud. The speedy but uncertain Trappist, by Hermit, with his immensely powerful quarters and his many other good points, although he may not be a very evenly made horse, ought, if judiciously mated, to produce some grand specimens of the English racehorse. How far his own uncertain disposition and that of his sire may be transmitted to his descendants time alone can prove. Then there are the winners of the two last Derbys—namely, Sefton and Sir Bevys. It may be objected that little can be boasted of the stamina of our racehorses when winners of the Derby are put to the stud in twelve months; but it must not be forgotten that in Turf history many winners of great races, from one cause or another, have been sent to the stud at an early age. A Derby winner is of all horses the least likely to pay his way for the future in handicaps, or even weight-for-age races in which the winner of the Derby is penalized; in addition to which there are still remaining some owners who would not like to see their horses which have won the highest honours of the Turf afterwards disgraced by defeat. For breeding purposes, again, it may pay better to put at once to the stud a horse that has won the Derby. There is no loftier prize that he can possibly win, and if his fame should afterwards be tarnished by defeat he may be distrusted for the future by breeders. There are, however, exceptions to every rule, and there can be no doubt that when Sefton had won the Derby he was not nearly so much thought of as when he finally retired from the Turf. After he had won the Blue Riband of racing it was said, and with great apparent reason, that he had not been opposed by a field of the character or quality usually found in the Derby, and some people thought that the whole thing was a fluke. But before Sefton left the Turf he had proved himself to be a horse of unusual merit, and his breeding is good enough to give every hope of his success at the stud. Sir Bevys is undoubtedly a very plain and mean-looking horse, and he ran wretchedly in the St. Leger; but nevertheless he won the Derby, and his victory was achieved on a day when the course was unusually heavy. The probability is that he would have been beaten if the ground had been in its usual state; but for all that it must be allowed that he showed evidences of wonderful stamina, and, judiciously crossed, he may prove of great value at the stud. If, as is sometimes argued, strength and endurance are qualities in which our modern racehorses are somewhat deficient, here is an admirable opportunity of producing them, and a son of Favonius and Hampton's dam cannot be objected to as a coarsely-bred horse, even if his own appearance be not particularly aristocratic. No breeding could be more fashionable than that of Beauclerc, by Rosicrucian out of Bonny Bell, who, after a brilliant two-year-old career, became unsound when undergoing preparation for his three-year-old engagements. It was a pity that he was started for the St. Leger of 1878. Some breeders may mistrust his twisted fore-leg, but we hope that a horse which showed such excellence as a two-year-old will have a good chance given him at the stud.

High among the successful sires last year must be ranked Adventurer, if the amount of money won by their stock is to constitute greatness. His daughter, Wheel of Fortune, alone won more than 13,000*l.*, and few horses have ever gained such a reputation as her's. Bertram was the sire of but one winner last year, but that was the famous two-year-old, Robert the Devil, who won the Rous Memorial Stakes at Goodwood, a race worth over 2,000*l.* Doncaster has sprung into fame as a sire with Bend Or, who as a two-year-old won more than 5,000*l.* without being defeated. Rosicrucian's celebrity was maintained last year by his two-year-old Douranee, who won nine races, worth in all considerably more than 4,000*l.*, although she suffered four defeats. His two-year-old Brotherhood also ran well, winning little less than 3,000*l.* Eighteen horses by Rosicrucian won races during the season. The extraordinary successes of Isonomy, who was probably the best horse in training last season, and the victory of Beaudesert in the Middle Park Plate, were alone sufficient to make a high reputation for Sterling. If not the handsomest of horses, the powerful quarters and many good points of Isonomy ought to satisfy breeders, while his stamina and speed are much to the credit of his sire. It is difficult to compare the horses of one year with those of another, but it is quite possible that we may not in the course of several years have seen a better horse than Isonomy was when at his best last season. Blair Athol had fifteen winners and Hermit sixteen during 1879; but the Palmer and Speculum could boast the longest list of all, twenty of the stock of each of these horses having won races. Favonius and the French horse Flageolet were the sires of the winners of the Derby and the St. Leger. Lord Clifden was still represented by the famous Jannette, Lord Clive, and the useful Roehampton. Early in the season many good judges thought that a filly by Prince Charlie was going to turn out the best three-year-old of the year. This was the splendidly shaped Reconciliation. Although she did not fulfil the extravagant expectations which had been formed of her, she won a couple of thousand pounds in stakes during the summer. Prince Charlie was much more glorified by his two-year-old Prestonpans, which won over three thousand pounds, and was sold for an enormous sum of money as well. Thormanby was the sire of but one winner, but this was the handsome Charibert, who won the Two Thousand, which was worth more than six thousand pounds last year. Charibert afterwards turned out an unsatisfactory horse; but there can be no doubt that he did honour to his sire on the day of the Two Thousand.

The heavy engagements of many horses in training show the vitality of racing. Several two-year-olds have between forty and fifty engagements before them, while many yearlings are already entered for a large number of races, one, we observe, having twenty-two engagements. Considering the proverbial depression of trade and the scarcity of superfluous cash, it is wonderful that racing is so prosperous as it is. During the last couple of seasons there have been fewer horses in the hunting field than usual, but the number of horses that have taken part in races has been scarcely, if at all, affected. In bad times one would naturally expect people to reduce their studs of racehorses; but this has not been done to any appreciable extent. Perhaps no expensive amusement has thriven so well during the late years of depression as the much-abused sport of racing, and it has stood the test far better than have art collections, libraries, yachts, moors, and hunting studs. However dull, too, business may have been during the last two years on the Stock Exchange, there has been too much instead of too little animation in the betting-ring.

Events have happened within the last year and a half which have drawn attention to the rule of racing which renders void a horse's entrance to a race on the death of his original nominator. It is said that within the last few months one gentleman gave 7,000*l.* for a horse which has since been disqualified for the Two Thousand by the death of its nominator; and that another, in order to win the Derby, gave 6,000*l.* for a horse which has been disqualified for a similar reason. Hasty legislation on the Turf, as elsewhere, is highly objectionable, but it appears to us that members of the Jockey Club might find it worth while to reflect at their leisure upon the question whether it might not be desirable that a purchaser of a horse should have the power of getting its nominations transferred into his own name by a formal and official instrument.

REVIEWS.

BURTON'S REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.*

(*Second Notice.*)

SENSITIVE minds have frequently been distressed by the fact that political necessity, real or supposed, is wont to exercise an overruling influence upon the course of legislation, and that the genesis of measures which have indisputably proved beneficent in their results is at times a less attractive study than those results themselves. The history of the Union between England and Scotland, which appropriately occupies considerable space in Mr. Burton's work, forms a case in point. It is indeed burdened by no such unrighteous reminiscences as those attaching to the history of another Union, achieved about a century later. Mr. Burton is able to appeal to previous investigations of his own, which his predecessor Lord Stanhope has acknowledged to be

* *A History of the Reign of Queen Anne.* By John Hill Burton, D.C.L. Historiographer Royal for Scotland. 3 vols. William Blackwood & Sons. 1880.

satisfactory, as having completely refuted the "odious suspicions of corruption that for a time hung round the transactions of the year 1706. But though neither Lord Banff was bribed by his 11*l.* 2*s.*, nor others by more emphatically persuasive sums, it is well known that another noxious ingredient was not absent from the cement of the Scottish Union. The demeanour of the lesser country had been successful in intimidating the statesmanship of the greater, until, as Mr. Burton says, it was well understood that all resistance to the treaty would be in the former, while at Westminster even the possibility of successful opposition was taken away by a lawyer's device. All practical English politicians, not blinded by Jacobite sympathies, had come to recognize the necessity that Scotland must be held closer if she was to be held at all; it was not love, nor even in the first instance self-interest, that brought the two countries to the embrace in which of old King James I. had hoped to see them locked. The Scottish feeling of bitterness against England, in so far as it was not merely the result of ancient antipathies, was not altogether unreasonable. Mr. Burton shows how rapidly that feeling had grown to the extravagant and almost frenzied height which it had reached by the time of the Act of Security. The Restoration monarchy, which owed so much to Scotland, and not the Protectorate, had hit Scotland hard by its Navigation Act. In the Restoration edition the Act was "shaken free of the defect that gave a share in its beneficence to Scotland"; for it had been "among the Englishman's denunciations of the Protectorate Government that it admitted the impoverished and sordid Scots to a participation in the sources of England's wealth." Then came the tragic Darien blunder, unredeemed by the glorious victory of Zubaccanti, and King William's all but dying message commending the Union as the last and only remedy for the existing relations between the two countries. It would indeed seem that the collapse of the negotiations of 1702 was owing to the apprehension of the English Commissioners that their acquiescence in the Scotch demand for Free-trade would ultimately be disavowed. But that which brought the later negotiations to a more successful issue was no argument or claim of an economical nature. It was, in a word, that Act of Security to which the Queen's Commissioner in the first instance, with a very intelligible instinct, refused to give the royal assent. The Act put into words a sentiment which before long found perhaps as extraordinary a mode of expression as has ever marked the international relations of two States not on the eve of actual warfare. Mr. Burton tells with much spirit and frankness the strange story of the seizure of the *Worcester*, and of the judicial murders which followed. He calls the former, "if we look on it in its abstract nature . . . as absolute an act of treachery as the massacre of Glencoe," though it was primarily intended by way of reprisal for the seizure in the Thames of the Scots Indian and African Company's vessel *Annandale*. "The Scotch Plot," which Mr. Burton introduces as "another incident of the period," proved a mere flash in the pan; but the fears aroused by it found their way into the Queen's Speech and the House of Lords, and helped further to charge the already heavily-laden atmosphere. Mr. Burton takes the opportunity of giving some account of the notorious Simon Fraser of Lovat, of whom Dr. Doran had so much to say in his last gossip about the Jacobites, and of whom the late Mountstuart Elphinstone, as he told Mr. Burton, discovered the "absolute duplicate" in an Afghan chief. On this occasion Simon Fraser's effort was of that tentative sort which in history only seems ridiculous when it is not, sooner or later, followed by a more serious venture of the same description. The Act of Security left the future very much to take care of itself; but Mr. Burton has judiciously pointed out that the supplementary "Act anent Peace and War," provided against the power falling at once and absolutely into the hands of anyone who might be strong enough to make himself master of the situation at the Queen's death. The Act introduced a vital change into the Scottish constitution; but then it must be allowed that the Scottish constitution was generally, in a far more marked degree than the English, at the mercy of the elements. The reason of this lay partly in what Mr. Burton elsewhere notices—"the easy slovenly practice of the estates of Scotland." The Scottish Parliament, which now assumed the right of approving or preventing a declaration of war, had less than a century before been a mere instrument in the hands of the Crown. It is a curious, though to be sure an idle question, whether Scottish Parliamentary life would have endured under a separate government.

In general, we notice with pleasure in these volumes the absence of any tendency, such as the very fulness of the annals of this reign is only too apt to produce, towards making too much of the personal element in national history. Not that Mr. Burton withholds his judgments of persons, which are often both shrewd and generous. Of Queen Anne, narrow-minded though she was in most directions, it is indeed difficult to think without a certain kindness, more especially when one remembers her domestic misfortunes. Her "promised children were so numerous that it is a question whether there were more than seventeen." Six only survived long enough to be baptized; of whom, as is well known, one, William Duke of Gloucester, lived into his twelfth year, when his premature though not altogether surprising death was mourned as a national calamity. That in an age which still clung to such superstitions as "touching for the evil," these losses should have been interpreted as a divine judgment upon the Queen for her impiety as a daughter, is intelligible enough. But it was these very losses which, as Mr. Burton observes, intensified in the Queen the sense of isolation that other causes helped to produce. Her maternal relations declined to rally round her, her uncle, the Earl of Clarendon, actually refusing to take the oath of allegiance. Her husband was a cipher, and her children were dead. Her throne was to go to strangers and foreigners; and thus

perhaps it befell that the Queen's personal friends had far more influence on the destinies of her reign than her husband or her nearest blood relations.

This is at once a reasonable and a generous way of accounting for what is so often ridiculed as nothing but Mrs. Morley's infatuation for Mrs. Freeman. The scandals against the earlier part of Marlborough's career, again, Mr. Burton dismisses in the same generous tone. He is properly treated as the real hero of this History—a genius to whom justice is done even out of the mouth of a jealous rival such as Peterborough. One noticeable feature in Marlborough as a commander was his successful endeavour to preserve a decent and respectable tone among his troops, and even to encourage religious observances among them. This is all the more curious when the general English system of enlistment as practised in that age is borne in mind. Mr. Burton has very graphically illustrated the recruiting practices of Sergeant Kite and his fellows; and it is certainly remarkable that out of materials thus collected Marlborough should have formed the army which, after Blenheim, solemnized the morrow of victory by the celebration of a religious service at the head of every regiment. It would appear that the navy was less perfectly regenerated than the army—doubtless because of the "greater temptations to rapacity" besetting the former service. Peterborough bitterly complains to Godolphin of the scandalous greed of admirals and sailors, which, together with their ignorance, will, he fears, prove ruinous to the cause of the Allies.

Of Peterborough himself Mr. Burton could not fail to write with something of the picturesqueness which any mention of that erratic hero's name seems naturally to call forth in an historian; and the following lively passage draws an effective contrast between the most brilliant figure of the Spanish war and the refugee general, the memory of whose failure has survived that of his services. We may add that Mr. Burton declines to see in the defeat of Almanza more than "the typical drop in the bucket—the last incident that proclaimed the victorious side"; and that he suggests a measure of consolation for our national pride in the fact that "the number of British soldiers in the battle, if they exceeded three, did not reach four, thousand":—

We have already seen that Galway was a soldier of the French type; and, though it may not be said that Peterborough was a soldier of the English, or indeed of any type, he was such a soldier as England only could produce and tolerate. The gravity and supreme importance of the great game of war had, by long traditional influences, impressed on the French soldier the solemnity of everything, from the grandest efforts of heroism to the smallest pedantries of discipline, while he is on active duty; and whatever frivolities or eccentricities may live in his character are dormant there. ... at Galway was the French soldier cultivated to a high type made any ... nest co-operation between him and Peterborough impossible; it would ... ve been as if in the performance of some solemn religious rite a bishop o[f] the Church of England and a ranting Muggletonian were appointed to co-operate. Both these generals were men of high heroism and generous nature; and, where sagacity has been employed in discovering animosities and jealousies between them, the utter unconformity of their natures may suffice to account for the disastrous results. That they acted apart and had separate careers was more the doing of Galway than of Peterborough. The distinguished French commander acted on the impulses of the respectable man who, seeking a correct and decorous walk through life, finds himself thrown into company and co-operation with that eccentric discarder of conventionalities colloquially described as a 'harum-scarum.' Anything that distinguished Marlborough from the French commanders was in a different shape—that of a vast superiority over them in their own special qualities. This has been emphatically acknowledged by the great Napoleon, not only in the reverence paid to his memory, but the efforts to make Marlborough's military career a lesson to the officers in the Imperial service of France.

We observe, by the way, that Mr. Burton agrees with Lord Stanhope, who had not the same materials at command for arriving at a definite judgment on the point, in regarding Defoe's (if it was Defoe's) Captain Carleton as an historical personage and his Memoirs as an historical authority. The question seems fairly ripe for a full exposition and final settlement.

The author of this History, as we have already indicated, is by no means prone to overrate the influence of personal character and personal motive upon the progress of national events. This is nowhere more visible than in his account of the occurrences which led to the catastrophe of the Whigs in 1710, and indirectly prepared the conclusion of peace. He cites, in order to supplement or correct it, the saying of Hallam, that "the House of Bourbon would probably not have reigned beyond the Pyrenees but for Sarah and Abigail at Queen Anne's toilet." It is only fair to add that "the sagest of historians" had, a sentence or two before, attributed the downfall of the Whigs to the coincidence with the Court intrigues of the popular clamour against Sacheverell's impeachment. Less judicious writers have attributed to one or the other cause individually a result which was partially due to the co-operation of both. Thus Mr. Burton cites from the historian Paul Chamberlen a review of the consequences of the "one man" Sacheverell's conduct, which reads something like a prose version of the famous passage against the Corsican usurper in the *Rejected Addresses*. Of the Sacheverell commotion itself, however, we have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Burton has furnished an account which future historians of Queen Anne's reign will do well not to overlook. He must, we think, be allowed to have made it tolerably clear, not only that the debate on the impeachment, rather than the punishment to which the impeachment might lead, was the essential object of its

promoters, but also that, notwithstanding the popularity gained by their nominal victim, the purpose of the Whigs was in some measure fulfilled. The extreme paucity of Jacobite references in the debate furnished the best testimony possible to the weakness of the Jacobite cause; and Sacheverell himself, following either the advice of his friends or the promptings of his own discretion, in the course of the trial spontaneously offered an earnest prayer that the succession might be perpetuated in the illustrious House of Hanover. Nor is it without significance to find that, at all events according to Burnet, the general impression as to the Queen's favouring Sacheverell was erroneous; inasmuch as, though several of her chaplains openly showed their goodwill towards him, the Queen herself told the Bishop "that it was a bad sermon, and that he," the Doctor, "deserved well to be punished for it." Queen Anne's observation, as reported by the Latitudinarian prelate, is, however, unlikely to have troubled the mind of the assailant of comprehension and toleration much more than the four episcopal speeches against him in the House of Lords. He belonged to a school which was rarely troubled by doubts as to the positions maintained by it; and his own mind seems to have been of a class to which uncertainty is, so to speak, unknown. At the same time, Mr. Burton is to be commended for his desire to do justice to a man standing "alone among the objects of great popular contests, as one who has had no historical vindicator." It certainly seems hard, because the papers read by Sacheverell at his trial in his own defence were very different in tone from his sermons, to conclude at once that the former were not of his own composition. In Mr. Burton's opinion, the sermons, as well as the papers in question, "are works of ability—of so much ability that one can quite understand his suiting different tones of thought and language to different conditions." Altogether, the choice of a victim was not quite so fortunate for the Whigs as they may have at first supposed; and undoubtedly Mr. Burton is right in blaming their want of judgment in selecting a clergyman. The days of Queen Anne were nearer than our own are to the times of clerical, more especially episcopal, martyrs. Yet it seems as if at first they had actually thought of flying high in this direction, and of calling to account the Bishop of Exeter, Offspring Blackall, the eminent High Churchman whose Puritan *prænomen* still survives among the descendants of his family in Essex. A combatant of the lighter sort on the same side was Dr. William King, whose ready pen vindicated the High Church champion against the *Modern Fanatic* of William Bisset. Mr. Burton has some curious notes on both these popular controversialists, and shows incidentally how, in the great art of literary mystification, King was, not indeed the instructor, but the predecessor of Swift.

We had intended to advert to some further points of interest in these volumes, but must conclude with a single query. The general candour and fairness of Mr. Burton as an historian is such that we confess to having had our breath taken away by a passage in his last volume relating to the Irish penal laws against the Roman Catholics. Allowing, as a matter of course, that these laws are "palpably and offensively visible in the Irish statute-book," he expresses his wonder at the absence of all evidence as to their enforcement. This, he thinks, "is all the more remarkable as much has been said about an infamous wretch named Garcia, not an Irish Orangeman but a Portuguese Jew," notorious as a priest-hunter. If Mr. Burton will turn to Mr. Lecky's chapter on Ireland in his late *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, he will find—first, that Garcia was not the only person of his class, even in a period as to which our information happens to be peculiarly scanty, and, moreover, that for the previous years, which belong to the reign of Queen Anne itself, there is no lack of cases showing that, in the matter of priest-hunting at all events, the penal statutes were anything but a dead letter. In other directions, too, this chapter might furnish some suggestive comments on Mr. Burton's "dubieties." The entire question is far too wide a one for cursory treatment; but, while admitting our inability to point offhand to instances of two special results of the penal legislation asserted to have flowed from it, we cannot but express our surprise at the tone of scepticism in which Mr. Burton indulges as to that legislation having been practically enforced at all. Without actually saying that it was not, he expresses a wish to have the traces of its enforcement pointed out to him. This is, to say the least, an unsatisfactory way of treating a topic which is hardly of a nature to be dismissed with a mere note of interrogation.

OLD GLASGOW.*

"A FISHING town on the Clyde has grown into the rich and populous Glasgow." Thus we find, in the most popular of recent English Histories, the history of Glasgow from the Union onwards shortly told. And those who know no more of its history might well wonder how Mr. Macgeorge has contrived to fill the handsome quarto we have now under review with memorials of a place about which there was so little to tell. But, truth to say, there is quite as much fallacy as force in the sentence we have quoted, [illegible] town was the seat of an archbishopric, and could boast of a cathedral of fair form and ancient date. It had a university too, second only to St. Andrews in antiquity of foundation, of which it was said in the sixteenth century by one who had travelled much, "There was no place in Europe comparable to Glasgow for guid letters during these yeirs for a plentiful and guid chepe mercat of all kynd of languages, artes, and sciences." Glasgow has indeed, in more ways than one, a history that is quite exceptional among cities. A brilliant modern writer tells us that a city must be considered as the embodiment of the idea of an age. Now Glasgow may be considered as the embodiment of the ideas of several successive ages. In the earliest stage of its history it represented the faith that planted the Cross of Kentigern on the banks of the Molendinar. On the very spot where the simple cell of the Celtic saint once stood the same faith, expressed by mediæval fancy, was embodied in the stately church whose slender spire is now lost amid the crowd of factory chimneys that have sprung up round it. Again, the first stirrings of the desire for learning endowed in Glasgow a college and a grammar-school as early as the fifteenth century, while the intensely practical spirit of the present age is embodied in the modern Glasgow, the great commercial centre—the epitome, so to speak, of all the various industries to which Britain owes its present greatness. For here the looms of Manchester, the furnaces of the Black Country, the shipbuilding yards of the Thames, the commerce of the Mersey, find formidable rivals. Yet little more than a hundred years ago, the Broomielaw, whose wharves are now crowded with shipping from every quarter of the globe, was yellow with the blossom of the broom bushes from which it gets its picturesque name, and which lingered on even into the present century.

In its infancy Glasgow had a hard struggle for existence, oppressed and overshadowed as it was on either side by the two Royal burghs, Renfrew and Rutherglen. These have now sunk into insignificant suburbs of their larger neighbour, but the payment of 200*l.* annually by the Clyde Trustees to the burgh of Renfrew, as compensation for damage done to its fishing, keeps alive a memory of the day when the Bishop's town had to yield its rights on the river to the King's town. And in former days, when the annual fair, which now pours out the whole working population of Glasgow on the shores of the Clyde, drew strangers to the town, the bishops had to get a special exemption for themselves and their burghers from the exactions of the burgh of Rutherglen, within whose territory the fair was held. Indeed, for long the very life of Glasgow depended on its bishops. Even when the town was allowed to choose its own magistrates, the election had to be confirmed by the bishops, and no writ was attested without the bishop's seal. The bishop, too, incorporated the trades, and the fines levied by the several guilds of the crafts were paid for the support of the Church and its services. It is not until the Parliament of May, in 1546, that Glasgow appears as sending its commissaries, and the first mention we find of it, classed with other burghs, is an enactment of 1555 to the effect that "Glasgow, Irvine, Ayr, Dumbarton, and other burghs of the West" shall be free to trade in Loch Fyne herrings. This permission of free-trade in herrings was the beginning of the town's commercial prosperity, and herrings were for long the staple of its trade. Not before the reign of Charles I. did Glasgow attain to the dignity of a royal burgh. William I. had by charter first raised the hamlet to a burgh, but it was not until the second William ruled over Scotland, more than five hundred years later, that the finishing touch was put to its liberties by an Act empowering the city and Town Council to elect their own magistrates as freely as the city of Edinburgh or any other Royal burgh. Nearly thirty years after the passing of this Act the first ship sent out from Glasgow to the New World crossed the Atlantic; but from that time so rapid was the increase of trade that, after the lapse of half a century, we find it noted that in the year 1775 half the tobacco imported into Britain passed through Glasgow. Yet even then it was impossible for any vessel drawing six feet of water to come up the river except at high tide. The tobacco trade was then the great source of wealth to the city. The Virginian merchants, or "tobacco lords," as they were called, built large mansions and lived in princely style. The street where they lived still bears the name "Virginia Street," and they bullied and brow-beat their fellow-citizens quite as much as the ecclesiastical dignitaries had done in the days of the bishopric. Not so very long ago there were old people living who could tell how in their youth one side of the principal street was wholly given up to the tobacco lords, who strutted and swaggered there at midday in long scarlet cloaks, full wigs, and cocked hats, attended by powdered footmen in full-dress liveries; while any person of lower rank who had business with one of them would hover about on the other side of the way till he caught his patron's eye, and got some encouraging sign before he ventured to address him.

The written materials for the early history of Glasgow are meagre. They consist mainly of the records of the bishopric, and, after the downfall of episcopacy, of the books of the Kirk Session. But, as these sources of information do not go back beyond the thirteenth century, Mr. Macgeorge prefaces his history of Glasgow by a general view of Scotland, and of the manners and customs of its inhabitants as they have been set forth by the best authorities. He thus traces the progress of the place through the various stages of its growth, from the days when the inhabitants of Clydesdale lived in weems and crannogs down to the present day, when it can boast of having the purest water and the foulest air, the greatest variety of manufactures and the tallest factory chimneys, or "stalks" as they are called by the natives, of any town in Britain. It is to the cathedral that Glasgow owes its existence as a burgh, while it is to the river that it owes the

* *Old Glasgow: the Place and the People from the Roman Occupation to the Eighteenth Century.* By Andrew Macgeorge. Glasgow: Blackie & Son. 1880.

spring of new life which prevented it from being crushed by the fall of the bishopric. Bound up as the life of the burgh was with the fortunes of its bishops, it is in the archives of the see that we must seek its early history. Fortunately the episcopal register forms one of the few records left to us of Scottish Romanism. Preserved as it has been by the merest chance, the story of its preservation is well worth telling, though Mr. Macgeorge does not give it. Beaton, the last of the Roman Catholic Archbishops of Glasgow, fled from Scotland when the old Church was overthrown, and he took with him to France the treasure and records of the see. These he placed for greater safety in the Scotch College in Paris, and there they remained until the outbreak of the French Revolution. At that time the brethren of the College, seeing that their only safety lay in flight, packed up in barrels the manuscripts of the English and Scottish Romanists and Jacobites which had been left in their custody and sent them off to St. Omer. They have never since been heard of; but fortunately those relating to Glasgow were not among them. And the Abbé Paul MacPherson, head of the Scotch College at Rome, when passing through Paris in 1798, received two volumes of the chartulary and other records of the see from the hands of Father Innes, the only inmate left in the college. Father Innes himself had only just escaped the guillotine by the death of Robespierre on the very day on which he was doomed to die. After passing through several hands, the register was printed for the Maitland Club, and it is by the help of its contents that Mr. Macgeorge is enabled to draw a truthful picture of Glasgow and its inhabitants in the days when its chief claim to importance lay in being the bishop's burgh.

Of the domestic buildings of that period none are left. The wattle huts of the village were gradually replaced by the more pretentious dwellings of the burghers, but still these were only of wood, and it was not till the town had been twice consumed by fire that the magistrates bethought them of inducing the people who had been burnt out to rebuild their tenements of stone. The bishop's palace and the "manses of stone" built for the "rectors," which we take to mean the canons, of the cathedral, have all disappeared. The cathedral itself is therefore the only building that remains of what can be, strictly speaking, called Old Glasgow; and, by a strange freak of fortune, it remains entire, having escaped the plundering hands of what John Knox called the "raskill multitude," who made the Reformation an excuse for destruction and plundering. There is a legend that the craftsmen of the city armed for the defence of their church when its safety was threatened by over-zealous reformers, but as this is said to have taken place in 1578, and as only a few years before the kirk had urged upon the State the need for "preservation and upholding" of Glasgow Cathedral, such an attack, if it was made, cannot be laid to the charge of Knox or of the Church which he established. To whatever cause it may be ascribed, this building, one of the finest of the pre-Reformation churches, has passed unscathed through the changes that have brought ruin to nearly all the other ecclesiastical buildings of Scotland, and remains a solitary memorial of the age whose piety or superstition found expression in rearing vast piles of architectural magnificence throughout the length and breadth of the land. The High Church, as it is now called, belongs to the First-Pointed period. It was begun by Bishop Jocelyn in 1181, and continued by his successors down to the time of the Reformation. Subscriptions were raised for it all over the kingdom, and indulgences granted to all the faithful who should contribute to it; but the design was so great and the execution so tardy that it gave rise to the popular saying which likened any apparently endless task to St. Mungo's work because it would "never be done." Small and plain as the church must appear when compared with the cathedrals of England, it can boast of a crypt perhaps unequalled, certainly unsurpassed, in Britain. This crypt was the work of Jocelyn, and it was in honour of its consecration that the famous fair was instituted. But the interest awakened by the sight of Glasgow Cathedral is due more to the historical memories associated with it than to the architectural merits of the building itself. In the two greatest crises of the national history the great church of St. Mungo has unconsciously borne a part. Before the high altar Robert Bruce was solemnly absolved from the guilt of sacrilege and murder, the Church thus giving her sanction to the people's choice of a champion. And it was within the same walls that more than three centuries later crowds flocked to sign the "Covenant," round which the nation rallied on the alarm that England was once more trying to put the yoke on their necks under the peaceable guise of a liturgy. Since that day conflicting words of doctrine have wakened the echoes of the old Church as it has passed through those strange phases of Protestantism which have in turn been imposed upon Scotland. Since the days when the fabled miracles attributed to St. Mungo were read as the lesson on the day dedicated to the saint, the brightest lights of the Church with a liturgy but without bishops; of the restored episcopacy; of the Church of the Covenant; and, most anomalous of all, of the Church with bishops but without a liturgy, have successively had the ear of crowded congregations in the crypt as well as in the choir. And there, in that same choir where in the palmy days of the Church the retainers of the two archbishops bandied blows on a question of precedence, perhaps in the very stall of that chivalrous prince who was a canon of the cathedral as well as King of Scots, sat Cromwell and curbed the wrath of his Ironsides, bidding them listen in peace to the dreary tirade aimed at them by Mr. Zachary Boyd. Glasgow had some bishops, too, of whom she might well be proud. Of these were Jocelyn, who laid the foundation of the fortune of the burgh with the first stone of his famous crypt; Wishart, who bore so brave a part in the war of independence; Turnbull, the founder of the University; and Dunbar, whose sumptuous banquets are celebrated in the Latin verses of Buchanan. The infant convocations of the college were held in the crypt of the cathedral. The old buildings, now superseded by the handsome structure at Gilmour Hill, but still standing in the High Street, are not of older date than the seventeenth century. But they have a claim to honour of which their successor can never rob them; for inside these walls Adam Smith first taught the principles of the science that has changed the policy of nations, and James Watt perfected those experiments which placed in the hands of man the new power that has revolutionised the industrial and commercial world. It is noteworthy also that the first successful application of steam for purposes of passenger traffic by water was made by a house carpenter of Glasgow, Henry Bell, the projector of the first steam-boat that plied upon the Clyde.

The cathedral and the college excepted, there are almost no traces of old Glasgow left, its memories now lingering only in the local nomenclature, which to strangers is quite unintelligible. Thus St. Rollox, the great chemical manufactory, perpetuates the name of the chapel on whose site it stands. This chapel was dedicated to St. Roche or "Rok," Rollox being a misreading of the genitive "Rokkis." The old wynds and closes, with their queer names and crazy tenements, are fast disappearing before the Dean of Guild and the march of modern improvement; and the stranger seeks in vain for such picturesque "lands"—as a many-storied house is styled in Scotland—as he finds in Edinburgh. But the different aspect of the two cities has been caused by the very different conditions affecting their growth. Edinburgh was not only shut in by walls, but also by a bog on one side and a lake on the other. Thus the only way in which it could find house-room for its increasing population was by towering upwards. Glasgow, though it had gates, seems never to have had any walls; and, unchecked by natural impediments, it has spread out across the river and over the undulating country round, until now it stands upon as many hills as Rome itself. If, indeed, we accept Kentigern as the founder of the city, its continuous extension bids fair to prove that "St. Mungo's work never will be done." Mr. Macgeorge has enlivened his pages with some reproductions of old prints and sketches of old bridges and dwelling-houses now swept away. He has also gone carefully over the records of the kirk-session, and gives from them many extracts, both instructive and amusing. In short, he has thoroughly succeeded in giving a spirited and faithful picture of the life of the people in the several stages of the city's growth. In the times of the Church supremacy we see the magistrates humbly waiting upon the bishop in his palace garden, and hear the tinkle of St. Mungo's bell as it is rung through the streets to beg prayers for some departed soul; then, after the bishops have passed away, we have the provost, generally some county magnate, with his baillies, strutting through the town, preceded by his scarlet-clad drummers, trumpeters, and pipers; and finally, and not very far distant from our own day, we see the "searchers" scouring the Green and other places of public resort, and pouncing upon all culprits who could be caught red-handed in the crime of walking abroad on the Sabbath during the hours of divine service. This practice continued till the middle of the last century, but the last victim prosecuted the "searcher" who had seized him, and thus put an end to the practice by proving it to be illegal. Mr. Macgeorge has also a chapter on the canoes and other pre-historic remains found from time to time in the Clyde basin, and he furnishes statistics as to the price of labour and commodities at different periods, which enhance the value of his history as a book of reference. Indeed he has omitted no subject which comes within the scope of his scheme, and has spared no pains in getting the fullest and most accurate information attainable on these subjects. As he has made no attempt to obscure the facts of his story with popular fictions or fine writing, but says in a simple straightforward way all that can be said about the past of Glasgow and its inhabitants, his book ought to be bought and read by all those among his fellow-citizens who take any interest in the childhood of their city. Full justice is done to the worth of the contents by the excellence of the type, the paper, and the illustrations. The arms of the city form the chief decoration of the cover. The emblems on its shield, once borne by the bishops, represent the miracles ascribed by monkish legend to St. Mungo. These emblems are the robin of St. Serf that St. Mungo restored to life; the hazel twig which he breathed into flame, now represented as a spreading oak; the salmon that at his bidding brought back Queen Cadzow's ring; and the quaint square bell of St. Mungo, long preserved and used at the cathedral services. The motto, "Let Glasgow flourish," is shortened from the inscription on the old Tron bell, "Lord, let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the word." The pious aspiration has been in a manner fulfilled. Glasgow has indeed flourished beyond all precedent, and, humanly speaking, the word to which she owes her prosperity is that gospel of freedom, as the only true principle of trade, whose first faint echoes reached the world from within the precincts of her ancient university.

DESERT LIFE.*

WE have seldom met with a book of travel whose brilliant and attractive exterior was more absolutely belied by the contents. *Desert Life* is inexpressibly dreary. You lose yourself in dismal wastes of words in which the oases are few and far between; and the wastes are broken up in abrupt sentences through which you labour painfully under an irritating sense of oppression. Nor is there hope in scanning the far horizon as you cast your eyes forward over the pages. Before, as behind and all around you, is the same involved monotony of phrase, where the meaning is distorted, perverted, or obscured by strange phenomena of verbal refraction. We do not feel sure as to the author's nationality. From the names on the title-page—B. Solymos (B. E. Falconberg)—we are inclined to believe him a German by extraction, semi-orientalized in the course of service in the East; and as a foreigner we should have been disposed to treat him with exceptional courtesy. But, in the first place, he has over-taxed our patience, till we smart under the sense of intolerable injury. In the next place, whatever his nationality may be, he invites no consideration on account of it. On the contrary, he displays, with an almost arrogant self-assurance, an extensive though peculiar acquaintance with our language, which he has enriched with a variety of expressions more likely to have been picked up in the desert than in the dictionaries. He is perpetually striving after originality, not merely in his language, but in the method of his arrangement. He is fond of dispensing with those parts of speech which are most indispensable to the intelligible construction of sentences; and he fetches his metaphors and illustrations from extreme distances, having hunted them up in the most unlikely quarters. So much we have said to relieve our feelings, and by way of warning to the reader; but we must add in justice to Mr. Solymos that we are very sorry to have cause to say it. For there is much instructive and valuable matter in his volume, had it only been given in a more agreeable shape. Besides being doubtless an excellent authority in his own profession, he is evidently a man of science and extensive erudition. He is intimately acquainted with the classics as well as with general modern literature; he is versed in natural philosophy, geology, &c., and he is a good practical zoologist and botanist. Had our learned Societies been in search of an emissary to report on the physical and climatic aspects of the Soudan, we doubt whether they could easily have found a better man than Mr. Solymos. It is the more provoking that so capable and intelligent a traveller should gratuitously indulge in a style of writing which we must illustrate by a passage or two taken at random, in vindication of criticisms that might otherwise seem ill-natured:—

> Many find ample amends in the glorious sense of liberty, in wandering through the Aleian plains, with hardly even a thought approaching to melancholy Bellerophon's feelings, whose eyes must have been fixed somewhere under his chin, like the eyes of an isopod crawling on the sea-bottom. . . . Not a tenth do people in the desert feel the solitariness of an average bachelor in town, a place which belies its sweet name of a metropolis. The most kindred thing—if it is not the same—to a great city is—in the eyes of those hundreds of thousands who care neither for what they may have of so-called society, nor for crowds—the pagan Hades, with a touch of other Infernos, as far as brute noise is concerned. The human forms, for all practical purposes, are walking mute shadows, unless to those noisy few who, Ulysses-like, have a mind to collect and can afford to collect, select, and dissolve the lips of such as they might choose—making them talk by the flow of frothy riches, or sparkling success, seasoned with the necessary grace of manner and tempered by the humour of human kindness.

Or, again—and there is one advantage in making random selections from *Desert Life*, that you can seldom do injustice to the author's meaning by taking a paragraph apart from the context or by breaking off abruptly in the middle:—

> Notice the work, poor though it be, of these desert animals, and verily the behest of obedience and binding work went forth to all animation, before it obliged the *noblesse* in the first man. Is not that giraffe lofty enough; and is it not strong enough to do the work of a steam crane? Yet it is sent panting by yon puny carnivorous messenger. Is not that lion powerful enough? Yet it is commanded to contract and crouch before risking a jump. And are not the various perfections and careful preservations, and accelerated multiplication, and care and safety of other animals, merely a price for the service they render or pleasure they afford to man? . .
>
> Men's souls have been prepared by being commanded to be contrite, and they have been taught to obey; the only true means towards understanding, and that "in part" only. They have been prepared by the earlier masters, the tried patriarchs of the deserts, by Hyobe or Job if you prefer it, and the rest; till it was time for the Great Master Himself to assume our shape and to call forth the long-projected and long-promised inauguration of the last and most sublime of the successive metaphors, aspiring to the divine.

And so on, for a couple of pages more, of equally impassioned and discursive moralizing. But it is time to attempt to give some idea of the substance of the volume, and to refer to some of the really interesting information which Mr. Solymos envelops in clouds of words.

The deserts he visited were those to the west of the Nile, between Dongola and Darfour. The heat was terrific, and often excessively trying even in the encampments, in spite of all expedients for mitigating it:—

> Of were lit by touching the sand with them. People who worked their metal instruments without gloves—and every one except your effeminate servant here did—got awkward big blisters. Even the mahogany tripods—unfortunately not polished—were painfully hot; and an eyelid too near the brass work of the telescope was instantly baked into a pretty loaf.

The wells were often situated at great distances, with several days' march of six or eight hours between each; and there was always the possibility of a well being found dry, which might have doubled the interval between replenishing the water-skins. The camels could go ten days without drinking, and their breeders asserted that in winter they could hold out for a fortnight. There can be no question that the Bedouin spoke the truth, for on one occasion, and in the hottest season of the year, the camels of Mr. Solymos's party endured for twelve days. Two of them, indeed, broke down near the wells, but they were revived by having water-skins sent out to them. Mr. Solymos, by the way, mentions a touching trait in the behaviour of the Bedouin drivers. Rather than be urged to over-drive the animals, they secretly reduced their own water allowance; when one of them who was harder worked than the rest came to ask his master for a draught on the sly. The description of the wells, welcome as they were, by no means realizes our romantic notions of "diamonds in the desert." Some of them are at the base of the rocky brims of table-lands, but for the most part they resemble so many small craters studded over the surface of some deep depression. Even where there is more or less vegetation in the neighbourhood, the immediate surroundings are barren in the extreme. Frequently the wells are either actually filled in, or choked at all events, with clay and sand. Sometimes there is a tainted pool of water over a substratum of contaminated mud. They must always be either excavated or purified, at a great sacrifice of precious time, while the parched travellers are painfully tantalized. When the wells have been put in working order, buckets have to be extemporized, usually by stretching the water-skins upon hoops. And, finally, order must be kept among the animals, who drink almost to bursting after prolonged abstinence, while their instincts warn them to fill their reservoirs against the certainty of privations to come.

The insect pests of course figure conspicuously in Mr. Solymos's pictures of his desert experiences. There were mighty hornets measuring an inch and a half across the body and two or three inches across the wings—"galling troubadours," as he poetically calls them. Moths and butterflies swarmed, attracted by the lights in the tents after sunset, till "plates and basins of liquid became tiled over with them." Perhaps the most serious nuisance were the hordes of termites. "Even the slippery glass bottles did not rebuff the steady aspirations of these small shadow-loving pale vermin." They made their way through wooden boards like water soaking into the pores of a sponge. They even penetrated into iron-plated boxes, by invisible chinks caused by the heat. Flies of many species were gathered in myriads round the wells. More dangerous than those troublesome termites were the scorpions. They haunted the thoughts as well as the tents of the explorers. "Their bodies were as broad, and almost as full, as a finger; their fangs as broad and plump as those of small crawfishes." And they seem to have been unpleasantly social in their habits, for, though there might be no appearance of them on the spot chosen for the encampment, they had invariably collected before morning under the packages and the carpets. Mr. Solymos's body-servant kept a pair of tongs always in readiness, and used to exhibit, with the satisfaction of a successful hunter, any unusually formidable specimen he had captured. There was danger in straying from camp after nightfall; and even the Bedouins, brought up from infancy in the desert, took care to keep within sight of the fires. The atmosphere was broken into mirages by the moonshine. The fires became invisible at a short distance; and, strangely enough, the report of their guns was audible no further than the lights were distinguishable. "It seems as if sound and light were here broken and cut up by the cracking dryness of the air, as the casual foliage of the thorn tree is frittered away, and as the very rocks are bruised into stones and dirt, which again seem made to split and absorb light and sound also."

The author makes some remarks that strike us as very sensible as to the regimen and the habits of desert travel. He is by no means an advocate for ascetism of diet, though abstinence or indifferent commons must sometimes be matter of compulsion. But his party travelled with an ample train of baggage camels, and appear to have been exceedingly well supplied with luxuries. They lived chiefly on vegetables, soft milk puddings, fruit, and bread. They had preserved fish besides; and in the way of meat they fared sumptuously when they bought a sheep or succeeded in bagging some game. Antelopes abounded in much of the country they traversed, and were often snared or trapped by the Bedouins. Apparently they could indulge in a choice of beverages; they had cases of wine, and even beer, though beer is naturally unsuited for keeping in such a climate; and there were coffee, tea, and cocoa, of which the first was their great resource. To preserve his health and give fair play to the digestion, Mr. Solymos found it advisable to vary the seat on camel-back with occasional hours of pedestrian exercise, disagreeable as the effort might be at first. And he was in the habit of making but chary use of the medicine-chest, leaving trifling ailments to cure themselves. His own constitution seems exceptionally adapted for effort and exposure in those scorching regions; and he prides himself in getting through a great amount of brainwork in an atmosphere which is popularly

* *Desert Life: a Recollection of an Expedition in the Soudan.* By B. Solymos (B. E. Falconberg), Civil Engineer. London: Allen & Co. 1880.

believed to be enervating almost to the point of paralysing the faculties. We wish that we could have said more in favour of his book; but he would have owed us little gratitude in the long run had we not prepared our readers for the character of its contents.

COX'S DERBYSHIRE CHURCHES.*

MR. COX has at last brought to completion his laborious and interesting description of the old churches of Derbyshire. We may appreciate the thoroughness of his work when we consider that, although it only includes ancient structures, these four volumes give descriptions of 219 churches and chapels, taking in two or three ruins; the whole number of benefices in the county (comprising, of course, newly-formed districts and rebuilt churches) being, according to the *Clergy List*, 247. The illustrations are numerous; the representations, both external and internal, of the more important buildings being "heliotypes," and of the details woodcuts. Yet, strange to say, not a single ground-plan is given, although the arrangement of several of the churches is of much ecclesiological interest. We are sorry that a work of such research, and one containing so much important matter, should be defective in so obvious and useful a feature. Derbyshire is a district of bold contrasts in its physical conformation, as it rises from the flat and swampy meadows which hug the Trent along its southern border, and, beyond a middle region of rolling hills, presents the bold and almost mountainous masses of limestone and millstone grit which compose the Peak. Accordingly it is also a region of churches strongly diversified not only in detail, but in proportion and character; some of them very noble in bulk and in arrangement, and others small, mean, and homely; while in either case they are of every period of mediæval architecture. In Derbyshire we find the Saxon crypt of Repton, and other fragments of days before the Conqueror; and in contrast to these, besides examples of Norman and of the first and second periods, the latest Perpendicular abounds. The county has never boasted of a cathedral, as it has been attached to Lichfield from the earliest foundation of that ancient Saxon see down to its present contingent transference to the inchoate Bishopric of Southwell in Nottinghamshire, in which change, which is of no benefit to itself, Derbyshire acquiesces out of regard for the general good of the Church. Nor has there ever been an abbey of the first class in this shire. But, in compensation for such deficiencies, it can claim the possession of several parish churches of unusual dignity. At Melbourne, a small town which has had the accidental honour of giving his title to a Prime Minister, and through him its name to an Antipodean capital, stands a Norman church which is, in general conception and in dignity of detail, a cathedral in miniature—"a cruciform structure, with a tower in the centre, having chancel, transepts, nave with side aisles, and a western portico flanked by two small towers." This is entered from the west "by a noble semicircular doorway. The central portico is covered by a groined stone roof," and there were spiral staircases to both towers, one of which still exists, besides "two smaller porticos with groined roofs at the basement of those towers, communicating with the central portico and also with the side aisles." It is vexatious to have to spell out these details without the help of a plan, and after all not to be quite clear as to the shape or bearings of the porticos. There were originally three apses to the transepts and to the east end, all of which were pulled down at the end of the fifteenth century, and windows placed in the substituted flat walls, one of those in the transept being of Middle-Pointed date, and clearly moved from elsewhere. The cruciform church at Bakewell is a hundred and fifty feet in length, and, until the disastrous days of a restoration which was begun in 1841, the nave was an example of a very stern and simple type of Norman with square piers and unchamfered arches. This, with the exception of one bay on each side left as samples, was for some fancied demand for accommodation destroyed, and more slim pillars in a later style of Pointed substituted. The central steeple is noticeable for the octagonal belfry story from which the spire springs. Ashbourne boasts of an even more ample cross church a hundred and eighty-five feet in length, and presents all styles of Pointed, while a very noble central spire gives great dignity to the composition. Yet the nave is only flanked by an aisle on the south side. The Renaissance tombs of the Cokayne family in this church are very fine, and some of the windows have been enriched with painted glass of great merit by Hardman. Chesterfield is also conspicuous for a cross church with central spire, of the same date, as Mr. Cox believes, with the tower—namely, between 1350 and 1370; but as it was unfortunately made of wood covered with lead, through warping, it got twisted into a most grotesque form, which is of course from its singularity very precious to the inhabitants of the place. This also is an unusually large church, having a length of 171 feet. Some of the windows contain interesting flamboyant tracery, one of them being circular.

In the old-world town of Tideswell, which nestles in a little valley in a bleak upland district of the Peak, we find a noble cross church of second and third Pointed, which has been handsomely and intelligently restored. The western tower, which is of the later period, offers a striking sky-line of four large pinnacles at the angles and of four smaller ones, each of these rising from the centre of one of the faces. The singular feature in the internal arrangements is that, while the chancel is of minster-like proportions, there should be no true lantern. There are a chancel and transept arches, but there is no western one, and the nave roof extends uninterruptedly for its whole length up to the chancel arch. The original reredos of the high altar still exists, extending across the whole width of the choir at about six feet forward from the east end, and contains a door in its northern portion leading into the space behind, which must have been a sort of sacristy. The composition is adorned with two large niches, but otherwise is plain, having probably been decked with hangings. In the chancel still exists a curious brass of Robert Pursglove, suffragan Bishop of Hull. Pursglove, who had been Prior of Gisburne and Provost of Rotheram, was in 1538 consecrated to one of the suffragan sees set up by Henry VIII.'s Act of 1535. Mr. Cox, misled by Brett, imagines that his consecration took place in 1552, which would have involved the recognition by the Romanists of that day of the Anglican form of consecration. At a later date he became Archdeacon of Nottingham, and, showed himself a strong partisan of Romanism under Mary. Upon Elizabeth's accession Pursglove refused the oath of supremacy and was deposed, but yet received letters from the Queen to found grammar schools at Gisburne, as well as at his native Tideswell, to the neighbourhood of which he retired. He died in 1579, and his brass represents him in full episcopal vesture, with alb, dalmatic, chasuble, mitre, and pastoral staff. Explain this as we may, the fact of a bishop who died twenty years after the accession of Elizabeth being so depicted is a curious incident. Chelmorton church (properly a chapelry of Bakewell) is said to stand at the highest elevation above the sea of any church in England, and is remarkable for a low stone chancel screen, which has given the hint of many similar ones in new or restored churches. Fenny Bentley church, small one near Ashbourne, contains an elaborate wooden rood screen of late date, which was spared in an unsatisfactory restoration some years ago. In the same neighbourhood we find the fourteenth-century church of Norbury, famous alike for its architecture, its high tombs of the FitzHerberts, and its beautiful painted glass of the period, which, with its delicate grisaille, recalls the contemporary windows in Merton College Chapel. The series of windows was not long since perfect, including excellent glass in the east window. But a rector at the end of the last century plastered up the window to save the expense of repairing it. Afterwards what remained of the glass in this window was surreptitiously sold, and at a later date the blank was filled up with glass torn from other parts of the church, to the manifest injury of the whole series. Dronfield, in East Derbyshire, has a noble Middle-Pointed chancel with remarkably fine tracery in the windows, and sedilia of unusual beauty. The rich painted glass went at some date in the last century, but the brasses of the Fanshawe family remain.

Mr. Cox's reasonable protest against over-restoration may be aptly illustrated by some barbarous doings which have been very recently perpetrated in the large church of All Saints at Derby, the finely-proportioned tower of which is so conspicuous to travellers by the Midland line. All Saints, according to Mr. Cox, was one of the two collegiate churches which existed at Derby in the reign of Edward the Confessor. It is certain that in the reign of Henry I. it was given, still retaining its collegiate foundation, to the Dean and Chapter of Lincoln, who then became patrons of the Dean and Prebendaries. In the sixth year of Edward I. it was declared to be a free chapel of the King, exempt from all ordinary jurisdiction and immediately subject to the Pope, and in particular the Archdeacon was kept out. A few years later the Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield tried to assert his jurisdiction, and was resisted by the Dean of Lincoln. The King summoned the Bishop to Winchester for contempt, both of himself and the Holy See. Upon the trial the jury found that the Bishop always had certain jurisdiction within the church, as of holding ordinations, taking synodals, and of exercising discipline; but that to the Dean of Lincoln belonged collation and institution without any presentation from the Bishop. The College was dissolved in the second year of Edward VI., and the lands sold. Still a small portion seems to have been left, which Mary in the first year of her reign assigned to the bailiffs and burgesses of Derby for the maintenance of two vicars of All Saints. The Corporation neglected (herein we should fancy acting with wisdom) to carry out what would have been a very unworkable constitution, as at the present day St. Saviour's, Southwark, shows, and maintained instead one vicar out of the stipend which had been, as it would appear, intended for both. To this they added a reader out of the rates; but in the sleepy days of the eighteenth century they thought fit to let the office drop in 1732. Copes, as we are told, were repeatedly mentioned during Elizabeth's reign in the inventories of the goods of All Saints at dates subsequent to the Advertisements, and an alb is recorded year by year till 1576. This may have been, or have been used as a surplice; but even in that case the perpetuation of the name is proof of what is clear to all men, except the Judicial Committee and its admirers, that the ultimate distinction between these two vestures is hard to be arrived at. The Corporation may have stuck to the copes as considering that the church had not lost its collegiate character.

At last, as the eighteenth century went on, All Saints possessed a vicar alike pugnacious and energetic, who conceived that the time had come for rebuilding it. The Corporation did not quite agree, so the vicar caused the old building to be pulled down *vi et armis*, only sparing the tower, and, in 1723, called in Gibbs to

* *Notes on the Churches of Derbyshire.* By J. Charles Cox. 4 vols. Chesterfield: Edmunds. London: Bemrose & Son. 1875-9.

replace it by the existing classical structure. On the sale of Corporation livings consequent on the Municipal Corporations Act, the advowson was bought by the Simeon Trustees. In 1873 the then vicar, nominated by those patrons, led the way to a very free-handed refitting of the interior, marked by incidents which ought to have brought down the combined forces of the ecclesiologists and of the anti-restorationists, but which, strange to say, were perpetrated with impunity, and then legalized, although in Bishop Selwyn's diocese, by an *ex post facto* faculty. The remarkably beautiful iron-work of the date of the present church, executed by an artist called Bakewell, was ruthlessly torn down, and would have been completely alienated but for local opposition; so a compromise, which has however been scandalously neglected, was effected, by which some of it was preserved, though not, as agreed upon, reinstated. A fine old oak pulpit was sold, and a new one, with a desk underneath, set up in the middle of the church, facing the congregation. These are only ordinary barbarities, but there are others which pass belief. We tell the tale in Mr. Cox's words, only adding that the Devonshire monument enjoyed a far more than local fame, and that the plea of additional accommodation in so spacious a church is flagrantly absurd:—

In the centre of the Cavendish Chapel, in the south-east angle of the church, used to stand before the recent restoration, a large monument, twelve feet high, to the memory of William, Earl of Devonshire, who died in 1628, and Christian, his Countess, the only daughter of Lord Bruce of Kinlop.

It is thus described by Simpson:—"Each side of this monument is open, and in the middle, under a dome, are whole-length figures, in white marble, of the Earl and his Lady, standing upright. The angles on the outside are ornamented with busts of their four children; William, the eldest, successor to the Earl; Charles, Lieutenant-General of Horse in the civil wars; Henry, who died young; and Anne, married to Robert Lord Rich, son and heir to Robert, Earl of Warwick." These figures and busts now stand in a row against the south wall, and present anything but a graceful appearance. On the plinth is inscribed:—

"The interior of this Church was restored in the year of our Lord MDCCCLXXVI, and in order to provide additional space for the increased population of the parish, it became necessary to remove the large monument erected to William, second Earl of Devonshire, who died June 20th, 1628, whose remains rest in the vault below. The figures above this slab are those of William, 2nd Earl of Devonshire, and Christian, his Countess; with busts of their sons William, Charles, and Henry, and Anne, their daughter, which formed part of the monument removed."

That parson, churchwardens, and parishioners should have conspired in this Vandalism, after the world has been for so many years flogged up by art teachers and popular historians, is sufficiently deplorable and inexplicable; but there is another feature about the matter still more profoundly astonishing. The monument was not one of a race that had passed away, nor even of one which belonged to some distant part of the country, but of the ancestors of one of the greatest noblemen in England and quite the greatest nobleman in Derbyshire, a man pre-eminent amongst his order for ability, culture, and fulfilment of duty. How could the Cavendishes, who are not a fallen, nor always a very meek race, stand apathetically back and witness their historical monument hacked and demolished? The altar before 1873 was a marble slab supported on an iron bracket which had been placed in the church in 1725. This was pulled down and the slab stuck against the church wall, while this insolently pugnacious inscription was cut into it:—

This slab, supported on ornamental ironworks, was for many years used instead of a communion table, but was removed when the present table was found in the church, and restored to its original use.

SHOLTO D. C. DOUGLAS, *Vicar.*
GEORGE HAYWOOD, } *Churchwardens,*
WALTER RANDALL, } A.D. 1873.

"Wishing a godly unity to be observed in all our diocese, and for that the form of a table may more move and turn the simple from the old superstitious opinions of the popish mass, and to the right use of the Lord's Supper, We exhort the curates, churchwardens, and questmen here present to erect and set up the Lord's board after the form of an honest table decently covered."—Bishop Ridley's injunction, A.D. 1550, in his visitation of the Diocese of London.

"As to the illegality of stone altars instead of moveable tables of wood, see Faulkner *v.* Litchfield."

Mr. Cox pertinently remarks with respect to this war-whoop:—

With respect to this inscription (apart from the question of taste), it may be remarked—that it is rather singular to quote from the injunction of a Bishop of another see, that which could only apply to his own diocese—that it is still more singular to affix the words of a Bishop's injunction to the walls of a church that was to so considerable an extent extra-episcopal—that the word "honest" at that time meant nothing more or less than decent or comely—that the Church of England has used the words "table" and "altar" as synonymous terms both before and since the Reformation.

Again we must wonder when we think that this aggression was committed and condoned in the diocese of Bishop Selwyn. The prominent name in the inscription will strike our readers in connexion with the recent removal of a cross and candlesticks at All Souls' Church, Langham Place. Happily, now that these are gone, nothing is left in that dreary structure which can be spoiled. A curious commentary upon the assumptions contained in the inscription just quoted may be found in the church of Foremark, in South Derbyshire, which was rebuilt in the seventeenth century, and consecrated by Bishop Hacket in 1662. Mr. Cox's description of it is interesting in several respects, giving us as it does an example of the survival of Pointed in a debased form after the Restoration, and also recording a chancel screen of that date:—

The church, dedicated to S. Saviour, is a small plain building, consisting of nave, chancel, and a low west tower, and is of a debased Perpendicular style. There is no structural difference between the chancel and nave, but the former is separated from the rest of the church by a substantial high oak screen of singular design. Four sheets of glass are let into as many large openings therein. Round the altar are wrought-iron rails of excellent workmanship. The altar itself is a large slab of grey marble, 61 in. by 41 in., supported on a wooden table, and is undoubtedly the same that was consecrated by Bishop Hacket. The font we believe to be of Early English date, and consequently taken from the older chapels of either Foremark or Ingleby.

It is rather tantalizing that the author should tell us that the screen is of "singular design," and make no attempt by pen or pencil to explain what the singularity is.

After the publication of his first two volumes, Mr. Cox obtained access to fresh and most important materials in the muniments of Lichfield Cathedral, of which he has made good use, not only in the latter half of his book, but by copious addenda to the former part. In particular he has given lists of the successive incumbents of every parish. He also records the access which Mr. Gladstone gave him to Sir Stephen Glynne's notes, which in the case of Derbyshire extend from 1832 to 1873, and "include all the old churches of the county." In the introduction to his last volume Mr. Cox adduces a curious illustration of the ravages of the Black Death from the fact that, while the annual average of institutions to benefices in Derbyshire during the fourteenth century was 7, and while the number in 1346 was 4, in 1347 only 2, and 8 in 1348, in 1349 it had shot up to 63, and stood in 1350 at 41.

We cannot better conclude our notice of this valuable addition to our national ecclesiology than by quoting some of Mr. Cox's sensible remarks upon restoration, contained in the introduction to his last volume:—

There is much to be regretted in certain of the "restorations" that have taken place even whilst this work has been in progress. On one point I desire to enter a most earnest protest, viz., against the notion that any honour is paid to God, or respect to the memory of those that He created in His own image, by burying inscribed gravestones beneath many inches of concrete, in order to stick therein the glossy tiles of recent manufacture. The effacing or removal (wherever it can be avoided) of the memorials of the dead should in all cases be strongly resisted, no matter what be the eminence of the architect that recommends it. There are not many unrestored churches left in the country, but there are some of much value and interest, for whose fate we tremble. When a "restoration" (the term is a necessity for lack of a better) is contemplated, let it be recollected that all work beyond the removal of galleries and modern fittings, the opening out of flat plaster ceilings above which good timber roofs often lie concealed, the scraping off the accumulated layers of whitewash and paint, the letting in of light through blocked-up windows, the allowing of feet to pass through doorways closed in recent days by the mason or bricklayer, and the making strong of really perishing parts—all work beyond this is in great danger of destroying the traces of the historic continuity of our Church, and of doing a damage that can never be repaired. And in preserving the traces of this historic continuity, let it not be thought that any service is being rendered to history or religion by sweeping clean out of the church all fittings of a post-Reformation date. The sturdy Elizabethan benches (still remaining in several Derbyshire churches), the well-carved Jacobean pulpit, or the altar-rails of beaten iron of last century, should all be preserved as memorials of their respective periods; in short, everything that our forefathers gave to God's service that was costly and good should be by us preserved, provided that it does not mar the devout ritual ordered by the Common Prayer, or in other respects interfere with the Church's due proclaiming of her divine mission to the nineteenth century. The reaction against over-restoration is now happily setting in, but a word of caution is also necessary lest that cry should be adopted as the cloak of a lazy indifferentism, or be used as an excuse for regarding the parish church as a local museum, illustrative of bygone times, to be carefully dusted and nothing more. Where much new work or any considerable extent of refitting seem absolutely necessary it is best to hasten slowly, and to do a little well, rather than to aim at a speedy general effect.

THREE RECRUITS.*

MR. HATTON'S novel, though chiefly given up to villains, is yet meant to be to a considerable extent historical. He labours hard at his descriptions of the times in which he lays his scene; and, if he does not succeed in giving a picturesque account of the early years of this century, it certainly is not for want of effort. Unfortunately, he fails in accuracy. How inaccurate he is likely to be is, indeed, shown by the quotation, or rather misquotation, which has a page all to itself immediately after the title-page and the dedication. The following are the lines as given by him:—

O'er crackling ice, and depths profound,
With nimble glide the skaters play;
O'er treacherous Pleasure's flowery ground
They lightly skim and haste away.
JOHNSON.

Now this, of course, is utter nonsense. The poets of our day hesitate at very few things, yet even they would scarcely make skaters skim over flowery ground. But to put such an absurd image into Johnson's mouth is as gross a blunder as a writer could well commit. What Johnson wrote was as follows:—

O'er crackling ice, o'er gulfs profound,
With nimble glide the skaters play;
O'er treach'rous pleasure's flow'ry ground
Thus lightly skim, and haste away.

Mr. Hatton is not merely content with describing the time in which his characters flourished, but, by an artful contrivance, he manages in one passage to take his readers back another sixty years or so. Among his characters is an old woman who had passed her life in a town in Derbyshire. "If," he says, "she had lived in

* *Three Recruits, and the Girls They Left Behind Them.* A Novel. By Joseph Hatton, Author of "Clytie," "Cruel London," "The Queen of Bohemia," &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1880.

Fleet Street during her ninety years, instead of vegetating in that little cottage, she might have bought her tobacco and snuff at the very same shop as David Garrick," and done a great many other things, which she did not do, but which Mr. Hatton describes. This is certainly a strange way of writing a story, but, if it is pursued, care should at least be taken to make the things which the old woman did not see as true to history as possible. Now no one could have seen Oliver Goldsmith go into Richardson's office, as Mr. Hatton says, to read the proofs of Richardson's novels, as all Richardson's novels were published before Goldsmith entered his service. Possibly he might have read the proofs of some of the later editions; but where the evidence is found even of that we are at a loss to tell. At what time, we should like to ask, does Mr. Hatton think that Cobbett flourished? Among the other things that the old lady might have done, we read that "she might have bought from Cobbett himself a copy of his *Political Register*." There were other people living in 1811 besides people of ninety, as our author will find on consulting the records of those days, who might have made the same boast. In the account of this same year, 1811, we read that "a dreamer had already promised to illuminate the city with gas." As Pall Mall was lighted with gas from the year 1807, the dreamer was not so very wild in his promises. Perhaps, however, his difficulty lay, not with gas, but with the Aldermen. Mr. Hatton is happily still so young that doubtless the ancient days which he describes are so remote to him that they scarcely seem able to be distinguished one from the other. "I myself," he writes, "remember the Duke of Wellington a familiar figure in St. James's Park." What would he say were he to meet an old gentleman of our acquaintance who is still living who is wont to tell how he was greatly puzzled in his boyhood at suddenly hearing nothing more said about Sir Arthur Wellesley, while every one began to speak of Lord Wellington. He asked one of his schoolfellows what had become of Sir Arthur Wellesley, and was told that he had gone to America. But we are not at the end of Mr. Hatton's memories. "Only some dozen or fifteen years ago I was introduced," he boasts, "to George Stephenson's friend, Mr. Nicholas Wood." He can actually remember the friend of a man who has not been dead thirty years! He piles up wonders upon wonders. "I remember," he adds in the very next paragraph, "when the watchmen called the hours of the night; and so persistently are old customs maintained in England that at what is called the New Inn in Wych Street you may still hear the old cries to this day." In other words, he remembers that which can still be heard every night. The Cock Tavern, we learn further on, still exists; and, what is more remarkable, Mr. Hatton ate a chop there the other day. Before it is too late, we hope that very young children will be brought up from Derbyshire, and will have our author pointed out to them; so that, should they live to the age of ninety, they may be able to boast that they remember a man who ate a chop in the Cock Tavern in Fleet Street.

Mr. Hatton's style certainly does not assist his narrative in bringing before us the good old days which he describes. No writer of the year 1811, not even the dreamers among them, would have thought of such phrases as our author, in strict accordance no doubt with the usage of the present time, introduces. In those days there were no "moulting elms," no "terra incognito" (*sic*), no "faintest lilt of the pibroch in a girl's voice and manner," no "reliable persons," "no trees bursting into bronzed buds of leafy promise," and no "magnetic influence of the sanguine picture" drawn by a villain. Camps did not pulsate, men did not elect to be soldiers or anything else, and Englishmen did not talk of Napoleon but of Bonaparte. An earl was not addressed by his lawyer as "Your Grace," nor was it possible for a bracelet or anything else to be "literally welded with hot rivets." If metal was welded it was welded, and if it was riveted it was riveted, but the two processes were still as distinct in books as they are in the smithy.

We have only dwelt as yet on the defects of Mr. Hatton's story. We must now turn our attention to its merits. It is, we verily believe, more plentifully supplied with villains, and desperate villains too, than any three ordinary novels. Its incidents, moreover, are varied and thrilling. Highwaymen and murderers abound, and, as even their deeds might at last have a little too much sameness, the scene passes over to the war in Spain. Desperate charges are made, Frenchmen are cut down in the approved fashion, and an eagle is captured by the hero. This, however, is a mere interlude. It is with the domestic villains that our interest is chiefly concerned. The chief among them is a man of high birth, for he is the heir to His Grace—we follow the family lawyer in thus describing him—the Earl of Ellerbie. His Grace was no better than he should be. He had, indeed, "a most aristocratic appearance, whilst his wealth had become a proverb, and his family residence a mystery with a ghost in it." He had not the courage "to be exactly a villain, and so would encompass his end by craft and trickery." He had already been married twice, and had managed by a trick to gain the hand of the heroine for his third wife. On his wedding day, in accordance with the ancient custom of all Ellerbie bridegrooms, he went straight from the altar to meditate and pray at the tomb of an ancestor. The wicked heir, by no means approving of this marriage, came out of a heavy stone door among the tombs, which "seemed to have been hung as deftly as that of a modern iron safe, and moved in a similarly silent fashion of ponderosity," and cut His Grace's throat. No one could suspect him of the crime, for he had previously very artfully arranged that the news of his own death in the Peninsular War should be spread abroad, and that a monument should be set up to him in the parish church. He allows many months to pass before he appears on the scene, with a romantic tale of his escape from a foreign prison. The family lawyer had been his accomplice in the murder. The two villains would have succeeded in their plot, had it not most fortunately happened that a Bow Street runner had come into the neighbourhood in search of another murderer. He has his suspicions aroused, and in the end arrests His Grace. A certain dignity is cast on the concluding scene by the author's solemnly calling the villain three times in thirteen lines Philip Scruton, Earl of Ellerbie. When His Grace is at last safely lodged in gaol, he is not even then satisfied with his villany. He is troubled "in his heart with a palpitating, burning desire to beat to death" his fellow-prisoner, the family lawyer, who had given evidence against him. In attempting to gratify this desire he tumbles down from the third story of the prison, and is picked up "a hideous spectacle of death." A few months earlier another of the murderers had been killed, after a desperate fight, by a one-eyed soldier, whom he had waylaid on a dark night. The villain had fired his pistols at him; but we cannot pretend to do justice to our author's style in this part of his narrative, and so we shall let it speak for itself:—

> One of the bullets hit its mark, but the light of the flash showed the figure and attitude of the foe, and happily on the side of Tom's one active eye. Tom almost sprang out of the saddle as he fairly lifted his horse to the charge, and struck down the highwayman with one of those tremendous blows which had so often in the Peninsula demonstrated the value of that superior muscular strength which has carried the British soldier to the very height of his most ambitious hopes.

The haunts of highwaymen, mysterious tombs with a door that moves in a silent fashion of ponderosity, a crafty earl, a still more crafty heir to an earldom, and a family lawyer who is the match of both, are not enough, even with the help of the Bow Street runner, to satisfy our author. He adds, as we have said, the Peninsular War, and even then he has not had enough. He brings in, therefore, a secret society of Spain, a semi-religious brotherhood to which the wicked heir had belonged, and which had put him under its ban. Mr. Hatton seems to think that some apology may be needed for the introduction of such a society into a story the scene of which is chiefly laid in an English country town. He thus begins his defence:—

> A year or two ago, when Lord Beaconsfield in the House of Lords referred to the tremendous power of the secret societies of Europe, many people laughed at him. Perhaps they were right from their point of view, perhaps they were wrong; this is not a political novel (and I hold Mr. Gladstone's intellectual power in reverent admiration); but, since the Premier made that well-known speech, Nihilism and Socialism have come prominently to the fore.

We cannot say that the mysterious member of the brotherhood who now and then comes upon the scene really increases the interest of the story. He seems to play an important part; yet what it is that he does we had not patience to discover. He certainly adds to the general air of mystery and villany which in so high a degree distinguishes this tale, and perhaps he affords a pleasing contrast to the coarser ruffians. No less pleasing a contrast is afforded by a long dissertation on the farmer's wife of the present time and of the days of our grandfathers. Perhaps all that Mr. Hatton says on this subject is quite true. Certainly—though he is apparently too modest to mention his authority—it is all borne out by a speech which some young nobleman made, not many months ago, on this very subject. We should have liked to dwell at length on the charms and the fortunes of the three heroines—"the trinity of fair women," as the author calls them—but the limits of our space forbid. They all have a good deal to go through. One of them has her first lover hanged. The second has her husband murdered and her old lover arrested as his murderer. The third—the lady who has the faintest lilt of the pibroch in her voice and manner—is deserted by her lover for many a year, and suffers great hardships. Those of our readers who are interested in the fortunes of ladies such as these, and who have a strong appetite for the deeds of desperate villains, cannot do better than turn to the pages of Mr. Hatton's novel.

STRUCTURAL BOTANY.*

THE volume before us is the first of a new edition of *The Botanical Text-book*, the original edition of which appeared in 1842, and the latest in 1857. Since these dates much has been added to our knowledge of scientific botany. In his preface Professor Gray tells us that the present edition has been "entirely rewritten," and "the compass of the work extended," in order that it may serve as a text-book for a comprehensive and thorough study of botany. The volume which has now appeared is devoted to Structural Botany. Professors Goodale and Farlow, also of Harvard University, are to follow with volumes on Physiological and on Cryptogamous botany respectively; while a fourth volume by Professor Gray himself will deal with "the natural orders, classification, distribution, and products of phænogamous plants." The want of such a treatise on botany has been long felt, and the style in which this first volume has been executed leaves little to be desired as regards the "structural and morphological botany of phænogamous [or flowering] plants."

* *Structural Botany*. By Asa Gray, Professor of Botany in Harvard University. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

The words in brackets are our own, and this brings us at once to the one point of importance about which we are at variance with the author—namely, the preference given throughout the volume to recondite technical terms of Greek derivation over simpler words which have long been accepted by botanists to express certain features and theories, even though they may not describe with absolute accuracy the particular feature or theory. Such are "anthotaxy" for inflorescence, "phyllotaxy" for leaf arrangement, "teratology" for the study of monstrosities. It is true that the meaning and application of such terms is in each case carefully explained, and the reason for preferring the term given; but we question the advisableness of burdening the student with two sets of names, and the more elementary works will have probably accustomed him to the simpler names above quoted. Moreover, the majority of students of botany, as well as of the other kindred sciences, will probably have little or no acquaintance with Greek, and to such the Greek names will prove a very real stumbling-block. We lay the more stress upon this point because a very considerable experience of papers worked by botanical students of varied attainments and varied social position has convinced us that there is a real danger in such terms; they will convey no clear idea to the mind of the student, and will thus prove a great obstacle to progress. Those who use this text-book will, it is true, be advanced students, and in their case such errors will not result from its use as that of a beginner in elementary physiology, who lately told us on paper that the diaphragm in the human body was a "muskila tenderness" (muscular tendons?); but not the less will the result above described almost certainly take place.

Turning from this point, however, we cannot speak too highly of the exhaustive way in which the various heads of the subject-matter have been treated. The first eight chapters deal successively with the different parts of the plant, beginning with the development of the embryo from the seed, and ending with seed again. This part of the work abounds in very careful and suggestive teaching, and is copiously illustrated by excellent diagrams and references to the plants of all countries. Amongst many instances of this careful teaching we quote one or two. In speaking of Parasites in the chapter on the Root, the fact that such plants do not as a rule produce leaves is dwelt upon, and it is pointed out that, as the plant feeds on some other plant, and thus has its nutriment ready prepared, it needs no proper digestive organs of its own, and consequently does not produce leaves. "This economy is foreshadowed in the embryo of the dodder, which is a naked thread coiled in the seed and presenting no vestige of cotyledons or seed leaves. Having no need of herbage, such plants may be reduced to a stalk bearing a single flower or a cluster of flowers, or even to a single blossom developed from a bud directly parasitic on the bark of the foster plant." The most wonderful plant of this kind is the Rafflesia Arnoldi (fig. 80) of Sumatra, which grows on the stem of a kind of vine, and is a parasitic flower measuring nine feet in circumference and weighing fifteen pounds. Again, in speaking of the Stem, thorns are shown to be the result of a stinted growth, and attention is directed to the fact that such appendages are less liable to occur on the cultivated tree, when duly cared for, through the branches, which would in the wild state have produced them, having been thrown into a state of more vigorous growth. Further, in p. 64 the condensed stems of the Cactus family are shown to be an adaptation admirably suited to the hot, dry regions in which alone they are naturally found. "While ordinary plants are constructed on the plan of great expansion of surface, these present the least possible amount of surface in proportion to their bulk, their permanent spherical figure being that which exposes the smallest portion of their substance to the air." At p. 104, in the account of the structure of the leaf, we find the explanation of the "variable shade by the light, quivering aspen made" in the mechanism of its leaf-stalk, which, instead of being, as in most leaves, round, is flattened at right angles with the blade, so that the slightest breath of air puts the leaves in motion.

Some interesting facts are given in p. 83 as to the longevity of trees. We are told that some trees are known to have lived for one or two thousand years; the famous dragon-tree (Dracæna) of Orotava in Teneriffe, now destroyed by hurricanes and other accidents, had probably reached the age of more than two thousand years. Be this as it may, it is justly pointed out that the longevity of trees cannot be compared with that of animals, for the tree must be regarded not as an individual, but as a composite being or community, "in which successive generations are produced and die; no portion of the tree is now living which was alive a few years ago; it is the aggregate, the blended mass alone that long survives"; and an analogy follows with the way in which the coral insects build up their structure. The section on "leaves serving special offices" introduces us to the structure of some of those curious forms of leaves which appear to be specially designed for the assimilation of animal matter, such as the pitcher-plant, Venus's fly-trap, and, in a less degree, our own sundew; but for the details of this highly interesting branch of inquiry we are referred to the Physiological volume. The leaf-type theory, which supposes that the sepals, petals, stamens, and pistil are all homologous with foliage leaves, is well worked out. As the author expresses it, "What would have been leaves, if the development had gone on as a vegetative branch, have in the blossom developed in other forms adapted to other functions." The gradual transition from the sepals through the petals to the stamens in the water-lily is aptly quoted, and the study of monstrosities is made to furnish ample evidence in favour of the theory. Most of us have, for instance, met with a rose whose sepals were actually the compound foliage leaves of the rose, many with a leafy stem rising from the top of a pear; both instances of a reversion of the floral organs to foliaceous growth.

The chapter on "Adaptations of the Flower to the act of Fertilization" is one to which a reader will naturally turn in judging of the work; and here, too, we find the work exhaustive as regards the structural side of the question, though of course incomplete from the physiological side. The leading works on the subject have been carefully considered; the quaint and somewhat fanciful germs of the modern doctrine in Sprengel's *Das Entdeckte Geheimniss der Natur*, the numerous volumes and papers of Mr. Darwin on the subject, and the work of Hermann Müller. Kerner's *Flowers and their Unbidden Guests*, the latest work on the subject, had not reached the author in time, and no notice is taken of Sir J. Lubbock's book in the "Nature" series *On British Wild Flowers Considered in Relation to Insects*, a book which we think the more valuable because the author undertook his researches on the subject as an entomologist rather than as a botanist. In this chapter we were amused to find the following passage referring to wind-fertilized flowers. Speaking of the light pollen of the conifers, he says:—"Their pollen fills the air of a forest, and the 'flowers of sulphur,' popularly so called, the yellow pollen, which after a transient shower accumulates as a scum on the surface of the water several or many miles from the nearest source, &c." Many of our readers may remember a controversy in the pages of some of the scientific periodicals last year, when the phenomenon here described was attributed to we know not what agencies, natural and supernatural, before the simple truth was suggested, and the sulphur proved, by microscopical examination, to be the pollen of the larch.

Two more chapters fill the last hundred pages of the book—the first on Taxonomy, or classification, as we should have preferred to see it called, and the second on Phytography, under which title are included the nomenclature, description, and preservation of specimens. The chapter on classification has a good section on the principles of classification generally in natural history, which, amongst other things, discusses the theory of natural selection; here the author takes a slightly different view from Mr. Darwin. "In Darwin's conception variation does not of itself tend in any one particular direction; he appears to attribute all adaptation to the sorting which results from the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest. We have supposed that each plant has an internal tendency or predisposition to vary in some directions rather than others; from which, under natural selection, the actual differentiations and adaptations have proceeded." Another section of the same chapter gives us a good historical sketch of botanical classification, from that of Cesalpini in the latter end of the sixteenth century, including the Linnæan system, and that of De Candolle, based upon the natural orders, with its most modern emendations by Hooker and Bentham. The chapter on phytography will be found full of information for the practical student, and forms a very useful addition to the treatise, which closes with a glossary of botanical terms.

THE COINAGE.*

AFTER all that has been written of late about the currency, it is strange to find ourselves directed by the highest possible authority to the oldest writer on the subject. The Directors of the Bank of England consider, they tell us in a short prefatory note, that they are rendering a service to the public by using some of the means at their disposal to republish Lord Liverpool's *Letter to the King on Coins*. It is seventy-five years since the book was originally printed, and the volume before us reproduces, perhaps a little too exactly, the peculiarities of its punctuation and arrangement. The editors say that suggestions have been made to them to continue the history of the currency from the point at which Lord Liverpool left off; but "it was felt that the history of the coinage would be more properly undertaken by the authorities of the Mint." We may perhaps indulge in a hope that these words indicate the probability that some such work either has been begun, or is about to be begun, by the "authorities" in question. It would indeed be no improper use of public money to pay for such a publication; perhaps the Directors of the Bank might again be induced to employ the "means at their disposal" for the purpose of disseminating just views on a subject of which nine-tenths of those who use money are completely ignorant. A mere annotated catalogue of the cabinet of coins now on view at the Royal Mint on Tower Hill would contain, when supplemented by the book just reprinted, almost all that is necessary.

Lord Liverpool was one of those fortunate men who, by dint of hard plodding, combined with a not too modest estimate of their own merits, contrived to obtain power, rank, and wealth under the early Kings of the house of Hanover. He lived "before the time when political success was deemed to be 'an ill-requited slavery mocked with the name of power.'" He was born during the last month of the reign of George I. At the age of twenty-nine he published a dissertation on the question of a standing army, and other political works of little importance at the present day.

* *The Coins of the Realm.* By Charles, First Earl of Liverpool. Reprinted. London: Effingham Wilson. 1880.

An election song, which unfortunately for our entertainment the editors only allude to in a dignified way, was the occasion of his first real advancement in life. Sir Edward Turner, who was partly indebted to young Jenkinson's muse for his success in contesting the representation of Oxfordshire, forced him on the notice of Lord Bute. He was speedily rewarded with one of those lucrative offices in which, whether he would or not, a man could not but accumulate wealth. In 1778 he became Secretary at War. In 1786 he became Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and a peer, by the title of Lord Hawkesbury, a title ten years later merged in the earldom of Liverpool. His first title became famous when it was borne by his son, afterwards Prime Minister; and as in his time Lord Hawkesbury, the son, was actually Master of the Mint, it may be presumed that the father had no difficulty in obtaining all the information required for the purposes of his work. It was written during his last illness, and he died only three years after its publication, "full of years and honours," say the editors with much truth, for he was eighty-one years of age, and had risen from obscurity to be an earl and to possess immense wealth.

His book is not adorned with any graces of diction, but is, even to a person already interested in the subject, extremely tough reading. It would have been well if the editors of this new issue had seen their way to furnishing it with an index. As it is, from the very nature of the work, Lord Liverpool was constantly forced to hark back, as it were, and to interrupt the flow of his narrative in a way which, without the help of any complete table of subjects, makes it extremely confusing. He begins with an account of the state of the coins of the realm on the accession of George III. in 1760. The deplorable condition into which it had fallen gives him occasion for the present letter to the King, in which he hopes some rules may be recognized which may prevent such deterioration from taking place again. The regulations of the Mint now in force are framed in precise conformity with the suggestions of Lord Liverpool, and "the existing laws limiting the issue of bank-notes were devised to remedy the evils to which he called public attention in his remarks on Paper Currency." After years of legislation, therefore, we may boast that the rules he laid down have been fulfilled, and that every branch of the circulating medium is "founded on solid, wise, and honest principles." The second chapter contains the definition of his technical terms, and starts with this sentence:—"The Money or Coin of a country is the standard measure, by which the value of all things, bought and sold, is regulated and ascertained; and it is itself, at the same time, the value, or equivalent, for which goods are exchanged, and in which contracts are generally made payable." He proceeds to notice in subsequent chapters the imperfections to which, as a standard measure or equivalent, coins are subject, and the necessity, on which he repeatedly insists, of making such coins as are to be taken as the chief measure of property in one metal only. Further on, after an historical account of the fluctuations in the value of money in England, he makes a comparison of the relative values of gold and silver, showing that, while silver has constantly fluctuated, gold has varied but little, and is therefore the best standard. A disproportion between the values of gold and silver causes the fluctuations of the money market, and so little were these things understood before the time of Lord Liverpool, that he records several occasions on which Ministers were alarmed by great scarcity of certain kinds of coin. Sir Isaac Newton at one of those conjunctures showed them that silver coin was exported because the guinea, which was really only worth 20s. 8d., passed for 21s. 6d. Lord Liverpool next goes into a detailed account of the attempts made to debase the coinage—"a convulsion in the monetary system, which never happened in this kingdom, except in the short period from the 34th Henry VIII. to the 6th Edward VI." In France the coinage was frequently debased, and Henry VIII. followed the bad example in 1543. At his death, in 1547, the so-called silver money was two-thirds alloy. The plunder of the monasteries had not greatly enriched him when he was reduced to these dishonest expedients, nor did things much improve, apparently, during the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary. The necessary consequence was, as Lord Liverpool points out, that enormous profits were made by exchanging silver for gold at their nominal values, and all the gold coins were in a short time either hoarded, melted, or exported. There is a curious passage in King Edward's journal on the subject, and Stowe, the historian of London, records his recollection that twenty-one shillings current was given for an old gold angel "to gild withal." All commerce came to a stand. Farmers would not bring provisions to market, for they did not know what price to put on their produce. The distress occasioned must have been extreme. Proclamations were made in vain; people would not be forced to bring their corn and meat to a sale, even under severe penalties. Parliament "passed laws for regulating the manner of buying and selling all sorts of beasts and cattle, as well as butter and cheese, and for limiting the prices at which all sorts of wine should be sold." But it was of no avail, nor were the further enactments against "regraters, forestallers, and engrossers." At length the only true remedy was applied, and "it is extraordinary," remarks Lord Liverpool, "that the Ministers of this Prince, who had hitherto committed such gross errors in debasing the Coins of the Kingdom, should instantly adopt principles which led to a system, not perfect indeed, but as nearly perfect as any to which the other nations of Europe have hitherto attained in their Coins." Before the death of the King the reform was in part executed; and during the reign of Queen Mary, though nothing further was done, the public inconvenience was not so great. Queen Elizabeth, though counselled on her accession to follow the bad example of her father, accepted the wise advice of Burleigh, and caused a thorough reformation of the coinage to be carried out, an act which, perhaps more than any other, insured her early popularity. Parliament hastened to congratulate her upon it. After the reform of religion, this is her chief title to the admiration of posterity, according to the epitaph on her monument in the Chapel of Henry VII. She sent base coin, however, to Ireland, to the great inconvenience of traders; and at the very end of her reign she walked in the way of her father and brother, but only to a limited extent.

In the chapters which follow there is an exhaustive account of the "seigneurage" taken by various kings for making coins. In France down to the Revolution the seigneurage was a considerable source of revenue. In England it was abolished by Act of Parliament in the reign of Charles II., when a pension charged upon this tax, granted to Barbara Villiers, had to be provided for specially. The history of our coinage is traced from the first; and the alternate predominance of gold and silver as standards of value is pointed out. Lord Liverpool is distinctly against "bi-metallism," as it is now called; and argues strenuously against Locke, who held that gold was not fit to be the money of the world and measure of commerce. The principle laid down is a simple one. "Coins should be made of metals more or less valuable, in proportion to the wealth and commerce of the country, in which they are to be the measure of property." It is a curious fact, as here adduced in support of the proposition that gold is the proper standard of value in England, that the value of silver at the time of the Norman invasion was nearly as great as that of gold at present. Silver was then the only money in currency. A pound of gold is, compared with the present prices of commodities, of about the same value as a pound of silver in the eleventh century. Henry III. was the first to issue a gold coinage. There is an interesting chapter on the variations in the comparative value of gold and silver, from which it appears that, though gold remains, and has remained for centuries, at about the same price of 3*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* to 3*l.* 17*s.* 10*d.* an ounce, silver varied in one year—namely, 1797—no less than 9½ per cent. The recent depreciation of silver is another example in point. There is a good deal in the book on the methods of assaying, of calling in light coin, and of governing the Mint so as to insure its efficiency at the smallest possible expense; and Lord Liverpool concludes with an essay on the relative values of gold and silver among the principal nations of antiquity. The proof of the soundness of his views consists in their virtually universal acceptation now after so many years, and the authorities of the Bank have certainly conferred a benefit upon the public by reprinting them.

NASMITH'S INSTITUTES.*

We must confess ourselves puzzled by this book. In the first place, the period of its literary gestation has been portentously protracted, extending over seven years. Of the four volumes which comprise these Institutes, the first was published in 1873, the second and third in 1875, and the fourth last year. One cannot help being reminded of the dilatory manufacture of Master Tom Ingoldsby's shirt as related in the *Ingoldsby Legends*, and though we will not say that a similar catastrophe to that which befell that famous garment would be the fittest fate for Mr. Nasmith's tardily evolved work, we cannot but fear that ultimate inutility will be the only alternative for the book as it would have been for the shirt. *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari* is a very pretty conservative sentiment; but laws do change notwithstanding, and seven years effect well nigh as great an alteration in the constitution of the legal system as the same period is reported to work in that of the human system. So that all through Mr. Nasmith's book one has a painful feeling of being a day, or rather many days, after the fair, an impression as though the work were an old edition out of date, picked up cheap on a second-hand bookstall, a distrust whether what he says is still true, or whether it has not been altered by subsequent decision or statute. Law is proverbially a tardy science, still it manages to get along a step or two in the course of seven years; and so, whatever might be the value of these *Institutes* from an antiquarian point of view, as a practical guide they are obviously worse than worthless, inasmuch as they are apt to mislead. Mr. Nasmith says in the preface to the last issued volume, in which he proudly announces the completion of his *magnum opus*, that he has endeavoured to supply the existing want of "a well-defined outline of the entire province of Law"; and he adds:—"To what extent I have succeeded the student of English law who takes the trouble to learn what there is in these volumes will be the best able to judge. I venture to think that he will not find the time devoted to their careful perusal ill spent." With the first proposition we agree, inasmuch as no one can well form a judgment how good or how bad a book is until he has read it; from the second we sorrowfully, but entirely, dissent. No doubt from a bad book, as from a bad sermon, something may be learnt; but, considering how short life is, we cannot think that time spent by a student in a careful perusal of Mr. Nasmith's work, especially if the student took as long

* *Institutes of English Public Law.* By David Nasmith, LL.B., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. 4 vols. London: Butterworths.

as the author has taken to write it, would be time well [illegible].

Fortunately the first of Mr. Nasmith's volumes deals with matters less immediately affected by lapse of time than others of which he treats. It professes to contain what Mr. Nasmith, following a classification adopted by Bentham and others, calls "Public Substantive Law," by which we are to understand the legal principles which the Courts are established to administer in relation to matters other than private contracts between individuals. But Mr. Nasmith seems in no hurry to get to his actual subject. Possibly, anticipating the lengthy period he has devoted to his book, he thought he might at any rate begin at the beginning; and so, before we reach anything like law, we have to wade through long disquisitions on the human understanding, schools of moral theology, happiness, and other immutable principles, with copious—very copious—extracts from Locke, Bentham, and Austin, and it is not till page 33 that we get even as far as Adam and Eve, with regard to whom Mr. Nasmith goes out of his way to give a feeble dig at Mr. Darwin which may have been admirably effective in 1873, but is a little out of date now. We cannot refrain from reproducing some small portions of Mr. Nasmith's extraordinary picture of Adam and Eve, in the character of the originators of a legal system, as affording a good illustration of Mr. Nasmith's redundant fancy, and the very fine language he sees fit to employ when exercising that fancy. "Beginning then, at the beginning," he says, "it may not be without profit briefly to consider Adam and Eve as the first human pair and their family; assuming for the moment that, whether the reader is disposed to accept our Scriptures as of authority or not, he at least rejects the humble origin assigned to us by a modern philosopher." We pass over a glowing picture of the beauties of Paradise and a general description of Adam and Eve, as having been much better done by one John Milton from a literary point of view, and as having in no conceivable way anything to do with law, and we come to a few of Mr. Nasmith's choicest conceits with regard to the amount of law which he represents Adam as having evolved from his consciousness or observation:—"However he may have comported himself towards his children, the relationship between himself and his wife laid the foundation in his mind of the doctrine of contracts, matrimony being the first example. Nor could he have contemplated that contract and the relative position of the parties to it without realizing the fundamental principles of agency." Breathless with endeavouring to follow Mr. Nasmith's daring flights of fancy, we can only gasp "Why agency?" The usual, if not the only, way in which husbands become acquainted with the law of agency through the medium of matrimony is by being made liable for their wives' bills; and though we cannot doubt that Eve, if her acquisitiveness was anything equal to her husband's, soon improved on the primal coat of skins and acquired a taste for dress and finery, there could scarcely at that period have existed shops wherein she could indulge that taste at the expense of Adam. But to proceed:—"Nothing would be more unreasonable than to suppose that the life of the first family was a scene of unbroken concord and harmony." Here we quite agree; there is direct testimony that a very serious breach of concord and harmony, amounting in fact to murder, occurred at a very early period; yet somehow Adam does not appear to have taken cognizance of it—perhaps his legal instincts were not then sufficiently developed—"but, if it was not, the duty devolved upon Adam to settle and adjust the disputes among his children, and his attention was therefore necessarily directed to the fundamental principles of the administration of justice; nor could the value and different qualities of evidence have failed to strike him. If among these disputes, as is most probable, he was called upon to settle a question of defamation of character, it is not unlikely that from his rude judgment-seat he expounded in a forcible and intelligible manner the destructive tendency of that wrong." This is really too much; the mind conjures up a picture of Adam delivering an able judgment in a case of libel by a primeval society journal; one would scarcely have been surprised had Mr. Nasmith gone on to suggest that Adam was not unacquainted with horsehair wigs, and usually summed up for heavy damages in cases of breach of promise of marriage.

We cannot possibly go in equal detail through all Mr. Nasmith's four volumes, or even any one of them. The first, beyond the before-mentioned philosophical disquisitions, contains a brief sketch of constitutional history from the eleventh to the nineteenth century; a treatise on international law, which is really rather good, though it sounds somewhat quaint in 1880 to hear of "the horrors of the late Franco-Prussian war," and a chapter on English municipal law—enough in all conscience for one small volume. Mr. Nasmith has, however, a marvellous knack of compression; though sometimes he compasses brevity by a process which looks rather like jumping at conclusions—as, for instance, in two pages of not over-perspicuous argument he arrives at the conclusion "that every species of luxury and sumptuousness indulged in by those who have the means to secure them is a positive benefit to the State." Again, accuracy is somewhat sacrificed to conciseness when he states that "punishments are of two kinds, restraint of liberty, *i.e.* imprisonment, and fines." Even so long ago as 1873, we believe, hanging and flogging were not unknown to retributive justice. Mr. Nasmith goes elaborately through the present system of criminal law and bankruptcy; and, judging from the present prospects of the Criminal Code and the Bankruptcy Bill, it seems not impossible that his book may for awhile afford a reasonably accurate description of the existing state of law on these points; but new brooms sweep clean, and a new Parliament may still further detract from the value of the work by passing the long-contemplated measures.

Two volumes contain Mr. Nasmith's views on private law, or the legal status and relations of individuals, as to which we need only say that the treatment of the subject is rather below the level of the accepted text-books, while the lapse of five years since the publication of this instalment of the work necessarily lays it open to criticism on the ground of inaccuracy, and renders it absolutely useless as a book of reference by reason of the omission of all recent cases. Indeed Mr. Nasmith seems to have a predilection for old cases in preference to new, and it is quite remarkable how rarely in his pages we find references to the *Law Reports*, the universally accepted series since 1866.

Lastly, in 1879, comes the volume containing "Adjective Law," divided under two heads, "Evidence" and "Damages." And here we are glad to be able to say that the scheme of the treatise on evidence is distinctly good, inasmuch as it classifies legal fictions, rebuttable and conclusive presumptions, matters of which no evidence is admissible, and those of which no proof is needed, in a manner more calculated to impress the nature and distinctions of these subjects on the mind of the reader than that usually adopted by text-writers. But of the accuracy with which Mr. Nasmith has carried out this portion of his task we cannot speak in terms of praise. Possibly he wished to make his work as a whole consistent in point of time, but he certainly omits to notice recent changes in the law in such fashion as to leave us only the choice between two conjectures—either that this volume is older than it looks, or that Mr. Nasmith has been so occupied with its production as not to have had leisure to read his law reports for the last few years. For instance, if his view of the relative provinces of the judge and jury, as given at pp. 28 and 102, be the correct one, all we can say is that the House of Lords decided the case of Jackson and the Metropolitan Railway wrongly. But, as Mr. Nasmith omits to notice that important case, even for the purpose of exposing its fallacy, we may be pardoned for supposing him unacquainted with it. At p. 98 Mr. Nasmith speaks of arrest on a writ of ca-sa. We thought that this process had been abolished. We forbear to search for further instances, and can only say that, on referring to the index of cases given at the beginning of the volume, it is astonishing to see how many leading and well-known decisions are conspicuous by their absence. Mr. Nasmith regrets that he has "not been able to add a section on Procedure out of Court." We cannot honestly share his regret. We are sorry to have to say it, but we do not think the book sufficiently good for it to be worth Mr. Nasmith's while to expend more time on it. Standard institutes and commentaries exist which are not to be supplanted by the works of any but a very strong author; treatises on evidence and damages exist of scarcely less authority; and the frequent editions of these works, which are brought out by competent editors, leave but little room for a book such as Mr. Nasmith's.

MINOR NOVELS.*

THE first attempt in fiction of a writer so favourably known in other directions as the author of *The Gamekeeper at Home* naturally has a peculiar interest, and it may be safely said that, in spite of certain shortcomings, which are apparent if *Greene Ferne Farm* is to be judged by the high standard suggested by the writer's previous successes, the expectation aroused by a knowledge of his other works will not be disappointed. By casting his interesting and truthful descriptions of scenery and people into a narrative form Mr. Jefferies gets opportunities which he might otherwise miss, while at the same time he incurs responsibilities to which he is not always equal. To say this, however, is merely to say that, regarded as a novel, *Greene Ferne Farm* is not perfect. It fails where it might perhaps have been expected to fail, in the matter of plot. There are, however, many successes to set against this failure. Most of the characters, whose adventures are contained in the space of one volume of moderate length, live and impress a sense of their reality upon the reader. We feel as we put the book down that we know "Tummas" and "Rause" perfectly well, although we have only been given two brief glimpses of their curious courtship. The descriptions are admirable. Mr. Jefferies combines a poetical instinct with a faculty for close and accurate observation, and the result is the really fine descriptive writing of which we have so many wretched pinchbeck imitations eked out with meaningless mouth-filling words. Of humour in the sketches of country character there is of course plenty, and, as we have hinted, the personages who only appear quite casually on the scene are as well hit off as the more important characters, better indeed than some of them. There is one little scene of this kind which is particularly good. One of the gentlemen overtakes an old woman plodding along with a large bundle of gleanings on her shoulder and a heavy basket on her

* *Greene Ferne Farm.* By Richard Jefferies, Author of "The Gamekeeper at Home," &c. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

Countess Daphne; and Other Tales. By "Rita." 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co.

arm, of which he relieves her. "You seem to have a heavy load," he says,

"I ain't got half a bundle," she grunted. "Thaay won't let a pore old body glean when a-can't rip."

"Well, it's beautiful weather for the harvest."

"Aw, eez—the het [heat] makes um giddy: our ould Bill fell down; the gearden be a-spoiling for rain."

"The farmers pay good wages now, don't they?"

"Um pays what um be obliged to."

"You have a good landlord here—Squire Thorpe."

"*He!* Drotted ould skinvlint! You go and look at thaay cottages: thaay be his'n."

After this fashion she goes on abusing violently every one, gentle or simple, whose name is mentioned to her. When she is left alone again she first says, "What, bean't you going to carry that basket no furder?" and then asks for a bit of snuff. Having been presented with a shilling she put it in her pocket, "readjusted her burden, and tottered on, muttering to herself, 'The gurt chattering fool to come a' hindering I!'"

It is to be regretted that there seems to be less life in some of the principal than in the subordinate characters. Margaret Estcourt and the two young men, Geoffrey Newton and Valentine Brown, whose old friendship is marred by their both being in love with her, are less clearly drawn than are either old Andrew Fisher, Squire Thorpe, Felix St. Bees, the hard-working and popular clergyman who sticks to his trying work from sheer love for it, or Augustus Basset, the wreck of an educated man, who is a kind of half bailiff, half hanger-on at the Farm. We have no objection to make to the plot of the book turning upon a thin love story, admirably relieved as it is with such touches as we have indicated, and with an admirable description of a night adventure on the downs. But we may fairly object perhaps to the quasi-sensational scene towards the end of the book, in which the two rivals, out shooting together, suddenly fall into an unpremeditated duel with their guns. Mr. Jefferies remarks, it is true, that if they had been using muzzle-loaders the thing could hardly have happened; but we doubt if the excuse of the rapid loading is sufficient; nor, granting thus much, is it credible that one should take advantage of the other's having fired away his last cartridge. This, however, is the only serious blot upon a book which has many admirable qualities. We have said something above of "Tummas" and "Rause." This is the end of their courtship:—

"Aw, thur be the moon, you; a' be as big as a waggon-wheel," said Tummas, putting his arm as far round her plump waist as it would go.

"Let I bide," said Rause.

"I wooll kiss ee," said Tummas sturdily.

"Thee shatn't."

There was some struggling, but Tummas succeeded with less difficulty than he expected. The damsel was relenting under the influence of long and faithful attentions. Tummas, like a wise man, hit while the iron was hot, and pressed for the publication of the banns.

"Aw," said Rause, at last, with a finished air of languid weariness, as if quite worn out with importunity, that could not have been much improved on in a drawing-room, "aw, s'pose us mid as well, you. If thee wout do't, *I* can't help it, can 'ee?"

"Rita's" volumes, which contain *Countess Daphne* and two shorter stories, strike us as a curious example of imitativeness. The writer has apparently modelled her style upon that of a notorious contemporary author who has lately succeeded in obtaining a disgraceful puff in the *Times*; but it would be hardly fair to quote of "Rita" the old line about an "exemplar vitiis imitabile," for, however much want of wisdom and unlucky attempt at fine writing there may be in "Rita's" productions, and however bad may be the taste of some passages, they at least are not so offensive as the works on which she seems in other respects to have founded her method. The story of *Countess Daphne* is supposed to be related by two fiddles, and it will be conjectured from this that music has a large share in the tale. It is not so very long ago that we commented upon the small number of good musical novels which exist in English, and we fear that *Countess Daphne* cannot be added to this number. The materials of the plot are a musical boy of obscure parentage, taken up and protected by an accomplished musician and violinist; a musical girl whose birth is a mystery, and who is a playmate of the boy; and the musician referred to, who in after life finds that his *protégé* is his rival in the girl's affections, or rather that, unless he gets his *protégé* out of the way, he can never hope that she will listen to him. The girl Daphne, when she is brought to think, by the musician Delli's contrivance, that her boy-lover is untrue to her, makes a loveless marriage with Delli; and the author might with advantage have omitted a great deal of what she has written in this connexion. In such matters as this, however, she is fortunately, as we have hinted, not "a patch upon" her model. Delli succeeds finally in winning Daphne's love, and meanwhile Tista, the boy-lover, whose genius, unprotected and unsupported, has been unable to assert itself, is ill and starving, with no friend but another girl who has fallen in love with him. This girl, who is an actress, is taken up by Countess Daphne (she turned out to be a Countess before she married Delli), and procures an invitation for Tista to play at one of her parties. When the two meet there comes, of course, an explanation, and the discovery that Delli had separated the lovers by the familiar device of suppressing the letters which they wrote to each other. Tista plays, with extraordinary success of course, and dies just as he comes to the end of his piece. The curious thing is that, after all this, Countess Daphne, like a well-conducted person, seems to like her villanous husband rather better than before, and tells him that she "can pardon all for love." "Does Daphne seem a feeble heroine after all?" asks the author; and the only possible reply is, "As you put it in that way, she most undoubtedly does." The author, it may be noted by the way, is hardly fortunate in the headings to her chapters, one of which is taken, according to her, from "Elaire's song in *The Princess*."

Another of the stories is called *Only an Actress*. The actress is a certain Miss Irene Vernon, beloved by and betrothed to Lord Montdesne. Lord Montdesne has a sister who "is a beautiful, proud woman, and moves in very high society." Perhaps it is on account of the exceeding height of the society that she is called indifferently Lady Cissiter, Lady Otho, and Lady Otho Cissiter. "She" (Lady Cissiter, or Lady Otho, or Lady Otho Cissiter) "married a very rich nobleman, her senior by thirty years, and they are wonderfully rich, and perfectly—unhappy. But for all that Lady Otho moves in her own distinguished circle, unruffled and unmoved either by her husband's neglect or infidelity." This three-named lady who moves in a distinguished circle although her husband is a wicked old man, calls on Miss Vernon, and hearing from her that she is to be Montdesne's wife, replies, "*His wife!* Are you mad, girl? His mistress, perhaps—nay, even that is too much honour!" The end of all is that Miss Vernon dies on the stage, just as the hero of *Daphne* dies in a concert-room. "'I loved him as a woman loves but once,' she said, in the words of the written piece, and the words of her own desolate heart. 'I gave him all—my thoughts that were the echo of his own,'" and so on. When she had finished these "words of the written piece," a "hoarse, choking sob fell across the dense and solemn silence—a man's sob." Oddly enough, considering the density and solemnity of the silence, "she heard it." And after that she "wailed 'My love.' And straight across the darkened stage she fell—dead." There is some use after all in such writing as "Rita's." It makes us appreciate more keenly such books as *Greene Ferne Farm*.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

No more interesting historical work has been published in America for some time past than the Memorial Volume of the Army of Northern Virginia (1), that army which, under the command first of General Joseph Johnstone, afterwards of General Lee, maintained for four years the cause of the Southern Confederacy against overwhelming odds, and concentrated upon itself during that period the attention of the civilized world. The military lessons of its campaigns may perhaps not possess that technical value which attaches to many struggles less momentous and eventful and to exploits less heroic. The conditions of the conflict were exceptional, and can hardly be reproduced. On neither side did the troops engaged possess the discipline or the permanent organization of regular armies. But the very circumstances which render the story less useful to the mere military student enhance its historical and moral interest. It was a war not of armies, but of nations; not of professional soldiers, but of citizens fighting on either side for great principles. It was a struggle for national grandeur on the one hand, and for national existence on the other. Every soldier in the Southern army, with the great majority of those who formed the overwhelming forces of the Union, felt a keen personal interest in the struggle, and was affected by its fortunes almost as deeply as a Spartan or an Athenian by the fate of those wars which, despite their small scale and limited area, will be studied and remembered for ages by millions for whom the great European conflicts of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries will possess but a secondary interest. For Englishmen especially, the story of the American Civil War must always possess the most powerful attractions. On both sides the principles involved were those which most deeply affect our own national feeling; the language, the race, the ideas of the combatants were our own. The army of Northern Virginia in particular, from the nature of the defence it had to maintain, and the character it earned and sustained, enlisted, and will for generations continue to enlist, the strongest English sympathies. It fought with English tenacity, English recklessness of consequences, English indifference to odds, what was from the first a very doubtful and soon became an evidently losing battle. Once only was it fairly beaten in open field; over and over again, both on the offensive and on the defensive, it proved itself more than a match for apparently overwhelming odds. Its composition resembled very closely that of our own Volunteer regiments. Its chiefs were men whose personal character and public conduct displayed all the virtues on which Englishmen most pride themselves; as the people of Virginia are perhaps the most thoroughly English of all the many offsets which the mother race has planted in every part of the world. General Lee was as perfect a type of the ideal English soldier and gentleman as history can show. "Stonewall" Jackson reproduced, with many of its eccentricities, but scarcely one of its worse and meaner features, the historic character of the Puritan leaders. Stuart, Fitzhugh Lee, and Wade-Hampton reminded those who closely followed their career of the finest examples of English Cavalier loyalty and simplicity. Longstreet and A. P. Hill were thorough English country gentlemen, whom duty converted into generals, and who proved themselves second to no veteran soldiers in skill, judgment,

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(1) *Army of Northern Virginia; Memorial Volume.* Compiled by the Rev. J. W. Jones, D.D., Secretary Southern Historical Society. Richmond: Randolph & English. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

daring, and devotion. The splendour of its achievements and its endurance, the personal qualities and the fate of nearly all its chiefs, give an especial pathos to the heroism of the Virginian army. The present volume begins with the record of the meeting of November 3rd, 1870, when those who had fought under him, and those who had in civil or military capacities supported him, assembled to pay the last honours to the memory of a leader adored as few soldiers have been adored by all his countrymen, revered by every man among his enemies whom passion and spite had not rendered incapable of generosity, and respected and admired by the whole of Christendom. On the next day the first formal reunion of the Virginian army took place. Since then in each year the Virginian division of that army has held an annual meeting. Prudence rendered the first two assemblies comparatively private, and no record of their proceedings has been preserved; but on the third occasion the vindictive feeling of the victorious section had so far subsided that it was thought safe to publish the proceedings. In these no characteristic is so remarkable as the utter absence of that bitterness which might perhaps have been looked for in the vanquished party. There is scarcely a remark in all the speeches, scarcely a word throughout the whole volume, of which any Northern soldier could complain. The addresses, one of which forms the principal feature of each annual reassemblage, possess a very high historical as well as military value. That of Colonel Venables on the campaign of 1864 from the Wilderness to Cold Harbour; that of Colonel Marshall, General Lee's aide-de-camp, on the strategic value of Richmond; that of Major Daniel on the critical battle of Gettysburg; that of Captain McCabe on the defence of Petersburg; that of Colonel Allen on Jackson's exploits in the Valley of Virginia; and that of General Fitzhugh Lee upon the victory of Chancellorsville, when the Confederates attacked, outflanked, and utterly defeated an army more than twice as strong as their own, are all thoroughly excellent in their way. That of private Leigh Robinson on the battles of the Wilderness is full of interesting observation and incident, but fearfully too long. To many readers to whom they will recall scenes watched from a distance with eager interest, to a younger generation which will derive from them its first clear notion of one of the most heroic struggles on record, this volume will be most acceptable. Were we required to indicate any one portion of the collection as especially typical and interesting, we should perhaps name Captain McCabe's account of the defence of Petersburg, unless we gave the preference to the terrible six days' retreat, the last episode of the war, and one in which the peculiar merits of the Virginian army were displayed with singular clearness. As a contribution to the history of the war the work is invaluable, so far as it goes. Most, if not all, of its contents have already appeared in the papers of the Southern Historical Society, papers far less generally known in this country than they deserve, and which contain such a mass of authentic information and vivid description from the Southern point of view as does not, we believe, exist respecting any other great national conflict.

Mr. A. P. Russell's *Library Notes* (2) are sadly incoherent, and, we incline to think, very ill arranged; the titles of the various papers affording little or no clue to the character of their several contents, and each being far too long and varied. Had the volume been broken up into six or seven times as many distinct chapters, with the materials of each clearly arranged and connected by some continuous thread, the work would have found and deserved a very much larger circulation than in its present form it is likely to enjoy—might have taken a permanent if humble place in that class of works to which the *Curiosities of Literature*, Coleridge's *Table Talk*, and *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, different as they are, may all be said to belong. It is a book into which a careless reader may dip at any point with the assurance that he can hardly turn two pages without lighting on something readable and rememberable; but it is also one which the most diligent and omnivorous student can hardly by possibility read through. We have found in it many stories which, true or not, are new, at least to us; some perhaps which are true but not new; and a fair number which have neither truth nor novelty to commend them.

Mr. Henry George's work entitled *Progress and Poverty* (3), a somewhat ill-chosen name, selected probably for its alliterative suggestion of much more than the work really contains, would have been very well worth reading had it been compressed into half its actual length. As it is, with a good deal that is not sound—especially when the author attempts to reason from particular facts to general conclusions—it contains much that a practical economist is very apt to overlook. Till we read Mr. George's chapter on Wages we had hardly realized the extent to which acute thinkers in whom the faculty of generalization surpasses that of appreciating and ascertaining facts—even such a writer as Mr. J. S. Mill—are biassed in their general inferences by particular facts, or perhaps we should say by that practical aspect of a subject with which personal or national experience has familiarised them. It is hardly too much to say that Mr. George's general conclusion is not much more widely wrong than Mr. Mill's. From the American aspect of the question, from his familiarity with a multitude of cases in which wages are paid out of or by a share in produce, Mr. George lays down the general rule that wages are never paid out of capital, as, from his familiarity with an exactly opposite set of facts, Mr. Mill laid down an almost equally general rule to the contrary. A little reflection might have shown the younger writer that in contradicting his predecessor he has fallen into a precisely analogous error. Where wages are paid before produce is sold it is plain that they are paid out of capital, if only from the obvious fact that the capital of the employer must suffice not only for the purchase of machinery and raw material, but for the maintenance of the workmen for weeks or months. Similar merits and similar faults are almost as strikingly displayed in the author's treatment of the cognate questions of Interest and Profits. He shows, for example, how the so-called "tyranny of capital" is sometimes a real and very exasperating fact in the United States, though in a form with which Englishmen are happily but little acquainted—a Railway Company, for example, imposing on individuals and on towns terms outrageously unjust, but enforced by a power derived not from capital but from monopoly. He fails, however, to see that the true deduction to be drawn is not one adverse to capital, but one condemning the carelessness with which unregulated and unconditional monopolies are granted by the State and Federal Legislatures. The value of Mr. George's book lies in the presentation of views derived from the peculiar facts of American industrial and social organization; views which may lead thoughtful European economists to modify the generality of their own conclusions rather than to adopt Mr. George's.

Dr. Allen's work on Solar Light and Heat (4) is not one which can be criticized in a brief notice. Its purpose is to draw from facts which are broadly, if not always correctly, stated, and from assumptions which will not by any means be universally admitted, inferences respecting the identity of natural forces and the sensations they produce which transcend anything yet attempted by the most advanced scientific theorists. But that the sensations of light, heat, smell, taste, and sound are produced by an identical electro-magnetic action transmitted through different nerves, is a conclusion as hasty and premature, to say the least of it, as that the original cause of motion must be immaterial by logical deduction from the inertia of matter. These are two of the main doctrines or assumptions of the author, and from these the trustworthiness of his reasoning may be judged by those who may not feel themselves equal to criticize his arguments in detail.

The *History of Bristol Parish in Virginia*, by Dr. Slaughter (5), is certainly disappointing. It contains very little of that primitive local history, derived from parochial records, which throws so much light on the early proceedings of the first English colonists in America before the settlements had acquired a security that afforded leisure and opportunity for regular accounts of the general progress of the colony as a whole. Grains of valuable information are scattered here and there, but they have to be picked out of a mass of material that possesses scarcely more interest outside of Bristol parish itself, than would the short and simple annals of a Kentish or Devonshire church during the same period.

Mr. Townsend's *Tales of the Chesapeake* (6) are lively, often readable, sometimes sensational, but sometimes unsuited from the character of their interest to youthful readers, while hardly adapted to the better taste of maturer years.

The American Art Review (7) of which the fifth number is now before us, is somewhat too technical for any but artists or professed connoisseurs. It contains, however, several engravings which appear to possess no common merit, and more than one interesting paper, the most valuable one being that on the peculiarities of American art, of which only a fragment appears in the present number. The critic charges his countrymen with a want of imagination and a tendency to almost Chinese imitativeness—a charge which till lately was preferred, not wholly without reason, against the national literature also. The paper, type, and general execution are well worthy of the subject and of the pretensions of the review.

Mr. Brock's work on the manufacturing and trading importance and prospects of Richmond (8) is little more than a pamphlet, published, no doubt, with the patriotic purpose of attracting towards the capital of the Old Dominion the wealth and labour that may in some measure repair her terrible losses. The energy and resolution with which the Virginians have exerted themselves to restore the fallen fortunes of their State, and the loyal frankness with which, both as a community and as individuals, they have accepted the situation and endeavoured to make the best of it, deserve all possible sympathy. Two serious obstacles stand in the way of their success. The demoralization of negro labour is probably less felt there than in other Southern States, but the

(2) *Library Notes.* By A. P. Russell. New Edition, revised and enlarged. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

(3) *Progress and Poverty: an Inquiry into the Cause of Industrial Depressions and of Increase of Want with Increase of Wealth;—the Remedy.* By Henry George. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(4) *Solar Light and Heat: the Source and the Supply.* By Zachariah Allen, LL.D. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(5) *A History of Bristol Parish, Va.* With Genealogies and Historical Illustrations. By Rev. Philip Slaughter, D.D. Second Edition. Richmond: Randolph & English. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(6) *Tales of the Chesapeake.* By G. A. Townsend (Gath). New York: American News Co. 1880.

(7) *The American Art Review.* Vol. I. No. 5. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(8) *Richmond as a Manufacturing and Trading Centre; including a Historical Sketch of the City.* By R. A. Brock, Esq., Virginia Historical Society. Richmond: Jones & Cook. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

tobacco cultivation has exhausted much valuable land that cannot recover its productiveness without expensive manures which its owners can ill afford; and the failure, despite the efforts of all her best and worthiest citizens, to pay the State debt necessarily discourages that influx of English capital which might afford her the best chances of recovery. The Valley of Virginia certainly offers special attractions to agricultural emigrants. The society of the State is to Englishmen the most congenial in America, but Richmond itself is, we fear, hardly likely to attract any considerable addition either of capital or labour from without.

The fifth volume of Dr. Furness's *Variorum Shakspeare* (9), containing *King Lear*, deserves mention as an example of the American interest in English classics, and of the spirit with which publishers like Messrs. Lippincott endeavour to meet its demands, and even to raise its standard.

A mention, if no more, is due to Miss Charlotte Bates's small volume (10), a collection of short and often spirited and graceful pieces of verse.

Blue-books are hardly literature; and though an exception must be made in favour of not a few publications which in America are issued at the expense of the State or Federal Governments, and not, as in England, at the cost of author or publisher, the general rule applies there as elsewhere. A document like the Annual Report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labour Statistics (11) possesses a value and interest not less than that attaching to individual chapters of such a work as Mr. Brassey's on *Foreign Wages and English Labour*; but it is the interest of a collection of materials rather than of a complete work. The local information as to the frequency and failure of strikes contained in the present volume, the eleventh of the series, is highly instructive, but after all may be summed up in a very few words. To 109 unsuccessful strikes there have been 18 successful ones. The amount of wages lost is far greater than the amount which the success of all the strikes could in many months have added to the earnings of the wilful sufferers; and the net result is even more unfavourable to the Unionists than in England—one important Union, that of the shoemakers, having, after a vast waste of money and great injury to a most extensive local trade, been reduced to insignificance, if not destroyed. The lesson might be taken home by Unionists here. It is worth remarking that emigrant English Trade-Unionists are charged with the chief responsibility for the mischief, and that in Massachusetts, as in the mother-country, professional agitators rather than practical workers appear to influence the action of the artisans, and to profit in proportion to the violence of their counsels and the losses of those who follow them.

Among the multitude of public documents before us, by far the most important is the enormous volume which contains the second part of the medical portion of the great collection of professional experience acquired by the surgeons of the Federal army during the Civil War (12), sifted, arranged, and now in course of publication at the expense of the Government. Its technical and practical value can hardly, we should think, be exaggerated.

The Report of the Secretary of the Treasury for the year 1879 (13) shows a total revenue of 274 millions of dollars, of which 251 were derived from customs and internal revenue (so-called), with an expenditure of 267 millions, of which 105 were interest on the public debt. Thirty-five millions were expended in pensions, 5½ millions on the payment of the Halifax award, 40 millions on the army, and 15 upon the navy. The sum applied to the reduction of debt was but trivial.

The Report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue (14) shows that extreme difficulty is found in repressing illicit distillation, which leads to not a few murderous conflicts, in which the sympathy of the local juries appears to go with the offenders, so that it is difficult to obtain redress or punishment from the State courts where Federal tax-collectors have been injured or killed.

The most important part of the Report on the Internal Commerce of the Union (15) deals with the relations of the great railway companies to one another and to the public, a subject on which great and apparently well-founded dissatisfaction still prevails.

The Report on Imports and Import Duties (16) shows a terrific list of articles subject to enormous duties, a hindrance to trade which even the vast internal resources of the Union can with difficulty endure.

The State Papers of Massachusetts on Convict Labour (17), State Charities (18), and Prisons (19), possess greater value and interest than those of perhaps any other State in the Union.

(9) *A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare.* Edited by H. H. Furness, Ph.D., LL.D. Vol. V. *King Lear.* Philadelphia and London: Lippincott & Co. 1880.

(10) *Risk; and other Poems.* By Charlotte Fiske Bates. Boston: Williams & Co. 1879.

(11) *Eleventh Annual Report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labour.* January, 1880. Boston: Rand, Avery, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(12) *The Medical and Surgical History of the War of the Rebellion.* Part. II. Vol. I. Medical History. Washington: Government Printing House. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(13) *Annual Report of the Secretary of the Treasury on the State of the Finances for the Year* 1879. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(14) *Report of the Commission of Internal Revenue for the Fiscal Year ended June* 30, 1879. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(15) *Report on the Internal Commerce of the United States.* By Joseph Nimmo, jun., Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, Treasury Department. Submitted December, 1, 1879.—Commerce and Navigation. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(16) *Imports.—Duties from 1867 to 1878 inclusive: a Compilation of Foreign Commodities Imported and Entered for Consumption in the United States.* Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(17) *Report of the Joint Special Committee on Contract Convict Labour.* Boston: Rand, Avery, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(18) *First Annual Report of the State Board of Health, Lunacy, and Charity of Massachusetts.* Boston: Rand, Avery, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(19) *Ninth Annual Report of the Commissioners of Prisons of Massachusetts.* Boston: Rand, Avery, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE MINISTRY.

THE selection of the Cabinet Ministers has corresponded in most instances with general expectation, and no serious objection can be raised to the distribution of offices. It would have been impossible to pass over Lord GRANVILLE's claim to the place which is generally regarded as second in Ministerial rank. Nearly thirty years have passed since he was first appointed Foreign Secretary by Lord JOHN RUSSELL, and in Mr. GLADSTONE's last Administration he was designated by general opinion as the fittest successor to Lord CLARENDON. During the last three or four years Lord GRANVILLE has carefully abstained from sharing in the violent hostility with which Mr. GLADSTONE and some other members of the party have assailed Lord BEACONSFIELD's policy. Though he will perhaps agree in the opinions of the PRIME MINISTER, he will not be inclined to reverse or disturb the relations which have been established among the European Powers. Even if Mr. GLADSTONE should, for the first time in his long official career, aspire to regulate the foreign policy of the country, his decisions will take their final shape from the channel through which they must be conveyed. If Lord HARTINGTON had been appointed to the Foreign Office, he would have had his business to learn. There is no reason to believe that he has at any time been a professed student of history or diplomacy, though his spirit and good sense would have enabled him to represent the country without discredit. It has fortunately not occurred to Mr. GLADSTONE to invite Lord DERBY to return to the Foreign Office. Few tendencies are so dangerous in the conduct of great affairs as habitual and insurmountable determination to avoid tangible risk and definite responsibility. If it is true that Lord DERBY has declined offers of joining the Government in some other capacity, he has probably had good reasons for his decision. The hopes which turbulent Russian politicians have founded on the result of the English elections will almost certainly be disappointed. Their complaints of the resolute pertinacity with which, as they assert, Lord BEACONSFIELD baffled and defeated the legitimate aspirations of Russia, may perhaps remind his successors of the unpopularity which would be incurred by a policy of ostentatious deference and concession. Mr. GLADSTONE's wild rhetoric will be largely modified by translation into Lord GRANVILLE's temperate and courteous conversation and despatches. In the House of Commons Sir CHARLES DILKE will represent the department with a vigour and knowledge of business which will render it unnecessary, as it might be unsafe, in ordinary cases for the Prime Minister to explain the policy of the Government.

Mr. GLADSTONE was well advised in giving the conduct of Indian affairs to Lord HARTINGTON, and in employing Lord NORTHBROOK in another office of which he has already had experience. The appointment of the Duke of ARGYLL might have been disastrous; and it is in almost all cases convenient that Ministers should not be pledged to any special policy in the business of their own departments. The traditional practice of entrusting the great offices of State to Parliamentary leaders, without reference to their knowledge of the special business of their respective departments, is justified by experience, though to theorists it appears paradoxical. There is no doubt that Mr. CHILDERS will soon master the details of the War Office, or that Sir W. HARCOURT will be an active and able Home Secretary, whether he defeats the unexpected opposition at Oxford, or represents some other constituency. Lord KIMBERLEY has once before been Colonial Secretary, when his policy was indistinguishable from that which was afterwards pursued by Lord CARNARVON. He approved of the annexation of the Transvaal; and he will promote the federation of the South African provinces, if the measure is ultimately found practicable. The selection of Mr. FORSTER for the office of Irish Secretary is creditable both to the PRIME MINISTER and to himself. The late competitor for the office of leader of the Liberal party might without dispute have asserted his claim to high Ministerial rank. In choosing or consenting to represent the Government in Ireland he has probably been actuated by laudable ambition. It is not perhaps in English mortals to command the confidence of Irishmen, but Mr. FORSTER will do his best to deserve it. Even in that remarkable country honesty, temper, and ability in the conduct of business have a certain value. The Irish members will perhaps not be insensible to the compliment which a principal leader of the Liberal party pays to their country in the acceptance of an office which has frequently not even been held by a Cabinet Minister. It is not surprising that Mr. FORSTER, Mr. BRIGHT, and Mr. GLADSTONE himself should in the first instance have been thought to represent sufficiently the advanced Liberal party. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who has succeeded in obtaining admission to the privileged circle, has displayed at Birmingham administrative ability combined with extreme political intolerance. It may be hoped that the colleagues who were not forward in promoting his accession to their number will restrain the democratic energies of the most active manager of elections. It seems to have been found expedient to avert the risk of an immediate party schism. The hesitation with which the demand was at first received is in some degree satisfactory. The appointment of Mr. FAWCETT to the considerable office of Postmaster-General will be universally approved.

As it was impossible to find room in the Cabinet for all the leading members of the party, the omission of the names of Mr. LOWE and Lord ABERDARE from the list had been generally anticipated. In declining office Mr. GOSCHEN has undoubtedly been actuated by a high sense of public principle. With the exception of Mr. GLADSTONE, none of the Ministers surpass him in ability or in knowledge. Unfortunately the party is bound by incautious pledges to support a measure which Mr. GOSCHEN rightly considers dangerous. Not following the example of Mr. LOWE, Mr. GOSCHEN retains his right of independent opposition to the degradation of the franchise, though he will not be able to defeat it. Another able and trusted member of former Liberal Governments seems to have been forgotten during the formation of the Cabinet. Lord CARDWELL has scarcely a superior in financial and political ability and knowledge. If he had remained in the House of Commons he would, as of course, have become leader of the party on the retirement of Mr. GLADSTONE; and it seems strange that he should not share its triumph. It is possible that a favourite pupil of Sir ROBERT PEEL may not entirely sympathize with the recent developments of Liberalism; but, even after the admission of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, the moderate section retains a numerical preponderance. It is more remarkable that Lord RIPON should have accepted the Viceroyalty of India than that he should have been

selected for the post. His ability, his rank, and his long and varied practice in public affairs qualify him for the highest administrative office. He has a special qualification for the Viceroyalty in the knowledge of military administration which he acquired at the War Office as Under-Secretary and afterwards as Secretary of State. Lord LANSDOWNE has shown some self-denial in returning to an office of secondary rank; and he will establish a strong claim to a political office in some future Cabinet.

Of all the Ministerial arrangements, the most important is Mr. GLADSTONE'S reservation to himself of the Exchequer. As Prime Minister, he would in any case have exercised the same control over the finances which formerly belonged to Sir ROBERT PEEL. His determination to undertake the detailed administration probably indicates his intention of introducing some great financial enterprise. The scheme which he vaguely announced in his appeal to the constituencies in 1874 has never been further explained; but he may perhaps now have determined to prosecute the design which was then interrupted. He cannot, indeed, use the small surplus which he inherits from his predecessor to abolish the Income-tax; but the readjustment of taxation, or, in other words, the imposition of new taxes, may be effected with the aid of an irresistible majority. One of his proposals will no doubt be the imposition of additional burdens on landed property in the form of Probate duties, or of an increase of the Succession duties; and the small minority which consists of landowners will in vain contend against a popular and plausible demand. It is extremely doubtful whether the Income-tax ought at any time to be repealed; but since the date of his first Budget, seven-and-twenty years ago, Mr. GLADSTONE has repeatedly proposed to abolish the tax. Another conjecture points to the eventual reduction of the charge of the Debt by the creation of a 2½ per cent. Stock. Mr. GLADSTONE attempted to begin the change when the South Sea Stock was commuted in 1853; but the Crimean war immediately afterwards put an end for the time to financial experiments. It may be considered certain that Mr. GLADSTONE has not burdened himself with extraordinary labour and responsibility for the purpose of transacting the simple routine of business. There is too much reason to fear that he will stint the public service; but, on the other hand, it is not undesirable that he should have enough to do without interfering with foreign policy.

THE BUSINESS OF THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

THE object for which the present Parliament was elected is already accomplished in the overthrow of Lord BEACONSFIELD'S Government. The further measures to which the majority is pledged are few, and they attracted little attention during the contest. The Parliament of 1868 had a more definite task in the destruction of the Irish Church Establishment. That it would also effect a great constitutional change by the introduction of the Ballot, that it would try the bold experiment of remodelling Irish land tenure, and that it would create a new system of elementary education was not distinctly foreseen. The present Government will probably interfere to a greater extent between Irish landlords and tenants, though no definite plan, except Mr. BRIGHT'S, has been proposed by the leaders of the dominant party. They have on many occasions announced their intention of relaxing the control which landowners both in Great Britain and Ireland exercise over the future destination of their estates; but the total and immediate abolition of settlements on unborn children would provoke strong and almost unanimous resistance among the class which would be directly affected by the change. For the present it will perhaps be thought more prudent to accept Lord CAIRNS'S scheme of legislation than to propose more ambitious measures. Country gentlemen will have reason to regret the failure of the late Government to pass a Bill for the institution of a partially representative rural administration. The County Boards Bill of 1878 was abandoned because it was found that the farmers cared little or nothing for a measure which had been clamorously demanded in their name; but the Government ought to have foreseen that their omission to legislate would give their successors the opportunity of making far more sweeping changes. In one of his Midlothian speeches Mr. GLADSTONE, forgetting that he had himself promised to relieve the rates at the expense of the public taxes, found fault with the Ministry for not having reserved the boon to be eventually exchanged for a sacrifice of the privileges and power of the landed gentry. The present Government will probably establish rural corporations on the basis of the elective franchise which already exists in boroughs.

By far the most important measure which is likely to occupy the present Parliament will be an organic change in the representative system. The extension of household suffrage to counties, with the accompanying or ensuing redistribution of electoral power, will be the greatest constitutional change since the first Reform Bill. The large increase of the constituencies in 1867 has had questionable results, but it left almost untouched the wholesome anomalies which alone allow minorities and special interests a reasonable share of representation. A few small boroughs were disfranchised or deprived of one of their members; but there is still abundant ground for the arithmetical protests of democratic levellers, and for the complacency with which theorists of opposite opinions habitually regard inequalities resulting from historical accidents. One part of the legislation of 1867 was justifiable and advantageous. The qualification of a 12*l.* rating in counties admitted a large and responsible class of voters which had been excluded by the first Reform Bill, as amended by the CHANDOS Clause. The owners of land, who had for five-and-thirty years controlled the county representation, were deprived by the Ballot of a great part of their influence, which in some districts, especially in Wales, was transferred to Dissenting ministers, who in the methods and objects of their political agitation strongly resemble Irish priests. In other parts of England substantial farmers return the county members. On the whole, the farmers have been disposed to act with their landlords, and the minority would probably return to their allegiance if they had the opportunity of determining another election; but after the next dissolution they will find themselves outvoted by their labourers. The extension of the suffrage will be comparatively innocuous in suburban districts where the middle classes are numerous. In Lincolnshire and the Eastern Counties tenant-farmers may as well henceforth cease to trouble themselves with politics. In pledging his party to a dangerous measure, Lord HARTINGTON committed one of the two or three serious mistakes of his creditable and prosperous career; but his hasty decision will now have no serious consequences, because Mr. GLADSTONE with the democracy at his back would in any case have opened the door to the reinforcement which awaits them without.

Although another dissolution will probably take place within two or three years, the extreme Liberals, who will carry with them their unwilling allies, have good reason to calculate on a long and uninterrupted career of success. The only cause of a new election will have been the admission to the suffrage of an additional multitude of poor and ignorant voters, and the abolition of small constituencies which might possibly cultivate independent judgment. Cynical Conservatives will perhaps console themselves for their late defeat by gloating over the swift retribution about to fall on mutinous tenant-farmers and on disfranchised boroughs which have swelled the Liberal majority. Graver politicians are not reconciled to public evils by the merited punishment which may be inflicted on any section of the community. Another appeal to the electors will in some respects be acceptable to the party of movement. As there will then be no BEACONSFIELD Government to expel from office, more comprehensive projects of change will be proposed to the democratic constituency. There can be little doubt that the Nonconformists will insist on compensating themselves for their late significant silence by an attack on the Church. It is not likely that any Bill for disestablishment will be laid before the present Parliament, which indeed is otherwise provided with sufficient occupation; but no long time will elapse before some private member proposes a resolution for the purpose of eliciting the opinions of the Government. It may be conjectured from the effusive gratitude which Mr. GLADSTONE has repeatedly expressed to his Dissenting supporters that he will apply to the English Church the vague and menacing language which he has already addressed to the Scotch Establishment. Some of his colleagues will probably require that the destruction of the Church shall be an open question, until it advances, according to one of Mr. GLADSTONE'S favourite phrases, into the region of practical politics. After a time it is not

unlikely that the controversy may result in a coalition of the moderate Liberals with the Conservative party.

The apprehensions of a violent reaction in foreign policy, though they are naturally suggested by Mr. GLADSTONE's speeches, may perhaps be falsified by experience. The immediate direction of the national policy will be entrusted to other hands; and, having enough to do in finance and in domestic legislation, Mr. GLADSTONE may probably after a time relax his interest in subjects foreign to his studies and habits of thought. His colleagues may be able to divert him from hasty schemes of philanthropic agitation, and the FOREIGN SECRETARY will address even the Austrian Government in courteous terms. Lord BEACONSFIELD was perhaps induced to concentrate his energies on diplomacy by his well-known indifference to the details of domestic legislation and government. In dealing with Great Powers on matters of vital importance he found himself seriously interested in questions more important than party tactics or Parliamentary management. Similar reasons, operating in the contrary direction, will induce Mr. GLADSTONE to prefer the department in which he is an acknowledged master. It is only when foreign complications allow an admixture of sentiment and passion that they attract Mr. GLADSTONE's attention. Lord BEACONSFIELD has throughout his career regarded domestic policy principally in its relations to party; but as Minister he always took care to supply his own deficiencies by the selection of colleagues who understood current business better than himself. It is to be hoped that both in Indian and European affairs Mr. GLADSTONE will at least not be in a hurry to reverse the policy of his predecessor. The invectives which were calculated to suit the taste of excited crowds have served their turn, and they ought not to be mistaken for arguments and statements of fact such as those which ought to affect the decision of a Government. The modern practice of appealing to the people on questions which are only understood by studious politicians produces almost unmixed evil. The speaker has probably convinced himself as well as his audience; but when he is called upon to act, instead of declaiming, he ought to reconsider the subject. Three or four years ago Mr. GLADSTONE incidentally remarked in the House of Commons that he had always found the Cabinet disinclined to attend to Indian business. His opinion of the due prominence of foreign affairs has been more frequently quoted. The best service which he can render to the country in both departments of Government is to abstain as much as possible from interference which is likely to be mischievous.

FRENCH ELECTORS AND FRENCH POLITICS.

THERE is an obvious resemblance and an important difference between the position of the Liberal party in France and that of the Liberal party in England at the present moment. In both countries the Liberals seem secure beyond the possibility of reverse. M. GAMBETTA and Mr. GLADSTONE alike command the support of an organization which at the last election carried everything before it. But in England this victory represents for the time the whole effective force of popular feeling. When the Conservatives once more find themselves in office, it will be by reason of a change of mood in the electors who voted last month. Some who then supported Liberal candidates will have turned round and supported Conservative candidates; some who then supported Liberal candidates will have conceived some grudge against their party, and will not have voted at all. In France, on the other hand, there is always an unseen and unheard force to be allowed for. Beneath and by the side of the electors who care about politics, and who vote, or abstain, or change their sides on what—using the word in a very wide sense—may be called political grounds, there are the electors who do not care about politics, and who consequently in ordinary times do not trouble themselves to go to the poll. The storms which fret the surface of French affairs do not penetrate into these deep seas. The peasant scarcely knows the name of M. DE FREYCINET or M. FERRY, or, if he does, it is simply as words which fill a certain space in the newspapers, or on the doors of some official building. He is neither a Conservative nor a Radical, if by Conservative and Radical are meant the Parliamentary parties that pass by those names. Provided that he is left alone, and not frightened, he is willing to let the elections go as those who take an interest in them like to decide. He does not expect to be affected by the result of them, and so long as he is easy on this score he does not care what that result is.

When therefore we read that the Republican deputies have returned from visiting their constituents during the recess with the fullest assurance that the course taken by the Government as regards the religious orders meets with universal approval, except among avowed Clericals, we have no difficulty in accepting this statement as true. For one thing an avowed Clerical in the mouth of a French Radical means just at present a man who opposed the Seventh Clause of M. FERRY's Bill and who dislikes the administrative decrees which have been called forth by the rejection of that clause. But even without this explanatory qualification the news is less satisfactory for the Cabinet than it appears to be. If Frenchmen would consent to be illogical it is possible, and even probable, that the attack upon the unauthorized religious orders would do the Government no harm. The peasantry know little about these orders, and have no particular love for them. They might even welcome the expulsion of the Jesuits as an easy way of disposing of a dog who has somehow got a very bad name. The sorrows of the upper classes, who would have either to send their sons abroad to be educated or to put up with less fashionable schools than those to which they are accustomed, do not move them in the least. Nor is their love of liberty of that consistent and sensitive sort which is pained by an act of administrative tyranny, even when the victim is a monk. There is no reason, however, to suppose that Frenchmen, least of all French Radicals, are for about the first time in history going to become illogical. The majority in the Chamber of Deputies has forced M. DE FREYCINET to take up an anti-Clerical position. It may be quite true, as the Paris Correspondent of the *Times* so often assures us, that left to himself he would never have wished to attack the religious orders. But this only shows more conclusively how strong must have been the pressure to which M. DE FREYCINET was subjected. What guarantee is there either that similar pressure will not be again exerted, or that he will not again yield to it? It is said—and it certainly sounds exceedingly probable—that M. DE FREYCINET has yielded a little in order to save himself from being obliged to yield a great deal. If he had refused to issue the decrees, he would have been left in a minority in the Chamber, and then he must have made way for some other Minister who would have applied them with infinitely greater stringency. If this reasoning is good for putting out the decrees, it will be equally good for acting upon them. The whole question becomes one of degree, and M. DE FREYCINET can always persuade himself and the Correspondent of the *Times* that the cause of moderation will be benefited by his remaining in office. Even if it came to executing Jesuits instead of banishing them, there would be milder and harsher ways of setting about it, and M. DE FREYCINET might argue that, as a true friend to the religious orders, he was bound to continue Minister in order to ensure their members being guillotined and not broken on the wheel.

The mere fact, therefore, that M. DE FREYCINET is as full as he can hold of the best possible intentions does not seem to have much to do with the question. It is more important to know what the Radicals will wish him to do than what he wishes to do himself. He may not go quite the lengths he is asked to go, but he will think it better for the Church that he should go three parts of the way rather than leave it to somebody else to go all the way. The only chance, therefore, that the anti-Clerical movement will end with the decrees against the religious orders lies in the possible contentment of the Radicals with the victory they have already won, and this appears to be a very small chance indeed. They have been careful, while accepting what the Government have done as an instalment, to show their contempt for it even when considered as an instalment. M. CLÉMENCEAU loses no opportunity of pointing out what miserable half-measures the 7th Clause and the decrees are, how inadequate they appear to every politician who has any regard for principle, and how steadily the Government must be driven forward in the path which it has entered so late and along which it moves so lamely. There is every likelihood, therefore, that the first step in anti-clerical legislation will not be the last; and though every fresh step may stop a little short of what M. DE FREYCINET is urged to make it, it will be at least as much in advance

of what he would make it if he followed his own judgment.

It is when this point has been reached that the importance of the usually inert element in the electorate will be seen. Unfortunately for Cabinets, this element will move when it does move with little or no warning, and on what may appear very slight provocation. It is impossible to say beforehand what will be the feature in the coming Radical legislation that will alarm the peasantry; it is almost certain that there will be some feature or other in it that will alarm them. When alarmed, they will show their strength as they have shown it before. If they were accustomed to take part in the elections, they would understand that all that is required to manifest their distaste for the policy of the Cabinet for the time being is to return representatives, pledged according to the necessity of the situation, either to modify the policy or to overturn the Cabinet. But to men who are not accustomed to take part in elections the application of Parliamentary machinery is apt to seem insufficient for the purpose they wish to attain. What they really dislike may be the mode in which the institutions under which they live are administered; but what they think they dislike is ordinarily the institutions themselves. It is plain that France has already wandered very far away from that moderate and Conservative Republic which M. THIERS declared to be the only Republic that could last. She may yet come back to the path she has left; but, if she does not, it is pretty safe to predict that the element in the constituencies which the Radical party persistently ignore will be strong enough to upset what it may not be patient enough to guide.

THE CONSERVATIVE COLLAPSE.

THE article which appears under the above title in the *Fortnightly Review* of to-day is one which is calculated to excite a good deal of attention and curiosity. It is unsigned, or rather signed with a *nom de plume*, contrary to the usual habit of the periodical in which it appears, and its internal evidence of authorship is curiously conflicting. There can hardly be two persons in the country who seriously think the action of the GLADSTONE Government in 1870 to have been so "strong" as "INDEX," the writer in the *Fortnightly Review*, thinks it. But, on the other hand, this is the kind of stroke which a skilful writer anxious to divert suspicion from himself would naturally insert. On the other hand, the one person who is known to regard the action of England on that occasion as on a par with the noblest exploits of the heroes of antiquity seldom writes so clearly and simply as the *Fortnightly* Reviewer. Perhaps it is but an idle task to attempt to reconcile the voice of JACOB and the hands of ESAU, especially as a literary *supercherie* would be by no means difficult in such a case. It is sufficient that the article is known to come from a source of more or less importance, and that its contents are such as to deserve attention, even if their author were the first comer. It may not be, as it has been confidently pronounced to be, the work of the PRIME MINISTER; but it puts for the first time very clearly and definitely a view as to the shortcomings of the late official representatives of Conservatism, and of the probable future of the party, which has been more than once visible, bobbing up and down amid the turbid torrent of Mr. GLADSTONE's political harangues.

This view can be put with sufficient brevity. Conservatism and the conduct of Sir ROBERT PEEL are, according to the writer, convertible terms. He points to the Peelite creed—or, as that symbol would be rather difficult to draw up, perhaps we had better say the Peelite practice—and tells Conservatives that under this standard, and under no other, they may conquer, or at least wage a not unequal fight. Sir ROBERT, according to this fervent ultra-Liberal panegyrist of his, had six points—purity, legislative activity, economy, financial regularity, an indisposition to bring on questions of party principle, and a habit of sticking to the form of his measures. We may note in passing, as a side-light to the question of authorship, the entire omission of all reference to foreign policy. Now these six things distinguished Sir ROBERT PEEL and all his works, and the absence of them has as characteristically distinguished Lord BEACONSFIELD and all his works. Hence the paths of honour and of shame that each (it need not be said that we speak in the sense of our author) has trod respectively. It is not necessary to go through the various demonstrations which are resorted to for the purpose of proving the case. The denunciation of "Conservative Government" by Mr. DISRAELI as "organized hypocrisy," and the still more famous remark about "education," of course play a very large part in the argument, and a minute criticism of various acts of the late Government a still larger. Most of this is not new, and has been argued and re-argued a thousand times before. The real points of interest in the article may be said to be three. The first is that the author is either actually convinced, or has laboured so hard to convince himself that he has almost succeeded, of what may be called the "diabolical" theory of the late Government and its acts. A considerable portion of his article might be taken to be an argumentative extension of the worst-government-the-country-ever-had axiom. He labours to prove that the policy of this unfortunate Ministry imitated "all "that was least good in the Liberal tradition and all that "was most blameworthy in the Conservative," and the mixture of respect, aversion, and alarm with which he speaks of Lord BEACONSFIELD is exceedingly odd. It is exactly the language of old days in reference to the Prince of Darkness. In the second place, this ultra-Liberal generously admits the presence of a large Conservative element in the country, and endeavours by this admission to console the "Old Conservative" to whom the article is addressed, and who seems to be an estimable but rather feeble personage, eminently of the kind that the authors of political and philosophical dialogues and discussions are apt to set up to be bowled at. Lastly—and this is the real purpose of the article—he urges upon his enemies the necessity, if they wish for their soul's and their party's health, of recurring to that model of Conservatism which reigned paramount between 1830 and 1850, and the observance of which in 1844 placed the Conservative party "in the zenith of its prosperity."

This view seems to be equally worthy of attention from Liberals, from Conservatives, and from "moderate men"—a term which, after some two hundred years' disuse, seems to be coming to the front again. The ideal proposed may be taken without discussion as being that which Liberals of the author's type would like to see realized. Perhaps it may be said that this is of itself sufficient to render it suspicious to minds of other political complexions. But this would be to take too offhand a view of the matter. *Fas et ab hoste* is a sufficiently venerable motto to deserve the attention of the most bigoted Tory, much more of impartial politicians. In order, however, to judge "INDEX's" proposal, we have only two very simple things to do; to look at the programme he offers in itself, and to look at the historical experience of its adoption. There can be no doubt that from each point of view its acceptability to a Radical is obvious. As far as we can understand "INDEX," his idea of an enemy's army seems to be very much that of FREDERICK WILLIAM of Prussia as to his own—that is to say, that it is never to fight. Of the six points of his programme, one announces in plain terms that "Conservatism "is not to be brought face to face with Liberalism in an "open field." Four of the other five might be generally described as the adoption of the most elaborate precautions to prevent the two parties from coming to blows even on a side issue. It can easily be understood that such a policy as this would be agreeable to the opposite party. It would, in fact, secure that Conservative Governments, when they did hold office, should hold it on the condition of not being Conservative, and that their time of so-called power should be merely an agreeable rest for their adversaries, during which they might take their ease and purge themselves of the natural and inevitable unpopularity which office brings. It may also be said that such a policy would organize defeat for those who pursued it whenever anything like a real battle came. Accustomed to a colourless policy, and to being indistinguishable from their opponents, they would certainly lose that *esprit de corps* which is as necessary to a party as to an army. They would come to regard themselves as only Liberal warming-pans, lieutenants, in the strict sense of the word, of their nominal adversaries. Nor does an historical retrospect dissipate this conclusion. It is quite possible that a cautious leader, like PEEL, was better suited than a more daring one to re-form a beaten party after the huge collapse of 1832. But it is equally certain that his policy restored little more than a fictitious life to that party. Unremitting "nursing," careful abstention from doing anything com-

promising, and the faults and incapacities of his opponents, resulted after a decade in a Conservative majority of about the same numerical strength as the Liberal majority of to-day. But what was the value of that majority? In 1844, according to "INDEX," the Conservative party was in the zenith of its prosperity. In a few months the whole party broke to pieces, and never regained real power—as distinguished from power temporary and by sufferance—for nearly thirty years.* The merits of the question which shattered it have nothing to do with the case. That question was at least no new one; and, had the leader and his policy of leading been what they should have been, party discipline and party education would have held the followers to their chief or the chief to the followers. But, accustomed as they had been, according to "INDEX," to see questions which might provoke party opposition avoided, there was no discipline, and there had been no need for education. The party had come to include men as different from one another as the men who compose the Liberal party now are; and the inevitable strain brought about the inevitable split. No doubt, from "INDEX'S" point of view, the consummation was not undesirable. There must, as he very truly says, always be a Conservative feeling in the country. If there were no recognized Conservative party, that feeling might either lead, as in some Republican countries, to the non-participation of important elements of society in political matters, or, as in others, to the formation of a dangerous and fanatical set of reactionists. "INDEX" would therefore like there to be a Conservative party to absorb these and other elements congenial to it, and to keep them in a state of solution, offering no real impediment to his own side, but serving as a kind of ballast to the ship of State, and occasionally, in an interval of simulated and permissive power, administering a gentle alterative to the body politic. An incongruous conjunction of metaphors is requisite to indicate the incongruity of the proposal. Perhaps the old Conservative friend may be seduced by it, but the majority of the party are hardly likely to consider it satisfactory, nor, we may add, are politicians who look at all sides of a question. A great political party which lives in a vain show is not likely to be a national benefit. It is very likely to be termed, and to be termed with truth, an "organized hypocrisy."

AFFAIRS IN AFGHANISTAN.

THE victories obtained by Sir DONALD STEWART, Colonel JENKINS, and General ROSS, and the unopposed occupation of Ghuznee, are gratifying, but the satisfaction which they suggest is tempered by the proofs which have lately been afforded of the pertinacity of the hostile Afghans. The attack on the force which had advanced from Cabul was probably a part of a concerted scheme; and, according to one account, the English troops had found it expedient to retire within the fortifications of Sherpur. One of the most troublesome peculiarities of half-civilized adversaries is their apparent inconsistency in submission and resistance. During the first and second advances on Cabul the invading force encountered no formidable opposition, although the Afghan power was then unbroken either by military disaster or by political dissension. It was not until Cabul was occupied, after the skirmish at Charasiab, that the English position was attacked by a large army, of which the very existence had been previously unknown. It is not known whether General STEWART had, before the commencement of his advance from Candahar, anticipated the hostility of the strong force which, having executed a parallel march, attempted to bar his road to Ghuznee. It is sometimes difficult to distinguish between friends and enemies. The Governor of Ghuznee seems to have surrendered the place voluntarily when the garrison had left it to join the army in the field. It may be hoped that the heavy losses sustained in the late engagements will convince the hostile leaders of the inutility of further resistance. The tribe called the Hazarehs creates an incidental embarrassment by prosecuting an ancient feud with the Afghan malcontents at a time when the English General wishes to conciliate the hostile chiefs. There is probably sufficient foundation for the opinion which seems to prevail in India that the result of recent operations is on the whole satisfactory, though it was said a few days ago that the enemy was collecting in large numbers round Charasiab. The occupation of Ghuznee deprives MAHOMED JAN of his only stronghold; and it greatly facilitates the communication between Candahar and Cabul. Some of the chiefs who had previously held out have lately tendered their submission, and special importance is attached to the arrival at Cabul of delegates from Kohistan, though they are said unanimously to favour the pretensions of ABDURRAHMAN, whose position and political tendencies are still imperfectly known.

There is reason to believe that ABDURRAHMAN has to some extent established his influence among the tribes of Turkestan; but he may perhaps not be equally successful in obtaining the support of the Southern chiefs, even if the Indian Government should be disposed to recognize his title. Candahar will, in any case, unless Lord LYTTON'S policy is suddenly reversed, be the capital of a separate province, as long as SHERE ALI maintains his fidelity to the Government which appointed him. It is uncertain whether ABDURRAHMAN entertains any immediate design on Herat, which is still in the possession of his kinsman AYUB. If the effect of the Afghan war is to split up the country once more into several principalities, the result may perhaps not be exclusively owing to English interference. It is extremely doubtful whether YAKOOB KHAN would have been able to keep together the dominions of his father, even if he had succeeded in time of peace. The strong and friendly Afghanistan which Indian statesmen have reasonably desired to maintain has had but a precarious existence. It was only strong under a vigorous ruler, who was sometimes friendly to his powerful neighbour, and often jealous and dissatisfied. Until another DOST MAHOMMED arises, the Afghan monarchy will probably not be reconstituted. As an alternative, it may become necessary to deal with several petty potentates who may perhaps be as manageable as one powerful and ambitious ruler. If the late contests and negotiations have had no other result, they must at least have extended the knowledge which Indian officers, civil and military, possessed of Afghan affairs. All the chiefs of importance have had relations with the generals or with other agents of the Government, and personal acquaintance must have thrown much light on their several dispositions, and even on the national character. General confidence is reposed in the experienced judgment of Mr. LEPEL GRIFFIN, who is now charged with the diplomatic or political conduct of affairs. Sir DONALD STEWART, who will in right of seniority assume the chief command at Cabul, has displayed remarkable ability during his long exercise of authority at Candahar. The new Viceroy will have ample means of forming a sound opinion on the complicated questions with which he must necessarily deal. It may be hoped that he will not arrive in India unduly fettered with instructions from home, which must necessarily be founded on imperfect knowledge.

Among other prejudices it will be proper to guard against the delusion that recent transactions have produced an irreconcilable quarrel between the Afghans and their conquerors. Domestic blood feuds are universal among uncivilized tribes, but the custom or feeling scarcely applies to national wars. The Afghans must be unlike other warlike races if they have not conceived a respect for a power which has on many occasions proved itself irresistible. Except in the surprise which caused in December last the temporary evacuation of Cabul, they have not, during a year and a half of fighting, repeatedly renewed, obtained the advantage in a single skirmish. The traditional belief in the inability of an English army to maintain itself through the winter at Cabul has been dissipated by the most convincing evidence to the contrary; and Sir DONALD STEWART has proved that the most desperate valour is insufficient when it is opposed to superior arms and regular discipline. It is true that the Afghans have shown themselves respectable, and even formidable, enemies; but they will probably at last admit that they are overmatched. As long as the struggle continues, their natural dislike of strangers and invaders will be reinforced by religious antipathy; but they will not be the only Mahometans who, after opposing the establishment of English dominion, have learned to maintain peaceable relations with the victorious infidel. There are many Afghans in the ranks of the Indian army who are not less trustworthy than their Mahometan or Hindoo comrades. Hereafter it will perhaps be found practicable to make use on a larger scale of the military aptitude of some of the Afghan tribes.

There is no reason to suspect that Lord HARTINGTON

will wantonly sacrifice the results of a costly enterprise. In common with the other leaders of the party, he has from time to time denounced the policy of the late Government and of Lord LYTTON; but he has probably not studied the question in detail, and his good sense will secure him against the temptation of holding himself bound by his own language used in the heat of controversy. He was perhaps too careless in his declaration that his party would, on its accession to power, take measures to retire from Afghanistan as soon as the movement could be safely and creditably effected. He afterwards took an opportunity of laying additional stress on the limitations which he had already recognized. No Government wishes to attempt the permanent occupation of Afghanistan, and the only difference of opinion is as to the conditions of an eventual retreat. The dispute as to the frontier is settled by the course of events, although differences of opinion on the subject still exist. There is no longer any question as to the retention of control over the Khyber and Bolan passes; and it is not likely that any Government will propose to abandon Quetta. The eventual fate of Candahar is more uncertain, because a force quartered there under the control of a Resident would be far in advance of the Indian frontier. If the railway to Candahar had been completed, the transit must necessarily have been guarded by English troops, which would be most conveniently quartered at Candahar. The new Government may perhaps suspend the work, notwithstanding its political and commercial importance; but Lord RIPON will probably study the question before a decision is made; and it is believed that Indian opinion favours the dependence of Candahar on English protection. If Quetta is the furthest outpost in the direction of Afghanistan, it may be doubtful whether Lord LYTTON's nominee at Candahar will be able to maintain his position. On this and other subjects it would be inexpedient to decide in a hurry; and no judicious statesman will allow his policy to be regulated by the opinions which he or his colleagues may have expressed in an earlier and different state of circumstances. Lord HARTINGTON has probably by this time ceased to take even the smallest interest in the question which maintained the wrath of the Duke of ARGYLL through a dozen speeches and two ponderous volumes. Whether SHERE ALI was alienated from England by the coldness of Lord NORTHBROOK or by the urgency of Lord LYTTON is an inquiry now wholly obsolete. One of the soundest principles of English administration would be violated if the present Ministers were eager to reverse the policy of their predecessors.

THE HOME RULERS.

TO the commonplace English mind it seems only natural that Irish Home Rulers should hold their meetings in Ireland. Mr. PARNELL, always original, is original even on this point. He applies to politics the doctrine that his countryman applied to more material things, and holds Ireland to be the best country in the world to live out of. Mr. SHAW may perhaps be excused for his inability to follow his colleague's eccentric reasoning. As the Home Rule members were to meet somewhere before the opening of the Session, he thought that they should meet in Dublin. Probably if Mr. SHAW had thought that they ought to meet in London, Mr. PARNELL would have been in favour of Dublin. Union is so essential to the success of the Home Rule agitation that Mr. PARNELL is naturally anxious to promote it in every possible way, and his notion of promoting it is not to allow of the faintest difference among Home Rulers. If they do not say ditto to Mr. PARNELL they must go into the outer darkness. Mr. SHAW is naturally the person who is most suspected of meditating the intolerable presumption of having an opinion of his own. Though he has not succeeded to Mr. BUTT's position in the party, he has, more than any other Home Rule member, succeeded to Mr. BUTT's views. He has not yet ventured to express them with Mr. BUTT's plainness of speech, but that is accounted for by the fact that his relations with Mr. PARNELL are of a different character. Mr. BUTT was the leader of the Home Rule party, and in condemning Mr. PARNELL's action he addressed a schismatic. Mr. SHAW is not the leader of the Home Rule party, but merely occupies a not very well defined position as its Parliamentary chief; and in addressing Mr. PARNELL he can only remonstrate with a superior officer who, as he thinks, is injuring the cause by his imprudence. Mr. PARNELL knows how to treat remonstrances of this kind. He is emphatically of the order of men who stand no nonsense. With him discipline is discipline, and a commander-in-chief ought to have no more scruple in shooting a field-marshal if he happens to be placed under his orders than he would have in shooting a private soldier. Consequently, Mr. PARNELL has resented Mr. SHAW's conduct in calling a meeting in Dublin as such presumption deserves to be resented, and Mr. SHAW saw the result of his anger in the empty benches which he had to address on Tuesday. Only twenty-two Irish members attended the Conference, and even of these not quite all were genuine Home Rulers. The absentees are either sworn followers of Mr. PARNELL, or thought that nothing would be gained by making their divergence from him evident any sooner than necessary.

These prudent spirits will not be able thus to economize much longer. As soon as the House of Commons is completely constituted they will have to choose whom they will serve. The first act of the great united Irish party will be to file off on opposite sides of the Speaker's chair. Mr. SHAW is a Liberal as well as a Home Ruler, and therefore will sit among the Liberals. Mr. PARNELL is a Home Ruler pure and simple, and therefore he will sit among the Opposition for the time being, no matter by what party name that Opposition may happen to be called. The distinction is perfectly rational at bottom, but a little amusing on the surface. Mr. PARNELL's hand is avowedly against every man. His Parliamentary function is to say No to every motion that is not moved by himself or his friends. In his view, this is the only function that the Home Rulers can discharge with proper respect to themselves. They have not come to Westminster to help English members to do English business. They are there to convince English members that the only way of doing English business is to shunt Irish members into a siding of their own, and leave them to do Irish business there. Consequently Mr. PARNELL is perfectly consistent in sitting on the Opposition benches. Obstruction must always be a form of opposition; and as yet Mr. PARNELL has not gone back from his pledge that this shall be the form which his opposition shall mainly take. Mr. SHAW's theory of working for Home Rule is altogether divergent from this. He, too, hopes to see Home Rule obtained by the action of a united Irish party; but he regards Home Rule as merely the first among many Irish measures which he desires to see passed, and, in the interval before Home Rule is obtained, he is quite willing to accept these other measures at the hands of any party which is prepared to concede them. As between the Liberals and the Conservatives, Mr. SHAW has no doubt which this Irish party ought to support. There are many things which the Liberals are ready to do for Ireland, there are very few things which the Conservatives are ready to do for Ireland. The Liberals sympathise with the Irish party on the Irish franchise, and Mr. GLADSTONE, at all events, is prepared to go a long way with them on the Irish land question. It is on the Liberal benches, therefore, that Mr. SHAW thinks the united Irish party ought to sit, whether the Liberals are in power or in opposition.

When a great united party is of opinion that its members ought all to sit in the same place, but cannot agree what that place shall be, it has no choice but to cease to be united even at the cost of ceasing to be great. There are cases in which means are of more importance than ends, and the difference between Mr. PARNELL and Mr. SHAW is one of these cases. So far as appears they are quite agreed as to the political change which they want to bring about. Both desire to see an Irish Parliament discussing Irish measures in the Irish capital. Both therefore aim at an object which, in the opinion of a vast majority of Englishmen, neither will be nor ought to be attained. But this fact does not of itself bring them into any hostile contact with Englishmen. The Home Rulers have just the same right to desire to modify the constitution of the three kingdoms in the way indicated, that is possessed by any other group of members which wishes to alter an existing legislative arrangement. In this sense Mr. BUTT was as decided a Home Ruler as Mr. PARNELL; but Mr. BUTT lived on very good terms with his brother members. The distinction between him and Mr. PARNELL was just what the distinction between Mr. PARNELL and Mr. SHAW is. It is a distinction of means. In the same way the distinction between a creditor who sues you for a debt and a creditor who

knocks you down and picks your pocket of the amount is a distinction of means. The end is the same in both instances—to get what the creditor thinks his due. But the means chosen by the latter creditor bring him within the grasp of the criminal law, and the means chosen by Mr. PARNELL must in the end bring him within the grasp of the Serjeant-at-Arms. It is a decided advantage from this point of view that the two sections of the united Irish party should sit on opposite sides of the House. Any obstruction that is offered will now come entirely from Mr. PARNELL's followers, and there will be no fear of the contagion spreading to Mr. SHAW's followers. The actual Obstructives have always been few in number, but they have gained in apparent strength by being mixed up, and consequently identified with, the Home Rule party generally. The temptation to go into the same lobby with a man who is sitting next you is greater than the temptation to go into the same lobby with a man who is sitting opposite to you. In the former case there is the force of habit to be resisted. You are accustomed to vote with your party, and the outward and visible sign of party is neighbourhood on the benches of the House of Commons. For the present, therefore, Mr. PARNELL's party may be expected to consist strictly of the members who sympathize with Mr. PARNELL's choice of means. Mr. SHAW will lead the Home Rulers, Mr. PARNELL will lead the Obstructives. Mr. SHAW will use argument to gain what he wants, Mr. PARNELL will use force. Mr. SHAW will be recognized as a politician with whom those who agree with him on other questions, while they differ from him on the Home Rule question, can cordially work; Mr. PARNELL will be recognized as a politician with whom no other Parliamentary section can work. More accurately, Mr. SHAW will be recognized as a politician, while Mr. PARNELL will continue to play the part of a Parliamentary outlaw, tolerated just so long as he is willing to make toleration a less troublesome process than punishment.

MEXICO.

THE visit of General GRANT to Mexico was as great a success as Americans or Mexicans could have wished. He was treated as the living embodiment of the United States, and all the honours that could be paid by a little State to a big one were paid to him. Even at Vera Cruz, which is ordinarily the most dismal and forlorn of places, he was welcomed with a profusion of flowers and with a salute of cannon, the only tributes Vera Cruz had at its command to offer to a hero and a general. He made a triumphal progress along the beautiful and interesting line from Vera Cruz to Mexico, breaking his journey at Orizaba, where he had more fêtes, more flowers, and possibly a salute from the pistols with which the inhabitants are obliged to go armed. In the capital itself he was lodged in the office of the Mint, one of the few handsome buildings that have escaped the effacing fingers of poverty-stricken Republicanism. Dinners, balls, reviews, and processions were given or instituted in his honour, and everything was done to cement the union between the two Republics. The Mexicans were worshipping the setting as well as the rising sun; as they saw in General GRANT not only the President that has been, but the President that is to be. In a moment of hilarious enthusiasm the importance of an accidental political event is apt to be overrated; but there can be no doubt that lately the Americans have been turning their thoughts to Mexico, and the Mexicans have been turning their thoughts to the United States. The two Republics have gradually been getting on good terms with each other. President HAYES, in his last Message, drew the attention of Congress to the great field for commercial enterprise which Mexico presented to adventurous Americans, and several important enterprises in Mexico are now in the hands of American capitalists. A great and most welcome concession to Mexican pride has also recently been made by the Government of the United States. Three years ago an order was issued to the General in command of the American troops on the Mexican frontier, that when raiders from the other side of the river got back from American soil before they could be caught, he should follow them and punish them on his own account, although they were treading their native heath. This obnoxious order has now been rescinded, and the Americans have even gone further, and have actually paid the Mexicans the compliment of inviting their troops to cross the border and help in subduing American Indians. On the other hand, the Mexicans have in one way wisely commended themselves to their powerful neighbours. Mexico owes America a debt of 800,000*l.* to be paid off by annual instalments of 60,000*l.* This is the only debt that Mexico recognises, and the only debt it pays. It is felt that it may be all very well to leave European creditors out in the cold, but that this will never do where Americans are concerned. Much of the present goodwill between Mexico and the United States is due to the tact and vigilance of Mr. FOSTER, who was for some time American Minister in Mexico, but who has now been transferred to Russia. He is to be replaced by Mr. MORGAN of Louisiana, from whom the Mexicans expect great things, as he is said to be an intimate friend of President HAYES, an accomplished Spanish scholar, and a jurist of attainments so wide and eminent that he has achieved the curious distinction of having been appointed an honorary member of the Egyptian International Tribunal. With Mr. MORGAN at their doors, and General GRANT at the White House, the Mexicans look for the coming of a good time, and for the establishment of very favourable relations between themselves and their neighbours whom they once thought so dangerous.

General GRANT was accompanied to Mexico by Señor ZAMACONA, who has been for some time residing in the States as the representative of Mexico; and in the flush of excitement which General GRANT's visit awakened, it occurred to some of the friends of Señor ZAMACONA that a man fresh from the States, with a strong leaning to Americans, and a personal friend of General GRANT, would make the best of all Presidents for Mexico. Whether his candidature is to be considered serious cannot as yet be pronounced, and many a candidate who rises into temporary prominence in the capital remains unknown in the provinces. The two accepted candidates for the Presidency have, so far as is as yet known, the field before them. General GARCIA DE CADENA makes no sign, and continues entrenched in the mysterious obscurity of his own distant State; but it is thought that his calm means mischief, and that he is only waiting to see whether and when it will answer to set the ball of revolution rolling. General GONZALEZ is in command of the troops that have been sent to put down scattered bands of insurgents on the West coast, and he has the immense advantage over all competitors that he has got an army at his disposal, and this army must desert him or be beaten before his claims can be ignored. Meanwhile President DIAZ not only declines to take any part in the coming Presidential contest, but has asked to retire, in consequence of domestic affliction, from the active exercise of his functions for a period of two months. His Government had, however, time before his retirement to decide two questions of great importance. In the first place, it gave the concession for the Central Railway, which is the key to the future of Mexican prosperity, to a group of American capitalists. It does not, however, appear to have done more than to have invited Congress to discuss, and, if it pleases, to sanction the concession, and has not pressed the concession on its acceptance. It is certain that a few months ago a concession of the main artery of Mexican communication to Americans would have had no chance of being adopted by a Congress the majority of which has repeatedly expressed its dislike of what it considers to be American intrusion. Possibly time, and General GRANT, and a change in public opinion, may have worked an alteration in the views of the deputies, and what would have seemed very dangerous in the last Session may be considered highly expedient in the present Session. In the next place, the Government, after much vacillation and after long coquetting with an idea which is only too fascinating to a Government short of funds, has finally, as, it is understood, rejected the proposal for establishing a National Bank. The proposed bank was to have an issue of notes to the extent of three times its capital, and to place almost all, if not all, its capital at the disposal of the Government. This must have led inevitably to a forced currency, and a forced currency would have sooner or later sunk Mexico to the level of Peru. There are not very many good things to be said of the past history of Mexico; but at any rate there is one good thing to be said, and that is, that the Mexicans have steadily set themselves to maintain the solid and honest basis of a metallic

currency. The projects which linked the fortunes of the English bondholders with a bank or a railway have necessarily fallen into abeyance now that there is to be no bank, and that the railway, if given to any one, is to be given to others. But the best thing that the bondholders can do is to wait patiently until the resources of the country are so developed that a portion of the real surplus revenue can be devoted to meeting their claims. How near Mexico is to having anything like a surplus revenue cannot be stated with any degree of confidence. Mexican Budgets must be placed at some unascertained point in the long interval which separates the budgets of England from the budgets of Turkey; but it is something to get what is called in Mexico a definitive budget, and the definitive budget of 1878 has now been published. From this it appears that the national income has risen from three and a half millions sterling to a little over six millions; but the expenses have also increased; and, although the two sides of the budget nearly balance, there was an excess of expenditure to the modest amount of 20,000*l*. That Mexican financiers should have been so adroit and so prudent as to have ended the financial year with this very small deficiency is a fact much to their honour, if only it is to be accepted as indisputable.

The general opinion seems to be that there will be some disturbance at the time of the Presidential election, but that it will be temporary and slight. With one candidate concentrating himself in a malignant calm, with another at the head of an army, and with a third offering himself as the friend of the speculative foreigner, the Mexicans do not see how they are to get through the election without something like a brush. In support of their calculations they can appeal to the history of all elections, and not only to the signs that indicate the course of this particular election. Meanwhile the attention of Mexicans is occupied not so much with the possibility of a revolution as with the fact of brigandage. Not improbably the indignation which brigandage now excites is itself a symptom of better times. Possibly it is not that brigandage increases, but that the resentment it awakens expresses itself more forcibly. Anyhow the industry of indignant journalists is able to collect a startling aggregate of unpleasant facts. We read of three persons being murdered at Tacubaya, which is as near to Mexico as Clapham is to Charing Cross. There is an alarming story of a printing office being broken into by masked ruffians, in one of the chief streets of Mexico, and of the printers being assaulted and robbed; and from one Mexican prison ten convicts are said to have quietly walked away in the full light of day. In the provinces, as soon as the passing detachments of troops are withdrawn, we find men of property and respectability carried off into the hills in order that a ransom may be exacted from them. A leading agricultural Association has addressed the Government, and has pointed out that the humble cultivators of the soil are constantly threatened and maltreated, and that the lives of the proprietors and managers of estates are in perpetual danger. What adds to the alarm is that the representatives of justice increase the reign of terror by sharing in, or conniving at, crime. In one district forty persons have come forward and accused three members of the Municipal Council of assassination, robbery, and a friendly understanding with the brigands of the vicinity. In the printing case an adjutant of police has been prosecuted because, when he had got one of the evildoers into his power, he simply let him go on his own responsibility. The mischief of applying the jury system to societies which are not fit for it has also made itself felt, and the Mexican public has been scandalized by a jury acquitting prisoners who had confessed their guilt, and owned that they had been parties to an attack upon a diligence and to the murder of one of the travellers. Society has been so much alarmed that a project of law has been drawn up which, if carried, will enact that cases of robbery with violence shall be withdrawn from juries, and submitted to the summary jurisdiction of judges acting with military rapidity. The great obstacle to the operation of such a law is that it is impossible to know whether those charged with its execution will carry it out. Mexican judges are too often the friends of the prisoners, and the worst brigands are too often the nominal guardians of the highway. But it need not be supposed that brigandage will always have the upper hand even in Mexico. The troops sent against marauders almost invariably do their duty; and a strong President, with money to pay an obedient army and with power to override the ordinary forms of law, might soon do much in the way of clearing the better populated and more fertile districts, and driving the scum of society into the remoter wilderness. Railways, too, are powerful counteracting forces to the vagaries and violence of outlaws; and the well-administered line from Vera Cruz to the capital is now almost altogether free from the attacks of the ordinary brigands of the country. Brigandage may perhaps be looked upon rather as a temporary, though serious, obstacle to the growing prosperity of the country than a permanent bar to all possible improvement.

DESIRABLE RESIDENCES.

THERE is wailing and mourning in the neighbourhood of Gloucester Road Station. In that district, at all events, the enterprising builder has been found out, and there is some danger lest enterprising tenants should migrate to some region less favoured by fashion, but more fortunate in its drains. The alarm is probably premature, because, however frightened house-hunters may be by such letters as those that have this week appeared in the *Standard*, they forget their terrors by degrees, and are more alive to the inconvenience of having no home than to the danger of having an unhealthy one. One of the correspondents of the *Standard* describes himself as having intended either to hire or buy a house near Gloucester Road Station, and as being deterred from doing so by the discovery that "there are "no plans of the drainage and sewer-pipes, and that no "one seems to know anything about it." For a time, no doubt, this gentleman's unwillingness to have anything to do with a house so ill-equipped as regards its sanitary geography will remain as masterful as it is now. By and by, however, he will find that other parts of London are equally ill provided in this respect, and that, as between two houses with unmapped drains, it is better to have one that suits him in other ways than one in which the want of a plan of the drains is only one of many other wants which, if less serious, are probably more obtrusively inconvenient. When once his reflections have taken this turn, the step to buying one of the very houses upon which his architect has reported so unfavourably will be a short one. A man has his wife or his daughters to consult in these matters, as well as his doctor or his sanitary inspector; and, unless they have already been frightened by typhoid or diphtheria, they are more likely to consider the advantages which the neighbourhood of Gloucester Road affords in the matter of afternoon teas than the fact that this cheering meal may have to be enjoyed in an atmosphere heavily charged with sewer gas. The indifference of the public to the most flagrant breaches of the most elementary sanitary laws is so deeply rooted that we have almost given up the hope of seeing anything done to put an end to them.

Yet, as regards newly-built houses at all events, the remedy is perfectly easy. In its application to houses destined for the poor it has often been preached in these columns; but it is very elastic, and perfectly capable of being applied to houses of a better class. It is simply this, that no house should be allowed to be let or sold for human habitation until it has been surveyed and reported wholesome by an official surveyor. A rule of this kind would keep the majority of those desirable residences which form the text of such letters as those in the *Standard* entirely out of the market. The rudiments of sanitary science are not so obscure that there would be any difficulty in laying down the conditions to which any house must conform before it can be described as fit for habitation. It should simply be enacted that no house should be inhabited until a plan of the drains had been deposited with the local sanitary authority, and until that authority had certified that the drains so mapped out were adequate to the work they had to do. In the particular house in which this correspondence had its origin the drains seem to have been faulty at every point. The builder had conceived a desire to ventilate them, but the pipe intended to fulfil this purpose "stopped far short of its proper altitude "and discharged the sewer-gas into a cistern from which the "daily bedroom water was obtained." In order, however, to make this nuisance less conspicuous, measures had been taken to prevent a good deal of the gas in question from ever reaching this cistern. The "drainage pipes up "and down the house were infamously leaky," so that the

sewer-gas would be impartially distributed through the atmosphere of the house, instead of being retained to pollute the water at the top. Still, if the occupier was imperfectly protected against disease generated in his own drains, he was entirely cut off from disease generated in other people's drains. The soil-pipe, instead of being connected with the main sewer, "simply made its own cesspool under the area flags." Now, supposing the builder of this house had been obliged to deposit the plans of the drains with the sanitary authority, and the sanitary authority had been bound to certify to the proper ventilation of the soil-pipe, to the soundness of the pipes passing through the house, and to the existence of a proper communication between the house drains and the main sewer, all these things would either never have been allowed to go wrong, or would have been put right before the house was lived in. The result would have been that the sickness which "DIOGENES" describes as having prevailed in the house for four or five years past would have been avoided. What there is to hinder the enactment of such a law as this we have never been able to understand. If no interference with builders were permitted, the position would be intelligible. There is always something to be said for doing nothing, and it may be argued with some apparent force that there is no more reason for interfering between a householder and his landlord, or between the builder of a house and the buyer of it, than there is for interfering between the wearer of a coat and the tailor who made it. As regards houses, however, the law already interferes. In London a Building Act of immense length and complexity is actually in force, and many things which, in comparison with such defects as those enumerated by "DIOGENES," are the merest trifles are strictly forbidden. The whole machinery of official supervision is already in being, and all that remains to be done is to apply it to drainage. It is quite clear that no house can be safely inhabited under the conditions described, and nothing could be easier than to provide that no house shall be inhabited until it has been ascertained that the conditions described do not exist.

When we come to houses already built and inhabited the difficulty is undoubtedly greater. Here the sanitary authorities are powerless, and it is not easy to see how the strength in which they are deficient can be supplied. Surveyors cannot be sent on roving commissions to pull every house in London to pieces on the chance—the very probable chance unfortunately—that something will be found amiss in it. The wholesale disturbance of existing contracts which such a crusade would cause would be productive of as much mischief as a faulty system of drainage. The tenant has in this case only himself to look to. He can refuse to take a house if he finds the drains do not do their work; and the more probable opinion seems to be that he can refuse to remain in a house where they are plainly unequal to the work they have to do. Either way, however, he must be prepared to incur expense. Still, if tenants became more alive to the importance of good drainage, the expense would soon be very much reduced. If landlords found that the condition of the drainage was habitually investigated by an intending tenant, they would be anxious to prevent the constant disappointments consequent on refusals to take houses which had been reported faulty, and with that view they would put the drains into good order once for all. So long, of course, as the great majority of tenants neither know nor care whether the drains of their house discharge themselves into the main sewer or into an extemporized cesspool underneath the basement, the few who really look into these things will have to pay for the many who take no trouble about them. The only comfort we can give them is that, even if the majority remain indifferent to the simplest requirements of health, it is worth the while of the minority to purchase the immunity from "smells and "sickness" which "DIOGENES" fondly thought he was to have without any special payment.

SOME PHASES OF AN OLD FEUD.

THE bitterest and the most prolonged feud that the world has yet seen is that betwixt the reviewer and the reviewed, or, to put it in the way most gracious to the latter, between the critic and the creator. So far as the outside world takes part in the quarrel, it sides always with the author or the artist. In the old legend of Apollo and Marsyas the relative position of the two is put in the clearest light. Every one sympathizes, of course, with the Sun God; and, of all those who have followed in the wake of Marsyas, none has dared to utter a word in his favour. Passing from the time of myths to that of which some kind of record is preserved, we find Bavius and Mævius faring little better than their predecessor, and undergoing a moral flaying not greatly to be preferred to the physical castigation of Marsyas. Scarcely milder has been the treatment awarded to the critic in England; where Pope, in an immortal poem, has held up to the ridicule of future ages every species of dunce, and especially the dunce of a critic. Modern writers have invented a whole scientific terminology to express contempt for those who venture to pronounce an opinion upon their work, and have tested to the utmost the power of the microscope to discover objects small enough and degraded enough in the scale of creation to serve as illustrations or parallels.

That portion of the world which attributes the bitterness of the quarrel to the fact that it is a domestic feud—the combatants belonging, in fact, to the same family—is wanting in a sense of the fitness of things, and displays an obliquity of vision analogous to that of the man who confuses a brewer with a publican, or supposes that selling a thing in threepennyworths is not altogether different from selling the same article in scores or hundreds of pounds' worth. That the critic's profession is not wholly vile is a view which may perhaps be defended on the ground that it is occasionally assumed by the creator. Dryden scarifying Shadwell, and addressing him as

> Thou last great prophet of tautology!
> The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
> But Shadwell never deviates into sense;

Pope narrating how

> Night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
> But lived in Settle's numbers one day more;

and Byron deriding Coleridge as

> The bard who soared to elegize an ass—

are critics for the nonce. If this view of the matter be disputed, there is a second and more complimentary view that may perhaps pass. It has been the custom, in countries in which relics of feudalism remain and influence social customs, for the mere act of crossing swords with the king to constitute a patent of nobility. A similar theory might be maintained with regard to those whom the poet, who is surely a king, challenges to the duello. To speak seriously, however, it is strange that the quarrel between author and critic should be so envenomed when it is taken into account that there are few authors of eminence who have not been critics at one time or other in their lives. The difficulty, moreover, is not met by assuming the existence of inordinate vanity on the part of the criticized, or confirmed malignity on that of the critic. There are few writers of position who will not admit that, at the outset of their careers, they received support and stimulus from the recorded praise of men who were strangers to them. Not until their position was established, probably, did they find that criticism, instead of an aid and an ally, had become an obstacle and an enemy. Jealousy on the part of the critic of the distinguished position now attained by the criticized is an easy and a flattering, albeit an absurd and utterly erroneous, explanation of the phenomenon. Those who are in the least degree behind the scenes know that all explanations which rest upon the assumption of animus in the critic are delusive and ridiculous.

It seems worth while, then, to inquire into the cause why the warm reception that generally attends all work in which there is either promise or performance should in many instances be succeeded by coldness, or what looks even like hostility. Some more or less familiar analogies will do something towards explaining how this may occur without there being the slightest room for a charge of disloyalty or unkindness. Who that has mixed much with his fellow-creatures and "seen many men and cities" has failed to encounter once or twice in his life some person whose exceptional brilliancy of mind, originality of thought, extent of information, or the like, has seemed to put to shame the more commonplace possessions or faculties of older friends? An intimacy is eagerly sought and obtained. As time passes on, however, the method and the range of accomplishments of the new friend become apparent. Every meeting divests him of a part of the glamour with which he was at first surrounded, and in the end he stands before you a worthy and an able fellow nowise distinguishable from a score of others in whose intimacy you rejoice. We have here a complete illustration of the effect produced by some great luminary who "swims into our ken." If a new volume of poems, for instance, appears in which the presence of the divine afflatus is distinctly revealed, everything about it is new, startling, and calculated to provoke admiration or opposition. One volume is enough to disclose the possession of genius; two or three volumes indicate, except in the case of a really great man, the nature of his method and the limit of his powers. It is frequently said that an author is his own worst enemy, and that the comparison with his own previous accomplishments is the most dangerous to which he can be subject. This is true so far as it detracts from his originality and shows him to be copying himself. It is impossible to imagine an audience finding recollections of *Macbeth* spoiling its enjoyment of *Hamlet*, or thoughts of the *Tempest* interfering with the pleasure derived from *As You Like It*. *Pickwick* did not stand in the way of *David Copperfield*,

Vanity Fair did not detract from *Esmond*, *Les Chansons des Rues et des Bois* spoilt nowise the flavour of *La Légende des Siècles*. As soon, however, as signs of limitation of power are afforded, the author's past work stands in the way of his present.

There is, however, another source of disagreement between author and critic which differs from the foregoing, though it is related to it. This is perhaps best illustrated in the case of the actor. Graces of style have a perpetual tendency to develop into tricks or to harden into mannerisms. A man who has lived long and kept his eyes open can recognize the grimace in the smile, and can see in the very charms of youth what will in time become quaint, curious, or repellent. It is impossible for an observer to pass along the streets without noticing the marvellously fantastic appearances into which faces occasionally harden. A trick of turning up one side of the upper lip, for instance, which in a young person exercises over another of opposite sex a witchery so great that a face without such a trick is incapable of greatly pleasing, produces sooner or later a partial distortion of feature; a constant elevation of the eyebrows may communicate in time an expression of absolute imbecility. Here again a serviceable, if not an exact, analogy is supplied. An actor while still young comes on the stage, and displays more or less fitness. As criticism is for the most part masculine, let us suppose the artist to be a woman. She obtains almost to a certainty a warm reception, very probably an amount of eulogy absolutely misleading. As she plays, however, and finds the reward of laughter or applause that attends upon certain graces, she repeats them until they become tricks. In the end she is probably *maniérée*, or affected with vices of style that approach caricature. One of the most distinguished English-speaking actresses this age has seen has thus accentuated her style until it has reached absolute caricature, and is so artificial and false that it ceases to claim recognition as art. It would be easy from those now on the stage to draw further illustrations. The actress, then, whose *début* elicited a verdict unanimously favourable, and who at the outset found the critics her allies and friends, when she fails to obtain equally favourable notice, not only says, but believes, that some motive is at work. She has passed unintentionally some slight upon her censors; she has neglected to propitiate them in some unknown fashion; they are—for the range of feminine conjecture is wide—in love with a rival. Any reason is good except the right one.

The actress has been selected as illustrating this analogy for the reason that in her case it is most easily apparent. It holds true, however, in every form of literature and art. There are few men whose work in its developed beauty is equal to the supposed promise of its youth: there are not a few in whose writings mannerisms exercise a most disturbing influence. It would be ungracious to mention names of living writers or those recently dead in support of this view. Who is there that is familiar with literature that has not grown tired of a crabbedness of style in dealing with historical subjects which, for a time, had a pleasant smack of originality? Who, in "sensational" fiction, has not felt annoyance when the pardon accorded in the case of one work of transcendent interest to a faulty and inartistic device has induced the author to incorporate into his method and employ constantly that which is barely condonable in a single instance? Who has not felt that the practice of assigning in an especial degree to the Almighty the things it was sought to render impressive, and speaking of "God's sunlight" as though moonlight or starlight belonged to some other power, produced in the end a sense of weariness? It is, of course, vices of style which are most easily and most constantly copied by the disciples whom a great man is sure to attract. *Marivaudage* was not incorporated into the French language as an indication of affected refinement of style on the sole strength of Marivaux. The style known as Byronic derived its name from the followers of the poet, not from the poet himself. In the poet, however, might be found the mannerism the full ugliness of which was more easily discernible in a more commonplace visage. It is natural, and indeed inevitable, that the change of front of criticism, when, after commencing with eulogy, it continues or ends with censure, should produce in the writer or the artist a feeling of depression or defeat, the more so as a similar change is likely to be manifested by the public. Not seldom the artist or the poet whose nature is the more feminine is stung to something like frenzy. The serene atmosphere of Olympus even is troubled when, instead of the voice of adoration, there mounts that of complaint, and the singer who would scorn to measure swords with the critic may yet stoop to counsel in rebuke:—

> Vex not thou the poet's mind
> With thy shallow wit.

The more virile, if more commonplace, organization may learn from censure lessons of the highest value. To the actor to whom applause is the very breath of the nostrils the absence of the required support or stimulus means death. A singular and deplorable instance of the truth of this is found in the career of a great artist recently dead. When, with a reputation from the Odéon and the Théâtre Français, Fechter appeared in London, he caused a pother with which the most exacting of men might have been satisfied. His Hamlet stirred more interest and provoked more discussion than perhaps any previous performance of Shakspeare within the memory of the present generation. *Ruy Blas*, the *Corsican Brothers*, and other impersonations on which it is needless to dwell, showed the versatility and the power of the actor, but indicated also his range. The public did not fail the artist; it simply assigned him his place—a high one—among his fellows. To the average mind this is success and distinction; to the artist alone can it present any suggestion of defeat. An ill-judged expedition to America, and a star the less in an English firmament not too richly studded, were the consequence of criticism, professional and popular, assigning a fine actor his proper place in the hierarchy of his art.

It is of course hopeless to think of ever making a real peace between the two powers who are thus at constant feud. In times when the recording of a literary verdict took the shape of moral arraignment, and when rashness or innovation in matters of expression was held to justify the imputation of every form of personal depravity, criticism was not more unpalatable to the creator than it is now, when, in the freely expressed opinion of the outside world, it is not seldom indulgent to an extent that deprives it of all claim to consideration. Without going back to the time of Salmasius, one has only to read the recorded verdicts of men like Jeffrey, or even of Leigh Hunt, to notice the change that has come over criticism. The same voice that used to roar so that it would "do any man's heart good to hear" is now so "aggravated" that it roars "you as gently as any sucking dove," and yet it fails to please. The position, indeed, seems not unlike that of the hangman, with regard to the subject in his hands, who found that, whichever way the noose was adjusted, there was no pleasing its occupant.

M. RENAN AS A LITERARY THEOLOGIAN.

THE very interesting and suggestive paper on "Ernest Renan" which Mr. Saintsbury has contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* opens with a disclaimer of any intention to deal "with matters theological." And neither shall we deal with them in the sense of discussing the truth or falsehood of M. Renan's theological views. But the characteristic peculiarities, and, as we should be disposed to call them, characteristic faults, of M. Renan's theological method, are so strictly analogous to the peculiarities of his literary method generally, if not identical with them, that the one cannot be criticized without virtually criticizing the other also. And in fact a great deal of Mr. Saintsbury's criticism does apply equally to both, even where he is not expressly noticing what must, we suppose, be considered M. Renan's principal works, and those by which he is certainly best known in this country, his six volumes on the *Origins of Christianity*. We may go further and say that M. Renan's characteristic weaknesses are distinctively those of a theologian, while it is in subjects of this kind that he appears to be chiefly interested. And here Mr. Saintsbury will bear us out, for he observes, very justly, that "M. Renan's two wings are the abstractions which are called, in the technical terms of theology and morals, spirituality and unction"; and again that he has a special tendency not so much to put himself in the place of the subjects criticized, as "to improve them, in the ecclesiastical sense, that is to say, to use their history and peculiarities for the purpose of illustrating his own ethical, religious, and political ideas." And he tells us further that the *hautes études* which M. Renan is so anxious to see more energetically cultivated in France do not include mathematics or abstract philosophy, but do include the study of religion. All this may be partly due to his ecclesiastical training, but at any rate it is a fact, which alone concerns us here. We conceive then that in examining M. Renan's speciality in that character by which he is most familiarly and widely known to English readers, and which moreover appears most naturally to belong to him, we shall at the same time be indicating his literary speciality generally. And here we find ourselves in substantial agreement with Mr. Saintsbury's estimate. He has very happily taken for his point of departure what he holds to be a fair summary of the unfriendly, but not therefore uninstructive, critique of Mérimée on M. Renan, as a writer whose aim is "to dress up life in bright colours and agreeable forms, and to express these in somewhat effusive and voluble language, full of unction, and of appeals to the heart, the sentiments, and the religious principle." For the last words we should be inclined to substitute "religious feeling"; "religious principle," as will appear, is precisely what M. Renan not only never appeals to, but instinctively repudiates or ignores.

The point too which we should fix upon as supplying the key to M. Renan's theological method, and which shall be illustrated presently from the latest of his public manifestoes—the lecture he delivered a fortnight ago on the Emperor Marcus Aurelius—may be gathered from the following very pertinent comment on the *Vie de Jésus*:—

> To take a connected narrative and reject such details as happen not to square with preconceived ideas, while admitting the others; to reject a prophecy as obviously false, and take it up next minute as a trustworthy history of the events *à posteriori*; to see in a reported miracle, not an imposture, but an innocent distortion of some ordinary fact—all this seems at first sight to partake decidedly more of the spirit of *Dichtung* than of *Wahrheit*.

A page or two later the reviewer remarks that M. Renan's next work, *Les Apôtres*, has been, not without considerable reason, designated a romance. He prefers himself to call it "a conjectural restoration of history"; but the distinction of name is immaterial, for he at once adds, what is obvious, that "all conjectural restorations incline to the romantic." Now it is exactly this systematic preference of *Dichtung* to *Wahrheit*, or rather substitution of the one for the other, that lies at the root of M. Renan's entire

method. It is not that he has formed a wrong judgment as to what is the truth—that question would of course necessarily open the way to endless differences of opinion—or even that he is careless about it; it is that he refuses on principle to inquire whether there is any truth at all, and insists that, whether there is or not, our best wisdom is to remain in ignorance of it. "His gospel," according to his critic, "may certainly be said to be a vague gospel." It would be more accurate to say that vagueness is the essence of his gospel. Mr. Saintsbury's article closes with the expression of his anticipated interest in M. Renan's forthcoming volume on Marcus Aurelius. We have already the advantage of knowing something more about it than Mr. Saintsbury did at the time of writing, from the full reports which have since appeared of M. Renan's elaborate lecture on that subject at the Royal Institution. And it does certainly illustrate and accentuate with remarkable distinctness the impression we had gathered from other sources of his leading principle. The crowning merit of the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius is declared to consist in his affirming no dogma, and having no dogma to affirm. To read them "leaves in the mind a void at once delicious and cruel, which one would not give in exchange for complete satisfaction." The writer is a perfect ideal precisely because "he floats between pure theism, polytheism, and a sort of cosmical pantheism," and had no "determinate religion," or "speculative philosophy," and "had formed no idea about the soul and immortality." A passage from one of his Hibbert Lectures about "a fatherly glance looking over the universe" has been frequently quoted of late as evidence of a recantation of scepticism or an avowal of theism on M. Renan's part. It would not be difficult to quote other passages from the lectures looking in an opposite direction, and the lecturer himself would have no desire to disclaim or explain away the contradiction; he tells us plainly in his latest lecture that he "wants the future world to remain a riddle," and, if any "brutish proof" were offered, would refuse to go and see it. It was the special praise of the Imperial philosopher that "his theology was made up of contradictions, and he never cared to put himself in harmony with himself as to God and the soul." This is at least plain speaking, and it is fully borne out by the testimony of M. Renan's previous works. It is not simply, as we have already intimated, that there is a negative side to his theology, or even that it is chiefly made up of negations owing to the large number of questions on which certainty appears to him unattainable. To him theology is nothing, if not negative; negation is the very breath of its life, the atmosphere in which it lives and moves and has its being. To grasp at certainties is to sacrifice ideal perfection, and the true gospel blessing is for those who have not believed, because they have steadily refused to see. There is a sort of vulgarity in pinning one's faith on facts; and Christianity is not the less beautiful for being based on an *Aberglaube*. "The needs which Christianity represents will abide eternally," and have been admirably satisfied in the past by a creed which owes its success to the happy accident of the zeal of a female enthusiast who secured currency for the fable of the Resurrection.

It is clear of course that the habit of thought which finds expression in such views as these cannot be confined to any one subject-matter. M. Renan applies it to history and philosophy just as much as to theology. His conjectural emendations of history are not restricted to the apostolic age. We do not mean to imply that he deliberately romances. Mr. Saintsbury may be quite right in saying that there is a sobriety about him which certain historians of the same general character in England might do well to imitate, and that "he is not in the habit of basing rhetorical generalizations *upon nothing at all*." We have italicized the last words, because his generalizations are undoubtedly apt to be based on a very slender induction. When his critic affirms that "he can rarely be accused of actual exaggeration," we must presume exaggeration of detailed points of fact to be intended. He had himself called attention not long before to the wonderful meanings extracted by M. Renan out of the callous knees and golden mitre of St. James the Less, which the Apostle himself would probably have been the first to repudiate, and he points out soon afterwards how his whole conception of the middle ages is not so much an exaggeration as a paradox. To describe that period of European history as "representing intellectually nothing but groping after a return to antiquity," is a startling specimen of "conjectural restoration," to say the least of it. And the explanation is not far to seek. It is not the religious aspect of the middle ages, as such, that repels M. Renan; it might even have its attractions for him. But there was a sternness, a decision, a terrible earnestness about that phase of social life, which he cannot away with; the warlike temper is especially distasteful to him. And as in history and theology, so in speculation, he dislikes what is peremptory and precise. Marcus Aurelius, as we have seen, is commended for his freedom from positive beliefs in philosophy as well as in religion. Scholasticism and modern German philosophy are alike coldly, if not harshly, dismissed. There is not sufficient warmth, and brightness, and human interest about them, and in philosophy, as in religion, the notion of attaining abstract truth is a mistake. "Science will for ever pursue without ever attaining the formula of this Proteus." It seems hardly respectful to speak of "gush" in connexion with so accomplished and brilliant a writer, yet there is a sense in which it would not be incorrect—as Mr. Saintsbury himself hints in one passage—to say that a certain highly idealized and picturesque form of gushing is characteristic of his literary method throughout. This is the impression inevitably produced by his style and on readers, and still more on hearers, of his brilliant periods, particularly on English readers, who are apt to grow a little impatient of being cloyed with "delicious" and "charming" and "ravishing" and "exquisite" morsels in almost every page. But this too belongs to the literature of edification, especially in its French variety. And M. Renan, as was observed before, is always improving the occasion. He would have created a sensation second only, if second, to Lacordaire in the pulpit of Notre Dame. It is hardly perhaps a gratuitous suggestion that he may yet cherish the hope of one day appearing there. Mr. Saintsbury expects to find in his promised volume on Marcus Aurelius "a development of the eloquent projects of reformation in which he has more than once hinted that the Church of Rome might, if she would consider the things that belong unto her peace, be called upon to bear a part." We ourselves pointed out on a previous occasion that M. Renan had in him the elements of an Ultramontane as well as of a sceptic. A Christianity which is not Catholicism, or a Catholicism not predominantly Roman, is to him scarcely intelligible; and Protestantism, if it is understood to mean a protest against the assumed false doctrines of the rival system, is self-convicted of repeating in an aggravated form the original blunder of dogmatizing about truth. The future of Christianity, if it is to have a future, must inevitably be bound up in his mind with the continued spiritual dominion of Rome. And to him it would not appear incongruous, or beyond the range of at least distant possibilities, that Rome should consent to take the lead in some grand scheme of social regeneration, which began by relegating to the category of open questions what have hitherto been regarded by every Church, and indeed in every religious system which has exerted an influence among men, as elementary postulates of the very idea of a religion. There is a practical difficulty about this view which can scarcely have escaped his notice, but which probably does not trouble him. Let us grant for argument's sake the abstract perfection of the creed, or rather creedlessness, of the Stoic Emperor. It may have been "delicious," but, on his panegyrist's own showing, it did not prove a working religion, but much the reverse. Facts are stubborn things, and we are afraid that the Church, whether Roman or non-Roman, will pertinaciously decline to accept the programme M. Renan kindly offers her, and would infallibly bring herself and her "seriously modified" Christianity to rapid destruction, if she did accept it.

ISLE OF WIGHT ELECTIONS BEFORE THE REFORM BILL.

NOW that the country has just been passing through the excitement and turmoil of a general election, it may not be out of place to take a glance backward into the past and see how they managed elections in the good old days before the Reform Bill. The district from which we shall draw our examples is the Isle of Wight, in whose electoral history we can as clearly trace the successive epochs in the development of our representative system as in its geological structure we discern the phenomena of stratification. It is somewhat difficult to realize the fact that half a century since, at a time when Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds had been long knocking in vain at the doors of St. Stephen's, this sleepy little island, with a population then numbering only twenty thousand, should have been represented in the House of Commons by not fewer than six members. These members were assigned in pairs to the boroughs of Newport, Yarmouth, and Newtown, of which the last two had sunk to the level, the one of a small village, the other of a sparsely populated hamlet. But, small as the population of these boroughs was, the inhabitants had no share whatever in the return of their nominal representatives. The whole number of so-called electors in the three collectively fell short of a hundred, and these, like obedient peace-loving burgesses, never presumed to have a will of their own, but voted according to the behests of the two or three leading families who then swayed the politics of the island. A solicitor of Newport has boasted, in the memory of persons still living, that he absolutely returned five out of the six members, and that the sixth, if he (the solicitor) frowned upon him, would stand but a poor chance of securing his seat. It is fair, however, to add that this gentleman is not commemorated as having ever sent to Parliament representatives for supporting whom their friends had afterwards to apologize. It is not surprising that the Reform Act ruthlessly disfranchised the two smallest boroughs, and, taking away one member, threw the franchise open at the only town of the three, Newport, that had any claim to Parliamentary honours.

The Parliamentary history of the Isle of Wight is the Parliamentary history of England in little. It dates, like that, from 1295, "the real and true epoch of the House of Commons," as Hume has called it. Among the burgesses then first bidden to the "Great Council of the Realm" from every city, borough, and leading town, to sit side by side with the knights, nobles, and barons, was one from each of the towns of Newport and Yarmouth. Newtown—or "Francheville," as it is called in the original charter of Aymer, Bishop of Winchester, of whose episcopal manor of Swainston it had formed a member from the time of Egbert—had suffered too severely from piratical raids, the frequent recurrence of which, fostered by the easy landing and safe anchorage afforded by its muddy inlet, were its eventual ruin, to substantiate

a claim for representation. But the Parliamentary dignity of the Isle of Wight was suspended almost as soon as it began. The Parliament of 1295 seems to have been the only one for nearly three centuries in which any members for the Island sat. This, as we all know, was by no means an exceptional fact. The now much coveted honour of returning members to Parliament was, at the end of the thirteenth century, regarded as so burdensome a privilege—involving, as it did, the payment of two shillings a day for the maintenance of their representative—that the boroughs used all means in their power to get rid of it. More than a third of the 165 boroughs which obeyed the King's writ in 1295 contented themselves with a single compliance with the Royal summons. The decayed town or village of Brading on the eastern side of the Island, though its name does not appear on the Rolls of Parliament, is believed on good grounds to have had a representative assigned to it, and to have been relieved of the burden on its own petition. Whether Newport and Yarmouth resorted to this ignominious means of self-extinction, or whether they were unable to find representatives able and willing to undergo the expense and trouble of a journey to Westminster, we are not informed. Even in James I.'s time old Sir John Oglander tells us that the well-to-do islanders seldom or never crossed the Solent, "making their wills when they went to London, thinking it like an East India voyage; supposing no trouble like to travaile," and holding so little intercourse with the outside world that they were content to entrust their letters, when they had any, to "a coneyman who came from London to buy rabbits."

Whatever may have been the cause, the right of returning representatives for the boroughs of the Island slept till 1585, when Elizabeth, with the view of neutralizing by management an opposition which the Crown could no longer overawe, made a large increase to the numbers of the House of Commons—"some indeed," to quote Mr. Green, from "places entitled to representation by their wealth and population; but the bulk of them small towns or hamlets which lay wholly at the disposal of the Royal Council." The insignificance of Yarmouth and Newtown (which were now for the first time created Parliamentary constituencies) shows clearly enough the Queen's object. And here, at any rate, disappointing as was the result elsewhere, her end was fully attained. Nothing like an independent exercise of the franchise was known in the Isle of Wight from the first. The right of appointing one of the members, "for us and in our names," was at once made over by the burgesses of Newport to the spirited "Captain of the Isle," Sir George Carey, Elizabeth's first cousin, "during his natural life," as a token of gratitude for the restoration of their electoral privileges. At Yarmouth, left a heap of smoking ruins by the French in 1544, and even at the beginning of the last century scarcely numbering eighty houses, both the representatives were nominated by Carey from the beginning. A curious picture of the way members were then returned is afforded by a letter of Carey's, then become Lord Hunsdon, to the Corporation of Yarmouth, September 10, 1601, desiring that,

inasmuch as I was the Means and Procurer of the Libertie for your Corporation, you will with all the Convenience you may, assemble yourselfs together, and with yr united Consent send up unto Me (as heretofore you have done), ye Writt with a Blank, wherein I may insert the Names of such Persons as I shall think fittest to discharge the Dewtie for your Behoofe.

Sir George Carey's successors in the Governorship—a title which, not without protest from the independent gentry of the Island, began to take the place of the old "Captaincy"—did not allow the prerogatives of their office to lessen in their hands. A letter from Henry Wriothesley, Lord Southampton, who followed Carey as Governor, to the burgesses of Yarmouth, who had ventured to promise a vacant seat without consulting his wishes, shows that the slightest approach to independence of choice was sufficient to awaken the warmest indignation. This letter, which we copy from an autograph, and which has, we believe, never before been printed, runs thus:—

To my loving Frendes the Mair and Burgessis of Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight.

Whitehall this 19 of Februar. 1603.

It cannot but be straunge unto mee that by waie of prevention and cunninge you have provided rather to make excuse then to yeelde satisfaction to my reasonable requeste. I should approve yr reasonable aunswere concerninge Mr. Cheeke if first you had acquainted mee therewith. Your forehand promise made I shall find means to prevent, and shall have occasion to note your little love and respecte to mee your Countryman and frend. In that I am not satisfied with yr former aunswere I have sente my servaunt unto you desiring that you give him hearing that by him you maie more plainlie understande my mynde. So expecting yr kynde usage I remaine

Your louinge frend

H. Southampton.

So alarming a menace had the desired effect. At the next election, in 1614, Lord Southampton's eldest son, Thomas Wriothesley, made application for one of the seats; as a matter of course he was returned, and sat for the borough till his father's death transferred him to the House of Peers. We append the letter of Wriothesley—or, as he signs himself, "Risley," a curious example of the phonetic spelling of the day—which has never before been printed:—

To the worthy my verie lovinge frendes Mr. Thomas Cheeke, Esqr., Mr. Barnaby Leigh, Mr. Thomas Urry, Mr. James Gyer, and the rest of the Burgesses of the Town of Yarmouth.

Sir,—To yr letter wh was directed to my Lord for disposinge of Burgesshippes for the parlament, Captain Burleigh that is a member of yr toune hath recevyd answere. Neither is it his Lordship's pleasure to name any other than Mr. Bromfield, that hath bene formerly named by you to one of them, leavinge the other to be disposed of you. Yet this it pleased his Lordship to say, that if the towne would willingly doe me the favour to name me for the second, he wd take it from you as great respect done unto his Lordship. And since I am well knowen to you and some of the Burgesses of the Corporation, I shall desire yours & their voyces herein, which I shall deserve on any occasion you shall use me in, and always rest

Yr verie assured lovinge frend

[No date.] Tho. Risley.

The influence of the Governor was equally great in the little borough of Newtown. On the occasion of a vacancy Southampton writes thus:—

The 16 of Apr .... [year lost].

To Sir William Mewes, Member for Newtown.

Sir,—I wrote lately unto you to desire that uppon the sendinge of a new writt you would change the name of the Burgess of Newtoune wh you bestowed uppon mee, Mr. George Stowton beeinge chosen for Gulford & servinge in Parl. for that towne. I have now sent you the writt, prayinge you to make choice of Sir Henry Barkley, & to returne the Indenture of Election unto mee as sone as conveniently you may, & I will account my self behowldinge to you for it, and so recommendinge my self kindly unto you

I rest your very assured frend

H. Southampton.

When Charles I., after eleven years of personal government, by the advice of Strafford and Laud summoned the "Short Parliament" in the spring of 1640, William Oglander, a son of the staunch Royalist, Sir John Oglander, of Nunwell, their previous member, was chosen, with Philip Lord Lisle, by the Corporation of Yarmouth to represent them. The choice was not at all to the young man's liking. He was a hot-headed, imperious young fellow, and rated the Corporation soundly for imposing duties on him which he seems to have thought beneath his dignity. They were "an ill-bred company of fools and loggerheads," "a meaner man than he might have served their turn," "What good or harm could he do them?" "He might make the town bear his charges, but he would not be so base as that," "but he would be quits with them." The good women in whose hearing he had poured out his discontent—both burgesses' wives—Mistresses Hyde and Burley—the latter the wife of Captain Barnabas Burley, tried and executed at Winchester in 1647 for a rash and utterly unsuccessful attempt to raise the people of Newport for the release of Charles I., who about a month before had become a prisoner at Carisbrooke Castle—notwithstanding the earnest entreaty of Oglander's serving-man that "there might be no words of what his young master had spoken," told their husbands what had occurred. The matter appeared so grave to the sapient Corporation that a meeting was summoned to consider the headstrong young man's "misdemeanour," at which he was solemnly "dismissed and excluded" from his office, as being "altogether unfit to be a Burgesse for the Parlyament," "John Bulkeley, Esq." being chosen in his room. After a three weeks' sitting, the Parliament was, as we know, roughly dismissed, to be succeeded in November by the "Long Parliament," in which Bulkeley sat for Newtown with Sir John Barrington, being "voted in by the House of Commons in the room of Sir John Mewes and Mr. Weston"—we presume on petition.

The Burgesses of Yarmouth made another ineffectual attempt to assert their independence when, at the close of the century, Sir John Cutts—the daring hero of William III.'s campaigns, who, having shown himself "the bravest of the brave" at the battle of the Boyne, gained the nickname of the "Salamander" by his gallantry at the siege of Namur—retired to the Governorship of the Island as a comfortable sinecure, 1692-1706. The imperious old General, accustomed to military obedience, sought to overawe the electors by arbitrarily quartering soldiers on them, and threatening those who refused to follow his dictation that he would "use his power over them as enemies to the Government," and actually imprisoned one of the clergy of the Island for two months in West Cowes Castle for voting against his interest. The burgesses having petitioned against these "illegal and arbitrary acts," the old fire-eater,

As brave and brainless as the sword he wore,

was brought to reason, and a compact was come to between him and the Worsleys, and the other leading inhabitants of the island, for "a sincere and lasting friendship;" in which, however, Cutts came off victorious, an engagement being entered into that "the Governor's recommendation, when any persons stand for Parliament men, should be preferred to any others not being of the Island." Cutts's predecessor, the unscrupulous soldier of fortune, Sir Robert Holmes (1667-1692)—who, joining the other service, reached the highest naval dignity for his exploits against the Dutch—founded a family (now represented in the female line by Lord Heytesbury), which adroitly secured to itself the lion's share of the representation of the island. Before the Reform Bill, the two members for Newport, as well as those for Yarmouth, were nominated by the Holmes interest. It was also influential at Newtown, though partly neutralized there by the union of the Worsleys and the Barringtons, who together possessed the greater part of the thirty-nine small plots of ground known as "burgage tenements," which conferred the right to vote. This "patronage" was swept away by the Act of 1832, which reduced the representatives of the Island to a third of their previous number, giving one to Newport and one to the "County of the Isle of Wight." Before this Act the members for Newport were nominally elected by the twenty-four corporators, whose freedom of choice was about on a par with that

of a Dean and Chapter under a "*congé d'élire*," the inhabitants usually knowing nothing of the fact of the election till they heard the bells ring for the successful candidates. At Yarmouth the choice of members was also vested in the burgesses, who, nearly all unconnected with the place, were chosen from private friendship or connexion with the family of Holmes, as a convenient instrument for retaining the political patronage of the borough. Their numbers were reduced to the narrowest possible limits in order to guard against the possibility of opposition, *nine* being the largest number of electors who had polled for thirty years before its disfranchisement.

The ceremony of election in the Isle of Wight boroughs was, we are told, "a very simple and agreeable one, a dinner constituting its chief and most popular feature." At these times the dilapidated Court House at Newtown—there was little difference in the proceedings at Yarmouth—was the scene of protracted feasting. At noon the burgesses sat down to an oyster luncheon, for which the lessee of the haven was bound to find the staple material. Before the delicate molluscs had been fairly digested the company assembled again for a plentiful cold dinner, washed down with abundance of port, claret, sherry, and strong ales. Then the chairman drew from his pocket a card bearing the names of the two new members. These he read aloud, when they were at once proposed and elected, and their health was drunk "with the utmost enthusiasm."

Let us turn for a moment to another and perhaps equally important side of the picture. The argument currently urged fifty years since for the continuance of these "nomination boroughs," that they opened the door of the House to rising young statesmen, and secured the return of men whose presence was essential to the satisfactory conduct of public business, was strikingly exemplified in the Isle of Wight. It was as member for Newtown that Canning was first brought into Parliament by Pitt in 1793. The Duke of Wellington, then "General Sir Arthur Wellesley," entered the English House of Commons as representative for Newport, his fellow-member being "Henry, Lord Palmerston"; and Lord Lyndhurst, then Sir John Copley, was returned in 1818 as representative for Yarmouth, for which Sir Philip Francis had sat in 1784. The electoral history of the Isle of Wight is distinguished by other great names. In the Long Parliament Lord Falkland, the purest patriot of the Royalist cause, sat for Newport, and Philip, Lord Lisle, the gallant brother of Algernon Sidney, for Yarmouth; while the green lanes and humble cottages of that *nominis umbra*, Newtown, recall the memories of John Churchill, the future victor at Blenheim, and the whilom tailor's boy of Niton, Sir Thomas Hopson, the hero of Vigo Bay, who were returned as its members in 1678 and 1705 respectively.

VILLAGE DOCTORS.

FOR a man who is fond of his profession, and enjoys outdoor life and amusements, the position of a country doctor has many advantages. Though not so profitable as a town practice, it is more certain; for there is generally less competition, the abilities required for a successful career are not so great, and, above all, there is not the same necessity for an elaborate keeping up of appearances. A village doctor with sporting tastes has, as a rule, sufficient opportunities of enjoying his favourite amusements without interfering with more serious affairs. The delights of a day's shooting are, like other pleasures, increased by their comparative rarity, and lose nothing even from the knowledge that they may be at any moment interrupted. The doctor's social position, too, is generally agreeable enough. People whose main object in life is the attainment of rank among county families may hesitate to visit him; but those who are already safely established within that mysterious circle can afford to be less particular, and the estimation in which a newly-arrived doctor is held by them will depend very much upon his taste for rabbit-shooting and his powers of riding across country. If he is a bachelor, he will find himself even a more interesting object than the curate to all but the most devoutly disposed spinsters of the place; for, as it is an axiom that a doctor must be a married man, there is more ground for immediate hope in his case than in the other. We once knew a young doctor who was negotiating for a practice which was offered to him on very advantageous terms, and would certainly have concluded the bargain but for a hint that he was expected to take over with the practice his predecessor's only daughter. A little local influence is of great importance to a beginner. What are known as the "appointments"—the Workhouse, if there is one, and the various benefit clubs, "The Independent Odd Fellows," "The United Mechanics," and "The Amalgamated Ploughmen"—form, if not the most remunerative, at any rate the most trustworthy, sources of income. Moreover, their possession acts as an advertisement; they lead to private practice; and a doctor, even though he may not care to have them, can seldom afford to leave them to a rival.

There is no science which has to be so much modified by reference to popular prejudice and superstition as medicine. A young doctor may come fresh from his hospital course, full of sound theories on the conditions necessary to health, and on the impotence of drugs to counteract an unwholesome way of life; he may resolve never to give medicine unnecessarily, or to "exhibit" elaborate remedies when simple ones will answer his purpose; but he will soon find that he must either alter his determination or lose his patients. Since the days of Naaman the Syrian, simple remedies have always been suspected by the ignorant, and to suggest to a dyspeptic farmer that his illness may be cured by such commonplace means as abstinence from indigestible food, or reduction of his consumption of beer and spirits, is regarded by the patient as a gross personal insult. It is a reflection on his constitution, and tends to reduce his malady to the level of ordinary ailments. Such people are apt to argue, like Mr. Nadgett in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, that it is their own liver, and they ought to know whether there is anything seriously the matter with it or not. Many of them, moreover, do not, to borrow the language of *Henry's Latin Exercises*, eat to live, but live to eat, and they hold that a bottle of good strong physic at once relieves the system from the uncomfortable effects of over-indulgence, and clears the way for further gratification of the appetite. Any ulterior consequences of such a method will concern the doctor should they ever arise, and meanwhile they are too remote to come within the sphere of practical hygiene. Patients of this class, too, are always very anxious to get their money's worth, which they measure by the size of the medicine bottle, just as they judge of the doctor's skill by the strength of his drugs. However excellent his intentions, the time comes when he finds it necessary to give up his common-sense methods of treatment, and to order an extra supply of Epsom salts, and such cheap medicines, from his drysalter. He has still, however, something to learn before he is fully qualified to minister to the tastes of his clients. A simple solution of Epsom salts is colourless, and is therefore regarded with suspicion. It leaves too much to the imagination, and does not by its mere appearance inspire that implicit faith which it is so desirable to kindle in the patient's mind. The idea of strength is what must be conveyed, and therefore those delicate tints of transparent red and clear golden yellow with which a town chemist delights his lady customers are quite out of place, for they are suggestive of refinement rather than power. The judicious doctor adds to the row of bottles on his surgery shelves a large one containing a dark brown viscous fluid. A few drops of this impart to the most harmless-looking mixture a richness of colour which carries conviction with it, and even induces patients to pass over any deficiency of nastiness in the matter of taste. This bottle is regarded with awe and admiration by all who are admitted into the surgery; and until a beneficent Government has introduced the study of Latin into village schools, country people are not likely to discover that the mysterious words SACCH: UST: which appear on the label mean nothing more or less than burnt sugar. Meanwhile this one bottle does more than any amount of tact on the part of the doctor to reconcile medical science with vulgar prejudice. But, while he must be careful not to wound the delicate susceptibilities of his patients by prying too closely into the secrets of their inner man, he must be fully as cautious not to offend the squire of the parish. It is obviously not his business to point out that an outbreak of typhoid may result from the open drain which runs past a row of cottages, or to suggest that rheumatism is attributable to damp floors, and bronchitis to badly built walls. His function is to cure disease, not to prevent it, nor to make the tenantry discontented with their position by airing his sanitary crazes. As his office of physician in ordinary to the servants at the Hall depends on his deference in such matters to the squire's opinion, he is wise not to raise those questions which the outbreak of an epidemic or the prevalence of colds and agues may suggest.

Even if the village doctor contrives to make his practice square with the theories of his patients and the interests of their landlord, he still has powerful rivals to contend with. The nearest market town is probably overcrowded with doctors, who try to enlarge their practice by encroaching upon the sphere of any country practitioner within their reach. The smart cab or neat brougham of the town physician inspires the rustics with a reverence which the familiar gig has no power to excite; while the liveried groom or coachman seems a very different being from the youthful factotum whose temporary dignity, gained by a seat at his master's side, is sadly diminished by his subsequent appearance in his shirt sleeves to carry a bottle of medicine to a labourer's cottage. On the slightest provocation, and often without any at all, the fickle villagers transfer their patronage to the more imposing equipage, and by consequence to its owner. On the other side the country doctor is threatened by the bone-setter, who has gained a reputation through the whole county by certain wonderful cures, and still more, perhaps, by the reckless audacity with which he sets to work. He visits every market town within a radius of twenty miles, receives his patients in the coffee-room of an inn, and handles their injured limbs with a roughness which gives them the most exquisite pain, and inspires them with the utmost confidence in his powers. His freely-expressed contempt for doctors gains him the good opinion of the ignorant, who are glad to believe that a man evidently not a gentleman can in any way look down upon those who have the advantage of him in this respect. He will work a stiffened joint backwards and forwards for some minutes, and then calmly ask his victim whether it is not much more flexible now. In the case of a long-standing sprain, he will take away his patient's crutch and order him to walk across the room without it. His ability to do so causes the patient himself great surprise, and is put down by some mysterious process of reasoning to the skill of the bone-setter. If by any fortunate chance he succeeds in a case where a regular doctor has failed, he knows how to

have the cure noised abroad through the country; but the more numerous instances in which his failures have to be remedied by duly qualified surgeons are somehow never heard of. Doctors regard him with as much affection as the rector feels for an open-air preacher who establishes himself on the village green, and despise him even more than a physician professes to despise general practitioners. In some parts of England the doctor has to contend with the grossest ignorance and superstition among the country folk, and finds among his rivals some who are the objects rather of ridicule than of jealousy. The belief in witchcraft has by no means died out among the lower classes. In Devonshire, for instance, people will travel miles to consult a "white witch," and we lately heard of a doctor who was called in to see a patient suffering from asthma, and found the man sitting on a low stool in front of the fire, while one of his grandchildren inserted the nozzle of the bellows inside his shirt-collar, and kept up a steady blast down his back. It appeared on inquiry that this proceeding had been recommended by a witch of high repute as a charm unfailing in its results.

However others may come and go, the doctor is always sure of his club patients, those fortunate persons who, for an annual payment of about four shillings, are entitled to such attendance and medicine as they may require. Every morning sees a gathering of them in the waiting-room. First perhaps comes a servant girl with a swollen cheek tied up in a complicated arrangement of bandages and handkerchiefs. She has put off the evil hour by the use of every pernicious drug which the united wisdom of the village can recommend, and now she is brought face to face with the terrible necessity of having a tooth extracted. She is taken into the surgery, the listeners outside are edified by her shrieks at the sight of the dreaded instrument, and she comes out again, tearful, but relieved. She is followed by a woman with a gathered thumb, the origin and progress of which she traces with the utmost minuteness, and the sufferer retires, gratified by the prescription of a poultice, or insulted by an offhand application of the lancet. A labourer troubled with rheumatism comes to ask for a bottle of medicine before proceeding to a long day's work in the marshy meadows which gave him his complaint; and a pale, sickly boy, who needs nothing but better food, and more of it, brings an empty bottle to receive the same panacea. A woman now rushes in breathless, dragging after her a screaming child, which has just made some very practical discoveries as to the properties of steam and boiling water; but the doctor is not allowed to look at the parts affected until the mother, eager to assert her respectability, has impressed upon him the fact that the offending kettle is a copper one—not tin. Some very curious demands are often made on these occasions, and the incident narrated in *Hard Cash* of a thrifty gardener who came to his doctor for some poison to kill mice may very well be true. We have known a farmer come and ask for a drench for one of his cows which had been taken ill in the night, and an old lady send to ask him to bring his stethoscope to test the soundness of her favourite dog's heart, which she feared was affected. A boy sometimes appears carrying the necessary copper coins carefully in his hand, and asks for "twopenn'orth of pills," character not specified. Perhaps the boy can scarcely be expected to fathom those mysteries of professional etiquette which require that he should be referred to the general shop of the village for the fulfilment of his wants. Impossible though it is to do without club patients in a country practice, they are generally looked upon as if they were almost paupers, who get the benefit of medical science at a ridiculously cheap rate. It may be imagined that doctors who disbelieve in the efficacy of drugs are not likely to do violence to their opinions for the gratification of their club patients, or to give medicines where they are not needed. Yet there are some men so enthusiastic about a favourite remedy, generally an expensive one, that they will give it without due regard to economy, and often without any real necessity. It is well that such men should have wives, brought up in medical society, who may check their extravagant tendencies, and administer such a caution as we once heard given to a doctor when he was going to his morning's work in the surgery. "Whatever you do, George, don't give any of those club patients quinine!"

ELECTION PETITIONS IN 1880.

THE list of election petitions which, after the shilly-shallying usual on such occasions, both parties have at last made up their minds to bring is sufficiently considerable, and, if all of them are persisted in, the Judges who, as is well known, are ill provided with work at present, will have plenty to occupy them. It seems that petitions have actually been filed from Canterbury, Hereford, Worcester, Gloucester, Chester, Lichfield, and Salisbury, all of which places appear to be anxious to prove that the old renown of cathedral cities in election matters is not wholly a matter of the past. Barnstaple rejoices in a petition and a counter-petition. Rye is threatened with an inquiry, which, as an ingenuous partisan of the sitting member is reported to have said, may probably result in the disfranchisement of the borough. Stroud, the most litigious of modern constituencies, where, in the last Parliament, gentlemen got seated and unseated in a bewildering manner, holds to its traditions. Bewdley, Bury St. Edmunds, Cheltenham, Evesham, Leominster, Knaresborough, Macclesfield, Tewkesbury, Wallingford, Westbury, Boston, Plymouth, and Horsham swell the tale of the rather unwise electoral bodies which have decided to invite public attention to the way they manage their affairs. On the other hand, Poole, another borough of dubious fame, has at the last moment adopted the judicious advice of a statesman of a past generation, and let it alone. Taunton, with the fate of its neighbour Bridgwater before it, has arrived at a similar resolution [illegible] sult of an ingenious compromise. The member for Kid[illegible] will, it is said, by accepting the Chiltern Hundreds, render unnecessary a petition, the result of which would, owing to an oversight, be a certainty. Lastly (and politicians on both sides ought to join in regretting this), Mr. C. S. Read has decided that he cannot burden himself and his friends with the expense of a regular scrutiny into the South Norfolk election, where, owing to a rejection of votes which we believe a majority of authorities deem valid, he was defeated by Mr. Gurdon. The Conservatives of Colchester—more confident or better stored with the sinews of war—persist in their scrutiny; and there are besides some Irish petitions, and doubtless one or two English ones, which we have overlooked, or which were filed at the last moment.

We have said that there is usually a good deal of shilly-shallying about election petitions, and the reasons are not very far to seek, especially under present circumstances. A petition has always been a very expensive and a very hazardous proceeding. Only fifty years ago its fate depended simply on the political opinions of the majority of the members of the Committee, and Charles Buller could say with tolerable truth that "nobody who came before such a Committee had confidence in its honour." Sir Robert Peel succeeded in altering this for the better; but it is doubtful whether even the reformed Committees were model tribunals, though it could not be said of them, as was once said of the General Assembly of Scotland in its capacity of a Court of Inquiry into the morality of ministers, that in all the experience of the speaker he could never remember an instance of a guilty person being brought before it. The hearing of the petitions before regular judges has done away with all suspicion of unfairness, but has made the result more uncertain than ever. But it is not, as a rule, the uncertainty of the direct result which deters petitioners so much as the tolerable certainty of the indirect results. Mr. A. may be unseated, or Mr. B.'s election may be confirmed; but it is more than probable that the enlightened and independent constituency which they have wooed will come out rather badly in the inquiry. Now just at this moment there is every reason why boroughs, and especially small boroughs, should be loth to expose the uncleanness of their linen. If the Liberals have come in upon anything definite at all, it has been on the extension of the county franchise; and though this may possibly be delayed to the last days of the Parliament, nothing but the unforeseen can prevent its being proposed, though accidents may still further postpone its accomplishment. Now extension of the franchise means redistribution of seats, and redistribution of seats means beyond all question the extinction of some of the smaller boroughs, and the reduction of the representation of the rest. Among these doomed sheep it cannot be doubted that those which show signs of ill health will have to go first, and the mournful anticipations of that Liberal of Rye whom we have already quoted must probably be present to the minds of not a few local politicians. It is sweet, no doubt, to take revenge on the enemy by possibly turning defeat into victory, and certainly compelling the victor to spend a great deal of money. But when the process carries with it a strong probability of extinguishing both victors and vanquished in one common political annihilation, the case is altered. On the whole, though idle people may anticipate some amusement from the forthcoming inquiries, Taunton and Poole must be pronounced wiser in their generation than Salisbury and Rye. Indeed, the presentation of so many petitions as have been actually filed shows better than anything else how keen the contest of last month was; while the abandonment of that for South Norfolk, accompanied as it has been by a public avowal of the reason, shows that there was some truth in the assertions recently made of the comparative moneylessness of the Conservatives in that contest.

Supposing that most, or many, of the threatened petitions actually come on for hearing, we shall have a rather interesting opportunity of determining the influence of the Ballot on purity of election. The contest of 1874 was so much of a surprise, people were so new to the Ballot, and wishes and hopes of all kinds were so far drowned in the one general wish to be delivered at any price from Mr. Gladstone, that there was not much occasion for estimating this. Indeed it was not uncommonly held by outsiders before the late election that direct bribery was almost impossible, or at least highly improbable, under the Ballot, while intimidation was out of the question. "Faith unfaithful" might keep the voter "falsely true," so far as to make him give the vote he had been paid for; but the most probable result of threats would be to make him resent them by the safe and secret means of the ballot-box. Experience partly confirmed and partly falsified these expectations. The Ballot, as now managed, is not an ideally secret method of voting, but it is still difficult to know exactly how each voter has voted, unless he chooses that the agent should know it. The signal failure of the "Knowsley screw" seems also to show that, as far as intimidation is concerned, nothing short of forcibly keeping voters away from the poll (which would be dangerous) will now do. It is not the same, however, with bribery. The check furnished by open voting upon the bribed is of course impossible. Never more can such a

[illegible] of electioneering be played as that [illegible], secured his judgeship for one of the most brilliant and [illegible] of Irish lawyers. On that occasion—the tale is worth repeating, for the days of such things are being rapidly forgotten—it was of the highest importance for the candidate to be returned, and his constituents knew it. They had been wont to receive each his half of a five-pound note from the agent in advance, and then, after doing their duty, the other half. At this critical moment they struck, and demanded double pay. The candidate was consulted, and gave commands. Each independent voter received half a ten-pound note, and gladly voted for the generous "[illegible]." But when they came for the other halves they were directed each to apply to one of his fellows. The bite was complete, there was no remedy, and each baffled pair, half a ten-pound note being a non-negotiable commodity, had to join their stocks and be content with five. Nothing of this transcendent sort, we may be sure, was done the other day; but every one who has been engaged or has had friends engaged in the contest must have heard stories to the effect that plenty of money changed hands which will not figure in the official accounts. In one borough votes were said to be going at 25*l.* apiece; in another, a batch—so rumour has it—were bid for at ten times that sum in the last hour of the polling, and bought by the other side at a higher rate still. This is, indeed, a sufficiently obvious method of bribery, not devoid of risk, but worth trying in boroughs of moderate size, especially in a hard-fought contest. It may have been noticed that in not a few such boroughs the register was either completely or very nearly polled out. Now with the present system of voting it is perfectly easy for the agents to note down every man who votes, though not perhaps how he votes. By comparing this with their canvass-book they can tell approximately what the result is, and also what effect the remaining voters will have. If these, being venal, have designedly held off, a sufficiently large offer at, say, half-past three o'clock, may turn the scale. It ought to be added that, as the polling booths are at present arranged, nothing is easier than for the voter, if he chooses, to show the agent how he has voted. Generally speaking, there is no screen at the back of the booth, and witnesses of the transaction are sitting or standing not an umbrella's length behind. In the larger boroughs the thing is doubtless more difficult, and here the *modus operandi* is probably not yet complete, though, thanks to Mr. Chamberlain's favourite organization, it will doubtless soon be so. The method of corrupting elections in these is by means of subordinate agents, each of whom has his *grex* of voters, probably of the humbler class for the most part. The agent of course would be responsible for his "tail," and if a system of payment by results were adopted, the interest of the whole body would be to be faithful, especially if, as at Birmingham, the organization were constantly kept in working order by municipal elections, School Board elections, and other rehearsals for the great event. The admirable manner in which the Caucus system lends itself to corruption, in which indeed it must inevitably result, is of course one of its main beauties. By degrees it is probable that little facts of this kind will ooze out. But it is as yet too early for this. The revelations, such as they are, of the next petitions will probably be confined to less scientific and wholesale rascality. Considering that only a single decade has passed since the days of open voting, the habit of being bribed cannot be supposed to have died out of the small boroughs. An honest Little Pedlingtonian would probably be a good deal hurt if it were hinted to him that the secrecy of the Ballot would prevent his giving due value for his five or his fifty pound note. He would reply proudly that times might change, but morals did not. It is easily believable that in the same way treating may have gone on to a considerable extent, with the object of producing a generally favourable impression as to the candidate being a jolly good fellow. We shall, however, be a good deal wiser as to this a few weeks hence than we are now. The two millions, or two millions and a half, which, according to the best authorities, it has cost to replace Lord Beaconsfield by Mr. Gladstone, may be accounted for in new or old ways; but it is quite certain that not a little of the amount has gone as it should not. No happy man, it is to be feared or hoped, got 300*l.* a year for his vote, as did one happy man fifteen years ago in one of the most beautiful of Western boroughs, a place not only to live and die in, but, above all, to vote in. To buy a vote now is to buy the proverbial pig in the proverbial poke. But that pastime is still in various ways a popular one, and the stake at an election is sufficiently attractive to make gamblers go in for it, though it may be very far from a certainty. It is a bad thing to sell a vote, and not a good thing to buy one; but any Professor of Moral Philosophy who is at a loss for a subject to prelect upon might perhaps discuss the point whether to sell a vote is worse than to give it without taking the trouble to understand the questions at issue—whether to buy it is more culpable than to obtain it by misrepresentation and abuse of opponents.

THE LATE FALL IN PRICES.

THERE has occurred a heavy fall in the prices of commodities, more particularly of iron and colonial produce, such as sugar and coffee, involving serious losses which may have wide consequences, and there is anxious speculation whether this is, after all, the end of the revival of trade respecting which such high hopes were entertained. Before we attempt to find an answer to this inquiry, let us endeavour to form an accurate conception of the amount of the fall, and to trace how it has come about. In July last Scotch pig-iron was as low as 40*s.* 8*d.* per ton; it began to rise then, and in January had reached 71*s.* 4*d.*—a rise of 30*s.* 8*d.* per ton, or over 75 per cent. Last week the price had come down again to 48*s.* 1*d.*—a fall of 23*s.* 3*d.*, or over 57 per cent. During the present week there has been a further decline; but as it is not our object to give the very latest quotation, it is enough to note that the downward movement has already swept away most of last year's rise, and possibly may not even yet have come to an end. To take another example, Mauritius crystallized sugar stood for months last summer at 23*s.* 6*d.* per cwt.; in December it had gone up to 28*s.* 3*d.*—a rise of 4*s.* 9*d.* per cwt., or over twenty per cent; at the end of last week it had fallen to 24*s.*, barely 6*d.* above last summer's quotation. Good Ceylon coffee, to take a third example, was as low last year as 64*s.* 6*d.*, and in December had gone up to 72*s.*, being a rise of 7*s.* 6*d.*, or over eleven per cent; last week it had gone down to 66*s*, a fall of 6*s.*, or between eight and nine per cent. It is needless to multiply instances. We are not making out a Price Current, and these examples will suffice amply for our purpose. It is evident from them that somewhere very heavy losses must have been incurred, and that the fluctuations up and down have been so sudden and so extreme as naturally to make people apprehensive as to the soundness of the revival which has changed the whole face of business.

But because the fears entertained are natural, it does not at all follow that they are well grounded. To test this point, let us inquire how the revival came about. It will be in the recollection of our readers that it originated in increased purchases on American account. The panic in 1873 was followed in the United States by years of unexampled depression. Factories were closed all over the country, workpeople by hundreds of thousands were thrown out of employment, and it almost seemed as if industry was brought to a standstill. The people had been living too fast, and the crash brought them to a sense of their real condition. They at once resorted to the most stringent economies. They cut down wages, they saved every possible expense, they curtailed their foreign purchases, and large numbers of them turned from the workshop and the factory to the cultivation of the soil. Three magnificent harvests, accompanied by an unusual demand and good prices in Europe, rewarded their labours, and last year the nation found itself once more with the means of enjoying its old comforts and luxuries. The construction of railways interrupted in 1873 was resumed; the consumption of sugar, coffee, and other luxuries rapidly increased; and it became at once evident that during the bad times through which the country had passed the production had fallen far below the demand. Orders were sent to England and the Continent for the iron which the native works could not furnish early enough for the railway contracts; Brazil was ransacked for coffee, and then Ceylon was placed under contribution. The demand for sugar was intensified by the failure of the beet crop in France. A very considerable rise of prices was justified under these circumstances, for during the long depression the production of all the world had become adapted to a low demand, and an augmented price was required to stimulate the dormant powers of production into new activity. But, as always happens in such cases, the rise was exaggerated by speculation. In several instances keen men of business instinctively felt what was coming, and, buying up large stocks at the lowest quotations, realized fortunes when the spurt came. The knowledge of this inflamed the minds of rasher and less skilful persons, who rushed in at the topmost prices, and bought when experts were selling. Most of these were absolutely ignorant of the trades which they disturbed, often even did not know the appearance of the articles they bought. There was a story current in the autumn of a speculator who went into a broker's office in Mincing Lane and requested him to buy some hundreds of tons of a rare spice, and, when told that the world could not supply so large a quantity, dipped his hand into an open jar and, asking what were the contents, ordered the purchase of as much as could be had of a commodity with which he had then for the first time made acquaintance. This was the spirit in which Scotch pig-iron was run up over 75 per cent. in four or five months, and all who knew what was going on, and did not themselves join in the gambling, were quite prepared for the inevitable reaction. The only doubt was as to the time when it was to be expected.

So far all are agreed as to the facts; but some are inclined to go further, and say that production now has shot ahead of consumption as far as it had lagged behind last summer, and that consequently the fall of prices will be permanent. This was the drift of an article published by the *Times* about a fortnight ago, which has drawn a reply from one of the principal ironmasters of the North of England. For it is to be observed that those engaged in the trade who are most competent to form an opinion by no means share in the pessimist views now current. Briefly stated, the argument of the *Times* is as follows:—That the United States only bought from us because their own furnaces and forges were not equal to the sudden demand, but that 127 new furnaces have now been blown in, still leaving 293 idle; and that consequently, although they will use up 1½ million tons this year more than last, they will need to take from us no more than 100,000 tons. Further, that our own furnaces have been increased by 141, capable of producing over two million tons—that is, more than sufficient to meet all possible demands. On the authority of the Secretary to the Western Iron Association of the United States, Mr. Samuelson's answer to this is that, whatever

may be the capacity of the furnaces lately blown in, the scarcity of suitable ore is such that the production will be a million tons less than the *Times*' estimate, and consequently that the United States will require from us 800,000 tons; and that, as regards the home furnaces blown in, the *Times*' estimate is 600,000 tons above the mark. Moreover, Mr. Samuelson points out that last year's production was lower than that of any year since 1870, with the exception of 1874, and the increased production of this year, therefore, is not likely to result in a glut, even assuming that the American demand falls off very seriously. The answer seems complete. When we read of furnaces being blown in, we are apt to infer hastily that the production increases in the ratio of the numbers, but this is not so. A man blows out a furnace while his competitors keep theirs in blast, because it is less productive or more costly to work, and for either reason—generally both—is less profitable. When he blows it in again, it obviously does not produce as much as those that were kept in blast all through. This is why the 141 furnaces newly blown in in England, Wales, and Scotland are found to produce 600,000 tons less than the *Times* calculated. Manifestly, the same thing holds good in the United States, and therefore nearly 300 furnaces remain unlighted, while more than 900,000 tons of iron have been imported from this country between August and the end of March. The reserve power which alarms the writer in the *Times* can be called on only if prices run up far higher even than the January level. Meanwhile the prosperity of the United States is unchecked; the necessity is as great as ever for new railways to open up fresh regions to colonization, to fill in links in systems still uncompleted, and to bring mines into communication with the world's markets. Other countries do not less need railways, as, for example, the Australasian Colonies, India, now happily free from famine, the South American States, and Austria-Hungary and Russia, whose credit will improve if the Eastern question is not reopened. Here at home iron shipbuilding has become very active, large orders having been placed on the Clyde within the last few days. And the new loan which the London and North-Western Company is about to raise, and which, it is understood, will be expended in extending the four lines of rails, shows that the home railway demand also is increasing, and, with a good harvest, may be expected to improve considerably.

What has really caused the great fall to which we have called attention is the inability of speculators to pay for their purchases now that the time has come for them to do so. As we have said above, many of them were entirely ignorant of the trades into which they plunged—not a few, indeed, of all trades; and, as they had neither experience nor judgment to guide them, they necessarily went too far. In the nature of things the speculator is a sanguine being. Several circumstances have combined to intensify the scare which arose when the speculators found themselves called upon to pay, and broke down the market by too many sales. Supply and demand are nearly accommodated to one another by the large increase of producing power, and for that reason alone a fall was inevitable. In the United States, moreover, money has for months been excessively dear, and this has at last restricted speculation. So long as he could obtain loans freely, the speculator was not daunted by high rates. But when renewals were refused, or were granted with much difficulty, he took fright. There has consequently been a heavy fall in the United States also. Here at home, again, the apprehension of strikes and wages disputes has made all persons engaged in genuine trade alive to the serious consequences that might ensue if a factitious high level of prices was longer maintained. Add to all this, the interruption to business caused by the elections. The interruption has proved much more considerable than had been anticipated and has lasted much longer. One reason is the extreme bitterness of the struggle, and another is the surprise which the result has caused to all parties, and the uncertainty in which speculators are involved. The attitude in this respect of the Stock Exchange, which is the speculative market *par excellence*, and typical of all others, is strangely misunderstood. The speculator, no doubt, has his political preferences, like the merchant or the professional man; but as a speculator he is only concerned with the bearing of a change of Government upon the market in which he operates. And in the present case it has been unusually difficult to estimate this, because of the well-known but as yet undeclared divisions of opinion among the supporters of the new Cabinet.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.—I.

THE opening of the two great London Galleries of contemporary art has this year been almost simultaneous. The "private view," both at the Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery, took place yesterday, while the "press view" at the Academy on Wednesday was followed by that at the Grosvenor on Thursday last. To see and to form any kind of opinion on 1,658 works of art between the hours of 10 and 6 in one day is the kind of task which was set to the unhappy, but subsequently triumphant, maiden in the fairy story by Rumpelstiltzken, and which is now set by the rulers of the Royal Academy to critics. Unfortunately the parallel is not carried out to the end.. No fairy is likely to appear to ensure victory for the critic. The thing is monstrously absurd, and could hardly occur in any other city of pretensions equal to those of London in art matters. Against this old standing grievance we have to set the improvement which is evident in the matter of hanging pictures at the Academy. Of course, in accordance with an unfortunate rule, there are pictures of little worth which occupy valuable space, and, as a natural corollary of this rule, there are other pictures of merit which are disadvantageously placed; but there is at least an absence of that carelessness in the general arrangement of which we have too often been obliged to complain. At the Grosvenor, of course, where there are not more pictures exhibited than can be well seen and well hung, there is no ground for dissatisfaction on this point. No doubt, the controllers of the Academy arrangements have many difficulties to contend with. The time given for deciding on the works sent in is impossibly short, and this might surely be extended, as might the time given to critics for pronouncing their verdict after that of the Council. Perhaps, however, it might be thought that this would be giving an unfair advantage to the critics, who might then condemn at their leisure what the Council had approved in their haste. The number also of works to be exhibited and placed is, apart from the question of the time devoted to their consideration, impossibly large. Whether this could or could not be diminished must remain a question for those who know all the ins and outs of the matter. Any definite and obvious change would of course give offence to many people, but no improvement can be effected in matters of the kind except by those who do not mind incurring a certain amount of odium in a good cause.

We do not propose for the present to attempt doing more than giving a general sketch of some chief points of interest in the exhibitions. The Academy is, as a whole, very well up to the mark, but, speaking generally, has not the attraction which is sometimes found either in some striking work of a recognized master, or in the coming to the front of comparatively unknown painters. The Grosvenor, on the other hand, has such an attraction in the space devoted to the works of M. Bastien-Lepage, whose powers, though well enough known in France and far from unknown in England, have never before been shown to such advantage in London. Of these, as of other productions at both Galleries, we hope on future occasions to speak in detail. Meanwhile it must be enough to take a general survey.

The first room at the Royal Academy contains two striking pictures by Mr. Calderon, called "The Olive" (6), and "The Vine" (25). Both are studies of Italian girls, and in both the drawing and colour strike us as admirable. Between them hangs a picture by Mr. P. R. Morris, called "Sons of the Brave; the Orphan Boys of Soldiers, Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea" (20), which pleases us much less than most of Mr. Morris's work. The subject is eminently popular. Near this is a picture by Mr. Peter Graham, "A Highland Drove" (26), dealing with his accustomed style of subject and painted in his best manner, and beyond it a strangely false and unpleasing picture by Mr. Yeames, entitled "The Finishing Touch; Green-room at Private Theatricals" (39). Mr. Frank Dicksee's portrait picture of Sir W. E. and the Hon. Lady Welby Gregory (40) has much invention and skill; and Mr. Keeley Halswelle's "Flood on the Thames" (74) is admirable in its swing and movement. Mr. Ouless has a fine portrait in this room (10). The second gallery possesses an extraordinarily beautiful work by the President, "A Sister's Kiss" (142), two fine pictures by Mr. Alma-Tadema, "Spring Festival" (176), and "Not at Home" (195), both, as might be expected, classical; a portrait picture by Mr. Pettie (122), in which both the composition and colouring seem to us open to fault-finding; and, amongst other things, a fine and stately picture by Mr. McWhirter, called "The Lord of the Glen" (177), the title referring to the single tree which stands out against a stormy sky. Mr. Storey has a charmingly quaint picture in his best manner called "Follow My Leader" (155). The third room has one strong attraction in what the Catalogue quoted by Mr. Mark Twain would call the "self-portraits" of Mr. Watts and Mr. Millais, "Painted by invitation for the Collection of Portraits of Artists painted by themselves in the Uffizii Gallery at Florence." Both works are such as one would wish to see representing English art, and preserving in an enduring shape the memory of two great English artists in such a gallery. Mr. Millais has also in this room a fine portrait of Mr. Bright (322), a charming portrait of Miss Stepney (239), and a picture called "Cuckoo" (315), the consideration of which we defer. Mr. Long has a fine and pathetic figure of "An Assyrian Captive" (210); and next to it hangs an evening landscape of much feeling and beauty, called "Solitude," by Mr. Barrett Browning. Mr. Poynter's large picture, "A Visit to Æsculapius" (250), which has been bought by the Academy under the terms of the Chantry Bequest, strikes us as more careful and correct than pleasing. Another picture close by—"Returning to the Fold," by Mr. Davis (255)—has been purchased under the same conditions. Why this, which has some obvious faults, should have been selected rather than Mr. Davis's really beautiful cattle picture in the first gallery, "Family Affection" (65), we are unable to understand. Mr. Orchardson's picture of Bonaparte "On Board H.M.S. *Bellerophon*, July 3rd, 1815, off Cape Ushant" (262), is a fine and striking work. Napoleon's figure has an air of being strangely tall, and the costume is not, we believe, strictly correct with regard to the date given; but these are small blemishes which do not interfere with the impressiveness of the whole picture, in which the dignity and lifelikeness of the figures are not less remarkable than the sense of distance and sea atmosphere which the painter conveys. One of Mr. Vicat Cole's best works, "The Leaves of

Wasted Autumn" (310), is in this gallery, and so is Mr. Alma-Tadema's "Fredegonda" (328), which is, we think, his best work in the Royal Academy, and one of the best things that he has painted. The artist's well-known command of light, colour, and atmosphere is admirably exhibited, and there is true dramatic play in the figure and face of the Queen, who looks on helpless at her husband's espousal of Galeswinthe. Mr. Pettie's delicate and forcible [illegible]nt of a figure in white, entitled, "His Grace" (249), atones fully for any shortcomings in the work of his which we have already mentioned. M. Bastien-Lepage is represented by an admirably finished small portrait of the Prince of Wales (229). Mr. Frank Holl and Mr. John Collier send two excellent presentation portraits, the one of Major George Graham (302), the other of Dr. Carpenter (254). Among the most remarkable works in the fourth gallery are Mr. J. D. Watson's simple, straightforward, and touching picture of "Corporal Trim" (375); Mr. Brett's admirable sea-piece, "Britannia's Realm" (387), which has, with good reason, been purchased under the terms of the Chantery Bequest; and Mr. Long's "Henry Irving as Hamlet" (416), which, if it fails in some respects as a likeness, is very attractive as a picture.

The fifth gallery contains two important battle-pieces dealing with the same period—"Blenheim" (453), a spirited and finely executed work by Mr. Woodville, and "Marlborough after the Battle of Ramilies" by Mr. Crofts. In the same room Mr. Herkomer shows what it is not too much to call a magnificent landscape called "God's Shrine" (468). Gallery No. VI. contains, amongst other things of interest, a pleasing landscape study by Mr. Ernest Parton (578), which has a strong resemblance to his last year's picture, a very tender and pretty work by Mr. W. J. Hennessy, "Summer Days" (555), and an admirable picture by Mr. Van Haanen of "Pearl Stringers in Venice" (579). The great attraction in the following gallery will probably be—and by no means unjustly as regards its merits, though they perhaps will not be the first cause of the attraction—Mr. Prinsep's much talked-of picture of "The Imperial Assemblage held at Delhi by the Viceroy, Lord Lytton, and attended by the principal chiefs of the Indian Empire" (625). Probably no modern painter has had a more difficult task set to him, and it is hard to conceive the difficulties being more boldly and successfully overcome. Another picture of unusual merit in a quite different direction is M. Munkacsy's "The Two Families" (650). Neither the Lecture-Room nor the tenth gallery is particularly full of attraction, and for the present we must be content with calling attention in the former to Mr. Briton Rivière's admirably humorous animal picture, "The Last Spoonful" (1051), and in the latter to the strong and finely-painted picture, "The Sins of the Fathers" (1453), by Mrs. John Collier. All other and fuller account of works, which it is utterly impossible to take in within the time assigned for the purpose, we must defer to future occasions.

The Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition is, we think, unusually good. It is strong in almost every direction. Mr. Burne-Jones sends one of his finest works to it, and the effect of this is not marred by any productions from the same hand which might seem to offer a handle to the kind of ridicule which a critic last year attempted to fasten on one of the painter's exhibited works. Some of Mr. Burne-Jones's far-off followers do indeed contribute some exceedingly, if unconsciously, humorous works; but such contributions as these are very few compared with the pictures of real and striking merit which the Gallery has to show. It is to be regretted that Mr. W. B. Richmond's large picture of "The Song of Miriam" could not be finished before it was sent to the Exhibition; but, on the other hand, there is so much beauty in the intention, and, so far as it has gone, in the execution, of the work, that one must be glad that it was sent at all. Mr. Watts sends several works, one of which, "Daphne" (43), is perhaps as grandly beautiful as anything which Mr. Watts has painted. To M. Bastien-Lepage's work we have already referred. Further remarks upon this and upon many things worthy of attention and admiration we must reserve for the future. The sins of the Royal Academy are visited upon the Grosvenor Gallery in this way, that a person who has spent the greater part of one day in filling his memory as much as he can with the 1,658 works shown at the Academy, is inclined on the next to give himself up to rest and thankfulness in the Grosvenor Gallery, and wisely to abandon any attempt at detailed faultfinding or praise.

THE THEATRES.

THE series of morning representations which Mr. Hollingshead announced with amusing irony as "Palmy Day Performances" was begun last week at the Gaiety with the fine old crusted piece of *George Barnwell*. The play is from many points of view interesting. Lillo, its author, has been not unjustly styled the father of English melodrama, with reference to the fact that he was the first, or nearly the first, playwright who ventured to break away from the cut-and-dried composition and versification according to rule which abounds in such works as, for instance, those of Rowe and Aaron Hill. One of his plays, *The Fatal Curiosity*, which, if we remember rightly, is included in the list of pieces which Mr. Hollingshead proposes to revive, has much force. A stronger writer than Lillo might have made of its horrible story an appalling tragedy; Lillo is to be credited with at least having turned it into a thrilling melodrama. That *George Barnwell* is not devoid of merit is perhaps sufficiently proved by the fact that its story has been burlesqued by such writers as James and Horace Smith and Thackeray.

This goes at least to show that it has "vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction." Its author had the wit to discover the dramatic force of the old story, and though one may regret, as in the case of *The Fatal Curiosity*, that the plot was not appropriated by some better writer, yet it may be admitted that there is truth in the statement made in the "remarks" (by Cumberland's son-in-law) which are prefixed to the acting edition, that "it is altogether very ingeniously conducted, involving many just and affecting incidents, and presenting such a picture of deceit, infatuation, guilt, and remorse, in two characters of *domestic* life, that is not to be found in any other play." This, as has been above observed, was true at the time when it was written, and it would certainly be a pity if the first successful drama of domestic life were allowed to fall into oblivion. There is something not unpleasing in the many oddities of the piece, one of the strangest of which perhaps occurs in the scene which was paraphrased in the *Rejected Addresses*, in the lines—

> There's Nunky as fat as a hog,
> While I am as lean as a lizard,
> Here's at you, you stingy old dog,
> And he whipped a long knife in his gizzard.

The uncle, who has not before made his appearance, enters in "a cut wood," making these remarks:—

> If I were superstitious, I should fear some danger lurked unseen, or death were nigh! A heavy melancholy clouds my spirits; my imagination is filled with ghastly forms of dreary graves, and bodies changed by death.
>
> (*Enter George Barnwell at a distance.*)
>
> O death, thou strange mysterious power, seen every day, yet never understood, but by the incommunicative dead, what art thou? The extensive mind of man, that with a thought circles the earth's vast globe, sinks to the centre, or ascends above the stars; that worlds exotic finds, or thinks it finds, thy thick clouds attempts to pass in vain. Lost and bewildered in the horrid gloom—defeated, she returns more doubtful than before; of nothing certain, but of labour lost.
>
> (*During this speech Barnwell sometimes presents the pistol, and draws it back again; at last he drops it, at which his uncle starts, and draws his sword.*)
>
> *Barnwell.* Oh, 'tis impossible.
> *Uncle.* A man so near me, armed and masqued!
> *Barnwell.* Nay, then there's no retreat.
> (*Plucks a poniard from his bosom, and stabs him.*)

The relevance of Barnwell's last-quoted observation is not altogether apparent. The strongest scene in the play is that which follows between Millwood and her victim; and this again is oddly concluded by Millwood's remark, "They [the servants] disapprove of my conduct." In the interview between the two, however, there is real dramatic perception; and Mr. Crauford and Miss Willes, who played the parts at the Gaiety, must be congratulated on the manner in which they acquitted themselves. Praise is also due to Mr. Maclean and to Mr. Shine for their impersonations respectively of Thorowgood and the uncle. We look forward with interest to the promised performance of "Monk" Lewis's *Castle Spectre*; and we trust it may some day be followed by the representation of that exquisitely melodramatic and incomprehensible piece dramatized from an episode in *The Monk*, and called *The Bleeding Nun*. This was performed some time ago at the Haymarket, and was given, or intended to be given, with due gravity; but the parts were unfortunately distributed.

At New Sadler's Wells last week *Romeo and Juliet* was produced for six nights, with Miss Isabel Bateman and Mr. Clifford Harrison in the two principal parts. Miss Bateman as Juliet showed more power as an actress than we have discovered in her former performances. There was more room for fault-finding, perhaps, than there was in—to take one instance—her rendering of the Queen in *Charles I.*; but to say this is only to say that there is a wide gulf between the two parts. Juliet is one of the most difficult characters in the list of Shakspeare's plays. It demands at the same time youth and a science which is rarely allied with youth. To arrive at a just conception of the character is by no means easy; to carry out such a conception is exceptionally difficult. Miss Bateman's rendering of the part gave us the impression that she had grasped its meaning. That the interpretation should sometimes fall short of the intention was only to be expected. But it is much that a young actress should succeed in the execution of such a part so well as she did. In one scene especially, that known as the balcony scene, the actress's idea and rendering seemed to go hand in hand, and the result was a natural and poetical interpretation of one of the most beautiful passages in Shakspeare. Mr. Harrison's appearance in the part of Romeo had a peculiar interest in connexion with the common belief that reciting and acting are separate arts. Mr. Harrison did not appear as a novice on the stage; indeed it is not very long since we noticed his promising performance of Pierre in *The Two Orphans*. But both before and after that event he has been chiefly known as a "reciter" of unusual skill. In a certain sense of course reciting and acting are closely allied; that is, a person who can speak well, who can deliver poetry with feeling and with just emphasis and force, has at least one strong point in his favour if he takes to the stage. This Mr. Harrison had to start with. His elocution was throughout admirable. The difficulties he had to contend with were those of gesture and what may be called knowledge of the stage. He

wanted in some scenes repose, in others variety of action. These, however, are faults which can be overcome and which are naturally more accentuated in so trying a part as Romeo than they are in such a part as Pierre. Romeo was evidently so carefully and keenly thought out, and was in many instances so well expressed, that we must hope that Mr. Harrison will not continue to make his appearances on the stage merely temporary. With his general idea of the character of Romeo we have little fault to find; but we are unable to understand why in the scene where Romeo deprecates Tybalt's provocations, he chose to speak in an angry, instead of a conciliatory, tone. It should, however, be added that one of Mr. Harrison's best passages, the burst of rage after Mercutio's death, was so well given that it did not suffer from what we regard as a strange mistake in the previous scene.

Romeo and Juliet gave place this week at the same theatre to Mr. Joaquin Miller's play called *The Danites*, which is given by the same company who have for some time past been playing it in various parts of the United States. People who remember Mr. Joaquin Miller's brilliant and startling romance *Life Among the Modocs* will readily believe that he is capable of writing a play dealing with Far West life which abounds in striking situations. The odd thing is that persons who have actually mixed in this kind of life tell us that Mr. Joaquin Miller's representation of it is true and correct. But, even if this were not so, the piece would still be as attractive in itself as are the almost forgotten melodramas of Bouchardy. It is, in fact, a new development of an old and justly popular type of play—or, in other words, it is a delightfully melodramatic stage presentation of the scenes of early Californian life, of which Mr. Bret Harte has given us such attractive presentments in another form. The people who move through the play are as ruffianly, as chivalrous, as ferocious, as kindhearted, and as alive as the heroes of Dumas's best novels, and their adventures are as exciting as those of the brilliant personages who are concerned in that great writer's novels and plays. We have, in fact, the romance of a past time transplanted into the present century, with the assurance from experts that the bounds of probability have not been transgressed.

The central idea of the piece—which might with advantage have been more closely kept to—is the pursuit by two Danites, or Mormon avengers, of the last supposed survivor of a family who devoted themselves to the pious task of getting rid of Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet. Their proposed victim is one Nancy Williams, who, with her little brother, takes refuge, in the first act, in a miner's camp in the Sierras. In spite of the protection promised and given by the rough and chivalrous inhabitants of the camp, one of the Danites, skulking behind a rock, manages to pick off the little brother with a rifle-shot, and the curtain falls upon a group of miners summoned by the report, who believe that Nancy herself must have perished in a wild leap which she has made down the cliff after her murdered brother. The chief characters in this scene, as throughout the play, are Sandy McGee, a miner—and, according to the programme, which bears evidences of Mr. Miller's deliberately odd style, "a painter, a sculptor, a mighty moralist, a man who could not write his own name"—and Nancy Williams, "the last of a doomed family." These characters are represented by Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin, upon whom, and especially upon Mr. McKee Rankin, the burden of the play principally lies. The next act takes us to "The Howling Wilderness Saloon," where many of the characteristic incidents of early Californian life which have been described by Mr. Bret Harte are put, and very well put, upon the stage. The great event of the scene is the arrival of a school-teacher. "The boys," expecting a male school-teacher, "conclude to lay for him"; and the change of attitude in everybody, from Sandy and "the Parson" (so called on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle) down to "the Heathen Chinee" Washee-Washee, on seeing an attractive and self-possessed young woman step out of the stage-coach, is admirably conceived and executed. The scene is full of lively illustrations of that wild kind of life with which the whole play deals; and in its course we are made acquainted with a boy, named Billie Piper, who seems strangely unfitted for the place in which his lot is cast, and whose smooth face and gentle ways mark him at once as an object for jealousy with regard to the "Widder" or school-teacher in the eyes of the other "boys." He finds one fast friend in the vigorous and predominant Sandy, whose protection of him has a strongly dramatic purpose.

The third act, which passes outside "the Widder's" cabin, is full of incident, and during it Hulda Brown, "the Widder," discovers by a chance the secret of Billie's life, which, as the experienced playgoer may surmise, is that "Billie Piper" is really Nancy Williams in disguise. Nancy's natural terror of the Danites is reason enough for Hulda's promising to keep the secret at all costs. The two Danites believe that the school-teacher is their proposed victim, and their discomfiture when at the point, as they think, of success in their murderous scheme they are baffled by the sudden appearance of the brave and reckless "Parson," is one of the points which make the third act of the play intensely dramatic.

The piece up to this point is, of its kind, admirable, and all that is wanted to make it equally good throughout is some judicious cutting. There is plenty of dramatic stuff in the two final acts, but its effect is injured by needless complications and over-protracted dialogues. The improbability of "Billie's" secret being kept, in spite of the many reasons for revealing it, might readily be pardoned for the sake of the interest which the concealment keeps up, if there were any kind of explanation given of Sandy's really incomprehensible condonement of what seemed to him his wife's undeniable infidelity, and of "the Parson's" unhesitating belief in "Billie's" assurance that there was nothing wrong. However, much must be overlooked in a rattling melodrama; and *The Danites* is a play which combines the unalterable attractiveness of a thoroughgoing melodrama with a freshness and novelty which are peculiarly its own. The acting of the piece is for the most part remarkably good. Mr. McKee Rankin, who plays Sandy, has the fine presence which the part demands, and has also a vigour and pathos, the intense naturalness of which is no doubt the result of study and art. His self-restraint which never amounts to over-repression in passages of emotion is singularly effective. One such passage, in the fourth act, is particularly striking. His gesture and facial expression are throughout good. There is much force, and not a little pathos of the rude kind appropriate to the character, in Mr. Sheridan's representation of "the Parson." These qualities are well shown in the effective and original situation in the fourth act, when, instead of the expected Derringer, met by another held out at full cock, he presents to Sandy the key of the cabin which he wishes to make over to his former rival. Mr. Harry Hawk's "Heathen Chinee" is pleasantly humorous without exaggeration. Mr. Walrond as one of the Danites assumes a grim stealthiness which recalls some of De Quincey's descriptions. Mrs. McKee Rankin has a difficult part to play as Nancy and the false Billie Piper. She has much intelligence and intention, but wants the power of making herself heard at all times, and of refraining from paying attention only to the "points" of the part. Miss Tanner's performance of Hulda, "the Widder," could hardly be improved, and the two smaller women's characters are, like the minor male characters, well played. The piece is highly attractive and will perhaps have a still better effect if the cuts which we have suggested are made.

THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

In former days there was a good deal of gambling on the Two Thousand throughout the winter, but of late years betting on that race has not begun until the spring. Racing may possibly be an important matter, but we fancy that many people who derive some amusement from this sport during the summer months are not sorry to hear nothing about it in the depth of winter.

A couple of three-year-olds of great merit were entered for the Two Thousand of this year by one person. These were Beaudesert and Prestonpans, the nominations of the late Marquess of Anglesey. The first-named had won the Middle Park Plate, the other had won several races; but the death of Lord Anglesey rendered both of their nominations void, so that much of the interest of the Two Thousand was taken away. Beaudesert and Prestonpans being out of the race, Mask was made the first favourite. Mask is a chestnut colt by Carnival out of Meteor, and he began his racing career by winning the July Stakes at Newmarket in a canter by three lengths, although opposed by a good field, thereby winning between sixteen and seventeen hundred pounds in stakes alone. His next race was the Doncaster Champagne Stakes, for which he started a very strong favourite. Contrary to expectation, he ran nowhere, the race being won by Evasion, whom he had beaten in his previous race. His next performance was to beat The Song in a Produce Stakes at Newmarket, but he ran nowhere in the Rous Memorial Stakes at the same meeting. He ended his first season by winning three races in succession—the October Produce Stakes, the Home-bred Post Produce Stakes, and the Home-bred Foal Post Stakes—having landed more than four thousand pounds in stakes for his owner. There seemed to be every reason for making this horse the first favourite for the Two Thousand, now that Beaudesert and Prestonpans were out of the race. The two-year-olds, Bend Or and Robert the Devil, seemed to be superior on public running, but unfortunately neither of them had been entered for the Two Thousand; so, all things considered, the high position of Mask seemed to be amply justified. Mask's first appearance in public this year was at the Newmarket Craven Meeting, where he was brought out for the Column Produce Stakes. Only one horse was to oppose him, and this was Lord Falmouth's Merry-go-Round, a bay colt by Scottish Chief out of Spinaway. This horse had only been out once last year, and on that occasion he had walked over, so this was in reality to be his first race. Mask looked in very forward condition, and his hocks, which had been objected to by some critics last year, had decidedly improved. It could not be said that Merry-go-Round's joints were quite clean; but he had better hocks than Mask. Merry-go-Round was a little the higher and more lengthy of the pair, but Mask was rather stronger across the loins. Heavy odds were laid on Mask, and he was expected to win in a canter. He made the running as far as the Abingdon bottom, where Merry-go-Round seemed beaten; but on ascending the hill Mask suddenly tired, while Merry-go-Round, on the contrary, struggled very gamely, succeeded in passing Mask, and won the race by a length. A change in the betting on the Two Thousand necessarily followed this race. Merry-go-Round was also in the Two Thousand, and as he had to be made a better favourite than Mask, the question presented itself whether Merry-

go-Round, was now to be made the first favourite. The Craven Stakes, which took place the next day, threw further light on the subject. The race was won by Fernandez, Merry-go-Round being second and Brotherhood third. A length and a half separated the leading pair, and half a length the second and third. But then they were not running on even terms. Brotherhood was giving the large amount of weight of 10 lbs. to Merry-go-Round, and the latter was giving 5 lbs. to Fernandez. The conclusions drawn by the learned on the subject were that by far the best performance in the race was that of Brotherhood. The Ancaster mile, over which the race was run, is a severe course, with a hill, and yet Brotherhood gave 10 lbs. to Merry-go-Round 15 lbs. to Fernandez, and ran within half a length of one, within two lengths of the other. The betting men, therefore, made Brotherhood first favourite for the Two Thousand. Brotherhood is a rather lightly built horse, on sound, clean limbs. He is by Rosicrucian out of Hilda. Last year he won five and lost six races. In the Prince of Wales's Stakes at York he had run within half a length, at even weights, of the famous Bend Or, who had run five times without being once beaten. In most of the races in which Brotherhood had been beaten he had been carrying extra weight, and an analysis of his public running pointed him out to be a colt of decided merit. Fernandes had run twice last year, and had been beaten each time. He also was entered for the Two Thousand. He is own brother to the famous Isonomy, being by Sterling out of Isola Bella, and, like Isonomy, he seemed quite to enjoy racing up a tiring hill. It is true that he was receiving 15 lbs. from Brotherhood; but nevertheless, a length and a half is quite enough to win a race by, even if a horse has a couple of stone in hand; and it appeared to be far from clear that Fernandez must certainly be worse than either Merry-go-Round or Brotherhood. Altogether it may be noticed that the results of the Column Produce Stakes and the Craven Stakes afforded a very eligible opportunity for gambling—an opportunity, we may observe, which was by no means neglected.

There was another important element of uncertainty in the Two Thousand. This was a horse called Beauminet, a French colt by Flageolet. So highly was this horse esteemed that he was at one time actually first favourite for the race. This was in the moment of confusion which followed the Craven Stakes, before critics had had time to make up their minds upon the results of that race. Another French-bred horse, named Milan, had many supporters. Then there was Abbot, by Hermit, who had won the Houghton Stakes at Newmarket last autumn, and Zealot, another colt by Hermit, who had won the Bretby Nursery at the same meeting. Muncaster, a colt by Doncaster out of Windermere, was one of the leading favourites. He did not run last year, but he belonged to the Duke of Westminster, who also owned the celebrated Bend Or. As Bend Or was supposed to be the best public performer among the three-years-olds, it was argued that, if the trainer of these two colts considered Muncaster to have a good chance for the Two Thousand, his opinion would be worth following, as he had every opportunity of finding out whether Muncaster was nearly as good as Bend Or. Petronel had beaten Strathardle at the Houghton Meeting, in the Troy Stakes, and Strathardle had won the Prendergast Stakes from a fair field in the Second October Meeting; so, although Petronel had once been beaten, he seemed well worth backing for the Two Thousand. Clarencieux, a colt by Lord Lyon, had run third last week for the City and Suburban, but he had only had 5 st. 12 lbs. to carry, and he had finished five lengths from the second horse. Although deprived of much of its interest through Prestonpans and Beaudesert being disqualified, the Two Thousand appeared to be a particularly open race, and it became the medium of a good deal of heavy gambling.

In the presence of a large number of people, and on a fine but cold day, seventeen horses went to the post for this race. They were a few minutes late, but Mr. M'George got them off at once to an excellent start. Mariner soon came away from the line and tried to bolt, but before he had gone a quarter of a mile he was thoroughly tired of galloping, and he was soon passed by the horses who were really contesting the race. The French horse Beauminet then took the lead, and made the running past the Bushes into the Abingdon Dip. Brotherhood, the first favourite, was soon beaten, and we may here observe that he was absolutely the last horse in the race. In the Abingdon Bottom Beauminet tired, and was passed by Muncaster, Petronel, and The Abbot. Muncaster was leading, and he was running very strongly as if he had plenty of power left in him for the finish; but as he was nearing the winning-post he ran in a coltish, awkward fashion. This was his first race, and the novelty of the situation seemed to distract his attention. Still he kept going at a great pace, and although Fordham on Petronel kept drawing up to him, it appeared probable that he might yet win the race. It was an intensely interesting struggle; and when the leading pair came in, apparently locked together, with The Abbot and Beauminet at their quarters, racing was seen in its perfection. It was almost impossible for an ordinary spectator to feel certain which of two Dukes was the winner of the Two Thousand, but the judge gave his verdict that the Duke of Beaufort's Petronel had beaten the Duke of Westminster's Muncaster by a head. The Abbot was but three-quarters of a length behind Muncaster, and Beauminet was only a head behind Abbot. The former first favourite, Mask, was next. Petronel was in splendid condition, and he had run in public before; but Muncaster, although looking well, ran in what racing men term a very "green" manner. Some horses run as well on their first appearance in public as on any subsequent occasion; but others fail to show their true form the first time that they are tried in a regular race. A severe race is a very different thing from a private trial; and the very fact of being pressed and hurried must be disconcerting to a horse which is unaccustomed to it. To face a roaring crowd for the first time must be enough to make a nervous horse falter, while even the bravest may be distracted by the noise. Muncaster is a very tall horse, while Petronel is low. It is said that the former measures 16 hands 2 inches, and the latter 15 hands 2 inches under a standard. Petronel is a strongly-made black colt, with a powerful back and good quarters. Unfortunately he is not entered for either the Derby or the St. Leger. The Duke of Beaufort has raced but little of late. This is not his first victory in the Two Thousand, as he won that race thirteen years ago with Vauban, who, by the way, was half-brother to Petronel's dam. Each time that he has won the Two Thousand Fordham has ridden for him, and the race of Wednesday last was a triumph of jockeyship. We are far from saying that the victory was won entirely by fine riding; but we may safely affirm that the slightest want of judgment on Fordham's part would inevitably have lost the race. It is certain that great credit is due to both the trainer and the rider of the winner. It may be that great credit is also due to the horse himself, but we are not very well assured at present upon this point. Of one thing, however, there can be no diversity of opinion—namely, that the late race for the Two Thousand was a remarkably fine contest. If the result throws but little, if any, light on future events, it rather increases than diminishes their interest, and we have enjoyed a capital race for the Two Thousand without exposing the three-year-old form of the first favourite for the Derby.

REVIEWS.

STUART'S NILE GLEANINGS.*

(First Notice.)

IT is a question whether work which is nearly good does not disappoint one more than work which is really bad. Mr. Villiers Stuart undertakes a very interesting and very important task. The whole title-page of his book will show its scope and his intentions:—*Nile Gleanings concerning the Ethnology, History, and Art of Ancient Egypt as revealed by Egyptian Paintings and Bas-reliefs; with descriptions of Nubia and its great Rock Temples to the Second Cataract.* Such a programme worthily carried out would produce a work of the highest value. The English works of this comprehensive class on Egypt are nearly all out of date. Very few competent historical scholars have the means necessary to the prosecution of such a design as Mr. Stuart's. He has spared no expense in digging, and has sought out places seldom visited. If he had added to his other outlay the engagement of an artist to make his drawings, or, still better, of a student of the Egyptian language to interpret the inscriptions, his labour would have been more fruitful than it is. When we endeavour to winnow from these Gleanings the grains of good corn and reject the chaff, it is surprising how little remains. Mr. Stuart's ignorance leads him so often into mistakes which are absolutely absurd that we are afraid to trust his observations when he is probably correct. To take a single example—he repeatedly asserts that the kings of the early monarchy were called "Servants of God." In p. 59 he complacently observes:—"I have to thank my moderate knowledge of hieroglyphics for the interesting discovery that each of these ancient kings bore the title of Hon Nuter, Servant of God." This is in an account of the tomb of a certain functionary where Mr. Stuart found the ovals of two old kings, "Khoufou" (elsewhere called Chufu and Shoofoo) and "Ouskaf," with the words *Hon Nuter* under them. He immediately concluded that *Hon Nuter* referred to the kings. His "moderate knowledge" betrayed him into a fatal error—an error so egregious that the reader whose knowledge is very little less moderate will feel inclined to shut up the book. *Hon Nuter*, as the most elementary work on hieroglyphic inscriptions might have informed Mr. Stuart, refers not to the Pharaoh, but to the functionary in whose tomb it occurs. He was Hon Nuter, priest to the divinity of Shoofoo, and the same to Ouskaf. So far from the king being called servant of God, he is called God, and the deceased is his worshipper. This error is repeated several times; but Mr. Stuart seems to have begun to feel some doubt as to it, for he puts a note at the end of the book in which he observes that the older kings did assume divine titles. In one of the plates Mr. Stuart gives us an inscription of Seneferoo, the oldest king whose monuments have come down to us, and in it, if Mr. Stuart's "moderate knowledge" had sufficed, he would have found that the king calls himself "the golden Horus, the good god." We cannot go further back than Seneferoo.

Fortunately the whole book is not of this character. There is much in it which is marked by care, accuracy, and patient research. The illustrations are very numerous, though of unequal merit. A summarized account of Egyptian art is very useful. The table of temperature taken twice a day for the three winter months will entitle Mr. Stuart to the gratitude of a great many medical men and their patients. There is a somewhat superficial account of

* *Nile Gleanings.* By Villiers Stuart. London: John Murray. 1879.

hieroglyphs, in which, by the way, the reed which formed the first letter of the Egyptian alphabet is mistaken for a knife; and a list of pyramids, in which that of Teta wants a syllable; but these additions to the book will probably be found sufficiently complete and correct for the requirements of readers who do not want to go very deep into the subject. They have, at all events, the advantage of brevity. The chronological question—which, after all, is the great historical question in Egypt—is well stated. There is an excellent itinerary, with distances both up and down the Nile. The whole list of kings is given, from the celebrated table of Abood or Abydus; and, annexed to it, a translation—not always right—of the meaning of each king's title. At the end of the preface Mr. Stuart acknowledges his indebtedness to Dr. Birch and Brugsch Bey. It is a pity he did not submit his work to some such scholars for correction before sending into the world an ethnological theory like that found in the twenty-ninth chapter, or such a statement as that in the account of the Dosch, where he makes not one, but three horses, ride over the prostrate bodies. The plan of the work is good. We are taken over the ground as much as possible in chronological order. Mr. Stuart, therefore, begins at once with the pyramid field, and his chapter on Maydoom is the fullest account of that most interesting place that has yet appeared in English. The drawings of two of the tombs, though not remarkable for artistic skill, and very inferior in that respect to the works they represent, are valuable, the hieroglyphics being so carefully copied as to enable the reader to correct Mr. Stuart's erroneous translations.

Maydoom is, indeed, though seldom visited by travellers, in many respects the most remarkable place in Egypt. There we see for the first time writing in use. There are the oldest tombs. There the beautiful statues of Rahotep and Nefert—very inadequately sketched by Mr. Stuart—were found. Besides all this, there is the pyramid which the Arabs term "el Kedab," or the False, and which, while it is possibly the oldest in Egypt, has not yet been entered. With regard to this pyramid Mr. Stuart, though he does not describe it fully, establishes the fact, hitherto uncertain, that the great mound on which it appears to stand is in reality formed of partially disintegrated masonry; and that therefore the height of the whole mass from the ground is to be reckoned as that of the pyramid. This at once gives it rank as one of the greatest, not one of the least, as it has hitherto been supposed. The two tombs of which he gives views are those of Nefermat and his wife, the lady Atet, not *Atot*, as Mr. Stuart writes it. He makes a further mistake with regard to this lady, owing to the misleading system of transliteration he has learnt—a system, we regret to observe, followed by many of the chief English Egyptologists. "The Princess's name, Atot, is significant of the earliest times, for it was the name of the grandson of Mena." Now the successor of Mena, or Meny, the founder of the first dynasty, was Tetá, and his successor was Atoth. This last is the name evidently in Mr. Stuart's mind; but there is no connexion whatever between it and the name of Atet, and the mistake is owing to the whimsical fact that the French, not having the sound of *th* in their language, ignore in transliteration the value of the hieroglyphic sign which appears as the last letter in the name of King Atoth, and which is absolutely identical with the Greek *theta* in one of its forms. The lady's name is made with a short *A* and two *t*'s. As in Arabic and other languages, there is in the ancient Egyptian an unnamed vowel which interposes between two consonants, forming thus a syllable, pronounced, of course, like our short *e*'s in such a word as "kettle." Mr. Stuart makes too much of the scarcity of religious indications; for, though the figures of gods are absent from the monuments of the Early Monarchy, numerous priestly offices are mentioned. He gives a hieroglyph which consists of four little vases joined, and occurs on the exterior of the tomb; but in the text he puts three only, and they are upside down. He goes on to guess that one of them was for "Ammon Ra," and the others for Hathor, Isis, and Osiris. Apart from the mistake of considering Hathor and Isis as two distinct divinities, there is a second error in the sentence; for the worship of Amen—not Ammon—was introduced in the time of the Eleventh Dynasty, and these tombs probably belong to the time of the Third. As a rule, however, except when he guesses, Mr. Stuart is able to keep chronological sequence in his remarks, and does not, like many better authorities, jumble up together all periods and styles under the one term, Ancient Egyptian.

The difficulties of transliteration were never more plainly illustrated than in this book. The French spelling *ou* for our *oo*, a combination which, like *th*, the French language does not admit, and the use of *ch* for *sh*, for the same reason, show where Mr. Stuart obtained his "moderate knowledge." It has betrayed him into the error about Atet, and similar faults are thickly scattered through his pages. On the much-debated name which he gives as Ti, "or Tih, as the guide-books call him, in defiance of his hieroglyphic orthography," Mr. Stuart's remarks are misleading for precisely the same reason. One form of the Greek *theta* is derived, through the hieratic, from the final letter of the name of King Atoth, as we have seen. The other form is equally traced to the double loop of cord which is the initial of the name of Ti. The initial is followed by two vowels, both the same, and both answering to our short *a*, but still more nearly to the Hebrew and Arabic *Aleph*. Doubled, this letter must have become something exceedingly like our *y*. In any case, Mr. Stuart's suggestion of Taa is better than the French and German Ti or Tih, which does not contain a single letter of the original name. The functionary whose tomb is so regularly visited, and has been so often described, may be best called in English *Thy*. Mr. Stuart does not often write about places so well-known; but here he seems to have gone out of his way to make a mistake. He copied the oval of one king, a king about whom there is certainly some doubt, but wholly neglected the other ovals in the same tomb, which solve the difficulty over which he spends some futile guessing. He has evidently never seen M. de Rougé's masterly work on the *Six Premières Dynasties*, or he could not have stumbled either here, or over the phrase "servant of the god."

The ethnological theory which we have referred to is stated in full in the twenty-ninth chapter. Where much more learned students than Mr. Stuart have hesitated, he is certain. He believes the civilized race which we find at the dawn of history already seated in the Nile Valley to be identical with that which peopled Europe, and that both came from Asia. It is really not worth while to go fully into what Mr. Stuart is pleased to consider reasons for this belief. The most elaborately stated is that of language, the very one, as most people have come to know, of least value in such an argument. In Mr. Stuart's hands it is simply misleading, and sometimes even goes against his theory. The substantial identity of "Mamma" in languages so essentially different as Egyptian, Sanscrit, Malay, and Cornish proves nothing. Some of the examples he gives are singularly unfortunate. "Hapi," he says, is the Egyptian ape-headed god, and he compares the name with our word "ape" and the German "affe"—a comparison which would be more striking were it not, unfortunately, that Hapi was not the ape-headed god, but the wolf-headed god commemorated in the Greek name of Lycopolis, or Ssoot, the city where a wolf was worshipped. Perhaps the most amusing of these comparisons is where Mr. Stuart, observing on the Egyptian hieroglyph for 100 that it is O, naïvely remarks, "May not our sign for a hundredweight, cwt., be derived from it?" This is such an upside-down way of stating the question, and is so typical an example of Mr. Stuart's mode of argument, that it needs no comment. But it is curious that Mr. Stuart did not go on to discover the identity of several other Roman numerals, and perhaps all the Roman letters, with hieroglyphics. There are better things in the book than these, but we must reserve a notice of them for a second article.

THE RELIGIOUS DRAMA.*

OBERAMMERGAU is, we suppose, responsible for this volume; and what the author and the translator have to say concerning its famous play will suffice for the purpose of most readers, though it adds nothing to the information previously accessible on the subject, or to the criticism which has from various points of view been expended upon it. Eduard Devrient's monograph of the year 1851 still remains by far the most interesting contribution to a special "literature" which is already assuming formidable proportions. Students of the drama are not likely to forget the fact that, in its original form, the composition of the Ettal monks dated from a period very far removed from the *naïveté* of the mediæval plays; and that though the taste of a later age greatly modified this Benedictine copy of Jesuit models, from a literary point of view that which is presented at Oberammergau cannot in any sense be called a popular play. Again, while as a matter of course the effect produced by the performance is in part due to causes which even the coolest critic would forbear from too readily defining to himself, it likewise owes something to others, the very obviousness of which has caused them to be overlooked. There are few companies of actors which have received a more thorough and continuous training than that of the peasant confraternity of Oberammergau. Their rustic stage has its treasury of traditions, and they have by constant practice learnt, what to a company of performers is worth infinitely more than the possession of two or three brilliant stars, the art of *playing together*. In 1871 (for we cannot speak from personal experience of earlier performances) the absence of anything like first-rate talent in the rendering of any of the leading parts in the representation—including the chief character—would have been disappointing, had it not been more than compensated for by the artistic adequateness of the whole. To be sure, the hand of the Munich artists could be more than guessed at; and its touches are not likely to be wanting in the performances of 1880. It is, however, quite possible to surrender oneself to the emotional effects of the last Mystery which is ever likely to be presented to large concourses of people in the Christian world, without fancying that the same effects could be produced on an educated spectator of the present day by a genuine religious play of the middle ages.

In bethinking himself of his more immediate public, the translator of the lectures before us has, by the changed title which he has adopted, avowedly done an injustice to their author's original scope. Professor Hase's subject was the Religious Drama of Christian times in general, and only part of his work is devoted to an account of Miracle Plays and Sacred Dramas proper. Indeed the earlier of these lectures, which more especially correspond to the title chosen by Mr. Jackson, seem to us by no means the most valuable of the series, the scheme of which is in any case a more comprehensive one than this title implies. A fuller and more systematic treatment than would probably have accorded either with the circumstances of their delivery or with the general range of their author's studies might have given these lectures a place of real importance in critical and historical litera-

* *Miracle Plays and Sacred Dramas.* A Historical Survey. By Dr. Karl Hase. Translated from the German by A. W. Jackson, and edited by the Rev. W. W. Jackson. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

ture. The history of the religious drama of the middle ages is full of interest in itself, but of even greater interest is the question of its relations to its successor—the modern regular drama of the West—and of the traces which the latter exhibits of the influence of its predecessor. Professor Hase has discussed this theme from various points of view in connexion with Spanish, French, and German dramatic literature; and he concludes with a brief essay on the relations between the Church and the Theatre which is neither out of place in this volume, nor (as a recent debate at Berlin has again shown) unseasonable with regard to the social life of Germany at the present day. From the history of English dramatic literature and of the English stage Professor Hase has derived fewer illustrations than might have been expected; but his omissions have been in some measure supplied by his English translator and editor, in additions to the notes, which, according to an exasperating fashion, are strung together at the end of the volume. Who can be expected, in the age in which we live, to have conscientiousness enough to look out in their proper places about two-score notes to each of half-a-dozen lectures? So far as we can observe, the translator has done his work well, though he might have looked more sharply after his printer. The form *Donauesschingen* is decidedly preferable to either *Donaneschingen* or *Donaveschingen*, which are offered for choice; and the forms *Poenitère* and *Veugéance* are equally distressing. Still further additions to the notes might of course be suggested on almost every page; thus we must express our surprise that in connexion with a German dialogue on the sickness and final testament of the Mass no reference should have been made to so well-known an English "treatous" as that commonly called *The burying of the Mass in Rhyme*, recently edited by Mr. Edward Arber in his admirable series of Reprints. It is of more importance that Professor Hase's editor not only permits him to quote uncontradicted the spurious declaration of the Blackfriars Players of the year 1589, but actually leaves the note untouched in which the German author innocently supports his quotation by a reference to Mr. Payne Collier's *New Facts*. This alone would suffice to show that Professor Hase does not write about the drama as a specialist; whereas the odd simplicity of the historical observation on the same page as the note referred to, that "in spite of the violence of his opinions Prynne never became a warm adherent of Cromwell," is of Jacksonian origin, and may perhaps be excused by the necessities of compression.

Although we cannot perceive any commanding necessity for the publication of this translation—which is too heavily weighted with incidental learning for a mere series of popular lectures, while, on the other hand, its incompleteness leaves it of doubtful value for students—yet we only give the book its due in describing it as both full of interesting matter, and fresh and spirited in the manner of its composition. Professor Hase's reputation has been gained by him as an ecclesiastical historian and theologian of the rationalistic school, certainly distinguished by clearness of exposition, and, if we rightly remember an anecdote which used to be current at Jena, wont to enliven his academic discourses by sallies of epigrammatic wit. To judge from the lectures before us, he seems to have retained his fondness for a joke; although, perhaps agreeably to the usual character of witticisms *ex cathedrâ*, some of Professor Hase's have rather an ancient flavour about them. We should at the same time observe that these lectures, though dealing with a theme in which it seems difficult to avoid both giving and taking offence, are written from first to last with perfect good feeling and good taste. It is needless to say that he is not concerned, as a divine, either to inveigh against the theatre or to defend it, or to offer for it that kind of half-apology which has been received with surprising thankfulness in our own country, to the effect that not all plays are vicious, nor all actresses such as Theodora was before she became an empress. The problem which he discusses in his concluding lecture and illustrates throughout the series is nevertheless a curious one, and has by no means always met with the same answer at different periods of the history of Christendom. Can and shall the Church and the theatre make direct use of one another?—for an indirect relation between two forces acting upon mankind is of course inevitable. Only very gradually has modern civilisation, in so far as it has favoured the stage at all, arrived at the conclusion which Professor Hase summarizes at the close of his last lecture, that the true union of the two forces does not lie in their identification. While the theatre has sought to dogmatize, and even to proselytize, the Church, where she has not regarded the theatre as "a chapel of Satan," has at times been fain to look upon it as "a portion of her own sacred building." There is, accordingly, doubtless a wider significance than the worthy King Frederick William III. intended in the rebuff which he administered to the faithful Bishop Eylert, when the latter had ventured to warn His Majesty that his subjects would [illegible]—

"The King can remain three hours, or even more, in the playhouse, but he never favours us with so long a time in the church." The King answered kindly: "I am glad to find you so frank. At the same time you must forgive me for saying that is rather an unmeaning remark of yours. You have compared two things which are not in the least alike. In the theatre one is amused; in the church one prays and seeks to be edified. Now it is easy to be entertained for hours, but one can only be earnestly devout for a short time.

King Frederick William III. was a man of honest but small mind; indeed Dr. Hase notes that he "was quite satisfied with insignificant pieces"; and he would perhaps, like our own King George, have thought plays of a different stamp "sad stuff." But he was quite right in pointing out that edification requires a responsive effort which few men can afford at a theatre—at least, unless edification and amusement are in some way combined together. It [illegible]cisely this attempt which was made by the mediæval [illegible] and which, as it is one of the chief purposes of Professor Hase's lectures to show, is traceable even in later phases of the Christian drama than those to which the Mysteries, Miracle-plays, and Morals belong.

It seems unnecessary, after what has been already said, to make any further reference to the account given here of the relations between the Church of Rome and the stage in the middle ages. We must however protest, in passing, against the astounding statement that the Latin comedies of Hrothswitha "are in servile imitation of Terence." Undoubtedly Terence was the writer by whose enduring literary success the pious authoress professed to be shocked, and against whose comedies she, with modest daring, sought to pit her own; but, in reality, the latter differ from their nominal models in form almost as much as they do in spirit. In connexion with the public miracle-plays in general Professor Hase notices the custom of the whole company of actors kneeling down on the stage before the commencement of the performance to sing the hymn "Veni Creator Spiritus." This usage, which recalls the "God Save the Queen" at our opera-houses, seems to have been occasionally observed even after the Reformation; the choice of the hymn accords with its singular popularity and with the tradition which ascribed its authorship to Charles the Great. Noteworthy, again, and unfortunately again not without its modern analogies, is the circumstance that in many pieces (apparently of the early French religious drama) "the places where the Fool is to speak are merely denoted '*stultus loquitur*,' without any words." It is questionable whether, even for Shakspeare's fools—seriously as he objected to the low comedian's undying privilege of gag—the whole of what they were expected to speak was "set down for them" by the playwright. Much else that is suggestive will be found in Professor Hase's first lecture; but in the second he enters upon ground which will be new to a greater number of readers. Undoubtedly the Renaissance, which heralded the Reformation, was destined both to bring about the beginnings of the regular modern drama and to extinguish its predecessor—the religious drama of the middle ages. But the process, as is known, was a slow, and long an incomplete one, in England, where the cause of the New Learning inspired as much of the stage literature of the early Tudor period as that of the Latin Church herself; and Professor Hase shows how gradually it was accomplished in Germany also, where both sides of the religious struggle likewise found advocates on the popular stage. In Germany, however, the Reformation availed itself of the aid of the drama with a promptitude and a vigour hardly observable in the same degree in England; so that the history of the German stage in the sixteenth century forms no unimportant part of the great movement in progress throughout the national life. Professor Hase has given some interesting illustrations of this phenomenon; for a clear sketch of the history of the early German drama, accompanied by selections of plays, his translator might have referred the reader to Gœdeke and Pittmann's excellent series of *German Poets of the Sixteenth Century*, now in course of publication. Among these poets the most prominent place of course belongs to Hans Sachs, of whom Professor Hase well observes that "he seems to have felt no embarrassment in transporting his Lutheran belief into the very midst of his mediæval material with only a pious sentiment of the most general kind, or possibly with no object at all but that of gratifying his naïve delight in describing and composing." With Hans Sachs it has pleased Professor Hase to contrast, in a very suggestive lecture, the author of *Nathan the Wise*, which he defends against the specious charge that, under the pretence of equal fairness to the three religions, it is really unfair to the Christian. The argument is very temperately conducted; but there is a balancing manner about this part of the lecture which leaves the reader in something like suspense at the close. We notice, by the by, that with the story of the three rings, which Lessing borrowed from the *Decamerone*, is here compared the plot of a Lutheran polemic play acted at Eisleben shortly before the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War, written by Martin Rinckart (the author of *Nun danket alle Gott*), and called *The Christian Knight of Eisleben*. In this play the leading personages are Peter, Martin, and John—a curious, though of course far from extraordinary, coincidence with the names of the brothers in the *Tale of a Tub*, which has been supposed (in a most ingenious essay by Professor Caro) to have helped to suggest to Lessing the theme of *Nathan the Wise*.

In the lecture on the "Sacred Drama in Spain" Professor Hase is on ground well trodden, but of unique significance for the point of view from which he treats his subject. For it is in Spanish literature alone that the sacred Christian drama was cultivated with the highest literary success; in France, as the author shows in another lecture, the regular drama, even in its few earlier attempts on sacred themes, followed antique models. Nowhere did the drama more completely free itself from contact with the Church, although one famous production of Corneille's and two of Racine's are thoroughly entitled to be called religious plays. When we reach Voltaire we feel that he had as much right to call *Zaïre* a Christian play as to call *L'Orphelin de la Chine* a Chinese one; for the rest, Dr. Hase puts the matter neatly when he observes that

Voltaire, during the first decade of his brilliant career, seems rather to have hated the Church, in whose principles he had been educated by the Jesuits, than Christianity itself; indeed to this latter, which he never understood, he bore at no time a consistent hatred.

GERVASE OF CANTERBURY.*

GERVASE of Canterbury is a writer who from the circumstances of his life might have won for himself a foremost place amongst the historians of his own and even of other times. His life seems to have been spent within the walls of the cathedral convent; and his profession as a monk was made at the feet of Archbishop Thomas not many months after the latter had been consecrated to the primacy. But of the momentous struggle which ended in the murder of Thomas and his canonization Gervase has little to say; of the less important, though scarcely less bitter, conflict between the monks of Christ Church and the Archbishops, which broke out afresh after the death of Thomas, and was carried on with singular pertinacity by Archbishop Baldwin, he says perhaps too much. At least he fails to see things in their true proportions, and events of greater significance are dwarfed by prejudices which tend to make the interests of his conventual home the paramount interests of the world. His enthusiastic devotion to the society of which he was a member first kindled in him the desire to leave behind him a conclusive vindication of the monks; and to the narrative which he was thus induced to write he subsequently made additions which turned it into a chronicle of the reigns of Henry and Stephen and the first two Angevin kings. From this history Dr. Stubbs has, with the singular exactness and almost unerring judgment which mark all his work, brought together incidental statements which give us a fair picture of the personal life of Gervase. The evidence thus obtained enables him to refute the theories which have identified Gervase with other writers of the same name, and to assign to him his true value as an historian. This value is increased rather than lessened even by the peculiarities, which may not unfairly be regarded as demerits, of his work. The age was rich in historians who achieved a real greatness; and if for events of which he had personal knowledge Gervase chooses to cite their narratives almost without change, he admits their authority more effectually than if he had told the story in his own words.

It is strange that, apart from the great controversy between the monks and the Primate who was formerly their abbot, Gervase has very little to say about events which must have stirred his deepest feelings as a monk. He belonged to a convent which, more perhaps than any other in the land, was mixed up with the interests and controversies of Christendom, and he entered it just when the King and his old Chancellor were about to engage in deadly battle. The fact that he could refrain from writing down the occurrences of Becket's memorable pontificate while they were yet fresh in his mind, shows that he had not at starting any definite purpose of becoming an historian. Of his life before he became a monk nothing is recorded; and a reference to Vacarius as lecturing on law at Oxford has been rightly regarded as insufficient proof of the notion that he might have been trained in that University. If when he received orders from the Archbishop he had only just reached the canonical age, he was born probably about the year 1141; and the character and career of the great prelate with whom he was thus brought into contact would, we might suppose, give a strong impulse to the historical instinct of a young man of twenty-three if he had any within him. But we have no evidence of literary activity on his part for more than twenty years after this time; and of Thomas of Canterbury he tells us little from his own personal recollection, although the language which he uses towards him is that of enthusiastic veneration. After a most careful sifting of all the materials which can throw any light on the history of Gervase, Dr. Stubbs comes to the conclusion that he lived and died a simple monk of Christ Church, having probably seldom been beyond its walls except when he left them to plead the cause of his fellow-monks in the great quarrel with the Primate. That he was not present at the Archbishop's assassination is almost a certainty. Had he been so, he would have mentioned the fact, especially as he is careful to tell us that he was present on the next day at the burial. When at length his purpose of relating the controversy with Archbishop Baldwin was expanded into the idea of a more extended history, his recollections had lost much of their freshness, and he preferred to make use of existing materials. In so doing he shows that he was dealing with events of which he had personal knowledge. In Dr. Stubbs's words, "even the errors of arrangement which may be detected in it seem to be the errors of a man misled by an effort of his own memory. Gervase's narrative, then, has the value that belongs to confirmative evidence; he, having been on the spot and seen some part of what he records, deliberately *gives* an account of it in borrowed words." Four years after the martyrdom the cathedral was burnt; but his narrative of this calamity was not committed to writing until eleven years had passed away after the event. In the interval he may have been busied with inditing some of the many letters which went forth to the world from the cathedral convent on the subject of the great quarrel. These "Epistolæ Cantuarienses" were published in the series of the Master of the Rolls in 1865; and the circumstances under which they were written, as well as the lessons conveyed by the controversy, were carefully examined and set down in the Introduction. The language of some of these letters is in close agreement with that of Gervase's chronicle; and there seems to be nothing against the inference that they were from the pen of Gervase himself.

That a writer whose long life as a monk was so seldom broken by visits to the outer world should be a thorough monk, with no very strong feelings apart from the interests of his convent, is only what we should expect. With these interests nothing is allowed to interfere; where these are not concerned he can speak and write heartily on the side of the Archbishops; and, more especially, he can become their champion in their controversies with the neighbouring abbey of St. Augustine, with the monks of Rochester, or with the secular power. It was the great strife with Baldwin which in the end made Gervase a chronicler; and the nucleus round which his work gathered was furnished by two cases, if the legal phrase may be used, which he drew up—one on the side of the Archbishop, the other on that of the convent. The former is termed an "Imaginatio," the latter a "Responsio" on the part of the prior. These are followed by an historical exposition of the question of internal administration, and by a recapitulation of the whole controversy addressed to the Pope. Dr. Stubbs rightly regards as untenable the theory that these documents may have been essays, composed years after the event; and urges that, on this supposition, it is not

> easy to explain why these episodes should have been first treated in the Chronicle on a scale so disproportionate not only to the general history of the time, but to the other particulars concerning the fortunes of the monastery. They could on this theory have appeared in their completeness only in a minute chronicle of the convent; but Gervase's Chronicle is so far from being a complete chronicle of the convent that he does not even give the exact or carefully dated sequence of the priors of his own time.

The language of Gervase is seldom, indeed, so precise as to justify historical inferences which are based only on particular expressions. In the year 1193 he was sacrist; four years later he speaks of Felix, whom he styles sacrist of Canterbury, as appointed to the priorate of St. Martin's, Dover. It might be supposed that in the interval Gervase himself had been at St. Martin's, and this conjecture might receive some countenance from the passage in which he disclaims all ambition of being ranked amongst professed chroniclers, inasmuch as he writes not for public libraries, but for his brother Thomas and his poor little family—"tibi, mi frater Thoma, et nostræ familiolæ pauperculæ." It seems strange and, as Dr. Stubbs remarks, "scarcely reconcilable with sincere humility," thus to characterize the great, rich, and powerful community of Christ Church. But, although the expression might suit the smaller society at Dover, the list of priors, which is complete for this whole period, makes it certain that Gervase was never numbered among them. We must therefore conclude that the phrase denotes here the cathedral convent. From this point we have nothing to illustrate the personal fortunes of Gervase. His life was prolonged into the reign of John, and he proposed to relate the story from the death of Richard in the second book of his Chronicle; but Dr. Stubbs adds that there is no proof that this second book was ever written. If it was written, it has been lost; but Gervase speaks of the lessons which by the "grace of God" may be drawn from his relation of the troubles of the church of Canterbury as given in that book, and this is a sure sign that the book existed only in the mind of the author. He wrote, however, after completing the first part of his Chronicle, which is published in the volume before us, "a compendium of the history of the British Kings, of the Anglo-Saxon dynasties, and of the Norman and Angevin reigns down to the reign of John; to be followed by a history of Canterbury and its archbishops to the time of Hubert Walton." Subsequently he wrote a small tract on the political and ecclesiastical geography of Britain, adding to it "a somewhat scanty 'Provinciale' of the Catholic Church," giving to the whole the title "Mappa Mundi." These treatises will form the second volume of the present work, and the full examination of them is reserved for the Introduction to that volume. In the meantime the editor expresses his opinion that Gervase himself probably brought down the "Gesta Regum" to the year 1210, and that, although it is possible that they may have been an abridgment of a larger continuation of the Chronicle, it is more likely, in the absence of any proof of the existence of such a continuation, that "we have in the Gesta rather notes made in preparation for a continuation than an abridgment of such a work."

The exact date of his death is not known. The obituaries of the convent contain the names of three monks called Gervase, commemorated respectively on the 1st of January, the 14th of March, and the 30th of April; but there is nothing to indicate the year to which they belong, or which of these three was Gervase the Chronicler. The question whether Gervase is to be identified with some one of several writers bearing this name is more important; and Dr. Stubbs has examined it with a fulness of learning which leaves no room for doubting his conclusion. That he was not the same as Gervase of St. Ceneri, in Alençon, is proved by the later date at which the Canterbury chronicler made his monastic profession; that he was not the Gervase of Chichester mentioned by Herbert of Bosham as a young scholar who among others attached himself to Thomas Becket, is shown by the fact that the latter was not a monk, and that he is known as the author of a commentary on Malachi, of which our chronicler makes no mention in the list of his own writings. But without following the editor through his exhaustive arguments, it is enough to say that the attempts to identify him with any other writers of his own age must fail in face of the fact, already noted, that the whole evidence at our com-

* *The Historical Books of Gervase of Canterbury.* Vol. I. Edited from the manuscripts. By William Stubbs, D.D., Hon. LL.D., Canon-Residentiary of St. Paul's, &c. Published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: 1879.

as a simple monk who from the time of his early manhood spent his whole life at Canterbury.

For the general character of his narrative it may be said that his honesty may be clearly discerned through his prejudices. There may be a suppression of facts, but there is no distortion of them. Of the former we have a notable instance in the singularly meagre account of the reign of Richard, except in so far as it immediately affected the convent. Like his father, he is an object of dislike to the chronicler, although the former is spoken of with more bitter vehemence. The deaths of both were judgments for their sins against the Christ Church monks. The captivity of Richard is mentioned with evident satisfaction. The story of his last days is related without pity. It was not enough that Richard on his death-bed should protest that if he had done any harm to the church of Canterbury it must be ascribed wholly to the suggestion of others.

If we turn to contemporary events not bearing on the fortunes of the convent, it is not easy to find from the narrative of Gervase their true relations to the history of the nation. It is quite certain that if this had been the only source of information accessible to him, Thierry could never have drawn his picture of William of the Long Beard. In the pages of Gervase William is a criminal whose acts are almost too shameful to be mentioned, and whose purpose is nothing less than the destruction of the State. The miracles performed after his death were speedily stopped, he says, by the scourging of those who were the witnesses or the recipients of them; but Gervase forgets that the application of such a test would stop miracles in other places scarcely less effectually. In the narrative of Matthew Paris William is a man who was done to death because he told the truth and maintained the cause of the poor—"pro assertione veritatis et pro causâ pauperum tuendâ"; and the historian adds emphatically that, if the cause makes a martyr, William had established his claim to the title. But, as the editor remarks, the prepossessions of Gervase are so transparent that they cannot mislead the reader, while in the general faithfulness of his history we have "a sort of subsidiary evidence, by no means to be despised, to the more worthy treatment which the period has received from other historians."

VIDA.*

VIDA is a curiously pleasing book. It answers exactly to the description given in its second title, "Study of a Girl"; and in the history of the girl of whom Miss Dunsmuir has made the study there is nothing more exciting than the fact that she is motherless, that she is hardly appreciated by her father, and that she receives three offers of marriage. Yet in the two volumes which make up the book there is so much simplicity and earnestness, such truthful exposition rather than analysis of character, that the faults which the work possesses are easily pardoned in consideration of its somewhat quaint and agreeably old-fashioned merits. Foremost among these faults we should be inclined to place the introduction of a long religious dialogue, which occupies the whole, or nearly the whole, of a chapter in the second book. But when this has been said it is only fair to add that in this there is no touch of the kind of offensiveness which too often belongs to such matters when they are put into the pages of a novel, or rather of a "tale"; for *Vida* is described much more naturally by that old-fashioned nomenclature than by any modern name. The thing is, to our thinking, a mistake in art, and, strictly speaking, in taste, although the phrase "bad taste" cannot, in its usual and condemnatory sense, be applied to Miss Dunsmuir's work, the very simplicity of which saves it from such a reproach. The author would have done better to meddle no further with the religious condition and theological difficulties of her heroine than she does in some passages of the first volume, where, lightly touched upon and exhibiting with truth a phase through which most young people of any marked intelligence pass, they seem to be not out of place. If, however, the chapter to which we have referred is a mistake, it is one which need not excite any feeling stronger than regret; and there are, we believe, some readers who like to take their fiction and religion in a mixture. Vida's views are at any rate not disagreeably narrow, as may be judged from the fact that her first spiritual difficulty arises from horror and surprise at the Divine vengeance which is recorded to have overtaken Uzzah. Another mistake is the introduction of two entirely needless deaths—one of them that of a singularly attractive character; but here also criticism is to a certain extent disarmed by the evident fact that nothing can have been further from the writer's mind than bringing them in for the sake of effect. They are related quite simply as actual facts might be related, and of course it is only by dint of practised skill or of unusual instinct that a writer can command the manipulation of probable facts which is demanded by what may be termed the *optique du roman*.

Davida—or, as she is generally called, Vida—Callander is the motherless daughter of a minister who has his dwelling in the beautiful Scotch island of Arran. There is something pathetic in her first appearance when, conscious of her loneliness, she tries to make friends with some of the village children and join in their sports. "'Your name is Jeanie Millan, isn't it?' she asked of the eldest—a girl slightly older than herself. 'I see you are going after nuts. Will you let me go with you?' Jeanie looked as stupid and awkward as only a Scotch child can look, and after waiting some time replied, with downcast looks, 'If ye please, mem. We canna hinder you.' The spirit of the reply was so different from what Vida expected that it provoked her somewhat. 'Don't call me *mem*,' she answered, a little sharply." The end of Vida's undertaking is not more happy than its beginning. Leaving the other children to the enjoyment of some "cookies" which she has bought for them, and which they are too shy to eat in her presence, she seeks out a solitary nook to indulge that sorrow which, the author says, "is the peculiar luxury of childhood; there is nothing to qualify and nothing to complicate it." Descriptions of such incidents as this, dwelling on childlike feelings and perplexities, are not easy things to handle. It is to the writer's credit that her sentiment is never maudlin, and that touches which may be called trivial or even puerile in themselves have their value in relation to the development of a character which is singularly attractive. Whether Miss Dunsmuir is wise in leaving readers to form for themselves an idea of the dead mother from whom—on the reversed principle of "C'était donc monsieur votre père qui n'était pas si bien"—Vida must have inherited her nobler qualities, is possibly open to question, at any rate as regards the tastes of those readers who like to have everything fully explained. For our own part, however, we are well content with the pleasure we have derived from following Vida through the various phases between childhood and womanhood.

Mr. Callander, Vida's father, is a man who, if not soured, is at least dried up by disappointment, and who, though like Launcelot Gobbo he is "kind enough," has no comprehension of or sympathy with his child's feelings and nature. Thus practically her only companion and guide is the devoted old nurse Nannie, to whom reference has already been made as a personage whose death is needlessly brought in. The monotony of Vida's existence is, however, broken presently by the arrival of two ladies—Mrs. Hope and her daughter Mrs. Stanley—who have taken a large house hard by the minister's dwelling, and who duly call at "The Manse," a civility which Nannie instructs her "bairn" to return without loss of time. There is not a little humour of a semi-pathetic kind in the description of Vida's carrying out this command. "Why should they come here?" she has asked of her oracle Nannie, and has received for reply, "Weel, I daresay they ken that Mr. Callander's the minister, and they think it's a proper respec' to ca'. And now that they've dune that, Viday, ye canna dae less than gang up the morn, and ca' upon them." The call has its terrors and difficulties for Vida, who is arrayed in strange fashion for the occasion by Nannie; but the child's innate ladylikeness carries her through. "I think I have stayed long enough now," she says at the end of it, "gravely appealing to Mrs. Hope's superior knowledge"; and when Mrs. Hope expresses a polite wish that they may meet again, she replies, "I will come back whenever you like. I like very much to look out of these windows; at home we can't see so far, because the house is lower down and the wood comes in the way. But the wood is pretty too." Mrs. Hope is as much pleased as her daughter Mrs. Stanley is displeased with Vida. The one thinks her forward and designing, the other simple and straightforward. Vida's judgment on them, delivered to Nannie, is, "I liked Mrs. Hope; but Mrs. Stanley is rude. I don't think she's a real lady. . . . She laughed at me two or three times." "Hoots, bairn," replies Nannie, "ye maun hae been sayin' somethin' fulish." Vida answers, "I don't think so; but even if I did, she should not have laughed till after I went away." The importance to the story of the episode of Mrs. Hope's and Mrs. Stanley's arrival in Arran lies in the fact that they bring with them a boy, by name Arthur Kennedy, grandson to Mrs. Hope, and nephew to her daughter. With him, while he is fishing, or trying to fish, one morning, Vida falls in, and the two soon strike up a firm friendship. The absolute hopelessness of Mr. Callander as a father for such a girl as Vida is well brought out in connexion with this. He gives her a note from young Kennedy, of which she tells him the purport:—

> "It is from Arthur Kennedy to say why he could not walk with me on Wednesday because he had a friend with him, and they went up Goat Fell, and he seems to have been tired; but he says he is better now, and will come some day soon instead."
>
> "I do not feel quite certain," said Mr. Callander slowly, "that you ought to walk about with Arthur Kennedy, Vida."
>
> Vida looked up in frank and blank surprise.
>
> "I mean," said Mr. Callander, wondering why he could not prevent his eyes from falling, when Vida's were so steadily raised, "I'm not quite sure that it is quite the thing to do."
>
> Fortunately Vida caught no glimmering of his meaning.
>
> "I don't think Arthur would do it unless it was the thing to do," she said innocently. "He has no brothers, or sisters either, and that is why we like one another."

Mr. Callander, thus baffled, takes counsel with Nannie on the subject, and gets nothing from her but a merited rebuke. "These," he says to her, "are evidently people of position, and I should not like the idea of our forcing——" "And gin they be," Nannie replies, "gin they be in any position ye like, a' I can say is, that they're a' the mair shootable for Vida to ken. My mistress's dochter needna hing her heed afore onybody. And for Viday, though she's gey wilfu', and tak's little thought, and though I canna gar her fauld her claes, and her sampler's nae farrer on than it was at Christmas, she can come forrit, and tak' her place wi' the best o' them. I'll say that for her, though I wadna feel mysel' free to say 't *till* her."

* *Vida: Study of a Girl.* By Amy Dunsmuir. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

The friendship between Arthur and Vida continues then, in spite of the constant efforts of Mrs. Stanley to put a stop to it. Arthur gets much good both from the air of Arran and the unconscious influence of Vida, and in the following summer he insists upon dragging his good-natured grandmother back to Carrachan. Then comes the inevitable change in the position of the boy and girl. On the last evening of his second visit Arthur recurs to the promise made between them the year before, to be always brother and sister, and proposes with boyish eloquence that they should be lovers instead. That, Vida says, she knows nothing about. "Well," continues Arthur, "you know what *sweethearts* are, don't you, Vida?" To this she makes the somewhat disconcerting reply, "Yes, I think I do. They are people who do silly things. They hold one another's hands, and they go out and walk together all alone. Everybody laughs at them. They are foolish sort of people." Arthur replies to a practical remark of hers, "As to changing our minds, I shall never change mine; I can never like any other girl as much as you; and I thought you would have felt the same." To this Vida answers with charming simplicity that the cases are somewhat different. Arthur has seen a great many girls, and can tell which he likes best, but she has seen scarcely anybody. "I do like you *very* much, but you are the only boy that I know, and so I can't tell whether I should like you best, if I knew the others. And when I grow up and go to Campbelton and Glasgow, I might see some one even nicer, and I might be sorry I had promised. Don't you see?" The interview is closed by Vida's bursting into a fit of laughter at Arthur's asking for a withered rose which she has been wearing during the evening.

The story of the book is, as we have hinted, slender; and we will not spoil the enjoyment of people who cannot bear a book without a story by revealing what befalls Kennedy, Vida, and the other characters, after Vida has come to years of discretion. A word of praise, however, must be given to the drawing of one character, Mr. Jeffrey the minister, who plays an important part in the second volume, and who has not yet been mentioned. There is no violent excitement in *Vida*, and therefore there are probably some novel-readers who, to use an old-fashioned phrase, will not "taste" it. We have, we hope, said enough to recommend it to persons who are satisfied without battle, murder, and sudden death. The book has much merit and more promise.

TWO BOOKS ON SOUTH AFRICA.*

IF we have paid somewhat dearly for our campaigning in Zululand, and if the annexation of the Transvaal appears a questionable speculation, at all events and by way of compensation, they ought to extend our acquaintance with Southern Africa. Here we have two more books on the subject, and both decidedly readable; though that of Sir Stephen Lakeman takes us back to the former Kaffir war, while Captain Parker Gillmore deals with recent history. The latter gentleman, who must be more or less familiar with most quarters of the globe, is favourably known to readers of South African literature as author of *The Great Thirst Land;* and he has always exciting adventures to describe in lively, if somewhat unstudied, language. When our troubles with the Zulu King broke out, and our invading forces were fairly set in motion, it occurred to Captain Gillmore to place his experience and services at the disposal of the War Office. It may have been among the surprises and sensations of his adventurous life when the authorities promptly closed with his offer. Equally promptly he reported himself in Natal, presenting himself at headquarters to receive his instructions. The mission he undertook was a dangerous one, and certain to entail extreme hardships. He was to make a tour among the independent chiefs of Bechuana Land, and endeavour to obtain men and animals for our transport service, which threatened to collapse altogether.

In more settled times he might have counted confidently on a civil reception from the native potentates; and he would have been all the more hospitably received because he travelled with a well-filled purse as an accredited agent of our Government. On former occasions he had hunted over much of the territory, and several of the chiefs were old acquaintances. But, for the moment, circumstances had changed. The unsuccessful beginning of our operations, and the disastrous affair at Isandula, had shaken the faith of the Bechuanas in British ascendency. Already some of the tribes were thinking of casting in their lot with Cetewayo; and sundry Boers who had settled to the northward among them were trekking towards the colony in extreme alarm. The money in Captain Gillmore's possession and his weapons might decide some kraal of savages to make a victim of the solitary Englishman. He carried no other property to tempt their cupidity. He had not even a change of clothes; and a couple of sleeping blankets was his entire outfit. He had neither ox-waggons, nor bales of cotton goods, nor boxes of beads, nor a troop of attendants. He travelled with three or four horses, which he cast and changed from time to time; sometimes he was accompanied by a couple of after-riders, or by a single one, as the case might be; while occasionally he failed to engage a follower and had to ride absolutely alone. He describes the country he visited as a flat table-land, elevated some five thousand feet above the sea-level. Much of it is desert or scrub-covered wilderness; here and there he came upon park-like expanses of picturesque rolling ground, abounding in various kinds of game and timbered with clumps of acacia. Now and again there were isolated koppies—"excrescences from the surface of the plains, regular in outlines, though composed of a jumble of gigantic fragments of rock." In these koppies, which are so many natural fortresses, the kraals of the chiefs were generally situated; and the land around them was more or less cultivated. The first part of his long ride lay through the sparsely settled frontier districts of the Transvaal. Even there the travelling was by no means agreeable; the Boers naturally regarded the Englishman with anything but friendliness; and once at least when he sought their hospitality, he was repelled by a barricaded door and a rifle projected from an upper window. Even at the inns, where his wants were fairly well supplied, the bills were extortionate; and we greatly doubt whether he can have saved anything considerable from the pay and allowances he received from the War Department. The first Kaffir village where he entered on the objects of his diplomacy was Linkani; and there he had a foretaste of what awaited him elsewhere. The people of Linkani were Christianized and half civilized: he was hospitably entertained in the house of a Danish missionary, whose lines seem to have fallen in pleasant places, for the description of the bungalow-like residence in orchards swarming with turtle doves and singing birds stands out like the picture of an earthly Paradise. But there was political strife in the community, embodied in the persons of a couple of rival chiefs. In African fashion, they interposed formal delays to the business interviews, and the interviews ended by their declining to part with any of their people. They excused themselves on grounds more or less plausible, but Captain Gillmore surmised that neither of them cared to weaken his following in presence of a competitor who might take advantage of the opportunity. On other occasions, indeed, such reasons were frankly alleged. Chiefs who were at chronic feud with their neighbours could not afford to invite an attack by detaching a portion of their fighting men; and they feared besides to provoke the vengeance of Cetewayo, in the event of the white men having the worst of the struggle with him. The chiefs of Linkani, if they did not assent to Captain Gillmore's proposals, set no obstacles in the way of his departure. Elsewhere he found himself repeatedly in very critical situations; and could only extricate himself from the circles of insolent savages by audacity backed up by a display of his revolvers. More than once, he had warning that he was to be waylaid on his departure; and from one village he was forced to ride for his life, having changed his proposed route after leaving the huts behind him.

Apart from the chance of being assassinated, the actual dangers of the road were serious enough. One night in particular, which he passed in a tropical rain storm—rain of any kind being phenomenal in that district—was marked very unpleasantly in his memory. With his two attendants, he had failed in reaching the water they had been steering for, and having come upon some bushes and broken sticks, had decided to light a fire and bivouac. In utter weariness he had fallen asleep to waken almost immediately and find himself covered with ants. Having stripped off his clothes, it took him a full half-hour to free himself from his tormentors by the help of his attendants, when his "wounds had to be carefully smeared with a piece of fat." Notwithstanding the smart, he went to sleep once more, to be woke again by the rain coming down in a deluge. Then he took refuge in a little cart he had with him, where he was speedily "saturated as a sponge," and so chilled that his teeth chattered. He had soon an opportunity of restoring the circulation. His horses took fright at some nocturnal animal —which proved afterwards to be a lion—broke their fastenings, and bolted into the darkness. Immediate pursuit was necessary. Captain Gillmore ran till ready to drop, toiling through the sand after his Hottentot lad; when he was left behind, in the pleasant belief that he was lost, out of sight of the fire and beyond call of the cart. By a happy chance, at that moment he heard his boy's voice, who had just then come up with the horses; but, even with the aid of the native's sagacity, they had the utmost difficulty in retracing their steps. Next morning he was suffering from a violent attack of fever; one of his boys "was doubled up with pains in the stomach"; they had nothing for breakfast but some bu[illegible]bok meat; and, to crown all, after the deluge that had poured on them for hours, they could not find a drop of drinking-water. "The thirsty soil had drunk it all up." Throughout his forced marches the scarcity of water, as may be supposed, caused him far more suffering than any superfluity of it, though fording the rivers was sometimes awkward. Before taking leave of him, we may notice an adventure which nearly brought his journey to a premature conclusion, while at the same time it is a pleasing illustration of the kindness which may sometimes be met with in an African kraal. At that time he was riding homeward alone, having just buried his only attendant in the wilderness; and his own health had so utterly broken down that he began to make up his mind to the worst. He decided that his best chance for safety was to make a bold push for the nearest Kaffir station, across sixty or seventy miles of uninhabited country; although the odds seemed in favour of his missing his point, if he did not drop on the way. On the second day, after long and weary riding through desert covered with thorny scrub, he seemed to have made no progress. His strong and plucky little horse was staggering and stumbling under him, and no wonder. Neither horse nor rider had

* *On Duty: a Ride Through Hostile Africa.* By Parker Gillmore, Author of "The Great Thirst Land," &c. London: Chapman & Hall. 1880.

What I Saw in Kaffir-Land. By Sir Stephen Lakeman (Mazhar Pacha). Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1880.

drunk that day or the day before. After sundown he hit on a recent waggon spoor which guided him to the kotla of the old chief [illegible]. The reception was characteristic. The group on which the Englishman intruded gave no sign of welcome, but continued cowering round the fire, though one of them handed him a gourd when he asked for water. In dismounting he sank exhausted to the ground, and then the king and his people raised him, while the former whispered the word "welcome." After that he had nothing to complain of. They nursed him carefully, and treated him most generously, even going the length of giving him a jorum of hot toddy, made from a bottle of precious Hollands gin. Thanks to his courage, tact, and resolution, Captain Gillmore came back in safety to the colony to write his entertaining volume; and we may add that, with his long acquaintance with the country, he heartily approves the annexation of the Transvaal.

What Sir Stephen Lakeman saw of Kaffir-Land was seen, as we have said, more than thirty years ago. Having been with the French staff in some of their Algerian campaigns, he had fallen in love with the Minié rifle. On his return to England he had several interviews on the subject with the Duke of Wellington; and when war broke out at the Cape, he volunteered for service there, on condition that the men under him should be armed with his favourite weapon. The offer was accepted, though clogged with the condition that he was to raise two hundred men himself, and arm them with the Minié at his own expense. Sir Stephen, then a very young man, and apparently with as much money as enthusiasm, took shipping straight away for the Cape. There Sir Harry Smith took him cordially by the hand; offering an additional bounty of 2*l*. per head for each man he might enlist. The story of the recruiting is amusingly told; and surely, since Falstaff mustered the company for his march through Coventry, there never was a more motley or a more disreputable corps. Not a few of them were notoriously escaped convicts; others enlisted under pressure from the police, who had offered them the alternative of military glory or a prison; while the ranks were positively swelled by a contingent of the halt and maimed. Most of these gentlemen took the liberal bounty with the firm resolution of limiting their operations to the pot-houses of Cape Town. It was only by a masterly strategical manœuvre, and by the active exertions of a corps of sturdy blue-jackets, that they were swept up after a field-day on the beach and stowed away on board a transport. Once pushed to the front, they appear to have behaved creditably. But, though Sir Stephen and his men were repeatedly praised in General Orders, he owns frankly that they often owed their "honourable mention" rather to good luck than to good management. On the first occasion when they covered themselves with laurels some steady shooting from the Kaffirs had nearly thrown them into utter confusion. "I ran to the front and shouted out, 'We shall all be shot if we remain here in the open! To the bush, my lads! to the bush!'" So they charged gallantly forward into the bush by way of seeking cover. The tables were turned, and the natives "skedaddled." Sir Stephen attributes his successes chiefly to his system of making night attacks; for "the Kaffir, lithe, supple, and vicious as a snake during the heat of the day, loses much of his treacherous energy at night." A crime perpetrated by one of the smartest and most trustworthy of his non-commissioned officers is significant of the stamp of men he commanded. A certain Sergeant Herridge took a fancy to a singular necklace of teeth worn by an old Kaffir woman. The old lady declined to part with the ornament, whereupon the sergeant dogged, waylaid, and murdered her, as he confessed afterwards on the deathbed to which he had been brought by his remorse. One of the most interesting chapters is that which gives an account of an interview of Sir Stephen with Sandilli, the celebrated fighting chief of the Gaikas who has since caused us so much expense and anxiety. To do Sandilli bare justice, Sir Stephen's narrative illustrates his consistent patriotism. Though, on the intervention of a favourite sister, he consented to meet the English commander, he never sought to conceal his feelings of animosity. Indeed the meeting threatened to end in bloodshed, when, at a sign from the English commander, a sergeant in attendance brought the muzzle of his gun, "as if by accident, somewhere near Sandilli's head." Necessarily the story of Sir Stephen Lakeman has lost something in interest by long keeping; yet his experiences of bush campaigning and his knowledge of Kaffir nature make it entertaining reading even now.

SISTER DORA.*

THIS is a record of a noble, though not a perfect nor perhaps altogether a beautiful life. And Miss Lonsdale has told her story well, giving us both the good and the bad, or rather let us say both the strong and the weak points, in the character and conduct of her heroine; for bad is not the word to apply to some blemishes in a really grand character and a life devoted with unsparing energy and self-sacrifice to the bodily and spiritual service of her fellows. A lady who visited Sister Dora at Walsall, where she had then been nursing for seven years, describes her in 1872 as "a tall, black-haired, handsome woman, brimming over with fun and energy," who picked out the humorous side of everything, and was as fascinating a woman as she had ever met, but adds—what will appear in the sequel to have been a just criticism—that "she would not make as good a second in command as she does chief, being human and taking an ardent pride in her own good management, which she is much too transparent and open-hearted to hide." And her biographer frankly points out how this feeling of pride or jealousy made her refuse to appoint any deputy when she left her own work for a time to take charge of an Epidemic Hospital, merely telling her pupils to divide the work among them and do their best till her return. She was even tempted to betray "an unworthy dislike" of those who showed any special capacity for filling her place; and the same proud temper made pity intolerable to her, so that in her last illness two of her sisters, who had come to her, were obliged after a week's stay to take a sorrowful leave, because "from her almost frantic desire for the concealment of her complaint (cancer) she would not allow them to nurse her." We have purposely noted at starting this obvious, though very intelligible, failing, which was the more conspicuous from the childlike frankness and transparency of her nature. But it must not be taken for more than it is worth, and still less should it blind us to the genuine nobility of her character and work as a whole. It would be a great mistake to call her masculine, though she took far more kindly, as is not unusual in such cases, to the nursing of men and boys than of her own sex, and gained a wonderful influence over them. In spite of her religious profession, the precise nature of which is not very clearly indicated, she twice received offers of marriage, and on one of these occasions we are told that some members of the Sisterhood at Coatham, to which she then belonged, as well as other friends, urged her to accept it. But she had resolved to devote herself to a different career, for which she unquestionably had very remarkable aptitudes, though towards the end of her days she was heard to say, "If I had to begin life over again, I would marry, because a woman ought to live with a man and to be in subjection." To be in subjection was however just what she could least endure, and it may well be doubted if domestic life would have been her most appropriate sphere; it was anyhow a sphere to which from the earliest age she manifested a marked and almost obstinate repugnance.

Dorothy Pattison, daughter of the Rev. Mark Pattison, and sister of the present Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, was born at Hauxwell Rectory in Yorkshire in June 1832, being the youngest but one of twelve children. While still a mere girl she gave a prognostication of that speciality at once for nursing and for winning and influencing boys which became so prominent in her after career:—

> While she was travelling abroad, a schoolboy in the village, who was specially attached to her, fell ill of rheumatic fever. The boy's one longing was to see "Miss Dora" again, and as he grew worse and worse, and still she did not come home, he constantly prayed that he might live to see her. On the day on which she was expected he sat up on his pillows intently listening, and at last, long before any one else could hear a sound of wheels, he exclaimed, "There she is! there's Miss Dora!" and sank back. She went to him at once, and stayed with him, nursing him till he died.

In 1861 she finally left home, much against her father's wishes, and worked for three years as parish schoolmistress at Little Woolston, near Bletchley, but this was only a temporary experiment. In the autumn of 1864 she joined the Sisterhood of the Good Samaritans at Coatham, and early in the following year was sent to nurse in a Cottage Hospital at Walsall, a town of "the Black Country," where, with a few short breaks, the remainder of her life was to be spent. What her work there was it is the main purport of this biography to explain, and the tale does certainly read in parts almost like a romance, though we see no reason to question the accuracy of Miss Lonsdale's statements. But one hardly knows whether to marvel most at the moral or the physical power and manual dexterity of the versatile and ubiquitous Sister. Let us give a few specimens. A fine healthy young man was brought into hospital one night with his arm torn by a machine, and the doctor said it must be amputated at once. Sister Dora declared she could save it, if he would let her try. He told her she was mad, but if she chose to have the man's death on her conscience, he should neither interfere nor help her. She did save the arm, which was always thenceforth called "Sister's arm." Years afterwards, when she was very ill, the young man walked over every Sunday from the place where he worked, eleven miles off, to inquire for her. When the servant answered his vigorous pull at the hospital bell, he asked "How's Sister?" and having got his answer said "Tell her that's *her* arm that rang the bell," and walked back again. The setting of fractures and drawing of teeth, when no surgeon was present, were common operations to her, but she never touched a wound or set a fracture without first uttering a prayer. The doctor she worked under described her physical strength as gigantic. When a huge collier fell out of bed, she picked him up like a baby and put him back again; on one occasion a delirious patient, "a tall, heavy man, in the worst stage of confluent smallpox," sprang out of bed howling and rushed to the door, whereupon she grappled with him, got him back into bed, and held him there by main force till the doctor arrived in the morning. When a boy, who had chopped off a finger, came to the hospital, she sent him home to fetch the finger, set the fracture, and the surgeon testifies that it healed perfectly. One night the doctor, as a forlorn hope, performed the operation of tracheotomy on a child in the last stage of diphtheria; "Sister Dora knelt down by the bed, put her mouth to the incision, and deliberately cleared the child's throat of the poisonous mucus which was choking it," so that it recovered. And Miss

* *Sister Dora*. A Biography. By Margaret Lonsdale. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1880.

Lonsdale assures us "it is a fact that she was in the habit of bringing back to life patients who had sunk into the first stage of the fatal collapse which so often precedes death from smallpox by actually putting her mouth to theirs, and breathing into them, until vitality was restored."

But if her bodily strength and nerve was wonderful, her moral courage was more astounding still. Several stories illustrating this are given, as for instance how in one of the most infamous quarters of Walsall she flung herself between two wild Irishmen engaged in a bloody fight, with whom the police dared not interfere, and they at once desisted; and how on another night she entered a public-house of such repute that "she hardly knew whether she ought not to expect to be murdered there," to attend a man wounded in a fight, and every hat was taken off as she appeared on the scene. A wonderful story is told of her pioneering the clergy during a mission at Walsall into one of the worst slums of the town, in the hope of rescuing some of the fallen women congregated there. We reproduce the narrative as it stands in Miss Lonsdale's pages, as an example of the kind of work of which Sister Dora was capable, though the accuracy of the particular story has been contested, apparently on good grounds:—

As Sister Dora passed this place with her two companions, a policeman stopped her, saying, "Hadn't we better be near, Sister; it's an ugly place?" "Oh," she said earnestly, "on no account; it would spoil all; they must not think we are afraid." As the three missioners turned down a narrow court, the most disreputable of all the neighbourhood, the Sister spoke to the clergy, "Now keep close behind me. I am safe enough, but *your* lives are not worth a moment's purchase if you are seen down here without me to protect you." They followed her, and she paused at the door of a small house brightly lighted, through the window of which she bade them look, taking care at the same time not to be discovered.

They saw a circle of women sitting round a table, evidently receiving orders from an ill-looking man, who appeared to be master. Sister Dora knocked at the door, and received at first no answer. She knocked again, and a man's voice growled, "Who's there?" "Sister Dora," was the answer. A volley of oaths was the next sound, coupled with the question, "What do you mean by coming here at this time of night?" She merely answered, "Open the door—it's Sister; I want to speak to you." The man got up swearing, and did as she told him. She stood in the doorway, looking with infinite compassion upon the scene before her, and exhorting the man as follows: "Why, Bill, what possesses you to treat me like this? Don't you remember what you told me the last time you came up to have that head seen to?" Growls from the man, and muttered oaths, was the rejoinder; with orders to "be quick, and say what she wanted." "I'll tell you what I want," answered Sister Dora, advancing into the room, and holding out her hand, first to one woman and then another: and as they crowded round her, she addressed them severally. "Well, Lizzie," or "Mary, how are you?" and "I've seen you before—did up your arm last winter twelvemonth—but I can't put a name to you;" or, "You came up to see me two months ago." Then, speaking to them all, "I want you all to go down on your knees with me now, this moment, and say a prayer to God." To the utter amazement of the two clergymen, the whole party, the man as well as all the women, knelt with Sister Dora, while she offered up aloud a prayer from the depths of her heart, for her "brothers and sisters" who were gathered there with her. As the man rose from his knees, he turned to her in a shamefaced manner and said, "I'm very sorry, Sister, I was so rude to you. I didn't mean it; you've been good to me." "Then," answered she, quickly, "if you're sorry, will you do what I ask you?" "That I will," replied he. "I want you, and all these women here, to come with me into a room we have got hard by, and to listen to something some friends of mine have to say to you there." Bill at once prepared to obey her like a little child, and most of the women followed his example.

The two clergymen had vanished into the little mission-room, which was soon filled. But they had scarcely begun their service when a rough fellow pushed his way in, accompanied by some women, and set to work shoving and nudging those who were already there, and jeering at them with coarse bitterness. "Bill" turned to Sister Dora, by whose side he sat, and said imploringly, "Make him be quiet, Sister; now do." She rose, and saying authoritatively, "Now then, Jack, none of that. Come and sit you down here by me, and behave yourself." The dignity of her appearance and manner entirely quelled his savage nature, and as meekly as a lamb Jack came to her side, and the service proceeded, she seated between the two ruffians, who, under ordinary circumstances, would have thought little of murdering anybody who had thus dared to interfere with them.

Her young patients seem to have called out all the tender side of Sister Dora's character, and we are told that "she always had a devoted slave in some boy, whose ailments kept him a long while in the hospital," and for whom she was sure to have some humorous sobriquet. But we must leave our readers to study for themselves the history of "Sam," "Cockney"—whom she cured of "that worst of all scepticisms, a disbelief in human goodness"—and the rest of her young favourites. Another side of her character was exemplified in the tact with which she guided the Hospital Committee. The want of habitual intercourse with cultivated minds like her own was evidently a trial to her, or would have been, had she not been so wrapped up in her patients and her work. And considering that, apart from regular cases of disease, "scarcely any twelve hours passed in which some workman did not appear, scalded from a boiler, or, what was far worse, by molten metal," her work was pretty incessant. And it was maintained unbroken to the last. She refused to succumb to the fatal disease which was preying on her vitals, and her doctor was strictly enjoined to observe absolute secresy as to its real nature, so that "Her'll get well" was the general verdict of Walsall within a few weeks of the end. It was not till the August of 1878 that she consented to go away for a holiday, and in October she returned to die. Two months of lingering agony were still before her, borne with exemplary cheerfulness and patience, until at length on the afternoon of Christmas Eve she peacefully passed away. On the following Saturday, December 28, she was carried to her grave, according to her own wish, by eighteen railway servants whom she had nursed, while a vast procession, headed by the Mayor and Corporation, and including many hundreds of her old patients, followed for a mile through drizzling rain and half melted snow to the little cemetery chapel. The general desire of the working men of Walsall to have a statue erected to her memory was explained by one of the railway servants in a few simple and touching words, which convey fairly enough the feeling of those among whom she had lived and laboured devotedly for thirteen years:—

Why, nobody knows better than I do that *we* shan't forget her—no danger of that; but *I* want her to be there, so that when strangers come to the place and see her standing up, they shall ask us, "Who's that?" and then we shall say, "*Who's that?* Why that's *our* Sister Dora."

There are plenty of self-called female apostles in the present day, of whom Sister Dora was never one, ready enough to prate about what they call "woman's rights." They might be better employed in trying to learn the noble lesson she has bequeathed them of the reality of woman's work.

DAVIES'S METALLIFEROUS METALS AND MINING.*

WHETHER from a scientific or a commercial point of view, the study of metalliferous minerals and mining processes is one of ever-fresh and deepening interest. Copious as is already the literature devoted to the subject—much of it of the highest order — there is still room for a book bringing together in a concise and systematic manner the results of discovery and research carried on at different periods and in widely separate fields, concentrating into a common focus the rays of light which physical science, history, or practical economy may severally be found to contribute. With this view Mr. D. C. Davies has been led to undertake a work descriptive of the conditions under which metals and metallic ores are found in the different countries of the world, explaining in the first place the origin and constitution of such deposits, and in the next defining the zones occupied by the various metallic ores, with the view of somewhat lessening the amount of unsuccessful search for them. By means of the data thus supplied, together with the figures, quantities, and other statistics contained in the book, the commercial conditions of mining may, he thinks, be better defined. The leading principles of scientific research, as well as of economical management, being thus made good, and illustrated by a sufficiency of representative details, while the reader is furnished with references to sources whence additional information may be derived, a valuable service is rendered by Mr. Davies's little volume to those engaged in the profession of mining.

The author begins with a short survey of the primary materials of which the crust of the earth is known to be made up, amounting in all to about 600 species. These, however, it is found, resolve themselves on further analysis into some 63 simple elements, which cannot at present be further subdivided. For additional light on the distinction or the combination of these simple substances the reader is referred to works specially dealing with the subject, especially in its connexion with mineralogy. Of the 63 elementary substances, broadly divided, 48 are metals and 15 are non-metals; 5 of these being gases. Many of the whole number are of very rare occurrence in nature, the bulk of the earth's crust being made up for the most part of the five gases and the non-metallic minerals, oxygen and silica being the preponderating substances. It is with the metallic minerals that the present treatise is concerned, and from among these our author selects for description, on account of their utility in ordinary life, first, those included in the group popularly known as the noble or precious metals—gold, silver, platinum, iridium, and palladium; and, secondly, those making up the group of useful metals—copper, tin, lead, zinc, iron, nickel, mercury, bismuth, and tellurium. Coal-mining, it will be observed, does not come within the scope of his treatise. The student is taught to distinguish the two states in which metalliferous minerals occur in nature. In the native state they are found unalloyed with other, especially non-metallic, substances, and consequently pure and ready for use. In the more common mode of occurrence, save in the case of the so-called noble metals, they are mineralized, or associated with other minerals, and in combination with the gases or earthy admixtures. In this state they are known as ores, distinguished by the prevailing ingredient of the mixture. When mixed chiefly with oxygen the metals are called oxides; when with sulphur, sulphides; and when with chlorine, chlorides; all of which are more particularly dealt with as the book proceeds. An excellent table of strata sets before the eyes of the learner the order in which the various rocks making up the earth's crust lie upon each other, and the names by which the different groups of them are known to geologists; from which he is taught to select those in which metallic ores and mines may be looked for, confined as these are in general—with the exception of iron, more rarely copper, and occasionally one of the noble metals—to the series below the coal measures. Their great depositories consequently are the Laurentian, the Cambrian, the Silurian, the Devonian, and the Carboniferous strata, which make up the great mountain chains of the world. Tracing the principal lines of these mountain masses, which have, roughly speaking, a general direction from north-east to south-west, doubtless determined by the primary conditions of the

* *A Treatise on Metalliferous Metals and Mining.* By D. C. Davies, F.G.S., &c. London: Crosby Lockwood & Co. 1880.

earth's shrinkage, our author indicates the connexion which is generally found to hold good between the mountain groups and the mineral treasures of which he is about to treat; all the great deposits of metallic minerals being constituents of these mountains, or being met with in the valleys and ravines by which they are [illegible], as well as in the detritus accumulated during long ages in the hollows that furrow their sides and in the plains that stretch [illegible]ong their feet.

All known deposits of metalliferous minerals being classified, as (1) lodes, comprising fissures and veins; (2) beds, or stratified deposits, and crystallised masses; (3) irregular deposits, including [illegible]sional veins, and disseminated ores; and (4) super[illegible] deposits, comprising detrital gold, stream tin, bog iron ore and cupreous deposits, Mr. Davies goes in detail into the causes to which these modes of distribution of the mineral masses are due, illustrating the geology of the subject by typical examples from all parts of the world. The nature of fissures and lodes, with the way in which metallic veins are found interjected, and the methods of following disjointed strata, will be clearly understood from the accompanying sections and diagrams, for which he is indebted, as he informs us, to his son Mr. E. H. Davies. The illustrations throughout the work are accurately and artistically drawn. We would particularly mention those in Chapter III., showing crystals or rounded masses embedded in the rocky mass, ores of lead, blende, manganese and iron contained in the interstices, or quartz and micaceous slate entering in parallel lines into the structure of the lode. The most attractive part of the book will probably be that which treats of gold and silver deposits, in which the history of the best-known and most valuable mines or reefs is traced, the various processes for the extraction or accumulation of the metals in different countries and under various geological conditions are enumerated, and the commercial or economical statistics of their produce brought together. Sections are given to show the different conditions under which gold is usually found, which to the eye of the geologist go far towards indicating with certainty the prospects of successful or unsuccessful mining. Though perhaps the most widely diffused of all metals, it is but in few places that gold is found to repay the cost of working or extracting, and of the most renowned and oncé thought inexhaustible sources of supply, many have long since ceased their yield. The tales of India's gorgeous wealth seem well-nigh fabulous now that Golconda is barren of gold. Nor does the highest yield of the Mexican or Peruvian mines come within any appreciable approximation to the reports of Cortez and Pizarro. The yields of European gold-fields in our day are rapidly run through in our author's summary; the most hopeful of these, that of the Ural mountains, showing a total of no more than 66,966 pounds for last year, there being a progressive falling off since the year 1847, when a maximum of 75,000 pounds was attained. The history of gold-mining in Great Britain will be read with interest. Vestiges are still found of the Roman workings at Gogofau, west of Llandovey, in South Wales, in the large quartz veins that traverse the slaty strata of Arenig or Upper Cambrian age. To the present day the sacred thirst for gold has kept at work some enterprise of the kind in the Principality, which has always been known as the richest gold region of Britain. Ireland must have been of old time a near rival, to judge from the weight and splendour of Irish gold ornaments, such as those which form the noble collection of the Royal Irish Academy. The wonders of Californian and Australasian mining receive ample justice in Mr. Davies's pages, which include a notice of the prospects opened up by the recent discovery of auriferous deposits scattered over the wide region between the Zambesi and Cape Colony. Should the fears sometimes entertained of a failure of the world's supply of gold threaten to realize themselves, our author is prepared with the suggestion that some simple invention may be found whereby the sea-sands of the shores of auriferous countries, like the black sands of the Californian and Oregon coasts, might be made to yield readily and cheaply the particles of gold they contain.

Of European silver mines the most celebrated is that of Königsberg, in the south of Norway, first opened in 1623, and still worked at a profit. The ore in this mine, as shown in our author's diagram, occurs not so much in true lodes as in a succession of partly decomposed rocks known as fahlbands or rotten belts, of which layers there are seven interstratified with gneissic and slaty rocks. They extend over a length of several miles and a breadth of about one thousand feet. The total annual yield of Norway is set down at about 20,000 lbs. Troy. In Great Britain, though there is not a single silver mine proper, there is a large amount of this metal extracted from lead, chiefly in the Isle of Man, where the Cambro-Silurian strata yielded in 1876 103,332 ounces of silver from 2,500 tons of ore. The carboniferous limestones of Northumberland, Durham, and other northern counties are also productive of small quantities, samples of the tin ores of Alston Moor having yielded as much as eighty ounces to the ton. Of all silver mines in the world the most important is the Great Comstock lode of Nevada, of which Mr. Davies gives an interesting sketch. More ample accounts of this gigantic enterprise are to be obtained from the original Report of Baron von Richtofen, put forth in San Francisco in 1866; the magnificent volume of Clarence King and James D. Hague, forming part of the great United States Survey; and its valuable supplement, in the more recent work of Mr. John A. Church, published at New York. Our author's sections shew the various lodes piercing the syenitic rocks at the base of the series, and the conglomeritic beds intersected by dykes of trachytic rock. The main lode has been followed four miles, and some thirty-five mines have been opened in its course, the most successful of them being the Great Bonanza. The Sutro tunnel, which took nearly ten years in making, has just struck the lode in the Savage mine, draining the whole to a depth of 2,200 feet, and displaying the multifarious strata, which are made clear by the section in fig. 40. In less than twenty years this mighty system of veins has yielded, according to our author, 40,000,000*l.*, or, as Mr. Church reports, not much short of 70,000,000*l.*, in silver and gold, there being in the natural mixture, on the average, six per cent. of the more precious metal to ninety-four per cent. of silver. A new shaft is said to be in contemplation, to a depth of 4,500 feet. Other representative lodes or groups of mines are the Eureka deposits of Eastern Nevada and the Emma Mine of Utah. Despite the unenviable notoriety which it has gained by years of litigation, the latter mine is shown to subserve the author's purpose of illustrating the different geological conditions under which silver deposits occur in the earth's crust, and the corresponding differences of working that are rendered necessary.

Our author treats next in succession the ores of copper, tin, lead, iron, and the less prominent metals, passing on to the various methods and appliances used in mining and metallurgy, with the modes of ventilation and draining. The application of machinery in aid of the miner's industry is adequately noticed. The history of mechanical contrivances for rock-drilling or boring may be carried back a century and a half, but it was to Richard Trevethick's rotary drill, worked by a weight of 500 lbs., that the first practical success in this direction was due. Other inventions in America and on the Continent, as well as in Great Britain, led the way to the great advance of M. Sommeiller, whereby the driving of the Mont Cenis Tunnel was so rapidly expedited, the motive power being compressed air. The rock-drilling machines now in use are divisible into two main classes—those which bore by constant pressure and rotation, and those which bore by percussion combined with a rotatory movement. As the typical example of the first group, Mr. Davies takes the Diamond Rock-Boring Machine of Messrs. Beaumont and Appleby, consisting of a hollow shaft driven rapidly by steam or otherwise, and terminating in a crown or disk of iron set with diamonds. Of the manifold varieties comprised in the second group our author has selected for illustration the Schram machine, in which the drill is worked either by compressed air or steam, with great economy of motive power and effectiveness and stroke; the Ingersoll drill, easily portable, and directed against the roof or sides of a mine; and the Jordan and Victor hand-power drills, in which the boring tool is lifted up by cams, and forced back by a spiral spring. Illustrations are also given of recent improvements in stone-breaking and stamping machines made by Blake and Scholl, as well as in ore-dressing machinery by the continuous automatic crushing mill of Mr. George Green. Some important statistics are added, showing the comparative results of work in different mines under various methods of operation, with the cost of mining and dressing the ores. The book ends with some useful hints towards the classification of unprofitable mines, pointing to the probable causes of failure and to the prudential principles to be kept in view with respect to the purchase and sale of mines, and to speculation in mining property generally.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

A HASTY reader might perhaps imagine that a series of annual reports, reprinted from the Transactions of a learned Society, would not supply very interesting reading except for persons who had more or less claim to the title of specialists. The two volumes of the late M. Mohl's *Rapports* (1) ought to make any such reader change his mind. They may be said to be almost perfect specimens of the *compte rendu.* For twenty-seven years the learned Orientalist laid before his colleagues of the Asiatic Society of Paris these documents, which comprise an obituary and a brief survey of the publications of the year in Oriental literature and study. The notices both of books and men are admirable, and have the distinctness and lack of monotony which are at once the two chief things to aim at, and the two most difficult things to secure in such matters. The consequence is that, even at this distance of time, and even to a person not specially acquainted with the subject, they are attractive and interesting. Among the obituary notices many curious items will be found, such as the biography of the Hungarian savant Alexander Csoma, a kind of modern Coryat without the charlatanism, who spent his life in wandering about the least known parts of the East, and refused all communication with Europe, and all recognition by European bodies. The book is introduced by a short preface from the pen of M. Renan and a biographical notice from that of Professor Max Müller; but its intrinsic interest is fully sufficient without this heavy metal of recommendation. Indeed in Professor Max Müller's notice we could have spared a very unnecessary digression, in which the writer endeavours to prove that the credit due to Sir Henry Layard and Sir Henry Rawlinson in connexion with Assyrian exploration is overrated in England.

The fourth and last volume of M. Baudrillart's *Histoire du*

(1) *Vingt-sept ans d'histoire des études orientales.* Par Jules Mohl. Paris: Reinwald.

luxe (2) is perhaps the most interesting of the four. It covers the period from the beginning of the seventeenth century to the present day; and, as before, is chiefly occupied with French manners and customs, though other nations are by no means neglected. In this period many subjects of the first interest naturally occur for treatment, such as the conflict of opinion between Henri IV.'s advisers as to the propriety of making France a conquering nation with an external policy, or an industrial nation with a policy of commerce and trade; the attempts made by Louis XIV. and his Ministers to unite both ideals, represented respectively by Louvois and Colbert; the time of the building mania at Versailles and Marly; the "culpable luxury" of the Regent and Louis XV., &c. &c. M. Baudrillart's moral appears to be that, in point of luxury, as of other things, the *privatus census* should be *brevis*, the *commune magnum*.

It is a pity that M. Duquet (3) has not mastered the very simple proposition that to magnify your enemy is the best way to enhance your own victory and to minimize your defeat, while the vilifying of the enemy magnifies his victory, and makes the defeat of the vanquished more disgraceful. Another simple truth, which also, in common with many of his countrymen, he has yet to learn is that it is always ungracious to make a dead set, under the guise of writing history, at a particular person. The book before us is simply a long *plaidoyer* against Marshal MacMahon, while at the same time the author loses no opportunity of accusing the Germans of cruelty, general brutality, and even strategic incompetence. He has a real faculty for military history-writing, and could hardly fail (with the observance of the above simple rules) to produce work of very considerable value; but at present the animus and the childish petulance of his work can only disgust impartial readers.

There have been some doubts in England as to the claim of pedagogy to be recognized as a science, nor do we think that this Dictionary (4) will do much to reconcile the unbelievers. Here, if anywhere, we should expect to find an explanation of the mysterious term; but the Dictionary of Pedagogy does not present to the anxious inquirer much more than the appearance of a very cheap and a very handy encyclopædia, which might just as well have borne that more familiar and intelligible name, except that, at the end of the different articles, there are lists of questions to assist in getting up the subjects. We are almost afraid that if the book—which, be it repeated, is really a useful encyclopædia—had appeared in England some irreverent reviewer would have dubbed it the Dictionary for Crammers. Its information is exactly of the stamp that an instructor of youth, driven hard by an inconveniently inquisitive pupil, would find useful. Perhaps the title is a misprint for "Dictionnaire des pédagogues."

General Favé's treatise (5) is one of those books which as compositions have doubtless been of service to their authors, but which cannot be said to have any particular *raison d'être* for the reader. The General goes through the history, legendary and authenticated, of the Republic and the Empire, and draws such morals as occur to him.

Nos chambres hautes (6) is an argument, not devoid of interest, for the retention of Second Chambers in the colonies. The author's chief weakness is an unbridled affection for notes of exclamation.

Le cléricalisme (7) is a very fair sample of the nightmares of those Frenchmen who are haunted by the *spectre noir*. Give the Church her way for a century, says M. Depasse, and you shall see France in full feudalism—a state of which he proceeds to give terrible accounts. M. Depasse supposes that the complete separation of Church and State will save his country from this and other dangers.

In a curious book (8), partly consisting of reminiscences, partly of arguments, and partly of comments on other men's works, M. Eugène Nus endeavours to show the Spiritualist faith which is in him. The first and the most interesting part is a record of table-rapping and turning which M. Nus and some of his friends experienced about twenty-seven years ago. The profane will probably remark the statement that the *illuminés* on this occasion were all fervent young Republicans who had been deeply shocked by the *Coup d'état*, and who, by M. Nus's own account, were evidently in that state of half-exaltation and half-depression which physiologists tell us is most favourable to delusions and hallucinations. The latter and historical portion goes as far as the Slade business, and lays great stress on the testimony of a certain "M. Oxon, Professeur de la faculté d'Oxford." M. Oxon is, according to M. Nus, a man of the greatest intelligence and veracity.

Not many more gigantic literary tasks have recently been attempted than the Dictionary (9) of which M. Frédéric Godefroy has just issued the first *fasciculus*. The absence of anything even approaching to a satisfactory lexicon of old French has long been a trouble to students of the language, the glossaries of Roquefort, Burguy, &c., being altogether insufficient. M. Godefroy's work is intended to occupy some eight mighty quarto volumes; and, to judge from this first part, it will be of inestimable value. The distinguishing characteristic is the abundant citations from authorities, manuscript as well as printed. The fulness of these is such as to entitle it justly to the name of a Thesaurus of the older tongue.

France has waited a good many years before devoting anything like an elaborate critical study to her eccentric Encyclopædist, and truth compels us to say that M. Scherer's *Diderot* (10) is hardly a compensation for so long a neglect. Compared with Mr. Carlyle's brilliant essay, with Rosenkranz's exhaustive book, and with Mr. Morley's elaborate examination of the philosopher and his set, it is in the highest degree thin, poor, and weak. Perhaps M. Scherer, who has always been a kind of belated Classicist, is not quite the man to examine *con amore* one who was in some ways the father of all the Romanticists of France. It is particularly unfortunate, too, that the foolish etiquette which makes Frenchmen ignore all foreign criticism of their literature has prevented him from profiting, at least openly, by the remarkable *corpus* of Diderotian criticism already referred to. His own remarks are almost always sensible, and up to a certain point correct, but they show no particular grasp of their subject and no particular faculty of expounding it.

Two books of travel covering nearly the same ground are always interesting to read, not merely because of the different view they give of the localities, but also because of the light they throw on the idiosyncrasies of the authors. Prince Lubomirski (11) is a traveller of the practical order, with a very strong dislike for discomfort of any kind. His indications of hotels and such like things will be of service to intending followers over the same route. The lady who writes under the name of Louis Régis (12), on the other hand, is rather of the sentimental and picturesque order, and her descriptions of things and places are sometimes of considerable merit. The Russian Prince's book—he out-Herod's Herod in point of French Chauvinism, it should be observed—covers a rather wider space of ground in its subject than the French lady's, containing not merely sketches of Algeria, but a rather interesting account of the less visited Tunis.

Among scientific books we may notice the second volume (13) of an elaborate and freely illustrated treatise on chemistry, pure and applied; the twenty-third issue (14) of the useful *Année scientifique*, by M. Figuier; another instalment (15) of M. Amédée Guillemin's accurate and interesting popular astronomical works; and two parts of the *Bibliothèque utile* (16), one of which also deals with astronomy, while the other handles the ethnology of Africa and America.

There is no very obvious connexion between English and Slav literature, nor are the treatises which M. Hallberg has united in one volume (17) conceived on anything like the same plan. We can only suppose that his sketch of English and American literature did not quite make up the volume, and that it therefore seemed good to the publisher to pad it with a short review of the literature of the Slavs. As to the English part of the book, it is done with excellent intentions, no doubt, but hardly according to knowledge. Such statements as that the *Canterbury Tales* are imitated from the *Decameron*; that Swift's *Drapier's Letters* "contiennent tous les arguments invoqués depuis par les révolutionnaires et les socialistes de tous les pays"; and that De Quincey was not merely a prose writer, but a "poète souvent estimable," are fatal to any high idea of M. Hallberg's first-hand knowledge of English literature.

In *La Russie et le Nihilisme* (18) M. Frédé shows a considerable knowledge of his subject, when he has once succeeded in getting free from Germany, which, he says, produces the majority of the criminals of the United States, Brazil, Mexico, and the English Colonies, and is besides permeated with a disgusting odour of rusty bacon. His Russian views, though not unworthy of attention, are tinted with a similar pessimism.

Les nouveaux conseils de l'enseignement (19) is the first of a series of Parliamentary papers, issued under the superintendence of one of the Clerks of the Chamber, which are likely to prove useful to students of French contemporary history.

In *La jeunesse de Fanny Kemble* (20) Mrs. Craven has taken

(2) *Histoire du luxe*. Par H. Baudrillart. Paris: L. Hachette & Co.

(3) *Froeschwiller, Châlons, Sedan*. Par A. Duquet. Paris: Charpentier.

(4) *Dictionnaire de pédagogie*. Publié sous la direction de F. Buisson. Deuxième partie, tome premier. Paris: Hachette.

(5) *L'ancienne Rome, sa grandeur et sa décadence*. Par le général Favé. Paris: Dumaine, Hachette.

(6) *Nos chambres hautes*. Par l'hon. F. X. A. Trudel. Montréal: Senecal.

(7) *Le cléricalisme*. Par H. Depasse. Paris: Dreyfous.

(8) *Choses de l'autre monde*. Par Eugène Nus. Paris: Dentu.

(9) *Dictionnaire de l'ancienne langue française*. Tome 1., fasc. 1. Par Frédéric Godefroy. Paris: Vieweg.

(10) *Diderot*. Par Edmond Scherer. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(11) *La côte barbaresque et le Sahara*. Par le prince J. Lubomirski. Paris: Dentu.

(12) *Constantine*. Par Louis Régis. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(13) *Traité de chimie générale*. Par Paul Schützenberger. Paris: Hachette.

(14) *L'Année scientifique et industrielle*. 23ème année, 1879. Par L. Figuier. Paris: Hachette.

(15) *Les Nebuleuses*. Par Amédée Guillemin. Paris: Hachette.

(16) *Bibliothèque utile.—Les peuples de l'Afrique et de l'Amérique*. Par G. de Rialle. *Les phénomènes célestes*. Par Zurcher et Margollé. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(17) *Histoire des littératures étrangères*. Vol. 2. *Littératures anglaise et slave*. Par E. Hallberg. Paris: Lemerre.

(18) *La Russie et le Nihilisme*. Par Pierre Frédé. Paris: Quantin.

(19) *Les nouveaux conseils de l'enseignement; texte et commentaire de la loi du 27 Février 1880*. Paris: Quantin.

(20) *La jeunesse de Fanny Kemble*. Par Mme. A Craven. Paris: Didier.

recently issued *Records of a Girlhood*, and has translated pretty numerous extracts, accompanying them with a running commentary. The object seems to be to see how far the theatre might be made a moral force. Mrs. Craven finds in the life of her heroine rather discouragement than encouragement for this notion, all the more so that her admiration for Miss Kemble is great.

Mrs. Audley has added an interesting volume (21) to the many lives of musicians recently written by ladies. She is an enthusiastic defender of her hero, and inclines to think him very badly treated by George Sand.

Prose translations of lyric poetry are not things which can be spoken of with indiscriminate approbation. But M. Aulard's translation of Leopardi (22) has this advantage, that it is introduced by a very long preliminary dissertation, biographical and critical, on the poet of pessimism, who has not hitherto been very fortunate in meeting with expositors out of his native country.

M. Quantin's elegantly printed *Bibliothèque des romans* has been enriched with a reprint of Furetière's *Roman bourgeois* (23), a production of no first-rate literary merit, but useful and interesting for the light it throws on manners in the palmy days of the seventeenth century in France. Two less sumptuous reprints of the work have previously appeared of late years, and the issue of a third shows the singular demand for old books which now characterizes the French book trade.

We may group together three volumes of sketches of the light *feuilleton* kind which is still to a great extent an *article de Paris*. M. Vallery-Radot's book (24) is an attempt to show that the French student of to-day is a much more respectable being than his forerunners, though he may be considerably less picturesque. Mr. Matthew Arnold's theory of the "Ishmaelite" character of the French is fiercely, though unwittingly, opposed by M. Vallery-Radot, who holds that the student is rapidly "ranging" himself, and that he will soon become as moral as a German without the German fancy for mutilating his companions' countenances. "For the first time for eighty years," he says, "nous aurons une génération saine d'esprit et saine de cœur." This consummation does not seem to have been fully reached yet, if we may judge from *Chut!* (25), which, however, is not so scandalous a book as its title might lead readers to expect. It is simply a collection of the miscellaneous stories, jokes, *nouvelles diverses*, and so forth, which fill up the pages of the *Figaro* and of most other Parisian papers.

Arnold Mortier's *Soirées parisiennes* (26), which have now been issued regularly for some years, are also reprints of the theatrical criticisms of the *Figaro*.

The first number of the *Revue de l'histoire des religions* (27), the object of which is sufficiently explained by its title, contains articles on divination in ancient Italy, on the religious monuments of Cambodia, &c., besides useful bulletins of the literature of various subdivisions of the general subject. A paper of interest on the Basque "Pastorals," or miracle plays, also deserves notice.

M. Duprez is fortunately able to write his own biography (28). The life recorded does not perhaps contain any events of very striking interest; but the book illustrates well enough the joys and woes, the triumphs and disgusts, which await a public singer.

M. Henri de Bornier's new play (29) is a really solid and remarkable piece of work, displaying the same qualities as the *Fille de Roland*, but also showing decided progress in the art of putting those qualities to use. The well-known story of the manner in which the Scourge of God met his death furnishes the plot with very little amplification, except that the bride is made to deal the blow in revenge for the murder of her lover and the enslavement of her father and his people. As before, M. de Bornier has made his chief appeal to the higher moral sympathies, and to a lofty, if rather vague, patriotism. Walter, the murdered lover, is a Frankish chief, and Attila is constantly taunted throughout the play with his failure to take Paris, while in the last scene a singular spectacular device is resorted to. The captive Franks and Burgundians overpower the drunken Huns, and when the dying tyrant calls for his guards and his standard, *Le Drapeau de Lutèce* is brought in instead, and he dies in the consciousness of falling by a woman's hand and of his former repulse by St. Geneviève. The verse of the play is unequal, but not seldom rises to a very creditable stamp of Alexandrine, suggestive of Corneille rather than of Racine, though of course not without Hugonic echoes here and there. At present, we should say, M. de Bornier's weakest point is character-drawing. His Attila somewhere says that he does not choose that any one should understand him, and in truth there is not much danger of his undergoing this ignominy. His general behaviour reminds one of the words of another stage tyrant—"I'll do 't to show my arbitrary power." Attila is always doing it to show his arbitrary power, and it is frequently a very incomprehensible "it." So also the minor characters rarely display the distinctness of complexion that is desirable. Perhaps the rarest excellence both of novelist and dramatist is the faculty of making everybody and everything work together to bring about the *dénoûment*; certainly M. de Bornier has not yet fully attained this.

An unusually long list of novels contains also an unusual number of contributions from distinguished hands. The two ladies who write as Henry Gréville and Th. Bentzon deserve first mention for other reasons than the traditional *place aux dames*. Though both have perhaps been praised enough by their admirers, there are few among the younger novelists of France who can be compared with them. *Cité Ménard* (30) is one of the best, if not the best, of its author's works, and M. Sandeau would not, we think, have been ashamed to sign it thirty or forty years ago. The fortunes of the inhabitants of the Cité, an *insula* on Montmartre, with, as a central point, those of the good angel of the community, the sempstress Cécile, are very charmingly told. *Georgette* (31), on the contrary, though a book of considerable literary merit, is spoilt to English taste by the extravagance of its theme. A mother who finds that a *liaison* in which she has been engaged for years injures the chances of her daughter in life, and therefore conveniently drops herself into a crevasse, is not a sublime object at Dover, whatever she may be at Calais—to retort a criticism of M. de Saint-Victor's on Swift. *Le grandpère Lebigre* (32), which contains more stories than one, is a fair specimen of the lighter work of the famous collaborators. Whether MM. Erckmann-Chatrian might not be better employed at such a conjuncture as the present than in stirring up popular hate against the Jesuits is a question; but the volume is not wholly occupied with denunciation of the black militia. M. Henri Rochefort's book (33) is not a particularly interesting novel; but it has traces enough of its author's peculiar vein of caustic wit to save it, and the picture of New Caledonia is a curious study in black without any white. In *Le crime de Martial* (34), a sequel to his recently noticed *Château des épines*, M. Ulbach has once more attempted tragic sentiment and sensational incident, and has succeeded very fairly. The way in which the events of 1870-71 are brought in is superior to any previous employment of them that we remember in a novel.

M. de Boisgobey (35) has given an interesting story of the old *régime* in *L'héritage de Jean Tourniol*; and M. Allard a good and healthy study of modern *bourgeois* life in Paris, under the title of *L'impasse des couronnes* (36). *L'étang des sœurs grises* (37) is again tragical, and not representative of favourable moral conditions, but it opens with a well-told legend explaining the title. The author of *Aziyadé* has supplied in *Le mariage de Loti* (38) an account of Tahitian manners which exhibits the drawbacks of earthly paradises. There is much affectation in the book, particularly in the irritating way in which its paragraphs end regularly with rows of points, thus . . . But there is also literary talent. The tales comprised in M. Sylvin's volume (39) follow in style authors as widely removed as Bret Harte and Henry Murger, and follow them not unsuccessfully. *Les belles millionnaires* (40), on the other hand, is an ordinary novel of society, the prescription for which may be said to be a grain of Charles de Bernard and a gallon of distilled, or undistilled, water. M. Cadol's tales (41) are fair specimens of *conte excentrique* without the eccentricity being strongly marked. In *Les amours de la duchesse* (42) M. Odysse Barot has worked up his really considerable knowledge of English literature, manners, and politics, without, however, quite escaping the fate which seems to rest upon all Frenchmen who cross the Channel for their scenes and subjects. The history of the Duchess of Kennington and her clever but inconvenient son, Mr. John Marcy, whose talent is such that two London daily newspapers print a leader he has casually sent them on the same day, is to be continued. Lastly, the ingenious author who calls himself Quatrelles, and decorates his title-pages with four capital L's symmetrically arranged, has produced a book (43) not destitute either of wit or of knowledge of nature in *Les amours extravagantes de la princesse Djalarann*. These excellent qualities may perhaps partly excuse, at least in a French novel, certain breaches of good taste according to English notions.

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(21) *Frédéric Chopin*. Par Mme. A. Audley. Paris: Plon.

(22) *Poésie et œuvres morales de Léopardi*. Traduction par F. A. Aulard. Tome I. Paris: Lemerre.

(23) *Le roman bourgeois*. Par A. Furetière. Paris: Quantin.

(24) *L'étudiant d'aujourd'hui*. Par René Vallery-Radot. Paris: Hetzel.

(25) *Chut!* Par l'auteur de "Shocking!" Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(26) *Les soirées parisiennes*. Par Arnold Mortier. (Un Monsieur de l'Orchestre.) Paris: Dentu.

(27) *Revue de l'histoire des religions*. No. 1. Paris: Leroux.

(28) *Souvenirs d'un chanteur*. Par G. Duprez. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(29) *Les noces d'Attila*. Par le vicomte H. de Bornier. Paris: Dentu.

(30) *Cité Ménard*. Par Henry Gréville. Paris: Plon.

(31) *Georgette*. Par Th. Bentzon. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(32) *Le grandpère Lebigre*. Par Erckmann-Chatrian. Paris: Hetzel.

(33) *L'évadé*. Par Henri Rochefort. Paris: Charpentier.

(34) *Le crime de Martial*. Par Louis Ulbach. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(35) *L'héritage de Jean Tourniol*. Par Fortuné de Boisgobey. Paris: Plon.

(36) *L'impasse des couronnes*. Par Léon Allard. Paris: Plon.

(37) *L'étang des sœurs grises*. Par A. Matthey. Paris: Charpentier.

(38) *Le mariage de Loti*. Par l'auteur d'Aziyadé. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(39) *Contes bleus et noirs*. Par Edouard Sylvin. Paris: Charpentier.

(40) *Les belles millionnaires*. Par Léopold Stapleaux. Paris: Ollendorff.

(41) *La princesse Aldée, &c.* Par Edouard Cadol. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(42) *Les amours de la duchesse*. Par Odysse Barot. Paris: Rouff.

(43) *Les amours extravagantes de la princesse Djalavann*. Par Quatrelles. Paris: Hetzel.

AMERICAN MEAT PRODUCTION.—*The accuracy of the statements in the* Times *commented upon in an article entitled "English Farming and American Meat" which appeared in the* SATURDAY REVIEW *of April 10th, is, we find, contested by the London and St. Katharine Docks Company. In a letter printed in the* Times *of April 15th, the General Manager of the Company states that the apparently high charges for landing, lairage, and slaughtering cattle at the Victoria Docks are due in part to the action of the Privy Council, and in part to the charge for conveyance to Deptford made by the City authorities, in whom the sole right of such conveyance is vested.*

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COMING DANGERS.

THE uneasiness, amounting to alarm, which has been caused by the general election and its results is founded neither on the character of the new Government nor on the personal composition of the House of Commons, but on the action of the constituencies. The great majority of the Ministers cannot be suspected of subversive tendencies or designs, and even the most dangerous among them, who is also the most powerful, is supposed to have expressed in his latest publication a lingering tenderness for the abandoned convictions of his early career. The House of Commons, as far as it represents Great Britain, includes but few professed demagogues of the grosser kind, and the great majority of its members are, by property, social position, and habits of thought, entirely indisposed to sympathize with revolutionary measures. No Parliament could be more safely entrusted with the duties of legislation and administrative control, if only it were permanent and independent; but the instability of an equilibrium which ultimately rests on the basis of a wide popular suffrage has been conspicuously illustrated by the recent history of France. Only nine years ago the supreme legislative body was the most aristocratic of all the representative Assemblies which have been elected since 1789; and, as might have been expected, its opinions and feelings were strongly Conservative. The executive authority had with universal consent been entrusted to a veteran statesman, who, although he had at last accepted the Republic, was bent on administering it in close accordance with the spirit and traditions of constitutional monarchy. The army was commanded by a soldier of Royalist inclinations who had acquired distinction under the Empire. M. GAMBETTA, then the chief of an apparently feeble Opposition, was too harshly described by the President of the Republic as a raving madman. A decade has not yet passed, and Royalists, Orleanists, and Conservative Republicans have been deprived of every remnant of influence. M. GAMBETTA, who boasted of raising new social strata into political existence, and who has been throughout consistent in his opinions, is now regarded by a large party as a timid reactionist, although he concurs in that hostility to the Catholic Church which for the time inspires popular clamour. Experience has confirmed the warnings of those who had long maintained that the Jacobins were the only real Republicans in France. The wealthy and cultivated classes, who have, as in the United States, for the most part retired from public life, console themselves with the probable expectation that the downward course will sooner or later be arrested by the repugnance to change which prevails among the rural population. No similar check to democratic extravagance will be found in England.

In a thoughtful essay in the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. KEBBEL calls attention to the dangers which in his opinion are threatened by the caprice of the lately enfranchised voters, and by the difficulty of anticipating their decision. The triumph of the Conservatives in 1874, and their crushing defeat in 1880, were both unexpected by ordinary politicians. The oscillation may, as the writer suggests, be repeated, with the result of preventing the continuance of any political system for more than six or seven years. It would be well if the comparison represented the whole extent of the evil. A pendulum returns to the centre, and in each oscillation it traverses a smaller and smaller arc. The movement of the present year is, on the contrary, far more eccentric than the temporary reaction of 1874; and it is nearly certain that the next disturbance will take a wider range in the same direction. The supporters of the late Government, having put forth their whole strength, were outnumbered at the polls by 19 to 15, and the proportion of Conservative members returned was considerably smaller. The upper middle classes have no force in reserve, and they have little hope of obtaining additional recruits from the masses which live on weekly wages. Even if the Conservatives had a prospect of retrieving their fortunes under the present Constitution, the cards will, before the next trial of luck, be once more packed to their detriment. The door is about to be opened for the admission of large numbers of poor and ignorant recruits, who will, with scarcely an exception, reinforce the present majority. If household suffrage and redistributed constituencies prove to be not sufficient for the purpose, there is still the resource of universal suffrage. Mr. GLADSTONE has for many years been so far in advance of his party as to have recommended the indiscriminate admission of flesh and blood to the electoral franchise. The unqualified supremacy of the poor, the total and final detachment of representation from taxation, may perhaps not be accomplished during the remainder of his political career, if the same object can be practically attained by a less revolutionary extension of the franchise. Even the transfer of county representation to the labourers will not be immediately undertaken. Happy accidents, like misfortunes, seldom come single; and the lucky Liberals have the convenient excuse of the impending Census for postponing the Reform Bill which will be necessarily followed by a dissolution. The figures cannot be published before 1882, and perhaps the consequent legislation may occupy two successive years. Five or six years may therefore elapse before the Minister of the day begins to consider whether it would be as wrong for himself as for Lord BEACONSFIELD to enter on a seventh Session. All that concerns the party is that an additional majority should be created before a dissolution.

While the constituency is becoming less capable of distinguishing the comparative merits of contending parties, its relation to the House of Commons is changing to the detriment of the Constitution and of good government. The democratic tendency to appeal from the Legislature to the multitude is remarkably illustrated in the first article of the first number of a virtually new journal, which appears as a strong partisan of the Ministers, though it disclaims a Ministerial character. In a type and a form which had been connected with other political associations, the writer assumes, apparently in unconsciousness of the novelty of his doctrine, that the English House of Commons is already subject to the popular dictation which French Jacobins vindicate under the name of "the "imperative mandate." In other words, political issues are already determinable by a popular vote, or, again to use the French term, by a *plébiscite*. The theory is applied to the particular case by the statement that the present Parliament has not been instructed to abolish the Church Establishment, so that the beneficent measure of destruction must await another general election. The present mandate, it seems, requires the extension of household suffrage to counties, the readjustment of the relations of landowners to their land, and seve-

ral minor measures. That a political writer of ability, and probably of cultivation, should have forgotten the fundamental principles of the English Constitution is a disturbing phenomenon. There are opinions against which it is useless to argue, as they imply a rejection of the common ground on which alone discussion is possible. It is true that the Radical journalist only generalizes the unjustifiable language which was employed by Mr. GLADSTONE in his menace to the Scotch Church. The Establishment was to be preserved or destroyed as the people, or the majority of voters, might determine. There is reason to suppose that Mr. GLADSTONE is not disinclined to issue a similar invitation to the assailants of the English Church. The confident political teacher who constantly expresses unhesitating judgments on the politics of Austria or Afghanistan affects ignorance and neutrality on a vital question of domestic policy.

Time will show whether any effective resistance can be offered to the democratic movement which gains fresh force as it advances. "INDEX," in the *Fortnightly Review*, does justice to the personal qualities of the leaders of both parties in the troubled time which followed the Reform Bill. PEEL and ALTHORP contributed from opposite quarters to the moderation and control of dangerous tendencies; but two years after the passing of the Bill PEEL was followed by nearly half the House of Commons; whereas there is no reason to expect that present or future constituencies will emulate the prudence of the 10*l.* householders and the substantial tenant-farmers. It may be added that there is no PEEL and no DISRAELI to restore the disturbed balance of power. The respected and popular leader of the Opposition is not likely to organize a party and afterwards to lead it to victory. From the head of the Government it would be absurd to expect reserve and moderation; and it would neither be reasonable nor dignified to count on jealousies or dissensions which may possibly arise within or without the Cabinet. If it has not been possible to satisfy every claim, those who are disappointed must be aware that the rejection of many candidates for office was unavoidable. Mr. LOWE may be supposed to be satisfied with his elevation to the peerage; and Mr. GOSCHEN was only excluded from the Cabinet by his own conscientious scruples. Some years hence, when the sycophants of power are demanding from the constituencies a new imperative mandate, it is probable that some of the moderate Liberals who are still members of the party will find it impossible to accompany their more impetuous colleagues in their further career. The next election may perhaps witness the coalition which has long been foreseen; but it is uncertain whether any part of the constituencies will share in the hesitation which may be felt by some of their present leaders.

L'ENFANT TERRIBLE.

THE son of a famous political leader is entitled at the beginning of his career to sympathy and toleration. Nothing is more natural than that Mr. GLADSTONE should wish one of his family to inherit his opportunities and some portion of his powers. If the young member for Leeds hereafter attains Parliamentary or official eminence, he will follow a long series of precedents. The first and the second CECIL, the first and the second PITT, HENRY FOX and CHARLES FOX, GEORGE GRENVILLE and Lord GRENVILLE, the second and the third Earl GREY, the first and the third Marquess of LANSDOWNE, Mr. CANNING and Lord CANNING, the late and the present Lord DERBY, are not the only instances of fathers and sons who have successively both obtained and earned for themselves conspicuous places in English history. The gift of oratory seems to be even more commonly transmissible by descent than other faculties. Bishop WILBERFORCE reminded all his older hearers of his father. The first Lord ELLENBOROUGH who had risen by forensic eloquence was succeeded by the most impressive and finished orator of the next generation. It would seem that of the rhetorical qualities of Mr. GLADSTONE, his youngest son has already attained the questionable excellence of unbounded fluency. It was said that he made more speeches in Middlesex than the present PRIME MINISTER made in Midlothian. If his statement to his new constituency at Leeds was accurate, he has also attained the responsible position of a political instructor. He found, according to his own account, that the Middlesex Conservatives, who unfortunately constituted the majority, knew nothing at all about the *Alabama* claims, the Black Sea Treaty, "and various things of that "kind." "He, therefore, took it upon himself to instruct "them, and went into the facts of the matters, after which "he discovered that, looked at from any point one chose, "the case for the Liberals was absolutely strong and un-"assailable." It is interesting to learn that the young philosopher only found himself to be in the right after he had vindicated the conduct of his party to the ignorant inhabitants of Middlesex. The extent of Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE's knowledge of foreign policy may perhaps not be great, but he is not the first preacher who has converted himself. If he ever takes the trouble to study the questions on which he enlightened his audience and himself, he will learn that the Black Sea Treaty and the *Alabama* claims are not associated with glorious recollections.

Plagiarism of style and opinions is pardonable and inevitable in a literary or oratorical novice, and the only interest which for the present attaches to Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE's speeches is suggested by the model from which, to the best of his ability, he copies. The inaccuracy of most of the propositions which he affirms, and the constant use of mere commonplace and claptrap, may perhaps be only defects incident to inexperience; but it is unsatisfactory to observe a laxity of moral principle which can scarcely be original. Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE, after condescending to admit his membership of the Church of England, informed the Leeds Election Committee that, if the country decided against the Establishment, he would go with the country. It is hardly probable that he would make so cynical a declaration on his own authority. Mr. GLADSTONE himself, in more than one of his Midlothian speeches, uttered with respect to the Scotch Establishment an equally unjustifiable disclaimer of responsibility; but he involved the announcement in so many parentheses and in such complex sentences that it might mean anything or nothing; and to a Scotch constituency it was unnecessary to say anything about the Church of England. There is too much reason to fear that his purpose has now been inadvertently blurted out, as domestic secrets have often been disclosed by candid and unsuspicious childhood. Having perhaps not hitherto concerned himself with political ethics, Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE is evidently unconscious of the profound immorality of the course which he proposes to pursue. His own Parliamentary conduct is not indeed a matter of primary importance except to himself and his friends; but, if the general of the Liberal army affects to remit to the rank and file the conduct of the political campaign and the selection of its objects, his abdication of his proper functions involves grave public danger. One of the most fundamental and, in the opinion of a large portion of the community, the most disastrous, changes which could be made in English institutions would be the abolition of the Established Church. Its enemies are even more active than its friends; but it seems impossible that any Englishman of competent knowledge who regards the public welfare can be so far indifferent to the maintenance or destruction of the Church as to leave his own judgment to be determined by a plurality of votes. A young aspirant to notoriety probably cares much more for his own return to Parliament than for the suppression of churches, or for the transfer of ecclesiastical functions and parochial duties to a less refined and cultivated class. That a statesman of the highest rank should be equally unscrupulous would be a misfortune and a scandal. Lord BEACONSFIELD, who to his opponent's morbid imagination has become a type of unprincipled ambition, has never been guilty of so reckless a repudiation of public duty. Among all his supposed crimes the wickedest and worst of Ministers never invited the mob to instruct him whether he should assert the influence of England in Europe, and combat the aggressions of Russia. His virtuous successor has, it may be feared, no scruple in appealing from his own conscience and judgment to the constituencies which are soon to be further packed in the interest of the party of movement.

Though it would have been scarcely worth while to take notice of the mistakes of a young and inexperienced candidate on his own account, the sound which may be insignificant in itself attracts a kind of curiosity when it is known to be an echo. Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE probably intended to repeat in a paraphrase of his own the principal arguments and conclusions of the Midlothian speeches. If unfriendly critics have misrepre-

sented the spirit and tenor of the agitation, full reliance may be placed on a sympathetic and perhaps an inspired commentary, though in some instances the copyist has involuntarily degenerated into caricature. No controversial orator is more habitually exempt than Mr. GLADSTONE from the weakness of giving undue credit to his opponents; but he would scarcely have assured the meeting at Leeds that two of the most respectable members of the late Government had made statements of which they are utterly incapable. According to Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE, "the "climax of absurdity was reached when men whom one "would expect to have some common sense—namely, Sir "R. A. CROSS and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE—declared "that the Liberals were responsible for 'the depres-"sion in trade and commerce, because they had unduly "fostered commerce, and had made the revenue "'advance by leaps and bounds.'" That Conservative Ministers should gratuitously attribute to their rivals the prosperity of which the Liberals naturally boasted would have been incredible to a more practised politician. There was more excuse for a vague and utterly unfounded impression, derived from much factious rhetoric, that "the "Irish were right in protesting against unequal laws in "regard to the franchise, the land, and all the rest." There is indeed a trifling difference in the borough franchise of the two countries; but the only inequality of the law of land in Ireland as compared with England has consisted in the transfer to the Irish tenant of a large part of the property of the landlord. In the same spirit, and with equal accuracy, Mr. H. GLADSTONE asserted that the Tories, having inherited a large surplus, had handed over to the Liberals a considerable deficit to make up. He has probably not yet learned the technical meaning of surpluses and deficits, which are always prospective. On inquiry he will find that the late Government has left behind, not a deficit, but a surplus. The reproduction, after a long interval, of the scandalous calumnies against the English soldiers in Afghanistan is less excusable. The statement that the inquiries were made to clear the character of the accused may in a certain sense be true; but it was not to clear the character of the soldiers that the accusations were made.

There is but one opinion among unprejudiced politicians as to the impropriety of Mr. GLADSTONE's wanton denunciations of Austria. It is perhaps creditable to the candidate for Leeds that he should not have perceived the error which has been generally reprobated; but it may be hoped that his own contributions to international concord are not supported by higher authority than his own. The son of the PRIME MINISTER ought to have known that in capriciously attacking another great and friendly Power he might possibly be thought to compromise the Government. Another young gentleman ambitious of a seat in Parliament would not have disturbed the equanimity of any statesman by announcing that he very much distrusted the policy of Prince BISMARCK. "He "thought Prince BISMARCK was as necessary to the "German army as the German army to Prince BISMARCK. "They would stand or fall together, and he thought "Germany had set a bad example to Europe, and had "gone further than it need have done in arming itself." Even a Liberal Four Hundred must have wondered whether it was imbibing the ripe wisdom of its nominee, or receiving a disclosure of the policy which is to animate the new Government. The Ministers are not yet responsible for the defiance of Germany as well as of Austria by the most recent recruit of the party; but, if the policy which is good enough for a Leeds Committee should really be adopted, the intelligent portion of the community, if not the majority of ratepayers, will appreciate the superior prudence and patriotism of Lord BEACONSFIELD's Government. Even a parody may retain the main characteristics of a political system which it makes ridiculous.

ENGLAND AND ITALY IN THE EAST.

THERE is no doubt that the result of the English elections has given general satisfaction in Italy. The services which some years ago Mr. GLADSTONE rendered by his writings to the cause of Italian unity and independence have not been forgotten. The indifference or hostility which the Conservative party showed towards Italy during her struggle against foreign rule has been as little forgotten. Nevertheless, the interests—or what are taken to be the interests—of the present are apt to prevail over historical reminiscences of this kind, even among a people like the Italians, who are more governed by sentimental considerations than we ourselves are. If the interests and hopes of Italy were likely, in the opinion of the country, to be favoured by a victory of the Conservative party in England, the past would have been readily set aside. But in Italian eyes the Conservative Government committed two mortal sins. In the first place, it favoured the extension of Austrian influence in the Balkan peninsula; in the second, it asserted, jointly with France, a preponderating influence in Egypt. It would be asking too much of human nature to demand that the old and well-grounded feeling of hostility to Austria should be immediately extinguished in Italy. Nevertheless there does not appear to be much of it left; and all the efforts of the Irredentist fanatics, with the retaliatory polemic of the Austrian press, have failed to galvanize it into vigorous life. The opposition of Italy to Austria is one of interest rather than of sentiment. There is no doubt that the predominance of Austria in the Balkan peninsula would be viewed with extreme dislike by the Italian people, and by any Italian Administration, no matter to what party it might belong. It is true that there are no definite Italian projects which this predominance would thwart; but there are a great many vague desires and supposed advantages which would thereby be frustrated. It is certainly the general opinion of Italians, as reflected in their press, that Austria has already enough, or too much, in the possession of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and that the interests of Italy require that she should set her face against any further extension of Austrian territory in this direction. It is just this extension which the late Government in England was supposed to favour; and hence one ground of Italian sympathy with English Liberals.

But the late Government not only was on the best of terms with Austria and Austria's Northern backer, but contrived also to work harmoniously with France in the East. There is no doubt that public opinion in Italy views the growth of French influence on the southern shores of the Mediterranean with as little good will as it views the progress of Austria towards Salonica. It is true that the services rendered to Italy by France have not passed away from the memory of Italians, though the price exacted for them, and the hindrances placed later on by France in the way of the fulfilment of Italian unity, must cause the value of these services to be heavily discounted. But at present gratitude to France is not by any means a lively sentiment in the Italian mind. Resentment at the subordinate place which Italy has been compelled to take in Egypt, and fear of the extension of French influence in Tunis, are feelings of a much more active kind. The late Government is certainly jointly responsible with that of France for circumscribing the influence of Italy in Egypt. Whether or not it had good reasons for doing so we need not here inquire; but the fact that it did so is another ground why it did not go to the poll with the blessing of Italian public opinion. The fact, moreover, that a good understanding and common action with France in the Mediterranean is of the highest importance to this country was a reason for thinking that the policy of England in this respect would not be altered until the place of Lord BEACONSFIELD was taken by a statesman whose sympathy for Italy is gratefully remembered by Italians, and who is supposed by many to take his sympathies for other countries, rather than the interests of his own, as the rule of his political action.

It remains to be seen whether the hopes excited in Italy by the change of Government in England will in any degree be fulfilled. If these hopes are staked on a literal interpretation of all that the present members of the party in power have said when in Opposition, they are probably doomed to a heavy disappointment. One enthusiastic Italian paper informed its readers that not only was the Ottoman Government to be now put an end to, but Austria was to be immediately destroyed, and the Kingdom of Poland to be re-established. This is an exceptional flight of the Italian imagination; but moderate men in Italy, as elsewhere, look forward to a change in the grouping of the European Powers as a result of the late elections in England. And it is thought by many that this change will be to the advantage of Italy, and may lead to a closer and more harmonious connexion between the policies pursued by the two countries. In an in-

teresting and exceedingly well-written pamphlet recently published at Rome, *La politica estera d'Italia e le elezioni inglesi*, this point is insisted on. Starting from the assumption that the Ottoman Power is on its last legs, and that the time must soon come when its heirs must divide the inheritance among them, the writer proceeds to ask what the future action of Italy should be under these circumstances. Towards the North Italy has no field for her activity. In time there may be a chance that the Italian-speaking districts of Austria, or some of them, may, in case of the general rearrangement of affairs which must follow on the break-up of the Ottoman Empire, fall to the lot of Italy; but the true field on which the forces of the country can fruitfully expand is along the shores of the Mediterranean. It is southwards and eastwards, and not northwards, that the foreign policy of Italy must turn its attention. And here the main interest of Italy is that no other Power should be predominant, rather than that Italy should herself make any great acquisitions. The only point on which the writer insists with regard to this question is, that if any Power is to occupy Tunis, that Power must be Italy. And, in general, he maintains that it is in conformity both with the interests of England and of Italy that these two countries should work together in the Mediterranean, rather than suffer the gradual progress of French influence, which he affirms to be as dangerous to the one as to the other, to go on unchecked. And, as a third party to this new alliance—whether it be formal or understood—he proposes Russia. Russia is, indeed, the only possible third to this combination, since it is aimed directly both at Austria, with Germany behind, and at France.

Such a policy, however, is clearly founded on the supposed sympathy with Italy of the head of the present Administration in England, and not on the actual facts of the European situation. However agreeable it might be to Italian interests, the objections to it from an English point of view are obvious and decisive. In the first place, the good understanding arrived at, after ages of rivalry, between France and England is too precious not only for the two countries themselves, but for the general peace of Europe, to be sacrificed or impaired without absolute necessity. In the second place, the past history of our bargains and understandings with Russia gives us no guarantee whatever that such an arrangement would serve any purpose but that of Russian aggrandizement. Thirdly, it is hard to see what possible good could accrue from it to England except the protection from the problematic danger that France might become too strong in the Mediterranean. But at present there are no signs of any peril in this quarter. On the contrary, the two Powers work together in these regions with mutual confidence and good will. To weaken this confidence and good will in order to avoid chimerical dangers or to secure chimerical advantages is the last thing that a responsible English Ministry could seriously consider. Finally, what confidence could be placed in the stability of any Italian Ministry or of the policy which it might advocate? Within the space of four years we have seen no less than six Administrations in Italy, and within the next four we may see as many or more. What these Administrations have done, or left undone, at home does not concern us here; but they have certainly failed to inspire any confidence abroad. More than that, they have contrived to produce the impression, unfounded though it may be, that the country is prepared for a policy of adventure. And what foreign statesman could enter into serious negotiation with a Government liable at any moment, without any notice or any apparent cause, to be upset and replaced by another, which in a few months or weeks is sure to undergo the same fate? A Government in a state of chronic crisis will postpone, if it is prudent, the pleasures of a foreign policy. Other Governments, if they are prudent, will keep clear of any engagements with it. However this may be, it is desirable to point out that the satisfaction expressed in Italy at the fall of Lord BEACONSFIELD's Cabinet, arises from no abstract love of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good; but from the practical hope that Italy may get more out of his successor.

THE WEST OF ENGLAND BANK.

A QUESTION asked by one of the jury in the course of the trial of the West of England Bank Directors, which ended on Wednesday, showed pretty plainly the estimate which he, and probably his colleagues, were disposed to form of the case for the Crown. What this juryman wanted to know was, who had put the Treasury in motion? If none of the shareholders or creditors of the Bank had complained, it was not likely that the Government would have moved in the matter. It was not contended that the failure of the West of England Bank placed its Directors on the same unenviable moral level as the Directors of the City of Glasgow Bank. Why, therefore, had the Crown applied to them the same stringent measure? The curiosity of the jury was not satisfied, but the fact that it was felt was significant of the result of the trial. It pointed to an opinion that the prosecution was, at bottom, a fishing prosecution; that it was undertaken not so much to bring home an undoubted crime to those who had committed it, as to ascertain by experiment whether a crime had been committed. This is not a sort of prosecution on which juries look kindly, and it is certainly not a sort of prosecution on which the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of England looks kindly. Throughout the trial it was clear which way his mind leaned, and his charge to the jury makes it almost surprising that they should have thought it necessary to retire even for a quarter of an hour.

Perhaps Sir JOHN HOLKER was not altogether judicious in reading to the jury a passage from the LORD JUSTICE CLERK's charge in the City of Glasgow Bank case. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE was not likely to allow a jury in his own Court to take the law from any one but himself; and he is not so diffident of his own opinion as to be afraid of going counter to the ruling of a Scotch Court. It may be admitted, however, that Sir JOHN HOLKER found himself in a strait. If he could induce the jury to share the view of the LORD JUSTICE CLERK, he had a chance of getting a verdict. If he had to acquiesce in their sharing the view of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, his chance of a verdict was gone. The LORD JUSTICE CLERK had told the Scotch jury that, if the object of the Directors of the City of Glasgow Bank had been to keep the bank afloat until better times should relieve their securities and their debtors, and enable them to pay their way, it would not in the slightest degree relieve them from the criminal charge. If they meant to represent the bank as being in a more prosperous state than it was, and if they meant the shareholders to believe that, then they intended to run the risk of all the results that might follow from that deception. Sir JOHN HOLKER naturally wished to state the case against the West of England Bank Directors in a similar way. The question, he said, was whether they had not, "knowing the circumstances, designed by means of false representations in the balance-sheets to keep the bank afloat until the good times came and until trade revived." Fortunately for the Directors, the indictment said nothing about designing by means of false representations in the balance-sheets to keep the bank afloat until trade revived. The charge on which they were tried was that they had made false statements in the balance-sheet with intent to deceive and defraud the shareholders and to induce other persons to become shareholders. Consequently the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE told the jury that they must be satisfied, before they could find the defendants guilty of these things, that there had been an intentional falsification of the accounts, that this falsification had been done with a fraudulent intention, and that the particular fraudulent intention had been either to defraud present shareholders or to bring in new shareholders.

In short, the indictment and the evidence did not fit one another. The evidence showed that the balance-sheet had at various times given what, read in the light of after events, proved to be a far too sanguine estimate of the bank's position. But it did not show that this estimate had been given with any intent to defraud the shareholders, or even that the Directors themselves were conscious how over-sanguine it was. They had allowed themselves to be led deeper and deeper into the affairs of BOOKER and Co., and of the Aberdare Iron Works, and when at last it was plainly impossible to draw back without heavy loss, they had gone on, hoping that, if they could but tide over the present difficulty, things would right themselves in the end. Had it not been for the extraordinary and continued depression of trade, there is little doubt that things would have righted themselves, and it would have been asking too much from human nature to expect the Directors to proclaim to the world all the doubts that might from time to time suggest themselves as to the ultimate success of the efforts they were making. There is not in the whole case the slightest sus-

picion of anything worse than imprudence in the first instance, and a resolution to put the best face they could upon their affairs after they could no longer disguise from themselves that they had been imprudent. The dilemma they were in was this. Entire frankness would prevent any new shareholders from coming in; but then it would do so at the cost of bringing inevitable ruin upon the existing shareholders. To proclaim that the bank was insolvent was to make it insolvent; to conceal the fact that it was insolvent was to give it a chance—the Directors may honestly have thought a fair chance—of becoming solvent once more. That is a very difficult choice for a body of men to have to make, and we dare say the more common opinion—we certainly do not say the better opinion—will be that, under the circumstances, they decided rightly. The Lord Chief Justice evidently thinks so. "I confess," he says, "that "I cannot see how it would have been for the advantage "of the shareholders that these circumstances should have "been made known to them, assuming that the circum-"stances were such as really to destroy the value of their "shares." He admits, it is true, that there is another side to the question, and that the concealment which, from the point of view of the actual shareholder, was beneficial, from the point of view of the intending shareholder was mischievous. There is nothing, however, to show that this aspect of the case was present to the minds of the Directors in any special way. They were not anxious to attract new shareholders; and, even if the statements in the balance-sheet had been knowingly false, they would not have been made with the intent to induce any person to become a shareholder in the bank. As, therefore, they were certainly not made with a view of defrauding the existing shareholders, neither of the offences contemplated by the statute has been committed.

Although, however, the verdict is sufficiently intelligible under the circumstances, the state of the law cannot be called satisfactory. Banking is supposed to be a particularly safe business. Unsafe banking, as Mr. Bagehot has said, is bad banking. But the business of the West of England Bank was particularly unsafe, and by consequence it was eminently bad banking. Even the Lord Chief Justice admits that "the tying up of the funds "of the bank to the extent of two-thirds of its entire sub-"scribed capital in mining speculations .... was not consis-"tent with sound principles of banking." Now investors who suppose themselves to be placing capital in an unusually safe and steady business have a right to be protected against a perversion of that capital to a wholly different purpose. It cannot be supposed that, if the shareholders of the West of England Bank had foreseen the kind of business the bank would do, they would have trusted the Directors with their money. If they had wanted to embark in mining speculations, they could have done so directly, without invoking the aid of a company of bank directors. Were the accounts of the West of England Bank kept in such a way as to enable the shareholders to appreciate the character of the enterprises upon which the Directors had embarked? If they were, the shareholders had, of course, no one to blame but themselves. If they were not, then there is undoubtedly a need that the law should insist on similar accounts being so kept for the future. No legislation can secure people against the consequences of their own carelessness or folly. If bank shareholders like to leave their Directors free to do exactly what they like with the bank capital, Parliament cannot, and need not desire to, protect them. But it can and ought to secure that bank shareholders shall have the means of knowing the nature of the business which their Directors are doing, and that, if these means are withheld, the Directors shall be criminally liable for keeping them back.

LAND LEGISLATION.

The Chamber of Agriculture lately approved Lord Cairns's Land Bills by a unanimous vote. The object of the principal measure is to enlarge the powers of life tenants for the main purpose of facilitating the improvement of their estates, with the probable further result of throwing more land into the market. A tenant for life who wishes to drain or build will, under certain restrictions, be allowed to sell a portion of the property that he may apply the purchase-money in the improvement of the rest. The benefit which may consequently accrue to the remainder-man will therefore be acquired at his own expense, instead of diverting funds to which younger children or other relatives of the limited owner might be morally entitled. The purchaser of land under settlement will be able to obtain a good title if his advisers ascertain that all the statutory conditions of sale have been satisfied. Many Acts have already been passed for the promotion of similar objects, and some of them have not been inoperative; but the power of charging the land with the cost of improvements is hampered by many restrictions; and in some instances it is necessary to contract with certain privileged joint-stock Companies, which of course require a profit to themselves on the transaction. Lord Carington, who seems to have been the principal speaker at the meeting, professedly represented the interests of life tenants, who would willingly approximate as closely as possible to the condition of owners of fee. Tenant-farmers who have lately promoted agitation on the subject generally think that their interest lies in the same direction. It is not surprising that Lord Wentworth, who describes himself as a remainder-man, should, in a clever article in the *Fortnightly Review*, take a different view of the expediency of Lord Cairns's legislative project as far as it is retrospective. He remarks with some force that the House of Lords, which generally accepted Lord Cairns's statement as satisfactory, consists, with few exceptions, of tenants for life. Remainder-men who might have something to say on the other side are only expectant peers. In many cases, perhaps in most cases, there is no real conflict of interests, inasmuch as it will be for the benefit of the future owner to find the estate at his succession in the best possible order. It is true that every relaxation allowed to the life tenant must derogate from the strict rights of the remainder-man. The best apology for interference with vested interests is that the effect of merely prospective legislation would be remote and slow. In the majority of instances remainder-men are the sons of the present owners, whom they may probably regard with a certain amount of good will.

Although Lord Wentworth objects to retrospective enlargement of the powers of life tenants, he is prepared to concur in the prohibition of future settlements of land. Every possessor ought, in his judgment, to be absolute owner, with power to sell and to dispose of the property by will. It is not wonderful that Lord Cairns contented himself with a less heroic measure. The almost uniform practice of owners either of land or of personalty must be regarded as an indication of the general opinion. Few persons who can provide their daughters with a competent dowry allow them to marry without a settlement, which for the most part includes a provision for unborn children. Exceptional restrictions on the power of dealing with land may possibly be expedient, but they would at present be distasteful to owners. In the common case of a settlement or will giving an estate to sons and daughters in succession, the compulsory exhaustion of the power of disposal by an absolute gift to the eldest son would be felt as a grievous hardship; yet a provision that the estate should devolve on the next son, on failure of the original heir and his issue, would involve the creation of one or more life estates. In matters of this kind legislation ought to be moderate and tentative.

The Farmers' Alliance, which, in contrast with the Chamber of Agriculture, assumes an adverse or hostile position to landlords, claims to regulate or control in the interest of tenants the disposal of the property of owners. The pretension is comparatively novel, and until lately it would have been dismissed as anomalous. The occupying farmer holds the land by voluntary contract, with the power of enforcing covenants in his own favour; and it is now contended that he is entitled, for his own further benefit, to alter the *status* of the other party to the bargain. The landlord may be compelled to execute any improvements for which provision has been made in the lease or the agreement; and recent theorists insist that he should be placed in the most favourable position, not only for discharging his express obligations, but for investing additional capital in the land. Even if large powers of entail and settlement were admitted to be beneficial to landowners, the new school of economic projectors would still urge their demand on behalf of tenant-farmers, and perhaps of possible purchasers. The political and social objections to the accumulation and continuance of overgrown landed estates are more weighty than the arguments by which tenant-farmers and their advocates

seek to justify their interference with the tenure of land. Even if an owner in fee were necessarily richer than a life tenant, he could scarcely be compelled to employ his capital in improvements. In many instances, as Lord SALISBURY once pointed out, the absolute owner would mortgage his estate, with the result of crippling his power of improvement. One of the numerous writers who have devised schemes for depriving owners of discretion in the management of their property proposes to guard against the creation of incumbrances by making mortgages illegal. The mediæval passion for superseding the independent conduct of every man's affairs by officious legislation is reviving in matters relating to land.

A late controversy between the official representatives of the Farmers' Alliance and an Irish member who professed to have been the founder of their Association suggested some inferences of a wider scope than the dispute on an uninteresting fact. Mr. O'DONNELL, who is a follower of Mr. PARNELL, perhaps understood better than his temporary English associates the logical consequences which might be deduced from the acknowledgment of a right vested in one class to regulate for its own purposes the property of another. Wealthy manufacturers who conduct an agitation for interference with the discretion of landlords may be well assured that they are liable to become victims in their turn. In countries where land is more largely subdivided than in England, Socialist declaimers habitually denounce capitalists instead of landlords. Equal distribution of the materials of industry is in Paris and Berlin a more popular formula than the prohibition of private ownership in land. It is true that the respectable members of the Farmers' Alliance neither talk nor think of the rude process of confiscation; but some of them will do well to consider the language of Irish demagogues, and to remember that attempts were made to connect their body with the Land League which now proposes open and unmitigated robbery. At a late meeting attended by Mr. PARNELL, who is recognized by a section of Irish members as their political leader, one of the principal speakers informed the sympathizing audience that land, air, and water were the property of no man, but of the collective human race. That land would not be carefully cultivated by any occupier or workman for the benefit of the human race was a detail unworthy of the attention of the orator. Mr. PARNELL and his followers have repeatedly advised tenants to break their contracts with their landlords by withholding their rent; and some of the agitators lately boasted that, by compliance with this advice, the occupiers had saved a million sterling. A Socialist speaker in the German Parliament asserted a few days ago that his party was identified in principle and in organization with the Nihilists of Russia and with the French Commune. He would not object to admit as worthy members of the alliance the Irish brawlers who directly assail the foundation of private property. By a strange anomaly, a not inconsiderable section of the Irish priesthood have joined the conspiracy, although Continental Socialists proclaim themselves the irreconcilable enemies of the Catholic Church.

Large farmers are in a false position when they combine against the actual distribution of land, and for the restraint of freedom of contract. The Secretary of the Farmers' Alliance, in a lately published article, includes among the demands of the Association the inalienable transfer to the occupying tenant of the right to ground game. If such an enactment were passed, a farmer would be prohibited from demising the right of shooting, although he might have obtained it by agreement from his landlord. At the present moment, when landlords in many parts of England know to their cost the difficulty of keeping or finding tenants, it seems wholly unnecessary to interfere with the freedom of both parties by imposing arbitrary legal restrictions. The claim of farmers to alter the usual tenure of land for their own benefit is both paradoxical and short-sighted. Whatever may be the effect on the general community of the system of large estates, it is a condition of the existence of capitalist farmers. Few of them could without heavy pecuniary sacrifice own the land which they cultivate; and freehold farms would, in the majority of cases, be necessarily sold or divided on the death of the owners. In Ireland, graziers, though they of course occupy pasture land to the best advantage, are more obnoxious to the malcontent peasantry than the landlords, because they are supposed to hold more than their share of the soil. Perhaps the best excuse for the present activity of the Farmers' Alliance is that the farmers for the moment exercise a political power which is about to pass from their hands. Mr. [illegible], indeed, assures them that the enfranchised labourers will at first support their demands against the landlords, but he is not at pains to conceal his suspicion that their next attack will be made on their immediate employers. Rural agitation may not assume the same form in England as in Ireland, but it is inevitable and will be dangerous.

THE INTERNATIONAL.

A NAME that was once a name of terror to Europe has died out, and the International, which inspired so much curiosity and then so much vague apprehension, has become not only extinct, but forgotten. But Socialism has still so strong a hold on the Continent that every phase of its history is worth studying, and M. DE LAVELEYE has performed a public service in gathering into a masterly summary the scattered facts which make up the record of this once famous society. The International rose into something like greatness and sank into utter decay, and the causes of its rise and fall are too intimately connected with what is going on and has been going on around us to permit us to remain indifferent to its story. Told in a few words, its story is that of a society which lived while it aimed at that which was possible, and died when it aimed at that which was impossible. It flourished as the centre of a gigantic Trades' Union, and withered as the nucleus of militant Socialism. It is in its decay that it is most interesting, for militant Socialism is something so vague and intangible that anything is welcome that helps us even in a slight degree to understand it. The latest and most advanced form of militant Socialism is Nihilism, and nothing is more difficult to ordinary Englishmen than to comprehend how any set of men can go on year after year spending their strength and risking their lives in order to get to nothing. In a general way it is intelligible that from the depths of human folly there should rise a desire to make a clean sweep, to have done with everything, to have no religion, no country, no State, and no family. But experience amply proves that such a stage of thought is never reached without the mind having gone through previous transitions, and that one thing after another must have been rejected before the imagination can be fascinated by a blank. The distance from Trade-Unionism to Nihilism is a long one, and the history of the International fortunately supplies us with materials for a knowledge of how this distance may be covered. In England there is nothing like militant Socialism, and we are thus happily cut off from any personal acquaintance with what is to the Continent a cause of permanent and sometimes vivid apprehension. But Trade-Unionism is not only familiar to us, but is an English invention; and in examining the history of the International we have thus the advantage of starting with what is known to us, and only gradually passing to that which is unknown. We begin with England and end with Russia. It was an English Exhibition that started the International, and a speculative Russian that ruined it. But before BAKOUNINE interfered to mar its fortunes, ideas had germinated in its breast which paved the way for his interference. The International was never a conspiracy; it was a public, not a secret, society; its central authority had the slightest possible sway over its members, and it fell to pieces when men who came to talk found they were talking of different things. Its history is like the history of a school of philosophy, and not like the history of the Carbonari, of the followers of MAZZINI, or of any of the sects which have aimed at revolution through plots and violence. It had no funds or machinery, and scarcely any definite objects. It thought and talked till it talked itself out, and such interest as attaches to it is the interest of following a peculiar vein of thinking and talking until the vein disappears.

In 1862 the idea was started, and was immediately caught up and patronized by the Emperor NAPOLEON III., of sending a delegation of French workmen to the London Exhibition. A cordial welcome was given by the English workmen to their French brethren, and a sort of feast of international fraternization was held at the Freemasons' Tavern. There the questions that were agitating the minds of those who were assembled were discussed without precision, but also without warmth. The fraternising workmen were

[illegible] of what was to become of them. How, in the days of unlimited competition and of machinery growing more and more perfect, were they to get enough to live on? What, in fact, were they living on in this and that part of the world? Information seemed to be that which they most wanted, and the notion was thrown out that it would be eminently desirable to have a Committee which should receive from different quarters any correspondence that could illustrate the actual state and struggles of the working classes. It may be remarked in passing that this is precisely the object which Mr. BRASSEY has set before Trades' Unions as the only fruitful and legitimate object for which they can strive. The beginning of the International was the goal of Mr. BRASSEY. But the International was not destined, and was not at all likely, to be satisfied at its outset with the modest aim which Mr. BRASSEY preaches after years of study and observation. It was not until two years afterwards that anything was done to give a practical shape to the aspirations which had manifested themselves at the date of the Exhibition. In September 1864 a meeting of workmen of all nations was held in London, and of this meeting M. KARL MARX was the quickening spirit, an agent of MAZZINI only attending to withdraw when it was found that nothing like an organized and secret society was in contemplation. What was founded was a kind of harmless society for the study of social questions, with a General Council that did not pretend to be more than a centre of information, and with so humble a conception of its functions that a subscription of 3*l.* was considered sufficient to defray its probable expenses. The Society was to move entirely in the path of the political economy of Mr. MILL. The maxim of the workman was to be "self-help," and workmen were to help themselves by forming associations which would give them profits instead of wages. The progress of the Society was at first slow, and it was only in 1866 that sixty delegates met at a General Congress in Geneva. The Congress, in the main, adhered to the programme of merely collecting information; but it showed that the Society was already willing to entertain some of the questions which began to command attention when it was asked, not only what was the position of the working classes, but how that position might be improved. Resolutions were passed in favour of the limitation of the hours of work, of compulsory education, of direct taxation, and of the suppression of standing armies. The next year was the year of the Paris Exhibition, and it was then that the International assumed real importance. It began to interfere actively between the employers and the employed. It terminated a French strike by inspiring the masters with an idea that their workmen were so powerfully aided that their resistance could not be overcome, and it prolonged an English strike by preventing foreign competitors from replacing English workmen. Before long so much had been done that, at a Congress held at Lausanne, the Council-General was able to announce that 60,000*l.* had been spent in the encouragement of strikes. New ideas began to make their appearance, and it was resolved not only that railways should be taken over by the State, but that Co-operative Societies should be discountenanced as tending to make some workmen better off than others, and that a political was entirely inseparable from a social revolution. This last resolution was a complete departure from the ideas of KARL MARX, and was warmly but vainly resisted by him. Its adoption contained the germ of the dissolution of the Society, as it changed the character of the association, and embarked it on the dangerous career of pronounced opposition to the existing order of things.

But the International, so long as it retained any degree of cohesion, never mixed itself up with political revolutions. When the war of 1870 seemed imminent the International contented itself with protesting against any war anywhere, on the ground that all wars are inimical to the well-being of the poor; and although members of the International took part in the insurrection of the Commune, the Society as a body had nothing to do with it. The International remained a speculative society, and its mode of taking part in the political revolution was only to admit speculations which assumed as their basis that a complete change in political arrangements was at once desirable and possible. What M. DE LAVELEYE terms the doctrine of Collectivism forced its way to the front. This was something different from Communism as Communism is commonly understood. By Collectivism is meant that everything is to be done and managed by a society. Railways, mines, forests, and even the soil, are to be worked by associations. Every industry is to be in the hands of some association, and every workman is to find in his association the means not only of subsistence, but of wealth. What is remarkable in this impracticable conception is that it gets rid of the idea of the State. The associations include every one, but there is nothing above the associations. And not only is there no State in the sense of a governing machinery, but there is no State in the sense of a country. A workman belongs to his association, but to nothing else, and his association is supposed to be equally perfect and equally self-sufficing, whether its geographical home is situated in France or in China. This conception, it is needless to say, is in entire opposition to the Socialist view of the State as the centre and mainspring of all human life. The State has to fade away at the dawning of the association, and thus the conception of Collectivism gave an easy opening for the intervention of BAKOUNINE in the affairs of the International. In a Congress held at Basle he pressed the conclusion that those who wished the end wished the means, and that those who desired the disappearance of the State must also desire the disappearance of the institutions on which the State is based, and with which, he had the sense to see, it is indissolubly connected. Religion, law, the family, and hereditary succession are not so much props as essential elements of modern civilized society; they must all perish with the State if the association is to be all in all. What makes this conception, and Nihilism, which is only an extreme mode of stating it, peculiarly Russian, is that it is evidently nothing but a reproduction or a glorification of the Russian communal system. If there were no Czar, no tribunals, no police, no Church, and no succession derived from marriage, the communes might be supposed to have a clear field for showing what they could do. To the argument that under a reign of anarchy the communes could not cohere, the Nihilists, so far as they are capable of argument, may be taken to reply that the communes would cohere if all the causes that can be supposed to prevent their cohesion ceased to exist. The views of BAKOUNINE found little favour with the orthodox members of the International, and he founded a secret society, nominally in alliance with, but really in opposition to, the parent association. For this breach of discipline he was expelled from the International; but a schism arose, and a considerable section proclaimed that it still considered him a member. A fierce contest arose, and the International was broken into two divisions, the orthodox section reverting to the original programme of Trade-Unionism, and the revolutionary section losing itself in the general current of Continental Socialism. The seat of the General Council was removed to New York, in order to superintend American strikes; but, directly the International lost the prestige of its European connexion, it ceased to have any vitality, and the Trade-Unions of England and the States thought that they could manage their own strikes for themselves, without any artificial aid or patronage. With its collapse the dissidents collapsed too, for it is impossible to go on dissenting from a body which has come to an end. Collectivism was merged in Nihilism, and this was inevitable, for Nihilism is Collectivism active and rampant; and, if anarchy is to be preached, it must be preached in action, for men can only acquiesce in aiming at nothing by doing something. The plots, the murders, and the arson of the Nihilists are not so much the consequences of their speculative theory as the condition of this theory being entertained. Nihilism will wither away, like its predecessor the International, when it ceases to blow up palaces and to assassinate officials. The International got to the end of peaceful speculation, and it is reserved for Nihilism to get to the end of sanguinary and revolutionary action.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

THERE has been a great stir among the strong-minded this week. Whether anything specially feminine has been recognized in the composition and leading of the new Ministry; whether the remarkable success of mere clamour in the late elections has encouraged persons naturally inclined to that method of argument; or whether

the movement is merely dictated by a not unnatural hope that the new broom may, in the vigour of its newness, sweep into the most unlikely of corners, we cannot say. But a series of meetings has been going on in different parts of London during the past week, which culminated in a grand gathering at St. James's Hall on Thursday night. The earlier and less central meetings had not been destitute of liveliness. On this day week, in odorous Bermondsey, Mrs. MACLAREN, with engagingly feminine logic, announced that these gatherings were efforts on the part of the feminine sex for what was only their right. No one present, evidently, was heartless enough to point out to the speaker that, in the first place, political students are far from being agreed upon the question whether the franchise is a right at all, and that, even granting this, the question whether it is a right of lovely woman is exactly the point at issue. Mrs. MACLAREN, true to the politics of her family, appears to have made some references to the late election which, considering that women's suffrage has not yet been made a party question, were scarcely wise, nor, though the considerate reporters altered her phrase into one much more relevant, would this uncompromising Radical accept the alteration. This gathering of the masses seems to have been followed by a drawing-room meeting at which Mr. STANSFELD—not, alas! in the character of a Cabinet Minister, which some hasty sympathizers assigned to him at the beginning of last week—preached caution mingled with hope. Mr. STANSFELD is of opinion that "members of Parliament "must eventually be logical," which is perhaps the most daring avowal of millenarianism that has ever been made. Mile End then followed Bermondsey by assembling in its hundreds, and the meeting in that remote locality appears to have taken with commendable calmness the proposal of a base opportunist that "widows and spinsters" should have the franchise. The Rev. Mr. HADDEN, of St. George's in the East, may or may not have been speaking sarcastically when he said that, "according to "his experience, the women of the East End were quite "as well fitted to exercise the suffrage as their husbands "and brothers." But the most interesting illustration of the danger of too highflying argument was supplied by Miss HELEN TAYLOR, who urges that, "If it was said "that men were intellectually superior to women, "the same argument had, *with abundant foundation of "reason*, been urged against the extension of the franchise "from the upper and middle to the lower classes." In other words, because we have made one mistake, Miss HELEN TAYLOR would like us to make two. The catena of argument was worthily closed, as far as the preliminary meetings went, by a speech of Mrs. LUCAS at Islington on Wednesday. This lady is of opinion that "at present half the "brains of the country are allowed to lay"—we hope she said lie—"fallow, without doing the full work that GOD "intended them to do." It is indeed rash to contend with opponents who are furnished in this manner with particular and otherwise unrevealed information as to the intentions of the ALMIGHTY.

These displays were, however, only preliminary canters to the meeting on Thursday, which seems, to do it justice, to have been really a considerable gathering. The baser sex were only admitted on payment, and even after this Miss HELEN TAYLOR sternly declined to recognize their presence, and addressed the assembly pointedly as "ladies." It is said that "pleasure was caused by the announcement "that an overflow meeting would be held," and it is easy to conceive the satisfaction of the fair at having overflow meetings and everything handsome about them even as though they had been perfidious and tyrannical man. On the platform it would seem that many heroines gathered, some of them veteranesses in this war and others recruits to the cause. The quality of the eloquence, however, was neither better nor worse than usual. The approaching enfranchisement of the agricultural labourer was duly improved, though the speakers do not seem to have taken note of the fact that, after coming in on purpose to enfranchise him, his champions have discovered (if we may trust their chief organs) that it would be highly indecent to do it for five or six years yet. Besides this argument from analogy—if you give the suffrage to one unfit person, why not give it to two?—the old appeals to taxation, to the actual exercise by women of the municipal and educational franchise and so forth, were repeated. The meeting, however, showed as usual a decided tendency to dwell rather on the general wrongs of women, which the suffrage is supposed to have some magic power to remedy offhand. We are afraid that Lady HARBERTON, who imagines that there is some special delight in voting, would find it a comparatively tame joy if she were to try it. Mrs. SCATCHERD has discovered that, even in education, there are two laws, one for men and another—a worse one—for women. Mrs. ARTHUR ARNOLD, pursuing the same line of exploration, has found that women have fewer civil rights than the lowest specimen of male humanity. Miss TOD thought it would be an excellent thing to bring into public life "that high tone" which distinguishes women. To bring a high tone into public life means, we suppose, to shriek, and really a large portion of the male inhabitants of this country have developed such an excellent faculty that way of late, that we hardly think they need reinforcement. Finally Miss BECKER took occasion to expose the lamentable ignorance of the present IRISH SECRETARY, and Mrs. WEBSTER settled the whole matter by observing that "whether women had grievances or not, "they were entitled to votes." *Qui qu'en grogne, ainsi sera; c'est mon bon plaisir.* The motto which ANNE of Bretagne inscribed on the Tower of St. Malo would evidently suit Mrs. WEBSTER perfectly.

We are not prepared to say what chance these ladies have of obtaining satisfaction at the hands of the Government of distinguished men which Mr. MUNDELLA (including himself with commendable modesty) tells the inhabitants of Sheffield has succeeded to power with the intention of doing no Conservative work, and of not being muzzled. A Government of such gifts and graces might do anything. The worst of it is that it is not possible, with due regard to the conventions of society, to argue the women's rights matter out loud. There once was, if we remember rightly, an adventurous member of Parliament who did speak out on the subject, and shocked everybody dreadfully. It is sufficient to say that when Lady HARBERTON talks about the laws denying women the care of their own children, she naturally suggests the question whether the laws do not at the same time relieve women of the burden of supporting their own children. The majority of the arguments which were advanced at St. James's Hall lead to a conclusion by which as it seems to us, the male sex is not the sex that has most to lose. This is doubtless what Lady HARBERTON's interlocutor meant when, in a polite circumlocution, he told her that "women must be prepared to take the rough with the "smooth." If the whole of British womankind, in due caucus assembled and represented, decide that free quarters for life, deference and respect in the vast majority of cases complete control of the household in most, and of a good deal more than the household in a great many, are things not worth having in comparison with liberty and a vote why there is nothing to be said to their decision. The world will probably be very unpleasant for them, and not too comfortable for old-fashioned and easy-going people of the other sex. But it is certainly not the other sex that will have the worst of it. It is, however, perhaps useless to put this view of the matter, because it is quite certain that the speakers of Thursday night would sternly refuse to listen to it. Their demand is the old and amiable demand, to eat their cake and have it. They are to have the care of their children, but not to be burdened with the support of them; to be maintained by men, but not to be subject to them; to retain the position assigned to them by the courtesy of society, without submitting to the theoretical inferiority and helplessness for which that position is the unwritten equivalent. That many or most of them realize the unpleasant impossibility of consuming the feast and avoiding the reckoning we do not suppose. It is not the habit of the feminine mind to take in numerous ideas at the same time or to follow out trains of reasoning at any length. It is much easier and more congenial to say, "You are going to enfranchise the "agricultural labourer, why don't you enfranchise me?" or to talk about the law refusing women the care of their children, or to imagine mysterious cases of fancied wrong, such as that which has brought down upon poor Mr. FORSTER the pity, rather than the anger, of Miss LYDIA BECKER. Of course the half-way people, as they may be called, the people who feebly suggest widows and spinsters as suitable persons to represent the female sex in the constituencies, escape some of these awkwardnesses; but only some of them; while they, like all half-way people, satisfy nobody. If the women's suffrage movement has any meaning at all, it is as being part of a larger movement for the assertion of

complete legal, social, and political equality for both sexes. The certain result of the improbable success of such a movement has already been pointed out. It is a great pity that the ladies who propagate these absurdities among their poorer and less educated sisters do not open their eyes to the real condition of things to which their action tends, or would tend if it could succeed.

CIVIL MARRIAGE.

THE Roman Catholic Church enjoys in modern Europe a great and unapproachable advantage. She can dress her ministers in magnificent clothing without making them ridiculous. There was a time when she shared this advantage with the State, and in Oriental countries she does so to this day. In the middle ages kings and nobles could make themselves as fine as priests and cardinals, and no one saw anything to laugh at in the spectacle; and in the East gorgeous robes are still the natural clothing of every one in authority. But for lay and civilian Europeans dress in this sense is a lost art. The strange panoply of gold lace in which a Minister appears at an official reception excites wonder and nothing more. There is no admixture of either admiration or reverence. Even when a European is surrounded by Asiatics, he is well advised if he makes no attempt to rival them. The first thing that occurs to the visitor to the Royal Academy as he stands before Mr. PRINSEP's vast canvas is curiosity as to what the Indian princes who assisted at the proclamation of the Empress of INDIA could have thought of the extraordinary figure which occupies the principal place in the picture. Was Lord LYTTON a Viceroy or a magnified blue jay? In his invaluable notes on Rural Life in France, Mr. HAMERTON has pointed out the immense superiority as regards externals of ecclesiastical over civil ceremonies. "Modern "life," he says, "is miserably deficient in external pomp "and solemnity, even on those occasions when people feel "that visible ceremony is necessary. The Church of Rome "supplies this want, and supplies it with all the skill "derived from centuries of traditional experience." Now marriage is an occasion upon which a great many people feel that visible ceremony is necessary, and marriage is also one of the occasions upon which a considerable number of Frenchmen think it essential to have nothing to do with the Church. The all-sufficiency of civil marriage is as much an article of the Radical creed as the all-sufficiency of civil burial. No doubt there are times when lovers who belong to the advanced Left are sorely tried in this respect. Things may not go as far as they do in M. SARDOU's comedy, but the relations between the intending husband and the intending wife must occasionally be a little strained by the refusal of the former to be married in church. If anything could be done to invest the civil ceremony with a little dignity, the bride might be more easily reconciled to the omission necessitated by the bridegroom's political principles.

The PREFECT of the SEINE seems to have been lately led into a line of thought closely resembling Mr. HAMERTON's. It is needless to add, however, that the practical conclusion at which he arrives is different. He may perhaps have read *Round My House*, and have laid to heart the remark that, "if an anti-clerical Government "wished to weaken sacerdotalism effectually, its best "means of doing so would be to establish imposing civil "ceremonies for the great occasions of private and public "life." It is true that the PREFECT's English counsellor adds that to this "there is the insuperable objection that no "modern authority could invent such ceremonies without "making them and itself ridiculous." But M. HÉROLD is too true a Frenchman and too good a Radical to admit the possibility of an anti-clerical Government ever becoming ridiculous. The deeds of reactionary Administrations are excellent themes for laughter, but appreciative awe is the only emotion which a Radical authority can possibly evoke. Accordingly, he has issued a circular letter to the Mayors in his department impressing upon them the importance of assuming "a certain solemnity of attitude and "costume in the celebration of marriages." He has indeed another object, as will be immediately seen, but in the first instance it is the clothing of the Mayors that he has in mind. It is to be wished that M. HÉROLD had gone a little more into detail upon a matter which he justly thinks especially important "at an epoch when some superficial "spirits are trying to make fun of a ceremony so grand "in its simplicity." It would have been interesting to know what is the attitude and what the costume which the PREFECT of the SEINE thinks best calculated to have the effect he desires. Respect for the municipal scarf, he says, exists in France, as it is natural it should when we remember that this scarf is "a creation of 1792." There is reason to think, however, that M. HÉROLD is not so confident upon this point as he professes to be. If the municipal scarf is already universally respected, why should it be necessary to supplement this article of dress by any other? We mean of course by any other official garment. The probable explanation is that M. HÉROLD's observation of civil marriages has convinced him that a scarf tied round the waist is not in itself solemn, and that so long as the Mayor has only this decoration to trust to, it will be of very little use for him to attempt to make up by solemnity of attitude for what he wants in solemnity of dress. M. HÉROLD's next step no doubt will be to suggest a complete municipal costume—something, perhaps, between an alderman's gown and a cope, with a device representing the Republic embroidered in three colours on the back; and when this has been done, he may justly feel that he has not held office in vain.

Even then, however, there will be a fly in his ointment, in the shape of a certain Mlle. HUBERTINE AUCLERC. This lady holds advanced, not to say revolutionary, views upon the relative duties of husbands and wives as defined by the Civil Code, and she has lately taken advantage of the ceremony of a civil marriage to impress her opinions upon the newly-wedded couple and their friends. M. HÉROLD is very much exercised about this oratorical addition to the marriage rite. He is afraid that respect for civil marriage will be lessened if "the legislation which conse-"crates it" is publicly criticized the moment after the marriage has been celebrated. In this case the Mayor had but just ceased reading certain articles of the Code when Mlle. AUCLERC jumped up and denounced them. We know enough of ladies of Mlle. AUCLERC's type in England to feel sure that she did not mince matters. She does not seem even to have confined herself to the iniquities of the marriage relation; at least, M. HÉROLD's assurances that on any other occasion than that of a civil marriage she is free to demand admission to the list of voters, and to claim the right of taking her turn in the army, point to a more general treatment of the inequalities between the sexes. Unfortunately the enemies of civil marriage have got hold of this incident, and have not confined their jokes to Mlle. HUBERTINE AUCLERC. The result is that the respect for civil marriage which M. HÉROLD is so anxious to inculcate by costume and attitude is in danger of being lessened by speech. Of what avail will it be to rig out the Mayor in a municipal vestment of M. HÉROLD's devising, and to instruct him how to stand and move so as best to bring out the solemnizing influences of his new clothes, if the whole effect is to be destroyed by an inconsiderate attack on the law to administer which he has just dressed and posed himself?

Happily the law provides a remedy even for this unforeseen inconvenience. It is a mistake to suppose that every one has a right to speak at a civil marriage. There is such a thing as brawling out of church, and Mlle. AUCLERC has come very near to being guilty of it. By the terms of the Code the Mayor and the bride and bridegroom are the only persons qualified to break the severe silence of the municipal ceremonial. The Mayor may indeed, in his character of police constable, allow some friend of the newly-married pair to say a few words, and this liberty, if used with moderation, tends, M. HÉROLD thinks, to increase the simple grandeur of the proceedings. But there is no place for Mlle. HUBERTINE AUCLERC. No one must speak unless bidden to do so by the Mayor, and the Mayor must be careful to choose speakers who will confine themselves strictly to the commonplaces contemplated by the Code. If any speakers present themselves without waiting to be invited, the Mayor is to dissolve the meeting and have the room cleared. M. HÉROLD hopes, however, that no good Radical will ever be guilty of acts of defiance persistently enough to call for this strong measure. So long as the Mayor is present the PREFECT assumes that the company will behave themselves. The only way, therefore, for the Mayor to ensure obedience to the law is not to leave the wedding party until they are safe out of the room. In the case which has called for the PREFECT's intervention, the

Mayor had left before Mlle. Augléro rose to her feet. In future this unfortunate official must stay until the last word has been said, and the last compliment paid. If civil marriages are numerous, they may be expected to have much the same effect on a Mayor's brain that repeated funerals are said to have upon the chaplains of popular cemeteries.

EDUCATIONAL CONTROVERSIES.

THE columns of the *Times* have this week been the theatre of two educational controversies, each of which deserves to be watched with some care. The general policy of the Education Code is threatened from one quarter, and the alterations introduced into it during the present year are attacked from another. The London School Board has petitioned the Education Department against an alteration in the limits of age within which attendance may be reckoned for children in elementary schools, and against the proposed exclusion of children in the Fourth Standard from the grant for extra subjects. Lord Norton proposes to call the attention of the House of Lords to the extent to which middle-class instruction is now given at public expense in elementary schools, and to move that the Education Code be referred to a Select Committee. This latter question will be more conveniently considered when Lord Norton's motion is nearer at hand; but it may be worth while to point out that there is no necessary antagonism between the terms of the proposed Resolution and the arguments alleged against it by Sir Ughtred Shuttleworth in yesterday's *Times*. Lord Norton has not announced that he will propose to refer the new Education Code to a Select Committee of the House of Lords, nor does he confine his implied censure of the "departure which has now been taken from the "original and still professed scope of national education "in this country" to the Code of 1880. Sir Ughtred Shuttleworth might have seen by a simple comparison of dates that Lord Norton's motion could not be intended as an attack upon the Code of 1880 in particular. That Code, as Sir Ughtred Shuttleworth himself states, "was pub- "lished during the turmoil of the election." The notice of Lord Norton's motion was given, as he himself says, "some time before the dissolution." Sir Ughtred Shuttleworth must have a high opinion of Lord Norton's prophetic powers if he credits him with proposing, some time before the dissolution, to condemn a document which was only published during the turmoil of the elections. The object of Lord Norton's Resolution, as we read it, is not criticism of this or that clause in the Education Code, or of the Code for this or that particular year. It is rather to draw the attention of Parliament to a change which has insensibly been going on for many years, which may in itself be a good or a bad change, but which, whether good or bad, has never yet been properly considered. So far are the particular changes introduced into the Code for 1880 from being specially aimed at by Lord Norton's motion that we should even imagine he would regard them as improvements. It is the whole policy of the "Fourth "Schedule" that he wishes to bring under discussion. Sir Ughtred Shuttleworth objects to this as the raising of "a "time-honoured scare," and strongly deprecates the reference of the Code to a Select Committee of either House at a moment when it must come under the consideration of a new Committee of Council. This, it might have been thought, rather marks out the moment as a convenient one for the reconsideration by Parliament of any part of an educational policy which has hitherto received insufficient attention. It will be for the House of Lords to weigh Lord Norton's arguments in behalf of his motion, but we are unable to see that there is any *à priori* reason against a Parliamentary inquiry whether the assimilation of elementary and middle-class education, which is undoubtedly going in some schools, is in accordance with the intentions of the Legislature. Parliament has never yet laid down to what extent it wishes to aid education, and if it is in future to aid secondary education as well as elementary, it had better aid it under its own name and not under another.

The main complaint of the London School Board relates not to the quality of the education given in elementary schools, but to the length of time at which children may remain at school. This dispute must be carefully distinguished from the larger question, how the average limits of school age may best be extended. The change in the Code against which the petition of the Board is directed is the introduction of a new definition of an elementary school. It is now proposed to restrict this term to schools for children whose attendance is assumed not to extend beyond their fourteenth year, and by another article it is provided that attendance may not be reckoned for any scholar in a day school who is over fifteen years. At present the limit is eighteen years, and a large majority of the Board are in favour of this higher limit being retained. There is a difference of opinion among the members of the Board as to the real significance of the petition about to be presented. Mr. Diggle, who is one of the minority, maintains that the Board "desires the control "of children up to eighteen years of age," and "proposes to educate young people from fifteen to eighteen years of age in elementary schools." Miss Simcox, who belongs to the majority, maintains that the Board "only desires to continue to parents and the managers of all elementary schools the power they have hitherto possessed of carrying on the education of children in exceptional circumstances for a year or two beyond the age of compulsory attendance without forfeiting the claim to Government assistance, and to reserve to itself the power, intentionally granted by former legislation, of establishing evening schools where industrious youths who have gone to work may continue their education a little beyond the modest limits of Standard VI., even, if they wish it, up to the advanced age of seventeen." It is not apparent how the latter object will be interfered with by the alteration in the Code, the provision that attendance may not be reckoned for children over fifteen being expressly limited to scholars in "day" schools. But Miss Simcox, in her praiseworthy desire to promote education, misunderstands the gist of the argument in favour of the change in the Code. There are two reasons why it is not desirable to keep children at school beyond the age of compulsory attendance with the aid of Government assistance—one relating to the interests of the school, the other relating to the interests of the taxpayer. The first is that, if the distinction between elementary and secondary teaching is broken down, it is extremely likely that the elementary teaching will suffer. When the same school contains children who are being taught to read, write, and cipher—so far as these arts can be communicated in the too brief space during which the great majority of the poor can afford to forego their children's earnings—and older children who are remaining at school "under exceptional "circumstances" (the exception usually being that their parents can afford to keep them there), it will be only natural that the teacher should take more interest in the minority than in the majority. They will be further on in their work, they will have come to a more intelligent age, and they will often be children of unusually quick parts. No provision on the part of the school managers can prevent a disproportionate share of the teacher's time and thought falling to the share of this attractive minority, and in so far as this share is disproportionate, it must be so to the detriment of the unattractive majority. If the object of educational legislation is to insure that no child shall grow up destitute of the rudiments of learning, that object will certainly not be promoted by the mixing up in the same school of children who are learning the rudiments and young people between fifteen and eighteen who would not be at school at all if they did not wish to learn something more than the rudiments.

As regards the taxpayers, we have no desire to prejudge the question to what extent secondary education should be paid for by the State. It is enough to say, first, that it ought not to be paid for by the State until Parliament has considered the subject and voted money for the purpose; and next, that, if that money is voted, it ought to be spent in the way that will best advance secondary education. The plan of carrying on the education of children in elementary schools up to the age of eighteen offends against both these conditions. It involves the diversion of Government assistance specifically granted for one purpose to another and quite different purpose. The reasons which make it expedient for children to receive the rudiments of education at the public expense are quite distinct from any reasons which would make it expedient for children to carry on their education up to the age of eighteen at the public expense; and the Legislature which has recognized the force of the former

reasons cannot be held by so doing to have recognized the force of the latter. If Parliament should hereafter desire to aid secondary education, it is to be hoped that it will adopt some more effectual plan than one which should encourage the managers of elementary schools to carry on the edification of a few children under conditions which would be equally unfavourable for the majority and the minority of the scholars.

JOURNAL OF A DOCTOR IN MARLBOROUGH'S WARS.

TRAVELLERS in the East are constantly amused by foolish stories of inexhaustible treasures supposed to be concealed in the ruins of palaces and forts. Englishmen might more profitably speculate on the existence of real treasures of a different kind, much more accessible and nearer home. We do not refer to ingots of silver or pots filled with Roman or Saxon coins, but to books and manuscripts hidden in chests, libraries, and drawers in many a country house in England, never rummaged since the family lawyer made some change in the entail during the life of the grandfather of the present owner. We believe that a diligent search, such as Scott made for ballads in the farmhouses and hamlets of the Border, might bring to light diaries and journals of inestimable value to those who like to penetrate beneath the surface of history and to know how their ancestors talked, dressed, and wrote. One of these waifs and strays of unpublished literature has recently fallen into our hands. It is entitled *Dr. Armstrong's Journal of his Travels in 1708 during the War in Flanders between the French and the Allies commanded by the D. of Marlborough.* As far as we can ascertain, this diary has never been printed. It fills 53 pages of close writing of that clear, bold, and legible type, which in these days of hurried post-cards and needless circulars seems to be a forgotten accomplishment. The journal is divided into two parts, and the covering letters bear date respectively September 25th, 1708, N.S. Leyden, and July 10th, 1711, Douai. The first packet is addressed to the writer's "honoured father" and the second to his "loving brother," and there is a third written to his father and mother, in which this dutiful son sends his parents a copy of the Doctor's degree which had been conferred on him by Adolphus Le Large, Doctor and Professor of the faculty of Physick in the famous University and archbishoprick of Rheims. Of Dr. Armstrong's birthplace, parentage, and town or county, the letters give few particulars. We gather that he lived near Sherborne in Dorsetshire. His diary is made up of odd and interesting details and adventures; and modern special correspondents, scribbling doctors, and irrepressible friends in camp may care to know how civilians fared in days when there were no indiscreet telegrams to carry information to the enemy, and no ready writers who felt quite equal to the task of showing Lord Clyde or Lord Napier of Magdala how to finish their campaigns. Dr. Armstrong appears to have tried to combine professional advancement with sight-seeing; and a spirit of adventure led him into all sorts of queer scrapes, out of which he extricated himself with considerable dexterity. He was once or twice captured by robbers and *francs-tireurs*, and stripped almost to his shirt. Letters addressed to him went astray and took seven weeks to reach their destination. He got no remittances from home, and had to put a bold face on matters, and live on credit. He came in for a night attack when in camp, and heard bullets whistling about his ears. He had a fight with a huge Dutchman. He was taken for a Frenchman and brought before the Great Duke himself. In short, he went through a variety of experiences which are described with no small point and much humour, and we shall endeavour to give their substance as far as space permits.

Leaving Leyden in August 1708, he went to Rotterdam, where all the "yats on the river were hired to meet the Queen of Portugal." At Dort, the chamber where the famous Synod was held had raised his expectations; but it turned out to be "an old tattered room, very like our Church house in the days of old Dyer the Town-clerk." At Antwerp he was "mightily surprised" at the representation of the Virgin Mary on all the corners of the street, as well as at their cloisters, nunneries, chapples, and worship, "than which nothing so ridiculously superstitious." A procession of Notre Dame for the gathering of the fruits of the earth, with a train of tailors, weavers, coppersmiths, bakers, millers, and what not, with poles in their hands on the top of which were "poppets," struck him as the oddest thing he had ever seen. A company of Jesuits extravagantly decked out in gold and silver was followed by a company of Jack Puddings in blue and yellow, who made melodious music, though every one, like the proverbial Dutchman, beat his own march and played his own tune. Afterwards this "Thomas Armstrong, living in Holland," obtained from the French a document allowing him to pass and repass, for which he had to pay one pistole; a sum which he grudged less than a like amount paid for a berlin of the same nature as our Hackney Coach. "This last was the worst spent money as ever I bestowed." We regret to say that this was not his only piece of ill-luck. The berlin was stopped by two men who took him for a German, but let him go, only to fall a little further on into the hands of forty or fifty Frenchmen, who paid no regard to the King's pass, on the ground that the Duke of Marlborough had intercepted some wines and provisions of the Duke of Burgundy. However, the Duke of Vendôme, "attended by the French Princes of the blood and the Chevalier de St. George, alias K. J. the 8th, alias the Pretended P. of Wales," spake the captives civilly, and allowed them to walk about in the town of Ghent. While examining the fortifications, "rampiers," and palisades, he chanced to come on his friend Sir Henry Sterling looking out of his prison, who, with his uncle Aisking (Erskine) of Edenburg, was in a very "indifferent pickell," but overjoyed to see an English face. Soon after this the whole party were liberated and they went over the field of Oudenarde. At this point some proposed to buy horses and ride, but our Doctor thought the price extravagant, and preferred to walk with a Highland gentleman, one Sincklar (Sinclair), related to my Lord Sincklar, student of law, of the strongest body, and the best swordsman in Leyden. This walking tour, however, turned out very indifferently. Heavy boots, a frieze coat, and a musquet were inconvenient under the sun of September; and, when they reached the English camp, they could hardly get to the tent door. Here the English and French armies were only a league apart. They chanced to light on a friend in one Captain Armstrong, and were much edified by divine service, performed under a canopy with a drum for a desk. Then they were very anxious to see a real battle, but all expectation came to nothing. However, as the Doctor was at breakfast, a stray cannon ball took off the head of the Prince of Orange's valet, while a bullet sent from the citadel very nearly "spoyled the edging" of this worthy Doctor's hat. He takes care to tell his father, "If I had a call to approach the enemy, I value the cannon as little as any man." But at the same time he admits that he cut a caper when the balls came tumbling about him and the earth trembled. He adds, "I now verily believe I should make a good souldier, if all trades fail." The upshot of all this excitement was that at last he did witness something of a fight. How and Temple's regiments went out to drive away some French foragers; Colonel Armstrong led on his men, as sedate and unconcerned as Marlborough himself; and in less than half an hour the green was covered with the dead bodies of Frenchmen, and the English returned to their dinner with a good appetite, having soundly thrashed the enemy. The Doctor and his friends then left the camp to encounter worse dangers than the bullets from Lisle. In a wood near Grammont they were attacked and disarmed by a party of deserters, and fully expected to be flung into the nearest river. How he told "Sincklar" to prepare for another world, though convinced that a dying hour was no fit time for repentance; how he was deeply affected with the recollection of his father, mother, brother, and sister, and Poppum Lane; how one of the marauders handled his gun very carelessly; how the writer, seeing a chance, had a great desire to kill the captain of the band but was prevented by a cautious divine of the company; how the captives were stripped of shirts, cravats, and hats; how, like Dominie Sampson when feasting with Meg Merrilies in the ruins of Derncleugh, Dr. Armstrong fairly drank to the marauding Captain's health in a glass of sound Geneva; and how they were all finally let go with a few shillings to take them to Leyden, is very naïvely told at too great length for us to reproduce. A Popish priest, however, took compassion on them and gave them a meal in a country house and good straw to lie on, and so they eventually got safe to Brussels, Antwerp, Rotterdam, and Leyden. The first part of the journal ends here with the satisfactory announcement of the receipt of a letter from home, and one hundred guilders from young Mr. Vicary, of Exon.

We fear that some of the correspondence has been destroyed or lost, for the second part of the journal bears date later by three years than the first, and refers to letters "as usual." From this date there is a cessation of fighting and looting, and we get instead an account of the writer's increasing practice with hopes of becoming Physitian Extraordinary. We find a mysterious notice of a legacy or fortune of 7,000*l.*; mention of scarcity of provisions in England, and of the extravagant prices at French ordinaries, and the strange cookery of frogs and mushrooms with the tail of a rat and a bat's wing; sundry regular visits to the hospitals; the prayer of a Scotch doctor for mercy on tavern keepers, that "ha' sic a conscience as to tak twa shilling for the wee bit that I ha' eaten"; and other incidents of life at Douai. From this town an excursion was made to various places in the Low Countries. At Rotterdam he had his fight with a huge greasy butter-box of a Dutch skipper, whose head and shoulders were of the right bear-garden breed. The language is somewhat metaphorical, but we gather that our Doctor's physical education had not been neglected and that he fairly put his adversary to the rout. At Cambray he heard what he terms a doleful relation of some soldiers being buried alive at the rear of the English camp by a certain Colonel Pococke, and we at first thought, with feelings of horror, that Netherlandish atrocities might have outdone even the massacre of Glencoe. But a few lines further on we discovered that this Colonel Pococke was only a practical joker in his way, and had simply consigned to earth, not the persons of his soldiers, but their huge wigs, because he disapproved of this fashion as unsoldierlike and disadvantageous to their appearance. This solemn interment of the offending head-dress was talked of in camp as "a good comical whim." This is followed by an anecdote of a pot-valiant captain who, returning to camp, challenged a horse, mistaking it in his cups for a man, and put the animal to flight. This is described as not paralleled by anything in Parysmenos, Don Bellion of Greece, Montelion Knight of the Oracle, or in the renowned history of the Seven Champions of Christendom, "No! would you sift Don Quixote throughout." We

should note here that, in order to get to Cambray, the author had to pass through French territory, or territory in occupation of the enemy, where *Areste vous* soon brought him up. Like poor Tom, he was carried from tything to tything, and brought before the Governor, who required a substantial person to answer for his honesty, and sent him on to St. Kantine (St. Quentin) with a file of musqueteers. Between Cambray and St. Quentin he was invited to pray for the soul of the Dauphin by a queer sort of circular, adorned with a death's head and cross-bones, in large character, and printed on royal paper. Every one was praying for the deceased and fasting to an extraordinary extent. But, though "extravagantly religious," the inhabitants were remarkably unpleasant in their complexions, being like so many apparitions of Westphalia hams. On this march Dr. Armstrong had to submit to what he regarded as the intolerable inconvenience of drinking champagne and burgundy instead of "beere and ale." Passing through a small town he was courted by women, whom he believed to be "very honest too." He had to take to his heels and seek a sanctuary in a house full of chapmen and pedlars, who plagued him to buy rosaries and beads and images of saints, and ended by excommunicating him for "a d—d son of a Huguenot." To cover his retreat he scattered some copper coins among them while they sang "Ora pro nobis" as merry as crickets, and promised to repeat so many "Ave Marias" and so many "Pater nosters" at such and such altars for his prosperous campaigns.

He then trudged on over hills and through "tattered villages" till he could discern the spires of Rheims. All this time the excessive heat of his upper coat made his body in a very greasy pickle; his hat scaled and snapped like puff paste; and his face and hands were tinged of a curious saffron dye. On arriving at Rheims he challenged all the Professors to a trial of skill at back-sword, quarterstaff, case and faulchions, which, he explains, are synonymous terms for botanic, anatomic, and pharmasie. We confess our ignorance, as but for this timely explanation we should have imagined that, like Friar Tuck, this valiant Doctor had intended to make his quarterstaff ring noon on the head of a rival veteran in the art. The combat lasted for two hours. He had been primed with a bottle of that champagne to which a short time previously he had preferred honest English ale. It is not surprising that all the Professors, who were six times his number, could not give him a fair fall, but they brought him, he confesses, on one knee. We regret that, in utter disregard of modern Boards of Examiners, there is no trace of the questions or theses preferred to the candidate. But it is clear that the most rigid requirements of the profession were satisfied, for they "clapt an antediluvian cap on my head, which never sees the sun but on such an occation, and then, with one voice, 'twas, 'rise up Doctor Thomas Armstrong, you are a person worthy to ride in our troop.'" Molière, we may remember, not many years before this time, had described a similar scene with the refrain, "Bene bene respondere; dignus es intrare in nostro docto corpore." Still admission was not obtained without payment of fees, which were doubled because the candidate was neither an Irishman nor a Roman Catholic; but the Professors, after all, dismissed him with a blessing, gave him copious advice about his practice, and recommended him to sell packets of drugs at every market town, with the addition of a tumbler or Jack Pudding, such being easy to find in that country. Returning to St. Quentin he joined a party attended by a military escort, as there was little else but robbery and murder stirring in the country, and sure enough, near a wood, one of the King's guard was shot in the belly by two or three fellows. The accident was, however, very commodious, as there was a "chapple" hard by, in which this unlucky dragoon was provided with snug lying and a split willow stuck at the head of his grave. No wonder that these "sly tricks," supposed to be played by peasants, possessed the author "with a desire to get into our own garrison." Nothing further happened on this tour, except that they fell in with some Frenchmen, one of whom hazarded the remark that one of King Louis's household would put four Dutchmen to flight, but, as for the English and their d——d predestinarian principles, there was no hope of winning a field from them, until they were cut to pieces. Here, in spite of his pass and the civility of the Governor of Cambray, he was ordered to be taken before Marshal Villars; but he managed to slip away in the night by a back door, and reach the English lines, where a North British Sergeant received him, and made him a delicious dish of Scots collops, with brown beer and Geneva to boot, without charging him as much as one farthing. As a set-off against this civil treatment some rudeness was shown by our Danish allies, who taxed him with concealment of his profession, put him into the custody of some surly fellows, and made him pass one night in a sutler's tent, on the bare ground, where he had to console himself with a can of flip. When brought before our Duke and asked if he was related to the Armstrong with Prince Eugène, he very prudently replied that he was related to all the Armstrongs, whereupon he got back his sword and his liberty, and, meeting with a friend in Dr. Sandilands, obtained his remittances and paid all his debts.

It is satisfactory to be assured that after these escapes, adventures, and penurious struggles, he set himself seriously to the practice of his profession, found the physicians wonderfully civil, gained experience in all sorts of cases, and made a shift to live out of fifteen shillings a day. Somehow his conscience seems to have been a source of disquietude to him, and we have an insight into two dreams about a squadron of French ghosts, a churchyard, a skeleton, and two musqueteers sent by the Universal Monarch to despatch him in a minute. But he awoke, and "behold it was a dream." The Diary concludes with a night attack made by some 8,000 French on Palm's regiment, which they entirely demolished; to be stopped in their victorious career by other British boys in their shirts and boots, and no coats or breeches. The hail of bullets led the author seriously to reflect that, though he fully designed to die on a bed of honour, a doctor was a person worth taking care of; so, like a man of honour, he ran away, guided by the light of the firing and more than ever confirmed in his predestinarian principles. No one, we are happy to record, blamed him for this *celerem fugam*, unless it was when he stood a few minutes to look for his breeches, in which were two or three guilders. We cordially endorse the concluding sentence of the Diary, where our correspondent holds that his epistle differs from the common sort, being entirely good nonsense, begin or end where you please. A man of such opportunities and activity of body would, had he lived in our time, have probably increased the revenue of the Telegraph Department by paying heavily for columns of flashy narrative, impudent attempts at political and military dictation, and grotesque errors of fact. As it is, he has left us a diary which, disfigured by a little egotism and by only occasional coarseness, is conspicuous for quaint touches of humour, and for a simplicity and a truthfulness which we may look for in vain in many a budget from Zululand or Cabul.

POLISHING OFF PEAKS.

IF there were many climbers equal to Mr. Edward Whymper the world would soon have need of a fresh supply of mountains. Mr. Whymper, as we learn from a letter printed in the *Times*, has lately been "doing" a few little hills in Ecuador. He has passed "twenty-six consecutive hours on the top of Cotopaxi," and he has succeeded "in polishing off Chimborazo, Corazon, Sinchólagna, and Antisana." He has learnt, as he tells us, how to be "quite gay and lively" at a height of 19,500 feet. At the date of his letter he was about to set out upon a fresh excursion, in the course of which he hoped to "polish off Saranen and Cotocachi." He has his eye on an active volcano, whereof the precise height is as yet unknown; and in the meantime he complains bitterly of the "way in which one's time gets muddled away" in this interesting region. It appears that "directly you get into a town or village you seem to be stuck fast." With the best intentions, this energetic mountaineer cannot escape from the dulness of the plains; and, apart from other obstacles, one of Mr. Whymper's guides had had his feet frost-bitten, so that for five weeks he was utterly useless. This, it may be admitted, is altogether inexcusable; and all mountaineers of right feeling will sympathize with Mr. Whymper's annoyance. Their sympathy will perhaps be increased from a knowledge of the fact that these daring ascents are wholly disinterested. Mountaineering in Ecuador so far resembles virtue that it must perforce rest content to be its own reward. The climate, we are candidly informed, is the "most utterly abominable that can be imagined." It is in vain that Mr. Whymper abandons the monotonous life of the towns; for, however lofty his position, he can get no clear view. During the whole time of his sojourn among the hill-tops he has not been favoured with one clear day. He has scaled the most difficult peaks; but wherever he has gone he has found everything "bottled up in a mist," and an hour of clear weather from six to seven in the morning is the utmost concession that he has been able to win from the hostile elements. It is evident, therefore, that Mr. Whymper's ardour as a mountaineer has not been complicated by any guilty weakness for the picturesque. A lofty peak is in his eyes a huge object hidden in a fog which requires to be "polished off." Once this desirable result has been attained, the conquered mountain retires into obscurity, or is handed over to those feeble sentimentalists who gaze at its majestic form from the level of the plains.

It is doubtful whether climbing, considered as a separate pursuit, is capable of much further development. Within a very short space of time all the inaccessible heights of the world will have been successfully "polished off," and some new and more exciting occupation will have to be found for the enterprising members of the Alpine Club. This aspect of the question suggests a very difficult social problem with which a future generation will have to deal. Mountaineering in its modern sense has created a distinct type of manhood which imperatively demands fit and sufficient exercise for its strength. To make mountains out of molehills is an achievement only possible in the sphere of moral ideas, and yet, unless these gentlemen can be supplied with new and difficult peaks as they are required, society will be threatened with a grave danger. For it must always be an element of peril to the well-being of the community when a strong and able-bodied class of men are thrown suddenly out of work. High-spirited climbers like Mr. Whymper will never consent to interest themselves a second time in peaks that have been once "polished off," and the day is fast approaching when even an "active volcano" will seem but a tame affair. What then, it may be asked, is to be the future of this formidable band? If the boasted playground of Europe could be blown up by an explosion of dynamite on a colossal scale, such well-worn and hackneyed peaks as the Matterhorn might perhaps take a novel and interesting shape. The jaded appetite of the Alpine Club would submit to a momentary revival, and the labour of "polishing off" would have to be taken over again. But even this, even if it were possible,

would be but a tinkering attempt to solve a serious problem The world we live in is after all but a very small place, and to no class must it seem so small and uneventful as to the professional mountaineer. No attempt to reconstruct the surface of the earth upon any human plan which scientific ingenuity could devise would satisfy their just aspirations. Society in regard to their ever-increasing requirements will speedily find itself in the difficulty that has to be encountered by a powerful monarch with an enormous standing army. An extensive war may meet the immediate danger, but it only serves in the event to strengthen the spirit which has rendered war a necessity. We would strongly deprecate, therefore, any attempt to tamper with the surface of the earth in order to satisfy the Alpine Club. Concessions of this kind offered to a dangerous class only increase their influence, and it would be wiser to try to devise some vast scheme of aërial emigration which would place them in possession of another and a more mountainous planet. And, after all, the problem to which we have referred, although full of danger for the future, scarcely concerns the present age. We ought rather in our time to indulge a just feeling of pride that the process of "polishing off" has been so nearly completed, and that this result is in so large a measure due to the energies of what is called the Anglo-Saxon race. Thanks to the untiring devotion of the Alpine Club, even the most mighty mountain is now clearly demonstrated to be but a poor and petty exhibition of nature, which is fast failing in attraction even for the class for whose special amusement it may be said to exist.

It would be a curious speculation to consider in what degree this modern pursuit of mountaineering will ultimately affect the sentiment of the picturesque. There was a time when the hilly regions of the world were regarded with a feeling almost of dread and repulsion. The lack of appreciation for the beauty of the wilder forms of nature which characterized preceding centuries has perhaps been exaggerated, but there can at least be no question that the passionate love of landscape is in a special sense the property of the modern spirit. Under the austere genius of Wordsworth mountains began to be reverently worshipped. The puny little specimens of natural grandeur which sufficed to excite his imagination would now be greeted with derision by the Alpine Club; but the sentiments which he sought to express found a genuine response in the prevailing spirit of his time. Since Wordsworth's day, however, mountains have been made to step down from their pedestal. His attitude of grave and yet fervent admiration has been exchanged for a more familiar knowledge, and the world has learned to place itself upon easy and intimate terms of relationship with peaks that seemed to be of awful and inaccessible grandeur. Thanks in a great degree to the efforts of the Alpine Club, the mountain is now shown to be a very commonplace manifestation of nature. For a while certain individual peaks retained a measure of distinction, owing to the doubts that were entertained as to the possibility of getting to the top of them. But one after another these unfortunate hills have been forced to lower their pretensions. They have, in fact, to quote again Mr. Whymper's expressive phrase, been completely "polished off," and the result, although admirable in itself, has been almost fatal to their reputation. No modern mind can entertain much respect for a hill which it is possible to climb. And with the loss of respect, there goes also the sentiment of beauty; for it would be idle to urge the claims of any mountain which is known to be classified in the Transactions of the Alpine Club as a peak of the second, or perhaps of the third, class. It is possibly due to this cause, as much as to an inevitable reaction from the earlier enthusiasm, that the lovers of the picturesque now show a decided tendency to revert to the beauties of uneventful landscape. The flat or gently undulating places of the earth are once more to be allowed a chance, and painters are already turning their attention to the study of a kind of beauty such as would formerly have been deemed unworthy of consideration. In a little while poetry will perhaps follow the lead of art, and Switzerland, deserted and neglected, will cease to exist save in the memory of mountaineers of the old school.

DEAN STANLEY ON ROMAN VARIATIONS.

DEAN STANLEY is nothing if not picturesque. It is perhaps unfortunate that theology should have become—we cannot say his special study, for he knows very little about it—but his special profession and fancy. It affords less scope than some other subjects for original treatment, and what Luther said of ignoring it altogether may be applied with even greater force to those who handle it without adequate preparation, *neglectum sui ulciscitur*. Still, when a clever man of versatile intellect and considerable power of expression, and with an abnormal capacity of seeing a long way into brick walls—accompanied, as is natural, with an equal incapacity for seeing what is obvious to ordinary eyes—undertakes to give us his views on a question which he has thought a good deal about, and on which he believes he has something to say, he is pretty sure to be more or less interesting, though the interest may be quite as much due to the eccentricity of his mistakes as to the value of his discoveries. The Dean is hardly the most competent person to break a lance with the illustrious author of the *Variations of Protestantism*. However, he has convinced himself that much instruction may be derived from a bird's eye view, in a friendly and appreciative spirit, of "the Variations of Catholicism"; the chief advantage being, if we rightly understand him, to prove how great a blessing it is to the world that Christianity should be split up into some hundreds of conflicting sects, and that all of them—the Roman communion included, if she would only recognize her true blessedness—are habitually inconsistent, not only with each other but with themselves. In regard to the Roman Church he proposes to exhibit this inconsistency, in his paper in *Fraser's Magazine*, by examining her condition first before and then after the Reformation. That he has made some telling points we are far from wishing to deny, though, even where he is right in the main, his statement of the case is seldom free from blundering or exaggeration; but he also falls into many conspicuous mistakes, both in his facts and his inferences, to some of which we shall presently call attention. The principle from which he starts, though characteristically overstated, is an important but hardly to any student of Church history a novel one. That the mediæval Catholic Church, which included the whole of Europe, included many elements which have since been drafted off into Protestantism, is obvious on the face of it, and it follows that a certain historical continuity has been preserved in both the great divisions of Western Christendom. But to say that this continuity—meaning thereby moral continuity, not episcopal succession, which lies entirely beyond the purview of the article—has been maintained "in the same sense" in the "Churches of England *and Scotland*"—*i.e.* the Kirk—as in the Roman Church, is simply paradoxical. It puts rather a strain on our powers of imagination to be told that not only "is Leo XIII. the successor of Gregory the Great in the same sense as the present Archbishop of Canterbury is the successor of Augustine," but also in the same sense as "the present Principal of St. Andrews is the successor of the first Provost, appointed by Bishop Kennedy." However, the Dean has a substratum of fact to go upon here, and he illustrates the presence of what he calls Protestant elements in the ante-Reformation Church happily enough by reference to "the free-spoken language adopted both by clergy and laymen before the Reformation, on the subject of ecclesiastical abuses." He might have added the free-spoken language of Councils, for there was hardly a mediæval Council, General or Provincial, that did not ring with the denunciation of clerical abuses, and make at least some attempt, however ineffectual, to remedy them. But it seems to have escaped his notice that the explanation of this contrast between mediæval and modern practice—which by no means applies exclusively to the Church of Rome—is not far to seek, and does not altogether bear out his view of the unmixed "benefit to the world" of what the Prayer-Book calls "our unhappy divisions." As long as human nature remains what it is, people will have an instinctive dislike to "washing their dirty linen in public," and therefore while Christendom is divided into a number of antagonistic, or at least rival, Churches, the members of each will be apt to make the most of their neighbours' failings, and do their best to conceal or extenuate their own. In the middle ages there was no risk of having to wash one's dirty linen in public, because there was no outside public to witness the unedifying spectacle. Men could afford to be free-spoken because they were speaking among friends, and it was the common interest of all who cared about religion that "the great roomy universal Church"—to use a phrase of George Eliot's—to which they all belonged, should be kept decently and in order.

The Dean's first detailed illustration of his thesis no less strikingly illustrates his own peculiar idiosyncrasies of method and view. He has got hold of an important fact, which has for obvious reasons been too much overlooked by controversialists, and is quite worth noting; but in his usual fashion of overstatement and misstatement, he mixes it up with what are not facts at all, and puts on it an interpretation of his own which would have not a little amazed those immediately concerned. Referring to some significant disciplinary and ritual changes which took place in the thirteenth century, he tells us that "in the middle ages the two sacraments were *completely transformed*." The phrase "the two sacraments," if it is anything more than a slip of the pen, is an unfortunate one in every way. In the first place, the Dean at once proceeds to speak not of two ordinances but of three—Baptism, Communion, and Confirmation; in the next place, he must be well aware that the Church of Rome at the period he refers to had for several centuries recognized seven sacraments, while the dual enumeration did not come in till three centuries later, at the Reformation; and lastly, his supposed "transformation" of Baptism is a mare's-nest. His point is that in the thirteenth century the administration of the Eucharist to infants, which had invariably prevailed throughout Christendom up to that period as is still the case in the Eastern Church, was abandoned; that the form of Baptism was changed from total immersion, which "its name indicates," to "the totally different rite of sprinkling"; and that "Confirmation was deferred to an age of consciousness," meaning apparently age of reason. The abolition of infant Communion was undoubtedly a very sweeping innovation, far more so under some aspects than the contemporaneous withdrawal of the chalice from the laity (which the Dean does not notice at all), as it altogether deprived a very large proportion of the baptized members of the Church—something between half and a third probably—of the Sacrament which had always before been administered to them. That so little notice has been taken of this momentous change in later ages, while the controversy has raged so hotly over the administration of Communion under one kind, arises of course from the fact of all the Protestant

bodies having followed the Roman "innovation" on the one point—as also in the postponement of Confirmation, where the rite has been retained, "to an age of consciousness"—while returning to the earlier usage on the other point. The custom of deferring Confirmation came in, however, very gradually in the Latin Church; it was often administered to infants till a different rule was established by the Council of Trent, though its reservation in the West to the Episcopal order made it impossible to follow the Eastern usage of regularly uniting it with the administration of Baptism. There is a curious survival of the old tradition in the note appended to the English Baptismal Office stating that baptized children, dying before they commit actual sin, are undoubtedly saved, which was inserted to meet the scruples of parents who were anxious about the salvation of their children when dying unconfirmed. We cannot however agree with Dean Stanley that "no more severe blow has ever been dealt against the magical and mystical theory of the sacramental system" than by this deferring of Confirmation and first Communion, considering that the "magical and mystical" use of infant Baptism was retained, and that nothing was further from the thoughts of those who introduced the change than to disparage the validity of infant Communion. As to Baptism the Dean is doubly, or rather trebly, wrong. "The rite of sprinkling" or aspersion has never been sanctioned by the Roman Church, and finds no countenance in the rubrics of the English Prayerbook. And the late Mr. Wharton Marriott has shown, in his learned article on the subject in Smith's *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, first that the word "baptize" may just as well signify pouring or affusion, which is the form sanctioned by both the Roman and Anglican ritual, as immersion; and, secondly, that both practices had existed side by side in the Christian Church from a very early age. To speak of the transition from immersion to affusion as strictly analogous to "the abolition of the water of baptism by the Society of Friends"—*i.e.* the disuse of the sacrament altogether—argues a daring to which we should scarcely have expected even Dean Stanley to be equal. It is a lighter matter that he should speak of the Canon of the Mass "containing two elements entirely incompatible with two of the most widely recognized doctrines of the Roman Church," one of which elements does not occur in "the Canon of the Mass" at all, while the supposed incompatibility of either with Roman doctrines rests only on his failure to comprehend their meaning. Neither again would anybody not gifted with his singular capacity for discerning non-existent distinctions and ignoring those which are real, imagine that to recognize the nullity of marriage in certain cases "amounts to the same thing" as the permission of divorce, or that clerical celibacy is more than a disciplinary institution which the staunchest infallibilist would allow to be variable in its own nature and one about which the Church might conceivably make mistakes.

But the strange mixture of "*facta, infecta*" which constitutes so marked a peculiarity of Dean Stanley's method may perhaps be most readily exemplified by examining three of his consecutive points; on the first of which he appears to us to be substantially right both in his facts and his inference; in the second, right in his facts, which however are for his purpose irrelevant; in the third, entirely wrong in his facts from his ignorance or contemptuous ignoring of ordinary theological terminology. First comes a reference, which he has probably borrowed from *Janus*, to the extraordinary variation of Papal decrees on the reality of witchcraft and the lawfulness of usury. Of the fact there can be no doubt, and the points at issue do touch directly on questions of faith and morality. Not so the Dean's next example, which concerns the different treatment of actors in the French and Italian Church. But that is a mere point of detail, which might very conceivably and not unreasonably be affected by differences of time and place, just as the opinion of religious people as to the lawfulness of attending theatres might be largely affected by circumstances of the kind. In his third example the Dean has touched indeed on an important matter of doctrine, but he entirely mistakes his authorities. We are first told of a devotional work by a certain Dr. Furniss, published *permissu superiorum*, which contains, we believe, very startling and repulsive descriptions—though not worse than may be found in some Protestant works—of the future torments of the wicked. It is then added, truly enough, that "nothing could justify such a publication except the most absolute certainty *on the subject*," the subject evidently from the context meaning, not the particular details of Dr. Furniss's book—which he would no doubt himself allow to be matters of opinion—but the doctrine of eternal punishment itself. Now there is not a shadow of doubt as to what the doctrine of the Church of Rome on that subject is. The Dean however observes that it is an entirely open question:—

Not only are there expressions of a totally different character in Tertullian, Origen, St. Gregory of Nyssa, St. Gregory of Nazianzus, St. Ambrose—the three last recognised by the Roman Church as canonised saints—but even in modern times a brief but significant hint is dropped in a footnote to a well-known work by the foremost theologian of that Church, that the Catholic Church has never ruled anything at all on the subject.

As to his patristic authorities—among whom, by the way, St. Ambrose and Tertullian have no business to appear—it would strain even the ostrich stomach of the extremest Vaticanist to digest a theory of infallibility which made the Church responsible for all the statements of her accredited or even canonized writers; and Origen was condemned, instead of being canonized, expressly on account of his alleged heresies on this matter. But the appeal to Cardinal Newman's authority is the most infelicitous, though it is due to Dean Stanley to say that he gives his readers the opportunity of appreciating its value by quoting in a footnote the passage cited from Petavius in Dr. Newman's *Grammar of Assent*: "De hâc damnatorum saltem hominum *respiratione* nihil adhuc certe decretum est ab Ecclesiâ Catholicâ." Petavius, whom the illustrious author of the *Defensio Fidei Nicenæ* counted a foeman worthy of his steel, is no doubt one of the highest theological authorities of the Jesuit Order and of his Church during the last three centuries, and his statement cited by Cardinal Newman is so unquestionably true that every tiro in theological literature knows it to be almost a truism; but the Dean has entirely misconceived its meaning through a misconstruction of the critical word *respiratione*, from which his knowledge of Latin, if he knew nothing of the theological question involved, might have been expected to preserve him. *Respiratio* does not mean restoration, as the Dean's argument requires, but a respite or intermission of suffering, and it has been a very general opinion among Latin theologians of all ages that there may be in course of time a mitigation or even total cessation of the bodily sufferings of the lost; and on that point, which is quite distinct from the doctrine of eternal punishment, the Roman Catholic Church has certainly pronounced no decision. Of course we merely refer to the matter here as illustrating the Dean's ineradicable confusion of thought.

On one point where it was scarcely possible for him to go wrong, as to the marvellous divergences in the Roman Church on Papal infallibility, he has said what is very true, though it has often been said before. And as the matter is of considerable interest, as well for those without as within the Roman pale, and the case is fairly and forcibly summed up in the following passage, we will conclude by presenting it to our readers as it stands:—

Compare the language of the Spanish or French prelates who promoted the dogmas of the Vatican Council with the language of the Irish Roman Catholic prelates who, in answer to the question, "What is Papal Infallibility?" caused the catechumen to reply "It is a Protestant Calumny." Compare the almost adoring language held by extreme Ultramontanes respecting Pius IX., with the latest utterances of Montalembert, who spoke of him as "the idol in the Vatican"; or with the contemptuous style in which the whole subject was treated by the distinguished Catholic laymen who, for a short time, ventured to express their opinions in the public journals of England. Compare the language of the two highest Roman authorities in England. One of them supported with all his energy the promulgation of the dogma, and afterwards spoke of its importance and its force in the most unqualified terms. The other regarded the formation of the dogma as the work of "an aggressive insolent faction which," as a student, "he could not defend in the face of the facts of history"; and, even after accepting it, he reduced his allegiance to the very minimum of which human language is capable. Or, again, consider the assertions of those members of the Roman Communion who declare that they have acquiesced in this dogma, to their co-religionists so important, only on the understanding that as no Pope from the beginning of time ever has spoken authoritatively, so it is probable that no Pope to the end of time will ever so speak; or, as another alternative, that the moment any Pope falls into error, that moment *ipso facto* he ceases to be a Pope, and therefore, ceases to speak as an authority. And to these variations amongst theologians we ought to add those still wider divergences which exist amongst the large classes of the Roman Communion, whose numbers form a material element in the dazzling pretensions which it puts forth; and yet of whom it is not too much to say that, both amongst the educated and uneducated classes, there are thousands to whom the Pope's claims to infallibility are entirely inoperative. It might perhaps be asked whether, even amongst the strongest upholders of the dogma, any one ever quotes or accepts it except on behalf of something to which he is previously inclined. For all other cases, the qualifications in reserve are so large and numerous as to supply some means of escape.

THE SWORD OF OUR FATHERS.

THE sword of our fathers has again been drawn from its scabbard. We do not mean the sabre so dear to that sweet damsel the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein, but a much more deadly weapon, and one pointed at a far more august throat than any of the antagonists of the redoubtable Fritz. The existence and the use of this most necessary instrument of defence, even more than of defiance, was revealed to us just eleven years since by the very man who is now quivering under its gleam. So certainly in every age does the doom recur

Fas necis artifices arte perire suâ.

February 23, 1869, was a day to be much and long remembered in our Parliamentary history, for upon it a great man made a great maiden speech at a great constitutional crisis. A wicked lord, Bury by title, with the characteristic effrontery of an hereditary aristocrat, asked leave of the House of Commons to bring in a Bill to relieve from the burden of re-election those men of light and leading whom Her Majesty might summon to her counsels. The House was aghast at the audacity of the heir of the Keppels; but at first it could only find expression in the deep utterances of Mr. White, whilom "the Plymouth Sound," but then member for Brighton. Presently, however, from below the gangway on the Ministerial side a majestic form uprose, and Parliament first heard the solemn, solid boom of that voice whose "Turn them out" has been scattering confusion among the Tory hosts.

No mock-modest protestations preluded, no girlish excuses weakened, the words of wisdom which fell from the mouth, *magna sonaturum*, of William Vernon Harcourt. The hour had come and the man, and the Commons had only to listen and be instructed. The case was desperate, in spite of Mr. Gladstone and his great majority of that Session; for, as the member for Oxford

observed:—"He could not forget that this was a Bill to abrogate a principle which was coeval with—he might almost say congenital with—our present system of Parliamentary government"—namely, by necessary sequence, the reign of Queen Anne. True it was that the provision was originally enacted from jealousy of the power of the Crown, and that the poor Crown had now no longer any power of which the most austere demagogue need be jealous. But, as the tyrannical Crown waned, another tyranny as oppressive, to say the least, and as odious to the Liberal instincts of the people, had grown up, that many-headed monster "the Executive"—the Cabinet, in other words—in which, of course, so far as the Executive crosses the path of the citizen, its most offensive member, by the nature of his repressive powers, must always be that despot who holds the strings of Home affairs:—

It was because the provisions of the Statute of Anne were a safeguard against the power of the Executive that it seemed to him quite as necessary at the present moment as at any former period of our history that they should be religiously preserved and jealously maintained.

Minions and sycophants might gloat over the fiction that it was the Sovereign who made the Ministers. So the Sovereign might do in theory; but after each choice there was a "fundamental principle" which decreed an appeal to a more august tribunal—the constituency which had elected and sent that man to Parliament; and as the constituencies, dealing with each Ministry as a whole, might "turn them out" at the first opportunity, so each constituency has the absolute right to claim the option of "ratifying" or refusing to ratify the Sovereign's preference, by turning out of Parliament that representative whom the Queen may delight to honour, but whom the householders, supreme at the ballot-boxes, may in their religious jealousy desire to abase:—

The principle laid down in the Act which his noble friend proposed to repeal was this—that the choice by the sovereign of her Ministers should be ratified by the people as represented by the constituencies who elected them. This was a principle which for a century and a half had been fundamental in the English Constitution, and he confessed he was at a loss to conceive what were the grounds on which the noble Lord proposed that it should be changed.

So far we have been listening to the patriot, the sage, and the statesman; but Mr. Harcourt soon soars on the wings of his impassioned argument to even higher regions, and catches something of the old prophetic strain. At distant intervals, as we know, it has been vouchsafed to some few elect geniuses from Balaam downwards to predict, unconsciously it may be and unwillingly, but unerringly, their own latter end. Among these great men Mr. Harcourt took his stand, when, with impressive earnestness, "He ventured to protest against what Lord Castlereagh would have called an 'ignorant impatience' of small inconveniences when dealing with great constitutional principles." True, Mr. Hall may shut the door of the House of Commons in the face of the Home Secretary while his new honours are fresh upon him; but this will be—for "Historicus" has told us so—a "small inconvenience"; and it would be "ignorant impatience" on the part of Mr. Gladstone to complain—Mr. Secretary himself would never be guilty of such littleness—of an accident which was at the same time the vindication of those "great constitutional principles" which compel our modern Hampden to try conclusions with an oppressive and unscrupulous "Executive," whose appointment remained to be ratified by the electing constituencies.

But the Statute of Anne was something more brilliant, something keener and more cutting, even than an assertion of principles. In the words of our inspired seer:—"It had done great service, and he believed it might do great service again. It was the sword of our fathers, and it was our duty to keep it bright and burnished as we had received it from our ancestors." Belief is now swallowed up in fruition. The day of the renewed "great service" has come indeed; the "sword of our fathers," bright and freshly burnished, has been received by the avenger Hall. The souls of our Whig ancestors are looking on, from wherever Liberal statesmen go, at the clash of fundamental principles. It is a strife of heroes, each strong in the consciousness of duty to be fulfilled; each vying with the other which shall show most godly reverence for the immortal principles of the Statute of Anne, the one by action and the other by endurance. Whether the result may show that Mr. Hall be destined to lay low his majestic foe, or whether the intention of martyrdom on the part of our prophetic Secretary may be accepted as equivalent to the actual suffering, certain it is that he has been spared to give a point and reality to the maiden utterance of his Parliamentary Muse which even he in the first glow of his earliest triumph could hardly have ventured to anticipate.

Then, if the anticipations of the *Times*, strong in the longings of a new love, of the *Standard*, candidly friendly to its ancient comrades, and of the penitent *Pall Mall* should be justified by the rout of Hall and his abandoned Tories, a reception for the great statesman, unique in its attributes, should be provided. Considering the crowded state of the London streets in the pious and pictorial month of May, we should hardly counsel Danish cattle being harnessed to his triumphal car. Let the ceremony be reserved for the inside of St. Stephen's. The Speaker will smile with affable condescension on Mr. Secretary as he advances up the floor, robed in the silken vestment of a Queen's Counsel, though upon his head he carries no horsehair disguisement of a plodding advocate, but the laced hat of a Privy Councillor, while he bears in one hand the Seals of the Home Office, and in the other the bright and burnished brand Excalibur torn from his discomfited assailant. To his right flank and his left will cling his introducers, whom he may choose from Bristol and Northampton; and the clerks at the table will chant in harmonious accord, to the chaste melody of Offenbach:—

> Voici le sabre de nos pères:
> Tu vas le mettre à ton côté;
> Ton bras est fort, ton âme est fière,
> Ce glaive sera bien porté.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

It is a great pity that when Mr. Sambourne, a week or two ago, drew that clever picture of tacking yachts, with a certain very well-known broadsheet figuring on the mainsail of the foremost, he did not know of the metamorphosis which awaited our contemporary the *Pall Mall Gazette*. A pleasing little sketch might have been made in the corner, representing the captain and crew of one bark undergoing the fate of Lieutenant Bligh and the Abdiels of the *Bounty*, as a preparation for setting off on the new tack. No one was surprised at the course pursued by the "leading journal," which, since it has become unable to lead, has generally been sufficiently dutiful in its efforts to follow. A little more astonishment may have been excited by the evolutions of a professedly Tory paper which appears to be aspiring to the position of an independent one, and which, after doing the late Government all the harm it could in reference to the Water Bill just before the elections, and giving them not the warmest of support during the contest, appears to have discovered in Mr. Gladstone a Heaven-born Minister at last, and has accordingly been saluted by Sir William Harcourt as the national organ of Conservatism. Changes of this kind, though not usual or well-famed in English journalism, are not unknown. It was reserved for the proprietors and managers of the *Pall Mall Gazette* to provide the curious spectacle of a newspaper office changing its occupants, like one of the houses in Downing Street, with a change of Government.

The first step in the drama, at least as it was openly played, was the announcement in the *Pall Mall Gazette* itself of last Saturday that the editor who had so long directed it would from that day forward have nothing to do with it. This was followed by a circular announcing a change not only of editorship, but of proprietorship, and by a statement in a Sunday paper that the *Pall Mall* would henceforward be a "Ministerial journal." The term "Ministerial journal" has never been a popular one in England, and it was not surprising that it should be repudiated. The statement was contradicted energetically by the new editor or proprietor, or proprietor-editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and it was announced in the first issue of the new paper—for it certainly seems to deserve that adjective—that the *Pall Mall* would continue to be distinguished by the independence it had always shown. Meanwhile a curious explanation of this claim to continuity, and a still more curious definition of the independence referred to, appeared in a letter from the outgoing editor himself. According to Mr. Greenwood, the proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, shortly after the elections, informed him that he had transferred the property. The new holder expressed his wish that Mr. Greenwood should retain his post. This polite wish naturally elicited a request to be informed whether the principles of the paper were to be the same as before, or whether, like those of the American candidate on a celebrated occasion, they were to be changed. It soon appeared that the latter was to be the case. The principles were to be the principles of the new proprietor; and, further, the principles of the new proprietor were to be those of the new Administration, which, as Mr. Greenwood rather wickedly adds, was not then formed. However this might be, a "general support" was to be given to this Administration which was yet in the loins of its not yet known father, and it soon appeared (we still quote Mr. Greenwood) that in this instance general and particular were more nearly allied than is sometimes the case. Mr. Greenwood not unnaturally felt some reluctance to accept *en bloc* the political creed of another person, who in his turn was apparently prepared to accept *en bloc* the political creed of a yet unformed body; and he proposed some test questions. These, according to his own account, had reference to the extension of the county franchise, the foreign policy of Mr. Gladstone, and the disestablishment of the Church, all three of which were to be supported, or rather the first two were to be supported and the last not opposed. Thereupon Mr. Greenwood gratefully declined to continue as editor with such a remarkable breach of continuity, and announced his own retirement and that of his staff. With the rest of his letter we have nothing to do, as it concerns more or less private matter. Finally, this curious correspondence was enriched by two notes, one from the late and one from the present proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, demurring to Mr. Greenwood's statement of the case. The former simply says that many of the late editor's statements are inaccurate or misleading; but as these probably concern the points about which we have been silent, there is no need to take account of them. The actual proprietor's testimony as to the singular interview just detailed is of more importance. He simply states that there are "inaccuracies of fact or of colour" in the history thereof, and we can very readily believe that there never yet was an interview of such a kind in which the version of one of the parties did not seem to the other inaccurate in colour, if not in fact. In

particular it is objected that the disestablishment of the English Church was not mentioned. It does not require a Bentley or a Porson to adjust these two various readings. Nothing is more probable than that one speaker had disestablishment in Scotland in his mind, while the other was thinking of disestablishment in England; but it may be taken for granted that, if Mr. Greenwood's memory had deceived him in reference to the proposed "general support" to the new, and then non-existent, Administration, the world would have been informed of it. It may be taken, then, as agreed that immediately after the elections the powers that were and the powers that are in the case of the *Pall Mall Gazette* determined to make that periodical tack in a very remarkable manner. After all, however, tacking is not the most appropriate metaphor; for the object of the tacks, even when the ship is apparently proceeding in the most opposite direction, is the same. There used to be a joke against Monk, Duke of Albemarle, that, more accustomed to cavalry than to sailors, he never could get out of the habit of giving the order "wheel" instead of "tack." The phraseology of George the Kingmaker is very appropriate in this case, and it may be said that the *Pall Mall Gazette* has wheeled round the compass, or pretty nearly so.

We do not know that, whatever the circumstances, we can wholly approve the dragging of names and persons before the public in questions of journalism. The more strictly the anonymity and impersonality of a journal are maintained, the greater is likely to be the journalist's respect for the public and the public's respect for the journalist. But certainly if ever there was a case in which such a proceeding is excusable, that case is the present. It has at any rate for very many years been an honourable tradition of English newspaper writing that it has principles. The alacrity with which the new proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* repudiated the epithet of Ministerial is the best possible proof of this, though under the circumstances it was a rather unfortunate alacrity. It would be absurd of course to suppose that a newspaper can be carried on without capital, and equally absurd to suppose that a capitalist, if he happens to have any particular principles, will lend his money for the purpose of overthrowing or attacking those principles. Papers have changed hands and, in changing hands, have changed politics before now. But we certainly do not remember any instance where so unlucky an occasion has been chosen for the change, or where the circumstances of it have been so mirth-provoking. A newspaper has been carried on for a considerable number of years on a certain plan and under a certain inspiration, which must be presumed to have been agreeable, or at least not disagreeable, to the proprietor. A general election, and the temporary lapse into disfavour of the doctrines to which the newspaper in question has given a general support, is chosen as the time for a family compact, in virtue of which it is announced to the conductors of the paper that they are to give a general support to exactly the opposite views, or rather to some possible exponents of those opposite views who have not yet declared a policy, nor indeed been placed in a position to do so. After which the journal under its new management is made to state that its former independence will be maintained, even as the famed silk stockings of Sir John Cutler, after receiving the last completing darn of woollen, might have announced that their former silkiness would continue to be an unalterable characteristic of their composition. The practical results of the proceeding do not concern us, though they must be sufficiently obvious. We have only to renew the suggestion already hinted at, that, if this sort of thing is to become common, we had better have professed Ministerial journals, so that changes may be accomplished with decency and despatch, and at the same time without unnecessary exacerbation of feeling. It might be advisable to have more than one such journal. There might be the out-and-out Ministerial paper which fought tooth and nail for everything the Government did; the semi-official journal—a sort of *Times* in its better days—which had plenty of information, and was enabled to lead public opinion up to the required point; and the independent—such as we take the new *Pall Mall* to be—which bore the outward garb of impartial criticism, but which was well understood to give what we find ought to be called a "general support" to the Ministry. A few journalists of sufficient versatility might have permanent posts on these, not to mention that the merely mechanical part of the papers and their non-political columns would also employ a considerable permanent staff. The political writers who happened to be bothered with consciences would of course go out of office with their chiefs. Indeed we do not see why a companion set of Opposition organs should not be set up—the irreconcilable organ, the moderately depreciatory organ, and the unkindly-impartial organ—in which case there would be a flux and reflux of *personnel*, just as there is between the Treasury and Opposition benches in the House. The plan might perhaps be a little troublesome to the subscribers, who would have frequently to change their orders to their newsagents, but otherwise it would have many advantages, and above all would present a perfectly irreproachable front to the critic of morals. The present system of private enterprise is obviously from this incident liable to the charge of occasionally producing scandals. The profane public will probably ask whether the late proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has another son-in-law, to whom, in case of a Tory majority, say in 1884, he can retransfer the paper in order that it may give an enlightened and independent support to the Ministers who succeed Her Majesty's present advisers. Indeed it would evidently be well for all newspaper proprietors on the new system to have two sleeping partners, one Tory and one Liberal, who might be respectively called from their sleep to become the Mr. Jorkins of the occasion when a political crisis happened, and who could talk about the continuance of their independent course, and assure all and sundry that the paper in all important matters was the same concern.

THE PARLIAMENTARY OATH.

MR. BRADLAUGH has made what we suppose he considers an effective entry into the House of Commons. By a bold avowal of his peculiar tenets and by adopting the position that those tenets constitute no obstacle to his taking his seat, he has obtained for himself the honour of a short debate and the appointment of a Select Committee. We do not wish to question the sincerity of Mr. Bradlaugh's views, but a very large number of people regarded his election for Northampton as a national calamity, if not a national disgrace, and these persons, and perhaps others, will probably suspect Mr. Bradlaugh of posing as the superintelligent unbeliever who has shaken himself free from the trammels of popular superstition. But, whether his attitude towards the ordinarily accepted religious ideas of his fellow-countrymen be real or assumed, it behoves every one who adopts such a position of superiority to make sure of his ground; and it would be no small triumph to the despised and inferior crowd if it turned out that on this occasion vaulting ambition had "o'erleaped itself," and that Mr. Bradlaugh, by his "take away that bauble" sort of performance on Monday last had practically excluded himself from ever taking his seat, save through the possible concession of both Houses and the passing of a special Act of Parliament. Mr. Bradlaugh has already been the cause of one Act of Parliament being passed; but in that case there was more reason for such a course being pursued than can perhaps be shown in the present instance. Mr. Bradlaugh has before now shown himself an acute amateur lawyer; but he has on this occasion, we venture to think, got a little out of his depth, and there is possibly in store for him an unexpected check, for which his only consolation would be the consciousness of being a martyr to his opinions.

Mr. Bradlaugh, when called upon last Monday to take the usual Parliamentary oath, claimed the right to make an affirmation in lieu thereof, asserting that he was by the statutes relating to this point entitled to take such a course. In order rightly to estimate the validity of this claim, it is necessary briefly to review the course of legislation in relation to Parliamentary oaths. At no very distant date a variety of oaths were imposed on all members except Quakers, whose claim to exemption by virtue of divers old statutes, allowing them to affirm instead of swearing, was upheld in the case of Mr. Pease, elected in 1833. These oaths included those of allegiance, of supremacy, and of renunciation of the Pretender, and one at least involved the use of the words "upon the true faith of a Christian." The election of Baron Rothschild and of Mr. Alderman Salomons, and their refusal to adopt these words—which, when the matter came before the courts of law, were held to be an essential part of the oath—showed that, unless some modification either of the oath itself or of the law which exacted the taking of it was adopted, no Jewish subject of Her Majesty could ever sit in either House. For nearly eleven years Bills having this object were annually passed in the House of Commons and thrown out by the Lords; but at length, in 1858, two Acts were passed, the first of which substituted for the then existing oaths one embodying all their necessary provisions, but still concluding with the obnoxious words, "And I make this declaration upon the true faith of a Christian. So help me God." The second Act enabled either House to pass a resolution in the case of any person of the Jewish religion entitled, but for the oath, to sit and vote in such House, that he may omit the clause "And I make this declaration upon the true faith of a Christian," and enacted that thereupon the oath so taken should be of the same effect as if nothing had been omitted. By the former of these two Acts concessions were also made to suit the case of Quakers and "every other person now by law permitted to make his solemn affirmation or declaration instead of taking an oath." In 1866 these enactments were repealed, and a form of oath imposed on members of both Houses which could be taken by Jew and Gentile alike, inasmuch as it contained no mention of Christianity and merely concluded with the customary adjuration "So help me God." Section 4 of this Act comprises an exemption in favour of "Quakers and every other person for the time being by law permitted to make a solemn affirmation or declaration instead of taking an oath," who are to be allowed to make a solemn affirmation to the same effect as the Parliamentary oath. Then by Section 5 it is provided that if any member of the House of Peers votes by himself or his proxy in the House of Peers, or sits as a Peer during any debate in the said House, without having taken the oath, he shall for every such offence be subject to a penalty of 500*l.*; and if any member of the House of Commons votes as such in that House, or sits during any debate after the Speaker has been chosen without having taken the oath, he shall be subject to the same penalty for each offence, and in addition to the penalty his seat shall be vacated in the same manner as if he were dead. An Act of 1867 substitutes the present form of Parliamentary oath for that directed by the last mentioned Act, but does not otherwise affect the law. To sum up this part of our argument, it appears that any member of either House who takes any part in the business of such House without taking the prescribed oath, or, being a person

for the time being by law permitted to take a solemn affirmation or declaration instead of an oath, having made such affirmation or declaration to the same effect, is liable to a penalty of 500*l.* for every such offence, and, if a member of the Lower House, to lose his seat in addition. The taking such oath or making such declaration is therefore an indispensable preliminary to Parliamentary life.

We now turn to the other branch of the case. Mr. Bradlaugh declines to take the usual oath, and indeed we cannot see how he could consistently do so. We do not profess an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Bradlaugh's religious or non-religious views, but in a reported case in which he was plaintiff, and in which his evidence was objected to on the ground that by reason of his peculiar tenets he was not competent to be sworn, Mr. Bradlaugh admitted that he did not believe in the Deity or in a future state of rewards and punishments. He is thus incompetent to give evidence on oath in any court of law; but were he willing to take the requisite Parliamentary oath, we do not clearly see whose business it would be to object to his competency. Even had he insisted on omitting the concluding adjuration from feelings similar to those which in M. Sardou's *Rabagas* prompted the imposition of a fine on the use of a certain name, and had so taken the oath, he might probably have safely taken his seat, inasmuch as it has been held that the concluding adjuration is merely the form of the oath and not an essential part thereof. All such compromises, however, Mr. Bradlaugh disavows, and claims to make his affirmation. But, to be entitled to adopt this alternative, he must bring himself within the definition of a "person for the time being by law permitted to make a solemn affirmation or declaration instead of taking an oath." The statutes under which Mr. Pease claimed and secured exemption as a Quaker applied only to specific oaths, and in the year in which he entered the House an Act was passed by which Quakers and Moravians were, in all cases where an oath was requisite, permitted to make a solemn affirmation instead. In the same year the privilege of affirming, instead of swearing, on all lawful occasions was extended to members of the sect called Separatists; and in 1837 an equally wide exemption was conferred on ex-Quakers and ex-Moravians who still retained a conscientious objection to swearing. This completes the list of persons who are now by law permitted to make an affirmation, instead of taking an oath, on all occasions where an oath is otherwise indispensable, and it is obvious that Mr. Bradlaugh does not come within the catalogue. But for certain specified purposes and on certain specified occasions the privilege of affirming, instead of swearing, may be extended to persons of tender conscience outside the limits of these particular sects. By the Common Law Procedure Act, 1854, it is provided that, "If any person called as a witness, or desiring to make an affidavit or deposition, shall refuse or be unwilling from alleged conscientious motives to be sworn, it shall be lawful for the court or judge . . . . upon being satisfied of the sincerity of such objection, to permit such person, instead of being sworn, to make his or her solemn declaration or affirmation in the words following:—'I, A. B., do solemnly, sincerely, and truly affirm and declare that the taking of any oath is, according to my religious belief, unlawful, and I do also solemnly, sincerely, and truly affirm and declare,'" &c.

But here of course comes in the question whether a person who would be allowed in a court of law to make an affirmation by virtue of this section is "a person for the time being by law permitted to make a solemn affirmation or declaration instead of taking an oath," within the meaning of the Act of 1866. We very much doubt whether he is. The section refers to no particular class of persons, the occasion is limited to courts of law or legal proceedings, and moreover there is no direct permission by law, but only a right of permission vested in the absolute discretion of the judge. But even supposing that any person who might reasonably claim exemption from the judge under this section is within the provisions of the Act of 1866, it does not follow that Mr. Bradlaugh is. If Mr. Bradlaugh were ultimately to be allowed to make an affirmation, he would not, according to the prescribed form in use in Parliament, have specifically to declare that "the taking of any oath is, according to hi religious belief, unlawful"; but in ascertaining who are th persons entitled to take the benefit of this section, the form of the affirmation therein provided cannot be left out of consideration. It is, we maintain, clear that the persons within the purview of this section are such, and such only, as can satisfy the Court that from conscientious religious belief they hold the taking of an oath to be morally wrong, as being prohibited by the form of religion they profess, and these are the only persons, besides the members and ex-members of the sects above mentioned, now permitted to make an affirmation instead of an oath even in a court of law. Then, is Mr. Bradlaugh within this category? There can be but one answer to this question. The very idea of an oath being unlawful according to a man's religious belief argues the existence of a Supreme Being whose name is not to be invoked in mundane matters, or who has prohibited the taking of an oath. As Mr. Justice Stephen observes in his *General View of the Criminal Law of England*, these Acts do not meet the case of a person who, being an atheist, has either no religious belief, or does not object to taking an oath.

Apparently, however, Mr. Bradlaugh relies on the provisions of two other Acts, to which he referred in his short address to the House, but which do not, in our opinion, help him much. These are the "Evidence Further Amendment Act, 1869," and the "Evidence Amendment Act, 1870." The object of these Acts was as follows:—It being found that in certain cases the ends of justice were defeated or hindered by witnesses objecting to take an oath, or being objected to as being incompetent to do so, who, by reason of the absence of any religious belief whatever, could not be permitted to affirm, the Act of 1869 was passed, providing that in such cases "such person shall, if the presiding judge is satisfied that the taking of an oath would have no binding effect on his conscience, make the following promise and declaration":—"I solemnly promise and declare that the evidence given by me to the Court shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," and any person having so pledged himself and subsequently giving false evidence is liable to the penalties of perjury.

In 1870 Mr. Bradlaugh brought an action against one De Rin, which was referred to arbitration. As before stated, Mr. Bradlaugh presented himself as a witness, and was objected to on the ground of incompetency by reason of his peculiar tenets. He then claimed to give his evidence by virtue of the Act of 1869, but the arbitrator held that that Act did not apply to proceedings before an arbitrator, and rejected his evidence. Mr. Bradlaugh applied to the Court, but the Court refused the application on the ground that where persons have agreed on an arbitrator they are bound by his decision, and did not decide the point at all. In the same year the Act of 1870 was passed, extending the powers of the Act of 1869 to all proceedings before a person authorized to administer an oath, but not otherwise affecting the law. It is to these statutes Mr. Bradlaugh appeals as constituting him a person for the time being by law permitted to make a solemn affirmation or declaration in place of taking an oath within the Act of 1866. There is, of course, something to be said on his side. Under the Acts of 1869 and 1870, a witness may object to take an oath, and may eventually "solemnly promise and declare," and it may fairly be argued that this amounts to being permitted to make a solemn affirmation or declaration instead of taking an oath, especially in the case of a plaintiff or defendant, who would lose the benefit of his own evidence were it not for some such provision. But the arguments on the other side appear to us far more cogent. The remarks made above with reference to the Common Law Procedure Act apply with equal force to these Acts. Next, the Act of 1866 specifies "Quakers and all other persons for the time being permitted, &c.," and on an established rule of Parliamentary construction, the subsequent general words must be interpreted as being *ejusdem generis* with the preceding specific ones. The application of this principle would limit the words "all other persons" to persons having a conscientious religious objection to taking an oath—the class of people, in fact, provided for by the Common Law Procedure Act. Then the words of the Act of 1866 are "a solemn declaration or affirmation." If these words be taken as describing the same thing, it is clear that the declaration or promise prescribed by the Act of 1869 is not a solemn affirmation, though it may be a declaration, if they be taken disjunctively as referring to two different things. Again, there does not seem to be much "permission" about the terms of the Act of 1869. The Act seems to contemplate witnesses who are not parties to the suit rather than the parties themselves, and without affording any countenance to their absence of religion, to have sought to devise some means of rendering their testimony available by applying the purely secular sanction of a possible prosecution for perjury. "Such person shall . . . make the following promise and declaration." The point is, however, unquestionably a knotty one, and we shall be curious to see what the Select Committee determine about it.

THE HERALD OF PEACE.

THE blessing pronounced on peacemakers is not likely to be inherited by newspapers. The popular opinion that the conductors of newspapers like war, because war helps to sell their journals, is probably erroneous. War is bad for trade, and anything that is bad for trade is bad for the press. But, on the whole, out of the mere desire to find something exciting to say, newspapers do sometimes happen to encourage war. There may be some slight ill-feeling between two countries or Courts, and the papers are bound to drag the affair into publicity. They are like the boys whom Arminius and Mr. Matthew Arnold saw at Eton. Young Bottles was asked whether he would take a licking from Lord Claude, and then Lord Claude was informed that "that beast Bottles says he won't take a licking from you." Newspaper correspondents are constantly averring that France won't take a licking from Germany, or that she has taken a diplomatic licking, or that Italy does not want to fight, but will do so in certain contingencies. Thus the discussion of foreign politics in the press is very like the gossip of small boys in the Lower Fourth, who pass their time in wondering whether Briggs major is afraid of Smith, and whether Thompson is the master of Jones. The eternal chatter about these matters rouses angry passions, and presently there is work enough for war correspondents.

There is, happily, one small but persevering journal, little studied, we fear, in those homes of iniquity, "the Clubs," which raises its little voice against militarism. This is *The Herald of Peace*, the organ of the Peace Society, which most outsiders probably supposed to have died long ago of hope deferred. But the Peace Society is really in a green old age, and celebrates its sixty-fourth birthday on the 18th of this month in Finsbury Chapel. On

that occasion four members of Parliament—Mr. Firth, Mr. Illingworth, Mr. Arthur Pease, and Mr. Henry Richard—will address the pacific. While we wait anxiously for their remarks as to the effect of the late elections on the peace of Europe, the *Herald*, published under their auspices, may help to pass the time. This curious little journal contains in small space a great number of articles. The first deals with the decadence of Germany, where "the slightest (military) offence involves imprisonment in a dark cell on bread and water. In special cases the cell is lined with hard and sharp wooden laths, placed edgeways in all directions, so that the prisoner can neither stand, lean, or lie down in comfort." We should think not, indeed. "This amounts to actual torture; and it is a punishment which has been inflicted, for example, on several young men who at intervals have refused, on conscientious grounds, to serve in the army." But shall Germans be alone in refusing, on conscientious grounds, to serve in the army? Is their virtue and their martyrdom unknown among British privates? No; we are proud to learn from the *Herald of Peace* that there are some brave and consistent soldiers under our own flag who are "reluctant to destroy human life." "During the Zulu war," we are informed, "some British soldiers, who were reluctant to destroy human life, and consequently held back, were, according to newspaper reports, flogged into the fight." Any thinker less guileless than the editor of the *Herald of Peace* might suspect that the British soldiers were reluctant to give the poor untutored Zulu a chance of breaking the Sixth Commandment. The *Herald* does not seem to see that these mildest of men need never have joined a brutal and barbarous profession at all, and the scorn of the *Herald* is reserved, not for the poltroons, but for the men who flogged them. Prose is not equal to the situation, and the journal of peace breaks into verse which is well worth quoting:—

> Blush, blush, ye sires of England,
> Where streams the Gospel light,
> That your own sons and soldiers
> Are flogged into the fight!
> Flogged till their backs are bleeding,
> Flogged till their hearts are sore,
> Flogged till their manhood droopeth,
> To lift itself no more!
>
> Blush, blush, ye English daughters,
> For brothers on the field,
> Whose tortured backs are bleeding
> From whips which warriors wield!
> Blush! blush! and let your sighing
> Be heard from shore to shore,
> Till legislators tremble,
> And use the lash no more.
>
> Blush, blush, ye English mothers,
> With ditties on your lip,
> And pray that laughing baby
> May never feel the whip;—
> May never feel the scourging,
> The cruel "nine-tails'" bite,
> Nor by his brother warriors
> Be flogged into the fight!
>
> And O thou Queen of England,
> To Christian duty bound,
> Let not the crime of flogging
> Within thy realms be found.
> 'Tis not for those who gather
> Beneath the Sharon Rose
> To tread upon their brother,
> Or fill his life with woes.

We need scarcely apologize for the length of this quotation. Apart from the *verve* and spirit of the verse, the poem proves that the friends of peace have quite novel ideas about honour and shame. Ordinary people, the English mother "with ditties on her lip," and generally those who "gather beneath the Sharon Rose," would blush if it were true that the British soldier needs to be flogged to the front. But the *Herald of Peace* glories in the coward, and is only ashamed of the people who award him his proper punishment. To be fair, the *Herald* should admit that we are as bad as the Germans, who torture the conscientious conscript, while we flog the reluctant warrior.

Few students of contemporary thought can be ignorant of the great name of the Reverend Joseph Cook (of Boston, U.S.) Mr. Cook is that great American voice which denounces Professor Huxley with all his works. He is the profound scholar, too, who derives *Bathybius* "from two Greek words meaning respectively 'deep' and 'sea.'" Mr. Cook has lately been lecturing on universal peace, and has even devised a practical plan by which the quiet of the world is to be secured. The *Herald of Peace* prints his orations; and we do not mean to flatter Mr. Cook when we say that, compared with the other contents of the *Herald*, his address is quite sensible and coherent. He advocates the formation of a great English-speaking league. This alliance will be powerful enough to whip all creation into peace and brotherhood. "The disbanding of large standing armies among English-speaking peoples would be one majestic end attainable by this majestic means." As Great Britain is the only English-speaking nation which possesses what, by a stretch of courtesy, may be called a standing army, we have only to lay down the sword and "strike a universal peace through half the continents and all the seas." Unluckily Europe would belong to the unpacified half of the continents. Thus it seems probable that the great Anglo-Saxon League must do its striking first, and lay down its sword afterwards. Can this prospect really charm the Peace Society? Mr. Cook says, "Even so Conservative a power as the London *Spectator* observes that such an alliance would be utterly beyond attack from any first-class Power, unless China should ever become one; and, except in India, could only be attacked by fleets which eighty millions of men, always foremost in naval warfare or maritime adventure, could, with no great or exhausting effort, brush away from the seas." But how, we may ask Mr. Cook and our Conservative contemporary the London *Spectator*, how are we to keep eighty millions of men always in warlike training? If they are kept in training the League will be eighty times worse off than Germany, and if they are not kept in training, even China, with thunders from her native junk, will quell the British foe. In fact, though the *Herald of Peace* does not seem to see it, even Mr. Cook is aware that to secure peace we must be ready for war. "Germany," says he, "although not given to making war, is given to such preparations for war as make peace advisable to all her neighbours." It is a pity that these preparations include cells lined with sharp wooden laths placed edgeways in all directions. But, if the Peace Society were capable of discourse of reason, its own journal would teach it either to give up hoping *pacis imponere morem*, or to give up denouncing military preparations as wicked. Unhappily, not even experience will teach people who piously shut their eyes to the facts of human nature. The founder of the Krupp family only employed ten workmen in 1810. His descendants, in one of their establishments alone, employ 8,500 men, and daily consume 18,000 tons of coal, while they annually work up 200,000 tons of iron. It is only too obvious that no country nor set of countries can afford to disarm while the customers of Messrs. Krupp enable them to do this lively business. The Peace Society trots after its own arguments, round the same old vicious circle, and is not aware that the conclusion is as remote as it was sixty-four years ago. Meanwhile the Workmen's Peace Association is not unhappy. "It has resolved to bring all the influence of the Association to bear on Mr. Richard's International Disarmament Motion, and the council expressed the hope that the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone would lend his powerful aid to the motion when it came to be submitted to the House of Commons." But even the most sanguine enemies of Mr. Gladstone can hardly believe that he will fulfil the expectations of the Workmen's Peace Association, or dally with the logic of the *Herald of Peace*.

THE MONEY MARKET.

THERE are two periods of the year at which, to use the language of bankers, money is dearer than usual—that is to say, at which the rates charged in the short-loan market for the use of capital are higher than at other times. The phenomenon is not confined to our own country; it is observable in every commercial community, and arises necessarily from the influence of the seasons on the course of industry, though special legislation accentuates it in certain cases. The periods at which this "hardening of rates," again to borrow the phraseology of Lombard Street, takes place, are May and November. It is, however, most pronounced in the latter month. The harvests have then been got in, and farmers are anxious to sell the proceeds as soon as possible. They would naturally refuse to take cheques from buyers, many of whom they have probably never seen before and know nothing of. And even if they were willing to trust purchasers, there are not a few of them who keep no banking account. Buyers, therefore, have to provide themselves for the nonce with coin or notes in unusual quantities, and in doing so they diminish the stock of cash at the great trade centres. The transportation of the purchases thus made gives employment to a further amount of currency. As this kind of thing is going on at nearly the same time in all civilized countries, there is a less amount than ordinary of loanable capital available for merchants and speculators, and rates inevitably tend upwards. In May there is not this demand for money "to move the crops," as the Americans express it, but the spring agricultural operations are in their most active stage. There are additional labourers to be paid, there are the sheep and the stall-fed cattle fattened during the winter to be disposed of, there are the young stock to be bought in for the pastures. In Scotland, moreover May is one of the half-yearly terms at which hirings are entered into and various payments made. And in Ireland the two "gale days," as they are called, on which rents fall due, are the 1st of May and the 1st of November. In consequence there is always in May a considerable increase of the country note circulation; and as the note circulation cannot be increased beyond the authorized issue fixed by the Acts of 1844 and 1845 without an equal increase of the gold held by the issuing banks, this addition to the country note circulation involves the withdrawal of an equivalent amount of gold from London, where the ultimate reserve of the whole United Kingdom is kept. After a while the money paid away for rent or in the purchase of cattle is returned to the banks, and the gold is sent back to London, in many cases without ever having been removed from the boxes in which it was despatched. But in the meanwhile Lombard Street is the poorer, and consequently those who have to borrow or to discount bills find the rates raised against them. What we have been describing is going on as usual at this moment. During the Stock Exchange settlement last week, when the demand for accommodation was swollen by those who had bought securities and were not prepared to pay for them, very

large amounts were borrowed from the Bank of England at 3 per cent. and over, and the discount rates also reached the Bank minimum. In the early part of this week the demand was not so great, yet the terms on which the Treasury bills were placed on Tuesday show how much tighter is the market than it was lately. It is not necessary to insist in this place upon the fact that the credit of the British Government ought to be higher than that of any trading house, however high the latter may stand. Treasury bills, too, have this superiority over others, that they are actively competed for by foreigners who would not look at trade or even bank paper. At the present moment, moreover, there is a general expectation that the floating debt will be speedily reduced, and that consequently the supply of Treasury bills will be greatly decreased; and there is for that reason an increased desire to secure those still on offer. Yet the Treasury has had to allow a discount of more than 2⅝ per cent. This exhibits the tendency of the market, and it also confirms the view we have often maintained as to the injury to the credit of the country produced by a large floating debt.

This periodical cause of a dearer money market is in its very nature temporary. It recurs at the same season every year, and ceases to operate in the course of a few weeks. It is now well understood, and as it does not take money out of the country, it does not affect the imagination of Lombard Street, and tends to have less effect than it had of old. There is consequently nothing in it to produce really dear money. Nor is there anything in the other influences acting immediately upon the market. The statistics of the London Bankers' Clearing House for the year ending a week ago, issued on Monday by Sir J. Lubbock, exhibit, indeed, a very great increase of transactions over the preceding twelve months and over every year since 1875-6. Even allowing for the very large part played by speculation, more especially on the Stock Exchange, there is still a marked expansion of legitimate business. In due course this expansion, bringing after it better employment, higher prices, and higher wages, would necessitate a more and more enlarged currency, and thus make money scarce. But this process in any event would take time; and now, as we pointed out last week, there is a check to the improvement. Prices have fallen heavily, and the volume of transactions has shrunk. Trade, it is true, is still much better than it was twelve months ago. But the improvement is now so slow that, unless greatly accelerated, it will not for a long time have any effect upon the money market. Further, the foreign exchanges are not unfavourable to this country; more particularly the New York money market, from which most disturbance was to be apprehended, at length shows symptoms of ease. Lastly, the political prospect on the Continent, which a little while ago appeared so threatening, is now less alarming. The outbreak of a great war, though in the long run it would send capital here for safety, and thus tend to keep down rates, would at first cause a panic on every Bourse in Europe, and so make money dear. But, although it would be very hazardous to commit oneself to a political prediction, it may at least be said that for the present there is no such cause of uneasiness as there was while the German Army Bill was before the Reichstag. But for one circumstance, then, it might be said that the influences acting upon the money market, though for the moment tending towards higher rates, yet favour in the near future greater cheapness and a more abundant supply. The one circumstance to which we refer is the growing scarcity of gold.

We have discussed this subject so often and so fully, that we need not enter into much detail respecting it here; yet it is requisite to touch upon it briefly in order clearly to bring out its bearing upon the money market. During the past nine years Germany, which had previously been a silver-using country, bought up for her new gold coinage, in round numbers, 84 millions sterling, being at the rate of over 9 millions per annum, drawing for the purpose chiefly upon London. Just when the disturbance due to these enormous purchases was abating, the United States began to prepare for the resumption of specie payments, and, in doing so, absorbed the entire production of their own mines. Last year, in addition to the yield of the home mines, they took from England and France over 16 millions sterling in gold, and up to the present time have not returned a penny of the amount. Meanwhile, the productiveness of the Australian mines has greatly declined, and as the Ural mines barely suffice for the supply of Russia and Germany, all the rest of the world is limited to the yield of Australia and miscellaneous sources, amounting altogether to about seven millions per annum. The final result thus is that the gold-using countries, excepting the United States, Germany, and Russia, are dependent for all their requirements upon seven millions a year, subject to the competition every now and then of the three nations just named. And in the case of the United States last autumn this competition was so intense that it took in a few months some sixteen milions, or over two years' production of Australia and the miscellaneous sources. In other words, the United States have lately taken three years' production of their own mines and two years of the supply available for all other gold-using countries, with the exception of Russia and Germany. Of course they have been able to do this only by drawing upon the stores of the great European banks, and accordingly we find a diminution of these stores. Twelve months ago the bullion in the Bank of England amounted to 33,700,000*l.*; last week it was only 28,100,000*l.*—a decrease of over 5½ millions. The Bank of France did not begin to distinguish in its returns between the amounts of gold and of silver held until the alarm created by the drain to New York last autumn compelled it to do so; but we know from the statistics issued at intervals that for years it has been losing gold and accumulating silver, until last week it held altogether only 32,700,000*l.* in gold, of which barely 17,309,000*l.* was in the head office in Paris. This latter amount, it is obvious, can alone be safely regarded as a metallic reserve, since we may be sure that the Bank would not keep at its branches more gold than is required for their current business. The Imperial Bank of Germany, on the other hand, has gained during the twelve months about a million sterling. But the figures just given do not represent the real loss of gold. Thus the Bank of England held at the end of July last 35,900,000*l.*, and at Christmas only 27,400,000*l.*, showing a loss in the interval of 8½ millions; this was to the United States chiefly. The drain thither stopped then, and the gold in the Bank increased to 29 millions in the middle of March, from which it has again fallen to 28,100,000*l.* Nor is this all. In the first four months of the current year the exports of gold exceeded the imports by 1,300,000*l.*, yet the gold held by the Bank of England at the end of April exceeded the amount at the beginning of the year by 500,000*l.* In the four months, therefore, the gold withdrawn from the circulation of the country must have amounted to almost 1,800,000*l.* Consequently not only has the Bank lost gold as shown above, but also the internal circulation has shrunk very considerably. Under these circumstances it is evident that, if trade improves, the value of money may be expected to rise, and possibly it may rise very sharply, if there should be in the autumn a considerable drain to New York.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.—II.

A SECOND visit to the Grosvenor Gallery confirms, if any confirmation were needed, the opinion formed as to the striking merit of M. Bastien-Lepage's work. The force, the delicacy, the technical skill, and, it may be added, the variety displayed by the young painter are alike remarkable. In the West Gallery he exhibits a large landscape which has been seen before in the Salon at Paris, and which is called "Les Foins" (7). One obvious quality of this picture is its straightforwardness, its representation of what the painter saw without any attempt to dress it up into what may be called conventional picturesqueness. The foreground is occupied by the figure of a peasant girl, who is undeniably ugly, and in whose portrayal no attempt at artificial prettiness or refinement has been made. Yet there is a strange impressiveness in both face and figure, which accord well with the sense of open-air freedom that belongs to the whole picture. The recumbent figure of the man who is asleep is open to fault-finding in the matter of drawing, and objections may be made to particular points in the landscape. But the whole effect of the work is both bold and attractive. Immediately below it hangs a portrait by the same painter of Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt (9); the extraordinary delicacy, truth, and finish of which are as remarkable as the freedom and vigour of the landscape just referred to. The flesh-tones and the painting of the dress and hair are admirable; and the pose is at once novel and natural. It is interesting to compare these and two portraits from M. Bastien-Lepage's hand (10, 11) with "The Annunciation to the Shepherds" (21), an early work of his, in which one sees the same tendencies which are apparent in "Les Foins" curiously brought into an ideally devotional subject. M. Bastien-Lepage is also represented in the East Gallery by two admirably strong and expressive portraits, "My Parents" (141). Among other portraits in the West Gallery are Mr. W. B. Richmond's "Portrait of Charles Darwin, Esq." (40), which is painted with signal success in the spirit of the Venetian school, and in which the treatment of the red robes is specially remarkable; and "Portrait of W. Holman Hunt, Esq.," a work which is full both of refinement and vigour. M. Legros, of whose odd method we confess to being somewhat weary, sends two or three heads. The best of these is perhaps the "Portrait of F. Dixon, Esq." (12). In this we cannot but recognize an uncommon power, not only of drawing, but of seizing character. It is unfortunately contrasted with the same painter's atrocious attempt at a "Portrait of Professor Huxley" (19). Mr. Millais has two remarkable portraits of "Mrs. Caird" (54) and of "Mrs. Jopling" (49), both of which strikingly exhibit the painter's complete command of his art, and both of which are free from what has sometimes struck one as the too obtrusive dash of Mr. Millais's painting. Mr. Gregory's "Portrait of W. H. Wills, Esq." (39) seems hardly as strong as his last year's work. Mr. John Collier's "Portrait of Mrs. John Collier" (81) is perhaps the best thing which the painter has shown this year. It has solidity and strength combined with command of expression, and a feeling for colour, which is well brought out in the painting of the white dress and its contrast with the background.

Among the landscapes and figure pictures two large landscapes, "The August Moon" (20) and "The Voice of the Cuckoo" (23), by Mr. Cecil Lawson, occupy a prominent place. The general effect of the former of these is undeniably pleasing, although it is perhaps equally undeniable that the strangely enormous moon, which is supposed to cast over the scene the light which is great part of its attraction, has in itself no luminosity. The effect of "The Voice of the Cuckoo," a somewhat sickly landscape, is spoilt by the incongruous manner in which

two portrait figures are thrust, as if gummed on in an after-thought, into the foreground. The truth and force of Mr. P. R. Morris's charming moonlight landscape, which hangs between them, and which is somewhat inappropriately called "The Bridge of Sighs" (22), seem to accentuate the shortcomings of Mr. Lawson's work. Mr. Alma-Tadema has three small works (51, 52, 53), in which his admirable sense and rendering of distance are no less observable than his power in drawing and colouring. The brilliant sky effect in "A Question" (51) is especially striking. Of Mr. Watts's beautiful "Daphne" (43) we have already spoken, and we have only to add that the whole group of his pictures is well worth study, and that his power in the line of portraiture is finely exemplified by the "Portrait of William Morris, Esq." (44). Mr. Hallé's finely designed "St. George" (28) shows a gratifying and distinct improvement in the painter's command of his resources; and so does Mr. David Carr's "Watercress Gatherers" (17), which, with greater technical skill, has all the truthful and picturesque feeling which we observed in his last year's picture. Mr. H. Moore has two fine sea-pieces in his accustomed manner (72, 76). Mr. Hennessy exhibits "Evening, Calvados" (68). This strikes us as a work of unusual beauty and power. The feeling and rendering of the particular effect sought after have both truth and imagination, while the technical skill which Mr. Hennessy has often displayed is shown to special advantage. Mr. John O'Connor's "Corner of Waterloo Bridge" (59) is a pleasing instance of his power of catching an agreeable effect where many people might not expect to find it; and Mr. Weguelin's "The Vintage" (73) confirms our belief in its painter's capacity. M. Legros's large picture, "L'Incendie" (67), is, to our thinking, on the whole an unattractive work. It has the severity and the sincere, if awkwardly expressed, feeling which one might look for in the chief figures; but the fact remains that they are awkward, and that the effect of the fire's light, whether we are to regard it as a direct representation or as a suggestion, is untrue. In one way, and that a highly undesirable one, Mr. Spencer Stanhope's picture, "The Waters of Lethe" (31), is one of the most remarkable works in this Gallery. It is so difficult to find words to express the supreme absurdity of such a production that we prefer to leave spectators to make their own account of it.

However, to get over two unattractive subjects at once, Mr. Stanhope's picture in the West Gallery is more than rivalled by Mr. Walter Crane's "Truth and the Traveller" (111) in the East Gallery. This we can only describe by saying that no more hideous, improbable, and disgustful figure has ever been presented to the public than that which is supposed to pass for the ideal Truth. It is impossible to speak of such a thing as this with patience, and it is astounding that it should have come from the hand of an artist who has made so many justly popular dainty designs for children's books, and who, it is only fair to add, can produce such pleasing work as, for instance, the "Well in the Courtyard, Cucumella, Sorrento" (64), in the Grosvenor Gallery. Immediately above Mr. Crane's monstrous work hangs a strong water-piece called "Tug and Timber-Bridge" (108), by Mr. Keeley Halswelle, who, both here and at the Academy, shows this year a striking power in work of this kind. We have already expressed our admiration of Mr. Burne-Jones's large picture, "The Golden Stairs" (120), in which the artist's merits are markedly visible, while the peculiarities which have often been more or less irritating assert themselves but little. There is, as many people have remarked, no reason why a beautiful design without any purpose beyond its beauty should be called "The Golden Stairs." On the other hand it may be said that there is no reason why it should not. "I can call my hat 'Cadwallader' if I like," said the hero of Miss Edgeworth's story *The Mimic*; and those who object to Mr. Burne-Jones's nomenclature may find their answer in a like contention. Near this are Mr. Mark Fisher's admirable landscape, "The Last of Autumn" (130), and Mr. Macbeth's spirited and bold "A Flood in the Fens" (131), the truth and vigour of which are in curious and pleasing contrast to a smaller work by the same artist in the West Gallery. Above this is a very graceful picture by Mrs. Anderson, called "The Bathers" (132), and near it a very poetical and attractive picture by Mr. Boughton, "Omnia Vincit Amor" (125). Mr. Herkomer's "Portrait of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe" (140), painted for King's College, Cambridge, is a fine work. Like Mr. Richmond's portrait of Mr. Darwin, which has been referred to, and which was painted for the University of Cambridge, it bears welcome testimony to the artistic enterprise of the University. Mr. P. R. Morris's landscape with figures, "Cradled in his Calling" (142), a fisher's child carried in a net across the downs towards the sea, is a work of great strength and beauty. The simple poetry of the subject is excellently expressed, and the truth of the blending of the blue sea and sky in the distant landscape will be either felt or recognized by most spectators. Near this is Mr. Dicey's graceful picture, "Girls Arranging Flowers" (144), and, among smaller pictures in the same neighbourhood, we would direct attention to Mrs. Gosse's attractive and unconventional view of "Torcross" (147), to Lady Lindsay's charming study of a squirrel called "A Free Breakfast-table" (151), and to Miss Dorothy Tennant's touching picture, "Homeless" (156). Three important pictures in this room we have yet to notice—Mr. North's admirably painted, if uninteresting, "Grass of the Field" (100), Mr. Hennessy's very original and attractive "Spring Fantasy" (92), and Mr. A. Moore's beautiful figure "Rose-leaves" (105).

In the South Gallery, there can be little doubt that the finest work is Mr. Napier Hemy's "Saved" (171), a wonderfully true and spirited picture of a boat which has struggled successfully with the difficulties of crossing a bar. The drawing and painting of the figures, of the ships and boats, and of the water, are alike remarkable. M. de Nittis has a curiously hard and clever representation of a scene familiar to many people, "Feeding the Sparrows in the Gardens of the Tuileries" (192), and Mr. Collier sends a picture called "Coiners" (188), representing a scene in the Mint. With many merits, the picture seems deficient in the sense of heat and luminosity which the subject demands.

THE THEATRES.

MME. MODJESKA'S first appearance on the London stage, which took place on Saturday last at the Court Theatre, had been looked for with unusual interest on account of the great reputation which preceded the actress. It is to be regretted that her introduction to a London audience should have been made in so sickly, dull, and ill-constructed a play as *La Dame aux Camélias*. The play, considered as the work of a youth, is not without some kind of merit; but it seems absurd to consider a piece so riddled with faults as a serious dramatic or literary performance, and the success which it had in France was certainly not due to its intrinsic attraction. The secret of this is partly revealed, with a curious *naïveté*, by M. Jules Janin in the preface which he thought fit to write for the revised edition of the novel. In this he gives an amazingly foolish and sentimental sketch of the career of the woman who was the original of young Dumas's heroine, of which this passage may serve as a specimen:—"Elle avait poussé si loin la science du bien-être intérieur et l'adoration de soi-même, que rien ne saurait se comparer à ses habits, à son linge, aux plus petits détails de son service, car la parure de sa beauté était, à tout prendre, la plus chère et la plus charmante occupation de sa jeunesse." He then goes on to say that the book was successful when it first appeared, but its success was increased when readers began to say that the study was evidently taken from life. "Alors on s'inquiéta fort du nom de l'héroïne, de sa position dans le monde, de la fortune, de l'ornement et du bruit de ses amours. Le public, qui veut tout savoir et qui sait tout en fin de compte, apprit l'un après l'autre tous ces détails, et le livre lu, on voulait le relire, et il arriva naturellement que la vérité, étant connue, rejaillit sur l'intérêt du récit." This degraded kind of interest no longer, of course, belongs to the story in England at least; but a sort of factitious interest has been kept up in *La Dame aux Camélias* from time to time by the refusal, on moral grounds, of the Lord Chamberlain to license the performance of the play. On what grounds the present Examiner of Plays rejected the French piece when he admitted Mr. Mortimer's version of it, called *Heartsease*, in which Mme. Modjeska appears, we are entirely unable to understand. Mr. Mortimer had an impossible task to perform in retaining the situations, such as they are, of the play, and removing the objections which have kept it from the English stage. It would be ungracious to blame the adapter for the inevitable result of an attempted compromise between offended propriety and the claims of what is thought by some interesting impropriety. The veil which the writer of the English version has had to throw over this is simply ludicrous. Nothing is gained in the interest of morality, and everything is lost in the interest of such crude art as can be said to belong to the piece. We are shown a woman about whose position there is no room for doubt; and we are shown two men, both of them well born, who are anxious to marry her. With each of them, while she is engaged to be married to him, she lives alone. The pretence of disguising the real state of affairs is monstrously flimsy, and the talk about marriage which is from time to time thrust in is an outrage upon the common sense of the public. If it is accepted seriously, the whole play becomes absolutely nonsensical. If it is to be treated as a solemn piece of hypocrisy to salve the public conscience, it can only be said that the sooner the Lord Chamberlain's office abandons such mean devices the better. But, apart from any imported disadvantages, the play is at best a poor one in itself. The same situation is continually repeated through five dreary acts, and it is impossible to view the chief character as the author would wish her to be viewed. It is observable in many of M. Alexandre Dumas fils's writings that the characters whom he labels as good are in reality pitiful and offensive creatures; nor is this strange perversity or want of perception found only in such early works as *La Dame aux Camélias* or *La Vie à Vingt Ans*. That cleverly-written and unattractive play *Le Demi-Monde* ends with one of the characters saying to another, "Vous épousez le plus honnête homme que je connaisse," meaning thereby a man who has thought it a noble task to hunt down an unhappy woman who is trying to raise herself out of the dubious society of the *demi-monde* to better things. This, it may be noted, is in curious contrast to the motive of *La Dame aux Camélias*, which contains more than one heavy tirade against people who put any barriers in the way of a woman who is a member of a kind of society which, unlike the *demi-monde*, has no atom of dubiousness left about it. But in both plays there is the same blindness as to what is or is not repellent. The heroine of *La Dame aux Camélias* is, we are told, a woman of a strangely noble character in spite of her ignoble life; and this nobility she shows by, amongst other

things, taking money from a man she does not love just after she has dismissed a man whom she does love with every assurance of affection and fidelity. But it would be tedious and unnecessary to point out the many faults which act by act assert themselves in the course of this maudlin piece. From her performance of its principal character it would be rash to decide upon the extent of Mme. Modjeska's powers. That she is a highly-trained and very artistic actress, with a fine science and command of gesture, and, despite her slight foreign accent, of intonation, may be asserted. In one passage, that of a heart-broken farewell masked by a light manner, she displayed singular talent and skill, the effect of which was unhappily marred by her coming back in the middle of the scene to acknowledge the applause of the audience. Whether or not Mme. Modjeska is likely to justify the reputation which preceded her as an actress of great characters, it is impossible to tell from her very clever performance as the heroine of *La Dame aux Camélias*. Mr. Dacre, who played the odious part of Armand Duval, deserves praise for his earnestness and excellent intention, but he has everything to learn in the way of movement and gesticulation.

The revival of the late Mr. Robertson's comedy *School* at the Haymarket is an experiment less interesting perhaps than might have been hoped for—not with regard to the acting of the piece, but with regard to the play itself. This has been tersely and aptly described by a contemporary critic as a "polite farce," and indeed it amounts to little more. The types of character are not new, the actions in which they are concerned have little importance, and the dialogue, always written with good taste, is not the less curiously vapid. Mr. Robertson had no doubt some remarkable qualities as a dramatist, especially as a dramatist for the Prince of Wales's Theatre; and it may be thought in some sense a proof of his having possessed original power that *School*, the play for which he was indebted to a foreign source, is far weaker than the pieces which he wrote "out of his own head." An odd mistake in it is the dragging in at the end, by the head and shoulders, of the legend of *Cinderella*, of which we have had the very vaguest, if any, hint before, but of which the German author borrowed the title for his play. With the mounting and acting of *School*, which may retain its popularity in spite of its weakness, there is very little fault to find. Mrs. Bancroft is more charming and natural than ever as Naomi Tighe; and Miss Marion Terry is pleasing, though somewhat affected, as Bella. Mr. Bancroft is as good as ever in Jack Poyntz. Mr. Conway plays the rather colourless part of Lord Beaufoy in a pleasant and manly way. Mr. Arthur Cecil is, as might be expected, inventive and clever in the earlier appearances of the painted and made-up Beau Farintosh, and in the scene at the end where the old man has thrown off his youthful trappings, finds an occasion of exhibiting a true and unforced command of pathos which may surprise those who do not remember his performance in *To Parents and Guardians*. His attitude and look while he is listening to his nephew's story are admirable, as is his burst of rage at Krux. Mr. Forbes-Robertson's representation of Krux is curious. It is, like everything Mr. Forbes-Robertson does, carefully studied, and from the actor's point of view admirably executed. It is, to put it briefly, a strong piece of acting, which seems to be hardly in accordance with the general character of a piece which, whatever else it may be, is not strong. Mr. Kemble's Dr. Sutcliffe is a lifelike study. *School* is preceded by the comedietta or farce, *Cut off with a Shilling*, in which Mr. Brookfield's performance of Colonel Berners gives fresh proof of his undoubted talent. He has many merits, and the only fault in his performance against which we would warn him is a certain want of freedom and decision in gesture. Complete command of the actor's art is a hard thing to acquire. Mr. Brookfield's skill in other matters leaves little doubt that he will end by mastering this.

The morning performance at the Gaiety of *George Barnwell* has been succeeded by one of "Monk" Lewis's marvellously silly piece, *The Castle Spectre*. "D. G." in his "remarks" upon this play seems to have felt that he was, in defending it, holding a somewhat doubtful brief; but he actually persuaded himself to write that "its story is deeply interesting, and conducted and developed with a considerable portion of dramatic skill," and that "there is nothing even improbable in this drama but the spectre." He admits that "the language of this play is in many parts turgid and bombastic," and we might condone this in part if the play were in its essence a good melodramatic piece. Unfortunately it is from every point of view hopelessly vulgar and childish. How "turgid and bombastic" the language is may be best judged from an extract taken at hazard:—

OSMOND. No more;—I must not hear you. (*aside*) Shame! shame! that ever my soul should stoop to dissembling with my slave! (*crosses to* L.)

SAIB *enters*, L., *and advances with apprehension.*

OSMOND. How now?—why this confusion?—why do you tremble?—speak!

SAIB. My lord!—the prisoner——

OSMOND. The prisoner?—go on, go on!

SAIB. (*kneeling*) Pardon, my lord, pardon! Our prisoner has escaped.

OSMOND. Villain! (*wild with rage he draws his dagger, and rushes upon* SAIB—KENRIC *holds his arm*, R. C.)

KENRIC. Hold! hold! What would you do?

OSMOND. (*struggling*) Unhand me, or by heaven——

KENRIC. Away! away! Fly, fellow, and save yourself! *Exit* SAIB, L. (*releasing* OSMOND) Consider, my lord—haply 'twas not by his keeper's fault that——

OSMOND. (*furiously*) What is't to me by whose? Is not my rival fled? Soon will Northumberland's guards encircle my walls, and force from me—Yet that by heaven they shall not! No! rather than resign her, my own hand shall give this castle a prey to flames; then, plunging with Angela into the blazing gulf, I'll leave these ruins to tell posterity how desperate was my love, and how dreadful my revenge! (*crosses* R. *stops and turns to* KENRIC) And you, who dared to rush between me and my resentment—you, who could so well succeed in saving others—now look to yourself.

Exit, R.

KENRIC. Ha! that look—that threat. Yet he seemed so kind—so grateful! He smiled too! Oh! there is ever danger when a villain smiles.

SAIB *enters softly*, L., *looking round him with caution.*

SAIB. (*in a low voice*) Hist! Kenric!

KENRIC. (R.) How now? What brings——

SAIB. (L.) Silence, and hear me. You have saved my life; nor will I be ungrateful. Look at this phial!

KENRIC. Ha! did the earl——

SAIB. Even so. A few drops of this liquor should to-night have flavoured your wine—you would never have drank again! Mark me then: when I offer you a goblet at supper, drop it as by accident. For this night I give you life: use it to quit the castle; for no longer than till to-morrow dare I disobey my lord's commands. Farewell, and fly from Conway—you bear with you my thanks.

Exit, L.

KENRIC. Can it be possible? Is not all this a dream? Villain! villain! Yes, yes, I must away! But tremble, traitor! A bolt, of which you little think, hangs over, and shall crush you! The keys are still in my possession; Angela shall be the partner of my flight. My prisoner too—Yet hold! May not resentment—may not Reginald's sixteen years' captivity—Oh no! Angela shall be my advocate; and, grateful for her own, for her parent's life preserved, she can, she will obtain my pardon. Yet, should she fail, at least I shall drag down Osmond in my fall, and sweeten death's bitter cup with vengeance.

Exit, L.

NEWMARKET AND CHESTER.

THERE are few places of amusement, with the exception of the deck of a yacht, which are so much exposed to cold winds as Newmarket Heath. There was a bitter east wind on the Tuesday of the late Spring Meeting, and it was therefore but natural that the attendance should be unusually small. Even more dispiriting than the piercing wind was the opening of the racing; out of a wretched little field of three horses, the favourite winning in a canter by five lengths. For the Prince of Wales's Stakes there was a better field, the favourite being the American horse Parole, the winner of both the City and Suburban Handicaps and the Great Metropolitan Stakes of last year. The favourite appeared to be going very well until he came to the Bushes, where he was beaten. The race was won by Ragman, a horse which had never won a race as a two-year-old or a three-year-old. Then came a two-year-old Selling Plate. A colt called Kühlehorn, belonging to the Duke of St. Albans, was a strong favourite, and the extreme outsider was a filly out of Adrastia, against whom as much as twenty to one was laid. The outsider made the running in the centre of the course, and at one time it seemed as if she were going to gallop right away from her seven opponents. But suddenly she slackened her pace, and Archer brought up the favourite. The Adrastia filly gave way in a very currish manner, and allowed the favourite to run up to her; but the winning-post had been passed before Kühlehorn had quite overhauled her, and she was lucky enough at last to win by a head. She had cost eighty guineas as a yearling, but she was now bought in for 680 guineas, which seemed a good price, considering the faint-hearted manner in which she had collapsed at the end of the race. Ten horses came out for the Welter Handicap. Here was another surprise. An outsider called Flotsam, which had won several races a couple of years ago, but had run seven times without winning a single race last year, not only won the race, but won it very easily. It was said that he won by fifteen lengths; but this, of course, must have been a mere guess. The fact was that the horse fairly galloped away from the rest of the field. He is small, but handsome, and he moves with great strength and freedom. It is said that he is a roarer, but he cannot be very badly affected at present. Two very fine races followed, in each of which there was a dead heat. The racing of the first day was by no means of the highest class as regarded the quality of the competitors or its bearing upon future events; but there were, as we have pointed out, three very fine contests, and a couple of those surprises which form at least half the interest of racing.

The racing on the Two Thousand day began badly by Rayon d'Or, the winner of last year's St. Leger, walking over for the Prince of Wales's Stakes. A handicap which followed was won by a horse of Lord Hartington's. The owner of one of the horses in a match which was to have been the succeeding race paid forfeit; and then followed a fine piece of riding by Fordham, who still further distinguished himself in the Two Thousand, which happened to be the very next race. That race, and the two following, were all hard-fought contests, each of them being won, after a hard struggle, by a head only. The last race of the day was easily won, but it brought out a good horse in Thurio, who galloped away from his opponents after the manner in which it behoveth a good horse to gallop.

We usually wish to notice the events of each day at Newmarket during the principal meetings; but the racing on the Thursday of the First Spring Meeting was so wretched that it was unworthy of description. The quality of the competitors was miserable, and only in two of the races was there anything like a contest. Except in one instance, the fields were small, from three to five horses only starting for most of the races, and perhaps the best that can be said of the day is that the weather was fine. We therefore pass over the racing of the third day without further comment, and

proceed to notice the One Thousand Guineas, which took place on the following day. The favourite for this race had at one time been Evasion, the winner of the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster. She is a fine, powerful mare by Wild Oats, belonging to the Duke of Westminster. A report, however, had been spread about that she had been terribly beaten in a trial by Muncaster, who had run second in the Two Thousand. Moreover, some good judges considered that, although she was a fine mare with plenty of bone, she did not show a great deal of quality, and that her conformation, if powerful, was not particularly symmetrical. The fine and good-looking Versigny was more fancied. She is by Flageolet, the sire of Rayon d'Or, and she had already run well in France this spring. Elizabeth had run twice last season, and had won on each occasion. In her first race, which was the Warren Nursery Plate at Sandown, she had cantered in two lengths in advance of the nearest of fourteen horses which ran against her, and she had won her second race by a similar distance in the Newmarket Houghton week. On the day of the One Thousand, she looked in the perfection of condition, but there was a rumour that she had been beaten in a private trial. Strathardle belonged to the same owner as Evasion, and as the latter was evidently the champion of the stable, the former was not backed. Yet, if Strathardle had come from some other trainer's, it is quite possible that she might have been a fair favourite. She had run within a neck of the winner of the Two Thousand in the Troy Stakes, and she had won the Prendergast Stakes at Newmarket as well as the Badminton Plate at York. Brilliancy had won a couple of races, but she had been beaten five times. Eirene had won a couple of races last year, and although she was once beaten, she had then been heavily weighted. Her breeding was excellent, as she was by Adventurer out of a Rataplan mare, and after the successes of her half-sister Wheel of Fortune last year, it was but natural that her claims to favouritism should have been respected. Another very good-looking mare was Sabella, a daughter of Blair Athol. Much of her running had been anything but creditable, but she had won the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom, in which race she had beaten the famous Prestonpans, who would probably have been either first or second favourite for the Two Thousand if his entrance for that race had not been rendered void by the death of his nominator. She had also beaten in the same race The Abbot, who had run a good third for the Two Thousand. Then she had won the Biennial Stakes at Ascot from a fair field; so that on her best form she appeared to have a very tolerable chance of winning the One Thousand. On the other hand, in addition to her very indifferent performances in some of her two-year-old races, there was the objection that she had gained a reputation —whether rightly or wrongly we are not in a position to state— of being queer-tempered with other horses, so much so that she had to be exercised by herself instead of with the rest of the horses in the care of her trainer. In Bounds, by Hermit, after an unsuccessful two-year-old career, had won a race at the end of the season, and Cipolata, a filly by Macaroni, had won four races out of six. Mirth had beaten a large field in a race during the Second October Meeting at Newmarket; she had also run second twice, besides running one dead heat.

Mirth and Eirene were restive at the post; but there was very little time lost in starting the ten competitors, who got away almost abreast. They came along in an unbroken line for a short distance, when Strathardle began to make the running, and the pace then became very good. The field kept well together as far as the Bushes, where Strathardle grew tired of making the running and fell back. As they came up the hill, Elizabeth had a slight lead, with Versigny racing alongside of her, In Bounds, Evasion, Mirth and Cipolata following within a short distance. As they came up towards the winning-post, only Elizabeth and Versigny were in the race; but the latter was tiring at every stride, and even the assistance of Archer could not keep her by the side of Elizabeth, who shot away by herself and won by a length and a half. Evasion struggled on to the end, but she was only a bad third. Strathardle, who had fallen back on giving up the running, was fourth. Elizabeth is by Statesman, a horse little known at the stud. He is by Young Melbourne out of an Orlando mare. Elizabeth's dam was Fair Rosamond, who was by King John out of Seclusion. Unfortunately, Elizabeth is neither in the Oaks nor the St. Leger. Versigny, who did not seem quite prepared, is engaged in the Oaks; and some judges think she may be considerably improved before that race.

The rest of the racing on the Friday was poor enough. A hot favourite was beaten in the first race. In the second, Merry-go-Round, of whom we have already had occasion to write this season, was opposed by two other Derby horses. He had the race completely in hand as soon as he was taken to the front, and the result was never in doubt. A colt by Speculum out of a Toxophilite mare won the Two-Year-Old Selling Stakes very cleverly, wearing down the favourite as he ascended the hill at the finish, and passing her by half a length at the winning-post. Another Speculum colt won the following race, which was likewise a Selling Stakes. This horse was Prospectus, the least fancied of all the four starters. The race was a pretty one, and it is probable that Forager, who was the first favourite, would have won if he had not run sulkily at the finish. Thirteen horses came out for the handicap which followed the One Thousand, but Friar Tuck, who had been a very bad horse last year, won it in a canter by three lengths, the favourites being nowhere near him. Regrette, by Flageolet, won the Two-Year-Old Stakes, which concluded the week's racing, without any apparent trouble. With the exception of the Two Thousand and One Thousand Guineas, the racing during the First Spring Meeting was of a very poor class, and, except on the Wednesday and the Friday, the attendance was very small. But, however justly people may abuse the week's racing, they should not forget that the race for the Two Thousand was an exceptionally fine race, and, despite the cutting east wind, the weather was dry and endurable.

Few, if any, race meetings have deteriorated so much within the last few years, without apparent cause, as the Chester meeting. For a considerable period, from twenty to forty horses used always to start for the Tradesman's Cup; indeed on one occasion as many as forty-three horses ran for that race; but for the last four years only ten horses have gone to the post, and less interest seems to be taken in the race year by year. Great efforts have been made to re-establish the Chester Meeting in public favour; the Duke of Westminster's patronage has been obtained, the course for the Cup has been shortened, and the meeting has been reduced from four to three days; yet matters seem to get worse instead of better, and the race for the Cup itself excites less and less interest. There was nothing like a good fight for any one of the races on the first day of the late meeting, and the first hard struggle was for the last race but one on the second day. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's chestnut filly Fashion cantered in, three lengths in advance of the rest of the field, for the Cup. She had cost 300 guineas as a yearling, and had won but one out of five races as a two-year-old. This season, after losing her first race, she had won the International Handicap at Newmarket, and she afterwards ran second to Chippendale for the Great Metropolitan Stakes at Epsom. Lord Rosebery's usual ill luck at Chester again befel him. His horse started first favourite, and ran third. Last year two of his horses ran second and third, and a couple of years earlier one of his horses ran third. Considering the easy manner in which Fashion won her race, it is to be regretted that she is not entered for the Oaks or any of the important three-year-old races. Like the last winner of the Derby, she is by Favonius.

REVIEWS.

JAMIESON'S ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY OF THE SCOTTISH LANGUAGE.*

THE republication of such a work as Dr. Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary is an enterprise which needs some little courage. More than seventy years have passed since the first edition appeared, and during that time vast improvements have been effected in the methods of philological science, or as some now-adays prefer to call it, linguistic. The tests for measuring and determining the affinities of dialects and languages have been laid down with an exactness which has greatly discouraged, if it has not entirely repressed, the unsystematic guesswork which, with many, had passed for scientific research; and this result has been obtained partly by the more thorough application of the comparative method, and partly by the increase of historical knowledge. The growth of the English language has in particular been examined with a careful minuteness which leaves little to be desired; and the relations of the present literary dialect to the dialects which were once on a par with it, and are still spoken by the countryfolk as they were centuries ago, have been traced with admirable clearness. The conclusions thus reached have not always been accepted without protest; and the opposition made to them has sometimes assumed the form of extravagant or amusing paradox. Few facts are established on better evidence than the thoroughness of the Teutonic conquest of Southern Britain in the fifth and sixth centuries; but the very completeness of the conquest has led some to maintain that, for all practical purposes, the old population remained where they had been, and that the English of the present day are rather a Celtic than a Teutonic people, with more points of likeness in forms of speech, national habits, and modes of thought to Hellenic than to any German tribes. Such speculations as these, which are now apt to die out quickly like fire for lack of fuel, formed the serious occupation of life for many who in the last century brought to the task no inconsiderable powers of research and a vast mass of unwieldy or useless learning. If it cannot be said that Dr. Jamieson was wholly free from these faults, this must be set down in great part, if not wholly, to the circumstances under which he worked; but it may be asserted without fear that he followed judiciously and with large success the best methods of his time, and that on this ground alone the republication of his Dictionary is fully justified.

Dr. Jamieson is not indeed one of the most perspicuous or the smoothest of writers, and sometimes we come across sentences which, to say the least, are dark and puzzling; while from a few we fail—probably from the mere awkwardness with which the sentences are constructed—to gather any meaning whatever. But the general course of his argument can be followed without difficulty, and the issue which he raises is one in which there is still room for some further examination. His chief contention is that the Scottish language is no mere dialectical variety of English; that it

* *An Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language.* By John Jamieson, D.D. A New Edition, carefully Revised and Corrected, with the entire Supplement incorporated, by John [illegible] A.M., [illegible], and David Donaldson, F.E.I.S. Vols. I. and II. [illegible] Gardner. 1879-80.

did not find its way to the lands north of the Tyne or the Tweed from the southern parts of the island; that the English who found a refuge at the court of Malcolm Canmore exercised on it no very momentous influence; and that it points to the occupation of the country by tribes much more closely akin to the German than to the Celtic nations during ages preceding the dawn of trustworthy or contemporary history. In short, Dr. Jamieson, in his Dissertation on the Origin of the Scottish Language, plunges into that terrible controversy which, as the readers of Scott's *Antiquary* will remember, broke up the symposium of Jonathan Oldbuck at Monkbarns. The knight against whom he hurls his weapon is the "indefatigable and erudite Chalmers," whom Sir Arthur Wardour claims as the doughtiest of his champions; while on his own side he has the more cautious scholar whom the *Antiquary* lauds as the learned Pinkerton. In few words, then, the Scottish language is the inheritance left by the old British people to their descendants who still remain in their ancient home; and thus, as Oldbuck insisted, the Picts spoke a genuine Gothic dialect, which had no more affinity with any form of Celtic speech than our English has with Welsh. In this position, although it roused the burning wrath of the good knight of Knockwinnock, there is nothing which is necessarily inconsistent with the conclusions reached by English philologists on the growth and the relations of English dialects. It does not affirm that the Teutonic invasion of this country in the fifth century was less overwhelming to the Welsh inhabitants than our most recent historians assert it to have been; all that it does is to assert that a people closely akin to the Teutonic invaders of Southern Britain had been established in the island before the days of the Roman occupation. Even at the present time such an assertion may call forth some heat of temper; but the question is one which fairly demands dispassionate inquiry. Not a few, perhaps, are ready to allow that the keels of Hengist and Horsa were by no means among the first which brought German warriors into Britain; and there is no great reluctance on the part of many to admit that the Count of the Saxon shore may have been an officer charged with the management of German settlers in the land, quite as much as with the task of guarding the coasts from the inroads of their kinsmen. The testimony of Beda, like that of Herodotus, is that of a man perfectly trustworthy on all points in which he could not well be influenced by ecclesiastical or religious prejudices. When he speaks of a popular belief we may be quite sure that that belief is rightly reported; and of the Picts he distinctly says that they had occupied the northern parts of the island, while the Britons (the name by which he always speaks of the Welsh) were in possession of the south. Nor can it be supposed that Nennius and Gildas, Welshmen themselves, were mistaken when they assert that the Picts were an entirely distinct people, who found their way first to the Orkneys, and thence to the mainland of Britain. The opinion of Tacitus on the strong likeness between the Caledonians and the Germans may go for what it is worth; but the expressions of Claudian and Ammianus Marcellinus imply a close affinity between Picts and Saxons, and this testimony belongs to a time far earlier than the Teutonic conquest of Britain in the fifth century. These, however, were not the only non-Celtic settlers in this island even before the first visit of Julius Cæsar. If we are to give credit to this singularly acute and exact observer, the Belgæ of Southern Britain belonged to the same stock with the Belgæ of the Continent, and both were wholly distinct from the Gaulish tribes amongst whom they had established themselves. As the result of careful inquiries, Cæsar makes the statement that the Belgians generally were sprung from the Germans, and that they had at an early time crossed the Rhine, and driven out the Gauls from the lands which they resolved to make their home. This at least was the tradition of the people themselves, and Cæsar adds not a word implying disbelief of it on his own part. On these facts Dr. Jamieson naturally lays great stress, inasmuch as, if the speech of the Belgæ was Gothic, the whole fabric sedulously built up by Chalmers must fall to the ground. The latter boldly denied the facts; to Dr. Jamieson, on the other hand, "the existence of the Belgæ in Britain, when it was first visited by the Romans, had always appeared an irrefragable proof that the Gothic language was very early spoken, if not in the northern, at least in the southern, parts of our island; and of itself a strong presumption that it was pretty generally extended along the eastern coast."

He next addresses himself to Chalmers's contention that the names in the Belgic parts of Southern Britain are "only significant in the Celtic tongue," and rightly urges the dangers of the elastic methods employed by that writer. Chalmers is quite satisfied that the Cantæ who gave their name to Kent, or received it from Kent, were so called as living in the open country, the British *caint*, that the Picts were named by the British provincials *Peithw*, or the people of the open country, and that the word Venta is the same as the British *gwent*, which also means the open country. On the other hand, Dr. Jamieson urges that the name Kent is the German *Kant*, a corner, extremity, or angle, like Cantyre; but although in this or in other instances he may happen to be right, he places himself on perilous ground when he undertakes to show that all Pictish names which Chalmers claims as Celtic are really Gothic, because they may be interpreted quite as easily through Gothic as through Celtic words. Thus the name Necton, he says, may be referred to the Icelandic "*necka*, incurvare, *tanne* dens, q. crooked tooth; or *neck-ia*, humiliare, *ton*, vox, q. low-sounding," while Mailcom may be "Isl. *meij*, puella, *lockun*, seductio, q. the seducer of virgins; or *maele*, speech, and *kunna*, to know, q. eloquent." This is a method of dealing with words which had a strong temptation for the old Greeks, who knew little of any language except their own; and it is less dangerous for philologists nowadays only because they have a vastly wider range for their work of comparison, and may happen to make good hits where Herodotus or Aristotle were pretty sure to go wrong.

But although the general drift of Jamieson's argument is clear enough, there are, unfortunately, portions of his Dissertation on which, as we have said, we cannot pronounce an opinion, for the simple reason that they seem to be scarcely intelligible. It may be just possible to guess at the author's meaning in the following sentences, which look much like an explanation of *ignotum per ignotius*, the most wonderful sentence in the paragraph being quoted from Ellis:—

> The circumstance of the Scottish language bearing so striking a resemblance to the English in its form, which has been undoubtedly borrowed from the French, and particularly in its becoming indeclinable, has been urged as a powerful proof that we borrowed our language from our Southern neighbours. But Mr. Ellis has manifested his judgment, not less than his candour, in the solution of this apparent difficulty. He shows that "at the era assigned for the introduction of A. Saxon into Scotland, as, indeed, it had not been previously mingled with Norman, although it had, the Saxon refugees would never have wished to introduce into that country which afforded them an asylum a language which they must have considered as the badge of their slavery."

It is scarcely worth while to attempt the disentanglement of this twisted coil, and assuredly it would not be easy to find an instance of confusion worse confounded. Happily these obscurities seem to be limited to the Dissertation. The articles in the Dictionary are for the most part perfectly clear; many of them show a profusion of learning judiciously applied; and all prove that Dr. Jamieson made good use of the best methods available in his day. Had he been writing some years later, he would probably have referred Coranich, or Coronach, and Corbie to his article on Croyn, or Crune, which he takes as denoting the low and hollow moaning of a bull:—

> Mr. Pink renders this *bellowed*; but this word, as generally used, is rather too forcible. *Rowst* corresponds to *bellow*, and denotes the roaring of cattle. But *croyn* signifies the murmuring or groaning noise made by them, when they want food, are pained, or are dissatisfied on what account soever. Belg. *kreunen, kronen*, to groan, to whimper; Isl. *hryna*, grunnire.

By carrying these words back to their root, he might have connected them with many others of the same family in which this root is found in its harder or softer forms, whether in the Latin *rudens*, the Gr. *κόραξ*, Sansk. *karava*, Lat. *corvus*, *cornix*, Ger. *Krähe*, our *crow*: nor would he have contented himself with merely comparing *corbie* with the French *corbeau*, and the Swedish *korp*. Still less would he have been satisfied with saying under *Coranich*, "This word is originally Ir., and is derived by Obrien from *cora*, a choir, which he again derives from Lat. *chorus*." Such derivations open pitfalls for the unwary. But the form Cronach speaks for itself. Nor is it surprising that he was disposed to regard as coming through French, or as being French, some words which are merely French forms of Teutonic words, as *garde* and *guerre*. In this way he treats *Bolyn*, *bowline*, and in this way he might also have treated *bowling-green*. On the other hand, there are many articles which leave little or nothing to be desired. We have heard much of the evidence of old Phœnician settlements in this country furnished by the expressions *beltane* or *bayle-fires*. Such speculations Dr. Jamieson leaves on one side, rejecting both the Semitic and Latin origin of the words. Bayle-fire, he says, is a bonfire, and bonfire is not, as Skinner "wildly" derived it, from the Latin *bonus*, but denoted simply the fire with which the dead were burnt, and hence any great fire or blaze. There can be little doubt that the first syllable in balefire is the same word which we have in Baldur, and that Grimm was right in comparing Baldur with the Slavonic Bjelbog, the white or glistering god, as contrasted with the dark or black demon Tschernibog. We have here, in short, one of the forms of the root which has long been used to express all gradations of light from the most dazzling splendour to paleness, blankness, and absolute blackness. With the same good sense, after defining *ashiepattle* as "a neglected child," and adding, "Isl. *patti* signifies puerulus," he asks, "As *aska* is cinis, what if the term denote a child allowed to be among ashes"? We may be tempted to regret that Dr. Jamieson did not think of Cinderella or Boots lying unheeded among the embers, "until," in Sir G. Dasent's words, "The time for final recognition comes, and then his dirt and rags fall off—he stands in all the majesty of his royal robes and is acknowledged once for all a king." Not less judicious are the explanations of Caterans and Culdees; but, in truth, the greater number of the articles deserve the same praise. Dr. Jamieson's book is one which has not yet lost its value; nor do we think that it is likely to lose it for many years to come.

CROKER'S BOSWELL AND BOSWELL.*

"THE Reader, like myself," writes Mr. Fitzgerald, "will be amazed to discover that 'one of the best-edited books in the English language,' as the 'Quarterly Review' styled Croker's

* *Croker's Boswell and Boswell: Studies in the "Life of Johnson."* By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1880.

'Boswell,' exhibits an elaborate system of defacement and mutilation." The reader will, we fancy, be more amazed at Mr. Fitzgerald's amazement than at anything else. Macaulay surely has written in vain, if it is left for any one to discover at the present day how Croker defaced and mutilated Boswell. Yet Mr. Fitzgerald has done some good service in the work before us by his careful comparison, in many passages, of Boswell and of Boswell as presented to us by Croker. He has, moreover, drawn attention to the fact that even in the latest editions, though many of Croker's monstrous deformities have been cleared away, yet far too many remain. Croker, as he points out with some humour, "had shown himself a perfect 'churchwarden' in his destructive labours." In spite of the meritorious efforts of more than one restorer, his whitewash and his false ornaments still to a great extent mar the beauty of the original building. Mr. Fitzgerald states that "a new and revised edition of Croker's otherwise excellent work is announced." We join with him in the hope "that what is submitted here will not be overlooked." It is, indeed, most important that the text should be restored to the state in which Boswell left it. Mr. Fitzgerald some few years ago himself published a reprint of the first edition of "The Life." We, indeed, should be inclined to adopt as the standard text the second rather than the first edition. Not a little might be said even for adopting the third, for, though Boswell did not live to carry it through the press, he had done something towards the necessary revision. Moreover, it was edited by his friend Malone, who had rendered him the most valuable assistance when his work was still in manuscript, and who therefore was admirably well fitted for the duties of editor. It is between these three editions, and these alone, that the choice lies. We have had far too much of Croker's Boswell, and we sincerely trust that his mutilated text will never be published again. His notes are a very different matter. We have never hesitated to own the great debt that we lie under to him for the light that he has thrown on many an obscure passage. Many of his explanations, no doubt, were mistaken, and a great many of his comments were very silly. Nevertheless the additions that he made to Boswellian lore were of great value. For the general reader, however, his edition is very ill-suited. Boswell in himself is, we fear, almost too long for these days of abridgments. We always strongly urge any one who asks our advice to buy a pre-Crokerian Boswell. The student no doubt finds Mr. Murray's octavo edition of the greatest service, but the general reader is likely to be discouraged by its length. But, discouraged or not, in reading it he does not, as has been pointed out again and again, read Boswell. Mr. Fitzgerald's reprint of the first edition is not only useful to the student, but moreover is far more suitable for those who are not students than any edition of Croker. It is a pity, however, that the notes to it, as we have had to point out before, are inaccurate. Accuracy indeed is not one of his merits. He has, it is clear, a great love of his subject, and he has made himself very familiar with the literature of the time. His style, however, is wanting in clearness, and his statements in exactness. The careful reader at once discovers that he is not a safe guide.

Before, however, we proceed to the less pleasant task of pointing out some of the errors into which Mr. Fitzgerald falls, we would bestow on him that praise which he really deserves. His collation of Croker's edition with the text as Boswell left it is curious and interesting. "Certain omissions are indeed," as he shows, "most unaccountable." The following is one of the instances that he gives:—

When Johnson was dying, we are told:—

"Mr. Windham having placed a pillow conveniently to support him, he thanked him for his kindness, and said, 'That will do—all that a pillow can do.'"

We look in vain for this passage in any of Mr. Croker's later editions. Why it was omitted is inscrutable.

More interesting, however, is Mr. Fitzgerald's collation of the first and second editions. Mr. Croker's corruption of the text ought of course to be set aside and treated with the utter neglect that has punished Bentley's corruption of the text of *Paradise Lost*. But the changes that Boswell himself made should be carefully shown by marginal notes in all future editions. Of his Scotticisms, for instance, many disappear in the second edition, though some remain. One or two of his stories are, as Mr. Fitzgerald shows, greatly improved. The following is an instance:—

Thus: "A foppish physician imagined that Johnson had animadverted on his wearing a fine coat, and mentioned it to him. 'I did not notice you,' was his answer. The physician still insisted. 'Sir,' said Johnson, 'had you been dipped in Pactolus I should not have noticed you.'" Now the point of Johnson's answer does not come with much comedy effect; and indeed, the supposition that Johnson had "animadverted" on his coat, so far, seems to show that the physician did not deserve such a retort. This is mended in the second edition, possibly because another version was given to Boswell, or because he recalled the true one himself. "A foppish physician once *reminded Johnson of his having been in company with him* on a former occasion. 'I do not remember it, sir.' The physician still insisted, adding, that *he that day wore so fine a coat that it must have attracted his notice.* 'Sir,' said Johnson, 'had you, &c.'" How infinitely superior this version!

These instances will show the chief service that Mr. Fitzgerald renders by his present work. We have had, we must confess, some little hesitation about quoting them, as we have some grounds for fearing that we shall be shown to be quoting what is already well known. In our review of his reprint of Boswell we quoted a letter of Johnson's which Mr. Fitzgerald thus introduced:—"This letter, which was found among Sir George Rose's papers, will be a surprise to readers of Boswell's *Johnson*." We certainly understood—though we do not in the least imply that Mr. Fitzgerald meant us to understand—that this letter had not been published previously. We were informed by a correspondent who had read our review that it had been already twice published, and was to be found in so well-known a book as Prior's *Life of Malone*. In the work before us, likely enough quite unconsciously, Mr. Fitzgerald repeats Macaulay and also Mr. Carlyle. He considers, for instance, the passages that Croker incorporates in the text, apparently in entire forgetfulness that he is following in Macaulay's footsteps. He discusses the assertion which Croker makes that Boswell was prevented by the law of copyright from making extracts from the works of his rival biographers. But Macaulay had discussed this first. The following passage, however, is the most striking instance of this kind of repetition. Mr. Fitzgerald says:—

"Davies," wrote Johnson, "has got great success as an author, generated by the corruption of a Bookseller." A happy satirical phrase, quite intelligible. But, Mr. Croker explains, "This means that Davies, from his adversity as a bookseller, had burst into new and gaudier life as an author." It certainly does not.

Now Macaulay, as every one but Mr. Fitzgerald must remember, had thus written:—"Poor Tom Davies, after failing in business, tried to live by his pen. Johnson called him 'an author generated by the corruption of a bookseller.' This is a very obvious, and even a commonplace allusion to the famous dogma of the old physiologists. Dryden made a similar allusion to that dogma before Johnson was born. Mr. Croker, however, is unable to understand what the Doctor meant. 'The expression,' he says, 'seems not quite clear.' And he proceeds to talk about the generation of insects, about bursting into gaudier life, and heaven knows what."

The praise that Mr. Fitzgerald bestows on Croker is all, or almost all, to be found in Mr. Carlyle's famous essay, though, as may be well imagined, in a somewhat different form. He fills a good many pages with quoting a great part of Croker's defence against Macaulay's attack. Yet, as he himself says, this defence is prefixed to all the recent editions. His justification for thus reprinting what most of his readers will already have at hand may perchance be that, as he intends to sit as a judge on the two disputants, it is needful to give the whole case. It might surely, however, have been a good deal more abridged. Indeed we do not know that we should have suffered any great loss had his summing-up been altogether omitted. In reading this fierce controversy we have often wondered that Croker failed to discover one blunder into which Macaulay undoubtedly fell, and which, to the best of our knowledge, has not been hitherto pointed out. Croker, in bringing a charge of inaccuracy against Mrs. Thrale, had stated that Johnson was not acquainted with the Thrales till 1765. Macaulay hereupon writes, "Mr. Croker, in reprehending the fancied inaccuracy of Mrs. Thrale, has himself shown a degree of inaccuracy, or, to speak more properly, a degree of ignorance hardly credible. In the first place, Johnson became acquainted with the Thrales, not in 1765, but in 1764, and during the last weeks of 1764 dined with them every Thursday, as is written in Mrs. Piozzi's anecdotes." Now had not Macaulay been only too eager to have a fling at his enemy he would have hesitated to bring forward Mrs. Piozzi as a witness. Her evidence on a date is almost worthless. Boswell himself, as of course was known both to Macaulay and Croker, had stated that it was in 1765 that the two became acquainted; but, as Boswell was abroad all that year, he might in this point have been mistaken. However, we have Johnson's own evidence. In his *Prayers and Meditations*, p. 191, he states, "My first knowledge of Thrale was in 1765."

Mr. Fitzgerald, in one of his discussions on a question of dates, altogether fails to see the real difficulties of the subject. He triumphs over Croker; but he triumphs without reason. All readers of Boswell will remember the famous quarrel on May 7, 1773, between Johnson and Langton at the dinner at Messrs. Dilly's. The quarrel led to an estrangement of some months between the friends. Yet two days after the quarrel we find, to our surprise, Johnson dining at Langton's house. An explanation of this may doubtless be found in the supposition that he went in fulfilment of an old engagement. Here is what Mr. Fitzgerald says on the subject:—

The question of the dining with "the testator" after the *fracas* is certainly perplexing, and, after trying all manner of solutions, the reader finds it vain to reconcile the contradiction. Strange to say, it is Mr. Croker himself, who, from a letter to Mrs. Thrale, supplies the solution. There, Johnson mentions the dinner as having taken place on May 19th, not on the 7th, as Boswell puts it; and that Johnson is right, Croker contrives to show by an allusion to the death of the Queen of Denmark, which took place on the 10th. This makes all clear; for thus Johnson dined with Langton and had his joke at the will, *before* their quarrel. Boswell, as in other instances, had shifted or confused his notes. But, with all so clear, Croker tells us "he cannot reconcile the dates."

It is by no means wonderful that Croker cannot reconcile the dates; for the dinner that Boswell describes took place, if we can trust him, on May 7th, 1773, while the dinner mentioned by Johnson in his letter to Mrs. Thrale was on May 19th, 1775, just two years later. Croker shows that the date of the letter could not have been given wrongly, for in it mention is made of the death of the Queen of Denmark. She died on May 10th, 1775. The curious fact is this. At the dinner at Messrs. Dilly's Johnson had, as Boswell tells us, a dispute with Dr. Mayo on toleration. In the letter to Mrs. Thrale, Johnson writes:—"I dined in a large company at a dissenting bookseller's yesterday, and disputed against toleration with one Doctor Meyer." The Dillys, we should add, were Dissenters. Croker, after quoting this letter, says:—"This must have been the dinner noted in

the text, but I cannot reconcile the dates." He does not go into any further consideration of the matter, but is content with thus laying down the law. He overlooks, however, one great—we might add insuperable—difficulty. In the conversation on toleration with Dr. Mayo Goldsmith took part. Now by 1775 Goldsmith was dead. Boswell's friend Temple was also one of the guests. But one of Boswell's letters shows that in 1775 Temple was at his country vicarage in the west. There must, therefore, it seems clear, have been two dinners in the month of May in different years at a dissenting bookseller's, in which Johnson disputed against toleration. In one of them his opponent was Dr. Mayo, in the other Dr. Meyer.

Mr. Fitzgerald once more opens up the interesting question of the duration of Johnson's residence at Oxford. We fail to see that he throws any fresh light on the subject. A new argument that he advances seems to us to have no weight. He maintains with Boswell that Johnson passed three years at the University. "It must," he says, "have struck every reader that all that is recorded of Johnson's position at Oxford must have taken a longer period than fourteen months to mature." *Mature*, as here used, is a somewhat odd word, but we will pass it by. He goes on to say that from these fourteen months must be deducted some months of the vacation. Now the college books show that Johnson was absent only one week in all the fourteen months. According to the present state of things, an undergraduate who should be a member of the University for two years and a half would not have passed more weeks in residence than did Johnson in his fourteen months. Mr. Fitzgerald fails to understand the entry about Johnson's caution-money, which we were the first to publish.* He describes it as "a minute claiming 7*l.* caution-money of Johnson as a set-off to a similar amount owing by him for commons." There was no claim of any kind made. The caution-money, of course, had been paid by Johnson on his entering college. He never removed his name from the books, and therefore he never wound up his account with the college. Most likely a yearly charge was made, as at present, against every one who keeps his name on the books. Nearly twelve years after he entered it was found that the amount he owed was balanced by the amount of his caution-money, and therefore his account was closed. We fail to see in this, as Mr. Fitzgerald does, "a document of almost pathetic interest."

One of Mr. Fitzgerald's conjectural emendations is uncommonly absurd. No reader of Macaulay can have forgotten the famous passage of arms between him and Croker on Johnson's θ φ. "At the altar," Johnson had written in his diary, "I recommended my θ φ." "These letters," said Croker, "probably mean *θνητοι φιλοι, departed friends.*" Macaulay at once advances to the charge, bringing with him in his train his well-known school-boy with his imminent danger of a flogging. Croker replied with "a grossly corrupt passage from Euripides." Mr. Fitzgerald quotes Macaulay's rejoinder, but makes somewhat a hash of his Greek. He adds, "I myself would offer a conjecture which seems more plausible. 'My θ φ . . .' was 'my *θετα φιλα*,' *i.e.* 'my beloved Tetty,' the *t* becoming *th* as in Elizabeth, her name. The objection from 'my θ friends' would be slight. As all Johnson's diaries were hard to decipher and transcribe, it ran probably 'my θ friend.'" The confusion in this passage is most astounding. Where did Johnson mention "my θ friends"? It was "my θ φ" that he wrote, and that, for all we can see, may be just as well singular as plural. Mr. Fitzgerald, therefore, first raises up for himself a difficulty which he has then laboriously to clear away. But, passing this over, we come next to his conjecture, and lastly to his Greek. But here we refuse to follow him. We are unwilling to invoke Macaulay's fourth-form boy, with his imminent danger of a flogging, and yet without him we can scarcely do justice to the case. Mr. Fitzgerald's English is at times as hard to understand as his Greek. The following passage, for instance, we have puzzled over in vain:—

> One would be inclined to suppose that they were owing to the promptings of Mr. Malone, who seemed to have loathed Hawkins, calling him "a detestable fellow," accusing him of stealing Johnson's watch, stick, of lying, &c. However, the Knight himself was not slack in accusing others of purloining similar articles. Some of these comments show a strange spirit of perversion. Thus Boswell: and I cannot trace the least foundation for the following dark and uncharitable assertion by Sir John Hawkins.

We must not conclude, however, without once more calling our readers' attention to the fact that there is in Mr. Fitzgerald's volume, in spite of all its inaccuracy, not a little that will interest a real Boswellian, with not a few suggestions that ought to be carefully considered by any future editor of the Life of Johnson

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EASTERN CITIES AND ITALIAN TOWNS.†

THIS volume really consists of two different books, and they are of very unequal merit. The first is a series of records of Oriental travel. The second relates to the nooks and corners of old Italy. In the East Mr. Pullan is a stranger. In Italy he is comparatively at home. The result is that while the Italian sketches were well worth reproducing from the architectural journals in which they originally appeared, the notes on Cairo and Alexandria contain little or nothing that is new, and much that is either out of date or positively erroneous. The notes on architecture are of value; and as they are not to be found in ordinary guide-books, and are the observations of a practical architect, they are worth sifting out. But when Mr. Pullan visited the Pyramids, or, rather, the Great Pyramid, for he hardly notices the existence of any others, he merely gives the experience of thousands of other travellers, and refers the reader for further particulars to Mr. Piazzi Smyth, who "has written an exhaustive book on the subject." Can Mr. Pullan have read the "exhaustive book" himself? It is scarcely credible. Mr. Smyth, if we recollect aright, begins by stating that the chronicle of Manetho is wholly untrustworthy and must be set aside. Then he gives a list of some thirty or forty pyramids, putting them in an order of antiquity which, so far as the reader can judge, is arranged according to their distance from the Great Pyramid, so that the pyramid which all really scientific Egyptian students count the oldest is put by Mr. Smyth almost at the foot of his list. He quotes as a kind of creed the expression of one of his disciples to the effect that he believes the Great Pyramid to "contain a revelation from the Almighty, and its architect to have been divinely inspired." The author of this almost profane absurdity is recommended to his readers by Mr. Pullan; and a heavy blow is thereby aimed by Mr. Pullan at the credit of his own book. Going to Gheezeh with impressions derived from Mr. Smyth, his account of what he saw is wholly invalidated. He does not say when it was that he made his visit, but, as it was before the construction of the present road from Cairo, it must have been more than twelve years ago. Even in that unchangeable land many things have changed since then, and among them Mr. Smyth's theory, which, beginning with an article in *Good Words* on the sarcophagus of Cheops as a standard of measurement, has since expanded into one of the religions of the world. The original theory, and another on the standard of the "pyramid foot," have long been known to be founded on erroneous measurements; and the theory, such as it is —or, to speak more accurately, the hallucination—of the pyramid-worshippers, has been forced into a portentous growth. The amount of hard work, ingenious conjecture, religious animosity, and wild superstition which has been called into existence is only equalled by the enormous mass of literature which they have produced. Freemasonry has of late years been poaching in Mr. Smyth's manor, and an American engineer has been so moved by the sight of two little holes in the base of the obelisk which has been so wantonly removed from Alexandria, that he writes enthusiastically to the papers on the Freemasonry of the time of Cleopatra. There is, unhappily, enough credulity and stupidity in the world without the religion of the pyramid; and Mr. Pullan should have known better than to recommend Mr. Smyth's book. It is possible, however, that Mr. Pullan wrote his essay at the time he visited Egypt, which, as we have seen, must be above twelve years ago; and in those days the views of Mr. Smyth had not reached their present development. But this is no reason why Mr. Pullan should not have corrected his early impressions before reprinting them. A paragraph or two is devoted to all the other pyramids, and the rest of the chapter relates to the tomb of Shoofoo. Mr. Pullan says there are also pyramids "at Sakkara, Abourouel, Abousir, Dashour, Metanyeh, and Meidoun." We never heard of Abourouel before. Perhaps Aboo Rowash is intended. Metanyeh is also new. It would be interesting to know in what part of Egypt it lies. There is a place called Matarieh near the site of the ancient Heliopolis, or On, but no pyramids are at that side of the Nile. Though Mr. Pullan notices the Sphinx, he does not mention the granite and alabaster building beside it; a strange omission for an architect, as it is certainly, although its exact date remains a question, the earliest building excepting a pyramid yet discovered. Moreover, he calls the Sphinx, throughout, "she"; though, in the tablet of Thothmes IV., which he mentions, and in every other ancient inscription relating to it, "he" is the form employed. Altogether, this chapter, "A Peep at the Great Pyramid," is most disappointing, and goes far to spoil the whole book.

In the chapter on Alexandria Mr. Pullan makes some notes upon the fact that "hitherto in the history of the world practical results show that the larger number of great works of art have been accomplished under despotic rulers." The Parthenon was built by Pericles when he had become master of Athens. Rome owes the Colosseum to the Cæsars, not to the tribunes. Venice "owes all its finest structures to the doges of the time of its oligarchy, not to the time of its democracy; and liberal Italy is destroying, upon the plea of restoration, what despotic Austria would have religiously preserved." Paris was re-built by Napoleon III.; and Alexandria, "the city of the conqueror of the world," was designed by Dinocrates for Alexander. A very interesting account is given of the architectural remains on Mount Moriah. Mr. Pullan descended to the extensive vaults, in spite of much obstruction on the part of the Turks and his own dragoman. The descent is difficult, and a careful examination has not yet fixed the date, which may be only of the age of Justinian, or may be of a much earlier period. At Bethlehem, Mr. Pullan seems to been less interested in the sacred associations of the place than in making the discovery that the church "is the earliest basilica in existence, and the only one which has come down to us in an unaltered condition." It remains as it was left by St. Helena—the lady whom an American author, accepting the tradition of her British origin, recently described in a history of the Cross as "the old English-woman." The only additions are the roof, the mosaics of the twelfth century, and a "monstrous wall, which has been built between the

* See *Saturday Review*, September 12, 1874.

† *Eastern Cities and Italian Towns.* By R. P. Pullan. London: Stanford. 1879.

nave and transepts as a barrier—a practical and tangible excommunication of the Greeks by the Latins, or of the Latins by the Greeks." The building is cruciform in plan, there is a wide nave with double aisles, and the eleven bays are marked by monolithic columns. The capitals are very classical in character, but the entablature with frieze and cornice above is overloaded with ornament of a later type. The transepts terminate in apses, and there is another at the east end. The roof is of cedar. The idea entertained by some writers that this church was one of those rebuilt by Justinian is, in Mr. Pullan's opinion, refuted by the character of the architecture. "The trabeate system here observable died out in the time of Constantine, and was replaced by the arcuate system, which became universal before the time of Justinian."

The first chapter of the second portion of the volume contains an interesting account of the discovery of some ancient walls and traces of a vast fortification in the Maremma. It has been sometimes identified with Vetulonia. Mr. Pullan gives reasons for considering it older than either Roman or Etruscan times. The Romans and Etruscans built with a certain degree of regularity, and with large stones. The wall on Monte Leone is irregularly built of small stones, the faces untooled. Another little-visited place in the Roman marshes is Corneto, the "Queen of the Maremma." Tradition says that Corneto, the cradle of the "proud race of Tarquin," was once surrounded with a hundred towers. About ten still remain, incorporated into houses and other modern constructions. One near the cathedral is still nearly one hundred feet in height. The cathedral presents unaltered the "arrangements of about the year 1100." The sanctuary is reached by two sets of steps from the nave, and has a baldachino in the centre, so placed that the celebrant "must stand with his back to the apse and his face to the people." Mr. Pullan adduces similar examples at Terracina and Toscanella of this very ancient usage. Close to Corneto is an extensive series of very ancient tombs, which have been described by Mr. Dennis and others. They singularly resemble similar remains in Egypt, especially in the character of the scenes represented on the walls. "Figures half life-size engaged in funeral feasts, hunting, racing," merry-making, loaded tables, couches, performers on flute and pipe, dancers—the description reads like a passage relating to an Egyptian grotto of the Twelfth Dynasty.

Mr. Pullan goes on to describe Toscanella, Falerii, and other places, and we must hope he escaped malaria in his researches. It requires some courage in these days to visit the dead cities of the Roman Campagna; but the architect and archæologist are amply rewarded. With respect to the characteristics of the modern Italians, and especially of the official class, Mr. Pullan echoes the same unfavourable opinion which many recent travellers have been forced unwillingly to form. "In no other country except Turkey is the patience of the traveller by railway tried to such an extent as in Italy." It is needful to arrive at the station half an hour before the time. The clerk seems unequal to the labour of giving out tickets. Paper money would not appear to be a rapidly circulating medium, for "certain notes are refused at the stations though taken elsewhere"; and Mr. Pullan has seen intending passengers left behind in despair because their notes were not those of one of the favoured banks. In Turkey things are perhaps worse, "for, after the custom of their country, obstinate peasants will still persist in trying to bargain for their tickets by offering at first one-half of the sum demanded." At Turin Mr. Pullan saw what he considers one of the greatest works of genius in the world. It will be wholly new to most people to hear this phrase applied to a half-finished modern building designed for a Jewish synagogue, by an engineer, Signor Antonelli. The Jewish community have exhausted their funds, and the gigantic shell, 240 feet in height, has been sold to the municipality, and may eventually be turned into a museum. The mode of construction is bold in the extreme, being so slender that it is a wonder how the building can stand a day; yet the conditions of equilibrium seem to have been so carefully fulfilled that there is no danger of its failure. Mr. Pullan's description is not a model of clearness, and we cannot make out from it whether the dome has been completed, and, if so, what is its size. The central chamber "is the highest in the world, being 200 feet in height." The Jews do not seem to have acted with their usual prudence and economy in their dealings with this abortive synagogue, for after spending 24,000*l.* upon it they sold it unfinished for 6,000*l.* Although intended primarily for architects, Mr. Pullan's papers will be found interesting by many travelled and untravelled readers who can build nothing for themselves except the gorgeous palaces and cloud-capped towers of a day-dream.

A CONSUL'S MANUAL.*

IN his preface Mr. Joel says that his modest aim in writing this manual has been to supply his colleagues with a book of reference, and to put into the hands of the British shipmaster such information as he could otherwise only acquire by experience and a careful study of the Acts of Parliament relating to merchant ships and seamen. Mr. Joel has no doubt often felt the want of some such work in the discharge of his consular duties, and learnt how useful it would be to shipmasters, the class of men with whom the consul has his principal dealings. The only book of the sort which has been available hitherto, Mr. Tuson's Manual, has long been superseded by new Acts of Parliament, and new orders from the Foreign Office and Board of Trade. Even the original books of instruction issued by those departments have become little less antiquated than Mr. Tuson's work. Every few years some new Act of Parliament appears, and new orders or modifications of old ones are issued by the consul's superiors every few months. He has these Acts and orders scattered in many separate documents, but he probably will be not the less pleased to have them again in a more handy shape. Of course the greater part of a book of this class must be taken up with reprints of laws, forms for documents, and definitions of terms. It fulfils its purpose if the reprints are conveniently arranged and the definitions clear. In neither respect is there any fault to find with Mr. Joel's book. Of the seven parts into which it is divided, the second is devoted to the laws settling the qualifications for ownership of British ships, and providing for mortgaging, purchasing, and provisioning them, or keeping their crews in health. The relations of the Consul to the master and crew are treated in the third. The fourth deals with his legal duties, and the delicate question of the interference of foreign law courts; and the fifth with his duties in cases of wreck, casualties and salvage. The last two parts are devoted to definitions, glossaries, and forms.

It will easily be seen that the officer who has to deal with all these questions has a large field of action before him, and yet they by no means include all a Consul's duties. He is also a political agent, and holds to a certain degree the place of a *quasi* ambassador. With these duties and the qualifications required for their discharge, Mr. Joel deals in Part I. of his Manual. If the lay reader concerns himself with the book at all, he will probably find more to interest him in this than in any other part. The Consul, in the opinion of most Englishmen, is an officer stationed abroad to supply general information, give hospitality to travellers, and extricate his countrymen from the innumerable difficulties into which they contrive to fall when business or pleasure brings them to his port. This idea is not very far wrong. The Consul is, indeed, expected to do all these things, and does them, too, in a fairly efficient way; but wonderfully little is known of the nature of his service or the very small amount of support he receives in the discharge of his duties. Still less is known of the wide difference between one Consul and another—between, for instance, the representative of England at Beyrout and the officer of similar title at Bordeaux. In his introductory sketch of the history of the service Mr. Joel starts from Julius Cæsar, who, he tells us, "discarded the title of Consul for that of Dictator," B.C. 46. Mr. Tuson was ambitious of even a longer pedigree, for he discovered a Consul in Herodotus. That officer's post, if our memory does not deceive us, was at Memphis. The title was revived, it seems, by Roger I. of Sicily in Messina. Mr. Joel then proceeds to cite the "Consolato del Mare," which he apparently considers as the direct ancestor of the Board of Trade Instructions. Next we come to the Italians, who, "then known by the name of Lombards, created a number of consulates for the decision of commercial questions, and the due observance of treaties and conventions." It is obvious that the judge appointed by King Roger at Messina had no resemblance whatever to the English officer, also called a Consul, who is appointed there by Queen Victoria; but we have cited Mr. Joel's curious historical speculations because we think his confusion of ideas on the subject has been produced by observing the confused system on which his own service is conducted. An English Consul in a Mahometan country, in China or Japan, does not bear much more resemblance to an English Consul in France than either of these officers does to the "toga'd consuls" of whose military skill Iago had so low an opinion. The former is a very important person. Like the Venetian Consuls at Aleppo, Alexandria, and Jerusalem, who are brought in by Mr. Joel much more appositely than Julius Cæsar, he is a judge among his own countrymen and in cases between them and natives. He can imprison offenders who have been found guilty in his court. His power and security are provided for by treaty and supported by gunboats. He often exercises great influence among the natives of the country in which he is stationed, and perhaps defends them from wrong at the hands of their rulers as much as he does his countrymen. Consuls of this class were at one time the only officers of the name employed by the English Government, and were only stationed on the north coast of Africa or in the Levant. These posts were, and are, at times as dangerous as they are important. The outrage at Salonica showed that even in these days a Consul might still find himself in the disagreeable position of his predecessor in Algiers, who, if the old sea song deserves any credit, "quoted Puffendorf, and Grotius, and proved by Vattel exceedingly well, that to hang him would be atrocious" when he was threatened by the Dey. A Consul in a civilized country, or in a country called civilized by courtesy, such as certain of the South American Republics, is a much less important person. He pays for his safety by loss of power. Mr. Joel, indeed, dwells somewhat on the dangers which members of his profession run in the discharge of their duty. He was once, he tells us, nearly killed by certain persons whom he ironically calls "guardians of the public order." It is also true that one of the many parties in a Spanish town during the first Carlist war proposed to hang H.B.M. Consul if the English squadron did not leave the coast.

Such perils as these are, however, rarely met. The great difficulties of a Consul's life are not revolutionary disturbances, nor even

* *A Consul's Manual and Shipowner's and Shipmaster's Practical Guide in their Transactions Abroad.* Compiled by Q. Joel, of Her Majesty's Consular Service. London: Kegan Paul & Co.

the epidemics on which Mr. Joel dilates, but the trouble he has in carrying out the regulations referring to masters and seamen contained in the third part of this Manual. At the very outset it is stated that "any seaman or apprentice who desires to make complaint to the Consul is permitted to go ashore, in proper custody, to make such complaint, under a penalty of 10*l*. on the master if, without reasonable cause, he refuses to allow it." We have quoted this passage because it illustrates admirably the nature of a Consul's duties—what may be called the lofty pretensions of his position, and the very limited amount of power with which he is endowed to support them. He appears here in the character of a magistrate, and it might be supposed that he would be supplied with power to enforce his decisions; but that is very far from being the case, as may be seen from Mr. Joel's book. A Consul has, as he points out, no power to enforce the penal clauses of the Merchant Shipping Acts, except, as already mentioned, in barbarous countries. Thus, in this matter of seamen's complaints, his interference is practically reduced to a mere matter of form when he has to do, as is generally the case, with obstinate and wrong-headed men. He must listen to every complaint, however absurd, knowing all the while that the talk is pure waste of time. The regulation says that the man is to be brought to his office "in proper custody"; but it does not say what "proper custody" is, or how it is to be provided by the master. A ship captain has no authority over his men when once they have landed in a foreign country; and he cannot call on the local police to arrest a man who has as yet committed no sort of offence. Again, a master must show "reasonable cause" for refusing to let a seaman go ashore to complain; but he is nowhere told what amount of cause is reasonable. The Consul has no police at his disposal; and, even if he visits a British vessel himself for purposes of inquiry, he cannot tell, unless he has been a naval officer, whether the work to be done on board affords the master reasonable cause for keeping the man back or not. The man who wishes to complain is not even bound to state beforehand what he proposes to complain about, and so any bad character (and if the almost universal testimony of masters and Consuls is worth anything, bad characters now abound on our merchant ships) can secure a good chance to desert, or worry the master and Consul into letting him leave the ship. Even when the man complaining is not a bad character, but only a very wrong-headed one—and sailors are often strangely whimsical and childish—he may give a great deal of trouble, and cause an immense amount of quite useless talking. What is even worse is that, where there is ground for serious complaint by the man against his master, or by the master against the sailor, or between man and man of the crew, the Consul is practically helpless to see justice done; he can only tell the parties to wait till they get to England, and settle the question there. It is not only by quarrelling with their masters, or with one another, that sailors employ the Consul's time. He has to provide for them when destitute, whether by their own misconduct or by shipwreck; to see that they are properly paid when sickness compels them to leave their vessel; and to act as their executor when they die abroad. He is equally at the beck and call of all British subjects who have business in foreign lands. Merchants who are trying to recover bad debts, wives who have been deserted by their husbands, clerks on the look-out for employment, write and appeal to him. He is the refuge of all who are destitute or in trouble, from the wandering acrobat out of work to the gentleman in search of sport whose gun has been impounded by the Custom-house. In the Consular Reports published a few years ago, one Consul stated that he had been requested by the friends of a young lady, who was coming out to be married to a British subject at his port, to receive her into his family, have her married from his house, and, it would seem, supply the wedding breakfast.

An officer who is to serve the public in so many ways must be a man of many accomplishments. Mr. Joel devotes a chapter to the qualifications required for the post. It will surprise the reader to see how little book-learning is considered necessary in these days of competitive examinations. A Consul must be able to write English, must know French, one other language, either German, Spanish, Portuguese, or Italian, and have some knowledge of Smith's *Compendium* and Colenso. So little will hardly get him a clerkship in a Government office at home. But his post is one which merely scholastic qualifications would never fit him to fill. What is required is tact and power of managing men. Allowing for professional enthusiasm, Mr. Joel is right in saying that

> A Consul to be an efficient officer should in addition to these requirements possess special qualifications and attainments to enable him properly to discharge the important and multifarious duties of his office. He should be courteous and prudent, free from passion and firm in resolution. He should possess habits of thought and industry, for it is his duty not only to acquire such information as may be of service to his countrymen in arts, commerce, and manufactures, but also to impart it. He should be without prejudice and his mind should be so balanced as to enable him justly and fairly to decide all questions submitted to him. He should be well versed in the law of nations, and should make himself thoroughly acquainted with the laws, municipal ordinances, and the tariff of the place to which he is appointed. He should be polite and circumspect in his intercourse with the authorities of the port or place of his residence, as his usefulness to his countrymen in cases of emergency, especially in places distant from the great capitals and commercial centres, will frequently depend upon the personal influence he may acquire apart from the powers and privileges conceded to him by usage or secured to him by treaty.

The whole art and mystery of a Consul's business is contained in the words "personal influence," and that is a thing which cannot be learnt from books. A Minister can only be sure that his subordinates will exercise it when he appoints able and experienced men to these posts. The wide discretion which is wisely left to the Foreign Secretary in appointing Consuls enables him to secure fit men who could not be used if our service were organized as rigidly as the French. Undoubtedly Consulates were used in former times as refuges for the dependants or broken-down friends of Ministers; but no Minister in our time, unless he were strangely eager for difficulties in Parliament, would appoint a notoriously unfit man to a place in which he might so easily cause trouble. Mr. Palgrave and Captain Burton are examples of men eminently fitted for the work, whose services could have been secured in no European country but our own, and many others might be cited. Experienced naval officers would perhaps make the best Consuls; nor would it be difficult to find plenty of them ready to undertake the work in these days of stagnation in promotion.

Mr. Joel's work is also intended for shipowners and shipmasters. It will not be less useful to them than to Consuls. Shipmasters in particular, in spite of the strenuous efforts of the Board of Trade to enlighten them, are often strangely ignorant of the limits of their power over their men; and this has not a little to do with their loud complaints of the worthlessness of their crews.

POET AND PEER.*

In these days of careless and ill-considered writing, when anything seems to be thought good enough for a much-enduring public, it is satisfactory to read a novel like *Poet and Peer* that shows signs of reflection and conscientious workmanship. Mr. Hamilton Aïdé has worked out his Wilfred, Lord Athelstone, with a blending of sympathy and dispassionate severity. The promise of the young heir-apparent to the Athelstone earldom is nearly all that can be desired; and though his "head is on fire" with warm fancies, we cannot doubt that the youth will steadily calm down with maturing years and the responsibilities of his inheritance. It takes some time before we discover what the author has clearly foreseen, that there are certain qualities inherent in Wilfred's nature which may be fatal to our expectations of final amendment. His apparent intellectual independence and precocious decision of character are really the germs of stupid stubbornness. And, like some eminent statesmen of our own times who are conspicuously before the world, quickly and lightly as he can change his convictions, he is invariably assured of his own infallibility. His lively fancy is always flying off at a tangent, and his poetical imagination clothes his far-fetched theories in colours more attractive to himself than to other people. In short, the young Lord Athelstone has been destined by Providence to be the tool and victim of designing people. Had he only had his own interests to care for, we should have watched his career with the calm interest of serene philosophy. But, as the author means to introduce excitement and sensation into his novel, he has staked the happiness of an engaging heroine on the wayward caprices of his eccentric hero. Nellie Dawson, who in her unconscious simplicity is all that is fascinating, deserves the happiness that eludes her grasp. The first meeting of the youthful pair is idyllic, and affords no unfitting inspiration for the day dreams of a youthful poet. The Honourable Wilfred, an Eton boy come home for the holidays, is lounging over a gate on his ancestral domains, when Nellie Dawson, in the innocent attractions of light costume and careless childhood, is framed in the glories of the sloping sunbeams, and dazzles the impressionable imagination of the dreamer. Naturally the peasant child recognizes the hero of her fancies in the brilliant young aristocrat, who, far from condescending to her, seems to throw a certain bashful timidity into his address. Most unfortunately for the two, these impressions prove indelible on both sides. Wilfred professes to hold in sovereign contempt the adventitious advantages of birth and station. Born to a good property and welcomed in the best society, he fancies that he can afford to throw the handkerchief where he pleases. On the other hand, he is singularly susceptible to the influences of beauty and innocence combined. Admiring himself beyond most other people, he behaves towards Nellie with characteristic selfishness. He believes himself to be nobly disinterested and independent when he is compromising the village girl by his attentions. Circumstances separate only to reunite them. Their fate is to become husband and wife, and they cannot avoid it. Yet the match could hardly have been conceivable had not events conspired to smooth the obstacles away. The death of Wilfred's father has left him absolutely his own master; while Nellie Dawson has been educated into a capacity to do honour to any station, by association with refined and cultivated women. She has treasures of affection to give away, and she lavishes them all upon her husband. Unfortunately his strong feeling for her had been a fancy, and ultimately he had married her in a moment of pique. His innermost idea is that he has given her much and received little or nothing in exchange. He does not trouble himself to develop the fascinations which her shy humility is inclined to suppress. She finds herself living in a chilling atmosphere of indifference, while her husband neglects her for other women to whom he is attached in the bonds of a platonic intimacy. To the last, so far as she is concerned, he is deaf and blind and stupid.

* *Poet and Peer*. By Hamilton Aïdé, Author of "Penruddocke," &c. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1880.

while she suffers and pines away under his neglect. The author has been scientifically working up to his *dénouement* through chapters which are sometimes slow and inclined to drag. But in the closing scenes of the heroine's hapless life he displays no ordinary powers of pathetic description. Nellie, who has passed from despondency to despair, who has come to feel herself an incubus on the husband whose happiness she would have promoted at any sacrifice, deliberately decides to relieve him of her by breaking the fetters that bind him. To the reader it is apparent that, quite innocently of course, she is condemning him to go through refinements of torture. For nothing surely could be more stinging to a right-minded, though much-erring, man, who is in due time to experience the agonies of remorse, than the exquisitely pathetic expressions of forgiveness with which she takes leave of him on her death-bed. Each word, as it is uttered with the tenderest intonation, conveys the quintessence of bitter reproach. And yet we feel, knowing her fickle husband as we have been taught to know him, that possibly, so far as his earthly future is concerned, that melancholy inspiration of his wife's was a happy one. We leave him crushed down under grief and remorse, no doubt; yet it is more than on the cards that he may marry and console himself. For there is no possibility of counting on his wayward moods; and his talent of ingenious self-deception may serve him even when his lasting wretchedness seems assured.

The byplay of many of the minor characters is excellent. Mr. Aïdé evidently knows society well, and is as much at home in society abroad as in England. Great part of the time is passed in Rome, where he has steeped the scenes in local colouring. Indeed not a few of his most distinctive Roman types strike us as being closely painted after the life, or from models that wear very transparent veils. Little Miss Decker is especially good—the literary and artistic American spinster, who in her sublime independence as an unprotected female discards the conventionalities that are the ordinary safeguards of her sex; who is a characteristic medley of bluntness, want of tact, and good nature; who is ready enough with retort and repartee, though she has a knack of saying the wrong thing at the wrong times; and who makes no secret of her professional mission as interviewer and correspondent for an enterprising New York journal. Among the most noteworthy of the men is Mr. Briggs the artist, clever, vulgar, and perfectly good-humoured, who carries the tinge of sensuality in his jovial nature into the subjects he selects for the exposition of his powers. There are some brilliant rallies over the dinner-table—to borrow the language of the prize-ring—between the materially minded Briggs and his acquaintance Professor Spooner, a transcendentalist whose principles are severely ascetic. Then there is that sleek and silver-tongued Church dignitary, the Lord Bishop of Oporto, who exerts his really considerable talents in efforts to make the best of both worlds; and who prides himself on showing to advantage as an ornament of society, while never appearing to ignore the responsibilities of his spiritual rank. The ladies who stand out most conspicuously from these social groups are Sylvia Brabazon and Mme. de Waldeck. In the one case involuntarily, in the other with most malicious purpose, they exercise a commanding influence on the fates of the young Lord Athelstone and his lowly-born wife. When the peer first has an opportunity of admiring Miss Brabazon, her face and figure, and the soul shining from her eyes, appeal irresistibly to his romantic susceptibilities. So far as appearance, costume, and an almost aggressive independence of other people's opinions go, Sylvia is an exceedingly strong-minded woman. But, as it happened, in opposition to ordinary rules, the strength of mind in her case did not lie only on the surface; and had she chosen to take her adorer in hand in earnest, she might have imposed her will upon Athelstone without an effort. Unfortunately for him, still more unfortunately for the luckless girl he marries, Sylvia hesitates till she irritates his vanity and sees him slip through her fingers. She cannot decide whether the task is worth undertaking; for though he has touched her heart, she knows all the time that he is altogether unworthy of her. We must say that, for ourselves, we should have found it difficult to reconcile a belief in Sylvia's strong good sense with her ludicrously affected style of dress. When she first dawned on the sight of Lord Athelstone, as she stood on the sunny terrace of the Pincian, "she wore a dark-red robe—it would be sacrilege to call it gown or frock—trimmed with fur and made as nearly as possible like that we are accustomed to associate with Faust's Marguerite. A velvet and gold bag was slung at her side, and on her head was a small cap of fur. Beneath it her hair, which was of a reddish-brown and very thick, hung in loose coils in a net far down her back." An unpleasantly fantastical-looking young woman, we should have said; but, if she seemed to have stepped from the canvas of some quaint pre-Raffaelite artist, or escaped from the green room of a second-rate Roman theatre, any external oddities were more than redeemed by lustrous eyes of grey and an expression of exquisite sweetness. In any case, we come to forget her personal eccentricities in the excellence of her warm heart and the breadth of her delicate sympathies; while, though she is never trammelled by social conventionalities, when any work of charity or mercy is to be undertaken her feelings are as womanly as need be desired. Very much the reverse is Mme. de Waldeck. The pair—or the rivals, as perhaps we may call them—have nothing in common but their talents and good looks. As Miss Brabazon, had she so willed it, might have become Athelstone's better angel, Mme. de Waldeck makes herself unmistakably his evil inspiration. To do him justice, his attachment to her after his marriage is rather intellectual than anything warmer. She assures to herself an almost absolute command of his actions by flattering the foibles which she is quick to detect and insinuating herself into an intellectual partnership. But it is certain he would never have entangled himself in her snares had she not been a pretty and fascinating woman; and the jealousy that shatters the health of his wife is founded on feelings that are natural, and even reasonable. The final chapters, as we have said, are worked out with great skill, where Nellie wastes away in the presence of the siren who has forced herself into the domestic intimacy of the Athelstones. The story is a sad one, and the conclusion is especially melancholy; yet it is sufficiently relieved with brightness and humour to make it, not only interesting, but agreeable reading.

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MACDONELL'S FRANCE SINCE THE FIRST EMPIRE.*

DR. MAGINN used to say that when once a man had seen his articles in print within a few hours of their being written he was never as good as he might otherwise have been for work of a more deliberate kind. It is certainly true that political journalists have seldom done much in those departments of literature for which their profession might have been supposed to be a special preparation. There is something, perhaps, in the necessity of bringing every subject within the limits of a column and a quarter, and arranging it instinctively in three or four paragraphs, that unfits a man for working on a larger scale. Or it may be that the habit of dealing with questions of the moment makes it especially difficult to deal with larger subjects in the spirit which befits them. Even if, from temper or circumstances, the journalist is led to cultivate impartiality, his impartiality is different from that of the historian or the political philosopher. It is the impartiality which strives to do justice to an adversary—to state his case fairly, to make allowance for his prejudices, but to treat him as an adversary all the same. This temper has not always been fatal to historical reputations, but it more and more tends to become so. If Mr. Macdonell had lived to make *France Since the First Empire* what he intended it to be, he might have conquered the difficulty; but in the very interesting fragment published by his widow he can hardly be said to have done so. His intention was to "describe fully the four great parties which govern France—the Legitimist, the Orleanist, the Bonapartist, and the Republican." Mr. Macdonell's notes upon the last of these parties were not sufficiently forward to admit of publication, and even of the rest only a single chapter was left in the state in which he meant the reader to see it. It is probable that the rest were meant to be thrown into a more historical and narrative form than that in which they are actually cast. Undoubtedly they would have benefited by the change, but we cannot feel sure that Mr. Macdonell would have been able so far to withdraw himself from existing controversies as to make his judgments really impartial. It is quite possible to hold that a Legitimist or Orleanist restoration would be a misfortune for France, and yet to see that it is equally a misfortune that either dynasty should have been violently overthrown. No concessions on the part of the King and no amount of moderation on the part of the people could have averted the first Revolution. The great fabric of feudal and absolutist ideas could never have been displaced except by an earthquake. But the revolutions of 1830 and 1848 were revolutions of a wholly different kind. They were not unprovoked, but they were unnecessary. Everything that the authors of them professed to desire might have been attained more surely by the exercise of a little patience. Unlike the first Revolution, again, those of 1830 and 1848 were conceived and executed in Paris. In each case the acquiescence of the country was due rather to indifference than to approval. Both the Orleanists and the Republicans may be said, therefore, to have deserved ill of their country—the one for violently getting rid of Charles X., the other for violently getting rid of Louis Philippe. This fact may go some way to account for the strange detestation in which even sensible Royalists seem to hold the Republic. They feel that it was merely the perversity of a few excited Parisians that overthrew first the Legitimate and next the Orleanist dynasty. A little more wisdom on the part of the sovereigns attacked, a day or two's delay on the part of the populace which attacked them, was all that France needed to start her in a career even of peaceful improvement. Had Charles X. been allowed to abdicate in favour of his grandson, Henry V., brought up amidst different surroundings, might now have reigned over a nation which for more than sixty years would not have known a revolution. Had Louis Philippe been given time to master the facts of the situation, the Count of Paris might now have been reigning over a nation which for fifty years would not have known a revolution. Englishmen may read in these events the lesson that a nation will for the most part do well to bear the ills it has; but the partisans of the fallen dynasties will be more likely to remember the insufficiency of the occasions which overthrew them and the mischiefs which have followed upon their overthrow.

The best chapters of Mr. Macdonell's book are those which are most unmistakably "articles." He would have been seen, therefore, to greatest advantage in dealing with the Republic, its recent triumphs, and its immediate future. Unfortunately this

* *France Since the First Empire.* By James Macdonell. Edited by his Wife. London: Macmillan & Co.

part of his labour was only begun. Mr. Townsend, who in a short closing chapter gives the reader the general result of Mr. Macdonell's notes and conversations on the Republicans and their fortunes since 1870, says that "the conflict between the Republicans and the Anarchists he did not dread at all, and in fact did not believe in. . . . Society in France is founded on a rock. It is the one country in Europe in which social revolution—that is, successful revolution—not a mere *émeute*—is impossible," the reason being that "taking the landholders, the rentiers, and the people with hoards together, eight Frenchmen in every ten hold property." No doubt this is true; but when Mr. Macdonell went on to infer from it that the Republic would succeed, we do not feel sure that he allowed sufficient importance to another aspect of French character which at the same time he very clearly realized. He admits that "the Republican inability to leave the Church alone" is a danger to the Republic, and in the chapter on the Clerical party he brings out the nature of this danger with great clearness. The conflict between the Church and the Republic is not a conflict between religious fanaticism and religious indifference. It is a conflict between two fanaticisms. The hatred which the Republicans bear to the Church is as genuinely theological as that which the Clerical party bear to the Republic. It is not the abuses of Catholicism that the French Radicals are fighting against, but Catholicism itself. The *République Française* has frankly declared that the moderate and conciliatory Leo XIII. is a more dangerous enemy than the violent and uncompromising Pius IX., and a large part of the more extreme Radical polemic must be as odious to religious Protestants as it is to Ultramontanes. When to this is added the unfortunate disposition of French parties not to be content with merely defeating and disabling their enemies unless they can also make their lives burdensome by injury or humiliation, the prospects of the Republic will scarcely seem so assured as they did to Mr. Macdonell. It must be remembered, however, that he wrote before the recent developments of the ecclesiastical policy of the French Government. He saw the quarter from which the storm would come, though he did not perhaps foresee the force with which the wind would blow.

Why is it that Englishmen take so much interest in French politics? In his opening chapter Mr. Macdonell sets himself to answer this question. It is not merely that France is a near neighbour, for there are other near neighbours—neighbours, too, in whose fortunes England may some day be intimately concerned—about whose politics we know next to nothing. It would be curious to inquire how many Englishmen could give the name of a single Prime Minister of Holland since the establishment of the kingdom. This ignorance may be due to strangeness of tongue and want of exciting controversies; but neither of these reasons holds good of Belgium. That country, at all events its cities, is as often visited by Englishmen as France itself, and the theological controversies which are a source of so much danger to the French Republic are a source, not indeed of danger, but of disquiet, to the Belgian monarchy. Yet we know next to nothing of Belgian affairs. Probably that which makes the difference is the fact that what in Belgium is only a source of disquiet is in France a source of danger. It is a dull thing to watch the peaceful application of political principles. English politics do not interest foreigners except when they happen to bear on the Eastern question, and foreign politics do not interest Englishmen unless something more than a principle is at stake. How many of us know anything of the political history of the United States before the rise of the Abolitionist movement? Yet in those earlier years of the Republic questions of even more political moment were being debated and determined than those which were raised by that agitation about slavery which in the end brought about the War of Secession. If Frenchmen devoted themselves with as much calmness as the first generation of American statesmen to the consideration of those "unsolved political problems" of which France has so large a store, we doubt whether the fact that these problems "go down to the roots of government, religious conviction, and society," would keep Englishmen interested. They would require in addition the anticipation of some new and great change in a history which has already been seamed with revolutions. So long as Napoleon III. was in power there was the constant expectation of some sudden excitement in the foreign policy of France. Since Napoleon III. ceased to reign there has been the constant presence of excitement in her domestic policy. The happiness of the nation that has no history is a happiness towards which Frenchmen seem to feel no inclination. This is not a heroic explanation of English interest in French affairs, but we suspect it is the true one.

We must not take leave of Mr. Macdonell's book without mention of the touching and womanly preface contributed by his widow. There is something singularly pathetic in the kind of stifled sob with which she speaks of the unfinished and larger part of the work. "The writing of this portion was never even begun. I have a volume of notes—all that is left of countless hours of patient study, and of conscientious research." In Mr. Macdonell's too early death journalism lost a worker of singular zeal and industry. "No man," to quote once more his widow's sorrowful tribute, "was prouder of his profession, no man ever strove harder to put his conscience into all that he did. . . . Personal comfort, pleasure, health, all were disregarded, until the full claims of his professional duties had been fulfilled." A book put together in the rare leisure of such a career has a claim to be judged leniently, but in commending *France Since the First Empire* there is no need to employ this plea. If the book is not so good as the author would have made it had his life been longer, it is still the best sketch of contemporary French politics to which an English reader can be referred.

FIFTY YEARS' COLONIAL EXPERIENCES.*

A PERUSAL of this volume leaves the stay-at-home Englishman in the condition of a child who has had his first gaze into a kaleidoscope. Since reading it we have looked through the table of contents. We cull at random such entries as "Shooting Blackskins," "Lynch, a Demon," "Black Snakes *en route*," "Murderous Yellowskins," "Cannibals at elbow," "Kissed by Mrs. Brown," "Gold! gold!" "Kay, the robber chief," "Nearly nipped by Black Bill," "Wreck,-Ruin," "Desperation," "Selling a young woman," and "An idea of Authorship." Tables of contents, we know very well, are sometimes like the alluring pictures outside a travelling menagerie of ferocious lions in the act of devouring their keeper, which resolve themselves inside into a cockatoo and a cage of monkeys. But we can vouch for the honesty of Captain W. J. Barry's synopsis of his book. The heads we have enumerated are fair, though casual, specimens of the horrors and vicissitudes which it has been the fate of the Captain to undergo in his fifty years of colonial adventures.

Captain Barry was born in Cambridgeshire. He says it may be supposed from his name that he is Irish by extraction. We should not have needed the evidence of name to infer it. When he was nine years old he attracted the attention of one Sir John Alcock. Sir John Alcock, being about to undertake a journey round the world, asked the Captain's father, a veterinary surgeon, to let the boy take service with him, and the two sailed in company to New South Wales in 1828. But this first experience of the sea disgusted Barry, and he ran away from Sir John at Sydney. When in danger of starvation he met an old acquaintance of his father's, a wealthy butcher named Smith, who for some small crime had been transported for seven years, but, as was usual in the case of the less criminal convicts, had received a free pardon on arrival. The author neatly calls it "a curious system of assisted emigration." Smith was a specimen of a tolerably large class of pardoned convicts who did well in New South Wales. Another was his friend "Sam Terry," whose greatest grief was that his pardon only extended to the colonies, and that he might not see England once more. In vain he offered to "build a frigate, arm her, and hand her over to her Majesty free of cost." A third ex-convict and millionaire, Bill Nash, returned without leave. That might have been overlooked; but "thinking that money would do anything, he had the impudence to start a carriage and eight, in which he drove in Hyde Park, and upon one occasion actually interfered with the passage of the royal carriage, by being driven in front of the Queen." The carriage and eight made even that worm, the Home Secretary, turn, and "the wealthiest colonist of the day got notice to return to his former haunts, which he did rather hurriedly." While many men like Smith and Terry and Nash became prosperous citizens, multitudes of others had to be treated like wild beasts. Captain Barry "one day in 1830 saw four convicts shot by their soldier guards, when trying to escape into the bush." "It was a common occurrence to see convicts in private service sent from their work for some misdemeanour, flogged, and return with their backs streaming with blood." Of this material bushrangers were made, and the author had dealings with that class as well as with the millionaires. Bushrangers, indeed, were more savage than the savages themselves, and he had early experience of both. Smith, who had trained him to be a good practical butcher, took him to visit his stock stations, on one of which there were 4,000 cattle, and 1,500 horses grazing, and on another 120,000 sheep. While they were at the sheep station the blacks speared two shepherds. The men on the station retaliated by killing "about forty of the black fellows." On a visit Barry paid to another of Smith's stations, the blacks murdered two white women. Twenty stockmen gave chase, and, having driven the savages into a stockyard, slew fifty and burnt their bodies. The Crown prosecutor, Mr. J. H. Plunket, had an un-Irish dislike of reprisals, and brought the men to trial. They were acquitted; but a few days afterwards seventeen of them slaughtered "a very old black fellow, said to be eighty years of age." Mr. Plunket had thus a second chance. "The men were found guilty of the murder of this ancient native, and the whole of them hanged."

But Barry, in spite of the excitement of an occasional boomerang or spear wound encountered in "wiping out a few darkies," and of being "stuck up" by bushrangers, grew tired of driving sheep. Smith, who had a contract for supplying with provisions a new penal settlement, Port Essington, on the west coast, sent Barry to look after his interests. The ship he embarked in had her bottom stove in on a rock. The survivors were put on board another vessel, and that, one stormy night, met the same fate. Barry found himself, when day broke, in company with a man named Winton and a Mrs. Brown, wife of the captain of the second vessel, "lying on the beach, very much bruised and

* *Up and Down; or, Fifty Years' Colonial Experiences in Australia, California, New Zealand, India, China, and the South Pacific; being the Life History of Captain W. J. Barry, by Himself.* London: Sampson Low & Co.

weak, without a vestige of clothing." On the fourth day they killed a seal; with a large flat shell Barry skinned him, and very politely manufactured a garment for Mrs. Brown. All three were taken off by a sealing ship bound for Swan River, and Barry returned, to Smith's astonishment, safe and sound to Sydney. In 1838, when he was nineteen, and already seasoned to adventures, a Mr. Benjamin Boyd came to Sydney to buy land, to cure meat, and to engage in the whale fishery. Barry made his acquaintance; and, "being anxious to see a little more of the world," he accepted from Boyd the post of trading-master to a barque fitted out for a voyage in the Malay Archipelago. The next year he returned to his original allegiance, and went in charge for Smith of four hundred horses which Smith was sending to India. He liked a country where "a palanquin with two bearers could be hired for a whole day for twopence." He also sold his horses to a profit. On a second similar expedition he was less happy, losing in a storm 246 out of the 300 horses originally shipped, and having to drink himself drunk with brandy to keep the cholera out. When it seemed time to go home he represented to himself apparently that the shortest route to Sydney would be by China. Accordingly he accepted a bounty of sixty rupees to go and fight the Chinese. He showed his skill as a butcher on board, and his prowess in being the first, or one of the first two, on the walls of a redoubtable Canton fort. His share in the glory was balanced by a shot in the leg and an ugly gash on the head.

Having had enough of soldiering, he became a stowaway on board a French brig. The French master made use of his services, and then, for no particular crime, gave him sixty lashes. But he absconded at Mauritius, and an Australian trader brought him back to Sydney, after an absence of two years. In this interval his old friend Smith had died, and Boyd became his patron in place of the generous butcher. He went back to his old business of stock-driving, but no business stopped this rolling stone for long. At Sydney, to his great delight, he encountered his French captain and persecutor. Being of that temper that he "always disliked debt," he felt compelled to break several of the Frenchman's ribs with the leg of a public-house table. It became convenient in consequence to leave the colony for awhile, and he tried whaling for Boyd. He had the usual Peter Parley's experiences of being sent flying into the air by a whale's tail, but that adventure only confirmed his liking for the profession. On the next voyage he had command of a vessel, which, after twenty months, landed at Sydney 2,760 barrels of oil, "the voyage being far the most profitable made by any whale ship out of Sydney heretofore." Barry earned thus his title of captain, besides the value of a tenth of 2,760 barrels of oil, at 13*l.* a barrel. The risks of the calling were agreeable to his disposition. But he "must confess he was rather fickle-minded in those days, and is afraid the infirmity sticks to him in his old age." He refused the command of another whaler, and took charge of the shipping of Boyd's meat cargoes. On this service he met his future first wife at Perth in Western Australia. She was the daughter of an old whaling captain, French, and, "eligible young men being probably scarce," took the wooing into her own hands. "Miss French, suddenly looking straight into my eyes, said, 'Mr. Barry, I am going to get married.'" To an inquiry as to the time she replied, "You know that best." The Captain does not give his readers an impression of bashfulness; but he admits that he was, "metaphorically speaking, knocked into a cocked hat." However, he has gallant Irish blood in his veins, and "the next hour was spent in delightful conversation about our future." That happy future was postponed for a few months by the fracture of most of the young lady's ribs, as well as one leg, in a kangaroo-hunt. When the future became present its happiness was fleeting. The bride had 1,000*l.* and 20,000 sheep for her patriarchal portion; but, on her father's death, it appeared that both money and sheep belonged to his brother, who, like other Australian millionaires in this volume, was an ex-convict. Worst of all, the lady's temper showed itself as masterful after marriage as before. She "was becoming dissipated, and was, in fact, going the pace rather fast." As, however, she died in about a year, the Captain is able to look back on his life with her as merely one of too many incidents to leave a very deep impression.

The widower consoled himself by a gold-hunting expedition in California, beginning work at Hang Town diggings; in three months he had amassed 11,000 dollars' worth of gold. He *cached* it at first in salmon tins, but after a time it occurred to him to invest part of his earnings in an hotel and meat-market at Sacramento. He also turned horse auctioneer. Though occasionally there were seven feet of water in the hotel, the gross returns were at the rate of 500*l.* a week. But there was ague to match, and Barry fell ill. So he let his inn for 150 dollars a week, and took a holiday in New South Wales to recruit. When he returned he found his house in ill repute. The New Yorker to whom he had let it had "evidently not been particular as to his customers, as during my absence three men had been shot in it and two taken out of it and lynched." In fact, the Californians had conceived a dislike for Australians, whom they insisted on regarding as, one and all, ticket-of-leave men. The prejudice was unreasonable, but Barry did not think it worth while to fight an uphill battle against public opinion, and sold his interest in the concern for 25,000 dollars. He himself went off to seek his fortune. He became partner in a mule train laden with flour and bacon for Reddon's Diggings, only to find the market glutted at the very moment of his arrival by goods from Oregon. He saw a man having his ears cut off for stealing from a tent. He helped to avenge Indian outrages by worse outrages. He lighted on a new digging in which the whole rock glittered with gold, and in four weeks he had for his own share sixty-one pounds' weight. At another digging, on Salmon River, a party of thirty, including himself, obtained off one bar in the stream two hundredweight of gold, besides profit off their surplus provisions at the rate of ten dollars a pound for salt. Then he transferred his savings from the salmon tins to "Adams's Bank," at Shasta, and joined an acquaintance in a meat-dealing business. At the Eagle Hotel at Shasta, he fell in love with "a young woman from the States." They were married, and though the bride "objected to any fuss," the bridegroom insisted on doing the thing in style, and gave a spread to three hundred guests, which is doubtless remembered in Shasta to this day, and cost 500*l.* According to the Captain's usual ill-luck, at the moment when everything appeared to betoken settled prosperity, a reverse was preparing. Adams's Bank vanished into the bush with 12,000*l.* of Barry's and his partner's earnings. That disheartened him; he sold out his interest in the meat business; was entertained by the citizens of Shasta at a public dinner; took charge of a captive Indian boy; and with him, his wife, one hundred American stoves, the same number of Colt's revolvers, and a baby, returned to Sydney.

At Sydney he bought a ship, and despatched it on a whaling expedition. But he soon got tired of leaving others to do the pleasant work of making money for him, and became partner in a stage-coach business at Geelong. That trade prospered for a time, with the trifling casualty of his capsizing his own coach at a cost of two deaths and a broken leg; but his partners took to drinking, and the firm went into the Insolvent Court. At the same time his ship seized the opportunity to go to pieces on a coral reef. After a decent interval for despair at the collapse of his fortunes, he was on his feet once more, this time as a retail butcher at Ballarat. He was making money by selling saveloys at the public-houses for a shilling apiece when he heard of Brown's Diggings. There, by means of a crushing battery, he accumulated 4,800*l.* He then sold out for a good price. The rumour of the Otago gold fields attracted him. He freighted a ship with horses, and made a good profit on them at Dunedin. Thence he moved towards the mining region. Ready for any opening, he found one at first in fish. He bought two vans, loaded them with a coarse large fish called "habuka," and carried them to Waitatruna. "Some of the corpulent habuka began to smell rather loud"; but he was able to retail them at three shillings a pound. However, he "was truly glad when the last habuka disappeared." After this he took successively to curing hides, to domesticating the wild pigs of the neighbourhood and fattening them for market, to selling neat's foot oil for the cure of chilblains to the miners at half a guinea a bottle, and flour which he had bought at three pounds a bag at twenty-one pounds, and to opening butchers' shops first at one gold "rush" and then at another. Well might the second Mrs. Barry complain that we, or rather he, had "done nothing but travel about since we left California." To please her he established himself as a butcher at Cromwell, in Otago. He sold meat at a fair price, and the grateful Cromwellians presented him with a gold watch and chain, while he in return roasted a bullock whole for their entertainment. So popular did he become, that in 1864 and the two following years he was elected Mayor of Cromwell. A mayoralty was also, if we remember aright, one of the honours of Mr. Micawber's career at the Antipodes. But Captain Barry has been careful in his preface to warn readers against confounding him with that distinguished hero of fiction. Like all great men, the Mayor of Cromwell had his detractors; and his own Council once dared in his absence to censure him. On his return he called a meeting, locked the door, and knocked down the ringleader of the mutineers. Two of the others escaped through the window. The Mayor was fined, but he "still thinks that he took the proper way, if a forcible one, of putting his Councillors straight." He kept up the dignity of the mayoralty in Otago fashion. He rode in a "Hurry-Scurry" race, lent money, broke his ribs off carriages, let miners run up heavy bills for meat, farmed at a loss, bought herds of cattle just before an epidemic of pleuro-pneumonia, and crushed quartz with a yield of barely three ounces of gold, instead of the expected ten. What more could a popular citizen do to prove his public spirit?

But resources began to fail. His position was not improved by a wild-goose chase after a claim to some land grants at Bathurst. These, through the agency of his old friend Smith, had been made out in his name thirty-eight years before; but it appeared they had been resold by the Government under Torrens's Act. He had to return to the scene of his municipal glories to find himself by no means so welcome a person when penniless as he had been in the period of his wealth. He set up as a lecturer on the seductive topics of copper and tin prospecting. Next he tried keeping an hotel; but when his guests did not pay their bills he "could not turn them out." Then his wife died, and his daughter married badly, and he had to give his son-in-law "a considerable taste" of kicking. He himself "was rushed by a wild cow." He assumed the auctioneer's hammer, and in that capacity sold, at her own earnest request, a young lady with a halter round her neck and red hair. "The bids were made with great spirit, until they reached the sum of 175*l.*, at which price the lady was knocked down to a digger named Newton, who handed me 5*l.* deposit, and I gave him the halter, and he and his

purchase walked away to the store together." We are not told into whose hands the money was paid. The sale, he says, paid him very well, though he "nearly got into trouble for this disposal of humanity in a free country." Business, however, was not generally very remunerative, and attendance at race meetings cannot have improved it. In these circumstances "a military man on a pleasure tour through New Zealand" happened to meet him. This gentleman suggested to him that he should write his autobiography. The result is the present queer volume. Incidentally the mother country receives the advantage of the temporary residence in it of a very remarkable colonist. Captain Barry apparently has been occupying his leisure with lectures upon New Zealand prospects. But he is careful to add that he delivers them on his own responsibility, and "not as a paid agent of the Government." Certainly the New Zealand Government must have been very remiss.

FRÉDÉRICK LEMAÎTRE'S RECOLLECTIONS.*

THERE is always something attractive in the title of a book containing the biography or recollections of a great actor. It suggests something of the glamour of the stage mixed with the revelation of green-room mysteries for which young devotees of the theatre constantly pine. The name alone of the great Frédérick calls up at once a host of associations and stories; and from the too slight *Souvenirs* edited by his son, those who have never seen one of the most extraordinary actors of this century can get, or at least fancy they get, some notion of his strange power and amazing variety. The volume contains at any rate several elaborate descriptions of Frédérick's performances by the best critics of the time; and we make no apology for quoting at full length one of them, which is written by a man of genius no less remarkable than that of the great actor. Of Lemaître's acting in *Les Mystères de Paris* Théophile Gautier wrote as follows:—

"Quel admirable acteur! Quel sang-froid et quelle passion, quand, sous le nom de Barbe-Rouge, il vient commander un assassinat au maître d'école; comme il a la parole froide, brève, aiguë! comme on sent bien que c'est la cervelle qui parle au bras! Avec quel calme effroyable, au moment où la victime rend le dernier soupir dans l'allée ténébreuse où l'a poussée le maître d'école, il jette à la poste la fausse lettre qui doit expliquer le crime par un suicide! Et ensuite, quand on le retrouve dans son étude, débarrassé de ses favoris roux, l'air benêt et paterne, l'œil amorti par les lunettes, le dos rond, les mains molles et tremblantes, comme cherchant des papiers par un mouvement machinal, le pas lourd et trainant, on a vraiment peine à croire que ce soit le bandit de tout à l'heure, à l'allure ferme, au poitrail carré, au geste impérieux, hure parmi tous ces groins qui remuent les fanges de la Cité. De quel air attentif, débonnaire et désintéressé il écoute les foudroyantes confidences de la comtesse Sara Mac-Grégor! Avec quelle rouerie de Shylock, quand il avance au pauvre Morelle cinq cents francs dont il a besoin, il emprunte à son clerc Germain les trente-cinq francs qui lui manquent pour compléter la somme! Et lorsque tout le monde est parti, comme il ferme les volets, les serrures, les verrous, pour aller retirer de sa cachette le coffre qui renferme son or! son or! c'est-à-dire tous les vices, tous les plaisirs, toutes les débauches, tous les crimes réduits en petits disques jaunes, rutilants dans l'ombre comme des yeux de lion. Dans ce coffre il y a tout, des chevaux, des palais, des repas splendides, et la vertu des mères, et la pudeur des filles. Aussi avec quelle volupté démoniaque, quel spasme de tigre mangeant une proie vivante, il plonge dans ce bain fauve ses bras d'athlète, devenus aussi nerveux que ceux de Milon de Crotone! Cet or, ce sont les dépôts, attirés par la réputation d'honnête homme qu'il s'est faite, et qu'il ne rendra jamais! Comme, en jetant ses conserves, il a pris subitement une physionomie hautaine, ravagée, effrayante, moitié satyre, moitié Lucifer! A cette transformation soudaine, la salle éclate d'applaudissements. Pour comprendre et rendre ainsi un rôle, il faut plus que du talent, il faut du génie. Quelle puissance de séduction, quelle fascination de serpent, et puis quelle rage, quels transports il déploie lorsqu'il peint à Fleur-de-Marie, dans l'île des Ravageurs, la passion irrésistible, inexorable qu'elle lui inspire! Avec quel accent il lui dit: 'Pour te plaire, je serai bon, humain, charitable, réellement j'aurai toutes les vertus si tu m'aimes!' Et voyant que ses supplications prosternées, que ses adorations de sauvage à son fétiche sont inutiles, comme il l'emporte d'un seul geste, d'un seul bond, en maître, en vainqueur, en homme qui redevient lui-même. Dans la scène de l'*aveuglement*, il atteint aux dernières limites de l'effroi; il est beau et terrible comme Œdipe antique!"

One can almost see the looks and gestures which Théophile Gautier describes with such wonderful vividness, and cannot but feel the influence of the player's commanding power through that of the critic's pen. In another passage, writing of Frédérick's performances in his older days in the *Comte de Saulles*, the same brilliant author said of him and of Mme. Dorval that they were specially the actors of a period passionate to the verge of delirium; and they satisfied its feverish cravings and its fiery outbursts. Dorval was consumed away by the heat; Frédérick yet endured, and the moment he came on the scene of a play, "Voilà que ce drame se met à vivre, à palpiter, à pleurer et à faire pleurer. Un orage y gronde avec éclairs et tonnerre. C'est Frédérick qui passe; des mots s'illuminent soudain, des trouées éblouissantes pénètrent jusqu'au fond de l'âme; tout le cœur se découvre et se révèle dans un soupir, dans une inflexion de voix, dans un geste brusque et découragé." This, it will be admitted, is, apart from the mere beauty of the French, an extraordinarily fine piece of description, which could have been inspired only by extraordinary acting. So long, therefore, as Théophile Gautier's works remain in existence there will be no room for future generations of actors and playgoers to doubt, as profane people sometimes dare to doubt of dead actors whose great reputation rests only on general tradition, whether, after all, Frédérick's acting was anything so very much out of the way. It is the more gratifying to feel sure of this when one is reminded by the editor of the *Souvenirs* of the manner in which Frédérick was treated during his life. Neither he nor Dorval was ever admitted into the Comédie Française. In his old age he was offered an engagement by the direction of the Porte-Saint-Martin, which seemed to assure him peace and comfort for the rest of his days; but "Victor Hugo fut remplacé par Adolphe Dennery et Frédérick Lemaître par l'éléphant du *Tour du Monde*," and the direction quietly left off fulfilling their part of the contract, which unfortunately was not a written one. Then a farewell performance at the Opera House was organized; a crowd of artists pressed forward to proffer their services; M. Cantin, manager of the Folies-Dramatiques, offered an act of *La Fille de Madame Angot*, which was then drawing all Paris. Everything seemed to promise a complete success, until, on the very day of the advertised performance, the bills were torn down and the representation postponed *sine die*. The editor tells us that this was the result of a Minister having been waylaid the night before on leaving the opera by, as the writer says in his anger, "quelques musiciens de l'orchestre, cette meute bruyante, vous savez, qui bourdonne au fond du fossé creusé devant la rampe," who protested against what they called the degradation of being asked to play Lecocq's music. Whether or not this version of the affair is strictly accurate, there certainly seems to be good reason for the great actor's son making an observation which was made some time ago in these columns *à propos* of another French player:—"Ne craignons pas de le dire, et crions-le bien haut, la France ne sait pas honorer ses artistes." It does know how to pay them honour, that is, so long as they can minister to its pleasures; but the moment a voice on whose accents a whole house used to hang begins to fail, critics and public cry, with one accord, "Let us have no more of this!" and fling their once petted favourite away from them as a child flings away a broken toy. The ungenerous treatment of Frédérick was only in degree more remarkable than were the criticisms, one of the worst of which M. Sarcey wrote, made lately on M. Bressant after illness had laid hold of him.

It is, however, pleasanter to speak of the triumphs of the actor's prime than of the troubles which clouded the close of his career. Oddly enough, his irresistible longing for the stage was first determined by a visit to the Ambigu-Comique, which, in 1811, "tenait, avec la célèbre *Madame Angot*, un de ces succès sans précédent qui devaient, à soixante ans d'intervalle, faire la fortune de deux théâtres." He was then eleven years old, and it was after some five years, in the course of which he had some disagreeable soldiering experiences, that he made his first appearance on the stage as the lion in a piece called *Pyrame et Thisbé*, at the Variétés-Amusantes, which in those days was a sort of shrine of that highly artistic pantomime of which we have lately seen a revival, and of which Déburean was then the acknowledged master. Passing his morning in Lafon's class at the Conservatoire, where of course he was instructed in the works of the great classical masters, the young Frédérick came every evening to the Variétés-Amusantes to study "cette science si difficile qui consiste à faire coïncider le geste avec la parole. Si l'on m'a reconnu," he continues, "pendant le cours de ma longue carrière quelques qualités mimiques dans certains de mes rôles, c'est par ce double travail qu'elles furent acquises." It is hardly necessary to call attention to the value of a testimony from so great an actor to the usefulness of what he calls this "double travail"; which is the more important, because observation goes to show that most young actors acquire a command of intonation and facial expression before they learn to be equally at home in the "science si difficile" of suiting the action to the word.

Frédérick's first complete and overwhelming success was obtained in the part of Robert Macaire, and to the history of this strange and fortunate piece of invention on his part it is needless now to refer in detail, since a quotation from the book we are now considering was made by M. Coquelin in his *L'Art et le Comédien*, and requoted in these columns a short time ago. This success was followed by *Trente Ans, ou la Vie d'un Joueur*, and various other pieces, amongst them "*Faust*, a poor translation of Goethe's play, in which the part of Mephistopheles, which was allotted to me, was so hopelessly vapid that I could find nothing better to do by way of giving it weight than to introduce a kind of infernal valse, which I revived later in *L'Auberge des Adrets*." Amongst other pieces of a somewhat later date in which Frédérick played principal parts were M. Hugo's *Lucrèce Borgia* (in which he acted Gennaro) and a play called *Béatrix Cenci*, by the Marquis de Custine, whom Harel, the celebrated manager, fleeced, according to Lemaître, in a shameless way. Indeed, after an interview between the manager and author at which Frédérick was present, he turned to Harel and said, "Vous le laissez partir? Il a encore sa montre!" To *Ruy-Blas* we have referred in the article already mentioned on M. Coquelin's pamphlet; and, passing over other matters, among them an account of Balzac's *Vautrin*, and one even more interesting of how *Mercadet* first came into being, we come to a story of the *reprise* of *Trente Ans*. In this Frédérick, playing Georges de Germany, suddenly saw that Dorval's bonnet-ribbons had caught fire, a fact of which she was ignorant, and plucking it at once from her head, he crushed out the flame and put the wreck of the bonnet in his pocket. The action, which was loudly applauded by those who saw what had happened, passed so quickly that many spectators did not grasp its meaning. Amongst these

* *Souvenirs de Frédérick Lemaître.* Publiés par son fils. Avec portrait. Paris: Paul Ollendorff. 1880.

was a *premier rôle de province*, who exclaimed with conviction, "Voilà un effet auquel je n'avais pas songé"; and, without the great actor's reason for it, he repeated the action when he next played the part on his own stage. The public was completely puzzled, and a subscriber ventured the next day to ask him, "Pourquoi diable, au troisième acte, arrachez-vous la coiffe d'Amélie pour la mettre dans votre poche?"

> "Comment, vous n'avez pas saisi?"
> "Pas du tout."
> "Mais c'est un des plus grands effets de Frédérick!"
> "Ah! c'est un des plus grands effets de Frédérick!" said the awed and astonished subscriber. "Eh bien, je ne m'en serais jamais douté!"

We have quoted, as an enduring testimony to a great actor's powers, what Gautier wrote of Frédérick. We can hardly close our notice more appropriately than by showing how keenly Frédérick could appreciate in another the same kind of power he himself possessed. Writing of Mlle. Georges he says:—

> Georges, à qui, malgré les défauts de la femme, on ne peut s'empêcher de rendre justice comme comédienne, était bien en même temps la personnification vivante du drame et de la tragédie. Douée d'une beauté qui semblait appartenir à cette race dont on a fait les dieux de la fable, elle réalisait l'idéal de la muse tragique, comme, par son organe sonore et profond, son rire impérieux et ironique, son geste fier et hautain, son regard plein de terribles menaces, elle eût été pour Shakespeare la véritable héroïne de ses vastes conceptions. De longtemps on ne reverra une telle Agrippine, une semblable Clytemnestre, pas plus qu'une Marguerite de Bourgogne, une Marie Tudor ou une Lucrèce Borgia qui puisse lui être comparée.

LEROY'S DICTIONARY OF POMOLOGY.*

THE completion of a work of such magnitude and research as M. Leroy's Dictionary of Pomology may well point a moral to English pomologists and English publishers It throws down a challenge to rivals on this side of the Channel, which, however, judging by the past, we are not likely soon to see taken up. But for the death in 1875 of the veteran nurseryman who projected and published these six volumes, of which the latest saw the light towards the close of last year, the work might have gone on to include the whole range of garden fruits in the French and English catalogues; yet, as it is, a work may not unjustly be characterized as exhaustive within its limits which deals with pears in vols. i. and ii., apples in iii. and iv., apricots and cherries, peaches and nectarines, or collectively *fruits à noyau*, in v. and vi., and thus constitutes a sort of library of reference on the history, theory, and practice of pomology. As the first volume was issued in 1867, and its successors have followed at greater or less intervals, it is scarcely within our scope to touch upon M. Leroy's treatment of the subjects of pear or apple culture, which occupy the earlier volumes and the larger half of the work; and we shall speak chiefly of the last volume of this "Magnum Opus." Nothing resembling M. Leroy's Dictionary in scope and extent has appeared in Great Britain; the nearest approach to it in the cognate science of agriculture being, we should say, Stephens's *Book of the Farm*. As a proof of this, we need only point to Dr. Hogg's ample acknowledgments of the labours of M. Leroy and other eminent Continental fellow-workers in the preface to his valuable but comparatively concise and limited "Fruit Manual." Of course it may be pleaded that the physical conditions and climate of France might well inspire the enthusiastic labours of a *vates sacer*; and that, with our comparatively ungenial soil and climate, to write a comprehensive history of fruits and fruit-trees which we can with difficulty coax to fitful and uncertain ripening is very like labour lost. French nurserymen who visited the Hereford Pomological Exhibition of last autumn spoke in high favour of the soil of Herefordshire for pear culture, but ascribed to the sunnier climate of Kent the secret of its victory over the rival orchards of England; though perhaps they left out of account the perseverance, life-devotion, and thoroughness of study and culture, as well as the accessibility of markets, which enable the latter county to develop its resources to the utmost.

It is now twelve years since, in a little work on *Gleanings from French Gardens*, reviewed at the time in these pages, Mr. W. Robinson drew attention to the room for improvement in apple and pear culture of which our country was susceptible, and discoursed with interest and profit to many of our amateur horticulturists on the Cordon system, the improved Espalier system, and the particular form known as the Palmette Verrier. The mention of this last, applied in France, as is also the Cordon, to the peach, brings us to the consideration of this even more especial horticultural product of French soil and climate, exhaustively treated, as we have said, by M. Leroy. Though there is a constant testimony that the Romans received the peach strictly so-called at the end of the reign of Augustus, and named it the "Persicum" from its supposed native country, as is affirmed by Pliny and Columella, the French pomologist goes far to prove that of the fourfold division of this fruit into Peaches, Brugnons, Nectarines, and Pavies, only the first-named fruit can claim such an origin—to wit, the Persicum, which in the middle ages was named Pessicum, whence Pescher or Pecher, and about which clung a fable that the tree, poisonous in Persia, was introduced into Egypt to punish the natives. Dr. Daubeny suggests that the notion arose from a knowledge of the poisonous properties of the prussic acid existing in the peach kernel. It is curious that Columella notes that the "Persica" are "exiguo malo," small fruited (which is the characteristic of peaches ripened in India). It is also noteworthy that the authorities "de re rustica" whom M. Leroy cites contrast the "Persica" with a species of the same fruit called "Gallica," of a more bulky character, of which the flesh could not be detached from the stone. It is clear that he recognizes, as horticulture has done from well nigh time immemorial, the division of peaches and nectarines into freestones and clingstones—*h. e.* "such as have the flesh parting freely from the stone when ripe, or such as have it adhering to the stone when ripe"—the latter being identical with the Pavies, the former with the Brugnons. To the uninitiated these nice distinctions, and even those which discriminate between the peach and the nectarine, may seem trivial, seeing that instances are on record where fruit of both sorts has been produced on the same tree and the same branch. The fourfold division which M. Leroy has established and traced back to the Roman growers and horticultural writers will be less likely to interest the general reader than the scholar, antiquary, or enthusiastic Frenchman, who will like to see it proved that his soil has three parts at least in the *fruits à noyau*—*i.e.* the Gallica, as distinguished from the Persica and the Armeniaca, the Asiatic peaches, and the "Apricots" or "apricocks," derived from "præcox" or "præcoquus," the word applied to the latter by Pliny, Martial, and Palladius. It will amuse the reader to find the nurseryman of Angers diving into the sixth-century bishop and poet of the Gallic Church, Fortunatus, for a notice of some downy peaches which a councillor of Tours sent him as a present, and which he enjoyed so heartily as to incur an attack of indigestion. He also rakes up from the *Acta Sanctorum Ord. St. Benedict.* a legend of a Bavarian knight in Charlemagne's service, who, gathering a peach from the Abbey of St. Denis's orchard, was fain to chastise the gardener who would have stayed his sacrilege; and when, as a punishment, his unruly hand was withered, like Jeroboam's, by a miracle, he showed his gratitude for the renewed use of it by suspending the famous peach "ex voto" in the vestibule, where it long remained to commemorate at once the Divine interposition and the exceptional excellence of Gallic peaches. We could quote other no less curious notices of French peach growth as early as the tenth century.

In Chapter II. (§§ i.-ii.), on ancient and modern culture, M. Leroy commends or controverts divers dicta of Columella or Palladius. Perhaps it was hardly necessary, however, to expose the absurdities of Palladius's notions about grafting the peach or nectarine on the plane, the sallow, or willow, at least with any expectation of growing stone-fruit; or about besprinkling the blossom for three days with goat's-milk to secure bulkier fruit, and writing on a peach-stone with a view to its being replanted to bear an inscribed progeny—a possible contribution to the solution of a riddle in the 3rd Eclogue. A doctor of Paris in 1605 outdid the marvels of Palladius by describing a wonderful peach-tree which bore also grapes, cherries, and oranges on collateral branches. Our author deals with more practical matters when he speaks of the American rivals of France in fruit culture. It is surprising to learn the rapidity with which, after its late introduction in 1680, this "king of fruits," as M. Leroy calls it, took rank as one of the most productive and delicate of esculents for commerce or home consumption. By 1869 there were at least 250 sorts, and now there are many more; the regions most propitious to its culture being Chesapeake, Delaware, and Cape Charles in Maryland, in which there are said to be a hundred million of peach trees. In 1877 three million baskets of fresh peaches were exported thence to other parts of the Republic, though not all to be consumed fresh. Two manufactures of peach and nectarine conserves exist in Delaware and Maryland, besides which a favourite "eau de vie" called "Peach brandy" is made from these fruits. It would seem that the great improvement of the peach cultivation in Germany dates back no further than 150 years, when an impetus was given to it by the example of French industry and perseverance at Montreuil. Our own culture of the fruit, adopted much earlier (perhaps in the tenth or eleventh century), appears to have owed its chief development to the same quarter; and it seems that the Chiswick Gardens are able to number as many as 139 varieties. Undeniably, however, it is to France, and principally to Montreuil, that the growers of the Continent and of America still award the first place in this department of skilled industry. Of that celebrated colony of peach and nectarine growers the fame is in every horticultural work, British or foreign. It was not many years after Arnauld d'Andilly perfected the espalier system at Port Royal that the old musketeer, René Girardot, retired to his estate of Malassis (between Montreuil and Bagnolet, in the department of the Seine), and there became the official founder of what M. Leroy calls a "dynasty of special arboriculturists." There, from that beginning until now, these fruits have been perpetually advancing towards perfection; and there the most apt soils for the peach, and the conditions most favourable to grafting on the almond, the natural stock, or the plum, have been tested and matured. In a pleasant chapter on the uses and properties of this fruit the author cites a Latin rhyming verse:—

> Petre quid est pescha?—Cum vino nobilis esca.
>
> In what esteem hold'st thou the peach, friend Peter?
> Taken with wine a *bonne bouche* to the eater—

* *Dictionnaire de Pomologie, contenant l'histoire, la description, la figure des fruits anciens et des fruits modernes les plus généralement connus et cultivés.* Publié par André Leroy, pépiniériste. Tomes I.–VI. Paris: A. Goin, Librairie Agricole. Angers: André Leroy et ses enfants. 1879.

which seems to imply a reservation as to its healthful properties. In the same chapter, after dilating on the prices of early and late peaches and nectarines in St. Petersburg, in America, and in England, the author goes on to show the title of France to be the true home of these fruits by their abundance and cheapness. Paris is supplied by the departments of Les Bouches du Rhône, La Corrèze, La Dordogne, La Drôme, Le Gard, La Gironde, L'Hérault, L'Indre et Loire, La Nièvre, Le Var; not to speak of Montreuil, whence is derived annually an average of twelve millions, of which the earliest and latest sell at two or three francs each. Here, too, as in America, a large proportion of the produce exercises the artistic skill of the cooks, confectioners, and liqueurists, who make their profit from compotes, marmalades, eau de vie (for which La Grosse-Mignon and La Galande are most recommended), and an appetizing and very digestible ratafia. M. Leroy credits the wood with taking a very fine polish, but even in France the peach tree hardly lives long enough to acquire much bulk.

It may be interesting to compare an example or two of M. Leroy's minute and elaborate description of each peach and nectarine with such a recognized English authority as Dr. Hogg's *Fruit Manual.* Where we have tested the two the former is often the more entertaining, the latter the more concise. Seldom, however, does Dr. Hogg omit any anecdote bearing upon the history of his subject, as may be seen by comparing his account of the Stanwick nectarine with M. Leroy's, where both record the raising of this fruit from stones given to Lord Prudhoe by Mr. Barker, Vice-Consul at Aleppo, and afterwards Resident in Syria. Both note that the seed was sown in March, 1843, the buds inserted the next autumn in a Bellegarde peach, and the first peach produced in 1846. The Stanwick nectarine, so called from a seat of Lord Prudhoe, who had become Duke of Northumberland, was consigned to Mr. Rivers of Sawbridgeworth for propagation, and in 1850 the stock (twenty-four plants) was sold by auction, and the proceeds (164*l.*) presented by the Duke to the Gardeners' Benevolent Institution. Another example of the general agreement of both in details might be found in the account given by the two writers of that very excellent and peculiar late variety of peach, "the Salwey," which in skin and flesh simulates the apricot. The French description is minute and exhaustive; and, if Dr. Hogg's short statement that "it was raised by Colonel Salwey from a peach-stone brought from Italy, and was introduced by Mr. Charles Turner, of Slough," is not improved upon by M. Leroy's version—"qu'il a été gagné par le Colonel Salway d'un semis de noyaux rapportés d'Italie par M. Charles Turner de Slought"—this is only what we might expect; as is also another minor misapprehension of the French pomologist as to the Downton nectarine. With a characteristic shakiness in matters of English geography, M. Leroy says that this nectarine was raised first from a seed of the Elruge and the Violette Hative, by Thomas Andrew Knight, at Chelsea, in the county of Middlesex, "dans la domaine de Downton que possédait Knight." It need hardly be said that Downton is in Herefordshire. But these are small matters, and in no way detract from the value of a really admirable work. No intelligent pomologist, whether grower or amateur, should neglect to furnish his shelves with so thorough a directory to all the *fruits à noyau*, as well as to our more familiar branch of pomology, apple and pear fruits, as that contained in these six volumes at the moderate cost of 30s. It will prove invaluable for reference or comparison.

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Report, 1879.

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THE

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MR. GLADSTONE'S APOLOGY TO AUSTRIA.

IMMEDIATELY on the formation of the Government two of its members have had to make public apologies. Mr. FAWCETT's case was in one respect worse than Mr. GLADSTONE's, because the unjustifiable statement which he was forced to retract had been made since he became a Minister. Even if his charge against the late Secretary of State for India had been well founded, he ought not to have anticipated the judgment of Parliament, and the action of his own colleagues, by appealing directly to a popular meeting. His apology was ungracious in the insinuation that Lord CRANBROOK and Mr. STANHOPE ought to have suspected the miscarriage which he had previously accused them of deliberately suppressing. It is fair to admit that Mr. FAWCETT is not ordinarily deficient either in prudence or in good feeling. Experience will soon teach him that the true official attitude is one of reserve, if not of defensive caution. His late indiscretion was personal or peculiar to himself, and he cannot be said to have damaged the Government. Mr. GLADSTONE's letter to Count KAROLYI, or rather the occasion of its appearance, is humiliating to the country as well as to himself. It may have been better to express contrition than to persist in an indefensible foreign policy; but it is not satisfactory that one of the earliest State papers of the new Cabinet should contain an acknowledgment of error, of discourtesy, and of injustice. It is surprising that Mr. GLADSTONE should condescend to draw a contrast between his present responsibility and the comparative freedom which he professes to have enjoyed before he became Prime Minister. Such a distinction might be reasonable in the case of an ordinary member of the party who, perhaps beyond his expectation, now finds himself an Under-Secretary or a Lord of the Treasury; but Mr. GLADSTONE, long before the election, had resumed the rank of leader of the party, and he always explained and justified the violence of his language by the depth of his convictions. He again and again denounced the Ministry which was then in power as the worst and wickedest of modern times, mainly on the ground of its foreign policy. At the time he would have rejected with contempt the excuse that he was not officially responsible for his opinions and his language. Within a few days he has informed his constituents that he will redeem all the pledges given during his canvass, and he makes no exception as regards the foreign policy which he recommended. Even if he had not resolved before the election to place himself at the head of the Government, he must have intended to impress his policy on any Liberal Ministry which might be formed. The attacks on Austria which are now publicly disavowed or withdrawn were repeatedly and deliberately made, in spite of constant remonstrance and warning. Similar charges advanced two or three years ago in the House of Commons had been received with disapproval by the more judicious members of his own party. It was therefore known that Mr. GLADSTONE's expressions of enmity to Austria during his Scotch oratorical circuit were not attributable to temporary irritation or caprice. His early hostility to the Power which formerly resisted Italian freedom and independence combined itself with more recent jealousy of the possible antagonist of the supremacy of the Greek Church and the Slavonic race. Having never concerned himself with foreign affairs except under occasional impulse, he seemed to have forgotten that the Austro-Hungarian monarchy is not in its institutions or its tendencies the same with the Austria of METTERNICH. Mr. GLADSTONE's unmeasured language produced the unusual result of a temperate and dignified protest addressed by the EMPEROR himself to the English AMBASSADOR. No occasion could have been more favourable for a courteous and respectful explanation, and for a discontinuance of unseemly vituperation. Mr. GLADSTONE, having seen in some newspaper an inaccurate report of the conversation between the EMPEROR and Sir [illegible] ELLIOT, replied in the same pugnacious and contemptuous tone which he might formerly have used to Mr. DISRAELI in a House of Commons debate. He once more asserted that Austria had never interfered in European politics for good, although no other Power has so often or so long been the intimate ally of England. That, next after England, Austria was the most constant and most formidable enemy of NAPOLEON may perhaps in Mr. GLADSTONE's judgment not have been a merit. His latest phrase in the Midlothian declamations was the singularly offensive formula of "Hands off." Assuming that Austria threatened the independence of Bulgaria and the progress of East Roumelia and the provinces still subject to the SULTAN, he intimated, in terms of rude menace, that the English Liberal party, then about to succeed to office, would not tolerate aggressions which have not been attempted or proposed.

It may perhaps not be proper for the FOREIGN MINISTER to accede to a motion which is to be made in the House of Commons for the production of Count KAROLYI's letter; and it appears that some of the communications were oral. There can be no doubt that Mr. GLADSTONE's acknowledgment of the courteous tone of the document is [illegible] deserved; but it is much to be regretted that such [illegible] communication should have been necessary. It [illegible] a drawback from Lord PALMERSTON's statesmanlike and diplomatic qualities that he made many [illegible] in foreign Courts and Cabinets; but during his [illegible] years' direction of international affairs he never exposed himself to such a censure as that which has been administered by the Austrian AMBASSADOR to Mr. GLADSTONE. In 1846, when the return of his party to office was imminent, Lord PALMERSTON paid a visit to Paris for the express purpose of removing the personal [illegible]udice which he had provoked on the part of the French [illegible]G and his Ministers. He had repeatedly thwarted their [illegible]igues, and he had sometimes not sufficiently concealed his opinion of their conduct; but he had never in or out of office been guilty of the indiscretion of publicly attacking the French [illegible] or its Government. After a short stay he returned to England with the certainty that his resumption of the [illegible] of the Foreign Office would not produce any unfriendly feeling on the part of France. Mr. GLADSTONE [illegible] little or nothing from a chief whom he never [illegible] liked or zealously supported. He might advantageously have accepted Lord PALMERSTON's favourite principle [illegible] among great States there was no room for liking or [illegible]liking, and that foreign policy could not be reduced to [illegible] system. France or Russia was to be opposed in attempts to disturb the peace and equilibrium of Europe; but Lord PALMERSTON was ready to co-operate with either Power in the attainment of objects which he thought desirable. Perhaps Mr. GLADSTONE himself has now at last become a convert to Lord PALMERSTON's doctrine, since he has suddenly discovered in himself a feeling of respect

and good will to Austria. The position of a suppliant for pardon is so awkward that Count Karolyi will probably excuse a passage in the letter of apology which, however ill-timed, cannot have been seriously intended to give offence. Mr. Gladstone accepts the Ambassador's declaration that his Government has no design of advancing in the direction of Salonica, and that an accession of territory would be inexpedient and unacceptable. If the assurance had been given earlier, Mr. Gladstone would, he says, not have used the language which has given rise to just remonstrance. The object of an unfounded charge is not bound to have anticipated an unprovoked attack by an assertion of his own innocence. When Mr. Gladstone exclaimed "Hands off," he ought to have been prepared with proof that there was a design of laying hands on a coveted territory. He adds the obscure statement that he had relied on secondary evidence, not from hostile sources and not of his own seeking. The application of a technical epithet to political information is not a little puzzling. Secondary evidence, though it is subject to restrictions in English courts of justice, may often be sufficient to determine the policy of a statesman. It was Mr. Gladstone's duty, in Midlothian as in Downing Street, to speak the truth, and, as a preliminary condition, to know what was true. It is no excuse for a misstatement that there has been no previous contradiction. Perhaps the most important moral to be derived from a mortifying incident is that delicate questions of foreign policy ought not to be discussed for party purposes before a popular audience. A Radical Scotch mob has no hesitation in applauding abusive language against a Government of which it knows nothing; and it cares little for the impediment which may probably be offered to friendly concert and co-operation.

Lord Granville would willingly have dispensed with an unwelcome appendix to his Circular, but it may be hoped that the common action which he invites will not be refused. The Porte, which, among other faults, has all the vices which belong to weakness, may perhaps find a certain support in the joint demand of the Great Powers that it should comply with its undoubted obligations. Almost any settlement of the Greek frontier question would be preferable to an indefinite adjournment, and it would relieve the Turkish Government from the burden of protecting the disputed territory. It is doubtful whether means can be found for coercing the Albanian insurgents, who appear to be more than a match both for the Turkish troops and the Montenegrins. The suggestion that an Italian army might be sent to restore order is for many reasons inadmissible. It will probably appear that there are other clauses of the Berlin Treaty to be enforced, in addition to those for which the Porte is held responsible. The Governor-General of East Roumelia permits or encourages systematic persecution of the Greek and Turkish population. The Bulgarians are perhaps not sufficiently attached to the independence which awakes the passionate sympathy of Mr. Gladstone. It is not Austria alone which must be warned to keep "hands off." The Prince of Bulgaria has lately returned from St. Petersburg with the rank of Lieutenant-General and of Aide-de-camp to the Emperor; and the number of Russian military officers in the province is constantly increasing. The Circular will have one good effect in satisfying Germany and Austria that the present Ministers meditate no sudden or violent departure from the policy of their predecessors. The respect of European statesmen for English agitators of high political rank will not be increased; but it may be presumed that the language of the Circular is calm and courteous, and fortunately Lord Granville is not personally responsible for the mischievous rhetoric which may have been mistaken for a serious political scheme. His vicarious suffering for Mr. Gladstone's error must have been severe, when he was forced to begin his first official interview with the Austrian Ambassador with a disavowal or retractation of the wanton impropriety committed by his chief.

THE AFGHAN WAR ESTIMATE.

The new Postmaster-General has yet to learn the lesson expounded with such lucid frankness in his Chief's letter to Count Karolyi. A high officer of State no doubt does well to resolve neither "to repeat nor "even defend in argument, polemical language used "individually in a position of greater freedom and less "responsibility"; but Mr. Fawcett has begun his official career with a blundering calumny worthy of the most reckless hour of Opposition; and even in his grudging apology he half repeats the charge which the facts of the case rendered it necessary to retract. A few lines to Lord Hartington would have enabled him, before launching at the late Government an accusation as serious as ever one English statesman brought against another, to ascertain its truth or falsehood; but Mr. Fawcett preferred to trust "solely to information received before the late Government "resigned"; and his audience at Hackney were no doubt perfectly content to take on trust any demonstration of Conservative turpitude which their member was able to produce. The officials of the India Office, and especially Mr. Stanhope, must feel obliged to their unchivalrous antagonist for an opportunity of putting their conduct as honourable gentlemen beyond dispute; but Mr. Fawcett's leaders have probably ere now seen reason to remind him that baseless accusations, wantonly made and ungenerously retracted, are not calculated to strengthen the confidence of the educated classes in the new Administration. Lord Hartington will not, it may be expected, be anxious for the assistance which Mr. Fawcett, with such patronizing alacrity, announced that he was willing to give him in the administration of India. Mr. Fawcett's zeal is commendable, and his ignorance of Indian affairs is less intense than that of many Englishmen; but Lord Hartington is well aware that one of his chief claims to the regard of his countrymen is his incapacity to descend to the demagogic vulgarities which not even the dignities of office have enabled Mr. Fawcett to discard.

It is now beyond dispute that the India Office did not learn the altered financial position in India until after the dissolution of Parliament and almost the close of the elections. Not only did the telegram of the 13th of March not "explicitly reveal the grave crisis," as Mr. Fawcett admits, but there was nothing in it to suggest the likelihood of any such crisis; it referred merely to a discussion which had for long been on hand between the two Governments, as to the amount of the Secretary of State's weekly drawings—a matter which, it is well known, has frequently to be reconsidered with reference to its immediate effects on the money-market. So far the question is interesting only as it affects the good faith of the late Government; but the wider issue raised by Mr. Fawcett is of Imperial importance. Is it true, as he appears still to insist, that the recent intelligence from India has "completely cast to the winds the "prosperity Budget"? If so, the measures necessitated by the recent discovery must go far deeper than the reform of a department, the improvement of the account machinery, or the removal of an incompetent official. Some or all of these measures are, on the face of the matter, essential. A finance system under which a Minister so able and experienced as Sir John Strachey is liable to be misled on a wholesale scale fails in one of its principal objects, and calls for searching inquiry into defects which to so large extent impair its usefulness. The forms of Indian account, however, have been prepared by English financiers of high position, and are not ordinarily supposed to be deficient in checks on expenditure or the means of estimate. The experience of the former Afghan war has proved that there are very special difficulties attending the supervision of military outlay in a country such as Cabul, where a large number of officers, most of them unfamiliar with accounts, are necessarily entrusted with the use, practically unfettered, of public funds. If an officer is desired to place his force, *coûte que coûte*, in a specified position, he will have to pay for carriage and commissariat exactly what the exigencies of the occasion enable the suppliers to extort. Prices in India, moreover, are liable to enormous fluctuations, and it is conceivable that in this way the military accountants may be able to justify a part of their miscalculation. Another possible explanation is that, in the course of the campaign, the Viceroy, dissatisfied with the existing commissariat arrangements, placed a single officer in charge of this department, and armed him with an absolute dictatorship. Sir Michael Kennedy's proceedings in the discharge of this important duty are known to have been exceptionally vigorous; they must have largely enhanced the expenditure at numerous points; and it is not unlikely that, with a view to expedition, the ordinary

routine of audit may have been departed from, and considerable outlay thus escaped notice for the time. The fact that the miscalculation was so speedily discovered shows that the department, though perhaps too cumbrous and slow in operation, does not, in the long run, fail to do its work. Nor did Sir JOHN STRACHEY profess to be dealing with more than conjectural figures. "The military "estimates," he expressly warned his hearers, "must "of course be to a great extent speculative," and though on the figures then before them the Government did not think it necessary to enter a loan on the Estimates, the likelihood of such a necessity was distinctly intimated, and the Government "emphatically reserved to itself the "freest discretion to raise, during the year, any loan which "actual events may render necessary." "Loan trans-"actions," Sir JOHN STRACHEY added, "are habitually "presented with expressed reserve, and this reserve must "be understood to be this year greater than usual." The wisdom of this reservation was shown more speedily, no doubt, than the Finance Minister expected; in the meanwhile, it is surely no unforgiveable offence to have so far accepted an avowedly conjectural estimate as to refrain from borrowing until the necessity for a loan was proved.

As to the general question of the soundness of the financial position in India, it is natural enough that Mr. FAWCETT should welcome an opportunity of justifying views which practical experience has shown to be erroneous. He has again and again declared that the country was being imperilled by financial mismanagement, that a day of stern reckoning was at hand, and that England would have soon to deal with the bankruptcy of an Empire. He will no doubt convince himself, and endeavour to convince others, that what he is pleased to call the present "grave "crisis" is a fresh illustration of the truths which he has so persistently enforced. But how far is this the case? The resources of India sufficed in the year 1878-9 to provide three-quarters of a million for "war," 313,000*l.* for famine, and a surplus of 2 millions; they sufficed in 1879-80 not only to defray the expenses of the war—3½ millions—and to spend 99,000*l.* in famine relief, but to meet an outlay of 1¾ million on strategical railways, designed not only with a view to the present campaign, but for the permanent protection and profit of our North-Western frontier. Besides this, there was a balance of 119,000*l.* During 1880-81 2½ millions more will be spent upon the frontier railways, and this sum, in addition to nearly 2½ millions of war expenses, can be met out of the revenues of the year, and still leave a surplus of 417,000*l.* It results, therefore, that the income of India for the three years, 1878–79, 1879–80, and 1880–81, has been more than 13 millions in excess of ordinary expenditure. Assuming the war to cost 6 millions in the present year, and thus to involve a total expenditure up to the close of 1880–81 of 10 millions, the whole of this can be met out of current income, and a balance of three millions on the three years' transactions would yet remain. The idea of defraying the cost of the strategical railway system out of annual revenue would of course never have been suggested but for the extraordinary prosperity of the last three years; but as the object of the Famine Insurance Fund was either to diminish existing debt or prevent an increase of debt which would otherwise be inevitable, the employment of the annual surplus on these works, supposing it to be available, would have been strictly logitimate. Now that it is shown that the war expenses of the present year will exhaust the available surplus, the money for the strategical railways must be found elsewhere. But there has never been any doubt that these railways ought to be made, and their construction out of borrowed capital is entirely unobjectionable. Ignorant or unscrupulous assailants of Sir JOHN STRACHEY have frequently declared that his "famine "surplus" has disappeared. As the object of his arrangements was to establish an annual margin of two millions of ordinary income over ordinary expenditure, it is obvious that it has been accomplished with more completeness than its author could have hoped.

These figures appear to us to establish a position which Mr. FAWCETT and those who draw their inspiration from his speeches would do well to study. Most of them are matters of account, formally audited and beyond dispute. They harmonise with the experience of the last decade, which, as any one who will take the trouble to peruse the Budget speech may see, shows an average annual balance of [illegible] millions of ordinary income over ordinary expenditure. A writer in the *Spectator*, who does not, apparently, include a perusal of the document criticized among the requisites of conscientious criticism, denounces "the "preposterous system under which an Indian Budget "covers four years—the revised actuals of 1878, the actuals "of 1879, the partly estimated accounts of 1880, the anti-"cipation sketch estimate of 1881." He and his readers will be surprised to learn that the whole of this account is an absolute figment of the writer's imagination. No such preposterous system exists. The Indian balance-sheets exhibit the closed and audited account of the past year; the account, closed but for two months, of the current year; an estimate of the income and revenue of the year about to come. They will of course mislead those who look at them as carelessly as did Mr. GLADSTONE; nor is it probable that they will enlighten persons who, like the writer in the *Spectator*, are ignorant of their very outline. But so far as the general arrangement goes they are simplicity itself, and to those who care enough about India to study them with attention they supply ample ground for believing in the substantial prosperity of the country and the marked success of its financial administration.

TURKEY.

MR. GOSCHEN will probably do all that can be done at Constantinople; but whether he can do anything remains to be seen. Sir HENRY LAYARD has never been wanting in activity and vigour, and for a long time past he has, under the instructions of his Government, applied to the Porte and to the Palace incessant pressure. The Ministers who had succeeded to office during his temporary absence have proved even less amenable than their predecessors to warning and remonstrance; while the SULTAN, who retains in his own hands a large share of arbitrary power, scarcely disguises his impatience of foreign interference and control. No effectual measures have been taken for the removal of fiscal abuses, or for the protection of the peaceable communities which suffer from official oppression, and, in the Eastern provinces, from the rapacity and cruelty of Circassian exiles and Kurdish marauders. There is no proof that the perverse obstinacy of the SULTAN and his Ministers has on this occasion been caused or encouraged by Russian intrigue. The impediments which have been offered to the due punishment of a ruffian from Bosnia who murdered a Russian officer indicate an impartial antipathy to all Christians and foreigners. No serious efforts are made to avert or relieve the terrible famine which has broken out in parts of Asia Minor and Armenia; but military preparations have been made for the suppression of the disturbances which will certainly ensue. The English AMBASSADOR is not responsible for the failure of his endeavours, and the Consular agents in the Asiatic provinces have constantly furnished him with abundant materials for advice and complaint. The results of the Russian war have been disastrous to the subjects of a Government which was always weak and vicious, but which has never before been reduced to its present condition of helplessness. The SULTAN at the same time shares and dreads the fanaticism of the Mahometan population. Even the protection which he has hitherto afforded to an obscure assassin is plausibly attributed to his fear of resentment on the part of Bosnian soldiers, who form a part of the guard of the palace. Neglect of the counsels of foreign Ambassadors, though it may end in the overthrow of the Empire, at least involves no immediate danger to his person.

The Government is well advised in despatching on a special mission to Constantinople a representative of high political rank who will enjoy the fullest confidence of the Cabinet. Mr. GOSCHEN will perhaps not find occasion for the exercise of his financial skill and knowledge, inasmuch as he will not bring the aid of English credit to a bankrupt Treasury; but the SULTAN and his advisers may perhaps listen to an Envoy who will be supposed to bring with him a new policy. Mr. GOSCHEN himself has during the long Eastern controversy maintained for the most part a judicious silence. He is not supposed to have approved Mr. GLADSTONE's one-sided violence, and, on the other hand, he gave no active support to the late Government. While he is not known as an enemy of Turkey, he will speak in the name of a Cabinet which will make no additional sacrifices for its preservation. Only a few months ago a Turkish Minister insolently suggested to Sir HENRY LAYARD that his urgency for the reform of the administra-

tion was affected for the purpose of influencing the elections in England. It is now understood that a powerful section of the dominant Liberal party is indifferent, if not hostile, to the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire. Whatever may be thought of the expediency of reversing the ancient national policy, possible or imminent alienation may not improbably serve the purpose of a diplomatic weapon. There is no doubt that the Turkish Government has frequently relied on the supposed interest of England in the maintenance of the Empire. Its late obstinacy and unfriendliness are in some degree the result of disappointment at the refusal of support during the war, and of financial assistance at a later period. Mr. GOSCHEN will perhaps appeal rather to the fears of the SULTAN than to his hopes, yet his mission is so far friendly that he will make no demand which would not be for the benefit both of the Turkish people and of the Government.

In entering on the administration of foreign affairs Lord GRANVILLE has been fortunate in an opportunity of acting in concert with all the Great Powers. Their Ambassadors, including the representative of Austria, concurred in Sir H. LAYARD's protest against the incapacity or bad faith which has prevented the settlement of the Montenegrin frontier question. The fact that armed Albanians are in possession of the districts which were to be ceded by the Porte to Montenegro has not been excused to the satisfaction of the Powers. The commander of the Turkish troops evacuated the territory before the appointed time, and without giving due notice to the Montenegrins. It is possible that he may not have been strong enough even to hold his position. Some of his men were Albanians who have since joined their countrymen; and his remaining force is insignificant. The report that the Albanian League has declared its independence of the SULTAN is contradicted, but it is more than doubtful whether he is able to enforce his authority. There may perhaps be no reason why the national rights of the Albanian tribes should not be as fully recognized as those of Bulgarians or Montenegrins; but the Treaty of Berlin contained no stipulation in their favour, and the Turkish Government is at least technically responsible for the acts of its nominal subjects. In an elaborate memorandum the Turkish Ministers affected to prove that the evacuation had been executed with punctuality and good faith. The Ambassadors unanimously reply that the statement is not satisfactory; and they further demand that the Turkish forces shall reoccupy the ground, and that they shall secure a free entrance to the Montenegrin garrison. It is uncertain whether Turkey will be either able or willing to comply with the demand. The Albanian force is said to amount to some thousands of men, with a proportion of artillery; and the Christian and Mahometan tribes appear for once to be united. Foreign Powers, not having recognized the Albanians, can deal only with the Turkish Government.

The not less perplexing alteration of the Greek frontier will possibly at last be arranged. In this case also there is an Albanian element to be considered; and the Turks can scarcely be expected to give armed assistance to an unfriendly neighbour against claimants who perhaps still profess allegiance to the SULTAN. The reasons of the long delay which has taken place are imperfectly understood, for the alleged backwardness of the late English Ministers affords neither a certain nor a sufficient explanation. The Turkish negotiators might be excused for pursuing their usual policy of delay. They could not be expected to appreciate the claim to an accession of territory which was founded on abstinence from unprovoked invasion during the Russian war. The neutrality of Greece was due as much to the fear of Turkish superiority at sea as to the remonstrances and assurances of the English Government. At Berlin the Greek agents perhaps relied too exclusively or too ostentatiously on the patronage of France; but during later negotiations all the Powers appear to have been equally tolerant of procrastination. It is uncertain whether Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE propose to support the claim of Greece to the acquisition of Janina. The opinions which may have been expressed by the UNDER SECRETARY of STATE before his accession to office afford no clue to the present intentions of the Government. The feud between the Greeks and Bulgarians, which has lately revived with increased acrimony, may possibly have suggested to the Turks the expediency of conciliating the less unfriendly neighbour. It is believed that Austria, which has never cordially supported Greek claims, offers no impediment to an early conclusion of the controversy; and the French Government, though it may have relaxed its efforts, will favour the extension of Greek territory. The Emperor of RUSSIA has on all occasions professed to support the demands of Greece, although the Slavonic races are more direct objects of his protection. If all the Powers are agreed, not only on the immediate settlement of the dispute, but on the details of the frontier line, which have been abundantly studied and discussed, one possible cause of war ought to be finally eliminated. There is no reason to suppose that Lord GRANVILLE sympathizes with Mr. GLADSTONE's enthusiasm for the inhabitants of the provinces which have been wholly or partially detached from the Turkish dominion. He will at least not attempt to extend or alter in their favour the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin; and the Austrian Government has judiciously consented to forget a wanton rhetorical challenge. Whatever may happen hereafter, there is for the time no question of an Austrian advance to the South; and, on the other hand, Bosnia and Herzegovina must be content to defer any aspiration to alliance with Montenegro or Servia or East Roumelia. Mr. GOSCHEN will scarcely be able to provide a remedy for the disorders which result from the war and from the subsequent arrangements. The cruelties which are perpetrated on the helpless Turks in Bulgaria, the outrages which are committed by roving Mussulman bands in Macedonia, could only be suppressed by a strong and honest Government, which is to be found neither in Turkey nor in the newly-established Principality. Probably the instructions under which Mr. GOSCHEN will act may relate rather to Asia than to Europe. The present Ministers may be expected to rely on the Treaty of Berlin in preference to the separate convention between England and Turkey; but in any attempt at concerted action they will be confronted with the difficulty of inducing any Power except Russia to take an interest in the administration of Armenia and Asia Minor. It might be possible, but scarcely expedient, to obtain the intervention of France in Syria, which was reluctantly evacuated by NAPOLEON III. in deference to the urgent demands of Lord PALMERSTON. It was probably for the purpose of excluding the action of either Power, and more especially of Russia, that Lord BEACONSFIELD negotiated the subsidiary convention which still needs a satisfactory explanation.

MR. BRIGHT AND FOREIGN OPINION.

IT is impossible to converse with that intelligent foreigner whose opinion on the late political crisis has been so often invoked without perceiving that there is one of the new Ministers whose presence in the Cabinet makes more impression on him than even the Premiership of Mr. GLADSTONE. The PRIME MINISTER has declared his views on all public questions in a hundred speeches and writings, and, if he is misunderstood, it is not for want of material. But Mr. BRIGHT is the symbol of a policy which out of this country is regarded as in the highest degree mysterious. He belongs to history; and in the view of the instructed foreign observer he is still the Mr. BRIGHT who was Mr. COBDEN's friend and colleague from 1840 to 1855. A great deal has happened since then in this country which enables us to form a judgment on Mr. BRIGHT; but abroad he remains the public man who, next to Mr. COBDEN, did most to overthrow the most powerful Government of its time by converting its chief to new opinions, and who immediately afterwards endeavoured to popularize the doctrine which was no doubt inaccurately described as "Peace "at any price."

Perhaps we have never in this country sufficiently appreciated the deep sensation created throughout Europe by the rise and fall of Sir ROBERT PEEL's Government. The political calamities which befell the English Tory party in 1831 and 1832 had corresponded to the dethronement of the older branch of the French BOURBONS; and the return of a strong Conservative Government to power under PEEL had seemed to answer to that restoration of political authority in France which LOUIS PHILIPPE prematurely boasted that he had effected. The form of opinion which had governed Europe since the end of the great war at the beginning of the century appeared to have revived in both countries in a modernised shape. What followed in England was even more surprising than the events which happened three years later in France. The

success of a Parisian street revolt in 1848 was intelligible; there had been plenty of precedents for it within the memory of living men; but in this country a powerful Minister had succumbed, not to popular discontent, but to the force of conviction, and the agents in producing the change of opinion had been Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT. Now it may confidently be said that disinterested conversion from one set of opinions to another had not been heard of for centuries in Europe as a force in politics, and it was natural that the men who wielded the new instrument should be regarded with universal curiosity. Soon, however, it appeared that, next to Free-trade, Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT believed in peace—almost in non-resistance; and the advocacy of this policy by men who had shown themselves to be possessed of new and genuine power caused as great and as general astonishment as the surrender of Sir ROBERT PEEL to their economical opinions.

Neither of the doctrines with which Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT were identified has ever been well understood on the Continent of Europe; and the surprise which they occasioned when they were first promulgated has left plain traces behind it. Free-trade has made some way in a few Continental countries; but almost never in the shape in which it triumphed in Great Britain. There is no European statesman who can be said to have accepted it as the logical result from a body of incontrovertible truths. Here and there certain industries recognize it as for their interest, and are anxious to introduce or extend it; but it is hardly ever advocated on theoretical grounds; and indeed the all but universal assumption throughout Europe is that Protectionism is the natural characteristic of a tariff, and that a special case must always be made out for the reduction of any particular duty of importation. And if the doctrine of Free-trade is misunderstood, still less is the doctrine of Peace comprehended. The date of its first promulgation at Manchester almost exactly marks the beginning of an era of gunpowder and glory. The principle that peace should be purchased at any price short of the most extreme thus remains a wonder in the eyes of all men but Englishmen; and it is only not ridiculed because, like Free-trade, it is believed to be specially associated with England. There has been much striking evidence in the conduct of English Governments, of all sorts of political complexion, that this country is as far as possible from having adopted it; yet the belief that she is influenced by it, or is going to be influenced by it, is always growing up from time to time in European Chanceries; and of course it is this impression that England cannot be depended upon not to do something some day quite as startling as the sudden abandonment of protection to all domestic industry, which causes the present Continental speculation as to the significance of Mr. BRIGHT's seat in the Cabinet.

It is doubtless the irony of fate which has made Mr. BRIGHT the symbol of long-suffering and non-resistance. We Englishmen who know him well have long since seen that, when his cheek is smitten, it is not the other cheek, but the doubled fist, which the reflex action of his nervous system presents to the assailant. We may even suspect that, now that he is in office, if any intolerable insult were offered to his country, his temperament would be too strong for his convictions, and no Minister in the Cabinet would perhaps be more eager in the demand for reparation than Mr. BRIGHT. But this is purely British knowledge. The foreigner can only judge Mr. BRIGHT by his public declarations, and these are exactly of a kind to produce the impression that he has changed in nothing since, in the heyday of his oratorical vigour, he first preached peace at Manchester. For, as we all know, Mr. BRIGHT always nowadays makes the same speech. The prosperity of the United States, and the excellence of their institutions; the virtues of the Liberal party, and the innumerable benefits which it has conferred on the British people; the inborn wickedness, stupidity, and obstructiveness of the Tories; the inestimable value of the penny press, and the burdensomeness of India—all these topics recur again and again, with an iteration which is only not wearisome because the language in which they are clothed has not lost much of its ancient spirit and point. It is only a close observer who perceives that, in the eulogy on all things American, there is now an absence of reference to that peculiar peacefulness by which the American people was once supposed to be distinguished, and who recognizes in the combativeness which animates every sentence the temper of mind which, if the circumstances surrounding the speaker were altered, might even lead him, as a Minister, to prefer war, upon adequate provocation, to peace.

It is not, therefore, surprising that, seen in the dimness of distance, Mr. BRIGHT should appear to have neither learned nor forgotten anything since his Manchester days, and that the Cabinet which includes him among its members should appear to nine-tenths of Europe to have hoisted the flag of peace at any price. It would be idle to deny that this impression about the new Government is far more important than any opinion which may prevail on the Continent as to the views of the British Foreign Office on the execution of the Treaty of Berlin or the development of nationalities in the Balkan peninsula. The doctrine proclaimed by Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT seemed singular and paradoxical when it was first given to the world, and yet forty years ago there was much to explain it. There had been peace since 1815, and men, as is their habit, had begun to think that what had lasted so long would last for ever. The one Power which had remained armed to the teeth was Russia, and it has been generally believed that the Russian EMPEROR had sufficient faith in the new principles to be persuaded that they had added to his strength by removing one formidable opponent from his path. But nowadays a Ministry of non-resistance is a far greater paradox than it would have been in 1840 or 1850. Such a Ministry issues Circulars to its representatives abroad, entertains enlightened opinions on all sorts of questions, and gives the most admirable advice. But when a great crisis comes, it is obliged, if it is true to its principles, to stand by while facts accomplish themselves. This reverses the process of which we have had so much experience during thirty or forty years. Wherever great results have been achieved, action has come first, and lecturing or theorizing afterwards. The members of the French National Assembly were seized during the night in their beds towards the end of 1851; and then came an Empire which was afterwards discovered to be Peace and a good many things beside. The most considerable event of our time is the establishment of the German Empire in the centre of Europe. But it began in an elaborately contrived rupture, sought to be justified by the most technical and trivial pretexts, and it was not till much later that the cause of national independence was declared in hundred of pæans to have had its greatest triumph, and that Prince BISMARCK was able to affirm that nothing would delight him more than general disarmament and settled European peace. A policy without a determination to enforce it, or with a determination not to enforce it, has become the most singular of anomalies in Europe, however wise it may be, and however forcibly it may be expounded. One of the chief difficulties of the new English Ministry will be to prove to the world that its speech, which is silver, will be found at some point or other to be plated over iron.

ALSACE-LORRAINE.

It is natural that the French should have their lost provinces constantly in their minds, and should seek to assure themselves that it is not only France, but Alsace and Lorraine also, that have suffered seriously through the enforced rupture of their ancient ties. Prudence forbids any Frenchman of eminence and competent knowledge to write freely on a subject which is felt to be politically dangerous; but an anonymous French writer has recently done all that ingenuity and industry can suggest to make out a case bad enough to seem exceedingly satisfactory against the German occupants of the territory that France has lost. The burden of his story is that these provinces are as little Germanized now as they were ten years ago; that there is not the slightest sympathy between the conquerors and the conquered; that pedantic and irritating changes have been made in every department of administration; and that the bewildered provincials are being pushed rapidly down the hill of material decay. There is much more than vague declamation in this criticism, for it is based on facts that deserve attentive consideration; but from the outset we feel that we are in the hands of a writer who does not even pretend to be impartial, and who makes no effort to understand how it can be that ideas which are repugnant to him seem natural to Germans. He detests all Germanization—not only the Germanization of Alsace-Lorraine, but the Germanization of Germany. According

to him the Germans are a perverse set of military archæologists, who, while they have taught themselves to fight, have also taught themselves to look on the middle ages as the ideal period of their history, who are constantly retrograding, and have no proper place in the life of the nineteenth century. That everything German is sure to have its formal and pedantic side is undeniable; but then it may be safely said that no one except a Frenchman could have brought himself to regard the revival of national feeling in Germany as a mere archæological craze. This French critic writes as if he had never heard of the wars of the first NAPOLEON, of the tyranny and insults to which Germans were exposed during the years of the French domination, and of the crushing repression of all national aspirations under the monotonous absolutism of NAPOLEON and his Marshals. When the yoke of NAPOLEON was thrown off the Germans longed, not only to be left to themselves, but to feel themselves a nation. They went back in thought to the time when Germany seemed to have been really and exclusively German; when there was a unity of institutions and something like a unity of aims, and when Germany had not yet been broken up into the petty States which afterwards became the tools or the prey of the foreigner. The French critic dwells on the easy, happy life which the inhabitants of these petty States often led. To be the obscure subjects of obscure princes is the precise lot which, with the calm superiority of a Frenchman, he considers the Germans were created to enjoy. He mourns over the Alsatians because they were not permitted, in becoming Germans, to enjoy the only kind of happiness of which Germans are capable. If they had been provided with a Serene Highness, and been left to vegetate under his benign influence, they might have been tolerably prosperous and tolerably contented. It is impossible that any one outside France should acquiesce in this mode of interpreting the wishes and destiny of Germany. In becoming a great and united nation the Germans no doubt had to give up something. They lost the humble placidity which so often compensates the obscure for being forgotten by the world. What they gained in exchange was a reasonable security that there should be for them no recurrence of the days of NAPOLEON and his Marshals. If they had to take new provinces into the Fatherland, they necessarily made them a part, not of the Germany that was trampled on by NAPOLEON, but of the Germany that trod underfoot his successor at Sedan.

The French critic thinks it something dreadful that Prince BISMARCK should on one occasion have frankly confessed in the German Parliament that he could not be always troubling himself about the likes and dislikes of the inhabitants of the conquered provinces, that Alsace-Lorraine was primarily meant to be the rampart of Germany, and that he would take care that it was made as good a rampart as possible. This seems nothing more than the statement of an elementary fact. The Germans hoped that the large portion of the population which speaks the German language would not be unwilling, or even perhaps would be glad, to find itself once more incorporated in the country to which it formerly belonged; but they never pretended to draw the line of their new frontier for any but purely military purposes. There are half a million of Lorrainers who have nothing whatever to do with Germany, but who were arbitrarily turned into Germans because German soldiers considered their territory indispensable for strategic purposes. Soldiers built forts and devised military railways where, for their own objects, they thought it best that forts should stand and railways run. Of one of these military railways, that from Strasburg to Lauterburg, the French writer gives a picturesque description, piling up his epithets and accumulating his details in order to give the impression that this line must be a terrible nuisance to the unfortunate inhabitants of the district. The construction of the line is, he tells us, that of a continuous embankment for fifty kilometers, so as to furnish a cover for sharpshooters. Every little arch has its chamber ready for a mine; every little guardhouse has its loopholes and its barbicans; at every five kilometers there is a station, and the station building is surrounded by a tower in which there is a clock, the face of which masks the embrasure of a cannon. The outbuildings and surroundings of the stations are on far too grand a scale for peaceful purposes, and all around stretch beautiful kitchen and flower gardens, where deceptive lettuces and nasturtiums grow, but which the keen eye of a French traveller detects to be meant each as a little Cyprus and a possible place of arms. It is sad, too, to think that the natives of the district got nothing out of the construction of these barbicans and clock-towers or the planting of the lettuces and nasturtiums. The Government paid for the line out of the milliards, and was in such a hurry to spend its money and get its railway that it brought in a host of strange workmen to carry out its designs without the loss of a moment. The railway has been finished, the workmen are unemployed, and these intruders now hang in idleness and poverty about the towns and villages of Alsace. This is impressive; but it only comes to the simple fact that the Germans made a military railway, and made it as it best suited them. There is nothing to constitute a grievance for the Alsatians, if it is once understood that it is their special mission to provide Germany with a scientific frontier. When this is once accepted, it is difficult to see why the Alsatians should complain of the mode in which they have been treated with regard to public works. We do not know that they do complain, but their French friend feels sure that they ought to complain. The military railways were not made with their money, but with the milliards extorted from France. When it came to spending their money on public works, they were allowed to spend it or not as they pleased. They even resisted successfully a strong pressure put upon them by the Prussian Government to execute a work in which that Government was much interested. The coal-fields of Saarbruck belong to Prussia, and the outlet towards France is through the canal of the Saar in Lorraine. By means of a new system of canalization made since the war, the French on their side of the frontier can bring Belgian coal into the district. The Prussians wished to compete, but found that in order to do so effectually the bed of the Saar canal must be deepened. They offered the province a subvention to induce it to carry out the work; but it refused, and, as Lorraine belongs to Germany and not to Prussia, the Prussian Government was powerless. This seems a curious instance to choose of German harshness and tyranny. The injured provincial as he gazes at those treacherous nasturtiums may at least comfort himself with the thought that he can prevent Prussians from sending their coals to market at a remunerative price.

There are, however, some respects in which the situation of the inhabitants of the annexed provinces has changed for the worse. In the first place, they have to pay more in taxes than they used to do. This is what would have happened to them even if they had remained a part of France, and both in France and in Germany taxation has largely increased since the war. But the provincials find German administration not only more irritating, but more expensive, than French, and this is the part of their new burdens to which they most object. Secondly, the German commercial system and German commercial habits have nothing very attractive for those who have been recently brought within their influence. Protection favours German goods, and the provincials complain, not only that German goods are forced upon them, but that the goods forced upon them are very bad of their kind. Cheap and nasty was the verdict passed on German goods at Philadelphia, and it is the verdict passed on them by the provincials who are now excluded from access to the superior workmanship of France. Then the humble German trader is not a fascinating being. The Alsatians complain that he is nothing but a Jew who comes among them merely to make the best of petty bargains, with some malicious scheme always in his wily head, and having no real connexion or sympathy with those whom the fortune of war has permitted him to plunder. Lastly—and this is the point on which the French writer dwells with the greatest urgency—the whole legal system and the whole system of the administration of justice have been recast in Alsace and Lorraine. The provincials have been deprived of all the advantages which they believed themselves to derive from the Code NAPOLEON and from the symmetrical system of French legal administration, and instead they have got the new German Code and Germans to work it. The writer is, if possible, more contemptuous of German law than of anything else that is German. It is in his eyes a mere childish return to feudal customs and mediæval institutions. The worst point on which he can fasten is that there have been established everywhere very subordinate judges who go about their little districts and are helped by assessors. The notion of a judge trotting about a district seems ludicrous to a Frenchman, and the employment of assessors is open to the reproach

that assessors were employed a thousand years ago, and are not employed under modern French law. Then far too much importance is attached to oral testimony. There may have been little other testimony on which to rely when the art of writing was known to few but the clergy; but the superiority of written over oral proof has been recognized in French law for three centuries, and it seems strange that German jurists should be blind to the danger of allowing men by free swearing in Court to go back on that which they have committed to paper. An inevitable consequence of a lax mode of regarding writings is the increase of speculative litigation. To check litigation judicial fees have been increased, and in one way or another litigation has become in Alsace-Lorraine so much more frequent or so much more expensive that the judicial fees now figure in the provincial budget for a sum twenty times as large as that which they produced under the French system, while the communes have had to provide seventy-six new houses of detention to receive those who may fall under the displeasure of the wandering Judge and his assessors. No doubt all these things produce a certain amount of friction. New laws, more suits, judges of a new pattern, goods cheap and bad, Jew-like hucksters, and more taxes to pay, do not make life pleasanter, or cause those who bring them in their train to be beloved. A Frenchman who would be very sorry, or who would perhaps refuse, to see anything different, may still be right in seeing in Alsace-Lorraine a failure on the part of the Germans to win over their new brethren to a cheerful acquiescence in the fate that has befallen them. But at any rate the provincials cannot think that they are specially badly treated. Everything the Germans do to them they do to themselves, and it is not easy to see how Alsace-Lorraine could have been treated better if it was to be seized in order to form the rampart of Germany.

RUSSIA AND CHINA.

IT seems probable that the Chinese Government has determined on war with Russia. If the sentence on the unfortunate Envoy who signed the Treaty of Livadia is executed, the judicial murder may be considered as a ceremonial announcement of the rupture. The merits of the quarrel are but imperfectly understood, though it is admitted that the Russian Government promised several years ago to restore the province of Kuldja to China on certain conditions which seem to have been satisfied. By the treaty of which ratification has been withheld, certain districts, which are of course described by the Chinese as the most valuable parts of the province, were to be retained by Russia on the abandonment of the rest. It is impossible to judge whether the provision was equitable, or how far such an arrangement was comprehended in the powers given to the Ambassador. According to the European doctrine of public law, the Chinese Government had a strict right to decline ratification; but in dealing with Asiatics civilized Governments are not always in the habit of conforming to any definite international code. Although the Russian Government professes to have taken offence, its grievance must be effectually mitigated by its possession of the disputed territory, especially as the former promise of evacuation will be regarded as no longer binding. Although the Russian army in the eastern part of Central Asia may perhaps not be for the time strong in numbers, a few regiments would easily hold their own against any force which could attempt to drive them out of Kuldja. It may perhaps not be true that some of the Chinese troops in those regions are still armed with bows and arrows; but neither their weapons nor their discipline would enable them to contend with comparatively weak bodies of Russians on equal terms. The Mahometan population which may have survived the former war and the massacres by which it was attended will probably prefer the Russians to their implacable Chinese enemies. On the other hand it is probable that the Russian Government would not have undertaken to restore Kuldja if the possession of the province had been profitable or convenient.

The difficulty of divining the motives of the Chinese Government is aggravated by uncertainty as to the persons with whom the direction of the Imperial policy may rest. The grandmother and mother of the young EMPEROR, who ostensibly exercise his prerogatives, are more likely to be governed by Court favourites than by grave and responsible Ministers. The extent of authority possessed by the EMPEROR's kinsman, Prince KUNG, who is an experienced statesman, is imperfectly understood. The project of war with Russia appears to be too serious a policy to result from a palace intrigue; and yet it offers no intelligible hope of national advantage. Its promoters have already displayed commendable activity of preparation by settling the dispute with Japan. No other ally could in case of war have been so useful to an enemy of China; and it would be a triumph of diplomacy to convince the Japanese that they also are threatened by their powerful Western neighbour. The impending rupture will happily not involve European complications. The Ambassadors at Pekin, including the representative of England, have used their utmost exertions both to save the life of the late Envoy to St. Petersburg and to dissuade the Chinese Government from its warlike policy. One or two Russian papers alleged that the Kuldja dispute was prompted or embittered by England with the object of creating a diversion in Central Asia; but, even if any English purpose could be served by the extension of Russian territory which may probably be a consequence of the war, the interest of England in the commerce of China largely preponderates over any benefit which could be derived from a war in the heart of the continent. It is not impossible that irritation against Russia might extend to all foreigners; and a maritime war is always injurious to the trade of neutrals. The great bulk of foreign commerce with China is in English hands, and heavy loss might result from a blockade of any of the treaty ports. Probably Shanghai might be exempted from such an inconvenience. It has often been remarked that, in consequence of common relations and of exposure to similar dangers, the European and American community has there constituted itself into a sort of little republic. When powerful Mandarins from time to time encourage the lower classes in their hostility to foreigners, the merchants at Shanghai make joint preparations for defence.

The Russians have lately strengthened their fleet in the Pacific; and although the Chinese Government possesses some powerful war steamers, it will scarcely be able to contest the maritime supremacy of Russia. Indeed there seems to be no vulnerable point at which, either on sea or land, the Chinese can reasonably hope to inflict any damage on the enemy. To uncivilized enemies they are formidable by reason of their inexhaustible numbers and their dogged perseverance. The Mahometan States which were established as the result of a successful insurrection seemed likely to be permanent; but when they were weakened by accidental circumstances, the Chinese gradually pressed on, and filled up the gaps which were produced by a war of extermination. A civilized opponent such as Russia may find Chinese hostility troublesome and expensive; but it has nothing to fear from their military or naval force until China shall have adopted European organization. If the Russians intend to keep Kuldja, they cannot be driven out, although they may possibly have a long struggle to maintain their dominion. It is fortunate that the Indian Empire is for the most part separated from the Chinese frontier by wholly or partially independent States; and there has not yet been a territorial dispute between the two Empires. The treaty rights, indeed, which were acquired twenty years ago rest ultimately on force; but the coast of China is accessible to ships of war; and Pekin might, if necessary, be once more occupied. The two Chinese wars which shocked the philanthropists of the last generation have produced lasting peace and commercial intercourse, if not good will on the part of the defeated combatant. The English and French were at that time compelled to assume the offensive. The Russians, in the event of a rupture, may, if they think fit, avoid collision with the Chinese, except in the improbable contingency of an attempt to obtain forcible possession of Kuldja. They may perhaps extend their dominion over the adjacent provinces of China, but they are probably not anxious to burden themselves with an unprofitable addition of territory.

Notwithstanding the apparent laxity of administration which prevails throughout the Empire, the Chinese Government has for some years past encountered no formidable resistance in any part of its dominions. Since the victories of Colonel GORDON, the Taepings seem to have become extinct, and minor attempts at rebellion have been

easily crushed. The recent collapse of an insurrection headed by a bold adventurer has been followed by an attempt to resume an obsolete sovereignty over the Portuguese possession of Macao. The circumstances are not accurately known, but it appears that the Chinese authorities have taken proceedings which imply a refusal to acknowledge the Portuguese title. Whether a legal form or fiction will be converted into a practical claim probably depends on the power of the foreign settlers to maintain rights which are now for the first time questioned. It is highly probable that in Chinese estimation Hong Kong, though it is possessed in full sovereignty by England, may be either a feudal dependency or perhaps a province of the Empire. The Chinese know how to make practical use of their partly real and partly affected ignorance of the condition and rights of foreign nations. On ceremonial occasions the representatives of civilized States have found it almost impossible to assert their equality by methods at the same time satisfactory to themselves and intelligible to prejudiced native spectators. The contrivances by which Chinese courtiers seek to humiliate unconscious strangers have a childish and ludicrous aspect; but, as far as they sustain the natural conviction of superiority, they may sometimes have political value. It is possible that the injustice inflicted on the unfortunate Ambassador, and the menacing attitude which has been assumed towards Russia, may be intended rather to impress the imagination of Chinese subjects than to prepare the way for an impolitic war; yet it is surprising that the Government should not have seized the opportunity of recovering that portion of the province of Kuldja which Russia was willing to cede. It would always have been possible to repudiate or violate the treaty after profiting by its provisions, if circumstances had rendered the recovery of the territory retained by Russia safe or easy. Although China is not yet formidable to great and civilized Powers, the resources which it possesses in the inexhaustible numbers of the population are in their kind wholly unequalled. The national indifference to human life would enable an ambitious Chinese ruler to make enormous sacrifices for the increase of his power, and the tried stability of the Empire renders possible a steady and continuous policy. The bigotry which restrains the Chinese from the use of material improvements of foreign origin suggests a large reserve of wealth and power. The prohibition of railways, because they must in the first instance be constructed and worked by Europeans, will not be perpetual. The Chinese Government has, with a certain inconsistency, imported from England vessels of war of the newest construction; and, although the armament of the troops is still defective, it is believed to have been greatly improved since the last war. If there should be a prolonged contest with Russia, though the result will not be doubtful, it is probable that the Chinese may learn much from the enemy.

PRINCE BISMARCK.

PRINCE BISMARCK has kept away from the German Parliament long enough to make his re-appearance interesting, even if he had not turned the occasion to such really remarkable account as he did last Saturday. As has happened with some of the PRINCE'S most important speeches, what he said went very far beyond the question actually before the House. The occasion of his speech was a motion of Dr. DELBRÜCK'S providing that the ratification of the revised agreement between Germany and Austria relative to the navigation of the Elbe should not prejudice the right of Parliament to determine whether the Customs frontier on the Elbe shall continue, as now, above Hamburg, or be transferred, as the German Government are understood to wish, to a point considerably below that city. This question is indirectly associated with the proposal to incorporate a part of Hamburg into the Customs territory of the Empire. If the change is made, the examination by the German Custom House officers of vessels coming up the Elbe will take place before they reach Hamburg, instead of after they have passed it. It is easy to see what large powers of annoyance this would place in the hands of the Government, and how easily it might be used either to force Hamburg to surrender her rights as a free port or greatly to hamper her in the use of them. The original agreement between Germany and Austria, which dates from the year 1821, specifies the point at which the Customs station shall be fixed; and Dr. DELBRÜCK contends that, in any alteration of the agreement, the place of the Customs station should equally be fixed by Parliament.

It was in answer to this contention that Prince BISMARCK spoke. He did not affect to regard the particular issue as of much importance. The reason he assigned for his reappearance was his desire once more to bear his testimony against the parties which seek to obstruct the development of German unity. It might, however, be the last time in which he should bear this testimony as CHANCELLOR, though he hoped to bear it to the end as a private member. It was especially necessary for him to expose the wicked designs of these parties, because their authors have succeeded in deceiving the very elect. Dr. DELBRÜCK had been his most active and valued fellow-worker in the establishment of the Empire, yet he is now making common cause with the Clericals. The Clericals are the worst enemies the Government had to contend with. They are very strong, and very well disciplined, and the consequence was that they are usually able to furnish half the numbers in an average division. The Samoa Bill was thrown out the other day by a majority half of which were Clericals, and as they are commonly ready to reinforce any party which desires to see the Government defeated, there is never any security that this incident would not repeat itself. Poles, Progressists, Free Traders, all become important in proportion as they make common cause with the Centre. It is to be noted that Prince BISMARCK himself has been guilty of the very crime which he attributes to his adversaries. Last year he went away from Parliament under the conviction that the Centre meant to effect some compromise with the Government. They showed, that is to say, a decided disposition to vote as the Government wished them to vote, and the PRINCE was so pleased with their behaviour that he had serious thoughts of making peace with the POPE. This Session, however, things have gone from bad to worse. The Centre has voted against the Government, and every fraction of the Opposition in turn has supported the Centre in doing so. All this makes for the advantage of Particularism. The National Liberals, who have of late been the greatest sinners in the way of keeping bad company, very much mistake their real interests when they give support to the Centre. They only encourage the Particularist Governments, who want no encouragement. Nor are these Governments themselves much better advised. They may vote against one another in the Federal Council as much as they like, but they may find it dangerous to vote against Prussia. As to Prince BISMARCK himself, it is a matter of very small moment whether the Liberal fractions continue to make common cause with the Centre, or refuse it all support for the future. In the latter case, he is confident of his ability to carry out his policy to the end; in the former case he will be able to wash his hands of the whole concern and go back into private life. Thus he is sure either of victory or rest, and both will be equally agreeable to him.

For the first time Prince BISMARCK seems to have threatened resignation without conveying any sense of terror to those who listened to him. It may be that he has at last convinced the Liberal party in the German Parliament that he does not mean what he says, and that if they continue to vote according to their convictions, he will find some excuse for not inflicting the penalty so often denounced. Great Ministers have been taken at their word before now, and found in the end that a resignation which no one really desired had to be persevered with out of pure shame. At all events, the particular motion which had called forth Prince BISMARCK'S speech was virtually carried against the Government. The new Elbe Navigation Act was referred back to the Select Committee, which has already reported on it, because it contained the clause objected to by Dr. DELBRÜCK. Probably it is not only the frequency of the CHANCELLOR'S threats of resignation that has brought about this result. This undisguised indifference to the issues professedly involved in the legislation against the Catholic Church can have pleased nobody. For nine years Prussia has been agitated by the conflict between the CHANCELLOR and the Vatican. The May Laws have been a constant source of confusion and disturbance. They have not been accepted by the clergy, and in so far as they have been carried out by the secular authorities, they have simply made a united

community a divided one. These are serious consequences to be laid at the door of a particular policy; but it is conceivable that the gain arising from this policy has been so unmistakable that even such drawbacks as these may be put up with. In this case, however, it is for Prince BISMARCK to indicate what these gains have been. It might have been supposed, for example, that he would not have been ready last year to suspend the May Laws unless he had been of opinion that they had answered their purpose. Prince BISMARCK attempts to show nothing of the sort. His object in passing these laws, and his object in holding out hopes of their repeal, has been exclusively Parliamentary. He has been punishing Catholic priests and Catholic bishops because Catholic laymen would not vote as he wishes them. He admits that this is what he has been doing for the last year. It is the action of the Centre in the German and Prussian Parliaments that has made him change his mind about the May Laws. Prince BISMARCK has so accustomed Europe to avowals of this sort, that their full cynicism may scarcely be appreciated. It is very much as though M. DE FREYCINET were to declare that he had published the decrees against the religious orders, not because the religious orders did any particular harm, but because the clerical members of the Chamber of Deputies had voted against the Government on the renewal of the commercial treaty with England. If the May Laws were designed not to ward off a specific danger from the country, but to coerce Catholics into supporting Prince BISMARCK's general policy, there is no section of German or Prussian opinion that can really defend them. Those who dislike this kind of legislation will be able to point to Prince BISMARCK's speech in proof of their contention that it was not required. Those who approve of this kind of legislation will naturally resent an assurance coming from so authoritative a source that it was resorted to merely as a piece of political strategy, and without the slightest reference to any danger to be apprehended from the Catholics. Prince BISMARCK has so often frightened his adversaries into supporting him against their will, that he may succeed in doing so again. But he has never strained his influence so severely as he has done in this instance.

THE DEVONSHIRE CLUB DINNER.

SOME fault has been found with the members of the Devonshire Club for dining together last Wednesday—a piece of fault-finding which we are inclined to think very unreasonable. It is an established maxim in English life that there is no event in existence which does not justify one or both of two proceedings on the strength of it—a presentation at Court and a complimentary dinner. Moreover the guests on this particular occasion, having stood for constituencies in which the Devonshire Club is situated, and of which a large number of its members may be supposed to be electors, had a perfectly sufficient claim to be feasted. The entertainment might perhaps have been spared the presence of the very talkative and very self-satisfied young gentleman whom Middlesex rejected, and whom Leeds was not too proud to pick up. Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE's reference to the "purer political air of the North" was quite in the paternal style, both in its probably unconscious identification of purity and self, and in the remarkable felicity of the conjunction of the ideas of Leeds and pure air of any kind. But Mr. H. GLADSTONE's presence since his adoption, *faute de mieux*, by the town of cloth, was in some sense a superfluity at the Devonshire Club dinner, which was designed to celebrate not so much victory as defeat. Even had it been otherwise, Lord HARTINGTON's very graceful and temperate opening speech would have disarmed the most exasperated Tory—supposing that, after certain recent events, exasperation could linger in any Tory breast. There is something curiously odd in the contrast which the actual leader of the present Ministry and the somewhile leader of the late Opposition present. With one signal and unfortunate exception, Lord HARTINGTON has never eaten his words, simply because he has always measured them. He rarely speaks —he rarely spoke even in the heat of the late contest —without bringing his hearers back into that serener atmosphere of political conflict where the weapons are "arms of courtesy," and where the battle is conducted on the principles which befit a battle in which the question at stake is who shall do most good to the country in his own way. There must indeed have been considerable mental qualification in the hope which Lord HARTINGTON expressed that his party had "succeeded in avoiding personality." But for his own part he might have made the statement in stronger terms than that of hope. It is Lord HARTINGTON's misfortune, not his fault, that he has to repair the blunders and excuse the indecencies of colleagues who are older than himself, but certainly not wiser.

In the replies of the guests the same spirit of moderation was not uniformly exhibited. Sir ARTHUR HOBHOUSE has before now exhibited proficiency in the art of putting his foot in it, and he certainly repeated the manœuvre on Wednesday night. It appears, indeed, that Sir ARTHUR "does not desire a seat in the House of Commons." The grapes in May are still sour, no doubt. But the original fox did not, as far as we remember, make his statement to an assembly gathered together to congratulate him on the efforts he had made to show that they were sweet. Sir ARTHUR's references to the past were, however, less remarkable and much less unfortunate than his hopes as to the future. He hopes, it seems, that at the next general election the strongest argument in favour of the Liberal candidates for Westminster will be a comparison between the present Government and the last. He hopes to be able to say that "since Lord BEACONSFIELD was "driven from office, no Minister has tarnished his honour "by saying the thing that was not, and that when "our Ministers make an assertion, that assertion represents a fact." Alas for Sir ARTHUR HOBHOUSE! His speech was doubtless composed before the publication of Mr. GLADSTONE's letter to Count KAROLYI and of Mr. STANHOPE's reply to Mr. FAWCETT. Mr. FAWCETT, at any rate, is, we should have said, a very conspicuous instance of a Minister, if not a Cabinet Minister, making an assertion which represented the very reverse of a fact. Mr. JOHN MORLEY, as was to be expected, steered clear of such rocks. He need not perhaps have done vicarious penance for the "journalist and man of letters" over whom Lord HARTINGTON had indulged in the least little crow—the most polite and gentlemanlike of crows. The INDIAN SECRETARY had perhaps fair game of not a few of our contemporaries in his reference to the dispositions evinced towards the new Government by some pretty loud supporters of the old. The jades which are galled by this may wince, and those whose withers are unwrung need not affect any inordinate sympathy with them. But when Mr. MORLEY declares that the London journalist has latterly been the "wrongest of men," and attributes his wrongness to a belated admiration of Lord BEACONSFIELD, he is scarcely on such safe ground. His attribution of causes is certainly erroneous, and events seem in the most obstinate and ungracious way in the world to be showing that the men of letters and journalists were curiously right in their wrongness. They said, for instance, that Mr. GLADSTONE would as Prime Minister make himself and the country ridiculous, and he has done it almost before his chairs and tables have had time to get into Downing Street. They said that the incoming Ministry would find it impossible to reverse the foreign policy of the late Government, and this, too, has already been proved true. On the part of the "wrongest of men" these must be admitted to be singular and unaccountable glimmerings of rightness, shown to be such in a still more singularly and unaccountably short space of time.

Politically speaking, the two speeches which Lord HARTINGTON made, if they do not contain much positive information, present a sufficiently curious study, and throw not a little light on the present somewhat anomalous state of the Government. As to what the Ministry was going to do, the speaker naturally could or would give but little information on the subject, only begging for no indulgence in great expectations. It seems to have burst upon the late Opposition quite suddenly that the government of the country in such times as the present is not such an easy thing after all, and requires considerate handling. As to general lines of conduct, Lord HARTINGTON could only make the familiar reference to "those principles which we are endeavouring to "support and that policy which we wished to condemn." But to these mysterious principles the old Herodotean phrase, "which it is not lawful to mention," might conveniently have been added; and, as to the condemned policy, it must have struck even Lord HARTINGTON's hearers as odd

that it should already have been adopted. But the real subject for remark was the singular position which the speaker and his hearers assumed towards each other. Lord HARTINGTON spoke as the virtual leader of the Liberal party; expressed, as such, his acquiescence in present arrangements; was treated as such by the guests. The general conclusion resulting from the whole affair was that Mr. GLADSTONE is Premier by the grace of Lord HARTINGTON. And this conclusion results, not from any assumption in words on the part of the younger leader, nor from any suggestion of disagreement, but simply from an indefinable total impression. That such an impression is in accordance with what Mr. CARLYLE used to call the laws of the Universe, such events as the KAROLYI letter seem to be rapidly proving. The situation is altogether a peculiar one, and it remains to be seen how far it will prove lasting or possible. As far as Lord HARTINGTON is concerned it must necessarily be to his advantage. He has plenty of time before him, he can afford to wait, and every folly and false step of his nominal superior must redound to his credit. Probably, too, the triple wall of self-esteem which hedges in Mr. GLADSTONE will prevent him from realizing the relation in which he stands to the INDIAN SECRETARY. If he did realize it, the effect might be rather alarming; for Mr. GLADSTONE, as was said of DRYDEN, "is not of a temper to design to be a foil to "any one." But while the nominal unity of the Ministry may thus be maintained notwithstanding a position almost as logically false as, as it was said beforehand, would be that of a Ministry with Lord HARTINGTON at its head and Mr. GLADSTONE as a subordinate, the possibility of permanently maintaining the unity of the party seems more doubtful. In the first flush of victory Radicals like Mr. COHEN, and even Radicals of a more advanced type than the member for Southwark, may be content to eulogize Lord HARTINGTON. But when the situation which is just emerging becomes further developed, when the divergence of Radical and Whig becomes once more marked, how will the Extreme Left bear the increase of Lord HARTINGTON and the decrease of Mr. GLADSTONE, and what will be the result of their apparently inevitable discontent? We can only say that then will come the time for Lord HARTINGTON to clear himself of the only stain on his political scutcheon—the too memorable surrender to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on the Army Discipline Bill. It is possible that that surrender was dictated by a feeling that in Opposition and in the day of battle "it would not do to discourage "friends," a feeling politic perhaps, if of doubtful morality. There will be no such excuse in the case now supposed; and it will be at that day, which must sooner or later arrive in the ordinary course of things, that Lord HARTINGTON will have to show whether his moderation comes from the consciousness of strength or from the consciousness of weakness.

SUNDAY LABOUR IN FRANCE.

THE French Senate has lately had under consideration a Bill to repeal the law which forbids labour on Sundays and Feast-days. Englishmen may be surprised to hear that such a law is in existence. A "French Sunday" has long been a synonym in this country for a day on which the shops are open and the ordinary occupations of life go on as they do during the week. There has of late years been a considerable movement among Catholics in the direction of a stricter observance of Sunday, but it has not been extensive enough to affect the general aspect of business life. Ever since 1814, however, a law forbidding Sunday labour has had a place in the Statute-book, and the Sabbath-breaking customs which have so shocked English travellers of the gentler yet stricter sex have grown up in distinct violation of it. It may be thought that, as the law has never been obeyed, it was needless to provoke religious strife by a proposal to repeal it, and before the resuscitation of the laws against the religious orders this argument might perhaps have prevailed. But it is not an argument to which a Government which has been hunting up disused weapons in the legal armoury can resort without danger. The law against Sunday labour is at all events more recent than the laws on which the decrees against the Jesuits are founded, and it is certainly not more obsolete than the latter were till lately supposed to be. Supposing that an attempt to put the law of 1814 in force had suddenly been made, the Government would have found themselves in a difficulty. They could hardly have allowed the law to be put in action without remonstrance or contention, and yet, if they had resisted the application of it, they must have done so on the ground that laws which have been allowed for a long course of years to go unexecuted have thereby become obsolete. The spectacle of the Government lawyers reduced to employ this argument would have been more pleasing to good Catholics than edifying to good Republicans.

That the law has never been popular in France is not wonderful. It dates from a bad time. The religious reaction of 1814 was one of the least respectable of its class. It was vindictive rather than reforming, and more anxious to annoy the sinner than to reclaim him. The repose of the workman held but a small place in the thoughts of the authors of the law. They were more interested in securing the observance of an occasional Feast-day which was only recognized by Catholics, than in giving legislative force to the weekly holiday. What is stranger still, however, is that the French workman has never learnt to regard the observance of Sunday in the light in which the English workman regards it. What this light is is very well shown by the reception which the working classes have mostly given to the movement in favour of opening museums and picture galleries on Sundays. The English artisan is not specially devoted to church-going, and he is probably quite indifferent to the alleged antagonism between the opening of those places and the religious observance of Sunday. The change would enlarge his opportunities of amusing himself during his weekly holiday; and if he chose to put the necessary pressure on the Government, he could obtain it without difficulty. Yet he does not put this pressure, although he is diligently called upon to do so by a Society which has been founded for the special purpose of opening his eyes on the question. The reason of this apathy is easily told. He has a very keen fear that, if there is more amusement to be had on Sundays, there will be more work to be done on Sundays. He does not believe, with one of the speakers in the late debate in the French Senate, that there is no need to protect the workman against his master, and that no matter what the law says, the workman will always be sure of the weekly holiday for the simple reason that he will choose to have it. The theory of the English workman evidently is that the security of the weekly holiday would be gone if there were no legal difference between Sundays and other days. He is so convinced of this that he does not wish to see that difference done away with, even in a particular in which it operates to his disadvantage. He believes, rightly or wrongly, that, in proportion as Sunday labour is recognized by law—he does not object to a good deal of it so long as it is not so recognized—the practical exaction of Sunday labour will be brought nearer. A habit of stipulating for work to be done on Sundays, and of including Sunday in the week's wages, and deducting a seventh part in the case of workmen who worked only six days, would, he thinks, grow up by degrees. Weighing one thing against another, therefore, he is content to see a few public galleries closed against him on the one day when he can go to them. He would rather, that is, have them closed than opened under conditions which, as he believes, might leave him no more opportunity of visiting them than he has now.

Why is it that there is no parallel to this feeling in the mind of the French workman? His position with regard to his employer is in no way superior to that of the English workman. He is no better able to resist a demand for more work than the English workman. Indeed it may fairly be said that in this respect his position is very much worse than that of the English workman. The hours of labour in France are very much longer than they are in England; and, whatever may be true of peasants working on their own ground or shopkeepers working in their own business, there is no reason to suppose that Frenchmen working for other people are any more disposed than Englishmen to work longer hours than they are obliged. The natural conclusion from this would be that the French workman, finding himself not so able as the English workman to hold his own against his master, would be proportionately more anxious not to part with a single element of protection which the law happens to give him. If this was the feeling, however, it would certainly show itself in the action of the Legislature. A Bill to repeal the prohibition of Sunday labour, instead of being supported by

a Radical Government, and commanding a majority even in the less Radical of the two Chambers, would have been stoutly and successfully resisted. It is the working-men who are most immediately interested in the maintenance or abolition of the law, and under universal suffrage there can scarcely be a doubt that a vote in favour of its abolition means that the working-men are glad to see it go. Why should French working-men look at the question in such a different light from that in which English working-men look at it? They are not less fond of holiday-making; they are supposed to know very much better how to make the most of a holiday. In the natural course of things, therefore, they should be even more anxious not to see the principle of a weekly holiday broken down, the more so as they cannot complain that in practice the law has ever prevented them from working on Sundays if they wanted to do so.

The explanation is to be found in that passionate hatred of Catholicism which supplies the key to so much in contemporary French politics. The French workman will risk the loss of his weekly holiday, just as he will risk the loss of the right of public meeting, or the right of association, or the right of educating his children to his mind, or of anything else that he values, provided that by risking it he can inflict a similar loss upon Catholics. He does not want to make holiday on Sunday; he prefers to make it on Monday. In England the workman's love of the Monday holiday is intelligible. It is another holiday in the week, a holiday tacked on to the Sunday, not a holiday substituted for the Sunday; and there is much more to be done on it in the way of amusement. In France the Monday is to a great extent substituted for the Sunday, not tacked on to it; and there is no reason in the nature of things why the workman should prefer the Monday. In fact, however, there is the very best reason possible. Catholics like to make a holiday on Sunday, and that is enough to send the majority of the artisans to work on that day, and to fill them with the hope that Catholic workmen may somehow suffer from their determination to treat this particular day as something distinct from the rest of the week. It is nothing to them that the interests of Catholics happen to be identical with their own, inasmuch as both desire a holiday, and only differ from one another as to the manner in which it is to be spent. The agreement goes for nothing, the difference goes for everything. The abolition of the law forbidding Sunday labour will get rid of one more link between religion and the State, and that is an object to bring about which a French Radical would gladly work an additional day a week. Even self-interest is silenced in the presence of theological passion.

SOCIAL AND LITERARY DANDYISM.

DANDIES, like saints, are never much beloved by their fellow-creatures. Like saints, they have an ideal perfection of manner and dress, and ideals are felt to be impertinent. To be a dandy is to outrage the vanity of every one who has not the energy to be wakefully attentive to details of deportment and costume. The great dandies of old days, Brummell, Lauzun, and the rest, were everywhere welcomed because they made themselves disagreeable to so many people. There is a kind of popularity which is acquired by an attitude provokingly unpopular. Men and women are attracted by the courage which despises and disregards their feelings. People whose minute perfections and sense of their own merit make them detested, become notorious, and consequently are sought after. A sage might say to aspiring boyhood, "Young man, be a puppy." In this respect, as in others more important, the prizes of the world are to the impudent. Society truckles to people who can consistently display their conscious superiority. The very magnitude of their insolence and the calmness of their fatuity excite curiosity and welcome analysis. People are anxious to judge for themselves as to whether a conspicuously conceited fellow is in earnest and a supreme fool, or whether he is quietly playing a part. Thus the eccentricity of imperturbable vanity, a vanity which declares itself in peculiarity of dress and manners, is rather a good introduction to society. A famous living statesman was remarkable for his canes and waistcoats even before he was admired or feared for his wit or eloquence. Dandyism was to him only a stepping-stone, as it usually is to young people of high ambition and real strength of character. They learn very early in life that to be remarked is the first thing necessary for success, and social is of course more readily attained than literary or political notoriety, and may lead on to these higher prizes. It would probably be a mistake to suppose that "the higher dandyism" is entirely a matter of calculation. The most distinguished dandies in the history of society have been men of great power and ambition disguised as fops. They have thus disguised themselves, not only because the distinction gained by impertinent perfection of dress was necessary to their projects, but because they could not do anything by halves, and because they were supremely vain. Vanity, a quality much decried, is really necessary for some sorts of success. Without vanity there could scarcely be any ambition. In the evolution of character vanity first declares itself in the love of finery which is remarkable in the child and the savage, and which clings to many generals, statesmen, and divines. The gigantic tailor's and jeweller's bills of a son do not usually make a parent's heart sing for joy; but these bills may, in rare cases, be more full of promise and encouragement than any number of medals and first-classes. It is difficult, however, to get parents and guardians to take this hopeful view, and the young genius for dandyism, like genius for the other arts, is too often persecuted by indignant and terrified relations.

A young man is never more certain of social success than at the moment when most other young men never mention him without saying that they "would like to kick him." As Thackeray observed in the case of Pendennis, that desire is the result of envy and of conscious humiliation awakened in manly bosoms. To provoke people so much is a token of superiority, and a prize of nonchalance. Nor is it social dandyism alone which thus irritates the rabble of decent fellows who have neither the vanity, nor the impudence, nor the strength of resolution to win distinction. Literary dandyism is also excessively annoying to the rugged hodmen of letters, the rapid picturesque writers, the half or quarter-educated persons who crowd the press, and carry their farrago of ill-assorted observations to an uncritical public. These industrious persons detest the literary dandy, the man who minds his periods, and regards the cadence of his sentences, and shuns stock illustrations and old quotations, as the social dandy avoids dirty gloves and clumsy boots. They howl at him as the little humorous street boys bully some small Etonian with a tall hat and a broad white collar, who has lost himself in Seven Dials. This antagonism naturally breeds more excess in literary dandyism, till the prose of some critics is as full of musk or millefleurs as the handkerchief of a popular preacher. Both parties are hardened in their ways; the rough and ready pressman becomes careless even of grammar, and trots out his quotations from Macaulay's essays more vigorously than of old. The prose of the exquisite begins to die away in aromatic nonsense, and his great genius tires itself to death in the hunting for rare exotic adjectives.

There have been schools of literary dandyism, there have been literary dandies, more robust than those of our time. Where we can show nothing much better (if Mr. Arnold belongs to an earlier generation) than Mr. Dowden and Mr. Pater, the great literary ages can boast of Plato, Catullus, Ronsard, Pascal, Horace Walpole, Sir Philip Sidney—nay, one might add, Buffon and Machiavelli. The two last named may be recognized as literary dandies because they respected the mere details of their literary labour. They were not of the sect that swears by tattered old slippers that toast at the fire, and ragged old jackets perfumed with cigars. They arrayed themselves in fine linen, if not in purple, before they sat down to describe the animal kingdom or give rules for the conduct of the Prince. The other writers, whose names we have taken very much at random from a crowd of the greatest authors, were dandies in style, exquisites in literary manners, precisians who turned away from what was commonplace in thought. They lived among slipshod writers, or in ages when all the world scribbled, or in times when style was disregarded, or not invented, and they set themselves to seek after grace and distinction. One can imagine how the Athenians, who were accustomed to the harsh and niggardly style of the old chroniclers, or the half-developed prose of Herodotus, laughed at Plato. That philosopher, if the portrait-bust of him does him no injustice, was very careful about the dressing and curling of his ambrosial locks. It is more certain that he must have given immense labour to the perfection of his style, to that instrument of extraordinary suppleness and grace which was derived from no model. The tradition says that the first clause of the *Republic* was found written in nine different ways in a note-book of Plato's. Whether the legend be true or not, the polish of his manners and the "educated insolence" of his wit sufficiently mark Plato as the great father and patron of all literary dandies. Catullus was not less a literary exquisite, with his airs of a spoiled wit, and his style, like his *novum libellum, arida modo pumice expolitum*. He naturally takes his place among *homines venustiores*, among gentlemen who care for the attire of their thoughts, who let the toga trail with a delicate grace, and despise all muses *inlepidæ atque inelegantes*. The famous Pleiad of France, the seven poets and critics of the sixteenth century, was a *coterie* of literary dandies. They made it their business to care for the way in which thoughts were presented; they devised lace and jewelry of style and of versification; and boasted of *ceste celeste maniere d'escrire*, a celestial transcendental manner of writing. Du Bellay ventured to discover that the old French of Froissart and Villon was *scabreux et mal poly*, and he and his friends were only the precursors of three or four successive schools of literary dandies in France. Who can consider the polish, the precision, the accuracy of that speech, its point and elegance, which make even dull writers seem witty, and fail to acknowledge that the work of the literary dandies has not been wholly wasted? Some advantage came of the conceit and careful periods even of the elder Balzac. And though the great Balzac of a

later time is more remarkable for vigour than elegance, it was at perfection that he too aimed. Plato did not rewrite his sentences more frequently; and the ruin of at least one publisher, by Balzac's expensive corrections of the press, proved how minutely careful he was to have his thought draped in the very best and richest language he could procure by incessant research. Our own revival of letters had its heroic dandy in Sir Philip Sidney, with his contempt for the slovens and grobians of literature, those "paper-blurrers" who, "by their own disgracefulness, disgrace the most graceful of *Poesy*." Sidney's censure of the dramatists of his time is a typical example of the scorn of the literary dandy of the nobler sort. "Now you shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By-and-by we hear news of a shipwreck in the same place; then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while, in the meantime, two armies fly in, represented with swords and bucklers; and then, what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?"

It would be easy to carry on the history of literary dandyism. The elegant disdain of Pascal, and his care for polished insolence of irony, might lead us to the reserved conceit and minute toil of Gray, and thence we might pass to the fine gentlemanly literature of Walpole. Modern France had its school of *dandysme* under the master whom Ouida and the Society journals call by the appropriate name of Beaudelaire. It might probably be demonstrated that literary dandyism has been salutary as well as irritating, that it has served as a protest against the lax language and outworn commonplace of the press-man and the poetaster, and that, like ordinary dandyism, it has made its disciples more distinguished among than beloved by their literary brethren.

THORNS IN THE CUSHION.

BELIEVERS in the operations of Nemesis must have found much agreeable and interesting reading in their newspapers during the past week; and the ingenious author of the *Happy Land* must, we should think, have received important hints for the *scenario* of a new drama. It is very doubtful whether, within the space of about forty-eight hours, three prominent members of an English Ministry ever cut such remarkably sorry figures as the Prime Minister, the Home Secretary, and the Postmaster-General cut between Saturday evening and Tuesday morning. The misfortunes of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Fawcett bore, moreover, a painful similarity to one another, while that of Sir William Harcourt was, to do him justice, more of the involuntary order than those of his colleagues. Already we have had occasion to notice a singular mania for repentance in the minor members of the triumphant party, and Sir Rainald Knightley's truly diabolical suggestion that Mr. Samuel Morley should be put on the Bradlaugh Committee has given that particular jest a new lease of life. But the apologetic contortions of the minnows are naturally less attractive than those of the tritons. *Ab Jove principium* (which we do not mean to translate, as a student less attentive to the proper construction than to the separate meanings of the words and the facts of the moment might take it, "By Jove, this *is* a beginning!" but) let us begin with Mr. Gladstone. The stereotyped formula of comment on his remarkable letter to Count Karolyi has been that "probably no such missive has ever been signed by a Prime Minister of England before." We should be inclined to add a sincere hope that no such document will ever be signed by a Prime Minister of England again. If indeed it were possible to identify Mr. Gladstone with England, the letter would be productive of less amusement than vexation to good Englishmen. But, as it would be just as sensible to identify Mr. Gladstone with the country as to identify a fit of scarlet fever with the patient who had incautiously caught that disease, it does not so very much matter. The terms of the apology have been discovered by some connoisseurs in language to be "graceful," but the particular variety of grace which they display would be a little puzzling to indicate. The culprit begins by saying that when he accepted the Queen's commands to form a Ministry he made up his mind that he would not repeat, or even defend, the "polemical language" which he had previously used. Polemical language is a phrase rather neater than is usual with Mr. Gladstone, and we hope that the next offender who appears at Bow Street charged with sins of the tongue will remember it. But it is a little odd that a statesman should confess to indulgence in language which, by his own admission, is utterly unsuited to the part he may have to play a few days after using it. Then comes the apology proper, and an assurance of Mr. Gladstone's "cordial respect for the efforts of the Emperor"—the efforts, be it remembered, which he had previously described in polemical language as those of the ruler of a country "which has been the unflinching foe of freedom," and of which "it was impossible to say that it had done good in any spot of Europe." This lands us in a pleasing dilemma. Either Austria is not the unflinching foe of freedom, &c., or else Mr. Gladstone has a cordial respect for the unflinching foe of freedom. After this, in his usual lengthy fashion, Mr. Gladstone hints that, if he had been supplied with a declaration of the purity of Austria's intentions, he would never have talked polemically. Now, by his own description, he was at the time of speaking only a private person fighting for his seat. From which we gather that it was the duty of the Emperor of Austria to supply every English candidate with a categorical statement to the effect that he, the Emperor, intended to keep his pledges. The "grace" of this attempt at self-excuse is peculiar. But it has long been a characteristic of Mr. Gladstone's apologies that they never allow himself to have been really in the wrong. In consequence of this custom, several birds are invariably killed by these stones. The offended person is not unduly propitiated, and the apologist has the advantage of having to apologize, with the additional awkwardness of seeming to grudge his apology. Still it would be wrong to quarrel with so great an authority on the art of speaking in haste and repenting at leisure as the present Prime Minister. The garden space allotted to his official residence is not extensive, but it is to be hoped that he has already sent to his new constituents for a supply of the best Musselburgh leeks. The guests at the first Ministerial dinner next Wednesday are sure already of at least two dainties. Mr. Gladstone is known to have no fancy for whitebait. But of cock-a-leekie there should be good store, and a prime humble pie is already in cut at Downing Street.

The Postmaster-General has, so to speak, eaten his leek with a difference—a difference which may surprise those who, disagreeing with Mr. Fawcett in politics, have hitherto had in many ways a high respect for him. Mr. Gladstone's original crime was simply the indulgence in indecent and violent language, which is with him "pretty Fanny's way," and the fault of his apology lies chiefly in the awkward and unctuous verbosity which is also natural to him. But Mr. Fawcett's case is not so pleasant a one. Indeed, to describe it properly, we are almost afraid we should have to borrow the vocabulary of the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Mr. Fawcett goes to Hackney, describes the courtesy he has himself received from members of the late Government, and then goes on to charge that Government with what, had it been the fact, would have been not merely an act deserving impeachment in days when impeachments were, but one which would also have been impossible to any body of gentlemen or any individual gentleman. After which he was good enough to promise his "assistance" to Lord Hartington in looking after Indian matters. If the Indian Secretary on reading this speech did not with emphasis express the wish that Mr. Fawcett would mind his own business, the House of Cavendish has in its heir a model of Christian meekness. The story which Mr. Fawcett must have got from some backstairs tittle-tattle of clerks was an utterly and ludicrously false one, and received a flat contradiction from Mr. Stanhope with great promptitude. Thereupon Mr. Fawcett apologizes in language which, though not so involved as Mr. Gladstone's, far surpasses the latter in ungraciousness and impropriety. Mr. Fawcett tries in a roundabout fashion to fix once more upon his adversaries the charge which has been shown to be utterly baseless, and "regrets having blamed the Government for not communicating the information" which they had not got. Mr. Fawcett's sorrow certainly does not seem to weigh heavily upon him, and he does not seem to understand too clearly what it is that he ought to regret. However this may be, the duet with his chief is a very sufficient one, and the country, we have no doubt, is proud of the powers of the executants. The Congregational Unions which pass resolutions hailing "the new legislative and administrative era" may have this little exhibition respectfully commended to them. In the hurry of the moment Mr. Samuel Morley forgets his God; in the hurry of the moment Mr. Gladstone forgets history, statesmanship, and international courtesy; in the hurry of the moment Mr. Fawcett forgets the Ninth Commandment. *Redeunt Saturnia regna.* The leader of the new era first makes a blustering attack and then a grovelling apology; and one of his aides first utters a slander and then, forced to retract it, endeavours to make out that it was not so very much of a slander after all. A Radical wit, in the elegant polemical language affected by that party, once designated Her Majesty's late advisers as the Ministry of All the Liars. It was a fortunate anticipation, for otherwise the phrase might have found a different application.

We must almost apologize for classing Sir William Harcourt's misfortune with these. The thorn in his cushion is something of a bull, for the Home Secretary's particular woe is that he has not got a cushion. He is the dark star of the Government Pleiad, the wandering Achamoth of the Ministerial Pleroma. But his mishap, if more ludicrous than those of his colleagues, is also more respectable and more reparable. A Ministry which cannot find seats for its chief members is not necessarily disgraced thereby; a Ministry whose members alternately make false statements and retract them abjectly or grudgingly may perhaps go near to be thought so shortly. Yet at the bottom Sir William Harcourt's troubles have had the same cause, though not quite the same complexion, as his friends. The mania for polemical language which for some years has affected almost all the chiefs of the party (Lord Hartington being almost the only exception) has wrought all this woe. If the Home Secretary could have refrained from vulgar exultation and coarse abuse in his hour of triumph, he would probably not have had to suffer an indefinite period of specially inconvenient defeat. If Mr. Gladstone could have grasped the fact that anybody who did not wish him success was not necessarily the offscouring of the world, he would not, at least on this particular occasion, have been laughed at in every capital of Europe, and have proclaimed his hopeless incapacity for statesmanship simultaneously with his assumption of the reins of State. If Mr. Fawcett could have waited a day or two, or have minded his own business, he would not have had to brook the plain words—"That is not true"—which leave a sting in the soul of every gentleman. Such little accidents as these can of course have no effect—no immediate

effect that is to say—on a majority of some three or four score and a Cabinet of all the virtues. But still it might be well for the Government to put some restraint upon their undoubted capacity for making themselves ridiculous, and perhaps a little more. If they force the pace in this fashion, even they must find it impossible to keep it up. No Cabinet, no Government, can serve up a member hot as the laughing-stock of the country every morning for an unlimited period. A Home Secretary as seatless as a cherub, defeated by the very party over whose utter overthrow he has been crowing his shrillest; a Prime Minister proclaiming himself to have been a windy talker about things on which he was not "supplied with the information" which everybody else had, and dragging his country through the dirt of an apology for which there never ought to have been any cause; a Postmaster-General pumping clerks of Government departments for information like a private detective, and pushing his own colleague out of the way to make false platform revelations on matters within that colleague's province—these are characters and situations of a strength which no dramatist can sustain through the piece. And even if the superhuman power of the chief in this respect should continue to inspire his subordinates with unwonted efforts—if, for instance, an odd little story about a certain interview of a certain Under-Secretary with a certain correspondent should turn out to be true—the laughing powers of the spectators will soon be exhausted. Man may be a risible animal, but none of his faculties are capable of indefinite exertion. It is even just possible—we beg the pardon of the Congregational Unions for the suggestion—that amusement might in time give place to another feeling. It did so, if we remember rightly, once before, indeed not much more than seven years ago. Innocent self-revelations of the Gladstone-Fawcett kind are apt after a time to create a dim notion even in the Congregational mind that there is something wrong. "The Lord's lambs mun' play," as an indecorous story has it. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Fawcett are undoubted "brébis du Seigneur"; but they are surely beginning their gambols with injudicious energy and speed.

THE MUSICAL MAN.

MR. DU MAURIER has of late devoted himself in the pages of *Punch* with great ability to holding up to the derision of the world the silly side of æstheticism. Would-be poets and painters, *dilettanti* and *cognoscenti*, are the victims of his pencil. At times he has attacked the musical amateur, but not with the sting which he employs in other cases. Perhaps it might be argued that there is hardly the scope for ridicule in the case of musical amateurs that exists with regard to the class of people Mr. Du Maurier generally deals with; but the real reason is to be found in quite another quarter. If there is a subject upon which society considers it has a right to speak, it is music. Any amount of nonsense, any quantity of dogmatic assertion, any foolish jingle of empty words, passes in society as musical criticism. Knowledge of the subject matters not, provided the expressions of approval or disapproval are sufficiently vehement, and downright abuse only adds piquancy which the vulgar mind mistakes for satire. It always was and ever will be so. The artist will sneer at the critic's ignorance, the critic at the artist's. There is nothing new in it, and had the case remained so there were no necessity for our present remarks.

Formerly this kind of musical criticism was mainly confined to the newspapers, but now some able professor of the art is to be found in every drawing-room. The musical man, as he is called, as if in unconscious recognition of the superiority of the true musician, is far from the rarity that he was at one time. There is hardly a hostess in London who could not produce one at a few moments' notice to delight the ears of her guests with his views upon music. He is, to outward appearance, much the same as his brethren in the other arts. A plentiful lack of hair on his pallid face, with an abnormal development of the same on his head; a languid air, indicative of the earlier stages of consumption; a sad expression of countenance, as if weary of the ways of men; a looseness of collar and necktie; an affectation of poetical abstraction; and a general effeminacy in movement and posture, are all present in the musical man. So far he is inoffensive enough, and may even become amusing; but it is when we are brought face to face with him that the disagreeable characteristics make themselves apparent. As far as we are able to judge, he has three distinct ways of addressing an interlocutor —the humble, the patronizing, and the insolent. The first he employs whilst conversing with a musician, when his remarks are chiefly confined to monosyllables of affirmation or negation; the second in his intercourse with ladies generally; and the third to all those whom he considers his inferiors, and this is a very large proportion of the human race. As to his claim to the title of musical, it will generally be found to be the slightest. He plays the pianoforte, and sings with more or less success little French or German songs, and will, if asked (he needs no pressing), give his audience a little *chanson* of his own composition. As far as talk about music is concerned, he will talk to Doomsday; but his remarks are dogmatic and void of argument. Most musical men have their musical heroes, though we have met with some who honestly affirm that they are their own heroes. Brahms, Wagner, and now Hermann Götz, can each boast of their musical men, who cannot converse for five minutes without dragging in their own special heroes by the heels; but perhaps the most exasperating specimen of this type is he who has a musical hero that no one has heard of before, or, at least, that you suppose no one has heard of before. Not to know the writings of Herr Ignatius Brausekopf is a sin that you will not easily be forgiven by such a one, and the full vials of his wrath will be poured out on your devoted head. His dogmatism will show itself in all its terrible vigour. Do you think Rossini a great musician? You will be met with invective against the Italian school. Mozart a master of his art? You will be answered that you are an advocate of tunes. And here, in passing, it may be remarked that this special form of musical man avows himself almost an enemy to melody. Perhaps you may express a strong liking for the intense power of Beethoven; you will immediately be met with a patronizing assent, only to be flooded with praise of the hero Brausekopf. And, for all you know, the poor man whose name has thus been thrust upon your attention may be a most worthy and rising musician who is personally as unknown to the musical man as to yourself. To such nonsense as this is one subjected, and in protest we write, Let every one beware of the musical man if he would enjoy himself at any social gathering. The ignorance of the creature is colossal. One of the tribe, in discoursing in his usual self-opinionated way of the rendering of Beethoven's *Waldstein* sonata some time ago, persistently called it the "Wallenstein" sonata, in spite of charitable attempts to make him see the mistake he had fallen into. Our forefathers were apt to discourage all attempts at the dissemination of musical knowledge among men, giving as their reason that music was only an accomplishment fitted for women and for fools. Had they any foreknowledge of the advent of the musical man?

Who is responsible for this new and rapidly increasing genus? Sorrowfully it must be admitted that women are the fosterers of this unpleasant type of man. Formerly, in fact quite within the memory of middle-aged men, to be unmusical was not considered a sin. Now alas, it is. Not to be able at least to talk upon the subject will, if it does not totally extinguish, at least cast a shadow over your conversational powers. And this is the decree of ladies in society. It is doubtless an easy way of paying a social debt to invite a host of friends to an uncomfortable crush, where each one, after having saluted the hostess, endeavours with all the alacrity at his command to escape from the miseries impending; but such crushes become irksome to the average mortal, and it was necessary to enliven them with some excitement, and what more pleasant than music? Thus music became fashionable. The rich paid heavily for professional performers, but what were the needy followers in their steps to do? The musical man became at once an attraction, and the competition for him increased to a mania. Now this personage, being a Brummagem article, was easily manufactured to meet the demand. Given a certain amount of assurance and a nimbleness of finger at the pianoforte, the rest might be safely left to the tailor, barber, and haberdasher. Thus sprang into life the musical man as we now have him. Of course it is only human nature that he should suppose he really has the ring of true metal about him, and even if he were to fall into a momentary fit of modesty and fancy that he was not the genius he supposed himself, society—that is, the ladies—would not allow him to undeceive himself. There was no help for it; so the musical man became society's hero even in spite of himself. Fashion demanded him, and he was produced. This would not have been so had the fair hostesses who cultivate the music mania lived in the time of their forefathers, when music was studied as an art, not as an accomplishment. Sad as it may seem, it is nevertheless true that, although the taste, as it is called, for music is more general, the study of the art is much more rare than formerly. We speak, of course, of those who do not make music a profession. The accomplished young lady of the present day, who plays the most difficult music with facility, could not do what probably her grandmother, let us say, considered a matter of no inordinate difficulty. For instance, we have known old ladies transpose at sight, read a figured bass or score, and show themselves in every way acquainted with harmony and thorough-bass—words which to the ordinary accomplished young lady of our time mean an amount of knowledge scarcely to be attained in a lifetime. In those days men travelled by stage-coach and not by steam, and it appears they studied earnestly and were not driven by fashion. The fact is that those who wished it were educated in music, and those who did not wish it left it alone. Of course there was no room for musical men. Times like those may perhaps come again when a sufficient amount of rope has been granted to these gentlemen to hang themselves, but meanwhile we have to submit to their dictation. As things stand at present, however, five minutes' conversation with any of the ladies who encourage him will show you what the musical man's power is. Even if you are not favoured with his name, you will find that you are considered a fool for not thinking as he does. That he is a tyrant to his patronesses we doubt not, but we fear that even under these circumstances they value the appearance of culture too much to rid themselves of this useful purveyor. We do not know that the existence of this class of men does any permanent damage to the cause of music, but it accounts in a great degree for the large amount of nonsense that one hears people talk upon the subject, and it is a pitiable thing to see persons, otherwise in their right minds, listening to and applauding such rubbish as these musical men give forth. Prigs there ever will be, and they are sufficiently irritating companions, but still they are mostly tolerable in comparison with the musical man. His priggishness is combined with a contempt for his sex and a disgusting effeminacy. We are apt to inveigh against the affectation of manliness in a

woman; but how much more detestable is the affectation of womanliness in a man!

Believing, however, as we firmly do, that there is some use in nature for all created things, we set ourselves to work to find out in what possible way the musical man fulfilled his destiny. For a long time we despaired, and began to think that at last we had found one exception to an otherwise universal truth; but at last we were rejoiced to discover that the musical man, like all other things in creation, has his sphere of usefulness. Indeed, judging from the answers of many ladies of whom we have inquired, he is a veritable treasure, an unpaid private secretary, a confidential agent, a general trouble-saver, the one thing needful to the over-worked lady of fashion. He will arrange, we are told, a dinner-party, write all the invitations, nay even instruct the French cook in his own tongue. We have met with some musical men, it is true, whose only recommendation is that they are veiled in mystery. "Who is he?" we have heard asked. "I don't know; but he is charming, and so useful!" comes the answer; "and you meet him everywhere"—the latter part of which we can endorse sorrowfully. There are rumours that the musical man has been known, through sheer gratitude, to be the medium of introducing a wealthy but somewhat vulgar patroness into those regions which take the place of paradise to the opulent *parvenue*. Need more be said? Indeed he has his uses, this gentle, insolent musical man; it is only to be wished that he would stick to his last and leave music to musicians. We fear, alas! that that is just what he will not do.

THE FRENCH STAGE.

THE opposition to *Daniel Rochat*, M. Sardou's play at the Comédie Française, has gradually diminished, and the can now be judged on its merits. When we saw it a short time since, any loud expression of opinion, whether favourable or adverse, was rarely heard. It is curious that a people so dramatic as the Parisians should not be able, when their religious or political convictions enter into the question, to separate the author from the characters. They do not wait to see what he intends to do with his personages, but they continually interrupt the action, according as the sentiments expressed give them pleasure or pain; and in newspapers and in conversation the language used is such that one would almost think that M. Sardou had been giving a lecture instead of writing a play. The following, for instance, is one of the passages that raised the loudest storm:—

FARGIS.

Ah! ça! voyons: entendons-nous une bonne fois. C'est donc à toute idée religieuse que vous en avez? Et voilà donc votre programme? Plus de religion.

DANIEL.

Et pourquoi faire? Est-ce que ma raison accepte ce qu'elle ne peut pas contrôler? Est-ce que j'admets que l'on règle toutes les pensées et tous les actes de ma vie sur de pretendues vérités dont on ne peut me fournir aucune preuve? Rêveries, divagations, tout cela! Le positif, le réel, le voilà! La terre où je suis né, où je vis, où je meurs! Que mon intelligence s'applique à me rendre ce séjour forcé le plus agréable pour moi; c'est mon droit! Le plus profitable aux autres! c'est mon devoir! Et je serais halluciné d'aller me rêver une destinée chimérique dans les nuages, quand elle est si bien marquée, d'ici à là, de mon berceau à ma tombe.

FARGIS.

Une société sans Dieu.

BIDÂCHE.

Il y a assez longtemps qu'il nous gêne.

FARGIS.

Il n'y en a plus, c'est convenu! Mais du moins ne commets pas dans ta maison la faute impardonnable que tu as commise ailleurs. N'y soulève pas la question religieuse. Tu as une femme éclairée, instruite, dont la religion n'a rien que de [illegible] Et tu vas compromettre tout ton bonheur pour ce malheureux temple! Eh! n'y vas pas pour toi, vas-y pour elle!

BIDÂCHE.

Opportuniste!

DANIEL.

Une lâcheté, tout bonnement, que tu me conseilles!

Here are three sets of opinions—the coarse and somewhat vulgar atheism of Bidâche, Daniel's faithful friend and most obedient servant; the more polished materialism of Daniel himself; and the common-sense liberalism of Fargis, who has preserved some shreds of belief, and is most anxious, on the grounds of private peace and public tolerance, that all the world should be left to believe or not as they please. It is at first uncertain to which of these views M. Sardou himself may lean; although it seems a matter of certainty towards the end that he is of the opinion of M. Fargis; but the orthodox were deeply shocked to hear infidel sentiments expressed so crudely, and their opponents resented with equal violence the possibility of toleration.

As a piece of dramatic work, it is not likely that *Daniel Rochat*, notwithstanding two or three excellent situations and a brilliant dialogue, will have a lasting reputation. The author is not one of those rare writers who can give a permanent value to that which is written to serve a particular purpose. One merit the play undoubtedly possesses, and it is precisely a merit in which many of M. Sardou's most successful pieces have been deficient. The characters are real men and women, not lay figures pulled by strings of the author's own making. In Lea Henderson, too, he has drawn a real English girl, full of love and tenderness, but firm in her adherence to a creed which is for her a reality, not a form. The first two acts are excellent, but the last three, which belong to a pamphlet rather than a comedy, are, it must be confessed, exceedingly dull. Everybody discusses the question of the civil and the religious marriage, in turn, and at considerable length. To an Englishman it is inconceivable that Léa should not have known Daniel's real opinions after the opportunities she had had; and, secondly, on the given conditions, it is equally inconceivable that Daniel should have wounded her deepest feelings by declining a ceremony which to him would have been devoid of all meaning. To the first of these objections there seems to us to be no reply; but to the second Frenchmen answer that a man in Daniel's position could not have entered a church or submitted to any religious ceremony. This situation it was M. Sardou's avowed intention to set before his countrymen in the clearest possible light. He did not intend Rochat to be at all an unusual person—as he seems to us to be—but only a leader of the extreme party now in power, whose happiness is wrecked by the exigencies of his political and social creed. The title of the piece might well have been "Extremes." It is throughout admirably acted. Mlle. Bartet realizes to the life the author's conception of Miss Henderson, than which we can give no higher praise. M. Delaunay, who plays Daniel—a part wholly out of his line—shows more clearly than ever how great a dramatic artist he is; and M. Thiron makes of Bidâche the coarse and slightly vulgar personage which is requisite for the sake of contrast. Mlle. Jouassain is delightful as the old lady with a mania for deeds of charity and the distribution of tracts; and the whole is charmingly enlivened by the somewhat romping loves of Esther Henderson and Casimir Fargis, parts which are played by Mlle. Barretta and M. Baillot.

Hardly less interesting than *Daniel Rochat* is a revival of *Britannicus*, in which Mlle. Favart plays Agrippine for the first time. The talent of that really great artist, which it has been the fashion of late years to decry, was never exhibited to greater advantage. She seems all at once to have corrected the defects of her voice, and to have given to it depth and richness; while her expressions and her gestures in the scenes with her son bring back before our eyes that imperious dame of whom Nero stood in awe, and from whose dominion there was no escape except by assassination. The Nero of M. Mounet-Sully has merits, but, like all he does, is sadly unequal; and in the reconciliation with his mother, when he bends over her hand to kiss it, the measured jerkiness of his movements compelled even the solemn occupiers of the stalls to undisguised laughter. M. Volny is Britannicus. He is of the age required for the part; but cannot be said to possess any other merit. Youth alone is not sufficient for success in the impersonation of a youthful character.

Les Noces d'Attila is the title of the four-act drama which M. Henri de Bornier, the author of *La Fille de Roland*, has just produced at the Odéon. The piece is full of fire and movement, and the verse, in which it is not difficult to detect the influence of Victor Hugo, is sonorous and picturesque. The author, however, is a poet rather than a dramatist; his characters talk, but they do not act; and he has an unfortunate habit of getting rid of them when they have uttered a sufficient number of fine lines. In treating his subject he has followed closely the ordinary narrative of Attila's marriage and death, with this difference, that he makes him fall by the hand of Hildiga, a Burgundian princess who, like a second Judith, avenges the ruin of her country. Attila is played with much picturesque vigour by M. Dumaine; and Hildiga by Mlle. Rousseil, who however lacks "sympathy"; but the honours of the evening are for M. Marais, who enacts Walter, a young French general in love with Hildiga. He comes to Attila's camp to protect her; but, strange to say, the author kills him at the very moment when he might have been of some use to the lady. Into his mouth are put all the patriotic speeches; and, as nature has endowed him with a fine voice, which he knows how to manage, and an attractive person, which he drapes becomingly in the most gorgeous of costumes, he becomes an object of much interest to the audience. For it must be understood that Attila is Germany, and Walter France; and all the fine speeches of the latter, while containing no word that the Censure could object to, have an undercurrent of meaning which the public is not slow to seize. Take, for instance, the following lines, which are besides a good example of the author's style:—

ATTILA.

Donc, pour vaincre Attila tu crois qu'il suffirait
D'un seul homme?

WALTER.

A Lutèce une femme l'a fait!
Les hommes voulaient fuir devant toi—sur la grève
Une femme parut, son nom est Geneviève.
Elle leur dit, "Partez! mais nous vous le jurons,
Epouses, filles, sœurs, mères, nous resterons!"
Ils restèrent. Dès lors, la crainte et l'égoïsme
S'enfuirent emportés d'un souffle d'héroïsme,
La vaillante cité de fer se hérissa,
Et quand Attila vint, il eut peur et passa!
Eh bien! j'imiterai la sainte prophétesse,
J'irai trouver là-bas les soldats de Lutèce,
Je leur dirai: Je viens, si je n'ai trop d'orgueil,
Dans vos murs consacrés par la gloire et le deuil,
Créer le point d'appui du monde qui chancelle;
Soyons les artisans de l'œuvre universelle;
Qu'ils s'appellent Gaulois, Franc, Burgonde, ou Germain;
Aux peuples éperdus montrons le vrai chemin;
N'attendons pas les Huns chez nous, comme naguère,
Dans l'antre de ces loups allons porter la guerre,
Et les vieux étendards, dont nos temples sont fiers,
Joints aux jeunes drapeaux, sauveront l'univers!

The theatres where long sensation melodramas are usually performed have not been fortunate of late. The Ambigu, however, has revived with some success one of Frédérick Lemaître's most famous creations, *Robert Macaire*. The original two-act melodrama is played as a prologue to the farcical comedy which Frédérick produced after the great success of his fantastical creation. M. Gil Nasa plays Macaire; and though he has to contend with recollections of his great predecessor, is as successful as could be expected in pleasing his audience. The Porte St. Martin is giving *Les Etrangleurs de Paris*, adapted from M. Belot's novel at tremendous length, with all the realistic effects that are so delightful to the Boulevard. It appears, however, to be hardly more than a *succès d'estime*. At the little Troisième Théâtre Français, on the other hand, a well-merited, and let us hope permanent, success has been achieved by a five-act drama with the strange title *Chien d'Aveugle*. It is a story of modern life, dealing with three persons only, one of whom is blinded by his mistress for fear that he should abandon her. The fifth act is unnecessary, but the first four are excellent, and the interest, painful as it is, never flags for a moment. It is a first work of two authors, one of whom is an actor at the Gymnase. His professional experience probably accounts for the cleverness of the principal situations; but it should be added that the development of the characters is natural and artistic, and that the dialogue is fresh and original.

There is yet one matter on which we have a few words to say. Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt has thought proper to leave the Comédie Française. The dramatic critics had the audacity to find fault with her performance of Donna Clorinde in M. Emile Augier's fine play, *L'Aventurière*. On reading the articles of these faithless persons—of whom the Abdiel was, of all men in the world, M. Zola—the injured lady no doubt felt an intense desire to revenge herself on some one. Maggie Tulliver, in *The Mill on the Floss*, kept a fetish for these occasions, which she used to thrash until she had recovered her temper. Apparently Mlle. Bernhardt is not so prudent. She looked about for a victim. A body of critics strong in their unanimity is invulnerable, even to an actress in a rage. Not so, she thought, would be M. Perrin, the official head of the Comédie, a man as innocent in the whole business as ourselves. She probably expected, if she thought at all—for she admits in one of her numerous letters that the next day she was as much astonished as anybody at the action she had taken—that he and his company would approach her on their knees, in humble supplication, as gentlemen and ladies in mediæval pictures approach their patron saints, and beg her to return. She must have been singularly disconcerted at the course he actually took. He wrote to M. Augier a letter which gives a singularly agreeable picture of the relations between authors and manager in the first of French theatres; and called the Committee together to consider the legal position of the recalcitrant actress. M. Augier, in a letter as generous as M. Perrin's, entreated them to deal gently with a lady who practised so many arts equally well (or ill), and to reserve their severity for talents less universal and more serious. The Committee, however, felt themselves unable to take this lenient view of the case; nor, on the evidence before us, can we see how they could have acted otherwise. According to M. Perrin's formal statement in the letter above referred to, Mlle. Bernhardt is wrong in her facts. The piece had been rehearsed eighteen times; and, if she had not thought proper to take advantage of those opportunities for making herself perfect in her part, it was her fault and not his. Again, she had twice announced herself as ready to play—on Saturday, April 16; on the Tuesday before, and again on the Friday after, the final rehearsal. Lastly, after the performance, she appeared delighted with her reception, and spoke of her intention to play still better on the following Tuesday. Of course, in a theatre like the Comédie Française, no actress can be allowed to come and go at will. The rules may be severe, but the position is one of exceptional advantages; and those who enjoy them must submit to the control they impose, or be content to bear the penalty fixed by law for their violation of their engagements.

We have been at the pains of investigating this amusing quarrel because we have a sincere respect for the management of the Comédie Française, and a warm admiration, up to a certain point, for the undoubted genius of the wayward lady who has put herself so completely in the wrong. It is the old story of the overstrained string. Not content with a reputation as an actress which a year or two since promised to rival that of the greatest names in the art, Mlle. Bernhardt strove to be distinguished in painting, sculpture, and literature. She became the spoilt darling of a whole coterie of flatterers. Newspapers that live on the doings of the successful or the eccentric had her followed about, and regaled the public with details of her escapades, and reports of her witticisms. The folly of London society last summer completed the work that Paris had begun. With a repetition of that unseemly adulation in view, she was overtasking her delicate physical organization in a feverish preparation for it. To her ordinary occupations she added rehearsals of long and unfamiliar parts. Meanwhile, that which ought to have been her real work, the careful study of parts entrusted to her by the Comédie, was the last thing she thought about. For more than a year she had not appeared either in a new piece or in a revival. It was evident that the quality of her work was degenerating. Her voice was not what it had been. It was only too clear that her heart was not engaged in the characters which she might be called upon to represent. Her eyes wandered about the house, and her by-play became unmeaning. In a word, she had ceased to impersonate, and had begun to act. M. Sardou was too wise, notwithstanding her reputation, to let her play Miss Henderson in *Daniel Rochat*. And when she did attempt Donna Clorinde, it was plain that she was not at her best. The least severe of her critics admits that any other actress would have been received with a silence that would have told her how completely she had failed. Her Theatre is now showing her that it can do without her. Mlle. Croizette has appeared with success in the very part in which Mlle. Bernhardt failed; Mlle. Bartet has been welcomed with vociferous applause as the Queen in *Ruy Blas*; and though probably she is not what Mlle. Bernhardt was, when she chose—for it was one of her very best impersonations—it must be remembered that Mlle. Bernhardt herself did not play the part at the Odéon in 1872 as she played it at the Comédie Française in 1879. It is sad to think that when she repents, as of course she will do before long, it will be too late. It is not likely that the Comédie, which of all theatres in Europe most dislikes a star, will open its doors to her. She will soon discover that she has lost more than the Theatre by her impetuosity. How will she be able to perform any of her most successful characters without the help of those distinguished artists who formerly surrounded her? What will her Mrs. Clarkson in *L'Etrangère* be without M. Coquelin and Mlle. Croizette; her Marie de Neubourg without M. Mounet-Sully, M. Febvre, and the rest, whose talent gave to the Court of Spain that colour which aided so remarkably her touching delineation of the neglected princess whose heart was frozen by its formality? She may possibly achieve a partial success in London, where the French language and French literature is imperfectly understood, and where the audiences of such performances as hers are likely to be fashionable rather than intelligent; but in Paris it will be different. She is not strong enough, artistically or physically, to be the sole attraction of a theatre. Other artists have left the Comédie in a huff, as she has done; but not one of them realized their fond hopes of independence and success. Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt is not likely to succeed in an enterprise in which Rachel herself failed miserably. With the Comédie she might have been almost anything; without it she will be nothing.

This may be a convenient occasion for noticing an odd and not very sensible performance which took place on Monday last at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, assuming the shape of a representation by English actors in French of *L'Aventurière*, the piece connected with Mlle. Bernhardt's retirement from the Français. Miss Geneviève Ward appeared as Donna Clorinde, and showed a very remarkable command of French accent and rhythm; nor was her acting without considerable merit. Two French players, Mlle. Hébert, or Herbert, and M. Marius, appeared respectively as Célie and Don Annibal; and their French, although M. Marius showed some traces of his long residence in England, offered an odd contrast to that of the performers of the other parts. M. Marius's acting was exceedingly clever. It must be said that the whole performance of the English players was, as a *tour de force*, creditable; but we cannot conceive what good end is served by such an entirely inartistic undertaking. The praise bestowed upon it must at best be of that kind which might be given to a company of actors who chose to go through a serious drama perched on stilts, assisted by two people walking in the usual way, and succeeded in avoiding a dangerous fall.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

WE called attention some little time ago to a curious and apparently authentic account in *Macmillan's Magazine* of "the Genesis of the *Times*." The present number of the same magazine contains, though not from the same hand, a record hardly less curious and equally circumstantial of the origin, development, and present condition of the London Correspondent of the provincial press, whose power, if Mr. Wemyss Reid may be trusted, has increased and is increasing, though he does not add that it ought to be diminished. The influence of the provincial newspapers, which Mr. Gladstone is never tired of proclaiming, has received a fresh illustration in the result of the late elections, and this seems to have suggested the subject of Mr. Reid's paper. He speaks throughout in a tone of assured confidence as being in full possession of his facts, and intimates again and again that if he chose he could say a good deal more, "but a sense of discretion compels me to preserve a discreet reticence." For the accuracy of his details we cannot of course vouch, but his natural history, so to speak, of this particular development of species is certainly amusing, and has every appearance of being based on fact. That the London Correspondent of twenty or thirty years ago belonged to "a despised order of men" there can be no doubt. The late James Hannay summarily dismissed them as men "who do for money what old women do for love," whose function is "to gossip and retail gossip at so much a column." And the reproach is candidly allowed not to have been an unmerited one. It indicated fairly enough the kind of literary garbage—or "tawdry rubbish," to adopt a phrase of Mr. Reid's—wherewith the omniscient Correspondent of the *Little Pedlington Herald* periodically regaled his readers, who very often were quite content to accept for gospel whatever he was pleased to tell them. And he told a good deal:—

He could tell you the precise words in which Prince Albert had expressed his satisfaction on receiving a certain piece of intelligence; he knew that the Prince of Wales—then verging upon his tenth year—was

already giving trouble in the matter of cigars; he had the latest jest of Lord Palmerston, or the newest display of Lord John's jealousy, at the point of his pen; and as for the "secrets" of the clubs, he had such a mastery of them as must have filled club-men themselves with amazement. He "lounged"—that was his favourite phrase—from the Carlton to the Reform, and from the Reform onwards to the Athenæum or the United Service, apparently having the run of all those august establishments, and being on the terms of greatest familiarity with everybody in them. He was a "silent member" of the House of Commons, and favoured you with strange anecdotes of the smoking-room and the terrace; he was at home behind the scenes in all the theatres in London, and talked of the leading actors and actresses of the day by their Christian names; he was the bosom friend of this or the other great novelist, and furnished the world with remarkable particulars concerning the Oriental luxury in which his friend and patron lived.

As a matter of fact he was probably a gentleman who, in modern slang, was "out of it" altogether, who had never entered a club in his life, scarcely knew a single statesman of the day by sight, and whose thrilling paragraphs were a mixed compound of his own internal consciousness, and "the dull chatter of third-rate taverns." There was clearly, as Mr. Reid observes, nothing sinful, or indeed unnatural, in the desire to know something more of public men and public matters than could be gathered from reports of the Parliamentary debates. And it may be true that "the essayists and gossiping diarists" of the last century to some extent catered for this craving, which, as we learn from Aristophanes and Juvenal, in a still earlier age, when the printing press as yet was not, found its gratification in the gossip of the barbers' shops of Athens and Rome.

But at last "this miserable kind of impostor" who used to trade on the curiosity and credulity of the public began to be found out, and about fifteen or sixteen years ago—Mr. Reid is precise in his dates, and he fixes the commencement of the revolution in "the year 1865 or 1866"—the old order changed, giving place to new. At that epoch—for it was quite an epoch in the career of Our London Correspondent—one or two leading Scottish journals hired special telegraphic wires, which were placed at their exclusive disposal from 6 P.M. till early next morning. It soon however became evident to them that a special wire was of no great use without a special telegram to communicate, and accordingly branch editorial offices came to be established in London, whence arose the new order of Correspondents. But meanwhile a great change had taken place in the relations of the London daily press to the political leaders of the day. When Mr. Barnes was editor of the *Times*, he did not belong to a single London Club, and held no friendly intercourse with the leaders of either political party. But his successor, Mr. Delane, who was courted for his own sake as well as from his influential position, became the recipient of Lord Palmerston's confidence as Prime Minister. He used his information, however, on the principle of *ars est celare artem*, not to produce an impression of special knowledge, but in order to suggest or predict what he knew was in fact going to be done, and thus gained a reputation for sagacity and influence for the paper which could both perceive what was necessary and enforce its convictions on the Government. But that reputation of course declined as the *Times* began to lose its monopoly, and the representatives of provincial journals came to the front. At first indeed they were rudely repulsed, if not positively insulted, by the Under-Secretaries and Lords of the Treasury on their promotion to whom they ventured to appeal. But their pertinacity was indomitable, and if Mr. Reid's information is to be trusted—and he assures us that he knows much more than he cares to reveal—by no means always of the most creditable kind. "Repulsed by the master, the London Correspondent had recourse to the man"; he was not above touting for odds and ends of news among Government clerks and copyists, and, if these failed, there were postmen and messengers to fall back upon. Mr. Reid even assures us, of his own knowledge, that the Home Secretary's private desk was upon one occasion opened by a false key, to discover whether a certain important document had or had not received the royal signature. Moreover, as several country papers had taken Government clerks into their pay, they became the organs of the grumbling and tittle-tattle of the lower classes of the Civil Service. And the Correspondent found another means of picking up stray scraps of information in the practice of "lobbying," that is, getting into the lobby of the House of Commons through introductions to members, and there interviewing his M.P. friends. This led Lord Charles Russell, then Sergeant-at-Arms, to issue an order in 1869 excluding all representatives of the newspapers from the lobby, which is now however overrun with them. But in the same year the provincial press achieved what Mr. Reid considers its crowning and decisive triumph. And it happened in this wise.

Mr. Gladstone's reforming Government had just come into office, and the new brooms were making a clean sweep everywhere. But as one official abuse after another was assailed and doomed, the outcry of the officials naturally grew louder and louder, and they as naturally took advantage of their connexion with the press to air their grievances before the public. The answer of the new heads of the different departments was to appropriate to their own use the weapons of their assailants. Their method of procedure is detailed in the following very curious and circumstantial narrative:—

One day in the beginning of 1869, when as yet the new Government was barely beginning its work of reform, the "London Correspondent" of one of the leading provincial papers was surprised by the receipt of a letter from an important member of the Ministry, inviting him to call upon him at the office of which the writer was the new chief. "Mr. ———," said the Minister when the correspondent had been ushered into the handsome room looking out upon St. James's Park, where the affairs of one of the great departments of the State were administered, "I have sent for you to ask you a favour. You have no doubt seen that nearly all the London newspapers are attacking me for the changes I am introducing into this office. I have ascertained that many of these attacks are being made by clerks in this department. What I want to know is whether you will be willing to set my side of the case unofficially before the public. I don't ask you to praise me or to defend me, but simply, through your correspondence with the paper you represent, to let the facts about this office become known to the outside world. If you consent, I'll supply you with all the information you require, only making it a condition that you exaggerate nothing, and that you publish nothing which I wish you for the interests of the country to withhold from your readers."

Thenceforth, Mr. Reid assures us, the gentleman in question became the medium of communication between a great department of State and the public at large, and the attacks of the permanent officials were successfully rebutted. And he adds that within a very few years there was not a department in the State that did not make use of the press for the purpose of replying to attacks which could not be conveniently met in the House of Commons; and the whips of both parties, as well as individual members of every rank, recognized the great advantage of this means of establishing direct communication with the outer world. The London daily journals, as well as the Central News Association, have found it necessary to follow the example of their provincial contemporaries in adopting a regular system of "lobbying." And thus finally "the London Correspondent has become a person of exceptional influence and importance," and our legislators are not only willing but anxious to expose to his eyes the mysteries from which twenty years ago he was jealously excluded. Nay, more, the legislators themselves descend into the arena, for "it is notorious that some of the best London Letters published in the provincial newspapers are written by politicians who have made no mean reputation for themselves in Parliament." Mr. Reid declines to discuss at the fag end of his article how far this change is an unalloyed advantage, nor have we space to enter into that question here. He intimates pretty clearly however his opinion that the benefits of the change greatly preponderate, inasmuch as it tends to bring the governing body into closer and more direct relations with the people, and to make "the real working of the great legislative machine" better understood by the public out of doors. "We have to educate our masters in something more than the three R's." Be it so; but there is surely another side of the question, though it is too wide a one to examine here. The necessary tendency of this "new order of things" is not only to familiarize the people with the workings of Ministerial and Parliamentary business, but also to bring popular influence far more directly to bear on Ministers and Parliaments, and to give large additional power to "the fourth estate of the realm." That is certainly a very important, and perhaps an inevitable, but it does not therefore follow that it is a beneficial change. Mr. Reid appears to us throughout his paper either to overlook or to ignore it.

WRECK REPORT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.

THIS Report which has been lately issued is not on the whole encouraging. From the abstract which it gives of the returns made to the Board of the casualties which occurred between July 1st, 1878, and June 30th, 1879, it appears that the total losses during that period exceeded those of the two preceding years. The vessels lost are spoken of in the report as "classed" and "unclassed"; the first heading comprising those which were classed at Lloyd's, the Liverpool Registry, and the Bureau Veritas; the second, those which were either classed at one of the smaller registries, or not classed at all. In 1876-77, the total tonnage of vessels belonging to the first category which were lost was 167,491. In 1877-78 it was 148,957; in 1878-79, 189,903. The increase, it will be observed, is very large. With unclassed vessels the case is different, as the number of accidents has happily diminished. In 1876-77, the tonnage of those lost was 123,999; in 1877-78, 120,077; in 1877-79, 108,546. The decrease is certainly satisfactory; but it must not be forgotten that the classed vessels are very much more valuable than the unclassed ones, and that the diminution of accidents to the latter does not, so far as regards loss of property, at all counterbalance the increase of accidents to the former. The totals are:—for 1876-77, 291,490; for the succeeding year, 269,034; and for 1878-79, 298,449. These figures tell a very painful story, and unfortunately they are not the only disagreeable ones in the Report. This contains, according to custom, a statement of the casualties to British vessels abroad, and to foreign vessels on the coasts of British possessions, and gives the annual average, as shown by the accidents which have occurred during a period of five years. It appears that the average number of casualties, other than collisions, causing total loss, is 688⅕. In 1878-79 there were 710 of these losses. The average number of collisions causing total loss is 30⅗. In 1878-79 the number was 39. The average of casualties of all kinds—with the exception of collisions not causing total loss, the records of which are deficient—is 3,090⅘. The number for 1878-9 was 3,198. Certainly the Report does not show that there has been of late any improvement in shipbuilding, or that sailors are becoming more skilful. It must not be supposed, however, that all the facts set forth in the official publication are of this unpleasant nature. There appears to have been, on the whole, considerably more than the usual amount

of misfortune at sea during the year mentioned; but nevertheless some of the returns are decidedly satisfactory. The casualties, other than collisions, to British vessels on the coasts of the United Kingdom were less than in the two preceding years. The losses were 274, as against 294 and 315; and the serious casualties not causing loss, 517, as against 587 and 726. The return of collisions on the coast, which includes those that occurred to foreign vessels, also shows a diminution, being 701, against 795 and 847; and the number of collisions involving total loss is below the average of ten years. This average number is $69\frac{8}{10}$. In 1878-79 the losses from collisions were 64. The casualties, other than collisions, involving total loss of British and foreign ships were also below the average of ten years, which is $410\frac{3}{10}$. In 1878-79 the number of these casualties was 333, the smallest, with one exception, of the whole period. Most important of all, there has been a diminution in the loss of life. In 1876-77, 3,051 lives were lost at sea; in 1877-78, 2,452; in 1878-79, 2,064. It should, however, be remembered that, in the second of these years the list was largely swelled by the loss of the *Eurydice*, and that, had it not been for this great misfortune, the number of deaths in 1877-78 would only have been slightly in excess of what it was in 1878-79. There can now unfortunately be no doubt that the return for the present year will be swollen by a calamity similar to that which occurred in 1878, and that the Board of Trade statement will have to include the loss of 320 lives by the foundering of the *Atalanta*.

In the tables giving the number of deaths from wrecks and other casualties some facts are shown which are well worthy of consideration. The comparative immunity from danger on board large ships is made evident in a very striking manner. In 1878-79 one casualty, causing the loss of two lives, occurred to a classed vessel over two thousand tons. In 1877-78 there had been no such accidents, and in 1876-77 there had only been the loss of one life. A similar proof of the safety of big ships is afforded in the tables, which give, irrespectively of loss of life, a classification according to size of the British ships lost on the coast. From this it appears that during the three years which have been mentioned there have only been thirteen serious casualties to vessels over 1,500 tons, and that only two of such ships have been lost. The largest number of accidents on the coast occur, it seems, to vessels of between 50 and 100 tons, but it must be remembered that most coasters probably come into this category. Of casualties on the coast or abroad causing loss of life, the largest number has occurred to vessels between 500 and 1,000 tons, but this apparently disproportionate amount of accident is to some extent accounted for when the huge number of vessels belonging to this class is remembered.

Some other facts of much interest can be gathered from the elaborate tables of this Report. The superiority of iron vessels is shown in the return giving the build of the ships which were lost on or near the coast during the twelve months. Only 4 iron vessels are returned as having foundered, against 45 wooden ones. Amongst the latter were probably a considerable number of small craft weak in construction and poorly manned, but, even when this is allowed for, the disparity seems great. Another fact well worth attention is shown in the tables relating to collisions on the coast. From them it appears that during 1878-79 collisions between sailing vessels and steamers caused more loss than collisions of the other two kinds, no less than 39 complete losses out of a total of 64 caused by collisions having been due to mishaps of this sort. To what is this large amount of serious accident due? Owners of steamships would say that it was caused by the misconduct of the captains of sailing ships, and by their reliance on the rule of the road as protecting them under all circumstances. Owners of sailing ships would attribute these mishaps to the recklessness of the captains of steamers, and probably would have better grounds for their statement than the others. In any case the fault must be held to be with those who have to administer the law, for there can be no doubt that, if the rule of the road were strictly and consistently enforced, transgressors would be few, since no class of men would continue long to violate an ordinance the breach of which was invariably followed by severe punishment. As it is, it can only be said that the facts set forth in the return are decidedly unsatisfactory. As a set-off, however, against the unpleasant impression made by the return which states them may be mentioned another, which shows how much has been done by a competent administrative department to diminish the dangers of navigation in the British seas. Out of a total of 2,013 casualties to British ships on the coast during 1878-79 only 7 are attributed to the want of lights or buoys. In the two preceding years the number had been yet smaller; and it seems clear that the enormously difficult work of lighting our coast and properly buoying all shoals is at last well-nigh concluded.

Of a variety of other matter of considerable interest which the Report contains want of space prevents us from speaking. On the whole, the impression which the most important of the many facts recorded in it give is, as we have said, unsatisfactory. The comparison of them with those of previous years certainly seems to show that casualties are not decreasing, that in spite of all that science and civilization have done, the dangers of the sea are not diminishing. Lamentable, however, as this necessary conclusion appears, it is not so surprising as it at first sight seems, when attention is given to the facts which from time to time come to light respecting shipbuilding. The most astonishing carelessness still prevails, and in the construction of large and expensive ships the elementary principles of naval architecture are more or less disregarded. Such at least is the inference to be drawn from the statements made by the Wreck Commissioner in a judgment which has been recently published. "The practice seems to be," said Mr. Rothery, "for the owner," who may be "previously totally unacquainted with ships or shipping matters, to give the builder certain dimensions, according to which he requires the vessel to be built. The builder takes the dimensions, and builds the ship without considering whether the dimensions are in due and proper proportions, or whether the ship when built will be a stable ship, and capable of carrying the cargo which could be put into her." After quoting the evidence of some of the witnesses in the case before him, Mr. Rothery went on to say:—"That gentlemen should invest money to the extent of some 30,000*l*. or 40,000*l*. in a vessel, and send her to all parts of the world, without having previously ascertained whether she is capable of carrying the cargo which they put in her, is to us utterly inconceivable, when at the very small expense, Mr. Merrifield tells me, not more than 20*l*. to 25*l*., they could have calculations made which would show them to what depth they could safely load the vessel. I do think that there is great room for improvement in this respect." There is too much reason to fear that this case is not by any means exceptional, but that a large number of vessels are built and sent to sea every year with a like recklessness on the part of their constructors and owners. While such incredible carelessness and indifference to all but immediate gain prevails, it is hopeless to expect that the list of grave accidents at sea will become smaller. Whether legislation can mend matters may well be doubted. It would be very hard to frame a law which could not be evaded, and Government surveyors cannot do the work of shipbuilders and shipowners throughout the kingdom. All that can be hoped is that in course of time enlightened self-interest may produce the necessary result. It cannot pay to build ships which, owing to the neglect of inexpensive precautions, are unsafe. Mr. Rothery's statement shows that there is at present not only disregard for life, but also disregard for sound principles of business.

COUNTRY HOUSES AND FRESH AIR.

THOSE that go down to the Thames in search of furnished houses will do well to lay to heart the case of "Kelson *v.* Queensberry." If they are particular about drains and keen in the detection of bad smells, let them before all things beware of agreeing to take a house in the condition in which it is at the time of letting. Without such an agreement the law is merciful. It holds that a house let for habitation should, as a rule, be habitable. But where the tenant has gone out of his way to specify the actual condition of the house as the condition in which he is prepared to take it, the law (*per* Coleridge, C.J.) holds that what the tenant has said, that he must be supposed to mean. It is no matter that he imagined the condition of the house at the moment when he signed the agreement to be a habitable condition. He had no business to assume anything of the kind. The condition of a house at a given moment is the condition in which that house is, not the condition in which some one who has never lived in it supposes it to be. The bargain in this case was express, and as such was not to be set aside by any number of implied contracts, however reasonable they may be in themselves. If Lady Queensberry had employed a surveyor to examine the house on her behalf, she might have been warned in time; but she accepted the lessor's assurance that the drains were all right, and signed the agreement containing the compromising words on which Lord Coleridge laid so much stress. Yet a little suspicion on this matter of drains might have been allowable when negotiating about a house which dated in part from the fourteenth century, and was provided with cesspools which, if not of this venerable antiquity, were probably as old as any cesspools known. One of these cesspools—a disused one—was exactly under the house; so that the family were separated from the ill savour of centuries by nothing but a concrete floor which had been substituted for an earthen floor in the year 1877. The cesspools actually in use were outside the house; but one of them, which communicated with the scullery, was filled with the overflow of an open cesspit covered with a grating. Considering the singularly sickening character of the odours from a scullery drain, this simple arrangement would go some way to account for the annoyances experienced by the inmates. These annoyances were of a decidedly unusual character. Lady Queensberry declared that she had smelt three distinct smells in her bedroom, which seems to argue either extraordinary gifts of nasal discrimination, or an extraordinarily varied accumulation of matter on which to exercise them, or perhaps both. The most striking testimony was that borne by Lady Florence Dixie. This witness had happily been in Patagonia, and in the course of her travels there had come across a dead Indian. Apparently a dead Indian is a remarkably ill-smelling object, for Lady Florence Dixie evidently thought that after this comparison no more remained to be said. Possibly a dead Englishman may in some far-away century have found his way into the closed cesspool underneath the house. The most singular part of the case is the patience which Lady Queensberry and her family displayed under these trials. The plaintiff seems to have behaved properly enough; for after Lady Queensberry's first complaint to him, he offered to cancel the agreement. Lady Queensberry declined this, and continued to live in the house for three months longer. As

late as July she asked an old servant to come down for the benefit of her health, which looks as though she had for a time forgotten the smells. Even Lady Florence Dixie, who had imported the parallel instance of the dead Indian, does not seem to have thought that the odour of the dead was of necessity injurious to the living, for when she went away herself she left her children behind her. It seems a singular house to be chosen, either as a sanatarium or as a nursery, and the fact that it had been picked out to serve both purposes in turn is *primâ facie* evidence that things were not quite as bad as Lady Queensberry ultimately came to regard them. Lord Coleridge told the jury that the point they had to decide was whether the thing delivered by Mr. Kelson to Lady Queensberry was substantially the thing which Lady Queensberry had contracted to take, and to this question they could not well have returned a different answer from that which they gave. The house at Marlow may have had many sanitary defects; houses, parts of which are five hundred years old, usually have. But there is nothing to show that Lady Queensberry inquired into the existence of such sanitary defects, or that Mr. Kelson knew anything about them, or had any thought of concealing them. The house was let as it was, and hired as it was; and even when Mr. Kelson offered to let Lady Queensberry off her bargain, she chose to hold by it. It took a quarter's acquaintance with the dead Patagonian to convince her that his neighbourhood was intolerable.

There are two lessons which make this case profitable reading for a large number of persons at this season of the year. One is not to agree to take a house in the condition in which it is, unless they have satisfied themselves that this is a condition in which they would like it to be. If they do enter into such a contract, there is no escape from it, and they had better not add the irritation and expense of a lawsuit to the annoyance already incurred. Lady Queensberry had made no stipulation against the presence of a dead Patagonian in the house, and as he was there and made part of the actual condition of the house when she took it, she was not allowed to raise objections to him founded upon longer and nearer acquaintance. Unfortunately, when people take furnished houses for short periods, they seldom think of their sanitary condition. Either they assume that, as the owner has himself been living in the house, there can be no very unsavoury smells in it, or they think that any slight inconvenience that may arise from this source will not matter for a short stay. It constantly happens that both these assumptions turn out to be unfounded. Either the owner has that singularly obdurate nose which the owners of ill-smelling houses not unfrequently have, or he is himself anxious to be released for a time from odours which even long custom has not made pleasant. It may not seem a very serious matter to have to live for a few months in a house which those who wish to make the best of things call "stuffy," while those who think more of truth than of politeness give it a stronger name. But a smell which is quite bearable so long as it is only a contingent product of the imagination may easily become intolerable when it is experienced as an actual fact. Alarm at possible consequences to health comes to strengthen the tenant's emotion, and in the end he probably leaves the house before his time is up, and prefers to pay double rent rather than one rent and one doctor's bill. It seems a hard saying to tell such a tenant that he ought to have had the house properly surveyed before he hired it; but, hard as it is, it is the only advice that it is of any use to give him. In fact, the shorter the term for which a house is taken, the more particular it behoves a tenant to be about its sanitary condition. If he has it for a good number of years, it is worth his while to lay out some money on it; but when he has it only for a few months, it becomes equally costly to throw up the house and to make it habitable.

The other lesson is that delightful old houses in delightful situations are not necessarily healthy. There was a period in sanitary history when, in order that things should be out of mind, it was sufficient that they should be out of sight. It was essential that there should be cesspools, but there was no reason why they should not be placed exactly under the living rooms of the house. It is sometimes assumed that the danger of bad drainage only exists in towns or villages, and that a house standing in its own grounds is necessarily immaculate in this respect. No assumption can be more unfounded. The danger is precisely the same whether a house stands by itself or is one of a group. It may have no neighbours within ten miles, and yet enjoy all the latest developments in the way of sanitary mischief. Its cesspools may be under the house, and no proper provision have been made for either cleansing or ventilating them. They may be constructed so as to retain their contents, in which case they will always be present to the noses of the inmates, and be inhaled by them at every breath; or the contents may be allowed to drain away into the surrounding soil, in which case the dangers arising from polluted water will be added to those arising from foul air. The best caution that can be given to the intending tenant of a country house is to suspect everything. Unless he can account for every yard of ground underneath his house, there may be some disused and unsuspected cesspool which is the real source of the nuisance which he is vainly trying to abate by improvements in the cesspools of the existence of which he is aware. When he has searched diligently, and succeeded in disproving the existence of any possible cesspool beyond those which he knows of, then—and not till then—he may call his friends and his neighbours together to rejoice with him over the house that he has found.

THE AMSTERDAM LOAN EXHIBITION.

THE Artists' Club at Amsterdam, known generally as the "Arti et Amicitiæ" Club, from the words inscribed over its house on the Rokin in that city, has lately opened a most interesting exhibition of works of art in the precious metals of the seventeenth and earlier centuries. A Committee was formed of members of the Club, with Mr. Philippeau as its President and Dr. J. P. Six as its Vice-President, to invite the loan of specimens of the handiwork of the old goldsmiths and silversmiths of the Netherlands, not only from private persons, but from municipalities and other corporate bodies, secular or religious. The result of their labours is a most novel and valuable collection, which ought to attract many visitors to Amsterdam, both artists and antiquaries. The exhibition will be open, we understand, till the middle of July. It is to be hoped that a French edition of the catalogue will be prepared before long. At present the only catalogue is in Dutch, and those who are able to read Dutch fluently are but few. Fortunately the works exhibited appeal to the eye of the connoisseur, and generally tell their own story.

The collection, which is displayed in the somewhat confined exhibition rooms of the Club, is not very well arranged. It is not always easy to distinguish the articles on loan from the very similar works of art belonging to the permanent collection of the Club itself. And the numbering of the specimens, at least in these early days of the exhibition, is not successfully managed. The catalogue itself, however, is well classified, and gives a great amount of information. What, perhaps, will first strike the visitor is the fact that the great majority of objects displayed are drinking-vessels of some form or other; indeed the catalogue, so far as it is completed, groups nearly the whole exhibition under the heads of different kinds of flagons or cups. Again, the rarity of ecclesiastical ornaments or utensils in this collection will surprise any observer who is accustomed to the predominance of such articles in any similar exhibition in any other country than Holland. There is not even a special heading for communion cups, and an *avondsmaalsbekertje* (such is the concise Dutch expression for a chalice) contributed by the Evangelical Lutheran Consistory of Weesp, and a like one from Alkmaar, are boldly reckoned among the "beakers." We suppose the Reformation, which so completely eviscerated the churches of the Netherlands, was fatal to all movable church ornaments. But we should think, judging from this Exhibition, that no country can show more gorgeous ancient plate than Holland can produce from its municipalities and guilds. Certainly the London Companies, or our old Universities, are less rich in proportion. Amsterdam itself, Rotterdam, Haarlem, Utrecht, Zutphen, Nijmegen, Arnhem, Bois le Duc, Kampen, and Zwolle (both names associated with the beloved memory of the author of the *De Imitatione Christi*), as well as many other towns, are represented in this Loan Collection, besides in addition many Guilds or Companies within them. Messrs. Six, Van West, Becker, Fuld, and Cuypers may be mentioned among the private contributors.

We wish we could give any intelligible description of some of the choice treasures of ancient art here for the first time collected together. But no words can adequately picture to the eye the beauty and fancy and variety of really first-class specimens of the goldsmith's art. Neither indeed can even photography give more than the outward form of such works. The colours of enamelling and the delicate manipulation and tool-marks of first-rate chasing must be seen to be properly appreciated. But we may mention a few of the more remarkable objects here exhibited. Among these must certainly be reckoned the drinking-cup in silver, parcel gilt, presented to the town of Kampen by Johan van Urck in 1551. It is adorned with three engraved medallions of Tamar, Nero, and Esther (a most inexplicable combination), and is a marvel of bold design in the reliefs and figures—women, animals, minstrels, and the like—with which it bristles. It bears this legend:—"Qui bibis hunc cyathum cui. sunt munera quæris + Largus Johannes Urckius ista dedit." Not less remarkable is the silver drinking-horn of the Guild of Foot-Archers of St. Joris of Amsterdam. This again is embossed with reliefs and medallions in the boldest style of the Renaissance. Its date is given as 1566. Another magnificent work is the copper-gilt enamelled drinking-vessel belonging to the Hoogheemraadschap (the High Board of Dyke Administration) of Rynland at Leiden, wrought in 1687, contrasting well with the more graceful "beaker" (that is, standing flagon) which was wrought for the Bakers' and Millers' Guild at Geppingen in 1684. Both these specimens are crowded with arms, names, and inscriptions. Inscriptions, indeed, generally in Dutch, abound on all these works, and are of considerable historical and genealogical value. They are not often very well chosen, and are sometimes, it must be owned, prosaic in the extreme. We noticed one silver cup, belonging to the Dyke-Administrators of Zeeburg and Diemerdijk, that bears the appropriate epitaph, "Adversus mare luctor."

A separate class is devoted to what the catalogue calls *Stortebekers* (spilling-goblets) and *Molenbekers* (mill-goblets). These are what we should call "heel-taps." They are cups which are suspended on frames, and cannot stand on their own bases. Usually they are in the shape of old women in the costume of the sixteenth century; or else of revolving windmills, or (as in one example) of a Turkish warrior, or else of birds balanced and poised. All these are in private hands. Several are contributed by Dr. Six, a descendant of the Burgomaster Six immortalized in

the magnificent portrait by Rubens belonging to Sir Richard Wallace. Dr. Six, who is a distinguished antiquary, most courteously admits visitors into his house on the Heerengracht, which is full of priceless treasures of Flemish art.

Another group of specimens contains ostrich eggs and cocoa-nut-shells in metal settings; and there is a subdivision of what are called Nautilus Bekers. Then we come to horns—of the eland, the buffalo, and other animals—in metal settings, of inconceivable richness, variety, and elaboration. The most remarkable is also the oldest in date. It belonged to the Rhijnschippers' Guild of St. Anne of Kampen, and is dated 1369. The ornaments are groups of St. Anne with the Blessed Virgin and Holy Child, St. Paul, and a magnificent ship in full sail. Most of these belonged to trade or art guilds. Some of them are historical annals in themselves. Thus the silver-mounted horn of the Shippers' Guild of Nijmegen has appended to it by chains no less than ninety-one shields, bearing the names, with arms or monograms, of all the masters of the Company from 1646 to 1810. All who know Van der Helst's *chef-d'œuvre* at Amsterdam, the "Banquet of the Archers," will remember how prominent an object one of these drinking-horns is made in the hands of one of the figures. The next division contains Drinkschalen—that is, drinking-shells, or open bowls. One of these, silver-gilt, was given by the city of Antwerp, in 1581, to John Godin. The inscription is as follows:—"S. P. Q. A. Joanni Godino ob egregiam operam in sopiendis dissidiis quæ religionis ergo ingruebant gratitud. monument." A pair of these bowls, of sixteenth-century work, were marriage gifts, and may be compared (though not perhaps to their advantage) with the well-known marriage dishes or bowls, *bacili* and *bacinetti*, of the famous potters of Gubbio. They exhibit also—just as the Italian bowls do—a most strange mixture of Christian and classical ornaments. For example, the devices on a pair of these bowls are groups of Juno, Venus, and Minerva, and Venus, Ceres, and Bacchus, with representations of the miraculous feeding of the five thousand and the miracle at the marriage of Cana. The same mixture is found in the couplet which explains the latter scene:—"Connubii ad festum Christus cum matre vocatus E lympha promit genialis dona Lyæi." We pass on to the section headed Drinkkroezen, -koppen en -kannen. These are pitchers, cups, and cans; but our English terminology of drinking-vessels is less scientifically accurate than the Dutch. Two of those are very ancient, being dated 1341, and both having belonged to the Archers-guild of Kampen. One (No. 163), of fifteenth century date, is ornamented with religious groups and inscriptions, one of which has not been accurately deciphered by the compilers of the catalogue. Had they been familiar with the famous Christmas carol "Quem vidistis pastores?" they would have known that the words which they give as "dicit (ur?) annua pat(e)r" are really "dicite, annunciate." Here is a somewhat ghastly inscription from a bowl of 1669:—

> Die dese beecker gaf
> Leeft eeuwig by sijn Godt,
> Wyl 't lichaam in het graf
> Tot zwol vast legt en rot.

Perhaps the most sumptuous specimen in the whole exhibition is a kind of flagon of sixteenth-century work, lent by the Grand-Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, one of the few contributors to this collection who live out of Holland. It is made up of three magnificent enamels, held together by rich metal-work. The enamels, which are superbly coloured, and not over-modest in design, represent three Old Testament heroines, Jael, Judith, and the woman who "all to brake the skull" of Abimelech. The catalogue erroneously puts Deborah in place of the woman of Thebez. The last specimen which we shall notice is a most remarkable rose-water dish and ewer of seventeenth-century date, of boldest Renaissance design, with subjects from Pagan mythology. It is exhibited by the Guardians of the Popta Hospital at Marssum. In addition to the catalogued specimens there are countless metal badges, collars, crowns, circlets, insignia, and staves of office, civil and military; quaint owls and conventionalized birds for the table; keys, spoons, candlesticks, watches, snuff-boxes, and fans; book-covers (chiefly ecclesiastical), with metal reliefs, and costly jewelry; ivories in precious mountings, some metal statuettes in the round, and any number of swords, lances, and other weapons. The ecclesiastical works are, as we said, few in number, and not very remarkable. There are one or two silver-gilt Renaissance shrines, a processional cross in coarse *repoussé* work, and two or three monstrances, thuribles, pectoral crosses, and candlesticks. The specimens are almost exclusively of Low Countries workmanship, and are more remarkable for boldness, vigour, and exuberance of fancy than for delicacy or refinement. But the exhibition is exceedingly worth seeing by all who value archæology or art.

In conclusion, we notice that some attempt has been made to supplement the exhibition by a collection of old tools used in metal-chasing, engravings of other famous works of the same kind, and portraits of eminent metallurgical artists, together with some original broadsides, advertisements, &c., of some of the latter. No Dutch artist is likely to become as famous in the annals of art as Benvenuto Cellini. But the names of Van Miereveld, of Adam and Paul and John van Vianen, of Mayr, of Theodore Rogiers of Antwerp, of Quintinus a fossa, and Lutma of Oudely, ought to take their place amongst the roll of distinguished artists. Only a few of the works here exhibited can be accredited to their authors; notably one or two to Paul van Vianen, of Utrecht. One specimen is inscribed, "J. Pietersen inventor, H. Middelhuygen fecit." We may be permitted to commend to the Artists' Club of Amsterdam the expediency of keeping open this unique exhibition till the close of the autumn. Many English visitors might wish to see it who could not easily leave home before the Long Vacation.

THE TRADE OF APRIL.

THE Board of Trade returns issued at the close of last week are the most satisfactory that have appeared since the commercial revival began at the end of the summer, and they are more especially satisfactory because of the complaints of renewed depression which have been rife of late. Of course it is possible that the large increase of the exports which, as we shall presently see, took place last month, may have been due to orders given in the autumn and winter, and only executed in April, and that when those orders have all been completed, a great decrease may manifest itself. To some extent we are prepared to find that this will be the case. The fall in prices on which we commented a couple of weeks ago proves that business is not now as active as it was a little while ago. Nor can it be doubted that some of the orders given while the speculative fit was hot have been cancelled, those who gave them paying forfeit for the privilege. But, as we pointed out when considering the fall of prices, there is nothing to show that the causes which produced the revival have spent their force; on the contrary, there is much to lead to the opinion that the check is merely temporary. Without, however, dwelling further on these considerations, let us pass on to the examination of the Board of Trade figures; and in the first place let us turn our attention to the exports, which declined so greatly during the long depression as to quicken once more into activity the old protectionist craze.

The exports of British and Irish produce last month were of the value of 19,623,360*l.* against 14,642,358*l.* in April of last year; an increase in round numbers of almost 5 millions sterling, or just 34 per cent. For the first four months of the year the increase was only 14,170,000*l.*, or less than 25 per cent.; so that, while for the four months since the end of December the exports in comparison with the same period of last year have not increased quite one-fourth, in April alone they have increased more than one-third. In other words, our foreign customers have gone on doing with us a better business as time passed on. But, as we remarked above, new orders are not now as numerous as they were some time ago. Part of the increase in last month's exports is due to the rise of prices witnessed since the spring of last year, and part to an augmentation of quantities; but without such an analysis as was made by Mr. Giffen when he undertook to show that the decline of exports which was creating apprehensions for our commercial future was chiefly a shrinkage of prices, it would be impossible to attribute to each its share in the increase, for the reason that in many cases the quantities are not given. As regards the commodities exported in larger quantity or value, they are so numerous as to afford reasonable ground for believing that the revival is no temporary spurt, but a real and general improvement. Amongst them we find woollen manufactures of all kinds, woollen yarns, and wools, silk manufactures, tin, telegraph wires, paper, seed oil, machinery and mill-work, linen manufactures, lead, iron and steel, haberdashery, glass, cotton manufactures, and chemicals. We have given this list without any attempt at classification, without even an indication by the order of enumeration of the relative importance of the commodities mentioned, our object being solely to show that the improvement is not confined to this or that leading item, but is so general as to render it highly improbable that it can be passing or accidental. If we confine our attention to the most important articles, we find the returns equally satisfactory. Thus the total of iron and steel of all kinds, manufactured and unmanufactured, exported last month, amounted to 455,191 tons, against 227,989 tons in April of last year, being an increase in quantity of 227,202 tons, or, as nearly as possible, 100 per cent. In value the increase was from 1,481,466*l.* to 3,203,378*l.*, being 1,721,912*l.*, or over 116 per cent. The increase here is greater in value than in quantity, though not nearly so much as might have been expected from the great rise of price during the twelvemonth. But it is to be borne in mind that old iron bears a much larger proportion to the total last month than it did twelve months ago; being 40,415 tons last month, against 4,451 tons a year before; in other words, while the total export of iron and steel was barely doubled, the old iron exported was multiplied nine times. Yet, even when we make allowance for this circumstance, it is evident that the orders executed last month were placed very favourably for those who gave them. Thus, for example, the quantity of railroad iron of all sorts exported increased 108 per cent. and its value only 146 per cent. We have thus confirmation of the opinion that last month's exports were but the execution of orders long since given.

As regards the countries to which the increased exports of iron and steel went, the United States stand first, but British North America, India, and Australia likewise purchased much more largely than before. In cotton manufactures, again, of which the quantity is given, there is an increase in yards of 23

per cent., and in value of 35 per cent. It would seem, however, that the rise of prices is really much greater than this. As our readers are aware, there is a dispute in Blackburn between the manufacturers and the weavers as to wages, and the operatives have not been slow to point to the increase of exports last month in support of their case, urging that, if an increase of wages can be given to the spinners though there is a falling-off in the export of yarn, *à fortiori* may the concession be made to them. But it is replied that the increase is in light goods, and in length only, in weight there being a decrease. If this be so, it is evident that the rise of price is very considerably more than it appears from the Board of Trade returns. With this illustration before us of the impossibility of determining how much of the increase even in a particular commodity is due to improvement in prices without knowing the difference in quality of the exports we compare, we may perhaps be excused from carrying further the analysis we have made in the case of iron and cotton. Broadly, we may state that there has been an augmentation both in quantities and values, and for our present purpose that is enough. In cotton piece goods the increased exports were to British India, the Straits Settlements, Turkey, Egypt, Brazil, Chili, British America, Japan, and the Philippine Islands. In woollens they were to the United States, British America, India, China, and South America. It will be seen from these lists that the enhanced demand does not come from the United States alone, any more than it is confined to a particular class of goods, though the purchases of that country first gave the impetus towards revival, and still are most important of any. It will further be noticed that the cessation of famine in India and China has instantly made itself felt, more especially in the new life it has imparted to the cotton industry. In the four months of the current year there have been imported into Bombay alone about 71¾ million yards of cotton piece goods more than in the corresponding period of last year; into Madras about 6 million yards more; into Bengal about 66 million yards more. We have in these figures evidence of the correctness of what has often been urged in these columns—namely, that the long depression which caused so much alarm was really due to the temporary failure of the purchasing power of our chief customers, rather than to any fault of our own, and that, with the recovery of those purchasers, our industries would once more start into activity. This is what is actually happening.

Coming in the last place to the imports, we find in them also an increase of value of 6,876,000*l.*, or about twenty per cent. The increase is found in the raw materials of manufacture, as well as in articles of food—as, for example, in wool, wood, tallow, unrefined sugar, lead, jute, iron ore, hides, and cotton. But in these the rise in prices seems to play a greater part than the increase of quantities. Even raw materials vary considerably in quality, the produce of some countries being either intrinsically superior to that of others, or being sent to market in better condition; while in the same country crops vary with the seasons. Still quality does not count for so much in raw materials as in finished goods. Besides, there are cases, as, for instance, tanned hides, where with a decrease of quantity there is an increase of value. But it is in articles of food that the principal increase of the imports is found, constituting about 2½ millions out of the 6¾ millions of the total increase. In other words, while the total increase in the value of the imports amounts to 20 per cent., in articles of food it is as much as 30 per cent. In wheat alone the increase for the month exceeds 900,000*l.* From the beginning of the agricultural year—that is, from September 1 to the end of April—the total imports of wheat amounted to 9,280,292 quarters, being an increase of 1,977,726 quarters over the corresponding period of last year, or between a fifth and a fourth. Considering the badness of the last harvest, and the estimates of our requirements that were then current, this is a very moderate augmentation. With two-thirds of the agricultural year already over, our wheat imports but slightly exceed half the estimate put forward on good authority last autumn. Even if we include the wheat flour imported, the total but slightly exceeds 11,300,000 quarters. These figures illustrate anew the inevitableness of exaggeration in the presence of disaster, and the readiness with which consumption adapts itself to price. But to come back to last month's return; we find a small increase in the quantity of coffee imported, and also in that entered for home consumption, and a very large increase in both items in the case of cocoa, especially in the home consumption. In tea, on the contrary, there is a large decrease under both heads. In all these articles there have been very heavy losses, the speculative rise of prices having been excessive, and the consequent fall severe. It is, moreover, noteworthy that the imports of refined sugar fell off very considerably both for the month and the four months, while those of unrefined sugar decreased but slightly for the four months and actually increased for April. Our readers are aware of the complaints of our sugar refiners, insisted upon for years, that they are being ruined by the competition of bounty-fed sugar. An increased import of the raw material for refining, accompanied by a decrease of the bounty-fed refined article, certainly does not suggest ruin.

REVIEWS.

HISTORIES OF THE HUGUENOTS.*

THESE two works are like the beginning and ending of a great whole, the middle part of which is wanting. We may regard Mr. Poole's work as a kind of unintended sequel to Mr. Baird's, or may regard Mr. Baird's as an unintended introduction to Mr. Poole's; but in either case there is an evident gap between them, and the missing link is not the least important or least interesting portion of the great tragedy of French Protestantism. The American Professor includes within his two thick volumes a period of fifty years, closing with the death of Charles IX. in 1574. Throughout the main part of his first volume he runs side by side with Merle d'Aubigné, and there is no conspicuous difference in their religious point of view, though Mr. Baird has a firmer grip of the political aspects of the French reforming movement, and of its relation to the general history of Europe, than D'Aubigné had. His scene lies almost wholly in France, though he is of course obliged to travel to Geneva, since the extra-national throne of the successive pontiffs of French Protestantism, Calvin and Beza, was erected in that city. Mr. Poole begins with the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, merely prefixing a summary account of the state of the Huguenots in their own land under the qualified and insecure toleration with which they had to content themselves prior to the Revocation. His scene lies principally out of France; he follows the Huguenot emigrants into England, Ireland, America, the Low Countries, Germany, Switzerland, and the various nations and cities in which the French fugitives found settlement. The reigns of Henry III., Henry IV., Louis XIII., and nearly fifty years of the reign of Louis XIV., lie unchronicled in the long interval between the two accounts. Hence the two books, when taken together, notwithstanding the conscientious ransacking of newly-opened materials and the scrupulous re-examination of the older materials which characterize both writers, give but an incomplete picture of the Huguenot drama. When Mr. Baird closes his work, we look upon French Protestantism as a mighty political force, identified with the hopeful cause of the Bourbons, and contending for domination in France. When Mr. Poole begins, the Bourbons have been triumphant for nearly a century, but their old ally, Protestantism, has sunk into a mere religious party; it has lost its original importance as a great political force. The decisive moments in the fate of French Protestantism are to be found in the omitted interval between Mr. Baird's subject and Mr. Poole's. It is of the first importance to remember that during this interval the French King had succeeded to the place which was held at its beginning by the Spanish King; he had become, so to speak, the real secular chieftain of Latin Christendom. What the Holy Roman Emperor was in theory, the "Most Christian Kings" of France became in fact, and they became so with the help of the Protestants. From the middle of the sixteenth century to the middle of the seventeenth, a whole succession of French monarchs and statesmen frowned upon native Protestantism, or during its breathing-time treated it but coldly, while they smiled upon foreign Protestantism. To put it down as a disintegrating force in France, and to encourage it for the same reason in Germany, was the policy alike of Francis I. and Henry II. and of Cardinal Richelieu. The measure of toleration which the Huguenots enjoyed under Richelieu and Mazarin was in great part due to the need of standing well with the Protestant princes and States, though both these great Ministers were too much of statesmen to be religious fanatics. The able writer of the "Interest of Princes and States" observed, a few years before the Revocation, that a great change had already occurred in French policy in 1680; no longer in any fear of Spain, the French had taken to "personating," as he puts it, "a great concern for Popery, that they may be no more thought, as formerly, Heretical Papists, but, on the contrary, the most zealous of that Church." The modified anti-Popery of the great Gallican clergy under Louis XIV. exhausted French Protestantism of what force it had as a protest against the extra-nationalism of the Vaticanist system; though indeed it must be added that French Protestantism was never so fundamentally national as French Catholicism, while during the period described by Mr. Baird it was little less Ultramontanist than French Romanism, its ultimate court of appeal sitting in Geneva instead of in Rome, and its fountain of pure doctrine flowing from the shores of Lake Leman instead of the banks of the Tiber. If Bossuet and his followers had been indeed Gallican Catholics rather than Gallican Papists, if they had not left a small Papal rift in the Gallican lute, the splendid intellectual and industrial forces madly expelled from France by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and scattered abroad to enrich rival nations, must have been absorbed into the national Church. The noblest ecclesiastical traditions of France, maintained by Hincmar, by St. Louis, and by Chancellor Gerson, would have found a logical completion, and the subsequent history of the French people would have been less volcanic than it has been.

Mr. Baird's volumes include all the great determining moments

* *History of the Rise of the Huguenots.* By Henry M. [illegible] in the University of the City of New York. 2 vols. London: [illegible] Stoughton. 1880.

A History of the Huguenots of the Dispersion at the Recall of the Edict of Nantes. By Reginald Lane Poole. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

in the development of Huguenot history as far as the St. Bartholomew Massacre—the "Erasmian" epoch of the French reformatory epoch, when all that was best in French scholarship and piety inclined to the party of reform; the wavering attitude of Francis I., and his attempt to draw Melanchthon into France as a conciliator; the episode of the savage placards against the Mass, and the subsequent expiatory processions; Calvin's flight from France and settlement in Geneva; the political supremacy of the Guises; the colloquy of Poissy; and the Edict of January 1562, by which the Queen Mother, Catharine de Medici, gave proof that her political inclinations leaned towards the side of reform, as she had borne witness in the year before when she sent a defence of the Huguenots to Rome, declared that they were neither Anabaptists nor Libertines, that they held all the articles of the Apostles' Creed, that they ought not to be cut off from the communion of the Church, and that it would be advantageous to the Church if many of their demands were accepted, such as the removal of images, the abolition of a great part of the ritual, the administration of the Eucharist in both kinds, and the adoption of public worship in the vulgar tongue. Mr. Baird is so possessed by the conviction that nothing but that Presbyterian Protestantism which was afterwards definitively formulated, through a series of accidents, can have any logical title to admiration, that he everywhere shows himself as incapable as D'Aubigné was of doing justice to a sober *via media* party, to "Erasmians" and "Nicodemites." Bishop Briçonnet, Gerard Roussel, and even Faber Stapulensis, seem to be objects of his patronage and pity. He has not the heart or imagination to do justice to the earliest, most learned, and most attractive school of French reformers. He evidently prefers a very Hudibras to a Mr. Ready-to-Halt, though the preference is manifested rather in his manner of treatment than in actual statements. In his chapter on the early unCalvinist Reformation at Meaux under Bishop Briçonnet, which is compiled with conscientious study, and most pleasantly written, he flings a number of damnatory epithets and expressions at the representatives of the unpuritanical middle party. The occasional savagery and hot-headed intolerance of Farel are kept in the background; the entire plan which he had in view alone is dignified as "The Gospel." While Mr. Baird was composing his history and turning over the rich mass of materials which are now open to the student, he missed the deepest and most permanent lesson of the Huguenot tragedy by his tacit and uninquiring acceptation of the hypothesis that every Frenchman was obliged to be either a formal Papist or a formal Calvinist. Hence Bishop Briçonnet's natural hesitation to plunge forward headlong into the unknown and untried darkness whither the Hotspurs of the movement were wildly dashing is stigmatized by Mr. Baird as "pusillanimous defection." If he does not openly sneer at the great scholar Faber Stapulensis, and at the high-minded and eloquent Gerard Roussel, when they take refuge at Strasburg, by shouting after them "prudent reformers!" and by following them with cries of "cowardly souls," "paltry evasions," "timidity," and "excessive caution," he does his best to degrade them by contrasting them with the "fearless athlete," the young Farel. He might have remembered that the pious Bishop and the great Humanist had been life-long Gallicans and Reformers; while Farel, always in extremes, had been an ultra-Papist. He was at least as intolerant in his Protestantism as he had been in his Popery; no sooner had he arrived in Basel than he began to rail at the venerated Erasmus, who was then the guest of the city, as a "Balaam." The gentle Oekolampadius, the reformer of Basel, had to remind him that "men can only be led to the truth, they cannot be driven to it." That Mr. Baird knows how to apologize when he finds a wrong-doer whom he thinks deserving of a good word, is clear enough from his long note of three pages of special pleading on behalf of Queen Margaret of Navarre in her character as the author of the *Heptameron*. Mr. Baird's royal portraits are always lifelike; and, as the history of the Huguenots during the fifty years included in his volumes is the history of France, he has painted a whole series of kings, queens, and statesmen. The authorship of the *Heptameron* ought to have been placed to Margaret's credit, or discredit, when she is first introduced to the reader; it is too characteristic of that wonderful woman and her surroundings to be mentioned in an appendix, as if it were a purely accidental excrescence. It shows that the scholarly lady, who was at once a Catholic and a Protestant, and who saw no inconsistency in being both at the same time, was amusing herself with the unseemly gallantries of Boccaccio's *Decameron*, while she was sending out her colporteurs to sell jewelry and distribute New Testaments to the young girls of southern France.

Mr. Baird is far more at home in the political history of France and of contemporary Europe than our English religious historians usually are, or at least than they have been until late years. He is a faithful, if a somewhat partial, chronicler of all the main events which lie between the famous "Bath of Blood" at Vassy, with the consequent outbreak of the first civil war, and the St. Bartholomew Massacre, and he tells his story so well that it cannot fail to interest the reader. He might have added fresh light from the State archives of Zürich, Bern, and Basel, if he had consulted the late Dr. J. C. Mörikofer's *Geschichte der Evangelischen Flüchtlinge in der Schweiz*, a book which deserves an English translation. The Switzers, after their manner, fought in both camps during the French civil wars, and the Federation was courted by both parties. At the Tagsatsung at Solothurn, in April 1562, Coignet asked for three or four thousand men for the French King, while Condé and Chatillon urged the Evangelical cantons to oppose the demand. Bullinger not only stopped the Council of Graubünden from sending help to the Guises, but prevailed on Hercules of Salis and Ulrich Philip of Hohensax to take arms under Condé. On two critical occasions—on the road from Meaux to Paris, and at the battle of St. Denys—the bravery of Swiss mercenaries decided the victory in favour of the Catholics, and the French ambassador, Bellièvre, was directed to inform the Cantons of the fact. Ninety of the Evangelical Swiss warriors who had been enlisted to fight against their French co-religionists, and who deserted from the royal camp at Troyes, were cut down in mistake by the Huguenots. At the end of his chapter headed "The Year of the Placards," Mr. Baird indeed refers to "an appeal" from the city of Strasburg and the city of Zürich, and to "a formal embassy" from the cantons of Basel and Bern and the city of Strasburg, to Francis I. on behalf of his persecuted Protestant subjects. The championship of the French Huguenots, and of the Vaudois of Provence, by the four "Evangelische Städte," Zürich, Bern, Basel, and Schaffhausen, was not exceptional, but repeated and continuous for many years. Mr. Baird gives the reply of Francis to the Evangelical cities in 1537, though he does not cite the pithy report of the embassy which Bern communicated to her confederates:—"The King was much more gracious at the beginning of his speech than his written answer afterwards turned out to be. The ambassadors had done their best, and dealt faithfully, but received answer according to a Court's manner (*nach Hofs Art*)." Ten years later the Evangelical cantons were still begging the King to show some mercy to their persecuted co-religionists, and only a short time before his death Francis wrote to his "Très chers et grands amis" of Zürich, Bern, Basel, and Schaffhausen, expressing his anger at their repeated interference with his administration and government of his own subjects, which he carried on "comme un bon prince doit"; he said that he was astonished that they should give the name of cruelty to "la Pénition que nous faisons faire a ceux qui out commis plusieurs Rebellions et Désobéissances a l'encontre de nous"; he asserted that the rebels did not "follow the evangelical verity of which you say that they have made profession," but that "the Vaudois and other heretics whom we have caused to be punished hold such errors as no prince nor community in Germany would tolerate in their countries"; he ended by warning "his dear and great" Swiss allies that they must cease using "de tels si étranges termes comme Cruautés et Horribles Punitions, afin que nous n'ayons occasion de vous faire Rude Réponse." Here we see the key to the attitude of Francis. So long as he thought a mere scholastic quarrel was going on, he took side with the reformers as a patron of letters, but when he perceived the political tendency of the new movement he became its foe in his own kingdom. When we read "Le Conseil de Zurich," and "Le Conseil de Berne au Conseil de Bâle," as the sources of Mr. Baird's statements, although he urges us to "Cf. the documents, mostly inedited," we perceive that he is making use of some French writer, and not of the original German or Latin documents in the "Staatsarchive" of Bern, Zürich, or Basel. Mr. Baird is a severe critic of English historians who have gone astray in their references to his province of study; he hunts down and exposes Mr. Froude for his ill-chosen source of material for his description of the massacre at Vassy; he detects the chronological slips of his fellow-countrymen Mr. Motley and Mr. Prescott. Though his own *tendenz* as historian sets in the same direction as D'Aubigné's, he is keen enough to perceive that the latter too often plays the historical novelist rather than the historian, especially when he deals with his idolized hero, Calvin. Mr. Baird closes his picturesque and diffuse narrative in the same temper as a dramatic author closes a tragedy in which the hero of a cause ultimately defeated in actual history figures episodically as a conqueror. The curtain does not fall upon the St. Bartholomew Massacre, but upon the judicial death of Charles IX., and the spectator is asked to regard the Huguenots as having "survived four sanguinary wars into which they had been driven by their implacable enemies," as "just entering upon a fifth war under favourable circumstances," and as standing "before the world a well-defined body, that had outgrown the feebleness of infancy, and had proved itself entitled to consideration and respect." He thinks that "they had made it manifest that their success depended less upon the lives of leaders, of whom they might be robbed by the hand of the assassin, than upon a conviction of the righteousness of their cause." But "the hand of the assassin" struck at the leaders on both sides, and if the Bourbons owed much to the Huguenot enthusiasm, what did the Huguenots become when Bourbon leading failed them?

Mr. Poole's little book was originally a University essay, written in competition for the Marquess of Lothian's historical prize. Like Mr. Baird, Mörikofer, and all the recent French and German writers in the same province, he has made a very full use of the exceedingly rich volumes of the *Bulletin de la Société de l'Histoire du Protestantisme Français*. Apart from its genuine merits as a methodically planned and well-written contribution to "culture-history," Mr. Poole's work has no small bibliographical worth as a book of reference, for he has evidently made a conscientiously exhaustive study of the whole literature of his subject, English, French, German, Dutch, and Swiss. He scrupulously clenches every statement in his text with a verifying note; indeed his chief faults are the very pardonable ones of over-citation and over-illustration. He is usually broader, fresher, and less biassed in his judgments

than the American professor. We should hardly expect from Mr. Baird such a graceful and grateful homage to "the honoured name of Edward Bouverie Pusey" as Mr. Poole has rendered. He might have had a fresh glimpse of the emigration of the so-called "Palatines" in 1709 by looking at the interesting journal of the Quaker missionary, Thomas Chalkley, who sailed with a number of them from the Thames to the Delaware. In his remarks on the relation of the Huguenots to the Church of England, and to the Revolution of 1688, Mr. Poole contends that they "helped not a little to formulate the public opinion that offered the kingdom to William of Orange." He complains that this "fact" has been too commonly ignored by our historians, and cites as his witnesses three foreigners, all of whom are Frenchmen, and one of them is Michelet. He either ignores, rejects, or is unaware of the powerful letter which the Huguenot ministers in Germany addressed to their brethren in England, blaming them for their blind and weak compliance with the policy of James II., and urging them to follow the brave leading of the English episcopate. The Huguenots on the Continent saw through the King's Declaration of Indulgence, and accused their brethren in England of "contributing to re-establish Popery in their new country" by joining those Dissenters who had published the declaration or addressed the King to thank him for it. "Is this," they ask, "to answer the glorious quality of confessors, of which you so much vaunt yourselves? Could you see those faithful servants of God (the Seven Bishops), with a zeal worthy primitive bishops, disobey the order of their sovereign, suffer imprisonment, and prepare themselves to suffer anything rather than betray their consciences and their religion, without admiring their constancy and being touched by their example? How is it that the generous refusal of the Bishops, though at the peril of their liberty and estates, to publish the declaration in their dioceses should not at least have opened your eyes? Reflect a little on what we have here said, and you will confess that we have reason to commend the conduct of the Bishops who refused to publish the declaration, and to condemn those Dissenters who have made their addresses of thanks for it." This letter was printed in 1689.

MURRAY'S EGYPT.*

MR. MURRAY would seem to have at length realized the fact that his Handbooks have to compete with the rival publications of Baedeker, and that new editions are in some cases necessary unless he is to be thrust out of the market altogether. Were it not that there is as yet no English edition of Baedeker's Guide to Upper Egypt, we cannot conceive even the most patriotic Briton buying the unwieldy volume of antiquated theory and worthless information which has hitherto received the sanction of Mr. Murray's name, and we are glad to be able to draw attention to the very great improvements which have been effected in the present edition. A large part of the work has been entirely rewritten, many excellent maps and diagrams have been added, and not the least important alteration is the division of the work into two volumes, so that the tourist may now carry his Guide about with him, without having a huge pocket specially constructed to hold it.

It seems almost a truism to say that the merits of a guide-book must be considered with reference to the needs of ordinary travellers rather than of advanced students; but in writing a Guide to Egypt there is a strong temptation to overlook this fact. As the science of Egyptology is now only in its infancy, and the data before us are most incomplete, there exist very many possible theories on the art, history, and religion of ancient Egypt. Each new discovery of importance gives rise to new theories, and the few men who are qualified to speak with authority on the subject, even to the extent demanded by the superficial requirements of a guide-book, are for the most part pledged to one or another of these theories, if they are not absolutely the originators of them. There is every temptation to such men to use their opportunity as a means of spreading their own opinions, instead of giving the simple guidance necessary to a traveller of average ignorance. This danger the compilers of Murray have almost entirely escaped. The work is essentially popular in its character, and no special knowledge is necessary for the understanding of any part of it. We lay stress on this point because the same cannot be said of Baedeker. His descriptions of temples and courtyards are often rendered bewildering to readers who have little or no architectural knowledge, by the profusion of technical terms. Another point which renders Murray preferable for English travellers is the spelling of Egyptian names, both ancient and modern. The question of transliteration is of course a difficult one, and, from the point of view of scholars, it cannot at present be definitively settled. But in a guide-book the method suggested by common sense is to spell the names just as an educated member of the nation for whose use the book is intended would naturally spell them if he heard them pronounced by a native. For the first time, this method has been consistently followed in the present edition, and its adoption is all the more pleasing from the elaborate apparatus of mysterious symbols and the piling up of superfluous aspirates to be found in Baedeker. It will be agreed that "bakhshîsh" is a needlessly intricate way of spelling the word most commonly heard by travellers in Egypt; and English readers, at least, would not suspect that û was the equivalent of *oo*, or that a word written Zakâzîk was pronounced Zagazig. Again, Salâheddin may or may not be the scientifically correct method of spelling the name of Richard Cœur de Lion's celebrated adversary, but surely he would be more generally recognized as Saladin. The editor feels it necessary to make in the preface some apology for taking this liberty with modern Arabic words, but a large majority of his readers will be very grateful to him for having done so. Under this system the Arabic vocabulary has been made intelligible and useful. It is perhaps rather too copious, and contains words which the ordinary traveller will never require; but we cannot point out the omission of any useful words; and, unlike most Arabic and other vocabularies attached to guide-books, the words contained are such as are in common use, to the exclusion of those which belong purely to the classical or written language.

If we turn to the pages which describe the Museum at Boolak we shall find the same superiority over Baedeker. Those objects are selected for notice which, from their intrinsic beauty or from some special interest attaching to them, are likely to attract such visitors as have no intention of making a study of Eg[illegible]. The very few to whom Baedeker's exhaustive list could be of any value would be sure to purchase the excellent Catalogue, which is the work of M. Mariette and Herr Brugsch, while ordinary travellers would toil in vain through ten pages of microscopic print without receiving very much assistance in their search after the beautiful or the curious. In connexion with Boolak Museum we are glad to note an absence of the rather extravagant praises lately bestowed upon the statues of Rahotep and Nefert; while the wooden statue of a village sheik, which seems to us to be on the whole a better work of art, meets with due recognition. Passing from ancient Egyptian to Mohammedan remains, a word of praise must be given to the excellent account of the various mosques of Cairo, and the accurate plans of the more important among them. Here, as in the chapter on ancient art, the writer has not been content to give a description of each object of interest as it stands, but has added a brief sketch of the progress of Mohammedan architecture from the seventh century, when it was little more than a reproduction of Greek and Roman forms, as in the Mosque of Amer, to the fifteenth, when the style reached its most characteristic and graceful development in the mosque-tomb of Kaitbey.

The interesting Coptic churches are well described, and a special feature of the book is the notice given to the convents of St. Paul and St. Antony in the desert to the east of the Nile, and to those near the Natron lakes to the west. These convents are seldom visited, though they contain much that is of great interest to students of Christian antiquities, and, considering the large proportion of clergymen among the English travellers in Egypt, it is strange that they have not attracted more attention. However, it is the habit of tourists in every country to pay attention to what is generally considered most remarkable, regardless of their own ordinary tastes and studies, for the reason which induced Sheridan's son to go down a coal mine—not because he took any interest in mining, but to say that he had been; and no doubt the knowledge that a man has actually sat on the top of the Great Pyramid imparts an Oriental flavour to the details which he gathers from his guide-book for the benefit of his friends at home. A good history of the convents would no doubt make them fashionable among tourists, and would also be of great interest not merely to ecclesiastical students, but to general readers, for the monks must have experienced strange vicissitudes in the course of their history, and suffered much at the hands of their Mohammedan neighbours. Indeed the extreme precautions observed in admitting strangers seem to show that they do not feel themselves entirely safe, even at the present day.

It is comforting to find that the account of the quarries of Toora and Masarah has been rewritten. The description of the ancient method of quarrying given in previous editions was totally unintelligible; we have never met a single visitor to Egypt who was not puzzled rather than enlightened by it. The present account is simple enough, and the absence of any memorials of the early empire in these quarries is plausibly explained by the suggestion that the operations of this early period have been obliterated by subsequent excavations under the later dynasties. There is, however, no mention made of the probable reasons for the great length of the caverns cut into the hills, which seems to be that the rock near the surface is generally much softer than that found further in, and that the workmen tunnelled on until they reached stone hard enough for their purposes.

The descriptions quoted from various authors which are introduced here and there throughout the book are for the most part judiciously selected, and there is an almost entire absence of original fine writing. One advantage of this self-restraint is the avoidance of such ludicrous mistakes as one which occurs in Baedeker's description of sunset as seen from the heights above Cairo. Here we are told that "on the borders of the immeasurable desert tower the huge and wondrous old pyramids, gilded and reddened by the setting sun." As a matter of fact, the position of the pyramids is almost exactly between the spectator and the setting sun, and so far from being gilded and reddened, they stand out nearly black against a glowing background. On the whole there are singularly few mistakes to be found in the present work. We are inclined in one or two instances to dispute the advice given to tourists as to the choice of hotels. Many experienced travellers will, for example, prefer the Hotel Abbat at Alexandria to the one which is here recommended.

* *A Handbook for Travellers in Lower and Upper Egypt.* Sixth Edition. London: John Murray.

Nothing but unreasoning enthusiasm for all things Eastern could have led to the statement that the flesh of Egyptian sheep is good. Of course excellence in such matters is relative, and we fully admit that, as compared with Egyptian beef, Egyptian mutton is very desirable food; but, as compared with the flesh of any other animal that we remember to have ever eaten, it is tough and tasteless beyond expression, and requires all the resources of a good cook to make it either palatable or digestible. In the list of the various restaurants and provision shops of Cairo, the writer has forgotten to mention, what many thirsty Britons will be glad to know, that a glass of English draught beer is to be had at Ablett's in the Moosskee.

The photographs of Béchard (not Béchart) are strangely enough passed over without any share of the praise which is bestowed upon others of certainly no greater merit. It is true that some of his negatives are far too much manipulated; but, after making all due allowance for this defect, or rather excess, his views of the streets and neighbourhood of Cairo are, in our opinion, decidedly the best to be had. The only reference made to the beautiful red and black pottery of Assyoot is a casual remark that the best pipe-bowls in Egypt are made there, and yet this manufacture is one of the very few industries in Egypt which has any artistic merit still remaining. All travellers who go up the Nile should purchase specimens on the spot, as the somewhat similar ware to be bought in Cairo is utterly inferior in form, colour, design, and workmanship, as well as in the fineness of the paste. Perhaps the most astonishing statement in the whole book is that nailed boots are useful in the ascent of the pyramids. We shall next be told that skates are useful to prevent inexperienced persons from slipping on ice. In connexion with this part of the subject, the "panorama of the pyramids" must be excepted from the praise already given to the maps and diagrams generally. The angle at the apex of the pyramid is, in almost every case, much too acute; a somewhat false idea is conveyed of the curiously shaped pyramid at Dashoor; and the step pyramid of Sakkarah looks as if it were built of children's bricks. Such diagrams are quite useless unless they are perfectly accurate. No one needs a picture to give him a vague general idea of the shape of a pyramid. One more defect—not a very important one, perhaps—remains to be noticed. When a break is caused in a page by a diagram or a table of statistics, the subject-matter of the first column is carried on, after the break, sometimes to the foot of the page, sometimes to the top of the second column; and in one instance an amusing change of meaning is caused by reading on in the wrong direction.

We have confined our remarks mainly to the volume relating to Lower Egypt, partly because the second volume—consisting for the most part of a straightforward description of the successive objects of interest on the banks of the Nile—calls for no detailed criticism, and partly because, in the absence of any other English guide to Upper Egypt, those travellers who are unable to read German must use Murray, good or bad. However, after a careful examination of Part. II., we can confidently say that an English version of Baedeker's "Upper Egypt" does not seem likely to be so profitable an undertaking as it did a year ago.

CARTER ON EYESIGHT, GOOD AND BAD.*

THE author's long professional experience gives exceptional weight and importance to the scientific opinions put forward in this short treatise upon Eyesight, Good and Bad. Plain and simple rules for the exercise and preservation of vision need to be at least as much based upon wide and persistent observation as upon independent study of the physiology of the visual organs, or of the properties and influence of light in relation to the eye. As Ophthalmic Surgeon to St. George's Hospital, Mr. Brudenell Carter had for many years ample means of observing and classifying the various forms of disease to which the most delicate organ of the animal frame is liable, and he was thus enabled to fortify by copious notes of observation the lessons delivered by him as Hunterian Professor of Pathology and Surgery to the Royal College of Surgeons of England. The stores of knowledge and the therapeutical experience thus acquired will, we are glad to think, obtain a still wider field of usefulness by being embodied, as far as is possible, in the little manual now before us. Much of the time of every ophthalmic practitioner, as of every consulting physician, is taken up day by day, as our author's experience forcibly impressed upon him, in repeating to successive patients precepts and injunctions which ought to be universally known and understood. To make generally available these simple and ever applicable maxims, together with the scientific grounds upon which they rest, is the object he has proposed to himself in compiling the present work. He has no intention of entering more minutely into matters of anatomical detail than may be requisite to bring home to the ordinarily educated mind the reasons for the practical rules which he is desirous of enforcing. To the same extent he would take his readers over the elementary ground of optics, touching briefly on the simple properties of light and the formation of images by lenses, in order to illustrate the mode in which objects are figured upon the retina by rays passing through the crystalline lens of the eye. The use of the ophthalmoscope in investigating the functions of the organs of sight and detecting their hidden maladies is here pointed out, as well as that of the contrivance of Dr. Snellen of Utrecht for testing the acuteness of vision by test-types seen under various angles or at various degrees of distance. The curious lacuna in the field of vision, known as the blind spot, first discovered by Mariotte in the reign of Charles II., is explained. The author then passes on to one of the most prominent topics of his work—near and distinct vision, and presbyopia, or aged sight.

Comparable as it is in many respects with a transparent circular lens or disk of glass or other material, the crystalline lens of the eye is not a rigid or passive organ. If such were its nature, its influence in refracting the rays of light which enter by the pupil would be always the same. But it has been found by the labours of Donders, Cramer, and others, to have a certain power of adjustment, known by the name of "accommodation." A small muscle called the ciliary muscle, or muscle of accommodation, has been shown to produce an increase or diminution in the convexity, and also in the power, of the crystalline lens. In fig. 30 our author makes clear in a diagrammatical form the exact nature of this change, whereby the anterior surface of the lens becomes more convex and the pupillary opening smaller; one half of the figure showing the parts at rest, and the other half showing them as they are when accommodation is being exerted, the relative position or configuration of the ciliary muscle being indicated in each case. This change becomes tantamount to inserting an additional convex lens within the eye, and the amount of additional refracting power which can thus be added is capable of definite measurement. For every eye there is a point within which clear vision is no longer possible without optical assistance; and this, which is called the near-point, marks, Mr. Carter explains, the limit of the power of accommodation. Three classes of normal vision are to be distinguished, —(1) when the eye can unite parallel rays upon its retina, its axial and focal length being the same; (2) when the length of the axis is less than the focal length, the eyeball being flat, in which case the focus of parallel rays would always fall behind the retina could they pass through its tunics—this is called the hypermetropic state; (3) when the axial is greater than the focal length, the eyeball being comparatively convex and the pencil of parallel rays falling in front of the retina—this is the myopic state. In neither of the two latter states—called by the common name of ametropic—can there be by nature strictly defined images of distant objects upon the retina, which receives instead but a more or less diffused patch of light, technically called a diffusion circle. For the hypermetropic eye a convex lens is required in order to place the focus of parallel rays upon the retina, and for the myopic eye a concave lens, the degree of ametropia being definable in terms of the power of the correcting lens in the dioptric scale of measurement which Professor Donders has enabled us to substitute for the empirical and inexact method of graduation previously in use amongst opticians and surgeons. A hypermetropia of two dioptrics describes excessive length of sight, which requires a convex lens of two dioptrics for its complete correction; and a myopia of two dioptrics is one which requires a concave lens of two dioptrics. In many persons the two eyes are of unequal refractive power, calling for a combination of artificial lenses or spectacles adjusted to suit the inequality.

By the power of adjustment or accommodation before spoken of, the focal length of the eyesight is unconsciously yet rapidly enabled to bear upon and to define objects near and distant. The amount of this power of accommodation can also be expressed by the dioptric scale. Thus, in the case of an emmetropic eye, which can see clearly objects indefinitely distant and can also see small objects clearly at twenty centimetres, but not at any shorter distance, the effort of accommodation which is exercised in seeing at this near point is optically tantamount to placing within the eye an additional convex lens of the same focal length as the distance of the eye to the near-point—in this case a lens of five dioptrics. Were the near-point at twenty inches or half a metre, then the accommodation would be equal to a lens of two dioptrics. As life advances, the crystalline lens gradually loses its elasticity and becomes more and more rigid, the power of accommodation consequently diminishing, and the near-point receding further and further from the eye, whatever its original power of refraction. This is the condition known as presbyopia or aged sight, which generally begins to be felt between the ages of forty and fifty;—

> Taking the mean of many observations, we find that at ten years of age the accommodation is equal to a lens of 13 dioptrics, and the near-point is at 3 English inches. At twenty-one, the accommodation has fallen to 9 dioptrics; and the near-point has receded to 4·5 inches. At forty, the accommodation has fallen to 4·5 dioptrics, and the near-point has receded to 9 inches. At fifty, a great change has taken place. The accommodation is then only three dioptrics, and the near-point has receded to 13 inches; at sixty, the accommodation is only 1·5 dioptrics, and the near-point is at 26 inches; while at seventy-five the accommodation is wholly lost, the eye is passive, and the near-point is therefore at infinite distance.

A well-conceived diagram is added to make clear at a glance the comparative effects of declining accommodation in relation to age and to original power of refraction. The same scale will be found of use in determining the degree of optical power required in each individual case to supply the deficit of advancing age. Our author protests against the popular prejudice as to the hurtful effects of wearing glasses, a fallacy which leads to the exclusion from workshops of many a good workman who at the age of fifty or so shows signs of failing sight. That there is no harm in the habitual use of a convex lens is shown by the fact that watchmakers are by comparison, as a class, enviably free from eye diseases. His practice in an ophthalmic hospital has convinced Mr. Carter that

* *Eyesight, Good and Bad: a Treatise on the Exercise and Preservation of Vision.* By Robert Brudenell Carter, F.R.C.S., &c. With numerous Illustrations. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

the habitual exercise of the eye upon fine work tends to the development and preservation of its powers. Nor is the reason far to seek, seeing how largely the strength of vision depends upon the accommodation lying in the ciliary muscle, which, like all muscles, is fortified by exertion and atrophied by disuse. Many a case of glaucoma easily curable by an early operation has been erroneously met by supplying stronger and stronger glasses, to which the resulting blindness has been most unfairly set down. Our author in his defence of glasses tends, it may be thought, towards the opposite extreme. He would seem to fit the whole human race sooner or later with spectacles. In people with "wonderful sight," who can read without spectacles at seventy or eighty years of age, he sees no wonder at all. By their loss of accommodation they are simply reduced to the state of short-sight of three dioptrics, and enjoy the usual immunity of that state. He pictures vividly at the same time the delight of the myopic on finding their horizon of sight and power of defining objects suddenly enlarged by being fitted with concave lenses of the proper dioptric power. Chief among these joys is that of following the play of expression on the faces of persons with whom they converse. For want of this reciprocal power the speech of short-sighted persons often becomes indistinct; the unconscious action of the lips in response not following those of the other speaker. A lady who had for many years been engaged in teaching had her myopia corrected by proper glasses. Her first exclamation of pleasant surprise was an emphatic commentary upon the state in which her life had until then been passed. "Why, now I shall be able to see the faces of the children!" To the public speaker or preacher there can be no more serious drawback than being unable through shortness of sight to note the play of features and to rivet the gaze of his hearers.

In treating of the causes of myopia Mr. Carter takes note that, while this defect may be in many cases set down as hereditary, there is little definite evidence upon this point. Every one may have known cases of the most extreme differences of eyesight in children of the same parents. The most careful observations upon myopia in infants and young persons are those of Dr. Cohn of Breslau, who examined the eyes of 10,060 children, and found, out of this number, 1,004 who were myopic. The defect he further found to increase steadily as his observations rose from the elementary to the higher classes in the schools. Bad light was an unvarying concomitant in conditions of this kind, as was also the faulty construction of desks and seats, causing the children to stoop over their work so as to bring their eyes closer to it; both causes compelling an undue amount of convergence effort, fatiguing the sense, and accustoming the eye to a short focus. To the same result would contribute the odiously contracted type and coarse paper of German school-books in general. No wonder that the Germans are by far the most habitually be-spectacled race. Those who, on the contrary, live open-air lives, with their gaze most commonly fixed upon far-off objects—sailors, soldiers, field-labourers, and the like—are notable for their long and vigorous sight. Mr. Carter's precepts for the care of the eyes in childhood, as well as for their preservation in manhood and declining years, deserve to be read with all attention. His remarks upon natural and artificial illumination are of no less value, and may be the means of correcting many an injurious habit, and of bringing comfort and peace to many a mind tortured by dread of losing the most precious of nature's gifts. The cases of practical cure which he is able to exhibit will give confidence to those who, with the terrors of blindness before them, have recourse to his teaching. The influence of healthful habits of life towards the preservation of the eyesight is insisted upon, and many simple rules are laid down for the treatment of accidental injuries to the eye, and the avoidance of unhealthy and injurious strain. Several useful contrivances for saving effort to the weak-sighted, such as Prescott and Thursfield's writing frames, and the American type-writer, are explained and illustrated; and the practical hints with which the work closes upon the choice of spectacles will be of great service to sufferers from every kind of defective vision.

The time has been when asthenopia, or weakness of sight, was commonly regarded as incurable. There are, unhappily, cases in which failure of reflective power in the retina, or deadness of the optic nerve from paralysis or other causes, may baffle the utmost skill and resource of the oculist. Into extreme cases of this kind Mr. Carter does not enter at any length, but his remarks are full of hope for a large class of patients in whom the cause of distress is traceable to muscular fatigue. Donders, when he first discovered the nature and frequent existence of hypermetropia, was disposed to trace nearly all examples of asthenopia to the strain which was thrown upon the muscle of accommodation by its endeavours to correct the flatness of the eyeball. But this conclusion was modified by the observation that some asthenopic patients were myopic, or even emmetropic. Von Graafe was inclined to refer these cases to fatigue of the internal straight muscles by the act of maintaining convergence for some definite distance, rather than to fatigue of the accommodation muscle. He proposed a division of asthenopia into accommodative and muscular, according as the effort which occasioned distress was that of accommodation or of convergence, the internal straight muscles being in the latter class of cases the subjects of a peculiar weakness which he called "insufficiency," and which he proposed to measure by means of divers tests. Later observations have not confirmed his hypothesis, nor established the value of his tests, but have tended to convince Mr. Carter that asthenopia may in almost all cases be referred to a want of harmony between the accommodative effort and the convergence effort, the muscular fatigue being due, not to the absolute exertion of either function, but to endeavours to combine the two in proportions which disturb the material relations between them. Measured by the natural or emmetropic standard, the eyes will in hypermetropia be called upon to exert accommodation in excess of their convergence, in myopia to exert convergence in excess of their accommodation. To redress the balance and take off the injurious strain, our author prescribes a regulated course of reading by the aid of properly adjusted glasses. The expedient of resting the eyes, so commonly recommended, he considers to be, save in cases of inflammation, the surest way of increasing weakness, through disuse of the nervo-muscular apparatus. The instances of cure which he has to cite as the result of this judiciously graduated process of exercise may well revive the hopes of many a patient who has been a prey to the fear of blindness.

On colour vision and colour blindness our author has a short chapter full of matter, and upon the subject of squinting he is able to clear up briefly many popular errors. Astigmatism or distortion of the cornea—the vertical curvature being unequal to the horizontal—is no less clearly explained, together with its mode of correction by means of plano-cylindrical lenses. The detection and measurement of this defect are best attained by the use of the series of letters striped at different angles, designed by an American physician, Dr. Orestes Pray. That astigmatism when uncorrected produces distortion of the shapes of objects, and that the correctness of an artist's drawing can have been disturbed by such a cause, Mr. Carter holds to be utterly without foundation, referring, we presume, to the observations of Professor Liebreich not many years ago in reference to the later drawings of Turner. Before abandoning this ingenious explanation of unquestionable signs of decay in the powers of that great painter, we should prefer seeing the subject treated with greater fulness than Mr. Carter has found compatible with the scope of his valuable little work.

THE WATERING-PLACES OF GERMANY, AUSTRIA, AND SWITZERLAND.*

THE publication of volumes like this of Dr. Gutmann's is one proof among many of the revolution that modern progress has been gradually introducing in the treatment of disease. We cannot suppose that our fathers enjoyed any immunity from those insidious illnesses which sap the health and dash the spirits, although without showing the acute symptoms which have more immediate interest for the undertakers. But if those complaints existed, comparatively little was heard of them; and a man who found himself mysteriously but gravely affected calmly made up his mind for the worst. He might have recourse to dosing, drenching, and bleeding; and his doctor and apothecary were only too ready to accommodate him in the application of those decisive remedies. Possibly he recovered; more probably he died and made no sign. But nowadays, if he has leisure and credit with his bankers, he may have any number of new chances in his favour. No doubt the family medical man would gladly monopolize the care of his ailments; but fashion and the developments of science have put that altogether out of the question. Everybody knows that when a malady of difficult diagnosis is slow or chronic, there need be no final sentence of death till a change has been tried, with a visit to some waters. So the domestic physician makes the best of a disagreeable business, and with the pleasantest manner he can assume for the occasion, recommends the patient to pay a visit to the Continent. And for one of these wanderers in quest of health who carries in his system the germs of dangerous or deadly disease, there are at least a score who are either mere *malades imaginaires*, or, at worst, very slightly hit. There are the men who have more or less overtasked themselves with brain-work or business anxieties of one kind or another; there are the women who have been living too fast through the fashionable season of some great city; there are the girls who are the offspring of marriages between the two, and who show hereditary tendencies to hysteria or to occult disorders of the nerves. A highly artificial life takes heavy toll of its victims, and relief is to be sought in the kind of regimen which puts the pleasantest form of restraint on artificial habits. Here is a specific which the most complaisant of physicians may prescribe, in the summer or autumn visit to some favourite health resort. The mere change of air and scene raises the spirits to begin with. As languor vanishes or pain is soothed, the faint hopes with which the invalid came grow into exhilarating expectation. The visible relief is worth some sacrifice, and a certain amount of privation brings its speedy reward. The habits of the place, to which you must inevitably conform, are all in favour of the cure. It is no use to sit up of an evening, because you will find nothing to do and nobody to keep you company; and moreover the life in the open air makes you drowsy. As you go to bed long before your usual hour, naturally you awaken early; and when the sun is shining warmly into the room, there is nothing to be gained by lying simmering in the blankets. Besides, you are bound by the orders of a doctor in whom you begin to believe, to present yourself in

* *The Watering-Places of Germany, Austria, and Switzerland.* By Edward Gutmann, M.D. London: Sampson Low & Co. New York: Appleton & Co. 1880.

the throng round the pump at a certain hour in the morning; and when all the world is astir, the attraction to follow is irresistible. Then a breath of the cool fresh air of the early morning is one of those innocent forms of intoxication in which the most *blasés* delight the most. It gives you moreover an agreeable appetite for breakfast, if you have not inflated yourself to excess with mineral water. The simple coffee and bread and butter have the flavour of the most exquisite delicacies, and digestion is already smoothly at work before the healthful repast is well finished. An early dinner follows in due course; and as you have called it dinner instead of lunch, you do not feel bound to gorge yourself in the evening. A light supper follows a moderately long excursion; while in place of sitting in confined rooms through the day, you have been sauntering through shady woods, fragrant with the scents of their flowers and foliage. No wonder that, notwithstanding some occasional imprudence when the *menu* of the dinner-table is more inviting than usual, you make marked and steady progress, and find health and spirits "on the mend." And this without taking the waters into account, though no doubt they often have many of the virtues with which their most enthusiastic advocates credit them. Then, finding yourself patched up and refreshed towards the end of the bath-cure, you begin to remember that the life is monotonous, and you grow ungratefully impatient of its salutary restraints. You leave the bath for a little tour, like a schoolboy broken loose for the holidays. You slip the bit out of your teeth, give the rein to your imprudences with reinvigorated zest, and, the reaction from the regimen being proportionately violent, sooner or later you are worse than you ever were before. So the following season you are more than ready to return to the health resort that certainly did you infinite good. And thus there is not a bath of any consequence on the Continent that does not come to have its regular *clientèle*, who bequeath their belief in the virtues they have abused to the children who inherit their predispositions to evil. The Germans especially, year after year, make penance, or, at all events, restrictions, alternate with and atone for excesses. And not a few English and Americans are falling into this German fashion, and setting examples which many of their country people are beginning to follow.

It is for the benefit alike of those who are really afflicted with some malady and of others who may be all the better for a change though there is nothing serious the matter with them, that Dr. Gutmann has written this "popular medical guide." Of the volume itself there is not much to be said, since it does not profess to contain anything that is very new or original, except that it will be found a compact and useful little handbook. The author is no fanatic in his belief in particular springs, though he does go so far as to close one of his chapters with the assurance that if you do not become impatient, but "remain, drink and bathe, you will succeed." What he impresses in the first place upon his readers—and the warning is specially needed by Americans, who are too apt to go about their cures, as about their travels, in red hot haste—is the necessity of taking the waters deliberately. Invalids are inclined to lose hope at once if they do not show immediate signs of amendment; yet it is a commonplace maxim of the doctors at most of the spas that you are very likely to feel worse before you become better. Then imprudences, to which temptations abound, are apt to defeat the object of the visit. A patient, in his great haste to get well, swallows inordinate quantities of fluid, whereas the system can only assimilate moderate doses, though these may be gradually and judiciously increased. Exercise is an excellent thing, and is enjoined upon all who are capable of taking it. But exercise should never overtax the strength, and the pedestrian's feelings of fatigue are warnings that should always be attended to. He will do wisely, at first at least, if he limits himself to long saunterings in the alleys and woods that almost invariably surround the Kursaals. These pleasant strolls may be prolonged indefinitely; and there are seats in abundance where you may repose and recruit the forces. But the impetuous invalid, exhilarated by the air and possibly by the water, fancies he can hardly have too much of a good thing, and recklessly abuses the strength he is recovering. Consequently the waters fail of their effect on a frame that is always being artificially enfeebled. Indiscretions in diet are of course another snare. Patients, if they only knew it, as Dr. Gutmann takes care to point out for their comfort, are far more generously treated than they used to be, according to the generally received modern regimen of the bath faculty. Old notions have been exploded as to many simple luxuries of the table which were supposed to clash with the chemical action of the water; and things that once were rigidly proscribed are now permitted to be used in moderation. But moderation must still be the great rule of bath-life; and moderation is a relative and elastic term, which invalids are too much inclined to interpret to their injury. The fresh air and the exercise make them hungry, and they indulge their improved appetites to excess, and are even guilty of the insanity of indigestible suppers. Dr. Gutmann, in laying down general rules, would diet them somewhat too meagrely, as it seems to us. A light breakfast, a light dinner, and a scanty supper may be all very well in certain cases; dyspeptics and those who are suffering from indigestion may be easily persuaded to put the muzzle on for their own sakes, since retribution is sure to follow swiftly on imprudences. But bath-life would become intolerable on such a *régime* to others who have the free use of their legs and whose stomachs are in fair working condition. Then appetite must be, in a measure, a question of atmosphere. Thus a man who gasps and perspires through a hot summer in the depths of the confined valley of Ems—which Dr. Gutmann, by the way, with most extravagant laudation, pronounces the gem of the German spas—will rather have to fillip his appetite than to curb it. On the other hand, if he is drinking the iron waters of Schwalbach and walking about its airy and lofty table-lands—still more, if he is inhaling the iced breezes of the Upper Engadine—he will find himself ravening for his food like a wolf, and rising from heavy repasts with cravings unsatisfied. Dr. Gutmann objects most decidedly to the *table d'hôte*. The variety of dishes, he says, induces invalids to overload themselves with very indigestible food. "People accustomed to plain living at home, "delighted by the novelty of sitting at a large opulent table, in the company of fashionable society, are too much inclined to yield to the temptation and indulge too freely in the consumption of ragoûts, heavy puddings, and all kinds of compound dishes." As to the "opulence" of the modern *table d'hôte*, Dr. Gutmann is at issue with his countryman Mark Twain, whose *Tramp Abroad* we recently noticed. Mr. Twain asserts that at the *table d'hôte* nowadays you may starve in the midst of apparent plenty; and on the whole we are inclined to agree with him. The *table d'hôte* has changed greatly for the worse in the lifetime of the present generation. But, as a matter of fact, there are *tables d'hôte* and *tables d'hôte*; and while those at certain of the baths are simple to parsimony, and are served seemingly after *menus* drawn out by the doctors, at others, like those of Wildbad, for example, the *cartes* are as liberal as the cookery is unexceptionable, and the patient may undoubtedly be led into temptation. By the way, Dr. Gutmann rather oddly recommends those who dine at the *tables-d'hôte* for the sake of the society they meet there, to seek fashionable company at the restaurants instead, where, at the same time, they can set a limit to their dishes. But while a man may make acquaintance with his neighbours at a public dinner-table, and possibly follow it up if the beginnings are mutually satisfactory, it would be a strong measure for even the most enterprising citizen of the States to cross to an isolated table in a restaurant, and, having singled out some particular group that took his fancy, insist on carrying their intimacy by storm.

Dr. Gutmann seems to write of most of the baths either from personal knowledge or good information. With some of them, such as Carlsbad, he is evidently much better acquainted than with others; and on these he expatiates at greater length. His practical information as to the qualities and composition of the springs, the complaints for which they are suitable, the natural attractions of the neighbourhoods, the proper seasons, the routes, the hotels, &c., will be found generally trustworthy and very useful. In his recommendations of the hotels, however, he makes some unaccountable omissions. Thus at Schwalbach he says nothing of the Allée Saal, certainly by far the first in point of situation, and as certainly behind none of the others in comforts. At Wildbad we hear nothing of the Hotel Klump, one of the best houses in Europe; while the very bulk of the huge Vierjahrzeiten at Wiesbaden might have assured it, we should have fancied, against being overlooked; and, unless the management has greatly changed very lately, it certainly deserves honourable mention.

POETS IN THE PULPIT.*

AT a series of entertainments called "Sundays for the People," Mr. Haweis has been giving recitations from English poetry interspersed with moral remarks. The moral remarks and the selected passages are now printed together, under the title of *Poets in the Pulpit*. To compel poets dead and gone to come into the pulpit seems rather a violence to good taste, but the name of Mr. Haweis's little compilation is perhaps the worst thing about it. A certain school of critics is shocked when any one proposes to disengage the edifying quality of poetry, but we need not be so fastidious. Poetry, of course, is an art, like another. To point out the morality in poetry is like dilating on the medical qualities of a flower before we have admired its colour and perfume. But the people, especially on Sunday evenings, love to have it so. A practical race does not care to linger over the music and the colour, so to speak, of the poet's work, but prefers to ask, "What good will these lines do our immortal souls?" Thus the Lotus Eaters may be made to point the moral of industry, punctuality, and despatch in business, while the "Sleeping Beauty" can be twisted into an allegory in favour of early rising. Mr. Haweis is scarcely to be blamed for humouring the popular taste. An art which deals so intimately with man in all his relations as poetry does, cannot but be deeply charged with moral ideas. The more universal the poet, the more must thoughts about man's duty and destiny occupy his muse. And though the expression of these thoughts is not, in logical language, the *differentia*, the peculiar mark of poetry, it is the side of poetry in which a popular audience is most interested. It is also the side of poetry which may least incongruously be discussed from the pulpit. We cannot, therefore, ask Mr. Haweis for complete criticism, but merely for moral exposition.

Mr. Haweis is of opinion that all our poets "condense the life of your age into words that breathe and thoughts that burn" (*sic*), and he mentions Mr. Swinburne and Keble among other examples of this condensing power. But he did not, we regret to say, devote

* *Poets in the Pulpit.* By H. R. Haweis. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

a sermon to "Dolores," and treat the people to "a nicht wi' Swinburne." Mr. Haweis is so plucky and ingenious an expositor that we feel sure he could have extracted edification from "Félise," or derived a theory of the Christian life from Mr. Dobson's *Vignettes in Rhyme*. But, though bold, he is discreet, and his lectures begin with milk for literary babes, with notes on Mr. Longfellow. From a brief biographical paragraph we learn that Mr. Longfellow was "run" for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University in 1874, but was defeated by "Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield." It scarcely seems six years since Mr. Disraeli became Lord Beaconsfield. The political contest between the statesman and the American poet is one of the funniest even in the grotesque annals of Glasgow University. The words with which Mr. Haweis ends his critique of Mr. Longfellow seem to us very much to the point:—

> Take home to your hearts the warmth of his sweet natural religion; take home the peaceful and quiet contemplation of death and the grave, and the bright glimpses of the shining fields beyond; take home his manly courage, his earnest endeavour after all that is noble, and sweet, and upward; take home his unstained aspirations, his sense and belief in the triumph of good. He sends you forth into the New Year, but he bids you tread its threshold with a firm and light step; before you lies an unknown, untravelled world.

In these words Mr. Longfellow's moral qualities—and they are his chief qualities—are very well summed up. Mr. Haweis wisely abstained from reciting "Excelsior," fearing, perhaps, that the people would join in, as in a popular chorus. But it is odd to find Mr. Haweis saying that "perhaps in the 'Psalm of Life' Longfellow is sweetest and most powerful." The "Psalm of Life," if there be any meaning in the English language, is gibberish. Let us analyse two of the verses:—

> Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make our lives sublime,
> And departing, leave behind us
> Footprints on the sand of time:
>
> Footprints that perhaps another,
> Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
> A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
> Seeing, shall take heart again.

Even if one can conceive of life as a "solemn main," bordered by "sands of time," how can the mariners on the main leave their footprints on the sands? And what possible comfort can footprints on the sands be to a shipwrecked brother who, despite his shipwreck, still keeps persistently sailing o'er life's solemn main? The brother must have had very sharp eyes if he could see footprints on the sands from his raft, for his ship is supposed to have been wrecked long ago. Perhaps Mr. Longfellow was thinking of the footstep which Robinson Crusoe found on the sand of his desert island. But Robinson was not sailing when he detected that isolated phenomenon; nor, when he saw it, did he "take heart again." The fact is that even Robert Montgomery never wrote greater nonsense than the "Psalm of Life." The poem is popular because the public vaguely feel that the author means to be very improving. Like the "Northern Farmer," they "think he says what he ought to ha' said," and they go away. Mr. Haweis even sends them away with that amazing remark about Longfellow being "sweetest and most powerful in the 'Psalm of Life,' as, indeed, he is there most admirably concise." Concise! A poet tells us "in the bivouac of life" not to be like "dumb, driven cattle," but to be "a hero." What an alternative, either to be cattle in the plural or a singular hero! And what business have cattle in a bivouac?

When Mr. Haweis comes to Mr. Tennyson, he selects as the Laureate's characteristics his depth and sobriety of thought, his wide sympathies, and his moral and religious instincts. Mere critics of poetry, as poetry, would select other qualities; but Mr. Haweis has to adapt Tennyson to pulpit purposes. Much that he says is true, though this does sound a little odd, "How sound and sweet are his words on the great question of the redistribution of property!" If that great question were ever mooted in practice, the Laureate's language, we fear, would be rather strong and direct than sound and sweet. But we hurry on to what is the real point in Mr. Tennyson, as in Mr. Browning, Mr. Longfellow, and the rest. They are all optimists. All of them hold, in the geographical language of one of Dickens's characters, that "things will come round and be all square." "Our poet," says Mr. Haweis, "like all good men and good women, is at the bottom an optimist." A pessimist poet, like Leopardi, would be worse than useless in the pulpit. Nothing could be done with a writer who said, like the speaker in Clough's "Easter Hymn":—

> Of all the creatures under Heaven's high cope,
> We are most hopeless who had once most hope,
> And most beliefless who had most believed.

Such a poet, at most, could only serve as an "awful example." And if we look at modern poetry, at the poetry of men who have lived since the "immense hope that traversed the earth," became more dim, we do find them optimists. They more or less "faintly trust the larger hope." They hold that

> all, as in some piece of art,
> Is work co-operant to an end.

As Mr. Haweis says of Mr. Browning, "He is passionately wedded to this world; everything about it is full of teeming interest for him; and yet the motto he has selected for death rules life—it is the eternal 'Prospice' or 'Beyond.'" Thus there is scarcely a pessimist poem of any mark, if we except *Atalanta in Calydon*, in an age when pessimism has some philosophic popularity and vogue. This is only one of many proofs that pessimism is practically impossible, that it will not work, that no fruit grows in its soil or under its air. Mr. Matthew Arnold, whom Mr. Haweis seems to find ill-adapted for pulpit purposes, has but little of Pangloss in his characters. Yet even his Empedocles is not really pessimistic:—

> I say, Fear not! Life still
> Leaves human effort scope.
> But, since life teems with ill,
> Nurse no extravagant hope.
> Because thou must not dream, thou need'st not then despair.

Sénancour was certainly something of a pessimist, and the verses which Mr. Arnold has written on his *Obermann* are not precisely cheerful. Yet even they end where the poet's vision, "far in the Valais depth profound, beholds the morning break." What morning, what hope is there for him who follows on Obermann's track? There is no explicit answer; there only remains the vague universal protest against pessimism, against the bleak air in which art can never flourish, and in which life certainly ceases to be worth living. This poetical protest is so far witness to the truths that are their own evidence, and Mr. Haweis naturally makes the most of this poetical optimism.

There are passages in *Poets in the Pulpit* which seem lacking in good taste—there is, for example, an astonishing paragraph about Mr. Browning—and there are pieces of criticism which palpably miss the point. Mr. Haweis, for example, does not seem even to have noticed the spiritual conceit of "St. Simeon Stylites," in his long expository address on that poem. A critic who, like Mr. Haweis, can recall "but two instances in which the dread passage of the soul has been described in poetry"—namely, by Pope and by Mr. Browning—needs to be reminded of the *Dream of Gerontius*. As a matter of expression, we do not care to hear that Keats "owned quite a first-class poetic faculty, yet never lived to develop his gift." "The commonplace of Pope and the dulness of Addison" are regretted by Mr. Haweis, that fiery child of an age which lives "at high pressure." We do not find Pope commonplace, nor Addison dull, but they both lived in an age when there were no Sunday Evenings for the People, and could not escape the faults of their period.

Mr. Haweis's book is by no means admirable; we might even call it commonplace in parts, if that censure did not put Mr. Haweis in the same category as Pope; but the people might spend their Sunday evenings in many worse ways than in listening to Mr. Haweis's recitations. Almost all the poetry he read was good, and his moral reflections could injure nobody.

THE FOLK-LORE RECORD.*

THE second volume of the *Folk-Lore Record* is decidedly more interesting both for students and for readers generally than the first, which we noticed some months ago (September 20, 1879). The objection which we urged against needless repetitions in the accounts of popular traditions and superstitions in countries where many or most of them had been already recorded with a plethora of variations, does not apply to the careful examination of the folklore and popular notions of the people of Madagascar by Mr. Sibree. From a transcript made by Mr. Thomas Wright nearly half a century ago, Mr. Thoms gives a version of the story of Thomas of Erseltown (Ercildoune), which, he remarks, is clearly not a Scotch, but an English, ballad; and in the tale of Conn-eda, the eponymous hero of Connaught, we have a remarkable specimen of Irish popular tradition, received from Abraham Macfoy, "possibly the last member of his profession known to have flourished in Ireland." This tale exhibits many features peculiar to Irish story-telling; but apart from the golden apples of Lough Erne, which reappear in the Gardens of the Hesperides, it has much in common with German and other popular tales. Conn-eda receives the clue for his search after the golden apples from the bird of knowledge; he rides a shaggy little pony which, like the steeds of Achilleus, is endowed with the power of speech, and which, being slain at his own request, revives as a young prince, who removes all difficulties from the path of his friend. He appeases the serpents which guard the entrance to the lake by throwing a piece of meat down the throat of each, and from the pony's ear he draws the things which are indispensably needed for the accomplishment of his task. Mr. Napier supplies a very interesting paper on old ballad folk-lore, while from Mr. Coote we have a valuable chapter on the neo-Latin Fay. Mr. Coote seems to regard the name of the Latin Fatuæ as the origin of the name of our fairies and fays; but he carefully guards against the error which confounds the Fatuæ with the Latin Fata, although in Italy the former name was softened down into the latter, and reappears in the Arthur story in the beautiful Morgan le Fay, whose ring endows Olger the Dane with unfading youth.

From these papers, and more particularly from Mr. Lang's preface to the volume, it seems not unlikely that a controversy may be raised on the distinction between folk-lore and mythology, and even on the reality of this distinction; and clearly, if the question is to be discussed, it is in every way best that it should be examined and settled at once. If the distinction cannot be maintained, the method and the conclusions of comparative mythology must be sensibly, if not seriously, affected. That a large number

* *The Folk-Lore Record.* Vol. II. London: Printed for the Folk-Lore Society. 1879.

of popular stories, so closely resembling each other as to be practically the same, are now being brought together from all parts of the world, it is impossible to doubt. Is the likeness to be accounted for on the hypothesis of importation or borrowing, or by the idea of lateral transmission from a common source, or by spontaneous growth in various centres brought about from similar conditions of life and thought? In dealing with this question we must, in the first instance, satisfy ourselves that our materials are sufficient both in quantity and quality to justify us in forming an opinion, and that we have really submitted them to a scientific classification. Otherwise we cannot fail to run from one extreme to the other; and instead of saying, as some have been supposed to say, that everything in mythology is the sun, we may commit ourselves to the conclusion that all myths are the product of purely savage fancy, working in a world in which the speaker drew, and could draw, no distinction between subject and object. The signs of this danger seem to be betrayed in many parts of this volume. There is no question that, in these popular stories, the attributes of speech and intelligence are extended to plants, stones, trees, and, in short, to all visible and sensible things; and that, for the framers of these stories, all nature exists in their consciousness, and their consciousness in nature, "in a confused nebulous way." It is true also that Ovid, and indeed others also, "make Callisto a bear, and the bear a star, and another bear the ancestor of the Arcadians." But how are we to be sure that these myths belong to the same class with the beast stories of the Bechuanas or other savages? Are we not in danger of going too fast, if we allow with Mr. Lang that "the Greek mythology, from the maiming of Uranus (as savage as anything in New Zealand legend) to the tale of Cupid and Psyche (which is found among the Zulus) is a confused tissue of barbarous invention underlying the delicate embroidery of true Greek fancy"? This is, in fact, to include well-nigh all Greek myths within the domain of folk-lore; and the argument is baited with the apparently simple assertion that these horrors and absurdities, which the solar theory, we are told, was designed to explain, are survivals of a savage fancy, "which still exists, and where it exists, produces stories as like Greek myths as neolithic are like palæolithic instruments." We thus reach something like a formulated theory in the conclusion that the barbarous legends of primitive man "were polished into epic and national traditions," some of them surviving only as *märchen* in the mouths of old nurses, and retaining even now, while "they often resemble in plot and incident the greater myths of Greece," "a still closer likeness to the legends of the Zulus and Bechuanas." It follows that "the germ of Greek and other great mythologies is to be sought in the known qualities of the savage fancy and in the habits of the savage mind"; and this conclusion applies to the legends of Œdipus, and Deianeira, of Tantalus and Pelops, as well as to those of Kronos or the Cyclops. But when Mr. Lang insists that this must be the case, and rejects the notion that myths, as he puts the matter, are to be traced to "a fancied stage of society in which everybody spoke allegorically about the sun and the clouds, and then forgot the meaning of what he had said," it may fairly be urged in reply that he is arguing somewhat hastily. Comparative mythologists have never said, so far as we are aware, that the same men who spoke allegorically, if the word is to be used, about the objects of the outward world, forgot what they themselves had said. Lapse of time and change of abode have always been laid down as the conditions necessary for the advancement of myths to their secondary stage; and if it be allowed that the Aryans in the mythopœic ages spoke allegorically, then the popular stories of Zulus and Bechuanas are allegorical also. This Mr. Lang would probably refuse, and he would be right in refusing, to admit. The question is one which must soon be seriously dealt with; and Mr. Sayce, in his *Introduction to the Science of Language*, has offered an answer to most of Mr. Lang's arguments. A myth, in his judgment, is "the speculation of a child which the grown man has treated as though it were the utterance of his own mature thought." The names in myths properly so-called are capable of analysis, and the myths themselves have a religious element which is absent from folk-lore stories. In the latter there may be many popular etymologies, but they are "comparatively unfruitful, changing or modifying only an unessential portion of the story, and not its whole character." Mr. Sayce admits, however, that "it is often difficult to draw the line between folk-lore and mythology, to define exactly where the one ends and the other begins, and there are many instances in which the two terms overlap one another"; but he protests strongly against the misuse of terms which includes myths generally under the head of folk-lore.

We are thus left with the task of classification; and by no other method can the problems before us be solved. The mere fact that a myth or legend exhibits features which seem coarse, uncouth, incongruous, or even gross, is no reason for assigning the myth in question to the ranks of mere folk-tales. In some instances the seeming coarseness veils a picture of wonderful truth and beauty; as in the story of the sixteen thousand one hundred maidens whom the Hindu god Krishna rescues from the giant Naraka, and to all of whom he is wedded in one and the same moment according to the ritual in separate mansions. We may dwell if we will on the sensuous imagination of a people familiarized with polygamy; but the essence of the story lies in the fact that every one of these damsels thought that the god had wedded her in her single person. Without the idea of the simultaneous marriage the story has no meaning. We have further to note that the maidens are by no means the only beings rescued from the monster whose name points to the blackness of darkness, and who is, in short, the Demon of Night, shrouding everything beneath his sombre veil. Like all these objects, the dew cannot become visible until the darkness has been conquered and dispelled; but when it has been driven away, the same sun is reflected in the thousands of sparkling drops. This story of Naraka is thus seen to be only another version of the Greek myth of Prokris, whose name marks her as the dewdrop, the child of Herse, the dew, and the unwilling rival of Eos, the morning. When, in Mr. Sayce's words, we know further

> that Kephalos . . . is but an epithet of the sun, as is the "head" of the horse in the Veda, the signification of the whole story becomes clear. Prokris is slain unintentionally by Kephalos, while jealously watching him through fear of her rival Eos, just as the dew in the early morning is parched up by the first rays of the rising sun.

But even among the number of stories which may be allowed to belong to the province of folk-lore we shall find many which cannot be accounted for by an offhand reference to the conditions of the savage mind generally. The Kafir legends of Uhlakayana have many points of likeness with those of our Jack the Giant-Killer, and the Greek tales of the Symplegades or of Charybdis and Skylla may be matched with stories belonging to Eskimos, Mongols, and Karens; and these resemblances, we may allow with Mr. Sayce, are sufficiently accounted for by the general condition of the minds of half-civilized men all over the world, and the circumstances amid which they live. But this theory will not explain the striking likeness and the not less striking points of dissimilarity between two such tales as the "Dog and the Sparrow" in Grimm's collection, and the old Deccan story of the "Parrot and the Nautch Girl." Any one who will take the trouble to compare these two stories will see that in their leading ideas they agree exactly, while the ways in which they are worked out are entirely different. The idea that the very singular framework of these tales could arise independently in different minds cannot be entertained for a moment. We cannot therefore believe that it was invented separately by Germans and by Hindus. We have, therefore, only the choice of two alternatives. Either the German borrowed the story from the Hindu, or the Hindu from the German; and then we have the difficulty that probably no borrowed story ever differed so widely from its original as the tale of Champa Ranee differs from that of the Dog and the Sparrow. Nor can we believe that the Hindu and the German should, each for himself, hit on the idea which makes a bird the avenger of wanton wrong and brings about the ruin of the wrongdoer through his own acts, while in each case the criminal swallows, or thinks that he has swallowed, his persecutor. If, then, the notion of borrowing must be given up, we must take to the alternative conclusion that the framework of the legend belongs to that distant time when the forefathers of the Hindu—the German and the Englishman—still shared a common home in Central Asia. But, ancient though it be, the tale is not, in strictness of speech, a myth. The names in it cannot be submitted to philological analysis; and the tales can at best be referred only to a class of stories which have their origin in proverbial sayings of a moral sort. Such specimens of distinctively Aryan folk-lore must be carefully distinguished from those popular stories which may be naturally suggested by the common sights or sounds of the outward world to the mind of any savage tribes. Nor must we be less careful in dealing with others in which elements belonging perhaps strictly to folk-tales are blended with others which are purely mythical. Some of the incidents related in the many versions of the Master Thief and the Shifty Lad may be simply the result of imagination working on in a channel opened out to it by a few mythical phrases; but the stories, in their leading idea, run up into the wonderful tale told of Hermes in the so-called Homeric hymn; and this tale resolves itself etymologically into a series of phrases describing the effects of air in motion. In these considerations we have a safeguard against the somewhat hasty generalizations of Mr. Lang; while we need scarcely say that they leave no room for the maintenance of an exclusive solar theory in mythology, in which, as Mr. Sayce very rightly asserts, we have a record of all the ideas of primitive man regarding the world around him.

REATA.*

We are in some doubt whether we are right in speaking of the author of this story as Mr. E. D. Gerard, for we should not be in the least surprised to learn that it is the work of a woman. We are in no less doubt as to the nation to which he belongs. He is, we feel sure, either a foreigner who has passed most of his life in Scotland, or a Scotchman who has passed most of his life abroad. At first we were inclined to suspect that we had before us only a translation, but this suspicion we soon dismissed from our mind. Yet the language in very many places bears unmistakable traces of a foreign idiom. It clearly shows that he who uses it has been from childhood quite as familiar with some foreign tongue as with English. The effect produced by this mongrel style is sometimes very droll. In one passage we read how a lover was attacked by a fever in the last weeks that he had to pass at the house of the lady to whom he was engaged. "This thought," we are told, "stung him like an irony of Fate." But there was

* *Reata: What's in a Name?* By E. D. Gerard. 3 vols. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1880.

also another thought which "added fuel to his impatience. He had counted on the opportunities of this fortnight for putting the question of his interests in the most becoming light before his aunt's eyes." He got better, and had an interview with the young lady, at which he wanted to discover a secret which was carefully kept concealed from him. She was silent for a minute. "During that minute Otto was preparing to make the first step towards solid advantages." A few lines further down we find "his thoughts still running on the best way of broaching that tiresome subject." His servant just then rushes in "purple in the face, and gasping with excitement, giving out in broken accents something about horse-stealers. 'What's up next?' inquired Otto." The faithful servant, "not understanding even the drift of the excitement, but imagining that some sort of outrage was going to be done to Otto, stood by on one leg, breathing very hard, partly from having run so fast, and partly from agitation." Not many pages from this the heroine, in sending a copy of her father's will, writes to her correspondent, "I have had all the sums referred to named in Austrian coin. This will be more intelligible to you than the national coin, which figured in the original document." She adds, "I am placed out of the position of altering the conditions of the will." In one place a town is somewhat minutely described. After the author has mentioned the irregular rows of the trees he adds, "In all this there is nothing objectionable, and if it had not been for the bottomless state of roads and streets during half the year, &c." A long and somewhat curious account is given of a public ball in Austrian Poland. Towards the close of the evening we read that "the music came to an end, and was encouraged to resume." The dancing began afresh. One of the guests "greatly incommoded everybody, himself and his partners foremost"; another "precipitated himself into the crowd," when, "fired on by the desire to distinguish himself, he had got hold of a lady, who presented the appearance of a formless mass of purple silk, and was courageously towing her round the room." Fresh life had been infused into the party:—

There was no denying it, the ball was very animated, and everybody was satisfied with the *cotillon*. Now the final galop was being wound up with crackers, and the dancers were putting out their last energies for the last effort. . . . There were crackers in all directions; each gentleman got a handful, and cracked them with the ladies he wished to dance with; and in the background, to swell the noise, explosive pellets were used abundantly.

Perhaps the best example of the absurdity of Mr. Gerard's style is to be found in the following description of a scene on the ice:—

For by this time Halka had let go Otto's hand, and was skating backwards facing him. This mode of skating is a difficult one for a lady to attain, perhaps not even desirable to be attained; it must necessarily call upon the strength very much, and any appearance of putting out strength detracts from the charm of a lady's skating. No doubt there are many women who skate well backwards; but amongst ten of them nine will offend your eye by the suggestion of vigour in their movements, and only the tenth will glide along with that effortless swiftness which resembles the graceful swaying of a bird poised in mid-air.

The effect that is produced by three long volumes of such writing as this can only be fully felt by those who take the trouble to read them from the beginning to the end. The absurdity cannot be brought home by mere quotations. Mixed up with this strange mongrel English we have such Scotticisms as the following:—"I wonder what we will be doing next June?" "I daresay we will be sitting on some haycock or other next June." "I daresay I won't find them too hard." "By the provisions therein contained I will have a yearly income of two thousand florins." "Perhaps I will break my neck." It is almost a relief when we come across such undoubted English—novelists' English, we mean—as "the items of a paraphernalia" of a coffee-house. In spite, however, of this droll style, *Reata* can be read with some degree of interest. It is, indeed, insufferably long, but the reader in going through it must follow the example of the skilful skater, and "glide along with that effortless swiftness" which the author celebrates. In other words, he must not be afraid to skim and skip. If he has not acquired this art, and acquired it in a high degree, we would strongly recommend him not to begin. There are, indeed, circumstances in which we could conceive that a man might read *Reata* from the first page to the last. On board a ship that was becalmed on the Equator, for instance, or when weather-bound in a mountain hotel for a week together, he might go through it word by word, not only with patience, but even with some degree of pleasure. But in all the ordinary states of life it can only be enjoyed by means of frequent and wide skippings.

The plot may have been suggested by a story by Miss Drury which was published more than twenty years ago, and of which the title has escaped our memory. In that story the heroine, who when quite a girl had come into a great property, passed herself off as the humble companion of her elderly governess, whom she induced to play the part of the heiress. The hero, of course, was thoroughly disinterested, and in the end carried off both heroine and fortune, while there was a selfish lover who made love to the old lady, and found himself hopelessly fooled. The improbabilities of such a story are so great that not a little ingenuity is required on the part of the writer to overcome them. Mr. Gerard places the home of his heroine in a wild part of Mexico, while the hero lives in Austria. The scene changes backwards and forwards from one country to the other, till the time arrives for the heroine to come to Europe. Even then the secret is well kept; and it is not till the very end of the third volume that it is discovered by the people chiefly interested—the reader, unless he be very dull, has long made out the mystery—who Reata really is. The opening of the story we found not a little perplexing. In fact, we so soon lost our patience in trying to follow our author in the involved account he gave of the different branches of the Bodenbach family, that had we been free agents we should have abandoned the attempt in disgust, and not read a line further of their history. The author himself must have felt that his account was by no means clear, for by the time that he reached the twenty-fourth page, he evidently thought it needful to remove our difficulties by giving us a family tree. Surely a writer makes a great mistake who begins a long tale by wearying his readers. He should wait till he has caught their attention, and then he may perhaps venture to introduce them to a piece of genealogy and a family-tree. After all there was really no great need for making a difficult case of it. There were Bodenbachs in Austria, and there were Bodenbachs in Mexico. Between the two branches of the family there had been no communication for thirty or forty years, when news reached the Austrian branch that the Mexican Bodenbach was dead, and that his daughter Olivia was heiress to his vast property. She, it was assumed, was an elderly maiden lady who had once been for a short time engaged to the head of the family in Austria. It was not for a moment suspected that this lady had been dead at least thirty years, and that the present Olivia Bodenbach was the only child of a second marriage. The Austrian Bodenbachs meanwhile had become poorer and poorer, and had little but their nobility left. They were overjoyed to find that their relative in Mexico was eager to make their acquaintance. The younger brother, Otto, goes over to Mexico, and during his whole visit does not for a moment doubt that the heroine, Olivia Bodenbach—Reata, as she is called—is Fräulein Lackenegg, while the real Fräulein Lackenegg he holds to be his Aunt Olivia. He falls in love with Olivia and is accepted; and then he first learns those conditions of old Bodenbach's will which the heroine, to use her own language, "is placed out of the position of altering." Otto and his brother are both to come into a considerable share of their uncle's property, on condition that they marry some one of noble birth. Should they marry beneath them, however, they are to forfeit most of what he leaves them. The scene in which Otto tries to find out whether Reata belongs to the nobility is amusing enough, but it is too long to quote in full. He invents a Baron Lackenegg, whom he had met, he said, last year at Baden. "'Some relation of yours, I suppose?' he said. 'How little I knew then——' 'No; certainly no relation of mine,' Reata interrupted, decidedly; 'it couldn't be.'" On being pressed, she at last owned that her father had been a professor:—

"Where did he—did he——" began Otto, meaning to ask where the gentleman had hung out, but rather at a loss how to turn his phrase.

"Where did he practise?" completed Reata, readily. "Oh, at Heidelberg."

"Oh yes, the university," Otto answered, with skilful suggestion. "Was it mathematics, or philosophy, or——"

"Oh no, not the university at all," Reata again interrupted him. "And not mathematics or astronomy, or anything of that sort, but simply—*dancing*."

"Dancing!" echoed Otto, in perfect incredulity.

"He was a dancing-master; do you understand?" she repeated, with almost a little testiness in her voice.

"A dancing-master! Your grandfather a dancing-master!" he exclaimed, turning pale.

Otto returns to Austria, and marries an heiress of noble birth. Reata follows him, and there becomes acquainted with his elder brother Arnold, who is the hero of the story. Arnold is as proud of his noble blood as his old uncle out in Mexico had ever been of his; but in the end love proves too strong for him, and he proposes to the humbly-born Fräulein Lackenegg. His character is cleverly drawn, and the scenes between him and her are often lively and interesting. The author certainly has a considerable sense of humour, and manages more than once to bring his characters into the most absurd complications. The descriptions of Austrian life are often curious; those that he gives of Mexico are, we should imagine, drawn from his imagination or his reading, and not from real life. Certainly he does not succeed in bringing country life in Mexico before us in the same way that he brings life in Austrian Poland. It is a great pity that, with so much in his book that is really good, he should have gone so far to spoil it by a spun-out narrative, and by the strange jargon in which he so often writes. He shows in many places that he has a natural gift of expression and a certain power of writing vigorously. There certainly ought to be some language in which he can write well. If he has a native tongue—a tongue, we mean, which he learnt in his nursery, and in which he has been brought up—he would do well in future to keep himself to it, and to employ the services of a skilled translator to turn his writings into English. Let him, however, beware of engaging either a Scotchman or an Irishman, so that he may be sure of having an opportunity of studying in one of his own works—at all events, in the translation of one of his own works—the correct use of *shall* and *will*.

MINOR NOTICES.

PROFESSOR MORLEY can have had no easy task in the arrangement of a book of considerably over four hundred pages consisting of prose selections from the works of important English

writers from 1356 down to the days of the present reign (1). No one, it need hardly be said, could well be better qualified to conduct such an undertaking than Professor Morley, who brings to its accomplishment wide knowledge and generally accurate perception. In the beginning of his first chapter Professor Morley has some good remarks to make on the definition of prose. He touches briefly on the origin of prose-writing, on the definition of the title from the Latin *prorsus*, and goes on to quote Coleridge's remark that he wished our clever young poets would remember "his homely definition of prose and poetry—that is, prose is words in their best order; poetry, the best words in the best order." The definition, says Professor Morley, "may be homely; but it is not true. No writer of prose would wish to use second-best words. Setting aside the difference that lies deep in the nature of the thought, there remains only the mechanical distinction that verse is a contrivance for obtaining by fixed places of frequently recurring pause and elevation of the voice, by rhyme, and other devices, a large number of places of fixed emphasis, that cause stress to be laid on every important word, while they set thought to music." The remarks as to verse do not strike us as satisfactory, but what Professor Morley has to say of prose is valuable. He leads off after the preliminary observations, a few of which we have quoted, with some extracts from Mandeville, and in his second chapter he gives, amongst other excellent matter, the account left by John Rogers, the first of the martyrs under Mary, of his trial and condemnation. Coming down to the time of the later Stuarts, we find early in the sixth chapter a quotation from Dr. Wilkins, which at this moment has a special interest. Dr. Wilkins, who married Oliver Cromwell's sister Robina, and was made Master of Trinity by Richard Cromwell, "was one of the most ingenious men of his time. He was well skilled in mathematics, and had endeavoured to apply his knowledge to the well-being of society by stimulating men's minds with suggestions of possible mechanical inventions and of future conquests of nature." In one of these, as is seen from the quotation referred to, he anticipated M. Jules Verne and the ingenious person who has proposed to realize M. Verne's charmingly imagined submarine vessel, the *Nautilus*. "It will not be altogether impertinent," wrote Dr. Wilkins, "unto the discourse of these gradient Automata, to mention what Mersennus doth so largely and pleasantly descant upon, concerning the making of a ship, wherein men may safely swim under the water." He then went on to say that the feasibleness of such a contrivance was beyond all question, as was shown by the experiments of Cornelius van Drebbel, "but how to improve it unto public use and advantage, so as to be serviceable for remote voyages, the carrying of any considerable number of men, with provisions and commodities, would be of such excellent use as may deserve some further enquiry." He then goes on to discuss at length and with much keenness "the many difficulties, with their remedies," and "the great conveniences" of the proposed vessel; and in the course of his remarks he quotes from Mersennus an account of a prototype of M. Fleuss; "one Barrieus, a diver, who hath lately found out another art, whereby a man might easily continue under water for six hours together." Professor Morley's extracts are, as we have said, exceedingly well selected, and the volume is capitally illustrated.

Mr. Hollingshead's smartly-written volume of articles dealing chiefly with theatrical matters (2) would be amusing, if only by dint of its somewhat cynical frankness, a specimen of which is exhibited in the first essay in the book, which he ends with a statement to the effect that the qualities which are needed for the good government of a theatre are "precisely those qualities that make a successful cheesemonger." It does not follow that, if this is true of one theatre, it is necessarily true of all. In his preface Mr. Hollingshead describes himself as "a licensed dealer in legs, short skirts, French adapters, Shakspeare, taste, and the musical glasses," and this description may perhaps be taken in connexion with the statement just quoted. Mr. Hollingshead goes on to say that he is no longer a professional writer toiling for his living, "but an amateur, writing when I think I have something to say," and it must be admitted that there are certain things in the volume which were well worth saying. The author's remarks on music and dancing licences and theatrical licences deserve, for instance, serious attention; while, as we have hinted, there is plenty of amusement of a certain kind to be got out of the rest of the book. The paper which gives its name to the volume is perhaps the cleverest of the series. It consists of some random contributions to a new philosophical dictionary, from which we select these definitions:—

Legitimate Drama.—A drama whose authors are dead, and whose copyrights have expired.
House.—An instrument of Torture invented by builders.
Dry Wine.—Physic in a convivial bottle.
Nuisance.—Anything which I detest and you probably adore.

The words "new edition, revised and enlarged," on the title-page of the volume which Mr. Poole has edited (3) have a wider significance than has often belonged to them. Mr. Poole's object has been to popularize Lane's book, and to attain this a good deal of reconstruction, especially in the First Part, has been necessary. Mr. Lane's "Selections" were arranged to satisfy a natural wish on the part of ordinary readers to know something of the Koran, while suppressing any wearisome or offensive passage. But there were various points in the arrangement of the book which made it really fitter for the scholar than for the general reader, and it is by the removal of these that Mr. Poole seeks to fulfil the author's original intention. For Lane's Introduction, abridged from Sale's "Preliminary Discourse," Mr. Poole has substituted a well-written and interesting sketch of the beginnings of Islam.

Dr. Corfield's volume (4), which consists of a series of lectures delivered at the Rooms of the Society of Arts under the auspices of the Trades' Guild of Learning and the National Health Society, is one which should do excellent service. The writer's style is clear, his tone throughout just and moderate. If we were asked to single out from many good lectures one deserving special praise, we might perhaps call attention to that on "The Health of the Individual," which contains a very large quantity of useful information and instruction in a small space.

Mr. Palgrave's little volume (5) is very valuable as a book of reference, containing in small compass, and in a form easily taken in, much information of the highest interest to bankers, merchants, and financial and economical students. It is based on an earlier publication by the same author, and treats of the banks of France and Germany only so far as to show the variations in the value of money in those countries. But the accounts of the Bank of England since the Bank Charter Act was passed it analyses very fully, bringing out in a clear light the weaknesses of our existing banking system. The analysis of the balances kept by the London bankers with the Bank of England is especially interesting, and the dangers pointed out are real and obvious. The variations in the rate, too, are instructive and suggestive. But the book is for reference, not perusal. Going over much of the ground traversed by the late Mr. Bagehot in his *Lombard Street*, it serves to remind us of the loss suffered by monetary science in his death.

Mr. Rees's little biographies of Horace Vernet and Paul Delaroche (6) are well and interestingly written, and the illustrations which accompany them are a great improvement upon some which we have noticed in the same series. It was a good idea to include in the volume a series of brief biographies of the artists pourtrayed in Delaroche's well-known painting in the Hemicycle of the Palais des Beaux-Arts, of which a representation is given.

A third edition has been issued of Miss Kate Thompson's excellent *Handbook to the Public Picture Galleries of Europe* (7). For this carefully prepared small outlines of some two hundred typical works have been obtained and reproduced by the Typographic Etching Company. Also, for the first time, the Esterhazy Collection at Buda-Pesth is included in the volume, the value and usefulness of which are very great.

The admirably arranged General Index to the fifth series of *Notes and Queries* (8) bears curious testimony to the enormous amount and variety of information stored up in the pages of that quaint and most valuable paper. Lord Brougham was undoubtedly right in the remark quoted in Mr. Thoms's preface, that "the value and utility of the publication were increased tenfold by its capital indexes."

There is not very much to distinguish Mr. Browning's volume (9) from various others, the appearance of which is presumably due to the interest lately taken in South African affairs. His experiences, however—he began as an ostrich-farmer and ended as a soldier—are told in a simple and unaffected manner.

Dr. Hueffer has done well in collecting and republishing the series of articles and essays which make up the volume which he calls *Musical Studies* (10). In his preface the author makes some very pertinent remarks on the subject of such republications. To those who object to the perpetuation in book form of fugitive pieces it may be answered, he says, that "the present volume is part of an unmistakable movement in modern literature. The vast development of periodical publications within the last quarter of a century has drawn the best literary and scientific workers into its vortex. Few authors nowadays can withstand the temptation of the immediate and vast publicity conferred by the prestige of a first-class Review; fewer can materially afford to give years of, in most cases, ill-requited labour to the composition of a book." Books, properly so called, thinks Dr. Hueffer, are in consequence becoming rarer, and collections of essays are taking their place. However, as we have said, there is certainly no apology wanted for the collection and publication of these essays. They should be welcomed both by those who have and those who have

(1) *Cassell's Library of English Literature.—Shorter Works in English Prose.* Selected, edited, and arranged by Henry Morley, Professor of English Literature at University College, London. With Illustrations. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

(2) *Plain English.* By John Hollingshead. London: Chatto & Windus.

(3) *Trübner's Oriental Series.—Selections from the Kur-án.* By Edward William Lane. New Edition, revised and enlarged, with an Introduction, by Stanley Lane Poole. London. Trübner & Co.

(4) *Health.* By W. H. Corfield, M.A., B.D., &c. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.

(5) *Bank Rate of England, France, and Germany, 1844–1878.* By R. H. Inglis Palgrave. London: Effingham Wilson.

(6) *Illustrated Biographies of the Great Artists.—Horace Vernet and Paul Delaroche.* By J. Ruutz Rees. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(7) *A Handbook to the Public Picture Galleries of Europe; with a Brief Sketch of the History of the Various Schools of Painting from the Thirteenth Century to the Eighteenth inclusive.* By Kate Thompson. Third Edition. With Illustrations. London: Macmillan & Co.

(8) *Notes and Queries.* General Index to Series the Fifth (1877–1879). London: "Notes and Queries" Office.

(9) *Fighting and Farming in South Africa: a Narrative of Personal Experiences in the Colony during the Years 1877–79.* By Fred. G. Browning, late of the Frontier Light Horse and 3rd Cape Yeomanry. London: Remington & Co.

(10) *Musical Studies: a Series of Contributions.* By Francis Hueffer, Author of "Richard Wagner and the Music of the Future," &c. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black.

not previously made their acquaintance in another shape. It is to be regretted that the author did not amplify the two somewhat bald letters from Bayreuth which are included in the volume.

We note the fifty-third publication of the *Foreign Office List* (11) and the nineteenth of the *Colonial Office List* (12). In the latter of these we would draw special attention to the useful and interesting historical notices of the various colonies.

Mr. Masterman's object in compiling his Handbook (13) has been to bring the whole body of Statute-law relating to Parliamentary elections into an easily accessible form, a task of some labour, on which he has evidently spared no pains.

The third edition of Mr. Chandos Leigh's and Sir H. Le Marchant's work on Election Law (14), edited by Mr. Anderson and Mr. Leigh, includes a new chapter on municipal elections, and the addition to the appendix of the Acts of 1880, with a note of the changes made by them.

The title of *Highland Legends* (15) is given to a new edition of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's interesting collection of stories which was first published under the cumbrous name of *Highland Legends and Long Rambles to Shorten the Way*.

The latest additions to the *Chandos Classics Series* are the three volumes known as Roscoe's Spanish, German, and Italian Novelists (16). The only objection we have to make to these is that the type is somewhat bewildering; but possibly this, having regard to the size of the volumes, may have been very difficult to avoid.

The late Mr. Chorley had resolved to publish in a revised form some lectures which he delivered, first at the Royal Institution, and afterwards at Manchester and Birmingham. These Mr. Hewlett, carrying out his friend's desire, has now published under the title *The National Music of the World* (17). The lectures or essays are full of their writer's keen critical power, and are justly described by Mr. Hewlett as "a contribution of real value to musical literature by one eminently qualified to discuss the interesting and curious points with which it deals."

For the sixth edition of *Heat as a Mode of Motion* (18) Professor Tyndall has written a short preface, from which it seems desirable to quote the concluding passage:—

> On the continent, science leans on the strong arm of the State; in England its advancement must depend upon the sympathy of the public. Hence the supreme importance, in our case, of spreading abroad correct notions regarding its capacities, achievements, and aims. The practical triumphs of our day are obvious enough, and they are still frequently spoken of as if they constituted the entire claim of science to the world's attention. To some it seems a kind of handicraft, while others think it is, or ought to be, a mere congeries of facts. But they who regard it thus can know but little of the logic which runs through, and binds together, that "System of Nature" which it is at once the glory and the responsibility of science to reveal. I am far from claiming for science an exclusive position which would exclude other forms of culture. A distinguished friend of mine may count on an ally in the scientific ranks when he opposes, on behalf of literature, every attempt to render science the intellectual all in all. Ours would be a grey world if illumined solely by the dry light of the understanding. It needs equally the glow and guidance of high feeling and right thinking in other spheres. But this may be conceded while affirming the just and irrefragable claim of science to a more liberal space in public education than that which it is now permitted to occupy.

Mr. Howe's volume (19) contains some very spirited accounts of colonial adventures, and a capital boy's story called "Harry Delane."

Mr. Vizetelly (20) has added to his already well-known works concerning other wines a volume dealing with port and Madeira, wines which have been somewhat pushed aside by the popularity of all kinds of wines justly or unjustly called "light," but which may possibly have their day again. Mr. Vizetelly's volume is full of interest, and it is the more readable because he does not confine himself strictly to talk about its principal subject. He gives, to take one instance, a general and curious account of the inhabitants of the Alto-Douro district, where the were-wolf of superstition seems still, amongst others, to survive under the name of "lobis-homen." In this part of the world, a few years ago, according to the account of a friend of Mr. Vizetelly's, law and order were in a singularly primitive state, as is shown by a story, the end of which was that the proposed victim of a robber, who was the terror of the neighbourhood, took matters into his own hand, and that no inquiry was made into the sudden death of the ruffian. The book contains a number of spirited illustrations, made chiefly from sketches by Mr. Ernest Vizetelly.

Messrs. Ward and Lock have issued a useful little volume, containing the complete returns of the general election, with biographical notices of the members of the House of Commons (21). Perhaps the sketch of "Six Years of Conservative Government," which precedes this, might as well have been omitted.

The eighth part of Mr. Dalziel's *British Dogs* (22) is especially interesting in containing a warm and well-supported protest against certain common errors concerning the character of the bulldog, a creature which has been apparently maligned with great injustice. Many people will perhaps be "surprised to hear" that the bulldog, if properly treated, is at once one of the most courageous and one of the gentlest and best tempered animals. The author gives an account of one which succeeded a fine Mount St. Bernard in his own house, and proved itself "in every way fully, if not more than, equal to any of its predecessors in endurance, fidelity, and sagacity. . . It has remained always loose in the house, and has, with others of the same breed, daily sustained trials which none but a bulldog could endure without 'showing his teeth.'" So true is it that, as the author says, "manners makyth the dog." It must not be forgotten, however, that the common superstition about bulldogs has its practical effect; and it is to be hoped therefore that no one will assume, because Mr. Dalziel has found the true nature of the bulldog to be the reverse of stupid or ferocious, that any strange bulldog can be patted or chaffed with impunity.

Part VI. of the *Practical Fisherman* (23) contains a good deal of interesting information about the salmon, with practical hints as to flies, and so on.

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(11) *The Foreign Office List*, 1880. Compiled by Sir Edward Hertslet, C.B. London: Harrison.

(12) *The Colonial Office List*, 1880. Compiled by Edward Fairfield, of the Colonial Office. London: Harrison.

(13) *Handbook of the Statutes relating to Parliamentary Elections in England and Wales.* With an Analytical Index. By William Masterman. London: Clowes & Son.

(14) *A Guide to Election Law and the Law and Practice of Election Petitions.* By the Hon. Chandos Leigh and Sir Henry Le Marchant, Bart. Third Edition. By the Hon. Chandos Leigh and Yarborough Anderson, M.A. London: Davis & Son.

(15) *Highland Legends.* By Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

(16) *The Chandos Classics.—The German Novelists.* By Thomas Roscoe. *The Italian Novelists.* By Thomas Roscoe. *The Spanish Novelists.* By Thomas Roscoe. London: F. Warne & Co.

(17) *The National Music of the World.* By the late Henry Fothergill Chorley. Edited by Henry G. Hewlett. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(18) *Heat as a Mode of Motion.* By John Tyndall. Sixth Edition. London: Longmans & Co.

(19) *Roughing it in Van Diemen's Land, &c.* By Edward Howe. London: Strahan & Co.

(20) *Facts about Port and Madeira; with Notices of the Wines vintaged around Lisbon and the Wines of Teneriffe.* By Henry Vizetelly. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

(21) *The New Parliament-Guide to the House of Commons.* London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

(22) *British Dogs; their Variety, History, and Characteristics.* By Hugh Dalziel ("Corsincon"). Part VIII. London: "Bazaar" Office.

(23) *The Practical Fisherman; dealing with the Natural History, the Legendary Lore, and the Capture of British Freshwater Fish.* Illustrated. London: "Bazaar" Office.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

A QUEEN'S Speech, it has been observed, always excites curiosity, and never satisfies it. Even had no semi-official prophecy leaked out concerning the words that were to be put into HER MAJESTY'S mouth on Thursday, it would not have been difficult to forecast them, for the sole point on which any doubt could have been felt related to the attitude of the Cabinet towards Ireland and the Peace Preservation Act. The complete fulfilment of the Treaty of Berlin is to be insisted upon. No abandonment of Afghanistan is announced or proposed; but, on the contrary, the action of the military and civil authorities in India is referred to with something like cordiality, the allusion to the unlucky blunder in the Indian finances is colourless, and it is proclaimed that the object of HER MAJESTY is to secure, not only the independence of Afghanistan, but its friendly relations with her Indian Empire. South African Confederation is strongly recommended, and, with a wise oblivion of polemical language used under circumstances of greater freedom and less responsibility, the supremacy of England over the Transvaal is to be maintained with due concessions of self-government to the Boers and European settlers generally. In home matters, besides Irish measures, a Burials Act is all that can be said to have been positively promised, the renewal of the Ballot Act being almost a measure of routine under existing circumstances. It is true that Bills for compensating occupiers for losses from hares and rabbits, and for settling the vexed question of employers' liability for workmen's accidents, were more or less distinctly promised. But the promise was accompanied by the proviso "as time will permit," and time in a Session which may practically be said to begin in June is exceedingly likely to forbid. In all other respects, the promises of the Speech are sufficiently unexciting. Governments and policies, it would appear, may succeed each other, and yet resemble each other very strikingly.

There was apparently a very strong sense of this on both sides of both Houses during the debates on the Address. The mover in the House of Commons, and the seconder in the House of Lords, were curiously apologetic and deprecatory in their expressions. Mr. GREY expressed his satisfaction at the fact that there was nothing in HER MAJESTY'S gracious Speech which could wound the feelings of anybody; Lord SANDHURST begged the indulgence of noble lords on the other side as to the affairs of Afghanistan. After this, and in face of a declaration of adherence to their own policy and completion of their own beginnings, the leaders of the Opposition could hardly be expected to make a very ferocious onslaught on the mild majority. Perhaps, indeed, their attack was rather sharper than it seemed to be. The remark of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE that he and his friends "were not of opinion that when "a change occurs in the position of a party it is "at liberty to disown the opinions it has expressed," was perhaps as severe a sarcasm as could well have been made upon the QUEEN'S Speech and its contrast to the flaming polemics of the election. Perhaps Lord BEACONSFIELD'S badinage on the coming institutions for Afghanistan was somewhat less in place, except in so far as it drew attention to the singular tendency which the new Government has already exhibited, in the persons of its individual members if not collectively, to expose itself to ridicule. Ridicule, however, is an extra-Parliamentary weapon rather than one which can be constantly used with effect within the walls of the House, and something more than light fencing of this kind will be required to reduce or checkmate an overwhelming majority. Yet Lord BEACONSFIELD has had more experience of his present difficult position than perhaps any other statesman in English history, and he has rarely been wrong in his strategy. He may possibly think that the first thing to do is to hearten and consolidate his own party, and that for this purpose light skirmishing is safer, as well as more effectual, than point-blank charging. Above all, it is to be remembered that the Speech gives hardly any hold to criticism. It begins and continues, if it does not exactly finish, with declarations which would have been as perfectly appropriate in the mouth of Lord CAIRNS as in the mouth of Lord SELBORNE. With regard to the largest and most important proceeding definitely indicated and in process of accomplishment, the mission of Mr. GOSCHEN to Constantinople, criticism is difficult because the exact nature of the mission has been left in the dark. It would appear that the present Government, among the many inheritances they have received from their predecessors, have received also that inability or disinclination to communicate exact information with which they used while in opposition so bitterly to reproach their foes.

The PRIME MINISTER'S speech, except for its studious waving of the olive-branch, cannot be said to have had any particularly salient features. Mr. GLADSTONE indeed spoke handsomely of the SULTAN and his supremacy, as did Lord GRANVILLE with more detail in the Upper House. But the only positive information which either vouchsafed as to the policy of the Government was the announcement, not for the first time, of the stress laid upon the European concert. It appears to Ministers that the separate actions and interests of the different Powers at Constantinople are a main cause of the difficulty of getting Turkey into order—a proposition which in the abstract nobody is likely to deny. Further, it appears that Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government, unlike their predecessors—for, strange to say, there are points of disagreement between them—do not see anything menacing in the state of Europe. It must be supposed that this reassurance comforted all parties except the Irish members, into whose hands, after Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech, the debate fell entirely in the Lower House; while in the Upper it scarcely lasted beyond the dinner hour. Not often has a first night of a Session been less eventful, despite the division which Mr. O'CONNOR POWER provoked. Perhaps, indeed, the most important [illegible] of the evening was one to which Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE not unskilfully called attention. This was the singular divergence in tone between the speeches of the mover and seconder of the Address, who, as it happens, represent accurately enough the two sections of the Ministerial party. Mr. ALBERT GREY has the traditional Whig estimate of the importance of foreign policy; Mr. HUGH MASON deprecates meddling with foreign politics in the familiar Radical manner. Mr. GREY is proud of India, and anxious for the maintenance of its strength and dignity; Mr. MASON'S sole reference to that Empire consists in a rather sanguinary hope that somebody may be condignly punished for the late financial blunder. Mr. GREY seemed to think himself sent to Parliament to support the honour of England; Mr. MASON stated almost *totidem verbis* that he had come to support the wishes of Mr. GLADSTONE. The note of discord between the two sections must be allowed to have been promptly and sharply struck.

The action of the Opposition on this occasion, which

seems to have consisted rather in a crossing of swords than a regular fight, may be thought to throw some light on the proceedings of the recent meeting of the Conservative party held on Wednesday at Bridgewater House. The reports published of that meeting show the discrepancies usual in such statements when they deal with private gatherings. It was probable, even before Sir W. H. Dyke's authoritative statement, that not a few of the published accounts were pure inventions. It seems, however, to be agreed that Lord Beaconsfield laid particular stress on the importance of organization, and that Lord Carnarvon announced that his season of temporary retirement from the party was over. The first of these statements is very likely to be true, and another statement, made on usually trustworthy authority, that the late First Lord of the Admiralty has promised to take up the subject of the reorganization of the party generally, is far from improbable. Mr. Smith's ability in this direction is well known, and the boasts of his supporters that he had made Westminster impregnable were verified at the last election. It would be more important to the public generally, though less perhaps to partisans, if there were less discrepancy about the advice given by Lord Beaconsfield as to the conduct of the Opposition. It is extremely probable that he really gave the counsel attributed to him, that every opportunity should be taken of supporting and conciliating the Whig or moderate element in the present Ministerial party, while stoutly resisting any concessions to the Radical element. Such a course, while steering entirely clear of the merely factious opposition which has of late years been too often offered, would supply ample work for the best disciplined and organized party. At the same time it remains to be seen whether Sir Stafford Northcote will be equal to the difficult task of leading such a campaign, a task the difficulty of which consists at least as much in restraining injudiciously eager attack as in selecting the proper occasions for assuming the offensive. Lord Carnarvon's explanation was in all probability correctly reported or divined, and indeed the correctness of the report follows almost as a corollary from his presence at the meeting. During the long and somewhat trying interval which has elapsed between his quitting the Government and his rejoining the Opposition Lord Carnarvon has behaved with exemplary propriety, both in the House of Lords and in reference to the late election, and his reconciliation with his party need be in no sense a hollow one. His position as a dissident was at least logical, which is more than can be said for his companion in the original secession; and his return has shown that the reason alleged for that secession was a reason, and not merely an excuse.

IRELAND IN PARLIAMENT.

THERE was a dramatic propriety in the part taken by the Duke of Marlborough on Thursday. He had been selected by Lord Beaconsfield as the vehicle through which the news of the dissolution should be conveyed to an unsuspecting electorate, and he had been selected because the Irish policy of the late Government was supposed to be one of their most promising titles to the confidence of the country. On the first night of the new Parliament the Duke of Marlborough is once more picked out for a representative purpose. This time, however, he appears as the mouthpiece of an Opposition charged with the duty of criticizing an Irish policy in favour of which he and his chiefs have been formally displaced. It is possible that, had there been no change of Government, the late Cabinet would themselves have ventured on the experiment now about to be tried by their successors. They are clearly within their right, however, in pointing out the risks of that experiment when it is tried by others. The division of labour between a Government and an Opposition allots to the latter the function of stating openly the objections to a given policy which the Government have considered in private. Opposition criticism is often not so much an assertion that a different course ought to have been adopted as an enumeration of the difficulties which lie in the way of the course actually pursued. The Duke of Marlborough was perfectly justified in throwing upon the Government the whole responsibility of their determination not to ask Parliament to renew the Peace Preservation Act. But he was scarcely reasonable in demanding from them a full and explicit statement of the grounds upon which they had come to that conclusion. When a Government proposes to deal with any part of the United Kingdom in a novel, exceptional, or temporary manner, it is bound to put Parliament in possession of its reasons. If, after such novel or exceptional legislation has been assented to for a fixed time, Ministers are of opinion that it ought to be renewed for a further period, they are equally bound to justify their resolution by evidence. But the fact that an Act of Parliament is made to expire by lapse of time relieves the Government of any obligation to take Parliament into their confidence, if they have made up their minds not to renew it. When the Peace Preservation Act comes to an end, things will only return to their natural course. The Cabinet will be responsible for the consequences of leaving them to take their natural course; but it is not bound to explain why it proposes to do so. It is enough that it does not see any adequate ground for again giving them an exceptional direction. In a matter of this kind a Government can only be judged by results. There are two considerations which would justify the decision now made by the Cabinet—a conviction that the state of Ireland is not exceptionally disordered, or a conviction that they will be able to deal even with exceptional disorders by the weapons with which they are armed by laws common to the three Kingdoms. Mr. Forster tells us that on one or both of these grounds the Government are content to let the Peace Preservation Act go. They have ample cause for wishing to be accurate in their diagnosis of the condition of Ireland; and, until facts prove that they have been mistaken, they must be credited with a better knowledge alike of the force which they can wield and of the need which may arise for wielding it than can be possessed by any one else.

Mr. O'Connor Power showed an almost superfluous desire to convince the House of Commons that he belonged to neither of the great parties in the State. It is with the view, it seems, of conveying this impression that he sits on the Opposition benches. As there happens to be more room on that side of the House than on the other, no one need complain of the course he has seen fit to adopt. Had he thought it his duty to place himself on benches which were already overcrowded, he might have been asked to believe that the House of Commons would fully recognize his independence of ordinary party ties, no matter where his seat might happen to be. It is pleasing to learn that Mr. O'Connor Power is not opposed to the fulfilment of contracts "as a general principle." Some of the speeches made in Ireland during the autumn rather went to show that the independent Irish party held the fulfilment of contracts to be an English eccentricity, the extension of which to Ireland ought to be resisted by every real patriot. If the existing contracts between landlords and tenants include the payment of rent, there is not the least fear that the observance of them will be pushed to an unhealthy extreme. Perhaps, however, Mr. O'Connor Power's language ought not to be interpreted very strictly. A gentleman who can describe the Land Act of 1870 as a piece of hand-to-mouth legislation, resorted to to relieve the inconvenience of the hour, must be accustomed to use words in very different senses from those ordinarily applied to them. With some inconsistency Mr. O'Connor Power finds fault with the Government for not dealing with the Irish land question in a manner which might justly have been called hand-to-mouth. He declared, on the one hand, that neither the Burials Bill, nor the Irish Franchise Bill, nor the Employers' Liability Bill approaches in importance the question of landlord and tenant in Ireland; while, on the other hand, he complains that the Government, after being twenty days in office and with little more than two months of the Session before them, have preferred to deal comprehensively with these comparatively easy matters rather than to touch the fringe of the larger and more difficult matter. The greater the importance of a subject is, the more need there is for inquiry and consideration before dealing with it. This is not the view of the forty-seven Irish members who voted with Mr. O'Connor Power. It may, however, be suggested in their defence that their real object was not to censure the Government for not bringing in an Irish Land Bill this Session, but simply to censure the Government. Possibly, if such a measure had been announced in the Queen's Speech, Mr. O'Connor Power would have moved an amendment condemning the indecent precipitation with which the Government had taken in hand a question which demanded years of the most anxious investigation.

Mr. O'Connor Power's colleagues seem to have been

anxious to modify the impression left by his speech. They meant to vote for his amendment, but they did not wish that amendment to be thought so unreasonable as it really was. Mr. M'Carthy and Mr. Moore assured the Government that they had not expected the land question to be settled this Session, and they did not even maintain that the Government ought to have introduced a Bill purporting to settle it. They would have been content if the subject had been mentioned in the Queen's Speech, and if an assurance had been given that it would be dealt with in some future Session. In Mr. Shaw's speech the meaning of the amendment underwent still further evaporation. He declared that he should vote for it, not because he distrusted the intentions of the Government, or thought that they ought to have either done or said anything different from what they have done or said, but merely to put on record the opinion that the sooner something was done the better. In that sense the amendment became exceedingly harmless. Nothing could be worse for Ireland than that the intentions of the Government with respect to the land question should needlessly remain uncertain for a moment, except that they should be disclosed before there has been time to give them the study without which it is impossible that they should wear any useful shape. Mr. Forster is plainly right when he says that it would be impossible to deal with a part of the land question without prejudging the rest. The suggestion that a Bill might have been introduced to suspend eviction for two years would be an absurd one if it did not come from a party which is bent upon abolishing evictions altogether. The difficulty of dealing with the tenure of land in Ireland is a difficulty rather of principle than of detail. The questions raised by it relate to such fundamental controversies as the limits of private property in land, and the right of the State to narrow those limits in the case of a particular class for the supposed benefit of the community. Mr. Forster's speech is a sufficient assurance that the Government do not underrate either the magnitude or the difficulty of the problems which await them. To have treated them in the way suggested by the Irish members would have argued a very inadequate conception of their task. Even Mr. Parnell acknowledges that premature legislation on the land question is to be deprecated. He only desires that the Government should prematurely pledge themselves to give this legislation a particular character.

ADVANCED LIBERALISM.

In entering that new world of journalism which is the old, the *St. James's Gazette* will not encounter the difficulty of forming the tastes and habits of thought which it proposes to satisfy. Even hostile critics will admit that the *Pall Mall Gazette*, as it lately existed, had a special character of its own. The conductor and his associates, if they sometimes approached to paradox, were original, independent, and apparently sincere. The appropriation of the familiar type and form to the purposes of a thorough-going party paper may probably be quite legitimate, and, as a private matter, the transaction is not liable to discussion; but the change must have disturbed many associations. After the dissolution which has occurred, the visible body may perhaps be reanimated to new and vigorous life, but the identity clings to the spirit which is about to assume another corporeal form. Nearly five-and-twenty years ago the founders of the *Saturday Review* appealed for the first time professedly and exclusively to an educated audience; and the success of the experiment produced many followers. They have perhaps not always been conscious of their obligation; but the habitual disuse of some popular formulas and fallacies must have been a relief to scrupulous writers and to fastidious readers. The patience which is thought to be meritorious in the more sensitive members of a mixed congregation is unnecessarily tried when trained intellects are addressed in published phrases adapted to the supposed capacity of the multitude. The new or revived journal must be strangely affected by a mere alteration of name if it condescends to the methods which distinguish the accomplices of demagogues from the advisers or critics of statesmen. The prospectus contains a recognition of the possible utility of party journalism, but the paper is intended to occupy a different province. It is difficult to exercise independent judgment and at the same time to keep step with disciplined battalions of partisans.

On one point, or rather in one main department of political controversy, the promoters of the new journal defy the imputation of vacillation or inconsistency. Their scepticism or toleration has in one direction a permanent limit. "These later years have witnessed a new growth "of Radical doctrine which is to English politics what the "American weed is to English rivers." The comparison is not perhaps perfectly felicitous, for the American weed chokes the flow of the stream which Radical agitation would swell to a torrent; but the denunciation of dangerous theories is not confined to figurative language. 'The tyrannical temper of this school; their strange 'sympathy with despotism; their international policy, which appears to be drawn from Don Quixote and the Crusades; their Communistic economy; their readiness to experimentalize in irrevocable legislation of the gravest order, mark them off as a new and dangerous party in English politics; and to this school of Radicalism we shall offer at all times a vigorous and determined opposition." In some instances the various opinions and tendencies of the advanced Liberal school are perhaps merely connected by a casual and temporary bond of union. It was only through passionate antagonism to his political opponents that Mr. Bright two or three years ago taunted the late Government with their failure to follow the precedent of the Crusades. The Peace Association cannot be considered to be followers of Don Quixote; and the sympathy of the ultra-Liberal party, though it is not repelled by despotism, only attends a particular despot who may have happened to pursue objects common to themselves. If a Republican Government had invaded Turkey, the party would probably have preferred a conquering democracy even to an ambitious military despotism. The ecclesiastical impulses which have so oddly combined themselves with the Liberal movement depend on a purely casual coincidence. The most dangerous characteristic of the international policy of advanced Liberals is an indifference to legal right and to established possession. The stress which is laid in modern controversy on ethnological and philological affinities indicates a revolutionary temper which is in a high degree unjust and capricious. The highest in rank and first in ability of advanced Liberals has chosen to constitute himself the patron and advocate of the Slavonic races and the adversary of the Magyars, who are said by ethnologists to be akin to the Turks. Thirty years ago the Hungarians were, with better reason, more popular among English democrats than any other race in Eastern Europe. The dynastic rules by which the Congress of Vienna readjusted territorial arrangements were not more arbitrary than the sympathies of modern Radicals, and they were less practically mischievous.

The charge made against the same party of tampering with communistic economy is not unfounded. In almost every recent discourse or essay on subjects connected with the land, the right of the Legislature to disturb and regulate the conditions of ownership is either urged or taken for granted; yet the actual state of society rests on the assumption that property is an ultimate fact. Some theorists deduce from the primitive relations of Indian cultivators to the soil the startling inference that absolute ownership of land is impossible or inadmissible. A larger class of projectors desire to restrain as far as possible freedom of contract between owners and occupiers, not only for the benefit of the less aristocratic class, but on the novel pretext that the community at large is interested in the encouragement of production. The most extravagant of recent English attacks on the whole principle of ownership was contained in one of the famous Midlothian speeches. On the hypothesis that he had been already converted, as he may perhaps be converted hereafter, to an erroneous conviction which he at the same time disclaimed, the present Prime Minister declared that Parliament would be justified in expropriating every landowner in the kingdom with pecuniary compensation. Even if legislation of this kind is expedient or defensible, it is undoubtedly communistic. At its outset the new economy ought to be subjected to vigilant and even to hostile criticism. It is highly inexpedient that organic changes should be introduced without notice or examination. One result of a distribution of landed property which is almost peculiar to England is that projects of unsettling proprietors' rights are almost exclusively applied to the land. On the Continent, where landowners are more numerous, and therefore

less enviable and more formidable, socialistic agitation is more commonly directed against capitalists and owners of personalty. English bankers and manufacturers may be well assured that expropriation will not be confined to owners of land. The conversion from extreme Liberal opinions of those who have anything to lose proceeds perhaps with sufficient expedition; but it may be advantageously regulated, instructed, and, if necessary, checked. Blind and indiscriminate resistance is as objectionable as precipitate complicity with change.

The leaders of the advanced Liberal party are perhaps well advised in preferring to all other objects the increase and consolidation of their own power. Means are anterior in time to the ends which they are designed to accomplish. The present supremacy of the Liberal party results from the victory of the numerical majority in the constituencies over the upper middle classes; but a reaction might possibly take place, as in 1874, unless the side which is now the stronger receives additional reinforcements. The loss of three seats, or of six votes on a division, before Parliament has met for business, may perhaps disturb the confidence of the victors at the general election. The abolition of the electoral influence of property by the proposed change in the county franchise will insure and perpetuate the preponderance, not perhaps of the present Liberals, but of the party which will succeed to the title. Support given to the extension of household suffrage by the professed opponent of advanced Liberalism would have involved flagrant inconsistency. The advocacy of the system of foreign policy which is represented by the present Ministry, or rather by the late Opposition, would scarcely have involved a more total abandonment of opinion and principle. It appears from a published statement that a third condition of modern Liberalism is the disestablishment of the Church, though the measure forms no part of the imperative mandate which is, as it seems, imposed on the present Parliament by the constituencies. Independently of other reasons, the friends of social order and of culture and the opponents of vulgar fanaticism will almost unanimously, though perhaps without ultimate success, oppose a change which can produce no conceivable benefit to the community in compensation for the enormous evil which it would involve. The most active promoters of abolition would find that their own social position was not raised, although their envied rivals might be brought nearer to their own level. When disestablishment becomes an immediate political issue, there will almost certainly be a secession from the Liberal ranks; but the constituencies of the new electoral districts may possibly not share the conscientious scruples of the best of the present leaders of the party. Independence of popular ignorance and caprice may become rarer and rarer in the House of Commons, but it may perhaps survive in the more intelligent and conscientious portion of the press. It is something to prove that a party which cannot be effectually resisted is nevertheless in the wrong.

EGYPT.

IN many important respects the present state of things in Egypt is brighter and more promising than any that has been known in recent years. The new KHEDIVE has just been making a tour through his provinces, and has not only learnt much that the reigning prince ought to know, but has inspired a very favourable opinion of his character and intentions. He is amiable, well-meaning, strictly economical, and hates with a thorough and creditable detestation the intrigues and manœuvres in which his father found the only atmosphere in which he could breathe freely. RIAZ PASHA, the present Chief Minister, is anxious to do justice to the claims of foreigners, and to walk as strictly as an Egyptian Pasha can walk in the paths of uprightness and loyalty. Foreign capital is flowing freely, perhaps too freely, into Egypt, and the peasantry have ceased to suffer from gross tyranny and from the burden of capricious and unforeseen taxation. With the consent of the Great Powers, a Commission of Liquidation is sitting with authority to settle definitely the whole financial situation of the country. It will lay down once for all what creditors of each class are to receive, and how what they are to receive shall be paid to them. To the conclusions of this Commission, which will be binding from the outset on the Powers represented on the Commission—that is, England, France, Italy, Germany, and Austria—the assent of the minor or less interested Powers will be asked, and, their assent being obtained, the edict of the Commission will have the force of law, and will be enforced by the International Tribunals. There is complete peace and security through the country, and the late Viceroy has left behind him many memories, but no regrets. For the moment, too, England and France are working together in perfect harmony; and they are not only agreed on the general principles of action, but even in details discountenance as much as possible the rivalries of their agents. When all these things are added together—an honest and well-meaning Sovereign, the smooth working of the Protectorate, a termination to be expected in a few weeks of the financial puzzles and controversies of the country, a peasantry which has reason to think itself better off and better treated than in former days, and a disposition verging on a mania on the part of foreigners to pour in endless capital for the development of Egyptian industry—it might seem as if the prospects of Egypt ought to be looked on as very bright indeed. And there really are many unquestionable signs that Egypt has turned the corner, and is on the road to a fair amount of prosperity. But in England there is always a tendency to exaggerate the good or bad that may be said of a foreign country; and just now Egypt seems to be the fancy of the hour, and people speak as if all the difficulties of Egypt had been surmounted, and as if there was nothing but blue in the Egyptian sky.

For the moment it is the settlement of Egyptian finance that is of primary importance. The ROTHSCHILD loan lies outside the sphere of the Commission of Liquidation. It is guarded by a law of its own, and its guarantees are already sanctioned by the Powers. Certainly it is as well protected as anything in the way of an Egyptian loan can be protected. Its primary security consists in the revenues of a considerable tract of land administered by a Board, the European members of which cannot be removed without the sanction of England or France, according to their respective nationality. The Egyptian Government guarantees five per cent., and to make this guarantee sure, it is in the first place stipulated that a large part of the taxes on the land are not to be paid until the five per cent. interest is covered, and then the whole revenues of a province are to be set aside until it is known that they are not needed to make the Government guarantees good. Every other portion of Egyptian indebtedness falls within the scope of the Commission. The debts of the Dairas, as well as the debts of the State, are to be dealt with by it. Obviously the beginning of any arrangement for paying the interest and sinking fund of debts must be to ascertain what are the real resources of the debtor. After much careful and prolonged investigation, those charged with the task of examination have ascertained that the clear revenues of Egypt on an average of years do not exceed eight millions sterling. At least half of the financial troubles of Egypt have come from the exaggerated estimate of these revenues which the late Khedive constantly put forward. He always made himself out to be richer than he was, and his creditors naturally said that if he could pay he must be made to pay. Now they must accept facts, and abate their hopes and pretensions in proportion to an acknowledged shortcoming of income. But a new complication has been recently introduced. Some years ago the Khedive offered to landowners the power of buying up one-half of their land tax by the payment of sums supposed to represent the capitalization of this half, the amount being paid either in one payment or by instalments. Very considerable sums have been paid in this way, and it is by this means that the capital of what are known as the short loans has been nearly paid off. If this law of redemption had been allowed to continue in operation, the time would soon have come when the land revenue of Egypt would have been seriously reduced. There would not have been eight millions to deal with, and therefore the Government of the new KHEDIVE, under the pressure of its European advisers, has by a stroke of the pen declared that the whole system shall be totally inoperative. The land tax shall not be considered to have been redeemed at all. Many arguments are put forward to show that this is not so iniquitous as it seems. It is said that the redemption was only a cloak for a forced loan, and that those who paid knew from the beginning that the KHEDIVE was robbing them. It is further said that the KHEDIVE himself and many

of his rich dependents or favourites never really paid, but got receipts that looked quite satisfactory, though they were in fact mere official hoaxes. Lastly, it is asserted that even those who really paid were in most instances only able to do so by abstaining from the payment of their current taxation, so that on a balance of accounts they owe the State as much as they are owed. But it is impossible to believe that these allegations, although they may apply to many cases, apply to all. Many millions sterling have been paid in for redemption, and there must have been many of the contributors who did not know that they were being robbed under the cover of a forced loan, who got receipts for money actually paid, and who paid their current taxes while they were making what seemed to them a legitimate investment. It is monstrous that such persons, whether they are few or many, shall receive no compensation, and either the Commission of Liquidation will have to provide them compensation, or these claims must be left outstanding, to be met in the course of time when the revenue of Egypt exceeds eight millions. If the first course is taken, a new inroad is made on the scanty fund which the Commission has at its command. If the second course is taken, the future increase of income is anticipated, and foreign creditors cannot hope that, as years roll on, they will get more than can now be given them.

Even apart from the compensation to be given to those who have honestly paid their redemption money, the fund that can be applied to the settlement of the claims of the creditors is a scanty one. In various ways and degrees the creditors must make sacrifices—that is, they must be content to take less than they were promised in the days when the KHEDIVE exaggerated his resources. On the other hand, they will know what they are to get, and will have a reasonable prospect of getting it, and they will probably prefer a small certainty to a larger uncertainty. But wise men will not reckon on anything in Egypt as absolutely certain. Egypt is not really at all a rich country. Its cultivated area is only about the size of Wales. The land tax eats up a third of the produce, and cultivation is necessarily costly. Everything depends on the Nile, and the Nile is capricious in the bestowal of its benefits, being sometimes too high and sometimes too low; and even when at its best it needs to be most carefully managed. It has to be taken on to the land, and then it has to be taken off. When it is said that Egyptian produce depends on the Nile, what is meant is that it depends on the construction and conservation of vast works of embankment, irrigation, and drainage. Egypt is a country where, to get anything, capital must be sunk, and where on the capital sunk not more than moderate returns are to be expected. Foreign capitalists, too, labour under the disadvantage that the feeling of a large and influential portion of the natives is strongly against them. At present this feeling is forced into the background because the political pressure of France and England is now strong. But no one can say how long this pressure will last. When the affairs of Egypt have been once more put in order by the Commission of Liquidation, when it is once settled how much Egypt is to pay to its foreign creditors, then, so long as the stipulated sum is regularly paid, the Egyptian Government will certainly claim to be left alone, and it is not easy to see on what grounds this claim can be resisted. Englishmen know their own Government well enough to be sure that it will seek any opportunity of terminating an interference which it cannot prove to be necessary. If Egypt is left to itself, subject to the liability of having to pay a fixed sum to its creditors, all the old habits of Egyptian government will be gradually resumed. Already politicians of the old school are triumphing in the thought of the good time that is in store for them, and are weaving the schemes that are to be carried out as soon as the hour for carrying them out has struck. They look forward eagerly to the time when foreign capitalists may be safely denied justice, or may be made to pay for getting it. Nothing is certain in Egypt; but it is at least as likely as not that these expectations will be fulfilled. The only permanent channel through which European influence may be safely expected to make itself felt is that of the International Tribunals; and the one great work which remains for the protecting Powers to do is to perpetuate and consolidate the authority of these Tribunals, and so to recast the law they administer that it may suffice to meet the various requirements of a solid and permanent system. But it must be remembered that in a country like Egypt law does not cover the whole of life. There will always be promises which the Government will make and which tribunals cannot enforce, and annoyances which the Government will cause and which tribunals cannot prevent.

THE HOME-RULE LEADERSHIP.

SOME of the Irish members who lately took part in the contest between Mr. SHAW and Mr. PARNELL avowed an ignorance which may therefore without discredit be confessed by aliens and strangers, of the functions of a Sessional Chairman. The title was first invented by Mr. PARNELL for the purpose of repudiating the claim of Mr. SHAW to the rank of Home Rule leader, in which he was supposed to have succeeded Mr. BUTT. Any body of members which thinks itself strong enough and sufficiently distinctive in character to form a party requires a representative or leader who is entitled to speak in its name. Mr. BUTT's right to the lead was not formally disputed, although his authority was sometimes defied by mutinous followers. He had been the first incumbent of the office in days when Mr. PARNELL was unknown, if indeed he had then a seat in the House of Commons. On his death Mr. SHAW was thought by the majority of the party to be qualified for the succession by respectability, prudence, and a moderation of language which was not incompatible with occasional deference to popular clamour. No competitor opposed his pretensions; but perhaps Mr. PARNELL may have determined to set Mr. SHAW aside as soon as he had himself acquired sufficient notoriety to enable him to assert his independence. In concert with Mr. BIGGAR and half-a-dozen congenial allies of the same type, Mr. PARNELL engaged in a conspiracy against freedom of debate; and he proved that Parliamentary institutions might be seriously threatened by a novel mode of attack against which no precaution had been taken. Obstruction had little tendency to promote Home Rule; but there were members of the party who preferred the infliction on the House of Commons of trouble and annoyance to the attainment of an object which they perhaps knew to be impracticable. Mr. PARNELL and his associates necessarily became more conspicuous than Mr. SHAW, whose refusal to take part in obstruction was resented by the denial of his pretensions to the character of a leader. When Mr. PARNELL stigmatized Mr. SHAW as a mere Sessional Chairman, he can scarcely have foreseen that he would himself become a candidate for the humbler office. The importance of every position depends more on the person who holds it than on the term by which it may be described. Mr. PARNELL as Sessional Chairman will be a leader of the BIGGARS and FINIGANS, though his rights may be limited to the occupation of the chair at meetings of Home Rule members, if they can be persuaded to meet. He is perhaps sagacious enough to calculate on the concurrence in violent proposals of many of the members who resent his assumption of superiority. Almost all of them have at different times professed to favour projects of spoliation which differ but little from Mr. PARNELL's socialist doctrines. If the Home Rule party has any leader, it follows its new Sessional Chairman.

The minority as well as the majority at the late meeting has virtually identified itself with the policy of Mr. PARNELL. All who voted must have pledged themselves to abide by the result, and to have previously waived any disqualification which might affect the successful candidate. Mr. PARNELL's advocacy of general refusal of debts due to landlords is declared to be not incompatible with his honorary presidency of the party which takes its name from Home Rule. Some of his followers may perhaps not fully understand the process by which Mr. PARNELL has partially succeeded. No demagogue has profited so consistently by the embarrassment felt in contending with an opponent who declines to be bound by the rules of the game. Parliamentary government is only possible on the condition that all who administer the system shall act in good faith. The obstructionists deliberately took advantage of forms intended to protect minorities for the purpose of rendering the transaction of business impossible. Encouraged by his success in hampering legislation and in irritating the House of Commons, Mr. PARNELL after the close of the last Session proceeded to apply his theory to social relations which, like Parliamentary rules of debate, depend on certain fundamental

principles or unquestioned assumptions. If law and custom have any validity, payment of debts and performance of contracts are necessary deductions from the most elementary maxims; but Mr. PARNELL had no hesitation in assailing the very foundation of proprietary right. He has again and again assured malcontent peasants that they are justified in refusing to pay the stipulated rent; and he and his disciples have denounced, under the name of landlordism, all ownership of land which may have been let to occupiers. If it had been necessary for his political purpose, he would probably not have hesitated to propose the plunder of other creditors whose rights are not more sacred than those of landlords; but nothing is to be gained by the encouragement of unprofitable crime. It would not have suited the purpose of the agitator to alarm and alienate the tradesmen in the towns who may have claims on the tenant farmers. As might be expected, some of Mr. PARNELL's adherents caricature his contempt for morality. His principal lieutenant lately intimated at a public meeting a hope that some HARTMANN would be found to assassinate the QUEEN.

It would be idle to argue against doctrines which have nothing in common with the principles of civilized society. Those who sympathize with Mr. PARNELL are inaccessible to ordinary reasoning; but it may be worth while to ascertain the methods by which anarchical demagogues seek to accomplish their designs. The Home Rule party has now placed at its head, though in an indefinite position, the avowed enemy of landed property and of the connexion of Ireland with England. It has at the same time decided that the most effectual mode of promoting its purposes is to place the Government in the hands of one of the two great English parties. In Ireland, indeed, Mr. PARNELL naturally preferred candidates of his own opinions to Liberals, as well as to Conservatives; but in English towns the Home Rule agitators threw the whole of their not inconsiderable weight into the scale of the Liberal party. They had shortly before learned from Lord RAMSAY's miscarriage at Liverpool that they ran the risk of injuring rather than of assisting allies who pledged themselves to Home Rule, or to the equivalent test of Home Rule inquiry. Accordingly, the managers in England were instructed at the general election to abstain from negotiation, and to give the Irish vote in every case to the Liberal party, which in their judgment was most likely to promote the interests of Home Rule. In Southwark and other boroughs Mr. SULLIVAN and other partisans of Mr. PARNELL addressed Irish meetings for the purpose of urging the claims of the Liberal candidates. Although there are no statistical returns in which the Irish votes in English boroughs are distinguished, there can be no doubt that the present Government owes a considerable part of its majority to the unanimous adhesion of the Home Rule League and the Land League. Under pretext of resenting the language of Lord BEACONSFIELD, the Irish agitators used their utmost exertions to defeat the party which was supposed to be bent on maintaining the rights of property and the unity of the kingdom. There were probably not many Home Rule voters at Oxford, at Sandwich, or in Wigtonshire.

The Government may perhaps not regard with unqualified satisfaction the one-sided alliance which has been thrust on it by Mr. PARNELL and his party. In dealing with the most urgent of the questions which it has to decide, the Ministers have probably not been influenced by any feeling of gratitude for electoral support. Mr. FORSTER, who is primarily responsible for the abandonment of the Coercion Acts, may be trusted to consult to the best of his judgment the public interest and security. It is asserted that the late Government had intended not to renew the Acts which will now be allowed to expire. The Liberal Cabinet will be entitled to the credit of consistency, and it will be rewarded with immediate popularity among its own supporters. That it will incur grave responsibility probably none of its members will deny. The very name of coercion is invidious; and sanguine politicians too readily forget that the peaceable portion of the community may be systematically coerced by those who are no longer to be restrained by law. If a repeal of the existing Acts should be followed by a reign of terror, the result of lenity will not be unprecedented. There are some objections to coercion, and there is also much cant on the subject. Many writers and speakers have lately quoted CAVOUR's famous remark that anybody can govern with a state of siege. It by no means follows that it is better not to govern at all than to govern with a state of siege. CAVOUR's phrase implied his confidence that he could govern by ordinary methods. If the English Government is justified in entertaining the same conviction, it is undoubtedly right in dispensing with coercion, which nevertheless has nothing in common with a state of siege. In the proclaimed counties offenders are tried by the ordinary tribunals, instead of being shot, as in a state of siege, by order of court-martial. The most effective provisions of the Coercion Acts relate to the possession of arms, which are probably procured and used for purposes either of insurrection or of assassination. To ordinary minds there is nothing extraordinarily shocking in legal precautions against murder and civil war. The promise of benevolent measures which are to take the place of Coercion Acts is utterly fallacious. No concession ever made to Ireland has sufficed to produce contentment and peace. If the proposed boons are really beneficial, they ought to be granted; but they will assuredly not conciliate Mr. PARNELL and his followers. If the Government can really devise any mode of improving the condition of Ireland, the means by which the object may be attained will not be harshly criticized.

THE ITALIAN ELECTIONS.

FOR the past four years the confusion of Italian politics has been daily growing worse confounded. In March of that year, as will be remembered, the Government of the Right—or, as we should call it, of the Moderate Liberals—was upset by a coalition of discontented members of the party with the whole body of the Left. In the use of the terms "Right" and "Left" we must beware, however, of being misled by the analogies of French politics. The Clerical and reactionary party which constitutes the Right in France has in Italy, ever since the formation of the kingdom, deliberately kept aloof from public life. It has done so at the bidding and in the supposed interests of the Vatican. The Italian Chamber, therefore, may be said to have consisted entirely of Liberals of various shades. The difference between the moderate men of the two parties is imperceptible. The healthy working, however, of Parliamentary government in any country demands as its condition that the distinction between parties should be real and not merely nominal; and this is especially the case in Italy, which is new to a free public life, and the past history of which has especially fostered those qualities in the national character which tend to make politics a matter of intrigue rather than of conviction. As long as the POPE and the Austrians ruled in Italy there was an object, superior to all party distinctions, which Liberals of every shade could strive after in common; and if the Clerical party were to attempt to undo the work of Italian unity, such an object would again be set before them. But, as matters stand, there is no use in blinking the fact that, ever since the unity of Italy was accomplished, Parliamentary government in that country has been growing more and more meaningless and futile.

In the spring of 1876 the long rule of the Right—a rule which had lasted, with two brief interruptions, ever since the formation of the kingdom—came to an end, and the Left entered into office. In the autumn of the same year a dissolution of the Chamber took place, and the fresh elections gave the new Government an enormous majority. Enormous majorities, however, do not always render the task of government more easy. In Italy during the past four years this has assuredly not been the case. During this period there have been not less than six different Administrations, all belonging to the Left, and there have been crises, independent of the rise and fall of Cabinets, which it would be difficult to number. First came Signor DEPRETIS with Signor NICOTERA as Minister of the Interior; then a crisis and a new Cabinet headed by Signor DEPRETIS without Signor NICOTERA, but with Signor CRISPI; then another crisis and the Ministry of CAIROLI; then a crisis without a change of Prime Minister; then DEPRETIS again; then CAIROLI again; then, last autumn, an acute and prolonged crisis, which ended in the reconciliation of CAIROLI and DEPRETIS, and the formation of a new Ministry which included them both. But outside this Cabinet were

three of the ablest and most influential members of the Left—Signor Nicotera, Signor Crispi, and Signor Zanardelli—each with his group of followers; and these, the so-called Dissidents of the Left, have for some months been waging against the Government a much more bitter, if less open, war than that carried on against it by its avowed opponents of the Right. A month or two ago matters came to a point; and on the question of the foreign policy of the Government a vote of confidence, more apparent than real, was obtained from the Chamber. Shortly afterwards the artificial majority thus brought together was again dissolved, and the Chamber accepted the Report of the Budget Commission, which, while granting to the Government a provisional credit, added a rider to the effect that greater promptitude on the part of the Ministry in preparing the Estimates was desirable. Hence a new crisis, and the present elections.

The four years during which the late Parliament has sat have been fruitless in useful legislation. The partial repeal of the Grist-tax—a measure, in the present state of Italian finance, of questionable prudence—is its one exploit. The pressing questions for Italy, those of social and administrative reorganization, have been left to take care of themselves. Municipalities either already bankrupt or hurrying fast towards bankruptcy; an agricultural population living, in the greater part of the country, in a state of destitution and misery painful to witness; a deplorable ignorance among the mass of the people; an amount of crime, and that of the most atrocious character, greater by far than in any other civilized country of Europe; a perversion of the popular conscience which regards the assassin, and not his victim, as an object of sympathy and pity—these are some of the evils which might fairly claim the attention of an Italian Parliament, and which legislation can assuredly do a great deal, though not everything, and not all at once, to cure. But, instead of doing something to make the law respected, to render life and property secure, to diffuse education, to protect the masses of the people from the systematic oppression under which, especially in the Southern provinces, they suffer at the hands of the ruling classes, the late Parliament has been occupied solely with the question whether Depretis or Cairoli, Nicotera or Crispi, Zanardelli or Grimaldi, should enjoy the pleasure and distinction of holding a portfolio. To describe the last four years of Italian Parliamentary history as a period of utterly futile and barren legislation is only to echo the almost unanimous judgment of the Italian press. The blame of all this is apportioned according to the political opinions of the individual writer; but men of all parties agree as to the fact. For four years the Left has been in power with an unprecedented majority, and it has done simply nothing. Each section of it declares that the fault lies with another section; but all admit the fault, and agree that the annals of the defunct Parliament do not form a creditable chapter in Italian history.

The result of the new elections, which the supplementary elections of to-morrow are not likely materially to alter, gives the present Government a majority. Whether it will have a majority over the Right, combined with the dissidents of the Left, remains to be seen. If not, another crisis, a new Cabinet, and perhaps a fresh dissolution, are what may shortly be expected. Signor Nicotera, Signor Crispi, Signor Zanardelli, and the other disappointed dissidents are not likely to let any favourable occasion slip for upsetting the Ministry. Unfortunately, when it is upset, there is too little reason to suppose that a more stable Administration will take its place. The Right, which contains the best political talent and experience in the country, is still in a minority, though it appears to be stronger and more homogeneous than in the last Chamber. But, without a majority, a Cabinet of the Right could only live on sufferance, and would be incapable of any vigorous or useful legislation. Even if a reconciliation took place between the warring factions of the Left, there is no likelihood of its being permanent. The same causes which have produced so many quarrels and breaches in the past will in all probability be as active in the future. The evil, in fact, is one that is very hard to cure. As long as the mass of the electors are so indifferent both to the political questions put before them and to the personal character of the men who solicit their votes that barely half of them will come to the poll, it can hardly be expected that candidates returned to Parliament will be pre-eminently staunch and zealous. The electors are apathetic; the members of the Chamber are irregular in attendance and indisposed to transact business; and, if it were not for the amusement of making and unmaking Cabinets, the constant frequenters of the Chamber would form a still scantier band than they do at present.

It has been asserted that the Pope was anxious that the Clericals should take part in these elections, and that his wishes were overruled, as they have been on other occasions, by the reactionary party in the Vatican. Nothing certainly would tend more to make Parliamentary life in Italy a reality than the presence of a strong Clerical party in the Chamber. There would then be something to fight about. But at present there is little or no difference of principle between those who sit on different sides of the Chamber. The Republican party in Italy is small, but in earnest; the Clerical party is large, and in earnest. The Republicans, however, accept the monarchy as expressing the will of the majority; and the Clericals still decline either to elect or to be elected. The Liberal party is thus left without its natural opponents, and, in default of these, its various sections make war upon one another. The abstention of the Clericals is doubtless, from the point of view of the Vatican, good policy. The longer they hold back, the more discredited, in all likelihood, will Parliamentary government in Italy become, and the more probable will be the triumph of the Clericals when they at length come forth from their reserve. The policy of the Vatican in this point, as in others, is astute, and it would be useless to complain that it is not patriotic.

THE BLACKBURN STRIKE.

THE end of the Blackburn strike was not unexpected. The reasons which induce the weavers to return to work at the existing rate of wages are so conclusive as to increase the surprise which might be felt at the decision which they have now reversed. Nothing has happened which might not have been foreseen; and the workmen were warned of their inevitable defeat by their own trusted advisers. It is well that work should be resumed, but it would have been better if it had not been interrupted. Some thousands of weavers and spinners have lost a week's wages; and the course of trade in Blackburn, in Oldham, and probably in other districts of Lancashire, has been seriously deranged. The strike, and the lock-out by which it was to be encountered, threatened to check the very slight improvement which had taken place in the cotton manufacture. The immediate cause or pretext of the strike might rather have been expected to have the opposite tendency of encouraging the operatives to rely on the liberality or justice of the masters. In consequence of an increased demand for yarn, the wages of the spinners had been raised five per cent.; while, in default of an improved market for manufactured goods, no similar advance was given to the weavers. It was perhaps to be expected that the less fortunate class of workmen should be disappointed by finding that they had as yet no share in the comparative prosperity of their neighbours; but it might have been expected that the explanations offered would satisfy them that there was no change in the state of trade which could affect their own rate of wages. The statements of the masters appear to have been so conclusive that the leaders of the workmen recommended them to suspend or withdraw their demand. It is also asserted that the great majority of operatives objected to a strike; and yet, at a meeting which seems to have had authority to decide the question, a resolution to discontinue work was unanimously carried. In political controversies public opinion has sometimes been paradoxically defined as the opinion which is held by no private person; but it is surprising that, in a matter of immediate and pressing importance, those who are principally concerned should agree to surrender their judgments to a noisy minority which, as they well know, is not better informed than themselves. Delegates and officers of Trade-Unions are always sufficiently ready to recommend their constituents to strike. Their advice is invariably followed when it tends to a rupture with employers, and it is unfortunate that it should be rejected when it inclines to peaceful courses. The strike appears to have been connected with a movement by which in another part of Lancashire the

weavers have obtained by successive instalments an advance of five per cent. According to some accounts, the body which, like a Birmingham caucus, manages the affairs of a large community determined to transfer their activity to North-East Lancashire, and selected Blackburn as the scene of their operations. There was from the first some doubt whether the strike would be continued. It is the custom in Lancashire to take holiday at Whitsuntide; and it was thought possible that in a few days the weavers might resume work. It was certain that, if they persevered, they would be eventually defeated.

Admirers and flatterers of the operative class are in the habit of celebrating as their most distinctive virtue their alleged devotion to the interests of their own class; but, although it may be true that, feeling and acting in masses, they have little opportunity of exhibiting personal selfishness, they sometimes seem extraordinarily indifferent to the injuries which they inflict on their involuntary partners in strikes. The Blackburn weavers not only coerced the dissentients in their own trade, but, by destroying the local demand for yarn, they also reduced to compulsory idleness the spinners whose industry has its centre at Oldham. The strike might therefore in one sense have attained its object by reducing spinners and weavers to common distress. That it should produce a rise in the wages paid at Blackburn was highly improbable. The masters would scarcely have regretted the intermission of a trade which was already stagnant. They might have even derived advantage or convenience from an occasion of closing their mills for cleaning and repairs; and they were not unwilling to allow a diminution of stocks before they resumed production. Nothing is more galling to malcontent workmen than the consciousness that they are doing good rather than harm to their employers. The habit of trade combination on either side perhaps confers greater advantages on the masters than on the workmen. The ingenious device of stopping labour at selected places, with the purpose of supporting a strike by the aid of contributions from those who remain at work, is now almost invariably baffled by agreements among the masters to cut off the supplies by which alone the strike can be maintained. On this occasion, the masters in the Accrington district resolved to run their mills only three days a week as long as the Blackburn strike continued. Their workmen would consequently have been mulcted to the extent of one-half of their wages, for an act to which they may or may not have been parties. They would scarcely have been able to contribute to the support of the Blackburn weavers, and they cannot have been anxious to prolong a struggle which was highly injurious to themselves. Another resource on which operatives during strikes are accustomed to rely is the credit which is allowed them by the shopkeepers, who suffer heavily by trade disputes. It is stated that many of the debts which were incurred during last year's strike have not been paid, and that the tradesmen were not on the present occasion inclined to incur additional loss. The time of the strike was ill chosen, because a much smaller amount of wages than usual is earned during the Whitsuntide holidays. The men on strike were informed that they must wait for another week before a levy on the trade could begin.

Notwithstanding the accumulated disadvantages with which the workmen began the contest, 30,000 hands were for the time idle, with an enormous weekly sacrifice of wages, and with a depression in trade which is indicated by a fall of 150,000*l.* in the value of the shares in a single manufactory. Trade-Unions have created a kind of fanaticism which makes its votaries independent of calculation, and willing to incur suffering in the vague hope of occasional triumph. The general belief in a return of prosperity, though it has not yet been sufficiently confirmed, had evidently inclined the Lancashire weavers to believe that the time had arrived for dictating to their employers. Their belief that they can obtain increased wages when the market is rising may be well founded; but they have not sufficiently ascertained the facts of the case. As long as the masters are indifferent to an increase of production, they are secure from any pressure which can be applied by the workmen. The partial cessation of work would inevitably have been followed by a total lock-out if it failed to effect its purpose. It is true that, if prices should unexpectedly rise, the masters will concede the required advance of wages; but the same result would in any case have been attained. In a few mills which remain outside the Association of Masters, the owners and workmen agreed to abide by the result of the dispute; and in the meantime the old rate of wages was maintained; but the exceptions were not sufficiently important to affect the chances of the contest. In Oldham alone, out of 8,000,000 spindles, 6,000,000 were standing still; and the Oldham spinners would have been still further injured by a determination on the part of the Blackburn masters to keep their own spindles running, even if their looms were not at work. The produce of Oldham would have been diminished by 4,500,000 lbs. of yarn per week, and the weekly loss of wages was estimated at 15,000*l.* The corresponding figures for the weaving trade of Blackburn are not given in the same form; but the loss would have been severe, and the stoppage of the mills in a great part of Lancashire during three days in the week involves a great difference in production. Like other trade disputes, the temper indicated by the Blackburn strike can scarcely fail to affect the competition of English industry with Continental and American rivals.

The policy of Trade-Unions is often so unintelligible as to suggest to observers who have no practical acquaintance with manufacturing industry a suspicion that there must be some unknown explanation of proceedings which are mysterious, if they are not absurd. The moral as well as the legal right of combination has long since been acknowledged; and it was perhaps superfluous to apply an ethical test to acts which could not be prevented. The temptation to compel the concession of increased wages or other advantages is obviously strong, and perhaps irresistible. If persons in easy circumstances could add ten or fifteen per cent. to their incomes by refusing to pursue their vocations till the increase was granted, they would probably not be disinclined to follow the example of weavers and colliers; but they might perhaps inquire, with more habitual scepticism, whether the promises of agitators and managers were likely to be fulfilled. The value of a few shillings a week to a working-man is greater than that of as many pounds to a comparatively rich tradesman or professional man; but still experience ought to have convinced workmen that strikes fail more often than they succeed. The hardship of exclusion from work and wages is also in this case greater. It is doubtful whether the members of Trade-Unions are amenable to any general opinion except that of their own class. It is extremely difficult to reach them, because the writers and speakers to whom they look for guidance are almost always strongly inclined to share their prejudices or their judgment. In some trades arbitration, though it rests on the insecure basis of a doubtful principle, has often facilitated compromise by rendering it easier for the defeated combatant to give way. In Lancashire the process appears to be not in fashion; or at least it was not suggested in the course of the recent dispute. The masters would probably have refused to abide by a judgment which might compel them to carry on a losing trade. They can have had little doubt that in the late struggle they would prove the stronger.

M. DE FREYCINET AND M. GAMBETTA.

THE establishment of the French Republic has been the disestablishment of French Ministries. As soon as a Cabinet is formed the process of decomposition begins. One Minister after another is found to be impossible, until in the end it is discovered that the Prime Minister himself is the cause of all the confusion, and he is made away with in his turn. M. DE FREYCINET'S Cabinet has now entered upon the first of these stages. It has just shed its Minister of the Interior. M. LEPÈRE'S resignation is an acknowledgment on the part of the Executive of the superior dignity of the Legislature. He has been defeated on a measure specially belonging to his department, and as his chief has not cared to be his companion in misfortune, there has been nothing for M. LEPÈRE to do except to make his bow and go home. So far as the public are concerned, it seems as though every member of the Cabinet might do the same thing without exciting more than a passing emotion. The interest which Frenchmen take in the fortunes of their momentary rulers is akin to that with which a countryman at a fair watches the ascent of a greased pole. It is the falls that really amuse and the falls that he waits to see. No one in

France, except the few who are personally interested in its fate, seems to care whether M. DE FREYCINET'S Ministry lives or dies.

The only element of strength that it possesses is the fact that one of the few who are personally interested in its fate is M. GAMBETTA. The President of the Chamber of Deputies is not a man to give up any object that is dear to him without a struggle, and the continuance of M. DE FREYCINET in office is supposed to be for the moment very dear to him indeed. M. GAMBETTA'S position just now is an exceptional one. He has outstayed one chance, and sees another not yet near enough to be seized. A time has been when he might have led the extreme Republicans to power. A time may come when he will lead the moderate Republicans to power. But at present the extreme Republicans have thrown him over, and the moderate Republicans seem too disorganized, or have too little confidence in M. GAMBETTA, to be either worth his leading or anxious to be led by him. Consequently, M. GAMBETTA is understood to wish above all things to keep things as they are. If M. DE FREYCINET is sent about his business, who is to succeed him? Not a more Conservative Minister; for, though this might very well suit M. GAMBETTA, as preparing the ground for a new Republican reaction of which he might be accepted as the undisputed leader, it would suit none of the factions by whose momentary coalition M. DE FREYCINET'S defeat would have been brought about. Not M. GAMBETTA himself; for in the existing Chamber he could not be sure of a majority, while he might not obtain the consent of the Senate to a hastened dissolution. Not a more Radical Minister than M. GAMBETTA; for to consent to this would be to show himself to his followers as acquiescing in his own exclusion from the Ministerial series. Consequently, as the alternatives to M. DE FREYCINET are, from M. GAMBETTA'S point of view, either inexpedient or impracticable, his wish naturally is to keep M. DE FREYCINET where he is. M. GAMBETTA'S next move, whatever it is, must necessarily be one of supreme importance to himself. He has governed France once, and he can hardly expect to govern it a third time. The success or failure of his ambition must be determined, to all appearance, by the length of time during which he governs France the second time. It is only natural, therefore, that he should wish to enter upon the experiment under the most encouraging conditions; and while the present Chamber lasts the conditions could scarcely be less encouraging. The majority on which M. GAMBETTA would have to depend is a rope of sand. The Government may at any moment be defeated by a combination of hostile extremes. M. GAMBETTA'S policy, where religious questions do not come in, would in all probability be a moderate policy, and as such it would encounter for different reasons the persistent opposition of the Right and the Extreme Left, and not be sure from one day to another of the support of the whole Republican Centre. M. GAMBETTA may fairly be anxious to begin his official career, whether as Minister or as President, with a more practicable Chamber than the present, and in order to do this he must postpone his entrance upon office until after the elections. If it is known that he proposes either to lead the Republican party in the new Chamber, or to govern the Republic as President by means of Ministers who will be as subordinate to him in name as the present Cabinet is in fact, curiosity, if nothing else, will probably secure him an official majority.

The reasons which move M. GAMBETTA to postpone taking office are precisely those which make M. CLÉMENCEAU and his friends desire that he should take office at once. M. CLÉMENCEAU is not of opinion that M. GAMBETTA is a necessity for France. On the contrary, he thinks that France could get along sufficiently well—or very much better—without M. GAMBETTA. At present the surest way to discredit a French politician is to give him an opportunity of showing of what stuff he is made, and this opportunity M. CLÉMENCEAU would like to secure for M. GAMBETTA without loss of time. The Right are completely at one with him upon this point; and, as they are anxious to make a Republican Government impossible, they are always ready to vote against the Ministry which protects M. GAMBETTA from the obligation to take office. If M. DE FREYCINET is overthrown, it is hard to see how M. GAMBETTA can any longer escape this obligation. A more moderate Republican than he would not consent to form a Ministry until M. GAMBETTA had tried his hand at the work. A more advanced Republican than he could not be asked to form one without conveying to the country the idea that M. GAMBETTA had been passed over with his own consent. This is probably the explanation of M. GAMBETTA'S intervention on behalf of the Government the other day. M. DE FREYCINET wished to go to a vote on a clause in the Public Meeting Bill empowering Government agents to dissolve meetings under certain prescribed circumstances. The Chamber showed a disposition to adjourn the debate, and it seemed likely that the Government would be beaten on a division. M. GAMBETTA suggested that the clause should be referred back to the Committee, thus giving the Government time to reconsider the position. The suggestion was accepted, and the time for reconsideration secured, with the result that the clause was remodelled. As it stands, it provides for the presence of a Government agent at public meetings, but does not in express terms give him the right of dissolving a meeting. In this way M. DE FREYCINET was saved, though M. LEPÈRE had to be sacrificed.

Why the existing Chamber should be allowed to die a natural death, instead of being dissolved by M. GRÉVY with the consent of the Senate, is not quite evident. M. GAMBETTA is not likely to command a larger majority in the constituencies than he could command now, and there is always a possibility that the chapter of accidents may have an unforeseen reverse in keeping for him. There is, however, a prejudice in France against dissolutions, arising perhaps in the first instance from the difficulties with which the framers of the existing Constitutions thought fit to surround them, and strengthened by the unpopularity which attended Marshal MACMAHON'S experiment. M. GAMBETTA is also supposed to be meditating a return to the system under which the electors of a whole department voted together, instead of being broken up into arrondissements—a change which would increase the strength of the dominant party for the time being, and thus recommend itself to M. GAMBETTA'S friends because they are the dominant party, and to M. CLÉMENCEAU'S friends because they hope to be so shortly. Thus the question which underlies these recurring misunderstandings between the Chamber and the Cabinet is simply whether M. GAMBETTA can be drawn from his retirement before he himself wishes to leave it. If M. CLÉMENCEAU can manage it, M. DE FREYCINET will be defeated, and M. GAMBETTA forced to succeed him. If M. GAMBETTA can manage it, M. DE FREYCINET will be kept in office until after the elections, when he will naturally make way for the real chief of the Left. The person who is least to be envied in the whole business is M. DE FREYCINET himself.

AUSTRALIAN SECOND CHAMBERS.

THE Australian public is not, it seems, disposed to view Mr. BERRY in quite the same light in which he is held in England. Here he is regarded as a terrible example of the fall which awaits democratic pride. In Australia he is looked upon rather as an example to be followed—followed indeed in moderation and with some regard to circumstances, but still not wholly neglected. New South Wales has suddenly become the scene of a quarrel between the two Chambers, which, when it has had time to mature, may perhaps become as bitter as that which has made Victoria famous. The fact is an undesigned comment on the worthlessness of the most plausible of Mr. BERRY'S suggestions for the reform of the Constitution. It was argued, with some show of reason, that, if the English House of Lords is to be reproduced in a colonial Constitution, care should at least be taken to give the copy a security against abuse similar to that which exists in the original. When a conflict between the House of Lords and the House of Commons has threatened to become too acute, it has been averted, if the occasion seemed important enough to justify recourse to so grave an expedient, by a hint that the Crown has the power of creating peers, and that, unwilling as it would be to use this power unduly, it may be forced to do so by unreasonable persistence on the part of the Upper House. Mr. BERRY'S deduction from this fact was the superiority of a nominee to an elective Second Chamber. If the Governor of Victoria, he argued, had been invested with the power of nominating additional members of Council, he would have been bound to use this power on the advice of his responsible Ministers. The knowledge that the stubbornness of the Upper House might be thus overcome would have prevented the Council from going too far in the direction of resistance to the

popular House. Such resistance could not be effectual, since, in the last resort, the Cabinet, acting through the Government, would always be able to override it. Consequently perseverance in it could only lead to the degradation of the Second Chamber by the addition of a packed majority, and it was assumed that rather than run this risk the Council would bow to necessity and do what the Assembly wished. Unfortunately for Mr. BERRY's reasoning, there is now a deadlock in New South Wales. That fortunate colony enjoys the very blessing which Mr. BERRY was so anxious to bestow upon Victoria. The Council is appointed by the Governor; and, on Mr. BERRY's showing, the members ought to have been too much alarmed at the prospect of being swamped by wholesale nominations to venture upon resisting the Assembly. The result has not borne out Mr. BERRY's anticipations. The Council has actually amended a money Bill. The Assembly has passed a Bill precisely like the original Bill, and sent it up to the Council. The Council has made on the second Bill the identical amendment which it made on the first, and the two Chambers are for the time hopelessly at issue. Of course the Governor can, if he chooses, make sufficient new nominations to bring the Council into accord with the Ministry; but the point to be noticed is that the fear of this course being taken has not had the effect attributed to it. A Council which was compelled to receive an addition to its ranks every time it differed from the popular Chamber could exercise no useful constitutional function. It is the deterrent force of the penalty that is supposed to make it valuable, and in New South Wales we have a Council composed in the main of hardened offenders for whom the prospect has no terrors.

Accordingly the New South Wales Ministry has had to imitate Mr. BERRY, and set to work to reform the Constitution. It is useless to argue that as the Constitution at present stands the Council may not amend money Bills. The Council maintain the contrary, and when two co-ordinate authorities disagree, one contention is as good as another. In this instance it is an additional annoyance to the Government that the Council detected a really weak point in the Bill they amended. The Council thought that a tax which it was proposed to levy on bills might apply to bills already current, but which would not mature until after the Act had come into operation. The Government answered that nothing of the kind had been intended or could fairly be deduced from the words of the Bill. The Council rejoined that this had better be made perfectly clear, and introduced a clause to make it clear. The Government were plainly ill advised in not introducing such a clause themselves; but their dealings with the amended Bill when it returned to the Assembly were still less wise. Holding as they do that the Council has no power to amend money Bills, we find no fault with them for withdrawing the Bill and sending an entirely new Bill up to the Council. But there is no excuse for making this second Bill an exact copy of the first. The principle would have been sufficiently guarded by the refusal of the Assembly to consider the Bill as it came from the Council, while the interests of the community would have been consulted by the introduction of a new clause to guard against the possibility to which the Council had drawn attention. Instead of this, the defect in the original Bill was left unremedied in the substituted Bill, and the Council left to insert their amendment again if they dared. Thus challenged, the Council naturally stood by their clause, and since that time the Government have been busy in passing through the Assembly a Bill to deprive the Council of the power to amend money Bills. When this Bill, which has already been read a second time in the Assembly, comes before the Council, it will no doubt be rejected, and the deadlock, to reach which it seems to be the ambition of all Colonial Legislatures, will thus be secured.

Although at present the New South Wales Government have not gone anything like as far wrong as the Victoria Government, they have committed the very grave error of provoking the Council on a matter in which the Council are plainly in the right. The special function of a Second Chamber is to supplement any omissions and confusions which may have crept into the legislation of the First Chamber. A First Chamber, if it thinks that it has the sole right of framing money Bills, may embody the amendments of the Council in a new Bill of its own, rather than acquiesce in the Council's claim to amend money Bills as other Bills are amended. But the only case that could call for an amendment of the Constitution would be one in which the Council should insist on introducing amendments which the Assembly thought mischievous, and should throw the finances of the colony into confusion rather than consent to the excision of these amendments. Nothing of this kind has happened in New South Wales, and the attempt to amend the Constitution without any such provocation deserves to meet the same fate as that which has lately overtaken Mr. BERRY's similar attempt in Victoria. If a Second Chamber is to have any rights whatever, it cannot profitably be forbidden to make the words of the Bills sent up by the Assembly convey the meaning which the Assembly designed them to bear.

A HUNDRED YEARS SINCE.

It is only the outside of life and manners in foreign lands that the most observant traveller can see, and we know still less of the life of that vast half-discovered country, the past. Into the past all lovers of literature and all who care to think about the fortunes of our race must be constant voyagers, always searching, always "well deceived." We sail thither, as it were, "on broken pieces of the ship," on fragments of the elder world—books, pictures, bits of furniture, scraps of dress, gems, coins, the *débris* that float down the wave, or are dredged from the ooze of the stream of time. The past is so great in extent, and so full of diversities of manners and of landscapes, that there are some who prefer its many mansions to the narrow present, its silence and cool to our heat and noise; and who are more at home in their grandfathers' time, or in that of Cæsar, of Rhamses, or of Sennacherib, than in a world of penny papers, telegraphs, and lawn-tennis. Yet these investigators know nothing certainly, when it comes to a comparison of our living day with days that are all equally dead, be they those of Confucius or Dr. Johnson. We cannot, and never shall be able to, decide about the question of progress, to determine whether, on the whole, we are worse or better than our fathers. All the large epithets and sweeping classifications which dispose of this age or that in an epigram, and take leave of a century with a sneer, are so many waste words. We see, in the past as in the present, only what we bring eyes capable of beholding. How much clear knowledge, and sound art, and just thought existed in "the dark ages"; how full of scepticism, subtle as that of Hume, and crude as that of Mr. Bradlaugh, were the "ages of faith"! How bad the "good old times" were, how artificial the periods of refined simplicity, how rude were "the polite," and how petty "the great," at the courts of Louis or of Anne! It is in these matters of manner, of demeanour, of daily life, of comparative soberness or levity, ignorance or knowledge, simplicity or luxury, that we see the past most dimly, and can with least ease compare ourselves with our ancestors, or answer the question of St. Bernard—"To what have we come?"

To censure our own times is the stale fault of satirists, preachers, old men, old women, and public writers. There are certain points on which every epoch congratulates itself that it is better, or deplores that it is worse, than any that went before. Comparisons are always chiefly drawn, and mainly for purposes of pessimism, in the affairs that concern women. Even Æschylus, according to an English prose translator, declared that "among things which are no longer as they should be, I might mention the unbridled character of female passion." And everywhere and always people keep avowing that, if women are not what they ought to be, still less are they what they once were. The Puritan preacher detected in patches and curls and lace a return to the dread iniquities of the strange women whom Isaiah rebuked and Ezekiel flouted. The "unbridled luxury of women" was as common a text in the Paris of the third Bonaparte as in the Rome of Cato.

Now there are at least two or three good reasons which might suggest the folly and dulness of all the tedious disquisitions on women's foibles, and all the comparisons between women of the past and of the present. Little as we know about the men who are our contemporaries, and still more slender as our knowledge is of the men of the past—ghostly figures seen darkly through the glasses of comedy and memoir—we know infinitely less of women. "Poor little beasts," Guy Heavistone would say, when they were discussed in his hearing, and, after a moment's silence, he would stroke his heavy moustache, and exclaim "Egad!" The wisdom of the ages, its pity and contempt and its afterthought of perplexity, are sufficiently well caricatured in Mr. Bret Harte's burlesque. In spite of Solomon and Shakspeare, and Mr. Charles Reade, and Mr. George Meredith, we do not know much about the beings concerning whom we eternally debate. The great Schopenhauer, who had discovered the riddle (and an uncommonly painful one it proved) of the earth, was accustomed to dine daily at an ordinary in a German town. Every day he laid a louis beside his plate when he sat down, and daily he pocketed the coin when he had done his duty by his *Mittagessen*. A disciple who had long watched this ritual with wonder ventured to ask the master what he meant by an apparently superstitious practice. Was the gold piece an amulet

(like that lent by Montaigne to a friend on another occasion) to ensure the due digestion of dinner? "No," the sage replied, "but I have vowed to give this coin to the poor, when the military gentlemen present talk about some other topic than woman." Yet, despite the analysis, civil and military, of the sex, we know less than nothing about woman. She is the sphinx whose riddle Œdipus never answers, though he has chattered in reply ever since black men chipped flints and black women made pipkins among the ferns of tropical rivers that are now coal-mines. Nor is ignorance the only flaw in the dissertations about the women of to-day and the women of the past, about their bonnets, tea-gowns, extravagance, higher education, fitness for professions and votes, about the folly of their aping men, and all the rest of it. In all these affairs comparisons with past virtuous or vicious generations are little to the purpose, because, if we can say anything with certainty about the female nature, it is this—that women are changeless. Their talk to-day is the talk that the Syracusan poet reports in his famous idyl—talk about husbands, children, shawls, and servants. And Theocritus borrowed his dialogue from Sophron, a yet older observer, who borrowed from the garrulous nature that exists to-day, unchanged and unchangeable as the musical babble of birds.

From these considerations, which are general enough, to that particular instance, *The Polite Lady; a Course of Female Education, in a Series of Letters from a Mother to her Daughter* (Newbery, London, 1769), we may descend with inductive celerity. Just in the year when Boswell captured that great lion Dr. Johnson, a worthy lady set herself to describe the education of her sex as it ought to be. Montaigne rather sensibly observes that he left the schooling of his girl to the women, who in this matter had their own mysteries of government, with which he did not interfere. These mysteries are much and openly discussed in the days of Girton and Newnham and of Lady Margaret's Hall. But this series of imaginary letters from a mother, Portia, to her daughter Sophia, a young lady of sixteen, residing at a "finishing school," seem to prove that women's manners are very much what they were a hundred years ago. We certainly hear more of Greek, Latin, mathematics, metaphysics, and so on, in teaching; but the result, the emancipated schoolgirl in society, is just what she was. Fast maidens, girls who dress like men, young women who listen to and encourage loose talk, are not new inventions, as some weekly moralists in the press most innocently suppose. Sir Joshua's portraits have deceived us all, and made us think that our grandmothers four generations ago were as beautiful, pure, stately, and sweet as his illustrious sitters. After looking at some of his pictures—in which every woman seems a duchess, and every duchess a paragon—it is certainly sad to contemplate the mouldy greens and "intense" faces and expressions, or the gaudy hoods and too yellow locks, of the girls of to-day. But the author of *The Polite Lady*—the maternal Portia who lectures her Sophy in a series of some thirty letters—proves to demonstration that sweet serenity and maidenliness were as rare, and girlish rowdyism as common (and coarser) in 1769 as in 1880. We may go on to these matters of morality, without lingering long over the earlier letters of this educational course. In these Portia demonstrates that writing is a useful art, that ladies should be able to spell (to secure which end Mr. Newbery's author recommends "Newbery's Dictionary"), and that a knowledge of the four simple rules of arithmetic is serviceable to a housekeeper. That "dancing is one of the most genteel and polite accomplishments which a young lady can possess" will be admitted by all but the fanatics of the Higher Education, while even they will allow that "it is a kind of exercise which you may take when the badness of the weather hinders you from going abroad." Portia does not add, like Sir Thomas Elyot in the old treatise called *The Governour*, that "dauncyng" is a great teacher of moral prudence. As to the art of drawing, Portia's remarks prove that the Japanese style of Mr. Whistler and the early Ravennese manner of some "little masters" of the Grosvenor Gallery had their fashionable counterparts a hundred years ago. "Let the objects from which you copy," writes Portia, "be chiefly the works of nature, or at least such works of art as are faithful imitations of nature; and carefully avoid everything that is unnatural, whimsical, or romantic, as most Chinese drawings are." There is something in this criticism which reminds one of the worthy woman who on a Bank Holiday was heard explaining the works of Giotto and Margheritone d'Arezzo to a less experienced friend. "These," said she, indicating the early Italian designs in the National Gallery, "these are the Chinese pictures." To be done with the drudgery of a girl's schooling a century past, it is enough to notice the French books which Sophy's master first "put into her hands. They were *Gil Blas* and the *Diable Boiteux*, both of which, I think, are highly entertaining and improving." Entertaining, certainly, though how far they could be called "improving" it is less easy to determine. But if a Sophy of to-day could write to an approving mother, "My master has lately put into my hands *Madame Bovary* and *Moustache*, both of which I think are highly entertaining," it is obvious that French would be a more favourite study with schoolgirls than the *Télémaque* of Fénelon can make it.

The time came when Sophy paid a visit to an aunt in London. She found it "more difficult to conduct herself in London at the age of fifteen than it was in the country at nine or ten," and this ethical reflection Portia called "extremely just." The mother warned her "never to affect to be smart or witty," and not to go to Vauxhall (where Jos Sedley and Emmy and Becky went in more familiar later years) unattended by an elderly gentlewoman. A chaperon was a thing that Sophy could not endure. "We sometimes go to the play, the opera, Ranelagh, and Vauxhall, but then it is always in the company of an elderly gentlewoman. All our importunities have not been able to prevail upon her to let us go to the Sadler's Wells or Marybone. . . . As to diversions within doors, we have but few. My aunt does not seem to be as fond of gaming as some other ladies of her acquaintance. Pray, mamma, give me your opinion of all these matters in your next." Sophy at fifteen was a girl of whom one might say *elle ira loin*. Imagine a girl of fifteen, in our emancipated age, who should insist on gambling, and on going to see the *Danites*, and the public schools match without a chaperon! It is true that acrobats, not Mr. Joaquin Miller's diverting drama, were to be seen at Sadler's Wells in 1769, while music, rather than cricket, seems to have been the attraction at "Marybone." Sophy's mother justly asks, "What is the inconvenience of having a prudent lady along with you? Suppose that you and your cousins were allowed to go to Vauxhall by themselves. Why, some pert, forward, impudent young fellow comes up to you, and perhaps you are very well pleased with his politeness, and take a turn with him round the garden. Now, my dear, suppose the danger goes no further, as I hope it does not, yet do you know who this same young spark is?" As to gambling (which surely is not common among girls even now), Sophy is told to beware lest it foster the passion of avarice. In the matter of dress, Sophy is warned to shun the extremes of fashion, which, as now, often arrayed women in garments like those of men. "They tell me no man likes to see a woman strutting in a coat and hat; and yet, I am sorry to say it, the distinction of sex in dress seems to be very little regarded by our modern fine ladies. On meeting a company on horseback nowadays, one shall hardly be able to distinguish whether it is composed of ladies or gentlemen."

The danger of modern conversation may be considerable, and it is certain that many moralists exclaim against the laxity of talk. "The boasted beauties of the town, and their smart, witty admirers," seem to have been extremely free in the exercise of their humour in Portia's time. "What a small proportion do virtuous men bear," cries Portia, "to the foolish and the vicious? To the motley herd of empty fops, vain fribblers, shallow coxcombs, who intrude themselves into almost every company, and never fail to shock and offend by their lewd and immodest language." In almost every company, then, the majority of young men "talked in a lewd and immodest strain," which the coquette encouraged, says Portia, in a letter on that sprightly character. If we must have "fribblers," it is better that they should fribble about "divine lassitude," and "potentialities of passion," than that they should shock the ear of delicacy with lewd conversation. But on this and some other topics the ear of modern delicacy would be shocked by the expressions of the worthy Portia herself. Her treatise seems to prove that maidens a hundred years ago might be more unmaidenly than the fastest young women of to-day, for they gambled more, and swore as much; while, if they smoked less, it seems they wore extremely low dresses "on the Mall" in the morning.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

If the recent untoward event at Oxford has affected the Home Secretary's appetite—we know from the best authority that it did not affect his sleep—he must have gone to the Ministerial dinner on Wednesday night with renewed gusto. One of those sweet little cherubs who are known to sit up aloft and look after poor Jack has interfered in favour of Sir William Harcourt. Nor let it be thought that the allusion is an idle jest. Any cherub of sensibility must obviously have a fellow-feeling with the Home Secretary in his present plight; and if Sir William is not himself a sailor, he is, as we shall shortly prove, a friend of sailors. Indeed the cherub on this occasion was none other than Mr. Samuel Plimsoll, M.P. for Derby. Mr. Plimsoll has come to the conclusion that he cannot better serve God, his country, and Jack than by handing over Derby to Sir William Harcourt. Sir William is said to have accepted the offer, and is going to try on the Derwent that luck which has been so singularly bad on the Isis. But Mr. Plimsoll's motives, arguments, and manner of making his resolution known are much too original to be disposed of as if they were merely a preliminary to Sir William Harcourt's rescue (which is as yet a very problematical rescue after all) from the woes of seatlessness. The ex-member or rather the member for Derby was good enough to come before his constituents and to make an exceedingly clean breast of it, though we observe that not a few of the London papers, with unaccountable parsimony, have deprived their readers of the most interesting portions of his address.

Mr. Plimsoll began his explanation by observing, in the truest style of realistic narrative, "I was dining in the neighbourhood of Torquay on Monday, the 10th instant, with the doctor who is attending Mrs. Plimsoll, when he told me that Sir W. Harcourt had been defeated at Oxford." Even M. Zola could not find many faults with this exordium. We ought indeed to have had the doctor's name; the *menu* of the dinner should decidedly have been given; and, perhaps, a little diagnosis and a few prescriptions would have also been desirable. However, the member for Derby is a beginner in naturalistic art, and perfection cannot be expected at once. Having received this information, it seems Mr. Plimsoll instantly

thought "Is it possible to turn this incident to the good of the sailors?" Unless Mr. Plimsoll habitually asks himself this question at each moment of life, something on the *delenda est Carthago* principle, which we think not improbable, the demand seems a bold one; but the questioner was, it will be seen, serious. He went home, and, as all good husbands do, laid the matter before his wife. Here let us pause to assure Mrs. Plimsoll of our most distinguished consideration. If her name comes into the discussion it is her husband's fault, not ours; and, as will be seen, the lady plays a highly creditable part therein. Indeed we cannot help thinking, from the intelligence displayed in Mrs. Plimsoll's remarks, that it is rather a pity that the seat at Derby cannot be handed over to her. However, this, to the indignation of Miss Becker and Lady Harberton, is at present impracticable. So Mr. Plimsoll said, "Eliza, the Home Secretary has been defeated at Oxford, and I want to ask my constituents to let me give him my seat for Derby." The simple answer of Mrs. Plimsoll was "Why?" and volumes could not have said more. "To help the sailors," was the rejoinder, and again Mrs. Plimsoll was more than equal to the occasion with the retort, "How will that help them?" Mr. Plimsoll's reply to this extremely pertinent demand was long and can only be summarized. It seems that the existing Acts for the protection of sailors are murderous impostures, that Sir W. Harcourt has at different times given Mr. Plimsoll a helping hand, that Derby is a model constituency, and that Mr. Plimsoll reckons that by doing the Home Secretary this good turn he will establish a pretty strong claim on the Government to back his favourite schemes. Instead of attempting to reply to this ratiocination, Mrs. Plimsoll for the third time hit the nail on the head by the simple query, "What will they say at Derby? Won't they think you undervalue their confidence?" To this Mr. Plimsoll made answer in another speech of some length, in the course of which Socrates would infallibly have tripped him up more than once. But Mrs. Plimsoll, though evidently possessing faculties for the exercise of the Socratic Elenchus of which any one might be proud, regards her husband with too much respect to treat him in the fashion of the irreverent stonemason. She waited till he had done, and then, modestly disclaiming any intention of standing in the way of the sailors, repeated her question, "What will our personal friends at Derby say?" This was a poser, and we cannot think that Mr. Plimsoll showed his superiority in debate by the remarks that the friends were Christian men, that "duty and self-denial are close companions," or that "the railway will still remain"—the last of which seems rather to resemble the observations used dialectically by Mr. F.'s aunt. Indeed it is to be suspected that the masculine champion found himself getting the worst of it, for he had recourse to a very old way of closing the discussion. "Let us," he said, "take the matter to God, and seek His guidance." We shall best avoid the charge of irreverence in recounting this portion of the affair, by letting Mr. Plimsoll speak for himself:—"We did; we reminded Him of the word of His promise, and when we rose the path of duty was as clear and plain before us as a turnpike." The *personnel* of the debate having been thus unexpectedly enlarged by making the Deity a party to it, Mrs. Plimsoll evidently thought it better not to continue her remarks; and perhaps her discretion may with advantage be imitated. It may, indeed, strike some persons that the Liberal party have been making rather free with the Divinity in the last few weeks, and that He has been brought in and left out, forgotten and reminded of His existence and attributes, in a manner which is, to say the least, curious. The anthropologist will also reflect that it is very odd how references of this kind invariably turn out in the way most suitable to the wishes of the referring party. When the excellent Hugh Peters put his head down on the pulpit cushion and made a similar reference as to the troubles of England, it is recorded that in a very few minutes the answer about making away with the man Charles Stuart—which could hardly be a new idea to Mr. Peters—was vouchsafed. So also, when Mr. Plimsoll had already made up his mind to resign his seat at Derby, did he receive speedy illumination of a favourable kind. After this he of course considered the matter settled, and Mrs. Plimsoll asked no more inconvenient questions. Her husband wrote his letter to Derby, and followed it up by his presence at the meeting, the chairman of which, by the way, was a Mr. Hall—not a name of the best omen for the Home Secretary. It seems that at a more private meeting held the day before, the prudent forecast of Mrs. Plimsoll had partially come true, for not a few of "our Derby friends" took the view of the matter she had suggested. But at the public assembly Mr. Plimsoll had it all his own way, as a man thoroughly and earnestly convinced almost always has. The field, as far as the Liberals are concerned, appears to be clear for Sir William Harcourt.

Not having ourselves received any special revelation of the kind which cleared Mr. Plimsoll's path and silenced the objections of his, in this instance, very much better half, we do not know that the matter seems to us altogether so much of a "turnpike." The announcement, made almost simultaneously with the news of Mr. Plimsoll's retirement, that Sir Robert Peel would contest the seat was, it seems, false, or at any rate premature. It seems not improbable that Sir Robert might be induced to do so; and, if he did, there would assuredly be a very pretty fight. He is extremely popular in the Midlands. He is as good a speaker from the popular point of view as Sir William Harcourt; and the passage of arms between them at Oxford would find an appropriate sequel in a duel *à outrance* at Derby. Even failing Sir Robert, it is not certain that the seat would be allowed to go without an effort. Derby has been decidedly Liberal lately, though, if we mistake not, Mr. Plimsoll himself had a Conservative colleague for some years. The influence of Mr. Bass is great in the town, and, should there be a contest, Sir William Harcourt will find it necessary to modify or suppress his favourite references to beer. But the chief reason for anticipating a fight is to be found in the manner in which the vacancy has been created. Constituencies, as Mrs. Plimsoll evidently knows, are by no means fond of being handed over in this way, as if they were so much portable property. Sir William Harcourt is not exactly the most popular of men, and the voters of Derby must, we should suppose, feel a little humiliated by such an eccentric performance as that of which we have endeavoured to give a faithful account. It may well seem to some inhabitants of the town of silk that they have been cavalierly treated. There are probably a few, if not more than a few, to whom Mr. Plimsoll's "reminders" to the Almighty, and his assumptions as to the Almighty's intentions, may seem blasphemous. There must be many to whom they will seem, whether blasphemous or not, to be ineffably indecent and disgusting. It is not every large town which has the touching modesty of Leeds, and which is content to serve as a lumber-room, and to put up with the despised and rejected of more independent constituencies. However, this is Mr. Plimsoll's and Sir William Harcourt's look-out. The former has merely added one more chapter to the history of the general election of 1880 and its consequences, a history which bids fair to be one of the most remarkable political documents of modern times. As yet scarcely a week, indeed we believe we may say not a single week, has elapsed without some member, small or great, of the party which last month won such an enormous victory, exhibiting himself in a more or less ridiculous light, and the amusement does not seem at all to pall upon the players. Whatever result "the sacrifice" may have—we should observe that Mr. Plimsoll, while quite justified in calling it a sacrifice on his own part, was hardly polite to the Home Secretary in describing the proceeding as a sacrifice on the part of the people of Derby—Sir William Harcourt's claim to be a precious and elect soul in the sight of Providence has been established. It is not every luckless wanderer in search of a seat who has such mercies, and we trust that the Home Secretary is duly thankful, and that when he gets into Parliament he will remember his indebtedness. In selecting him for the purpose the avowed predilection of Heaven for the meek and lowly in language and behaviour seems to have been somewhat overlooked. Mr. Plimsoll perhaps forgot to "remind" Providence of the fact. Still it is never too late to mend, and Sir William, when he sits for Derby by the grace of Mr. Plimsoll, may prove to be a reformed character. And yet we cannot help feeling some misgivings. There is an air, as we have already observed, of evil omen about some of the proceedings. Mr. Plimsoll made references to the crowning act of Samson which cannot be considered happy; and it is just possible that he may, after all, have mistaken the intentions of Providence. There is much matter for reflection in a text which diligent students of the Scriptures such as Mr. Plimsoll is, and as Sir William Harcourt ought to be, must remember. Perhaps it may have been a case of "Go up to Ramoth Gilead and prosper."

THE CHURCH REFORM UNION.

THE world has always been ignorant and careless of its greatest organizations, and we are worldly-like the rest. A prospectus lately reached us of the Church Reform Union, and upon looking down the list of the members of its Council which fills the first page, we were confronted, among other notabilities, by four head-masters, four popular London preachers, an earl, two baronets, a knight, and an Oxford and a Cambridge professor, besides Mr. Cowper-Temple, the Dean of Westminster of course, and as might be expected, Mr. Thomas Hughes as Treasurer, not to mention the fire-new county member who has just moved the Address among the secretaries. Bewildered by such grandeur, we turned over the leaf, and were astonished at the revelation that this venerable Association has already existed for ten years, "although no report has been presented by the Union for the last seven years"—actually not for seven years, and all the time the worst Administration ever known has been lowering like a black and baleful cloud over Church and State. The Union was "formed in 1870 for the purpose of bringing together for united action" that hitherto unknown and unimaginable section of humankind, "those who believe a National Church to be necessary to the highest well-being of England." Yet, in spite of its discovery of this curious race of thinkers, it has confined the unity of its action to a simultaneous and most successful effort after holding its tongue for a long week of years.

Its apology for existing—for simple existence, as contrasted with sentient activity, we must grant to it so long as it can lay claim to the organization of a titular Council projecting an ostensible Treasurer and Secretaries—is a very common and, in spite of appearances, harmless accident of all times of general fermentation. The appeal to popular ignorance on which it relies is very easy to frame, while, after an imposing array of alleged wrongs and insinuated remedies, it reveals its consistency and grasp of principle by touting for support with the assurance that "membership of the Union will be understood to imply general agreement only, and not an approval of all the plans which the Council may put for-

ward." A great and many-sided old institution, ramifying in all directions and touching every interest, is selected as the *corpus vile* for this experiment in reform, by parading a pretence of general agreement through the ridiculous device of creating a membership which repudiates approval of the plans to further which those members have been invited. The Council—who would, we fear, be described by a sporting member as a scratch team—are duly paraded to give garnish to a couple of pages of "Objects," and a Report. These two documents are so very ambitious as to defeat their authors' own intentions. The six omnibuses at Temple Bar would have been mere wheelbarrows compared with the *cortège* of caravans which the Church Reform Union has been marshalling during its seven dark years of silence and retreat. In one short pamphlet all the shortcomings, real or supposed, which any grievance-monger has ever attributed to the body on the dissecting table are set forth with expedient brevity; while remedies, which no member is expected to approve, are suggested with corresponding vagueness. The impressive conclusion is that the machinery with which the Council declares itself ready and able to reform the Church in all its aspects is "an annual subscription of 5*s*. and upwards," although "a donation of a guinea constitutes a Permanent Member"; a very low rate, we think, at which to purchase the privilege of belonging to a Union which possesses the secret of transfiguring the Church by a process of general agreement which repudiates approval. The Burials Bill, which naturally fills a prominent place in the programme, is recommended on the somewhat original plea that it will "strengthen the attachment of people to the National Church"; and that grotesque bantling, the Occasional Sermons Bill, which was laughed out of the very Liberal Parliament of 1868, is loudly commended with the suggestion of its being improved by grafting upon it the additional absurdity of "a proviso removing the existing impediments in the way of Anglicans responding to like invitations to occupy the pulpits of their Nonconforming and Protestant brethren." Stript of unctuous jargon, this suggestion means a demand upon Dissenting ministers to submit to the moral compulsion of having, whether they relish the intrusion or not, to be consistently happy to lend their pulpits to dear Episcopalian brothers on pain of branding themselves as intolerant, unneighbourly curmudgeons. The more sacerdotal the clergyman is, the more likely will he be to clutch at a concession which will be to him the opening out of one more secular lecture-room; while his Evangelical neighbour to whom consecration is only *tolerabilis ineptia*, but who has an acute perception of the comforts of an orderly Establishment will quake and doubt over the prudence of raising the rostrum of Ebenezer to the level of the parish pulpit.

All this however is only parson-badgering; paternal government for the faithful laity is equally included in the Union's scope of universal operations. It parades a stale cry that "the laity have not their fair place and work in the Church system"; which may have had a colour of truth about it at the time when any share of Church work would have been to the laity in general an intolerable bore, but which is at present a simple perversion of plain fact, except in the limited and technical sense of the "Convocatio Cleri" being, by the nature of its constitution, a body into which laymen are inadmissible, just as none but doctors find admission into the Medical Council. Otherwise, with Parliament putting forward irrepressible pretensions to regulate all things divine and human, with diocesan synods, archidiaconal conferences and ruridecanal meetings, with Church Congresses and religious Committees, Funds, Unions, Associations, Guilds, Trusts, and Institutions of all sorts and colours, besides the old constitutional Vestry in every parish, the laity have now a place and work in every branch of the Church system—which may be fair or may be unfair—but, if unfair, certainly does not deflect from equity on the side of deficiency. The weakness of these methods of bringing laymen into working partnership is obviously the want of a regulating power to concentrate and harmonize local efforts. So persons who have studied Church polity with a greater strain upon their reasoning faculties than our United Reformers seem to have realized during these seven years of silent incubation, have suggested some central body of elected laymen which might exist in consultative relations to Convocation. There is much to be said for this scheme and much against it, and it still vegetates in the limbus of ideas; but, anyhow, it legitimately endeavours to grapple with the place and work of the Church laity as a whole. But the nostrum of our Union is compounded of very different elements, and is, in fact, the crude revival of a project which has been dangled before the eyes of former Parliaments, for forcing upon all parishes, without regard to local circumstances, by Act of Parliament, some cast-iron form of Church Council, recommended on the impudent pretext that "the power of the parish priest is that which has come to be the most out of proportion in our Church system; and his 'autocracy' not only can bear, but requires, to be limited." This limiting gift of the beneficent Union is so adjusted as, by the double operation of perpetually contested elections and of chronic debates, to plunge and keep the parish in eternal hot water by perpetuating and accentuating every doctrinal and ritual difference which an elastic and informal system of reciprocal giving and taking would, in the long run, most certainly harmonize.

These are but samples of the impossible programme of a Society which has hitherto shown itself as impotent in action as it is now fussy in its pretensions. The consummation at which it aims is "a truly national Church," carried out by "the co-operation both of Churchmen who desire the development and expansion of the Church of England and of all who set their hopes on a Christianity free from sectarianism."

Christianity free from sectarianism is a truly sublime and engaging idea, and we shall most surely contribute to its accomplishment by a practical endeavour to work out the process by which the blessed end may be attained. Let us hope that in another seven years or so, a congress of representative Christians may be assembled in the Council chamber of the Union, with the Dean of Westminster, as active as ever we trust, in the chair. Lambeth may be unrepresented, and then whoever may be Archbishop of Westminster will perhaps be invited to start the discussion, and the prelate's argument will not impossibly be that the surest way of purging Christianity from sectarianism is to cast out the very idea of a sect as something in itself unclean and intolerable, by the recognition of a living and always accessible, embodied, and infallible centre of reference to which all Christians will agree to defer, so as to secure perpetual unsectarianism. It is just conceivable that the meeting may not close with the suggestion, and then the company may agree to tolerate the actual Church of England as its point of departure, so as, by gradually purging it of the dross of sectarianism, to elevate it to the sublime attitude of a truly National Church. Its Episcopal constitution will of course go first, for the Presbyterian will be able unanswerably to urge that the acceptance of that sectarian creature, a Bishop, would make it impossible for him to accept the English Establishment as a truly National Church. "Write the Church of the future down as non-episcopal and unsectarian," the chairman will suggest; upon which the Congregationalist will jump up and denounce the tyranny which would fain compel him, whose first principle of Christian liberty is the right of every congregation to take and make its own minister, to accept the essentially sectarian figment of any, even a Presbyterian, succession, as requisite in a truly national Church. "Then, gentlemen, will you agree upon ministers without any succession?" the chairman will ask in much bewilderment. "Ministers indeed! sectarian usurpers," the Quaker will protest. So the truly National Church will at last be started on its unsectarian career with no ministry at all; while sacraments and forms of worship will, by a similar process of detrition, be speedily disposed of, and the meeting will next proceed to consider what the unsectarian truly National Church must exist to believe in and to teach. "The Catholic Faith," somebody may suggest; and the assembly might probably agree that this was an eminently safe and respectable definition until the assembled sages proceed to define it. The Unitarian will catch the chairman's eye, and remove to the limbus of sectarianism a very large and important portion of the body of belief which usually passes under the accepted appellation; and the creed, as unsectarianized by him, may be put to the meeting. But the Theist will insist on his right to be heard, and will successfully urge his claim to have his inclusion within the unsectarian National Church guarded by the frank admission that "Christianity" cannot, consistently with unsectarian principles, be tortured into meaning more than the profession of monotheism as against polytheism, and of a First Cause as against Agnosticism. The Agnostic will back him in the negative part of his argument, while further contending that it is still more reasonably and completely unsectarian to define Christianity as the acceptance of that morality which has grown up under the accumulated influence of European so-called Christian civilization, rather than to attach the term to speculations over a First Cause, belief in which implies adherence to a sect. So at last the true unsectarian National Church will be reached; but in the moment of its triumph the Church Reform Union may discover that that mighty body numbers, all counted, a former member for Northampton as sole representative, while the remaining inhabitants of the three kingdoms obstinately prefer to stand outside in the cold shade of anti-national sectarianism.

The Church Reform Union has now gratified itself and amused the world by discharging its decennial popgun. If it desires to sustain the character of a success within the limited area of its spasmodic operations, we venture to advise it to strive to be as little heard of and as little thought of as possible until the advent of 1890 enables it to claim the attention of an ungrateful world by a manifesto even more flatulent and more unpractical than the one to which we have endeavoured to do justice.

MILITARY HONOUR.

THE reminiscences connected with our late war against the Zulus have certainly not been of an altogether agreeable nature; and, worse still, it seems that we are destined never to reach the end of them. Although months have elapsed since hostilities ceased and peace was declared, some unpleasant question or some grave scandal is continually cropping up. The latest and most serious instance of this nature which occurred during the whole war has only recently been brought fully to light. Our readers may remember that in January 1879 a detachment of the 80th Foot, which had encamped on both banks of the Intombi river, was surprised in the night by the enemy. The officer in command and several men were slain, and the remainder had the greatest difficulty in extricating themselves and retreating. The conduct of the officer second in command, who was, moreover, the sole officer surviving, excited considerable remark at the time. He

appears to have mounted his horse and to have ridden off at full speed to obtain reinforcements, leaving a sergeant in command of the party; and, as he had upwards of four miles to traverse, it was obvious that, for good or ill, the affair would be over long before he could rejoin his men. It is stated that Lord Chelmsford ordered an inquiry into the whole affair, and expressed his opinion that the officer in question had acted for the best, after which the matter dropped for a time. Some months afterwards a claim for the Victoria Cross was put forward on behalf of the sergeant who conducted the retreat of the survivors, and when the evidence, which according to regulations accompanied the claim, was read, it became obvious that, if the sergeant was to be decorated, the officer must be called to account. Accordingly, a general Court-martial was summoned. The Court acquitted him; but here we had better quote the special General Order issued by the Commander-in-Chief on the subject. It runs as follows:—

"At a general Court-martial recently held, an officer was arraigned upon the following charges. 1st. Having misbehaved before the enemy, in shamefully abandoning a party of the regiment under his command when attacked by the enemy, and in riding off at speed from his men. 2nd. Conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, in having, at the place and time mentioned in the first charge, neglected to take proper precautions for the safety of a party of the regiment under his command when attacked. The Court recorded a finding of 'Not Guilty' on both charges. The main facts of the case were not in dispute. The officer rode away from his men to a station distant 4½ miles, at a moment of extreme danger, when, to all appearance, the small party under his command were being surrounded and overwhelmed by the enemy. The charge alleged 'misbehaviour'—that is, cowardice—in so doing; the defence averred that it was to procure reinforcements, and either by their actual arrival, or by the imminence of their arrival, to ward off destruction. In acquitting the prisoner they have found that he was not guilty of cowardice. The proceedings of the Court were submitted to the General commanding (Sir Garnet Wolseley), who recorded the following minute:—'Disapproved and not confirmed; Lieutenant . . . to be released from arrest and to return to his duty.' The confirming officer has further recorded his reasons for withholding his approval and confirmation in the following terms:—

Had I released this officer without making any remarks upon the verdict in question, it would have been a tacit acknowledgment that I concurred in what appears to me a monstrous theory—namely, that a regimental officer, who is the only officer present with a party of soldiers actually and seriously engaged with the enemy, can, under any pretext whatever, be justified in deserting them, and by so doing abandoning them to their fate. The more helpless the position in which an officer finds his men, the more it is his bounden duty to stay and share their fortune, whether for good or ill. It is because the British officer has always done so that he occupies the position in which he is held in the estimation of the world, and that he possesses the influence he does in the ranks of our army. The soldier has learned to feel that, come what may, he can, in the direst moment of danger, look with implicit faith to his officer, knowing that he will never desert him under any possible circumstances. It is to this faith of the British soldier in his officers that we owe most of the gallant deeds recorded in our military annals; and it is because the verdict of this court-martial strikes at the root of this faith that I feel it necessary to mark officially my emphatic dissent from the theory upon which the verdict has been founded."

After thus recapitulating the history of the affair, the General Order concludes as follows:—"In communicating to the army the result of this Court-martial, the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief desires to signify his entire approval of the views expressed by the confirming officer in respect of the principles of duty which have always actuated British officers in the field, and by which His Royal Highness feels assured they will continue to be guided. This General Order will, by His Royal Highness's command, be read at the head of every regiment in Her Majesty's service."

So ends the official cognizance of this deplorable business, and we need hardly say that we heartily concur in the soldierlike, straightforward views expressed by Sir Garnet Wolseley, and in the confirmation they have received from the Commander-in-Chief. There is obviously no palliation or excuse for the behaviour of the officer in question. His duty was clear. The party which he commanded was placed in a situation of imminent danger, and in his double capacity of commanding officer and sole officer present he was bound in honour to remain with it. If he possessed a horse, he should have called for a volunteer who could ride to summon assistance; but, even were none forthcoming, not the less should he have remained at the post of duty. In a somewhat similar case which occurred in the same campaign it was pleaded, with some show of reason, that the service on hand was a reconnaissance, in which it is the custom of war for every one concerned to look after himself; but even this excuse is wanting in the present instance. But, bad as the case is, worse yet remains. Assuming the correctness of the statement we have quoted from the General Order—namely, that "the main facts of the case were not in dispute," and that "the officer rode away from his men to a station distant 4½ miles at a moment of extreme danger"—we can only say that the finding of the Court-martial is, to our mind, one of the most disgraceful episodes of a war not too fertile in creditable or honourable achievements. It is both conceivable and intelligible that here and there a man may enter on the profession of arms who is morally quite unfitted for it, and, as peace-time affords no opportunity for testing his qualifications or exposing his weaknesses, it follows that on service the safety of his comrades, and the honour not only of his profession but of his country, may be compromised at any critical moment. This of itself is bad enough; but what language can be too strong to condemn the action of those who by their verdict acquit such an officer of all blame, and thus tacitly express their approval of his conduct? It must be borne in mind that the Court-martial which tried the offence was not composed of officers belonging to the prisoner's regiment, who might be biassed in favour of a comrade; nor of young and inexperienced members. The Army Discipline and Regulation Act requires that an officer must have three years' service at least before he can sit as a member of a general Court-martial, and the Court must, moreover, be composed of officers belonging to different regiments and branches of the service. The fact that such a Court, or at any rate a majority of the Court, could arrive at such a verdict is, to our thinking, the most deplorable part of this deplorable affair.

Is the finding of this Court-martial to be accepted as illustrating the standard of duty and devotion at present existing among our officers? There is no saying more common in the army than that a Court-martial is a court of justice and of honour, not a mere court of law. Where is the justice, and where is the honour, in the present instance? We can see no trace of either. No feature of modern war is more marked than the increase of responsibility which devolves upon subordinates, and they should be prepared to accept their responsibility or to expect a heavy penalty if they prove themselves unfit for it. Yet here is a case in which a subaltern who has, at a moment of imminent danger, shown himself destitute alike of resource, presence of mind, and even common courage, is acquitted of all blame by a military tribunal and permitted to return to his regiment. It is true that he has since had the good sense to resign his commission, but we have not to thank his judges for that. Our thanks are due solely to the General whose manly and soldier-like instincts were outraged alike by the conduct of the prisoner and his judges, who justly branded the verdict of the Court as "monstrous," refused to endorse it, and administered to its members the stinging rebuke above quoted. Never was rebuke more merited. The good name and the honour of our army are exclusively in the hands of its officers, and if this is their way of upholding them, both must disappear. When we consider the affair in all its details, whether as regards the misconduct of the officer in question or the way in which it was tacitly sanctioned by his brother officers, we can only express our conviction that it forms one of the most humiliating episodes of the Zulu war, and that is saying a good deal.

A COLLEGE TO LET.

FORTUNATELY the searchings of heart which have been caused by certain recent events at University College, Oxford, are put an end to by the voluntary surrender of the culprits. But it must be admitted that that venerable institution has achieved a not wholly desirable fame during the last fortnight. On Tuesday week it seems there was feasting in its halls. Reporters at once jumped to the conclusion that the feast was a bump supper, a form of academic festivity made notorious by novels. One instructor of the public even went so far as to inform his audience that a bump supper was a feast given to celebrate the act of being bumped as well as that of bumping—an announcement which will probably be news to Oxford men. This particular repast, however, appears to have been not a supper but a dinner. There was a time when the hair of every Don in Oxford would have stood on end at the idea of such a dinner, while suppers—though not exactly well-looked-on institutions—were still permitted. Latterly, however, it has seemed to the wisdom of the Common Room that the earlier the feast the less likely is it to end in disorder, an idea not wholly unfounded in fact, inasmuch as the air of a college quadrangle at midnight is somehow or other full of subtly provocative influences to riot. However, it is possible to dine as well as to sup too well, and the consequences of dining as of supping excessively are uniform. Everybody knows the three grapes which, according to the Welsh Triads or the Arabian philosophers or some other of the stock sources of sententious wisdom, the vine bears. The three grapes that are borne by the vine that grows on the banks of Isis may be said to be those of noise, of intoxication, and of "drawing." Now of drawing there have been from time out of mind two varieties, an active and a middle voice, so to speak. The first consists in forcible entry into the premises of an obnoxious person, the second in forcible prevention of exit by the application of screws, or, if the operators are skilful and have plenty of time at their command, of gimlets driven home and deprived of their handles. Further, either operation may be practised in the presence or absence of the occupant, and the proper thing for a screwed-in or screwed-out victim is to effect his entrance or exit, as the case may be, by means of a ladder. To complete the scientific account of these exercises of the art of academic carpentry, it may be well to observe that screwing-up is most observed towards Dons; drawing, in the strict sense—the word being derived from the habits of that favourite academic animal, the badger—towards men. To resume the narrative which this exposition of the scientific side of the subject, necessary for the correction of vulgar error, has interrupted, it appears that after the dinner at University College, the rooms of Mr. Chavasse, Senior Fellow but one, and, as it happened, also Senior Proctor of the year, were screwed up. This was an instance of the lesser excommunication, for Mr. Chavasse was not in his rooms at the time. On returning he might apparently have sent for a

carpenter and effected an entrance without much difficulty; but it seems that, with a laudable desire to play the game thoroughly, he performed an act of ascension with the ladder, according to the rule for such occasions made and provided. Now it so happens that the community of University College is presided over by a gentleman who has won great fame as a schoolmaster. Contrary to the opinion of the outside public, it is not unusual for the Head of a college to stand in the gap between the Fellows and the undergraduates, his relations with the latter being for the most part amicable, if not formal only, and not implying the strains which sometimes exist between the race of men and that of tutors, deans, and other natural foes of undergraduate humanity. On this occasion, however, Mr. Bradley seems not to have been the adviser—at any rate he was certainly not the mouthpiece—of moderate counsels. The undergraduates were summoned to meet in the college hall next day, and were informed that they were to "go down" in a body that evening, exceptions being made in favour of those actually in the schools, and of such as should make formal declaration of their innocence. The effect of this latter unlucky clause could have been foretold by any Oxford man in whom years of Common Room had not blunted memory. It was at once interpreted as an underhand and discreditable "dodge" to obtain the names of the guilty by a process of exhaustion; and not only was the proposition resisted, but, it is said, an offer on the part of the amateur carpenters to give themselves up was rejected by the indignant undergraduates in conclave assembled. So University College went down that evening, and descended on its surprised families with such intervals as seemed good to the individual exiles. Touching pictures of the hardships and the dangers to which tender youth were thus exposed have since been drawn by the said families. It will probably occur to most people, however, that the virtue of an undergraduate who is not to be trusted one night in London is a very "thin thing," indeed, and need hardly be taken into account in estimating the matter. Finally the perpetrators gave themselves up, and the remaining exiles were invited to return.

It need not be said that condemnation of the action of the college in this case as ill-judged by no means implies approval of the foolish and unmannerly freak which provoked it. But whereas wisdom and judgment are not exactly expected of boys of twenty, they are expected of the mature persons who stand to those boys in the relation of temporary parents and guardians. It may be safely said that the elaborate insult to the college and the University which the authorities discovered in the screwing, being assisted to this discovery by the fact that there was a matriculation next day, existed simply in their own brains. Oxford men are not wont to be deficient in respect for their own college or for their own University, and it may be hinted that reverence for these two entities is at least as often to be found in undergraduates as in their seniors. The silly horseplay from which Mr. Chavasse suffered is, however, something of an institution, if an institution more honoured in the breach than in the observance, and nowhere is it more of an institution than at University. Twelve years ago that college was described in words which are appropriate enough to-day:—"Here many dogs are kept, and a feud exists between the older men and the younger men, so that sometimes the younger men rebel openly and with screws and nails fasten the doors of the older men." With Merton and Brasenose University has long held rank as a college which, while it despised not the liberal arts, also understood how to be foolish in (and frequently out of) season. The inhabitants of its two staid old quadrangles have always been in more senses than one "monks of the screw," and have given themselves plenty of opportunities of hearing the chimes at midnight. To what this tendency is to be attributed it is difficult to say. It cannot be the fault of King Alfred, because, in the first place, that monarch had no more to do with University College than with the British College of Health, and because, in the second place, he is not recorded to have made merry over anything more intoxicating than a muffin. It could scarcely have been muffins that made a member of University, in the last decade but one, plant an umbrella in the sward of the grass plot and then implore that vegetable to "grow," subsequently bewailing with tears its obstinacy and unfruitfulness.

All this is folly and vanity doubtless, but it is folly and vanity of a kind which does not last long into life, which does not, as a rule, do much harm at the time, and which leaves perhaps even pleasanter memories in minds that have long settled down to hard work than solemn constitutionals over Shotover and painful breakfasts with elaborately amiable Dons, the two recreations that are sometimes supposed to be the sole amusements worthy of serious youth. It is certainly not necessary that festivities should culminate in the screwing up of Proctors' doors, and any such proceeding ought to be visited with due penalties, if it be not—which is better still—prevented by the establishment of good relations between the two parties. An escapade of the kind—to which Mr. Chavasse, who has been a Fellow of the University for nearly twenty years, ought to be sufficiently accustomed—may be fairly met by gating, by the refusal of the usual privileges and liberties of Commemoration, and by other penalties which make the victims quite sufficiently uncomfortable. Rustication of the actual offenders, as soon as the compulsory residence of the term was completed, would not seem to any one too severe a vengeance; but to endeavour by a roundabout way to make the innocent give evidence against the guilty, and, in default, to punish innocent and guilty alike, is not only a proceeding savouring of very little ability to command except with a state of siege, but one certain to defeat its own object in consequence of the code of honour usual among youthful English gentlemen. Had the college inflicted rustication generally, with the proviso that the guilty parties might save their comrades by denouncing themselves, it would have been a somewhat high-handed and impolitic measure, but one to which no exception could be taken morally. It is, moreover, obvious from what has occurred that it would have been successful. As it is, the whole sting was taken out of the rustication while it lasted, as far as the undergraduates themselves are concerned, by the injudicious conduct of the Master and Fellows. Even the stern British parent has taken the side of the delinquents, who, instead of being regarded with just displeasure, have been placed in the position of being victims of an honourable scruple and a clumsy stretch of authority. No one could reasonably have found fault with the actual criminals for not giving themselves up when they were never asked to do so, while certainly no one could find fault with the innocent for refusing to criminate their fellows. The whole proceeding may perhaps be thought to show the impolicy of appointing schoolmasters to the headship of colleges—a practice which, since the disfavour into which schoolmaster bishops have fallen, has been only too frequent. The relation of a college Head to the Fellows and to the undergraduates is widely different from that of a head-master to his assistants and his boys. The head-master is, or ought to be, practically autocratic; the Head has at most a moral authority and a casting vote. The assistant masters of a school are theoretically powerless; the Fellows of a college are theoretically and practically all-powerful. But, beyond all this, the peculiar character of the undergraduates' status has to be considered. Anywhere but in England, even in the sister kingdoms, they would be practically, if not legally, *sui juris*, and under no kind of domestic authority whatever. The restraints and the discipline of a college at Oxford or Cambridge, but especially at Oxford, are a standing marvel to all foreigners, at least as much of a marvel as the supposed luxury and extravagance of those much-abused establishments. To maintain this most salutary combination of liberty and restraint needs a very delicate hand; and it is certainly not too much to say that there is no trace of delicacy of hand in the recent proceedings of the Master and Fellows of University College. That there is something wrong indeed is evident from the mere fact of the screwing up. Such proceedings have often been unknown in the liveliest years of the liveliest colleges of the University, where, though mutual "drawing" may have been frequent, and though bonfires and other forbidden antics have often kept hapless Dons out of their beds for weeks together, no personal inconvenience or insult to them has been attempted. To set the something wrong right by a proceeding which would be not too much in place in the case of a fifth-form revolt in a grammar school is certainly not a masterstroke. Moreover now that the culprits have, notwithstanding the veto of their comrades, voluntarily given themselves up, the Fellows and Master are in a singularly awkward position. They have invited the return of the thirty or forty innocent exiles whom they have banished, in a manner which must for some time make the restoration of proper feeling, to say the least, difficult, and which amounts to a confession of their own incompetence to govern. This view of their conduct does not, let it be once more repeated, imply the slightest approval, or even excuse, of Mr. Chavasse's tormentors. It is simply an inevitable result of a cool consideration of the circumstances and consequences of the transaction.

CARDINAL NEWMAN ON THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

OUR readers are aware that Cardinal Newman has been paying a week's visit to London, as the guest of the Duke of Norfolk. It was his first public appearance, so to speak, since receiving his new dignity, and he naturally took the opportunity, or rather no doubt was urged to take the opportunity, of delivering an address before "The Catholic Union." His audience however was a miscellaneous, though an attentive and enthusiastic one, by no means confined to members of his own communion. Nor is it difficult to understand the deep interest created both in the hearers, and afterwards in the readers, of his discourse on the Conversion of England. The time has gone by when crowds would gather, even in London, either from curiosity or from some stronger feeling, whether of respect or disrespect, merely to stare at a live Cardinal in his scarlet robes. For thirty years past we have been pretty well habituated to that once unwonted spectacle, and Protestants have learnt to gaze with as much equanimity at the Babylonian symbol which once affected their nerves as a red rag is said to act on a mad bull, as Oxford undergraduates gaze after their first freshman's Sunday at the scarlet procession of Heads and Doctors at St. Mary's. In truth the least point of attraction about Dr. Newman to the outer world is the fact that he happens to be a Cardinal, though no sensible man grudges him the honours thus tardily awarded by the Church of which he is so conspicuous an ornament. For many years past, whenever it has pleased Dr. Newman to deliver himself of any public utterance, his countrymen have been eager to listen to what he had to say to them. And his two latest deliverances—the address at Rome last year, on receiving his Hat, on which we commented at the time, and his address the other day at Willis's Rooms—do, whether by design or not, very remarkably complement each other, and bring out in con-

junction two leading antitheses of the religious and ethical teaching so impressively and consistently exemplified throughout his whole career, both in the Church of his birth and of his adoption. In his Roman address he insisted, as he has always insisted since the appearance of his earliest work on *The Arians of the Fourth Century* in 1833, on the supreme importance of the dogmatic principle, and protested against the favourite theory of modern religious liberalism that "one creed is as good as another." In his address the other day he dwelt, as he has again and again done before, on the duty of recognizing under its different aspects the supplementary truth of the due place and importance of natural religion. It may be just worth noting that there is no sort of difference in his treatment of such questions before and since he became Cardinal. A shallow and ill-natured critic observed not long ago, in reference to his strong comments on some of the wild vagaries of "Mariolatry" exposed in Dr. Pusey's *Eirenicon*—that "his red night-cap would be sure to preserve him from any more 'bad dreams.'" The remark was not more unmannerly than uncalled for. Never has the new Cardinal's studied moderation of tone—both in what he says and in what he leaves unsaid—been more conspicuous than in his recent address on the Conversion of England.

When we speak of the Cardinal's moderation of tone we do not mean merely that he discusses the possibilities and methods of the conversion of England to his own faith without any invectives against Protestantism generally or against the Church of England. That is true of course, and all who know anything of his character and writings would have assumed beforehand that it would be so, while they would no less clearly understand that this moderation of temper does not in his case arise from coldness or indifference. As he has himself observed in one of his Oxford Sermons, "It costs nothing to be dispassionate when you feel nothing, and to be benevolent and considerate when you have no principles and no opinions." But it is not always so easy to cultivate such dispositions when you have very decided convictions and feel keenly about them. The first point, however, to which we desire to call attention here is not so much what may be called the controversial fairness and sobriety of Cardinal Newman's address, as his calm and balanced judgment in handling points on which sincere religious believers of very opposite schools, Roman Catholic or Protestant, are apt to be fanciful and extravagant. There is probably no living theologian, as has already been intimated, who has a firmer—we might almost say more passionate—hold on the dogmatic and supernatural principle in religion; yet it would be difficult to bring out more distinctly than he does here, as in many previous publications, the necessity of recognizing—to use theological language—the due relations of Nature and Grace. In the brilliant volume of *Discourses to Mixed Congregations* which he published four or five years after his great change, some of the most eloquent passages are on this subject; and so again, in his Lectures on *University Education*, he draws out with all his singular fertility of thought and expression a kind of Athanasian Creed of natural theism, antecedent to all details of revelation. It is in the same spirit that he here urges on his coreligionists the need of defining to themselves precisely what they mean, and what they ought to ask for, when they pray for the conversion of England. Is it a conversion of the State, or of the nation, or of the people, or of the race, and from what to what? In former days such prayers had a very definite meaning. "To pray for the triumph of religion was to pray for the success in political and civil matters of certain Sovereigns, Governments, parties, nations." And thus "in England Catholics in the sixteenth century would pray for Mary, and Protestants for Elizabeth." But their prayers can have no political drift now; it may indeed be questioned if they did wisely to desire such assistance then, or if it profited them much when for the moment their petitions seemed to be granted:—

> Queen Mary did not do much for us. In her short reign she permitted acts, as if for the benefit of Catholics, which were the cause, the excuse, for terrible reprisals in the next reign, and have stamped on the minds of our countrymen a fear and hatred of us, viewed as Catholics, which at the end of three centuries is as fresh and keen as it ever was. Nor did James II. do us any good in the next century by the exercise of his regal power. The event has taught us not to look for the conversion of England to political movements and changes, and in consequence not to turn our prayers for it in that direction. . . . I think the best favour which Sovereigns, Parliaments, municipalities, and other political powers can do us is to let us alone.

But still, he argues, it is necessary to have some present and tangible object for our prayers, both for our own sakes, and because we are else very likely "to irritate those for whom we pray," as though there were some secret and underhand design against them. Only we should be careful—and this is the point specially insisted on—to be "satisfied with ordinary acts of Providence," and not to ask for miracles. Of Cardinal Newman's firm belief in the miraculous there can be no shadow of doubt, and therefore his language on the subject is the more telling and significant:—

> What I would urge is this: the Creator acts by a fixed rule, which we call a system of laws, and ordinarily, and on the whole, He honours and blesses His own ordinance and acts through it, and we best honour Him when we follow His guidance in looking for His presence where He has lodged it. Moreover, what is very remarkable, even when it is His will to act miraculously—even when He outsteps His ordinary system—He is wont to do honour to it while overstepping it. . . . For the most part His miracles are rather what may be called exaggerations, or carrying out to an extreme point, of the laws of Nature, than naked contrarieties to them; and if we would see more of His wonder-working hand we must look for it as thus mixed up with His natural appointments. As Divine aid given to the soul acts through and with natural reason, natural affection, and conscience, so miraculous agency, when exerted, is in many, nay, in most cases, a co-operation with the ordinary ways of physical nature.

It is, then, only our duty, the Cardinal argues, "if the Almighty thus honours His own ordinances" in the natural dispensation of things, to honour them too, to take likely rather than unlikely objects of prayer, and not to say, *e.g.*, of this or that particular person whose conversion we have set our heart on, "We will have him," as though we held "that doctrine of the Hindoo theology represented in Southey's poem, that prayers and sacrifices had a compulsory force on the Supreme Being." In short, those who pray for the conversion of England to the Catholic Church mean, or ought to mean, to pray for "the growth of the Catholic Church in England," and that by ordinary, not miraculous, means:—

> They would look for the gradual, steady, and sound advance of Catholicity by ordinary means, and issues which are probable, and acts and proceedings which are good and holy. They would pray for the conversion of individuals, and for a great many of them, and out of all ranks and classes, and those especially who are in faith and devotion nearest to the Church, and seem, if they do not themselves defeat it, to be the objects of God's election; for a removal from the public mind of prejudice and ignorance about us; for a better understanding in all quarters of what we hold and what we do not hold; for a feeling of good will and respectful bearing in the population towards our bishops and priests; for a growing capacity in the educated classes of entering into a just appreciation of our characteristic opinions, sentiments, ways, and principles; and, in order to effect all this, for a blessing on our controversialists, that they may be gifted with an abundant measure of prudence, self-command, tact, knowledge of men and things, good sense, candour, and straightforwardness, that their reputation may be bright and their influence wide and deep; and, as a special means and most necessary for our success, for a larger increase in the Catholic body of brotherly love and mutual sympathy, unanimity, and high principle, rectitude of conduct, and purity of life.

To such prayers and aspirations on the part of their Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen no Protestant can reasonably object; with a good deal of what is suggested, indeed, every reasonable man would concur. Nor could Roman Catholics well do or desire less consistently with loyalty to their own belief. But the Cardinal's moderation of tone is equally remarkable alike in his limitation of the objects to be desired, and of the methods by which they are to be sought. We can readily imagine that there were those among his audience who would have preferred a very different kind of exhortation, and who must have felt themselves hit hard by that characteristic reference to "the Hindoo theology" of the *Curse of Kehama*. And there are many hot-headed religionists of a very opposite persuasion who might profit by such weighty and sound advice. Thus only the other day a Dublin Correspondent of the *Record* devotes half a column to denouncing and deploring the culpable apathy of his co-religionists in "simply letting Roman Catholics alone," instead of straining every nerve for "their conversion to the true faith of the Gospel." "Cannot," he indignantly exclaims, "God the Holy Ghost convert Roman Catholics? Is not the means He uses for that purpose the Gospel? Is not the duty of preaching that Gospel to Roman Catholics just as clear as that of preaching to the heathen? And if the Church persists in neglecting this duty, what can she expect? What but chastisement, humiliation, and defeat?" Cardinal Newman is no doubt quite as earnest as this Orange apostle in his desire for the conversion of outsiders to what he considers "the true faith of the Gospel"—though he does not suggest that Protestants are no better than heathens—but they differ *toto cœlo* in their ideas of how that desire may be most piously and profitably acted upon. To the Church of England the Cardinal makes no reference in his lecture, and this silence is in itself significant. He had spoken of it in former works as "a serviceable breakwater" against errors worse in his opinion than its own, and had expressly disclaimed any desire for its overthrow. In his address at Rome last year he specified, as a menacing sign of the times, the combination of hostile sects "to oppose the union of Church and State and advocate the unchristianizing of the monarchy and all that belongs to it," and he spoke of their possible success as "a catastrophe." There can be little doubt that in this matter his mind remains unchanged. He has no desire to promote the interests of his own creed by means which he would regard as suicidal. He is anxious of course for the advance of the Roman Catholic Church, and would be very glad to see it once more dominant in England; he notes with satisfaction the progress it has actually made of late years—mainly, if the truth must be told, through the influence of his own teaching and example—in the goodwill of his countrymen, and to some extent in numerical strength. But he cherishes no fond dream of a speedy or miraculous triumph; he looks for success only to orderly action on "the free will of our countrymen," and to "the majestic march, and slow but sure triumph of truth and right in this turbulent world." And meanwhile he does not contemplate training the minds of his countrymen for the acceptance of what he deems that fuller truth by shaking their hold on such truths—however presumably inadequate—as they already hold. He would be thankful indeed to witness what to his apprehension is the only perfect vision of "peace," but he is not prepared to "make a solitude" in order to clear the way for it. If such large-hearted and large-minded views were more common among leaders of religious thought than they are, we do not say that the triumph of Rome would be nearer, but all would have cause to rejoice who look forward to the prevalence and steady advancement in the world of charity, of concord, and of truth.

NURSES AND DOCTORS.

OF late years a great deal of attention has been given to the care of the sick, and even if the subject has not assumed the proportions of a "fashionable mania," it has been felt that nursing is a suitable employment for educated women, and that it opens a career which, though requiring a special training, is not only not derogatory to them, but is one in which delicacy and refinement are peculiarly requisite. This movement, which may be said to have begun in the Crimean War, has been steadily growing, and has led to the formation of various sisterhoods and schools for nurses, sometimes connected with some particular form of religious belief, and sometimes not. It was not likely that the public hospitals of this country would long remain unaffected by the movement, more especially as it was generally felt that there was room for improvement both in the character of the staff and in the regulations. Accordingly in several of these institutions new nurses have been secured superior to their predecessors in education, training, and social position, and new rules have been introduced which, while carefully arranging for the rest and recreation of the attendants, are yet of a very strict disciplinary character in all matters affecting the welfare of the patients. It was of course impossible that changes of so much magnitude, affecting the interests and positions of the various officials, should take place without a good deal of controversy, and every one will remember the dispute which arose at King's College Hospital in consequence of the Governors of that institution objecting to the nursing of their patients being undertaken by the St. John's Sisterhood, not on the ground that it was ill done, but that the Sisterhood was not entirely under their control. In that case an appeal was made to the subscribers and the public at large, who decided in favour of the nurses. We understand that the result fully justifies that decision. At Guy's Hospital, however, where differences have arisen which have caused much ferment in medical circles, the disagreement has been between the visiting medical staff (who wish to preserve the old order of affairs) on the one side, and a reforming matron on the other. In the month of October last a new matron was appointed, who had had long experience in a similar position at Leicester, and, with the approval of the Treasurer, who is responsible for the general management of this hospital, she made changes which have proved so unpalatable to the visiting staff that they have made them the ground of a formal complaint to the Governors. When we mention what some of these changes are, they will not, we think, appear wholly evil to the lay mind. The nurses are for the future forbidden to wear long earrings or gaudy ornaments, or to prepare or eat any food in the wards; they have to wear a uniform cap and apron; and they are at intervals moved from ward to ward for the purpose of increasing their experience. They are no longer divided into separate classes for day and night work, but all take their fair share, which is desirable both because the strain on their health is less under this arrangement, and because it was found impossible to secure the services of superior women for night nursing alone. Facilities are also afforded for lady pupils to increase their efficiency by attendance at the hospital. We are not surprised to learn that these changes commend themselves to the resident physician, a man who, to quote Dr. Moxon (himself among the strongest opponents of all change in these matters), is "the best living authority on hospital management." Indeed, if things have come to a "crisis," it must clearly be from some other cause than the radically vicious nature of the alterations; some may suppose it to be want of tact on the matron's part, some may set it down to pique on that of her opponents. To judge which of these two views is the true one, it may be useful to know what has been the opinion of the Governors in the matter. Now the Governors of Guy's are, as Dr. Moxon says, "princes, bishops, nobles, statesmen, financiers"; they have gone carefully into the charges preferred by the doctors against the matron; and though it must be evident to every one that the natural disposition of a body of men of this kind without special knowledge would be to support the complaining experts, the fact is that they have decided almost, if not quite, unanimously in favour of the matron, on the ground that the complaints against her were either frivolous or unproved.

With affairs in the state we have endeavoured to describe, "the relations" being "very much strained" between the matron and the doctors, and nothing but the inherent solidity of the venerable institution preserving it from the fate of a house divided against itself, an article appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* from the pen of Miss Margaret Lonsdale. If it was intended as an attempt, in return for benefits conferred, to pour oil on the troubled waters, it has certainly proved a failure. Much allowance ought undoubtedly to be made for a young lady who has just published a book that has run through seven editions, and who is asked to supply a paper on a kindred subject to a popular periodical. Nevertheless we dare say that Miss Lonsdale would now be the first to acknowledge that she acted indiscreetly, not to say ungratefully, in availing herself of the generous permission of the hospital authorities to study nursing under their roof, and then, without their sanction, using the knowledge thus gained to draw a highly coloured picture of the faults in the management existing there till within the last few months. Though we are constrained to say that Miss Lonsdale, considering her position, ought never to have written the article above referred to, and though the violence with which she attacks a certain class of women suggests rather youth than charity in the writer, nevertheless we are glad it has been done, as it has given the public an opportunity of learning the truth about matters in which they have a great interest, and which it is very important should not be settled in a corner. In calling her article "The Present Crisis at Guy's," Miss Lonsdale was peculiarly injudicious; had she but realized the safety of generalities, and chosen a humbler if less attractive title, she might have escaped the triple attack which her own editor, after the treacherous fashion of the present day, has let loose on her, and the *Contemporary* of this month might have been without the verbose fulminations of Dr. Moxon. This gentleman's contribution to the pretty quarrel is indeed extraordinary, whether we consider the violence of the writer's tone or his inability to combat the difficulties of his mother tongue. Whatever may have been the lady's sins in the matter of acrimony, the Doctor has certainly bettered the example. Such words as "discompliment" and "a slant eye," and the description of St. Thomas's as a "handsome elaborate byword," will, we think, justify our criticisms on his style, while the following sentence, taken from the same source, is at once offensive and obscure:—"Miss Lonsdale should, when she wishes to wound, always take care that she does not enlist the conscience of her victim on his own side; thus would she reach a greater refinement of cruelty." After this specimen of his writing, the reader will perhaps be surprised to hear that the *Spectator* pays Dr. Moxon a compliment on his literary attainments. It would, however, be but of little moment if the strong bias which influences Dr. Moxon only interfered with his power of expression; unfortunately, it also prevents his taking proper care to ascertain the accuracy of his facts. Thus he puts the following query with a view to depreciate the quality of the nurses now at Guy's:—"Is not the new Matron now engaging *domestic servants* for nurses on the 'new system' and applying to the Registry Office for them?" We have unimpeachable authority for answering this question in the negative. Not only is there no necessity for such a course, but the authorities are receiving frequent applications from such places as the Leeds Infirmary to be allowed to send nurses to Guy's to be perfected in their duties. There is another matter in this article that is calculated to mislead, and that is the frequent quotations from an "official account" by the Resident Physician. Now one of the latest acts of the Governors has been to pass an order forbidding any of their staff to write to the public press on hospital affairs, and it would be, to say the least, surprising if Dr. Steele should so promptly have run counter to their wishes. Our information justifies us in asking whether it is not true that Dr. Steele has made no official statement whatever. Again, Dr. Moxon is desirous of showing that the class of Sisters under the old system was sufficiently high, and to this end he quotes the cases of six ladies of good birth and education as having "recently" left in consequence of the matron's action. Of these we learn that the last three had left some four or five years before the new system was introduced; that the Sister said to be "discharged on account of her religion" was removed because she declined to comply with the general regulation that the Sisters should read prayers in the wards; and that one of the remaining two ladies was dismissed in accordance with a recommendation from the former matron. Arguments based on such untrustworthy data as the above can carry but little weight, and we regret that Dr. Moxon was not more precise in his inquiries before giving publicity to their results.

The article of Sir William Gull in the *Nineteenth Century* is, as might have been expected, free from such faults as these, and the asperity with which he rebukes the lady's somewhat pert positiveness is quite justifiable. What is particularly to be noticed is that on the points with which the public are concerned he is by no means entirely at variance with her. One of Miss Lonsdale's principal complaints against the old system is that people were placed in the position of nurse who had not received proper training, and had previously fulfilled for a few months the humble post of scrubber or ward-maid; whereas nowadays no woman is considered qualified to be put in charge of a patient till she has been a probationer for two or three years, and has regularly studied all the details of nursing. On this subject Sir W. Gull says very decidedly and with perfect candour:—

> Hitherto there has been but little selection of proper persons to become nurses, and it is a matter for congratulation that the authorities of our large hospitals are alive to the pressing importance of this matter, and are willing to make arrangements for both the selection and the training of such women. Any action in this direction will be not only in the interest of the patients of the hospital themselves, but also in the interest of the public at large.

And later on he mentions that he has himself been pressing on the authorities of Guy's to prosecute the movement for making the Hospital available as a training college for nurses as it already is for students, and expresses his fear lest the manner of Miss Lonsdale's remarks should hinder the very cause she has at heart. After this no one can help feeling that, though Miss Lonsdale may have somewhat exaggerated the evils of the old system, and though it may be perfectly true that Guy's in particular has for a long while and on the whole been well conducted, yet the general aim of the new system to improve the tone and training of our nurses is highly commendable, and that it is much to be regretted that the visiting doctors should be found in opposition to it.

It has been very sensibly said that no reform is wholly good; and so it is in the matter of nursing. It is very natural that, in proportion as the Sisters are drawn from a higher grade of society, are more

intelligent, and, in fact, more fit for their duties, a desire should arise on their part for greater independence. As Miss Lonsdale herself admits, "It is a real and not merely an imaginary danger that highly-trained nurses are more likely to be tempted to overstep the just limits of their position"; and we certainly consider that a nurse's proper position is one entirely subordinate to the doctor's, and that her duty is to ask his advice and follow it on any point on which she may be in doubt as to his views. It is impossible that a good doctor should be unacquainted with the details of the management of the sick; and it is, as Sir W. Gull says, a fundamental error to arrogate for any system of nursing sources of knowledge not derived from the medical profession. We feel on reading such a sentence as the following—"A doctor is no more necessarily a judge of the details of nursing than a nurse is acquainted with the properties of certain drugs"—that Miss Lousdale is carried away by her desire to give due weight to the importance of nurses so far as to unduly curtail the sphere and responsibility of the doctor. Sir W. Gull indeed goes so far as to say that it is a poetic fiction to suppose that women have an inherent fitness for nursing; but we cannot help thinking that the majority of mankind will still take Sir Walter Scott's view, and prefer the attentions of a lady to those of the most "quietly zealous" medical students, provided they are sure the lady is acting under the direction of a doctor, and not carrying out "the evolution of nursing to a higher level" according to her private ideas. There is this, too, to be said as to the subordination of hospital nurses to doctors—that a nurse can only be expected to carry out the instructions of the particular doctor who attends her patients; she has not to swear a vow of obedience to the whole profession, including students; and we can cordially sympathize with the irritation with which Miss Lonsdale speaks of boarish lads coming in at all hours, making a litter, and generally disturbing the economy of the wards. It is true that Sir W. Gull is directly opposed to this view, and considers that "the quiet zeal evinced by the students is one of the most pleasant and useful influences in a hospital"; but the public, who, we regret to say, have not the most exalted idea of medical students as a class, are not unnaturally a little sceptical as to the advantage to the patients of allowing these young gentlemen to wander at their own sweet will through the wards in search of knowledge, and will not, we think, at the first blush admit the "absurdity" of Miss Lonsdale's proposition that the nurses should at times have a right to exclude the students from the wards. It is no doubt desirable that medical students should have the advantage of studying the phases of disease and the effect of remedies in a large hospital, but the public have a right to demand that, while no hindrance is thrown in the way of gentlemen or lady pupils acquiring useful knowledge, the interests of the patients for whom the hospital was founded and for whose sake it is kept up should be the first consideration with the authorities.

LOSS OF THE *AMERICAN*.

ALL who have read the accounts of the foundering of this vessel must have learnt with peculiar pleasure that her gallant commander was amongst those saved by the barque *Emma Herriman*. Under the most trying circumstances Captain McClean Wait's conduct was marked by perfect coolness and judgment, and, with the knowledge that his vessel must almost inevitably sink, he seems to have taken all possible measures with admirable foresight, and to have shown no more flurry or anxiety than if a trifling accident had occurred. The incidents of the loss, it is true, were not nearly as terrible as those of most famous shipwrecks have been; but nevertheless a tremendous responsibility rested on the Captain, and there was much that might have shaken the nerve of a less strong and capable man. The story of the foundering of his vessel is a singular one. After experiencing a heavy gale in the Bay of Biscay, she had, it seems, good fortune so far as regarded weather, and was getting near the Equator, when, on the morning of the 23rd of last month, the propeller shaft suddenly gave way, smashing, apparently, through the pipe and tunnel which surrounded it, and through the side of the vessel. The screw raced furiously for a short time and then stopped. The water of course rushed into the ship, and a brave effort which the third engineer made to get to the breach in the tunnel was unsuccessful. One of the officers was lowered over the stern, and it was ascertained that the propeller had "drooped" and that the stern post was bent, so that the vessel was utterly disabled so far as steam propulsion went. The water entering through what must have been a large opening, rose rapidly in the after hold. The pumps were immediately set to work, but the water continued to rise in spite of them; and the Captain, who from the first had shown perfect coolness and presence of mind, ordered that provisions and water should be put into the boats, and that they should be lowered. As it was clear that all the spare space would be wanted for these absolute necessaries, he refused, with commendable firmness, to allow the passengers or crew to place any bundles or packages in the boats. That there was scarcely any chance of saving the vessel must have been clear; but Captain Wait rightly judged that it would be some time before she would sink, and, considering no doubt that a good meal would keep up the passengers' courage, and that the store in the boats ought to be economized as much as possible, he sent them into the saloon to breakfast. This over, they got into the boats; and, inspired probably by the admirable example of the commander and his officers, showed praiseworthy firmness and self-possession, the embarkation being effected, according to one of the seamen, as quietly as though a pleasure-trip was in contemplation. Having thus assured, so far as was possible, the safety of his passengers, the Captain, who appears to have calculated the time of the ship's sinking as calmly as if he were making some everyday computation, called on the crew to make a last attempt to save her. They appear to have responded most willingly, and everything that could be done was done to keep the *American* afloat. Coals and cargo were thrown overboard, and the steam-pump, which had broken down, was set going; but all to no avail, for the water rose steadily, and the sea, which was getting up, made a clean breach over the quarter-deck. At 11.30 A.M., there being clearly no hope, the Captain ordered the men to take to the boats, and they obeyed with some alacrity, as may well be imagined. After they had all safely embarked, the Captain, left alone on board the sinking vessel, called on them to give three cheers for the ship. They did so; and then, having done all that was possible to preserve life and to save the property of the owners, and having obeyed a noble tradition as a frigate captain of the old time might have done, the commander at last consulted his own safety and left the *American*, which shortly afterwards sank.

The fact that all were thus able to escape from the ship was, of course, due in the first place to her being properly provided with boats. Of these there were eight, some of which were apparently large ones. In spite, however, of there being quite enough of them to hold the crew and passengers, and in spite of the considerable time which elapsed between the accident and her sinking, there might have been on board one of those painful scenes of panic and confusion which have so often occurred at shipwrecks, if it had not been for the excellent organization which prevailed. As was to be expected with such a captain, all the boats were kept ready for work, and during the voyage the crew had been regularly drilled at boat service, so that when the order was given to lower the boats, every one knew what to do, and, without any kind of confusion, they were lowered as quickly as those of a man-of-war would have been. It has been stated that, within two minutes after the order was given, the boats were all in the water. The orderly way in which everything was done and the sight of the boats in the water no doubt tended to prevent any panic on the part of the passengers; but it is only fair to say that they seem to have shown unusual courage. The example of an intrepid man not in the least dismayed or bewildered by a great disaster, and of the subordinates who so admirably seconded him, had its effect on all. It is most gratifying to observe that there were none of those attempts by the seamen to save themselves, regardless of others, which have so often been made when passenger ships have been lost. The safety of the passengers was thought of first, and then the men did their best to save the ship. It is singular to contrast the order which prevailed on board the *American* when there were eighteen feet of water in the hold, with the scene that occurred some ten months ago on board a Channel steamer when one boat had to be lowered.

After the vessel had sunk, the little squadron under Captain Wait did not long keep together. At the time of the disaster Cape Palmas, the point of junction of the Ivory and the Gold Coasts, was some 250 miles distant, bearing about N.E. For this Cape the course was given by the commander, and a strong and favourable wind at first sent the boats quickly on their way. The first and second cutters and second lifeboat outsailed the other five so much that at dusk the latter were out of sight. The three boats were hove to for a short time by the chief officer, who was in command; but as the others did not come up, he determined to proceed on his course, and determined wisely, no doubt, as it is difficult to see that anything would have been gained by waiting. During the next day (the 24th) the three boats parted company, the cutters outsailing the lifeboat. At six the following morning land was made by the former, and, when near it, the cutters were picked up by the *Congo*, a homeward-bound steamer. The behaviour of Captain Liversedge, the commander of this vessel, was most praiseworthy. Placing a look-out at the masthead, he steamed about in search of the other boats, and at the end of an hour and a half picked up the second lifeboat. The search for the rest was continued during the whole night, lights being burned at intervals of half an hour. A twelve hours' quest having proved fruitless, the *Congo* resumed her course, and landed the shipwrecked passengers and seamen at Madeira on the 8th of the present month. Of the remaining five boats, three were picked up by the barque *Emma Herriman* on the 24th and 25th of April, and those who had been on board them were transferred on the 27th to the steamer *Coanza*, which took them to the port of Gran Bassa on the African coast. Of the other two boats nothing has yet been heard; but very possibly they have been picked up by some outward-bound vessel. A strange misfortune befell those who were landed at Gran Bassa. They embarked on the 1st of the present month on board the steamer *Senegal*, which made for the island of Great Canary. Off the coast of this island the vessel struck on a rock. She was got off, but it was ascertained that she would soon go down; so that for a second time within a few days the unfortunate travellers and mariners experienced the sensation of being on board a sinking ship. The vessel was run ashore, and those on board were saved, with one exception. Owing to some unintelligible clumsiness, one of the boats capsized when lowered, and was cut in two by the propeller. Mr. John Paterson, a member of the Cape Legislative

Council, was drowned, and another passenger had his hand and arm seriously injured. The remainder of those in the boat, however, were saved, and the shipwrecked passengers and crew made their way to Las Palmas, the capital of the island—not, of course, to be confounded with the town at Cape Palmas—from which place they were taken to Madeira by the steamer *Teuton*, a vessel belonging to the Union Steamship Company, which had received orders to touch at Las Palmas to see whether any of the passengers and crew of the *American* had been landed there. At the time of their arrival at Madeira some of them, as may well be imagined, were ill; but it does not appear that what had been undergone had in any case immediately endangered life.

The story of the double misfortune which befell them is made tragic by the lamentable death of Mr. Paterson, and, in spite of legitimate hope, the absence of tidings respecting the two missing boats is painful in the extreme. Happily, however, the account of the loss of the *American* is far from being altogether painful. The conduct of the Captain showed those high qualities which have been thought specially to characterize English seamen, and it is evident that the officers under him behaved admirably. None of the passengers gave way to unreasoning fear, and the seamen, fitly commanded, worked well and steadily to the last. It should be added that the vessel was properly found, the owners having provided her with boats enough to take away all on board in case of disaster; and indeed the only moral to be drawn from the loss of the *American* is that, since it is clearly possible for a passenger steamer to carry a sufficient number of boats, the owners of all passenger steamers should be obliged to equip their vessels properly in this respect, and that no further attention should be paid to the nonsense which is sometimes talked about its not being practicable to do so. Some other nonsense also may not impossibly be disposed of by the loss of the *American* and the *Senegal*. For a long time past, whenever the account of the launching of a passenger steamer has been described, it has always been pompously stated that the vessel was divided into watertight compartments, so that, if her skin was broken in any place, the water would enter one compartment, and that, with one or even more full, she would yet remain afloat. The *American* was supposed to be divided into seven of these compartments. Of what avail were they? The breaking of the propeller made a hole in one of them, and in spite of the pumps, the vessel gradually filled and sank. The *Senegal* was in all probability supposed to be divided into watertight compartments. Of what avail were they to her? The ship struck on a rock, and when she was got off was found to be rapidly filling. In how many of the accidents to great iron steamers which have happened of late years have the so-called watertight compartments prevented the ship from going down? It is quite possible that, owing to the necessities of stowage and of passenger accommodation, it may be impossible thus to subdivide a merchantman; but then the public should not be informed of a supposed security against danger which, as a matter of fact, does not exist. That the risk of foundering can be greatly diminished by the subdivision is indisputable; but in too many merchant ships, either the subdivision is insufficient, or else the bulkheads are not really watertight. It is absurd to place any substantial reliance on such precautions as are now taken, and it is much to be regretted that delusive statements should frequently be made. The loss of the *American* may do some good if it causes a wholesome scepticism as to the flourishing accounts which appear of the safeguards against foundering provided in great passenger steamers.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.—III.

IN the general sketch which was given a little time ago in these columns of important works to be seen at the Royal Academy, most of the interesting pictures in the first gallery were specially mentioned. Some productions of particular merit, however, necessarily escaped notice. Among these are Mr. Oswald von Glehn's very graceful and tender "Œnone" (31), which the Hanging Committee have poked into a corner, where its merits are discovered only by pain and labour; and Miss Hilda Montalba's "Venetian Boy unloading a Market-Boat" (32), which fully deserves the good place assigned to it. The work is strikingly free and vigorous, both in drawing and colouring, and makes one hope very much from Miss Montalba's powers. M. Mesdag's "Night; Scheveningen" (38) is a fine effect, strongly represented; and Mr. Fahey's "I'm Going a-Milking" (50) exhibits very favourably the artist's capacity for seizing and interpreting the tender, half-pathetic moods of Nature. What kind of thing Mr. Frith proposed to himself to seize or interpret in his staring, commonplace picture of a "Tenby Fishwoman" (58) it would be idle to inquire. No doubt the work will be admired, just as the vulgarest novels find the largest number of readers; and it is to be feared that it must be long before there is any widespread hesitation in gratifying the demand for that which is liked solely by reason of its common and shallow nature. In this room there is one picture, Mr. Peter Graham's "Highland Drove" (26), which we have already mentioned, but which can be looked at again and again with increasing pleasure. The spectator who is fortunate enough to know and love the Highlands is at once carried into them while he looks at Mr. Graham's marvellously painted cattle and at the light which seems almost to shift and change before one's eyes on the hillside. Amongst other works not yet mentioned in this gallery we may direct special attention to Mr. Magrath's very clever picture, "In the Green Fields of Erin" (72). In the second room Mr. Barrett Browning, whose versatility appears to be not the least of his merits, exhibits a very clever and humorous portrait of a pig under the title "Watching the Skittle-Players" (102). The players are out of sight, so that the attention is left free to concentrate itself on the representation of their audience. The "Race to Market, Tahiti, Society Islands" (115), by Mr. N. Chevalier, is a fresh and original picture, full of sunlight and movement. The attitude and look of the dog in one of the racing canoes is a happy touch. Mr. Arthur Lemon's "Cattle in the Roman Campagna" (120) surely deserved a better fate than that of being "skied." For his picture of "Sunrise, Waterloo Bridge" (118), Mr. John O'Connor has chosen as a motto Wordsworth's magnificent lines:—

> The river glideth at his own sweet will,
> Dear God! The very houses seem asleep,
> And all that mighty heart is lying still.

In saying that the choice is justified by the painting of the picture we give the artist the very highest praise. Mr. Leslie's "All that Glitters is not Gold" (131) is curiously vicious in style. The rustic is such a rustic as has never been seen out of a stage crowd while the "supers'" dresses have still the gloss of novelty, and the whole picture is as irritatingly smooth and clean as the interior of a prison. Mr. Boughton's "Evangeline" (139) is in itself a charming picture, but the motto—

> When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
> Flagons of home-brewed ale—

is a trifle unhappy, since the one quality which is not present in the picture is that of heat. We return, with renewed pleasure, to the "Sister's Kiss" (142), painted by the President. The natural beauty of the pose, the delicacy of the colouring, the elasticity of the principal figure, and the sense of free open air that pervades the picture, all combine to make it, as we have before said, a work of extraordinary beauty. The line of pictures amongst which it occupies the most prominent place seems to have been arranged with an unusual and welcome attention to the effect of colour which may be obtained by judicious hanging; and Mr. Perugini's pretty and graceful "Siesta" (150) aids in a marked manner the pleasing general result. In "Follow my Leader" (155) Mr. J. A. Storey has found again the attractiveness which seemed to some extent wanting in his last year's pictures. The subject is eminently pleasing, and it has been treated with fine and skilful appreciation. Mr. Alma-Tadema's two fine works in this gallery (176, 195) have been already spoken of.

In the third gallery a prominent place is held by "Victoria Regina" (217), by Mr. Wells, a picture purporting to represent the Queen receiving the news of the death of William IV. The first thing which, to borrow a French phrase, "leaps to the eyes" of one who looks at this picture is that the kneeling figure would, if he stood upright, be about fifteen feet high. Consideration of the unpleasant colouring and the stiff woodenness of the whole composition may follow upon contemplation of this. Amongst other works in this gallery to which we have not yet called attention we may notice Mr. Aumonier's very pleasing landscape of "Oxford" (223), Mr. Parsons's "October Evening" (222), and Mrs. Perugini's clever picture of a child in distress over "Multiplication" (231). Beyond these we come to the President's "Light of the Harem" (256), the beauty of which seems somewhat marred by its curious pallor, to a striking picture by Mr. Blashfield, "The Roman Ladies—a Fencing Lesson at the Gladiatorial School" (251), and to a strangely and unhappily careless work by Mr. Hook, "Sea-pools" (261). Other important pictures not yet referred to are Sir John Gilbert's finely studied and coloured "King Henry VI." (275), Mr. Marcus Stone's "Amour ou Patrie" (282), and Mr. Briton Rivière's "Night Watch" (298). This is a curiously impressive picture. The solitude of the place, the grandeur of the columns rising against the night sky, the stealthy prowl of the lions, who are the only living and moving things in the picture, and the bright light reflected from their watchful eyes are all given with admirable feeling and fidelity. This is certainly one of the best pictures that Mr. Rivière has produced.

The fourth room contains one of the two finest sea-pieces of the year, "Britannia's Realm" (387), by Mr. Brett. This is a wonderfully fine rendering of a wide stretch of calm, open sea dotted with sails. The freedom, the vigour, and the impressiveness of the work are in the highest degree remarkable. Mr. Brett has perhaps never painted any better thing. In this gallery hang also Mr. Frank Holl's effective, if somewhat conventional, picture, "Ordered to the Front" (366), and Mr. Long's "Portrait of Mr. Irving in *Hamlet*" (416), in which the general impression of Mr. Irving's conception of the part has been seized and rendered with a feeling and skill which more than atone for a slight shortcoming in the matter of likeness. Mr. J. D. Watson's "Corporal Trim" (375) is an admirable work, illustrating a pathetic incident in a simple, straightforward, and touching manner. Mr. Seymour Lucas has a clever *genre* picture, "Drawing the Long Bow," and Mr. Vicat Cole exhibits an excellent landscape, "On Silver Thames" (393). Mr. G. H. Boughton's "Our Village" (338) is marked by the peculiar and quaint charm which the artist has the secret of giving to scenes and incidents which might easily appear commonplace. M. Chierici's "Desperate Venture" (349), a picture of a child taking its first walk surrounded by its relations, deserves praise for its feeling as well as for its technical skill.

We take this opportunity of noticing Mr. Henry Blackburn's excellent *Academy Notes* and *Grosvenor Notes* for 1880. These handbooks, admirably arranged and got up, are at once pleasant records and, to the critic condemned in the case of the Academy to take in as much as he can of a vast exhibition in a few hours, valuable helps to memory. We fail to see why Mr. Frith's "didactic" series of pictorial anecdotes, called "The Race for Wealth," which happily is not exhibited at the Royal Academy, should be included in the *Academy Notes*. One other point in them seems to compel attention. "This picture," Mr. Blackburn writes of Mr. Orchardson's "Bellerophon" (262), "is the only work of importance of which no sketch has been received for *Academy Notes*." It is, no doubt, a humorously practical comment upon this deplorable fact that the sketch given is so minute as to be all but indistinguishable from the letterpress into the centre of which it is thrust.

THE OPERAS.

It was evident from Mr. Gye's announcement at the beginning of the season that he had determined to rely upon the "star" system for success. This mode of proceeding, however much it may be to the benefit of the management, is undoubtedly greatly to the detriment of the quality of the Italian opera. To depend upon one or at most two good singers for each opera performed, supported by others far from efficient, and a chorus but indifferently trained, would be certain in any other country than this to meet with condemnation; but the English public are patient and thankful for the little they can get. The stars that Mr. Gye brings forward this year are not numerous. Mmes. Albani and Patti and M. Lassalle are expected to carry the whole burden upon their shoulders, unless Signor Gayarré is to be counted among the luminaries. Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered at that no novelties are produced, and that some only too well-known operas are repeated *ad nauseam*. It remains to be proved whether this mode of proceeding will end in success or not; for if it does succeed, we may expect next season to have a still inferior class of secondary performers, and after that still worse, until at last it will become necessary to advertise the precise time at which the star appears on the stage, so as to allow those who care to do so to come in to hear the only part of the opera that is worth listening to.

In Gounod's *Faust e Margherita* Mme. Albani this season "stars" as Margherita with Signor Gayarré as Faust. After her two years' absence from the operatic stage, it is not to be wondered at that her performances should be a matter of great interest to the public. The part of Margherita, liable as it is in the hands of an inferior artist to degenerate into one of mere sentiment, is a genuine test of the higher powers and dramatic instinct of the performer, and acquires an interest paramount in the representation of the work. With a really good Margherita we may almost put up with an indifferent Faust. And so it was on the occasion of Mme. Albani's first appearance this season. From the time when Margherita enters in the Kermesse scene to the time when she throws herself upon the straw pallet in the dungeon, Mme. Albani's rendering of the part is uniformly excellent. In the garden scene the contrast produced by her singing of the plaintive ballad while she is spinning and the childlike delight depicted in the jewel song immediately after was very effective, and the last longing look she gives at the jewels in the casket before closing it at the appearance of Faust and his friend was very near perfection. No less admirable is her acting in the scenes of deeper emotion. Her misery at her brother's death, her shame and remorse in the awful cathedral scene, and her half insane and wholly pitiful utterances in the prison were all very forcibly given. It is the more desirable to call attention to the histrionic merits of this performance because of its welcome contrast in this respect to the indifference too often shown by singers to the dramatic side of opera. For instance, when Faust sees Margherita at his feet after her avowal of her love for him, Signor Gayarré, instead of making some attempt at acting, turns himself almost insultingly away from her and shouts his part to the audience. The illusion of the piece is gone, and with it, of course, much of the interest. Of Mme. Albani's singing it is not necessary to say anything more than that it calls for as high praise as does her acting. Mlle. Pasqua took the part of Siebel and sang it with credit. Faust was allotted to Signor Gayarré. It is a pity that, with such a voice as this singer possesses, which he used to such advantage in "Salve Dimora," he should not be able to discriminate between singing and shouting. His straining at the higher chest notes has anything but a pleasing effect with respect to intonation. The Mefistofele of Signor Vidal deserves praise as an interesting impersonation; but his voice, especially in the lower register, is quite unequal to the size of the house. A little more of the devil and less of the abject coward in the scene with Valentino and chorus in the second act would be preferable. Nevertheless his byplay is very effective, and his acting throughout conscientious. Signor Cotogni, who sang much below his usual mark, was the Valentino, and Mme. Ghiotti Martha. The ludicrous and irritating change of scene at the end of the first act still obtains, we regret to say. It is difficult to conceive any stage device more monstrously absurd and out of place than the wretched pantomime effect. It only remains for the stage-manager to arrange a harlequin exit through a clock face for Mefistofele, and an entrance on a sloto for Margherita, amid coloured fires.

The appearance of Mlle. Turolla as Valentine, in *Les Huguenots*, for the first time in London, attracted a large audience. Mlle. Turolla gave a very creditable and pleasing rendering of the heroine's part, and in the last act—or, rather, the third act, which ended the opera on this occasion—she showed herself possessed of some tragic power. Her voice is of a sympathetic quality, with considerable flexibility. To Mlle. Schou was assigned the part of Margaret of Valois, which she played rather with the *naïveté* of a schoolgirl than with the stateliness of a queen. Her voice is a soprano of a tender quality, and will doubtless in time gain the power which it now lacks. Mme. Scalchi played Urbano, the page, and as usual sang excellently throughout the part. Raoul fell to Signor Gayarré, who showed no further sign of being an actor than he did as Faust; whilst Nevers was entrusted to Signor Cotogni. It is perhaps hard to expect every one to raise the part of Nevers to a leading position, and perhaps Signor Cotogni never dreamed of doing so; but there are possibilities in it, and some singers have taken advantage of them. Signor Cotogni, we suppose, did not attempt to give it any force, but accepted it as a minor *rôle*. Signor Vidal's Marcello, like his Mefistofele, is a good rendering, but with the same disadvantage of voice which we before spoke of. By no means an inconsiderable impersonation was the St. Bris of Signor de Reszke, who may some day be heard of in a greater part. In Meyerbeer's operas the chorus naturally plays a very prominent part, and it is therefore necessary that it should be well trained and efficient. This may be considered a mere detail; for, provided the chorus asserts itself boldly in noise, it is supposed that the public are satisfied; but we wonder what the public would have thought of the unaccompanied "Rataplan" chorus had the orchestra suddenly sounded the true notes about halfway through. The effect, we do not hesitate to say, would have been unique.

Verdi's *Il Trovatore* is so general a favourite with "country cousins" that a full house may nearly always be counted upon, and on its first performance this season we were not only promised a new tenor, but found that M. Lassalle was to take the part of the Conte di Luna. The house, however, was not so large as might have been expected, owing perhaps to the fact that some had found out that M. Lassalle was not going to sing. Much disappointment and dissatisfaction was openly expressed that the change in the programme had not been made sufficiently public, and that no reason had been assigned for it. With a season devoid of novelty in its *répertoire*, the management might surely attempt to avoid adding such disappointments as this to the load of dulness which the patient public is obliged to bear. To Mlle. Alwina Valleria fell the part of Leonora, and the way in which she performed it deserves every praise. She is a valuable acquisition to Covent Garden both as singer and actress. The Azucena of Mlle. Pasqua was also a very good impersonation, and her rendering of the music allotted to her artistic. To pronounce an opinion at a first hearing upon a new tenor is not, to our thinking, either just or permissible, and we should like to hear M. Engel once at least again before doing so. An operatic artist's *début* is perhaps a more trying ordeal to undergo than that of an ordinary actor, and we can at least congratulate M. Engel upon having gone through it with credit. A pure tenor voice nowadays seems to be more and more of a rarity, and people, considering such a thing almost impossible, have agreed to accept the nearest approach to it they can find. M. Engel's voice is of that quality which would justify its being classed either as a tenor or baritone, a kind of voice not at all rare, especially with the French. He is certainly not a tenor of the first rank, although he possesses a few very telling high notes. Of his rendering of the part of Manrico it may be said that he knew perfectly well what he had to do and did it intelligently. There was nothing startling in his reading, which is perhaps the very best thing that can be said of it, except that he appeared to be master of the stage, a rare thing, as we have already observed, with tenors at Covent Garden. An excess of tremolo in his voice, arising perhaps as much from nervousness as from anything else, will, we hope, be avoided in his subsequent performances. Should his further appearances confirm our opinion, we shall, although not hailing him as a star, be very thankful that he has been added to the staff of the Royal Italian Opera. Signor Graziani played the Conte di Luna, a part familiar to him. A little excitement was caused by a certain section of the audience vigorously demanding a repetition of "Il balen," while another section was nearly as energetic in making a counter demonstration. Applause gained the day, however, and Signor Graziani had to repeat the song, which he did very tamely indeed. Why the *encore* was demanded is and always will be, a mystery.

M. Lassalle was, of course, the centre of interest in *Un Ballo in Maschera;* and, although Mlle. Turolla was announced to sing the part of Amelia, she was replaced without notice by Mlle. Montilla—another disappointment inflicted by the management on the public. The part of Renato, the generous friend of the Duke Riccardo, who repays him by trying to estrange his wife from him, was very ably sustained by M. Lassalle, who gained the applause he deserved for his magnificent singing. With his superb baritone voice he combines artistic skill of the highest order, both in singing and acting. This, the only male "star" Mr. Gye has favoured us with, is veritably a brilliant one.

"Alla vita che t'arride," in the first act was admirably given; and the scene in the third act where Renato comes to warn the Duke of a conspiracy, and finds him with a lady, whom he promises to conduct to the city gates, and who proves to be his own wife, was acted in a most masterly manner. As a piece of tragic acting, also, it would be difficult to surpass M. Lassalle's in the fourth act, where Renato's wife begs to be allowed to see her child before she dies. Mlle. Montilla's impersonation of Amelia was praiseworthy, and her singing pleasing. Mme. Scalchi, as the fortune-teller Ulrica, sustained her well-merited position as a first-rate singer and actress; and Signor Carpi, as the Duke, and Signori Scolara and Capponi, as Angri and Armando, fulfilled their parts with credit.

The first performance to which we can give almost unqualified praise this season was that of Wagner's *Lohengrin*, with Mme. Albani as Elsa. It is difficult to speak too highly of her rendering of the part. As the forlorn maiden, championless until a miracle produces the Knight of the White Swan, the tender-hearted princess who shelters the revengeful Ortrud, the bride at once joyful and full of doubt, and, at last, as the despairing victim of Ortrud's hatred, Madame Albani was magnificent. We have seldom seen an actress so thoroughly throw herself into the part she has undertaken, and, without fear of overpraising, we can say that she gives as fine a reading of Herr Wagner's conception as has been vouchsafed us on the London opera stage. Especially excellent was Mme. Albani's singing of "Aurette a cui si spesso," when she appears in the balcony in the second act, and "Tu non conosci," a little later on, when she rebukes Ortrud for doubting Lohengrin; and the expression of rapturous love that comes over her face as she reiterates the words "sua sposa" in the same scene, almost defies description. Mlle. Pasqua showed that she had given great pains and much study to the difficult and disagreeable part of Ortrud, and the subtle hatred and pent-up revenge of the insulted woman were finely depicted. Signor Gayarré was for once electrified into acting, and his propensity to shout did not find that opportunity which has been given it in the other operas that he has played in this season. His address to the swan in the last act was really fine, and the whole of the music of the bride-chamber scene was feelingly rendered by him. Signori Cotogni and Silvestri rendered valuable aid in the respective parts of Telramund and the King, and Signor Capponi sustained the arduous part of the Herald with credit. We must take exception to Signor Vianesi's reading of the magnificent entr'acte music at the opening of the third act. It was never intended to be galloped through as an unmeaning fanfare of trombones, and by his disregard of the tempo, or his unnecessary haste to get to the end of the opera, Signor Vianesi came very near ruining one of the most remarkable pieces of orchestral display in the whole work. With this exception, the representation of *Lohengrin* was one worthy of the largest opera-house in the United Kingdom.

M. Lassalle's known success as Nelusko last season made it a certainty that before long *L'Africaine* would be produced at Covent Garden. It may be said shortly, as of the racehorse Eclipse, that Nelusko was first and the rest nowhere. As usual at Covent Garden, the scene on board ship, save for the mast which stands in the centre of the stage, might be on dry land. There is nothing else to indicate that Don Pedro is afloat, and it might be an improvement if a large placard were fixed to the above mentioned mast, stating that what is taking place is supposed to be on board a Portuguese man-of-war.

Signor Vianesi conducted the orchestra on each occasion. In the delicate expression of variations of piano and forte we are sorry to say the orchestra is not strong, and, owing perhaps to its size, the loud passages are so loud that we are inclined to pity the singers on the stage, who are supposed to make themselves heard above the din of the instruments that intervene between them and the audience. A little more care and a judicious adaptation of his sound power would greatly improve Signor Vianesi's band.

Year after year the public have to put up with the intolerably bad libretti supplied to them within the walls of Covent Garden. A moderately accurate book of the words at least might be expected, but even this is not granted, and as if to add insult to injury a most despicable translation in a language scarcely recognizable as English is foisted upon the unwary purchaser. The whole book, it may be added, is most atrociously printed. Surely it would not be hard to have this matter rectified, especially as people seem quite willing to pay for a good libretto.

If anything was required to prove that the "star" system is a mistake from an artistic point of view, it would only have been necessary to be present at Her Majesty's on the opening night. We may congratulate Mr. Mapleson that he has not followed the example of his rival, Mr. Gye, for, taken as a whole, the performance of *Faust* at Her Majesty's was incomparably better than that which we have already spoken of at Covent Garden. With Mme. Christine Nilsson as Margherita, Mme. Trebelli as Siebel, Signor del Puente as Mefistofele, and Mr. Maas—the only true tenor we have heard this season—as Faust, this favourite opera was scarcely likely to fail. Of the first two singers it is hardly necessary for us to speak, as their capabilities are already too well known to need description, and criticism has always been and can only be laudatory; but of Signor del Puente's Mefistofele we must say a word or two. And first, to touch upon a mere matter of dress, at the risk of being thought hypercritical, let us implore Mefistofele to procure another and less absurd feather for his cap. This feather, which looks like an overstrained pair of pincers, is almost as annoying as M. Maurel's celebrated gas-flame which he substituted for it in the cathedral scene; nay, perhaps it is more so, as it is ever present. Signor del Puente's impersonation of the character is good all round, however, except for an unpleasant fidgetiness which he exhibited when he was imprisoned in the absurd cage provided for him in the cathedral scene, owing perhaps to an over anxiety about the manipulation of the red light upon him. Mr. Maas, who, as we have already said, is the only real tenor we have heard this season, has a future before him. He gained a well-deserved success on the opening night, and gave promise that he intended to maintain it. Gifted as he is with the true tenor quality of voice, he has given careful study to enhance its charm, as is evident from the vast improvement in his vocalization and phrasing even since last year. He has perhaps not given sufficient attention to action, but that will come. Signor Mario, we have always understood, had the same difficulty to overcome, and latterly he was perhaps a finer actor than a singer. Perhaps one of the greatest charms of Mr. Maas's singing, always excepting the fact that his voice is one of those rarities, a tenor proper, lies in his not straining his voice "to split the ears of the groundlings," which shows him to be a true artist. He can sing an upper C without the brazen or even reedy effect that is so common in many so-called tenors of this day, and we fervently hope that he will never condescend to shout at the audience after the manner of Signor Gayarré. The chorus at Her Majesty's requires strengthening and weeding. It was really painful to listen to the first chorus in the opera on this night, both as to time and vocalization, in spite of the praiseworthy efforts of Signor Arditi and his electric bell. We may however congratulate Mr. Mapleson on his choice of a successor to Sir M. Costa's *bâton* in Signor Arditi, and we are pleased to find that he has given the public a chance of hearing an opera by Wagner under the conductorship of Herr Richter.

REVIEWS.

HOWORTH'S HISTORY OF THE MONGOLS.*

THIS is "a second instalment" of Mr. Howorth's ponderous *History of the Mongols*. It is in imperial octavo, and in small type. The first volume, of which a notice was given in the *Saturday Review* of October 21, 1876, contained nearly eight hundred pages. This second volume, in two parts, has more than a thousand pages, and the work is not complete; how much there is yet to follow does not appear. As we observed in our former notice, it is a book for reference, not a book to read. It is a mighty maze, and possibly may have a plan, but this is not conspicuous. The style is diffuse and wearisome. If the author had practised "the art to blot" more freely, he would have done more credit to himself, and made his book more agreeable to his readers. But in the matter of style he disarms his critics by a candid confession:—

> Style I profess in this work to have none. In some places, where perseverance has almost succumbed under the load of monotonous detail, I feel on reading the phrases again as if they had been written in the unsophisticated days of early school life, when style and punctuation were both contemned. It has been as much as patience and vigilance could secure that the narrative should be intelligible; and in many places where the pen would willingly have run riot, where a little poetry might have been scattered among the phrases, the temptation has had to be sternly resisted, for fear the facts should be distorted, and lest what is necessarily a very compressed narrative should swell over untold volumes.

We may assure the writer that his work has not suffered from over-compression; but we would gently ask him if the author of such a book is justified in that utter disregard of style which he so ingenuously acknowledges. One critic, he says, "has complained that his style has not the majestic ring of Gibbon, or the easy flow of Macaulay." We should be content if, *longo intervallo*, he showed any of the merits of those great writers. Few authors attain great excellence of style, but men of only moderate pretensions should strive after some felicity of expression, and might avoid such Irishisms as "traversing the arid steppes of Asiatic history and tracking out the rivulets and streams." To Mr. Howorth's unwearied perseverance and industry the highest commendation is due. He has brought together from many sources an immense amount of information; and, if he is content to have amassed this vast store and to wait for one to come after him "who can epitomize and point the moral of the whole story," we can only hope that he may meet the reward of his labour, and have, as he desires, "the satisfaction, which some say is worth living for, of having done his best at what his hand found to do."

The first volume was almost exclusively filled with the life and conquests of Jingis Khán. This ruthless conqueror possessed all the virtues and vices of his race in a pre-eminent degree; and his genius dominated all who fell under his influence. A born warrior, he not only conquered wherever he marched, but he infused into his generals and soldiers such confidence in their invincibility that victory attended their banners even when he himself did not take the field. The empire which he had conquered was too vast and heterogeneous to be held together by hands less powerful than his

* *History of the Mongols, from the Ninth to the Nineteenth Century.* Part II. The so-called Tartars of Russia and Central Asia. By Henry H. Howorth, F.S.A. London: Longmans & Co.

own. He foresaw this, and divided his possessions among his four sons:—

> These divisions subsisted long, and were all feudally subservient to the senior house. Then they broke asunder. Then each one disintegrated into smaller fragments, and eventually into still smaller. . . . . All these sections, great and small, were ruled by princes of the sacred caste, and had an aristocracy of the same descent. Jingis Khan was the fountain of all their princely houses, while the upper castes, equivalent to the upper and middle class with us . . . were also, in the main, of Mongol descent. They belonged, in the language of the Kazaks, the proudest and most illustrious of robbers, whose polity is the most democratic of oligarchies, to the class of white bones; while those whom they led and taught and commanded belonged to the class of black bones.

The present volume, or Part II., as Mr. Howorth calls it, deals with "the so-called Tartars of Russia and Central Asia." At the death of Jingis Khán, in the year 1227 A.D., when his empire was partitioned among his four descendants, the territory which fell to the share of Júji, his eldest son, was the *dasht* or steppe of Kipchak. Júji died before his father; but his eldest son, Orda, received his father's share. It comprised the country lying north of the lower course of the Jaxartes, the Sea of Aral and the Caspian, with the rich countries on the Don and Volga, and part of those on the Black Sea. Orda held the greater part of these territories, and was the titular head of the house. But Batu Khán, his brother, took the western parts, and acknowledged only a nominal feudal dependency on his elder brother Orda. This Batu was an enterprising chief. He penetrated into Central Europe, subdued Hungary, conquered all the country as far as the Carpathian mountains, and established a suzerainty over Russia. That division of the race of which he was the head was known to the Western world as the Golden Horde, a name which it derived from the great gold-emblazoned tent which was set up for the dwelling of the chief in the Ordu, or camp. Mr. Howorth says this word *ordu* is "equivalent to the German *hort* and the English *horde*"; it is rather perhaps the original of these words. To Englishmen the word is well known in another sense, as the name of the Hindustani language, which is called Ordu or Urdu from having sprung up in the camps of the Mahomedan conquerors. The Golden Horde experienced some vicissitudes, and in the last quarter of the fourteenth century it received a stunning blow from Timur, or Tamerlane. This conqueror was of pure Mongol descent, but the people of his tribe from long residence in Turki countries had become Turks in manners and in language—that is, Eastern Turks, who must not be confounded with the Osmanli or Western Turks, whose Sultan Bajazet was so signally defeated by Timur. After this the Golden Horde gradually decayed, and, suffering several secessions, it dwindled down into the small Khanates of Kazan, Astrakhan, and Siberia, which were finally absorbed by Russia in the sixteenth century.

The main interest of the present volume centres in the information which it supplies respecting the rise of the Russian Empire, for, as Mr. Howorth says, "It is assuredly an interesting inquiry to analyse the conditions under which such a community as that of Russia was moulded." At the time of the Mongol invasion Russia consisted of a number of feudal principalities paying only a nominal allegiance to the over-chief, the Grand Prince of Moscow. They were unable to make any effectual resistance to the overwhelming hosts of the invaders. The country was trodden under foot. Havoc, destruction, and slaughter marked the course of the conquerors, who were accustomed, as Sir Thomas Browne says, "to treat human beings as flies, and to convert whole nations into wildernesses." But the land of Russia proper had few or no attractions for a nomad pastoral race. Its forests and swamps were unsuited to their mode of life. They withdrew to the Ukraine and the grass plains beyond the Dnieper. What might have happened if they had established themselves in Western Russia can only be conjectured, but when they retired, Europe certainly escaped from an awful danger. The Mongol invasion nevertheless had a great influence on the population of Russia. Here as elsewhere the Mongols asserted their superiority, and the white-boned race largely recruited the ranks of the upper classes. Some colonies which occupied the grassy valleys maintained a separate existence and assimilated but slowly with the neighbouring peoples. Ivan III. and Ivan the Terrible were the Tzars who extended their dominion over the decaying power of the Mongols and Tartars, and

> probably carried the autocratic theory of government more completely to a logical conclusion than it was ever carried before. Russia in their hands became in fact a mere multitude of abject slaves subject to a most tyrannical master, who crushed out and destroyed the old aristocracy, while almost every trace of municipal and social freedom disappeared. The servility which had been exacted by the Mongols was transferred to the Tzar and his officials; all power was directly dependent on himself; birth, reputation, wealth, were of no influence when in opposition to his whim, and every trace of liberty was uprooted. Serfdom was introduced, the peasant was tied down to the land, and the whole nation by an ingenious hierarchy of officials was made a mere machine, of which the key was in the hands of one irresponsible person, and during one long reign in the hands of a madman and a monster.

A long period of stagnation followed the consolidation of Russia. Ignorance and social degradation everywhere prevailed. The whole land was shrouded in darkness and crushed under the heel of a brutal despotism. At the end of the seventeenth century rose Peter the Great. He first gave Russia a place among the nations of Europe. He no doubt failed, as Russian historians confess, in many of his designs. The soil of Russia was unprepared for the civilization of the West which he sought to transplant. He gave the country, however, what was more important to its material welfare, an outlet to the outer world. Up to his time the Russians were enclosed on every side by hostile neighbours. On the south the Crimean Tartars barred the access to the Black Sea. "In the west and north-west the Swedes and Danes, the Livonian and Prussian Knights, and the Germans created a cordon of fiscal and other barriers, which absolutely closed all ingress and egress for the arts and humanities except through the narrow portals of the Hanseatic league." The discovery of the entrance to the White Sea by Englishmen in the sixteenth century had a great influence on the prosperity of the country, and, as Mr. Howorth observes, no other proof is needed to show the thorough isolation under which the country suffered. Peter forced his way to the Baltic and the Sea of Azoff, and at the end of the last century Catharine completed his work in the latter direction by the conquest of the Crimea. The desire for a more extended seaboard still animates their successors. Peter's desire to be near the civilization of the West led him to found St. Petersburg, and to commit what Mr. Howorth considers "was perhaps the greatest blunder of his life." His desire for a capital in proximity to the sea, through which the culture of the West might penetrate into his benighted empire, made him overlook the great disadvantage of placing the heart of the country in an extremity instead of in its midst. Mr. Howorth sees some hope in the future for the people of Russia and its "ignorant, happy-go-lucky, servile, drunken peasants"; but he says very truly that little good is to be expected from the sudden introduction of parliaments, juries, self-government, and other institutions of older and more advanced communities. Some advance has, he says, been made. He thinks even that

> The Russian race is immensely altered, and that the metaphorical Tartar apostrophized by Voltaire is no longer the prominent feature in it. We shrink no doubt from many of the characteristics of Russian public life, from its Oriental system of diplomacy, from the atmosphere, tainted with corruption, in which its bureaucracy lives, the want of genuine patriotism among its masses, the crass ignorance of its people, and the degraded position of the Church in its rural districts. We would see these things disappear, and we believe they are disappearing, and that a genuine leaven is gradually leavening the lump.

It is to be hoped that these opinions are well founded, but they derive no obvious confirmation from current events.

Mr. Howorth has his word to say upon the views of Russia in the East. He is content to see her "stamping on the incorrigible robbers of Asia," for there she may even effect an improvement; but "her foot is heavy, and few daisies grow where it has trod. When Russia annexes a province, it ceases to be a part of the world's common capital of culture and wealth." He shows that the eyes of the Russians have long been turned with desire to Constantinople; and Tzargorod, the "City of the Tzars," as they call it, was an object of ambition long before the time of Peter. The possession of this point of vantage would be tantamount to "freezing up one of the most important channels the world possesses." The Slavs of the south are much in advance of the Slavs of Russia; and, though they have many things in common, their interests and feelings are too adverse for the realization of the dream of Panslavism. The union of the southern Slavs under the rule or protection of Austria gives promise of the growth of a power able to bar the progress of Russia to the south.

A study of some parts of this bulky work would undoubtedly help to a more thorough understanding of the great question of the time. No true judgment can be formed of the prospects of a nation without a fair knowledge of the peculiarities of the people. Race, habits, qualities, antecedents, all need to be scanned as carefully as the great facts of history. The book before us contains abundance of such information, and it is much to be regretted that no assistance is given to those who would seek it. Perhaps it is too much to ask for an index to an unfinished work; but we may well complain that it has no table of contents, no list of chapters, no entry of dates in the head-lines—in short, none of those helps to reference which save time and spare the temper of the seeker. There is an infinite number of divisions, consisting of a bewildering succession of personal memoirs. He who would consult the work on any particular point will be lucky if he finds what he wants without a long and irritating search.

LETTERS FROM FRANCE IN 1789.*

THE publication of these letters scarcely stands in need of the justification offered in the opening lines of the preface. It has been truly said that there are some great events or scenes in history of which the world will never tire. Such are Waterloo, the French retreat from Moscow, and the first French Revolution. It is with the last of these three that these "unstudied letters" deal. Dr. Rigby, the father of Lady Eastlake who edits this volume, was born in 1747, and with three other gentlemen—Mr. Boddington, Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Woodhouse—undertook what was intended to be a pleasure trip in the summer of 1789. That Dr. Rigby was in politics and aspirations a Whig of the old stamp we can readily believe; but his sympathies with a vast community struggling to make head against oppression seem now and then to have led him, like others of the same creed, into anticipating somewhat more permanent and peaceful successes than events justified. We shall consider his letters under two main

* *Dr. Rigby's Letters from France, &c., in* [illegible] Edited by his Daughter, Lady Eastlake. London: Longmans & [illegible] 1880.

aspects. First, we have the incidents of travel, ordinary and even commonplace, but so attractive to those who in this generation can almost remember the change from sailing-packet to steamer, and from lumbering diligences, *malle-postes*, and *estafettes* to express trains. We all feel a pleasure in realising the annoyances and discomforts to which travellers like ourselves were put just a century ago. And, next, there is the account of what the four Englishmen never anticipated but had to witness at Paris in the famous week of July 1789 which began with Sunday the 12th of that month. We do not intend to convey the impression that any such marked division naturally characterizes Dr. Rigby's letters, addressed collectively to his first wife and two daughters long since deceased; but we cannot help drawing the distinction between the experiences of a mere tourist and the materials supplied by the same person as an eye-witness for the revision of the historian.

On Friday morning, July 3, the four travellers found themselves on board a "very neat vessel," properly fitted up for passengers; and it is gratifying to learn that, weighing anchor (as we interpret the letter) about 6 A.M., they set foot on shore at Calais by noon the same day. They went to the "Silver Lion," an hotel which we think must, in later days, have been eclipsed by those of Dessin and Rignolles. Here the dress of the French girls, the muscularity of the lower orders, the bad beer, the excellent Burgundy, the boys bathing, the fine strong soldiers, all furnish matter for comment. Leaving Calais at six in the morning, they got to St. Omer by ten—not bad travelling, seeing that their five horses and one mule accomplished about seven miles in the hour—and they reached Lisle at eight. They seem to have made a short stay at this town, at Douai, and at Cambray, to have passed through the forest of Chantilly, "the undisturbed residence of deer, wild boar, pheasants, and all kinds of game," and to have got to Paris on the evening of Tuesday the 7th. They travelled in a landau; and in this part of the trip may be said to have had quite as good a time of it as fell to the lot of many travellers so late as the year 1830. When they got away from Paris, having witnessed scenes which ought to have considerably modified the Whig doctrine of the perfectibility of Parisian nature, they halted at Fontainebleau, slept at Auxerre, and, as we read it, at Dijon, Châlons, and Macon also; and, after a very bad dinner on some freshly slaughtered pigeons at St. Albers, reached Lyons on July 23rd. In this town Dr. Rigby found much more to admire in the Hôtel-Dieu than in the theatre, where the "performance was execrable, the actors bad, and the singing wretched." A bargain was next concluded with a "rascal of a boatman" to take the party down the Rhône to Avignon. This impudent fellow asked eighteen louis and took nine. It may be in the recollection of many readers that steamers used to make this charming trip down stream, between the above-mentioned two places, in a single day, except when the boat happened to run on a sandbank, or was detained by a fog or want of water, in which event the luckless passengers were landed and put up in some *cabaret* on the banks for the night.* The Roman remains at Vienne, so well described in Dumas's *Impressions de voyage*, if we remember aright; the irregular mountain ranges of Grenoble; the dirty streets of Avignon, with its Papal palace not yet converted into a huge *caserne*; the celebrated aqueduct at the Pont du Gard, and the *Maison Carrée* at Nismes, are all described or touched on with intelligence and taste. The high tower, or phare, just above the last-named town is called an "ancient gazebo," which hardly accords with our recollections of the building. Marseilles and Toulon are next brought before us; and here a touch of the Tory Englishman of that school which a few years afterwards was taught to hate frogs and Buonaparte comes out in the praises bestowed on a dinner *à l'anglaise*. It consisted of "plain roast beef and boiled potatoes, with some special good draughts of porter." The change from the landau of France and the boatmen of the Rhône to what is obviously the *vetturino* system of Italy was not, in Dr. Rigby's eyes, a subject of commendation. The roads were good, and the *Cornice* a "wonderful" work; but stinking inns and cheating landlords were hardly compensated for by the sight of picturesque towns that seemed to "hang in air," as the hamlets do in Macaulay's Lays, and by fertile and well-watered plains full of corn, and chestnut, mulberry, and beech trees. Turin was the furthest point reached in Italy, and this town also is characterized as filthy, and full of ecclesiastics, soldiers, and beggars, that swarmed under an arbitrary and bad Government. From the capital of Piedmont it was then, as now, easy to reach Geneva by the Mont Cenis and Chambery, at which place there were some pretty women, and sundry of the French runaway *noblesse*. Chambery was no cleaner than Turin. The inevitable *char-à-banc* took the travellers to Chamouni by Sallenche; and the ascent to what Dr. Rigby calls the *Montagne Vert*, since corrupted into Montanvert, was accomplished with no more difficulty and danger than "moderate perseverance" could overcome. Then comes the familiar trip to Martigny by the Col de Balme, to Bex, to the cascade beyond it—which is no doubt very picturesque, but bears a most unsavoury title—and to Vevay and Lausanne, where we have references to Rousseau and "Mr. Gibbon's House" and his History. The travellers went by Berne, Basle, and down the Rhine in a boat to Cologne and Düsseldorf. They found time also to get to Amsterdam, the Hague, and Helvoetsluys, which place they left on Sunday, the 6th of September, at four in the afternoon, "in Captain Flynn's packet," to be taken off by a fishing-boat, after a bad passage, and landed at Yarmouth some time on the 9th of the same month. It must be obvious that such a correspondence is mainly valuable because it shows what a man above his age in intelligence and sympathies thought of a neighbouring country just about to take its first leap in the dark.

Lady Eastlake, with some slight perplexity, endeavours to reconcile her father's enthusiastic descriptions of French agriculture, comfort, and cheerfulness, with the misery that unquestionably preceded the cataclysm of 1789. To read some of Dr. Rigby's descriptions, the French people were enjoying an almost incredible degree of social prosperity. Never was there such a rich country or such a splendid climate. Every acre had been brought under the plough or the spade. Even Chantilly was a charming place. Vines were luxuriant where nothing else would grow. The extent of agricultural development was only rivalled by the healthiness of the population, by the industry of the tillers, by the succession of agreeable scenes, by the smiling and contented faces of the people. The very reverse of all this was observable in Germany and Holland. The Low Countries were wide wastes and the people stupid. The German towns had no trade. The Elector's gardens showed no taste. The public buildings were daubed over with red ochre; the towns were barren of entertainment; the postal service ill-managed; the officers of Government were boorish and uncivil, and so forth. How far this amazing discrepancy between one kingdom and another, between the sham France of the letters and the real France of the historian, may be due to Dr. Rigby's desire to get to his journey's end, or to the good harvest of 1789, which at last came after several bad years, or to political sympathies, which may have coloured the landscape, purpled the vine, and given a bright tint to wheat and barley, we do not care to determine. But revolutions are stern facts, and we have too often compared records of travel with the reality to put implicit trust in cursory estimates of the capacity of a country or the character of its people made from the box of a landau. When the late Mr. James Wilson arrived in India in 1860 to set right the finances, he literally broke out into ecstasies on beholding the cultivation of the Doab of Hindostan, and inferred the capacity of the Punjab to produce everything and to bear lots of taxes. He had seen nothing like that in Belgium. Yet a very few months must have taught him that India was a poor country, and that a grower of tulips in the Netherlands was a very different person from a Punjabi ryot. Again, in the Orissa famine of 1865-6, parts of the Lower Provinces of Bengal seemed outwardly as flourishing as ever, with teeming rice-crops far as the eye could reach, while there were withered stalks and stunted herbage in the next district or division, and people had begun to die of starvation. Lady Eastlake's pardonable attempts to vindicate her father's character for sagacity merely prove to us the extreme danger of accepting hasty generalizations even when made by travellers whose intelligence and veracity no one would question.

But no such criticism can detract from the value of Dr. Rigby's narrative of the terrible days of that third week of July. We have taken occasion to compare the evidence of our eye-witness with the animated pages of Professor Smyth, Mr. Carlyle, and Thiers. The events of that crisis may be summarized as follows. On Saturday the 11th, it was known that Necker had been dismissed. On Sunday there was agitation, terror, tumultuous meetings, and, contrary to French custom, the theatres were shut. On Monday morning the 13th, the mine exploded. Prince Lambesc ordered his dragoons, the Royal Allemands, to fire on the mob; while the Garde Française fraternized with the latter, and the prisons were forced, all except the Bastille. On the 14th, Tuesday, the Bastille was taken, after a siege of some four hours. By Wednesday the 15th, the King withdrew his troops, and presented himself to the Assembly at Versailles. All Thursday the excitement still continued, and on Friday the 17th, the King entered Paris, and went to the Hôtel de Ville. During Saturday workmen completed the destruction of the Bastille by levelling it to the ground. But then things were more quiet, and Dr. Rigby and his companions, after divers perilous adventures, managed to get clear off on their journey to Lyons.

Dr. Rigby witnessed, on Sunday the 12th, that celebrated scene when Camille Desmoulins harangued the people in the Palais Royal. Mr. Carlyle describes the orator as springing to a table, "Sibylline in face, and in each hand a pistol." Thiers slightly varies this by saying that the popular speaker got on a table in the Palais Royal, pulled out his pistols, made a cockade of green leaves of trees, and called on the crowd to follow his example. We note that Dr. Rigby seems to have had no Sabbatical scruples about going to the theatre, for after attending church he had taken his seat at the Théâtre Français, when he was told that there would be no performance, and that his money would be returned. But he was inexpressibly shocked and disgusted at the sight of two bloody heads raised on pikes in the centre of a frantic crowd rushing down the Rue St. Honoré. This was on the evening of the Tuesday, and it is a pardonable error that he at first imagined them to be the heads of the Marquis de Launay, the Governor of the Bastille, and of Flesselles, the Prévôt des Marchands. The unfortunate De Launay was mutilated, and his head exhibited as described; but the second head was that of M. de Losmes, the Commandant or Deputy-Governor of the prison. Flesselles was killed, it is true, at the same time, and both Mr. Carlyle and Thiers say that he met his death from an unknown hand. Our curiosity was here naturally excited to know whether Dr. Rigby saw any of the unfortunate prisoners who were dragged out of their cells and paraded through the streets when

the Bastille was taken. We do not find any mention of them in Thiers. This historian merely says that crowds rushed to the Bastille when it was thrown open, to find instruments of torture and deep dungeons, and to gaze with wonder on a huge stone and a big chain. Mr. Carlyle, following the *Moniteur* of the day, says in his peculiar vein, "Along the streets of Paris circulate seven Bastille prisoners, borne shoulder high; seven heads on pikes, the keys of the Bastille, and much else." This fairly accords with a sentence of Thiers:—"Le réglement et les clefs de la Bastille au bout d'une baionette." That Dr. Rigby, in the rush and stampede of the surging crowd, only made out two of the liberated captives, if they were all really paraded, does not of course detract from his credibility. It merely shows that even practical and self-possessed men cannot seize every incident in a tumultuous scene. He tells us he saw two victims; one a little, feeble, old man reduced to idiocy; the other a tall and robust figure, with eyes nearly closed, a high forehead, a long beard, and plenty of hair at the back of his head. Of the names of these two prisoners, Lady Eastlake tells us, we cannot be certain. The tall man was said to be Count Auche, and Dr. Rigby understood him to have been imprisoned for writing a pamphlet against the Jesuits. The *Moniteur*, on the contrary, gives the two names as M. Tavernier and M. Whyte. Readers of Mr. Carlyle may remember at this point an affecting quotation from a letter of one Queret-Demery, in which he begs earnestly for news of his dear wife. It was dated October 7th, 1752, but not discovered till the capture of the place. Dr. Rigby, who visited the place on the Saturday following its fall, and saw a number of artists taking drawings of "what from this time was to have no existence but on paper," would have appreciated our historian's humorous lamentation that he could find no plan of the building to aid him in his attempted minute description of outer and inner drawbridges, and portholes, and dungeons out of which old secrets came to view and long-buried despair found a voice. Dr. Rigby, we should state, had no small difficulty in getting clear of all this excitement and tumult. When he had obtained his passport, his carriage was stopped by the mob because he carried pistols, and arms were thought wholly unnecessary against robbers, as "there were none in France." The travellers were called "scélérats" and "noblesse," and hissed and hustled, and had it not been for a friend, Mr. Dallas, and for the opportune recognition of their man-servant by a woman in the crowd, who embraced the domestic as a long-lost brother, they might have experienced more annoyances than the dirt of a bad *auberge* or the impositions of an unconscionable landlord. It is noteworthy that Dr. Rigby hardly ever refers to his companions in any of his letters after the first mention of their names; he never attempts to be facetious; he is nowhere flippant; and his descriptions of a familiar country and a remarkable epoch derive additional interest because they are edited with the care, the good taste, and the accuracy to be expected from the hands of Lady Eastlake. We only hope she has retrenched nothing, but has given us every line that her father wrote.

GREEK COINS.*

WHILE Professor Curtius and his staff have been exploring the remains of the temples of Olympia, an English archæologist has set in order, and illustrated with the light of contemporary history, the monuments of the Eleans, presidents of the Olympic festival. It is happily no longer necessary to insist on the importance of Greek coins as elements in the history of art. The efforts of the indefatigable Keeper of Coins, and his scarcely less laborious staff of assistants in the Medal Room of the British Museum, have been rewarded by a considerable and daily increasing amount of public interest. Not many years ago it was a very difficult matter to obtain any comprehensive view of the numismatic treasures of the national collection. There were no official catalogues to be consulted, and it was thus impossible to study the coins anywhere except in their trays; and any one who has tried it must recognize the serious objections attending this mode of study. This state of things has now happily passed away. The contents of the Medal Room are rapidly being made known to the world at large by means of illustrated official catalogues, of which a dozen volumes have been published during the last six years, and in which the student may obtain a complete knowledge of the Greek, Roman, and Oriental series without ever visiting the Museum at all. It is true that these catalogues are not precisely easy reading, and are perhaps little fitted to serve as guides to the beginner; but they have given a stimulus to the whole study of numismatics, and have become the parents of a rapidly increasing series of more popular handbooks, which cannot fail to make their subjects interesting to a very wide circle of readers.

One of the best and most comprehensive of these handbooks is published in connexion with another great improvement in the popularization of the national collection. The difficulty of obtaining a satisfactory personal inspection of the coins themselves has at length been sufficiently met, not by an increase of the departmental staff, but by the perfection to which the art of making facsimiles of coins has been brought by the skill and science of Mr. Ready, the electrotypist to the Trustees. The coin-electrotypes made by Mr. Ready from casts of the originals are so precisely like the genuine coins that it is no rare thing for connoisseurs for a moment to confound the two. A fairly representative collection of the finest Greek coins, executed in electrotype, is not a very expensive thing, and many private persons, as well as public institutions and schools, have taken advantage of the facilities now offered by the Museum authorities for the purchase of "counterfeit presentments" of the choicest gems in their keeping; and there can be no doubt that the distribution of such collections over the country is doing much and will do more towards educating the popular taste. The Museum has led the way in the employment of electrotype copies of coins. After supplementing the ordinary exhibition of a portion of the actual collection in the Gold Ornament Room by four glass cases of electrotypes of Greek, Roman, and English coins, the combined energy of the Keeper of Coins and the new Principal Librarian has effected a very important addition to the King's Library, to which the public have daily access. By the side of a magnificent exhibition in the originals of the historical medals of the chief countries of Europe, two upright cases have been established, in which electrotype coins of all the Greek cities, from the beginning of the coinage to the Christian era, are exhibited in a clear chronological and geographical arrangement, which is fully explained in a Guidebook written by the Assistant-Keeper of Coins, Mr. Barclay V. Head, already known by his *History of the Coinage of Syracuse*, his *Coinage of Lydia*, and his official catalogue of the coins of Macedon. No more valuable work of its kind has appeared than this *Guide to the Greek Coins exhibited in Electrotype in the King's Library*. The whole subject of Greek numismatics is here luminously expounded. The fine series of typical coins is divided into seven periods, characterized as the period of archaic art, that of transitional art, of fine art, and so on through the periods of gradual decline to that of decease—extending altogether from B.C. 700 to the Christian era; and Mr. Head describes the characteristics of each period (giving references to contemporary examples in sculpture) in a short, clear introduction, before proceeding to the minute description of each individual coin. These introductions are the most valuable part of the work. They enable the student to take in the general principles of Greek numismatics, the gradual development of the plastic art in Greek hands, and the resemblances, and still more the contrasts, to be discovered between coins and sculptures of the same time and the same locality. To one who has mastered these introductory chapters and traced the working out of their principles in the cases of electrotypes in the King's Library, the theory of Greek coin-art is no longer a secret; and he should be able with very little additional study to assign any fresh coin he meets with to the period to which it belongs, and to group a collection in its true order. The seven beautiful photographic plates which illustrate the *Guide* are another instance of the aids which the last few years have placed at the service of the numismatist. Nothing more perfectly representative of the originals can be conceived. A photograph is taken from the plaster-of-Paris casts of the actual coins by the autotype process, and is then transferred to stone, from which impressions are drawn by ordinary lithographic printing. The result is practically a photograph of the original coin, which, if not always quite so clear and decipherable as a line engraving, is absolutely trustworthy and not less permanent.

One may now, for a very inconsiderable outlay, possess a really beautiful collection of the finest examples of Greek art as developed by coin-engravers, or, failing this, one may study such a collection in the King's Library of the British Museum with Mr. Head's *Guide* in one's hand; and yet there is something wanting. The student, and even the ordinary art collector, needs the help of a systematic history of the Greek coinage—a general account of the issues of each city, in which not only shall the leading characteristics be broadly set forth, but the most minute details explained, the reasons assigned for each ornament and symbol, and every aid that ancient history and archæology can afford brought to bear upon the subject. Such a work Messrs. Trübner are endeavouring to provide for the Eastern section of coin-students in the *International Numismata Orientalia*, which, whilst professing to be little more than a "new edition revised and enlarged" of Marsden's great work, will in truth form an encyclopædia of Oriental numismatics such as no country of Europe has yet produced. But the student of Greek coins has no similar encyclopædia to refer to. The name of Eckhel is above depreciation, but the greatest works may become obsolete; and the more recent Mionnet is extremely unsatisfactory. The most important additions to the science of numismatics have been buried in obscure *Transactions*, *Zeitschriften*, and *Mémoires*, whence it needs no ordinary patience and bibliographical knowledge to exhume them. The British Museum Catalogues, full as they are of learning and research and scientific arrangement, make too severe demands upon the reader's attention and previous knowledge to answer the purpose we have described, and they labour under the necessary disadvantage of being restricted to the specimens preserved in the Museum. What is wanted is something less exclusively special and national—not merely numismatic, but more widely archæological—not English alone, but European. The writer of such a work must be acquainted with the contents of the

* *Guide to the Greek Coins exhibited in Electrotype in the King's Library, British Museum.* By Barclay V. Head, Assistant Keeper of Coins. (Published by Order of the Trustees.) 1880.

The Coinage of Elis. By Percy Gardner, M.A., late Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. (Reprinted from the "Numismatic Chronicle.") 1880.

museums of Europe and with the labours of all his predecessors; and he must treat the whole from the wide standpoint of art, and not from the narrower view of the special numismatist.

We are glad to learn from the pages of the *Numismatic Chronicle* that such a work is actually in process of publication. A small number of scholars, chiefly, it would appear, belonging to the staff of the British Museum, have arranged to prepare a series of monographs on the coinages of the various cities of Hellas, each of which shall form, as it were, a chapter of a New Eckhel—such at least is the ambition of the writers—and the whole, when completed, shall form a full and sufficient history of Greek coins. All the museums of Europe will be referred to, and photographic plates will be added. The value of such a work is indisputable. The only difficulty in such cases is to carry the plan through. Comprehensive treatises to appear in detachments in the Transactions of learned Societies are apt to collapse in the third or fourth number. The present scheme, however, promises to escape the common fate. The first part has already appeared, and its merits are sufficient to give an impetus to the whole series. It treats of a particularly interesting section of Greek coin-lore—the coinage of Elis—and it is written by Mr. Percy Gardner, who has won a high reputation by his official catalogue of the Seleucid coins in the British Museum, and his treatise on the issues of the Kings of Parthia for the *Numismata Orientalia*. *The Coinage of Elis* is a good beginning for the "New Eckhel." It includes some of the best examples of the great period of Greek art, and it adds to the artistic a distinct historic interest. Mr. Gardner, if he is a little unsympathetic on the artistic side, does full justice to the historical. His first object, he says, "is to treat numismatics in strict subordination to history. The history of every community treated of will be divided into periods, and to each period will be assigned its proper coins. This has already been done by Mr. Head in the case of Syracuse; and it is our purpose to treat other cities upon the same plan, if at less length. The fact is that—thanks especially to the English numismatists, as well as Dr. Imhoof-Blumer and M. Six of Amsterdam—it has during the last few years become possible to determine with far greater precision the dates of coins. We can usually arrange all the series of money issued by a Greek city in chronological sequence without much risk of a very serious nature, except in details. Thus, for the first time, the history of a city and its coins can be placed, so to speak, in parallel columns, each of which can be called upon to support the other; or, in some cases, the testimony of coins may refute that of the ancient historians; and thus order and system will be brought into the confused chaos of coins cited by Mionnet, and many side-lights will be opened on the connexions of cities and provinces."

Acting on this principle, Mr. Gardner divides the coinage of Elis into fifteen periods, of which the more important from an artistic point of view are the first seven, which carry the coinage from B.C. 471 to the Macedonian supremacy. We have nothing here to do with the early days before the Dorian invasion—the "Return of the Heracleidæ"—when Elis and the Olympian cult were under the control of the people of Pisa, a city hard by the sanctuary of Zeus. When the Dorians conquered the Peloponnesus, Elis was given to their ally Oxylus and his Ætolians, between whom and the old sovereigns of the country there was constant feud; the Pisatæ endeavouring to hold their own against the encroachments of the invaders, who had established themselves in the fortress of Elis, "to the north of Olympia, at the spot where the Peneus breaks forth from the Arcadian hills." Three times did the people of Pisa recover their old supremacy and the coveted presidency of the Olympic games. But the Eleans each time won back their conquests; about B.C. 570 Pisa disappears from history for a while, and the prosperity of the people of Elis begins and grows; and, "under their presidency, the games gained wider and wider fame, until they were one of the chief bonds which held Hellas together, and until the great deity of Olympia was recognized as the Father of the Gods and of Hellenic men."

As every analogy would lead us to expect, this Father of Gods and Men appears throughout the coinage of Elis in every variety of symbol and portraiture. It was under two aspects that Zeus was worshipped at Olympia. On the one hand, he was "the God of Sky and Weather," on the other "the Lord and Giver of Victory." The former is the common aspect among the Greeks. "Both in Messenia and Arcadia Zeus was worshipped on lofty hills, the spots of earth which are most tempest-beaten and most often shrouded in cloud. On Mount Ithome, Mount Lyceius, Mount Olympus, the cloud-compelling deity sat enshrouded in mist, uttering a voice of thunder, and sending out lightnings to lighten the world and rain to refresh it. On a late coin of Ephesus we have a representation of Zeus thus seated on Mount Prion pouring rain on the city of the Ephesians. Such a character also attaches to the most primitive Zeus of Greece, the god of Dodona, who dwelt amid the stormy hills of Epirus, and whose priests, the Selli, slept on the ground, and washed not their feet." In this aspect we find Zeus represented on the coins of Elis by the thunderbolt, which occurs almost continuously throughout the series; but unfortunately offers little opportunity for the artist's genius. The eagle, too, when it occurs alone, may be taken as a natural symbol of the Cloud-gatherer; but when, as is often the case, it is struggling with a serpent, or tearing a hare, it is rather a type of the second aspect of Zeus, as the God of Victory; for the appearance of an eagle carrying its prey to an army in battle was an omen of victory, as we learn in the eighth and twelfth books of the *Iliad*. Mr. Gardner has a great many interesting suggestions and hypotheses to offer about these symbols of Zeus, in many of which—as, for example, the identification of the Ionic column, upon which the eagle sometimes rests, with the *meta* of the racecourse—there would appear to be much reason. The most appropriate of all symbols of Zeus, however, is the figure of the goddess Nike, the personification of Victory, who soon appears on the coins of Elis, at first running to crown a victor; afterwards, standing or seated, in repose. She is the Victory of the Olympic games, not the Victory of common warfare, and carries the wreath of wild olive which was the sole but sufficient reward of the victor in the games. Lastly, we have Zeus himself portrayed upon the coins, sometimes seated on a throne, or mountain, with the "Bird of Jove" flying beside him; sometimes standing erect, and hurling the terrible thunderbolt; sometimes the head alone; but always wearing the "crown of wild-olive" round his well-curled locks. Mr. Gardner bases some very important conclusions on these Elean portraits of Zeus. He seeks by their aid to discover what was the character of the head of Phidias's great statue of Olympian Zeus. It is impossible for us here to enter fully into the argument; but the evidence offered by coins of the same date as the statue, by coins intended specially to portray the *Olympian* Zeus, and by a coin meant to be an exact copy of the Phidian head of Zeus, would certainly seem to force upon us the conclusion which Mr. Gardner himself scarcely ventures to draw—that it is really possible to reconstruct the head of the Phidian statue from the materials supplied by the coins.

Though Zeus and his symbols occupy the greater part of the Elean coinage there are several other interesting types. It is very noteworthy that a head of Hera—one of the finest, by the way, in the whole range of Greek coins—appears on the coins of Elis at the very time that the same goddess appears on the coins of her favourite Argos, just at the epoch when the Eleans deserted their old Spartan alliance for a league with the Argives. If a daring hypothesis of Mr. Gardner's is to be seriously accepted, a very high interest attaches to one of the coins of the old eagle and thunderbolt type, issued after the return to the Spartan alliance. It bears on the obverse the letters ΔA, and Mr. Gardner interprets these as the initials of Daedalus, who, according to the best authority, that of Pausanias, executed a trophy which the Eleans at this period erected at Olympia to commemorate a victory which they won over Agis in the course of the war which ended in a revival of the Lacedæmonian alliance. Mr. Gardner pleads eloquently for his theory, and the coins of this period do undoubtedly bear the marks of a renewed energy and skill in the artists; but it would be hard to persuade any one but the discoverer of so delightful a coincidence that the argument for Daedalus's name on the coin possesses much strength beyond that of the eternal fitness of things. Other types worth remarking are those of the nymph Olympia, and of a warrior leading a horse and carrying a spear, supposed to be Pelops, whom the Eleans probably adopted from their predecessors, the Pisatae, and whose chariot-race with Oenomaus appears on the pediment of the temple of Zeus. The whole coinage of Elis is full of curious parallels, and Mr. Gardner has done justice to his subject. It is much to be hoped that the succeeding chapters of the "New Eckhel" may not fall short of the first in general archæological interest; but it was not the good fortune of every Greek city to exercise the high presidency of the Olympian games, and to stamp its coinage with the majestic features which Phidias conferred on his Olympian Zeus.

A GOLDEN SORROW.*

THE heroine of this story, Miriam Clint, not only suffers a golden sorrow, but also has "the true, rare, wonderful golden eyes." Very early in the book, before indeed she had left school, she muttered to herself, as she was sticking additional pins here and there amidst the masses of her rich plaits of hair, "I mean to be a rich woman, and to have my own way." She carries out her intention, marries for money, becomes unhappy, and so suffers a sorrow that is as golden as her eyes. She later on commits a great crime, and no doubt ought to have passed the rest of her days in sackcloth and ashes, if not in penal servitude. She does no such thing. She is at length delivered from her first husband, and by her penitence gains a second, and yet does not lose her ill-gotten riches. In the end, therefore, her happiness may with great propriety be described as being as golden as her eyes and her sorrow. Though Miriam, as we gather from the title of the book, is clearly meant to be the heroine, yet there is another young lady, Florence Reeve by name, who holds quite as high a place in the reader's estimation. She begins in poverty, and never aims at wealth. Nevertheless, by a most wonderful chance, she becomes nearly as rich as Miriam. In fact, the story has a highly moral conclusion. There are in it three very bad people. They are all cleared away in due course of time, while the heroine and the virtuous characters are left, as the curtain falls, in a state of great respectability and even affluence. Miriam, to be sure, had committed forgery; but what of that? She had repented, and a penitent heroine—above all, a penitent heroine with the true, rare, wonderful golden eyes—surely deserves in a second marriage with a young husband to find some recom-

* *A Golden Sorrow.* By Mrs. Cashel Hoey. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

pense for all she had suffered from the gloomy and elderly tyrant whom she had first married. Her lot as a girl had been a hard one. Her father was even a greater brute than her first husband, and that is saying a great deal. He had but two children—Walter, who is one of the two heroes, and Miriam—and he treated them with the greatest harshness. He lived in "a gloomy house in a dull plateau of unkempt grass." He did not mix with the country gentlemen his neighbours, but spent his time in drinking and swearing. When the necessities of the plot required it, he brought his swearing to an end by drinking himself to death. His son he had driven from home, and the young man, on a small allowance, was studying medicine in London. There he had met the second heroine, Florence, the orphan daughter of a clergyman, and had secretly married her. His allowance was not enough to support both of them, and, moved thereto by his friend Lawrence Daly, the second hero, he resolved to start with him for the newly discovered gold-fields of California, in the hopes of quickly making there his fortune. He persuades his sister, who was just leaving school, to take his wife home with her as her maid. This she does, and Florence, who passes under the name of Rose Dixon, is not once suspected by her father-in-law to be anything but a servant. Before long an elderly widower of great wealth, Mr. St. Quentin by name, visits in the neighbourhood. He falls in love with Miriam as much as it is possible for a man to fall in love who had already broken the heart of one wife. She at once accepts him, carrying out her schoolgirl resolve to be a rich woman. She receives from him a wedding-present of very fine and tastefully selected jewels, and for a time has a pleasant enough life of it. It is almost impossible to imagine that any one could be unhappy in such a scene as the following:—

Miriam was in her boudoir—a large room, with a richly-furnished conservatory at one end, where there was a crystal fountain with an alabaster basin, wherein gold and silver fish disported themselves, and an aviary tenanted by bright-winged birds; where there was a background of strange tropical growths and feathery frondage, from which banks of gorgeous blossoms, and velvet leaves, with cunningly disposed lights, dispersed among them, sloped downward, and surrounded the fountain in semicircular form, with an interval of marble mosaic. The air was warm and perfumed; the feathery rain of the fountain mingled its sound with the cooing voices of the doves nestling behind the silver wires of their cage; beyond the silken curtains lay the boudoir, in which every modern luxury was accumulated for the pleasure of its owner. Things at once beautiful and precious met the eye on every side, and on all was set the impress of supreme good taste in harmony of colour, of design, of arrangement.

But even boudoirs such as this, the youthful reader must take well to heart, do not secure the possessor from golden sorrow. We grieve to have to state that, in utter disregard of the impress of supreme good taste, even in this elegant boudoir, the old man would suddenly lift the mask of smooth amiability, and show his teeth in a snarl, while his wife's great golden eyes flashed scornful triumph upon him. But matters grow even worse than this, though this was bad enough. He began to indulge in soliloquies, and laughed to himself a low, evil laugh, while his well-preserved, good-looking old face was a sight to see for vindictiveness and cunning. He gazed round on her boudoir, while he muttered to himself, "She likes all this; what taste she has! and, what a love of luxury and ease! She shall have it, plenty of it, as much as she likes, *for awhile*." He had resolved to make his will and leave all his property to a distant young cousin whom he had hitherto treated with the greatest harshness. This young man in the end turns out to be Lawrence Daly, the bosom friend of Miriam's brother Walter. Mr. St. Quentin, a short while before his second marriage, had changed his name, so that it is not till near the end of the story that the connexion between him and Lawrence is discovered. The elderly husband, bent on at once carrying through his purpose, hurried over to England to see his lawyer at a time when he was suffering under a severe attack of gout. With a degree of rashness that one would scarcely look for in such a man, he insisted on crossing from Calais to Dover on one of those days when a crowd of people, from "some unaccountable sort of pleasure, arising probably from a subtle amalgamation of idleness and spite," always hasten to the pier to see the steamer come in. He was carried up almost dead to the hotel; but at once telegraphed for his lawyer. Miriam at the same time telegraphed for her brother, who had lately returned from California. He arrived a short time before the lawyer; but just after Mr. St. Quentin's death. Miriam, in that entire ignorance of the English law of intestacy which may be expected and excused in the heroine of a novel, thought that the heir-at-law, the distant cousin, would inherit all her husband's fortune, which, by the way, seems to have consisted entirely of personalty. Not a moment was to be lost. She made her brother disguise himself as a sick man at the point of death, and when the lawyer came he had no suspicion but that it was Mr. St. Quentin who was making the will. The trick succeeded, and Miriam came into the inheritance of the vast property. Happily for her, before long she met Lawrence Daly, the injured heir-at-law, and fell in love with him. She was also, much at the same time, seized with penitence, and at once made full restitution. He of course fell in love with her, and they were happily married. Her golden sorrow had been of but short duration.

Meanwhile Florence, the other heroine, had also had her experience of wills and testators. Not long after Miriam's marriage drink had begun to do its work on her wicked father, and he fell dangerously ill. Mr. St. Quentin would not suffer his wife to go to nurse him, and so she sent her maid—her sister-in-law in disguise as she really was. On arriving at the gloomy house in the dull plateau of unkempt grass, Florence found old Mr. Clint very ill indeed. The somewhat minute description of the drunkard's person we could, by the way, well have spared. Happily he is reasonable enough to attach himself strongly to his new nurse, and yet does not go so far as to add to the complications of the plot by falling in love with her. He goes on drinking till he has only just strength enough left to make his will. He leaves all his property to his faithful nurse. He even turns penitent, and really makes what, considering how [illegible]d how steadily he had been drinking, may be regarded as [illegible] respectable end. A highly melodramatic scene takes place when the will is read, and the lady's-maid is discovered to be the wife of the disinherited son. Walter, at the time of his father's death, was still working in the gold-fields with his friend Daly. As if the story had not in this double will-making interest enough, a third plot is formed for the scenes in California. The two friends discover a huge nugget which would have made their fortune. They are warned, however, by a faithful friend that a plot has been formed to rob them. Just at that time Daly was struck down with fever, while Walter had only had strength enough to secrete the treasure in a cave, and to write down in his pocket-book a minute description of his hiding-place, when he too was attacked by the same illness. The very night that he was seized by the fever, an attempt was made to rob his hut. A faithful but humble friend of the two heroes was murdered, and their no less faithful dog was strangled. The murderer was the medical man who was attending both, and who unfortunately carried off Walter's pocket-book. When Walter recovered, his memory had so far failed that he had altogether forgotten everything that he had done the day before he was attacked. The nugget, therefore, seemed to be hopelessly lost. His memory, however, somewhat returns in the course of time, and, at the very end of the story, Daly, on a hint gained from him, and accompanied by his wife, revisits the gold-diggings, and searches for the cave. He finds that the roof had fallen in, burying in its fall the medical murderer who, guided by the description in the pocket-book, had gone to seek for the nugget. With his death and righteous punishment the reader is left in a state of placid contentment. The two elderly wretches and the young but utterly vulgar ruffian had been cleared away, the beautiful heroine of the golden eyes had repented, while she and the rest of the young people were to pass the rest of their days in what we may perhaps be allowed to describe as a golden state of genteel respectability. Should, however, any young lady among our readers be ready to follow Miriam in her course, and to venture on trying golden sorrow, we would venture to point out to her that, after all, patience may be the wiser course. Had Miriam refused to marry Mr. St. Quentin, she would in a few months have been freed from that tyrant, her father, by the help of the brandy-bottle. Had she not later on forged the will, seasickness would have delivered her from her husband, while the law would of itself have given her enough to support a life of great luxury. She chose twice to act very wickedly; but, on the other hand, we must allow that one result of her wickedness was certainly to provide her with a very charming hero for her second husband. With such a conclusion as this, perhaps it might have been the wiser course not to have begun to moralize. At all events we will do what is certainly the next best thing to be done—we will at once bring our moralizing to an end.

STUART'S NILE GLEANINGS.*

(Second Notice.)

ALTHOUGH, as we have pointed out in a previous article, Mr. Stuart signally disappoints those who seek accurate archæological facts at his hands, we need not on that account lay aside his book considered as a record of travel. Mr. Stuart has a vivid power of description, and, as a rule, uses it well. Sometimes, indeed, he allows his pen to run away with him, and his English is exchanged, so to speak, for Irish. Thus in one place he tells us that King Amunoph slew with his own hand seven Kings, "but he magnanimously spared one." The context explains his meaning, but it certainly needs explanation. To another passage of the kind even a careful reading of the context gives no light. "I may observe here," says Mr. Stuart speaking of the royal ovals at Deir el Bahari, "that after the death of a sovereign, the successors, when mentioning their heirs, did not give them any titles except that of prince." The meaning of this passage, and, in fact of the whole paragraph in which it occurs, we must confess wholly escapes us. How many successors had a king after his own death? To whose heirs did they give the title of prince? And what has the sentence to do with the biography of the great Queen Amen Noomt Hatasoo Makara, who made Deir el Bahari? The meanings of royal throne-names are extremely obscure, and have engaged and baffled the learning of far better hieroglyphic scholars than Mr. Stuart. In the same paragraph in which we are told of kings' successors and their heirs he translates "Makara" as "Just by the grace of God." This certainly is a very free rendering of three signs which almost certainly signify "Justice the living representative of the Sun." Mr. Stuart is equally unfortunate in the further translation of the Queen's personal name. Amen Noomt, or, as he gives it, not

* *Nile Gleanings.* By Villiers Stuart. London: John Murray. 1879.

altogether without authority, "Amun Knoumte," means, there can be little question, the female representative of Amen Noom, the god of Karnac; with regard to Hatasoo there has been much contention among the learned. Herr Brugsch gives it as Hashep. He formerly called it Hashops. Mr. Renouf has shown very good reasons for reading the second part of the name Asoo, rather than Sheps. The meaning attached to this word would be "the heart of the venerable ones," or "the heart of princes." Mr. Stuart, mistaking the hieroglyphics of the first syllable for those which form *ha-oo-ti*, a leader, translates Hatasoo by "Leader of Princes," and adds, "it is possible that this title, 'Leader of Princes,' may have reference to the fact that she was guardian of her brothers." This guess is a good example of the rhetorical figure vulgarly called putting the cart before the horse. Hatasoo was the name the great Queen bore in her early youth. It was when she became the successor of her brother, Thothmes II., and the guardian of Thothmes III., that she assumed her longer name, and practically discarded the older one. The discussion of this point, as raised by Mr. Stuart, is so far important that it influences our opinion of his theory that Amenhotep IV. and the heretic Kouen Aten were two different kings. If he errs in a small matter, he will err still more in a greater one, and though he supports his view with much reasoning and a considerable number of drawings, chiefly portraits, we find it impossible, without better authority, to entertain it seriously. The idea is not new. Mr. Stuart's side in the controversy has long been looked upon as a losing one, and this is not the place or the time to reopen the question. As a considerable part of the book is taken up with it, we could not pass it by in silence; but, as we have already said, we greatly prefer Mr. Stuart in his narrative passages to Mr. Stuart when he writes upon theories and speculations which many more competent antiquaries have examined in vain.

One of the most interesting chapters is devoted to an account of the mummy pits at Gebel Aboufaida. Few travellers visit them. They are almost filled with the bodies of embalmed crocodiles. It was here that the late Mr. Harris found some fragments of Homer on papyrus, and the caverns have never been thoroughly explored. The difficulties of the descent into them are considerable, and Mr. Stuart's experience will not tempt many visitors to make the attempt. The rocks about the entrance are blackened by fire, and the story goes that a party of travellers had entered, and that soon after vast volumes of smoke were seen to issue. "Some sailors who had accompanied the party, and who were awaiting their return outside, tried to penetrate, but found the smoke so suffocating that they had to abandon the attempt. Neither the unfortunate explorers nor their guides were ever seen again." The fire burnt itself out at length, and nothing but charred bones of men and crocodiles were found when the cave was revisited. It was supposed that the spark of a cigar ignited the bituminous remains of some mummy wrappings. When Mr. Stuart entered, accompanied by naked guides carrying candles, he found the heat overpowering, and was much incommoded by the smell of ammonia. "Sometimes," he says, "the passage was so low and narrow that it was with difficulty we crawled through, one at a time; our lights were repeatedly extinguished by the bats which flew in our faces." Once or twice the cavern was large enough to admit of standing upright, and "at last we emerged into a chamber about fifteen feet across, and high enough to stand up in; in the centre it was supported by a single thick, glittering white stalactite." All about lay the mummies of men and of crocodiles. The light of some magnesium wire disclosed a scene worthy of Dante:—

> The naked bronze figures of my guides with their daggers, the strange weird forms of the reptiles, with their long snouts displaying rows of sharp white fangs, the grinning human heads (many with all their hair still on), thick curly hair, and white gleaming teeth and hollow eyes, that seemed to reproach us for disturbing their rest, the litter of grave-clothes, the shrill complaining cry of the bats as they flew hither and thither, and then the dark shadows of the recesses that opened on all sides, and had served to store the mummies in—all this formed an experience never to be forgotten, and scarcely to be surpassed by the wildest nightmare.

The largest crocodiles taken out measured about fifteen feet, but there are little ones also. Mr. Stuart dived into one of the lateral passages, but soon felt he had seen enough, and that to stay much longer would be to incur the danger of joining the ghostly company. Never, he says, can he forget the delicious sensation of the first taste of fresh air about fifty yards from the entrance, though at starting he had thought it so villanous. When he inquired how it came to pass that the mummies had all been disturbed and scattered about, the Arabs of course laid the blame first on the Khedive; "but the greatest destruction had been caused by a German speculator, who, about three years ago, came and employed men to bring out the mummies wholesale," and, stripping the rags for a paper mill, turned the bones of men and crocodiles alike into superphosphate. Mr. Stuart offered a dollar for a good specimen of a mummied crocodile. The Arabs "disappeared into the bowels of the earth, and, after the lapse of half an hour, we heard them below, and then there slowly arose through the fissure the grisly apparition of a human mummy stripped of its bandages, and, therefore, naked, but quite perfect, mounting bolt upright from the depths beneath, as if through the trap-door of a theatre without any visible motive power."

An interesting chapter also records the success of Mr. Stuart's wish to witness the opening of an untouched tomb—a wish shared, but usually in vain, by most Egyptian travellers. It was at Dashoor, a part of the necropolis of Memphis seldom visited by any but enthusiastic archæologists. "We were early one morning summoned," says Mr. Stuart, "with much mystery, and conducted on foot (they feared to trust the donkey boys) several miles across a tract of desert." At the bottom of a pit was a doorway admitting to a small chamber excavated in the limestone. "On the floor with their heads towards the east, lay two mummies." Not a fold had been disturbed. They had not the usual doll-like look of mummies, but "the aspect of bodies in their shrouds, nothing more." One was large and tall, the other smaller; perhaps they were man and wife. They "appeared sound and solid as they lay there, but when one of the Arabs put his hands beneath the shoulders of the larger one, and tried to raise it up, it collapsed to fragments." It was "as if it had been a phantom." Mr. Stuart accounts for its fragile condition by its great antiquity; at the latest the tomb probably belonged to the time of the Sixth Dynasty; but we are not told of any hieroglyphics, and the author omits to say whether the tomb contained any scarabs or beads, or anything else by which the date could be ascertained. It does him honour that he refrained from further disturbance.

With regard to recent political events in Egypt, Mr. Stuart endeavours, like many other travellers who had received favours from Khedive Ismail, both to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. He gives some additional details of the shocking famine of last year, which probably precipitated Ismail's downfall, and in a chapter on the sugar factories makes very indignant reference to the forced labour by which they were carried on. "While here I saw a long train of boys and girls carrying immense jars of molasses on their shoulders, and there walked beside them men in fezzes, armed with whips, and they used them on the backs of these poor creatures whenever they did not go fast enough for them, and whenever they strayed out of line." He adds this appeal in italic type:—"Consider, O Englishmen, who hold Daira bonds, that this is the machinery through which your 7 per cent. dividends are wrung from the people." He adds many harrowing details from personal observation and a few of the stories which were afloat. "The prevalent corruption is so great that the Khedive himself is robbed in all directions." Against such passages as these we may put what he calls "a good word for the Khedive," the text for which appears evidently in the sentence, "One thing I am sure of, that travellers in Egypt will miss the courteous treatment which they invariably experienced at his hands"; but, he adds, "As for any reform in the general condition of the peasantry, no real improvement is possible so long as the present corrupt race of Turkish officials remain in power." The Khedive's civility to English travellers was part of his policy. He cared little for his people. He cared much for the possibility of drawing—as he supposed indefinitely—on English funds. He made the cardinal mistake of fancying that the money and his credit were inexhaustible. It is, however, but right that English gentlemen who, like Mr. Stuart, accepted his hospitality, even if they did not buy his bonds, should try to "say a good word for him" now that he is fallen from his high estate. Those who would not condescend to shake hands with him—and they were many—can now afford to make the best of him, and at least to regret that, being a Turk, he was unable (perhaps from constitution, perhaps from education) to remember that the whole art of government does not consist in killing the goose that lays the golden egg.

We bid farewell to one of the most ambitious books that have appeared about Egypt, ancient and modern, with the hope that the author may be able to see his way to having his "Gleanings" thoroughly sifted, in order to make them what, in many respects, they deserve to be considered—a gathering of valuable and trustworthy information. We have noticed many things that are wrong, many indications of ignorance; but it is only due to Mr. Stuart to say that his researches have been carried on in a praiseworthy spirit of independence which we should be sorry not to appreciate. His book, as we said in our former notice, is disappointing; but we trust we have shown that it has good points, and is worthy of an effort to make it what at first sight it seems to be.

WARD'S CHAUCER.*

THAT Mr. Morley's "Men of Letters" series—a collection of essays intended to popularize the lives and works of our best literary artists among those who do not aspire to a professional or scholarly knowledge of English literature—should, as a matter of course, include a sketch of Chaucer, is one among many proofs of the striking growth of Chaucer's general influence which has been characteristic of the last fifteen years. Since the days of Lydgate and James I. of Scotland he has remained through all phases of our literary history a poets' poet. All who have felt it necessary to their own poetical development to come at the best of English poetical thought and expression in the times preceding them have read and loved him. Our own generation has seen the rise of what we may almost call a third Chaucerian school, headed by Mr. Morris, producing verse which, however necessarily deficient in Chaucer's *naïveté*, aims above all things at his story-telling effects and strong purity

* *English Men of Letters.—Chaucer.* By Adolphus William Ward. London: Macmillan & Co.

of colour. But it has also seen much more than this. Thanks to an antiquarian revival which has almost assumed the proportions throughout Europe of another Renaissance, working upon the early literary material of modern Europe as the Renaissance of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries worked upon the literary material of Greek and Roman antiquity, Chaucer's influence among us has now been guaranteed by causes more permanent than any poetical fashion. On the one side, we have become accustomed to see bestowed upon the elucidation of his work and personality an amount of scrupulous labour which former generations reserved exclusively for classical authors; on the other, we have seen portions of his writings, and the language in which he wrote, introduced into the ordinary school training of large numbers of English boys and girls. Chaucer is now in a fair way to be more widely read and truly enjoyed than at any previous time in history, not excluding his own age. And, in spite of the unpopular and technical character of much of their work, of the counting and theorizing and hair-splitting in which Mr. Furnivall delights, it is to the scholars that this result is mainly due. The industry and ingenuity of Mr. Furnivall, Professor Skeat, Mr. Bradshaw, and Dr. Morris has had two results. It has attracted to the work and to the subject a great number of persons to whom any intricate literary problem seriously attacked is in itself inviting; and it has in the long run so prepared the ground, so cleared and shaped the older tangle of fact and legend, that the general imagination now finds in Chaucer a subject of old-world charm made real and living with to-day's life by the mere force of searching and strenuous discussion.

Professor Ward's book is perhaps the first substantive attempt to give popular shape to all the results that modern Chaucerian scholarship has now achieved. Mr. Lowell, in his brilliant but most unequal essay in *My Study Windows*, based his account of Chaucer's development and characteristics upon a thorough study of the material then accepted, as well as of the points then in debate; but his treatment was necessarily sketchy and imperfect, and many questions of interest have materially advanced since he wrote. M. Sandras's *Étude* and Professor Ten Brink's *Studien* were both of them eminently readable books, written from a literary standpoint to which the mass of Chaucerian criticism makes no pretension. But both were books of discussion, addressed to the few rather than to the many. Professor Ward's book, on the contrary, as was to be expected from the series in which it appears, is a book of statement only. With the exception of a few points where the bulk of the controversy admits of a sketch of its main features, and where the debate raised is not of too technical a nature to allow of its reproduction in such a book as the present—as, for instance, in the case of Chaucer's marriage or of his relation to the Wycliffite movement—Professor Ward contents himself with summarizing in a popular form the main results of the best English and foreign criticism of the poet's life and works. He dissents from these main results in one point only, the question of the authenticity of the "Romaunt of the Rose." On others he sometimes shows a disposition to distrust some of the more ingenious German conjectures, as in the case of those affecting the Parson's Tale, or the various editions of the theme of the Knight's Tale; while we miss from his pages some of the most attractive results of Professor Ten Brink's comparison of Chaucer with his Italian masters. Still, on the whole, the book represents the general condition of Chaucerian study, and the main positions arrived at, in a singularly fair and accurate way, and in so doing supplies a want which has long been felt.

Professor Ward divides his essay into three chapters—"Chaucer's Times," "Chaucer's Life and Works," and "Characteristics of Chaucer." Of these the first is perhaps the least and the third the most successful. It requires very special gifts of style and treatment to sketch a crowded epoch in forty-six small pages, so as to bring home its main lines and features to the reader without either confusion or exaggeration. Dean Church possesses these gifts in a high degree, and they were shown in the "Gibbon" of the present series by Mr. Cotter Morrison. But they do not necessarily accompany learning and understanding, and certainly the latter half of Professor Ward's book strikes us as much more evenly successful than the first half. In the chapter on "Chaucer's Life and Works," the main periods of the poet's literary career are brought into connexion with the leading facts of his biography, while the works are grouped under the periods in a scheme corresponding generally to the scheme put forward by Mr. Furnivall in the "Trial Fore-words," although Professor Ward as a rule refrains from adopting the dogmatic tone of the specialists, and appears to regard a greater number of points as open questions than they would perhaps admit to be such. This adds to the fairness and independence of the book, but it leads every now and then to a more tender treatment of old mistakes than is desirable. The "Romaunt of the Rose" may be still a debateable question, though the traces of Northern dialect in the rhymes, recently pointed out, are a hard problem for the champions of its authenticity; but there should be no "ifs" allowed in such matters as the Chaucerian authorship of "The Flower and the Leaf" or of "Chaucer's Dreme." Professor Ward's account of Chaucer's debts to France and Italy is very freshly and clearly written, and brings out, what is becoming every day more apparent, that while the influence of France upon Chaucer has been allowed rather more than its due place in his literary history, that of Italy has been till quite lately very much underrated. We cannot help wishing that room had been found for a reproduction of Professor Ten Brink's suggestions of the relations of the *Troilus* and of the *House of Fame* to the *Divina Commedia*. They are probably quite unknown to the majority of English readers, and even if they are not to be taken as made out in all points, they are so full of promise of fresh light upon one of the most attractive of literary problems, the inner relations of one great poet to another, that they deserved reproduction. When Professor Ten Brink points out that the *Troilus* is divided into five books, combining in unequal proportions the ten books of the *Filostrato*; that this division into five books answers to the rules laid down with special plainness by Dante for the conduct and subject of comedy and tragedy; when he draws attention to the prologues introducing each book of the *Troilus* as not existing in Chaucer's immediate model the *Filostrato*, but as imitated from those of the *Divina Commedia*, and points out the close connexion between the prologue to the second book, that is the middle stage of the comedy, and the prologue to the *Purgatorio*, the middle stage of Dante's great *Commedia*; and when, in addition to these structural connexions, he is able to produce passages in which Chaucer, discarding the image furnished him by the *Filostrato*, makes use of one taken direct from Dante, the reader feels himself brought into a singularly close and delightful contact with Chaucer's mind and method. Each suggestion advanced is not equally strong, but the whole series is most convincing, and seems to admit us to some of the more intimate secrets of the poet's workshop. The resemblances between the *House of Fame* and the *Divina Commedia* are not so striking, and have been often contested. Still there is foundation enough for the general view that the *House of Fame* is a sort of burlesque counterpart of the *Divina Commedia*, and further careful comparative study of the two works will probably yield fresh evidence of connexion. From the *Troilus* and the *House of Fame*, and even in a higher degree from the *Assembly of Foules*, overwhelming evidence is now forthcoming that Chaucer was a devoted student of Dante, and was related to him in more intimate and important ways than he was to Boccaccio, in spite of the large mass of poetical material which he owed to the latter.

Professor Ward is particularly good on the dramatic character, the "comedy," of the *Canterbury Tales* as a whole, on the life and force of the framework, especially of its main component, the personality of the Host. He dwells on the excellent dramatic opportunities afforded by a journey of any kind undertaken by a number of people, especially by such a journey as a mediæval pilgrimage:—

> One goes to pray, the other seeks profit, the third distraction, the fourth pleasure. To some the road is everything; to others, its terminus. All this variety lay in the mere choice of Chaucer's framework; there was accordingly something of genius in the thought itself; and even an inferior workmanship could hardly have left a description of a Canterbury pilgrimage unproductive of a wide variety of dramatic effects.

As to the *Tales* themselves, it is not quite easy to understand why only two should have been dealt with at any length, and those two the Pardoner's and the Parson's. Surely from the point of view of popular effect it would have been better to have curtailed the problem of the "Parson's Tale" in favour of a more adequate treatment of the "Knight's Tale" or the "Man of Lawe's Tale." And a good deal more quotation might have been allowed in this section with advantage.

The last chapter, on the Characteristics of Chaucer, is well arranged and well put. His modesty, his animal spirits, his learning, his relations to nature, his dramatic power, his simplicity, his magical wealth of expression—all these points are sketched and illustrated as fully as the limits of the book allow. The curious mixture in Chaucer of old and new worlds, of the Renaissance and the middle ages, does not escape notice, and Professor Ward dwells happily on Chaucer's *naïveté*, on that element of childishness and crudity in him, inseparable from his place in history, which has so often obscured his true rank as a poet. That rank is now universally conceded, and every year that passes will probably see Chaucer more widely read and more truly understood. The present volume, as a pleasant and accurate sketch of the results of modern work on Chaucer, makes a useful contribution towards this end. The perusal of it takes a reader back to a judgment partly quoted by Professor Ward, as true for us as for its original audience, the judgment of a finished and exquisite critic, who was himself, as far as his poetry was concerned, a genuine heir of Chaucer's freshness and force. "Chaucer," writes Sir Philip Sidney in the *Apology for Poetry*, "undoubtedly did excellently in his *Troilus and Cresseid*, of whom truly I know not whether to marvel more, either that he in that misty time could see so clearly, or that we in this clear age walk so stumblingly after him." Not that Chaucer in Sidney's eyes was without "great wants." Yet are these "fit to be forgiven in so reverend antiquity." Generations of Chaucerian students will scarcely arrive at a mood of criticism more true or more fruitful.

THE LAW OF MONEY SECURITIES.*

WE suppose it is owing to the difficulty of discovering new subjects for law books that treatises are written of the class of that recently issued by Mr. Cavanagh. It is impossible so to classify legal matters that each shall fall under only one head, and,

* *The Law of Money Securities.* By C. Cavanagh, B.A., LL.B., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons. 1879.

when treated under that head, be considered as finally disposed of. As in natural science, legal doctrines may be divided into genera and species; but, otherwise than in natural science, legal specimens, so to speak, not unfrequently pertain to one or more departments or sections of legal knowledge. Thus Mr. Cavanagh is perfectly within his province when dealing at length in his present work with Bills of Lading; but the same subject will be found at just as great length and just as fitly in any work on the law of Merchant Shipping. It is unfortunate that this interlacing of subjects is unavoidable, inasmuch as it involves in almost every law book the introduction of a quantity of old matter; and in the case of a book like Mr. Cavanagh's, which covers a very large field, the effect produced is almost that of what used to be termed in music a "pasticcio," or work composed of excerpts from others. Mr. Cavanagh says in his preface that "there exists no one complete book on securities of a monetary nature to which reference can be made either by lawyers, or by bankers, brokers, money-lenders, capitalists, or other classes in the commercial world," and he puts this forward as a justification for his book; but the subject has been so largely cut into by such standard works as Byles on Bills, Fisher on Mortgages, and others we could mention, that we may be pardoned for questioning whether it would be altogether worth while to write a book which should be merely a compilation of the information derivable from the works of previous authors. Mr. Cavanagh has, however, done more than this, inasmuch as he has, to say the least of it, amplified the treatment which some of his subjects have met with at the hands of prior text-writers.

The term which Mr. Cavanagh has selected as a title for his work he explains as designed to include all securities for the payment of money, whether founded on the personal credit of the individual or body giving them or on the rights they convey over specific property, and at the same time to exclude mere documents of title, which, though capable of being utilized as securities by means of deposit or pledge, are not of themselves rightly termed securities. The subject, even thus curtailed, is, as we have remarked, a very wide one; but after a careful perusal of the book, we are not disposed to quarrel with its author, when he describes it in his preface as an "exhaustive treatise."

The first fifty pages are occupied with the law of the most ordinary and simple forms of money securities—namely, I. O. U.'s, promissory notes, bills of exchange, and bank notes; and a chapter follows on Post Office Money Orders, in which the important question is broached, whether such documents constitute bills of exchange within either the Common Law meaning of the term or the provisions of the Stamp Act. Mr. Cavanagh inclines to the belief that, viewed in the latter light, Post Office Orders are practically bills of exchange, with the result that they cannot be sued upon without being duly stamped, which, as a matter of fact, they never are. In Mr. Cavanagh's next chapter on Bonds and Post Obits, he lays down a principle to which we are bound to take exception. In speaking of the usual method of ensuring the performance or fulfilment of a condition by a bond with a specified penalty attached to the breach of such condition, he lays it down as law that, "if the obligor be sued on the bond, not the amount of the penalty, but either damages for the actual injury sustained or the sum secured (if such there be), interest and costs can only be recovered against him." This is not strictly true. Courts are no doubt anxious nowadays to discover grounds for not mulcting a man in an amount altogether disproportionate to the injury he may have occasioned; but in cases where the object of the agreement between the parties is obviously to assess the damages beforehand in case of any future breach of contract, no court will intervene to release either party from his engagement, or to mitigate the consequences of such breach when committed.

Under the heading "Foreign Securities" Mr. Cavanagh correctly describes the rights, or rather the practical absence of any rights, acquired by the British subject who advances money to a foreign Government upon its securities; but the law, as laid down by a series of decisions, is perhaps unknown to the majority of those confiding persons who become foreign bondholders. The issuers of foreign loans are usually bankers or financial agents in this country of more or less reputation or credit according to the class of business they undertake; but as they act avowedly only as the agents of the foreign Government, there is no personal remedy against them. Then, as the sovereign power of a nation or independent political society can owe no legal obligation, it follows that the claim against the foreign State is a purely moral one—a not very valuable security for money in cases which could be mentioned, especially as no English Court has jurisdiction to enforce the contracts of a foreign Government against the property of such Government in England, or to lay hands upon funds in the possession of the agents of such Government, even though such funds have been specifically designed for the payment of its obligations.

After treating of the legal incidents of life policies of insurance, which, besides being primarily securities as against the Insurance Companies, are very frequently utilized as collateral securities in cases where money is borrowed, Mr. Cavanagh passes to the consideration of the less known class of securities classed as judgment securities, whereby the person giving the security puts it within the power of the other party to enter judgment against him for a specified amount without the previous formalities of an action. A judgment being, in the eye of the law, the highest conceivable obligation between man and man, and being enforceable by immediate execution, it is obvious that this class of security affords a paramount protection to its holder, enabling him in default to seize the whole of the debtor's property, real and personal, in satisfaction of his debt. The only case in which this class of security would be inefficacious is of course that of a borrower whose property amounts to little or nothing, who has usually to resort to some other form of security, such as pledge, if he wishes to raise money. The three modes by which a judgment can be obtained by way of security are:—(1) By a warrant of attorney; (2) by a "cognovit actionem," a form of legal process somewhat out of date now, we fancy, but which is familiar in connexion with Mrs. Bardell and Messrs. Dodson and Fogg's costs in the action of Bardell *v.* Pickwick; and, (3), a judge's order; each of which Mr. Cavanagh describes at some length.

The next two sections of Mr. Cavanagh's book deal with guarantees and mortgages of land or ships, with regard to which subjects we defy any author to say anything new. The most, therefore, that we can predicate of this part of the work is that it appears complete and correct. We were rather puzzled, however, after plodding through Chapter xx., headed "Mortgages of Ships," and relating to that subject, to find Chapter xxii. beginning with these words:—"Mortgages of Movable or of Personalty, comprising—1. Mortgages of Goods and Chattels other than Registered Ships; 2. Mortgages of Registered Ships and Shares therein"; and apparently proposing to deal with each of these and two other classes of mortgages of personalty in the subsequent portion of the work—a promise which reference to the index will show not to be performed in the case of mortgages of ships, as indeed there is no need it should be, the matter being already disposed of. This curious discrepancy must be the result of some mistake of arrangement, and will no doubt be rectified should Mr. Cavanagh's book reach a second edition. The chapter above referred to on "Mortgages of Goods and Chattels other than Registered Ships" is interesting, and here, almost for the first time in his book, Mr. Cavanagh is able to exercise his ingenuity on some absolutely new matter, afforded by the Bills of Sale Act, 1878. In relation to this enactment the author raises the disquieting question whether, on a strict and literal interpretation of the words of the statute, ordinary receipted invoices for goods purchased are not "bills of sale" requiring registration to ensure their efficacy. Mr. Cavanagh arrives at the right, which is also the reasonable, conclusion on this point, but we regret to notice that he bases an argument on the punctuation of a section, apparently forgetting that original statutes are not punctuated at all. Save, however, for the above item, this chapter contains little or nothing that has not appeared before, and the long disquisitions on fixtures and assignments void as against creditors read almost like extracts from Smith's Leading Cases and Robson on Bankruptcy. In dealing with the difficult subject of equitable assignments, Mr. Cavanagh writes clearly and well, and this portion of his book may compare not unfavourably with the treatment of the same matter by Mr. Leake in his work on Contracts; but we refer in vain to the present work for a solution of the question which must sooner or later arise, as to whether the new rule introduced by the Judicature Acts on this point is to be looked upon as retrospective or not—that is, whether assignments made before the Judicature Act, and not in accordance with its provisions, can be sued upon. Another curious question might be raised on the new Innkeeper's Act of 1878 quoted by Mr. Cavanagh in p. 354. This Act gives innkeepers, and the proprietors of hotels and licensed public-houses, the power, vulgarly supposed to belong to them of common right, to sell horses, carriages, or other goods left on their premises "to defray expenses," as the phrase is. But prior to such sale, the innkeeper or hotel-keeper is "to advertise in one London and one country paper, of which the latter circulates in the district where such goods or some of them have been deposited or left," and the obvious difficulty is, how is a London hotel-keeper to comply with this requirement. Mr. Cavanagh does not tell us, and if the Statute provides a solution of the matter, he does not mention it.

"Collateral Securities" absorb nearly fifty pages of Mr. Cavanagh's book, and the author plunges boldly into the mysteries of "marshalling, and the appalling intricacies of what is technically known as "the rule of ex parte Waring," with regard to which he honestly acknowledges his indebtedness to the treatise of Mr. A. C. Eddis, one of the very few persons who can claim to have threaded this legal labyrinth, into which we do not propose here to follow either him or Mr. Cavanagh. After a chapter on "Actions and other remedies on Securities," in which the author somewhat unnecessarily details certain provisions of the Judicature Acts which ought by this time to be matter of common knowledge, Mr. Cavanagh concludes his work with a long and interesting account of the manners and customs of the Money Market and Stock Exchange, as being the places where "securities," in the ordinary acceptation of the term, are most largely dealt in. Here we find elucidated cabalistic terms, such as "contango," "backwardation," "put and call," and so forth; while the operations by which the sale and purchase of stocks and shares, and other Stock Exchange transactions are carried out are so clearly explained that the merest outsider would, after a perusal of this part of Mr. Cavanagh's book, be able to study the money articles in the newspapers with a reasonable degree of intelligence. Lord Justice James has declared that Capel Court is not an Alsatia within whose precincts Her Majesty's writ does not run, and ordinary legal principles have thus been applied to matters hitherto deemed to be within the exclusive jurisdiction of the Committee of the Stock Exchange. The batch of cases by which this innovation has

been developed are clearly summarized by Mr. Cavanagh, as also several instances in which the validity of time bargains has been before the courts.

Looking through what we have written, we are afraid we have been rather hard on Mr. Cavanagh, and not given him due credit for the really careful way in which he has done his work from beginning to end. Irritation at having to wade through so much old matter is possibly at the root of our lack of enthusiasm, and no doubt were we to attempt to fulfil the task which Mr. Cavanagh has set himself, we should find it equally difficult to avoid reopening well nigh worked-out veins of law without incurring the risk of rendering the book incomplete. Moreover it must be remembered that text-books are primarily designed for students, who, when they are reading up a subject, want to know all about it; and, for the use of any one with a limited stock of legal knowledge and an equally limited law library, Mr. Cavanagh's book is an admirable synopsis of the whole law and practice with regard to securities of every sort. Far, therefore, from wishing to depreciate the present book, we desire to accord it all praise for its completeness and general accuracy; we can honestly say there is not a slovenly sentence from beginning to end of it, or a single case omitted which has any material bearing on the subject. These characteristics render it valuable to those who have no need to read it through, and who only require a book to which they may turn for a concise statement of the law on any given point within its scope and for reference to the latest cases.

LORD MASKELYNE'S DAUGHTER.*

MISS KETTLE is one of those careful and conscientious writers who steadily advance with experience and practice. She had always a pleasant style, and showed a strong sympathy with the beauties of nature; while there was an increasing interest in her successive stories. But her plots occasionally tended to the melodramatic, and her characters sometimes bordered on the fantastic. In *Lord Maskelyne's Daughter* we still distinguish some touch of the melodrama; but the story moves smoothly and consistently forward from the first chapter to the last. The least probable of its personages is his lordship himself, who plays, after all, but a secondary part. He is depicted with the haughty feelings of the aristocratic caste; he has been bred in habits of self-indulgence from his boyhood, and has hardened with a life of somewhat reckless dissipation. His dominating failing is his inveterate selfishness; and he has many follies to regret, and some more serious sins to repent. We can easily conceive such a man as he is represented being sensible to the gentler and more innocent affections, and abandoning himself in his softer moods to passing impulses of generosity. But we should have by no means expected to see him pressing his friendship and the hand of his daughter on a youthful farmer born in the peasant class, and accepting a succession of rebuffs from that independent spirit with a courtesy and complacency that never belie themselves. Yet there is this to be said for Miss Kettle's conception of Lord Maskelyne, that he is depicted as being eccentric as well as impulsive; and eccentricity may account even for apparent extravagances in a man who has given the reins to each newborn fancy. In other respects the story is as natural as it is simple, and not a few of the scenes are singularly pathetic. It is a tale of true love fostering itself in solitude, and hoping against hope; discouraged by the self-distrust which is almost inseparable from it, and struggling with the obstacles it ultimately overcomes. "A Story of the Northern Border" Miss Kettle calls it; and the promise of the attractive title is fulfilled by charmingly varied descriptions of scenery. There is something that has always been exceedingly fascinating to us in the wild country on either side of the border. Very often it is gloomy rather than grand; there is a certain monotony in the brown moors, in the grey stretches of waste, in the green valleys winding up among the hills grazed over by the flocks of the solitary sheep-farmers. But nowhere, perhaps, can we more vividly realize the most striking effects of cloud and storm. It lights up marvellously in the fitful bursts of sunshine between showers, and changes its whole aspect into smiling attractiveness under the unclouded brilliancy of some glorious summer day. It is a land of waters; of brooks and becks tumbling down the rocky glens in cascades that are now arched over by matted undergrowth, now shrunken in the summer droughts to silver threads, and now rushing down in the thaws or autumn rains in foaming, moss-stained torrents. Miss Kettle, who seems to know these districts well, has caught the spirit and enchantment of their scenery. She presents us with a series of graphic pictures, where we have lonely farmsteadings, picturesque cottages, and quaint old halls in the foregrounds, with wanderers lost in the mists on the moors, and anglers following their peaceful pursuits along the silent banks of sequestered streams. And she has done justice likewise to the somewhat rugged inhabitants, possessing a combination of qualities that makes them improve upon acquaintance, though they may repel the stranger on a first introduction.

Her hero, young Harry Forbes, is an excellent specimen of the best of the local types, Scotch by extraction, and of a well-descended family. Though born and reared on the English side, he has much of that Scottish pride of race which impels a man to do credit to his "forbears." Harry Forbes began life as a farmer's boy, but he has a field or two and a cottage of his own; and circumstances, with his own habits of economy, add subsequently to his little possession. So far most of his class would have called his existence a success; but to him it seems disappointment and failure. There is little more than a bare living to be made out of his barren land, and he has aspirations and ambitions, and longs to rise in the world. In as far as the means were within his reach, he has by no means neglected his education. With sound practical capacity there is a strong tinge of the poetical in his nature, and he is ready to give a welcome to any romance that may throw a warmer glow over his prospects. His aunt, who was austere in her manners, although greatly attached to him, was the only being in the world for whom he cared; but that was not the kind of affection for which he was pining. At last even his aunt is taken from him, and he is left absolutely alone. He would probably have quitted his native North country to seek his fortune elsewhere, when he meets with the adventure which changes his destiny. He stumbles on it under circumstances that are appropriately impressive. He is crossing the moors near his cottage on an April evening, when one of the dense hill mists is settling down upon them. Even a man familiar with the lie of the landscape might well fail to find his way in the dark, and any belated stranger must be hopelessly lost. Henry hears a plaintive cry for assistance in a female voice, and the voice comes from the vicinity of the Elf's Stone. There was many a wild tradition about the place, and in a momentary sense of superstition he experiences an involuntary tremor. Second thoughts of course reassure him, and he makes his way to beings of flesh and blood who are eager enough to welcome any deliverer in the alarming straits to which they are reduced. He guides two beautiful girls home to his cottage, where he shyly avails himself of his opportunities of respectfully admiring their attractions. The one whose graver and more expressive charms awaken his earnest admiration from the first was, by a strange coincidence, a vision who had haunted his dreams; in fact, she was an old acquaintance who had done him a kindness which he has now a chance of repaying. He falls forthwith over head and ears in love, and he loves with the passionate determination of his character, though he fears that the distance between them is a gulf he can never bridge. For these fascinating young ladies are the *protégées* of Lord Maskelyne, one of them indeed being acknowledged as his natural daughter; and they have the refinement of girls of birth and high breeding, having enjoyed the advantages of education and good society. Marguerite, whom Forbes adores, is sketched with extreme grace and delicacy; she reminds us at every turn of Wordsworth's ideal:—

> A perfect woman, nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort, and command.

But her cousin Blanche is decidedly the more original of the two. Blanche is feeble in health, and somewhat weak in intellect. She has been in the habit of leaning on her stronger cousin; accustomed to have her invalid fancies indulged, she has developed the selfishness which she may have inherited from her father. When she is once on an easy footing of intimacy with their saviour, young Forbes, a strange transformation is wrought in her, though it is only when his eyes have been opened by proposals made to him by Lord Maskelyne that he awakens to the real cause of the change. Then he remembers how she had learned to cling to him; how each trifling incident connected with their intercourse had seemed to impress itself indelibly on her mind. Blanche had unwittingly given him her heart, and in her simplicity had been unable to conceal her predilections. He would gladly do much for her, but he cannot do what she desires; and whether the self-denying Marguerite might wish him to make that sacrifice for her cousin or not, he feels bound to say as much to Lord Maskelyne. The story of how Blanche learns to forget him in absence, and how she is brought to bestow her impulsive affections on another, of the hopes and fears of her new lover, as her brain grows stronger and then loses strength again, is told with no little art and pathos. And there is a moving interlude, where this new lover of Blanche's unwittingly gains the affections of Jessie Forbes, a pretty Scottish girl, and a cousin of the hero. At least as romantic, though perhaps less natural, is another love affair which is brought to a happy conclusion. Jessie's father had been attached in his ardent youth to a very lovely sister of Lord Maskelyne. The course of the love had of course not run smooth, and the penniless sister of the embarrassed peer had been forced to marry for money and position. She had been wedded to an old man who gave her a coronet, but no happiness, and who had died, leaving her a well-jointured widow. Her young admirer had married likewise, and made a fortune, and brought up children, and lost most of them. Now that accident has thrown the lonely couple together again, the old feelings revive, and it seems to them that, though it is impossible to go back upon the past, it would be a pity not to make the best they can of the future. Forbes makes up his mind to speak; and the Countess, whose heart is all in favour of his suit, gives a frank assent to his straightforward arguments. As for his nephew Henry, his retiring but resolute constancy has the success it deserves. It appears, indeed, that what he had half suspected all along was the case; and that he had really won his Marguerite years before, when he was

* *Lord Maskelyne's Daughter: a Story of the Northern Border.* By Rosa Mackenzie Kettle, Author of the "Ranger's Lodge," &c. James Weir. 1880.

worrying himself very unnecessarily over her fancied engagement to another :—

> Our wooing was very short, but sweet—all the sweeter, I think, for its brevity. In fact our love-making had been done long ago at the stepping-stones over the brook under Haggisthorne Peak. The moment Marguerite left her sister's side, and set her dainty feet on the grass to come and meet me, I knew that I had won my bride!

So a story that had threatened to be sad ends sufficiently brightly. It is true that Blanche remains unmated, and the separation from her second lover is the more trying because she has fully realized her mental feebleness, and recognizes that it condemns her to renounce the happiness that seemed for some time to be within her reach. But even Blanche in her new unselfishness has her consolation in being the angel in the house of the father whom she has reformed, and who repays her tenderness with the most absolute devotion. Altogether Miss Kettle's story is an extremely pretty one, and it has the merit besides of being kept within reasonable bounds, and of being published in comfortable type in a single volume.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE counter-reformation with which the Church of Rome endeavoured to parry the progress of Protestantism is an historical episode of the highest interest, the impartial treatment of which is obviously very difficult. No closer approach to absolute impartiality is likely ever to be made than that effected by Professor Maurenbrecher (1), a sincere Protestant, but so remarkable gifted with the power of placing himself at his opponents' point of view that his pages might occasionally pass for those of some judicious and temperate Catholic writer of the good old school exterminated by Ultramontanism. While rejoicing in the Reformation, he still almost makes it his particular business to point out how much vitality remained in Catholicism, and how sincere and widespread was the desire for a genuine reformation in discipline and morals, although the need for a return to primitive simplicity of doctrine was not equally felt. What especially distinguishes Professor Maurenbrecher from other historians of the Reformation epoch is the stress he lays upon the reformation effected in Spain by Cardinal Ximenez, by whom the popular demand was actually carried out, and who fairly realized on a small scale the ideal which zealous Catholics, with no leanings to a purely Biblical religion, must have formed of the Church Universal. Discipline was enforced, abuses were corrected, theological learning revived in an extraordinary manner; nothing more, on Catholic principles, should have been necessary. The simultaneous revival of the Inquisition as a necessary consequence of Ximenez's reforms showed but too clearly that the world could not be managed on such principles, and that a return to the mediæval Catholicism would be equivalent to a return to mediæval barbarism. Nothwithstanding this, the existence at such a time of one national Church conspicuous for purity of morals and orthodoxy of belief was a powerful element in determining the ultimate course of events. Professor Maurenbrecher carefully compares this reaction towards Thomas Aquinas with the contemporary and better understood reaction towards the classical ideal known as Humanism, and with the German Reformers' reaction towards the New Testament. Everywhere he shows himself equally accurate and impartial, and his history bids fair to rank high among the numerous delineations of one of the most interesting periods of human history. The first volume terminates with the death of Pope Clement VII.

A new History of Germany, by L. Stacke (2), is an excellent specimen of its class, but this class is not a high one. The work belongs essentially to the category of popular histories, and is perhaps chiefly significant as a symptom of the condition of popular feeling which renders such histories popular. From this point of view it is very satisfactory; the German people can only be congratulated on the condition of public sentiment which renders it worth the while of popular publishers to produce a work for general circulation adorned with so many engravings and chromo-lithographs. The latter are chiefly selected from mediæval MSS. The execution is perfect, and artistically and historically they are for the most part of the highest interest. They serve to recommend a fairly written but rather commonplace text, presenting the most accredited results of historical investigation with no pretence to independent research.

The celebrated exhortation, "Tu felix Austria, nube," is illustrated by K. Rausch's careful study of the circumstances attendant upon the Archduke Maximilian's espousal of the Princess Mary of Burgundy (3), which, combined with his subsequent election as King of the Romans, chiefly contributed to raise the House of Hapsburg to its present position in Europe. Herr Rausch ascribes these successes principally to the persevering diplomacy of Maximilian's father, the Emperor Frederick III., who redeemed his impotence as Emperor of Germany by his tenacious persistence in laying the foundations of a new State. Herr Rausch attributes the disorganization of the German body politic at this period to the disobedience and wilfulness of the Princes of the Empire, and his monograph may not improbably have been composed with the view of insinuating that German interests have always been most efficiently represented by Austria.

Abstruse points of chronology form the groundwork of Dr. Krusch's treatise on the controversies of the fifth century respecting the proper time of keeping Easter (4). The second part contains an edition of the principal chronological tables, tracts, and epistles from Popes and others relating to the subject.

Dr. Lohmeyer (5) investigates the obscure history of Prussia Proper, which involves constant reference to the histories of Poland and Lithuania. Considering the difficulty and uncertainty of the subject, his narrative is remarkably perspicuous and attractive. It comes down to the year 1407, and will be continued until the erection of Prussia into a kingdom in the early part of the eighteenth century.

A so-called sketch of the history of Ireland, by Karl Kautsky (6) is only worth notice as a specimen of the rubbish accepted as gospel by the adversaries of England on the Continent and in America. Herr Kautsky recapitulates all the harsh proceedings of English administrators in Ireland from Strongbow to Castlereagh, utterly ignoring the circumstances which so frequently palliated or necessitated them. He deals largely in statistics of Irish poverty prior to 1852, without a hint of the improvement effected since the country has been relieved of the curse of over-population. After the imprudent language of Mr. Gladstone, Herr Kautsky can hardly be censured for attributing that statesman's legislation to fear rather than to a sense of justice.

Without going quite so far as the late Baron Stockmar, who pronounced the English Constitution the corner-stone of all political science, Herr Max Büdinger (7) is greatly impressed by it as a work of art produced by no conscious effort on the part of any single legislator, but slowly elaborated under the pressure of circumstances by successive generations, "building better than they knew." The interest and admiration thus awakened in him as a student of political science have prompted the composition of a sketch of the present state of the English Constitution, accompanied by a series of historical studies on its practical development. The most important of these fall under the section devoted to the examination of the development of the royal authority, in which the relations of the latter at various periods to the nobility, the Church, and the commons, are very fully discussed. The book shows a thorough acquaintance with English history, and the subject is treated in an easy and agreeable style.

In a concise biography of C. G. von Waechter (8), Herr Windscheid records the history of an eminent German jurist, whose public life was divided between Saxony and Würtemberg. After having long officiated as Professor at Leipsic, Waechter removed to Tübingen, was induced by the political events of 1848 to return to Leipsic, and enjoyed the highest influence and authority at both places. The legislation both of Saxony and Würtemberg is greatly indebted to him.

The resemblance between the political constitutions of the German Empire and the United States (9) is not slight or far-fetched, although somewhat disguised for the present by the apparent tendency of the former to a more centralized organization. This tendency may not prove persistent; and at all events the difficulties which have recently arisen in adjusting the claims of the various States represented in the Reichstag lend weight to Dr. Schlief's exhortation to his countrymen to acquaint themselves with the most scientifically constructed of Federal Constitutions. After an historical and general introduction, he successively analyses the American Constitution in its two great branches, its provision for the exercise of legislative and of executive functions. Other sections treat of the right of impeachment, of constitutional amendments, and of the judicial power. The latter important subject is perhaps hardly treated with sufficient fulness, and enough is not said of the weakest point in the United States Constitution—the extreme difficulty of maintaining the dignity and purity of a judiciary chosen by popular election, and of a Supreme Court whose members are notoriously liable to be appointed on political grounds. It speaks volumes for the "law-abiding" quality of the English race that the authority of this august tribunal should have been, on the whole, so little impaired; and it is certain that the institution could only work on the Continent among a Teutonic or Scandinavian people. As Dr. Schlief is writing for Germans, his recommendation of American models is in a measure justified, although the United States offer no counterpart to the distinguishing phenomenon of German federalism, the preponderance of a single confederate able to outweigh all the rest.

It may be questioned whether any special need existed for Professor Siebeck's "History of Psychology" (10), which traverses

(1) *Geschichte der Katholischen Reformation.* Von W. Maurenbrecher. Bd. 1. Nördlingen: Beck. London: Williams & Norgate.

(2) *Deutsche Geschichte.* In Verbinding mit Anderen von L. Stacke. Abth. 1. Bielefeld: Velhagen & Klaing. London: Asher & Co.

(3) *Die Burgundische Heirat Maximilians I.* Quellenmässig dargestellt von K. Rausch. Wien: Konegen. London: Williams & Norgate.

(4) *Studien zur christlich mitteralterlichen Chronologie. Der 84-jährige Ostercyclus und seine Quellen.* Von Bruno Krusch. Leipzig: Veit & Co. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Geschichte von Ost- und Westpreussen.* Von Dr. K. Lohmeyer. Abth 1. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

(6) *Irland. Kultur-historische Skizze.* Von Karl Kautsky. Leipzig: Kisching. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *Vorlesungen über Englische Verfassungsgeschichte.* Von Max Büdinger. Wien: Konegen. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *C. G. von Waechter.* Von B. Windscheid. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(9) *Die Verfassung der Nordamerikanischen Union.* Von Dr. Eugen Schlief. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Geschichte der Psychologie.* Von Dr. H. Siebeck. Th. 1. Abth. 1. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

ground which surely ought to be covered by the ordinary histories of philosophy. If the special department of psychology really requires a special historian, the post will no doubt be adequately filled by Professor Siebeck, who proposes to dedicate six volumes to his subject. The first is devoted to the exposition of the ideas of the soul entertained by the predecessors of Aristotle. Democritus, Heraclitus, and Aristotle are the most fully treated.

Professor Eucken's tract (11) on the employment of metaphors and similes in philosophy contains many suggestive instances of the danger of building too much upon apparent analogies.

An illustrated work on Spain (12), the letterpress by T. Simons and the plates by Professor Alexander Wagner, promises to be a worthy member of the series of similar publications which is contributing so much to popularize the picturesque and archæological features of the most interesting regions of the earth, and which is at present better represented in France and Germany than in England. The arrangement of the work is geographical, beginning with the north-eastern corner of the country, and the two parts before us comprise the province of Catalonia. The text is very fairly written; but the distinguishing feature of the book is the illustrations, which are not only numerous and well selected, but are executed with peculiar dash and vigour, and with the indescribable quality which proves the artist to have imbibed the spirit of the land he is undertaking to delineate.

Dr. Scherzer (13), who has visited so many distant countries in the interest of commerce and statistics, took advantage of the recent visit of the Archduke Rodolph to this country to make a thorough examination of the great centres of English industry. The information he has collected and published offers of course more novelty to his Continental readers than to Englishmen, yet even the latter may derive advantage from a collection of useful statistics, admirably arranged in a compendious form. Considering the extremely depressed condition of British industry at the time of Dr. Scherzer's visit, his view of its condition and prospects is unexpectedly favourable. He admits the superiority of the British workman to all others, and considers that it more than compensates for the advantage which the low rate of wages abroad apparently confers upon his foreign competitor.

Dr. Kraus's Dictionary of Christian Antiquities (14) is designed to occupy a place in Germany analogous to that filled by Martigny's dictionary in France and Smith and Cheetham's in England. It is intentionally less extensive than the latter, being more strictly confined to archæology proper, which subject, however, is so defined as to embrace the specifically Christian legislation and domestic manners of the Church of the first six centuries, no less than the details of liturgical service and ecclesiastical art. Numerous articles on subjects not specifically Christian are of necessity admitted; thus the first part has very good ones on Abraxas, the Gnostic divinity, and amulets, which were forbidden by the Church. The work, in which Dr. Kraus is assisted by several coadjutors of reputation, is so far very fairly executed, and seems unaffected by any decided Roman Catholic bias. Its general resemblance to Martigny's dictionary is increased by the reproduction of the wood engravings illustrative of the latter.

The German Theatre (15) has now been for about ten years freed from the direct control of the State, and the results of the change have apparently not been entirely satisfactory to the patrons of the legitimate drama. The question, as in England, is now mooted whether the State ought not to establish a model theatre for the refinement of the national taste and the encouragement of a national school of acting. The affirmative side of the question is ably and temperately argued by an anonymous Government official, who, however, hardly meets the objections that such an institution is likely to be chiefly patronized by those whose taste stands least in need of purification, and that the number of intellectual centres in Germany would render the undertaking a very extensive one.

Herr Ludwig Bamberger's pamphlet on the Jewish question in Germany (16) is a fair specimen of the replies called forth by the sudden outbreak of spite, rather than of bigotry, of which Herr Treitschke has condescended to make himself the exponent. It is not unnatural that the progressive impoverishment of Germany under a *régime* of militarism, protection, and excessive taxation should have evoked a feeling of resentment against the class of the community which is least affected by these evils, and which, in so far as its calling is the lending of money at interest, even seems to profit by the general distress. Herr Bamberger has no difficulty in exposing the inconsistency of Herr Treitschke's position; but the causes which have made that worthy Liberal a persecutor can only be removed by a radical alteration in the state of Europe.

The Jewish question is further illustrated in two works of fiction by Karl Emil Franzos (17), whose lively and gossiping volumes on Eastern Europe have already gained considerable notoriety. In "The Jews of Barnow" Herr Franzos from one point of view challenges comparison with Sacher Masoch, inasmuch as he undertakes to give a picture of Polish, or rather Ruthenian, life; and in another with Gottfried Keller, as all his tales are laid within or near an imaginary locality, supposed to be as typical of Podolia as Keller's Seldwyla is of Switzerland. Without attaining the power or humour of his models, his stories are nevertheless very good, based for the most part on stirring situations ably conceived and effectively developed, and all illustrative of the author's thesis, "Every country has the Jews it deserves"—that is, the faults with which the Jews are taxed are more properly imputable to those who scorn or persecute them. The imitation of Keller is very apparent in *Moschko von Parma*, described as "the history of a poor, forgotten man, who was born in a remote corner of the world, and, after many journeys and adventures, died in it solitary and wretched as he had lived." This definition is not, indeed, carried out to the letter, for the conclusion of the tale, though sad, is not utterly unrelieved by comfort. Moscho himself is carefully drawn, and his adventures introduce us to a great number of characters who present all the appearance of faithful copies from life. In fact, the writer's works produce something of the effect of a gallery of copies; he gives us portraits instead of personages, but the portraits are life-like and accurate.

The *Rundschau* (18) begins with one of Herr Rudolph Lindau's excellent stories of English life and manners, which might easily pass for the work of an English writer. The scene is laid in Japan, in the year 1860, and the life of an Anglo-Oriental colony is very cleverly depicted. A sketch of the life of Bishop Dupanloup, by a Liberal Catholic, adds nothing to our knowledge of the Bishop's career, but is of some interest as a party manifesto. A paper on Cyprus is a neat summary of the extant historical information respecting the island, and concludes with a full admission of its importance to any Power aiming at preponderance in the Mediterranean. Perhaps, however, the most interesting contribution to an interesting number is a notice of the work of the French Ægyptologist Revillout in deciphering papyri written in the demotic character. These documents, belonging for the most part to the Ptolemaic or the Roman period, are philologically important as representing a phase of Egyptian intermediate between the language of the hieroglyphic inscriptions and modern Coptic; while their contents, being usually legal agreements or other matters relating to private life, contribute more to the illustration of domestic manners than the official manifestoes of the monuments.

The principal article in the *Russische Revue* (19) is an essay by Professor Eichelmann on the declaration of armed neutrality put forth by the Northern Courts in 1780, designed to establish that it was in reality a statesmanlike conception of the Empress Catharine, and not a mere incident in the rivalry of her Ministers Potemkin and Panin.

(11) *Ueber Bilder und Gleichniss in der Philosophie.* Von R. Eucken. Leipzig: Veit. London: Williams & Norgate.

(12) *Spanien.* In Schilderungen von T. Simons. Reich illustrirt von Prof. Alexander Wagner. Lief. 1, 2. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

(13) *Weltindustrien. Studien während einer Fürstenreise durch die Brittischen Fabrikbezirke.* Von Dr. Karl von Scherzer. Stuttgart: Maier. London: Trübner & Co.

(14) *Real-Encyklopädie der Christlichen Alterthümer.* Unter Mitwirkung mehrerer Fachgenossen bearbeitet und herausgegeben von F. X. Kraus. Lief. 2. Freiburg: Herder. London: Williams & Norgate.

(15) *Das deutsche Theater und seine Zukunft.* Von einem Staatsbeamten. Zweite Auflage. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

(16) *Deutschthum und Judenthum.* Von L. Bamberger. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

(17) *Die Juden von Barnow.* Geschichten von K. E. Franzos. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Nutt.

Moschko von Parma. Geschichte eines jüdischen Soldaten. Von K. E. Franzos. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Nutt.

(18) *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 6. Hft. 8. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

(19) *Russische Revue: Monatsschrift für die Kunde Russlands.* Herausgegeben von C. Röttger. Jahrg. 9. Hft. 3. St. Petersburg: Schmitzdorff. London: Trübner & Co.

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THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

THE celebration of the QUEEN'S birthday takes place to-day, and will furnish the accustomed occasion for Ministerial banquets and official festivities. It will also furnish one more occasion for the silent but sincere sentiments of a loyalty that remains among all political changes unimpaired and unchallenged from the centre to the remotest border of the Empire. The QUEEN'S reign has now been a very long reign, and it has been as blameless as it has been long. As it has been a long reign and a reign full of interest and teeming with incidents, it has become possible to mark off the stages of recent English history by the epochs of the QUEEN'S tenure of the crown. We are now in 1880, and we may, if we choose, go back by decades to 1840, when the QUEEN was married. It is just forty years since she entered on a married life rich in happiness to her and most fortunate for her country. If we take the year 1840 as the date of the first great event in her life as sovereign, and look at the events of that year as indicative of what was then the state of England and of Europe, we are struck by the curious manner in which the past and the present are always connected. Although we are reading of what happened forty years ago, we seem to be reading in a slightly altered shape of what is going on to-day. The year signalized by the wedding of the QUEEN and the PRINCE, and by the birth of their eldest child, was also marked by the first attempt on the QUEEN'S life, when OXFORD anticipated those senseless attacks on harmless and even beloved sovereigns which have lately been shocking and alarming Europe. In 1840 Lord PALMERSTON, by the exercise of great pressure and by the manifestation of his overpowering will, got together a Convention in London "to consider the pacification of "the Levant." Europe was as much troubled then as it is now with the pacification of the Levant, and the Levant is as little pacified as ever. In Ireland O'CONNELL addressed a vast assembly at Tuam, and vowed that he would never rest until Ireland had a Parliament of her own; and suggested that, when this great event happened, a column with his own burly image on the top should replace the offensive statue of WILLIAM III. Mr. PARNELL is now just as near to, and just as far from, having his effigy placed on a triumphal pedestal in honour of the first maker of an Irish Parliament as O'CONNELL was then. In regard to the East, Parliament voted its thanks to the commanders and troops who had conducted to a satisfactory close the contest in Afghanistan; a new ruler was found for Afghanistan, who was to receive the support and obey the dictation of England; and there were then, as now, persons like Sir WILLIAM MACNAGHTEN who urgently advised Lord AUCKLAND to annex Herat, and insisted that a very vigorous policy was the only effectual means of combating Russian intrigue. Historical parallels are, of course, never complete. It so happens that in each of the decennial years 1840, 1850, 1860, 1870, and 1880, a Liberal Ministry was or is in power on the QUEEN'S birthday. But forty years ago there was a Liberal Ministry as weak as the present Ministry is strong. The Government of Lord MELBOURNE just escaped defeat on a vote of confidence, but found itself in a humiliating minority when Mr. HERRIES attacked its general financial policy. In those days, too, there was presented a monster petition from Birmingham urging that effectual measures should be taken against Socialism, and now Birmingham sends Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to the Cabinet. It may be added that, in 1840, LOUIS PHILIPPE brought back from St. Helena the bones of NAPOLEON, and thus opened the door to the Second Empire, which thirty years later went down in the dust of Sedan, and forty years later is giving rise to the burning question whether a monument to the heir of the BONAPARTES cannot be excluded from Westminster Abbey.

In 1850 the Duke of CONNAUGHT was born; another attack was made on the QUEEN by PATE, who received a quaint kind of punishment, being held sane enough to be transported for seven years and mad enough not to be whipped; and the PRINCE marked out in a significant way the part he was determined to play in English affairs. He placed himself at the head of the movement for the holding of an Exhibition in 1851; and, on the other hand, he refused to be named Commander-in-Chief, on the ground that it was his duty to sink himself in the QUEEN. In this year the QUEEN'S birthday itself was marked by an event which at the time gave rise to much comment and some uneasiness. The French Ambassador, M. DROUYN DE LHUYS, chose to leave London suddenly on that day, and Lord PALMERSTON had to give very express assurances that this was not to be taken as a sign of an approaching rupture with France. Much the most important political event of the year was the death of Sir ROBERT PEEL. Not only was one of the wisest, calmest, and most unselfish of advisers lost to the QUEEN, but a different colouring was given to English parties. Mr. GLADSTONE had very shortly before the death of Sir ROBERT PEEL supported Mr. DISRAELI in a proposal to throw a large portion of the cost of maintaining the poor on the Consolidated Fund, and he had done this in spite of the strong remonstrances of Sir ROBERT PEEL himself, who had declared that such a proposal would spoil all financial confidence in England. On the other hand, the famous debate on the PACIFICO case and on Lord PALMERSTON'S foreign policy had only just been brought to a close, and Mr. GLADSTONE had joined Sir ROBERT PEEL in opposing a policy of what both considered needless interference. It is a curious instance of the manner in which history repeats itself that, in answer to Lord PALMERSTON'S memorable application to Englishmen of the old boast "Civis Romanus sum," Mr. GLADSTONE said that this was to claim, not equality, but ascendency, in Europe; and that to urge a claim for English ascendency was to throw Europe into confusion. Towards the end of the year appeared Lord JOHN RUSSELL'S frantic letter to the Bishop of DURHAM, and the wave of angry and timid passion which led to the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill swept over the country. Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. DISRAELI joined in endeavouring to lessen the force of this wave. Apart from the question of Protection, which must sooner or later have been allowed to rest, it seemed doubtful to which party Mr. GLADSTONE would ultimately adhere. In some minor points the current topics of interest in 1850 are curiously reproduced in the current topics of the present year. The BULWER-CLAYTON Treaty was concluded to determine the questions which it was foreseen might arise out of the construction of the very canal with which M. DE LESSEPS is now busying himself. Mr. DISRAELI found in the then depressed state of agriculture an occasion for a great oratorical effort, and Mr. BRIGHT spoke at Manchester on Ireland in language which reads as if it might have been used by him a month or two ago. He recommended as measures proper for what he termed the redemption of

Ireland, abolition of primogeniture, restriction of the power of settlement to lives in being, security of tenure for the cultivators of the soil, and extension of the suffrage. Mr. BRIGHT is like the Pyramids, and looks down unchanged on a world of change.

In 1860 the most noticeable events in the public life of the QUEEN and the PRINCE CONSORT were the review at Holyrood of the Northern Volunteers—a bright episode in their lives, in which something of romance was added to demonstrations of more than usually fervent loyalty—and the despatch of the PRINCE OF WALES on his prosperous and well-timed visit to Canada and the United States. But readers of the Life of the PRINCE CONSORT know that in no year did the PRINCE CONSORT in his quiet, resolute, effectual way bring a greater influence to bear on the course of English foreign policy. 1860 was the year of GARIBALDI'S adventurous expedition, of the annexation of Naples, and of the destruction of the Papal army; but it was also the year of the annexation of Savoy and Nice; and if the PRINCE was less pronounced in his sympathy with Italy than the Liberal leaders, no one did more than he to determine the Government to assume a new attitude towards the EMPEROR of the FRENCH, and to enforce the necessity of what Lord PALMERSTON called a policy of precaution and foresight towards a sovereign who began to show himself a disturber of the peace of Europe. Nothing caused in England so much irritation as the suspicion that the EMPEROR had tried to bribe England into a humble acquiescence in the annexation of Savoy by the conclusion of the Treaty of Commerce with Mr. COBDEN, which M. LÉON SAY is now endeavouring to renew. Whatever year we take, we may be sure to find in it some cloud rising on the horizon of Turkey, and in 1860 the murder of the Maronite Christians by the Druses offered the occasion of a new, and this time an armed, intervention. In home affairs the year was made memorable by the Budget speech which set the crown on Mr. GLADSTONE'S financial reputation, by the introduction of GLADSTONE Claret to the ignorant British public, and by the fierce struggle with the Lords over the Paper Bill. It was the year of Mr. GLADSTONE'S greatest promise, just as 1870 was the year of his greatest performance; 1870 was the year of the Irish Land Bill and the Education Bill, the year in which the Ballot was first proposed by a Government, and Mr. GLADSTONE'S old object of aversion, the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, was repealed. A surplus of more than four millions enabled Mr. LOWE to propose large and popular remissions of taxation; but, by an odd coincidence, the Duke of ARGYLL had to announce that there was an unexpected deficit of a million and a half in the Indian Budget. The Indian Budget is like Turkey, and, whoever may be the Minister, it has a provoking habit of being always wrong. Of course every other event looks insignificant in a year which witnessed the great struggle between France and Germany, the collapse of the Empire, and the investment of Paris. Had the PRINCE CONSORT then been living, we may be sure that he would have heartily approved the impartiality of England and the decisive measures taken to defend the neutrality of Belgium. We may be equally sure that, when Russia in the most arrogant and unceremonious manner proclaimed her intention of violating the Treaty of Paris and sending her ships of war into the Euxine, the PRINCE CONSORT would have improved the answer of the English Government as much as he improved that given in the affair of the *Trent*, and would have imparted to Lord GRANVILLE'S despatch a tone of firmness and reserve in which it was deficient. Ten years have passed away, and Mr. GLADSTONE is once more Prime Minister and Lord GRANVILLE is once more Foreign Secretary. How utterly impossible it is to forecast the events that may mark their tenure of office during the rest of the year is singularly illustrated by the fact that on the QUEEN'S birthday in 1870 not one of the great events of that year was anticipated even in the most remote and dim manner by any political speculator in Europe.

SOUTH AFRICA AND THE MINISTRY.

IN the House of Lords on Monday evening the SECRETARY for the COLONIES and Lord CARNARVON, in an exchange of courteous remarks on the affairs of South Africa, seemed scarcely able to discover a trace of the difference which ought, according to established precedent, to exist between the Government and the Opposition. Lord KIMBERLEY with some reason doubted whether Lord CARNARVON had not, in the annexation of the Transvaal, acted on erroneous information; but he agreed in the expediency of retaining the possession since it has been once for all acquired. The serene atmosphere of the House of Lords might perhaps have been inconveniently disturbed by a reference to the more exciting question of the maintenance in office of Sir BARTLE FRERE. Many Liberal members are offended at the apparent inconsistency between the strong language of the former leaders of the Opposition and the decision of the same statesmen in their Ministerial capacity. Some of the malcontents assert that the alleged misconduct of Sir BARTLE FRERE in a great degree accounted for the result of the general election, and that the constituencies will consequently be disappointed by his immunity from censure. Sir WILFRID LAWSON has given notice of a motion for the recall of the HIGH COMMISSIONER; and, if he proceeds with it, it is probable that strong language will be used in the course of the debate. Though Mr. GLADSTONE has endeavoured to pacify Sir BARTLE FRERE'S accusers by hinting at his possible future dismissal, or, as Sir S. NORTHCOTE said, "putting a rope round his neck," it may be assumed that the Government will substantially adhere to the intention which was announced by Mr. GRANT DUFF; and, on the whole, Lord KIMBERLEY and his colleagues have probably acted in accordance with the public interest.

As a general rule it is desirable, in colonial as in foreign affairs, that successive Administrations should, as far as possible, maintain a continuous policy. Lord CARNARVON introduced no abrupt change when he succeeded Lord KIMBERLEY, who in turn abstained from opposing the scheme of South African Confederation. It is true that Lord LANSDOWNE, Sir C. DILKE, and Lord KIMBERLEY himself, strongly blamed Sir M. H. BEACH and his colleagues for their alleged weakness in condoning the active or virtual disobedience of Sir BARTLE FRERE; but the lapse of fifteen months may well have affected the expediency of recall, even if the Liberal party were then in the right. In this and in other matters it is not for the interest of the Opposition to taunt the Ministers with their alleged inconsistency in following the example of their predecessors. Every instance of the kind may properly find a place in some future apology for Lord BEACONSFIELD'S Government; but at present it will be injudicious to head the fox. If Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH was well advised in keeping Sir BARTLE FRERE in office, the same reasons will justify the conduct of Lord KIMBERLEY. Mr. COURTNEY, who not unnaturally resents the apparent desertion of his cause by his former supporters, may console himself with the consciousness that almost alone in the late and in the present House of Commons he has consistently protested, not only against the Zulu war, but against the annexation of the Transvaal which was its indirect cause. Nevertheless some of the charges which he brought against Sir BARTLE FRERE really tend to account for the importance which is attached to the continuance of his services. It is stated with perfect truth that Sir BARTLE FRERE dismissed Mr. MOLTENO, and appointed the present Prime Minister in his place. The support given to Mr. SPRIGG by the Cape Parliament after a dissolution proved, by the only legitimate test, that the conduct of the GOVERNOR had been strictly constitutional. The personal influence, or the sound estimate of colonial opinion, which could alone account for Sir BARTLE FRERE'S success, is a quality of which his official superiors are bound to make use. If confederation is possible, he is more likely than any other Governor to overcome the objections to the scheme which are entertained in the Cape Colony. It is perhaps to be regretted for the immediate purpose that he no longer exercises authority in the Transvaal. His self-confidence and vigorous resolution have on one important occasion involved the Colonial Office and the country in serious difficulties; but the same qualities may be useful for an enterprise in which he may be trusted to follow his instructions. He appears to possess in a high degree the art of winning the confidence of jealous and susceptible colonists.

Before the Cabinet determined to pursue the scheme of confederation, it was necessary to form a resolution on the difficult question of the Transvaal. Lord KIMBERLEY had not found fault with the annexation when it

accomplished by Lord CARNARVON; but probably neither statesman would have entered on the undertaking if all its consequences had been then understood. The measure was invidious, and it was at least premature. It is true that the last President of the Republic seemed to invite the annexation, though in ambiguous language. The scattered community of settlers was suffering from insolvency, from anarchy, and from inability to resist invasion. The offer of English protection seemed to be beneficial and generous; but it was not appreciated, because Lord CARNARVON or Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE imposed the authority of a stronger Government instead of waiting for an inevitable invitation. At that time the interests of the large native population of the province were not taken into consideration. The objection to the re-establishment of the Republic which is now founded on regard for their welfare is, as Mr. COURTNEY says, an afterthought; but Mr. FORSTER may nevertheless have had reason for calling attention to the subject. Thoughts which occur after the first conception of a scheme may be essential to a complete estimate of its merits. The responsibility, if any, of the English Government for the welfare of the natives, was created by the assumption of sovereignty over the country in which they lived. The afterthought, therefore, relates to a condition of things which followed annexation. It is no new discovery that duties may result from acts which in themselves were perhaps neither necessary nor justifiable. From the date of the proclamation of the QUEEN'S authority every inhabitant of the Transvaal, white or black, acquired a right to the privileges of an English subject. Before protection is withdrawn the possible consequences to all sections of the population must be considered. The English traders of the towns and villages would protest more loudly than the natives against the restoration of a Dutch Republic which would regard them with little good will. The Boers themselves have been excited against English rule, and they would prefer almost to dispense with any form of government; but the patriarchal rule of every head of a family in the centre of a vast estate unfortunately implies a system which is scarcely distinguishable from slavery. As long as the Transvaal was independent, its English neighbours were not bound to superintend or criticize its domestic institutions; but it is doubtful whether it is right deliberately to permit the restoration of questionable social practices. Although it cannot be denied that there are possible or plausible arguments on the other side, yet since two successive Governments have arrived at the same conclusion there is no longer a practical issue to determine. It is now settled that the Transvaal is to be retained, and also that it is to be included in any confederation which may be formed in South Africa. The embarrassments which must be encountered will tax all the ability of the Government and of its representatives. As in the correspondence with the Austrian AMBASSADOR, Mr. GLADSTONE has had the opportunity of patriotically abandoning as Prime Minister opinions which he expressed with some vehemence in a state of "comparative freedom "from responsibility." As late as March 30, Mr. GLADSTONE at Peebles said, "If those acquisitions" (Cyprus and the Transvaal) "were as valuable as they are value- "less, I would repudiate them because they are obtained "by means dishonourable to the character of our country." Between March and May, having assumed the responsibility of office, Mr. GLADSTONE announces the intention of retaining the sovereignty of the Transvaal.

The American Union and the Dominion of Canada furnish precedents for federal organization under ordinary conditions; but it is necessary that each member of a confederacy, as well as the central body, should enjoy popular and representative government. No English politician would willingly hinder the extension of full constitutional privileges to the Transvaal, if only the inhabitants were ready to co-operate in the arrangement; but Sir GARNET WOLSELEY publicly acknowledged the impossibility of vesting supreme power in the Boers as long as they openly rejected the authority of the Imperial Government. Lord CARNARVON referred to the almost forgotten insolence of a representative Assembly of the Ionian Islands, which, as soon as it was constituted, expressed its desire to renounce the connexion of the Republic with the protecting Power. There is no doubt that a Dutch Legislature in the Transvaal would exhibit similar contumacy, if indeed the electors condescended to return members in obedience to writs issued by the English Government. For the present the province must be subject to a provisional administration, and officers appointed by the Crown will scarcely be recognized by other colonies as representatives of one of the confederate communities.

The Transvaal is not the only province which may perhaps throw impediments in the way of the project which has found favour with successive English Administrations. The Government of the Cape, which properly claims the initiative, has proposed a Conference, and its present Ministry appears to concur in the policy which is vigorously promoted by Sir BARTLE FRERE; but it is doubtful whether Mr. SPRIGG's popularity will survive the difficult negotiation which he has undertaken. The Cape Parliament will scarcely consent to deal on equal terms with Griqualand or Natal, and the separation from the colony of the Eastern province as an independent member of the Confederation would provoke strenuous opposition. The native difficulty affects the Cape Colony but lightly in comparison with the pressure on the thinly-inhabited districts which find themselves in the midst of uncivilized and warlike tribes both within and without their borders. If nevertheless Lord KIMBERLEY succeeds in accomplishing the union of the South African provinces, he will have deserved well both of the mother-country and of the colonists. The failure which is an alternative possibility might suggest the question whether the same object might not be attained by the annexation of some or all of the provinces to the Cape Colony. Such a measure would gratify the self-esteem of the colonists; and it might be not impossible to combine it with the establishment of local institutions. The Imperial Government is only so far interested in the question that it is entitled to relief from the burden of Caffre or Zulu wars. It may be doubted whether any of the colonies are disposed heartily to facilitate a result which is both just and indispensable.

THE GOVERNMENT BURIALS BILL.

THE Dissenting wing has had a prompt and bountiful instalment of those good things which it understood to be in store when it was dubbed the backbone of the Liberal party and lauded for not frightening its neighbours by crying "disestablishment" at the General Election. In the good old times, when the candidate grew effusive over the incorruptibility of the borough, and his friend from London got into a way of tapping his pocket, the electors apprehended the situation and were discreet. Mr. GLADSTONE did not even mention a Burials Bill in his significant appeal to the Nonconformists of Marylebone; and yet no more than a week of real Parliamentary work has passed before it has been brought into the House of Lords, and in another week it is to be read a second time.

Lord SELBORNE is the Minister upon whom the task of introducing the measure devolved; and he has justified the choice by the courageous ingenuity with which he marshalled for the purposes of the debate the history of the question. The space within which he moved was a world of pure intentions on every side, though strangely condemned to exist under laws alike unfair and indefensible. Loving Dissenters embraced sympathetic Churchmen all round, and not a breath of politics disturbed the pious accord. No SPURGEON, no LANDELLS, and no DALE had ever formulated insulting menaces against the Established Church; no Liberation Society had ever proclaimed, with a cynicism which we had, till we heard Lord SELBORNE, thought more bold than wise, not only that it meant to disestablish the Church, but that it was fighting for the Burials Bill as a sure and large instalment of the object which it was openly seeking. Except in a few curt and obscure words near the close of his speech, the LORD CHANCELLOR did not condescend to notice the fact which, as far as the present contest goes, makes the strength of the Church's plea and the weakness of its assailants—the abandonment in the most practical form by the Dissenters of the theory that the churchyards were national property, when they abolished compulsory Church rates, and so contracted themselves out of the obligation to maintain those grounds. In doing this they took care also to throw on Churchmen the exclusive obligation of having still to find burial space for their non-contributory fellow-citizens. When the CHANCELLOR grew pathetic over the restrictions

which forbid any service but that of the Church within the churchyards, he omitted to notice that the complainants were the sects whose proud boast had all along been, till the value of the Burials cry became apparent, that they and their fathers had ever witnessed against the Papistical idea of ceremonialism in funerals. While Lord SELBORNE brandished in the face of the Opposition the narrow majorities with which the Burials Bill, or the analogous resolution, had in successive years been rejected in the House of Commons of 1874, he found it convenient to forget that these narrow majorities were made up of members from Scotland and Ireland as well as from England, and that, as in each of those countries a burial system widely different from that of England prevailed, so these representatives on either side of the House did not very clearly understand or care very much for what they deemed an English difficulty. Had he subtracted the Scotch and Irish contingents, he would have found how enormous were the majorities against the Burials Bill among the English members, for whom alone the question was one of practical importance. So patent was this fact that upon one occasion Mr. O'DONNELL astonished the world by voting against Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN, and then explained his action by a letter to the newspapers, in which he claimed to be returning good for evil by giving to Englishmen a practical illustration of the real working of Home Rule.

After making all allowances for the exigencies of a very difficult political situation, we object to this method of cooking a question by a man so eminently respectable as the LORD CHANCELLOR, as intrinsically immoral. Though Lord SELBORNE attempted to gloss over the fact in his outburst of emotional charity, it is vain to deny that the adoption by a Liberal Government, simultaneously with its accession to power, of the principle of Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN'S Bill is the triumph of the anti-Church section of the dominant party. Accordingly the conduct of the measure ought to have been allotted to some representative within the Ministry of that section; to Mr. BRIGHT, for instance, or Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, or, still more appropriately, although he is not in the Cabinet, to Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN himself. But, if it were thought better policy to leave the question to Lord SELBORNE, a confession of facts as they are would have secured more respect for the policy and won more genuine confidence to the project.

The operation of the Bill is to extend to cemeteries as well as churchyards, and will involve absolute free-trade in burial everywhere. Church service, non-Church service, or no service at all, are to range over the entire area alike of consecrated and unconsecrated ground. This large concession carries with it the advantage that it avoids the recognition as such of the Dissenting minister, and throws the onus of the choice upon the dead person's representatives. The nugatory restriction invented by Lord HARROWBY that the services are to be "Christian and "orderly," with some solemnly trifling provisions against provocative praying, are to appear in the Bill, and will no doubt duly exercise clerical and legal ingenuity. Perhaps a dead Jew's burial service, even if he had been a Jew of Sheffield, would be interpreted to be Christian for the purposes of the Act, while the only thing not orderly about a Roman Catholic funeral may possibly be the conduct of those friends of Mr. GLADSTONE who will not see in the right given to monk and friar to perambulate the churchyards a sufficient compensation for Lord RIPON'S appointment.

The peremptory refusal, of which the LORD CHANCELLOR was mouthpiece, to make any distinction between ancient and modern churchyards, may no doubt be beneficial to the Church's enduring right to retain its old as well as its modern churches, when the disestablishment party may find itself strong enough to formulate the terms of ultimate confiscation. But Lord SELBORNE need not have been so fierce in the censure which he administered to living donors of churchyards for the offence of having made these gifts upon the presumption that the condition of affairs which prompted their generosity would not be rudely or soon shaken. "The Church is "established," he said in effect, "and you ought to have "known that and have been prepared to enjoy the spec-"tacle of the secular authority altering the distribution of "your own gift before your living eyes. Had you belonged "to a non-established body the case would have been dif-"ferent." After all, generosity is not so very heinous a crime, and the natural commentary upon Lord SELBORNE'S dictum would be, that after all it might be safer to face disestablishment. It is, however, undeniable that the claim so bluntly set up by the LORD CHANCELLOR would be a cogent precedent with those Liberationists whose astuteness led them to eschew the mistake of prematurely raising the question of dispossession for putting forward a claim to a joint use of the churches, which would effectually attain the same end.

We cannot, on Lord SELBORNE'S vague description, consider the projects of alternative Church burial services, crudely borrowed from some recommendations of Convocation to which the attention of the country has hitherto been very cursorily directed. Whatever else may come of this Bill, we feel that we are on safe ground when we prophesy that its fruits will not be peace, goodwill, and general contentment. To the Liberationists it will be only the whet before the full feast of disestablishment, and to the Church a present detriment and a bitter recollection.

MR. BRADLAUGH'S CASE.

IT is much to be regretted that the Act which allows of affirmations without religious sanction in courts of justice was, by inadvertence, not so framed as to include the Parliamentary declaration of allegiance. It was also unlucky that the Select Committee which considered the question divided, with one exception, according to the political opinions of its members. In the House itself the two parties, for the most part, incline to opposite opinions, in spite of Mr. GLADSTONE'S exhortation to deal with the subject exclusively on judicial grounds. The decision of the first Committee by the Chairman's casting vote was probably correct; and, as both Sir DRUMMOND WOLFF and Mr. GLADSTONE remarked, it may have been fortunate for Mr. BRADLAUGH that he was not allowed, by taking his seat, to incur the risk of penalties which the House of Commons would have had no power to remit. No such complication would have resulted from the admission of a member in accordance with statutory conditions; but, as Sir DRUMMOND WOLFF formally objected to the administration of the oath, it was thought expedient to institute a second inquiry into Parliamentary law and custom. By proposing the appointment of a Committee Mr. GLADSTONE so far gave his sanction to the protest as to concur in the opinion that there was a difficulty or a doubt to be solved; and yet it is certain that, but for the intervention of a private member, Mr. BRADLAUGH would have taken his seat without liability to future question of his right and with little risk of penal consequences. The statute which imposes on members the oath or declaration of allegiance is peremptory and unconditional. The applicant for admission to the House of Commons is not bound to hold, to utter, or to suppress any theoretical opinion; nor is it competent to any other person or to the House itself to question either his good faith or the binding effect of the obligation which he incurs. The present case is complicated by Mr. BRADLAUGH'S declaration in the House that the oath was not binding on his conscience. If he had made the statement in any other place, or in a letter to the newspapers, it could not properly have been noticed.

It was only by accident that the formal sanctions of oaths became religious tests. The purpose of legislators was to exclude those who objected to some definite proposition, as, for instance, to the royal supremacy or to the title of the reigning family. It was afterwards found that Jews would not pledge "the true faith of a Christian," and Mr. BRADLAUGH at first objected to the more comprehensive formula of "so help me GOD." If the first Jewish member to whom the oath was tendered had been willing to take it in the usual form, there is no reason to suppose that he would not have been allowed to conform. It is for Parliament to provide a remedy for an indecorous result which had not been anticipated. Many members probably agreed with Mr. WALTER that a mere declaration of allegiance might be advantageously substituted for an oath; and some bolder innovators may have further doubted whether any test or promissory statement is now necessary or useful. The expediency of oaths or of equivalent forms in judicial proceedings raises a separate question. Witnesses would probably be more careless and more inaccurate than at present, if they were not solemnly reminded of their moral and legal responsibility; and to

the great majority of the population an oath is the most sacred and most intelligible guarantee of truth. The oath of allegiance is not likely to affect the Parliamentary or political conduct of any member. It is useless to pursue the inquiry further, as no change in the existing practice is at present likely to be proposed. If a public profession of allegiance is thought useful, no impediment ought to be placed in the way of general acceptance of the pledge. A large portion of the House may perhaps have sympathised with Mr. Gibson's eloquent denunciation of opinions which involve a disbelief in all religious sanctions; but it is notorious that many members who have taken the oath of allegiance can have attached no special value to its terms. Atheism, or, as it is more fashionably called, agnosticism, is openly avowed by scientific and popular writers; and not long since a strong-minded woman was allowed to publish in a well-known periodical a professed apology for modern atheism. It is not necessary to discuss the question whether any class or sect ought to be disqualified for the exercise of official or representative functions. It is quite certain that no such disability could now be imposed; and, on the whole, it is well that inquisition into religious opinions should have fallen into total disuse.

It was to be expected that some speakers should diverge from the principle which was the proper subject of debate into the special circumstances of the case. The other member for Northampton remarked that the constituency which he is perhaps proud to represent had chosen his colleague, not for his religious, but for his political, opinions. If more extravagant doctrines of either kind could be invented, they would probably be still more acceptable to Northampton flesh and blood. It happened that some of Mr. Bradlaugh's political opinions were submitted to the House in illustration of his alleged dissent from the substance as well as from the terms of the oath. It appears that he has contended for the right of Parliament to set aside the succession to the Throne, and that the genuineness of his allegiance may therefore be plausibly disputed; but the Act of Parliament requires that an oath or declaration shall be administered, and not that its language shall be consistent with the former declarations of the member who accepts it. It is legally possible that an adversary of monarchical institutions might be provisionally or permanently converted by the obligation of a voluntary promise. More than one member of the present Government has declared his preference for a Republican form of government; but there is not the smallest risk of any Ministerial conspiracy against the throne. Mr. O'Donnell indulged in more personal criticisms, which were irrelevant, though they may possibly have been not undeserved. It is out of the question to overrule the choice of a constituency on the ground of character or conduct. The experiment failed signally a hundred and twenty years ago when Wilkes was expelled from the House of Commons for publishing a libel which was designated as profane and indecent. The claim of jurisdiction by the House was not disputed, but the subsequent refusal to admit the offender on his re-election produced a dangerous strain on the Constitution. The safer course which was followed when the Jewish member for the City of London refused to take the oath is not in the present case practicable. Mr. Bradlaugh might have continued to be member for Northampton, though he was not allowed to take his seat, if he had persisted in his objection to the oath. An adjudication by the House that he could not be allowed to comply with the conditions of occupying his seat would be equivalent to expulsion.

If the Crown and Parliament possess supreme and absolute power, of which the larger share is appropriated by the House of Commons, the constituencies are invested with an anterior and irresponsible sovereignty. In the early part of the present century a half-crazy borough-monger was said to have threatened that he would return his negro footman to Parliament. If his nominee had been a natural-born subject, and if he had been willing to take the prescribed oaths, the choice of the nominal electors could not have been disputed, though such an outrage might probably have precipitated a measure of Parliamentary reform. The present constituencies are not liable to be disestablished, however grossly they may abuse the privileges entrusted to them by modern legislation. The worst that can happen to unscrupulous electors is that they should be reinforced by the admission of a still lower and more reckless rabble. Stoke-upon-Trent five or six years ago, and Northampton at the present election, have reduced to an absurdity the fundamental principle of a democratic constitution. As it is impossible to retract concessions of power to the multitude, it only remains to counteract, if possible, by the aid of more scrupulous constituencies an evil which may be endured unless it spreads. The majority has no censorial functions, though the House is entitled to notice and punish offences committed against itself. The social relations of an objectionable member are not likely to be attractive or enviable. A member of the last Parliament who could not find a colleague to introduce him must have suffered during his time of representation punishment fully adequate to his demerits. Less disreputable demagogues, though they are not excluded from ordinary intercourse, have often been politically extinguished by exchanging the direction of dupes for the society of equals and superiors. When they become more numerous in Parliament, they will also be more dangerous, because they will keep one another in countenance. The caprices of the multitude are exhibited in France on a still larger scale. The second city in the Republic insists on returning to the Assembly a mischievous old fanatic who is not even legally qualified for a seat. At the next election several Communists will probably be elected, in reward of their share in one of the most criminal of civil wars. The danger is not yet so imminent in England; and, such as it is, it cannot be averted by any kind of oath or declaration.

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY.

It is impossible for foreigners to share even the languid interest which Americans take in Presidential elections. The difference of opinion between Republicans and Democrats is barely intelligible; and it is still more difficult to distinguish the claims of candidates for nomination. At present Republican politicians concern themselves more with the prospects of the party Convention at Chicago than with the final trial of strength in the election of a President. The chances of the three principal candidates are so doubtful that some obscure rival may not improbably at the last moment be preferred. It is objected to Mr. Blaine that he has, like most conspicuous Americans, been accused of questionable pecuniary transactions. Mr. Sherman is charged with using his official influence in support of his candidature; and General Grant's success is endangered by the scandals of his former administration, and by the prejudice against a second re-election. The hope that he would be selected by popular acclamation has not been confirmed; and the skilful manipulation by his friends of important State Conventions appears to have been partially counteracted by other influences. Some of the Philadelphia and New York delegates have announced their intention of disregarding the instruction to vote for Grant. On the other hand, the result of the Illinois Convention is thought by those who understand the mysteries of electioneering to be favourable to his pretensions. The candidate who obtains the largest number of votes on the first ballot scarcely ever obtains nomination, unless he is supported by an absolute majority of the whole Convention. Of the whole number of votes Grant had lately secured more than two-fifths; but it was doubted whether he would obtain one-half. The Democrats have determined to await the result of the Chicago Convention before they nominate their own candidate at Cincinnati. Mr. Tilden is supposed to have the best chance of nomination; and any Democrat who may be chosen will be supported by the whole strength of the party. Patriotic citizens will expect the decision with equanimity, in well-founded confidence that the country will continue to flourish under Grant, or Blaine, or Sherman, or Thurman, or Tilden.

As if to relieve the dulness of domestic politics, the diplomacy of the United States is always aggressive and pugnacious, if not litigious. Whether a new rule of international law is to be enacted, or an existing treaty to be interpreted, the Secretary of State, to whatever party he may belong, prefers demands which are thought expedient with the confidence of entire security. No Government willingly comes into collision with a Power which cannot be assailed or coerced; and consequently it is thought unnecessary to consult foreign susceptibilities. Lord Granville inherits from the late Government, which would

willingly have avoided occasions of difference with the United States, two controversies of different kinds. The PRESIDENT and his Cabinet have, in defiance of theory and precedent, lately asserted a virtual claim of sovereignty over the Isthmus of Panama which belongs to an independent State, and which is specially protected by a treaty between England and the United States. As it is impossible either to find an excuse for the demand in the common law of nations, or to explain away the provisions of the CLAYTON-BULWER Treaty, the American Government proposes arbitrarily to rescind the agreement, and boldly extends the so-called MONROE doctrine to the case of a projected canal between the Atlantic and Pacific. If no resistance is offered, the trade of England and of Europe would, in the event of the construction of the canal, be made subject to the irresponsible control of a commercial rival who might be a political enemy. Nothing would be easier than, by another strain on the elastic MONROE doctrine, to declare that the canal was a link in the coast navigation of the United States, and that it was consequently subject to the jurisdiction of the Federal Government, and to any tariff of tolls which might be enacted by Congress. The proposition would not be more novel than the assertion that the Americans have a right to prohibit M. DE LESSEPS's enterprise. It will be necessary for the English Government carefully to avoid any direct or indirect acknowledgment of pretensions which have no foundation in public law or in justice.

Another and more pressing dispute is founded on a clause in the unfortunate Washington Treaty. There is a certain difficulty in the question; and the SECRETARY of STATE, with the approval of the PRESIDENT, decides the case in favour of the United States, and at once proceeds to enforce his judgment by reprisals. It might have been supposed that the humiliation of England in the Washington negotiation and its consequences might have satisfied the most exacting litigant. The English Government submitted to the enactment of an *ex post facto* law for the decision of an existing controversy; and at the arbitration it was in the first instance encountered by an insolent demand, which was too extravagant even for arbitrators who afterwards awarded damages of nearly double the amount which the American Government considers itself able to distribute. There can be no doubt that the admitted failure of justice ought to have been corrected by the voluntary repayment of the surplus; but the English Government was well advised in considering that the litigation was at an end; and the United States could not be expected to discharge a debt for which it was only morally liable. The arbitrators in the case of the Canadian fisheries appointed under the same Treaty awarded a sum far smaller than the claims of Canada; and, because the American arbitrator had, probably in accordance with instructions, declined to concur in the award, the American Government first hesitated to recognize the validity of the judgment, and then appealed to the English Secretary of State to waive the undoubted rights of the Dominion. Lord SALISBURY with good reason demurred to the extraordinary proposal, and the money was paid with an ungracious protest against the justice of the award. If the decision of a tribunal voluntarily selected had not been binding, there would have been much better reason for objecting to the iniquitous Geneva award.

By another clause in the treaty, American subjects acquired a right to fish for a term of years on the banks of Newfoundland; and English colonists were at the same time admitted to share a less valuable right of fishing in American waters. By a local law of Newfoundland anterior in date to the treaty, fishing was forbidden during a close season; and some Americans who fished in defiance of the regulations were violently driven off by Newfoundland fishermen. Mr. EVARTS preferred a claim for damages which might probably have been settled by agreement, and at the same time he insisted on the right of American fishermen under the treaty to disregard the local law. In a succession of argumentative and indignant despatches he contends that an absolute grant by a sovereign Government cannot be controlled by any condition not originally inserted in the text. Lord SALISBURY admitted that no intentional or vexatious restraint could be applied to American fishermen by legislation subsequent to the Treaty; but he urged, certainly not without plausibility, and apparently with good reason, that the grant must be construed by the state of affairs which existed when the Treaty was concluded; and that it would be monstrous to exempt foreigners from restrictions which were presumably imposed on native fishermen for the benefit of the industry in question. It might well happen that the prosecution of the fishery during the close months would render the regular fishing operations worthless. The colonial Government had given the best proof of its good faith by enacting the regulations, to the possible detriment of its own subjects, when there were no American strangers to restrain or to exclude. The effect of compliance with Mr. EVARTS's demand would be to overrule the local law even as regarded native fishermen; for it is difficult to suppose that the inhabitants of Newfoundland would stand patiently by while their waters were swept by foreigners in virtue of a legal quibble.

Mr. EVARTS is well aware that one of the principals in the treaty is not identical with the communities which are immediately interested in the controversy. *Delirant reges*, the English plenipotentiaries neglected to guard against the subtleties of special pleading; *plectuntur Achivi*, the fishermen of Newfoundland are to be robbed of the sea-harvest by which they live; or, in default of submission to the American demand, Canadians are to be denied the right of bringing their fish to American markets. If the SECRETARY of STATE, who coolly proposes to rescind the CLAYTON-BULWER Treaty, is nevertheless anxious to guard the sanctity of the letter of treaties, even when it conflicts with the spirit, it would have been easy to agree on a supplementary contract by which the Newfoundland question might be settled; but it seems that no law is valid in opposition to the real or supposed interest of the United States, and also that any law which can be interpreted to the advantage of the United States must be liberally construed and strictly enforced. The refusal to execute an undisputed provision of a treaty because there is a difference of opinion as to the interpretation of another clause is somewhat beyond the limits of sharp practice; but the traditions of American diplomacy are consistent in the harshness of communications with England. Pertinacity has for the most part produced no retaliation, for the strong language recorded in the archives of the Foreign Office is almost wholly on the American side. There may perhaps be some convenience in the change of Ministry if it gives an opportunity of forgetting any irritable feeling which may have been caused by Mr. EVARTS's method of negotiation. It seems impossible to enforce on the Newfoundland fishermen acquiescence in a monopoly established in the interest of American citizens; but perhaps one of the numerous oversights in the treaty may be set right in return for some other concession.

M. LÉON SAY'S ELECTION.

THE election of M. LÉON SAY as President of the Senate may serve to avert a conflict between the two Chambers of the French Legislature. Until a day or two before the election it seemed likely that M. JULES SIMON would be nominated as a candidate, and that he would receive the support of the Right as well as of that moiety of the Left Centre which regards M. DUFAURE as its leader. As the Senate is at present constituted these two sections, if they act together, can command a majority. The Government, it is supposed, would have preferred M. LEROYER; but their object was of course to detach as many of the DUFAURE group as possible from the coalition, and for this purpose M. LÉON SAY was the best candidate they could have. His reputation as a financier is an excellent answer to the doubts which the Right are always trying to excite of the Ministerial soundness on questions of taxation and property. The position of the Right is in this respect a difficult one. They have to sow suspicion of the Republic among classes of Frenchmen who have no sympathy with their special views. The reasons why a Legitimist or a Clerical dislikes the Republic are patent to everybody; but they are not reasons which have any force outside the Legitimist or Clerical factions. The shopkeeper and the peasant are not in the least disturbed at the social anomalies which seem so shocking to men accustomed to Courts. A President who maintains no external state, and is denied the income which would enable him to maintain any; a Cabinet in which none of the historical families of France are represented; a Government which knows nothing of society, and is in its

turn ignored by it—are phenomena which to many Frenchmen must seem to presage the end of the world. It is true that under the Second Empire the Royalists stood apart from the Government, but they did so of their own free will. There was a Court which they might have attended and a society in which they might have mixed if they had been so minded. The Empire at least paid the old order of things the compliment of imitation; the Republic proclaims to every one that it would not revive it if it could. But if the Right were to tell the nation generally of the loss which it has thus sustained, they would find no listeners. If they are to make converts in an unbelieving generation, they must appeal to some sentiment which is shared by those whom they address. They find this in the alarm which is so easily excited in the minds of Frenchmen by the prospect of an attack upon property. It is much more difficult than it used to be to create this alarm. Among the many bad qualities of the Republicans, one of the most conspicuous is the fact that many of them are rich. During the recent elections in this country we were made familiar with the argument that the heir to the Dukedom of DEVONSHIRE was not likely to support any revolutionary attack upon landlords; and in every district of France Republican canvassers can point to some well-to-do member of their party and ask a hesitating voter whether such a man is likely to lay any unfair burden upon realized property. It may be supposed, however, that just as Lord HARTINGTON's prospective wealth has not entirely reassured English Conservatives, so there are French Conservatives who draw no consolation from the number of well-to-do Republicans whom they see around them. It is possible that M. LÉON SAY's reputation may prevail with some who have not allowed themselves to be influenced by less famous names. That the best known financier in France should be the Republican candidate for the Presidentship of the Senate is a fact which the most ingenious croaker of the Right will find it hard to deal with.

It is especially fortunate that M. MARTEL's successor should not have been M. JULES SIMON. All M. SIMON's cleverness could not have prevented his election from being taken as a direct challenge to the Government. It would have been regarded all over France as an intimation that every Ministerial measure must be submitted to the censorship of a hostile majority in the Senate. This would have been a state of things which the Right would have seen with natural and even legitimate enjoyment. They are not concerned to keep the present Constitution in good order. Their object is directly the reverse of this. Every hitch in the working of the new machinery is valuable as evidence that the machinery itself is unsuited to the nation upon which it has been forced. A deadlock between the two Chambers would be a real godsend to men in this temper of mind, and M. SIMON's election would have made the occurrence of a deadlock exceedingly probable. It will require very great prudence to guide the Senate through the difficulties which are likely to be in store for it, and even the greatest prudence may fail if the difficulties themselves should become at all more serious than they are already. M. SIMON might have proved an excellent tactician, but the fact of his election would have had precisely this result. The Chamber of Deputies would have taken it as a declaration of war on the part of the Senate, and it would have been eager to show, by sending up some more than commonly obnoxious measure, that it was not in the least afraid of its adversary. The relations between M. SIMON and M. GAMBETTA would have only made things worse. It is of great importance that the two Presidents should have no mutual dislike, and unless M. GAMBETTA and M. SIMON have had great injustice done to them by rumour, they must entertain a good deal of mutual dislike. In all probability, therefore, the Senate would before long have found itself compelled to choose between altogether abandoning its pretensions as a revising and moderating Chamber and giving effect to them at the risk of provoking a formidable outburst on the part of the Chamber of Deputies. Of course this choice may be forced on it under M. LÉON SAY as well as under M. SIMON; but the chances of its being so are less. The majority in the Chamber will not now be tempted, as it would have been if M. SIMON had been elected, to resent the rejection of a Bill by the Senate as an insult to itself as well as to the measure rejected. Nor will it be under any special inducement to show its independence of the Senate by insisting on its assent to some Bill which the majority of the Senators are known specially to dislike. Legislation will be allowed to take its natural course without being diverted into channels which have no merit beyond that of tending to set the two branches of the Legislature at issue with one another.

The gain of this will be that the longer the present Constitution can be protected from serious assault the more likely it is to last. The existence of a Second Chamber is very unpalatable to a large number of Republicans. In spite of its being elected in the last resort by universal suffrage, they profess to regard it as in some unexplained way a standing slight to universal suffrage. Now that the Constitution has been amended by the transfer of the Legislature to Paris, it can easily be amended again; and it is difficult to form an opinion how a proposal to alter it by the abolition of the Senate would be received if it were made in consequence of a quarrel between the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies. The longer the Senate lasts the more hold it is likely to get on the country. The groups of electors who return the Senators will less and less like the prospect of being deprived of the check they can now exert on the Chamber of Deputies, and if the *Scrutin de liste* should be substituted for the *Scrutin d'arrondissement*, this feeling will become more powerful still. It would be extremely unwise for the Senate to forego its claims as a revising Chamber merely to postpone the day of collision with the Lower House, since by so doing it would lessen the force of the argument in favour of retaining it. But on the other hand it is greatly to be desired that it should avoid every occasion of collision when no really important question is at stake. By taking M. SIMON as its President, it would have provoked a contest for no adequate motive, and risked defeat in a field where even victory would have brought no permanent gain.

INDIAN REFORMS.

LORD HARTINGTON may well have felt aghast at the number, complexity, and importance of the questions which awaited him at the India Office. The position of things in Cabul is just now replete with problems any one of which, if solved in the wrong way, may lead to the gravest results. How, and when, and on what pretext, to get the army of occupation back into British territory; what to do with Candahar; what line to take in the difficult negotiations with ABDUR RAHMAN; what precautions to adopt against the destruction of our partisans, which is the too probable result of our departure; how, in fact, to evolve order and safety out of a state of things not far removed from chaos—these are the topics on which the new Indian Minister must find himself obliged from day to day—almost, thanks to the telegraph, from hour to hour—to form decisions and to issue instructions, often of a very detailed character and almost always on materials insufficient for a weighty judgment. The political events of the last few weeks in England have evidently not been without their effect on the turbulent and fanatical mountaineers whose acquiescence is a first condition of any stable Government; and the prospect of any satisfactory settlement seems as remote as ever. On the other hand, the difficulty of maintaining so large a force in distant and inaccessible localities, amid a hostile population, is becoming every day more serious, and tends to render the early retirement of the English armies a consideration of paramount importance. The conjuncture is full of anxiety, and would make a large call on the calmness, fortitude, and resource of a statesman better qualified by special knowledge and experience than the new SECRETARY of STATE to deal with it.

But it is not on the North-West frontier alone that Lord HARTINGTON and the new VICEROY will find topics of difficulty. In the East, the tipsy maniac on the Burmese throne may at any moment—tired of the murderous orgy with which he began his reign—force us by some intolerable outrage or insult into a war which, to say the least of it, would be in the highest degree inconvenient. On the North the CASHMIR MAHARAJAH is believed to have been misbehaving; and in any case the deplorable misgovernment of his little kingdom is certain, sooner or later, to result in a political catastrophe of which the British Government will not be able to remain a passive spectator. No more dreadful stories of oppression, corruption, and crime are to be found in the annals of mal-administration than those which every traveller for the last

two years has brought back from the secluded valleys where in an ill-advised moment the British Government, thirty-five years ago, set up an absolute despotism of bigoted Hindus over a Mahommedan population. The famine which for several seasons has afflicted the province, and in some places almost exterminated the inhabitants, has thrown a dreadful light on the dark places of tyranny; and the British Resident has had to chronicle a series of infamous transactions against which in less troubled times the conscience of the Indian Government and the English nation would have revolted in more than a mere verbal protest. On the frontiers of Bengal the mountain tribes have broken the slender thread of allegiance which binds them to our rule, and in the Madras Presidency a band of outlaws have been sufficiently supported by popular sympathy to be able for many months to defy all attempts at coercion. There appears to be no doubt that the outbreak was occasioned by the oppressions of a local magnate insufficiently controlled by superior authority; and this circumstance, together with the prolonged inability of the authorities to restore order, is corroborative of an impression, long current in official circles, that the machinery of the Madras administration is somewhat antiquated and out of gear. Lord RIPON, if he completes the term of his viceroyalty, will probably be called on to consider the question, suggested by Lord NORTHBROOK last summer, whether the quasi-independence of this province and of Bombay is not a source of weakness, delay, and expense, uncompensated by any real advantage. At present the two Governorships are distinguished from the other provincial authorities by higher pay, more costly establishments, and a traditional *rôle* of insubordination whenever local prejudices conflict with Imperial interests and the requirements of the Supreme Government. There is no real autonomy, for the same policy is necessarily observed from one end of the Empire to another; and all recent reforms—financial or material—tend to increase the interdependence of the several provinces. But there is sufficient freedom from control to enable a refractory or self-willed official to offer successful opposition to a proposed reform, or to evade orders with which it is inconvenient to comply. Lord NORTHBROOK had probably learnt by experience how serious an impediment to efficient government such a state of things may be; if Lord RIPON sees his way to effect an appreciable economy in State outlay, and at the same time to improve the administrative machine at its weakest point, he will have made a valuable contribution to the cause of Indian reform.

Another matter of first-rate importance, of which the disposal can scarcely be delayed, is the reorganization of the Indian armies, and the suppression of the Provincial Commanders-in-Chief. The reforms proposed in this direction would, it is announced, admit of economies to the extent of 1¼ million sterling, a most welcome relief to the Indian Exchequer, at present burdened with an annual normal outlay for military purposes of over 15 millions. The present Commander-in-Chief in India, and, it is believed, a still higher authority in England, are opposed to the change, but military experts of the more enlightened school have long recommended it. Special considerations apart, it would certainly appear that the maintenance of distinct Commanders-in-Chief for the several branches of what is essentially a single army is one of those anomalous arrangements which tradition may endear and Conservatism defend with plausible apologies, but which cannot fail, like any other form of unskilful organization, to result in waste, disorder, and inefficiency.

Two leading representative bodies in India have taken advantage of the present change of rule to call attention to reforms which they consider especially desirable. One of these, supposed to represent the interests and views of the Bengal landholders, shows its grasp of the situation by recommending, amongst other changes, the extension of the Permanent Settlement to the rest of India. Lord RIPON is more likely to be occupied with measures for remedying the disastrous effects of Lord CORNWALLIS's ill-considered concession, and for compelling the landlords of Bengal to fulfil some fraction of the duties the performance of which was the main consideration for the privileges which they now enjoy. At present the Government is in the unfortunate position of having given away an annual sum of fourteen or fifteen millions in the hope of improving the condition of the people, and of having achieved no one of the objects with which the boon was granted. The Bengal landlords are as little inclined to agricultural improvements as any in India, and the tenants in many parts of the province are among the most rack-rented and poverty-stricken classes in the country. The Bengal Government has been for years occupied with legislative attempts to better the ryot's position, but has hardly got beyond the stage of demonstrating that the Permanent Settlement has injured the status of the agriculturists hardly less seriously than the interests of the Exchequer. The subject has never been dealt with in a searching and statesmanlike manner since Lord CORNWALLIS left it a century ago, and Lord RIPON will now find it among the most pressing claims on his attention.

The other complaints of these self-constituted spokesmen of Indian grievances are equally unsubstantial, and possess little interest except in showing the topics which popular agitators select as best adapted for an appeal to English sentiment. Nobody out of Bedlam ever doubted that the uncontrolled importation of firearms in considerable quantities had become a danger which it would have been criminal folly to neglect. The supervision of a few fifth-rate native newspapers, representing neither talent, property, nor even genuine native sentiment, was urged on the Government by the concurrent opinion of all the most experienced officials, who considered that the preservation of public order was being, or might easily become, endangered by a class of irresponsible and anonymous incendiaries. The admission of natives to the Civil Service was provided for last summer in a measure the working of which has yet to be observed. Another and more serious demand is for representative Councils, armed with the power of the purse. The first objection to such a proposal would be that the attempts at representative government made under the existing *régime* have been almost defeated by the difficulty of inducing proper representatives to take part in legislation; in the next place, the power of the purse must rest, along with the ultimate financial responsibility, with the Executive Government, by whom the money necessary for carrying on the administration has to be found. Such proposals, however, are hardly intended for any purpose more serious than the relief of vague restlessness, or the gratification of demagogic vanity. They have the remotest possible connexion with the real wants and wishes of the people, and these seldom travel beyond favourable seasons, light taxes, and freedom from the all-pervading oppression which is the universal characteristic of native rule. Careful inquiries have established the result that Indian taxation has at no period been lighter than at present, or the people better qualified to sustain it. The abnormally bad seasons of 1876–8 may not improbably be followed by a series of prosperous years; and, if this prove to be the case, the trade of India, whose growth was momentarily checked, will no doubt continue to develop at a rate which must speedily place her among the great commercial Powers of the world. The railways have already given a foretaste of what may be expected when the whole of that enormous continent is placed in communication with the coast. In the meantime, the administrators of the country are little likely to desert the safe path of practical improvement in the pursuit of the day-dreams of untutored brains and feverish imaginations.

THE LOWER RHÔNE.

THE present Government of France may have its shortcomings, and may be failing to deal with some of the larger political questions forced on it in a manner which to English critics would seem theoretically best; but some of its greatest merits are displayed in the obscurer regions of administration, and it is only when we add up the instances of its beneficial activity that we can realize how good is the work it is doing for France. M. DE FREYCINET has very large views of what may be done to promote the material prosperity of the country. He demands and obtains vast sums of money, which he devotes to works of public utility, and the peculiar object on which he has set his heart is the development of small local interests. His day may be described as a day of small things; but these small things combined make a great whole. He makes little canals, he builds cross-country railways, he gives decaying ports a chance of regaining importance or retaining a comfortable existence. It is only natural that his activity should

stimulate the activity of speculative engineers or village philanthropists. It seems to ardent students of his spirit of enterprise that now is the time when anything may be proposed that is likely to give new life to a forlorn little town, or make any trembling industry thrive. As an example of what Frenchmen are now thinking of in their sober hours, when they do not weary themselves with endless discussions of the 7th Clause, or with speculations on the mysterious intentions of M. GAMBETTA, some recent papers by M. LENTHÉRIC are not without interest or value. It is the dismal region of the Lower Rhône that occupies his attention, and it is to this mournful corner of France that he thinks the vigorous beneficence of M. DE FREYCINET may now be profitably directed. His special hobby is the town and port of Aigues Mortes. It is Aigues Mortes that he wishes to see endowed with new life and prosperity; and if it is a glorious thing to resuscitate dead little towns, nothing could be more glorious in its way than to resuscitate Aigues Mortes, for, of all dead little towns, it is perhaps the deadest. Guide-books inform us that this little city is an archæological curiosity, as well as interesting from its geographical position, as it is situated about three feet above the level of the Mediterranean, in the midst of salt marshes and lagoons, the exhalations from which render it unhealthy. M. LENTHÉRIC does not trouble himself much about its archæological pretensions; but it is its geographical position—which to the superficial observer seems singularly unhappy—that recommends it to his affectionate notice. He has convinced himself that Aigues Mortes is one of the most happily placed towns in France; and in his dreams of its future he soars to so high a point as to see in Aigues Mortes the only real and permanent rival of England in the coal trade of the Mediterranean. It certainly is true that, if it is any consolation to a disused port that it once was used, this consolation is not denied to Aigues Mortes. It does not appear to have been much used since the days of ST. LOUIS, which is rather a long time ago; but it was then so much thought of that ST. LOUIS embarked there on his first expedition to Palestine with a fleet of eight hundred galleys, and an army of forty thousand men. Gradually its trade has dwindled away until, as M. LENTHÉRIC confesses, the latest returns show that the commerce of Aigues Mortes has altogether passed from the sublime to the ridiculous. In 1878 the port was only visited by fifty-one vessels, which brought in a few oranges from the Balearic Islands, and took away twenty-four tons of coal. It is the great stride between this humble export and the possibility of a successful competition with Newcastle and Sunderland that imparts a romantic interest to M. LENTHÉRIC's speculations. If these speculations were the mere idle dreams of a fanciful and ignorant theorist, they would have no interest at all; but M. LENTHÉRIC approaches his subject with exhaustive learning, with minute topographical knowledge, and with extreme technical plausibility. He almost makes us believe that even Aigues Mortes is not so dead but that it may live again. Whether he is really right no one at a distance can pretend to say. Whether, if he is right, he can persuade M. DE FREYCINET to share his enthusiasm and carry out his projects, must remain doubtful; but at any rate he has had the merit of unfolding a project which may be taken as a typical instance of the ardent activity which now animates provincial France.

There are two ways in which M. LENTHÉRIC thinks greatness may be given to Aigues Mortes. It may be made the key of a great channel of communication between the Rhône and the sea, and it may be made the outlet for the rapidly increasing products of the coal-fields which lie not far from it in the department of the Gard. M. LENTHÉRIC spends much labour in explaining, not only how useless the Rhône becomes as a means of navigation when it nears the sea, but also why this must be so on account of the unfortunate configuration of the soil. It is useless to follow him into details, as every one who has passed, however rapidly, through the region of the Lower Rhône knows that, among the freaks of wasteful nature, none is more conspicuous than the disappointing end of a river which for so large a portion of its course serves as a great artery of trade. As the Rhône cannot get to the sea in any useful fashion, man has to take it there. There is already a canal, called the Canal of Beaucaire, leading from a point of the Rhône near Tarascon to Aigues Mortes; and from Aigues Mortes there is a maritime canal to the Mediterranean. What M. LENTHÉRIC wants may be said in a few words to be that this waterway should be so improved that vessels trading on the Rhône shall be able to come to Aigues Mortes and there discharge their cargoes into sea-going ships. The history of the existing canal is not only curious in itself, but necessarily determines the character of M. LENTHÉRIC's project. From time immemorial salt-works, known as the Salines de Peccais, have been in operation in the immediate neighbourhood of Aigues Mortes, and these salt-works, which even now yield a revenue to the State of nearly half a million sterling, were at one time among the most considerable sources of the royal income. Great, however, as were the sums that were drawn from the salt-works, one king after another found that he was receiving much less than he ought to have received. The contraband dealers in salt were too much for the officials, the guards, and even the troops of the sovereign. They hid where no one could find them in the marshes and lagoons that spread on every side, and it was thought that the only effectual means of beating the smugglers would be to construct a canal along which all the salt produced must pass. The canal was intended not to benefit Aigues Mortes, but to protect the royal revenue; and, although schemes for improving the land adjacent to the canal were always associated with the main project of the canal itself, the primary object of getting the royal salt to the Rhône impressed its peculiar character on the enterprise. The kings, however, never thought of making the canal themselves. What they wanted was to persuade others to make it for them, the privilege of exacting very high tolls being held out as a temptation to speculators. Under this system the canal took more than a hundred years to construct. The first person who engaged in the enterprise was the Marquis DE NOAILLES, who in 1702 received a concession authorizing him to construct a canal and drain the country between Beaucaire and Aigues Mortes. Unexpected difficulties, however, prevented even a beginning being made. The district was agitated by the religious wars of the Cevennes, the local proprietors set up claims equally innumerable and embarrassing, and sufficient engineering ability could not be commanded for the practical execution of the task. The concession passed by inheritance or substitution from one set of persons to another, none of whom could make anything of it, and in 1746 it was handed over to the States of Languedoc. The local authorities took thirty years to study how they might best begin the work, and in 1778 they did make a beginning, and the enterprise was prosecuted with some activity till the revolution put a stop to it. In 1801 the concession given in 1702 was renewed in favour of a Company which is still in existence, and is the present owner of the canal. Its existence, according to its original grant, would have expired next year, but the term was prolonged for a further period of fifty-eight years by LOUIS NAPOLEON when President. The canal was completed in 1811, so that for nearly seventy years it has been in use; but at present it is not the kind of canal which can contribute to the resurrection of Aigues Mortes. It is only suited for little salt-boats, and the Company is entitled to charge tolls so high as to make a higher style of navigation impossible. What M. LENTHÉRIC proposes is that the State should buy up the Company's rights of tollage, and should then widen and deepen the canal so as to admit the passage of the ordinary boats that trade on the Rhône.

This junction of the Rhône and the Mediterranean by means of a canal, on which only such duties would be charged as might be necessary to keep the canal in repair, would, as M. LENTHÉRIC observes, not only revive Aigues Mortes, but, by establishing a salutary competition, reduce the cost of railway transport. But the canal is, after all, in the visions of M. LENTHÉRIC, a means of doing good altogether secondary to that of making Aigues Mortes the outlet for the coal of the Gard. France, as a whole, produces much less coal than she consumes; but in the case of the Gard the output largely exceeds the local demand, and the only obstacle to the increase of the output appears to consist in the difficulty of getting away what is produced. As it is, the output, which in 1850 was under three hundred thousand tons, rose in 1860 to a million, and may be now taken at two million tons. It is easy for M. LENTHÉRIC, or any one else with a map in his hands, to see that Aigues Mortes, if it was a port at all, would be

much the nearest port to the coal-field, and ought to compete successfully with the rival ports of Cette and Marseilles. It is also obvious that all that M. LENTHÉRIC urges as to the utility to France of having an export trade in coal is perfectly true. English coaling-vessels, having an outward freight assured, can carry homeward freight at lower rates than will remunerate French owners whose vessels go out empty. For all points of the Mediterranean, French vessels starting from Aigues Mortes would have the advantage of proximity; and M. LENTHÉRIC in his dreams sees a vision of French ships carrying coal to Alexandria, Beyrout, Constantinople, and Odessa, and bringing back Egyptian cotton, Syrian wool, Turkish oil, and Crimean wheat. It may be asked how it happens that even now these great things cannot be done. Cette and Marseilles are not quite so near as Aigues Mortes to the coal-field, but they would seem near enough to give the exporter a fair chance of outstripping the rivalry of English ports. The answer of M. LENTHÉRIC is that neither at Cette nor Marseilles is there any room for a properly conducted coal business. The limited space which those ports command is already needed for other operations, and there is no room for the various and complicated contrivances by which modern ingenuity puts coals on board at a minimum of risk and cost. In this respect Aigues Mortes offers the enormous advantage of being virgin soil. In a city of the dead there are no living interests to injure; and, as M. LENTHÉRIC triumphantly observes, at Aigues Mortes you may cut and carve as you like and you cannot possibly injure any one. But then can Aigues Mortes be made a port? M. LENTHÉRIC replies that, although in one sense it is not a port now, yet in another sense it is not only a port, but a very good one. There is no proper communication between Aigues Mortes and the sea; but the sea part of the port of Aigues Mortes is, according to M. LENTHÉRIC, everything that he or a coal-owner could wish. It is safe, it is sheltered, it is accessible. What stands between Aigues Mortes and its great destinies is simply the trumpery character of the maritime canal. If this canal was but made such as Aigues Mortes has a right to expect, the freighter could at any moment send his coal to Beyrout or Odessa with the utmost expedition, and bring back his oil and wool with comfort and safety. If M. LENTHÉRIC is thought mad by steadygoing people, it must at least be owned that there is much method in his madness. We do not suppose that any Newcastle coal-owner or freighter will be much perturbed by the projects of M. LENTHÉRIC; but if for any reason he wishes to know what is really going on in France, he may find it not unprofitable to take note of a fresh indication that French energy is beginning to assert itself in a degree hitherto unknown.

THE NEW EDUCATION REPORT.

THE Report of the Committee of Council on Education for the year 1879 is a more than usually interesting paper. It discloses a policy, and those interested in these matters will be curious to know how far this policy will be persevered in by the new Committee. Will Lord SPENCER and Mr. MUNDELLA adopt or rescind the changes already made, and the further changes indicated by the Duke of RICHMOND and GORDON and by Lord GEORGE HAMILTON? In our judgment, they will do well to adopt them. It is not necessary in saying this to give any opinion on the extent or nature of the aid that it is expedient to give to public education, whether out of the taxes or out of the rates. That is a very proper subject for discussion both in and out of Parliament. All that need be maintained at present is that, whatever be the amount of aid given, it should be given *eo nomine*, with full knowledge of the purpose for which it is given, and in the form which is best calculated to answer that purpose. It can hardly be contended that any one of those conditions is at present fulfilled.

When the Act of 1870 was passed it is safe to say that no one supposed that the system it founded was anything else than a system of elementary education—a system which, in the words of the new Report, "was meant to "be settled solely with a view to the wants of the labour-"ing and other poorer classes of the community;" and consequently to be regulated by the age up to which the children of these classes can remain at school. The age at which the compulsory machinery created by the Act ceases to be applicable is thirteen, and, though nothing is said in it about the age at which it is contemplated that elementary education should come to an end, it is only reasonable to suppose that it was meant to be the age after which a parent can no longer be required by law to keep his child at school. In so far, therefore, as children remain at school after that age, and in so far as provision is made for giving them instruction which can only profitably be given them after that age, the intentions of the framers of the Act have presumably been exceeded. They may, no doubt, have been improved upon; that is a point on which we express no opinion. It is competent to Parliament to create a system under which secondary, or even the higher, education, should be brought within the reach of all classes. All that is now maintained is, that Parliament did not mean to create, or make any approach towards creating, such a system in 1870 or in 1876, which are the years in which the laws which regulate national education were passed; and that it is not expedient to introduce such a system piecemeal and by a succession of side winds. It will hardly be denied that the motives which would induce Parliament to give secondary education, if not free of cost, at least at a cost very much below the actual outlay incurred, would be altogether different from the motives which have induced it to give elementary education on those terms. The theory which lay at the root of the Act of 1870 was twofold—first, that the community is exposed to actual danger by the gross ignorance of its poorer members; and next, that, as a child suffers throughout life by being left in gross ignorance, it is as much the business of the State to see that he gets necessary education as to see that he gets necessary food. Neither of these positions can be appealed to in support of a proposal for bringing secondary education within everybody's reach. The community is not endangered by the fact that many of its members are acquainted with only one language, and have but an imperfect grammatical knowledge even of that; nor are the prospects of a child in life necessarily and visibly benefited by his being given an education which he will have no opportunities of applying or keeping up when he has left school. State aid to secondary education may be in the highest degree expedient; but it must be for quite other reasons than those which make it expedient to give State aid to elementary education. This being so, it is plainly desirable that Parliament should not be led on into aiding the one, in the belief that it is aiding the other. Even if it could be shown that the gain to the community from a system of State-aided secondary education would be so great that it is desirable to introduce it by any means that offer themselves, this would not be an argument in favour of mixing it up with elementary education. The two kinds of education are so different that they cannot profitably be given by the same teachers or in the same schools. For practical purposes they may be taken to be mutually hostile. The teacher who is competent to give secondary instruction, and has scholars to whom to give it, will almost inevitably come to despise the less interesting part of his work. The task of training the young idea is at all events more delightful in its later stages than in its earlier. In a quotation from the Report of the Schools Inquiry Commission, given in the Report of the Education Department, it is truly said that, "If a boy "is to leave school at fourteen, it is not the best thing for "him to have a fraction of the education which would "suit boys who could stay at school till eighteen." If, therefore, boys of all ages up to eighteen are allowed to remain at an elementary school, some of them must be receiving an education which is not the best thing for them to have.

These considerations cover more ground than is included in the scope of the new Education Report. It is by reference to them, however, that the meaning of the alteration in the Code with regard to the age at which children cease to be chargeable to the Parliamentary grant will be best seen. The department is, or was, of opinion that, though it is expedient to give those children who can afford to remain at school till thirteen the best education that can be given within that limit, it is not the business of the department to do more than this. "By the age of thirteen, if pro-"perly taught, children can pass through the six standards "of the Code, and the three stages of one or more of the "specific subjects of the fourth schedule." When this is

done the function of the State in regard to them, as at present understood, comes to an end. If they wish to carry their education further, they must go to some secondary school. It appears, however, that "the "presence in Board schools of children of a superior "class, who are able to remain longer at school than "was contemplated by the Act of 1870, has led some "School Boards to entertain educational proposals of a "more ambitious character than is recognized by the "Code, which in some cases have led to a practical "conflict between the scheme of a School Board and "one settled for a secondary school in the same town "by the Endowed School Commissioners." Until now this state of things has been rendered possible by eighteen being inserted in the Code as the age beyond which children shall be no longer chargeable to the Parliamentary grant. The Education Department believe that this limit was chosen to meet cases in which the elementary education of children had been entirely neglected owing to the want of proper schools. Now that the Education Act has been in force for nearly ten years this plea can no longer be urged, and the Department have, therefore, fixed fourteen as the limit after which children will cease to be chargeable to the Parliamentary grant. The change is one that needs no defence. If the Legislature wishes to pay for the education of children up to the age of eighteen, it has a perfect right to do so; but it ought not to be led on into paying for it until it has been given an opportunity for fully reviewing the whole question, and the important principle involved in it.

There is another point touched upon in this Report which, though it is less directly connected with the administration of the Education Department, is a matter of some moment to the ratepayers of London. Every child in average attendance in a London Board school costs the ratepayers 31s. a year. Every child in average attendance in a Sheffield Board school costs the ratepayers 8s. 8d. a year. Every child in average attendance in a Hull Board sc ool costs the ratepayers 4s. 4d. a year. There may be very good reasons for this enormous discrepancy; but, if so, those reasons ought to be stated and investigated. The rate which in London educates one child will educate nearly four children in Sheffield and nearly eight children in Hull. If the education given in these two latter towns is inferior to that given in London, it would be interesting to know whether the Hull and Sheffield educations are not good enough, or the London education is too good. If an education in London costs nearly eight times as much as the same education in Hull, and nearly four times as much as the same education in Sheffield, it would be interesting to know whether the difference is due to avoidable or unavoidable causes.

THE PROPHECY OF ST. MALACHY.

UNDER the title of *Corona Catholica*, and in a gorgeous binding of scarlet and gold, Mr. Charles Kent has "offered at the feet of the Successor of Peter" an epigram in fifty languages, ancient and modern, and from as many different hands, on his accession to the pontifical throne, which he considers a suitable method of testifying reverence for the eminent virtues and learning of the "Ruler of the world." The original English stanza, which we subjoin for the benefit of our readers, is neat, if not particularly striking. The Latin version is so involved as to be rather difficult to construe; the Greek, by Professor Paley, as might be expected, is pure and classical. On the greater number of translations we cannot undertake to pronounce any critical judgment, but such names as those of Professor Sayce, Max Müller, and Renouf may be accepted as vouchers for the correctness of the Assyrian, Sanskrit, and Egyptian. The English original runs as follows:—

> Through the Cross on Cross of Pius,
> As through Mary's Dolours Seven,
> Lo! from Death what Life emerges,
> Joy from anguish, Light from Heaven.

It will at once be observed by connoisseurs that the two mottoes of the late and present Pope respectively in St. Malachy's Prophecy—*Crux de Cruce* and *Lumen de Cœlo*—are worked into this epigram, and indeed the actual words occur in the Latin form. And we should gather from Mr. Kent's preface, which is headed "S. Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh," that his main object is to rehabilitate that curious document, which he evidently believes to be genuine. We are reminded how St. Malachy flourished in the first half of the twelfth century, and was an intimate friend of the great St. Bernard, who wrote a Life of him — which is hardly perhaps considered generally "to be one of his most finished masterpieces." But St. Bernard, while crediting his friend with miraculous and prophetic gifts, says nothing at all of this "most renowned of all the visions and prophecies attributed to him," which was in fact never heard of, as Mr. Kent candidly admits, till four centuries and a half after his death. It is true no doubt, though it scarcely seems a sufficient explanation of this long silence, that the art of printing was not invented till the latter half of the fifteenth century; but a good century more had to elapse before the first publication of the Prophecy of St. Malachy by a learned French Benedictine, Arnold Wion, in 1595. Under these circumstances Mr. Kent prudently declines to "insist upon its authenticity," but he thinks it bears a certain analogy to "that mysterious Fourth Eclogue of Virgil," in which the Advent of our Lord and His birth of a Virgin were predicted forty years before the event, and to the Sibylline acrostics. So do we, but on that point we shall have a word to say presently. Several fresh editions appeared during the seventeenth century, and in 1675 one in two splendid quartos was dedicated by permission to the reigning Pope, Clement X., and "formally authenticated by the notable words, *con licenza dei superiori*." To Mr. Kent's mind this dedication seems to be conclusive, though he does not exactly say so. A certain Jesuit Father Menestrier did indeed in 1689 venture to express the first doubt as to the authenticity of the document, and in 1859 the Rev. John O'Hanlon published a *Life of Saint Malachy*, in which he reiterated that doubt. But their scepticism is rendered innocuous, if not excusable, by the consideration that Father Menestrier either ignored or— let us charitably hope—was ignorant of the fact that Pope Clement X. had scarcely two decades before deigned to accept, as Pontiff, the dedication of those "two splendid quartos, in which the authenticity of the predictions was formally maintained," while Father O'Hanlon frankly acknowledges his regret at having been unable to obtain a sight of "that most remarkable publication." It seems clear however that the condescending approval of Clement X. did not go for much with Father O'Hanlon, whatever he might have thought of the arguments. Finally Mr. Kent urges that these Prophecies "present from first to last a series of astounding coincidences," of which he thinks, however, it will suffice to mention four. Three of these four, we may observe, are invariably selected whenever it is desired to illustrate the striking coincidences in St. Malachy's Prophecy, from which it is only natural to infer that they are somewhat exceptional, even if the exceptions cannot be said to prove an opposite rule. These four are the mottoes of Pius VI., *Peregrinus Apostolicus*; of Pius VII., *Aquila Rapax*; of Pius IX., *Crux de Cruce*; and of Leo XIII., *Lumen de Cœlo*. We may add that the fourth Pope after his present Holiness is to be *Papa Angelicus*, and this is a personage who had figured in earlier vaticinations, being first mentioned by Roger Bacon.

The fact is that St. Malachy's Prophecy, whatever may be the exact date of its composition—and there is no shred of evidence for its existence before the time of its first publication in 1595 —belongs to a vast family of visions and predictions running through the whole course of Church history. Some ten years ago Dr. Döllinger published a little work on the subject, which was noticed at the time in our columns, giving copious examples from the beginning of the Christian era to the period of the Reformation. And we took occasion in a subsequent article (April 20, 1872) to call attention to various later illustrations, coming down to our own day, of this ineradicable human instinct for prying curiously into the future. It is not of course at all confined to the Christian era; thus a special gift of prophecy was attributed to virgins, both among the ancient Greeks and Romans, and in India, as Clement of Alexandria testifies. In referring to the Sibylline oracles Mr. Kent recalls the earliest, most long-lived, and most famous of all those Christian prophecies, but with more than questionable discretion for his own purpose of helping to authenticate St. Malachy. It is very possible that the first of the fourteen Sibylline Books formerly in circulation, eight of which we now possess, may have suggested the strangely Messianic colouring of the Fourth Eclogue of Virgil. But what is the origin of the Sibylline books, so far as it has been as yet clearly ascertained? The earliest of them was probably composed by an Alexandrian Jew at the beginning of the second century B.C.; it closes with predictions of the future coming of the Messiah, borrowed from Old Testament prophecies, and may have become known to Virgil. The second and third books also betray their Jewish authorship, but must have been composed after the destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem, somewhere about the end of the first century of our era. The next five books are evidently of Christian composition, and are assigned by most critics to the third century. That fragments of the old Pagan oracles are embedded in them is more than probable, but they can only be regarded on the whole as deliberate impostures. The acrostic on the titles of our Lord, to which Mr. Kent refers, as well as another on the Cross, quoted by St. Augustine, occur in the eighth book. The acrostic form seems to have been adopted because it was a known characteristic of the original Sibylline verses. For some sixteen centuries these pretended oracles were accepted as genuine throughout Christendom without a shadow of a misgiving. They were habitually cited from the first in controversy with Pagans by the most eminent Christian Apologists and Fathers, such as Tatian, Athenagoras, Justin Martyr, Clement of Alexandria, Lactantius, and the great Augustine himself. Justin Martyr ascribed the Pagan prohibition to read them, under pain of death, to the express instigation of the devil. Clement of Alexandria has preserved the tradition that St. Paul advised Christians to study them. The

Emperor Constantine quoted them in a solemn oration before the Council of Nice, and both he and Lactantius reproach the Pagans—not unjustly perhaps—with dishonesty in seeking to discredit testimonies so cogent against themselves. The adoption of the fish as a sacred symbol was derived from the acrostic already mentioned, and the opening stanza of one of the grandest of the old Latin hymns almost ranks the Sibylline oracles with the inspired prophecies of the Psalter in the famous line *Teste David cum Sibylla*, still retained in the Roman missal, though altered in some later versions into *Crucis expandens vexilla*. The first eight books were collected and published at Basle by Vossius in 1545, and Castellio about the same time pointed out that they contained many passages which must be spurious. In the next century a Jesuit, Possevin, observed that there were many passages purporting to be written before the time of Moses, which must therefore have been interpolated, as the Sibyls were known to have flourished at a later date; but he attributed these interpolations to the malice of Satan, who desired thereby to discredit the rest of the work. At last in 1649 a French Protestant preacher, Blondel by name, ventured, for the first time among Christians, to denounce the entire compilation as a tissue of clumsy and deliberate forgeries. And later criticism has established the substantial correctness of his view. It does not of course at all follow, nor is there any reason for supposing, that the early Christian fathers and controversialists did not appeal to them in good faith. It was an uncritical age, and the Sibylline forgeries formed part of a whole literature of the same ambiguous kind, portions of which still remain to us in the apocryphal adjuncts to both Old and New Testament—*e.g.* the *Preaching of Noah*, the *Book of Enoch*, the *Epistle of Barnabas*, the Apocryphal Gospels, the *Clementine Recognitions*, and the like, all equally spurious, though not always of fraudulent origin.

Nor has the fount of prophecy, as was observed before, by any means run dry in the middle ages or even down to our own day, and these popular predictions often deal with secular as well as religious and ecclesiastical matters. There is, for instance, a whole series of them connected with English history, ascribed to the mythical Merlin, which Galfridus has put on record; and hence old English chroniclers often use such phrases as "*ut impleretur Merlini prophetia*," or "*tunc impletum est illud Merlini*." It is not to be wondered at that some of these predictions—like those of St. Bridget and St. Hildegarde, which pointed to the Reformation—should have been remarkably fulfilled. St. Bridget even predicted, as modern Italians are not slow to remember, that the Papal sovereignty would be confined to the Leonine city. We have no doubt that there are many in the present day besides Mr. Kent—and not exclusively Roman Catholics—who attach a more or less definite credence to this Prophecy of St. Malachy, and whose belief would not be disturbed were it conclusively proved to have originated with those who first published it to the world, at the close of the sixteenth century. They would argue, plausibly enough, that if the Papal mottoes of the first four centuries and a half were mere ingenious historical applications—many of them indeed, as Mr. Hemans has pointed out, hardly rising above the dignity of puns in their obvious derivation from the family names, names of birthplaces, or heraldic devices of pontiffs—it does not follow that the rest have no predictive value. And they would point triumphantly to such startling congruities as those to which Mr. Kent refers in the description of some recent popes. But the circumstance that for modern readers this prophetic catalogue carries with it, by necessary implication, an announcement of the approaching end of the world would alone give it a peculiar, if somewhat unpleasant interest to many minds; and believers in Dr. Cumming at all events cannot blame them. Leo XIII. is to have only nine successors, whose character or destiny is thus mysteriously adumbrated:—*Ignis ardens*, *Religio depopulata*, *Fides intrepida*, *Pastor Angelicus*, *Pastor et Nauta*, *Flos florum*, *De medietate lunæ*, *De labore solis*, *Gloria olivæ*. Then comes the end. "In the last persecution of the holy Roman Church the chair shall be filled by Peter, a Roman (or the Roman Peter), who shall feed the flock amidst many tribulations, which being accomplished, the Seven-hilled City shall be destroyed, and the tremendous Judge shall judge the people." As the average reign of a Pope lasts seven years only, this method of reckoning would fix the final persecution of the Church and the consummation of all things somewhere about the middle of the next century. And that, we suspect, is the true explanation of this sudden revival, after two centuries of oblivion, of a critical and devotional interest in the so-called Prophecy of St. Malachy, which is no doubt strengthened by the curious felicity of the designations severally assigned to the late and present Pope.

"JOCKING WI' DEEFICULTY."

A STORY is told of a Scotch newspaper editor which is almost pathetic in its wide application to professional Merrymen. This editor was also the proprietor of a very well known Scotch journal, and he was thus doubly interested in the success of his venture. But he knew that there was one defect in the print, a fatal defect in a Scottish newspaper. The *Bawbee* was too solemn, too earnest, not sufficiently skittish to suit a gay, unthinking people. The worthy editor looked round him, and at last discovered what he wanted in the person of a funny sub-editor. He then boasted himself in the society of his friends, saying, "I have found in my new sub-editor a young man just overflowing in natural wit and humour. Jocks just pour freely from his lips. Now this is a grand thing for the paper, because, for my part, I confess that I *jock wi' deeficulty*."

Can there be a nobler and sadder picture than that of this good man struggling with an impossible duty? A conscientious, elderly Scotchman, determined to do his level best, sits down to be witty, and finds that he "jokes with difficulty." "He did but give us of his best," and he knew that his best was execrable. Yet his fate was no uncommon one. There are hundreds of men in this great, careless city who go to bed every night with the consciousness that they must "jock" to-morrow, and with the certainty that the process will be laborious, the results depressing. Wit should be spontaneous, the creature of the moment, of the occasion, the beaded bubble winking at the brim of friendly intercourse. "Let your chaff, my dear boys, be like the lambent summer lightning, which glitters and harms not." So said an excellent Headmaster long ago, in a sermon delivered to the boys of Rugby, or Radley, who were under his care. The advice was capital, whether the Rugby (or Radley) boys were able to act on it or not; but how can the professional cutter of jokes expect to attain the Headmaster's ideal? Perhaps he is an artist, or a writer on the staff of a periodical that, every weekly round in this battle of life, is bound to "come up smiling." How is the artist to find about two hundred new topics for funny sketches in the course of the year? How few people think of this when they throw down their *Punch* with a sigh and a feeling of abiding melancholy and supreme despair! There was a drawing last week of a fat woman of fashion which suggested thoughts too deep for tears. How hard must "jocking" come to the designer of that gruesome caricature, how rare must humour be, when the legend of that drawing passes for humour! And yet it is in sorrow, not in anger, that the sensible heart contemplates such failures. People who themselves scribble ought never to have a hard word for the "forlorn and shipwrecked brother," for the professional who has set himself to jest, and who has found the difficulty insurmountable. When the spangled acrobat in the ring "misses his tip," and rolls bruised in the sawdust, the harsh public cries "yah!" but the old performers looking on pity rather than condemn. When snoring "drowns the parson's saw," when critics as they stroll home blame the good man's dulness, there are a few who remember that to expect pathos, humour, eloquence twice a week from every curate is to expect more than human nature can supply. Let us pity the comic designer, let us pity even the clerical buffoon, when his eccentricities fail to tickle his jaded patrons in the stalls, or pews, or whatever they are called.

Like the noble patron of Mr. Wenham and Mr. Wagg, the public is inclined to say that "it has heard that joke about the London Tavern before." Indeed the poor weary jester is very apt to trust to his memory and to the want of that faculty in his audience. There is a humorous paper which is constantly repeating the jokes of yesteryear, jokes much more easily discovered in its back numbers than *les neiges d'antan*. There is another phenomenon which proves that the path of wit, like that of virtue, is steep and hard, and that epigrams are uncommonly scarce in the modern market. The same poor jest will appear on three successive days in the week in three different journals. We have this week observed—and the experience is not rare—the faint dawning of a jape in a halfpenny evening sheet; let us call it (sham names are the readiest resource of him who jokes with difficulty) the *Hesperus*. It would be brutal to say that the readers of the *Hesperus* do not move in "the highest circles." Not many months ago a butcher was furiously assaulted by a lady for declaring that he "only dealt with the aristocracy," and implying that therefore he did not deal with her. No doubt the halfpenny public is "aristocratic" enough for its needs, and would be enraged by any one who doubted its quality. But perhaps that public is not very likely to purchase the more expensive "society" papers, and there to find (as it would find this week) the same cheap old joke retailed at a much higher price, in one of the usual columns of ungrammatical gossip. Probably there is plenty of life yet in the witticism (it was a hit at Lord Beaconsfield), and we may expect to see it adorning the columns of many another contemporary.

The "moral tone" of the perplexed jester is apt to be "lowered some," as the American says in a story so old that we daily expect to see it revived as a new piece of gossip, with new names, characters, and costumes. Even in Charles Lamb's time, when jokes were paid for at the cheap rate of sixpence each, the purveyors of humour were apt to grow indolent, and to supply very indifferent wares. Even the least educated jackal of the press remembers the unscrupulous efforts to make sixpence out of the name of Mr. Deputy Humphreys. Stupid and blundering personal attacks now take the place of remarks about Mr. Humphreys. He who "jokes with difficulty" often lies, slanders, and generally speaking discharges his sixpence worth of spite with some facility. Now this practice must be ruinous to the character of the purveyor of jests. Having no jests to dispose of, he shies a paragraph, as the man in Aristophanes's comedy hurls an unholy missile, at any one whom he happens to hate. It is a ready-money business, and the professional does not dislike it, but his moral character suffers. He who was once among his brother reporters and penny-a-liners the gayest pothouse wit, is now a snarling, scandalous paragraph-monger. The difficulty of jesting has been his bane.

Before a jester sinks to the level of the mere social tout, he has to go through a series of degrading dodges. A writer may start

in life with a fair supply of high intellectual spirits, but our modern literature has only one performer of this sort who keeps his high spirits perennially, and can neither speak nor write without dropping guileless good things. His high spirits are among the first qualities that the professional jester loses. He is obliged to economise his fun for the purposes of business. He is tempted, like an amiable politician, to keep a note-book, and jot down his own happy thoughts, which he once scattered with careless profusion, "as rich men give that care not for their gifts." He finds that he must keep his high spirits for his articles, as the post-boy reserved his canter for the avenue. The jester when his jesting cap and bells are not on becomes a moody man, and, so to speak, "ranges apart." He has been known—such is the depravity which his profession develops—to keep common-place books with hints for allusions and funny "tips." Then he falls into his anecdotage, and becomes careless about repeating his humorous illustrations. At first he tries to be indifferent honest, and not to tell the same story twice in the same newspaper. But presently he becomes careless even of this rule, and the readers of the journals in which he patiently and laboriously jokes know quite well when to expect the anecdote about the American who swore fearfully, or the legend of the Irishman who was "agin the Government," or the passage from Mr. Tennyson which admits of two constructions and favours the designs of the punster. Mr. J. S. Mill, having little apparently to trouble him, once fell into a deep melancholy at the thought that the combinations of musical sounds might be exhausted. "The sooner the better," some people will say; but the professional jester has a more serious grievance. He finds out very soon that all his own comic illustrations might be exhausted, and where is he to glean new material? Unless he keeps a tame American and a domesticated Irishman on the premises, how is he to secure fresh anecdotes? He never read much, and, since he took to joking in the papers, he does not read at all. He is a worn-out, miserable, exhausted being, and, if he is not very careful, may sink to representing "Literature" at the banquet of a Lord Mayor who patronizes the press, or at the ghastly festivities of the Royal Society of Literature.

There are, of course, certain mechanical dodges by which joking is made quite easy to the performer, as easy as grinding a barrel-organ. For example, he hunts out a story of a ghastly murder, or of some hideous cruelties committed in Texas, or at Smyrna or Volo, and he tells the story with ironical mirth. He speaks of the murderer with affected sympathy, and gently deplores the result of ungoverned passion. To joke this kind of joke, supplies of not less than six dead bodies, and a larger proportion of broken hearts, are all that is necessary. Missionaries, again, are the natural game of the professional joker, and, when he is allowed, he can make a good deal out of any exhibition of unsophisticated religious feeling. He welcomes any account of a burglary, for joking about burglaries is almost always easy; and, in short, wherever a paradox can be introduced, the jester jests with ease. Any one can invert, in fancy, the ordinary opinions of men, and it can scarcely happen but that the result will be a little grotesque. Thus the character of the Merryman is likely to be sapped, and he really ought to be very miserable. But he ends like the Frenchman in M. Richepin's story. This Frenchman was a literary person who had committed two murders. He made a reputation by writing a brilliant novel founded on his misdeeds. Remorse overcame him, he confessed his crime, confessed that his fiction was history, and was shut up by an incredulous world in a mad-house. There he really went mad, and believed that he had not committed his crimes. Even so the professional joker has a stage of contrite misery when he recognizes the badness, the laboriousness of his jokes, and he ends in a callous condition in which he no longer knows that his jests are forced and feeble.

THE LITTLE TROUBLES OF THE MINISTRY.

THE man who, by means proper or improper, acquires somebody else's shoes and puts them on his own feet subjects himself thereby to some discomfort—a proposition sententious, but perhaps not the less true. Her Majesty's Ministers have apparently determined to step into their predecessors' shoes in an unusually full and exact sense, and it is therefore not surprising that certain little pinches and twinges should have occurred. Indeed, if rumour is to be credited, some of the pinchings have been of an extremely severe character—all humanity, at least all humanity that wears boots, agreeing that there are few tortures more torturing than that of the boots which are tight. On Monday evening evidences of misfit were not wanting at an early hour. In the higher political comedy of the less humane kind, few scenes have latterly been attempted of a more daring character than that of the Premier's reply to Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett. The question was indeed something of a question-begging one. But when there came from Mr. Gladstone's mouth the words "There is no doubt that much crime and *probably much cruelty* have occurred," memory must surely have carried not a few of the listeners back to the autumn of 1876. Blackheath is but within penny steamboat range of Westminster, and the library of the House of Commons doubtless contains a copy of "Bulgarian Horrors." How suggestive of "the lisp of lute strings smitten soft," to quote the words of a gifted bard, is the phrase, "much crime and probably much cruelty," as compared with all the drum and trumpet work of the former period. "We draw," said Mr. Gladstone, "no distinction between Mahometan and Christian"; yet he certainly seems to keep two languages for the two classes of sufferers. This, however, was but a prelude to the unpleasantness which the Ministry had to undergo in reference to the Bradlaugh matter. That exceedingly thorny question seems somehow to have lodged all its thorns in the persons of the Government and their supporters. They have the mortification to see themselves deserted on the first important division of the new Parliament by some of their supporters, to see a much larger number refuse to vote, and to feel that a considerable proportion, probably a majority, of those who did vote with them felt the obligation to do so as an almost intolerable strain. It was not pleasant to be placed, as Lord Randolph Churchill oratorically placed Mr. Gladstone, in the position of leading the Liberal party for the first time through the lobby for the purpose of seating on the benches of the House "an avowed atheist and a professedly disloyal person." It was awkward to have Dr. Lyons, one of the rare Liberals of Ireland, voting and speaking against the Government. It could scarcely have been comforting even to have the assistance of Mr. Thorold Rogers, and to be assured on that most excellent authority that all atheists were Tories, and that the favourite amusement of Tories was to receive the gold of France. The gold of France is wanted for other purposes just now, and indigent Tory members (by the way, Algernon Sidney was a Tory, was he not?) must look elsewhere for their income. The rule as to Tory atheists had hardly so much actuality as the exception as to the Radical atheist who is troubling the House. To be taken under the wing of Mr. Trevelyan, to have Mr. Courtney "admit" that he was almost persuaded to vote with the Opposition, to be championed by Mr. T. P. O'Connor—all these things must have been gall and wormwood even to a person so well skilled in taking bitter draughts without making wry faces as the present Prime Minister. But all these subsidiary bitternesses must have been as nothing compared with the feeling of the cause which he was actually defending. No one questions the sincerity, the ardent sincerity, of Mr. Gladstone's religious belief. But premiership, like other things, evidently makes men acquainted with the strangest of bedfellows. How grateful Mr. Gladstone must feel to Mr. Adam for his judicious management of the Northampton election!

If, however, Monday night was one of slow martyrdom, Tuesday was distinguished by two acute spasms which must have affected all the Ministry alike. For days they have been the butts of the eager expostulations of their partisans, of the grave and ironical consolations of their opponents, in the matter of Sir Bartle Frere, and to a less degree in the matter of the Transvaal. The retention in his post of the Governor and High Commissioner of the Cape was not an act which could possibly meet with directly hostile criticism at the hands of Conservatives, or of those uncommitted persons who had approved the African policy of the last Ministry. But, if the act escaped censure, the actors were certainly in a most awkward position. Conservative support was, under the circumstances, the most headbreaking of precious balms, and Radical reproach was as hard, if not so intolerable. But surely no Cabinet, after having got itself into a fix, ever got itself out of one in so strange a fashion. Mr. Gladstone's language in reference to his own statements was characterized by his usual casuistical ingenuity; and it is probable that his conscience was quite at ease when he denied that he had said in Midlothian what he had actually said in Peebles. His adversaries are used to this; his followers, we suppose, are used to it likewise. Perhaps they are also used to the tortuous phrases in which the Government intentions with regard to Sir Bartle were finally adjusted in some occult manner to the demands of the Radical members. Confederation is, it seems, of immense importance; and Sir Bartle is of immense importance to confederation. We are inclined to think that the late Government had some similar idea. Places in which the High Commissioner might do mischief have been handed over to Sir George Colley, as "geographically belonging" to that officer. So, we think, similar places were recently placed under Sir Garnet Wolseley—possibly for geographical reasons also. Sir Bartle's "hands" are not to be "weakened," but "precautions have been taken which will be quite effectual against the possible bias of any events in South Africa which might give cause for dissatisfaction." Finally, at some future time, Sir Butle's case is to be "disentangled from the subject of confederation"; in which it is, as we fully admit, at present very considerably entangled—by Mr. Gladstone. It is almost impossible to avoid feeling profound commiseration for a statesman floundering in such a mess as this. Mr. Gladstone wishes to retain Sir Bartle Frere in office; he knows, let us say, that it is wise to do so; he knows that by so doing he is making his followers indignant and his enemies scornful. So he "jumbles it all together," as Captain O'Brien did when he was beaten by one French ship and took another. He means to keep Sir Bartle in office and he means to recall him; to strengthen his hands and to take precautions against the bias of events; to run with the hare of statesmanship and hunt with the hounds of Radicalism. And all this time there sat, or might figuratively be said to sit, beside and behind him colleagues who delivered all this as their act and deed, and who had over and over again execrated Sir Bartle Frere, denounced the annexation of the Transvaal, and urged the African policy of the Tory Government as one of the chiefest reasons for their overthrow. It was again an excellent comedy, not, however, without something of the tragic in it.

The second paroxysm of Ministerial humiliation on Tuesday was fortunately of a less grave character. We must confess to a suspicion which has constantly haunted us since the constitution of the Cabinet, that Lord Hartington must have taken a solemn oath not to take the Secretaryship at War. All the world remembers the famous history of the Army Discipline Bill; how it was at first supported with more or less loyalty by Lord Hartington and Sir William Harcourt, the latter of whom indeed had good reason for its support; how the Home Rulers and the English Radicals got up the "cat" agitation; how the present President of the Board of Trade solemnly denounced the present Indian Secretary as the "late leader of the Opposition"; and how, appalled by this, Lord Hartington struck his colours and ran up the black flag. At that time everybody who was not concerned to throw mud at the Government pointed out the flagrant injustice of making such a matter a party question, and the dead certainty of administrative and departmental difficulties which such a proceeding would bring about. On Tuesday Mr. Cowen asked the intentions of the Government as to flogging, and Mr. Childers gave him his answer, an answer which we are sure we are not wrong in saying Lord Hartington would personally never have given. It seems that the members of the Government have just awoke to the necessity of inventing "some punishment that can be substituted for flogging." They have even discovered that "the discipline of the army at a grave crisis" may depend on their powers of invention. They cannot possibly do it this Session, and the House must have confidence in them. If Colonel Stanley is not fully avenged, he must indeed be a rancorous person. That all these considerations must have been fully present to the minds of the Opposition last year it is unnecessary to observe. Indeed the incident would be almost spoilt by comment. We must leave the Government to their inquiries, and hope that the strappado or the wooden horse, the thumbscrew or the boots, may not result from their studies of comparative punishment. For a Ministry to cut a sorrier figure than this is, we should have thought impossible, but evidently the infinite variety of self-abasement is not yet staled for them. In a few days the Karolyi Letter, the Fawcett incident, the case of Sir Bartle Frere, and now this flogging business, have exhibited them individually and collectively in the most ridiculous lights—lights which only cease to be ridiculous when they become odious. The end which we venture to prophesy, the end of men's powers of laughing, must be rapidly approaching, and amusement must give way to another feeling. No Englishman, we should suppose, after the first flash of partisan malice is over, can avoid a certain feeling of shame at what is shameless, of contempt for what is contemptible. The era of misrepresentation appears to be in process of being succeeded by an era of awkward plagiarism tempered by more awkward apologies. Heaven only knows to what this will in its turn give place.

THE EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY BILL.

THERE is reason to hope that the long-debated question of the liability of employers for injuries sustained by persons in their service is near its solution. The Bill introduced by Mr. Dodson is framed on the reasonable lines which Mr. Brassey followed in constructing a similar measure last year. There is another Bill before the House of Commons which bears on its back the names of Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Burt, and Mr. Broadhurst. It would be satisfactory, of course, if the Government could have accepted the working-man's view of the controversy. In that case a definitive end would have been put to the agitation by the conclusive expedient of yielding everything that has been or can be asked. Mr. Macdonald simply proposes to abolish the plea of common employment. He would make it no ground of defence to an action for compensation that the injury was incurred by reason of the negligence of a person engaged in a common employment with the person injured. The law in respect to injuries done to fellow-servants would be assimilated to the law in respect of injuries done to strangers. In all cases where the person injured did not materially contribute to the injury done him by his own negligence, he would have the same remedy against his master as though he were not in his service. But, however desirable it may be to bring the controversy to a final end, it is not permissible to do so by the infliction of positive injustice. The position of a large employer of labour, supposing that Mr. Macdonald's Bill were to pass, would be intolerable. At any moment he might become liable to support a crippled workman for life, or to stand in his place to his widow and children. No amount of care on his part would enable him to avoid this liability. He might employ thousands of workmen, and by the act of any one of them—taken on, perhaps, only yesterday by a foreman, and destined to be discharged as unsuitable to-morrow—he might have this burden laid upon him. There is nothing in an arrangement of this kind to increase in the slightest degree the workman's immunity from hurt. The only immunity that would be secured by such legislation would be the master's immunity from profit. The object of making a man responsible for the acts of his servant is partly to ensure care in the choice of a servant, and partly to make the servant himself careful. It is an additional reason for not keeping a drunken coachman in your service that you may have to pay not only for damage done to your carriage or horses, but for damage done to the persons he drives over. The knowledge that, if his master has to make compensation for some injury done by his carelessness, he will lose his place and not get a character, may in turn help to keep the coachman sober. But where a large body of workmen are concerned there is no room for these motives to act. The master does not choose the men. That is a duty devolving on some subordinate, and even with him it is often a matter of necessity, not of choice. He takes the men who offer themselves, and if he refused them he would get no others. The workman is under no fear of being dismissed; for, if work is slack, dismissal must come anyhow, and so long as it is brisk he is sure of getting employment in one place if he loses it in another. The only reason therefore that can be assigned for making employers liable for injuries sustained by one workman through the carelessness of another is that the employer is better able to stand the loss than the workman is. That is to say, the burden of an accidental injury should fall, not on the man who sustains the injury, but on a neighbour who happens to be rich. If this doctrine were recognized in the case of employer and workman, there seems to be no reason why it should stop there. Let it be supposed that a man falls off a ladder opposite the Duke of Westminster's house, and that the ladder has been carelessly placed by a fellow-workman; why should the duty of supporting the sufferer and his family during his illness or of compensating his family for his death fall to the share of his employer? He is in no way responsible for what has happened, since he could not by any possible care on his part have prevented it. Consequently the only reason for calling upon him to make compensation is the fact that he is able to make it—that is, that he is rich and the workman is poor. But then the Duke of Westminster is probably very much richer than the master, and proportionately better able to pay the money. The principle of Mr. Macdonald's Bill is neither more nor less than the principle of taxing the rich for the benefit of the poor. It is a poor-law designed for the relief of a single class, and charged upon the property of a single class.

Mr. Dodson's Bill steers clear of this error, and limits the liability of an employer for injuries inflicted by the negligence of a fellow-workman to cases in which the person at whose door the injury lies has superintendence entrusted to him, or has authority to give orders to which the sufferer was bound to conform; to cases in which the cause of the injury has been defective machinery or plant connected with the business of the employer; and to cases in which the injury has followed upon obedience to the rules or by-laws of the employer. As regards all the accidents for which provision is here made, the employer clearly has it in his power, if not entirely to prevent, at least greatly to lessen the danger of accident. He can be careful in choosing his foremen, and in seeing that his foremen do not delegate to wrong persons the authority given to them. He can be careful in buying his plant or machinery, and in seeing that it is not allowed to go out of repair. He can take some trouble about the rules in force in his establishment, and insist that they shall be made for use and not merely for show, and be meant to be obeyed, not merely hung up for occasional reference when it happens to be convenient to show that they have not been obeyed. Upon all these points the relation of the employer to such accidents as may happen to his workmen is perfectly intelligible. If he is a good master, he does all these things of his own free will. The accidents that happen to his workmen happen, so far as he is concerned, really by chance; all that he can do to guard against them he does. The object of Mr. Dodson's Employers' Liability Bill is to provide an inducement to careless or parsimonious employers to follow the example of careful and liberal employers. Like most other laws, it is meant as a terror to them that do evil. It is not expedient to punish them directly, but it is expedient to punish them indirectly; to warn them that, if they employ incompetent subordinates or try to save money by using bad plant or bad machinery, they will be held liable for any ill consequences that may follow. The new Bill follows the analogy of many recent Acts of Parliament, and endeavours to ensure good conduct by the unheroic, but effectual, plan of making bad conduct too costly to venture on. It will be a continual reminder to every employer that, where life and limb are dependent on him, he has no business to be negligent. In most cases it is in the power of a master to see that he is represented by capable subordinates; that, in purchasing plant or machinery, he goes to good makers and pays a fair price; and that no rules are laid down in his shop which are not honestly meant to guard against danger, rather than to shield the employer after danger has been incurred. If he is not willing to give his business the amount of time and thought which attention to these points demands, it is only reasonable that he should be made to give it; and Mr. Dodson's Bill will undoubtedly operate as a very strong inducement in this direction. It is identical in substance with Mr. Brassey's Bill of last Session, and in that character it has already received the support of one powerful group of workmen, the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants. It is creditable to this Society that they should have seen the injustice of Mr. Macdonald's Bill, and have had the good sense to put themselves forward as the advocates of a measure which aims at laying nothing more on the employer than what he may justly be called upon to bear.

THE RETURN OF THE VICTORS.

IF it were not that the political Dissenter is a dreadfully touchy person, and that he is wont to take the most respectful congratulations and the best-meant advice for insult and contumely, we should congratulate the Liberation Society and the Protestant Dissenting Deputies on the feast which at the end of last week they offered to the friends of religious equality in the present Parliament. It is true that we do not exactly know what a Protestant Dissenting Deputy is, but it is evident that he must be something irreconcilably Nonconformist. Now that the Nonconformists, if they did not win the late Radical triumph off their own bat, contributed by far the largest share to it, is indisputable. They seem to be a little uncomfortable in accepting on this point the assurances of those who do not agree with them, but their discomfort is quite needless. No merely political party in England could well have developed the happy powers of casuistry which triumphantly seated Mr. Watkin Williams in Carnarvonshire and Mr. Gladstone in Midlothian, and which have since emboldened the latter to state his opinion publicly on the question of the keeping of promises. We are afraid that, terrible as is the repute of the Church of England among Radicals for electioneering, we could not undertake to find any of its priests or deacons who would be so ready with their absolutions as the Nonconformist ministers of Wales and Scotland. To the victors then—not exactly the spoils, for on that point there is, as we shall see, a little unpleasantness—but the jubilations undoubtedly belong. The Cannon Street Hotel is not altogether a good substitute for the Capitol, and a breakfast is less imposing than a regular triumph. But the Nonconformists have never been remarkable for exact study of the classics or for a burning attachment to art. Even if the services of Herr Makart could have been engaged, there might have been objections on the part of the City police—directed by a base and brutal Tory Corporation—to a solemn march through the streets, with Mr. Richard in toga and crown, and his body painted red, and defeated Conservative ex-members following his car, to be subsequently slaughtered at the City Temple. The allegorical personages, too, who are so important in triumphal processions, would have been difficult to manage. What is the proper allegorical representation of casuistry? Would a group composed of a life-size Welsh voter, urged by earnest Nonconformist ministers not to "reverence the oath," have been sufficient? On the whole, the breakfast was better and safer. As far as symbolism went, nothing could have been more appropriate and gratifying than the spectacle presented within a very few hours afterwards by Sir William Harcourt at Derby. That convertite's presentation to his new constituents appears to have been managed in accordance with a reminiscence of the profane play of *Richard III.* The newspapers represent the Home Secretary as appearing at the balcony of the Midland Hotel supported by Nonconformist ministers exactly as Richard appeared "aloft between two bishops." This was enough for art; the proceedings at the Cannon Street Hotel were refreshingly simple and natural. Breakfast and speeches—food for the body and for the mind, "they belauding, he applauding"—what could Nonconformist wish for more?

The address of Mr. Richard was indeed full of instruction—perhaps we may add, also, of amusement. He informed his audience that he believed there were within the walls of St. Stephen's "more than a hundred Nonconformists proper." This passage at once excites the attentive mind in a pleasing manner. The existence of the Nonconformist proper obviously implies the existence of the Nonconformist improper, and malice instantly desires to find out the denotation of the latter term. Does it apply to Mr. Bradlaugh, of whom it would seem to be a singularly happy description? Does it apply to Mr. Thorold Rogers, who appears to have been present at the breakfast, and whose claim to be a Nonconformist is rather a negative than a positive one? Or does it apply to such weak vessels as Mr. Watkin Williams, who subsequently declared himself to have been "brought up in the Church of England, but to be a Nonconformist in spirit"? The Church is indeed to be congratulated on her nursling, and Nonconformity on its proselyte. But why does Mr. Williams call himself "a Nonconformist *in spirit*"? Does this Carnarvonshire Naaman mean to imply that on Sunday mornings his body is bowing in the steeple-house, while his soul is performing its devotions in Little Bethel? If so, the congratulations just made must be still more hearty. But we left Mr. Richard enumerating Nonconformists. This arithmetical exercise was followed by a lively piece of oratory, describing how the Nonconformist, whom Lord Beaconsfield is said to have said that he had killed, had "stood up armed *cap-à-pie*, and in a menacing attitude." We thought that Nonconformists disliked uniforms of any kind, and a complete suit of offensive and defensive armour seems to be unnecessary for the purpose of getting hold of voters in a corner, and pointing out to them that they will be damned if they keep their promises. But this too may pass, as may also Mr. Richard's quite superfluous demonstration of the efficiency of the Nonconformist tactics. The really interesting part of the speech did not come until he began to deal with the future conduct of the victorious party. His handling was full of matter for the consideration of the Government. The Nonconformists, he said, were not going to be unreasonable, *but*——; they were quite content not to push the question of English disestablishment at this moment, *but*——; they did not grumble at the small representation of Nonconformity in the Government, *but*——. And here Mr. Richard's "but" became such a lively and picturesque "but" that it is necessary to translate it more fully. There are, it seems, about a hundred great and small Government places, "from the Lord Chancellor, at 10,000*l.* a year," says Mr. Richard (with a delightfully ingenuous indication of the real sweets of office) "to the sub-secretary's secretary" at probably 100*l.* Now, as we have already heard, there are also (providentially) just one hundred Nonconformists proper in Parliament. The conclusion is obvious, though we are far from hinting that Mr. Richard presented this ratiocination to his audience. What he did say was that there were only two of all these who were in office, and that those two were in the Cabinet, rather although than because they were Nonconformists. We do not quite see why Lord Ripon and Lord Kenmare, who are Nonconformists too in their way, should not be counted, but this would probably have shocked the Protestant Dissenting Deputies. At any rate Mr. Richard did hint pretty broadly that the labourer was worthy of his hire, and we quite agree with him. No man can be expected to lend the spiritual arm—especially with such vigour and with such an engaging absence of obsolete scruples—for nothing. It is a great disadvantage, says Mr. Richard, to be excluded from place and office as a class. So it is; though, if anybody were to point out that the exclusion is perfectly voluntary and self-imposed, Mr. Richard would probably be angry. He was followed by the Rev. Alexander Hannay, who of all the speakers at the meeting is decidedly the vessel of our choice. There is no nonsense about Mr. Hannay. "He did not," he said, "care for the Burials question one bit, except in so far as it gave them opportunity of getting light into the mind of the nation on the question of religious equality." Cruel, cruel Mr. Hannay! What has become of that great and practical grievance of which we have heard so much? Where are the aggrieved Dissenting relatives waiting, like the fairy in a touching Icelandic story, at the churchyard wall, while a fiendish servant of the State buries their dead with unhallowed and peremptory rites? Evidently nowhere. Mr. Hannay does not care a bit for the Burials Bill except as a lever to work for Disestablishment. After this the speeches got uninteresting, and indeed it must be admitted that there were not many great lights available. The long list of distinguished persons who regretted their inability to be present must have caused woe to Mr. Thorold Rogers, who is never without an historical precedent. "They have more wit than to be here," we can imagine him muttering over his breakfast.

In the intoxication of victory, as in another and more vulgar form of intoxication, there is doubtless truth; and the feasters of Cannon Street, though they probably confined themselves to tea and coffee and lemonade for the most part, told a sufficiently intelligible tale. Mr. Richard's long speech put into a few words means this—"Nonconformity of the political kind is simply a skilful application of religious means to gain purely secular and selfish ends." Mr. Hannay's, treated in the same way, means—"All the grievances we talk of are merely mantlets behind which to work for the undermining of the detested Church." A curious confirmation of this was to be found the other day in a meeting at Bideford, where the amiable Nonconformists of the place rabbled the Bishop of Exeter and Lord Nelson, who had come among them rather dove- than serpent-wise on a message of peace. On that occasion a minister whose name we forget, but who is reported to have spoken with a good deal of vigour, declared frankly that, for his part, he would never be reconciled to the Church as long as he was excluded from the gilt morocco thrones of the Bishops in the House of Lords. People, in short, might talk any nonsense they liked about dogma and church government; what he wanted was place and power. Of course it would have been futile to point out to this outspoken gentleman that, by leaving the national Church, he had put himself out of the running for the gilt morocco thrones, and that the gates of the national Church were open night and day to him if he chose to return. Of course it would be equally vain to point out to him that, if he is excluded from the House of Lords, clergymen of the Church of England are excluded from the House of Commons, where the "Rev." Mr. Brown of Bethel and the "Rev." Mr. Green of Ebenezer may resort at their own sweet will and that of the constituencies to have their hats knocked off by energetic laymen of an oratorical turn. The adage about the goose and the gander is inapplicable, because it is not in the nature of things that the aspiring Nonconformist should allow himself to be compared to a goose. But, though argument of any kind is impossible with the political Dissenter, it does not seem that it ought to be quite so impossible with those who have hitherto been glad to use the political Dissenter as a tool. Mr. Richard hardly exaggerated the stock idea of Liberals on the subject in saying that they think the Nonconformists ought to "lend hoping for nothing again." It is quite obvious that, though the Nonconformists are not such fools as to press for their pay before it is possible to give it them, they are equally determined to have it, sooner or later, in the only form acceptable. Common sense shows this, and their own avowals show it hardly more strongly. These ingenuous avowals also show in what light they regard the sops which Liberal Governments occasionally fling to them. They say, with much honesty, "In themselves we do not care for them a bit; it is only because the granting of them is a step to the granting of what we do care for, the satisfaction of our sectarian spite, the relief of our sense of social inferiority, the glutting of our envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness, that we accept

them at all." Persons brought up in the Church of England, but who are "Nonconformists in spirit," of course cannot be expected to be affected by these considerations. But there must be members of Parliament, and not a few of them, who, if they honestly considered the bargain they are tacitly making and endorsing afresh at each election, would feel some unpleasant qualms.

OUR NEW IRONCLAD.

DURING the present month the trial trip of H.M.S. *Neptune*, which has been at last completed, has taken place in the Solent. This trial was of peculiar interest, to explain which it is necessary to give the history of the latest ironclad added to the British navy. The vessel was, as is generally known, originally called the *Independencia*, and was constructed for the Brazilian Government from designs which Mr. E. J. Reed prepared in 1872. Various mishaps befel her during her construction, but of these it is not necessary to speak. In March 1878, being then, as it was thought, completed and ready for service, she was purchased by the English Government out of the vote of credit, at the cost, deducting what was charged for armament and stores, of 556,050*l*. She was sent to Portsmouth, and during the two years which have elapsed since that time she has, under the direction of the constructors there, been undergoing alterations and improvements which were required in order to enable her to carry the service guns and to take her place as a British man-of-war. In the Estimates for 1879-80 she was described as one of the vessels which were to be completed after purchase, and the task of completing her was estimated at 38,576*l*. Owing to the peculiar manner in which the Estimates were framed this year, it is impossible to ascertain whether this amount has been exceeded; but in any case there can be no doubt that a considerable sum must have been spent on her. Now, at last, she is complete; and as she was designed by, and built under the supervision of, a great naval architect, and was afterwards improved during two years by the Admiralty constructors, it may easily be imagined that much interest attached to her trial trip. What the results of that trip were, and how far they satisfied any expectations which may have been formed, will best be shown by a short analysis of the careful account which has appeared of the vessel's six hours experimental steaming.

Before entering on this, however, it is necessary to give some description of her. The *Neptune* is a very large and powerful turret-ship, inferior in armament to the *Inflexible* only. She carries four 38-ton and two 12½-ton guns, and is protected by armour which is in parts thirteen inches thick. She is of 9,000 tons displacement, and has engines which are supposed to be of 9,000 horse-power. She therefore has, or ought to have, a larger proportion of horse-power to displacement than any other ironclad in the British navy, and her speed of course should be very great. High speed, however, if it were attained, would of course require a great consumption of coal, and in any estimate of the *Neptune's* value to the country as a sea-going vessel of war, her coal-carrying capacity is a most important element; but no information respecting it is given in the elaborate account of the vessel and of her trial trip which appeared in the *Times*. We should mention that this account was published at the beginning of last week; but we have delayed speaking of it till now, as it seemed not improbable that some explanation would be given of the apparent failure which it recorded. None has, however, been offered. With regard to the account it is to be observed that it is clearly the work of a very friendly critic, if indeed the writer can be called a critic at all. He is most anxious that all the difficulties the designer had to contend with should be fully appreciated. He explains that the Brazilian officers who gave Mr. Reed his instructions desired that the ship should have a raised forecastle and poop for the accommodation of the officers and crew, and that these superstructures interfere seriously with all-round fire. He also points out that heavy masts and spars and a large sail area were required, and says pathetically that Mr. Reed "in designing the *Independencia* was greatly hampered by the peremptory nature of his instructions." With what seems extreme anxiety to avoid anything like unfair criticism, he even takes the trouble to explain that the arrangement of the turrets in the *Neptune*, which is similar to that in the *Dreadnought*, *Devastation*, and *Thunderer*, is not so objectionable in the first-named vessel as in the others, since, with any arrangement of the turrets, her forecastle and poop would make end-on fire impossible. It certainly would be very unfair to blame a naval architect for faults which were due to those who instructed him, and it is as pleasant as it is unusual to find a public writer so anxious to demolish all grounds for unjust censure. If, however, such a writer does point out any defects, it may be, to say the least, considered as highly probable that the defects exist, and that they are not in the smallest degree exaggerated by the kindly critic. What he says against the vessel is not likely to be at all beyond the truth. Unfortunately, some defects have to be pointed out in the *Neptune* by this well-disposed writer which, even as stated by him, do not seem to be trifling ones. After stating that she was tried at what is supposed to be "her normal trim," he says that, as she steamed through the water, "her full bows pushed ahead, when driving at full power, a wave which could not have been less than from 10 ft. to 11 ft. in height, and consequently threw great strain upon the machinery as well as retarding considerably the way of the ship. It was also noticed that a broad channel of dead water followed in her wake."

Now those who have not paid attention to naval architecture may not be aware that, as the speed of a vessel increases, so does the wave which she raises in front of her, and that at considerable speed, this wave, and others generated by it, constitute a great element of resistance. Its size depends much on the shape of the ship, and for some time past the principal effort of naval architects in designing vessels intended for high speed has been so to model them that the wave-making resistance might be small. Otherwise enormous power, and consequently a huge expenditure of fuel, are required. It certainly seems as if this object had not been attained in the *Neptune*. It is perfectly true that a considerable bow-wave does not necessarily show that there is a large total wave-resistance; but nevertheless such a wave as that raised by the *Neptune*, and the huge amount of disturbed water she left behind her, seem to show that the wave-making resistance and eddy-making resistance were very great. Full bows—which it appears she has—cause the first kind of resistance to increase enormously as high speed is attained.

From such information, therefore, as has been given respecting the performance of this huge and costly vessel, it would certainly seem as if there were defects in her form which may seriously impair her efficiency as a sea-going man-of-war. To say this is not necessarily to cast grave blame on the designer. He had to deal with a very difficult problem, in treating which mistakes have often been made by accomplished men; and Mr. Reid, though a skilful naval architect, is certainly not infallible. Possibly he may have been even more hampered by conditions than is indicated by the very sympathetic critic in the *Times*. However that may be, the result of his efforts does not seem to be by any means satisfactory, and unfortunately defects in form do not appear to be the only defects of this steamship. Her engines are by those deservedly famous makers, Messrs. Penn and Sons, and, from the first part of the account of them in the *Times* it appears as if they were all that could be desired. They are described as being of Messrs. Penn's well-known trunk pattern, and the writer then goes on to say:—

> In some of our most recent armour-clads, such, for example, as the *Alexandra*, *Téméraire*, *Inflexible*, and *Dreadnought*, and the ships of the Nelson class, the engineer department at the Admiralty has shown a decided preference for vertical compound engines; but the horizontal and simple expansive machinery of the *Neptune* lies well down on the plummer blocks below the water, gives little trouble, wears well, and has afforded great satisfaction in the service. The engines are precisely of the same kind as those which were supplied by the same makers to the *Hercules* and *Sultan*, but of greater power, the augmentation being due to increased boiler power. Indeed, no engines yet afloat have developed the same amount of power under trial; and if the displacement of the ship is considered in connexion with the horse-power of the machinery, the *Neptune* will appear the strongest-engined armour-clad in the Navy. For while the *Dreadnought* is 10,886 tons to 8,000 horses, the *Alexandra* 9,492 tons to 8,615 horses, the *Thunderer* 9,387 tons to 6,270 horses, and the *Inflexible* 11,406 tons to 8,000 horses, in the *Neptune* the power per ton of displacement is equally balanced, being, according to the Navy List, 9,000 indicated horse-power to 9,000 tons.

Certainly it is to be gathered from this that, so far as regards the engines of the *Neptune*, the taxpayers have had good value for their money; but it presently appears from the account of what took place at the trial trip that those all but perfect engines have one trifling fault. The stokehole is not unlikely to stew the stokers alive. After giving a variety of dimensions and some highly technical details, unintelligible to most people, the writer of the account in the *Times* innocently remarks that, when the ship was going to Spithead on the Monday before the trial, the engines "were not pushed beyond forty revolutions. Indeed the temperature in the stokehole, which sometimes reached as high as 163°, proved more than the stokers could withstand." He then explains that, as the turrets are supported on pillars immediately above the stokeholes, the natural air passages are "somewhat boxed in," and that the contrivances which have been resorted to for obtaining a good supply of air proved ineffective. He cheerfully observes that the evil is not beyond a remedy; and for the sake of the unfortunate stokers, who it seems have fires both at their faces and backs, it is to be hoped that he is right; but it is difficult to feel very sanguine when such a defect is discovered in a vessel which has been so long in hand. It probably is not the fault of Messrs. Penn, who, as every one knows, are amongst the best makers in England, but clearly some one must be greatly to blame for the fact that in this long-considered vessel the stokers are liable to be half-grilled and half-stifled at their work. Owing in part, no doubt, to their being threatened with premature cremation, and in part perhaps to other causes, the engines do not seem to have worked well at the trial. The average speed on four runs over the measured mile was 14·216 knots, which is certainly not a high speed for the most powerfully engined ironclad in the navy. Better results, however, are promised shortly. Two years' work at a vessel which was supposed to be complete not having proved sufficient, further improvements are to be made, in consequence of which the engines will develop higher power and, wave-resistance notwithstanding, the vessel will attain higher speed.

At present, however, it must be said that the results which have been obtained are anything but satisfactory, and indeed are such as to cause grave doubts as to the wisdom with which a portion of the money obtained under the vote of credit was expended. This ironclad was purchased for considerably more than half a million, and a large sum has been spent in altering her.

She has the radical defect of not being able to fire or astern, and her trial appears to give reason for supposing that her form is not a good one. Her trial also shows that, when after two years' labour she is supposed to be completed, there is a very grave defect in the arrangement of the boilers and stoke-hole, owing to which the men can hardly work, and the supply of air to the furnaces is insufficient. This defect may possibly be remediable; but the other, if it exists, is not; and it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the Admiralty were hasty and careless in paying so much money as they did for this very doubtful acquisition to the navy. A staff of experts should have been able to judge of the shape of the hull, and it surely cannot have been very hard to foresee that a large amount of alteration would be necessary in order to fit the vessel for the British navy. The peculiar circumstances under which the money was expended must, no doubt, be taken into consideration; but even when they are allowed for it is difficult to believe that it can have been worth while to give so large a sum for her. It is to be observed, too, that a period of time considerably exceeding the duration of a modern campaign has been required to make the alterations which were thought necessary for her, and that even now she does not attain the intended speed, and that more work is wanted. Probably she will be ready for active service at about the same date that the *Inflexible* is. The time occupied in erecting the Nelson Column seems to be approximated by that required for the building and completion of an ironclad.

THEATRICAL "SUPERS."

THE theatrical super is a person whom the careless playgoer is very apt to regard with indifference. The historical importance of the parts which he is constantly summoned to assume has somehow failed to win for this unfortunate performer the fame which would seem to be his desert. He is at one moment a knight in armour, at another the favourite of a king, and yet the illusion of the stage is powerless to raise him to the dignity of his position. However worthily he may bear a banner or wave a sword, the secret of his identity is still studiously withheld from the public; and if the piece in which he is engaged proves a failure, the force of popular derision not unseldom lights upon his wholly innocent contribution to the dulness of the entertainment. Indeed, where he is not altogether neglected, he is very likely to be treated with ridicule and contempt. His name never finds its way on to any playbill, and his individuality is merged in a motley crowd of "courtiers, officers of the guard, and attendants." If his armour is not a perfect fit, there is always some wag in the gallery ready to announce the fact to the audience; if his sword, as will sometimes happen even in the best regulated stage army, becomes entangled in his legs, the incident is greeted with peals of laughter, and the unfortunate culprit is hooted off the stage, only to receive the curses of the hero, whose stately exit has been unluckily interrupted. It is somewhat surprising that, amid the many reforms of the modern stage, the claims of the super still remain unrecognized. The constant protests against what is known as the "star" system have never taken account of the super's modest and necessary exertions; and even the vaunted *régime* of the Comédie Française does not afford a means of bringing the exercise of his talents directly to the notice of the world. It would be scarcely wonderful if such long and persistent neglect had bred in the super himself a cynical disposition. The titles and dignities so freely lavished upon him, and even the splendid raiment in which he is clothed, can only serve to reinforce the conviction of his own personal obscurity. Bitterly resenting the unmerited neglect he is fated to endure, the super must doubtless secrete in the course of a long career some trenchant and withering criticisms upon the heroes he is called upon to serve. The confessions of a super would form a very interesting contribution to dramatic literature. The publication of such a document could not but serve to lessen the pretensions of a number of eminent performers, and it may be doubted whether even the opinions of a *valet-de-chambre* would more effectively undermine the foundations of an actor's glory.

There is perhaps no immediate danger of such a terrible exposure. The super has not yet realized the extent of his power. At present he suffers in isolation, and the pride of the artist's nature does not permit him to use the powerful engine of combination which has been so successfully employed by the skilled artisan. But there are limits to the patient endurance even of those who have no higher lot in life than to hedge in the divinity of a stage king. Under strong provocation the super will be found to possess the ultimate resource of the worm, and a case that has recently been reported ought to serve as a warning to the profession that even the most autocratic manager cannot with impunity kick "a captain of the guard." It would seem from the evidence given before the magistrates that the captain of the guard at the Birmingham Theatre does not possess that strict sense of discipline which we have a right to expect from a soldier of his rank. He has been performing a double part in a comic opera called the *Sultan of Mocha*, and the rapid change of identity seems to have baffled the resources of his genius. He had to "go to the property-room to get a sword"; but when he arrived at the entrance of the stage the curtain was up, and the officers of the guard were left to face the gaze of the public without the encouraging guidance of their commander. Under these trying circumstances the zeal of the manager overcame his discretion, and, according to the captain's own account of the matter, he was unceremoniously kicked into his place. The manager, however, avers that he merely gave him a friendly push, and that this was dictated by a proper desire to complete the Sultan's army; but in any case the incident appears to have had an unfortunate influence upon the exercise of the super's talent, and to have left him in some confusion as to his real place in the performance. Upon being pressed by the magistrates, he was not very clear as to his rank or position in the army of his royal master, and he could not be persuaded to commit himself to anything more positive than that he "had a sword and the others had spears." It is obviously impossible that subordinate characters can be fitly impersonated if the actors are not informed of the nature of their duties. There is a story of a super who was animated by so strong a devotion to his art that he insisted upon being furnished with a copy of the play in order that he might "study his situations," and such excess of zeal is certainly to be preferred to the careless indifference of an actor who cannot tell whether he is a "captain of the guard" or a common soldier. Such a deplorable confession only shows that the super is beginning to pay back in kind the neglect of which he has so long been the victim. If he chose to seek such occasions of revenge, there is no doubt that he could make things exceedingly disagreeable even for the most eminent performers. A monarch whose subjects did not shout with joy at his approach might be left in a very awkward predicament, and the hero of a thrilling situation who could not count upon the threatening murmurs of the "crowd without" would be apt to cut a poor figure upon the stage, and to be deprived of the sympathies of his audience. Every consideration of prudence no less than of art points to the necessity of conciliating this oppressed race. A clown who means to make an effective exit cannot afford to quarrel with the gentlemen whose duty it is to hold the blanket for his reception. The heroes and heroines of tragedy have equal need of sympathetic support, and there is scarcely a play of any sort which might not be rendered ridiculous if the supers engaged were permitted to indulge in cynical disregard of their very grave responsibilities.

An incident which has just happened at the Standard Theatre gives a sufficiently grave and serious import to these observations. The super has constantly to discharge duties in the course of a drama which necessarily involve a certain amount of real danger to the performers, and the narrow escape of one of our leading actresses proves how necessary it is that such duties should be entrusted to thoroughly responsible persons. Most of our readers are doubtless familiar with Miss Wallis's earnest and effective performance of Mr. Wills's romantic play of *Ninon*, but it has perhaps not occurred to any one that to the intellectual labours of the representation there was added an element of personal danger. The public has been so often assured of the perfection and safety of every stage device that even the spectacle of a house in flames fails to awaken any other sentiment than that of curiosity. The incident to which we refer shows clearly, however, that this feeling of confidence is not always well founded. The performance of *Ninon* has recently been transferred from the Adelphi to the Standard Theatre, and the structure of the drama has been altered so as to substitute a tragic ending to the fortunes of the heroine. In the conduct of the closing scene the mob shoot down St. Cyr, and Ninon in a spirit of self-sacrifice interposes her own body to save the life of her lover. It appears that the pistol with which she is wounded has been usually discharged by an actor duly informed of the precautions necessary in such cases. On the evening in question, however, this actor was not to be found, and one of the supers was hastily summoned for the work, with instructions to fire at a certain cue. The man, so it seems, was wholly ignorant of any other than his ordinary duties, and no one had taken the trouble to ascertain that he was fit for his work. When the appointed moment arrived he fired according to his directions; but, instead of raising the pistol, he proceeded, with most unfortunate devotion to his part, to point it at the face of the actress. Fortunately for herself, Miss Wallis perceived his mistake in time, and was quick enough to avoid the shock. Had she shown less presence of mind, it is probable she must have suffered very serious injury, and it is at least certain that the explosion of gunpowder so near her face would have resulted in permanent disfigurement. The report in the *Era* from which we have taken these facts adds that the imminence of the danger, and her very narrow escape, produced a feeling of general consternation in the theatre. Such an alarming circumstance, though it has happily produced no grave results, must tend to shake the confidence of the public in the boasted precautions which managers are supposed to take in regard to the conduct of these thrilling stage effects. Here is a form of danger not to be provided against by any kind of restrictive legislation. We may pass laws to forbid reckless acrobatic performances, but no law can guard the public or the profession from the evils of a grossly careless system. The discharge of a pistol on the stage is a thing of no danger in itself, if only it is entrusted to capable hands; but when any inexperienced performer, hired perhaps only for the night, and wholly unused to the ways of a theatre, is left to the guidance of his own intelligence, it is not very surprising that accidents should occur. The only matter for surprise is that they do not occur more often;

and in view of the facts which this incident has served to disclose, the public, we think, has a right to demand that managers shall use greater caution in the selection of their servants, and that they shall at least display the common prudence which the most careless person would observe in the conduct of his own business.

THE AMERICAN RAILWAY CRISIS

AN important American Railway Company has stopped payment, causing a sensation approaching almost to panic in the stock markets of the United States, and reacting with great force on this side of the Atlantic; and fears are expressed that the disaster may be the beginning of another period of depression such as we have so lately passed through. These fears appear to us greatly exaggerated. There are no grounds for supposing that the prosperity of the United States has received a serious check. It is too real, and based upon foundations too solid, to be so easily shaken. It has its origin, as we know, in the migration of vast numbers of work-people after the crash of 1873 from the towns to the country, in the consequent settlement of vast tracts of previously unoccupied land, and in the resulting extension of cultivation. This primary cause of recovery has been assisted by steady thrift, by reductions in the cost of production, by a succession of three abundant harvests, and by a series of very bad harvests in Europe, giving an unusual demand for those bountiful crops. A prosperity so genuine is not destroyed by a brief fit of recklessness. Besides, the telegraphed quotations of the New York market bear none of the traces of a real crash. We know from experience what are the accompaniments of the kind of crisis which winds up a period of inflation. Money is scarce and dear, bankers being timid and making their customers pay smartly for the accommodation given; at the same time. traders generally need balances, either to make immediate payments or as a safeguard against contingencies, and there is a pressure to realize securities for which a market can be found. If, then, the condition of things at New York were now serious, we should look to find the rate for call money very high—a heavy commission being charged in addition to the extreme legal interest; and we should also expect large quantities of United States bonds to be thrown upon the market so as to break down prices. But there are no such symptoms of stringency. Evidently the money market is easy, and Government bonds are so steady that, if we confined our attention to them, we should never suspect that the Stock Exchange was agitated. Of course there is apprehension in the money market. In the nature of things there must be, and a study of last Saturday's returns of the New York Clearing-house banks affords the evidence of it which we were prepared to find. But there is nothing of that panic which with ourselves, for example, would send the Bank of England rate up to 9 per cent.

As to a person standing on the seashore the tide seems to recede after every advancing wave, there are in all great social movements rebounds, during which, to the casual observer, the ground previously gained appears to be lost. There is no such thing in human affairs as continuous, unbroken progress, and, least of all, in commercial and financial matters. When a long period of depression is coming to an end, those who are exceptionally well placed to note the first stirrings of re-awakening activity, and whose experience and quickness of observation qualify them to read the significance of facts that escape the uninitiated, begin to buy the commodities and securities which they foresee will soon be in general demand; a larger number, who have confidence in the judgment of the former, follow suit, and there is a sudden rise of prices, to the surprise of the ordinary public. Stories get afloat of fortunes made in a short time, and multitudes rush in, hoping to grow rich without toil and without the tact, study, and experience that would carry them safely through the ventures they have embarked upon. Then comes the time for the far-seeing to sell. Just as exceptional information and rare intelligence led them to feel the coming rise, so, by a kind of instinct, they recognise when it has gone far enough. And when they begin to sell, their imitators, as before, follow their example. To borrow the slang of the Stock Exchange, the consequence is that "more stock than they can carry is left in the hands of weak speculators." In other words, the men of special information, sound judgment, wealth, and high credit gradually rid themselves at a profit of their speculative purchases, and there are left an excessive proportion of the rash, the ill-judging, and the poor. It sometimes happens that the general public is taken by the speculative mania, and that thus the movement is protracted and exaggerated beyond all bounds. But usually the speculators go too quick for the public; and then the bankers, who have made advances on the commodities and securities purchased, find that it is time to draw in. The demand for accommodation grows as the sounder speculators withdraw, and the value of money consequently rises. The speculators are at length forced to sell, and the markets droop. In the United States a variety of circumstances have helped to enhance the value of money. The general prosperity, the immense crops of grain and cotton to be exported, the increase of employment, and the upward movement of wages and prices required a great enlargement of the currency, and as the Treasury notes are limited by law, and the bank-notes are practically limited by the conditions under which they are issued, the increase could come only by an addition to the metallic currency. All through the spring, therefore, money was excessively dear and scarce, and in New York, the commercial capital of the country and its banking centre, the scarcity and dearness were aggravated by an unwise attempt to exclude the competition of foreign bankers. The speculators after a while began to discover that the rate of interest charged them was so heavy as to make it highly improbable that they could gain, however the market might go, and many of them sold. The fall in prices thus induced caused further sales, and as the downward movement continued anxiety grew into alarm. The moment was now favourable for the more unscrupulous speculators, and they proceeded by devices in which they are skilled to depress prices still more. If "the railway kings" did not join in the "raid," they at least did nothing to counteract it, and it was a subject of general comment in New York that the stocks in which Mr. Jay Gould, Mr. Vanderbilt, and others are interested fell day after day without the usual purchases by these gentlemen and their friends to sustain the market. At last, after more than a fortnight of these tactics, the suspension of the Philadelphia and Reading Railway Company was announced at the end of last week. Coming upon a market already broken down, this suspension caused a regular scare, which has not yet subsided, and whose effects, as we have already remarked, have made themselves seriously felt in Europe.

The Philadelphia and Reading Railway Company has been in existence since 1842; and, as it serves an old-settled industrial district, it was long a prosperous concern, and paid high dividends. The railway was built to open up the anthracite coal region of Eastern Pennsylvania, which previously was dependent for the conveyance of its commodities upon canals liable to be frozen in winter, the very season when coal is in most demand. And the line is still a mineral one, though it has also a considerable oil and passenger traffic. As long as it confined itself to its proper business it prospered; but, as competition increased, it endeavoured to protect itself by extending its operations. In the first place, it amalgamated with itself, by purchase or lease and by guarantee of debts, a large number of smaller lines; and, as so often has been found to be the case in this country, the advantages obtained frequently did not make up for the liabilities incurred. But the great mistake was committed ten years ago, when the Company proceeded to buy vast properties for the purpose of working iron and coal mines. In other words, in the hope of defeating competition, it subordinated its proper functions as a carrier to its interests as a coal and iron owner. The result could not be doubtful. It did not manage the coal and iron properties in its own name, but set up a fictitious entity known as the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company. But as the Railway Company owns all the shares of the Iron and Coal Company, we need not say that in fact the shares have never been subscribed, and have no existence distinct from those of the Railway Company. Moreover, the lands have never really been paid for, the purchase-money consisting of bonds given by the Railway Company, secured by mortgage executed in favour of the vendors. For five years after this transaction the Company went on paying high dividends, but this came to an end in January 1876, since which time the shareholders have received nothing. Matters went from bad to worse. Part of the interest on the debt was paid in paper, then the wages of the Company's servants fell into arrear, and were covered by the issue of "deficiency certificates," and finally the floating debt grew to an embarrassing magnitude. A large proportion of both shares and bonds was held in this country, and as the holders got alarmed, the President of the Company came over to reassure them, and to a certain extent he succeeded. The revival of trade encouraged the hope that the worst was passed, and that with the strong demand for iron that grew up the Company would once more see prosperous days. The hope was flattered by the report issued by the Directors in January last, which held out the prospect of an immediate and extraordinary improvement. How baseless the hope was in reality is now proved by the result. But, in truth, the report itself contained evidence which ought to have warned those concerned that the Directors' estimates were grossly extravagant. The fact is that, in spite of the purchase of the coal and iron lands—in spite, too, of a considerable increase of the mileage worked, and of an augmentation of the oil traffic—the total earnings of the Company have increased but little during the last ten years. No doubt, the depression existing since 1873 must be allowed for, and its influence in keeping down the price of coal as well as in checking the growth of business generally. But, on the other hand, it is to be borne in mind that the dearness of anthracite coal restricts its consumption, and that the bituminous coal of Western Pennsylvania is in consequence used for many purposes for which the anthracite is more suitable. But however this may be, there is no doubt that the railway is still a valuable property, and may be made very much more so by good management. To secure good management with reorganization ought now to be the object of its owners and creditors.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.—IV.

THE notice of the Royal Academy exhibition given in these columns last week stopped at the fourth gallery. The fifth room contains two battle-pieces, both dealing with the same period, to which reference has already been made—Mr. Wood-

ville's "Blenheim" (453), and Mr. Crofts's "Marlborough after the Battle of Ramillies" (459). To our thinking, the former of these is far the better work, in its spirited intention and execution and in technical qualities. The figure of the Duke, which must be the centre of attraction in both works, has a fine character and a commanding aspect in Mr. Woodville's which Mr. Crofts misses. Mr. Crofts's work has further a distressingly smooth and clean aspect. It is carefully composed and painted; but it fails to give the suggestion of the passion and turmoil of battle which Mr. Woodville has succeeded in catching; or, in other words, Mr. Woodville's picture, while not inferior to the other on the ground of skill in drawing and painting, has a quality of life which Mr. Crofts has not given to his work. This room contains several clever landscapes, among which we may mention one by Mr. Bolton Jones (449), painted somewhat in the manner of Mr. Parton, who seems to have set a distinct fashion by his success of last year, "A Nook in Nature's Garden" (460), by Mr. Aumonier; "Littlehampton" (487), a very clever and true evening effect, by Mr. C. W. Wyllie, and "The Turn of the Tide, Sloughden" (494), by Mr. James W. Smith, the pleasant feeling of which atones for certain technical faults. Mr. C. E. Johnson's "Woodland Stream" (472) is a fine and straightforward rendering of a simple and beautiful English landscape. There is no striving after prettiness or effect; the painter gives us what he saw in a very attractive form. Mr. Colin Hunter has in this room a picture, "The Silver of the Sea" (506), which we cannot think at all worthy of his reputation or of the talent which he elsewhere displays. The picture depends for its success, in the first place, upon the painting of the water, which appears to be the reverse of true; while the background, carelessly and unhappily dashed in throughout, shows in one place an amazing want of attention. We refer to the solitary sail of a boat which seems to be literally seen through the hillside at the extreme back. The line of this hillside traverses the sail which is supposed to be seen far in front of it. Mr. Hunter's strange want of care in this picture does not speak hopefully for the future of a painter who at one time seemed full of promise. We return with pleasure from this to Mr. Herkomer's "God's Shrine" (468), which we have no hesitation in describing as the finest landscape of the year. Its truth and its splendid effect go hand in hand. The grand solitude of the view, broken by no living figure, the sweep of the clouds rolling before the evening wind along the mountain ridge, the white moon standing out against a cloud which holds the last fine tints of sunset—in short, the breadth, the accuracy, and the poetic feeling of the whole work combine to produce an effect which no other picture of the kind this year approaches. Two of the most promising of rising artists exhibit pictures in this gallery. Mr. Andrew Gow sends "The Last Days of Edward VI." (490), with a quotation from Mr. Froude's History:—

> As to the King's health, sire, it is still the same as I wrote you on the 27th ult. Since then he has been shown at a window at Greenwich, when many saw him; but in such a plight, so weak and wasted, that the people said it was death. This was done because the Commons began to murmur and to say that he was dead.—Letter of Ambassador Scheyful to Charles V.

The composition of Mr. Gow's picture is decidedly fine, and the figure of the young King, whose drooping and deathlike hand a greyhound is licking, has true pathos. The painting seems to us to miss the strength and solidity observed heretofore in Mr. Gow's work. Mr. John Collier exhibits "Mrs. Mortimer Collier and Children" (455), a work of which the details are more satisfactory than the general composition. The painting is throughout strong and good, and is perhaps at its best in some of the things which seem to us least well put together. The attention is distracted from the principal figure by the care and skill given to such surrounding objects as a cabinet with glass doors on the spectator's left, and a table encrusted with mother-of-pearl on his right. While, as we have said, the painter's skill is seen in each individual piece of texture or furniture, the whole scheme of colour does not strike us as fortunate. There was surely no necessity for the cold grey which, seen at the back of the yellow sofa on which there rests a fine mass of golden hair, seems to accentuate a certain incongruity of colour. However unsatisfactory or unattractive the picture may seem as a whole, its separate parts show that Mr. Collier's command of the technical side of his art is increasing.

In the sixth gallery the most remarkable work is M. Van Haanen's "Pearl-Stringers in Venice" (579). It would not be easy to praise too highly the life and movement, the grace of composition, and the fine colour of this picture. Besides this M. Van Haanen's painting is technically of the highest quality. His paint is laid on, when occasion demands, boldly and freely, but without a touch of the slap-dash method which too often apes breadth of effect; and some singularly fine and delicate touches are found where the painter's artistic sense has shown him that they are demanded. This room, like the one just noticed, has several landscapes of merit. There is much grandeur in the angry sky, the reeds bending beneath the swelling wind, and the rushing water in Mr. Keeley Halswelle's river-scene (522); but there is an unlucky want of transparency in the water which occupies the immediate foreground. Mr. Frank Walton's "Down in the Reeds by the River" (529) is as effective as it is truthful, and Mr. Hennessy's "Summer Days" (555) has much grace and tenderness. Mr. Watson Nicol sends a very clever *genre* picture, "A Nightcap" (543), and Mr. Claude Calthrop exhibits a very well painted picture, "Parted, 1793," the nature of which can be guessed from its title. The dramatic feeling of the work is perhaps inferior to its technical skill, which is considerable. Mr. Thomas Graham's "Passing Salute" (574), a boat leaving or passing a lonely lighthouse, the occupant of which interchanges greetings with the boat's crew, has fine qualities which ought to have insured it a better place than it has.

In the seventh room hangs Mr. Prinsep's large picture to which we have already referred (625). With this it might not be difficult to find certain faults; but, even if they were not outweighed as they are by the merits of the work, it would be ungracious to pick holes in the execution of an extraordinarily difficult task, which Mr. Prinsep has, it seems to us, discharged with very remarkable strength and skill. One of the finest subject pictures in this gallery, and also one of the finest in the whole exhibition, is M. Munkacsy's "The Two Families" (650). The subject is of the simplest kind, and has been treated with consummate feeling and science. Another remarkable picture is Mr. W. Logsdail's "Vischafslog op de Vischmarkt te Antwerpen" (662), the truth and strength of which make one hope much from its painter. The President exhibits two pictures, one of which, "Crenaia" (655), a girl's figure, one longitudinal half of which is shrouded in light drapery, is extraordinarily beautiful. The unconscious grace of the figure and the loveliness of the painting are in accord with the original and charming idea of the picture. Sir F. Leighton's other picture in this room, "Psamathe" (614), is less happy on account of the odd drawing of one of the shoulders. But for this the figure is full of grace and tenderness. Next to this hangs "The Ebb-Tide on the Bar" (613), by Mr. Walter Shaw. This is the picture to which we referred last week in connexion with Mr. Brett's fine sea-piece. With the water in Mr. Shaw's work not one fault, so far as we can see, can be found. The sky is more open to criticism. Its unnatural sameness of tone gives it a flat look. But the picture is a striking work, full of performance, and fuller still of promise.

The Lecture-Room contains two pictures which bear the title of "Daphne." Of one of these it is not necessary to say anything. Of the other, which is numbered 1046, and is painted by Mr. G. A. Storey, it is as necessary, as it is unpleasant, to say something. We called attention last week to a charming picture by Mr. Storey in another room. Why he should also have exhibited this monstrous production it is impossible to conceive. On first seeing it, a name which two years was in the mouth of most visitors to the Academy rises to one's lips. One looks at the Catalogue and finds that the astounding "Daphne" is the work, not of an Academician whose hand may naturally have lost its cunning, but of a rising Associate. One then debates whether the pose, the drawing, or the colouring of this amazing work, which is hung, as if in irony, upon the line, is most atrocious. The question is one which no amount of reflection can decide. Among the landscapes in this room, far the best is Mr. H. Moore's "The Beachèd Margent of the Sea" (973). In this, with an exhilarating sense of open air, there is a splendid glow cast over a roughened sea which catches the sunset's glory. Another sea-picture in this room, Mr. C. Napier Henry's "With Wind and Tide" (955), is admirable in its drawing, colour, and movement.

The tenth gallery is not rich in pictures of striking interest, though it contains many works of more than average merit. Mr. Herkomer's "Wind-Swept" (1460) commands attention by the same qualities of grandeur, freedom, and solemnity which mark the landscape which we have already noticed from the same hand in another room. Mr. Frank Dicksee's "Benedicite" (1473) is a remarkably fine and delicate piece of work which gives welcome evidence that in Mr. Dicksee's case success has not produced a touch of carelessness. Mr. Leader, in whom success certainly has produced a monotonous carelessness, sends two highly artificial and, according to his method, conventional pictures, one of which, "A Gleam in the Storm" (1480), with its lime-light effect on canvas-rocks, is little short of ridiculous.

In leaving this year's oil-paintings at the Academy it seems desirable to call attention once again to some of the faults of mismanagement which have grown up in and around a yet respected institution. We have said that the hanging this year is better than it has been of late; but, under the present conditions, no hanging can be satisfactory. The number of pictures sent in, whether by Academicians, Associates, or mere painters, ought to be curtailed; and it is surely not impossible to provide against the ridiculous rule which allows Academicians to hold themselves up to public contempt by the exhibition of pictures which cannot be rejected. At present the regulations of the Academy are certainly more worthy of blame than are the persons who have the ungrateful task of carrying them out.

THE DERBY.

IN spite of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's lecturing, there was a large assemblage of members of both Houses of Parliament at Epsom on Wednesday last. The excellent baronet had preached a beautiful sermon in the House of Commons the night before upon the iniquities of racing, which he described as "an organized system of rascality and roguery from beginning to end," and he gave out that his idea of the pleasures of the turf consists in "sitting on a stand in a cloud of dust, surrounded by a crowd of bawling blackguards, to

see a score of horses gallop past at the top of their speed." After his eloquent and edifying homily, it must have been mortifying to the speaker to be scoffed at by a wicked man who not only shamelessly owned that he had just returned from the scene of sin and wickedness which the preacher had been denouncing, but actually had the effrontery to quote the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette* in order to prove that more than half the horses which were going to run for the Derby belonged to distinguished members of the Liberal party.

Many people who care little, if at all, for racing, have taken an interest in the Derby of this year. A great Duke, in whose family racing is a tradition, owned the leading favourite. Fond as many Englishmen are of betting, the general feeling among the respectable classes throughout the country is against it; yet at the same time most of our fellow-countrymen, however strait-laced, feel more or less pride in the national sport of horse-racing. When, therefore, a nobleman who cares nothing for betting or gambling races for the simple love of the sport, he is certain to meet with a large amount of public sympathy. It was well known that the Duke of Westminster had given very large sums for race-horses during the early part of his racing career, with but little success, and yet he had persevered with great spirit. Last year he owned several two-year-olds of exceptional merit, and there now seemed to be every prospect of his winning the Derby. The fact of the Duke's father having owned the famous Touchstone gave him, in public opinion, a sort of hereditary right to success upon the Turf; and thus, all things taken together, he became quite a popular hero among those who take any notice of racing affairs. His principal champion for the Derby, Bend Or, was a bright chestnut colt, with a remarkably light mane and tail. He is by Doncaster, and as a two-year-old he had run five times without getting beaten. He had beaten ten horses in his first race in a canter, thereby earning 1,130*l*. for his owner. In his next race he had beaten seven opponents and won over 1,700*l*., and in his third race he had picked up 1,340*l*. and beaten eight other horses. In his next race he only won 831*l*., but he beat a large field; and in his last race he had taken 567*l*. and again a good field was behind him. Reason as they might, racing men had no right on public form to come to any other conclusion than that Bend Or had the best claim to the position of favourite of all the horses entered for the Derby, and as he was the property of an extremely popular Duke, the horse necessarily became a great favourite in something more than the gambling sense of the word. No secret was made about his trials, and the owners of other Derby favourites were invited to see him take his gallops. But Bend Or was not the Duke of Westminster's only representative in the Derby. Another chestnut horse, and a half-brother of Bend Or, was also to run in his interest. This was Muncaster, who had only been beaten by a head, after a hard struggle for the Two Thousand Guineas. He had appeared to be winning that race easily, and his sudden defeat had been attributed by the learned in such matters rather to the fact of his never having run in public before than to any cowardice or want of staying power. Although taller, he was not so good-looking as Bend Or; but nevertheless he was a very nice sort of horse to have as a second string, and few men have ever owned a couple of horses on a Derby morning which seemed so likely to win the race between them.

Among the leading favourites was Robert the Devil, who, like Bend Or, had never been beaten as a two-year-old, with this difference, that he only ran twice at that age, whereas Bend Or had run five times. As a three-year-old Robert had come out in the Craven Meeting, and although odds had been laid on him, he had been beaten by a head in the Biennial, over the Rowley Mile by Apollo, to whom he was giving 4 lbs. Apollo is by Kingcraft; he never ran last season, but although he had won both the races for which he started this year, he was considered by judges to be on too small a scale to have much chance of winning the Derby. It was generally believed, too, that speed rather than staying was his forte. One of the most uncertain horses in the race was Mask. After running in and out in an inexplicable manner as a two-year-old, he appeared at Newmarket in the Spring and received a beating from Merry-go-round. Afterwards he ran nowhere for the Two Thousand, and it was naturally supposed that he had lost the form that he had shown last season; yet in the Second Spring Meeting he came out in the Payne Stakes, with 16 to 1 betted against him, and beat Elizabeth, the winner of the One Thousand Guineas, Abbot, who had run third in the Two Thousand, and nine other horses. Racing critics pointed out that Abbot was catching him very quickly at the finish; but Mask was in front when the winning post was passed, which, after all, was the important matter. Many people fancied Valentino, a good-looking horse which had anything but a successful two-year-old career. Another horse which had not distinguished itself as a two-year-old was Ercildoune, whose only performance had been to run nowhere for the Prendergast Stakes. Yet this colt became a favourite. His breeding was excellent, as he was by Rosicrucian out of Anderida. Draycott had won the Nursery Stakes at Goodwood, and Fire King had won the Great Sapling Stakes at Sandown. Pelleas, by Parmesan, had won the only race for which he started last season, and this year also he had won a race. Von der Tann by Vanderdecken won a race last season; but he had run very ingloriously on several occasions.

The day of the Derby was extremely hot, and the ground was as hard as iron. There was a large crowd in the paddock; but all Peck's horses were saddled in the private grounds of Lord Rosebery, so Bend Or, Muncaster, and Ercildoune were not harassed by a mob of critics until a short time before the race, when they took a few turns round the public saddling-paddock before starting for the course. As the horses cantered past the stand the grand action of the favourite was very noticeable. Nineteen starters went to the post, and after a little delay, they walked abreast for a short distance, and then went away at once without a single false start. As they ran into the straight Robert the Devil was leading, and he soon came clear away from the rest of the field. Bend Or, who had been lying in the ruck of the field, now came forward; but his jockey was hard at work upon him, while the rider of Robert the Devil was sitting quite still, and it seemed as if the last-named horse had the race in hand as they passed the grand stand. The ring men were delighted, as the defeat of Bend Or would have been a mine of wealth to them. They roared with joy as the horses passed the post, for it seemed from the common betting ring as if Robert the Devil had won; but their rejoicing suddenly fell flat when they saw Bend Or's number put up first, and Robert the Devil's second. The fact was that within a short distance of the winning-post Bend Or had rushed up to Robert the Devil like a flash of lightning, and had just succeeded in securing the race by a head. He is a remarkably handsome horse. His very walk is perfection, and his gallop is worth going a long way to see. His arched neck and blood-like points, too, add much to his good looks; but he seems a little light, and it can scarcely be said that he has a very wear-and-tear appearance. His jockey, Archer, had been severely bitten by a savage horse in the spring, and there had been some doubt whether he would be able to ride in the Derby; but he got well in time, with some days to spare, and he had ridden four horses to victory on the day before the Derby. In the latter race he wore a small shield, with a *bend or* across it, on the left side of his yellow satin racing-jacket. Robert the Devil, who ran second, is a very handsome dark bay horse, but he is rather light and narrow, and he is somewhat deficient in muscle. Mask, who was third, is not on a large scale, and he has an indifferent middle piece; but he has a good forehand, and his hips are remarkably muscular. The state of the ground was particularly well suited to lightly-framed horses, such as Bend Or and Robert the Devil. We could not help wondering what the result of the race would have been if the course had been ankle-deep in mud, as it was last year.

A notice of the Derby of this year would be incomplete without mention of the catastrophe which befell Beaudesert, the winner of the Middle Park Plate. Although he had not been placed for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, this colt started first favourite for the Middle Park Plate, and he won the race by half a length, beating a field of seventeen horses. He was purchased last autumn for 7,000 guineas, with a view of winning the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby of this year, for the first of which races, as we pointed out in a former article, he was disqualified through the death of Lord Anglesey. It was considered a great piece of good fortune that he had been entered for the Derby in Mr. Brown's name, instead of in that of Lord Anglesey, and he became one of the leading favourites for that race. So late as the 10th of May Bend Or was first favourite at 4 to 1, and Beaudesert was second favourite at 5 to 1. There had been reports in circulation for some months that Beaudesert had got what is technically called a bowed sinew on one of his fore legs, and that he wore plasters and a bandage. On the other hand, it was said that he had had this malformation as a yearling, while some said he had been foaled with it. His backers were comforted with the assurance that his leg had been at any rate in the same condition when he was purchased last autumn for such an immense sum of money, and that he had then been passed sound by an eminent veterinary surgeon. He was reported to be going on admirably with his preparation for the Derby, when suddenly the news came that he was lame. It seems that, after a gallop with some other horses in the same stable, the colt was pulled up lame, and that all hope of his starting was at an end. There appears to be a fate against winners of the Middle Park Plate winning the Derby. The Middle Park Plate was instituted with the idea that it was to be *par excellence* the great trial of two-year-olds, and that the winners would in all probability secure the great three-year-old races of the following year, especially the Derby. What has been the fact? Instead of proving a guide to the Derby, during the fourteen years that the race has been in existence not one of its winners has afterwards won the Derby, although they have occasionally won the Two Thousand or St. Leger. Several have turned out screws as three-year-olds, notably Green Sleeves, Beauclerc, and Beaudesert. The question presents itself whether such a two-year-old race as the Middle Park Plate is desirable. As it is very valuable, and great prestige is attached to winning it, two-year-olds are trained for it up to a point which is very trying to such young animals. It is often a very severe race, and it is far from impossible that, instead of the winner being likely to take the Derby in the following year, his training for the Middle Park Plate and his hard race for it may be the actual cause of preventing him from winning the greatest prize of the British Turf.

REVIEWS.

SAYCE'S INTRODUCTION TO THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE.*

THE rapid rate at which philological research and speculation are pushed on is certainly surprising, and to some persons may perhaps be not altogether pleasant. Many who are not yet far advanced in age were subjected to a teaching which in language was as thoroughly empirical as that of Greek boys in the days of Aristotle. In this comparatively short interval the scientific method has worked a wonderful change, and it now threatens to sweep away not a few conclusions which have been regarded of late years as solid and well-established, and in many points to reverse the notions formed as to the processes by which the origin and growth of language were brought about. This purpose of radical reform is put forth by Mr. Sayce with startling clearness. His volumes will certainly introduce the reader to the science with very sufficient completeness, but they can scarcely fail to leave him with some iconoclastic inclinations, which may for a time at least be but poorly gratified. We are not tempted, however, to turn aside from theories or suggestions merely because we dislike the consequences involved in them; and if we regret the recommendation of some changes of doubtful advantage, and of others which seem impracticable, we are ready to welcome, if it be forthcoming, evidence which may conclusively show that ideas entertained even by the greatest philological scholars and thinkers must be given up. The progress of science can be stayed for no man; and we may be very sure that the discovery of truth will more than make amends for any sacrifices demanded of us. But we have first of all to take care that the truth is really discovered; and we are at least justified in reserving our judgment, if we find that the adoption of a given method is followed by the invasion of a province which seems to lie beyond the range of the science in question. We may read patiently the evidence or the arguments which are to prove that the human faculty of speech lies chiefly in some folds in the left hemisphere of the brain, or to show that from the *homo alalus*, or speechless man, branched off, according to the favouring or unfavourable circumstances of their condition, the several tribes of gorillas, chimpanzees, and orang-otangs on the one side, and the ancestors of articulate human speakers on the other. But the theories of the best-known philologers have of late years been so rudely shaken, and many of them are so roughly dealt with by Mr. Sayce, that we may prefer to wait and see whether some of the notions recently put forward may not, in their turn, be thrown aside. Meanwhile we may fairly decline to admit that any researches into the physical organs of speech or into the storehouses of either living or dead dialects can touch that spiritual order of things to which man belongs as much as he belongs to the sensible world, or in any way affect interests of infinitely greater moment than those by which he is here surrounded.

The work of pioneers in a new science must, in almost all instances, be of necessity destructive at the outset. There is perhaps no science which has not suffered at first from the intrusion of men who are content to guess at haphazard, or whose honest efforts to get at the truth have been thwarted and frustrated by the circumstances under which they were compelled to work. The ordinary systems of grammar which have come down to us through the middle ages are an inheritance which must be traced back to men who had no other materials to work on than those which were provided by their own language; and the evils of which this unfortunate necessity has been the fruitful source are most carefully and forcibly exhibited by Mr. Sayce. Others, indeed, have not been blind to their disastrous consequences; but the English student who follows Mr. Sayce's guidance will see at once how powerless Greek thought necessarily was towards building up anything like a real science of language. The Greek analysed the forms of his own speech, but he did so logically, for, in truth, he could know nothing of linguistic laws; and all his attempts to lay the foundation of a scientific etymology could issue only in the multiplication of guesses, of which the few that chanced to hit the mark had no value, while the rest were either contemptible or ludicrous. Of the duty of comparing dialects and of the results which might be expected from the process he was profoundly unconscious; and Plato, when he noticed the resemblance of certain Greek to certain Phrygian words, did so, as Mr. Sayce remarks, only to draw from it a wrong conclusion. Instead of comparing the grammatical structure and forms of the two languages, he simply assumed that the Greek had borrowed these words from the Phrygian; and the subsequent conquests of Alexander, by convincing later generations of their immeasurable superiority to barbarians, had the effect of confining philological research to that one-sided and therefore erroneous exposition of the grammar of a single language which, as Mr. Sayce justly says, has been the bane of classical philology down to our own time. It would be easy to fill volumes with the absurdities which have cropped up from this fatal method. We may laugh at Junius when he tells us that *so* is merely the Greek ὥς reversed, and that *sin* is derived from σίνειν; we may be irritated as well as amused by Scaliger's assertion that the Latin *ordo* means "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further," the Tribune saying to his soldiers, "ὅρον δὸ, *inde ordo*." The truth is that the system and all its results were utterly worthless; and the explanations of Voss, Wachter, and others who have followed them, are not one whit more valuable and certainly are less amusing than those which Durandus of Mende sprinkled over his ponderous treatise on Symbolism. We may forgive the mediæval bishop who innocently remarks that *cemetery* is made up of *cimen*, sweet, and *sterion*, a station, because there the bodies of the faithful departed rest in peace; but we are tempted to be angry when we are informed that the word *cause* is either from *chaos*, from which all things have come, or from καῦσις, or *a cavendo*, or *a casu*. Mr. Sayce notices some recent volumes which would, he says, raise the envy of a Latin etymologist; but the same harvest of folly must continue to spring up so long as men go on without caring to determine the relations of one language to another by any other measure than that of their own inclinations or prepossessions.

Side by side with this useless guesswork went on the growth of grammatical science; which, following really the method of logic, led to the theory of a grammar which should be universal. But even here the ignorance of the real links and relationships of dialects worked nothing but mischief. The grammatical terminology of the Greek was translated, as it was supposed, into Latin; but the process imparted to it a very different meaning. The Greek γενική, or case of the genus, was converted into the Latin genitive, or case of origin; and the accusative, or case of accusing, was far from representing the Greek αἰτιατική, the case of the αἰτία, or object, which was blunderingly referred to the verb αἰτιάομαι, in the sense of blaming. Strangely enough, grammar was following a different course in the distant land which has furnished to Western thought the means for laying the foundations of a true philology. The Hindu grammarians were, like the Greek, able to deal only with the phenomena of a single language; but their grammatical system and nomenclature rest, Mr. Sayce remarks, on a firm foundation of inductive reasoning, and show a scientific insight into the nature of speech which has never been surpassed. This system was worked out most fully in the grammar of Pânini, which, put together in the age of Sokrates and Plato, summed up

> the principles of Sanskrit phonology, the declension of the noun and the conjugation of the verb, the syntax of the adverb and the other particles, the rules of syntax . . . the etymology of words, with an exhaustive list of primary and secondary formative suffixes, and a minute analysis of composition which has been the basis of modern attempts to deal with this intricate subject.

The language on which Pânini worked was destined to show to the nations of the Western World the relation of their dialects to those of the dwellers in the Punjab. The first grammar of Sanskrit was published in Europe by two German friars in 1790; but more than twenty years before that time the French Academy had been assured by correspondents in Pondicherry that between the vocabularies of Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin a relationship existed which could not be accounted for by the hypothesis of borrowing. Knowing nothing of the researches of these Frenchmen, Sir William Jones stated before the Asiatic Society at Calcutta in 1786, that "no philologer could examine the Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin without believing them to have sprung from some common source which, perhaps, no longer exists." Here, then, as Mr. Sayce remarks, the great discovery was made; and it was made with a sagacity which must excite our admiration. Not only was the prejudice to be overcome that Greek and Latin could have no affinity with the speech of Asiatics, but there was the temptation, if that prejudice were conquered, to rush to the opposite extreme, and to speak of the Eastern tongue as the parent of the cognate dialects of the West. The contrast between Sir W. Jones and Dugald Stewart, who insisted that Sanskrit and Sanskrit literature were forged by the Brahmans in order to deceive European scholars, is striking indeed. The work thus begun was carried on with increasing zeal and success, until it was crowned by the appearance of Bopp's *Comparative Grammar* of the most important Aryan languages. Of this great achievement Mr. Sayce says that, though much in it has since needed revision, "the main results at which he arrived will always remain among the fundamental truths of linguistic science." Unfortunately Bopp, who had gauged the relationship of the Aryan dialects of Europe with the most scientific precision, had not determined with equal accuracy the relations of the Aryan with other families of speech. Hence he felt himself justified in making use of the Polynesian dialects for purposes of comparison with those of his Indo-European family; and the result was what might have been expected from a return to the method of the Greek etymologists. But even now it can scarcely be said that we are all delivered from the house of bondage. Not many years ago we had looked upon ourselves as fairly emancipated when we had come to the conclusion that all the languages of the world might be classified under the three families known as the Aryan, the Semitic, and the Turanian; and some of us may have gone on quietly to the further idea, that all dialects were in the first stage monosyllabic, and that through the agglutinative stage they passed into the inflexional. But to lump all non-Aryan and non-Semitic languages under the common heading Turanian or Allophylian is, Mr. Sayce very rightly insists, "as unscientific as to refer Aryan and Semitic to one ancestor." The number of separate families, not merely branches, of speech now existing in the world, which cannot be connected with one another, is, he remarks, at least seventy-five; and these are but the scanty survivors of multitudes which have died out altogether—the *débris* of that enor-

* *Introduction to the Science of Language.* By A. H. Sayce, Deputy Professor of Comparative Philology in the University of Oxford. 2 vols. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1880.

mous mass of human speech which, as M. Bréal has sought to show, was overloaded with its wealth of synonyms and its embarrassing superfluity of prefixes and suffixes. Thus Mr. Sayce does not hesitate to speak of the "infinite number of primæval centres or communities in which language took its rise." "The idioms of mankind," he adds, "have had many independent starting points, and like the Golden Age, which science has shifted from the past to the future, the dream of a universal language must be realized, if at all, not in the Paradise of Genesis, but in the unifying tendencies of civilization and trade."

In short, if this consummation is ever to be brought about, it must, Mr. Sayce thinks, be brought about by the process which will end in making English the language of the world. But before any such result can be hoped for, there is need, it seems, of a radical reformation. The shreds of inflexion which the language still retains must, we learn, be thrown aside; the signs of gender probably must be got rid of; and whatever other changes may be needed to reduce the language to the "Pigeon English" of which Mr. Simpson has given us some amusing specimens must be effected cheerfully and ungrudgingly. Of these changes, one of the most urgent, we are told, is the reform of the English alphabet. With attempts to accomplish this work by the method adopted in the *Phonetic News* and other like publications he will have nothing to do, for such devices "would become an antiquated abuse in the course of a generation or two." What is needed is a series of supplementary letters, possibly an entirely new alphabet. At any rate, the alphabet must be international—that is, the symbols of the vowels must possess "the phonetic powers which they had in the ancient Latin alphabet, and, generally speaking, in the modern Continental alphabets as well." With the historical considerations which have been urged against this revolution or reform, Mr. Sayce deals summarily. Archbishop Trench has pleaded with no little eloquence and earnestness against a process which would, in his belief, obliterate in great part the history of a vast number of words in our vocabulary. But such objections, we are quietly told, are "raised only by ignorance or superficiality." That the questions thus raised involve nevertheless points of real difficulty few will be disposed to deny; and some at least of Mr. Sayce's readers will feel that his suggestions as to the right method of teaching ancient and modern languages and the order in which they should be taught cannot be easily carried out under existing conditions. For ourselves, we need only say that we reserve our judgment on some points, while on others we must decline altogether to follow him. Of the goal which he is striving after we are left in no doubt; but we do not share his enthusiasm, and we are inclined to think that the Pigeon English of his distant future may be as disappointing as apples of the Dead Sea. It is but a truism to say that the patience and the time needed for the accomplishment of the work which Mr. Sayce regards as the only legitimate object of all philological efforts are not in themselves a conclusive argument for abandoning the attempt in despair; but it is, to say the least, rash to shut our eyes in the meantime to the obstacles which stand in the way, or to the serious errors into which, through a mistaken zeal, Mr. Sayce may lead his followers.

SONGS OF THE SPRINGTIDES.*

SHOULD a poet write for a little company of learned amateurs, or for the great public? Probably a poet has a right to do both, or either, when and as he pleases. If he chooses, however, to confine himself to such works as can only find hearers that are "few," whether they are "fit" or not, he must be satisfied with the applause of a very narrow circle, and resigned to the chance of losing his own breadth of vision. It seems scarcely possible to us that Mr. Swinburne's new book will prove anything more than poetical caviare. Like caviare, it has a salt, sea taste; it savours of what Plato calls "the bitter, brackish element," and it can only be much relished, we fear, by professional tasters of poetry. Some critics seem convinced that the "subject" of a poem is a matter of entire indifference. So far they are like Mr. Du Maurier's elegant young art-critic, who, being colour-blind, and ignorant of drawing, despised "subject" even more than drawing and colour. It is perhaps true, for a critical few, that a poet may as well sing of a sausage stick as of the spheres, and may write as well of the Loves of the Triangles as of the love of Othello. But the great, gross public will always be more concerned about Othello's jealousy than about that of the mathematical nymph who loved Isosceles:—

> Again she doubts him, but produced at will
> She sees the exterior angles equal still.

Mr. Swinburne has not chosen subjects quite so empty of human interest as the passions of mathematical abstractions. The subjects he has chosen, while they are almost hackneyed in his works, are little more to the public than the player was to Hecuba. In the four odes in the volume called the *Springtides*, he writes about the sea and his passion for the sea, about Sappho and his passion for Sappho, about Victor Hugo and his passion for Victor Hugo. On all these topics Mr. Swinburne has already composed abundant and admirable verse. He is, much more truly than Euripides, "a meteoric poet." What charmed and surprised most in his truly splendid poem of *Atalanta* was his love of the blind powers and vast forces of the world, "the folds and fields of air," thunder, fire, the sea, the tempest. "Men hardly know how beautiful fire is," says Shelley; and we scarcely knew how beautiful are the terrible elementary forces of the world till Mr. Swinburne sang their praise in strains of immense variety and vigour. A sonorous music as it were of chainless winds, and out-poured waters, and starry movements rang in the choruses of *Atalanta* round the narrow stage on which men and women were mastered by destiny. Perhaps the choruses in *Erechtheus*, especially that chorus in which the clash of tides and chariots, of white horses and white-crested waves, seems to sound with a mingled music, was the masterpiece of Mr. Swinburne's "meteoric" genius. In *Atalanta* and in *Erechtheus*, the elemental strife was merely a chorus, and the poignant cry of human passion was clearly heard through the din of storm and sea. But in this new volume, in "Thalassius" and "On the Cliffs," we cannot but think that the intenser interest is stifled and the shriller voice drowned by verse somewhat empty, if extremely sonorous, by songs, to quote Callimachus, ὅσα πόντος ἀείδει—songs vast, loud, and empty of significance as the sound of the sea. This is one of the reasons which lead us to suppose that Mr. Swinburne's new volume, repeating as it does only the less human triumph of his old successes, is likely to please few but technical lovers of verse. The wider public will always want more of "a story," and, in the last resort, the wider public (not that of Tupper, but that of Tennyson, Byron, and Wordsworth), seems the arbiter of the fate of song. It may be added that the obscurity of Mr. Swinburne's allusions to the remains of Æschylus and of Sappho makes much of his poem "On the Cliffs" unintelligible to that excellent creature, "the English reader." Again, the rapidity of Mr. Swinburne's thought is so great, and the length of his periods so prodigious, that, in reading one of his strophes, a man feels like a puzzled whist-player. Just as the whist-player cannot remember what cards are out, and who held what, so Mr. Swinburne's reader casts helplessly about for verbs and substantives. Here, for example, is a stanza which is rather harder reading than most sentences in Thucydides:—

> Seeing even the hoariest ash-flake that the pyre
> Drops, and forgets the thing was once afire
> And gave its heart to feed the pile's full flame
> Till its own heart its own heat overcame,
> Outlives its own life, though by scarce a span,
> As such men dying outlive themselves in man,
> Outlive themselves for ever; if the heat
> Outburn the heart that kindled it, the sweet
> Outlast the flower whose soul it was, and flit
> Forth of the body of it
> Into some new shape of a strange perfume
> More potent than its light live spirit of bloom,
> How shall not something of that soul relive,
> That only soul that had such gifts to give
> As lighten something even of all men's doom
> Even from the labouring womb
> Even to the seal set on the unopening tomb?

We say, with some natural pride, that we have puzzled out what Mr. Swinburne means by this effusion, and his meaning does equal credit to his head and his heart. But can any one seriously affirm that poetry should be so difficult?

The first piece in the *Springtides* is called "Thalassius." It is the lyrical history of a child who was found, like Arthur, on the seashore after a tempest. The infant was educated by an old poet in the love of liberty and of the sea. He made the acquaintance of Love, who rather abruptly observes,

> O fool, my name is sorrow,
> Thou fool, my name is death.

Afterwards he appears to have seen a good deal of bad company; at least, if Mr. Swinburne does not mean this, we cannot guess what he does mean. We purposely make a very long extract, as an example of Mr. Swinburne's mode of saying what he has to say:—

> And as when all the world of earth was wronged
> And all the host of all men driven afoam
> By the red hand of Rome,
> Round some fierce amphitheatre overthronged
> With fair clear faces full of bloodier lust
> Than swells and stings the tiger when his mood
> Is fieriest after blood
> And drunk with trampling of the murderous must
> That soaks and stains the tortuous close-coiled wood
> Made monstrous with its myriad-mustering brood,
> Face by fair face panted and gleamed and pressed,
> And breast by passionate breast
> Heaved hot with ravenous rapture, as they quaffed
> The red ripe full fume of the deep live draught,
> The sharp quick reek of keen fresh bloodshed, blown
> Through the dense deep drift up to the emperor's throne
> From the under steaming sands
> With clamour of all-applausive throats and hands,
> Mingling in mirthful time
> With shrill blithe mockeries of the lithe-limbed mime:
> So from somewhence far forth of the unbeholden,
> Dreadfully driven from over and after and under,
> Fierce, blown through fifes of brazen blast and golden,
> With sound of chiming waves that drown the thunder
> Or thunder that strikes dumb the sea's own chimes,
> Began the bellowing of the bull-voiced mimes,
> Terrible; firs bowed down as briars or palms
> Even at the breathless blast as of a breeze
> Fulfilled with clamour and clangour and storms of psalms;
> Red hands rent up the roots of oldworld trees,
> Thick flames of torches tossed as tumbling seas
> Made mad the moonless and infuriate air
> That, ravening, revelled in the riotous hair
> And raiment of the furred Bassarides.

* *Songs of the Springtides.* By A. C. Swinburne. London: Chatto & Windus. 1880.

> So came all those in on him; and his heart,
> As out of sleep suddenly struck astart,
> Danced, and his flesh took fire of theirs, and grief
> Was as a last year's leaf
> Blown dead far down the wind's way; and he set
> His pale mouth to the brightest mouth it met
> That laughed for love against his lips, and bade
> Follow. . . . . •

After these experiences the lad's passion for the sea overcame the lure of the "Bassarides,"

> He communed with his own heart and had rest."

That is all.

Surely it is not an unfair or captious criticism which sees in "Thalassius" a vast excess of sound over sense, a prodigality of words which do not always so much express as conceal the poet's meaning.

"On the Cliffs" is an ode addressed to the spirit of Sappho, an ode of the most strictly personal meaning. In the fragments of the Lesbian Mr. Swinburne seems to find something more than her other admirers gather; a message for his own ears, a music to the world inaudible:—

> As brother and sister were we, child and bird
> Since thy first Lesbian word
> Flamed on me, and I knew not whence I knew
> This was the song that struck my whole soul through,
> Pierced my keen spirit of sense with edge more keen,
> Even ere I knew not,—even ere sooth was seen,—
> When thou wast but the tawny sweet winged thing,
> Whose cry was but of spring.

We do not think Mr. Swinburne conceited for claiming kindred with Sappho; but let him not forget that a poetaster once addressed him as "My brother, my brother, my strong, sweet brother!"

The "Garden of Cymodoce" is said, by people who seem to have received private information, to be an ode on the island of Sark. M. Victor Hugo once visited Sark; so here we have more addresses to M. Hugo, whom we strongly suspect of being the old poet in "Thalassius." An admiring critic admits that, in the "Garden of Cymodoce," the music dims the eyesight. In a storm of beautiful but whirling words one detects a few curses of Napoleon III. Mr. Swinburne has not yet learned that "it is ill boasting over dead men."

The last piece in the *Spring-tides* is a birthday ode to M. Victor Hugo. Every one of his works is noted and described. For the sake of brevity we select the lines on the novel *Quatre-Vingt-Treize*:—

> Above a windier sea,
> The glory of Ninety-three
> Fills heaven with blood-red and with rose-red beams
> That earth beholding grows
> Herself one burning rose
> Flagrant and fragrant with strange deeds and dreams,
> Dreams dyed as love's own flower, and deeds
> Stained as with love's own life-blood, that for love's sake bleeds.

Criticism of poetry should be sympathetic, and we confess that we are not in sympathy with Mr. Swinburne's new poems. There are many noble thoughts about freedom, about M. Hugo, about the sea, and there is a bewildering opulence of diction. It is natural, in reviewing a poet who has often given the highest pleasure, to wish to be pleased. Perhaps, too, it is well to be contented with whatever work he chooses to offer. But it is no less necessary, though it seems ungrateful, to preserve spontaneity of opinion, the unsophisticated sense of what is good and what is not really excellent. Thus it is necessary to declare that Mr. Swinburne's new poems seem to us prolonged and tedious repetitions of old themes, often obscure and personal in allusion, and almost always clouded with mists of words and noisy with the shock of adjectives. They seem to fill no empty place in the sum of his work, to reveal no new power, nor even any new taste, or observation, or opinion.

MISS COLENSO'S ZULU WAR.*

FROM the preface to this volume it appears that "Colonel Durnford has written the military portions of the book, but is not responsible for any expressions of opinion upon matters strictly political." The definition thus given of the division of labour practised in the composition of this book has a somewhat feminine vagueness. There is scarcely any portion of it which has not something to do with military movements, while the more specially military portions hardly keep clear of politics for a single page. But, wherever the line may have been drawn, we are to infer that the general bias of the book is to be debited to Miss Colenso; and we must say at the outset that her general handling of the subject leaves a strong impression, which we think will be felt by every reader who takes it up without any prejudice, that he is reading a brief drawn up in the interests of one side rather than an impartial narrative. It is difficult to believe that all the European officials who have had to deal with the matters in dispute between the colonists and the Caffres—from the local Administrators who first come upon the scene to the Secretary of State who deals with the ultimate appeal—can have been so blind to the wrongs of the natives whose case had to be adjudicated on as they are here represented to be. The suspicion of onesidedness which we imbibe from the earlier pages becomes still more confirmed when we arrive at the part which deals with the events leading up to the Zulu war. If one knew nothing more of the case than could be learnt from this book, it might be supposed that Cetewayo was a perfectly inoffensive creature who was set upon by the overbearing English Governor without reason or without warning. There is no mention in the preliminary accounts of the existence of a powerful and well-organized Zulu army, or of the state of excitement prevailing among the native population throughout the adjacent British territory, which was no doubt the main reason why Sir Bartle Frere determined, whether rightly or wrongly, to put down by force of arms what he and many others who had the best means of judging considered to be a great and growing danger. Whether the High Commissioner was justified in so acting without authority from home, or, indeed, as may be said, despite of orders from home, is another matter as to which we all have our opinions. But to ignore the existence of the danger, and to assume that the Zulu King was an entirely blameless and peacefully disposed person, and that the whole fault of the quarrel rested on us, is a view of the case which it does not need much local knowledge to dispose of. Sir Bartle Frere was, no doubt, badly advised by his general in undertaking the war with insufficient means; but his rashness was not so great as might appear from the result. He could not have reasonably expected that the military operations would be so thoroughly mismanaged as they were, and it may be permitted to doubt whether, if the campaign had been carried on with more ability than Lord Chelmsford exhibited, if more care and less rashness had been shown at the outset, and more vigour and less carefulness afterwards, Sir Bartle Frere, with success for his justification, would not have been more leniently judged. But having taken upon himself the whole responsibility of entering on the war, it is no doubt only fair and proper that he should bear the consequences.

As regards the original cause of quarrel, Miss Colenso fairly argues that too much may easily be made of Cetewayo's "solemn coronation promises," as something having the binding effect of a treaty on him. We have no right to treat a Caffre monarch one day as a child—and there appears to have been a good deal of behaviour of that sort in our ceremony of crowning Cetewayo—and then to act as if he were a civilized ruler, bound by the law of nations to observe treaty obligations. There has been too much of this in our dealings with inferior races in all parts of the world. There is not an independent prince in India at this moment with whom we could not find a cause of quarrel if we were so minded, based on an infraction of treaty obligations. For an Indian prince, like a native African chief, will usually be found ready to promise anything. But admitting that, in our dealings with Cetewayo we acted too much as if Grotius were his daily reading, still no useful purpose is gained by assuming that the Zulu King was a perfectly inoffensive creature.

The case of Langalibalele, as told by Miss Colenso, certainly appears a very hard one. This chieftain had been driven out of Zululand in 1848, and was settled by the English Government in the country below the Drakenburg Mountains, with the duty imposed on him of defending Natal against the attacks of predatory bushmen. From this point of view it would seem reasonable that the Hlubi tribe—of which he was chief—should be permitted the use of firearms, prohibited under certain restrictions to the natives of Natal. Nevertheless the special accusation brought against Langalibalele to prove his rebellious tendencies was that the young men of his tribe were in possession of unregistered guns. On Langalibalele being called on to come down to Pietermaritzburg to answer for his tribe in this matter, he sent excuses and apologies, chiefly turning on his own ill-health, as a reason for not complying with the order. This was the signal for the military expedition of 1873. One detachment of the force sent out to coerce him, coming on a party of the tribe in difficult ground where they exhibited a hostile attitude, began to fall back, whereon the enemy pressed forward, and eventually opened a fire resulting in a loss of three Europeans and one native on our side. Of course the British had to go back again afterwards in larger force to settle the matter, and there appears to have ensued a good deal of barbarous warfare; but the case against the English is not strengthened by quoting all the unauthenticated rumours of the day as evidence; as that on one occasion a white commander of native forces "is said to have given the significant information to his men that he did not want to see the faces of any prisoners"; and that "it is reported that a prisoner was made over to the native force to be put to death as the latter chose." Langalibalele was brought down to Natal and there tried by a court which, according to Miss Colenso, was illegally constituted, and of which the proceedings were a mere matter of form to bring about with the semblance of legality a foregone conclusion, and the old chief was sent away to the Cape Colony, where he has been kept ever since, thereby in the lady's view being very badly treated. It is obvious to remark that there is no legally constituted court for dealing with such a case as this—not contemplated or provided for by the constitution—of the misconduct of a Caffre chief who, having been driven out of his own country, is established by us on lands to which our own title is altogether questionable; and that, if the modifications had been made in the procedure which the author thinks ought to have been made, the legality of the trial would not have been thereby enhanced, although it might have been kinder to the chief

* *History of the Zulu War and its Origin.* By Frances E. Colenso. Assisted, in those portions of the Work which touch on Military Matters, by Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Durnford. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1880.

to adopt them. But the story, as told by Miss Colenso, makes out the conduct of the British officials connected with the case to have been from first to last so unfair and cruel, not to say inhuman, towards a perfectly inoffensive person, that the reader's judgment is irresistibly held in suspense until he shall have an opportunity of hearing what can be said on the other side.

There is one anecdote connected with this affair of the attack on the Hlubi tribe which deserves to be quoted, as it relates to a very gallant but ill-fated officer, whose name has of late been prominently before the public. Colonel (then Major) Durnford, of the Royal Engineers, who was leading one of the parties of the expedition, had his left shoulder dislocated and received other severe injuries, by his horse falling with him over a precipice. He was lifted on to his horse again and kept command of his force. When the stampede above referred to took place, the interpreter's horse was killed, and, "while Major Durnford was endeavouring to reach the man and lift him on his own horse, the interpreter was killed by his side, and Major Durnford was surrounded and left alone. Dropping his reins, he drew his revolver, and shot his immediate assailants, who had seized his horse's bridle, and, after running the gauntlet of a numerous enemy at close quarters, escaped with one serious wound, an assegai stab in the left arm, whereby it was permanently disabled. He received one or two trifling cuts besides, and his patrol jacket was pierced in many places. Getting clear of the enemy, Major Durnford rallied a few carbineers and the Basutos, and covered the retreat." He got back to camp in the early morning, and on the evening of the same day set off again with a party of volunteers to the rescue of a detachment which had not come back and was believed to be in great danger of being cut off. The doctor endeavoured to dissuade him from taking the command, he was in such bad case. But Durnford insisted on going, and, being lifted on to his horse, started off amid the cheers of the troops in camp, and marching all night came on the party he was in search of in the morning. This anecdote seems worth extracting, as characteristic of an officer who was distinguished as much for his personal gallantry and energy as for his kindly feeling towards the native population of South Africa, and on whom there appears to have been manifested a desire in some quarters to throw a wholly undeserved share of obloquy for the disaster in which he met his death, setting to the last a noble example of courage and devotion to duty.

Of the account of the Zulu war given in this book, and which we are to understand from the preface was contributed by Lieut.-Colonel Edward Durnford, it is not necessary to say much, as it contains absolutely nothing of importance that was not known before. It is conceived in the same spirit as the rest of the work—that is, everything that is done by every white man is wrong. Lord Chelmsford is run down, and Sir Garnet Wolseley sneered at, while the *Cape Times* is quoted with approval as objecting to the form of settlement of the Zulu country which was adopted by the High Commissioner, although it is not explained in what respects it is defective, or what better alternative could have been proposed. We cannot forbear from quoting in conclusion an amusing extract from Lord Chelmsford's reply to an address on leaving Natal, wherein he says that "any success which has attended my efforts, I feel, is due to the prayers of the people and the kindly ordinations of divine Providence, for I am one of those who believe firmly and implicitly in the efficacy of prayer and in the intervention of Providence." It would be interesting to know to which of these two disposing causes the General would ascribe the disaster of Isandula.

MARY ANERLEY.*

MR. BLACKMORE'S latest work is, we are inclined to think, one of his happiest productions. It is full of the fine touches of observation and description, whether of people or of places, that have belonged to most of his novels, and there is a strong dramatic interest to be found in it. In this respect indeed, as in others, there is as much matter in *Mary Anerley* as would make a dozen ordinary novels, and the only possible objection to be made to this is that one would like to hear more than there is room for of many persons and things mentioned by the author. Whether Mr. Blackmore is to be understood seriously when, as on several occasions, he himself regrets that he has not space to relate certain events, or whether this is a permissible device to add reality to a story already real enough, is uncertain; but we are sure that many readers will share our regret that some circumstances in the course of the narrative are merely hinted at instead of being told at full length, in spite of their having no absolute bearing upon the plot of the novel. Mr. Blackmore's choice of place and period in *Mary Anerley* helps at once to accentuate the merits and to veil the shortcomings of his style. Deliberate whimsicalities of expression seem much less out of place in the mouths of the personages to whom the author now introduces us than they have done when he has laid his scene in more modern times, and so compelled us to expect less fantastic conduct from his characters. At the same time, it cannot be denied that in his present work Mr. Blackmore is not infrequently carried away by the humour or brilliancy of his own notions into transferring them to personages who are not eminently likely to have entertained such ideas.

The story proper of *Mary Anerley* opens in the year 1801, at Scargate Hall, "in the wildest and most [illegible] part of the wild and rough North Riding"; the first chapter [illegible] practically a prologue, which sets forth the strangely dra[illegible]tic death of Squire Philip Yordas just after he had made a will disinheriting his son Duncan. Thus Scargate Hall, when first described to the reader, is the property of Philippa Yordas—"my lady Philippa," as she was commonly called by the tenants—and Mistress Carnaby, her younger sister, a widow with one boy. "'Pet' was his name with his mother and his aunt; and his enemies (being the rest of mankind) said that pet was his name and his nature." One of the first things that we hear concerning Scargate Hall is that Pet's chance of possessing the inheritance he has been brought up to expect is far from good, since Mr. Jellicorse, the family lawyer, comes by chance upon evidence of a fatal flaw in the sisters' title to the estate, and rides over to make them acquainted with this unpleasant fact. This is a striking instance of Mr. Blackmore's fine disdain of the ordinary mechanical craft of a novelist. Here is an admirable opportunity for a complication which might well form the only staple of three volumes of plotting and counter-plotting. The author, however, uses it only for the purpose of illustrating the characters of the two sisters, of Jellicorse, and of the true heir, who does not appear till towards the close of the book, and who destroys in favour of his sisters the deed which, if brought into evidence, would give the greater part of the estate to himself. From one point of view this lavish neglect of possible "situations" might be thought a mistake in art; or perhaps it would be more correct to say that in the hands of an inferior writer it might seem such a mistake. As it is, we might complain that the fulness of Mr. Blackmore's work makes it difficult to take in and appreciate completely all of the many branches of his story; but if his novel demands more thought and reflection from the reader than do a dozen every-day novels, the trouble is far better repaid in the one case than in the others. It is not until the sixth chapter of the book that we are introduced to Anerley Farm, a place about a hundred and twenty miles from Scargate Hall, and the home of the girl who gives her name to the novel. The description of its proprietor's character is not a bad example of the combined breadth and minuteness of Mr. Blackmore's style:—

> From father to son the good lands had passed, without even a will to disturb them, except at distant intervals; and the present owner was Stephen Anerley, a thrifty and well-to-do Yorkshire farmer of the olden type. Master Anerley was turned quite lately of his fifty-second year, and hopeful (if so pleased the Lord) to turn a good many more years yet, as a strong horse works his furrow. For he was strong and of a cheerful face, ruddy, square, and steadfast, built up also with firm body to a wholesome stature, and able to show the best man on the farm the way to swing a pitchfork. Yet might he be seen, upon every Lord's day, as clean as a new-shelled chestnut; neither at any time of the week was he dirtier than need be. Happy alike in the place of his birth, his lot in life, and the wisdom of the powers appointed over him, he looked up, with a substantial faith, yet a solid reserve of judgment, to the Church, the Justices of the Peace, spiritual lords and temporal, and above all His Majesty George the Third. Without any reserve of judgment, which could not deal with such low subjects, he looked down upon every dissenter, every pork-dealer, and every Frenchman. What he was brought up to, that he would abide by; and the sin beyond repentance, to his mind, was the sin of the turn-coat.
>
> With all these hard-set lines of thought, or of doctrine (the scabbard of thought, which saves its edge, and keeps it out of mischief), Stephen Anerley was not hard, or stern, or narrow-hearted. Kind, and gentle, and good to every one who knew "how to behave himself," and dealing to every man full justice—meted by his own measure—he was liable even to generous acts, after being severe and having his own way. But if anybody ever got the better of him, by lies, and not fair bettering, that man had wiser not begin to laugh inside the Riding. Stephen Anerley was slow but sure; not so very keen, perhaps, but grained with kerns of maxim'd thought, to meet his uses as they came, and to make a rogue uneasy. To move him from such thoughts was hard; but to move him from a spoken word had never been found possible.

Anerley Farm lies just outside the Dane's Dyke, which cuts off "Flamborough Head, and a solid centre of high land from the rest of Yorkshire. The corner, so intercepted, used to be, and is still called 'Little Denmark'; and the indwellers feel a large contempt for all their outer neighbours." We have quoted these few lines in order to call attention to the remarkable spirit with which Mr. Blackmore has depicted the manners and customs of this curious place. One feels as one reads that the people must have behaved and spoken exactly as the author makes them speak and behave. As Mary rides down the hollow of the Dyke on the same morning on which Mr. Jellicorse leaves Scargate Hall, "armed with instructions to defy the Devil, and to keep his discovery quiet," she falls in with a man who is running for his life from other men who are pursuing him and shooting at him. Acting on the impulse of a moment, she shows him a place where he can hide, and presently "three broad men, with heavy fusils cocked, came up from the sea-mouth of the Dyke, steadily panting, and running steadily with a long enduring stride. Behind them a tall, bony man, with a cutlass, was swinging it high in the air, and limping, and swearing with great velocity. 'Coast-riders,' thought Mary, and he a free-trader! Four against one is cowardice.'" With feminine skill she puts the revenue men off the scent, and then exchanges a few words with the smuggler, in the course of which the reader will observe a curious instance of the impossible whimsicality in which the author sometimes indulges. He begs her to pick up for him, if she chances upon it in her ride, the fellow to a curious and handsome ring which hangs in one of his ears. It has been shot away and he cannot stay to look for it. "'And they really shot away one of your earrings! Careless, cruel, wasteful men! What could they have been

* *Mary Anerley: a Yorkshire Tale.* By R. D. Blackmore, Author of 'Alice Lorraine.' 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

thinking of?' 'They were thinking of getting what is called "blood-money"! One hundred pounds for Robin Lyth. Dead or alive—one hundred pounds.'" When Mary goes on to abuse Carroway, the coastguard captain, Robin Lyth—commonly called the new Robin Hood—replies that Carroway is only doing his duty. "'His life has been in my hands fifty times; but I will never take it. He must be killed sooner or later, because he rushes into everything. But never will it be my doing.'" These words have a dramatic bearing on important events which happen much later on. Readers will no doubt foresee the result of this meeting between Mary and Robin Lyth, but will not be able to foresee the many and curious obstacles which interfere with true love's course. Here we are somewhat puzzled as to the direction in which it is most desirable to guide the reader's attention. The many episodes to which we have referred have all a connexion more or less remote with the fortunes of Robin Lyth, and by consequence of Mary. At the same time each one of them might fairly be called a novel in itself, and might form the subject of a separate review. Perhaps the best plan may be to say something as to the general course of the story, repeating again that every character, however much or little involved in the plot, is drawn with singular and complete care and skill, subject, of course, to the oddities of which mention has been made.

Not long after the events just narrated, Carroway, after an exciting chase, brings, as he says, Robin Lyth in custody before Dr. Upround, rector of Flamborough, Doctor of Divinity and Justice of the Peace. The position is an awkward one for the Doctor, who, like most people in the place, is much attached to Robin, and has known him since he was found, a tiny child in gold-embroidered and gold-buttoned night-clothing, lying on the shore as if he had been dropped from the sky. Fortunately a way out of the difficulty is found at the moment when the prisoner is confronted with the magistrate. "Lieutenant Carroway," the Doctor said, "I greatly fear that you have allowed zeal, my dear sir, to outrun discretion. Robin Lyth is a young, and in many ways highly respected, parishioner of mine. He may have been guilty of casual breaches of the laws concerning importation, laws which fluctuate from year to year, and require deep knowledge of legislation both to observe and to administer. I heartily trust that you may not suffer from having discharged your duty in a manner most truly exemplary, if only the example had been the right one. This gentleman is no more Robin Lyth than I am." This is by no means the narrowest escape which Robin has from the clutches of the conscientious Carroway, whose steadfast pursuit of the smuggler ends, as the sequel shows, badly for both. Among Carroway's men is one with the oddly appropriate name of Cadman, who for various reasons cherishes an undying grudge against his commander. On one occasion Robin is at last fairly trapped in one of his favourite caves by Carroway, who hitherto has been constantly put off the scent by accomplices of the smuggler. Carroway at the entrance of the cave stands up in the bow of his pinnace and cries, "In the name of the King, surrender!" To which Robin answers, "In the name of the devil, splash!" and a scene of wild confusion ensues, in the course of which the gallant Carroway, mad with rage, exclaims, "Their blood be upon their own heads; draw your hangers, and at 'em." "He never spoke another word, but furiously leaping at the smuggler chief, fell back into his own boat and died without a struggle, without a groan. The roar of a gun and the smoke of powder mingled with the watery hubbub, and hushed in a moment all the oaths of conflict." The climax of Robin's misfortunes is that he is suspected of having killed Carroway, and has to go first into hiding and then to fly the country. Retribution, however, overtakes the real author of the crime. A certain Mordacks, an admirably drawn and important character, who is employed to seek out the lost heir of Sir Duncan Yordas, brings the deed home to its perpetrator some time after its commission, in a finely dramatic fashion. He sends one "Nicholas the Fish," a mighty diver, to look for the gun with which the fatal shot was fired in the depths of the sea cave, and, at an appointed moment when Nicholas is completely invisible in the water, a preventive gig, with Carroway's widow sitting in the stern, comes into the cave. Mordacks makes the man a speech in which he recounts the deed and announces its coming discovery and punishment. "I am not eloquent," he says, "I am not a man of words; my motto is strict business. And business with me is a power, not a name. I lift my hand; you wait for half a minute; and then, from the depths of this abyss, arises the gun used in the murder":—

> The men understood about half of this, being honest fellows in the main, and desiring time to put heads together, about the meaning; but one there was, who knew too well that his treacherous sin had found him out. He strove to look like the rest, but felt that his eyes obeyed heart more than brain; and then the widow, who had watched him closely through her black veil, lifted it, and fixed her eyes on his. Deadly terror seized him; and he wished that he had shot himself.
>
> "Stand up, men," the commander shouted; "until we see the end of this. The crime has been laid upon our force. We scorn the charge of such treachery. Stand up, men; and face, like innocent men, whatever can be shewn against you."
>
> The men stood up, and the light of the torches fell upon their faces. All were pale, with fear and wonder; but one was white as death itself. Calling up his dogged courage, and that bitterness of malice, which had made him do the deed, and never yet repent of it, he stood as firmly as the rest; but differed from them in three things. His face wore a smile; he watched one place only; and his breath made a noise, while theirs was held.
>
> Then, from the water, without a word, or sign of any hand that moved it, a long gun rose before John Cadman, and the butt was offered to his hand. He stood, with his arms at his sides, and could not lift them, to do anything. Neither could he speak, nor make defence; but stood, like an image that is fastened by the feet.
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> "Hand me that," cried the officer sharply; but instead of obeying, the man stared malignantly, and then plunged over the gun into the depth.
>
> Not so, however, did he cheat the hangman; Nicholas caught him (as a water-dog catches a worn-out glove), and gave him to any one that would have him. "Strap him tight," the captain cried, and the men found relief in doing it. At the next jail-delivery he was tried, and the jury did their duty. His execution restored goodwill, and revived that faith in justice, which subsists upon so little food.

For reasons which have been sufficiently explained, we have found it impossible to dwell upon more than a few of the many sides belonging to this remarkable book, the pathetic passages of which are not less striking than the humorous or dramatic touches and descriptions which abound in it.

THE SPEAKER'S COMMENTARY.*

THERE can be no manner of doubt that the last published volume of the *Speaker's Commentary*, comprising the Gospel according to St. John and the Acts, is by far the most valuable and important of the whole series. None of the contributors to this joint work are to be compared, for exegetical skill and for thoroughness of treatment, to Dr. Westcott, the Cambridge Regius Professor of Divinity, who has undertaken the Fourth Gospel. The task has been with him the work of years, and a real labour of love. His monograph on St. John's Gospel is a monument of learning, acuteness, patient toil, and piety. Every one knows how modern criticism has disputed the genuineness of the Fourth Gospel. Dr. Westcott boldly meets the sceptical writers of the new school on their own grounds. Not much more is to be discovered, or to be said, on the points of history or authority, as bearing upon the matter; but the internal evidence to be derived from a minute and unprejudiced study of the original document has now for the first time been brought into court by an orthodox champion, and confronted with the superficial objections and innuendoes of the German neologists and Renan. Dr. Westcott in his Introduction proves to demonstration, in our opinion, these several points—that the author of the Fourth Gospel was a Jew; next, that he was a Palestinian Jew; next, that he was an eyewitness of the scenes which he describes; next, that he was one of the Twelve; and, lastly, that he could have been none other than St. John himself. All this is argued out in great detail, and shown by a prodigious accumulation of minute touches, allusions, and inferences in the sacred text. Of course we cannot give even a specimen of this searching investigation. We invite any persons who are concerned in the inquiry to make early acquaintance with Dr. Westcott's essay. We would instance, however, the section on the exact topographical knowledge displayed by the author of the Fourth Gospel both of Jerusalem itself, and of the Temple in particular, as peculiarly convincing. "No creative genius," says Dr. Westcott, "can create a lost site." Jerusalem had been destroyed, it will be remembered, before St. John's Gospel was written; and the later the date to which modern sceptics defer its composition, the stronger becomes Dr. Westcott's argument. We may note here, as a single illustration of this personal knowledge of places and circumstances the very interesting discussion on our Saviour's declaration that He was the "Light of the World," in the eighth chapter of this Gospel. Dr. Westcott considers that the discourse was directly suggested by the lighting of the great golden candelabra, at the Feast of Tabernacles, in the Court of the Women, where, as is clear from a later verse of the same chapter, our Saviour was then teaching. He points out that the Evangelist, whoever he was, must have been personally acquainted with the Herodian temple and the Jewish ritual.

Dr. Westcott pursues his examination of St. John's claims to be the author of the Gospel which bears his name by marshalling the direct internal evidence, and also the external evidence, of the fact. Then he discusses, with the same fulness and the same patient aggregation of minute details, the occasion and date of the Gospel, its object, its plan, and its style. Next follows a chapter on the characteristics of the Gospel, describing its relation to the Old Testament and the gradual unfolding of the Messianic idea. This self-revelation of the Lord carries with it of necessity the development of the personal characters of the men among whom he moved. Accordingly, St. John's Gospel is far richer in distinct types of faith and of unbelief than those of the Synoptists. Dr. Westcott shows great penetration in his explanation of St. John's pictures of Caiaphas and Pilate. It is to St. John, too, that we owe almost all that we know of the personal characters of the Apostles and others who believed. Nathanael and Nicodemus, Andrew, Philip, and Thomas, the woman of Samaria, St. Mary Magdalene, and "the disciple whom Jesus loved" himself, are known to us in their individual characteristics from the Fourth Gospel. Witness the remarkable account given by Dr. Westcott of St. Philip the Apostle. He quotes the tradition preserved by Clemens Alexandrinus that it was Philip who was so severely reproved by his Master for wishing to "go and bury his father." Philip "appears to hang back, to calculate, to rest on others." "Jesus [we read] *findeth* Philip." The Apostle had not himself come to the Great Teacher. But these words seem to

* *The Holy Bible; with an Explanatory and Critical Commentary.* Edited by F. C. Cook, M.A., Canon of Exeter. New Testament. Vol. II. St. John—The Acts of the Apostles. London: John Murray. 1880.

imply "that he was ready to welcome, or even waiting for, the call which was first spoken to him." Dr. Westcott sums up a most interesting contrast with the words: "Philip believed without confidence, Thomas believed without hope." We may here make room for this admirable quotation:—

This fulness of characteristic life in the Fourth Gospel is particularly decisive as to its apostolical authorship. Those who are familiar with the Christian literature of the second century will know how inconceivable it is that any Christian teacher could have imagined or presented as the author of the Fourth Gospel has done the generation in which the Lord moved. The hopes, the passions, the rivalries, the opinions, by which his contemporaries were swayed had passed away, or become embodied in new shapes. A great dramatist could scarcely have called them back in such narrow limits as the record allows. Direct knowledge illuminated by experience and insight, which are the human condition of the historian's inspiration, offers the only adequate explanation of the dramatic power of the Gospel.

The relation of the Fourth Gospel to the Synoptists is treated, next in order, with no less thoughtfulness or completeness than the discussions which preceded it. And then follow two sections on the relation of St. John's Gospel to the Apocalypse and to the Epistles which bear his name. Finally, the text of the Gospel is considered in a most scholarlike essay. Dr. Westcott tells us that there are in existence fourteen uncial and more than six hundred cursive MSS. of St. John. No existing MS. of the New Testament is older than the fourth century. Dr. Westcott claims for the Codex Vaticanus (B) the highest rank among the original authorities for the text. He considers it to represent the text preserved in the Apostolic Greek Church of Rome. The Codex Sinaiticus (א), on the contrary, and the Codex Bezae (D)—the latter the great treasure of the Cambridge University Library—represent a text of great antiquity, probably of the second century, and of Palestinian origin. The final section of this noble Introduction is by no means the least valuable or remarkable. It enumerates and criticizes the commentators on St. John. In this list Dr. Westcott does full justice to Rupert of Deutz and to Johannes Scotus Erigena among mediæval interpreters, and to Godet and Keim among moderns. He attributes, however, to the living voice of Cambridge friends during the twenty-five years of work expended on St. John's Gospel more help than any books could afford him. We note the sound wisdom with which he commends to more attention than they usually receive the renderings of the Latin Vulgate. "It seems to me," he says, "that we have lost in every way from our neglect of a Version which has influenced the Theology of the West more profoundly than we know." Finally, we may observe that Dr. Westcott's annotation of the text of the Fourth Gospel is more copious than that of most of his compeers. His theology is markedly moderate, but is neither latitudinarian nor "broad" in its sympathies. Many of the "additional notes" at the end of certain chapters are extremely valuable, and display most extensive and varied learning. We can but wish that the learned Professor, instead of confining himself to this single book, had had time to complete a commentary on the whole of the Sacred Scriptures.

Full two-thirds of the volume now before us are filled by Dr. Westcott's commentary on St. John. The remaining third is devoted to the Acts of the Apostles. The treatment of this most important book seems jejune and inadequate when compared with the more brilliant work of the Cambridge Professor. The general editor, Canon F. C. Cook, has contributed the introductory matter to the Acts, and Bishop Jacobson, of Chester, supplies the notes. The latter are generally apt, lucid, and succinct. But they lack spirit, and leave many points of interest unnoticed. Acts i. 3 may be considered a crucial test of exegetical excellence. Upon its proper understanding depends an intelligent estimate of the authority of those unwritten traditions of Church discipline and organization which can be traced with certainty to Apostolical times. If, indeed, the Risen Saviour taught His Apostles, during the period between His Resurrection and Ascension, "the things pertaining to" His visible kingdom, the Church, as St. Luke expressly declares, it follows as an almost certain conclusion that not only such facts as the substitution of the First Day as the weekly festival of Christians for the Sabbath, or Seventh Day, hitherto kept holy by the Jews, but other things, such as the ordinance of Confirmation, the transmission of the several orders of the ministry, and the general outlines, at least, of Christian worship and Christian discipline, must have formed part of such oral teaching. For, it will be remembered, the structure of the Church took shape, and its practical working went on from its earliest days, according to some fixed rules and principles which are nowhere laid down in express terms in the New Testament, for the best possible reason, that the Scriptures of the New Testament are subsequent in date to the original organization of the Church. What more probable, then, than that matters of such extreme importance formed the main subject of the Lord's personal communication to His apostles before His ascension? It was the work of the Holy Spirit to call these things to their memory, and to guide and enlighten the founders of the Christian Church in the practical carrying out of these principles. Bishop Jacobson refers indeed to Bishop Moberly's valuable *Discourses on the Great Forty Days*, in which this great truth is admirably enforced, and also to the famous passage of St. Clement of Rome, in which the substitution of the First Day for the Seventh is expressly stated to have been thus ordained by the Lord Himself. But he scarcely seems to have apprehended the full importance of the significant statement of the writer of the Acts. Still, as a general rule, Bishop Jacobson's notes will be found as satisfactory as they are judicious. He makes a good point in commenting on the well-known mistranslated phrase "such as should be saved" (Acts ii. 47), which has been considered to betray a Calvinistic bias on the part of the authors of the English Version. He acquits them of this *mala fides* by saying that they were "unhappy" in following here the Vulgate rendering, *qui salvi fierent*. He himself rightly translates the τοὺς σωζομένους, "those who were being saved;" adding the comment:—"The participle in the present or imperfect tense expresses not a completed act, but a continuous and progressive state." In a subsequent note on Acts vi. 3, Bishop Jacobson quotes from Derrick's note on Dryden's "Hind and Panther" an explanation of the very curious fact that in some editions of the Authorized Version, notably the fine folio of 1659 and the octavo of 1651, the words, "whom *we* may appoint," are printed, "whom *ye* may appoint," so as to make the ordination of deacons the office of the laity rather than of the episcopacy. Derrick's remark is, "Field is said to have been the first printer of this forgery, and to have received for it 1,500*l.* Be that as it may, it is certainly to be found in several of his editions of the Bible." We think with Bishop Jacobson, in opposition to Dr. Farrar, that the fact of St. Paul having been mistaken at Lycaonia for Mercurius, who "was always represented as vigorous and graceful," is "not favourable to the exaggerated notions of the Apostle's personal appearance which are derived from the legend of Paul and Thecla." Of course there are endless questions for discussion which are suggested by these notes. We will refer to only one more. In the description of the storm in the Mediterranean (Acts xxvii.), our commentator suggests that the lightening the ship by "casting out the wheat into the sea," does not mean, as is generally thought, that the crew threw over their provisions, but that the wheat was the cargo of this Egyptian cornship, which had shifted in the gale, and the discharge of which was necessary for righting as well as relieving the vessel, and enabling it to answer the helm. Corn is still carried in bulk in too many seagoing ships, as the records of shipwrecks so often remind us.

We need only say in conclusion that Canon Cook's Introduction to the Acts is ably and conscientiously done. We note in it a most valuable reference to a passage of St. Clement "now completely known from the MS. lately discovered by the Metropolitan of Serrae, Philotheos Bryennios," in which St. Paul and St. Peter are called, even at that early date, "those two great and most righteous pillars of the Church." This disposes of Renan's ridiculous opinion that an enmity, or even rivalry, between St. Peter and St. Paul divided the Primitive Christians into two hostile camps. We can only wish that the two remaining volumes of the *Speaker's Commentary* still to be published may be worthy of the one which we have now noticed.

NEW SCHOOL BOOKS.*

THE first of the three books before us, the *Manual of English Composition*, is one of Dr. William Smith's Educational Course, an excellent series of school books, the useful qualities of which have led to their approval and adoption by practical teachers skilled and experienced in their profession. This new volume is well fitted to keep up the reputation of the series. The subject the author has had to deal with is no doubt a difficult one. The art of writing readable prose has been mastered by so few among English authors that one is tempted to look upon it as a heaven-sent gift, bestowed rarely, and we might almost say capriciously, on some favoured child of fortune who in the opinion of his fellows has no sort of right to expect such favour. Confirmation of this view of the matter we find in the writings of Goldsmith, of Charles Lamb, and of Miss Austen. They all three wrote prose which will charm all readers as long as the English language lasts; yet no one of them achieved it by following a preparatory course of study in the art of composition, or by adhering to any set rules of style. Each took to writing, as it were, by chance, without any special training; and though all three attained the first rank of excellence among English prose writers, their lives were originally cast in lines so entirely apart from all literary influences that their excellence seems almost marvellous. Now, if an Irish ne'er-do-weel who had passed his youth in random rambling, and had taken up one profession after another without success, a London clerk whose days were doomed to drudgery at a desk, and a young lady brought up in the seclusion of a country rectory could write English better than numbers of men of unquestioned powers who have made the art of writing English the study of their lives, it does not seem that the art is attainable by study or can be learned from a manual. Indeed it is a significant and depressing fact that, in spite of the vast number of manuals of English grammar and English composition that have been written for the improvement of the present generation, the quality of the English commonly spoken and written, instead of improving, grows daily worse and worse. The distressing deficiencies of grammar and of style in the works of the most popular novelists are pointed out in vain by candid critics. Their books are still eagerly bought and read to an extent that proves how large a proportion of the English nation are as ignorant as the authors or authoresses of these works in

* *A Manual of English Composition.* By Theophilus D. Hall, M.A. London: John Murray. 1880.

Primer of the Industrial Geography of France. By G. Phillips Bevan, F.G.S., F.S.S. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Allen. 1880.

Geography for Little Children. By Antonia Zimmern. London: E. Stanford. 1880.

which they take delight. And as we notice that the higher the social rank of the readers who patronize this circulating library literature, the worse the grammar gets in the pages prepared for their perusal, we are driven to the conclusion that society has so long indulged in slipshod slang that its members can no longer understand any other language. Even ladies who write for the edification of the nursery and schoolroom dare not be grammatical, for fear of being scouted on a charge of pedantry by the youthful public whose good opinion it is their aim to win. This lamentable indifference to and ignorance of their own language, so prevalent among the highest class of Englishmen and women, is in great part due to the pernicious practice of entrusting the primary education of both boys and girls to foreigners whose chief qualification generally is ignorance of English. The fond mother who confides her darlings to a teacher who "can't speak a word of English" imagines that she is securing for them the envied fluency in French and German that she herself has never been able to attain to. The result is that the children—who are told, poor things, that they must speak languages they don't understand—invent a mixed jargon of French and English, and get so confused in their ideas that they become incapable of writing a grammatical sentence in either. It is to this system of teaching little boys foreign languages before they can read or write their own that the large proportion of failures in spelling among the candidates who present themselves for every sort of examination may be ascribed. The English is the only nation in Europe which thinks its own language unworthy of being taught. The French and the Germans both bestow much pains in teaching the niceties of their mother-tongues, while with us "English in all its branches" is considered as the least important part of the school course, and the time bestowed upon it is too often looked upon as wasted.

Although no text-book, however well put together, can endow dull minds with the power of writing readable books, such a book can at least give even the dullest an amount of knowledge sufficient to enable them to express themselves grammatically in conversation and by letter. Even this amount of excellence, small though it may seem, few persons can attain to without being taught. The publication of *A Manual of English Composition* in a series which has hitherto been chiefly devoted to the classics we hail as a sign that schoolmasters are awaking to the consciousness that it is just as necessary to teach the average schoolboy how to string sentences together in English as in Latin. It is this art of stringing sentences together, in which the sense shall be plain and the grammar faultless, that Mr. Hall's manual professes to impart; and it is well calculated for doing so. The exercises begin with simple assertions, such as that the "fire of London happened in 1666," and lead the learner steadily on until he is supposed to be capable of dealing with such difficult subjects as the "nature of Protection," or the "present political state of Europe." But before he arrives at this pitch of perfection he is taught much that is very salutary as to what he must do and what he must not do with his pronouns, his participles, and his subjunctive moods, when it is fit and proper to adorn his page with figures of speech, and when he must totally abstain from doing so. Happily Mr. Hall is generally in favour of abstaining from figurative and flowery language. In his very first page he urges the student to call things by their right names, and thus cautions him against the use of ornamental synonyms as a refuge against dulness:—

This kind of tinsel adornment pleases none except persons of wholly uncultivated taste, and should be scrupulously avoided.

As a general rule, the student will do well to banish for the present all thought of ornament or elegance, and to aim only at expressing himself plainly and clearly. The best ornament is always that which comes unsought. Let him not beat about the bush, but go straight to the point. Let him remember that what is written is meant to be read; that time is short; and that—other things being equal—the fewer words the better.

In another passage he explains that, if a synonym be used at all, "there should be some appropriateness about it in reference to the place where it is introduced." The result of disregarding this rule is often absurd in the extreme. The abuse of synonyms in most cases springs from the old-fashioned notion, still clung to in most manuals of English grammar, that it is certainly inelegant, if not positively incorrect, to repeat the same word in one sentence. Mr. Hall sees the folly of this, and points out that the best word to express an object or idea, if that object or idea has to be named again, ought to be fearlessly repeated, instead of being displaced by a worse word which does not so happily express the thing intended. Since Macaulay showed the force that lies in reiteration, many writers of repute have had recourse to it; but we never before met with a school-book in which it was tolerated, much less openly vindicated. Mr. Hall thus commends the practice:—

Repetition is a far less serious fault than obscurity. Young writers are often unduly afraid of repeating the same word, and require to be reminded that it is always better to use the right word over again, than to replace it by a wrong one:—and a word which is liable to be misunderstood is a wrong one. A frank repetition of a word has even sometimes a kind of charm—as bearing the stamp of *truth*, the foundation of all excellence of style.

And, again, in another passage he explains how "a vigorous writer has no weak dread of repetition. Repetition is only bad when it arises from poverty of language; and when it is used by definite purpose of the writer it carries force and emphasis with it."

Mr. Hall does not teach by precept alone; he has also recourse to warning and example, and for this end he illustrates and enforces his rules by sentences taken from various authors. Indeed, in turning over his pages the reader is startled to find how many writers, received as unquestionable authorities, he finds tripping in their grammar. The usual defects in the passages quoted spring from careless use of personal pronouns or a haziness as to relatives and their antecedents. However, when we find the *Spectator* among the defaulters, we are inclined to think that any rule which he transgressed was more "honoured in the breach than in the observance." Nor do we see that, in one at least of the passages quoted, Mr. Hall's amendment can be considered either a correction or improvement. The *Spectator* writes:—

At the lower end of the hall is a large otter's skin stuffed with hay which his [Sir Roger's] mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the knight looks upon it with great satisfaction, because it seems *he* was but nine years old when *his* dog killed *him*. (Addison, *Spectator*, No. 115.)

This undoubtedly awkward sentence Mr. Hall corrects thus:—

. . the knight looks upon it with great satisfaction, because, it seems, the otter was killed by his own dog when he was but nine years old.

But has he even yet made it clear that it was the knight who was nine years old when this important event took place? We think not. The sentence now seems as if the dog had been nine years old, and yet the rhythm of it is destroyed. Mr. Hall, indeed, does not lay sufficient stress on this quality of rhythm, though therein lies the chief charm of prose. Its presence is the subtle something that carries the reader along in spite of himself, though it is as impossible to define its nature as it would be to explain why a favourite melody or a delicious scent awakens within us feelings of delight. This faculty of writing musical prose seems to be a sort of instinct which no teaching can ever implant; but without it no one, however great may be his powers, will ever become a popular writer.

We note with pleasure that Mr. Hall devotes a chapter to warning all persons, whether young or old, against the use of

many conventional expressions, partly common-place and partly vulgar, which should be carefully avoided. Among these may be mentioned—"individual" for *person*, "residence" for *house*, "locality" for *place*, "parties" or "individuals" for *person*, or *men* and *women*, to "commence" to do anything, for to *begin*, to "go in" for any pursuit or study, "first-class" or "first-rate" for *excellent* (still lower are such phrases as "A 1," "top of the tree," &c.), to "transmogrify" for to *transform*.

Among these "vulgarisms" he very properly classes those scraps of foreign tongues with which half-educated persons are wont to interlard their talk, the pleonastic use of "got" after the verb "to have," and other errors of a like sort arising from lack either of knowledge or of thought. He might have added a caution against that commonest of all vulgar blunders, the practice of calling all the relatives of a reigning sovereign "royalties." Now "royalty," as an abstract noun," has no plural form. The plural "royalties" can only be correctly used to signify certain proportions of the profits of mines or of books assigned to some particular persons. To use the term "royalties" when we mean princes or princesses is just as absurd as it would be to style a bishop's family "episcopacies," or the children of the president of a republic "presidencies." Mr. Hall's manual is certainly the most sensible and practical book upon English composition that we have lately seen. The great variety of subjects which it suggests as themes for exercising the imagination as well as the literary powers of young students will be found a great assistance to teachers, who must often be sorely puzzled to hit upon subjects sufficiently diversified without being ridiculously beyond the scope of youthful experience.

The *Primer of the Industrial Geography of France* is one of a series of educational primers published by Messrs. Sonnenschein and Allen. It dwells in detail upon the natural productions of France in connexion with the manufactures and industries to which they give rise. The money made by the several trades, and the number of persons employed in them, are also stated. The last chapter of the Primer contains an alphabetical list of the departments, enumerating the towns they contain, with the name of the industry chiefly followed in each town and department written opposite to it. Our space does not permit us to examine into the accuracy of each of those items of information, but, turning to the description of the Alpes Maritimes, we note with surprise that Vallauris, which has certainly won a small celebrity from the productions of its potteries, is altogether left out; nor is it to be found in the chapter devoted to pottery and porcelain. Yet the Vallauris ware is perhaps better known out of France than any other ware of French production. There is also no mention of the fruit preserving which is one of the distinctive industries of the department. Nearly all the crystallized fruits which are exported from France are prepared in the "confiseries" of Grasse. It is at Grasse, too, and not at Cannes, that the "parfumeries," where the perfumers of London and Paris distil their sweet waters, are to be found. Turning to another district, the Hautes Pyrénées, we find "Bagnères-de-Bigorre" erroneously written "Bagnes de Bigorres," while its productions and industries are set down as "baths and mineral waters." Now, although it certainly has both baths and mineral waters, yet, as that is an advantage shared by all the towns in the Pyrénées, it would have been more characteristic of the place to name as its industries the marble-cutting works, which are the largest in the South of France, and the wonderful knitted garments of all sorts, made of Pyrenean wool, which the inhabitants consider the *industrie du pays*.

The pages of this primer are too thickly crammed with names and numbers to make it usable as anything but a book of reference. A small commercial dictionary would have been a more suitable

title than the one it bears; for as geography is a science treating of the surface of the earth, we do not see how a little book devoted to an examination of the use man makes of the earth's productions can with reason be called a primer of geography.

Miss Zimmern's little book also belongs to a series, the "London Geographical Series," of which as yet it seems to be the sole representative. It is intended for very young children, and aims at nothing more than teaching them the nature of maps and globes and some few elementary facts of physical geography. In a chapter treating of political divisions there are some strange statements about the cave-dwellers having gradually become civilized into the modern English, and also an erroneous use of the name England to signify the country in prehistoric times. The assertions, too, that the "Saxons ruled in England a thousand years ago," and that "a share or shire of the land was often given to one man to govern, and this man was generally called an Earl," are inaccurate and misleading. Surely the explanation that "political divisions" are "any parts into which people agree to mark out their country," can apply only to the United States, to some of our own colonies, and to France cut up into Departments; for in all other countries, at least in Europe, the political divisions are the result of gradual growth, and their names form the most trustworthy record of the country's history. It seems so difficult to bring home to grown people the historical nature of political geography, that the greatest pains should be taken to accustom children from the beginning to look at the geographical divisions from the historical point of view. But for the seeds of error which we have pointed out, this little book might be both useful and attractive to young children, as the language is simple, the type large and clear, while the pages are enlivened by some good maps and many illustrations. These, we are sure, cannot fail to prove very winning to all such little folk as the "*Dolly, Fantie, and Too-Too*" to whom this little volume is dedicated.

OLD CELTIC ROMANCES.*

THIS charming volume of Irish tales has made its appearance just in the nick of time, when the lucubrations of Professor Sophus Bugge have once more brought the subject of the origin of the Eddic literature of Scandinavia vividly before the learned. It is too soon to guess to what extent the Western Gael will turn out to have left his impress on the tales of the Norseman, but it is not a little gained that we now know that the word *Edda* itself is purely Gaelic. But, as it is our intention to deal with Irish rather than Norse literature, we proceed to give our readers an idea of the plan of this volume and the motives the author had in publishing it. In the preface he speaks as follows:—

> The volume I now offer to the notice of the public contains eleven tales, selected and translated from the manuscripts of Trinity College and of the Royal Irish Academy. Some have been already published, with original text and *literal* translation, and are to be found in the Transactions of various literary societies, where, however, they are inaccessible to the general run of readers; and, even if they were accessible, they are almost unreadable, the translations having been executed, not for literary, but for linguistic purposes. Others have never been translated or given to the public in any shape or form till now. Of the whole collection of eleven tales, therefore, it may be said that they are quite new to the general mass of the reading public. And, furthermore, this is the first collection of the old Gaelic prose romances that has ever been published in fair English translation. Scraps and fragments of some of these tales have been given to the world in popular publications by writers who, not being able to read the originals, took their information from printed books in the English language. But I am forced to say that many of these specimens have been presented in a very unfavourable and unjust light—distorted to make them look *funny*, and their characters debased to the mere modern conventional stage Irishman. There is none of this silly and odious vulgarity in the originals of these fine old tales, which are high and dignified in tone and feeling, quite as much so as the old romantic tales of Greece and Rome.

The author goes on to say that a translation may either follow the very words, or reproduce the life and spirit, of the original, but that no translation can do both; for if one renders word for word, the spirit is lost; whereas, if, on the other hand, the spirit and manner are to be given, one is forced to depart from the exact words, and to frame one's own phrases. Dr. Joyce has chosen to do the latter, and we believe him to have succeeded in rendering the originals, the style of which is generally simple, into simple and homely English, which will be found to add considerably to the charm of the collection. Having said thus much, perhaps we ought to stop, as we feel that we have finished our review; but we may venture to add a few miscellaneous remarks on some of the tales themselves.

In the first tale in the book, "The Fate of the Children of Lir," who are converted by a wicked stepmother into swans, and doomed to exist in that form for nine hundred years, until, in fact, they were to resume the human shape on hearing the bell of St. Patrick, we come across one of the common tricks of Irish legends, that of extending the life of a legendary character down to Christian times. The same occurs in another of these stories in the case of the mermaid Liban, who, after wandering three centuries in the world of waters, dies a good Christian virgin. Other instances, such as the story of St. Caillin's life, might be mentioned of this easy method of bridging over periods the history of which is a blank, and of introducing stories of Pagan times. But none of the instances in which this method has been resorted to has, so far as we know, come near the story of the Ghost-Chariot of Cuchulainn in the Book of the Dun Cow, a venerable Irish manuscript of the end of the eleventh century. There Cuchulainn is not made, it is true, to live at the time of St. Patrick, but he is forced by the Saint to appear in the array in which the shanachies were wont to describe him, in order to satisfy the Irish King, Loegaire, who refused to be converted by St. Patrick's preaching until he had seen Cuchulainn careering over the plain, which all serves to introduce a description of the chariot and the story of the hero's experiences in this life and elsewhere.

The way in which the Celtic storytellers seem to have strung their tales together was generally very simple; one favourite method reminds one of the Labours of Hercules—the hero or heroes are compelled to take part in a number of dangerous adventures in order to attain a certain object. In the Welsh Mabinogion we have an elaborate instance of this, in the story of Culhwch and Olwen, where Culhwch, who is in love with Olwen, can make her his wife only when he has procured her father a large number of apparent impossibilities, and engaged in all kinds of contests, the very mention of which was expected to make him break his heart. Dr. Joyce's book gives us a good specimen of the same method in the story of the Children of Turenn. The latter, having killed one of the Tuatha Dé Danann, find themselves ultimately forced to pay his son the eric due for his father's death, and they allow themselves to be outwitted by him, so that he is enabled to define what the eric is to be. At first they thought it a mere trifle, but they soon found out that it involved them in all kinds of hardships and difficult expeditions intended to effect their ruin, the shanachie of course taking care that that did not happen before his story was of the length he desired. An equally easy method of connecting a number of strange adventures is to suppose the hero to go on a voyage and to land in as many strange islands as the storyteller has strange things to relate. The book before us contains one of these voyages, and the hero's name is Maildun. He sets out in search of a fleet of plunderers who had landed in the West of Ireland and killed his father. This story, which is published now for the first time, is very amusing in parts, and gives an account of the adventures of Maildun and his crew, and of the wonderful things they saw during their voyage of three years and seven months, in their curragh, on the Western Sea. The tale is of the same type as the Voyage of St. Brendan, which was at one time known over most of Europe; an imperfect version of the former is given in the Book of the Dun Cow. The items in this story have little to do with one another, and it may here be mentioned that we have met with one at least of them in the Mabinogion; we refer to the "Island that Dyed Black and White," where, among other things, there was "a very large man," we are told, "employed in dividing and arranging the sheep; and he often took up a sheep and threw it with much ease over the wall from one side to the other. When he threw over a white sheep among the black ones, it became black immediately; and, in like manner, when he threw a black sheep over, it was instantly changed to white." With this compare the following passage from the story of Peredur—we give it in the words of Lady Charlotte Guest's translation:—"And he came towards a valley, through which ran a river; and the borders of the valley were wooded, and on each side of the river were level meadows. And on one side of the river he saw a flock of white sheep, and on the other a flock of black sheep. And whenever one of the white sheep bleated, one of the black sheep would cross over and become white; and when one of the black sheep bleated, one of the white sheep would cross over and become black." We give this coincidence because the passages are, as it were, without context either in the Irish or the Welsh legend, and we could wish to add to it another from the story of the Gilla Dacker, which is also translated into English now for the first time, and is certainly one of the most interesting in the collection. But it would take up too much space, and we shall content ourselves with merely indicating that the wizard-champion at the well, who instantly appears on the spot in full armour and intense rage when the drinking-horn has been taken down and water from the well drunk out of it, may be compared with the well-champion who is roused to action in a somewhat similar fashion in the story of the Lady of the Fountain. But such coincidences as these are trifling and of no great importance as compared with the deeper and broader veins of imagination and myth which penetrate Irish and Welsh romance in common; but that is just the reason why we cannot enter on the discussion of them here.

For the sake of those who imagine that Finn and Ossian belong exclusively to the Scotch Gael, we may remark that, out of the eleven tales in this book, no fewer than six belong to that class of literature which some term Ossianic, but which the Irish more correctly call Fenian. But we could wish that Finn's men were called Fenians, or some other name than Feni, as Dr. Joyce has been tempted to call them. In Irish they are called *fianna*, or champions, whereas the name Feni or Féni has been appropriated in the Brehon Laws of the *Senchus Mór* to what appears to have been a real historical people, the law-giving race of ancient Erin; and it is a pity that their name should be confounded with Finn's champions, who may, after all, have never existed, except as creatures of the imagination. At any rate, we cannot help regarding them as the Goidelic equivalents to Arthur and his Knights among the Brythonic Celts. Just as Arthur and his following appear wherever the Brythons dwell, whether in Great Britain or in Little Britain, so Finn and his Fenians are at home in both the Scotias. The principal difference between the Knights of the Round Table, on the one hand, and Finn and his men, on the other, may be ex-

* *Old Celtic Romances.* Translated from the Gaelic by P. W. Joyce, LL.D., T.C.D.; M.R.I.A. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1879.

pressed in very few words. Arthur and his men had to don the garb and manners of Christian knights in the ages of chivalry, while Finn and his have been allowed to appear in the attire in which a ruder state of society thought fit to clothe them.

MEMOIRS OF A CYNIC.*

IT is not often that we give way to a feeling of despair as we are reading a book. We have never tried Guicciardini, it is true; but yet we have little sympathy with the criminal who broke down at the war of Pisa and chose the galley instead of the author. Even dulness has its humorous side, and Dogberry was not so far out when he offered to bestow all his tediousness on his worship. If Francis had only once in his life cried out "Anon, anon, Sir," there would have been no jest in it. When, however, he came to pass year after year in one or two such utterances as this, then he became a great comic character. So it is with authors. There is a kind of absurdity which can only be attained by a large extent of writing. When a writer of this kind has written only a single page he has done nothing to raise a smile. Even by the time that he has reached the end of his first chapter he has scarcely begun to amuse his reader. But when he has gone on in the same inane way for a whole volume, still more when he has filled three volumes, then his merits begin to be seen. A little air is colourless; but, when we get it spread out all round us or high above us, then we find that it is blue. But now and then we come across a book out of which we can get nothing. It is dull in each single page, and it is equally dull when all the pages are considered as one whole. Such a book as this is the despair of the reviewer, and such a book is *The Memoirs of a Cynic*. We had better at once make a clean breast of it. We have not been able to read it all. We broke down at the end of the second volume. We began to read it on a Tuesday evening at about eight of the clock. At a quarter past eight we laid it down and refreshed ourselves by reading a column of advertisements in the *Times*. We took it up once more and read it for just five minutes longer, when we gave it up for that night as a hopeless job. We tried it again after breakfast on Wednesday morning, and once more after lunch on the same day. We hoped, but hoped in vain, that we might find some one hour in the twenty-four when it could be read with some approach to ease. There was but one chance we discovered of getting through it, and that was to take it in as small and as frequent doses as we could. To sit down, in Johnson's words, doggedly to it was impossible. Nature was too strong for us and would assert her power. We went on with it therefore at intervals on Thursday and Friday, and we have thus managed, as we have said, to make our way through the first two volumes. So far we shall be able to guide our readers, but the rest of the journey we must leave them to take for themselves. This method of reviewing is, after all, what some authors would seem to desire. We hear complaints at times that by the analysis of the plot which is given in a review the interest of the story is lost. Mr. Gilbert will not be able to bring this charge against us, for of the end of the story we know nothing. If, however, there is a plot it must have taken its rise and had its development altogether in the third volume. In the two that we have read there is scarcely a trace of one to be discovered.

The Cynic of these Memoirs, according to his own account, is an elderly gentleman who was suddenly moved to retire from active life by reading in an autobiography an answer given by an old officer to Charles V. Having accordingly retired, he found himself "mortally ennuied," and, no doubt, resolved in revenge that the world should be "mortally ennuied" also. He had some ten years before published a work. The newspapers, it seems, had praised "the originality in its design and method of treatment." These criticisms he had unfortunately collected, and one morning—one unhappy morning—his eye fell on them. One paper especially, called "The Cynic," had, it seems, been praised for its originality, hardly any reviewer failing to notice it. We trust that some of these gentlemen are still living, and that to their lot may fall the task of reading these Memoirs, which are entirely due to their ill-judged praise. We could not wish them a more cruel fate. The Cynic was, he tells us, struck with the idea whether he could not publish his own autobiography something on the plan referred to. "The idea then expressed in some half-dozen pages was considered an original one, why, then, should the book be less so?" We cannot answer this question. For all we know, the book is no less an original idea than the idea that was expressed in some half-dozen pages. An idea expressed in some half-dozen pages or in three volumes strikes one, however, as a somewhat curious phrase. Be that as it may, the Cynic at once decided on beginning his autobiography, and determined, after mature deliberation, to divide it into two parts. In the part we have read his experiences of life were "of the gayer description," though "frequently pathetic episodes would mix themselves up with the ridiculous in my earlier years." We have found nothing gay, nothing pathetic, but everywhere an even and unbroken waste of dreary dulness.

The Cynic, according to his own account, has for many years been a writer for the press. He began to write in the old Tory days, before the first Reform Bill, "when it required," he assures us, "no little courage on the part of the press to attack the abuses of the Church alone." We do not know whether the following passage has been culled from his former writings, and is a proof of the great courage of his youth, or whether it remained for many years an original idea not expressed in any number of pages, till happier times have allowed it at last to be put into print:—

> A tacit understanding seemed to exist between it [the Church] and the Law to allow these infamies to be carried on unchallenged. The Law legalized every injustice committed by the Church on condition that it had its share in the patronage; and the Church sanctified and absolved every legal infamy, provided it had for one of its objects the welfare of the Church temporalities; while the Crown stepped in and gave its sanction to both, thus forming a trinity of scandal which could not have been surpassed for bare-faced injustice and wickedness in the worst era of the Roman Catholic Church.

It is always a fortunate thing, when a writer makes an outrageous assertion, if the language in which he gives it forth is ridiculous. To compare the state of England in the days of George IV. with the worst era of the Roman Catholic Church is absurd. It is scarcely less absurd to call the Crown, Church, and Law a trinity of scandal. The Cynic, however, does not at any time weigh his words. He tells us in one passage that a smell of tar which increased in intensity formed a fitting prelude to a bustling scene of boats. In another he writes that an actress "was pantomimically overwhelmed with gratitude." In one place he falls into an error the very opposite of that which is laid to the charge of George III. It is said that the young King, when he was drafting his first speech to Parliament, wrote "I glory in the name of Britain." The Cynic writes, "I considered them collectively as an executive composed of Briton's best, wisest and bravest." A King may well be pardoned if, in the first speech that he has to write, he shows a little ignorance of spelling, but the Cynic has been on the press for full thirty years, and should by this time have learnt to spell the name of the island in which he lives. We can scarcely reproach him with his ignorance of his native language when he writes of reliable glances and talented dancers. *Talented* has at length appeared in large type in the *Times*, and *reliable* we fully expect to see soon follow. The two words generally go hand in hand. To call a performing dog the Thespian brother of a dog that had not learnt to perform, to speak of the animal's canine accomplishments, to describe the twilight in a room as a dim crepuscule, to say that a man had a difficulty in centralizing his thought, is the every-day English that we come across in our newspapers, and so need not excite our surprise. We may wonder, however, why all the people engaged in an Italian opera company are feminine. As among them the Cynic includes the head lamplighter, we do not understand why he should call them *employées*.

When we pass from the manner of the Cynic's Memoirs to the matter, we find no improvement. He describes in the first volume his foreign travels. He began by being a midshipman in the East India Company's service. He is very careful in each case to begin with the very beginning. Nothing is left to the reader's imagination. He got his appointment through a London merchant, to whose house of business he was taken by his guardian. We are told that the merchant's office was in George Court, Lombard Street. It may be admitted that a certain amount of minuteness is needful to give an air of reality to a story. Defoe, the Cynic would probably say, carried minuteness to an extraordinary degree, and see how Defoe is read. We will therefore not be too hard on our author, but will allow that he was justified in telling us that the house of a certain merchant, who at least fifty years ago got him an appointment as midshipman, was situated in George Court, Lombard Street. But here we must draw a line, and put in some little plea for our imagination. Was it needful to go further and tell us that "Mr. Burton's offices themselves consisted of two separate rooms, one marked 'private' for himself, and the other appropriated to two clerks"? Was it needful to add that the Cynic and his uncle were ushered into the private room? Had Mr. Burton proved a talented murderer, had he decoyed the fond youth and his confiding guardian into a darksome den, feebly lighted by a dim crepuscule, had his *employées*, the two clerks, been reliable accomplices in disguise, and had the word "private" been only a prelude to secret assassination, then we could have approved, and more than approved, of the minuteness of the description. But nothing comes of all this. The guardian calmly signs a cheque, and about five minutes afterwards quits the office on his own legs, and not in a sack or a coffin. We shall not follow the Cynic in his adventures at sea, or in his long residence in Italy. We shall content ourselves with pointing out to our readers the accurate minuteness which he shows in this part of his Memoirs also. He arrives at a foreign city, Milan for instance. "Before the time for the *table d'hôte*," he writes, "Lefevre conducted me to the Duomo, and two or three other principal objects in the city, and we returned to the hotel." But we hasten past such occurrences as these to the second volume, when the author has become a theatrical critic. Here he is thrown across more than one of those very wicked noblemen who are to be found, if we may trust our writers, not only on the stage but also behind the scenes. He had, he says, an opportunity of seeing a good deal of the nobleman who "is believed to have served the late Mr. Thackeray as the model for his character of the Earl of Steyne in his novel of *Vanity Fair*." It was, by the way, a Marquis of Steyne, and not an earl. We are glad to find that the Cynic does not think it necessary to be as minute as usual in his account of the wicked deeds of the nobility. He says, "besides the noblemen alluded to, there were many others who made themselves notorious by their profligacy, but of (*sic*)

* *Memoirs of a Cynic*. Edited by William Gilbert, Author of "Shirley Hall Asylum," &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1880.

whom, out of respect to the feelings of their descendants, I will not further allude." The sentiment is certainly respectable, though the English in which it is expressed is more than doubtful. In the following page we read that "no greater reformation has taken place among any class in England in their respect for decency and public opinion, as well as in their private lives, than that which now exists between the manners and habits of the present generation and those which were common some forty years ago." Here again our satisfaction in the statement that our author makes is considerably lessened by the difficulty we find in understanding his English. How, we may ask, can a reformation exist between the manners and habits of two generations? While we record the improvement in our nobility, justice will not allow us to pass over the merits of certain ladies of the ballet in days long gone by. Mme. G—— and Mme. B——, we read, led lives so far above scandal "that they were selected as teachers of dancing to the young Princess who was afterwards to be our Queen. It may naturally be imagined," the Cynic goes on to remark, "that neither of them would have been chosen for a duty of the kind had not her reputation been in every sense of the word perfectly irreproachable." We have led our readers from a merchant who had a room marked private to wicked noblemen; from wicked noblemen to reformed noblemen; from them to anonymous but perfectly irreproachable ladies of the ballet; and so onwards and upwards to the young princess who has since become our Queen. We have not exhausted even half the second volume, and we can assure those who like such reading that in the parts that we are forced to leave unnoticed they will find a great deal more quite equal to the passages we have quoted.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE principal work on our present list offers a remarkable contrast to that which was incomparably the most interesting of those we noticed last month—the Memorial volume of the Army of Northern Virginia. This also is in some sense a memorial work. Its size, the style of its execution, the scale on which the minutest and most trivial incidents are recorded, its costliness, and its utter disregard of proportion and of the relative importance of topics, imply that it is to be regarded not as a genuine contribution to American literature, still less as an attempt to meet any real popular demand, but as a mere attempt to glorify a man to whom we hope the glorification must be intensely disagreeable. This record of General Grant's tour round the world, in two ponderous quarto volumes (1), contrasts in every way with the simple, unpretending, and profoundly touching memorial of the army which, by force of numbers alone, General Grant defeated. The tour was a parade, in thorough American taste, of one whom, since Americans so chose to present him, other countries were in a sense bound to receive as the representative of American nationality. The book reminds us not a little of the volumes in which the Shah of Persia has recorded his impressions of European scenes and persons; except, of course, that it utterly lacks the *naïveté* of the Eastern monarch's views of European civilization. It has all the vices of courtiership, with none of the dignity which loyalty and reverence for an ancient title may sometimes give to the subserviency of a Court; all the bunkum and bad taste of American hero-worship, all the pert assumption of superiority, all the endeavour to be funny, attended by signal ill-success, that characterize a certain class of American books of travel. In a word, it is about the very worst book of its size in the world, and will do all that biography can do to render an eminent man ridiculous. How General Grant can have tolerated its publication we are at a loss to conceive. Moreover, there is a great deal more in it of Mr. Russell Young than of General Grant. The courier figures quite as prominently, supplies as much of the real material of the work, as its nominal hero. It is padded with descriptions and engravings—both as a rule bad—of things and persons that have been described over and over again to weariness by American and English writers. The author has carried out in a new form the national idea of grandeur as consisting simply in size, and has carried it out to a point of absurdity never before attained. It is a relief, in the midst of Mr. Young's flippant and meaningless verbiage, to come across the addresses presented by various public bodies, English and other, to the General, which in any other work would be skipped as tedious to the last degree; a still greater relief to read the brief, polite, carefully constructed sentences in which the General studiously contrived, like his panegyrist, to say nothing, but, unlike him, to say nothing in the fewest possible words, and with the least possible offence. Perhaps the greatest merit which General Grant has displayed in civil life, certainly that which has most contributed to his success as a politician, is his signal capacity for holding his tongue. He alone of Presidential candidates does not need to be surrounded by a bodyguard instructed to exclude interviewers and strangers, and to deprive the object of their care of everything that can be converted into writing materials. He has always known how to answer a deputation of his countrymen with all the skill and success, if not with all the affability, that distinguished Lord Palmerston—

> To say nothing without he's compelled to,
> And then to say nothing that he can be held to;

and his merit in this respect must be measured by the persistent inquisitiveness of those with whom he had to deal. It must have been a comparatively easy task for him to answer English mayors, and foreign princes and diplomatists, without saying anything that could possibly be turned to electioneering account beyond the Atlantic. But it is hard upon him that the record of a tour whose object was distinctly negative—to take him for a while from under the eyes of his too observant countrymen, and give them time to forget the President, and remember the conqueror of Virginia—and of speeches whose purpose was equally null, should laboriously defeat his aim. However, it will assuredly not deprive him long of the temporary oblivion he is believed to have sought; for the most impatient New Englander, confined by the heaviest rains in the dullest of country taverns, could not attempt to read more than a few pages of this insufferable narrative of interminable nothings. It is notorious that General Grant has never shown that skill in selecting his personal *entourage* which he must have possessed in choosing lieutenants and assistants in the field, and that he has suffered heavily in character, reputation, and influence, through the sins and blunders of those with whom he has surrounded himself; but perhaps he never made a worse mistake of this kind than when he chose as the journalist of his voyage the author of these two massive volumes, with their eight hundred illustrations.

Mrs. Woolson's "Southern Sketches" (2) are on the whole commendable. They are taken, of course, from a Northern point of view; but there is evidently no intentional injustice, no disposition to colour the scenes and characters of those among whom, soon after the war, she as a Northern visitor received at least as much courtesy and consideration as she could fairly have expected—treatment very different from that which a German lady similarly settling in France after 1870 would have received. Her testimony to the acts of Sherman and others is the more worthy of observation and remembrance because it is incidental and involuntary. The savage atrocities committed by the invaders in South Carolina have been studiously ignored, if not denied, by Federal partisans on this side of the Atlantic; and it is well therefore to have the truth recalled by a few quiet, matter-of-fact descriptions taken down from the lips of eye-witnesses by one whose sympathies evidently go with the destroyer. A tinge of deep melancholy pervades nearly all these papers—sketches, slight as they are, of a ruined people and a ravaged land. But it seems a little strange that Mrs. Woolson should treat the bitterness of Southern women, the resentment of Southern soldiers, as something unreasonably exaggerated and almost unnatural. Evidently she has never tried to ask herself what would have been her own feelings and those of her kindred and countrymen in similar circumstances.

The industrial history of the United States is one of the grandest and, at the same time, most difficult subjects that a writer thoroughly in earnest could undertake; one which, undertaken with clear views of the object to be aimed at, the bounds to be observed, and the proportionate importance of different branches of so great a theme, might achieve for its author a high and permanent place in literature. Unfortunately, though the solid volume of Mr. Albert Bolles (3) contains an immense mass of very valuable information, it has been begun and carried through with so dim a notion in the author's mind of his own real purpose, so poor a conception of what such a work should aim at, that the general result is altogether disappointing. By striking out some two-thirds of the matter he has inserted, the merit of his book would be not a little enhanced, though it would still remain a monument of somewhat elaborate failure. As it is, it is so overloaded with details which would be more in place in the advertising columns of a technical journal, that we fear it will find but few readers, at least on this side of the Atlantic, and will win for its author no credit at all proportioned to the labour it must have cost.

We have before us two works on Health Resorts, their general operation and the particular conditions by which their choice should be governed; the main distinction between the two being the limitation of one of them to a single disease and a single locality. Dr. Denison professes to describe only the health resorts of the great mountain range of North-Western America (4), a favourite region with invalids suffering from that terrible scourge of the English race which seems to be almost more common and more fatal in the United States than in the mother-country. How and why mountain air, and especially the air of the Rocky Mountains, with the desert on the east, the vaporous masses constantly drawn in from the vast water surface of the Pacific on the west, arrested by their higher peaks, should be especially favourable to the recovery of consumptive patients in the earlier stages of the disease, Dr. Denison discusses at some length and with undoubted practical knowledge. One especial peculiarity of the sanitaria of the Far West is that few of them were chosen originally as resorts for valetudinarians. On the contrary, they first attracted men prepared for the hardest labour and the roughest life, chiefly adventurous gold-miners like those who had already spread over

(1) *Around the World with General Grant, in 1877-8-9.* By John Russell Young. 2 vols. with 800 Illustrations. New York: The American News Company. London: Trübner & Co.

(2) *Rodman the Keeper: Southern Sketches.* By Constance F. Woolson, Author of "Castle Nowhere," &c. New York: Appleton & Co. 1880.

(3) *Industrial History of the United States, from the Earliest Settlements to the Present Time; being a Complete Survey of American Industries.* Illustrated. By A. S. Bolles, Author of "The Conflict between Labour and Capital," &c. Norwich, Conn.: The Henry Bull Publishing Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(4) *Rocky Mountain Health Resorts: an Analytical Study of High Altitudes in Relation to the Arrest of Chronic Pulmonary Disease.* By C. Denison, A.M., M.D. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

California; and more than one of the places chiefly recommended to sufferers from pulmonary disease, like Denver, still retain in the character of their society very perceptible traces of their origin. It might perhaps be found on a careful examination of their statistics that till very lately the heaviest loss of human life in that region was not among invalids; that dangers quite as great as consumption itself lay in the fierce tempers of the original population, as yet imperfectly restrained by lax legislation and an unorganised police. Dr. Wilson, with wider knowledge and experience, covers also a wider range, and there is a great deal in his little volume (5) both of local information and of practical suggestion respecting the cases in which change of air is or is not a proper remedy, and the sanitary precautions by which it should be accompanied, which will be as useful to English as to American invalids.

Dr. Belknap's Biographies of the pioneers of Transatlantic discovery (6) won celebrity at the very beginning of this century. They are now reprinted with a fair chance of revived popularity. But since their original publication so much new information on the subject has been acquired, so many documents then unknown have been ferreted out, and such pains have been bestowed on rendering their contents available to the general reader, that we cannot well recommend this volume as in any sense a complete account of what is now known respecting the achievements of the Spanish, French, and English successors of Columbus during two centuries of constant progress, achieved by daring courage and arduous labour, at no little cost of life. Certainly the discoverers of the great lakes, the Mississippi, the Ohio, and the vast ranges of fertile land drained by each of these grand water systems, deserve more honour than they have yet received from the millions who have entered into the fruits of their labour. What those fruits are may be seen at a glance in Mr. Edward Atkinson's chart entitled *Our National Domain* (7).

The collected Reports of the United States Consuls on the state of European labour, the rate of wages, and the temper of the working classes in England and throughout Europe in the year 1878 (8) are, as usual, worthy of attention, containing a quantity of statistical and other information which, so far as we are aware, is not so easily accessible in any other form.

The Report of the Commissioners of the State Survey of New York, on the suggestion—originally emanating, we believe, from Lord Dufferin—that the land around the Falls of Niagara should be acquired by the joint action of the Empire State and the Dominion of Canada (9), and preserved by them as a sort of international pleasure-ground, possesses high interest for all who have seen or hope to see one of the grandest of natural scenes, and who would wish it to be protected against further desecration, and the hideous deformity which greed and bad taste are constantly aggravating. Already hotel-keepers and other speculators in the curiosity of mankind have done much to disfigure the scene. If it should be found possible to utilize the gigantic water-power for manufacturing purposes, we may expect still worse disfigurement. It seems hardly conceivable that the terrific force of the Falls, or even of the rapids, could be tamed to human uses; but American engineering is so well disposed to attempt the gigantic and grotesque, if not the impossible, that such evidence of a disposition to protect the Falls and the surrounding scenery as is given in the volume before us entitles the State Government of New York to a degree of respect and gratitude abroad which we fear it has not always of late enjoyed among its own constituents.

Mr. Bartol has given the title of *Principles and Portraits* (10) to a collection of very long and somewhat incoherent essays on such subjects as Life and Love, Art and Science, Education and Religion, Shakspeare, Channing, and Garrison. They are chiefly remarkable for their sentimental and sensational vehemence, not to say extravagance.

An anonymous volume of essays (11) opening with one on Certain Dangerous Tendencies in American life is more readable, more interesting, and contains more practical truth than many much more pretentious works of a class too common in England, and becoming yet more common in America. The two leading ideas—illustrated more or less directly in nearly all the essays—deserve perhaps more attention than they are likely to obtain. Though the labouring wage-receiving democracy of the United States is better off than the corresponding class in any other country—some of our own colonies, perhaps, excepted—though it has few grievances, practical or political, to complain of, nevertheless the extent of its power and the current opinions under the influence of which it is brought appear to render it not less discontented, while its discontent is much more formidable, than is the case with the working classes of most European countries, France perhaps excepted. The ideas which seem to have found favour with no small proportion of the ablest and most thoughtful immigrants of this class are scarcely less extravagant than those of the Russian Nihilists or the German Socialists, though they are happily unaccompanied by the bloodthirsty violence which characterizes some of their European prototypes. On the other hand, the practical opportunities both of self-elevation and of usefulness to others which are open to men and women of all ranks in the society of the West, where no solid crust of habit and organization constrains individual freedom of thought and action, take away one of the principal excuses for extravagant theorizing and passionate rebellion against existing order, which the social compression of older countries tends in certain minds to produce. Both these facts are not only clearly stated, but illustrated by numerous pointed and very well told instances, in the volume before us.

Mr. Woolsey's History of Communism and Socialism (12) is, as the author modestly calls it, a mere sketch, and the subject is one of which mere sketches are perhaps hardly effective. Most readers who care to enter upon the subject at all are tolerably familiar with the general outlines of the various socialist experiments that have been made in all ages, but in none so largely as during the present century; and Mr. Woolsey has little that is new to tell us about any of them; nor are his general observations, however sensible, particularly novel. The best feature of the book is the temper it displays, steadily true to the sound principles of political economy, while just and even generous to those who by ignorance and by circumstances are naturally tempted to set them at defiance.

Mr. S. J. Watson's little volume on the Powers of Canadian Parliaments (13) is, though interesting, somewhat disappointing. It contains no clear and full account of the general nature of that distribution of authority of which for various reasons the Canadian Federation offers an almost unique example; while it enters at great length into particular questions of only local and provincial interest. The Canadian Constitution is peculiar in this—that it is the Constitution not only of a Federation but of a dependency; and further, that the sovereign of the Dominion is also the sovereign of each of its constituent fractions. This last peculiarity is exhibited in various disputes as to the party entitled to exercise and benefit by the prerogatives of the Crown. The ownership of the Queen over waste lands, escheats, and so forth, being undeniable, the question arises whether that ownership is to be exerted by the Queen as represented by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, or by the Queen as represented by the Governor-General; it might conceivably be added, or by the Queen as head of the Imperial Government. But the position of Canada as a dependency of the British Crown has one supreme advantage of which we are glad to see that a Canadian patriot like the author is fully conscious. The Federal idea excludes that of absolute sovereignty either in the Federation or in the Provinces; and in an extreme case there is no last arbitrament but that of the sword. But between the Provinces and the Dominion of Canada there exists an arbitrament in the last resort absolute and supreme—that of the Imperial Crown and Parliament; a power which, unlike the Supreme Court of the United States, can not merely lay down the law, but make it.

Mr. Fowler's account of twenty years spent amid the intense excitement of Wall Street (14) speculation, though somewhat too long and too full of purely technical terms which are never sufficiently explained, is very readable and interesting, often very amusing. As elsewhere, so on the Exchange, American extravagance out-Herods the wildest extravagances of European speculation, and the achievements of the Vanderbilts, Drews, *et hoc genus*, both in their colossal character and in their audacious smartness, are calculated to astound even those familiar with the secrets of European Bourses.

The *Studies of Irving* (15), written in the form of biographical and critical essays by three able contemporaries, will probably find a large number of readers, Washington Irving having been one of those literary men whose personality excites an interest quite as great, if not as lasting, as that attaching to their works.

The selections of American prose (16) for which we are indebted to Messrs. Houghton, Osgood, & Co. are somewhat more successful than is usually the case with such collections, the specimens, taken exclusively from modern writers, being at once interesting in themselves and generally characteristic.

The *Legend of St. Olaf's Kirk* (17), a poem in the form of a pamphlet by Mr. G. Houghton, shows somewhat more of poetic feeling than of critical judgment or power of versification.

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(5) *Health and Health Resorts.* By John Wilson, M.D. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. London: Trübner & Co.

(6) *Rev. Dr. Belknap's Biographies of the Early Discoverers of America: a Reprint of the First Edition of* 1798. New York: Collins & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

(7) *Our National Domain; being a Graphical Presentation of the Comparative Areas of the States and Territories of the United States and the Countries of Europe.* By Edward Atkinson. Second Edition. Boston: Williams & Co. London: Crosby Lockwood & Co.

(8) *State of Labour in Europe,* 1878: *Reports from the United States Consuls in the Several Countries of Europe.* Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(9) *Special Report of New York State Survey on the Preservation of the Scenery of Niagara Falls. &c., for the year* 1879. Albany: Van Benthuysen & Sons.

(10) *Principles and Portraits.* By C. A. Bartol, Author of "Radical Problems," &c. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

(11) *Certain Dangerous Tendencies in American Life; and other Papers.* Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(12) *Communism and Socialism in their History and Theory: a Sketch.* By Theodore D. Woolsey. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(13) *The Powers of Canadian Parliaments.* By S. J. Watson, Librarian of the Parliament of Ontario. Toronto: Robinson. 1880.

(14) *Twenty Years of Inside Life in Wall Street; or, Revelations of the Personal Experience of a Speculator.* By W. W. Fowler. Illustrated. New York: Orange Judd & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

(15) *Studies of Irving.* By C. Dudley Warner, W. Cullen Bryant, and G. Palmer Putnam. New York: Putnam's Sons. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(16) *American Prose.—Hawthorne; Irving; Longfellow; Whittier; Holmes; Lowell; Thoreau; Emerson.* With Introduction and Notes by the Editor of "American Poems." Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(17) *The Legend of St. Olaf's Kirk.* By George Houghton, Author of "Christmas Booklet," &c. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 1880.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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Edinburgh, April 28, 1880.

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THE NEW BUDGET.

MR. GLADSTONE has lost no time in justifying his assumption of the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. He has brought in a new Budget characterized by the boldness which has always marked his Budgets, and explained and defended in one of those masterly statements which no one but Mr. GLADSTONE could have offered to Parliament. It is many years since the House of Commons has had the opportunity of enjoying so great an intellectual treat. Novelties assumed the air of indisputable truths, and complicated figures were woven into the thread of an easy and intelligible narrative, in a manner new to this generation, and reminding the older members of the House of the days when Mr. GLADSTONE first soared above the level of ordinary financiers. In two hours Mr. GLADSTONE re-arranged the wine duties, abolished the Malt-tax, put a heavy penalty on the publicans, and added a penny to the Income-tax. The negotiations for a new treaty with France afforded an opportunity for dealing with wine. Agricultural distress furnished a motive for relieving farmers from a burden of which they have been complaining helplessly and hopelessly time out of mind. The indignation excited by the violence and arrogance of the publicans during the recent elections imparted a peculiar attraction to a proposal for making publicans pay; and even the unwelcome addition to the Income-tax was sweetened by the explanation that it was made for a purely temporary purpose, and was merely a contribution by means of which a great advance towards perfect freedom of trade was to be purchased. As the crown of his work, Mr. GLADSTONE sought to establish something like a real surplus. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE had been content with a modest surplus of 184,000*l.* But this surplus is already non-existent. It has been swallowed up, and more than swallowed up, by supplementary estimates which reach 200,000*l.* If all the great and various changes contemplated by Mr. GLADSTONE are adopted by Parliament, he calculates on having an effective surplus of not less than 381,000*l.* This he holds in reserve, in case it should be found that England must or ought to come to the aid of India. Mr. GLADSTONE did not positively commit himself to the statement that India would need or ought to receive help. What he insisted on was that India ought not to receive little grants in aid. The whole burden of the Afghan war should be ascertained, and then we should be in a position to determine whether there was anything in the character of the war to impose on England the moral duty of contributing to its cost, or anything in the state of Indian finances which made the intervening help of England indispensable. No one can doubt that, if it is found possible to conclude all the operations of the war within a few months, Mr. GLADSTONE's mode of regarding the present position of Indian finance is the right one. If it were necessary to continue costly operations in Afghanistan for a long time to come, India might be starving while England was making inquiries. But, if everything is to be over by October, the total cost of the war may be approximately ascertained soon enough to make any help given by England at once seasonable and defensible on broad and general principles.

The reductions in the wine duties are expressly proposed as an instrument of bargaining with France. Parliament is not invited to sanction them; for if they were accepted once for all, they would no longer be an instrument of bargaining. France would have got all we had to give, and we should not know what France would give in return. But, as the treaty with France expires at the end of the year, the Government must be in a position to negotiate a new treaty before the present treaty expires. Our Government must have something in hand which it can give, or not give, according to the mode in which it is met; and therefore it is proposed that Parliament shall give the Government power to reduce the wine duties by means of Orders in Council. The chief alteration contemplated is the reduction of duty on the very lightest kinds of wine from one shilling to sixpence per gallon. There is then to be a graduated scale according to the ascending degrees of alcoholic strength, and the net result will be a medium duty of 1*s.* 4*d.*, and a loss to the Exchequer which this year will reach 240,000*l.*, and in future years will reach 300,000*l.* This may be termed the French part of Mr. GLADSTONE's proposals. It is not for the benefit of the drinkers of light wine that the Exchequer is willing to suffer; but it abandons a quarter of a million sterling in order to secure access for our goods to the French market. The really important part of Mr. GLADSTONE's proposals is the English part, and the chief item under this head is the abolition of the Malt-tax. Theoretically the Malt-tax has been long recognized as indefensible. Since the days of ADAM SMITH it has been recognized as an axiom that taxation should be imposed on the finished product, and not on the raw material. It is beer that ought to be taxed, and not malt. But the taxation of beer has always been supposed to present insuperable difficulties. Proposals have more than once been made to reduce the Malt-tax, but Parliament has never listened to them, as they were open to the unanswerable objection that they involved a great loss of revenue while they left a bad system of taxation altogether untouched. Half measures are impossible with the Malt-tax, and it must either be retained or abolished. Mr. GLADSTONE is going to abolish the Malt-tax and tax beer, and the revenue is to gain and not lose by the change. It will, he calculates, receive in future years 350,000*l.* more from the finished product than it now receives from the raw material. Beer is to pay a tax of six shillings per barrel, but the difficulty which has hitherto baffled all financiers is how the six shillings are to be got. Mr. GLADSTONE acknowledged that, if the brewing trade was in the position it occupied some years ago, the task would be almost hopeless; but the character of the trade has largely changed, and it is now in much fewer hands than it formerly was. The breweries in this country have during the past twenty-five years diminished by fully one-half. In 1853 there were 45,294; in 1879 there were only 22,278. If, as Mr. GLADSTONE said, private brewing is not dying a natural death, yet at any rate it is shrinking within limits so modest and so narrow that it can no longer be regarded as an obstacle to a tax on beer replacing a tax on malt. But at present private brewing is by no means dead, and there is no intention of endeavouring to stop its operations. The mode in which Mr. GLADSTONE proposes to cope with the difficulty of taxing beer produced in private breweries is to keep it well under, what he terms, the eye of the Revenue Department. To do this the means of seeing must be considerably increased, and it is proposed to spend no less than 40,000*l.* a year on new inspectors; and, what with the diminished number of private breweries and the unceasing vigilance of this roving army of officials,

Mr. GLADSTONE trusts that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will be able to get safely into his pocket the six shillings per barrel that will be due to him.

Every one who wishes will be allowed to brew, but then if a man wishes to brew he will have to record his intentions. He will have to obtain a licence, for which he will pay a few shillings, and which he will be able to procure at any money-order office. He will thus be marked out as a person on whom the Revenue Department is going to keep its eye. But if he is a very little man, the Revenue Department, having once noticed him, will afterwards wink at his proceedings. If he resides in a house under 20*l.* in value, he will hear no more about the Malt or Beer tax, provided he does not brew for sale. If he resides in a house above 20*l.*, and brews for his own use, he will be required to furnish a return of the amount of brewing materials he has employed, and on these materials he will be charged, the Revenue Department not in any way supervising the process of brewing or its results, but merely charging him for the quantity of beer which it thinks he ought to have made out of the materials if he knew his business. When beer is made for sale, it will be gauged while in fermentation, when Mr. GLADSTONE thinks it can be gauged most easily and effectually. The brewers will carry on the process of fermentation at any time that may be most convenient to them. They will no longer have to find the capital to reimburse the maltster for the Malt duty; and, as all brewers will pay the same trifling licence, large brewers will be relieved from the burden of the present licence, which increases with the quantity produced. Beer therefore will, it is expected, be cheaper. It will be cheaper when delivered to families, and cheaper in the hands of exporters; but it will probably not be cheaper when sold in public-houses, for the publicans are to be called upon to make an addition to the revenue which will reach 305,000*l.*, and will rise to 350,000*l.* in future years. At present the publican pays for his licence to sell beer and spirits 3*l.* 6*s.* He will in future pay according to the value of his house. 5*l.* will be the least that he can pay, and then his house must be under 10*l.*; according as his house is better he will pay more, until at last, if his house is over 100*l.*, he will pay 30*l.* Recent legislation has largely diminished small public-houses and driven custom to the larger ones. Establishments of a superior class have thus had a kind of monopoly created in their favour, and the law now proposes to take away a portion of what the law has given them. This new taxation of the publicans is perfectly justified, and the competition of the smaller houses may be trusted to defeat any attempt on the part of the owners of the larger houses to transfer their burden to the consumer. But the abolition of the Malt-tax cannot be carried out without an immediate payment of a large sum of ready money. The maltsters who have paid their duty must have what they have paid refunded to them. It is a fortunate consequence of the very unfortunate season of last year that the stocks of malt in hand are now exceedingly low, and the present is probably the year in which the abolition of the duty could be effected with the least inconvenience to the general taxpayer. Still, even if advantage is taken of this favourable occasion, the amount to be paid will be not less than 1,100,000*l.* This is the amount which the nation will have to make good in order to get the Malt-tax abolished, and Mr. GLADSTONE proposes that it shall be made good by the addition of a penny to the Income-tax. This penny will yield a sum that will at once pay off the maltsters and compensate the loss entailed by the re-arrangement of the wine duties. For this year the publicans will have the pleasure of supplying Mr. GLADSTONE with the surplus he wishes to have in hand in case he has to come to the help of India. Next year the main purpose for which the additional penny is imposed will no longer exist, as the maltsters will have been paid off. There will be a loss to the revenue through the reduction of the wine duties, but this will be more than compensated by the payments of the publicans. It may therefore be said that to the publicans the net result of Mr. GLADSTONE's accession to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer is that in the first year they will provide Mr. GLADSTONE with a surplus, and in subsequent years will pay handsomely in order to promote the circulation of GLADSTONE Claret.

MR. GOSCHEN AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE Government is well advised in keeping Mr. GOSCHEN's instructions secret, but the possible purposes of his commission lie within a narrow compass. He is certainly not authorized to threaten war, on the one hand, nor, on the other, to offer financial assistance. He has perhaps been instructed to declare that all the Powers are agreed in requiring the submission of Turkey to the report of the Commission which is to define the Greek frontier. He will also urge the completion of the bargain with Montenegro, which was, probably not without Turkish complicity, defeated by the professedly independent action of the Albanians. It is difficult to understand what he can add to the remonstrances of the late Government against the scandalous misgovernment of the Asiatic provinces; but possibly the SULTAN and his advisers may, since the Ministerial change in England, have paid even less attention than formerly to the representations of Sir HENRY LAYARD, on the assumption that he was likely to be soon recalled. Mr. GOSCHEN's political position in England, and his possession of the full confidence of the Cabinet, are well understood at Constantinople; but it remains to be seen whether Ministers who are believed to be unfriendly will exercise greater influence over Turkey than their more complaisant predecessors. At present the appearances are favourable; for the obnoxious Ministers who had thwarted and defied English influence have at last been dismissed. Sir H. LAYARD had in vain urged on the SULTAN the expediency of a change which may perhaps have resulted from the remonstrances of Mr. GOSCHEN. The ancient practice of relying on the rivalries and dissensions of the European Governments has not been abandoned. It is not certain that Russia may not have encouraged the policy of resistance and inaction, as in the days of General IGNATIEFF. The late French Ambassador at Constantinople never cordially supported Sir HENRY LAYARD, although his Government is supposed to have approved of the mission of Mr. GOSCHEN. The Austrian Government would probably welcome the settlement of the Greek and Montenegrin disputes, with a view to the tranquillity of its own newly-acquired provinces. Its interest in reforming the administration of Macedonia is doubtful, especially as the Russian hold on Bulgaria is constantly becoming more complete through the generals and officers who command the army. There is little use in urging on the Turkish Government the danger of defying the concert of European Powers if it is known that their policy is not identical.

Mr. GOSCHEN made a large but necessary sacrifice to diplomatic courtesy when, on presentation of his credentials, he expressed his confidence in the SULTAN's sincere desire to improve the condition of his subjects. The gross mismanagement of all public affairs was by implication attributed to the late Ministers, who were assuredly not above suspicion; but, if they encouraged corruption and tolerated anarchy, their power was wholly derived from the sovereign. Among many changes, one honest and vigorous Minister sincerely attempted the correction of abuses; and, if he had been allowed to remain in office, he might perhaps have introduced considerable reforms; but, even before his dismissal, KHAIREDDIN was hampered by the general belief that he was not a favourite with the Palace, and his successors have enjoyed a longer tenure of office on condition of advising their master to follow his own inclination. For some time after his accession the present SULTAN was supposed to be well-meaning, ignorant, and timid; but the judgment of competent observers on fuller experience has been greatly altered. It is now thought that the SULTAN possesses considerable ability, and that he originates and directs the policy of Ministers who secure his favour by implicit submission to his wishes. Either through religious prejudice or as a result of deliberate calculation, he has allied himself with the fanatical Mahometans in opposition to moderate and intelligent advisers. There is little doubt that the SULTAN was the author of the arrest of the missionary who was afterwards released through the intervention of Sir H. LAYARD, and that he originated the scandalous condemnation of the Turkish scholar who had assisted in the translation of a religious work. The assassin of a Russian officer, who has not yet been executed, is supposed to be under the personal protection of the SULTAN. A despot who really as well as nominally exercises absolute power is more difficult to deal with than a weaker ruler, who may

perhaps be persuaded to change his advisers. It may be found impossible to convince the SULTAN that he has anything to gain by deference to the counsels and demands of England, or even of Europe. The first condition of improvement would be the appointment of honest Ministers and the selection of competent provincial Governors; but the SULTAN is jealous of ability, because it is usually combined with independence. He has with difficulty been persuaded to retain the services of MIDHAT as Governor of Syria, and he would not be disposed to endure his presence at Constantinople. On this point he will probably not be exposed to English pressure, for Mr. GLADSTONE has often expressed strong dislike of the most resolute opponent of IGNATIEFF. MIDHAT'S character is perhaps not altogether unsullied, but he possesses a foresight and daring which are rare among Turkish politicians. The SULTAN perhaps can hardly be blamed for fearing a king-maker to whom he owes his own elevation.

But for untoward circumstances MIDHAT would have conferred on his country a more undoubted and permanent benefit than the dethronement of the miserable tool of Russian intrigue. As the projector of a representative system he incurred much ridicule, but when the first Turkish Parliament was returned by elections which were perhaps not always strictly regular, there was reason to believe that MIDHAT had discerned the only effectual remedy for the accumulated results of a succession of incapable despots. The provincial deputies displayed a political aptitude which has rarely been found on the Continent of Europe, by strongly remonstrating against definite grievances, instead of diverging into constitutional theories or revolutionary agitation. With the instinct of early English Parliaments they confined themselves to definite demands, and they had no desire to contest the sovereignty of the SULTAN, if it were exercised in accordance with justice and law. It is to be regretted that Lord SALISBURY, during his short residence at Constantinople, failed to appreciate the value and importance of the new institution. The Russians with greater astuteness stipulated at San Stefano for the abolition of the Parliament, which had already been dispersed during the war. If the experiment had been fully and fairly tried, it is not impossible that something like public opinion might have been formed in Constantinople itself; but it is useless to regret the failure of an institution which is not likely to be revived by the present SULTAN. The only corporate body now consulted on public affairs is the spiritual hierarchy, which can always be trusted to declare that innovation and improvement are profane. It is stated that the Ulemas have confirmed the intention of the SULTAN by declaring that it is unlawful to put to death the Mahometan murderer of a Christian victim. The SULTAN has apparently resolved to stake his dignity and throne on his success in resisting European dictation.

The solution of the interminable Eastern question is still conjectural and remote. The force of the reasons for maintaining the fabric of Turkish power has been weakened, but not altogether destroyed, by the disastrous war of 1877. Statesmen valued the Empire principally because it existed, and it was foreseen that, if anything better could be put in its place, the change could only be effected at the cost of a formidable convulsion. The substitution of Russian dominion was unpalatable to England, to Austria, and occasionally to France; but it is probable that the German EMPEROR, if not his Minister, encouraged the enterprise which, having long been meditated, was undertaken on the pretext of the Bulgarian massacres. The SULTAN still considers himself necessary to Europe because he holds the ancient capital of the narrow seas. It was to dislodge him from his post that the war was commenced, of which, according to an apparently official account, the object was declared by the EMPEROR himself to be Constantinople. None of the petty States which have been formed out of the fragments of the Turkish Empire are capable of maintaining an independent existence if they are threatened by the overwhelming power of Russia. The Prince of ROUMANIA concurred in the invasion of Turkey without a shadow of provocation; the Prince of SERVIA had in the previous year wantonly broken the peace at the instigation of Russia; the Prince of BULGARIA has lately accepted a commission in the Russian army, and he allows the Russian commander of his forces to proclaim and enforce martial law in a Bulgarian district. The Greeks might be more eligible as heirs of the decaying Empire; but their numbers and strength are insufficient to give them supremacy over their Slavonic neighbours. No dream appears for the present more empty than the project of a powerful confederation of the "free provinces of the Balkans." It will perhaps be necessary for a long time to come to defend the Turk in his possession of Constantinople; but the prospects of improving his administration are not hopeful. If Mr. GOSCHEN fails in his mission, his inability to regenerate Turkey will not prove that any other ambassador could have accomplished more.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

THE contest among General GRANT, Mr. BLAINE, and Mr. SHERMAN for the Republican nomination to the Presidency has ended in the election of Mr. GARFIELD, who had not been proposed as a candidate. His name first appeared in the return of the nineteenth ballot, in which he received one vote. In the twenty-sixth ballot he had risen to two votes, and the number of his supporters gradually and slowly increased. On the twenty-ninth ballot he obtained the absolute majority of 399, and the choice was, according to custom, then made unanimous. It is said that the arrangement was made between Mr. SHERMAN and Mr. BLAINE, who from Washington directed the policy of the Convention. The nominee for the office of Vice-President is unknown to fame, except in New York, where he figures as Mr. CONKLING'S lieutenant in the management of elections and of political manœuvres. Mr. CONKLING, though he had been the leader of the GRANT party, was the first to congratulate Mr. GARFIELD on his good fortune, and the Convention separated in a state of joyous enthusiasm. In the earlier ballots GRANT'S numbers varied from 305 to 315, while BLAINE remained steady at about 285, and SHERMAN scarcely exceeded 100. Mr. GARFIELD had taken an active part in the Convention as principal leader of the supporters of Mr. SHERMAN, who has therefore in a certain sense achieved a triumph over his competitors. The majority had determined, not only that GRANT should not be elected, but that he should not be represented by any partisan substituted in his place. Mr. SHERMAN will now almost certainly be included in the future Cabinet, if a Republican President is elected. It is also not improbable that room may be found for Mr. BLAINE, and perhaps for Mr. CONKLING. General GRANT has nothing to console him for the severe disappointment which he must suffer after three years of steady calculation and incessant effort. Mr. GARFIELD may perhaps be a good President, though his name seems never to have occurred to any section of the Republican party. He has been Speaker of the House of Representatives, and he is now Senator for Ohio, the State to which the actual PRESIDENT belongs. His connexion with Mr. SHERMAN renders it probable that he is not zealous in the cause of Civil Service reform; but he has always opposed schemes for defrauding the public creditor by the substitution of paper or silver for gold. His personal character has not been assailed, though Democratic journalists will now probably accuse him of fraud or corruption. The people of the United States are never consulted as to the choice of a President. The Republican party will do their utmost to secure the election of a nominee whose name had never been thought of, except perhaps by some ingenious tactician, half an hour before he was unanimously elected.

If the Derby were run only once in four years, the excitement produced in England would be as universal as the interest caused in the United States by the Presidential election; and it would be much of the same kind. The Americans are too sensible to trouble themselves deeply about a contest which has little practical importance. They know that their country will continue to prosper under any President who can be chosen, and that he has little control over legislation, and scarcely a choice as to the discharge of his administrative duties. Many Presidents selected for their inoffensive mediocrity have passed through their terms of office without discredit to themselves or conspicuous detriment to the public interest. In several instances Vice-Presidents, elected to a sinecure office with natural indifference to their qualifications, have, on succeeding to the higher post on an accidental vacancy, maintained themselves at the ordinary Presidential level. Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON, who

was the most unfit for the position in the whole list of Presidents, did no permanent harm by his eccentricities. The nominations of the two great parties are watched with a stronger interest than the actual election, except in such rare instances as that of 1876, when the candidate who had been constitutionally elected was defeated by fraud. The final choice of Presidential Electors is a trial of strength, but it offers little scope to the ingenuity which is exercised in the management of the State and general Conventions. The game of combined skill and chance which has been played at Chicago is preferred by the great multitude of American citizens to any other form of recreation. The animated episode which occurred in one of the earlier meetings of the Convention both indicated and stimulated the genuine pleasure which is felt by the delegates and the audience.

The description of the knots of partisans who support the several candidates as factious is perhaps too complimentary or too serious. They are banded together for the moment by a common desire to win, with scarcely any ulterior motive. The Convention as a whole draws up a code or exposition of Republican policy which, as far as it has any meaning or effect, is equally binding on all the competitors. The most definite article in the creed is protection to native industry, while the vaguest and least sincere is Civil Service reform. One eccentric delegate, who declared that the Republicans intended the spoils to belong to the victors, was silenced by a unanimous protest, which his unseasonable candour deserved. The minority, which supports the SECRETARY of the TREASURY, must have been amused by its own concurrence in a doctrine which would make official position independent of political services. It is known that the numerous functionaries who depend on the Treasury have, at the instance and in the interest of the chief of the department, acted as canvassers and election agents throughout the recent contest. All the leaders of all the so-called factions are equally opposed to the abolition of political patronage. Mr. BLAINE, Mr. CAMERON, and Mr. CONKLING are, like Mr. SHERMAN, distinguished by their skill in managing all kinds of elections. The adroitness of themselves and their subordinate agents sustained the interest of the Convention by keeping its result in doubt to the last moment. Mr. CAMERON was thought to have achieved a signal triumph when he induced the State Convention of Philadelphia to instruct its delegates to vote unanimously for GRANT. Mr. CONKLING succeeded not less brilliantly at New York; but afterwards malcontent members of both delegations asserted their independence; and the Chicago Convention determined to repudiate the right of dictation by a State majority. Disputed rules for the conduct of business were avowedly accepted or rejected on the ground of their tendency to serve or to injure the interests of the candidates. Probably no foreigner has at any time fully understood the process by which in successive ballots the fortunate nominee is eventually arrived at. On many former occasions a preference has been given to the candidate who was most likely to succeed in the final contest with the opposite party; but the Republicans, notwithstanding their narrow escape from defeat at the last election, are now so confident of their superiority to the Democrats that they feel at liberty to consult only their personal predilections.

None of the candidates excited any popular enthusiasm. It had been thought possible that General GRANT would be chosen by acclamation; but the hopes of his adherents have been signally disappointed. The prejudice against a third term seems almost to have counteracted the influence of his personal distinction; and, notwithstanding the elaborate care which he has taken both to avoid contact with his countrymen and to keep himself in their recollection by the honours which he has courted in foreign countries, his questionable success as President is not less vividly remembered than his great military services. His most formidable antagonist, Mr. BLAINE, was an able and experienced politician of the familiar American type. In common with the other competitors, GRANT and BLAINE professed precisely the same opinions. It is probable that they would have conducted the Government in the same spirit, and perhaps their respective Cabinets might have been not very differently constituted. It is not unusual to console a defeated rival by making him a Minister. Mr. SEWARD, then the principal leader of the Republican party, took office as Secretary of State under Mr. LINCOLN, who had been preferred on account of his obscurity.

It can scarcely be an insular prejudice that the English method of appointing a Prime Minister by natural selection is more conducive to the public welfare than the American process of choosing a President. The ablest or most powerful member of the dominant party becomes Minister with the unanimous assent of his party. The consequence has been that for the last ten or twelve years the only living persons who have held the highest office in the State have been the present leader of the Government and the leader of the Opposition. An election of a Prime Minister by a Convention organized according to the Birmingham model would not be conducted with the light-hearted indifference which prevailed at Chicago. Every intelligent Englishman knew that the future course of legislation and policy would depend on the result of the trial of strength between Lord BEACONSFIELD and Mr. GLADSTONE. When the struggle was decided the popular voice demanded of Lord GRANVILLE and Lord HARTINGTON the subordination of their pretensions to the claim of Mr. GLADSTONE. On the impossible supposition that an ordinary member of Parliament of the political rank of Mr. GARFIELD had been directed by the QUEEN to form an Administration, all parties would have been equally amazed. A President nominated at a Chicago Convention is much more truly a product of accident than an hereditary king.

LORD HARTINGTON ON AFGHANISTAN.

LORD HARTINGTON took the utmost pains to be at once as explicit and as guarded as possible in stating the policy of the Government with regard to Afghanistan. He took the unusual course of reading a memorandum to the House, in which every phrase had been carefully weighed. It is the desire of the present Ministry to take Parliament into its confidence, but it is perfectly impossible that this confidence should be absolute. A Government cannot act at all if it is to tell beforehand all that it has to do, and however much Lord HARTINGTON might wish to trace the lines of a general policy, he was obliged to say that much must depend on circumstances, and still more on what had been arranged before he came into office. It was, he said, out of his power to lay before the House the instructions that had been sent to Lord RIPON. They related in great part to many operations of a very difficult and delicate character; and he added that information as to what is said here reaches Afghanistan with extraordinary rapidity, and the jealous and suspicious character of the Afghan chiefs renders it very necessary that no premature or incomplete disclosure of the intentions of the Government should be made. Otherwise Lord RIPON might be seriously embarrassed in the exercise of the discretion which must necessarily be left to him. No one in the House complained of this reserve, nor was any one likely to complain. Common sense tells one Parliament after another that the Ministry of the day must have secrets which it cannot disclose, and which it would be a dereliction of duty to attempt to disclose. There is no meaning in a Ministry having the confidence of the House of Commons if the House does not confide in it, and it must be trusted to manage business which requires secresy as well as business which admits of frankness. Some of the leaders of the late Opposition set up an impracticable standard of openness; and, in their anxiety to discredit the Ministry of Lord BEACONSFIELD, talked as if Parliament was in partnership with the Executive, and had a right to know everything its partner was doing. Any reticence was treated as a sort of fraud or trickery, and it was quite certain that a theory so incompatible with the exigencies of public affairs must be abandoned when those who offered it to the electors came to be invested with responsibility. It is also to be noted that Lord HARTINGTON has discovered that no part of the world is now so remote that intelligence which ought to be withheld will not penetrate to it if this intelligence is indiscreetly given. Information, he has found out, reaches Afghanistan with extraordinary rapidity. It is not very long since very severe criticism was passed on the late Government for stopping the communications of correspondents as to the turn which military events were taking. It was regarded as absurd to suppose that what was told in England would be sent back to poor ignorant semi-barbarians like the Afghan chiefs. Even if such people were told anything, it was

said to be impossible that they should know how to profit by it. They were occupied with fighting after their rude manner, or absorbed in their intestine quarrels, and had no time or thought for what might appear in English journals. All this criticism was founded on a mere delusion. Information arrives in Afghanistan, not slowly, but with extraordinary rapidity, and the Afghans appear to be of a character which is in a special manner excited and stimulated by the intelligence they so quickly receive.

The Government has, as Lord HARTINGTON informed the House, two main objects which it will keep in view while determining its Afghan policy. The first object is to bring the actual military operations to a close. Expeditions are still being undertaken from time to time from headquarters, for the purpose of punishing or reducing to submission tribes who have assumed a hostile attitude, or threatened or attacked our communications. Lord RIPON has been instructed to restrict the area and scope of these operations as much as possible, and to avoid any further collision with tribes beyond the limits which we now occupy. Of course, while the QUEEN's troops remain in the country, their supplies and communications must be secured. But the Government want above all things to get the QUEEN's troops out of Afghanistan. General DONALD STEWART has already received orders to withdraw his troops with the least possible delay compatible with their health; and it is rumoured that Cabul is to be evacuated not later than the end of October, and that the staff and stores not required for the purpose of holding Cabul until the end of October are to be at once sent back. The occupation of Cabul is thus, in one sense, at an end. The troops will stay there for a little more than four months, not because the Government wishes they should remain there, but because they cannot be brought back until the cold weather sets in. It would be most dangerous to bring troops that have been more or less acclimatized to the temperature of the Afghan highlands down to such a fiery furnace as Peshawur is in the hot season. Cholera and dysentery would do more mischief in a month than the arms of the Afghans could do in a year. But the Afghans will know with extraordinary rapidity—or it may be said that they know in a few hours after Lord HARTINGTON spoke—that the English troops are now staying on in Cabul for merely sanitary reasons. They are not there to impose a settlement on the country. If the Afghans can settle their affairs before the end of October so much the better for them and for England. But the presence of the troops will no longer be an instrument of pressure to force them to a settlement. They have only got to abstain from threatening or attacking the English communications and they need take no count of the English army. In one way Lord HARTINGTON may be said to be only talking the language of the late Government. They always spoke of retiring when possible. They constantly disclaimed any purpose of a permanent or even of a prolonged occupation. But it must be regarded as in some degree a new departure to say that the possibility of withdrawing the troops is only a question of sanitary prudence, and that the Afghans have simply to determine among themselves who it is to be that shall take over Cabul when the English leave it at a date by which they are pledged to hand it over to some one.

The second object of the Government is to leave behind something like the prospect of a settled government. What are its precise views as to the direction in which Lord RIPON should work in order to attain this very desirable end, is the secret which Lord HARTINGTON cannot disclose. Matters, as Lord HARTINGTON said, are not sufficiently advanced to enable him to give any definite information. But even without being in the secrets of the Government, it is easy to see that any settlement towards which the Government is working must be one of two kinds. There must either be one ruler in Afghanistan or many. If there is to be one ruler, he must either be actively supported by the British Government, or he must be a person who, by his own superior energy, his eminence of character, and his command of resources and men, can overawe all rivals. The Government cannot intend to place and keep its nominee in power, for its nominee could not govern for a day if the English troops were removed from Cabul. A person capable of overawing all rivals is not likely to drop from the skies. If such a person existed, or was likely to reveal himself before the end of October, his name and qualifications must surely be known already. It is therefore probable that the Government contemplates the division of Afghanistan into principalities, either independent of each other or bound by merely nominal ties to one common chief. We are going at the end of October to give up Cabul to some one, and if we cannot find a big man to whom to give it up, we must give it up to a little one. On one point Lord HARTINGTON thought himself at liberty to give some definite information. The present Government wishes that in retiring from Afghanistan we should retire from it altogether, if to retire from it altogether is found possible. Lord HARTINGTON said that he did not know whether we had come under any undertaking with regard to Candahar. If we are bound to any one we must of course abide by our engagements, nor was Lord HARTINGTON prepared to say that whatever might have been done to pledge us in regard to Candahar was objectionable. He might find that the course already taken was the best course to take under the circumstances. But, so far as the Government found the field clear, it would approach the subject with an anxious wish to have as little to do with Candahar as may be practicable. Lord HARTINGTON cannot contemplate without alarm the prospect of a large British force being permanently quartered in Candahar. We do not suppose that any one would regard with pleasure such a prospect. What has to be decided is whether Candahar is of a value to us that no other part of Afghanistan is; and whether, if it possesses this value, it can be kept subject to our special influence, although no large force of British troops may be quartered there. In the same way the Ministry approaches the subject of the scientific frontier which it was supposed was secured for us by the treaty of Gandamuk with a desire to have as little of this scientific frontier as possible. It will inquire whether the scientific frontier is of any real value for military purposes, and if it finds that only a portion of it is of any military value, it will only retain as much as can be shown to be necessary or prudent to hold. The information on this head given to the House was of considerable importance. Lord HARTINGTON did not attack the policy of the late Ministry. He undertook to carry out all to which the late Ministry was positively pledged. He may even be said to be aiming in a general way at the objects which the late Ministry set before it. But it cannot be said that he is working in the same manner as that in which the late Ministry worked. His policy may be good or bad, but it is not one that he has borrowed.

THE FRENCH COMMERCIAL TREATY.

AN abundance of objections may be brought against the principle of a treaty of commerce. It is at best a concession to economical weakness; an acknowledgment that in matters of business, as in other matters, human nature has to be tempted into doing what is good for it. In such a world as free-traders once dreamed of, a treaty of commerce would be an absurdity. Long before this, it used to be supposed, every civilized country would have welcomed the produce of every other, and have regarded Customs duties as an unpleasing tribute to the coarse necessities of revenue. We must live and pay our way, each Government would have said pensively to its neighbours; and money is so hard to come by that we must raise a little of it out of the goods which it suits you to send us. But that little shall be as little as possible, and it shall become less as our people learn to appreciate the ennobling privilege of paying direct taxes. Unfortunately, civilized Governments other than our own have said the very opposite to all this. The only kind of free-trade which they set any value on is a strictly one-sided kind. They want to get their own goods admitted on easy terms into England. From first to last it is only the producer that they think of. In his interest they are willing to sacrifice their own consumers or to benefit English consumers. They regard the community solely in its producing capacity, without in the least recognizing the fact that each producer is himself a consumer of more things than he produces. A treaty of commerce is an attempt to turn this curious tendency to good account. This generation of Englishmen has pretty well abandoned the hope of seeing Free-trade become general, and it finds in such negotiations as those which

the English Foreign Office is now carrying on with France the best available substitute. The French Government will not hear of letting in English goods duty free, but they are willing to make a bargain with us. It is useless to talk to them about the French consumer, or to dwell on the yearning he may be supposed to feel for English manufactures. That is a yearning which the French Government recognize only to check. But they will listen if you talk to them about the French producer, and point out to them that, if they will only let this or that description of English goods come into France at a reduced duty, this or that description of French goods shall be allowed to come into England at a reduced duty. It is a come-down, no doubt, for Free-traders to have to use this language; but in their present low estate there is no other that they can use. Foreign countries do not, unfortunately, grow wiser by experience. The more they tax imports the more they seem to like the process. One interest after another gets protected, and when all stand on the same footing, those which were first protected want to be put on the same vantage-ground which they first occupied. Left to themselves, therefore, foreign Governments are only likely to alter their tariffs in the wrong direction until at length English manufacturers will have no markets but their own to sell in. In circumstances like those, a Free-trade Government cannot any longer stand on its dignity. It must take the world as it finds it, and recognize what a terribly protectionist world it is.

Just now the need for recognizing this as regards France is especially pressing. The French Chambers have all but adopted a new general tariff, which will apply to the goods of all countries with which France has not a treaty of commerce. In six months' time England will in the natural course of things be a country with which France has not a treaty of commerce, and the new general tariff is not of a kind to make the prospect of coming under it a pleasant one for English manufacturers. Their position, as compared with that which they occupy under the expiring Treaty of Commerce, will be worse in two ways. The duties levied on English goods will be higher, and they will be levied in a more injurious and prohibitive manner. The nominal increase of duty will be about 25 per cent. all round, and the fact that the duties will be specific, and not as now *ad valorem*, will cause a further increase varying from 20 to 100 per cent. English manufacturers contend that it is impossible to levy a specific duty on British textiles which shall not work with great inequality. The duty, they say, which will not tax a fine woollen cloth more than 5 per cent. may tax a low-priced cloth of very similar appearance at 60 per cent. In all ways, therefore, there is just cause for the alarm which English manufacturers now feel, and the Government has done no more than it was bound to do in considering whether it had any power to help them. Unfortunately, the more thoroughly a country is committed to the principle of Free-trade, the harder it is for it to negotiate a treaty of commerce. The protectionist country offers to make certain reductions of certain duties, and as these duties are in excess of revenue requirements, it is perfectly able to carry out its undertaking. But the free-trade country levies duties only for revenue; and consequently it has no margin out of which to make reductions. If it reduces a duty, it has to provide an equivalent amount of money in some other way. The Treasury has to be filled, and if it is no longer filled by a duty on French wines or French silks, it must be filled by a duty on some other imported article, or by direct taxation. To fill it by a duty on some other imported article is out of the question. The French Government could not consent to any other French produce being more heavily taxed without risking unpopularity at home, and the most-favoured-nation clause prevents us from levying higher duties on the goods of other countries than are levied on French goods. This is the dilemma in which Lord GRANVILLE found himself when he began to negotiate with M. LÉON SAY. He had to go to market with empty pockets, unless he could persuade Mr. GLADSTONE to give him something to put in them before starting. When he received the deputation from the Associated Chambers of Commerce on Tuesday, he could only speak in general terms of what Mr. GLADSTONE might be able to do in this way. But he fully adopted, and even insisted on, that view of the action of the new general tariff, and consequently of the need for a new treaty of commerce, which had been pressed on him on behalf of the Association. If any change is made in the tariff in its passage through the Senate, it will be a change, he thinks, for the worse; and in all probability the tariff will have been adopted by the middle of next month. He spoke hopefully, however, of the progress made in the negotiations, and of the probability that under the new treaty the present conventional tariff may be not only maintained, but ameliorated. As the event proved, he knew that something had been given him to put in his pocket, but what that something was he could not say until Mr. GLADSTONE had introduced his supplementary Budget.

On Thursday evening the secret was disclosed. The French Government have made a specific demand upon the English Government, as the only consideration upon which they will consent to renew the expiring Treaty of Commerce. They complain that the duty of a shilling a gallon which is now levied on wines of the lowest alcoholic strength bears very hardly on a great deal of their produce. There are many wines, they say, which, if this duty were reduced, it would be worth while to import into England, though the present duty, small as it is, excludes them. If they can get this duty lowered by one-half, they will consider what modifications they can make in the general tariff for the advantage of English manufacturers. If they cannot get this concession, then the treaty must go, and the general tariff be applied to English goods as to all others. The first question for the English Government to consider was whether this decision was irrevocable; and here no doubt M. LÉON SAY's presence was of great value. M. SAY is a thoroughgoing Free-trader; consequently he would start from the same point as Lord GRANVILLE, and only have to part company with him when there was no hope of inducing the Government he represented to go any further in the right direction. There is no reason to doubt the general disposition of the present French Cabinet towards Free-trade; but on a matter of this kind it is impossible for a Government to be very far in advance of the nation, and the only way apparently in which Frenchmen can be brought to disregard the clamours of the producers who will be losers by the substitution of a conventional for the general tariff, is to arrange that these clamours shall be drowned in the still louder rejoicings of producers who are benefited by the substitution. If the wine-growers can be brought over to the side of the treaty, the Government can listen without uneasiness to the complaints of the cotton-spinners. The next point which presented itself to the English Government was whether the duty on wines of low alcoholic strength could be lowered without injustice to the English taxpayer, and Mr. GLADSTONE is of opinion that it can. The additional sum that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will have to provide in consequence is less than 300,000*l.*, and against this loss to the English taxpayer must be set the direct gain which will accrue to him in his character of a consumer of wine, and the indirect gain which will accrue to him from the increased prosperity of British trade. Mr. GLADSTONE makes no allowance for the possible gain to the revenue by reason of the increased consumption of wine consequent on the importation of wines of a cheaper class. But for the *Phylloxera* we should have been inclined to expect a good deal from this source; but in the present melancholy condition of this great industry it is, no doubt, safer to leave such a contingency altogether out of the account.

THE NAVY.

MONDAY night's debate on the Navy Estimates was necessarily a tame one, as the present Government does not propose to make any but trifling changes in the scheme which three months ago Mr. W. H. SMITH submitted to the House of Commons. To some extent, indeed, it is precluded from doing so. In bringing forward the Estimates, which are practically a reprint of those previously issued, Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE, who found it convenient to ignore some broad assertions which he made not very long ago, observed that the late Parliament, by voting before Easter the number of men, had in effect determined many of the votes which he had to lay before the House, and also "that the Government had found on coming into office "that the programme of works at the dockyards had been "carefully laid down with a view to building and reliefs, "and that the stores had already been contracted for." The Government had therefore no choice but to accept

what had been already prepared and settled, unless indeed they were so thoroughly dissatisfied with their predecessors' scheme as to think it worth while to give a good deal of trouble at all the dockyards, and possibly to incur considerable expense in order to change it. They did not apparently consider it so radically bad as to make this revolutionary proceeding necessary, and they determined therefore to accept, with just enough change to show that they had to some extent exercised their own judgment, the Estimates prepared by Mr. SMITH and his colleagues. Clearly, then, there was little to be said in the House of Commons, so far as the Ministry and the Opposition were concerned. Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE could find no grave fault with Estimates which the Government accepted almost in their entirety. Mr. SMITH, on the other hand, could not possibly censure the present Lords of the Admiralty for accepting his scheme without any material change. The independent naval reformers were of course at liberty to say what they liked; but unfortunately their utterances are not often such as to command attention, and on Monday night their speeches were, for the most part, little above the average.

They might, indeed, have found good ground for severe criticism, if they were not, for some reason impossible to gauge, almost unable to see what are really the weak points of the system now followed by the Admiralty, and were not given to attacking just that which is most easily defended. In the course of his suave speech Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE did certainly indicate one very grave fault on the part either of the principal authorities at Whitehall or of those who work under their orders at the dockyards. The construction of an ironclad now takes more time than is required in America for building a big city. Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE pointed out that the *Inflexible* would, when completed, have been nearly eight years in course of construction, and that the *Agamemnon* and *Ajax*, which he described as smaller *Inflexibles*, would, according to the programme of the late Government, take respectively ten years and a half and eight years to build and complete; and he observed, certainly with no overstatement of his case, that this "was a very long time for "the construction of an ironclad." To most people it will probably appear a preposterous time, even when allowance is made for the delay which was caused by the objections made to the design of these ships and by the necessity for experimenting with steel and compound plates, which arose long after they had been begun. Mr. SMITH, in replying to Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE, could only say that, "with regard to "the *Inflexible*, some delay had certainly arisen, in conse- "quence of the careful inquiries which it had been deemed "necessary to make with regard to her design; but he "believed the time had not been wasted, and that the "*Inflexible* would prove a very important addition to the "offensive and defensive arms of the country." This certainly was but a feeble defence; and, as Mr. SMITH said nothing about the huge periods required for the smaller *Agamemnon* and *Ajax*, it may safely be assumed that these ships have been dawdled over in a manner which is quite indefensible. Sensible of the delay which has occurred, the present Government intend to hasten the construction of these vessels; but their proposal with regard to them is certainly characterized by remarkable caution and by profound regard for economy. An additional 20,000*l*. is to be expended on them; but, lest this not very gigantic outlay should seem extravagant, it has been determined not to begin the new ironclad which the late Government had intended building at Chatham Dockyard. Why the commencement of this vessel is to be postponed for a year it is impossible to understand, inasmuch as the sum required for the *Ajax* and *Agamemnon* is to be saved from the vote for contract vessels, which proves to be larger than is required. While blaming, not without justice, the late Administration for delay in building ironclads, the present Lords of the Admiralty propose to postpone for a year, without any reason whatever, the construction of a vessel of the first class. Their doing this is the more remarkable because they are fully aware of the time which must under any circumstances be occupied in building ships of this type, and of the impossibility of increasing the number of them during a war. There has been great delay with regard to the vessels which have been mentioned, and no doubt the periods which have been occupied in constructing them might have been much diminished; but, even when there is all possible diligence, the construction of an ironclad must require considerable time. Accepting the correction of another Member, Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE named three years and a half as the shortest time in which a ship of some six thousand tons weight of hull could be built, and stated that this period must often be unavoidably exceeded. It would therefore be impossible, he said justly enough, to improvise such vessels in time of war. We have pointed this out more than once, and are glad that the Parliamentary representatives of the Admiralty are at length becoming conscious of a not unimportant fact. They appear, indeed, to be rather frightened by it now that they fully realize it. Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE said that "it seemed that it would be hardly worth while in "time of war to lay down ironclads," and he proceeded to argue with undeniable force that when a Government could anticipate a period of peace, and had no fear of disturbance, "it would be wise to expend as much as possible of the re- "sources available for the navy on that work of the most "permanent character, and such as could not be im- "provised in time of war." At the present moment there was, he hoped, "no fear of immediate disturb- "ances such as had alarmed the country during the last "three or four years," and the policy of the Admiralty would be to hasten on the building of ironclads in hand, and, when new vessels were laid down, to advance them as rapidly as possible. In proof of their fidelity to this policy, and of their recognition of the facts which have been mentioned, the Admiralty are going to spend the sum of 20,000*l*., which by accident they have to spare; but, frightened by this vast outlay, they postpone for a year the commencement of a new ironclad. According to Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE's statement, this is the course that should be adopted if war were imminent, and perhaps some enemies of the Government may say that this singular inconsistency is due to the fact that they do not really believe in peace.

In other respects the statement of the SECRETARY to the ADMIRALTY was not a satisfactory one. It is perhaps foolish to expect that the present Ministry will take a wider view of questions relating to the national defences than the last ever did; but nevertheless it might have been hoped that, while they were yet animated by the fervour of men fresh in office, they would pay some attention to those grave complaints concerning the present strength of our fleet which have been made of late, and to which no reply has as yet been attempted. It has been pointed out again and again that, though the strength of our navy has increased absolutely, it has diminished relatively—that is, that the fleets of the principal European Powers are much stronger in proportion to the British fleet than they were. It has also been shown that there is now an even greater necessity than there formerly was for a large number of swift cruisers to protect our commerce, and, above all, our supplies of food. In estimating the strength of the navy, therefore, it is necessary, if any real estimate of our power at sea is desired, to take into consideration the strength of foreign fleets, and also to give some heed to the huge streams of traffic which have to be guarded. These matters, however, Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE completely ignored. He attempted no sort of comparison with foreign fleets, but complacently said that there were more ironclads in reserve than there had been in his recollection, and that there were no less than three quick cruisers building. Seeing what vessels of this class would have to do in war-time, this certainly seems a remarkably small number; but the present rulers of the Admiralty are apparently quite content with it, and trust, as their predecessors did, to being able to arm a great many swift merchant steamers in the event of a war. These vessels may prove valuable auxiliaries, and may possibly be able to convoy fleets; but it must be remembered that very little is known of their actual capabilities as war ships, and that it is very possible that they would be found useless against vessels designed and built for the purposes of war. The Admiralty may possibly be right in their bold reliance on merchant ships, some thirty of which, it is said, could quickly be made fit for service; but, unless they are in possession of facts very different from those which usually come to light respecting great merchant steamers, much doubt must be felt as to the value of these auxiliaries. If they should be found useless in a war, our commerce would be exposed to the gravest danger. How lamentably insufficient is our fleet of fast cruisers has been shown by a careful comparison of them with those possessed by other Powers, and it should either be largely augmented,

or else the possibility of utilizing merchant ships should be placed beyond a doubt. To build ships, however, or to buy ships and make experiments with them, costs a great deal of money, and to propose any increase of expenditure which cannot be shown to be absolutely necessary is to incur that charge of extravagance which is equally terrible to Liberal and to Conservative First Lords. It is no doubt hard that the burdens of the British taxpayer should be increased because our commerce is open to attack by foreign Powers who persist in maintaining fleets which are not necessary for their defence; but it is useless to ignore the fact that those fleets exist and that they are not likely to be diminished. If the risks of fire increase, a higher rate of insurance must be paid; and a country whose very existence depends on its navy must be willing to spend money in increasing that navy when it is seen that foreign fleets are being largely augmented, and that, in augmenting them, special attention is given to those vessels which are most formidable to commerce.

OPIUM.

THE dependence of Indian finance on the opium trade is not satisfactory to statesmen; and the nature and circumstances of the traffic have often disturbed sensitive consciences. If opium were exported from India to China in the ordinary course of commerce, the moral indignation which finds periodical utterance in Parliament would be in a great degree dissipated. The blame would be distributed among the growers, the merchants, and the consumers, all of whom are profoundly indifferent to English opinion. It is not surprising that stronger objections should be raised against the actual system. The Government has established for itself a monopoly in the production of opium, and the drug is admitted into China under the sanction of treaties which were imposed after a successful war. Although ingenious apologists have sometimes contended that opium taken in moderation is harmless or wholesome, the evidence of its deleterious quality when used to excess is entirely conclusive. There is no more valuable medicine, but the habitual use of the drug as a sedative or a stimulant is, if possible, more pernicious than a similar consumption of gin or of rum. In all such cases the craving proves more and more irresistible; and smokers of opium to excess probably bear as large a proportion to the whole number of consumers as drunkards to the multitudes who indulge in alcohol. One of the speakers in last week's debate ingeniously suggested, in aggravation of the alleged mischief, that opium, unlike ardent spirits, never does good except as a remedy in illness. The use of the drug in this country is fortunately so infrequent that there is little opportunity of judging whether moderate consumption is objectionable. English opium-eaters and opium-smokers are probably led into the practice by morbid habits of constitution which may be supposed to tempt them into excess. Large districts in China are exposed to malaria; and probably the most effective remedy for marsh fever may also protect those who are subjected to the risk of the disease. If opium could in other countries than China be confined to the dispensaries, there can be little doubt that the advantage of the change would greatly preponderate over any possible drawback.

Mr. PEASE and his supporters expatiated on the crime of making profit by the growth and sale of an article which may by a slight exaggeration be described as poison. They were not careful to inquire whether the abolition of the Government monopoly and the renunciation of the rights acquired by treaty would prevent or diminish the consumption of opium in China. It was enough for them to propose that the English and Indian Governments should no longer engage in a traffic which they denounced as criminal. The growth of indigenous opium in China, or the importation of the drug from Persia, might possibly supply the place of the India trade, so that the consumption would not be diminished. It was plausibly argued that a wrong ought not to be committed merely because the same results might be produced by other agents. The opponents of the Indian monopoly lay stress on the frequent professions made by the Chinese Government of its aversion to the trade which it is compelled to permit. That it is unwilling or unable to prevent the consumption of opium is sufficiently proved by the demand which alone renders the trade profitable or possible. Mr. PEASE himself would probably be embarrassed by the sudden and complete concession of his philanthropic claims. Amongst other consequences, the contraband trade which before the regulation of the system by treaty produced, enormous evils would immediately revive; and unless the production of opium in India were arbitrarily prohibited, the supply would probably be increased by private enterprise. It happens that the Indian cultivators of opium are not addicted to its use; but, if it were to be greatly cheapened by the suppression of the Government monopoly, it is possible that a taste for the drug might be created or stimulated. As long as the Government, being the only customer, fixes the price of the article, the area of cultivation is artificially limited. The profit on resale, as far as it raises the price of opium to the purchaser, tends to check consumption.

According to the French proverb, he who desires the end implicitly approves the means by which it is to be attained. An agitation for the abolition of the opium monopoly involves a demand for the surrender of the revenue which it produces; yet the assailants of the system scarcely mentioned the inevitable and immediate consequences of the stoppage of the trade. Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, whose ample knowledge and transparent candour compensate for occasional deficiencies of tact, shocked the philanthropists by boldly declaring that, if the Chinese were in any case to be poisoned, he would rather reserve the profit of the operation to the people of India than transfer it to foreigners. Paradoxes of this kind are seldom acceptable to a popular assembly, but they often express sound principles in a striking form. Sir G. CAMPBELL's apparently cynical proposition merely affirms that the consumption of opium in China is not produced by the Government monopoly of opium in India. The use of the drug may probably not extend over the whole Chinese Empire; but a vast population insists on procuring the commodity, and the Indian Government happens to be in a position to levy a toll on the trade. Englishmen who maintain their army and navy by means of duties on drinking and smoking ought not to be greatly scandalized by the opium sales which add five or six millions to the Indian revenue. The gravest objection to the proceeds of the opium monopoly is not that they are wrongfully acquired, but that they are insecure. If the Chinese were to practise total abstinence, or if they grew their own opium, the Indian Government would be involved in serious financial difficulties. Yet it would be absurd to anticipate a possible catastrophe by voluntary renunciation of one of the most productive sources of revenue. If Mr. PEASE and his friends had been members of the Opposition, they might have found satisfaction in taunting some of the present Ministers with real or apparent inconsistency. Many years ago Mr. GLADSTONE had been a principal opponent of Lord PALMERSTON's Chinese policy, including both the war and the treaty on which the opium monopoly manifestly depends. As he stated in the debate, he had, by a coalition with Mr. DISRAELI, Mr. COBDEN, and Lord JOHN RUSSELL, defeated the Government on the issue of the Chinese war, though the verdict of the House of Commons was summarily reversed by the constituencies at the election which followed. After a quarter of a century which has since elapsed, it is too late to inquire whether Mr. GLADSTONE objected more strongly to the possession of office by Lord PALMERSTON or to the trade in opium. It is now his duty to regard the interests of India; and he properly disregards appeals to his conduct in 1856.

The eloquent indignation of Dr. CAMERON and Mr. SULLIVAN against Lord HARTINGTON fully justified the phrases by which it was provoked. Instead of entering into subtle disquisitions on morality and political econom[y] Lord HARTINGTON, like a man of sense, looked only at [the] practical issue. Whether the monopoly is justifiable [or] criminal, it cannot be abolished except with the loss of the whole revenue which it produces. As Indian Minister, Lord HARTINGTON simply declared that such a sacrifice was absolutely impracticable. He has already a large deficiency to deal with, and he will not, in deference to any arguments, plunge into hopeless bankruptcy. Dr. CAMERON and Mr. SULLIVAN illustrated in their speeches the cheap morality at which Lord HARTINGTON had by anticipation justly sneered. Neither orator thought it necessary to explain how or by whom a substitute was to be found for the income derived from the monopoly. Simple abolition would throw the whole burden on the people of India, for none of the promoters of the agitation proposed that the loss should be made good at the expense of England. As

Mr. GLADSTONE afterwards said, it would be idle to expect that Parliament or the country would submit to an income-tax of threepence or fourpence in the pound for the relief of questionable moral scruples. Lord HARTINGTON might have escaped rebukes to which he may probably have been indifferent by the easy process of humouring the vulgar appetite for cant. Dealers in cheap morality always resent exposure of the quality of their wares. Mr. SULLIVAN was struck with horror at the avowal that, whether opium was wholesome or pernicious, the Indian Government must continue for the present to sell it. If Lord HARTINGTON had disguised a necessary decision and a conclusive argument in a cloud of sentimental rhetoric, he would have been applauded by critics intolerant of the naked truth. It is better to rest on a practical reason than on ingenious subtleties. When the subject was formerly discussed, Mr. GRANT DUFF proved from the abundance of his knowledge that opium was, on the whole, a useful and valuable commodity. Lord HARTINGTON has probably not examined the question, and he finds it safer to rely on the real motive of the action of the Indian Government. Mr. FAWCETT, as a voluntary representative of the Indian taxpayers, is equally disinclined to add to their burdens for the sake of an extremely doubtful benefit to Chinese opium-smokers. It was pleasant to observe that Mr. GLADSTONE himself, under pressure of official responsibility, descended from the region of sentiment into a prosaic consideration of financial necessities. The general confidence in Lord HARTINGTON'S judgment will not be diminished by the expression of his contempt for cheap morality.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

THE French nation has of late given up so large a part of its time to the discussion of its religious affairs that it is not wonderful if foreigners have been more than ordinarily frank in their treatment of the subject. If Englishmen, in particular, had been civilly told to mind their own business, we do not know that any very telling answer could have been given to the hint. We might have felt that, after all, the French have the best right to say where it is that their shoe pinches; and that, however mistaken we may hold their selection of the spot to be, English journalists are not *ex officio* members of an International Court of Appeal in matters ecclesiastical. In your country, a Frenchman might have said, the Church of the majority of the nation is not hostile to the secular Government, nor have you any reason to suspect that many thousands of religious teachers are daily teaching their scholars to love the Church and hate the Republic. The difficulties we have to deal with are special to ourselves, and until our critics share them with us their advice will be of very little use. Religious orders are no annoyance in England; they are merely one of the characteristics of a religion which is only the religion of a fraction of the population, and that fraction one which is at all events peaceably disposed to the civil authorities We are confronted by quite another state of things, and that state of things we must take leave to meet without any reference to your good or bad opinion of us.

This would have been an intelligible, and in its way an effective, mode of dealing with English criticisms of the recent French policy towards the religious orders. M. JOHN LEMOINNE, the best-known journalist in France so far as Englishmen are concerned, has preferred to carry the war into the enemy's country. He sees in certain Parliamentary incidents an opportunity of lecturing Englishmen upon the sad indifference they display to the immortal principles of religious liberty established in 1789. He writes, of course, with that forbearance which becomes the citizen of a country more happily situated in this respect. Liberty of conscience is not as secure in England as it is in France—that he sorrowfully admits; but still England has done a great deal towards establishing it, and her more fortunate neighbours must not bear too hardly upon her. Considering that negotiations are at this moment in progress for the settlement in England of certain Frenchmen who expect to be driven out of their own country for no reason whatever except that they wish to live together and do certain works of charity and religion in common, M. LEMOINNE'S tactics have at least the merit of courage. As he has all along been a defender of the decrees against the religious orders, we are bound to believe that, if the English Government had adopted a similar course and determined to put in force the "exist-"ing laws" against the Jesuits—some of them are only half a century old, and so are mere legislative babes by the side of the venerable statutes which the antiquarian industry of M. DE FREYCINET and his colleagues has lately brought to light—he would not have accused us of intolerance. What we have done must presumably be something very much worse than this, since it enables M. LEMOINNE to get on his high horse and survey our misdeeds with the serene compassion of a saint who can feel for a sinner more kindly than if he were himself more frail. Unfortunately M. LEMOINNE has not been able to resist the temptation of dressing up his facts to suit his purpose. It is not, for example, quite consonant with the fact to say that the House of Commons has constituted itself a department of the Inquisition, inasmuch as it has undertaken to frame a definition of atheism. Probably M. LEMOINNE knows as well as we do that what the House of Commons has lately been considering is not whether Mr. BRADLAUGH is an atheist, but whether Mr. BRADLAUGH can be permitted to take an oath the formula of which he has already declared to be to him meaningless. It must be remembered, however, by way of excuse, that, if M. LEMOINNE had stated the facts in this way, he would have had nothing to gain by stating them. They would not have proved what he wishes to prove. The House of Commons is in no way concerned with Mr. BRADLAUGH'S religious or irreligious opinions, further than as they are supposed to destroy the binding force of an oath which he proposes to take. Supposing that Mr. BRADLAUGH had been an Ultramontane Roman Catholic, and had offered to take the oath after declaring that, owing to the absence of some specific Catholic formula, it had no value in his eyes, the position would have been precisely the same, and the House of Commons might equally have been called upon to decide whether under the circumstances he should be permitted to take the oath. Probably M. LEMOINNE would then have said with equal inaccuracy that the House of Commons had constituted itself an Œcumenical Council to determine upon a definition of Catholicism. What is really in issue in the present stage of the BRADLAUGH case is a question not of religion but of morality—the question whether, if oaths are to be retained at all, they may be taken by men who have already declared that they convey no significance to their minds.

M. LEMOINNE is more pardonably at sea in the matter of the Burials Bill, because his confusion upon this head is shared by many Englishmen. He is very merry over the application of the text "Compel them to come in," to bodies from which the souls have departed, and over the curious conflict which he discerns in the existing law between the civil right to be buried in the parish churchyard and the ecclesiastical right to forbid any service but that of the Church of England to be used in the churchyard. "We "see," says M. LEMOINNE in his superior way, "that all "countries have their religious difficulties, and that these "difficulties are always raised by the pretensions of "the Church to a monopoly." The Church of England claims no monopoly in deceased Dissenters. On the contrary, the clergy have constantly complained of having deceased Dissenters thrust upon them. Historically there is no such thing as what M. LEMOINNE calls "le cimetière de la Commune." There is the burial-ground belonging to the parish church, and open to Dissenters on the theory that they, like all other Englishmen, are members of the Established Church. It has now for many years been acknowledged that Englishmen are not necessarily members of the Established Church; that, as a matter of fact, a great number of them belong to other religions. How is it a "pretension to monopoly" for the clergy to say, Now that you have avowed that you do not belong to the Established Church, you have no longer any right to be buried in the parish churchyard? We claim no right to prevent you from having burial-grounds of your own; we do not even exact any evidence of your membership of the Established Church beyond the willingness of those who bring you to be buried to submit to the rite which has always been performed in churchyards. All we contend is that the claim of every Englishman to a stipulated share in the burial-grounds and services of the Established Church falls to the ground when the pretension set up on his behalf is in itself an evidence that he was not in his lifetime a member of the Established Church.

M. LEMOINNE must be very conscious of the weakness of his own case when he has to attack an adversary on such feeble grounds as these. Is it worse to be excluded from the churchyards except on condition of being buried with a particular service, or to be banished from the country on no condition at all? If M. LEMOINNE's argument is to go for anything, he must make out that to say to a Dissenter, If you do not want to be buried as a Churchman do not come to a churchyard to be buried, is a greater violation of religious liberty than to say to a Jesuit, If you want to remain in France you must apply for Government authorization, and as we warn you beforehand that this authorization will not be given, the sooner you pack up and get off the better. M. LEMOINNE is free, of course, to maintain this doctrine; but in doing so he cannot expect to escape the fate which the defenders of paradoxes, as of untenable positions in other kinds of warfare, bring on their own heads.

MARRIED WOMEN'S PROPERTY.

THE Bill which Mr. HINDE PALMER has brought in, and which the House of Commons read a second time on Wednesday, with reference to married women's property, calls itself modestly a Consolidation Bill, but proposes, as a matter of fact, that a good many new particulars should be incorporated in the consolidation. Its proposer suggested his own absence from the House, and the well-known apathy of the last Parliament, as the only reasons he could think of for the fact of the measure not having become law long ago. There may, however, not be wanting people who will think that, if the crimes of the last Parliament were not blacker than its ignoring of this measure, and if the virtues of Mr. HINDE PALMER are to be inferred solely from his reintroduction of it, then, on the whole, the old Parliament might as well have continued to sit in St. Stephen's and Mr. PALMER to sit out of that building. The Bill, it is true, was read a second time, its advocates congratulating themselves on the attitude of the House towards it. But the House of Commons has a pleasing habit of reading a second time without much demur measures which have a very faint chance of struggling through their further stages, and which, if they ever do struggle through, emerge in a condition in which their authors must have considerable difficulty in recognizing them. The speech of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who signified his provisional acceptance of the Bill, subject to alteration in Committee, was in reality an argument against its most salient features and its most obvious consequences. Except certain prominent "social scientists," such as Mr. HASTINGS and Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE, the friends of the measure almost invariably praised its principle with much effusion, and then proceeded impartially to pick it to pieces, and to show that this provision was unjust, that socially unwise, and so forth. The Bill indeed as it stands is one of those which, if we were guided in legislation by strict common sense, ought to be at once negatived, but which, in the existing state of things, and especially in a Parliament where it is necessary to throw sops to crotcheteers in matters supposed not to be of the first importance, often get passed, though their teeth and claws are pretty generally drawn and clipped in the process. It would probably be difficult to draw up an apparently harmless-looking Bill which should have the capacity of doing more mischief than this, or of upsetting more needlessly and more harmfully the social order of the country. It is remarkable that the objections to its proposals as most strongly stated have not come from sentimentalists, or from bigoted Conservatives, or from persons practically unacquainted with the relations of husband and wife on the large scale. Proposals which have been stigmatized as dangerous and unjust by the Judge of the Divorce Court must be said to come before the public with a rather heavy onus upon them of proving their own merits.

Mr. PALMER himself in the very beginning of his argument showed that his contention was sufficiently unsound. The common law, he said, "unjustly" handed over a woman's property to her husband, and so equity stepped in and redressed the grievance in a clumsy way by means of settlements. Now it is certainly a peculiar description of the attitude of the law towards a purely voluntary contract to describe the conditions which are attached to that contract as "unjust." The woman who has property is free to marry or not to marry as she likes; and, if she chooses to marry, the law, as Mr. PALMER confesses, gives her every facility for making her property safe, at the same time that it gives her, whether justly or unjustly, an almost unlimited claim on the property of her husband. It would seem that even Mr. PALMER himself felt the weakness of his case here; for he hastened to pass from the consideration of women of property to that of the case of the persons who are often poetically termed their humbler sisters. It was again unjust, urged Mr. PALMER, that a dissolute or drunken husband should be able to confiscate his wife's earnings. But here, too, his ill-luck followed him, for the Act known as RUSSELL GURNEY's has already dealt with this case; and all that Mr. PALMER could say against it was that it was difficult for poor people to avail themselves of it. The rest of his speech may be briefly described as occupied by an attempt to answer the objections which Lord PENZANCE, from an experience not to be matched by that of any man in the world, had urged against his plan, and by a singular anticipation of a golden age in which "married women "would soon begin to pay their debts out of their own "property." Mr. PALMER's adversaries might have made not a little capital out of this if they had chosen. For, apparently, he regards it as more than possible that at least some matrons will not attend to the rules of distributive justice in this manner, and does not intend to put any pressure on them to do so. In such case the old joke, "What's "yours is mine, and what's mine's my own," would have a pleasantly literal force as said by the wife to the husband. She would spend her money and he would pay her debts, an arrangement eminently satisfactory, at any rate, to Mr. PALMER's clients. Some of these things must have been present to the mind of Sir HENRY JAMES when he gave the Bill the remarkably lukewarm support on which we have already commented. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL thinks that the first clause was a matter "requiring very serious consideration," that the third clause needed to be "altered," that the seventh clause was one which "it would not be wise to pass." In short, his attitude was very much that of the legendary zoologist to the definition of "crab" as "a "little red fish which walked backwards." It was not a fish, it was not red, and it did not walk backwards; but otherwise the definition was admirable. Mr. PALMER's Bill was made up of clauses which required additions and alterations, or which were simply unwise, but the principle of it was excellent. Indeed the ATTORNEY-GENERAL said almost all that could be said against the Bill by remarking that, if it passed, it would be necessary to impose upon married women the burden of being made bankrupt. The picture of a British merchant at breakfast looking up from his *Times* across the teacups and remarking, "So I see you are in the *Gazette*, my dear," is one which may be commended to Mr. FRITH and other practitioners of domestic art. A good companion piece would be supplied by Mr. WARTON's creditable imagination of a wife turning her husband out of doors under Mr. PALMER's Bill. After this the debate languished, though many people will be found to agree with the extremely moderate remark of Mr. MORGAN LLOYD, another candid friend of this unlucky Bill, that the rights proposed to be conferred would "probably lead to a good "deal of litigation and domestic unhappiness." This consideration is probably below the notice of social scientists, but it will commend itself forcibly enough to others.

It is indeed rather difficult to decide whether propo of this sort, supposing that the proposers really int them to become operative, are more objectionable the point of view of social expediency or from point of view of that "justice" which is so frequent in their advocates' mouths. We do not remember that any of them has ever contained a suggestion that a husband should cease to be liable for his wife's maintenance, that they should (supposing her to be possessed of property) be jointly liable for the maintenance of their children, or that her authority to pledge his credit for necessaries supplied to the household should be in any way abridged. If this were done, the objections on the score of justice would be done away with, but the objections on the score of social expediency would remain. If anybody chooses to declare openly that matrimony is an unnecessary and obsolete institution, then the idea of temporary or lasting partnerships, in which each partner is free to dispose of his or her property as he or she likes and under-

goes no liability of any kind, becomes a logical and reasonable plan, at least in the abstract; for the working might not be quite so easy. But a marriage after the fashion of Mr. HINDE PALMER and his friends, in which community of interests is at an end, in which occasions for disunion and quarrelling—frequent enough as they are—are multiplied tenfold, and in which nevertheless no one of these occasions is recognized by the law as dissolving the contract, is about as uninviting an institution as can be imagined. It may indeed be said that these proposals, to round them off neatly, require an indefinite extension of the divorce law. Some zealots on the Continent have suggested that the incurring by the husband of any disgraceful legal censure shall be a cause for divorce. It is evident that, in the unions which the Married Women's Property Consolidation Bill contemplates, and in which sentimental mutual feelings are not likely to be common, divorce from a bankrupt wife ought to be allowed to any man whose commercial position is likely to be compromised. The elaboration of this principle should receive Mr. HINDE PALMER's earnest attention. Meanwhile it would be well if he and his friends would meditate on the very simple fact that the so-called injustices of which they complain are but corollaries of marriage as it has hitherto been understood, and are, after all, a cheap enough price to pay for the right of lifelong support without the necessity of toil. This, it may be said, is a very unsentimental view. But it cannot be said, as far as that matter goes, to differ much from Mr. HINDE PALMER's ideal of the wife who sues her husband and possibly leaves him to pay her tradesmen.

RISE AND DECAY OF BUDDHISM.

IN his *Lectures on the Reunion of the Churches*, reviewed some years ago in our columns, Dr. Döllinger observes that it is an oppressive thought that between four and five hundred millions of men—more than a third of the entire human race—profess a religion which connects with the doctrine of transmigration of souls the *Nirvana*, holding out to man, as his supreme end, a state of passive and otiose unconsciousness. There are indeed points of special interest about Buddhism besides the fact of its being, in spite of its almost entire disappearance from India, the largest, and, with the exception of Judaism, the oldest religion in the world. The many uncertainties about its history and doctrines, which will never probably now be fully cleared up, serve at once to stimulate curiosity. And if it is impossible to ascertain definitely from Buddhists themselves whether at the present time their religion does or does not recognize a personal God, we can hardly wonder at the various unsolved, if not insoluble, problems surrounding its origin and condition in the past. In the interesting paper he has contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. Edgar does not profess to do more than trace the main course of Buddhist development in India; but then he holds that "all known developments of Buddhism have been made in India," and that it has derived nothing of importance from the nations among whom it now prevails. One circumstance to which he constantly calls attention, and which has indeed often been noticed before, is no doubt very remarkable, however it may be explained, and that is the strange analogy in many respects between the history of Buddhism and that of Christianity, especially in its Latin form. M. Huc, the French Lazarist missionary, has even noted, in his *Recollections of a Journey through Tartary, Thibet, and China*, several curious similarities of detail between Buddhist and Roman Catholic ritual; but to such *minutiæ* Mr. Edgar does not refer, as neither does he seem aware of a still more startling coincidence, to be noticed presently, concerning the life of the founder of Buddhism himself, which is enveloped—naturally enough—in a cloud of legendary lore. The date of Sakyamuni is usually fixed in the sixth century B.C., and Mr. Edgar thinks it may safely be assumed that before the epoch of Alexander the Great such a personage did really appear in the lands lying near the junction of the Sone and the Ganges, who may not improbably have begun his public teaching at Benares, and spent the remaining forty-five years of his life in going about to preach from town to town according to the received tradition. It is anyhow certain—and here we come on the first striking resemblance to the Gospel—that his preaching was directed, not to any particular class or nation, but to all mankind. He seems to have borrowed from his Brahmin training the doctrine of transmigration, but to this he added the *Nirvana* theory, which can only be considered a kind of religious pessimism.

> His teaching seems to have been purely ethical, and not to have touched on either theology or philosophy. His secret was that existence in any form must necessarily be suffering, and not accidentally accompanied with suffering, as others had taught; in other words, that evil and existence are convertible terms. His method was that the only way to get rid of evil is to put an end to the desire of existence.

Or, as it may be expressed:—

> I.—All possible existence is suffering.
> II.—The cause of suffering is desire.
> III.—Suffering ends with desire.
> IV.—There is a way leading to the ending of desire.

The "way" was by sternly repressing, instead of seeking to regulate merely, those natural instincts which lead to the preservation, nourishment, and reproduction of life, so as eventually both to liberate ourselves from suffering, and from causing suffering to others, by the attainment of the complete *Nirvana*. But as this was too high, or at least too ascetic, a doctrine for the multitude, there was room found for an outer circle of "hearers," who followed a laxer code of merely regulative morality, "very similar to that which in our days satisfies the needs of modern Protestantism." And in this permission of a higher and a lower ethical standard Mr. Edgar traces an analogy to the observance of "the counsels of perfection" by Christian saints, while the mere keeping of the commandments by ordinary believers is held to require a supplementary purgatorial cleansing before the soul is fit for heaven. It may be questioned however if such an alternative rule is not, from the nature of the case, practically admitted under almost every religious system.

That after the death of Sakyamuni he should have soon become invested with a halo of mythical and superhuman glory was only to be expected. He was even alleged to have been born of a virgin mother, amid various signs and portents foreshadowing his great career. But the strangest thing about the legend, though it is not mentioned here, is that, under the name of "SS. Barlaam and Josaphat," it has found its way into the martyrology of both the Eastern and Western Churches, so that St. Josaphat—who is unquestionably identical with Sakyamuni—appears in the calendar, in the Eastern Church on August 26, in the West on November 27. Mr. Baring Gould says, in his *Lives of the Saints*, that Baronius adopted the story from St. John of Damascus, who first introduced it—in good faith, no doubt,—into Christian hagiology. Meanwhile it found its way into the *Golden Legend* of Jacques de Voragine and the *Gesta Romanorum*, and has been translated into most European languages, including the Icelandic, as well as into Syriac, Arabic, Ethiopic, Armenian, and Hebrew. A recent Roman Catholic writer, Mr. Nevins, has thus drawn attention to the strange coincidence:—

> The most amusing instance of the Saintship and invocation of a person who never existed is recorded by Max Müller, in his *Chips from a German Workshop*, vol. iv. pp. 175–189. Longmans, 1875. He without a shadow of doubt shows St. John of Damascus wrote a story called "Barlaam and Josaphat." The "Martyrologium Romanum" also says that he was the author. But this Barlaam and Josaphat is simply Christianized from an Indian source. St. John of Damascus has drawn the story from the "Lalita Vistara." It is really an account of Gautama Sakyamuni, better known as Buddha. It is an exact copy. Thus Buddha has become a Saint of the Church of Rome, under the name of *St. Josaphat*. In the Eastern Church the 26th August is the Saints' day, and in the Roman Martyrologium the 27th November.

Leo Allatius, Bellarmine, and Huet, the learned Bishop of Avranches, had their doubts on the subject, but felt bound nevertheless to accept the story of St. Barlaam and St. Josaphat as genuine. But it is time to pass from the life of Buddha to the history of the religion he founded, and in doing so we are at once confronted by curiously close resemblances, both internal and external, to the history of the Christian Church.

For the first three centuries the Buddhist, like the Christian, religion received no support from the civil power. But about the middle of the third century B.C. arose a prince, Asoka, who may be termed the Buddhist Constantine, and who moreover, like Constantine, delayed till the end of life his full acceptance of his new creed:—

> Each prince found that he had to deal with a powerful spiritual organization without any precedent to guide him; each saw the use that could be made of the organization as an engine of government, but saw as well the danger of its overshadowing the temporal power. It was, therefore, the aim of each to get the control of the organization indirectly, and, as it were, from outside; and not to compromise his position as an all-powerful friend and patron by taking the final step which might bring him within reach of spiritual discipline. But apart from the political aims, each prince had undoubtedly from the outset a real admiration for the beauty of the religion and the noble lives of its professors, and when old age came on, with disappointment and remorse, this feeling ripened into a true conversion in each case.

Thenceforth the Buddhist Community or Order—for a great quasi-monastic Order was the ruling power—began to grow and spread. Stately monasteries arose everywhere, and a metaphysical spirit showed itself, corresponding to the theological movement in the Christian Church. Its tendency however is declared to have been "undoubtedly towards a reasoned atheistic materialism," traces of which may still be found in the Buddhism of Ceylon and Burma. But meanwhile the popular craving for a more concrete and visible cult was satisfied by a multiplication of relics and images of Buddha and his principal disciples. Asoka also gave the impetus to missionary enterprise, and extensive conversions followed. But the writer repeats the conviction he expressed at starting, that Buddhism can receive no doctrinal development except through the Hindu mind, while in India it showed a strong power of development and assimilation. He thinks however that a disproportionate stress has been laid on the metaphysical, or quasi-theological, side of the system, which may be compared to the mediæval scholasticism. One of its greatest masters was Nagarjuna, whose speculations appear to have been purely sceptical, but who professed to have discovered a supplementary revelation, contained in a number of new Sutras or "Vapulya." But throughout the history of Buddhism we are struck with the overwhelming importance and authority of "the Order," and Mr. Edgar thinks that, with the possible exception of the Roman Catholic Church, no religious organization in the world has been so strong, or played such a part

in the development of doctrine, as the Buddhist monkhood. And yet there have been divisions which remind one more or less of the Protestant Reformation:—

> At the same time there were two main schools of thought and practice, as much opposed to one another as Calvinists and Arminians, or rather as Protestants and Catholics, are with us, but still each acknowledging the other to be Buddhist. The earlier of these and the least removed from the original teachings of Sakyamuni was dominant in Ceylon and the outlying countries towards the Oxus, while the developed doctrines of the Great Method had taken firm root in Hindustan and the neighbouring countries of India, and had its rise in the great group of monasteries at Nalanda. To the adherents of this school the three precious ones—Buddha, his law, and his Church—were still the bases of all the superstructure. Their Buddha was still a finite being, who, through countless transmigrations by a continued course of right-doing and thinking, had worked up to the knowledge of the way of salvation which he had embodied in his teachings and bequeathed to his Church; after which he had gone into the complete Nirvana, and to all intents and purposes had ceased to be. But he was only the last of a series of Buddhas whose careers had been in all respects like his, and he was to be followed by a series of Buddhas without any conceivable end, many of whom had already reached the state of fitness for Buddhahood, and were only waiting for their turns to come in the evolutions of phenomenal existence. The supreme secret which some of these beings had found, which others were seeking, and which all desired to reveal, was the knowledge of the absolute unreality of everything, even of themselves, and of the knowledge that they were to teach; but this was somehow mixed up with a tendency to treat something as a real underlying substance, and this thought seems to have been coloured by the materialism of a preceding school; and so in some way Prajna the knowledge, Dharma the law, and the metaphysical idea of intelligent matter, had got mixed up and personified possibly by a female Bodhisatva, who, to those unversed in philosophy, became afterwards the source of all things, even of the Buddhas themselves.

The metaphysical was followed by the mystical stage of Buddhism, initiated by Aryasangha, who appears to have made such considerable changes or additions to the creed that it was thought necessary to authenticate them by appealing to a second supplementary revelation from Buddha, contained in four treatises. And from the results of this mystical movement, "a kind of Buddhist Gnosticism," which "by substituting faith for works prepared the way for antinomianism," Mr. Edgar traces the moral decline of the system.

There was, however, another and more deleterious influence at work, originating, he supposes, in a powerful non-Aryan State which had adopted this form of faith. A species of Nature-worship, essentially impure and quite out of harmony with the ascetic basis of the Buddhist creed, began about the eighth century to be mixed up with it. The process was sufficiently incongruous, but by that time Buddhist mysticism had reached the stage when religious exaltation is apt to shade off into sexual prurience; and it is at all events certainly a fact that "the mountain god was identified with the Buddhas of meditation, and his wife the mountain tarn became the 'wisdom' of the mystics, while the magical and debasing ritual of the hill deities was transferred with an esoteric and symbolic meaning to the worship of the heavenly Buddhas." And this led up, by an internal development, to the fourth or theistic phase of Buddhism, which is generally, but Mr. Edgar thinks wrongly, ascribed to Brahminist influence from without. He adds that the downfall of the religion in India was certainly not caused, as is also commonly affirmed, by Brahminist persecution, for the Buddhists and Brahminists had lived together on friendly terms till the creed of the latter was destroyed by the Mussulman irruptions of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. But if this be granted, it still does not explain why the Moslems, who did not convert more than about a sixth of the Indians to their own faith, should have destroyed Buddhism and left Brahminism in full vigour. The internal causes both of the rapid growth of Buddhism, with its seemingly repulsive doctrine of absolute self-effacement, and of its hardly less rapid decline in India, are in fact left wholly unexplained. The analogy of doctrinal development in Brahminism and Latin Christianity is no doubt remarkable, but here too Mr. Edgar's statement is not quite accurate. He points out that while each had a body of authoritative Scriptures, there was this difference—that "the revelation of Buddha was final," leaving it to be inferred that the Latin theologians laid claim to a continuous stream of revelation. But they have always in fact disclaimed such a view, though their opponents have sometimes charged them with it, while on the other hand he had himself shown that both Nagarjuna and Aryasangha did appeal to supplementary revelations of Buddha. However he considers "the more elastic system of the Latin Church much the safer of the two," inasmuch as we can hardly conceive an Ecumenical Council reversing all the dogmas and teachings of Christianity, while something like this was the effect on Indian Buddhism of the supplementary revelation of a Supreme Deity contained in the Kala Chakra; after which last development "the work of pollution went on merrily." Yet it must not be forgotten that, in spite of these moral corruptions, which are unspeakably vile, the purer ethical teaching of Sakyamuni has never been wholly lost. The difficulty is to understand how, with an "Order" so powerful, and which seems all along to have retained a sense of continuity and of obligation to its solemn trust, so widespread and deep a debasement should have been possible. We cannot wonder at Frederick Schlegel speaking of "the indescribable confusion" of the system. Meanwhile many of those likely to be best informed believe, as a writer in the current number of the *Edinburgh Review* has pointed out, that in a generation or two Chinese Buddhism, as well as Indian Brahminism, will succumb to the active propagandist tendencies of modern Islam.

SOCIAL RECIPROCITY.

AMONG the many overrated pleasures of childhood was the receipt of a hamper at school. It is true that we used to anticipate its arrival with anxiety and interest, nor can we deny that we felt satisfaction on its safe appearance, and derived some gratification when devouring its contents; but it brought its cares as well as its pleasures. When we sat proudly at the breakfast-table with a ham, a tongue, and several pots of jam and marmalade in front of us, before we had time to taste any of these luxuries ourselves we used to be embarrassed by a number of little notes from all parts of the table. We quote one of these as a specimen of their general import. "You owe me some prog for what I gave you. (Signed) TOM SMITH." Such epistles may not have been very delicately or politely worded, they may have been more laconic than elegant, and they may have been rather subversive of the conventional methods of adult hospitality, but they taught us a useful lesson in the first principles of entertaining. It is an unpleasant idea, but it is not the less true, that the first law of society is bluntly laid down in the urchin's letter. "You owe me some prog for what I gave you" may be said to be the primary element of dinner-giving. We have now entered upon the great hamper season of London life, when, instead of enjoying our meals in private, we must either divide our own food with others or get them to repay what they owe us. There are certain religious orders which devote a large part of their time to almsgiving and begging; and we are sometimes inclined to think that people who are, as it is called, "in society," must be affiliated to one or other of these communities. Their principles are, indeed, exactly the opposite of the mendicant friars, as they feed the rich instead of the poor, and only give to those from whom they expect to receive again; but, nevertheless, they live on the food of others, and distribute their own bread among strangers. The most approved duties of good society appear to be precisely the reverse of those of the first, "that eldest was and best," of the inmates of the "Holy Hospitall" in the *Faerie Queene*:—

> His office was to give entertainement
> And lodging unto all that came and went;
> Not unto such as could him feast againe,
> And double quite for that he on them spent;
> But such as want of harbour did constraine:
> Those for God's sake his dewty was to entertayne.

Those "that needy were and pore" would be the last likely to be troubled with cards of invitation during a London season. It is true that the rich give money to be spent on providing food for a limited number of deserving poor, but they expect them to give payment for every pound of flesh in at least sixteen ounces of pious gratitude.

We have to pay, in one form or another, for most things that we receive in this life; but there are few things which are so essentially purchased, bought, sold, and paid for, as the hospitalities, civilities, and amenities of society. There may be some cases in which these advantages are not paid for in kind, but paid for they must be in some manner. Many ladies keep something very like a regular debtor and creditor account of their dinners given and received. A debt may be occasionally repudiated, but such a course of action is only followed by members of polite society when they do not intend to "deal at that shop again." No tradesman forces his custom with greater pertinacity than do the *parvenus* of society. They leave cards and send out invitations to dinner on the faintest possible pretexts, and they advertise their hospitalities, and, indeed, their very existence, in ways that are but little less flagrant than the placards recommending the use of an article known as the "liver pad." Like the quack doctor who used to appear at country fairs accompanied by a black drummer or a Highland piper, the society-monger engages the latest musical curiosity to attend his *séances*. Even the company provided is arranged with a careful view to future repayment. Those who are likely to provide dukes at parties to come have dukes now provided for them; those who are unlikely to offer anything better in the future than brand-new barons, have like articles now set before them. As to those who merely deal in commoners, they need expect nothing better when dining with others. Most people have acquaintances of various descriptions. Even the greatest in the land do not mix exclusively with their compeers, and, generally speaking, they sort their visitors as they would their bills, their invitations, or their business letters, and they take care that like shall be put with like. What is commoner than for people to feel themselves in the seventh heaven of happiness at receiving an invitation to the house of some great personage, and then to be mortified by finding that they have been asked to meet fellow-guests to whom they would have taken serious exception in the house of an equal? It may be broadly laid down as a rule that the invitations of very great people are of all invitations the most mercenary, for they generally have so many acquaintances to choose from that they become chary and exclusive in selecting friends, and they acquire the habit of drafting off every one to whom they are introduced as either useless, useful, or possibly useful, and accordingly throw them altogether on one side, make use of them, or keep them in reserve in case of emergency. Three-fourths of the people who crowd the parties of grandees are regarded by their hosts and hostesses much in the light of upper servants whom they may command to do their behests as occasion may require. One is a useful canvasser; another subscribes liberally to a favourite charity; that man furnishes the freshest of gossip

whenever required, and this man is excessively useful in racing matters. The greybearded man is distinguished for his literary attainments, and he collects a few presentable authors for the great man's parties, so as to keep up his reputation as a patron of literature; and the red-whiskered man does the same sort of thing in the matter of artists. The beauties are asked just as dancing girls are hired by Eastern potentates, the handsome men serve much the same purpose as good-looking footmen, and the attachés are simple automatons, signifying the intimacy of the host with the foreign Embassies. Mr. A. has been invited to please Mrs. B., who it is believed will be able to induce Mr. C. to take into his wealthy firm Mr. D., who was formerly a tutor in the family, and Lady E. has been asked to come merely to annoy Lady F., who is a pet antipathy of the hostess's.

It is very uncommon to find such an error made in social account-keeping as a dinner party repaid by a drum. It may be said that there are drum acquaintances and dinner acquaintances, luncheon acquaintances and simple card-leaving acquaintances. It seems to us that the highest refinement of social reciprocity is attained when such a small and inexpensive thing as a card is repaid by exactly so much cardboard, and no more. Now and then accidents will happen. An amiable hostess, when reading the advertisement sheet of the *Times*, observes, "Dear me, Lady Foie-Gras is dead; and she owed us a dinner!" The immorality of dying with unpaid dinners upon the conscience is obvious. If it is announced that a giver of princely entertainments is seriously ill much genuine sorrow is expressed; but it is of the following nature:—"Stupid old man! why should he be ill during the season? Why did he not wait for the winter?" There are certain social deceivers who give a sort of verbal I.O.U. in return for London hospitalities. They hint at invitations for shooting and balls at their country houses in the autumn, or else they leave town before the season is half over and pretend that they are coming back in a week or fortnight. They remind us of the description given by an undergraduate when under examination, of the promise of the good Samaritan:—"'When I come again I will pay thee all things.' This he said well knowing that he should see his face no more." The fortnight passes, and then the promised host is detained by unexpected business in the country. The winter passes, and, when he reappears with the spring in London, he expresses regret that the death or illness of a near relation, the exceptional scarcity of his game, or the bursting of his tank, unavoidably prevented him from filling his hospitable mansion with the relays of charming guests which he had hoped for. Another type of dinner-stealer is the man who asks us, the second time we meet him, to go down to stay with him for two days' pheasant-shooting in October. He will take no denial, and, although so long beforehand, he insists on booking us for a certain day. He is staying at an hotel, and we feel that the least we can do is to invite him to dinner. On inquiry, we find that his happy hunting-ground is wretchedly stocked with pheasants, and that it is situated in the heart of Wales, ten miles from a railway station; so we feed him first, and then have to scramble out of our engagement to stay with him as best we can. There are other wicked subterfuges resorted to by the dishonest. Short invitations at the height of the season when people are pretty certain to be engaged for every night during the following fortnight, invitations at the end of the season when the invited are likely to have left London, invitations for nights on which the kind host has heard that the guests he invites are themselves going to give dinner parties, and many other mean artifices are stooped to by people who, from their position and breeding, ought to know better. It must not be supposed, however, that all the guests at a London dinner party are expected to offer food in return for what they consume. There are dowagers who have been asked in order to give an air of respectability to the entertainment on the strength of their titles; there are "amusing men" who are to pay for their dinners by "making the party go off well"; and there is a bachelor who owes his invitation to his presence being required at short notice, in order to prevent the number of diners being thirteen. Furthermore, there are some young married people and stupid young men who, though unable to entertain at present, will be very rich some day, if they live. Such as these are now fed on the understanding that they are to feed again *post obit*.

To buy a bad horse is a terrible calamity; but to buy a bad dinner is, for the time being, almost worse. We do not refer so much to having bad wine, bad food, and bad cooking given us in return for our own more or less excellent dinners; but we are thinking of occasions when people who seemed charming when we met them at the houses of others have repaid our own well-selected parties by asking us to meet bores, prigs, or pomposities. Cannot most of us recall entertainments at which we have sat between women who seemed endeavouring to outvie each other in stupidity and dulness, and have we not wished that our hostess would have given us an opportunity of doing better justice to our conversational powers? On the whole, however, we must admit that entertainments are pretty fairly purchased and repaid as a general rule. In social merchandise people may expect to receive their own again, but that is all they are likely to get.

A STUDY IN ETHICS.

THE long and sometimes, it is to be feared, idle dispute as to the causes of the late Liberal triumph resulted, as all men know, in one conclusion only—at least for the victors. "A people constantly growing in attainments, in knowledge, and in virtue," could not away with such a Ministry as Lord Beaconsfield's, and accordingly put Mr. Gladstone's Ministry in their place. This fact being ascertained on the very best authority, there is little left for any member of this model nation to do but to make the most of his opportunities. A Ministry which has been chosen under such circumstances must of course be a pattern of conduct, and a great authority has told us that conduct is some considerable fraction—we forget exactly what—of life. Therefore he who wishes to live must know how to conduct himself, and he who wishes to know how to conduct himself has nothing to do but to study the ways of the existing occupants of the Treasury Bench. The duties of a Ministry are so various that their public conduct really brings out most of the motives and manners of acting which prevail in the daily affairs of other men, so that the pattern is really one of sufficiently general applicability. By observing the behaviour of these elect souls towards their enemies on the other side of the House, the ardent youth of England may learn how to treat the viler specimens of humanity with whom, it is greatly to be feared, they themselves will at some time or other be brought in contact. By watching their attitude towards their followers, their servants, and the servants of the public, the problem—almost equally difficult—of behaviour to private friends and associates may be solved. It is an instance coming under the latter head which we propose to take for immediate contemplation, and it will surely go hard but edification will come out of it. The behaviour of the Government in the matter of Sir Bartle Frere is an interesting study in ethics; and as it has to be pieced together out of a considerable number of transactions and incidents, there is just that element of difficulty about the investigation which attracts the true student. It is all the more worth attempting because the Ministers themselves, with the modesty natural to good men and inculcated by the greatest masters of conduct, are a little reluctant to flaunt their actions in this matter too openly before an admiring world, and indeed have to be, in a vulgar phrase, "drawn" with much skill and pertinacity before they confess their acts and intentions.

It is not necessary to preface the study by a too lengthy account of the situation as it was when the Government first became responsible for it. They—speaking of them as a body, and including those adherents who have carried them to power—had made of the deed or misdeeds of Sir Bartle Frere in South Africa one of the stoutest of the crowbars with which they succeeded in bringing down the house of their predecessors about their ears. The poor Zulu figured continually with the guileless Afghan, the tortured defender of his country, the misburied Dissenter, the noble, thwarted Russian, and the swindled Turk, in the singular group of bogies arrayed for electioneering purposes. Of the justice of this condemnation of Sir Bartle's acts, and of the Government which, disapproving and in a manner disavowing them, did not think proper to recall him, there is no need to speak. All this is ancient history, and was amply dealt with at the time. The earliest event of what we may call modern history is that the persons who had severally or collectively used this language, or allowed it to be used, came into office and decided to retain the services of Sir Bartle Frere. Here also we have no opinion to offer as to their conduct. We have obligingly fixed a great gulf between persons "out" and the same persons "in." Besides, it must be remembered that, on the soundest principles of philosophy, the action of Mr. Gladstone and his friends was justifiable. There is no more venerable maxim than "Cessante causa cessat et effectus." The cause of these gentlemen's excitement against Sir Bartle was their desire to turn out the Government of Lord Beaconsfield. This cause having in the fullest sense ceased by reason of its complete gratification, the effect—the indignation against Sir Bartle—naturally ceased likewise. The argument is invulnerable, and we are happy in making a present of it to the Ministry as an early expression of appreciation and esteem. But there was, as it happened, a considerable number of persons who were deaf to logic. Indeed it is a sad characteristic of the Parliament of Great Britain that it always contains a large number of persons who are deaf to logic. To these the conduct of the heaven-born Ministry appeared singular. Such of them as were Tories, with their party generally, had of course nothing to say, though doubtless they thought the more. It would have been brutal to find fault with the graceful compliment paid them by the complete adoption of their own views, or at least of their own practice. But the malcontents on the Liberal side were less patient. Loud was the wail of the Radical press, frequent were the caballings of indignant members in lobbies and tea-rooms and rooms of all sorts and kinds. Now, as even a Ministry of all the Virtues might have found it a little awkward to be saved from their own followers by their adversaries on a point on which they had themselves just turned those adversaries out, it became necessary to do something. "Then, indeed, Mr. Gladstone, the wise member for Midlothian, devised a fresh dodge," as his favourite bard would put it. By a curious coincidence, Mr. Chaplin quite guilelessly, and in reference to another matter, had reminded the Ministry in the early part of the evening of Tuesday, May 25, that in the stable of one of their own colleagues there was "a filly called Evasion." A little later in the night it became clear that the Duke of Westminster's chief had a valuable beast of the same class in the stable of his brains. In a speech long even for him, and even for him involved, Mr. Gladstone hinted a most singular way out of the difficulty. Sir Bartle Frere was to be kept in Africa "in respect of the prospect of Confederation," and in a little time there was no knowing what was to be done. The tittle-tattle which

always gets abroad soon let it be known that this mysterious utterance in public had been attended with still more mysterious utterances in private to the malcontents, and that Sir Bartle was "as good as recalled."

Here let us indicate the first important point in our study of ethics. It need only be indicated, and by way of comment a curiously parallel incident which we read not long ago in a novel will suffice. A shabby baronet had a land steward whom he wished to turn off. But the shabby baronet was at the time engaged in having his farms revalued, or in some similar occupation in which the steward was indispensable. So, said the shabby baronet to his shabby wife, "I can't give him notice just now; let him finish his work, and then he shall go." To resume the narrative, it soon appeared that even these mysterious and tempting, if not exactly magnanimous, offers of possible surrender did not satisfy the malcontents as a body. They still held meetings; they wrote letters to Mr. Gladstone by which, probably for the first time in his life, he is said to have acknowledged that he was "embarrassed," and they made vague but unpleasant threats of opposition on the Estimates. Here the Homeric refrain comes in again, and Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues ἄλλ' ἐνόησαν for the second time. A mysterious announcement was made that no salary for Sir Bartle would be included in the Estimates. Five hundred pounds had been taken on account by the late Government, and the present Government did not intend to ask for any more. Here, again, it became necessary to ask what it meant. It appeared to mean that the Ministry, in strict accordance with the curious handsomeness of their previous conduct towards Sir Bartle, were going to take out of him the five hundred pounds' worth, and then to "strip him of his livery," as our rude ancestors used to say and do. Ministerial organs even hailed the incident as a proof that speedy recall was intended, and a sign that "the Bartle Frere difficulty was at an end." But certain partisans on the same side, either innocently or maliciously, pointed out that the immediate effect was something quite different. With the disappearance of the vote disappeared the possibility of questioning the policy of the Government. The "filly called Evasion" had been entered again at the last moment; and, unlike her namesake, had apparently won, hands down. But her rider had not yet "scaled"; and Mr. Grant Duff, in the character of jockey, had to go through this unpleasant process on Tuesday last. A more ludicrous and painful scene has not occurred, even in the present House. First, Mr. Grant Duff had, after a pause, to confess and avoid, or at least to postpone, an answer to Sir Wilfrid Lawson's demand as to the loss of his opportunity; then, with still more hesitation, he had to confess to Mr. Courtney that the reason just alleged for stopping the salary had been in full force when the Estimates were placed on the table by the late Government, and therefore when the Government came into office and all along. Poor Mr. Grant Duff put Sir Wilfrid off to Thursday, but the comedy hardly needed prolongation. Nor, when Thursday came, did the explanations which were given in both Houses mend the matter. The soreness which Lord Kimberley and Lord Granville both showed in commenting on Lord Carnarvon's question was the best evidence of their discomfort. Perhaps Lord Kimberley's remark that the Government had graciously told Sir Bartle that, "if he had incurred any expenses which he thought might be chargeable" on the future, they should be "considered," was the most fatal admission that could be made. For either Sir Bartle is entitled to his salary, or, not being entitled to it, he certainly does not deserve to have his speculative anticipations considered. As for Mr. Grant Duff, he is said to have remarked that it was proposed "to print a fresh page of the Estimates." A fresh page would indeed be a convenient thing for the Government in the whole matter.

So then we may gather up the lessons of this little history which we have endeavoured to relate with scrupulous accuracy. A body of English gentlemen decide that a public servant is of sufficient worth and value to be solemnly adopted, and his cause espoused, despite some antecedent difficulties. Finding that this excites discontent among their supporters (a discontent for which they must have been fully prepared beforehand), they plead that he can be made useful for a particular purpose, and turned off when that purpose is served. This not proving a strong enough inducement, they hint that perhaps they will turn him off very soon indeed, if they are left uninterfered with. This again failing, they adopt a course which is in the first place open to the charge of sordid meanness, if not gross unfairness, and which on further investigation appears to have been adopted mainly for the purpose of saving themselves from the unpleasantness of an inconvenient inquiry into their conduct. No termination that the incident can have will in the least alter these facts, which are unfortunately, as we have said, matters of history; and if we were considering the subject from any but a purely philosophical and studious point of view, we are afraid that we should have to be careful as to the epithets applicable to the whole transaction. When Montesquieu came to England, he found to his surprise that the word "Jesuit" had a definite metaphorical connotation. "Cela est jésuitiquement faux" was, he tells us, a favourite phrase, and it seems to have been then a new one, common as it is now. When the Bartle Frere incident has been repeated a few times, perhaps the term "Liberal" may obtain a similar secondary sense, and people will say "that is liberally shabby"—a confusion of terms much to be deprecated. It has, however, been sufficiently hinted already that the business of plain men with the present Government is not criticism of this audacious sort. We are in the position of Mr. Tennyson's amiable young lady—"we cannot understand"—but we are none the less bound to "love." Fervent admirers of Mr. Gladstone have contended that his extraordinary fancy for humiliating himself and England is because he is so very "proud." Perhaps the apparent shabbiness of his recent conduct is due to the fact of his extraordinary magnanimity. These speculations, however, are too high for any one but a professor of moral philosophy, and the present study is only a humble contribution of material to the labours of such a one when he attempts a *Kritik aller möglichen—or unmöglichen—Ethik.*

THE *AGAMEMNON* AT OXFORD.

THE Summer Term, the "sweet hours and the fleetest of time" of which Mr. Lang has lately been singing so pleasantly, has been this year enriched by a new emotion. Everybody at Oxford has been going mad, not about the river and the cricket-field, nor even about the flower of the chestnut and the bouquets "purchased of Bates," but about Æschylus and the *Agamemnon.* What neither examinations, nor prizes, nor lectures, nor exhortations have been able to do has been done by means of a discovery made by the undergraduates themselves—namely, that a Greek play could be acted, and that its characters were really intended for human beings and not for shadowy abstractions. Since this fact was borne in upon the men an extraordinary revival has taken place in the study of the Greek drama. The Oxford booksellers have sold out all their copies of Æschylus, which have found their way to all sorts of unfamiliar places. The quiet rubber has been commuted for discussions about the functions of the Chorus; in the walks of Magdalen, even in the punts on the Cherwell, which had never carried any literary ballast heavier than a yellow-backed novel, the hardest of Greek dramatists has been found to be the undergraduate's closest companion. Oxford ladies—for as yet the Higher Education has not had time to make Greek universal among them—have been studying rival translations, and debating the merits of Lord Carnarvon and Dr. Kennedy, Mr. Morshead and Miss Swanwick. In fact, the curious phenomenon has been witnessed that, while in and about the Congregation of the University the attack on the compulsory study of Greek has been developed with alarming vigour and with every prospect of success, the overpowering charm of Greek literature has spontaneously asserted itself in a manner that no one could have foreseen, and with a force that may really affect the future of the study.

The interest came to a climax on the evening of June 3rd, when the new and spacious hall of Balliol College was crowded with an audience that contained all Oxford and some part of Cambridge, with a few such Æschylean students as Mr. Browning and Mr. Newton from outside. At the end rose the front of the Palace of the Atridæ, painted by some of the undergraduates from a sketch, we believe, by Mr. Burne Jones; and in front of this the whole action was to take place, of course without change of scene. We may be allowed to recall in a few words the outline of the play, familiar as it is to many. It opens with the old watchman taking his station on the battlements, and complaining of his ten years' fruitless vigils; for the beacon-fires that are to tell of the fall of Troy are looked for in vain. As he speaks, the beacon flames out; and with cries of astonishment and delight he disappears to bear the news to the Queen. Then enters the Chorus in procession, singing the long and magnificent ode which tells the story of the departure for Troy, and which lingers with unconscious foreboding of ill on the sacrifice of Iphigenia—that sacrifice which Clytemnestra afterwards makes, or pretends to make, the motive of her crime. During the choric song the Queen comes in, and announces what the beacon fires have revealed; and, soon after, the doubts of the Chorus are set at rest by the arrival of a herald, who, after a touching salutation of his fatherland, unseen for ten years, tells of the approach of Agamemnon. The Queen, re-entering, bids him carry back her wifely salutations to the hero; and, after another choric song, the King enters, riding in his chariot with his captive Cassandra, "the flower of the spoil," awarded to him by the general voice of the army. In a long speech Clytemnestra greets him, dwells on her hardships during his ten years' absence, protests her devotion to him, and bids the maidens lay down purple trappings before him, that the feet which have trampled on Troy may touch no common earth till they have entered safe into the palace. The King, a true Greek, is unwilling thus to incur the divine jealousy; but he is over-persuaded, and, while the Chorus shrinks back in dread, he steps on the trappings which are to prove to him a web of death. When he and the Queen have passed into the palace the interest is transferred to Cassandra, whose alternations of sad lament and raving prophecy, met by the pitying incredulity of the Chorus, make up the most astonishing scene in Greek tragedy—perhaps the most astonishing scene that exists in dramatic literature. She passes in to her doom; and, a moment after, the death-shriek of Agamemnon shows the truth to the still doubting Chorus—only to be convinced when the drawing back of the curtain reveals the figure of Clytemnestra, with axe upon her shoulder and "the dark dew of blood" upon her brow, standing triumphant before the bodies of her victims. She avows the deed; it is "the crisis of an ancient feud"; it is the working of the old curse that has been brooding over the house of Athens; it is the Alastor of the Thyestean banquet, and of Iphigenia's sacrifice; she has but worked out the decree of fate. With such avowals and such excuses, met by the bewildered half-assent of the Chorus, which is at last roused to wrath and some semblance of determination by the appearance of the hated Ægis-

thus, the play ends, and the spectator is left to wait for the vengeance which, he well knows, is to come upon the murderers at the hand of Orestes.

It is plain that to achieve with success the untried task of representing this play on the stage in the original language is a difficult feat; it is a feat which till last week most people would have thought impossible. The actors have to create not only their characters, but their atmosphere, and not all the traditions of Oxford can make the atmosphere of an English stage anything else than unlike the atmosphere of Argos or of Athens. And yet it is not too much to say that from the moment Mr. Courtney crossed the stage and took up his position on the palace roof, to the moment when the Chorus marched away singing its song of vengeance, the audience in Balliol Hall was under the spell of a complete illusion. The beauty of the dresses (contrived chiefly, we believe, by Professor Richmond), the solemnity of Mr. Parratt's quasi-Gregorian music, the stately presence of the King of Men, the statuesque bearing of Clytemnestra, the charm of Cassandra's voice, the fierce, tyrannic strength of Ægisthus, all combined to present a whole which, in spite of certain obvious faults, was stamped from the very first with the seal of success. There are no two opinions about this; the only debate—and it has sometimes waxed warm among partisans—is as to which part was the best and which the less good. Oxford dinner-tables have been for the past week amusingly divided between Clytemnestrians and Cassandrites; between adherents, that is to say, of Mr. Benson, who played the Queen, and of Mr. Lawrence, who played the captive princess. It is true enough that Clytemnestra here and there forgot the rhythm of her iambics, and uttered words in impossible combinations; but faults that would be inexcusable in a short address may very well be pardoned in a long play, where, moreover, not one-tenth of the audience were likely to detect that anything was wrong. In the presence of that superb figure of the Queen, pronouncing with worthy gestures and with the true tragic note the fulfilment of her vengeance, one does not much mind a spondee in the fourth place. Cassandra, again, might perhaps have gone further than Mr. Lawrence went in the direction of prophetic *enthousiasmos*; but if she had done so, an English audience might well have mistaken it for rant, and the actor certainly erred on the safe side if he erred at all. Perhaps, too, another week's training might have brought the Chorus to a higher pitch of perfection—especially in the way of grouping—than it had attained. It is in this matter of grouping their choruses that the actors at Ober-Ammergau specially excel; but then the actors at Ober-Ammergau have a vast stage to group themselves on, and the Oxford actors had but the end of a dining-hall. This limitation of space brought other drawbacks with it; for example, Agamemnon's death-cry was uttered just behind the small curtain, instead of "in the recesses of the palace"—a difference that made the indecision of the Chorus seem still more fatuous and absurd.

> Are we diviners, to conclude from groans
> That he who uttered them is really slain?—

so Professor Campbell renders the question of the Fifth Argive; a question that might be asked if the groans had come muffled by distance, but that seemed the pitch of imbecility as they were uttered with appalling realism from close by. Again, that Clytemnestra should turn and as it were gloat over the bodies while the Chorus sang its ode seemed to many spectators to be contrary to Greek feeling; but here, again, the practical difficulty of want of space may have been the reason. The Queen must do something during that interval; and what else on those narrow boards could she do?

The play was repeated next day at Balliol, and we are glad to hear that it is being given again at Eton, Harrow, and Winchester. We wish all success to the actors in their bold attempt to bring home the power of Greek to places where for the most part Greek is not thought kindly of. Certainly, if the Greek drama was to be revived, it is right that the first trial should be made with the *Agamemnon*. The piece has indeed one fault—the uncertainty which hangs around the motive of Clytemnestra; but, except for this, it stands unquestionably at the head of all Greek plays. None can compare with it in splendour of language, in dim, mysterious elements of terror, in the effect which is produced by the tragic contrast between Agamemnon's triumph and his fall. Above all, in no other do we find a Cassandra; surely the most touching figure that ancient pencil ever drew. We cannot but be grateful to the young men who have given us the opportunity—never given before in modern times, we believe—of seeing and hearing these characters and these situations and this language with our eyes and ears. They have given to many persons much matter for reflection; have suggested, for instance, such questions as these:—Is there so much difference between the Classical and the Romantic drama as the critics would have us believe? And, if you wish to make people care for a language and a literature, is it not the best way of proceeding to show them that the language and the literature have a living force and a human interest?

FEATHER AND FUR.

THE present extraordinary attempt to place the question of ground game on a satisfactory footing is really the consequence of Conservative neglect. Had the late Government during their six years of office dealt with the farmers' grievances as they ought to have done, they would have been spared a proposal which has already aroused opposition in the minds of men who have not ceased to be owners and sportsmen because they are Liberals. "The feather to the landlord and the fur to the tenant" is doubtless a neat and well-turned epigram. It may sound admirably on the platform, and win many votes from electors who hardly know a grouse from a partridge. It is positively charming in its simplicity; but how it is likely to work in practice we propose now to discuss. We speak from considerable experience, and have every sympathy with farmers struggling against bad seasons, high rents, foreign competition, and excess of four-footed game; while we have none whatever with careless landlords who will not recognize stern facts, and who lease their shootings to gentlemen whose idea of sport consists in incessant file-firing varied by sumptuous hot luncheons, instead of sandwiches and a glass of sherry. But we are quite prepared to show that the proposal of the Home Secretary, besides being very questionable in principle, will in practice excite much more annoyance and irritation than already exists, and must in many counties put an end to all good understanding between occupiers and owners.

Hitherto, by sensible and practical landlords, all need for coercive or prohibitive legislation has been anticipated in one or more of the following ways. The owner effectually shoots down game of all kinds, himself or by means of his keepers and trappers, rears and feeds his pheasants, leaves just rabbits enough to prevent the foxes from making inroads on the poultry-yard, allows every tenant, great or small, a fair share of the game which he shoots, and invites such of them as can handle a gun without endangering the lives of their neighbours to join him in a day's shooting. Some landlords, who have more acreage than they can manage, concede to sporting tenants the right of shooting all kinds of game for a moderate sum. A third course is to grant the farmers the privilege of coursing hares and of killing rabbits by means of nets, ferrets, and traps, at certain periods of the year, let us say between November and March. This concurrent right, to our knowledge, has worked admirably. If under it rabbits increase too rapidly, it is the farmer's fault. The feathered game is not made wild in the shooting season by constant gunnery, nor disturbed by the farmer and his "authorized agent" at the period of incubation. A fourth remedy is for the tenant to claim damages from the owner or lessee on account of over-preservation, and round sums have been paid for such injury to crops. But wherever there is a good understanding between the farmer and the owner or his shooting tenant, we can assert that no difficulty has been experienced in removing all ground of complaint without any recourse to law or to arbitration. It may naturally be urged that the proposed Bill, after all, only follows the practice which has hitherto been adopted of their own accord by these equitable proprietors; and that it ought, in consequence, to be welcomed by all parties as a fair settlement of the question. But there is an enormous difference between a mutual adjustment of a vexatious dispute—protected by necessary safeguards, and fitted to the changing circumstances of each county or estate, to the moor and the woodlands, as well as to the arable and pasture—and a rigid principle imported into a Bill, and ultimately invested with the force of an Act of Parliament. The latter is, by its very nature, hard and unbending. The former is elastic, and capable of contraction or expansion according to the interests of the parties or the physical exigencies of each tract of country. It will be sheer mockery to talk about good feeling and concession and forbearance when the Legislature has deliberately invested a sturdy farmer with a right which he cannot alienate, and must therefore enjoy and work to the full.

And now as to the probable effect of this remarkable Bill on each of the parties concerned. We can scarcely conceive that its framers have had any practical acquaintance with legitimate sport. Possibly they imagined that the farmer and the landlord, or his lessee, would meet amicably on a turnip-field or at the edge of a big wood, and after grave salutations agree not to spoil each other's sport. The occupier, invested with the new inalienable privilege, would, like the French Guards at Fontenoy, request the gentlemen on the other side of the hedge or furrow to fire first. Partridges and pheasants, as well as grouse and blackcock, would have somehow the instinct to discern the difference between the farmer who was only destroying greedy hares and vile rabbits, and the owner with his pointers who was intent on bagging so many brace of birds. It is said that foxes are gifted with an acute perception of this kind, and know perfectly well that the appearance of a keeper and a line of beaters, with a retriever or two at their heels, on a frosty day in December, means no harm, while the faint whimper of a hound or the flash of a red coat, during open weather, gives the signal for instant flight. It may be that, in due time, partridges and other feathered game will acquire a similar acuteness of perception, will distinguish between the old muzzle-loader and the new hammerless gun, and will sit still in the ferns or the rushes because they know that it is only old Farmer Giles going after his ground game. But, to speak seriously, it will be recollected that rabbits and hares may, as the law now stands, be shot down during every month of the year. There is no close time for them. What is to prevent an occupier or his "authorized agent" from exercising his "concurrent" right from sunrise to sunset, any day or every day between the 1st of January and the 31st of December? It is idle to say that men will not go to such extreme or unreasonable lengths, and that concurrent rights will be used with due discretion and forbearance. At any moment a discontented occupier, or a farmer who had been annoyed by some act or word of the squire's keeper, might make the position of master and servant literally unbearable.

Ground game would at this rate certainly be kept under, but other game would as infallibly disappear with it. It seems to be entirely forgotten, too, that a single farm and a large property fit for the legitimate exercise of sport are not always conterminous or identical in extent. In other words, there may be half a dozen or a dozen and more farms on a single estate let for sporting. The right which the Legislature proposes to confer on the occupier may give the owner or squire not one but a bevy of partners in his shooting. When he goes out for an afternoon's sport on any one of his farms, or on two or three of them in succession, he may find that six guns have been blazing away all round during the forenoon, and that his appearance at the gate of a field is the signal for every covey to take wing. That this sort of thing will happen all sportsmen must admit. Friction may possibly be avoided where there are old tenants, who have a respect for owners under whose grandfathers their occupation began; but sportsmen, like poets, are an irritable race. An Eastern proverb says that two Dervishes may sit on one carpet but that one kingdom cannot contain two kings. We do not believe that the friendship of a life or the affection of twin-brothers would long stand the uncertainty and worry engendered by "concurrent" rights to shoot.

We have hitherto been considering the position of the owner who might bring to the working of a strange piece of legislative ingenuity all the advantages of prestige, position, good temper, and political and social influence. But there are other claims to be thought of. There are the numerous lessees of shooting tracts. It will be allowed, we apprehend, that such leases have a high marketable value, and that lessees, especially in Scotland, add largely to the landlord's rental and cause cash to circulate in the neighbourhood. A landlord has more than one place, or is compelled to reside abroad for health, or becomes indifferent to shooting, and wishes to let his country residence to a suitable tenant; and it will hardly be denied, even by advanced Liberals, that hard-worked men of business who keep up an absent owner's house and grounds, consume local produce, employ local labour, avoid Co-operative Stores, and deal with the tradesmen of some small village or town in the North, are not exactly unmixed evils. Many gentlemen in these circumstances have been most anxious to meet the farmers' views with regard to keeping down ground game, and yet have been willing to pay highly for those exclusive privileges both of shooting and fishing which they deem indispensable. Is it in the least likely that they will be as willing to pay at the same rate when they find that their shooting-grounds may be harried by more than a dozen farmers, who are only availing themselves of their "concurrent and inalienable" rights? Scotch proprietors especially, whether Liberals or Conservatives, may well be asked to scrutinize narrowly a measure which may have the effect of seriously lowering their rental, and driving off their shooting tenants to Norway or Canada. We can hardly cast a glance at any of the advertisements of our sporting journals without seeing how valuable an increment to property must be the right to mixed shootings, comprising all kinds of game. But blue hares are found on the tops of hills in Rosshire, and rabbits on moorland tracts; and "concurrent" rights to shoot may take farmers with their guns halfway up the Grampians over the best grouse ground in the kingdom.

And now we come to the position of the farmers, for whose especial benefit this novel principle in legislation is to be applied. Other writers have dwelt forcibly on the vicious principles of the Bill. That it infringes on freedom of contract; that it is at once coercive and protective at the sole expense of the landlord; that it exalts the tenant, who, while farms are being thrown up in every county, is perfectly able to make proper terms for himself; that it must force both owner and occupier into antagonism, distrust, and defiance; and that it cannot fail to convert a remediable grievance into a perpetual standing sore—these are blots which have been hit in leaders and in letters during the past fortnight. But the extraordinary part of the proposal is that the farmer is not to be permitted to part with his new privilege to the person of all others the most fitted to take it back. The Bill starts with the apparent presumption that the landlord and his shooting tenant must be the farmer's "inalienable" foes. The farmer may delegate his right to any one but the owner. The "agent" whom he employs may be the veriest tramp or poacher who ever vexed the righteous soul of the keeper, or grieved the parson by selecting Sunday for his predatory excursions. Other results will be more curious still. A landlord, worried with endless bickering and the outcries of gamekeepers, or not caring for sport, may come to the determination that he had better lease to the farmer the whole remaining rights of shooting; and the latter may be willing to pay for the additional privilege of killing feathered game. Here freedom of contract is allowed. But the converse would be impossible. The farmer, from similar indifference to sport, might be anxious to give back to his squire his "concurrent" privilege; but the law has declared it to be "inalienable." It must abide on him like a garment of Nessus, or the Old Man of the Sea of whom he cannot get rid. Again, there are tracts held by ecclesiastical and civic corporations, the trustees or managers of which are in the habit of letting their farm with the shooting rights, either separately or together. The farmer has often taken from such trustees the lease of land and shootings, with the avowed purpose of sub-letting the latter to some eligible tenant. If this Bill passes, the concurrent and inalienable right by which he is to kill ground game himself would deprive his shooting lease of one-half of its attractions as a marketable article. We know a case in which a splendid sheep farm in the south of Scotland was let by the trustees of the owner, who was incapacitated from managing his own affairs, to a practical man from Bewcastle Dale, with its mixed shooting of blackcock, grouse, rabbits, and hares. The worthy farmer had never fired a shot in his life, and was only too glad to recoup himself, as he was expected to do, by letting the entire and undivided right of sporting over 4,300 acres to a sportsman with whom, to the last day of his life, he continued to be on the very best of terms. Had this proposed law been in existence, the arrangement would have been legally impossible, and the farmer would have been saddled with an encumbrance and a dead loss. He would have lost his shooting rental, and must have employed or hired men to kill down the game.

Cannot the Government devise some better means of remedying a palpable grievance than by passing a law which, if it be not flagrantly evaded, is calculated to set all parties by the ears? We might also lay stress on the fact that the principle adopted will lower the position and dignity of the landlord, will increase any existing bitterness between him and his farmers, and will lead to further attacks on property and its appendages. Possibly there may be some advanced thinkers to whom these results would give exquisite gratification. But our main object here is to show the practical results of the measure if swallowed by Parliament in its present harsh, rigid, and unbending shape. If past experience gives any warrant for prediction, these results can only be the annoyance of the landlord, a sudden fall in shooting-rents, the dismay and flight of lessees, the vexation of the farmer who is anxious to remain on good terms with his neighbours, endless artifices to defeat the law, and a general sense of harassment, distrust, and perplexity. It would be far better to give the injured farmer a cheap and substantial remedy against over-preservation by allowing him to claim damages before a couple of arbitrators, or, in default of this, by a suit in the County Court, or in Scotland before the Sheriff. It seems, further, in the highest degree unfair to include all owners and lessees under one sweeping and prohibitive enactment, merely because some persons have been guilty of neglect or mismanagement, and others have converted a sporting tenancy into a profitable commercial speculation, and have covered a large portion of their shooting rental by game reared and fed at the farmer's expense and sold to dealers in Liverpool or London. It might even be an arguable point to retain the word "concurrent," and to strike out "inalienable." The farmer, clothed with his new right, would dispose of it to the persons most likely to secure or serve his own interests. And such persons would naturally be the landlord or his shooting tenant. Fussy and grandmotherly legislation has rarely taken such a shape as that now proposed. That the Bill will pass after the opposition shown to it by Liberals before the second reading, seems highly improbable. Or if, in its present shape, it be sent up by the Commons to the Lords, who are all owners of land, it can scarcely fail of extinction or mutilation. But if by chance it should become law, owing to a large Liberal majority, the shortsighted views of Chambers of Agriculture, and the unwillingness of peers to resist a supposed popular view, it would only be another example of the inability of ultra-Liberals to grapple practically with troublesome questions, and of the electioneering maxim that there is no despot like a Radical in power.

SAVINGS BANKS.

WHEN the time comes for Mr. Gladstone to defend his proposal to raise the limit of deposits in Savings Banks we shall no doubt know what is at present very much in the dark—the precise class of persons whom the change is intended to benefit. To justify such a proposal one of two things must be established. Hitherto it has been supposed that Savings Banks were set up partly to teach thrift to people who were too heedless to learn the lesson unless it were conveyed to them in a specially plain way, and partly to help those who did not want to be taught thrift, but who were too poor to put the lesson into practice unless some machinery were provided for the investment of their small savings. Both these classes are, and are likely to remain, sufficiently numerous. If there were no Savings Banks a large amount of money that is now put by would be spent. In theory the old stocking would be there to receive it; but the old stocking lies too conveniently handy when money is wanted to make it at all a safe receptacle. It is not a very difficult matter to take deposits out of a Savings Bank, but it cannot be done without the interposition of some short interval during which wiser counsels may prevail. When the old stocking had once been emptied in this way, the inducement to refill it would be very much weakened, and after recourse had been had to it a second time, it would altogether disappear. It takes a more thrifty people than Englishmen yet are to be able to refrain from using money when it is wanted and is to be had by crossing the room. Of course this is not true of all the poor. There are many of them, especially among women, who are quite able to save money, and do save it under circumstances which seem to make the process almost impossible. But without Savings Banks there would be no way of turning these savings to account in the way of interest. It seems hard that a class which has to surmount so many difficulties before it can get together a little capital should be unable to make any profit on its capital when it is got together. It may be only another instance of the law that to him that hath shall be given; but it is an instance in which the law seems to work so hardly that every one is glad when a way of escape from it offers itself. To pro-

vide Savings Banks which shall receive and give interest on very small deposits has for a long time been one of the first desires with every one who is anxious to improve the condition of his poor neighbours.

These are the classes for which Savings Banks have hitherto been intended, and one way of justifying the proposed alteration in the limits of annual and total deposits would be to show that the change is demanded in the interests of the poor. But it seems hardly possible that this plea can be set up. A man or woman who is able to put by 30*l.* in one year, and to leave the yearly ments in the Savings Bank until they amount to 150*l.*, cer- does not fall within the first of the two classes just The habit of thrift has been acquired; the lesson how to forego present comfort for future advantage has been learned. Nor can the change be needed by those who want to gain on very small sums a profit corresponding in kind to that which richer investors gain on larger sums. The sempstress or the charwoman does not put by 30*l.* in the year, and long before her savings have reached 150*l.* she is probably ready to buy a small business or stock a small shop. Consequently, if it is the poor for whom Mr. Gladstone proposes to legislate, it must be a description of different poor from either of these; and where this third type is to be found it would be very hard to say. It may be, again, that the Bill is designed to meet another kind of want altogether. There are those, no doubt, who are not poor in the ordinary sense of the term, and who are yet very much at a loss what to do with the money they annually lay by. The sum may come to a good deal more than 30*l.* in the course of the year, but they have no stockbroker, and though they keep a current account at a banker's, they have hardly so much as heard of a deposit account. There is little doubt that it would be a convenience to many persons in these circumstances to be able to allow their savings to mount up in the Post Office until they were large enough to make a broker willing to accept them as customers. The provisions of the new Savings Banks Bill exactly meet this class of cases. Depositors will be allowed to place 100*l.* in the bank during any one year, and they may go on increasing their deposits until they reach the sum of 250*l.* But the question is not closed when this has been admitted. There are many things which this or that class of persons would like the State to do, and which the State might do with great benefit to the particular class concerned. It has hitherto been supposed, however, that something more than the convenience of a particular class has to be considered before the intervention of the State in businesses which are already more than sufficiently filled can be held justifiable. The State takes the money of the poor, if not at a loss, at all events at a quite inadequate profit, because an ordinary banker will not take it. Is there any reason to suppose that an ordinary banker would refuse a deposit account which grew by 100*l.* each year? Very possibly there are large numbers of persons saving this amount annually who do not like to trouble a banker to take charge of it. But is there any reason to suppose that this diffidence on their part is well founded? If we look at the petition from the Association of English County Bankers presented last week, or to a letter from certain Manchester bankers which has been widely circulated, we shall see very good grounds for taking the contrary view. The only motive which bankers can have for opposing these clauses of the Savings Bank Bill is that they are likely, if passed, to draw away custom which they wish to attract to themselves. Thus, on the only hypothesis on which the Bill can be defended, the custom of people saving 100*l.* a year is custom which only a State office will care to accept. Unless the banking interest is very much of a dog in the manger, this is not in the least true. The Manchester bankers plead that they are "the representatives of institutions voluntarily established by provident persons for the management of their own affairs"; and that it is very unfair towards them that they should be subjected to "the illegitimate competition of banks established for eleemosynary purposes, which are seeking to engraft upon their proper functions those of ordinary bankers who are unaided by the influence and guarantee of the Government." There is nothing here that looks like indifference to such trifling sums as 100*l.* If these bankers do not want to be troubled with deposits not exceeding in all 250*l.*, why should they speak of the competition of Savings Banks as "illegitimate," and envy the Savings Banks "the influence and guarantee of the Government"? The only interpretation that can rationally be placed on these objections is that they imply a desire on the part of those who raise them to obtain those customers whom, as the framers of the Savings Banks Bill assume, no banker will so much as look at.

The petition of the Association of County Bankers is still more explicit upon this point. The petitioners declare that the increase of the maximum limit of deposits in Savings Banks "is an unnecessary interference with the business carried on by the banking community of this country." So far are they from despising the small things signified by the proposed figures of 100*l.* and 250*l.*, that they declare their belief that "fully one-third of the total amount held by country bankers upon deposit and current account consists of sums not exceeding 300*l.*" For this reason they submit to the House of Commons that the effect of the proposed increase in Savings Banks deposits "would be to put these institutions in direct competition with country banks in their own sphere of business." To all appearance, therefore, the case in favour of this part of the Savings Banks Bill is bad on the face of it. It might be doubted whether the Government ought thus to enlarge its banking operations even if it did not thereby come into competition with private traders. But here is a case in which the private traders only ask to be allowed to do the business which the Government propose to undertake. And, as if to make the argument more perfect, the Bill actually provides another and unobjectionable means of meeting the assumed wants of the particular class of depositors which is presumably to be benefited by the extension of the limits of deposits. If the clauses relating to the purchase of Government stock become law, any depositor may request to have his deposit, or any part of it, invested in Consols. The class of persons who have money to invest and yet are ignorant of the ways of bankers will be just as well served by greater facilities for the purchase of Government stock as by greater facilities for investment in Savings Banks. If it is thought expedient to increase their opportunities of saving money, it is towards the purchase of stock rather than towards deposits in Savings Banks that Mr. Gladstone ought to turn his attention. By this means he will escape the imputation of interfering with private trade, while he will equally recommend thrift to a class which has hitherto been supposed to stand in no special need of encouragement in this direction.

MODERN POPULAR SONGS.

THE eternally quoted person who wished to make the songs rather than the laws of peoples could not have had his desire gratified in any but very modern times and very civilized races. In England before the Reformation, and in many European countries now, as in Greece and Italy and Brittany, the people make their own songs and set them to their own music. The Volkslieder of Europe all resemble each other in character. They all date from a time when life was a kind of opera. The peasant had his cradle songs, his wedding songs, his dirges, his chants for seed-time and harvest, and for all the sacred seasons of the year. Other ballads he had in which certain romantic adventures furnished the topic, and a scanty assortment of these topics seems to have served for all the European nations. Girls who were determined to marry "their true loves," false and cruel lovers, a few ghost stories, and some faint memories of romantic episodes in history made up the peasant store of ballad legend. As to the love songs, every one was at liberty to compose these for himself, and every one used the same pretty commonplaces about singing-birds, budding flowers, and sapphires, and gold like the ladies' eyes and hair. The great popular amusement in Greek country districts is still dancing, as it was in merry England

> When Tom came home from labour,
> And Cis from milking rose.

The dances swang and swayed to the music of the ballad singer; they were swift or slow as the song was merry or pathetic. All the world was indeed a stage, an operatic stage, and almost all the education of the peasant was made up of popular songs.

The Reformation, or rather the Puritan reaction, stamped out the spontaneous songs and dances of the English people. These diversions were denounced by the grave Stubbs in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, and were proscribed by every Presbytery. Only among the children, and chiefly in Scotland, have the ancient tunes and the pantomimic verses survived. But the love of song and music naturally remains among the English people, though the faculty of producing original music and song has been crushed. The barrel-organ man in a village or a back street is to modern England what the "blind crowders" with their chants were to the England of Sir Philip Sidney. Little children dancing in a dingy court to the mechanical music of "Nancy Lee" make a pretty sight enough, and are all that we have to show in place of the old choirs of village lads and lasses. A state of things exists in which, as the people cannot make its own songs, some one must make songs for the people. There seem to be two sets of popular bards, whose sale and whose success among the unknown public might make Mr. Tennyson envious. First, there are the music-hall bards. These songsters stir the great heart of the city folks, as it were with the sound of a trumpet. "To arms, to arms, to arms, they cry," in the name of Jingo. They breathe of heady delights, of war, of wine, of the popular Aphrodite. When they do not proclaim their readiness to fight, they admit that they are "Rollicking Rams," that they have "Lost their Latchkey," or that their generic name is "Champagne Charley." They take long sitting shots at the follies of the day and of the town, at the Mona Lisas of photography, at the cheap dandy who chants "Ain't I a Cheese!" The ethical analysis of these popular songs produces distressing results. The residuum of each composition is a deposit of solid unalloyed vulgarity. The lover of rowdy popular songs confesses himself to be a mean admirer of mean things, of a cheap, noisy, flashy sort of life, of a constant state of alcoholic excitement. Fancy paints him in a magenta necktie, with dirty yellow gloves, with a book on the Derby, with a stick that inexpensively imitates the last fashion but two. If popular songs make popular characters, we may expect a ghastly generation of dingy *gommeux* as a consequence of fast music-hall ditties. But there is another class of popular song, which is full of tender sentiment and domestic affection, and bluff, honest pleasure in a laborious life. This sort, if one may judge by the milder kind of drawing-room ditty, and by the airs of the barrel-organ-grinders, is as popular among the respectable

middle classes as "Champagne Charley" among the *jeunesse exiwée* of London. The barrel-organ-man in *Punch* broke up his machine when he heard that he had come into a fortune, and vowed that he would never play "dat tam 'Nancy Lee' again." But "Nancy Lee" is a very moral, refreshing piece of verse, and contains such "criticism of life," to use Mr. Arnold's phrase, as is convenient for the consumption of worthy seafaring men.

There lies before us a small volume of lyrics called *Dresden China, and other Songs* (Diprose and Bateman), composed by Mr. F. E. Weatherly, the author of "Nancy Lee." Though Mr. Weatherly's name is possibly all but unknown to Mr. Maudle and his æsthetically gloomy school, Mr. Weatherly is perhaps the most popular poet of the day. His strains are sung everywhere, as Tasso's used to be in Italy, and, as we write, a small boy passes whistling through his teeth the air of "Turnham Toll." It is possible (as Maudle knows) to have a kind of fame without popularity, and it is possible to have an extensive popularity without very much fame. Mr. Weatherly has still to wait for the latter, and, when it comes, perhaps he will have to share it with Mr. Molloy, Mr. Pinsuti, and other gentlemen who wed to music his immortal lines. Thanks to the barrel-organ and the little boys accomplished in the art of whistling, the music of Mr. Weatherly's compositions is better known perhaps than the words. It is to the words that we would direct attention. They comfort the heart of observers who are saddened by the songs of *le moyen homme sensuel*: by the ditties in which 'Arry celebrates the delight of the eyes and the desire of the flesh. They are full of kindliness, of gentle melancholy suggested by the approach of old age, full of honest purpose, of all manner of moral virtues. Not very many of us perhaps know the words of "Nancy Lee," that air which has conquered every barrel-organ in England. After eliminating a good deal of refrain about

Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! yeo ho!

we come to the gist of the matter, thus expressed:—

The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be!

How noble, how elevating is this simple criticism of the mariner's existence! There have been poets who averred that the tar "found a wife in every port." Another singer has ventured on the antinomian refrain:—

It doesn't matter what you do,
If your *heart* is only true.

And his *heart* was true to Poll in verse, though it must be confessed that his conduct was less satisfactory. Mr. Weatherly is really not a poet alone, but an ethical instructor. His jolly tars are not what Mrs. Ramsbotham calls "gay Lutherans." They do not box the amorous compass all round, nor veer with every gale of passion, as Dibdin's tars were too apt to do. When among the ladies of Cadiz, or the liberal beauties of the Society Islands, they hum to themselves

But true an' bright from morn till night
My home will be,
An' all so neat an' snug an' sweet
For Jack at sea,
An' Nancy's face to bless the place,
An' welcome me!

In a vein rather more free and gay, but still dallying with the innocence of love, we have the widely admired "Turnham Toll":—

"Now where are you going so early this morning?
Now where are you going so early?" said he;
He peep'd at her little face under the awning; (orning?)
"I'm going to market, to market," said she!

And here, again, at the close, we have a truly sincere and far-sighted criticism of life. The turnpike-man—no misanthrope, in spite of the elder Mr. Weller—roams half-way to Arcady with the young lady who was going to market. Consequently, the toll is left open on market-day, and the people who look after the roads are out of pocket. But for the turnpike-man and the maiden, as for Mr. William Morris, "love is enough."

But two happy souls, each the other condoles,
That life's something better than markets and tolls.

And so life is, though how the turnpike-man's employers may "condole" him when they hear of his adventure, a sense of poetic justice will not permit us to inquire. If any poem could alter the effect of the orders about fugitive slaves which were imposed on mariners by the late Ministry, it would be "Jack's Yarn." Here a runaway slave boards a British man-of-war.

Then our cap'n he up-stood, so noble, proud, an' good,
An' the poor old nig was at his knee;
"Every man is free," he cries, "where the British colour flies,
An' I'll never give him up!" says he.

Perhaps in the idyl called "A Little Mountain Lad" too much stress is laid on the littleness of the youth. We are informed no fewer than four times in three stanzas that he *was* only a little mountain lad. Happily a lady who had "wooers at her feet, and all that's rich and rare," consented to "be his little bride." Here, again, a popular note is struck. By an innocent piece of socialism, a lady of rank and wealth is represented as resigning her splendour to marry an indigent youth who was under the middle height. The duty of conjugal fidelity is again impressed on the seaman in "Polly," the name of the wife and of the barque of the singer.

Polly an' Polly, they're so jolly,
the sweetest pair in the world.

The sentiment of regret for time passed occurs very frequently in this collection of songs. Here is a pretty example:—

We are drifting down the stream,
by the darkening willow shore,
in a happy golden dream,
and my lover rows no more.
He lets the old boat glide; he is sitting at my side
and saying that his heart is mine
for ever, evermore.

Row! row! under the stars;
flow, stream, by thy sandy bars!
row! row! from shore to shore,
love will last for evermore.

But 'tis long and long ago,
and he is here no more;
I do but sit and dream and dream
beside the quiet shore.
The old boat still floats on, as in the years a-gone,
and thy words are in my heart, my love,
for ever, evermore.

The beauty of a delicate old age, drifting to the still water of death, is the theme of "Granny." In "Old Timbertoes" there is a spirited memory of

the time we licked the Rooshans, boys,
a score o' years ago.

In fact, through this collection of some seventy popular songs, there are scarcely any but touch some honest manly sentiment. We think Mr. Weatherly is now and then too didactic, and once or twice, if we may say so, rather twaddling. But it is a very considerable achievement to have composed so many lyrics that have "go" and feeling in them, that appeal straight to the hearts of honest people who understand not Maudle and his *rondeaux*. There is a vast public for the verse which is less poetical than moral and innocently sentimental, and these verses must go some way to counteract the baneful effects of the rowdy popular Muse.

A PROPOSED SUBSTITUTE FOR THE POOR-LAW.

LORD CARNARVON lately made a proposal in the Upper House which, as Lord Kimberley remarked, "has a very taking appearance at first," and consequently has many advocates among philanthropists who have not given themselves the trouble to think out all the details of the project. Lord Carnarvon's scheme was limited to the agricultural classes, because he believes that it could be more easily worked amongst those classes. But obviously it ought to be universal, if adopted at all. The proposal is to substitute insurance for the Poor-law. Assuming, however, that it were to be tried, the intended limitation to a particular section of the community would raise questions as to the classes which were to be compulsorily taxed and those which were to be exempted, which would cause more odium than any Government would dare to face. If the plan is to be discussed seriously, it must be on the assumption that it is to apply to the whole community. Partly moved perhaps by this consideration, but chiefly from a conviction of its utter impracticability, the House of Lords refused to discuss the project seriously. It may possibly be said that the House of Lords, from its very constitution, could not be expected to lead the way in so sweeping a social change as the proposal implies; that the function of a Second Chamber is to put the drag upon the innovating tendencies of the more popular branch of the Legislature, and that therefore the Peers would have been departing from their true *rôle* had they zealously taken up this question. A very little consideration, however, will show that they had far better reasons for the caution they displayed than any supposed disinclination to engage in a task of social reform. No body of men in England have a more thorough acquaintance with the working of the Poor-laws than the House of Lords, and for that reason they are more likely to feel keenly the objections that apply to them. But a sense of the faultiness of the existing system must not blind us to the unpractical character of the proposed substitute. The object of those from whom Lord Carnarvon evidently borrowed the idea is to eradicate pauperism by compelling every person to insure himself against sickness, accident, and old age, in an office founded and managed by the State. It is admitted that the insurance must be universal, or it would not supersede the Poor-laws; that it must be compulsory, or it would not be resorted to by those certain to require relief; and that the premium paid ought to be sufficient to cover the working expenses and the payments assured, or it would be only charity under another name. Let us suppose that a Bill based upon these principles was presented to the House of Commons, and then let us inquire whether it ought to command the support of men who are fully aware of the objections to the Poor-laws—their communistic taint, their discouragement of thrift, their hereditary transmission of pauperism, and the burden they impose upon the respectable and industrious for the benefit of the worthless and the lazy.

If the State is to enforce universal insurance, it clearly must be able to lay its hand at the right moment upon every person subject to its jurisdiction. It must know the name, sex, age, status, residence, and occupation of every one of its subjects; of such as are employed, it must know by whom they are employed; and it must be informed within a reasonable time of every change of address and employment. In short, it must obtain with
to the whole community as full information as it

[illegible] profligate and ticket-of-leave men. Those who are acquainted with the imperfections of the existing registration of births and deaths will be able to form some idea of the difficulty of obtaining and keeping up such information as this. If it is found impossible universally to enforce registration and vaccination, though in both cases medical assistance can be invoked in aid of the law, what chance is there of tracing every individual in the United Kingdom for at least twenty-one years? And, as the difficulty would be immense, the cost would be corresponding. It may be replied that the cost of the Poor-law is enormous, and would be saved by the suggested change. Granting this, and admitting further that, as nations which have adopted the conscription have found it possible to keep a register of all males, it would not be quite impossible in the United Kingdom to keep a register of the whole population, we still must remark upon the departure from all the habits of English life and English administration which the change would imply. Assuming, however, that the end to be attained is decided to be worth the sacrifice, and that the innovation is actually introduced, we have only got over the preliminary obstacles to find ourselves brought face to face with the real difficulties of the problem.

It is estimated by Lord Carnarvon that in the case of the agricultural labourers a payment of 10*l.* made before the age of twenty-one would be sufficient to entitle each man to adequate relief in sickness and old age. The sufficiency of the premium is an actuarial question, which does not affect the principle at issue. We are willing to assume, therefore, for the sake of argument that the estimate has been carefully and accurately made. In the large towns, where sickness is more common than in the rural districts, the premium, of course, would require to be higher; but we need not enter upon that point now. It is further argued by Lord Carnarvon that an agricultural labourer between the ages of 18 and 21 earns as much as between 30 and 40; that at the former age he is usually unmarried, and therefore could well afford a payment of 10*l.*, which, if spread over four years, would not quite amount to a shilling a week. This may be true enough if we are talking only of men. But it is not equally true of girls, many of whom, indeed, earn nothing for themselves. What is to be done in the case of unmarried girls not earning any wages at all, or earning only occasionally? Are their fathers to be compelled to pay the premium for them out of wages admittedly insufficient for the proper maintenance of a family? Or, if not, is the payment to fall subsequently upon their husbands, should they marry, and thus to discourage marriage and encourage concubinage? Or is public charity to step in? These questions become still more embarrassing in the towns, where the female labour market is yet more overcrowded, women's wages consequently very low, and women's health exceedingly weak. Is a needlewoman, barely able to keep body and soul together, to be called upon to insure against sickness and old age? Or is a shopgirl trying to pay rent and to feed and clothe herself out of shillings a week, to be compelled to pay one of those shillings for four long years to an insurance fund? If the answer is in the negative, the impracticability of the scheme is acknowledged. If in the affirmative, the further question arises, how is compulsion to be applied? The reply is ready, Let the employers pay for their workpeople. But it is not so certain that employers would consent to collect gratuitously the debts of the State at the risk of collision with their men. It is hardly probable that respectable workmen, not having the fear of the workhouse before their eyes, will, for the sake of extinguishing pauperism, which they know by experience to be the result of vice, crime, or laziness, consent to forego part of the market value of their labour; and, if they do not so consent, to render the employer responsible for them would be a very serious matter. The employer of a thousand workpeople, for example, would be bound to pay 50*l.* a week, or 2,600*l.* a year. It is nonsense to say that he would be compensated by the abolition of Poor-rates.

So far we have been arguing on the assumption that all the poor earn something, however inadequate, and that the problem would be how to reserve its due share of their earnings for the State. But notoriously this is not the case. Pauperism is to a large extent inherited, the pauper child seldom emerging from the state in which he was brought up, and always tending to fall back into it. Where it is not hereditary, it is the fruit of vice, crime, drunkenness, and slothfulness. What, then, is to be done with the criminal classes, and those from whom they are recruited—the youth of both sexes, in short, who later in life fill the gaols and workhouses, crowd the casual wards, and are seen at night haunting the streets? A sanguine optimism may hope that education will gradually impart a new character to the population. But legislation is not to be founded on a sanguine optimism; and in any event the realization of the hope is too distant to affect present legislation. Now, at any rate, we have a multitude of criminals, vagrants, prostitutes, and paupers, young as well as old, who have not, and never will have, the means of honestly paying a premium. Thus, when closely examined, this fine-sounding scheme, with all its pretentions, throws the support of the improvident and the ne'er-do-well on the well-to-do and the industrious, just as does the Poor-law. Nor could it be otherwise. Legislation is as powerless to make men thrifty and provident as to make them virtuous; and without thrift and foresight there cannot be independence. It is conceivable that a time may come when, as some philosophers are bold enough to recommend, marriage will be permitted only between people morally, intellectually, and physically healthy, and when all children born will have force of character enough to their own living. Meanwhile we must accept pauperism as inevitable. Nor is it only in the ways we have been pointing out that the scheme is visionary. At present the disgrace attaching to pauperism restrains the respectable poor from applying for relief without urgent and overwhelming necessity. But there would be no hesitation in accepting the allowance which the State stipulated to grant in return for payments made. The Sick Clubs find the disposition to come upon them unnecessarily a standing difficulty, although the members have all an interest in preventing malingering. But nobody would have an interest in protecting a State fund. It would suffice to meet all demands, whatever might happen; and if it did not, the tax-payers would be bound to make up the deficit. So far, therefore, from being an encouragement to thrift, the tendency of the scheme would rather be to promote the shamming of sickness, and thus to discourage honest industry. There would likewise be the danger of fraudulent collusion between the local administrators of the fund and the beneficiaries. There is the further objection from the financial point of view that, were the Government to engage in such a business, it would inevitably draw to itself the business of the insurance Companies, and would be in a position absolutely to control the money market. But it is needless to multiply arguments against a scheme which it is difficult to imagine any statesman seriously entertaining.

SCULPTURE IN 1880.

It is highly satisfactory to those who have long regarded the condition of sculpture in England with a sort of hopelessness, to be obliged to recognize this year a distinct increase of vitality in the art and a corresponding revival of popular interest in it. The Royal Academy has done nothing to facilitate the study of those works which it still contemptuously relegates to the background of a central resting-room for weary visitors, and the unusual attention that the sculpture receives must be put down to its unusual excellence. It is not that any one or two statues of startling proportions have attracted popular gossip, but that the average level of merit is decidedly higher than it has been for a long time. Once more we venture to repeat the suggestion that the Royal Academy, gracefully coming forward to recognize the revival of sculpture among us, should do something to remedy the pressure of space and ignominy of position which do so much to ruin the effect of the best groups and statues. It would be easy with the exercise of a little ingenuity to distribute the principal figures through the rooms so as to give the sculptors a few more of those advantages which the painters enjoy in abundance; nor would it injure the effect of the pictures to confront them here and there with the cool and serene beauty of marble.

We were not so fortunate as to like Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's principal work last year, and we have therefore special satisfaction in joining the chorus of praise that has greeted his "Artemis" (1566) as the best figure of the present Exhibition. The artist has chosen one of those moments of arrested movement which lend themselves so happily to heroic sculpture. The goddess, passing swiftly through the forest, suddenly perceives some hind or stag in front of her, and pauses, while with her right hand bent over her shoulder she takes an arrow out of her quiver. Her left hand is pressed back by her hound, which has strayed on to her right side, an incident that is both original in itself and useful in compressing the composition. The head is modelled with singular dignity and distinction, and the artist has, whether intentionally or accidentally we know not, given to the features of Artemis something of the type conventionally associated with her brother Phœbus. The drapery is worked out with great freshness and skill, the sharp folds of light tissue clothing the limbs with fresh delicacy rather than concealing their proportions. Where all is so delicately conceived and learnedly executed, it would be ungracious to dwell on the somewhat over-pensive expression of the head, to which the excitement of the chase might, even in a goddess, have lent some livelier show of animation. The modelling of the left shoulder is worthy of special praise. The figure is not well placed, and if it be exhibited again, in marble or bronze, we hope to find it so situated that it can be examined from all sides.

The new Associate, Mr. Charles Birch, is an artist who has won his position by sound and careful work; but this year he has hardly done justice to his powers. His principal group, Lieut. Walter Pollock Hamilton defending the Embassy at Cabul, is a subject scarcely suited for sculpture. The brave and devoted young soldier stands astride a prostrate Afghan, and holds out a pistol in his right hand. His pose is not without vigour; but the form of the dying Oriental projects too much from the composition, and destroys its outline. The "Moment of Peril" (1575), by Mr. Thomas Brock, is better in every respect, and would indeed be worthy of great praise if it were thoroughly original. A naked Indian warrior has allowed his horse to trample on the coils of a boa constrictor; and the enraged serpent, having already paralysed the hind-quarters of the horse, menaces the rider too with his erected fangs. There is a wild air of horror and suspense about the face of the Indian that gives great value to this spirited composition, which should without delay be executed in bronze. Mr. Boehm overwhelms the Lecture Room with a colossal equestrian of Lord Napier of Magdala (1585), which is to be cast in

bronze and set up in some public square in Calcutta. Until it reaches its destination, criticism must be silent about it, for at present it is impossible to see it, except from the further wall of Room VIII., whence, unfortunately, the foreshortening of the horse's head gives the animal almost a ridiculous air. So huge a work it is scarcely wise to exhibit within the walls of a gallery. One or two groups deserve mention, if hardly praise. Mr. Atkinson's "Æneas Protecting the Body of Pandarus" (1563), and Mr. T. S. Lee's "Death of Abel" (1532), are composed with cleverness, especially the latter, but each is spoiled by the clumsiness of the female figure. The recumbent body of Abel in Mr. Lee's work is carefully studied and gracefully modelled. Mr. Hamilton M'Carthy's "Robert Burns and Highland Mary" is weak and sentimental, and the monstrous disproportion of the heads must strike the least experienced observer.

Mr. Birch and Mr. Hamo Thornycroft each exhibit a carefully finished bronze statuette of a nude male figure. It is interesting to compare the two most prominent among our younger sculptors in this exact juxtaposition. Mr. Birch's "Retaliation" (1557) shows a mountaineer, at whose feet a lamb lies dead, defending himself from an unseen eagle. It is a reduction of a statue exhibited last year. Mr. Thornycroft's "Putting the Stone" (1612) tells its subject in its title. Both works are interesting and accomplished, but the second is the more remarkable from a technical point of view. The thin and sinewy legs and prominent ancle-bones of the youth who puts the stone are modelled so realistically and with so little regard for effect, that the general public is likely to prefer Mr. Birch's more rounded figure with its graceful reminiscence of the antique; but artists and physiologists will recognize the treatment of the trunk in Mr. Thornycroft's figure as of rare science and exactitude. The two statues are worthy to be bracketed as excellent examples of the best work in sculpture now being produced in England. Mr. George Lawson's "Daphnis" (1556) is a good figure, surmounted by an uninteresting head. Mr. Lawes's "Daphne" (1562) has merits, but recalls one of the triumphs of Mr. Watts. Mr. Horace Montford has propounded an enigma in his "Iphigenia" (1564)—a female figure leaning gaily forward, and crowning herself with a chaplet—which we cannot and scarcely care to solve. Mr. George Simmonds has produced one of the worst figures of the year in his life-sized statue of Sir William Muir (1570), the drapery and general treatment of which recall those dark ages when Noble filled our streets with monumental sculpture. Mr. Calder Marshall is only represented this year by a single figure, a graceful "Miranda" (1584). Mr. Boehm's model of a marble statue of Lord John Russell (1592), to be placed in the Central Hall of the Houses of Parliament, strikes us as singularly spirited and dignified. Mr. Mullins exhibits a sprightly statuette of Mr. Val Prinsep (1632), in Volunteer uniform.

Mr. Armstead has rarely exhibited anything more original or charming than his decorative panel "The Courage of David," in which he shows himself a rare master of the fanciful and dainty art of bas-relief. The distribution of broad planes of surface in this work is delightful to the eye, and gives the composition a thoroughly sculpturesque, as opposed to a picturesque, effect. The young David, wrestling with a lion, tears his jaws asunder by the mere force of his hands; it is to be wished that the attitude of these hands were a little more natural and vigorous. But of the originality and beauty of the work there can be no question; it forms to the student of sculpture one of the most hopeful features of the Exhibition. It is destined to decorate the Guards' Chapel in St. James's Park. It is interesting to pass from this eminently monumental bas-relief to Mr. Tinworth's clever "Going to Calvary" (1517), a bas-relief composed in a spirit directly opposite, in discipleship of the pictorial sculptors of the Renaissance—Ghiberti or Donatello. The science of the gradation of masses, which is the keystone of the practice of bas-relief, is not known to Mr. Tinworth as it is to Mr. Armstead, but the former has produced a work of extraordinary verve. In the figure of the Saviour it might have been admissible to add grandeur by an actual increase of physical size, as the romantic Italian bas-relievists would not have scrupled to do; but the robust and brutal forms of the soldiers, the hurrying groups of Apostles, the outlines of the Thieves and of the bystanders, are all excellently conceived, and the entire frieze, though rather an animated fragment than a composition, deserves careful study. Signor Raggi shows, by his "Entombment" (1513), that he has yet to learn that it is one of the fundamental rules of bas-relief, a rule rarely infringed by the great masters of the art, to represent faces in profile; every one of his figures looks out at the spectator, and the result is absolute confusion. Mr. Stephens's "Lecturer" (1519) is sadly weak and ineffective.

In iconic sculpture Mr. Armstead takes the lead this year by his grave and expressive bust of Dr. Selwyn (1534), and his pensive "In Memoriam, B. W. K." (1524). The former is a masterly portrait, the form and character of the skull being designed with the utmost vigour, and the expression of the features with the utmost lightness and freedom. This great branch of the art is at once more widely cultivated and more unwisely disdained than any other by our English school of sculptors, who too often allow a sigh of weariness to escape from their busts when their figures display the full tension of ambitious effort. It is, in fact, in the department of the bust that we see least to congratulate ourselves upon in the Exhibition of this year, and the best specimens, almost without exception, are to be found in the Vestibule, where, besides Mr. Armstead's heads, are placed Mr. Woolner's "Dr. Percival" (1535), and Mr. Thornycroft's "Sir Arthur Cotton" (1537). In the Central Hall Mr. Brock's "General Boileau" (1581), and Mr. Onslow Ford's "F. Hellyer, Esq." (1589), deserve the praise due to intelligence and flexibility of handling. In the Sculpture Gallery, properly so called, Mr. W. W. Taylor's powerful and affected head called "Caius Cassius" (1596) shows promise; Miss G. E. Bulley exhibits a well-conceived but badly-executed bust which she names "St. Elizabeth of Hungary" (1623); and Mr. Boehm demands respectful notice, but scarcely enthusiasm, for his portrait of Mr. Ruskin (1635). A creditable medallion by Mr. Bruce Joy (1527) exhausts the catalogue of noticeable works at the Royal Academy.

At the Grosvenor Gallery sculpture is very weak this year, and perhaps for this reason Miss Henrietta Montalba's heads seem to demand an attention which her work at the Royal Academy can scarcely be held to claim. This clever artist has, however, as a matter of fact, sent all her best work to New Bond Street. Her portrait of the Marquess of Lorne takes rank among the best busts of the year, and her romantic heads entitled "Tito" and "Romola" are full of fire and vigour. Mr. Nelson MacLean, whose beautiful "Ione" made a distinct mark last year, sends a little figure of singular delicacy and sweetness, to which he has appended some lines which denote his intention to design a wood-nymph pouring from her slender urn the stream that is to become one of the great rivers of the world. Several busts by Mr. Belt show an infirmity of purpose and lack of technical skill which are curiously combined with a specious smoothness of surface, and can hardly be too strongly reprehended. Signor Amendola, in three clever statuettes of ladies, shows that he possesses considerable pictorial talent, but that he has as yet formed no conception of the true function of the sculptor. Such work as this is dangerous alike to artists and to the public, for both are greatly liable to be attracted by its facile and fatal prettiness.

PARIS AND ASCOT.

A MAN who is even moderately fond of racing may do worse than go over for a few days to Paris and see the Grand Prix. It is not unpleasant to leave London for a short time in the middle of the season, and Paris at this time of year is not overcrowded with British tourists. We know no other meeting at which racing is seen in such comfort as at Paris. On the stand, or in the lawn on the course at Longchamps, we are not surrounded by Sir Wilfrid Lawson's "bawling blackguards," and if there are in attendance a considerable number of what that worthy baronet describes as *roués*, they are comparatively noiseless. There is little jostling and crowding round the horses when they are being saddled, and one can have a good look at them when they are being led about before their jockeys mount them, without getting knocked and pushed about, and having one's pocket picked. The journey from Paris to the course and back, unlike that from London to Epsom, is one of the pleasantest parts of the day's proceedings. Then there is always, to our mind, something grotesque in the affectation by Frenchmen of English horseyness, and the energetic endeavours of the Parisian bookmaker to make his bets are rather ludicrous than offensive. At Paris, again, we may, if we choose, see all the racing without hearing or seeing the betting men at all. On the way to the course, the appearance of a fiacre containing four fat English bookmakers with white hats and blue veils makes an amusing contrast with the general surroundings. The stands, the course, the officials, and the very race-cards are all different from what we are accustomed to at home; and, best of all, the racing is often very good indeed. Unfortunately for those who wish to be back in England for Tuesday's racing at Ascot, the trains and boats are sometimes unpleasantly crowded; and racing on five days, with sea-sickness on another, is rather hard work for one week.

As usual, we were represented this year in the Grand Prix by a "Champion Anglais." This was Robert the Devil, who had only been beaten by a head for our own Derby. Special interest was taken in this horse, because there were great diversities of opinion among racing connoisseurs about the value of his performance in that race, as well as about the manner in which his jockey had ridden him. A large number of critics maintained that his rider had made too sure of winning the race, and that he had not kept him going at his best pace long enough. Others as stoutly denied that the horse could have won as long as Bend Or was in the race, in whatever manner he might have been ridden. Bend Or, they said, had been shut in at Tattenham Corner, or he would have won with the greatest ease; while, as it was, he speedily overhauled Robert the Devil from the moment that he got clear of the ruck of the field. As to the method of riding which was adopted with Robert the Devil, it was said that the only hope of enabling him to win was to make the running with him, for it was rumoured that "the Devil" was a cur, and that, in racing parlance, "he shut up when collared." As both Bend Or and Robert the Devil are entered for the St. Leger, it was a matter of great interest to English racing men to arrive at some conclusion upon this question of the currishness or otherwise of the second in the Derby, and it was hoped that a good race in the Grand Prix might set the matter at rest. The Frenchmen entertained great hopes of making Robert the Devil put his best leg foremost with a horse called Beauminet—a bay colt by Flageolet out of Be[illegible] It was true that he had already received a beating in the

Thousand Guineas, for which he only ran fourth, being behind Muncaster, whom Robert the Devil beat easily in the Derby; but French racehorses are proverbial for in-and-out running, and some of Beauminet's performances appeared good enough to give him a chance of testing the powers of Robert the Devil. He had won between six and seven thousand pounds in stakes this spring in France, in three races—a Biennial, the Great Produce Stakes, and the French Derby. Le Destrier was also by Flageolet. He had been an uncertain runner, but he had won three races this spring, including the Poule d'Essai, a stake worth more than two thousand guineas. Arbitre was the third favourite. His running had been of a variable nature; but he had beaten Voilette, who had beaten Le Destrier in the Prix Daru.

The day of the Grand Prix was cold and showery, and the gay dresses of the ladies were either discarded for more wear-and-tear garments, or covered up with waterproofs and warm shawls; but the weather did not prevent a large number of people from attending the races. There was a curious assemblage of men and women of various grades and politics; the Duke d'Aumale, M. Gambetta, the Prince de Joinville, M. Jules Grévy, M. Koechlin, the hero of the Rochefort duel, as well as a host of other "varieties." The Grand Prix is supposed to be the concluding event of the Paris season, and large numbers of people who care nothing for racing consider it the proper thing to put in an appearance before leaving the capital for their châteaux or watering-places. Fortunately, the rain cleared off a little just before the great race. At the first attempt at a start the ten competitors got away on very fair terms. Boum, Arbitre, and M. Lefèvre's beautiful mare Versigny (whom we described last week) made the running, followed by Robert the Devil, Le Destrier, and Beauminet. The pace was very good, and the course, in consequence of the recent rains, was a trifle heavy. After they had gone on for about a mile the three leading horses began to tire, and Poulet and Milan, who had been respectively third and fourth for the French Derby, attempted to get to the front. Poulet made a great effort as they came into the straight; but he was soon beaten. Robert the Devil had evidently more left in him than any of the others. Although the Frenchmen had relied on Beauminet making a hard fight with the English horse, when it came to the actual struggle both Le Destrier and Milan ran better. The race was completely in the hands of Robert the Devil, and he won in a canter by a length; Le Destrier was second, and Milan was only three-quarters of a length behind him, Beauminet being a length behind Milan. Although the winning of the Grand Prix is but an indifferent recompense for the loss of the Derby, in a monetary point of view there was but little difference between the value of the two races, the Derby being worth 6,375*l.* and the Grand Prix 6,076*l.*

There was great tribulation last week among the ladies who intended to attend Ascot races. The arrangement of the Ascot toilette is one of the most important events in the feminine year, and the month before the races is the busiest of the whole season for the dressmakers. The beautiful dresses had been designed, ordered, and in many cases even sent home, when the death of the Empress of Russia, within a week of the races, spread consternation among the ladies. It was known that an order for a Court mourning would but too surely follow the sad event, and therefore all ladies who were privileged to enter the Royal enclosure would be obliged to deny themselves the pleasure of wearing the coloured dresses which had been specially made for the occasion. It might be supposed that by far the larger number of the ladies who attend Ascot races are not invited to the Royal enclosure, and that consequently they would be at full liberty to wear any colours they pleased. This undoubtedly is true; but as the fact of appearing in coloured costumes would have betokened that the wearers were not possessed of tickets for the Royal enclosure, most ladies preferred to sacrifice their finery rather than to be suspected of being excluded from the hallowed precincts.

A very wet morning was not an auspicious beginning of the first day of the Ascot meeting; but, although there was a drenching shower as the horses came out for the first race, the weather cleared up as they started, and the remainder of the day was fine. It is not our intention to notice in this article the general racing at Ascot; but we propose to make a few remarks about the Prince of Wales's Stakes, which completes the set of great three-year-old races of the spring and early summer. Neither the winner of the Derby, the Oaks, nor the Grand Prix was in the race; but the winner of the Two Thousand was to compete against the fifth in the Derby, the third in the Two Thousand, and nine other horses. The field was scarcely of such a high class as we usually see in this race. Some of the starters were weedy and small, and one had the flattest back we ever saw in a racehorse. Numerically speaking, the field had not been stronger for ten years, and the race itself appeared to be a very open one. Petronel, the winner of the Two Thousand, is a strong useful horse, but he does not show so much breeding as some of the other three-year-olds of the year. The Abbot, who had run third to him for the Two Thousand, second to Mask for the Payne Stakes, and second to Isonomy for the Manchester Cup, certainly shows breeding; but he is a weak-looking beast, although he has proved himself strong enough to be a good stayer. Zealot, who had been fifth in the Derby, had run very badly in the Two Thousand; therefore, on public running, he should have had no chance of beating Petronel. He is a well-shaped horse, but in the paddock at Epsom he hardly showed to advantage by the side of horses like Bend Or and Robert the Devil. Without entering into the details of the early part of the race for the Prince of Wales's Stakes, it will be sufficient to say that the field kept pretty well together until the turn into the straight was approached, when only the three horses which we have described were left in the race. Zealot then took the lead, and Petronel made an effort to catch him; but the 5 lbs. extra weight which the last-named horse had to carry told upon him, and Zealot soon shook him off. A far more valiant attempt was made by Abbot. This horse rushed up, on passing the iron stand, with great speed; but he could not catch Zealot, who won the race by a length. Both Zealot and Abbot are by Hermit, the former having been bred by his owner, Lord Bradford. Zealot's dam was by Stockwell. It is satisfactory that the winners of the Derby, the Oaks, the Grand Prix de Paris, and the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, are all entered for the St. Leger. Next week we hope to notice the rest of the racing at Ascot.

Of late, yearling sales have been scarcely as successful as they were a few years ago, but the first great sale of this season was encouraging to breeders. At Marden Deer Park, twenty-six yearlings averaged two hundred and ninety-six guineas a-piece, a price which is generally considered remunerative, if not absolutely a high one. A couple of Blair Athols realized a thousand guineas each, and a colt by See Saw brought in eleven hundred guineas. A son of Springfield was sold for seven hundred and twenty guineas, and a filly by the successful Flageolet went for four hundred. The Marden Deer Park is, comparatively speaking, a young stud, and breeders rarely realize high averages during the early years of their stud farms.

REVIEWS.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S DESPATCHES.*

THE new volume of the Wellington Despatches begins with November 1831 and ends with December 1832. The Reform Bill, brought in after the assembling of the new Parliament in June 1831, was read a third time and passed in the Commons on September 21, and was thrown out in the Lords by a majority of forty-one on October 8. The country was thrown into a state of extreme and alarming agitation. Political Unions began to procure arms, and there were frightful riots at Derby, Nottingham, and Bristol. The Duke of Wellington made a direct personal appeal to the King, insisting on the great risk involved in the licence allowed to the Political Unions, and it is with his action in this matter that the new volume opens. A new Reform Bill was introduced in the Commons on December 12, its introduction having been preceded by negotiations between Lord Grey on the one hand, and Lords Harrowby and Wharncliffe on the other, with the object of devising modifications in the Bill which might satisfy the less violent of its opponents in the Lords. These negotiations failed, and the Bill remained as it had been, with the exception of the adoption of the Chandos clause and the restoration of the House to its full numbers. The third reading was carried by a majority of 116 on March 23, 1832. Sufficient pressure had been put on the Lords to secure the second reading by a majority of 9, but the peers adopted an amendment, proposed by Lord Lyndhurst, that enfranchisement should be taken before disfranchisement. On this Lord Grey and his colleagues resigned; Lord Lyndhurst was sent for, and he and the Duke attempted to form a Ministry. They failed. Lord Grey was again sent for, and on May 17 the King gave Lord Grey and Lord Brougham a written permission to create the number of peers necessary to carry the measure. On the same day the King, through Sir Herbert Taylor, sent an entreaty to the Duke and those acting with him to absent themselves from all further debates on the Bill, so that the creation of peers might be avoided. The Duke assented to this; the third reading had only twenty-two opponents, and the Bill received the Royal assent on June 7; and the passing of the Scotch and Irish Reform Bills quickly followed. Parliament was prorogued on August 16, and dissolved on December 3; and the elections gave an overwhelming majority to the authors of the Bill. It is with these elections that the present volume of despatches closes, so that it may be said to cover the period from the riots which followed the rejection of the second Reform Bill to the elections which followed the passing of the third. It is almost exclusively occupied with the subject of Reform, and is more monotonous, and therefore less interesting, than its predecessors. It is chiefly filled with statements of the Duke's views on Reform, with expressions of gloomy foreboding, and with explanations of the attitude which at various times he assumed towards those who acted with him. From first to last he never wavered in his opinion that England would be ruined if the Bill passed, and was ruined when it did pass. As, in point of fact, England was not in any way ruined by the passing of the Bill, but was started in a new career of prosperity and greatness, the Duke's opinions have not at the present time much speculative value. What is really interesting and instructive is to trace the practical conduct of such a man holding such opinions in such a time. If, as a civilian, he cannot be called a great man, he was

* *Despatches, Correspondence, and Memoranda of Field-Marshal Arthur, Duke of Wellington, K.G.* Vol. VIII. November 1831 to December 1832. London: Murray. 1880.

at least a much greater man than most of those who followed him and looked to him for guidance.

The Duke wrote to the King on the 5th of November, 1831, as to the evils to be apprehended from the Political Unions arming themselves as a sort of National Guard. The King wrote on the 7th a reply which the Duke considered curious, and in which he thought he could trace the handiwork of two different persons. But at any rate the reply conveyed, in explicit language, the King's general agreement with the Duke, and his anxiety that some step should be taken to put down the Unions in this new character of armed revolutionary bodies. On the 22nd a proclamation was issued by the Ministry against the Unions, and the Duke entirely approved of this proclamation. But he found that, on the very day when the proclamation was issued, the Birmingham Union had decided to adopt a mild and gentle tone, and this the Duke considered to be a vile Whiggish trick. The Government, he hoped, would have had to break with the Radicals when the proclamation was issued. On the contrary, it appeared that the Government was on such friendly terms with the Radicals that the Radicals were willing to keep quiet when to keep quiet was to help their allies in office. "We must confess," the Duke wrote to Peel on the 26th, "that these Whigs are about as honest and trustworthy as the newly discovered society of *Burkers* in London." Meanwhile the negotiations between Lord Grey and Lords Wharncliffe and Harrowby were going on. The Tory negotiators communicated their hopes and intentions to the Duke. He answered that he could have nothing personally to do with any negotiations. He thought all Reform wrong, and he was most strongly of opinion that, if force was boldly used, the Reform agitation would be speedily suppressed. At the same time, he fully acknowledged that the rejection by the Lords of the Bill in the preceding month was not the work of a party, but an expression of the personal opinions of those who voted against the Bill. Lord Wharncliffe and Lord Harrowby were therefore not deserting their party in trying to get an improved Reform Bill carried, and the Duke merely left th[illegible] alone, neither opposing them nor supporting them, except so far as not to support them was to oppose them, since, if the Duke would not bind himself to accept what the Ministry would concede, the Ministry might naturally think that it was scarcely worth while to offer anything. He wrote to one correspondent after another that the Whigs, who had duped him with their pretended proclamation, would dupe the negotiating peers in their turn; and before the end of November the Duke's prophecies were so far fulfilled that the negotiations came to an end. He neither knew nor cared to know how this happened. He had too lofty a scorn for Whig bargains to stop to inquire why any one attempt at bargaining with Whigs had come to nothing. But it was only in name that the negotiations came to nothing, for the spirit that prompted Lord Harrowby and Lord Wharncliffe to negotiate in November prompted them in the following April to vote for the second reading of the Bill in the Lords, with the hope of amending it in Committee. The Duke was extremely angry with them. These men, he wrote on April 7, 1832, "are responsible for more than they are aware of. Their defection from the good cause may occasion its ruin. If they had not left us we should have had a majority of not less than sixty, with all the gentlemen of England at our back, against the Bill. We might have dictated our own alterations." He was soon to have an opportunity of trying his hand at dictating alterations.

After the second reading was carried in the Lords the Duke was convinced that a Reform Bill must pass. He felt sure that there would be a creation of peers if any amendments were insisted on at variance with the principle of the Bill, and he owned that it would seem much less objectionable that peers should be created to carry out the principles of a Bill accepted by the Lords than it would have seemed that peers should be created to force a Bill on the Lords the principle of which they had rejected. He and his friends, therefore, set themselves to work to see what amendments they could devise which Lord Grey would admit. But he protested that, whatever amendments were obtained, he personally should vote against the third reading; and he continued to rage with indignation against those whom he and his friends termed the waverers, who were anxious to know from Lord Grey what amendments would be accepted. After long consideration, the Duke and Lord Lyndhurst determined to begin by proposing an amendment which would bring back a sufficient amount of waverers to their standard, and yet be fatal to the Bill. It was proposed to begin with enfranchisement. This was entirely at variance with the principles of the Bill, for the Reform party insisted that the rotten boroughs were bad things in themselves, and ought to be abolished, whereas, if it was first decided how many new seats should be created, it would then appear how many rotten boroughs were to be sacrificed. It was entirely impossible that the Ministry should accept this amendment. On the other hand, many of those who had broken away from the Duke on the second reading were not prepared to break away from him on a mere amendment as to the order of taking clauses. The Duke and Lord Lyndhurst carried their amendment, and then there happened something which seems the most natural thing in the world, but which the Duke appears to have never contemplated. They had beaten the Ministry, and the King decided that they should have their chance of replacing those whom they had defeated. Lord Grey would not continue in office unless he was allowed to make peers to carry his Bill. Before agreeing to the creation of peers, the King very properly thought that those who had defeated Lord Grey ought to show him whether they could or could not carry on the Government. Lord Lyndhurst and the Duke set to work at once to form a Cabinet. No passage in the Duke's political life is more curious than the history of the few days in which this hopeless experiment was being tried, and if the new volume of despatches had contained any documents throwing real light on what occurred, the contribution to political history would have been in the highest degree interesting. Unfortunately we learn little from it, for the obvious reason that negotiations of the kind that went on are rarely committed to paper. From the outset Peel refused to join the new Government. The project of the Duke and Lord Lyndhurst was to bring in a Reform Bill of their own, and Peel declined being a party to a measure when it came from his side which he had opposed when it came from the other. Those who were occupied in forming a Cabinet thought it possible to do without Peel. But no one of any real political influence would have anything to do with so impracticable a scheme. Two days after the Duke undertook to form a Ministry, he wrote to the King that he had secured Sir George Murray and Sir Henry Hardinge. He never got beyond Sir George Murray and Sir Henry Hardinge. If Mr. Baring could be got, then it was thought all might be well. But Mr. Baring could not be got unless the Speaker, Mr. Manners-Sutton, were got, and the Speaker strongly declared he would rather be Speaker than a Minister. At last Lord Lyndhurst was reduced so low in his views that he wrote on May 14 to the Duke, and proposed that they should "assemble some dozen of the best of our young friends in the House of Commons and ask them if they will undertake the fight." Nothing at this distance of time could seem more grotesque than a scheme for mastering a House of Commons in which there was a Liberal majority of more than a hundred, and for overawing and tranquillizing an agitated nation, by the random help of twelve young Tories. The Duke resigned his hopeless undertaking on the 15th; but the King, who found that his new Prime Minister could never get beyond Sir George Murray and Sir Henry Hardinge, had already approached Lord Grey on the subject of his resuming office. To no one could the device of asking peers to absent themselves in order to avoid a creation be more welcome than to the Duke. It offered him a most acceptable mode of getting out of a situation from which he would otherwise have been powerless to extricate himself. He could retire with some dignity from further meddling with Reform when he retired in obedience to the wishes of his Sovereign.

For the Sovereign to whom he yielded the Duke had a feeling of contemptuous pity. The King had only consented to the creation of peers with much reluctance. On the 16th of May, Lord Munster wrote to the Duke that Lord Grey had come to see the King, and that five minutes before Lord Grey came the King had repeated to the writer that nothing should make him create peers. Within twenty-four hours the King had given Lord Grey a written permission to make peers. The Duke had never deceived himself on this head, and had felt sure the King would give way, whatever he might say to Lord Munster or any one else. The Duke had worked himself up into very strong convictions about the Reform Bill. He had reasoned out in his own mind the whole question of Reform, and had assured himself that exactly the same issues were being fought out as had been fought out when Charles I. quarrelled with his Parliament. But then, as he mournfully confessed to more than one correspondent, the historical parallel was not quite so complete as could be wished. For on this occasion the new Charles I. was on the wrong side. This was most puzzling and exasperating to the Duke. He had looked the possibility of a new civil war in the face, and did not by any means shrink from it. His cause was a cause worth fighting for, and he was ready to fight. Not that he apprehended any serious contest, for he was sure he could put down all opposition with very little trouble. But he was quite prepared to use force if he could get the opportunity. To his mind the real question to be decided was whether there was to be any Government at all. The only Government possible in his eyes was the Government of the gentry—not of the House of Lords, for he considered peers as a mere part of the gentry. The Reform Bill would take the Government out of the hands of the gentry, and therefore there would be no Government. Theoretically the House of Commons controlled the Executive, and this, if carried out in practice, would have meant anarchy. But practically the Executive, if it had the gentry with it, controlled the House of Commons. But this control was not exercised in a blind and dictatorial manner. The great merit of the House of Commons in its unreformed state was that it represented all classes. Merchants represented large towns, colonists bought rotten boroughs, mob-orators were returned by pot-wallopers. Then every set of people outside the gentry had their spokesman to whom the gentry and the Government listened patiently, with an honest desire to pick up any crumbs of wisdom that might fall from their mouths. At the head of the Executive was the Sovereign, who imparted his views to the Executive, which in its turn imparted theirs to the gentry. This was the Duke's theory of the English Constitution, and he not only most sincerely believed in it, but altogether declined to admit that any other was tenable. Hence he was supremely indifferent to all discussions about Schedule A and Schedule B, to arguments from the claims of large unrepresented towns, to attacks on noblemen and gentlemen who owned pocket-boroughs. His correspondents

keep plying him the the first half of this volume with their schemes for arranging this point, yielding on that, and manoeuvring on a third. The Duke persistently replied that if this sort of thing amused them he did not wish to spoil their sport, but that he only saw one object great enough to occupy the mind of a true statesman, the preservation of the Government of the gentry. But he had always one overwhelming difficulty present to his mind, whether he was thinking things over with himself or writing or talking to others. The King could not be got to see that the Duke was advising him the right course to keep his throne. He looked across the water, and, when urged to walk in the paths of Charles X., satisfied himself that it would be more prudent to lean in the direction of Louis Philippe.

The Duke was too much absorbed during the period embraced in this volume by the varying fortunes of the Reform Bill to write frequently or at length on other matters. Still there are some discussions of miscellaneous subjects which are not without interest. There is, for example, an exposition of his views on corporal punishment in the army, which may fairly be termed exhaustive. The British army must, he begins by saying, be recruited by volunteers. For a conscription can only be enforced for the defence of a country, whereas the British army does not for the most part serve at home, but is sent all over the world. The service is, however, in itself unattractive, for even if a soldier by good conduct can avoid punishment, he cannot avoid "service for life at moderate pay in unwholesome climates." Those, therefore, who enlist cannot be very creditable specimens of their race. "It cannot be denied that in ninety-nine instances out of one hundred some idle, or irregular, or even vicious motive is the cause of enlistment of the volunteer." Men so got together can only be constrained to serve the State according to their engagement by the exercise of the strictest discipline. To enforce discipline small frequent punishments are necessary. But the soldier would never submit to those small punishments unless he knew that if he did not submit there was a punishment of which he was terribly afraid in reserve for him. The only punishment he really fears is flogging; therefore, to the mind of the Duke, flogging was the key-stone of the British army, and the Duke must, on such a subject at any rate, be allowed to have been as good a judge as ever lived. Of course, if the whole character of the army could but have been altered, and the service made attractive to respectable men, who freely chose a career to their taste and submitted with cheerful intelligence to the necessary discipline, he would no longer have thought flogging necessary. But, while the Duke was ready to give his views on military subjects, he showed throughout his life that there never was a great soldier who had so little of military arrogance. In his mind arms always yielded to the toga. The sword was always subordinate to the law. In those times of agitation one or two cowardly attacks were made on him, and many more were threatened. To those who gave him warning he uniformly replied that he always trusted to the law to protect him. "If you have got any evidence that you can lay before a magistrate, lay it; if you have not, do not trouble me with unsubstantiated gossip." This was in substance his uniform reply; and now that all he then wrote is fifty years old, and times are changed, and the great man is in his grave, it is difficult to read without emotion these calm and dignified utterances of a brave and noble-minded man. The Duke trying in a bewildered way to get up a Ministry which no one but Sir George Murray and Sir Henry Hardinge would join presents a rather sorry picture to our contemplation; but the Duke abiding by the law, trusting to the law, despising threats, and going about London as calmly as if he had been a popular idol, presents a picture which may well move the imagination and stir the pulses of one generation of Englishmen after another.

LEX SALICA.—THE TEN TEXTS.*

THE thoroughness with which the old Frankish or Salic law has been examined in this sumptuous volume will be manifest to all who may take the trouble to compare the materials here brought together with those which were accessible to Gibbon, and even to his editor Dean Milman. The purpose of the historian was, indeed, mainly to contrast the codes of barbarian law with what he regards as the contemporaneous consummation of the system of Roman jurisprudence by Justinian; and if he gathers from the contrast that the Romans had the advantage not only in science and reason, but also in humanity and justice, he yet allows that the laws of the Barbarians were adapted to their wants, their occupations, and their capacity. But of the Salic Law he thinks that Latin was the original language, and he assigns the time of its composition to the beginning of the fifth century, before the time of the real or fabulous Pharamond. For the contents of this law the most complete edition to which Dean Milman could refer was that of Laspeyres, who published a synoptic edition of five texts at Halle in 1833; but of this work Mr. Hessels remarks that "his texts cannot be relied upon, apart from the fact that it contains only the Wolfenbüttel and the Munich codices by the side of the text published by Schilter, Herold, the Lex Emendata, and the Lex

own object has been simply to furnish the best materials which can be got together for the student of this important document. He has therefore carefully resisted all temptations to draw up what might be called a critical edition. He has reproduced the codices without the slightest alteration except in the punctuation, which he leaves the reader to alter at his will, inasmuch as the only mark used in the texts is what we usually call the full stop, and in the MSS. is found commonly in just those parts of the sentence where we should not put it. The sixty-five chapters for which we have the ten texts are given without a break; the remainder are introduced with separate notices of the documents in which they are found, and with references to other works in which they have been published, the reader being warned that the uncertainty as to the time when and the legislators by whom these later chapters were drawn up makes it unsafe to arrange them in any definite order. The codices of the Salic Law, here reproduced, may be divided into five classes or families. To the first family belong four MSS. of the eighth and ninth centuries, two of them being preserved in Paris and the other two at Wolfenbüttel and Munich. Mr. Hessels remarks that these four codices are generally regarded as containing the shortest and oldest reduction of the Salic Law in sixty-five chapters, which correspond to the first sixty-eight chapters of the Lex Emendata. These sixty-five chapters are distinctly referred to in the Recapitulation of the Salic Law; and it is further noteworthy that they contain no enactments against the murdering of priests, the burning or pillaging of churches, or the marriage of near relations; in other words, that they clearly belong to a time when Christianity had not become general among the Franks. The second family of texts consists of two MSS., both in Paris, and both exhibiting additions and interpolations which belong to a later period, as in the matter of fines to be enforced on those who marry within forbidden degrees of kinship. In the third family we have three MSS. belonging to Montpellier, Paris, and St. Gallen, which show the so-called Malberg glosses, with four others (three preserved in Paris, the fourth at St. Gallen), which are without these glosses, the text of these MSS. resembling that of the second family and the Lex Emendata, but divided into ninety-nine (in the St. Gallen MS. into a hundred) chapters. In the fourth family we have the emended Salic Law, given in not less than seventeen MSS., of which the greater number are preserved in Paris. The text of this family of codices is usually called Lex Reformata, the revision being ascribed seemingly to Charles the Great, although the MS. No. 4626 of the Paris Library states at the end of the Prologue:—"Anno ab incarnatione D. N. I. C. DCCLXVIII. indictione VI, dominus rex noster Carolus hunc libellum tractati legis Salice scribere jussit." The date is variously given in the MSS., and Mr. Hessels remarks that Charles the Great appears not only not to have prohibited the use of the earlier redactions, but that the work done in 768 or 798 consisted probably in eliminating the Malberg glosses from the text, correcting the Latin, omitting a certain number of paragraphs found in previous redactions, and admitting a few others. The only text assigned to the fifth family is the text published by Herold at Basel in 1557. Of this text the editor states that it differs from all others at present known:—

> No trace of the Fulda MS. which Herold used has hitherto been found. That he had more than one MS. at his disposal is clear from the various readings he gives in the margin, which differ not only from Herold's text itself, but also from all the other texts. There is, therefore, reason to suppose that at least two of the MSS. he used have been lost, unless we assume with Grimm that the marginal notes may also have been in Herold's MS.

Herold's text, Mr. Hessels adds, has the appearance of being an amalgamation of several versions.

But, except for the few whose studies lead them especially in this direction, and who are under no need of stinting the time to be given to it, the careful synoptic exhibition of the codices would be of comparatively little use without the notes of Professor Kern. These notes it would be almost an impertinence to praise; and we will only say that he has placed all who care to go into the subject at all under a heavy debt of gratitude. The Salic Law is indeed a document of singular interest, not only as a Teutonic code of pre-Christian origin, but as being the chief source of such knowledge of the Frankish dialect as may be still accessible. It is useless to look for poems, translations of the Gospels, or other works belonging to the age of the first settlements of the Salian Franks in Gaul. None such exist; and the Teutonic words in modern French, when brought back to their ancient form, seldom enable us to determine their specifically Frankish character. "They may," as Professor Kern justly remarks, "have been borrowed from Burgundian, Gothic, Rhine-Frankish, Alamanic, not to speak of such words as had already passed into Latin before it broke up into distinct dialects." It is fortunate that, for this very reason, the Salic Law must draw to itself more attention, since, if we had other sources of information for the Frankish dialect, few perhaps would be tempted to spend much time on a document "abounding with difficulties of all sorts."

Foremost among these difficulties is the confused and bewildering state of the text. So disfigured are the codices that Grimm was tempted to give up as absolutely hopeless the task of penetrating to the meaning of the words. The scribes employed in reducing the law to writing clearly did not know either the Frankish words dictated to them or their meaning, nor are they less careless or even

* *Lex Salica.—The Ten Texts; with the Glosses and the Lex Emendata.* Synoptically edited by J. H. Hessels, with Notes on the Frankish Words in the Lex Salica, by H. Kern, Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Leiden. London: Murray and Trübner. 1880.

better informed with regard to the Latin portion of their work. Thus, where one of the codices has the words *si citra Ligeri(m) aut Carbonariam*, another makes nonsense of the clause by substituting *sic eligere aut carbonariam*, while a third gives *sic inter alligare aut carbonarius*, and a fourth introduces "a would-be correction," *si citra mare aut carbonaria*. Such corruptions may perhaps be ascribed to the fact that the scribes were writing from dictation; and the forms which they assume are happily useful in enabling the inquirer to determine the relations of the several codices. On this part of the subject he could not have a better guide than Professor Kern, who has also probably set at rest the question relating to the original language of the Salic Law. Like Gibbon, Grimm was disposed to think that it was drawn up in Latin, although he allowed that the relics of the indigenous forensic language embedded in it "by no means look as if they were translations from the Latin, but rather as original." But the existence of this forensic language attests a comparatively well-developed practice of law. It follows, therefore, in Professor Kern's words, that, "all the materials for the compilation of the Latin Salic Law being extant, its originality can be only an originality of the second order; the Latin text may be original in its arrangement, but it is not so in its constituent parts." Nay, even if the Frank compilers wrote down their laws in the first instance in Latin, the Latin text is still only quasi-original, "because those men certainly did not discuss and think in a foreign language." It is, in fact, simply a translation from an original "which was never written down, but nevertheless actually existed in the mind of the author." Professor Kern is, however, not disposed to stop short here. That the first part of the law is earlier than the reign of Clovis can scarcely be doubted; and the story told of the four men specially appointed to draw it up shows at least that from a period considerably anterior to the fifth century the law had in the tradition of the Franks remained "essentially the same, notwithstanding such modifications and additions as became necessary in the course of time." What temptation could they have in those pre-Christian ages to compile a Latin text? After their conversion, and when they had found themselves amongst a Latin-speaking population, a Latin edition might well become as necessary as it was superfluous before. The further question as to whether the genuinely original law was or was not committed to writing Professor Kern rightly treats as one of quite subordinate importance, and indeed as scarcely worth consideration:—

There is [he insists] no essential difference between poems, laws, moral precepts, &c., handed down by oral tradition or in writing. The Vedas are not a whit less authoritative or less rigidly fixed because they were perpetuated by tradition. Far from being dependent upon Vedic manuscripts, the latter on the contrary are of unusual correctness, because the stains could at any time be washed out by the clear waters of the ever-flowing fountain of tradition. No codices can vie in purity with the Vedic texts, nay, not even inscriptions on brass or rocks, exposed as they are to the all-corroding influence of time.

Professor Kern is certainly justified in refusing to draw any distinction between compositions in prose and in poetry in reference to their transmission by oral tradition. The notion that writing is indispensable as a condition for the preservation of prose documents has for many minds the strength of a superstition. In his well-known Prolegomena, Wolf could express his utter inability to imagine that any one could take to prose composition at all, unless he possessed materials by which he might render it permanent without trusting to the treacherous action of the memory. The Rig Veda, it is true, was not known then as it is now; but he might have remembered the vast masses of Eastern romance handed down from age to age solely by the oral recitation of Oriental storytellers without the strong religious sanctions employed to secure the purity of the Vedic text. Having thus protested against an argument which he regards as inconclusive and scarcely pertinent, Professor Kern adds that in his opinion oral transmission, if used at all for the handing down of the Salic law, must very soon have been given up; and he comes to this conclusion as to the Salic text "just because it shows all sorts of blunders not easily committed by a trained oral tradition." He thinks therefore that it was written down a long time before it was translated, and that it was so presented in Runic characters.

A further source of difficulty in dealing with the codices lies in the confusion constantly made by the scribes between two or more letters. They were not, it seems, in the habit of pronouncing the *h*, whether additive or genuine; and in this way *chanzisto*, the Old English *Hengest*, becomes *axisto*. In like manner we have *cher*, *her*, *er*. The explanation, Professor Kern thinks, is to be found in the fact that the Franks probably pronounced the *h* as all other Teutons do to the present day, and that "the *ch* was only a clumsy device to represent that sound already lost in the Romanic tongues of the period." In evidence of this he adduces the name written first Chlovis, afterwards Clovis, adding that this form never really "existed in the mouth of the people, as is proved by the French Louis, which could never have arisen from Clovis, and is only explicable when we suppose that the Franks said Hluwis."

We have said enough to show the judicious care of Professor Kern in dealing with a subject of unusual difficulty. It would be useless to follow him in his scrutiny of Frankish words in the Salic Law, when his treatment of every word is all that could well be desired. The task of commenting on the language of the Salic Law may be regarded as finished; and the reader of these notes will acknowledge that it has been achieved with singular success.

THE WANDERING NATURALISTS.*

WHEN Mr. J. A. Lawson first came before the public as a writer he bore the title of "Captain." In reviewing his *Wanderings in New Guinea* we said that it was "in no spirit of idle curiosity, still less out of any captious or sceptical turn of mind, that we ask why Captain J. A. Lawson omits to tell us in what service, or in what country, even on which element, he attained the rank which his title-page exhibits." We cannot remember that our question ever received any answer. Happily it is no longer needful to press it; for, whatever may have been that service which gave him his distinction, he has, it would appear, retired from it. So little regard does he seem to retain for it that he does not even care to describe himself as "late Captain." One passage in the work before us would lead us to believe that he must be a Scotchman. He is describing the Himalayas, and tells us how he came in view of "Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world." He was not, he says, so much struck with its appearance as he had expected, perhaps because his imagination had led him to picture to his mind an imposable (*sic*) mountain. He adds:—"However, its great magnitude, height, and grandeur were certainly imposing [not imposable, the reader will notice], not to mention the novelty of viewing a mountain which, after giving due prominence to Arthur's Seat, Edinburgh, is the most remarkable in the world." We are reminded how, when one day Adam Smith was boasting of Glasgow, Johnson turned to him with the question, "Pray, sir, have you ever seen Brentford?" This mountain might possibly, by the way, be turned to some account in the matter which has of late so much agitated the House of Commons and the country. It might be a great saving of public time, and therefore of public money, if Mr. Bradlaugh could be induced to go out, at the cost of his country, to attempt its ascent. Mr. Lawson, when he tried to go up it, was, he tells us, "a very young man, not gifted with much wisdom, and holding the doctrines of an atheist; but I came down from that mountain a firm believer in a Supreme Being, the majesty of whose wisdom was inexplicable and awful; and my conviction was permanent. No greater testimony, I think, can be given of the grandeur of the scene which met our view." Some three years later, as our readers may remember, Captain Lawson—for he was a captain at that time—ascended a mountain in New Guinea, which, if we may trust his measurement, was rather more than 3,000 feet higher than the highest mountain in the world. What convictions were produced upon him on that occasion we have forgotten.

It is not easy to tell how far Mr. Lawson expects his readers to take him seriously. In calling his work "A Story of Adventure" it would seem to be the case that he does not pretend to give any very accurate description of the doings of the Wandering Naturalists. Nor does he always write like a man who has ever been in the countries which he describes. It would be a very easy matter for a writer who had never gone out of sight of Arthur's Seat, with the help of a couple of books at most, to write a much more lifelike account of adventures in North-Eastern India. It is not, for instance, at all needful for a man to have travelled for him to avoid such a gross blunder as that into which Mr. Lawson falls when he makes the sun rise, a little north of the Tropic of Cancer, not long after four o'clock in April and again in November. Scarcely more absurd is the statement that the author and his friend, both strangers to India, with the help of two "blacks" whom they picked up in Rungpur, discovered passes over the Himalayas into Thibet, and back again into Nepaul. The four mules which the travellers took with them on their journey were not unworthy of the "blacks." We had noticed in Captain Lawson's *Wanderings in New Guinea* the amazing means of transport that he had. His brandy-flask seemed like the widow's cruse; however far he travelled (and he travelled a long way), however much he refreshed himself at it (and he refreshed himself very often), there was always brandy left. But his four mules almost surpass his flask. They convey, to begin with, the traveller's baggage, a travelling tent, cooking pots and utensils, blankets, wines, spirits, and medicines, ammunition, provisions, and a variety of other articles which the party were likely to require. Next we find that added to their load was a splendid and expensive set of instruments to assist Mr. Lawson's companion, a Frenchman, in his observations and discoveries. We read on, and we come upon a great copper kettle, then on cases for mounting butterflies, beetles, and botanical specimens, together with the means of preserving skins and stuffing the smaller specimens. The load of spirits must alone have been enormous; for, besides the supply needed for the travellers' consumption, it was in spirits that the reptiles were preserved. The unfortunate Frenchman suffers a compound fracture of one arm, and later on has a severe cut from a sword in the same arm. This perhaps was in one way fortunate, for at all events the mules' load was somewhat lightened by the need the patient was under of drinking plenty of wine. The eager naturalist, however, was no sooner convalescent than he added several hundred specimens to his collection, so that the poor mules must have been as badly off as ever. Before very long the hundreds of specimens had grown into thousands, while we presently find that the travellers had been carrying with them preserved meats and vegetables, together with a store

* *The Wandering Naturalists: a Story of Adventure.* By J. A. Lawson, Author of "Wanderings in New Guinea," "Travels and Sport in Burmah," &c. London: Remington & Co. 1880.

of oatmeal. Sometimes, too, they were for a while without what Mr. Lawson calls "that necessary element," water; so that this had to be carried also by the travellers. It was no wonder that the collection grew most rapidly; for never before surely did travellers find themselves amidst such an abundance of animal life. Tigers seemed to pop up on all sides like rabbits. The author fired at a buck, "dropping it without a struggle. Simultaneously with my shot four large tigers sprang out of the jungle." One of the tigers gave chase to the naturalists. They fired at it, "and the tiger went writhing to the ground, its limbs contorting tremendously." Down came upon them a tigress with the speed of lightning. Mr. Lawson fired too soon, and his ball only broke her off fore-leg. His companion's bullet took more effect, and the tigress lay motionless in the dust. However, she rose again, and in a moment seized the Frenchman and dragged him off in her jaws into the jungle. Mr. Lawson pursued and at last shot her dead. "I conducted," he said, "M. Paulet back to camp at once, for I had apprehensions that the other two cubs might attempt to avenge the death of their mamma." It was in this adventure that the Frenchman's arm was broken. He would have been more seriously hurt had not the bullet which he had fired, before he was seized, broken the animal's jaw and passed out at the back of her head. As, in addition to this, one of her forelegs was broken, it must be allowed that the tigers in that part of India are of great strength and ferocity. The skins of the tigers were, of course, added to the loads of the unhappy mules.

Snakes swarmed in no less abundance. "They, with the proverbial malignity of their kind, hissed at us from all sides." The travellers tried to catch some of the smaller kinds. "Armed with long wooden tweezers, we attempted to compromise the liberty of the wily little reptiles." We wish, by the way, that we could find some hopeful means of attempting to compromise the liberty of those writers who so abuse their mother-tongue. But they are even harder to deal with than snakes. Before long the naturalists had managed to catch as many of these reptiles as they could want; whereas we have always failed, so far as we know, to compromise the liberty of even a single silly author. One day Mr. Lawson sat down upon a cobra. He was bitten in three places, but he managed to cure himself. However, the bite of snakes on his own showing often leaves melancholy results. "There is," he says, "now residing in Surrey a lad who has become a permanent idiot through the bite of one of those creatures." If a viper can do so much, what must we not expect from a cobra? So deadly is it that no one but Mr. Lawson has ever been known to recover from its poison. We must not, therefore, be too hard on his English, his foolishness, or his apparent failures in memory. Let us think of the lad in Surrey, and congratulate our author on not being a sillier writer than he actually is.

From snakes and tigers the naturalists passed on to larger game. They shot a large male elephant. M. Paulet tried to dissect the body, but he was met with an unexpected difficulty. "It proved so unwieldly (*sic*) that even with the assistance of the men we could not turn it once." The weight of an elephant might have been known, we should have thought, by so eminent a naturalist as this French gentleman, "who had been deputed by a Society to study animated nature in Northern India." Perhaps the bite of a tiger affects the mind in some such way as the bite of a cobra or a viper. He may have become not a permanent, but a temporary and a partial, idiot. However, it was most fortunate for the mules that the elephant could not be turned over. Had the men been able to lift the huge beast, it would, we may feel sure, have been added to the other specimens which these unhappy creatures already bore. The roads along which they had at times to travel were bad enough, even if they had not been carrying vast loads. In one place they had to go along "a terrible chasm that yawned so closely at our elbows." They then went over as remarkable a piece of engineer's work as has ever come within our knowledge. They were in a ravine at a height of some thousands of feet above the bottom of the precipice. The path, which had hitherto been cut in the solid rock, suddenly came to an end. "In its place an artificial road was constructed in the following horrible manner. Rough wooden pegs were driven into the face of the rock in a parallel line, and upon them were placed, loosely, planks of pine, covered with heavy granite-like slabs. The pathway was about two feet wide." Before long, the pegs were found to be not of wood, but of iron; the pathway, however, was, if anything, narrower. It is not surprising that over such a pathway one of the animals fell. On their reaching the end of the pass the travellers were not much better off. A large pine-tree fell upon another of their beasts and crushed it, while the rest of them "careered away." Meanwhile, "rain commenced to fall with that exasperating steadiness which prognosticated that it has 'set in' for no inconsiderable space of time." The author before long fell into a pit. When his friend at last came to his rescue, "a warm sensation," he writes, "ran through every vein in my body, and I felt like a man made of cork." A few days later on he has a fight with a desperate gang of murderers, and performs some great feats of daring.

All these stories have really nothing to recommend them but their extravagance. "If my life depended on it," says Mr. Lawson, "I do not think I could write an efficient and interesting description of a building, however lordly." Whether his descriptions ever deserve to be called efficient we do not pretend to know. Certainly they are never interesting. He never throws an air of reality over his story. The reader never for a moment has a lively and clear scene raised before his mind. He is told of wonders certainly, but then he never finds himself wondering. He never makes the slightest approach to the state of mind of the Bishop who did not believe much more than half of *Gulliver's Travels*. None of these adventures strike him for a moment as probable. Mr. Lawson may, no doubt, plead justification. He may say that he entitles his book a "Story of Adventure." But a story should at all events have an air of probability, and that air is never attained by a single one of our author's writings. Even his miraculous conversion fails to convince us. We certainly believe him when he tells us that, when he was a very young man, he was not gifted with much wisdom. We do not fail, moreover, to take into consideration both the fact that he was bitten by a cobra and also the peculiar and distressing effect that is at times left by the bite of snakes. We are therefore ready to treat him with some indulgence, if not indeed with pity; but, at the same time, we cannot honestly recommend his book. It may be the work of a converted atheist, but it is uncommonly dull reading.

INDIAN FAIRY TALES.*

MISS MAIVE STOKES is the youngest of the handmaidens of science. At the early age of thirteen she has collected and translated a number of Indian fairy tales, for the amusement of children and the instruction of comparative mythologists. The difficulty of inducing simple people who know traditional popular tales to tell them to strangers has long been recognized. Sometimes the narrators seem to fear lest they may be divulging a secret of their tribe; more frequently they are afraid of ridicule. They cannot see why bearded men (and mythologists are often bearded like the pard) should care for old wives' fables. But the Ayahs Dunkní and Múniyá, and Karim the Khidmatgar, had naturally no hesitation about imparting their fairy lore to a child. Miss Maive Stokes was thus able to collect her stories, to translate them, and to have her version revised by her Ayahs. The result is that her form of the Hindoo tales is authentic, while her style is just what it should be, the simple happy style of a child diverting other children with stories of wonder. The late Mrs. Stokes added notes which show an unusually wide acquaintance with the literature of *märchen*, and Mr. Ralston has supplied an erudite introduction. Mr. Ralston will forgive us for saying that children who read Miss Stokes's pleasant book should skip both introduction and notes. If they look into these forbidden chambers of the volume, they may lose the power of seeing fairies and of believing in their wonderful adventures. But older people, who have paid their visit to fairyland long ago, may profitably study the scientific speculations with which neither Miss Maive Stokes nor readers of her own age have any concern.

Considering these stories first as fictions intended merely to amuse, we can hardly class them with the narratives collected by Grimm or translated by Sir George Dasent. The homely humour of the North is naturally absent, and the adventures are a little too tremendous. We can endure a good deal in the way of startling incident; but a princess whose eyes become two birds, while her heart turns into a great tank, and her head into the dome on the top of a palace, borders on the incredible. We are accustomed to dead heroes and heroines that revive with ease; but in the Hindoo tales God himself goes about giving every interesting character three lives. Now this is hard on the wicked stepmothers and other villains of the Oriental fancy, who never really have a fair chance of succeeding in their nefarious projects. Fairies are as common in Hindoo as in French *märchen*. The air, the earth, the water swarm with these beings. Except in M. Sébillot's *Contes populaires de la Haute Bretagne* (Charpentier, 1880), we have never found fairies so thick on the ground as in Miss Stokes's collection. Now fairies are comparatively rare in the popular tales of Europe. The supernatural machinery is supplied by intelligent birds, beasts, and fishes. But Miss Stokes's fairies are more graceful creatures, and will give pleasure to all the children who may read her book. They will also be much pleased with a humorous "Cat who could not be killed," and the adventures of "The Bél Princess" will excite their warm sympathy and pity. But they may fail to appreciate the excellent motives of the dog who devoured "the Boy with a moon and star," just to keep the lad out of harm's way.

The incidents and plots of these Hindoo tales are very like those which we find in *märchen* all the world over. Mrs. Stokes in her notes has referred to African and New Zealand, as well as to European, parallels. She did not, however, emancipate herself from the still rather prevalent theory that *märchen* have some connexion with what we may call "solar" mythology. For example, Mrs. Stokes observes that many of the Indian fairy princes have golden hair and a fair skin, and says, "I believe that they all owe their characteristics to the fact that such are the characteristics of the solar hero, although they cannot all lay claim to a solar origin for themselves. For this golden hair and white skin, at first the property of the shining sun hero alone, would naturally in the course of time be given to other Indian folk-lore heroes on whose beauty and brightness it was necessary to lay a stress." But Mrs. Stokes goes on to remark that "the black-haired Maoris give their sea-nymphs yellow hair," while "the Maoris

* *Indian Fairy Tales.* Collected and Translated by Maive Stokes. With Notes by Mary Stokes, and an Introduction by W. R. S. Ralston, M.A. London: Ellis & White. 1880.

do not seem to have any myths of golden-haired solar heroes." Till the position of the "solar hero" is made much more clear, and his existence much more certain, than it is at present, it would be wiser not to use him as an explanation of the fact that dark people prefer golden-haired fairies. Mr. G. S. Lang, in a work on the *Aborigines of Australia*, mentions that some natives used to worship, in their way, the little golden-haired daughter of a European settler. And we may not unreasonably suppose that the Hindoos and New Zealanders have either some recollection of contact with fair-haired peoples, or have invented fair-haired as a foil to their own dark-haired beauties; or, in some cases, have endowed their fairies with gold tresses since they met blond Europeans. It may be added that, in the poetry of primitive peoples, gold is bestowed very freely on all manner of commonplace objects. The "Kalewala" is full of gold birds, gold hills, golden-footed bears; knives, and even tables and ploughs are all of gold in European ballads, from those of France to those of Roumelia, and vestiges of the same taste remain in the *Song of Roland*, and the Iliad and the Odyssey. But all this gold is not the gold of the sun.

Nothing is more common in *märchen*, savage or civilized, than the story of a voracious animal which swallows every one it meets, and then somehow permits its victims to escape. In Miss Stokes's collection a frog eats a rat, a baker, a man who sold oranges, a horse with his groom, and a barber. But the barber's razor cut a hole in the frog, and out popped all the company, the rat, the horse, the orange-seller, and the rest. Mrs. Stokes in a note says that Mr. Tylor classes this form of *märchen* with "day and night stories," and connects with it the legend of the New Zealand sun-hero, Maui. Mrs. Stokes had just said that the New Zealanders "do not seem to have any myths of golden-haired solar heroes"; so Maui must be a solar hero who was not golden-haired. But as Bushmen and Eskimos, no less than the ancient Greeks, have this tale of the voracious animal, it becomes necessary to ask whether these rude peoples have also created a solar mythology. Now the hypothesis of the solar mythologists seems to be this—at a period of Aryan civilization when the family was a perfected institution, when agriculture, metallurgy, and kingly government were familiar facts, and when a decimal system of numerals had been established, language was still in such a condition that grandchildren forgot the meaning of the figurative expressions by which their grandfathers had described the sunset and the sunrise. The grandchildren turned the metaphor into a legend, and told how Night had swallowed her child Day, and so forth. According to Mr. Max Müller (*Chips*, vol. ii. pp. 80, 81), this extraordinary process, in which "the older members of a family spoke a language half intelligible to themselves and strange to their children," went on even after the early Greeks had settled in Elis. The whole theory demands a searching criticism; but are we to believe that the Bechuanas and Eskimos and Bushmen have constructed their own theology by a similar process of forgetfulness of the meaning of words? Does the "philological analysis" of their *märchen* support this view? They certainly have not attained anything like the civilization of the Aryans of that "earliest period," that "mythopœic period," when society was so nearly perfect, yet so strangely oblivious of the meaning of words. The difficulties, in short, of the theory are so great that we may prefer a simpler hypothesis. The existing collections of savage fairy tales made in North America, Africa, and New Zealand prove that the savage imagination is content (at least for fictitious purposes) with the wildest inventions, in which animate and inanimate things act in the most absurd way. The same absurdities are found in the mythologies and *märchen* of civilized races, and it is no great stretch of fancy to suppose that as men advanced they have not relinquished, but only modified, stories which had perhaps seemed credible enough in the stage of savagery. We may illustrate our meaning by a quotation from Mr. Max Müller. He is speaking of certain Greek legends, chiefly of that which puts "Kronos" in the position of Miss Stokes's devouring frog. "Among the lowest tribes of Africa and America we hardly find anything more hideous and revolting," says Mr. Müller. He had just asked, "Was there a period of temporary insanity through which the human mind had to pass, and was it a madness identically the same in the South of India and in the North of Iceland?" We answer, there *was* a period, not of insanity, but of savagery, like that of "the lowest tribes of Africa and America," through which the human mind had to pass; that period was "identically the same" in essentials for all humanity, and the fictions invented in that period of irresponsible forms have left their traces in all mythology. The existence of the savage imagination, with its irresponsible love of hideous absurdities, is an historical fact. Maoris, Murris, Bushmen, Kanekas, are at the present moment inventing nonsense precisely like their own *märchen*. But where do we find a civilized people like the Aryans, first forgetful of the meaning of words, then constructing abominable legends of incest and murder out of the material provided by their own forgetfulness, and, lastly, weaving these legends into the history of their gods? There is no historical example, to our knowledge, of this process, which is merely deduced by philology from facts that may be otherwise explained. The presence of patches of solar mythology in the notes of almost all collections of fairy tales must be our excuse for this long digression. It is necessary to keep constantly reminding readers of such collections that the philological theory of mythology is by no means a house built upon a rock.

Mr. Ralston, the author of the introduction to Miss Stokes's collection, does not put his trust in any tottering hypothesis. His short essay is perfectly scientific in method. He carefully separates what seem to be the Oriental accidents from that portion of the Hindoo stories which appears to be common at least to all European popular literature. He observes with truth that "we do not possess a sufficiency of accurate designations for the numerous species of the genus folk-tale." We need an accurate terminology, if we are ever to elucidate the meaning of these stories, and discover the secrets of their origin and distribution. Mr. Ralston has persuaded himself that the "mythological ideas and moral teaching" of Asiatics have "shaped and trimmed," if they have not created, many stories now current among European peoples. This is a very fair presumption. Our own *Cinderella* was "shaped and trimmed" by Perrault before it reached our nurseries. But the illiterate French version of *Cinderella*, *Cendreusette*, is quite unlike our Cinderella, and very like our illiterate and traditional forms of *Cinderella*, named *Rashin-Coatie* and the *Sharp Grey Sheep*. And when Mr. Ralston speaks of the influence of Asiatic mythology and moral ideas on *märchen*, we must always ask ourselves, did the people, the peasant class in whose mouths *märchen* have their life, know any more of Buddhist or Vedic ideas than the country girl who tells you *Cendreusette* knows of Perrault's *Cendrillon*? Much depends on whether a tale reached Europe from the East through literary channels or by illiterate tradition. Mr. Ralston attempts to show that the common *märchen* in which one of the persons wears a "husk," or skin of a beast, which he can throw off at will, is connected with Indian mythology. But we do not see how Indian mythology could influence the Red Indians of North America, among whom this belief exists in a peculiarly interesting shape. On the other hand, it appears to us that, when the human mind had become incredulous about the transformations which seem so natural to savage fancy, the machinery of the "husk" would be naturally and almost inevitably introduced as an explanation. But the whole topic demands a more precise consideration than our time or our materials permit us to give. We would suggest to Mr. Ralston that the story of the girl who loses her lord, as Psyche lost Cupid, as a punishment for having ventured to look at him, may find an explanation in early marriage customs. The incident occurs in *Le Pilote de Boulogne*, a Breton *märchen* published by M. Sébillot. The son of the pilot marries a mysterious princess from "the land of Naz," whose face he has never seen; "c'est l'usage du pays; les maris ne voient leurs femmes sans voile que lorsqu'elles sont devenues mères." But the Breton ventures to look at his wife by night, and, like Psyche, lets a drop of melted wax from his candle fall on her face, with terrible consequences. Now the Fijians, the Circassians, the Turcomans, and many other races have, or had, customs like this which forbade the husband to see his wife (Lubbock, *Origin of Civilization*, pp. 75, 76). And it is possible that the incident of the punishment of bridegroom or bride was invented to sanction the strange prudish custom, the custom which forbids a Yoruba woman "even to see her husband, if it can be avoided." A similar custom forbids the bride in some countries to pronounce her husband's name. That prohibition is also common in fairy tales. Much remains to be done for the elucidation of *märchen* by the study of the primitive imagination and of early popular customs. But we so far differ from Mr. Ralston as to distrust all methods which explain *märchen* by considerations drawn from the official mythology or philosophic moral teaching of any people. In Asia the morality, indeed, has probably deeply affected the people, but *märchen* contribute more to the explanation of the higher, the learned Vedic myths, than the learned myths can lend to the elucidation of *märchen*.

To mythologists of every shade of opinion, and to children of every age, we heartily recommend Miss Stokes's book. The stories are well told, the book is well edited, well introduced, well indexed, well annotated, and well printed.

SCIENCE FOR BEGINNERS.*

It is to be hoped that the young folks of the present day will be found duly to appreciate and diligently to profit by the aids to scientific learning now placed in such abundance and such variety at their command. When writers of the first rank in special departments of science give their time and toil to the task of making sure and easy the first steps in the study of nature, the more mature generation of workers may well feel an interest in seeing that advantages far beyond those enjoyed by themselves at the outset of their career bring forth due fruit in the precision of knowledge and the soundness of method which should mark the scientific students of the age to come. Many a self-taught man of science will be disposed to look back with a sigh to weeks or months spent in painfully spelling out for himself elementary truths of nature which nowadays every child may grasp intelligently after as many hours conning of his Science Primer. Nor is it so much in regard to the mere facts of the physical world as to the method and spirit in which

* *Science Primers.—Introductory.* By Professor Huxley, F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

Practical Chemistry; the Principles of Qualitative Analysis. By William A. Tilden, D. Sc. Lond., F.C.S., Professor of Chemistry in Mason's College, Birmingham. London: Longmans & Co. 1880.

Easy Lessons in Light. By Mrs. W. Awdry. Illustrated. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

the secrets of nature are to be approached that the guidance and training of a master are of untold value to one taking the first steps in the path of study. What to observe and how to observe; how to assign to each fact, in itself more or less isolated and empirical, its fitting place and value in the general scheme of knowledge—such are the problems which the beginner has the most vital interest in solving, and on the proper solution of which may turn the whole future of his intellectual career. Loose habits of observation, neglect of the logical processes whereby alone the truths observed and stored up are assimilated into the mental organism and issue in fresh and healthy growths of knowledge, are faults which once contracted are with the greatest difficulty eradicated. And here is due the highest meed of gratitude to the professor who is not above handling the grammar and accidence of his science. Not a few of our acknowledged leaders in special departments have not thought it beneath them to take the tiro by the hand, and steady his first tottering steps in the pursuit of exact and systematic truth.

We have now before us a batch of little books undertaken with this kindly purpose, and suited, we believe, to realize the design of laying a sound and solid groundwork for the fabric of education. Foremost amongst these we must rank Professor Huxley's short treatise, long promised as an introduction to the series of Science Primers published under his editorship, jointly with Professors Roscoe and Balfour Stewart, by Messrs. Macmillan. This we may well conceive to have been the most difficult of the series, having to do not so much with concrete facts as with abstract principles, which are infinitely less easy to make clear and to impress upon the youthful mind. That the author has made good the project with which he started we are hardly prepared to say. It is not every writer who would sit down to compress the first principles of philosophy into less than a hundred small octavo pages. But there is perhaps hardly another philosopher living who could have got into so slender a compass so much of the elementary truths of physics, with so consistent an illustration of the spirit in which all physical study should be carried on. In the concise and simple language of which he is a master, Professor Huxley draws the attention of young people to what is going on in nature round about them. He bids them in effect think for themselves, whilst helping them to form clear ideas of what really happens within or without themselves, of the forces which lead to such and such effects, and the laws to which they ultimately point. Starting from our first perceptions of things, he tells the beginner how to distinguish between cause and effect, showing that in the pursuit of the reason why, in following up the endless chain of causes and effects, lies the whole of knowledge, "which can never be complete, going at its best but a little way back towards the beginning of things." Science is no more than this simple knowledge or common sense made exact and reduced to system by means of observation, experiment, and reasoning. By these means in course of time men worked out for themselves the idea of the order of nature, seeing that things came about in regular sequence of cause and effect, by what are called "laws of nature." These laws are not in themselves causes, as the author points out in one of the best bits of compressed reasoning to be found in his masterly little book:—

In fact, everything that we know about the powers and properties of natural objects and about the order of nature may properly be termed a law of nature. But it is desirable to remember that which is very often forgotten, that the laws of nature are not the causes of the order of nature, but only our way of stating as much as we have made out of that order. Stones do not fall to the ground in consequence of the law just stated, as people sometimes carelessly say; but the law is a way of asserting that which invariably happens when heavy bodies at the surface of the earth, stones among the rest, are free to move.

The laws of nature are, in fact, in this respect, similar to the laws which men make for the guidance of their conduct towards one another. There are laws about the payment of taxes, and there are laws against stealing or murder. But the law is not the cause of a man's paying his taxes, nor is it the cause of his abstaining from theft and murder. The law is simply a statement of what will happen to a man if he does not pay his taxes, and if he commits theft or murder: and the cause of his paying his taxes, or abstaining from crime (in the absence of any better motive) is the fear of consequences which is the effect of his belief in that statement. A law of man tells what we may expect society will do under certain circumstances; and a law of nature tells us what we may expect natural objects will do under certain circumstances. Each contains information addressed to our intelligence, and except so far as it influences our intelligence, it is merely so much sound or writing.

While there is this much analogy between human and natural laws, however, certain essential differences between the two must not be overlooked. Human law consists of commands addressed to voluntary agents, which they may obey or disobey; and the law is not rendered null and void by being broken. Natural laws, on the other hand, are not commands, but assertions respecting the invariable order of nature; and they remain laws only so long as they can be shown to express that order. To speak of the violation, or the suspension, of a law of nature is an absurdity. All that the phrase can really mean is that, under certain circumstances, the assertion contained in the law is not true; and the just conclusion is, not that the order of nature is interrupted, but that we have made a mistake in stating that order. A true natural law is an universal rule, and, as such, admits of no exceptions.

Again, human laws have no meaning apart from the existence of human society. Natural laws express the general course of nature, of which human society forms only an insignificant fraction.

Having once mastered the rudimentary principle which thus lies at the threshold of nature, the pupil will be prepared to pass on to the special facts or phenomena with which science deals. He is made to see that all the phenomena of nature are either material or immaterial, physical or mental; the latter field of science being somewhat summarily treated in a mere couple of pages at the end of the book, the subject of psychology being, perhaps judiciously, reserved for a later stage in the learner's scientific growth. He will have enough to do in the first instance in making acquaintance with the nature and properties of the two great physical groups of mineral or inanimate bodies, and living or organic bodies. Of the former class the Professor takes water as that of which somewhat is known, however loosely, by everybody, and he seeks to make this knowledge exact and definite, whilst clear enough for the mind of every child. That water offers resistance, has weight, and is able to transfer motion which it has acquired, and is therefore a form of matter, is made to illustrate the meaning of weight or gravitation, of volume, mass, and density. The laws of fluid motion are deduced from the action of moving water, as are next the effects of heat and cold, which are shown to consist in violent disturbance in the molecules or atoms of water. The final lesson arrived at is that all matter may be regarded as made up of molecules or atoms in various combinations, for further acquaintance with which the learner is referred to his primer upon Chemistry. For special study of living bodies, he will in time have recourse to his manuals of Biology, Botany, and Geology. But he will here get his rudimentary ideas from the wheat plant as a typical sample of vegetable life, and from the common fowl as a familiar form of animal, the constituents of the body being shown to be very much the same in both, as well as, in their ultimate and most simple forms, the same as those of mineral bodies. To what, then, is the pupil to look as the dividing line between what were of old time looked upon as essentially distinct kingdoms in nature? This, we need scarcely say, is a problem not less wide and deep than that of philosophy itself. Suffice it for the beginner, that he is led to seek the traces of difference in the essential composition of these classes of natural bodies in the fact of their coming under the law of growth, and of that of reproduction by germs.

In *Practical Chemistry*, a volume about the same in bulk as Professor Huxley's, Professor Tilden aims at supplying the want, forced upon his mind by the requirements of his own teaching, of a book for beginners, based upon the consideration that it is by no means necessary to learn the properties of any large number of substances in order to master the principles of chemical analysis. To avoid loading the memory with details and clouding the mind with technicalities and complex terms, is of untold service to the beginner. He is first taught how to make himself familiar with the aspect and properties of a few substances with which he will be afterwards constantly dealing, such as water, the principal acids and salts, charcoal and sulphur, together with the use of the blowpipe, being shown how to make as far as possible his own instruments and conduct his own experiments. Having mastered the nomenclature of the elementary substances, and become familiar with the simple chemical formulæ, with the action of tests and the preparation of reagents, he is prepared for the practice of qualitative analysis, which forms the second and principal portion of the work. The use and value of the spectroscope is explained to him, and from detailed experiments for the detection of the chief metallic radicles in various compounds, he is furnished with general directions for analysing any unknown substance. An excellent tabular view gives additional clearness to the general directions laid down for the separation of the groups. The pupil who has made himself master of this little manual will be thoroughly equipped for the more advanced stages of the science and practice of chemistry.

A love of the study of light induced Mrs. W. Awdry many years ago to begin writing upon the subject, incorporating from time to time such new information as came within her reach. The result has been the little work before us, which sets forth, with as much fulness as may well be within such narrow limits, the first principles or initiatory mysteries of a science than which Newton has declared nothing to be more obscure. During the course of learning and teaching on this subject she was strongly impressed with the difference in power of sight which exists between trained and untrained eyes, as well as with the small amount of training needed to set the eye educating itself almost unconsciously in habits of delicate and accurate vision. She has not found costly and elaborate apparatus at all necessary for the primary course of lessons to which she here addresses herself; the few simple experiments described needing little more than three or four lenses of different powers, a piece of common glass and one of silvered glass, a prism and a tumbler of water. In the later chapters, which deal with spectrum analysis, the constitution of the sun and stars, and the heat and chemical action of the solar rays, a small direct-vision spectroscope is recommended. With the aid of these simple adjuncts and of appropriate diagrams, she enables the youthful learner to make out for himself the phenomena of refraction and reflection, to grasp somewhat of the undulatory theory of light, and the mode of measuring the velocity of light-rays and the rate of wave-vibrations. He will see how much science is to be learned from the fleeting colours of a soap-bubble or a bit of mother-of-pearl, and he will doubtless be surprised, when he comes to the chapter on diffraction, at the variety and beauty of the phenomena to be seen by simply looking between the fingers at any bright surface—a candle or a gaslight. The little work closes with a clear account of the rainbow, solar halos, and parhelia.

THE COUNTRY OF THE PASSION PLAY.*

WRITING books on districts of Europe which are easily accessible to ordinary tourists must always be among the most doubtful of literary ventures. For all depends on the manner of treating the subject, and the knack is neither to be acquired nor cultivated. Nor do we imagine that the undertaking is sensibly simplified even when the writer has been fortunate in selecting comparatively untrodden ground. For the manners depicted and the portraits of the natives can present but slight and insignificant variations from those that the travelled reader has had opportunities of observing elsewhere; while the happiest descriptions of unfamiliar scenery can seldom have much of the attraction of novelty. As for people who know little or nothing of the Continent, we fancy they seldom read such books at all; for, in the absence of the excitement of thrilling adventure, their charm must lie in the revival of pleasant associations. Occasionally a clever tourist makes a literary hit, either by the quaintness of his fancies or the brilliancy of his style, or by animating his volume with his personal individuality. And now and then we have an original genius like Heine, who only needs the inspiration of some casual impression to be philosophical or poetical, pathetic or sarcastic. Miss Seguin, who has undoubtedly found work that she does well, is by no means self-obtrusive, morally or otherwise, nor does she make pretensions to the genius of a Heine any more than she parodies his manner. She rather reminds us of Hackländer, as she has skirted or partly trodden his ground. Like Hackländer, she never lays herself out to be specially brilliant, while carefully avoiding the commonplaces of the guide-books, and like him, too, she keeps by preference to by-paths and back-of-the-world districts. Though we find that her unassuming descriptions have always a certain fascination for us, we can scarcely tell what makes them such agreeable reading. No doubt she paints prettily from nature; but the gift of delicate landscape-painting in pen and ink is by no means an uncommon one. We are rather inclined to attribute her success to the quickness of her many-sided susceptibilities and her readiness of sympathetic appreciation. She is quick to seize those salient features which strike the stranger in a primitive society; as she admires the beauties and grandeur of nature with an intelligent observation which notes all the details in their endless variety. Thus there is always a freshness in her sketches of character, and nothing conventional in her descriptions of scenery. On the whole, we prefer her *Country of the Passion Play* to the companion volume on the *Black Forest*. In the *Country of the Passion Play* she is more chary of relating legends which sound familiar in their stereotyped outlines, even when we have never heard them before; and her stories and historical allusions come in more naturally and effectively, for superstitions fill a considerable space in the fancies of a race of mountaineers who pass much of their lives in solitude, and whose minds have been influenced in the course of generations by the sombre sublimity of their immediate surroundings. Then death surprises them in startling and tragic shapes, leaving memories behind that are perpetuated by tradition. Here the avalanche descended on some hapless village; there, on the bosom of that mountain lakelet, a boat was swamped in some sudden storm; that wayside shrine was raised in gratitude for a great deliverance, and that cross was reared to commemorate a catastrophe. Nor have those out-of-the-way Bavarian Highlands been altogether neglected by history. Armies have marched and countermarched among the mountain-chains, whose valleys saw some sharp campaigning in the days of the First Empire; while trade routes have been carried over the passes from time immemorial between the wealthy free cities of central Europe and the flourishing trading ports on the Adriatic and Mediterranean. Altogether Miss Seguin finds profuse materials for embellishing the bare narrative of her Bavarian tours, and it is to her credit that she has employed them so picturesquely and judiciously.

Naturally she devotes some of her most interesting chapters to the lives and customs of those primitive mountaineers. Until very lately, when railways have been running up the courses of their rivers and bringing holiday-makers from the cities to summer resorts on their lakes, they lived in a variety of little valley worlds of their own, where they exercised, with the connivance of the central authorities in the capital, certain very extraordinary privileges of self-government. Most characteristic among these was the *Haberfeldtreiben*, or village lynch law—a kind of rough and summary justice visited on offences which were not positively criminal. The culprit was judged and condemned—in his absence, as we presume—by a general consent of local opinion. Sentence was passed and the executioners appointed. Then his house was surrounded in the night by a masked and armed band, who called him forth for punishment. He was beaten, ducked, or merely reprimanded, as the case might be. Resistance was idle, and revenge unheard of. For revenge would only have led to more severe retribution, and there was no place of refuge open to a man whose little world lay enclosed by the mountains round his village. Even in these days the highlander, though a fine fellow physically, has done little towards refining himself or cultivating his intelligence. His occupations take him for long hard days of work into his patch of allotment ground or into the solitudes of the forests; and his amusements are chiefly dancing, in which he delights, and gossiping over his pipe of an evening in the beerhouse. It is the more singular that the Bavarians as a race should display such remarkable dramatic abilities; for though the art has been brought to a climax by the villagers of Ober Ammergau, they are by no means exceptional in their histrionic talents. Not a few of those secluded villages have their standing wooden theatres, where pieces that may be either secular or religious are acted at intervals all the year round. The Bavarian is playful, too, in his ponderous way. A popular figure in the village dance says much for the sturdy *physique* of the people; in this strange performance the male dancer finishes with a bound in the air, and, resting head and hands on the shoulders of his fair partner, beats a tattoo on the ceiling with his bootsoles in quick time to the music. And the training of the girls is calculated to make them robust and self-reliant as well. It is difficult to conceive a more unnatural life for a young woman than that led by the *Sennerinn*, or herd-girl, for at least three months in every summer. Each peasant proprietor has his stretch of pasture on the mountains, as well as his plot in the valley; and to the former the cattle are driven each year when the mountain grass becomes luxuriant. The solitary girl is sent in charge, and there she remains under the same roof with the cows, who are her sole company for six days out of the seven. The cheese-making pretty amply occupies her in the daytime, and we doubt not that she sleeps soundly after her labours. But not the less does she look forward to the seventh day, when she invariably may count upon a visit. For it is *de rigueur* that each *Sennerinn* should have her "young man," and the long flirtation with the young lady in the mountains is the duty and pleasure of each summer Sunday. When she leads down her flock decked out with flowers at the end of the season, and the village society turns out to welcome her, the lover gives a visible symbol of his allegiance by presenting her in public with a bouquet of wild flowers. But sentiment stops short with these tender preliminaries, which, by the way, are hardly conducive to rigid morality. The subsequent marriage is as much a matter of bargain and barter as any arranged among the mansions of Belgravia. Stock is previously taken of the goods on either side; and the bride drives herself to the dwelling of the bridegroom seated on a pile of "plenishing" which forms part of her dowry, and includes a cradle among the other articles.

But it is time to pass from the people to their country, and to Miss Seguin's practical hints for tourists. In the first place, she describes the scenery as most fascinating. If it is on a less magnificent scale than that of the Swiss mountains, she thinks that on the whole you may have more real enjoyment in it:—

> Though the actual height of the mountains may be less, the valleys which intersect them are cut so deeply into their heart, and are yet themselves at so great an elevation, that the traveller who makes his headquarters at the modest Bavarian village inn is brought, as it were, face to face, with the giant children of nature. He lives absolutely among them. They look at him through the window panes as he sits, or writes, or reads. He becomes intimate with them, and takes to calling them familiarly by name, as though each snowy, tapering peak were in reality an old and valued friend.

As for the modest inns, they are very far from being uncomfortable; and, on the strength of some personal experiences, we can confirm all that Miss Seguin says in their favour. The beds are clean, if the bedrooms are bare; the board is amply spread with good substantial fare, which is sure to be sauced by a sharpened appetite; and though we decidedly differ from our author in the pre-eminence she assigns to the beer, yet the thirsty tourist must be fastidious indeed who grumbles either at the flavour or the quality. But, according to Miss Seguin's reports, which give us the latest information, the accommodation must have greatly improved since our time. There were always rival establishments more or less pretentious on the Tegernsee, the Starnbergersee, and other picturesque and accessible neighbourhoods which were much patronized by the citizens of the capital. But now, with the opening of the new railway lines, houses of the kind seem to be springing up on the shores of lonely mountain tarns and on those higher slopes of Alpine solitudes which used formerly to be abandoned to the herdsmen and foresters. In these days, so far as we can gather from Miss Seguin's pages, one might easily make a tour from hotel to hotel without once having occasion to rough it in one's sleeping quarters. Not that we by any means recommend such short-sighted Sybaritism. There are other luxuries in magnificent mountain scenery besides the luxuries of bed and board; and one of the chief of these is being absolutely independent and wandering about at your own caprice. The exercise of a very moderate amount of forethought will usually assure you tolerable quarters; and if for a single night you should have serious grievances you will be all the happier at your next halting-place for the contrast. For which reason, also, we strongly advocate doing a great deal of pedestrianism; though that is of course by no means always practicable for a lady. Transporting oneself by the public conveyances in Bavaria, as generally in the picturesque districts of the Continent, is quite out of the question. As Miss Seguin points out, both in this volume and in her *Black Forest*, they are almost invariably timed to start in the evening, so as to take you through the finest scenery in the dark; while you see little at the best of times from the *coupé* or interior, and are suffocated with dust in the open banquette. Carriages, no doubt, may be hired in many places. But the German coachman is the most phlegmatic of drivers and the least exhilarating of guides and travelling companions. He smokes perhaps the worst tobacco in the world, keeps his pipe of china perpetually in full blast, and is less scrupulous as to changing his underclothing than might be desirable in sultry summer weather. You walk up the steep ascents for your

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* *The Country of the Passion Play: the Highlands and Highlanders of Bavaria.* By L. S. Seguin, Author of "The Black Forest," &c. London: Strahan & Co. 1880.

own sake; he insists on your getting out where the mud is deepest; and, except that he relieves you of all anxiety about your baggage, you had better have dispensed with his services, were it not for the honour of the thing. Our advice is to go on foot in a country like the Bavarian highlands; to forward your portmanteau from point to point, slinging the scantiest of travelling necessaries in the lightest of knapsacks; and so far as scenery, and even decent night quarters, are concerned, plan your wanderings as you will, you can hardly go wrong.

THE DUKE'S CHILDREN.*

MR. TROLLOPE, in his biographical notice of Thackeray contributed to Messrs. Macmillan's series of *English Men of Letters*, is led incidentally, but in perfect relevance with his main subject, to give some hints as to his own method of work. Thackeray, having undertaken the editorship of the *Cornhill Magazine*, had intended to begin the first number with one of his own "great novels," but characteristically had put it off till too late, and in the dilemma asked Mr. Trollope to furnish him with a "long novel" to supply its place. This letter was accompanied by one from the publisher, who suggested "some interesting details as to honorarium." The little details, he goes on to say, were very interesting; but absolutely no time was given. It was required that the first portion of the book should be in the printer's hands within a month. Now, he goes on to say, "it was my theory, and ever since this occurrence it has been my practice, to see the end of my own work before the public should see its commencement. If I did this thing I must not only abandon my theory, but instantly contrive a story, or begin to write it before it was contrived. That was what I did, urged by the interesting nature of the details. A novelist cannot always at the spur of the moment make his plot and create his characters who shall, with an arranged sequence of events, live with a certain degree of eventful decorum through that portion of their lives which is to be portrayed." He informs the reader in conclusion that the novel (*Framley Parsonage*) written in defiance of this rule was received with greater favour than any he had written before or since, which he justly attributes to the prestige of a new magazine under Thackeray's editorship; for, though the novel is clever, it does not stand in the first rank among his very best. Mr. Trollope modestly attributes the sudden appeal made to him to his readiness rather than to any other gift; but the reader must feel that Thackeray was very fortunate in finding such a substitute. Our reason for referring to this history is the light it throws on the author's method of work. It certainly seems the right course for a novelist to form his plot and contrive his scenes before he puts pen to paper; though many a successful novel shows the writer to have been carried away by characters or incidents that grow upon him in the handling, as fitting his genius, till they fill a space that can hardly have been designed for them in the first outline. But the plan of working out the course of the story through all its windings and complications, and giving each personage an appointed share of work, leaves room for a sort of division of labour which is very convenient where a certain amount of work has to be performed, but through which some scenes must inevitably come off worst, as not being allowed their fair chance. There are scenes which, as the writer foresees, must be carried through when the powers are at their freshest; there are others necessary for the conduct of the story where he may trust to his practised pen for supplying the needful effects. We are disposed to think that the passages which convey Mr. Trollope's impressions of feminine constancy as a blind instinct, wherein the lady regards her lover as a god, sees him handsome as a god, or beautiful as a god, and has "taught herself" a certain number of obstinate resolutions on his behalf, are passages in which the author's genius takes its repose. Young people, who constitute the mass of novel readers, must have a certain amount of love-making; they are not supposed to be critical as to the quality, if only it is determined enough; and as Mr. Trollope's ladies possess this quality of constancy, and have the formula by heart, to them is given the task—easy and familiar to the author—of filling the given number of pages where love is the theme. There are other scenes, on which the distinctive character of the novel depends, which are to be carried through by the personages who have suggested the story, and on whom the writer depends for interesting readers whose judgment he respects; these he works upon when his faculty of imagination, his knowledge of human nature and experience of the world, are most at his command, and are suffering least under the strain of perpetual composition.

In the *Duke's Children* there are three characters who have employed the author's powers with more or less success. The other personages fill their respective parts, the Duke's eldest son perhaps with most of the conventional cleverness always at the author's command; but these three supply the motive of the story; the Duke of Omnium—our old friend Mr. Palliser, the husband of Lady Glencora—occupying the leading place in our interest and regard. The Duke is the only person who speaks with dignity, or does any credit as far as this point is concerned to his lofty pretensions and high descent. The Duke talks sententiously, lectures his sons in sentences that read like a book, and yet he is the only one who to our mind talks naturally, for well-formed sentences are natural to his character and circumstances. The matter and the manner go well together. In this point of talk and expression there are three degrees of naturalness. The Duke talks not only as he thinks, but as he might speak. The rival heroines, Lady Mabel Grex and the American beauty, talk as they might think, but certainly not as they would speak; the rest vaguely indicate rather than express any exact meaning in the slang of the period, if we except two ladies of a certain age filling secondary parts, who talk sense in judicious language when the plot requires it. The stirring scenes of the book are conducted by the young ladies, who act according to our second standard. The author evidently supposed himself justified in making them say the things they do say, because it is quite possible they might *think* them. But surely to say what you think is in many cases the most unnatural thing in the world. The words which Mr. Trollope puts into the mouths of his candid young ladies too frequently strike the reader as out of all nature or possibility, as almost monstrous when addressed to the ears which receive them, and as certain to produce an effect upon any mortal hearer the absolute contrary of that aimed at.

One of these candid speakers, Lady Mabel Grex, is drawn with some care; as an aristocrat of bluest blood, she illustrates the demoralizing influences incident to her class. In her case there have been no counter-influences at work. The various moods of her impulsive nature, her alternations of sentiment and worldliness, fill many scenes; she is so far in the author's good graces that, having in early girlhood given her heart to a poor man, her love for him suffers no abatement to the end; but, by her own act and deed, she had renounced her lover because he was poor, and throughout the book she sets herself in wayward fashion to win the heart of Lord Silverbridge, the heir to the dukedom, playing with the prize when it seemed within her power, and making desperate efforts to secure it when too late. Her original lover, man-like, has accepted his dismissal, has agreed that they shall be friends and nothing more, and fallen in love with the Duke's daughter, which of course is very disagreeable to Lady Mabel; and whenever she encounters the recusant she reproaches him for his inconstancy, at the same time announcing her designs upon Lord Silverbridge and requiring his aid with an unveiled frankness which is impossible in a person with so much that is interesting in her as the author would have us suppose. Mr. Tregear, the quondam lover, on this announcement, has felt himself at liberty to request her aid in the matter of his engagement with Lady Mary. But she recognizes no parity of obligation, asks him what Lord Silverbridge would think if he found them together, and finishes the colloquy with this avowal:—"You know I love you with all my heart, with all my strength, and that I would give all the world to cure myself." In another place we find her view of female constancy explained. "A jackal is born a jackal, and not a lion," she says to her once lover. "So is a woman born a woman. They are clinging parasite things which cannot but adhere, though they destroy themselves by adhering." Now, whatever the lady might have thought, could such a woman as we are intended to think her have said this under the circumstances? A very trying, embarrassing person she certainly would be, not only to the man she loves but to the man she means to marry. Poor Silverbridge has a hard time of it under her reproaches at his desertion. She goes so far as to remind him of certain occasions on which she had asked him to take her as his wife, and finishes at last by informing him that "in truth, I have never loved you."

Her rival, the American beauty, sins against probability, it seems to us, quite as much, though in a different strain. Miss Boncassen is represented as perfectly charming. Her beauty is more perfect than Lady Mabel's; her complexion has a brilliancy and transparency that is dwelt upon as a national characteristic; her manner is universally bewitching. Now it is quite possible that an American girl fresh from New York, in all the excitement of finding herself courted and admired in English aristocratic circles, might have thoughts that would not bear expression. We can imagine her saying to some confidante that it is amusing to be in the circumstances touched on in the sentence we are about to quote; but we cannot understand a girl of any propriety of feeling or any sense saying it to a young lord very early in their acquaintance; nor can we imagine the young lord thinking it attractive—even though, in contrast with both father and mother, she did not talk in the least through her nose. However, it told very favourably on him that she should immediately on their acquaintance thus introduce the subject of love-making:—

> Miss Boncassen, at any rate, did not laugh at him, and then she was so pleasant, so full of common sense, and so completely intelligent! "I like you," she had said, "because I feel that you will not think that you ought to make love to me. There is nothing I hate so much as the idea that a young man and a young woman can't be acquainted with each other without some such tomfoolery as that."

And she is so well pleased both with the topic and the wording that she reminds him of it afterwards, looking him steadily in the face. To another lover, who pesters her with offers, she talks about her petticoats spoiled in the rain; "new things are such ducks." She rings the bell for iced water, and in the hotel waiter's presence suggests to him, "Perhaps you'd like soda-and-brandy," and then jumps up, looks out of the window and cries, "Oh laws!" To a girl endowed with manners so frank, we need not wonder that Silverbridge ventured to repeat his own opinion of her as expressed to a lady, whom, by the way, Miss Boncassen had defined as an "old harridan." "I swore that I was awfully in love with you." "You didn't." "I did; that you were out and away the finest girl I ever saw in my life."

* *The Duke's Children.* By Anthony Trollope. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1880.

We cannot say that we care very much for the sorrows and loves of the young people whose function it is to exercise the temper, to try the patience, to test the principles of our old friend, now Duke of Omnium; but they do effect these necessary ends. The Duke represents the struggle between the old aristocratic sentiment and modern liberalism. The conflict in his case is between pride of birth, the sense of nobility, a long ancestry, a great historical position, and the opposition to all these feelings which distinguishes the party of which he is nominally the head, and whose principles he has to advocate. The American girl, who has resolved not to marry the young lord without the consent of his father, has a conversation with the Duke at a country house where both are visitors, in which she sounds him:—

"We are so different from you," she said, speaking of her own country. "And yet so like," said the Duke smiling, "your language, your laws, your habits."

"But still there is such a difference! I do not think there is a man in the whole Union more respected than my father."

"I daresay not."

"Many people think that if he would only allow himself to be put in nomination he would be the next President."

"The choice I am sure would do your country honour."

"And yet his father was a poor labourer who earned his bread among the shipping at New York. That kind of thing would be impossible here."

"My dear young lady, there you wrong us."

"Do I?"

"Certainly! a Prime Minister with us might easily come from the same class."

"Then you think so much of rank; you are—a Duke."

"But a Prime Minister can make a Duke; and if a man can raise himself by his own intellect to that position no one will think of his father or grandfather." . . . He in all this was quite unconscious of the working of her mind. Nor in discussing such matters generally did he ever mingle his own private feelings, his own pride of race and name, his own ideas of what was due to his ancient rank, with the political creed by which his conduct in public life was governed. . . . But there was an inner feeling in his bosom as to his own children and his own personal self, which was kept altogether apart from his grand political theories. It was a subject on which he never spoke, but the feeling had come to him as a part of his birthright. And he conceived that it would pass through him to his children after the same fashion.

The reader feels really grateful to Mr. Trollope that his tenderness towards his own creation prevents him from exposing the Duke to deeper trials than he encounters in the present story. Tregear is a gentleman. Lady Mary is quite as determined a character as that Lady Anna of one of his recent novels who married a tailor; and on whomsoever her choice had fallen the Duke would have had to give way.

The scrapes of the Duke's sons are more in the ordinary course of things. Silverbridge loses seventy thousand pounds, and the younger brother four thousand, by betting and gambling. A Major Tifto who assists in these affairs is drawn with knowledge, and gives point to several of the scenes. Whether in the club, or the racecourse, or the hunting field, he is recommended to the reader as something above a mere swindler by becoming the victim of a more thorough rogue than himself. The sons very properly pronounce their father a brick and tip-top, for he pays their gambling debts at the expense of stern lectures, softening off at the end into Latin quotations. "You should have heard the Governor spouting Latin," writes Lord Gerald to his brother, congratulating himself at having gone slap at his confession. "If there is anything that never does any good it is craning. I did it all at a rush, just as though I was swallowing a dose of physic." And thus the young men escape the insidious blandishments of Messrs. Comfort and Criball. There is no doubt that the Duke under a cold exterior is the most amiable of men, superior in all respects to his children, and finding very little pleasure or prospect of satisfaction in them; so that the main interests of the story are more or less sad. He is throughout a sufferer. Therefore, whatever the views of the reader, none will grudge him his return to power as the story closes, or will seriously object to Silverbridge's penitent return to the family politics, after starting in political life in direct opposition to his father, though he comes round at last upon no higher ground than that his leader, Sir Timothy Beeswax, is "such a beast, you know."

CLASSICAL BOOKS.*

THE classical texts and elementary helps and introductions to the grammar and syntax of the learned languages which nowadays issue from the press are numberless. We have now before us two notable editions of a Latin comedy and a Greek tragedy respectively; two introductions to the study and practice of Latin verse and Greek iambic; and three contributions, in the nature, more or less, of primers, to the endless problem of Greek or Latin grammar, on which it really seems as if every new teacher had a new doctrine to propound. There is this strong recommendation to such a work as Mr. Sonnenschein's *Captivi* of Plautus, that no student can read the play carefully and with diligent heed to its illustrative, textual, and critical notes without finding his views of Latin grammar and philology appreciably enlarged. The piece is judiciously chosen. There is always in Plautus enough humour to make his scenes readable; but in this play pre-eminently the humour has nothing gross in it; the plot is lively, the interest sustained, and the tiro has every inducement to stick to his task until he reaches its close. We agree with Mr. Sonnenschein that, on the whole, no better foreign editor than Dr. Julius Brix could have been chosen on whom to base his edition. In truth, it is a great proof of the soundness of that learned German's judgment that our latest English editor of a play of Plautus finds so much in which he can conscientiously endorse him. Mr. Sonnenschein founds his text on collations of the *Codex Vetus* for which he is indebted to Ussing's collation, supplemented by reference to Pareus; and of the *Codex Britannicus* made by himself. His "Critical Apparatus" has had the advantage of a number of emendations by the great Richard Bentley, approved as genuine by their manifest value, and now published for the first time from the margin of a copy of Pareus in the British Museum. The editor notes that these Bentleian readings generally come nearer the MSS. than those of Dr. Brix, to whom and to Ussing and others he acknowledges his debt. Like most recent workers in the field of Latin comedy, he has availed himself of Brix for the material of his introduction to Plautine prosody, except as relates to the subject of Hiatus. His second edition, now before us, is enhanced by a valuable excursus "On the Critical Value of the *Codex Britannicus*," and an appendix containing Bentley's emendations on the other plays of Plautus. Since the publication of Mr. Lucas Collins's Plautus and Terence in "Ancient Classics for English Readers," it would be an especially gratuitous waste of labour to give even a sketch of the plot of the *Captivi*, which depends mainly for its interest on the natural delineation of paternal affection and staunch friendship. Much of the interest is consequently pathetic; though the introduction into several scenes of the parasite Ergasilus is comic enough where it occurs. Another feature in the play is the introduction of so-called "Cantica," which seem to have been not strictly choral monologues, but scenes in longer and more passionate metre, probably with musical accompaniment. Our glances at the notes of Mr. Sonnenschein's commentary must be brief, but we may notice a passage in the prologue which shows how on the old Latin stage familiarities were in vogue such as may be heard now on the Italian. The prologist asks, "Do the audience understand the plot so far?" Apparently most of them do. But

> Negat hercle ille ultimus: accedito.
> Si non ubi sedeas locus est, est ubi ambules,
> Quando histrionem cogis mendicarier.
> Ego me tua causa, ne erres, non rupturus sum.

This our editor explains as follows:—"I declare there's one in the furthest row says 'No': let him draw nearer. If you've no sitting room, there's room for you to take a walk (outside). You must be off, or you'll drive the actor to play the beggar (*i.e.* solicit individual assurance that he makes himself heard). I'm not going to crack my lungs for your sake, don't think it." It is a plausible theory that in "est ubi ambules" there is a reference to the "ambulacrum," or open promenade; but Bentley's emendation on Ter. *Haut.* Prol. 31, "discedito" for "accedito," is, we are told, needless, if we understand a short pause after "accedito." And the literal interpretation of "mendicarier," espoused by Geppert and Brix, strikes us as tame and improbable. At every turn of the commentary the reader finds some analogy of language illustrated; *e.g.* in i. 1. 37, Nimis quam, *excessively*; cf. *Most.* ii. 2. 78, Nimis quam formido; compare Greek ὑπερφυῶς ὡς; and in i. 1. 37, *Ille demum*, he *and none but he*, where Sallust's *Catiline*, 20. 4, Ea demum firma est amicitia, is a case in point, exhibiting *demum* first of time in the sense of "only." In i. 11. 55, "Iam maritimi omnes milites opus sunt" gives a good instance of "opus sunt" used adjectively, cf. Cic. *De Invent.* 2. 19, and Madvig § 266. In Act ii. 1 the form *nunciam* is traced not from nunc jam, but from *nunci*, as "quom" from "quoni." "*Nunciam* is exactly parallel to *quoniam*, the -*am* in either case being an adverbial ending, giving an emphasis to the word to which it is attached." We could have wished, however, a fuller

quite satisfied with the explanation that "*resident* = *quiescunt* with acc. governed on the notion of *agere*, which it contains." We cordially recommend this well-equipped play both to younger and older students of Plautus.

Mr. Kynaston's graceful and finished renderings of English verse into Latin hexameters, elegiacs, alcaics, and sapphics will raise the reputation of Cheltenham scholarship. Each exercise has been set for composition to his head forms, and its aptitude for translation tested by himself *pari passu*. He has put forth these examples without note, comment, or introduction, and, in truth, they tell their own tale. We would point to the first example, an alcaic rendering of Sir William Jones's "What constitute a

* *T. Macci Plauti Captivi.* With an Introduction, Critical Apparatus, Explanatory Notes and Appendix, &c. Edited by Edward A. Sonnenschein, M.A., late Scholar of University College, Oxford. New Edition. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Allen. 1880.

Exemplaria Cheltoniensia sive quæ discipulis suis carmina identidem reddenda proposuit ipse reddidit, ex cathedra dictavit Herbertus Kynaston, A.M., Collegii Cheltoniensis Præses. Londini: Apud Macmillan et soc. 1880.

Cambridge Texts, with Notes.—Agamemnon of Æschylus. By F. A. Paley, Classical Examiner to the University of London. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. London: Whittaker & Co.; G. Bell & Sons. 1880.

Exercises in the Composition of Greek Iambic Verse, by Translation from English Dramatists. Arranged by Herbert Kynaston, M.A., Principal of Cheltenham College. London: Macmillan & Co. 1879.

First Greek Grammar. By W. Gunion Rutherford, B.A., Assistant Master of St. Paul's School, London. New Edition, enlarged. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

A Child's First Latin Book. By Theophilus D. Hall, M.A., Fellow of University College, London. New and enlarged edition. London: John Murray. 1879.

First Latin Grammar. By M. C. Macmillan, M.A., Assistant Master in St. Paul's School. London: Macmillan & Co. 1879.

state?" &c.; to another, also alcaic, rendering of Tennyson's "I sung the joyful Pæan clear," and to an elegiac version of Sir Henry Wootton's "Ye meaner beauties of the night," as illustrations of a practised mastery of both the translated and the translating language. Two couplets perhaps are specially worth notice. The last-named passage of Wootton ends:—

So when my Mistress shall be seen
  In sweetness of her looks and mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a queen—
  Tell me if she were not designed
The eclipse and glory of her kind.

This is most happily rendered:—

Haud secus, ingenio et specie cum prædita dulci
  Prodierit dominæ gratia visa meæ,
Quam sua regali virtus dignatur honore
  At majora suis regna fatetur Amor—
Scilicet hanc nemo Superos jussisse negabit
  Fulgori generis prænituisse sui.

Another similarly neat and thorough version is the last but one in the book, an elegiac copy of an epitaph so often cited that, though anonymous, we fancy most lovers of poetry can recall its words or its place in literature by the first line, which runs "Fair marble tell to future days," &c. The Latin transcript deserves close comparison:—

Hoc ventura legant in marmore sæcla, sororum
  Sub sacro innuptum par recubare solo.
Lingua hominum laudes vivarum nulla tacebat;
  Sublatis, nullæ non induere genæ.
Corpore præstanti, famaque, et dulcibus annis
  Dum crescunt, similis crevit utrique nitor.
Par adeo species miram rem prodidit, ut Mors
  Unam crediderit, sustuleritque duas.

We need not dwell long on a new volume of Cambridge Texts, the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, edited by a veteran such as Mr. Paley, whose first published labours on Æschylus cannot be dated less than thirty-five years ago. The appearance of Dr. Kennedy's edition in 1878 showed the general confidence of that eminent master and professor in the Æschylus of Paley as found in the *Bibliotheca Classica*. We are glad to have from Mr. Paley's hand this year an *Agamemnon*, with brief notes, which represents the editor's latest judgments on all the interesting points of which this admirable drama is full to overflowing. Thus at the very threshold of the work, on

γυναικὸς ἀνδρόβουλον ἐλπίζον κέαρ,

So firm in its resolve is the manly counselling hopeful heart of a woman,

he suggests a secondary sense, or an intentional ambiguity in the epithet *ἀνδρόβουλον*, which the spectators would understand to involve the less obvious meaning "having plans about a husband." It is, indeed, in divining these casual double meanings that the pleasure of reperusing the *Agamemnon* largely consists, and for clear and compendious guidance in this process Mr. Paley's little volume will be found as suggestive as it is sound. In a speech of Clytemnestra, a little before Agamemnon's entrance (570 *seq.*), she is found exulting that her confidence, expressed in v. 10, was not misplaced; and a subsequent line (580), *θυηφάγον κοιμῶντες εὐώδη φλόγα*, which helps to define the ceremonies attending the exhibition of this exultation, tells how a part of them consisted "in lulling to rest in shrines of Gods the incense-preying odorous flame." Here Mr. Paley renders the passage clearer by inferring from the description of the company "as they watched the fragrant flame burning itself out," that "the shout was raised not only at the fall of the victim, but as the last flame disappeared from the altar. It was probably a ceremony at the concluding of the sacrifice when the company was dismissed."

To the accomplished Principal of Cheltenham College, whose "Exemplaria" we have already noticed, we are indebted for a valuable and not too rudimentary volume of practical exercises in the composition of Greek Iambic verse. Mr. Kynaston limits his elementary hints on quantity, prosody, language, and syntax to some half-dozen suggestive pages, and devotes the rest of his book to translations from English dramatists in two parts; the first followed by a copious vocabulary, calculated to serve instead of an English-Greek Lexicon, which indeed would be hard to find; while the second part is armed with "an index of phrases and combinations connected with nouns representing leading ideas," and appears well calculated, with access to a Lexicon where needed, to supply the zealous student with all the verbal help he can require. Wherever we have tested him we have been struck with the amount of practical help which he has thrown into a limited space. Mr. Kynaston acknowledges his obligations to Mr. St. John Thackeray, and Mr. Sandys, the Public Orator at Cambridge, for the use of some of their translations, and a still larger debt to Dr. Herbert Holden's invaluable *Folia Sylvulæ*.

Mr. Gunion Rutherford's *First Greek Grammar*, of which we had a word to say in its first edition, now reappears in an enlarged and improved form. It aims at supplying for beginners an accurately compiled drill-book, a second part containing remarks and additional matter on the forms included in the first. Mr. Rutherford adopts the stem system of inflection, and is throughout commendably clear and succinct. Chapter V., on "Accentuation," will be found a *multum in parvo* which is within the grasp of any intelligent tiro handled by an earnest teacher.

Mr. T. D. Hall's new and enlarged *Child's First Latin Book* has been subjected to considerable recasting and improvement since its first appearance. He has judged well in detaching the "new pronunciation section," pp. 1-6, from the body of the work, and confining it to the introduction, and not less so in relegating the vocabularies to the end of the book. The treatment of adjectives of the first and second declensions has been rightly postponed till after the nouns of the same. The work has also been extended to take in the active verb, with exercises on each conjugation to match. We may add that, in consideration of what may be termed, in those modern days, old-world teachers—still a large number—a quasi-appendix, at the end of the book, gives all paradigms of nouns, adjectives, and pronouns, with the cases arranged as in the old grammars. This concession is as wise as charitable. One excellent feature of Mr. Hall's enlarged *Child's Latin Book* is the array of questions, as well on the nouns, adjectives, and pronouns, as on the active verbs. The exercises, too, are duly progressive, and adapted to the beginner's capacity.

Yet another *First Latin Grammar*, by Mr. M. C. Macmillan, M.A., deserves brief notice for its workmanlike relegation to the end of the book of such matters as the Latin declension of Greek words and the computation of time, money, and numerals. He has adhered to the traditional number and order of declensions and conjugations, and followed Mr. Roby's arrangement by stems, which he deems more satisfactory than any other. With syntax in this manual he has not dealt, because he aims at impressing on mere beginners a knowledge of grammatical forms rather than at including progressive exercises which would have to illustrate syntax. Among the chief boons of this new grammar we decidedly count the appendices.

MINOR NOTICES.

WE could wish that all those rough-and-ready critics who object to an exact and chiselled form in verse, on the ground that the box so carefully wrought must contain bad spikenard or no perfume at all, would read Mr. A. Lang's *Ballades in Blue and White China* (1), where a singular perfection of technique is wedded to the most genial and healthy ideas, fresh and wholesome fancy, and a delightful vein of humour. About ten years ago Mr. Lang published a volume of *Lyrics of Old France*, in which he showed himself a lover of all beautiful and intellectual things, but where his verse was not without a sign of the influence, then so widely diffused, of the brilliant and overstrained poetry of Mr. D. G. Rossetti. The author shows in his new book that he has thrown this borrowed manner entirely aside, and is master of his own music. There is the true ring in his delicate verse, and in his graver moments he reminds us of the best of those Italian lyrists who wrote in Latin just as Latin was ceasing to be the literary language. Like these men, like Naugerius or Flaminius, he has a happy power of crystallizing his impressions of life and of his favourite employments in a style that makes up for its lack of startling originality by its delicacy, purity, and sincerity, retaining all the while a certain conscious relation to recognized literature. There is nothing forced or exaggerated in tone about these little poems, and they fulfil their dainty mission to perfection. The humorous and satiric ballades are admirable. There are one or two in Lowland Scotch which leave nothing to be desired. We give a "Ballade of Bookhunters," as a specimen of the literary flavour of this little volume, to the charming binding and type of which we must add a word of praise:—

In torrid heats of late July,
In March, beneath the bitter *bise*,
He book-hunts while the loungers fly,—
He book-hunts, though December freeze;
In breeches baggy at the knees,
And heedless of the public jeers,
For these, for these, he hoards his fees,—
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs.

No dismal stall escapes his eye,
He turns o'er tomes of low degrees,
There soiled romanticists may lie,
Or Restoration comedies;
Each tract that flutters in the breeze
For him is charged with hopes and fears,
In mouldy novels fancy sees
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs.
With restless eyes that peer and spy,
Sad eyes that heed not skies nor trees,
In dismal nooks he loves to pry,
Whose motto evermore is *Spes!*
But ah! the fabled treasure flees;
Grown rarer with the fleeting years,
In rich men's shelves they take their ease,—
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs!

ENVOY.

Prince, all the things that tease and please,—
Fame, hope, wealth, kisses, cheers, and tears,
What are they but such toys as these—
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs?

There has now appeared a third volume of Sir Travers Twiss's text and translation of Bracton (2). It is advertised as "a

(1) *XXII Ballades in Blue China.* By A. Lang. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.

(2) *Henrici de Bracton de legibus et consuetudinibus Angliæ libri quinque in varios tractatus distincti. Ad diversorum et vetustissimorum codicum collationem typis vulgati.* Edited by Sir Travers Twiss, Q.C., D.C.L. Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longmans & Co., &c.

new edition of Bracton's celebrated work, collated with MSS. in the British Museum, the Libraries of Lincoln's Inn, the Middle Temple, and Gray's Inn, the Bodleian Library, Oxford, the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, &c." In our notices of the first two volumes we showed at some length in what fashion this professed collation has hitherto been performed. In the present volume there are signs of something like a real collation of the Oxford MSS., but little or nothing to show any serious use of the others. Beyond this improvement, which is a good thing as far as it goes, there is nothing particular to be remarked about the execution of the work. The Latin text is, as before, disfigured by the contractions of the old printed book, which have not the slightest palæographical or critical value. The saving of space is not, or at least ought not to be, an object in a publication of this kind; and we can therefore only guess that this slovenly proceeding is adopted to save a certain amount of trouble in writing out the contracted words. As to the translation, we have not lighted on anything quite so bad as occurred in the former volumes; but "he will have to be adjudged the possessor," for *pro possessore erit judicandum* (fo. 213 *b*)—*i.e.* "judgment must go for the party in possession"—is a schoolboy's blunder, or rather a blunder which no fairly-instructed schoolboy ought to make. As to the introduction, we confess that when an editor can gravely speak of the mass of confusion with which Mr. Finlason has overlaide Reeve's *History of English Law* as a "valuable edition . . . enriched with a series of learned notes and comments," we do not think it profitable or desirable to spend much more time in examining that editor's contributions to our historical or critical knowledge. We may add that we have lately seen the very fine MS. of Bracton in the National Library at Paris. Its text appears, as we expected, to agree substantially with that of the best English ones; and comparison of some of the British Museum MSS. in test passages, which we discussed on a former occasion, confirms this result as regards the general *consensus* of MS. authority. We strongly suspect that the old edition of 1569, which is devoutly reproduced by Sir Travers Twiss with all its faults and the addition of some new misprints, owes the greater part of its corruptions to no more ancient or respectable source than the carelessness of the publisher and printers; and we believe that a good text of Bracton might be obtained by taking as the foundation any one of some half-dozen MSS. (British Museum, Oxford, Cambridge, or Lincoln's Inn), and editing the text of the chosen MS. with occasional correction, where needed, from others. This, unfortunately, is just what Sir T. Twiss has not done; he considers the old printed text as "classical," and will not disturb it even when he has not overlooked an obviously right MS. reading. According to this doctrine, any edition whatever of an old author, however badly done, becomes classical if a century or two passes without anything better being produced; and Sir Travers Twiss's own astonishing renderings of certain passages of Bracton's Latin will be a classical version for our great-grandchildren. Again, we have given proof that Sir T. Twiss's collation even of the MS. he has himself picked out as surpassing all others by the "extreme purity" of its text is not to be relied upon. It may be as well to refresh our reader's memory by repeating shortly the nature of the facts on which this inference is founded. Sir Travers Twiss edited and translated without a word of remark passages which as they stood made absolute nonsense; which had been already pointed out as manifestly corrupt by a writer whose work was in Sir T. Twiss's hands; and of which the true reading was in fact given in all or most of the MSS. which he professed to have collated. No explanation of this proceeding is forthcoming, and the absence of it throws suspicion on the whole of the work, apart from other signs of carelessness, and the haste with which it has been produced. It is only too certain that, if we are ever to have an edition of Bracton worthy of the subject and of English scholarship, the whole thing will have to be done over again. Unhappily it is by no means probable that any of the few persons or bodies for whom such an undertaking is practicable will be disposed to take it up. The only hope, and a distant one, is that some day one of the Universities may be moved to action. Oxford has excellent materials for forming an improved text of Bracton, which have been used, to say the least, inadequately. Cambridge has others, nearly if not quite as good, which have not been used at all.

It is not obvious why Mr. Canning has called his volume *Philosophy of Charles Dickens* (3). It consists of a series of abstracts of some of the more important of Dickens's works, interspersed with remarks of Mr. Canning which deal more with what Dickens did not put into his books than with what he did put into them. One thing appears to be much on the writer's mind—the comparatively small number of clergymen introduced in the novels. Thus, in the chapter which he devotes to *Oliver Twist*, three pages are taken up with remarks on the fact that nothing is said concerning the action, or want of action, on the part of the clergy with regard to workhouse management. "Some writers," says Mr. Canning, "would perhaps have described a London clergyman, if a good one, as trying to interfere, but repelled and thwarted; or, if indifferent, as stupid and useless; or, if a bad man, as sanctioning the cruelty of others and conniving at keeping the public in ignorance of shameful facts." Yet, as Mr. Canning justly observes, Dickens did none of these things. Again, in *Barnaby Rudge*, the writer is deeply impressed by his ingenious discovery that "no Protestant clergymen or Roman Catholic priests are introduced, though the subject would appear" (to Mr. Canning) "to require both." The writer seems to have caught that particular form of the critical disease the chief symptom of which is the desire to complain of a thing for not being something else, and he is led away by this into making such observations as this, which appears in the chapter on *Dombey and Son*:—"Indeed the Navy is far better represented by the generous, frank Captain Cuttle" (who, by the by, was not in the navy) "than the Army by the selfish, vindictive old Major Bagstock, though both these characters are comic in their different ways, and there might have been a very amusing scene between these worthies; but they never meet." Another matter which exercises the writer is that after the opening of the *Christmas Carol*, "no further allusion is made to Marley's ghost, and what Dickens wished people to believe about the apparition seems uncertain." It would be "a pleasing thought," our author says, to believe that the spirit of Marley had, "by its successful intercession for a fellow-sinner, achieved its own salvation," and on this theme Mr. Canning goes on to write a discourse of some three or four pages. In his "Concluding Remarks" the author returns again to the discovery which has so amazed him throughout, and dwells upon "the sentiments of Mr. Crisparkle, the only good clergyman he ever described at length." On the whole, perhaps the best thing Mr. Canning can do is to found a "New Dickens Society" in humble emulation of Messrs. Fleay and Furnivall.

A third and revised edition has appeared of Captain Burton's strangely interesting account of his adventurous pilgrimage to Meccah (4).

Dr. Brandt's little volume (5) concerning Royat-les-Bains is prefaced by a few words from the pen of Dr. Burney Yeo, who spent some time last year in Auvergne, and published the result of his experiences in the *Times*. The thirty pages of Dr. Brandt's work are devoted exclusively to Royat. Dr. Brandt has a great belief in the value of the four springs which are found there, and was much pleased with the conduct of the bathing establishment. His remarks upon diet are sensible, and his book will be useful in many ways to people who think of going to Royat.

No one has a better right to speak with authority on questions of taxidermy (6) than Mr. Ward, whose skill in the art is well known to every one interested in the subject. In an introductory chapter he deals with much practical wisdom with the general equipment of a sportsman bent on big game, and gives some valuable particulars as to the places in which in various animals a well-aimed shot will be fatal. He recommends as part of the sportsman's kit a photographic camera with, of course, dry plates, and in his final paragraph observes that "the knives or other implements should be as few and simple as is consistent with meeting the real need; a tiger can be perfectly skinned by a skilful hand with a shoemaker's knife, price threepence-halfpenny." The middle of the book is occupied with directions as close and full as possible as to the skinning and preparation of various creatures; and, as we have said, no one is better qualified than Mr. Ward to give such directions. After this comes a synoptical guide to the Hunting Grounds of the World. A special feature in the arrangement of the book is found in the reservation of several blank pages at the end for memoranda.

Mr. Stewart in a short preface to a new edition of *Plutarch's Lives* (7) gives a sketch of the already existing versions, and passes on to say that "in 1844 thirteen Lives were translated by that eminent scholar, the late George Long; and it is by way of complement to these Lives that the present version was undertaken, with his consent and his approval." Those which Mr. Long translated dealt with a period in which he had a special interest, and they are therefore more fully annotated than the others. Mr. Stewart has, wisely as it seems to us, decided that it is superfluous to boil down in notes information which can readily be obtained in full in Dr. Smith's *Classical Dictionary* and *Dictionary of Antiquities*. In another matter also Mr. Stewart seems to us to have taken a sensible course. This is in the spelling of Greek proper names. It seems as absurd, he justly remarks, to make a Greek speak of Juno or Minerva as to make a Roman swear by Herakles or Ares. As both Greek and Roman divinities are constantly mentioned, he has found a way out of the difficulty by speaking of the Greek divinities by their Greek, and the Latin by their Latin, names. "In substituting a *k*," writes Mr. Stewart, "for the more usual *c*, I have followed the example of Grote, who, in his History, spells all Greek names exactly as they are written, with the exception of those with which we are so familiar in their Latin form as to render this practically impossible; as, for instance, in the case of Cyprus or Corinth, or of a name like Thucydides, where a return to the Greek *k* would be both pedantic and unmeaning." We shall look with interest to the completion of an edition which promises to be excellent.

The Society of Telegraph Engineers has published, under the conditions of the Trust Deed of a Library formed by the late Sir

(3) *Philosophy of Charles Dickens.* By the Hon. Albert S. J. Canning, Author of "Philosophy of the Waverley Novels," &c. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

(4) *Narrative of a Pilgrimage to Meccah and Medinah.* By Richard F. Burton. Third Edition. London and Belfast: Mullan & Son.

(5) *Royat (les Bains) in Auvergne: its Mineral Waters and Climate.* By T. H. Brandt, M.D. London: H. K. Lewis.

(6) *The Sportsman's Handbook to Practical Collecting, Preserving, and Artistic Setting-up of Trophies and Specimens.* By Rowland Ward, F.Z.S. London: The Author, 166 Piccadilly, and Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

(7) *Plutarch's Lives.* Translated from the Greek. With Notes and a Life of Plutarch. By Aubrey Stewart, M.A., and the late George Long, M.A. 4 vols. Vol. I. London: Bell & Long.

Francis Ronalds, a Catalogue (8) which he began to compile at an early date and continued to work at up to the date of his death in 1873. It contains a list not only of all the publications contained in the Ronalds Library, but also of the titles of all books, &c., on the subject of electricity and magnetism which came under the notice of the compiler. The volume also contains an interesting Life of Sir Francis Ronalds, "the Father of English Telegraphy," who invented and set up the earliest of all electric telegraphs in England at Hammersmith in 1816. The apparatus, we may note in passing, had some points in common with that which Young saw and has described in his Travels in France. It may be worth while to add that a small number of Catalogues has been printed on large paper, on one side only, for library use.

The most sumptuous volume to which the Ammergau play of 1870-1 gave rise was Mr. John P. Jackson's *Album of the Passion Play*, a portly quarto, with many woodcuts and abundant photographs of all the scenes, published in 1873. An abridgment of this, reproducing several of the woodcuts, has just been published, by way of guide-book for this year (9). The narrative of the drama is very full in this work, and the full German text of the successive songs of the chorus is given.

Another reprinted contribution to the edification of pilgrims to Ober Ammergau has appeared in the fourth edition of Dr. Molloy's *Passion Play at Ober Ammergau* (10). The speciality of this guide is an expanded programme of the acts with their accompanying tableaux. The frontispiece is a collection of photographs of the actors and *mise-en-scène* of 1870-1. The worthy divine, in a supplementary chapter referring to the notice of the play which we gave in 1871, pays us the ambiguous compliment of saying that even we forgot our wonted asperity and spoke with kindness of the performance.

The 122nd volume of the *Annual Register* (11) is issued under the supervision of a new editor, who has introduced various changes. Amongst other things, he has cut down the "remarkable occurrences" in the "Chronicle," thinking that "the appetite for the strange and marvellous has considerably abated since the time when the *Annual Register* was first started"—a position which is open to some doubt. He has extended the space devoted to literature, which is a good thing; but his review of the drama amounts to nothing more than a list of the pieces produced during the year. The section headed "Music" is yet more absurdly perfunctory. This is what we are told by the *Annual Register* about M. Massenet's *Roi de Lahore*. It is "an Eastern spectacular opera thickly sown with ballets. It obtained a slight temporary success, due chiefly to the admirable singing and acting of M. Lassalle, the baritone who filled the part of Scindia, the evil genius of the lovers; Nair (Mlle. Turolles) and Alim (Senor (*sic*)) Gayarre (*sic*)." The new editor would do better to stick to what he not unjustly calls his impartial summary of contemporary history, and to let art alone, than to publish such things as this, and as his remarks upon the year's pictures, under the heading "Art, Drama, and Music."

The third edition of "Shakspeare and the Bible" (12) contains, besides various additions, the tercentenary sermon which Bishop Wordsworth delivered at Stratford-on-Avon.

Dr. Hogg's *Indian Notes* (13) contain a mass of practical hints and information in a succinct form. His first chapter, which deals with the voyage out, is full of valuable suggestions, and is followed by one of equal merit and importance upon "Travelling in India." All that he says in the course of his work about the various "stations" is worth attention, and a peculiar and useful feature in the book is the chapter devoted to "Herbs and Simples." The work is one which cannot fail to be of real use.

Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. issue a translation, which should be welcome to all people who prefer reading English to reading French, of M. Verne's *Great Navigators of the Eighteenth Century* (14), the original of which was noticed some time ago in these columns.

A new and revised edition has appeared of Mr. Reichel's translation of Dr. Zeller's well-known work on the Stoics, Epicureans, and Sceptics (15).

A second and revised edition has appeared of Mr. Guthrie's translation of Savigny (16). Mr. Guthrie promises, when the time for a third edition arrives, to do more than he has yet found it possible to do in reviewing Savigny's influence and supplementing his work, and we trust that the time for the fulfilment of this promise may not be too far distant.

Mr. Williams's book is the first separate treatise which has appeared on the jurisdiction by Petition (17), which has become an important part of Chancery procedure. He has spared no pains in its completion and arrangement, and there can be little doubt that he is right in thinking that "it may prove of use to the Profession."

(8) *Catalogue of Books and Papers relating to Electricity, Magnetism, the Electric Telegraph, &c.; including Ronalds's Library.* Compiled by Sir Francis Ronalds, F.R.S. Edited by H. J. Frost. Published by the Society of Telegraph Engineers. London and New York: E. & F. N. Spon.

(9) *The Oberammergau Passion Play.* By John P. Jackson. Illustrated. London: W. H. Smith. 1880.

(10) *The Passion Play at Ober Ammergau in the Summer of* 1871. By the Rev. Gerald Molloy, D.D.

(11) *The Annual Register for* 1879. New Series. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons.

(12) *Shakspeare's Knowledge and Use of the Bible.* By Charles Wordsworth, D.C.L., Bishop of St. Andrews. Third Edition. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

(13) *Indian Notes.* By F. R. Hogg, M.D., Surgeon-Major, Author of "Health and Ailments of European Families in India." London: J. & A. Churchill.

(14) *Celebrated Travels and Travellers.—The Great Navigators of the Eighteenth Century.* By Jules Verne. Translated from the French. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(15) *The Stoics, Epicureans, and Sceptics.* Translated from the German of Dr. E. Zeller, by Oswald J. Reichel. New Edition. London: Longmans & Co.

(16) *A Treatise on the Conflict of Laws.* By Friedrich Carl von Savigny. Translated, with Notes, by William Guthrie, Advocate. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. London: Stevens & Sons.

(17) *The Law and Practice relating to Petitions in Chancery and Lunacy; with an Appendix of Forms and Precedents.* By Sydney E. Williams, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Haynes.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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OF

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THE BERLIN CONFERENCE.

THE Conference of Plenipotentiaries at Berlin will probably confine its attention to a limited number of practicable objects. In the recent conversation in the House of Lords which began with Lord CARNARVON'S speech on the condition of Armenia, Lord SALISBURY expressed a well-founded doubt of the possibility of European concert for the purpose under discussion. The Duke of ARGYLL replied with unnecessary vehemence that the authors of the Treaty of Berlin ought not to depreciate its value by throwing doubts on its efficacy. He also taunted Lord SALISBURY and Lord BEACONSFIELD with their rejection at Berlin of a Russian proposal for common action. It is to be regretted that the triumph of his party, attended by his own return to office, should not have exercised on his mind a pacifying influence. Even Mr. GLADSTONE has of late been comparatively mild and non-aggressive; but the Duke of ARGYLL cannot forgive his enemies in their defeat. Lord SALISBURY, like Lord HARTINGTON in the opium debate, was accused, because he told the simple truth, of a pessimism which is not wholly inapplicable to the worst possible condition of affairs. At Fishmongers' Hall on Saturday last Lord GRANVILLE spoke in a more cheerful tone of a different matter. It may be inferred from his appeal to the German AMBASSADOR, who was present, that the Great Powers are agreed on the objects to be discussed at the Conference; and it is believed that the English Government has accepted the project by which Janina will be included in the territory of Greece. Some preliminary understanding is indispensable to the success of any Congress or Conference, inasmuch as independent Governments can seldom allow their policy to depend on arguments used in debate or on a majority of votes. The Ambassadors, under their full powers, will confine themselves to the consideration of details, being probably bound by their instructions to take certain decisions on the questions which they will ostensibly discuss. The object of the Governments is above all things to prevent a renewal of the war in the East by urging on the Porte, and if necessary enforcing, the performance of some or all of its obligations under the Treaty of Berlin. The Turkish Ministers may with some reason contend that their rights under the treaty are as sacred as their duties, and that the SULTAN has been virtually prohibited from establishing military posts in the Balkans; but the Conference will be concerned rather with the maintenance of peace than with strict adherence to logic. Greeks and Albanians may be ready to fight for their claims; but the Turkish Government will not go to war in vindication of its right to place garrisons in the Balkan positions.

The Conference is not expected to deal with the still more difficult questions which relate to Asiatic Turkey. It was of Armenia that Lord SALISBURY spoke when he expressed the opinion which produced the Duke of ARGYLL'S acrimonious comment. Lord CARNARVON had explained the miserable and hopeless condition of the country; and Lord SALISBURY merely added that no remedy was to be found in diplomatic action at Constantinople. His own recent experience may well explain his feeling of despair. No English Minister could have been more consistently urgent in demanding the correction of abuses, and Sir HENRY LAYARD loyally executed the instructions of his chief; but, as Lord SALISBURY somewhat figuratively said, no pressure which can be applied at Constantinople finds sufficient channels of transmission to the distant provinces of Asia. Many volumes of published correspondence confirm his further statement that the only beneficent agency is that exercised by the English Consuls and their subordinates, though they have unfortunately no sufficient means of giving effect to their incessant remonstrances. Their benevolent activity has at least convinced the suffering population of the good will and sound principles of the English Government. There are few provinces in Asiatic Turkey in which the assumption of administrative supremacy by England would not be enthusiastically welcomed. Perhaps even the Mahometans would be satisfied with equality if they and the races they despise were subject to a common superior. At present there seems to be no remedy for the corruption of provincial authorities, and for their failure to protect peaceable communities from the violence of lawless freebooters. The extermination of the lately dominant race, which has been attempted and partially accomplished in Bulgaria, is rendered impossible in Armenia and Asia Minor by the numbers of the Mahometan population. The juxtaposition of hostile races, arising from remote causes, is one of the most incurable of evils. The Turks, who during the period of their unquestioned supremacy were in ordinary cases comparatively tolerant and humane, meet with neither pity nor consideration from those who have succeeded to their power. If the Armenians could be treated like the Bulgarians, they would perhaps be equally disposed to maltreat their Mahometan neighbours.

Lord SALISBURY truly attributed the prevailing misery and anarchy to the war. The results of the Russian invasion fully justify the vigilant suspicion with which successive English Governments had regarded the well-known design of conquest. Russian writers no longer conceal the long preparation for the struggle which afterward found a pretext in the Bulgarian outrages. The statesmen of whom Lord PALMERSTON during the last twenty years of his life was the principal representative entertained no special affection for the Turks, although they were free from the fanatical antipathy which has since been felt or affected by Liberals. The reason for preventing external attacks on the power of the SULTAN was that his Empire was in existence, and that it could not be overthrown or dissolved except at the cost of incalculable danger and calamity. No sympathy was at that time felt for the revolutionary intrigues which constituted Russian diplomacy in the East. On the outbreak of the Polish insurrection in 1863, Lord PALMERSTON told Baron BRUNNOW, then Russian Ambassador in England, that he regretted an enterprise which would be ruinous to the Poles themselves. He added that, as far as the movement was inconvenient to the Russians, it was a just punishment for their endeavours to produce war and rebellion in the dominions of the SULTAN; and he offered to furnish Baron BRUNNOW with a list of the muskets and other munitions of war which had lately been despatched for the purpose to Bosnia and the neighbouring provinces. The Ambassador was expressly invited to communicate the conversation to Prince GORTCHAKOFF, who might perhaps never have organized an attack upon Turkey if Lord PALMERSTON had still been in office. Two or three years ago Lord BEACONSFIELD publicly avowed his belief that the war might have been prevented by consistent and resolute opposition on the part of England. He was hampered by wavering colleagues, and by the caprice of public opinion

when it was directed by an unseasonable and mischievous agitation. If his opinion was well founded, it is a cause for regret that the reopening of the Eastern question was not at least postponed for another ten or twenty years. The Slavs of Bulgaria and of Eastern Roumelia have derived benefit from the overthrow of Turkish power. On the other hand, the Mahometans have been exposed to scandalous injustice and cruelty; and no inconsiderable portion of their community has been destroyed by famine, by disease, and, in some cases, by massacres. The condition of Armenia and of Asiatic Turkey is that which was described by Lord CARNARVON; and the central Government is more incapable, more completely demoralized, and more hostile to European influence than at any former time.

The alternative policy which has since been expounded by Mr. GLADSTONE, though it had no supporters at the time, would have consisted of a joint intervention for the same objects with those which were actually attained by the war. According to this hypothetical and retrospective project, the SULTAN was to have been compelled by the joint action of the European Powers to concede to his subjects the practical independence which is known by the modern name of autonomy. One of two results would have immediately followed. Either the SULTAN would have made ostensible concessions with the intention of recurring on the first opportunity to former practice, or forcible resistance would have been offered to the demand. The Turkish armies, which, in spite of treachery and imbecility in high places, offered a stubborn resistance to Russia in 1876, might possibly have been a match for the forces of a divided and half-hearted coalition. The English Government, whatever might be its political character, would have been exposed to overwhelming indignation if it had aided in a Russian conquest of Turkey. The establishment of autonomy would have been effected, if at all, mainly by Russian troops, and the consequences might not have been widely different from the disastrous results of a single-handed invasion. The most tolerable condition of affairs is probably to be found in Bosnia, under Austrian rule. It is true that the Austrian title to the province would not bear strict examination, and that the commencement of the Eastern troubles was the Bosnian insurrection, which was contrived and fostered by Austrian agents; but the administration of the province is believed to be impartial and equitable; and, so far as Austrian authority extends, Mahometans and Christians are compelled to abstain from reciprocal slaughter and plunder. The Austrian Government may afford to bear the charge that the rents of the Bosnian landlords still continue to be paid, although their tenants are professed Christians. Elsewhere autonomy means the despotic power of the stronger party.

THE IRISH RELIEF BILL.

MR. FORSTER had no choice on Thursday but to withdraw the clause which he had proposed to add to the Irish Relief Bill. We wait to learn the reasons by which the Government defend a proposal at once so novel and so serious. Mr. FORSTER is not given to revolutionary expedients, and when one of the most Conservative members of a Liberal Government suddenly gives notice of what is in appearance a most revolutionary expedient, he has no doubt a claim to be heard in suspense of judgment. But it will be doing him no disservice to point out that the Government will have to establish a very strong case indeed before even the introduction of such a measure can be held to be justifiable. The Bill which is to take the place of the withdrawn clause will be much more than a Bill establishing fixity of tenure. Fixity of tenure has hitherto been supposed to be an unwarrantable interference with the rights of property, because it would deprive an Irish landlord of the power of asking what rent he chooses for his farms. But the Government Bill proposes to deprive an Irish landlord in certain districts, and for a certain time, of the power of asking any rent whatever. At all events, he will get nothing by asking. Until a date to be fixed in the Bill a landlord in the distressed districts will be fined if he evicts a tenant for non-payment of rent. The fine will be called "compensation for disturbance;" but it will be a fine all the same. Looking at the Bill in the worst light, it is a confiscation of the landlord's property for the benefit of the tenant. Looking at it in the best light, it is an arbitrary taxation of the landlord's person for the benefit of the tenant. It is to be presumed that the line of defence adopted by the Government will be that, in certain districts of Ireland, the peasants are all but starving, and that, if the landlord stands on his rights and insists on getting either the rent or the farm, they must be deprived of their last chance of hanging on till better times, and be thrown upon the community for support. In order to avoid this, Parliament is to be asked to restrain the landlord from offering his tenants this alternative. He has lent his farm to a man in consideration of getting a certain payment in return, and he is now not to grumble if he gets neither payment nor farm. In what does this differ from a proposal to throw the maintenance of distressed Irish tenants on the landlords instead of on the rates? An owner of land will under this Bill be rated twice over—once as a member of the community bound to provide necessary relief for all destitute persons whatever, and once as a landlord bound to relieve his own tenants to the extent of the rent they have undertaken to pay him. Throughout the distressed districts, and for the time specified in the Bill, this impost will be universal. It is not to be supposed that a tenant protected by law against eviction will either pay rent or give up his farm. He will accept the Bill as a partial and temporary recognition of the rights of Irish tenants to hold their farms for ever subject to the payment of rent in good seasons and when it is not otherwise inconvenient, and he will esteem himself lucky to live in the part of the country in which this concession, so long demanded and so long withheld, has been first made. It is true that his claim to compensation in case of eviction will be subject to his acceptance of "just and "reasonable terms as to rent, arrears of rent, and other-"wise." But when, *ex hypothesi*, there is no rent to be had, what is the meaning of just and reasonable terms as to rent? The only terms which it will be of any use to the landlord to offer will be to go without it. There is no getting blood out of a stone, and consequently the landlord's only resource is to get rid of the stone. What the Government now propose to do is to compel him to keep the stone, subject to such "just and reasonable terms" as to getting blood out of it as a court of law shall prescribe.

When this question had for the moment been moved out of the way the Relief Bill was read a second time, though not till after a long debate. The main objection taken to the Bill is the alleged impropriety of throwing the cost of relief on the Irish Church surplus. The Government have adopted the policy of their predecessors in this respect, except that they propose to double the sum which may thus be disposed of. The Irish Church Commissioners are to be ordered to advance to the Commissioners of Public Works a million and a half instead of three-quarters of a million, and the powers of the Commissioners of Public Works with regard to making loans are to be extended. Mr. PARNELL began his speech against the second reading of the Bill with the usual plea that no measures of relief will be effectual which do not include the establishment of an Irish Parliament to manage Irish affairs. It does not seem to have occurred to him that, if such a Parliament existed, among the affairs with the management of which it would be entrusted would be the relief of Irish distress. As even Mr. PARNELL has not, we believe, proposed that the Irish Parliament should have the power of voting English and Scotch money, the power of relieving Irish distress out of Imperial funds would thus fall to the ground. The only plea on which it is possible to base the demand that the loans which the Bill proposes to make from the Irish Church surplus shall be made from the Imperial exchequer—which is Mr. PARNELL's contention—is the identity of England and Ireland. If, whatever they may be in name, they are in fact one country, the proposal is arguable. If they are not one country, the exchequer out of which the loans must come—provided that they do not come out of the Irish Church surplus—must be the Irish, not the Imperial, exchequer. It may be suspected that, in proportion as this necessity becomes visible to Mr. PARNELL, his objection to the proposed use of the Irish Church surplus will disappear. At the same time we agree with Mr. SHAW that any appropriation of the Irish Church surplus which would prevent its application to the permanent benefit of the country would be a matter for regret. The relief of the

[illegible] [illegible] on a bad harvest is hardly a proper [illegible] on which to spend a windfall which can never be [illegible]. What would there be to prevent the recurrence [illegible] similar period of distress when there was no Irish Church surplus out of which to meet it? Bad harvests do [illegible] only succeed the disestablishment of Churches. It would [illegible] wiser to adopt some plan of relief to which resort could again [illegible] had when a similar necessity arose. If it was thought desirable to apply the surplus to the relief of distress, it might be capitalised, and only the interest put to this use. In this way the means of relief would be the same in one period of distress as in another. The force of this objection, however, is greatly weakened by the fact that the Irish Church Commissioners are not directed to give money, but only to lend it. Some loss no doubt will accrue upon the transaction; but the principal will in the end be replaced, and be available either for similar loans in future years or for appropriation to some more permanent national purpose.

Mr. FORSTER defended the Bill mainly on the ground that it is necessary to fulfil the contracts already entered into under the Relief Bill of last Session, and that the money to do this is not forthcoming. The late Parliament virtually gave Irish landlords a promise that, if they could find security, they might borrow money up to the 31st of next month at 1 per cent.; and it provided 750,000*l.* out of which to make this promise good. The new Parliament has succeeded to this obligation, and the Government, on coming to consider how it is to be fulfilled, discover that they are pledged considerably beyond the 750,000*l.* Thereupon there is nothing to be done but to provide more money, and this is really the sole object of the present Relief Bill. The Government do not hold themselves responsible for the wisdom of the contracts entered into by their predecessors, but they do hold themselves responsible for the performance of them. Mr. FORSTER himself seems disposed to trust to outdoor relief rather than to these loans for meeting the distress; but he thinks that the loans to landlords have done good, though not perhaps the most good that might have been done. The most ominous part of his speech was the reference at the end to the possibility of another bad harvest.

GREECE AT GUILDHALL.

THE King of the HELLENES has been received in solemn state by the City of London. The presence of the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES lent lustre, and that of Mr. GLADSTONE importance, to the occasion. Everything possible was said and done to mark the wish of the Corporation to discharge adequately its duty on what the LORD MAYOR termed an occasion of "knitting nations "together and uniting peoples." The ancient Greeks were praised, the modern Greeks were praised, and the English in return were thanked. The address presented by the RECORDER informed the KING that the LORD MAYOR and Aldermen have watched with much interest the progress of the Kingdom of the Hellenes under the benign sway of HIS MAJESTY, and the extraordinary development of commercial enterprise with foreign States, and particularly with Great Britain, since Greece was liberated and placed under a free constitutional rule. The KING replied that he felt gratified to hear that the LORD MAYOR and Aldermen have remarked and appreciated the truly remarkable progress achieved by his people since their liberation. Lunch followed; and the LORD MAYOR, inspired by the occasion and by the presence of such illustrious guests, broke into a strain of poetic rapture. A quotation supplied him with the sentiment that the heroes of Greece command in the mountains of their native land a mightier monument than the nameless Pyramids in which Kings lie buried. "I wish," said the LORD MAYOR, "the "prosperity of your kingdom may be as fully established as "the mountains referred to in those lines, and your peace as "undisturbed as the broad seas they overshadow." It is not often that a wandering monarch has so fine a sentiment offered him, and the King of the HELLENES could certainly not have hoped to have it offered him at home, where his rhapsodists must be too familiar with the appearance of the Ægean in a Northerly gale. The KING modestly replied that he took these flowery compliments as addressed, not so much to himself, as to the cause of freedom which he represented in his particular part of Europe. He would have liked, he said, to enter into some details as to the astonishing progress which Greece is making; but he feared that his knowledge of the English language was not adequate, and he had therefore to confine himself to general remarks. It is unfortunate that the KING'S English, like the health of Prince BISMARCK, should be of a nature to give way exactly at the moment when something specially interesting is expected. We would not give up the LORD MAYOR'S mountains and undisturbed seas, but we would willingly give up everything else that was said on this occasion in order to have had a few facts from so high an authority as to this astonishing progress of Greece and the Greeks. Mr. GLADSTONE closed the proceedings by a long speech, in which he comforted the KING by assuring him that the study of ancient Greek is pursued in England as vigorously as ever, and that the cause of Greece is equally dear to Englishmen of every party. The KING has timed his visit well, for if he had come only a very little sooner he might have heard the same orator proclaim that sympathy with Greece was the monopoly of Liberals. In conclusion, Mr. GLADSTONE adverted to what, in the language of the ancient Greeks, might be termed the divine good chance that had befallen the Corporation, and had guided it to fix the reception of the KING for the very day when the Berlin Conference was to begin its sittings and mark out the border-line of the territory by which Greece is to be enlarged.

From poetry we must come to prose, and endeavour to supply from the Consular Reports presented to Parliament some of those facts which the KING'S imperfect English prevented him from offering to the English public. King GEORGE at the age of eighteen accepted the crown of Greece, in 1863, so that he has now reigned seventeen years, and has passed from boyhood to manhood in his strange home. His time has been largely occupied by the formation and resignation of Ministries, the average duration of his Ministries being less than a year. His kingdom enjoys a revenue of a little over 1,600,000*l.*, and indulges in an expenditure of a little over 2,100,000*l.* The deficit in the last year for which a return has been published is larger than that in ordinary years, owing to the efforts Greece has recently been making to augment its military strength. But there always is a deficit in Greek finance, and we find this habitual deficit attributed in the *Statesman's Year-Book* to the excessive number of Government officials, which is said to amount to one-twelfth of the total population. As the total population is calculated at somewhat over 1,600,000, there would thus be 140,000 officials, a number which we have no means of disputing, but which we should have thought simply incredible. The KING started well, for not only did he bring with him Corfu as a present from England, but he had a loan granted him of upwards of two millions sterling, guaranteed by England, France, and Russia. Each Power guarantees its own third of the loan, and by a subsequent arrangement what Greece had to pay for each third of the loan was reduced to a sum of 12,000*l.* a year; and out of our fraction we very kindly allow the KING by way of pocket money 4,000*l.* a year. So that the KING, while enjoying the impassioned oratory of the LORD MAYOR, must have had it in his mind that he was getting something out of England much more substantial than fruit, flowers, and poetry. He has got a little navy, comprising two ironclads, and manned by 384 sailors, and it may be hoped that the crews are kept in good order, as they are commanded by no fewer than 269 officers. He has also got an army, the normal strength of which is 14,000 men; and here again the same attentive provision for discipline is observable, for 3,000 officers command 11,000 privates. The trade of Greece is almost entirely with England, and appears to be curiously stationary. Ten years ago the exports from Greece to Great Britain amounted to 1,526,000*l.*; now they have risen to 1,763,000*l.* These exports to Great Britain consist almost entirely of currants, as Greece has nothing else to send us. The imports of British produce into Greece, consisting chiefly of cotton goods, ten years ago reached 974,000*l.*, and now reach 982,000*l.* In short, Greece, having nothing else to send, sends us currants, and takes back a trifling amount of cotton goods, and both in regard to its supply and its demand stands to us almost exactly as it stood ten years ago.

Figures like these will explain the regret which all persons acquainted with Consular statistics must have felt at the sudden collapse of the KING'S English just as he was going to justify in detail the statement of the

address that there has been an extraordinary development of Greek commercial enterprise with foreign States, and particularly with Great Britain. The LORD MAYOR and Aldermen assured the KING that they have a keen eye for currants, and have watched with unrelaxing vigilance the arrivals of cargoes of this useful fruit. Probably, therefore, the statement that there has been an astonishing development of Greek commercial enterprise may warrant us in assuming that more currants have come to hand than is generally supposed; but the increase appears to have escaped the less penetrating watchfulness of our Consular authorities. Greece is mainly an agricultural country; but, far from having agricultural produce to export, it has to make up by importations from South Russia the corn which it cannot grow in sufficient quantities for itself; and the general condition of Greek agriculture may be to some extent inferred from the fact that the kingdom is inhabited by about two million goats, who browse about at will and destroy whatever tempts them. The two most favourable signs that prosaic inquirers can find in the present condition of Greece are the rapid increase of population and the attention given to public instruction. In nine years from 1870 the increase of population was 221,000, or about 14 per cent. It is extremely unfair to compare Greece with other small States which are thriving on the basis of an ancient civilization. If a just comparison is to be made, Portugal may be taken as the highest class of State with which Greece can be compared. From that excellent repertory of information, Mr. MARTIN'S *Year-Book*, we learn that in six years the population of Portugal, which is about four millions, only increased by 60,000, or 1½ per cent., so that in this respect Greece may be fairly said to be shooting far ahead of Portugal. Education has undoubtedly also made some progress in Greece. Although compulsory education has been nominally established for nearly half a century, the education of the poor still remains in a very backward state. So lately as 1870 it was found that only seven per cent. of the grown-up women could read or write. But a greater success appears to have attended the efforts to give a higher education to those who can take advantage of it. There are schools where ancient Greek is taught, there are gymnasia for the more advanced, and there is a University which is understood to turn out proportionately more advocates and doctors with nothing to do than any similar institution in Europe. The truth is that Greece is still very new, very poor, and very backward. It still must point to a possible future, and not to an ascertained present. Englishmen of all parties will join with Mr. GLADSTONE in hoping that the future of Greece may be as bright as its most ardent friends anticipate. But if we are to look at Greece, not as it may be, but as it is, we must take off a heavy discount before we can accept the flowery statements of the Guildhall festivities.

MR. O'DONNELL'S QUESTION.

THE confused squabble in the House of Commons on Monday night was highly unsatisfactory. There is but one opinion as to Mr. O'DONNELL'S taste, and there are not many opinions about Mr. GLADSTONE'S tact and prudence. Sir W. HARCOURT had a few days before created general irritation by his hares-and-rabbits peech; but, according to a writer of extreme democratic opinions, he had selected the best mode of advocating a Bill which, according to the same authority, can only be carried by terror. He would have been better advised if he had followed a different course of proceeding in the later discussion. It was quite useless to try to frighten Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE by accusing him of giving powerful support to Mr. O'DONNELL. Lord HARTINGTON afterwards made the best of an awkward blunder by contending that new remedies were necessary for unprecedented breaches of order. In a case where there was no appeal to his party loyalty, Lord HARTINGTON would not seriously maintain that extemporaneous rules ought to be invented and applied, especially by so impetuous a leader of the House as Mr. GLADSTONE. The SPEAKER ruled that no such course had been followed for two hundred years; but he somewhat compromised his authority when he added that during that period no similar provocation had occurred. The SPEAKER has certainly not read all the debates since the Revolution of 1688, which contain some specimens of sufficiently extravagant language. Not a hundred years have elapsed since BURKE hurled down his celebrated dagger on the floor of the House of Commons. Resuscitated precedents drawn from distant times are sometimes the grossest innovations. Lord PALMERSTON and Lord CRANWORTH fortunately failed in their attempt to introduce life peers into the House of Lords, although they were able to quote some cases of the same kind in the early days of the TUDORS. Mr. GLADSTONE was scarcely more felicitous in his reference to his own contrivance for overcoming the resistance of the Peers to the abolition of the paper duty. Constitutional statesmen ought to abide by the letter and spirit of modern or contemporary legislation.

The impropriety of Mr. O'DONNELL'S question and speech was curiously illustrated by the unanimous disapproval of his own party; but perhaps his friends objected rather to the application of his censure than to the gross indecency of a public attack on a foreign Ambassador. It is Mr. O'DONNELL'S pleasure to be a Roman Catholic first, and a democrat afterwards. To this extent the Irish priests, though they have lost much of their electoral influence, are deemed to be still worth conciliation. The majority of the party are rather democratic than Ultramontane, and they can pardon M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR'S hostility to the Church in consideration of his avowed and strong Republican opinions. They were perhaps as little careful as Mr. O'DONNELL to inquire whether he had really ordered a body of soldiers to be shot in cold blood; and they may have shared the common belief that he is extremely unlikely to have sacked a convent. Some vigorous episodes in his administration of Lyons would suit the popular Irish taste. It was well that Sir CHARLES DILKE had the means of vindicating the character of the French AMBASSADOR from Mr. O'DONNELL'S imputations. Nothing could be more characteristic than Mr. O'DONNELL'S determination to persevere by the aid of a fiction which has often been used for similar purposes. The announcement by a member who is called to order that he intends to conclude with a motion is familiar to all readers of debates. As Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE reminded Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. BRIGHT had employed the same pretext for making an elaborate speech only a few months ago. The SPEAKER deserves credit for his consistent efforts to suppress a practice which is obviously inconvenient. He has not fully succeeded, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE attributes his failure to the indisposition of the late leaders of Opposition to support his own remonstrances against the abuse.

The interest of the question whether a formal motion would justify an otherwise irregular speech was entirely superseded by Mr. GLADSTONE'S startling motion that Mr. O'DONNELL be not heard. He rose in the first instance to order, though he afterwards denied that he had called Mr. O'DONNELL to order. It is hardly necessary to say that a call to order is necessarily addressed to some offender. Mr. GLADSTONE'S motion was a much more striking violation of order as the term has been commonly understood. The great majority of the House was wholly free from any desire to hear Mr. O'DONNELL, but it was scarcely prepared to silence him by a method which might suppress all freedom of debate. The consequences which might follow from the establishment of such a precedent were at once generally perceived; and among others Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE exposed in temperate language the objections to the proposed novelty, when Sir W. HARCOURT discerned in his argument a complicity with the chief offender. The Irish members who had declined to take part in the original quarrel at once burst into full cry against a presumptuous and despotic Minister. It was easy to assume that Mr. GLADSTONE claimed for himself a right to silence any opponent by inducing his majority to vote that a hostile speech should not be heard. To mere temperate critics it was obvious that any power which Mr. GLADSTONE claimed for himself must, if it were recognised, be shared by the humblest member of the House. It would be bad enough that a tyrannical Minister should suppress freedom of debate, but a general right of prohibition on the motion of any private member would produce intolerable anarchy. After a long and varied discussion, Mr. GLADSTONE had the good sense to withdraw his hasty motion; and he had no need to renew it when Mr. O'DONNELL attempted to repeat his offensive questions and statements. There seems to be no reason why the Standing Orders should not be amended so as to prevent speeches made on the pretext of fictitious motions. If the SPEAKER at the same time excluded from the paper argumentative questions, a certain check would be offered

to irrelevance and obstruction. His refusal to allow Mr. O'Donnell on Thursday to put a question which has in consequence not been divulged met with the unanimous approval of the House. Only a few minutes were wasted by the protest of the aggrieved member, who, finding it hopeless to create further disturbance, judiciously relieved the House of his presence. A vote that a member should not be heard might be interposed, like the veto of a Roman Tribune, in the midst of the most necessary business. One member indeed, in a spirit of humorous retaliation, reduced the proposal to absurdity by moving that Sir W. Harcourt himself should not be heard. The Irish members at least were determined that the House should have the advantage of hearing their remonstrances and protests, one of their number complacently reminding the House of the twenty-six hours' sitting in 1877 which did so much to bring Parliamentary debate into contempt.

The provisional or partial alliance between the Government and the Home Rule party seems to be already dissolved. The speeches of several Irish members on the conflict between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. O'Donnell contained threats of obstruction which will probably be carried into effect on the first opportunity. Even Mr. Forster's admission of the principle that compensation may in certain cases be given for disturbance on non-payment of rent will fail to conciliate the representatives of the Land League. It cannot be said that in the last Parliament Sir Stafford Northcote was remarkably successful in dealing with the question of obstruction, but the Standing Order which he passed, with the consent of both parties, immediately before the dissolution may possibly be effective for the purpose. Lord Palmerston or Mr. Disraeli, in their best days, might perhaps have exercised an influence over the House of Commons which has not been acquired by their successors. Mr. Gladstone has the advantage of unequalled eloquence, and he commands an irresistible majority; but he has never been distinguished by skill in the management of men, and some of his colleagues have the undesirable faculty of producing constant irritation. The prospects of a tranquil and useful Session are at present not encouraging. The Bradlaugh controversy, which may perhaps not even have approached its conclusion, has already wasted much valuable time. The annoyance and resentment which are provoked by the unjustifiable Bill for the suppression of ground game will find the fuller expression because Sir W. Harcourt has thought it expedient to offer unnecessary offence to the proposed victims of one-sided legislation. On one of the Government measures the House will perhaps be really unanimous, though the opponents of the measure will not avow their real indifference to the provisions which they may ostensibly oppose. The best argument for the reduction of the Irish borough franchise is to be found in the character of some of the members who are returned under the present system. A further degradation of the suffrage will establish theoretical symmetry, and it can scarcely make the representation much worse. It is not known whether Sir G. Campbell will press his motion for the postponement of the Bill until a more comprehensive Irish Reform Bill is introduced. The great majority of the Liberal party, and perhaps a section of the Opposition, will gladly deprive the Irish agitators of one of their favourite grievances. If the obstructive faction should unexpectedly suspend its operations during the Session, it will almost establish a claim to a kind of gratitude.

THE BRADLAUGH COMMITTEE REPORT.

We in England have a habit, some of us of congratulating ourselves upon the absence of a too rigid attention to logical consistency in matters of public importance, and some of us of deploring this absence. Both parties can find material to their purpose in the Report of the Committee on the Bradlaugh case. This Report practically upsets the conclusion arrived at by the previous Committee, with the additional eccentricity that the conclusion in question lay quite out of the scope of the actual inquiry. That Select Committees should report adversely to one another is perhaps nothing very novel or remarkable. But that a Committee which was supposed to be merely an enlarged edition of its predecessor, and which was appointed, not to reconsider the decision of that predecessor, but to consider the further issues which that decision had opened up, should find its way out of its difficulty by eluding it altogether and ignoring the very conditions of its own existence—this surely is a curious state of things. The first Committee decided before the 20th of May that persons judicially permitted in certain cases to make affirmation instead of oath in courts of justice could not be admitted to the same alternative in the House of Commons. In so deciding they gave their opinion with the strictest pertinence to the reference made to them. The reference to the present Committee included the facts and circumstances under which Mr. Bradlaugh claims to make, not the affirmation, but the oath, the law applicable to his claim, and the right and jurisdiction of the House to concede or refuse that claim. On all these points the Committee report adversely to Mr. Bradlaugh, and if their Report had stopped here there would have been nothing to be said against it. The House, being in doubt about its powers, has appointed two Committees to enlighten it on the two different parts of the case. The first Committee was to deal with the affirmation, the second with the oath; and if the Reports of both had been guided by the same attention to the terms of the reference, they would have furnished the House with all sufficient information.

It has, however, been sufficiently evident all along that the Government aimed at something more than this. Their desire—a desire by no means unnatural, if not wholly justifiable—has been to avoid the responsibility of handling a rather unsavoury business. This responsibility they would not have avoided had the second Committee been as careful not to go *ultra vires* as the first. The House, with the evidence before it that Mr. Bradlaugh could not be allowed to affirm, and ought not to be allowed to make oath, would have had either to refuse him all means of fulfilling his constituents' mandate, or to legislate afresh for his relief. In either case the Government must have taken a side—a thing which they clearly do not desire to do, and which their previous conduct in the matter has made it anything but easy for them to do. It was therefore in their interest that some back way, if possible, should be found out of the difficulty, and this back way was found by a very singular device, due, it seems, to the ingenuity of Mr. Serjeant Simon. The legitimate conclusion of the Report had been reached, the reasons of the Committee for thinking that Mr. Bradlaugh's compliance with the form of taking the oath would not be a taking of it within the meaning of the statute, being rather ingenious and quite conclusive. Mr. Bradlaugh, say the Committee, has alleged his own practice of affirming in courts of justice. Now, before so affirming, he must have satisfied the judge that an oath would not be binding on his conscience. Therefore in the parallel case the oath must be supposed to be equally not binding, and the taking of it cannot be held to be a satisfaction of the demands of the statute. At this point Sir R. Cross moved to add "That Mr. Bradlaugh cannot "take his seat unless enabled to do so by fresh legis-"lation." This was practically only a summing up, in other words, of the conclusions (separately arrived at, but mutually complementary) of the two Committees; and the addition of the words, "It does not, however, ap-"pear to your Committee to come within the scope of "their reference to make any special recommendation on "the subject," saved it from the objection to which the alternative addition of Mr. Serjeant Simon is exposed. That addition ignores the scope of the reference in a manner almost heroic, reverses the decision of the previous Committee with still greater audacity, and makes a recommendation which, whatever its convenience to the Government and some of their supporters, is of extraordinary feebleness, and at the same time undignified to the last degree. Mr. Serjeant Simon's paragraph rehearsing the circumstances of the former Committee's decision and the proportion of the votes suggests that Mr. Bradlaugh should be allowed to affirm without interference, subject to the decision of the courts of law in an action, which anybody is at liberty to bring, for the penalties incurred by a member who exercises his privileges unsworn. At this action, as at the affirmation, the House is requested to wink, despite its ancient and far from unhealthy jealousy of any meddling in its affairs by the courts of law. The paragraph was carried by a "straight" party vote, even Mr. Hopwood, whose action practically decided the opinion of the former Committee, taking the same line as his political friends.

It cannot be doubted that the adoption of this

Report will meet with strenuous opposition in the House, and there is as little doubt that this opposition will be amply justified. Indeed it would require some ingenuity to draw up a paragraph which should be wrong in more ways than Mr. Serjeant SIMON'S. In the first place, there is the objection—technically at least fatal and final—that the Committee have entirely overstepped their reference in making any such recommendation. They were not asked to tell the House what it should do generally, but what were the facts and what was the law as to certain specific points. They were not asked to discuss the division lists of the previous Committee. They were not instructed to consider the question of affirmation at all. They were not asked whether the courts of law could supply at a pinch a way out of the difficulty. They were not asked whether the House should or should not "exercise its power to prevent Mr. BRADLAUGH" from adopting this way. On all these points, therefore, the recommendation is practically not the recommendation of a Select Committee of the House of Commons, but simply the private opinion of a dozen members who happen to find themselves in a committee-room with nine other members of a different opinion. And this recommendation, technically irregular and worthless, is at least as bad in matter as it is in form. The flat contradiction of the result arrived at by the previous Committee may be said to be part of its technical, rather than of its material defects, though this also is in itself a most dangerous and mischievous precedent, made more mischievous and dangerous by the reason assigned for it. But the actual recommendation itself gives amply sufficient hold even to the least enterprising opponent. At present it must be admitted that there is no evidence before the House to show that affirmation, instead of swearing, is in any case legally possible for Mr. BRADLAUGH. The SPEAKER does not consider himself justified in saying that it is, and a Select Committee has decided that it is not. Yet the House, to whose judgment the matter was distinctly referred by the SPEAKER himself, is invited to refrain altogether from giving that judgment, and to permit a proceeding which the only authoritative decision pronounces to be inadmissible. And it is to do this in the hope that somebody or other will thereupon save it from the consequences of its inaction, and from the disagreeableness of deciding on any action at all, by having recourse to a court of law.

It is impossible to imagine the House of Commons cutting a sorrier figure than that which it is proposed that it shall assume in this matter. For, apart from the indignity and cowardice of thus shirking a decision, it must be remembered that the House, by adopting the recommendation of the Committee, will not merely be exposing Mr. BRADLAUGH to an action and a possible penalty. By conniving at his affirmation, the House will have made itself one with Mr. BRADLAUGH, and will invite the courts of law to pronounce on the legality and propriety of its own conduct. A more lame and impotent conclusion it would be impossible to imagine. Its indirect object is indeed, as we have said, obvious, and the Government ought no doubt to be grateful to Serjeant SIMON for his intentions; but it is by no means certain that the bypath he has indicated to them will not, like other bypaths, land them in a much profounder slough of difficulty than a more straightforward course would have done. There is, to begin with, the certainty of a great fight on extremely disadvantageous ground, and where a numerical victory must inevitably be attended with hopeless defeat in argument. Next there is the extraordinary and most damaging spectacle which will be presented by a collusive action, if it be collusive, or by a genuine action brought by some one who dares to do the duty which Ministry and Parliament have shirked. Lastly, there is in all probability in store for Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues a dilemma not less embarrassing than that from which they are trying to escape. Whether the decision of a court is for or against Mr. BRADLAUGH, it will probably be found impossible to leave the matter without an attempt at some more satisfactory settlement in the way of legislation, or else without leaving the elect of Northampton still deprived of his seat. The bypath will in that case simply have led round into the high road at about the same spot as that whence the traveller diverged. In such cases it not unfrequently happens that the traveller emerges not only with loss of time and temper, but also of cleanliness.

THE BUDGET.

THE most objectionable part of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Budget is the additional penny of Income-tax which alone renders the other provisions possible. If it is only retained for one year the burden will be borne with more or less impatience; but experience shows that every increase in the rate has a tendency to survive the occasion of its immediate origin. No Finance Minister has altered the percentage of the tax on income so often or so largely as Mr. GLADSTONE. In 1860 he made an additional penny in the pound the condition of the repeal of the paper duty which was effected in the following year. It is not surprising that he should refer with complacency to an experiment which has proved eminently successful. It is now difficult to recall the time when the manufacture of paper, of glass, and of bricks was restrained and embarrassed by the constant supervision of the Excise. Mr. GLADSTONE had good reason for his lively description of the panic as to rags which, before the introduction of many alternative materials of paper-making, seemed not unreasonable. On the present occasion he will have no need to provoke an irritating conflict with the House of Lords, or to strain the Constitution by the device of an indivisible Budget, which has since been adopted, in an exaggerated form, by colonial imitators. In the late O'DONNELL debate Mr. GLADSTONE boasted that his experiment of 1861 had no precedent within more than two hundred years. He failed to perceive that he uttered the strongest censure on an innovation in the form of a revival of obsolete practice. The excuse for such operations as those of 1860 and 1880 is that, in removing, by aid of the Income-tax, duties on commodities, a Chancellor of the Exchequer may create an elastic source of wealth, if not of revenue. The whole community has probably been enriched by the abolition of the paper duty to a much larger amount than the sum contributed for the purpose in the form of Income-tax. It is nevertheless desirable to remember that in such cases one class is relieved at the expense of another; and financiers ought always to bear in mind the special inequality which is caused by every additional penny in the pound. The Income-tax is approximately just when it is levied for a long period at the same rate; for ten terms of an income worth three years' purchase, earned perhaps by half a dozen successive recipients, are equal in value to an annuity for thirty years. An Income-tax for a single year is levied on earnings and profits at the same rate as on property which may be thirtyfold greater in value. Another class of taxpayers will in the present instance be subject to oppression, if not to inequality. Landowners are now suffering under an extraordinary depression which is not unlikely to be more or less permanent. Their share of the extra penny in the pound will in many cases be levied on imaginary receipts which might rather be described as losses. The ease with which the official operator gives another turn to the fiscal screw sometimes blinds him to the pain which he inflicts on the victim.

In one respect the payers of Income-tax may possibly receive eventual compensation for their almost exclusive share in the latest addition to the public burdens. The beer duty, like the Income-tax, will furnish future Governments with another variable or elastic revenue in times of difficulty. The malt duty could not have been temporarily increased without risk of active opposition from the farmers, who are still a powerful body. A percentage on beer will in the first instance fall on a few thousands of brewers, who will perhaps not be able to pass on the burden to the consumers. A candidate at a late election was said to propound, as his central principle and chief claim to the confidence of a constituency, the simple maxim of beer at a penny a quart. Though his aspirations will not be realized, a custom almost as binding as law has fixed the retail price of beer. The publicans and the brewers, if they find that their profits are declining, can only secure themselves against loss, not by increase of price, but by deterioration of quality. For these reasons it will be in the power of future Chancellors of the Exchequer to meet sudden demands by additional taxation of beer in place of income; or probably to effect both operations at the same time. A shilling charge on thirty-six gallons will correspond to less than a twelfth of a penny on a pint of beer. The manufacturer and the vendor will be compelled to divide the loss; and at present popular feeling is hostile to publicans,

and indifferent to the complaints of brewers, especially to those of the richer part of their body. Mr. GLADSTONE will not seriously justify the double burden which he imposes on publicans as a retribution for their hostility during the late election. Vindictive finance would be only worthy of a Jacobin, though the Liberal party will not be unwilling to propagate a superstitious belief in the bad luck which attends opposition to Mr. GLADSTONE. The Hares and Rabbits Bill inflicts profound annoyance on the landlords whom Mr. GLADSTONE denounced as his enemies, and the heavy tax on public-houses will be at least equally unpalatable to the licensed victuallers; but the increased charge for licences will be defended on less immoral grounds. Late changes in the law and increased strictness of administration have produced their intended effect in discouraging the establishment of new public-houses, though the old licences have not been withdrawn. The trade, therefore, enjoys a more and more valuable monopoly, which is by an odd coincidence the immediate result of the temperance agitation. It is difficult or impossible to judge whether the proposed licence duty is moderate or excessive in amount; but a privilege which insures large profits to the holder is, in itself, a legitimate subject of taxation. A portion of the burden, though not the whole, will fall on the owners of public-houses, who are rarely the same with the occupiers. In towns and in many country districts, the brewers, as the principal holders of public-house property, will be expected to divide the burden with their tenants.

The brewers will also complain of the disagreeable intervention of the revenue officers with their processes of manufacture and their conduct of business. There is undoubtedly a strong objection to Excise duties, though they are perhaps somewhat less popularly odious than when JOHNSON inserted his celebrated definition in his Dictionary. The only excuse for an excise on beer is that money must be had; and that, as compared with beer, malt approaches more nearly to the character of a raw material. The maltsters will therefore gain an advantage somewhat greater than the grievance which is inflicted on brewers; and when the same person conducts both trades his gains will probably exceed his loss. Brewers will perhaps be supplied with better and cheaper malt to compensate in part for the duties to which they are liable. To the balance of hardship which remains they must reconcile themselves as to a permanent evil. The tax, once imposed, will not be repealed in the lifetime of the present generation, unless a future financier more inventive than Mr. GLADSTONE himself should substitute some other subject-matter for beer, as beer now takes the place of malt. Mr. GLADSTONE's predecessors properly refused to reduce the malt duty, because it was not worth while to interfere with the trade except for the sake of obtaining a large revenue; and they shrank from abolition because they were not so clever or so bold as Mr. GLADSTONE. Few persons now alive recollect the old beer duty which was abolished amidst universal satisfaction more than fifty years ago. The technical difficulty of gauging the quality of beer for the purpose of proportionate taxation will be imperfectly surmounted. If all beer were of the same strength and purity, a tax on the sale of the commodity would be less vexatious than an Excise duty, and it would be equally productive.

The confidence which is felt in Mr. GLADSTONE's financial skill and fortune accounts for the general readiness to overlook the circumstance that the Budget is at present provisional. The proposed reduction of the Customs duties on wine is professedly offered as the price of the concession of a reasonable treaty of commerce with France. The fallacy involved in the transaction is generally understood in England; but practical necessities are properly preferred to sound theories. The eminent economist who was lately French Ambassador probably represented to Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE that it would be impossible to convince the Chamber of the expediency of comparatively unrestricted trade, except by offering a direct and tangible boon to some section of French producers. The reduction of the wine duties had probably been arranged with M. LÉON SAY, who had not left London at the date of Mr. GLADSTONE's speech. It had been taken for granted that the AMBASSADOR had the authority of his Government to offer a treaty not more onerous to English commerce than that which is about to expire; but M. DE FREYCINET has since assured the Chamber that his Government has not entered into any agreement. Mr. GLADSTONE's unwise proposal of taxing bottled wines at a higher rate will divide even the wine-growers, and unite in hostility to a treaty all who are interested in the manufacture or sale of bottles and corks. The chances, on the whole, are against the fulfilment of the conditions on which the reduction of the wine duty depends. It remains to be seen whether the Chamber will ratify any engagement which may have been assumed by the Ministers. M. POUYER QUERTIER and M. WADDINGTON of Rouen will not relax in their endeavours to retain a monopoly in their own manufactures for the sake of creating an additional demand for the produce of the Southern vineyards. The wine-growers are probably not so well organized as the cotton-spinners; but the proposal made by the English Government will perhaps, with some additional concession, influence the popular sentiment. The reduction of the duty, amounting to three-halfpence on a pint of light claret, will not greatly matter to the English consumer. It is not stated whether the rest of the Budget is to be enacted if the French Government should fail to make the concessions which were to compensate for the reduction of the wine duty.

THE FRENCH SENATE AND THE TREATY OF COMMERCE.

THE delicacy of the negotiations upon the success of which the renewal of the Treaty of Commerce depends is clearly shown by some recent proceedings in the French Senate. On Monday M. DE FREYCINET waited on the Tariff Committee to give explanations of the alleged signature by M. LÉON SAY and Lord GRANVILLE of certain bases on which the negotiations are to proceed. The Senate is evidently not at all disposed to have a treaty concluded over the head of the Legislature, and upon this point it will probably find the Chamber of Deputies in complete accord with it. It is unfortunate perhaps that the necessities of English finance should have driven Mr. GLADSTONE to make so full an exposition of the aims of the English Government as he made in his Budget speech. The reduction of the wine duties is not a measure which an English Chancellor of the Exchequer would have been likely to propose on its merits. So far as the revision of the imposts on alcohol are concerned, the abolition of the Malt-tax would have given him quite occupation enough for one Session. Consequently Mr. GLADSTONE could not touch the wine duties without giving a full statement of the reason which induced him to take them in hand, and the reason which induced him to take them in hand was simply that, unless he was authorized to do so, he would have nothing to offer to the French negotiators in return for the concessions he asks from them. Accordingly the whole story had to be told, and, when told, it was hardly of a kind to satisfy a Budget Committee strongly affected by Protectionist views. M. DE FREYCINET was able to reassure the Committee as to the extent to which the French Government are already pledged to the conclusion of the treaty. The Government, he said, had made no agreement on the subject. The letters which had been exchanged between M. SAY and Lord GRANVILLE had been of the most general kind. M. SAY had offered to open negotiations with Great Britain for the renewal of the treaty of 1860 on four bases—the reduction of the English wine duties, the exclusion from the treaty of any reference to cattle and agricultural produce entering France, the check of Customs frauds, and the improvement of the *status quo* in the sense of the development of the commercial relations between the two countries. By this letter M. DE FREYCINET admitted that the French Government were bound. What the Senate is anxious to know, however, is not so much whether the French Government are bound by M. SAY's letter as whether they are bound by the interpretation which Lord GRANVILLE places upon M. SAY's letter. Lord GRANVILLE, in his reply, accepts the four points enumerated by M. LÉON SAY as offering a satisfactory basis of negotiations, but he makes the fourth point a little more definite. The improvement in the *status quo*, he says, must necessarily mean a reduction of the duties on the chief products of English industry. The commercial relations between the two countries can be developed in this way and in no other, though this reduction need not extend to all English products. It was consoling to the Committee to learn from M. DE FREYCINET that nothing in Lord GRANVILLE's letter, as such, committed the French Government; but when he

had left them they could not disguise their uneasiness lest the French Government should find themselves bound, not by Lord GRANVILLE'S letter, but by the hard and unpleasant fact underlying Lord GRANVILLE'S letter. It is true that the words "developing the commercial relations between "the two countries" do not mean a reduction of the tariff simply because this is the sense in which Lord GRANVILLE takes them. But they may mean a reduction of the tariff, not because it is the sense in which Lord GRANVILLE takes them, but because it is the only sense which can possibly be put upon them. If the Treaty of Commerce is not renewed, the duties on English goods imported into France will be regulated by the new general tariff. Unless, therefore, the proposed development of the commercial relations between the two countries is to admit English goods into France on easier terms than those prescribed by the general tariff, it will not be a development at all. It will either leave the commercial relations between the two countries where the general tariff leaves them, or it will alter them for the worse.

The Committee finally determined to put a question in the Senate the next day. The Chairman discussed with the Committee what sort of speech he should make, and on Tuesday he asked M. DE FREYCINET whether he would await the passing of the general tariff by the Senate before concluding any new commercial treaties, what was the bearing of the correspondence between M. SAY and Lord GRANVILLE, and whether as a matter of fact the Government had interpreted that correspondence in the sense in which Lord GRANVILLE had interpreted it. Questions of this kind, asked by a protectionist Committee, are not easily answered by a Government which is more enlightened in such matters than its examiners. M. DE FREYCINET was able to rest his refusal to give any pledge about the date at which a treaty with England should be concluded on the constitutional right of the Executive to conclude treaties, subject to their acceptance or rejection by the Legislature. As regards the correspondence between M. SAY and Lord GRANVILLE, the Minister said that the French Government were bound by the words of their own representative, and by no others, and that Lord GRANVILLE had a right to form his own opinion of M. SAY'S meaning. The majority of the Senators present seem to have been reassured by the recollection that the Treaty of Commerce would in the end have to be submitted to the Chambers, and consequently that, if M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR signs something which he ought not to sign, it will go for nothing until the Senate and the Chamber have ratified his handiwork. The protectionist minority remained, of course, irreconcilable; M. POUYER-QUERTIER in particular regretting that the Government stood committed even to M. SAY'S letter. M. POUYER-QUERTIER is a consistent protectionist; and, quite naturally, he does not wish the commercial relations of France and England to be developed. In his opinion, every country should, as far as possible, be self-sufficing and self-contained. He does not want to see English goods allowed to come into France with greater freedom than at present. On the contrary, he wishes them kept out altogether. It is of far more moment, in his estimation, that France should manufacture cottons than that she should export wines, and he knows very well that the English Government will not reduce the duty on wines unless the French Government are ready to reduce their duties either on imports generally or on some selected imports. Which of these last two courses is taken M. POUYER-QUERTIER does not much care. However small the selection may be, cotton goods are sure to find a place in it, and it is cotton goods that M. POUYER-QUERTIER is specially anxious to keep at a distance. If they are to be let in, it will be hardly worth while to keep anything else out. Nothing came of the discussion in the Senate, but the drift of it certainly suggests that the ratification of the Treaty of Commerce must not be counted on as certain. As the English Government have but one inducement to offer to the French Government, so the French Government have but one inducement to offer to their own people. Every industry which sees the protective duty imposed for its benefit by the new general tariff will be opposed to the conclusion of any treaty at all; and the only interest that can be expected to favour a new treaty will be the one interest which will be a loser if a new treaty is not concluded. The growers of wine, and especially the growers of cheap wine, will be eager to have a larger market thrown open to them in this country, and unless some concession is made to English demands in regard to imports, this larger market must remain closed. It is a curious economical fact that the interests of some of the largest and poorest classes of English artisans should in this instance be closely associated with those of a body of producers whom they only know as ministering to English luxury.

ELECTION PETITIONS.

THE results of the election petitions hitherto decided are without any political significance. Three Liberals have been unseated for English boroughs—at Gravesend, Gloucester, and Evesham; and two Conservatives have been unseated at Canterbury. Petitions presented at Cheltenham and at Colchester against Liberals have failed, and an attack against a Conservative seat at Harwich has been equally unsuccessful. At Gloucester Mr. ROBINSON, who was returned at the head of the poll as a Liberal, did not venture to oppose the petition against his return; and although no evidence was offered against the return of the other Liberal member, Mr. MONK, the Judges have thought it necessary to call the attention of the House to the prevalence of corrupt practices in this important borough. If the evidence given was to be trusted, corrupt practices are of long standing at Gloucester, and have not been confined to one side of politics. No candidate has been found guilty of personal bribery, and the advantage of Judges presiding at these inquiries is perhaps as much illustrated by the number of petitions that have been withdrawn because it was ascertained that they would not bear the test of judicial investigation as by the legal quality of the decisions given. It may be doubted whether any new points of law have been decided; but in the case of Gravesend the inquiry was so minute and elaborate, and the judgment followed the details of the charges so closely, that those who are engaged in the study of election law cannot omit to notice with attention what took place and what was decided in the instance of Mr. BEVAN'S election. Two points seem to deserve especial remark. Mr. BEVAN is a very large local employer of labour, having a thousand hands engaged on his premises, of whom 180 were voters at the date of the election. His foreman, without his master's authority, and after having obtained from Mr. BEVAN'S election agent an assurance that the proceeding was legal, announced on the evening before the polling day that on the next day the men would have a holiday, but would be paid as usual. About 150*l.* was paid for the wages of the day, although no work was done. It appeared that on the occasions of the two previous elections, though Mr. BEVAN gave his hands a holiday, he did not give them anything to compensate for their loss of time; and the Judges were of opinion that the foreman, in instituting the innovation when his master was a candidate, intended to influence the election. But they added that they gathered this intention not only from this particular act, but from the rest of the conduct of the foreman during the time of the election. So that it cannot be said to have been distinctly laid down that the payment of the usual wages when a holiday is given on polling day is in itself a corrupt act. It also appeared that on two or three occasions previous even to the dissolution, Mr. BEVAN had subscribed to the funds of local Liberal Associations, and the money so given was spent in eating and drinking. The Judges held that, at any rate on the most recent of these occasions, Mr. BEVAN had put himself forward as a candidate for the seat whenever a vacancy should occur. He gave the money, and there was nothing wrong in subscribing to an Association in support of the party to which he belonged. Nor did he subscribe with a knowledge that the money would be improperly expended, for otherwise the Judges would have considered him personally guilty of a corrupt practice. But the Association, when it had got his money, expended it improperly; and the Judges held that the members of the Association must be taken to have been his agents for the purpose of distributing the money. It is always dangerous to infer general rules from the decisions of judges in any one inquiry. They are guided by the whole of the facts before them, and see each alleged fact as part of the total conduct of the respondent and his agents. So many other things were proved against Mr. BEVAN'S undoubted agents that suspicion seemed naturally to attach to the distribution of his money by the Association; but it would be going much too far to assume that, if a candi-

date or a sitting member subscribes to the funds of a party Association, he is to be held answerable for the mode in which the money that comes into its hands may happen to be employed.

This doubt is confirmed by the decision of the Judges in the case of the Harwich petition. Mr. Justice LUSH, in delivering judgment, pointed out that the borough had been represented by a Conservative for fifteen years, that he had sat in several Parliaments without opposition, and that the Conservatives had done no more than form an Association to watch over the interests of the party. It was alleged that some of the members of this Association had been guilty of corrupt practices; but, without deciding whether or not these corrupt practices had been established, the Judge pronounced that those who were supposed to have been guilty of them stood to the respondent in the relation, not of agents, but of partisans. It is clear therefore that where general purity has characterized the election a candidate is not necessarily held responsible for the illegal acts of an Association working in his favour. But the conduct of a much more illustrious Association than that of the Harwich Conservatives came under the review of Mr. Justice LUSH, and called forth from him an extremely unfavourable criticism. It appeared that the local Liberal agent had received from the Liberal Central Office in Parliament Street a circular addressed to him in common with other Liberal agents throughout the kingdom. It pointed out that, by the Act then just passed, the conveyance of voters within the limits of boroughs had been legalized, while it still remained illegal to pay for the conveyance of borough voters from a point beyond the borough limits. An endeavour was then made to remove what was stated to be a misapprehension as to the consequences of doing what the law had thus pronounced to be illegal. It seems to have been supposed that if the agent of a candidate paid for the conveyance of voters from beyond the borough limits the seat of the candidate would be endangered. The Central Committee pointed out that this was a mistake, and that the only consequence of making such a payment was that the party making it would be liable to a comparatively small fine. This Mr. Justice LUSH treated as an incitement to commit an illegal act, and therefore a misdemeanour. As the conveyance of voters within the limits of boroughs is legal, and as voters may be legally conveyed from any distance in county elections, there does not seem to be any clear principle on which the Legislature has rested in making the conveyance of borough voters beyond the borough limits illegal. But still it is illegal, and the Central Committee must have meant to intimate to the local agents that it was only a question of money, and of a small sum of money, and that the local agents had only to consider whether it was worth their while to risk the payment of a fine in order to get their outlying voters to the poll. They looked, in fact, on the fine as a kind of forfeit, the payment of which would entitle the agent to convey these voters. In the eyes of the law this is not a proper mode of regarding a fine. The fine is the punishment for a legal offence, and no one is allowed to incite another to commit a legal offence. It is obvious that this view of the matter never occurred to the minds of those who issued the circular; and they made a mistake on which a charge of misdemeanour might probably be grounded. Whether, under the circumstances, any one would be found to prosecute, or whether any serious consequences would follow, is a different matter. It may at least be assumed that the mistake will not be repeated.

Even where reasons have been found for invalidating the elections, there is little or nothing to connect the expenses of elections with corrupt practices. There is no apparent reason why in different constituencies it takes such very different sums of money to win or contest a seat. Mr. FAWCETT has been addressing his constituents on the subject, and has informed them that Hackney offers an illustrious example of a constituency with a very large population where only a very small amount need be expended by the successful candidates. He said that beyond their contributions to the expenses of the Returning Officer, he and his colleague had not had to spend more than 300*l.* This is exceedingly cheap, but it does not appear that Hackney can be said to offer a guiding example as to large constituencies. We may take it for granted that the Liberal representatives of Birmingham and Bradford did not spend a penny beyond what they thought it both necessary and proper to spend. Still, at Birmingham they spent a little over 6,000*l.*, and at Bradford a little under. In South-East Lancashire the two successful Liberals spent over 12,000*l.*, and in West Kent the two successful Conservatives spent over 10,000*l.* The contested Ridings of Yorkshire seem to have cost each party from 7,000*l.* to 8,000*l.* As a rule, the Conservatives appear to have spent more than their opponents. At Greenwich, for example, they spent over 7,000*l.*, while the Liberals spent as nearly as possible only half that sum; and exactly the same proportions are noticeable in the returns from Blackburn. It is difficult even to guess why, in boroughs that might seem of somewhat the same class, the scale of expenditure should have been so various. Thus at Southampton there was spent on the Conservative side over 4,000*l.*, and on the Liberal side there was spent over 3,000*l.* At Oxford, again, the expenses of the two Liberal candidates reached 3,000*l.*, and those of the Conservative candidate fell a little below. But at Salisbury four candidates spent an average of only 650*l.* apiece, and at Northampton the average expenditure of four candidates was only 350*l.* Nor does it appear that excess of expenditure generally went with success at the poll. Norwich may be taken as a conspicuous example of the dissociation of spending from winning, for there the two successful Liberals spent only 1,500*l.* between them, while the two unsuccessful Conservatives spent over 6,000*l.* The practical result appears to be that no candidate can tell what he may have to spend until he has acquainted himself with the peculiar character of the constituency he is anxious to represent; but perhaps, if we are to strike an average, we may say that where there is a contest a candidate for a borough may reckon on spending about 1,500*l.*, and a candidate for a county about 3,000*l.* There are, of course, lucky candidates who spend less, and unlucky candidates who spend more. But this rate of expenditure is very different from that of the model borough of Hackney, and the real question to consider in contemplating any legislation on the subject is whether the average expenditure would be increased or diminished, and not whether in exceptional places the expenditure might be found to be wonderfully small.

DISARMAMENT.

IT is always a question whether a motion such as that which Mr. RICHARD brought forward on Tuesday is best met by argument or by ridicule. In favour of the latter method there is the inherent and obvious absurdity of the proposal, with the certainty that its adoption would only lay us open to the laughter of foreign Powers. In favour of the former method there are the facts that ridicule has again and again been tried, and again and again failed of its purpose; and that men who have not been convinced by the irony of events will probably be equally proof against the less effectual irony of language. Under any circumstances, it was to be expected that Mr. GLADSTONE would choose to reason with Mr. RICHARD rather than to laugh at him, and the growing magnitude of the evil which Mr. RICHARD attacked undoubtedly tends to justify Mr. GLADSTONE'S preference. The armaments maintained by the Great Powers of the Continent are a standing injury to labour and a standing menace to peace. The invention of a nation in arms has proved more disastrous than any amount of what used to be called standing armies. It was formerly said—and said, if we are not mistaken, by some of Mr. RICHARD'S own supporters—that a nation in arms would be the best possible security against unnecessary wars. It is a security which every Continental country now possesses, and Germany and Russia are eminent examples of its value. The real safeguard against unnecessary wars lies in the means which a people possess of making their indisposition to engage in them felt by their rulers. In other words, it lies, not in the identity of the army with the nation—since, though this may be a security against civil war, it is none at all against foreign war—but in the control which the nation in its civil capacity is able to exercise over its rulers. Where Parliamentary institutions are wanting, as in Russia, or feeble, as in Germany, the nation in arms will have to fight and will be willing to fight its neighbours whenever the Government gives the signal.

The only consistent advocates of disarmament are those foreign gentlemen who occasionally preach universal war as the indispensable prelude and condition of universal peace.

At present, they say, the people are everywhere oppressed and misgoverned, and so long as this state of things lasts wars must be resorted to to get rid of it. When the brotherhood of nations has been proclaimed and the Social Republic set up all over Europe, armies will be no longer wanted. Mr. RICHARD, on the other hand, has to get over the difficulty that some results of which he approves have been attained by war. Even Mr. COURTNEY pointed out the inconsistency of rejoicing at changes like the unification of Italy, and in the same breath denouncing the sole means by which these changes could have been brought about. The Austrian Government, as he truly remarked, "did not "withdraw its forces from Lombardy and Venice from "any conviction of the injustice of its domination over "the Italian people." If France had disarmed at the suggestion of Mr. COBDEN in 1851, it is highly improbable that the war of 1859 would ever have taken place, and without the war of 1859 Italy might still have been a geographical expression. Mr. RICHARD will perhaps answer that the unity the Italians desired would have been brought about all the same by the operation of natural forces. But armaments are among the most effective modes of expression which natural forces find for themselves, and, deprived of armaments, natural forces would probably remain inoperative. Mr. RICHARD, again, may not shrink from the heroic declaration that, rather than see Italy united by force of arms, he would have been willing to see her union indefinitely postponed. There is no evidence, however, that any section of the Italian people are of Mr. RICHARD'S mind upon this point. On the contrary, they are constantly giving evidence of their desire to go further in the same road by the use of the same means. Before the nations of Europe can be convinced that armaments are an unmixed evil, they must be convinced either that the objects they have gained by the use of armaments were not worth gaining, or that they might have been gained in other ways. The latter theory is too plainly untrue to stand much chance of acceptance; the former may be perfectly true, but its truth is of a kind which only uninterested bystanders are likely to perceive. It may be an open question whether the reconstruction of Germany is, as Mr. GLADSTONE calls it, "a "great advance in the political system of Europe"; but it is as certain as anything can be that Germany would not have been reconstructed had it not been for the German army. If Mr. RICHARD'S visit to the several capitals of Europe in 1869 had been successful, and Germany and France had been included among the Powers who laid down their armaments, the results arrived at in the following year would never have occurred to either nation as possible. Prussia would have had no opportunity of displaying her military strength, and, without the conviction of her material superiority which this display wrought in the minds of her neighbours, the particularist tendencies of the other German States would never have been overcome.

There is, indeed, a way in which England might contribute to the acceptance of disarmament by the Continental Powers, but it is hardly a way of which Mr. RICHARD could approve. In this respect Mr. COURTNEY is more consistent. He would have been glad, he said on Tuesday, if in 1871 the English Government had approached France and Germany and "offered to enter into "some engagement which, upon a just termination of the "war, should have bound the Powers of Europe to main-"tain that termination." Mr. COURTNEY'S meaning is perfectly clear. He regards with much reason the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine as a principal cause of the disquiet which has reigned in Europe during the last ten years, and he would have had the English Government point out to Prince BISMARCK the inevitable consequences of what he was contemplating. Prince BISMARCK might then have objected that it was all very well for England to object to the annexation of this territory; but was England prepared to give any kind of guarantee that France would not again use this territory as a base of operations against Germany? Mr. COURTNEY, as we understand him, would have been ready to give some such guarantee. At all events, he would have had the English Government move the other neutral Powers to maintain the results of the war, provided that Prince BISMARCK had been ready to bring these results within reasonable dimensions. In fact, he would have had England, and possibly Austria and Russia, give a promise to Germany that, if she allowed Alsace and Lorraine to remain French, the Powers which had given the promise would hold her harmless against any attack on the part of France. This would have been an excellent arrangement for France, and not a bad one for Germany; but what would it have been for England? Before Germany put down her armaments she would naturally have asked for some assurance that England was in a position to fulfil her promise if its fulfilment should be demanded. We should, in fact, have had to transfer a portion of the German burden to our own shoulders—to keep more men under arms ourselves in order to spare Germany the necessity of keeping so many.

There is a special objection to any remonstrances against exaggerated armaments being made by England, in the fact that she can afford to do much less in this direction than other Powers. Mr. RICHARD said nothing about naval armaments, but similar reticence could hardly be looked for from Continental Governments. They would certainly remark, in answer to any representation in favour of disarmament, that the position of England prevented her from being attacked except by sea; and that, if they enjoyed the same immunity from danger, they would be equally ready to reduce the numbers of their land forces. Possibly when the "moderation" which, according to Mr. GLADSTONE, ought to be studied in regard to our defensive establishment has been thoroughly learned, we shall be better able to give them this proof. Until, however, we have laid ourselves entirely open to attack by sea, the Continental Powers will continue to doubt the sincerity of the advice that they should lay themselves entirely open to attack by land. Fortunately the form in which the resolution was passed only binds the Government to recommend disarmament "when the circumstances admit of "it." In that case the advice will not be given for some time to come.

MODERN OXFORD.

A *LAUDATOR temporis acti*, dating his B.A. degree from the early days of our present Sovereign, would find little to distress him and much to please him should he in this year of grace renew his acquaintance with the outward aspects of University life. In the general appearance of the city, its streets, its churches, and its buildings, he would find no great changes, save that in the "Broad" ("Broad Street" we called it in our day) Balliol has put on a new and more ambitious front; and that where once were ploughed fields, glorified by the name of the Parks and now better deserving that title, beyond the fine iron gates at the back of Trinity Gardens and the front of Wadham, a new town has risen, to which Keble College, noble and imposing despite Mr. Butterfield's zigzags, and the new Museum, hideous and pretentious externally, however useful in its objects, form an appropriate introduction. New College, breaking out into Holywell, has again deserved its name. Christchurch and Merton, competing with one another in the race of ugliness, have thrown out new buildings on the side towards the meadows. Christchurch, too, if we may believe Lewis Carroll's words, and pervert William Shakspeare's, has "suffered and seen change"—change which has been the cause of much controversy and much fun. The devisers of the "Trench," the "Tunnel," and the "Tea Chest," as a huge opening in the parapet of "Tom Quad," a new double approach to the west door of the cathedral, and a wooden belfry, were irreverently called, doubtless intended them to be ornamental as well as useful, but it would scarcely seem that their intention had been successfully carried out. The unfortunate belfry has now happily disappeared, and given place to a massive tower. St. John's is further adorning the picturesque street of St. Giles with a new development of its collegiate buildings, the beauties of which are as yet known only to the architect and the Common Room.

Some of the inns of a former day have vanished. The "Angel" has fled from the High Street, and the new schools are rising in its place, where future generations of undergraduates will wait for the dreaded "Exam." with faces as white as their ties; the "Star" has disappeared from the Cornmarket; the "Mitre," as beseems episcopal Oxford, still exists, and with the "Roebuck" remains the only representation of Mr. Lowe's "Angelus aut Mitre vicina ve Stella Gazellæ." The "Randolph" and the "Clarendon" now stand first in rank, and scorn to be called inns.

If the material aspect of the streets has changed but little, the aspect of their inhabitants has changed still less. That of the townsmen has not changed at all, except where amongst them now and then appears the red coat of the soldier, once as unknown in Oxford at any time as in other Parliamentary boroughs at election time; and now and then the long cloak and broad hat of a Cowley Father, or the black dress and white hood of a Sister of Mercy. In the garb of the gownsmen a considerable change would be apparent. In our own day, indeed, the garments *nigri aut subfusci coloris* prescribed by academical law were more honoured by their mention in the statute book than by the rigid enforcement of their wear in real life; but now our visitor would see much of strange head-gear which his generation

knew not, much of pea-jackets and other coats of curious cut and colour which in that more reverent time were only permissible to the undergraduate on his way to and from the boats. He would see little, at least in the daytime, of the academical cap and gown; and such gowns as did meet his eye, other than those of dignified graduates, would be short as Mawworm's spencer, shorter than the Norman cloaks which moved the Franklin Cedric's ire, all too short to deserve the name, more graphic than elegant, which distinguished the flowing robe that he himself was wont to wear in his undergraduate days. But *cucullus non facit monachum;* the undergraduate of forty years since was much like the undergraduate of to-day, his interests the same, his talk the same. His ideas in the matter of examinations were limited to Little-Go and Great-Go, while those of the present generation have developed themselves further, and their talk is of Smalls ("Responsions" καλέουσι θεοί), "Mods," and "Greats," with a forest of offshoots from the latter stem, in the shape of "Second Schools," called by the euphonious names of "Bones and Bottles" (natural science), "Stinks" (chemistry), and many others, direful cause of "ploughing" ("plucking" we, with more historic accuracy, were wont to call it) to undergraduates unnumbered, who, however, seem to like the painful process better than their fathers did, or at least affect to treat the catastrophe more lightly. Less wine is drunk than in those days, when the traditions of former and more bibulous generations had not wholly died out; and the greater facilities for dealing with London free the hands both of buyers and sellers, so that the latter have less inclination to sell and the former have no inclination to buy the pernicious stuff which was in vogue in Oxford in our day, and which we fondly thought was port. Fewer oaths are sworn, and Bob Acres, should he enter himself at either University, would happily find a full confirmation of the truth of his famous apophthegm.

The cries of "Town" and "Gown" have not wholly ceased to resound in the streets of Oxford; but the manners of the present generation differ in this respect nearly as much from those of forty years since as the manners of that day did from those of the time of Edward III., when, on the Feast of St. Scholastica the Virgin, in the twenty-seventh year of his reign, townsmen and gownsmen fought out their quarrels "with bows and arrows and divers sorts of weapons." Rarely now does

. . . turri reading-man altâ
Startulat horrid uproar . . .

as when Guy Fawkes Day in each year was judged the properest day for a row, without prejudice to the right of any other day in Term-time to its share of cracked crowns and black eyes. Nowadays such evil deeds are, we believe, rarely heard of.

But one of the greatest changes of all those which would show themselves to the wondering mind of the visitor would be that which has taken place in the relation between undergraduate and tutor—a change almost entirely for good. There was indeed some merit in the awe with which we of the thirties looked upon our tutors—gods moving in a sphere wholly different from our own—epicurean gods, we sometimes ventured to think them, caring little for the joys and sorrows or the words and works of men below, holding little communication with their pupils save where the awful lecture-room recalled too vividly the form at Eton, Harrow, or elsewhere, from which we had not long before been emancipated, or where the stiff breakfast, to which once a term a favoured few were invited, had for half an hour brought about a semblance of familiar intercourse between don and undergraduate—a stern rebuke for too frequent knocking in, or for too infrequent attendance at morning chapel, a few laudatory or objurgatory words at "Collections," and the term ended without the creation of cordial or intimate relations between tutor and pupil. We speak, of course, in generals; but there were, no doubt, many fortunate exceptions. At the present time those exceptions have apparently become the rule. The awe has in large measure departed, and the respect, we fear, on the whole diminished. The tutor—even the Head of the college—is no longer in the eyes of the undergraduates an exalted personage whose invitation is a command, and "sorry to say I'm engaged" is now deemed quite a sufficient answer in declining to be present at entertainments in high places suspected of being dull or slow. On the other hand, a greater equality of status being thus assumed, the result is that the tutor is more in harmony with his pupil than was the case in times past. The elder tutors seem to have more than their predecessors had the desire to exert a personal influence on the younger members of their college—an influence which may or may not be in all respects good, but which is at least friendly, active, and intelligent. The younger tutors exercise their influence also, but naturally in a more companion-like way. They walk with the men, row with the men, chat familiarly with the men, and are to be seen in friendly converse in their rooms.

Other changes there are in Oxford, brought about of late years by the direct action of the Legislature—changes which have modified and are modifying in very important points the relations between the students and the authorities of the University both within and without the walls of the colleges, and that to an extent scarcely contemplated by the Legislature itself. These changes have sprung in part from the craze for experimental legislation in general which besets some of the politicians of the present day. They select the Universities for the *corpus vile* of their experiments, and seem to desire to try how Oxford will get on without a distinctive religion, and how Oxford Fellows will get on with wives; and the great feature of the new political law is that theory is at no time to be corrected by practice, and that a statesman should scorn to learn wisdom from the result of his experiments. If they signally fail, so much the worse for the *corpus vile*. Is the dose poison? Never mind, he must continue administering it even though the patient dies; and when new patients come he must give yet stronger doses. Let no one speak of discontinuing the treatment. "We must never go back!" This seems to be the one tenet which an earnest member of the "party of progress" is bound to hold, *coûte que coûte*. It is the *articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ* for the devotees of a Liberal creed. No matter before what false gods they have unwittingly bowed down, no matter what false steps they may have taken, no matter into what slippery places they may have been blindly led, they cannot go back; to hold that a backward step may be taken, even from the edge of a precipice to safe standing-ground, is a dangerous heresy; an admission that the Liberal party may have shared the lot of human beings, and fallen into error, is treason to the cause. If the Ballot, whatever benefits it may bring with it, is shown to be an instrument of demoralization, and the fruitful parent of a huge family of lies, the thorough-going Liberal, who admits the fact, regrets the result, but "cannot consent to a backward step." If the extension of the franchise has falsified the hopes alike of the Liberal party who clamoured for it, and of the Conservative party who carried it; if it has thrown the management of the affairs of the country into the hands of a class of voters as impulsive as it is ignorant, of voters who have given us for the last six years (so say the Liberals) "the most corrupt, subservient, and immoral Parliament that has existed since the days of King Charles"; if it commits the control of the national funds to electors who contribute little or nothing towards them, still, we are told, and perhaps from the nature of the case told truly, that here also there is no retreat; that the only remedy is to go further, even though we fare worse—to let in more ignorance and more pauperism, in the feeble hope that it may serve as a counterpoise to the mass now admitted to the suffrage, but with every probability that it will be indeed an additional weight round the neck of steady statesmanship. The country will have less chance of being well governed; but what signifies that? *Fiat æqualitas, ruat Anglia!* We must move onward though we move to misfortune! And so, too, if a University without a distinctive religion bids fair to become a University without any religion at all, if wedded life for the Fellows of Colleges bids fair to be the destruction of collegiate life, no Liberal statesman is truly liberal enough to consent to revise the action of his party, and acknowledge and remedy such defects as may be found.

It is perhaps worth while to inquire for a moment into the causes which led our modern reformers to make this experiment on the Universities. All restrictions, all laws, are an interference with individual liberty, and as such are in their eyes an evil; the more zealous of them still look with longing to the day when some theoretic "France shall reign and laws be all repealed." One especial restriction had long grieved their souls—the enforced celibacy, as it was called, *ad invidiam*, of Fellows of Colleges—that is to say, the rule which vacated a Fellowship a year after its holder had contracted matrimony. It was a relic, said they, of monkish superstition; it was an interference with the natural liberty of man, who, by the possession of one Fellowship, would be at once tempted to look for another and tenderer fellowship. Why should he not live and love in Oxford or Cambridge, and as the parent of future Fellows (of both sexes) help to people the new town that has grown up beyond the Parks or the pleasant suburbs on the banks of the Cam? Well, the experiment was perhaps worth trying, and to minds penetrated with stories of the stiffness, the prejudice, and the littleness of the life of a college Don—minds that probably had little personal experience of that life, or of the true character of its duties—it could not but offer the promise of great advantages for the coming generations, at least of teachers, if not of the taught; but we are inclined to think that the supposed advantages have melted away like the mirage, beautiful and tempting in the distance, but vain and empty when approached.

The Fellows of a college in old days, such of them at least as were resident in the University, were dwellers within the walls of their college, and lived in some degree a common life, having a joint and collective weight in the councils of the University, and being responsible both as tutors of the undergraduates and as governors of the college for its internal discipline. As time went on, marriage, promotion, and death divided between them the task of making vacancies in the ranks, promotion and marriage frequently joining their forces for the purpose; succession was fairly rapid, and each group of Fellows, enlivened from time to time by the infusion of new blood, was in small danger of vegetating in conventual dulness; while the emoluments of the college, changing hands more rapidly, did double or treble duty, and served to give a start in life to a larger number of men. But now the case is altered; no Fellow has ever to weigh the relative charms of the Muses and the Graces, ever to stand—like Garrick between Comedy and Tragedy—drawn this way and that by Plutus and Hymen. He can combine the delights of both, and marry in haste without having to repent at leisure the loss of his Fellowship. He can do more; he can still live under the invocation of Minerva, still dwell in Oxford, enjoy a tutorship in his college, and employ the time not absolutely given to lectures in attending to his own children and to the private pupils whose payments help to provide for them. A vice-principal of a college lamented in our hearing that his college, as a college, had ceased

to exist, that its collegiate life was a thing of the past; all the other Fellows had incurred the misfortune imprecated by Lord Rochester on the dog that bit him—that is to say, they had "married and lived in the country," and he himself, though he had no apprehension of falling into matrimony, yet was building a house, and expected to have to undergo the latter half of the noble Lord's malediction.

Under these circumstances it is no wonder if the friendly and beneficent intercourse between tutor and undergraduate, of which we have spoken above, should have decreased and should continue to decrease.

HEALTH AT HOME.

HAVING got over the emotion caused by the strange bequest of that humorous testator, Sir Walter Trevelyan, and having doubtless discovered how to utilize centenarian wines for the advancement of science, Dr. Richardson is able to proceed equably with his task of instructing men how to live long. For some little time past he has been publishing in *Good Words* articles on "Health at Home," and in the number for the present month he concludes the first part of his subject, bringing to an end a discourse of considerable length respecting bedrooms; and, as he considers the proper arrangement of these to be a matter of paramount importance with regard to health, it may be well to examine what he has to say about them, while awaiting a disquisition on sitting-rooms and kitchens, which is not likely to be short or soon completed. As he pathetically observes, people spend a third of their lives in bed, and the question of how best to obtain healthy conditions in a room wherein so large a proportion of existence is passed is certainly of sufficient importance to merit consideration by itself.

Few of those who are acquainted with Dr. Richardson's sanitary sermons can begin the study of a new one without a certain feeling of fear, and on this occasion it will undoubtedly be found that fear is well justified. The reader will not, it is true, learn in harrowing detail all the harm he is doing to himself by what he fondly imagines to be a harmless practice; but he will certainly discover, unless he has devoted extraordinary attention to the arrangement of his house, that he is living under conditions which ought to produce ill-health, and must inevitably shorten life and make existence less enjoyable than it should be. Probably, indeed, after the first thrill of alarm is over, the reader will be surprised at the fact that he is not a hopeless invalid, when he considers all the essential matters enumerated by Dr. Richardson, to which, from carelessness or ignorance, he has not given attention. Very numerous and very formidable are the conditions necessary to obtain healthy rooms, as stated by the learned writer. At the risk of startling many who, reckless of the laws of health, are living in a state of sanitary depravity which it is painful to contemplate, we will endeavour to give a short account of his ordinances. First of all, before dealing with bedrooms, the Doctor points out that the living neglect too much what Goethe craved for when dying, and that there is urgent need for more light. "The mind is saddened," he says, "in a home that is not flushed with light, and when the mind is saddened the whole physical powers soon suffer; the heart beats languidly, the blood flows slowly, the breathing is imperfect, the oxidation of the blood is reduced, and the conditions are laid for the development of many wearisome and unnecessary constitutional failures and sufferings." Not content with thus stating emphatically the necessity for light, he says further on:—"I once found by experiment that certain organic poisons, analogous to the poisons which propagate these [epidemic and contagious] diseases, are rendered innocuous by exposure to light. Thus, in every point of view, light stands forward as the agent of health. In sickness and in health, in infancy, youth, middle age, old age, in all seasons, for the benefit of the mind and for the welfare of the body, sunlight is a bearer and sustainer of health." Now undoubtedly there is a good deal of truth in this, though, after the fashion of sanitary writers, Dr. Richardson somewhat exaggerates. A great many Londoners who have to live in comparatively dark places manage to maintain tolerably good health, and do not find that their constitutions are steadily lowered, or that they constantly suffer from the action of hideous poisons. Some of the effects which he ascribes to want of light are probably due to defective ventilation, but still it is impossible to doubt that there is a basis of truth for what he says, though he says it in an over-emphatic manner, and that plenty of light should be admitted into a house. Is he not, however, in his energetic appeal, rather like the adviser who strongly recommends a man always to have a good balance at his banker's? With the exception of a few æsthetic enthusiasts, are not most people—in London at all events—glad of as much light as they can get? Unfortunately streets cannot be widened, and all rooms cannot have a southern aspect. Moreover windows must not be of more than a certain size, or else the house will be unbearably cold in winter. This fact, of course, has to be taken into account; but scarcely any one can look at the face of a row of modern houses in South Kensington or elsewhere, and say that too much attention is paid to it. Londoners certainly do not seem now to disregard the advantages of light. Unfortunately, do what they will, they can get all too little of it; but there is small use in repining over this deprivation, which is likely to continue unless the new Government can bring about the promised change in the climate, and at the same time reconstruct the metropolis.

After thus dealing with the question of light, and before treating bedrooms, Dr. Richardson has something to say about sleep, and gives some broad general advice, the full bearing of which he perhaps hardly appreciates. He first indulges in that denunciation of late hours which always gives such pleasure to writers on sanitary questions, and then says:—"I have said before, *make the sun your fellow-workman.*" (The italics are Dr. Richardson's.) "I repeat the saying now. I do not say, go to bed at all seasons with the sun and rise with it, because in this climate that would not be, at all seasons, possible; but I say, as a general principle, as closely as you can, make the sun your fellow-workman; follow him, as soon as you are able, to rest, and do not let him stare at you in bed many hours after he has commenced his daily course." Now this no doubt sounds very pretty, and the Doctor seems naturally pleased with the expression which he repeats; but let us see what any attempt to follow his advice would involve. In spring and summer it would not perhaps be so very difficult to obey him. On the 1st May the sun rose at 4.33 and set at 7.21. On the 1st of this month it rose at 3.50 and set at 8.5. On the 1st of next month it will rise at 3.49 and set at 8.18. During these months, then, a man of some determination, who utterly gave up society, would be able to take his time from the sun, though he would have to change his hours in a very inconvenient fashion. But how will he manage when autumn and winter come? Then indeed the changes will be great, and the course of the sanitary worshipper's life a most remarkable one. On October 1st the sun will rise at 6.2, and set at 5.36. On November 1st it will rise at 6.56, and set at 4.31. On December 1st it will rise at 7.47, and set at 3.52. During October, then, the true believer should rise at six and go to bed at seven at the latest; during November he should rise at seven and go to bed at six; and during December he should rise at eight and go to bed at a quarter-past five. Luckily for mankind, Dr. Richardson cannot be in the habit of practising what he preaches, or he could not have done half the valuable work he has accomplished. If he ever does try to obey in this country his own precept, and to make the sun his fellow-workman, he will discover that he has a fellow-workman who is usually on strike.

Going on to bedrooms after these initiatory remarks, Dr. Richardson has, as might be expected, much to say that is worth attention, though it is not easy to agree to all his *dicta*. He states first of all, that the bedroom is "really the most important room in the house by far and far again," and, though the assertion may seem startling, there probably are, from a sanitary point of view, good grounds for it. He then goes on to complain, with some exaggeration, of the carelessness which prevails with respect to bedrooms, stigmatizing with just wrath the practice of using them half as lumber-rooms, and says imperatively that every bedroom should, "by preference, have its window on the southern side of the house, the south-eastern or south-western." Undoubtedly; and undoubtedly every man who drinks claret will do well to stick to old Château Margaux. Unfortunately many men cannot afford to do so, and unfortunately the majority of houses have two sides. If in a town house some bedrooms look to the south, others must look to the north, and get no sun at all. Save at an enormous sacrifice of valuable space, it is impossible to construct a town house so as to give every bedroom a southern aspect, and a writer of Dr. Richardson's ability should not gravely lay down general rules which, so far as regards cities, are simply unmeaning. In the country, no doubt, the case is different; but to build a country house with all the bedroom windows facing towards the south would involve large expenditure, and is for other reasons undesirable. Dr. Richardson's dogma is, indeed, a remarkable instance of the manner in which sanitary writers get carried away by their subject, and forget all the conditions by which ordinary men are bound. On other matters he is happily more practical, and he gives advice, some of which is new, and all of which is worth attention. Very formidable are his rules, and few, indeed, can be the houses in which attention is now paid to any of them. He first points out, as many have done before, how ventilation is neglected in most bedrooms; describes, with unction, what this neglect means; and shows how a proper supply of air may be obtained by Tobin tubes leading from the outer wall, or by a "four-inch wooden tube through the whole length of a partition from the top to the bottom floor of the house," supplying air to each room. He also speaks of a plan of exit ventilation, invented by the late Dr. Chowne; and, with due regard for old people, who are so often killed by cold at night, tells how, by a certain stove called the Calorigen, a stream of fresh warm air can be caused constantly to flow into a room. There are, no doubt, some considerable objections to heated air, as those who live in rooms warmed by pipes are well aware; but probably they are not so great as to counterbalance the enormous advantages of warmth at night, at all events for the aged. Dr. Richardson says nothing about them, and he is also silent respecting an objection which is sometimes made to the admission of a large quantity of air into bedrooms at nights. It is said that in cities the emanations from the drains rise during the night, and that, if the air carries them into bedrooms, they may do much harm. The idea may be a pure superstition, but it is very generally held, and it would be interesting to know what so competent an authority as Dr. Richardson has to say respecting it.

After dealing with ventilating pipes and stoves for bedrooms, he proceeds to consider how the floors and walls should be treated, and, with the boldness of a scientific enthusiast, he immediately makes a suggestion which it is to be feared will bring upon him the furious hostility of every good housewife who reads his article.

Bedroom floors, he says, should not be scrubbed. The honest soap-and-water in which old-fashioned matrons and their servants put their trust are to be discarded. "Water," says the Doctor, "destroys the evenness of surface; water makes the adoption of the waxed floor almost impossible; water when it is used often percolates into the joints of the floor-boards, causing them to separate and become holders of dirt; and, lastly, if water be used for cleansing, the chances are many in the course of a year that the room will be left damp and chilly." The proper course to pursue, it seems, is to prepare the floor by varnishing simply, or by staining and varnishing, or by paint and varnish, and afterwards to keep it clean by dry-rubbing and by beeswax and turpentine. There is nothing really so clean, he says, and nothing so healthy. Doubtless he is perfectly right, but the innovation which he suggests will certainly not at first commend itself to the female mind; and, with regard to bedroom floors, mistresses of houses are supreme. It must be remembered, too, that floors treated with beeswax and turpentine have a somewhat unpleasant smell, and are apt to be sticky unless well polished, and that polishing them is a very laborious process. It is much to be feared that Dr. Richardson's words, like those of other prophets, will remain unheeded, and that floors will still be scrubbed and wholly covered with carpets. Possibly, however, what he says about the walls of bedrooms may command more attention, and his sanitary ordinances with regard to them may be more willingly obeyed. He very strongly objects to papering walls, on account of the enormous amount of dirt which is absorbed by paper at one time and let loose by it at another, and further objects to the abominable, but unhappily general, practice of putting layer upon layer of paper on walls. If they must be papered, he seems to think that the best plan for treating them is that adopted by a friend of his, who coats his paper with coachmaker's varnish till the surface is as hard as the panel of a carriage. There is small hold for dirt on such a surface, and it can be washed without the smallest difficulty. Much the best plan of all, however, according to the Doctor, is to have no paper at all. Those who are building new houses, or those who can to some extent disregard expense, should cover the walls with some impermeable cement, like Parian. If this is considered too costly, the plaster of the rooms should be painted with lead or silicate paint, or coloured with distemper. The paint may be washed, the distemper renewed. Neither of them absorb, as paper does, particles of all kinds, some of which can hardly fail to be prejudicial to health.

Dr. Richardson's main suggestions are, then—That bedrooms should be well ventilated, in a manner which he describes; that there should be means for keeping up a steady heat in them in winter; that the floors should be carefully polished, and not cleaned with water; that the walls should be painted or distempered, not papered; and that, if possible, an impermeable cement should be used for them. The adoption of these rules would involve a formidable amount of trouble and expense, and none of them are at present generally obeyed. It can hardly be disputed, however, that they ought to be to some extent obeyed, and that Dr. Richardson is, in the main, right. Those who wish to sleep in healthy rooms should certainly consult his pages. In some respects he appears to be fanciful, in others Utopian; and he too often neglects the fact that most people have perforce to live in very indifferent houses, and that few can construct mansions according to the rules laid down by scientific men. These, however, are comparatively small defects in what are undoubtedly very valuable articles; and, even though it may not be practicable or advisable to follow absolutely all Dr. Richardson's rules, there can be no doubt that his exhortations and sanitary decrees may be studied with great advantage.

MONDAY NIGHT'S ROW.

It will be remembered by all persons of passably good memories that in the various "scenes" which have occurred in the House of Commons since the Session of 1877 the admirers of the present Government found not the least strong of their arguments in favour of a return of the Liberal party to power. "Oh! for one hour of Mr. Gladstone," they used to sigh pathetically when obstruction proved too much for Sir Stafford Northcote. The House of Commons had several hours of Mr. Gladstone under the proposed circumstances on Monday night last, and we are bound to observe that here again a slight disappointment seems to have been experienced, even by the most ardent admirers of that statesman. The occurrence indeed appears to have annoyed these persons a good deal; and they are very angry with Mr. O'Donnell who caused it, and with the wicked men who abetted him. This is quite natural; and the disappointment is natural too. For Mr. Gladstone *afflavit* with great vigour, and yet it could not be said of his adversaries *dissipati sunt*. Now it is a rule with all prudent divinities not to allow themselves to be betrayed into an afflatus of the kind unless the consequent dissipation of the enemy is certain. Otherwise doubts arise, even in the mind of fervent devotees, as in this case they seem to have arisen. Indeed the conduct of Her Majesty's advisers on this particular occasion was characterized by a double portion of that ill luck which has thus far constantly attended them; and it is to be feared that revilings addressed to Mr. O'Donnell and the wicked Tories will hardly suffice to divert the general mind from the conclusion that yet once more they have made a considerable mess of it.

We need not trouble ourselves with any inquiry into the merits of Mr. O'Donnell's conduct in reference to the impending French Ambassador. It may be that it is well that as little as possible should be said, under any circumstances, about foreign ambassadors in the House of Commons, though Mr. O'Donnell's retort about Chevket Pasha as a possible Turkish Minister must have been a hard hit to some of his hearers. But, on the whole, the worthiness of an ambassador in these days is a matter rather for the Government to whom he is accredited to consider than for the people of the country. If Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues think the gentleman whom the French Republic sends them good enough for their society, it is not very much the business of anybody else. But what seem to have been overlooked in the very numerous comments which have hitherto been made on the affair is that Sir Charles Dilke really brought all the trouble on his superiors' heads by being a great deal too clever. The present Government has already established its claim to be one of the most evasive ever known, and Sir Charles must needs show that he could dodge and double as well as his chiefs. So, instead of answering Mr. O'Donnell's question, he answered a totally different one. Mr. O'Donnell had asked whether a certain person was the person who was said to have given a certain order, and the answer was that the order was never put in execution. Mr. O'Donnell had asked whether the same person had or had not undergone a certain legal censure, and the answer was that the censure had been inflicted under certain peculiar circumstances. Now Sir Charles Dilke by this ill-timed display of astuteness, and by his over-hasty eagerness to defend M. Challemel-Lacour, gave Mr. O'Donnell a ground of complaint, which, if not a very serious one, was undoubtedly legitimate in form; and thereupon ensued a disturbance in which Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, and even Lord Hartington seemed to vie with each other as to who should say and do the most unwise thing. The Speaker had promptly interfered to point out the inconvenience of Mr. O'Donnell's adopting the plan of moving the adjournment of the House for the purpose of intimating his dissatisfaction with Sir Charles Dilke's evasion. And there can be no doubt that the proceeding is an abuse. But Mr. Gladstone, not content with the Speaker's interference, himself interfered to support the Speaker, and supported him with a vengeance, by moving that Mr. O'Donnell "be not heard." This was certainly taking the bull by the horns; but a bull, especially an Irish bull, should not be taken by the horns unless the taker is quite certain that he can throw him. One after another of the Irish members rose and protested impartially against the conduct of Mr. O'Donnell and the conduct of Mr. Gladstone. The latter then tried to lay down the principle that the practice complained of was not merely an abuse, but a breach, of the rules of the House. This attempt, however, which certainly did not lack boldness, received no support from the Speaker, and was completely upset by Mr. Sclater-Booth. And the matter was not much helped by Mr. Cowen's eulogies of M. Challemel-Lacour. It seems a little unfortunate that Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Cowen, and some other persons of very well-known political principles, should not perceive that their own admiration of an extreme Republican is not decisive of his merits, and still less decisive of the construction to be placed on the rules of the House of Commons. What with this irrelevance, and with the grave question which the Prime Minister had sprung upon the House, Sir Stafford Northcote was certainly justified in remarking that the situation was "inconvenient." This remark was followed by a reminiscence painfully "inconvenient" in another sense of certain antecedents of the members of the present Government in respect to questions and motions for adjournment. Thereupon a third member of the Ministry proceeded to demonstrate his incapacity to comprehend or manage the situation. Sir William Harcourt made a most extraordinary assault upon Sir Stafford Northcote for giving Mr. O'Donnell support, and a scene of what is technically known to historians and reporters as "the wildest uproar" followed, in the midst of which Captain Price made an ingenious *reductio ad absurdum* of Mr. Gladstone's proposal by moving that the Home Secretary "be not heard." Sir William Harcourt, however, got himself heard, and, like his predecessors, tried to make out that the question still under discussion was the worth or unworthiness of M. Challemel-Lacour. After this the proceedings might be described as confused speaking diversified by a few divisions, and ending in a virtual surrender to Mr. O'Donnell. In the course of the debate Mr. Gladstone described Sir Stafford Northcote's account of his speech as "garbled," and surpassed himself in denying that he had called Mr. O'Donnell to order, while he had to admit that he had risen to order, moving that Mr. O'Donnell be not heard. Even Mr. Forster, who generally manages to keep his temper, lost it, and had to "withdraw"; while Lord Hartington, like every one else on his side, persisted in treating the matter as if M. Challemel-Lacour were still the subject of discussion.

This squabble, if not so discreditable to the House at large as some others, cannot be said to have been creditable to the Government. It will be observed that five of its prominent members divided among themselves certain pleasing and edifying parts, of which some of them played more than one. Sir Charles Dilke undertook the character of the Artful Dodger, and succeeded so admirably as to keep his chiefs and the House in the hottest of hot water for the whole evening. Sir William Harcourt, who seems to have relapsed from the state of grace into which his special providence for a time introduced him, undertook the favourite part of the conciliator who puts out fire with oil, and succeeded in it to a wonder, though he may be said to have

been run hard in this respect by the Chief Secretary for Ireland. Both these gentlemen, by the way, displayed a singular obtuseness which matched their equally singular heat. To perorate about friendly countries and absent men, when the question in reality under discussion is the advisableness of giving the leader of the House of Commons for the time being *carte blanche* to shut the mouth of any member who is obnoxious, seems to be a little fatuous. Lord Hartington, as usual, showed the difference of his temperament in the tone of his remarks; but even upon him a remarkable blindness to the real question seems to have come. It is exceedingly seldom that Lord Hartington indulges in a sophism, but the more intimate companionship in which he must lately have been thrown with Mr. Gladstone seems to have had the usual effect of evil communications. Lord Hartington implored the House to remember that, "if they voted for Mr. Gladstone's proposition, they were voting for the discontinuance of the attacks on M. Challemel-Lacour." As a matter of fact, it need hardly be said that they were voting for nothing of the kind; but, on the contrary, were placing in the hands of the most irritable and self-willed of modern statesmen a whip to be used on their own backs at his will and pleasure. As for Mr. Gladstone himself, it may truly be said that he played not one part, but half a dozen. There was the "happy thought" part, in carrying out which he moved that Mr. O'Donnell "be not heard"; the part of the skilful casuist, in which he contended that to "rise to order" when a member is speaking is not to call that speaker to order; the part of injudicious friend, in virtue of which, in supporting the Chair, he argued that a practice which is undoubtedly lax and inconvenient was in contravention of the rules of the House. Nor is even this list exhaustive. A distinct character may be said to have been assumed in the effort to convict Sir Stafford Northcote of "garbling" by alleging that he, the speaker, had not "justified" a thing, but had only "excused" it, and by ignoring the fact that Sir Charles Dilke's original answer was itself not an answer at all, but an argument. No one will deny the versatility of these appearances, though there may perhaps be two opinions as to their merits. In particular, the astonishing heat developed by members of the Government in the discussion does not augur well for the future. The excitement shown in so small a matter as this (for it must be remembered that, if Sir Charles Dilke had given a simple, straightforward answer to Mr. O'Donnell's question, and had left the latter to do or say his worst, nothing could possibly have happened), is at first sight unintelligible. In the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs and in the senior member for Newcastle personal partisanship may, as we have said, explain the attitude taken. But why Mr. Gladstone, or Lord Hartington, or Sir William Harcourt, or Mr. Forster, should excite themselves in this extraordinary way over such a person as Mr. O'Donnell baffles comprehension. All public men in France have ugly charges brought against them, and the Republicans, with the opportunities they had in 1870, and the example of the Convention and the Directory behind them, were perhaps likely to deserve, and certainly likely to meet with, a rather unusual amount of obloquy. It is childish to pretend that M. Challemel-Lacour's name has not for a whole decade been to every one conversant with French affairs that of a clever man against whom there were charges, true or false. Her Majesty's Ministers by accepting him as an Envoy have sufficiently signified their disbelief in or their indifference to these charges, and that they should make him an occasion of exhibiting their own want of tact, temper, and intelligence in this surprising way is a mystery only to be explained on the general theory of their persistent and inveterate ill luck.

STREET NUISANCES.

THE short interval between the elections and the assembling of Parliament for business was enlivened by a newspaper correspondence on street nuisances. It did not lead to much, although it brought out once more very distinctly the anomalies of parochial government in London. The many advantages of town life are, it seems, more than counterbalanced, in some people's opinion, by the martyrdom of the senses through sights, smells, tastes, noises, and crowding. We have a tolerably healthy place to live in. We have a good deal of wood pavement and very little dust. Medical science is lessening our pains. Our museums and libraries are being daily made more and more accessible. Locomotion is cheap. Property and life are fairly protected, and policemen are occasionally to be had when they are wanted. Yet we are not happy. The sense of smell appears to have been chiefly attacked during the Whitsuntide holidays. A gentleman who chose to stand over an opened grating was sickened by the odour from below. The obvious remedy would have been to remove his standpoint, but he wrote to the *Times*. He really seems to have had a very small grievance, if any. Very much more serious was the complaint of another writer. After the long spell of dry weather the streets when watered gave forth a horrid smell—we are not sure that one correspondent did not characterize it as a stink. We may skip the nauseous details which followed in series of letters, only pausing to note that the secretary of a Northern vestry pointed out with much satisfaction that in his parish a deodorizing substance—a salt of some kind—is mixed with the water in the carts, and the streets corned or pickled with it so as to spare the noses of passengers. It is to be hoped that the good example thus set may be generally followed. Such a Vestry is as the salt of the earth among its fellows. It must be allowed that some of the principal streets did smell very unpleasantly during the dry weather. But dry weather is so rare and so welcome of late years that, on the whole, many of us would be very willing to have a little more of it, even at the price of an extra "stink" or two. Still the suggestion of the St. Pancras official is so good that, unless we see it universally adopted, we may have a reasonable cause of grumbling. It is not granted to every man to perambulate the streets adorned with a *pince-nez*; and the odour of Piccadilly and Pall Mall on one or two days a fortnight ago can hardly have been wholesome, and was certainly disagreeable. It will be wise, however, not to expect too much from the Vestries. Year after year, season after season, it has been pointed out to these astute bodies that the months of May and June are not those in which the West-End streets and squares are most empty. Yet this very month there is hardly a West-End thoroughfare some part of which is not invaded by a steam roller which will be idle through the autumn.

But it is rather within our houses than without them that street nuisances attack us. It is some years since we called attention to the state of the law which allows our neighbours to keep noisy pets, to encourage organ-grinders, and to make themselves generally unpleasant and, in case of illness, dangerous. Nothing has yet been done to remedy this state of things. Party walls are thinner than ever, while our nerves are not strengthening in proportion. There have been times in the history of the world when a man's enemies have been those of his own household. Now, in too many instances, they are those of the household next door, especially those who practise the piano. Some people purposely take old-fashioned houses in unfashionable districts, because, as they say, old houses are better built. This is not strictly true; but when a house has survived, say a hundred years, it is presumably one which was originally erected with some view to permanence. The weaker houses have perished; but no one who has attempted to fight the battle of existence in an old wooden house such as we often meet with in country towns will allow that even a suburban villa is worse. Of course in our artificial civilization we are mutually dependent on the forbearance of each other. Life would be intolerable in a city governed, or not governed, like London, if personal freedom were not tempered by a regard for the feelings of others. Yet this regard does not largely prevail. One might go a day's journey without finding anybody who would acknowledge to a liking for barrel-organs. Yet how do organ-grinders live? The sound of grinding is not low among us. On the contrary, let any one sit down for a single hour to some serious employment—such as writing—and even in remote suburbs, even in places where it might be thought no paying audience existed, how many mechanical pianos and harmoniflutes will have enlivened each minute of the sixty? Somebody must contribute to the support of the ill-looking men who grin like their own monkeys at us through the windows. No one seems to have followed *Punch's* suggestion, made some years ago, and suspended a placard threatening organ-men with prosecution before his railings. A combination among a number of neighbours to banish the great musical nuisance would, we are told, be illegal, and subject the members to indictment for conspiracy. It is in vain that, week by week, the newspapers tell us of the morals of Saffron Hill, and remind us that, for the greater part, the dark-whiskered foreigners who favour us with their inspiring strains are "not respectable," are sometimes very much the reverse, and, in many cases, have left the sunny shores of Italy because, even in Italy, a line must be drawn between ordinary and gross immorality. Such revelations are made almost daily. The fair-haired, but not fair-faced, girls who are made into beasts of burden by the piano-men are, we know, unhappy victims of poverty, tyranny, and vice. Were the music they discourse the most lovely in the world, right-thinking people should not encourage it. Some people think the theatre wicked, and many object to the ballet. But what is called a piano-organ on wheels, drawn by two women and worked by an elderly Italian, is a more shocking sight than any to be seen at the lowest music-hall, unless the daily reports are amazingly untrue, and a large class of our fellow-creatures unanimously maligned by those who ought to know.

Many remedies have been suggested for this and similar evils. In some respects things have already improved. The wholesale importation of Italian boys and girls has been stopped, or at least impeded. The girls who drag the organ for the Italian grinder are of our own race and nation. The foreign costume looks all the stranger when its wearer indulges in the use of powerful words culled with the choicest care from the flowers of the Middle Saxon dialect. If the existing laws were carried into effect no further remedies would be necessary. It would be interesting to know why the police and the police magistrates in London habitually ignore the provisions of the Act known to lawyers as 2 & 3 Victoria, cap. 47. By section 54 it is enacted that, within what are called the limits of the Metropolitan Police District, it shall be unlawful for any person, except guards and postmen in the service of the Post Office, to blow a horn or use any noisy instrument for the purpose of calling persons together, or announcing a show, or for hawking, selling, distributing, or collecting anything, or for obtaining money or alms. Surely bands and barrel-organs make use of "noisy instruments" for the purpose of "obtaining money or alms." By section 62 the same Act permits the police to take offenders into custody without a warrant,

to this particular form of street nuisance. The difficulty is of course that, even under the present regulations, which practically ignore 2 & 3 Vic. cap. 47, the organ-grinder when summoned before a magistrate always raises the question of identity. He can bring half a dozen of his own complexion to swear he was entertaining the aristocracy in Belgravia when you thought you saw him grinding under your sick child's window in Tyburnia. The magistrate is not likely to take your view and fine him for creating a disturbance anywhere; and an alibi, as Mr. Weller, senior, long ago pointed out, is very efficacious.

Another street nuisance has lately been the subject of some correspondence in the daily papers. One writer complains in the *Standard* that part of his life is rendered miserable by a man who is in the service of a Dairy Company, and who, early every morning, weekdays and Sundays, makes a round of the neighbourhood. "His voice—which is as powerful as M. Lassalle's, though in other respects there is no resemblance between the two"—is heard while he is yet a great way off, and its noise increases until he is actually under the writer's window, when it is so great "that it is enough to wake the Seven Sleepers." How great this may be we have no means of ascertaining, but the noise is made more disturbing by its intermittent character. "It is impossible to get accustomed to it, as one might to a morning gun." It begins before seven, and goes on with brief and uncertain intervals of repose for two or three hours. We have given this case in some detail, not because it is extraordinary, but because it is only too common. The writer excites in our minds the sort of sympathy we always feel for a fellow-sufferer. Who among us is there who does not recall his own sufferings when wantonly disturbed from "a first and much-coveted sleep"? In one of the western districts some years ago a gentleman engaged in commercial pursuits, it may be supposed, was in the habit of driving his phaeton through the streets at an early hour, presumably on his way to business. He was constantly accompanied by a black dog, which gambolled round the carriage, barking with a bark which can only be compared to the firing of a small piece of ordnance. This nuisance continued for many years—may continue still, for aught we know—and not only was nothing ever done to mitigate the nuisance, but the police, and even the magistrate, when appealed to, declared their inability to interfere. That commercial gentleman would have the deaths of many of his fellow-creatures on his conscience, if he had one. Many similar examples will occur to every one who has lived even a few weeks in London. It is certainly outrageous that one vendor of milk or of anything else should have it in his power to murder the sleep of a number of people by the way in which he chooses to sell his goods. A correspondent of the paper already referred to sums up his experience in a few sad lines:—"Piano-organs of huge size and great power, accompanied by a chorus of foul-tongued roughs of both sexes, yelling milkmen and costermongers, make the day unbearable; barking dogs and howling drunkards make night hideous." The police, it appears, feel themselves to be powerless in the matter. They would gladly take action; but, so far as regards street noises, their hands are tied. They themselves are as anxious as anybody else can be to put some check on what threaten to become intolerable nuisances. Not only do superintendents and inspectors constantly receive letters complaining of grievances which they would like to redress if they could, but also the noises of the night and the early morning are, as may be imagined, as distressing to members of the police force who are hoping to snatch a few hours' rest or sleep between the intervals of duty as they can be even to hard-pressed "brainworkers." The things which we have described or referred to give a truly pleasing picture of the state of London towards the close of the nineteenth century. We seem to be reading an account of some work of Hogarth's a hundred and fifty years old. Yet it is not in the slightest degree exaggerated, and there is no remedy. Mr. Bass's Act, supposing that 2 & 3 Victoria, cap. 47, is still to remain inoperative by the *laches* of the persons who ought to give it effect, enables a householder (*not* an inhabitant merely) to order away one organ, but does not prevent another from coming in its place. No similar act or regulation, so far as we have hitherto ascertained, gives power to a householder, to a superintendent of police, or to any one else, to suppress as a disturbance, on the face of it illegal, the torment of such an appalling street cry as the correspondent of the *Standard* has described. And there is no apparent reason why the cry or cries should not begin at four or five instead of at six or seven in the morning. The police do manage, by stretching a point under Mr. Bass's Act (not under the entirely neglected 2 & 3 Victoria) to keep street music comparatively silent in the case of serious illness. There is, however, nothing which enables them to deal with the noise of a hawker's voice, which may be far worse than that of "a noisy instrument." To put it briefly and fully, a street vendor practically has it in his power to bawl his wares from noon to midnight and from midnight to noon; 2 and 3 Victoria, cap. 47, forbids the tinkling of a muffin-bell, but says nothing of the screeching or roaring of the human voice. The police, whether the case to which their attention is called is one of actual and serious illness, or only one of impending illness and present inability to pursue one's vocations, induced by those street horrors—bawlings of hawkers in the early morning or of "howling drunkards" in the still earlier morning—which are rampant in London, and which would not be tolerated for a moment in the smallest of Continental towns, are powerless. In fact, the sick and dying inhabitants of London are beyond the care of laws which forbid cruelty to inferior animals.

THORNBURY CASTLE AND BUCKINGHAM.

WHILE Cardinal Wolsey was engaged on his palace at Hampton-on-Thames, Edward Duke of Buckingham, his reputed victim, was equally diligent in building for himself a sumptuous dwelling-place at Thornbury in Gloucestershire, but the downfall of both builders happened before they had completed their architectural projects. The longer career of Wolsey enabled him to realize his palatial designs with greater effect than did Buckingham; but even in the latter case enough was done for ordinary domestic accommodation, and to typify the intended grandeur of the whole edifice. Perhaps few readers of Shakspeare's *Henry VIII.* think of the great Duke in connexion with one of the latest schemes of his life—that of building a family seat which should be worthy of the magnificence of the proudest man of the gorgeous court of the second Tudor. Indeed, if we accept Dr. Johnson's estimate of the merits of that drama, the parts of Buckingham and of Wolsey might be suppressed with advantage. "The play of *Henry VIII.*," he says, "is one of those which still keep possession of the stage by the splendour of the pageantry. But the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes out with Katherine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written." If the great Doctor had also said that the woes of Katherine and of Buckingham were easy to bear, it would have been almost as true as this criticism. But out of his own mouth the judge is here condemned, for he has himself (in *The Vanity of Human Wishes*) essayed to depict the character of Wolsey—which in Shakspeare finds much of its expression in the tragedy of Buckingham—but with a want of success compared with the master's treatment which shows that even his strength was unequal to the attempt.

Thornbury was granted by William Rufus to the formidable Robert FitzHamon, by intermarriage with whose descendants it devolved to the Lords Stafford, of whom Humphrey was created Duke of Buckingham in 1441. At the time of the attainder of the last duke the footsteps of this noble family had been for more than a century printed in blood. The great-great-grandfather of Edward was killed at the battle of Shrewsbury, his great-grandfather at the battle of Northampton, his grandfather at the battle of St. Albans, and his father was beheaded by Richard III. The last of the spectral forms which rose before Richard at Bosworth was the ghost of Buckingham, who, instead of wasting an eleventh warning on the doomed monarch, should rather have cautioned his own son against self-ruining ambition. From the height of grandeur the Staffords fell to the depth of impoverishment, the great-great-grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, mother of Henry VII., who married Humphrey de Stafford, the seventh baron, being in 1637 a cobbler at Newport in Shropshire.

In the second year of Henry VIII. Duke Edward had license to impark a thousand acres of land at his lordship of Thornbury. Besides "a large and goodly orchard well laden with fruits, many roses, and other pleasures," and in the same "many goodly alleys to walk in openly, and others covered in with resting-places," there were three parks, containing in the aggregate 1,550 fallow and red deer. That Buckingham was the "mirror of all courtesy" may be understood in the light of Paley's definition of the Law of Honour, which is a "system of rules constructed by people of fashion to facilitate their intercourse with one another"; and, so long as this aim is not interfered with, allows the commission of many offences against religion and morals, including "rigorous treatment of tenants and other dependents." Buckingham's enclosure of land at Thornbury entailed the removal and consequent ruin of many small farming and other tenantry, to whom no compensation appears to have been allowed, at least if we may believe their petition to Parliament against his conduct. The inhabitants of the district, we are told, cursed the Duke for his rapacious confiscation of their lands; and if their maledictions did not cause his downfall, they at least hung about his head until that event. His destruction has been popularly attributed to Wolsey's machinations, though the authority for this is rather dramatic than historical. Shakspeare derived his facts from Holinshed, who literally translated "that old libeller and maligner Polydore Vergil," the only witness for Wolsey's animosity towards Buckingham, who has been unsuspiciously followed, remarks Mr. J. S. Brewer, by Lord Herbert and later historians. Hall, who disliked the Cardinal, and has many kind words for the Duke, says nothing of Wolsey's hatred, which at any rate was not actively excited until the seditious inclinations of Buckingham had become apparent. Certainly the feeling that existed between the Cardinal and the Duke in years previous to the indictment of the latter was one of friendship rather than of hostility, as the State Papers amply demonstrate. At one time Wolsey proposed a marriage between the daughter of Lady Salisbury and Buckingham's son, saying that the King would consent to the match, and that "it would be both to the King's honour and surety" to see them united; while at the same time in familiar conversation he advised the Duke to send his son to court to be acquainted with the King and Queen. It would be difficult to say whether at this period Buckingham was most in favour with

the King or with the Cardinal; but he acknowledges that it was through Wolsey's interest that the Royal kindness was offered. From Thornbury, March 5, 1517, Buckingham writes to Wolsey that he had received a letter from Lord Surrey stating that His Majesty intended a joust on Mayday, and had appointed Buckingham himself to be one of the answerers. That, in his last interview with the King, he found His Majesty so well disposed towards him was through Wolsey's favour, which he hoped would be yet increased by his influence being used to get an excuse from running against the Royal person, which "he would rather go to Rome than do." In the following year (April 12, 1518) the King gave Buckingham a "goodly courser and rich gown," which shows that Wolsey had not yet influenced the Royal mind against the Duke. Moreover, that Buckingham and the Cardinal were still on amicable terms after the return from the Field of the Cloth of Gold (June 1520) may be argued from the instructions given by the former (November 1520), who therein styles himself the "mighty Prince Edward, Duke of Buckingham," to his Chancellor to have a goblet of gold made for a New Year's gift to the King, and pomander and chain of gold for the Queen, and a cup of gold with a cover for the Cardinal.

A misrepresentation occurs at the beginning of the play, where Buckingham asks intelligence from the Duke of Norfolk touching the interview between Francis and Henry in the Vale of Ardres, saying that he himself was the whole time his chamber's prisoner with an untimely ague. But it is certain, from a letter printed in the State Papers, that Norfolk, who declares himself to have attended the expedition, and strains his powers of language to tell how the French "all clinquant all in gold, like heathen gods, shone down the English," really remained in England, while Buckingham was appointed together with Wolsey to conduct the French King to his lodging at Ardres on the last day of the festivities. Notwithstanding the gift, a few months later, of the golden cup above spoken of to the powerful churchman, it may be questioned whether the donor's health was ever drunk out of it; for it seems evident that the Cardinal's suspicions were about this time aroused by a servant of the Duke having betrayed to him certain rash utterances of their master in "his fumes and displeasures" against himself and the King. Though in the late expensive pageantry none appeared with more splendour than Buckingham, yet that an upstart churchman should breathe spirit into these "fierce vanities" offended the stately noble; and no doubt Shakspeare has fairly revealed the very language of the railing accusations in which he vented his indignation. He is "this Ipswich fellow," a "venom-mouthed butcher's dog," a "keech that takes up the rays of the beneficial sun," a "holy fox or wolf or both, for he is equal ravenous as he is subtle." Because of his red attire, or that his sins were of that colour, he calls him that "scarlet sin." He discerns by "intelligence and proofs as clear as founts in July when we see each grain of gravel," that he is "corrupt and treasonous." But it was becoming equally transparent that there was treasonable thought at the bottom of the Duke's conduct. Wolsey's insolent inversion of *Rex et ego* was but a trick of words; but Buckingham's ambition had led him so far into virtual treason that he only required the courage and the power to render himself Wolsey's sovereign.

On a green hill five miles south of Bath, in pleasant contrast to the eternal snow of the Alpine height where St. Bruno established his first Carthusian monastery, are the remains of the Abbey of Hinton Charterhouse, whose materials are now chiefly represented in a stately Elizabethan house of the Hungerfords. Here, however, is the ruined chapel with its groined roof and lancet windows, where once officiated the oracular monk, Nicholas Hopkins, who, as mischievous as the weird sisters in *Macbeth*, led on with his prophecies the proud Duke of Buckingham to perdition. Combining the promises made to Macbeth and Banquo, Buckingham was to be king and father to a line of kings; this the "holy monk" had ascertained by "the revelation of God." The promise of so splendid a destiny was not extravagantly paid for by an annuity of 6*l.* for a tun of wine and 20*l.* for the better supplying of water to the priory. Also, as appears by an entry in the Duke's household accounts, March 25, 1519, there was a further gift of 100*s.* "to my ghostly father at Hinton." Like Macbeth, Buckingham had a profound belief in divination, and possibly for this reason he showed so much respect to gipsies, who, instead of being punished as rogues and vagabonds, were contrariwise rewarded. For example, June 10, 1519, we find in the same accounts, "To certain Egyptians at Thornbury 40*s.*," a largesse which, while it strengthens our belief in the openhanded bounty of Buckingham, may make us almost suspect that these soothsayers had confirmed the prediction of Nicholas Hopkins that the ducal coronet would be converted into a kingly crown. But in his wife, who was a Percy, he found no Lady Macbeth to pour her own fierce soul into his ineffectual ambition, and therefore "I dare not" was likely to wait continually upon "I would."

Charles Knyvet, the Duke's cousin and surveyor, was among the first to betray the aspiring noble, and he found convenient assistance in Margaret Gedding, apparently a waiting-woman of the Duchess, who two years before had received from her generous master the handsome sum of 13*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* as a New Year's gift. Combined with these in the conveyance of secret information to the Cardinal were Robert Gilbert, Buckingham's chaplain and chancellor, and De la Court, his confessor. Unfortunately for the Duke he appears to have been much unloved, and his foes were of his own household. With the exception that Wolsey was not present, Shakspeare has kept to the historical fact in making Henry himself conduct the preliminary examination of the perfidious servants of the Duke at Greenwich; and he is equally correct in expressing the Royal verdict that the accused noble was "traitor to the height." The evidence of the surveyor is almost a literal transcript of the actual charge that Hopkins had promised the Duke "he should have all," and advised him to obtain "the love of the community"; that he told him "he should be king of England," the Duke answering that he would "prove a just prince." The accused had declared he would "chop off Wolsey's head" as soon as his own had received the golden round—a threat which is softened in the drama to a menace of "revenge upon the Cardinal." It is also in strict keeping with the facts of the indictment that the Duke had expected to be sent to the Tower on account of his taking Bulmer, one of the royal servants, into his retinue, and had sworn "by the Lord's blood" that, had he been so committed, he would have sought an interview with the King and stabbed him on the spot, as his father had threatened to Richard III. at Salisbury. But this, like the rest, was a mere threat. No machinery of plot had been constructed, nor any maturity of design attained, the whole conspiracy resting on some wild astrological deductions which had given assurance to the credulous Duke that his descent from the Plantagenets would ensure him the crown on the King's death. The most serious indication of an actual plot was his having obtained the royal license to attach any of the King's subjects he pleased dwelling within the shires of Hereford, Gloucester, and Somerset, and "to carry arms at his pleasure into Wales," which was construed into a design of "fortifying himself against his Majesty." He had informed the Cardinal that it would be necessary to take thither three or four hundred men, his own servants. His numerous band of retainers was enough to excite suspicions in so jealous a monarch as Henry; but, whatever his ultimate intentions were, there was evidently no organization against the Government.

In the dramatic scene Buckingham is arrested in the ante-room of the royal palace in London, while denouncing the Cardinal to the Duke of Norfolk. He was, in fact, watching the growth of his palace at Thornbury at the time when he was peremptorily cited to the Royal presence. Three knights of the King's body were the summoners, who, taking with them "secret power and also serjeant-at-arms," had been warned not to let their prisoner escape. His fatal journey in the month of April 1521 may be traced by the diary of his accounts. The messenger with the King's letter on the 8th receives one mark. On the 14th he is at Oxford, where he pays 26*s.* 8*d.* to Dr. Bentley his physician. At Reading he makes an oblation of 6*s.* 8*d*, to the Child of Grace; and on the 14th he offers the like sum to "Our Lady of Eyton, near Windsor." Hitherto he had been unconscious of the spies who had been watching him at each saintly shrine, and never lost sight of him in town, village, or highway. But his heart now failed him, like Macbeth's when the woods began to move, at seeing armed men at each turn of the road drawing closer upon him. The Duke found he was a prisoner, and he guessed why. Ordering his horse, he rode to Tothill Fields. On taking his barge and landing at the stairs of the Cardinal's palace, and being refused an audience with his Eminence, his worst suspicions were confirmed. "Well," said the Duke, "I will yet taste of my lord's wine ere I pass." He was courteously shown to the cellar, and one of the latest entries is on April 15, "To my Lord Cardinal's cooks at his place beside Westminster, 20*s.*" On the next day he was committed to the Tower. The 13th of May he was brought before his peers in Westminster Hall. According to Hall, "he chafe sore and sweat marvelously," and Shakspeare repeats the circumstance. By the unanimous vote of his peers, he was declared guilty of high treason. Upon his condemnation the axe was turned towards him, and, being led into a barge, "Sir Thomas Lovel desired him to sit on the cushions and carpets ordained for him; he said 'Nay, for when I went to Westminster I was Duke of Buckingham, now I am but Edward Bohun, the most caitiff in the world.'" On the following Friday six poor Augustinian friars gathered up the remains of the once stately Buckingham, and reverently gave them burial in their Priory Church within Broad-street Ward.

Leland's description of the township of Thornbury, as one long street with two horns growing out of it, answers to its present form, it being in fact three streets in the shape of the letter Y, the castle and church answering to the cross stroke at the foot of the letter. The castle with its unfinished frontage is as typical of the voluptuous days of the Field of the Golden Cloth as is the neighbouring fortress of Berkeley of the unruly days of Stephen. In the former architectural display was only less studied than luxurious accommodation; while in the latter convenience was almost as much disregarded as picturesqueness of form, security being the only aim. Windows at Berkeley are features externally as undemonstrative as in a Doric temple, while at Thornbury they are as nobly decorative as they are serviceable. The keep, which at the former is the most important part of the stronghold, is altogether absent from the latter, which in fact is no stronghold, but, like the Cardinal's palace at Hampton, a lordly pleasure-house, the embrasures and machicolations being no more intended for defence than the pictured panes of the oriels. The outline is quadrangular, with bold projections; but the northern side is not begun, and no side is finished. Entering the base court by a modern lodge-gate at the south-west angle, we find on the right, or western side, a range of uncompleted buildings, in the centre of which is the principal gateway, a vaulted structure with a smaller gateway annexed. Here we are in the immediate

presence of the ducal architect. A waving scroll above the entrance informs us that "This Gate was begon in the 2 yere of the Reigne of Kynge Henry the VIII. by me Edward Duke of Buckingham, Earl of Hereford, Staforde and Northampton." Passing into the inner court, we find three sides of a quadrangle, of which the north was occupied by the kitchen and stables, and the south by the great hall and the Duchess's apartments, above which are the dining chambers and priory chambers, the great octagonal tower at the south-west angle serving for the Duke's chambers. These principal apartments, instead of being lighted, for security, from the inner court, as at Berkeley, have noble bay windows of various sections dropping vertically from parapet to basement, facing the garden court. If we accept this splendid façade as an example, we may believe that the science of Gothic architecture in its decline was worthy of its meridian beauty. Pugin, in his *Specimens of Gothic Architecture*, gives measured drawings of nearly every external feature of Thornbury Castle.

The confiscation of the Duke's estates consequent upon his attaintment reduced his family to indigence, Lord Henry Stafford, his eldest son, being compelled to take refuge with his wife and seven children in an abbey, where for four years he was boarded at the expense of the monks. The manor of Thornbury became a Royal demesne, and as such was visited in 1535 by Henry VIII. and Queen Anne Boleyn. It was subsequently regranted to the Lord Stafford one of whose descendants on the female side, Mr. Henry Howard, of Grey Stoke Castle, came into possession of the property in 1824. Of the parish church, with its noble clerestory and tower, we can here say no more than that it is worthy of the stately Buckingham.

A SCREAMING SUCCESS.

THE virtue, or grace, of maidenliness in girls is one that the present age does not very highly esteem. It is a more successful thing to be "jolly" than to be gentle and modest, and a girl who would "get on" finds it necessary to distinguish herself by wearing rumpled hair or a flame-coloured ulster greatcoat, or departing in some other way from the graces of her sex. Where life is crowded and rapid in its movements, notoriety is almost as necessary to ambitious young women as to proprietors of patent medicines. Thus it is not strange that maidenliness should be hustled out of existence. It is a virtue which is not in harmony with the modern "environment." It must disappear, like the duty of revenge and the practice of tattooing.

These reflections are almost forced upon us by the perusal of a singular little American book called the *Confessions of a Frivolous Girl*. If this Yankee maiden's "Confessions" could be accepted as truthful and authentic, one might maintain that feminine reserve and modesty were almost exploded superstitions in the society of New York. Manners, like the game of "Boss," the electric light, and many other Yankee "notions," come eastward from New York to Europe. Not a few English maidens may parody a line in the *Anti-Jacobin*, and exclaim,

What New York is let modern England be,

when they read the autobiography of the Frivolous Girl, and hear what a "gorgeous time" she enjoyed. But to take the frivolous one's statements for authentic history would be too innocent. It is only fair to say that the picture she draws of New York society may be quite unlike the original. The little book may be written by some one who knows nothing of the world described. The thing may be a caricature, and not a good-natured one. The book is published at Boston, and even in England we know how the natives of Boston and New York love each other. With all these limitations there may be a grain of truth in these papers, in which the author, to quote the magistrate in the *Cloches de Corneville*, "frivols too much."

The experiences of a "bud" are unfolded in the artless narrative of the frivolous virgin. A bud, in the dialect of New York, is a young lady in her first season. This Bud belonged to one of the "first families," and it is interesting to note the nature of New York aristocracy. To be descended from one of the old Dutch settlers answers to having "come over" with the Conqueror, or, in Boston, with the *Mayflower*. But there are people in society, of course, who only came over in the steerage quarter of a recent emigrant ship. It is astonishing to remark how readily these gentlemen and ladies acquire the grace and charm and peculiar tone of the first families. One would expect the first families, when they found English inadequate, to express themselves in choice Dutch. But it is not so. Fashionable lips murmur the sort of French with which the guardsmen of Ouida have made us familiar. Among the friends of the Bud was a Mrs. Gatling Gunn. She pronounced her name "Goon," on the analogy of "skoonk" which seems to be the correct way of saying "skunk." This lady became the Bud's friend and tutor. She knew, she said, that she was *roturière*. Her father had been for many years a butcher. "I shall never forget, if I live to be a hundred, that these bejewelled fingers have been in contact with raw mutton-chops." Her general advice to the Bud was to skip through life as if she were dancing the *can-can*. Here the caricaturist has gone a little too far. "Have you ever seen the *can-can*, my dear? No, of course not. Well, in order to become what is called in society a screaming success, one must, in figurative language, dance the *can-can*, and dance it well, too." Thus instructed, the worthy Bud attempted to become what is called in society a screaming success. "I think that I have at times experienced that can-can feeling," she says. We may now follow the Bud to her first ball, and see her go booming, "as they say in society," down her path of triumph.

The Bud started for her first dance armed and equipped with three bouquets. Only two of these had been presented to her by young men, and this was what the old Scotch divines call a "crook in the lot" of the Bud. Her aunt had sent her one of the nosegays "of roses and mixed flowers. Ugh!" cries this innocent creature of eighteen, "why is it that women never know how to send flowers to other women?" Perhaps their ignorance may be accounted for by want of practice. The other blossoms were the gifts of "a thoughtful male cousin," and of a Mr. Manhattan Blake. The Bud reflected with pleasure that her trophies would make the other girls "as mad as hops." At her earliest dance she made the acquaintance of Mr. Gerald Pumystone, who was "one of the leading young men in society," and of an "interesting-looking creature" who had big, sympathetic-looking brown eyes, and was known to the world as Harry Coney. Mr. Manhattan Blake was also there, among many other "stylish-looking creatures"; and Mr. Blake could quote French with the best of them. He had also a yearning, half-sad expression on his pale face, and a mysterious, almost inspired, light in his grey eyes. He thought that the life of Kenelm Chillingly was "almost ideal." Mr. Coney was not rich, like Pumystone and Blake, but "for anything on this side of the altar he was almost heavenly." There is a sufficient latitude of performance on this side of the altar, and the Bud was perhaps to be congratulated on her friends.

With them she often had "a real gorgeous time" on the stairs and in conservatories, discussing love in the abstract. The Provençal Courts of Love seem to be revived in New York, and the casuistry of the passion is earnestly debated by young men and maidens. Mr. Pumystone took up this subject at once. After asking the Bud whether she had ever been told that her eyes were liquid, he went on to say that he himself was a mere amateur. "It is absolutely necessary *que je m'amuse*, amuse myself, you understand. *De beaux yeux* are indispensable to my happiness; but I must have variety, *comprenez vous?*" As the Bud liked this kind of thing, she was "registered on the tablet of social statistics as a success." No one was more frequently and liberally "bunched" by young men. "Laden with flowers I went forth from the parental roof, and returned to the parental roof laden with flowers, very early every morning." "Nothing was so enjoyable to her as to converse about love in the abstract with an attractive man." She went to walk in the streets of New York city with attractive young men. They chose streets rather out of the beaten track, and had most delightful discussions as to whether it is nicer to love or to be loved. Mr. Blake confided to her that, at the mention of revealed religion, he "smiled a mournful smile, the smile of the iconoclast, who has nothing to suggest as a substitute, but still a smile." We wonder if the smile of Mr. Bradlaugh is mournful. As Mr. Blake had not read Mr. Arnold's most recent work, he could not of course suggest poetry as a substitute for revealed religion. While one attractive man thus merged flirtation in theological confidences, another discussed with the Bud the nature and constituent elements of human bones, and the Bud made him write down his analysis. She was "in the seventh heaven" with Mr. Coney, the young man who was so heavenly on this side of the altar, but she "showed him plainly that she did not like it when he said anything at all *risqué*." The first cousin to the Earl of Hammerhead, an English gentleman named Hare Hare, was much adored at this time by New York. The "Hon. Hare Hare," as people called him, was as rude, as slangy, as mannerless a cub as other young Englishmen in other American romances. Do our countrymen really behave like costermongers on the other side of the Atlantic, and is this conduct the result of the attentions which they seem to receive from the society of the United States? Most people know lords and even "Hon.s" in England who are not absolutely brutal, and whose conversation is not full of the words "beastly" and "filthy." The Englishman of American fiction is a singular contrast to the Englishman of French novelists thirty years ago. He is simply an untutored cad, and yet he is courted by the Mrs. Gatling Gunns of romance. How much of the picture is true to life, how much is pure invention? We cannot pretend to say; but the picture is repulsive enough, and does little credit either to the old country or the new.

When the New York season was over the Bud went to Newport, a watering-place. Here people played lawn-tennis, at which sport the Bud's admirers told her she was "no slouch." Mrs. Gatling Gunn drove about with "darling duds of ponies," and life was "quite too ideally charming." The Bud "flirted with charming people whom she had never met before—such was the delirious round of our days, but it was fun." In her second season the Bud says she "went it hammer and tongs," till "Papa said we must shut down on this." But he did not shut down on it, and the Bud still went it, as mad as hops, and as smiling as a basket of chips. She despised steady girls, and called them "whopper-jawed," a charming term in itself, but obscure in meaning. She had "ten slaves"—that is, ten attractive men—with whom she says she read "Austin Dobson's *Vignettes in Rhyme*." "Galeotto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse," as far as flirtations went. She betook herself to a place called "Mt. Desert," where all the men were said to go about in flannel shirts, while the girls "never did their hair." "The average girl who goes there gets the pollen rubbed off her wings"; but the Bud

went, and "went it." She "*was* just a *little* free and easy" with Ernest Brooke and "another young man who was kind to her when the other was not around." But we are tired of going around with the Bud. She was not whopper-jawed, she was no slouch, but she was scarcely the ideal English or American maiden. The particulars of her interesting conversion may be studied by the curious; it is enough for us to have examined, in the case of the Bud, "what is called in society a screaming success."

It is not certain that what we may call Budism would at once become fashionable in England. But is not the experiment well worth trying? Young ladies who are conscious of not being whopper-jawed may go it hammer and tongs, and, at the worst, can publish their memoirs, like the Frivolous Girl.

THE COTTON TRADE.

THE recent abortive strike at Blackburn has brought to the knowledge even of those who in general pay little attention to commercial matters that an improvement has taken place in the great staple industry of Lancashire. For four years the cotton trade had been depressed. Multifarious labour disputes occurred, the object of the operatives being to prevent a reduction of wages. But at length we had last month a strike for an increase of wages. It is true the strike failed, the majority of the workpeople acknowledging that the manufacture of cotton cloth is not yet sufficiently profitable to admit of the advance demanded. Still the dispute was preceded, and in a certain sense provoked, by a rise of 5 per cent. in the wages of spinners. It is something to find that even one branch of the industry is in a position to raise wages. Since the Whitsuntide holidays doubts have been expressed as to whether the rise had not been too hastily granted, and hints have been thrown out that it may be necessary to reduce wages again. But the fact remains that the advance has been conceded, and consequently that one important branch of the cotton industry has in recent months recovered, at least temporarily, from the depression which had weighed upon the trade for four years. In their Review of 1879 Messrs. Ellison estimated that in each of the four years ending with December last the cotton manufacture had been carried on at a heavy loss, a loss growing more heavy as the years went on. At length, in the final quarter of 1879, there was a great change, a profit being realized on the transactions undertaken. Yet the profit was not sufficient to prevent the losses on the whole year from being the heaviest of the series. The revival that set in towards the close of 1879 continued through the first quarter of 1880. But during the past two months there has been a decided check to the improvement. Complaints are sometimes heard that the revival has completely died out, and that the trade has fallen back to the condition it was in last summer. This, however, is an exaggeration. There is greater activity than there was twelve months ago, and with it greater hope and better prosperity; while there are symptoms of further improvement yet to come. Still there is undoubtedly a check.

The cause of the sudden improvement in the autumn of last year was a revival of the demand from the raw-material-producing countries, more particularly from India, China, Japan, Egypt, Turkey, Chili, and Brazil. The raw-material-producing countries are our principal customers for cotton goods. The cotton manufacture, being one of the longest established, and from the rapidity of its growth and the magnitude to which it has attained having attracted the envy and admiration of other countries, has been everywhere imitated by the more advanced nations; and by means of protective duties they have nearly succeeded in building up a native industry capable of fully supplying themselves. The English manufacture is still by far more important than the foreign, the consumption of the raw material by the spindles of Lancashire averaging at the present time 65,000 bales a week, while that of the whole Continent averages only about 52,000 bales, and the potential consuming capacity of Lancashire exceeding that of its competitors in a far higher ratio. Yet the fact is, as we have said, that the Continent now so nearly supplies itself that our exports thither do not increase, and consequently we are dependent for a market for our growing production upon the more backward countries. The situation has its compensations for us as a community; the advance of our neighbours in wealth, and their application of so much of their labour and capital to the spinning and weaving of cotton, making them our customers for other commodities. But whether that be so or not, the change is inevitable, since we cannot hope always to remain the sole manufacturers of the world. Yet indisputably the situation has its disadvantages. The raw-material-producing countries are backward, and possess but little capital; they are dependent, too, upon the seasons for prosperity, and, owing to the time that elapses between the sowing and the reaping of a crop, they are not able quickly to adapt themselves to changes in the markets. On the other hand, these countries are growing, and therefore likely to become better customers; and as they are scattered all over the globe, and bad times seldom occur universally, it is not often that we have to dread a complete collapse of the cotton trade. This did, however, happen in the four years just ended, and, over and above the causes of the depression that prevailed in all commercial communities, it is traceable to the famines in India and China, the difficulties of the South American States, the bankruptcy of Turkey, and its war with Russia. The cessation of famine in India and China, the recovery of the South American States, and the re-establishment of peace in the South-East of Europe have in turn revived the demand for cotton goods. In the first five months of the current year, not to go further back, the imports of cotton goods into India, for example, exceeded by 156 millions of yards those of the corresponding period of last year; that is, the increase in the five months of this year of the importation into the three Presidencies exceeded by 50 per cent. the total imports into Bombay in the first five months of last year. To Brazil, again, the imports exceeded those of the corresponding five months of last year by nearly 50 per cent.; while in the case of Chili the excess was actually 150 per cent. Bearing in mind the war in which Chili is engaged, and the strain it imposes on her resources, this growth of the cotton imports is very remarkable, and makes us fear that the business may have been overdone. The more moderate increase in the case of Brazil is not surprising, as the Empire is recovering from prostration. In the case of Turkey the increase is almost 25 per cent., and in that of Egypt between 30 and 40 per cent. There is also a very satisfactory increase for the five months in the imports into Portugal, the United States, British North America, the West Indies, the Philippine Islands, and the Straits Settlements.

The wide area over which the improvement is spread, and the varying conditions of the countries in which it manifests itself, afford ground for hope that it will prove permanent. Had the whole augmented demand come from a single community, or from a group of communities nearly similarly circumstanced, it might be due to some exceptional cause that would soon cease to operate. But it is difficult to believe that regions so wide apart, and so unlike in all essential respects, as the United States and India, Portugal and the Straits Settlements, Turkey and the South American States, can all have been led, by an exceptional and passing cause, at the same time, to begin buying English cotton goods more largely, and to have kept up their increased purchases for months together. The falling off in the trade of Lancashire militates against this inference, but does not disprove it. The cotton manufacturers shared in the speculation which was generated by the extraordinary prosperity of the United States last year. From the despondency into which they had sunk they suddenly passed into a state of over-confidence. Good crops in India enabled the ryots to buy clothing more freely; and the symptoms of an improved demand in the East, while prices were rising in America, induced merchants to speculate wildly. In the four months ending with February there was eager competition in America, India, and Egypt for raw cotton, and so large was the quantity bought up, that during the three months that followed more than one-third of the consumption of Lancashire was from the stock thus accumulated. Simultaneously, the exports, especially to India and China, assumed extraordinary proportions. As during the famine years the peasants had been obliged greatly to restrict their purchases, there was a large real demand for the goods. But the rise of prices consequent on speculation checked it, and dulness has succeeded to the feverish activity witnessed at the beginning of the year. The troubled state of so many of the South American countries has also had its influence; but the accumulation of stocks in the East during the period of speculation will gradually be worked off, and with low prices it may be assumed that the demand will revive, if the crops are again good this year. In the United States, Egypt, and India, last year's cotton crop was abundant and excellent, and the acreage planted this year is larger still. The price of the raw material may therefore be expected to continue moderate. And if our own harvest turns out well, the home demand will improve. Thus the prospects of the trade depend greatly upon the weather. Good harvests in Europe and the East will ensure prosperity, but without them there can hardly fail to be a relapse into depression.

THE THEATRES.

THE novel experiment which is now being carried out at the Imperial Theatre is from an artistic point of view a marked success. The Dutch company of actors who are there presenting a variety of pieces are admirably trained artists; they count among their number several players of unusual talent and versatility, while all concerned in the representation are thoroughly practical and efficient, and the grouping and stage management are as good as anything that has been seen for years on the London stage. The company was, we believe, first started as the result of a secession on the part of some of the troupe from the State Theatre of Holland, and the completeness of the performances now being given affords another proof that State aid is not necessary for the development of a theatre in which considerations of general effect are not subordinated to the pretensions of a "star" actor or actress. The earnestness and skill with which in these representations an actor who one night plays a leading part assumes on another a character of comparatively trifling importance make one of the most noteworthy and pleasing features of the affair. The same thing was observed on the first visit of the Comédie Française to London in 1871; but the reason for it then was the numerical weakness of the company. It was only to be expected that the audiences at the Dutch plays should be small. There are not many English playgoers who are familiar with Dutch as a spoken language; and, although it is possible that half the people

who flocked last year to the Comédie Française at the Gaiety understood as much of their performances as they would of those to which we now refer, yet nobody is ashamed of confessing to an ignorance of Dutch, while everybody is supposed to have a knowledge of French. It would have been better from every point of view if, before they came over, the Dutch players had issued copies of the pieces which they perform, with a close English translation printed on the opposite page. This was done —very badly, it is true—when Signori Salvini and Rossi came here, and when there was far less need for it than there is now. Failing this, they have done the next best thing by issuing a *scenario*—which it must, however, be admitted, is in some cases neither accurate enough nor full enough—of each piece. With the aid of this and with a tolerable knowledge of the German tongue and his own, the English playgoer can follow what is going on quite closely enough. Of course the slightest smattering of Dutch, which is not a very difficult thing to acquire, will help him out. But without any of these aids the practised playgoer would be able to make out the general scope and action of the piece by reason of the expressive intonation and the extreme clearness, significance, and decision of the gesture employed by all the players. We have dwelt at some length on this matter, because it seems to us a great pity that people should be kept away from some of the most artistic dramatic performances that London has seen by an exaggerated sense of the difficulty they might find in understanding the pieces given. It may be added that now that *Vriend Frits* has been produced, any one who chooses to procure a copy of *L'Ami Fritz* will obviously be able to follow the piece with comparative ease.

Amongst the pieces which have been performed by the excellent company directed by Messrs. Le Gras, Van Zuylen, and Haspels, have been *De Militaire Willemsorde*, *Janus Tulp*, *Anne-Mie*, and *Marie Antoinette*. Of these, the first two were performed on the same night. *De Militaire Willemsorde* is "a dramatic sketch," written by Mr. Rosier Faassen, who himself sustains its principal character, Van Baalen, an old pensioner, decorated with King William's military order "for Valour, Judgment, and Fealty." The little piece, which is very prettily and ingeniously constructed, turns upon the fact that one of the old man's sons, Willem, has quarrelled with his father, and left his home, with the assurance that the father will never forgive him. He has joined the navy, and a letter, written when he was dangerously wounded and prepared for death, has been received from him. Van Baalen, who cannot read, has been kept in ignorance of this, but it is read out to him by chance by his little grandson, Willem's nephew, and affects him so powerfully that he swoons in his chair. Meanwhile, however, the missing Willem has turned up safe and sound, and his brother and sister-in-law have been plotting how to bring about a reconciliation between father and son. This is done by first pretending that the grandson has only read part of the letter, and reading, as if in continuation of it, a second one, written since the prodigal's return, and then by gradually preparing Van Baalen for the appearance of Willem, who is now, like his father, decorated with "De Militaire Willemsorde," and upon their embrace the curtain falls. The play depends, it will be seen, upon the skill of the actors in domestic pathos; and its success was striking. Mr. Rosier Faassen's sketch of the old disciplinarian, his gradual melting from sternness to grief, and the change from grief to joy, was remarkable. The other parts were admirably played by Messrs. Chrispyn and D. Haspels, Mrs. Faassen Van Velzen, and Miss Van Ryk. In this play, as in the others which we have mentioned, the general completeness of the performance; the care, close, but never obtrusively minute, given to detail; and the playing into each other's hands of all concerned, commanded attention and admiration. Mr. D. Haspels, who in this piece appeared for a few minutes as the returned son, played admirably on a subsequent night the long and important part of the King in *Marie Antoinette*, in which play Mr. Rosier Faassen sustained with striking skill the small part of Simon. *Janus Tulp*, a comedy in four acts by Justus Van Maurik, jun., has some points in common with *The Upper Crust*, in which Mr. Toole still continues to delight his audiences, whilst its first act recalls the opening scene of Thackeray's *Cox's Diary*. Janus Tulp, a barber and undertaker, is discovered shaving a customer, and at the end of the act, just as he has donned his undertaker's garb to attend a funeral, receives from his assistant Barend—who corresponds more or less to Orump in Thackeray's story—a letter which announces his sudden accession to wealth. We need not go at length through the plot of the piece, the course of which the experienced playgoer will probably foresee. The situations are good, and are well worked up to; but this piece, perhaps even more than the one which preceded it, depends for success upon the merit of the acting. Mr. W. Van Zuylen played excellently as Janus Tulp. His growing excitement while he read the letter telling him of his unexpected riches, and the dance of joy which, in his full undertaker's costume, he executed at the end of it were irresistibly comic. A special point for commendation may be found in the absence of exaggeration in his subsequent acting as the vulgar man suddenly endowed with wealth. Mrs. Van Offel-Kley appeared to marked advantage as Betje, Janus's sister-in-law, as did Mrs. Chrispyn-Stoelz as the daughter Marie. Mr. Van Nieuwland played a titled but unscrupulous adventurer, whose speech is riddled with scraps of French and English, with considerable cleverness; and Mr. Chrispyn, as Janus's son, was especially good in the scene in which he exposes the scoundrel. A word of praise is due to Mr. A. Van Zuylen for his performance of Barend.

One could hardly have guessed from the representation, good as it was, of these two plays, that the same actors would appear with such complete success as they did in *Marie Antoinette*, a translation by Mr. Spoor, one of the Dutch company, of the piece originally written by Signor Giacometti for Mme. Ristori. The distinguished Italian actress's part was filled by Miss Catherine Beersman, who played it with complete and striking success. Her dignity was no less remarkable than her force and pathos. The admirable grouping, costuming, and stage-management of the play combined to give it a strangely vivid effect. It was as if one were actually carried back into the terrible time with which the drama deals. Few scenes more thrilling have been seen on the stage than that in the first act, in which a vast crowd, heard, but not seen, assembles under the Royal windows at Versailles, and in which the curtain drops upon Lafayette's hurrying to the balcony, and winding his tricolour scarf round the Queen and her children to protect her from the fury of the mob. Nor is it easy to imagine a scene more harrowing in its pathos than that of the farewell between the King and his family. Here the fine and powerful acting of Mr. D. Haspels had much to do with the result attained; but his indication in the earlier scenes of the King's curiously mixed character was artistically no less successful. On the same grounds, as well as on account of her admirable rendering of strongly emotional passages, Miss Beersman's Marie Antoinette calls for special attention. Every part in the piece was well filled, but special mention may be made of Mr. W. Van Zuylen's Lafayette, of Mr. Spoor's Santerre, and of Mr. Rosier Faassen's almost painfully vivid representation of the brutal Simon. His singing of the Carmagnole (which, by the by, he should sing in Dutch, not in French) and his exit taunting the King had in them an almost appalling ferocity. We trust that the play may be given again. Its representation by the company of Messrs. Le Gras, Van Zuylen, and Haspels should be seen by all playgoers who care to see a piece played and put upon the stage with complete artistic feeling and skill.

Anne-Mie is a domestic drama, the scene of which is laid in Zeeland, of semi-tragic interest. It is written by Mr. Rosier Faassen, of whose skill and versatility as an actor we have already spoken, and it gained the first prize for national dramatic composition at Antwerp in 1878. Its construction up to the last act is decidedly good, and its episodes have a special interest, since they illustrate with much liveliness, and in a natural way, the manners and customs of Zeeland. The accuracy of the costumes —the date of the play is between 1850 and 1868—is vouched for in an introduction to the published *scenario*. As the heroine who gives her name to the play, Miss Beersman makes another decided hit, and the naturalness of her pathos shows that what might seem at first sight like artificiality in her Marie Antoinette, was in fact the result of a manner deliberately, whether wisely or not, assumed. It is to be regretted that Miss Beersman should spoil in this part the effect of a truly pathetic scene by condescending to take a "recall" in the middle of an act. This is a practice which cannot be too strongly reprobated.

Mr. Rosier Faasson, the author of the piece, gives us a striking piece of acting as the man whom we see at first as the rich, ambitious, and vengeful tenant-farmer, and afterwards as the aged, broken-down, and half-crazy victim of his own misdeed. Mr. W. Van Zuylen plays a rustic hero with much "go" and naturalness, and adds much to the effect of one of the episodes already referred to by his singing and dancing. Mr. J. Haspels gives an excellent picture of a man whom nature and circumstance have combined to make into something like a villain. As in the other pieces of which we have spoken the small parts were admirably filled. The *verve* of the whole performance should go far to break down the common belief that the Dutch are an essentially phlegmatic people.

The Bells, which is now given on Saturday nights at the Lyceum, seems to have lost none of its popularity. To those who remember the earliest days of the piece its present revival is peculiarly interesting. The piece has perhaps never been so well cast all round as it now is, and the changes in Mr. Irving's acting are very well worth watching. In the earlier scenes increased art and experience have tempered impulse, with the effect of strongly-marked improvement. We could point to many salient instances, but will dwell upon one only —the reply of Mathias to Christian, who has lighted upon the exact truth of the circumstances of the murder committed, unknown to every one, by Mathias. The body, Christian says, must have been consumed in a lime-kiln, and that is the clue which should have been followed up. At this Mathias turns on him with "Take care, Christian, take care! I myself owned a lime-kiln at the time." Mr. Irving used to give these words with a wild laugh, inspired partly by fury, partly by terror, and partly passing into an attempt to conceal his agitation. He now lets out the words as if by an uncontrollable impulse, begins or suggests a nervous laugh, and on hearing and seeing it caught up by Christian, joins in with a hard mechanical laugh, just touched with hysteric passion, which is far more impressive than the one which he used to employ. The scene in which Mr. Irving has in certain points decidedly not improved is that of the dream. His acting of the murder was always daring because it approached without ever reaching the grotesque. We will not say that it has yet come close to the dangerous point; but, on seeing it a few nights ago, we felt more afraid of what might come next than we had done on any previous occasion of witnessing a strangely fascinating piece of acting.

RACING AT ASCOT.

THE racing on the Tuesday of the Ascot week is generally some of the best of the year, but this was far from being the case at the late meeting. Beforehand, the first day's programme had appeared excellent. More than one hundred and twenty horses had arrived for the races, and everything seemed to promise excellent sport, but when the day arrived this promise was not fulfilled. The first race was won easily by the favourite. The second was fairly run away with by a two-year-old by Rosicrucian, called Capuchin. The next race was for the Gold Vase, which, by the way, is neither a vase nor gold, but a silver shield. Only two horses were saddled for this affair. The favourite was Chippendale, the winner of the Great Metropolitan Stakes, the Cesarewitch, the Ascot Derby, the Hardwicke Stakes, and other races. Nine to four was laid on him, but backers remembered that when they laid the same odds last year on Silvio for this race he was beaten by Isonomy. Chippendale's solitary opponent was Fashion, the winner of the Chester Cup and the Epsom Cup. In the Metropolitan Stakes, Chippendale had given Fashion 36 lbs. and beaten her by a length, and now he was only to give her 22 lbs.; his victory therefore seemed as certain as anything in racing can be. For some reason or other, however, many people fancied Fashion, and it was hoped that there might at any rate be a good race. The pair galloped side by side until they turned into the straight, when Chippendale came away, and won just as he liked. Both the horse and the mare are wiry and good-looking animals, and they are both good stayers. We made some remarks about the Prince of Wales's Stakes last week, and it is sufficient to add that, like the Gold Vase, it was won by Lord Bradford. Nine two-year-olds came out for the Biennial, and odds were laid on Angelina, a bay filly, by Hermit, which had won the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom and two other races. All seemed to be going well with the favourite until she was within fifty yards of the winning-post, when a bay colt called Sir Charles came up with a rush, and won the race by half a length. The Ascot Stakes was a dull affair. Teviotdale was made a very strong favourite. Only seven horses went to the post, yet there was a long delay before the start, in consequence of the misbehaviour of the favourite, who tried very hard to get rid of his jockey. The race was a very hollow affair, for Teviotdale came away when he pleased, and won by five lengths.

The racing on the Wednesday began in drenching rain. Gentlemen who had the courage to face the weather and plunge into the ring managed to back the wrong horse under their umbrellas for the first race. They made Bonnie Marden, who had been second in the Oaks, the first favourite; but the extreme outsider L'Eclair won the race very cleverly. The good-looking Evasion ran in this race, but she seems to be a jade when it comes to a struggle. Backers will not like to trust her for the future, but she is just the sort of mare who may win a great race some day when least expected. Both Mask and Merry-go-Round ran in the Ascot Derby. The latter had beaten the former in the Column Produce Stakes at Newmarket; but it was very properly thought that this running must have been all wrong, and Mask won the Ascot Derby in a canter, Merry-go-Round being third only. The Biennial was very uninteresting. 2 to 1 was laid on Petronel, and he won by four lengths. Thirty-one horses went to the post for the Royal Hunt Cup. Ruperra, who had won the Great Yorkshire Stakes and the Doncaster Stakes last year, was the first favourite; and he did not seem overweighted with 7 st. Sir Joseph, who had been in 1877 one of the most promising two-year-olds of his year, was almost, if not quite, as good a favourite. As is often the case in the Hunt Cup, there was a tedious delay at the post. It was but a poor race after all. Strathern came away some distance from the winning-post, and, shaking off all his opponents, won in a canter by three lengths. Lord Clive, who, it will be remembered, had been a good horse two years ago, was second. Tertius was third. As much as 40 to 1 had been laid against the winner, 33 to 1 against the second horse, and 25 to 1 against the third horse, before the start. Strathern had been beaten in every race for which he started last year. Another outsider won the Fern Hill Stakes. Dourance was the favourite, but she seems to have lost her form this year. Toastmaster and The Song were also running; but the winner proved to be Tafna, a filly belonging to Count Lagrange, which had been beaten three times this year. Backers were little more successful in the Triennial for two-year-olds, which followed. They made the very handsome, but very backward, Town Moor the first favourite. He is a magnificent colt by Doncaster, and had cost 1,000 guineas as a yearling. Errand Boy, who had run a good third to Tristan and Angelina at Newmarket, was second favourite. Both these horses, as well as two others, were beaten by Kühleborn, a colt by King of the Forest, who had been out several times before; but he only won the race by a neck, and if Town Moor, who ran second, had not been so green, the result would probably have been different. The last race of the day was chiefly noticeable for a very nasty accident. As the horses were half way up the straight, one of them swerved, and, cannoning against another, knocked it down. It was a horrible-looking fall, for the horses were racing at their best pace, and the falling horse appeared to roll over its jockey; but, although very severely shaken, the poor boy is said to have escaped any serious injury. It was an unpleasant ending to the day's sport.

We have already mentioned a good many defeats of favourites at the Ascot meeting, but one of the greatest surprises was in the first race of the Thursday. Odds were laid on Discord, who had been bought in for 5,000 guineas at auction at Newmarket in the spring, after a genuine bid of 4,500 guineas had been made for him. Petronel, more heavily penalized, was the second favourite, and 20 to 1 was laid against Cipolata. Some little mistake had been made in these calculations, for the despised Cipolata won easily by two lengths. She had been unplaced in the One Thousand, but she had won four races out of six last year. The beating that she now gave to Petronel, who was fourth, more than made up for her advantage in the weights, and if this running were true, it would make her out a trifle the better of the pair, at weight for sex. Elizabeth, the winner of the One Thousand, won the next race, with 12 lbs. extra on her back. She is a nice mare, and has improved since she came out in the spring. The following race was the most important two-year-old contest of the meeting. We have already noticed the Biennial of the Tuesday, in which Sir Charles had beaten Angelina. This pair was to run again in The New Stakes, and among other opponents they were to meet Tristan, a colt which had beaten Angelina in the Breeders' Plate at Newmarket. He had already won four races this spring, and he was now made a strong first favourite. In the actual race, the previous running of Tristan and Angelina was proved to have been pretty accurate: but Sir Charles turned out to be the best of the trio, as he won by three-quarters of a length. He had seemed to be beaten as they were running in, but he struggled on in a very game and courageous manner. So far, he has performed better than any other two-year-old this season, and he is engaged in the Derby, the St. Leger, and the Grand Prix de Paris of next year. He is a powerful colt, and when he gallops has remarkably fine action with his quarters and hind legs, bringing the latter forward in the manner which is so characteristic of first-rate racehorses. So far, he is the best public performer of the season among the two-year-olds, and he has already been backed for next year's Derby at 10 to 1 to win 6,000*l*. Only Isonomy, Chippendale, and Zut came out for the Ascot Cup, and Isonomy was made a tremendous favourite. He had won this race last year, as well as the Goodwood Cup and four other races, and he had won the Cambridgeshire the season before; but his last great performance had been in the Manchester Cup, a race which is rapidly increasing in importance. It is said that on the late occasion it was the most valuable handicap ever contested, and there had been a great deal of very heavy betting on the race. Twenty-one horses started; but, although Isonomy was carrying the crushing weight of 9 st. 12 lbs., he was victorious. Chippendale had already shown himself to be in excellent form this week, and Zut has grown into a very powerful horse. Chippendale is a very wiry light-fleshed horse, with enough bone, a plainish head, and a great deal of breeding; Isonomy is strong and compact, and so well formed that no honest critic could find a fault with him, although he is not what ladies call a pretty horse; and Zut is particularly strong, though somewhat heavy. Chippendale made the running, and kept the lead until approaching the grand stand, when Isonomy passed him, and won the race tolerably easily by a length. Zut ran well, all things considered, as he was only two or three lengths behind. The All Aged Stakes was won in a canter by Valentino, the least fancied of all the three starters. He had run earlier in the afternoon, when he was second to Elizabeth. Although he does not show any extraordinary amount of quality, he is very long in front of the saddle. Rayon d'Or had no difficulty in winning the Rous Memorial Stakes. The enormous Thunderstone was second. At first sight one imagines that this big beast could carry 16 st. to hounds, but at a second glance one wonders how he can manage to carry himself. The Viridis colt, which ran third, cost the respectable sum of 2,100 guineas as a yearling, but he has not yet won a race. The last race of the day, the St. James's Palace Stakes, appeared to be the greatest certainty of the whole week. The Derby winner, Bend Or, was to be opposed by what was considered a field of very moderate quality, and 3 to 1 was laid on his chance. He won his race, but not until his backers had received a good fright; for Fernandez, who had been nowhere in the Derby, ran within a head of him, after a very hard race, to the very great astonishment of all concerned. About 20 to 1 might have been obtained about Fernandez before the race, but it would have been well to have remembered that he had won the Craven Stakes very handsomely in the early spring, and that he is own brother to Isonomy. Handicappers are likely to remember him for the future.

There was an interesting race on the Friday for a Triennial, between Zealot and Muncaster. Half-a-dozen other horses ran, but 20 to 1 was offered against either of them, while only 5 to 4 was laid against each of the first-named pair. Muncaster had 7 lbs. the best of the weights, but his jockey was riding for the first time in public. From the distance, it was as good a race as ever was seen, and Muncaster just managed to win by a head, the nearest of the rest of the field being a couple of lengths away. Twenty-three horses ran for the Wokingham Stakes, which was won by Captain Machell's Warrior. Then came the Alexandra Plate, for which Thurio was the favourite. This horse was known to be in great form this season, as he had already won five races, including a walk over. The race for the Alexandra Plate, however, did not turn out such a certainty as was expected, for Ruperra, against whom 20 to 1 was laid, ran Thurio to a head. If backers congratulated themselves on just escaping disaster in the Alexandra Plate, they paid dearly for it in the Hardwicke Stakes, which immediately followed. For this race they laid 2 to 1 with

great confidence upon Rayon d'Or, who ran in a very currish manner when challenged by Exeter, and lost the race by a head. Capuchin, who had won the second race of the meeting, won also the last race but one. Charibert maintained his reputation for speed over short courses by beating Phénix in a canter for the Queen's Stand Plate. 32,380*l.* had now been run for during the week, and a rather indifferent Ascot meeting was brought to a close. The racing, except on the Friday, had been moderate; there had been no royal procession; there had been mourning in the royal enclosure and mourning among backers, and there had been one wet day.

REVIEWS.

HIGDEN'S POLYCHRONICON.*

THE elaborate work by Ranulf Higden of Chester, of which seven volumes have now appeared under the editorship, first of Professor Babington, and then of Dr. Lumby, cannot be rated high as an historical authority, at any rate for the period comprised in them. But its indirect value is great. It shows us the extent of the geographical and historical knowledge possessed by an intelligent and well-instructed man in the days of Edward III., and what manner of mental food was consumed by readers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, during which the *Polychronicon* attained to a high degree of popularity. About twenty-four years after Higden's death, John Trevisa, Vicar of Berkeley and Canon of Westbury, translated it into English for the benefit of his patron Lord Berkeley; and at some time between 1432 and 1450 another English version was made by an unknown hand. It is not wonderful that the *Polychronicon* should have been popular. It contained a great deal of information, some of it of a rather apocryphal character, about foreign countries; and it gave a connected account of English history which, if not always satisfactory to our modern views, is at any rate eminently readable, except indeed for being conveyed in what Lord Berkeley and his chaplain Trevisa seem to have found very tough Latin—a fault which translators could remedy—and it interspersed the narrative with a sufficient number of pleasing marvels and miracles. Altogether, a gentleman who had mastered the *Polychronicon* would possess a large stock of general information, and a fair provision of edifying or exciting stories, such as would help to solace the enforced leisure of knights and squires in the dreary winter days when

> we can neither hunt, nor ride
> A foray on the Scottish side.

Higden moreover, though a compiler, is not altogether an uncritical one. He names his authorities; he sometimes gives two versions of events side by side, or corrects an error. He even compares two stories as to the death of Edmund Ironside, and gives the preference to one which—we quote from Trevisa's translation—"sekerly semeþ like sooþ." He points out that the legend which represents Eadric Streona as murdering Eadmund with intent to do the rival King Cnut a pleasure, and as being rewarded by immediate execution according to the precedent set by David with regard to the slayer of Saul, is irreconcilable with the statement, "quod communes chronicæ tradunt," that Cnut, after his rival's death, gave Mercia to Eadric, and acted on many important occasions by his advice, "quod profocto stare non posset si Edricum prius excapitasset." This exercise of the critical faculty seems to have been thought somewhat audacious and irreverent, as in one of the English versions a note, attributed to Trevisa, is added, to show how the stories might be reconciled, and no imputation cast upon the veracity or accuracy of historians. For the comfort of our readers we modernize the spelling:—

> It might well stand that Canutus . . . took counsel of Edricus ere Edricus wist that a should die, and did when Edricus was dead as Edricus had ycounselled while a was alive, and so the stories might stand, and none withsay other, and so it is more seemly than [to] say that writers of stories be false.

We see that historical criticism is not so modern an art as we sometimes suppose.

The volume before us begins and ends with what the newspapers call "obituary notices." At the outset we have the death of Oda, Archbishop of Canterbury; at the end, that of one Johannes de Temporibus, or "John of Tymes," as the fifteenth-century translator Anglicizes him. In or about the year when King Stephen besieged Oxford—*i.e.*, about 1142—"Johannes de Temporibus, qui vixerat trescentis sexaginta uno annis et armiger magni Karoli extiterat, obiit." That winter, we know, was a bitter one—every child's history tells how the Empress Matilda, all clad in white, passed unseen out of the beleaguered city of Oxford, and over the frozen Thames—and no doubt it carried off that ancient man, John of Times. Still one feels incredulous about the antediluvian length of days ascribed to this worthy. Life, at least among the laity, was as a rule so short in the Middle Ages that any man who managed to survive threescore seems to have been at once credited with some remarkable number of years. Thus the elder Hugh le Despenser, whom an examination of dates shows to have been really only sixty-four when he was hanged, is commonly spoken of as a nonagenarian. The exaggeration must of course be much greater in the case of John de Temporibus; and we shall not perhaps be far wrong if we guess him to have been a centenarian, whose age was more than tripled by the popular imagination, so as to throw his youth back into the misty and romantic days of Charles the Great. It is unfortunate that Higden gives no hint of his nationality, whether German or French, or of the place of his death.

John of Times has led us away from the editor's introduction, which by rights we should have considered first. Dr. Lumby's introduction to this volume is, however, little more than a useful summary of the contents, with critical notes to supplement or correct Higden's narrative. Professor Babington has already told us all that is known of Higden and his translators, and a compilation such as the *Polychronicon* does not require an elaborate preface to every successive volume. We wonder, however, that Dr. Lumby should have made no comment upon the interesting fact that Higden gives the story of the Ætheling William having threatened to yoke Englishmen to the plough like oxen, and cites as his authority "Willelmus," presumably of Malmesbury. "Insuper et ille Willelmus regis primogenitus palam comminatus fuerat Anglis quod, si aliquando dominium super eos acciperet, quasi boves ad aratrum trahere [eos] faceret." The editor merely adds a footnote to say that this is "not found in Willelmus." It will be remembered that the same story occurs in the so-called Bromton's Chronicle, and that the same authority is cited, though in no known copy of William of Malmesbury can it be found. Mr. Freeman has rejected the story, both as being improbable in itself and as resting on no good authority; but its occurrence in Higden, a careful and laborious compiler, who evidently wrote with William of Malmesbury at his elbow, somewhat strengthens the evidence in favour of its authenticity.

We think, too, that Dr. Lumby might with advantage have distinguished more clearly between what is peculiar to Higden and what we already know from other authorities. Thus the editor, speaking of King Eadgar, says:—"There can be no doubt that there must have been many good qualities in a monarch who, with so much said against him, found some one to write an epitaph such as is preserved on p. 22." From the expression "preserved," one would expect to find something peculiar to Higden; whereas the epitaph, as Dr. Lumby himself points out, is quoted from Henry of Huntingdon. So, a few lines further down, we read:—"The fall of the floor of the house where Dunstan was presiding at the Council of Calne is called by Higden a miracle, though perhaps it was only an accident." But Higden was simply copying from William of Malmesbury, who both in his *Gesta Regum* and his *Vita S. Dunstani* applies the term *miraculum* to this event. In the same page Dr. Lumby, we think, slightly improves upon a statement of his author. "It is interesting," he remarks, "to note that the old name of the district now known as Harewood in Yorkshire was Warewell or Werwell." Now when we turn to Higden we do not find, any more than in his authority, William of Malmesbury, any mention of Yorkshire. The words are simply "in silva de Warewelle, quæ Harewode dicitur." Trevisa introduces the idea of one being an older name than the other—"þe wode of Werwelle, þat *now* hatte Horwode"—but even he does not name the shire. As far as Higden's words go, they might equally be cited to prove that there was once a Harewood near Wherwell in Hampshire—a more likely locality for the hunting of a West-Saxon king. The wood, wherever it was, is made the scene of the mythical murder of Æthelwald for his fair wife's sake. Mr. Freeman has gone laboriously into the different versions of this story, pointing out that, while William of Malmesbury lays the scene at "Warewelle," with the addition (in one MS. only) "quæ vocatur Harewode," Gaimar places it at some nameless locality on the road from Sarum to York. This no doubt gives a colour to the theory that Harewood in Yorkshire was meant; but, as the story stands in William and in his copyist Higden, there is not a hint of the journey to York, which forms an important part of the Gaimar legend. In one of the editor's notes we also find a remark which we think requires some modification. Contesting the conjectural derivation of *Clito* from κλειτός, he observes:—"So little was known of Greek at the time when this title was most common that the derivation appears doubtful." Now into the question whether the derivation be good or bad we will not enter, but assuredly the mediæval writers were not so ignorant of Greek words as to give this particular objection any weight. Dr. Lumby must have forgotten the title of Basileus used by the English Kings, that of Diarcha (δυάρχης) assigned by Osbern to Eadgar, in the days when he reigned simultaneously with his brother Eadwig, and the frequent interpolation of Greek words, used apparently only to display learning, in the Latin of mediæval writers such as Orderic. On this subject we need only refer him to the Glossary in the *Memorials of S. Dunstan*, and to Canon Stubbs's interesting remarks in the preface. However little real knowledge of the Greek language there may have been, still when we find *oroma* (ὅραμα), *pneuma*, *bratthea* (βραχέα), *cauma*, *perieryia*, *entole*, *aporia*, *stem-*

* *Polychronicon Ranulphi Higden Monachi Cestrensis; together with the English Translations of John Trevisa and of an Unknown Writer of the Fifteenth Century.* Edited by Rev. Joseph Rawson Lumby, D.D., Norrisian Professor of Divinity, Vicar of St. Edward's, Cambridge, Fellow of St. Catharine's College, and late Fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge. Vol. VII. Published by the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longmans & Co; Trübner & Co. Oxford: Parker & Co. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black; Douglas & Foulis. Dublin: A. Thom. 1879.

mate doxa—and these do not exhaust the list—all introduced into one not very long *Epistola ad Eadgarum regem* from the monastery of S. Geneviève at Paris, we must admit that mediæval scholars were capable of making a considerable show of Greek words.

The value of this edition of Higden is much enhanced by the two translations interleaved with the Latin original. The student of philology has here the genuine text of Trevisa, not the comparatively modernized version printed by Caxton. Side by side with it, he has the anonymous translation of the fifteenth century, which has never before been printed. Interesting as this second version is in its way, there can be no hesitation in awarding the palm, both as a translation and as an English composition, to the older version. Professor Babington has indeed remarked somewhat severely upon Trevisa's deficiencies as a translator, but the present volume does not appear to contain many glaring faults; for the state of utter confusion in which we find the poetical epitaphs on Eadgar and Henry I. may be partly due to transcribers. It is possible, too, that there may be some omission in the statement that "Lanfrank . . . despisede þe smokynge and schillynge [*sic*] speche of mysbeleved men." The original has, "mundi fumos et ampullata gentilium eloquia." The whole passage shows how Trevisa was puzzled by a long, involved, and ornate sentence, and how he broke it up into short, direct, and disconnected phrases. When however we find in another passage "omnifcopia plenis effulsit cornibus" rendered as "everiche grove schoon wiþ horten treen and oþer tren ful of fruyt," we cannot but suspect that Trevisa did not understand his original, and therefore substituted something that he thought would make sense. But we will not undertake to criticize his translation, especially as, in his dialogue between himself and Lord Berkeley, he reveals a dread of carping critics, and has to be consoled by his patron with the reflection that "Clerks know well enough that no sinful man doth so well that he ne might do better, nor make so good a translation that it ne might be better." At any rate his English is racy and vigorous, and his occasional comments upon his author are so characteristic that one wishes there were more of them. Thus, upon Oda's becoming a monk, because all his predecessors in the Archbishopric had been monks, he observes:—

> Odo was lewdliche [*i.e.* ignorantly] i-meoved þerfore to make hym a monk, ffor Crist, ne non of alle his postles, was nevere monk nor frere.

The same anticipation of Protestantism may be traced in his remark, with his somewhat sour prayer, on the death of Patricius or Paternus, the monk of Cologne, who, refusing to leave his burning monastery, "zelo martyrii combustus est":—

> In þat doynge Paternus the monk semeþ a lewed goost, þat kouþe not knowe þe cause and þe circumstaunce of verray martirdom; for þere is no verrey matirdom bot it be by meyntenynge of truþe and wiþstondynge of wrong and of synne. Bote God graunte, ȝif it is in his wille, þat Paternus be nouȝt i-dampned for his blynde devocioun.

When, in the account of the battle of Lincoln, he comes to the jingling description, taken from Henry of Huntingdon, of one of the Earls on King Stephen's side, as "Baccho devotus, Marti ignotus, vino redolens, bello insolens," Trevisa displays his classical lore:—

> Poetes feyneþ a god of wyn, and clepeþ hym Bachus, and anoþer of bataile, and clepeþ hym Mars; and so for þe speche . . . . he þat is nouȝt worþ in batayle is unknowen to Mars.

Higden is mistaken in applying this description to the Earl of Albemarle. In Henry of Huntingdon it belongs to a "consul," who, as Mr. Freeman observes, "seems to have been too disreputable to be named," and whom Canon Stubbs supposes to have been the Earl of Warren.

The later and anonymous translator has prudently left all pieces of poetry in their original obscurity, and must either have worked from an abridged copy, or else have unblushingly omitted whatever he found too hard. He gives no glosses, and writes in a Latinized jargon which Professor Babington thinks can hardly represent spoken English of any period. His philological value therefore is far below that of Trevisa, but by sticking closely to the Latin he sometimes—not always—succeeds in being more accurate than his less servile predecessor. One little touch helps us to the conjecture that he was an Oxford man. Higden writes:—"Mortuo Canuto facta est *apud Oxoniam* magna altercatio de regni successione." The anonymous translator renders this:—"Canutus the kyng dedde, egrote altercacion was hade for the succession at *the universitie of Oxenforde*." This looks like the interpolation of an Oxford student, anxious to exalt the antiquity of his University.

In an appendix we have a third translation of chapters xv.-xxvi. of Book VI., taken from a copy of Trevisa, but evidently the work of a later hand. It is from this that we have quoted the attempt to reconcile the discrepancies in the accounts of Eadric Streona. We must refer our readers to the preface for an explanation of the probable origin of this fragment, which in language seems to stand between the original Trevisa and the anonymous translator.

MEMORIALS OF HUGUENOT PERSECUTION.*

We recently had occasion, in reviewing two new Histories of the Huguenots, by an American and an English author respectively, to dwell on the fact that the decisive moments in the fate of French Protestantism are to be found in the period which preceded the actual Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Not only may it be said with truth that few autocrats have ever had favourable an opportunity as Louis XIV. of making a nation great and prosperous by union, but, as Ranke has shown in a masterly chapter of his *French History*, there was a time when the King seemed very near to a recognition of the opportunity. But it passed by, like so many of those golden chances of peace and reconciliation which religious history records as hopelessly lost; and, doubtless partly owing to Huguenot rigidity, the Charenton Synod proved something worse than a failure. The King was exasperated by the collapse of his politic notions; and yet Protestant prisoners had afterwards to submit to be taunted with the fact that their ministers had not absolutely rejected the possibility of reunion. Meanwhile it is not surprising that the period in the history of French Protestantism which has impressed itself most powerfully upon the minds of natives as well as foreigners should be that in which persecution appears at its climax, and resistance in almost its last extreme of passive helplessness. The actual extreme was after that fierce flicker of the flame which is known as the Revolt of the Camisards. For the popular ear both these terrible passages of an Iliad of woes have once for all found their historical utterance. Literary genius has rarely given expression to more overwhelming charges than those which, in one of the best known parts of his great work, Michelet brings against the almost obsolete idol of his country's admiration—the age of Louis XIV. If at less length, he has certainly not narrated with less force the dreary fifth act of the tragedy, which was performed in the reign of that supposed good easy squire of dames, Louis XV. Who shall say how much the sarcasm and the pathos of the most brilliant of modern French historians has done towards confirming principles and hardening prejudices which the political conflict now in progress in France has made more manifest than ever? Michelet's robust conviction as to the diabolical nature of Jesuitism must no doubt be to many a sufficient reason for distrusting the spirit of his narrative. But one of his many resemblances to Mr. Carlyle lies in the respect which, imaginative as he is, he pays to his facts; and nowhere has he been more conscientious with regard to them than in his account of the religious persecutions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. At the close of his thirteenth volume, after telling the awful story of the troubles which more immediately preceded and followed the Revocation, he takes care in a note to cite his authorities, which, as is well known, are remarkably numerous, and in part altogether beyond suspicion. And so again, when in a later volume he has to treat of those half-forgotten barbarities which more than complete the second century of Huguenot sufferings, he thinks it well to remind his readers that the "legends" to which he refers are only "too true." It is remarkable that, to the already abundant evidence which Michelet had at his command, the present year should have in two instances added fresh proofs of a startling directness; and that from both of these one of his most paradoxical assertions should have received strong confirmation. The two publications to which we desire now to direct attention certainly attest the twofold statement that among the French Protestants the women were the worst persecuted, and that they were notwithstanding, on the whole, the most courageous and the most enduring adherents of the prohibited faith. While one of these volumes contains the mutually corroborative experiences of two typical *confesseuses* of the Revocation period, to whom it was at least given to tell how they had suffered, the other brings to light a testimony, literally raked together out of the dust of the dungeon, concerning the tribulations of a later generation of Huguenot women.

Blanche Gamond, a native of Saint-Paul Trois-Châteaux (an episcopal city till the time of the Revolution), and Jeanne Terrasson of Die (likewise a town in Dauphiné) were both, at a date not much later than that of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, victims of one of the most cruel forms, and of probably the most cruel agent, of the persecutions. After having undergone imprisonment in the *basse-fosse* of a dungeon at Grenoble, without having been brought to abjure their faith, they were transferred to the hospital of Valence, then under the direction of "La Rapine," and commonly called—as indeed afterwards was at least one similarly managed institution—after his name. There is no reason to consider Michelet's general description of French hospitals in the seventeenth century exaggerated; they were doubtless very much like what English prisons were in the eighteenth. The Valence hospital, however, was regarded as exceptional even of its kind, on account of its speculative director, who, according to one witness, was wont to inquire, when desirous of intimidating his victims, "Do you make no account of the fact that in less than three years sixty persons have died in this establishment?" The Catholic orphans and others of whom he took charge had no reason to love him; but as regards the Protestant women who were consigned to his care in order that he might become their *convertisseur*, it was his deliberate design, and the design of those who gave them over to him, that the hospital should be a hell upon earth. To judge from the narratives of these two witnesses, Michelet has exaggerated little or nothing in his account of the character of Henri Guichard, *alias* the Sieur d'Hérapine, *alias* La Rapine *tout court*—probably the worst rascal as well as the most brutal gaoler of his time. In the end, notwithstanding the protection extended to him by the prelate who had established him at Valence (Daniel de Cosnac, Bishop of that

* *Deux Héroïnes de la Foi: Blanche Gamond, Jeanne Terrasson.* Récits du XVIIe siècle, publiés par Th. Claparède et Ed. Goty. Paris: Sandoz & Fischbacher. 1880.

La Tour de Constance et ses Prisonnières. Liste générale et documents inédits. Par Charles Sagnier. Paris: Sandoz & Fischbacher. 1880.

diocese, and afterwards Archbishop of Aix, whose hope it had once been to play a leading part in the reconciliation of England to Rome), he had to give up his post and stand his trial on a long series of charges; but his ultimate fate is unknown. As tyrants have always other tyrants, pettier but not less cruel, under them, so there was at Valence a "seconde Rapine, nommée Marie," a sister who filled the place of matron in the hospital. Her task in the way of conversion was to head the assaults of the Catholic upon the Protestant women with foul words and cruel blows. It is some satisfaction to learn that she, too, was at last overtaken by disgrace and dismissal.

The value of the narratives before us is, however, not confined to the accounts which they give of the details—often revolting, and always painful—of a peculiarly atrocious system of persecution. Blanche Gamond, who was taken prisoner when trying to leave the country in the company of her brother (who contrived to escape), is the more diffuse and elaborate of the two writers; her narrative of her own attempted escape from prison, to which she was dragged back more dead than alive, is as dramatic as that of her interview with her mother—who clearly had not held out like the heroic daughter—is full of pathos. In the end she was ransomed after about eighteen months' imprisonment, and made her way to Switzerland, where with her parents she subsisted on charity, first at Geneva and then at Bern. It was here that she drew up the narrative of the sufferings undergone by her when a young woman "of about twenty-one years," and certified (in 1696) to the narrative which Jeanne Terrasson had three years before written of her contemporaneous experiences in the *basses fosses* of Grenoble and at "La Rapine." The latter narrative had hitherto, unlike that of Blanche Gamond, which appeared in 1867 in the Transactions of a French Society, remained altogether unknown. Its writer, a married woman at the time of her imprisonment, had stood firm among the terrors of the *dragonnades* of 1685, when her husband's courage had given way. "Travêtie en homme," Jeanne, in whose narrative there is a certain simplicity which is wanting in that of Blanche, remained "in retreat," wandering from house to house at night-time even in the dead of winter, for the space of a whole year. Then, when notwithstanding the terrible penalties proclaimed against all who should dare to leave the country—for men the galleys, and for women to be shorn and to be imprisoned for life—she was attempting to escape, she too was taken near Grenoble, and consigned to her doom. The head-shaving the poor creature escaped by accident, and with a thankful heart:—"J'eus par là bien sujet de reconnaitre de plus en plus que nos ennemis ne peuvent pas nous ôter un cheveu de notre tête sans la permission de Dieu, qui lia les mains à ces miens ennemis, et fit qu'ils m'oublièrent parmi toutes les autres qui furent rasées." All the other cruelties and indignities native to the place, including blows and buffets, vermin, filth, starvation, useless labour and *Sunday* labour, she had to undergo. Her husband's visits, encouraged by La Rapine so long as he thought they might contribute to her conversion, were succeeded by the news of his death; and in addition to the horrors of the present there was the fear of an even more terrible future—the threat of that deportation to America which the persecuted Protestants feared more than perpetual imprisonment, in some instances more even than death, at home. Like Blanche Gamond, she made an unsuccessful attempt to escape, and, like her, was at last released by the Royal decree which permitted the ransoming of unconverted prisoners. She, too, found a refuge in hospitable Geneva, and afterwards at Bern. Two of her sisters, she writes, had likewise reached those "happy regions"; a third was still lingering in France, chiefly because she was unable to take her children with her.

What, perhaps, is most striking in these memoirs is the apparent impossibility to their writers of discovering any common point of contact between the views of a *confesseuse* and those of a *convertisseur*. Neither of them is a woman of superior intellect; Blanche Gamond, in particular, seems to apply no reasonable measure of comparison even to her sufferings, and complains of the lack of bouillon or of the inopportune offer of an egg in much the same strain in which she resents barbarous inhumanities. But both she and Jeanne Terrasson are up to a certain point skilful controversialists as well as ardent enthusiasts; there they stop, resorting to vituperative invective which explains, if it does not excuse, some of the sufferings inflicted upon them. On the other hand, the converting zeal of their captors and gaolers, of the prison priests, of the prison surgeon, even of their more liberal-minded friends, seems all on the same level, mixing up certainty as to the truth of the Roman Catholic faith in the naïvest fashion with a conviction of the expediency of adopting it. In the end the conflict reduces itself to one between force and stubbornness; the former succeeds in pushing the *confesseuse* into the "temple des idoles"; the latter persists in regarding these forced attendances as "le plus grand péché que j'aye commis en ma vie." Such interiors of the seventeenth century open to us a moral and intellectual world to which our eyes have grown strange.

But what is to be said of another interior which maintained itself in France several years beyond the middle of the eighteenth century? Near Aigues Mortes, a few miles from Nîmes—the city which gave birth to a Protestant French Prime Minister, and where, we believe, to this day it is thought hazardous to put Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* upon the stage—stands, as some of our readers may remember, a round tower, said to have been begun by St. Louis and finished by Philip the Bold. This tower long served for the confinement of Protestant prisoners, but after the escape thence of the Camisard Abraham Mazel, with sixteen companions, it was only employed for the confinement of less dangerous convicts—women arrested for having attended "religious assemblies." It was not till the year 1767—just twenty-six years after the young King Frederick II. of Prussia had, probably under the inspiration of Voltaire, requested from Louis XV. the liberation of the religious prisoners in the Tower—that the Marshal Prince de Beauvau, on the occasion of a journey of military inspection, obtained permission to release three or four of the incarcerated women, and took the liberty, in the name of justice and humanity, to liberate all that remained, fourteen in number. We now learn from M. Sagnier, whose researches enable him to give a yearly list of the females confined in the Tower, that the earliest known of these imprisonments dates as far back as 1708. In 1746, four years after King Frederick had made his appeal, there were forty prisoners in the Tower; and, in 1750, when an active raid was made upon the Protestant assemblies in Lower Languedoc, a fresh batch was added. A few years earlier we find an instance of an old woman, of the age of seventy-seven, being placed there. In her case small hope of conversion can have been entertained. But in no instance was any release granted till after a declaration of abjuration had been signed—a significant comment upon the sophism with which the Intendant of Languedoc had replied to the communication of the King of Prussia's request. "You are aware," he writes, unconsciously repeating Lord Burghley's defence of Queen Elizabeth's persecution of the Catholics, "that the real crime for which the prisoners are punished was that of having 'gone counter to the ordinance of the King.'"

It is of some of these "political" prisoners that a series of memorials have recently come to light, more touching in their mute appeal than all the biblical eloquence of Blanche Gamond or the psalmody of the minister's sister, Jeanne Terrasson. During the clearing away last August of a quantity of obstructions from the loopholes of the great room in the Tower which served as the prison-in-chief, "great was the surprise" of the officer who had directed it to find among the rubbish a piece of ancient coarse cloth matting, from out of which he drew forth two women's shoes, one of a young girl, three children's shoes of different sizes, some playing-cards, conjectured to have belonged to the soldiers on guard, "a pewter spoon, some potsherds, and some fragments of letters." Owing to the accident of their being covered by the thick matting, all these articles had been preserved notwithstanding wind and weather. The fragments of letters are now printed. They are only four in number. Three are written or dictated by a husband to the address of his wife in the Tower, in the years 1730 and 1731. He prays for her day and night; and he is intriguing to the best of his ability to bring about her release. She has, by M. Sagnier's researches, been identified as a daughter of most respectable parents, and the wife of a most respectable husband, at Nîmes. She had been baptized a Catholic, but her family had remained true to its Protestant traditions; and so, though the mother of four children of whom the youngest was a baby of a few months, she had gone to listen to a sermon delivered to the faithful in the Mas des Crottes near the city. The assembly was surprised; and her fate was to have her head shaved and to be imprisoned in the Tower. Twelve years and seven months afterwards, having abjured the errors of Calvin, she was released. The fourth fragment is dated 1730, and is written by a mother-in-law to her son's wife, who had given birth to a child in the Tower. The mother-in-law sends with her congratulations and prayers some linen, and a bench and a board for a bed. The young wife, who had been taken during her pregnancy in the Mas des Crottes, has been identified as belonging to a well-to-do family of Protestant antecedents; but she had been married to her husband, a master-miller, according to the Catholic rites. She remained in prison for twelve years and six months, at the end of which she too abjured the errors of Luther and Calvin. Though the Tour de Constance has yielded only a few and simple secrets, yet the history of its sorrows may, like these poor letters themselves, be sufficiently reconstructed from fragments to remind us of its gloomy significance.

HODGE AND HIS MASTERS.*

WHY should an agricultural labourer be called, generically, "Hodge"? There is good reason for calling a sailor "Jack"; it is as likely as not to be his actual, if not his baptismal, name; but if any one has ever known, seen, or heard of a man on a farm who answered to the name of Hodge, his experience is more extensive than our own. The word is, or is supposed to be, an abbreviation of "Roger," than which no ordinary Christian name is less familiar in the agricultural districts. Probably the nickname is taken as representing, both in type and sound, the ideal labourer as he is exhibited by contemporary art; an unlovely combination of a pig and a scarecrow, vacuous and grinning in the earlier stages of his life, haggard and hideous as he falls to pieces at last. It is perhaps by an excusable concession to the popular taste for caricature, and along that Mr. Jefferies has

* *Hodge and his Masters.* By Richard Jefferies, Author of "The Gamekeeper at Home," &c. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1880.

adopted this stupid designation in the title of his book; but, if he chooses thus to provoke a prejudice against him on the part of reviewers whom his former works had certainly predisposed in his favour, it is entirely his own fault. We are bound, however, to add that he has done his best, and that very well, to teach the town-bred readers of the *Standard*, through the papers now collected in these volumes, who and what the "Hodge" of their satire is in actual life. He is commonly supposed, we are aware, to belong to the general class of "unskilled labourers." The correctness of the assumption can easily be tested by any one who will watch him laying a hedge, or trimming one, and will then ask his leave to take a turn for a yard or two at the same work, by way of experiment. Or he is imagined to be clumsy and shambling, with no particular control over his arms and legs. It happens that just now there has been a fair average fall—perhaps rather above the average—of oak timber going on; and it would be easy to put on the climbing irons, and try a match with Hodge the younger as he goes up to fasten the rope. Only it might be desirable to test the irons first; because, in the event of a breakage at twenty feet up, it might not be so easy for the critical amateur to fall straight, and be ready, after nothing worse than a fortnight or so of sprained ankle, to try another tree before the felling was over.

Mr. Jefferies's book appears very opportunely at a time when it is especially necessary to clear away the mass of nonsense which has been talked and written about "Hodge" and his fellows. Lord Henry Sydney—or was it Lord Valentine?—fought valiantly, but vainly, in our early youth to secure for them official recognition as the "peasantry," and was fain after all to write down "labourers" in the place of the nobler title. So therefore must we; but as the "labourer" bids fair to become what the "peasant" never was, one of Lord Sherbrooke's "masters," it is time that the public should educate itself about him, besides proceeding (with or without by-laws) in the work of educating him. *Hodge and his Masters* is a valuable contribution to the practical literature of country life. On the whole, this series of papers may be described as including all the varieties of work and circumstance which are exhibited under the general designation of farming. That any such variety exists may be a revelation to some persons, who imagine a "farmer" to be very much the same sort of person, with very much the same work to do, whether he lives in Lincolnshire or on Salisbury Plain; whether he grows cabbages on the Essex Flats, hops and cider in Herefordshire, or nothing at all on a heavy clay soil during the late melancholy series of wet seasons. To the large class of professional and business men whose escape from London is limited to a few weeks at the same recurring season, usually in August or September, the variety of Mr. Jefferies's descriptions will make his book very pleasant reading. They are perhaps familiar with harvest-time and the inland and sea-side aspects of the later summer, while they have not seen the apple-blossom or gathered a strawberry for thirty years. Nor will country readers themselves find very much less to learn. It is not a paradox to say that a thorough rustic, whether master or man, knows very little of the country. He knows his own country, it is true; his tether is a little longer and a little more flexible than that of the season-ticket holder in his shuttle-like passage from office to villa and back; but outside the ways of his own neighbourhood he has no experience. He is not, indeed, as utterly *adscriptus glebæ* as was his grandfather, who never in his life was further from home than the county town, when he was summoned as a juryman or witness to the Assizes; but the change is very gradual, and his more erratic movements are governed by the excursion train.

The labourer's "masters," in the sense in which Mr. Jefferies uses the term, represent the whole order of the country life in which he works for his wages. His immediate employer, the tenant-farmer, of course fills the largest space in the picture; but the peer, the squire, the parson, the banker, lawyer, and editor—though, unless the oversight is our own, by a singular omission, not the doctor—have all their places in the hierarchy by which the life of "Hodge" is ruled. These sketches are of varying merit; but we have marked the paper headed "County Court Day" as one drawn with especial vigour and effect. It is perhaps only fair to state that the author has written generally with attention to accuracy in details; though the admission is more than he deserves at the hands of his critics when he deliberately chooses to scandalize them in his very first line:—"The doorway of the Jason Inn at Woolbury." What farmer, in or out of "the Farmers' Parliament," ever heard of such a sign, or would have the faintest notion of what the writer could have got into his head? The Dissenting minister, if he were consulted, might possibly rub up his traditions of Puritan signs, and suggest a solution which, however unlikely, would not be absurd and impossible. We have a dim idea that there is an advertising hosier somewhere who calls his shop "The Golden Fleece"; but he at any rate exhibits his classical learning in plain English. We must also take objection, as being not merely "exceptional," but exaggerated and unreal, to the sketch of "Mademoiselle." The daughter of the homely, rough country farmer may have been brought up to think herself a "lady"; she may have gone out as a governess; she may have lived as such "at the West End"; she may have worn very fine clothes, and travelled with a first-class ticket, and have "seen very grand people indeed occasionally," in Belgravia, or its suburbs; and she may have come home to ask her father for money, and to give herself airs. But the picture presented to us, as a whole, is patchwork. It is not socially true; and, instead of a contrast, the author has given us a contradiction. A girl of refined mind may rise above her original surroundings; but this girl is not refined, and in real life she must have been either less good or less "grand" than Mr. Jefferies has made her.

Among Hodge's masters, the tenant-farmers, we are introduced to a large and diversified collection of portraits, taken, it may be presumed, more or less from life. The men are as various as the scenes in which their lot is cast, and the old order, as usual, is shown as giving place to the new. But one type of farmer will be searched for among his fellows in vain—that is, if anybody thinks it worth while to undertake the vain labour of searching for him. This is the "John Bull" of whose being we suppose that in the present generation Mr. Tenniel must be regarded as the author, and who may possibly once have existed otherwise than as the phantom which he is now. However this may be, the character and position of the occupier of land, always somewhat undefined, is now passing through an evident stage of transition. He is, and he is not, an independent trader. He does what he likes with his own, but what is his own may not be so easy to discover. He has been a good deal worried by Commissioners of various kinds for the last half-century, and the result has left him in a generally unsettled state of mind. Formerly, the custom of leases for lives, and the number, in some parts of the country, of small freeholds had established a constant element in the farming class, which has been largely uprooted by the modern system of yearly agreements and the formation of purchased estates. The tenant at will is now almost as movable as his machinery, and the "parishioner" as an institution bids fair to be speedily extinct. Whether the farmer is or is not in his nature a Conservative is a political mystery which lies outside our province as literary reviewers. He is supposed to be a Churchman, but we believe that his Churchmanship has not generally reached the level of a voluntary Church rate, and perhaps might require some education if advancing legislative ingenuity should ever hit upon the analogous invention of a voluntary tithe. Such as he actually is now, Mr. Jefferies has carefully and often amusingly shown us from many different points of view.

The concluding chapter of *Hodge and his Masters* is among the best bits in the book; and, by a happy dramatic device, brings all the actors in the play at once before the audience at the fall of the curtain. "Hodge's Last Masters" are the Board of Guardians; and this authority, in its combined *ex officio* and elected elements, includes the peer, the squire, the parson, the farmer, and the townsman. The Board has met; and

> the master of the workhouse delivers his weekly report. One inmate, an ancient labourer, died that morning in the infirmary. The announcement is received with regretful exclamations, and there is a cessation of business for a few minutes. Some of the old farmers who knew the deceased recount their connexion with him, and how his family has lived in the parish as cottagers from time immemorial. A reminiscence of a grim joke that fell out forty years before, and of which the deceased was the butt, causes a grave smile, and then to business again.

Mr. Jefferies knows too well the value of the "infirmary" to the aged labourer to represent it as in any way a grievance or wrong that he should, as a rule, end his days there. But he knows also—and in a passage too long for quotation, which we commend to the attention of his readers, he has admirably described—the old man's reluctance to leave his home, and the reasons which go far to justify it. He has certainly put an extreme case; and, in order to account for the aged labourer's solitary life in the cottage, he is obliged to describe him as entirely or in part the owner of it. This is, of course, the exception; he would be more usually "taken care of" in a well-filled, if not crowded, dwelling; and the cottage of poetry and sentiment, with its thatch and its woodbine, is not, as the author is careful to show, the ideal of sanitary reformers. He must "go into the House":—

> At the workhouse the monotony weighed upon him. He used to think as he lay awake in bed that in the spring nothing should keep him in this place. He would take his discharge and go out, and borrow a hoe from somebody, and go and do a bit of work again, and be about in the fields. But the spring came, and the rain was ceaseless.

The year went by, and he became more feeble:—

> In the infirmary the real benefit of the workhouse reached him. The food, the little luxuries, the attention, were far superior to anything he could possibly have had at home. But still it was not home. . . . The end came very slowly; he ceased to exist by imperceptible degrees, like an oak-tree. . . . Hodge died; and the very gravedigger grumbled as he delved through the earth hard-bound in the iron frost, for it jarred his hand and might break his spade. The low mound will soon be level, and the place of his burial shall not be known.

The concluding pages of *Hodge and his Masters*, from which these extracts are made, recall to us, in not unfavourable comparison, Faber's poem on the "Death of the Agricultural Labourer"; and this, as those who know the poem will acknowledge, is no slight praise.

RENOUF'S HIBBERT LECTURES.*

THE trustees of the Hibbert fund have no reason to regret the adoption of the advice that some portion of the resources at their disposal should be devoted to courses of lectures on the historical religions of the world. Nor can there be much doubt that no wiser decision could have been made than that which selected the ancient religions of India and Egypt for examination

* *The Hibbert Lectures, 1879.—Lectures on the Origin and Growth of Religion, as Illustrated by the Religion of Ancient Egypt.* By P. Le Page Renouf. London: Williams & Norgate. 1880.

at the outset of the task thus taken in hand. But, in spite of the feelings of wonder and curiosity which the Nile Valley and its people can never fail to awaken in all who are not destitute of the historical faculty, the lecturer who undertakes to deal with the civilization and religion of that mysterious land is placed in some measure at a disadvantage. The history of thought and belief among the Aryans of India is inextricably bound up with the history of thought and belief among the Aryans of Europe. Both belong to the same stock; the languages of both are closely allied; and both carried the germs, and perhaps more than the germs, of their civil polity, their ethics, and their religious faith from the common home of the race. We find among the former not only the names of gods worshipped by the latter, but the framework of the multitude of popular traditions which have had their fruit in the great harvest of Eastern and Western epic poetry. Professor Max Müller might well say that, as offering opportunities for a real study of the genesis and growth of religion, no country can be compared to India, and that the sacred books of the Hindus furnish for a study of religion in general the same peculiar and unexpected advantages which the language of India has offered for the study of the origin and growth of human speech. When we turn to Egypt we are tempted to fancy ourselves in a region altogether isolated from any other, and more especially in one which has as little influenced the Aryan world as the influence of the latter seems to have been felt within its borders. It is scarcely possible, therefore, that the history of Egyptian thought and belief can have the charm and the absorbing interest which one feels in tracing the development of religion among tribes whose ancestors belong to the same stock with our own, unless indeed it should throw light on problems of which, so long as our view is confined to an Aryan horizon, we can make little or nothing.

But, however wide may be the gulf which separates the people of ancient Egypt from the Aryan world in times for which we possess records or traditions of any kind, the character of their religion remains a subject of paramount importance in the history of human thought; and, after all, as the scrutiny is carried further and further, the question may again be forced upon us whether this isolated nation may not have some distant kindred with Hindus, Greeks, and Teutons. The existence of any connexion between them in times of which we can be said to have the least historical knowledge Mr. Renouf emphatically denies. The days of Egyptian greatness were over before the country was opened to Greek merchants; but, although traders are not likely to be specially susceptible of intellectual and religious impressions, the intercourse of these strangers with the Egyptians could not be wholly without result. Mr. Renouf's assertion that neither Greeks nor Hebrews borrowed any of their ideas from Egypt may be over-confident; but he may perhaps be justified in speaking of the travels of Pythagoras and other philosophers to Eastern climes as "fabulous inventions," and in regarding as absurd the notion that Greeks would listen to a foreign teacher as the author of doctrines which they would certainly have discovered without his help and at the very time they did so. The idea that Alexandria ever served "as a medium of interchange of ideas between the Eastern and Western worlds" he treats as not less untenable. It was, he says, a commercial town, inhabited by a population which cared not in the least for Eastern ideas, while the learned Greeks who lived there were profoundly ignorant of the Egyptian language and literature; and not only is the information which they give us for the most part utterly erroneous, even when it has been derived from an authentic source, but it is always completely Hellenized in passing through a Greek channel. Nor can more be said for the notion that Alexandria was on the chief line of traffic between Europe and Asia, the trade with the more distant East being in the hands of the seafaring Arabs of the Persian Gulf, the Gulf of Oman, and the Gulf of Akaba. If, however, the idea of any extensive intercourse between Egyptians and Europeans in historical times must be given up, the fact still remains that the course of Egyptian thought runs on the whole parallel to that of the Aryan tribes in India, and exhibits some striking points of resemblance and agreement. The vast antiquity of Egyptian civilization carries us back to an age compared with which the era of the Aryan invasion of the Punjab is modern; but, after all, we can say nothing as to the length of time during which the common ancestors of the Aryan nations lived together in their primeval home. Whether the Egyptians belonged to the same stock is a question which must be decided on evidence or left undetermined. The evidence at present at our command leaves it open. The theory that they came from Ethiopia and moved steadily towards the North has been abandoned. Their southward migration, Mr. Renouf asserts, has been "most conclusively proved"; and the earliest Ethiopian civilization is "demonstrably the child, not the parent, of the Egyptian." A growing consensus of scholars points "to the interior of Asia as the cradle" of the race, which beyond doubt is wholly distinct from all genuine African tribes. Mr. Renouf refers to the assertion of Professor Owen that the conditions which could bring about the conversion of the Australian into the Egyptian type of skull are unknown and scarcely conceivable, and that, in the earliest as in the later Egyptians, "the size of crown and multiplication of fangs are reduced in the ancient Egyptian to the standard of Indo-European, or so-called highly-civilized races." From their language we can infer nothing beyond the fact that, if we rely on their testimony, the Egyptians had no affinity with the Semitic family of mankind. Their speech "is not, or at least cannot be shown to be, allied to any other known language than its descendant the Coptic." The existence of caste as an immutable condition would, if the fact were certain, in no way militate against their Aryan origin; while their retention of monogamy in a continent where among other races it was unknown tells more strongly in its favour than their adoption of it would have justified an opposite conclusion. Caste, however, in the Hindu sense of the word, was not an Egyptian institution. There was no impassable barrier between professions, while the position of the mother in ancient Egyptian families is "absolutely irreconcilable with the existence either of polygamy as a general practice, or of such an institution as the *harêm*."

At this point, then, we must, it seems, leave the question of their affinity with any European or Asiatic nations; but perhaps for this very reason the history of their civilization, and still more of their religion, becomes both more instructive and more important. If its origin and growth were independent, it illustrates still more forcibly the course into which by their constitution the men the thoughts of men are directed; and the greater its antiquity the more cogent are the conclusions to be drawn from it. The two facts which our examination of this history brings out in strong relief are the extremely early development of a belief which may fairly be called monotheistic, and the gradual expansion of a mythology which runs parallel with that of the Aryan races. In other words, the analysis of ancient Egyptian belief completely upsets the theory of De Brosses, which Professor Max Müller had in the first series of Hibbert Lectures shown to be untenable—namely, that all religion had its beginning in Fetishism; while the examination of Egyptian myths adds vastly to the strength of the conclusions reached by comparative mythologists who have worked in the wide field of Aryan tradition. To these two points Mr. Renouf addresses himself specially throughout these lectures; and if we admit the truthfulness of the picture, we must allow that his work has made substantial additions to our knowledge on a subject the importance of which cannot be exaggerated. The accounts of Egyptian religion given by foreigners, whether Christians or any others, could not fail to be more or less superficial, unless they were prepared to acknowledge that there might be something beneath its outward ceremonial. It cannot be said that they were prepared to make any such admission; and even in the time of Herodotus Egyptian thought had, in Mr. Renouf's opinion, already taken the wrong direction, which rendered the downfall of their religion inevitable. The employment of animal forms as symbols of Deity, or rather of the several attributes of the Divine Being, had laid the foundations of what became afterwards a degraded animal worship; but it is of the utmost importance to note that this degradation was strictly an aftergrowth. Professor Max Müller had long ago spoken of the Rig Veda as belonging in certain parts to the earliest stages of human thought; but, unless we throw back to a vast distance of time the origin of Vedic literature, the literature of Egypt must take its place as beyond comparison the most ancient in the world. The exodus of the Israelites cannot, M. Renouf holds, be with any probability brought lower down than the fourteenth century before the Christian era, while the Great Pyramid cannot be more recent than 3000 B.C. The maxims of Ptahhotep belong to the age of the Pyramids, and therefore have an antiquity exceeding from fifteen to twenty centuries the highest claimed for the oldest portion of the Rig Veda. It is therefore, as M. Chabas has called it, the most ancient book of the world; but it appeals, nevertheless, to the authority of those who were then ancients, and it enforces a morality which rests on responsibility to a personal Creator and Preserver of all things, whose unity is declared to be absolute. This belief is set forth in hymns addressed, through a long series of ages, to what we may, if we please, call a multitude of gods. Osiris, Horus, Thoth, Amon, and many more, are each worshipped in language which to all appearance is purely monotheistic. A hymn preserved in two MSS. in the British Museum speaks of "the bringer of food, the creator of all good things," and says that "He is not graven in marble as an image bearing the double crown. He is not beheld; he hath neither ministrant nor offerings; he is not adored in sanctuaries; his abode is not known; no shrine (of his) is found with painted figures. There is no building that can contain him. Unknown is his name in heaven; he doth not manifest his forms. Vain are all representations." Yet this hymn is addressed to the Nile, who is identified with Ra, Amon, Ptah, and other gods. In another Amon Ra is invoked as "the ancient of heaven, Lord of all existences, the support of all things, the One in His works." It goes on to speak of him as "the maker of men, listening to the poor who is in distress, gentle of heart when one cries to him . . . Lord of wisdom, whose precepts are wise, Lord of mercy, most loving, at whose coming men live, opener of every eye, the One, maker of all that is . . . lying awake while all men sleep, to seek out the good of his creatures. Salutation to thee because thou abidest in us, adoration to thee because thou hast created us. Hail to thee, Lord of law . . . the One alone without a second, King alone, single among the gods, of many names, unknown in their number."

This last phrase must be taken as the explanation of the fact that, while the One Being is thus spoken of as "the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow," the several deities to whom the hymns speaking of this One God are addressed suffer from hunger, thirst, disease, and sorrow, and all require protection. They may be reckoned up almost by myriads; but the task of numbering them is needless, for it may be fairly said that almost any one may be substituted for or identified with another. The goddess

Hathor "is identified not only with Isis, but with Sechet at Memphis, Neith at Sais, Saosis at Heliopolis," and many more. "Mentu and Tmu, two of the great gods of Thebes, are merely aspects of the sun-god Ra." This may be called Henotheism, or the form of thought which regards a succession of deities in turn as each the One Supreme, all-perfect God, to the exclusion for the time being of all the rest; but in strictness of speech this term applies only when the worshipper addresses himself to the One God and Father of all men by one particular name. What are we to say when a number of deities are asserted to be one and the same God? "Thou, Agni, art Indra, thou art Vishnu. Thou art Varuna, when thou art born; thou art Mitra, when thou art kindled; thou art Aryaman"; and not only this, but Agni is also Prajâpati, Daksha, Brahm, and Skamba. For the time, at least, these are for the poet mere names for Him who is in His own nature incomprehensible, and the instinct which prompts the use of them is strictly monotheistic. There is, of course, the danger that this polyonomy may run on into a pantheistic philosophy or issue in a coarse polytheism. In Egypt both these results followed, and they were hastened perhaps by the mythological nature of the deities or powers which represented the action of the One unseen God in its multiform aspects. The old opinion that the Egyptians, although they had many gods, had no mythology, is, Mr. Renouf asserts, "altogether an erroneous one; it confuses the notion of myth with that of mythological tale or legend; and whilst the Egyptians really had an abundance of legendary tales, their myths are simply innumerable." These myths were, as they were everywhere else, mere phrases, which might consist only of one or two words. A few such phrases furnish the framework for all the legends of Œdipus, Herakles, or Bellerophon; and Mr. Renouf is brought by an examination of Egyptian myths to precisely those conclusions which have been reached by comparative mythologists who have worked on the traditions of the Aryan races. As soon as the nature of the myth is understood, all anomalies and seeming immoralities in the popular stories of the gods are, he says, at once explained. The birth of the sun "may be derived from ever so many different mothers. He may be the son of the Sky, or of the Dawn, or of the Sea, or of Night. . . . All myths are strictly true, but they can only be harmonized when translated into the language of physical reality." But the climate of the Nile valley determined the character of Egyptian mythology, which is concerned almost entirely with phenomena of regular and perpetual recurrence. Mr. Renouf's conclusion is sufficiently clear and definite; and he expresses it in the words which Professor Max Müller applied to the myths of the Aryan tribes. "Whatever may be the case in other mythologies, 'I look upon the sunrise and sunset, on the daily return of day and night, on the battle between light and darkness, on the whole solar drama in all its details, that is acted every day, every month, every year, in heaven and in earth, as the principal subject' of Egyptian mythology." The agreement of independent inquirers in different fields of research is a fact of the highest significance. It is no slight gain that Mr. Renouf's conclusions, after a careful examination of Egyptian belief and philosophy, should be in complete accordance with those which have been reached after a not less patient scrutiny of the ancient faith and literature of India.

THERE'S RUE FOR YOU.*

"TO Mudie's!" Such are the striking and expressive words with which this novel opens. Who is the speaker we are not at once told. In the second line, however, we get so far as to make the acquaintance of her footman. In ignorance, apparently, that he was listening to the words of a heroine, he did what all other footmen would have done under the circumstances—he touched his hat. He next put into the carriage a packet of books, a purse, card-basket, and Court Guide. These four articles, we learn, are "the paraphernalia necessary to a lady's afternoon in London." Paraphernalia used once to mean the goods which a wife possesses in her own right. Like many other words derived from the Greek, it has come down a good deal in the world. But to return from this digression to the footman of the speaker who has just opened the story of her life by uttering the simple words "To Mudie's!" We have left him on the pavement. His hat he had touched, and the paraphernalia he had handed in. Whether he had closed the door before the heroine spoke, whether he closed it after she had spoken, or whether he forgot to close it altogether, we are nowhere told. Something, perhaps, must be left to the reader's imagination; and at all events we next hear of him as jumping up beside the coachman. There he "gave the word, and the trim little brougham was soon swallowed up in the gloom of the December fog that hung over the city." The brougham went along Piccadilly, which suggests an allusion to the Tuscan poet's hell, through the streets by Long Acre, where some "glories" of Italian tapestry and the like were put forth for sale, until it reached Oxford Street. This it crossed slowly and with difficulty, and at last drew up "in front of a large gray building which, with its high windows and swinging glass-doors, was evidently the emporium of a brisk business of some sort." As the heroine had told the footman to drive to Mudie's, and as the footman had given the word to the coachman, as moreover the carriage had taken the road to Mudie's, and as there was no reason to believe that the coachman had lost his way, or was drunk, the reader feels a little annoyed at the attempt on the part of the author to make something of a mystery of this large gray building. Of course it was the emporium of a brisk business of some sort. It was a large circulating library. However, we must follow the fortunes of our heroine; of the footman we hear nothing more, at all events for the present. His absence, however, will be presently made up, and more than made up, by a butler. The lady took up the books—just one-fourth part of the paraphernalia—and descended. As she entered the emporium "she inhaled with pleasure the atmosphere of the place, that seemed to be impregnated with the odours of learning and leather." The alliteration is pretty, but it might be extended. In Mudie's there are to be seen many footmen with their pomatumed heads of hair. Let us say, then, that she inhaled with pleasure an atmosphere impregnated with the odours of learning, leather, and lackeys. She passed by rows of eager people and the indefatigable attendants. She seemed, we are told, to know the intricacies of the place. She looked neither to the right hand nor to the left, but "walked to the top of the room, where stood a red-and-white placard on which was printed in large letters, 'From F. to J.'" The thoughtful reader will at once surmise that between these two letters her own name is included. He will find that he is not mistaken, for her name is Heathcote. At last she succeeded in securing the notice of one of the attendants, and inquired for a copy of St. Aubyn's new poem. Thereupon follows this remarkable dialogue:—

"I don't think so, ma'm. We took in a hundred copies, but there has been so great a demand for it I think they are all out. I will go and see if a new lot has arrived."

"Would you also at the same time, please, get me one or two of the books on this list to make up my number."

Presently the attendant returned with the poem she had asked for, with its green cover and golden sunflowers. "She stretched out her hand, eagerly thanked him, and then nodding a bright 'Good morning,' walked quickly away with her treasure." How she reached her carriage, what orders she gave to her footman, how she handed in fresh paraphernalia, how he touched his hat, jumped up beside the coachman, and gave the word—all this is again left to the reader's imagination. Thus much we know, that the brougham dashed through Belgrave Square on its homeward way. "'Any more orders?' asked the coachman, having deposited his mistress at the door." Having answered the coachman, she turned to the butler, who silently awaited his orders. Does the silence of the butler contrast with the loquacity of the coachman? Ought he to have awaited in equal silence the orders of his mistress? We doubt it. The grave solemnity which becomes a butler might seem a little out of place on the box. The silence was at last broken by this remarkable utterance. "I am not 'at home' if any one calls. And we dine out this evening." We pass on to a small velvet-and-lace-clad figure that, for all the reader cares, might have remained silent also, but speaks after the fashion of babies who are learning to talk. From the child we pass on to a dark-eyed, intelligent-looking little French maid, and to a white cashmere tea-gown, and a lace-and-ribbon-decked toilet-table. At last we learn what manner of woman it was who, in the first line of the first page, said "To Mudie's!" The author might just as well, we should have thought, have introduced her to us before she set off for the emporium. But then she would not have been ushered in, as it were, by her footman, her coachman, her silent butler, and her lady's-maid. By the present arrangement she makes, we must allow, somewhat of a grand entrance as she dashes along in her brougham with her paraphernalia by her side. She does not fall far short of the idea we have formed to ourselves of an Odd-Fellow, when he is in what the Order calls full regalia. Mrs. Heathcote—for our heroine is a married woman—when she was arrayed in the soft clinging folds of her Indian muslin, with a golden fillet in her golden hair—her halo of golden curls, as it is elsewhere called—looked like a diaphanous creature. Nevertheless, she differed from the majority of diaphanous creatures in that her individuality, as we are told, was more accentuated and more positive. "The very scent of her dress as she swept along seemed to pervade the air, creating an atmosphere round her different to that which one looks for with the ordinary pretty, fashionable women one meets." We should have a more exact notion of what the author means did we know what is the atmosphere that one looks for with such women. But we must sweep along with the heroine, who pushed back a *portière* and entered a sitting-room, "which it was very easy to see was the favourite abiding-place of a refined and educated woman." It is well to know what in these days are the signs of refinement and education. We find there Eastern and Italian plates, easy-chairs standing invitingly about, small tables strewn with the daily papers, latest periodicals, and books, a three-legged table with a plate full of tempting bread and butter—nothing so vulgar as muffins, we beg the reader to note—and a Turkish stool inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The walls were covered with a rich, dark-coloured leather, so that the atmosphere must have seemed not very unlike that of Mudie's. The odours of learning and leather would pleasantly blend with the scent of a dress that creates an atmosphere different to that which one looks for with the ordinary pretty, fashionable women one meets. Mrs. Heathcote leisurely poured out a cup of tea—whether she drank it and ate some bread and butter, we are not told. Here, again—for at least the third time—something is left for the reader's imagination to supply. She took up a paper-knife—a large ivory paper-knife—and she cut the leaves of her green and gold volume.

* *There's Rue for You.* A Novel. By Mrs. Arthur Kennard. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1880.

"Quickly and deftly did the slender pink fingers pass between each leaf." The book introduces the paper-knife, the paper-knife introduces her fingers, her fingers introduce her whole hand, and her whole hand gives us the key to her character:—

Grace's hand was one of the conical-fingered, small-thumbed palms; not a round, dimpled, shapeless hand, but one of the flexible, sensitive, fleshless sort; a hand that had artistic perceptions and instincts, but wanted determination and force to carry them to any definite end. It was the index of a nature impassioned, enthusiastic, and tender, but wanting in judgment, patience, and persistence.

It is about time, the reader will say, for Mr. Heathcote to appear. He lets himself into the house with a latch-key and slams the door. He finds fault with the tea and calls the green-covered book rubbish. His wife rings the bell, "which was immediately answered by a splendid creature in silk stockings." Whether he was the footman who touched his hat in the opening scene and handed in the paraphernalia, we are not told. At all events his name was John. That we learn from the command which was at once given him. "Would you please make some fresh tea, John? and be sure the water is boiling."

We have but described a single chapter of one volume of this novel, and can scarcely be said as yet to have given our readers any very exact notion of the plot. Nevertheless this first chapter enables them to form a just notion of what there is to follow. We rise indeed in society the further we go on. The second chapter opens with Mr. and Lady Adela Manners, who lived in a fashionable West-End square, and were celebrated for giving some of the best dinners in London. Before long we come to another lady, whose house was "the centre round which most of the luminaries of greatest magnitude revolved." She was so high up in fashion that she dared to refuse the request even of a Duchess, who "had the impertinence to come up and ask for an invitation for Lord and Lady Markham, her cousins twenty times removed." Her Grace, by the way, thereupon behaved very little better than a common scold. "She turned on her heel. 'What an impudent little minx that is! I will crush her some day, see if I don't.'" Whether that awful day of reckoning ever came we are nowhere told. Meantime the lovely lady "had it all her own way, and snubbed duchesses, marchionesses, countesses, and baronets' wives pretty well as she chose." Is there not here, by the way, an instance of the art of sinking, to begin with duchesses and end with the wives of baronets?

Lest our readers should imagine that the author in her account of footmen, furniture, and duchesses has forgotten to put in a plot, we hasten to assure them that that is by no means the case. Through the fine words some kind of a history can be traced by the patient reader. A madman, the poet St. Aubyn, falls in love with the heroine. He had once loved Maud Butler, the only child of a leading diplomatist. To her, we read, had descended pride from a long succession of Norman ancestors. She was deceived by her father, a proud ambitious man, and in a soliloquy she announced her intention of becoming worldly, heartless, and selfish. In three months "she made the most brilliant match of the season, and crowned her father's ambition" by marrying the eldest son of an earl. St. Aubyn goes mad, recovers, writes a poem, sees Mrs. Heathcote, falls in love with her without her knowing it, receives a solemn warning from a countess at an evening party, dashes out of the house, dives recklessly in and out of the carriages, runs home, sees a hideous spectre, raves for three or four pages, drinks off a strong-smelling brown liquid, sits down at his table, and sends his pen along with feverish rapidity over pages and pages of foolscap. He forgets the Countess's "utterances of Fate," and pursues Mrs. Heathcote once more. Her husband deserts her, and she is left for nearly half the book in a state of great misery. Unhappily for the reader, but most happily for the heroine, the madman keeps a diary; and when he dies full proof is found in it of her innocence. In the last chapter she has a most superfluous attack of typhoid fever. As, however, she was living at the time in Italy, here the author is certainly true to nature. Her husband arrives from England full of penitence, and discovers a tiny wan face, surrounded by a halo of golden curls. The story winds up magnificently with a great flame of crimson sunset sky, one last triumphant flash sent by the sunset, a dark space of gloom bathed in crimson flames, and two human beings wrapped in a rose-coloured cloud of glory. By a slight forgetfulness which greatly heightens the picture, the author represents the two human beings as both standing. Typhoid fever in stories runs, no doubt, a wondrous course, but even a heroine cannot be allowed to stand on her feet within four-and-twenty hours of recovering consciousness. Besides, just before the sunset began we had seen her propped up on a white pillow. We must look, however, to the general effect, and this certainly requires that, if she should be wrapped in a rose-coloured cloud of glory, she should not at the same time be wrapped in her blankets.

BRAZIL AND THE AMAZONS.*

THIS big book on a big country is calculated to remove from Americans, of whom we take Mr. Smith to be one, the reproach of doing things in too great a hurry. Popularly they are supposed to sweep through a gallery of antiquities or to survey a continent with the rapidity of a fire devouring one of their own prairies in the Far West. The present work is the result of successive visits and long journeys into the interior, coupled with residences at the principal towns of the Brazilian Empire. Mr. Smith explored the Amazon and its tributaries in 1870 and 1874, and then made two more journeys to the same places, during which he extended his survey to Rio Janeiro and the Southern provinces. He has studied geology; he shows a considerable knowledge of botany and zoology; he has carefully compared the writings of preceding travellers with his own observations; and he brings to bear on the problems of immigration, revenue, taxation, and the development of industry, an amount of intelligence which would do credit to a regularly trained politician. Now and then we have a little "tall" writing, apparently due to the wealth and gorgeousness of nature in the tropics. The trade-wind is described as a "play-wind, race-wind, wake-up-wind, pitch-and-tumble-wind." Sensitive plants fold their hands in silent prayer, and lift themselves every morning with silver tears of thanksgiving to the bright sunshine. Nature sends light-streaks down through the forest roof, when half a dozen leaves catch them and they glow like diamonds. Insects revel in perfume, dive deep in the honey-cups, come out staggering, and tumble about the branches in shameless inebriety. And the following description applies, not to a battle between three-deckers or ironclads, or German and French legions, but to the fresh waters of the Amazon river doing battle at its mouth with the ocean, and then deflected northward by the equatorial current:—"Its flank is turned, and it sweeps away northward, staining the sea with the blood of its defeat, littering it with *débris*, madly rushing into the heart of the enemy's country, until its last forces are exhausted and it sinks to annihilation, six hundred miles from the field of battle."

It is perilous to attempt a combination of the vagaries of Charles Dickens with the picturesque exaggerations of Mr. Ruskin. But it would be extremely unfair not to admit that this spasmodic brilliancy does not detract from the solid merits of the whole work. There is an immense deal that is either new or suggestive, or an improvement on the researches of those predecessors to whom the author acknowledges his indebtedness. We will take first the Amazon and its tributaries. Mr. Smith has an admiration for this noble river which surprises us in one who might be pardoned for thinking that the Mississippi could whip every stream in the world. His first and his last chapters are devoted to the Amazon and its tributaries. Though exceeded in length by other rivers of the Old and the New World, it has a course of nearly three thousand miles. It rolls down more water than any other two rivers taken together. Its depth is enormous. It has sixteen tributaries of the first-class, some of which are a thousand miles in length, while none are less than seven hundred. The smaller affluents that run into the Amazon or its branches number one hundred and nine. It has a "bore" near the mouth, which, like the phenomenon of the same kind observable on the Ganges, rises in a solid mass, uproots trees, sinks vessels at anchor, and scatters canoes. When in flood after the rainy season, the Amazon turns the whole country on either bank into a flood-plain, as Mr. Smith calls it, or a *varzea*, as the Brazilians term it. This feature seems, from the repeated descriptions, to be a huge network of streams where two or three main channels combine with innumerable smaller ones to send a volume of water over grassy plains, thus enabling Indians to thread their way through swamps and forests with strange vegetation and animal life of their own. In fact, this river reproduces on a similar scale the features which are familiar to any one who has travelled in a pinnace or a *bauliah* over the plains of Eastern or Central Bengal when submerged by the rains between July and September. Of the beauty of the Amazon and its tributaries Mr. Herbert Smith never seems to tire. He is perpetually telling us of the enormous expanse of some of its reaches, so vast as to give a water-line for the horizon; of its dense forests impervious to the sun and impenetrable to the boldest traveller; of its countless palms towering above scores of other trees and shrubs and delicate vines; of the primitive Indian villages, diversified by a clearing made by some adventurous American who has incautiously been tempted to imperil his health and substance in a hopeless contest against nature in the tropics; of the splendid tints; of the glaring colours; of the warm days and the cool nights; of the sense of unlimited freedom and the immunity from corroding care.

It is only just to state that Mr. Smith never palliates or hides the discomforts inevitable in such explorations. He was very soon obliged to leave steamers for a canoe; and with a crew of natives he ascended the Tapajos, one of those mighty affluents of the Amazon which flow into it from the south. He explored the Curua, which comes into the same big river from the north. He cut his way for some days through the forest, and was very glad to get back alive. Doubtless it was pleasant to fly along these streams in a light canoe before an exhilarating breeze, to collect specimens, to converse with Indians and settlers, to appreciate the virtues of the noble savage, and to calculate the chances of a countryman's success. But this experience was purchased by real hardships. He and his companions rowed or sailed all day, or forced their canoe over dangerous rapids, sometimes wading breast-high amidst slippery rocks. They bivouacked on the beach at night, lived on hot coffee, mandioca cakes, an occasional duck, a deer or two or a stray monkey. They were devoured by mosquitoes, bitten by spiders, preyed on by ants,

* *Brazil, the Amazons, and the Coast.* By Herbert H. Smith. Illustrated from Sketches by J. Wells Champney and others. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

and severely pricked by nasty fishes. At some places they met with hospitality in a small Settlement. And, though there were rumours of fever and ague at particular seasons of the year, and some swampy localities appear from the description to be perfect hotbeds of disease, his party never seem to have suffered. In these explorations Mr. Smith was enabled to form a judgment regarding the main products of the Amazons. When the flood-plains or *varzeas* are not under water, they serve as grazing grounds for countless herds of cattle, and some proprietors own from ten to thirty thousand head. Hides are largely exported, and it is conjectured that butter might be made in large quantities if some enterprising American would only buy the herds, churn the butter, and pack it in ice. Cacao or cocoa is an important industry. The plantations must be on the low ground, and at the same time above the reach of the floods; and Mr. Smith expatiates on the facilities for growing the plant, on the beauty of the orchards, and on the excellence of the product, whether as chocolate or jelly, in spite of the evident want of care in packing and preparation. Seven million of pounds of cacao are exported every year, of which the greater portion goes to France, a little to England; and none to America. But india-rubber is the largest and the worst-managed branch of industry. The gum is collected by a tribe of half-wild men called *seringueiros*, who kill the trees by recklessness and waste. There seems to be a doubt to whom the forests belong. Said to be the property of the Government, they are owned or claimed by private persons, and if one so-called proprietor deserts a "rubber-swamp," any one else can take it up. The rubber is sold to small traders who carry it to merchants at Para. On the Madeira and the Purus rivers the business is in the hands of large proprietors; but the preparation of the gum from the milk is unscientific; the rubber-gatherers are opposed to all changes and reforms; more than half the traders are in debt; everything is carried on under credit and not by ready money; and the whole system obviously is unsound. Government ought to step in and create a Forest Department, as the Indian Government has done, lease out tracts, and provide for a proper system of bleeding, preserving, and recruiting the plantations. But the officials are negligent or corrupt, and the Emperor cannot see to everything, and so a trade of twenty millions of pounds, valued at six millions of dollars, only encourages idleness and improvidence or serves to make the fortunes of about a dozen men.

The Curua forest is also celebrated for the Brazilian nut. As an export it comes next to rubber and cacao. The tree itself is magnificent. Some are two hundred feet in height, with no branch lower than one hundred feet from the ground. No one thinks of climbing these giants to collect the fruit. Nature produces the fruit in a round, hard, black case, each of which holds about sixteen nuts. The cases, weighing two or three pounds, fall off when ripe, and sometimes kill the nut-gatherers, who have to keep indoors when a strong wind blows. The nuts or cases are collected by Indians and half-castes, who, besides running the chances of a broken skull, are cheated by traders, racked by fever, drowned in the rapids, and even lost in the woods. The nuts go to England in enormous quantities; but, when fresh, taste very differently from the stale, oleaginous articles of the stall. There is all the difference between a Brazilian nut on the Tocantin or a fresh cocoa-nut gathered in Jessore or Nuddia, and the same products when sold five thousand miles from their native home.

In spite of all that Mr. Herbert Smith can say for the Amazon and its tributaries, life, whether at Para, Santarem, or Alenquer, strikes us as singularly unpleasant. You are just on the Equator. There are the usual tropical inconveniences—heat and damp, constant rains and thunderstorms—without any of those alleviations which make life endurable at Calcutta, Singapore, or Hong Kong. Mr. Smith speaks favourably of a certain preparation known as *vinho d'assai*, a sort of sherbet, made out of dark berries and mixed with sugar or a little mandioca flour. It has "a brisk nutty flavour," and you can make a decent lunch off it. But we confess that this delectable syrup by itself would not reconcile us to a life at Para; the morning heat, almost invariably followed by a deluge of rain and a thunderstorm in the afternoon; the filthy courtyards, the occasional typhoid fever, the low standard of social morality, the utter corruption of the clergy, the usurping vegetation, and the perpetual sunshine. Mr. Smith gives lively sketches of the different fates of two of his countrymen who had "located" themselves in the valley of the Amazons. Mr. Platts had been invited, apparently by the Brazilian Government, to settle near Santarem. He was supported at first on rations, and lodged in a huge thatched building. But he had soon to shift for himself; to build his own shed, cut his own road, bring his stores on his own back from the town just six miles off, and to buy a sugar-cane plantation from an old Indian woman. He had to get everything on credit, and to be his own carpenter, mason, and engineer. No wonder that poor Mr. Platts looked careworn and discouraged. On the other hand, Mr. R. J. Rhome was a thoroughly practical citizen, who believed in his own theories and was prepared to carry them out. He joined the Baron of Santarem as managing partner of a fine plantation twenty miles below Santarem. The property is not measured by acres but by square miles. On it we find sugar-cane plantations, pastures, forests, lakes swarming with fish and turtle; a capital house, beautifully situated, with a fine river in front and a range of hills at the back; house servants and negroes, thriving industry, profuse hospitality, and the latest inventions for crushing sugar-canes and making rum. But it is not every intelligent citizen of New York or Boston who can find a Brazilian baron ready to admit him as partner in an estate of great capabilities. We must here join issue with Mr. Smith, who, quoting Mr. Wallace, holds that it is a vulgar error to say that "in the tropics the luxuriance of vegetation overpowers the efforts of man," and that nature and climate are nowhere so favourable to the labourer. The experience of any Anglo-Indian in tea, indigo, rice, or coffee, is, we venture to say, in flat contradiction to the assertion. But we quite agree with our author in the remarks to intending emigrants made at page 175, and would recommend no one to try the Tocantins or the Tapajos without some amount of capital and a very definite idea of what he wishes to buy or grow.

The chapter on Ceara and the famine will suggest to many readers the analogy of these calamities in Behar and Madras. Ceara is a province of Eastern Brazil on the sea coast. It is tableland known as *Sertao* or Wilderness, broken by ranges of mountains varying from two to five thousand feet in height. Here we must not expect to find the luxuriance of the Amazonian forests. We hear of thin woods, sandy tracts, pastures more like North America, and a marked division of the seasons. From June to December the rains almost entirely cease, and the dry trade winds blow from the east and north-east. But when after January the rainy season fails, as it did in 1877, the condition of the province becomes as bad as was that of Orissa in 1866 and Behar in 1874. Ceara had a scattered population, and there were owners of large estates who maintained a sort of feudal sway over a number of non-proprietors of a type created by the admixture of white, Indian, and negro blood. Communication was carried on by pack-horses or clumsy carts over very rough roads, and the inhabitants hunted on the hill ranges or cultivated mandioca and vegetables on the "rolling plains." In 1877 the ordinary dry season of the latter half of one year was followed by a drought in the spring and summer. The terrible scenes of 1824-25 were repeated. The helpless peasants called in vain on St. Joseph, or, pale and emaciated, flocked to the towns. Private charity did not fail, but the author accuses the Government of blindness and insensibility, and of mismanaging the relief which it tardily doled out. After the famine there came, as usual, fever, smallpox, and the paralysing disease called *beri-beri*. Any kind of garbage was consumed by the sufferers, and there were even stories of cannibalism. It is calculated that half a million of the population died from these causes, all taken together. Mr. Smith delights to record the energy and benevolence of a certain Dr. Gomes Pereira, a quiet, unassuming lawyer, who practised very little at the Bar, as he had to manage a large estate of his own. This gentleman seems to have had that administrative capacity and vigour which Anglo-Indians have so often displayed. He set the immigrants to work on building a town hall, a church, a prison; he housed them in well-ventilated barracks; he exacted a moderate amount of labour for rations; comforted the widow; clothed the naked; saved ten thousand lives; and, to this hour, does not know that he has done anything wonderful. Mr. Smith was there at the time, and evidently speaks of this unpretending advocate in the tone "Si quid mea carmina possunt, nulla dies unquam," &c.

From Ceara the author went down the coast to Pernambuco, Bahia, and Rio Janeiro, and has suggestive remarks about each place. Pernambuco is the outlet of a rich region of forest, but it has an awkward reef, within which small vessels can find shelter, while large ocean steamers must anchor out in the roads. There is here an old and a new town, and a delightful suburb where the residents enjoy sea air and bathing. Bahia has a harbour, inferior only to Rio. It is a picturesque old town; exports sugar, cotton, hides, and diamonds; and enjoys a practical monopoly of the tobacco trade. At Rio Mr. Smith finds most to praise in the Sugar Loaf Hill, the splendid harbour, and the gardens of Botofogo. Social life is tainted and corrupt. The mothers spoil their children, who grow up luxurious and disinclined to work. Yellow fever is localized by bad drainage and want of sanitation. The country lies under the curse of slavery, though this detested institution must end by 1892. The commercial system of the Brazilian Government is eminently unsound, according to Mr. Smith. Heavy duties are laid on almost every article of export. Cotton has been ruined in this way; sugar is confined and narrowed; American merchants hardly meet with fair play, and when they import cargoes of flour can carry away little or nothing but coffee. As to the production of this article Mr. Smith has a good deal to tell us. He was hospitably received and shown over a fine coffee plantation. The owner was quite alive to the necessity of keeping pace with the times. He had brought under cultivation 2,400 acres out of 4,000; he had introduced new machinery; he employed a steam-engine to air and dry the berry; he owned fine oxen and mules; his poultry yard was crowded; and his gangs of negroes were drilled, fed, called to prayers, summoned to their meals, and sent to bed with the precision of clock-work. But the whole system seems to us as unsound as it did to Mr. Smith. There is no room in this part of the Empire for small coffee proprietors. Rich owners have been permitted to seize on large tracts and to hold them without cultivation. There is a railroad of three hundred and sixty-five miles in length to which constant additions are being made. But the directors of these lines are compelled to charge heavily for freight, and could not exist were it not that Government guaranteed them a good rate of interest. Altogether the picture drawn by Mr. Smith leads to the conclusion that progress in Southern Brazil must be slow. Immigrants will not be tempted by a hot climate, a strong competition, a high tariff, and a meddlesome Government. We note with surprise not unmingled with admiration, that Mr. Smith warns Brazilians who

"murmur for a republic" that "a republican government is precisely the most difficult to carry on."

There are several other interesting topics to which we can only draw attention. We are told some amusing myths and stories of folklore, in which stupid jaguars are outwitted by clever land-tortoises and monkeys, and the cotia or agouti plays all kinds of amusing pranks. There is one good map of a part of the Amazon river which makes us long for a more complete one of the whole kingdom. The letterpress is enlivened by more than a hundred neat illustrations of the scenery and inhabitants of different parts of the Empire. We find a tolerable index, and can recommend the work to those readers who desire materials for drawing a comparison between the numerous Republics of South America and its sole surviving monarchy. With all its faults and imperfections, we take the Brazilian Empire to be, on the whole, as superior to Ecuador, Peru, and the Argentine Republic, as Mr. Smith's work is undoubtedly superior to the general run of such bulky publications.

HOLLAND'S ELEMENTS OF JURISPRUDENCE.*

PROFESSOR HOLLAND is to be congratulated on having done a piece of work that was much called for. Though several years have passed since the Universities and the Inns of Court proclaimed the importance of jurisprudence as a part of legal education, nobody has taken up Austin's unfinished work in a serious or satisfactory manner, or succeeded in making it very clear what jurisprudence really is. To English students it means at present, for all practical purposes, the two volumes of Austin's Lectures, or the one volume into which their matter has been more lately condensed by his able editor. It may be true of Austin's work, as Professor Holland says (though he seems to confine his praise to the introductory part, originally published as "The Province of Jurisprudence Determined"), that no one can read it without improvement; but it is not desirable that it should remain for an indefinite time the only means of improvement in this department of knowledge available for our seats of learning. Austin's book is, after all, a fragmentary publication, and has the faults incidental to this character, in addition to the others with which it is chargeable. As we are not now criticizing Austin, we will only say that these are precisely of the kind which make a book less fit for the use of beginners. Besides, the increase of general knowledge and interest has a certain effect on the relative importance of different parts of a great subject. "Those distinctions upon which Austin after his somewhat superfluously careful manner bestows most labour, are put in so clear a light that they can hardly again be lost sight of"; and if there is one thing more than another for which we ought fervently to thank Austin's labours, it is that at this time of day no rational being could or would occupy six lectures with the discussion of what positive law is not. For the rest, Professor Holland's preface, while it points out with unquestionable truth that "works upon legal system by English writers have hitherto been singularly unsystematic," is studiously courteous to his predecessors. It is perhaps an excess of courtesy to mention Dr. Broom's work on Legal Maxims, a thing of neither fish nor flesh, on the same level with Smith's *Leading Cases*, which, though it never pretended to be anything but technical, stands in the first rank of our technical books.

Jurisprudence is defined by Professor Holland as the formal science of law: "not the material science of those portions of the law which various nations have in common, but the formal science of those relations of mankind which are generally recognized as having legal consequences." It stands towards actual legal systems, past or present, in a relation like that of grammar to particular languages. As a matter of fact, its construction has been suggested by the comparison of different systems, but such comparison is not in itself a necessary condition for the existence of such a science. "Just as similarities and differences in the growth of different languages are collected and arranged by Comparative Philology, and the facts thus collected are the foundation of abstract Grammar; so Comparative Law collects and tabulates the legal institutions of various countries, and from the results thus prepared the abstract science of Jurisprudence is enabled to set forth an orderly view of the ideas and methods which have been variously realized in actual systems."

The parallel is felicitous; only we fear that, if it be just, it goes a little too far for the writer's purpose. Abstract grammar, in the sense here specified, is evidently a conceivable science. But is it an actual science in the sense of being explicitly taught or learnt by any one? We have never heard of its professors or text-books; and, while the reviewer of a treatise on jurisprudence may disclaim any pretension or obligation to be acquainted with the latest developments of modern philology, we may also say that if any such teachers or books existed we think we should have heard of them. Abstract grammar is given by implication in every systematic grammar of a particular language, and its generality appears as soon as the grammatical structure of two different languages is referred to a common type. When the English schoolboy who has learnt Latin learns (if he ever does) enough of his own language to know that the verbal-substantive forms in "I go a-fishing" and in "Lusum it Mæcenas" are homologous, he makes an application of abstract grammar. When the comparative philologist performs a like process on a larger scale, he must either come to his task equipped with a scheme of abstract grammar or make one as he goes along. But neither boys nor men learn abstract grammar by itself. The reason, we suppose, is that the subject-matter cannot be understood until the learner has mastered the grammar of at least one concrete language; and, if the language be a tolerably developed one, and the grammar arranged on a tolerably rational plan, in learning the matter he has learnt the form also. There is no need for his learning it over again in the abstract; to appreciate its importance as form he has only to await the occasion of applying it to new matter. Perhaps it may be said that a person who, being empirically master of his own language, takes up the grammar of it for the first time, is really learning abstract grammar; for in this case the matter consists of what he knows already. Not the less does he acquire the abstract system through the concrete application. We may observe in passing that Philology is considerably richer than Jurisprudence both in the variety of actual types to be observed and in the number of distinct systematic arrangements that have been constructed. Greek, Indian, and Arabic grammarians worked out their schemes in perfect independence. It would seem that philologists have great opportunities for elaborating the science of abstract grammar; what use they have made of them is more than the present writer can say; but we cannot help suspecting that our leaders in philology would not think such an operation very profitable.

Again; the student of medicine learns vertebrate anatomy, which is the knowledge of particular vertebrate structures. He learns comparative anatomy, whereby he comes to perceive the analogies of different vertebrate structures. Hence he forms the idea of a general vertebrate type, which is not the image of any existing skeleton, but is a generic symbol of a certain disposition and relation of parts which any specific vertebrate skeleton embodies and makes visible. Shall we regard this as a new and distinct knowledge or science, and call it abstract vertebrate anatomy? and, if we do, can it be taught or learnt in its abstract character?

It appears to us that jurisprudence, as more or less vaguely understood in English usage of the term, and now clearly defined by Professor Holland, is doomed to vacillate between two alternatives, of which both are unsatisfying. It may confine itself to making out a catalogue of blank forms; in other words, to the pure theory of legal classification. We do not for a moment deny that the scientific arrangement of the law is a subject worthy of the most careful discussion. But we do not think it a good subject to be dwelt upon by students at an early stage. The reasons for or against a particular scheme cannot be understood until the matter to be dealt with by it is to some extent familiar. If, on the other hand, jurisprudence undertakes to explain and illustrate the blank forms of its classification by showing how they are filled up, its constant tendency is to slide into the partial exposition—comparative or otherwise—of some particular system. This tendency appears more than once in Professor Holland's work, as where he brings in a statement of the peculiar and by no means elementary English doctrine of contributory negligence. One feels, again, that his broad mention of the results educible from the tangle of statutes that make up our law of copyright is either too much or too little; too much for a treatise on the general form of laws, too little for a treatise on the laws of England.

Since the law of England is, by the consent of all persons who have seriously thought about it, in sore need of a systematic expounder, the best and most profitable way to prove the value of jurisprudence would perhaps be to show it in that specific application. If Professor Holland, or some other equally competent worker, or two or three such together, would give us a good book of Institutes of English law, that would indeed be a boon for lawyers and students to welcome. As it is, our young men hear lectures on jurisprudence and legal method in general, and have to pick up their first notions of the law of their own country from mauled and tinkered editions or imitations of Blackstone put together in open defiance of all rational arrangement. Blackstone's work was an excellent one in his time and according to his lights; we might honour him better at this day than by a blundering lip-service which, as a rule, effectually excludes the knowledge of what Blackstone really wrote.

And, in fact, if we turn to Germany, where the academic teaching of law is more fully developed than with us, we shall find a state of things which Professor Holland mentions with a certain air of surprise. Although the last thing that can be said against the German school is that the philosophical and theoretical consideration of legal conceptions fails to find expression in it, there are no distinct organs or departments for the purely formal science of law. What in England we have lately called jurisprudence is embodied by German writers in their extensive and methodical treatises known as *Pandekten*, of which the subject is modern Roman law—that is, so much of the Roman civil law as has furnished, or may be considered capable of furnishing, the groundwork of the modern law of German States. Most, if not all, of these works contain a certain amount of matter of a highly general nature; but this is treated, and as we think rightly so, as preliminary to the study of the particular system.

At the same time, we by no means wish to undervalue Professor Holland's enterprise. Thinking it good as far as it goes, we think a scientific exposition of English law would be still better, and

* *The Elements of Jurisprudence.* By Thomas Erskine Holland, D.C.L., &c. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1880.

should be regarded as the end to which our provisional study of abstract jurisprudence is to lead up. This position may be illustrated by returning to the philological comparison which has already been our text. Let us suppose that the English language, instead of being the simplest member of a group, stands apart from all others, and is exceedingly complex in structure and full of anomalies. Let us also suppose (a thing less widely remote from the truth) that the literature relating to it—comprising grammars, dictionaries, and philological works of all kinds—is of enormous bulk and contains much matter of great value, but is terribly diffuse, and arranged partly on wrong systems and mostly on no system at all. In this state of confusion it might well be that the cultivation of abstract grammar would precede the actual reform of English grammar, and it is even conceivable that this might be the only way to it. And this imaginary case is roughly parallel to the real state of English legal literature. A general view of the field of Positive Law, with only just so much concrete illustration as is needed to make it intelligible, may do much to clear the heads of learners, and beget in them a just discontent with the crude and formless condition in which the details of almost every topic are still left. To make a cosmos out of this chaos of disjointed particulars is a task which a later generation, prepared by such teaching as Professor Holland's, may be able to attempt with good hope of success. Meanwhile Professor Holland's treatment of his subject deserves a fuller consideration than we can give to it at the end of an article, and we accordingly reserve the specific discussion of his work for a future notice.

THE PURCELL PAPERS.*

THE literary ambition of the Fat Boy in *Pickwick* was to make the old lady's blood run cold. The genius of the late Mr. Sheridan Le Fanu (the author of *Uncle Silas*, *Wylder's Hand*, *Through a Glass Darkly*, and other romances) was also of a chill and curdling nature. No author more frequently caused a reader to look over his shoulder in the dead hour of the night. None made a nervous visitor feel more uncomfortable in the big, bleak bedrooms of old Highland houses. Mr. Le Fanu did not deal much in actual ghosts. His apparitions were much more fearful wild-fowl. "What a sell it would be for a ghost," said a clever but slangy little boy, "if he appeared to a lunatic!" The behaviour of the lunatic, so unlike that of a sane person in the presence of the supernatural, would indeed be likely to vex and discomfit a spectre accustomed to rational society. Mr. Le Fanu's ghosts, on the other hand, had a way of turning out to be the family idiot, the monstrous birth, or other horror of flesh and blood which fine old families are supposed to keep in a secluded corner of fine old castles. These substantial apparitions were more horrible in Mr. Le Fanu's books than the airy banshee or immaterial bogey of civilization. You had first the horror caused in well-regulated minds by the supernatural—which is an evanescent feeling, for familiarity with the bodiless breeds indifference, if not contempt. Next you had the revulsion of feeling caused by the discovery that the supposed ghost was something human and yet not human, something wild and semi-bestial, like the "Alastor" or avenging fiend that haunted the House of Atreus. Indeed, if Mr. Le Fanu had dealt in classical and mythological horrors, he would doubtless have hinted that the hateful and hungry spirit whom Cassandra beheld in vision was only old Thyestes in his dotage, moping and prowling in the scenes of murder and worse than murder.

To these amiable and attractive qualities of fancy Mr. Le Fanu added considerable power of dealing with the real old-fashioned supernatural. Dom Calmet knew no better vampire than his Carmilla, beside whom the young person in Mr. John Payne's *Lautrec* is a mere sentimental impostor. *Carmilla* is a tale that every parent should make haste not to place in the hands of the young. Neither Poe nor Richepin ever invented anything more horrible than the dusky, undulating nocturnal shape of her who was a fair woman by daylight and an insatiate fiend at night. M. Le Fanu's skill in the weaving of plots was greater, we think, than that of Mr. Wilkie Collins, as his humour was more spontaneous and less mechanical. *Wylder's Hand* is a very well managed story. *Guy Deverell* might, we venture to think, have been improved by a very simple device. The wicked baronet should have died (of apoplexy) in the secret chamber of his vicious pleasures, whereby we should have gained a mystery, and been spared a murder.

We have been led to make these retrospective criticisms on Mr. Le Fanu's genius by the publication of a posthumous work, a collection of short tales called *The Purcell Papers*. To this collection Mr. A. P. Graves has prefixed a short memoir of Mr. Le Fanu. Little was known of the novelist's quiet history by the English public, though most novel-readers greatly miss the talent that died with Le Fanu, six years ago. Mr. Le Fanu came of a noble Huguenot stock. His ancestors emigrated to England after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and some of them served in the armies of the Prince of Orange. The novelist was the grandson of Joseph Le Fanu and of Alicia, sister of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. He was born in Dublin, on August 28, 1814. His first literary productions were, of course, poems and rollicking Irish ballads. He became a barrister, but only in name, and at the age of twenty-four purchased an Irish newspaper. His literary life, Mr. Graves says, may be divided into three periods. Till his thirtieth year he was an Irish ballad, song, and story writer, who published his works, as a rule, in the *Dublin University Magazine*. He married in 1844, and devoted himself for fifteen years to journalism. During this period he attempted one or two novels, which had no great success. In 1863 he published the *House by the Churchyard*, which was followed by *Uncle Silas*, and till the end of his days he was best known as a writer of fiction. Mr. Le Fanu was a man of quiet and retiring life, with an amateur interest in the supernatural. He had too much sense to believe in Spiritualism, but he dearly loved an honest ghost for its own sake.

The *Purcell Papers* are a collection of Mr. Le Fanu's early stories and sketches. They vary much in power, though a certain simpleness and sobriety of style is common to all of them. Nothing spoils a ghost story more than a florid, or pretentious, or too ingenious style. The narrator ought to seem absorbed in his topic; his tale should be plain and unvarnished. Mr. Le Fanu's manner in the more serious, not to say sepulchral, of the Purcell stories is just what it ought to be. In the humorous tales, as in "The Ghost and the Bonesetter," he is less amusing, but probably more true to Irish nature, than Lever. One tale has nothing in it of the supernatural, nor even of the extraordinary, and yet it is a story of very great power. The "Last Heir of Castle Connor," who gives his name to the narrative, was a young man of great beauty and great promise, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. Unfortunately, he became intimate with the noted duellist Fitzgerald, whose appearance is thus described:—

> He was a tall, square-shouldered man, who stood in a careless attitude, leaning with his back to the wall; he seemed to have secluded himself from the busy multitudes which moved noisily and gaily around him, and nobody seemed to observe or to converse with him. He was fashionably dressed, but perhaps rather extravagantly; his face was full and heavy, expressive of sullenness and stupidity, and marked with the lines of strong vulgarity; his age might be somewhere between forty and fifty. Such as I have endeavoured to describe him, he remained motionless, his arms doggedly folded across his broad chest, and turning his sullen eyes from corner to corner of the room, as if eager to detect some object on which to vent his ill-humour.

To know "fighting Fitzgerald" was a dangerous privilege. On the slightest shadow of a misunderstanding his acquaintances felt bound in honour to ask for an explanation, and the explanation usually ended in a fatal duel. Fitzgerald's personal vanity was interested in killing his man, and nothing could be less like a duel with M. Gambetta at forty paces on a misty morning than a combat with this murderous Irishman. O'Connor, like so many others, had to ask Mr. Fitzgerald to "explain" his conduct. At first the duellist replied in a satisfactory way, but, distrusting his first impulse, "which is generally good," he declared that he was compelled to consider himself challenged. O'Connor was obliged to fight, and, believing himself to be a doomed man, he purposely fired wide. Fitzgerald then deliberately murdered him, under the forms of "honour," in the manner thus described:—

> The principals took their places once more, and M'Creagh proceeded, with the nicest and most anxious care, to load the pistols; and this task being accomplished, Fitzgerald whispered something in the Captain's ear, who instantly drew his friend's horse so as to place him within a step of his rider, and then tightened the girths. This accomplished, Fitzgerald proceeded deliberately to remove his coat, which he threw across his horse in front of the saddle; and then, with the assistance of M'Creagh, he rolled the shirt sleeve up to the shoulder, so as to leave the whole of his muscular arm perfectly naked. A cry of "Coward, coward! butcher, butcher!" arose from the crowd.
>
> . . . .
>
> There was now a breathless silence. O'Connor stood perfectly motionless; and, excepting the death-like paleness of his features, he exhibited no sign of agitation. His eye was steady—his lip did not tremble—his attitude was calm. The Captain, having re-examined the priming of the pistols, placed one of them in the hand of Fitzgerald—M'Donough inquired whether the parties were prepared, and having been answered in the affirmative, he proceeded to give the word, "Ready." Fitzgerald raised his hand, but almost instantly lowered it again. The crowd had pressed too much forward as it appeared, and his eye had been unsteadied by the flapping of the skirt of a frieze riding-coat worn by one of the spectators.
>
> "In the name of my principal," said the Captain, "I must and do insist upon these gentlemen moving back a little. We ask but little; fair play, and no favour."
>
> The crowd moved as requested. M'Donough repeated his former question, and was answered as before. There was a breathless silence. Fitzgerald fixed his eye upon O'Connor. The appointed signal, "Ready, fire!" was given. There was a pause while one might slowly reckon three—Fitzgerald fired—and O'Connor fell helplessly upon the ground.

This description loses in a curtailed quotation, and ought to be read in the original narrative. People who deplore, as sometimes people do, the decline of duelling, should remember the condition into which the practice brought Irish society. This man Fitzgerald is represented as a gambler and scoundrel who had the life of every gentleman in his hand. O'Connor ought, doubtless, to have shot him dead when he had the chance; and O'Connor's peasantry could hardly have been blamed if they had avenged the master whose butchery they went to witness as they might have gone to a steeplechase.

Putting aside the comic portions of the *Purcell Papers*, which are only moderately funny, the remainder form a series of delightful nightmares. M. Le Fanu appears to have studied the horrors of visions in which "we dream of the devil and wake in a fright"; or lie benumbed with dread while some fancied horror approaches us. "The Fortunes of Sir Robert Ardagh" are "all about the devil," as the small boy said, when asked to give some account of the tract presented to him by a pious relative. The same ghostly

* *The Purcell Papers.* By the late J. Sheridan Le Fanu. With a Memoir by A. P. Graves. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1880.

foe is very nicely managed in "The Drunkard's Dream," where "the bad place" is treated with much delicacy of touch and originality of design. This is a story which, to quote De Quincey's amateur, "one can recommend to a friend." "A Chapter in the History of a Tyrone Family" reminds one of an incident in *Jane Eyre*. Here is a good supernatural touch:—

> I accordingly opened the door, and was about to enter, when something like a mass of black tapestry, as it appeared, disturbed by my sudden approach, fell from above the door, so as completely to screen the aperture; the startling unexpectedness of the occurrence, and the rustling noise which the drapery made in its descent, caused me involuntarily to step two or three paces backwards. I turned, smiling and half ashamed, to the old servant, and said:
>
> "You see what a coward I am."
>
> The woman looked puzzled, and, without saying any more, I was about to draw aside the curtain and enter the room, when, upon turning to do so, I was surprised to find that nothing whatever interposed to obstruct the passage.
>
> I went into the room, followed by the servant-woman, and was amazed to find that it, like the one below, was wainscoted, and that nothing like drapery was to be found near the door.
>
> "Where is it?" said I; "what has become of it?"
>
> "What does your ladyship wish to know?" said the old woman.
>
> "Where is the black curtain that fell across the door, when I attempted first to come to my chamber?" answered I.
>
> "The cross of Christ about us!" said the old woman, turning suddenly pale.

The efforts of a blind lunatic to cut some one's throat with a razor are also described with singular felicity. A good manslaughter, the operator tooling with a novel instrument, will be found in "Hardress Fitzgerald," while the "Passage in the Secret History of an Irish Countess" contains the germ of *Uncle Silas*. There is a realism in these Irish stories which one misses in the sufficiently horrible account of an "Incident in the Life of Schalken the Painter."

A judicious reader of the *Purcell Papers* may enjoy many moments of what are called "creepy" sensations. The book is ill-timed for summer, and London; it should be read in winter, when the nights are long, and in some country house where banshees are still strictly preserved, and brownies are as common as ground-game.

MOHL'S HISTORY OF ORIENTAL STUDIES.*

THESE volumes will form the most enduring record of a life full of energy in the cause of learning, and crowned with a conspicuous measure of success in the task to which it was devoted. Jules Mohl will live in the memories of Persian scholars by his noble edition and translation of Firdousi's great epic, which his widow has now wisely removed from the dignified seclusion of the gorgeous and cumbrous *éditions de luxe* of the Imprimerie Nationale, and reissued in a convenient and purchasable form; but Orientalists and the scientific world in general will chiefly associate the name of the Persian Professor at the Collège de France with the annual reports which, as secretary, and latterly as president, he used to deliver to the Société Asiatique on the progress made in Oriental studies during the preceding year, and Mme. Mohl has done a good service to the history of research, as well as to her husband's memory, in rescuing these valuable literary surveys from the precarious and dispersed existence of separate *brochures*.

The great desire of Mohl's life was to obtain for Oriental studies the same recognition which had always been accorded to the so-called classical literatures. The science, the letters, the history, the whole development of the East are an integral part of the world's history, just as much as the science and the progress of Europe; but the former have always been kept at arm's length, treated as things afar off, and relegated to the studies of recluses. Mohl wished to bring the East more into the public light, to force people to take an interest in matters which, if they were only called Hellenic, would have been long before pronounced fascinating, and to encourage the prosecution of Oriental studies in an equal degree with classical research, until it should be possible to conceive of the great unknown East as an intelligible whole, and not as a collection of curious superstitions and barbarities which formed the amusement of middle-aged men who had nothing better to think about. This co-ordination of Oriental learning was his constant aim. His whole life was a protest against extreme specialism. He maintained that the great thing needed was to arrange our knowledge of the East, to co-ordinate fragmentary and isolated ideas and facts, to find their positions in relation to each other and fit them together, and thus to arrive eventually at a scheme of Eastern life and history which should be no less sure and consistent, and far more wonderful, than the history of European civilization. Mohl's *Rapports Annuels* are a series of ascending steps in this direction. In each of them (except on the few occasions when he devotes a whole report to an account of the rise and progress of the Société Asiatique or to the results of recent travel) he surveys the whole field of Eastern learning, enumerates with marvellous completeness the works that have been issued during the preceding year in every branch of Oriental studies, gives a brief account of the character of the principal works and their place in relation to other works in the same subject, and points out what is most urgently needed in each department; in short, inspects the work of all sections of Orientalists, shows what has been gained, and what is still to be done. It is a matter for reasonable wonder how one man could accomplish all this; and Mohl's verdict on many subjects might be questioned. He was a fine Persian and Chinese scholar, and on these branches of learning he needed no help; but on other subjects he had only that general knowledge which belonged to all the pupils of the great Parisian school of Eastern studies at the beginning of this century. That general learning, however, joined to the constant influence of a renowned circle of Oriental scholars, whose friendly counsel was always at the service of their colleague, was sufficient to direct to the truest ends the naturally fine critical faculty with which Mohl was endowed. No one who reads these reports can fail to be struck with the peculiarly clear perception of the relative value of different portions of research, the comprehensive grasp of Orientalism as a whole, and the accurate placing of each individual part within the whole, which will be found in their pages. Not less remarkable is the sound good sense which rebukes all useless pedantry, and teaches that all good work is subordinated to an end, that end being, not the display of the author's learning, but the diffusion of a right knowledge of the author's subject among the largest possible number of readers, with a view to a general and comprehensive understanding of the history and life of the East. It is in this spirit that Mohl is constantly urging the necessity of translations, and complaining of the increasing practice among German scholars of publishing Oriental texts without translations, and, still worse, of inserting in German works quotations in Arabic or Sanskrit character without giving any rendering of them. This last is a perfectly gratuitous interruption to the average reader, but the publication of a text without translation must certainly be excused when the work is a large one, and the editor has not time to execute the double task. Undoubtedly the French plan of publishing both text and rendering on the same page is the more excellent way; but it must be remembered that if we had to wait for the admirably perfect issues of the French presses for all Oriental authors, we should not possess a quarter of the invaluable authorities which now stand on our shelves, and which are owing mainly to German activity. Nevertheless Mohl showed his usual good sense in his protest against the isolation of texts without translations, and every one who, like him, has the cause of Oriental studies at heart must join in his efforts to give the great authors of the Eastern world a wider audience than the narrow circle of the initiated.

Turning over these pages, one cannot but compare the history they narrate to the revival of letters in the fifteenth century. Mohl's chronicle extends over the golden age of Oriental studies. A new life had been imparted to the wise men of the East. The French expedition had opened up Egypt, and Champollion and Wilkinson had discovered and explained the mysteries of the hieroglyphs; India had been made at last the subject of many researches by the servants of the East India Company, and two societies for publishing Oriental works had been established in London; Sir William Jones and Sir John Malcolm had popularized Persia; Professor Wilson had produced a great development in Sanskrit learning; De Sacy had given a stimulus to the study of Arabic which has never since died; Bopp had founded the science of comparative philology. In 1840, when Mohl took up the pen of chronicler, the fruits of these masters' examples were growing and multiplying. From all sides editions of unpublished authors; memoirs on obscure points of Oriental literature, history, or religion; grammars, dictionaries, chrestomathies; works on every branch of Eastern lore, which are now our leading authorities, and are likely so to remain, kept pouring into the library of the Société Asiatique, and taxed to the utmost the energy of the secretary-chronicler. And, as the reports went on, more discoveries, new fields of exploration, came to light. In these annual surveys we read the whole history of Assyrian discovery, the first labours of Botta, then the excavations of Sir A. H. Layard, the interpretation of the Behistun inscription by Sir Henry Rawlinson, the discoveries of Place and Fresnel and Oppert. Every step in the gradual progress of Assyrian research can be traced here. Mohl was indefatigable in his efforts to secure the encouragement of the French Government for Assyrian discoveries, and he dwells in every report on the immense importance of those discoveries, on the wonderful and seemingly inexhaustible treasures of the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris, and on the necessity for public encouragement and support if the excavations were to go on. There is so full and interesting a history of Assyrian discovery in Mohl's *Rapports* that it was quite needless for Professor Max Müller, in the biographical notice prefixed to these volumes, to recapitulate and emphasize the facts. If the reading public are generally under the impression that Sir A. H. Layard was the first discoverer of Assyrian remains, it is only because, as Mohl himself frequently pointed out with regret, anybody could buy Sir A. H. Layard's book, whereas Botta, the original discoverer of Nineveh, was fated to have his discoveries published by the French Government in so magnificent and costly a form that the very scholars who afterwards explored Nineveh could not buy the *Monument de Ninive*, whilst the vast body of readers who marvelled over Sir A. H. Layard's book of course never saw its French rival. All Eastern scholars, however, are perfectly acquainted with the value and the priority of M. Botta's discoveries,

* *Vingt-sept ans d'histoire des études orientales: rapports faits à la Société Asiatique de Paris de* 1840 à 1867. Par Jules Mohl, membre de l'Institut, secrétaire de la Société Asiatique. Ouvrage publié par sa veuve. 2 vols. Paris: Reinwald.

and also with the ignorant and fatuitous manner in which his Government treated him; and there was really no necessity for Professor Max Müller to excite himself about what he apparently considers the undeserved reputations of Layard and Rawlinson. It would have been better if he had devoted his pages to a clearer and more detailed portrait of the scholar whose life he has sketched with a somewhat uncertain hand. No one can write more charmingly than Professor Max Müller; and it is no small disappointment to find how little he has made of so fine a subject as the biography of Jules Mohl. Scarcely less surprising is the weak and perfunctory character of M. Renan's preface, which is apparently merely a poor abstract of his much more satisfactory *éloge* published shortly after Mohl's death.

A peculiarly interesting part of these volumes consists of biographical notices of the great scholars from whom Mohl learned, or with whom he worked, during the golden age of Oriental letters. Some of these obituaries are written with remarkable tact and grace, and in some we can trace the hand of a man sorrowing for a close friend. Such is the long notice of Burnouf, to whom Mohl gave the whole of his annual *brochure*, for he had not the heart to write or think of anything but the loss which he, in common with all scholars, but above others, had suffered. The notice of Fresnel is a fine example of Mohl's tact; for the impulsive life of the brilliant writer of the *Letters on the Arabs before Islam* needed a delicate hand to draw it truthfully yet tenderly. Another biography well worthy of its subject, and remarkable for its grace, is that on Von Hammer. Many others might be cited—H. H. Wilson, Gesenius, Cureton, Schlegel—but the bare citation is useless. Every one who takes an interest in the history of Oriental literature and the lives of scholars will find a real charm in these *Rapports* of Jules Mohl. They deal with a great epoch in Oriental research, and they chronicle it worthily.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

AFTER an interval of eleven years, the biography of Blücher's great chief of the Staff (1), left incomplete by the death of Dr. Pertz, is resumed by Herr Delbrück, with every prospect of being brought to a satisfactory conclusion. It would indeed have been a subject for regret if the history of one of the chief captains of his time had been interrupted at the most eventful period of his career. The third volume had brought the narrative down to the expulsion of the French from Germany in 1813; the new one describes Gneisenau's part in the campaigns of 1814 and 1815, this being the part of his career most interesting to English readers, from the relations into which it brought him with Wellington. It is seldom that the life of a great strategist is thus written by two civilians, and Herr Delbrück's share of the work, no less than his predecessor's, illustrates both the advantages and disadvantages of an unprofessional biographer. On the one hand, he seldom appears to have a perfectly firm grasp of his subject, and many important details are dismissed with undue brevity. On the other hand, the work is free from the aridity of professional writers, the narrative is flexible and continuous, and due attention is given to political as well as to merely military considerations. The account of the campaign of 1814 is necessarily written from a Prussian point of view, and serves in some degree as an answer to the attempt in Metternich's memoirs to rehabilitate Prince Schwarzenberg and the Austrian operations in general. It is some presumption of its accuracy that Napoleon, rather than Gneisenau, appears as the hero of the story. The controversy on the respective shares of the English and Prussian armies in the Waterloo campaign is treated by Herr Delbrück with exemplary fairness. He virtually censures Wellington for having failed to support Blücher on the day of Ligny, and rates him as essentially a general of the old school; but he renders full justice to his masterly conduct of a defensive like that assumed by the English army at Waterloo, and is free from any tendency to disparage English troops and English commanders as such. Throughout his history Wellington appears as the soldier statesman, who has wider views than the simple winning of battles; Gneisenau as the mere soldier, though a consummate one. Such was in fact the relation between the two, and it is not surprising that it should have led to an irreparable breach, and that Gneisenau's correspondence should exhibit many traces of irritation against his coadjutor. A fifth volume will complete the work.

Herr Caro's essay on the League of Canterbury (2) concluded between the Emperor Sigismund and Henry V. of England is substantially a vindication of the former against the imputation of treachery to France. Herr Caro thinks that France drove Sigismund into an alliance with England; that his intentions were wholly upright at first; and that he is chiefly censurable for instability, not with respect to his old ally, but to his new one, who never derived any real benefit from the treaty. Henry, however, showed himself pretty well able to dispense with Sigismund's help, and the visit of the latter to England is chiefly memorable for the influence which it exercised upon the deliberations of the Council of Constance.

Georg Friedrich, Prince of Waldeck (3), was an intimate friend of William III., one of the most attractive parts of whose generally cold and reserved nature is admitted to have been the affection he entertained for the few of whose disinterested fidelity he was assured. No one merited his esteem more than Waldeck, whose integrity and soundness of judgment—although his parts were rather solid than shining—caused him to be frequently selected as William's representative, both in civil and military affairs. The correspondence published in Dr. Müller's second volume relates principally to military operations in the Low Countries during William's absence in England, from the Revolution to 1692. It is prefaced by an able and interesting essay from the editor's pen on the coalition against France formed under William's influence between 1684 and 1689. The more interesting portions of the work to an English reader are, however, the occasional glimpses of English affairs in William's letters. He protests, for instance, his extreme disinclination to accept the throne of England, *quoyque je prévois fort bien que le monde en jugera autrement.*

The first part of an interesting review of Prussian administration between the death of Frederick the Great and the outbreak of the War of Liberation (4) is chiefly devoted to the educational and religious alterations which ensued on the accession of Frederick William II. Frederick William, the reverse of his great uncle in everything good and bad, was, although a dissolute prince, greatly addicted to religious mysticism, and sympathized with the contemporary reaction against the *Aufklärung* which found expression in secret Societies of the Illuminati, Freemasonry, and the Rosicrucian brotherhood. These tendencies were represented by his Minister Wöllner, a curious compound of craft and fanaticism, who overcame his rival Zedlitz, and gave Prussian public education the unfortunate direction which, by undermining the moral vigour of the nation, so largely contributed to the ignoble part performed by Prussia during the first years of the French Revolution. The economical administration of the country was also feeble and wasteful; and, on the whole, no reign in Prussian history is so unsatisfactory as Frederick William's, though few sovereigns have been better intentioned.

The last part of the general historical series edited by Professor Oncken (5) contains portions of Professor Hertzberg's History of the Roman Empire and Professor Kugler's History of the Crusades. Both are sound and useful manuals of information, with no especial literary pretensions. Compared with similar popular publications in former times, the most remarkable advance is perhaps in the number and beauty of the illustrations, which prove how useful an auxiliary art may be to history.

The Poniatowski (6) are one of the most interesting of celebrated families, and M. Szymanowski's essay on their genealogy is more worthy of general attention than the majority of such investigations. He thinks that they are not improbably an offshoot of the Italian House of Torelli. The most entertaining part of his work, however, is a translation of a curious letter addressed to his son by John Firlej, treasurer of King Sigismund about the beginning of the seventeenth century, in elucidation of the status of the Polish nobility, and in deprecation of the unpatriotic practice of soliciting foreign titles.

A work on European statistics (7), if accurate, cannot fail to possess a certain value, and much useful information may without doubt be derived from Herr Krümmel's volume on the subject, which is nevertheless not handled in such a manner as to suggest a thorough mastery of the subject. The arrangement seems confused, and many of the details irrelevant, and we can hardly believe that the posthumous papers of the late distinguished geographer Peschel, stated to have been employed in the preparation of the work, have really contributed much towards it. The strictly statistical part is generally better than the sketches of physical geography, which, though full of interesting details, appear rambling and capricious. The colonies and foreign possessions of the European States being included as well as the mother-countries, and Great Britain falling within the scope of the first volume, great part of this is occupied with regions beyond the limits of Europe.

Dr. von Thanhoffer's (8) useful work on the microscope is especially intended for medical men, and accordingly treats not only of the construction and application of the instrument, but of several branches of anatomy and histology.

A bibliography of books relating to Icelandic and Norse literature, by T. Möbius (9), is a continuation of a similar work, bringing the subject down to 1855. Like its predecessor, it is invaluable to students of the Northern languages and literatures, especially as it is classified according to subject.

Theodore, Bishop of Mopsuestia (10), one of the most influential

(1) *Das Leben des Feldmarschalls Grafen Neithardt von Gneisenau.* Bd. 4. Von Hans Delbrück. Fortsetzung des gleichnamigen Werkes von G. H. Pertz. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

(2) *Das Bundniss von Canterbury: eine Episode aus der Geschichte des Constanzer Concils.* Von J. Caro. Gotha: Perthes. London: Nutt.

(3) *Wilhelm III. von Oranien und Georg Friedrich von Waldeck.* Von Dr. P. L. Müller. Bd. 2. Haag: Nijhoff. London: Williams and Norgate.

(4) *Geschichte des Preussischen Staatswesens vom Tode Friedrichs des Grossen bis zu den Freiheitskriegen.* Von M. Philippson. Bd. 2. Leipzig: Veit & Co. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Allgemeine Geschichte in Einzeldarstellungen.* Herausgegeben von W. Oncken. Abth. 19. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Kolckmann.

(6) *Die Poniatowski: eine historisch-genealogische Untersuchung.* Von O. K. Szymanowski. Genf: Mueller. London: Nutt.

(7) *Europäische Staatenkunde, mit einem Anhang, die Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika.* Mit Benutzung der hinterlassenen Manuscripte Oscar Peschel's nach der Originalquellen bearbeitet von O. Krümmel. Bd. 1. Abth. 1. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Das Mikroskop und seine Anwendung.* Von Dr. L. von Thanhoffer. Stuttgart: Enke. London: Kolckmann.

(9) *Verzeichniss der auf dem Gebiete der altnordischen Sprache und Literatur von 1855 bis 1879 erschienenen Schriften.* Von Th. Möbius. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Theodor von Mopsuestia und Junilius Africanus als Exegeten.* Von Dr. H. Kihn. Freiburg: Herder: London: Williams & Norgate.

n Scripture in the early Church, flourished in the latter part of the fourth and the first quarter of the fifth century. He had been a fellow-student with Chrysostom, and himself became the head of the theological school of Antioch, then at the zenith of its reputation. His method of interpretation was allegorical, and bore a strong resemblance to Origen's. Like Origen, he incurred the suspicion of heresy, and although he retained his bishopric during his life, his writings were condemned after his death, and have almost all perished. This severe treatment was owing to the use made of them by the Nestorians, who regarded Theodore as their principal authority. Dr. Kihn's account of him is interesting, and as impartial as can be expected from a Roman Catholic divine; but the principal novelty of his work is the examination he has bestowed upon the Western representative of Theodore's ideas, Junilius Africanus, the author of the *Instituta regularia divinæ legis*. Junilius has been hitherto supposed to have been an African bishop. Dr. Kihn, however, maintains, and apparently on good grounds, that he was an official holding high rank at the Court of Constantinople, and that his work was composed about the year 551. It is principally important as a summary of the theology of Theodore, derived mediately through the great Nestorian school established under Persian protection at Nisibis, where Theodore's writings were used as text-books. Dr. Kihn seems to make this point out very clearly, especially by a comparison of Theodore's canon of Scripture with that recognized by Junilius. The text of the latter's work is appended.

A History of Jewish Culture, by Otto Henne-Am Rhyn (11), although a volume of no great literary merit, and indeed bearing internal evidence of having been hastily put together for circulation under favour of the present anti-Jewish agitation in Germany, is nevertheless useful as a compendium of information not readily accessible in a popular form. The post-Biblical portion of the work, to which this remark principally applies, seems to be mainly an abridgment of Grätz's great history. The author could not have chosen a better guide, especially as he is in no danger of imbibing his somewhat exclusive and Rabbinical spirit. His own tone is tolerably impartial, although some of his observations on the status of Jews in Germany indicate an imperfect mastery of the principles of civil and religious liberty. It is fair to consider, however, that Jews have not trebled their numbers within the last eighteen years in London, as they appear to have done in Berlin.

Dr. Berger's collection of the fragments of Eratosthenes (12) is accompanied with copious disquisitions, and amounts to a restoration of the geographer's work, as far as practicable. That it should be practicable at all is principally due to Eratosthenes's inveterate adversary, Strabo, who, in attacking his cosmography and his mathematics, has preserved considerable portions of his treatise. Dr. Berger has arranged these, together with the fragments obtained from quotations or references by other writers, according to their subject, and has thus obtained materials for a series of dissertations both on Eratosthenes's views on mathematical geography and on his accounts of the particular countries he undertook to describe. The work is thus more than an edition of the remains of Eratosthenes, and is almost equivalent to a treatise on the geographical knowledge possessed by the ancients in his day and in that of his principal critics, Hipparchus and Strabo.

Otto Hense's volume of Sophoclean studies (13) is intended as the precursor of a complete critical edition, and is almost entirely confined to the *Trachiniæ*. The notes are chiefly philological, but points connected with the economy of the drama and the art of Sophocles in general are occasionally discussed in such a manner as to show that Herr Hense is something more than a merely textual critic. He lays, in fact, great stress on the necessity of a thorough comprehension of Sophocles as an artist as a qualification for the study of his phraseology, and is perhaps inclined to rely even too much upon this higher criticism.

It would have been creditable to England if Mr. Blaydes's edition of Aristophanes (14) had been produced in this country. Since this was not to be, it is at all events flattering that Germany should have for once imported an English scholar whose work will bear comparison with any produced in the land of Meineke and Ritschl. Judging from the specimen before us, Mr. Blaydes's edition will want nothing to make it a perfect model of the style in which Greek plays should be edited. A copious critical commentary is placed at the foot of the page; a still more ample explanatory and illustrated one is subjoined to the text. The student and the scholar alike are amply provided for, and it is very satisfactory to learn that the remaining plays of Aristophanes are to be edited upon the same plan.

The first part of Herr Milchsack's work on the Resurrection and Passion miracle plays (15) contains the text of an Easter play derived from various MSS., and arranged in parallel columns, so as to illustrate its gradual development from the most primitive forms. An introduction is prefixed reviewing the various theories respecting the origin and design of miracle plays, whether purely Christian institutions, designed from the first for edification, or survivals of ancient heathen spectacles converted to the purposes of the Church.

(11) *Kulturgeschichte des Judenthums.* Von Otto Henne-Am Rhyn. Jena: Costenoble. London: Kolckmann.

(12) *Die geographischen Fragmente des Eratosthenes.* Neu gesammelt, geordnet und besprochen von Dr. Hugo Berger. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Williams & Norgate.

(13) *Studien zu Sophokles.* Von Otto Hense. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Williams and Norgate.

(14) *Aristophanis Thesmophoriazusae: Annotatione critica, commentario exegetico et scholiis Græcis instruxit* F. H. Blaydes. Halis Saxonum: in Orphanotrophei Libraria. London: Williams & Norgate.

(15) *Die Oster- und Passionsspiele: literarhistorische Untersuchungen; nebst dem erstmaligen diplomatischen Abdruck des Kunzelsauer Frohnleichnamspieles.* Von G. Milchsack. Th. 1. Wolfenbuettel: Zwissler. London: Williams & Norgate.

Dr. Elze's judgment is sounder than that of most professional emendators of Shakspeare's text (16); and it is not too much to say that, out of nearly a hundred passages in the poet and his contemporaries discussed in his *Notes on Elizabethan Dramatists*, there is not one where his opinion is not entitled to respectful consideration. His mind is rather judicial than original, and hence perhaps his review of the various opinions advanced by other commentators in disputed passages is more valuable than his independent suggestions. The copiousness and appositeness of his illustrations from passages in Shakspeare's contemporaries add greatly to the importance of his work. It is to be wished that he would publish an edition of the pseudo-Shaksperian plays, "the rank corruption of which," he says, "justifies a larger tether than is granted elsewhere."

There is a great deal of *esprit* in Herr E. Hermann's attempt to prove that the *Midsummer Night's Dream* (17) is in some degree a literary satire directed against Marlowe, Greene, and Nash; but not too much common sense. That bad poets are ridiculed in Bottom's mock play is plain enough; but, if Shakspeare had really entertained the polemic purpose attributed to him, the purport of his allusions would have been equally plain; and Herr Hermann's endeavour to prove Nash's *Summer's Last Will* to be a formal reply to the *Midsummer Night's Dream* is even more far-fetched, though some occasional references and allusions may be admitted. The best part of the book is Herr Hermann's essay on the date of the play, which he ascribes with much probability to 1595.

The aphoristic is the most difficult of all styles of composition, for it allows no room for mediocrity. It requires no small self-confidence for a writer to appear before the public with the profession of having made seven hundred and two remarks sufficiently out of the common to justify their publication in an aphoristic form. Many of Herr von Oertzen's (18) "prose epigrams" are not only just, but pointed; but, although they might have enlivened an essay, they will seldom bear entire isolation from any kind of context.

The fame of Mr. Morley's *English Men of Letters* (19) has reached Germany; and Herr L. Katscher is performing a really acceptable service to German literature by the free translations, enriched with notes, which are appearing under his direction. His version of Andersen (20) is also very good, and the introductory biographical notice is very well done.

Im Schillingshof (21) may not be the best of Miss Marlitt's novels, and perhaps even indicates that she has reached the stage at which most prolific novel-writers inevitably arrive, when the contrivance of plot and incident becomes to a certain extent a manufacture. Regarded from this point of view, it is nevertheless a very creditable piece of work. Attention is excited from the first, and ably maintained throughout; the style is clear, the characters are natural, and many of the scenes are powerful. The idea on which it is built is the joint occupation by two families of a house divided into two portions connected by a secret door, the existence of which is known to the head of one of the families only. He profits by his knowledge to learn what is going on in the residence of his neighbours, who are naturally bewildered at finding their most intimate affairs divulged. At length the secret is discovered by the innocent incautiousness of his child. The scene in which this occurs is powerfully conceived and written. A rapacious and intriguing Roman Catholic priest—too much like some of the characters to whom Miss Marlitt has on previous occasions accustomed us—plays a considerable part in the story.

"A Secret Despatch," by Robert Byr (22), possesses at all events the negative merit, rare in three-volume German novels, of being neither overdone with long speeches nor with long soliloquies by the writer in his own person. The dialogue, in fact, is unusually animated, and the novel is mostly dialogue.

Spielhagen is not a master of the art of concise narrative; and his last work, *Quisisana* (23), though designed as a novelette, extends to no inconsiderable length. It is indeed much too elaborate for the materials, the characters and the incidents being alike almost devoid of interest. The chief originality consists in the ingenious method of suicide adopted by the hero, who, having been

(16) *Notes on Elizabethan Dramatists; with Conjectural Emendations of the Text.* By Karl Elze. Halle: Niemeyer. London: Nutt.

(17) *Shakespeare der Kämpfer.* Von E. Hermann. Abth. 3 und 4. Erlangen: Deichert. London: Thirn.

(18) *Epigramme und Epiloge in Prosa.* Von G. von Oertzen. Breslau: Trewendt. London: Nutt.

(19) *Zierden der Englischen Literatur.* Frei bearbeitet und mit Anmerkungen versehen von L. Katscher. Bdch. 1–3. Leipzig: Wartig. London: Nutt.

(20) *H. C. Andersen's ausgewählte Werke, neu übersetzt.* Herausgegeben und eingeleitet von L. Katscher. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Wartig. London: Nutt.

(21) *Im Schillingshof.* Von E. Marlitt. 2 Bde. Leipzig: Keil. London: Kolckmann.

(22) *Eine geheime Depesche.* Roman von Robert Byr. 3 Bde. Jena: Costenoble. London: Kolckmann.

(23) *Quisisana: Novelle.* Von F. Spielhagen. Leipzig: Staacke. London: Williams & Norgate.

jilted by the heroine, wilfully contracts an incurable heart disease by sleeping on his left side, in defiance of the family doctor. Before dying he composes a congratulatory telegram to the young lady, who is staying at the Hôtel Quisisana at Capri—hence the title of the book. These incidents read like a burlesque on a bad French novel, but have neither the liveliness of French novels nor of burlesque.

Helmar (24), by Fanny Lewald, is a romance in the form of an autobiography, professing to record the history of an artist. It is natural, but tame, and might almost pass for the *bonâ fide* narrative it represents itself to be. "The Riddles of Life" (25), by E. Juncker, is, on the other hand, emotional and sentimental, and graced by such incidents as the transfusion of blood from the veins of the hero to those of the heroine, with a tempest to bring about the catastrophe. Brachvogel's "Battle of the Demons" (26) is an ordinary circulating library novel. "From the Cradle to the Grave," by E. Valentin (27), is a pretty story, of no great pretensions, but well adapted for use by English students of the German language, the more especially as the scene is laid in this country.

The *Rundschau* (28) concludes Herr Rudolph Lindau's excellent Anglo-Japanese story, and has one of those pretty finished tales of modern Italian life which Paul Heyse has acclimatized in German literature. "Lazy Beppo" is short, but a perfect picture in its way. Another brief but agreeable contribution is a paper by Friedländer on funeral ceremonies in Imperial Rome, illustrative of the lavish expenditure which frequently prevailed on such occasions. It is a chapter from the forthcoming third volume of his *Sittengeschichte Roms*. A criticism on Brahms, by Louis Ehlert, notwithstanding professions of strict impartiality, bestows as much praise on the composer as even an artist's appetite can well require. Mme. de Rémusat's Memoirs are very fairly reviewed by Karl Hillebrand, who uses her portrait of Napoleon as the groundwork for a vigorous delineation by himself.

(24) *Helmar.* Von Fanny Lewald. Berlin: Janke. London: Kolckmann.

(25) *Lebensräthsel: Roman.* Von E. Juncker. Berlin: Janke. London: Kolckmann.

(26) *Der Kampf der Dämonen: historischer Roman.* Von A. E. Brachvogel. 3 Bde. Berlin: Janke. London: Kolckmann.

(27) *Von der Wiege bis zum Grabe: Erzählung.* Von Elise Valentin. London: Kolckmann.

(28) *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 6. Hft. 9. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner.

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THE BRADLAUGH DEBATE.

THE remarkable division in the BRADLAUGH case expresses perhaps the feeling and instinct of the House of Commons quite as much as its deliberate judgment on the legal and constitutional question. It was not through enthusiasm for any interpretation of ambiguous statutes that the majority cheered loudly for several minutes when the result was announced. The repugnance which is felt for the publications and acts of Mr. BRADLAUGH requires no explanation; but his moral and theological aberrations had no real bearings on the merits of the case. Every fresh stage in the controversy has been more embarrassing than the last. It is greatly to be regretted that the issues raised by Mr. BRADLAUGH himself and by Sir DRUMMOND WOLFF should have become to a certain extent party questions, though only one of the two parties is united. That the law of the case with respect both to oaths and to affirmations is doubtful is sufficiently proved by the division of opinion among lawyers both within and without the House of Commons. One Select Committee reported against the claim to make affirmation, and another against the claim to take the oath; and the second Committee, disregarding the limits of the reference under which it acted, recommended the House to overrule the judgment of the first. The supporters of Mr. LABOUCHERE's motion may be further divided into two classes. Some of them, including Mr. LABOUCHERE himself, who contended that the House could legally allow the affirmation, were perfectly consistent in voting for the motion. Those, on the other hand, who professed uncertainty as to the law defended a wholly untenable position in appealing from the House of Commons to the Courts of Law. Conflicts between the Houses of Parliament and the Bench are sometimes unavoidable; but they have only occurred at long intervals, and they ought not to be deliberately provoked. It was absurd to propose that the House should voluntarily assume the position of a litigant who commits a nominal trespass for the purpose of raising a question of title. Members who voted for the claim of affirmation without a strong conviction that it might be legally allowed challenged a judicial condemnation, not merely of Mr. BRADLAUGH, but of the House of Commons. It would be impossible to impose the statutory penalty in an action by an informer, except on the ground that the House of Commons had infringed the law. The further proceedings would for a considerable time leave the question in suspense. A judgment for the plaintiff in a *qui tam* action would be brought before the Court *in banc;* and, if it were affirmed, before the Court of Appeal. The case might ultimately be taken to the House of Lords, which would be required to decide whether a member of the House of Commons had, in accordance with a resolution of the House, committed a breach of law and forfeited his seat. There is a similar objection to the proposal that the question should be decided on a motion for a *habeas corpus*.

The warmth of feeling and of language imported into a debate which ought to have been strictly argumentative was unfortunate, though it may have been inevitable. Such a speech as that of Alderman FOWLER, who seconded the amendment, may explain, though it cannot excuse, the characteristic bitterness with which Mr. BRIGHT always discusses matters in any way connected with religion. The demerits of Mr. BRADLAUGH's opinions can only form a reason for excluding him from the House on the assumption that, as Mr. BRIGHT said, a new test of theism is to be casually established. The risk and inconvenience of such an innovation would admit of easy proof. The only faith which has at any time been legally or officially recognized in England is not theism, but Christianity. The House of Commons has no aptitude for investigating or appreciating the modern heresies of Positivists or Agnostics. At this moment a majority of its members, instead of regarding Mr. BRADLAUGH's intrusion with horror, probably wish that he had complied with the ordinary form and taken his seat in silence. On the present occasion his opponents eagerly disclaim any pretension to inquire into the opinions of any member who abstains from forcing them on the notice of the House; but if unbelief in any case excludes a member, it may be hereafter contended that the disqualification ought to be discovered even when it is not publicly avowed. An obvious mode of escaping from the difficulty would be a declaratory Act; but it is doubtful whether such a measure would pass the House of Lords. The most awkward contrivance was to pursue a course which might perhaps be illegal, with the purpose of transferring the responsibility of a decision from the House of Commons to the Courts of Law. Mr. GLADSTONE, though he supported Mr. LABOUCHERE's motion, argued in favour of administering, not the affirmation, but the oath. If his advice had been followed, a question might possibly still have been raised as to Mr. BRADLAUGH's legal competence to sit or vote; but there can be little doubt that the decision of the House would have been supported by the High Court of Justice. No speaker in the debate explained so clearly the nature and importance of the issue raised by the motion and amendment. His contention that in administering the oath the House discharged a merely ministerial function might have deserved consideration at an earlier stage of the question. Literal compliance with the directions of a statute might be dissociated from moral responsibility if the law allowed no exercise of discretion. In the less technical part of his speech Mr. GLADSTONE urged more persuasively and less pugnaciously than Mr. BRIGHT the embarrassments which might ensue on an attempt to define and stigmatize atheism.

Sir DRUMMOND WOLFF, though his intervention in the BRADLAUGH case has been in one sense almost unanimously approved by the House of Commons, has been the cause of much trouble and embarrassment. It is a sufficient personal apology that the House has both treated the matter seriously and made it the subject of a laborious and elaborate investigation. It may be fairly or plausibly asserted that so grave a question ought not to have been evaded or passed over in silence; yet, if Sir DRUMMOND WOLFF had been accidentally detained on his way to the House, no moral, religious, or constitutional issue would have been raised. It had not occurred to the SPEAKER, who was aware of all the circumstances, to direct that Mr. BRADLAUGH should not be allowed to take the oath. His application to affirm had already, by a st[illegible] interpretation of a statute, been rejected by the House on the Report of a divided Committee. His unnecessary declaration that the religious sanction of the oath was to him a meaningless form mainly created the complications which have since ensued; but it was well known that many members of the present and former Parliaments held the same opinions with Mr. BRADLAUGH. To them also the religious sanction was unmeaning, though they

had the good sense or good taste to abstain from thrusting their unbelief on public notice. In a similar case a Court of Law would probably reject the testimony of the witness; but it would be able under the statute to allow him the alternative course of making an affirmation. A promissory oath, notwithstanding its doubtful utility, is alleged by Mr. BRADLAUGH's opponents to stand on the same footing with the oath of a witness, as long as it is prescribed by law.

Throughout the debates the judgment of some highly respectable members appeared to be warped by their intelligible dislike of Mr. BRADLAUGH's opinions; but no religious belief or unbelief affects the eligibility of a member. Tests which have since been repealed were imposed for the purpose of excluding persons who held opinions which were considered dangerous to the State. The oath of allegiance was aimed at the partisans of the Pretender, and the oath of supremacy at the adherents of the Pope. The sanctions of the oath were those which were universally admitted to be binding; and they were not adopted with the design that they should operate as tests. Roman Catholics of course refused to take the oath of supremacy; but they could have no objection either to appeal to a Supreme Power, or to profess the true faith of a Christian. The effect of the sanction in becoming a supplementary test was first perceived in the case of the Jews, whose case had never been thought of when the oath was framed. Mr. BRADLAUGH is prevented from taking his seat in the House on similar grounds, though the objection is now made, not by himself, but by his adversaries. The religious formula was not framed on the supposition that it would be in any circumstances refused. The simplest remedy would have been to allow an affirmation to be substituted for an oath, not, as Mr. LABOUCHERE proposed, by resolution of the House, but by Act of Parliament; but it is not certain that such a measure would be passed even by the House of Commons. The assumption by the House of a power to prohibit in the present case the administration of the oath may probably not be inconsistent with the analogy of its practice, *though it is not supported by direct precedent*; but Mr. BRADLAUGH is left in a different position from O'CONNELL when he was returned for Clare, and from Baron ROTHSCHILD, who was for several years member for the City of London without taking his seat. In both cases the House had only judicial notice of the fact that the member had not taken the oath, and it was possible that at any time he might change his mind and conform. Mr. BRADLAUGH's compliance with the requisition of the law depends on the improbable contingency of his becoming a convert to sounder doctrines. The expulsion of a member on the ground of religion or irreligion would be within the power of the House, but scarcely within its practical competence. In the modern law and practice of England no conceivable heresy creates political disqualification; and it would be impossible, even if it were advisable, to establish a new system of disabilities. It is true that the House of Commons cannot be compelled to assign reasons for the exercise of its power; but, if Mr. BRADLAUGH's seat were declared vacant, a new writ must be issued; and it is quite possible that the electors of Northampton might repeat their former choice. The House would not, as in WILKES's case, assert the power of permanently disqualifying a member; but the process of imposing conditions on the right of taking the oath, and of making non-compliance an excuse for exclusion, might be indefinitely repeated. Mr. BRADLAUGH could never have been so troublesome if he had been admitted to take his seat. The confused proceedings of Wednesday last justify the uneasiness which is felt by thoughtful politicians, and which will certainly not be diminished by Mr. GLADSTONE's subsequent persistence in declining the responsibilities of his position. In further discussions it may be hoped that he will assume his proper position as adviser and guide of the House. He showed doubtful judgment in recognizing Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE as leader of a majority which included many Ministerial supporters.

ABDICATION OF THE GOVERNMENT.

IT would be idle to pretend that the scene of Wednesday last in the House of Commons, with its sequel, has not brought about a situation of great embarrassment. The conduct of Mr. BRADLAUGH on that occasion was probably calculated and arranged for the purpose of producing such a situation, and was characterized by the peculiar kind of ability of which no one disputes him the possession. His first step involved the House in the difficulty of either hearing him or deliberately refusing him a hearing, and though Mr. GLADSTONE afterwards hinted that there was no necessity for adopting the former alternative, he was careful to give no advice to that effect. The permission accorded to Mr. BRADLAUGH was one which gave a great advantage to a clever man and a practised speaker. He was careful to advance no argument. But his rhetoric about his own and the people's rights was well calculated to catch the applause of democratic societies; his defence of the "other names" which had been introduced threw an air of chivalry over his attitude, and this was judiciously enhanced by his posing as "one man against six "hundred." In the singular series of alternate removals and reappearances in which he was subsequently the central figure something of this dignified air was lost, though it was not wholly destroyed. But it was not so much the actual passage of arms which ended in Mr. BRADLAUGH's incarceration, as the incarceration itself, that constituted the difficulty. It was terminated on the following day by a motion of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's, who was reasonably desirous to hasten the finale, and to relinquish the unnatural part which had been forced upon him of leading the House with a minority of a hundred and without official position. But Mr. BRADLAUGH's friends have threatened a repetition of the scene of Wednesday; and even Mr. GLADSTONE, in his own tortuous language, has announced that he does not consider such conduct a necessary vindication of what he does consider to be Mr. BRADLAUGH's rights. The question How is all this to end? naturally forces itself upon the attention, not the less that there was nothing surprising in the mere fact of the difficulty, which was an obvious result of the division of Tuesday night. We necessarily write in ignorance of what may or may not have occurred at yesterday's sitting of the House.

That which is really surprising in the matter is the extraordinary line of conduct which the PRIME MINISTER has thought it proper to adopt. We have before now pointed out that the one desire of the Government throughout this matter has apparently been to avoid responsibility. But for this desire, to which they have clung with a desperate tenacity contrasting curiously with their irresolution in some other matters, the affair never would have got into its present muddle. But at its every stage the determination of the Ministry not to take a definite line has been evident. From this came the reference to the two Committees, the extraordinary *coda* tacked, obviously under Government inspiration, to the finding of the second, and the attitude of Ministers in the actual debate. But the conduct of Mr. GLADSTONE on Wednesday was the most singular embodiment of this determination not to lead that has yet been seen. That it was deliberately adopted cannot be doubted. One of the ingenious persons who brew Parliamentary small beer for the consumption of the public has informed the world that Mr. GLADSTONE appeared in the House with gloves and a stick, and that his appearance with gloves and a stick was in the penultimate Parliament the signal that he did not mean to perform the part of general. These equipments are apparently Mr. GLADSTONE's *Tarnkappe*, or recipe of fern-seed, the sign of intended incognito and invisibility, which his followers know how to respect. Accordingly, when Mr. BRADLAUGH appeared to force the hand of the House Mr. GLADSTONE made no sign. He was waited for, he was even called by name. The SPEAKER, anxious to have the definite commands of the House in a matter so weighty, made a perhaps formally unnecessary appeal for instructions. But Mr. GLADSTONE remained inactive. This being the case, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE had at last to step into the breach, and for the remainder of the battle to officiate as general. Then, and not till then, did Mr. GLADSTONE open his mouth, to say practically that he had washed his hands of the business. He did not oppose Sir STAFFORD's recommendations; on the contrary, he supported them with his voice and his vote. But he would have nothing to do with the initiative, and practically abdicated for the time his functions as leader of the House for those of the leader of Opposition, acquiescing in, but not proposing, the steps taken for the restoration of order and the defence of the authority of the House. By this curious conduct he indeed avoided the charge of conniving at rebellion against the authority of the SPEAKER. But at the same

time he avoided still more dexterously the charge of inflicting harsh measures against Mr. BRADLAUGH. This responsibility, like the responsibility in all previous stages of this business, has been shifted upon the shoulders of the Opposition. The odium of those frequently necessary measures which have to be taken for enforcing the authority of the House is justly supposed to rest upon Ministers as an incident of the general responsibilities of office. It has remained for Mr. GLADSTONE to devise a means of evading this unpleasant concomitant of the pleasures of Downing Street. The office of executioner is not a grateful one, and it is doubtless very satisfactory to be able to delegate it, with the additional advantage of placing it in the hands of a political adversary.

We have called this proceeding an act of abdication, and we see no milder term which can be applied to it. Doubtless Mr. GLADSTONE's position—in consequence, let it be remembered, of his own action—was a delicate one, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, with a generosity contrasting singularly with the attitude of the Government, fully recognized this. But it seems impossible to contend that his action, or rather inaction, was legitimated by the circumstances. Mr. GLADSTONE seems to wish to take the vote of Tuesday night as a kind of partial vote of want of confidence, justifying a partial resignation. The doctrine is, no doubt, an exceedingly convenient one, and, carried a little further, would make it almost impossible for a Government ever to meet with serious disaster. But it is not one which can be for a moment accepted as fair, or the acceptance of which can be regarded as for the public welfare. No Government can be permitted in the case of important public questions to wash their hands, to stand aside and to say, "Settle it among yourselves." Such conduct must be set down either to childish petulance, to incapacity for management, or else to an elaborate design to evade the responsibilities of office. It might indeed be contended that no one of these three motives is wholly absent in the present instance, and certainly no one of them is particularly creditable to the Government. Still less creditable perhaps was Mr. GLADSTONE's jaunty remark on Thursday that, "only twenty-four hours" having elapsed, the Ministry had not yet thought it worth while to consider the situation. Had they honestly met the case instead of adopting a course which was almost equivalent to moving "the previous "question," there might be some shadow of excuse for the attitude of dudgeon assumed on Wednesday. But, in face of their actual conduct, the vote of the House must be taken as a direct appeal to the Government to propose a settlement of the difficulty, instead of a way of avoiding it. To this conclusion they must come sooner or later; nor will it be always possible to make Mr. LABOUCHERE and Mr. Serjeant SIMON stalking-horses for action which they dare not take, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE the scapegoat for responsibility which they are afraid to incur. The extreme awkwardness of the question in its present state everybody admits; but the Government cannot in the long run escape the task which they have hitherto so resolutely avoided. The conduct of the Opposition hitherto, if it has lacked "opportunism" to some extent, has been strictly within its rights. It has sought solely to ascertain the law and the facts, and then to act on both. The conduct of the Government, on the other hand, has been based apparently on a desire to avoid action of any kind. In this, as in the more overt proceeding of Wednesday, they have simply abdicated their functions. It is open to the Government, if they think it absolutely necessary to seat Mr. BRADLAUGH, either to propose the relaxation of the oath or the definite extension of the affirmation, and in doing either of these things they would, whatever may be thought of the intrinsic merits of either proposal, be resuming and discharging the functions of Government. These they are now refusing to discharge, with the inevitable result of confusion and deadlock. It is idle to charge this state of things on the Opposition or on any member of it; even Mr. BRADLAUGH is only partially to blame for it, because his present attitude is clearly encouraged by the indirect but decided support given him by the Government on Tuesday and since. The Ministry—and the Ministry almost alone—are to blame, and they will continue to bear that blame, unless they make up their mind to take the fence at which they have so long been "craning."

THE DEBATE ON THE BUDGET.

SINCE the introduction of Mr. GLADSTONE's new Budget, its provisions have necessarily had to undergo a considerable change. He was then sanguine enough to expect that a new treaty of commerce with France might be concluded by the middle of August. This expectation he has now had to abandon. The French Government is not to be hurried, and in its critical relations with the Senate cannot afford to have it assumed that it is going to modify in favour of England the tariff which the Senate has not yet approved. The contemplated reduction in the wine duties must therefore be postponed; and if the French are willing to make a treaty of commerce at all, the course taken will probably be that the two Governments will conclude the treaty during the autumn, and that the English Government will apply to Parliament at the beginning of next Session for the requisite authority to carry out the English part of the bargain. We have nothing whatever with which we can bargain except the wine duties, and it is therefore only the wine duties that any future application to Parliament for authority to carry out a treaty with France can affect. Mr. GLADSTONE has gained by his premature dealing with these duties the knowledge that Parliament will heartily support him in reducing them as a means of bargaining with France. The obvious objection that it is very imprudent for a bargainer to disclose all that he has to concede before he begins to bargain is in this case satisfactorily met by the reply that the French know perfectly well that we have only one possible advantage to offer them. But this is not all that Mr. GLADSTONE has gained by laying his proposal at an early date before the public. He has received the criticism he invited, and has had considerations forced upon him which, as he acknowledges, may induce him to change his opinion on some very important points. For some time past there has been a keen contest as to the proper mode of charging duties on wine. According to our present system, introduced when the French treaty was made in 1860, all wine above 26 degrees and up to 40 degrees pays the same duty. The growers and shippers of strong cheap wines complain that this is unfair on them, and Mr. GLADSTONE proposed to make everything fair by having a sliding scale, so that each increasing degree of strength should carry with it a fractional increase of duty. The trade, however, strongly objected to this on account of the minute and vexatious testing to which wines would be subjected. And Mr. GLADSTONE has been so far moved by their appeals to him that he now says that he is prepared to consider whether it would not be better to divide the wines above a certain degree of strength into classes, so that all wines of approximately the same degree of strength should pay the same duty. It is certainly very desirable that Mr. GLADSTONE should have time to enlighten his mind on such a point before he negotiates with France. But it is impossible not to feel some surprise that he should have made his proposals to Parliament without having examined such a matter so exhaustively as to have reached a conclusion which he was prepared to defend against any criticism to which it might be exposed.

It is less surprising that Mr. GLADSTONE should not have foreseen every possible objection that could be made to his plan for taxing beer. How to tax beer so as to do complete justice both to the revenue and the brewers is, as Mr. GLADSTONE asserts, one of the most difficult problems with which he has ever undertaken to deal. Taxing malt is theoretically wrong, as it is taxing the manufactured article beer at too early a stage; but it has the enormous practical advantage that the tax is easily levied, is scarcely ever evaded, and its proper amount can be readily ascertained. If the tax on beer could be imposed when the whole process is finished, there would be no great practical difficulty in levying it. If, for example, the plan adopted in the United States could be followed, and a stamp had to be affixed on every barrel sent out for consumption, the duty could be got in with little risk to the revenue and scarcely any annoyance to the brewers. But the beer drunk in the United States is of one uniform strength, while in England the strength of the beer consumed differs widely, and the English tax is to vary according to the strength of the beer. This strength must therefore be tested, and the only way of testing the strength of beer is to test it while it is in the process of fermentation. How this is to be done is the problem to be solved. The puzzle is so great that Mr. GLADSTONE

stated on Thursday night that even then he was not prepared with a final proposal; but he acknowledged that the brewers had convinced him that, if his original proposal had been adopted, he would be getting a larger revenue than he intended or thought right. Mr. ARTHUR BASS, who spoke with as much knowledge of the subject as any one could possess, put this unintended increase of income at nearly a million and a half sterling. Mr. GLADSTONE did not accept these figures; but he owned that, if he did not wish to take too much money, he must make a concession to the brewers in the direction pointed out by them. The technical form which the change will take will be an alteration in the measurement of the specific gravity of the liquid when it is in the fermenting vats. There were also other minor changes which Mr. GLADSTONE said he was prepared to adopt in deference to the remonstrances of the trade. He was prepared to allow a larger margin for waste, to modify the presumptive charge upon the materials used in brewing, and to take monthly instead of fortnightly payments. He further stated that it had been represented to him that a number of families might combine to brew in a common brewhouse the value of which would not render it liable to duty, and that what he termed Brewing Clubs might thus be established. He proposed therefore to cut the ground from under these jovial institutions, by enacting that the brewing exempted from duty must be brewing upon the premises of each person benefiting by the exemption. All these changes would, he calculated, diminish the revenue which he expects to derive this year from the Beer-tax. But then this year there will be no reduction on the wine duties, so that altogether his surplus will be even larger than he anticipated, and may be even expected to reach something like half a million sterling.

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, without offering any criticism that could be called captious, objected to the Budget altogether. There was, he thought, no use in having a new Budget at all. He had left behind him a Budget which did not provide any surplus; but then he did not see what good it was to have a surplus. The use to which Mr. GLADSTONE proposed to apply his surplus was to give some possible and hypothetical aid to India. Until the Government knew whether it was going to help India, it was useless to call on the taxpayer to provide money for a purpose for which the money might never be needed. Even if there was to be a new Budget, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE thought that the proposals of Mr. GLADSTONE were open to innumerable objections. He readily owned that, if it was a good thing to abolish the Malt-tax, the credit due to the Government for the proposal was not in any way diminished by the fact that the substitution of a Beer-tax for a Malt-tax has been often suggested. It is easy to make suggestions for financial changes; the difficulty is to find a Ministry that has sufficient courage to shape vague suggestions into a definite scheme for which it makes itself responsible. Nor did Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE object to what he called a political budget. It was, he thought, quite fair that the Government should try to please the farmers if it had a fancy to do so. But he prophesied that the farmers would be very much disappointed with the results of this repeal of a tax against which they have long been clamouring; and it must be owned that the precise advantage that farmers expect to derive from the repeal of the Malt-tax has never been placed in any very clear light. Even if the Malt-tax was to be abolished, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE thought that the increase of the Income-tax was not the proper mode of purchasing its abolition. He suggested what he himself would have done had he been in Mr. GLADSTONE'S place. By the payment down of a million sterling a permanent increase of revenue exceeding 300,000*l.* is to be obtained. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE would have borrowed the million and have paid it off in three years with the proceeds of the increased revenue. In making this suggestion, and in arguing that a surplus was useless, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE summed up what may be termed his system of finance as contrasted with that of Mr. GLADSTONE. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE wishes to give the taxpayer the greatest amount of ease which at any moment it is possible to give him. It seems hard on the taxpayer to make him provide a penny beyond what must necessarily be spent, and equally hard to make him pay down a sum that can be easily paid in course of time by instalments. Mr. GLADSTONE thinks not so much of the taxpayer as he exists at any particular moment, but of the national credit which it is the business of the taxpayer at all times to maintain. His maxims are, that there ought always to be a surplus as a sign of the financial strength of the nation, and that each year ought to provide for its own charges. The Income-tax-payer is now the sufferer, and it certainly seems hard on him that he alone should pay for what is to be a general financial improvement. But he must console himself as well as he can with the thought that he supplies the machinery by which Mr. GLADSTONE'S maxims of finance are to prevail.

RUSSIA AND CHINA.

TWO or three years ago the prospect of war between Russia and China might have been regarded by some English politicians not without complacency. A formidable diversion would have removed immediate apprehension of Russian interference in the affairs of Afghanistan. It is probable that the whole disposable force in Central Asia may be required in Kuldja and the neighbouring provinces, though it is still difficult to believe that the Chinese troops will venture on an encounter with an enemy so greatly superior in arms and discipline. It is said that more than one incursion has been made into Russian territory; but there is little facility for obtaining accurate information as to the state of affairs in that remote region. Other rumours are current of conspiracies in the recently acquired Russian dependencies, which must undoubtedly contain many elements of disturbance; but, little as the Mussulmans of Khokand and Bokhara may like the rule of their conquerors, their kindred tribes of the same faith have a still deadlier feud with the Chinese. There is no bloodier episode in Oriental history than the total or partial extirpation of the population which had for some years belonged to a newly established kingdom under a Mussulman chief. It had been supposed that the Turkish tribes of the border had achieved permanent independence; but on the death of the founder of the dynasty they were unable to resist the slow and resolute advance of the Chinese forces. The imagination may well be impressed by the deliberate resolution of generals who halted on their march to sow and reap a harvest as a substitute for an ordinary commissariat. The terror which was inspired by the numbers and steady purpose of the conquering army probably tended to produce submission in a district which had not yet been overrun.

The moral or diplomatic merits of the quarrel between Russia and China will have but little influence on the result. The facts are still imperfectly known; but it seems that Russia several years ago occupied Kuldja with the assent of the Chinese Government, under an undertaking to restore the province to its former owners as soon as they were in a position to maintain their authority. At that time the ATALIK GHAZEE was still prosperous and apparently powerful; and it may probably have been supposed that the engagement to restore Kuldja was merely nominal. When the Mahometan power was finally overthrown the Chinese demanded the evacuation of the province; and, to a certain extent, the justice of their claim was admitted. The Russians stipulated for the retention of certain districts in repayment of their outlay during the occupation of Kuldja, and the division of the territory was arranged in the treaty which has since been disavowed at Pekin. On the face of the transaction the bargain seems to have been equitable, though it is possible that the Russian claim of territory may have been excessive. At Livadia, where the treaty was signed, the unfortunate Chinese Ambassador may possibly have been cajoled or overawed, but there is no reason to doubt the loyalty with which he interpreted and executed his instructions. According to European precedents, his Government was entitled to withhold ratification of the treaty, at the risk of the consequences which might follow an unfriendly proceeding. It was nearly certain that, on the rupture of the negotiations, the Russian Government would regard as no longer binding the provisional arrangement under which Kuldja had been held. If the Russian garrison, with due reinforcements, continued to hold the province, it seemed and still seems a hopeless enterprise to repel it by force.

The war, if it begins or proceeds, cannot be immediately dangerous to Russia, but it may be extremely inconvenient. The numbers of the Russian army are sufficient to meet graver emergencies; but the movement of troops from distant

provinces of the Empire is costly, and a chronic quarrel with China would involve a large and permanent drain on the finances. If Kuldja is kept or reconquered, it must be defended against an obstinate enemy, who will not be deterred by defeat from attempts to retrieve his losses. For some time past the Russians have had no external adversaries to fear in Central Asia, with the exception of the nomad Turcomans. The Khanates have been effectually subdued, and the paramount Power can take care that the native rulers have no opportunity of organizing an army. The Chinese in the interior of their own territory are out of reach; and they will probably have no difficulty in supplying the losses which they may suffer in the war. The reinforcements which may be required on the Eastern frontier cannot safely be provided from the ordinary army of occupation. The restlessness which will ensue on the outbreak of a new war must be kept in check by the presence of sufficient forces at all the principal posts. The Turcomans, if they find themselves relieved from the danger of an invasion during the present summer, will not fail to make themselves troublesome. Were it not for the continuance of the Afghan war the neighbours and rivals of the Russians in Asia might look forward to the proverbial pleasure of watching from a place of rest the troubles of strangers; but in the present case there are reasons of self-interest as well as of philanthropy for deprecating a contest which is apparently imminent.

The chief danger to Russia will be that in a prolonged struggle the Chinese may learn to fight; and other European nations, including England, may have reason to watch with anxiety the progress of their military education. China has almost all the elements of power; but it has not yet mastered the modern art of war. A proud and ignorant dislike to imitation of foreign practices has alone prevented the organization of a formidable army. In the war of twenty years ago a comparatively insignificant French and English force occupied the capital and enforced the signature of the Treaty of Tientsin; yet the Chinese were animated with deadly hatred of the foreign invaders, and the vast population furnishes the material of an effective soldiery in inexhaustible abundance. The Chinese are for the most part robust, temperate, obedient, and extraordinarily exempt from fear of death. Even now a Chinese army, properly equipped with arms of precision, and led by European officers, would perhaps be more than a match for equal numbers of any other Asiatic nation. The French and English war lasted for so short a time that the lessons which it taught were imperfectly learned; for soon afterwards the weakness of the Empire was illustrated by the wide success of the Taeping rebellion. When the Imperial troops under an English officer of genius finally restored the authority of the Emperor, the Government probably believed that it had at last created an efficient army. In the contingency of a rupture with Russia, the Chinese troops will discover their own helplessness; and probably they may be induced to profit by their experience. If, after successive defeats, they renew the struggle year by year, each campaign will be more and more evenly contested. Colonel Gordon's sudden resolution to proceed to China will excite reasonable comment; but confidence may be placed in the sincerity of his intention to dissuade the Chinese Government, if possible, from war. It is to be regretted that he has left his subsequent intentions in doubt.

No policy could be more shortsighted than encouragement on the part of England of Chinese hostility to Russia. It is well known that all the Foreign Embassies at Pekin have urged the Government both to release the unfortunate dignitary who negotiated the Treaty of Livadia, and to come to terms with the Russian Government. There are many reasons for regarding a war with anxiety. The aggrandizement of Russia would not be altogether welcome; and, on the other hand, any successful resistance would confirm and increase the ordinary arrogance of the Chinese. If war occurs, the Russian Government will not content itself with the occupation of the disputed territory, or with the annexation of neighbouring provinces. A squadron is already preparing to threaten the coast; and the institution of blockades will offer great impediments to trade. The commerce of England with China, though it is hampered by vexatious restrictions, still exceeds in value the collective trade of all other nations. Russian cruisers would at least not facilitate the commercial intercourse of a rival, and, as in all similar cases, collisions would inevitably ensue. At the same time the Chinese would become more and more hostile to foreigners, who, in contradistinction to themselves, are all regarded in a certain sense as a single community. Their opinion is not altogether without foundation, for Europeans and Americans have a common interest in resisting the encroachments of Chinese functionaries. The little commonwealth of Shanghai, though it is nominally subject to China, has for the most part been harmoniously administered by a kind of Board representing all civilized nations. With the Kuldja question, even if it were fully understood, the English Government could have nothing to do. Its business is to profit by every opportunity to prevent a rupture or to shorten the war.

EGYPT.

A NEW Parliamentary Blue-book on the affairs of Egypt has just been published, containing the diplomatic history of Egypt from the end of June to the end of December of last year. In one sense its contents are now out of date, for it treats of the state of things when the new Viceroy began to reign, and this state of things has passed away; of negotiations regarding the Rothschild Loan, which long ago were brought to a conclusion; and of the measures taken to institute the Commission of Liquidation, which is now on the point of concluding its very useful labours. But in another sense there is much to be found in the volume which is of present, because of permanent, interest. Things in Egypt are very much improved, a better system of government having concurred with an exceptionally good harvest in lightening the burdens of the peasants. But a country like Egypt cannot be radically changed all at once, and the Blue-book throws a very instructive light on the condition of the peasantry less than a year ago. Egypt is still under a joint Protectorate, and the machinery of this Protectorate is now working smoothly; but difficulties may arise any day, and anything is useful which shows, as many of the documents in this Blue-book tend to show, what are the relations of the protecting Powers to the other great Powers. Lastly, there is a cluster of minor Powers who are each allowed to have something to do with Egypt, although it is difficult to say how much; and, in considering the present and future history of Egypt, any instance of the leaning of one of those little Powers to the great Powers on an Egyptian question, and of the attitude assumed towards a recalcitrant little Power, deserves notice. On one occasion referred to in the Blue-book, it was thought necessary to get the consent of Greece, and Greece amused itself with giving as much trouble as it dared to give, until at last it was told that it must not give any more trouble. What has happened in this instance may happen again, and so a Blue-book which tells the story of this incident cannot be said to be treating of a matter that has no further significance now that it is once over.

After the late Viceroy had made the *coup d'état* by which he attempted to set the protecting Powers at defiance, and to arrange with his creditors after his own fashion, great efforts were made to get in money. An appeal was even made to those who had paid all they owed to pay something more to help their beloved ruler out of his difficulties. Few, if any, responded, and it does not appear that voluntary loans or contributions were extorted. Nor would it seem that there was anything more than the continuance of a bad system. And, as has always been the case in Egypt, and in every country like Egypt, there were differences in the treatment and sufferings of the peasantry in different districts. One local governor was more rigorous than another, the crops were good in one district and bad in another, legal remedies were enforced with more or less harshness. One Consular agent reports that in his district the rich were favoured; another reports that, so far as he has had an opportunity of knowing, rich and poor were treated alike. Where the peasant was in debt to moneylenders and was asked to repay what he owed, and at the same time was called on suddenly to pay up his taxes, he was in extreme distress, and often had to sell his land. But the agents of the English Government were not agreed as to the effect which the intervention of the International Tribunals had had, one thinking that it had been a source of unmixed evil, inasmuch as far too great facilities had thus been given to the moneylender, and another reporting that the expense and delay of having re-

course to these Tribunals was too great for the money-lenders to bear, and that they had preferred to wait. When the peasants were obliged to borrow money, they had often to borrow it on most extravagant terms, 13 per cent. per month being by no means an unusual rate. But when the crops were good the peasants did not need to borrow, or found no difficulty in getting money at 6 per cent. No doubt peasants who did not, or would not, pay these taxes were bastinadoed; but we find from one report that rich and poor were alike in danger of the bastinado, and one Consular agent even went so far as to assert that he considered that those who were bastinadoed in his district had no one but themselves to reproach, for due notice was given of the instalments of taxes that were to be paid, and the taxpayers ought to have got their money or produce ready in time. All the reports agree on some points. All state that recruiting continued to be enforced in an unfair way. "Wherever they see a strong-"looking man they take him," as one agent briefly put it. But this abstraction of the strong caused no dearth of labour. Nor was it found that there was any forced labour worth special notice. On one occasion labourers were made to load a boat with produce belonging to the Government, and were imprisoned for refusing. But the very fact that so much attention was drawn to this instance may be taken to show that there was nothing like a system of forced labour. There was, however, a general agreement that in the distribution of the water provided for irrigation the rich, or those in authority, had a very unfair advantage, the Government engineer in some places taking the water as far as his lands or the lands of his friends, and then stopping, although all the labour of making the watercourses was provided by the peasants. It is scarcely necessary to add that everywhere peculation went on, and funds that ought to have come to the Government were stopped on the way. As the new Government got more settled things got a little better everywhere, and towards the end of the year a very stringent circular was addressed to the district authorities, pointing out that they would personally be held responsible if proper protection was not given to the peasants. Altogether the state of things in rural Egypt cannot be said to have been particularly bad. What is shown is the facility with which abuses of all kinds might revive if European supervision were withdrawn.

The story of the ROTHSCHILD Loan has been so often told that it is not necessary to refer to it now, further than to say that the documents now published show how anxious Austria was to make it understood that on every ordinary question due deference would be paid to the wishes of the protecting Powers. It was only because in this special case the issue seemed to be raised whether the decisions of the International Tribunals should be allowed to have effect, that Austria, on behalf of herself, Germany, and Italy, refused her consent to the proposals of France and England. A very different question was raised when, not Austria directly, but a leading Austrian official in Egypt, made a suggestion, communicated as deserving consideration by the Austrian Government to Lord SALISBURY. The suggestion was, that as the system of Controllers-General had not worked previously without friction, it should be improved by adding members to represent others of the leading Powers. Lord SALISBURY took his time to deal with this suggestion, as he did not conceive that any official notice of it was desired. But when Austria pressed for an expression of his views, he took the opportunity of recording with decision and clearness the relations which, in his opinion, the two protecting Powers held in regard to Egypt and to the other Great Powers of Europe. Lord SALISBURY could not admit that the English and French Controllers had failed to exercise a salutary influence over the Egyptian Government. If friction had arisen, the way to increase, not to diminish, this friction was to bring in new Controllers, and open a door to new jealousies, rivalries, and misunderstandings. He had sufficient warning from the history of the Commissions acting under the Treaty of Berlin to be on his guard against so prolific a source of discord and disappointment as a Control in which many Powers were represented. In the interest of Egypt, therefore, he had to decline any proposal for increasing the numbers of the Controllers. But he frankly added that this was not all. England and France had, he said, a preponderance of influence in Egypt by virtue of the gravity and importance of the interests, political and other, which they possess in that country. The proposal to increase the number of Controllers was in effect to propose that England and France should surrender this preponderance. This would, at any rate, be the interpretation put on such a change in Egypt itself, and it was therefore impossible for England to accede to a proposal which would prejudice the position she held in conjunction with France. It must, however, be understood that none of the Powers concerned ever addressed themselves to the discussion of Egyptian affairs without recognizing that England and France alone have political interests in Egypt. All allow that it is only through their commercial interests that the other Powers are entitled to discuss Egyptian questions.

As the decree confirming the security by which the ROTHSCHILD Loan was protected imposed a new law on the International Tribunals, and as Greece was one of the parties to the treaties by which these Tribunals were established, the assent of Greece to the decree had to be procured. For some weeks Greece kept all the Great Powers waiting for this assent. After the date of the inscription of the ROTHSCHILD mortgage several creditors had registered judgments on the mortgaged lands; and among these creditors were some Greek subjects. The Greek Government thought that these Greek creditors would be prejudiced by its acceptance of the decree. It asserted that it could itself be sued for any damages thus caused; and, further, that the sanction of the Greek Chamber was necessary to any act by which the interests of any Greek subject could be considered to be imperilled. As these creditors would be liable to be treated as any other holders of the Floating Debt when the Commission of Liquidation proceeded to settle all outstanding questions of Egyptian finance, and as Greece would not be represented on the Commission, the Greek Government feared, or affected to fear, that Greek claimants would ultimately be treated worse than French claimants. It might have been regarded as somewhat offensive to France that such a supposition should have been gravely put forward. But so anxious were the Great Powers to finish a troublesome matter that not only France, but the other Powers, gave a solemn assurance to Greece that the anticipated injustice should not be done. Even this was not enough. The Greek Government still hesitated. Solemn protests against the conduct of the Greek Government were made, and the Austrian Minister was instructed to represent how unwise it would be for Greece at that moment to run counter to the wishes of England and France, and to dwell on the political considerations that ought to make the KING's Government pause before it assumed an obstructive policy in a matter on which the two Western Powers were intent. Ultimately this very significant warning had its effect, and the Greek Government yielded. But it took care to record that it yielded for political reasons only. It adroitly managed to establish some sort of claim on the good offices of the Western Powers against the day when its own affairs were to be debated in the councils of Europe. That Greece should have been able to give so much trouble, and that such powerful machinery should have been called into play in order to overcome the difficulty, cannot fail to raise some apprehensions as to the embarrassments which the protecting Powers may have hereafter to encounter in their conduct of the affairs of Egypt.

LOCAL OPTION.

THE effects of the late election and of the agitation which determined its result find a striking illustration in the majority which approved of Local Option. In the earlier Sessions of the last Parliament the House of Commons was still profoundly impressed by the influence which the publicans had exercised in the election of 1874. The Permissive Bill was again and again contumeliously rejected; and it was not until last year, when the Opposition was bent on seeking allies in every quarter, that Mr. FORSTER and some other leading members of the Liberal party professed their acquiescence in Sir WILFRID LAWSON's opinions. He had furnished them with a superficial excuse for conversion by changing the title of his scheme from a Permissive Bill, which meant the control of the sale of liquors by majorities in every parish or district, to Local Option, which means exactly the same. When Mr. GLADSTONE was bidding high in Midlothian for the support of every petty sect and faction, he professed to under-

stand by local option that the ratepayers should, by their representatives or otherwise, have a voice in the issue of licences. Such a system would be vicious in principle and pernicious in practice, but it has nothing to do with Sir WILFRID LAWSON's scheme of local option. The justices, who are far more competent to discharge the duties belonging to a licensing authority than an elected body, are charged with the duty of considering applications for licences on the understanding that every neighbourhood shall be provided with convenient accommodation. Sir WILFRID LAWSON candidly admits that he proposes to give the ratepayers a power of absolutely refusing licences. In this way the temperate and respectable portion of the community is to be unnecessarily exposed to interference with its habits and comforts for the supposed benefit of drunkards and for the gratification of fanatics. The House of Commons, in passing the Resolution, has openly proclaimed its own narrowness and incompetence, if indeed it is not rather liable to the charge of insincerity.

Modern democracy tends more and more in this country, as in Germany, to cultivate equality, which consists in the sovereignty of the greatest number, rather than the liberty which has hitherto been the main political characteristic of England. The doctrines of political economy, while the science was in fashion, coincided with the old national tradition, inasmuch as they involved the assumption that every man was the best judge of his own interests and business. The philanthropic and dictatorial spirit which has since prevailed is as officious and meddling as the bigotry of a religious sect in the seventeenth century. The sourest Scotch elder who ever denounced whistling on Sunday had as good a right as Sir WILFRID LAWSON or the House of Commons to dictate to his neighbours. It is perhaps not surprising that the same Assembly should approve of the Hares and Rabbits Bill and of Sir WILFRID LAWSON's Local Option. In one case the two parties who are exclusively interested in a certain subject-matter are prohibited from making a binding contract; and the personal conduct and habits of every man are by local option placed under the control of others. The extreme advocates of abstinence are more consistent, and, so far, more excusable, than the numerous supporters whom they have contrived to enlist on their side. A belief, however baseless, in the bad moral and physical effects of fermented and distilled liquors is on a level with the convictions which have always suggested religious persecutions. Sir WILFRID LAWSON's partisans wish to do good to others without consulting their wishes, as the Spanish Inquisition burnt heretics partly for their own spiritual benefit, and principally for the protection of the general orthodoxy. The greater number of those who voted a week ago for local option had not even the questionable merit of sincerity. Few of them have considered the inevitable results of the Permissive Bill, if it were passed into law. In some districts the population would be deprived for a time of its ordinary comforts, with the probable result of an early and violent reaction. In other places the trade in beer and spirits would flourish as at present, except that licensed victuallers would seek to protect their insecure position by taking every opportunity of increasing their precarious profits. In districts of either class there would be perpetual agitation, and the mischief would generally be aggravated by the alliance of the supporters and opponents of freedom with one or the other political party.

Mr. GLADSTONE avoided the expression of a decided opinion by professing his unwillingness to vote for an abstract resolution. No blame attaches to a Minister who alleges a formal reason for conduct which he may not deem it expedient to defend on the grounds which really determine his action. It is unfortunate that Mr. GLADSTONE was not equally cautious when he wooed the popular breeze in Midlothian. The declaration which he then made in favour of local option commits him to an erroneous theory. It would seem that, notwithstanding his penal legislation in the Budget, he is now desirous to conciliate the publicans by assuring them that they are to receive compensation for any sacrifice which may be imposed upon them for the public good. It would certainly be unjust to destroy the property of licensed victuallers, but their interests are not exclusively or chiefly affected by local option. Their customers, who are threatened with compulsory asceticism, and who cannot be compensated, are at least as much entitled to consideration. Unless Mr. GLADSTONE is prepared to allow the prohibition of the sale of beer, wine, and spirits, he ought not to be neutral on the subject of local option. If the temperance agitators are successful, they will undoubtedly proceed to encroach still further on personal liberty. Clubs, though they offer no temptation to working-men, will be compelled to submit to the restrictions which may have been imposed on public-houses. All the world will be deprived of a pleasure and convenience at the dictation of those who fancy that they require protection against their own tendency to excess. It is strange that members of a Government which proposes to raise a revenue of eight millions on beer alone should encourage a scheme which is intended to prevent the consumption of the article altogether. The deference which some candidates showed to the publicans at the election has been justly censured; but affected subservience to the fanatical party is at least equally blamable. The vote of last week will cause great embarrassment to the Government, which has indeed pledged itself to future legislation, apparently in the same direction. If it is merely intended that the justices shall be superseded by some elected body, licences will in some places be arbitrarily refused, and elsewhere they will become a subject of the most unscrupulous jobs. Perhaps the simple machinery of the Permissive Bill will be substituted for a transfer of the licensing authority. If the publicans whose business may be suppressed are to receive compensation, it may be presumed that the process will not be repeated. Those who afterwards engage in the business, if the prohibition is rescinded, will not be entitled to compensation, and probably they will be less respectable than the present body of licensed victuallers.

At a Liberal meeting at Scarborough, Sir HARCOURT JOHNSTONE, who shares the opinions of Sir WILFRID LAWSON, naturally referred to the vote in favour of local option as a proof of the great superiority of the present House of Commons to the last. To those who are not devoted to special theories and fancies, the triumph of the temperance agitators indicates a general unsoundness of principle. Wise legislators are not hasty to accomplish even an undisputed improvement if it is inconsistent with fundamental rules of policy. A diminished waste of turnips, or even of grain, is dearly purchased at the expense of a violation of the right of freedom of contract. The rhetorical phrase in which the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH once preferred liberty to sobriety expressed a sound doctrine. As one of the speakers in the late debate observed, the little sect of vegetarians might as reasonably demand that the consumption of butcher's meat should be allowed or prohibited by a popular vote. It is certain that, if they could emulate Sir WILFRID LAWSON in the number of their adherents, they would not be less eager to restrain the freedom of their neighbours. No virtue is rarer than tolerance or full respect for the rights of others. General dictation and interference are only restrained by conscious inability to enforce uniform opinion and conduct. Until lately English legislation abstained habitually from intrusion into the sphere of private discretion. Some exceptions from the general rule of abstention which were found to be necessary are now used, as in Sir W. HARCOURT's irritating speech on the Hares and Rabbits Bill, as precedents for further intervention. The vote for local option will form a remarkable addition to the list; but, while the present majority retains power, instances of the kind will become more common than exceptions. Landowners and many other classes are beginning to find that Parliament is prepared to regulate their affairs at its pleasure.

THE AMNESTY AND M. GAMBETTA.

THE resolution of the French Government to propose a plenary amnesty is remarkable for the circumstances under which it was taken, and for the manner in which it has been carried out. It was perfectly understood that an amnesty would be granted by and by. In the February of this year M. DE FREYCINET had for the first time spoken of such a measure as dependent upon the course of events, and he had further explained that by the course of events he meant the conduct of the Extreme Left. We pointed out at the time that a delay which was to come to an end so soon as the Extreme Left had shown themselves to be good children was not likely to be a long one. M. DE FREYCINET would not wish to have to admit that any section of the Republican party had proved hopelessly intractable, and he would consequently be careful not to make the trial of their patience too severe. A mother who distrusts at once her child's temper and her own firmness will be anxious to

make the period of probation as short as possible. Nor, when once the intention to grant an amnesty eventually had been acknowledged, was there any obvious motive for postponing it. The position of preceding Ministries on the question had been quite different from that taken up by M. DE FREYCINET. They had maintained that the acts of the Communist leaders had been different in kind from those of ordinary insurgents. Political crimes are severely punished when severe punishment is demanded by political needs. When the need is over, there is, according to modern ideas, no object in going on with the punishment. But the burning of Paris and the slaughter of the hostages were not in the first instance regarded as political crimes. They were treated as arson and murder, and as arson and murder of a peculiarly bad type. So long as this view of the Commune was generally accepted it was plainly impossible to concede an amnesty, and when the Government ceased to speak of an amnesty as impossible, it was naturally and logically assumed that they had ceased to give the Commune an exceptional rank among insurrections.

Still there was nothing in M. DE FREYCINET's speech last February to show that he contemplated making the concession before Midsummer, or that, when proposed, it would be hurried through the Chamber with such extraordinary speed. These elements in the transaction may fairly be attributed to the influence of a greater than M. DE FREYCINET. What is it that has made it necessary that the subordination of the PRIME MINISTER to the PRESIDENT of the CHAMBER of DEPUTIES should be revealed so suddenly and completely? It has long been believed that M. GAMBETTA has in M. DE FREYCINET a friend who does not despise the function of warming-pan, or who at all events is willing to discharge it, even if he does despise it. Consequently, if M. GAMBETTA had made up his mind that it was time to grant a plenary amnesty, all seemingly that he had to do was to convey his opinion to M. DE FREYCINET, and leave the PRIME MINISTER to determine the best method of carrying out his chief's instructions. As it was, the supremacy of M. GAMBETTA over the Cabinet has been shown with a plainness which would be offensive if it had been employed without good cause. All France is called upon to observe that the amnesty would not now have been conceded had it not been for M. GAMBETTA. The question is raised, it is discussed in a Cabinet Council, it is decided adversely to the proposal. It cannot be supposed that Ministers would have gone to work in this rash way unless they had ascertained either that M. GAMBETTA did not wish the amnesty to be proclaimed immediately, or that he wished it to be more directly associated with himself than it would be if it were brought forward as the unprompted decision of the Cabinet. The determination not to propose an amnesty must apparently have been taken for the express purpose of being overruled in a quarter where will and power are more nearly one than they are in M. DE FREYCINET's Ministry. At all events, as soon as the determination had been taken, the machinery which was to reverse it was at once set in motion. M. GAMBETTA was not content with bringing his influence to bear on the Government; that, as has been said, he might have done in private with quite sufficient effect if the amnesty itself had been his only object. But he wanted, to all appearance, that his share in the business should be notorious to all the world. It was not enough that he should remain a sleeping, though influential, partner; he wished on this occasion to be seen and known as the acting partner.

If it were possible for him to assume this character merely for a moment and then lay it completely aside, the affair would have much less interest and much less importance than it now has. It is easy to imagine reasons why M. GAMBETTA should wish to have his name associated with a plenary amnesty, and why he should think that there is no time to be lost in so associating it. M. GAMBETTA's ascendency over the Left is no longer unchallenged. A newer stratum has come to the surface which prefers M. CLÉMENCEAU, and if M. GAMBETTA is to retain his title to leadership, he must do something to justify it. The amnesty question had some obvious recommendations for this purpose. It is for the moment the popular cry in Paris, and the politician who identifies himself with it may look for at least a passing popularity in a constituency which M. GAMBETTA must find it daily harder to keep in hand. At the same time, no one has lately supposed that it could be staved off for ever, so that when once the discussion of it is over, even moderate Republicans may feel grateful to M. GAMBETTA for getting the question out of the way. But the manner in which it has been got out of the way is likely to land M. GAMBETTA in new difficulties not less serious than those which he has surmounted. If he had no enemies, it might matter little that he has just shown that the Ministers are nothing more than his puppets, and that whenever he wants to act without them, he has only to call a meeting of the Left, or to make a speech in the Chamber, to see his wishes as carefully carried out as though he were an absolute sovereign. As it is, the spectacle is one which is excellently suited to stimulate the ambition of those deputies who think themselves equal to M. GAMBETTA in everything but the actual possession of power. It is useless for them to deny his supremacy, since the fact that the Cabinet and the Chamber have rivalled one another in the rapidity with which they have accepted the amnesty the moment that they were sure that he wished them to accept it is conclusive evidence that he is supreme. Yet the position he occupies is so unusual that they may fairly hope to make it impossible for him long to hold it. To say that the man who possesses the substance of power should possess the form is not to proclaim yourself the enemy of M. GAMBETTA; it is only to espouse the better opinion in a grave constitutional controversy. The French Constitution knows of a President of the Republic, and of Ministers appointed by him, who are responsible to the Chambers for their policy. It knows nothing of a man who is neither President nor Minister, and yet enjoys a degree of authority greater than that of President and Minister put together. With two offices virtually awaiting his acceptance—for, if M. GAMBETTA chose to be either President or Minister, there is no question as to his ability to get rid of the present occupant of either post—there is much reason in the contention that he ought either to make up his mind which to take, or to cease to discharge informally the functions of both. If he were President of the Republic, he could have Ministers forced upon him. If he were Prime Minister, he could be turned out of office by a hostile vote. In his present position he is free from both dangers, and, by consequence, it is perfectly natural that those who secretly wish to see him discredited and dismissed should be eager to force on him the greatness which they hope would prove so fatal a possession. The course which M. GAMBETTA has taken on the amnesty question will very much strengthen the hands of those who know that he must rise higher yet before they can hope to drag him down. A President of the Chamber who is at once the master and the servant of those whose deliberations he guides—a dictator who wears no recognized ensign of power and can shelter himself behind the neutral character of his functions whenever it pleases him —is a personage whom it is not difficult to attack with a fair prospect of success. France has long looked forward to the eventual assumption by M. GAMBETTA of the chief place in the State, and it may not be difficult to convince her that the time when this desire should be gratified has at length arrived. There can be no question that M. GAMBETTA realizes this as clearly as any of his adversaries, and it can hardly be long before we shall be able to judge whether he thinks himself strong enough to resist the pressure or is convinced that the time has come for yielding to it.

PERMISSIVE VACCINATION.

THERE is every reason—it would be more logical, perhaps, to say that there has until now been every reason—to suppose that HER MAJESTY's Government are anxious that the spread of small-pox and of contempt of the law should alike be discouraged. If this theory of their wishes is to be retained, as we are sincerely desirous it should be, it becomes exceedingly difficult to account for a Bill which has recently been introduced to modify the laws relating to vaccination. That these laws need modification is possible. They are not infrequently disobeyed from carelessness; they are occasionally openly defied. As neither of these modes of treating a statute deserves any encouragement, any proposal on the part of the Government to make the observance of the law more general would have a good claim to the consideration of Parliament. HER MAJESTY's Ministers have apparently got as far as the recognition that some change

is wanted in the Vaccination Acts; but, having reached this point, they have unfortunately persuaded themselves that any change in them will be an improvement. At least, if they have not persuaded themselves of this, it is impossible to explain the contents of their Bill. The object which the legislator ought to keep in view is the enforcement of vaccination upon the wrong-headed minority which is determined, so far as in it lies, to make every Englishman's house his own small-pox hospital. It is not to be denied that there are difficulties in the way of doing this. During the prevalence of a small-pox epidemic it might be easy, if only the epidemic were universal enough, to obtain fresh legislation of the most stringent kind. To a great extent, however, vaccination is its own worst enemy. It has made small-pox so rare by comparison with what it once was that people are no longer keenly persuaded of its absolute necessity. If the Anti-Vaccinators could have their way, and every third person met in the street was once more marked by small-pox, to pass a highly satisfactory Vaccination Act would be the simplest thing in the world. The only danger would then be that Parliament, in an excess of fear, might make the penalties for omitting to have a child vaccinated too severe for magistrates to care to inflict them. As it is, nobody seems much to care whether small-pox is increasing or diminishing. But, if it is useless to appeal to people's fears, it may not—at least it ought not to—be useless to appeal to their sense that the law should not be brought into ridicule. That the operation of the new Vaccination Bill must tend directly to bring the law into ridicule seems to be clear. The conversion of a positive command into a command which may be evaded by the simple process of taking out a licence for disobedience puts the legislator into this dilemma: Either he thinks the command important, and then he has no business to treat it as a matter to be compromised by a money payment; or he thinks it unimportant, and then he has no right to punish people for disobeying it. At present the law orders every parent to have his child vaccinated, and in the event of his omitting to do it punishes him by a fine. If Mr. Dodson's Bill passes, the law will still order every parent to have his child vaccinated; but at the same time it will intimate to him in a sort of aside —unless you would prefer paying a pound to be let off. Indeed, in districts where the feeling against vaccination happens to have infected the magistracy, a man may be let off for much less than a pound. There is an alternative provision in the Bill that no proceedings shall be taken against any person for breaking the law if the offender has already been fined twice. Two penalties, therefore, however small — say a shilling each—will enable a man to snap his fingers at every sanitary authority, and to secure for his children the sacred privilege of catching small-pox whenever there is small-pox to be caught.

The only possible explanation of this measure is one which traces it to an exaggerated dread of being illogical. Its defenders will probably maintain that, to be consistent, the law ought to go a great deal further than it does. If the end to be attained is the vaccination of every child, to set about attaining it by punishing those who refuse to have their children vaccinated is to prefer a highly roundabout process to a direct one. Why not leave the parent alone, and order the policeman to take the child to the vaccinator? The answer of course is that to do this would be to render the working of the law so unpopular that it might in the end defeat its purpose. A process is efficacious in proportion as it effects the object for which it is resorted to, not in proportion as it seems calculated to effect it. It would be of very little use to give the police authority to look at every baby's arm, and, if the vaccination marks were not forthcoming, to take the child off to the doctor, if the police perfectly understood that they would get no praise for using their authority, and no blame for omitting to use it. The law might be perfectly consistent, but if at the same time it were perfectly unworkable, the consistency would not make obedience to it at all more general. Well, then, the Government must be supposed to say, since you admit that you are not prepared to vaccinate children by force, what is the good of going on multiplying fines? You get no nearer the vaccination of the child, while you make the law more and more disliked. Neither of these imaginary objections seems borne out by facts. It is true, no doubt, that, in the case of a few obstinate fanatics, the law is no more likely to be obeyed by them when they have been fined twenty times than when they have been fined once. But these are exceptional instances of obstinacy. Probably a large proportion of those who have an objection to vaccination do not feel that objection so strongly as to make them submit to any serious inconvenience rather than forego it. Now to be fined once is not a serious inconvenience. It is hardly more than going to the Post Office to pay the dog tax or the carriage duty. When, however, this fine has to be paid in uncertain amounts, and with uncertain frequency, the constancy of the anti-vaccination fanatic is much more severely tried. No one very much minds being once summoned by a cabman; but, if the chance of a summons had to be incurred every time that a cab was hired, a great deal more walking exercise would be taken. The last thing that the law should do is to encourage those whose obedience it demands to gauge accurately its power of enforcing obedience. A little obscurity is here a decided advantage. The man who knows that, in refusing to have his child vaccinated, he is entering upon a conflict of which the duration and severity are alike uncertain will be very much less likely to venture upon such a refusal than the man who knows that the worst that can happen to him is to have to pay a pound for the pleasure of indulging his whim. In the former case the law does not announce beforehand that it does not mind being disobeyed, and if, as a matter of fact, some very obstinate anti-vaccinator succeeds in wearying the authorities into taking no further proceedings against him, it is the authorities, not the law, that is in fault. Mr. Dodson proposes to make the law proclaim its carelessness about being obeyed in the very same breath in which it issues the command. It would give every recalcitrant parent his choice whether to take his child to the vaccinator or to pay for permission to keep it at home. When that permission could be got for a single payment of a sovereign, it would become a point of honour with every objector to show that he held his opinion to be worth more than 20s. What amount of respect could a law hope to obtain, or feel to deserve, which carried its own impotence thus writ large on its forehead? Just as much, and no more, as the legislators who have made themselves responsible for so wanton a proposal.

WHAT IS ELEMENTARY EDUCATION?

We are not fond of Select Committees. They are often ingenious devices for telling people what they knew before, or for helping them to postpone doing what they very well know that they ought to do. It is to be wished, however, that the victory which Lord Norton won in the House of Lords on Friday had been directed to inquiry into the proper frontier line between elementary and secondary education rather than to the immediate excision of the Fourth Schedule from the Code. We do not mean of course that the Code itself, or any part of it, should be referred to a Select Committee. It is the business of the Education Department to carry out the intentions of Parliament as regards the grants made to schools, and there is not the slightest reason to believe that in this respect the Department has not done its duty. What is now wanted is a clear manifestation of the intentions of Parliament upon a point which has never yet been properly raised. The debate in the Lords has shown that a great deal of misapprehension exists as to the object of Lord Norton's effort. His motion has been represented as a mere expression of a reactionary desire to make elementary education as nearly worthless as is decently possible; and when it is objected that the Bishop of Exeter is hardly the man to take a foremost part in an agitation of this kind, it is answered that the Bishop of Exeter has been led away by his peculiar views about what ought to be included in elementary education. Consequently the result of Friday's division will probably be that the question will be re-argued with a different result in the Commons, and that on the strength of this the Government will meet the address from the Lords with a polite refusal.

If, however, the two questions just mentioned were thrashed out by a really strong Committee, it would be impossible to deal with it in this way. The chatterers about live knowledge would fare but ill under cross-examination by the Bishop of Exeter, and

Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD's evidence would make it hard to assert any longer that opposition to the Fourth Schedule is opposition to elementary education. It is plain that the end aimed at by Lord NORTON will not be achieved without a good deal more exertion than is involved in a two hours' debate before dinner, and unless some real step towards it is made in a very short time, it will probably not be achieved at all. If Parliament, said the Bishop of EXETER, does not interfere now, interference will soon become impossible. The vested interests of various kinds which have grown up round the present system of elementary education are so many and so powerful that it is yearly becoming more difficult to attack them. The last School Board elections made it pretty evident that no effectual aid is to be expected from the ratepayers. Naturally enough, a ratepayer whose child is receiving a largely gratuitous education is more interested in maintaining this kind of expenditure than half a dozen ratepayers who have no children in this position are in reducing it. Those who are actually engaged in elementary education, whether as managers or teachers, are naturally disposed to magnify their office, and to make the instruction given in their schools more interesting to themselves, if not to the children. Nor, even if it were possible to effect a reconstruction of the Education Code by the aid of educational economists, would it be altogether desirable to do so. Undoubtedly the question of expense has a fair claim to consideration; but the attack upon the present Code ought not to be conducted entirely, or even mainly, upon that ground. If it is so conducted, confusion is sure to arise between the expenses attendant upon a really elementary education and the expenses attendant upon an education which professes to be elementary and is not. A crusade in favour of economy pure and simple would be as likely to cut down the former outlay as the latter. It is important to keep before the public that the fatal objection to the present Code is, not that it spends too much money on elementary education, but that it spends too much money on secondary education given at the wrong time in the wrong place and to the wrong children, and that in consequence of this expenditure elementary education really suffers. If Parliament is of opinion that the extension of State aid to secondary education is desirable, we have no wish to oppose it. The taxpayers have a right to spend their money in the ways which please them best, and undoubtedly there are many ways in which their money is now spent which confer less benefit on the community than would be conferred by a good system of secondary education. What we object to is the introduction of an imperfect and practically useless smattering of secondary education into elementary schools. It is no answer to Mr. ARNOLD's question, Why do School Boards press specific subjects into elementary schools? to say that, if they are not taught in elementary schools, they will be taught nowhere. They might as well be taught nowhere as taught in elementary schools, because they cannot be taught properly there. To teach them improperly is at best simply useless, while, in so far as it prevents their being taught where they might be taught properly, it is actively mischievous.

It is convenient, of course, for the opponents of Lord NORTON's motion to assume that the excision of the Fourth Schedule would condemn the children in elementary schools to a dreary routine of reading, writing, and arithmetic. Those who make this complaint show that they have not read the Code which they essay to defend. If the Fourth Schedule were struck out, and not a word said about "translation of conversa-"tional sentences" into French or German, with "tolerable correctness of pronunciation," or even about the parallelograms of velocities and forces, the 19th article, C. 1, would remain. We will quote this paragraph in full, for the benefit of those who have not time to master the facts of what they talk or write about. Managers, it says, may claim "the sum of 2s. (*or* 4s.) per "scholar, according to the average number of children, "above 7 years of age, in attendance throughout the year "(Article 26), if *the classes* from which the children are "examined above Standard I. pass a creditable examina-"tion in any one (*or two*) of such definite subjects of in-"struction as are shown by the time-table to have been "taught throughout the year *through reading lessons*, illus-"trated, if necessary, by maps, diagrams, specimens, &c., "and according to a graduated scheme which the Inspector "reports to be well adapted to the capacity of the children." Thus, if Lord NORTON had done his worst, and the Fourth Schedule had disappeared into the limbo of abortive educational projects, money would still be paid for proficiency in "geography, natural history, physical geography, natural "philosophy, history, social economy, &c.," provided that whole classes, and not merely individual children, passed a creditable examination, and that these subjects had been taught throughout the year through reading lessons. Thus the Code, with the Fourth Schedule left out, would contain a reasonable scheme for teaching the children such elements of knowledge as can be conveyed through their reading lessons, and thus preventing their reading from becoming a mere routine. All that the Fourth Schedule does over and above the clause which has just been quoted is to provide for the further teaching of individual children in subjects "which have *not* been taken during the year "as class subjects." In other words, it goes beyond the point at which the elementary knowledge of definite subjects can be conveyed as a part of elementary instruction—that is, through the processes by which, and to the children to whom, elementary instruction is ordinarily imparted, and singles out particular children for subjection to particular teaching distinct from that given to the school generally. If this is elementary education the phrase has ceased to be used in its obvious meaning. It will be unfortunate if our educational legislation should need to be accompanied by a lexicon of words employed in an unusual sense.

DEGENERATION.

PERHAPS the last trace of the belief in a Golden Age is to be found in the theory that all savages have fallen from a higher civilization—in other words, have degenerated. It is not easy to understand the comfort which this doctrine has given to many excellent people. Why should we rejoice in man's great alacrity in sinking? The other, and now more successful hypothesis, that most savages are people who have painfully climbed the earliest steps in the ladder of progress, seems really more genial and more optimistic. If we let the natives of the Admiralty Islands alone for a few thousand years, perhaps they may evolve the idea of "making them breeches to wear," like Bryan O'Lynn. And this seems a more cheerful hypothesis than that of persons who hold that the ancestors of the Admiralty Islanders were once quite well dressed, and that they gradually threw away all raiment but the decorative shells in which they now go bravely. But it clearly will not do to deny the existence of degeneration as a fact in human history. The British pauper, the British criminal, is often a creature much more truly mindless, much feebler of will, much less ingenious than the naked savage. Yet the pauper or the criminal may be the descendant of the Plantagenets. In the same way the modern Egyptians are inferior perhaps to the fellahs of the Ptolemys, and the modern Greek does not come up to "the ancient Spartan ticket." No one can deny that the imperial race of Rome degenerated, and if the ferocious Mayas of Central America are the descendants of the builders of Uxmal and Palenque, they too have fallen off sadly from their early glories.

The whole subject of degeneration has lately been dealt with by Mr. Ray Lankester in a little volume which we hope shortly to notice more particularly. It may be worth while to apply his theories to apparent cases of degeneration in man. Mr. Lankester, as a true Darwinian, begins at the beginning, with rudimentary sea-beasts and such small deer. There are, he says, certain animals which show a local or limited degeneration. The common lizard (*Lacerta*) has five toes, the Bipes has only a pair of stumps. The Bipes reminds us of the pobble in Mr. Lear's poem:—

> The Pobble, who has no toes,
> Had once as many as we;
> When they said to him he might lose them all,
> He replied, "Fish, fiddle-de-dee."

Suppose this local degeneration to extend to all the important organs, so that not only the toes, but the mouth and digestive organs, were obliterated, and we have an instance of pretty thorough degeneration. In degeneration, then, "the organism becomes adapted to less varied and less complex conditions of life." The Ascidian's life, for example, is far from being either varied or complex. No animal is less inclined, or indeed less able to "burn," as Mr. Pater says, "with a hard gem-like flame." No creature is more "sessile or immobile," none fails more absolutely to "maintain an ecstasy" or to cultivate high passions. The Ascidian is a tough mass, like a leather bottle with two openings, and sea-water continually goes in at one opening and out at the other. That is all the life of the Ascidian. Now Mr. Lankester holds that the Ascidian is an awful example of degeneration. The creature has known better times. This is proved by the fact that young Ascidians, in the tadpole stage, are comparatively lively and complex. At a certain period the festive tadpole fixes his head to a rock, his eye disappears, and his outer skin grows hard and leather-like. As is the race of Ascidians, so is that of man. In

youth we are lively and complex. We have hearts, sentiments, desires; we try many things. Then, like the Ascidian tadpole, we fix our heads to a rock—that is, take to a profession, or go into Parliament, or otherwise form fixed habits. We lose our eyes, like the Ascidian tadpole, our eyes for the beauty of the world; we live in towns; our hearts cease to exist; the young poet within us expires; we cease to be sensitive; our "outer skin grows hard and leather-like." Thus a scientific observer of a higher species than ours would justly conclude that a middle-aged City man or barrister is really a degenerate, not an elaborated, being. Our youth proves that we were meant for higher things, and that money-making is not really the end and aim of human existence.

Animals degenerate when their ancestors have taken to immobile or to parasitic habits of life. Among men the agricultural labourer represents the animal whose ancestors have taken to immobile habits of life. They have scratched the same acres since the English Conquest. Thus the agricultural labourer is so degenerate from the common English standard that the County Franchise Bill is still a matter of debate. For examples of human parasites we may choose paupers and critics. That paupers breed still lower paupers is an acknowledged fact. That a purely critical or parasitical literature degenerates into drivel and superstition is a truth scarcely less generally admitted. But there are other ways of degenerating. Life may be made too easy and simple, and thus men decay. Let us imagine, with Mr. Lankester, a race of animals fitted and accustomed to catch their food, and possessed of a variety of organs to help them in the task. Then let these animals acquire a taste for carbonic acid, dissolved in the water around them. The animals will give themselves up to the facile enjoyment of carbonic acid. "They would cease to hunt their food, and would bask in the sunlight, taking food in by the surface, as plants do by their leaves." Certain small worms seem to live in this manner, which, to overworked men, seems not without its merits. The stomachs of these happy reptiles have almost disappeared, because they are no longer wanted. It is not difficult to find human parallels to the worm. Races who live in a kind of "ready-made land," near the Tropics, are commonly degenerate. The indignant Englishman bids the emancipated negro toil, but the black man does not see the necessity. He lolls in the sun and sucks sugar-cane. His active powers diminish, but he is not unhappy. In Brazil, says the traveller, the nigger's life is too easy. He goes out and plucks a melon; he scoops out the inside and eats it; he puts one-half of the shell on his head, and sits down on the other half, and is satisfied. Men who find life so easy take it easily. They neither toil nor spin, nor read nor write; and if tobacco is a produce of the soil, they degenerate into mere smoking vegetables. A European example is the degeneration of the Irish, as a consequence of the introduction of the potato. But this topic has furnished an undying illustration for the use of political economists. Perhaps the degeneration of the Roman people may be traced to the ease with which bread was obtained from the granaries of Egypt and the public charity under the Empire. When the demagogue in Aristophanes offered the spoils of the Athenian Empire to all the citizens, he was preparing a similar degeneration.

Mr. Lankester thinks that degeneration may partly explain the condition of "the most barbarous races, such as the Fuegians, the Bushmen, and even the Australians. They exhibit evidence of being descended from ancestors more cultivated than themselves." This is a statement which is frequently made, though we do not precisely know where the evidence to which he refers can be found. But, granting that he is right, we scarcely see how the processes of degeneration already explained came into action, for example, among the Fuegians. It is rather the hardness than the opulent ease of their existence that strikes the observer. Probably no race ever willingly settled in such a land of starvation, of fire and frost, as that which they inherit. To get shellfish enough for each day's meal seems a sufficiently difficult task. It may be the changelessness of their mode of lingering on the earth's surface that has stinted their growth in body and mind. But surely poverty and hardness of life alone will make men degenerate as readily as will indolent ease. The life of the Australian black fellow can only make him degenerate by causing him to cultivate the animal to the prejudice of the human faculties. The continent of Australia lacks the plants and animals necessary to civilization. There are neither cereals nor beasts of burden. If the Australians are really degenerate, it must be because they came from some other land where their ancestors had advantages in the way of food and of domesticated animals. You cannot train the kangaroo to draw carts; and the opossum, the wombat, the bandicoot ("that wildly sympathetic brute," as the poet calls it), the native cat, and the native bat are equally useless for the purposes of domestication. The clover-fern, too, is a poor substitute for wheat, and the yam is about as nutritious as the radish. Gums, raspberries, and wild cherries do not supply what Homer calls the "marrow of men," and thus the bareness and meagreness of their resources constrained the Australians to a wandering hunting life. Considering the nature of that life, perhaps they are rather to be reckoned as advanced and progressive than degenerate. Indeed Mr. Alfred Wallace, in a recent article in *Nature*, seems to look on the hard careful life as a cause, not of degeneration, but of improvement. He draws the moral that "labour and effort, struggle, and difficulty, discomfort and pain," are the necessary conditions of all progress, whether physical or mental. "The lower the organism, the more need there is of these ever-present stimuli, not only to effect progress, but to avoid retrogression."

Plato solved the problem of degeneration in a manner very unlike that which science suggests. Starting from perfection, he imagined that in all human affairs a fatal element of imperfection must manifest itself. "Fertility and sterility of soul and body occur when certain circles are completed. But to the knowledge of these things in men all the wisdom and education of your rulers will not attain; the laws which regulate them will not be discovered by an intelligence which is alloyed with sense." There is a necessity, a fatality, in the process of degeneration, which mortal wisdom can neither detect nor retard. And, so far, Plato's wisdom is wisdom still. It is only in the past, and when we deal with evils beyond remedy, with races sunk hopelessly from their ancient vigour, that we can explain the slow process of degeneration.

Our own times are too near us to be studied in a correct perspective. The forces at work are too many, too subtle, and too powerful to be diverted from their scope. We advance or decline insensibly, and neither the Darwinian nor the statesman can avert or hasten the inevitable end. Probably we must be content with the optimism of Mr. Wallace, who sees in evil "the essential condition of progress . . . which will only cease when the mind has become so thoroughly healthy, so well balanced, and so highly organized that the happiness derived from mental activity, moral harmony, and the social affections will itself be a sufficient stimulus to higher progress and to the attainment of a more perfect life." But it is certain that degeneration will take its turn in weaving the web of history till we are all what Mr. Wallace hopes we may be, after which will follow the coming of the Coquecigrues. Till that happy hour too much ease and too much hardness of life, failure and prosperity, will work towards national degeneration. But for individuals it is a safe rule to avoid the example of the Ascidian, and not to fix the head to the rock of habit.

POLITICAL HIGH-COCKALORUM.

KING CHARLES II., on the authority of Sir Walter Scott, is reported to have said that half the things he saw in this world reminded him of the tales of Mother Goose; and it is certain that to the philosopher the sports and legends of his youth constantly supply parallels to the experience of his riper age. The sufferings of Her Majesty's Government have recently reminded us of a quaintly named pastime which used to be—perhaps which is—a favourite one with the youth of England. A board having been set at an inclined plane, you pushed with a miniature cue a glass marble up a sort of alley, the top of which it occasionally failed to reach. But when it had reached it, and turned the corner, its troubles began. Apparently the laws of gravity might be relied on to conduct it to the bottom of the board, where its haven was; but the way was beset with many cunning brass pegs, against which the poor marble was not merely sorely bumped and buffeted, but also deflected out of its path. To the philosophic eye, Her Majesty's Government recalls that marble very strongly, both in its apparent inability to govern its own course, and in the vicious way in which the pegs seem to present themselves in all directions to affront and justle it. During the last few days four at least of these impediments have risen up in its way, and the afflicted marble has either rolled from one to the other, chipped and bruised by each, or is in imminent danger of similarly unpleasant contact. There is, first of all, the exceedingly angular and awkward *offendiculum* known as the Bradlaugh business; there is, secondly, Mr. Forster's celebrated anonymous Bill; there is, in the third place, the remarkable proposal of Mr. Dodson in reference to vaccination; while in the background rise a whole group of threatening obstacles, each worse than the other, and each raised by the Home Secretary's Hares and Rabbits Bill. Among these the Ministerial marble conjugates the verb "I am bumped" in all tenses—past, present, and future; and it is by no means certain that the future will not be the unpleasantest tense of all.

As for the Bradlaugh debates of Monday and Tuesday, and their result of a Ministerial minority of forty-five in a House where there is a normal Ministerial majority of a hundred, it is difficult to rise to the height of that catastrophe. Like almost all great defeats of the kind, it was preluded by a defeat in debate almost as remarkable. The balance of debating power in the House of Commons can hardly be said to be equal by the most devoted antagonist of the Ministry; yet the cause was so bad a one that, save Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright himself, hardly any champion on the Ministerial side made anything like a fight. As for Mr. Gladstone, his very able address may be said to have resolved itself into the following plaintive appeal to the House of Commons. "*We* don't mind evading difficulties and taking back ways, and why should you be so particular?" But Mr. Bright's appearance on Monday made up for this by anticipation. After all, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster is the man for an occasion like this, where the tactics obviously are to hit out all round and never mind fouls. Mr. Bright had not been long on his legs when, to borrow the words of a famous legend, "bang! went" the justice, generosity, and Christianity of the Opposition at a single blow. We always knew

that all Tories were liars; but we had thought that some filthy rags of the other virtues were possibly left them to cover their nakedness. Not a bit of it. The vigorous grasp of Mr. Bright has torn off these lendings, and the Tory stands in his nude and native blackness. But, to do Mr. Bright justice, his speech was not built wholly on party lines. The working classes, he says, generally care as little for the dogmas of Christianity as the upper classes do for the practice of the virtues it inculcates. This is something like a swashing blow. At one swoop Mr. Bright divests the poor of their faith and the rich of their works, and leaves British Christianity in a state which even the Tory, maltreated as he is, may regard with compassion. A member of Parliament and a Cabinet Minister must, we suppose, be counted among the upper classes; and, if so, we must admit that Mr. Bright is, as regards one at least of the primary Christian virtues, a very fair example of the doctrine he lays down. But there was one part of the orator's utterance with which we have the pleasure of agreeing most cordially. These were the occasions, he said, "which try men," and we can readily believe that the occasion is an exceedingly trying one, at least to the Government. The division of Tuesday was as much a direct Government defeat as if Lord Richard Grosvenor and Lord Kensington had been in the places of Mr. Labouchere and Mr. McLaren. It is not dignified for a Government to come in at back doors like thieves and robbers; but for a Government to try to come in at back doors and to fail, and to be upset into the *immunditia* that are wont to lurk about such places, into the bargain, is truly a painful fate.

Yet this painful fate, unfortunately for those who suffered it, has plenty of background. The nameless Bill and the Vaccination Bill and the Hares and Rabbits Bill have not yet resulted in any actual division against the Government; but they have already added to the list of eccentricities which make even their supporters shake the doubtful head and droop the saddened eye. Of all the quaint documents that ever issued from the Parliamentary press, the Bill which once was a clause, and is now we can hardly say what, perhaps presented the quaintest appearance in the shape in which it was first given to the world. If we wielded Mr. Tenniel's pencil instead of the humbler implement lent by the grey goose, we should like to depict Mr. Gladstone as Macbeth addressing Mr. Forster as a promising witch, with the obvious legend appended, "What is't thou bring'st? A Bill without a name." Though indeed the name of that Bill, if not that of its too modest sponsor, is not hard to fix. The name of that Bill is Robbery, and it is closely related to several more robust children of the same family which have been openly and manfully fathered by certain Irish members. Mr. Parnell and his friends are anxious that the Legislature should make all Irish tenant-farmers a present of so many years' rent out of their landlords' pockets. Mr. Forster (or the nameless one, whoever he is) is anxious that only certain scheduled counties should confer this precious privilege on their inhabitants. But the counties are not fixed by any hard and fast line, and with a little steady effort on the part of the Parnellites they can doubtless be multiplied. We can only say that, if English and Scotch landlords do not give the Government another rebuff as hard as the Bradlaugh one, it will be strange. And this brings us to yet another rock of offence to which the unfortunate Ministerial galley is hurrying, and that is the Hares and Rabbits Bill. The blast of that dread horn which Sir Charles Trevelyan blew in last Monday's *Times* ought to warn them of the consequences of the collision. *Malo mori quam fœdari*, says Sir Charles, in the most delightfully feudal style, and he continues to state that "in every age it has been the custom to begin by rendering weak and contemptible those who are intended to be victims." These, be it remembered, are the words of as stout a Liberal as these kingdoms contain. But if it will render the landlords of England weak and contemptible to be made to go shares with their tenants in their own rabbits, how much more will it make them so to be made the instruments of robbing their Irish brethren? Between the nameless Bill and the Bill which bears the name of Sir William Harcourt we fear that many a brunt awaits the hapless marble. Last of all in our present list—present we say, for the best of Ministries takes care to provide a new one every week—comes Mr. Dodson's superlative Vaccination Bill, the Bill which provides that when an anti-vaccinationist has been adjudged to pay the full penalty once, or any penalty twice, he shall thenceforward go uninterfered with. In this sublime proposal, often as the Government have disappointed us by taking a fresh flight, we cannot but think that even they have reached their apogee. The anti-vaccinationist is to be punished, but he is not to be prevented. Some shillings are to be taken out of him, but then he is to be at liberty to "murder the country" at his will and pleasure. We have only one suggestion to make, with the utmost respect for the President of the Local Government Board. If his excellent measure be carried, we trust that there may be issued placards like those now used to indicate beer and tobacco licences, and bearing the Red Cross and the words "licensed to spread small-pox." At the second conviction, these should be affixed to the anti-vaccinationist's door, that the rest of the population may at any rate be enabled to give him the widest of berths. But ere that day we think that, in the modest language of M. Veuillot, we can promise the Government "des sensations."

Amid these rocks of ridicule, or worse, our poor marble blunders about, a sight to draw tears from iron eyes. But there is one little point in which the comparison does not hold good. It is not the fault of the marble that it gets into these uncomfortable situations; and we fear it is the fault of the Government. No *force majeure* obliged them to hesitate and muddle, to palter and evade about the Bradlaugh matter, until at last the majority of forty-five at once rebuffed them and left them in a worse difficulty than before. They are not, as far as we can see, under any physical or moral compulsion to mulct the English landlord of half his shooting, or the Irish landlord of the whole of his rent. They certainly need not have executed the extraordinary series of evolutions which ended in the appearance of the nameless Bill. Nor can we think that accident or the higher powers forced on Mr. Dodson the sublime proposal of establishing licensed nurseries for small-pox. In this last case indeed, if in no other, it must have taken much study, many weary hours of thought, before even such a Ministry can have arrived at such a pitch of folly. The explanation must be sought elsewhere, and we fear it can be found only by reference to the instructive literature of burlesque. In the celebrated voyage undertaken by the Bellman and his crew it will be remembered that the bowsprit occasionally got mixed with the rudder. We suspect that in the Government vessel this difficulty has occurred, and has been obviated by doing away with the rudder altogether. Certainly there are singularly few signs of guidance in the extraordinary progress which that vessel makes, or rather does not make. Judging by the way already made, the House of Commons will have to sit till Christmas, and even that will be no good. If Bills are to shed their clauses, polyp fashion, into other full grown Bills at a moment's notice; if every crotcheteer is to be licensed to carry out his crotchet at the peril of the nation for a few shillings; if Select Committees are to be appointed and reappointed to contradict each other, and the House is then to be requested to ignore both, the cheerful earth will not soon be seen by the weary crew. Or, to recur to our first parallel, it is to be feared that the marble will be so bumped and chipped, and will find itself lost so inextricably among the ever-multiplying pegs, that it will never get to the bottom of the plane at all.

MOVING.

The Feast of St. John the Baptist has for a large number of English people a not wholly festival aspect in virtue of its character as one of the usual quarter-days. In various outlying parts of Europe the day is celebrated with rites, nominally perhaps dedicated to the saint, but really surviving from præ-Christian, it may be from præ-Aryan, forms of society. In our centres of commerce it is kept with much balancing of accounts, and the sacrificing priests are the bankers, through whose convenient ministration leaseholding customers are wont to discharge their Midsummer rent. But Midsummer brings to a certain number of householders a more exacting and visible solemnity than the depletion of their banking account by a simple act of transfer. If we will be oracular with Dogberry, we may say that to pay one's rent is the gift of fortune, but the end of a lease comes by nature. And he whose lease is ended must needs find some new shelter, which, paying his rent and performing his covenants, he may call his own for a certain term of years. There are those, too, who leave their habitations before the time, being straitened in them either in fact or in fancy, waxing ambitious in prosperity, or penurious in adversity; spurning an unfashionable quarter, shunning the expensive honour of the situations described by house-agents as having "an eligible address," or seeking elbow-room for growing children. Of these it may perhaps be said that they have turned their houses inside out by their own wilful act, and that any inconvenience they suffer in passing from the old dwelling to the new must be reckoned to their own folly. Nevertheless pity, though disallowed by the Stoics and some other severe philosophers as a weakness not befitting the character of the wise man, is human. *Mentem mortalia tangunt;* it were too nice an exercise of critical justice to inquire whether the flitting and dispossessed householder on whose condition we moralize has been brought into his troubles by mere inevitable effluxion of time or by his own anticipation of the fates. We call the operation a *move*—a term coming short of the gravity of the subject, though perhaps as pregnant and sonorous as a monosyllable allows. The French *déménagement* is more apt, perhaps because more imposing; to ears sharpened by experience its five-syllabled march has in it something of a rumbling to and fro, of groanings of furniture, of pushing, hammering, and scraping, of bare boards, of half-unpacked cases, of the materials of civilized habitation resolved into their elements and lying in heaps, of desolation and dislocation.

The helpless and exiled condition of the housefather to whom a child is born has for long years been a theme of irreverent mirth to flippant and irresponsible scribblers, presumably bachelors. Far more helpless is the state of the householder on the move, but less noticed by those whose occupation is to make sport for the public of the sufferings of mankind, perhaps because in this case the sting of envy is absent. He is for two or three days as it were an uneasy and infirm Colossus of Rhodes, having one foot in each of two houses, and neither secure. His fortunes are embarked in the hazards of a furniture-remover's van. There are moments when the possession of his most necessary and personal belongings is no better than a mockery and a legal fiction. He possesses them, as the civilians say, *animo*, but corporally they are as inaccessible to sense and use as if they were on the wrong side of the moon. What avails it to be bidden forth

to dinner, and to be the lawful owner of a dress-coat, boots, and all other garments and things to that function appertaining, if the coat is in West Kensington, the boots in Bloomsbury, and the shirts *in transitu* somewhere in the Bayswater Road? The master of all these appliances of an oppressive culture is barely master of that which he stands in (having, indeed, not much to sit down upon while the great process of removal is pending), and is happy if there is open to him some hospitable door within which that ambiguous formula "Dress as you please" really means what it says. Happier yet is his lot if that door, set apart from the din of London traffic and the frowning bulk of the furniture van, looks out on some sunny and wholesome prospect of English country; happiest of all if, not to him only, but to his innocent offspring, it opens a wide harbour of refuge during the days of anarchy, and makes them remembered only as a holiday-time interpolated in the common order of lessons and London walks by a mysterious and benignant dispensation. Then he knows the worth of that saying of the poet, forgotten or passed over as commonplace when the round of life goes smoothly, "Eines Freundes Freund zu sein," and, gladly obedient to Schiller's precept, adds his voice of grateful jubilation to the general chorus of those who are still simple enough to enjoy life and think well in the main of their fellow-men.

But we have spoken of compensations out of the common run, say of delights. Such relief, worthy of much thanks, does not fall to everybody. Not attaining this, the houseless man may in a lower way be content if his daily work lies not in his house. If it be otherwise, if he has a favourite study table, and if his club cannot offer him a good working library, his fate is too pitiable to dwell upon. He stares and gasps at the chaos that has swallowed up his familiar dispositions. The table in a new room, in an unaccustomed light; its drawers jammed against the legs of other tables upside down, and crowded by the corners of packing-cases; its inkstand vanished; the writing chair in the furthest corner, fenced about with fenders and rolls of carpeting—these things dismay him and freeze the current of the soul. Probably there are some who in such a case throw themselves upon the Consolidated Fund, and make the Reading-room of the British Museum their port of refuge for a season. It is said, moreover, that a stylographic pen and half-a-dozen post-cards in the pocket will afford a certain amount of moral support. But the frequenter of an office or chambers has a better comfort than this. He is not a tottering two-legged Colossus, but a Manx tripod with one of his three feet on solid earth. The place of business which at other times, perhaps, he has looked on as a mere workshop appointed for needful and unloved toil, assumes a homely and welcoming air. Here at least he has a few square feet of space and some hours of time in which he knows where to lay hands on the common objects of his interests and occupations; here he tastes the joys of a free chair and an unincumbered table. Not for long, however, can he thus flee from the evil day. The field of action calls for his presence; books and bottles, those two peculiarly manly cares, lie stacked and packed as the remover has left them, demanding assignment to their fitting places. Then are prepared for the lord of an unhanselled house and newly transported goods, according to his tastes and the bent of his apprehensions, hours of anxiety and minutes of anguish. He groans for the rude shaking of the wine he has tenderly laid down, or sighs over the wounds and bruises of his cherished volumes. A book-lover involved in these catastrophic adventures goes over his books, as he lifts them from the cases into which unhallowed violence has thrust them, like an officer counting his men after an engagement. One well-known comrade after another comes up with battered corners and scratched sides. Meditating sadly on the responsibilities of ownership, their master establishes a hospital tent for them in some corner where they will at least not be trampled on, till such time as their excoriations can be healed or palliated by judicious application of the gum-brush. As for the *biblia abibla*, prize-books, leaving-books, gifts of well-meaning relations in schoolboy days, partly of the heavy edifying kind, partly remnants of unreadable travels bought up by astute booksellers to be retailed for these purposes, Mogg's Patagonia or Logg's Mountains of the Moon, these emerge unharmed and unabashed. Nothing and nobody hurts them; their greasy yellow calf binding and tawdry gilt backs (do booksellers at this day perpetrate such enormities?) are clad in their own shabby smartness as in armour of proof. Meanwhile other and equally welcome discoveries are being made in other regions. For weeks the builder's men have been diligent in pulling the house to pieces under the directions of an eminent surveyor; not a drain-pipe, water-pipe, or gas-pipe has been left unexplored. At the last moment a mysterious outbreak of damp in the room that has been specially chosen for a linen-cupboard throws out all the plans of domestic arrangement; or an innocent-looking stove is found, instead of sending its smoke into the nearest chimney, to drive it through a deviously winding and descending flue, which is carefully led under an unprotected flooring of deal planks. Thereupon ensues hurried consultation with the eminent surveyor, and a violent recrudescence of digging, picking, hammering, stamping, trampling, cementing, plastering, tarring, and painting; the whole, as by long prescription of right accustomed, being once more enveloped and glorified in a nimbus of London dust. Then the new water and gas apparatus, which have been tried with the utmost satisfaction, are sure to break down on the very day when the house is first occupied; the water will not run where it ought, and runs everywhere where it ought not; or a particularly ingenious automatic arrangement for lighting the gas-lamp in the hall is found to be chiefly effectual for cutting off the supply of gas from all the rest of the house.

It is said that great emergencies bring out the deep and primitive traits of human character which in ordinary circumstances are overlaid by the routine of civilization, as men in delirium will speak in forgotten languages or recall in every detail the long mislaid remembrances of infancy. And in this case it is seen that the harried householder reverts to the bachelor ways of club life, it would seem neither willingly nor unwillingly, but under a fate stronger than himself. Nor in this does he meet with any reproach from the club-hating sex, but is encouraged, nay driven, to conduct which at other seasons is denounced as barbarous and unnatural. For there rises in the feminine mind a corresponding impulse, but apparently of more primeval date, which makes for a kind of fearful joy in living in the midst of disorder, and feeding on orts and scraps; a relic, peradventure, of the days when the savage hunter left for the nutriment of his squaw merely the bones and offal of his prey, after she had cooked and ministered the feast to him. However this be, if the more civilized man, thinking to gain some little diversion in the general turmoil, should propose to his careworn wife an expedition to some comfortable and not too extravagant restaurant, his invitation will be sternly repelled. He will be told that the work is much too pressing, though all his inquiries fail to inform him what work is done on the new house in the later evening hours. And so he is commanded to betake himself to his club, while the womankind sustain themselves by strange methods of their own. It is not probable that the mysteries of those snatched and formless repasts, at which no male is allowed to be present, will ever be fully disclosed. It is darkly rumoured that they are in the nature of heavy teas, and that Chicago beef is their staple ingredient. But Nature has not wholly withheld consolation from the man who thus dwells in his own house as in an encampment. The hardships of camp life bring something of its licence in the one point of tobacco. Domestic ordinances against the weed are perforce relaxed while the rooms stand curtainless and carpetless.

THE POPULAR VIEW OF ATHEISM.

THERE can of course be no doubt that the exceptional prolongation and bitterness of the recent debates on Mr. Bradlaugh's case in the House of Commons did not arise out of the legal and constitutional questions alone supposed to be under discussion, but were due to the widespread hostility felt towards the opinions associated with Mr. Bradlaugh's name, or, as the *Times* puts it, to "the social and religious instincts of the House." One member quoted the familiar verse of the psalm about "the fool"; another protested against the atmosphere of the House being "tainted" or "polluted"—it does not seem clear which word was used—by Mr. Bradlaugh's presence; a third "shrank from contact with" him; a fourth roundly asserted that "the question was not one of law at all but of religion"; a fifth, in still worse taste, denounced the admission of a member "who repudiated not only the claims of our Royal Family, but the claim of the King of Kings." There are few popular sayings so delusive as that "there is nothing in a name"; on the contrary there is often everything in it. We cannot indeed in this instance exactly apply that other, and far truer, proverb about "giving a dog a bad name," for Mr. Bradlaugh has not shrunk—creditably so far to his candour—from giving himself the detested name of atheist. It is precisely from the fact of his having done so that the whole controversy has arisen. Into that controversy we do not propose to enter here. Our immediate concern is not with the claim of an avowed atheist to enter the House of Commons, but with the demonstration of hostility towards atheism which that claim has evoked, and its probable causes. Let us say at once that we have no desire to treat this widespread feeling of abhorrence of atheism with levity or disrespect, or to deny that it has a genuine religious basis, and may even point—as has been often and plausibly urged by theistic apologists—to a general consent of mankind in the acknowledgment of a Supreme Being. But that is clearly not the whole explanation of the matter. The name, as we observed just now, has a good deal to do with it. There are other members of Parliament, against whose fitness to be there no shadow of objection has been raised by anybody, who are credited commonly and not unreasonably with views which it is the modern fashion to designate Agnostic, and who are not understood to resent the imputation. Yet it is surely a truism to say that in nine cases out of ten Agnosticism is but old atheism "writ large." And it has come to be writ large, because it is gaining ground in respectable society, where the older and simpler designation carries with it—if we may borrow a convenient term from the logic manuals—an offensive connotation; very much on the principle that vice is said by losing its grossness to lose half its evil. The new nomenclature may or may not be an advantage; those who like to call a spade a spade will be disposed to regret it. But it is anyhow a fact, and it confirms our view of the importance attached to names. This may be illustrated by a parallel case. The words Theist and Deist, like the cognate derivatives Theology and Divinity, have of course precisely the same meaning, the sole distinction being that one is derived from the Greek, the other from the Latin. Yet deist is invariably used as a term of reproach, theist as a term of praise; the former suggests to ordinary apprehension a man who rejects revelation, the latter

one who believes in God. Not that those who so apply the words mean at all necessarily to imply that a "deist" does not really believe in God, or that a "theist" does really believe in something more also; but in speaking of a deist they fix their attention on the negative, in speaking of a theist on the positive aspect of his belief. And so, if a man is called, or calls himself an Agnostic, he is generally looked upon, not without a touch of compassion, perhaps, as in a condition of involuntary, if not sorrowful, perplexity; while an "atheist" is regarded as what the Prayer-book calls an open and notorious evil liver and blasphemer. There is supposed to be an air of insolent defiance about him, such as is shown in the current story about Mr. Bradlaugh and his watch which, whether true or not—and we believe it is still literally *sub judice*—illustrates fairly enough the popular conception of atheism. The report of Shelley's inscribing himself in a Visitor's Book at a Swiss hotel ὁ ἄθεος, excited far greater horror than anything in "Queen Mab" or the "Revolt of Islam." And there is just this to be said for the prevalent view, that a man who avows himself an atheist, and declines to take shelter under any of the polite sobriquets provided by modern conventionalism, does betray a determination to brave the opinion of society; but that is not exactly what is meant.

We suspect then that the popular antipathy to atheism attaches as much to the name as to the thing named, though it is of course a further question how the name originally attracted to itself this evil connotation. Buddhists, according to the general and probably correct belief—to which Mr. Gladstone referred in his speech the other day—do not recognize a Supreme Being, but they are not looked upon with at all the same feeling of aversion as atheists. That aversion however is not a growth of yesterday. Atheism was the favourite taunt hurled against the early Christians eighteen centuries ago by their Pagan persecutors, and re-echoed by the Jews, though it practically meant that they refused to worship idols; and the same charge had been brought five centuries before against Socrates by the Athenians. Dugald Stewart tells us that at one period of English history those who rejected the doctrine of apostolic succession were commonly branded as atheists. In the present day the term is often used, especially by women, as interchangeable with infidel; yet the two words have quite a different meaning. Nor is this loose and opprobrious use of language by any means confined to the vulgar. Joseph Glanvil was one of the ablest divines and most brilliant thinkers of his day, and it has even been said of him, not without considerable reason, that "the predominating characteristic of his mind was an intense scepticism." That is certainly the impression produced by his *Vanity of Dogmatising*—eventually republished under the title of *Scepsis Scientifica*—which at once gained him a place in the Royal Society, then recently established. Hallam describes him as "far more sceptical than Descartes or even Malebranche." But that did not prevent his writing another able work in defence of the waning belief in witchcraft, under the title of *Sadducismus Triumphatus*, which became far more popular and passed through several editions. We cannot indeed say of him what used to be said of the late Harriet Martineau, that he "would believe anything as long as it was not in the Bible," for there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of his faith in the Bible; but he considered that "things remote and long past are either not believed or forgotten, whereas these [preternatural portents] being fresh and new, and attended with all the circumstances of credibility, it may be expected they should have most success upon the obstinacy of unbelievers." But our main ground for referring to the work here is that Glanvil begins by commenting on the growth of disbelief in witchcraft then coming into fashion, and expressly denounces it as a sign and precursor of atheism. "Atheism is begun in Sadducism, and those that dare not bluntly say there is no God content themselves to deny there are spirits or witches, *which sort of infidels*, though they are not ordinary among the the mere vulgar, yet are they numerous in a little higher rank of understandings." Cudworth endorsed this view, and said that disbelievers in witchcraft might justly be suspected of atheism. In short, it is clear that for above two thousand years atheist has been found a convenient label to attach to any class of religionists, or irreligionists—if the term may be allowed—who had specially outraged the national sentiment and thus incurred popular odium. We may trace a certain analogy in the use prevalent in England not so long ago of the word Papist. It had an unpleasant sound about it, and conveyed to ordinary apprehension the same sort of notion of a person with something uncanny about him which prompted the sense of "shrinking" and "pollution" expressed the other day in Parliament in reference to Mr. Bradlaugh. Indeed we are not sure that the feeling has quite died out now, though the word Papist has been banished from polite society. It is a curious coincidence that at the very time this Bradlaugh discussion was in progress an angry meeting was held in Exeter Hall to protest against Lord Ripon's appointment as Viceroy of India, when one of the speakers is reported to have indignantly asked how the work of evangelizing the millions of India and bringing them back from the abominations of idolatry could go on—we must confess to having feared it had hardly yet begun—under a Viceroy "who worshipped an image." This orator evidently considered the idolatry of Papists as bad as the idolatry of Brahminists, if he did not consider it as bad as atheism. And we seem to detect in the eager disclaimers of some Roman Catholic speakers in the recent debate a desire to repudiate any analogy between their own case and that of Mr. Bradlaugh, which had not, however, that we are aware of, been imputed to them in any other sense than that the Parliamentary oath was formerly so framed as to exclude them also. In the last century, when John Wesley's preaching was beginning to rouse the wrath of ecclesiastical authorities, Bishop Lavington of Exeter published a little book entitled *The Zeal of Methodists and Papists Compared*, with the object of proving that the former were as bad as the latter, and thereby effecting a *reductio ad absurdum* of their whole system. And we have no doubt there are in the present day many excellent persons who would tolerate nearly all varieties of political or religious belief, but would feel equally and unfeignedly uncomfortable if they found themselves sitting next to either an atheist or a Papist. The difference is that, whereas the sinister meaning attached to the word Papist was peculiarly English, and must be accounted for from specialities of English history, the popular antipathy to atheism is confined to no age or country.

To cite a few examples of the opprobrious use of the name besides those already noticed; for it was not only applied by the Athenians to Socrates, or by the Pagans to the early Christians. In the *Æneid* it is used of the wicked Mezentius, by Cicero of Theodorus and Bion. Christian apologists retorted the charge on their Pagan assailants, and the champions of orthodoxy on heresiarchs. St. Jerome calls Eunomius, and St. Athanasius calls Arius, an atheist. In later days Roman Catholics and Protestants have freely flung the odious imputation at one another. Jesuit divines affixed the stigma of atheism on Erasmus and on Macchiavellians. Perkins affixes it on Jews, Turks, and Papists; Calvin on the Pope and Cardinals, Tycho Brahe on Aristotle, Luther on a usurer. Epicureans, Cabbalists, Socinians, Arminians, Mahometans, have all incurred the charge from their opponents. Spanish theologians branded their Gallican rivals, and Gallicans the Spanish, with atheism. Voet and Mersenne gave the name to the French deists, and Maréchal is said to have applied it in his *Dictionnaire des Athées*—a very rare work now—"to almost every eminent person who ever lived." We could indeed mention contemporary theologians who are much in the habit of insinuating that all who differ from them by a hair's breadth are only saved by a happy inconsistency from rank atheism. It is no doubt obvious to remark that a name, however stupidly or maliciously it may sometimes have been misapplied, which at all times and places has provoked so widespread and bitter a detestation must signify, or be universally understood to signify, something which is really detestable. And the fact may be plausibly adduced, as was intimated before, in evidence of that general consent of mankind which is one of the standing arguments for theism. But the inquiry thus opened out as to the true meaning of this popular repugnance to atheism, which is so strong as to make the very name an effective weapon of offence, is far too wide a one to be entered on at the end of an article. But we may at least remark that some atheists have done their best to provoke and justify the feeling. It becomes at any rate intelligible when a French atheistic writer of the day blandly assures us that "virtue and vice are the results of a current of electricity, and are natural products in just the same way as sugar and vitriol"; while a German writer of the same school, Hellwald, points the moral of such teaching in the cynically frank avowal that "the object of science is to destroy all ideals, and to show that belief in God is a fraud, that morality, equality, freedom, love, and the rights of man are lies." It would be absurdly unjust to hold atheists, as such, responsible for these and similar offences against the common feelings of mankind; but they may serve to explain, if they fail to justify, the popular estimate of atheism.

THE *ATALANTA*.

SOME traces of this vessel, real and not forged—as the inscriptions in the bottle and on the oar-blade probably are—may yet be discovered; but it is by no means certain that, if discovered, they will give any clue towards ascertaining the cause of her loss. It may be utterly impossible to gather from such wreckage as is likely to be found the smallest knowledge of the circumstances under which the vessel went down, and certainly it will tell nothing respecting the place of the catastrophe, as it will necessarily have drifted far. In all probability, the loss of the *Atalanta* will remain an unsolved mystery, and a variety of opinions respecting it will be held with that confidence which is always shown where nothing certain can ever be known. Although, however, certainty, or any approach to certainty, with regard to this calamity is at present hopeless, and seems likely to remain so, some facts are now known on which a reasonable conjecture as to its possible cause may be made. Information of considerable value respecting the *Atalanta* has recently been published, and from a consideration of this, and of the remarks of a writer in the *Nautical Magazine*, who obviously is well acquainted with that part of the ocean in which the training-ship was lost, we propose to show that there are grounds for a surmise respecting the cause of her loss. The information to which we have referred was contained in a brief account of the *Atalanta's* commission in 1853-58, when the late Captain Stephen Fremantle commanded her. This account is apparently the work of two naval officers who were in her during the whole of this period. Two men are likely to tell a story at greater length than one, and in this case the writers might certainly have been more concise with advantage. They have thought it necessary to give a description of the

these are now far better known than they were at the time when the *Atalanta*—or rather the *Juno*, to call her by the name she then bore—sailed in the Australian seas and the Pacific, and have been told of in many books of travel. The reader who, it may be presumed, is anxious to learn something of the qualities of the ship which has been so lamentably lost, has to wade through an account of the Pitcairn Islanders, the Polynesians, and the aborigines of Australia, which no doubt is accurate enough, but contains scarcely anything that is not familiar to all who have paid the smallest attention to the literature of travel. All that is really pertinent in this prolix narrative may be very briefly summed up as follows:—The *Juno* sailed from England in 1854, and went round the Cape to Zanzibar and Muscat. After leaving the latter place she had, when on her way to the Kooria Mooria Islands, to beat to windward against a gale, and, according to the opinion of all on board, behaved admirably. From the islands she went to Bombay, and thence to Sydney. Her commander became senior officer on the Australian station, and during a period of some three years she made many voyages in the Pacific and went to Java. In 1858 Captain Fremantle was relieved by Captain Loring in the *Iris*, and the *Juno* sailed round Cape Horn to England, arriving in November 1858. It need scarcely be said that during her commission of nearly five years, in the course of which she sailed round the world, doubling both capes, there must have been opportunities innumerable of judging the vessel's behaviour in gales and heavy seas. On this point the writers in *Land and Water* are fortunately explicit, when at the end of their long story they at last state what is really interesting. They say:—"The *Juno* was paid off at Portsmouth in December of the same year [1858] after a most eventful commission on a stormy, rough weather station, and it may be safely said few ships have experienced a more tempestuous one, and none could have weathered it better. The ship on all occasions behaved admirably, every one on board having the greatest confidence in her capabilities to withstand the force of any wind or any weather that could be brought against her." They also state that, in a tremendous sea which was encountered when rounding the south point of New Zealand, the "gallant little ship" behaved "as heretofore," that is, extremely well.

This evidence respecting the *Atalanta*, coming as it does from sailors who were in her during so very long a time, carries the greatest weight, and it should be remembered that it exactly coincides with that of other officers who knew the *Atalanta* at the time when she was a frigate. We are able ourselves to corroborate to some extent the statement of the writers in *Land and Water*, having had three years' experience of a Symondite frigate of almost precisely the same size as the *Juno*, and closely resembling her. This vessel, though faulty in some respects, was admirable in a heavy sea, labouring but little, and steering easily when the management of the helms of other vessels was a very difficult matter. It may be held as tolerably clear that the *Atalanta* was a good and safe ship in a sea, and the self-contradictory statements which have been published as the "evidence" of some ordinary seamen who were lately on board her may be altogether disregarded. A vessel which is easy in a sea may, however, be capsized by a sudden gust of wind, and it has been frequently suggested that this was the fate of the *Atalanta*. On this point one of the writers of the account is able to give information which is of the greatest value. He saw a vessel of the same construction hove down. "When down to 76 deg.," he says, "with her keel three feet out of the water, the masthead purchase block strops carried away, and there was no mistake about the spring up to her upright position when released; the blocks were afterwards stropped with her breeching hawser, and she was then hove down to 78 deg., the hardest heave being the last few degrees. Everything was cleared out of the ship, she was a mere shell." This fact certainly shows in a marvellous manner the stability of form of these vessels; and it need hardly be said that the capsizing of a ship of this kind is a most remote contingency. It could only happen if the main deck ports were left open, as in the case of the *Eurydice*, or if the ship were thrown absolutely on her beam-ends and stopped in that position long enough for large quantities of water to enter through the upper-deck hatchways. We should add that the *Atalanta* was even safer from capsizing than she had been when called the *Juno*. When she was commissioned as a training-ship her masts were shortened by some six or seven feet, and additional water-tanks were put into her. It may therefore be presumed, without any great assumption, that the loss of this vessel was not due to her capsizing or to her bad qualities in a sea. The supposition that she had not able seamen enough to handle her, which has been boldly put forward, may be dismissed as ridiculous. The authors of the article in *Land and Water* treat it with just contempt, and the writer in the *Nautical Magazine* pertinently observes that "a merchant ship of her tonnage would be considered well manned with twenty-four hands, all told," and that the *Atalanta* had a complement of forty-four able seamen, which number was certainly increased during her run in the West Indies. This writer, who is apparently a merchant captain of long experience, also dismisses the supposition that she got into a high Northern latitude and drifted into the ice, pointing out that Captain Stirling had every reason for keeping to the southward and for not taking a course which "not only sailing ships, but steamers when possible, avoid in winter." After thus dealing with one conjecture respecting the ship, the writer proceeds to indicate the possible causes of her loss. She may, he thinks, have come into collision with a dismasted wreck, or may have been taken by the lee in one of the furious revolving gales which are not uncommon in that part of the ocean which she had to traverse. The first danger is, no doubt, a very serious one; and the loss of the *Atalanta* may, as is suggested, have been caused by collision with the hull of a timber ship, scarcely more than awash, and therefore not easily seen. It must not be forgotten, however, that, owing to the extremely careful look-out which is kept, men-of-war run far less risks of collisions of this kind than other vessels, and that, by all accounts, Captain Stirling was the last man to neglect any possible precaution. With regard to the other danger, the writer in the *Nautical Magazine* gives his own experience, describing in a forcible and graphic manner what befell him when homeward-bound from Baltimore. When the vessel was near the forty-fourth degree of west latitude, a breeze from the south-east which had sprung up drew aft, but as the barometer was falling slightly, and as the sea had a curious disturbed appearance, all the sail that she could carry was not set. At nightfall "an unusual dark shadow in the north-west" was observed. As the night wore on the wind and sea got up rapidly, and at midnight a violent gale was blowing. While the main topsail was being taken in, the wind shifted from south-west to north-north-west "with the force of a hurricane," and for awhile the ship was in very great danger. The writer of the account—who, as we have said, commanded her—seems to think that the *Atalanta* may have had a similar shift of wind, have been taken aback by lee and sunk. We doubt the justice of his conclusion. With some indications of a revolving gale he does not seem to have obeyed the cardinal rule, and to have brought his vessel to on the tack on which she would have come up as the wind shifted. If such a mistake was made it was a most pardonable one; but it is not such a mistake as a careful captain of a sailing man-of-war in no way pressed for time would have made. It is permissible to suppose that, under the circumstances described, so competent a commander as Captain Stirling would have hove to on the starboard tack and have much diminished the risk of being taken by the lee.

To what, then, is the loss of the *Atalanta* to be ascribed? Possibly to a collision with a hull awash, as has been suggested; possibly to a fact which hitherto seems to have received scarcely any attention. Those who have speculated as to the cause of this terrible catastrophe, scarcely seem to have taken into account the age of the vessel. As a general rule, with a wooden ship age means weakness, and the *Atalanta* was a very old ship. It is scarcely necessary to point out the difference between defects of form and want of strength. A ship's proportions may be such as to make her easy in a sea, and at the same time she may be very dangerous owing to weakness. The seams of a very old vessel are wide, and many of her fastenings are often weakened. She is not necessarily unseaworthy, especially if she be built of teak, but the chances are against her being able to withstand exceptional gales in the stormy belt. Does it not seem to some extent probable, as we previously suggested, that the *Atalanta* worked terribly in a series of very heavy seas, and that at last her seams opened so much as to let in more water than the pumps could keep down? The vessel which could weather any gale in 1855-56-57, may have been extremely different in 1880. It seems clear that her shape was not such as to cause any danger in a gale, but her timbers may have been no longer fit to stand the tremendous strain. It would be absurd to speak confidently respecting the calamity of which at present nothing is known for certain; but it is permissible to point out probabilities, and it certainly seems to some extent probable that this ship foundered from weakness. As it happens, on this point the opinions of the most practical men are easily obtainable. It will be well if the Committee which has to investigate the circumstances relating to this disaster, asks the underwriters what the rates of insurance are for wooden vessels as old as the *Atalanta*.

EXEUNT MARTIN AND MACKONOCHIE.

ENGLISH life has been made conscious of a deep void. The great suit which has for so many seasons and in so many forms preoccupied so many Courts, alimented so many leading articles, comforted so many lawyers, distressed so many devotees, and ruffled so many dignitaries, is now no more—gone like the *Atalanta* down in the viewless ocean, with no one point of difficult interest, either ritual, or legal, or constitutional, over which it has ranged a bit nearer solution for its fourteen years of sinister existence. All that survives is the triumphant personality of Mr. Mackonochie, monarch of all he surveys, from the centre of St. Alban's, Holborn, all round to the see of St. Alban's, Herts, lord of the Church Association, and true Pirate of Penzance. Poor Church Persecution Company, "Limited"—limited indeed at last!—where be your spies now, your jumbles, your howls, your mashes of muddlement, that were wont to set the Judges on a roar? Not one now to mock your own sinning? quite chapfallen. The worst, too, is that you are finally done to death by your own dupe; the arrow that has pierced you was winged from the bird whom you have yourselves been so long plucking. Mr. Martin, at last resipiscent, and even like "a prophet new inspired," instinct with a fine spirit of irony, thinks it due to "the Christian friends with whom I have been associated, to state publicly that I did not leave them free

to act on their own opinion as to enforcing submission by imprisonment to the judgments of the Court in the former suit; but positively refused to allow my name to be used in any measures which might have that end in view." Cruel, cruel Mr. Martin! not content with preventing an association of Christian friends from perpetrating an act of vindictive cruelty against a clergyman whose worst fault was pig-headedness and his least virtue self-sacrificing devotion to his spiritual duties! In his own defence he actually reveals by his letter to the Bishop of London of what spirit those men have been into whose hands he had long since so rashly placed himself, and whom at last, with much difficulty as it would seem, he has succeeded in shaking off. Mr. Martin, as it appears from his own explanation, is a good, unlitigious man, who was induced to enter into the Courts on explanations poured into his simple ear that he was merely lending his name to a friendly suit to ascertain the law, to which either party, once it was ascertained, was anxious with prompt attention to conform its practice.

In Mr. Martin's innocent imagination Mr. Mackonochie, if the Judges should have bidden him so to behave, would have felt it a privilege to conform his ceremonial to the standard of Curzon or Bedford Chapel, and the leaders of the Church Association were no less eager, if only the path of duty led them in that direction, to don the chasuble, to light the lights, and swing the censer. *O sancta simplicitas*—and much long-suffering, we must add—as a good many incidents must have occurred during the almost decade and a half of litigation which could have hardly failed to provoke suspicion in the mind of the guileless prosecutor that the men with whom he was working were more like lambs of Nottingham than lambs of the true fold in their notions of seeking peace and ensuing it. All has, however, at last ended well. Mr. Martin has shown himself to be, if not a very acute and far-seeing tactician, at all events an honest and a charitable Christian gentleman; while the revelation which he vouchsafes of the persecuting acrimony of his former accomplices exposes more emphatically, because unconsciously on his part, the overbearing tyranny which underlies their ostentatious zeal for the Church's welfare. After all, the Protestantism of England might buy at a heavy price the substitution of crumpled surplice for silken vestment, and the unquestionable preference of the odour of concentrated school-child for the sweet smell of frankincense, if the consideration which was to be given in return should be that the great tolerant Church of England had to be handed over to the unforgiving vengeance and narrow ignorance of the men whom at last their own chosen mouthpiece and hero has been driven to disavow and to denounce.

Mr. Mackonochie has now some time for quiet reflection, and we venture to suggest to him a topic which he will find alike original and instructive. He has not only from time to time amused the world with fervid pleadings in favour of disestablishment, but upon one occasion he cast his ideas into the form of a Bill, which was not far short in burlesque wrongheadedness of the one of which Lord Elcho gave ironical notice, or even of the Government Bills for fining Irish landlords and propagating small-pox. Genuine Liberationists laughed at their would-be ally, and average Churchmen regarded the extravagance as a gratuitous aggravation of Mr. Mackonochie's practical offences. Still nothing worse befel the athlete of confiscation than temporary ridicule; while he was left free to fight out his peculiar views of worship, till now, after so many years of struggle, he finds himself, through the collapse of jurisdictions ecclesiastical and secular, sole master of the field, and on the broad way, if only he uses his success with wisdom and moderation, to secure solid concessions of guaranteed toleration. All this good luck has befallen Mr. Mackonochie, not only within an Established Church, but because he belongs to an Established Church. Does Mr. Mackonochie for one instant flatter himself with the vain delusion that, supposing the community at one of whose altars he ministers had been what is called "free"—that is, governed exclusively by its own members and officers in total irresponsibility to any external influence—he could have got off so thoroughly unscathed? Let him suppose that his own exuberant programme of ritual was, we will not say in the same minority, in reference to other forms of outward observance within a free Church, in which it actually stands within an established one, but even in a position which, while it was one of recognized and emphatic minority, far more nearly approached equality. In such a case can he be quixotic enough to fancy that he would ever have been permitted by free Bishops, free Synods, and free Courts to go on holding on to his own theories and defying his antagonists until he had reduced them, minority man as he was, to helpless confusion, with his position, emoluments, and exceptional practices intact?

When Mr. Mackonochie has duly digested this speculative question, he may turn his attention to another of a practical nature, and perpend whether even inflexibility has not its limits, and whether, without abandoning any fundamental convictions, or the exhibition of what are to him typal forms of worship, some reserve in the extent of that exhibition might not be conceded to the prepossessions of that large majority to whom his ritual, however edifying to its votaries, is most assuredly unfamiliar and startling, and therefore suspicious. But when once he has set to thinking he need not stop even at that point, for he may well ask himself what is the rationale of the edification which he offers to his followers. The worship question does not solely lie between the ritual of St. Alban's and that of the old proprietary chapel. The existing modes of worship, ceremonial or Puritan, are infinite; and the practical benefits of beauty, life, and unction, of which Mr. Mackonochie is reasonably the advocate—and particularly so as the body of worshippers to whom he ministers is mainly drawn from the poor or the lower middle class—can now, in the present more tolerant condition of social opinion, be reached without requiring exact insistence on the few salient particulars which—not the general grandeur and edification of choral and ceremonial worship—have been at the bottom of that long strife of which St. Alban's Church has been the battle-field.

The time has come when, even from his own point of view, concession by Mr. Mackonochie would be not merely safe but in the long run serviceable to his own cause, for it will be one not wrung from the donor by the thumbscrew. So we hope that no false pride will whisper to him to resist our friendly counsel with a *non possumus*, but that he will recollect that the free offerings of a conqueror may be magnanimous condescension, when these same things extorted from a beaten and persecuted man would only be a weak surrender.

BOUFFÉ'S RECOLLECTIONS.

An addition has lately been made to the literature of the French stage in the shape of an interesting volume called *Mes Souvenirs*, written by M. Bouffé, with a preface by M. Ernest Legouvé. In this preface M. Legouvé dwells upon the double life which most actors lead, and which was peculiarly marked in M. Bouffé's case. The passage in which he does this is a good instance of M. Legouvé's well-known and admirable style. The *Souvenirs*, he writes, have the merits of liveliness, ease, and abundance of anecdote; but they have one which is rarer, that of being a portrait, or rather two portraits. "Vous y verrez revivre deux hommes, dont l'un est admiré de tous, et dont l'autre n'est connu de personne; c'est Bouffé et M. Bouffé. Ils se complètent singulièrement l'un l'autre, par le contraste et par la ressemblance. Au premier coup d'œil, rien de plus différent dans Bouffé que l'artiste et l'homme; en réalité, ils ne font qu'un. L'artiste était verveux, nerveux, électrique, agité; l'homme est correct, rangé, sensible, honnête, patriarcal." He goes on to explain this double identity by saying that M. Bouffé represents "toute une classe, modeste mais très particulière, de la grande société parisienne; la petite bourgeoisie ouvrière." Many actors of eminence have begun their life behind a counter, in an artisan's workshop, or in a porter's lodge, but, children of Paris as they are, "ils ne ressemblent pas à cette petite race vaillante, laborieuse, gaie, active, probe et passionnée pour le spectacle, qui revit toute entière dans Bouffé." M. Bouffé's father was a carver and gilder, and at thirteen years of age the son became his apprentice and showed great quickness in mastering his calling. Two years later the father fell ill, and the future comedian took charge, with his mother, of the establishment, and conducted himself and it with so much judgment that he obtained the nickname of *le petit vieux*. Then he took, in his leisure moments, to private theatricals, of which he gives a very amusing account, and finally he went to M. Allaux, the manager of the Panorama-Dramatique, to ask for an engagement. The story of this first engagement is certainly worth telling, and, oddly enough, is quoted from the book itself in M. Legouvé's preface. M. Bouffé having got admission to the manager's room, was asked by M. Allaux what his business was. When he had stated this, the manager said, "What kind of parts do you want to play?" and he answered timidly and modestly that he thought comedy was his line. At this M. Allaux said, "Very well; be so good as to stand up there." With these words he pointed to a black board divided off into seven measurements of height. The first and highest place was marked "Premiers rôles," the last and lowest "Bas comiques grimes." M. Allaux told his visitor to stand under number seven, and as soon as he was in position exclaimed, "I knew it, you are too short!" M. Bouffé vouches for the absolute accuracy of his account of this odd interview, and adds, "Je n'ai pas grandi d'une ligne depuis ce jour-là." That such a superstition should have as much force as it still has is odd when one recalls the many names of great actors who have been physically small men. The same objection was made to one of the first of French comedians now on the stage when he began his career; happily it did not prevail either in his case or in M. Bouffé's. Just as the aspirant was going away Solome, the *régisseur*, appeared, asked what was going on, made M. Bouffé go through a scene, and induced Allaux to give him an engagement at once at three hundred francs a year. "Trois cents francs par an, c'était vingt-cinq francs par mois, les gages d'une cuisinière de second ou de troisième ordre! Mais enfin j'étais artiste!" Another curious incident, which in the same odd way is told both in the book and in the preface, occurred when the actor was playing an old "invalide" at the Cirque. Among the audience was the oldest inhabitant of the *Invalides*, who expressed a wish to see the player, which was gratified the next day. When M. Bouffé came to the old man and told him who he was, he was met with contemptuous incredulity, and it was only when he sang in his assumed voice a few bars of music belonging to his part that the real *invalide* recognized him and insisted on embracing him. The visit, says M. Bouffé, was not only charming in itself, but was also of great value as a lesson. That M. Bouffé was always thinking of his art and was prepared to sacrifice a good deal for it is proved

by many instances in his *Souvenirs*, the oddest of which, perhaps, was connected with his success as the Sultan Ababa-Patapouf in *La Petite Lampe Merveilleuse* (Aladdin's Lamp). The wig-maker kept him waiting till the last moment for his bald head, and when this arrived it was three or four sizes too large. There was not too much time to spare before the curtain went up, and the actor took his resolution at once. He called to the barber of the theatre, and, in spite of all remonstrances, insisted upon having his head shaved there and then, thus obtaining "la plus belle tête de Chinois que l'on pût voir, même à Pékin." To complete his make-up he had long nails *à la Chinoise* fastened on to his fingers. In connexion with the fact that the actor spared no pains to obtain a real effect, it is worth while to note that he had no sort of liking for what is now called "realism." On this matter he has something to say when speaking of Tiercelin, an actor whom he greatly admired, and who was accustomed to represent types of the people. "C'était la nature prise sur le vif, mais en quelque sorte poétisée par un artiste délicat; un *Callot* sous d'autres costumes. Enfin il n'allait pas prendre ses modèles dans le ruisseau, ainsi que le font aujourd'hui certains soi-disant *comiques* qui dégradent l'homme et l'artiste, car je soutiens qu'on peut être vrai dans le personnage le plus vulgaire sans être ignoble." The writer adds a reference to a well-known saying of Voltaire's, which is as true and valuable in intention as it is coarse in expression.

M. Bouffé's career was, as is well known, full of triumphs; but naturally it was not without some more or less disagreeable incidents. One of these was his passing a night in a police-cell among a crowd of rascals, in consequence of an imprudent piece of "gag." M. Manuel had irritated the Chamber of Deputies by some expressions in a speech of his which he refused to withdraw; a squabble ensued; and finally the President ordered M. Manuel into custody. It was reported, whether truly or not, that a colonel of *gendarmerie* who was present said to the sergeant in command of the detachment which was sent for, "Empoignez-moi cet homme-là!" M. Bouffé had in the part which he played that night to say several times, "Emparez-vous de cet homme-là!" and for this, at some one else's suggestion, he substituted the phrase attributed to the Colonel. The gag raised a storm of applause, and brought down upon the actor a commissary of police and two gendarmes, who kept guard at the wings and outside his dressing-room during the performance, and carried him off to spend the night in a cell, of which he gives a horrible description. Among other misfortunes immediately connected with his dramatic life was an insurrection among the people who were employed underneath a canvas sea to give motion to the waves, and who, when the actor plunged into the boiling flood, managed matters so that when he reached the ship at which he was aiming he was black and blue all over. On another occasion a company of English pantomimists suddenly struck work, and the pantomime was carried on for some time with this remarkable cast:—

Colombine	Déjazet.
Arlequin	Armand Villot.
Cassandre	Dubourjal.
Le Clown	Bouffé.

In this part M. Bouffé had to take the harlequin's leap, or, in his own words, "me jeter à corps perdu dans une trappe anglaise, invention diabolique, dont les deux vantaux se refermaient par des ressorts qui ne laissaient que bien juste la place pour passer. De là, j'allais tomber dans une toile, que quatre hommes tenaient par les coins." One night one of the four men was slightly intoxicated, and the result—it was lucky that it was no worse—was that M. Bouffé fell headlong on the flooring and got a nasty cut on the head. In the course of the same piece Dubourjal, carrying him off the stage, let him drop heavily, and this time the consequences were more serious. Mathieu, who took the place of the invalided Bouffé, nearly died of an inflammation of the lungs; and altogether it is not surprising that M. Bouffé exhibits little enthusiasm for English pantomime.

M. Bouffé's recollections abound with anecdotes of this kind, as well as with reflections of a more serious character. We could wish that he had said more of the art of which he was in some lines a perfect master; but, in default of this, he records for us some curious observations of Potier's, made after he had seen Bouffé play a particular part. "It is not bad," said Potier, "but it is not what it ought to be. Your feeling and your fire win you the applause of the public; but I want something more. I want *la vérité vraie*—that is, I wish to see, not the actor interpreting the author's words with intelligence, but the actual personage whom the author has described; I want you, in short, to make me forget that I am in a theatre. To do this you must forget yourself that you are playing, and that you have learnt your words by heart; in fine, you must forget altogether (whatever certain professors may say) that you are Bouffé." The curious in such matters will do well to compare these instructions with the different opinion given by Diderot and more lately by M. Coquelin. To our thinking, Diderot is in the main right and Potier wrong; but no doubt there have been actors of great merit who have relied on complete self-forgetfulness, and appparently Potier was one of these.

MILITARY DRESS AND EQUIPMENT.

If we remember aright, it was the immortal Major Monsoon who feared that the abolition of pigtails would undermine the efficiency of the army. The gallant Major was, however, only a type of the military spirit of the day, which in those times was so ultra-conservative that the alteration of even a button was regarded with feelings of mistrust and aversion. What would he then have said if he had been informed that the sacrilegious hand of reform had dared to attack that time-honoured and cherished institution known as pipeclay? Yet so it is; for we are told that in the equipment which has been finally approved for the army, pipeclay is made to give way to brown leather belts. Pipeclay had a moral as well as an actual existence, and in both points of view it may be said to be "played out." Its moral aspect represented devotion to the past, love of formality and detail, and jealousy of change. Its physical aspect represented the white belts and accoutrements to which long familiarity has accustomed us—an appearance which, however pleasing to the eye of the civilian, was only attained at the expense to the soldier of much tedious, unwholesome, and incessant labour. We have, indeed, heard it said that pipeclay would have been disestablished long ago, had it not been pointed out that without it the men would have literally nothing to do. This may have been true of the soldier of the past, but certainly does not apply to the soldier of the present.

The abolition of pipeclay is, after all, only one of the numerous changes which the altered circumstances of modern war have necessitated. We appear, in fact, to have arrived at a state of perpetual change, for no sooner is one improvement effected than it becomes obsolete, and has to be replaced by another. During the last quarter of a century Brown Bess has been superseded by the Enfield, the Enfield by the Snider, and the Snider by the Martini-Henry. Each change of weapon has, as a rule, involved some change of equipment; but this would be but a slight matter could we only determine on a suitable dress for the soldier. It is said that when George IV. was once inspecting some proposed alteration in the dress of the cavalry, he sent for a trooper who had served at Waterloo, and asked him how he would like to be dressed if he had such another day's work to go through. "Please your Majesty, in my shirt sleeves," was the unhesitating reply. The truth is, that military dress aims at the impossible—namely, to reconcile the hopelessly antagonistic requirements of parade and work. Let us glance for a moment at the sailor. His dress of to-day is the identical one he wore a hundred years ago, and will in all probability wear a hundred years hence. It combines every possible desideratum both for the taxpayer and the wearer, being inexpensive, loose, comfortable, and serviceable. Any alteration necessitated by extremes of climate is easily and quickly made, and altogether, judging from the stern test of experience, it may be said to be well-nigh perfection; in proof of which, we may add that it has been copied by every nation which possesses a navy. But, be it observed, it makes no attempt at parade. The blue jacket when on shore is always neat and tidy, but never conspicuous. If, as he passes, you turn to bestow a second glance on him, it is the man, not the dress, that has attracted you. The dress of the soldier is exactly the opposite of this in every respect. It is costly, tight-fitting, uncomfortable, and eminently unsuited for physical exertion. We remember once to have seen a company which had just received their new tunics compelled to leave the rifle range and return to barracks to put on their shell jackets because the men were literally unable to bring their rifles up to the "present." Many of our readers who saw *Punch's* picture of the gallant Hussar who was unable to stoop to pick up a lady's handkerchief may have thought it a little exaggerated; but it was nothing of the kind. The close and accurate fit which is considered necessary for the soldier forbids the addition of underclothing in cold weather, and he is reluctant to don his greatcoat, because he knows that to fold it again correctly for the next marching-order parade will involve half an hour's labour. This may seem absurd, but it is perfectly intelligible. The moment a soldier quits his barrack he becomes the most conspicuous figure upon the scene. His dress, his gait and deportment, are all noted and criticized, and military experts will tell you that they can always recognize a smart regiment by the mere appearance of its men in public. But, as we have said, this appearance is purchased at the price of utility. It must be allowed that the helmet, to begin with, is certainly an improvement on the shako; but that is nearly all that can be said for it, and it is not saying much. So long as the wearer maintains an erect position it is all very well, but at rifle practice, in skirmishing drill, or in attack formation, and, above all, in actual action, the position of the soldier in these degenerate days is seldom or never erect; on the contrary, he is generally lying flat on his face, in which position the helmet has an awkward knack of falling over his eyes just as he is taking aim. We are quite aware that on these occasions the helmet is seldom or never worn; but this only induces the question—of what actual use is it at all, especially when it is remembered that it affords but little protection from the sun? The undress cap or Glengarry may be considered ornamental, but, as far as use is concerned, the soldier might as well be bare-headed, for it seems to be a point of honour to perch it immediately over the left ear, leaving the head almost entirely uncovered, the sole advantage it appears to possess being that of lightness. A change has just been author-

ized in the forage caps of infantry officers, and one which we think is a step in the right direction—namely, for ordinary wear a cap somewhat similar to that now in use, but with the old-fashioned drooping peak at present worn by the Guards, and for active service and peace manœuvres the Glengarry. In combined regard to appearance and utility, bearing in mind the contingency of sabre cuts, the cavalry are certainly more fortunate than the infantry, for both the Hussar busby and the Lancer cap are useful and fairly ornamental; but, to our thinking, the dragoon helmet, of burnished metal, and plume is the handsomest and most soldierlike headdress of all. Whatever opinions there may be as to the elegance of the tunic, which is the full dress for all services, there can be none as to its unsuitability for work, for the reasons already given. The undress of the infantry, or kersey frock, is looser and more comfortable; but it is kept in the background, as not being dressy enough. The cavalry retain the old shell jacket, which is as tight and close fitting as the tunic. Before leaving this part of the military dress we wish to draw another comparison between the army and the navy. In the naval officer's uniform the various gradations of rank and the different departmental services are all so plainly and clearly marked on the cuff of the coat, alike in full dress and undress, that any one, after a few hours' residence on board a man-of-war, can tell at a glance the precise rank of every officer, and, in the case of non-combatants, the department to which they belong. In the uniform of the military officer all is, in this respect at least, utter chaos. The gradations of rank are so vaguely and imperfectly marked, that a recruit cannot tell a subaltern from a colonel, a quartermaster from a surgeon, or a major from a captain. We hope to see this defect remedied before very long.

To return to the dress of the men, it may be said that the nether man in the infantry is more sensibly clad than the upper. His trousers and boots cannot by any stretch of the imagination be called either dressy or showy; but they are certainly serviceable, and easily put on or off. We wish we could say as much for the corresponding attire of the cavalry and artillery; but the fact is that, in the mounted services, everything is sacrificed to appearance. The breeches and boots worn in full dress and the overalls in undress are alike objectionable and unsuited to service from their excessive tightness, which renders it almost impossible to get them either on or off. We recently heard a cavalry officer, exhausted with the labour of pulling off a pair of wet boots, exclaim that, if ordered on service, there would be nothing for it but to rush off and buy boots three sizes too large for him. Exactly; but how about the privates? Now it is easy enough to inveigh against all this as sheer folly, and to indulge in unbounded indignation because that which is intended principally for show fails to satisfy the requirements of service when the time comes; but perhaps we must, with the soldier at any rate, sacrifice something to personal appearance in time of peace. We like to see our soldiers smart and well dressed; the public like it; the men themselves like it, and we should have but a poor opinion of them if they did not. Moreover, it is good for the members of any profession to have something on which to pride themselves. The sailor's pride is in his ship; the soldier's pride is, and has been from time immemorial, his personal appearance. We are not sure that it might not be as well frankly to recognize the impossibility of finding a dress suitable alike for peace and war, and to provide separate uniforms for each. The expense would not be inordinate, and the advantage would undoubtedly be great. It does not follow that the men are to go on service, as the gallant trooper before mentioned suggested, in their shirt-sleeves; but a loose, serviceable, and comfortable dress might be kept in store for them, to be issued when occasion demands. Let us now pass on to the subject of equipment. The old knapsack, with its arm-cutting straps and chest-impeding pressure, has passed away from the regulars, though it may still be seen in the militia. It has been superseded by the valise equipment, with the appearance of which our readers are familiar. This, we believe, is to be gradually superseded by the Oliver equipment, the principal advantages claimed for which are that the wearer can sit or lie down without shifting it, and can also open his coat on the march. More than this, it is so arranged that portions of the kit can be temporarily discarded and ammunition substituted, until a maximum of three hundred rounds per man is reached. This last is an important point, and would prove of incalculable advantage in cases where a general might wish to undertake a brief detached operation. A body of men carrying three hundred rounds each and foraging on the country they passed through, thus independent alike of ammunition and provision trains, would be something like a flying column. It should not be forgotten, however, that the experience of almost every campaign has shown that, if once the soldier and his kit are separated, they seldom meet again. The equipment of cavalry will probably have to be modified in conformity with the requirements of modern war. The use of the carbine increases while that of the sword diminishes. At present, as every one knows, the trooper wears the sword, while the horse carries the carbine in a leather case attached to the saddle. The result is that, if suddenly dismounted, the man retains the sword, which is then useless, while the horse goes off with the carbine, which would be useful. Before long this will have to be reversed, on service at any rate. Whether the bold dragoon, with his "carbine, saddle, and bridle," will find as much favour with the fair sex as his predecessor who carried a "long sword" is a point which the rapid march of military improvement forbids us to discuss. In conclusion, it is to be hoped that some means [illegible] devised for lightening the immense weight at present carried by troop-horses. So-called light cavalry, riding, according to [illegible] Garnet Wolseley, eighteen stone, are useless in modern war.

THE OPERAS.

THE first performance this season of *Lohengrin* at Her Majesty's Theatre marked an epoch in the annals of the opera in England. The English public were then shown that what they have hitherto been encouraged to treat as Herr Wagner's theories were at least possibilities. With Herr Wagner's latest instructions, Herr Richter came to England as an exponent of the music of the future, as it used to be called. That it has now become the music of the present was quite evident at the performance of which we speak. As yet, so far as Italian performances are concerned, we have been favoured with but a lame edition of the now famous opera, and it remained for Herr Richter to correct the innumerable mistakes which had crept into the orchestral score. No wonder, then, with the few opportunities given to the orchestra for practice, that the performance was delayed. Herr Richter evidently felt that it was useless to go to the public, unprepared as he was, with an incorrect score. Of course the reputation of the conductor alone was sufficient to fill the house on the first night, and we feel confident that, as far as he was concerned, no one left the theatre disappointed. It is really not too much to say that on this occasion the conductor was all in all, not only the orchestra, but the singers and the feeble chorus, being completely under his command. Without that fussy demonstrativeness so common among modern conductors, with no evidence of arrogating to himself undue prominence in the performance, Herr Richter conducts his orchestra with extraordinary power and skill. Nor is his attention bestowed only on this quarter; he even managed to make the chorus accede to his wishes, and by restoring the passage, too often barbarously cut out, between Ortrud and Telramund in the beginning of the second act, he not only made the story intelligible, but preserved a very fine piece of operatic music. It is perhaps a pity that he was unable to retain the passage of conspiracy between Telramund and the knights. We have spoken as we have done of Herr Richter's part in the performance because it was clearly shown that on the conductor depends to a much greater extent than on any other person the success or failure of the representation. Not only in giving us a good reading of the orchestral score, by making the points evident to the audience, but in attending to the various other exigencies of the singing of the principal performers, and subordinating his orchestra to their capabilities, lies one of the merits of this conductor. Mme. Christine Nilsson was the Elsa, a part in which she has always won applause, and upon this occasion she almost surpassed herself. Ortrud fell to Mlle. Tremelli, whose acting was very effective, while her singing was worthy of all praise. Signor Galassi's Telramund was well conceived, and Herr Behrens as the King declaimed with stateliness, albeit with a pitiful carelessness of intonation. Lohengrin was sustained by M. Candidus. Gifted with a beautiful voice, this singer nevertheless fails to attain the ideal of Wagner's Lohengrin. A want of chivalry in his manner and of command in his presence renders him incapable of sustaining the part with marked success. His first appearance on the stage with an impossible sword, which he used like a walking-stick, detracted largely from the sensation which ought to have been produced on his arrival; and the subsequent fight with Telramund, while either warrior strove to do the other the least harm possible, was absolutely ludicrous. Notwithstanding, M. Candidus's singing was very praiseworthy, and his rendering of the song to the swan and the music of the bridal chamber was excellent. To Signor Monti, who played the Herald, was due the exhibition on the part of the conductor of a singular instance of presence of mind. Whether it was the fault of any one else or of the Herald himself we know not, but when the time came for him to announce the coming marriage of Elsa and Lohengrin he was absent, and Herr Richter proceeded with the accompaniment to the missing Herald's proclamation without the least evidence of surprise.

The same opera was given this week with the same cast, except that Signor Arditi was in the conductor's chair instead of Herr Richter, and that Signor Campanini appeared as Lohengrin in the place of M. Candidus. Signor Campanini is at his best as the mystic knight: but Signor Arditi is certainly not at his best as the conductor of the mystic opera. The seemingly effortless strength and the marvellous delicacy of Herr Richter were painfully missed in the management of the orchestra, on which the German conductor appeared to play as if on one large instrument, every key of which was completely within his control and answered to his beat as the strings of the violin answer to Herr Joachim's touch. Mme. Nilsson's Elsa had lost nothing of its strange beauty, tenderness, and poetry; Signor Campanini used his admirable voice as he too seldom uses it, and gave a passion to his part in which M. Candidus was entirely wanting; Signor Monti had become better acquainted with his part, and the chorus seemed to feel more at home in their functions; and yet the absence of the one master mind and hand gave, to those who had heard the opera under Herr Richter's guidance, a curious and unpleasing flatness to the whole performance. Herr Richter, no doubt, had enough to do with looking after his orchestra, and Signor Arditi cannot be expected to busy himself in improving the stage

management of Herr Wagner's opera; but it is worth noticing that at neither performance has the true dramatic effect of Lohengrin's first arrival been approached, or even attempted. The exquisite effect of Mme. Nilsson's acting while she waits for this—a fine touch in which is Elsa's devout and unswerving belief, even when all seems hopeless, that help will come—is injured by the absence of that stir and tumult of passionate expectation and delight amid the crowd of warriors, which makes the spectator long to peer himself into the distance, and see what may be the portent which strikes men with amazement. This effect Mr. Carl Rosa gave when he presented the opera at Her Majesty's Theatre as finely as it is given, with far more facilities than were then at his disposal, on the German stage; and there can be no reason, one would think, why it should not be given under Mr. Mapleson's management. The crowd, however, trained no doubt to the conventionalities of Italian opera, point feeble fingers and give vacuous looks in the direction of the coming swan drawing the knight down the river, and betray no more agitation at his arrival than they might at that of a mass of weeds or a boat that had broken loose from its moorings. Again, when Herr Schott appeared as Lohengrin under Mr. Carl Rosa's management, the combat between Telramund and Percival's son was both simple and impressive, instead of being, as it now is, an empty knocking of swords on shields, ended by an ungainly and impossible pushing down of one combatant by the other. These are matters which can be managed even in the absence of Herr Richter, and it is irritating to find them entirely neglected.

Mme. Christine Nilsson, Mme. Marie Roze, and Mlle. Minnie Hauk were cast respectively for the parts of Donna Elvira, Donna Anna, and Zerlina at the first representation of *Don Giovanni*. It would be difficult to find better representatives for these favourite parts, and it is needless to say that, as to singing and acting, they were most ably sustained; had the other parts been equally well allotted, the performance would have been one of high excellence. Signor Del Puente's Don Giovanni lacks distinction and vigour, and though he sang the music with credit, his acting was half-hearted, while the Leporello of Herr Behrens, though well acted, was poorly sung. Signor Monti made a good statue and walked the stage in a sufficiently stony way, but Signor Lazzarini was hopelessly out of his element. In "Il mio tesoro" the last-named singer nearly came to grief, we hope owing to indisposition. The absurd business of the red imps dragging Don Giovanni down to hell has become, we suppose, a tradition, though on this occasion it seemed more ludicrous than ever.

The appearance of Mme. Eleanora Robinson in *Fidelio* was an event much looked forward to by the opera-going public. With the recollection of Mme. Titiens's superb acting, Mme. Robinson was heavily handicapped with the audience, but notwithstanding this her *début* must be considered a decided success. To a fine voice, and a stage presence almost worthy of her great predecessor, she has added a careful study of the part of Leonora. Her acting when she overhears the determination of Pizarro to kill Florestan in the first act, and again through the whole of the second act, was very fine indeed, and her singing of "O tu la cui," and in the duet with Florestan in the second act, showed her to be an artist of no ordinary merit. Mlle. Isidora Martinez made a sprightly Marcellina, and Signor Rinaldini acted Jacquino with credit. Herr Behrens was Rocco and Signor Galassi Pizarro. The Florestan on this occasion was M. Candidus, who played the part with considerable power. Especially commendable was his soliloquy at the beginning of the second act, and his singing in the duet with Leonora subsequently. The chorus of prisoners was perhaps the most unhappy part of the opera. They seemed to have lost their voices completely during their long incarceration, and to have been utterly unable to attain to the requisite pitch to render their singing acceptable to the audience, a piece of realism never looked forward to, we are sure, by the great composer of the opera. The third Leonora overture was played between the first and second act, and deservedly redemanded, a proper tribute to the excellent playing of the orchestra under Signor Arditi.

The *début* of Mme. Sembrich, of the Royal Opera at Dresden, was the cause of a crowded house at the Royal Italian Opera. The opera chosen was *Lucia di Lammermoor*, an opera which seems to be almost as great a favourite with *débutantes* as the *Sonnambula*. The scene on this occasion was one of great excitement for the eminently respectable audience at Covent Garden, for, from the first appearance of Mme. Sembrich—almost, we were going to say, before she began to sing—the applause began, which was continued at intervals through the whole of her performance. Mme. Sembrich possesses a voice of a pure sympathetic quality, of the kind termed light soprano, with a range of surprising compass. With apparently the greatest ease she produced the D flat in alt, and did not appear in the least discomposed when the audience redemanded the passage in which the *tour de force* occurred. Added to this she is a good actress, albeit she was a little wanting in repose, owing perhaps to nervousness upon her first appearance in London. She is certainly a great acquisition to the London opera, and we hope to see her in some part more worthy of her than Lucia. The applause she won was well merited, and her *début* must be considered a genuine success. Signor Gayarré was of course Edgardo, and his performance of the part was, as in all other parts that we have seen him in this season, very far from satisfactory. We have before mentioned the propensity that this singer shows to shout his part, and so marked was it on this occasion that there were distinct signs of disapproval from the region of the stalls and boxes. The fatal effect that this habit has upon his intonation was disagreeably apparent at this performance. In the scene when he appears upon the stairs suddenly, and in which Madame Sembrich showed herself a careful actress, Signor Gayarré played as if he had part to "tear a cat in"; his violence was beyond all bounds.

If Signor Vianesi would only take example from Herr Richter, and occasionally moderate the force of his orchestra, we might perhaps be spared even Signor Gayarré's shouting. Often we noticed that Madame Sembrich relinquished the attempt to make herself heard above the surrounding clamour, especially in the *ensembles*. Signor Cotogni's Enrico and Signor Capponi's Raimondo were both well-rendered parts, and Signor Sabater played Arturo with credit.

Aïda has been also performed this season at Her Majesty's, with Mme. Marie Roze as Aïda and Mlle. Tremelli as Amneris. Mme. Marie Roze shows in this part great advance as an actress, and was very successful in the difficult task of making Aïda of sufficient importance to attract the sympathies of the audience, and yet of playing the part in the subdued and quiet way which is necessary to the general effect of the opera. On the evening on which we heard her she was in by no means good voice, but yet sang most of the music extremely well. Mlle. Tremelli made a well-deserved success in the part of Amneris. Signor Frapolli was the Radames, and sang the part well; but his acting was marked by an unpleasant restlessness. The performance on the whole was fairly good. The band was very good, and the chorus on the whole accurate in time and tune, but without the least light and shade. Signor Arditi conducted well, though with a tendency to hurry the tempi, which nearly led to the breakdown of one of the ballets and one of the choruses. Mr. Mapleson has brought out a new soprano, Mlle. Lehmann, who has appeared in *La Traviata*; she has a voice of good quality, thoroughly well trained, and is also an actress of very considerable ability and power. We shall reserve further notice of Mlle. Lehmann until we have had an opportunity of hearing her in some more worthy part. Signor Campanini in this opera reminded us of Signor Gayarré in his worst mood. The chorus was far from good throughout; but the band, under Signor Arditi, was excellent.

It is now so long since *La Forza del Destino* was performed in London that its reproduction at Her Majesty's Theatre almost ranks as a novelty. Thirteen years ago Mr. Mapleson attempted to draw the attention of the English public to this opera, but without marked success. The libretto is unfortunate. An opera dealing with such deep contrasts of light and shade can never become popular, besides which the music is of such a hybrid nature as almost to raise a laugh. We were formerly told that the cause of the failure of *La Forza* was Signor Verdi's strong leaning to the Wagner school. Where this appears we are at a loss to discover, unless it lies in the fact that he is rather more noisy in this than in his other productions. We fail to find any one point in which his music may be compared to that of Herr Wagner. The story of the opera shortly recited is enough to show the cause of its failure. Donna Leonora has a lover, Don Alvaro, with whom she is about to elope, when her father intervenes, and is shot by an accidental discharge of Alvaro's pistol. She has also a brother, Don Carlos, whose one aim in life after this is to exterminate his father's murderer. Donna Leonora, retiring to a monastery, finally takes up her abode in a hole in the rocks, and Don Carlos takes service as an officer in a regiment in which Don Alvaro is a captain. Of course all have changed their names. Don Alvaro is wounded in battle, and delivers the key of his portmanteau to Don Carlos, with a request to him as his executor to destroy certain valuable papers therein contained. Don Carlos swears to do so, but is mean enough to examine them first, and discovers that the captain is the man he has been hunting all his life. Don Alvaro recovers and turns monk, but Don Carlos is not satisfied, hunts him up, challenges him to fight, and gets killed for his pains. Donna Leonora turns out to be the monk whom Alvaro has called up in the middle of the night to absolve the dying man, who, recognizing her, deals her a fatal blow in a death embrace. Side by side with this, there is a vein of comedy running through the piece. Mme. Swift, who was the Leonora, adds to a powerful soprano of a large compass a considerable knowledge of stage requirements; and her singing, especially of "Deh! non m'abbandonar," and "Sull' alba il piede" and of the long scene in the last act, was excellent. Mme. Trebelli played Preziosilla superbly, and created a sensation in the rataplan to her own drum accompaniment. Signor Campanini personated Don Alvaro, and Signor Galassi Don Carlos. The Fra Melitone of Signor Del Puente was refreshingly humorous, especially in the scene where he is ladling out soup to the beggars at the door of the monastery.

REVIEWS.

KOSSUTH'S MEMORIES OF EXILE.*

M. KOSSUTH is occupying his old age with the composition of reminiscences, which he publishes under the title of *Memories of My Exile*. A portion of the work has now been

* *Memories of My Exile*. By Louis Kossuth. Translated from the original Hungarian by Ferencz Jausz. London: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin. 1880.

given to the English public in the form of a translation from the Hungarian original by M. Jans. This portion is not published in chronological order, for it relates to the events of 1859, while a subsequent volume is to carry us back to the period of the Crimean War. For English readers it is advantageous that the later period of 1859 should be treated now, as Kossuth's memories relate to transactions which have been recently brought before them in the concluding volume of the *Life of the Prince Consort*. The present volume describes the efforts made by Kossuth to extend the war from Italy to Hungary, the partial success he achieved by enlisting the sympathies of the French Emperor and by securing the absolute neutrality of England, and the utter collapse of all his plans and all his dreams when peace was made at Villafranca. It cannot be said that there is much that is new in the version of affairs now given by M. Kossuth, if only general facts receive attention. For it is notorious that a Hungarian legion was formed or intended to be formed in Italy, and that Louis Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel in some shape assented to a proceeding which was at least meant to annoy and frighten Austria. But M. Kossuth is able to give many details, and sets before us clearly enough what he wanted. This was no less than an invasion of Hungary by French troops to assist a new Hungarian rising, with the object of forming an independent Hungary, the crown of which he very kindly offered by anticipation to Prince Napoleon. An independent Hungary has been the dream of M. Kossuth's life; and it was because, in the settlement which followed Sadowa, Hungary was allied on terms of equality with Austria, instead of being separated from it, that he would have nothing to do with the arrangement, and, as a protest against it, has remained an exile ever since. It is evident from the disclosures he makes in this volume that in his bargainings with France and Italy he never got near the solution for which he pressed. The French Emperor had no great military knowledge or ability, but he had too much sense to risk a large number of French troops far away from any base of operations, in order to create a new State the existence of which he would have to defend for years after he had created it. Kossuth was a dreaming, restless, unpractical man; but he had great eloquence and a sincere enthusiasm, and he exercised a great influence over popular assemblies and over some persons of political importance. But it is now many years since his influence faded altogether away. It was Deak, not M. Kossuth, whom the Hungarians followed in 1867, and he never after 1859 had any opportunity of playing even a trifling part in the politics of Western Europe.

M. Kossuth credits himself with not only having overthrown the Derby Ministry in 1859, but with having overthrown it by his own personal efforts, and in a method of his own personal invention. He was summoned to Paris at the beginning of the May of 1859, and on the night of the 5th he had a private audience with the Emperor. M. Kossuth has recorded with great minuteness all that passed on this occasion, and the dialogue which he represents as having taken place is quite as interesting as any of the conversations reported by Mr. Senior. The Emperor, after a friendly reference to Kossuth's earlier history, began by saying that he hoped to realize Kossuth's patriotic hopes, and that he understood that Kossuth, with whom Prince Napoleon had previously conversed, offered the co-operation of Hungary in the war on two conditions. One of them was that the Emperor should extend the war from the banks of the Po to those of the Danube and the Theiss. The other was that the appearance of French troops in Hungary should be heralded by a proclamation in which the Hungarians should be invited to rise in arms. M. Kossuth replied that his conditions could not be more accurately stated. The Emperor went on to say that as to the proclamation there could be no difficulty. He had, in fact, a proclamation in stock which had been framed by his uncle in 1809. The real difficulty was in sending the troops who were to give effect to the proclamation. The main obstacle was the English Ministry. The Tory Government, he said, "manifests a decidedly hostile attitude towards my enterprises even as regards Italy. The antiquated notion that the existence of the House of Hapsburg as a Great Power is essential to the maintenance of the European equilibrium is one of the traditional maxims of English policy." He added that he had reason to believe that England would even be capable of actually intervening against him. Kossuth answered by suggesting that England might be won over by the prospect of having Constantinople given her. On hearing this the Emperor, while he lit a cigarette over the lamp, which incident M. Kossuth records as giving piquancy and dignity to the reply, answered, "Il ne faut jamais vouloir l'impossible." Kossuth asked what the Emperor wanted. Did he hope for active co-operation from England? The Emperor assured him that he did not dream of that, and that all he wished was that her neutrality could be assured. After some speculation as to the probability of even the Tory Government proclaiming itself neutral, the Emperor answered that he should not feel satisfied as long as the policy of England remained in the hands of the Government then existing. Kossuth assented. "The place of the Tories should," he said, "be taken by the Whigs on such an understanding as would entirely secure the neutrality of England. As your Majesty only wishes thus much from England, permit me to declare that I will take upon myself the task to carry this into effect." The Emperor expressed some natural surprise, but Kossuth assured him he was serious, explained how he meant to set to work, and now explains to his readers how he actually accomplished what he had undertaken.

What he did was to go back to London and consult his friend Mr. Gilpin, the member for Northampton. The advice given was sensible enough, and was to the effect that nothing should be done until the elections then pending were over. It was decided that as soon as there could be no occasion for imputing to a foreigner the wish to influence purely English politics a series of public meetings should be held. The Lord Mayor was good enough to preside at the first meeting, which was held at the London Tavern, and introduced Kossuth on the occasion as "the last legitimate ruler of Hungary." Kossuth called on his hearers to resolve that the neutrality already announced by the Ministry should be absolute, or, in other words, that Austria should be left to fight her own battles whatever part of her dominions might be attacked. The same theme was repeated at Manchester, Bradford, and Glasgow, and it may be observed that the speeches made by M. Kossuth on these occasions are given in full in this volume, and form a considerable portion of its contents. Everywhere M. Kossuth found his audience in sympathy with him, and complete neutrality was as much to the taste of the hearers as of the speaker. The result of the elections showed that the Derby Ministry was in a small minority, but in order that it should be defeated it was necessary that the rival claims to leadership of Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell should be adjusted, and that the whole majority should act together. The rivals settled their claims by deciding that the one not sent for by the Queen was to serve under the other, and the cohesion of the majority was assured by Mr. Gilpin getting for himself and his friends an assurance in writing from Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell that, if in office, they would maintain neutrality even if the war spread to Hungary. The letters giving this assurance were handed to Kossuth, who carried them over to the Emperor of the French as a token of his triumph. These letters have been lost, and M. Kossuth treats their loss as a most serious misfortune. But he is able to produce a letter from Mr. Gilpin, who informs him that he has been offered the Secretaryship of the Poor Law Board, and that he has had a conversation with Lord Palmerston, in which he explained to Lord Palmerston that "several members of the Ministry not having been privy to what had passed between them, he felt sure that Lord Palmerston would find it natural that in the interests of those concerned (that is of M. Kossuth and his friends) further and explicit assurances would be welcome. Lord Palmerston said that he could give the fullest assurances, that Mr. Gilpin's Hungarian friends could set their minds perfectly at ease with regard to the conduct of England." Mr. Gilpin also writes that he has again spoken with Lord John Russell, and that he told Mr. Gilpin that he was quite prepared to go as far as Mr. Gilpin himself went. There can be no doubt that the new Ministry came into office pledged to maintain an absolute neutrality, even if Austria were attacked in Hungary. It is also incontestable that this pledge was given to friends of M. Kossuth who were acting as M. Kossuth wished them to act, But it does not at all appear that Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell were adopting a line of policy that was in any way forced on them, or that they were taking a line that broadly separated them from the Ministry. Lord Derby, in reply to a deputation composed of friends of M. Kossuth, who said that all they wanted was that nothing should be made a pretext for violating the neutrality officially proclaimed, said that the views of the Government entirely coincided with the wishes expressed to him. And when Lord Derby announced in the House of Lords the resignation of his Ministry, he stated that "he was aware that the late Ministry had been overthrown, not on any one specific point, but on the broad grounds as to which party should hold office." There is no reason to suppose that Lord Derby was saying anything but the precise truth. It was on these broad grounds that Lord Derby's Ministry was overthrown, and must then or in a few weeks have been overthrown. To say that M. Kossuth had nothing to do with the defeat of the Ministry would be going too far. There are wheels within wheels; and, as there was only a majority of thirteen against the Ministry, any one who made even a vote or two safer by suggesting that a pledge should be given by the Liberal leaders which they had not the slightest objection to give may be said to have contributed to the downfall of the Government.

Having finished his business in London, M. Kossuth went off to Italy, where he was much wanted, as the war had begun, and a body of Hungarian soldiers was being organized to take part in it on the side of the allies. These troops were formed partly of Hungarian refugees, and partly of Hungarian prisoners of war; and so strenuous were the efforts made by the Hungarian leaders that in a few weeks the force numbered four thousand men. The Italian Government at first proposed to treat these Hungarians as men employed in the service of Victor Emmanuel for the term of the war, and the force itself was to be called the Hungarian Legion. But M. Kossuth and his friends resolutely and successfully opposed this. The Hungarians, they insisted, were to fight as parts of an Hungarian army marching through Italy to Hungary, or they were not to fight at all. This view so far prevailed that the men were allowed to fight under the Hungarian flag, and no oath of allegiance to Victor Emmanuel was exacted from them. No doubt M. Kossuth is justly entitled to the credit of having by his firmness prevented any attempt at a premature and abortive rising in Hungary. He gives an interesting account of a conversation he had after Solferino with the Emperor Napoleon, in which the Emperor agreed that M. Kossuth was taking the proper course for a patriotic Hungarian to take. Unless French aid were a certainty it was manifestly wiser for the Hungarians to keep quiet. M. Kossuth also thought he had convinced the Emperor of a further

point, that in order to finish the war advantageously the Emperor must venture on giving armed assistance to Hungary. If the war, M. Kossuth argued, is treated as a purely Italian war, Austria was sure to make a peace not very humiliating to her, would gain breathing time, and be soon as strong as ever, and bent on regaining all in Italy that she had lost. The Emperor expressed his full concurrence. There was the danger that if Hungary were raised the German Confederation might think itself concerned and intervene. M. Kossuth acknowledged this; but he pointed out that, if Austria pleased, she might protract the war indefinitely by relying on the Emperor's reluctance to provoke the interference of the German Confederation. She had only to withdraw her troops across the Isonzo and, if the French followed them, German soil would be violated. There was very much of truth in this remark, so much truth that what M. Kossuth called the thunderclap of Villafranca arose from the Emperor seeing how true the remark was. Either he must abandon the war, or he must sooner or later, and possibly very soon, bring himself into collision with the German Confederation. If he defied both the German Confederation and Austria, he must do all he could to cripple Austria by raising Hungary against her, and thus see her soldiers fight on the banks of the Danube and the Rhine at the same time. He shrank from this; and, as the ruler of France, he was quite right in shrinking. He decided on a sudden peace, drove Italy to temporary despair, and sent back M. Kossuth and his friends to weave anew the threads of the plots and schemes which occupy the time and thought of political exiles.

DAWKINS'S EARLY MAN IN BRITAIN.*

IN his recent treatise on the history of Early Man in Britain Professor Boyd Dawkins has sought to bring to a common focus the rays of light shed upon the primæval stage of human life by the sciences of geology, prehistoric archæology, and history. His earlier work on *Cave-Hunting*, published in 1874, and reviewed in our columns at the time (*Saturday Review*, November 14, 1874), was directed towards clearing away the obscurities which overhung what seemed to him the borderland between those respective fields of research. The history of the earth comes first in the inquiry, tracing the gradual preparation of continents or islands to form the home of man, to yield him food, and to meet his ever-growing wants. The archæologist finds him in rude caverns scooped out by nature in the hillside, which form his dwelling-place, his shelter from the climate, from wild beasts and savage foes, and often his resting-place in death. The wide research brought to bear upon this stage of human life, and the application to it of the purely inductive method of reasoning, have raised the study of prehistoric antiquity to the rank of a science. With the materials thus accumulated the archæologist may claim to have established, as our author does in his preliminary remarks, a tolerably complete sequence of events from the remote past in which man stands in the geological foreground down to the borders of written history. To the labourers in this province we owe the knowledge of the steps by which man slowly freed himself from the bondage of the natural conditions common to him and all living creatures. We can follow his progress through the successive discoveries of the use of polished stone, bronze, and iron, marking as these do most distinctly the three phases through which every race alike has passed in turn. We mark his earliest domestication of animals, his cultivation of the fruits of the earth, his first rude efforts towards the making of clothing, of weapons and implements, and his dawning sense of art—"in a word, all those things by which man has become what the historian finds him."

Glancing rapidly at the vast geological ages of the earth's history which preceded the Tertiary period, Mr. Dawkins takes up this as the starting-point for the determination of man's entry upon the stage of life. Throughout this period the evolution of life is definitely traceable, each group being linked without break with that before it, and the law of its continuity being made manifest by the gradual specialization of mammalian life from the Eocene times down to the present day. It has been held by high authorities that the presence of man can be traced in Europe as early as the Meiocene age, on the ground of flint splinters having been found in mid-Meiocene strata at Thenay, and a rib of an extinct kind of manatee found at Pouancé, in France, notched apparently by the hand of man. The inadequacy of these proofs is pointed out by Mr. Dawkins. Fitted as Meiocene Europe may have been as regards food and climate to become the birthplace of man, there was, he shows, no place for man as the most specialized of all creatures in a fauna most strongly marked by the absence of all the mammalian forms now associated with him. No living species of land mammal has been met with in the Meiocene fauna. Representatives of the order of primates (the Adapis, the Necrolemur, the Cœnopithecus, and other forms) have, it is true, been shown to have haunted the upper Eocene forests of both Europe and America; and in the Meiocene the anthropomorphous apes, such as Dryopithecus, are known to have been abundant. At the end of the Pleiocene age a remarkable disappearance of the quadrumana from Europe seems to have taken place, due in all probability to a lowering of the climate. From its outset the Pleistocene age exhibits a great contrast with the fauna of the preceding period. The greater part of the animals now living have here their place, and the world, our author urges, was then in the stage of evolution in which man might be expected to play his part. Migrations of the principal fauna of Europe then probably took place on a large scale, in accordance with the annual change of heat and cold, as well as with the longer secular alternations of climate, Great Britain being still connected with the Continent, the intermingling of the remains of arctic and tropical animals in British caves and drift being thus accounted for. The earliest trace of man's presence among the diversified fauna of this period is to be seen in the flint flakes manifestly chipped by human hands, of which our author specially cites one discovered under his eyes in the lower brick earth at Crayford in 1872, in which stratum he had previously unearthed the skull of a musk bull. Flakes of this kind abound in the later Pleistocene deposits, and whatever theory may be advanced in explanation of man's origin, or of the relation which he may be supposed to have held to pre-existing or lower forms of animal life (a question into which Mr. Dawkins abstains from entering), no reasonable doubt can be entertained as to the fact of man's having roamed the forests of Britain while tenanted still by the rhinoceros, elephant, urus, and bison; while the hippopotamus haunted the banks of the Thames, as well as the beaver and the otter. There were wolves also, bears, brown and grisly, wild cats, and lions of vast size, with hyænas which prowled in packs by night to prey upon the young, the wounded, and the weak. Of the Arctic mammals there remained still in Britain the reindeer, the musk sheep, and the marmot.

Two successive races of men are shown by the researches of archæologists to be distinguishable throughout Europe during the long series of ages represented by the Pleistocene period—namely, the river drift men and the cave men, the former and ruder race no doubt surviving in Britain long after it had given place further eastwards in Europe to a wave of advancing culture. Their common seat or source is, in equal probability, to be sought in the central plateau of Asia, whence these Palæolithic tribes swarmed off by successive migrations, reaching in course of time as far as Britain. Here the rude primæval hunter—whose flint arrow-points are found deep down in the gravel drift of rivers widely differing in their course and level from the streams of our day—brought down the reindeer and other Arctic animals which had been driven south by the glacial climate now passing away. A great change had passed over the aspect of the country by the time when the cave man followed, with his polished implements and generally less rude culture. Though they had not yet found their way to constructing the rude dwellings of earth or wood which mark a further step in civilization, the rudiments of art are nevertheless displayed by these savages of the cave in their graphic etchings of the mammoth, the reindeer, the bear, and man himself, upon fragments of bone. We have not many specimens of this artistic kind from British caves to pit against the expressive outlines of animals and men from the French and Swiss deposits with which our author has embellished his pages; but for symmetry of shape and finish of workmanship we may compare favourably with any foreign implements of the sort such examples of chipped flints as he has given us in the large spear-head found so long ago as 1690 in Gray's Inn Lane, in company with the remains of an elephant. There is unsurpassed force also in the profile of a horse etched upon a fragment of bone from the upper cave earth of the Robin Hood Cave (Fig. 53). The only actual relic of the frame of Pleistocene man is a tooth found in the cave of Plas Newydd, in Wales. The cave-men, as our author argues, are to be regarded as far in advance of the men of the river drift, having in all probability also been altogether distinct from them in race, though he stands here in opposition to the high authority of Mr. Evans. However this may be, there is abundant proof that we have in the cave-men the near representatives in civilization, and probably in race, of the Eskimos of our day.

The whole interval between the Pleistocene age and the beginning of history is covered by what is called the Prehistoric period. At the outset of this a new race is seen encroaching from the east upon the haunts of the cave-men, bringing with them superior weapons of polished stone, some at least of the domestic animals, and many of the cultivated seeds and fruits. Within this time it seems likely that Great Britain was severed from the Continent, and the general aspect of the country became much what it is now. No attempt is made by Mr. Dawkins to estimate the number of years involved in this process. At the present rate, however, of wasting of the chalk cliffs, it may be taken that 200,000 years or so would suffice to bring about the existing width of the Dover Straits. Here Neolithic man found wild species of animals which had survived from Pleistocene times, among them the urus, in which some are inclined to see the ancestors of the Chillingham cattle of our day, and the gigantic elk of the Irish peat bogs. Other species he introduced or tamed. For his dwelling he built rude circular huts over pits or hollows in the earth, many of which are still traceable in places, as at Standlake, Brentknoll, and Fisherton, near Salisbury, and in which have been found the remains of animals used for food, spindle whorls, needles, and combs of bone, rude fragments of pottery, and celts both polished and roughly chipped. Our author inserts an engraving of a curious bog house at Drumkellin bog, Donegal. Miners' picks of stone and flint, with handles of deer's horn, attest the mode of digging up the flints of their weapons and implements, and the galleries in which they worked are traceable at

* *Early Man in Britain, and his Place in the Tertiary Period.* By W. Boyd Dawkins, M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S., F.S.A., Curator of the Manchester Museum, and Professor of Geology in Owens College, Manchester. Illustrated by Woodcuts. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

Brandon and elsewhere, where little cups of chalk have been met with intended to hold grease for the supply of light. At Cissbury a vast store of flints in every stage of manufacture betokens the site of a factory on a large scale. Canoes hollowed out of tree-trunks show us the Neolithic men afloat on fishing or marauding enterprises, and possibly ferrying over from the Continent or to Ireland their cattle and household stuff. Their reverence for the dead and their belief as regards the state after death may be traced in their various cromlechs. To the same stage of civilization may be referred their pile-dwellings, fresh remains of which are continually turning up in these islands and on the Continent, indicating the wide range to be assigned to the tribes of the Neolithic age. Before it had given way to the more advanced period of bronze, somewhat of the culture of the East had found its way thus far; glass beads, probably introduced if not made by the Phœnicians, being met with in Neolithic tombs and pile-dwellings. Doubtless, during this phase of savage life in the remote West, Egypt and Assyria were highly organized empires, and civilization was far advanced among the Mediterranean races.

In what relation did the Neolithic inhabitants of Britain stand to the people of the Continent, or to races still living? This is the crucial problem for the Palæontologist, and it forms the most prominent portion of Mr. Dawkins's book. Acknowledging its difficulty, he is confident of solving it by the aid of the joint results of osteological inquiry with those of ethnology, history, and geography. The researches of Thurman and Davis, Wilson, Busk, and Huxley tend to show that these men were of the short, long-headed type widely spread over the Continent, perpetuated in the Basques, who in blood and speech represent the Iberian, non-Aryan stock which once ranged from Spain to Germany and Denmark on the north-east, and southwards beyond the Pillars of Hercules, being gradually pressed westwards by the Aryan Celtic races who brought in the use of bronze. The dawn of history finds these races confronting each other in Spain and Gaul, or commingled in the great Celt-Iberi of Castile. The Iberic wave—of which the existing traces are distinctively seen in the fragmentary relics thrown up in the Basque-speaking people of Spain and Brittany—swept widely over Europe, and, if not wholly displacing, mingled with the life current of many a race that had preceded it in its westward flow from its source in mid-Asia. The Iberic population in the British Isles was preserved, Mr. Dawkins thinks probable, from contact with other races during the whole of the Neolithic period, while on the Continent rival tribes, like the Belgæ and others of Teutonic stock, pressed upon the Neolithic people. A chart is given to show the probable distribution of Iberic, Celtic, and Belgic races at the incoming of the age of history. By the time of Strabo the retrocession of the Iberic race had been made good from the Rhone to the Pyrenees. A second chart, compiled by M. Broca from the army returns, gives evidence in the existing physical characters of the French people that elements of this early variety in blood are still at work in the population. The differences of stature indicated by the number of exemptions from military service correspond most closely with those of complexion and general physique. The shortest people are those of the "départements noirs," the swarthy natives of the old province of Aquitania (Aquitani, Auski, Eusques, Vascones, Basques) once more largely diffused, and still traceable not in Brittany alone, but in wide districts of central France. The "départements blancs" on the Belgic frontier are made up of the tall fair-haired people of Belgic, Celtic, or Teutonic stock; the "départements gris," south of the Garonne, marking the settlements of the fair-haired Visigoths, Franks, and English of intermediate stature, with brown hair and grey or brown eyes. The important position held in Europe in prehistoric times by the Iberic tribes of non-Aryan blood is insisted on by our author on grounds common to the ethnologist and the historian, and affords in his opinion a clue through many a labyrinth of ethnical affinities:—

> Before the Celtic invasion Gaul was inhabited by other tribes than the Iberian. The Ligures dwelt in the district round Marseilles, and held the region between the river Po and the Gulf of Genoa to the western boundary of Etruria, and they extended along the coast of the Mediterranean as far as the Pyrenees, that is to say, over the area included under the name of Iberia in its more ancient sense. They have also left marks of their presence in the name of the Loire (Ligur), and possibly in Britain in the obscure term Lloegrians (Lloegr). From the intimate manner in which they are associated with the Iberians by classical writers, coupled with their agreement in small stature and swarthy complexion, it may be inferred with tolerable certainty that they were related to each other, as the Frank to the Goth, or the Dane to the Norman, and that they belong to the same non-Aryan branch of the human race. It is also by no means improbable that the small swarthy Etruskans, whose empire extended in the earliest times recorded by history north of the Alps into Tyrol, and who held dominion also over Lombardy, belong to the same non-Aryan stock, since they were conterminous, and were driven away from their ancient possessions by the same invading peoples. Just as the Celt poured down through central France, isolating the Ligurian and the Iberian, so he poured through the passes of the Alps into Lombardy, sundering the Etruskans of Rhætia and Noricum from those of Etruria proper. In my belief the Iberians of France and Spain, the Silures of Wales, the Ligures of southern Gaul and northern Italy, and the small dark Etruskans, are to be looked upon as ethnological islands isolated by successive invasions, pointing out that if we could go deep enough in past time we should find that the whole of Europe was inhabited solely by a swarthy non-Aryan population.

The evidence for the survival in the existing population of Britain of a Basque or Iberian element was put forward by Mr. Dawkins some years back in an able paper in the *Fortnightly Review*. Commenting upon these proofs at the time (*Saturday Review*, September 12, 1874), and allowing to the full their coherence and cogency from a physiological as well as an historical point of view, we remarked upon the absence of such confirmatory evidence as the study of language may ordinarily be expected to bring to any ethnological problem of this kind. If a Basque dialect was spoken in these islands down to the time of the Celtic invasion, how is it that no trace of Basque is to be met with in the Welsh tongue of to-day, or even in the nomenclature of any district of Wales or Britain? The speech of the Basques has survived, together with their blood, the intrusive violence before which they have retreated to their present isolated strongholds on the sea-coasts of France and Spain, whilst here they must be supposed to have wholly exchanged their Iberian speech for that of their Celtic conquerors. We are glad to find our author devoting a section of his present book to the evidence of language, although he does little more than set aside the appeal to language as the test of race. He is able here to fortify himself by more than one high authority, to the extent at least of the general proposition. Language is not so much the test of race as of social contact and influence. Savage and barbarous tongues are specially liable to flux and change, and what form the Iberian speech held in Neolithic times we have not the slightest means of making out. The Basque of to-day is too modern for us to imagine what were the forms of its words a thousand years ago, and the failure of Humboldt should suffice to show us the uselessness of seeking for traces of Basque words in local names, whether in Wales, France, or elsewhere. It is notwithstanding strange that the dissolving action of time, as Dr. Broca happily calls it, should so utterly have obliterated the non-Aryan tongue supposed to have been formerly spoken by the Neolithic aborigines of Britain, whilst it has left such indubitable traces in the Basque dialects of our day. The very evidence adduced by our author of Neolithic survival among the Pyrenees makes more emphatic the silence of this side of the channel. The researches of the Abbé Inchauspé, made known in 1875, point to the Basque names for cutting tools, viz., *aizcora* axe, *aitzurra* pick, *aiztoa* knife, *aizturrac* scissors, as unexpected relics of the speech of the Neolithic age. In these words used by the Basques both of France and Spain—the third, however, only in the valley of Roncal in Spanish Navarre—*aitz* (*aitza* or *atcha*), a stone, is compounded with *gora*, high, lifted up = stone mounted in a handle; *urra*, to tear asunder = a stone to tear in sunder the earth; *itoa*, a diminutive = little stone; and *aizturrac* = *aiztto* and *urra*—the final *c* marking the plural; the whole standing for "little stones for tearing asunder." These derivations, we are assured, are accepted by Prince Lucien Bonaparte. If we may discern in this flake of prehistoric speech a Neolithic source for our own adze or axe, our surprise at such a proof of continuity between ourselves and a remote Iberian ancestry is mixed with wonder that further signs of linguistic survival should not be forthcoming. Here, assuredly, is the weakest link in Mr. Dawkins's chain of proof. The arguments on which he rests his case—the similarity of type in skulls and other marks of physique, in modes of burial, in signs of general culture, belief, and superstition—go notwithstanding far towards establishing the broader conclusions with which he sums up this portion of his work:—

> At the beginning of the Prehistoric period the small, dark, non-Aryan farmers and herdsmen passed into Europe from Central Asia, bringing with them the Neolithic civilisation, which took deep root. The section of them which spread over Gaul, Spain, and the British Isles, is only known to us as the Iberic aborigines. Outside these limits we meet with traces of the Iberic peoples in Sicily, Sardinia, and in Northern Africa. They have also left their mark in Asia Minor in the name Iberia (= Georgia), in the same manner as the Gauls have left their name in Galatia, or modern Anatolia, south of the Aladag mountains. After a lapse of time sufficient to allow the non-Aryan Neolithic civilisation to penetrate into every part of the Continent, the Celtic Aryans poured in, and made themselves masters of a large part of Gaul and Spain in the Neolithic age. It may be inferred from the geographical position of Germany, as well as from the distribution of the human skulls, and the evidence of history, that it also was held by these two races of men. The Iberic peoples were probably driven from the regions east of the Rhine by the Celts, and they in their turn by the Belgæ, just as within the Historic period the Belgæ were pushed farther to the west by the Germans, who in their turn were compelled to leave their ancient homes to be occupied by Sclaves. Thus we have evidence of two distinct races in Neolithic Europe, the older, or non-Aryan, and the newer, or the Aryan. There is no reason to believe that the Iberic tribes derived their culture from, or were related in blood to, their predecessors the Cave-men. The progress of civilisation in Europe has been continuous from the Neolithic age down to the present time, and in that remote age the history of the nations of the west finds its proper starting-point.

With the same patience in research and skill in marshalling his facts, our author proceeds to trace the incoming of the Bronze Age with the wave of Celtic immigration, from the same primæval fountain of humanity in the central uplands of Asia. The Iberic peoples of the British Isles were long kept intact from this invasion, and not only Egypt and Assyria, but the Greek races of the Mediterranean basin were beyond doubt highly advanced in their civilization whilst our island forefathers lingered in the rude stone age. Gradually the culture and the arts of the Eastern more developed peoples found their way to these shores. The maritime enterprise of Phœnicia extended hitherwards both the natural and artificial produce of the East. Pottery and bronzes of Greek pattern and design are met with side by side with the rude implements of native handiwork, and Etruscan art is represented by the beautifully wrought repoussé corslet of gold, found in a burial cairn near Mold, North Wales, in 1832, (figs. 159, 160). The trade routes whereby vessels, weapons, and ornaments of

Etruscan manufacture, found their way to the northern coasts, from which the amber in demand amongst the artists of the south was in turn conveyed to the Mediterranean markets, as well as the line of traffic from Olbia, at the mouth of the Dnieper, to the Baltic, and that of the Greeks from Massilia to the north-west point of the Spanish peninsula, are laid down upon the map of Europe. The evidences of this gradual spread of enterprise within historical times are built up from a careful survey of the classical authorities, leading on to the exploration of the British coasts from the time when the invasion of Cæsar brought these islands within the pale of European civilisation. Our author's exhaustive inquiry finds Britain part of a continent not yet tenanted by man. The vast changes he has had to trace have left in their passage a thread of continuity which enables him to show the Tertiary period with which it opens extending without a break, so as to include our own times. Where it is dropped by geology, archæology, and ethnology, history takes up the tale of human progress, and leaves it in the hands of science with the hope of a boundless future.

A JAPANESE ROMANCE.*

SINCE 1868 the modern Japanese seem to have made it their ambition to become the Belgians of the East. Like that people, they are thrifty, industrious, good-humoured, and eminently unromantic. What their character was before the revolution, before the mania for imitating European manners, we can nowhere learn so well as from *The Loyal League*, a Japanese romance translated by Mr. Dickins. The events upon which this novel is founded, and to which it adheres with tolerable fidelity, occurred in the beginning of the eighteenth century. The league of forty-six men who, at the certain cost of their own lives, avenged the death of their lord, is a matter of modern history. The spirit of the author of the romance, the spirit which placed all duty in loyalty and in revenge, was universal in Japan till late in the present century. But the Japanese novelist, for political reasons, was compelled to throw back the incidents of his story into the fourteenth century, and to alter the names of his characters. It is as if Scott had not only given false names to the historical persons in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, but had placed the period of that romance in the fourteenth century. It is necessary, then, to bear in mind that the story of *The Loyal League* is only partially true in incident, while it is as true as the author could make it in descriptions of national manners and sentiments. Unfortunately, the translator has occasionally found it necessary to omit, and even to alter, passages "where judged advisable to meet the exigencies of English readers." This naturally deprives the work of some of its value as a picture of manners. As a mere novel, it can be recommended to all readers who have the energy to struggle with the initial difficulties of style. These difficulties lie chiefly in the Japanese author's love of complex and elaborate puns which are incapable of being rendered into English. The translator has done his best with these witticisms, which require explanatory notes. After the reader becomes accustomed to the manner of the narrative, the matter wins his attention.

We do not intend to follow very closely the plot of *The Loyal League*. There are two sets of characters, of which one is much less interesting than the other. The fortunes of the friends of Wakasanosuke may be allowed to drop out of the story, while we follow the adventures of the forty-six *Ronin*, or "broken men," who avenged the death of Yenya. In 1338, according to the story-teller, a certain Lord Moronaho was in high office at Kamakura. Among his retainers were two Samurahi, or nobles, who themselves had feudatories under them. These men were named Wakasanosuke and Yenya. The former offended his haughty lord by his conduct at a public ceremony. The latter had the misfortune to have a fair and virtuous wife, the lady Kawoyo. It chanced that Moronaho made insulting proposals to Kawoyo in the hearing of Wakasanosuke, who rescued the lady. This irritated Moronaho, who reviled Wakasanosuke. Here a singular feature in the old feudal character declared itself. Wakasanosuke made up his mind to slay Moronaho, to whom he seems to have felt no duty of loyalty. The slaying was prevented by a device of one of Wakasanosuke's men, who privily bribed Moronaho. The proud lord therefore threw both his swords down before Wakasanosuke, and apologized to him with abject humility. This happened very early in the morning, before daylight, at a great feast. To the same feast came Yenya, eager to avenge the insult to his wife. Yenya was accompanied by Kampei, one of his retainers, and it was Kampei's duty to share all the fortunes and adventures of his lord. But Kampei was young; he met Karu, the girl of his heart, in the dusk, and wandered away with her into a grove of pine-trees. During his absence Yenya met and was insulted by Moronaho. He aimed a sword-blow at his superior, wounded, and would have slain him, had not an officious peacemaker interfered. Soldiers came up, Yenya was seized, and sent to await his sentence in his own castle. Kampei, who came up too late to aid his lord, was in despair. "How can I ever wear two swords again before the eyes of men!" he cried, and but for the prayers of Karu, his betrothed, he would have made the happy despatch. But Karu persuaded him to go to the house of her father, [illegible], a farmer, where we shall soon follow his fortunes. Yenya's sentence was not long deferred. Two royal commissioners came to his castle with the tidings that he must do *seppuku*—that is, despatch himself in the usual way. The description of this scene is very remarkable. In spite of the separatist tendencies of clan life and clan loyalty, the command of the central authority was instantly and peacefully obeyed. If one of the early Stuarts had sent two officers to bid the chief of the Macdonalds or Macleods destroy himself, the conduct of the Highland clansmen would have been very different. They would have boiled the royal emissaries, or starved them to death, or thrown them into the loch. Contrast with this the behaviour of Yenya and his clansmen, in the Japanese romance:—

> Meanwhile a confused sound of knocking in the partition resounded from the adjoining apartment, and the voices of a number of clansmen were heard clamouring for permission to look once more upon their lord's face while in life, and begging Goyemon to obtain that favour for them. Goyemon, accordingly, asked the condemned nobleman to allow the retainers to enter.
>
> "What is this?" cried Yenya. "Yet their request is proper enough! But they must wait until Yuranosuke returns."
>
> Goyemon bowed assent, and addressing himself to the clansmen, exclaimed: "You have heard our lord's will. You cannot enter yet; not one of you."
>
> They did not utter a word in reply, and complete silence reigned in the apartment in which they still remained assembled. Rikiya, meanwhile, at a sign from Yenya, had placed the sword with which the self-dispatch was to be accomplished, and which had been previously got ready, before his lord, who, after composedly throwing back the shoulder-folds of the *kamishimo*, arranged himself in a suitable position.
>
> "And now, Sirs," said Yenya, addressing the Commissioners; "I call upon you to be witnesses to my obedience."
>
> He drew a three-cornered stand towards himself as he spoke, and taking up the short sword that lay upon it, lifted it respectfully to his forehead.
>
> "Rikiya, Rikiya."
>
> "My lord."
>
> "Yuranosuke."
>
> "He is not yet returned, your lordship."
>
> "Alas! and yet I wished so greatly to see him once more in life. There is so much to be arranged -but now——"
>
> As he uttered the last words the unfortunate nobleman grasped the sword, point downwards, in his bow-hand, and with one movement ripped himself open.

When Yenya had expired, one of his retainers, Yuranosuke, seized the short sword with which the deed was done, and vowed revenge. The clan of Yenya were to be driven from his lands, were to be *ronin*, or broken men; but they might still punish the enemy of their lord. Two clansmen, Kudaiu and his son Sadakuro, held themselves aloof from this determination. The rest scattered to various refuges in the hills.

The story now returns to Kampei, the young retainer whom love had lured from his duty to his lord. Kampei was living at his father-in-law's house as a hunter, "tracking the monkey and the wild boar along the narrow mountain paths—narrow as were his means of existence." This is a pleasing example of the old Japanese taste and style. On the mountains he met one of the revengeful *ronin*, and implored to be allowed to aid in the vengeance which should be taken on Moronaho. But the *ronin* told him that he could be allowed to do no more than subscribe towards the expenses of Yenya's monument. This was a thing quite out of Kampei's power. He had no money, no means of buying back such favour as would restore him to his rank as a gentleman, and help him to revenge the death of his lord. To aid him, his wife and father-in-law had come to a desperate resolution. For five years the girl had bound herself to be a "tea-house girl"—that is, to abandon virtue. Kampei may not have been aware of the plan, but it was one from which, as we learn, no man would have shrunk, if by his wife's prostitution he might accomplish his revenge. There could scarcely be a more amazing instance of the moral pre-eminence of the idea of loyal vengeance. But Kampei did not survive to punish Moronaho. As his old father returned from the town with the price of his daughter's honour, he was slain and robbed by a highwayman. In firing at a wild boar, Kampei shot the thief and took the money. On returning to his house he found the people of the "tea-house" leading away his bride. His possession of the money became known, the body of his father-in-law was found, he was accused of the murder, and in despair committed the usual suicide. His bride was carried to the tea-house where Yuranosuke, the chief of the avengers, was disarming suspicion by leading a dissipated life. Here she was found by her own brother, who proposed that she should let him slay her, for the following reasons:—

> "Better to die by my hand than by that of some other man; and if I slay you, and tell our chief that, though you were my sister, I could not pardon you, as knowing what ought not to be entrusted to a woman, he will let me add my name to the list of conspirators, and I shall share with him the glory of the enterprise."
>
> "What makes the meanness of my condition so intolerable is, that unless I show the world that there is in me what makes me superior to the mass of men, I cannot hope to be allowed to take part in our chief's undertaking. You understand me, sister; give me your li[illegible], let yourself die at my hands."

The poor girl answers, "O, what have I to live for! But I must not die by your hands, brother, or our mother will be angry with you. Let me end my life myself. You can still take my head, or my whole body if you like, and show one or the other in proof of your devoted loyalty." But the unhappy Karu was rescued by the chief of the avengers, who shortly afterwards had the pleasure of hacking a disloyal clansman to pieces with a rusty

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* *The Loyal League: a Japanese Romance.* Translated by F. V. Dickins. London: Allen & Co. 1880.

sword. From this point the tale is complicated by the actions of the friends of Wakasanosuke, and by a love-story of some interest, but of still greater complexity. At last we arrive at the Retribution. Yuranosuke and his men storm the castle of Moronaho, and cut off the head of the hated foe of their lord. Their revenge is described with a kind of delirious delight. "Fortunate are we as though we gazed upon the flower that blooms but once in three thousand years." The ritual of atonement to the dead Yenya was thus solemnly performed:—

Yuranosuke, drawing from his bosom the tablets inscribed with the posthumous name of his dead master, placed it reverently on a small stand at the upper end of the room, and then set the head of Moronaho, cleansed from blood, on another opposite to it. He next took a perfume from within his helmet, and burnt it before the tablet of his lord, prostrating himself and withdrawing slowly, while he bowed his head reverently three times, and then again thrice three times.

"O thou soul of my liege lord, with awe doth thy vassal approach thy mighty presence, who art now like unto him that was born of the lotus-flower to attain a glory and eminence beyond the understanding of men! Before the sacred tablet tremblingly set I the head of thine enemy, severed from his corpse by the sword thou deignedst to bestow upon thy servant in the hour of thy last agony. O thou that art now resting amid the shadows of the tall grass, look with favour on my offering." Bursting into tears, the *Karō* of Yenya thus adored the memory of his lord.

The novel ends with a massacre, but not—in this translation, at least—with an account of the suicide of the clansmen. The historical version of the affair will be found in Mr. Dickins's admirable appendix, which contains many interesting notes on Japanese folk-lore, customs, and religion. The narrative, though not quite so easy to read as novels which deal with modern English manners, has a curious vigour, healthiness, and freshness. The excellent tinted woodcuts are the work of Japanese artists.

ITALY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

CRESCIMBENI'S history of the Arcadian Academy at Rome, in the original Italian, was printed in London in 1804, edited by Mathias, the well-known author of the *Pursuits of Literature*. It is a choice little volume from Bulmer's press; and gives an account also of the affiliated academical Societies with their appropriate badges, all bearing in common the pipe of seven reeds, bound with laurel, which was the ensign of the parent club. Each member was to assume a pastoral name and a local Greek appellation; Mathias, who was himself elected a member of the Academy, bore the Arcadian name of Lariso Salaminio; and Goethe, who received the honour of membership in 1788, was known as Megalio Melpomenio. Both of them would be surprised to find their famous Academy, which indeed still exists, so much forgotten as to be treated in the volume before us like a disinterred mummy of past days, of whose history every one is presumed to be ignorant. In fact, a lady now living and well known in society is a shepherdess of Arcadia. The late Lady William Russell was elected an Arcadian, as the "valorosa ed erudita Signora la nobil Donna Elisabetta Anna Rawdon." Her name was "Selene," and a deed of gift accompanied her diploma, conveying to the new member certain vacant pastures in Cythera, from which she was to take her second name of "Citerin." This document is dated 4th December 1815, but in the diploma the date is reckoned by Olympiads. The story of the birth and life of the Arcadian Academy is a curious one, and may be read with interest in the first of the essays now collected in the volume before us for publication. It is told in a somewhat confused and breathless style, but it is both amusing and instructive. After some trouble it appears that the writer discovered the neglected and forsaken meeting-place of the once famous Academy on the road winding up the Janiculum towards the Villa Pamphili. But the former glories of the Bosco Parrasio have fled. The villa was occupied by peasants; the gardens and bowers have gone to ruin and decay. Yet the pictures remain; Algarotti, Alfieri, and Metastasio continue to look down on the scene of their departed greatness; and the portrait of John V. of Portugal surveys what was his gift to the Society of which he was an unworthy member.

In 1688 that strange personage, Queen Christina of Sweden, went to reside in Rome, surrounded herself with a sort of literary Court, and became an established patroness of letters, extending her support to a number of men of more or less distinction, and she could boast of Filicaja as being one among them. The Arcadian Academy was the offspring of the society thus brought together, but was not actually founded until after the death of the ex-Queen. One morning in 1692 a party of fourteen belonging to this *coterie* happened to meet in the Prati di Castello, behind the Castle of Sant' Angelo, and were inspired by their surroundings to revive the memories of the ancient Arcadia. The best known among them were Gravina, a jurist of reputation, and the person who adopted and brought forward the young Trapassi, whose name was afterwards Grecized into Metastasio; and Crescimbeni, to whom justice is not done when he is called simply "the stupidest and most self-important of Roman pedants." Naturally the party became shepherds on the spot; they arranged a list of pastoral names and Grecian birthplaces, for which they immediately drew lots; and the head of the Society was called the *Custode* or guardian of the flock.

It was the period of Academies, and the new one became the rage. *Bergerie*, which was destined to be somewhat later the subject of Watteau's art, was the fashion, and every one rushed to join the pastoral poets and men of learning. Italy was full of an idle but not always ignorant nobility, who, together with the equally unemployed ecclesiastics and quasi-ecclesiastics, eagerly sought every occasion of pretending to literary importance. Crescimbeni was elected the first *Custode Generale d'Arcadia*, and reigned under the academic title of Alphesibeo Cario. Gravina's legal talents were called into play to legislate for the recently-formed State, and he composed in choice Latin a sagacious code of laws. The members had indeed a serious purpose in view, which was no less than the reformation of literature in Italy, and its restoration to excellence and purity. They deserve some credit for this, although their performances fall very far short of their pretensions, and may have occasionally presented a semi-ludicrous aspect. Transactions and literary contributions were printed and published under the direction of the *Custode Generale*; and subordinated Arcadian societies sprang up in every city and town. In the colony at Bologna were to be found the painter Carlo Maratti and his daughter Faustina, wife of the poet Felice Zappi; names which suggest how much the whole movement belonged to an age of feebleness and decadence, rather than to one of vigorous youth and real advance.

But the pleasant pastures of Arcadia did not secure entire harmony among the piping shepherds. There was a furious dispute between Gravina and Crescimbeni on the authorship of the code, and for a time a schism divided the fold. Peace, however, was restored; Gravina died, and Arcadia continued to flourish at unity with itself. Its poets were nevertheless still conspicuous for their mediocrity. Later on, one of the shepherds was Rolli, who translated *Paradise Lost*, who enjoyed some reputation in Italy, and who is mentioned not discreditably in the *Dunciad*, where a note gives the information that he wrote many operas, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England for twenty years, and that he taught Italian to some fine gentlemen who affected to direct the opera. He was flattered with the name of the modern Propertius, because he was a native of Umbria; and carried his intended imitation of the antique so far as to make him think it prudent to announce solemnly that he was in truth a faithful member of the Holy Catholic Church. Frugoni was another of the mediocrities who figured among the Arcadians. Like a much more eminent man, his name became the foundation of a word employed to designate the style in which he indulged; and *Frugonaria* may be classed with *Marivaudage*, as a phrase coined to meet a particular want. But Marivaux was the founder of the modern novel of social life, and Frugoni was only a second or third-rate poet of Arcadia. Metastasio, from the popularity he so long enjoyed in Europe, and for his own real merits, deserves a very different kind of mention. His words for operas occupied a position never attained by any other similar compositions. In fact, instead of their being prepared to fit the music, successive composers wrote music for his words, so that the same *libretto* formed the basis for a number of different settings to music. He had poetical genius of an order short indeed of the highest, but such as well entitled him to the regard in which he was for so long a time held.

It was in 1725 that Bernardino Perfetti, the greatest of the *improvvisatori*, received the honours of coronation in the Capitol. Seven Arcadians, as we are told, headed by Crescimbeni, repeated laudatory poems, accompanied by trumpets and drums and the salute of a hundred mortars. Two or three years after this event the first *Custode* of Arcadia died, after having held his great office for thirty-eight years. He had belonged to the academy of the *Disposti* at fifteen, and was also a member of the *Infecondi*, although this did not prevent him from being a prolific writer. In addition to all his other services to the Society, he published a book of the lives of deceased Arcadians, and was so much perplexed by the difficulty of selecting the names of the members to be thus immortalized that he solved it by drawing lots.

A sketch given of the state of society in Italy at this period is clever and readable. The constant effort to procure amusement, with some aim at literary interest, was likely to encourage a great deal of indifferent poetry; but it also gave birth to the opera, and to the modern Italian comedy, of which Goldoni was the principal creator. Questions in time arose whether the Arcadian Academy had rendered any real service to literature, whether its members were better and more virtuous than other people, and whether a renewal of the pastoral life was consistent with civilization. Baretti, so well known in England as one of the group surrounding Dr. Johnson, and as the compiler of the English-Italian dictionary bearing his name, was the constant scourge of the pretensions of the Academy. His *Frusta Letteraria*, started in 1763, was clumsily framed in imitation of the *Spectator*, with a counterpart Sir Roger de Coverley and other characters upon whom to hang his opinions; and its lash was chiefly directed against the Arcadians—that is to say, against almost all contemporary Italians who took any part in literature. Nevertheless Arcadia survived these and other attacks, and in 1775 it was connected with another coronation in the Capitol, which, in its turn, suggested to a distinguished French authoress the most remarkable incident in her famous novel. There was a certain Maria Maddalena Morelli from Pistoia, of queerish reputation, known as poet and improviser, and much in request for her powers of social entertainment. She was Corilla Olimpica among the Arcadians, and according to the manners of

* *Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy.* By Vernon Lee. London: Satchell & Co. 1880.

the period was honoured with public invitations to Vienna, Venice, and Bologna. The Pope, Clement XIV., gave her permission to read books prohibited by the Inquisition; and she was courted by all the celebrities of Rome—Orloff, the Corsican Paoli, and the English Duke of Dorset. Her receptions were brilliant; she was a musician as well as a poet, could play the violin, and patronized the young Mozart. Altogether she became a personage almost adored by many people, while denounced as a pretentious and disreputable adventuress by others. Finally came the laurelled honours of the Capitol, when the poor lady was exposed to a very bad quarter of an hour. Something unpleasant had been expected, and the ceremony was in consequence appointed to take place at midnight; nevertheless a young priest pushed through the bystanders and put a paper in the hand of Corilla; finding it was in Latin, she handed it to Prince Gonzaga, who, supposing it to contain complimentary verses, read them out, when they proved to be infamously insulting. Next day the storm of disapprobation broke out, the absurd coronation was denounced as illegal, and its heroine or victim had reason to wish it had never taken place. Years afterwards Mme. de Staël wrote *Corinne*, and dignified this incident of Roman folly and scandal in the way well known to readers of that remarkable work.

And so Italy went on in affected idling and sonneteering and playing at being what she was not, until towards the end of the century, when there came upon Europe that great change, the end of which we do not yet see, usually described by the expression of the French Revolution; after which a new order of things superseded the former frivolities and imbecilities. The only achievements of the century known in England as the eighteenth, but in Italy as the seventeenth, were, as has been already mentioned, the establishment of the opera and of the modern Italian comedy; and, while this was going on, the great, glorious, and abiding names of its literature had been forgotten and neglected. How all this happened, together with much detail on musical and dramatic matters, may be pleasantly learned from other parts of "Vernon Lee's" volume. We have only to enter a protest against the use of such a word as "æsthetician," by which the writer is self-described; and to remark that we are not surprised that one who delights in such a name should consider the satire of Hogarth to consist in "coarse and insipid alternations of ugly vacuity and ugly grimace."

A RIDE IN PETTICOATS AND SLIPPERS.*

RECOLLECTIONS of a book with a somewhat similar title made us associate the *Ride in Petticoats and Slippers* with the interior of the Flowery Land. In reality Captain Colvile made his expedition to a country which till very recently was scarcely more familiar to Europeans than China, and whose inhabitants were considered as hostile to foreigners as the Chinese. It is true that in the course of the present generation Morocco has been repeatedly visited by travellers, and we have had several admirably descriptive volumes on the subject by authors of no slight literary skill. One of these, by the Italian Signor de Amicis, we took an opportunity of noticing lately in terms of high praise. But Signor de Amicis merely described a track that has been frequently travelled of late years by embassies from the European Powers who sought the Sultan in his capital. Captain Colvile, after making his way to Fez, following the circuitous route by the coast from Tangiers, struck out a bolder and more original line, and explored some extent of new territory. His book, though of infinitely less pretensions than the portly and handsomely illustrated volume of the Italian journalist, is almost as brightly and picturesquely written. We are not by any means prepared to agree with him when he decides that it is next to impossible to be at once instructive and amusing, and accordingly relegates his solid information to an appendix. The works of some previous travellers in Morocco seem to us to furnish irresistible evidence to the contrary. Be that as it may, however, we do Captain Colvile but bare justice when we say that we have found him an entertaining guide and companion. He has a light touch and a lively style; he dashes in the salient features of the country and its inhabitants in a succession of chapters which are necessarily sketchy, since he made a flying journey in a short holiday. He looks on men and things by preference either in their humorous or their picturesque aspects; and the odd mingling of the comic with the grave, the sublime, and even the horrible, is perpetually striking the traveller in Morocco. *Apropos* of the strange fashions of those fanatical Moslems, we must remark that Captain Colvile is somewhat too fond of making slight but suggestive allusions that are often indecorous and would have been far better omitted. We have read Sterne, and tried in vain to smile over what Thackeray calls his "dreary *double-entendres*"; and we suspect that nothing comes more easily in the shape of "wit" than printing certain obvious reflections that most people keep to themselves. But, as we are grateful on the whole to Captain Colvile for amusing us, we shall finish our fault-finding with one other observation, which he has partly answered by anticipation in his preface. It is much to his credit that before starting on his trip he took regular lessons in the Moorish language; and we only wish that other tourists who have the intention of publishing would go into training in a similarly conscientious spirit. But a little learning may be a dangerous thing in more ways than one; and we doubt whether Captain Colvile was wisely advised when he "thought it better, at the risk of giving some of the words a rather barbarous look, to spell them phonetically, according to the vulgar pronunciation of the country." Were we to write a guide-book, or some notes of travel in our Lake country, we should scarcely think of setting down the names of the lakes and mountains after the pronunciation of the dalesmen of Cumberland and Westmoreland. And so in Captain Colvile's Morocco our most familiar acquaintances are to be detected with difficulty under novel disguises. In the way of titles, "Cidy" sounds odd in place of the generally-received "Sidi"; but it is in the designations of places that we are most widely abroad. "Mekenes," for instance, is a pretty close translation of Mequinez; but it was some time before we got a glimmering of the fact that "Marakish" was a free rendering of "Morocco." Nor even now do we feel absolutely sure that we may not have been betrayed into a misconception.

It makes a novel feature in Captain Colvile's wanderings that he persuaded his wife to accompany him. It might have been thought that the presence of a lady must have been a grave embarrassment. And so it undoubtedly might have proved in many cases; but Mrs. Colvile, like Lady Anne Blunt, Lady Baker, and some others of her sex, seems to have been born to enjoy adventurous travel. From the moment of her landing in Africa, as her husband tells us, she took kindly to handling firearms, and carried a revolver, with a pair of "Deringers." Till she began to be familiarized with the strange incidents of night bivouacs under canvas in the wilderness, she was always ready to mount guard over her husband and their property at a moment's notice. In reality, the chance of an onslaught by robbers, which was probable enough in much of the country they travelled through, must have been sufficiently trying to the nerves of a lady. But her husband found that her companionship was actually of service to him. And, considering the contemptuous manner in which the Moors treat their own "womankind," the courtesy with which they behaved to Mrs. Colvile was remarkable. The dignitaries everywhere dressed their faces in smiles when they came into her presence; and even the rude camp-followers consulted her comfort obsequiously, and invariably addressed her in the most respectful language.

Of course the staple of Captain Colvile's little book consists very much of the ordinary incidents and sights of Moorish travel, with which we have been more or less familiarized. But he always gives them a certain freshness by his pleasant manner of relating; and in his remarks on the Sultan's army in particular—which, by the way, has changed greatly for the better in the course of the last year or two—his professional knowledge comes in usefully. He gives an amusing account of the scenes at the ferries, which likewise strongly impressed Signor de Amicis. Thus the coast road from Tangiers to the southward is constantly frequented; on the rivers "some twenty boat-loads of animals (some of them valuable horses) are taken across daily throughout the year." But the passive forces of Oriental conservatism have opposed themselves to all ideas of reform; and the arrangements are still stupidly difficult and dangerous. "The unfortunate beasts were simply walked up to the boat, and then expected to jump over the high bulwarks at a stand, and that out of some eighteen inches of soft mud and water. A good English hunter would think twice before performing such a feat. As for the beasts of the country, they are first urged to attempt the impossible, with the invariable result of their positively refusing." Then the attendants lay violent hands on them, lift them on to their hind legs by main force, transport the fore feet into the boat, and next compel the hind quarters to follow. Talking of the travelling arrangements of his native followers, Captain Colvile's curious observations led him to some singular discoveries. He found that the pedestrians not only carried their whole attire on their persons, but that their wardrobes sometimes included a very remarkable variety of garments. One of his men, who had nothing in the way of luggage, habitually wore a whole succession of casings in different materials bearing Moorish names which we need not transcribe. Another, some time towards the middle of the journey, suddenly sported a sailor's tarpaulin jacket, and Captain Colvile, surprised and puzzled by the apparition, could only surmise that the man had been wearing it next the skin. If we take severe exercise and the warmth of the climate into account, the practice seems all the more unaccountable; though we know that under the pressure of necessity one may go far in Morocco without any change of raiment, for even Gerard Rholfs, with the habits of a European, managed very tolerably after a treacherous travelling companion had literally relieved him of his bundle. We can hardly select a better sample of Captain Colvile's style than his picture of the traffic in a street of Fez:—

> Walking down the main thoroughfare, what a wondrous crowd one meets! First knocked nearly off our legs by a passing camel, then picked up on the other side by a blow from a donkey's pannier, one fights his way along; here jammed into a corner with a hideous old hag, who hastily covers her face lest the infidel should behold her charms; then carried forward with the crowd, who are eager to kiss the garment of the great man who is ambling by on his mule; at one moment side by side with a respectable merchant, the next jostling with a grinning idiot, stark naked, a mass of vermin, sores and filth, who is quite as likely as not to tear one to pieces with his teeth, while the crowd looks on and approves. Side by side with the dirty, barefooted Jews, obsequious and cringing, strange, half-savage creatures from the mountains, good-humoured-looking negro slaves, and beggars maimed, halt, and blind, scarcely less repulsive in appearance than the idiot saints

* *A Ride in Petticoats and Slippers.* By Captain H. E. Colvile, Grenadier Guards. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

The six thousand regular troops on the war establishment of the Sultan have been drilled by an English officer in the service into a state of efficiency that reflects great credit on their commander. They must be very different from the undisciplined rabble that provoked the contemptuous strictures of Rholfs. Though still wearing all manner of nondescript uniforms, they went through the ordinary manœuvres as well as many English regiments. But the weapons continue to be as inferior as they are promiscuous; and the Moorish army have still "no engineers, transport, or commissariat, and not a single doctor." Their English commander said that he knew that they could not face any European troops in the open; but then, as he remarked, they would never be rash enough to do so, but would fall back on irregular attacks, and lay themselves out to act upon the communications. The journey from Fez to Oudjda, on the frontier of Algiers, lay for great part of the way through a country unexplored by Europeans; and the narrative of it is well worth reading on that account, though it offered few very novel incidents. The Colviles travelled, of course, with letters of recommendation from the Sultan, and the local dignitaries were invariably courteous. The only exception was in the case of a certain Kaid Aly. His stiff civility was evidently constrained; and Captain Colvile was the more surprised when he reappeared later in the evening with a manner of extreme cordiality. It appeared that he had mistaken his English guest for a Frenchman; and, especially in the neighbourhood of French Algeria, the Moors are haunted by the fear of sharing the fate of the Algerine Arabs. Indeed Captain Colvile devotes an "excursus" in his appendix to arguing that both France and Spain turn covetous eyes towards Morocco; and he hints that a French officer in the Sultan's pay at Fez is there in reality for purposes of espionage. And he had as his fellow-traveller in the Tlemcen and Oran *diligence* another French officer, who, as he believes, had been specially told off for the duty of pumping them. He adds, with justifiable satisfaction, that, if it were so, the Frenchman had a rough journey for his pains, which is more than can be said for Captain and Mrs. Colvile, who must have had what the Americans call "a good time."

LEGGE'S RELIGIONS OF CHINA.*

THE question whether Confucianism is a religion or not is among the sects of the Protestant missionaries in China of the present day, very much what the permissibility or the reverse of ancestral worship was among the Dominicans and Jesuits in the time of Ricci. The two armies of disputants are equally positive, and both point triumphantly to the collected evidence on either side. While one party quotes the references to the Supreme Being to be found in the earlier classical works edited by Confucius, and some modern prayers which have found their way into the national worship, the other makes capital out of the absence of anything like religion to be met with in the sayings of the sage himself. As in most contentions, both sides in this matter of dispute are to a certain extent right, and both are to a certain extent wrong. Those who, like Dr. Legge, lay greater stress on the pre-Confucian Confucianism, and the modern development of the cult, than on the teachings of Confucius, are no doubt justified in calling Confucianism a religion; while those who take their idea of Confucianism from the "Four Books," hold with equal truth that it is merely an ethical system, and not a religion. Practically, therefore, the dispute resolves itself into the question of a name; and if the Chinese denomination of *Ju chiao*, or Scholars' Religion, were used instead of the European term of Confucianism, there would be very little left in dispute.

The work before us furnishes an apt illustration of the treatment Confucianism receives at the hands of the religionists of whom Dr. Legge is the chief. In the two lectures devoted to the subject there is a great deal about the views of Yâo and Shun on the worship of T'ien and Shang Ti, and much also on modern prayer addressed to Shang Ti at solstitial services, but comparatively little about the sayings of Confucius, or the system formulated by his disciples from his teachings. There can be no doubt that the ancient Chinese worshipped a god they called Shang Ti, to whom belonged many of the attributes of Jehovah and of the god Hea of the Babylonians. He was, as Dr. Legge says,

> the ruler of men and all this lower world. Men in general, the mass of the people, were his peculiar care. He appointed grain to be the chief nourishment of all. He watched especially over the conduct of kings whom he had exalted to their high position for the good of the people. While they reverenced Him and fulfilled their duties in His fear, and with reference to His will, taking His ways as their pattern, He maintained them, smelt the sweet savour of their offerings, and blessed them and their people with abundance and general prosperity. When they became impious and negligent of their duties, He punished them, took away the throne from them, and appointed others in their place. His appointments came from His foreknowledge and foreordination.

But Shang Ti was not their only object of worship. Shun, we are told (2255—2205 B.C.) "sacrificed . . . . with the ordinary forms to Shang Ti, and sacrificed purely to the six objects of Honour." Who these six deities were we are not told, and Chinese commentators have exercised much ingenuity in attempting to identify them with members of the Chinese Pantheon. But recent investigations point to a common origin of the civilizations of China and Babylonia, and in the early history of the last-named Empire we find, next in rank to the supreme God, six deities of the first order. There appears to be every probability that, as we advance in our knowledge of the history and dialects of ancient Babylonia, we shall be able to explain many points which have hitherto been obscure or unintelligible in the history and language of China. Even the Yih King of which Dr. Legge speaks promises to yield up its secrets by a comparison with the Akkadian syllabaries in the British Museum; and there can be no doubt that much light will eventually be thrown on early "Confucianism" from the same sources of information. But no later knowledge will alter the fact that the ancient Chinese believed in and worshipped a supreme God, and the main charge advanced against Confucius is that he ignored His existence. Only once he mentioned His name, except in quotation; and on the few occasions on which he spoke of a supreme power he preferred to use the abstract word T'ien, or Heaven. He was a plain matter-of-fact man, and concerned himself rather with the relations between man and man than between man and God. This is not the view of Dr. Legge, who considers that while "his avoiding the name Ti seems to betray a coldness of temperament and intellect in the matter of religion," "we need not shrink from allowing that he was a messenger from God to his countrymen for good, for it never was the way of God to reveal all truth at once by His chosen instruments, or to make them by their calling infallible, so that they should not err in judgment or stumble in practice."

We should be more inclined to agree with this dictum if there had not previously existed a fuller religious knowledge than Confucius possessed, or at least owned to. In the early chapters of the *Shooking* we meet with constant references to the active interference of God in the affairs of the Empire, and with full acknowledgments of the dependence of the sovereign upon God. But there is barely an utterance of Confucius which gives countenance to the belief that in this he agreed with the heroes of antiquity whose memory he held so dear. It is true that the worship of Shang Ti has at all times assumed rather the character of a State worship than of a personal religion. He was more the god of the soil, taking cognizance only of the acts of the people as a nation, than the father of each individual subject, listening to his prayers, rewarding his efforts after holiness, and punishing his deflections from the path of duty. It is possible that, as Dr. Legge suggests, Confucius, knowing this, "felt himself fettered, and did not care to use his personal name." But, if this be so, is Confucianism a religion? Confucius himself, we are told, "avoided speaking on four subjects; extraordinary things; feats of strength; rebellious disorder; and spirits." And when asked by a disciple about death, he replied, "While you do not know about life, how can you know about death?" "Respect the spirits, but keep aloof from them," is another piece of advice which showed the non-religious tendency of his mind. In marked contrast with the purely secular teachings of the sage are the prayers quoted by Dr. Legge which were offered to Shang Ti in the year 1538 by the Emperor Kia Tsing, of the Ming Dynasty, and by the first Emperor of the present ruling house. On both occasions the individuality of Shang Ti was plainly acknowledged and his blessing was sought for by the Imperial suppliant.

> On the first day of the coming month [prayed Kia Tsing] we shall reverently lead our officers and people to honour the great name of Shang Ti, dwelling in his sovereign heavens, looking up to the nine-storied azure vault. Beforehand we inform you, all ye celestial and all ye terrestrial spirits, and will trouble you on our behalf, to exert your spiritual power, and display your vigorous efficacy, communicating our poor desire to Shang Ti, and praying him graciously to grant us His acceptance and regard, and to be pleased with the title which we shall reverently present.

The whole sum of the matter then amounts to this:—If by Confucianism is understood the teachings of Confucius, there is scarcely a trace of religion to be found in it; but, if the theistic worship which was established by the early sovereigns of China, and which has been continued in almost unbroken succession to the present day, be considered as the expression of Confucianism, then it may be regarded as a religious cult.

In treating of Tâouism as a religion Dr. Legge has in the same way been careful to distinguish between the teachings of the author of the philosophy and the superstitious aspects they have since assumed. Laou-tsze, the founder of Tâouism, was a contemporary of Confucius. His origin and history are surrounded by mystery. Unlike Confucius, whose family records, daily life, sayings, and habits, are all familiar to us, Laou-tsze's parentage is unknown, and beyond the fact that at one time he held the post of historiographer at the court of Chow, we know scarcely anything about him. We may believe that there was such a man, and that he was the author of the philosophical work entitled *Taou tih king* which is attributed to him. But the association of this work with his name only renders him a still more mysterious personage. The whole conception of the book is foreign to the Chinese mode of thought, and savours strongly of Indian philosophy. It may fairly be assumed that India or some of the Indianized States of Central Asia were known to the Chinese before the time of Laou-tsze, and it is quite conceivable that he might either have studied philosophy beyond the frontier of China, or have sat at the feet of some one who had. But, as Dr. Legge says, there is not a word in the *Taou tih king* that refers directly either to superstition or religion. It contains only the ideas of the author on the relations existing between the universe and something which he calls *Taou*. Of this *Taou* Laou-tsze said that

* *The Religions of China: Confucianism and Tâoism, Described and Compared with Christianity.* By James Legge. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1880.

it was nameless, and certainly the very diverse attempts of translators to find an equivalent for it in European languages lead one to wish that they had accepted the author's view of it. It has been variously rendered by "Reason," "the Word," "the Path," and the "Way"! This last, in the sense of *μέθοδος*, most nearly represents its true meaning.

The text of the *Taou tih king* is extremely obscure, and is rendered untrustworthy by the modifications introduced into it when the ancient characters—the koo wăn—in which it was originally written were reproduced in their modern shape. This, combined with the foreign and abstruse train of thought embodied in it, has encouraged theorists to build the most extravagant fancies on its contents. Even in the generation immediately succeeding that of Laou-tsze we find his celebrated follower Lieh-tszo perverting his dicta on the identity of existence and non-existence into a warrant for the old doctrine, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." "Why trouble oneself," he asks, "about anything in life? Is not death, which is but a return from existence to non-existence, ever close at hand? My body is not my own; I am merely an inhabitant of it for the time being, and shall resign it when I return to the 'Abyss Mother.' Why, then, should I weary myself in the pursuit of politics, or of the many anxieties with which some men delight to perplex themselves? Rather let me 'take the goods the gods provide' and enjoy to-day, leaving to-morrow to take care of itself." From such a state of mind the transition is easy to the many and gross superstitions which have clustered round the teachings of the "Old Philosopher." For an account of various phases through which Tâouism has passed we must refer our readers to Dr. Legge's third lecture, where these are clearly and ably set forth.

In his concluding lecture Dr. Legge compares Confucianism and Tâouism with Christianity, and, as might be expected, draws a conclusion incomparably in favour of Christianity. At the same time he gives full credit to the Chinese faiths for the good they possess, and he treats of them in a way which must deprive their followers of any right to complain that he fails to sympathize with their aspirations.

GOLDWIN SMITH'S COWPER.*

THE only answer to the objection commonly brought against such biographical summaries as Mr. John Morley's popular *English Men of Letters* is that, while the material brought forward in them is confessedly not new, it is yet treated critically and in so novel a fashion by the masters of language who adopt it that it receives a fresh and lasting value at their hands. This is the very essence of criticism, regarded as one of the fine arts, that it should change old lamps for new by its magic touch, and give our life-long favourites fresh characteristics in our eyes. So illuminated, the sketch of some well-known man of letters, whose life and works are familiar to all the world, may yet afford genuine intellectual pleasure, and be thoroughly worthy of publication. But this freshness of critical touch is absolutely essential; without it the essay is ephemeral and trite, and its publication is a vexation to sensible readers. Now, without passing so sweeping a judgment as this upon Mr. Goldwin Smith's little book on Cowper, we are bound to say that we have discovered in it nothing of that peculiar attitude of mind which should accompany the writing of such a sketch. It appears that Mr. Goldwin Smith has regarded the simplicity of Cowper's character, the homely russet qualities of his verse, and the monotony of his career, as elements which greatly enhanced the ease of his undertaking, and here, we think, has been his cardinal error. It needs no great delicacy of insight or lightness of touch to describe with force the hair-breadth escapes and frantic adventures of a hero of melodrama. His terrific leaps, his crafty disguises, his feats with bow and gun have a charm in themselves which leads the reader breathless from one clumsy paragraph to another. So, in a less degree, but a moderate amount of literary skill is needful to describe the life of an Alfieri or an Alfred de Musset, where all is at fever-heat, and the paroxysms of emotion succeed one another with startling rapidity. But to interest the reader in the life of a shy recluse, whose delicate mind was tinted with melancholy religious madness, whose loudest expression of passion and thought never rose above the key of a maidenly propriety, to give us the exact flavour and perfume of this unostentatious flower of literature—this requires consummate art and skill. Mr. Goldwin Smith has not done this; he has scarcely attempted to do it; we may go further still, and say that he has apparently not perceived any necessity for doing it.

The inadequacy of the present memoir is the more emphatic from the comparative excellence of Mr. Benham's prefatory memoir to the Globe Edition of Cowper's Poems. We do not know that Mr. Benham has proved himself to have any special literary gift, or that on any other occasion he would show himself an excellent biographer. We only know that in this special and peculiar instance he has shown the exact combination of religious sympathy and intellectual indulgence which makes him the most tender and admirable biographer that Cowper could desire. Mr. Goldwin Smith mentions, as he could hardly fail to do, his acknowledgments to this previous memoir, but he has not found a word of praise for his predecessor. We cannot wonder at his reticence in recommending Mr. Benham's essay, for, having carefully compared them throughout, we find not one page in the later biography which is an improvement on the earlier; and indeed, to all who possess the Globe Edition of Cowper, this new Life by Mr. Goldwin Smith is a mere encumbrance.

Even in so simple a life as that of Cowper, however, Mr. Goldwin Smith has not been able faithfully to follow his authorities. He must have read the poet's fragment of an autobiography, if at all, very hastily and imperfectly, and we are not sure that he has even looked at Hayley's Life. He seems to have founded his sketch upon the main storehouse of information, Southey's Life and Letters of the poet. This was well, but this was not enough, for Southey had no personal acquaintance with Cowper, and the testimony of eye-witnesses should never be entirely disregarded. One instance of misstatement of fact will serve as a type of others. Mr. Goldwin Smith gives a rhetorical account of Cowper's behaviour in the matter of the appointment to the House of Lords, and he has painted the poor poet in a light so contemptible that it is quite distressing to read the passage. Of course the episode is one of the saddest and most humiliating on record, but by omitting one little essential point Mr. Goldwin Smith has given the maniacal helplessness of Cowper a touch of positive imbecility. He says that the catastrophe was brought on by an incident with which religion had nothing to do, and represents Cowper as breaking down under the personal fear of standing up to be examined before the House of Peers. To commit suicide as the only escape from a devouring shyness, with no other burden on the mind, would show a condition of sensibility quite monstrous and incredible. As a matter of fact, this agony of shyness came on in consequence of a more serious terror, and when Mr. Goldwin Smith says that religion had nothing to do with the crisis, he makes a singular mistake. The facts are these:—Cowper had to wait till the post was made vacant by the death of the existing holder, and, as he was feeling painfully the pressure of his poverty, he waited with an ardour and an impatience which filled him with remorse when the clerk did at last die. To his overstrung conscience it seemed that he had committed murder; he had longed and prayed for the death of a man, and the stain of homicide was on his soul. This was religious mania, but it was aroused by an intelligible scruple, and when he had allowed himself to be nominated, and found his nomination contested, he at once saw the hand of God in this arrest, prepared to crush him for his crime. So his terrible fear of appearing before the House of Lords was not due to the contemptible social shyness to which Mr. Goldwin Smith attributes it, but to a pious madness which saw in that assembly the tribunal divinely appointed to expose the poor soul's guilty desires. In such a condition of mind as this suicide seemed only too simple a form of release. It is true that Cowper was ignorant at this time of any definite system of religious dogma, but not the less was he the victim of theological terrors, all the more horrible because entirely vague and shapeless.

The critical portion of this volume, as far as it regards the poetry of Cowper, strikes us as dull and poor. On the very first occasion possible, on the introduction of the "Olney Hymns," Mr. Goldwin Smith shows himself one of the worst of critics. We quote this remarkable passage, which appears to us to be founded on a wholly erroneous theory of poetry:—

> Cowper's "Olney Hymns" have not any serious value as poetry. Hymns rarely have. The relations of man with Deity transcend and repel poetical treatment. There is nothing in them on which the creative imagination can be exercised. Hymns can be little more than incense of the worshipping soul. Those of the Latin Church are the best; not because they are better poetry than the rest (for they are not), but because their language is the most sonorous.

We have been accustomed to regard the best Latin hymns as owing their excellence to the sonorous language in which they are written; but we suppose Mr. Goldwin Smith considers language no essential part of poetry. As regards the reason why hymns rarely are poetry, we are very far from allowing that it is because their subject repels poetical treatment. It is rather because few persons who possess the fire and stress which characterize the lyrical temperament are inspired with that personal religious simplicity which the composition of a good hymn demands. But when these rare and very dissimilar qualities are combined in a single nature, we find plenty of matter in religious poetry upon which the creative imagination can be exercised. In our own language, and in the century of Cowper, Wesley produced not a few hymns in which the utmost sincerity of religious experience was combined with sublimity of lyrical expression; among later writers it is scarcely necessary to mention the names of Heber, Keble, and Miss Christina Rossetti. It so happens that Cowper's hymns are not merely not good as poetry, but that they are unusually bad. "God moves in a mysterious way" is almost unique among English hymns for glaring faults of style, for false ornament, confused imagery, and unconscious indecency of appeal to the Deity. It is very remarkable that so delicate a writer, the finest poet of his age, should have fallen, in those devotional pieces where he most ardently desired to succeed, into depths below the worst failures of such writers as Toplady and Erskine. The source of the failure probably is to be sought in a kind of involuntary insincerity; Cowper eagerly longed to be devout, but there seems little reason to think that he experienced any of that instinctive rapture and pious afflatus which bore up such robuster souls as Newton and Whitefield; and, though reflective poetry may flourish under such half-hearted conditions, lyrical poetry scarcely can.

* *Cowper.* By Goldwin Smith. London: Macmillan & Co.

We are not pleased with the author's treatment of the volume of 1782. We were obliged, by the by, to refer to another authority to refresh our memories as to the date of this important book, for Mr. Goldwin Smith is apparently an implacable enemy to dates. He gives us a grave dissertation on the three species of satire which he supposes to exist; and he quotes, with approval, an amazingly dull contemporary notice of the *Moral Satires*, in which Cowper is represented as "not possessed of any superior abilities or the power of genius requisite for so arduous an undertaking as inculcating the precepts of morality"; but he does not attempt to show what relation these essays in didactic verse bore to previous productions in the same line, or to hint that in this book Cowper summed up the attainment of a particular school before founding a new one. He does not attempt to ascertain in what degree Cowper is to be regarded as bringing to perfection one aspect of the tendency of Pope—namely, the neat and nervous expression of moral emotion and moral intelligence; or what his attitude was with regard to Darwin, in whom the purely rhetorical side of Pope's genius found a somewhat ridiculous apotheosis. Cowper received his inspiration through Churchill, as Darwin through Johnson, and each lost something of the sincere fervour of his immediate predecessor. All this, however, is now merely of antiquarian interest to us. Cowper himself was destined to destroy the school of Pope, and in his own *Task*, no less than in the narratives of Crabbe, a new and realistic manner came into vogue, and expelled the old rhetoric for ever.

Mr. Goldwin Smith, who calls Andromache "a savage woman," whose "fierce wail is really semi-physical, and scarcely capable of exact translation," and who imagines that "poetry can never be the direct expression of emotion," has fairly put himself out of court as a poetical critic. But he has shown here and there in the present volume touches of biographical faculty which show him to be not incapable of good work if he will only take trouble. Otherwise the present example of his workmanship calls for but little remark. It is weakly and carelessly constructed, and is scarcely calculated to enhance the reputation either of the biographer or his subject.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF BRET HARTE.*

THE edition of Mr. Bret Harte's works, collected and revised by himself, of which the first volume has lately been issued, is prefaced by an introduction in which the author sets forth his reasons for desiring the appearance of a new and authentic edition. Without any such reasons as he gives, the collection would still have been welcome; but the account which he gives of his literary career, and of the fictitious incidents which have been invented and have passed current concerning it, has a special interest. "The opportunity here offered," Mr. Bret Harte writes, "to give some account of the genesis of these Californian sketches, and the conditions under which they were conceived, is peculiarly tempting to an author who has been obliged to retain a decent professional reticence under a cloud of ingenious surmise, theory, and misinterpretation." He goes on to say that it might have seemed hardly necessary to point out to an intelligent English audience that the idea of the Californian stories, and the fact of their obtaining a wide hearing, were due to the success of the well-known "Heathen Chinee"; but that nevertheless within the past year he "has had the satisfaction of reading this ingenious theory, in a literary review of no mean eminence." As a matter of fact, it was between 1862 and 1866 that he produced "his first efforts toward indicating a peculiarly characteristic Western American literature"—one of which was the very dramatic and pathetic "Story of Mliss." This fact he quotes as evidence of what he calls his early, half-boyish, and very enthusiastic belief in the possibility of such a literature, a belief which impelled him a few years later to write "The Heathen Chinee" and *The Luck of Roaring Camp*. It has not infrequently happened in the history of literature that work of striking merit has at first made but little impression on the very people to whom it might be expected especially to appeal. This was the case with Mr. Bret Harte's earlier work. The Californians delighted in Eastern magazines, and current Eastern literature, and in English publications, and it was easier, the author says, to get a copy of *Punch* at "Red Dog" or "One-Horse Gulch" than he has since found it in an English provincial town. "An audience," he modestly writes, "thus liberally equipped and familiar with the best modern writers was naturally critical and exacting, and no one appreciates more than he does the salutary effects of this severe discipline upon his earlier efforts." The history of *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, the opening tale of the volume by which Mr. Bret Harte was first known to English readers as a prose writer of unusual power, is curious. He wrote it when he was editing the *Overland Mail* to supply the want which he perceived of any distinctive Californian romance in its pages. "He had not yet received the proof-sheets when he was suddenly summoned to the office of the publisher, whom he found standing the picture of dismay and anxiety with the proof before him." It then appeared that the printer had taken the surprising step of sending the proof to the publisher, and not to its author, who was also editor of the paper, because "the matter thereof was so indecent, irreligious, and improper" that the proof-reader, a young lady, had all but refused to read it through, and he, the printer, had felt bound to warn his friend the publisher against the line which the new editor was taking. The matter was referred to common friends, who, however, came to no clear decision, and finally the publisher, to his great credit, preferred his editor's judgment and skill to the scruples of the printer's and proof-reader's offended propriety. The local press received the story with doubt and dismay, but a wider audience recognized its freshness and power, and the author almost immediately received requests for similar tales from more important American periodicals than the *Overland Mail*. The "Luck" was followed by other sketches, now well known to all Mr. Bret Harte's readers, of the strange wild life in the midst of which he found himself when "a mere truant schoolboy." The truth of these sketches has been repeatedly questioned, and the author in the introduction, of which we have given an account, says that "in only a single instance was he conscious of drawing purely from his imagination and fancy for a character and a logical succession of incidents drawn therefrom." It is pleasant to know that our belief in Yuba Bill, John Oakhurst, and the rest has not been misplaced.

The first volume of the new edition contains only one specimen of the author's work which is new to us, a drama called *Two Men of Sandy Bar*, the plot of which is an expansion and alteration of one of the author's short stories. It turns upon an exploit of our old friend Mr. John Oakhurst, who finds it convenient to pass himself off for a certain period as the prodigal son of Alexander Morton, a respectable and wealthy banker, who has led a drunken life in his youth and has turned his son out of doors. The dialogue of the play is written, for the most part, in the author's best manner, and there are several striking situations. One of these is found at the end of the first act, when old Morton has claimed Oakhurst as his missing son. Oakhurst accepts the situation to further his ends, and at Morton's command is going to let himself out of Don José's house, into which he has introduced himself in order to elope with Doña Jorita, when the voice of a man known as Diego is heard outside singing

> O yer's your Sandy Morton;
> Drink him down!
> O yer's your Sandy Morton,
> For he's drunk and goin' a courtin',
> O yer's your Sandy Morton;
> Drink him down!

The necessity of accounting for old Morton's not hearing the voice which strikes Oakhurst with such amazement appears to have escaped the author, whose stage directions at other points are, if anything, needlessly minute. Granting that this difficulty is overcome, the situation is decidedly good. More novel, perhaps, is the management of a duel, not in itself particularly relevant to the plot, between Concho, a Mexican rascal, and our old friend Colonel Starbottle. The scene is led up to by Concho's attempt to expose the trick practised by Oakhurst to Don José, an attempt which is defeated by the fact that Oakhurst has just given up his place to its rightful owner. Thus, when Concho demands to be brought face to face with the person whom he has denounced as an impostor and swindler, he is confronted, to his horror, with the real Sandy Morton. A good touch in the course of the scene is Sandy's dropping, when he gets excited, from the formal business manner which he at first assumes into the speech and ways of the mining camp. When Don José and Sandy have left the stage, Concho, foiled and infuriated, is about to follow them, when Starbottle stops him, and challenges him to a duel in which they draw at hazard for two pistols, one of which is loaded, the other unloaded. When they have drawn and are waiting for the stroke of the clock at which they are to pull triggers, Starbottle says:—

> One moment, a single moment——
>
> *Concho.* Ah, a trick! Coward! you cannot destroy my aim.
>
> *Starbottle.* I overlook the—er—epithet. I wished only to ask, if you should be—er—unfortunate, if there was anything I could say to your—er—friends.
>
> *Concho.* You cannot make the fool of me, coward. No!
>
> *Starbottle.* My object was only precautionary. Owing to the position in which you—er—persist in holding your weapon, in a line with my right eye, I perceive that a ray of light enters the nipple, and—er—illuminates the barrel. I judge from this, that you have been unfortunate enough to draw the—er—er—unloaded pistol.
>
> *Concho* [*tremulously lowering weapon*]. Eh! Ah! This is murder! [*Drops pistol.*] Murder!—eh—help! [*retreating*], help! [*Exit hurriedly door C., as clock strikes.* COL. STARBOTTLE *lowers his pistol, and moves with great pomposity to the other side of the table, taking up pistol.*]
>
> *Starbottle* [*examining pistol*]. Ah! [*Lifts it, and discharges it.*] It seems that I am mistaken. [*Going.*] The pistol was—er—loaded!
>
> [*Exit.*

Regarded as an acting piece the play has, as might be expected, many technical faults, and contains what seems to us one serious artistic blunder. This is the drunken scene at the end, which is unpleasant, improbable, and ill-written. Old Morton is about to be told of the imposition which has been practised on him, and of the fact that the man whom he knows as Diego is really his son. He comes in helplessly drunk; and Sandy, when he offers to take another drink, cries "Stop." "Who dares countermand my orders?" asks Morton, and Concho replies, "I will, tell you. Diego—dismissed from the ranks of Don José for drunkenness!

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* *Complete Works of Bret Harte.* Collected and Revised by the Author. Vol. I. Poems and Drama. London: Chatto & Windus. 1880.

Sandy—the vagabond of Red Gulch!" On this Sandy makes the following ultra-melodramatic speech:—

Yes, Diego—Sandy—the outcast—but, God help me! no longer the drunkard! I forbid you to touch that glass! I'm your son, Alexander Morton! Yes, look at me, father; I, with drunkenness in my blood, planted by you, fostered by you—I, whom you sought to save—I—I, stand here to save you! Go! (*to servant*) Go! While he is thus, I—*I* am master here!

This seems to us untrue to nature and as false in art, in which respects it must be said it is in striking contrast to most of the play.

The collected poems which make up the rest of the volume are, as we have said, already known to Mr. Bret Harte's readers; but it is certainly well to have them collected and supervised by the author himself, and they exhibit admirably his range and variety in verse-writing.

TWO MINOR TALES.*

Very Genteel might well be included in a series of volumes which is brought out, as an advertisement facing its title-page shows us, by the same publishers. It eminently deserves to be reckoned among *Stories for Daughters at Home*. It is a tract in one volume. The lesson that the author teaches us might easily be taught in half a dozen pages stitched together. It is true that her book runs to more than three hundred pages; but then she has thought it wise not only to expound, but to enliven, her moral. She writes to amuse and interest, as well as to instruct, her young readers. Considering, then, that her volume is really a tract in disguise, that the moral, instead of being judiciously given at the end, so that the reader may skip it if he choose, is carefully spread over the whole book—considering this, we say, the story is not so dull as might have been looked for. On the contrary, there are, we feel sure, families so serious that they will almost doubt whether it is not in parts too amusing to be lawfully read. Certainly they will have it put away on Saturday evening with the toys and the work-basket till Monday morning, and decide that it is too light for Sabbath reading. The moral of the tale is one that has been preached more than once; but neither in stories nor in sermons are we justified in asking for anything new. Our moral writers can indeed somewhat vary their circumstances; but they have, after all, to follow in the same beaten road, and, as others have done before, reward the virtuous, punish the vicious, and correct the faults of those who are as yet neither one nor the other. The heroine of the story before us is the giddy young wife of a respectable Irish bookseller. She is impressed with the sense of her own gentility. It had been some effort to her to accept her husband's addresses. "A bookseller's is a very nice business," he had said to her on the day when he proposed. "'It is,'" she said thoughtfully, 'it's genteel.'" They married, and the consequences were only what might have been expected. He had no buttons on his shirts, and too often not a clean shirt to wear. His dinner was generally late and badly cooked, and when he asked a friend to share it with him, all the table-cloths were either dirty or at the wash. In vain did he point out that he had bought and paid for six table-cloths. In vain did he maintain that, if there were one in use and two every week at the wash, there ought to be three in the drawer always ready for any emergency. "Emergency," by the way, is in itself so genteel a word, that surely it ought to have done something to soften his wife. But he made the great mistake of quoting the example of his mother. Things seem to be getting into a very sad way, but the reader takes hope. He is introduced to an admirable young matron, who makes her husband as comfortable as the model wife of a tract can do. His buttons are never off, a clean shirt always awaits him, and no emergency, we feel sure, ever yet found her without a clean table-cloth. She goes even beyond this. She helps her husband in keeping his accounts. There is one thing that astonishes us in a book of this kind. This virtuous tradesman is a wine merchant. He actually deals in alcoholic liquors, and his wife drinks Marsala. Neither of them, so far as we can discover, had a nose that was any redder than the average nose of the neighbourhood. They were both steady church-goers, and the wife worked for a Dorcas Club. Surely it would have been just as easy for the author to make them wholesale manufacturers of ginger-beer. Had she done so, she would have kept much closer to nature—at least to the nature that we meet with in good books.

It must not be supposed that the influence of this good woman told at once on the giddy creature whom she was to help to convert. Worse errors were to be committed than even the neglect of shirt-buttons, table-cloths, and dinners. It seemed for a time to be in vain that when she took up by chance a book in her husband's shop it always opened at a most appropriate text. It was in vain that she lighted upon lines such as the following:—

Nor for things that are unknown
Duties tangible neglect.

Her tangible duties—if such duties there be—she neglected as much as ever. She went into debt, and gave fifteen shillings and sixpence for an exceedingly showy set of cuffs and collars, when she could have had, we take the author's word for it, a really pretty and suitable set for five shillings. Three shillings and sixpence she spent the same day on a delicate little pair (her number was six-and-a-quarter) of lemon-coloured kid gloves. This was bad enough, but from bad she goes to worse. She helps a young lady to elope with an adventurer. It is true that she was deceived by him. She had been made to believe that a stern father was going to force the lady, if she did not save herself by flight, to marry a baronet of bad character and wooden legs. She supplies the young people with money, and hands over to them a cheque which her husband had just received from the stern father as a subscription to an hospital. By a wonderful mistake he had drawn it for five hundred pounds, instead of for fifty. Her husband is charged with theft, and she turns penitent. Everything comes right in the end; and, though her reformation was not, as we are told, brought about in a day, yet, when the reader takes leave of her, he feels confident that it will very rarely, if indeed ever, happen that a button will be found missing from her husband's shirt, or a clean table-cloth be found wanting on an emergency.

The reader who cares for a strong contrast would do well to pass at once from *Very Genteel* to *The Mistress of Coon Hall*. He will feel much as a man would who should walk straight out of one of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's meetings into the theatre at a fair when the company was putting forth all its strength in the most melodramatic of melodramas. There is no aping of gentility in this story. We move among people of real old families and great wealth. There is a mystery and a fate. The mystery is solved, and the fate is averted. For a time, however, the gloom of the story is so heightened that we scarcely ventured to hope that at the end there would be more characters left alive than would suffice to provide the dead with decent burial. The author relents, however, and is contented with killing off a couple of people who, though mysterious enough, were at the same time so aged that they were really not wanted. The most striking character in the whole story is a mysterious maiden aunt. Here surely the author may lay some claim to originality. Maiden aunts have, indeed, in their time played important parts; but we cannot call to our minds that any one of them heretofore was mysterious. She it is who is the last of the Wybeers, and gives the story its second title. So important is the part she plays that, had we been asked to name the book, we should without hesitation have called it *The Mistress of Coon Hall; or, the Mysterious Maiden Aunt*. She is always followed by a black cat, and this black cat's black kitten haunts either the hero or the heroine. It constantly turns up suddenly at a great distance from its home, and is a sign of something—though of what we fail to discover. Why there is no broomstick for the old lady to ride on, it is difficult to see. A writer ought surely to give us both black cat and broomstick or neither. When the mysterious maiden aunt dies, the secret of her cat is partly explained. It was, as she states in a letter she had written the day before her death, a descendant of a cat that had been given by the first Berriton who had married a Wybeer to the family of his bride. She, the last of the Wybeers, gave it to the heroine, who was the last of the Berritons, in token of peace and goodwill. "Isabella took the cat and the paper with tearful eyes." This old lady had a nephew, Captain Thesiger. She sends for him to her house. He arrives, and discovers on the wall of her parlour a portrait of a lady who had a face "that might be admired in a chieftainess of banditti." His aunt comes in, and he makes some joke about the picture.

"You may jeer if you like, Maximilian, but you cannot help yourself," said his aunt. "We are on the eve of a great crisis. Great wrong was done by those who preceded us, and by an inviolable law of nature the hour of retribution, though long delayed, has come at last. The guilty are in their graves, but those who share their blood share their crime. Justice must be done; it will either be for great weal or great woe. The actors are carried forward by a blind, irresistible force; they cannot escape their destiny."

She then arranges her silk handkerchief so as entirely to conceal her face, and traces their family history from the time of the Great Rebellion. We read of dark stories, the curse of blood, a grandfather's malediction, infatuated members of the family, family jewels, and woe, woe. Even the Captain, taking advantage of the fact that she paused with a convulsive shudder, began to allow that there did seem some fatality about his race. But she raised her finger to command silence, and resumed. She tells him that there is still living one member of the race originally injured, and until she can find out who or what he is, and make the wrong right, the spirit of a lady who was injured about the same time that the ancestor of the black cat was given to the family of the Wybeers will never have rest, but will ever be wandering hither and thither. The Captain on leaving his aunt's house walks along the parade, and sees a ghost. Nevertheless, he is not convinced. He visits the house of an old friend, where he finds two orphan heiresses and the black kitten. The kitten does all that a kitten can do to assist the warnings of the mysterious aunt; but it seems only too likely that the Captain will fall in love, not with Isabella Berriton, but with Alice Montague. In fact, Isabella was scarcely a girl to love at first sight. She had a very deep knowledge of geography, and she made every one—the Captain included—most stately curtseys. For a long time there was what the author calls "the strange contradic-

* *Very Genteel*. By the Author of "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal." London: Griffith & Farran. 1880.

The Mistress of Coon Hall; or, the Last of the Wybeers. A Tale. By Margaret M. Cartmell, Author of "The Viking." London: Walter Smith. 1880.

tiousness of fate." However, the reader who is fond of mysteries is thoroughly satisfied, for he gets more and more puzzled the further he advances in the tale. The difficulty is not cleared up when Isabella, following the example of the mysterious maiden aunt, gives an account of her ancestors, beginning no further back than with her great-great-great-grandfather. This gentleman had, as was generally the case in those days, an only daughter. The only daughter naturally had an aged nurse, who, on the very morning of the marriage, when "the bride was attiring for the important ceremony," exclaimed, on hearing that some jewels were suddenly tarnished, "Forbear! it is an evil omen. Alas! that mine eyes should see this day." Unfortunately no one did forbear, and the important ceremony was gone through. A few pages further on there is a third person who tells his tale. When he was on his death-bed he sent for the heroine. "The day wanes," he said to her, "and there are horrors to be told that will freeze both our hearts." He only goes two generations back. He describes a scene in the history of the Berritons, when "Rose Berriton lay delirious watched by her sister; the tutor was a prisoner in his room, guarded by Geoffrey; and the two heads of the household were locked into their respective chambers." We failed to make out—for our patience here deserted us—what was the matter. We were satisfied by finding two pages later on a figure with wide, streaming hair, between heaven and earth, that, pointing its long, bony finger at the squire, uttered an unearthly shriek.

Towards the end of the tale Isabella learns from the mysterious aunt who were her real parents. The sudden news produced upon her what the author calls a stunned sensation. Before she had recovered from it she found that the aunt had vanished, not even leaving a kitten behind her, and that she herself was locked in the room. Alice Montague at the same time was told that her mother's name was Alice Berriton. She uttered a faint scream of dismay. It seemed that she and the Captain were the grandchildren of a twin brother and sister; and therefore, by some law known to the mysterious maiden aunt, could not wed. There was nothing left for the Captain but to fall in love with the heroine, which he does with all despatch. Thereupon the mysterious maiden aunt dies, and leaves her black cat to the heroine; while all the young people of the story marry. Our readers, we have little doubt, will agree with us in thinking that, though a wife's neglect of her husband's shirt-buttons does not form the best of foundations for a tale, yet it affords materials for a more interesting plot than all the black cats, black kittens, and mysterious maiden aunts in the world.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THOSE who contend that myths require a long period and a rich soil of ignorance and superstition for their growth would do well to compare carefully the current American belief and the representations of popular American historics respecting the War of Independence with the actual facts of the struggle as they may be ascertained from contemporary records. There is probably not one American in ten who realizes the fact that Bunker's Hill was not only not an American victory, but a combat of which no European soldiery would have been proud; that the American militia simply held their own so long as they were secure behind entrenchments, sheltered by which they could shoot down the British without danger to themselves; and that, as soon as British courage brought danger unpleasantly near, the patriots took to their heels. But there are two general truths which no one who has studied the history of the war can doubt, which have not been so studiously misrepresented by tradition, and yet upon which an almost equally profound ignorance prevails. Nearly half the people of the colonies were averse to the rupture with the mother-country; and of the willing rebels not one half—probably indeed only a few of the more far-sighted leaders—intended that the rupture should be final. These facts may in no small measure account for the lack of foresight, loyalty, and patriotism which throughout distinguished the conduct not merely of Congress, but of the States and the people in regard to the revolutionary finance. The Southerners in the late war voted and gave their wealth as freely as their lives. One-fourth of their military population perished in the field or the hospital; three-fourths of their wealth was sacrificed almost without a murmur. During the revolutionary war of the last century it was difficult for Congress by its utmost urgency to extract from the pockets of well-to-do farmers and thriving merchants a single dollar towards the expenses of the struggle. States and citizens alike systematically resisted every measure by which the Government endeavoured to provide for the needs of the army, and subsequently for the redemption of public credit. Scandalous as was the over-issue of revolutionary paper, till at last it became utterly worthless, the responsibility for that scandal does not rest with the statesmen and financiers, except in so far as they were responsible for hurrying the people into an avoidable and not very popular conflict. The States simply replied to the urgent entreaties of Congress, to the most earnest representations of the disgrace they were incurring, by dilatory pleas, excuses, and protests that each in its turn was unfairly charged; and the paper money sank first to one-fortieth, then to one-fivehundredth of its nominal value, and was finally repudiated by universal consent. The large share of the French armies in the emancipation of the colonies has, with a natural and perhaps pardonable national vanity, been depreciated and almost ignored by American writers. We fancy there are very few American readers who know how largely the patriots were indebted to the liberality of Louis XVI. for the funds which prevented their armies from disbanding for sheer lack of bread, shoes, and powder. The story of these transactions will be found told at length by Mr. Albert S. Bolles in his *Financial History of the United States from 1774 to 1789* (1), that is, from the outbreak of the revolution to the establishment of the existing Constitution; and we think that few of the writer's countrymen will be able to read it without something like a blush. Had the story been fully known, it may be doubted whether the paper issues so lavishly employed by Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet from 1861 to 1865 would have been possible. When foreign and native critics of contemporary American politics denounce the degeneracy of the people, they should at least bear in mind that, while the contemporaries of Washington made no sort of effort even to maintain the credit of their paper money, those of Lincoln and Grant honestly paid every penny of the vast debt they had incurred; that even those who urged that its burden had been enormously enhanced by jobbery, and by terms scarcely fair to the public, found comparatively few to listen to them, and were utterly unable to shake either the resolute good faith of their countrymen or the credit of their country. The United States started bankrupt alike of money and of honour in 1789; from a not less arduous struggle the United States of 1869 emerged solvent, and with a credit higher than that of any European nation except England and France.

A thoughtful and tolerably correct comparison of the practice of the English and American Constitutions is set forth by Mr. Clark Hare in a lecture delivered before the Law Academy of Philadelphia on the 30th March last (2). The writer underrates the influence of the Crown in the actual working of our Parliamentary Government, and still more underrates the great weight and value of the potential, unexercised personal authority which prevents the gross abuse for party purposes of that prerogative which the author affirms to be lodged in the hands of the Cabinet for the time being. How utterly different is the practical operation of a system under which the President is elected for four years and the Ministers are excluded from Congress, Mr. Hare does not indicate much more clearly than has been done by other writers. The special merit of his lecture lies not so much in the comparison of the two working Constitutions as in his clever and thoughtful examination of the manner in which his countrymen, intending to borrow the Parliamentary Constitution of England, only substituted an elective President for an hereditary Monarch, and, giving to the Legislature all the power over the Executive which is constitutionally vested in the House of Commons, and to the Senate some powers of that character not enjoyed by Parliament, nevertheless failed to give to Congress any of that practical control over the selection or even the conduct of the Ministry which is so completely possessed by Parliament. The main causes of the difference are probably two, neither of which could have been fully appreciated beforehand—namely, the exclusion of Ministers from the Legislature, so that they cannot be called upon for explanation or defence; and the elective character of the Chief Magistrate, which gives him an authority co-ordinate with—not, like that of our Prime Minister, derived from—that of the Legislature. In other respects the powers nominally vested in Congress include all that are enjoyed by Parliament, and some very important further prerogatives.

Mr. Burnett, by profession a lawyer, was one of the early pioneer settlers of Oregon, and the volume before us (3) relates the experiences of a long and not uneventful life in the Far West, from the days when the Territories on the Pacific Coast were, both in physical and in political condition, almost as unsettled, wild, and uncivilized as the colonies of the Atlantic coast in the days of Cooper's *Borderers*.

There is no national peculiarity more characteristic of American literature than the general shrinking from that unpopularity which writers in nearly all European countries are ready to face in any cause in which they are personally interested. Sharp censure of republican institutions, or of the national conduct in the more important crises of the history of the last hundred years, incur a kind of general disapprobation which few American authors or public men care to provoke. How many dark spots, therefore, are to be found on their historical records the Americans are hardly aware. Perhaps there is in all the annals of the States no blacker story than that of the treatment of the Indian tribes from first to last, both by the colonists, especially those of New England, and by the Federal Government; but we may count on our fingers the men with repute or position to lose who have chosen to tell the truth upon this subject, to defend the "rights of man" when claimed on behalf of the red-skin, or to point out that every crime

(1) *Financial History of the United States from 1774 to 1789; embracing the Period of the American Revolution.* By Albert S. Bolles, Lecturer in Political Economy in Boston University. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(2) *Politics in England and the United States.* A Lecture by the Hon. J. I. Clark Hare, before the Law Academy of Philadelphia, March 30, 1880. Philadelphia: J. M. P. Wallace.

(3) *Recollections and Opinions of an Old Pioneer.* By Peter H. Burnett, the First Governor of the State of California. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

attributed to the savage has been outdone a hundredfold by his civilized antagonist. To the tyrant's plea of necessity, the excuse that these things must always occur where savage and civilized man are brought into contact, there is an answer, most galling to American pride and patriotism, but most conclusive. Canada affords, and has always afforded, an example of an exactly contrary treatment carried out with consistent loyalty and with remarkable success. The shameful story is told with wonderful frankness, clearness, and cogency, if at somewhat tedious length, by Mr. George Manypenny, formerly Commissioner of Indian affairs. The history of *Our Indian Wards* (4), and of national, military, and individual dealings with them, is given in these 450 pages in full detail, and is one continuous and melancholy narrative of military crimes and diplomatic treacheries, of treaties concluded only to be broken, of wanton outrages provoking just retaliation, and made the excuse for fresh inroads upon Indian rights consecrated by repeated and solemn engagements. Nor does it appear that one word of this story can fairly be considered open to challenge. We recommend the book to the attentive study of those who fancy that American democracy has a record creditable to democracy in general, and who are in the habit of drawing or implying comparisons to the disadvantage of England in her conduct towards Asiatics or Africans. Those who are already aware that the treatment of the Indians by the American people and Government has been simply as bad as it could be from first to last, and in the greatest matters as in the smallest, will do well to remain content with that general fact. The details of atrocity and treachery are very painful reading, and sensitive students may wish in vain to forget many of the incidents of which these pages are full.

Mr. Putnam's *Addresses and Miscellanies* (5) may be of interest to himself and his friends, but are hardly worth the attention of the public at large. It is perhaps natural that a gentleman who has taken some part in politics, and one not discreditable to himself, but not sufficiently distinguished to be remembered, should wish to preserve a record thereof. But Mr. Putnam's opinion on public charities, on the merits of Mr. Charles Kingsley or President Filmore, on Kossuth or John Brown, on the Missouri Compromise or the chastisement of Mr. Charles Sumner, were those of thousands of men neither more nor less distinguished than himself, and of hundreds who expressed them at the time with more force and equal moderation. It seems hardly worth while collecting the speeches of a quarter of a century in a volume so large and so closely printed as the present, unless the speaker be one whose personality is likely to impress itself upon the memory of a second generation, or unless the speeches possess a merit which we certainly cannot ascribe to the sufficiently fluent and readable, but by no means remarkable, rhetoric of Mr. James O. Putnam.

Another elaborate biographical work of somewhat greater merit, but still far too elaborate and ponderous for the general interest of the subject, owes its existence at any rate to the enthusiastic admiration of friends, and not to any personal vanity. Dr. W. A. Muhlenberg (6) was one of the most meritorious, earnest, and devoted clergymen of his day in New York. Like many other men on whom friends such as the present biographer bestow freely the title of saint, like many of those who seem to have deserved it best, Dr. Muhlenberg had a vein of humour, made the more apparent by his general earnestness and simplicity; and in the anecdotes with which this over-lengthy biography is full there is more than one really good story. Perhaps the most amusing of all is one told in sober seriousness, as an illustration, not of the preacher's humour, but of his earnestness. Going to plead with a landlord who insisted somewhat peremptorily on his rent and ejected a tenant for non-payment, and failing—as with most landlords he would have failed—to carry his point, Dr. Muhlenberg deliberately said, "Well, sir; I would rather take my chance of the Kingdom of Heaven with the poorest, meanest, dirtiest beggar in the streets of New York than with you." The landlord's sole offence was insistence on the payment of a debt undoubtedly due; but neither the Doctor nor his biographer appears to be in the least aware of the extravagance of the preacher's pretension, or of the almost universal applicability of his anathema to men of business—to all, in fact, who have a living to earn or property to keep.

The Jubilee Singers whose story is related, and whose songs—for the most part very silly, and sometimes rather offensive, nigger melodies—are given at length in the volume before us (7), are a band of emancipated slaves instructed in singing, and carried about America and Europe by an adventurous manager, who, like so many successful speculators in different branches of American enterprise, rose from the lowest ranks of white freemen. The book is, in fact, an advertisement of his speculation; but it contains a good deal of not unamusing information respecting the personal and business adventures of himself and his staff.

(4) *Our Indian Wards*. By G. W. Manypenny, Commissioner of Indian Affairs 1853–1857. Cincinnati: Clarke & Co. London: Crosby Lockwood & Co. 1880.

(5) *Addresses, Speeches, and Miscellanies on Various Occasions from* 1854 *to* 1879. By James O. Putnam. Buffalo: Paul & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

(6) *The Life and Work of William Augustus Muhlenberg*. By Anne Ayres. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

(7) *The Story of the Jubilee Singers; with their Songs*. By J. B. T. Marsh. Revised Edition. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co.

Mr. Wikoff's *Reminiscences of an Idler* (8), like most American works of the kind, are characterized by the usual fault of over minuteness and lengthiness. Otherwise they are readable, and were worth writing, since Mr. Wikoff's somewhat lounging and restless life has brought him into contact with men of the most diverse characters and positions, many of them men in whom, at the time of his acquaintance with them or subsequently, the world has taken interest. On their character his chapters now and then throw some novel light; while they exhibit with perfect frankness, and an almost unconscious vanity, the temperament and habits of the author himself. Had three parts of the book been left out, and the rest rewritten in a somewhat different tone and taste, it might have been among the most successful works of its order, at a time when "society journals" and other invaders of private life prove the extent and eagerness of that appetite for such gossip to which they pander.

A centenary work on the Life and Labours of Dr. Channing (9), published in the one-hundredth year after the birth of the great Unitarian preacher, is hardly worthy of the subject or of those to whom it is of course chiefly addressed. Its tone is somewhat flippant, and a want alike of selective taste and of all sense of proportion is palpable throughout—defects less likely to be tolerated by a somewhat cold, critical, and generally cultivated sect than by Methodist or Baptist enthusiasts, to whom the name of their favourite champions might not improbably recommend even a worse executed memoir than this.

Dr. Beard's essay on Sea-sickness (10) may be interesting to all who know that painful and distressing malady as one which they may at any time, and must more or less often in the course of their lives, be called upon to undergo. We pronounce no opinion on his theory as to the character and origin of sea-sickness as a distinctly nervous disorder, or on the value of the bromides recommended by him as calculated to avert, or at least greatly relieve, its miseries; but it is obvious that his treatment can only be properly applied where the voyage is a necessity, and not a frequent one.

Mr. Sidney Lanier's treatise on the Science of English Verse (11) is so technical in its language, goes so deep into the pedantry of musical science, and throws so very little light upon practical questions affecting the structure of English metre, that we hardly feel called upon to follow him in his speculations. We do not think that he will assist a single student to scan a doubtful line of Tennyson's, or prevent a single beginner from committing the usual errors of versifiers who have imperfectly mastered their instrument, if their own ear fail to tell them what is and what is not harmonious.

Mr. Janvier's book is fairly described by its title (12). It deals with the materials, the formation, the decoration, and colouring, of pottery of various kinds, in language sufficiently intelligible, with no extravagant pretensions and no provoking affectation, and at what, considering the popularity of the subject, may be pronounced a very moderate length.

Her Bright Future (13) is a somewhat ordinary romance. "Adventures at Rangeley Lakes" (14) is a boy's book of the ordinary American kind, for which many young readers have doubtless been heartily grateful. *The Princess Elizabeth* (15) is a very ordinary drama; and in Messrs. Chandler and Mulvany's Lyrics (16) we have poetry of that class which is, said, without being absolutely bad, to be tolerable to neither gods, men, nor—circulating libraries. Messrs. Jones and Co. have published a couple of Shakspearian Travesties (17, 18), which have the distinction of being, we think, the worst, most senseless, and most thoroughly vulgar we have seen. It is possible, however, that one or two London theatres may have produced parodies as detestable as these, for which we are indebted to an anonymous citizen of St. Louis.

(8) *The Reminiscences of an Idler*. By Henry Wikoff, Author of "My Courtship and its Consequences," &c. New York: Fords, Howard, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

(9) *W. Ellery Channing: a Centennial Memory*. By C. T. Brooks. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

(10) *A Practical Treatise on Sea-sickness; its Symptoms, Nature, and Treatment*. By G. M. Beard, A.M., M.D. New York: E. B. Treat. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(11) *The Science of English Verse*. By Sidney Lanier. New York: C. Scribner's Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

(12) *Practical Keramics for Students*. By C. A. Janvier. New York: Holt & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(13) *Her Bright Future*. Chicago: Sumner & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

(14) *Lake and Forest Series.—Eastward, Ho! or, Adventures at Rangeley Lakes*. By Captain C. A. J. Farrar, Author of "Camp Life in the Wilderness," &c. Boston: Lee & Shepard. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

(15) *The Princess Elizabeth: a Lyric Drama*. By F. H. Williams. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, & Co. 1880.

(16) *Lyrics, Songs, and Sonnets*. By Amos H. Chandler and Charles P. Mulvany. Toronto: Hunter, Rose, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

(17) *A New Travesty on Romeo and Juliet*. St. Louis: Jones & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(18) *Hamlet Re-vamped, Modernized, and Set to Music: a Travesty without a Pun*. By the Author of "Romeo and Juliet." St. Louis: Jones & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

Among the State documents which form so important a branch of American literature, we cannot refrain from directing attention to the annual account of the operations of the Life-Saving Service (19), a service whose organization and efficiency in the United States well deserve the attention of England, with a far more extensive commerce, a far less extensive and infinitely more frequented coast. The twelfth volume of the Geological Survey of the Territories, a huge quarto (20), is devoted entirely to the fresh-water Rhizopods of North America. The Report is, in fact, a library of natural history, geography, geology, and practical information.

Of scientific or technical works we have an unusually full list. The Journals of the deservedly famous Smithsonian Institution, from the 7th December, 1846, the date of the organization of the Board of Regents, to the present day (21); the 327th volume of the *Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections* (22), and a number of papers on Biology and Zoology (23), issued by the John Hopkins University of Baltimore, are all in their several departments worthy of note. Colonel Wainwright's *Mechanics of Animal Locomotion* (24) is too technical in language and treatment to be instructive to ordinary readers; and we fear that those who best understand that part of the work in which its practical results are embodied will be least able to connect these with the technical science of the preceding portion, or to judge how far the counsels with regard to the movements and control of cavalry are borne out by the logic of animal mechanics upon which they are professedly based.

(19) *Annual Report of the Operations of the United States Life-Saving Service for the Fiscal Year ending June* 30, 1879. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: B. F. Stevens. 1879.

(20) *Report of the United States Geological Survey of the Territories.* By F. V. Hayden, United States Geologist-in-Charge. Vol. XII. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(21) *The Smithsonian Institution.—Journals of the Board of Regents, Reports of Committees, Statistics, &c.* Edited by W. J. Rhees. Washington: The Smithsonian Institution. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(22) *Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections.* No. 327. *The Scientific Writings of James Smithson.* Edited by W. J. Rhees. Washington: The Smithsonian Institution. London: Trübner & Co. 1879

(23) *John Hopkins's University, Baltimore.*—No. 1. *Studies from the Biological Laboratory Session* 1877–8. No. 2. *Studies from the Biological Laboratory Session* 1878–9. No. 3. *Chesapeake Zoological Laboratory; Results of Session* 1878. No. 4. *Studies from the Biological Laboratory; Development of the Oyster.* By W. K. Brooks, Associate. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(24) *Radical-Mechanics of Animal Locomotion; with Remarks on the Setting-up of Soldiers, Horse and Foot, and on the Supplying of Cavalry Horses.* By W. P. Wainwright, late Colonel U.S.A. New York: D. Van Nostrand. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE AFFIRMATION DEBATE.

IT may be questioned whether, in all its history, the House of Commons has found itself in a more singular position than that in which it was placed by the debate of Thursday night. A dispute had arisen as to the construction to be placed upon the rules governing the admission of members, and the course of reference to a Select Committee had been taken. Two such Committees had reported in a manner which, taken jointly, was a sufficient solution of the immediate difficulty, though the second had added to its finding an irrelevant rider. But the Government continued mute, though its own agents had notoriously been active in the production of the singular document just referred to. A private member brought forward a resolution in defiance of the finding of the two Committees, and this resolution, supported in an indirect manner by the Government, was defeated. The opinion of the House on the case having been thus sufficiently expressed, that expression was defied by the person interested, and the SPEAKER appealed in vain to the Leader of the House for assistance. That assistance was at last given him by the Leader of the Opposition, who for twenty-four hours officiated in the PREMIER's place. Finding, however, that Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE was disinclined to assume the odium of government without its powers or its advantages, and driven at last into a corner, Mr. GLADSTONE proposed the resolution which came before the House on Thursday. This resolution did not deal with the case by name, nor did it take any account of the findings of the two Committees, the only positive ground on which the House had to go. It did not even formally propose the rescission of the vote which had in the preceding week asserted the will of the House. But it affirmed that the very proceeding against which every authority had decided, directly or indirectly, should be authorized, and that, subject to statutory liability, this authorization should have a retrospective effect. Even here, however, the careful pains taken by the Government not to identify themselves too definitely with the cause of their supporter appeared. By this means the House was placed in a singular difficulty. It had, indeed, recovered the advantage of possessing a leader, and of having some definite policy proposed to it by that leader. But the policy proposed was beset by many difficulties. It practically stultified the results of a deliberate decision of the House arrived at after full argument. It ignored not merely the proper findings of the two Committees, but even the irregular rider appended to the second, inasmuch as what it recommended was not a mere test affirmation specially to determine the question, but a general license to all and sundry. Lastly, by the form in which it was proposed it recommended an apparent alteration in the rules of the House with a retrospective effect—a course certainly not in accordance with the spirit, though possibly with the letter, of precedents. This inconvenient proceeding was opposed by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's amendment on the broad ground of *lis judicata*, and by Mr. SULLIVAN and Mr. P. J. SMYTH on special grounds. Between the various courses so recommended the House had to decide. Mr. GLADSTONE, in announcing the decision of the Government, at which it had taken so long to arrive, and which might have been equally well arrived at two months ago, had recommended that no arguments should be indulged in beyond a recapitulation of the situation. It was hardly likely that this not altogether modest request should be observed in Parliament or out of it. But it has so far been complied with here that there has been given what is believed to be a perfectly accurate and impartial summary of the question as it stood at four o'clock on Thursday afternoon.

It is probable that, fertile as Mr. GLADSTONE is in surprises of argument, few of his hearers anticipated the line which—Mr. GORST's technical objection to the question being rediscussed at all having been disposed of—the PREMIER's contention actually took. That contention can be very briefly disposed of. It consisted of one surprising subtlety, and one still more surprising appeal *ad pavorem*. Mr. GLADSTONE has discovered that Mr. BRADLAUGH did not himself, in approaching the table, specify the statutes under which he claimed to affirm or declare his objection to the oath, and that his declaration was not a spontaneous act, but was extracted from him by a question of Sir ERSKINE MAY's. This extraordinary plea, which was later in the evening completely upset by Sir R. CROSS, was accompanied by the argument (the truth of which, in point of fact, is undeniable) that Mr. BRADLAUGH had made himself very unpleasant to the House, and, if denied admission, was likely to make himself yet more unpleasant. Besides these arguments, and a declaration of his own personal belief in the legitimacy of Mr. BRADLAUGH's claim, the PRIME MINISTER fulfilled his promise by contributing nothing fresh to the discussion of the question. It is needless to say that these arguments were not allowed to pass unchallenged. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE protested against both, but especially against the argument from Mr. BRADLAUGH's ill-behaviour—as he was bound to protest. But the singular thing was that, though attacked by the one side, they practically met with no support on the other. It does not appear that any one on the Liberal side was found to approve of Mr. GLADSTONE's "police argument"—an argument which bears a striking analogy to his famous explanation of his disestablishment of the Irish Church. No one was found to excuse the inconvenience, to use no stronger word, of the House rescinding by a sham general resolution—sham, because there is no one but Mr. BRADLAUGH to take advantage of it—the decisions of two Committees and a full vote of the House. No one was found to commend the Government for putting off till the latest and most awkward moment a resolution which they might as well have proposed six weeks ago, save that Mr. GLADSTONE would not then have been able to threaten the House quite so forcibly with the consequences of preserving its consistency. The debate consisted practically of the three speeches we have mentioned, the last two of which—Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's and Sir R. CROSS's—disposed of Mr. GLADSTONE's between them, of some eloquent denunciations of Mr. BRADLAUGH by Mr. SULLIVAN and Mr. P. J. SMYTH, and of many frank confessions from members of the majority as to the extreme discomfort they felt in voting with Mr. GLADSTONE. It was personally, said Mr. PARNELL, "an odious "task to him" to do so, and we may be sure that the Government will have to compensate Mr. PARNELL heavily for his self-sacrifice. The silence of the more important members of the Ministry was eloquent enough; and indeed there are probably few members of the Cabinet who would have liked to endorse their leader's speech. But,

not the less, some three hundred members answered to the crack of the Government whip, and the resolution passed by fifty-four.

The result can hardly have been much of a surprise to any one, though to all who set store by the dignity of the Parliament of England it cannot but be a cause for uncomfortable reflection. It seems, indeed, hardly conceivable that two months after a general election in which Government was placed in power with a majority floating from a hundred to a hundred and fifty, the strenuous party efforts used on this occasion should have failed of their effect. How strenuous those efforts have been there is no need to say. Not merely has full use been made of the ordinary means of enforcing party allegiance, but the pressure of local caucuses and wirepullers, has been strained to the uttermost. That the majority under the circumstances should have been barely half the normal Ministerial majority is perhaps the surprising thing. But there can be no doubt that the victory has been won at a heavy cost. Rarely in any debate has the argument been so entirely against the winning side; still more rarely have the arguments which that side was constrained to employ been of so damaging a description. The shamefaced converts who, after voting against Mr. LABOUCHERE, voted for Mr. GLADSTONE, themselves protested faintly against the contention that the doors of the House were necessarily to be opened to any blusterer who knocked long enough and loud enough. The "wry face" which Sir HENRY JACKSON openly made over the "unsavoury sauce" with which the standing dish of civil and religious liberty was on this occasion served up, must have had its like on scores of countenances among those who voted as Sir HENRY did. Here and there perhaps some guileless soul may have comforted himself with the childlike faith of Mr. BORLASE, that, the PRIME MINISTER being a good man, all that he proposed must be good too. But we can hardly pay the majority the bad compliment of supposing that there are many Mr. BORLASES in their ranks. They did their duty according to their party lights; but duty overstrained in this way is very apt to avenge itself on those who have so strained it. Of the merits of the question enough and too much has been said, nor is there any need to deal with them further. By tardily and reluctantly assuming the responsibility they have so long declined, and by applying the sheer weight of numbers, the Government have succeeded in forcing upon the House a member whose right to sit has thus far been affirmed by no constituted authority—for it must never be forgotten that a resolution can give no new right—while it has been denied by more than one. It is very doubtful whether we have yet seen the last of the BRADLAUGH difficulty. But, as far as its latest stage is concerned, three things may be asserted without fear of contradiction. In the first place, the Government has dangerously strained the allegiance of its majority. In the second, the Liberal party has shown a "sheeplike docility" far exceeding anything of the kind that the extremest exaggeration ever charged against its predecessor, the Conservative majority in the last Parliament. Lastly, the PRIME MINISTER, by holding the misconduct of Mr. BRADLAUGH *in terrorem* over the House, has set a precedent the danger and disgrace of which it is impossible to exaggerate, and at which even he, reckless as he has often proved himself of the dignity of Parliament and the decencies of statesmanship, might have been expected to hesitate.

MR. FORSTER'S LAND BILL.

MR. FORSTER'S speech in no degree mitigated the aversion and repugnance with which his Compensation Bill is regarded by all who are interested in maintaining the rights of property. His ostentatious and irrelevant defiance of the Land League agitators had by anticipation been made ridiculous, inasmuch as Mr. PARNELL had already, with well-founded exultation, announced that the Government had borrowed the principle, and even the wording, of the Bill from Mr. O'CONNOR POWER. The agitators against ownership of land can well afford to laugh at the strong language of Ministers who practically accept their anarchical doctrines. It was only in the peroration of his speech that Mr. FORSTER, for the purpose of reassuring his terrified English supporters, indulged in magniloquent professions of his resolution to vindicate the law. In other passages he disclaimed personal sympathy with the movement in which the Government now concurs. He said that he could not altogether agree with Mr. O'CONNOR POWER, whose Bill there had not yet been time fully to consider. A Minister who held the principles which have till lately been common to all parties would have made up his mind in five minutes, after a glance at the Bill, that it involved deliberate confiscation. Mr. FORSTER gave further reason for uneasiness and anxiety by attributing to the shortness of the Session the postponement of a more comprehensive measure. It seems that in the recess the Government purposes to elaborate a new Irish Land Act, which will necessarily involve additional spoliation. It had been thought that the branch of the upas-tree which symbolizes Irish land tenure had been effectually cut off in 1870. Mr. GLADSTONE then insisted on the exceptional circumstances which might be thought to justify novel and alarming legislation. The fear which, in spite of his protestations, was expressed at the time that the anomaly might be converted into a precedent is confirmed by Mr. FORSTER'S Bill for the suspension of rent in parts of seventeen counties, and by his mysterious warning of a more sweeping measure for the ensuing year. For the purpose of proving that the Compensation for Disturbance Bill was a logical consequence of the Land Bill, Mr. FORSTER referred, not to the Act as it forms a part of the Statute-book, but to the Bill in the form in which it left the House of Commons. The amendments made in the House of Lords must necessarily have received the assent of the House of Commons; but it would seem that to the revolutionary temper one branch of the Legislature appears to be entitled at any future time to repudiate a compromise which is embodied in an Act of Parliament. Mr. FORSTER complacently expressed his conviction that the present House of Commons would not be more tender of the rights of landowners than the House which was returned in 1868. His hopes are probably not too sanguine. The largest section of the Liberal party will cordially support the Government which, through the mouth of one of its most respectable members, attacks or menaces the foundations of property. Moderate Liberal members, though since the beginning of the Session they have been both irritated and frightened, will for the present submit to be dragged onward by their uncongenial allies.

It is true that the Bill has a narrow limit of time, although it extends over a wide area; but the disposition of the peasantry to resist payment of rent will be confirmed and stimulated by the temporary and local concession of their demands; nor is it improbable that two years hence Mr. FORSTER or some other Irish Secretary may cite this year's Act as a precedent for permanent legislation. Malcontent occupiers will not fail to discern the connexion between the bloodthirsty outrages which Mr. FORSTER denounces and the sudden pliancy of a Liberal Government. Mr. GLADSTONE had already told them that the Clerkenwell explosion facilitated the destruction of the Irish Church. The disturbances which have attended the anti-rent agitation will be associated in the Irish mind with Mr. FORSTER'S conversion to the doctrines of Mr. PARNELL. Mere expressions of disapproval, however sincere, will be regarded either as results of lingering prejudice or as concessions to English opinion. Savage assaults, mutilation of cattle, and occasional assassinations may be censured in Parliamentary speeches, though never in the popular harangues of Mr. PARNELL and his associates. The districts in which agrarian crime chiefly prevails have been rewarded by exemption from the payment of rent. Landlords and agents concur in stating that the service of evictions is the ordinary machinery by which rent is collected. The tenant, though he may have the money ready, habitually takes his chance of escaping payment until a notice to quit overcomes his hesitation. The Bill which virtually prohibits evictions by making them conditional on a complicated process of litigation, enacts relief from payment during the time and within the area of its operation. The disturbances which have been reported within a few days from the county of Leitrim illustrate the lamentable condition of the country. At Carrick-on-Shannon, which is included within the limits of the Act, a gentleman pursued by a raging mob, having at last fired in self-defence, was brought before the magistrates on a charge of manslaughter. On his passage to and from the Court a savage crowd, consisting partly of militiamen, fiercely attacked the police for the purpose of wreaking their vengeance on the prisoner. The militia officers in vain attempted to confine their men to barracks; but the courage and discipline of the constabulary enabled them to resist superior

numbers, and to capture one of the ringleaders. At last they were compelled to surrender the militiaman to his comrades, who carried him in triumph to the barracks. It remains to be seen whether the Government will allow an armed force, nominally in the service of the QUEEN, to engage in open insurrection with impunity. Irish patriots sometimes affect to resent the refusal of successive Governments to raise volunteers in Ireland. When the militia attacks the constabulary, it is time to suspend affected confidence in the loyalty of mutinous rebels. It would be interesting to know whether Mr. GLADSTONE includes the apt disciples of Irish demagogues in the numbers of that community which is annually increasing in knowledge, wisdom, and virtue.

There is no doubt that the most turbulent districts are in many instances suffering great distress. It is proper and necessary to make efforts for the relief of suffering; but there is no reason why the whole burden should devolve on the landlords, who are otherwise exposed to heavy losses and difficulties. There can be no doubt that Lord SPENCER, who is charged with the conduct of Irish business in the House of Lords, thoroughly shares the feelings of the Irish peers who day after day appeal to the Government for aid and protection. Mr. FORSTER, as a just and humane man, may also sympathize with the victims of lawlessness and anomalous legislation; but he offers them neither advice nor consolation. In some parts of his speech he showed a consciousness of the abnormal character of his proposal by reducing to the lowest point the extent and importance of the measure; but, if it had been true that its operation would be comparatively insignificant, a gross violation of principle for the sake of a trivial advantage would have been wholly inexcusable. The Irish agitators who are for the moment reconciled with the Government care far more for the principle involved in the Bill than for the prevention of the few evictions which might have occurred in the scheduled districts. They appreciate at its true value the elaborate provision by which the County Court Judge is required to determine whether "the "tenant is willing to continue in the occupation of his "holding upon just and reasonable terms as to rent, "arrears of rent, and otherwise." The tenant will in every case be not only willing, but determined, to remain in occupation of his holding. To the amount of rent which he has no intention of paying he will probably be altogether indifferent. Mr. FORSTER has for the present avoided direct recognition of the demand for fixity of tenure. It will be nominally possible under the Act to evict a tenant for non-payment of rent; but few landlords will undergo the risk and cost of asserting their claims. The argument that the Bill only renders compulsory conduct which ought to be voluntarily pursued has been employed in other cases to excuse interference with legal rights. As it is admitted that the great majority of Irish landlords are patient and considerate, tenants would be seldom threatened with eviction unless it was known that they were able to pay. Under the Bill payment will be the exception, if indeed the rule of withholding the rent is in any case violated. The most serious of all Mr. FORSTER's arguments was his statement of the difficulty of protecting process-servers, especially in Galway; but a confession that the Government is not strong enough to enforce the law is highly unsatisfactory, though it may possibly be sometimes unavoidable.

On the second night of the debate Mr. TOTTENHAM's illustration of the practical effects of the Bill was a more than sufficient answer to all the arguments which were afterwards urged in its favour. It seems that Mr. KINGSMAN, who has undertaken a larger expenditure for the relief of the people than any other Irish landlord, has, on the appearance of the Bill, suspended all his works, and, if it is passed, he proposes to leave the country. Mr. LAW aggravated, if possible, the distrust inspired by the Government measure when he dug up an obsolete Scotch statute which was supposed to provide for release of liability to rent whenever there is a bad harvest. Mr. ROUNDELL was possessed with a strange notion that the Bill would be justified by a proof that its principle was implicitly contained, not in the Act of 1870, but in the Bill as it left the House of Commons. Mr. GLADSTONE would perhaps not have passed the Land Act if he had not consistently declared that it was an exceptional and final remedy for a formidable evil and that its provisions would not be drawn into a precedent. He then mulcted many Irish landlords of a third of their property; and now Mr. ROUNDELL contends that it is only consistent to carry the practice of spoliation further. Mr. GLADSTONE's speech will be expected not less anxiously than the division. Prudence would require that the tendencies of the Bill should be as far as possible minimized; but Mr. GLADSTONE may perhaps take occasion to proclaim in the House of Commons his conversion to a modified form of Socialism.

THE FRENCH FÊTE.

THE French nation is going to have a new solemn national fête day, and on the 14th of this month is to celebrate the taking of the Bastille. It cannot be quite happy without a fête to show that it is happy. The pomp, the fuss, the display, the gaiety of a holiday are dear to the French heart; and a Government that does not give France a fête seems a poor sort of thing, either not alive to the national tastes, or not sufficiently sure of its own position to venture to gratify them. The Republic decrees a fête, both to please the nation and to certify to itself and to the world that it is a solid, permanent, indissoluble institution. The Exhibition two years ago answered the purpose of a grand inauguratory fête to start the Republic triumphantly on its career. But an Exhibition only comes once in a way, and the French want a fête to which they can look forward or backward as the grand day of each year. The present Government has recognized the expediency of consulting the popular taste, but may have had some difficulty in deciding what day should be kept, and why. It is obvious that, if a fête is to go off really well and to please every one, it must be held in the summer. It so happened that the great NAPOLEON was born on the 15th of August, and thus, as long as there was an Empire, there was a very convenient day in the fine season on which to celebrate an historical event, glorify the dynasty, show off uniforms, and please the people. The day was also the day of a great Catholic festival, and religious and political associations combined to give importance and dignity to the fête of the NAPOLEONS. The Republican Government is not so lucky. It could, of course, have chosen a day at random in the summer, as we have chosen our summer Bank holiday, and have decreed that there should be a national fête on the first Sunday in August. But, although the people would thus have had a fête, they would not have in any way associated their fête with the Government. There is nothing Republican about the first Sunday in August, and to have chosen such a meaningless day would have been taken as a confession that no day could be found of which the Republic could be specially proud. Under these circumstances, to select the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille offered some conspicuous advantages. The Fourteenth of July is the day of a very well-known historical event; it was unquestionably a Republican thing to destroy a royal fortress and prison, and the summer season is then at its height. These advantages have been held to outweigh all attending disadvantages. But it may be permitted to outsiders to suggest that these disadvantages are not slight. The taking of the Bastille was only one incident in the long series of events which make up the story of the French Revolution. It was not a particularly glorious incident, for a furious mob only overcame the resistance of a few score of bewildered, broken-down old soldiers, and the capture was sullied by the cruel massacre of those whom the leaders of the enterprise had pledged themselves to protect. It seems scarcely worth while at this long distance of time to make any great amount of solemn fuss about an event which, after all, was only one instance, and not a very creditable instance, of the force of insurrection.

But there can be no doubt that to French Republicans there has always seemed something especially romantic, inspiriting, and even grand in the taking of the Bastille. The news that the great prison had been taken and was to be razed was hailed throughout Europe as a sign that a new era had dawned and that the people were to be greater than the kings. Even at St. Petersburg, we are told, men of all nations flung themselves into each other's arms and wept, or were taken to weep, for joy. The amiable COWPER had already assured his readers that there was not an English heart that would not leap to hear that the horrid towers of the Bastille had fallen,

The Bastille was in the eyes of liberal Europe, as well as in the eyes of revolutionary France, the symbol of all the iniquities and all the misdeeds of the Kings of France; and the pathetic histories revealed, or surmised, when the Bastille was taken, aroused an indignation against the monarchy responsible for them which only faded away before the greater indignation excited by the atrocities of the Jacobins. At Paris it was a genuine detestation of the pitiless secret tyranny of which the Bastille had been for generations the theatre that prompted the mob to make it the primary object of attack. Some time previously the Government, moved by the excitement which MIRABEAU had awakened by his publication on *Lettres de cachet*, had turned the keep of Vincennes into a storehouse for grain, and the populace, having been permitted to visit what had so lately been the cells of a prison, were full of the discoveries of black and cruel deeds which they made. What they had seen at Vincennes made them guess what was going on inside the Bastille. COWPER was quite right, and English hearts still leap in a moderate degree at the thought that the horrid towers fell. If a mob was to pull down anything, it could not pull down anything that better deserved to be pulled down than the Bastille. We have to force ourselves to forget the cruel and treacherous massacre of the old soldiers, and then we can derive whatever satisfaction anything that happened abroad nearly a century ago can give us when we think that the horrid towers were thrown down, and their stones made into a bridge so that the feet of the people might always trample on them. But it is hard to understand how to persons of this generation the taking of the Bastille can seem what it seemed to those who were alive to hear of the news. To them it was something unprecedented, and with unknown consequences. We know that the Bastille had its successors; that the massacres of September were far more atrocious than any of the deeds wrought in the Bastille; that NAPOLEON built a whole nest of State prisons in Paris, and that many times more human beings suffered greater misery during the six months which followed the *Coup d'état* of the Second NAPOLEON than was witnessed in half a century in the Bastille. The taking of this prison was the beginning of doing strong things on high principles; but it was not the end; and subsequent events have dwarfed the importance of what in its hour seemed a very great thin indeed.

Students of history may easily satisfy themselves that the taking of the Bastille produced very important results on the train of events then occurring in France. The union of the three orders was completed, and the consti tuent Assembly organized on June 27. Then the Court turned against the Assembly, and determined to bring up troops and overawe it and Paris. NECKER was dismissed on the 11th of July, and on the 12th the Swiss and German regiments were ordered to act in Paris. Then the revolution began. The French troops fraternized with the Parisians, the people armed themselves, and in forty-eight hours the Bastille was taken. The KING accepted the taking of the Bastille as a sign that all resistance was useless. He went to the Assembly pled ing himself to recall NECKER and to send away his foreign troops, and he himself went to Paris, and entered it in the new character of a submissive and patriot King amid the applause of the populace that had just captured his prison. Then the taking of the Bastille started the emigration, and the KING's brothers and their friends concluded that a country in which such things could happen was not a country in which it was safe for them to live. Lastly, the fervour of Paris quickly spread to the provinces, and became so intense and so potent that the Assembly was fired with a new spirit, and only three weeks after the Bastille was captured there took place the famous sitting of the Fourth of August, when the nobles and clergy solemnly abandoned all their privileges, and the reign of equality was started in France. No one, therefore, can deny that in the history of France the destruction of the Bastille meant much more than the razing of one stronghold of regal tyranny. It not only started the French Revolution, but it impressed a special character on the Revolution. It went far to make it republican, and it tended to create an association of equality with liberty. For the purpose, however, of giving occasion for a popular fête these historical considerations seem rather too recondite. They are very good grounds why an historian should carefully assign to the taking of the Bastille its peculiar place in the annals of the time; but they are scarcely grounds why people should dance and fire guns on the anniversary of the day. On the other hand, if the new Republic is to have its fête day, and to keep alive some stirring Republican memory, it is not easy to see what better day could be chosen. For the taking of the Bastille is an event really well known. Every Parisian can point to the place where the Bastille stood. Every Republican thinks the taking of the Bastille was a glorious triumph for those who became the fathers of French Republicanism. It may be said of it, as of the Republic itself, that as an occasion for a fête day it divides Frenchmen the least. There is probably no other event of Republican history as to which there is among French Republicans so much unanimity of approval. Even Frenchmen of other parties would scarcely venture to say that they did not think it a good thing that a place of arbitrary and secret imprisonment has vanished. The event may not be worth celebrating by an annual gala-day; but, if there is to be such a gala-day, the taking of the Bastille is not perhaps a bad choice to make for the Republican anniversary.

SOUTH AFRICA.

THE collapse of the South African Confederation scheme, though it may be in some degree disappointing, ought to cause little surprise. None of the colonies, and, it may almost be said, no party in any colony, has cordially entertained the project. The policy of federation was perhaps discredited by its origin in Downing Street. Colonists habitually suspect the Imperial Government, not without reason, of a desire to relieve itself from troublesome liabilities. The motives of Lord CARNARVON, of his advisers, and of his successors were primarily disinterested, especially as far as they related to the general application of a theory. English statesmen take pleasure in encouraging the formation of great communities, sufficiently strong and ambitious to be able and willing to manage their own affairs; but colonists never give them credit for any but selfish motives. The Dominion of Canada possesses in trade, in shipping, and, above all, in extent of territory, many of the attributes of a great State, although it is not at present desirous of formal independence. Since the establishment of the present Constitution, Canada has been on the whole prosperous and well governed, though the population is still scanty in proportion to the vast extent of territory. The sovereignty of England, though in ordinary administration it is almost nominal, involves the substantial merit of operating as a permanent alliance. The mother-country endures vexatious fiscal legislation with a patience which is confirmed by the difficulty or impossibility of resistance. On the whole, the Dominion is regarded with a kind of friendly complacency which naturally suggested the desire of reproducing elsewhere copies of an approved model. The Australian provinces have as yet shown little disposition to commence the fabric of a future Empire spreading over a Continent. Their habitual jealousy of Imperial interference would have been instantly aroused by any proposal that they should obliterate their internal frontiers by combining with their neighbours in a confederation. For the purpose of repeating the Canadian experiment it was necessary to look elsewhere.

The Cape Colony and the neighbouring provinces possess an extensive territory occupied by a scanty and divided population. Differences of race and language have a tendency to degenerate into feuds, and some of the recently settled provinces are too weak to stand alone. The various dependencies are in unequal degrees exposed to a common danger from the warlike tribes which enjoy total or partial independence beyond the frontier, and of which a portion live within the colonial dominions. It would be expedient both to institute a consistent policy as to the control of native affairs and to organize in case of need common means of defence. Unfortunately the dangers and difficulties press with unequal force on the various provinces; and the most considerable community in South Africa is least liable to insurrection and invasion. Neither the English nor the Dutch inhabitants of the Cape Colony feel themselves concerned to defend the remoter districts at their own expense; and Natal and Griqualand would, as long as they had the choice, rather rely on English protection than on the doubtful aid of the larger colony. In

all serious native wars the brunt of the conflict has fallen on the Imperial army. The solicitude of successive English Ministers for confederation was throughout South Africa too exclusively attributed to a desire of relief from an onerous duty. In the Cape Colony the question was further complicated by the wish of the English settlers in the Eastern province for separation or local independence. It is not surprising that Mr. MOLTENO, while he was at the head of the Colonial Ministry, uniformly resisted the pressure which was applied to his Government by Lord CARNARVON. It was only through the popularity which rewarded Sir BARTLE FRERE'S personal influence and his active sympathy with colonial aspirations, that he was enabled apparently to reverse the policy of the Cape Parliament, and to place the Opposition in office. It now appears that he must have been mistaken in believing that Mr. SPRIGG was a cordial supporter of the principle of confederation. The Assembly has in the same session declined to proceed with the process of confederation, and passed a vote of confidence in Mr. SPRIGG and his colleagues. It is not at present known whether Sir BARTLE FRERE retains the popularity and influence which he lately enjoyed. It will for the time be wholly useless to revive the project of confederation, which indeed was in the colony at all times an unwelcome exotic.

The English Government will now be forced to form a decision on two questions of unequal importance. The agitation for the recall of Sir BARTLE FRERE will be immediately revived, and Mr. GLADSTONE will be reminded that his unwise and ungenerous excuse for retaining his services no longer exists. It is probable that no other Governor would have been more fortunate; but it may be admitted that Sir BARTLE FRERE'S presence in the colony is no longer indispensable. Sir G. P. COLLEY is already entrusted with the charge of governing the provinces which principally require protection from native hostility. The same officer is responsible for the difficult duty of conciliating or coercing the Dutch malcontents of the Transvaal. There had been reason to hope that the province might be contented with a share in the proposed federal organization. It may now be difficult safely to withdraw the Imperial protection which was imposed on the Transvaal as a substitute for independence. Every day which passes increases the objections to a simple withdrawal from a position which was too hastily assumed. The Cape Colony will not provide the means either of maintaining the authority of the Crown in the province or of defending it in case of need against the hostile tribes which may at any time threaten its safety. The doubtful loyalty of a portion of the community must for the present be maintained by force. The same embarrassment will apply in an inferior degree to all the minor dependencies. Without the aid of English troops, Natal might at any time find itself unable to cope with a rising of the native population, or with renewed hostility on the part of the Zulus beyond the border. It is useless to recur to the origin of the present complications in the precipitate grant to the Cape Colony of a Constitution of the modern type. The grant of practical independence may have been indiscreet, but it is now irrevocable. The arrangements which might have been made if all the South African provinces were still directly governed by the representatives of the Crown are now impracticable. If it were still worth while to criticize the action of a former Government and Parliament, it would probably be found that any mistake which may have been committed was caused by a pedantic desire of uniformity. Parliamentary institutions of the democratic type are perhaps scarcely applicable to a community belonging to two European nations, with a large numerical majority of uncivilized natives.

If Sir BARTLE FRERE is recalled, perhaps even the Government will regret the paltry injustice which was, in deference to popular clamour, inflicted on him by the reduction of his salary. In not immediately resenting the affront, he both consulted his own dignity and declined to relieve the Government from the responsibility of cutting short his tenure of office. His administration will be more favourably remembered by the colonists than by his countrymen at home. His resolute character, his hearty sympathy with local feelings and prejudices, and even his occasional use of strange Puritanical phrases made him popular both with the English and the Dutch. The grave error of the unnecessary Zulu war was never thoroughly recognized either at the Cape or in the more Easterly provinces; and the success of the enterprise obscured its questionable nature. As far as it is at present possible to form a judgment, the Zulu power is for a long time broken by the division of authority among a number of petty chiefs. The minor hostilities which followed the overthrow of CETEWAYO have reduced other turbulent chiefs to submission; but sooner or later native wars will probably recur; and for some time to come it will be impossible to follow the precedent which Lord GRANVILLE established in New Zealand by the complete withdrawal of English troops. The extension of responsible government to the minor provinces may with advantage be indefinitely postponed. The Transvaal would instantly rebel if the Dutch settlers were allowed the absolute control of their own affairs; and the Imperial Government has undertaken the responsibility of protecting the English minority and the large native population from the oppression to which they might be exposed. Colonial Secretaries have no reason to fear that they will be deprived of the opportunity of exercising in the conduct of South African affairs any statesmanlike qualities which they may possess.

CONFLICTS WITH ROME.

THE French and the Belgian Governments have each an ecclesiastical quarrel on their hands, and it is hard to say which is managing it worst. In one respect, no doubt, the French Government may claim the prize for unwisdom. The expulsion of the Jesuits is a more glaring error than the withdrawal of the Belgian Legation from the Vatican. Its injustice and its violation of the elementary principles of personal liberty are so conspicuous that it seems impossible that they should long escape recognition, even in a country where theological and anti-theological passions run so high as they do in France. The magistracy has, to a considerable extent, avoided, by resigning office, having anything to do with the execution of the decree; but even the inferior ministers of the law can scarcely love the work to which they were put on Monday last. It is necessary, no doubt, that there should be bailiffs in the world; but decent people have seldom cared to play the part; and even a bailiff could not well be more unpleasantly employed than in turning a few old men out of houses in which, as French citizens, they might naturally have supposed that they had a right to remain as long as they were unconvicted of any crime. The First Republic did many things more violent and more cruel than the expulsion of the Jesuits, but it did nothing more inconsistent with personal freedom. If the Jesuits have committed any offence against the State, the Courts are open, and there are Deputies; but the principle, whatever it is, which is held to justify the Government in turning the Jesuits into the street, would equally sustain any exercise of arbitrary authority to which the Executive for the time being might choose to resort. Probably the Advanced Left have ceased to include the return of their enemies to power in their list of possible events, and they are not, therefore, open to the argument that it is well, on grounds of mere prudence, to do as you would be done by. But even they might remember the effect which their policy is likely to have upon that large section of the French public which has the misfortune to be less advanced than it should be. There are abundance of teachers ready to suggest to these timid spirits that, though it is the turn of the Jesuits today, it may be their turn to-morrow. The Extreme Left is grandly impartial in its hatreds. Individual property is as obnoxious to it as religious beliefs; and the arguments which are now used to justify the expulsion of priests from their houses may hereafter be used to justify the taking of houses from their lay owners. The will of the majority is as good a plea for the one act as for the other. Nothing is likely to come of this teaching for the present except a secret distrust of the Republican Government. But hereafter this secret distrust may bear fruit in unexpected ways. France may have seen the end of her changes of government; but he would be a very rash prophet who ventured to say that she had done so.

There is another respect, however, in which the French Government have more to say for themselves than the Belgian Government. There can be no doubt that the expulsion of the religious orders does cause very real annoyance and inconvenience to the Catholic Church in France. But the withdrawal of the Belgian Legation

from the Vatican inflicts no inconvenience on the Catholic Church, while it does inflict a real, if slight, inconvenience on the Belgian Government. There are occasions, no doubt, on which a suspension of diplomatic relations has a specific use. It is meant to frighten the Power from whom the envoy is withdrawn into making some concession, and the motive to which it appeals is the dread of still worse consequences remaining behind. So long as the POPE retained his temporal dominions, it was open to certain Powers to use this weapon against him, with a possibility of its having real effect. The withdrawal of the Sardinian Minister might have implied an impending attack on the States of the Church, the withdrawal of the French or Austrian Minister might have implied that this impending attack would be viewed with no displeasure. But under no circumstances could Belgium have made any impression upon the POPE by withdrawing her Minister, and the loss of the temporal sovereignty deprived even the great States, and the States most directly concerned with the POPE, of the power of using this weapon with any advantage. Now that the POPE is only a spiritual sovereign, the use of keeping a Minister at the Vatican is not to put pressure on the POPE, but to observe him and to reason with him. When any considerable part of a nation accepts this spiritual sovereignty, this function of observation and reasoning may be very important. It has often been remarked that, if England had had a Minister at the Vatican, and the POPE had had a Nuncio in London, the ridiculous episode which began with the introduction of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill and ended with the repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act would never have happened. The Minister would have explained to the POPE what an unforeseen excitement the creation of the territorial bishoprics was raising. The Nuncio would have told the English Government that the POPE would much rather do what he wanted to do quietly than noisily, and some arrangement would have been come to by which this country would have been spared the humiliation of a perfectly fruitless agitation. In Belgium a very angry controversy is now raging about an Education Act. To Englishmen it seems that the Act in question is a very harmless one, and that the Catholic clergy have made a grave mistake in opposing it. The Belgian bishops take a different view of the situation; and, as they are bishops of the type beloved by the late POPE, they give expression to their view in the language and with the weapons which the late POPE was accustomed to use. There is a great deal of cursing and swearing going on on both sides in Belgium just now. Teachers who obey the law are excommunicated, and the supporters of the law, not being able to launch a return excommunication, do what they can in the way of newspaper articles. They feel, however, that the artillery on the other side is of heavier metal, though it may not do more destruction, and it is their irritation at this apparent inequality that has led to the withdrawal of the Belgian Legation from the Vatican. It is a slight on the POPE, and as such its being offered brings some small consolation to their wounded feelings. If they had stopped to calculate consequences, they would have remembered that the suspension of diplomatic relations with the POPE will not stop communications between the POPE and the Belgian bishops. The post, the telegraph, and newspaper enterprise have put it beyond the power of any Government to do this. The only communications that will be stopped will be those that might otherwise have passed between the POPE and the Belgian Government. Now under no possible circumstances can it be an advantage not to be able to hear what your adversary wishes to say, or to say to your adversary what you wish him to hear. You are not obliged to pay any attention to what he says, and you need not speak to him unless it is convenient; but to shut out the possibility of doing either, no matter how convenient it may be, is to spite yourself, in any case, quite as much as, and in the present case a great deal more than, your adversary. The POPE will now hear the bishops' story only. There will be no Nuncio at Brussels, and no Minister at the Vatican, from whom the POPE can get accounts of what is going on in Belgium. If the Government wish to say something to the bishops informally, there will be no Nuncio to use as their intermediary. If they wish to make a representation to the POPE, they can only do it through the good offices of some other Minister. Thus there are two things that they may easily have occasion to do at any moment which they have for the future cut themselves off from doing, and they have submitted to this sacrifice for the mere pleasure of shaking their fists in the POPE's face, knowing perfectly all the time that they cannot get within arm's length of him.

There is one curious feature in these ecclesiastical struggles which is visible alike in France and in Belgium. The Governments have recourse to desperate measures just when desperate measures might seem to be least needed. If M. JULES SIMON could have expelled the Jesuits when he was in office under Marshal MACMAHON, there might have been some sense in it. The 16th of May was impending, and the Jesuits, as M. SIMON probably knew, were the leaders of the conspiracy. But M. DE FREYCINET expels the Jesuits when he has the Executive, the Legislature, and the country all on his side. If these questionable decrees make any difference in his position, they must weaken rather than strengthen it. The fact that he has the power to issue and execute the decrees shows that the Jesuits cannot really cope with him, while by making use of the power he runs the risk of exciting sympathy on behalf of those against whom his strength is directed. It is the same with the Belgian Government. If the elections had gone against them and they were merely holding office until a vote of want of confidence should have been passed, there might be some reason in an exercise of power which would at least give their opponents something to undo. As it is, however, they have gained slightly at the elections, and for the present are safely seated in office. Consequently to withdraw the Legation from the Vatican is to strike a blow which would not be wanted even if it were one that could do them any good. It is curious how political disputants seem to lose their heads when they get involved in ecclesiastical quarrels.

ELECTION PETITIONS.

THE judgment in the case of Plymouth stands out in striking relief from among all judgments that have ever been given on an election petition. The mere legal point on which the decision turned was simple enough. Sir EDWARD BATES, the Conservative sitting member, who represented the borough in the last Parliament, had been returned at the head of the poll, and had been most lavish and persistent in his benefactions for some years to various needy institutions and persons in Plymouth. But the Judges passed over the allegation that this amounted to what is technically known as nursing the borough, and confined their attention to an instance of bribery. It was proved that an agent of Sir EDWARD BATES had gone to Penzance, where some fishermen voters of Plymouth were stationed, and had provided one voter with a substitute for the day. The voter thus got a holiday without losing by giving up work, and the Judges held that this was bribery by an authorized agent, and pronounced the election void. The law was thus vindicated, and nothing would have called for observation had it not been for the language which the Judges thought proper to use in giving their judgment. Mr. Justice LUSH inveighed against the law which he was called on to administer. He much regretted that he had to unseat a member merely because one agent had done something wrong. He apparently thought that the chief object to be considered was not the purity of elections, but the feelings and position of a sitting member. Poor Sir EDWARD! To have come in at the head of the poll, and to have given away so much money, and made so many friends in Plymouth, and then to be turned out into the cold simply because a man named HIBBS had bribed a wretched trawler at Penzance. It really was most mortifying, and Mr. Justice LUSH condoled with the sufferer, and told him how much he pitied him for having to live under the reign of an absurd Draconian Act of Parliament. But, if these are natural sentiments in a humane, pitiful, and sympathizing Judge, it is equally natural that a very different impression should be made on the House of Commons by what had taken place. Mr. PULESTON, on Thursday night, asked the HOME SECRETARY whether he had any intention of altering the law so as to meet the views of kind-hearted Judges. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT answered that he had no intention of the sort, as the House has to think of purity of election, not of the feelings of disappointed candidates; and it is obvious that all attempts to enforce purity of election would be at an end if the law was to

consider, not whether bribery had been committed, but whether the candidate might be reasonably disappointed at losing his seat when little positive harm had been done. To get sufficient evidence of a distinct breach of the law is the difficulty of those who are bringing an election petition. They find traces of this and that having been done which they suspect was wrong. They are always on the edge of a proof which constantly eludes them. At last they hit on what seems to them a clear case. They find that, if this case can but be established, they must win. They procure clear and trustworthy evidence that the law has been broken, and they concentrate their efforts on bringing this one sufficient charge home. So far as petitions promote purity of election, this is the way they work. They make the agents of the petitioners hunt over all the ground where corruption is suspected. If they can get a clear legal case, they know they will succeed; if not, they know they will fail. It would not be worth while to hunt at all if, as the result of the trial, they were to be told that certainly the law had been broken, but that a nice kind honourable gentleman was not to lose his seat for a trifle.

But the language of Mr. Justice LUSH was as nothing to the language of Mr. Justice MANISTY. Both Judges were indignant, but they were indignant with different things. Mr. Justice LUSH was indignant with the law; Mr. Justice MANISTY was indignant with the malicious persons who set the law in motion. He attributed their malice to party spirit. They had allowed this wicked spirit so far to get the better of them that they had not accepted their defeat at the poll in a meek and Christian temper, but had endeavoured to turn out an excellent person who had been triumphantly returned at the top of the poll. Most unfortunately they had succeeded. They had brought home a charge of bribery; but Mr. Justice MANISTY had too much reason to believe that, as Liberals, they enjoyed turning out a Conservative member. We may go further, and fear that they had been actuated by party spirit throughout, and had all along tried to defeat Sir EDWARD BATES because he was a Conservative and they were Liberals. It is very sad, but such things will happen at election times. When they were beaten, they complained that they had not been fairly treated, and proved their case before a legal tribunal. There was party spirit, and it was the same throughout. If it was a sin in Liberals to wish to beat a Conservative, they were guilty of this sin persistently, for they used both the opportunities of gaining their horrible end which the law offers. They tried the poll and failed; they tried a petition and succeeded. But Mr. Justice MANISTY pointed out to them that not only had they been guilty of trying to get a member unseated merely because he was of different politics from their own, but their guilt had been attended by peculiarly awful consequences. He told them that by giving way to their detestable party spirit they had deprived not only the poor and needy of all creeds and denominations, religious and political, in Plymouth, but also the inhabitants at large, of a good friend and generous benefactor, and the majority of the constituency of a representative whom they had elected, and of whom they had good reason to be proud. This is new and astonishing doctrine. It is simply impossible to understand on what principles Judges hold that candidates may or may not give large gifts in boroughs. In the Boston case a member was unseated because some time before the election, in a time of great distress, he had given away large presents of coals. At Plymouth Sir EDWARD BATES has been held to have made lavish gifts innocently, because he was habitually a profuse benefactor, not only in Plymouth, but elsewhere. Now the petitioners are told that they have done something very wrong in stopping the flow of those benefactions at Plymouth. Mr. Justice MANISTY took for granted that Sir EDWARD BATES would not be such a fool as to spend a halfpenny in Plymouth unless he is to get a seat there as his reward. It takes one's breath away to find a Judge lecturing people for depriving the poor of presents which are only made in consideration of political favours. It used to be thought that one great use of sending Judges to try election petitions was to ensure as far as possible that presents of this sort should not be made. But this was not the whole of the offence of the petitioners. They were reproached by the Judge for having unseated a member whom the majority had elected. How are any election petitioners to escape this awful reproach? If Sir EDWARD BATES had not had a majority, he would not have been returned. All election petitions must necessarily be brought against candidates for whom a majority has voted. It would be interesting to know what would be, in the opinion of Mr. Justice MANISTY, a really proper election petition. It must be untainted by party spirit; it must not upset the decision of a majority; it must not deprive the poor of presents. Probably a petition brought by Conservatives against a Conservative at the bottom of the poll, who never gave a shilling to a crossing-sweeper, would come as near as can be imagined to this strange ideal.

Only one other decision calls for special notice. In the Down case the sitting member was saved by the new system of having two Judges. One Judge thought he ought to be unseated, while the other Judge thought he might retain his seat, and, as unanimity is required, he got safely through, each side paying its own costs. The point of difference was whether an election could be said to have been held under fair conditions when the agent of the candidate returned had flooded the constituency with publications asserting that the Ballot Act was a farce, and that the vote of every voter would be known. Whether this amounted legally to intimidation remains undecided; but the very strong opinion of Mr. Justice BARRY, that it did amount to intimidation, will probably do much to prevent such a practice gaining ground. At Thirsk the petition has utterly failed, the sitting member swearing that he had spent under 500*l.*, and did not intend to pay anything more. At Bewdley, Evesham, Tewkesbury, and Wallingford the petitioners have been successful; and, although bribery on a large scale does not appear to have prevailed, yet there was evidence to show that there is a section in these constituencies which, in the language of one counsel, must have money or beer before it will vote. All these boroughs are marked out for disfranchisement whenever Parliament takes up in earnest a new Reform Bill. But it is not so easy to deal with Gloucester, Canterbury, and Macclesfield, in all which thriving and important places there appears to be a permanent taint of corruption. It may be too sanguine a view to take, but still it may be hoped that election petitions will do something to efface this taint in places of this kind. Party spirit moves the friends of the defeated candidates to examine into the history of the proceedings of the successful candidate and his friends. What has been done on both sides becomes more or less known. The good gentleman, the friend of the poor, the worthy benefactor of the borough, loses his seat, and finds that all the indiscretions of himself and his friends have been brought to light and made the theme of general gossip. The presiding Judges may weep with him over his sad and most undeserved fate, may tell him what a pity it is that nasty laws should press hardly on so nice a man, and sing his praises as if he were a Lord Mayor who had just finished his year of office; but still they do turn him out. It is borne in upon him and his friends that it is hardly worth while to get a seat unless the election can be kept pure. The effect on the friends of the candidate is indeed much more important than that on the candidate himself. They wanted, under the inspiration of their horrible party feelings, to win the seat for a man of their shade of opinion. They worked hard, and in the result they find they have worked in vain. This must do them some good, and must teach them to be more watchful on another occasion. The only possible mode of preventing bribery in constituencies of a size to make bribery possible is to inspire the conviction that bribery will not answer. The law is strict enough if it is only enforced; and it must not be supposed that all Judges view election petitions with indignation. Lord COLERIDGE, for example, to whom, as Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, such matters fall, has shown very clearly that he will not allow petitions once presented to be lightly withdrawn. He wants to know why proceedings presumably meant to promote purity of election should be unaccountably brought to an end. Persons accustomed to courts would watch with curiosity the expression of Lord COLERIDGE'S face while he was perusing an affidavit in support of a withdrawal conceived on the lines suggested at Plymouth. He would scarcely conceal his surprise when he found the petitioners representing that since instituting proceedings they had been brought to a state of grace, that they feared they were animated by a wish to gain a seat for their party, that they had discovered that the

sitting member was returned by a majority, that they did not like to cheat the poor out of the large sums the sitting member was willing to give them as long as he sat; and that therefore, although they could establish a clear case of legal bribery, they wished to discontinue all proceedings that must annoy a good man, and might ultimately distress Mr. Justice MANISTY.

THE CINCINNATI CONVENTION.

THE Democratic Convention at Cincinnati has done its constituents the service of providing them with a nominee who will unite in his support the entire party. The proceedings were less dilatory and less complicated than the operations by which the name of Mr. GARFIELD was mysteriously evolved at Chicago. According to custom, a few tentative divisions were taken with the result of furnishing the managers of the election with information necessary for their purpose. Ingenious speculators who were not in the secret suspected that the preliminary votes were part of a scheme for insuring the nomination of Mr. TILDEN. The belief in his powers of political manipulation was so strong that his formal disclaimer of pretensions to the Presidency was interpreted as an elaborate contrivance for securing the nomination. If he had any design of the kind his ambitious hopes are disappointed. Those who really controlled the Convention intended from the first to nominate General HANCOCK, who had perhaps been originally selected in the expectation that he would be opposed to General GRANT. It was then doubtful whether the American people were not disposed to prefer military reputation to political ability. After GRANT, SHERMAN, and SHERIDAN, General HANCOCK is perhaps the most distinguished surviving soldier of the Civil War. He was the principal lieutenant of General MEADE at the battle of Gettysburg, which proved to be in its results the most decisive struggle of the war. SHERMAN is justly odious in the South in consequence of the wilful devastation which he committed in his celebrated march to Atlanta; and General SHERIDAN, in time of peace, solicited from General GRANT, then President, permission to establish and administer martial law in Louisiana. It also happened that General HANCOCK was the only Democrat among the general officers of the regular army; and he probably shares the opinion of the party as to the interference of the Federal Government in State elections. As soon as the proper time arrived, an overwhelming majority of delegates voted for General HANCOCK. The honorary office of Vice-President, with the contingency of possible succession to the higher post, was placed at the disposal of the Indiana delegates, who selected Mr. ENGLISH. The remainder of the summer and part of the autumn will be devoted to the final struggle, in which either party will muster its full strength. The outlying factions are more powerless than on any former occasion, though the anarchical Labour party, under the lead of Mr. DENNIS KEARNEY, has coalesced with the equally respectable advocates of greenbacks.

If personal qualities had any influence in the choice of a President, the Democrats would perhaps have an advantage over their opponents. Mr. GARFIELD served with credit as a volunteer officer and general during the war; but General HANCOCK is a professional soldier. On the other hand, GARFIELD may boast that he was engaged during his earlier years in manual labour, while HANCOCK was educated at West Point, which is sometimes denounced as an aristocratic institution. It may be presumed that Mr. GARFIELD is thoroughly familiar with the management of electoral assemblies, for he was charged at Chicago with the defence of the interests of Mr. SHERMAN, who is himself a master of the art. It is usual for a Presidential candidate to remain in the background; but he may direct and combine the efforts of his supporters. Mr. TILDEN, who is not a professed orator, managed his own election in 1876, though he was afterwards fraudulently deprived of the fruits of victory. He probably encouraged the exaggerated belief in his pecuniary resources which tended to stimulate the zeal and sustain the confidence of his adherents. General HANCOCK has an advantage over his predecessor in the Democratic nomination in his freedom from connexion with political scandals, true or false. Mr. TILDEN has in the course of a long and successful career often had occasion to touch pitch, and it is rather to be wished than to be hoped that he may not occasionally have been defiled. A more practical reason for [illegible] General HANCOCK to Mr. TILDEN is furnished by the political squabbles of New York. Mr. KELLY, leader of the Tammany faction, happening to hate Mr. TILDEN, allowed the Republicans to win the last State election by dividing the Democratic faction. He threatened to repeat the proceeding at the election of President, and there was no doubt that he would keep his word. The Democrats, though they will receive the support of all the Southern States, can only return a President on condition of obtaining the votes of New York and of another great Northern State. KELLY, who has since the nomination at Cincinnati resumed his party allegiance, insures the unanimous support of the State to General HANCOCK. Even the most devoted adherents of TILDEN must admit that his candidature would have been dearly purchased by the cession of New York to the Republicans.

No serious political issue is raised by the impending election. Both the Republicans and the Democrats, after long wavering and occasional apostasy, now profess the true faith of resistance to any depreciation of the currency. The Republicans are, of the two parties, the more strongly pledged to maintain the vicious system of Protection. Some of the Democratic leaders entertain sounder views, but it is doubtful whether they will risk their popularity by reduction of the tariff. The respect for State rights and for freedom of election which is professed by the Democrats has been practically shown by the actual Republican PRESIDENT throughout his term of office. Civil Service reform, which is urgently needed, occupies a conspicuous place in both the rival programmes; and it will be equally neglected or postponed under a Democratic or a Republican President. The proverbial phrase of "the "spoils to the victors" expresses the profound conviction of those who elect the President. His friends will be the victors; and they are not in the smallest degree inclined to surrender their perquisites. Mr. SHERMAN, who was once a Civil Service reformer, has lately employed all the numerous dependents of the Treasury throughout the Union in the promotion of his personal interests. The foreign policy and diplomacy of both parties will be the same. Since the abolition of slavery the Democrats have ceased to desire the acquisition of Cuba or of any portion of Mexican territory. The Republicans steadily opposed their own nominee when General GRANT had a fancy for the annexation of San Domingo. With most of the European States the American Government has little to do; but there are unfortunately always unsettled questions with England; and the pugnacious precedents of former times are invariably followed. Mr. EVARTS's successor, whoever he may be, will be as peremptory as the present SECRETARY of STATE in demanding satisfaction for the doubtful injuries which are supposed to have been suffered by New England fishermen in Newfoundland. A Democratic Secretary might not improbably, if occasion offered, even emulate Mr. EVARTS's wonderful application to the English Government to remit the damages awarded to Canada by the arbitrator. Neither a Republican nor a Democratic Congress will be advised by the President to refund the excess of the *Alabama* damages which were wrongfully recovered. It may be hoped that General HANCOCK, if he is elected, will not revive the practice of Democratic Presidents before the war, who, with the exception of Mr. BUCHANAN, always included an attack on England in each of their Messages to Congress. It is perhaps natural to make the most of foreign complications, which are few and rare. The most formidable question which may be raised relates to the novel claim of an exclusive right to the control of any passage which may be formed between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

The leaders of both parties are probably by this time occupied in the construction of imaginary Cabinets. A newly-elected President generally offers a certain number of places to the defeated competitors for nomination; he has also to reward his principal supporters; and he must consider the claims of some of the great States. Mr. GARFIELD, who was the confidential election agent of Mr. SHERMAN, will probably, if he has the opportunity, reappoint his former patron to his present office. Mr. BLAINE is entitled by usage to a seat in the Cabinet. Mr. CONKLING will probably, like General GRANT, be excluded, though he will still be powerful as a Senator and a party leader. A Democratic President will not have an equal abundance of conspicuous aspirants to office to embarrass his choice. The party suffers under the disadvantage of the want of official experience which naturally results from twenty years

of exclusion from office. Mr. BAYARD and Mr. THURMAN would probably be efficient members of the Cabinet, and the claims of New York and of any other Northern State which supports the Democratic candidate must be respectfully considered. The impending "campaign," as the canvass is designated in the political dialect of the United States, will for the next four or five months furnish a large part of the community with pleasant and harmless excitement. It is only by the use of strong language that orators and journalists can disguise from those whom they address their own well-founded conviction that the choice to be made will in no material degree affect the interests of the Republic. It is almost surprising that even a pretence of anxiety can be sustained during so long an interval; but Americans have unbounded energy and volubility, and the people wishes, not, according to the adage, to be deceived by its leaders, but to pretend to be deceived, as a reader willingly surrenders himself to the illusions of fiction.

THE SENATE AND THE AMNESTY.

THE French Senate finds itself confronted by a highly inconvenient dilemma. The Amnesty Bill sent up by the Chamber of Deputies is before it, and it has to determine how to deal with it. If the Senate followed its own preferences in the matter, there would be no doubt as to the conclusion it would arrive at. The dilemma would immediately become no dilemma at all, and the Amnesty Bill would be promptly rejected. But the question cannot be disposed of in this easy fashion, since, if the wishes of the legislators were the only thing to be consulted, the Chamber of Deputies would have thrown out the Amnesty Bill as readily as the Senate. It seems to be perfectly understood that the Chamber has voted for the Bill, not because the Deputies wished the Communists to be amnestied, but because they disliked the possible consequences to themselves of refusing to amnesty them. Before a Republican can vote against M. GAMBETTA, he must have something more than the courage of his opinions. He must be content to abandon political life. More than this, he must have parted company with the Republic of the future, unless indeed he is prepared to welcome it in the person of M. CLÉMENCEAU. There was a time when it seemed doubtful what kind of a Republic M. GAMBETTA might design to set up; but it has never been doubtful that the Republic conceived by him, whatever its character might be, would be the next Republic set up in France. The Republic of M. THIERS was a different affair altogether. It rested on different ideas, it appealed to different classes, it had a different estimate of the past, and a different theory of the future. But the Republic of M. THIERS was ruined by the timidity of its friends and the wrongheadedness of its enemies. Since the 16th of May, at all events, it has never had a chance. M. GRÉVY, M. WADDINGTON, M. DE FREYCINET have been really the pioneers of a new Republic, the Republic of M. GAMBETTA. For the time none other seems possible in France, and moderate Republicans who adhere to it may be excused if they can see no alternative except a Republic which would be still more unlike the kind of Government that they in their hearts wish to live under. Looking at matters in this way, how is a Republican Senator to vote against the amnesty? He cannot plead that he does not know what M. GAMBETTA's opinion on the question is; that, as President of the Chamber of Deputies, M. GAMBETTA has no opportunity of making it public; and that no one is bound to be privy to his relations with a particular newspaper. M. GAMBETTA has made an opportunity of telling the Chamber of Deputies what he thinks about the amnesty; and, after his speech on the 21st of last month, to vote against it is to break away from him in the most unmistakable manner possible.

There are Senators, however, who, though they are not in the least inclined to support a measure simply because M. GAMBETTA supports it, may yet be in doubt what to do with regard to the Amnesty Bill. They are survivors of the Republic of M. THIERS, or else they are men who from convictions or antecedents find it impossible to work with M. GAMBETTA, and so are inclined to see whether the chapter of accidents may not have some unexpected reverse in keeping for him. Yet it is not a matter of course even for men like M. DUFAURE or M. JULES SIMON to vote against the Amnesty Bill. To begin with, they have already voted against the 7th Clause, and thereby drawn largely on the amount of unpopularity which it is prudent for the Senate to incur. In the next place, voting against the Amnesty Bill will be a far more serious offence than voting against the 7th Clause. There was no personal risk involved in the latter proceeding; there may be some personal risk involved in the former. The Extreme Republicans, the men who are always ready to urge the Moderate Republicans into violent measures, and sometimes ready to resort to violent measures on their own account, did not care about the 7th Clause. They thought it a worthless compromise, and held the politician who thought that the Clerical question would be disposed of if members of religious orders were excluded from schools to be little better than a Clerical himself. But these same men do care, and care a great deal, about the amnesty. They want to have the Commune, and the methods of action employed by the Commune, whitewashed; and many of them may have a personal interest—an interest depending on kindred or friendship—in the release from prison or the return from exile of particular Communists. Consequently, to vote against the amnesty will make a Senator unpopular in another and more serious sense than that in which voting against the 7th Clause made him unpopular. On the whole, indeed, the Senate may be said to have profited by its rejection of that clause. The difficulties the Government may get into by enforcing the decrees against the religious orders—and it is too soon to say that these difficulties will not be considerable—will be so many testimonies to the superior wisdom of the Senate. Consequently, it has bought its independence cheap. But the rejection of the amnesty may be a far more serious business. The Senate had the advantage in the former case of being in a position to give the Government a polite snub, and nothing more. M. DE FREYCINET had it in his power to carry out without consulting the Senate a more stringent form of the policy to which the Senate had refused its assent. He had to ask leave to expel religious orders from schools, but he was able without asking leave to expel religious orders from their own dwellings. But if the Senate rejects the Amnesty Bill, M. DE FREYCINET will to all appearance be powerless. There are no obsolete laws—at least none have yet been discovered—which enable him to restore Communists to their civil rights. Yet the hopes which will have been excited by the acceptance of the Amnesty Bill by the Chamber of Deputies are not of a kind which can disappear without something more being heard of them. Nor is M. GAMBETTA exactly the man who, after he has gone out of his way to associate himself with the amnesty, will easily put up with its rejection by a Chamber to which he has no special love. Thus the Conservative Republicans in the Senate may be moved to offer no active assistance to the Bill by higher considerations than those of mere personal convenience. What if the rejection of the Amnesty Bill should involve the abolition of the Senate? The Right will be quite indifferent to this possibility, for their nominal Conservatism does not make them at all more friendly to the existing Constitution than if they belonged to the Irreconcilable Left. But there are some real Conservatives in the Senate, men who wish to see the existing Constitution maintained and amended, not replaced by a new Constitution of a less Conservative type. To these the abolition of a Second Chamber, which the Right might welcome as merely a prelude to a new falling out among Republicans, amid which honest Royalists might hope to come by their own, would be a cause of genuine regret. If to allow the Amnesty Bill to pass is the only way of avoiding this catastrophe, they may think it best to abstain from voting against it.

On the other hand, what is the use of a Second Chamber which gives way to pressure the moment that it becomes serious? The answer to this is that Second Chambers are not designed to be absolutely rigid. In modern Constitutions the popular Chamber is the wilful man that must have his way; the Second Chamber is the wife who has often the power of preventing him from becoming wilful. The French Senate can hardly hope to exert greater power than the English House of Lords, and the English House of Lords has retained its power by judiciously abstaining from exerting it in cases where the popular will is clearly ascertained. As regards the amnesty this condition is plainly satisfied. For present purposes in France M. GAMBETTA is the popular will. He would not have exchanged the President's chair for the tribune unless he had convinced himself that he had the nation—the available and political nation, that is

to say—at his back. It will be a further reason probably with the Senate for not rejecting the Bill that, except in so far as it destroys any reputation that Ministers may have previously had for independence or consistency, it will not much matter that there are a few more Communists in France. There is no danger at present of another Communist outbreak. Whether, when opportunism in the person of M. GAMBETTA is plainly at the head of affairs, this will be equally true is another matter; but for the present the Extreme Left find the Government fairly pliable, and so are not tempted to resort to violent measures in order to get what they want. If the appeal to force should be again made, experience has shown that France is strong enough to put down revolution when she has the mind, and she is not likely to lose this faculty under M. GAMBETTA. There are other considerations which make the wisdom of granting a plenary amnesty exceedingly doubtful, but they are derived rather from the effect which the concession is likely to have on the friends of order than from any stimulus which it will give to revolutionary enterprises. With all this in their minds the Senate may perhaps content itself with leaving ordinary criminals to work out their sentences. A Second Chamber can hardly be abolished for refusing to see that murder and robbery cease to be objectionable when they happen to have been committed in a time of political excitement.

SUNDAY CLOSING.

If the Government hoped that the announcement of their intention to deal with the whole subject of the licensing laws would have the effect of checking rash resolutions on the part of the House of Commons, they have been disappointed. The only result of the information has been to lessen the very slight sense of responsibility that the House possessed. When the Government are going to legislate upon a large question like the liquor traffic, to vote for impracticable resolutions or impracticable Bills, which only propose to touch the fringe of it, becomes the safest of amusements. The Government may be trusted not to let the bread be permanently taken out of their mouths. If a resolution is adopted, they will delay acting upon it until they have had time to consider it in the light of their own measure. If a Bill is read a second time, they will take care that in the Lords, if not in the Commons, it makes shipwreck on those unavoidable delays which are so many thorns in the flesh to ambitious private members. Consequently, every one who thinks he has discovered a sovereign remedy for the hitherto irrepressible tendency of man to drink when he is thirsty, and sometimes when he is not, now sees his opportunity before him. He can approach a wavering supporter with that best of arguments, that nothing will come of it, and thereupon the wavering supporter remembers that some of his constituents will certainly be pleased if he consents, while those of them who are displeased will, equally with himself, draw consolation from the fact that the vote is purely formal. It is in this temper that the new House of Commons has successively dealt with Local Option and with Sunday Closing. Sir WILFRID LAWSON'S Resolution, Mr. PEASE'S Resolution, and Mr. ROBERTS'S Bill have alike been accepted; and the majority of those who either voted for them, or contributed to their adoption by staying away, are probably now cheering themselves by the reflection that nothing more will be heard of any of them for this Session.

The Sabbath, said Mr. PEASE, in a spirit of toleration which he was unable long to maintain, was made for man. It soon appeared that what Mr. PEASE meant was that the Sabbath was made for metropolitan man; for man, that is, when he is strong enough to resent to some purpose the doctrine that man was made for the Sabbath. Mr. PEASE'S wish is evidently to make Londoners spend their Sunday in London. If they go out into the country, they must either come back hungry and thirsty, or else get their wants supplied by presenting themselves to the publican in that most unpleasing and disingenuous of characters, the *bonâ fide* traveller. The only place where a man will be able to get a glass of beer without subjecting himself to cross-examination, or feeling that he is conniving at an evasion of the law, is the Metropolitan district. If Mr. PEASE is of opinion that the thousands of young men who have no homes to go to will be the better for being kept in London, by the difficulty of getting food and drink if they go out of it, he must have formed a higher estimate of metropolitan morality than the result is likely to bear out. People who legislate on the drink question are apt to shut their eyes to obvious truths; but it might have been thought that the bicyclist was too obvious a truth even for a friend of temperance to shut his eyes to. For thirty miles round London and every other great town the Sunday bicyclist is to be met everywhere. He is not loved by those whose business lies with horses; but, if he occasionally brings a rider or driver to grief, he does a great deal of good to himself, and he belongs to a class which is too numerous to be properly left unconsidered. Will sobriety be promoted if the bicyclist is encouraged to remain at home on the only day when he can travel any considerable distance? Mr. PEASE will, no doubt, reply that the bicyclist is a *bonâ fide* traveller. But, if the term is to be taken to include him, one of the main reasons for Sunday closing will become inoperative. How is the publican to enjoy his day of rest if he is to be always opening his door to *bonâ fide* travellers taking their weekly outing on a bicycle? It would be less trouble to him to keep it open altogether. Of the two, even Mr. STEVENSON'S proposal is preferable to Mr. PEASE'S. Impartial tyranny is less irritating than tyranny which is suspended when resistance is expected. There can be little doubt that one of the motives which make Mr. PEASE so anxious to conciliate the metropolitan public is the fact that the metropolitan public are strong enough to make conciliation necessary. Sir RICHARD CROSS is quite right when he says that, if all the public-houses in London were closed on Sunday, there would be the greatest possible difficulty in keeping the peace. In other words, men must be allowed to drink when they are numerous enough to make a riot if they are debarred from drinking. When they are too few to make their dislike of Sunday closing serious, their wishes may be disregarded. This may be prudent legislation, but it is certainly not heroic; the pleasure of putting an end to other people's enjoyment seldom is.

When Sir RICHARD CROSS assumed that, if public opinion were in favour of closing public-houses on Sunday, not a single member would wish to keep them open, he may have known those on whose behalf he spoke. In that case we must be pardoned if we take the tone of the Pharisee, and rejoice that we are not as members of Parliament are. There is a sense of course in which Sir RICHARD CROSS'S statement is perfectly harmless. If by public opinion being in favour of Sunday closing he meant a state of things in which no one wished to go to a public-house on Sunday, the public-houses might certainly be closed. In that case, however, the motive for closing them would be wanting, and the zeal displayed for closing them would die out. It is not the empty public-house that it is wished to close, but the full one; and when public opinion is spoken of as being in favour of Sunday closing, what is meant is the opinion of the class which does not go to public-houses, or of the class which goes to them too often, and would like in its rare intervals of uncomfortable sobriety to have the opportunity of getting drunk withheld from it. Neither of these classes has any right to be specially listened to on the subject. The people whose opinion is really important are that large class who go to a public-house either for society or for refreshment. Working-men go there mainly for the former object; young men of the middle classes go there principally for the latter. Both objects are in themselves perfectly legitimate, and both are entirely ignored by the temperance fanatics. Has the opinion of the men to whom the public-house serves for a club, or of the men to whom it serves for an hotel, even been asked on the point? That is the real question to which an answer is wanted. It is nothing to the purpose that all the householders in a town have signed petitions in favour of Sunday closing, if the people who go to public-houses on Sunday are not householders. This is not a subject upon which the opinion of the majority is entitled to any weight. The persons to be consulted are the few who want to go to public-houses, not the many who are content to stay away. Unfortunately the opinion of this minority is not very easily got at. Many men would be very sorry to be debarred from getting a glass of beer when they are out for a Sunday walk, who might not like their names to appear on a petition against Sunday closing. They do not wish to be regarded as worse than the habitual toper,

inasmuch as he is at least anxious to be put out of temptation's way, while they are only anxious to remain within reach of it. As regards Wales, the fact that twenty-nine out of its thirty members supported Mr. ROBERTS's Bill made it impossible for those who had supported a similar measure for Scotland and Ireland to offer any opposition to its passing. If a majority of Scotchmen and Irishmen are to be allowed to dictate to a minority of their fellows what, where, and when they shall drink, how is a similar concession to be denied to a majority of Welshmen? The mistake lay in passing either the Scotch Act or the Irish Act. The Imperial Parliament can have no more deserving clients than the oppressed remnants of the three nationalities; and, though Sunday closing may not be a form of oppression that raises any special outcry, its victims are none the less oppressed. It was not to be expected that this view should find expression in the present House of Commons when it failed to gain attention even in the last. While the Irish Bill was under discussion both parties committed themselves to the mischievous theory that A. and B., who do not want to go to public-houses, may rightly shut them against C., who does want to go to them, and this without any regard to the purpose which C. has in view. The total-abstainers are a great deal too clever not to make full use of this blunder. Men who are ready to forego their principles in order to secure votes must not expect to be let off with a single act of surrender.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CENTENARY.

THE centenary which is being celebrated to-day by the somewhat hazardous experiment of a gathering of twenty thousand Sunday school children in the gardens of the Archiepiscopal Palace of Lambeth may fairly be considered what the *Times* is pleased to call "an event of epochal character." A century is a considerable period even in the life of a nation, and it is natural to ask ourselves on such an occasion as this what a century of Sunday schools has done for us? Not that it is quite correct to speak of the system as originating in the philanthropic efforts of Robert Raikes of Gloucester in 1780. Something of the kind is said to have been established at Milan by St. Charles Borromeo three centuries ago, and his name is accordingly, it seems, to stand first on the memorial column erected in memory of the present celebration. Many of our readers may have witnessed the striking spectacle, to which the Archbishop of Canterbury referred the other day in his speech at Guildhall, and which may still be observed every Sunday afternoon in the nave of the Duomo at Milan, of a vast assemblage of children in various groups receiving catechetical instruction. In fact the idea of this method of instruction sprang up, not in the eighteenth century but in the sixteenth, and in both of the great divisions into which Christendom was rent by the Reformation. We have spoken already of Carlo Borromeo, who is generally credited with the composition of what is called the Tridentine Catechism, but is in fact a manual of instruction in the Creed, Decalogue, Lord's Prayer, and Sacraments, ordered to be drawn up by the Council of Trent, but not published till a year or two after the Council was dissolved, and following much the same general lines as the Catechism in the English Prayer-book, though at much greater length and of course with many differences of detail. The latter was from the first ordered to be publicly taught in church on Sunday afternoons. In the rubrics of 1549 and 1552 the curate of every parish was directed "upon Sundays and holy days half an hour before even-song"—altered in 1662 to "after the Second Lesson at evening prayer"—"openly in the church to instruct and examine the children of his parish in some part of the Catechism." How far this injunction was carried out at the time we are unable to say, but it had certainly become a dead letter for a long time when the early Tractarians began to revive the practice of catechizing, instead of preaching, on Sunday afternoons, chiefly on grounds of rubrical correctness. In the present day the custom of afternoon catechizing in church has been very widely adopted in town churches, where there are usually both afternoon and evening services, from its obvious practical convenience. Some clergymen indeed, whose names are well known, have acquired an exceptional reputation for their skill in what is popularly supposed to be one of the easiest, but is really one of the most difficult, duties to discharge efficiently. And its importance has undoubtedly been much increased by the impediments to religious instruction on week-days even in voluntary schools, and still more in Board Schools, created by recent legislation. But while it cannot be said that the idea of utilizing Sunday for this purpose had no existence before the time of Raikes, either in England or elsewhere, and still less that the Church of England had neglected, as far as authoritative enactments went, to make careful provision for it, there can be little doubt that nothing of the kind was being actually carried out at the time he began his benevolent crusade against juvenile ignorance and vice at Gloucester. The scheme of organizing Sunday school instruction by the appointment of a regular staff of paid teachers was his, but during the thirty years intervening between the commencement of his work and his death in 1811 an important and on the whole beneficial change had been introduced—at the suggestion, it is said, of a Wesleyan—by the substitution of unpaid for paid teachers. And this arrangement, which, as we shall see presently, is not wholly without its drawbacks, has been not unjustly termed "the keystone of the modern Sunday school system."

To appreciate aright the significance of the movement originated in 1780 we must remember that the state both of national education and national religion was then at its lowest ebb. The "*sæculum rationalisticum*" was drawing to its close; religious scepticism and indifferentism were advancing quietly, but surely, *pari passu*, and their advance was accelerated, as Mr. Lecky points out, by "the selfishness, the corruption, the worship of expediency, the scepticism as to all higher motives that characterized the politicians" of the day, and "the heartless cynicism reigning in fashionable life." The influence of the Church was declining; Convocation had been silenced; the Trinitarian controversy was thought to have weakened orthodox belief; the neglect of Sunday observance was publicly denounced as habitual and notorious; zeal had waxed cold even among the most prominent churchmen, and it was the common taunt of her enemies and lamentation of her friends that "the Church was dying of dignity." Nor did education fare much better than religion. "The Universities," to cite Mr. Lecky's testimony once more, "had fallen into great moral and intellectual decrepitude." The public schools were more noted for the bullying than for the learning fostered within their walls. The endowments of the Grammar schools had too often been plundered or perverted to other purposes; some idea of their condition then may be gathered from a case within our own memory of the clerical master of one of these institutions who, having a taste for music and none for teaching, deliberately emptied his school and devoted his ill-won leisure to playing on the violin. Of "primary education," as it is now called, there was no conception; neither name nor thing existed. And of the amount and kind of religious education usually imparted to the upper classes some notion may be inferred from a well-known story told at a much later date of the famous Dr. Keats, Headmaster of Eton, and preserved in Mr. Maxwell Lyte's interesting history of the School. It had not been the custom to give any religious instruction at all at Eton except in the shape of sermons in Chapel; and Latin verses used to be done on Sunday. Some friend however suggested to Dr. Keats the propriety of giving his sixth form a Greek Testament lesson. He adopted the suggestion and naturally began with the Gospel of St. Matthew, which the boys construed quietly through without any comment till they reached the Beatitudes in the fifth chapter. Then it first occurred to the doctor that the occasion for what preachers call "a practical application of the subject" had arrived, and he observed on the sixth Beatitude, "You see, boys, you are bound to be pure in heart, *and if you are not, I shall flog you.*" Dr. Keats's flagellations were known to be no joke, and we may hope the exhortation took due effect. But when this was the level of religious instruction for the *alumni* of Eton, it was not likely that much attention would be bestowed on the teaching of the poor, and we are not surprised to find Lord Mahon saying that "throughout England the education of the labouring classes was most grievously neglected," and that among the principal means tending to foster a better spirit in the coming age was the institution of Sunday schools. Raikes formed at first a very moderate estimate of his own work, and said the attempt was at least a harmless one, and was intended to check the deplorable profanation of the Sabbath. He began with twenty children at Gloucester; there are reported now to be four millions and a half in the Sunday schools of the United Kingdom.

But while the movement set on foot by Raikes was a most praiseworthy and has proved on the whole a very beneficial one, it would be worse than idle to deny that there are some very serious drawbacks to its efficiency and success. It is abundantly possible to give children too much schooling as well as too much Church on Sunday, and they have very often been oppressed with a great deal too much of both. An hour or two of Sunday school succeeded by a two hours' service, probably ending with a sermon entirely beyond their comprehension, is more than any children can be expected to endure with patience, certainly more than any child will undergo with profit. Shorter services, specially arranged for children, with plenty of singing and a discourse neither too long nor too learned to secure their attention, offer one solution of the difficulty. Our present business however is not so much to provide remedies as to point out defects. One of these defects has unquestionably arisen from that very employment of unpaid teachers which is said to be the keystone of the entire system. Unpaid teachers, unless they are carefully organized and trained, are very apt to be incompetent ones, and the popular delusion that anybody is fit to teach children, combined with the particular delusion of many excellent but entirely inefficient or superficial persons, of both sexes, that they are themselves exceptionally competent for the task, has helped on this undesirable consummation. There are many well authenticated stories afloat intended to illustrate the stupidity of school-children—as of the girl who, on being asked what she meant by her "ghostly enemy," replied, after due meditation, "Please, ma'am, the Holy Ghost." But most of these stories really reflect quite as much on the capacities of the teacher as of the taught. Mr. Stephen Gladstone, the Rector of Hawarden, who appears on this occasion to have assumed the office of *advocatus diaboli*, put some aspects of the adverse side of the question strongly, but hardly too strongly, in his comments on Church of England

Sunday schools the other day at a meeting of the Rural Deanery of Mold:—

He said he believed no good institution was so enormously overpraised as the present school system. He believed it did not deserve one-hundredth part of the praise which it freely bestowed upon itself and which an ignorant world of admirers re-echoed. The means for attaining their objects were so utterly inadequate that some clergymen refused to have anything to do with a system which looked so hollow and rotten. Had they never heard Sunday schools turned into bear-gardens before or after school? Schools were often hindered, if not entirely upset, by the presence of one or two virtuous, but utterly inefficient teachers, who fidgeted about, who took out their reward in gossiping, in levity of conduct, and in the mischievous folly of smart dressing. There was something, too, of bribery and corruption by means of undeserved treats and prizes to secure the children's attendance and the admission of all comers, even deserters from other schools. He urged them to make the centenary a time of radical reform.

To this parting advice at all events no one can reasonably object, and as Sunday Schools were in their origin quite as much a Dissenting as an Anglican institution, we are inclined to think that some useful hints for reform might be gained by the clergy from an examination of Dissenting methods of working it. In towns Nonconformist Sunday schools are often the most efficient and most largely attended, and we suspect this is due in great measure to a better organisation of the teaching stuff, especially of male teachers, whose ranks are generally the most difficult to recruit. It may be added that, to judge from the average result, the instruction given in Sunday schools must have been of a very desultory and inadequate kind. It has been lately asked what proportion of those now under Sunday instruction will grow up into regular attendants at Church. But we may first ask what proportion has so grown up during the century these schools have been in operation, and moreover what has been during that period the average standard of religious knowledge and practice among the classes who have been subjected in childhood to this method of training. The answer to both questions, we fear, would prove very far indeed from satisfactory. The "epochal character" of the present celebration may perhaps be sufficiently justified by reference to "the blessings vouchsafed to Sunday schools during the past hundred years," recorded in the resolution moved the other day by the Archbishop of Canterbury at the Guildhall, but there is at least equal need to justify it by seizing the opportunity as a starting-point for future reform.

MR. GLADSTONE AND MR. BRADLAUGH.

THERE is no more fascinating branch of historical biography than the inquiry into the origin and progress of the friendships of great men. To trace the circumstances which first established intercourse and fellow-feeling, to watch the progress and cementing of the companionship—these are occupations worthy of all those who hold with the great saying of the poet as to the proper study of mankind. Specially interesting at the present moment, perhaps, is the investigation of the circumstances that first brought together the distinguished names which are now coupled on the lips of men and at the head of this article; and a tractate *De Amicitiâ* with this special bearing seems well worth the doing. It has been commonly, but unphilosophically, supposed that the conjunction is a sudden and a new one; that it was not till certain recent events necessitated the driving of all fish into the Liberal net that Mr. Gladstone lifted up his eyes and loved Mr. Bradlaugh with that love which—but the conclusion of the quotation is ill-omened, and we will not finish it. This supposition is, as we have said, unphilosophical; in this case it is unhistorical to boot. "Nine years have risen and eight years set," as Mr. Swinburne's charming verses have it, since Mr. Gladstone—with measured and conditional approval, it is true—gave Mr. Bradlaugh a status and a local habitation in politics. Before that time the name of this person, or his pseudonym of "Iconoclast," had indeed been known to the inquisitive. But his merits and his political position had not yet been assured by the approval of persons who seemed to speak with authority. There was indeed a floating idea—Mr. Bradlaugh will pardon us for mentioning what is merely an historical fact—that he came under the general head of those miscellaneous politicians who were once described by the wicked wits of the *Anti-Jacobin* as "all creeping creatures, venomous and low"—people were shockingly rude in those days, and the parody, though quite in Mr. Bradlaugh's own style, was objectionable enough. But in the autumn of 1871 Mr. Gladstone made one of his famous Blackheath speeches. There were as yet no mild Bulgarians to bewail or to cheer on to emulation of their masters—Batak had not yet excited Mr. Gladstone, nor had Kirdjali failed to excite him. So he talked about things now long forgotten, about proposals to give every artisan an estate in the country, and so forth; and he made his unforgotten remark about thinking once and twice and thrice in reference to the Lords Temporal of Great Britain. In the course of this speech Mr. Gladstone recited from "a questionable book" words which "contained much good sense," and those words were a dull parody on "God Save the Queen," in which "the people" were entreated to "save themselves." Curiosity was of course at once excited as to this new fount of sense, and it was discovered to be the *Secularist's Manual*, a work of prose and verse, prefaced with a warm commendation by Charles Bradlaugh. A good deal of the contents of this new book of golden sentences was simply, as it appeared to the impartial reader, foolish. Take, for instance, this touching formula of dismissal for a secularist congregation:—

Farewell! dear friends, adieu! adieu!
Till we again unite.
The social system keep in view,
Farewell! dear friends, good-night.

It strikes one here that the enlightened secularist poet can hardly be acquainted with the French language or he surely would not employ the word "adieu." Nor probably has there been a more remarkable expression of inspiriting sentiment than "The social system keep in view," since Mr. Pecksniff took a captain's biscuit and said "Let us be merry." The *Secularist's Manual*, however, by no means confined itself to these harmless follies, or to making "goes" rhyme to "clothes." When Mr. Gladstone commended the good sense of its words, it contained a blasphemous parody of the doxology, which seems to have disappeared from its latest editions. It still includes some spirited appeals to "base oppressors" —*i.e.* English landlords and employers—to "leave their slumbers"; some remarkable descriptions of the millennium, "when competition's woes shall cease"; the Republican balderdash which Mr. Gladstone quoted with approval, and an elegant poem, of which the first verse will probably suffice:—

What book is filled with tales so wild
That you would scarce believe a child
To think them true could be beguiled?
The Bible.

This and a great deal more like it is the stuff which Mr. Gladstone thought questionable, but full of good sense, and it is needless to say that his recommendation, in familiar phrase, made a man of Mr. Bradlaugh. We do not know how often the souls whose kindred was thus strikingly indicated met between 1871 and 1880, or whether "Iconoclast" has made hay—a congenial operation —under the doomed oaks of Hawarden or not. But it is worth pointing out that the *Secularist's Manual* evidently made no small impression on its distinguished reader. The famous three thoughts about —not the Upper House, as they are generally quoted, but—the expulsion of the hereditary principle from that House, were clearly suggested by the Secularist programme contained in the questionable but sensible work which advocates "the destruction of the hereditary House of Peers and the substitution of a Senate of life members." "Here's pansies for you," Mr. Bradlaugh had said to Mr. Gladstone, and the union of the elect souls was begun.

We must hasten over the interval of nine years just referred to. It is sufficient to say that an unaccountable reluctance appeared for many years to be felt by the Liberal candidates for Northampton to associate themselves with Mr. Gladstone's friend and teacher. At last, in the spring of the present year, when Mr. Gladstone's party at last "made their effort," an appropriate yoke-fellow was found, and, with the aid of Mr. Adam, the official manager of the party, and Mr. Morley, a distinguished member of it, Mr. Bradlaugh was sent to Parliament to enforce the doctrines of the *Secularist's Manual*. We are not aware that Mr. Gladstone contributed his endorsement to the back of the bill; but at that time Mr. Gladstone was, as every one—and the Emperor of Austria in particular—knows, merely a private person, occupied in deliverances of a polemical character. Mr. Adam, however (unrebuked, as far as we have seen, by the Presbytery of Clackmannan), and Mr. Morley—whose conscience had for the time been quieted by the Evil One, and by the aid of that invention of the Evil One, the electric telegraph—seated their man, or rather returned him. Mr. Adam is still impenitent; Mr. Morley has very publicly made the *amende honorable* to the Divinity he accidentally forgot. It is true that this *amende* is not quite complete, for we observed in the first Bradlaugh division the name of Mr. Morley's son on the side of "Iconoclast." It would appear that the House of Morley arranges its ghostly affairs on the prudent plan of those turbulent Scotch Houses who used to go out in the last century. The Morley is on the side of the Deity, the Master of Morley on the side of the other hypothesis; and it is to be hoped that a complete spiritual attainder will in this way be avoided. As for Mr. Gladstone, his part has been endeavoured to be characterized more than once in these columns. His defence of his friend and teacher cannot be called exactly chivalrous, inasmuch as it has been chiefly of the indirect kind, and, until his hand was finally forced, was directed to the acquisition for himself rather of the credit of a defender of religious liberty than of the discredit of a defender of the sensible but questionable views of Mr. Bradlaugh on things, religious and political. The motto of Mr. Gladstone in matters of friendship appears to be that of Mr. Lowten in the romance of *Pickwick*—"We're all very friendly and pleasant, you know, but—hurting yourself for a friend!" If you can assist him in a roundabout way, and at the same time throw the odium of persecution on your political adversaries, why we feel sure that Mr. Lowten would agree that this is legitimate; and this, as it appears, is the course which Mr. Gladstone has actually taken. To do any more he has waited till Mr. Bradlaugh got up an agitation for him, and in an agitation Mr. Gladstone is always at home.

Such is the past and such the present of this interesting *liaison*. We have hinted that the amount of personal intercourse between the friends has in all probability been but small. "However much they like each other," pathetically complained Mr. Pendennis, "men in the London world see each other but seldom." Mr. Bradlaugh works his work, Mr. Gladstone his; and though both are labouring, and have been labouring, in the same interest—the good of the great Liberal party—their spheres are different. Doubtless, if they had not until lately met

in the flesh, they have both often muttered the exquisite words of Lockhart's ballad, "Some day more kind I fate shall find, some night kiss thee." But that day has now come, and when the trifling obstacles of form are done away or borne down by the weight of a Government majority the full union will be easy. Mr. Bradlaugh (it is interesting to know it on his own authority as reported) is going to devote his earliest energies to the abolition of the Duke of Marlborough's pension, as a requital for Lord Randolph Churchill's action against him. The eminent "Iconoclast" is of course not tied to narrow Christian views of morality, and is quite at liberty to act in the natural Iroquois manner. His action cannot fail further to endear him to Mr. Gladstone both as an economist and as a good hater, though we fear that Mr. Gladstone himself is hardly yet educated up to the heroic height of adopting his friend's proposal. His own retaliations have rarely been of this direct fashion, and the connexion of the University election of 1865 and the Irish Church resolutions a year or two later had, as we know, the important middle term of the Manchester murder. If Mr. Bradlaugh is wise, he will take a hint even from his pupil. Still the two great men agree in the general spirit of their characters, which agreement, flavoured by some minor and unimportant differences—such as that about the Bible, for instance—is universally recognized as the soundest basis of friendship. They both in particular proceed upon the principle which the present American Minister has expressed in words of which we are happy to give the right reading for the first time:—

> They are slaves who will not use
> Insult, scoffing, and abuse,
> Rather than in silence shrink
> From the truth we please to think;
> They are slaves who dare not be
> In the right with you and me.

If Mr. Lowell does not recognize this, we apologize; but it is, we repeat, clearly the right reading, and expresses Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. Gladstone with incomparable precision. We cannot attempt to prophesy (because we don't know) what the future of their friendship may be. In the course of nature it is to be feared that Mr. Bradlaugh must survive his pupil, unusual as such a survival seems to be. Perhaps he may himself come to fill Mr. Gladstone's place, a consummation for which England will be doubtless, not devoutly—that is an inappropriate word—but intensely thankful. Perhaps, too, age may mellow the somewhat acrid virtues of "Iconoclast." It is even possible, in the vista of the rolling years, to see Mr. Bradlaugh mildly speaking of some audacious innovator—say a preacher of Christian morality and unlimited population—as a "questionable," but "sensible," person, from whom a good deal may be learnt. History, we know, is always repeating itself. At any rate it should always be remembered that Mr. Gladstone has the best of all rights to champion the elect of Northampton, in virtue of the graceful encouragement given when he was yet but one of those who "lecture as they go"—it is astonishing how the *Anti-Jacobin* occurs to one in this connexion—and when Mr. Gladstone was (as he is now) Premier of England, chief Minister of the Sovereign whom Mr. Bradlaugh regards so loyally, and a shining member of the Church of which Mr. Bradlaugh is so affectionate and dutiful a son.

SOCIAL CATECHISTS.

THOSE are not the most agreeable companions whose conversation chiefly consists of interrogatories. Yet many people would be very silent if they did not largely pad their small talk with questions. If we analyse the short chatterings which are constantly going on in the streets, in the clubs, and in society, we shall find that a great proportion of them consist of remarks about the weather and questions. Neither meteorological nor inquisitorial conversation is particularly enlivening, but we readily admit that society would not get on very well without them. The wisest of us are sometimes at a terrible loss for something to say, and we have had occasion to wish that society would agree upon some commonplace remark which might be made at any time when it seems desirable to speak and there is nothing to be said. Mohammedans have a great advantage over us in this respect. Not only have they their pious stock observations ready for use whenever it is fitting to speak, but they maintain a dignified silence between times. There are certain monastic orders, again, who have one invariable remark for use whenever any of the members meet in their convents; and, better still, this remark has but one regular rejoinder. It may not be exactly inspiriting to have the words "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return," constantly reiterated when meeting one's companions; but, of the two, we think it would be less wearisome than the perpetual "Are you going on anywhere?" which one hears at evening parties, and other remarks of the same type.

There are two kinds of questioners who torment one in society. One is the being with a preternaturally inquiring mind, the sort of creature who is never happy without knowing the when and wherefore of everything; the other is the person who asks questions without caring an iota to hear the answers. It is hard to say which of these two kinds of catechists is the greater bore. There is little satisfaction in being tormented with such questions as, "Can you tell me who the lady is that is sitting next but one to the man who is leaning on the piano?" or "There is a man with a light moustache by that lady in blue. Can you tell me who he is? You can't see him now, he is behind that tall man. There, now you see him! No, not the man with the eyeglass." It is wearisome, too, when people pester one for authoritative information as to the doings of one's friends, after this fashion:—"Tell me, is there any truth in the rumour that Howard Jones is going to buy the —— property?" or "I want to know whether Lord A. is *really* going to marry Miss B.?" The most irritating of all cross-examiners of this kind are those who ask what things cost. It is popularly supposed that in good society such questions are never asked; but there are, unfortunately, too many exceptions to this rule. There are men who want to know whether this or that is very expensive, whether they could get such a thing for about a hundred pounds, or perhaps they "suppose that a picture like that would cost quite a thousand pounds, wouldn't it?" When they come to see you, they inquire what sort of rents houses are let for in your part of London, and they consider your champagne better than some which they lately purchased at ninety shillings per dozen—"Probably yours cost more?" There is no limit to the inquisitiveness of some people. They want to know the name of your doctor, the address of your tailor, your weight, your height, and your favourite newspaper. It is necessary for their peace of mind that you should tell them where you find your servants, where you buy your bread, and where you go to church. They must know whether you smoke before going to bed, whether you tip railway servants, and whether you ever chastise your children. The catechists who do not listen to your replies are not much pleasanter companions. Do we not know for a certainty when we see some people approaching that they will ask us how our father and mother and brother are, without caring a straw about the answer? They go off like machines. We know that, when we shake hands with them, we might as well be pulling the spring of a mechanical toy. They will smile and bow and say, "I hope you are very well; and how is your wife, and how is your little boy?" the latter question being asked with a peculiar half-condescending, half-jocular tone of voice, which somehow or other is especially irritating. Ninety-nine out of each of the many hundreds of people who ask each other during the London season how long they have been up, and when they are going down, neither care for nor remember the answer for half a minute.

It is at dinner parties that people are most worried by social catechists. When one has the misfortune to sit at table beside a bore of this kind one's doom is cast for an hour and a half. We are asked if we have been to Ascot, or to the Handel Festival, or whatever may have been the leading fashionable rendezvous of the day. After being put through two or three questions of this kind, we know what is coming, and prepare ourselves for a continued fire of cross-examination. We lately heard a lady ask a gentleman, between the soup and the fish, a few questions of the above type, when he replied politely, but decidedly, in the negative, adding, "and I may as well tell you at once that I have not been to Kensington House, nor to the Assault of Arms, nor to see Modjeska, nor have I read Miss Rhoda Broughton's last novel." The poor man had seen what was coming, and had thought it better, as they say in the City, to discount it. We did not notice the lady asking him any more questions during the subsequent part of the dinner. Many catechizers put their queries from a pure love of swagger. They ask their fellow-guests whether they have seen several things or been at several entertainments until they fail to answer in the affirmative. The examiners then expatiate upon the pleasures and glories which have been missed, and they endeavour to inspire feelings of envy in the examined. If you do not happen to have seen some particular play, you are told that it is the very best to be seen in London at present, if not the best that has been performed on the London stage for some years. Everybody is talking about it, and you really must go and see it, but you will have to secure your stalls three weeks beforehand. Altogether you are made to feel yourself quite out of the world, and almost an inferior being, because you have not seen this wretched play, for which you are likely enough not to care when you do see it. Or perhaps you have not heard the new soprano. Her voice is superb and her acting is perfect. We are tired of the woman's very name in five minutes, but reflect that here is another of those terrible things that must be "done" at any sacrifice, in order to satisfy the exigencies of modern society. We tremble to contemplate the horrors of the catechizings about the Royal Academy which we have so often to undergo during a London season. Perhaps it is best to be able to say that we have not been there, for although we shall then be looked down upon, our torments on the subject will cease at once. If, however, we own that we have seen the Exhibition, we are in for a very disagreeable cross-examination. We shall be asked whether we like a picture by an artist whose very name we have never heard before, and what our opinion is of this, that, or the other picture, of not one of which have we the faintest recollection. Our deplorable ignorance is soon made painfully apparent, for the artistic catechist delights in "cramming up" pictures which the world in general is unlikely to notice. It is not much less disagreeable to be trotted out on the subject of literature. Many men who read a good deal are sometimes floored by a chit of a girl who dabbles a little in books, because she manages to ask them about works which lie outside their line of reading. They have never perhaps heard of books of which she knows little but the titles, but, with womanlike skill, she contrives to wave them like red flags before their eyes. They may be deeply-read scholars, and yet they would shrink from talking about books which

they had but half studied; but no such false delicacy deters the chattering female. She will talk freely about a book which she has but dipped into for five minutes while waiting for a friend to put a bonnet on; and if she finds that she is getting out of her depth, or that her interlocutor is better versed than herself in the question under discussion, she adroitly changes the subject, and thus emerges from the conflict unscathed. A very favourite method of examination pursued by some ladies is to cross-question their companions at dinner as to their tastes. They inquire whether they are fond of music, and having satisfied themselves on that point, they ask whether they are fond of dancing, riding, shooting, racing, polo, or Alpine climbing.

There are many admirable little devotional books containing lists of questions for self-examination, and we sometimes think that it might be a good thing if some philanthropist would compile a social handbook on the same model for use while dressing for dinner-parties. It might contain such questions as the following:—Have I been to the Dutch play? Have I read Prince Metternich's Memoirs? Did I go to the State ball? Do I admire the new beauty? After a deliberate self-searching of this kind, one might go into society with some degree of confidence. But even this crucial self-examination would not prepare one for what we consider the most objectionable of all social catechisms—namely, questions as to whom we know. One would expect well-bred or well-educated people to scorn the snobbish trick of asking strangers whom they know, with the view of ascertaining whether their acquaintance is worth cultivating; but such is not the case. It may be a weakness on our part, but we own that few things make us more angry than to be asked whether we know Lord this or the Duke of that.

We are fully aware that there can be no conversation without a certain amount of question and answer; but we would rather stand up and repeat our "desire" or our "duty towards our neighbour," and have done with it, than submit to the catechizing which is too often inflicted upon us at London dinner parties. If people have nothing to talk about, we promise not to quarrel with them for being silent; but we protest strongly against their trying to pass off a string of inane questions as conversation.

DISESTABLISHMENT AT GENEVA.

IT is curious that the English newspapers should have contributed nothing fuller than very curt telegrams towards the elucidation of the exciting question which is at present occupying the citizens of Geneva. The separation of Church and State—or, to speak more precisely, of the two Established Churches and the State—has been the one absorbing topic of debate in the late session of the Grand Council. Geneva is the first of the Swiss cantons which has ventured to give a moment's tolerance to the Liberationist solution of this difficult and dangerous problem. The Republic of Geneva, before its reception into the Swiss Confederation in 1815, was probably the most Protestant State in the whole world. It was proud of its traditions as "the Rome of Protestantism," though it had long ceased to hold the international significance which belonged to it during the lives of Calvin and Beza, when it was the one sacred Œcumenical court of appeal upon earth to Puritan Englishmen, to Presbyterian Scots, to Huguenot Frenchmen, and, in a less degree, to all the "Reformed" or non-Lutheran Churches of Germany. At the time of the reception of Geneva as a member of the Swiss Federal League, Catholic Nonconformity was little more than tolerated. Article I. of the "Constitution pour la Ville et République de Genève," which was then in force, contained the clause: "Quoique la Religion Protestante soit dominante dans la République de Genève, il y aura dans Genève une église ou une chapelle destinée au Culte Catholique." In this solitary chapel we perceive the germ of that concurrent endowment of a Protestant and a Catholic Establishment which is at present the rule in the canton. The priest and the costs of worship were paid by the Council of State; the congregation was to be reckoned as a portion of one of the Swiss dioceses, and the priest could not enter upon office until he had obtained the confirmation of the State. The new Constitution of Geneva which was established in 1847 still spoke of Protestantism as the "religion de la majorité dans le territoire de l'ancienne République," adding that one Church was nevertheless to be maintained by the State within the city of Geneva for the celebration of the "culte Catholique, comme par le passé."

In 1815, however, a great change occurred. A number of country communes, partly Savoyard, partly French, but all Catholic, were united to the Canton of Geneva. The King of Sardinia, in making over a portion of his territory to the Calvinist Republic, expressly stipulated that "the Catholic religion should be upheld and protected for the future in all these communes by the Government of Geneva, exactly as it has been in times past by his Majesty." The churches and parsonages were to be maintained at State cost, the parishes to remain in the dioceses of Chablais and Faucigny, and the Catholics were to be guaranteed the fullest enjoyment of all civil rights. These and other conditions received the signatures of the King of Sardinia on one part, and of the Swiss Confederation and the Canton of Geneva on the other part, on May 16, 1816, in the Treaty of Turin. More than 16,000 souls, exclusively Catholic, were thus incorporated into the old Protestant Republic, and an international protection was expressly guaranteed to the new Catholic citizens of Geneva by the Congress of Vienna. In 1868, however, by the vote of the whole Genevan people, Catholic as well as Protestant, the confessional guarantees of the Vienna Congress were abolished. The clergy protested; but no protest was made by either of the signatory Powers of the Congress. For the last twelve years the State of Geneva and its Roman Catholic citizens have been engaged in incessant warfare; obligatory civil marriage has been introduced; the public schools have been entirely withdrawn from clerical influence; several ecclesiastical holidays have been civilly abolished; Monsignore Mermillod, Bishop of Hebron *in partibus*, who assumed the title of "Bishop of Geneva," has been banished; the Old Catholics under Bishop Herzog's jurisdiction have been declared to be legal "Catholics" from the State's point of view, and capable as such of institution to parishes and enjoyment of Catholic funds; seven congregations of Sisters of Charity, Little Sisters of the Poor, and Brothers of the Christian Doctrine, have been prohibited from acting as public educators, and permitted only to occupy themselves with the care of sick and other works of benevolence. If the Genevan *kulturkampf* has not had as wide a range as the Prussian, it has been fought with a far more dogged perseverance on both sides.

A Commission to report upon the question of the separation of the Churches and the State of Geneva was originally appointed by the Grand Council nearly two years ago. Their deliberations resulted in the production of three projects of law—one bearing the honoured name of M. Necker, the other that of M. Müller, while the third, which has been finally adopted by the Council after several heated debates, is the work of M. Henri Fazy. Neither of these politicians proposed the separation of Church and State in direct terms. M. Necker's projected Bill contained two leading principles. 1. That no citizen of Geneva should henceforward be called upon "to pay any tax or due the yield whereof is employed for the specific purposes of a religious community to which he does not himself belong"; and 2. "Every taxpayer who makes the declaration that he does not belong to either of the *cultes* which are subsidized by the State must have his name struck off the voting register of the congregation (ecclesiastical parish) of which he has hitherto been reckoned a member." The project of M. Müller freed the State from all future obligations to "the two National Churches," but provided that the Churches should be endowed with a million francs, as a parting gift, and that the State should hand half this sum to the Protestant Consistory, and the other half to a "Constitutional Council" elected by the Catholics of the canton. The latter provision was sufficient to wreck M. Müller's proposed Bill. The "Catholics" of Geneva are hopelessly divided into a Roman Catholic majority and an Old Catholic minority; the former refuse to accede to any State legislation which permits the latter to assume the title and claim the rights of "Catholics." The State replies that it is beyond its power to settle who are and who are not true Catholics; it leaves its State-paid Catholic communes to settle amongst themselves their own domestic controversies on Papal infallibility and supremacy, exactly as it leaves its State-paid Protestant communes to settle whether an orthodox or a rationalist theologian is a true Calvinist, and to elect him as such for their parochial minister.

The project of M. Henri Fazy, which two or three weeks ago passed its third reading in the Grand Council, when 57 votes were given for its adoption and 43 against it, consists of five short articles. Article I., after affirming the principle of liberty of worship, does not assert the separation of Church and State directly, but indirectly. "The State and the Communes pay no *cultes*. No one can be compelled to contribute to the cost of either *culte*." This abolishes Article III. of the new Constitution of 1878:—"L'entretien du culte de l'église protestante et l'entretien du culte catholique restent à la charge de l'état." The next Article of the Fazy Bill states that the "cultes" are henceforth to be organized and exercised under the law permitting free right of association and assembly. With the consent of the Grand Council, every religious society can found endowments, and receive presents and legacies for this purpose; but without an express permission from the Grand Council, it "cannot possess other *immobilia* than temples, churches, and parsonages." By the third article the communes or parishes can dispose of the temples, churches, and parsonages, which are declared to be communal or parochial property, but in any such disposition they must follow the legal form and precedents employed with regard to the land-property of communes. It is presumed that in almost all cases the communes will not be inclined to alienate a temple or church from its present use. The express sanction of the Municipal Council will be necessary before a church used for Protestant worship can be employed for any other use; the same provision is extended to the churches used by the Catholics. The Temple of St. Peter in Geneva, however, is exempted; it is to remain for all time the inalienable property of the City of Geneva. As the Church of Calvin, it is to be devoted solely to Protestant worship, though the State can dispose of it, as at present, for certain national celebrations. Although modern Liberationism is peculiarly a product of those lands and sects in which the Calvinist theology has struck deepest root, and has always been and still is abhorred where the Teutonic theology of Luther and Zwingli has prevailed, Calvin himself was notably a strong advocate for the union of Church and State. Possibly M. Fazy's clause, which establishes Calvin's own Church for ever, may be regarded as a kind of propitiatory oblation to the mighty theologian and statesman to whom Geneva is indebted for its importance in history. The two concluding articles of the

Bill deal mainly with the dissolution of various politico-ecclesiastical articles in the present Constitution of the canton, and with the fixing of "pensions and temporary indemnifications for those clergy whose activity may cease in consequence of the operation of this law." It is proposed that the law shall come into force on New Year's Day, 1882.

It would be quite impossible to give even the most meagre summary of the speeches made on either side during the several days of debate. The material now lying before us would make a huge book. There is one point upon which foes and friends are alike fully agreed—namely, that the disestablishment of the Churches of Geneva, Protestant and Catholic, is an exception and accident; it is a chapter in the history of the *kulturkampf* between the Republic of Geneva and the Papal Chair. The disestablishers claim it as the most destructive battering-ram aimed as yet at the walls of Rome. The foes of the measure describe it, with much more truth, as a first step on the part of the Republic upon the road to Canossa. This is clear enough from the relation assumed by the different political and religious parties in the Grand Council to the question of disestablishment. M. Fazy's majority in the Grand Council has been obtained by a remarkable coalition. Three parties have united in voting for his Bill—the Doctrinary Radicals, or party of the "Young Republic"; the orthodox Protestants, who care more for Calvin's theology than for Calvin's historical Church, who are either members of Dissenting sects or members of the Established Church restive at their forced official brotherhood with their rationalist fellow-pastors; and, before all others, the Genevan Ultramontanists. On the other side, the old Radicals of Geneva—the typical modern Swiss politicians—and the Liberal Conservatives have voted to a man for the retention of the present relations between the State and the Churches. The Vaticanists have nothing to lose by disestablishment, as they get nothing from it, since they refuse to comply with its legal conditions in Geneva. "They have a world-wide party at their back," said M. Chenevière; and he observed that they were already drawing far larger subsidies from their wealthy co-religionists than a poor State like Geneva could provide for them. The vote for disestablishment in Geneva was thus carried by those who are not advocates for disestablishment *per se*, and who would vote exactly the other way if they were in Spain, or even in the Swiss Cantons of Luzern, Freiburg, or Schwyz. M. Favon, in a speech of great power, declared that the passing of the Bill would be in spirit a concession to the *non possumus* of Rome. M. Carteret said that the new law, if it passed the ordeal of the popular *Referendum*, would only intensify the existing confessional struggles. "The State," he observed, "gives the ecclesiastical property to the Catholics and to the Protestants. Who are they? The fight over the answer will be shifted from hence to the communes and the congregations. We are told by the angry partisans that the electoral lists of the Churches give no true reply." The State is told that a certain pastor is not a Protestant, that a certain priest is not a Catholic, and that it has violated the liberties of the two Churches by allowing the one to be inducted, or the other to receive an endowment. The unfortunate State, however, in each case has simply and baldly registered its confirmation of the election of a pastor, Protestant or Catholic, by the majority of those who chose to go to the ecclesiastical poll. As the Vatican has prohibited the "Catholics" of Geneva from taking part in the election of their parish priests, though it has lately conceded the principle in the strong Canton of Bern, the Old Catholic minority has come into possession of many of the churches and stipends. M. Carteret, whose views are of importance on this question, as he was lately elected to the Council by a great majority and on the very ground that he was a defender of the National Church principle, has warned his fellow-councillors that the great mass of public opinion amongst the people of Geneva will certainly reverse their conclusions. It must be remembered that the Grand Council is not "the Sovereign" of Geneva. The programme of the law, after its final polish by its constructors, has to be submitted to the popular *Referendum*, and the relations and proportions of the political parties amongst the people are not the same as in the Grand Council. The result will soon be known, as the plebiscite is to be taken to-morrow; and it is possible that the decision may be adverse to the project, as the devotion of the people of Geneva to the Protestant Church of Calvin and Beza is very deep-rooted, and is not to be judged, as M. Carteret has shown, by the superficial test of attendance at public worship. Professor Vogt, the Darwinist, pointed to States which have adopted the principle of separation of Church and State, as the United States of America and Belgium. The latter, however, is a warning rather than an example. "America," said M. Bonneton, "has produced a heap of rival sects; but such an institution as a People's Church has not yet appeared there." The principle is alien to all Swiss traditions; it finds no acceptance in any of the other cantons, and it is significant that it should have appeared in that portion of the Federation which is least Swiss. Some years ago, as the *Basler Nachrichten* says, "the separation of Church and State was a point of the first rank on the programme of the Radicals." But since the Vatican Council, and the new attitude of defence into which the States were thereby forced, the whole Radical party of Switzerland has cast it away. "The Canton of Aargau alone in German Switzerland," observes the same paper, "some years ago thought of such a solution of ecclesiastico-political difficulties; but we venture to say that after witnessing the experiences of Belgium and the United States, and the Vaticanist difficulties throughout Europe, there is not now one single man in that canton who does not earnestly hope that the people of Geneva will not grant to the resolutions of their Grand Council the force of law."

THE DEBATE ON THE NAVY.

THE usual desultory debate on the Navy Estimates took place on Monday night. The naval reformers made a variety of suggestions and complaints respecting what they consider to be existing evils, and the Government speakers admitted the force of some of them, and either mildly disputed or ignored others. The first matter brought before the House was the old, oft-discussed, but still scarcely intelligible grievance which relates to Greenwich Hospital. It has been often said that the seamen were losers by the change which was introduced when the Hospital was, so to speak, taken away from them; and it has been strenuously asserted by defenders of the Admiralty that the change was, on the whole, very advantageous to the Pensioners. As frequently happens in prolonged controversies, it is by no means easy to get at the true facts of the case; but, in so far as it is possible to understand them, it seems tolerably clear that the alteration made has been advantageous to the seamen. On one point, however, the authorities certainly seem to have been guilty of some sharp practice. The Admiralty may fairly be considered to have held Greenwich Hospital in trust for the naval Pensioners, and therefore, when they were deprived of it, the pension fund should have been augmented by an annual sum equivalent to the rent of the building; and this sum should have been debited to the department to which the Hospital was handed over. Unfortunately this course has not been followed. The Admiralty has treated Greenwich Hospital as though it was theirs to do what they pleased with, and has put down merely a nominal sum for the rent. This proceeding was severely criticized by some of the speakers on Monday night, and the defence of the Government was so weak as almost to amount to an admission that the critics were right. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre appears to have implied that, as the Admiralty pays the rates of the building and pays for the repairs, it ought to be free from all responsibility with regard to the rental. It would be interesting to know whether the Secretary to the Admiralty is prepared to adhere consistently to the view which he thus advocated, and to recommend the letting of Government property to any one who will pay the rates and taxes and keep the buildings in repair. A very large number of applicants are likely to be forthcoming for houses or lands which are to be let on these terms.

Luckily, however, the sum which the seamen lose by official shabbiness is, when compared with the whole amount of the pension fund, but a very small one; and, if a mistake has been made at Whitehall, it is not a mistake of much gravity. After Mr. Shaw-Lefevre's eccentric argument had been subjected to some almost superfluous criticism, Lord Ramsay called the attention of the House to a question of more importance than a trifling diminution of the pension fund. Dealing with a subject which, as a naval officer, he understands, this young member of Parliament showed more sense and moderation than might have been expected after certain occurrences at Liverpool. He had serious complaints to make respecting the present method of nominating naval cadets, and respecting the system of training officers for the navy. There ought, he said, to be no nominations, as at present, but free competition, so that the cleverest youths might be selected for the naval service. At first sight the justice of this demand seems indisputable; but practically there are very grave objections to acceding to it. It is, to say the least, extremely doubtful whether competitive examinations for boys thirteen or fourteen years old are advisable. It is possible to cram a youthful subject in a marvellous manner, and the harm done by the cramming process at an early age is quite incalculable. Nothing could be worse than the admission into the navy of boys whose minds had been prematurely forced, and who would, as they grew up, almost inevitably show that want of real mental vigour which generally characterizes those whose capacities have been overstrained when young. If examiners could be trusted to distinguish clever and promising boys from boys who had merely been subjected to the highest cramming pressure for a considerable period, the competitive system might answer; but, unfortunately, the majority of examiners could no more be trusted to do this than to discover how long candidates are likely to live. Serious evil might be wrought by the alteration which Lord Ramsay desires; and if the authorities at Whitehall are thinking, as Mr. Shaw-Lefevre's reply to Lord Ramsay appeared to indicate, of instituting perfectly open competition, they are certainly contemplating a very dangerous experiment, which may result in irreparable injury to the naval service. A change of a different kind, however, they might perhaps introduce with advantage. Having strongly condemned the method of entry into the navy, Lord Ramsay went on to find fault with the whole system of training naval officers, and first complained that there was no use in conducting the early part of their education on board the *Britannia*—a hulk without masts—merely for the sake of having them nominally on board ship. He urged that they could be better taught in a school ashore. Here he was probably right, and no doubt a kind of nautical pedantry has been shown in keeping the cadets on board the *Britannia*. In his other criticisms

Lord Ramsay was less happy, and indeed some of his suggestions might with justice have been sharply censured. He said that naval cadets entered the service too young and went to sea too early. He might almost as well have suggested that boys who are intended for engineers should not receive mathematical instruction at school. In these days, when a naval officer must possess varied qualifications, his training can hardly begin too soon; and, unless a man has been at sea in boyhood, it is almost impossible for him to acquire the art of handling a ship. It is perfectly true that the art of handling sailing-vessels, which constituted old-fashioned seamanship, is not now quite so important as it was; but it has been succeeded by seamanship of a different kind, well-nigh as difficult to master as the old; and it may be said with confidence that this will never be mastered except by those whose training has begun in youth. What Lord Ramsay would substitute for the present period of service at sea he did not state, but seemingly he wishes that midshipmen should study ashore during the first four years which are now spent afloat. Happily Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, though complimentary in the extreme to the youthful critic who spoke from his side of the House, did not encourage his singular fancy for keeping naval officers away from the sea.

After Lord Ramsay's speech had received its full meed of praise, the inevitable Irish grievance was duly brought forward to distract the House: but fortunately the House was in a sensible mood, and after Mr. O'Connor had ended an indignant speech by moving the postponement of a vote, and had been told by the Chairman that his motion could not be put, few members troubled themselves about what he said; nor did he succeed much better later in the debate when he twice divided the House. After the very brief discussion to which his first complaint gave rise was over, Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, who has so often appeared as a naval critic, pointed out briefly and forcibly the defective condition of the navy, and its unfitness for defending the country in case of war. There was not, said the member for Norfolk, a proper reserve of ironclads, nor anything like the number of fast cruisers which, in the event of a war, would be required to protect our commerce and our supplies of food; and he went on to state, with perfect truth, that no Government has been courageous enough to tell the House of Commons that, as the cost of everything connected with the navy had so largely increased, the sum required for the navy should also be largely increased. Mr. Rylands, who followed Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, thought apparently that he disposed of his statements by saying that they were familiar to the House, and no doubt this is a very convenient retort when facts cannot be disputed. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, as was to be expected, did not rely upon the form of reply which seems conclusive to members of Mr. Rylands's calibre, but endeavoured to refute Mr. Bentinck's allegation. There were, he said, five ironclads in the first reserve, and ten fast cruisers to rely upon. Moreover, three vessels of the latter class were being built. To these it is possible that some converted ironclads may be added. If the Secretary of the Admiralty had wished to confirm the statements of Mr. Bentinck, he could hardly have done so more forcibly. To protect our commerce all over the world we have ten first-class fast cruisers ready, three building, and obsolete ironclads which it may some day be found possible to convert into fast cruisers. Let it be assumed that the three ships now being built are completed, and that five ironclads are successfully altered. Excluding those merchant vessels which are under fifty tons, we shall then have one fast cruiser for every 1,273 merchant ships. It is only fair, however, to Mr. Shaw-Lefevre to say that he considers that the country has a source of strength apart from its war-ships. "It had been ascertained," he said, "that there were thirty or forty first-class vessels which by a small expenditure might be rapidly converted into vessels of war." On this subject it is scarcely necessary to repeat what we said a short time ago. The employment of modern merchant steamers as men-of-war is an experiment which may altogether fail, and is not very unlikely to fail. Any one acquainted with the differences of construction between men-of-war and merchant ships can hardly fail, in considering this question, to come to the conclusion that either many of the elaborate precautions taken in constructing men-of-war are superfluous, or else that merchant steamers can by no possibility be rapidly converted into effective vessels of war. It is greatly to be hoped that the Admiralty have not been hasty in assuming that these vessels can be fitted for service, and that, in the event of preparation having to be made for war, it may not be discovered at the last moment that war ships cannot be improvised. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre's answer to Mr. Cavendish Bentinck produced no hostile comment except from Mr. Bentinck himself; but this probably was because the late Government are responsible for the project of arming merchantmen. The debate continued for some little time after this reply, and various subjects were touched on, but nothing of interest was said by speakers on either side of the House.

THE UNIVERSITY MATCH.

When the University match is played in brilliant June weather the moment is one to which Faust might have said, "Stay, thou art fair." No weather could be more perfect than the warm sunshine, tempered by cool winds, which the players and the spectators at Lord's enjoyed on Monday and Tuesday. Ladies were able to wear the most brilliant dresses without fear of a drop of rain, and they, except the few who took an intelligent interest in the fortunes of Oxford, were probably happy. The cricket was much better than most of the critics have been disposed to allow. The practice of criticism makes people fancy themselves far too clever. They make no allowance for mortal infirmities. It is uncommonly easy to field well, in the Grand Stand, and to censure, in the Pavilion, the performance of a bowler who occasionally delivers a loose ball to leg. One reviewer complains that Mr. Steel "was not straight." Of course he was not straight when he was bowling for catches to cover point. For our own part, we think the cricket was a sufficiently exciting and enjoyable spectacle, though Oxford from the beginning played an uphill game, and at last got a bad beating. It was scarcely possible for Cambridge to lose. It is true that Mr. Alfred Lyttelton had left them, and Oxford may reflect with relief that he is the last of the Lytteltons of this generation. But Cambridge had still a number of famous veterans. Mr. Steel had been batting better than ever, and bowling as only he can bowl; Mr. Bligh has not forgotten his cunning; Mr. Whitfield, previously unfortunate, reserved himself for this match. Mr. Morton, who discomfited the Australians two years ago, was bowling as many fast "yorkers" as ever. Mr. C. T. Studd was known to have an impregnable defence, and in him, his brother, and Mr. Wilson, Cambridge possessed three astute change bowlers. Against this array of merit Oxford had only one first-rate player, Mr. Evans, who is perhaps the best fast amateur bowler of the day. Not one name on the Oxford side is associated with steady successive batting. In the trial matches Cambridge had made over five hundred runs against an Eleven whose bowling (that of Mr. D. Buchanan and Mr. Rotherham) rather puzzled Oxford. Cambridge had defeated Surrey; Oxford had been vanquished by a mild Middlesex team; M.C.C. had beaten both Universities; but Oxford had suffered the heavier defeat.

With all these reasons for confidence, Cambridge won the toss, and had the first experience of a very good wicket. The ground played fast, but not too fast, and at first rather favoured Mr. Evans. His second ball scattered the stumps of Mr. Whitfield, and then Mr. Steel joined Mr. Bligh, and played rather a lucky innings of 19, before Mr. Harrison bowled him with a ball that curled round his legs. Mr. Harrison is a freshman from Clifton, a judicious and accomplished slow bowler, who did not, however, take many wickets in this match. Mr. Bligh at first seemed ill at ease, and cannot have been reassured by the way in which Mr. Evans bowled Mr. Jones and Mr. C. T. Studd. At this time the bowling was admirable, the fielding exemplary, and scarcely any hits reached the ropes. Enthusiasts whispered that "Evans was on his day," and it was hoped that he might serve Cambridge as he did Daft's Eleven in spring. But Mr. G. B. Studd (who had not previously been very successful this year) joined Mr. Bligh, and the pair played faultless cricket. Their free and graceful forward play was peculiarly admirable. In this important part of the batter's art the Cambridge Eleven is infinitely superior to Oxford. This is partly due, it may be supposed, to the excellence of the fast Cambridge ground. No one can learn to play forward safely among the reeds and rushes of Cowley Marsh. Mr. Colebrook, on the Oxford side, has not yet been spoiled by the marsh; and, considering his limited reach, his forward play in the second innings deserved high praise.

Luncheon, as usual, did the bowlers more good than the batters. Mr. Evans sent in a ball which cut Mr. Studd down and bowled him "leg before wicket." His 38 was obtained by sterling cricket. Mr. Wilson gave promise of the excellence he was to show in the second innings; but Mr. Bligh was caught from the slow bowler after making 59, the highest innings in the match. He and Mr. Studd had taken the sting out of the bowling, and had scored freely, in spite of fielding in which criticism could scarcely find a fault. The resolute play of Mr. Morton brought on Mr. M'Lachlan and Mr. Thornton as bowlers. The former has improved, and bowled with great pluck and steadiness. Perhaps it was scarcely prudent in Mr. Fowler to keep wicket to him without a long stop. Fourteen byes in each innings look ill in the scoring-sheet, and aided the Cambridge total of 166. Almost every wicket was bowled, and scarcely a single chance was offered to the field. Oxford sent in Mr. Colebrooke and Mr. Trevor to the bowling of Mr. Steel and Mr. Morton. Mr. Trevor is an extremely fine hitter, and should improve into a really good bat. Neither he nor his companion could resist the temptation to run out to Mr. Steel's bowling, and Mr. Foley, the new wicket-keeper, took advantage of two easy chances. Mr. Evans, a very free hitter, made twelve runs, but not in his best manner. He was bowled by Mr. Morton, who then dismissed Mr. Patterson and Mr. Thornton, both useful bats, with two consecutive fast balls. It was Mr. Morton's day. After Mr. Green, the Oxford captain, had played with his usual and always ill-rewarded steadiness for 14, he put his leg where his bat should have been. Things looked very bad, and grew worse. Mr. Fowler joined Mr. Hirst, and the out-fielders betook themselves to remote corners of the ground. In Mr. Fowler's case it was known how much the desperate dare. He scored one, and then hit across at a pitched-up ball of Mr. Morton's. "The immense slogger" (as an art-critic would say) was out for one run. At this moment seven wickets were down, and six runs were wanted to save a "follow on." Mr. Evelyn went in—in the hush of expectation you might have heard the fall of the ash of a cigarette. The first ball sent Mr. Evelyn back to his friends. Mr.

Morton had two balls of his over left, and there were two wickets to fall. Mr. Harrison's stumps were scattered abroad like chaff before the gale. Mr. M'Lachlan was the last representative of Oxford, and, as he went in to keep up Mr. Hirst's wicket, his condition seemed as hopeless as that of the last of the old Highlander's sons in the *Fair Maid of Perth*. Mr. Morton's fourth ball just did not take his off stump. Mr. Morton's day was ended, no other wicket fell to him. The first ball of his next over Mr. M'Lachlan cut into the crowd for four, and saved the innings by two drives. Mr. Hirst began to score freely. No one in either Eleven cuts with such crispness of touch. Mr. Steel sent in a ball, which Mr. M'Lachlan returned. The bowler thought he had made a catch, and was returning to the pavilion, when some one put a question to the umpire, who decided in favour of Mr. M'Lachlan. To ourselves it certainly seemed that the umpire was right, but most of the spectators appear to have shared the view of Mr. Steel. The cricket was now very lively. Bowler after bowler was tried, and hit by Mr. Hirst and Mr. M'Lachlan to the ropes. At last Mr. Steel bowled Mr. M'Lachlan. He and his companion had added fifty-one runs to the score. Mr. Hirst's contribution of 49 was slightly marred by one fault. He gave a hard chance to cover-point near the end of the innings.

Cambridge put on five runs before seven o'clock, and on Tuesday morning Mr. Whitfield and Mr. Wilson began the day with a magnificent stand. All the very limited Oxford bowling was tried, and at last Mr. Green caught Mr. Wilson off one of his own under-hand slows. More than fifty runs had been scored, and, though the fielding was not demoralized, the heat had told on the bowlers. Mr. Evans had a deserved piece of luck—a ball of his struck the wicket-keeper's pads, and rebounded into Mr. Steele's wickets when that player was out of his ground. Mr. Fowler stumped Mr. Walker in the same odd way last week. Mr. Bligh was becoming dangerous, when Mr. Trevor caught him cleverly at long-stop. Mr. Fowler ended Mr. Whitfield's fine innings (32) by a sharp catch off Mr. Harrison. Then the two Studds got together, and, over by over, the score and the faces of the friends of Oxford grew longer. The brothers seemed "set" from the first. When they had added some forty runs, they were both missed by the same unhappy fielder, once at short-leg, and again at mid-off. The former was a hard chance, but people had time to see the latter. It is a terrible moment when a man drops a catch at this match. The friends of his side could inflict on him the most exquisite tortures, and the victim vainly hopes that the earth will open and swallow him. Luncheon found the score of Cambridge almost exactly what it had been on Monday. Some splendid leg-hitting off Evans had contributed many runs. After luncheon runs came as fast as ever, till Mr. M'Lachlan was tried. The bowlers' feet had worn holes in which they stumbled, but after a free expenditure of sawdust Mr. M'Lachlan bowled Mr. G. B. Studd's leg-stump. His 40 runs were made with but one chance. Mr. Evans instantly dismissed Mr. Ford, and an astonishing catch at square leg by Mr. Hirst got rid of Mr. C. T. Studd. Mr. Hirst was running at full speed near the ropes when he caught the ball high over his head. This catch far more than redeemed a slip which cost some runs at an earlier part of the game. But Cambridge batting was not yet exhausted. Mr. Lancashire, who for so many years was "twelfth man," got 29 runs, and Mr. Morton was not out with 16. The bowling of Oxford was never exactly demoralized, and Mr. Evans especially showed great pluck and endurance. Many of the runs made off him were rather flukey hits behind the slips. We think that the fielding has been too severely blamed. Mr. Greene missed a hard catch from his own slows; but he, and the Oxford cover-point, and Mr. Evans at slip, stopped many hits that were bound for the ropes. The fielding of Mr. Trevor, too, was to be commended, and Mr. Hirst's catch was as wonderful as any that Mr. Webbe ever made. But the Cambridge batting, in so true a wicket, wore down the few bowlers.

Oxford (as in 1878, when they scored thirty-two in their second innings) had to go in for 267 runs, a dispiriting uphill task. It was the fortune of Mr. Steel to retrieve his ill success as a bat, and to dismiss Oxford for 151. Mr. Morton lent him no aid. Mr. Wilson twisted the ball about in his hand in vain; and Mr. C. T. Studd made as if he were spinning a top to no purpose. Only Mr. Ford shared the wickets with Mr. Steel, taking two to his captain's seven. Yet the bowling of Mr. Wilson often seemed to puzzle the batsmen. Mr. Steel began by bowling Mr. Trevor for four; Mr. Thornton and Mr. Patterson were soon deceived by his craft; Mr. Greene, with his usual luck, was thrown out by Mr. Jones; and Mr. Hirst did not play as he played on Monday. Mr. Fowler joined Mr. Colebrooke when five wickets were down for about forty. A special miracle saved the hard-hitter from being caught, and he settled down to determined slogging. The other bowlers he often deigned to play, but his heart was set on hitting Mr. Steel. Mr. Colebrooke was playing with perfect science; but it was in Mr. Fowler that the spectators delighted. The match became a duel between him and Mr. Steel. Mr. Fowler apparently calculated (and rightly) that, if he got hold of the ball, no mortal could catch it. Beneath one of his hits the bowler (not Mr. Steel) and umpire cowered in dread, like the Phæacians when Odysseus putted the stone; and the ball flew hurtling into the awning stretched across the line of sight. Other hits, if the walls and houses had been removed, would have "travelled," as golf-players say, into Oxford Street. Meanwhile Mr. Colebrooke played with grace and caution, and made several fine cuts and hits to leg. But the hitting of Mr. Fowler could not last for ever. He sent up a high spinning catch to cover-point, a catch which Mr. C. T. Studd was bound to hold. His 42 was a pretty piece of punishing hitting. Mr. Evans followed, using a bat which seemed to have an extraordinary spontaneous power of driving. A mere touch sent the ball for four, and when Mr. Evans lifted a catch, this magical bat popped it high over the head of the fielder. In about seven overs Mr. Evans made 22. Mr. M'Lachlan did not repeat his interesting performance, and Mr. Harrison's laudable 10 only brought the score up to 151. Mr. Colebrooke's 34, not out, was almost faultless. The bowling of Mr. Ford towards the end of the innings was good, and the Cambridge fielding left little to be desired. A very strong batting and bowling team won on its merits, in spite of the two odd pieces of luck which fell to Oxford—the stumping of Mr. Steel and the escape of Mr. M'Lachlan. Two of the Cambridge men have been chosen to play for Gentlemen *v.* Players at the Oval. Mr. Morton's fast bowling found five of the Players as easy victims as the unlucky and nervous batsmen whose wickets were levelled on Monday. Oxford has not won a match since Mr. Buckland and Mr. H. G. Tylecote did marvels three years ago. Though an excuse may be sought in the state of Cowley Marsh, Cambridge really owes her success to a series of admirable players from Eton, Uppingham, and Marlborough. Next year Oxford will probably have the help of the best batsman and the best wicket-keeper of this year's public school teams, and victory may shake her light wings and leave Cambridge for the banks of Isis.

GRIEVANCES OF THE SUGAR TRADE.

Most of our readers are doubtless aware that a Committee of the House of Commons has been sitting through three Sessions inquiring into the complaints of the sugar-refiners. The Committee was appointed last year at the instance of Mr. Ritchie, was reappointed in the Session which was cut short by the Dissolution, and was again appointed, with the necessary modifications, in the present Session. Last year the evidence taken bore almost exclusively on the grievances of the refiners. But this year the opposing case is being heard; and we venture to think that the refiners have had reason to doubt whether they were well advised in pressing for the Committee. One fact brought out by the investigation is that the trade, as distinguished from the refiners, is opposed to the latter. But a much more important fact is that impartial statistical inquirers bring forward evidence to show that the complaints of the refiners are in the main unfounded. The refiners contend that the bounties upon exportation given by foreign countries, especially by France and Austria, are gradually killing the refining industry in the United Kingdom, and moreover are rendering unprofitable the cultivation of cane sugar in our West Indian colonies. It is manifest that before considering whether a remedy ought to be applied it is requisite to ascertain whether the facts are or are not as have been stated. If they are not, there is no occasion for further inquiry. If they are, the question arises whether to attempt to set things right by any method hitherto suggested would not do more harm than good. But the first point to settle clearly is as to the facts.

Now it happens that, when examined by the Committee the other day, Mr. Giffen put in some tables which go to prove that the facts are not as represented by the refiners; in other words, that neither the English refiners nor the West Indian sugar-growers are being ruined. The first table presented by Mr. Giffen is a statement from the circular of Messrs. Rueb and Co., of the production of raw sugar in the several countries of the world from 1853 to 1879, both inclusive. The fact that this circular is laid before the Committee by the Head of the Statistical Department of the Board of Trade testifies sufficiently to the authority which it has acquired. Without further preface, then, we may say that the total production of sugar has risen within the period mentioned from 1,476,714 tons to 3,119,570 tons; that is, it has considerably more than doubled in the quarter of a century under review. But the refiners contend that not only has the whole increase been of beet sugar, but that beet has been driving the cane out of cultivation. Let us see how this is. The table, as we have said, gives the production from each country separately; and we can, therefore, with little trouble determine the point. We find that in the British West Indies the production rose from 109,000 tons in 1853 to 189,000 tons in 1878, the latest year for which we have the figures. This is an increase of over 75 per cent. It is less than the increase for all kinds of sugar; but still it is a very great increase, and lends no kind of countenance to the assertion that the West Indian planters are being ruined. In all the British possessions taken collectively, including Mauritius, India, Australia, and Natal, as well as the West Indies, the increase has been from 253,000 tons to 394,000 tons, or 141,000 tons, being about 55 per cent. The augmentation here is less than in the former case; but still it is very considerable, and certainly lends no support to the allegation that our sugar-growers are being ruined. In foreign cane-growing countries the increase has been from 1,023,000 tons to 1,305,000 tons, or 282,000 tons, being over 27 per cent. Here the increase is still less than in either of the preceding cases; but still, in itself, it is not inconsiderable.

Taking all cane-growing countries, British and foreign, together, the increase has been from 1,276,714 tons to 1,698,743 tons, or 422,029 tons, being somewhat more than 33 per cent. It will thus be seen that, while there has been increased production to the extent of one-third in all cane-growing countries taken together, the increase has been to the extent of more than three-quarters in the British West Indies—that is, it has been greatest precisely where the cultivation is said to have been ruined. But it is undoubtedly true, at the same time, that the extension of the cultivation has been far more rapid in beet-growing countries, having risen from 201,000 tons in 1853 to 1,574,133 tons last year, or 1,374,130 tons, being very nearly sevenfold. Or, to put the matter in another way, the production of beet sugar a quarter of a century ago was only 14 per cent. of the total yield, and it is now 45 per cent., or not far short of one-half. This is unquestionably a very striking and a very rapid development. But the fact must not be lost sight of that all the parts of the total are increasing, and not the beet alone, although the latter is growing by far the most rapidly. So far, then, as our West Indian colonies are concerned, the case of the refiners is disproved. Cane sugar in the West Indies is not being driven out of cultivation. Why the cultivation is not increasing as fast as that of beet is another matter. Possibly the bounties may have something to do with it. But it is much more probable that the disorganization of industry by the emancipation of the negroes, the race animosities of which we have had examples in Jamaica and Barbadoes, the want of capital, skill, and intelligence, and unwise legislation by local Parliaments, are in a large degree responsible for it. In any case, before the question could be decided, an inquiry upon the spot would be necessary. Before concluding this part of our subject we may remark that the mistake of the refiners has no doubt arisen out of the fact that the imports from the West Indies into this country have hardly increased during the quarter of a century, the additional production being attracted to the United States.

Coming now to the complaint of the refiners that they themselves are being ruined by the bounties, let us inquire what grounds there are for it. We find in the first place that the total import of sugar of all kinds has risen in the quarter of a century from 7,200,000 cwt. to 18,184,000 cwt., or, say roughly, 250 per cent. But of this quantity the refined sugar amounts to no more than 3,266,000 cwt., leaving nearly 15 million cwt. of raw sugar, that is, of the raw material for refining. Of course, the whole of the raw sugar imported is not refined in this country. Part of it, though technically called raw, really requires to undergo no further process, but is already fit to go into consumption. And part also is used in brewing. Making the necessary deductions, there remain, however, 11¼ million cwt. of the raw material for refining, which is an increase of almost 60 per cent. No doubt it is true, as alleged by the refiners, that the amount of refining as regards loaf sugar has greatly declined in this country. But the figures we have just given demonstrate that the refining business as a whole has not declined, but on the contrary has increased. The consumption of sugar in the United Kingdom has been augmented enormously in consequence of the successive reductions and final abolition of the duties formerly levied upon it, and in consequence also of the great advance of the country in wealth and population. The enhanced demand thus occasioned has been supplied partly by an increase of refining in this country, and to a very much larger extent by an increased importation of foreign refined sugar, more particularly of refined beet sugar, the importation of the latter having risen from 262,000 cwt. to 3,136,000 cwt., while the increase in refined cane sugar is trifling. It is quite possible that the bounties have stimulated this enormous growth of the import of refined beet sugar; but there are reasons for believing that, as the late M. Chevalier said a few years ago to a deputation that waited upon him in reference to the question, the French refiners are more skilful than our own, and are careful to provide themselves with the very best machinery. It is also probable that there are agricultural advantages in the cultivation of beet. But, whatever may be the cause of the extraordinary development of beet cultivation on the Continent, and of the success with which beet sugar competes with cane in neutral markets, it is demonstrated by the figures above cited that sugar-refining is not dying out in the United Kingdom, and that the sugar-cane is not being driven out of cultivation in the West Indies, but that, on the contrary, both industries are increasing, though increasing very much less rapidly than their competitor. This being so, the case of the refiners falls to the ground. That they are more or less injured by the false and mischievous bounty system adopted by other countries we are in no way concerned to deny; but the facts of the case do not sustain the allegations of hopeless decline and impending ruin which have led to the present inquiry.

ARCHITECTURE IN 1880.

THE architectural achievement of 1880 is incontestably Truro Cathedral, and public recognition of the building's merit, as well as of the architect's genius, has followed with unusual promptness. It is not many weeks since the Heir Apparent laid the first stone, and Mr. Pearson has already received the Queen's Gold Medal at the Institute of Architects, and the full honours of R.A. We are not surprised at the way in which this work has taken possession of the public imagination, for associations gather round a cathedral such as no other building could evoke; there, as nowhere else, religion, art, and order join hands in a structure which is not only magnificent in itself, but exists to offer its magnificence to the holiest of purposes. Nor does even this consideration conclude the matter; for the cathedral is, moreover, the symbol and the instrument of a great constitutional organization. The ideas of worship and order belong to every cathedral, however small and plain, although the popular, as distinct from the formal, use of the word may appeal to conceptions of size and of artistic beauty. In the revival of life within the English Church, the necessity of cathedrals as orderly institutions was, naturally enough, first recognized, irrespectively of æsthetic considerations. Then gradually the newly-awakened want had to be educated up to those visible conditions of splendour and area which critics of a school hardly yet extinct were wont, not so many years since, to argue had passed away with the departure of the middle ages and the decay of Popery. The colonial dioceses, launched as they were upon the world with everything to begin from nothing, were the first to set about cathedral-making; and now, among the many churches claiming that dignity in our various dependencies, there are several which offer satisfactory external credentials of fitness to assume the lofty designation. Not to go back to buildings of an earlier date, it is not many days since the newspapers have recorded the first stone being laid of a cathedral of ample proportions—equal, indeed, to those of Ripon—at Melbourne, due to Mr. Butterfield. To come home to the United Kingdom, the community from which we should have least expected such action was foremost in the enterprise. The Irish Church, in the very agonies of its disestablishment, produced a very stately cathedral at Cork, designed by Mr. Burges. The Episcopal Church of Scotland caught the inspiration, and after some meritorious 'prentice strokes at Perth, Cumbrae, and Inverness, took its stand with that cathedral of Edinburgh of which we have already spoken, and in which, happily alimented as it was by a most liberal endowment both for building and for future establishment, Sir Gilbert Scott constructed a minster on the scale and with the characteristics of those of the second order existing southward. England itself had, last but not least, to take its place in the procession, and the occasion was provided in the creation of the new diocese of Truro, where the parish church of the see-town was too small and too mean to serve even as that which, by a clumsy word borrowed from the modern Romanists, is now frequently termed pro-cathedral. Bishop Benson showed himself most truly practical by despising the imputation of being visionary, and under his inspiration the Cathedral of Truro is, as we see, really in hand, while Mr. Pearson's designs form the most important series contributed to the architectural room of the Royal Academy (1105, 1118, 1129, 1165).

The first church which brought Mr. Pearson's name into favourable prominence is that of Holy Trinity at the Middlesex end of Vauxhall Bridge, with its conspicuous spire, and in this the artist did not travel beyond very developed English Middle Pointed; but in his considerably later St. Peter's, near the other end of the same bridge, and on the site of the famous Gardens, he transferred his allegiance to Early Pointed with French characteristics. At St. Augustine's, Kilburn, about as far removed in date from St. Peter's as that is from Holy Trinity, Mr. Pearson, while still retaining his preference for the earlier phase, limits his choice of details to English precedent. At Truro, although adhering to what one must, in its non-conventional sense, term early English, the architect has, in dealing with his windows, not disdained those more simple forms of tracery which came in with the dawn of the second style. The total length of Truro Cathedral will be about 300 ft.—longer, that is, than Ripon Minster, with its 270 ft., and about equal in length with Southwell, Rochester, and Hereford. The building may generally be distributed into narthex, with double steeples bearing spires, nave with aisles, crossing surmounted by a lofty tower and spire, aisled transepts, and aisled choir with —as at Canterbury, Lincoln, Salisbury, Rochester, and York—secondary transepts. Under the choir is a crypt. In the angle of the south nave aisle and the south transept, and therefore westward of the latter, a circular baptistery is placed, and southward of the south aisle of the choir a very interesting adjunct is discerned —namely, a chapel parallel to the cathedral, which is, in fact, the southernmost of the two aisles composing the actual parish church of Truro. This rich and characteristic specimen of Late Perpendicular is well worthy of preservation, and has been very ingeniously preserved. The central arcade of the old church is retained, and so necessitates another very narrow aisle between itself and the southern arcade of the south choir aisle. So there are to the south of the choir three nearly parallel aisles, by which a very picturesque interlacing of perspective is secured for this portion of the cathedral. The west front is a composition of double porch and window comprising an equal triplet of lancets, and a rose above the whole, set in a fenestriform panel. The always difficult joining of tower and spire is masked both in the western and the central steeples by lofty angle turrets and long dormer lights. Adjacent to the narthex bay on the south the porch is placed, but on the north the exit is in the second bay, and leads into the cloister. The nave is of four major and eight minor bays, vaulted in four severies with flying buttresses; the piers are alternatively of massive and of lighter section. The clerestory is composed of coupled two-light windows in each major bay, with rudimentary tracery; there is also an inner plane of tracery, with a triforial passage. The aisle windows are a couplet

of lancets in each minor bay. The western transept is a picturesque composition of a triple porch, three equal lancets, and a bold rose; while its eastern angle is emphasised by a conspicuous turret bearing a four-sided spire, a four-light plate-traceried window marks the secondary transept, and the clerestory of the eight-bayed choir is of two-light windows. Each choir-bay is groined, and the piers are of equal size. The altar is placed one bay to the westward of the east end. The eastern elevation shows two tiers of equal triplets, the upper being the longer, and there is a rose in the gable. The nave triforium shows in each bay four equal lancets, with a pierced quatrefoiled circle in the head, the containing arch being rather depressed. In the choir the triforium has three equal lancets in each bay, with two oval unpierced panels. Sixty-eight stalls are indicated in two rows. The central tower is particularly grand, with its two ranges of windows (the lower, the shorter one, of equal triplets of two-light windows deeply recessed). The octagonal Chapter-house is, according to rule, at the eastward of the cloister, and therefore ranges with the north choir aisle.

Mr. Brooks has been put to a severe test in the exterior of his minster-like new parish church at Woolwich being placed close to one of Mr. Pearson's designs (1164, 1218). But he stands the trial creditably. This large Early Pointed church is upon a cathedral-like plan with transepts and double western steeples. In the interior, which is groined, the effect of a triforium is given by a continuous range of panels to be filled with pictures or sgraffiti. We regret that Mr. Street should have chosen to present his new church of St. James's, Paddington, in a cross view taken from the north aisle (1162). He thereby produces a very picturesque grouping, but he baffles critics. We have already described from actual inspection Mr. Street's admirable recast of the interior of the Guards' Chapel in Birdcage Walk (1134); we shall therefore now only express our gratification that the design of this noble basilica should be shown. Messrs. Bodley's and Garner's interior of the new St. Michael's Church, Camden Town (1110), is a dignified revival of that Late Middle Pointed method which has of recent years been too generally neglected. The church will be groined all through. We do not know why the interior of a church to be built by Mr. Blomfield in John Street, Berkeley Square (1188), is called a Mission Church. We conclude that the building is really that which is known as a Chapel of Ease to some parish church. It is a broad and lofty conception in Early Pointed. The nave has a quasi-waggon sort of roof of four cants, while the chancel is groined. The large space over the chancel arch is filled with a composition in which some small windows are set in rather large and coarse arcading. This had better be reconsidered, as it diminishes the apparent scale, and derogates from the effect of the church. Mr. Frank T. Baggalay's design for a baptistery (1160) is, we suppose, a young man's work of fancy, and as such merits praise. It is a sort of translation into English Middle Pointed of the Baptistery of Florence. But the developed fleche ought not to cap the dome; *Utrum horum mavis accipe*, for they do not coalesce cheerfully.

The intended cathedral for Lahore, by Mr. J. Oldrid Scott (1172), follows the recognized European prescription, and exhibits an apsidal choir, crossing with fleche and transepts, nave and aisles, and two western steeples, though with apparently some climatic accommodation and two western steeples. The capping of the steeples, saddle-backs with fleches springing from the ridge of each, is by no means a lucky idea. The composition is evidently strained and the outline ungainly. The design, by the same architect, for the rebuilding of the parish church at Burton-on-Trent (1145) is so ruthlessly skied as to make it almost impossible for visitors to examine it efficiently. The wooden roof of the nave is of an elaborate construction, and we are inclined to think will be successful in its effect. We are less confident about that of the chancel, in which the fifteenth-century plan of open tracery in the spandrils has been revived.

Mr. G. H. F. Prynne was hampered in his task of rebuilding St. Peter's Church, Plymouth (1209), by the obligation of having to retain the sanctuary added to the old church by Mr. Street, which is, with all its merits, of much smaller dimensions than the new pile. We must limit our praise by demurring to the eccentric double transept, in which two equal gables crown a composition comprising in each portion two rows of equal triplets surmounted by a rose window. This is a specimen of novelty which can plead no apparent gracefulness in justification, and it is still more incongruous as the aisle windows are developed Middle Pointed of two lights.

It is refreshing to observe that, while so many of their brethren have been frolicking among the vagaries of the revived eclecticism so-called Queen Anne, a knot of architects have, with serious purpose and much success, studied the genuine Late Pointed of England, and offered designs which reproduce the compromise between picturesqueness and rhythmical symmetry which stamped Perpendicular in its domestic, collegiate, and ecclesiastical aspects. The examples which appear to us most worthy of commendation, taken as they appear in the catalogue, are the new schoolroom, cloisters, and chapel extension of the King's School at Sherborne, Dorset, by Messrs. Carpenter and Ingelow (1090); the garden front of a Surrey house (namely, the architect's own), by Mr. Street (1091), which exemplifies the earlier and more noble type of half-timbered composition; part of the new buildings to be added to Magdalen College, Oxford, by Messrs. Bodley and Garner (1142); and Sion College Library, as proposed to be rebuilt on the Thames Embankment, by Mr. Blomfield (1152). We should assign to a meritorious second class the design for the chapel for the Roman Catholic Public School at Earl's Court, by Messrs. Goldie and Child (1092 and 1095); and the buildings which are being erected for the Merchant Taylor's Company by Messrs. E. I'Anson and Son (1094). The huge Perpendicular St. Benedict's Monastery, near Canterbury, by Messrs. Dunn and Harrison, seems to be too straggling in its grouping.

The new St. Paul's School at Kensington, of which Mr. Waterhouse supplies a sketch design (1177), is a huge pile in that phase of neo-Gothic which is identified with its clever designer. As far as we can judge from a highly coloured perspective, this composition will hardly be a favourable example of the architect's peculiar method. On a much smaller scale is the house which Mr. Waterhouse is now rebuilding at the corner of Piccadilly and Old Bond Street (1119.) The site is a very lucky one for a venture in the picturesque town architecture, conspicuous as it is at an angle from the north-west side of St. James's Street. We fear, however, that it will prove hardly massive enough for its surroundings. The Hanging Committee have so effectively skied Messrs. Pugin and Pugin's St. Benedict's College at Fort Augustus (1182), as to make it impossible to notice the work, which is, we believe, a recast in ecclesiastical Gothic of this old fort, so well known in the annals of Highland fighting during the eighteenth century. Mr. Robins shows an unsuccessful but meritorious Jacobean design for the City of London Schools to be constructed on the Embankment (1204.) Mr. Collcutt prefers Dutch Renaissance (1217). Mr. Knightley's design, to which the second premium was assigned (1147), is in Renaissance. The winner does not show. Mr. West Neve's version of Dutch Renaissance in his offices and warehouses, Long Lane (1205); and Mr. Edis's West London School of Art for Great Titchfield Street (1103), in the same method, deserve notice.

The highly coloured drawing of the quaint but very clever Library to which Mr. Burges has treated himself in his Villa at Kensington (1178) is one of the specialities of the Exhibition. Mr. Norman Shaw's Tudor country house at Sunninghill (1126, 1127), in half timber and South-Eastern tile-work, with many gables, overhanging upper story, and the long low proportion of its age, is a genuine and attractive design, quite free from the affectations of the modern craze. Simplicity and the honest desire to restore, in contrast to improving, characterize Mr. W. M. Fawcett's restoration of the East Front of Queen's College, Cambridge (1149). Mr. J. D. Sedding's large Elizabethan house is too exuberant (1146). Fancy designs ought always to be produced under the conditions of possible execution, or else there can be no fair test of comparison. In contrast to this vast pile stands a picturesque house in Jacobean by Mr. Collcutt, which, as we learn, is actually to be built (1117). Mr. Maurice Adams in his warehouse at Leeds (1153) exults in much Queen Anne. The drawing of Rawdon House, Herts, by Messrs. George and Peto (1163), shows a handsome Jacobean. The Catalogue talks of new wing and of restoration. The wing is well developed out of the older structure.

Mr. C. Barry shows upon the same sheet Clumber Park, Notts, as it appeared before the recent fire, and as it is to become under the restoring hand (1125). The old building was in that heavy and certainly naked English version of the Palladian style of which the Horse Guards is a specimen, but it seems to have lacked the picturesque originality of the clever conception of Kent. New Clumber will certainly be more ornate, but with all the trouble which Mr. Barry has bestowed upon it, it will still remain heavy. He should have been bold and given spires like those which lend something of a sky-line even to the Escorial. Professor Lewis in his new Slade Schools for University College, London (1169), is constrained to carry out the idea of conventional Grecian in which that specimen of George IV.'s taste is constructed.

In contrast to many exhibitions of recent years, the ecclesiastical and scholastic phase of architecture has on this occasion asserted itself at Burlington House with greater prominence than the domestic and municipal one. In the meanwhile the visible transformation of the streets of London and other large towns is going on with a merry rapidity which will leave to our children something to study, something to admire, and much to wonder at.

THE THEATRES.

THE production at the Vaudeville Theatre of a new play called *The Guv'nor* has, we may hope for the sake of Messrs. James and Thorne, broken the run of ill-luck which has seemed for a certain time to afflict them. For the sake of dramatic literature, it would be impossible to hope that the piece should meet with success; but, inasmuch as success is not always proportionate to literary or dramatic merit, and as the piece gives Mr. James an opportunity for showing us a really admirable piece of acting, it is quite possible that it may meet with an amount of favour which in itself it certainly does not deserve. Its production, besides providing Mr. James with the opportunity spoken of, has enabled Mr. Albery to present himself again before the public in the character of an injured and "unfortunately helpless author." The well-known and ingenious writer who contributes a weekly article on "The Theatres" to the *Daily News*, observing that a certain mystery seemed to hang about the origin of *The Guv'nor*, went on to say that "certain eccentricities in the conduct of the story and in the style of the dialogue recall so strongly some of Mr. Albery's farcical comedies, that, if *The Guv'nor* had simply been produced anonymously, we should have

felt little hesitation in ascribing it to the author of *Two Roses*, *The Spendthrift*, and *Jacks and Jills*." Mr. Albery on this wrote to the *Daily News* to say that he "knew no more of the play than your critic appears to know of candour and good-nature"; and he continued this part of his letter with as much wisdom and good taste as he displayed when his unfortunate play *Jacks and Jills* was produced. From this, however, he proceeded to what he justly describes as a "matter of far more public importance." It seems that on the first night of *The Guv'nor* certain of the audience displayed their disapprobation of the first act of the piece, and were promptly removed, on what precise grounds we have yet to learn, by policemen. According to Mr. Albery's view, and, it may be presumed, according to that of the management also, these persons were "systematic obstructors" who have assembled on various occasions before, and who will, "no doubt, assemble again and again if the gentlemen of the Press neglect their simple duty, which is, instead of encouraging these small iconoclasts, to refuse to criticize any play that has not been fairly heard." This, it will be seen, suggests an entirely new and somewhat onerous duty to be undertaken by "the gentlemen of the Press." They will first have to determine whether the play has been "fairly heard" or not, a question which the management of the Vaudeville appears to have determined with startling rapidity and certainty; and they will then, it is to be inferred, if it has not been "fairly heard," have to return and hear it again, unless indeed Mr. Albery would like to do away with criticism altogether. But, in truth, the suggestion contained in Mr. Albery's letter that there is a gang of "small iconoclasts" (breakers of the images of such saints as Mr. Albery and the author of *The Guv'nor*), who devote themselves to attending *premières* with a preconceived determination to hiss, is, on the face of it, ridiculous. The bulk of an audience is quite as quick to discover an organized opposition as an organized *claque*; and, although some very faulty plays have been known to succeed, we can remember no instance of a really good play having been damned. Of course a bad play may be rendered tolerable by the excellence of the acting, just as a good one may be injured by its incompetence. If *The Guv'nor* does succeed, it will certainly not be due to the inherent merit of the play. The taste and tone of this ill-conceived and ill-written production are exactly what might be expected from its title. Its construction is made up of a long-drawn-out series of flimsy and farcical misapprehensions, the notion of which is well-worn and old enough, while one chief element in the play recalls Acosta's description of the Mexican theatre, in which "the deaf people answered at cross purposes; those who had colds by coughing, and the lame by halting." One of the principal scenes in *The Guv'nor* answers exactly to this description. Mr. James represents a deaf man, Mr. Thorne a man with a singularly painful stutter, and the two hold a long dialogue, which of course leads to various blunders. This is a strangely poor device, but not more poor in quality than is the greater part of the play. As has been said, its chance lies in the skill of the acting, most of which is satisfactory, while Mr. James's representation of the deaf boat-builder is excellent. The deaf look and manner, the odd and not unpleasant laugh, the rough heartiness mixed with a cranky temper, are all given with singular truth and skill.

The Danites has moved from New Sadler's Wells to the Globe, where it seems to be as successful as ever; and its place has been taken at Sadler's Wells by Mr. Saker's arrangement of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the chief point in which is that all the fairies are played by children. The idea is graceful and ingenious, and is, on the whole, very well carried out. One of the children, Miss Addie Blanche, who plays Puck, displays real talent. The grouping and scenery are very well devised; the music would be better if it were confined to Mendelssohn, and to Mendelssohn's music composed for the play. The "Pilgrims' March," for instance, from the Italian symphony, has no relation to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The whole performance, however, has much novelty and attraction, and a word of praise is due to Mr. Saker's edition of the play, the few notes to which are very well arranged.

At the St. James's *The Ladies' Battle*, followed by *A Regular Fix* with Mr. Kendal's lively performance of Hugh de Brass, has been reproduced. Mr. Kendal's performance of Gustave de Grignon is clever and careful, but not altogether, it seems to us, in his happiest vein. Of the long speech about the fire, of which M. Got made so much, Mr. Kendal makes but little, and he seems all through to miss to some extent the comedy of Gustave's double nature. Mr. Hare plays Montrichard admirably; and Mrs. Kendal is almost, if not quite, at her best as the Countess. The actress would do well to avoid certain tricks of enunciation. The *o* in "offence," for instance, cannot possibly be an open vowel; nor is it usual to lay stress on the first syllable of "console." Mrs. Kendal's acting, however, is full of good points, among which we may specially mention her first discovery of the fact that she and her niece are both in love with Henri. The situation is in itself not very pleasant. Mrs. Kendal lends it both pathos and dignity.

The *Upper Crust* at the Folly, with Mr. Toole's singularly amusing representation of Doublechick, is now preceded by *Hester's Mystery*, a little piece by Mr. Pinero, one of the most skilful and versatile of our younger actors. The framework of the piece is slight enough; but it is not only the author's stage-knowledge which has enabled him to make it attractive and successful. There is real freshness in the idea of the characters, and the writing throughout is pleasant, humorous, and unaffected. Miss Johnstone and Mr. Shelton distinguish themselves much respectively as a shrewish farm-mistress and an old farm-labourer, and praise is due to Mr. Westland for his rendering of a sneaking master of an Academy for Young Ladies.

It is hardly possible to guess exactly what cause, or combination of causes, may have prevented the appearance at the Gaiety of the Palais Royal company from making thus far so much impression as it might fairly have been expected to make upon English playgoers. The plays and the acting are of their kind first-rate, and they belong essentially to that kind which, in the shape of mutilated and inartistic "adaptations" in the English language, has found much favour with one class of London audiences. Possibly the fact that neither the French authors nor the French actors paint with so fat a brush as the English adapters and players may have something to say to the matter. This suggestion, of course, so far as writing is concerned, applies only in a special way. There are certain Palais Royal pieces which have not been licensed for performance in London, and which it would have been indeed impossible to license. But if a *risqué* piece of dialogue in a Palais Royal piece is compared with its English "adaptation," it will almost invariably be seen that what the French suggests, the English insists upon; a fact which may be to some extent due to the difference of the two languages. This is, of course, more or less an open question, as is the one already suggested as to the reason of the comparative emptiness of places which have been seen crammed full at French representations making higher demands on the intelligence than those of the Palais Royal company. Possibly the bulk of former audiences were attracted, not by any knowledge of the French tongue or any true appreciation of acting, but by a vague feeling that it was "the thing" to go and see a particular player, just as it might be, and has been, "the thing" to go and see a particular dwarf. It is, we fear, only too probable that fashion, which may hit by chance upon the right thing, but which has little real taste or knowledge to guide it, has acquired a vast influence on the fortunes of playhouses and plays. This, however, tends to the consideration of a wider question than that of why the Palais Royal company have not made so great a hit as they might have been expected to make; a question which may be answered perhaps in a tolerably simple way. The number of English playgoers who know or care for pieces essentially "Parisian" is comparatively small, a fact which was sufficiently marked last year by the want of appreciation of that charming piece *L'Etincelle*. Most of the people who do know and care for such pieces have already seen many of them given at the Palais Royal with casts which they may prefer to those now offered them. The fear of disappointment has a strong influence in determining people for or against going to see, with an altered cast, a play which they have once found delight in. Probably the coming appearance of Mme. Chaumont may make a difference in this matter. Meanwhile the performances of the Palais Royal troupe have given M. Sarcey an occasion for writing an article on their theatre in the *Nineteenth Century*, which has great interest for all students of stage affairs. In the course of this article M. Sarcey writes that MM. Meilhac and Halévy's *Tricoche et Cacolet* "imported into healthy French mirth that species of wit we have been unable to designate in our language otherwise than by the word *humour* borrowed from you." Here we are at one with M. Sarcey. The piece is an excellent instance of what can be done by extravagant and yet carefully artistic fooling on the part of both authors and actors; for, although it is practically a farce in five acts, it never flags. M. Hyacinthe is still inimitably droll as Le Duc Emile, as in a more quiet fashion is M. Lhéritier in Vander Pouf; and the parts of Tricoche and Cacolet, formerly filled by MM. Brasseur and Gil Perez, are capitally taken by MM. Milher and Calvin. Both are "disguise" parts, and the actors' skill in the assumption of various odd characters is striking. The *voyou* scene is in this way particularly good, although M. Milher's pronunciation is less true to the nature of the Parisian *voyou* than was M. Brasseur's. What, however, is most remarkable in the whole performance is the highly finished art which is brought to bear upon scenes and situations which easily lend themselves to mere buffoonery.

Accounts have appeared in various quarters of *Garin*, a play to be soon produced at the Théâtre Français. A contemporary critic, writing of this, observes with great truth that the Français will in this make "a rather decided incursion into the realms of melodrama." What, so far as we know, has not yet been observed is that the leading idea of the piece is identical with the leading idea of M. Zola's revolting and ignoble story *Thérèse Raquin*.

REVIEWS.

KEITH JOHNSTON'S GEOGRAPHY.*

THE publisher of this work is fully justified in speaking of the premature death of the author as an event much to be regretted in the interests of geographical science. He had fallen a victim to

* *A Physical, Historical, Political, and Descriptive Geography.* By Keith Johnston, F.R.G.S., late Leader of the Royal Geographical Society's East African Expedition. London Geographical Series. London: Stanford. 1880.

the climate of Africa, and to the hardships incidental to explorations in that continent, before the proof-sheets of the volume could reach him at Zanzibar. It has been revised, therefore, by Mr. Bolton and Mr. Drew, and we may fairly conclude that it makes its appearance in a form as free from errors as it could well have been if the writer had lived to complete his task.

The general excellence of the work will probably be acknowledged by all who may take it up with a power of forming a competent opinion on the subject. There is nothing especially striking in its plan, nor does it by any extraordinary merit in its execution leave all recent geographical treatises for the use of moderately advanced students altogether in the shade. It consists of three sections, the first being a sketch of the historical progress of geographical discovery during the last three thousand years; the second treating of the relations of the earth to the solar system, and of their bearings on the life and fortunes of mankind; the third giving a detailed description of the several countries of the world, so far as we have knowledge of them at the present time. In each of these sections we have a large amount of sound information carefully arranged; and if in each of them we also find defects of which the author, had he lived, would probably at no distant day have become conscious, the false impressions and blunders which by some means or other crop up almost everywhere are here, we gladly acknowledge, in most cases pointed out and corrected. The correction might sometimes have been made more forcibly and trenchantly; but at all events it will be the fault of the reader if he does not learn that Turkey and Austria are names of an extremely different kind from England and Switzerland, that some existing geographical arrangements are not absolutely just or politic, and that deeper causes are at work modifying them than those of which diplomatists are commonly aware.

In his historical sketch more particularly Mr. Keith Johnston deals a heavy blow at the worship of the modern map; and for practical purposes, perhaps, this may be the most valuable portion of the work. The twelve chapters into which it is divided are accompanied each with a map, exhibiting the full extent of geographical knowledge attained at the time which it represents. These maps are all drawn to the same scale, and in each the discovered portion is separated from the unknown by a skirting of cloud which covers the rest of the plate with a uniform neutral tint. The student can thus see at a glance what amount of geographical knowledge was possessed by Herodotus or Thucydides, Strabo or Ptolemy, Marco Polo or Columbus. This arrangement leaves only one thing to be desired. The first map exhibits the parts of the world known to Greek explorers shortly before the Peloponnesian War; but it exhibits them under the accurate forms which are the result of modern research aided by exact scientific observations. To enable the student to realize the conditions under which the geographical knowledge of the ancients was acquired, each map should be accompanied by another showing the conceptions of the earth and its parts entertained at each stage in the growth of the science. He would thus see the strange distortions of form, even of the best-known countries, which were indeed inevitable in the absence of all means of scientific measurement, and which are often far more exaggerated in the maps of later than of earlier geographers. He ought, in fact, to know that in the old conceptions there was distortion almost everywhere—that the configuration of sea coast was never given exactly, and that the mistakes with regard to the sources and the course of rivers were as serious as they were frequent; and this is precisely what he would learn from the series of maps illustrating Mr. Bunbury's *History of Ancient Geography*. In our remarks on that work (*Saturday Review*, March 6 and April 3, 1880) we spoke of the mischievous effects of our modern method of reading the historical or geographical writings of the old world under the impression that the ideas then held of the configuration of the earth and its parts were, so far as they went, the same as our own. This impression is the more likely to be strengthened by the series of maps given by Mr. Keith Johnston, as, for the most part, he takes no notice of the blunders, great and small, made by the ancient geographers. His readers could not, for instance, learn from his pages the relative proportions of the island of Ceylon and the Indian peninsula, and the shape and size of the easternmost parts of the Asiatic continent as they were present to the minds of geographers during ages anterior and subsequent to the Christian era. In this respect, and in some others, Mr. Keith Johnston's work can scarcely be said to do more than point the way to what may be done hereafter. Something might have been said, not only of the strange mistakes and confusions of ancient observers, but of the almost total dearth of geographical knowledge in the prehistoric ages. A few lines only are given to this matter; and in these the author speaks of the views of the world accepted by the Greeks of Homer's time, although Thucydides is careful to tell us that neither in the Iliad nor in the Odyssey have we any Hellenes, except the scanty tribe which followed Achilles from the valleys of Phthiotis. What he adds as to the way in which they distributed the supposed surface of the earth beyond the portion known to them is true enough; but it would have been well to say that they filled the space of which they had not personal experience with places which were purely imaginary, and that no good can come of attempts to determine the latitude and longitude of Æaea, Thrinakia, Phaeakia, and Læstrygonia. So, again, when we are told that "the germ of the system which bears the name of Copernicus, the astronomer of Thorn in Prussia, 1473-1543, seems to have existed already in the schools of ancient Greece," the objection lies more against the form of the expression than against the thing said. It implies that in all the Greek schools (that is, among the Greek astronomers and geographers of each successive age) there were always some who held opinions not favourable to the universally received geocentric system; but this statement would not be true. It would probably be more near to facts to say that Aristarchus of Samos was perhaps the only astronomer who definitely propounded the heliocentric scheme as the only adequate explanation of the phenomena of the outward world. Of the two facts connected with the life of the Samian geographer, it is hard to say which is the more astonishing. He enunciated, as Sir Cornewall Lewis remarked, a system which is in all points that of Copernicus and Newton, except that he did not define exactly the principle of gravitation; and the system which he propounded was, so far as we can see, unanimously rejected by the astronomers of his own time as well as by those who came after him. That he actually propounded this system or hypothesis, if we prefer so to call it, there can be no doubt, for our knowledge of the fact comes from the testimony of an adversary. Describing his hypothesis with a strange exactness, Eudoxus of Cnidos gives an account of the opinions or theories of Aristarchus as the wild dreams of an enthusiast; and the theories or dreams of Aristarchus are the universally accepted truths of the present day. We can but content ourselves with saying that discoveries which, however wonderful in themselves, fail to affect the subsequent history of thought, are practically no discoveries at all; and that this remark applies with special force to the sciences of geography and astronomy. That Norwegian explorers discovered America, and were well acquainted with some portions of it centuries before the birth of Columbus, there is now no question; but their discovery led to nothing, and had no more to do with the considerations which determined the great adventure of the Genoese navigator than the speculations or arguments of the Samian astronomer had to do with those of Copernicus or Newton. It is of course possible that Aristarchus, who, in whatever way or by whatever means, was enabled thus to anticipate the discoveries of distant ages, might, had he attempted the task, have shown himself by no means the equal of Eratosthenes in determining the magnitude of the earth. The reasoning which led the latter to conclude that the distance between Syene and Alexandria must be a fiftieth part of the earth's circumference was surprisingly exact; and Mr. Keith Johnston rightly gives him "the credit of having first applied a true principle for the solution of the problem of measuring the earth."

The least valuable chapter of Mr. Keith Johnston's section on physical geography is that which is entitled "Peoples of the World; Natural, Religious, and Political Systems"; and here, also, the fault lies chiefly in an inexactness of language for which his remarks on events in the history of the pre-Christian world do much to prepare us. In speaking of the geographical knowledge of the fourth and fifth centuries before the Christian era, he tells us that in the time of Xenophon "civil wars had broken out among the States of Greece, and soon after the date of the battle of Cunaxa the Spartans gained the ascendency over the Athenian State which had been the ruling one at the time of the Persian invasion." "These troubles," he adds, "gave occasion for the interference of Macedonia, a State which lay to the north of Thessaly, on the outskirts of the Greek nations, and which had recovered its independence of the Persians after the battle of Platæa." Whatever may have been the impression on the author's mind, it is clear that such language as this can only in a greater or less degree mislead his readers. The great lesson taught by the history of the Hellenic tribes and cities is that there never was an Hellenic nation; hence a war between Athens and Sparta was no more a civil war than would be a war between Englishmen and Frenchmen. It cannot with any accuracy be said that Athens was the ruling Hellenic State at the time of the Persian invasion; it cannot even be maintained that at that time Sparta, with its Dorian confederation, had any serious fears of the Ionic confederation of which Athens was the head. It is even more unfortunate to use language which implies that Macedonia (which can scarcely be said to be due north of Thessaly) was an Hellenic State, in any sense which left their claim to the title unchallenged. It is not more accurate, in speaking of "the extreme contrast to the condition of savage communities . . . reached in the orderly association of highly civilized peoples for intercourse, government, and mutual protection," to assert that "the highest in rank and importance of such associations of men are those which are termed *Empires*." The reader may by such phrases be led to lump together the Roman Empire with the so-called Austrian, or the French and Turkish Empires, and to believe that all have a higher rank and importance than the kingdom of England, Denmark, or Portugal; but he cannot be led by them to form a true idea of the way in which the spurious empires have sprung up, and how they differ from the real Empire, which came to an end early in the present century, and which may be legitimately said to have been revived when the Imperial title was conferred upon the Prussian King in the halls of Versailles. The description of a limited monarchy is not more happy. In this form of polity, we are told, "the sovereign represents the will, the executive; the aristocracy, the mind of the deliberative assembly; the representatives of the people, the suggestive element."

It is unnecessary to criticize, and it would perhaps be invidious to notice, expressions which must at the least be considered unfortunate; and our chief reason for noticing them is that the same inaccuracy may be traced through the descriptive sections of the

work. Mr. Keith Johnston is well aware of the nature of the Sultan's position in Europe; and, although too much perhaps is said of "Turkey," he has no hesitation in saying that the Turk "seems destined to be put out of Europe by the way he came." The portions of European soil already wrested from his dominion are carefully noted; but it is a little puzzling to be told that the remaining portions of the Balkan peninsula which have been left for the present under his yoke belong to "Turkey Proper." But whether in the East or the West the empire of the Turk is for Mr. Keith Johnston a decaying one, and his government is weak and corrupt. With this description we have no reasons for quarrelling; but it is impossible to forget that the Turkish Empire is not the only empire in Europe which consists of elements not altogether homogeneous. The Austrian Empire has to contend with some difficulties not less formidable than any with which the Sultan has to deal; but of these difficulties, of the antagonism of the several populations over which the Hapsburg House is sovereign, of the straits to which Austro-Hungarian statesmen confess themselves reduced, the reader will learn nothing from Mr. Keith Johnston's pages. He will not even learn from them that there is any opposition of interests and aims between Hungarian and Slav.

Large allowance must of course be made for the conditions under which a writer works who undertakes to produce anything like a complete geographical treatise within a space of less than five hundred pages. But the defects which we have noticed rather add to than lessen the bulk of the book; and in the historical section at the least some space might have been saved if the distinctions between nations and artificial governments had been given more exactly. It is quite unnecessary in a work of this kind to enter into controversies. It is, in fact, impracticable to do so; and Mr. Keith Johnston had a full right to say that after the capture of Jerusalem Omar "caused the mosque which bears his name to be built over the site of the Temple of Solomon," if he had satisfied himself that Mr. Fergusson's theory is unsupported by evidence. Here we believe that his assertion is borne out by facts; and even the statements to which we have objected may be regarded rather as inaccurate than as wrong. We could wish that they were more exact, for they are blemishes in a work of great value, which, by giving a fresh impulse to geographical teaching, cannot fail to produce good fruit.

LIFE OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.*

WERE the labour that the author has bestowed on a book the proper measure of its value, this Life of Edgar Allan Poe would undoubtedly stand high in our estimation. There can be no question that with Mr. Ingram it has been a work of love, on which he has spared neither time nor trouble. Unhappily judgment has been wanting, and judgment in such a case is second, and only second, to industry. He is so much interested in his hero that he loses all sense of proportion, forgetful of the fact that in the unhappy wasted genius whom he describes the world takes but a moderate interest. Poe has, likely enough, as Mr. Ingram maintains, been slandered; but it surely does not require two volumes to uphold his injured character. It would seem that his champion had already done a good deal in his defence. "It was due to myself," writes our author, "due to the public, and due to the memory of a much maligned man, that the short vindicating 'Memoir' prefixed to my edition of Poe's Works in 1874, and my essays on his Life and Works—published before and after that sketch—should culminate in such a work as this." Whatever may have been due to Mr. Ingram and to the poet, the public certainly would have been satisfied with a culmination at a much lower height. We wish that our biographers could once for all get it well into their heads that the only thing that is really due to the public is that they shall never be bored with the hero of their book. Now Mr. Ingram goes into details that are only to be rivalled by the modern Shakspearian Societies. He thinks it needful to follow Poe wherever he can trace his course, and to record whatever he has discovered that he did, even though what he did may now be of no interest to any one. Who can care for such passages as the following? and of such passages there are far too many to be found in these two volumes:—

> In a notice of the "Vicar of Wakefield," described as "one of the most admirable fictions in the language," some admirable remarks upon the subject of illustrating books are made, and various characteristic utterances—utterances as yet not reproduced—are given, upon Heber, Walpole, "Christopher North," and other more or less known writers. The February number of the magazine contained an article on Brainard, one of the pioneers of American literature, and a fresh and eulogistic review of "Barnaby Rudge," whilst the number for March included, amongst minor notices, analyses of new books by or about Lever, Longfellow, Howitt, and Brougham.

To Mr. Ingram's want of judgment is unfortunately added a singularly bad style. He must, we can well believe, be deeply read in American literature, for he has caught most of the worst faults of American writers. As we read his narrative, we constantly hear, as it were, the intonation of our cousins on the other side of the Atlantic. In fact, full justice will then, and then only, be done to his book when it is read aloud in a New England parlour. In describing the story that Poe wrote about his school days in England, Mr. Ingram says:—"Many of the features are reproduced with a graphicality unequalled anywhere, save in the parallel records of Balzac's 'Louis Lambert.'" We will defy any of our readers to read this passage aloud and not to fall at once into a nasal twang. Poe was a swimmer, and so Mr. Ingram records one of his "dangerous exploits in natation." He fell in love with a young lady; but she died soon, and "was entombed in a neighbouring cemetery." Later on in the book, when Poe lost his wife, we are told that "the deceased lady was entombed in the old family vault of the Valentines." At this time the unfortunate poet was in great poverty, but a kind lady came to the help of the wretched family. "If it had not been for Mrs. Shew," wrote Mrs. Clemm (Poe's mother-in-law), "my darling Virginia would have been laid in her grave in cotton. I can never tell my gratitude that my darling was entombed in lovely linen." Another lady whom Poe admired is still living. "It is also," writes our author, "within the memory of the lady that her young admirer drew beautifully." The poet started for Europe, as some said to take part in the Greek War of Independence. "It is very problematical whether he ever reached his presumed destination." In his poetry are found allusions to Greek scenery; "but with a mind of such identificative power as was Poe's, these coincidences cannot be allowed to count for much." We are told that Poe chose "to locate Purgatory" in a certain star, and we find that "it is claimed" that he wrote some of his verses at a mysterious interval of his life. One of his tales is said to be "the most representative record of its author's idiosyncrasies"; in another tale is "discoverable an acumenical (*sic*) analysis of a monomania." We have "idiosyncrastic (*sic*) verses," and "idiosyncrastic (*sic*) manner." Poe wrote a story called *Berenice* for some magazine. The criticism that the editor passed on it is called by Mr. Ingram "the editorial idea of *Berenice*." The porch of the cottage in which the poet lived becomes "a floral bedecked porch." With a certain year "was inaugurated the most brilliant epoch of Poe's literary career." He became the proprietor of a journal, and "inaugurated his assumption of the sole control of the publication by the commencement of an absurd disputation." But in his Americanisms Mr. Ingram is, we must admit, beaten by at least one citizen of the United States. Nearly thirty years after the poet's death the Poe Memorial was set up in the cemetery in which he lies buried—entombed, we should say. After the proceedings had been "inaugurated" by music, Professor William Elliott, jun., delivered an address, "recounting the history of the movement that culminated in that day's celebration." What is the science or art that this gentleman professes we are nowhere told. Possibly he is a Professor of undertaking. With such a supposition there is certainly nothing inconsistent to be found in the following passage from his address:—

> Another item, which it may not be inappropriate to record in this historical compend, I will now mention, namely, that George W. Spence, who officiated as sexton at the burial of Mr. Poe, is the same person who, after the lapse of twenty-six years, has superintended the removal of his remains, and those of his loving and beloved mother-in-law, Mrs. Clemm, and their reinterment in the lot in which the monument now stands.

In spite of all the faults of this Life—and they certainly are abundant enough—there is nevertheless much in the two volumes that may be read with interest. How far Mr. Ingram is successful in defending Poe from the charges that have been brought against him we cannot pretend to say. We fear, however, that his strength of feeling is likely at times to turn him—unconsciously, of course—from a biographer into an advocate. It would be needful, in order to arrive at a sound judgment, to examine carefully the statements that have been made on the other side, and for that labour we have neither time nor inclination. That Poe was a most unhappy man, and that his unhappiness was by no means all his own fault—that we can allow. That he was a good man, or even a man who, in spite of grievous faults, was still lovable, Mr. Ingram fails to convince us. Without doubt he was a man of genius, and, like so many other men of genius, he was miserably ill-paid for the good work that he did. For his poem of "The Raven" he received, it is said, just ten dollars. Many a man makes as much, and even more, every week by an hour's attendance as Director at the Board of a Gas Company. Yet it is a poem that is to be found in almost all modern collections. "In the course of a few weeks it spread," says Mr Ingram, "over the whole of the United States, calling into existence parodies and imitations innumerable, and indeed creating quite a literature of its own." Mrs. Browning, then Miss Barrett, wrote about it:—"This vivid writing! this power *which* is felt! . . . Some of my friends are taken by the fear of it, and some by the music. . . . Our great poet, Mr. Browning, is enthusiastic in admiration of the rhythm." There is little cause for wondering should a man who can do as much as this, and whose payment is so miserable, fall into wild ways of living, and into fierce abuse of his fellow-men. Till a way can be found to reward fitly the work of men of real genius, we shall always see instances of great powers ignobly wasted. It may be said that such men as Savage and Poe—between whose lives no small likeness is to be found—could in no case be brought into decent ways of living. No one, however, can tell how violent is the revolt that is raised in the minds of men like these by the sense of neglected merit, and by the sight of the good things that far too commonly fall to the lot of those whom, with justice, they utterly despise. These unhappy men of genius ought, no doubt, to know, in the words of one of the greatest among them, that "prudent, cautious self-control is wisdom's root." But self-control is not so easily cultivated in a mind that is tormented by a burning sense of injustice. Men of

* *Edgar Allan Poe: his Life, Letters, and Opinions.* By John H. Ingram. With Portraits of Poe and his Mother. 2 vols. London: John Hogg. 1880.

vast fortune could surely in no way more wisely or more honourably expend some small part of their wealth, than in securing for such men the certainty of, at all events, a decent maintenance. Among all the titles, all the decorations, all the honours, that were conferred on the wealthy men of the last century, could any one have won for himself and his descendants a higher title, a more becoming decoration, a greater honour than would have been earned by granting a modest but certain income to Goldsmith, or Burns, or Chatterton? With these three men Poe certainly is not for a moment to be compared. He is as much below them in genius as in moral worth. Still, with all his faults, he was, as we have said, an ill-used man, for he did for the world vastly more than the world did for him. It may be answered that he had his benefactor, and that, through his own folly or vicious life, he lost him. He had been left an orphan when a child of two years old, and had been adopted by a benevolent gentleman. When he was a young man he had a violent quarrel with this gentleman, and was forbidden his house. He was, we must not forget, a man of a strong but wild character, one likely enough in the outset of life to go very wrong. He had, however, this great merit in his after years—he was not afraid of work, and he did a great deal of very hard work, getting in return for it very pitiful pay. Perhaps in later years, had he been sure of a decent competency, and had he not been engaged in a never-ending struggle to keep the wolf from his door, he might have settled down into a decent and a happy mode of life.

Of this, however, we feel by no means certain; for in his character there was, we are convinced, in spite of Mr. Ingram's laboured defence, a very bad side. The men of letters among his countrymen almost to a man looked upon him with the greatest distrust. Mr. Ingram attributes this to the severity of his criticisms:—

> In the December number of the *Messenger*, at Mr. White's instance apparently, he commenced the system of literary scarification—that crucial dissection of bookmaking mediocrities—which, whilst it created throughout the length and breadth of the States terror of his powerful pen, at the same time raised up against him a host of implacable, although unknown, enemies, who henceforth never hesitated to accept and repeat any story, howsoever improbable, to his discredit.

When, says Mr. Ingram, one of Poe's friends published ten years after his death an article in his defence, "not a single paper noticed the vindicatory work, 'whereas the whole press of the country seemed desirous of giving circulation and authenticity to the slander.'" Now the Americans are not an ungenerous people. In fact, they have a wonderful aptitude at forgiving their enemies. They are sensitive to criticism no doubt, but chiefly so, we believe, to the criticism that comes from abroad. They are willing even, as we Englishmen are, to hear themselves abused, provided that the abuse comes from one of their own countrymen. Poe may, no doubt, have provoked a number of contemptible writers by his attacks; but it is impossible to believe that they, however much they may have leagued together, can have written him and his character down. "Depend upon it, Sir," said old Bentley, "no man was ever written down but by himself." There were enough honest and able writers in the United States to have enabled Poe, by the warmth and sincerity of their approbation, to forget even a larger swarm of assailants than that which beset him. But he answered abuse by abuse, and sank down to a very low level indeed. In a reply to one of these attacks which Mr. Ingram quotes, Poe calls his assailant a blackguard of the lowest order, whom it would be a silly truism, if not unpardonable flattery, to term either a coward or a liar. He says that there is a striking resemblance between his visage and that of the best-looking but most unprincipled of Mr. Barnum's baboons; and he prides himself on his moderation in not having described on some former occasion the brandy-nose of a Mr. Briggs, who is only one-third described when this nose is omitted. In writing of a third person, he said, "I promptly ordered him to quit the house. In his capacity of hound he obeyed." His arrogance must have rendered him one of the most unpleasant of companions. "My whole nature," he once said, "utterly revolts at the idea that there is any Being in the universe superior to myself." This he said when he was upholding his belief in Pantheism. It is strange that such a man should think it needful to have recourse to romancing to uphold his superiority. "The writer of this article," he once wrote, "is himself the son of an actress, has invariably made it his boast; and no earl was ever prouder of his earldom than he of his descent from a woman who, although well born, hesitated not to consecrate to the drama her brief career of genius and of beauty." When we turn from these high-sounding words to simple truth we find that it is nothing but a piece of impudent brag. Who was his mother's father is not known. "It is believed," says Mr. Ingram, "that he was an Englishman of very good family, though in impoverished circumstances." She was born at sea, and lost her mother at her birth. The father died soon afterwards. "The little girl being left fatherless, as well as motherless, whilst still an infant, was, apparently, adopted by some compassionate stranger and carefully educated for the stage." Such are the facts as stated by Mr. Ingram, and yet he says "It is pleasant to hear her talented son, in the brightest epoch of his own short life, when alluding to his mother's profession, declare—" and then he quotes the fine declaration.

In fact, no one, it is very clear, could trust Poe's word. He was an admirable romancer, no doubt, but his romancing he did not confine to his romances. The letters that he wrote to a Mrs. Whitman and another lady who in this work is always called "Annie" are most discreditable to him, though Mr. Ingram fails to see it. Mrs. Whitman was a sister-poet, with whom he had fallen in love on reading her verses. The reader who makes an accurate study of dates will discover with some amazement that the lady at the time of Poe's mad love for her—for it seemed like madness—was about forty-six years old. She accepted him; and then, dreading his relapse into intemperance, broke off the engagement. "No amount of provocation," he wrote to her, "shall induce me to speak ill of *you*, even in my own defence." It is clear that from her he never received the slightest provocation. Yet at the very time that he was thus writing he wrote to his other correspondent:—"Of one thing rest assured, Annie—from this day forth I shun the pestilential society of *literary women*. They are a heartless, unnatural, venomous, dishonourable *set*, with no guiding principle but inordinate self-esteem. Mrs. Osgood is the *only* exception I know."

There is certainly another side to his character, which we must not pass over. He had married his cousin, who was the only child of a widow, his father's sister. He always gave his mother-in-law a home in his house, and even after his wife's death he made no change. For her support she was altogether dependent on him; and, when he died, it was to the admiration of his genius that she owed such comfort as she obtained in her last years. It is not easy to believe that there was much in common between the author of "The Raven" and the poor woman who found such comfort in the knowledge that her only child was entombed, not in cotton, but in lovely linen. The higher, therefore, is the praise which he deserves. Conduct such as this leads us once more to reflect how, in this man's wild nature, there was that which might possibly have saved him from the waste of his fine powers and the utter ruin of his life. Could he but have received from the world those wages which he had fairly earned, we should perhaps be now reading, not his justification and defence, but the simple narrative of his life.

THE GARDEN OF INDIA.*

THIS book is the production of one of the new race of Civil Servants, who has read and thought much, who is well acquainted with modern literature, who has by service in the Oudh Commission acquired a large stock of facts, and who is evidently well satisfied with himself and his capacity for solving intricate social problems in a few pages. There is, in truth, much that is very provoking in this work. Of the writer's thoughtfulness, ability, and devotion to the interests of the masses there can be no question. But, with his opportunities for going beneath the surface of official existence, he might have told us more of the natives of this fine province. He is perpetually quoting Mr. Mill, or Mr. Herbert Spencer, or "Sordello," or some other modern writer, instead of giving us a few of those rustic proverbs and pithy sayings which he must have heard scores of times. In the whole of his 350 pages he records one native couplet which is neat and pointed, and we would willingly have exchanged divers quotations from English poets for a few more of the genuine and humorous answers given by Oudh cultivators to officers appointed to inquire into their rights and claims. Then Mr. Irwin has fallen into a trick of slily depreciating the motives and characters of those statesmen and administrators who, labouring under difficulties and trials of a different kind from those which now beset our Anglo-Indian servants, still contrived to build up a splendid and solid fabric of empire. It has been said lately that some modern writers have got into a way of disparaging and carping at Macaulay in order to puff their own claims to distinction, and we cannot help commenting on a similar fault in Mr. Irwin. Warren Hastings, for some of his dealings which no one has ever completely defended, is thought by Mr. Irwin to have justified all the acrimonious rhetoric of Burke. Of Lord Cornwallis it is condescendingly said that it is "possible to study the history of our relations with the province during his term of office without feeling any overpowering sense of shame"; a discovery which no doubt must have been a great relief to Mr. Irwin. Lord Wellesley has a long correspondence with Saadat-Ali, and the latter is credited with very much the best of the argument, whereupon the Governor-General, "vanquished in discussion, threw his sword into the scale." Then the same Viceroy is affected with the new disease called "earth-hunger," a term which Mr. Irwin ought to recollect is used by native Mahouts in regard to an elephant unpleasantly out of sorts and in need of medicine. Even Lord Lawrence cannot be allowed the credit of writing his own minutes on a question which of all men he was the most competent to treat. We may remind Mr. Irwin that the salary of the Viceroy is 25,000*l.*, and not 30,000*l.* a year, and he really ought to know better than to designate the nobleman who abolished suttee and first opened out some parts of the public service to educated natives, as "Lord Bentinck." This cannot be a misprint, for he bestows a peerage on Lord William five times in two pages.

And yet this book contains much that is deserving of close attention. There is perhaps no part of the British dominions in India which to the average English householder sounds less unfamiliar than Awadh, Oudh, or Oude, as it used to be written. Sheridan's speeches, Burke's invective, the long-continued misgovernment of the province, the repeated warnings of indignant Viceroys, the annexation carried out by Lord Dalhousie with the

* *The Garden of India; or, Chapters on Oudh History and Affairs.* By H. C. Irwin, B.A. Oxon., B.C.S. London: Allen & Co. 1880.

full consent of the Cabinet in the very last month of his splendid administration, the Mutiny, the siege of Lucknow, the death of Henry Lawrence, the strategy of Havelock, the relief and the final capture, are all commonplaces of English history. Charles Lever had told us in *Charles O'Malley* that

The King of Oude
Is mighty proud
And so were onst the Caysars,
But ould Giles Eyre
Would make them stare
Av he had them with the Blazers.

Mr. Irwin has some extremely suggestive chapters on tenant-right and the tremendous controversy which it was one of Lord Lawrence's merits to have raised, discussed, and settled. To understand the chief points of this question a slight sketch of the history of the province is indispensable. Mr. Irwin gives us neither an index nor a map, and the headings to his chapters are extremely defective. The ordinary reader who is puzzled by the mention of the rivers Gogra, Rapti, and Gumti, to say nothing of the Ganges, or who desires to ascertain the exact position of Faizabad, of the large grazing tracts in the northern part of the province, and of the portion of the Terai bestowed on Jung Bahadur by Lord Canning for his services in the Mutiny, must be content to go elsewhere for accurate information. But it requires no map to endorse Mr. Irwin's paragraphs about the picturesque character of parts of the province. A great portion of the province is no doubt monotonous, like the plains of Hindostan or of Lower Bengal, and Oudh, in climate and appearance, differs but slightly from either of these provinces. It is not so dry as Agra nor so green as Moorshedabad. It has its fair share of hot winds, but it has also swamps or jheels as they are termed, which rise in the rains to the dignity of lakes. That it has no sanitarium or hill station is a fact which Anglo-Indian critics alternately approve or deplore. Oudh has no delightful retreat like Kussowlie or Naini Tal to which a dried-up Commissioner at the beginning of May can remove with his office, to remain there till the first breath of the cold season; and invalid soldiers can only be sent to Landour. On the other hand, officials cannot, on one pretence or another, leave their real work behind them in the plains, and then, according to a popular belief, spend their afternoons in lawn tennis and croquet, at a height, *despicere unde queas alios, &c.* We doubt whether Oudh has any more valid claim to be called the "Garden of India" than parts of Bengal proper. But it has an extent of twenty-four thousand square miles; its population is now in excess of eleven millions, being about four hundred and seventy-four to the square mile; its revenue, from all sources, is more than one million and a quarter; and, though tenanted by warlike castes—who from being loyal soldiers became, in the Mutiny, extremely formidable foes—the annual cost of its military occupation does not at the present time exceed 350,000*l.* But it must not be forgotten that, out of some nine regiments, no less than five are English, backed by five batteries of English artillery.

The history of misgovernment in Oudh has been so widely circulated by Blue-books, Colonel Sleeman's Tour, and other official and unofficial documents, that it would be superfluous to go into any justification of Lord Dalhousie's final sentence on an incorrigible race. The odd thing about these rulers is that their own subjects never would give them the title of kings. From the days of Lord Teignmouth down to February 1856, our King of Oudh in the eyes of his people was only a Nawab, and his province but a *Nawabi*. Mr. Irwin quotes Bishop Heber's Journal and other testimony to support an opinion that, after all, the condition of the province could not have been so bad as is supposed. Plains were sown and harvests were reaped, though the agriculturist drove the plough with a sword by his side and a matchlock over his shoulder; but revenue was usually collected by the King's troops at the point of the bayonet or at the cannon's mouth. To talk of justice, equity, or security of property at any time during the fifty years preceding the annexation, would have been mere mockery. The province was really fed and supported in a large measure by the pay received by men from Oudh who served in our native army, and regularly remitted money to their villages near Faizabad and Sitapore. With the reconquest of the province in 1858 and its Settlement, of course all privileges and exemptions were at an end. The equality of all classes before the law was avowed in proclamations and worked out in practice. But the Mutiny had wrought such changes in public opinion regarding the best system of collecting the revenue, the treatment of natives of rank, the policy of enlisting wealth and position on the side of Government and social order, that it is no wonder if Lord Canning, actuated by the noblest motives, should have resolved on giving to this recent acquisition a Settlement different from what had been thought models for universal adoption in the North-West Provinces and the Punjab. Two or three notorious facts lent a powerful support to Lord Canning's view. In the North-West Provinces society seemed at once to fall to pieces when our rule collapsed. One village engaged in a series of pitched battles against another. New men who as successful usurers and traders had bought old acres were promptly dispossessed by the enraged proprietors whom they had ruined. There was, for a time, no one of greater social standing than his neighbours who could form a rallying point for the partisans of order and law. Not so in Bengal and Behar. Selfish, unscrupulous, and high-handed with their tenantry as were the Landholders created or recognized by Lord Cornwallis, they clearly discerned the solid benefits of the foreigner's rule. With the exception of Koer Sing, who was simply driven into rebellion by an adverse decision of a full Bench of the Highest Court of the Company, no man in Bengal who had anything to lose cast in his lot with the mutineers. Some Zamindars were active on the side of the Local Government, and many showed that quiet, stolid, impassive demeanour before which all rebellion melted away. Bands of Sepoys straggled over the country from Eastern Bengal, to be warned off by the agents of Zamindars, to be refused supplies, to be captured by timid villagers, or to die miserably in the jungles by fever, famine, and wild beasts. With this salutary precedent before him Lord Canning thought it sound policy to recognize in Oudh a race of Talookdars, or "Barons," as it was the fashion to call them, who in the event of a similar crisis should have more commanding influence than the Zamindars of Bengal. We must here note a distinction in Indian official phraseology which might perplex or mislead. In Bengal and Behar a Rajà or Nawab with a big rent-roll, a huge acreage, and an unquestionable prestige, is termed a Zamindar. In Oudh the same personage would be designated a Talookdar. The latter title in Bengal may designate a mere squireen. And in Oudh a Zamindar is a very small proprietor, who may perhaps own a whole village himself but is oftener only one of a co-parcenary community. Impressed with the sort of feeling which leads all Ministries in our own country to convert squires into baronets and baronets into peers, Lord Canning determined to make the Settlement of the revenue, which is the very foundation of the Indian social edifice, with the Talookdar. This class, he argued, was the ancient, indigenous, and cherished system of the country. The rights of villagers were to be protected in some way; but still the Talookdar was to be the prominent feature of the new system. His active rebellion or defection was pardoned; his traditionary privileges and exemptions were to be fostered; he was to get the Star of India, and in some cases had well earned it; he was to try petty revenue and civil cases; and it is not too much to say that he was to be developed into a hybrid between a reformed Front de Bœuf, Sir John Mittimus, and Justice Shallow.

Indian Civil Servants who have to extract the pith of dusty bundles of documents dealing with the past history of some extensive project of education, irrigation, settlement, police, and so forth, acquire great aptitude for picking out the salient points of a huge paper war. And, in justice to Mr. Irwin, we must say that he has given as clear and connected an exposition of the Oudh Settlement and its consequences as English phrases applied to Indian subjects will allow. Of course the policy of Lord Canning was highly applauded at the time. The Indian newspapers, with few exceptions, wrote it up. The partisans of the ryot, or agriculturist, were silenced or were not heard, and it must be admitted that Lord Canning was actuated by the most noble and stainless motives, and that there was much to be said at the time in favour of his view. He had the support of some high civil authorities. He remembered how one province had been violently convulsed, while in another the surface had scarcely been ruffled; and there was hardly any choice between granting an amnesty and restoring the "Barons" to their old position, or else waging a protracted warfare against a swarm of enemies with mud forts, serviceable cannon, and endless retainers. But even before Lord Canning's departure there were signs of official disturbance and commotion; and then began a paper warfare about the claims of tenant proprietors, cultivators at fixed rates, and cultivators at will, which, smouldering during the brief reign of Lord Elgin, burst forth with intense fervour during the administration of Lord Lawrence. All sorts of theories were freely broached. Whether this same tenant proprietor was the backbone of the country and the credit of the Anglo-Indian rule, or whether he was a clog on industry and a bar to progress, were questions freely debated. It was said that he never had any rights, or, if he had, that they had long since perished; that limitation ought to run against stale claims and shadowy proprietors; that, on the one hand, the Talookdars might complain of violated pledges, and would be driven into resistance; and, on the other, that the credit of the English name would be destroyed for ever if the position of some millions of agriculturists were to be coolly sacrificed to a set of men who would use authority as it ever had been used in the East from the days of Nimrod. But there is a Divinity that shapes the rough-hewn ends of Indian history, and a statesman with a special aptitude for a special duty has somehow invariably appeared when wanted. Lord Hardinge's military experience helped him to win Ferozshah. Without Lord Dalhousie's comprehensive genius we should never have had a consolidated Empire at all. It required all Lord Canning's magnanimity to resist the cry for vengeance which, after Cawnpore, went up from a thousand tongues. And other Viceroys besides Lord Lawrence might have perceived the dangerous elements in the Oudh Settlement, and yet have lacked the training that could argue out land questions from the most intricate details to the loftiest principles. The whole story must be studied in Mr. Irwin's pages, in which subsequent experience is brought to bear on the Blue-Books of that time. Something like an equitable compromise was effected in 1866. Proprietary or sub-proprietary rights were not absolutely crushed. Individuals or communities were allowed to give proof that such claims had been kept alive. In some instances they were granted a sub-settlement at a moderate enhancement of rent. To others was conceded, not exactly a proprietary right, but a right of occupancy at a less rate than that paid by their neighbours who were

tenants under contract or at will. In short, a means was devised to reconcile pledges given by a former Viceroy, or by his Lieutenant, with fairness and consideration for the huge mass of agriculturists; and the termination of a long, acrimonious, and dangerous dispute deserves more credit than Mr. Irwin is disposed to give it at the close of his chapter about the Talookdari Policy. The occasional analogies between Oudh concessions and Irish relief will be obvious to all readers.

Like other impulsive writers on whom a theory has fastened its tight grip, Mr. Irwin is extravagant when he begins to construct. His remedies for existing evils would hardly have been approved by any of the controversialists. They would have failed to enlist in their support Lord Canning or Lord Lawrence, the ex-member for Gravesend who was the Chief Commissioner of the Province, and the member for the Kirkaldy Burghs who had been Judicial Commissioner at Lucknow before he was Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. Mr. Irwin gravely proposes to recognize the State as the sole landlord, and though he would be favourable to middlemen or Talookdars of long standing, he would proclaim a universal tenant-right. Indeed his plan is so cut and dried that he has estimated the cost as well as the time of a special agency to be created for this sole object. For about 2,500*l.* a year he would undertake to provide men who would revise the rent roll of a single district, at the rate of a village a day, excepting Sundays, for which we are glad to see he has an old-fashioned respect. This is "polishing off" with a vengeance. Of the slight difficulties in the way of abolishing landlords or reducing them to the condition of men with a fixed life interest in their properties, he takes no account. It is scarcely necessary for us to argue at length on the impracticability of this scheme. Indian agriculture may need something more than model farms and exhibitions of prize bullocks, and the State may have to interpose and aid Ryots who suffer, in the Deccan from usurers, in Burdwan from fever, and in Oudh from oppression. But we shall not elevate a whole peasantry by eliminating their landlords, and such questions are complicated by grave political and social considerations which the author appears entirely to overlook. The late Bishop Wilson once amazed Anglo-Indians by recommending that, in order to spread Christianity in India, the State should "pension the Brahmans." Mr. Irwin's proposal to "pension" Talookdars is much the same. He has, however, been actuated by praiseworthy motives, and those who recognize the danger arising from a dense population, which is insufficiently nourished in ordinary years and must perish in years of famine unless fed by the State, will find much food for thought in this history of a province, and must concur in the praises bestowed on practical agriculture and improved education.

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.*

THE eleventh volume of the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* opens, according to the table of principal contents, with "Gout," and ends with "Hippopotamus." One of the earliest articles is by Mr. Thomas Arnold, on "Grail or Grayle, the Holy (Saint Graal, Seynt Greal, Sangreal, Sank Ryal), the name given to the legendary wonder-working vessel said to have been brought by Joseph of Arimathea to Britain." There can be little or no doubt that, as Mr. Arnold says, the correct spelling is Graal. As to the derivation of the word, the writer of the article thinks that the opinion of M. Paulin Paris is satisfactory. According to this, graal is a corruption of *gradale* or *graduale*, the Latin name for a liturgical collection of psalms and texts of Scripture (*quod in gradibus canitur*). "The author of the Graal conception meant by graal or gradale, not the sacred dish (escuelle), but the mysterious book revealed to the supposed hermit of 717, in which he finds the history of the escuelle." The word, however, became popular in the sense of a shallow bowl, and there is a passage, if we remember rightly, in an early writer which joins together "pyxes, grails, and other Popish pelf." M. Fauriel derives the word from *grazal*, old Provençal for cup, which, however, according to the article in Ducange, seems to be of Armorican origin, and "anyhow M. Fauriel has not proved its use in the sense of cup at a period earlier than the rise of the Graal legend." Mr. Arnold's terse account of all that can be ascertained concerning this legend is excellently done. "The Graal" is closely followed by Mr. Sayce's article on "Grammar," at the end of which we are glad to find the writer asserting that the system, popularized, we believe, by Mr. Prendergast, of learning foreign languages is the one to be most approved. There can be little enjoyment or interest in beginning with the dry bones of grammar. "The unit of speech is the sentence; and it is with the sentence, therefore, and not with lists of words and forms, that the pupil should begin." When once a sufficient number of sentences has been assimilated they can be easily analysed, and their component parts shown in their bearing on each other. In fact, a foreign language should be learnt just as we have learnt our own tongue, and grammar must be regarded not as a piece of dead mechanism, the arrangement of which is regulated by artificial rules, but as a living organism with a history and reason of its own.

The long and important article on Greece is divided into Geography, History, Language, and Literature. The first of these sections is treated by Mr. Rae, the second by Messrs. Jebb, Tozer, and Donaldson, the third by Professor A. S. Wilkins, and the last by Messrs. Jebb and Donaldson. It is scarcely necessary to say that the subjects could not well have been entrusted to more capable hands. Passing over an article on "Greek Fire," which is interesting, especially when taken in connexion with a following one on "Gunpowder," we come to "Robert Greene," which, oddly enough, does not figure in the principal contents, but is signed with Professor A. W. Ward's initials. We find ourselves in disagreement with one cardinal point in this article. Professor Ward, with whose not unfavourable judgment on the attempted humour of Kenrick's wretched *Falstaff's Wedding* our own opinion was on a former occasion at variance, says that Greene's "comic humour is undeniable" in general, and adduces several particular instances to support this view. On one of these, the character of Slipper in the *Scottish Historie of James IV.*, it may be enough to join issue with the learned writer of the article. "The fooling by Slipper, the clown of the piece," he writes, "is unexceptionable." Here is an instance, by no means unfairly chosen, of this admirable fooling. Slipper being given drink, is asked, "How lik'st thou, this?" and makes answer, "Like it, mistress! why this is quincy quarie pepper de watchet, single goby, of all that ever I tasted. I'll prove in this ale and toast the compass of the whole world. First, this is the earth—it lies in the middle, a fair brown toast, a goodly country for hungry teeth to dwell upon; next, this is the sea, a fair pool for a dry tongue to fish in; now come I, and seeing the world is naught, I divide it thus; and because the sea cannot stand without the earth, as Aristotle saith, I put them both into their first chaos, which is my belly, and so, mistress, you may see your ale is become a miracle." A following speech even more laboured and devoid, as it seems to us, of what Professor Ward calls "true farcical fun," is unquotable. Both are good specimens of Slipper's humour.

An article by Mr. F. A. Butler, on Guaco, Huaco, or Guao (also Vejuco and Bejuco), contains a statement which, if proved by tests to be accurate, has the highest importance. Guaco is a generic term for various Central and South American and West Indian plants "in repute for alexipharmic and curative virtues." The Indians of New Granada say that these growths acquired their name from the cry of a certain kite which by means of this cry attracts the snakes that serve it for food; and they believe that the virtues of the plant were discovered by the observation that the kite always ate some of the leaves before encountering its prey. There have been disputes about the true guaco, owing to the Indians' loose nomenclature, for they apply the word to "any twining plant with a heart-shaped leaf, white and green above and purple beneath." What is most commonly recognized in New Granada as guaco, Mr. Butler writes, would seem to be the *Mikania guaco* of Humboldt and Bonplan, a climbing composite plant of the tribe *Eupatoriaceæ*. The efficacy of guaco against poisoning by snakes, "first carefully experimented on by Mutis about 1787, has been frequently since attested; and in parts of New Granada much infested by those pests a kind of inoculation with it is practised by some persons, the juice of the leaves being applied, at intervals of a fortnight during several months, to incisions in the hands, feet, and sides of the chest, two large teaspoonfuls of the same juice having beforehand been administered internally." It has been said that the Indians of Central America, having taken guaco, can handle the most dangerous snakes with impunity; and Humboldt observed the *Coluber corallinus* shrink from a stick steeped in guaco. All this seems to hint that the tales of the Psylli, as—if we are not mistaken—Mr. Gosse suggested in the *Romance of Natural History*, may be true; and that this drug, which is said to be highly recommended for the treatment of many diseases, as well as for the prevention and cure of snake-bites, may have unusual value. The question is obviously more fitted for discussion in a scientific medical review than in these columns; but we trust that further information may be forthcoming with regard to the article from which we have quoted. Soon after this comes an article on Guido (of Arezzo), which reminds us of the enormous improvements which the Benedictine or Camaldulian monk effected in musical notation. "It is well known," says the writer of the article, but it is perhaps worth recalling to the recollection of our readers as a curious fact, that the *ut, re, mi, fa sol, la*—in all probability introduced by Guido—were the first syllables of the first six lines of a hymn to John the Baptist:—

> *Ut* queant laxis *re*sonare fibris
> *Mi*ra gestorum *fa*muli tuorum,
> *Sol*ve polluti *la*bii reatum
> Sancte Johannes.

The articles on "Gun-making and Gunnery," by Colonel Maitland, and on "Gunpowder," by Major Wardell, are full of interest. Colonel Maitland, beginning with the curious "hand-gun," of which a figure is given, goes on to write an exhaustive account of the progress of the science of gun-making, both in small-arms and in ordnance, up to the present date. "Gunnery" is of course in parts highly technical, but is written with much clearness. In the article "Gunpowder," Major Wardell, quoting from his full knowledge of all the authorities on the subject, admits that much obscurity hangs over the early history of gunpowder, but thinks it most probable that its employment as a propelling agent originated among the Moors or Saracens, and spread from them "eastward as well as northward into Europe." Any one who studies Major Wardell's article will be able to more than equal the conversational feat attributed to Macklin.

* *The Encyclopædia Britannica.* Ninth Edition. Vol. XI. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1880.

Passing from *G* to *H* we come upon an interesting and discriminating article by Mr. Garnett on "Hazlitt," and later on one with which we find much cause for disagreement on Heine, by Mr. Ferrier. At the end of his article Mr. Ferrier, speaking of the *Reisebilder*, says that, excepting the first and third books, the work has been greatly overrated, and finishes up with the statement that "the most that can be said for it is that Sterne might have written it had he been a German Jew." Most readers of Heine and of Sterne will probably agree with us that Mr. Ferrier has been led into a very grave mistake by his desire to say a telling thing. Less seriously objectionable, but equally open to question, is the observation that in the *Lieder*, "too often, no matter how sweet a chord is struck at the beginning, a dissonance creeps in, to end with a crushing discord, and the outraged reader starts like one who should suddenly see Romeo and Juliet fall to grimacing and squeaking like Punch and Judy." In the former passage Mr. Ferrier makes a sweeping statement which rests entirely on the authority of his own literary judgment; in this he states a fact and draws his own inference from it, an inference which appears to us the reverse of correct. However, much the same charge has been brought before now against Lord Byron. No doubt both Mr. Ferrier and the writers who have complained of Byron speak from their own experience; but it is a dangerous thing to lay down with such certainty a dictum which cannot pass unchallenged. There may be certain canons of literary taste so well marked as to be for practical purposes universally accepted by students; but no such canon can exist with regard to a fine point in the method of a writer of exceptional talent or genius; and we cannot think that the cause of literature is helped by the assumption of a position which may impose upon readers who trust to encyclopædic writing for a smattering of knowledge, but which is sure to be questioned in other quarters.

Of "Haroun Al Raschid, more properly Harún er Rashíd, 'Aaron the Orthodox,'" Professor Palmer writes an account which will be welcomed by all who may like to find that their early notions of the great Caliph were not so incorrect as such notions generally turn out to be. Haroun Al Raschid (whose full name was Harún 'bn Mohammed ibn Abdallah ibn Mohammed ibn Ali 'bn 'Abdallah ibn Abbás) was only twenty-two years old when he ascended the throne. His biographers all speak of him in the highest terms; but, as Professor Palmer justly observes, though his name is a household word, and his figure in history a grand one, yet very little is generally known about his life and history. Thus, though it may be disappointing to find that there is no mention in authentic histories of his incognito walks in Bagdad, and that the account of his relations with Charlemagne rests on no trustworthy basis, it is pleasant to learn that his reign was one of the most brilliant in the annals of the Caliphate. The greater part of the Eastern world submitted to him, and Egypt was a province under his dominion. No caliph ever gathered round him such a brilliant society. Haroun himself was a man of high cultivation, and an accomplished scholar and poet. "He possessed exquisite taste and unerring discernment, and his dignified demeanour made him an object of profound respect to high and low."

In the remaining part of the volume, amongst other articles, we find an interesting and valuable one headed "Heron," by Professor Newton; one on "Hieroglyphics," by Mr. R. S. Poole, which fills the lay mind with mingled bewilderment and admiration at the skill of interpreters; and a concluding article of much general and special interest on the hippopotamus by Mr. Gibson.

SUSSEX STORIES.*

THE short and simple annals of the poor are not often pleasanter reading than in these *Sussex Stories*. Real records they must be, if not always of literal fact, yet of character and action as seen by an intelligent observation, quickened by a sympathy peculiarly alive to the feelings, trials, opinions, and prejudices of the class depicted. It is this sympathy perhaps that makes the author jealously suspicious of the line of active benevolence towards the poor—so much so as sometimes to be a little hard on good people who adopt the didactic tone in their intercourse with them. She suspects a sort of selfishness in such a relation; a relation in which sympathy plays a subordinate part to the notion of fulfilling a duty, with an eye, moreover, to the ultimate satisfactions which a duty performed at some sacrifice of ease or of more congenial pursuits is apt to bring. This phase of character has long ago been stigmatized as "otherworldliness." The reproach is plausible, to say the least of it; but there is something to be said on the other side; and it certainly will not do to wait till duties become pleasures before we think ourselves fit to perform them. This, however, is not the place for the argument with all its pros and cons; and one thing at any rate is pretty certain, that no one can write about the poor with either truth or telling effect, where intercourse with them has been felt to be a condescension, or even where the notion of duty has been uppermost. Wherever there is an interchange of thought there must be a certain sense of equality. Our author's sympathy is founded on this understanding.

If, however, district visitors or other benevolent ladies receive a gentle snub on the score of this condescension, there is no slight thrown on recognized authorities. The Church, in particular, is well represented. The vicar and the curate show a keener insight than their voluntary aids; but the examples given of rustic piety are no immediate reflections of their teaching, and the actuating religion of the poor has its own distinctive tone and character. It is this rustic life in all its contrasts with modern ideas, or in contact with them, which interests the reader. There is an old-world tone in many of these stories that carries us back to another age. Thus Polly in the "Golden Wedding" answers more to the Griselda type of fidelity and endurance than anything to be seen in modern life, with its keener susceptibilities and livelier sense of rights and claims. The curmudgeon Jem Saunders must surely represent a real person. The story of which he is the hero must have at least a foundation in fact. The admirable Polly gives her hand to him, understanding him in a dim sort of way, but satisfied always that he cares for nobody but herself. She had early answered her mother's indignant notice of his treatment of her "pretty" after she had done him a good turn, "He don't want me no more just now," says Polly, brightly; "he'll be sure and come to me when he does. Jem likes me better than anybody, mother." Men are selfish still, but only in an out-of-the-way corner of the earth could selfishness nourish itself into such completeness as Jem's does, steady and far from disreputable as his life is. When children come and bore him he takes up a resolution. He will live alone and leave his wife to maintain herself and the children. To this end he takes possession of a shed a stone's throw from his house, furnishes it, and sets up a cobbler's stall:—

> It is not to be supposed that Polly submitted quietly to this new whim. At first she did; but as the days went by she sought her husband to remonstrate with him. The neighbours began to talk. Anything like prolonged quarrel between man and wife is so exceedingly rare in that class that it was no wonder people talked. Polly went to the cobbler's stall. She had the rosy laughing little Polly in her arms. Saunders was at work upon a pair of boots. When he saw his wife he swept the boots and all his paraphernalia off the board, and fastened it shutter-wise. The door was locked. Polly rattled the handle, baby beat with her tiny fists upon the door. There was no response. Presently Dell (of the next house) came out and looked at the mother and child. "What a strange whim," he said.
>
> "It be," said Polly; "he wasn't never like other folk. When he wants me he'll let me know. Good-day to you, Mr. Dell." She spoke bravely and went home bravely. Her husband was not to be blamed, not in her presence, at least.

Years pass on. The vicar and the ladies remonstrate, but Jem holds his ground. After a while public opinion ceases to notice him; he even goes to church, where from the gallery he can see wife and children if he cares to look for them. His children grow up, and grandchildren supply to Polly the infant charges of her early married life:—

> In Polly's heart is a perpetual childhood of cheerfulness and love, ready to respond to any call made upon it. It was years now since she had so much as turned her head that way when passing the cobbler's stall. If any one had thought about it, which no one ever did, for time had raised a new generation, they might not unnaturally have come to the conclusion that Polly herself had forgotten the existence of her husband as much as his children had done.

One day Polly, with a grandchild at her side, was at the village shop when some talk arose of a man taken in a fit, and the name Saunders came up. At first she observes upon the various sorts of fits there are, and suggests mustard clapped on the back, when suddenly a thought occurs to her:—

> "Saunders, did you say? Why, it be my man!" Polly caught up the babe, and went straight to the cobbler's stall.
>
> "Well, I never!" exclaimed the mistress of the shop, standing in the doorway, shielding her eyes with her hand, as she watched the old woman walk briskly away. "Wonders will never cease. I've heard tell they were husband and wife."
>
> The doctor was in the shed with Saunders when Polly entered. "It's well you came," he said; "with everybody out in the hop-garden there is nobody to attend to this man. It is fortunate I lived so near myself. Can you spare a day, Mrs. Saunders?"
>
> "I be come to fetch him home, doctor," said Polly.
>
> "Home?" the doctor stared, then remembered that he too, like the woman at the shop, had once heard that Saunders the cobbler and old Polly were man and wife. "It's the best thing you can do," said the doctor.
>
> Just then Saunders recovered consciousness. He turned his head, upon which the few scanty locks were grey, towards the door. "Polly!"
>
> "I be here, Jem." Of course she was there; he wanted her again at last, and she was ready.

The coincidence, which gives its name to the story, that this happened on the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding-day we must suppose to be an ornamental addition to a true tale.

The "Tinker's Letter," from the non-reading of which so much good accrued to the leading personages in the story, is another touch of the old ignorant times, told with great simplicity and air of likelihood. As for little Rosie, she is charming. Her innocent affability and its effect on others will come home to the reader who has ever experienced a curious satisfaction in being accosted by a little child on the highway—accosted from the mere desire of sympathy in some small joy, and reliance on finding it. It is impossible for him not to feel a moment's elation; there must be something more winning about him than the world has hitherto given him a right to suppose, to attract this artless confidence. "Our Rosie be a very harmless child," says her father; the word implying in its Sussex use that she has a certain friendly and winning way with her that goes straight to people's hearts, while her mother's one fault in Rosie is her manners:—

> "If you'll believe me she'll up and speak to the gentry themselves just as soon as you or me. I tell her she ain't no manners; for my part I've always homaged my betters, and I've brought up the lads to do the same; but Rosie, now, 'tain't that she's any ways bold, but she've no manners. She don't so much as wait for the gentry to speak first."

* *Sussex Stories.* By Mrs. Robert O'Reilly. London: Strahan & Co.

Some of these gentry meet the little maid as they are gathering blackberries. Deeply interested in their proceedings, she spoke at once:—

"Monday was a week I gave a whole pound of blackberries to our pig; they was just ripe."

"To the pig? Why, what a shame!" The girls laughed at this friendly little person who accosted them with such small ceremony.

"He liked 'em," says Rosie, smiling. "Don't pigs like things same as other people?"

She set her basket carefully in the hedge—for, to put one phase of Rosie's harmlessness negatively, as her mother was apt to, "she was no ways random"—and began as a matter of course and without invitation to help to fill the baskets of the young ladies, prattling all the time with so much artlessness and modesty, that the strangers fancied themselves in Arcadia.

This artlessness is true to child-nature, but we cannot say as much for the simplicity of Little Grig's utterances, the hero of a story inspired by a didactic purpose. Little Grig is a London child, clever enough to be an "Arab" or a "Gamin"; but a good dying mother and his own conscientiousness preserve him from the perils of surrounding circumstances. It is his way to take literally, and to act upon, all the teaching that comes in his way. His connexion with Sussex is through the hop-grounds. He is one of a band under the charge of "Granny," who goes down annually with a body of men, women, and children, keeping them in order and close to their work while under her control; receiving their pay, and not distributing it till their return to London. She is a selfish old creature, but competent to her task, "a general," and "fond of power"; and she is well drawn, as are the hop-picking scenes. It is Grig's logical application of all chance good teaching that jars against one's sense of probability. The very first knowledge that comes in a child's way includes such knowledge of human nature as would preserve it from Grig's tone of argument. He gets into a scrape, is suspected of robbing the farmer's orchard, denies the charge, gets severely thrashed, and swells with rage at the injustice. He is longing for vengeance, when the Vicar, who has taken in hand a class of boys—hop-picking foreigners—finds him, and recalls the Lord's Prayer to his mind. It is barely conceivable that the cloud of sullen anger should be dispelled, but mother wit would certainly have withheld him from the answer to the farmer who had beaten him, and who now asked him this Sunday evening:—"You looked glum enough yesterday, my lad, have you got over your punishment already? What makes you so gay to-day?" "I don't know," said Grig, smiling up at him, "leastways unless it is because I have forgiven you, sir." The farmer not unnaturally takes this for impertinence, and lifts up his stick again. Grig dodges, and finally escapes, and carries his experiences to a motherly friend. "Do you know about trespassers, Sue?" said he. "I never heard tell of 'em till to-day. It's them as does us bad turns, you know, and we've got to forgive 'em. We 'aint got no call to *tell* 'em so—its best ways *not* fur to tell 'em, I should think," he went on meditatively, and recalling his own experience. The real Grig would have known this quite well without the teaching of experience. But the author can write with truth to nature when no didactic purpose interferes. Her views on peasant life are made on observation. The canting old woman who always expects a shilling along with the good reading, and the Darby and Joan, two old folks whom a train of misfortunes bring to the workhouse, are pictures from the life; and the question of service, "Twelve months' Good Character," is treated practically whether from the mistress or the servant point of view. The railway takes girls up to London, subverting the whole system of service. "I don't hold with cheap travelling," the father may say, "there wasn't no seven-and-ninepenny returns when mother was young and went to service in her own neighbourhood, where a young fellow had a chance to see her now and again"; but, however, no one was going to interfere with Lydia, and in this non-interference the author sides with the parents. It was only just, they considered, that if she could earn her own living she should go her own way. The conditions of life were altered. The lady at the Hall scolds the mother roundly. Lydia ought to be kept at home and under her mother's eye for years to come; but everything tends nowadays, amongst others the schooling, to teach girls independence. Every girl can get a place if she goes up to London for it:—

Poor Mary sighed; she despaired of making the lady understand the different footing on which a mother and daughter stood, where the daughter earned her own living and was so far independent, and where the daughter was a young lady in the school-room still, without the power of being independent, even should she have the wish. If Lydia was coerced, a sense of injustice would rankle in her mind, she would come to no good. Therefore Lydia should not be coerced, though Mary sadly regretted this offer of Mrs. Danver's had not been heard of before Jane Lowe's letter came.

This sense of independence is one of the compensations which in youth make up so much for the differences between rich and poor. It is good to bear the yoke in youth, but it is heavy. The yoke is a light one to young girls under Lydia's circumstances. The authority of parents has no more weight with young people of the working-class than the sense of duty gives it. The new condition of things must be met, not fought against, and those whom the new conditions touch most closely are supposed to see most clearly and to realize the consequences that must follow upon them.

We have complimented the author on her accuracy of observation, but it has its limits. In the story called "Waiting" it certainly seems as if the young oak's "budding boughs" had tender green leaves to be wooed by mild February airs. We may say the same of the illustrations. Those of rustic life are superior in truth and spirit to the common run of such delineations; but here again we observe that the ladies gathering blackberries are wrapped in furs.

THE INDEX SOCIETY'S PUBLICATIONS.*

THE Index Society has begun operations in earnest. In publishing last year's Report it has taken the opportunity of including some short indexes of special importance—namely, Mr. Huth's of "Books and Papers on Marriage between Near Kin"; Mr. Birch's, of the "Styles and Titles of English Sovereigns"; some lists of the portraits in old magazines; and an index of "Obituary Notices" for 1878. Together with the volume which contains these miscellanies we have before us Mr. Solly's *Index of Hereditary English, Scotch, and Irish Titles of Honour*, a work of amazing industry and considerable value, especially to the historian. The Society sees a long career of usefulness before it. Indexes are in hand of English topography; of English Roman Catholic priests, from Elizabeth to James II.; of local engravings; of portraits of British worthies; of books on horses; and, above all, of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, from 1731 to 1867, when it lost its old value. The cost of such a work as this last would be large. "It was found that in the total 223 volumes, extending over 138 years, there could not be less than 340,000 separate entries." If these are printed in double columns, they will occupy at least eight volumes of 600 or 700 pages each, and the printing alone will cost above 2,000*l*. By judicious weeding-out of the shorter notices the work might be got into four volumes; but we confess to a feeling that, if the thing is to be done at all, it should be done completely. Often the mere name and date are of importance. Hundreds of entries which contain nothing else are of the greatest value to the men of this generation; and the Committee wisely observe that the objections to any system of selection are so great that, though they cannot agree to the larger estimate in the present state of their funds, neither do they feel justified in undertaking the smaller one only. So the matter unfortunately remains; but it is to be hoped that a guarantee fund may be formed before long which will enable the Society to commence the work. Mr. Fenton has promised to undertake its superintendence. Another useful index will be that of "Places where Roman Remains have been found in Britain," of which a very tempting specimen is given.

Of the indexes accompanying the Report the most interesting is that of Mr. Birch, which details in order the styles and titles of English sovereigns from the seventh century. At the same time we cannot say it is by any means a faultless example of what an index of the kind should be. It was originally begun in the columns of the *Athenæum* at the time of the Queen's assumption of the title of Empress of India, and gives instances in plenty of old Kings who called themselves both Emperor, "Basileus," and even Augustus. It is obvious that the notes here collected would have been both more useful and better reading if they had appeared more in the form of an article with an index than as an index annotated. Extreme brevity is a mistake in work of this kind, and in more than one case makes Mr. Birch contradict himself. Thus, at p. 65, under the list of titles of King Henry VIII. we have that of "in terra ecclesie Anglicane et Hibernice supremum caput." It has been often debated of late years whether this title belongs to our present Queen or not. To judge from p. 65 one might suppose that it does. Yet from a passage in p. 72 it is clear that it does not. The title was first assumed, as we have seen, by Henry VIII. Mr. Birch gives it also as belonging to Edward VI. Under Mary, he says, "et in terra, etc., as above," implying, of course, that this Romanist Queen continued the use of the Protestant form. One naturally looks to see in the next instance when it was disused. But here we have no information. Mr. Birch gives a long list of the titles of Philip and Mary—from which it is omitted—such as "Archiduces Austrie et duces Mediolani, Burgundie, et Brabantie"; and when we come to Elizabeth we read "Anglie, Francie, et Hibernie regina, fidei defensor, etc." In strictness this "etc." means that Queen Elizabeth was Archduchess of Austria, Duchess of Milan, and so forth. In the notes at the end, however, Mr. Birch expressly states that George III., late in his reign, added "after *defensor*, the words 'et in terra ecclesiæ Anglicanæ et Hibernicæ supremum caput,' a title first used by Henry the Eighth, and not continued beyond Mary the First."

In the portion of his work which relates to the kings before the Norman Conquest there is much curious information. Here a chronological arrangement with an index would have been better than the alphabetical form. It would take some time and search to make out from Mr. Birch's notes what is the oldest style and title of a British sovereign. We say "British," because it is abundantly evident that most of these old kings used Britain as the name of the kingdom, "Rex Anglie" not occurring before Richard I., though "Rex Anglorum" was usual at a very early period. Edgar, in 966, just a century before the Conquest, speaks of himself as "possessing the monarchy of Great Britain," and this is the whole of his title as recited in one charter (Kemble, *Codex Diplomaticus*, dxx.). Still more curious is the phrase used

* 1. *Report*, 1878; *with Four Appendixes*. 2. *Hereditary Titles of Honour*. By Edward Solly, F.R.S. London: for the Index Society, by Longmans & Co. 1880.

by Ethelbald, about 725, in signing a charter, "Aethilbaldus Brittanniae Anglorum monarchus." Sometimes, however, the use of the word Britain under the early English kings seems to have implied power beyond the limits of the English settlement and over the Welsh and Scots. Mr. Birch unfortunately concentrates his attention on the titles Monarchus, Rex, Imperator, or whatever else they may have been; and the regions ruled—England, Britain, Northumberland, "the pagans"—are not separately noticed in his index. This renders it much less useful than it might have been. The growth of the use of the word "Angle," or English, in the place of the word "Saxon," might have been illustrated without much additional trouble. There must be some reason why the West-Saxon kings came to be called only by the name of the conquered tribes of the eastern part of their realm. Perhaps the use of the name Britain was a temporary compromise. Brytenwalda occurs, says Mr. Birch, "but once in a diplomatic document, as far as my researches go (and that I find used by King Æthelstan in A.D. 934), although we recognize therein the more familiar expression 'Bretwalda,' or 'Brihtwalda,' into the consideration of which it is not my intention to digress on this occasion." Mr. Birch's language is not very clear at any time, and this passage baffles comprehension. How it could be a digression to discuss the meaning or catalogue the use of the word "Bretwalda" in a paper on the royal titles of our early kings is not easily seen. Among the more curious forms employed we may notice the "industrius rex" of Edmund, Edwy, and Edgar; "industrius Anglorum rex gubernator et rector." The office of king must indeed in those days have been one very analogous to that of the Premiership now, so justly described as "an ill-paid servitude under the name of power." Edwy is called "beatus agonista totius Brittaniæ," and Ethelred "regni gubernacula sortitus," as if reigning meant hard work and plenty of it. Offa calls himself "strenuissimus rex," a title which goes very well with the "industrius" of Edmund and the "pacificus" of Edgar. Mr. Birch has brought a great deal of interesting information together within the compass of a short paper, but we fear it must be characterized as only an essay towards the complete elucidation of the subject.

Of the other indexes in the same volume there is not much to be said. Mr. Huth's industrious compilation is a curious example of energy directed into a very out-of-the-way channel. Lord Dundreary thought so few people lived in glass-houses that it was not worth while to make proverbs for them. Something of the same kind involuntarily passes through the mind when we read this elaborate and careful list of books, and even papers and pamphlets, on "Marriage between near kin." It seems, however, to have been a subject which early engaged attention, and Mr. Huth starts his list with a book first printed about 1472-1475; that is to say, it must have been among the earliest books ever printed. This is Andreas on "Arboribus Consanguinitatis et Affinitatis," printed at Nuremburg in 1477. But the subject was a favourite one with mediæval authors, and Mr. Huth cites St. Anselm among those who treated of it.

Mr. Solly's *Index of Hereditary Titles of Honour* promises to be of great use to the student of history. It is surprising to see how much research Mr. Solly has sometimes contrived to boil down into a single line. His work is described in the preface as an index of "the peerages and baronetages of the United Kingdom," showing the date when each separate title was conferred, the changes which they underwent, and their present condition, whether existent, modified, dormant, or extinct. The use of the phrase "United Kingdom" is misleading, as there is now a separate peerage of that name; but Mr. Solly explains in the next sentence that he means a reference to the peerages and baronetages of all creations. The necessity for such a work is illustrated by an anecdote:—

Some years ago the compiler of this Index was asked by a friend, who had just taken "Amyand" House, to inform him who Sir —— Amyand, Baronet, was? Reference to the current Baronetages of England, Scotland, and Ireland, showed that no such title was in existence; and reference to the extinct Baronetages did not show that the title was extinct. The inquirer was at fault, and it was not till some weeks later, when by the aid of *Serendipity*, as Horace Walpole called it—that is, looking for one thing and finding another—that the explanation was accidentally found that the Baronetcy conferred by George III. on the son of his grandfather's skilful medical attendant, Claudius Amyand, in 1764, had, for very good family reasons, been changed into Cornwall by the second Baronet, in 1771.

Mr. Solly is much puzzled by the variations of spelling of titles as well as of family names, and in some instances he seems to depart too far from the recognized usage. Thus, under De Roos, he gives all the titles which bore at different times the forms of Ros, Rose, and Ross; but on a later page he gives "Roos (or Ros)" as an alternative. He is doubtless right in classing all the Smyths, Smijths, and Smythes together under Smith, giving the present spelling also. *A propos* of Smith, he leaves out this surname in his notice of the title of Derby. Yet the last two Earls certainly bore that surname as well as Stanley, and we have no reason for supposing it has been recently dropped, though Burke omits it. He likewise classes all the Montagus and Montagues together under the longer form, and so loses what for many years was certainly a distinction between the different branches of the family. It would be interesting to know the authority by which in certain cases he gives "of the Army," or "of the Navy," instead of a territorial title, to some four or five baronetcies. "Oakes of the Army," "Pottinger of the Army," figure in Burke without any place or service being mentioned. But Broke, which Mr. Solly gives as "Broke of the Army," is, and probably always was, "Broke of Broke Hall." For convenience, doubtless, he gives Guelph as the family name of peers of the House of Hanover, using Plantagenet in the same way as well as Tudor and Stuart. With the disputed title of Mar Mr. Solly is very cautious. He gives four earldoms—namely:—

Mar. *Martacus*. Earl. S. (Scotland.) circa 1060. s.p. 1419. Presumed (?) to be dormant.
Mar. *Stewart*. Earl. S. 1426. s.p. 1435. Ext.
Mar. *Stewart*. Earl. S. 1457. s.p. 1479. Ext.
Mar. *Erskine*. Earl. S. 1565, to date from 1547. Attainted 1715. Restored 1824. (United with Kellie, 1829.)

It is impossible, when we see these handsome volumes as the equivalent or reward of a single guinea subscription on the part of 152 members of the Society, to avoid an unpleasant thought. The printing is clear, the paper good, the binding showy and solid, if not beautiful; the correction of the press almost perfect, and that too in books dealing almost exclusively with proper names and numbers. The conviction is forced upon an impartial mind that, in the case of ordinary books, when the author receives nothing for his share of profit, and probably, as in most cases, incurs a debt, the publishers' gains must be enormous. Yet co-operative publishing Companies, except those which are learned Societies, do not seem to succeed.

DRAWINGS BY JAPANESE ARTISTS.*

THE modern taste for the products of Japanese art has its serious as well as its humorous side. In the crazy mania for blue and white china, and in the excessive affectations which so often accompany its indulgence, the satirist finds fit material for the exercise of his calling. Many persons fill their rooms with plates and beakers who have no sort of appreciation of the real merit of these interesting objects. There are modern drawing-rooms so crowded with cups and saucers that even the most cautious and decorous intruder is apt to feel in the awkward position of a bull in a china shop, and his discomfort is the more inexcusable seeing that the unhappy possessor of these treasures is often as much embarrassed as his guest. But here, as in most matters of human interest, the blind following of fashion implies the existence of a serious sentiment of taste within a narrower circle. There can be no doubt that the more familiar knowledge and closer study of Oriental art which characterize our time are likely to exercise a genuine influence upon all forms of artistic effort, and it is therefore of real importance that the peculiar excellence of Oriental design should be rightly understood. The praise which is justly due to the Japanese artist is often bestowed in such a manner as to obscure his real claims to consideration. He is compared with the artist of Western Europe without sufficient regard to the inherent limitations of his style; and the assured dexterity of his method is held up as a model for imitation to painters who are dealing with problems which the Japanese artist has never attempted to solve. We do not intend by any means to imply that the perfection of Japanese design may not be made to serve as an example to the artists of our own school or of the schools of the Continent. There is, on the contrary, very much to learn which cannot be so successfully acquired from any other source; but the teaching will surely prove of better effect when it is clearly understood that the practice of one school is not to be appropriated by the professors of another without the necessary modification required by difference of aim and of tradition.

These elements of distinction are very admirably expressed in an essay by Mr. Frank Dillon, written to accompany a series of reproductions from Japanese drawings. Mr. Dillon is himself a painter, and he is therefore in a position to appreciate the special tendencies of modern art. Nor is he by any means disposed to underrate their value. On the other hand, he has visited Japan, and has seen the Japanese artist at his work. He enjoys to the fullest extent the qualities of taste in arrangement and accomplished technical skill which are to be found in Japanese design, and he is able to distinguish accurately between the traces of a prevailing tradition and the exercise of an individual talent. He has, besides, collected for himself a series of remarkable specimens which illustrate very clearly the actual processes of the Japanese artist. The drawings here reproduced were for a time exhibited at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, and it will be in the memory of those who inspected the collection that they are, for the most part, direct studies from nature, or schemes of composition made in preparation for more finished designs. This in itself renders them specially instructive, as showing the precise relation which Japanese art in its highest forms bears to the facts upon which it relies. An unfinished study is often more eloquent than the most accomplished performance. It permits us to note exactly the amount of liberty which the artist concedes to himself, and to observe the process by which he translates the results of his observation into the settled scheme of his picture. In regard to the reproductions themselves, it may be said that the chosen method is peculiarly adapted to the purpose. The originals have been photographed and printed in autotype, and then each print has been coloured by hand, so as to produce a faithful copy of the artist's work. Those who are familiar with the laboured attempts that have been made

* *Drawings by Japanese Artists, Reproduced and Coloured in Facsimile by the Autotype Process.* With Letterpress Descriptions, by Frank Dillon. London: Hogarth & Sons.

to translate Japanese paintings by means of chromo-lithography will not be slow to recognize the superiority of Mr. Dillon's plan. The essential beauty of Japanese colour depends upon the transparency and purity of each separate tint, and these are just the qualities which chromo-lithography is powerless to render. On the other hand, the power of these drawings consists even more in skilful and refined draughtmanship than in fulness of colour; and it is therefore of the highest importance that every subtlety of line should be reproduced by the faultless mechanism of photography. As bearing out what has been said, we may particularly refer to the wonderful study of a pheasant (Plate 4), where the intricate marking of the bird's plumage is faithfully recorded even to the most minute detail, and to the spirited sketch of a bantam cock (Plate 11), in which the colourist has most successfully followed the sweeping strokes of the painter's brush.

But our chief interest here is with Mr. Dillon's introductory essay, in which he has given what seems to us a singularly just estimate of the limits and resources of Japanese art. In his enthusiastic sympathy with his subject he never loses sight of the fact that the faculties of the Japanese artist are definitely restricted in respect of the material upon which they are employed. And this restriction, it must be confessed, carries with it certain advantages inevitably denied to artists of higher aim or wider range. The art of Western Europe has always been closely allied to the movement of moral and intellectual ideas, and it has therefore suffered all the vicissitudes of national vitality and decay. It can only rise to greatness under conditions that are partly independent of purely artistic influences, and inasmuch as it assumes to reflect the spiritual problems of our race, it must of necessity follow to a certain extent the fortunes of humanity itself. And as the technical part of every craft is inextricably bound up with the intellectual ideal, the European artist has never been able to preserve that certainty of practice and assured perfection of method which belong to his Eastern brother. For, in abandoning the higher victories of design, the Japanese artist also escapes to a large extent the dangers of decadence in style. Mr. Dillon refers to this limitation, and, while he admits its consequences, he seeks to offer some explanation of the facts themselves. "Among the many anomalies of Japanese art," he writes, "nothing is more noticeable than the conventional treatment of the human figure, contrasted with the realism which especially marks their rendering of smaller animals and inanimate objects. The vexed question as to how far this avoidance of actual types is intentional cannot be fully discussed here, although it would be an interesting subject for investigation. It will be sufficient to point out that certain qualities regarded by us as the highest aim of art are conspicuously absent from their works. Instances of accurate drawing and varied expression may indeed be found in the figure-subjects which adorn some of the older temples, and notably in the famous Hong-gan-ji Temple at Kioto; but these must be taken as exceptions to a rule prevailing generally throughout the whole range of Japanese art. In the great majority of instances the stage has given the keynote for the rendering of the heroic incidents which the artist loves to depict, and the unreality of the prevailing types is a natural result of the exaggerated sentiment which pervades the drama of Japan—a mixture of the horrible and the grotesque, which meets the wants of a people in whom warlike instincts and a sense of humour are seldom absent. The faculty of appreciating the loveliness of natural scenery, the tender grace of flowers, or the subtle gradation of colour in the plumage of birds, is strangely blended in the character of men in whom such tendencies prevail; and this naturally suggests a comparison with nations in which qualities the very opposite to these are manifest." Mr. Dillon thereupon proceeds to comment upon the inferior importance assigned to the facts of natural scenery in the productions of classic art and the earlier painting of the Renaissance; but it is worthy of remark that a similar problem presents itself within the limits of the antique, for the contrast between the realization of birds and flowers and the conventional rendering of human form to be found in Japanese design is scarcely more significant than is afforded by the expressive vitality granted to the lions on an Assyrian bas-relief, as compared with the rigid forms and indifferent faces of the human actors in the scene. Passing to another aspect of his subject, Mr. Dillon makes some instructive remarks upon the relation between Chinese and Japanese art, in which he assigns to the former an influence analogous to that exercised upon the schools of Europe by the example of classic style. The conservatism of the Japanese people he attributes rather to their isolation than to any innate dislike of change, and this view of the matter is certainly borne out by the eagerness with which they are now accepting the teachings of Western Europe. In common with all who have witnessed the results of this teaching Mr. Dillon deeply deplores its effect upon Japanese art. For the moment, no doubt, the loss is undeniable; but it will be interesting to discover how far a people so powerfully endowed with artistic instinct will be able to appropriate the ideas which for the present only serve to overthrow their former supremacy. It may be that in future Japanese design is destined to take a wider range, and to include certain aspects of human beauty which in the past have been rigidly excluded.

JEBB'S SELECTIONS FROM THE ATTIC ORATORS.*

EVERY scholar and student will welcome the complement fitly added to Professor Jebb's History of the earlier Attic orators by his companion volume of specimens from their speeches. We have here a series of their most characteristic passages, with notes and comments—a mirror wherein "to see the old Greeks as they lived and moved," and to study Greek society in its larger political aspects. Mr. Jebb's object has been in the choice of such selections to interpret each author's part in the evolution of Attic prose style, and the bearing of each passage on the representation of Greek thoughts, politics, and manners. To this end he has judged extracts more conducive than whole orations, although he occasionally gives entire pieces, *e.g.* Lysias for Mantitheon and against Pancleon, Isocrates against the Sophists, and the eighth and best oration of Isæus. Those who possess the comprehensive History on which this volume is the best of illustrative commentaries can turn to it at need for a clear and full analysis of each speech or extract of the thirty-seven of which it is made up, and they will find the task all the lighter and pleasanter for the sound judgment with which Professor Jebb has selected his extracts. He also sets vividly before his readers the subject-matter of Greek politics, as studied in the living pages of the orators; and we defy any one to follow the extracts given in this volume from the famous speech of Andocides "De mysteriis" without feeling as if he were an eyewitness of the events.

As Mr. Jebb points out, the history illustrated by Antiphon and Isæus is social rather than political. The former was chiefly concerned with the court of Areopagus, where irrelevancies were forbidden. Isæus was chiefly versed in private affairs. On the other hand, Andocides, the brilliant amateur; Lysias, the model of Attic grace; Isocrates, "the founder of the style which, through the prose of Cicero especially, has exercised such influence on Europe"—these three are directly or indirectly political historians, and serve, like Andocides, as valuable lights on the panic of 415 and the revolution of 411 B.C., or the crisis of the Corinthian war, 390 B.C.; or, like Lysias, for the sequel to the Peloponnesian war, the reign of the Thirty Tyrants, and restoration of Athenian democracy; while Isocrates illustrates the climax of Spartan supremacy in 380 B.C., the paralysis of Athenian hopes for the second time in 355 B.C., and Philip's successful winning his way within the circle of Greek independence in 346 B.C. Through these orators we can best study the progress and development of Attic prose. The works of the orators from Antiphon to Isæus—represented first by the tendency to the "austere style," then by the Gorgian, then by the compromise between this and the idiom of daily life in the plain style of Lysias, next by the transition in Isæus to strenuous political oratory, and lastly by this in its fullest development and greatest representative—may be said to form the bridge by which the gulf between earliest and latest is spanned. Antiphon's intrinsic interest is as the monument of an early and singular stage in prose literature, a well-marked phase of language and style. It stands distinct from the smooth style of Isocrates, or the middle style of Demosthenes, as the dignified or austere; and the samples of it given by Professor Jebb consist of two extracts from tetralogies—*i.e.* exercises in four parts or set speeches, holding a mid place between ornamental displays and *bonâ fide* orations supposed to be spoken in a trial for homicide, in this order—namely, accuser's statement, defendant's reply, accuser's retort, and defendant's rejoinder. As Mr. Jebb notes, the tetralogies are to be regarded as repertories of points and topics, not examples of finished form. Of one of these we have the second speech—namely, the accused's refutation of the charge of homicide and his answer to the appeal of the accuser for his banishment to free Athens from pollution. It is spoken by the father of the youth whose javelin has accidentally hit and killed a boy looking on. It is a good specimen of a tetralogy, and presents few critical difficulties. Of another tetralogy we have the accuser's first address, which accuses a youth who had dealt to an elder in a quarrel the blows of which he died. Its speciality is the striking light in which it presents the religious view of homicide as a defilement. The third extract from Antiphon consists of two passages from the trial concerning the slaughter of Herodes, a real case of alleged murder, and of Antiphon's later and freer style an example is given in the extract from the speech on the Choreutes relating to the poisoning of a choir boy by the Choregus with a draught to improve his voice. The date would be circ. 412 B.C.

The interest of Andocides consists in his brilliancy as an amateur. That which strikes us most in him is his narrative skill, his anecdote, his graphic force, his frequent touches of dramatic power. He is, above all, an historical authority of great weight for the period between 415 and 390 B.C. At the very outset of our first sample of his oratory, the speech about his amnesty, spoken not later than 410 B.C., an instance of the Andocidean vividness is noted by Professor Jebb. In Section 16 the orator refers rhetorically to the quickness with which his acquiescence in a life of exile gave place to a natural longing for "the social life of Athens (ἐκείνης) from which I passed into this exile," where ἐξ ἧς δευρὶ μετέστην vividly describes his feelings in banishment, although he is speaking at Athens before the Ecclesia. In like manner in his speech on the charge of impiety

* *Selections from the Attic Orators—Antiphon, Andocides, Lysias, Isocrates, Isæus; being a Companion Volume to the Attic Orators from Antiphon to Isæus.* Edited, with Notes, by R. C. Jebb, M.A., LL.D., Edin., Professor of Greek, Glasgow. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

connected with the mutilation of the Hermæ, which is of stirring interest throughout, the same vividness appears in the graphic account of the prison scene, and in the passage as to the disclosures of Andocides concerning those informed against by Dioclides, which he justifies by the necessity that some one should speak out to clear those implicated by Dioclides, and relieve from peril of death the orator's own friends.

Mr. Jebb describes the third of his orators, Lysias, as the first to reconcile literary finish with the Attic idiom of ordinary life, and credits him with the art, unlike Antiphon or Isocrates, of concealing his art. His distinctive gifts are a delicate mastery of the purest Attic, subtle expression of character, subdued humour, a flexibility of mind ensuring unfailing grace and charm, and a manner varied with subject and occasion. In the extracts here given from this orator, the first, the Olympiacos, is a quasi-Panhellenic speech at Olympia in B.C. 388, the year before the Peace of Antalcidas, in which we are struck by his elaborate and artistic periods. In the fifth extract, from the oration against Eratosthenes, where public and private characters are combined, the periodic structure is blended with a style of greater ease and simplicity; whilst in the last oration against Pancleon, a fuller and runaway slave, the manner of composition is simpler. The speech against Mantitheos illustrates his delineation of character, whilst his power of vivid description is seen in those against Eratosthenes and Agoratus. Lysias's arrangement is generally simple—*i.e.* proem, narrative, proof, epilogue. One or two references may be made to his oration at Olympia, as well as to that against Pancleon; while for the speech against Eratosthenes, that one of the thirty tyrants who had arrested and thrown into prison Polemarchus, the brother of Lysias, which is interesting for the light it throws on the whole history of the Anarchy, we must refer the reader to *Attic Orators*, v. 1. 189-92, which gives a translation of the peroration. In the Olympiacos, § 3, Lysias refers to the legend of Hercules having founded the prizes at Olympia, and brought trees, as Pindar tells, to embellish that garden of the gods, and our editor defines the meaning attached to γνώμης ἐπίδειξιν as, not properly a contest or anything like a μουσικὸς ἀγών, as at Delphi, but a "display of intellect," which, however, thinks the orator, he did not mean to be frivolous. Accordingly the speaker is not going to descend to what he deems the task of worthless and needy declaimers; he is not going to wrangle or quibble about words, but to stir up helpful counsel as to deeds; and he goes on to plead that, if the misfortunes of Hellas arose from weakness, reason would they should bear with them; but, if from dissensions and rivalry, they should cease from feuds and arrest their consequences; and this he adds, εἰδότας ὅτι φιλνεικεῖν μέν ἐστιν εὖ πραττόντων, γνῶναι δὲ τὰ βέλτιστα τῶν αὐτῶν, "Knowing that as such rivalry implies prosperity, so prosperity imposes the duty of forethought." But, as Professor Jebb shows, he has just said that they are *not* prosperous; and Sauppe, seeing this, had proposed for τῶν αὐτῶν, εὖ νοούντων. Better, however, and more acceptable is Mr. Jebb's reading, τῶν ἀτυχῶν, the natural and plausible antithesis. The translation would then be, "Knowing that rivalry is for the prosperous, but that the part of the unfortunate is to devise remedies." The gist of the oration against Pancleon is to shew that Pancleon, a fuller living at Athens, is not an Athenian citizen, but a foreigner, and therefore rightly in the jurisdiction of the Polemarch. Pancleon's issue was a special plea consisting of an objection to the form of procedure, and Lysias pleads, with abundant evidence to back him, that he has brought the action in the proper form and court. For so short an oration, it would be hard to quote one so full of interesting customs of the Greek law courts—*e.g.* the reminder of the orator, § 4 and elsewhere, ἐπίλαβε, stop "the water-clock," an expedient for deducting the time occupied by the witnesses from that allowed to the speech; and the reference to the various jurisdiction of courts of law according as a man was a citizen, a resident alien, or a slave, and to the way in which Lysias acquired the evidence he desired in Platæa, which enabled him to prove that Pancleon was the last of the three—not a Platæan, which would entitle him to the rights of an Athenian citizen, nor even a freeman.

We have left ourselves no space to speak of the remaining orators, Isocrates and Isæus. We must be content to direct our readers to the former, especially in his essential difference from his fellow-orators—namely, that his discourses were meant to be read rather than spoken. Of his grave oratory, Professor Jebb notes that it is best suited to the preacher; and Bossuet speaks of Isocrates, Plato, and Demosthenes, as the Greek writers to whom he owed most. Isæus represents a different phase of Attic oratory—its development in the transition from Lysias to Demosthenes. In diction he resembles the former, though he is free from Lysias's love of antithesis, and is also distinguished from him by a stronger and more elaborate handling of his subject-matter. Of his twelve extant speeches the speciality, says Mr. Jebb, is the contrast between monotony of subject and versatility of tone. The extracts given in this volume are from Or. V. On the Estate of Dikæogenes, which recalls Lysias; Or. XI. On the Estate of Hagnias, which is more Demosthenic; and Or. VIII. On the Estate of Kiron, "distinctively Isæan in its mediation between these types." We recommend the volume as a Long Vacation study to the competitor for classical honours who desires to acquire a tolerably exhaustive insight into Attic orators and oratory, and who will find himself fully equipped if, with his Liddell and Scott, he has Professor Jebb's *History of Attic Orators* and the present volume of Selections.

A MODERN GREEK HEROINE.*

WE think we may assume, on internal evidence, that the author of *A Modern Greek Heroine* is a lady. Professional reviewers have, indeed, too good reason to know that male novelists may be intolerably diffuse and inconsequent; and how indeed should it be otherwise? Three-volume novels must be ground out somehow, and it is hard to find solid grist for the mill when the machinery is to be kept perpetually in motion. But, though men may run riot over the maudlin sentiment which they misinterpret, and may ride hobbies of their own to the last stages of feebleness, with shaky seat and hesitating hand, you do not find them expatiating on a thousand feminine nothings which would never suggest themselves to the masculine mind, or going with admirable realism into the most trivial details of housekeeping, cooking, and domestic economy, or enlivening these with humorous but long-winded stories as to the making of rice-puddings under difficulties. Having settled the sex of the author to begin with, we are next invited by the title to speculate as to her nation. That she is a Greek would of course be the natural assumption, or why should she go so wide of the beaten track as to select a "modern Greek" for her heroine. But here again we have it unmistakably borne in upon us that the author is as English as we are ourselves. It is quite true that her English writing is by no means altogether so pure as might be desired; but the mistakes are not the mistakes of a foreigner. We merely recognize the everyday faults of misplaced epithets and slipshod grammar, with certain subtle vulgarities of expression which are undoubtedly of British growth. Even the heroine herself, with her fantastic and most unpronounceable name, speaks the identical language that the author writes; though since she was cast on the world an unprotected orphan, up to her early marriage, she had been educated in France. The slight links that connect her and the story with the "Clime of the Unforgotten Brave" may be very briefly summarized. *Imprimis*, there is that long-resounding Christian name—Bourbachokatzouli—so exceedingly wearisome to repeat even in the writing, that we presume it explains the fact of the author's habitually referring to her heroine by the formal but unusual style of Miss Valettas. Next we have an occasional god, goddess, or hero, lugged in somehow by the head and shoulders, to be disguised in what we assume to be the orthodox orthography, and which is certainly quaint if it is not original. Finally, every now and then the author seems to be reminded of what she is much inclined to forget—that her interesting young *protégée* is a daughter of Crete, having borrowed her name from some national heroine. Miss Bour—&c. remembers suddenly, for example, that in her innocent girlhood, she has seen Arcturus glittering in the starry skies that smiled on the island of her childish associations. But then the same poetical reminiscence might equally apply to Sicily or Cyprus, or, for the matter of that, to the Shetlands or the Faroe Isles.

That Miss Valettas is most originally conceived, we are very willing to admit; and as arbitrary caprice is the prerogative of beauty, we may grant that her conduct and vagaries are not altogether unnatural. What seems far less probable is the strange series of coincidences by which, with her wayward conduct and winning eccentricities, she subjugates men of the most opposite characters, persuading them to compromise themselves by flagrant imprudences. And, for a girl who has been buffetted about in the world, and who has learned the value of money by varied and painful experiences, she shows herself strangely innocent of the transparent arts by which her devoted admirers help her pecuniarily. When she has been thankful to find a governess's place with a modest salary of 30*l.*, it never strikes her as at all unnatural that a business firm should pay her 100*l.* a year for such humble literary services as she can render them in her leisure hours. But Miss Valettas is a mystery from the very first; and that, indeed, is the gist of the story. We have her introduced dramatically enough to a worthy young clergyman, who has good cause to rue his acquaintance with the siren. The Rev. Mr. Sarleigh, the very respectable curate of the East End parish of St. Adhelm, is sitting solitary in his bachelor rooms, when the call of a young person is announced. Mr. Sarleigh, who is proper and modest to a fault—the sort of unimpeachable young clergyman, as we should suppose, who shines at tea-parties of elderly spinsters, and puts on goloshes when he walks abroad—is naturally scandalized, embarrassed, and taken aback. For the young woman, though draggled and wasted with hunger and trouble, is beautiful, and what may be best characterized as "bumptious." She comes exceedingly straight to the point, with the decision which is a marked feature in her nature. She wants help and she will have it; not temporary assistance, but the assurance of a decent maintenance. The curate's proposal to give her an instalment of what she asks, in the shape of a "square meal" and half-a-crown, is rejected with a disdainful despair that is very finished acting. She does not exactly say to him, "Your money or your life," but the way she puts it is, "Your money or my life." If he will not take her case in hand at once, and give her an assurance of permanent relief, she will go straight away and drown herself in the river; and she rehearses the prologue of the drowning scene with very impressive spirit. Carried away by the contagion of her excitement, and intoxicated by her beauty, we can quite understand Mr. Sarleigh making a fool of himself on the spur of the moment; but we are hardly prepared for a City clergyman, who must have had a cer-

* *A Modern Greek Heroine.* London: Hurst & Blackett. 1880.

tain experience, behaving on second thoughts like an absolute idiot. After having expressed his suspicions with somewhat offensive candour, he passes at once to the opposite extreme, with a facility which reminds us of the mediæval witch stories in which mortals succumb to the influences of enchantment. He takes this most suspicious young female metaphorically and literally by the hand, and to his hearth, while all the time in his heart he sorely misdoubts her. He hires for her rooms close to his own, which were lately occupied by his favourite sister. He tells lies generously on her behalf, and then writes to that sister begging and praying that she will back him up in them. He lends Miss Valettas money freely, and finally he lets her have the run of his own apartments, and with a strange mixture of pleasure and shame tolerates her imposing herself upon him at *tête-à-tête* dinners and breakfasts. We can only wonder that he emerged with any shred of reputation from an ordeal which laid him so terribly open to scandal; nor can we be at all surprised that his vulgar landlady should have given deliverance to her coarse mind in the coarsely abusive language which the author of this remarkable novel has at command when occasion requires.

Necessarily the reverend gentleman has his reward, as might be expected. Miss Valettas's ingratitude is fully equal to her assurance, and, having made use of the clergyman and borrowed his money, she wins his love and scornfully rejects it. But being a prudent, though impulsive, young woman, she does not absolutely break with him; and before showing the contempt she cannot help feeling, she has made sure of a second string to her bow. She has made the acquaintance of one of the curate's friends, who, before he is well conscious of making the *glissade*, has fallen over head and ears in love with the adventuress. This is conceivable, for Jack Montenotte is an artist and a Bohemian to boot, and like draws to like. He has an eye, moreover, for the picturesque and the beautiful, and may be presumed to have recognized the perfect Greek type in the piquant charms of the pert Miss Valettas. But Montenotte's father is equally captivated—platonically and vicariously be it understood—and strongly urges his son to marry her. The passion which Montenotte cherishes is returned; but the course of true love never runs smooth, as we know, and this is no exception to the rule. Before the struggling heroine is to set foot upon solid land, she has to go through sundry vicissitudes and make many an awkward stumble; and besides there are secret ties to be sundered. She is admitted as an inmate in a strict Sisterhood where she gaily outrages all the proprieties—smoking cigarettes in the cloisters and offering her cigarette case to the Lady Superior. This habit of cigarette smoking, by the way, was an additional attraction to Mr. Montenotte and his father. Next she goes out as a governess in the family of a Mr. and Mrs. Rowlands: and, to do her justice, the author has depicted the vulgarity of that couple with a force which leaves little to desire. Both the lady and gentleman are in the habit of getting drunk, or, at all events, are frequently "disguised in liquor"; and Mr. Rowlands precipitates the inevitable rupture by insulting the governess with his impassioned advances after over-indulgence in his favourite beverage of "B. and S." It may be urged, however, in favour of the author, that these Rowlands are intended to be outrageously vulgar. But really, upon the whole they have rather the advantage of the lady sisters of the Rev. Mr. Sarleigh, into whose family Miss Valettas has been welcomed as a guest on their brother's warm introduction. Lilian, the youngest of the three, is made to plead deformity of person and habitual ill-health by way of extenuation for her sins against the law of the land and the proprieties. Still it seems somewhat strong to represent her as stealing money in petty sums from her mother and sisters, leaving suspicion to fall upon the servants, and afterwards robbing Miss Valettas of a couple of sovereigns when that young lady has placed her purse in Lilian's hands. Nor is it even set down, so far as we remember, to the fashionable disease of kleptomania; and we confess to being somewhat astonished that the author should have neglected the opportunity of bringing in a Greek word. And Miss Lilian Sarleigh had a command of "Billingsgate" which even her brother's landlady in the parish of St. Adhelm might have envied her. Here is one of the pleasing flowers of speech, culled at random from the vocabulary which she drew upon with a volubility all her own:—"Because I like it. I'm not going to be jawed, and that is the end of it. If you like to sit here and sermonize to the deuce, you may. I'm going." One may gauge the refinement of the social atmosphere in which Miss Lilian must have been brought up, when she was suffered to break out in eloquence of this fashion; and where her shabby thefts scarcely provoked more sensation or reproof than the fits of temper which were of hourly occurrence. To do Lilian bare justice, however, she is decidedly one of the best of the characters. Essentially unprincipled, vulgar-minded, and shrewish, she is invariably consistent and true to herself, though Miss Valettas, with something of a sisterly feeling, perhaps, charitably professes to find redeeming qualities in her. By the way, she takes after her mother, who can speak almost as forcibly as her youngest daughter when moved out of her habitual selfish apathy. As for the rest of the ladies and gentlemen, their natures keep shifting in a wild phantasmagoria. Even the muddy shallows in the character of the "Greek heroine" are left to the last inscrutable problems. We shall not betray her grand secret, nor dwell on the odd *dénouement* of her story. All we shall say is, that while she impresses us as being radically false and vicious, as she is unquestionably good-looking, impulsive, and wrong-headed, she reaps in the end the rich reward of a husband who adores her, and devotes himself to make her happy. And we may grant that, though her "style" is the very worst, that need not make her union with Mr. Montenotte an unsuitable one, since he is almost worthy of the reclaimed castaway he has wedded.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE interest which was excited by the letters of Doudan fully justifies M. d'Haussonville in bringing out a handsome edition (1), printed with great luxury of margin, of some scattered thoughts which have been found among the papers of that acute and deliberate observer. Doudan was an old enough man to be contemporary with the last—in more senses than one—of the great *pensée* writers of France; and though his maxims, as here reproduced, do not come within a hundred miles of those of Joubert, they show something of the same general aim and tendency. Doudan does not seem to have been severely tormented by the famous desire to get "a page into a sentence, and a sentence into a word," nor are his shortest aphorisms by any means his best. He succeeds most in sketches of a page or two in length, describing generally some man or author; and his descriptions of the author are not generally as good as his descriptions of the man. Some admirable criticisms on Chateaubriand will, however, be found here, and a still more excellent one on Thiers. A living French statesman is said to have defined the political capacity of the first President of the Third Republic by saying, "Il a toujours eu le flair des situations, mais jamais le flair des hommes." So in his History, says Doudan, "Il y a des événements, il n'y a pas d'hommes"; and elsewhere "l'intelligence des événements" is assigned as the main characteristic of the historian. There is much of this acuteness about the book, and it is well worth reading. But the *Pensées* are not of the first order as literature, and when they come to deal with vague subjects, they sometimes degenerate into platitude. A certain element of personality seems to have been a necessity to Doudan if he was to exhibit his powers of observation at their fullest. In things abstract he gropes and is not at home.

Countess Mechtild of Waldeck-Pyrmont has extracted from the archives of the Bentinck and Wassenaer families a considerable number of letters (2) written by Anne and Mary, the daughters of James II. of England. Those of Anne were previously known through Dalrymple; the others appears to be wholly unpublished. Both are of considerable interest, not merely for the history of the Revolution, but as exhibiting the characters of the two sisters. Mary's affectionate piety in particular is displayed in them in a manner which must rejoice the shade of Macaulay.

The work of publishing the long buried MSS.—other than those of the Memoirs—of Saint-Simon the indefatigable seems to have been grappled with in good earnest at last. M. Faugère has undertaken the "parallel" (3) of the first three Bourbon kings, which has for some considerable time been known to exist. The chief object of this is to rehabilitate the memory of Louis XIII., for whom Saint-Simon had a kind of inherited veneration. But the purpose does not prevent the good qualities of the Memoirs from making themselves evident, along, it is true, with a considerable portion of their bad qualities.

M. Edmond-Blanc (4) is a fervent Bonapartist, and he thinks that the anti-Napoleonic movement of which Lanfrey was the great director is altogether unjust. The purpose of his book is to vindicate the First Consul's claim to the merit of having organized the administrative institutions of France. His volume contains a good deal of careful and interesting research, and deserves the attention of the student of this portion of French history. As for the author's object, it is attained as far as such objects are generally attained. Between Lanfrey and M. Edmond-Blanc the verdict is likely to be the old one—"ni cet excès d'honneur ni cette indignité." But M. Edmond-Blanc has undoubtedly carried too far the principle of attributing to Napoleon himself the credit due to his predecessors, associates, and Ministers.

By the side of the gigantic work which assures M. Littré's reputation as long as French is a language, a mere volume of literary essays (5) may seem nothing but a *parergon*. These *Études et glanures* however were well worth rescuing from the condition of MS. or the retirement of periodicals. Except an interesting *causerie*, "Comment j'ai fait mon dictionnaire," they consist chiefly of reviews on a tolerably large scale of works connected with Old French. The most important of these are occupied with M. Scheler's excellent edition of the poems of the Belgian *trouvères*, Baudouin and Jean de Condé, with M. Michelant's charming volume published some ten years ago, and containing the remarkable romance of *Méraugis de Portlesguez*, with the curious *chanson de geste* of *Hugues Capet*, and with Mr. Luard's Lives of Edward the Confessor. In all these M. Littré's erudition, his judgment, and his faculty of writing are alike conspicuous.

In the many volumes of waifs and strays which have been

(1) *Pensées, essais et maximes.* Par X. Doudan. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *Lettres de Marie, reine d'Angleterre.* La Haye: Nijhoff. London: Nutt.

(3) *Écrits inédits de Saint-Simon.* Par P. Faugère. Tome 1. Paris: Hachette.

(4) *Napoléon premier; ses institutions civiles et administratives.* Par Amedée Edmond-Blanc. Paris: Plon.

(5) *Études et glanures.* Par E. Littré. Paris: Didier.

collected since Gautier's death, not many better things have been recovered than the *Études sur les musées*, which fill great part of the now republished *Tableaux à la plume* (6). They were written in the years 1849 and 1850, after the Louvre and the Luxembourg had been rearranged, and they form a complete handbook to those famous galleries, written in the golden language of which Gautier had, almost alone, the secret. Had they been extended to the provincial galleries (as from a paper on the Tours Musée there seems to have been some intention of extending them), the extraordinary riches of France in this respect would have been enshrined in a volume which might have challenged comparison with almost anything of the kind; but at present the series remains a torso. The volume is completed by an *omnium gatherum* of art criticisms (including one on the Salon of 1869), necessarily varying in value as far as their subject-matter is concerned, but always perfect in form.

There are unfortunately but few living French writers in reading whom the change from the author of *La morte amoureuse* does not strike one painfully. Among those few, however, M. Paul de Saint-Victor holds a place second to none. He has been a sparing writer, and especially of late has given the public but little of the prose in which, more than any one else, he is Gautier's pupil. This comparative retirement is justified by the immense scale of the work (7), of which the first part is now issued. Should *Les deux masques* be carried out on its present plan, it will in point of bulk be one of the most remarkable critical studies ever printed. The author promises three series; the first dealing with the great Greek dramatists and with the Indian Calidasa, the second with Shakspeare, and the third with the entire range of French drama. Now as the present volume, containing more than five hundred octavo pages, only introduces the subject and deals with Æschylus, the whole work must be expected to fill at least six or seven volumes, if not more. We confess to a certain doubt as to the wisdom of attempting to fill so large a canvas, especially when we consider the plan on which the author has composed the present corner of it. A history of the Persian wars, even in M. de Saint-Victor's language, seems a tremendous introduction to a criticism of Æschylus. However, the work is so admirable in itself that it is hard to quarrel with the design which has occasioned it. The early chapters on the Bacchic orgies and festivals, and the running criticism of the father of tragedy himself, especially of the *Prometheus* and the *Oresteia*, are wholly admirable. M. de Saint-Victor pleases us much better in his classical studies than in some of his earlier criticisms of modern literature, where he sometimes seemed to lack the catholicity of appreciation which is demanded from critics of his rank. With classical literature he seems to be entirely in sympathy, and the result is extremely happy. In a very few instances his rich and flexible prose becomes a little too prodigal in its wealth, and seems to lack firmness in its flexibility; but this is a danger of the style which no one but Gautier himself has uniformly succeeded in avoiding. We can only add that, if M. de Saint-Victor has taken the same trouble to inform himself of the early history of French drama that he has to master the more beaten field of classical origins, his Third Part ought to give us an admirable and almost entirely novel study.

M. Renan's Hibbert Lectures have just appeared (8) in a convenient form, with the Royal Institution discourse on "Marcus Aurelius" appended. These lectures do not contain much that is new to those who are acquainted with M. Renan's great work, but they might serve very fairly as an introduction to that work, while the "Marcus Aurelius" article anticipates the volume which has yet to appear. It is needless to say that M. Renan, no less than M. de Saint-Victor, is exempted from the complaint as to degeneration of prose style which has just been made, though here, too, there are perhaps some symptoms of a certain want of severity.

Among geographical books and records of travel the place of honour must be given to the two handsome volumes (9) which M. Rocher has devoted to the province of Yunnan, one of the most interesting parts, historically and commercially, of the Chinese Empire. M. Rocher's acquaintance with the country was made seven or eight years ago, just as the Panthay rebellion was succumbing to the sheer weight and dogged pressure of Chinese power. His book contains not merely an account of his own travels, but a history of the province, a sketch of the singular episode in which for nearly twenty years the Mussulman inhabitants maintained their independence, and an elaborate account of the metallurgical industries which make the district of such great importance, and which, were it more accessible, would make it still more important. The French, as is well known to students of things Asiatic, have been encouraged by the practical failure of our efforts at opening trade between Yunnan and British Burmah to try their own luck from Cochin China and its "protected" dependencies. But M. Rocher writes in no spirit of narrow nationality; and indeed he seems to have been assisted by Englishmen in bringing out his book, which, it should be noted, has an excellent map and many diagrams. M. Rivière's *Souvenirs* (10) are perhaps rather historical than geographical, and deal chiefly with the recent Kanak rebellion, in which the author, as commander of a French man-of-war, took an active part. By M. Rivière's account the business must have been a more serious one than it was generally thought. It should be said that the writer is apparently a man of considerable originality of mind; and that his reflections on North America, on the status of missionaries in Oceania, &c., are worth attention. On the other hand, M. Gabriel Charmes's articles (11), reprinted from the *Débats*, are little more than average newspaper "copy" of the picturesque variety. The author may be remembered as having recently given a very unfavourable account of our occupation of Cyprus; and a perusal of this book is rather useful as supplying spectacles through which to read that testimony. The *Voyage de M. de Lesseps* (12), uncle of the M. de Lesseps of to-day, and companion of the ill-fated La Pérouse in the early part of his expedition, is a well-written account of his journey home, ninety years ago, across Siberia.

M. Marc Monnier has written a pleasant book (13) on an interesting but rather dangerous subject. He believes in comparative mythology, but does not see all things in the dawn and the sunset.

In one sense *Les lettres d'Éverard* (14), which form the chief part of a new volume of Lanfrey's reprinted works, may have deserved republication as indicating a state of mind which was undoubtedly prevalent among some earnest Frenchmen under the Second Empire. In themselves, however, they are rather dull, and are penetrated by a kind of political sentimentalism of which, it is to be hoped, the day is past and gone.

M. Camille Pelletan's *Semaine de mai* (15) is a long and acrimonious pamphlet, going to prove the atrocities committed by the party of order in putting down the Commune.

In *Les femmes des Tuileries* (16), as in numerous volumes with not dissimilar titles which he has previously published, M. Imbert de Saint-Amand gives a kind of picturesque and popular historical essay. The events connected with the building upon which M. Pelletan's injured friends bestowed their tender mercies naturally give ample scope for this kind of treatment.

A very good translation has appeared of Herr Karl Hillebrand's book on France and Frenchmen (17). Those to whom French is easier reading than German will find here much acute observation of life and much obtuse criticism of literature.

There have been published the third edition (18) of the *Dictionnaire des professions*, an elaborate guide for the youthful Frenchman and his parents in his choice of a *métier*, and a rather useful book of reference for foreigners; the third and fourth *fascicules* (19) of the *Dictionnaire des contemporains*; the first part (20) of a translation of Curtius's Greek History; and a fresh volume, devoted to financial matters (21), of M. Quantin's useful *Bibliothèque parlementaire*.

We may notice two monographs on points of French etymology and orthoepy, both, it would appear, written by foreigners. M. Mende's study (22) of the pronunciation of the mute *e* has the valuable endorsement of M. Legouvé. M. Schapiro's pamphlet (23) contains some ingenious and erudite notes on the names of weapons, such as bayonet, &c.

M. Maurice Bouchor, if his poetical work has not quite justified the promise of originality with which he announced himself some years ago, deserves at least the praise of possessing a certain spirit and verve which are not always present in the work of contemporary French poets. The worst of it is that, after addressing lively reproaches to his brethren of the *Parnasse* for their shortcomings, he has, with a difference, fallen into very nearly the same shortcomings himself. These *Contes parisiens* (24) have indeed much more life in them than the work of the ordinary followers of Baudelaire, of M. de Banville, or of M. Leconte de Lisle. But they are no less second-hand. M. Bouchor's models are, it is true, taken from the early and brilliant attempts of the romantic school rather than from its later and less original accomplishments. But he clings to his model nearly as timidly as the most starched *Parnassien*. But for "Namouna" and "Don Paez," and "Albertus," we should assuredly never have had these *Contes*, and we are afraid that there is nothing in them which promises a *Nuit d'octobre*, or a *Comédie de la mort*, much less an *Andalouse* or a *Barcarolle*. Still it

(6) *Tableaux à la plume*. Par Théophile Gautier. Paris: Charpentier.
(7) *Les deux masques*. Par Paul de Saint-Victor. Tome 1. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(8) *Conférences d'Angleterre*. Par Ernest Renan. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(9) *La province Chinoise de Yunnan*. Par E. Rocher. Paris: Leroux.
(10) *Souvenirs de la Nouvelle-Calédonie*. Par H. Rivière. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(11) *Cinq mois au Caire*. Par G. Charmes. Paris: Charpentier.
(12) *Voyage de M. de Lesseps*. Raconté par lui-même. Paris: Dreyfous.
(13) *Les contes populaires en Italie*. Par Marc Monnier. Paris: Charpentier.
(14) *Les lettres d'Éverard*. Par P. Lanfrey. Paris: Charpentier.
(15) *La semaine de mai*. Par C. Pelletan. Paris: Dreyfous.
(16) *Les femmes des Tuileries*. Par Imbert de Saint-Amand. Paris: Dentu.
(17) *La France et les Français*. Par Karl Hillebrand. Paris: Dreyfous.
(18) *Dictionnaire des professions*. Par Ed. Charton. Paris: Hachette.
(19) *Dictionnaire des contemporains*. Par G. Vapereau. Fasc. 3 and 4. Paris: Hachette.
(20) *Histoire grecque*. Par E. Curtius. Trad. par A. Bouché Leclercq. Fasc. 1. Paris: Leroux.
(21) *Mécanisme du budget d'état*. Par G. Bergeret. Paris: Quantin.
(22) *La prononciation de l'e muet à Paris*. Par Ad. Mende. London: Trübner.
(23) *Révélations étymologiques*. Par M. Schapiro. I. Armes tranchantes. Paris: Maisonneuve.
(24) *Contes parisiens en vers*. Par Maurice Bouchor. Paris: Charpentier.

must be admitted that they are livelier than such work as that of which M. Armand Silvestre (25) is a fairly typical master. M. Silvestre is quite irreproachable from the technical side, but from any other he is open to destructive assaults. There really is not the least reason in the world why any one who has read *Les fleurs du mal*, or *Les odelettes*, should read these *Ailes d'or*. So also the weakness as well as the strength of the Parnassiens is shown in the reprint of two of M. Sully Prudhomme's works (26). M. Sully Prudhomme is an excellent artist, but he is painfully destitute of humour, and his prose preface exhibits the fact glaringly. "Don't take yourselves too seriously," is the lesson which all these poets have to learn, and we are not quite certain that M. Bouchor, despite his Rabelaisian *allures*, is not as much in need of it as his brethren. M. Oudéis's prettily printed epigrams (27) are less open to the charge of priggishness. But they are for the most part epigrams much more after the fashion of the excellent Davies of Hereford in James I.'s time than after that of Martial.

It is almost a pity that M. About's return to his first works should be accompanied, as it is, by a very strong reminiscence of his last. *Le roman d'un brave homme* (28), though as well written and as interesting as we might expect, is disfigured by not a little political and national partisanship which would be much better away. Still it has in its favour its author's excellent narrative power, his capital faculty of writing French, and his acute observation of the men and things of the last forty years in France. The contrast between the breadth and freedom of such a book, the heroine of which is of a type hardly yet attempted by any true-born Frenchman, and only yet attained by M. Cherbuliez, and the unhealthy miasmatic atmosphere of the narrow space in which the ordinary French novelist confines himself, could hardly be better shown than by *Les amours d'un pianiste* (29). M. Audeval has talent, and in his handling of the eternal trio he displays it; but it is, after all, a case of "damnable iteration." In *Le mari* (30) M. Ernest Daudet, after condescending to comedy in his last novel, tries tragedy. A double murder, or attempted murder, at the peaceable hotel of the "Pomme d'Or" in Jersey, opens the book, and a little madness and the like finish it. Unluckily standards of morality differ, and the conduct of "Le Mari," which includes deliberately planned assassination without the possibility of defence on the victim's part, perhaps seems less admirable to us than it does to M. Daudet. M. Glatron dedicates his book (31) to M. Challemel-Lacour with a rather pompous expression of thanks to the latter for having accepted his first work in such a newspaper as *La République Française*. *La nièce du curé* is carefully written and not destitute of power. But we shall hardly be uncharitable in suspecting that the extremely unfavourable picture drawn of the curé had not a little to do with the acceptance by the *République Française* of the niece. *Après la faute* (32) is the history of a very ill-tempered young woman and an erring but badly treated young man, while *La chasse aux Nihilistes* (33) utilizes for the purpose of a very sensational novel the recent attempt to blow up the Czar's train. In *La Russie rouge* MM. Tissot and Améro have collaborated to produce another Russian novel (34), full of the local colour which M. Tissot knows so well how to apply. The author of *Claude Aubertin* has for the moment renounced his attempt to distance his revered masters MM. Zola and De Goncourt on their own course, and has fallen back (35) on what may be called the *Roman agent de change*, for the origin of which Balzac is perhaps responsible. The ordinary ground of the realists is quartered over yet once more by M. Rude (36); but in *Les drames à toute vapeur* (37) M. Debans has produced a collection of extravaganzas not unworthy to rank with M. Champfleury's masterpiece. The tale called "Sombreker," the story of an engine-driver who goes mad on his engine, and determines to steam away indefinitely, and that entitled "Master Go Ahead," telling how a Yankee brother of the craft took a train loaded with powder into the thick of a battle in the Civil War, are really excellent of their kind.

(25) *Les ailes d'or.* Par Armand Silvestre. Paris: Charpentier.
(26) *Poésies de Sully Prudhomme.* 1878-1879. Paris: Lemerre.
(27) *Brocards et fanfreluches.* Par E. D. Oudéis. Paris: Ollendorff.
(28) *Le roman d'un brave homme.* Par Edmond About. Paris: Hachette.
(29) *Les amours d'un pianiste.* Par H. Audeval. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(30) *Le mari.* Par Ernest Daudet. Paris: Plon.
(31) *La nièce du curé.* Par G. Glatron. Paris: Lemerre.
(32) *Après la faute.* Par Jules Carné. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(33) *La chasse aux Nihilistes.* Par Paul Vernier. Paris: Ollendorff.
(34) *La Russie rouge.* Par V. Tissot et C. Améro. Paris: Dentu.
(35) *Séraphin et cie.* Par Vast-Ricouard. Paris: Ollendorff.
(36) *Ces dames.* Par Maxime Rude. Paris: Dreyfous.
(37) *Les drames à toute vapeur.* Par Camille Debans. Paris: Plon.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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OF

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THE IRISH LAND BILL.

THE curiosity with which the second night's debate on the Irish Disturbance Bill had been expected was chiefly concentrated on Mr. GLADSTONE's speech and on the division; but Mr. GIBSON's forcible denunciation of the Bill and Lord HARTINGTON's reply excited considerable interest. Mr. CARTWRIGHT, Mr. BRAND, and Colonel KINGSCOTE, and, in a later debate, Mr. ALBERT GREY, had the opportunity of expressing the uneasiness which the measure has produced in the minds of many of the supporters of the Government. Mr. GLADSTONE abstained from repeating the attacks on landowners which had formed the substance of the Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL's alarming and mischievous speech. With better judgment, Mr. GLADSTONE endeavoured to reduce the importance of the measure to the lowest point, by contending that the landlord retained unimpaired all his remedies but one; and that he was not even nominally or absolutely deprived of the power of eviction. He even accepted the principle of an amendment to the effect that the Bill shall not apply to the case of landlords who are willing to allow the tenant to sell his interest in the land; and his extemporaneous concession has since been embodied in Mr. LAW's Amendment. By this sudden alteration of the Bill, the Ulster right will be introduced into the scheduled districts, to be hereafter extended to the rest of Ireland. This perhaps is a part of the debt which, in Mr. GLADSTONE's reckless language, has long been accumulating against the Irish landlords. No single phrase could be better calculated to encourage projects of spoliation. Neither Mr. GLADSTONE nor Mr. FORSTER succeeded in dispelling the belief that the measure had been suddenly devised for the purpose of meeting the demands of the Irish agitators; and both of them have repeated more than once the mysterious intimation that a more comprehensive measure will be introduced in a future Session. Nothing was more remarkable in Monday's debate than the silence of Mr. PARNELL and his colleagues, who would scarcely have been satisfied if they shared Lord HARTINGTON's opinion that the measure has no tendency to prevent the payment of rent or to disturb the foundations of property. As Mr. PARNELL truly stated on a late occasion, the Bill is borrowed from Mr. O'CONNOR POWER, with a colourable change in the limitation of time and place which in no degree affects its principle. The purpose of the original measure was undoubtedly to prevent the present payment of rent, and not merely to prohibit eviction. Mr. GLADSTONE and other Ministerial apologists wasted time in discussing other ostensible methods of recovering the rent. If there were in any case subject-matter for a distress, or a prospect of recovering the debt by ordinary process, the tenant would have no need to fear eviction. It is known that in many cases the notice of eviction is a mere ordinary form by which immediate payment is obtained.

Notwithstanding much ingenious reasoning, the character of the Bill is clearly defined by the consent of supporters and opponents. No equally significant interference with proprietary rights has at any former time been attempted by Parliament. It is true that, as Mr. GLADSTONE said, the tithe settlement of forty years ago was in one sense a precedent of arbitrary legislation. One-fourth of the property of the tithe-owner was transferred to the landlord, on condition of his relieving the occupier from the liability. It is true that neither party was ostensibly consulted; but the consent of both was assured, and consequently taken for granted. The landlords received a large bonus, and the tithe-owners, consisting principally of the clergy, were rescued by the Act from a condition of extreme and hopeless distress. In the present case there is no similar consent on the part of the victims of anomalous legislation. The numerous instances which have been quoted of the refusal of loans and advances, in consequence of Mr. FORSTER's Bill, were not answered by Mr. GLADSTONE's reference to the frequent exclusion of Irish securities from the powers of trustees. In the cases which have lately occurred proposals for loans had actually been accepted, when the transactions were suddenly rendered abortive by the appearance of the Bill. The depreciation of the security, and therefore of the value, of property is not confined to the scheduled districts. The readiness of a Government with an irresistible majority at its back to tamper with the rights of property causes a feeling of uneasiness which extends beyond the scheduled districts and beyond Ireland. The opponents of the measure were taunted with their imprudence in promoting the conspiracy against the payment of rent which they apprehended and foretold. In the same manner protests against any project of spoliation tend to encourage the cupidity of those who are likely to profit by an act of injustice. The authors and supporters of the Bill are responsible for the consequences of the alarm which they have caused. Their indifference to justice is illustrated by their application to the anti-rent Bill of the schedule of the Bill for the Relief of Distress. In many cases districts were properly included in the schedule for the purpose of providing employment for labourers who had no land in their occupation. The farmers now profit, at the expense of their landlords, by the accident of living in a district where relief works were provided.

The Government may probably continue to rely on its majority, notwithstanding the threatened loss of Irish support; but the division lists are highly significant both in the names which they include and in the catalogue of Liberal absentees. Lord HARTINGTON is constantly vouched by his party as a witness against the charge of subversive tendencies; but a Minister who is not disposed to break with his colleagues must often prefer political considerations to personal opinion and inclination. Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH is also a member of the Government. Lord EDWARD CAVENDISH declined to vote for the Bill. It may be added that, although Lord HARTINGTON deserves the high character which he bears, he has on two occasions committed grave and possibly ruinous mistakes. In looking over the list of Liberal dissentients and absentees, Lord HARTINGTON may perhaps have regretted to find the names of nearly all the great proprietors belonging to the party, or of the members of their families. Sir JOHN RAMSDEN, Mr. PORTMAN, and Mr. GREY voted against the Bill. Three members of the FITZWILLIAM family, the eldest son of the Duke of BEDFORD, the eldest son of the Duke of SUTHERLAND, and the eldest son of Lord WENLOCK, declined to support the Government. Still more significant is the resignation of Lord LANSDOWNE, who has from his entrance into public life been a consistent Liberal. The Liberal opponents of the Government in Monday night's division, and those who withheld their support, numbered eighty, and the argument drawn from their defection is not answered by sneers at aristocratic prejudice and selfishness. Rightly or wrongly,

the malcontents agreed with Mr. PARNELL and Mr. BIGGAR in their conviction that the Bill involved a dangerous interference with property. The large majority which nevertheless carried the Bill greatly aggravates the alarm which is not exclusively caused by the Irish measure. Another assault, rendered more offensive by the manner in which it was delivered, has reminded English landowners of the dangers to which they are exposed in the presence of a Government pledged against their interests and rights.

The evening journal which has lately become the organ of extreme or revolutionary radicalism, commented by anticipation on the schism in the Liberal party which is disclosed by the division on the Disturbance Bill. Mr. GLADSTONE, as the writer thoughtfully and justly observed, will have an arduous task in carrying democratic measures through a plutocratic House of Commons. It may be incidentally remarked that plutocracy means, in the revolutionary dialect, the possession of power by the upper and middle sections of society, as distinguished from the classes which live on weekly wages. The actual plutocracy consisting in the social condition of members of the House of Commons is largely tempered by the influence of constituencies, which more and more incline to supervise and limit the independence of their representatives. It is nevertheless true that an Assembly of members generally possessing a competence is likely to regard measures of spoliation with distaste. The writer proceeds to argue, with much plausibility, that Mr. GLADSTONE would do well to pass a new Reform Bill before he proceeds with his attacks on property in land. It is interesting to find that a zealous and candid partisan has no doubt as to the policy of the Minister who has proposed the Hares and Rabbits Bill and the Disturbance Bill. The fears of the extreme alarmists are, in the view of their avowed enemy, fully justified by the facts. Disregarding the earnest professions of Lord HARTINGTON, of Mr. FORSTER, and of Mr. GLADSTONE himself, the theorists who claim to abolish or largely to modify the rights of owners assume as too clear for argument the proposition that pending measures are but instalments of a systematic interference with landed property. It is probable that their aspirations will not be gratified until Parliament is packed for the purpose by a further degradation of the suffrage. Their well-founded hopes illustrate the gravity of Lord HARTINGTON's error in binding the party of which he was then the leader to the support of household suffrage in counties. No other measure announced by the present Government is so deeply and organically dangerous. It is possible that some moderate Liberals may retract a thoughtless concession, when the measure which they had persuaded themselves to regard as harmless is openly demanded by the revolutionary faction as a condition of successful violation of the rights of property. The obedience of the bulk of the Liberal party has been severely strained by the demand that they should vote for a measure which was borrowed from the Irish Land League. The most independent Liberals refused to follow the Minister, and it is probable that on future occasions the plutocracy may be more generally mutinous. If Mr. GLADSTONE fails to control his followers through the Liberal Associations in the boroughs, he will probably in the next Session follow the advice of the journalist who urges him to introduce a new Reform Bill. It may be hoped that the late dissentients, representing the Liberal aristocracy, will offer some resistance to a measure which will be designed to purge the House of Commons of themselves and their class.

EUROPE AND TURKEY.

THE Berlin Conference accomplished its task with ease and rapidity, but it remains to be seen how its decisions are to be carried into effect. The plenipotentiaries and their assistants have, in accordance with their instructions, altered the map which describes the territories of Greece and Turkey; and their Governments have embodied their recommendations in the form of a collective Note. The six Powers had previously agreed on a principle which left little discretion to their representatives. The provisions of the Berlin Treaty were to be more clearly defined in the sense which had at the time been attached to the document by M. WADDINGTON. The French Minister had openly undertaken the defence of Greek interests, which were, for some unknown reason, not favoured by the English plenipotentiaries. It was generally understood that Greece was to obtain a considerable portion of Epirus and Thessaly, but it was left in doubt whether the frontier should follow the line of the rivers which run east and west, or the northern and southern watershed. The claim of Greece to the possession of the important town of Janina was disputed on the ground that the population was chiefly of Albanian origin, while it was urged on the other side that it had become essentially Greek in language and manners. It would have been more convenient that the details of the question should be finally settled at Berlin; but it was probably found impossible to arrive at an agreement, and the delimitation of territory was remitted to the States concerned in the dispute, with but a vague probability of their agreeing on a frontier. The Turks, as might be expected, placed every difficulty in the way of a cession of territory which appeared to them both undesirable and intrinsically unjust. The Greeks were not disposed to make a compromise of claims which, as the result has proved, were likely to be granted in full when the Powers should be ultimately driven to mediation.

The present English Government so far assumed the initiative as to propose that the plan of M. WADDINGTON should be the basis of a settlement. It was obvious that the suggestion must be acceptable to France; and the other Powers seem to have felt little interest in the question. Nearly the whole of Epirus and Thessaly, including both Janina and the coast opposite Corfu, have been prospectively detached from the Turkish Empire and assigned to Greece. The kingdom will, when the scheme is realized, receive an augmentation of nearly half a million of subjects, the great majority being Greek in race and religion. There can be little doubt that under Greek rule the population will be more contented and better governed, but the settlement is not likely to be final. The same grounds on which the cession has been recommended will apply to the islands and to some of the continental districts; and probably at no distant date the kingdom will receive further additions, either by means of successful war, or, as in the present instance, by way of reward for abstaining from aggression. It is also possible that eventually a friendly understanding between Greece and Turkey may be founded on a common antagonism to Bulgarian pretensions; but for the present the relations of the two States will be severely strained. Former Congresses and Conferences have for the most part had at their disposal immediate means of executing their decrees. In 1878 Turkey was in no position to resist the dictates of the Powers; for Russia and Austria promptly suppressed opposition in the provinces which they respectively undertook to occupy. It is hardly possible that the Powers which took part in the Conference of Berlin can have intended to give occasion for a war between Greece and Turkey, but the means by which the risk is to be averted have not been hitherto disclosed. Precedents might be found for a forcible disturbance by the Great Powers of territorial arrangements for reasons of expediency, even when they were not, as in the present case, reinforced by sentimental considerations. The most analogous precedent is furnished by the separation of Belgium from Holland, when a French army with the consent of England besieged and took Antwerp, which the Dutch commander refused to evacuate. The dissolution of the Kingdom of the Netherlands as it had been constituted after the close of the great war was as unwelcome to England as it was gratifying to France; and Russia, Austria, and Prussia, then united in the Holy Alliance, would gladly have suppressed a revolutionary movement; but Lord PALMERSTON saw from the first that Belgium, on the refusal of independence, would seek annexation to France, and he was determined, as far as possible, to maintain the barrier which had been erected against French ambition.

Some politicians may be inclined to discern in the aggrandizement of Greece a similar provision against the extension of Russian influence; but other motives have led the Governments to concur in recommending to Turkey a cession of territory to Greece. The French remember with pride their share in the battle of Navarino, and the expulsion of the Egyptians from the Morea by a French army. They were also anxious during the Congress of Berlin to resume their position in the Councils of Europe; and the Greeks, then grievously in want of a patron, supplied the desired opportunity. Germany, though

comparatively neutral, has always regarded the Turks with contemptuous dislike, and Austria could scarcely stipulate for the integrity of the SULTAN's dominions on the eve of her own occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. The Russian Government, though it had not been forward to support the pretensions of Greece, was not disposed to be outbid in proposals for the dismemberment of Turkey. The present English Cabinet, or its chief, is probably actuated by sympathy with the aspirations of Greece, which is rendered warmer by antipathy to the Turkish Government and religion. The liberation of a remaining portion of the subject races will probably improve the condition of the provinces which are to be transferred. The Albanians who form a part of the population have long been within reach of Greek influence, and there is no reason to suppose that they cherish obstinate loyalty to the SULTAN. Those who formerly deprecated the gradual partition of Turkey are forced to recognize the results of the Russian victories. It has become necessary to consider how the inheritance is ultimately to be divided, and of all the probable claimants Greece is open to the least objection. Unlike the Slavonic principalities, the Greek kingdom has seldom courted the protection of Russia, and none of the neighbouring communities possess the same political and commercial aptitude.

The question remains, whether measures have been taken for procuring or enforcing the acceptance by Turkey of the authoritative interpretation which has now been given to the Treaty of Berlin. Mr. GLADSTONE, conventionally or ironically, declares that it would be discourteous to express a doubt of the deference of Turkey to the demands of united Europe; but there is little doubt that the Turkish Government will, in the first instance at least, refuse or withhold submission to the collective Note. Even if the Porte were unexpectedly to profess a more compliant disposition, the policy which was employed against Austria, and with better success against Montenegro, would not fail to be repeated. The Albanians of Epirus might be induced to offer an independent opposition to the compulsory transfer of their allegiance; and Imperial troops stationed in the district would probably encourage the resistance which they might nominally undertake to suppress. Although peace was officially supposed to exist between Austria and Turkey, the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina was only effected after serious hostilities by an army of a hundred thousand men. The territory which had been assigned to Montenegro by a compromise is still in the possession of the Albanian insurgents. The Greek army has of late been largely reinforced, but it consists almost entirely of raw recruits who can be no match for Turkish veterans. The inhabitants of the districts which are to be ceded will scarcely run the risk of an insurrection, when they may reasonably hope to attain their liberation by European assistance. At present it is not known that any preparation has been made to execute the sentence delivered at Berlin. Rumours of movements of the English and French Mediterranean fleets are formally contradicted; and there is no probability of any movement of troops by Austria, Germany, or Russia. Perhaps there may be some unexpected solution of a difficulty which must have been foreseen. The insurrection which is threatened in East Roumelia, under Russian officers, may perhaps induce the Turks to be more yielding on the side of Greece. Their complaints of the utter disregard of the stipulations which were made in their favour at Berlin will receive little attention. Although some political writers have suggested that a successful war might increase the reputation and confirm the national reputation of Greece, it is impossible to suppose that the Great Powers would have deliberately planned a costly and doubtful struggle. The Ambassadors at Constantinople may perhaps have been instructed to apply some kind of pressure which may be strong enough to overcome the repugnance of the SULTAN to a cession of territory; but the means which can be employed are not obvious. The English Government, unless all its professions have been worthless, will not be disposed to go to war with Turkey even under the influence of the most benevolent motives. The late Ministers will perhaps regard not without complacency an embarrassment which, when they were in office, they hesitated to incur.

BUENOS AYRES.

THE latest news received from Buenos Ayres seems to show that the civil war which was a consequence or an incident of the election of a President for the Argentine Confederation has been brought to an end. The Confederation consists of the province and town of Buenos Ayres, and of thirteen inland provinces. Buenos Ayres wanted to have the President of its choice, and the inland provinces wanted to have the President of their choice. If this, however, had been all, there would have been nothing specially to notice in an occurrence so ordinary in the history of South American Republics as a military contest over a Presidential election. Every four or six years there is a scramble for the plunder of office, and the only way to win in the scramble is to be stronger than any other candidate. Nothing can be a greater curse to a country than to have Presidential elections of this type. But it is much easier to deplore the evil than to show how it is to be remedied. No form of government, except that of a Republic, is possible in the American colonies of Spain. There are no elements out of which a stable monarchy could be composed. Either a foreign or a native sovereign would be shot as soon as he gave a chance to his enemies. A military dictatorship may be created, and Buenos Ayres, as well as most other of these Spanish Republics, has tried such a dictatorship. But it is only a question of time. Sooner or later, the military dictator must fall, and even while his rule lasts, the country, although actual disturbances may be suppressed, undergoes every other inconvenience which a Presidential election brings with it. There is a perpetual condition of siege, and every one lives in a state of suspense, not believing in the military dictatorship as good in itself or as likely to last, but merely waiting until it is over. The peculiarity of the Spanish Republics is that there is a population to make revolutions, people who are willing to fight and, if necessary, to die for the chance of getting a little temporary plunder on their own account, and with the object of securing a longer term of plundering for those who bring them together. But there is no population to object to revolutions. In the United States there is a vast number of thriving, law-abiding men who are determined that the Presidential election shall not degenerate into a military contest, and who are able to impose their will on the whole Union. There is no such population in the South American Republics. Vast tracts of land are held by lonely settlers, who are absorbed in the task of constantly protecting their own lives, and cannot be brought together in order to put down a revolution. They leave the game of politics to be played by the professionals, and are mainly anxious that the professionals should play their game quickly, and decide who is to be the winner. Still all South American Republics are not alike. Some are better, wiser, richer, than others. Chili has little to be ashamed of. But in Chili there is much wealth and industry, the population is of a higher type, the influence of foreigners is strong, and there has been for many years a Government conducted by an aristocracy at once capable and respected. Mexico is in some respects better than it was, for there too foreign capital is beginning to tell, and there is a President sufficiently strong to have a fair prospect of being able to avoid a civil war by securing the election of the man of his choice. In the Argentine Confederation there has in recent years been an enormous immigration, chiefly of Italians, and although there has been a severe financial crisis, the country has within the last twenty years made an enormous stride towards prosperity. It is probably owing to these causes that the recent struggle has been so quickly terminated.

But it is said that the struggle has not been of the usual type. It was not merely a contest to decide which of two candidates should be President, but it was really meant to decide whether the Confederation should or should not be broken up. Buenos Ayres wished to secede, and its President was to be President of one province and not of fourteen. The struggle was therefore like that which followed the election of President LINCOLN, and not like the struggles so familiar to the inhabitants of Peru and Mexico. In old days Buenos Ayres was an independent Republic. Then it joined the Argentine Confederation, and now it is said to be tired of the union, and desirous of setting up again for itself. It complains that as a member of the Confederation

it is very badly treated. The city itself is three centuries old and contains nearly 200,000 inhabitants. The province is rich and is full of enterprising settlers. What the city and the province complain of is that they are ground-down with taxation in order that the thirteen inland provinces may thrive on their misery. While the taxation in Buenos Ayres is 11*l.* per head, in the other provinces it is only six shillings a head, and Buenos Ayres has to stand this weight of taxation because the interest must be paid on loans with which railways and telegraphs and wells have been made in the interior. The population of the city and province may be roughly stated at one third of the total population of the Confederation, and thus, as it is alleged, one third pays for the other two thirds. Buenos Ayres objects to this, and would like to keep its money for itself. Accordingly when a new President was to be elected, it announced that it intended to have a President of its own, and that the thirteen other provinces might have any President they pleased so long as they kept aloof from Buenos Ayres. The other provinces replied that they would not allow Buenos Ayres to secede, and that their President would enter the city at the head of his troops if he could not enter it otherwise. To them it is a matter of life and death that Buenos Ayres should remain in the Confederation. It only needs a glance at a map to see why this is so. These provinces, with an area said to be eight times as large as France, have no outlet to the sea except Buenos Ayres. The harbour of Buenos Ayres is not a good one, and gets worse as it is being filled up with alluvial deposits. Still it is a harbour, and there are all the appliances for loading and unloading freight. Vast as is the territory of the Confederation, it has no seaboard except at Buenos Ayres. Monte Video is superior to Buenos Ayres as a port; but then Monte Video is in Uruguay, not in the Confederation; and, even if arrangements could be made for using Monte Video, the inland Argentine provinces are cut off from it by the enormous rivers of the Parana and the Uruguay. The whole commerce and the whole future of these provinces would be at the mercy of Buenos Ayres if Buenos Ayres were allowed to become independent and hostile.

It is difficult to find even a shadow of justification for the pretensions of Buenos Ayres. The quarrel between Buenos Ayres and the Confederation is an old one, and there have been many fights to bring it to a conclusion. In 1861 Buenos Ayres gained a decided advantage, and its President was left in possession of the field. It then offered to come to terms. The President was made the President of the whole Confederation into which Buenos Ayres entered, and the Customs revenues of the city were formally given over for the support of the National Government. This was the arrangement made by Buenos Ayres itself in the hour of victory. It saw that the only possible chance of permanent peace was to throw in its lot with the provinces. And the immediate effects of this prudent concession were most satisfactory. A tide of immigration set in, fortunes were rapidly made, and the revenue was doubled in a few years. Unfortunately, the Confederation found it too easy to borrow, and when it got into difficulties it had recourse to forced loans. Its treatment of the Bank of Buenos Ayres was sheer robbery; but it may be observed that to this impudent swindle the local Legislature of Buenos Ayres was a party. Overtrading brought on a crisis, many were ruined, and fewer immigrants were found willing to take the risk of settling in a country which seemed in a bad way. As the liabilities of the Confederation had continued to increase, new taxes were found indispensable; and thus in a time of distress people had to pay more than they had been accustomed to pay in the hour of their prosperity. But the people of Buenos Ayres had no special cause of complaint. They seem to pay much more than their fair share of taxation if the Customs revenues are included in their taxes. But they had given these revenues to the Confederation, and it is obvious that the Customs duties on goods sent into the interior are really borne by the consumers who live there. They themselves are more heavily taxed than the inhabitants of the provinces; but then they are much richer. The last device of Argentine finance has been to impose a heavy export duty on wool. This impost is not only a direct violation of the Constitution, which forbids export duties, but is most injurious to the country, as it burdens Argentine wool-growers in the competition of the European market. But, at any rate, it was expressly devised as a means of making things easier for Buenos Ayres and harder for the provinces. It is true, again, that the proceeds of the loans have been spent in railways in the provinces; but it was in the provinces that railways were wanted, and undertakings which benefit the provinces must benefit the capital. So far as Europe is interested in the matter, all its interests lie in the maintenance of the union of Buenos Ayres with the Confederation. With this union maintained there is a magnificent field for enterprise in the territories of the Confederation, and without it there would be scarcely any.

THE RADICAL WHIP AND SPUR.

ALL political observers of any acuteness predicted that the present Parliament, itself elected as a surprise, would in its course present or give rise to many surprising phenomena. The prediction has already been fulfilled pretty amply, and one not of the least remarkable of the results already accruing is the attitude of the extreme Radical party, as represented by its chief literary organ, the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It is no secret that on the very morrow of the election many members of this party openly expressed regret at the result. The country, they said, had put a Liberal majority into power without being itself prepared for extreme measures, and still more without taking care that individual members of Parliament were so prepared. The golden opportunity was thus occurring too soon—a thing as annoying to eager expectants as its occurring too late. This dissatisfaction was not appeased by the constitution of the Ministry, even though two extreme Radicals, and one only less extreme, were recruited for it from the Irreconcilable party. It was but too obvious to the believers in the Radical "Thorough" that only half measures (in their sense) could be expected from such a Ministry, and still more from such a Parliament. They have since discovered, not only that nothing but half measures can be expected, but that even these half measures cannot be "rushed" through Parliament in the manner they like. The Radical ideal of legislation is the proceeding of that famous night in the early days of the French Revolution when half the institutions of France were abolished at a sitting. Certainly the proceedings of the present Session come sadly short of such an ideal. The Government measures labour heavily in the Parliamentary sea; the crews who work them are by no means as smart as they might be, and answer the boatswain's whistle with very doubtful alacrity. Accordingly a cry of "Faster! faster!" has been set up by the Radicals, and their organ, rather to the disgust of its less thoroughgoing allies, has not merely emitted this cry very sharply, but has devised some remarkable constitutional theories in support of it. Last Saturday the *Pall Mall Gazette* laid down the duties of the House of Commons in the novel formula that it "can "sanction legislation, but cannot legislate." On Monday this abstract principle was commented on and completed by a more practical suggestion. Our contemporary in effect acknowledges that the constitution of the actual House of Commons is unsuitable to the carrying of the measures which it approves. Therefore it is the duty of Mr. GLADSTONE, "by a change in the construction of Parliament, "to bring it into harmony with what, *rightly or wrongly*, "he believes to be the wishes of a great majority of "Englishmen."

We shall take the last of those remarkable positions first, and we shall not have much difficulty in showing that it expresses simply the principle which, as we had thought, is most repugnant to Liberals. It has generally been supposed that the basis of constitutional government is an appeal, at periods sufficiently frequent, but not excessively so, to the people, to declare their views through their representatives. But it is evident that, if this process is to have any value, the machinery of representation must not be tampered with. Such tampering is, in plain language, what the *Pall Mall Gazette* recommends. Every Government, and not merely Mr. GLADSTONE'S, must in fairness be supposed, "rightly or wrongly, to believe" its own wishes and views to be the wishes and views of a majority of the people. Such a belief may be false, absurd, preposterous; but on the face of it the benefit of its possible existence must be allowed to the culprits. Even the *Pall Mall Gazette* will probably allow that the late Govern-

ment, for instance, had this belief in reference to their foreign policy. The principle now advanced would, therefore, have justified Lord BEACONSFIELD in manipulating the constituencies in any way most likely to secure a majority. It justifies the French Empire, the special incarnation of all that is fiendish to those of the *Pall Mall Gazette's* way of thinking. But this consideration is as nothing compared to the consideration of the evils that would attend the recognition of such a principle. The notion that the whole political system is to be turned topsy-turvy every time that a strong-willed legislator finds a difficulty in persuading the representatives of the people to share his views would, if an enemy instead of an apostle of Radicalism had announced it, have been deemed a party caricature. The same may certainly be said of the other notion about its being the duty of the House of Commons merely to sanction or to veto cut-and-dried legislation. This again is a fine Napoleonic idea, but it is not one originally due to any NAPOLEON. The *Pall Mall Gazette's* notion of a perfect legislative assembly is apparently the Scottish Parliament of the seventeenth century, with its ingenious arrangement of preliminary "Lords of the Articles." The function of these latter personages is, we suppose, to be performed by the Cabinet, who in their wisdom will elaborate measures in detail, and present them to the House to take or to leave. In the case of the House accepting the latter alternative, the Government whose wisdom has been slighted will of course fall back on the "attempt to bring Parliament, by a change in "its construction, into harmony," &c. If this is not personal government, pure and simple, we really do not know what is. Certainly neither NAPOLEON I. nor NAPOLEON III. would have had the slightest objection to it; nor can we imagine that the most despotic of monarchs or of Ministers would wish for anything better. That, by adoption of such a system, everything most characteristic of the English Constitution and of the kind of government which, whether under an expressed constitution or not, has almost constantly prevailed in England, would disappear, is evident at once. Probably its advocates, if they chose, in FONTENELLE's phrase, to give us their handful of truth, instead of letting some escape at the little finger, would acknowledge this. They are, to do them justice, "thorough." They desire the prevailing of certain crotchets, and the shortest means to that end are the best. That the means would in all probability, and certainly according to all experience, lead to a very different end, is a point which they prefer to leave out of consideration.

We are afraid we cannot congratulate the Radicals on the practical wisdom of this desperate haste of theirs. In the first place, the principles which we have been discussing, though not at all likely to startle their political opponents, who are quite prepared for them, are very likely to startle the denounced "plutocrats" of their own party. In the second place, impatience of this kind seems to argue a certain consciousness of weakness. If the changes they desire are really, as they so confidently pronounce them to be, required by the country, it is quite certain that they will come about sooner or later. The threat administered in Cromwellian style to the present Liberal majority does not look like a certainty of this fact. It looks rather like the determination expressed in the familiar phrase "Now "or never." It is moreover particularly unwise, because the Government have already been trying the patience of their supporters, as indeed the contention of the *Pall Mall Gazette* admits, very severely. A study of certain recent debates and division lists shows this beyond a doubt. Now it is never wise to drive any body of men, and least of all a body of Englishmen, into a corner. It is not probable that the Liberal majority, just returned, as they have been over and over again told, by a great majority not merely of the electorate, but of the non-electorate, will be seriously frightened by this threat of a change in the construction of Parliament, over which change they themselves have control. The *Pall Mall Gazette* seems to forget this latter fact, as well as the possibility that a new election might be by no means so favourable to its hopes as the last. Thus, taking things altogether, the menace is something of a *brutum fulmen*, reminding one ot the terrible things with which a scolding nurse is wont to threaten naughty boys. On the other hand, it plays directly into the hands of the Conservatives. "Here," they can say, "is what we always told you. We have been "accused of presumption in calling ourselves the Constitutional party, and here are our opponents threatening "not merely details of the Constitution, but its whole "body, soul, and spirit. We have been accused of "leaning to personal government, and here are our "opponents recommending plans which are personal "government adroitly adjusted to representative forms." From every point of view, then, the suggestion must be deemed as unwise as it is intrinsically dangerous. But at the same time lovers of the Constitution can hardly be too grateful to those who thus play *cartes sur table* and rescue themselves from any possible charge of concealing their intentions. It is annoying, doubtless, to would-be destroyers to find that the work of destruction goes on so slowly. The Radicals are somewhat in the position of their revered predecessors at the epoch already referred to, who found the task of creating a new world and polishing aristocrats and aristocratic institutions from off the face of the old one interfered with by idiotic judicial and constitutional scruples. But, as we have said, it is doubtful whether they are yet strong enough for it to be wise for them to publish their disgust so loudly. As for the Government, they can only be sincerely pitied for the additional embarrassment which this excess of zeal must cause them. Their enemies are enterprising, and determined, their friends half-hearted, and in some cases openly mutinous even in these early days. Their main chance of getting the horse on is to put on him the largest possible pair of blinkers, and to drive him with the gentlest hand. Then comes the irreconcilable section of Radicals, and tears off the blinkers, exhibiting what is coming to the frightened animal, and at the same time sawing his mouth and lashing his sides. The result of the process in ordinary life would in all probability be a very decided spill. If any similar accident should happen in Parliament, Mr. GLADSTONE will have to distribute his thanks to a good many of his friends, and not the least share will be due to the too impatient Radicals.

THE GAS EXPLOSION.

ON Monday last a busy and frequented portion of London was the scene of an awful and unprecedented catastrophe. A thing that had never happened before not only took place, but took place under conditions and on a scale which it had never entered the head of the wildest alarmist to imagine. The gas exploded in a main three feet in diameter and six hundred yards long. The explosion began at one end of the main just out of Tottenham Court Road, and was repeated at one point after another until it reached the other end of the main in Howland Street. It was not continuous; but where, from some cause or other, there was a weak spot in the main there was an explosion. Wherever it showed itself the force was terrific. The roadway was hurled into the air, great granite blocks being lifted to the height of the adjoining houses and falling from the top to the bottom of the building; fronts of houses were torn out, the basements were lifted up, and in some instances only parts of the shells of houses were left standing. The ruin could not have been greater if that part of London had been bombarded. But, great as was the destruction of property, the loss of life was wonderfully small, and so was the amount of bodily injuries that could be immediately ascertained. The shock to the nervous system which must have been felt by numbers who sustained no external injury may probably largely increase the suffering attributable to the catastrophe; but very few persons were killed or seriously hurt at the moment. A foot passenger who was present has described his sensations, and has said that he was suddenly whirled from off the ground and deposited in a trench in the middle of the road; but he was so little hurt, or even confused, that he at once set to work to help out some children who had been blown into the breach with him. No flame was anywhere visible; but there is said to have been a red dust in the atmosphere, either from the rust on the pipes or from bricks reduced to powder. One eyewitness first saw this dust rise into the air, then two or three people in the street staggered and fell, then the ground shook under him, and a portion of the street in front of him shot up into the air, breaking his windows and shattering his roof. He himself was not injured. It seems natural to compare this explosion, as it was an explosion of gas, with explosions in coal-mines. But,

although the cause of danger was the same that prevails in mines, the effects of the explosion were much more like those of a bombardment. Those endangered were either struck or buried in *débris*, or they were not. There was no flame to burn them, and the air they breathed was not affected. It has often been noticed in sieges, and it was especially noticeable during the siege of Paris, that the number of people killed, and even the amount of injury caused, by a bombardment is much less than seems possible. In the same way in this gas explosion there was literally in some places a rain of large granite blocks, but the number of people who came out of this rain uninjured was wonderfully large in proportion to the number exposed to it.

Up to a certain point the cause of the catastrophe is clear, while beyond that point it has not as yet been ascertained, and possibly may never be ascertained, as the destruction has been too complete to permit much examination. The Chartered Gas Company has been for some time engaged in laying down a new main two miles long, from Goswell Road to Howland Street. The quantity of gas needed for the supply of London becomes every year greater, and the mains along which the gas is sent grow bigger and bigger, until this Company found that it wanted in this district a gigantic pipe a yard in diameter. The work at the time of the accident was in two sections. One section from Bayley Street out of Tottenham Court Road to Goswell Road was complete and in use, being therefore filled with gas. The other section was complete from Howland Street to a point a few feet from the termination of the first section, was not in use, and was supposed to contain nothing but atmospheric air. Workmen at the time of the explosion were employed in joining the two sections, but the junction was not completed. No gas from the completed section, therefore, could have found its way into the Howland Street section, the Bayley Street end of which was enclosed with a cap. A workman was doing something with this cap when the explosion occurred; but, as he was killed on the spot, no one knows exactly what he was doing. One supposition is that he was testing with a candle the end of the Howland Street section to see whether there might not be gas in the main which was escaping. Another supposition is that he was using an iron tool which struck against a flint and produced a spark. Anyhow, there was a flame which came into contact with the contents of the Howland Street main, and these contents were of the peculiar kind which make an explosion possible. An explosion can only take place when there is a combination of a certain amount of gas with a certain amount of atmospheric air, and when this combination occurs in a confined space. Evidently, therefore, instead of the Howland Street section containing only atmospheric air, it contained gas too. This gas must have found its way in at the point where the new main joined the other main in Howland Street with which it was to be connected. It was supposed that all communication was rendered impossible by a strong iron valve. Here was the mistake. The valve could not have acted as it was meant to act. It was intended to exclude gas, and it did not exclude it. In order to produce an explosion there must be, roughly speaking, one-sixth part of gas to five parts of atmospheric air, and accordingly the gas, which was not supposed to be present at all, must have entered in a sufficient quantity to form one-sixth of the contents of a pipe a yard wide and six hundred yards long. If the valve was still in existence, it might be possible to discover what was the defect in it. But it has been blown to atoms, and the exact form of the negligence to which this terrible accident was attributable can only be conjectured.

Alarming as the accident was, both from its terrible nature and from its complete novelty, those on the spot fortunately retained their presence of mind. Neighbours and policemen at once set to work to extricate sufferers, to convey them to the hospital, and to maintain order. The Gas Company took the earliest opportunity to survey the damage their main had caused, and to offer relief to the injured. It has been suggested that a Gas Company can afford to view a catastrophe of this kind with indifference. It may charge such a price for its gas as will give a dividend of 10 per cent. If, therefore, it has to pay compensation, it will only raise the price of its gas, and pay the same dividend as before. But we may be sure that this is not the view which in real life those charged with the management of Gas Companies are likely to take. They are not cold-blooded murderers who will be content to kill people merely because their pockets will not suffer for their negligence. Nor would they be allowed to kill them, even if they wished. This accident could only have taken place if there had been a very large main in the streets affected. Gas can be conveyed in small pipes or large, and no mixture of gas and atmospheric air contained in little pipes would heave granite blocks to the tops of houses. The present system of gas-making is to drive vast volumes of gas through large pipes from distant manufactories. This is found to be the most economical system for supplying gas to such a vast population as that of London. But, if the system were recognized as dangerous, it would not be permitted to continue. The Gas Companies would be forced to make their centres of production closer to each other, and to send their gas through smaller pipes. There is no necessary connexion between the use of gas and the possibility of the recurrences of catastrophes of the special kind that has just taken place. The mode of supplying gas might be changed, and then such an accident could not occur. But at present it is much too early to infer that there is any probability of an accident of this kind recurring. No one conceived it possible that it could occur. Now that it is known to be possible, very simple precautions might, it would seem, be taken against its recurrence. It has been discovered by a very painful experience that where nothing but atmospheric air is supposed to be present there may also be gas, if there is any possible connexion between the pipe containing air and another pipe containing gas, although precautions have been taken against this possible connexion being an actual one. The science and ingenuity of engineers must be sadly deficient if means cannot be devised to ascertain the contents of a new large pipe by some safer method than that of applying a flame and seeing what happens. It is very unfortunate that the inhabitants of Tottenham Court Road should have suffered to make the rest of the population of London safer. But a danger that no one thought of has been revealed, and the rest of the metropolis will benefit by the necessity being recognized of guarding against this unknown danger.

M. SIMON AND THE AMNESTY.

M. JULES SIMON had an easy task before him when he rose to convince the French Senate that no adequate arguments had been advanced in behalf of the amnesty voted by the Chamber of Deputies. In point of fact no such arguments exist. There are very good reasons for pardoning repentant criminals, and some for pardoning criminals who are not repentant. There may even be good reasons for granting an amnesty to repentant criminals; but there is nothing whatever to be said in favour of taking the last and largest step of granting an amnesty to criminals who ask nothing better than an opportunity of repeating their crimes. The denial of pardon is undoubtedly open to the objection that it punishes the innocent with the guilty. The wives and mothers of whom M. VICTOR HUGO is the champion in the Senate may plead that the exile of their husbands and sons is in a sense their own exile. But neither wives nor mothers can have any reasonable interest in the restoration of their husbands and sons to civil rights. To have a share in the government of the country, a man ought to wish well to the institutions which he helps to administer. What the Communists think of the institutions of France is perfectly well known. The murders and the fires of May 1871 bear unmistakable testimony on this head, and identical evidence is given every day by journalists who make no pretence of having either learned or forgotten anything in the years that have passed since that time. An amnesty to the Communists is an amnesty to the members of a conspiracy which, though it may be no longer formidable, is still existing. The theory of government which the Commune was designed to embody is held to-day by many thousands of Frenchmen. The means which the Communists took to put their theory in practice are not, and never have been, disowned by them. To restore to them their civil rights is consequently to give a share in the Government to men who are pledged by their antecedents and convictions to overthrow the Government. The argument that an amnesty is really an expression of contempt for those included in it—a kind of contumelious invitation to them to do their worst, and, when it is done, to admit

how worthless that worst is—is a little too refined for ordinary people. If the Government is to be respected, it is not wise to treat admission to a share in it as the last and bitterest insult that can be offered to a defeated rebel. Less subtle observers will read in the plenary amnesty one of two admissions—an admission that in the conflict of 1871 there were faults on both sides; or an admission that the side which then got the worst of it is now strong enough to extort an Act of Indemnity from its adversaries. Neither view seems likely to impress Frenchmen with an increased sense of the stability of their Republic.

M. Jules Simon was also happy in his criticism of the relations of the present Cabinet to the amnesty. He admits of course that when once the country has made up its mind what it wants, and is quite clear that it wants it, it is useless to offer further resistance. But then, he observes, there is a right and a wrong way of making the surrender. The man who has stood out against a proposal in all its stages down to the last is not the right man to take the command in the last stage. His business is to make way for those whose views have got the better of his. There are plenty of Senators and Deputies who could have proposed a plenary amnesty to the Communists without any sacrifice of their convictions. They have been partisans of the amnesty all along, and nothing could be more natural than that they should be the persons chosen to finally grant it. But this is not, according to M. Simon, the position of M. de Freycinet and his colleagues. All that M. Simon can say against the amnesty has been said with equal decision, if less eloquence, by members of the present Cabinet. The distinction between political and non-political offences is of their invention. The plea that rebels who want the power, but not the will, to rebel over and over again are not proper objects of rehabilitating legislation is their plea. If M. de Freycinet thinks that the time has come when resistance to a popular demand is no longer possible, why does he not make way for those by whom the demand has been consistently urged? Of course, as M. Simon very well knows, there are reasons against taking this course which M. de Freycinet may be excused for thinking conclusive. But they are not reasons that can be produced in public, so that M. Simon's challenge was a perfectly safe one. M. de Freycinet must be supposed to have convinced himself that the continuance in office of the present Ministry is indispensable to the welfare of the country. It is indispensable, that is, to the working out of M. Gambetta's policy; and M. de Freycinet has a right to think that in the present position of affairs this and the welfare of the country are exchangeable terms. To make way for the men who have always advocated an amnesty to the Communists would be to hand over the conduct of affairs to M. Gambetta's worst enemies. The main object of conceding the amnesty at the present moment is to prevent the Extreme Left from arriving at power by a dexterous use of the plea that the Government has refused it.

When, however, M. Simon's eloquence has been properly admired, and the theoretical force of his arguments admitted, there remains the question whether he was well advised in advising the Senate as he did. This is not an inquiry to which a reply can be given offhand. It may of course be argued that, if M. Simon is sincere in thinking that an amnesty ought not to be granted, he had no choice but to make the speech he did. This is hardly, however, a statement which has much meaning when applied to so seasoned a politician as M. Simon. He is bound to take some account of the consequences by which the action he advises may be followed, and not to limit his observation to bare abstract considerations. In theory, the Senate is a co-ordinate branch of the French Legislature, and as such it is charged with the duty of allowing no measure to pass of which it does not thoroughly approve. In practice, it is a branch of the Legislature which has yet to make good its position in the State. As such it may be highly inexpedient for it to strain its powers too soon or too far. Hereafter perhaps it may be strong enough to defy its adversaries, and to defeat them on a field chosen by themselves. As yet it is weak enough to make discretion a more valuable quality than valour. The true policy for a young Second Chamber to adopt is to make itself useful before claiming to be indispensable. It should aim at getting a reputation for improving the Bills sent up to it, whether by omissions or additions, in all such ways as do not provoke a conflict with the popular House. By this means the Conservative instincts of the nation may come to regard the Senate as their natural protector, and any proposal for its abolition might then be taken as a signal for serious and sustained resistance. At present there is no evidence that the Senate has made good its claim to this character, or at all events that it is generally held to have done so. It is doubtful whether a proposal to amend the Constitution by limiting the powers of the Second Chamber and giving it at most a sort of suspensive veto would not be considered rather as taking away a possible cause of constitutional strife than as seriously weakening a constitutional safeguard. Now to advise the rejection of the amnesty—and, above all, for M. Jules Simon to advise it—was to run an appreciable risk of seeing some such legislation as this attempted. The part which M. Gambetta had taken in the introduction and discussion of the Bill showed that he at least esteemed it of extraordinary importance, and this fact alone might have shown M. Simon upon how dangerous a path he was inviting the Senate to enter. There are times when a David may meet and slay a Goliath, but there should be a very strong assurance of victory to justify so unequal a conflict. If M. Simon had been in the Chamber of Deputies, things would have been different. To defeat M. Gambetta in the Chamber of Deputies would have been to show that he was weaker than he thought himself. But to defeat him in the Senate may be only to expose the Senate to his attacks, and M. Gambetta's attacks are likely to be more severe than the Senate would find it easy to withstand. Whether the course which the Senate adopted was open to the same objections as a refusal to grant an amnesty at all is another question. The distinction drawn in M. Bozerian's amendment is certainly a sound one, and is not, in terms, inconsistent with the new compromise proposed by the Chamber of Deputies. Unless, however, the Government disclaim the intention attributed to them of pardoning all Communists, whether condemned for common law crimes or not, the acceptance of this compromise by the Senate will be a worse surrender than the acceptance of the Bill in its original form.

PHILANTHROPIC TYRANNY.

THE Government and both Houses of Parliament have lately vied with one another in the cheap asceticism of interfering with the comforts of classes to which no Ministers, no peers, and few members of the House of Commons at present belong. The great majority of Englishmen are in the habit of drinking, for the most part in moderate quantities, beer, wine, or spirits; but only persons below a certain social rank habitually frequent public-houses. The evil consequences of excess have during late years attracted general attention; and a fanatical agitation against the use of fermented liquors has in a great measure superseded rational attempts to check intemperance. The House of Commons, with the approval of several members of the Government, though not of the Cabinet as a whole, has sanctioned Sir Wilfrid Lawson's project of referring to the decision of local majorities the question whether the sale of liquor shall in any parish or district be altogether prohibited. By a second vote the House has determined that public-houses ought to be closed on Sundays, except for the sale during a few hours of beer not to be consumed on the premises. The Welsh members, who mainly represent the Dissenting preachers, almost unanimously supported a proposal that public-houses should in the Principality be altogether closed on Sundays. Several of these measures or resolutions are partly designed to punish the licensed victuallers for their indiscreetly ostentatious support of Conservative candidates at the late election; but the crime for which they are to suffer is not so much political heresy as unexpected electoral weakness. The publicans were quite as active in 1874 as in 1880; but, when they had helped to return a majority, their interests were treated with consideration and deference by Liberals as well as by Conservatives. During the debates on Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Bills and motions in the earlier Sessions of the last Parliament almost every speaker was anxious to guard himself against the suspicion of meditating injustice to the meritorious and powerful body of licensed victuallers.

The Permissive Bill Associations are now thought to control more votes than the publicans, and they command corresponding respect. French or American Protectionists could not be more indifferent than the partisans of local

option or Sunday closing to the wishes and rights of the great body of consumers. The Welsh members, professing to believe that keepers of public-houses would like a Sunday holiday, utterly disregarded the interests of the customers who were to be arbitrarily deprived of the means of refreshment. Mr. GLADSTONE himself, though he is by the Budget imposing a heavy fine on the publicans who were guilty of opposing him at the election, admits the justice of compensation for the possible abolition of their trade. No member thinks of compensating thirsty pedestrians who may be unable on a Sunday to procure a room to rest in or a glass of beer. The House of Lords discussed in the same spirit the expediency of interfering with the tastes and habits of a large portion of the community; and even the apologists for freedom too often accept the theories of their antagonists, while they contend that public opinion is not yet reconciled to extreme measures of prohibition. The pretence that the only reason for meddling is the unpopularity of excessive restriction is a part of the customary tribute which common sense pays to cant. The agitation can be effectually encountered only by challenging its main assumption. It would not be expedient to abolish the sale or consumption of fermented liquors, even if the change could be immediately accomplished without risk of resistance. The customs and ceremonies which promote habits of drinking among the humbler classes of society are probably mischievous, as they are certainly useless; but they will be gradually and voluntarily discontinued, like the similar practices which were universal only a hundred years ago. In the meantime it is not the business of refined and disinterested observers to meddle with the pleasures or happiness of others.

The unopposed adoption of Mr. PEASE's amendment to the motion for closing all public-houses on Sundays might plausibly be supposed to express the opinion of the House of Commons; but members in general are probably content to have redeemed by an inoperative vote the vague and insincere pledges which they may have given at the election. In this, as in several other branches of proposed legislation, they complacently reflect that nothing can be done this year, and that the Government has undertaken to produce a future measure, of which the principle and the machinery have probably not yet been devised. Almost all recent projects have tended to diminish the number of public-houses, with the inconvenience of rendering the existent monopoly closer and more profitable; yet Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord KIMBERLEY have lately expressed doubts whether increased accommodation promotes intemperance; and they have even raised the question whether the trade ought not to be free. The result of the experiment, which was formerly tried at Liverpool, is still a matter of controversy; but the evils resulting from the multiplication of beer-houses seem to show that a discretionary system of licensing is advisable, and, on the whole, no ground for an alteration of existing law and practice has yet been clearly established. The scheme of transferring the sale of liquor to municipal bodies has been definitively abandoned; and if the trade is to be tolerated, it cannot be much further restricted. Local option, or, in other words, permissive legislation, would involve a dereliction of duty by Parliament. The rights of consumers might perhaps be justly disregarded on grounds of general expediency determined by the Legislature; but as long as any proceeding is not condemned by law, it must be considered to be allowable, irrespectively of the opinion or caprice of any local majority of ratepayers. No recent controversy has been so largely affected by insincerity. Almost all disputants affect to assert or admit that it is wrong to drink or to sell liquor, though only extreme enthusiasts propose to abolish the traffic. That the sale and consumption of beer are wholesome, useful, and necessary is a proposition more generally believed than affirmed. It would follow that a practice which is permissible on other days is no necessarily deleterious or criminal on Sundays; but the prejudice which was countenanced by Mr. STEVENSON's motion and Mr. PEASE's amendment will prevail until it is disturbed by a counter agitation. The House of Commons is perhaps scarcely conscious that it has pledged itself to the absurd doctrine that a publican duly licensed to sell beer and spirits should on Sundays be allowed to sell nothing but beer.

If Parliament is unwise enough to humour the meddling propensities of agitating philanthropists, it will probably find itself confronted by a more formidable expression of popular opinion. Sir RICHARD CROSS lately warned the House that it might be difficult to maintain the peace if any attempts were made to close the public-houses of London on Sunday. A proposal of the kind many years ago produced riotous movements which were thought sufficiently formidable to justify the abandonment of the measure. Notwithstanding the alleged popularity of the Sunday Closing Act in Ireland, the large towns have, through considerations of prudence, been exempted from its operation. In England half the population lives in towns, and perhaps a third in large towns. It would be anomalous, if not impossible, to provide separately for the remainder. In the next Session the Government will probably be obliged to confess that their promise of comprehensive legislation cannot be practically redeemed. The present Ministers and their majority may be disposed to try experiments at the cost of landowners and capitalists, but they will shrink from a contest with the lower middle class and with the great body of workmen. If the publicans are well advised, they will keep their own interests in the background, and allow the great community of consumers to represent the cause which is common to vendors and purchasers. Parliament often takes pleasure in annoying single trades and professions, especially those which are weak in numbers. The sufferers can generally be accused of selfishness or of an exclusive regard to their own interests, which in matters of taxation are necessarily opposed to those of the public. It is only when one interest after another is threatened and harassed that the victims of injustice combine, as in 1874, against their oppressors. The Sunday or week-day customers of public-houses are too numerous and too formidable to be safely attacked. They have perhaps hitherto but imperfectly understood the vexatious interference to which they may be exposed; but when they resist, their reclamations will not fail to command attention. The House of Lords will be well advised in not competing with the advocates of schemes of restriction. The Report of the Select Committee of last year has been often mentioned in complimentary language, but it contains no practical remedy for the evil which it denounces. Declamations by Committees or by orators on the objections to drunkenness are useless, although they may be decorous. It is an awkward contrivance to spread a net for the offenders with meshes so small as to catch moderate consumers. The Temperance agitators should be warned that their object is not merely difficult to attain, but that it is bad in itself.

EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY.

MEN are employers or workmen before they are politicians, and the opposition to the Employers' Liability Bill is characterized by a delightful independence of party ties. The proposal to refer the Bill to a Select Committee was defended on Tuesday as though it were the last plank that stood between mine-owners and ruin. The words Employers' Liability are so tremendous that those who are frightened by them are quite unable to draw nice distinctions. But for this, some of the speakers would have seen that what they were really opposing was not the Government Bill, but Mr. MACDONALD's. The notion that a mine-owner is to be liable for the negligence of every man in his mine, though he may not and cannot have had any voice in the hiring of him, or any opportunity of knowing whether he is careful or reckless, is certainly alarming; but it is not a notion which has any place in the Government Bill. It is quite possible that in guarding against any confusion between this proposal and their own the Government may not have chosen precisely the words best calculated to answer the purpose; but the correction of this imperfection does not need a Select Committee. What the House of Commons was really urged to do on Tuesday was to abandon its function of amending a Bill in Committee altogether. If the definition of superintendence and the limit of compensation are matters too high for a Committee of the whole House, the whole life of a Bill between the second and third readings had better be passed upstairs. In the present instance there was a special reason why this course should not be adopted. The proceedings of a Select Committee are necessarily less public than those of the House; and, in the interest of the employers themselves, it is to be desired that any alteration of the Bill should be effected in open day. If it could be said with any show of correctness that the representatives of the employers had contrived to get the Bill into a corner, and had there pulled it to pieces at their

leisure, any gain that the masters might derive from the process would be of very short duration.

More than this, the motive which really justifies the reference of a Bill to a Select Committee is quite wanting in this case. A Select Committee is useful when the principle of a Bill is generally admitted, but there is a great difference of opinion about the provisions by which effect is to be given to the principle. Here, however, the difference goes much deeper. What the opponents of the Bill object to is not this or that mode of defining or enforcing an employer's liability, but the admission that such a liability can fairly or prudently be recognized. Mr. KNOWLES's amendment was avowedly moved with the intention of instructing the Select Committee to consider whether a Workmen's Insurance Bill would not be preferable to an Employers' Liability Bill. It is possible, of course, that it may be so; but the question is not one that can be settled by a Select Committee. It would be as reasonable to ask a Select Committee to say whether an increased beer duty would not be better than the addition of a penny to the Income-tax. The Government has decided to make a certain proposal to Parliament, and Mr. KNOWLES thinks that they ought to have made another proposal instead. That, if he can establish it, may be a sufficient reason for rejecting the Government proposal, and considering Mr. KNOWLES's; but this is not an operation which can be performed by a Select Committee. Indeed the case against referring the Employers' Liability Bill to a Select Committee is even stronger than the case against referring the Budget resolutions to a Select Committee. An increased beer duty and an increased Income-tax are at least alternative proposals. The gap in the revenue might be filled by either expedient, and the choice of one consequently implies the rejection of the other. But liability and insurance are not even alternatives. There is no reason why both should not be adopted. They are directed to different ends, and to ends which are in no sense incompatible. The object of such an Employers' Liability Bill as that now before the House of Commons is to lessen the number of accidents; the object of a Bill to establish compulsory assurance would be to lessen the injuries inflicted by accidents. Underneath the one lies the assumption that, if more care were taken, many accidents which now happen would not happen. Underneath the other lies the assumption that, no matter how much care is taken, a large number of accidents will happen. Mr. KNOWLES says, in effect, to the workman—Here is a plan by which, if you lose your leg, you shall have the doctor's bill paid and be kept from starving afterwards. The workman answers that, if it is all the same to Mr. KNOWLES, he would rather keep his leg; and that, if his master is bound over in a sufficient penalty to take certain precautions, his chance of keeping his leg will be very much greater. The House of Commons may fairly be asked to consider both suggestions; but it will not consider them to much purpose if it regards the one as excluding the other. However important it may be to protect workmen against the consequences of accidents, it is equally important, if it is possible, to protect them against the occurrence of accidents.

The principle on which the Employers' Liability Bill is founded is simple and rational. The employer is to be held liable for accidents caused immediately or mediately by his own negligence. The cases in which the negligence of an employer can be the direct cause of an accident can only occur in very small works. But cases in which the negligence of an employer is the indirect cause of an accident occur in the very largest works. Wherever there is negligence on the part of a person in authority, and this negligence leads to an accident, there is a presumption that the employer's negligence is indirectly to blame for what has taken place. If he had taken more pains about the selection of his subordinates, they would have been more deserving of the trust placed in them. Mr. HUSSEY VIVIAN unintentionally gave proof of the need of making it more to the master's interest to be careful in the choice he makes. "Right or wrong," he said, "a master must uphold his agent, otherwise his influence over his workmen would be destroyed." It does not much matter to the present purpose whether this doctrine is true or not true. If it is true, and the master will, on the whole, do well to uphold his agent "right or wrong," it becomes the more important that the master should be bound over in the most stringent manner possible to exercise due care in appointing an agent. If it is not true, it is equally important that the master shall be brought to see that he must not uphold his agent as a matter of course, and without any inquiry into the facts of the case, and there is no means of doing this more efficacious than holding him responsible for the wrongs done by the agent. It is not enough that a man to whom authority is delegated should be a good servant to his employer. He should also be a good servant as regards the men committed to his charge. It is not enough that his employer when engaging him should insist upon his producing testimony to his excellence in accounts or his ingenuity in invention. These are important considerations, no doubt; but one not less important is, that he should bring testimony to the care which he takes in the discharge of his own duties or in the choice of those to whom he will have to delegate the performance of them. Make the employer understand that he is liable for the acts of those of his workmen whom he has appointed to have the superintendence of others, and he will take very much more trouble in making inquiries before appointing them. Make him understand that, if he delegates to a subordinate the duty of making these appointments, he will still be liable for accidents caused by the negligence of the workmen so chosen, and then he will be very critical of the character and antecedents of that subordinate. There is no way of bringing home this liability to an employer's mind except by fining him for his omission to exercise sufficient care. It is impossible for the man who has been injured by the negligence of a superintendent or other person having authority over him to prove that the employer was careless in the choice he made of that superintendent. The alternative is to make the master's responsibility for any negligence of his superintendent's too clear to be for a moment out of his mind. In aiming at this, the Government have got hold of a sound idea, and to allow of its excision would be to deprive the Bill of the one element which makes it really valuable.

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION IN THE LORDS.

THE House of Lords has twice this week been busy with elementary education. On Monday Lord SPENCER's Bill to make the enforcement of school attendance more general was read a second time. The principal object of this Bill is to give School Attendance Committees the same power of making by-laws that School Boards have. It is found easier to enforce attendance under by-laws than under the provisions of the Act of 1876, and by this Bill this facility will be extended to the whole country. The gradual spread of compulsion has made the contrast between districts subject to by-laws and districts not so subject very patent and very irksome. So long as only a few great towns had by-laws there was little real hardship to parents in the fact that, while their children could not earn money, the children of other parents could earn it. Between a great town and the country outside the industrial rivalry is not great. The town parent saw all the children likely to compete in the labour market with his own children exposed to the same disability, and it did not concern him that beyond the town boundary there were other children who might go to work and no educational authority say them nay. But as School Boards became more numerous, compulsion became more and more common even in country districts, and then the difference between the position of children under by-laws and that of children not under by-laws was brought home to parents in a very practical way. The least that the law can do for a parent whom it has deprived of his children's labour is to set up one and the same measure for all parents in the same position of life. When it is once understood that all over the country children under a specified age are not allowed to go to work, such a prohibition will cease to be felt as a special and exceptional hardship. But so long as this law is binding in one village and not binding in another, the parents who are inconvenienced by it will naturally feel themselves hardly dealt with. Whether the matter is looked at from the parent's point of view or from the child's, the conclusion is the same. If half the parents in England have to forego their children's earnings up to a certain age, why should other parents be more leniently dealt with? If half the children

in England have the benefits of education secured to them by law, why should the interests of the other half be left uncared for? The objection raised by the Duke of SOMERSET did not really touch Lord SPENCER's Bill. It comes to this, that compulsion sometimes bears hardly on parents who have not the means of insuring that their children go to school when they are sent. That is a reason for applying the law with judgment and kindness; but it is not a reason for keeping the application of the law partial instead of making it general. The more universal a law is, the easier it is, on the whole, to secure obedience to it. If the new Bill does nothing to protect the father whose boys go bird's-nesting while he supposes them to be at school, it will at least remove the contrast there is at present between the father who is brought to book for his children's truancy and the father to whom his children's truancy causes no inconvenience. The Duke of SOMERSET must be acquainted with a very exceptional set of magistrates, or he would hardly say that magistrates are inclined to be severe on poor parents in such circumstances. It is impossible that a law compelling the attendance of children at school should be brought into operation without some cases of hardship; but we should have been disposed to say that the action of the magistrates has, as a rule, been lenient rather than severe.

On Tuesday Lord NORTON put a question to the LORD PRESIDENT which reopened to some extent the discussion on the Fourth Schedule. Lord NORTON asked whether almost all the Inspectors of the Education Department had not deprecated grants to elementary schools under the Fourth Schedule. Lord SPENCER's reply betrayed a little of that irritation which is natural in the chief of a department who knows that his own experts are against him. He laid great stress on the word "almost," which had been wanting in the original form of the question, and tried to show that Lord NORTON had exaggerated the opinions even of those Inspectors who had condemned the Fourth Schedule. Upon the first point Lord SPENCER was undoubtedly right. It was an oversight to speak of all the Inspectors. But Lord NORTON would not have been far wrong if, instead of "all the Inspectors," he had said "all the "Inspectors who have had an opportunity of reporting on the "subject." The public appetite for Blue-books might be a little jaded if the reports of all the 126 School Inspectors were every year published. Only a few, therefore, are printed each year, and it will not be till about 1885 that we shall know the opinion of every School Inspector upon this point. Perhaps a return to common sense on the part of school managers, if not on the part of the Education Department, may by that time have rendered their evidence unimportant. So far, however, as we know, all the Inspectors who have reported upon the Fourth Schedule have done so unfavourably. They say that it lowers the quality of the really elementary education given in the school, and that it does not and cannot secure any real progress in secondary education. It is true that this is all they say against it; but, on the whole, this seems to be enough.

Lord SPENCER's correction of Lord NORTON's account of the opinions given by Mr. ARNOLD and Mr. FITCH does not come to much. Mr. ARNOLD, as our readers know, is opposed to the teaching of special subjects in elementary schools, and wishes in place of them to see what the Germans call *Naturkunde*—the simplest explanation, that is, of natural phenomena—and the main facts of English history, taught to every child as part of its regular class-work. Lord SPENCER says, by way of correction, that Mr. ARNOLD thinks that Latin and French have a special claim to be included in the Fourth Schedule. There is no contradiction between these two statements. It is open to Mr. ARNOLD to wish to get rid of the list of special subjects altogether, and yet to hold that, if there must be a list of special subjects, Latin and French have a paramount claim to be included in it. Mr. FITCH's contention, on the other hand, is that, whatever subjects ought to be contained in the Fourth Schedule, foreign languages should not be among them. Exceptional children, he says, should be helped into secondary schools, and so the primary school be no longer tempted to "spoil its own "unity of purpose, and do injustice to the majority of its "scholars, by attempting more ambitious work than it can "hope to do thoroughly well." Lord SPENCER objects that an important qualification has here been left out, because Mr. FITCH goes on to say that the claims of certain other specific subjects are much higher than those of foreign languages. That is true; but why does Mr. FITCH rate them higher? Chiefly because "every one of them is so connected with the rest of the "course that it can be begun and taught in a rudiment-"ary way even in the lowest classes." But subjects taught in this way do not belong to the Fourth Schedule at all. If the LORD PRESIDENT will turn to the Code, he will see that what Mr. FITCH contemplates is provided for by Art. 19, par. C, and not by the Fourth Schedule. A grant depending on the examination of whole classes is a different thing from a grant depending on the examination of particular children. There is no fear that the former will injure either elementary or secondary education. There is fear, and more than fear, that the latter will injure both.

MR. AUBERON HERBERT ON STATE EDUCATION.

MR. AUBERON HERBERT is a thinker in whom the late J. S. Mill would have delighted, had he been still among us. He is a standing proof that the march of modern conventionalism has not yet crushed out all individuality of sentiment or of speech. Only Mr. Herbert seems to us to go even beyond the author of the Essay *On Liberty*. Mill repudiates, as out of the question, the notion "that actions should be as free as opinions," and expressly maintains that a man's individual liberty must be limited by the principle that "he must not make himself a nuisance to other people." We do not say that Mr. Herbert would deny this obvious principle, at least in words, but he seems very much inclined to ignore it. To him individual freedom is not a means but an end, and an end of such paramount and sacred obligation that no risk of practical inconvenience should be suffered to stand in its way. He objects, we believe, to the Contagious Diseases Acts, as an interference with the liberty of the subject, in spite of the strong evidence which has been adduced of their beneficial results, both moral and sanitary. And he has just been inditing a vehement protest against Sir J. Lubbock's Bill for the preservation of Ancient Monuments, based on similar grounds. Of course Mr. Herbert himself has no sympathy with the delinquents in either case; he longs to see them educated up to a higher level of wisdom and virtue. But he would jealously guard alike the sacred right of those who choose to abuse their liberty to sow the seeds of vice and misery untold for generations yet to come, and the sacred right of "modern savages"—the expression is his own—wantonly to destroy, if they are so ill advised, those monuments of the past which are cherished by the civilized world as an "everlasting possession" for future ages. Not that he does not value these monuments himself, or would think the ruins of Rievaulx or Valle Crucis might be advantageously carted away as so much rubbish, or utilized for the construction of a railway station or a barn. He is on the contrary most anxious that they should be carefully preserved, and wishes to see "a widely spread and intelligent sympathy with these old things on the part of the people, and a feeling of responsibility on the part of owners"; but still they had better perish than be preserved by any aid of the law. To invoke such aid is to encourage "excessive idleness," "to relieve us from all the deserved penalties of our carelessness and mental indolence *by depriving us of free action*"; it is a procedure at once reactionary and ultra-Radical, "crypto-communistic" and worthy only of "legislative grandfathers." The truth which lies at the root of all this paradoxical special pleading is plain enough, and will be disputed by no reasonable man. You cannot make people moral by Act of Parliament, and it is far better to promote a high standard of morality than to have to punish crime; prevention is better than cure. But though a thief does not learn habits of honesty, or a drunkard habits of sobriety, by being sent to prison, we are obliged in the interests of society to coerce both thieves and drunkards. It would be far preferable no doubt if interest and information about these ancient monuments were so widely spread that everybody was of one mind in wishing to preserve them; but it does not follow that we are bound meanwhile to show our high appreciation of "voluntary zeal" by suffering any loutish or cantankerous "savage" who happens for the moment to be the owner of one of them to destroy it, if so he wills. Some years ago a distinguished scholar published an unexpurgated translation of the Plays of Aristophanes, putting καθαρὰ τοῖς καθαροῖς as a motto on his title-page, on which the obvious comment was made by his reviewers—How many are "pure," in such sense that this kind of reading will do them no injury? And so, when Mr. Herbert assures us that, "where people can and will give themselves trouble," no valuable relic of the past will be sacrificed, we may fairly ask, How many do care to give themselves this trouble? One might have supposed Roman citizens would be too proud of the Coliseum to endure its being mutilated or destroyed; yet its materials were constantly being carried off for all sorts of domestic or other building purposes till one of the mediæval Popes bethought himself to have it solemnly consecrated and used for religious worship, so that all such depredations might thenceforth be regarded as sacrilegious.

Mr. Herbert is nothing if not chivalrous. If he is ready to run a tilt against Sir J. Lubbock, he is equally ready to challenge the

whole modern system of "State education," and it is fair to admit that in his recent article in the *Fortnightly Review* he is deliberately attacking some favourite articles of the received Liberal, and notably, the Radical, creed. We gather from a footnote that he is indebted for his change of opinion on these points to a study of Mr. Herbert Spencer's writings. A close analogy may be traced, both in principle and in detail, between his line of argument on the Ancient Monuments and on the Education question; but there is much more reasonableness, as will appear presently, in some of his detailed criticisms on the working of the School Board system than in his plea for the impunity of "modern savages." The first objection, which is expounded at considerable length, is that the working-classes are degraded and demoralized by receiving favours; and State education is a political favour paid for out of the forced contributions of the rich, in accepting which "the workman is selling his birthright for a mess of pottage." It is the inevitable and the just consequence of this arrangement that those who pay for the education should claim to direct it, and hence the upper classes—such as parsons, dissenting ministers, merchants, and squires—manage the education of the workman's children, which he ought to manage for himself; that he would be able to pay for it himself is rather assumed than proved. In the next place we have one of the very arguments urged against Sir J. Lubbock's Bill, that to provide education *ab extra* instead of letting parents provide it themselves removes "a great moral and mental stimulus." In this we so far agree, that it is certainly right for parents to pay for the schooling of their children when, and in such measure as, they are able to do so; and it is very possible that this principle is too much lost sight of in School Board administration. There is a great deal of truth in the following passage, which sums up this part of Mr. Herbert's argument:—

I repeat that the great natural duties are the great natural opportunities of improvement for all of us. We can see every day how the wealthy man, who strips himself entirely of the care of his children, and leaves them wholly in the hands of tutors, governesses, and schoolmasters, how little his life is influenced by them, how little he ends by learning from them. Whereas to the man whose thoughts are much occupied with what is best for them, who is busied with the delicate problems which they are ever suggesting to him, they are a constant means of both moral and mental change. I repeat that no man's character, be he rich or poor, can afford the intrusion of a great power like the State between himself and his thoughts for his children. Observe the corresponding effect in another of our great State institutions. The effect of the Poor Law—which undertakes the care in the last resort of the old and helpless—has been to break down to a great extent the family feelings and affections of our people. It is simply and solely on account of this great machine that our people, naturally so generous, recognize much less the duty of providing for an old parent than is the case either in France or Germany. With us, each man unconsciously reasons, "Why should I do that which the State will do for me?" All such institutions possess a philanthropical outside, but inwardly they are full of moral helplessness and selfishness.

It is clearly better that parents should provide for the education of their own children, and children for the support of their aged parents, wherever it is practicable. But does Mr. Herbert mean that children whose parents cannot pay for them should be left in ignorance, and that the aged who are neglected by their children, or have none to help them, should be left to starve? His next objection, from the rigid uniformity of State education and the consequent disinclination to admit new ideas, has again a certain force; but it would apply more or less to any general system. And there is an opposite danger, to which no reference is made, of crotchetiness and instability in methods of teaching; it is possible to be too fond as well as "too shy of new ideas" in such matters. We are more disposed to go with Mr. Herbert in the next count of his indictment, which however is a question of detail, though an important one. He argues that payment by results restricts and vulgarizes our conceptions of education, and reduces it to "one long unbroken grind," and that the rough and clumsy test of annual examinations is fatal to all original talent, whether in the teacher or the taught. Certainly the "modern exaggeration of the use of (competitive) examinations," and the methods of "cram" to which it leads, are serious evils, not at all confined to the education of the lower classes. It may be said just as much of Civil Service examinations as of annual school inspections, that "the State rules a great copy-book, and the nation simply copies what it finds between the lines." The difficulty is to suggest, or at least to carry out, some satisfactory modification of the system. That there are evils, both physical and mental, in a too rigid application of the competitive test, especially in the case of very young children, we quite believe. It is a difficulty concerning our secondary as well as our primary schools, and one well worthy of grave consideration. But we cannot enter on its discussion here.

It is creditable to Mr. Herbert's impartiality, as we have already indicated, that he does not hesitate to arraign the cherished dogmas of the extreme political school to which he belongs whenever they cut across his argument. He is no less scrupulous in his desire to hold an even balance in the educational controversy between Church and Dissent, though we may presume that his sympathies incline to the latter side. The unfair use which Nonconformists are apt and are often able to make of the existing system is pointed out plainly enough in the following incisive passage:—

But everywhere Nonconformists are being drawn into supporting the present school system, into obtaining popular influence by means of it, and, what is most inconsistent and undesirable, into using it as an instrument for spreading their own religious teaching. It is rapidly becoming their established Church, and it will have, we may safely predict, the same narrowing effect upon their mind, it *will beget the same inability to perceive the injustice of a political advantage, which the national Church has had upon its supporters.* Such a result is matter for much regret. First, because there is already but little steady adherence to principle in politics; and where a large body of influential men put themselves in a position which is inconsistent with the application of their own principles there is a sensible national deterioration. Secondly, if school boards are to be instruments of authoritatively teaching subjects of common dispute amongst us, such as the inspiration of the Bible and the performance of miracles, the struggle between the supporters of revealed religion and the different schools of free-thought must be embittered. It is the question of political advantage and disadvantage which fans these disputes into red heat.

His own remedy is not secular education, which he considers "at best a miserable expedient," but that each religious body should undertake the education of its own children. It would no doubt be a relief to the consciences and the pockets of many religious people, especially parochial clergymen, who have now to pay the School board with one hand and their own voluntary school with the other, if some arrangement like that prevailing in Canada could be effected, by which every one has the option of giving his school rate to a denominational or a government school as he pleases. But that would not satisfy Mr. Herbert, who objects not only to a uniform system of State Education, but to all State aid of education. The original error was not the creation of the present School Board system, but "the unwise, if well intentioned, assistance of Government" to voluntary efforts. The two, we are told, can never go on side by side, and if voluntary effort is to succeed, Government must leave it to itself. We should first get rid of compulsion, and then get rid of all dependence on the central department. But, putting aside the question of compulsion, which stands on somewhat different ground, the old difficulty in dispensing with legislative aid in the preservation of ancient monuments confronts us in another form. "Could education be supplied without official assistance?"—that is, of course, to the community generally. Mr. Herbert replies without hesitation "that it could." But his conviction is based more on *à priori* grounds than on experience. That "education did not spread quicker in the earlier part of the century" is accounted for mainly by the fact that Government unwisely stepped in and thus checked voluntary effort. But what is there to show that unassisted voluntary effort would have been equal, or anything like equal, to the emergency? The question has often been asked how far, in the event of disestablishment, voluntary zeal would suffice to provide religious ministrations in country districts, and the need for such ministrations would be more keenly realized by the giving classes than the need for education. There is something very graceful in Mr. Herbert's implicit faith in the generous instincts and growing culture of the great body of the people, but also something slightly Quixotic. "A little life and light" may be "worth getting at almost any price," but we are not so sure as he is that the result always will be to "make us wish for more," when wishing for more involves also paying for it.

THE IRELAND OF FICTION.

ALL things please the soul, according to the statement of an optimist poet, made perhaps a little in haste. Whether the Compensation for Disturbance (Ireland) Bill comes within this sweeping assertion is a question which an Irish landlord, or a believer in the old-fashioned ideas of justice and fair play, or a guileless person who thought Mr. Gladstone and his friends meant what they said in 1870, may have some difficulty in answering in the affirmative. Nevertheless there have been times at which even this remarkable measure, in its progress through an enlightened House of Commons, has given pleasure to the soul. For instance, it might well have inspired some one to say, "Come, Muse, let's sing of Hats." The attention of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Forster is earnestly called to the fact that this is a terrible season for the customers of Messrs. Lincoln and Bennett. It is the bright day that brings forth the new hat, and then the rain comes down and spoils it. This being the case, it is certain that the arrears of many persons to the establishment at the corner of Sackville Street must weigh heavily on them. Why should it not be enacted that to every one who cannot pay Messrs. Lincoln and Bennett's bill, those eminent artists should make compensation not exceeding seven hats? Again, there was a time in the discussion when the position of the County Court judge was referred to, and it must be a dull mind that cannot conjure up a pleasing picture of that. We don't envy the County Court judge who is stingy with his compensation. He will have to be, as they say in France, *blindé*, which means, not blinded as a minister of justice, but armour-clad in coats proof against rifle and revolver. There will be rest for the agent, and rest (though no rent) for the landlord, while the boys are running playfully after the County Court judge's car or stalking him from behind a hedge. So that, at any rate, the junior Bar of the sister isle may look forward to plenty of places (with "pinsions," as the Molony observed); and they cannot be so dead to the national tastes as to object to the bullets which, having given them that promotion, will perhaps subsequently endeavour to send them even further aloft. Yet again, when Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Forster drew that pathetic picture of the abhorrence with which they regarded their duty of seeing the law carried out by armies of process-servers and constabulary, how pleasant was it to look forward to the 1st of January, 1882! Then, according to present understanding, and leaving Mr. Parnell out of the reckoning, such Irish landlords as are

not in the meanwhile starved or bankrupt will recover the right of getting their own. There will be something like an army needed then. Even the division list itself had its peculiar attractions. It was pleasant to see the three friends Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bradlaugh, and Mr. Samuel Morley united in the same good work. No man of true humour (and all the three persons just mentioned are nothing if not humorists) could help laughing heartily at the notion of an English landlord, a distinguished professional man, and a British merchant generously voting bonuses to Larry and Dennis out of the pockets of Colonel King-Harman and Lord Ardilaun. But, on the whole, these minor beauties of the night paled before the great geographical discovery which an attentive study of the whole debate unfolded before the eyes of the student. We have all heard of the Ireland of fiction, and some of us have regretted the cheerful country where claret, and beer, and whisky induced a perpetual state of hilarity, where every man was genially ready to break the bread—and the head—of a friend, where the population consisted of delightfully named societies of "Blazers" and "Rakes of Mallow," and so forth, and where, if there was little money, there was apparently an astonishing amount of mirth. This country of romance has long ago disappeared. But the other night there appeared—drawn in outline by Mr. Forster, vigorously filled in by the Irish Attorney-General, coloured in a masterly manner by Mr. Gladstone, and varnished to a nicety by Lord Hartington—the map of a new Ireland of fiction, less picturesque perhaps, but even more surprisingly different than the old one from the actual distressful country which lies beyond St. George's Channel. So fresh and novel was the picture that any but very careful hearers or readers might have suspected themselves to have gone to sleep in the midst of a debate about Ireland, and to have awaked in the midst of a debate about Utopia, till the actual recurrence of the weary word corrected their misapprehension.

The Ireland of fiction, as is natural, differs most strikingly from the Ireland of fact in a negative manner. In this new country, of which the new Four Masters just mentioned have given us a picture, the unpleasant features and facts of the old are delightfully absent. Obscure hints were indeed made concerning (as his Majesty King James I. would have said) a "kind of evil beast called agitator," which even in the Ireland of fiction works some woe. But, as we shall see shortly, the agitator is not the principal pest of the country, as he certainly is in the Ireland of fact. In the Ireland of fiction no grey-headed peer of the realm (whose only crime was that of expending vast sums to buy back his own property of which the law had deprived him) lay not much more than a year ago murdered by wretches who were successfully protected by the whole countryside. In the Ireland of fiction today there is no such thing as a land agent at the point of death owing to the arguments of recalcitrant tenants. No grand juror in that happy country was fined in this very week for not attending a court which he could only have attended at the risk of his life. The peaceful denizens of fictitious Ireland never run after their landlords with pitchforks and compel them to defend themselves as they might against bushrangers,—but we beg pardon of the Australian Mr. Kelly and his friends, who are usually content with simple robbery, and do not, unless constrained, mix murder with robbery. In the Ireland of fiction the amiable sons of the soil do not torture and mutilate cattle because their owners obey the law and pay their debts. In that happy realm there is neither bludgeon nor vitriol bottle, and agricultural implements are used only against the *justissima tellus*. It was not in this land of injured innocence that an eloquent gentleman last Sunday talked of "vermin against whom there was no close time," and suggested the immediate pursuit of this variety of game or not-game. Of all these things none of the Four Masters (Mr. Forster, Mr. Law, Mr. Gladstone, and the Marquess of Hartington) gives the least hint. On the contrary, the Ireland of fiction is inhabited by an orderly and upright population, whose one abiding principle and motive of action is a burning desire to pay their rents. Mr. Law and Lord Hartington are quite sure of this, whatever else they may be in doubt about. The Irishman of fiction, they would probably allow, is not quite faultless; but, in the matter of rent-paying, say the Marquess and the Attorney-General, he is absolutely impeccable. Another peculiarity of the Irishman of fiction is that nothing but the possession of a small piece of land is wanted to make him perfectly happy and prosperous. He will not (like his most dissimilar double, the Irishman of fact) endeavour to make twenty people subsist where there is room for ten, nor decline absolutely to betake himself to any profitable employment other than pottering about his land, nor waste his substance in good years and tumble heedlessly into the usurer's hand during bad. On the contrary, if he can get some money out of his landlord, Mr. Forster is quite sure that he will emigrate at once and reduce the population to a proper level. He is thus a compound of amiability, moral uprightness, and keen appreciation of the truths of political economy. But he is subject to two frightful pests. The agitator, as we have already mentioned, is one of these; but of him the Four Masters say little. The real curse of the Ireland of fiction is the landlord. This demon is distinguished from the Irish landlord of fact by quite as many negative and positive distinctions as their respective tenants. He never, like more than one Irish landlord of fact, spends on his estate more money than he would get out of it even if his rents were paid. He never, like many another, supports the peasantry bodily and by a dead lift of unfaltering charity, through the trouble which their own hopeless improvidence brings upon them. His income is never drained by charges for which he himself is not responsible. On the contrary, he spends his time in devising how he shall bring most misery on his tenant. He "enforces his pound of flesh, and adds farm to farm, in order to grow sheep instead of men"; he has made "monstrous, prolonged, inveterate efforts" to do something dreadful, though indefinite, to the Irishman of fiction. He sets "armies of agents and constabulary" to work, not apparently for the purpose of recovering the money which is his due, and which he very likely owes to somebody else, but purely for the delight of harassing and worrying. No wonder that the Four Masters pity the Irishman of fiction vexed by this tremendous bogy. Indeed the fictitious tenant is, according to one of them, in a plight which is truly terrible. For he is "deprived by the act of God of the means of payment, and liable to the confiscation of that estate with which the Act of 1870 provided him." Such are Mr. Gladstone's own words, and we can only admire the delicacy with which the contrast is drawn between Ormuzd and Ahriman. The Act of Mr. Gladstone provides the Irishman of fiction with an estate, the act of the Deity deprives him of it. Who can hesitate between the two Powers so modestly brought into comparison?

In striving to identify, for the assistance of geographical students, this remarkable isle of persecuted saints with the actual island which England has for her sins to help and to bear with, we have succeeded in lighting on one very valuable feature common to the two. The Ireland of fact returns a considerable number of members to the Parliament of Great Britain, and so does the Ireland of fiction. Rather more than half these members are of a turbulent disposition in both cases. Nay, more; from the dim allusion to agitators which, as we have observed, the speeches of the Four Masters contain, we are inclined to think that in both Irelands, that of fiction and that of fact, there is a city called Cork and a member for it. Now, if by any means it should be possible to propitiate the Mr. Parnell who sits for the more shadowy constituency through the presentation of large bonuses to his clients and the mulcting his enemies of the same, it seems not improbable that the Mr. Parnell of fact might be a good deal less troublesome to the Four Masters and their friends. As a matter of fact, we observed, if we mistake not, considerable assistance lent by the latter person to the Government in a matter which they had much at heart—the seating of Mr. Bradlaugh. Gif-gaf is perhaps not a proverb of the Ireland of fiction in so many words; but it is believed that Mr. Parnell is a sufficiently acute person to understand the principle it propounds. We know that Mr. Gladstone has already repudiated the idea with scorn, and of course it never could have occurred to him. For it is perhaps rather a discreditable idea, and, as Mr. Borlase knows, it is absolutely impossible that the present Prime Minister could do or think anything discreditable. Again, some hints in the debate might lead one to suppose that the Government, finding themselves incompetent to govern the real Ireland, have resorted to the pleasing fiction of creating a new one out of their own heads. But between these and other explanations we do not attempt to decide. We are, after all, only humble geographers, engaged, like the draughtsmen of Messrs. Black or Messrs. Keith Johnston, in constructing from the scattered hints of our authorities a map of a hitherto unknown country, that it may be added to the political atlas.

DIFFICULTIES OF DINNER-GIVING.

HOWEVER modest people's opinions may be of their own capabilities, there are certain things, such as driving a gig, editing a newspaper, or managing a theatre, for which almost all men consider themselves admirably fitted. Among the many functions which every one thinks he could perform with success is that of dinner-giving; but in reality it is one of those apparently easy matters which are extremely difficult.

It is proverbial that ladies who happen to have unusually extensive wardrobes are fond of complaining that they have nothing to wear; and much on the same principle, when those who have a large circle of acquaintance wish to make up a dinner party to meet some persons whom it is their duty to entertain, they declare that they know nobody to ask to meet them. The happy thought in such cases often suggests itself, "Let us first invite the Lothburys, and if they refuse, we shall be saved all further trouble." If the party is not strangled in its birth by the refusal of the honoured guests, the cares and sorrows of the entertainment at once begin. "Who shall we ask?" is a question which is then constantly reiterated. The hospitable dinner-givers hold a little court, and try all their acquaintances in turn, administering justice without mercy to each name as it occurs to their memories. These people the hostess "really could not do with"; those are dull; some are "not at all the sort of people that the Lothburys would like to meet"; and others are "in quite a different set." The excellent Lothburys are not intellectual enough to get on with one eligible couple, nor are they quite fashionable enough to appreciate the "society small talk" of another, even if they were to go through a month's cramming in the handbook on the subject lately written by "a Member of the Aristocracy." It is not worth asking the Smiths to a dinner at which the best champagne is to be used, and Baron von Ratandmouski is miserable unless he can smoke in the dining-room after dinner, whereas Lord Lothbury abhors

tobacco. The Cornhills would do very well, "but," the hostess ruefully says, "they owe us." The Glendowers would be all that could be wished; but Lady Glendower's rank would necessitate her being taken into dinner by her host, although she is a person of far less importance than Lady Lothbury, and it is desirable that the latter should be the most honoured guest of the evening. The FitzCharleses would be exactly the people wanted; but two of their children have got the measles. At last, after much brain-racking, a more or less eligible list is made out, and the invitations are issued. There is no apparent reason for more than twenty-four hours' delay in an answer to a letter in London; but when invitations are sent out for a dinner party replies are frequently very slow in forthcoming. If the truth were known, many people wait before answering an invitation to see whether a better one may not turn up, in which case they rarely scruple to answer the first by expressing their sorrow that "a previous engagement prevents their accepting" it. It often happens that through refusals, many of which have been unwarrantably delayed, a third of the party has still to be made up within a few days of the banquet. The highways and hedges have now to be ransacked. The hostess orders her brougham at eleven in the morning, and hurries off to press into her service one or two intimates who will stand short notice; and the host is sent to his club "to get a man." It is far from impossible that, on the very morning of the event, the Lothburys, for whom the party has been got up, may themselves fail, through the sudden illness of Lord Lothbury's mother; and the hospitable dinner-givers, to their chagrin, are obliged to go with all speed to a couple of poor relations and beseech them to come and sit at their table.

It often happens that on the very day of the party, the favourite greengrocer fails, and then there is a scramble to get another. Instead of the tall and well-mannered under-butler of a nobleman out of town, a shambling being who looks like a cheap undertaker's mute has to be put up with. Many other difficulties sometimes present themselves. A friend of ours once took a house for the season, with a large dining-room, and rather hurriedly arranged a party of eighteen for dinner. On the morning of the entertainment the butler found that there were only sufficient extra leaves for the table to make it long enough to accommodate fourteen people. There was nothing for it but to jump into a hansom, drive to an upholsterer's, and hire a proper-sized table, which eventually only arrived just in time to be prepared for dinner. We have known a much more tragic event happen in connexion with a dinner-table. There was to be a large yet select party, and what novelists call "the hospitable board" was all ready for the feast. Everything had been laid with exquisite taste and ungrudging expenditure, under the very eye of the hostess herself. Within a few minutes of the time appointed for the banquet, a servant was lighting up the room, when he leaned rather heavily on the table in order to light the candles which stood upon the grand centre piece. The table literally groaned, and not content with groaning, it crashed. Down went everything on to the floor, and in a moment there lay in the middle of the dining-room a confused heap of candles, broken glass, crushed fruit, stained table cloth, broken Dresden china, disjointed candelabra, and bruised flowers. On the top of all sprawled the servant, at full length, struggling to free himself from the bewildering débris.

As a general rule, we believe that an approaching dinner party is more agreeable to the hostess than to the host. To a woman there is something pleasant in the fuss which precedes her entertainments. She is mistress of the occasion, and her orders are implicitly obeyed. With a man it is different. What amuses his wife fidgets him. He is restless and uneasy. When he goes to his study for a quiet hour before dressing, he finds it has been taken possession of by his wife's maid, and converted into a temporary ladies' cloak-room. On the very altar stone of his sanctum, right in the centre of his writing-table, stands a looking-glass. His precious handbooks and dictionaries, his papers, notebooks, and Acts of Parliament, are profanely piled in a corner of the room. Finding his study desecrated, he wanders about the house, a burden both to himself and to others. He is in a fidget because his wife has not yet returned from her drive, and he fears she may be late for dressing. He is himself dressed far too soon, and finds nothing to do in the drawing-room, which is all prepared in state for the reception of guests. He employs himself in opening and shutting windows, regulating lamps, and very possibly upsetting a flower vase. As the party arrives he begins to talk with each person, but he is too preoccupied with the grouping of his couples for dinner to be able to give his mind to any continuous conversation. Somebody has not arrived, and he keeps nervously looking at his watch. When all have come, he shyly walks from one man to another with a piece of crumpled paper in his hand, at which he casts sheepish glances, and tells them in a mysterious whisper whom they are to take in to dinner, with the air of a man who is doing something of which he is ashamed. This arrangement of the guests at the dinner-table has been the cause of great anxiety to him for days. He has thought it over in bed, in hansoms, and in church; he has found it more difficult than a game of chess, and even more provoking than Boss. Arrived in the dining-room, instead of quietly directing his guests to their alloted seats, he orders them to their places like a sergeant-major, and after making an apologetic grace, he sits down.

Once seated at the table, there is not much left for the host and hostess to do. They may try to attract the attention of the butler and ask him to open the windows wider; but, if things go badly, all they can do is to look on grimly. It might often be well if hosts and hostesses were to endeavour to make themselves more agreeable at their own tables; but, as a rule, people are pleasanter companions in the houses of others than in their own. At their own entertainments they are apt to be too much preoccupied to be able to give their whole minds to any subject which may be mooted. They are fretting because the soup is cold, or because an *entrée* is overflavoured; they are in agonies at a long pause which occurs between the courses; they are observing that a couple at the other end of the table are not talking to each other; or they perceive that the best judge of wine at the table is drinking light claret, instead of the best champagne which has been produced for his special gratification. We lately saw a hostess much perturbed in spirit. She had provided the best of meats and drinks; but some of the guests failed to do justice to them. One gentleman had taken up total abstinence; and, instead of enjoying the excellent wines, he lectured upon the subject of his favourite hobby. It happened to be a Friday; and two of the other guests, who were Roman Catholics, touched neither soup, entrées, joints, nor jellys, to the great sorrow of their hostess, who did not perceive that they made capital dinners on fish, vegetables, sweets, and wine.

A serious, and let us hope exceptional, difficulty in dinner-giving is a drunken butler. We remember a host looking anything but pleased when his inebriate domestic poured a trayful of cups filled with tea into a lady's lap in the drawing-room. Not long ago a gentleman told his new butler that he had better open a certain number of bottles of wine before a dinner-party, and that, when they were finished, he must use his discretion. Long after the gentlemen had left the dining-room, there were no signs of tea in the drawing-room; the host, therefore, went quietly downstairs to hurry the butler. He found that functionary in the ante-room engaged in gulping down champagne out of a tumbler. "What are you doing?" said the master. "The wine you ordered was all finished, so I am using my discretion," answered the man. It is needless to say that much of the success of a dinner party depends upon the efficiency and skill of the butler—more, we are inclined to think, than most people imagine. If a butler cannot always make a party go off well, he can always spoil it. The cook, of course, is the main agent in dinner-giving. We divide cooks into two classes—those who cook carefully but moderately well every day, but cannot cook artistically when there is a party, and those whose cooking is all that can be wished on any special occasion, but careless when the master and mistress are alone. Many people think the former the best sort of cooks; but, on the whole there is much to be said for the latter, because the misery of seeing a bad dinner put before friends in one's own house is so great that some shortcomings in one's everyday dinners are not to be compared to it. There are few occasions on which a man feels at once so helpless and yet so responsible as when he sits at his own table watching a bad dinner being given to his guests. Perhaps the *entrées* are stodgy, the roasts under or overdone, and the sweets rolling about, instead of standing in their dishes; an even temperature is maintained in everything; the soups, the meats, the jellies, and the puddings are all pretty equally lukewarm. And yet the unfortunate giver of the feast, utterly helpless and inwardly boiling over with wrath, has to make himself agreeable and converse brilliantly on general topics, as if he had not a care in the world. The next morning the hostess proceeds to relieve her feelings in the housekeeper's room. With an air of injured innocence, the poor cook weeps over the fate of her excellent dinner. Everything, she says, had been cooked to perfection, but the butler and footmen kept the whole dinner waiting, and dishes which were fit to put before a king were allowed to get sodden, tepid, and spoiled in the serving-room. The hostess goes to her husband, and tells him that "he really must speak" to the butler on the subject; but, before he has time to do so, the butler comes himself to complain. He had sent down again and again to the kitchen for the courses, and yet he was kept waiting. The sauces were not sent up with the things, and one man had to be employed during the greater part of dinner in running with messages to the cook. He had sometimes begun to think that she must have gone to sleep. The general result of the affair in such a case is likely to be a grand row among the domestics, with which we gladly dismiss the subject.

MR. HYNDMAN ON THE EXHAUSTION OF INDIA.

MR. HYNDMAN has secured a well-defined place in contemporary Anglo-Indian literature. He is master of what may be called the hysterical method of treating Indian subjects. In an evil hour for the chances of common sense and reasonable discussion, it was revealed to him that the indifference or repugnance of English magazine-readers to Eastern subjects could be best overcome by a series of sensational effects. The vast size of India, the imposing aggregates that have in every instance to be dealt with, the remoteness of some topics, the obscurity of others, made it easy to be sensationally effective. Thenceforward Mr. Hyndman's performances have been little more than a series of shrieks, each more piercing than the last. The crimes of the Government, the fatuous imbecility of Indian statesmen, the desolating effects of a rapacious administration, the exhaustion of the soil, the increase of famine mortality, furnished him, each in turn, with material for rhetorical outbursts of protest, lamentation, and invective. It

was little to the purpose that again and again his figures were contradicted and his conclusions disproved. Mr. Hyndman remained unconvinced and unconvinceable. If he kept silence for a few months, he presently revenged himself by a wilder outburst than ever. He was convinced of "the bankruptcy of India," and it was in vain to endeavour to upset this conviction by mere arithmetical demonstration. He was certain that the Deccan ryot was of all men most miserable, and it was useless for apologists like Sir Richard Temple to show, by a calm statement of unquestioned facts, that even in this—probably the poorest part of India—there were satisfactory proofs of a steady growth of national prosperity. Three years of famine—the longest and most widespread of the century—naturally intensified Mr. Hyndman's gloomy views, and supplied still deeper colours for his grim delineations of a beggared exchequer and a ruined people. The incomprehensible circumstance that the country rallied from this exceptional disaster with unprecedented rapidity, and that the treasury of a poverty-stricken Empire was found to be overflowing, failed, as every other argument had failed, to shake his belief in himself and his theory. The blunder in the Afghan war estimate has naturally brought him again upon the scene, with a dirge duly attuned to the desperate character of the situation. India, it appears, is being ruined by "over-Europeanization and economical error"; "famines are more frequent, more fatal"; "taxation has reached its limit; the revenue is inelastic; the expenditure is steadily increasing; the production of the soil over large areas is lessening; the margin of food above the limit of starvation is being greatly reduced." Nor are these the only signs of the ill results of British rule; the very circumstance that two hundred and fifty millions of people are kept in order by sixty thousand European troops, and governed by a few hundred European civilians, shows how deep the national depression must be. In Bombay and Madras alike outlawed leaders have recently appealed for help to the oppressed population, but in neither case have met with the slightest sympathy; here is another dreadful result of misgovernment. But this is not all. In the native States Mr. Hyndman finds models of simple, inexpensive, effective government and prosperous populations, which he contrasts with "the vast bureaucratic machine" of English rule and the impoverished wretches who groan under its exactions. He indicates no less than nine points in which the native system shows a marked superiority over its British counterpart. Meanwhile "the productive powers of the soil are calculated to have decreased at least thirty per cent. at least in thirty years"; "twenty millions' worth of agricultural produce leaves the country without any direct return"; "the one great need of India is capital, and that capital we now drain away"; "even as we look on, India is becoming feebler and feebler. . . . The very life-blood of the great multitude under our rule is slowly, but ever faster, ebbing away"; "and yet," cries Mr. Hyndman in despair at the apathy of his audience, "we are still content to discuss."

Discussion of a rhapsody such as this would be of course misplaced; but when such performances are allowed to find a place among the contributions of reasonable beings, it may be worth while to expose a few of the gross blunders and misrepresentations on which the whole structure of ignorance, folly, and conceit is reared. There is scarcely a single statement in the whole of Mr. Hyndman's essay which may not be met with a categorical contradiction. It is, in the first place, absolutely untrue that India is bankrupt, or anything like it. During the last decade she has had a surplus of revenue over normal expenditure of more than 25 millions, or an average annual surplus of 2½ millions; the result of which has been that in that period, besides spending 14½ millions in the relief of famine, and remitting 3 millions of revenue, and notwithstanding a loss of more than 14 millions by exchange, she has still been able to contribute from her ordinary resources 7½ millions towards the expenses of the Afghan war. It is, again, absolutely untrue that the sums invested in irrigation and railways have been unproductive. The results may be found by any one who wishes to verify them for himself in the appendix to the financial statement contained in the recent Blue-book on the Afghan war estimate. There it will be seen that the 20½ millions invested in irrigation will earn in the current year no less than 1,211,000*l.* net profits, or very nearly 6 per cent., notwithstanding the fact that at least 4 millions of the whole are locked up in unfinished works. The State railways—many of them unfinished, and all undeveloped—will earn a net profit of 596,000*l.* on a capital of 31 millions. The guaranteed lines will earn a net profit of 5¾ millions on their capital of 96½ millions. On the other hand, the crops, saved in 1877 by the canals, were in several instances worth the entire capital outlay on the works; and the two millions of tons of food which the railways carried into the famine-stricken districts must have saved at least twelve million lives. No project could more fully have realized the expectations of its authors or be more full of promise alike for the Government and the people.

It is not true, again, that famines are more frequent and fatal than formerly. The famine of 1876-1878 was, no doubt, one of quite exceptional severity, unequalled probably since the great disaster of 1770; but it is certain that many millions were kept alive who must have perished but for the organized measures of relief and the vast railway imports of food. Every fresh mile of railroad and canal diminishes the likelihood of mortality on future occasions. Nor, again, is it true that taxation has reached its limits, for the richer classes are still practically untaxed; in this very year the Government abandoned the impost which it had been settled that they ought to bear, and within the last two years nearly a million sterling of taxation has been surrendered. Every branch of revenue, except where the course of fiscal reform has involved abandonment of income, shows satisfactory elasticity and steady increase from the development of the country.

The land revenue of Madras, for instance, is double what it was twenty-five years ago, though its incidence is infinitely lighter. Nowhere in India is it more than 7½ per cent. of the gross produce, and in several provinces it is less than 5 per cent. Salt, owing to Sir John Strachey's admirable reforms and to railway development, was never so cheap and never so largely consumed. On the other hand, Mr. Hyndman will be surprised to learn that the cost of administration is being steadily retrenched, that every branch of the service has been scrutinized in search of possible economies, and that in the present year half a million has been curtailed from the expenses of a single department. As to the deterioration of the soil within thirty years, the only germ of truth in the statement is that, in some places, the profits of irrigation have tempted the cultivators to take too heavy and too frequent crops off their lands; and that, in others, the increase of population has led to the cultivation of inferior soils. Lastly, as to the excess of exports over imports—in other words, the cash which India has to remit to Europe—a moment's reflection will show that this is money paid for money's worth. Five millions of the sixteen which India annually remits are the interest of the guaranteed lines; but that five millions represents eleven millions gross earnings paid in the country by thirty-four millions of passengers, who found their profit in travelling, and by the owners of nine or ten millions of tons of goods, moved about for the purposes of commerce. Two and a half millions more are interest on the public debt, the whole increase of which has, since the Mutiny, been expended in remunerative engineering projects of the highest utility. The rest may be regarded as the price of that most excellent bargain under which it results that two hundred millions of British subjects live on in unbroken peace and yearly increasing prosperity, under a Government which hardly costs them more than many an Eastern ruler has squandered on parasites and seraglios. "The one great want of India," says Mr. Hyndman, "is capital." It is so, and the supply of that capital from England, on mutually advantageous terms, is one of the innumerable blessings which India has reaped and is reaping from the connexion of the two countries.

It is useless to pursue any further the analysis of a mere tissue of arrogant, passionate, and reckless blunders. Mr. Hyndman will no doubt continue to the end, "delivering brawling judgments all day long," on subjects about which he knows just little enough to theorize and declaim, but which have been to wise, earnest, and thoughtful men the study of a lifetime and the aim of a career. Every part of the administration which he so glibly denounces has been thought over, written about, and practically tested by the experience of skilled observers. It has no doubt many shortcomings, and is liable, as the last few weeks have proved, to serious miscarriage; it is exposed to great dangers; it involves enormous difficulties; but they are difficulties and dangers which require for their treatment the intellect of philosophers and the genius of statesmen, not the irresponsible babble of ignorant and careless pamphleteers. The process by which the two hundred millions of India are passing from a disorganized horde of agricultural peasants into a great, opulent, and civilized Empire is, and must assuredly be, gradual and arduous, checked by repeated obstacles, marred by repeated failures. But it is too bad that it should be the pastime of ephemeral literature and the pet topic for picturesque extravagance. Whether the English nation will succeed in carrying through without disaster its great mission of Eastern Empire is a problem on which it would be rash to speculate; but, if it does, success will be owing to the patient and unpretentious labour, the wide knowledge, the conscientious zeal, the ripe experience, the political skill, which have been and are devoted to the task; and to the habit, still happily characteristic of Englishmen, of turning a deaf ear to the noisy interpellations of ignorant and undisciplined enthusiasm.

THE TAY BRIDGE DISASTER.

THE view which was formed very shortly after the occurrence of this lamentable catastrophe is entirely confirmed in the elaborate reports which Colonel Yolland, Mr. Barlow, and Mr. Rothery have made to the Board of Trade. The bridge failed because it had not sufficient strength to resist the lateral pressure of the wind. This great defect, of which the result was so terrible, was due, in the opinion of Mr. Rothery, to incompetence and carelessness on the part of those who constructed the bridge, which merit grave censure. His colleagues apparently share his views; but they content themselves with stating the facts of the case, and leave the authorities and the public to draw their own inferences. We shall deal principally with their Report, as it contains an excellent description of the structure, and states in a very clear and succinct manner the nature of the defects which caused it to be so lamentably wanting in strength.

From this carefully considered Report it appears that one of the most important features of the first plan of the bridge was altered in constructing it. "The bridge as originally designed," say the authors of the Report, "had piers of brickwork and spans of 200 ft. of clear water space in that portion of it which forms the

subject of this inquiry; but, in consequence of difficulties with the foundations, Sir T. Bouch altered the spans to 245 ft., excepting two, which were made 227 ft.; and he also altered the piers from brickwork to ironwork above high-water level, in order to lessen the weight on the foundations, and to obtain the best distribution of weight and material which the circumstances permitted." How great an alteration this was, and how much it weakened the structure in some respects, are only too obvious; and, without relying on the knowledge obtained by subsequent facts, it certainly seems strange that Sir Thomas Bouch—the engineer of the bridge, as we need hardly say—should have thought it advisable to sacrifice so much strength. Apparently, however, he had thoroughly convinced himself that no harm would come, as he stated in a letter (quoted in the Report) that the change had been the subject of long and careful consideration; and it does not appear that he was doing anything of which other eminent engineers would have disapproved. After this departure from the original plan had been determined on, the work was put in hand, and the slender structure rose so rapidly that only two years and a half after Sir T. Bouch had decided to use iron instead of stone, it was ready for inspection by the officers of the Board of Trade. The quick completion is not surprising when the manner in which the bridge was put together is considered. Colonel Yolland and Mr. Barlow give the following account of it:—

The spans of the bridge varied from 245 feet to 29 feet. The piers were 85 in number, of which the first 14 were of brick, the remainder being formed above high-water level of tiers of cast-iron columns bolted together vertically by bolts and nuts, and connected together laterally by means of cross bracing and struts of wrought iron. The number of columns in position on each pier varied from three to six. Those under the largest spans were formed of six columns, bolted to base pieces, which were bedded in stone. The lower portions of these piers consisted of concrete, brickwork, and masonry, their construction being accomplished by means of iron caissons which were left in forming part of the permanent work. Commencing from an abutment on the south shore, the bridge curved for the first three spans to the left until it came at right angles to the course of the river, which here runs nearly due east and west; it was then straight to pier 53, whence it curved sharply off to the right with a radius of 20 to 22 chains, until it finally reached the north shore. . . . The high girders extended over 13 spans, namely, 11 of 245 feet each, and two of 227 feet each, making a total of 3,149 feet. This portion was divided into three sections or groups, the first, counting from the south, contained five spans of 245 feet each; the second, of four spans, two of 245 and two of 227 feet each; and the third, of four spans, all of 245 feet each.

In February 1878 the bridge was ready for use, and was inspected by General Hutchinson for the Board of Trade. He put it to what was undoubtedly a very severe test in one respect. In order to try its power of resisting a vertical strain he "caused six locomotives coupled together, each weighing seventy-three tons, to pass over the bridge at a speed of forty miles an hour." More or less satisfied with this and other tests, he reported in a somewhat ambiguous manner to the Board of Trade that he saw no reason why the Board should object to the bridge being used for passenger traffic; adding, however, that trains should not cross it at a higher rate of speed than twenty-five miles an hour, and stating that he should wish, if possible, to have an opportunity of "observing the effects of a high wind when a train of carriages is running over it." He had clearly an inkling of possible danger, but apparently was oppressed by no very grave misgivings. Neither the Board of Trade nor the Company paid any attention to his "wish," and the capacity of the bridge for resisting wind-pressure was not observed by him or by any other qualified engineer. On the strength of his report the official permission was duly given; and, after some delay in completing the approaches, trains began to run in June 1878—that is, a year and a half before the accident. As might perhaps have been expected, General Hutchinson's recommendation respecting speed was disregarded, and the pace of twenty-five miles an hour was exceeded. A short time after the way had been opened for traffic, defects in the structure began to show themselves. In October 1878 Mr. Noble, an inspector of the Company, found that there was a "loosening of a number of the ties of the cross-bracing" of the columns. He put them to rights as best he could, and did not inform Sir T. Bouch of what he had discovered. The authors of the Report consider Mr. Noble an intelligent man, very competent in the class of work to which he was accustomed, but not qualified for such work as the inspection of this bridge. In October 1879 the same inspector found that four of the columns were cracked, and that there were other signs of injury to the bridge. He reported them to Sir T. Bouch, who ordered the defective parts to be strengthened in a manner which he thought sufficient, and seems to have felt no uneasiness respecting the structure. Very shortly afterwards the terrible disaster came. In this state "of the columns and ties," says the Report, "the storm of the 28th of December, 1879, occurred, which would necessarily produce great tension on the ties, varying as the heavy gusts bore upon different parts of the bridge; and when under these strains the train came on to the viaduct bringing a larger surface of wind-pressure to bear as well as increased weight on the piers, and accompanied by the jarring action due to its motion along the rails, the final catastrophe occurred."

Respecting the cause of it, Colonel Yolland and Mr. Barlow appear to entertain no doubt whatever. In a decisive summing up of their conclusions they say that in their opinion there is nothing to indicate any movement in the foundations; that the wrought iron and cast iron used, though not so good as they might have been, were fairly good; that the girders which have fallen were of sufficient strength; but that the iron piers used in place of the brick piers originally contemplated, though strong enough for supporting the vertical weight, were not sufficiently substantial to sustain at so great a height girders of such magnitude as those which fell; that the cross-bracing and its fastenings were too weak to resist the lateral action of heavy gales of wind; and that the fall of the bridge was occasioned by the insufficiency of the cross-bracing and its fastenings to sustain the force of the gale on December 28, 1879, the bridge having been previously strained by other gales. Sir T. Bouch, in his evidence before the Court of Inquiry, stated that in his opinion the accident was caused by a carriage and van being overturned and canted against the girder so as to destroy portions of it and thereby occasion the fall; but this view Colonel Yolland and Mr. Barlow unhesitatingly, we might almost say contemptuously, reject; and it is scarcely possible for any one who reads their Report to doubt that they are justified in this, and that they assign the true cause for the accident. As was thought from the first, the pressure of the violent wind against the great girders and the train was more than the tall and slender groups of columns, insufficiently braced together, had strength to withstand, and the bridge and train were blown into the water.

This insufficiency of strength was due to two causes—bad design and bad workmanship. When the columns and ties were being made at the foundry, there was not a proper supervision of the work, and in consequence there were grave defects in it. It is not necessary to quote the very technical description which Colonel Yolland and Mr. Barlow give of the cross-bracing of the piers, as it is enough to say that the fastenings of the heads and bases of the tiers of columns, and of the ties which held the columns together, were insufficient, being badly planned and badly executed, and that in consequence before the accident many of them had become loose. Apart from the state of the fastenings, the cross-bracing was insufficient, so that the structure was altogether unfit to resist a great lateral strain. Alike in the design, construction, and maintenance of the bridge, danger from wind-pressure was disregarded.

Why was it that more attention was not given to the possibility of the whole fabric being blown down? Why was not provision made against a terrible accident which certainly does not enter into the category of those fatalities which cannot be foreseen? At first the answer seems simple enough. The engineer who designed the bridge should certainly have taken the wind-pressure into consideration and not have allowed the defective work. That in this latter respect he was to blame can scarcely be disputed. Sir T. Bouch and his staff should not have passed much of the work which was thought good enough for the Tay Bridge. Whether he is to blame for not allowing sufficiently for the wind-pressure is, however, a different question. A man can hardly be blamed for not being better than the best of his brethren, and it seems very doubtful whether, at the time when the bridge was built, any English engineers paid much attention to the possible pressure of the wind when calculating the stability of their structures. Colonel Yolland and Mr. Barlow do not blame Sir T. Bouch for neglect on this head; but then they do not consider it part of their duty to censure any one, and they have apparently authorized Mr. Rothery, who does censure very severely, to say that they agree with him; so that their judgment must be held to be altogether against the engineer. So far as he considered wind-pressure at all, he relied, it seems, on a Report of Messrs. Barlow and Pole, based on a statement of the Astronomer-Royal, which altogether misled him; but it must be said that the language of those authorities was highly calculated to mislead. In order, however, to determine how far he is to blame, it is necessary to consider briefly the question raised in Mr. Rothery's Report, as that learned gentleman has separated himself from his colleagues partly because he thinks that he is bound to deal with the question of responsibility, which the others do not consider themselves entitled to decide.

This question Mr. Rothery does decide in a very emphatic manner. He condemns the Railway Company, the contractors for the bridge, Sir T. Bouch, and to some extent the Board of Trade. That there is reason for much of his censure can hardly be denied; and when he holds Sir T. Bouch responsible for the defects in the construction of the bridge, his decision seems scarcely open to question. It is somewhat different, however, when he holds him responsible for the faults in design—that is, for what subsequent knowledge has shown to have been faults in the design. Undoubtedly, as has just been shown, there was not sufficient allowance for wind-pressure; but then it does not appear to be the practice of English engineers to make much allowance for wind-pressure. Even now the best authorities differ largely as to what this pressure may amount to; and one engineer of great experience, who has devoted special attention to the subject, said, when giving evidence before Mr. Rothery and his colleagues, that in his opinion the pressure over one span of the high girders of the Tay Bridge could hardly have exceeded 15 lbs. per square foot. Others stated that it might be 40 lbs. or 50 lbs. per square foot. As has been said, the Report which Sir T. Bouch had to study was highly calculated to mislead, and altogether it appears that there is not much definite knowledge on the subject now, and that there was still less at the time when he designed the Tay Bridge. He followed the practice of English engineers, and did not trouble himself greatly about wind-pressure. Mr. Rothery holds that he is to be severely blamed for this, because he might have ascertained that engineers in France and the United States allowed for a wind-pressure of 50 lbs. and 55 lbs. per square foot; but here it is diffi-

cult to agree with the Commissioner. A man can hardly be censured because his knowledge does not exceed that of the most skilful men in his own profession. A doctor who lost a patient's life through ignorance of methods which are followed in Paris and Berlin, but are unknown at the College of Physicians, would not be thought to deserve blame. In this case surely censure must fall not so much on Sir T. Bouch individually as on the engineering profession. Engineers have neglected a most important branch of inquiry, and in their calculations have frequently ignored one material item. Departing in some cases from the old system which gave a wide margin of strength, and contenting themselves with a much smaller margin, they have forgotten to take into account a danger which threatens the comparatively weak fabrics that are now raised, and have not given sufficient heed to what has been done in America and France. In this as in other matters, knowledge in England has not kept pace with the knowledge attained in other countries. The conclusion is an unpleasant one, and may cause grave doubts as to the safety of existing structures; but it is a conclusion which can hardly be avoided, and it will not be made more acceptable by blaming an individual for negligence which seems to have been general in the profession to which he belonged.

THE MILITARY MUDDLE.

IF in the fulness of time, or possibly a little sooner, the British taxpayer comes to regard his army which costs some fifteen millions annually as an unmitigated nuisance, if not an altogether hopeless case, the fact will hardly be surprising. For the last twenty years the army has in truth been a source of chronic embarrassment, difficulty, and certain expense for uncertain results. No sooner is one burning military question disposed of than another relieves guard with fearful and monotonous regularity. We appear, in fact, to manage our military machine on the principle of the dishonest watchmaker who, while repairing one part of a watch, took care to disarrange another in such a way that it was safe to find its way back to him for fresh repairs before very long. For instance, we abolished the sale and purchase of officers' commissions, and then discovered that we had supplied a hitherto contented and zealous body of public servants with a solid, substantial, and serious grievance in the shape of hopelessly congested promotion and consequent loss of professional prospects. At last we are compelled to substitute a costly system of bonuses and pensions to do that which had previously been done by the officers themselves. Partly from a desire to relieve an existing block in the promotion of the Royal Artillery, and partly from a tardy recognition of the responsibility and importance attaching to the command of a battery, we promote at one sweep the whole of the first captains in that corps to majorities, and then find that we have virtually superseded a large number of cavalry and infantry officers who, on the principle of better late than never, are even now demanding corresponding promotion. Or a sudden frenzy for localization seizes us; we spend between three and four millions on new barracks wherewith to gratify our whim; and having thus at length provided our regiments with a local habitation and a name, we awaken to the unpleasant fact that they have little else to boast of, for we cannot in any moment of emergency fill their ranks from their proper localities, and other corps have to be denuded as occasion requires. Moreover, the new system does not lend itself to the peculiar demands of foreign service, and the roster has not even yet recovered from the dislocation caused by its introduction. Again, we plunge headlong into short service, and after giving it a fair trial we find that an old soldier is better than a young one; that the system is utterly unsuited to our army; and, having seriously lowered the standard of discipline and impaired the efficiency of our troops, we are now trying to retrace our steps.

How is it, we would ask, that our army requires such incessant legislation, and that every attempted reform turns out a failure? We can manage and administer our navy, if not to perfection, at all events pretty much to our own satisfaction and to the admiration of foreigners, who are never tired of extolling our system and endeavouring to imitate it. Is our success in this direction due to the *quieta non movere* policy—to the fact that we never attempt to alter that which has served and still serves us well? Certainly, purchase never existed in the navy; but still we might have tried some experiments in localization, such as manning given squadrons exclusively from a given port; or we might have recurred to the old and long-established system of short service for the blue-jacket; but fortunately for ourselves we did none of these things. How much better would it have been had we never attempted them with our army! There can be no doubt that the latter service has suffered from excessive legislation by incompetent legislators, while the former has been left comparatively undisturbed. The reason for this is probably to be found in the different circumstances of the two professions. The soldier is always with us and in our midst, not merely personally when at home, but also through the medium of newspapers and correspondents when abroad, and most of all when on active service. The Volunteer movement has not merely deprived the military profession of the exclusive character it once possessed, but has inundated the country with amateurs who think themselves perfectly qualified to judge, criticize, condemn, and reform everything connected with their professional brethren. On the other hand, we see very little of the sailor. A small part of his service is spent at seaport towns and a large part at sea, where we neither see him nor hear of him. While the special military correspondent is a recognized institution, and one too of daily increasing importance, the special naval correspondent has as yet no existence. Military manœuvres, drill, and words of command are common property, while naval evolutions, tactics, and technicalities are a sealed book to the great mass of the people; and we cannot refrain from adding, Long may this state of things continue! Our journals pour forth whole columns of description, suggestion, and criticism on the army, many of them, as we recently showed, evincing utter ignorance of the subject in all its bearings, while they are far more reticent on the subject of the navy, for the simple reason that, while writers and readers alike possess just that little military knowledge which is dangerous, neither writers nor readers have any knowledge at all of naval affairs. In like manner, in Parliament the number of members in both Houses who speak in a military debate is legion, while a naval debate is practically confined to a few experts, the utterances of the amateur critics attracting no attention from the House or the public.

Still all this will hardly account for the comparative efficiency of one service and the shortcomings of the other. An opinion has recently arisen, and is slowly and surely gaining ground, that the system under which our army is managed is radically faulty, and requires change. The recent speech of Sir Garnet Wolseley at the dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund, if read between the lines, is a distinct indictment of the present military administration, and, however much opinions may differ as to the propriety of such utterances on the part of an officer in his position, there can be little doubt that he spoke the sentiments of many both in and out of the service. Let us resume our comparison with the navy. It is managed, as every one knows, by a Board composed of four members, of whom the First Lord only is a civilian. Associated with him are three naval Lords, who advise on all purely technical and professional matters. Thus the Board of Admiralty forms a compact and homogeneous body, having no separate individuality which can be assailed, and, as a consequence, enjoying perfect freedom from attacks of a merely personal nature; while, at the same time, its decisions rarely fail to carry weight and to command respect. We wonder how many of the outside public even know the names of the three naval Lords of the Admiralty. Probably very few; and it is this very want of personality which is the strong point of the system in the present day. Our military system is almost exactly the opposite of this. The army is controlled and commanded by two persons, who, instead of being associated, are too frequently the reverse. In place of combined and harmonious working, we too often have friction, if not actual discord and divergence. This is only human nature, and we are far from wishing to attach any blame to either; it is the system which is in fault, not the men. But the weak point is that both the Secretary of State for War and the Commander-in-Chief stand alone and isolated in their respective departments of financial and technical administration. The result is natural. No important measure is sanctioned, no reform announced, for which one or the other is not held directly and personally responsible. Instantly a perfect deluge of criticism, approval, praise, censure, or vituperation is let loose, which, instead of being directed against a combined body of men who can share the burden, falls upon one individual. Nor is this all. The First Lord of the Admiralty and the Secretary of State for War change with every Government, while the naval Lords of the Admiralty are frequently changed during a single Administration. The Commander-in-Chief alone is a fixture, and no change of Government brings him the smallest respite from the isolation, the responsibility, and the criticism which are the accompaniments of the post he has held for a quarter of a century. The consequence is that, when any important military question arises, a Royal Commission is resorted to as the best means for providing advice and dividing the responsibility which is thus tacitly admitted to be too great for any one man. And what is a Royal Commission? It consists of a body of men whose official connexion with the question at issue begins when they assemble and ends when they disperse. Before the ink of their signatures is well dry their names are forgotten, and the very frequency with which these Commissions have of late years been employed has completely robbed their opinions of the weight which ought to attach to them. For instance, where is the result of Lord Airey's Commission on our recruiting difficulties, which assembled a year ago? It has never even been published, and rumour says that it never will be published in its entirety, because some of its recommendations are unpalatable in a financial point of view. Then why was it ever appointed? We should like to know how many Royal Commissions have been summoned on military affairs, and how many on naval affairs, during the past twenty years. The answer would be a conclusive argument in support of our views. Our system of military administration is a blot and a scandal, and one that must produce disastrous consequences if persevered in. Meantime our army goes from bad to worse. Our regiments are skeletons in points of numbers, their ranks are filled with untrained boys, we cannot get enough recruits, and the reputation of the service in general is waning with fearful rapidity. The contrast between the line as it now is and the well-filled ranks and fine men of the Militia, who have lately completed their annual training, was simply painful. The case appears to be almost hopeless, for no Government will face it, but

each leaves it for its successor to deal with. More extraordinary than all, the nation never grudges money for military purposes, and yet, while our army is proportionately by far the most expensive in the world, we have little to show for it. This cannot go on for ever.

FLOGGING MISSIONARIES.

THE sovereign authority which missionaries are said to claim over uncivilized tribes, the missionary right to try, condemn, torture, flog, imprison, and starve, are very serious matters. Almost all our recent "little wars" have sprung, more or less directly, from the enterprise of missionaries. The Abyssinian affair was caused by missionaries. Missionaries spread the reports about Cetewayo's cruelty and contempt of the Sabbath day, which at least hastened the perhaps inevitable encounter with the Zulus. A missionary complicated the relations of the late Government with the Porte, and missionaries have interfered pretty freely with the domestic Royal quarrels which keep Burmah in hot water. Mr. Stanley's expedition, no doubt, was a journalistic, not a religious one. He converted a casual king or two by the way, but his real end was to increase the circulation of the *Daily Telegraph* and the *New York Herald*. If he shot negroes in so noble a cause, it would scarcely be fair to credit missionaries with his victories over naked enemies. On the other hand, the Rev. Brown's raid on New Britain was a very pretty bit of amateur warfare. Mr. Brown had a certain amount of excuse. His brother missionaries had actually been eaten by the New British. The doctrines which it is Mr. Brown's business to preach do not encourage retaliation; but it is plain that missionaries, being human, must occasionally rebel against the old cannibal practical joke.

The proceedings of the Blantyre missionaries of the Church of Scotland have been a good deal discussed in the House of Commons and in the press. It is possible that many people who are interested in the wild justice of the Aberdonian evangelists have not read the pamphlet in which Mr. Chirnside, F.R.G.S., first brought the affair to the notice of the public. We therefore propose to examine Mr. Chirnside's account of the perpetual warfare, the brutal punishments, and the mediæval system of torture by aid of which certain Scotch missionaries are said by him to have alienated a friendly, and to have disturbed a comparatively peaceful, people. It will be found that all the evidence on which Mr. Chirnside's stories are founded is not of equal value. At the same time we intend to examine the remarkable defence of "these good fellows," the missionaries, which Mr. Waller has published in the *Times* of last Thursday.

The Blantyre mission was founded as a result of the following events. In 1859 Dr. Livingstone was among the Makololo tribe, some distance above the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi. When he left the tribe, some twenty of its members accompanied him as far as the Shiré valley. Most of these men were not pure-blooded Makololo (or Makalolo; Mr. Chirnside spells the name in both ways), and they did not greatly care to return to a land where they were held of small account. They therefore settled in the Shiré valley, among men of broken clans; a timid people, whose rude organization had been destroyed by the slave-trade. These "broken men" gathered round Livingstone's companions, who formed a nucleus of some attractive power. As a result, each of Livingstone's men became a great chief, and built a "town," like the frog in the Zulu fairy-tale. The whole affair illustrates early history; and Chipitula, the strongest chief, in his "town" on the Shiré, is much in the position that Romulus, according to the legend, occupied on the Tiber. Chipitula, in his "asylum," has a force powerful enough to keep the river against Portuguese and Arab slave-traders. He is frightfully cruel; but men like him enable a collection of human waifs to grow into a tribe, perhaps into a nation.

How do these reorganized tribes regard the English? In 1867 they met Mr. Young (who was looking for Livingstone) with the cry, "Our fathers, the English, have come back." Englishmen might well be proud of this recognition. To have enabled a horde of cowering wretches to grow into a settled people, safe within their own borders, is to have served humanity. But the Blantyre missionaries, if Mr. Chirnside is to be believed, have changed all that. In 1874, after Livingstone's death, the Free Kirk sent a mission to Lake Nyassa, and the Auld Kirk, not to be left behind, sent out the Blantyre missionaries. Mr. Young led the Free Kirk "Livingstonia" Mission. As he and his companions ascended the Shiré, Chipitula sent in presents of ebony, sheep, goats, milk, and eggs. Mr. Young found among the grateful natives "a hearty welcome and a host of willing allies." Now, we are told, things are altered. Mr. Chirnside declares that the natives would "hardly do a stroke of work for any white man" when he left the country. The Chief Ramakukan, the natural protector of the Blantyre Mission, was withdrawing his subjects, though Ramakukan had been the most eager friend of the English (or Scotch) at their first arrival. When Mr. Young came, 800 natives carried his stores over sixty miles of country, and at the end "delivered everything up to us unmolested, untampered with, and unhurt, every man merry and content with his well-earned wages." Thus Mr. Young launched the Livingstonia, the Free Kirk Mission, "a genuine success from first to last," says Mr. Chirnside, who may be a United Presbyterian for aught we know.

We are told, however, that all the pleasant idyllic industry of the Shiré river tribes is changed into warlike discontent since the arrival of the missionaries of the Auld Kirk. The storm broke when the missionaries shot a man for a crime of which, says Mr. Chirnside, he was not proved to be guilty. "The first charge which I have to bring against the Mission is that, not having the power of life and death in their hands, in executing a native for an alleged murder they exceeded their duty, and took up a most improper position. Furthermore, I firmly believe, in common with others, that the unfortunate man never committed the crime (in the idea of *white* people a crime) of which he was accused." Murder is a crime, or at all events a strong measure, in the eyes even of most black people. But here is Mr. Chirnside's version of the affair. A woman served two masters, both of whom worked for the Blantyre Mission. She left them, the missionaries (very properly) protected her, and the men threatened vengeance. Some time afterwards another woman was found shot beside the river. The missionaries set the two masters of the first woman to make stocks, clapped them in the stocks, and accused them of the murder. "In spite of the weak evidence, *if there was any*—for no one at the Mission could ever say what evidence there was when asked—both men were sentenced to be shot the following morning." One escaped; the other—so says Mr. Chirnside—was butchered with circumstances of atrocious and revolting cruelty, which we prefer not to publish.

What is the evidence for all this? Mr. Chirnside only says:—"The scenes that have occurred at Blantyre can be attested on oath by more than one eye-witness, and in point of fact those stationed there to spread 'the glad tidings' never attempted the slightest denial when questioned on the subject by the writer of this pamphlet." Thus it seems that Mr. Chirnside visited the Blantyre Mission after the event described, and his story rests on second-hand evidence. But he has one bit of actual testimony which we give in his own words. He has seen, it appears, the Blantyre gaol:—

> At the back of the blacksmith's shop a pit has been sunk in the ground, the bottom of which is reached by a movable ladder. In one of the sides of this pit a hole has been dug which will just contain a man, and it is fitted with a strong door which cannot be forced. On top a pyramid of stones is piled to prevent any one trying to dig the prisoner out through the roof of this place. This is the Blantyre prison, and men are confined in it for three and four days at a stretch, and during that time they receive neither food nor water, nor do they see daylight for any duty of nature. We were told that "they are generally quiet when we take them out again," which means that the strong men they put in come out perfectly dazed and silly.

Mr. Chirnside adds that the natives pass the night in trying to set fire to the roofs of the Mission-houses, while the Presbyterian patrols "go about all night long armed with loaded Sniders"; so that, on the whole, the religion of peace seems rather in difficulties at Blantyre. The people to be pitied are the Free Kirk missionaries at Livingstonia. Their supplies come through Blantyre, and the surrounding heathen, not detecting the immense theological differences between the Free Kirk and the Auld Kirk, are beginning to plunder the convoys, and to attack the Livingstonia natives, when the latter go down to Blantyre. We do not intend to quote Mr. Chirnside's revolting story of how the missionaries had a man flogged to death to make him confess what had become of a packet of tea. Mr. Chirnside speaks as if he had seen the whip employed by the agents (Bismarck, Ropa, and Aramasa, aided by a white) of the missionaries. "A formidable weapon it looks, as it lies before me, with three thongs of buffalo hide." The man who was flogged, so Mr. Chirnside says, was an invalid. Perhaps if he had been in health a matter of over two hundred lashes might not have killed him. Mr. Chirnside says "the story was told us," which is not evidence. But he observes, as if of his own knowledge, "flogging with this whip is an every day occurrence, three lads in one day getting upwards of a hundred lashes." Mr. Chirnside also accuses the missionaries of hunting out refugees for Chipitula, who, though apparently an unconverted character, tortures them to death, neither more nor less than if they were supposed to have stolen a parcel of tea. These things "happened the last day I was at Blantyre."

The reader must judge for himself as to the value of the story of the flogging, and the anecdote about the shooting. It is not denied, as we understand, that both punishments were actually inflicted. The existence of the prison, and the perpetual state of war in a country once friendly, seem to us tolerably sufficient proofs that the Blantyre Mission has not been wisely or fortunately managed. Meanwhile, Mr. Waller writes from Twywell Rectory to the *Times* to defend the missionaries. Mr. Waller says he has himself "confronted most of the embarrassments which have fallen upon the Blantyre missionaries." He cannot mean of course that he has confronted the embarrassment of being obliged to starve black men in an *oubliette*, with a pyramid of stones on the top thereof. As to the other embarrassments, the flogging, shooting, giving up refugees, the idea that Mr. Waller has confronted them is out of the question. He goes on to give "the reason these good fellows went to Blantyre"; and an excellent reason it is. The good fellows went "to operate against the peculiar abominations connected with the slave trade." Are *oubliettes* among these abominations, or did the good fellows introduce the "pit with a hole in the side, which will just contain a man"? We really do not know. The reason of the good fellows, then, was "a fixed determination to operate against the peculiar abominations of the slave-trade of Central Africa, in a manner

which is denied to the influences acting upon the coast and upon the high seas of Africa." Of course you cannot dig a pit in the high seas of Africa, wherever they may be, and so far the Blantyre people have an advantage over the other influences. "It is no resolution of to-day," Mr. Waller goes on, "that the trade in human beings must be sapped at its foundations by civilization and Christianity, and not left only to cruisers." But, on Mr. Chirnside's showing, civilization and Christianity are rather neglected at Blantyre. Mr. Chirnside speaks, as we have seen, of chiefs of some influence in the neighbourhood of Blantyre. Mr. Waller says, "There is no chief worthy of the name among them." Here is a conflict of evidence. In the absence of chiefs, Mr. Waller argues, quoting Mr. J. Campbell, that the natives, or rather that circumstances, forced territorial jurisdiction on the missionaries. Circumstances cannot give a missionary, however Scotch, the old Scotch baronial right of pit and gallows. But Mr. Waller does not see this. "It is useless to say that, before all things, an Act of Parliament should now be rummaged out to see what can and what cannot be done. . . You feel an Englishman," and so forth. Not even a quotation from *Pinafore* can justify an Englishman in shooting, flogging, and starving people who, if Mr. Chirnside is right, do not need these kind attentions. Mr. Waller claims for the missionary a right not to bother about rubbishy Acts of Parliament, because he is the only help and stay of "poor waifs" in danger of being kidnapped. But, even if Mr. Waller's extraordinary claims followed from his premisses, Mr. Chirnside denies the premisses. As we read him, the Shiré river people were happy enough and moderately safe under their own rulers before Mr. Waller's "Scotch gentlemen, with earnest artisans of the stuff Aberdeen turns out," came into their country. Mr. Waller goes on to talk of Mr. Chirnside's "laughable errors," of which he does not give one single example. He then sneers at "a Piccadilly publisher." And this stuff makes the staple of his defence of the Scotch gentlemen and earnest artisans. One thing is clear, that, if earnest Scotch working-men cannot go to a missionary station without assuming the right to imprison and starve the natives, it would be better for the working-men just to bide cannily at Aberdeen. As for the natives, they would be rather more comfortable under the rule of Chipitula. We do not credit all the details of Mr. Chirnside's stories. The tales, in particular, of the flogging and of the shooting are very loosely given. But about the pit, and the whip, and the refugees whom the missionaries gave up—though Mr. Waller says they are there to protect refugees—we have at least Mr. Chirnside's own word. We have also, in Mr. Waller's letter, a measure of the claims of missionaries—claims which, if granted, may stain the repute of our country, and at any moment land her in a war with savages.

FRENCH MERCHANT SHIPPING.

THE French Chamber has just passed a Bill for the rehabilitation of the mercantile marine of France which has spread alarm amongst our own shipowners, and has been the subject of several questions in the House of Commons. We venture to think that the alarm is quite groundless. The Bill will hurt most those whom it is intended to serve. It is the result of an agitation which has been actively kept up since the war, and possibly even longer. One of the most remarkable and hopeful phenomena of our time is the patient, persistent, immovable determination with which the French people have set about repairing their disasters of ten years ago; though unfortunately, as in the case before us, their exertions have not always been intelligently directed. They have not been content to compete with their victors in ever-growing armaments; they have also laboured to develop the material resources of their country, and with so much success that, in spite of enhanced taxation, *phylloxera*, silk failures, and bad harvests, they have borne an expenditure about fifty per cent. higher than before the war, and yet have augmented their trade, and probably likewise increased their savings. In studying the weak points of their national position, it was impossible but that they should be struck by the decaying condition of their mercantile marine. France has often contended against ourselves for the military command of the ocean, but she has never seriously disputed our superiority as sailors and traders. It is likely, therefore, that she would have acquiesced in our constantly growing pre-eminence as inevitable if we alone were leaving her behind in the race. But when she compared the extraordinary expansion of the merchant navies of the Scandinavian countries with her own stationary condition; above all, when she contrasted the advance of Germany as a naval Power with her own decline, it was natural that public opinion should be strongly moved. With the single exception of Austria-Hungary, Germany has the shortest seacoast of any country in Europe. It is swept by terrible storms during a great part of the year, and it contains barely two good harbours. On the other hand, France has an immense coast-line. In the Channel alone she has as many harbours as Germany and Belgium together; and, in addition, she has the vast stretch of the Atlantic seaboard, besides the Mediterranean coast. Yet the progress of the German mercantile marine has been so rapid during the last quarter of a century, while the French has declined, that the German tonnage actually now exceeds the French. It is true that the French steam tonnage is superior, and consequently that in efficiency her mercantile marine stands before the German. But the popular mind does not take note of nice distinctions. It sees only the broad fact that, as in arms, in literature, and in research, so also upon the sea, German energy and German enterprise stand out prominent, and not unnaturally it is mortified and alarmed. Nor is it reassured when, setting comparisons aside, it turns to examine the actual condition of the mercantile marine. While only sixth in absolute number and tonnage of ships among the maritime countries of the world, France is second or third in the number of wrecks. Thus in 1876, according to statistics quoted last year in the French Chamber of Deputies by M. Georges Périn, and not contradicted, England lost 447 sailing-vessels, and France, coming immediately after her, lost 176. The following year England lost 559; the United States, coming second, lost 200; and France, coming third, lost 172. It will be seen how much scope there is for a French Plimsoll. In fact, as M. Périn boldly stated, the explanation of the decay of the French mercantile marine is that French shipowners persist in keeping worn-out vessels so long afloat that they go to the bottom in greater numbers than the more numerous German, Swedish, and Norwegian ships, and in as large numbers as even the American.

What are the causes of this highly unsatisfactory state of things? They are very numerous, but some of them are clear enough. The French people do not take naturally to the sea. At former periods of their history, indeed, they have shown a marked aptitude for colonization, and for the leadership of less civilized races. During a great part of last century it seemed very doubtful whether the possession of the North American continent would fall to England or to France. From the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi French settlements hemmed in our own colonies. And to this day, while the French element is important in Canada, the names of St. Louis, New Orleans, Louisiana, and a host of others bear testimony to the impress left by French enterprise upon the Valley of the Mississippi. So, again, in India it was for a time doubtful whether the genius of Clive or of Lally would prevail. But on the sea France has never been pre-eminent or likely to become so. And in recent years the establishment of peasant proprietorship, the limitation of families, the general comfort of the population, and the system of education, by strengthening the stay-at-home propensity of the people, have intensified their distaste for a seafaring life. The abstention from emigration, the want of colonies, and the comparative smallness of French trade, have likewise contributed to the same result. So also, for some years after the war, did the high interest yielded by the public funds, when a capitalist could get 6 or 7 per cent. for his money without risk or trouble. But the effect of these combined influences may easily be exaggerated. It is quite possible that what are thought to be the most ingrained tendencies of a race may be overcome, and at any rate the profitableness of investment in Rentes soon came to an end. The really potent cause of the decline of the French marine was the revolution which naval architecture has undergone. England, owing to her unrivalled advantages in the possession of coal and iron, in capital, plant, and mechanical skill, led the way in this revolution, and the speed with which she increased her steam fleet enabled her to monopolize a large part of the French carrying trade. Possibly English shipowners found the French carrying trade more lucrative than the German, and made more effort in consequence to secure it. Possibly also French capitalists found full employment for their capital in developing other resources of their country, and in lending to poorer countries; while Norway and Sweden, and to a less extent Germany, were driven to the sea in order to make up for the niggardliness of their native soil. However this may be, it is certain that the proportion of the French carrying trade conducted in foreign bottoms is very large. According to statistics collected by the Chamber of Commerce of Marseilles, 71 per cent. of the total entries into and clearances from French ports in 1875 consisted of foreign vessels, 12 per cent. were French vessels subventioned by the Government, and only 17 per cent. unsubventioned. And when once English shipowners had established themselves in the carrying trade, it was difficult to drive them out of it. The speed with which steam displaced sails, and iron was substituted for wood, tended to bring about a glut of shipping, more particularly when the long depression of trade set in, and thus French shipowners were discouraged from taking the steps which alone could enable them to compete with their English rivals.

If we are right in these views, it is very certain that the Bill which has just been carried through the Chamber of Deputies will have little influence upon the competition. It proposes to encourage shipbuilding by giving premiums amounting to 60 francs, or 2*l*. 8*s*., per ton for iron and steel ships; 20 francs, or 16*s*., per ton for wooden vessels of 200 tons and over; 40 francs, or 1*l*. 12*s*., for composite vessels; and 12 francs for auxiliary machinery. In addition it offers to vessels engaged upon long voyages premiums amounting to a franc and a half per ton. The measure may cause capital now profitably employed in other ways to be diverted to shipbuilding, and may thus rear up another artificial and weakly industry. It may also stimulate the employment of French ships on distant voyages. But, unless the trade can be increased at the same time, they cannot find freights, and the vessels will thus be useless. It is, indeed, one of the anomalies of the Bill that it does not require the vessels to which premiums are offered to carry cargoes. The opponents of the measure assert that French sailors are less skilful than English, American, Norwegian, Swedish, or German, and consequently that French crews require to be more numerous. If so, the additional cost of navigating the vessels will have to be deducted from the premium. Further, they

that French captains are less skilful and enterprising than foreign competitors—have less initiative, in short—and never think of seeking out cargoes. The Bill will certainly not help to remove this cause of inferiority. Lastly, it is to be borne in mind that the premiums on construction profess to be no more than compensation for the heavy duties levied upon the materials of shipbuilding. Granting that they are, in fact, very much more, still they are by no means so large as they seem to be, because a portion of the amount really does consist in such compensation. It may safely be concluded, then, that the measure will not accomplish what is expected from it, and need not alarm our own shipowners. If the French mercantile marine is to receive new life, that new life must be imparted by the enterprise and energy of French shipowners.

MEFISTOFELE.

IT is long since so important an operatic event as the production at Her Majesty's Theatre of Signor Boito's *Mefistofele* has taken place. It would be rash after one hearing to pronounce a final decision as to the particular merits or demerits of a work of this calibre, and our judgment must for the present be of a more or less general kind; but it may be safely said that, on the whole, the unusual success with which the opera met on its first representation was well deserved. The work when its composer first produced it at Milan was completely condemned, but was performed again, after revision and excision by Signor Boito, some five years ago at Bologna, with complete success; and there can be little doubt that the result of its addition to the repertory of Her Majesty's will be equally happy. Regarded from a dramatic point of view, Signor Boito's version of *Faust* (he is the writer as well as the composer of his opera) is less fortunate than the French libretto. It is, in fact, rather a succession of scenes modelled on Goethe's *Faust* than an adaptation of that great work, and it demands for its understanding a knowledge—which, happily, is common enough—of the original. The Prologue in Heaven (modified, of course, for the requirements of the English stage) is followed by the Easter Sunday scene, to which succeeds the scene in Faust's study. Then comes the garden scene, and, after the episode of the Walpurgis Nacht, the death of Gretchen in prison. This is the first part of the opera, in which, it will be noted, nothing is heard or seen of Valentine; and the introduction, as a sequel, of two scenes taken from the Second Part of Goethe's *Faust* is necessarily, in a dramatic sense, something of an anti-climax. Some of the music in this sequel has qualities of a high kind; but the fragmentary method of dealing with the Second Part, which in itself is not eminently dramatic, puts dramatic coherence out of the question. The final scene of Faust's salvation, and the baffling of Mephistopheles, has of course true dramatic force; but it has little or no connexion, as the opera is represented, with what has immediately preceded it. In other words, the classical Walpurgis Nacht appears even more episodical than the Walpurgis Nacht in the First Part, and severs the connexion, upon which Signor Boito dwells particularly in his preface, between the First and Second Parts. On this point, however, it will be best to quote the composer's own words. The Fourth Act and the Epilogue, he writes, of the present opera are taken from the Second Part of Goethe's *Faust*, "which is the continuation and necessary complement of the First. Without this continuation the drama remains imperfect in its highly moral scope and development. A bargain is the starting point of Goethe's poem; if the action ceases at Margaret's death, the bargain has never been fulfilled, nor the scheme of the drama properly evolved. The struggle must therefore be prolonged until the death of Faust, who is the subject of the bargain." Theoretically this may sound true enough. Signor Boito's statement, however, is incorrect. There is really no more definite end of "the bargain" in Goethe's Second Part than in his First; and in any case the dramatic interest practically comes to an end with the death of Gretchen. With this indeed the play of *Faust* comes to an end; the Second Part is for stage purposes impracticable.

These considerations, of course, detract in no way from the signal merit of much of Signor Boito's work in the Second Part; but, taken in connexion with one or two other points, they seem to indicate a certain flaw in his power of dramatic perception. The most striking of these other points is found perhaps in the behaviour which he attributes to Faust in the Easter Sunday scene. In this Faust, it will be remembered, in Goethe's play notices the movements of a black poodle, to which he attaches an importance which the duller-eyed Wagner ridicules. Finally, at Faust's invitation, the poodle follows him, and is with him throughout the wonderful scene in the study, during which, after various transformations, he appears in his proper character of Mephistopheles, disguised as a *scholasticus*. For the poodle Signor Boito substitutes a Grey Friar, a change which is pardonable enough. It is less pardonable to make Faust exhibit every sign of terror when the Grey Friar draws near him. To do this is, it seems to us, to destroy Faust's character, and to make of him no better a figure than he is in the French opera. In Goethe's play Faust is throughout master of himself and of Mephistopheles, a fact which is plainly enough shown by his language in the interview between himself and Mephistopheles in a plain beneath a cloudy sky. Here, turning on Mephistopheles, who answers with cold taunts his passionate outburst concerning Gretchen, he cries (we quote from Mr. Kegan Paul's translation) :—"Hound! Detestable monster! Change him, thou Everlasting Spirit! change the worm back again into his dog's form, which he took so often willingly by night, to trot before me, to catch the harmless traveller by the feet, and hang on his shoulders when he had overturned him. Change him again into the form he loves, that he may cringe before me on his belly in the sand, that I may trample under foot the accursed thing!" These are not the words of a man who could be frightened at the semi-spectral appearance of a Grey Friar; but, indeed, to those who have any acquaintance with Goethe's *Faust*, no quotation is needed to show the utter falseness of the idea which Signor Boito has needlessly imported into his opera. This, however, it must be admitted, is in itself a comparatively small blot upon a work of much merit.

As we have said, it would be unwise to speak with any absolute decision of certain parts of Signor Boito's opera after only one hearing of it, and, as far as the Prologue is concerned, faults in the first night's rendering, depending probably upon the fact that the "Chorus Mysticus" sings, and a second band plays, from behind a bank of clouds, made it difficult to appreciate properly what seemed to us nevertheless music of much imagination and grandeur. Mephistopheles's music in this scene is strong and effective, but perhaps less original than the song in which in Faust's study he describes his mission. The words of this, which has a strange and striking whistling refrain, are not a bad specimen of the style of Signor Boito's libretto, and on that ground we quote its first stanza:—

> Son lo spirito che nega
> Sempre; tutto; l'astro, il fior.
> Il mio ghigno e la mia bega
> Turban gli ozi al Creator.
> Voglio il Nulla e del Creato
> La ruina universal.
> È atmosfera mia vital
> Ciò che chiamasi peccato
> Morte e Mal!
>
> Rido e avvento—questa sillaba
> "No."
> Struggo, tento,
> Ruggo, sibilo,
> "No."
> Mordo, invischio,
> Fischio, fischio, fischio!
> (*fischia violentemente colle dita fra le labbra*).

A devil who whistles violently through his fingers like a gallery-boy does not sound perhaps, when the action is described in cold blood, a very imposing personage. The effect, however, in Signor Boito's hands is, as we have hinted, both startling and impressive. This scene also contains a beautiful opening melody for Faust, and ends with a fine duet, followed by the magical disappearance of Faust and Mephistopheles riding on Mephistopheles's mantle. The Easter Sunday scene, which precedes it, has much liveliness, both in the musical and the dramatic action. The garden scene is throughout meritorious, and ends with a strikingly fine quartet with a laughing refrain. Here, whatever faults he may have made in other directions, Signor Boito seems to have seized the full meaning of Goethe's tragedy. It is difficult to imagine anything more completely pathetic than the music at this point, the pathos being of course increased by the fact that it underlies the seeming gaiety; and, as is often the case with great effects, the simplicity of the composer's method at this point is not less remarkable than his success. With the completeness of this success Mme. Christine Nilsson had much to do. She has never surpassed, seldom perhaps equalled, her performance throughout the opera in the two characters of Margherita and Elena; the suggestion of a sob in each refrain of ringing laughter in this quartet seemed to us such a thing as only genius allied with the highest art can accomplish. The Walpurgis Nacht scene, admirably put on the stage, is occupied with music which is infernal enough in its character; and one passage, a chorus *à bouche fermée* of adoration of Mephistopheles, is in a marked degree original and striking. The prison scene has much pathos, and one duet, "Lontano, lontano," is charged with tenderness and beauty. Here again Mme. Nilsson's acting and singing were of the highest order.

The Second Part has two scenes only, the "Sabba Classico" and the death of Faust. The first of these opens with a beautiful duet for Elena and Pantalis, exquisitely sung by Mme. Trebelli and Mme. Nilsson, and has also some fine concerted music; but dramatically it is, as we have already pointed out, an excrescence upon the opera. The last scene or epilogue passes between Faust and Mephistopheles alone, and with a keen sense of musical and dramatic effect the composer has repeated in it the theme of the Prologue. The fine singing and acting of Signor Nanetti, by far the best Mephistopheles we have ever seen on the operatic stage, with the exception of M. Faure, contributed much to the effect of the scene. His despair at the end was rendered with singular force and skill. For stage purposes his being baffled by an open Bible is somewhat ineffective; a crucifix would be far more to the purpose. It would be interesting to know what Signor Boito means by the stage direction prefixed to this scene:—"Faust seduto sul seggiolone e conturbato medita. Mefistofele gli sta dietro come un incubo."

To this first general review of a work of undoubted importance and distinction, it remains only to add a few words as to its interpretation. Mme. Nilsson, as we have said, was at her best. Never has either her singing or her acting and by-play been exhibited to greater advantage. Signor Campanini as Faust

sang and acted almost as well as he does in *Lohengrin*, but he would do well to modify his get-up in the last scene, which is too *voyant*. Mme. Trebelli sang Marta and Pantalis, and showed how much the presence of a great and complete artist in a comparatively small part may influence the effect of an opera. Signor Nanetti's acting and singing of Mefistofele were masterly. Signor Grazzi, whose name did not appear in the cast, sang Wagner in the First Part and Nereus in the Second with much credit. The stage management and the scenery deserve much praise. We shall have more to say of the opera on a future occasion; meanwhile, Mr. Mapleson may be congratulated on the happy result of his enterprise.

Even a necessarily incomplete notice of Signor Boito's work has left us little room for writing of other events at either Opera House. We must, however, devote a few words to noticing the welcome reappearance at Her Majesty's of Mme. Gerster, whose voice, style, and acting seem all to have improved during her absence from the London opera stage. Her performance on Thursday last, in *Linda di Chamouni*, left no room for criticism; and it is hardly too much to say that people who have not been fortunate enough to hear Mme. Otto-Goldschmidt may find consolation for their loss in the fact that they can hear Mme. Gerster.

REVIEWS.

WHEELER'S SHORT HISTORY OF INDIA.*

THIS is a compendious History of India, but it has a more extensive range than other similar works. It comprises not only the history of India Proper, but of the neighbouring States of Afghánistán, Nípál, and Burma. We cannot pay the author a higher compliment than by saying that we have read every page of it. This is sufficient to prove that the work is made interesting, and it would be pleasant to be able to commend it as satisfactory and complete; but it has too many errors and defects to allow of an honest general approval. So long as Mr. Wheeler confines himself to narrative he is spirited and generally accurate; but when he attempts to penetrate into and explain hidden motives, when he has to deal with circumstances which, to use a favourite phrase of his, are "very suggestive," he often succeeds in discovering much that has no real existence. In short, his imagination too frequently gets the better of his reasoning powers, and he comes to conclusions for which the facts afford no sufficient warrant. The volume abounds with explanatory notes. Some of them, which deal with matters within the author's personal experience, are amusing and instructive; but there are others which display an amount of error which is surprising in a man of his great reading and long Indian experience.

The history of India divides into three great periods, the Hindu, the Muhammadan, and the British. In this book the histories of the two former periods are mere abstracts of Mr. Wheeler's large *History of India from the Earliest Ages*, in three volumes. The history of the British period is new, and, according to the author, it is "an entirely independent work, drawn direct from the fountain-head, after a study of the records of the Government of India, official reports, and Parliamentary Blue-Books, and of such current annals, memoirs, travels or correspondence, as have been found to yield historical materials." The term "fountain head" is not very definite, but it may probably be assumed to cover the writings of Elphinstone, Mill, Wilson, Mr. Grant Duff, Sir John Malcolm, and other works of authority which have certainly been largely used in the composition of this book. Without them, indeed, its production would have been impossible. The Hindu period in this work, as in the larger History, begins with the Mahá-bhárata. In a subsequent chapter we get some glimpses of the immigrant Aryans who found their way into Upper India many centuries before the composition of that poem. But the long and interesting period between the Vedas and the heroic poems receives no regular notice. It is true that the Vedic Hymns do not afford materials for a consecutive history; but they give many pictures of the state of society and civilization, of the polity and religious system, of the learning, and of the knowledge of the mechanical arts among that ancient people. The history of a people and country is not confined to a chronological knowledge of events. However, Mr. Wheeler begins with the "Mahá-bhárata about B.C. 1500-1400," and tells us that "India, in ancient times, was parcelled out, like Palestine and Greece, into a number of small kingdoms, each under the government of its own Rája. Every Rája had a council of elders, including chiefs and kinsmen, who were collectively known as the Durbar." The India of those ancient times of which we have any knowledge was Upper India only; and, although it is probable that each Rája had a council, it is quite certain that it was not "known as the Durbar," for this is a modern Persian word unknown in India for more than two thousand years after the period in question. We observe, too, that Mr. Wheeler speaks at this early period of Rájpúts—or, as he persistently writes the word, Rajpúts—but the Rájpúts are the modern descendants of the Kshatriyas of the Vedic and heroic times. The first two chapters contain very clear abstracts of the Mahá-bhárata and Rámáyana, but in these, as throughout the book, wild work has been made of accents; they would almost seem to have been scattered haphazard, and are sometimes omitted where most required. The accents are used to mark the long vowels, and these long vowels generally, though not invariably, attract the accent or stress of pronunciation. Mr. Wheeler invariably writes Raja for Rája and Mahâraja for Mahárája, Madrí for Mádrí, Sákuni for Sakuni, Kicháka for Kíchaka, Dándaka for Dandaka, and Rajpútana for Rájpútána, in which latter word the accent falls on the third syllable. Better have no accents at all than to have them so misused. A collection of all the errors of accent would form a long list of errata; but it ought to be made, for the uninformed reader will otherwise be led astray by an appearance of authority. Errors of interpretation also occur, as in p. 3, where the name Dhritaráshtra is interpreted as "the Blind," which is a mere inference from the fact that the king was blind and that he was named from his infirmity, as his brother was called "the Pale" from his fair complexion. The name really means "Maintainer of the Country."

The chapter on "Religion and Literature" begins with an account of the castes, and the Kshatriyas and Vaisyas are spoken of as if they were still in existence; but "the twice-born" Kshatriyas and Vaisyas are gone; they have become degenerate and mixed, and have forfeited their spiritual privileges. The Kshatriyas are represented by the Rájpúts, and the Vaisyas by different trading classes, among them the Banias of Bengal; but it is from no "unknown cause" that these "have ceased to wear the thread of the twice-born." The interpretation of the law has long been in the hands of the Brahmans, and they have decided that the second and third castes are extinct, and that their degenerate descendants have no right to the privileges of their remote ancestors. The traders have occasionally struggled against this exclusion, but in vain. A caste called Komtís, claiming to be Vaisyas, prosecuted their claim through various courts up to that of Her Majesty in Council, but they failed in establishing their pretensions. This book describes the four castes, and the Párias or outcasts; but it says nothing of the multitudes belonging to the numerous "mixed castes" which intervene, and which form perhaps the bulk of the Hindu people. Mr. Wheeler's opinions on the Hindu religion are bold generalizations, in which he will find very few to agree with him. He says:—

> The religious ideas of Turanians and Aryans have been so closely interwoven in the course of ages that it is perhaps impossible to treat them as race distinctions. It may, however, be broadly stated that the religion and literature of the Turanians were derived from the mysteries of death and birth, of which Siva, Mahádeva, and his wife Kálí, or Durgá, were originally personifications.

The "mysteries of death and birth" occupy a prominent place in many religions; but that Siva and his consort are of Turanian origin is a venturesome statement opposed to all evidence. By "Turanians" Mr. Wheeler appears to mean "the so-called aborigines of India," the Drávidian stock. No doubt the old Aryan myths and legends have been to some degree affected by their contact with the Drávidian races, but to nothing like the extent which this book represents. The whole of the remarks on religion are very speculative, and some of them are certainly erroneous, but they must be passed by, as the proper treatment of them would require more space than can be here afforded. One inaccuracy may be noticed, because it can be set right in a few words. "Saraswatí, the goddess of learning, was originally the divinity or spirit of the river Indus," which river "is often invoked as the goddess Saraswatí in the Vaidik hymns." It was not the Indus, but the river Saraswatí, which appears in the Vedas as both a goddess and a river. This river is now known as the Sarsutí, a shortened form of Saraswatí, and as the Kágar, which, after flowing a considerable distance from the slopes of the Himálayas, is swallowed up in the sands of the desert. In ancient times it would seem to have run on to the sea, and it was one of the boundaries of Brahmávartta, the early home of the Aryans in India.

The second part of the work, on the Muhammadan history, gives a very lively and intelligent summary; but it repeats some of the errors which were observable in the longer history before published. One objection made to that work was that the author trusted too implicitly to the statements of European travellers. To meet this criticism he takes occasion to remark:—"All that Roe tells about the Court of Jahángír may be accepted as truth, as nearly everything that goes on in the zenána of a Moghul sovereign is soon known outside. Nothing is concealed but thoughts or emotions, and even they are often betrayed." But the objection was not that Roe and others refrained from telling all that happened, but that they learned from scandal-mongers, and recorded a great deal more than ever really occurred. In this division we have one of those surprising notes of which we have spoken. We are told that "the old capital of Bengal at Gour seems to have been named after the ancient Afghan stronghold of Ghor, between Ghazní and Herat." But Gour, better written Gaura or Gauda, was the old Sanscrit name of the country and town long before an Afghán entered India. The change of the *gh* or *ghain* of Ghor into the simple *g* of Gaur is almost a linguistic impossibility. A Persian writer has a much better observation upon it. Remarking upon the very unhealthy climate of the place, he says that the name ought not to be pro-

* *A Short History of India and of the Frontier States of Afghanistan, Nipal, and Burma.* By J. Talboys Wheeler, late Assistant-Secretary to the Government of India, Foreign Department, and late Secretary to the Government of British Burma. With Maps and Tables. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

nounced Gaur, but Gor, the two words being written exactly alike in Persian letters, and the last one meaning "a grave."

The history of British India occupies about two-thirds of the book, and is the best part of it. We miss some incidents which might have found a place, but in a condensed history opinions may well differ as to what may or may not be excluded. The author's official position has given him access to records which have not hitherto been fully searched, and new light is occasionally thrown upon some of our early transactions in India. It is not likely that the mists in which these are shrouded will ever be fully dispelled, and opinions will continue to differ as to the merits and demerits of those who founded and consolidated British rule in India. As years have rolled on, men have come to look with a lenient and even an approving eye on the doings of Warren Hastings. But, notwithstanding the magnitude of his services and the manifold difficulties of his position, it is impossible to wholly acquit him of wrongdoing. In the present work Mr. Wheeler takes a more hostile view of his actions than even Mill or Macaulay. His political knowledge of the workings of Indian native States would entitle his opinion to respect, but he has in great measure destroyed its value by false reasoning. He is clearly of opinion that Hastings "exercised and countenanced cruelty and oppression for the sake of money." Hastings had openly accepted one hundred thousand pounds from the Nawáb Vizier. He reported this to the Court of Directors, and asked for leave to keep it, which was refused. Mr. Wheeler considers that this was not only a bribe, but a proof that Hastings had been bribed before. He says:—

Lord Macaulay acquits Hastings of money corruption on the ground of want of evidence; had he been familiar with the workings of native courts in India he would have found Hastings guilty. Hastings acknowledged to having taken a hundred thousand pounds from Asof-ud-daula in 1782. The inference follows that in 1773 he received a like sum from Shuja-ud-daula and silently pocketed the money. Officers of any political experience would be satisfied that Asof-ud-daula would never have offered the hundred thousand pounds to Hastings, unless a like sum had been previously offered by his father, Shuja-ud-daula, and accepted by Hastings.

Political officers may be justified in entertaining suspicions, but arguments like this refute themselves. If Asaf-ud-daula must have had a precedent before he made the present, his father by the same reasoning must have had a precedent also, and how far back must we go for the beginning, if there ever was a beginning? There are two notes in this portion of the work which we venture to correct. Bálá Hissár does not mean "palace of kings," but "high fort," *i.e.* citadel. Attock may have been "identified with Taxila," the Taxila of Alexander and the Taksha-sílá of Hindu writers, but if so the identification is wrong, because, according to Arrian's description, Taxila "was between the Indus and Hydaspes," and if by a stretch this might be considered to apply to Attock, on the river, the matter is made clear by the Chinese traveller Fa-Hian, who visited the city in A.D. 502, and says it was "three days' journey to the east of the river Indus." The exact position of Taxila has been discussed at some length by General Cunningham, who confidently identifies it with a mass of ruins found at a place now called Sháhdharí.

Mr. Wheeler's sketches of the history of Nípál and Burma are good and interesting, especially that of the latter, in which his personal knowledge of the country has enabled him to draw a very vivid picture. But the part of most interest at the present time is the Afghán history, which is brought down to the murder of Sir Louis Cavagnari. The latter portion of this is very properly confined to a mere statement of the most salient facts, but the earlier parts are full for a work of this kind, and show clearly the difficulties to be encountered in dealing with so turbulent and distracted a people. Mr. Wheeler's description of the Afgháns is a fair specimen of his style, and may be quoted to some purpose, now that the Afgháns occupy such a prominent place in the public mind:—

The Afghans are Muhammadans of the Sunní faith; they reverence the first four Khalifs, and have no particular veneration for the prophet (Khalif) Ali. They are split up into tribes, clans, and families, each under its own head, commander, or Sirdar; and they are often at war or feud, and often engaged in conspiracies, rebellions, and assassinations. They are tall, burly, active men, with olive complexions, dark Jewish features, black eyes, and long black hair hanging down in curls. Their countenances are calm, and they affect a frankness and *bonhomie*; they will sometimes indulge in a rude jocularity; but their expression is savage, and evil passions are often raging in their hearts like hidden fires. They are bloodthirsty, deceitful, and depraved; ready to sell their country, their honour, and their very souls for lucre. They care for nothing but fighting and loot, delighting in the din of arms, the turmoil of battle, and the plunder of the killed and wounded; without any relish for home life or domestic ties; without a sting of remorse or a sense of shame. There are no people on earth that have a finer physique or a viler morale. They are the relics of a nation who have played out their parts in history. In bygone ages they conquered Hindustan on the one side and Persia on the other; but the conquering instinct has died away amidst the incessant discord of family feuds and domestic broils.

We have not spared to point out errors, because the work is upon the whole a good one, and deserves to be made better. The author may with great advantage bestow a portion of his leisure upon it to make it what it may be and ought to be—a standard work for students and for men seeking to obtain a general knowledge of India. There are other errors which need not be pointed out, for they will doubtless be discovered, but it may be observed that an undue partiality has been shown for the letter *h*; it is interpolated in many words for which the original spelling affords no warrant—as G*h*ond, Pind*h*ári, Nerbudd*h*a, K*h*ureem, Alamg*h*ír, &c. Lastly, if it is desirable to restore the name of Sadásheo Bháo to its classic Sanskrit form, it would be Sadásiva, not Sivadása.

The work contains a series of maps showing the political divisions of India from the earliest times. It has also a good chronological table and a full index.

PATH AND GOAL.*

DR. KALISCH has hitherto been known by the vast undertaking of an elaborate commentary in English on the Old Testament, based on the Hebrew text and taking note of the principal labours of the old Jewish writers as well as of the modern critical school on the Continent and in England. To complete it on the scale on which it was commenced, a life of unusual length and of vigorous unbroken health, as well as an abandonment of all other literary enterprises, would evidently be requisite. And Dr. Kalisch's qualifications for the self-imposed task are such that the anticipated result may well be held to be a κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί which would reward and justify the necessary self-sacrifice. It would be difficult to find another scholar possessed in equal measure of the two essentials—namely, a familiarity with the abstruse learning of the Rabbins and Talmudists such as it is well-nigh impossible for any Christian scholar, whose early impressible years have been devoted to Latin and Greek, ever to attain; and that modern spirit, alike scientific and reasonable, which cannot away with the artificial Rabbinical codes of interpretation (not to speak of Cabbalistic conceits), a spirit which the classical and philosophical education of Christians at the present day fosters. Unfortunately only the commentary on the first three books of the Pentateuch had been completed when Dr. Kalisch's health so far broke down as to render it extremely doubtful whether he would be able to pursue further a work demanding such long and laborious research. The direct consequence of this is the production of the work before us, which he was able to construct when debarred from severer labour. This fact will impress readers of *Path and Goal* as very remarkable. How vast is the difference of meaning of the word "labour" to different workers in the same field of literature! Most people would regard this treatise, popular and fascinating as it is in form and style, as a work not merely of the highest erudition (which it is), but of the most laborious research, which only a writer in the fullest enjoyment of his faculties could have carried out with such spirit and so much accuracy of detail. Yet Dr. Kalisch throws it off during a period of extreme debility, when unable to prosecute his own special studies. We venture to think that this work will do more for his fame than any of the volumes yet published of his Commentary. But we must attempt a description of this very clever and suggestive book.

For a discussion on the elements of civilization, &c., which shall be more than ephemeral in time and fatally limited in local colouring, it is obvious that the varied ideas and systems of thinkers who have successively or contemporaneously occupied the intellectual stage of the world must be impartially represented; and therefore the form of dialogue, which Dr. Kalisch has adopted, is the best fitted for the purpose. As the title seems scarcely to express adequately the momentous issues with which the work is concerned, we quote from the publishers' "Notes on Books" a fragment (presumably written or sanctioned by the author), which makes both the aim and the manner clearer:—

The purpose of this work is threefold—first, to ascertain the elements which constitute our *modern civilization*; secondly, to examine which of these elements are requisite to produce *harmony of character*; and, thirdly, to prove that only through this symmetry of powers true *happiness* is secured. With these objects in view, a number of speakers . . . are introduced, all distinctively representative; there are Christian theologians—the uncompromisingly orthodox, the profoundly spiritual, and the conciliatingly latitudinarian; there are biblical critics—the sober and the over-refining; there are the Jewish Rabbi and the minister of Jewish Reformers; there are the ardent advocate of Greek culture, the champion of art, the votary of philosophic speculation, and the staunch adherent of the most advanced school of modern science; there are, besides, four Eastern scholars—a Hindoo, a Parsee, a Buddhist, and a Mohammedan—who take part in the discussions; and there is, lastly, the host in whose house the meetings take place, and who embodies, as much as is possible, the desired harmony of mind.

The scene of the discussion is appropriately fixed near London, during the year of the International Exhibition—a time and place at which an exchange of ideas between members of the various Western and Eastern civilizations is most easily conceived; and the host is a cultivated English Jew, descended paternally from a family of Spanish Jews, and on the mother's side from a German stock. Such a man, having received an English classical and scientific as well as a Hebrew Biblical education, is well chosen as the representative of those who can feel sympathy with the various schemes surrounding them, while standing personally somewhat aloof from all alike. Thus it happens that this Gabriel de Mendoza, who interferes only very occasionally with the course of discussion, is at the end the only person not too much pledged to one side of the controversy to bring it to a close by gathering up the threads of argument and weaving them into a fabric which the different disputants can accept. It must be added that great skill is exhibited in the conception and maintenance of the individuality of each speaker. To keep up such individuality of character through five hundred large octavo pages of rather small

* *Path and Goal: a Discussion on the Elements of Civilization and the Conditions of Happiness.* By M. M. Kalisch, Ph.D., M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1880.

print is no small achievement; and yet it is done so well as to compel the reader to fancy that either he himself, or at least the author, must have personally known the original. It is scarcely necessary to add that this form of dialogue, so ably managed, lends to the book a vivacity which is most welcome where the subject is so grave.

The subject is approached in an exordium containing a translation and a little desultory conversation on the book of Ecclesiastes, which leads the host to remark:—

As it appears to me that the Book of Ecclesiastes mainly relates to the *enjoyment of life*, which very closely concerns us all, may I suggest that this question form the subject of our discussion at our next meetings, and that we accordingly inquire by *what system of religion or philosophy* true enjoyment is best attained and secured?

The latter italics are our own, and are used to draw attention to the fact that the treatise virtually deals with the first principles of religion, the relation between God and nature, between God and man, the existence and the essence of God. The reason why the word "religion" is (perhaps sedulously) avoided in the title appears to be that religion and God are the very subjects of speculation, which therefore could not be announced beforehand as if they were assumed as axioms.

After this the discussion becomes lively enough. An enthusiastic picture of the joyousness of the life of the ancient Greeks in the midst of their marvellous works of architecture, poetic art, and lovely nature, which to them was full of superhuman forms of beauty and grace, elicits from Humphrey, the "uncompromisingly orthodox"—who, always combative, commands our respect by his learning and consistency—the declaration that "the much-vaunted happiness of the ancient Greeks must . . . be reckoned among the most unaccountable of popular fallacies." He is soon driven to cite, as the most convincing instances of Greek life being anything but happy in its spirit, the "two monstrosities opposite in character but equal in hideous noxiousness—the sect [sects] of the Cynics and of Cyrenaics." But from this position he is again driven by speakers who contend that the independence of outward luxuries and public opinion, and the reliance on personal truthfulness, patience, and faith, which distinguished the nobler Cynics more than their rough eccentricities of behaviour, produced a happiness of soul unknown to worldlings, and he is obliged to assail the Stoics. These, he pleads, confessed the miseries of human life so candidly as to sanction escape from it by suicide. "Suicide they legalized and declared heroic, and they resorted to it without any sense of its criminality." Here he is immediately and ably answered by Dr. Mortimer, the "latitudinarian" canon of his own Church, who shows the Stoics in a new light, as retaining moral purity and intellectual liberty in an age of despotism and license, and as prompted to "conceive the idea of a universal community, to consider themselves as citizens of the world, and to realize the scheme of a united mankind, governed and guarded by an omnipresent and bountiful Deity, the world-pervading primeval Cause, at once supreme Reason and supreme Love." The discussion which naturally ensues digresses from the original question concerning happiness to the more general one of the Stoic ethics and religion, and their relation to the Hebrew and Christian. Hermes, the enthusiast for Greek culture, produces Seneca's description of the *vir bonus*, and concludes, "How much is wanting to complete the figure of a 'Servant of God' or 'a suffering Messiah'?" The host corrects the extravagance of Humphrey's indictment on the score of suicide, and reminds the company that "Seneca exhorted alike to 'a fortitude of dying' and 'a fortitude of living,' to a frame equally averse to a passion for life and a passion for death"; and that "Epictetus said that, if disciples consulted him on this point, he would answer, 'Wait for God; when he shall give the signal and release you from this service, then depart to him; till then, persevere in the duties he has imposed upon you"—and so forth. This leads to a more detailed discussion on "the Stoic and the Christian." Humphrey, unable to deny the lofty ethics of the best Stoics, adopts tactics not unknown to disappointed party politicians, and maintains "that the later Stoics borrowed their best doctrines from Christianity, and then surreptitiously foisted them on the founders of their sect"; and he proceeds to claim Epictetus and Seneca as Christians, while the Rabbi Gideon calls Marcus Aurelius a secret Jew, and believes that Zeno himself was a Hebrew—on which the Brahman pertinently observes:—"Surely, great and good must those have been whom all races and creeds are proud to call their own." It is now Abington, the "profoundly spiritual" Anglican theologian, and one of the best conceived and most interesting of the disputants, that gives a different tone to the discussion. He begins with the debatable propositions "that the end of all historical development is Christianity, and that ancient history is merely 'a prophecy heralding Christ'"; and proceeds to the assertions, which can scarcely bring conviction to hearers not previously inclined to believe them, that "it is only Christianity which has established a supreme aim and a universal purpose in the idea of a Kingdom of God and its glorification by means of a living and active theism; and it is only Christianity which has discovered the indispensable consonance in which every individual should live with the general law of a moral order of the world." Considering that the Pagans were incapable of conceiving a deity essentially distinct from man, while the God of Christianity was a Spirit, a being existing above and beyond all nature, he attributes to the former a pantheism and materialism which can never satisfy, and assigns to the Stoic more melancholy resignation, while the feeling of dependence on God brings to the Christian joy. Protests against this *ex parte* declaration are now hurled at the speaker, and declarations in favour of the Stoics, and especially of Marcus Aurelius, are so powerful that Abington is forced to make a partial concession, admitting "that life, conscience, and reason, supplied some of the heathen with a partial knowledge of God—with a kind of natural religion," and so forth. After a profoundly interesting but rather desultory conversation, in which the Orientals take their share, the host sums up, condemning the doctrines of vicarious sacrifice, election, and eternal damnation, on which he says the felicity of the Christian is unfortunately based, and concluding:—"While the Stoic's philosophy contributes to our happiness the element of self-dependent strength, the Christian's creed furnishes the no less important constituent of hopeful reliance; for without hope man could not bear the sternness of life."

The next discussion is upon Epicurus and his school, towards whom the Anglicans, the Rabbi, and the Buddhist feel the utmost repugnance, while Hermes expounds their ethical principles philosophically, and so as to win the approval of the Mohammedan and the Brahman. Attinghausen, "the adherent of the most advanced school of modern science," in other words, materialist and Darwinist—perhaps the best drawn character, endowed with copious eloquence and eagerness, the greater because he has to fight his battles mostly alone, and portrayed with much humour, if not without some exaggeration—transfers the discussion from the ethics to the physics of Epicureanism, which he affirms to have the conspicuous merit of destroying "the Socratic fallacy of a teleological design in nature," and "the doctrine of Creation by substituting the natural and fortuitous combination of an infinitude of eternal and indestructible atoms." From this point the next discussion naturally proceeds to consider the "Dignity of Man," as affected by the scientific Monism of Attinghausen—"that general law of evolution which teaches true humility, inspires true love, fans true fellowship with every part of nature and every living being." It touches on the question of the origin of species, the evolution of man from the ape, the language-test; the proofs of a personal God and Creator, advanced by Mortimer, are by the naturalist declared insufficient; and the latter gives his views on cellular organism, decay and re-creation, soul, &c. The discussion on immortality which ensues is naturally eager and heated; but Attinghausen, who refuses to accept most of the theists' premisses, remains logical, and demolishes their course of argument with some success, till Abington at the end seizes on a vulnerable point—the admission of "the existence and the power of the human conscience as an agent of morality"—and argues that this is an acknowledgment of God; which again leads to a belief in the eternity of the soul, whereby alone the aspirations of the soul can be realized. Pantheism is next tried as a *via media*; and especially the system of Spinoza is carefully weighed, with the general result that it is not really philosophically accurate and self-consistent. The naturalist declares that there is no evidence of beneficent design in the world, the instances adduced in favour of such design being balanced by an equal or greater number on the other side; consequently man is to expect nothing, and so he will not be disappointed. The pessimist finds his happiness in simple resignation. This attracts the attention of the Buddhist, whose creed has much in common with it. He speaks well, and his argument emphasizes the idea of Duty as the impulse of action. But his contact with the ideas of the duty of striving and action inherent in the Western religions has greatly modified his Oriental conceptions of the attainment of Nirvâna by seclusion and meditation, and enables him to make the following avowal:—

Our supreme good is peace of mind, and our idea of duty—our *dharma*—which is incessantly inculcated, is compassion or charity; but, instead of seeking tranquillity through benevolent deeds, we unfitted ourselves for the latter in the same measure as we approached the former. I now see that we need not, nay must not, turn away from the world and the sweetness of social communion; that the "City of Peace" may re-echo with the inspiriting sounds of life and action, of zeal and emulation. . . . This must henceforth be our Nirwâna.

Mendoza, the host, sees herein the possibility of effecting a harmony or *eucrasia* of the contending systems, to which it is impossible to do justice in a few lines of epitome. He does not seek to establish a religious system which can satisfy the cravings of every soul; on the contrary, he fully acknowledges that deeper sentiments, on which all cannot agree, are necessary to supplement the principles he lays down. But up to a certain point, he thinks, we may all find ourselves in harmony; and the consciousness of even such limited harmony is a great consolation. He says towards the conclusion:—

We shrink from fixing our views in stagnant formulas. . . . If, renouncing a high-wrought beatitude, we desire no more than a calm and uniform Contentment, we are at least safe from terrible outrages, errors, and crimes. Moreover, we are eschewing what has hitherto been the bane of the world. Every positive religion, while uniting its own adherents, has caused a separation and estrangement from the rest of mankind . . . . but we are trying to diffuse principles which, derived from our common struggles and aspirations, shall bind together all men by the same strong ties of fellowship. . . . And what are those principles? What are the main features of this theory as they have been evolved from our discussions? They are these:—The Stoic's unshaken Fortitude, through the dominion of reason; the Hebrew's or Christian's Peace, through the union of the soul with the Eternal; the Epicurean's fearless Freedom, through the conquest of superstitious fears and beliefs; the Monist's deep and vivid Sympathy with every creature and all Creation; Spinoza's Intellectual Love of God—that is, the Love of Truth for its own sake, with the serene clearness it engenders; the Buddhist's humble Resignation, Compassion, and unselfish Benevolence; and, lastly, the Greek's Idealism and Refinement, manifested in Beauty and Art. Whether we are conscious of it or not,

whether we avow it or not, these are the chief ingredients of our present civilization, which correspond with man's principal faculties and instincts.

We need add no more, unless it be to say that those who expect to find one or more of the disputants absolutely demolished, and others absolutely victorious in the end, will be disappointed. Some may be shocked to find so much liberty of speech and argument accorded to those whom they may regard as mere random Atheists. But such thinkers are not in the world demolished by the word of a preacher; and why should they be here? Dr. Kalisch has not attempted by controversy to reduce any religion or school of philosophy to silence; but, while doing equal justice to all, to find certain common principles in which all may find contentment and brotherhood.

ENGA.*

It is not often that a reviewer lays down a novel with the certain conviction that he could have written a better one himself. He is generally too well aware of the extreme antiquity of all plots, and too tired of the monotony of all fictitious situations, even to contemplate the idea of working in such stale materials. By some provision of nature, which certainly cannot be explained on any theory of the benevolent government of the universe, novel-writers are blind to their own colossal impudence in the matter of using stock incidents and outworn plots. If they knew more, they could not write as they do. It is not the impotence of the reviewer, as authors are apt to say, but his conscientious sense of the dulness of the romantic stock in trade, that makes him a critic instead of a creator. He knows he never could have the "cheek," as schoolboys say, to offer to the public the stuff which novelists daily and hourly manufacture. But the humblest of reviewers would be forced to admit that he could not help writing a better novel than *Enga*.

We say this with pain, for *Enga* is a story which it is almost cruel to criticize severely. There is an amount of guileless good intention in it, a want of experience of life, a confiding trustfulness, which disconcert the critic. To analyse *Enga*, to point out its extraordinary lack of art, to call readers to notice the entire absence of the gift of story-telling here displayed, is like striking a child; we feel that vindictiveness is out of place, though "last night we wasted hateful hours," as Mr. Tennyson says, over the perusal of *Enga*. Most people possess excellent and blameless acquaintances who have only one fault—they bore one by attempting things for which nature never meant them. They aim at humour or sentiment. The author of *Enga* affects us by his writing as these good people do by their talk. He or she has a host of good qualities. He (we sincerely hope it is "he") takes a pleasant sort of interest in nature, and chiefly in the nature of the Scotch country where highland is melting into lowland. When he speaks of rivers, of hills, of lochs, of woods, of the homes and fields of the upland cottars, of the life of the peasants of the country town which is neither lowland nor highland, neither Celtic nor Saxon, he speaks well, and makes us see what he describes. The air of Spey-side breathes through the pages. But a novel cannot be all description; you must have characters to people the glens and villages, and these characters must have adventures and passions. The characters in *Enga* have plenty of passions and adventures; but how horribly these are mismanaged! Even if the story had a grain of originality, instead of being as old as the hills (and a good deal older than the more recent geological formations), it is utterly spoiled in the telling. Criticism of novels has two purposes. The critic acts as a sort of public taster, and tells the student of fiction what to read and what to avoid. In this capacity we can only recommend *Enga* to excessively cautious parents and guardians. They may safely put it into the hands of their very youngest charge. An extremely inexperienced girl, who had never been allowed to peruse anything so exciting as the *Monthly Packet*, might possibly get through *Enga* in a fortnight of wet July weather. It would do her no harm. But people who want to be amused or excited need not waste their time over *Enga*. So much for the first duty of the reviewer—that which he owes to the public. But he has another duty; he has to try to "coach" the author, to point out to him the error of his ways, and to entreat him to write better, if write he must.

The construction of the plot of *Enga* is helplessly inartistic. The author started with this not novel purpose:—He would show us a delightful girl in love with a penniless lad. The young man would go to seek his fortune; the girl's father would die a bankrupt, and the girl herself become a governess. From her distant lover she would receive no letters, and she would be led (by one of the villains who was in love with her) to believe that he was faithless. The lover (who had never heard from the lady) would return, would prove to be the true heir (by a secret marriage) to the landed property of the villain, and all would end happily. This is not a daringly original plot, but it is that of *Enga*. The old stock characters, the true heir "kep' out of his own," the girlish governess, the black-hearted villain who intercepts letters and changes true heirs at nurse, all these are puppets of the most commonplace description. But, if an author is going to use these puppets, and these *ficelles*, and this arrangement of events which has been consecrated by the approval of ages, there is even then a right way and a wrong way of doing the business. You keep the heirship of the true heir dark; you throw no suspicion on the villain, or just enough to make him interesting; and you clear up the whole complication at the end with the aid of a detective, or of the villain's conscience, or by the help of an accomplice, as taste may dictate. Thus innocent readers (and readers are wonderfully innocent) are kept waiting and wondering, till all their fears are put to rest when the true heir leads his Wilhelmina to the altar, and a loyal and happy peasantry are regaled on an ox roasted whole in the park.

The author of *Enga* has preferred to tell his story in another way. With a candid disregard of mystery, he unveils all his secrets in the first few chapters. He introduces you to a rural tailor, who has a pretty sister, Marion. The pretty sister is so fond of scenery that she walks alone every evening by the river, in the grounds of the young laird of Lerne. When she comes back at night, she tells the tailor how the river is getting on, and, we presume, gives her opinion as to whether the stream "will fusch." Here is an innocent tailor, to be sure, and a girl whose devotion to the river reminds one of Tyro in the Odyssey. "She loved a river, the divine Enipeus, far the fairest of the floods that run upon the earth, and she would resort to the fair streams of Enipeus. . . . . And she bare Pelias and Neleus," and so forth. Remembering this classical result of an affection for river scenery, the reader of *Enga* is not surprised when pretty Marion goes to stay with an aunt in the Highlands, and comes back, in some two years, a changed and melancholy girl. The reader knows, and the aunt knew, though the tailor does not, that she has not been so far away all the time, and that she has been secretly married to the laird. The poor laird is drowned in the (perhaps jealous) river, and then the author of *Enga* gets fairly under way with his plot. The problem is how to secrete the drowned laird's son, and put him into training as a true heir in disguise. This is how it is managed. A woman named Nell, with her husband, and a villain named Birkie Will, go "burning the water"—that is, poaching with torches and salmon spears. They are detected, and brought before the new laird, the cousin of the drowned one. He lets them go free, on condition that Nell will conceal a baby who is in the neighbouring manse. Nell goes to the cottage, recognizes Marion, and acts as thus described:—

> She left Gilbert Innes's presence under promise to remove the nameless infant and find him a foster-mother; but before returning to Rory in the grieve's cottage, Nell discovered a packet of papers, which she was able to abstract without disturbing their unconscious owner. Having been introduced into the room of the sleeping mother through the connivance of an old Highland nurse, and observing a parcel of papers under her pillow, it was the work of a moment for Nell to transfer them without any scruple to her own pocket.
>
> But if her agitation had been great on identifying the young mother, she found it difficult to control her indignation on becoming aware of the contents and importance of the papers. Unfolding the first, round which the others were tied, she found that it bore the date of August of the previous year, and was nothing less than the certificate of marriage of the late Hugh Innes of Lerne with Marion Comyn, the unfortunate mother. It was a bona fide certificate duly attested. Nell had been taught at the parish school, and was enough of a scholar to read it throughout.
>
> Scarcely glancing at the other documents, which were all subsequent letters from Hugh Innes to his wife, her eye however fell on that in which the marriage lines were folded, and she read the first portion, to the effect that he (the writer) had announced their marriage to his cousin Gilbert, and was only waiting for the birth of their child to break the news to the relations on both sides.

Here is all the mystery out at once, and in how recklessly artless a style the thing is managed! One does not know whether to marvel most at the innocence of laird number one, who got up the mystery about his marriage, or at the guileless conduct of laird number two, the villain, who allowed the papers to lie about, or at the uninquiring natives of a rural district, who never gossiped about the imprudent young people who must have compromised themselves pretty freely. Perhaps the idiotic behaviour of the villain, who, after educating the true heir, allowed him to come and hang about the neighbourhood where the mother lived, is the most astonishing thing of all. It was quite in keeping with the villain's character to fall in love with the heroine, Enga, betrothed to the true heir, Allister Angus. It was also like the villain to lend Enga's father large sums of money with the purpose of ruining him, which was entirely superfluous, as the absurd old man was capable of ruining himself without assistance. The villain was all himself when he persuaded Marion that she had never been married at all. We recognize the villain, too, when he manages to send Allister to Australia, and despatches Birkie Willie to the Bush with the false tidings that Enga is faithless. As newspapers and letters do not exist in the Bush, Birkie Willie of course succeeded. The villain also seems to have stopped Allister's letters to Enga, but this was managed in so subtle a fashion as to escape our weary notice. In all these things, then, the villain was a right villain, and did his level best. It was only in trifles like letting Nell casually pick up important papers, and in permitting Allister to loaf about the scene of his birth, that the villain was less crafty than himself. Even Allister was puzzled, just as we are. "There are some things about my education and upbringing altogether that baffle me to understand." They baffle us to understand also, for who can unravel the wiles of a second-rate villanous mind not in unity with itself?

After the disclosures of the first few chapters of *Enga* the possible interest of the plot is of course hopelessly lost. We do not weep for Enga's low estate as a governess; we do not linger over the "wut" and Scotch jokes of the little country town. The disinterested young doctor who falls in love with Enga is

* *Enga*. By the Author of "The Harbour Bar." 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

obviously only to be used as a means of giving Allister quinine and true news about Enga. Birkie Willie may load his pistol and lie in wait for people, but he does not alarm us. Nor does the flood which threatens Enga's life cause us the slightest anxiety. The happy marriage of the young people has been too obviously "a put up thing," in American phrase, from the beginning.

The author of *Enga* might possibly succeed in a sketch of peasant life, if he took great pains and never went outside the limits of his own observation. He has tried, however, to construct an exciting plot, and has carefully cut all the interest out of his own construction. The story of *Enga* has nothing original except the unusual innocence of a writer who could offer such a scheme of romance to the public. We have already expressed the regret which we feel in performing the unpleasant task of condemning an innocent and harmless book. But while authors offer such works to be criticized, and while the reading of a dull story is a weariness to the soul, the most good-natured critic must speak his mind.

SHORT READINGS IN SCIENCE.*

In a little volume the contents of which originally formed one of the evening discourses delivered before the British Association at Sheffield last year, Professor Ray Lankester sets forth in a popular form the theory of degeneration propounded by Dr. Anton Dohrn of Naples, as a necessary complement to the Darwinian doctrine of evolution. It is not to be supposed that the hypothesis here advanced militates in any degree against what has come to be regarded as a fundamental article of the modern scientific creed. On the contrary, it is shown to flow out of, and to be scientifically involved in, the Darwinian principle itself. There are, as the eminent propounder of the theory has from the first admitted, forms of animal and plant life for which we fail to account by the principle of natural selection. These forms are such as we see imperfectly organized, and which, so far from showing an advance in organization by comparison with their ancestral types, exhibit an arrest, or even a falling off, in structure and function. Dr. Dohrn's investigations and reasonings lead him to believe it possible for a set of forces such as we sum up under the head of natural selection so to act upon the structure of an organism as to produce one of three results; either to keep it *in statu quo*, or to increase the complexity of its structure, or, lastly, to diminish that complexity. We have thus as possibilities either balance, or elaboration, or degeneration. With regard to the class of parasitic or quasi-parasitic animals, naturalists have, as our author allows, long recognized what is called retrogressive metamorphosis as a process of degeneration. But this only makes it the more remarkable that the hypothesis of a loss of organization, making the descendant far simpler and lower in structure than its ancestor, should not have been applied to the case of other simple forms of animals. It may serve as a true scientific hypothesis to explain the relationships of many animals which remain a mystery so long as we rely exclusively upon the hypothesis either of balance or of elaboration.

As an example of a class of undoubtedly degenerate animals Professor Ray Lankester takes the very remarkable series of lizard-like creatures, found in the South of Europe and elsewhere, which exhibit in closely related genera a gradual loss of the limbs and a local or limited degeneration. Side by side with the common lizard (*lacerta*), which has five toes on each of its well-grown fore and hind limbs, we have the lizard-like *seps*, in which both pairs of limbs have become ridiculously small, and *bipes*, in which the five pairs of limbs have vanished altogether, and only a pair of stumps remain to represent the hinder limbs. But this local or partial atrophy, well known to naturalists, is not that which our author means by degeneration. This process is brought about when the atrophy extends to a variety of important organs, so that not only the legs, but the organs of sense, the nervous system, and even the mouth and digestive organs are obliterated. A gradual change has then taken place whereby the organism becomes suited to less varied and less complex conditions of life, falling off simultaneously by the process of action and inaction from the ancestral type of structure and function. Any new set of conditions which make its food and safety very easy to attain will lead to an animal's degenerating, just as an active, healthy man often degenerates on suddenly coming into a fortune. This is conspicuously seen among parasites. The shrimp-like animals, Sacculina, Lernæocera, Lepas, Cyclops, and Limnetis, figured in one of our author's woodcuts, all of them start equally with the common simple stage known as the Nauplius. But, while the Nauplius of the free-living shrimp grows more and more elaborate and higher in organization, the parasites as surely degenerate, the most utterly reduced of them, the curious Sacculina, which infests the hermit crab, being a mere sac filled with eggs, absorbing nourishment by root-like processes from the juices of its host.

Besides parasitism, other causes are to be assigned for degeneration. The Nauplius of the ship's barnacle, after a short swim, fixes its head to a piece of wood, and takes to a perfectly fixed, immobile life. Its organs of touch and of sense atrophy; its legs act simply to bring floating particles to the orifice of the stomach. But for its ancestry having been fully made out, what naturalist would ever have guessed it to be a degenerate crustacean? It was, in fact, for a long time placed among the snails and oysters. Not less noteworthy are the degenerate spiders, the mites, leading to still more degenerate forms, the Linguatulæ. Professor Ray Lankester goes on to show that the life-history and structure of the Ascidians—in which Mr. Darwin was disposed not long ago to discern the primitive germ of all more developed life, man himself included—point them out as descendants of animals of higher, *i.e.* more elaborate, structure. They are, in fact, degenerate Vertebrata, standing in the same relation to fishes, frogs, and men as do the barnacles to the shrimps, crabs, and lobsters. The diagrams he gives show the points of correspondence between the young, or tadpole, of the ascidian and of the frog, fortified by their absolute identity in the mode whereby the various organs arise from the primitive egg-cell, established by the Russian naturalist Kowalewsky. The young ascidian, fixing itself by its head like the youthful barnacle, goes through a process of degeneration in order to arrive at the adult structure. The body grows and gradually changes shape; the tail, with its notochord, atrophies, while the cloacal chamber forms. The brain remains quite small and undeveloped, and the remarkable myelonic eye (the eye in the brain, which our author's ingenious anatomical diagrams show to be common in the rudimentary stage to all vertebrate animals) disappears. Another cause of degeneration may be found in a change in the powers and habits of feeding, some animals taking, as green plants do, merely to the carbonic acid dissolved in the water around them, ceasing to hunt their prey, basking in the sunlight, and taking in their food by the whole surface as plants do by their leaves. Their stomachs as well as their locomotive organs, being no longer wanted, become simplified. They are then vegetating animals, the exact complement of the carnivorous plants. Thus a degeneration of animals may be caused by vegetable nutrition. Another possible cause, our author suggests, may be the indirect one of minute size. Natural selection is often seen to act so as to reduce the size of animals, their smallness favouring their survival in the struggle for existence, and many organs, such as heart and bloodvessels, gills and kidneys, besides legs and muscles, being lost as not coming within the needs of a very minute creature.

Our author draws a valuable moral from his researches and speculations. What bearing, he asks, has the agency of degeneration upon the future prospects or destinies of mankind? No scientific man would now maintain that the existing condition of our race at large, far from having been developed out of primitive savagery, is one of decline from a better condition, and that the savage races of to-day are degenerate descendants of higher and civilized nations. At the same time, indubitable cases of degeneration are to be seen in modern Egypt, in Greece, among the heirs of the great Oriental monarchies of pre-Christian times, and among the Indian tribes of Central America. And, as regards ourselves—the civilized races of Europe and America, the heirs of all the ages—is the genial optimism which tacitly assumes universal progress as the law of human evolution to be subject to no doubt or misgiving on a calm and candid survey of the past? Have we improved since the age of the Parthenon and the Aphrodite of Melos in the perception and the expression of beauty of form, or in the personal attribute, for the matter of that, of beauty itself? In poetic power and in strength and purity of speech have we gained upon the age of Shakspeare? In manliness, dignity, courage, and truth, have we higher types than Sidney, Raleigh, or Hampden? Are there no signs of a self-complacent luxury, a contented life of material enjoyment, such as may lead to the atrophy and loss of the valuable qualities of mind and heart inherited and developed through a long line of noble ancestry, just as the ascidian throws away his tail and eye, and sinks into a quiescent state of inferiority? It is by the constant and faithful action of each part, physical and mental, that the living organism has attained and alone can keep up its degree of perfection. And to relax his energies, to wax gross, indolent, inert, self-concentred, will surely be to degenerate in all that has given man his rank in the universal animal scale. He may doom himself to sink, through successive depths of degradation, down to the level of an intellectual and moral barnacle, ascidian, or worm.

The son and namesake of a late well-known veteran writer and lecturer upon botany, the Rev. George Henslow, supplies in *Botany for Children* an illustrated elementary text-book suited to the needs and the apprehension of young people, and specially adapted to take the place of a teacher in their studies of nature afield. The common wild flowers of our meadows and hedge-rows may become not only things of beauty and joy to our school-children, but the means of opening to their understandings in the easiest way much of the workings and laws of nature, and possibly developing here and there a taste and capacity for the study of scientific botany. To discern and note with exactness the minute anatomy of flowers; to discriminate their varieties of structure by comparison with kindred forms; to record in a systematic way all their points of structure; and, finally, to draw every peculiarity of form—such are the steps by which our author seeks to lead his youthful charge through the rudimentary course of botanical study. Up to the age of ten or twelve, and sometimes even beyond that, the aid and sympathy of

* *Degeneration: a Chapter in Darwinism.* ("Nature" Series.) By Professor E. Ray Lankester, F.R.S., Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

Botany for Children: an Illustrated Elementary Text-Book for Junior Classes and Young Children. By the Rev. George Henslow, M.A., F.L.S., &c. London: E. Stanford. 1880.

Geography of Northern Europe. By the Rev. C. E. Moberly, M.A., Rector of Coln Regis. Rivingtons. 1880.

a teacher are, he allows, absolutely indispensable. It is consequently at the next stage that a manual such as his properly becomes of service. By this time the pupil will have gone through the needful elementary lessons, and will readily proceed to the classification of the more familiar types of the natural flora. Some twenty-five families or orders of plants have been here selected for study. The clearly drawn woodcuts will assist the learner in at once recognizing the flower which each represents in nature. With the natural specimen in hand he is recommended to dissect and examine it carefully, making sure of each separate point noticed in the text, which will thus form a continuous series of botanical reading lessons. Whilst acquiring, in the first instance, a knowledge of structural botany or morphology, the young botanist will be led to understand in a general way the uses of each separate organ or function to the plant itself, or physiological botany. Such a course will be found, the author justly believes, greatly to enhance the interest of the study, making it something more than a mere acquisition of details, and elevating it to the rank of a pursuit calling into play many of the highest faculties of the mind.

In his *Geography of Northern Europe* Mr. Moberly has brought together as much descriptive and statistical matter relating to half a continent as we can expect to see packed into 160 pages. Whether it is worth while to deal on so microscopic a scale with a theme of such magnitude is, to our mind, open to doubt. The places and topics picked out for notice must be to a great extent arbitrarily chosen, and the notice itself meagre and superficial in the extreme. What can we expect but a kind of stringing together of snips from Murray's or Baedeker's Handbooks, or random cuttings from nursery histories? The luckless child whom Mr. Moberly takes by the hand—if, indeed, his book is meant for children—is hurried without time for taking breath across Germany in less than a score of pages, over the Swiss mountains and valleys under a dozen, and has to do Austria in nine. Belgium and Holland are gone through, their resources summarized, their political future and religious feuds disposed of, in ten highly-compressed pages. The Cimbric Peninsula—not, that is, the Crimea, but Denmark—lumped with Norway and Sweden, Iceland being thrown in as a dependency of Scandinavia in race, speech, and government, are only allowed a bare dozen paragraphs, and, till the Ural mountains interpose a halting line, all the Russias are overrun in the last chapter, extending to ten pages. Room is even found for a partial lifting of the veil from the political prospects of the three great empires, and hints are thrown out to encourage a statesman bent on the regeneration of Russia by urging upon his notice a system of native manufactures under modified protection, "without the poverty and distress which so often attends it." Nearly half of the book is loyally given up to the British Islands, admitting greater fulness of detail, and it would be unfair not to compliment the writer on the number and variety of the loose bits of information that he has contrived to cram into his little manual. From the first rising of Britain's realm out of the azure main to the latest operations of the London School Board, and the newest prospects of the metropolitan water supply, there is hardly a class of fact that does not come within his *farrago libelli*, making it quite a unique achievement in the literature of elementary education.

STEPHEN ON POPE.*

MR. JOHN MORLEY'S series of *English Men of Letters* already includes a goodly number of names both præ-Augustan and post-Augustan; but it is still very far from having exhausted even the list of those writers whom no school or sect of criticism could refuse to rank as "men of leading" in the periods of our literature to which they severally belong. A Life of Dryden is, we observe, not even announced as yet; but the volume on Pope, in entrusting which to the experienced hands of Mr. Leslie Stephen the editor seemed to have made an unusually happy choice, is now before us. Mr. Stephen's intimate acquaintance with a most important branch of English eighteenth-century literature, in which Pope acquired a fame so universal as to be in some measure puzzling to himself, might alone have marked him out for the task; and of the latter part of the poet's literary life few could be expected to write so well as one so thoroughly versed in the works both of the friend who inspired and of the friend who interpreted the *Essay on Man*. Indeed, for ourselves, we confess to having been attracted beforehand to this little volume by the anticipation that in it Bolingbroke would be spoken of with disrespect, and Warburton in the vein of one of the most delightful chapters of the *History of English Thought*. But Pope's philosophy is, after all, but a very small part of him and of his life; the day has, moreover, long gone by in which it could call forth either admiring comment or solemn refutation, and a quite sufficient analysis of the "exquisite mosaic" of the famous Essay has (as Mr. Stephen reminds his readers) been already furnished by Mr. Mark Pattison. But in order that, generally as well as in special points, justice might be done to both the author and the man—and nothing could be truer than that the history of the one is the history of the other "in Pope's life, almost more than in that of any other poet"—the very combination of qualities was required by which Mr. Stephen is widely acknowledged to be distinguished. He is both broad in his sympathies and cool in his judgment; and—if he will allow us to make use of one of "the floating commonplaces" in the *Essay on Criticism* "which have more or less suggested themselves to every writer"—the truth which he tells or teaches is never likely to be disapproved because of a want of good breeding in the way of telling or teaching it. Such a biographer and critic—one who can stick to common sense without lapsing into cynicism—was indisputably necessary in the case of Pope, more especially since the researches of the late Mr. Dilke, and the evidence marshalled with so elaborate a conscientiousness in the volumes hitherto published in the Croker-Elwin edition, had rendered existing biographies of the poet more or less obsolete. It is not at all too much to say that a trustworthy popular Life of Pope had once more become a *desideratum*, unreasonable as the assertion may seem in view of the mass of literature on the subject, and of such useful books in particular as that of the late Mr. Carruthers, of which we are glad to find a kindly mention in Mr. Stephen's preface. This want seemed likely to be supplied by Mr. Stephen himself, who often treats old themes as freshly and fairly as he does new ones, and who in the opening volume of Mr. Morley's series had achieved a conspicuous success by telling over again, with characteristic simplicity and force, the oft-told tale of Johnson's life. We cannot, however, think that in the present instance the result has altogether equalled expectation.

Very possibly, as is often the case, Mr. Stephen may only have discovered while actually at work upon his present subject that he lacks that closer sympathy with it which gives the pleasantest savour to every kind of biographical essay. If so, he deserves all the more credit for not having allowed himself to fall into a carping manner utterly destructive of the true interest of a biography. Nor, on the other hand, has he chosen as a rule to adopt that half-wondering, half-pitying tone which befits the humourist proper; although in reading some passages of this book one is irresistibly reminded of Thackeray's essay on Pope and some of his fellow-wits—a paper which, like so much written by its author in the happier hours of his later productivity, only gains by the keeping. Indeed, in what Mr. Stephen says about one great writer it is difficult not to recognize an expansion of Thackeray's playful remark that Addison "might have omitted a virtue or two, or many." From a more serious point of view one is apt to wax impatient at being told that Addison's praises are not to be read "without a certain recalcitrance, like that which one feels in the case of the model boy who wins all the prizes, including that for good conduct." Is it really so hard to bear the good fortune of the good? In general, however, the impression conveyed by Mr. Stephen's observations on Pope himself is that of an uncertainty of view which seems to hover midway between censure and apology. At one time he takes refuge in Macaulayese antithesis, and denounces Pope as "a liar and a hypocrite," although "the foundation of his character was not selfish or grovelling"; at another he contents himself with an "after all," such as seems most appropriate to a biography, as it does to a novel, without a hero. We need hardly say that on many questions of moral judgment, as of literary criticism, the sound sense of the writer asserts itself with its usual strength. He exposes sufficiently, but without dwelling upon it with wordy unctuousness, a certain affectation of vice in Pope which he justly describes as more offensive than his literary affectation. At the same time he waives aside, as very much out of place in so pitiful a case, the discussions in which others have engaged as to the morality of Pope's relations to the younger Miss Blunt. Unhappily, the little man's hatreds went for at least as much in his life as his loves; and here again Mr. Stephen seems to us shrewdly near the mark when he observes (*apropos* of Pope's wrath against Addison about Tickell's Translation) that

> Pope's suspicions are a proof that in this case he was almost subject to the illusion characteristic of actual insanity. The belief that a man is persecuted by hidden conspirators is one of the common symptoms in such cases; and Pope would seem to have been almost in the initial stage of mental disease. His madness, indeed, was not such as would lead us to call him morally irresponsible, nor was it the kind of madness which is to be found in a good many people who well deserve criminal prosecution; but it was a state of mind so morbid as to justify some compassion for the unhappy offender.

But, as Mr. Stephen elsewhere well shows, this very weakness in Pope had its pathetic as well as its pitiable side, and was not altogether unmixed with a self-respect for which, as we have always thought, our literature owes to him a debt of gratitude. To the friends in whom he trusted, and whom he always chose with that appreciation of real distinction which was natural to him, he clung with touching eagerness; towards the great of the world he bore himself unaffectedly as an equal, and as one whose breath was by no means taken away by his being treated as such.

Of Pope's writings it would certainly be absurd to expect much to be said that should be new; but a critic of Mr. Stephen's keenness and candour will always find an opportunity of saying many things worthy of attention. The *Pastorals* he dismisses briefly, but not too briefly; indeed he might almost have contented himself with the grave piece of irony that "the *Pastorals* have been seriously criticized." The *Essay on Criticism*, on the other hand, we cannot but think entitled to a less condescending treatment than it here once more receives. Besides being "quite sufficiently coherent for its purpose," and full of brilliant "aphorisms coined out of commonplace," it has always seemed to us skilfully exhaustive of the chief

* *Alexander Pope.* By Leslie Stephen. (*English Men of Letters.*) London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

varieties of false criticism—no slight merit in the case of so juvenile a production as this, which Warburton was certainly mistaken in terming the work of an author under twenty, but which, on the other hand, it is hardly generous of Mr. Elwin to describe as "representing the capacity of Pope at twenty-three." We notice, by the way, that Mr. Stephen cites the observation, illustrative of the poverty of rhymes in this poem, that it makes ten rhymes to "wit" and twelve to "sense." If there were a Pope Society in existence, we wish some junior member would take the trouble to count the rhymes to "mind" in the *Essay on Man*. To a poem of a very different stamp, which, like Mr. Elwin, Mr. Stephen has not failed to praise, that passion-flower of hot-house growth, *Eloisa to Abelard* he has, we think, done injustice in overlooking its essentially dramatic conception, which rendered the production of such an effect as that which the critic misses—"a disposition to cry"—less easy than it is in the case of a lyrical poem by Cowper or Wordsworth. It may be admitted, however, that real power of dramatic treatment, such as Pope was wholly without, would have created a very different effect. The *Rape of the Lock* Mr. Stephen, as it seems to us, criticizes with a very just appreciation of "the admirable beauty and brilliance" of a poem which in M. Taine's eyes fails to stamp its author even as a *poète de boudoir*, and only helps to establish our national incapacity for true gaiety. On one blemish, however, which appears with even greater distinctness in some of Pope's later writings, the French and the English critic are very justly at one. The unpleasant undertone in Pope's raillery of women is recognizable already in this charming trifle; but it must at the same time be allowed that the Maids of Honour at Hampton Court, who may be supposed to have suggested to the author of the *Rape of the Lock* his notions of the ethics prevalent among "nymphs" of quality, have not been vindicated from the aspersions of his satire by the revelations of their own correspondence.

Of Pope's more important works Mr. Stephen's judgment seems to us likewise in general just. He enters into an unexpectedly lengthy disquisition on that well-worn topic, the merits and shortcomings of Pope's *Homer*, turning the tables with much dialectical skill on those who think that all has been said when a translation which was good enough for our grandfathers and grandmothers has been damned as too artificial for our better-informed generation. He has the courage, which we notice to be rare in these days, to aver that he reads the *Dunciad* with pleasure; yet he misses, we venture to think, the real spirit of the poem when he remarks that, to reconcile us to such laughter as the *Dunciad's*, "it should have a more genial tone than Pope could find in his nature." The real flaw in this satire seems to us the operation, though less intense than in the *Moral Essays* and *Imitations of Horace*, of personal motives which at times misdirector falsify the satirist's indignation. But the main stream of that indignation has a source most deep and pure; nor was the contest waged by Pope one which could end, actually or metaphorically, in a shaking of hands. Even Dryden's wrath as a satirist, who was essentially a partisan, had more of manufacture in it than Pope's, which may almost be said to have at the same time sustained and consumed him. We are surprised to find Mr. Stephen accord to the Fourth Book in particular praise so remarkably scant. Is it not, with all the exceptions which may be justly taken to particular passages in it, a glorious onslaught upon pretentious Philistinism, more particularly of the type which on occasion wears "broad hats, and hoods, and caps"? and was not this perhaps the reason why Gray, to whom the University life of his times was at once irresistible and intolerable, expressed so cordial an admiration of this part of the poem? In discussing the remaining works of Pope's maturity, Mr. Stephen appears to us altogether at his best. Of the *Essay on Man* he observes with cruel downrightness that "the best passages are those in which the author is frankly pantheistic"—an encomium which Pope, whose liberalism undoubtedly had its limits, would have received with considerable astonishment and displeasure. The poet's real masterpieces, however, because most thoroughly in harmony with his genius, were the *Epistles and Satires*. These (or the cream of them) have not unfrequently, perhaps because of the diversity of their themes, been treated with insufficient care in estimates of Pope's prolix labours. Mr. Stephen suggests the true nature of their excellence when he describes them as the pith and essence of their author's own circle of friends and acquaintances, "concentrated into the smallest possible space with the infinite dexterity of a thoroughly trained hand." The exquisite art implied in such a concentration differs of course as widely as possible from a mere process of faithful reproduction. This is pointed out by Mr. Stephen, as it has been pointed out before him by a brilliant man of letters who for many generations remained the acknowledged master among our dramatists in the composition of comic dialogue. "I believe," writes Congreve, "if a Poet should steal a Dialogue of any length, from the Extempore Discourse of the two wittiest Men upon Earth, he would find the Scene but coldly received by the Town."

There are, we should in conclusion remark, certain indications of something like haste in this volume, which allow us to indulge the hope that its author may not yet have said his last word on its subject. "Elkanah Shadwell" (p. 121) is of course merely the birth of an accident, though certainly a passing strange prodigy of the bicipitous sort. The quotations are by no means frequent; yet one of them occurs twice over (pp. 98 and 188), and on the second occasion is accompanied by a comment to some extent paralysing the effect of that offered on the former. There are other repetitions which it is unnecessary to dwell upon, but which suggest that the wearisome labour expended by Mr. Stephen upon his lucid summary of the Correspondence mysteries laid bare in Mr. Elwin's edition left him no time for retouching those parts of his biographical essay which really possess a far more enduring interest. The truth is that there is enough, and more than enough, in these scandals, now brought home irrefutably, to spoil the taste of any Life of Pope for writer as well as reader. Mr. Stephen has too much good taste and too high a sense of justice to surrender himself to a feeling of disgust; but we are not sure whether it is altogether the fault of the subject that his treatment of it is unlikely to take away the unsatisfied feeling left by previous biographers.

SIX LIFE STUDIES OF FAMOUS WOMEN.*

THE author of *Kitty* could hardly write anything dull, but in this volume she has produced some very hasty and uneven work. Her "Famous Women" are selected on no particular plan, and one or two of them have no claim to be called famous. The collection is neither arranged chronologically nor does it represent one epoch; for we have good Mrs. Elizabeth Carter presenting her eighteenth-century countenance between those of Mme. Pape-Carpantier and Miss Matilda Betham—a single old-world figure among a group of moderns. As to the execution of the book, it is hardly worthy of a practised writer like Miss Betham-Edwards. Constant slips of style, repetitions, misprints, make us wish that the author had handed over her copy to some friendly Charles Lamb, whom his sister Mary describes, in a letter here printed, as "often known to spy out errors in a manuscript which has passed through many judicious hands." The sketches are of varying degrees of merit; that of Fernan Caballero is the worst, that of Caroline Herschel is the best; Miss Betham-Edwards being, like many another woman—and man—of letters, better able to describe life than to talk about literature. Still even in the account of Caroline Herschel and Alexandrine Tinné there is neither much subtlety nor much force. "My labours," says the writer, "will be amply rewarded if the present volume finds favour with the young." This it may very well do. It is just the plain straightforward kind of storytelling that young people like; but it cannot claim any higher merit.

The first paper is an account of Fernan Caballero; and it is on this, we infer from the advertisements, that the writer thinks the attractiveness of her book will mainly depend. Unfortunately it cannot be called anything but a very thin and poor description of the famous Spaniard; it is not to be compared, for example, with the excellent article which appeared some fifteen years ago in the *North British Review*. There is no real knowledge of her novels, no translation, no criticism of her characters—nothing but a *résumé* of what Lady Herbert and M. de Mazade have said before. Fernan Caballero is not one of the greatest of writers, but she is a very interesting one, and one who well deserves a careful and sympathetic biography. At present none exists, not even (we believe) in Spain, and Miss Betham-Edwards has contributed little towards supplying the want. When we pass to the notice of Alexandrine Tinné we come to ground on which the writer treads more firmly, and to a subject with which her facile pen is better able to deal. There is no woman of our day whose life has been richer in romantic incident or whose death has possessed a more tragic interest. That a young, wealthy, and beautiful girl should give herself up deliberately to African travel is of itself an astonishing thing; that she should carry out her resolution as Miss Tinné did, with the constant purpose of bringing light to bear upon "the habitations of cruelty," is heroic. As a mere traveller she almost rivalled Speke and Cameron; and there is a fascination in her story, in the passionate devotion she inspired in those who formed her escort, that belongs to her alone. She was murdered by two treacherous Touareg chiefs in Fezzan, south of Tripoli, in March 1869, in the thirtieth year of her age:—

> A few days after her departure the murderous scheme was put into execution. Early in the morning a quarrel broke out—as it is supposed, intentionally—among the camel-drivers, and, hearing the noise, the young mistress of the caravan hastily quitted her tent to see what she could do in the way of pacification. Her appearance was the signal agreed upon for the massacre. One Touareg first disabled her right hand by a sabre-thrust, in order to prevent her from using her revolver; then, with a rifle-ball in the breast, achieved his deadly work. The others rushed on to the slaughter. The three Dutch sailors, her sole European attendants, were next assassinated, and then the plundering of the rich caravan began. The faithful negroes, who adored their kind young mistress, were carried off with the spoil, and the bodies of the victims left unburied on the sands. Thus perished, in the flower of her youth, one of the most enterprising lady travellers, and one of the most courageous women who ever lived.

Miss Betham-Edwards, in writing her account of Caroline Herschel, had little to do except to follow the memoir published a few years back by Mrs. John Herschel; and, with this for her guide, she has given a clear and interesting picture of a woman who ought not to be forgotten. Caroline Herschel was born at Hanover in 1750, the daughter of a musician, who taught his sons music but thought his daughters properly employed in "the drudgery of the scullery." In 1772 she joined her brother William at Bath, where he had

* *Six Life Studies of Famous Women.* By M. Betham-Edwards, Author of "Kitty," &c. With Six Portraits engraved on Steel. London: Griffith & Farran. 1880.

already become famous as a teacher of music, and she at once began that career of devotion to his interests which made his astronomical achievements possible. He ground his own mirrors for the telescope; for, as Miss Edwards quotes from Lord Rosse, such grinding used always to be done by hand, and the work required the very greatest care and industry. "Upon one occasion, whilst engaged upon a seven-foot mirror, he did not remove his hands from it for sixteen hours together." Meanwhile Caroline read to him from Sterne or Fielding, and from time to time actually "kept him alive by putting the victuals by bits into his mouth." Little by little the famous music-master began to make himself known as a man of science. In 1781 he was elected F.R.S., then he was appointed "Royal Astronomer" (not Astronomer-Royal), with a salary of 200*l.* a year, and on this the brother and sister left Bath and the musical profession behind for ever. They settled at Datchet, near Windsor, and Caroline, not without some regrets (for she was in a fair way to become distinguished as a public singer), became assistant to William Herschel, her special business being "to sweep for comets." But the old housewifely instincts were by no means obliterated, as will appear from such extracts from her diary as this, written at their new house at Slough in 1786:—

July 3.—My Brothers William and Alexander left Slough to begin their journey to Germany. By way of not suffering too much by sadness, I began with bustling work. I cleaned all the brass-work for the seven- and ten-foot telescopes, and put curtains before the shelves to prevent the dust from settling upon them again.

July 4.—I cleaned and put the polishing room in order, and made the gardener clear the work-yard, put everything in safety, and mend the fences.

6th.—I put all the philosophical letters in order, and the collection of each year in a separate cover.

18.—I spent the whole day in ruling paper for the register, except that at breakfast I cut out ruffles for shirts. I tried to "sweep," but it was cloudy, and the moon rose at half-past ten.

19.—In the evening "swept" from eleven till one.

For years and years she went on with this nightly "sweeping," although in 1788 her brother married, and she removed to lonely lodgings near by. The work she achieved was something enormous; it is to be explained by the fact that till William died in 1822—her seventy-second year—she went steadily on without check or hindrance, "calculating and copying," watching and recording. Then after that date, when she had already lived to a ripe age and achieved results enough for three lifetimes, she settled down for another quarter of a century in her Hanoverian home. But on this evening of her days we need not dwell; nor indeed need we dwell at greater length upon her earlier time, for Mrs. John Herschel's Memoir must be still fresh in the recollection of many readers.

The sketch of Mme. Pape-Carpantier is fairly interesting; but it does not show any real knowledge of educational questions, or of the history of what has been done and written in reference to them during the last half century. Madame Pape did a considerable work for education in France, and it would be useful to know exactly in what it consisted, and how she was influenced by Fröbel and Pestalozzi and others. But this is just what we fail to find in Miss Edwards's pages. Again it is doubtful whether the dull figure of the pious Elizabeth Carter was worth reviving, except indeed to give one more instance of the incurable provincialism in which the life of the English middle classes is steeped. Compare with this estimable clergyman's daughter, this phœnix of a dull age, submitting her *Epictetus* to the censorship of Bishop Secker, such a figure as that of the "learned lady of the sixteenth century," Olympia Morata, whom Mr. Creighton has lately sketched so pleasantly for us. In the Englishwoman, admirably as she did her work and carefully as she fulfilled her round of daily duties, we miss the sweet sympathetic charm, the breath of sentiment and seriousness, that comes to us from the Italian. Olympia and her sisters are what Elizabeth Carter and her sisters are not, in immediate contact with the main stream, with the great currents on which the spiritual life of Europe still depends. Nor does the fame of Miss Carter gain by the writer's treatment of it. The sketch is done in the very slightest way, being a mere recast of one single book—her life, written by her nephew Montague Pennington—with an occasional criticism interspersed from Mr. George Long or other authorities. And why is Miss Betham-Edwards so careless of small inaccuracies that even her explanatory notes are sometimes worse than no explanation at all? Somebody compared Elizabeth Carter with "the Sulpitias of the ancients and the Schurmans and Daciers of the moderns"; on which the note is as follows:—

Sulpitia, Latin poetess in the time of Tiberias.
Schurman, Anna Maria, German scholar, died 1678.
Dacier, Anne, Greek scholar, died 1720.

Sulpicia, as a matter of fact, lived under Domitian, and was praised by Martial; and Anna Maria van Schurman was in no sense a "German scholar," but a Dutchwoman who wrote in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and French. Such instances of carelessness show that Miss Edwards has not that proper regard for her audience which an audience has the right to demand, and which is, after all, an author's best safeguard.

The paper on the writer's aunt and godmother, Matilda Betham, "the friend of Charles and Mary Lamb," is interesting on account of the letters from the Lambs, the Coleridges, and Southey which are printed in it. These are not only worth reading, but are of themselves enough to make a demand for the book in which they appear—though, by the way, Miss Edwards does not state which of them are here printed for the first time. Book-lovers will be shocked to hear that Lamb, who has written so beautifully of the joys of book-hunting, should have committed sacrilege in order to decorate a garret. "My brother and I almost covered the walls with prints, for which purpose he cut out every print from every book in his old library, coming in every now and then to ask my leave to strip a fresh poor author." So writes Mary Lamb from the Temple. Imagine frontispieces by Hollar and Marshall and Faithorne coming to such base uses! Let us hope that Lamb felt himself properly punished when he wrote as follows to Matilda Betham, anticipating the thought and the exact expressions of his celebrated sonnet on "Work":—

No one can tell how ill I am, because it does not come out to the exterior of my face, but lies in my skull deep and invisible. I wish I was leprous, and black jaundiced skin-over, and that all was as well within as my cursed looks. You must not think me worse than I am. I am determined not to be overset, but to give up business rather, and get 'em to allow me a trifle for services past. Oh, that I had been a shoemaker, or a baker, or a man of large independent fortune. Oh, darling laziness! heaven of Epicurus! Saint's Everlasting Rest! that I could drink vast potations of thee thro' unmeasured Eternity—Otium *cum* vel *sine* dignitate. Scandalous, dishonourable, any kind of *repose*. I stand not upon the *dignified sort*. Accursed, damned desks, trade, commerce, business. Inventions of that old original busybody, brain-working Satan—Sabbathless, restless Satan A curse relieves; do you ever try it?

We may conclude with a quotation from an interesting letter from Southey containing this estimate of Wordsworth's "Convention of Cintra":—

I entreat you, read Wordsworth's pamphlet upon the affairs of Spain, just published by Longman. Only Burke equals it in eloquence, and he only by fits and flashes; but there shines through this the light of truth and of nature and of God, a light of which nothing more than the dim, discoloured reflection ever shone upon Burke.

DAVID ARMSTRONG.*

THE clever author of *David Armstrong* has sought the materials for a powerfully dramatic story in the natural incidents of humble life. Moreover, there is in it a somewhat remarkable respect for the much-neglected "unities," so far as consistency of situations and circumstances is concerned. Among all the characters, with the exception of one or two who merely flit across the pages, there is not one who makes any pretence to the position of what is conventionally termed lady or gentleman. Even the villain of the tale who works mischief which he cannot repair, though he has played the parts of haughty aristocrats, is nothing more than a provincial actor. Yet in the shifting vicissitudes of strong human action we do not miss those contrasts of rank to which we are habituated in ordinary novels. And within what seems at first sight to be a very limited range, the author has shown no little versatility. His story has its full share of melancholy, and he asks us to sympathize with the endurance of the poor under the galling burdens of cares and sorrows. He dwells on the courage and virtues of unpretending persons, who are unconscious of the heroism that is become a habit of their lives; as he also expatiates on their vices and follies and the temptations by which they are beset. He throws himself into the everyday life of the working-man, with a knowledge which implies intimate acquaintance with it. He writes of religion and its influences as one who has experienced them in their reality; while, on the other hand, he paints the eccentricities of sincere fanaticism with a humour which is never irreverent or even flippant. By way of relief from the overwrought excitement of revival meetings where emotional feelings have broken loose from control, he carries us away to the lighter atmosphere of the theatre, to assist at the triumph of a fascinating *débutante*. In fact, he passes easily and naturally from grave to gay, though the grave undoubtedly much preponderates; and, if his inclinations tend rather towards the pathetic vein, he is alive to the more cheerful aspects of things, even upon the most solemn occasions. Thus we have the hero persuaded by his mother—who is a pious, but narrow-minded old lady—to accompany her and a young female friend to a "love-feast." It is a meeting of the godly of one of the straiter sects, held for the common benefit and improvement, in a bare upper chamber. Men and women who, in passing from darkness into the light, have gone through a variety of personal experiences, get up to relate them. David Armstrong has the shadow of a dark remorse upon him, and is in no mood to be merry nor much disposed to smile. So far as he is not abstracted and indifferent, he has some vague hope that he may possibly be helped to get rid of the load that is inexorably weighing on him. Yet, while impressed by the earnestness of the speakers and even envious of it, it is the ludicrous side of their confessions that chiefly strikes him. There is more of comedy than anything else "when a little tailor, who had no other fame nor possibility of acquiring any (than that of making the worst fit in the town), finished up his lengthy speech with an earnest aspiration:—

Make me little and unknown,
Heard and prized by God alone—

as though the foes he had to contend with on earth were fame and ambition." Again Armstrong's gravity is upset when

* *David Armstrong; or, Before the Dawn.* William Blackwood & Son. 1880.

an elderly woman in a filthy dress and battered headgear gets up to claim the congratulations of the community, as showing the fruits of her reformation for the last few months by living "the life of a spotless and sinless angel." And, having relapsed into gloom, ere long he is half smiling as he listens to a penitent, who had been the greatest scamp in the neighbourhood, telling of the struggle after he had been "made a new man," as to whether he was bound to divorce himself from the fiddle that had been a snare to him. It seems that he had finally solved the difficulty on the strength of a happy inspiration; and, deciding that the fiddle might be made a new creature like its master, had "varnished it thickly till it was fine and shiny. And now, thank the Lord, there could be no harm in it, because it stands to reason that the natur' of the thing has completely changed; and instead of the wicked dancing tunes he used to play on it, it was never heard now, save in the songs of Zion." All this, as we have said, though laughable enough, is related without the slightest irreverence, and, indeed, is introduced with perfect good taste. The humour of the scene is greatly heightened by the fact that the sympathies of the assembled congregation are in solemn harmony with those who stand up to make their confessions, and that there is not the faintest reflection of Armstrong's gleams of mirth in the grave faces of the people about him.

As for David himself, with his vast reserves of strength, mental and physical, he is a rugged but imposing character. Morally he stands out conspicuously from among his fellows, as his big frame towers above them in its stalwart proportions. Inclined to extremes in everything, in the exuberance of his vigour he is no saint, though sometimes he half resolves to become one. His austere upbringing, although it has made his conscience almost morbidly sensitive, may as probably work in him for evil as for good. When we meet him first, he is repenting the evening's debauch; and he has disappointments that tend to embitter him and make him reckless. He has shrewd intelligence and the genius of invention; he has ambitions, and the consciousness of the power of elevating himself. With patient thought he has devised a machine for economizing labour, which has been approved and adopted by the firm who employ him. Of course it excites the anger of his fellow-workmen, and their malice wrecks it when its success has been demonstrated. Armstrong, who has answered for their straightforward dealing, leaves the shipbuilding yard in disgust; accepts a situation as mechanist to a theatre, and is bent apparently on going straight to ruin. At the very turning-point of his career he is so far saved by an accident. He makes himself the guardian of a destitute little girl, who is cast upon his charity by the death of a relative. The child clings from the first to her benefactor, and insinuates herself into his deepest affections. With her warm-hearted impulses and wheedling ways, the little Deeta becomes his delight and tyrant, and the oddly-assorted pair make a series of pretty pictures. As Deeta grows into a woman, under Armstrong's and his mother's care, the nature of his feelings for her undergoes a change. Yet even when she has given her heart to a young musician of her own age, while her filial attachment to Armstrong is as strong as ever, the jealousy which he tries manfully to combat can scarcely be said to come with a revelation to him. It is true that he seeks relief in absence; but he persuades himself that it is merely because he cannot endure the prospect of being the second in a daughter's affections. Nor is it only Armstrong's heart that has been sorely tried by his adoption of Deeta. By an act of which she was indirectly, though most innocently, the cause, she had nearly brought his soul to utter shipwreck. And here one of the most critical phases in the transitions of his spiritual state is wrought out with great truth and force. Indifferent, rather than positively sceptical, he had attended one of those revival meetings which were stirring at the time the irreligion of Oldboro'. The straightforward eloquence of one of the preachers had struck home to him; and allured by the glory of becoming a leader in the Church militant, he had devoted himself with all the energy of his nature to this new service. He goes forth from the meeting burning with ardour, strong in his self-assurance and his new-born spiritual pride, to be brought face to face with a temptation almost irresistible to a man of his passions. He meets Montressor the actor, to learn from his lips that he is the villain who had ruined the mother of little Deeta, and against whom Armstrong in his unregenerated state had vowed undying vengeance. Montressor by his cynicism and offensive behaviour invites his fate. Armstrong, who has listened with unwonted patience, is provoked beyond power of self-control by a blow, which he promptly returns with fatal consequences. For a day or so he stands under the shadow of the gallows; but he is acquitted of murder on proof of provocation, and on the medical evidence as to his victim's state of health. Yet, though pronounced legally guiltless, he cannot forgive himself; and, in the revulsion of feeling from his spiritual self-confidence, he thenceforward grows more gloomy and misanthropical than ever. Still it is characteristic of the man, that though he almost ceases to believe and to hope, he does not neglect the duties and interests that in different circumstances have engrossed his attention. With infinite pains and labour he works out a railway brake which should bring honour and profit to the inventor, while conferring great benefits on mankind. But the knowledge that he has at last attained to success only comes to him on his deathbed. Feeling more indifferent to life than is usual with him, after having parted in bitter displeasure from Deeta, in consequence of a reckless escapade of that young lady's, he has sacrificed himself to save the sufferers who have been buried under a falling house. And the closing scene is extremely touching, as the strong man lies on his deathbed, crushed and mangled, surrounded by a group of mourners who have good cause to regret him.

As a foil to the stern and sterling Armstrong, Deeta is brought in with excellent effect. Though, for the most part, she shows something of the soulless graces of an Undine, she is nevertheless susceptible to passionate feeling, and she is invariably so winning and wayward that we can understand the fascination she exercises. There is an admirable *tableau* which shows her at her brightest by contrast with the grim austerity of David's worthy mother, when the old lady surprises the girl practising for the part of Ophelia in the solitude of her bedroom. Deeta has set her heart upon going on the stage, while Mrs. Armstrong regards stage plays as the foulest devices of Satan. The author's interpretation of Deeta's innocent idea of the part is exceedingly clever:—

> A more ridiculous representation of poor, frenzied Ophelia was never seen than this little maid, as, in the words of Laertes, "Thought, affliction, passion, hell itself, she turned to favour and to prettiness."
>
> The happy, dancing eyes, smiling at themselves; the rosy colour; above all, the utter absence of passion in the voice; the unconscious chastity which prevented her changing colour at the words which meant nothing to her; finding no echo in a nature where the woman had not yet awakened—all these made up one of the strangest, sanest, prettiest travesties of the poet's ideal that it was possible to see.

There are several other excellent studies. Paul Watson, the careworn working-man, Armstrong's closest friend; Hannah, Watson's daughter, who, amidst her premature anxieties and the round of duties she conscientiously discharges, finds time to form a hopeless attachment for Armstrong; and Kit, the deformed and half-idiotic boy whom Armstrong has saved at the cost of his own life, are each and all admirable in their way. And in keeping with the turmoil of rough, hard-working life are the pictures of the town and neighbourhood of Oldboro', where industry has been defacing the beauties of art and nature, and which we take to be photographed from Newcastle-on-Tyne.

MINOR NOTICES.

THE sixth volume of the Manchester Literary Club's Papers (1) is full of subjects of interest of a varied kind. In the table of contents we find such headings as, to choose at random, "Special Collections of Books in Lancashire and Cheshire," "Annals of the English Gipsies under the Tudors," "Fancies and Fashions in Art," "In Robin Hood's Country," and "Thackeray; the Humourist as Preacher." In the last-named paper Mr. John Mortimer writes with a pleasant enthusiasm against the notion that Thackeray was a cynic. In this notion there is no doubt a great want of perception; but so there is, it must be admitted, in Mr. Mortimer's statement that Thackeray "had the intellect of a man and the heart of a child." If either of these suppositions were completely true, Thackeray's best work could never have been produced. His character, although of a far higher moral stamp than that of the French poet, seems to have been not unlike Alfred de Musset's in its mixture of bitterness and softness. This, at least, is the impression which remains with us after repeated reading of his books—an impression far removed from that given in Mr. Trollope's biography, to which Mr. Mortimer has trusted too implicitly. Mr. Mortimer's essay, however, contains many good bits of observation, and, granting its writer's point of view, is well contrived throughout. Most readers of Thackeray will agree with him when he says that "Thackeray had a keen eye for natural beauty, and, when he does describe, displays the hand of a master"—a statement which Mr. Mortimer supports by a well-chosen extract from *Esmond*. This essay is not inappropriately followed by one on "Wit and Humour," by Mr. Anderson O'Conor, one of whose prefatory remarks seems to us worth quoting for its point and terseness:—"We may describe humour as the mood or disposition that gives a mirthful character to wit. There are many antithetical maxims and proverbs that have the quality of wit, and yet are in themselves destitute of humour. Let them only come into the tropical sunshine of a humorous disposition, and they at once blossom into laughter." The writer goes on to illustrate his proposition by various instances, some of which, it should be noted, are curiously misquoted. From some of them, which, to us at least, are unhackneyed and ingenious, we select one which relates how a certain Scotch vassal was condemned to the gallows by his lord. When he arrived at the place of execution, he showed a natural unwillingness to mount the ladder, upon which his wife turned to him reprovingly with "Hoot awa, Donald! Gang up like a man and please the laird." Another essay, on "Charles Dickens and Rochester," gains an additional interest from its carefully designed and executed illustrations; and another, on "Lancashire Dramatic Authors," by Mr. Callender, is full of curious information which will be new to many students of the stage.

The interesting and valuable little volume which Sir Henry Thompson has issued, under the title of *Food and Feeding* (2), contains the substance of two articles which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, and were noticed in these columns, improved

(1) *Papers of the Manchester Literary Club.* Vol. VI. With Illustrations. Manchester and London: Published for the Club by Heywood & Son.

(2) *Food and Feeding.* By Sir Henry Thompson, F.R.C.S., &c. London: Warne & Co.

by the author's revision and the addition of an appendix devoted to the *Pot-au-Feu*, an institution too little known and respected in England. To our former remarks on Sir Henry Thompson's articles we need only add that their appearance in a volume form is acceptable, and that we are not surprised at "the wide demand for their republication" spoken of in the few words of preface.

The title of Mr. Forbes's volume (3) is, to "speak by the card," incorrect. The sketches which it contains are of things which he has observed in the intervals of his campaigning life, and they describe to us with much vividness all kinds of experiences through which the author has gone, ranging from a visit to the King of Burmah to a Christmas Day spent in driving a four-wheeled cab. "Almost all," we learn from the preface, "are reprints," and it may be added that almost all have some portion of interest or amusement. Mr. Forbes's writing has many vices of style, but it has the merit of always impressing you with a sense of reality. The manner is too often flashy, but there is generally something worthy of note underlying it. The book is one which may be safely recommended for desultory reading, and among its contents we would call special attention to a chapter headed "An Evening Party among the Navvies."

Since the days of *The Rovers* nothing quite resembling *The Sacrifice* (4) has appeared. Before such a work criticism is of necessity dumb. At the risk of tediousness we must venture on quotation. The curtain rises on an interview between John and Sarah, servants at Richmond Hall. "You've been," says John,

> An honoured and superior servant, living
> Before all eyes a pure and Christian life,
> Yet of yourself you speak as if
> You were the very source of discord, grief,
> And all that's ill.
> *Sarah.* When one's tongue
> Condemns one's life, it seeks for flattery,
> Yet knows it speaks the truth—I must insist
> You'll speak no more of this.—They come. [*Exit R.*

Another scene shows us a room at Mrs. Cheetham's, occupied by Mrs. Cheetham and her son. As the curtain rises the son says,

> Would you would die a natural death!

To which the mother not unnaturally replies,

> O cruel ingratitude!
> *Cheetham.* Ingratitude!
> You've trained me up a spoiled and self-willed child,
> Deprived me of my birthright wilfully;
> There's nothing to be grateful for in that.
> *Mrs. C.* My boy! My darling boy! You'll break my heart.
> *Cheetham.* You know I've never liked you, mother, and
> Since I've known all I've cursed you in my heart.

The plot of this marvellous drama is, if possible, more exquisite than its dialogue.

Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. have issued an admirably got-up edition of *The Princess* (5), printed on the rough paper which is dear to many book-lovers, and bound in white vellum.

Mr. Adams, whose books of schoolboy life are probably familiar to many of our readers, has now ventured on the more difficult ground of University life (6), and may on the whole be congratulated upon his success. Many writers have tried their hand at dealing with this subject under the guise of fiction, and few have succeeded. Several books of insight and merit which are cast in the form of essays on University life, whether of Oxford or Cambridge, will occur to the mind; but the *nouvelle* or novel of University life has not been either frequent or, as a rule, successful. *Tom Brown at Oxford* and *Julian Home* are the standing instances for each University of undergraduate novels. With each many faults might be found, and have been found; and in one respect, that of giving a really accurate picture of certain phases of undergraduate life, a novel by Mr. Tottenham, of which we cannot recall the exact title, dealing with Cambridge, was superior to both the books just mentioned. Mr. Adams's *College Days* does not aim at being more than a *nouvelle*, and it may be said to fulfil the requirements which might fairly be expected from it. It shows us, of course, the virtuous reading undergraduate, the villanous and would-be fast undergraduate, the lordly, apolaustic, and haughty undergraduate, the clever and somewhat idle undergraduate, and, as the hero of the book, the well-intentioned and accomplished, but vacillating undergraduate, who goes through various trials brought upon him by his own folly, and at the end comes out of them triumphantly. The characters are sketched with some spirit, and the writing is pleasant. In almost every book of the kind there is a villain whose evil dispositions and contrivances are more likely to be met with in a rattling melodrama than in every-day life at Oxford or Cambridge; and the most that can be said perhaps for Mr. Adams's Oxford villain is that he is more plausible than the Cambridge villain of *Julian Home*. On other grounds it would be unfair to compare Mr. Adams's book with *Julian Home*; for, on the whole, it is a healthy enough sketch of undergraduate life, undisfigured by morbid sentimentality or outrageous nonsense. Some of the incidents are naturally out of date, a fact which the author recognizes in his foot-notes; but the "Row in the Theatre" is, it is to be feared, as true to the present as to a past day.

A handsome volume, adorned with some capital illustrations, and issued by Messrs. Cassell and Co., gives much interesting information as to important parts of the country of which travelling English people are apt to know least—their own (7). The book opens with a careful and accurate account of Chester, a place which has suffered a good deal in the general estimation of its beauty from the unwise comparison constantly made between it and Bern. The chapter devoted to it contains a striking story, which might suggest a subject for versification to Mr. Bret Harte, of an engine-driver whose train, not his engine, was thrown into the Dee by the bursting of one of the outer girders of the railway bridge. "He hastened on to the next station and gave the alarm, then, shunting on to the up-line and reversing his engine, he dashed back over the pair of girders which yet remained standing, in order to give an alarm at Chester station." The chapter on Cambridge is well done, and is written with knowledge, and it may be said of the whole book that it is attractive and full of information.

The sixth number of the series called *The Hundred Greatest Men* (8), which on its first appearance we noticed at length, includes under the head "History" Herodotus, Thucydides, Demosthenes, Cicero, Tacitus, Plutarch, Montaigne, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Diderot, Lessing, and Gibbon. This odd medley is graced with an introduction by the Dean of Westminster, written in his accustomed manner.

A fifth edition has been issued of Mr. Colquhoun's admirable work called *The Moor and the Loch* (9). The fact that it has reached a fifth edition is in itself a valuable tribute to the merit of the book, which on a previous occasion has been treated of at length in these columns.

Although there is nothing in *The Art of Washing* (10) that most people have not known, though perhaps not seriously thought of before, excepting the substitution of a "Loof" instead of flannel for personal washing; yet the subject, a most important one, is placed before the public in an attractive, concise, and useful form, and it would be well if it could be generally studied. The first part contains full directions on personal washing, the second on clothes-washing, the third on house-washing. "Clothes-washing" has most valuable hints in its pages, and winds up with this quotation from "a learned and eminent preacher":—"Look at the vast evil of small laundries. What disease is there fomented! clothes not disinfected, mixed up before and after washing! Remedy—abolish all small laundries, establish in each district proper public laundries under due supervision with disinfecting rooms and drying grounds. A company might make its fortune in five years, especially if it undertook not to destroy more than five per cent. of the garments intrusted to its care." If the third part of this little book were learnt by heart by householders, and put into practice, there would be far less fever and diphtheria in England than there is now.

The Oxford Press has issued for the Sunday School Centenary Celebration two beautiful editions of the *Oxford Bible for Teachers* (11), one of which is described as "the smallest edition in the world."

For the same occasion Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode have produced an admirable edition, which combines the Reference Bible with their Variorum Bible and with the Aids to the Student of the Holy Bible contained in their Bible for Bible Teachers (12).

The tragic death of the Prince Imperial is still so fresh in our memory, and the interest he excited in every one, whether friend or foe, still so vivid, that Miss Barlee's volume (13) will be doubly welcome amongst the literature of the day, as a faithful summing-up of the Prince's life and as a conscientious and well-written account of all the principal events in his short career. The book is full of interesting anecdotes, and also contains good useful reading as to history. Most people think they know well enough the sad history of the last war in France; but the three chapters "Metz," "Sedan," and "Empress Regent" bring it all before us afresh. The account of the Prince's death in Zululand is graphically given; and Miss Barlee has got much valuable information from those friends whom she thanks in her preface for having helped her to compile the volume. Her description of the scenery is vivid, and the book contains some touching and poetical passages.

M. Renan's *Hibbert Lectures* (14) have been issued in a volume form and in the shape of an excellent translation by Mr. Charles Beard. The few words of preface contain a pleasant record of M.

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(3) *Glimpses through the Cannon-Smoke: a Series of Sketches.* By Archibald Forbes. London and New York: Routledge & Sons.

(4) *The Sacrifice: a Drama.* In Three Acts. By David Sinclair. Wigan: Wall.

(5) *The Princess.* By Alfred Tennyson. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.

(6) *College Days at Oxford.* By the Rev. H. C. Adams, Author of "Schoolboy Honour," &c. London: Griffith & Farran. New York: Dutton & Co.

(7) *Our Own Country: Descriptive, Historical, Pictorial.* Illustrated. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co.

(8) *The Hundred Greatest Men.* Vol. V. History. With an Introduction by the Very Rev. A. P. Stanley, Dean of Westminster. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(9) *The Moor and the Loch.* By John Colquhoun. 2 vols. Fifth Edition. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons.

(10) *The Art of Washing.* By A. A. Strange Butson. New York: Dutton & Co. London: Griffith & Farran.

(11) *The Oxford Bible for Teachers.* Two Editions. Printed expressly for the Sunday School Centenary Celebration. Oxford: University Press. London: Henry Frowde.

(12) *The Sunday School Centenary Bible.* London, Edinburgh, and New York: Eyre & Spottiswoode.

(13) *Life of the Prince Imperial of France.* With Portrait. Compiled by Ellen Barlee. London: Griffith & Farran.

(14) *The Hibbert Lectures—1880. Lectures on the Institutions, Thought, and Culture of Rome, on Christianity, and the Development of the Catholic Church.* By Ernest Renan. Translated by Charles Beard. London and Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate.

Renan's impressions of his visit to England. It is to be hoped that time may show that his high opinion of England and of her future is well-founded.

A second edition has appeared of Mr. Mann's useful and clearly written little book on Domestic Economy and Household Science (15). Mr. Mann's directions are practical and judicious, and frequently, as in the case of his discourse on the much-vexed question of mistress and servant, he says a good deal that is worth attention in a few words. His chapter or "Lesson" on Economy and Saving is another good instance of his skill in this direction. The little volume is one in which most people who have, or are likely to have, anything to do with household cares will find some hints worth noting.

Mr. Kenny's volume is a reprint of an essay (16) which gained the Yorke prize at Cambridge. The object and scope of the work are plainly set forth by the author in his preface, in which, after directing attention to the importance of the subject, he observes that his materials have been chiefly derived from studying the Blue-books of the last sixty years, a study the laboriousness of which will be appreciated by all who have had the same kind of work to do. With the aid of these stores of undigested information Mr. Kenny has illustrated "the broad theoretical generalities of the subject by the practical details of actual experience." He modestly disclaims all idea of novelty either in his data or deductions, but has aimed at bringing "into one focus evidence which previously lay scattered through a library," an ambition which he may be congratulated on having fulfilled.

Mr. Mac-Alpin's object in compiling his volume on the Law of Money-Lenders and Borrowers (17) (which, by the way, is a somewhat awkward title) has been to deal with the legal risks specially incidental to a usurious contract. Mr. Mac-Alpin asserts that his book must necessarily prove useful to "the class just indicated," which from the context appears to mean persons who get "exorbitant profit" for the temporary use of money, and incur at the same time "compensating risks"; and he is also so kind as to hope that it may be of some use to "unfortunate borrowers who are often tempted into contracts, the legal effect of which they do not understand." It is to be hoped that Mr. Mac-Alpin's efforts will be appreciated.

Mr. Baker's volume on Highways (18) is complete and exhaustive. He has provided in it a succinct code of the laws existing on the subject, and has set out the statutes in an appendix. The volume is likely to be of great service as a book of reference.

A second edition has appeared of Messrs. Greenwood and Martin's valuable and comprehensive *Magisterial and Police Guide* (19), a book which justices of the peace should take care to include in their libraries.

A second edition has appeared of Mr. Tarbuck's treatise on house property (20), which is full of information valuable to householders or persons intending to become householders.

Messrs. Smith and Elder have issued a second series of selections from the works of Mrs. Browning and of Mr. Browning (21, 22). In both cases the selections have been well and carefully made.

The records of the Parish of St. George's-in-the-East (23) which Mr. Hadden has collected are curious and interesting. It is desirable to add that "such profit as this work produces will be given to the Organ Fund of the Parish Church."

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(15) *Domestic Economy and Household Science.* By Robert James Mann, M.D., F.R.C.S., late Superintendent of Education in Natal. Second Edition. London: Stanford.

(16) *The True Principles of Legislation with regard to Property given for Charitable or for Public Uses.* By Courtney Stanhope Kenny. London: Reeves & Turner.

(17) *The Law of Money-Lenders and Borrowers.* By D. R. Mac-Alpin, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law and Advocate of the Scotch Bar. London: Reeves & Turner.

(18) *The Law of Highways in England and Wales.* By T. Baker, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, Author of "The Laws relating to Burials," &c. London: Stevens & Sons.

(19) *A Magisterial and Police Guide.* By Henry C. Grenwood and Temple C. Martin. Second Edition. London: Stevens & Haynes.

(20) *Handbook of House Property.* By Edward Lance Tarbuck, Architect and Surveyor. Second Edition. London: Lockwood & Co.

(21) *Selections from the Poetical Works of Robert Browning.* Second Series. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

(22) *A Selection from the Poetry of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.* Second Series. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

(23) *An East-End Chronicle: St. George's-in-the-East, Parish and Parish Church.* Compiled from various sources by the Rev. R. H. Hadden, Curate; with Introduction by the Rev. Harry Jones, Rector. London: Hatchard & Co.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE

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THE DISTURBANCE BILL.

THE conduct of the Irish Disturbance Bill has been worthy of its conception. The form of the measure has been changed again and again in the hope of conciliating different classes of opponents, with no result except the proof that a startling innovation had been proposed without any serious examination of the circumstances which purported to justify it, or of the method by which the supposed object was to be attained. At the beginning of the Session nothing of the kind had been contemplated; and, if Mr. O'Connor Power had not brought forward his Bill, Mr. Forster would probably never have borrowed its substance and form. The statistics on which the Government relied may have been accurate, but they were misunderstood, and consequently misrepresented. Lord George Hamilton convicted the Government of having mistaken processes of ejection for actual evictions, and of having attributed to landlords all the decrees of ejectment which had been procured by creditors of all kinds. Mr. Gladstone had further misled the House by the surprising assertion that between three and four thousand policemen had been engaged in protecting process-servers. It was not till the misstatement was exposed that Mr. Gladstone confessed that he had multiplied the real number of police by the number of cases in which they had been engaged. On the same system the number of metropolitan police might be reckoned at 200,000 or 300,000, though the force really consists of 10,000 men. The explanation may perhaps have been an afterthought to excuse a preposterous blunder. Lord G. Hamilton showed that in Donegal, where 180 evictions had been returned, only six tenants were dispossessed for non-payment of rent. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Forster endeavoured to answer the statement by the assertion that some tenants were for the time only care-takers, liable to expulsion until they had paid their arrears. It is impossible to believe that the Ministers, when they talked about the expulsion of occupiers from their homesteads, only meant to say that they had for the time become tenants at will. The vicious principle of the Bill would probably never have been accepted if Mr. Forster and his colleagues had taken time to study the facts of the [illegible].

It will perhaps never be known whether Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Forster foresaw and defied the alarm and repugnance with which their project has been received by all moderate members of the Liberal party. The all but unanimous opposition or abstention of the Whig aristocracy plainly indicates the uncertainty of the tenure of office by nearly half the members of the Cabinet. Mr. Gladstone probably knows by this time that many of his colleagues utterly disapprove of the Bill to which they have for the present assented. One or two of the capricious changes which have been introduced in the form of clauses were probably intended to satisfy the Whig dissidents; but from first to last the Bill bears the marks of confusion and hurry. The Irish Attorney-General's amendment was probably contrived for the purpose of diminishing the difficulty of landlords in recovering their rent; but it was objectionable as an indirect method of establishing tenant-right in the scheduled districts. Mr. Parnell and his followers, who had naturally voted for a measure plagiarized from a Bill of their own, at once protested against a clause which might in some cases be used for the protection of the landlord. Their hostility seems to have surprised and disappointed Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Forster; and accordingly the extemporaneous amendment of the Attorney-General was as suddenly withdrawn. It was understood that the Home Rule malcontents were for the moment pacified by the concession; but, having pledged the Government to one of the most obnoxious of their own doctrines, they apparently intend not to allow the Bill to pass. In answer to an appeal from Mr. Gibson to confine the provisions of the Bill to tenancies of not more than 15l. a year, Mr. Gladstone consented to place the limit at 30l. It is certain that the prevailing distress affords no reasonable excuse for a suspension of liability to pay rent on the part of a substantial farmer. In the last preceding edition of the Attorney-General's clauses, the rights of the landlord were not to be affected if he offered to the tenant some reasonable alternative. The phrase was probably intended to signify the sale of tenant-right in cases where it was saleable. The imposition of the limit of 30l. at once afforded Mr. Parnell a pretext for opposition. It was, he contended, only in the case of large holdings that there would be anything to sell. His determination to oppose the Bill if he was not bought off by some fresh compromise is more important than his arguments for or against any particular clause. Mr. Forster finds himself in the position of a statesman of the later Roman Empire, engaged in buying off a threatened invasion of the frontier. Goths, Vandals, or Huns, from time to time agree to his price; but their demands are incessantly renewed, since it is found that they have a tangible value. The most troublesome enemies receive the fullest consideration. A not inconsiderable section of the Home Rule party which has throughout supported the Government is consequently denounced by Mr. Parnell as not even deserving the title of Irish members. The Government seems so far to agree in the charge as to assume that Ireland is exclusively represented by obstructives.

The debate which occupied the whole of Wednesday ostensibly turned on the limit of rental to which the measure is to apply; but the digressions into the principle of the Bill were frequent and sometimes instructive. Sir George Campbell's proposal of a virtual suspension of payment of rent up to 50l. was wholly inconsistent with the original scope of the measure. If substantial farmers are to be protected by legislation against the failure of crops, a precedent will have been established for interference between landlords and tenants in other parts of the United Kingdom. The latest illustration of the weakness and vacillation of the Government is the virtual acceptance of the proposal that the limit shall be extended to 50l. It is apparently a matter of indifference to Mr. Gladstone that every concession of the kind may ruin many innocent landowners, not on any reasonable ground of protection to tenants, but solely to relieve the Government from the opposition of an unscrupulous faction. The accident that the change was first proposed by a Scotch amateur shows of itself that it is arbitrary and vexatious. Mr. Parnell with much ingenuity discovered a reason for objecting to any limit, in the alleged encouragement which might, as he suggested, be afforded to landlords who desired to consolidate holdings. He is probably well aware that, if economical [illegible]

siderations exclusively prevailed, the petty tenants would long since have been evicted. The only pretext for the Bill is the supposed inability of small farmers to pay their rent, and the hardships which they might suffer if they were at present evicted. It is true that more responsible legislators than Mr. PARNELL seem to have forgotten the grounds on which the measure was originally proposed. It was not a little remarkable that a member so intimately connected with the Government as Lord EDWARD CAVENDISH should appeal to the PRIME MINISTER to withdraw the Bill. Mr. FORSTER, whose sincerity is never doubtful, expresses regret and surprise at the alarm which has been caused by his well-meant proposal. His failure to foresee the inevitable consequences of the introduction of the Bill is an additional proof of the haste and carelessness with which the Government entered on a dangerous course. It may be doubted whether any Ministry has within three months from the beginning of its first Session so seriously impaired its credit for prudence and moderation. In that time Mr. GLADSTONE has laid the foundation of a fatal schism in the Liberal party, and he has confirmed the distrust which had been caused by his speeches before and during the election. Of all his miscarriages, the most serious is the Disturbance Bill in its various forms and phases, which have given occasion for a series or cluster of blunders.

THE FÊTE OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

THE great French fête has come and gone and has been a complete success. It excited great enthusiasm, it occupied and absorbed the public mind, it gave great satisfaction to those who planned, and great enjoyment to those who watched. Most fortunately the weather was brilliantly fine, sunshine tempered by flying clouds and a light breeze. There was none of that inopportune rain which drenched TALLEYRAND and those whom Mr. CARLYLE calls his two hundred men in calico, when the Feast of Federation was held on the first anniversary of the taking of the Bastille. The great event of the day was the distribution of the new flags to the army by the PRESIDENT, and the march past of the troops that followed. Paris turned out the equivalent of three Derby crowds to witness this striking ceremony, and it may be noted to the credit of the Republican Government that no despotism could have better organized the innumerable details of this prolonged spectacle. Everything happened as it was meant to happen. Every one was in his right place, and got out of the way when he was no longer wanted. President GRÉVY, with M. LÉON SAY on his right and M. GAMBETTA on his left, represented France such as France now is, and the trio went through their task with as much gravity and dignity as could have been displayed by the three great EMPERORS of Europe. Punctuality has long been said to be the politeness of Royalty, and it is pleasant to know that a Republican President can be as punctual as a King. Exactly at 12 o'clock President GRÉVY left Paris, and exactly at half-past he reached Longchamps. In the evening there were illuminations, as Paris alone of cities knows how to manage them. Flags, fountains, clusters and festoons of lamps, combined to dazzle and delight the eye. Notre Dame was lit up by some contrivance, which is somewhat incoherently described as making it look as if it had been made of porcelain and producing a weird impression, and which it may be guessed was not altogether successful, but which at any rate was a curiosity. Every advantage was taken of the peculiar disposition of the city, which admits of many sites being chosen with an almost equally good effect. Montmartre and the Buttes de Chaumont make as good theatres for decoration and illumined shows as the Champs Elysées or the gardens of the Tuileries; and the crowd was kept happy and quiet by having, wherever it might be, a neighbouring centre of gaiety and beauty. But what was most striking in the fête was not the review of the army, although it was a most imposing and brilliant sight; nor the illuminations, although in these Paris—which may be called the mother of illuminations—surpassed herself; it was the ardour of the people to make the fête their own. They seem to have been carried away with the idea that they would show they were not having a fête given them, but were giving it to themselves. They were engaged in paying a solemn tribute, not to a dynasty or a family, but to themselves. The dingier the street, the gayer it was with flags and bunting. The poor spent or borrowed their last farthing to show their gaiety of heart and their pride in the festival of the Republic. Hero-worship never dies out, and something of a personal character was imparted to the spectacle by the exhibition of little wooden effigies of M. GAMBETTA dressed in evening clothes—perhaps the quaintest form of mob idolatry ever devised by man. But there was not very much of M. GAMBETTA, or of any one else, in the festivity. To sing the "Marseillaise" hour after hour, to look at coloured lamps, and to feel that there was a Republic broad as the sky above to guide and bless them, was all that the happy and simple population of Paris seemed to need.

This rejoicing of Republicans in the Republic, not so much as a manifestation of party triumph, but rather as a realization by the people of the Government being its Government, was the great characteristic of the festival. Only secondary to it was what may be termed the wedding of the Republic and the army. Nineteen generals, representing the nineteen army corps of France, stood round General FARRE while President GRÉVY spoke to them words meant for the army and for France. The PRESIDENT has lately so completely effaced himself that it is difficult to remember that he exists; and it is therefore satisfactory to find that on this solitary occasion of his visibly emerging into being, he could say exactly the right thing in exactly the right way. He pointed out that to her army, which is now a really national army, France gives the best part of herself, as she gives it all her youth; while in return she receives back this youth disciplined, fortified, full of patriotism and of the love of duty. France has grudged nothing to the new army, and the army has repaid her prodigal affection by learning to be a real army, an army which guarantees to France the respect due to her and the peace which she means to preserve. The PRESIDENT was only saying what every one knows to be true. The French army has had immense sums spent on it since the German war, is in a high state of discipline and efficiency, and is a really national army. How much the French army has improved in the last few years is known to none better than to the great generals of Germany, and the present military power of France is to them a subject of constant and anxious reflection. The army, too, is no longer a caste apart from the civilian population, but is taken from it, belongs to it, and is again merged in it. What the nation wishes the army will wish, and this is the meaning of an army being called a national army. If the nation gets tired of the Republic, the army will get tired of it too. The German army is quite as much a national army as the French army, and is devoted to its EMPEROR. It believes, because Germans generally believe, in the unity of the Fatherland and the leadership of the HOHENZOLLERNS. And if any army deserves to be called national the English army deserves the name. It, like England, believes in the QUEEN and the reign of law. The difficulty of the French Republic is to continue to commend itself to the nation, and this difficulty is not lessened by the present adherence of the army to the Republic. What the Republic has succeeded in doing is that it has freed itself from the danger of the army being used as the instrument of an adventurer forcing or outrunning public opinion, and wading through slaughter to a throne. This is a great achievement, for the Republic may now hope to escape a violent or accidental end. It will live or die on [illegible] own merits; but, if it seriously offends or alienates the [illegible] it will die, not so much in spite of the army being na[illegible] but for the very reason that the army is national.

As the fourteenth of July is the anniversary, not only of the taking of the Bastille, but of the Feast of Federation, it is only natural that men should compare the feast of Wednesday last with the feast that was celebrated seventy years ago in the Champ de Mars. Then, too, there was unbounded enthusiasm, and then, too, the people made the fête their own; for they by their own hard work and with their barrows and pickaxes made the gigantic amphitheatre from which three hundred thousand spectators watched the proceedings. All was love, concord, and fervent hope. A Bishop—the queerest Bishop perhaps on record, but still a Bishop—gave the blessing, the KING took the oath of fidelity to the new Constitution, the people went mad with delight. But, as things turned out, this happy day was the last of happy days, and was the precursor of terror and tyranny and bloodshed. What has happened once may, it is thought, happen again; and there is an uneasy

feeling that on Wednesday the Republic was too happy not to provoke ill-fortune. No one can say that this uneasiness is altogether unfounded. There are obvious dangers in the way of the Republic. There may be bad days in store for it. If M. GRÉVY is able to thank the army for its fidelity, M. ROCHEFORT is able to thank the Parisians for what he calls "crowding round his humble "cab." Wooden images of some much more objectionable person in evening clothes may replace the effigies of M. GAMBETTA. But it is only with very great limitations that Republican Paris in 1880 can be compared with Republican Paris in 1790. Between the population of Paris as it was seventy years ago and as it is now there are two differences, and they are differences so capital that it is hard to get to the end of the consequences they involve. The present population is not starving, and it has conquered equality. Whatever else the French people may have gained or lost in the last ninety years, it has indisputably gained enormously in material wellbeing. We may be sure that a Republic of comparatively rich men will never behave like a Republic of destitute men. And then equality has been won, and has been won so completely that there is now no fear of inequality. In 1790 the people lived in perpetual terror of their late masters. They saw in everything a plot of aristocrats. They even made the amphitheatre on the Champ de Mars with sudden and feverish activity, because they suspected that the aristocrats were secretly delaying the progress of a great national undertaking. Last Wednesday there was silence and gloom in the Faubourg St. Germain. The great people who live there would not make their streets gay in honour of a festival that was odious to them. But no one took the trouble to be irritated by this refusal to share in the popular gaiety. The aristocrats were simply ignored. If they liked to sulk, they might. They were too harmless, too much out of the stream of real life, to be worth noticing. They have nothing to say which any one wishes to hear, and can do nothing which any one need fear. They are left out of the reckoning just as a girls' school is left out of the reckoning in the intercourse of country society. This is a total and radical change from the state of things in 1790, and whatever else we may choose to prophesy or expect, we may be sure that the peculiar phase of disorder which showed itself as the sequel to the Feast of Federation will not show itself as the sequel of the festival which the present rulers of France have just carried out with such triumphant success.

TURKEY AND THE SIX POWERS.

THE Six Powers have, for reasons of their own, presented to the Porte an identic Note on the subjects of the Montenegrin frontier and the proposed reforms in Asia, and a collective Note on the cession of territory to Greece. Though the distinction is at first sight scarcely appreciable by the lay understanding, a collective Note is, according to diplomatic usage, more urgent than a simultaneous presentation of six copies of the same Note, each separately signed by only one of the remonstrating Governments. Mr. GLADSTONE asserts that Turkey has never yet refused submission to the united demands of Europe; and he infers that the same result will follow from the collective Note. The identic Note, or that part of it which relates to Asia, has received an unexpectedly full and favourable reply. The answer of the Porte contains a sketch of an admirable organization which almost deserves to be called a Constitution. The sole drawback to the scheme is that it only exists on paper, and that it is never likely to assume a more practical shape. There are probably no means of testing the truth of the statement that in some districts of the country which is known as Armenia the Mahomedans form 79 per cent. of the population. It is unofficially known that the Porte has protested against the cession of Janina and of three other places, while no objection is offered to the other territorial changes. Much irritation, which may perhaps be partly factitious, is expressed by the Mahomedan population, and the SULTAN is probably not unwilling to exaggerate the importance of a feeling which coincides with his own. Movements of troops from Constantinople to the provinces are reported; but it is uncertain whether the preparations are directed against the Greeks or the conspirators in Bulgaria and East Roumelia. Any attempt on the part of the Greek forces to occupy the territory assigned to their Government by the Berlin Conference will probably be resisted by the Albanians with the secret countenance of the Turkish authorities. The tribes in another part of the same country have at last engaged in a conflict with the Montenegrins; and both Mussulmans and Catholics will be hostile to the Greeks. An invasion of hilly districts inhabited by warlike tribes would be a rash and doubtful undertaking even if there were not a danger of collision with the Turkish troops. It is highly improbable that the SULTAN will place his forces at the disposal either of the Greek Government or of the Great Powers. The only sign of deference to foreign counsels which has yet been given is the dismissal of OSMAN PASHA from the office of Minister of War. As he is still, however, Marshal of the Palace, he is supposed to retain the confidence of the SULTAN; and it has even been suspected that he may be about to assume a military command.

In any diplomatic discussions which may take place the Turks are likely to have the best of the argument. They can show that the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin in their favour have not been enforced, and that the proposal of a cession of territory to Greece was a simple recommendation. The reasons which influence the English Government, and to a certain extent the other Powers, are of a kind which cannot be explicitly avowed. To the complaint that force has been substituted for the advice which was thought sufficient at the date of the Berlin Treaty, the six Powers can only reply that they expected their mediation to be received with deference, and that they have been disappointed. Their interference in any form can only be justified by their preference of Greek civilization to Mahomedan stagnation; and the Turks can scarcely be expected to recognize their own inferiority as a reason for unequal treatment. It may perhaps be true that the master of many legions may sometimes point to his forces instead of relying on mere argument. The six Powers, or any two of them, are far more than a match for Turkey; but, before legions can be substituted for logic, it is essential to ascertain whether they will be used to support the proposed conclusion. The collective Note, though it is sufficiently peremptory in tone, contains only implied threats and indirect commands. The Porte is well aware that the demand, though it may be jointly preferred, is supported by the signataries of the Note with varying degrees of earnestness. Germany and Austria will not enforce the acceptance of their advice; and it is understood that France would decline an invitation to co-operate with England. The supposed readiness of Russia to send troops to Epirus has excited suspicion and jealousy; and it is difficult to believe that under Mr. GLADSTONE England would engage in an unprovoked war.

Mr. GLADSTONE'S retrospective scheme of imaginary coercion to have been applied to the Porte in 1876 would now be scarcely applicable, even if it might have been adapted to the circumstances of a former time. He has often suggested that, after the Bulgarian disturbances, an English or allied fleet ought to have occupied the narrow seas, with orders to intercept the transit of Turkish troops from the Asiatic to the European shore. He probably assumed that at the same time a Russian army was to invade Bulgaria, with a certainty of success because the Turkish force would have received no sufficient reinforcements. It is not necessary to point out the objections to an anomalous proceeding which was not even publicly proposed at the time, though it may perhaps have existed in Mr. GLADSTONE'S imagination. No such measure would serve the purpose of transferring Janina to Greece. The Albanians and Turks need no aid from Asia to enable them to repel a Greek invasion, though they might be unable to hold their ground against a European army. An English fleet on the coast could exercise no influence over the fortunes of an Albanian campaign, though it might be proper to prevent the Turks from profiting by their great naval superiority to attack or threaten Athens. It might or might not be possible to force the passage of the Dardanelles. In any case the enterprise would be hazardous and uncertain. When the fleet entered the Sea of Marmora in 1877 great anxiety was felt until it was known that the Turkish garrisons had received orders not to oppose the passage of the Straits. It has been lately stated that the forts have been newly armed and victualled, for the obvious purpose, if the report is true, of opposing a movement which would in itself be an act of war. Even if an Eng-

lish fleet were safely anchored off Constantinople, it would find itself practically powerless. It is impossible that it should be employed to bombard the capital, even on greater provocation than the rejection of the advice of the Congress or of the Conference of Berlin. In addition to other reasons for disregarding any such menace, the Turkish Ministers probably know that the English Government is deeply pledged to the maintenance of peace. Even a dull Oriental might be amused at the contrast between a war undertaken by Mr. GLADSTONE and the successful maintenance of peace by Lord BEACONSFIELD in the midst of innumerable difficulties.

The backwardness of the late Government in urging the claims of Greece may perhaps be explained by their possessing a clearer foresight than their successors of the difficulty and risk of the undertaking. If Turkey was not to be coerced into submission, it was less undignified to withhold unpalatable demands than afterwards to acquiesce in a refusal. In consequence of the sudden activity of the present Government there is too much reason to apprehend the alternative of a rupture with Turkey or of a humiliating rebuff. The proposition that the Porte necessarily yields to the combined pressure of Europe is subject to the condition that the Powers are prepared to support their demands by force. Peaceable remonstrances will be equally ineffective whether they proceed from six Powers or from one. The Government is well advised in refusing to furnish Parliament and the world at large with the particulars of incomplete negotiations. Lord BEACONSFIELD and Lord SALISBURY were often abused for a reticence which was said to be disrespectful to Parliament; but it is much better that their assailants should be inconsistent than that they should disregard the responsibilities of office. There may perhaps be an additional reason for silence, if the Ministers have nothing to tell. It is at least possible that they may not have induced France, Austria, Germany, or Italy, to take measures for the enforcement of the Berlin award; and it is nearly certain that they are not disposed to supply the deficiency. The failures of English foreign policy are, notwithstanding the practice of the late Opposition, not a proper subject for exultation. The most welcome solution would be the common action of the Powers, which would probably cause the submission of Turkey without an actual rupture. The extension of Greek territory at the expense of Turkey would be an advantage both to the population which would obtain a somewhat better Government, and to the peace of Europe. Whether it is worth an officious or disinterested war is a more difficult question. It is not unlikely that the matter may be complicated by an insurrection in East Roumelia or Macedonia. A movement tending to the aggrandizement of Russia, and probably directed by Russian agents, would, unless the national feeling has changed greatly in three or four years, produce disapproval and resentment in England. Mr. GLADSTONE might perhaps endanger his popularity with the mob, while he would aggravate and justify the distrust of other classes, by connivance at a diversion which might perhaps be favourable to the cause of Greece. Those who are best acquainted with Eastern Europe attach the greatest importance to the present crisis.

PUBLIC BUSINESS.

ONLY a fortnight of July now remains unexpired, and as Mr. GLADSTONE has announced that he will not think of prolonging the Session into September, or even to the close of August, three weeks are probably all that are to be added to the fortnight of July. Thus Parliament has at the most five weeks more to sit. It is obvious that there is not time for the Government to carry more than a fraction of its measures. At present the only Bill it has distinctly withdrawn is the Irish Borough Franchise Bill. But it must soon make up its mind to throw over other measures. There may probably be no opposition to some of the Government Bills. The Ballot Bill is a mere continuance Bill and cannot be opposed. The Government have three measures in the House of Lords; the Elementary Education Bill, the Scotch Secondary Education Bill, and the Census Bill, which may creep rapidly and quietly through both Houses, although it cannot be taken for granted that any Bill dealing with elementary education will escape prolonged discussion; and the speedy passing of the Scotch Bill must depend on its receiving the silent approval of the Scotch members. The Savings Banks Bill has not yet been read for the second time; but if the clause permitting the increase of deposits is abandoned, the remainder of the Bill might be readily accepted. The Customs and Revenues Bill is to receive important changes in Committee, but it must pass; and Mr. GLADSTONE'S authority on questions of finance is so great, that the shape he chooses to give finally to his measure may be expected to be that which it will assume. The Seamen's Wages Bill is in a very backward state; but it might perhaps be pushed forward if the Government wished it, as it is not likely to excite the kind of opposition which is serious towards the close of the Session. There the list closes of measures which, if an optimist view is taken, might be got through with something like care and expedition. The first thing is to get the two Irish Bills out of the way. They have taken up an enormous amount of the time of the House of Commons already and they promise to take up more. It must be remembered that when the Government fixed its programme for the Session no account was taken of these Irish Bills. The Relief Bill was looked on as a means of giving a bonus to Ireland which Ireland would welcome and which England and Scotland would cheerfully grant. As a mere afterthought, a clause regarding evictions was proposed to be inserted in the Relief Bill as a small additional precaution to be taken against the consequences of distress. As things have turned out, the Relief Bill, even after it has been freed from the encumbrance of the Eviction clause, has not yet got through Committee. The Eviction clause of the Relief Bill has grown into a separate measure, which is found to involve some of the most serious questions that could be submitted to the Legislature. Every day it is presented in a new aspect, and although the Government, if it perseveres, is sure to get it in some form or other through the Commons, still it is impossible as yet to conjecture how much of the five weeks will be exhausted in the process.

Supposing the Irish Bills are done with in the Commons and remitted to the Lords, the following measures will remain to be dealt with in the Lower House—the Burials Bill, the Post-Office Note Bill, the Vaccination Act Amendment Bill, the Hares and Rabbits Bill, and the Employers' Liability Bill. In none of these measures has any progress as yet been made. They all come before the House as practically new measures. The Burials Bill has been passed by the House of Lords; but there may be as much discussion over the amendments introduced by the Lords as over a Bill presented for the first time to the House of Commons. The Post-Office Note Bill and the Vaccination Bill raise very large questions of public policy. It may be wise to introduce a small paper currency, and to allow people to spread smallpox if they like to pay a sovereign for their licence; but the wisdom has yet to be shown and brought home to the common sense of the House of Commons. This cannot be done without the consumption of much time, and there does not seem to be any time that can be spared for the process. The Burials Bill, the Hares and Rabbits Bill, and the Employers' Liability Bill, seem to have a clear superiority of importance and attraction. Even if the House of Commons worked at nothing else, and worked day and night, it could scarcely get through these three Bills in time to send them to the House of Lords so as to give the Peers a decent opportunity of discussing them. But it is entirely impossible that the House of Commons should do nothing but discuss these Bills. There are the other Government Bills which may not provoke much comment or opposition, but which must occupy some, and perhaps a not inconsiderable, portion of the little time that is left. There are also two subjects not strictly of a legislative character which will awaken keen interest, and can scarcely fail to give rise to important and perhaps long debates. The Collective Note has been presented to the Porte, and within a month it must be known what course the Porte proposes to take to meet the demands of the Powers, and what is the mode of action which it is proposed to take if the reply of the Porte is not satisfactory. The Ministry will necessarily have to make a statement to the House as to the policy which it has followed, and which it intends to follow during the recess. Whatever it does or does not do is certain to be sharply criticized. Secondly, there will, when the

Indian Budget comes on, be an exposition as exhaustive as Lord Hartington can make it of the present state and future prospects of Indian finance. He has already announced that the Government will propose that England shall assume a substantial portion of the cost of the Afghan war. He has further said that the Indian Government does not consider the general state of Indian finance unsatisfactory; but that he himself is not as yet prepared to say that the Indian Government is right. The House of Commons will probably not be inclined to dispute that some portion of the cost of the war should fall on England; but it will ask to be informed on what principles the distribution is made, and the general question of helping India to pay will be complicated by the special question whether any statistics as to the needs of India can be trusted when they proceed from an Administration which has shown itself incompetent to deal with simple financial calculations.

If the three main Bills that still await discussion cannot be carried, one or more must be sacrificed, and whatever sacrifice is to be made had better be made at a very early date, as it would be a sad waste of time to discuss partially any measure which the Government knows it cannot carry. The Hares and Rabbits Bill presents itself to conjecture as the first victim. It cannot be said to be a matter of very urgent necessity that tenants should begin to kill rabbits this year. The amount of personal feeling, of bitterness, and of uneasiness that would be evoked during the passage of the Bill through the House would be out of proportion to the national gain in having this Bill chosen as the Bill of all others which the Government was determined to pass. The repeal of the Malt-tax is a sufficient redemption for this Session of the pledges and offers by which local candidates won over the farmers in the counties; and, so far as gratitude consists in the expectation of favours to come, the gratitude of the farmers to the Liberals will only be stimulated by their having to wait for another year before they can look on rabbits as inalienably their own. If both the Employers' Liability Bill and the Burials Bill cannot be got through, the Government may probably think that it is the Burials Bill that ought to be sacrificed. The Nonconformists are assured that, so far as anything is certain in politics, it is certain that a Burials Bill to their taste will be passed by the present Parliament. They have won, and may view without much reluctance the postponement for a few months of the formal announcement of their victory. The Employers' Liability Bill cannot so easily be abandoned. It raises questions which excite very keen interest in the minds of workmen, and the Government is too deeply committed to an approval of what the workmen claim to venture on disappointing the expectations it has aroused. The employers, too, who view the Bill with an apprehension which it must be owned is by no means entirely unfounded, would probably prefer that some definite course should be taken, even if they did not quite approve of it, rather than that the future of industrial enterprises should be exposed to a painful uncertainty. It may therefore happen that the Government will, when its Irish Bills are disposed of, get through the Employers' Liability Bill and nothing else, contenting itself with this moderate amount of success, with its Budget, with the passing of a few Bills that may not be seriously opposed, and with the consciousness that it has shown that it loves Ireland, if not wisely, yet too well.

BELGIUM AND THE VATICAN.

THE despatches, or some of them, which have passed between the Pope and the Belgian Government have been published in Rome, but they do not do much to explain the recent discontinuance of diplomatic relations with the Vatican. The independence of M. Frère Orban's action in the matter is impaired by the fact that he is only doing in office what he threatened to do when in opposition. In announcing to the Belgian Minister to the Holy See that he had accepted the conduct of foreign affairs, he reminded him that the Liberal party had three times voted for the suppression of the Legation, and he only reserved to himself the right of choosing his own time for taking the step. After this and a similar statement in the Chamber of Deputies it would have been more straightforward if the Belgian Ministry had not sought to find the occasion they wanted in the words or acts of the Pope. It must be supposed that M. Frère Orban intended all along to do what the previous action of the Liberal party had made incumbent upon any Liberal politician who consented to take office without any intimation that on this point he was at issue with his supporters. In that case it seems a little mean to try to fix the responsibility on the Pope. If the Belgian Minister at the Vatican would have been recalled whatever the Pope had done, it cannot be truly said that he has been recalled in consequence of any particular step which the Pope has taken. The Belgian reasons for breaking off diplomatic relations with the Vatican are like the old reasons for drinking. If one had not served M. Frère Orban's purpose, another would at once have been discovered.

The interest, such as it is, of this correspondence lies chiefly in the relations which it shows to exist between the Pope and the Belgian bishops. Leo XIII. is, above all things, a constitutional Pope. He seems completely above the common temptation to use arbitrary weapons to ensure the progress of Liberal ideas. During the long pontificate of Pius IX. the bishops had been reduced to a state of proper insignificance. They were the mere agents of the sovereign Pontiff, and had to the full as little independence as agents usually have. Under Leo XIII. they have ceased to be the mere representatives of the Pope, and have regained something of the dignity which they possessed before Ultramontanism, democracy, and the telegraph had placed them in such constant communication with Rome. The result of this policy has not been favourable to the acceptance of Leo XIII.'s ideas of government. The Pope is exceedingly moderate; the bishops are often not at all moderate. The Pope is exceedingly anxious to keep on good terms with the temporal Governments of Europe; the bishops are often committed to some desperate quarrel with their own Government, to justify which they are disposed to preach the very strongest doctrines as to the general relations between the Church and the civil power. Consequently the Pope has either to adopt his predecessor's methods for the attainment of his own ends, and dragoon the bishops into the acceptance of more liberal ideas; or he has to trust to the slow progress of a better spirit in the Episcopate, and leave them free to act violently now in the hope that hereafter they will be more inclined to use their restored powers in Leo XIII.'s own spirit. In his first dealings with the Belgian bishops the Pope was unexpectedly fortunate. The bishops had given him a plain right to interfere by themselves wandering very far away from the functions ordinarily belonging to spiritual rulers. They were obviously not called upon to abuse the Belgian Constitution, and when the newspapers under their control took upon themselves to do so, the Pope was exercising no undue authority in requesting that such discussions should cease. But when a bishop claims the right of criticizing an Education Bill, it is almost impossible for a Pope to deny it to him. There would have been no real liberality in Leo XIII. if he had tried to prevent the Belgian bishops from speaking their minds on the Education Act of last year because they saw more to disapprove in it than he did. Nor was the Pope himself at all inclined to think well of the measure. It must be recollected that, in the eyes of a Pope, the merits of such legislation as this vary greatly in different countries. What the Church would gladly accept in Prussia or France, where the Governments are hostile and Catholics in a minority, she will not care to accept in a country where she thinks that, by showing fight, she may make better terms for herself. Now Belgium is just such a country. It is true the Liberals are for the moment in power; but they hold office in virtue of a very small majority, a majority which shows no signs of increasing rapidly, and may easily be lost altogether by a single false move on the part of the Government. The bishops think, not unnaturally, that in these circumstances fighting is better policy than surrender. When a Bill which they dislike is brought forward, they have no idea of making the best of it. They look at it in all its aspects; they set to work to estimate the worst that can possibly happen to them if it is passed. If it turns out, as it usually does, that, when one thing has been weighed against another, the Church will rather suffer by the change, they oppose it with all their might. The weapons of their warfare indeed are not carnal, but spiritual; but they are used with a very sufficient spice of carnal zeal. Excom-

munications and refusals of the Sacraments fly about on all sides. In modern times these are the only means left to them of coercing their flocks, and, as their flocks have votes, they must be coerced by any means that offer themselves.

What is a moderate Pope to do when things are in this state? Necessarily his sympathies are with the bishops. He would rather, that is to say, that the law was left as it is. Probably he does not think the proposed change as disastrous as the bishops think it; but he is sorry, nevertheless, that it should be made. He cannot, therefore, take the other side in the controversy. He may think their zeal excessive or their alarm exaggerated, but he will feel that the one is praiseworthy and the other natural, and he will be in no hurry to weaken his influence over them by assuming a tone of impartiality which would certainly be misunderstood by both parties. Englishmen often forget that, among his other characteristics, the POPE is the head of a vast bureaucracy. The chief of a service does not carry his points by openly throwing the service overboard. He is its official defender as regards the outside world, and though he may counsel moderation and throw his weight on the side of compromise, he will be careful to do so with many expressions of fellow-feeling, and many assurances that he is at one with his subordinates as to the character of the opposition they have to encounter, and that he only differs from them as regards the methods of meeting it.

This seems to have been the general drift of the POPE's communications with the Belgian bishops while the Education Bill was under discussion; and it was to be expected that a Government which was on the look-out for an occasion of breaking off diplomatic relations with him, and which meant to manufacture one if none turned up, would find what it wanted somewhere or other in the course of the correspondence. The bishops made the most of the support they had from the Vatican; the Belgian Government made the most of the counter-assurances received from the same quarter; and the POPE himself was probably not disinclined to allow each party to suppose that he was a little more friendly to it than he really was. A disposition of this sort is easily misrepresented by unfriendly critics, and no critic is more unfriendly than the man who wants to pick a quarrel. It would be a mere waste of time to compare the statements made on each side, or to try to estimate the relative accuracy of the descriptions which they give of the cause of the breach. In the present attitude of the Liberal party in Belgium, as in France, a breach was inevitable. The only way in which the hostility of the clergy could have been met without one would have been the State's restricting the clergy within their own sphere, and leaving them entirely unmolested within that sphere. This is a policy which is not to be had from Continental Liberals at present. They are far too angry at finding that the Church is not tumbling to pieces, as, according to their calculations, it should do, to maintain even the appearance of indifference. In Belgium, where parties are still very equally balanced, the prudence of the course which the Liberals seem disposed to adopt is even more doubtful than in France.

THE WHIGS AND THE PARTY OF MOVEMENT.

THE most remarkable occurrence since the general election is the secession of the Whigs from the Ministerial majority on the Irish Disturbance Bill. Politicians widely differing in opinion agree in recognizing the importance of the protest against the policy of the Government, and more than one section regrets the early disclosure of a political schism which had for some time been obviously inevitable. Moderate Liberals congratulated themselves too hastily on the facility for reuniting the party which was offered by the general acceptance of a negative issue. The revolutionary faction, with Mr. GLADSTONE at its head, urged the suppression of internal differences in a common hostility to the foreign and Indian policy of Lord BEACONSFIELD's Government. The Nonconformists ostentatiously postponed the disestablishment of the Church; proposals of Irish legislation were slurred over in indefinite phrases; and even Mr. GOSCHEN, who afterwards declined to join the new Ministry, took an active part in the agitation against a continuance of Conservative rule. It was easy to unite in a denunciation of measures which, as Mr. GLADSTONE himself sometimes argued, involved no political theory or principle. The Treaty of Berlin and the Afghan war had no connexion with the maintenance of the Established Church, or with the rights of property. To engage in a conscientious effort for the overthrow of Lord BEACONSFIELD it was only necessary to be in some sense a Liberal partisan. Many of those who aided the movement have since doubted whether the late Ministry was the worst on record. Even if Lord BEACONSFIELD's Cabinet was justly charged with a turbulent foreign policy, assaults on domestic institutions are more troublesome and more alarming. The PRIME MINISTER, with an irresistible majority at his back, will not be content, as in his last term of office, with harassing every separate interest. In a few weeks his legislative projects have alienated many of his most loyal supporters. The breach may perhaps be temporarily patched up, but the divergence of policy will be permanent. The measures affecting property in land which are announced for next Session will be more comprehensive than the Irish Disturbance Bill, though they can scarcely be more unjust in principle. The extension of household suffrage to counties will perhaps be more seriously considered when it is illustrated by the recent acts of its promoters.

Some of Mr. GLADSTONE's most devoted supporters regard with apprehension and regret the impending breach between the Liberal aristocracy and the party of movement; but remonstrances and insinuated threats will alike fail to prevent a rupture. The malcontents are in vain reminded of the success of tenant-farmer candidates in some county constituencies, and it is useless to warn them that they may lose their seats and see a pure Liberal majority "pledged to land reforms of a decided character, which they themselves would have no opportunity "of moderating or even discussing." They already perceive their inability to moderate or to discuss with effect one of the most iniquitous of so-called land reforms. If they had assisted Mr. GLADSTONE in passing the Irish Disturbance Bill, they would have been not unjustly taxed with selfish inconsistency if they hereafter resisted the application of similar doctrines to themselves. It is true that their opposition or abstention has betrayed their numerical weakness. After the loss of more than seventy adherents, Mr. GLADSTONE was still able to overwhelm argument and justice by a remaining majority of eighty. If every member of the Liberal party had voted according to his sincere convictions, it is doubtful whether the second reading of the Disturbance Bill would have been carried. The extreme Radicals are justly confident in their strength; but the best of them would wish to be kept in countenance, as in former times, by some of the representatives of rank and property. The apologies for spoliation which are founded on the acquiescence of Lord HARTINGTON in Mr. GLADSTONE's measures stand on too narrow a basis; and there is reason to fear that the solitary Whig occupant of the Treasury Bench may soon begin to waver. While Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. FORSTER talk of comprehensive dealing with Irish land, Lord HARTINGTON proposes to inquire whether the provisions of the Act of 1870 ought to be extended or restricted. In the meantime no blame attaches to a statesman who is reluctant to sever his connexion with the party to which he has uniformly belonged. The appeals of the more scrupulous Radicals to the reluctant Whigs who are dropping behind are sincere, and not discreditable. It would be pleasant to try experiments on property with the cheerful acquiescence of some of the greatest hereditary landowners. The rude suppression of plutocracy by the votes of mechanics and labourers is only desired by English Jacobins.

It will not be the smallest of the injuries which Mr. GLADSTONE will have inflicted on his country if he succeeds in dissolving the historical union of the Whigs with the Liberal party. As long as the struggle lasted between Parliament and the Crown, the families which had effected the Revolution of 1688 were the natural advocates of the claims of the House of Commons. Their representatives in later generations down to the present time have habitually maintained popular principles; and they have been rewarded for their services by undisputed pre-eminence in office and in the guidance of the party. Although they sometimes excited discontent by their oligarchical exclusiveness, their less privileged followers were ordinarily content with a modest

share of power and emolument. In one of Lord PALMERSTON'S Cabinets it was asserted that all his colleagues were descended from a common ancestress who had been alive within the present century. It would be a mistake to suppose that the aristocratic Whigs were not sincerely devoted to the principles which they professed. Lord JOHN RUSSELL, who was for several years their leader, was a thoroughly zealous reformer; while Lord PALMERSTON, who was much less eager for change, was never accepted by the hereditary Whigs as one of themselves. The late Lord GREY proposed the reform of Parliament in his youth, and effected it in his later years. His successor, the present Earl, was in advance of his contemporaries in promoting negro emancipation and the abolition of the Corn Laws. It is to his class that the country has been indebted for the non-coincidence of political divisions with the lines of social stratification. A Whig Ministry or a Whig Opposition was only possible in a country where fundamental principles were undisputed. A partial and temporary suspension of the payment of rent by Act of Parliament is inconsistent with the convictions and instincts of the entire Whig party.

The catastrophe which approaches, if it has not already arrived, might have been long postponed but for the combination in Mr. GLADSTONE'S person of the genius of a great orator and the position of a conspicuous statesman with the temper of a demagogue. His restless ambition has already disintegrated the great majority which his energy and eloquence had organized. The late Government, during six years of office, lost only two supporters, of whom one has since formally rejoined the party. It is true that Lord DERBY and Lord CARNARVON were important political personages; but their position renders more remarkable the fact that they were not attended in their retirement by a single follower. It will be interesting to learn whether Lord DERBY'S newly-formed alliance with the Liberal party will survive the discussion of the Irish Disturbance Bill. Lord LANSDOWNE has not yet attained the same official rank, but his resignation is understood to express the opinion of a large and powerful body; and his position as a great Irish landlord who is known to have done much to improve the condition of his tenantry entitles his judgment to considerable weight. Coalition with the Conservatives will probably be deferred for the present; and it is not desirable that it should be accelerated. The dissatisfied Liberals will, on the contrary, be anxious on all convenient occasions to exhibit and proclaim their fidelity to the party; but the conflict of principles will not fail to recur. Personal feeling will disincline them to follow Lord BEACONSFIELD; and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, with all his ability and good qualities, is scarcely equal to the task of forming and consolidating a new political organization. If there were a PEEL in the House of Commons, a Liberal-Conservative party might gradually acquire the confidence of the country. A DISRAELI in his vigour would break up the majority, and perhaps the Government, within twelve months, though he might possibly not be able to take its place. Want of discipline and serious purpose in the Conservative ranks may tend to save Mr. GLADSTONE from the consequences of his mistakes. Nothing can be sillier than speeches made for the purpose of obstructing business, or impertinent criticisms on Mr. GLADSTONE'S management of his private estate. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE undoubtedly disapproves of levity and impropriety, but he fails to enforce the moderation and prudence which can alone render a minority formidable. The party ought to be ready to profit by such opportunities as that which may perhaps be afforded if Mr. GLADSTONE makes war upon Turkey, or forms an offensive alliance with Russia.

PUBLIC MEETINGS AND THE LAW OF LIBEL.

THE Select Committee appointed to inquire into the present state of the law of libel seem to have prepared their Report on the principle which has lately been applied to legislation generally. They have not called any witnesses; but, as they are of opinion that sufficient information has been collected by a former Committee, this is a matter on which they may claim to use their own judgment. The Report founded on this information is not equally removed from criticism. One object of appointing a Select Committee is to get a body of evidence digested for the benefit of the House of Commons. For this purpose such a Report as that which this particular Committee has thrown upon the table is utterly valueless. It states the conclusion at which the Committee have arrived, but it gives no reason why this conclusion should be better than any other. The Report seems to have been constructed with an eye merely to speed. The theory that it does not much matter what you say, provided that you say something, and say it quickly, is a very good one when applied to speeches at a wedding-breakfast; but it is less appropriate when it is applied to the Report of a Select Committee. In this instance the Committee began by unduly limiting the scope of their inquiry, and ended by making a most important and doubtful recommendation, without giving a single reason for the change they advise. The matter referred to them was the present state of the law of libel; but they have considered no part of this law, except that "affecting civil actions and criminal prosecutions for newspaper libel," while their Report deals with only a single point even of the part considered. As regards "the extension of privilege to newspaper "reports of the proceedings of a public meeting," the Committee have formed an opinion. "After careful consideration," they "have come to the conclusion that the "balance of convenience requires that further protection "should be given to such reports." It is not stated why the balance of convenience requires this. It is enough for Parliament and the public that the Committee think so. This view of the function of a Select Committee has the fault of making it both judge and jury. It has hitherto been considered that the more nearly the report of a Committee resembles a charge to a jury the better its purpose is fulfilled. The House of Commons was supposed to want to have the evidence on both sides succinctly stated, and the considerations which ought to determine their verdict set out side by side. In the opinion of this Committee the House only wants to be told what to do, in the fewest possible words. Newspaper reports of the proceedings of public meetings require further protection. Do not waste time in asking questions, but give them the further protection they require. Never mind what the reasons for making the change are; we know them, and that should be enough for you. If you want something that at all events looks like a reason, take the balance of convenience. This is a nice elastic phrase, and suggests an argument which is not easily refuted. The balance of convenience may be simply the convenience of newspaper proprietors; we do not say whether it is anything more or not. It is sufficient that, in the opinion of the Committee, this mysterious balance inclines on the side of a change in the law.

When a Select Committee assumes this autocratic tone, and gives its conclusions without its reasons, the readers of its report are driven to be autocratic in their turn. The balance of convenience seems to us to incline in the opposite direction to that indicated by the Committee. Had the Committee condescended to bandy arguments we might very possibly have been convinced. But in the absence of anything of the kind our opinion remains what it was. It is right that the conductors of newspapers should receive reasonable protection; but the "balance of convenience requires" that the public should receive some protection as well. If the recommendation of the Committee be adopted, it is hard to see where this protection is to come from. The newspapers which would publish libels if they could do so without risk may not be numerous, but such journals exist; and if the law of libel is altered as the Committee suggest, they will be likely to increase and multiply. The proposed liberty of publishing reports of the proceedings of a public meeting will make their interesting task very much easier. Provided that a public meeting is "lawfully convened for a lawful "purpose," and is open to the public, and the report is fair and accurate and published without malice, and the publication of the matter complained of is for the public benefit, these reports are to be privileged. There is not one of these conditions which a libellous report may not be expected to satisfy. What the Committee mean by the lawful convening of a public meeting it is impossible to say—unless they are under the impression that it must be done by the town bellman. They might at least have given some instances of what is an unlawful convening of a public meeting. Nor is it easy to understand what is not a lawful purpose for a public meeting. No matter

short time back—shows that a particular corps has forgotten its military obligations; but the return to discipline and good sense is rarely long delayed.

Lord DERBY remarked the other day that the success of the Volunteer movement was a striking tribute to the old-fashioned view of the superiority of private over State action. It used to be thought that the State spoiled everything it touched, and that the main secret of useful reform was to keep Government aid at a distance. This notion is now pretty well set aside as a *doctrinaire* superstition. The first condition of useful change is supposed to be to get the Government committed to the necessity of it. Otherwise there is very little chance of carrying it out by Act of Parliament; and without an Act of Parliament the modern reformer can do nothing. If the Volunteer movement had begun in 1880, instead of in 1859, nothing would have been talked about except deputations and memorials, the indolence of the War Office, and the certainty that it would in the end have to be stimulated by a liberal application of the popular spur. In 1880 the Volunteers would have taken to agitation; in 1859 they took to drilling. The result has shown how much can be done by private effort, even in the department of the public service in which private effort usually counts for least. It is difficult to realize the condition of England as regards defence before the Volunteer movement began. If an invading army had once effected a landing, it would have had the ground almost to itself. There would have been next to no soldiers at the disposal of the Government, and the material out of which soldiers might be made would have been utterly untrained. To-day the Volunteers constitute a powerful defensive army, while the number of men who have passed through the force and could regain their old efficiency in a very short time must be considerable. The sense of security which this fact gives has been very evident during the last few years. There have been materials enough for alarm in the foreign relations of Great Britain, but there has been no revival of the old invasion panic. If a war now broke out, Englishmen might be uneasy about their food supplies, or about the supply of recruits to the regular army, but they would not be much disturbed by the prospect of seeing a foreign army in possession of London. It is possible of course that their present security is exaggerated, as their former alarm may have been; but it is certain that in a conflict with any force which an enemy would be able to land suddenly on our shores, the Volunteers would at all events have the advantage of numbers. It is to the French and German war perhaps that the Volunteers owe the largest part of their efficiency. The old idea of the force, as a mere body of sharpshooters who might pick off an enemy from behind walls and hedges while the regular army opposed him in front, did not quite die out till it was disposed of by the German treatment of the *francs-tireurs*. From that time it was understood that, if the Volunteers were to be useful, it must be as soldiers, not as civilians with a knack of bringing down an enemy at long distances.

The General Order holds out a prospect of a large Volunteer Review in Windsor Great Park. Whether one ought to have been held in Hyde Park during the present summer is a point on which opinions will differ. The growth of London, and the increasing disposition of Londoners to see whatever is to be seen, do undoubtedly make the collection of very large crowds in the Park extremely inconvenient. The day on which the Volunteer review was to be held would have been a holiday, not only for those who wished to keep it as such, but for many who had no wish of the kind. The streets would have been given up to Volunteer regiments with their attendant crowds, and the traffic of London would to a great extent have been subordinated to the necessities of soldiers and pleasure-seekers. Still, what would be intolerable if it happened often may be quite endurable when it happens only once in a way. The Volunteer force does not come of age every day, and a similar occasion for holding a review in Hyde Park could scarcely have again presented itself till the movement is half a century old. Taking the very exceptional nature of the case into account, the authorities might, we think, with advantage have erred on the side of liberality, and have allowed the review to take place.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY AND ITS POOR.

THE reader who knows the social life of England in the last century chiefly through its classics very naturally takes a more cheerful view of the state of society then than he would form from a study of its literature of special subjects, political or religious. Perhaps one of the characteristics of the age was a tendency to take things easily, to see everything at its brightest. There will always be people who, either from principle or temperament, scrutinize awkward facts, and show them up; but the pictures of society that live are not from their hands. In the life shown us, whether in letters or by the essayists, people in the last century did not trouble themselves with great schemes, whether useful or benevolent; they accepted things as they were. They were social, friendly, easy, living and letting live. It reads like a very comfortable world. People of this turn see what they want to see, and the poet and the essayist saw things for them in the same spirit. If the country had to be described, they saw it in its summer aspect, and its rural population in holiday trim and Arcadian surroundings; while in town—which was their world—and writing for the town, there was always something more in their line of observation, as well as more certain to interest their readers, than the pictures of poverty and distress which habit had made familiar, and which had come to be taken as part of the inevitable state of things. The beggars, though they did "swarm," were something too distinct from the humanity which these writers cared for to excite sympathy in any other form than an occasional alms, or as adding a picturesque point to a situation. It is in works of a different class that we read what was the true condition of the poor generally, in many distinct periods of the century; works in which such themes as the alarming increase of poor, the decay of population, the want of work, the scarcity of provisions, the pressure of poor-rates, bread riots, the horrors of workhouses, the swarms of vagrants, are dwelt upon from different points of view, sometimes with pity, more often with the alarm, indignation, and cruelty of fear; but always with an assumption that the facts were notorious and undeniable. It was through pamphlets and critical notices of them—a class of reading that would not reach the general eye or excite the attention of the ordinary reader—that the world was informed of the growing mischief and of the remedies suggested. Anonymous gentlemen address members of Parliament, proposing some employment for useless hands in England and Wales; some protest against the engrossing of farms, or call for a change in the Poor-laws "that shall restrict relief to the deserving poor," or for severer laws against vagrants, &c. This lowest class is treated in a tone of loathing that renders more natural than we had been accustomed to think it that well-known letter of the Duchess of Buckingham to Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, on the impertinence of Methodism and its outrage on good breeding in reducing all ranks to the common level of sinners. "It is monstrous to be told," says her Grace, "that you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl the earth." The vagrant classes were really regarded as vermin to be hunted down; creatures that crawled on the earth, and must be got rid of. Thomas Alcock, writing on the Poor-laws in the very middle of the century, opens with the statement that, while England was the only country in Europe where the poor are provided for by law, yet the number of street beggars was greater with us than abroad. This he proposes to remedy by restricting the poor to indoor relief, tempering the scheme by many humane suggestions for their good. It is when he comes to those "indigent persons" who should object to the new system that the prevailing view declares itself. He lays down three degrees of punishment for contumacy. First, if any idle person shall be found begging twelve hours after notice to depart, he shall be sent to the House of Correction and hard labour for a week, and then dismissed to his place of settlement; on a second offence he shall be taken up, whipped, and confined to hard labour for a month:—

> And upon a third offense to be confined as above till the quarter sessions of the peace, and on proof of such a person being an incorrigible rogue, &c., to be transported, *made a slave of*, or whatsoever the quarter sessions shall think proper.

In a sermon on the text "Be ye therefore merciful," published about the same date, we find a passage quoted with approval "as a specimen of the forcible manner in which our author frequently expresses himself," which begins with these words:—"Here there is one caution to be laid down, which is of the last consequence to be carefully attended to; and that is that the vagrant beggar is an eternal exception to all the precepts and dictates of Christian charity. The race of vagrant beggars are the vilest race that ever cursed the earth." Of course the parish officers were ready enough to profit by this wide exemption from an embarrassing precept, and to get rid of their more troublesome dependents by the shortest and handiest methods. A voice was now and then raised against these proceedings. "The miserable condition of the poor," we read (1759), "in this free and opulent kingdom has long been a disgrace to our police. While some vile impostors have abused charity, other wretched objects of less invention or more honesty have suffered all the extremities of indigence and distress, often aggravated by the inhumanity of parish officers. To see our fellow-creatures hunted from parish to parish like noxious animals for no other crime than beggary must fill every compassionate breast with the deepest concern." A writer in 1765, enlarging on the "excessive and amazing number of the poor," with suggestions

for the radical cure of these evils, sums them up in an opening inquiry:—

What would a stranger say to find a people exhibiting such a distinguished external appearance of prosperity, yet at the very same time their streets swarming with wretched objects exposed to all the horrors of want and misery; their roads infested with lawless miscreants, to the terror of innocent travellers; their parishes groaning under a burden of poor creatures crammed together in places miscalled workhouses, where they linger out an indolent, nasty existence, their numbers increasing yearly to such a degree that it has long engaged the attention of the legislature, and exercised the ingenuity of individuals, hitherto in vain.

His radical cure is the abolition of entail and primogeniture. Other writers, quite as eloquent on the evils existing, are more various in their views as to the causes of the mischief, ranging from alehouses, mountebanks, and the licentiousness of Parliamentary elections, to foreign *teas*. "The Poor-laws of England are the universal encouragers of idleness, drunkenness, and tea-drinkings;" therefore, argues one, restrict their aid only to those who deserve it; on which a reviewer naturally observes that if the proposal that only those who should appear on certificate to deserve relief were adopted, many a poor wretch might be left to starve in the streets, for if the horrors of the parish workhouse will not deter them from idleness and dissipation, nothing else probably will ever be able to do it. He adds that few parishes were disinterested enough to put their workhouses under better regulation, lest it should increase the number seeking admission. A recognition of this temper in the guardians of the poor ought, we think, to have made the reviewer more indulgent in his tone towards Religious Houses than appears in his grudging statement "that these houses *harboured* incredible numbers of poor persons in England," and "that we need only consult our statutes to see what severe laws the legislature thought it needful to enact against vagrants upon the dissolution of those burdensome receptacles of ignorance and idleness." Perhaps it was this association of religion with the abject forms of poverty which made the early Methodist sympathy with the poorest classes so unpopular, and indeed offensive. When the Prince of Wales some years before this had inquired why he had not seen Lady Huntingdon lately at his Court, and was answered, "She is praying with the beggars," the reply expressed the general view that here was the *ne plus ultra* of mischievous fanaticism.

Not that there were wanting those who pleaded for this miserable class, who hazarded an apology even for beggars in real distress, and protested against the tyranny exercised over the helpless aged. One writer (1775) explains that this tyranny was carried to the greatest pitch in large cities and in small solitary villages, and ventures to point out that the obstinacy and profligacy of the poor, which is the excuse for everything, found its parallel among their betters, observing that "many of the maintainers of the poor will swear profanely and drink to excess as well as the poor themselves, but would think it hard to be starved and whipped and poisoned as a punishment for their swearing and drunkenness." He quotes "a very just remark of the late Mr. Fielding, whose opportunities of knowledge of this kind were as little circumscribed as most men's," that "the vices of the poor are better known than their miseries; they starve, they freeze, and rot among themselves; they beg and steal and rob among their betters."

The food of the labouring poor is a frequent topic with writers in this line of subject. Fresh meat, as most people know, was not then as constant an article even on the table of the farmer as it is now, while of the labourers it is said that multitudes of families hardly ever taste fresh "flesh meat," or, indeed, any sort of butchers' meat (this excludes bacon), from the beginning of the year to the end. An ugly word *morts* expressively indicates one description of animal food that found consumers. One writer could specify counties within a day's ride of the capital where the day labourer has scarce a morsel of any kind of flesh for his family except at mowing time, "unless the master farmer who employs the labourer gratifies him with part of a sheep which when dying had been butchered." The difficulty about milk existed then as now. Milk, even skimmed milk, was consumed by the pigs, and was not to be bought by the labourer. And bread, as a rule, was dearer than with us, and frequently at an almost famine price. Yet there seems to have been a steady advance, most jealously watched, in the requirements of the labourer through all this period. It is probably according to good or bad seasons that this shows itself; but all through it was making some way. Thus one writer (1767) finds a grievance in the fact of the poor eating more and better wheat bread, and "living in a quite different way than heretofore." His reviewer laments that the common people, who are the strength of the nation, are decreasing very fast in Britain, some rising above the class, but a much greater proportion sinking below it, owing to the general taste for ostentation and luxury, a contagion which has extended to the very dregs of the people. An inquirer of the same date is suspicious of the advance of education among the poor. He has heard that in "the metropolis of this kingdom there are five or six thousand children of the very lowest of the people cloathed and educated at the expense of private persons, the males instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic, the females in reading, knitting, and needlework." The want in this scheme of hours of labour for the boys distresses him. The girls have their needlework, but he adds that "if some meaner and more laborious employment could be found for them and take place of, or at least be joined along with the other, it would undoubtedly be much more suitable to the lowness of their birth and station, and have a natural tendency to fit them for those servile occupations which in the ordinary course of Providence are most likely to fall to their share."

Riots on account of the dearness of provisions are of frequent occurrence in these records, instigated, as some said, by the "manufacturers" (now called "hands") as opposed to labourers; and here it is those whose wages are highest who set the example. The "manufacturer" is regarded with jealousy by most of these writers, who saw but a very little way into the great future of England, though what they wrote sounded very good sense to their readers and reviewers.

Amongst other topics dwelt upon, we find the decay of population, supported by statistics which sound strange to modern ears. Dr. Richard Price, who, in his critic's estimate, stands at the head of his department, shows that while "Dr. Davenant ('the best of all political writers') tells us that at Michaelmas 1685 the number of houses in all England and Wales was 1,300,000, of which 554,631 were houses of only one chimney," whereas "previously, at the Restoration, the number had been 1,230,000, showing an increase of 300,000":—

But what a melancholy reverse has taken place since! In 1759 the number of houses in England and Wales was 986,482, of which not more than 330,000 were cottages, having less than seven windows. In 1766, notwithstanding the increase of buildings in London, the number of houses was reduced to 980,692. According to these accounts, then, our people have, since the year 1690, decreased near a million and a half. And the waste has fallen principally on the inhabitants of cottages.

Dr. Price's object is to show the cause of this decay to be the "engrossing of farms" and consequent diminution of labour in the country, multitudes of cottages being pulled down; and the flocking of the people to towns, of which he proves the unhealthiness by tables of statistics, showing the proportion of deaths annually in country and town, in London and foreign cities, immensely to the disadvantage of the cities. His conclusion is that the number of people in England and Wales at the time of his writing, 1771, may be stated as *probably* not more than four millions and a half, but *certainly* not five millions. The Census (1871), taken exactly a hundred years later, gives the numbers for England and Wales as 22,791,578. This same writer, "the celebrated author of the *Observations on Reversionary Payments*," had a scheme bearing some analogy to Lord Carnarvon's recent project, though less ambitious in its design, as being voluntary and proposing a substitute for Friendly Societies, and only indirectly affecting the Poor-laws. According to this scheme the churchwardens and overseers of every parish were to be legally empowered to grant life annuities to those who may be inclined to purchase them, "to be paid out of the Poor-rates of the parish; the land and other property of the parish to be chargeable." It is proposed that no annuity depending upon one life should exceed 20*l.* per annum, and that no less sum than 5*l.* be allowed to be employed in the purchase of an annuity. To the disgust of the promoters of the Bill, it was "abruptly" rejected by the Lords by a majority of 55 to 6.

Of course there was another side to this depressing picture, and ideal examples were to be found of a happy, prosperous, and contented peasantry. But these are telling and startling facts all the same. The elegant literature of the period, which we have contrasted in tone with the sources from which these facts are derived, has, however, something to say about the beggars. Goldsmith was not a man either to ignore their existence or to be hard upon them—he had a fellow-feeling for the vagrants. Our readers will remember that excursion into the country which the Citizen of the World takes with the Man in Black, in which they met so many suppliants for their charity. The language of this gentleman is evidently derived from the sort of reading on which we have been commenting. He is familiar with all the arguments, and as stern in tone as the most inexorable utilitarian; but he cannot resist the spoken tale of distress, and surreptitiously empties his pockets while he rails against the beggars with an increasing fury.

Self-gratulation is never a safe state of mind; but the nineteenth century has perhaps a right to claim some advance over its predecessor in its tone towards the poor and its efforts for their good.

THE GLADSTONIAN GERM THEORY.

WHATEVER may be said against the Compensation for Disturbance Bill (and we fear a good deal may be said against it), it cannot be denied that its eccentricities have afforded political practice and exercise of the most valuable kind to the youthful Parliament of 1880. It is often recommended that young sportsmen should be entered as soon as possible at snipe, because the vagaries of that remarkable fowl, though they may sorely trouble the novice at first, afford him better, because more difficult, practice than anything else. The Compensation for Disturbance Bill is surely the snipe of the political fauna. No mortal save the shrewdest and most practised politician knows what it is going to be at, and the zig-zags of its progress (if it is to be called progress) would defy the powers of a senior wrangler to reduce them to a comfortable formula. It is barely three weeks old, and during that time it has gone through metamorphoses enough for a Proteus. To-day it is one thing, to-morrow it is something not merely different, but irreconcilable. If Addison were alive, and were not restrained by political considerations, we might have a most delightful "vision" of this singular

piece of legislation. The bewildering way in which its clauses advance, retreat, and rally at the bidding of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Forster; the easy grace with which the Government declare a point to be vital, to be indispensable, to be the necessary preventive of civil war, this minute, and withdraw it the next; the original theory of play on which they post their stakes and then draw them when they see the cards are bad—all deserve a more lasting monument than is likely to be accorded them. Since that remarkable passage in *Henry VI.* where about fourteen distinct armies solemnly enter the stage at one side, march across, disappear on the other, and then repeat the proceeding, all in the space of twice as many decasyllables, nothing has equalled Mr. Forster's army of constabulary, which, appearing at fifty different services of fifty different processes, is held up to the horrified House as a force big enough to fight a respectable battle by the simple process of multiplying men by times of service. It is really terrible to think of what might be made of the statistics of the London police on this principle. Sir Edmund Henderson could, we should say, be represented as commanding a body of men about as large as that which Xerxes presided over at his famous review. Nor are those wonderful evictions which on investigation usually dwindle from a hundred and fifty to fifteen, and from fifty to five, to be denied their due meed of attention. Indeed a captious critic might draw an interesting parallel between the way in which ingenious directors occasionally draw up balance-sheets to delude prying eyes, and the way in which the statistics for justifying the urgency of this measure seem to have been prepared. If the chiefs of the constabulary in Mayo will only countermarch their men quick enough, it will soon be in Mr. Forster's power to point out that a force larger than the whole Irish contingent is employed there; and if the evictions are reckoned on the same plan, why not count each member of the family and each one of the sympathizing friends who come to stone the constabulary as a victim? It can soon be shown that in some districts no one Irishman of fiction has a home. All these things are, we repeat, simply invaluable as exercises and models to the youthful politician. But there is one result of the debates which overtops them all. This is the new theory of germs which Mr. Gladstone has introduced and expounded. The Prime Minister is, and always has been, very fertile in contributions to politics of the higher kind. But the Theory of Centrifugal Representation itself, great as were its merits, cannot be fairly held to rank with this new germ-theory. For the one is limited, casual, and might even in altered circumstances be inconvenient to the propounder. The other is unlimited in its scope, gives promise of immense "fruit" in the Baconian sense, and is of that happy conception that it can never be otherwise than profitable to the adroit user.

It is not necessary to indicate at any great length the circumstances under which this great discovery was first promulgated. Like all Mr. Gladstone's contributions to political science, it was in all probability a happy thought. But it is well known that, while most other politicians of eminence who are addicted to happy thoughts—Lord Beaconsfield is a conspicuous instance—throw away the case after the firework has duly coruscated and crackled, Mr. Gladstone has a remarkable habit of keeping his for future use, and of asserting them to be the deliberate product of his careful days and laborious nights of meditation and experience. When he first maintained that the germ of Mr. Forster's Bill was to be found in the Act of 1870, it naturally seemed only a pleasing utterance of a polemical character. To say that a proposition which the Bill of 1870 directly negatives and bars has its germ contained in that Bill is perhaps what some one has called "a really luminous paradox"—that is to say, one of those dazzling intellectual efforts which make it perfectly impossible for the humble eye of the on-looker to see anything at all. But the argument apparently seemed to Mr. Gladstone and his friends too good to be lost. They first maintained that the germ of the Bill of 1880 (which says that compensation for eviction for non-payment of rent shall be allowed) was in the Act of 1870 (which says that compensation for eviction for non-payment of rent shall not be allowed). Then they maintained that the now defunct amendment, or clause, or whatever it is to be called, of Mr. Law was equally a germ in the original Bill or clause, or whatever it is to be called—for the eccentricities of this measure have upset all Parliamentary nomenclature—of Mr. Forster. Nobody indeed could see it there; but then, as it might have been argued, it is rarely possible to see germs except with a microscope. The worst of the germ-theory in this instance is that it leads to awkward inferences. For, if the germ was there before Mr. Law's amendment, it is there still, and may be evolved any day, to the great discontent of Mr. Parnell and his friends. On the other hand, there is some comfort to be found by the enemies of the Bill as a whole in the proceeding. For if one germ can be stifled, why not another? If Mr. Law's amendment can be left in the loins of its father Mr. Forster's Bill, why should not Mr. Forster's Bill be left in the loins of its father the Act of 1870? The assertion of paternity rests on the same authority in both cases, and what is sauce for the grandson is sauce for the son. Unluckily this extremely logical solution of the difficulty is, for good reasons, not likely to recommend itself to Mr. Gladstone. We have a dim remembrance of once reading a fearful and wonderful Irish poem which related the history of a duel between two chieftains, and in which the exploits of each were introduced by these words, truly epic in character:—

> Then many skilful, daring, wondrous feats
> The hero showed.

The upshot of these feats was (unless we mistake) that the more famous champion fitted something like an expanding harpoon between his toes, and kicked it up into his enemy's stomach. Mr. Gladstone, like Cuchullin or Fingal, or whoever it was, has been showing many skilful, daring, wondrous feats, and his object is apparently not dissimilar to that of the hero—to kick some kind of disreputable weapon into the stomach of the Irish landlords. Hitherto he has not succeeded in getting the harpoon nicely fixed, but that is doubtless his misfortune.

It is pleasant, and may be commended to the study of Englishmen and Scotchmen, to contemplate a few of the more probable and immediate results of the germ-theory. Let us take only the principal of those measures upon which Mr. Gladstone has just informed us that the heart of the Government is particularly set—the Employers' Bill, the Hares and Rabbits Bill, the Burials Bill. All these three admit of the most admirable applications of the new discovery. When, for instance, the aspirations of one of our contemporaries are realized; when Mr. Gladstone has, let us say, disfranchised all who pay more than a certain assessment of rates—this, by the way, could be got out of Reform Bill precedents by the germ-theory with the greatest ease—and has, as a means of bringing Parliament into "harmony," given all the Middlesex and Surrey seats to Northampton and Birmingham—it is quite clear that peddling measures like those just quoted will never do. The constituencies will arise in their might and demand the application of the germ-theory at once. If occupier and tenant are to have equal and, on the tenant's side, inalienable rights to the game which runs about the land, why not to the land itself? The germ of the latter proposal lies in the former much more clearly than the germ of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill lies in the Act of 1870. If, again, the Burials Bill is accepted the case is still clearer. The most bigoted and prejudiced Tory must admit that the germ of the word "church" lies in the word "churchyard." As to the Employers' Liability Bill, that, whatever may be thought of the measure itself, might germinate into anything—indeed it is, as already hinted, the essence of the theory that anything may germinate into anything. A vision of political pangenesis seems to have possessed Mr. Gladstone's lofty and penetrating mind. The germ of the contradictory lies in its opposite, as the greatest philosophers have taught; and this, after all, is exactly what Mr. Gladstone affirms of the Bills of 1870 and 1880. The former says "Thou shalt not," and Mr. Gladstone tells us that this contains the germ of "Thou shalt." The latest thing in this line—or at least one of the latest, for it is always rash to speak of such a "Cynthia of the minute" as the Compensation for Disturbance Bill in the present tense—is a phrase about the landlord allowing a reasonable alternative. Who is so dull as not to see in this the germ of the tenant's refusing that alternative as unreasonable? Indeed the possibilities of the subject are altogether too much for us, and we can only repeat, for a different reason, our formerly expressed pity for the unfortunate County Court Judge. For it appears from Mr. Gladstone's speeches that this unhappy man is supposed to know all about the germ-theory and the development it requires. In fact, he knew all about it before, and the defunct amendment, for instance, was introduced not to lay down any new principle, but to expound and define to stupid Tory members and backsliding Whigs what Mr. Gladstone and the County Court Judge knew perfectly well and saw quite clearly. Now Irishmen are not usually deficient in acuteness, and County Court Judges are, as a rule, tolerably shrewd specimens of the human race; but the germs latent in this remarkable Bill will, we suspect, puzzle even an Irish County Court Judge. Indeed there may be, and probably are, as many germs in it as in a gallon of London Particular water. All these the Judge must be well up to, and if the tenant catches him ignoring the particular bacterium which makes for his own interest, why that County Court Judge had better look out.

These are but a few remarks on the wide subject which Mr. Gladstone's words have opened to the mental gaze. The application of the germ-theory to Mr. Biggar's doctrine of a reasonable amount of physical force applicable to bad landlords is a tempting field, and it may perhaps be pointed out that Mr. Biggar is a merciful man in his way; for when the landlord has been ruined, the physical force argument will perhaps on the whole be the kindest. The germs of Mr. Forster's system of arithmetic as applied to constables also deserve the most careful study, which cannot fail, as we have already hinted, to reward the practical politician. But here, as has so often happened with the subjects provided for handling by the present Government, the very exuberance and extent of them makes those subjects difficult to treat. To sweep up the messes Her Majesty's Ministers have made in their brief period of office would take more than the famous "seven maids with seven mops." To calculate the applications of the germ theory would take more than the late Mr. Babbage and all his machines.

CLERICAL FELLOWSHIPS.

THE question raised the other day in the House of Commons by Mr. Roundell is not quite so simple a one as he and his friends seemed to imagine. The reproach of having "fallen among Liberationists" may perhaps not apply to them—indeed Mr. Beresford Hope was careful to explain that it did not apply to the mover himself—in the sense of having made themselves

the conscious tools and agents of the Liberation Society, but it is not the less true that their line of argument, in its one-sided and narrow concentration on certain aspects only of what is really a matter of wider and more practical import, recalls the familiar logic of the Liberationist platform. Mr. Richard indeed frankly acknowledged that to him the question was interesting only as a step towards bringing about the separation of Church and State. To Mr. Roundell and his supporters the election to college fellowships appeared to present itself in two points of view exclusively, or rather under two aspects of one point of view, in its bearing on the emoluments. In the first place, it is "a principle dear to the Liberal party" that these endowments should not be "*the property* of any particular Church or sect, but of the nation;" in other words, the appeal is to the principle of absolute religious equality. And in the next place, they ought to be awarded strictly on the principle of *palmam qui meruit ferat*, by the test of competitive examination: "colleges should be in a position to elect the best men." Yet it is surely, to say the least, far from being obvious at the first blush that either of these principles can at once be accepted without qualification or reserve, while it is on the other hand clear that they are not the only points to be considered. College fellowships in many cases have, and were intended to have, duties attached to them, and cannot therefore be regarded merely as prizes of intellectual proficiency; and this—apart from any question of the real or supposed rights of the Church of England in the property—may seriously affect the expediency of abolishing all religious guarantees. It has always hitherto been held on similar grounds that the purely competitive test must be to a certain extent limited by moral considerations. If "the best man" in the examination was of notoriously questionable character, no college would have felt bound to elect him. Nor is it superfluous under the circumstances to remind those concerned of what is in itself a truism, that, whether or not it may be applicable to this particular case (which is matter for argument), to accept the principle of religious equality pure and simple is incompatible with the maintenance of an Established Church. We may add, though it is not a point we intend to dwell upon, that Mr. Gladstone was manifestly right in cautioning the House against the impropriety of passing a resolution which could not have been regarded as less than a vote of want of confidence in the University Commissioners who are at present engaged in their delicate and not very easy task. It is in fact an open secret that the procedure was partly prompted by a suspicion of clerical tendencies in the Chairman of the Oxford Commission.

On the collateral question raised in Mr. Bryce's rider, with the full approval of Mr. Roundell, of throwing open the chairs of Hebrew and Ecclesiastical History, we do not propose to enter here at any length, as it stands on somewhat different grounds; but one or two observations may be made in passing on their method of treating it. These professorships are endowed with Christ Church canonries, from which they must of course be dissociated if laymen are to become eligible, and in that case the endowment ought clearly to be provided from some other source, and not, as Mr. Bryce suggested, by the unprecedented step of secularizing the canonries. It is true that many canonries were suppressed, wisely or unwisely, by the Cathedral Act of 1840, but the revenues were in every case reserved for ecclesiastical uses. Mr. Rogers indeed, who has, we believe, acquired the reputation at Oxford of a kind of academical Ishmael, seemed anxious to make a clean sweep of cathedral establishments altogether. This is the natural inference from his rather irrelevant remark that "they had a Dean and Chapter at Christ Church, and the presence of a Dean and Chapter in any place was a corrupting influence." As regards the main point—whether or not it is desirable to abolish all clerical, and therefore by implication all religious, restrictions on these professorships—Mr. Roundell's argument is certainly insufficient to prove it. To say that, "if the Professorship of Hebrew was a theological chair, because Hebrew was the language of Holy Scripture, the same thing would apply to the Professorship of Greek, because Greek was the language of the New Testament," sounds plausible, but is only a plausible fallacy. The Old Testament constitutes substantially the whole of Hebrew literature, and is therefore necessarily and invariably the one subject on which a Hebrew Professor lectures. The New Testament, if in one sense the most important part, is in quantity but an infinitesimal fraction of Greek literature, and is not in fact the subject on which a Greek professor is expected to lecture, or, so far as we are aware, ever does lecture. Moreover, Mr. Story Maskelyne's contention that theology, like other sciences, ought to be thrown open to unrestricted competition, must mean, if it means anything, that all the theological professorships should be secularized, not only those of Hebrew and Ecclesiastical History. As to the latter, no doubt it has to deal with facts which remain the same for an Anglican or an Agnostic. But that the treatment of these facts would inevitably and materially vary in the hands, say, of an Anglican or a Roman Catholic or a Presbyterian professor, or of one who shared the opinions of Gibbon, is too obvious to need a moment's discussion. The first and second, *e.g.*, would be pretty sure to recognize, and the third to deny or ignore, the apostolic origin of episcopacy; the second would maintain, and the first reject, the apostolic origin of the Roman primacy. On such points the fourth would perhaps be the most impartial critic, but he would challenge what all the three others were agreed in regarding as still more vital truths. Let us repeat that we are not here arguing for or against the proposal to secularize these two chairs; we are only insisting that its advocates have failed to prove that they are "not divinity professorships," and that their arguments really go far beyond the particular point at which they profess to be aiming. Of this Mr. Maskelyne, if not Mr. Bryce also, seemed to be quite aware.

And now to revert to the discussion of clerical restrictions on headships and fellowships. We have already observed that it involves other important considerations besides those on which Mr. Roundell and his supporters exclusively dwelt, and that it cannot be treated as a mere question of religious equality in competing for a money prize. The tutors of Oxford colleges are usually fellows or ex-fellows, and we have to consider whether it is not very desirable that some at least of them should be clergymen. The University Test Act, as Mr. Roundell admitted—and it is only fair to say that he showed no desire to alter this provision—directs that religious instruction and worship shall be maintained in the colleges. And, as the great body of the students frequenting these colleges belong to the Established Church, it follows that the religious worship and instruction provided must be Anglican. On this ground alone it has been argued very plausibly that one resident fellow at least in every College should always be in holy orders, though the mere letter of the technical obligation might be satisfied by appointing a chaplain or clerical outsider of some kind to conduct the chapel services. But the mere technical obligation is after all a very small part of the matter. The feeling of parents, which Mr. Roundell somewhat brusquely put aside, is decidedly in favour of clergymen educating their sons in this country, as elsewhere. And one fact which he alleged on his own side, and which we confess was new to us, goes far to prove it. It seems that of six leading public schools, Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Westminster, Rugby, and Charterhouse, the headmaster of Winchester only is required to be in holy orders. It therefore becomes a more significant fact that the headmasters of all these, as well as of the other great public schools, old and new, invariably, or almost invariably, are clergymen. Even in smaller and inferior schools the change from a clerical to a lay headmaster almost always indicates a decline in the reputation and character of the school. Nor is the explanation far to seek. Parents, as a rule, prefer entrusting their children to clerical educators, and the really flourishing schools are accordingly conducted on this principle. It rests, as Mr. Beresford Hope observed, on "the common sense of the religious people of England," who are hardly prepared in the matter of education to endorse Mr. Roundell's sweeping indictment of "religious tests as a qualification for important offices." Sir J. Mowbray dwelt on this aspect of the question, which to our apprehension is much the most important of any, though it barely escaped being ignored altogether by speakers on the opposite side. His words are worth quoting:—

> In the columns of the *Times* of that day a gentleman who was a strong Liberal in the University of Oxford said that a religious element must be accepted as an integral part of the education. Colleges were regarded as domestic institutions, and attendance at chapel formed a part of the daily life of the inmates. Indeed the honourable member for Grantham himself admitted that the feelings of parents ought to be respected, and certainly parents would not send their sons to colleges where a religious training was not provided. It was argued that there was no provision that the headmasters of schools should be in holy orders. But, in point of fact, they were in holy orders, and even the managers of new schools, if they wanted to induce parents to send their sons there, appointed clergymen to the office of head master.

We are not here concerned to defend this prejudice, if prejudice it is to be called, in favour of clerical educators; it is enough for our present purpose to point to its manifest existence and the probability of its permanence. But there is one obvious reason for attaching even more importance to this point in university than in school education. Boys at school are necessarily kept under a much stricter code of rules than can be enforced on the boys of larger growth—for boys in the main they still are—at Oxford and Cambridge; and therefore at the University external discipline requires all the more to be supplemented by a kindly and judicious exercise of personal or quasi-paternal influence, of authority in the classical sense of the word *auctoritas*. Is it or is it not the case, generally speaking, that this sort of influence over undergraduates is more likely both to be efficiently exercised and to be readily welcomed when it comes from a clerical monitor? We do not ourselves feel the slightest doubt as to the true reply.

It may be said that all this goes rather to show that colleges would be unwise in not taking care to have an appreciable contingent of clergymen on their staff than that it is necessary or worth while to secure by legislative provision the bare minimum of clerical fellowships sufficient for the exigencies of religious worship and instruction as contemplated by the Test Act. Nor can it be denied that the old arrangement which made ordination in most cases an indispensable condition for retaining a fellowship had a tendency to reduce a solemn religious act to a mere formal acceptance of obligations lightly or reluctantly undertaken, and thereby to degrade the clerical profession altogether. The objection, however, is one that will not bear pressing too far; it applies to many things besides clerical fellowships, such as family livings; and when the duties of a particular office are of a kind that can be most fitly discharged by a clergyman those who feel no vocation to clerical life are hardly the right persons to seek for it. It is not however our purpose to do what Parliament was very rightly advised to decline doing at Mr. Roundell's invitation. We have no wish to anticipate or to dictate the conclusions at which the University Commissioners may ultimately arrive on this matter. The long-established relations of the Colleges at Oxford and Cam-

bridge to the Church of England have been already so materially altered by recent legislation that it may be difficult or inexpedient to preserve the few remaining links by special enactment. On that point we are content for the present to await the judgment of the Commissioners. But, whatever may be the final decision on what is at best a mere matter of detail, we trust the Colleges themselves will not lose sight of the grave responsibility attaching to their discharge of the functions entrusted to them, which is rather increased than diminished by the greater measure of independence involved in every withdrawal of previous restrictions on their freedom of choice. It is their duty at all events, whether or not the method of discharging it be expressly enjoined by the Legislature, to provide not only for the maintenance of formal religious worship and instruction within their walls, but for the moral as well as the intellectual training of their undergraduate members generally. And this provision will not be adequately secured if fellowships and tutorships are treated as mere prizes to be awarded to the highest bidder in a competitive examination, with no regard to any religious considerations except that principle of absolute religious equality to which Mr. Lyulph Stanley assures us "the Liberal party as one man are intensely pledged." There is such a thing as *propter vitam vivendi perdere causas*, and religious equality, which is in itself a purely negative idea, may be so worked as to be not conservative but destructive of the principle and practice of religion.

MR. TOM TAYLOR.

SOME thirty or more years ago Mr. C. A. Bristed, an American gentleman, who had been at Yale College, came over to England, became a fellow-commoner of Trinity, Cambridge, and published an interesting and valuable book called *Five Years in an English University*. In the course of this volume he gave some sufficiently vivid sketches of the more prominent men of the day at Trinity with whom he was associated, heading his portraits with more or less transparent pseudonyms. Among these sketches, that of "Tom Travis"—in other words, of the late Mr. Tom Taylor—is both marked and attractive. Mr. Bristed made a supper at "Tom Travis's" serve as the occasion for giving a description of various persons, many of whom have since risen to eminence, in Mr. Tom Taylor's set; and began, as was fitting, with some words as to the host, which we need not apologize for quoting:—"At the head of the table sits our worthy 'coach,' Tom Travis." His fine presence, we are told, did not show to the best advantage in a loose shooting-coat, and his intellectual features were done injustice to by the quaint smoking-cap which he wore. But, "take him as he is, he is a rare fellow, with American versatility and English thoroughness. He knows nearly a dozen ancient and modern languages, more or less correctly; and, when you bring him out on Greek, he would astonish a room-full of Yankee Professors." His mathematics he had apparently got up because, according to the then system, he was obliged to do so in order to take honours; and it is well to remember that it was not every mind that was equal to the strain thus arbitrarily put upon it. He had a love for seeing character, which led him, amongst other things, to "go off among the gipsies, Borrow-fashion," and stay with them long enough to learn their language, then much less known than recent researches and experiences have made it. He was "independent in politics, and *juste milieu* in domestic matters, very fond of law, and equally so of theology—fonder of the theatre than either. Perhaps he will be a nominal barrister, and an actual writer for *Punch* and the magazines. . . . Perhaps some of his Liberal friends at 'the University we've got in town,' profanely called *Stinkomalee* by Oxonians and Cantabs, will make him Professor of Greek—or English, or Zincali; it's all the same to him—in that great institution. . . And, after all, there are worse parsons than he would make, yea, even in old Connecticut, for there is great earnestness in the man and benevolence extraordinary. . . . Any of these things Tom Travis may be (I ought not to omit the opinion of his *gyp*, who holds him in absolute veneration, that Mr. Travis will leave the College a Fellow and come back a Judge); at present he is a Bachelor Scholar and a coach of rising reputation." Later on Mr. Bristed, who was "coached" by Mr. Tom Taylor, writes:—"Travis certainly put more into me in seven months than I could have acquired by my own unassisted labours in two years; and of his exertions in my behalf I shall always retain a grateful memory."

The American writer's prophecy (which, however, may have been written after the event) as to the future of his popular "coach," whose death is now deplored by a wider circle than that of his friends and acquaintances, was curiously happy. Mr. Tom Taylor, who was born in 1817, the son of a Sunderland brewer and a German mother, left Glasgow University, where he gained three gold medals, to go in 1837 to Trinity, Cambridge. Here, although he found time to write for the *Independent*, to devote himself to practical studies of art, and to get up the private theatricals which were the forerunner of the "A.D.C.," he was elected, as his gyp foresaw, a Fellow of the College, after having gone out as a Junior Optime in the Mathematical and taken a First in the Classical Tripos. In 1843 he came to London, and became, in Mr. Bristed's words, a nominal barrister and an actual writer for *Punch*, and very likely also for the magazines. He also became a Professor, not of Greek or Zincali, but of English language and literature at University College, London, and held the post for two years. In 1850 he was appointed Assistant-Secretary of the Board of Health, and held various Government appointments until the office in which he was placed was abolished, and he consequently retired from the public service on a pension. "In the meantime," we learn from the *Times'* notice, "he had so far profited by the little leisure left to him as to win a prominent place among men of letters as a dramatist, critic, biographer, and humourist." The drama, to which in childhood he had shown a strong leaning, occupied a very large part of his attention, and he was probably known better to the public at large by his many successful plays than by his skilful and laborious exertions in other departments of literature. His earliest dramatic successes were associated with the names of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan, in whose house he lived for a time after leaving his chambers in the Temple; and he had plenty of ability and versatility to enable him to follow up a fortunate start, until he became one of the most successful and, in many respects, one of the most meritorious dramatists of the day. His knowledge of stage effect and of the requirements of dramatic construction was consummate; and his dialogue, never aiming at startling brilliancy, was always effective and to the purpose. Among his most successful dramas which have been lately performed may be mentioned *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*, a successful version of *Le Retour de Melun*; *Clancarty*, an admirably written and original play; and *Our American Cousin*, also an original piece, which has had a strange and in some ways not unhappy fortune. Written in the first instance with the American cousin as its central figure, it gradually became identified with Mr. Sothern's striking invention of Lord Dundreary, and the plot of the play, which is wanting neither in effect nor ingenuity, is now subordinated to the never stale humours put by Mr. Sothern into what was originally a trifling part. The list of Mr. Tom Taylor's dramatic successes is so long that it would be tedious to dwell upon all, even of the most prominent among them. *Plot and Passion*, however, *The Overland Route*, *Still Waters Run Deep*, and *To Parents and Guardians* may be specially mentioned. The two last-named pieces were originally produced by or for Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan, and have lately been revived, the one for Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, the other for Mr. Arthur Cecil, with happy results.

It is probable, as we have hinted, that many people know the name of Mr. Tom Taylor as that of a successful playwriter who has given them much enjoyment, and do not know how varied and successful were his performances in other branches of the literary profession. His art criticism in the *Times* was a work both of labour and love, and, if it erred, erred always in the direction of indulgence rather than of severity. His biography of the unfortunate painter Haydon not only treated a difficult subject with much tact, but will remain a work of much interest and value. His dramatic criticism was both learned and practical, and an excellent instance of its merit is to be found in one of the last articles of the kind which he wrote—the review of *As You Like It*, published not long since in the columns of *Punch*. He was a contributor to *Punch* from his arrival in London up to the date of his death, and succeeded the late Mr. Shirley Brooks as its editor. He occasionally indulged his early love of acting by appearing in amateur or semi-amateur performances; and a year ago he gave what is said to have been an excellent performance of Adam in *As You Like It*, on the occasion of the Calvert memorial performance at Manchester. It has been justly said, except in one strangely cynical and ill-bred notice of his career, that Mr. Tom Taylor's place in the literature of our day will be hardly filled. It remains only to add that the attractive and sterling qualities dwelt upon by his American pupil at Cambridge remained with him throughout a hard-working and well-spent life.

MILITARY EDUCATION.

WE have of late heard comparatively little of the carping which was once so common at the better education now required of our officers, and we may probably hope to hear less and less of it as time goes on. In truth, the sort of criticism generally advanced on the subject is probably often not answered because it does not need answering. If, for example, an officer who has passed through the Staff College happens not to be a good rider, the case is cited as if proving that the Staff College is a useless, if not positively harmful, institution, and the course pursued there by no means the proper sort of test for determining the selection of Staff officers. Now it does not necessarily follow that the best officers of the army will go to the Staff College, although the presumption is a strong one that they will do so; there may be causes at work to keep them away, and the system has yet to be discovered which shall unerringly bring to the front the best men in any profession, when, as is the case with the army during peace-time, the opportunity is not afforded for the full exercise of ability. It is only active service which can show who are really the best soldiers. But this, at least, the present system ensures—that the men chosen for the Staff shall have given evidence of industry and fondness for their profession by undergoing a long and laborious course of preparation; they must be men above the average in respect of intelligence, or they would not have gained admission in the first instance; and if now and then a man passes through

who is not so good a rider or so physically strong as is desirable, this is not the fault of the system, but of commanding officers, who are weak enough to recommend improper candidates for admission. But the merits of a system should be judged, not by reference to an ideal standard which in practice cannot be attained, but by comparison with what it has replaced. The champions of the good old times forget that, if the guarantee for physical efficiency is not quite complete at present, there was none at all under the old. When staff appointments were a matter of simple patronage, men incompetent in this respect, as well as in every other, might be, and frequently were, appointed to the staff. In the Indian army staff appointments have always been given by selection subject to no test—that is, by interest and favour, or in other words, by simple jobbing; and in no army in the world used there to be a larger proportion of incompetent staff officers, assistant quarter-master-generals who could not survey, and assistant adjutant-generals who could not ride. Things have been better of late, because recent commanders-in-chief have shown a stronger sense of responsibility in their patronage than was usual before. But even now the practice is too common, when once a man gets on the staff, to keep him there for the rest of his service, long after he has begun to deteriorate, and when he has from disuse lost that knowledge of the requirements of the army which can only be gained by personal contact with the troops. The Indian practice, in fact, has all the faults of the French staff corps system, in the staff officers being a body apart from the rest of the army, without its merit of supplying a picked article in the first instance. It may be added that the Staff College system has by degrees undergone a useful change in the direction of giving more attention to the practical parts of the profession and less to abstract science than was the case at the outset, and it is now probably as good a course of the kind as could be devised.

It is rather in our military education at an earlier stage that there is a call for further reform. A striking point about the present arrangement is the difference between the system pursued at Woolwich, for the education of artillery and engineer officers, and that now established at Sandhurst, where the greater part of the line and cavalry receive their training. The Woolwich course offers little that is open to criticism; it extends over two years and a half, and includes as many subjects as the time available will admit of being taught; but the question at once arises why a degree of education which is considered necessary for the Engineers and Artillery should not be deemed equally necessary for the rest of the army. It is no answer to say that the former are *par excellence* the scientific services. The ordinary duties of an engineer officer call rather for practical skill than scientific attainments. So, too, provided there are a sufficiency of artillery officers qualified to deal with the scientific problems that arise in connexion with artillery practice—and from among so large a body these will always be forthcoming—a very moderate amount of scientific knowledge will suffice for the mass of the regiment. We are not objecting, however, to the Woolwich course being more strictly of a more scientific kind than that given at Sandhurst, or proposing that mathematics, for example, should be taught at the latter place; although it is certainly a pity that the young men who gain admission to Sandhurst by their proficiency in mathematics should not be allowed the opportunity of developing their taste in that line, and should be obliged to give up the study whether they will or not. Our objection is that a great deal of what may be strictly termed the practical part of the profession should be altogether neglected at that place. As regards the study of modern languages, for example, there is something on the face of it absurd in the comparison between the attention given to these at Woolwich, and the utter neglect of them at Sandhurst. The Sandhurst cadet, indeed, is required to pass a qualifying examination in French or German as a condition of admission. But having obtained the very elementary knowledge of the language necessary for this purpose, these subjects are henceforth dropped, just at the point when further instruction in them would be particularly useful. There would be a show of reason for this if the Engineers and Artillery got all the Staff appointments of the army; but since, as a matter of fact, they are almost entirely excluded from these, the inference is rather the other way—the officers who furnish the staff ought to get the teaching. So likewise as regards military history, absolutely no reason can be assigned why the Ordnance corps alone are to learn how campaigns have been won and armies led. They can never hope to lead an army, except in India. If there is any branch of the army for which such a study is unnecessary, it should be these services and not the infantry.

The truth is that the Sandhurst course is rather one of training than of education in the proper sense of the term. It comprises drill, gymnastics, a little surveying, the outlines of military law and administration, riding, and some practice in throwing up field works. All these are very useful things in their way; but the question seems to be whether, considering the limited time available, this is the best use to put it to. It is in the time given that the difference in the training of the two classes of cadets is most conspicuous. While at Woolwich the course extends over two years and a half, at Sandhurst it is brought within the compass of a year, or, if the very liberal vacations are taken into account, about eight months. This extreme brevity of the Sandhurst course is a result of the condition, introduced two or three years ago, that all officers, except the minority who get their commissions through the militia, should pass through the Royal Military College. Now as Sandhurst holds only three hundred cadets, and as nearly that number are wanted to fill vacancies every year, it follows that the stay at Sandhurst must be limited to one year. Indeed it has happened that when the regimental vacancies are in excess of the ordinary average of three hundred a year, it has been necessary to pass the batches through the College after a course of only half the prescribed time. It need hardly be said that in a six-months' course only the merest smattering of instruction of any sort can be given; in fact, the instructors have hardly time to learn their pupils' names.

This being the state of the case; as Sandhurst is not readily capable of expansion, and as there would be great objections to establishing a second military college, while there is no sound reason why the Infantry should be less thoroughly educated than the Artillery and Engineers, it certainly appears desirable that the present system should be reconsidered. One solution of the difficulty would be to alter the rule which sends all officers, save those who enter the army through the militia, to Sandhurst; to take in a smaller number there, and to keep them there longer; and to educate those who are received more thoroughly. There is no part of the present Sandhurst course which a young officer might not acquire almost equally well after he joins his regiment or under a garrison instructor. By a rearrangement of this sort the Sandhurst course might be made as complete and efficient as that established at Woolwich, and a part of the officers of the army at least might be thoroughly trained for their profession. It would be necessary to make up in some way to those who pass through the college for the loss of time spent there, as compared with those who pass into the army direct; but it should not be difficult to arrange this, say by letting the time at Sandhurst count as service, or by giving a certain number of lieutenancies to be competed for, or in other ways that will readily suggest themselves. It must be further remarked that even the very limited time now available at Sandhurst does not seem to be altogether turned to the best account. In many respects, indeed, the present system is a great improvement on the various experimental systems which it has succeeded. The tone of the place is good; the cadets are healthy, robust, and well-conducted, and appear to show a fair degree of zeal and interest in the different subjects they are taught. But, although a certain amount of reaction in favour of leisure and out-door amusement may be expected, and even desirable, after the course of grinding which so many of them have just gone through at their respective crammers, where they have been losing the benefit of all that was wholesome and hearty in their previous school-life; still, a course of study which is ended each day by about half-past two o'clock, and leaves the cadet nothing to do from that time until he goes to bed, except perhaps a little gymnastics or riding, and such occupation as is afforded by partaking of a comfortable mess dinner, can hardly be pronounced very exacting or even complete. There certainly appears something incongruous, to say the least, in the arrangement by which the students at one military college are required to work from morning to night, while at the other they enter by anticipation on the ease and comparative idleness of regimental life. The only objection which the cadets themselves ever make to the present Sandhurst system is that they find the time hangs a little heavily on their hands, from there being nothing to do of an afternoon or evening, a criticism which is curiously suggestive of the sort of change needed. An hour or two of these long afternoons and evenings spent in reading French or German military history in French or German would certainly not be time thrown away.

HAYMAKING.

THE agriculturist who in the bitterness of his soul defined hay as a great deal of beer and labour superadded to grass, spoke words which must appeal to the sympathy of many country gentlemen at this season of the year. There is something about the very name of hay which chills the heart of amateur farmers, for it is associated with discomfort, loss of temper, and loss of money; and few words have been oftener accompanied by those strong expletives for which the fine old English gentleman is so justly famous.

There have been wise men who have set their faces against making their own hay. Why, said they, should a man make his hay at home any more than his boots or his trousers? and they have even gone so far as to maintain that home-made hay is generally as bad as home-made law. So long as they kept their faith they found country life easy and agreeable; but now and then they have been known to waver from their admirable creed, and to taste the forbidden fruits of the hayfield. Their gardener or factotum has persuaded them that, after all, it would be a great economy to "take a crop" off a certain pasture or park; that it would yield so many tons of the finest upland hay, and would absolutely benefit the quality of the grass for the future. If the master objects that the risk of a wet harvest would be serious, the servant answers that, with ordinary care, it would be easy to "pick three or four fine days in July," when, by putting on all available hands, the whole thing might be knocked off without delay. The faithful servant does not wish to persuade his master to do anything he does not like, but when he sees a thing that "wants doing" he considers it his duty to speak. And so, in a weak moment, the master gives his consent, and some dozen acres of land are told off for hay. The troubles of the future hayfield may be said to begin in the autumn, or at any rate

in the early winter. If it is suggested that it might be well to dig more manure into certain flower beds, the factotum replies that he must economize that valuable compound as much as possible, lest it should run short for the hayfield. At the first hard frost, when all hands are wanted to sweep the pool for the skaters, a strong remonstrance is made because "the men are carting muck for the hayfield." In the spring it becomes necessary to buy more hay for the cows, because there is so little grass. Why is there so little grass? Because the cattle have been taken out of the field intended for hay, and consequently there is so much less available pasturage. Although a good deal of stable-yard manure has already been put on the precious enclosure destined for hay, it is recommended that it should be "artificialled," as the cost of the bone and superphosphate will be trebly repaid by the extra growth of grass which it will produce. Several sacks of this compound are purchased, and for some days after their contents have been thrown over the field a vile smell makes its neighbourhood unendurable. If, as is often the case, the hayfield is situated beneath the drawing-room or dining-room windows, the full flavour of the patent artificial manure is duly appreciated. Many minor cares and troubles in connexion with the hayfield soon present themselves. There are some weak places in the fence, and several men have been employed for many days in repairing them. "Missus's ducks" are making a path through a corner of the growing grass, and "no horses will eat it after ducks have been messing in it." Some arrangement has, therefore, to be made as to these ducks, and the lady says that she will willingly have her favourites killed if it will please her husband, but that so long as she keeps them, "they must go to the water, poor things!" Or it is suddenly remembered that the boys' cricket-ground is in the middle of the hayfield, and there is no other flat piece of grass land about the place; but the only consolation offered to the lads is that it cannot be helped. The growth of the precious grass seems wonderfully slow. Want of rain at a critical period prevents it from making any apparent progress, and excess of moisture at another time makes it grow rank. Kind friends point out what a pity it is that the thistles were not cut at the proper time, as the large patches in some parts of the field will make the hay unpalatable to anything but a donkey.

On large properties a bailiff usually superintends the hay, but where there is no home farm, the paddocks are generally under the charge of the head gardener. As the hay season approaches, this functionary keeps replying to his master's inquiries by stating that the hay is not yet ready for cutting. A friend, however, calls and remarks that he has just carried his own hay "without a drop of rain," and inquires why his host has not also taken advantage of the unusually dry weather. The gardener is sent for and ordered to begin the hay at once. He urges further delay, observing that he has arranged with some mowers that they shall begin to cut it on that day week. After a great deal of unpleasant discussion, it is eventually settled that the important work is to be begun "the day after to-morrow," if mowers can be procured. As these men have to be pressed into the service at short notice, they demand higher wages than the mowers with whom the previous arrangement had been made; but at last the crop is cut, and the haymakers are busily engaged in throwing the grass about to persuade it to become hay. Every hand about the place is sent into the hayfield. The gardeners, the men from the stables, and even the footmen are enlisted for the service. There is often a wrangle with the butler about the diversion of his forces from their legitimate duties. His objections are met with the argument that the hay season is an exceptional occurrence, and that, under the circumstances, he ought to endeavour to be obliging. He grudgingly consents because he would "do anything to please his employer"—butlers no longer have masters—but he mutters a great deal about "his place" and the difficulties of "washing up." It turns out that the mistress of the house has thoughtfully invited a large party of neighbours to luncheon, and has promised them that they shall afterwards play lawn-tennis, and have tea and strawberries in the hayfield—an arrangement obviously conducive to the furtherance of the hay harvest and the pacification of the butler. During the happy time of haymaking it is almost impossible to get a servant to do anything. The carriage cannot be taken out, because the grooms are in the hayfield. The garden looks wretched, because the gardeners cannot leave the hay to pluck a weed or to mow the turf. They have not even time to gather strawberries or vegetables sufficient for the house. The drawing-room and hall look miserable, because the gardener cannot spare a moment to attend to their decoration with flowers. The lawn-tennis ground is unusable, because the grass upon it is several inches long. The only amusement remaining is to tap the barometer and speculate on the probability of rain. At last the gardener says that the hay is ready for carrying. Unfortunately, the person most concerned in its after use is of the contrary opinion. Hay carried in such a state will never, says the stud groom, be fit for hunters. The gardener "hopes he knows his business"; but the glass is still rising, and the master determines to give the hay one day more. Towards evening it becomes oppressively hot, and the rumbling of distant thunder warns the haymakers that there is many a slip betwixt the haycock and the stack. In an hour or two a heavy storm bursts over the neighbourhood, sheets of rain deluge the hayfield, and, when there is a slight cessation in the fury of the elements, the cocks are found to be beaten down and sodden. The gardener says, "I told you so"; but the groom lifts the upper half of a haycock, and shows that the lower part is still dry. The next morning the hay has to be re-made, and in the afternoon another storm recurs at about the same hour as that of the day before. Thunderstorms often follow each other for several consecutive days, and broken weather not unfrequently succeeds them. The hay is therefore constantly made and re-made, during each of which operations it loses some of its virtue. Now perhaps it is the groom who wishes it carried, and the gardener who wishes for delay. This sort of thing sometimes goes on for three weeks or even a month, the hay meanwhile losing its colour and deteriorating in quality. Its owner is miserable. He can enjoy nothing, and he feels as if it would be wrong if he were able to enjoy anything. Is not his hay out, and what business has the man whose hay is out to be happy? The idea is rapidly developing itself in his mind that the produce of his hayfield will be fit for nothing but manure, and he is weary of the sight of his discoloured haycocks.

We have perhaps said enough to prove that the owner of a hayfield does not live a life of ease and tranquillity during the harvest; but with his haymakers it is far otherwise. The wetter the weather the better for them. They must be retained at haymaking wages until the harvest is finished, be the weather wet or dry. Each time that the hay has to be re-made, the beer barrel again begins to flow. What can be better for them than that a fine morning should induce the gardener to set them to work to turn over the hay, and that, while they are drinking their first edition of beer, a friendly shower should suspend harvest operations for an hour or two? Even when the long-wished-for carrying day at length arrives, it is not all smooth for the master. It will be lucky if there is not a row between the butler and the gardener about the amount of beer required, between the gardener and the groom about the fitness of the hay for carrying, or between the master and some or all of these functionaries about some subject or other connected with the all-absorbing hay. Worst of all, it sometimes happens that a valuable servant, who has been remarkable for his sobriety, gets drunk on these occasions. The crowning catastrophe is the harvest supper, after which it is likely enough that there will be a fight, a flirtation—with serious consequences—or an unseemly disturbance.

Occasionally, but rarely, the crop is got in under favourable conditions, when the chances are that it has been so light, or so sunburnt, that it was scarcely worth carrying; or perhaps it happens that hay is so cheap and plentiful that it is almost provoking that one does not want to buy. There are many worries in country life; but we know nothing which is so pre-eminent for producing loss of temper, general inconvenience to masters, and wrangles among servants, as the institution of haymaking.

YACHT-RACING.

IN an article on racing yachts which appeared in the *Saturday Review* on the 10th of April last, we mentioned two large cutters which were being built, and pointed out that no small interest would attach to their performances, inasmuch as they might be considered to represent respectively the Clyde and the Solent, and also because one of them might be considered to represent the latest ideas of naval architects, being constructed of steel, while the other represented the old school, being constructed of wood. Both these vessels have now appeared, and the steel craft, which sailed in the first races of the season, has achieved a series of brilliant victories, and has already attracted more attention than has been given to any racing vessel for a very considerable period. The wooden cutter was much more tardy in beginning her racing career; but, from what she has quite recently done, it seems possible that she may be a not unworthy rival of the other, and may prove that, for such peculiar craft as racing yachts, the old-fashioned material is as good as the mild steel, about which naval constructors and engineers are just now so enthusiastic. The vessel which is fashioned of this metal is, as we need hardly inform our readers, the *Vanduara*, built at a Clyde yard from the designs of Mr. G. L. Watson, a naval architect. Very remarkable, certainly, were her performances during the first five weeks of the present season. She beat the two fine cutters opposed to her in the Thames matches, was first by a long way in the race for all rigs to Harwich, and won there. These were no trifling successes; but it happened that all these races were sailed in light winds. With ships, as with men, it is generally thought that one kind of excellence is incompatible with another, and after the *Vanduara's* successes there were prophecies that, though good in smooth water, she would prove fit for very little in a breeze and a sea. Never were prophecies more completely falsified. In the Dover cutter match, the greater part of which was sailed in a smart breeze, the *Vanduara* beat the *Formosa* thoroughly. In the match for all rigs off Ostend, when there was a good deal of wind and a nasty sea, she was only a few seconds behind the winner. In the race back, when it blew really hard, she was victorious; and, finally, in a long race from Dover to Cowes, sailed in strong wind, she beat by a great deal the *Egeria* and *Latona*, both of which much exceed her in size. Clearly, therefore, the *Vanduara* is no fair-weather vessel, but one which excels even more in strong breezes than in light ones, and naturally enough she has become rapidly famous, and her designer has been justly praised for his skill. It may, however, be observed, without any attempt to depreciate this admirable racing yacht, that some of those who have written about her might have remembered a certain Shakspearian saying with advantage, and not have attempted to exaggerate

her remarkable merits. Unfortunately national enthusiasm has carried her admirers away, and in some of the Scotch papers there has been very silly bragging about the wonderful cutter, the success of which has proved, as some two or three thousand other facts have done, the innate superiority of the Scotch mind over the English. Moved apparently by the delight which has been thus shown, a writer in the *Globe* last week became ecstatic on the subject of the *Vanduara*, and described her as "a yacht second to none of her size in the world." The writer's competence to fix the *status* of a racing yacht in this delightfully broad manner was shown by the fact that in the course of his observations he spoke of "the hideous *Jullanar*, with her protruding bow and raking sternpost." It so happens that the *Jullanar* differs from the great majority of racing vessels in having an upright sternpost, and that this is one of the most marked peculiarities in her design. Very clearly the author of the notice in the *Globe* was writing on a subject of which he was profoundly ignorant; and it might have been thought that the praise of such a critic would be taken by those who had some knowledge of yachts for what it was worth. The appearance of his effusion, however, was altogether too much for Mr. P. M. Watson, the brother of Mr. G. L. Watson, and he rushed into print with a boastful letter, in which he hinted that, kind as the writer in the *Globe* had been, he had scarcely been laudatory enough, and at the same time accepted the title which the acute nautical critic had bestowed on the vessel. After such bunkum as this, it was not altogether unsatisfactory to learn that on the first occasion when there was an opportunity of really testing the comparative merits of the *Vanduara* and the *Samœna*, the wooden cutter which has been mentioned above, the latter very thoroughly defeated the former.

It is much to be regretted that the *Samœna* did not appear sooner, as her participation in the early matches would have given them an altogether exceptional interest. As it was, they were by no means bad or feebly contested races. In the cutter races which have been spoken of, the *Vanduara* had for antagonists the *Formosa* and *Cuckoo*. The first was sailed in what seamen love to call a "soldier's wind"—that is, wind which is fair both ways, and, in a reaching race, the Scotch craft fairly beat her antagonists and came in well ahead of both. In the second contest the conditions were much the same; but this time the *Formosa* succeeded in heading her rival, and passed the mark-boat a few seconds before her. The *Vanduara* was winner by time; but she was disqualified on the ground of having made an irregular start. The third cutter race, sailed on June 5, was more interesting than either of the other two, as it involved a long beat to windward, and showed, therefore, what the new yacht could do on a cutter's best point of sailing. The wind was well on the quarter for the greater part of the outward run, and with all possible canvas set, the three vessels presented a very beautiful sight as they tore down the river. It was not a little curious to note the difference between the wave raised by the *Vanduara's* bow and the waves raised by the bows of the other two yachts. Coming back, the wind was dead foul, and a strong lee-going tide was running, so that there could hardly be a better opportunity of testing the comparative powers of the trio in smooth-water sailing. The *Vanduara* proved her superiority, soon getting to windward of the *Formosa*, and roundly beating both her and the *Cuckoo*. It is to be observed, however, that neither in these nor in subsequent races has the *Formosa* seemed to sail as she has done in her two previous seasons, and that very possibly in some of the later matches she will redeem a reputation which has not been lightly earned.

Next after the contests just mentioned came the race for all rigs from Southend to Harwich, which took place on June 12. Seldom has a more unsatisfactory race been sailed. The start was utterly mismanaged; and the consequence of this bungling was that some vessels went off without the slightest regard to the Club regulations, while others which obeyed them were, in consequence of doing so, placed in an almost hopeless position from the beginning of the day. The wind, which at times almost entirely died away, was very uncertain, so that, owing to mismanagement and mischance combined, there was little significance in the position of most of the vessels as they neared Harwich harbour. The *Vanduara* won by more than an hour; but, though she sailed admirably, there can be little doubt that she was favoured by the wind. Next to the Scotch yacht came the *Latona*, which took the second prize. The schooners engaged were the *Miranda*, *Fiona*, and the *Pantomime*, which reappeared after a long absence from English racing fleets. She succeeded in beating the redoubtable *Miranda*, but her victory meant little or nothing, as, in consequence of having obeyed the regulations, the *Miranda* had started a long way astern of her. The contests at Harwich were of little interest owing to light winds and calms, but the sail back to Southend was a fine one, as there was a fairly good breeze. The most remarkable feature in this race was the sailing of the *Miranda*, which in a brilliant fashion avenged the slight put upon her a few days previously. Over a considerable portion of the course the sail was a more or less free reach, and during this the larger *Australia* got well away from the Wivenhoe schooner; but the latter was always within her time, and at the last when it was necessary for the yachts to sail as near the wind as they could, the *Miranda* gained and weathered rapidly. Just before passing the mark-boat the *Australia* touched the ground and hung for a short space; but this accident did not affect the result of the race, as, had it not happened, the *Miranda* must still have taken the first prize. Next to these two schooners were the *Latona*, *Fiona*, and *Pantomime*, the last of which, like the *Australia*, got aground. It should be said that in neither case was the captain at all to blame. The mark-boat had been placed absurdly near the pier by some ingenious person who was apparently under the impression that the race was for 5-ton craft. When the expense which may be thrown upon the owner of a large yacht by the grounding of his vessel is considered, it seems astonishing that such a mistake should be permitted. If there was no one at Southend who had sufficient knowledge to moor a mark-boat, nothing could have been easier than to send to some other place on the river for a waterman who had seen a few yacht races and could do what was required.

In the schooner matches of the New Thames and Royal Thames Clubs, sailed on the 19th and 21st of June, the *Miranda* defeated first the *Fiona* and then the *Egeria*. Both these races were sailed in light breezes; but on June 23rd, when the Channel match from the Nore to Dover took place, the wind had more strength. In this race all the honours fell to the *Latona* and *Miranda*. The former led during the whole day, and won the Queen's Cup. The other kept close to her throughout, sailing admirably, and in the latter part of the race, when the wind was foul, there was the remarkable sight of a schooner holding her own well with a yawl much exceeding her in tonnage in a steady beat to windward. Indeed, in this her fourth season, the *Miranda* seems to be sailing better than ever, and her performances have been in some respects as remarkable as those of the steel *Vanduara*. After the race from the Nore came the regatta of the Cinque Ports Yacht Club, which is, as we need hardly say, one of the most deservedly popular of the whole racing season. This year a fine fleet assembled in the bay, and, with weather happily favourable, the principal race was one of the finest that have been sailed in any waters for some time past. It was of course preceded by the cutter, yawl, and schooner matches. In the first the *Vanduara* was victorious, completely vanquishing the *Formosa*, her only antagonist. In the other two, sailed on June 26th, the *Florinda* and *Miranda* were successful. The schooner race was marked by the reappearance of the famous *Gwendolin*, which for some time past had not engaged in any contest. It cannot be said that on this occasion the celebrated schooner much distinguished herself, as in the second round she was sailed hull down by the *Miranda*, and retired from the match. She was destined, however, shortly to redeem her ancient fame. Towards the conclusion of this race the *Miranda*, sailing apparently without any wind at all, glided past the *Florinda* and round the South Sand-Head Lightship in a manner that seemed almost inexplicable. Very different from the calm weather in which this match was finished was that of the morning of the 28th, when the Boulogne race was sailed. There was a strong south-westerly wind, and some sea in the Channel. Eleven vessels started, and for a time the *Miranda* led, the *Latona* and *Egeria* being close to her. Gradually, however, the *Gwendolin*, which had been very unlucky in starting, made her way through the whole fleet, and at Boulogne she was well ahead of everything else. On the run back she showed wonderful speed, but unfortunately when she was some two or three miles from Dover she lost a man overboard, and, as of course she stopped to look for him, was passed by the others. At the time when this accident happened the *Gwendolin* was a good distance ahead of the rest, but not so far as has been stated in some accounts of the race which have appeared. It must be remembered, too, that the other schooners, sailing together somewhat jealously, had got off their course, and thereby greatly aided the *Gwendolin*. Had they taken a better line, they would have been much nearer to her, and possibly she would not have had her time clear at the moment when the accident happened. The *Latona* was the first vessel in, followed by the *Egeria*, and then by the *Miranda*, which took the first prize by time, the *Florinda* taking the second, and the *Vanduara* the third. The pace of the leading yachts over the whole course had been, on an average, about fourteen miles an hour, and probably the race was one of the fastest ever sailed; but the enjoyment of this splendid contest was completely marred by the fact that the unfortunate seaman who had fallen overboard from the *Gwendolin* was not recovered, though every possible effort was made to save him.

On the following day, June 29th, the match from Dover to Ostend took place. With a fair wind, the *Miranda* led grandly from one mark-boat to the other, and took the first prize. Some of the competing yachts lost a good deal of ground by an awkward foul at the start. The race off Ostend was sailed in a smart breeze, which freshened as the day wore on, and raised a nasty short sea. Out of seven starters only three—the *Latona*, the *Vanduara*, and the *Miranda*—held out to the end, and they passed the mark-boat in the above order, the yawl and cutter being very close together. There was no club race back, but the yacht-owners organized one amongst themselves, and this was won in magnificent style by the *Vanduara*, which in a considerable sea left everything else far to leeward of her. She achieved an equally brilliant success on the 3rd and 4th of the present month when in a long beat, for the most part against a strong breeze, from Dover to Cowes she sailed out of sight of the *Egeria* and *Latona*, and arrived far ahead of them. Shortly after this her victorious career met with the check which has been mentioned. Going north, she met the *Samœna* twice at the Northern Yacht Club Regatta. On the first occasion the *Vanduara* won, but the wind was so uncertain that the result of the race was almost entirely due to chance. In the second match,

sailed in a true wind, the *Samœna* thoroughly beat the steel vessel, getting a good lead by the end of the first round, keeping it on every point of sailing, and passing the mark-boat six minutes ahead of the other. There seems to be some reason for supposing that the *Vanduara* was suffering from the constant complaint of iron and steel ships—a foul skin—and that she was not sailing her best, or nearly her best. Possibly, when she has been scraped, she will be more than a match for the *Samœna*; but then it must be remembered that the necessity for constant docking is a very serious drawback to a racing yacht, and that admiration for this vessel's achievements is of necessity somewhat tempered by the fact that she requires frequent manipulation. If there is to be any more puffing of the *Vanduara*, it should in fairness be mentioned as a slight drawback to the merits of the yacht which is "second, &c.," that after a few weeks in the water she must be either docked or beaten.

PROSPECTS OF TRADE.

WHEN commenting last autumn on the sudden and unexpected activity which manifested itself in the markets alike for commodities and for securities, we observed that the experiment which we were about to witness was economically of the most interesting kind. It was whether a revival of trade is possible, not only without a good harvest, but in spite of a succession of very bad harvests? A few years ago nobody would have thought such a thing possible. It was a settled conviction that prosperity could come only from an abundant production of the fruits of the earth; and the conviction was well founded. But the past generation has wrought a complete revolution in the economic condition of the country. Free trade, railway construction, the application of steam to navigation, the electric telegraph, the settlement of vast regions in America and Australia, the subjection, pacification, and unification of India, the piercing of the Isthmus of Suez, the development of industry, and the accumulation of wealth, have contributed, each in its degree, to render us less and less dependent upon our own soil for our food, to break down the isolation of countries, and to make the whole commercial world more and more nearly one economic community. False conceptions of national greatness, unwise legislation, imperfect industrial organization, and the backwardness of mechanical invention still interpose many and serious obstacles between produce and its best markets; yet the identification of the interests of all nations has gone far enough to make the question possible, Can there be a revival of trade without a good home harvest? And many conditions were present last year which so favoured a revival as naturally to suggest the question. It was pointed out at the time by Mr. Giffen, and it may now be accepted as proved, that the long depression, with its attendant fall of prices, and the paralysis of credit that followed the Glasgow failure, had diminished production below the requirements of current consumption. Coal and iron masters limited their output, manufacturers restricted their operations, wholesale dealers allowed their stocks to run down. Each was anxious to lock up his money as little as possible, and experimented, therefore, to ascertain with how small a stock he could go on. The result was that stocks ran too low, and an increase of production became necessary. At existing prices, however, the increase would not pay, and consequently an improvement of the markets was indispensable to secure the augmented supply needed. Just when people began to discover that this was really so, another cause came into operation, producing an effect that astonished everybody. With the exception, perhaps, of the South American countries, the United States had suffered most severely from the long depression, and in consequence an unusually large proportion of the population was driven, through want of work in the towns, to the cultivation of the land. Fortunately for all parties, the last three seasons, which were so disastrous in Europe, were exceptionally favourable in the United States. An unprecedentedly large area was tilled because of the breakdown of industrial and manufacturing enterprise; and there was an unprecedentedly bountiful return through the goodness of the seasons. Thus, out of the superabundance of American crops, Europe was fed, and Europe's gold in return was poured into the pockets of the American people. Continued for three successive years, this lucrative exchange restored prosperity to the United States, and once more they resumed the projects of railway building which had been interrupted by the crash of 1873. After a while, this necessitated the buying of English iron and steel on a vast scale; and this buying was accompanied by large purchases of other commodities. The necessity for replenishing home stocks and the eager American demand, coming together, caused that outburst of activity which signalized the autumn and winter. This in its turn led to much wild speculation, which collapsed in the spring. What has been the course of trade since, and what is the present prospect?

This question finds its answer in the Board of Trade returns for last month, which, it will be borne in mind, also give the figures for the last six months, and therefore cover a period beginning when the American purchases were already slackening, and running through the interruption to business of the dissolution and the elections, the breakdown of the recent speculation, and the consequent fall of prices. For the whole half-year we find that imports and exports have increased, as compared with the corresponding period of last year, almost in the same proportion—22 per cent. in the case of the imports, and 21 per cent. in that of the exports. This growth, *pari passu*, of both sides of the account is highly satisfactory. There is, as we know, a school of reasoners which looks with scant favour upon the expansion of imports as a squandering of the national substance. Enlightened economists have no sympathy with this view. But we may point out nevertheless that a large part of the increase of the imports is in the raw materials of manufactures, such as cotton, flax, hemp, hides, silk, wood, and wool. There is also, of course, a large increase in the import of articles of food. After so many bad seasons, decrease, or even stationariness, in these items would afford cause for serious uneasiness respecting the condition of the country, as indicating a real decline in the purchasing power of the masses of the people. Happily there is no such symptom. On the contrary, there is an increase of 186,000 cwt. in the quantity of wheat imported during the six months, and of 2,396,000*l*. in the value. There is also an increase in the import of barley, as was to have been expected from the badness of the last barley harvest. And generally we may say that the increase in the import of articles of food was over 9½ millions in value. Still the distinctive feature of the imports is increase in the raw materials of manufacture; and this increase is more marked in the single month of June than in the entire six months. Thus in June alone the imports of raw cotton exceeded those of June last year by 51½ per cent. in quantity and 56 per cent. in value; flax 54 per cent. and 80 per cent. respectively; wool 95 per cent. and 106 per cent. In these instances it will be seen that the increase in value is, with one exception, not much greater than that in quantity, showing that rise of price has little to do with the augmentation on which we are commenting. It is further to be remarked that the greater relative increase in the import of the raw materials of manufacture in June than in the six months proves that manufacturers are fairly prosperous, and are looking forward to still better times. Turning now to the exports, as to which we have heard such doleful complaints of late years, we find an increase for the six months of 21 per cent., and for June of about 26 per cent., again showing that June was ahead of the average of the half-year. The expansion still continues to be very largely in steel and iron, and to be due to American buying. Thus for the half-year the increase in the exports of pig-iron to the United States is actually greater than the increase in the total exports; but for June the total exports have risen 306,000 tons, and those to the United States only 190,000 tons. American purchases, that is, still count for more than half the increase; but there is expansion elsewhere, as in the trade to Russia, Germany, Holland, and Belgium. In railroad iron the United States count for less, British America, British India, and Australia having enormously augmented their purchases last month. The increase in the export of cotton piece goods is, however, larger than that even in iron, amounting to about 28 per cent. in quantity. Under this head also the United States have taken more than twice as much as in June last year; but our chief customers were India, China, Turkey, Brazil, and Egypt. There was likewise a large expansion in the exports of wool and woollens, with a smaller increase in silk manufactures, coal, oil-seed, and alkalies.

The inference to be drawn from these facts is clear enough. The raw-material-producing countries have recovered from the collapse of 1873; the United States never were more prosperous; British America is improving; India is shaking off the effects of famine; Australia likewise is doing better; the South American States are distracted by war and attempts at revolution, but they also have shared in the revival. The return to prosperity of these countries has enabled them once more to buy largely of us. But Europe is still suffering from a succession of bad seasons, from bloated armaments, protective tariffs, and political apprehensions. At home, a part of Ireland is famine-stricken, and over the whole United Kingdom the agricultural interest is suffering seriously. We need, therefore, for assured improvement in trade abundant harvests throughout Europe, restored confidence, and some degree of prosperity to the landed interest. With the exception of Russia, the principal countries of the Continent have a fair prospect, as is also the case at home. But more settled weather is required, especially more sunshine. If the harvests turn out well, wheat will probably be cheaper that it has been for many years, and consequently the cost of living to the working classes will be very low, which is always favourable to trade, as it leaves to the masses of the population a larger margin than usual for expenditure on what are luxuries to them. And this will apply not alone to the United Kingdom, but to the whole Continent also. At the same time the commercial negotiations begun with all the wine-growing countries promise to give new force to the stimulus. If, in return for a reduction of the wine duties, the tariff is lowered in France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Germany, and Austria-Hungary, we may reasonably look for an increase of our trade with these several States. But a good harvest is an indispensable condition. Another bad harvest would be a very serious matter for the farmers, and in Ireland would have grave consequences.

MIDSUMMER RACING.

ASCOT races were scarcely over before betting men were briskly engaged upon their speculations for the Northumberland Plate. We never had much affection for this race. It is generally a terribly gambling affair. The bookmakers get certain horses made strong favourites, and after they have been backed at short prices for large sums of money, evil rumours about them are spread abroad, and then they are sent down in the betting to make room for other favourites, which are treated in the same manner in their turn. Handicaps are not the most attractive kind of races, and the Northumberland Plate is not only a handicap, but one of the most objectionable types of handicap. The first favourite at starting, on the late occasion, was exactly the sort of horse one would expect to be most fancied for a race of this class. His name was Victor Emmanuel, and he had only been out once before this season, when he ran nowhere, but his reputation rested upon his reported performances in private. Thirteen horses started, and of these the greater number were beaten half a mile from home. As they were turning into the straight, the once favourite American horse Parole appeared to be running very well, but he gave way to the favourite, Mycenæ, and Inval when they were running in. It was soon evident that the favourite also was beaten. Mycenæ was now leading. This horse had been at one time a strong first favourite, but after fluctuating at all sorts of prices, he had started at 8 to 1. Inval was racing alongside of him. It will be remembered that Inval had made a tremendous race with Thurio and Insulaire a couple of years ago in the Grand Prix, when there was only a head between each of the three. The race for the Northumberland Plate was also destined to be a severe struggle, and at last Mycenæ just beat Inval by a head. Inval is an unlucky horse; for although in the course of his life he has won some half-dozen races, including the Prix Royal Oak at Paris, a race worth little short of two thousand pounds, he has an unhappy knack of running second and third, and of getting beaten by short heads.

There was fair racing at Stockbridge; but it is scarcely worth a long notice here. There was some two-year-old running, however, which ought not to be overlooked. It will be remembered that at Ascot Sir Charles seemed the best public performer of the two-year-olds that had been out this year. In his first race at that meeting he had beaten a colt called Scobell by three-quarters of a length. At Stockbridge Scobell won two races in a canter, which tended to prove the excellence of Sir Charles. The Stockbridge Cup, a weight-for-age race, was won by a two-year-old called Elfe, which beat several very fast horses, including Phœnix, Dunmow, and Hackthorpe. Elfe was himself beaten on the following day by Capuchin, who had won two races at Ascot. Robert the Devil, the winner of the Grand Prix and the second favourite for the St. Leger, walked over for the Stockbridge Biennial. At Winchester Sir Charles won another race, coming away from his opponents when challenged, and winning in a canter. In the Queen's Plate, for a wonder, Inval managed to win, instead of to lose by a head.

The Newmarket July meeting opened with the Trial Plate, for which Favo, who had won six out of nine races this year, was the first favourite. It ended in a very fine race, as Fordham brought up Attalus, who had been running badly this season, with a rush in the last few strides, and Favo was beaten by a head. Attalus had 10 lbs. the best of the weights. Eleven two-year-olds came out for the July Stakes. A filly named Bal Gal, belonging to Lord Falmouth, was so much fancied that slight odds were laid on her, although she had never run in public before. There was a beautiful race. Iroquois seemed to be winning, but Bal Gal persevered with great gameness, and won by a head. If Iroquois's form in the New Stakes at Ascot was correct, this performance on the part of Bal Gal was not worth much, for Iroquois had been unplaced to Sir Charles, Tristan, and Angelina. But some allowance had to be made for the fact that Bal Gal had never run in a public race until she appeared in the July Stakes. She is a beautiful filly, by Adventurer out of Cantinière. Her engagements are very heavy, and they include the Middle Park Plate, the Two Thousand, the Derby, the Oaks, and the St. Leger; so, if she is really good, she will have plenty of opportunities of displaying her merits. Later in the week the running in the Chesterfield Stakes was greatly to her glorification, for Iroquois won in a canter by three lengths, Tristan being unplaced. Now Tristan had only been beaten three-quarters of a length by Sir Charles at Ascot. If, therefore, the Chesterfield Stakes was a true-run race, Bal Gal might be one of the best two-year-olds of the season; if, on the other hand, Iroquois's running in the New Stakes was correct, the Chesterfield Stakes must have been all wrong.

One of the most interesting races of the week was the Midsummer Stakes. It was thought at one time that Robert the Devil would walk over; but when the day came three horses ran against him. Although he was penalized, nearly 3 to 1 was laid on him. Among his opponents was Cipolata, who had beaten the winner of the Two Thousand and Discord in a Biennial at Ascot, when 20 to 1 was laid against her. She had now 7 lbs. the best of the weights; and, after making the running, she held her advantage to the end, and beat Robert the Devil by half a length. She had run very badly in the One Thousand, but it was said that she had been ailing in the winter, so upon the whole her two victories rather tended to show that she was very good than to depreciate the merits of Robert the Devil. Before the race for the Midsummer Stakes Cipolata was a 50 to 1 outsider for the St. Leger, but after it she became a good fourth favourite. Last year's Two Thousand winner, Charibert, won the July Cup. Although it is said that he is a roarer, he has turned out to be a wonderfully fast horse over six furlongs. Great complaints were made at Newmarket about the rough scoundrels who have of late taken to patronize the meetings on the Heath. Formerly Newmarket races were remarkable for their quietness and their immunity from the crowds of blackguards which made other meetings horrible. Now, however, Newmarket Heath is becoming a favourite resort of the lowest ruffians; and one night during the late meeting a gang of roughs set upon the police, and triumphantly rescued from the hands of justice one of their number whom the constables had arrested. It is much to be hoped that the authorities will in future strengthen the force of police during the race weeks.

Last autumn we noticed the sale of the entire stock of the Cobham stud, and we then observed that a number of foals had been sold for extravagant prices. A good many of these foals were purchased by the newly-formed Cobham Stud Company, and they were re-sold at the late annual sale of the Cobham yearlings. They did not turn out a very profitable investment to the new Company, for, after being kept for nine months, they were sold for 2,700 guineas less than they had cost. One foal that had been bought for 610 guineas was sold as a yearling for 110 guineas, and another that had cost 250 last autumn now brought in only 50 guineas. The average price realized for the whole of the Cobham stud yearlings was about 176 guineas each, which was a poor price when all their expenses are considered. The heavy losses sustained by backers at Ascot may account in a great measure for the low prices obtained at the Cobham sale; but, even allowing for this, a useful lesson should be learned on the excessive folly of giving exorbitant prices for foals. At the sale of the Cobham stud last year forty-eight foals averaged 270 guineas a-piece; one of them, which was purchased by the Duke of Westminster, realizing 1,100 guineas. At the sale at Cobham this summer yearlings did not average two-thirds of the prices obtained for the foals last autumn, and the highest figure made by one lot was 700 guineas, which happened to be exactly the sum that had been paid for that very colt nine months previously. At the annual yearling sale at Cobham last year the highest price fetched by one lot was 1,300 guineas, and the year before that as much as 2,400 guineas had been received for one yearling. At the Newmarket July sales the highest price obtained last year was just exceeded, a colt by Sterling out of Siluria fetching 1,500 guineas. Last year a filly by the same horse, an own sister to Isonomy, realized 1,400 guineas, while a colt out of Siluria went for 1,000. An own brother to Isonomy was offered for sale last week; but when Mr. Tattersall stated that his reserve price was 2,000 guineas, no bid was made. A filly by Hermit was sold for 1,400 guineas, and a colt by Sterling out of Thalia for 980 guineas. The Middle Park yearlings were sold at Newmarket this year instead of at their own stud farm. The larger proportion of them were by Scottish Chief. The prices obtained were low for a stud of such repute, the highest being 550, and, out of fourteen yearlings, half a dozen did not fetch 100 a-piece. The yearling sales, so far this season, have been anything but encouraging to breeders.

The most exciting event of the racing season has been the supposed discovery that the winner of the Derby was accidentally run under a wrong name, and was therefore disqualified for that race. So much has been said and written on the subject within the last fortnight that it is needless for us to enter into all the details of the matter. The main point of the question was whether two yearlings, one called Bend Or and the other Tadcaster, had been mistaken for each other when taken from a paddock, where they had been running together, to their trainers. Both colts had been entered for the Derby. For the time being this case created as much sensation as the Tichborne trial of odious memory. One important lesson is to be learned from the affair—namely, the great necessity of keeping an accurate register of every foal born at a stud farm. White markings especially should be noted with the greatest precision. It is sometimes difficult to decide whether a foal is a bay, a brown, or a very dark chestnut; but about white marks there should be no mistake, and where the general colour is at all doubtful, the fact should be carefully stated. Another moral of the story is that dishonest people must have opportunities for fraud which it is not pleasant to contemplate. If a man had a dozen bay yearlings, and only one of them, perhaps the worst, was entered for the Derby, it seems that nothing could prevent him from deliberately picking out the most promising of the lot and sending it to a trainer's under the name of the colt entered for the Derby.

REVIEWS.

EPHESUS AND ITS COINAGE.*

AMONG the many instances of the stimulating influence of border States, few are more remarkable than the Greek cities of Asia Minor. As the meeting-ground of East and West they combined the qualities of both, and from the mixture of these op-

* *The Coinage of Ephesus.* By Barclay V. Head, Assistant-Keeper of Coins in the British Museum, Corresponding Member of the Imperial German Archæological Institute. Rollin et Feuardent. 1880.

posing elements was derived much of their prosperity and renown. Among the cities which thus served to link Hellas with the nations from which so much of her greatness was borrowed, Ephesus held from early times a prominent position. Situated in the narrow maritime plain where the Cayster breaks from its mountain course and falls into the Ionian Sea, the city which boasted one of the Seven Wonders of the ancient world was well placed as an entrepôt between Greece and Asia. Inferior in political significance to Miletus, and long overshadowed by the commercial fame of Rhodes, Ephesus was nevertheless one of the principal channels of trade with Asia, and after the fall of Miletus it became the first port on the West Coast, "the one great mart of Asia through which the fabrics and products of the East found their way to Europe"; till at last in Roman times it was allowed without dispute to be the queen of the eastern province of the Empire. As the port of Sardes, the capital of the neighbouring Oriental kingdom, it carried on a valuable trade with the interior, and its vicinity to Rhodes, if it dimmed to some extent the commercial fame of the city on the mainland, yet stimulated it to vie with the merchant island as one of the foremost trading cities of Greece. Its secure harbour, "only to be approached from the sea by a long narrow channel full of shoals at the entrance," the convenience of its central position for the defence of the Ionian coast, its large inland trade, and its store of wealth, all tended to make Ephesus a leading city even in a region teeming with active life like the eastern borderland of the Ægean. It is no marvel that "the commerce of Ephesus, great even in the time of the Lydian Kings, when the gold of the Pactolus was already flowing into the plain of the Cayster, grew with each century, in spite of all the wars and revolutions which harassed the west coast of Asia Minor and destroyed many of its most flourishing cities," and that "in the time of Augustus, when the former greatness of Miletus had become a byword; when Lebedus, as Horace tells us, was more deserted than Gabii and Fidenæ, and the other cities which once formed the league of the Panionium had mostly dwindled into obscurity, Ephesus not only maintained its ancient commercial supremacy, but was exalted above all the other cities of Asia Minor by the privileges and titles bestowed upon it by Imperial favour," and permitted to style itself "First City of Asia."

The results of its position as neutral ground wedged in between Europe and Asia are conspicuous in the history of Ephesus, which is the record of one long unbroken struggle between Oriental and Hellenic influences. At first the Ephesians were almost wholly Asiatic. The remnant of Greeks which tarried behind when the Ionian wave rolled on to Hellas scarcely modified the Asiatic character of the people, whose ethnological staple consisted mainly in Carians and Leleges, with such mixture as might come from the Phœnician station at the mouth of the Cayster. The leanings of this ancient Asiatic population of Ephesus were naturally to the great Hittite kingdom which before 1200 B.C. ruled the wide territory from the Euphrates to the cities of the coast, and had its capital at Sardes. When the Ionian reflux brought back many of the Greeks to Asia, the beginning of the Hellenic element as a political influence in Ephesus is to be traced. Androclus, son of Codrus, landing with a body of Ionian Greeks, established his colony, not in the plain where the Ephesians were dwelling, but southwards, on Mounts Prion and Coressus. He chose the spot with a true Greek's eye for beauty. Mr. Wood describes the view from Mount Prion as marvellously beautiful:—

> The river Cayster, winding like a white ribbon through the plain, forms in its course numerous small peninsulæ. The Selinusian lakes, the village and castle on the hill at Ayasalouk, the bay of Scala Nova, the mountainous island of Samos, and the still more mountainous coast beyond, the snow-capped Tmolus to the north, and the ruined city mapped out at the feet of the spectator; these, with countless other objects of interest, make up a panorama of exquisite beauty.

Here the Ionian colonists fortified themselves, and though they soon entered into friendly relations with the people of the plain, accepted their religion, and gradually became merged in their polity, the distinctive Hellenic element was never obliterated, and the efforts of the Ionian colony to link the city of their adoption more closely with mother Hellas, and the counteracting tendency of the inhabitants of the plain to unite with the Oriental Empires in their rear, were among the chief causes of the numerous tergiversations which deface the Ephesian annals. Mr. Newton, in the careful sketch of Ephesian history in his recent *Essays on Art and Archæology*, says:—

> Looking back through the history of the Ephesians from Augustus to Crœsus, we find abundant evidence of their commercial prosperity and of their adroitness in conciliating powerful neighbours, and choosing allies on the winning side; but no heroic self sacrifice, no daring spirit of maritime adventure, such as distinguished their ancient rivals, the Milesians and the Phocæans. Their policy throughout is marked by selfishness and cunning; "the lions from Hellas have become foxes at Ephesus" was a familiar Greek proverb.

At first the Ephesians naturally allied themselves closely with the Oriental monarchies—after the Hittites, with the Lydian Mermnadæ; then, on the fall of Crœsus, with his Persian conqueror. But when Persia met with the defeat of Mycale, the Ephesians turned over to the winning side, and joined the Athenian confederacy, though probably this change, the result of the Greek element in the politics of the city, was not rendered specially agreeable to the many among its inhabitants who sympathized with Persia by the annual tribute of 1,440*l.* to 1,800*l.* which Athens exacted in payment for a protection with which the Asiatic Ephesians could well have dispensed. The non-Hellenic element, however, soon reasserted itself: Ephesus seized the first opportunity to break away from the Athenian alliance, and opened its gates willingly to the Spartan Lysander, whose rule, though certainly not due to the Ionian influence in the city, led to a revival of the Hellenic spirit in the efforts he made to recall the people from the Oriental luxuriousness in which they were sunk. After Conon's victory off Cnidus, and the consequent expulsion of the Lacedæmonians from many of the cities of Asia Minor, the tie with Greece was knitted more closely; for it was at this time that a federal alliance, of which M. Waddington has discovered numismatic evidence, was concluded between Rhodes, Cnidus, Samos, and Ephesus. The Spartans, however, shortly afterwards retook the city of Diana, and after disgusting it, in company with other cities of Asia, by the severity of a yoke that was the more unbearable after a period of comparative independence, handed over all their Asiatic possessions to Persia by the disgraceful Peace of Antalcidas (387 B.C.). Ephesus probably suffered little by the transfer. Its sympathies had been with Persia all along, and it was now allowed to enjoy nearly a century of comparative independence, only disturbed by internal contests between the oligarchic party, who looked to Sparta for help, and the democratic, who preferred the alliance of Macedon. Alexander the Great, when he visited Ephesus, did not interrupt this period of autonomy; he only confirmed the democratic party in power, made a great sacrifice to the goddess of the city, accompanied by a march-past of his troops, and had his picture painted by Apelles for the temple of Artemis. But after his death Ephesus was an object worthy the greed of his successors, and was tossed like a shuttlecock from one to another, vibrating between Antigonus, Demetrius, and Lysimachus, Seleucids and Ptolemies, Attalids and Romans, Mithradates and Sulla, till it was established as the capital of Roman Asia and the residence of the proconsul, and "tasted the full blessings of the much-lauded Roman rule," which meant systematized plunder in the cities and man-hunting and slave-driving in the country districts. In Mommsen's words, "every stalk of corn grew for the Roman *decumanus*, and every child of free parents seemed born for the Roman slave-drivers. The most glorious cities were sacrificed, not to the barbarous lust of power, but to the far more horrible barbarism of speculation."

The conflict between Asiatic and Hellenic elements is even more conspicuous in the religion of Ephesus. "Diana of the Ephesians" was a strange combination of Oriental and Greek ideas. When Androclus and his Ionians landed, they found the cult of a Phœnician or Hittite, certainly Asiatic, goddess already firmly established in the plain of the Cayster. She seems to have been an embodiment of the notion of productive nature, and at first sight suggests no analogy with the Greek huntress. This Artemis—or Upis, as she was originally called—of the Ephesians is well known to us from Roman replicas (which must have been copied from the statue in the Ephesian temple), as well as from the coins, and she resembles a mummy more than anything else. The body is a mere trunk, with the feet tied together; and the most striking characteristics of her person are the numerous pendulous breasts, by which the fertile goddess of nature is indicated. She is represented as surrounded by various symbols—bees, flowers, fruit, heads of bulls and lions, the crescent moon, and stags, in some of which telluric attributes may perhaps be seen, in others possibly indications of a lunar myth. Her service was superintended by emasculated priests, of whom the chief was called *Essên* (or "King Bee"), or Megabyzus; and by virgins, called *Melissæ* (or "bees"), from whose opposition to the Ionian colonists the Greeks derived their famous legend of the fight with the Amazons. The descendants of Androclus's colony saw in this Asiatic nature-goddess some resemblance to their Artemis, and adopted her just in the same way as the Artemis Leucophryné of Magnesia and the Hera of Samos, both Asiatic divinities, were admitted to the Hellenic Pantheon. But the character of the Ephesian Artemis was always really Oriental, and her power was chiefly felt in relation to Oriental nations. She was the saviour of the city on more than one occasion. When Crœsus besieged Ephesus, a rope was stretched between the temple and the wall of the city, in sign of solemn dedication, and the conqueror dared not inflict the penalties he meditated. When Xerxes plundered and ravaged Ionia and its temples, the fane of Artemis alone was unmolested; and hither the great King sent his children for safety after his defeat at Salamis. When the Athenians invaded Ephesus, towards the end of the Peloponnesian war, Tissaphernes offered a mighty sacrifice to Artemis, and raised the people in a sort of *jehad*, or holy war, for her defence. It was the protecting influence of this Asiatic goddess that preserved Ephesus unmoved through the revolutions which destroyed many a braver city; and it was fitting that the cry of the great "Diana of the Ephesians" should be raised against the innovating apostle of the Gentiles.

The value of Greek coins as illustrating the history and mythology of the cities of Hellas is too well established to require proof; but, if further evidence were needed, it would be hard to find a more striking testimony than that afforded by the coinage of Ephesus. Mr. Barclay V. Head, the Assistant-Keeper of Coins in the British Museum, has applied to the subject the same archæological instinct and experience, and the same scientific method, which characterized his essay on the coins of Syracuse. The *History of the Coinage of Syracuse* was practically the first of a series of monographs on the currencies of the Greek cities which is designed to present the student with a complete view of the Hellenic numismatics—to form a New Eckhel, with all the additional knowledge and experience that has grown up since Eckhel's

time. Mr. Gardner's *Coinage of Elis*, which we lately noticed, is the second part of this valuable undertaking; and the third is the present *Coinage of Ephesus*, which, if deficient in the artistic interest of the earlier parts, is inferior to neither of them in historical importance or in excellence of workmanship. It is impossible to study Mr. Head's arrangement of the long series of coins from B.C. 700 to the Christian era without being convinced of the accuracy of its details, and struck with the patient observation and comparison and the true numismatic instinct which are revealed in every page. In the treatment of the metrological difficulties, no less than in the elucidation of the mystery of the magistrates' names, Mr. Head has been peculiarly successful.

The mythological interest of the coins is very considerable. The Ephesian Artemis appears throughout, either in person or represented by a symbol. There is scarcely a coin from first to last (except the cistophori) whereon the bee, the special symbol of the Ephesian goddess, does not appear; and we find the stag, or two stags (like those of silver which encompassed the gold Artemis dedicated by Salutaris), and the bow, bowcase, and quiver, on many of the coins, as well as the bust of the goddess, and finally her full figure. It is interesting to trace the gradual development of these symbols and representations. At first the bee alone appears, with monotonous regularity, though Mr. Head's quick eye contrives to extract hints for arrangement out of the shape of its wings; then, as Greek influence waxed stronger, the stag, probably a concession to the Greek idea of the goddess, is placed on the reverse; and under Lysimachus the actual bust of the huntress-goddess herself, "chaste and fair," and no Asiatic at all, occupies the principal side, yet with a little bee (*pace* Mr. Newton) on the reverse. The return to autonomy and Asiatic proclivities restored the bee to its old position on the obverse; and, under the protection of Mithradates, the Ephesian mint even issued pieces with the full, mummy-like figure of the Asiatic goddess on one side, retaining, however, the Greek bust on the other. These variations of mythological type are peculiarly interesting when considered in relation to the changeful history of the city; and the only fault we have to find with Mr. Head is that he does not make quite enough out of them, and does not sufficiently explain their meaning.

Historically the coins of Ephesus are of unusual interest. From them alone do we learn the existence of the monetary league which followed the Lacedæmonian defeat off Cnidus, and which is signalized by the issue of a uniform type of reverse—Hercules strangling two serpents—by all the cities of the league. The conquest of Ephesus by Lysimachus is marked by the appearance for the first time of the face of the Greek Artemis, and the bow and quiver, on the coinage; and when Lysimachus presented the city to his wife Arsinoe, and called it by her name, the facts are substantiated by the head of Arsinoe, veiled as a queen, and the letters ΑΡΣΙ. Later on we find evidence that the Attalid attempt to establish a pan-asiatic currency was supported at Ephesus by the appearance of Ephesian cistophori, with the cista mystica on one side, and on the other, two serpents coiled about a bow-chest. But the most important historical evidence supplied by the coins consists in the names of magistrates which are generally found inscribed on them after the fifth century B.C. There has been considerable doubt as to who these magistrates were, and how long each held his office. Curtius regarded them as archons, but on grounds which have since been demolished; Lenormant took them to be high-priests of Artemis; Mr. Head holds them to have been the prytaneis, officers corresponding in some respects to the archon eponymus of Athens; and places their tenure of office at one year. The argument by which he supports these points seems irrefragable. In 274 years 238 magistrates' names occur on the coins of Ephesus; the office, therefore, cannot well have been held for longer than one year. If it was half-yearly we should require 548 names; but, as Mr. Head shows from a comparison with the dated coins of Aradus, it is extremely improbable that our series is so incomplete as this would make it, and much more likely that there are not many years that are unrepresented in the collections of Europe. In many of the periods into which the coinage and history of Ephesus fall the number of names nearly equals the number of years, but in no case are there more names than years. After a consideration of these data, it is difficult to see any alternative to the conclusion that these magistrates held an annual office. That the magistrate whose name thus appears on the coinage was the *eponymus* of the city, the first Prytanis, or President of the Council of Prytaneis, who superintended the execution of the decrees of Boulé and Demos, ordered the public sacrifices, looked to the taxes, inspected the markets and harbours and highways, and gave his name to the year, is demonstrated by a series of historical confirmations which signally attest the present high development of the science of numismatics. An Ephesian inscription published by Mr. Wood, and attributed to the years 324 to 319 B.C., gives the names of four prytaneis who were the eponymi of four successive years. Turning to Mr. Head's corresponding period, arranged, let it be understood, simply on general principles of style and palæography and the like, with no dates to guide him, we find three of these four names actually occurring on the coins. The fourth will doubtless be found in time. Another inscription mentions a certain Badronius—a name which appears on a coin of the corresponding period in Mr. Head's arrangement, and is nowhere else to be found in Greek literature or antiquities. Josephus speaks of an Ephesian decree of B.C. 43, beginning with the words Ἐπὶ πρυτανέως Μηνοφίλου, and, among the coins classed by Mr. Head as after B.C. 48, the name of Menophilus is discovered. These three historical notices place beyond dispute Mr. Head's view that the magistrate of the coins was the eponymous Prytanis; but the modest way in which he states his argument and enumerates his discoveries conveys but a slight impression of their singular value to any but the initiated. That a long series of coins should be arranged chronologically on minute grounds of style, which it needs a numismatist even to understand, yet so accurately that when an inscription appears it only confirms the arrangement, is the strongest possible testimony to the archæological instinct of the arranger. But no one can study this interesting volume, with its fine photographic (autotype) plates, without being astonished at the certainty to which the science of numismatics in the hands of such scholars as Mr. Head has attained, and the amount of artistic, mythological, historical, and even economical knowledge that is to be derived from the patient study of the monetary series of a Greek city.

LES DEUX MASQUES.*

M. PAUL DE ST.-VICTOR, the author of a vast work on the drama of which the first instalment lies before us, is not so well known to the English public as he deserves to be. For many years M. de St.-Victor, a man of wide literary knowledge and the most picturesque of writers, has contributed critical *feuilletons* to various Parisian newspapers. Like Gautier, he has written on almost all literary and artistic subjects; like Gautier's, his style is rich and sparkling, though it has a sort of stiffness as of brocade, which differs from the pliancy and flexibility of the elder and more famous journalist. M. de St.-Victor has never, as far as we know, displayed the high animal and intellectual spirits of Gautier's earlier criticisms and essays, as shown, for example, in *Les Grotesques* and *Les Jeune-France*. In a volume named *Hommes et Dieux*, published many years ago, M. de St.-Victor collected a number of his scattered papers. He wrote about Greek art and religion, about Helen and Artemis, about Henri III. and Nero, about Charles II. of Spain, about the mediæval Jews, about the poets of the Greek Anthology, and a score of other subjects; and all his essays had some rather remote or even fantastic interest. They were almost overladen with far-fetched verbal ornament, though the search for images and illustrations obviously gave the author no trouble. His mind is an opulent store of simile and anecdote, and he scattered his wealth "as rich men give, that care not for their gifts." The consequence has been that English essayists steal freely from M. de St.-Victor, and abstain from calling public attention to his *Hommes et Dieux*. His other little volume, *Barbares et Bandits*, was written while the Prussians and the Commune besieged or lorded over Paris. It is touched with the shame, the terror, and the anger of those times, and the admirers of M. de St.-Victor will lose little if they neglect *Barbares et Bandits*. For many years the covers of M. de St.-Victor's books have borne the advertisement of a forthcoming work, *Les Masques et les Bustes*. Perhaps that volume is among those which only exist in prophetic advertisements. The new book, or rather the first instalment of the new book, on the theatre, *Les Deux Masques*, derives its title from the tragic and comic aspects of the Greek Muse. This volume deals with Æschylus, and, as it contains no less than five hundred and fifty pages, it is plain that M. de St.-Victor has plenty of ground to cover before he reaches Molière or even Shakspeare.

The author explains his own method in a short preface:—

> Much has been written on the theatre of the Greeks. I have tried to deal with a subject so often handled, if not in a better way than my predecessors, at least in a different manner. Mythology and history hold as important a place in my work as literary criticism. To restore the Greek tragedies and comedies to their original environment, to illustrate and enlarge the study of these pieces by a wider study of the ancient world, with the hints and historical parallels which such a study suggests; to lift the mask of every god and of every person who appears on the scene, with the purpose of describing his religious aspect or legendary character; to comment on the four great Athenian poets, not so much in the letter, as in the light of the spirit, of their works, and of the genius of their time—such is the plan that I have traced for myself, and have endeavoured to execute.

Our purpose at present is to examine M. de St.-Victor's general system—a system which is to be employed on so large a scale—to criticize his mythological ideas, and to remark on what we venture to think singular aberrations of literary taste. The system is the scientific one of restoring, as M. de St.-Victor says, the plays to their religious and historical environment. First the author sketches the growth and development of the worship of Dionysus, in whose service the old choral dances and songs had their place. Then he speaks, more briefly, of Thespis and Phrynicus. Next he writes at length on the history of Æschylus and of his period. The fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters recount the story of the Persian war, with all the wild legends of oracles, portents, and apparitions of Gods which give the Muses of Herodotus their epic character. The reader is now in a position to understand the temper in which Æschylus wrote, and in which Athens watched the *Persæ*, a play which M. de St.-Victor criticizes with great abundance of historical illustration. He repeats the tales of Persian loyalty, and of the cruelty and the power of the Sultanas, so that the reader may understand the Chorus of Persian peers and comprehend the position of Atossa, the mother of Xerxes. Beyond

* *Les Deux Masques*. Par Paul de Saint-Victor. Paris: Calmann Lévy, 1880.

this we do not intend now to follow M. de St. Victor; his account of the *Orestia* may be reserved for some later occasion.

To begin at the beginning—M. de St.-Victor indulges freely and at great length in mythological speculations about Dionysus, the god of the vine and the patron of the drama. We cannot but think it unfortunate that he has fallen into the Vedic trap which is set for all literary students of Greek mythology. We must say again, as we have so often said before, that the interpretation of the Vedas, with all the inferences which may be drawn from those hymns, is in a most chaotic condition. While Mr. Max Müller and Mr. Sayce, with their pupils, seem to regard the Vedas as "primitive" works which contain information about the origins of Aryan religion, other students point out that the Vedas, far from being "primitive," are the hymns of a civilized people, and that about the origins of religion they can tell us no more than the Christmas articles in the *Times*. Again, while Mr. Max Müller disputes the presence of fetichism in the earlier Vedas, and hence inclines to suppose that fetichism is not "primitive," but a corruption of primitive religion, other authorities see in the Vedas the ritual of a fetichism that has been highly organized. We have not to decide between these contradictory views, and other views which also are entertained. But it is plain enough that the literary student who takes up any theory of Vedic religion and applies it to his purely literary studies is extremely likely to lose his way and to encumber his books with material that may soon be exploded. Yet critics go back to the Vedas, just as older writers always started from the Garden of Eden, Hebrew the primitive language, and the rest of it. M. de St.-Victor begins by declaring that "the Vedas, now an open book, have revealed the direct relation of the religions of Greece with the first beliefs of the Aryan race." Well—for we must take a side after all—we do not believe that the Vedas tell us anything whatever about "the first beliefs of the Aryan race." One might as well say that the hymns of Pentaur tell us about the first beliefs of the Egyptian race. Did not the ancestors of the Hellenes leave the general Aryan stock long before the Vedas were composed in Sanskrit? This is a point about which information seems desirable. Philology, says Mr. Max Müller, gives us "what we may call contemporary evidence, exhibiting to us the state of thought, language, religion, and civilization at a period when Sanskrit was not yet Sanskrit, Greek not yet Greek, but when both, together with Latin, German, and other Aryan dialects, existed as yet as one undivided language" (*Chips*, vol. ii. p. 17). The Vedas are composed in Sanskrit, and we are anxious to know whether the ancestors of the Greeks had left their "Aryan home" before Sanskrit was a language? If they had, there must be a gap of many centuries between the Aryan dispersal and the composition of hymns in a language which did not exist when the ancestors of the Greeks and of the Brahmans dwelt together. In that case, what can the Gods of Greece have to do with the Vedas? The common elements of Greek and Indian religion must, if this be so, have existed hundreds of years before there were Vedic hymns, or even a Sanskrit language. What light, then, do the hymns to the Soma juice throw on the worship of Dionysus? And these common elements must be much more "primitive" than the Vedas. M. de St.-Victor has not reasoned thus; he has reasoned that the Aryans when they entered Greece bore with them the worship of Soma, and he calls a Vedic hymn "cette apparition primordiale de Bacchus." Yet, when he comes to critize the religion of Æschylus, he admits that the early deities of Greece were not pure, bodiless, atmospheric phenomena. Ares was "an old rusty sword," Demeter had a horse's head, Aphrodite was a squared stone, Artemis ("Αρκτεμις?) was a she-bear, and so on. What M. de St.-Victor says here (pp. 96, 97) is quite true, but his explanation is less satisfactory. He appears to think that the Aryan ancestors of the Hellenes worshipped "les phénomènes physiques," but that the Pelasgians degraded the pure physical phenomena into the forms of animals and fetich-stones. But it is surely quite as scientific to hold that the far-off ancestors of the Hellenes, like other savages, worshipped a whole menagerie of beasts, the beasts whose images were preserved in the temples of later gods, as their cult was swallowed up in that of Artemis and Apollo. If these beasts, as among other races, were regarded as progenitors of various tribes, we can understand how Zeus or Apollo was fabled to have become, under an animal shape, the wooer of Leda or Europa, the father of the children of the Swan, and of the Bear-tribe of Arcadia. But the system of M. de St.-Victor starts from an "Aryan" cult of which we can know nothing, imagines an age of Pelasgian degradation, and then a period of purer intelligence which must have its place in any theory. It is obvious that a study of the evolution of the drama is only clogged by all this possibly mistaken mythological science.

As we are about fault-finding, we may as well end by remarking on certain places where M. de St.-Victor, like Æschylus, exhibits in his style "le débordement des images." Here is a fair example of a happy simile. Bacchus, the latest evolved of the gods of Greece, "est le dernier venu dans la grande famille de l'Olympe. Il y arrive en retard comme un prince aviné qui se fait attendre au banquet royal où il est convié." Again, about Adonis (whose worship is described with wonderful force), M. de St.-Victor says:—"Adonis entra de bonne heure dans l'Hellade; le génie du lieu orna et embellit sa légende. Ce fut comme si Praxitèle avait retouché de son ciseau et ramené au type grec une bizarre idole orientale." Here is his description of the first actor who interrupted the Chorus:—"Un jour, aux Lénéennes, un homme inconnu . . . élu mystérieux de Melpomène, pris aux cheveux par elle, comme Achille le fut par Pallas, Habacuc par l'Ange, s'élance sur la table du sacrifice, converse avec le Chœur, lui parle, lui répond." What in the world have "Habacuc" and Achilles to do in this *galère*? We say it with regret, but this *genre* of eloquence seems inflated and Asiatic. Once more, when the eagle took the bald head of Æschylus for a stone and let the tortoise fall on it, M. de St.-Victor says that the bird made no mistake—"C'est dans l'âge de pierre qu'il faudrait ranger le génie d'Eschyle." Now such criticism as this is quite wild; there is no resemblance of any sort between the work of Æschylus and palæolithic art. Even if there were, the eagle had no sound excuse for its unlucky blunder. But this is a trifle compared with M. de St.-Victor's statement that "Eschyle avait un théâtre tué sous lui." Mr. Myer's recent essay on Æschylus in *Hellenica*, and on the serenity of his genius behind the storms of the stage, is a corrective of this "débordement des images." But we have dwelt sufficiently on the faults of the brilliant *feuilletoniste*, which have escaped from the *causerie* into the book. We hope to return to M. de St.-Victor's literary criticism of the characters, the conduct, and the situations of the dramas of Æschylus.

A CAVALIER'S NOTE-BOOK.*

If, by way of analogy to the origin which has been actually assumed for part of the history of ancient Rome, that of England in the age of the Puritan Revolution and the Restoration had to be put together out of family records, a serious conflict of statements as well as of opinions would occasion some difficulty in selecting the materials of the narrative. And perhaps the greatest amount of suspicion would attach to those which had the best excuse for one-sidedness, as in the case of notes or writings of the Roman Catholic gentry, to whom each turn in public events must have seemed to signify nothing but a change of sufferings. On the sacrifices of the Civil War followed the sequestrations under the Commonwealth; after which the reign of a crypto-catholic King gave birth to the deadly panic of the Popish plot; nor could the delusiveness of the hopes excited by the plain dealing of his maladroit successor fail speedily to become patent even to those who might serve him without scruple and ask favours of him without shame. But the value of such historical records as those now before us is unimpaired by a partisanship of which they make no secret whatever. In no part of England, as is well known, was there a sturdier growth of Recusancy to be found than in Lancashire, then, as in later days, strangely, though by no means inexplicably, divided in its political and religious opinions. And among the old Roman Catholic families of that county, which partly survive to this day—objects of interest and pride to many in the county besides their fellow-religionists—none has more manfully adhered to its religious faith than the Blundells. On both these heads abundant evidence is furnished by the literary remains of the high-minded "Cavalier" who, during the long and troubled period between the years 1638 and 1698, was the head of the House of the Blundells of Little Crosby, and whose descendant (in the female line) appears to this day to be able to say of his village what his ancestor said to King James II. of his township, "that there is neither beggar, alehouse, nor Protestant within it." The Blundells of Little Crosby, which is five miles from Liverpool, are to be distinguished from their neighbours the Blundells of Ince Blundell, with whom they are only on a single occasion known to have intermarried, though community of creed and mutual goodwill have existed between the two lines for nearly seven centuries.

Among the notes in the collection now before us, edited with an interesting though rather prolix introduction by Father T. Ellison Gibson, is "a list of the names of Popish Recusants of the greatest quality in the county of Lancashire" whom, at the time of the Exclusion Bill agitation of 1680, it was proposed to banish from the kingdom together with the rest of the leading Roman Catholics in it. Among these it may safely be said that there is none more honourably typical than that of William Blundell of Crosby. We cannot help regretting that his descendant should not have in the first instance given to the world the *letters* which remain from William Blundell's hand, and have reserved the selection of *notes* from his commonplace books, which necessarily vary very much in interest, though the writer was a man of literary tastes as well as a shrewd practical observer. But, at all events, these commentaries on the bad times and things in general give flesh and blood to the sketch of their author offered by his editor, and also sufficiently illustrate and corroborate the account of the sufferings of William Blundell and his family to be found in a petition which he prepared for presentation to King James. Owing, no doubt, to the speedy alteration of the hopeful mood which had suggested it, this petition was never actually presented; but we cannot perhaps better recall in outline the experiences of the brave and loyal gentleman to whom Mr. Gibson has introduced us than by expanding with his aid some of the statements in this neither lengthy nor undignified supplication.

The King, then, is first of all reminded of the fact that no son or daughter of the line represented by the petitioner has ever been known to profess any other than the Roman Catholic religion, and

* *Crosby Records.—A Cavalier's Note-Book: being Notes, Anecdotes, and Observations of William Blundell, of Crosby, Lancashire, Esquire.* Edited, with Introductory Chapters, by T. Ellison Gibson. London: Longmans & Co. 1880.

that accordingly "since y^e pretended Reformation, it hath suffered persecution for the same in an extraordinary degree." William Blundell refers to the many imprisonments undergone by members of his family under the Recusancy statutes of Elizabeth, when (unlike the Traffords) the Blundells were among the persecuted, and not among the persecutors. Two-thirds of his ancestor's lands had at that time, in accordance with the evil alternative offered to Recusants, been in the hands of the Crown; nor had they been recovered till the brief period of respite on the accession of James I., from which event so many Catholics vainly hoped for the advent of better days. But, as we learn from Mr. Gibson's Introduction, after the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot these lands had again been seized, having been "begged" by courtiers from a king who was ever most facile where he should have shown least favour. The shifting policy of James I. afterwards allowed some relaxation in the treatment of his Roman Catholic subjects, as is incidentally shown by the circumstance that the then Mr. Blundell of Crosby could establish in his own grounds a burial-place for members of his own faith. But early in Charles I.'s reign this was pulled down, and the owner, together with some of his tenants who had resisted the sheriff's officers when levying a Recusancy fine, was imprisoned and mulcted in money by the Star Chamber —whose tender mercies were by no means confined to Puritan recalcitrance. William Blundell, however, prefers to appeal to the sufferings and services of himself and his more immediate belongings. Among his hundred kinsmen or kinswomen who had at one time or another entered the priesthood of the Church of Rome or taken religious vows in it, he could number not less than seven children of his own. It elsewhere appears that in the three generations in the midst of which William Blundell stood, seventeen Blundells, male and female, devoted themselves to a religious life. In stating this fact, which may at first sight seem surprising in times when danger if not death waited upon such devotion, Mr. Gibson takes occasion to dwell on the blindness towards its own interests exhibited by the Protestant legislature in excluding the sons of Roman Catholic gentlemen from all suitable secular employment. The Church of Rome could thus command the services of the only class of persons among its members who had the means and opportunity of becoming priests; while the Recusant gentry obtained chaplains congenial to themselves by their birth and breeding. The proscribed Order of Jesus in particular, which in William Blundell's time is stated by him to have possessed five colleges in England, and which in the year 1601 was supposed to number as many as 109 members in this country, and altogether 280 members of English birth, attracted many gentlemen into its ranks, though for obvious reasons they frequently were known under assumed names only.

Had not (continues William Blundell) so many male scions of his family been in orders, more of them would have been found under arms on the King's side—for, of course, "there were none at all that fought on y^e Rebells' side." But even so, "there has been very many" who fought for the King—as indeed it is well known that few Catholic families showed any slackness in this respect. Indeed, in a treatise on the Penal Laws, published by William Blundell himself, and cited by Mr. Gibson, it was asserted that "whereas the Catholic gentry of the Kingdom were computed before the wars at one-fifteenth of the whole, no less than one-third or one-fourth of the officers of the King's army were Catholics." And yet, as we learn from one of the Clarendon MSS., when the King set up his standard at Nottingham, he had inhibited all Recusants from resorting to his army. William Blundell's own services as a soldier were brilliant, though brief. Towards the end of the evil year 1642 he had accepted a captain's commission, "for the defence," among other things, "of the Protestant religion," under the gallant Sir Thomas Tildesley, who, after his long-sustained devotion to the Royal cause, was destined to fall in Lord Derby's unfortunate affair at Wigan in 1651. Lord Derby (then still Lord Strange) had, as readers of Clarendon will remember, allowed the wish to be father to the thought when calculating on a fuller support in Lancashire for the King's cause than it actually received there; the commissions granted by those acting in conjunction with him in this and in the neighbouring county were the less likely to be interfered with. William Blundell, though then but two-and-twenty years of age, was already an old married man. He had received his early training in all probability at "one of the secret places of education" in England, "well-known to those who adhered to the ancient faith" —about which we should have been interested to learn more from Mr. Gibson than he finds space to tell us, more especially as that in which William Blundell was brought up seems to have helped to implant in him a genuine love of learning. Then, he had married when fifteen years old, in order that, his father having died, his grandfather might make a fresh settlement of the family estates and thus avert from them the peril to which they were liable under the Recusancy Acts. But he now readily took service at the head of a company of dragoons raised by himself, doubtless from among his tenants, and bore a conspicuous share in the successful assault upon Lancaster. The wound, however, which he on this occasion received put an end to his military career, and made him a cripple for life—he was afterwards called Halt-Will by his facetious Lancashire neighbours. Although the resistance which he continued to offer to the adversaries of the Royal cause was by no means only of a passive kind, he had henceforth to assert it, and to suffer for it, in a corner. He was "4 tymes taken prisoner and p^d his ransom twice"; while his estates were sequestrated for a period of something like ten years —one-fifth being allowed to his wife, and the demesne [illegible] diately around his house being farmed by himself. Then, in the year 1653, he was allowed to compound for the repurchase of his lands with his own money, or rather with what he had scraped together for the purpose. But he preferred to spend the years 1658–1660 on the Continent, whence he had the happiness of returning on board the *Royal Charles*, lately the *Naseby*, in company with the King himself. It was here that, as William Blundell mentions in his Note Book, King Charles took occasion to measure his height against the lintel of the cabin, and to justify by anticipation the assertion of a famous epigram that he was "of a tall stature." The loyal Cavalier avers that though sundry tall persons "went under the King's mark, none could reach it"; but he rather seems to imply that it might have been reached by "an Irish stripling under 17 years of age," whom he saw on a subsequent occasion, and who, he thinks, measured "7 ft. 2½ in. in his shoes, which were not high. He was languid and listless, and not comely, although he was straight." There were, however, other giants in those days, the Hollander, for instance, whom Mr. Blundell saw for 6*d.* in the Strand.

"The persecution occasioned by the late plot"—the Popish Plot to wit—of which His Majesty would be likely enough to retain a remembrance, is pointedly referred to in the petition to King James. From a letter written by William Blundell in 1673, and cited by Mr. Gibson in his Introduction, it is clear how the hopes of the Catholics had already been turned into misgivings, the expression of which is here accompanied by reflections which are not the less bitter for the self-restraint observed in them. After speaking of a villanous book of Prynne's advocating the principle of Resistance, and of the apologies offered for the beheading of King Charles "by Milton and others," he continues in words which deserve citing in full:—

> Yet Milton and those are pardoned and live in security. Prynne, as is very well known, was an eminent Parliament man, a mortal foe to the Papists, and was cherished with a very fair salary and with singular places of trust since the King came in. I think we do not seek for preferment. For my own part, I am sure I only plead "pro domo mea," for the same house and lands which I lost for my duty to the King, to a pack of those arch villains, and purchased it from them again after nine or ten years' sequestration, with money which I borrowed. My limbs, my goods, my liberty, I lost on the same account. Many others of ours lost life and all. And ours and our greatest enemies' principles are still the same. If we must therefore beg or hang, I pray God bless the King, and the will of God be done. My dearest sir, I wish as much as you that *we were together one day before we suffer*.

The gloomy forebodings implied by this last phrase are in some measure explained by the fact that this letter was written just about the time when King Charles, after withdrawing his unlucky Declaration of Indulgence, gave his assent to the Test Act, which was its direct consequence. Before long, the old Recusancy penalties were being enacted again; and when the Popish Plot agitation broke out, Mr. Blundell's Catholic tenants, and, by implication, their landlord, were impoverished by the exaction of the monthly fine of 20*l.* Before this, the loyal Cavalier had been troubled to see his "trusty old sword" taken from him ('w^{ch} had been my companion w^n I lost my limbs, my lands, my liberty, for acting against the rebels in the King's behalf) by an officer appointed for y^e purpose, who in that former old war had been a captaine against y^e King." But amidst indignities and injuries he stood firm; and when, on his application to Government for a pass to go abroad, he was called upon previously to enter into his recognisances not to return without a licence, he refused, on any consideration, to "lead the life of an outlaw." He ultimately obtained an unconditional licence, and resided in France for some months.

The petition, as we have seen, was never presented, and, after the brief respite of King James II.'s reign, the sorely-tried Cavalier's trials began again. He was imprisoned at Manchester in the pleasant company of Mr. Towneley of Towneley, the head of the famous Roman Catholic family which died out only the other day; and after his release he spent the remainder of his life at home at Little Crosby—prohibited by the Act from moving beyond the length of his "five miles' chain." Four years before his death, which occurred in 1698, three king's messengers had arrived there to carry him off on the charge of participation in that "Lancashire plot" which the same miscreant invented and exploded. They respected the grey hairs of the worthy old man, however, and contented themselves with carrying off his son, together with some of the contents of his gun-room and stables.

We have reproduced the main events in the life of the Cavalier, and have thus left ourselves no space for describing at any length the contents of his Note-Book. It is, however, not only full of details interesting in themselves with regard to the manners and notions of an age which diaries and drama together have made so vivid to us that we can never read enough about it. Here once more we are reminded of its drinking and dicing, and, above all, of its duelling—against which William Blundell wages war like a gallant gentleman who could well afford to do so—as well as of features which are less distinctive of it as compared with other periods. Among these we do not know whether to include the commercial dishonesty of the age, on which Mr. Blundell might be thought to be unduly severe, after the manner of country gentlemen; were it not that in his opinion English traders compared unfavourably with the Dutch, for whom he could have no special liking. In spending money, on the other hand, he has evidence to show that Lancashire folk are ahead of the rest of England. As, for instance, "a man who showed a

dromedary in most parts of England told me (1662) that he found more profit thereby in Lancashire than in any other county." A considerable variety of other curious information appears in the Cavalier's notes, which are learnedly margined with Latin headings, together with some entertaining, if not always deeply instructive, observations *de Anglicè scribendi* or *loquendi modo;* and even a good story or two, which we regret not to have room to quote. But the chief value of the Note-Book is, after all, that it completes the picture of as true a gentleman as has ever unconsciously sat for his portrait to himself. Of the sturdy adherence of William Blundell to the faith of his fathers we have given sufficient proof; nor is it very surprising to find in a man of his times and training a considerable amount of superstitiousness of a general kind, and a firm belief in God's *judicia in Catholicorum hostes.* But such men as he are no mere puppets in the hands of others. Not only does he (in a letter of the year 1679) declare that "as for invasions, it hath ever been my professed principle, that all, even Catholic subjects of a lawful Protestant King (such as King Charles y^e 2^d.) are obliged faithfully to adhere to that King in all invasions w'soever, though made by Catholic princes or even by the Pope himself." Not only was his head full of plans of social reforms which in their variety almost recall the busy philanthropy of Defoe, and which bespeak an independent as well as a benevolent mind. Active in nearly every direction open to him, an energetic farmer and a successful author, he must at the same time have had that true politeness of which he seems so thoroughly to appreciate the worth, and which goes to, because it comes from, the heart. One of his favourite rules in thinking and speaking of others seems to have been *judge not*—a precept which not all that are persecuted as he was find it easy to obey. We sincerely trust that *A Cavalier's Note-Book* will find many readers equally desirous with ourselves of making acquaintance with the half-promised *Letter Book* from the same hand.

MISS BOUVERIE.*

WE felt well disposed towards this novel as soon as we had glanced at the title-page and begun to cut the leaves. In the first place, we saw that it was written by Mrs. Molesworth; and Mrs. Molesworth, we knew, always writes pleasantly. In the second place, though there are three volumes, each volume has not very many pages. In the third place, the type is large and the lines have been kept well apart. It was a book, we saw, that we could read easily and rapidly. In this respect it differed greatly from many of the stories that have lately come under our notice. A novel—at least the novel of one of the minor writers—should, we hold, never be so long but that it can be read with ease on a summer afternoon or a winter evening. We do not want to take the plot either to dinner or to bed with us. It is like a bottle of light wine—it should be finished at a sitting. Now *Miss Bouverie* is lively enough to keep the reader's attention fixed, and it is short enough to allow him to read the closing chapter before he has had time to forget the opening scenes. There is no call made at any time upon his understanding. There are no family trees which he must carefully study, and no complications to worry him by the demand they make on his memory and his sagacity. There is, indeed, an eccentric will, or rather a settlement; but something of the kind must of course be allowed to every author. Wills and settlements are almost as needful to novelists as are mulberry-leaves to silkworms. Deprived of them, they would find it a nearly hopeless task to attempt to spin a plot. With a liberal supply of villains, no doubt a story may be written without the help of any legal complications; but then in villains Mrs. Molesworth's strong point does not seem to lie. She is apparently happily aware of her own deficiencies; and, knowing very little of villainy, she is wise enough and moderate enough not to introduce it in her stories. Her worst character in the book before us is a young French lady—heartless enough, no doubt—who nearly scares the poor heroine out of her wits by coming upon her at nighttime in the disguise of a family ghost. Nevertheless, in spite of the absence of the wickedness with which so many of our writers now fill their stories, these three volumes are never dull. Life, we are forced to admit, can be fairly interesting even when murderers and forgers are wanting; nor does it seem needful, in order to keep the reader from falling asleep over his novel, to bring in a fresh criminal—or, at all events, a fresh crime—with the opening pages of each chapter. But from these somewhat general considerations, into which we have naturally fallen on laying down the last of Mrs. Molesworth's pleasant volumes, it is time to pass to some account of the story itself.

In the opening scene we are introduced to Miss Laura Bouverie, the heroine, when she was a child of eight. Her grandfather, Squire Sydney, had married twice. From his first wife was descended the hero of the story, Hugh Sydney; and from the second, who was a French lady, Laura Bouverie. Hugh's father had resented the second marriage, and had behaved to his foreign stepmother with the greatest rudeness. The old squire, in a passion, "had completely disinherited him," leaving all his property to his only daughter, Laura's mother. No one of his family knew what he had done till he was on his deathbed. Then, when there was no possibility of undoing it, he began to repent. He sent for his son-in-law, Mr. Bouverie, who had been left a widower with one daughter, and told him of the settlement that he had made. "It," he said, "was irrevocable—unalterable, at least, for many years to come." All he could do was to beg him to surrender one half of his income to his son's widow and child. But Mr. Bouverie met with an unexpected obstacle in carrying out the dying man's wishes. The disinherited descendant obstinately refused to be reconciled with his dead grandfather. He would not take back any part of the property. Would he have condescended to receive it, he might have had even the old family mansion; but he persisted, instead, on entering the army and going to India. Here he and the heroine part—he a dashing young subaltern, and she a pretty little girl of eight years old. The curtain at once falls upon the scene, and is not lifted till twelve years have gone by. She then is old enough—a year or so too old some perchance will say—to be a heroine, while the proper time has arrived for him to return home on his leave of absence. In her eyes he has always remained the hero that she held him to be when she was a little girl, while he, on his part, had never forgotten his little cousin. Unhappily he had brought with him from India all the pride that he had taken there, and his pride was at once awakened by a scheming, match-making aunt. The cousins were to meet for the first time at a dance. Laura was all eagerness for the meeting to which she had so long been looking forward, but she was at once chilled by his cold greeting. He had learnt that all the family expected that he would marry her, and so recover the estate of which his father had been deprived. He had been led to believe, moreover, that she was a party to this family scheme. The misunderstandings into which the cousins fall are cleverly described. Both were proud, and both, moreover, somewhat too suspicious. The chances of their ever being reconciled, much more of their ever being married, seemed remote indeed:—

> "I shall never like him again," she said to herself, "*never*. I know I am not vindictive or easily offended, but once a person has behaved as he did—considering all the circumstances—it shows a hard, selfish, unsympathetic nature, and such a nature one *could* not like. How can he have changed so utterly? To think that I once put my silly little arms round his neck, and cried, and would not let him go—and how tender he was! There were tears in his own eyes. He could not bear to see anything suffer. I remember when one of my doves hurt its leg. And all these years I see now that he has been a sort of unconscious hero to me—the personification of manliness and goodness, and everything nice. What can have changed him so? Even if it were to turn out just a fit of bad temper, with which I had nothing to do, I should not like him. I don't mind some kinds of bad temper, but I hate a kind that makes one hard and indifferent to others' feelings—— —"
>
> "But no," she decided, after further reflection, "it couldn't have been merely bad temper. It was a *parti pris*, for fear of my presuming on our relationship to be too friendly." Laura's cheeks glowed at the thought. "I suppose he is so accustomed to be adored. Oh! I *do* so hope he didn't see me hold out my hands—how could I have been such an idiot? No, no, I can never forget it—I can never like him—he has hurt and mortified me too much. But I *won't* think of him."

We are so accustomed to find, whenever a young lady announces her intention of never liking a young gentleman, that she is within a few days of accepting him, and a few weeks of marrying him, that we were not in the least discomposed by Miss Laura's soliloquy. But our confidence did begin to get shaken as the story went on, and no reconciliation came. Half way through the first volume she again repeats, and repeats emphatically, that she will *never*—with a dash under it—modify her opinions. Some forty pages further on, when talking to herself, as she was very much given to do for want of a confidant, she exclaimed, "Ah! if there is one person in the world I do honestly dislike, it is you, my dear cousin, Hugh Sydney!" At the close of this volume she says that she cannot imagine herself ever liking Major Sydney. We are only as yet in the first volume, and many a pair of lovers have by that time got quite as far apart. But matters do not improve. She begins the second volume by announcing that she is never going to marry, and that she intends to grow from a young woman into an old maid. Well, that is what, according to our literary experience, most young ladies say at some period or other of their life; but it is scarcely a sentiment that outlives the first volume. Laura, however, goes on from bad to worse. In page 71 of this second volume, again in a soliloquy, she exclaims passionately, "Hugh Sydney, I detest you. I hate and detest you." In page 75 she speaks of him as "that horrid Hugh who has spoilt all the pleasures of the visit." In page 157 her full assurance returns of the old maidenhood that awaits her. "To-day," she says, "has taught me that more surely than ever, I shall never marry; I am different from other girls." We reach the close of the second volume, only to find that the third begins with the same atrocious sentiments. But towards the middle of the third—not a moment too soon, the experienced reader will allow—she shows some slight signs of softening. "'I really do feel as if I *hated* him sometimes,' she said to herself. . . . 'I won't mind him—no, I *won't!*'" Still nearer the end than this, she turns towards the Major, "with an actual smile of satirical amusement on her face," which was, he felt, worse than "her hottest, most contemptuous, indignation," while a moment after "she turned away from him with the haughtiest coldness." Less than forty pages from the end "she hardened her heart against him," while he had announced his intention of starting at once for India. Things did certainly look a little brighter in the next paragraph, when the tears rose unbidden to her eyes; but with less than forty pages—pages, too, with the lines printed well apart, with so proud and obstinate a hero and heroine, and with such sad misunderstandings between them—what can we expect even the most skilful

* *Miss Bouverie.* By Mrs. Molesworth, Author of "Hathercourt Rectory," "The Cuckoo Clock," "The Tapestry Room," &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1880.

writer to do? But matters are worse even than this. The author has a second pair of lovers on her hands, who also have complications of their own so great that they would seem to us to need half-a-dozen chapters to themselves before they could get them thoroughly disentangled. She has also on her hands the spiteful young French lady and a family ghost, not to mention an elderly uncle, a baronet moreover, who is ill of the smallpox. How the story is brought to an end, whether there is still a Miss Bouverie, an old maid by this time, and whether Major Sydney again served his country in India, or whether a means has been at length found to carry through the wishes of the penitent old Squire, we must leave our readers to discover for themselves by turning to the concluding chapter of Mrs. Molesworth's pleasant story.

By no means the least interesting and clever character in the book is one on whom we have not even touched—Laura's French cousin, M. De La Croye. By the way, Mrs. Molesworth seems to us to have taken so strong a prejudice against the nation to which he belonged that, when she wants to introduce a really good Frenchman, she is forced to give him a German mother. We could wish she had carried her prejudices one step further, and, when she was giving us conversation that was spoken in French, had always turned it into undoubted English. "What have you, M. le Major?" in the sense in which it is meant, is but a poor piece of mongrel writing. We must object also to one or two of the expressions which she puts into the mouths of English people of forty years ago. At that time we doubt whether even schoolboys talked of "lots of children" and "lots of houses." Most certainly young ladies did not. A fine day was not called "perfect weather," nor did a country parson ever "feel intuitively." Neither would he have discovered in a young Frenchman "something intangible and impalpable which prevented him putting him down." We doubt even whether "palely glowing colza" as yet was known. In those days long words, no doubt, were used; but a sentence usually ended as finely as it began. A paragraph that opened with "annoying contradictoriness," and went on to "disagreeable consciousness," would not have been wound up "with a wet blanket" and "a shove in the right direction." But faults such as these are not very common in Mrs. Molesworth's pages, and we must not therefore part with her in a too critical mood. On the contrary, our last words must be our thanks for the pleasant and innocent story with which she has beguiled a few hours of our time.

HOLLAND'S ELEMENTS OF JURISPRUDENCE.*

(Second Notice.)

IN a former article on this book we expressed our doubts as to the claim of Jurisprudence to exist as an abstract science beside and apart from the study of particular legal systems; at the same time we admitted that the treatment of it as such may in the present state of English legal education and literature be provisionally justified. We have now to see how Professor Holland handles the subject which he has defined as the formal science of law. His exposition, we may say at once, is clear and careful throughout, and the work will for law students' purposes be a great improvement on Austin. Though considerably less bulky, it is more complete, more symmetrical, and more intelligible. As literature it is almost incomparably better. Austin's painfully laboured style has an effect amounting to repulsion on some persons, of whom we confess ourselves to be. Professor Holland's is concise without abruptness, flowing without tediousness, and distinct without wearisome repetitions.

The subjects discussed at the outset are naturally the definition of law and the theory of sovereignty. The two chapters on the various usages of the word *law* might perhaps bear to be yet further shortened; we doubt whether their subject is properly within the scope of jurisprudence. Professor Holland's definition of law runs thus:—"A general rule of external human action enforced by a sovereign political authority"—or, should we say, purporting to be enforced? for not every sovereign can make sure of enforcing his commands; and sometimes laws are made without even any great intention of enforcing them. We do not see why this should not come at the very beginning, with the statement that only such laws as answer this description are the subject of legal science. However, the opening chapters as they stand form a good introduction to the modern terminology. Proceeding to the theory of sovereignty, Professor Holland confesses and avoids Sir Henry Maine's criticism of the extreme analytical doctrine, and sums up his own result in these words:—"It is convenient to recognize as laws only such rules as are enforced by a sovereign political authority, although there are states of society in which it is difficult to ascertain as a fact what rules answer to this description." But the qualification seems to us not quite adequate in the states of society specified by Sir Henry Maine, and to this day prevailing over a large part of the earth, the difficulty is not merely to ascertain what rules of conduct are true laws, but to find any person or body answering the description of a sovereign political authority in the sense required by the analytical school. The half-dozen pages on customary law strike us as particularly good. Professor Holland brings out and harmonizes the elements of truth in the opposed views of the English analytical and the German historical jurists. Austin's contention that customary law "is nothing but judiciary law founded on an anterior custom" is disallowed as being repugnant to the facts. The Courts decide whether an alleged custom is or is not binding, not at their pleasure, but according to settled rules. The conditions on which the validity of a custom depends must be present, if they are present, before the case occurs for decision; just as the text of an Act of Parliament has the force of law when the Act is passed, though it may afterwards call for judicial interpretation. In this case the retrospective application of the construction arrived at by the Court is obviously necessary; and what takes place when a custom is allowed is essentially the same. Indeed similar considerations might be shown to apply largely, though not universally, to the declaration of rules of common law; so that in this sense, though not in the sense intended by Austin, his dictum above cited may be accepted.

In the chapter on Rights a series of definitions is carefully and elegantly worked out; the distinction between might, moral right (as sanctioned by existing positive morality), and legal right, is exceedingly well put, and ought to nip in the bud a good many fine flowers of confused thinking. The only point on which a little more explanation might be useful is the difference between positive morality and ideal morality, which is not expressly noticed. Legal right is defined as a capacity residing in one man (we should rather say "person," as man does not include artificial persons) of controlling, with the assent and assistance of the State, the actions of others. In popular usage we speak elliptically of a man having a right to use his property as he likes, and so forth; whereas his right is, accurately speaking, to prevent other people from interfering with his use. This does not, in our opinion, affect the correctness of the definition. With regard to persons as subjects of rights and duties ("Träger der Rechtsverhältnisse," as the Germans more neatly have it), Professor Holland has invented two new terms; he calls the person entitled "the person of inherence," and the person bound "the person of incidence." We doubt if these are necessary, but they are at least innocent. In his general classification of the subject-matter of positive law Professor Holland takes rights in preference to duties as the starting-point. This arrangement is perhaps the more easily understood at first sight, but we are disposed to regret the choice. It is impossible to arrange a body of law under a scheme of rights without some dislocation or repetition. After going through the categories of substantive rights, you have to start afresh with a catalogue of wrongs, consisting to a great extent in the breach of duties corresponding to the rights which have already been set forth. Another objection is that all rights have corresponding duties, while some duties (Austin's "absolute duties") have no corresponding rights, and therefore a classification founded on rights is by the nature of the case incomplete. But this is not admitted by Professor Holland, who maintains that the State's being the fountain of legal right does not prevent the State from having rights as well as any other artificial person, or even from having duties "such as it prescribes to itself," in so far as it submits to the jurisdiction and the decisions of its own Courts. This, we think, is just; yet there are various duties of a more or less public kind as to which it is not easy to say where the corresponding rights are, and cases are frequent in practice where there is no doubt as to the person bound, but the person entitled can be ascertained only after a fixed or precarious lapse of time, or by judicial decision between adverse claims. It is true that the devolution of duties (*e.g.* those attached to trust estates) is also at times difficult to trace.

It is satisfactory to find that Professor Holland retains the ancient and fundamental division of Private and Public Law, and disapproves rather summarily of Austin's curious aberration on this point. Few as English attempts at legal classification have been, we have already had far too much of straining after novelty for novelty's sake. One or two late writers, whose ambition is apparently to be the Blackstones of our time, have made their work all but worthless by deliberate confusion of the familiar boundaries. With regard to the troublesome question of the law of status and its due place in a system, Professor Holland starts from the citizen of full age and capacity as having "normal rights." Differences in status consist in departures or degradations from this normal capacity, which are attached to particular personal conditions, such as infancy or coverture. The rights and duties which arise from the relations of normal citizens to one another come naturally to be considered in the first place; then we consider them as they may be affected by the abnormal condition of one or both parties. "The inquiry into the law of Persons is thus supplementary and secondary to that into the residue of the law, commonly called the law of Things." To this it may be added that the law of Persons is more subject to historical and local variations, and more difficult to refer to any generally accepted principles. Take, for instance, the rules on such a topic as the contract of sale, as we find them in the *Corpus Juris*, and as they now exist in any State of the civilized world, and then make the like comparison as to marriage and its legal incidents and consequences. In the first case the differences will be appreciable; but—whether as between the Roman and any particular modern system, or as between the laws of different modern States—they will be trifling as compared with those which strike us in the second. At the same time the importance of the law of Persons as compared with the law of Things is ever on the wane in modern systems. In Hindu law the family and caste are everything, and equal rights of equal individuals are next to nothing.

* *The Elements of Jurisprudence.* By Thomas Erskine Holland, D.C.L. &c. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1880.

In the world of modern law, caste and slavery, the great ancient heads of personal inequality, have disappeared, and the law of Persons is but a fraction of the whole body. These are additional reasons for putting the law of Things, with Professor Holland, before the law of Persons; and yet we confess to a certain lingering prejudice in favour of the Roman arrangement. As to the nomenclature, there is a little awkwardness in using the term "abnormal" for a condition such as infancy, through which every natural person has to pass, or the existence of a corporation, which is not only familiar in every civilized country, but is really an extension of the power of the individuals composing it. But it is etymologically appropriate (see Professor Holland's declension-diagram on the model of the old grammars at p. 225), and nothing better has yet been proposed.

Professor Holland speaks of "antecedent" instead of primary or sanctioned, and "remedial" instead of secondary or sanctioning rights. It occurs to us that "substantive" and "adjective" might do as well, and mark more distinctly the relation of rights to procedure. We have already "substantive law" and "adjective law," the latter being the law of procedure. Now remedial rights are the rights with which the law of procedure is concerned. Primary or antecedent rights are enforced only through the medium of these, as there can be no proceeding except by some one who has a right to proceed. Why not, then, use the term "adjective rights" for the rights which are worked out by adjective law? Moreover the term "remedial" is not always appropriate; there are proceedings, such as interpleader and payment of money into Court by a trustee, where the first step is taken by a party who seeks to be relieved, not against some one else's breach of duty, but against the risk of unwilling breach of duty on his own part. That in so doing he exercises a right is clear; but it can hardly be called either sanctioning or remedial.

We need not follow Professor Holland minutely through the various topics of Private Law. On the law of ownership it is neither easy nor desirable to say anything very new, though, in mentioning what things cannot be property, Professor Holland makes the rather sweeping statement that "air *and water* are obviously for the free use of all mankind." As regards water there is obviously a great deal, such as ponds in private grounds, which is not for the free use of mankind in any sense, and still more, such as portions of rivers subject to rights of lower riparian owners, of which the use is not free in the sense of being unlimited. However, it is true that water running or standing in its natural state cannot be stolen; and Blackstone even speaks of "the elements of light, air, and water," as things which "must of necessity continue common by the law of nature." Under the head of rights *in personam*, Professor Holland makes a chapter of rights *ex lege;* we should prefer to say rights appendant or rights annexed by law, as *ex lege* in this sense is hardly good Latin. This term comprises the rights of husband and wife (because, though the existence of the state of marriage depends on the will of the parties, its incidents do not), with other family relations; trusts; the quasi-contracts of the civil law, the fictitious contracts of English law which were the subject of the old "common counts," and some other relations of a like sort arising from circumstances independent of contract. We do not find any notice of the analogous rights *in rem* which belong to the head of quasi-delicts in Roman law, and with us have been established by the class of decisions laying down the measure of an owner's liability for the safe keeping of dangerous things. Before entering on contracts proper, Professor Holland remarks in effect that the action in "tort founded on contract" of English law is from the scientific point of view anomalous, which is true; nevertheless the action in tort is, as matter of history, much the older; and it must be remembered that down to the Common Law Procedure Act the commonest form of action on contracts was a modified action on the case. There must have been a widely spread notion that even when the contract was not enforceable as such, say for want of formality, it created a kind of special duty of which a wilful or negligent breach would be actionable.

In the chapter on Remedial Rights it is said that, "so long as all goes well the action of the law is dormant"; we think it should have been added that so far as things do go well it is in some measure due to general knowledge that the law, if broken, will be enforced, and that thus the law is really most operative when least conspicuous. International law is happily described as "the vanishing point of Jurisprudence"; and here we leave Professor Holland on the verge of the ground specially assigned to him by his office, on which, however, the plan of his work forbids him now to enter at any length.

RAILWAY ROMANCES.*

THE sentimental argument against railways—that they spoil the picturesqueness which belonged to "the country," whether here, on the Continent, or across wider seas than divide us from other European lands—has been frequently employed, and has no doubt something to back it. It is true that the vast power and speed of an express train as it dashes through a station, or the long curling line of smoke left by an engine to mark its track across a distant landscape, have in them something which must seem in different ways striking; but the fact remains that wherever machinery comes in, primitive beauty must give place, and that many quiet and pretty places have been rendered hideous and noisy by the increase of railway enterprise. Yet the "resonant steam-eagles" are not without their own romantic attractions. They have given many newspaper correspondents the opportunity of writing fresh and picturesque "copy"; they have inspired Mr. Alexander Anderson, "surface-man," to write some very vigorous and telling verses; they have afforded countless catastrophes to novelists, good and bad, in many languages; and, lastly, they have provided M. Camille Debans with an occasion for a somewhat new and decidedly successful literary venture. The volume called *Les Drames à Toute Vapeur* does not deal entirely with railway life—indeed two striking stories contained in it have nothing to do with steam-power—but the greater number of the tales collected in the book are directly concerned with railways, and seem to warrant the heading prefixed to this article.

M. Debans attracts one first as the *romancier* of the railway, secondly as a very skilful and forcible manipulator of the French language. His description in "L'Ile de Feu" of unknown portents in an unknown country is not unworthy of the master under whose influence it seems to have been conceived; but, before we get to this, our attention is arrested by the simple pathos of the pointsman's story ("L'Aiguilleur") and the "nouveau frisson" suggested by "Sombreker." The motive of the pointsman's story has been used before; but there is real freshness in M. Debans's treatment both of the horrible wavering in the old soldier's mind between paternal love and discipline, allied with a sense of duty to a mass of fellow-beings, and of the final event which rewards virtue. "Sombreker" is a new study, and, as we have hinted, suggests a new horror. The principal personage who gives his name to the story is an engine-driver, son of an old fisherman of dauntless courage, which he has inherited along with some, other strange characteristics. When Sombreker was a boy, he was out with his father in the fishing-boat that was the resource of the family, and a violent wind obliged them to run out to sea rather than seek a dangerous return to the shore. While his father strained every nerve to combat the storm, "il vit son fils, debout sur la frêle embarcation qui craquait, regarder insolemment le ciel et la mer dans un défi. Il semblait savourer l'orage. Le vieux Sombreker se ressouvint alors que son fils avait été conçu pendant une nuit où le vent et le tonnerre faisaient fureur. 'Il sera le roi de la mer si je deviens assez vieux pour en faire un capitaine,' pensait souvent le pêcheur." The old fisher however did not live to see this dream realized, and Léger Sombreker, when he grew up, became an engine-driver on the Lyons railway. He married, and had one son, to whom he was devoted. "Voir grandir son fils, vieillir avec sa femme et dévorer l'espace sur sa *Durance*—c'était le nom de sa machine—voilà toute sa vie." He was respected both by his mates and by his superiors for his skill and his excellent conduct, and this respect was increased by a daring act of gallantry which he performed one day. A child was seen standing straight in the path of the advancing train, and paid no attention to the shouts of Léger and his stoker. Léger made his way to the front of the engine, "s'accroupit, emboîta son pied derrière l'une de ces énormes lanternes qui sont comme les yeux du monstre, et se laissa aller ainsi, suspendu la tête en bas." The stoker cried to him, "You are mad, you will kill yourself"; but he paid no attention to anything but the figure of the child, which to him, in his strange attitude, seemed to be advancing towards him with violent rapidity. Suddenly the stoker threw out his arms and closed his eyes. "Un cri retentait aux oreilles du pauvre homme, puis il entendit pleurer l'enfant. Sombreker, se relevant à moitié, s'accrocha d'une main à la lanterne, de l'autre il tenait pressé contre lui le petit être ahuri."

One day the usually impassive Léger was found in the engine-shed giving way to a furious storm of passion because some one had made a great stain of paint on his locomotive. The violence of his rage, and the caressing epithets which he addressed to the *Durance*, made the bystanders suspect that there was something wrong, and the directors were warned of it by several anonymous letters, to which however, knowing Léger's excellent qualities, they paid no attention. Soon after this he ran through Melun and Fontainebleau at full speed without stopping, to the disgust of all the passengers who had taken tickets for those places. Even this was forgiven him, and the chief engineer, who administered a severe reproof to him, failed to see anything strange or alarming in Sombreker's manner. Presently his madness, still unsuspected in spite of his increasing devotion to the *Durance* and neglect of his wife and child, burst out in a terrible way. He started from Paris with his wife and his child, Yvon, in the carriage next to the engine, a circumstance which tended to reassure Chaussang the stoker, who since the Melun incident had no great love for travelling with Léger. At Montereau Léger got down to speak to his wife and Yvon, and when the train started again he put on full steam. The passengers said to each other, with the "sourire jaune" which is common in such circumstances, "Nous allons un train d'enfer." As the train neared Sens, Chaussang thought it was time to slacken speed. "We are coming to Sens," he observed. "Well?" replied Léger. "We must stop." "Stop!" cried Léger; "we have scarcely begun to move. Stop! Understand this. We shall stop when we have gone round the world." And with these words he increased the pace of the *Durance*, in which for a long time past he had secretly been making certain alterations with a view to getting from her a higher rate

* *Les Drames à Toute-Vapeur.* Par Camille Debans. Paris: Plon et Cie.

of speed. Chaussang appealed and threatened in vain. Léger only replied by laughing in the very frenzy of his delight. They rushed through Sens at lightning speed. By this time alarm had seized on all the passengers, except a newly-married couple in one carriage. "Les amoureux et les fous, c'est tout un. Sombreker et les deux mariés étaient les seuls qui fussent calmes en ce moment." In the other carriages scenes of a harrowing kind took place. The telegraph had been set in motion to clear the way for the mad train, and from every place that it passed messages were sent to the chief office at Paris. At Dijon Chaussang, who at first had been overwhelmed by the vastness of the catastrophe, recovered his presence of mind. He shouted Yvon's name in Léger's ear, but without effect; and he then tried what force would do. As the train flashed through Dijon the crowd of spectators caught a glimpse of two men struggling violently on the engine. The fight was fierce and brief, and Léger won it. When he saw the stoker lying exhausted on the coals he addressed the *Durance* with cries of triumph and encouragement, and breaking the stem of the safety-valve he covered it with an enormous mass of coal. "'C'est donc le diable!' grommela Chaussang. 'Cette fois c'est bien fini.'" Then he made his way to the first carriage, and at the risk of his life and of the child's, and in spite of its mother's violent resistance, he carried Yvon back to the engine with him. All that he gained by this was the warm thanks of Léger, by whose side Yvon stood, delighting as much as his father in the furious and ever increasing speed of the train. Then a man in the first carriage took out a gun which he had with him and fired at Léger without hitting him; but, before he could repeat the attempt, Marie, Léger's wife, tore the gun from his hand and flung it out at the window. Meanwhile one of the back carriages caught fire. Certain sounds on the engine told Chaussang that the end was approaching. Water at the same time was wanted for the boiler, and Chaussang knew that, if it was supplied, the final catastrophe would take place at once. With a cord which he had got from a passenger, he tied up the tap of the reservoir, and the time it took Léger to undo the fastenings just sufficed for Chaussang, carrying Yvon in his arms, to unfasten the couplings of the engine:—

La locomotive essoufflée ayant elle-même été poussée par le train, le chauffeur avait pu dévisser le lien et détacher les chaînes. Il était maintenant debout sur le tampon, cramponné d'une main à son bâton de houx, de l'autre soutenant l'enfant de Sombreker. La locomotive dégagée du poids du train, avait pris un nouvel élan, et filait avec la vélocité d'une balle. Les wagons, par suite de la vitesse acquise, roulèrent longtemps encore, mais en abandonnant bientôt cette rapidité vertigineuse. Les serre-freins, qui virent partir la machine en avant, serrèrent les roues avec fureur, et quelques instants après tout le monde était à terre. Un seul homme ne quittait pas sa place. C'était Chaussang. Il regardait la *Durance*, qui était déjà à huit cents mètres. Des ongles et des dents, Léger avait fini par dégager le robinet des cordes qui l'enlaçaient. On entendit comme une décharge d'artillerie. On vit des débris s'élever vers le ciel. La *Durance* avait volé en éclats, et le mécanicien Sombreker venait de sauter avec elle en poussant des cris de victoire.

Having given this brief account of one of M. Debans's striking stories, we do not propose to spoil his readers' pleasure by giving any particulars as to the remaining stories. Perhaps the best of them are "L'Ile de Feu" and "Le Cheval Fou," while the "Duel à Vapeur," a piece of extravagant humour, is the least successful. But the whole book may be safely recommended.

BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS.*

BEAUTY'S Daughters, as we know to our cost, is the third novel for which we are indebted to the anonymous author in the course of the last three years. We see no sufficient reason why she should not have written thirty, if her constitution and mechanical powers were only equal to the task. For novels of this kind need not involve the slightest strain on any one of the inventive faculties; and, having once struck into an easy line of her own, she follows it with an undeviating persistency which simplifies matters exceedingly. As we think we have had occasion to remark before, she seems to have taken for her models such lively feminine novelists as Miss Rhoda Broughton and Miss Helen Mathers, aping their unconventional methods and their more objectionable mannerisms, though at a great distance from them in point of ability. She has all their flippancy with none of their talent; yet, to do her justice, her style is in some respects original, and in its way it is very unmistakably realistic. She skims the most frivolous aspects of society, and evidently considers low comedy in dialogue to be her forte. Page after page, chapter after chapter, we have an exceedingly minute and exact reproduction of the very dullest and most vapid of small talk. Small as is the talk, still, as a rule, it is laboured—which at all events gives evidence of a certain conscientiousness; while we must add that she shows some retentiveness of memory, with a facility of adaptation within the range of her reading. When anything by comparison with the rest has the cheerful reflection of a sparkle, the chances are that it will be found to be travestied or taken without acknowledgment from the fancy of some popular novelist or poet.

The plot of *Beauty's Daughters* turns mainly on the vagaries of jealousy, or of the passions which may be supposed to pass for love. The author's characters, in the undefined inconsistencies of their outlines, are all of almost identical type; and, though they flutter through their volatile existence in the most fashionable circles, their free-and-easy manners are brusque to roughness, while their conversation is vulgar, and sometimes almost coarse. As for their behaviour in the love-scenes which are perpetually recurring, of that we shall have more to say presently. Little as they have profited by education or by their social opportunities, all have been marvellously gifted by nature and fortune. The girls—the Daughters of Beauty—are lovely enough to play the parts of so many Viviens even with sages like Merlin; and, in fact, they have the masculine world at their feet, struggling or intriguing for their smiles or their hands. Nor are the men unworthy to aspire to such transcendent charms, whether from the point of view of the daughters or of their more practically minded mothers. Every man of them appears to have been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, save one, who is subsequently compensated for his original impecuniousness by succeeding to a peerage with 8,000*l.* a year. This 8,000*l.* a year is relatively very modest; for, as a rule, when the author condescends to pecuniary details, she gives her eligibles at least 15,000*l.* per annum, with sundry magnificent seats in the country and sumptuous mansions in town. But of course, in summing-up a lover's recommendations, a coronet must count for a good deal. Nor is it wealth alone that has fallen to the lot of those singularly fortunate sons of prosperity. Every one of them might stand to a sculptor for an Adonis, though the godlike gifts of form with which they are invested are made to vary so as to suit a variety of tastes. And if the author is compelled occasionally to repeat herself in dashing in their portraits with her glowing colours, we cannot find it in our heart to be hard upon her. No ordinary ingenuity could be equal to ringing the changes in the fervid epithets which her descriptions demand. By way of showing her descriptive powers at their best, we shall venture to make one or two quotations at haphazard; though by being capriciously torn from their settings, the gems may lose something of the lustre that should blind us to their flaws. Here we have the family group of the Tremaines—a group which includes enchanting sister-heroines, of the mystic number of the Graces, and the Fates, and the Goddesses who contested the apple on Mount Ida. The Tremaines "are all handsome—the Tremaines would have scorned to acknowledge an 'ugly duckling.' For generations such a thing had not been so much as hinted at among them. Mrs. Tremaine, though arrived at that age when the question of birthdays is viewed with disfavour, is still very good to look at, and eminently aristocratic. She rejoices in the thin, transparent nostrils, the fine lips, the pale blue eyes, and high white brow that are generally supposed to belong by right to blue blood." Moreover, she has "a lingering perfect smile"; and we would call special attention to the nervous idiomatic English which describes her as "still very good to look at." We take the well-preserved Mrs. Tremaine to be a unique illustration of the effects of judicious grafting in the human species; for although the lady was no Tremaine by birth, it is implied that she had acquired the looks of the family by marriage. Her only son Brandrum, familiarly and habitually known as Brandy, "has curly hair and blue eyes, and a smile like a cherub; and women, as a rule, pet him more than is good for him." So apparently does the War Office; for, though he tells us himself that he and his colonel are at daggers drawn, yet he manages to get leave all the year round from his regiment. The portrait of his second sister, Gretchen, suggests a masterpiece by Greuze in its exquisite poetry of cream and carmines. "Pretty Gretchen! with her pale pure face, and little Grecian nose and great blue eyes, that remind one of nothing so much as the sweet Czar violet. She is two years younger than Kitty, and smaller and slighter, with an expression unspeakably calm and tender. To think of Gretchen is to think of moonlight, or the soft perfume of roses, or faint strains of music. To see her is to love her. To know her is 'a liberal education.'" As to what this last assertion may mean we have not the faintest conception, more especially as, for anything we learn from her to the contrary, Gretchen's own education has been utterly neglected. But, as Thackeray somewhere observes of a bit of his most eloquent burlesque, we cannot help thinking it is "mighty pretty writing." Then for the companion "portrait of a gentleman" we may turn to that of Gretchen's future husband. "A very tall young man, and, though somewhat slight, finely formed. He is fair, with that rich nut-brown hair through which soft threads of gold run generously; his face is not so much handsome as very beautiful. His eyes are large and of an intense blue; eyes that, before misfortune clouded them, were friends to laughter, but are now sad with unutterable melancholy. His mouth beneath his light moustache is tender and mobile but firm," &c. Nor is the mistress-touch less playfully vigorous in its frolicsome treatment of inanimate nature. In the room where Gretchen makes Kenneth's acquaintance, where her heart is filled with "a great and sudden pity" as she meets those eyes clouded with misfortune, "the fond little sunbeams, too, lest they should be forgotten, have stolen in and are flecking all they touch with gold."

But lest the exquisite pathos of this somewhat sombre interview should be too much for the feelings of our readers, we must lead them away among brighter and happier love-scenes. Successive chapters are as resonant of kisses and expressions of endearment as ever were the groves of the island of Cytheræa or the love-sick lyre of Anacreon. Kissing fills as conspicuous a place in *Beauty's Daughters* as in *Phyllis* or *Molly Bawn*. In their amorous drollery the young ladies are always suggesting to their lovers

* *Beauty's Daughters.* By the Author of "Phyllis," "Molly Bawn," &c. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1880.

that they have forgotten to kiss, or that they might like to kiss, or that they may hope to be rewarded with a kiss, or punished by a kiss being withheld; while similar jokes are worked out at unquestionable length and in questionable taste in sprightly dialogues between wife and husband. That we may do full justice to the refinements of the author's style, we shall make another extract from one of these sparkling conversations. Should our readers find it dull, we can hardly recommend them to read the novel. Gretchen has been married to Kenneth of the eyes clouded by misfortune, who, through the skill of a rising young surgeon, has been put in a fair way of being cured of an accident that had crippled his spine. Thinking of a natural mode of expressing her gratitude to her husband's benefactor, she says:—

"Do you know, Ken"—solemnly—"I almost feel as if I could kiss him."
"Oh, don't, you know," says Mr. Dugdale, mildly, "I really wouldn't, you know, if I were you. He wouldn't like it. It would frighten him to death. And then it would be such a horribly one-sided affair, you see. I'm positive he wouldn't return it. Think of the disgrace of that!"
"That, on the contrary, would be another inducement to do it. Well, perhaps I may not go so far as to embrace him, but I shall certainly want to do it all the time."
"Poor Blunt!" says Kenneth.

There is a certain "Fancy" Charteris, a most fascinating widow, who has more to answer for as a mischief-maker than anybody. She is a professional beauty, whose position is so strong that she can afford to snub an exceedingly grand Duchess who has dared to be uncivil to her. Among all the men whom her witcheries have befooled, none behaves more idiotically than Mr. Arthur Blunden, who was originally introduced as an unimpressionable cynic whose strong point was shrewd common sense. "Fancy" has lured him on to throw him over, by way of revenge for his having spoken contemptuously of her. But the lady has been snared in her own bird-lime, and, after a passionate scene or two, in which she does the better half of the love-making, she surrenders at discretion, accepting him for her husband. We should have fancied that, knowing well what she is, if Blunden were really rash enough to wed her, he would have kept the upper hand till he led her to the altar. But not a bit of it. She befools him and plays fast and loose with him as before, and they are perpetually quarrelling, separating, and making it up again. Here we have a specimen of one of their reconciliations. She professes to doubt his protestations that he loves her a thousand times better than anything on earth:—

"Why?" says Arthur eagerly.
"Because"—coquettishly—"you have been here nearly ten minutes, and—"
"Yes?"
"You have never once kissed me," murmurs she, most unfairly, considering all things.
"My darling, how could I, when every glance you gave threatened to slay me? Fancy, is this just, or honest, or even kind?"
"If I am unjust, and dishonest, and unkind, as your words seem to imply, I wonder you stay with me. Why don't you say a harder thing still, and tell me I am ugly? And—I shan't have a whole bone left in my hand, you know, if you insist on holding it much longer! . . . To begin with, then, you may kiss me once—only once, mind—or, I warn you, I shall be dreadfully angry."

Nay, even the impassible Brandy Tremaine and his bosom friend "Dandie" Dinmont kiss and make friends again when they had quarrelled over Mrs. Charteris, precisely as if they were Gustave and Adolphe in a French vaudeville. There is a passage remarkable for its *naïve* unconsciousness of the nature of her work, in which the author expresses devout gratitude to a certain Lady Cyclamen for neglecting to make some investigations. Had Lady Cyclamen cleared up certain misapprehensions, "this third volume would have been nowhere." For ourselves, as we need hardly say, we feel anything but thankful to Lady Cyclamen. She is perhaps one of the least objectionable persons in the story; but had her negligence spared us two of the volumes, we should have been still more prepossessed in her favour.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE late Marquess Gino Capponi (1) is one of the most interesting figures of modern Italian society, alike as a distinguished member of one of the chief centres of intellectual cultivation in Italy, and for the remarkable destiny which gave him his principal celebrity as an author and a statesman after he had been afflicted with total blindness. The designation of statesman may seem to be in excess of the claims of one whose political career was so brief, and whose tenure of office was from the first avowedly provisional; but Capponi was significant as a type of the moderate, cultivated, sincerely patriotic Italian Liberal, whose misfortune it was to have been born too soon to have imbibed the national passion for unity, and to have fancied until a very late period that his countrymen would consent to be Tuscans when they could be Italians. He adhered to the Austrian ruler of Tuscany as long as he could; but the events of 1859 finally effected for him what they have failed to effect for his biographer, whose panacea for Italy is at this hour to "restore the heptarchy." With these prepossessions on our author's part, Capponi's opinions may not impossibly have received a tinge which he himself would have disclaimed. In every other point of view Herr von Reumont is most fully qualified for the office of biographer by his intimate knowledge alike of the deceased and of the circle in which he moved. Giusti, Giordani, Colletta, Tommaseo, Guerrazzi, and other eminent Italians are carefully portrayed; and Capponi's relations to such distinguished foreign visitors as Ampère and Mrs. Somerville are not overlooked. As an author, Capponi's fame will rest principally on his *History of the Florentine Republic*, one of the few modern Italian books which will take rank as classics, and especially remarkable as the work of a man bereaved of sight and stricken in years. His literary activity was in other respects considerable and influential. He was a leading member of the Accademia della Crusca, bestowed considerable attention upon Italian philology, especially in relation to the popular speech of Tuscany, and laboured with great effect in the arrangement and publication of the Tuscan archives and in popular education. He would have been a perfect model of the aristocratic man of letters and affairs had his perception of the tendencies of his times been more lively and accurate. He has been fortunate in meeting with a biographer who shares his views and feelings to an extent which might hardly have been the case if his life had been written by an Italian.

(1) *Gino Capponi. Ein Zeit- und Lebensbild.* Von Alfred von Reumont. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

Professor W. Müller (2) cannot be blamed for deeming the history of his own country of capital importance; it is nevertheless the fact that the prominence thus accorded to German affairs renders the history of a dull year duller than it need have been in the hands of an historian of more comprehensive views. The history of Germany for 1879 is mainly one of injudicious changes in the tariff, abortive negotiations with the Pope, and an electoral victory for Prince Bismarck which has so far failed to bring forth the fruits of victory. Nihilist assassinations, Cabul massacres, and the tragic end of the Prince Imperial, afford almost the only picturesque incidents of the year, and only the first-named offer much scope for an historian like Professor Müller, who is everywhere accurate and reasonably impartial, but to whom all occurrences are interesting in the ratio of their liability to affect Prince Bismarck.

Herr Julius Harttung (3) very candidly disclaims all expectation that any reader of his book will read it long. This modest diffidence is undoubtedly well grounded; yet the fault is not with the author, but with the subject. No human ability could make Herr Harttung's investigations lively; but they are in nowise uninteresting or unimportant, relating to the wholesale fabrication and falsification of charters and similar documents in the middle ages, a point which evidently has the most direct bearing upon the authenticity of history. He selects the archives of the Abbey of Fulda as the principal object of examination, and, by a course of reasoning intelligible only to experts, endeavours to show that they are very largely falsified and interpolated. He even suspects that the monks of Fulda made a trade of forging documents for other monasteries.

The memoirs of J. E. Bollmann (4) are exceedingly interesting, alike on account of the adventurous character of the hero, and of his intimate connexion with many persons of distinction, both in the Old World and the New. Bollmann was a West Indian who, when a medical student at Paris during the French Revolution, made the acquaintance of Mme. de Staël, and was induced by her to procure the escape of the Count de Narbonne, in which he succeeded. He then undertook a more adventurous enterprise of the same nature—the deliverance of Lafayette from his imprisonment in Olmütz. The failure of this undertaking, which however had all but succeeded, consigned Bollmann himself to an Austrian prison. Upon his liberation he proceeded to the United States, where his exertions in Lafayette's cause recommended him to Washington, of whom he has left a just and striking portrait. He was nevertheless unsuccessful in business, incurred a prosecution by his reputed share in Burr's conspiracy, and only towards the close of his life began to retrieve his fortunes by his connexion with the house of Baring, which employed him on several commissions. His letters are highly interesting as testimonies of the impression made by the young American Republic upon a vigorous and sanguine nature.

The splendid illustrated work on Spain (5) by Herr T. Simons and Professor Alexander Wagner has reached Part VI. The latter parts are chiefly occupied by a description of Madrid, rich in delineations both of public buildings and of the manners of the people. All the sketches of the latter are most lively, especially those devoted to the national amusement of bull-fighting. Two of Velasquez's superb realistic portraits are also engraved on a large scale. The text is clear and interesting, and the work, as a whole, should be equally attractive to those who have and those who have not seen Spain.

The studies of Herr Victor Schultze (6) in Christian archæology are somewhat desultory, and the book as a whole is not very readable. It may, however, serve as a useful book of reference on many points, especially as the writer displays considerable inde-

(2) *Politische Geschichte der Gegenwart. Das Jahr 1879.* Von. W. Müller. Berlin: Springer. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Diplomatisch-historische Forschungen.* Von Julius Harttung. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

(4) *Justus Erich Bollmann. Ein Lebensbild aus beiden Welttheilen.* Herausgegeben von F. Kapp. Berlin: Springer. London: Nutt.

(5) *Spanien.* In Schilderungen von T. Simons, reich illustrirt von Professor Alexander Wagner. Lief. 3–6. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

(6) *Archäologische Studien über altchristliche Monumente.* Von Victor Schultze. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

pendence of judgment, and is not afraid of contradicting Garrucci and other recognized authorities. For Garrucci's judgment, indeed, he displays but scant respect, and accuses him of highly idealizing his representations of the objects depicted by him. Garrucci, with Rossi and Marchi, and Italian archæologists in general, are also, he maintains, liable to the reproach of unconsciously perverting scientific research to dogmatic ends. On this point the monuments themselves speak sufficiently in Herr Schultze's favour. It must require strong prepossessions indeed to behold, with De Rossi, "a sublime epic of Christian dogma" in a sarcophagus sculptured with representations of the most ordinary subjects from Biblical history. Nothing is more characteristic of early Christian art than its undogmatic character; it may almost be said that for the first three centuries only two dogmas are expressed by it, Baptism and the Resurrection. The earliest representation of the Virgin and Child belongs to the second half of the second century, and is conceived in a purely human spirit. St. Peter is never represented apart from the other apostles until the time of Constantine. The Good Shepherd is the centre of Christian symbolism up to the establishment of Christianity as a State religion; the famous monogram of the fish is the watchword of the persecuted community; and, whatever of Biblical illustration may occur, as in the instances of Moses and Jonah, is usually typical of the baptismal ceremony or the doctrine of the Resurrection. Herr Schultze has also some valuable remarks on the æsthetic character of early Christian art, which derived its vitality entirely from classical art, and participated in the decay of the latter.

Another book relating to Christian symbolism is W. Rossmann's exceedingly agreeable account of his visits to churches, convents, and shrines in Italy and the East (7). The author of *The Coast of the Cyclop and the Sirens* is a man of the highest culture, and he has brought not only great attainments, but a liberal and tolerant spirit, to the subject of his present scrutiny. In a series of chapters on the services of Passion Week at St. Peter's he interprets their symbolism and traces the numerous vestiges of more ancient rites which they exhibit. Another essay treats of the Ammergau Passion Play, describing the actual representation as it now takes place, and pointing out its analogies to the originally religious inspiration of the Greek drama and to the miracle plays of the mediæval period in general. A history of the Ammergau performance is appended. Another chapter contains a circumstantial and highly interesting account of a visit to Mount Athos; while another describes the Holy Places at and near Jerusalem, with a description of the ceremonial of Holy Week. Herr Rossmann's leaning with regard to the identity of the sacred spots is usually in favour of the received tradition.

Dr. Luthardt's (8) discourses on the practical consequences of modern philosophical and religious theories are chiefly designed to establish the pernicious consequences of the rationalistic principle. Unfortunately, among these consequences he enumerates such things as free trade and the abolition of the theatrical censorship; he would even re-enact the usury laws. It seems altogether too humorous to persuade a subject of Prince Bismarck that he suffers from an excess of liberty; and religious orthodoxy is ill served when it is represented as inevitably associated with a reactionary spirit in politics.

The preface to Dr. Erdmann's edition of Kant's *Kritik der Urtheilskraft* (9) contains some interesting remarks on the state of the text, and Kant's style of composition in general. It appears that he had a singular indisposition to correct the press himself.

The late Ferdinand Hitzig's lectures upon Biblical theology (10) and the Messianic predictions of the Old Testament are rather notes than finished compositions, and are necessarily dry reading for those who do not possess that familiarity with the subject which the Professor expected from his audience. By readers thus qualified they will be found interesting and suggestive, especially for the discrimination between the mythical and genuine Messianic prophecies, the connexion of the latter with theocratic ideas, and the excursuses on such controverted points as the meaning of "Servant of Jehovah." A memoir of the author and some specimens of his correspondence are appended. Hitzig appears to have been the type of a German professor in everything except his entire freedom from haziness of thought and expression; blunt, uncompromising, simple-minded but acute, and not without a touch of austerity, derived perhaps from the Hebrew writers to whom his life was devoted.

It is little to the credit of England that one of the most important of Wickliffe's controversial tracts (11) should have been left to be edited by a German, while others, it appears, have not as yet been edited at all. The importance of the great English Reformer's treatise "On Christ and Antichrist" does not so much consist in any special novelty as in its representing the ultimate phase of his opinions, having been composed in the last or the penultimate year of his life. Its tone is uncompromisingly anti-Papal, although Wickliffe still hesitates to pronounce the Pope necessarily Antichrist, except in so far as his personal conduct may be anti-Christian. The argument is clearly and logically drawn out, and, as Dr. Buddensieg observes, the invectives against the Papacy which, when cited apart from their context, afford ground for charging Wickliffe with intemperance and acrimony, wear a different appearance when read in their proper connexion. The complete publication of Wickliffe's writings is therefore desirable in the interest of his reputation.

Professor Sprinzl's work on the theology of the Apostolic Fathers (12) is a genuine scientific treatise such as the Roman communion rarely produces in these times, and will sustain a comparison with any Protestant work of its class in point of impartiality and objectivity. The principal drawback to its value is the serious doubt whether, with the exception of Clemens Romanus, any of the Fathers of whom it treats deserve to be regarded as Apostolical in any sense. In the present state of the controversy, Professor Sprinzl cannot be taxed with credulity in ascribing Barnabas and Hermas to the first century, and maintaining the genuineness of the shorter recension of the Ignatian epistles, although the latter thesis involves the admission that saints and martyrs may be very commonplace and uninteresting in their capacity of authors. The curious thing is that, after having ably defended the genuineness of these writings on the ground of external testimony, when he comes to the Epistle to Diognetus he shifts his ground, and, on the score of what he regards as satisfactory internal evidence, confidently refers this wholly unauthenticated production to the very beginning of the second century. No rationalizing theologian ever trusted more to his inner consciousness. It must be admitted that, without Ignatius and Diognetus, Dr. Sprinzl must have renounced the attempt to extract a coherent system of theology from the scanty literary remains of the early Church.

The zoological and anthropological section of the Encyclopædia of Natural Science, edited by Dr. G. Jäger (13), has advanced to the end of letter B.

Although Germany is the land of philologists and grammarians, German grammar and orthography are notoriously in an unsettled condition. Herr Andresen (14) has done his part towards the attainment of a uniform standard by an interesting volume, pointing out a great number of the inaccuracies and ambiguities frequent in modern German prose, especially newspaper prose, showing at the same time what ought to have been said, and why. His book is commendably free from the acerbity which has characterized some essays of a similar purpose in England.

The most recent volume of the International Scientific Library is a full but compact treatise on the mechanism of the vocal organs, by Professor von Meyer (15).

The first part of a series of philological essays, to be published at irregular intervals by A. Kiessling and U. von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff (16), proceeds almost entirely from the pen of the latter, and is devoted to the history and polity of Attica. The principal contents are an oration, which must have excessively taxed the patience of the auditors, on the grandeur of the Athenian Empire, followed by eleven excursuses on points connected with the same, for which room could not be found in the discourse. An elaborate essay on the municipal history of Athens from Cecrops to Pericles is of a piece with the rest. While, however, Herr Wilamowitz's disquisitions are surcharged with matter, his style would be a model of brevity were it not also a model of baldness. It is not quite apparent whether he considers himself to be in any degree expounding or popularizing his subject.

The "modern Egyptian" of Herr Adolf Erman's grammar (17) does not denote, as might have been conjectured, the Coptic, but the ancient language as it existed about the time of the Twentieth Dynasty. The author's reason for the selection of this particular epoch is the greater adaptability of the literary monuments belonging to it to the purposes of philological science. The grammar is lithographed, it is very copious, and the patronage of so distinguished an Egyptologist as Lepsius justifies the inference that it is very valuable. The examples are exceedingly numerous, and are given both in hieroglyphic and in a transliterated form. As, however, some preliminary knowledge of the subject is assumed, no explanation of the art of reading hieroglyphics is given, and the book will be serviceable to those only who have already made some progress in Egyptian studies.

In *Brigitta* (18) Berthold Auerbach has returned in a measure to the manner of his first village stories, and with good effect. This pathetic tale is put into the mouth of a woman whose narra-

(7) *Gastfahrten. Reise-Erfahrungen und Studien.* Von W. Rossmann. Leipzig: Grunow. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Die modernen Weltanschauungen und ihre praktischen Konsequenzen.* Von Dr. C. E. Luthardt. Leipzig: Dörffling und Franke. London: Williams & Norgate.

(9) *Immanuel Kant's Kritik der Urtheilskraft.* Herausgegeben von B. Erdmann. Leipzig: Voss. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Dr. F. Hitzig's Vorlesungen über biblische Theologie und Messianische Weissagungen des Alten Testaments.* Herausgegeben von J. J. Kuencker. Karlsruhe: Reuther. London: Williams & Norgate.

(11) *De Christo et suo adversario Antichristo.* Ein polemischer Tractat Johann Wiclifs zum ersten Male herausgegeben. Von Dr. R. Buddensieg. Gotha: Perthes. London: Nutt.

(12) *Die Theologie der apostolischen Väter. Eine dogmengeschichtliche Monographie.* Von Dr. J. Sprinzl. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

(13) *Encyklopädie der Naturwissenschaft.* Herausgegeben von Dr. G. Jäger, &c. Abth. 1, Lief 11. Breslau: Trewendt. London: Nutt.

(14) *Sprachgebrauch und Sprachrichtigkeit im Deutschen.* Von K. G. Andresen. Heilbronn: Henninger. London: Williams & Norgate.

(15) *Unsere Sprachwerkzeuge und ihre Verwendung zur Bildung der Sprachlaute.* Von G. H. von Meyer. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Kolckmann.

(16) *Philologische Untersuchungen.* Herausgegeben von A. Kiessling und U. von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff. Hft. 1. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Nutt.

(17) *Neuægyptische Grammatik.* Von A. Erman. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

(18) *Brigitta. Erzählung.* Von Berthold Auerbach. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.

tive preserves the attractiveness of the simple story of a humble person, avoiding at the same time the frequent triviality and tediousness of such narratives. The only question is whether the art that simulates nature is not sometimes rather too apparent. The moral tone is admirable throughout.

The extraordinary popularity of the "Mirza Schaffy" (19) songs in Germany has always been a surprise to foreign students of German literature. Popular in a measure they might well be; but one would not have expected lyrics professedly in the Oriental taste, however thin the disguise of Orientalism, to have attained in the Western world the circulation of a Longfellow. To readers unacquainted with the original, Mr. d'Esterre's translation will but deepen the mystery. His verbal fidelity is commendable; but the gaiety of the text, itself nowhere overweighted with meaning or feeling, becomes in the translation mere commonplace.

The Sanscrit poet Kalidasa (20) has been much more fortunate in his translator. His *Meghaduta*, or "Messenger Cloud," a poem remarkable for its brilliant descriptions of Indian scenery, is rendered by Herr L. Fritze into animated and sonorous verse. It is only to be regretted that Herr Fritze has not adopted the genuine octave stanza, instead of a modification which seriously impairs its rhythmical balance and symmetry of form.

(19) *The Songs of Mirza Schaffy.* Translation by E. d'Esterre. Hamburg: Grädener. London: Nutt.

(20) *Meghaduta, das ist, Der Wolkenbote* Ein Gedicht von Kalidasa. Aus dem Sanskrit metrisch übersetzt von L. Fritze. Chemnitz: Schmeitzner. London: Williams & Norgate.

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THE TURKISH QUESTION.

THE Turkish question remains, and is likely to remain, unsettled. Lord GRANVILLE is happily able once more to announce the continued union of the Great Powers; but the policy in which they are united is still a diplomatic secret. There appears to be no insuperable difficulty in the cession of Dulcigno to the Montenegrins. According to some reports, the Porte had with much ingenuity offered to surrender the district of Tusi, because it was known that the possession of the province was regarded by the Albanians as indispensable. It appears that they are less unwilling to part with Dulcigno; and, while the more important dispute on the Greek frontier is still pending, the Turks may perhaps wish to relieve themselves of the Montenegrin embarrassment. Some of the Albanian tribes are supposed to desire to make themselves independent of the SULTAN; but it is thought at Constantinople that their insubordinate tendencies may be ultimately repressed, and that in the meantime they may be found useful as an excuse for the inability of the Porte to transfer a part of its dominions to Greece. If morality were closely connected with high international policy, little blame could attach to the Turkish Government for its passive resistance to the conclusions of the Berlin Conference. The mediation which was announced in 1878 has since been converted into a peremptory demand, which rests on no argument intelligible to the Turkish mind except superior force. The real justification of the measure is a probably well-founded preference of the Greek race and character; but Turks and Mahometans can scarcely be expected to acknowledge their own inferiority. The majority of the population of Epirus and Thessaly will welcome the change when it is effected. The Greek Government has, as might be expected, gratefully accepted the offer of an accession of territory, which nevertheless is only regarded as an instalment. There is no reason to fear that the Greek army will be prematurely set in motion to occupy the new provinces.

As no change has lately taken place, political observers have had leisure to speculate on the probable policy of the several European Powers and of the Turkish Government. It is not surprising that the arrival of some German officials at Constantinople should have attracted notice and comment. Lord GRANVILLE seems to have made inquiries of the German AMBASSADOR, not perhaps so much for his own satisfaction as for the purpose of enabling him to give answers to Parliamentary questions. Curious politicians have to satisfy themselves as well as they can with the information that the Porte applied several months ago to the Government of Berlin for the aid of some official experts in finance, and that Prince BISMARCK has after some delay lately complied with the request. It is barely possible that the transaction may have been perfectly simple, though Turkish Ministers have, for the most part, not troubled themselves to remedy administrative shortcomings. After the experience of Egypt, it is not surprising that English or French interference in financial affairs should be regarded with suspicion. The SULTAN will certainly not submit to the kind of superintendence against which the late Khedive ultimately rebelled. If German Under-Secretaries can find money for the Government and the Court without inflicting additional oppression on the taxpayer, their services will be welcome. Another object of the application may have been to improve the relations between Turkey and the most powerful of Continental States. If the hope is gratified, there will be no reason for regarding the combination with jealousy. The tardy assent which has been given to the requests of the Porte may possibly be intended as an indirect warning to Russia. The German Government may perhaps care little or nothing for the further disintegration of the Turkish Empire; but Prince BISMARCK cannot regard with indifference the risk of a general war. There is reason to believe that Bulgaria, Servia, and East Roumelia are preparing for a new attack on Turkey with the aid of Russian officers and soldiers, and at the instigation either of the Russian Government or perhaps of the Sclavonic societies which organized the former Servian war in preparation for the subsequent Russian invasion. The German Government may probably wish to indicate its disapproval of a turbulent policy.

If the Turks deserve their reputation for diplomatic skill, they may perhaps secure some compensation for a prudent deference to the decision of the Berlin Conference. The Great Powers have gone far beyond their original scheme of mediation; and, on the other hand, some of the rights to which Turkey was entitled under the Berlin Treaty have been withheld. If the Porte would frankly consent to evacuate Epirus and Thessaly, it would establish a claim to protection against the unprovoked hostility of Bulgaria and Roumelia. Even for the purpose of dissolving the temporary union of the European Governments, it would be expedient to dispose finally of the subject-matter of their agreement. The doubt which is felt as to their resolution to enforce their demands by joint action is far from approaching to a negative certainty. None of the Powers have probably pledged themselves to abstain from coercion; and the confidence which is expressed in English Ministerial statements must be founded on some definite grounds. If Austria were entrusted with the execution of the decree of the Conference, it would be unnecessary, and probably useless, for England or France to make any naval demonstration. The quiet cession of the disputed territory to Greece would perhaps produce a reaction of feeling in favour of a Government which has not been in all respects generously treated. The petty States which are clients of Russia might be disposed to avoid or postpone a collision if the Turkish army were at liberty to concentrate all its efforts on the defence of its remaining provinces. If the cession of Epirus and Thessaly were once accomplished, there is no reason why common fears and antipathies should not, at least for a time, produce a reconciliation between Greece and Turkey. The Greek inhabitants of East Roumelia have lately complained to the European Commission of the injustice and oppression to which they are in common with the Mahometans exposed. A Greek patriot generally wishes that the Turks should preserve the inheritance which he regards as his own until his country is in a position to assert her claims.

Unfortunately the balance of chances is against the acceptance of a judicious policy at Constantinople. The SULTAN, who really directs the Government, is opposed to all surrender of territory, both on political grounds, and because he fears to incur unpopularity among his Mahometan subjects. He is believed to be still engaged in intrigues with the Albanian insurgents for the purpose of defeating the

compromise which had been arranged with Montenegro. It may not be thought necessary to employ the same indirect methods in dealing with the question of the Greek frontier. The cession to Montenegro had been deliberately promised, while there are many plausible arguments to be urged against the demarcation of the frontier which was settled by the Plenipotentiaries and their assistants at Berlin. An acute intellect combined with an obstinate disposition may sometimes be incapable of appreciating a wise and comprehensive policy. The SULTAN knows that calculated delays have often baffled the designs of foreign statesmen in their attempts sometimes to injure Turkey, and often to introduce beneficial reforms. The danger of resistance to the demands of Europe is perhaps less constantly present to his imagination. The embarrassments which have survived the war and the Berlin Treaty afford the fullest justification of the policy which until lately was pursued by all English statesmen. Experience has confirmed the foreboding that the dissolution of the Turkish Empire would be a fertile cause of anxiety and of war. The prevention of the Russian invasion would, if it had been possible, have been a great benefit to the European Powers, if not to the new States which have been formed from Turkish provinces. The warning that the subject populations would, if they were emancipated, become dependents of Russia, has been confirmed by later events. Of all the Principalities which have thrown off the authority of the SULTAN, Roumania appears to be the most seriously disposed to exercise real independence. The Russian agents, who are everywhere and always engaged in promoting discontent and war, are far less successful to the North of the Danube than in Bulgaria and East Roumelia. The Greeks may probably in the future, as in the past, be less amenable to Russian influence than their Slavonic neighbours. It is probable that they will soon be deprived of the excuse for their political failures which they found in the comparative smallness of their territory and population. The process by which they are to enter on their new dominions is at present mysterious.

POLITICS IN THE QUARTERLIES.

BOTH the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Quarterly Review* contain, as might be expected, articles on the new Parliament, and on the actual or probable policy of the Government. The writer in the *Quarterly* seems to be the same resolute old Tory who some time since propounded the doctrine that the true remedy for all political evils was the revival of personal intervention by the Crown. In the present essay he takes no pains to disguise his disapproval of the first Reform Bill and of the abolition of the Corn Laws. It is useless to examine a contention which, if it were theoretically sound, would be wholly ineffective. If the alternative were the supremacy and uncertain policy of Mr. GLADSTONE and the restoration of the system which prevailed fifty years ago, all sections of the community would unanimously prefer present fears and uncertainties to a paradoxical reaction. It is useless to prove that some of the Duke of WELLINGTON'S desponding prophecies have been fulfilled half a century after the date which he would himself have assigned. The danger of democratic change is now more imminent; but in the meantime nearly two generations have, in spite of the DUKE'S alarms, enjoyed undiminished freedom and extraordinary prosperity. The interest which is felt by the present generation in O'CONNELL'S violence and intrigue is merely historical. An opponent of revolutionary measures ought to have some principle in common with the audience which he addresses. The *Quarterly Reviewer* has only one recommendation to make, and it is of a negative character. "It is not on the "question of the franchise that the Conservatives should "join battle with the Radicals." In other words, the Conservative party, having already been hopelessly weakened, would do well to commit suicide by surrendering what remains of county representation to Radical demagogues. It is not a recommendation of such a course that the moderate Liberals would be equally injured by the degradation of the county franchise.

The political opinions of the *Edinburgh Review* are less remote from real life and from possibility; and indeed the paper expresses with perfect fidelity the prevailing fear which a genuine Whig attempts in vain to combat by conventional professions of confidence. A list of the Whig members of the Government, which includes, for the purpose of strengthening the argument, the names of the Viceroy of INDIA and the Lord Lieutenant of IRELAND, might at first sight seem to justify the cheerful doctrine which was propounded in the same periodical three months ago. It seemed that Lord RUSSELL, faithful in his later years to the deepest conviction of his prime, had not long before his death assured the writer that, whenever the Liberal party was reconstituted, it would be on a Whig basis. The majority of the present Ministers still belong to the old Liberal party; and the Reviewer condescends to "attach "great value to the advice and co-operation" of Mr. BRIGHT, Mr. FAWCETT, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Sir CHARLES DILKE, and Mr. MUNDELLA. "But their opinions are not "the dominant principle of the present Ministry." Mr. FORSTER might have been added to the list of advanced politicians, though it is true that until lately there seemed to be reason for relying on his prudence and moderation. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and the rest have not yet had an opportunity of originating subversive legislation; but it is no secret that the measures which are already introduced, combined with threats of ulterior innovation, have irritated and deeply alarmed, not only timid Conservatives, but every Liberal who is interested in the maintenance of property. There have been Cabinets in which several independent Ministers controlled to a great extent the policy of their chief. In a remarkable letter to Lord RUSSELL, Lord PALMERSTON reminded him that, with colleagues of great ability and high political rank, it was no longer possible for one or two leaders to determine the course of the Government; "as you and I might have "done" in such a Cabinet as that which was ruled by PITT. In the present Ministry there are several members of high Parliamentary position, but they are collectively powerless if they resist the impulse given by Mr. GLADSTONE. He alone, like ZEUS in the Iliad, is stronger than all of them put together, not only and not mainly through superiority of ability and wisdom, but because he has the multitude at his back. The constituencies are now the masters of the House of Commons, and through Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and other managers of the Radical organization Mr. GLADSTONE can bring the opinion of the Liberal Associations to bear against resistance or hesitation. The Three Hundreds and Five Hundreds who were originally charged with the manipulation of elections have already assumed the character of permanent committees, which remonstrate with their members as often as they display any decided independence.

It is impossible to believe that the Whig members of the Cabinet approve of the characteristic measures which are loudly applauded by the extreme faction. The ablest journalist of the party of movement lately boasted, with perfect justice, that the first Session of the present Parliament promised to be the commencement of an epoch of organic change. None of the Bills which have been debated are of the first importance; but the legislation of the Government is directed to interference with the rights of property. Having endeavoured to reassure himself by the names of Ministers of high social rank and of acknowledged moderation, the writer in the *Edinburgh Review* cannot help objecting in detail to nearly all the acts and measures which the Whigs are powerless to prevent. He is naturally indignant at Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S reply to "a deputation of foolish tradesmen who "came to protest against the liberty of trading in Co-"operative Stores." A measure introduced by the Whig President of the Local Government Board to remit penalties incurred by refusal to vaccinate children "is "still more indefensible. It is a criminal surrender of a "public duty to a most mischievous agitation." In this case it may be confidently assumed that Mr. DODSON, who has since been temporarily excluded from Parliament, was the mouthpiece of Mr. GLADSTONE. In one of the numerous postcards which conceded the abolition of as many institutions of the country, Mr. GLADSTONE had intimated his belief that penalties on the diffusion of a dangerous disease were unjustifiable infringements of freedom. The Whig apologist further notices the fact that "Ministers "have found themselves voting in the minority on several "occasions, such as Sir WILFRID LAWSON'S and Mr. PEASE'S "resolutions on the sale of liquors, and the first resolution "to exclude Mr. BRADLAUGH from taking the oath." No mention is made of the Hares and Rabbits Bill, which was not only vicious in principle, but profoundly distasteful to

all landowners and to all sportsmen, including probably a majority of the Ministers. The deliberate affronts which were offered to country gentlemen in the opening speech of the mover have since been applauded by an able partisan on the ground that the only chance of passing such a Bill is to frighten its opponents.

Finally the Reviewer concurs with every member of the political connexion to which he belongs in condemning the Irish Disturbance Bill, which will nevertheless be forced through the Commons by the Cabinet which contains so many ornamental names. "The welfare of the people, now "and hereafter, and not the clamour and exigencies of "party, must be the rule and object of a wise Government, "and they can never be departed from with impunity. "The resignation of the Marquess of LANSDOWNE, one of "the ablest and most consistent representatives of Whig "principles by character and by descent, is a striking "confirmation of these remarks, and it occurs at the mo-"ment when we close these pages." If the publication had been delayed to the end of the Session, the writer's just remarks might perhaps have received additional confirmation. The previous remark that the Liberal party has been reconstructed on a Whig basis receives no confirmation in any comment on the measures of the Government. As to foreign policy, the writer truly says that the critical state of affairs at Constantinople "is fraught with danger and difficulty, not only to "Turkey, but to Europe." For those complications the Government is only responsible if it has made a categorical demand of the Porte, without concerting effective measures to ensure submission; but the risk of war is alarming, though it may not have been created by Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE. For the crude and dangerous character of domestic legislation the Government is exclusively responsible; but those who are unable to share the professed complacency of the *Edinburgh Review* have at present no remedy to suggest. Wise action on the part of the Opposition would be the best palliative; but of late the conduct of debate has been usurped by young adventurers who are only anxious to distinguish themselves and to annoy their adversaries at the risk of entitling the victims of obstruction to sympathy. The cautious and provident policy by which Sir ROBERT PEEL built up the Conservative party after the Reform Bill has no competent imitator in the present day. It is possible that after a time Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE may succeed in restoring discipline, and in preparing the party to profit by its identity of opinion with the Whigs, including perhaps half the Cabinet.

AFGHANISTAN.

IT is seldom that a Minister has made an answer to a question which is likely to meet with such general approval as Lord HARTINGTON'S answer to Mr. ONSLOW on Thursday night. "The position of Afghanistan," said the INDIAN SECRETARY, "is somewhat critical." It is so critical, apparently, that the Indian authorities objected to anything being said about it until the result of a durbar held that day was also made known. The mystery attaching to this reply is somewhat removed by the contents of a *Daily News* telegram, published on the morning of the day on which Lord HARTINGTON'S answer was given. At this momentous durbar, it seems, if this telegram is to be trusted, nothing less than the adoption of ABDUL RAHMAN as the English candidate for the throne of Afghanistan was to be announced, and the natives of that sorely divided country were to be informed that thenceforward Great Britain washed her hands of Afghan State affairs. Even this information leaves a great deal to be desired as to the policy adopted, or to be adopted, in reference to the turbulent regions west of the scientific frontier or its substitute. It will be remembered that about six weeks ago a question was addressed to Lord HARTINGTON on the subject—a question which was answered with commendable caution and reticence. Lord HARTINGTON himself was always a judicious and reasonable questioner in the last Parliament, and he might plead that, his own withers being unwrung, the galls of his colleagues in the Cabinet did not particularly concern him. Certainly the answer to which we have referred was one which would have been loudly grumbled at by the advocates of an impossible freedom of speech on the part of Governments. But, cautious as it was, it allowed a glimpse to be obtained of at least two important principles which were to govern the Afghan policy of the new Government, and which were enough to distinguish this policy from that of the last Government. Lord HARTINGTON hinted pretty plainly that the first desire of himself and his colleagues was to get out of Afghanistan. He safeguarded this somewhat dangerous statement by the addition that they considered it a *sine quâ non* of departure that something like a stable Administration should be left behind. It is in the light of this statement that we must read the remarkable news which has been recently received, and it must be admitted that the reading is beset with not a few difficulties. The statement that from Thursday last forward we have nothing to do with State affairs in Afghanistan would be welcome if it could be implicitly relied upon.

The actual circumstances of the case are as follows. Three sons and one grandson of the late SHERE ALI are, or have been, candidates for the Ameership of the geographical expression Afghanistan. A namesake of that ill-fated Prince, but a member of a different and hostile clan, is actually, and by English recognition, ruler of Candahar, not the least important element in this expression. These five persons are YAKOOB KHAN, ex-Ameer and compulsory guest of England; AYOUB KHAN, ruler of Herat, puppet in the hands of certain revolted military chiefs, and at present, as far as is known, invader of Candahar; ABDUL RAHMAN KHAN, lately a guest of Russia, and seised actually, if not formally, of Afghan, Turkestan, and Kohistan; MUSA KHAN, son of YAKOOB, and cloak to the ambitious movements of the fanatic MUSHK-I-ALUM and the *condottiere* MAHOMED JAN; and, lastly, SHERE ALI, the ruling Wali of Candahar. SHERE ALI'S troops, on the march against AYOUB, have just mutinied against him, and it is by no means certain that his authority can stand without English bayonets. AYOUB, as already mentioned, is little more than a puppet representing the unknown quantity Herat, and is on the verge of actual collision with our troops. YAKOOB is at present out of the running; and the chief partisans of MUSA have nominally submitted, or are on the point of nominally submitting, to ABDUL RAHMAN. Meanwhile our own position is both anomalous and unpleasant. We are perpetually teaching lessons to casual gatherings of Afghan tribesmen, with some loss to ourselves, with immense loss to the enemy, and, it may be without too much audacity conjectured, with no very marked increase of the vanishing quantity of Afghan affection towards ourselves. The expense of the war is enormous, especially since the officers who conduct the non-military operations have adopted the principle of subsidizing enemies in order that they may become friends, and of subsidizing friends in order that they may not become enemies. The Government won their way to power by condemning the Afghan war, and they have, since they were securely seated in Downing Street, asserted their intention to cut themselves loose from the whole affair as soon as they possibly can. Of positive assurances there is nothing to bind them except the two principles which we have already extracted from Lord HARTINGTON'S former answer, and therefore they can most fairly be judged by confining the attention to these two principles. We shall assume that the retention of power by the new Wali of CANDAHAR, whose position guarantees us the possession of what has been called rightly or wrongly the glacis of India, is an integral part of their policy, and that ABDUL RAHMAN has accepted this. We shall suppose for the moment that they believe the submission of the fanatic MUSHK-I-ALUM, of the warlike MAHOMED JAN, and of the formidable Ghilzai chief AZMATULLAH to be authentic and genuine. The question then remains whether the immediate acceptance of ABDUL RAHMAN is wise or not.

To some uncompromising persons this question would be settled offhand in the negative by the reflection that ABDUL RAHMAN is a *protégé* of Russia. This, however, would be to take altogether too summary a view of the matter. Fortunately we do not possess a monopoly of Afghan ingratitude; and it is quite possible that ABDUL RAHMAN may disappoint his dubious benefactors. But this is the least part of the matter. The real point of importance, and the point which, in the present temper of too large a part of the nation,

is likely to receive very little attention, is whether the conditions precedent of the recognition are or are not likely to be fulfilled. Are we likely by this offhand acknowledgment of ABDUL RAHMAN to get out of the country speedily and cheaply? Are we likely by the same expedient to secure the authority and the friendship of this hitherto rather dubiously famed Pretender? The Government have not yet given satisfactory answers to those all-important questions, and it is even doubtful whether it is in their power to give such answers. It is as impossible at the present moment for any single person to answer for the disposition, much more for the fidelity, of the clans of Afghanistan as it was a century and a half ago for any single person to answer for the fidelity of the clans of Northern Scotland. Lord HARTINGTON, on the occasion more than once referred to, alluded to the dangerous rapidity with which utterances in the English Parliament reached Central Asia. Who shall say that the chiefs of the late Afghan national movement have not heard of Lord HARTINGTON'S own declaration, and have not decided that a nominal submission to ABDUL RAHMAN is the readiest way of getting rid of the inconvenient and hated presence of the English in the Cantonments of Sherpur? Who, again, can guarantee the quiescence of Afghanistan, even supposing—a large supposition—that the warlike tribes of the centre choose to coalesce, so long as the Herat district is in open revolt, and Candahar is held in a dubious and disputed position of vassalage as regards ourselves? No doubt a partial withdrawal might, under the conditions indicated in the latest despatches, be effected with comparative safety. So long as a considerable force is ready to work up from the south on the basis of Candahar or even Quettah, so long as the all-important route whereby General ROBERTS penetrated to Cabul is under our control and strongly garrisoned, no disturbance in Afghanistan can be of more than temporary importance. But does the maintenance of these two conditions enter into Lord HARTINGTON'S plan? It must be acknowledged that it was not obvious on the face of his first statement, and that it seems inconsistent with the haste evinced in this handing over of Afghanistan to the first comer. It is true that ABDUL RAHMAN is much the most likely of the various pretenders. But, unless a great deal has been kept back—and, considering the too well-known faithlessness of the Afghan character, even if a great deal has been kept back—there is as yet no sure reason for concluding that he is the elect of the people. Any one who is not the elect of the people, as we know from bitter experience, is likely to have an exceedingly unquiet time of it. Now the one thing which we do not want on our North-West frontier is the proverbial house smoking through the slates. The fact that the Afghan war interfered with the first Government which for many a long day had secured the unity of Afghanistan, was the strongest argument against the policy of the late Ministry, just as the fear of Afghan restlessness was the strongest argument in favour of it. At present, it has not been shown that the agreement, or supposed agreement, of the Afghan tribes in the sovereignty of ABDUL RAHMAN is complete; it has not been shown that it is genuine, it has not been shown that it is likely to be lasting. By the adoption of a very cautious policy of retreat on the chief lines of our occupation, and, above all, by the maintenance of a strong force ready to act by way of Candahar and of the Peiwar, the dangers of this premature recognition, should it be followed by an equally premature retirement, might be reduced to a minimum. Otherwise, it is but too likely that, after spending many millions of money and many hundreds of valuable lives for the attainment of a given end, we shall at no distant period have to meet an unknown supplementary expenditure in both kinds to regain what we seem now, in one of the fits of hasty disgust characteristic of England, about to recklessly abandon.

THE CUSTOMS AND REVENUE BILL.

AS Mr. GLADSTONE himself necessarily takes exclusive charge of the Bill giving effect to his financial proposals, the debates that this Bill provokes have one kind of superiority which raises them above the usual Parliamentary level. Every speaker knows that he is speaking to Mr. GLADSTONE; that is, to the statesman who, since the death of Sir ROBERT PEEL, has been recognized as the greatest master of English finance. No one, therefore, likes to speak without being prepared to show that he has thoroughly got up some point to which he wishes to draw the attention of Mr. GLADSTONE and the public. There is no talking for talking's sake. On the other hand, Mr. GLADSTONE is always present to give an answer, to listen to suggestions, to announce authoritatively the intentions of the Ministry. The peculiarity of this state of things was signally illustrated by the turn which a discussion raised by Mr. HUBBARD on the incidence of the Income-tax ultimately took. Mr. HUBBARD did not object to the present increase of the Income-tax, but he wished the House to record its opinion that, for the future, the Income-tax must be assessed on fairer principles. He objected that the tax as now levied falls with undue severity on men whose incomes only exist while they have health and strength, and that the tax on property is levied on its nominal, not on its real, value. For the purposes of local taxation property is taken at its rateable value—that is, an allowance is made for necessary outgoings. For the purposes of the Income-tax, as Mr. HUBBARD states, property is taxed on all that it brings in, and the outgoings are regarded as one mode of spending income. To these objections Mr. GLADSTONE answered that, in many ways, no doubt, the incidence of the Income-tax is inequitable. But he could state that, thirty years ago, he, with a full sense of the inequalities of this incidence, had set to work to plan a more perfect scheme, and had been unable to hit on any project that would do justice to every one. Some years ago there was a Committee appointed to consider the incidence of the Income-tax, on which Mr. HUBBARD himself sat, and before which Mr. MILL, who strongly supported the view that the tax was unfairly levied, gave the most elaborate evidence; and yet this Committee considered the proposals put before it for making the tax more equal utterly impracticable. Mr. GLADSTONE has had many successors in the Exchequer, and none of them have been able to hit on any plan for carrying out what Mr. HUBBARD wishes. Mr. GLADSTONE has had for years an intimate acquaintance with the permanent officials of the Exchequer; and they all unanimously pronounce that, when they wish to contrive a better mode of levying the Income-tax, their minds remain in a state of complete helplessness. The answer to Mr. HUBBARD was, therefore, that he was proposing that the House should solemnly ask Mr. GLADSTONE to do what Mr. GLADSTONE confessed he, with all his ability and experience, could not manage to do; and the authority of Mr. GLADSTONE in finance is so great that, directly the proposal was put in this shape, there was an end to it. Such are the advantages or disadvantages of possessing a financial dictator. *Non possumus* has not been admitted as a final answer to the demand for reform in general politics; in finance it seems to be regarded with greater favour.

Much the same may be said of a question raised by Mr. HUBBARD'S seconder, Captain AYLMER, and debated by several successive speakers. This question was whether it was either fair or necessary that a penny should be added to the Income-tax this year. As to the theoretical fairness of thus burdening the Income-taxpayers there can be no dispute. A Beer-tax is to be substituted for the Malt-tax, and the change is supposed to benefit farmers, who will sell inferior barley at better prices, beer-drinkers, who are to get beer a little cheaper, and the general public, in so far as the Beer-tax may produce more than the Malt-tax produced. The cost of the change is to be borne by the Income-taxpayers alone. They are victimized in order that their neighbours may be benefited. All Mr. GLADSTONE has to say is that he must have the money, and that he does not see any way of getting it so easy as that of making the Income-taxpayers furnish it. Here again Mr. GLADSTONE'S authority comes in, and a docile Parliament is not unwilling to sacrifice the Income-taxpayers in order that Mr. GLADSTONE may have an opportunity of showing the great things he can do if he is allowed to begin in his own way. It has been suggested, and was again suggested on Tuesday, that Mr. GLADSTONE might do without the money, encounter a deficit, and make good this deficit in future years. That is, he might have managed as Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE would have managed. But then this would be to substitute Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S financial method for Mr. GLADSTONE'S. It is not a matter of Liberal or Conservative policy, for Mr. GLADSTONE'S

method is the method of Sir Robert Peel. Sir Stafford Northcote and his school, of which Lord George Hamilton is the most rising disciple, look to the present comfort of the taxpayer. What, they say, is the good of a surplus? The Government ought to make the taxpayer provide exactly what is really needed, and not a penny more. If there is an unexpected call for money, the taxpayer should be allowed to pay it in the way most convenient to him—that is, by instalments. Mr. Gladstone and Sir Robert Peel have lent the weight of their names to the opposite system, which reposes on the doctrine that each year should meet its own charges, and that the Chancellor of the Exchequer ought always to contemplate a surplus, because, if he is wise, he will take into account that he may spend more and receive less than he expects, and so needs a margin to meet this contingency. The nation has trusted Mr. Gladstone with the management of its finances, and therefore naturally his system now prevails. It certainly is not a system which exposes those who uphold it to the charge of hunting after popularity. For it imposes great immediate sacrifices, and impels the taxpayer to scrutinize keenly the action of the Government; and in times of distress it needs much firmness in the Minister who adheres to it and makes Parliament adhere to it. It may be admitted that there is a correlative advantage of which Mr. Gladstone has himself before now reaped the benefit. The remission of taxation is considerably facilitated by the previous imposition of unnecessary taxes, and the taxpayer is apt to forget his indignation at the loss in his gratitude for the gain.

There was a further argument against the proposed addition to the Income-tax of which Lord George Hamilton was the chief exponent. This was, that a means of meeting a deficiency need not be sought, because there would be no deficiency to meet. The Beer-tax, it is urged, will produce so much more than the Malt-tax used to produce, that this increase will meet, or go very far to meet, the cost of the change. Brewers have furnished the necessary statistics to prove this; but then Mr. Gladstone declines to accept the statistics of the brewers. He has made his own calculations and sticks to them. No outsider and no ordinary member of the House of Commons has any means whatever of saying which set of calculations is right. Mr. Gladstone's calculations must be taken because they are Mr. Gladstone's, or not taken at all. The public and the majority of the House of Commons accept them with a childlike faith. They do not know anything about the matter, and abide by the conviction that, as somebody must be right, Mr. Gladstone is more likely to be right than any one else. But even Mr. Gladstone ran a near risk of seeing his authority defied. On Wednesday the brewers tried to get, and nearly succeeded in getting, a change in the Bill referring to an extremely technical point, that of the estimate of the specific gravity of wort. Mr. Gladstone declared that, if the proposed change was adopted, the revenue would lose so greatly that it would actually suffer a diminution by the substitution of the Beer-tax for the Malt-tax. On a division the Government had only a majority of thirty-seven, and Mr. Gladstone subsequently announced that, if he had been defeated, he would have withdrawn the Bill altogether. This would have been rather hard on the Liberal absentees, who could have had no notion that the fate of the chief financial Bill proposed by their leader this Session depended on their attending to uphold a particular figure in calculating the specific gravity of wort. Only 188 understood their duties properly, so that the number of Liberal absentees must have been nearly as great as that of the Liberals present. Nor is it quite credible that Mr. Gladstone could not have found some way of giving these absentees a fresh opportunity of putting this specific gravity at the right figure. But all that Mr. Gladstone meant may have been that he must have his financial scheme adopted as a whole or not at all. This he is quite entitled to say. He has proclaimed that there are great things to be done in the reorganization of English finance. The nation has believed him and has shown its conviction that he alone can do these great things. Much, therefore, must be accepted simply on his authority; and, although he has shown himself willing to make many concessions in detail both to great brewers and also to those who not only brew in cottages, but like the beer they brew, still he insists on getting his way in the main, and probably he will get it.

PARLIAMENT AND WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The Dean of Westminster need not regret that he has been relieved by the House of Commons from a pledge which he could not honourably have repudiated. It would perhaps have been better that, in commenting on the vote of the House of Commons, he should not have referred to the "persistent misrepresentations and savage "menaces which have hitherto supported the agitation" conducted by demagogues speaking after their fashion. As there were some good reasons for not erecting the monument in Westminster Abbey, the decision may be more conveniently attributed to the House of Commons than to an ignorant mob. It was, at the worst, a pardonable mistake to share and recognize the sympathy which was aroused by the tragic death of Prince Louis Napoleon while he was serving with an English army. It is true that he went to Africa, as two of the Orleans Princes a few years ago joined the Federal army in America, for the questionable purpose of acquiring in the estimation of his countrymen the character of a soldier. It was essential to his object that he should expose himself to risk; and yet the circumstances of his death were extraordinarily unsatisfactory and painful. In the first hurry of a regret which almost partook of the nature of remorse, it seemed as if reparation was due to his memory; and the Dean of Westminster might well be excused for a desire to soothe the feelings of the Prince's family by conceding to him the honour of a monument in the Abbey. It has since been pointed out that the unfortunate young man was scarcely included in any of the categories which raise a claim to posthumous honours conferred in the name of the nation. Though he was the heir of a great historical House, he was not an Englishman; and he had not lived long enough for the opportunity of personal distinction. It might also have been foreseen that the erection of a monument to his memory would give occasion to factious clamour, on the easy assumption that sepulchral commemoration implies political agreement or approval. The agitation has resulted in the establishment of a negative precedent, which may hereafter be found highly convenient. The future exclusion from Westminster Abbey of monuments in honour of foreigners ought to apply to foreign agitators whom it might otherwise be the humour of the populace to honour. Revolutionary exiles can scarcely have a stronger claim to monumental records than the representative of a dethroned dynasty. It may also be well to check the indiscriminate liberality with which the effigies of Englishmen of secondary eminence have been admitted to the Abbey. Great men, and men of doubtful greatness, have become so numerous that some parts of the building look like the yard of a tombstone-maker in the New Road.

The declamations against the young Prince and his family which were delivered at the late meeting, and, as if by adjournment, in the House of Commons, exhausted the capabilities of bad feeling and bad taste. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who presided at the meeting, enforced his counsels of moderation and propriety by asserting that Louis Napoleon had fallen in an attempt to combine with "English savages" in an unjust war against the Zulus. Notwithstanding many plausible precedents, voluntary participation in a war between foreigners is morally indefensible; but the principals in the quarrel may be discharging an indispensable duty. Sir Wilfrid Lawson's savages were acting under orders which they were bound to obey; nor had they either the right or the power to inquire into the justice of the cause for which they were fighting. It unluckily happens that popular philanthropists can never suppress or conceal the animosity by which they appear to be habitually actuated. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who perhaps intended only to express his dislike of the Bonaparte family and of absolute power, no sooner crossed the Zulu track than he was at once tempted to diverge into the indulgence of a bitterer antipathy. There was a keener pleasure in vituperating English officers as savages than in visiting on the memory of the Prince the alleged sins of his father. Mr. Peter

TAYLOR, as might be expected, was more extravagantly violent; but he only shared with all the speakers who have joined in the agitation the delusion that a compliment to a member of the BONAPARTE family must be an affront to the present Government of France. NAPOLEON III. never thought himself entitled to resent the close intimacy which the QUEEN and the Royal Family maintained with the ORLEANS Princes after the establishment of the Empire. Two rival dynastics and two Republics have regarded with indifference or complacency the hospitality which Austria has for fifty years accorded to the Count of CHAMBORD. English democrats are more Republican and more French than the French Republic itself. A more intelligent delicacy would suggest to them a doubt whether abuse of a fallen foreign sovereign is complimentary to his former subjects.

Mr. BRIGGS, who digressed from abuse of NAPOLEON III. into eulogy of OLIVER CROMWELL, was happily matched with his Irish critic, who desired to know whether he would erect a monument to "the butcher of Wexford." The House of Commons would perhaps be somewhat less irrelevantly employed in a discussion of CROMWELL's Irish campaign than in an impertinent denunciation of the late French EMPEROR as a conspirator against the liberties of his countrymen. Englishmen of middle age well remember the mob popularity of the EMPEROR during his visits to England and the characteristically absurd sycophancy by which the initials of NAPOLEON and EUGÉNIE were commonly associated with those of the QUEEN and the PRINCE CONSORT. It is not altogether dignified to pass from exaggerated adulation of prosperity to contumelious triumph over defeat. The French are still more completely estopped from accepting as complimentary to themselves such ill-timed tirades as those of Mr. PETER TAYLOR and Mr. BRIGGS. They condoned by overwhelming majorities the successful conspiracy of 1851; and soon afterwards they welcomed with approximate unanimity the restoration of the Empire. The awkward flatterers who assure them that they submitted tamely for nearly twenty years to a degrading despotism exercised by a vulgar criminal are the most offensive of unconscious libellers. It is true that French Republican orators use similar language for the purpose of reproaching their moderate or conservative countrymen; but nations, like private persons, assume a license of self-reproach which is consistent with resentment against foreigners who echo the same accusations. The fact is that the French approved of the Empire as long as it lasted, though their sentiments were naturally modified by the wild adventure of the German war, by the disaster of Sedan, and by the capitulation of Paris. On the eve of the war, in the spring of 1870, a great majority of the whole population voted for the maintenance of the Empire, against a comparatively insignificant section, which included all the Legitimists, all the Orleanists, and all the Republicans. Flattery addressed to the dominant opinion in 1880 becomes an insult to the France of ten years ago.

Among several unsatisfactory peculiarities of the debate were the disposition of the House of Commons to meddle with administrative questions, and its readiness to yield to popular impulse. Mr. BROADHURST, who may well be excused for laying excessive stress on the judgment and feelings of the class which he specially and creditably represents, stated his belief that the workmen in general highly disapproved of the proposed monument. Workmen are not the best judges on questions of foreign policy and international comity. Mr. BROADHURST's reference to the opinions of Parisian workmen was perhaps more relevant to the question, though there can be no doubt that French artisans are profoundly ignorant of all the circumstances of the case. That English workmen should interfere with a trivial administrative detail is a proof of the extent to which they are influenced by political Clubs. There can be no harm in avoiding the erection of an undeserved monument; but, if the country is to be governed by the vague impressions of the multitude, the value of representative institutions is already seriously impaired. Even when the verdict is just, the issue has been submitted to the wrong tribunal, and probably it has also been decided on erroneous grounds. It is highly probable that if the proposed monument had been designed to commemorate an alien Republican such as MAZZINI or GARIBALDI, the popular clamour would have been directed against the opponents of the scheme. Nearly all the speeches at the meeting and in the House of Commons related to political opinions, though the resolution which was carried properly expressed the true objection to the celebration of the memory of a foreigner. Optimists may find some consolation in the recognition, even for mistaken reasons, of the historical and national character of Westminster Abbey. The Clubs of workmen, and the exponents of their opinions in the House of Commons, intended only to express dislike of crowned heads; but incidentally they acknowledged the importance of historical tradition. They admitted by anticipation the appropriateness of the home which has now been found for the monument.

FOREIGN CATTLE AND THE MEAT SUPPLY.

IT was to be expected that the consumers of meat, especially in the Northern towns, would have their hopes raised by the recent change of Government. They had been taught, or had taught themselves, that the restrictions on the importation of cattle imposed by the Privy Council under the directions of the last Parliament were a principal cause of the high price of meat; and they probably imagined that the business of a Liberal Government would be at once to break down the barrier, and let in the foreign herds which would, if admitted, make meat as cheap in these days when wages are comparatively high, and there is money to pay for it, as it used to be when, from the lowness of wages, it was not to be had, however cheap it might be. The deputation that waited on Lord SPENCER on Monday was consequently numerous and important. More than thirty large towns in Yorkshire and Lancashire were represented, and the show of members of Parliament contained the cream of the Liberal Left. They pleaded that foreign meat was good to eat, cheap to buy, and only kept out of the English markets by the law making slaughter at the port of landing compulsory in all cases where the country from which the cattle are consigned is not warranted free from disease. They further contended that the supply of home-raised cattle is decreasing, and that, unless the deficiency is made up by larger importations, the supply of meat will be actually smaller than heretofore. It follows from this, they argued, that the restrictions have failed to effect their purpose. The theory on which they are founded is that, provided diseased foreign cattle can be kept out of the country, the production of healthy cattle at home will steadily become larger. Diseased foreign cattle have been kept out, but there has not been the anticipated increase in home production. The inference is that the policy of restriction is an injury to the consumer without even doing good to the home producer. Foreign meat is excluded from England in order that an abundance of home-grown meat may be raised; but the expected abundance of home-grown meat is not forthcoming.

Lord SPENCER's answer was highly satisfactory, if not to the deputation, at all events to those persons who do not wish to see the administration of the law relaxed at the pleasure of particular officials. The deputation seemed to consider that the decision whether the Cattle Diseases Act should be enforced rested with the Lord President of the Council. That an Act of Parliament was meant to be enforced whether the Lord President of the Council agreed with it or not does not seem to have occurred to them. The law has made certain regulations regarding the importation of cattle, and it has authorized the Privy Council to apply or relax these regulations according as the presence or absence of cattle disease in the countries from which the imports come shall require strictness or justify lenity. The spokesmen of the deputation argued as though the authority of the Privy Council in the matter were absolute; and they possibly hoped that a Liberal Lord President would use this authority to make short work of all the restrictions upon importation which a reactionary Parliament had imposed. Lord SPENCER soon undeceived them on this point. He explained that the power of the Privy Council in the matter was limited to a particular step—the relaxation of the restrictions on importation when they were satisfied that the cattle imported were clean. The opinion of the deputation possibly was that this order of ideas should be reversed, and that the Privy Council ought to be satisfied that the cattle imported were clean as soon as they were of opinion that the restrictions on importation were inexpedient. The country to which the controversy has most reference at present is the United States. Soon after the Act was passed it was found that

diseased cattle were imported from the United States, and the restrictions had accordingly to be put in force. The law against the spread of disease is applied in the United States with all that laxity which the deputation would like to see introduced into England. Some of the States are willing to do all they can to keep their herds clean; but it is very doubtful whether one State has a constitutional right to stop importation from another. The consequence is that all American cattle lie under a common discredit, and importation has to be forbidden as well where the State does its best to keep out disease as where the State takes no trouble in the matter. There is no certainty that cattle coming from any part of the United States will be free from disease; and, where the disease is pleuro-pneumonia, there is no certainty that cattle infected with it when they are put on board in America will be known to have it by the time that they are landed in England. Pleuro-pneumonia may lie hid in the system for two months without its presence being detected, so that an infected beast might be imported from the United States, might be passed into the interior of England, and might have communicated the disease to a whole county before the fact was discovered. Under these circumstances, to admit American cattle would be tantamount to an entire abandonment of the policy of restriction. It was a modest request to make to a Lord President, and one that shows how lightly the restraints of law can sit upon Radical temperaments.

Although, however, the conclusions of the deputation were more than questionable, the figures on which they are based seem unfortunately to be beyond dispute. The supply of home-grown cattle has decreased, and the increase in the imports, though it is decided and progressive, does not as yet keep pace with the growth of the deficit. The cause of the decreased supply of home-grown cattle is not, however, to be looked for in any failure of the restrictions to keep disease at a distance. Cattle die from want of food as well as from disease, and when a farmer can give his beasts nothing to eat, he has no choice but to sell them to the butcher instead of keeping them for breeding. To do this, as Lord SPENCER said, is to live upon capital; but during the recent bad seasons capital has been all that many farmers have had to live upon. At the same time the diminished production of English cattle, to whatever cause it is to be attributed, tends to make the maintenance of restrictions on importation additionally difficult. Lord SPENCER is naturally determined not to make the Cattle Diseases Act an instrument of protection to the farmer, and he says that the Duke of RICHMOND and GORDON was quite as determined as himself that it should not be put to any such use. When the Governments of both parties are resolved to treat the Act simply as an expedient for increasing and improving the supply of meat in the country, it is plain that if, notwithstanding the Act, the supply goes on decreasing, the policy which prompted it will have to be reconsidered. As we have often pointed out, the interest of the consumer requires that the larger source of supply should not be sacrificed to the smaller. So long as nearly the whole of the meat eaten in England is raised at home, it is of paramount importance to protect that meat against disease, and if the main source of disease is the importation of foreign cattle, the importation of foreign cattle must be forbidden. In proportion, however, as the meat eaten in England ceases to be raised at home and is imported from abroad, the argument for restricting importation grows weaker. It is conceivable that a point might be reached at which unrestricted importation would increase the meat supply, even though it brought disease with it, and that it would be better for the consumer to go without the home supply altogether than to put up with a diminution in the foreign supply. Long before that time, however, the raising of meat in England, except to give amusement to wealthy breeders or an exceptional pleasure to palates whose owners can afford not to care about the amount of their butcher's book, would have come to an end. A few years will probably show whether the English farmer must give up raising cattle, as he is already being forced to give up growing wheat. For the present the interest of the consumer and that of the English producer remain identical. The momentary cheapness of meat which might follow upon unrestricted importation would be followed in its turn by a rapid spread of disease. The increased importation would then still more than now fail to fill up the vacuum, and something like a meat famine might set in. The theory that, if all restrictions were removed, the imports of cattle would at once keep pace with the demand, leaves out of sight the necessary delay in cattle production. As Mr. JAMES HOWARD remarked, in his evidence before the Select Committee in 1877, "the agency of mothers is in-"dispensable in bringing animals into the world," and it may be inferred from his letter in the *Times* of Thursday that the advance of science during the past three years has made no change in this respect. In default of spontaneous generation, cattle-breeding even in America must be a slow process; and, until the American supply is immeasurably greater than it is, we cannot afford to do without the English farmer. Until we can afford to do without him, it will be prudent not to let him disappear; and if to his other troubles should again be added an outbreak of contagious disease among his cattle, he might disappear almost without our knowing it. While he is still with us, the deputation which waited on Lord SPENCER may find an ample field for exertion in the improvement of the arrangements by which American meat is distributed to private consumers.

EGYPT.

THE decisions of the Commission of Liquidation have now been formally adopted by the KHEDIVE and promulgated in the shape of a law. The Treaty Powers have given their consent, and this law is therefore now binding on the International Tribunals. Its provisions absolutely determine every claim on the Egyptian Government prior to the beginning of the present year, so that Egypt is now free from the inextricable confusion of the past, and has only to avoid embarrassment for the future. The basis of the whole scheme has been the calculation of the normal revenue of Egypt, the deduction of an amount from the total sufficient to cover the current expenses of administration, and the application of the residue to the payment of interest on the various debts of the State. It is impossible from the telegraphic summary of the decisions of the Commission to estimate accurately the figure at which the normal revenue has been calculated; but it will probably be found that it does not exceed eight and a quarter millions sterling. The sum devoted to the administration falls slightly below five millions sterling, and thus an amount somewhat exceeding three millions will be applicable to the payment of interest. When there is a surplus beyond what is taken as the normal revenue, an effort will be made to reduce the principal of the main debt; but it is the punctual payment of interest with which creditors chiefly concern themselves. Will then this interest be paid? There can be no doubt that, with decent government, Egypt can easily afford to pay it, and that very satisfactory progress has already been made in beginning that reign of good government which will enable Egypt to bear with tolerable ease the burden which is henceforth to be cast on her. A Parliamentary paper has recently been published containing the reports of English consular agents, brought down to a late date, as to the present state of things in rural Egypt. It discloses facts most reassuring to the friends and to the creditors of the country and most honourable to the new Government. Throughout the land the taxes are collected without coercion. The whip is no longer the arm of the tax-gatherer, and the prophecies with which Egyptian society has so long rung, that the fellahs would never pay unless they were well beaten, have been completely falsified. Notices are served on the peasants informing them beforehand how much they are to pay and at what times; and they not only pay cheerfully and readily what is due when it becomes due, but they are learning to look ahead and to see how they mean to provide for instalments which will not become due for some time to come. They are no longer compelled to borrow; for the main reason of their borrowing was that in the old days they never knew what demands would be made or when, and they were liable to be suddenly called on for sums which they had no possible means of meeting without having recourse to the usurer. They are able now to calculate on a respectable surplus for themselves after they have paid their taxes, and, as an immediate consequence of this change, the price of land has largely increased, being in some cases double what it was a few months ago. No news could be more comforting to the creditors than

this. Land rises in value because, after the taxes have been paid which will suffice to meet the claims of the creditors, much will be left to the cultivators, and there is thus an indisputable proof that Egypt can pay what she has now agreed to pay.

In planning a settlement, the first care of the Commissioners was to secure a sum in hand which would place Egypt in possession of ready money. There was the balance of the ROTHSCHILD loan, and the sum thus available has been increased by the creation of 5¾ millions of Preference Stock to rank with and form part of the existing Preference Stock. The holders of the Floating Debt will receive 30 per cent. in cash and 70 per cent. in Preference Stock at par. No reduction is to be made in the capital of this debt, and, if the telegraphic summary is to be trusted, the interest up to the middle of last April is to be capitalized at the legal rate, which is 12 per cent. All that can be said is that this is an admirably good arrangement for the holders of the Floating Debt, as is also another provision of the law, by which the mortgages on the domains having priority to the inscription of the ROTHSCHILD loan are to be paid off in cash. In this favoured category are also to be placed the arrears of salaries and pensions, the arrears of the Tribute, and the sums due to a certain orphan fund which that father of his people, ISMAIL PASHA, devoted to his own use. A sum somewhat exceeding half a million is to be applied in settlement of claims made by or through members of the Khedivial family. Another sum almost of the same amount is to be handed over to the Daira Sanieh to furnish it with a working capital and to provide for the payment of the next coupon, which has been endangered by the apprehended failure of the sugar crop, owing to the unusually severe frosts of last winter. Lastly, 650,000*l.* is to be borrowed on land belonging to the Government in order to meet claims pending before the International Tribunals. Various compromises already made with some principal creditors have been sanctioned, and thus the general result is that means have been found to deal not only fairly, but liberally, with all who have *bonâ fide* outstanding claims. It must be owned that some of these claimants have come better off than they were entitled to expect if strict justice had been done all round. Those who poured their money into the lap of ISMAIL PASHA in the last days of his extravagance get more than those who gave him their money some years ago. But the Commissioners have had to think of other things besides strict justice. The later creditors were in a better position before the International Tribunals, as they could get judgments for distinct sums owing to them as individuals, and the Treaty Powers—and especially Austria—considered that it was above all else important to uphold the decisions of the Tribunals. These creditors, too, had a much more ready means of using diplomatic influence than the ordinary bondholder could command. They could come with their own personal wrongs and sufferings to their respective consuls, and ask individually for intervention and redress. They have clamoured loudly and asked boldly and persistently, and the result has shown that their clamouring and their asking have not been in vain.

The first task, then, of the Commission was to fix a yearly sum to be applied for the benefit of the creditors, which Egypt could in a normal year easily supply. The second was to get enough cash to settle outstanding claims. The third was to place on a final footing the different heads of Egyptian debt. The Preference Debt has been increased by about a third of its amount. Against this is to be set a sum of 70,000*l.* a year from the harbour of Alexandria, released by a settlement of the claims of the contractors. Further, the holders of this debt are entitled to look for a very considerable increase in the proceeds of the railways, which constitute their special security. An offer was made a few months ago by persons of very high standing to lease these railways on terms which would have guaranteed the payment of the Preference interest as it then stood, whereas up to this time the revenues of the railway had not nearly sufficed to cover this interest. The Egyptian Government refused the offer on the ground that it could not with due respect to itself place its railway system in the hands of foreigners. It may have been right in making this decision; but, at any rate, it now knows that the railways, if decently managed, would yield much more than they do, and it must justify its exclusion of foreigners by showing its own ability to make improvements in railway administration. The Unified Debt, which is the main debt of Egypt, is the least favoured of any. It is to carry interest at 4 per cent. instead of 7, at which it was originally borrowed. It is to be increased by an amount of two millions, representing the conversion into this stock of the short loans—that is, of the loans which would have been soon paid off if the Moukabaleh had been applied to their extinction. The arrears of the coupons of the Unified Debt are to be simply wiped out. On the other hand, the special securities assigned in 1876 to guarantee the payment of the interest of the Unified Debt are continued for the benefit of this class of bondholders. But their best security is one that no Egyptian law could possibly state. They are specially protected by French influence; and the French Government, unless it entirely alters its present views, will never recognize any Egyptian Government as a good or even tolerable Government which does not somehow manage to pay the interest on the Unified Debt. France and England may before long agree to diminish or terminate their peculiar kind of intervention in Egypt; but the Egyptian Government will always feel that, unless the interest on the Unified Debt is paid, intervention will begin again, as if France intervenes England will always be obliged to keep her company. The claims of those who have paid the Moukabalah are to be met by a sum of 150,000*l.* a year being set aside for fifty years for their benefit, and it is stated that this sum, as well as the tribute to the Porte, and the interest due to England on the Suez shares, is to be included in the sum assigned for the ordinary administration. One account says that the interest of the small Daira Khassa loan is also to be met from this source, while another account represents the Khassa loan as merged in the Daira Sanieh loan. It seems to have been supposed in some quarters that it was a great advantage to bondholders of a particular class to have a provision for their interest made out of the sum set aside for the Administration. Experience shows this to be a mistake. It is the Egyptian Government which collects the taxes out of which the Administration is to get its money, and if it does not get as much as it desires, it will be sure to help itself first, and its creditors, who are looking to this Administration fund, last. Lastly, the Daira Sanieh, besides having a good sum in ready money to meet bills, is to retain its special securities, is to pay 5 per cent. if it can, is to have 4 per cent. guaranteed by the Government, and, if the Government does not fulfil this guarantee, is to be allowed to retain out of its taxes enough to make up what the Government ought to have supplied. These are very favourable terms, and the Daira Sanieh creditors seem to be among those who have most reason to rejoice in the arrangements of the new law.

EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY AND INSURANCE.

THE Government would not have improved the prospects of the Employers' Liability Bill if they had adhered to their intention of mixing up the two questions of compensation and insurance. Both ideas are good in their proper places, but they are not ideas which admit of being substituted for one another. How incongruous they really are will be seen by supposing them applied to the relation of railway Company and railway passenger. If it were proposed to relieve railway Companies of the unpleasant liability to make compensation to killed or wounded passengers to which they are now subject, provided that they had contributed a fixed proportion of the premiums payable to a railway insurance Company, the public would certainly object that what they want is security, and that compensation gives security, while insurance does not. As it seems to us, the public would be quite right in thus reasoning. Compensation makes the cost of an accident fall on the man who is determined to be responsible for it. Insurance takes the cost of an accident off the man who is responsible for it, and distributes it over the contributors to the insurance fund. Why is Lord CAMPBELL'S Act, on the whole, popular? Because the travelling public feel that it supplies a guarantee which they could not obtain in any other way that the railway Companies will be careful to carry them safely. The railway Companies might contribute to the railway insurance Companies; they might even present each passenger with an insurance ticket, without in the least

creating this sense of security. An accident more or less would not matter to a railway Company if the funds of the insurance Companies were the only source to which an injured passenger could look to make good his loss and suffering. The knowledge that if they are careless they may have to pay heavily is the only means of insuring caution that has yet been devised, and, faulty as it may be, it has certain obvious merits which do not belong to the insurance plan.

These considerations are equally applicable to the proposal to make provision for insurance a part of an Employers' Liability Bill. The argument is forcibly and succinctly stated in a memorial from the executive of the Miners' National Union. Insurance, the memorial says, is not properly directed against negligence. It is meant to guard against accidents which are really accidents, and cannot therefore be guarded against in any other way. Negligence ought to be met by a provision which makes it the interest of employers to avoid accidents, and the only provision which answers to this description is one which compels them to make compensation to the sufferers if avoidable accidents occur. The workman does not want a money payment after an accident has maimed or killed him; he wants to have accidents which may maim or kill him properly guarded against. So far as the general principle goes, this is a perfectly sound distinction. Even the employers who are opposing the Employers' Liability Bill do not deny it in words; they only say that avoidable accidents are very rare, that all possible care is already taken to prevent them, and that an Employers' Liability Act can only lead to litigation directed to prove that an unavoidable accident might have been avoided. This plea makes employers a little too like angels. In theory, no doubt, they take all possible precautions against accident; but it may be doubted whether with many of them the wish does not stand for the deed. They may be as much shocked, no doubt, as any one else when an accident happens in a mine of their own; and yet be very much given to assume that it happened, not for want of precaution, but in spite of it. Undoubtedly, if it were proposed to make employers liable for the negligence of men over whose engagement they have practically no control, and of whose qualifications they can have no knowledge, all that is said against the Employers' Liability Bill would be well deserved. As it is, most of the arguments against it seem to take no note of the fact that an employer may show negligence in the choice of a subordinate as well as in any immediate act of his own. It is not too much to ask of a large employer of labour to exercise as much care in the selection of an agent who will hold the lives of many men in his hands as he would exercise over his own conduct if he knew that he himself held the lives of many men in his hands. To make him do this is the object of the Employers' Liability Bill, and nothing that has yet been said on the other side has convinced us that in passing such a Bill the Legislature is going at all beyond its proper province. Of course it should be strictly limited to cases in which the negligence of an agent is indisputably the cause of the accident, and it may not be easy to devise words which shall unmistakably express this limitation. But this, after all, is rather a question for the draughtsman than for the Legislature. It is his business to express clearly what the Government mean their measure to do, and if in its present form the Bill fails to do this, it should be amended in Committee. The sincerity of some of the objections taken to the details of the Bill is made a little doubtful by their being used as an argument why the Bill should be altogether withdrawn.

At the same time, the importance of a good system of insurance in hazardous trades can hardly be exaggerated. Mr. Pease has drawn in the *Times* a striking picture of the different position of the families who have lost husbands, or sons, or brothers in the Risca explosion, and the position in which they would have been if the explosion had taken place in the coal-field of Northumberland and Durham. In South Wales they have nothing to look to except the Poor-law or private charity. In Northumberland and Durham the men who were killed would have belonged, almost as a matter of course, to the local Miners' Provident Society, and in that case their widows, children, and relations generally would have been entitled to considerable payments out of the insurance fund. A widow would have received 5*l*. down and 13*l*. a year for an average of ten years. Each child would be paid 2*s*. a week in addition, so that, supposing a widow to have two children, she would receive 9*s*. a week in addition to her own earnings. The representatives of each single man killed would receive 12*l*. in one sum if the sufferer were under eighteen, and 23*l*. if above eighteen. These benefits, together with an allowance in case of permanent disablement, may be secured by a payment of 7*d*. a month. Whether this sum is adequate to the demands of one or two accidents of the scale in which colliery accidents now for the most part are cast is hard to say; but the miners are usually able to pay, if necessary, a larger premium than this. We cannot see, however, that insurance against accidents to workmen, excellent as it is in itself, is so obviously a duty of employers as to make it expedient to recommend it to them by Act of Parliament. The motive for a workman to insure against accident is direct. He foregoes the use of the premium in order to secure the use of the money which it gives him in case of accident. But what is the motive for an employer to insure, not against accident to himself, but against accident to his workmen? None whatever, except the desire to escape liability to make compensation. Now either he ought in justice to make compensation, in which case there is no need to help him to evade the obligation; or he ought not to make it, and then why should he have to protect himself against it? Of course if an employer likes to make a contract with his workmen that, in consideration of his contributing a certain sum to the insurance fund, he shall not be liable to pay compensation in the event of an accident happening, that is another affair. Both the parties to such a contract are perfectly well able to look after their own interests, and if the workman likes to set the contribution which the master pays towards insuring him in case of accidents of all kinds against the contribution which he would otherwise have to pay towards compensating for a particular variety of accident, no one has any right to prevent him. But to make provision for his doing so by a specific statute would be a perfectly needless interference on the part of the State in matters which the parties concerned are perfectly competent to arrange, and are likely to arrange very much better for themselves than any one else can hope to do on their behalf.

READING MADE UNEASY.

THE Reports of the School Inspectors which are printed in the appendix to the Annual Report of the Education Department bear out with unpleasant uniformity the observations of Lord Sherbrooke upon the kind of reading which is to be had from the higher classes in elementary schools. Without a single exception, they all tell the same story, and that story is one of the most discouraging character. The reading is bad all round. The children never read readily, except when the exercise they are going through, though it may be called reading, is really recitation. Even then, though they may read readily, they read entirely without expression; and, when they are asked to explain the meanings of the words they have used, they show that they have not attached the slightest meaning to what they have been reading. A long string of extracts might be made in support of this statement. But, in truth, it scarcely needs support. When it is considered what intelligent reading means, what are the obstacles to it in the class which fills our elementary schools, and what is the machinery by which it is proposed to overcome these obstacles, there will be no room left for surprise that it is so rarely met with. The power of reading intelligently stands for the power of reading in a way to give pleasure to the reader such books as are likely to fall in his way when he leaves school. However short the list may be—even if it does not include secular books at all, but only the local newspaper—it is plain that it must make a very heavy demand on the intelligence of the children in elementary schools. Among the educated classes children learn to understand and even use words before they are able to read them. Their difficulty lies in identifying the letters with the word rather than in giving the word itself a meaning. Among the poor, on the contrary, the spoken vocabulary is immeasurably more limited than that of any book not expressly intended for very young children. Almost every word that occurs in the course of their reading has to be explained to them; and, as they do not meet with it elsewhere, they have just as much difficulty in remembering it when ex-

plained as though it belonged to a foreign language. This unpromising state of things can only be properly dealt with in two ways. An immense amount of time must be given to reading and the oral explanations by which reading, if it is to be of any use to the children, must be accompanied, and the books read must be of a kind to give the children the help which comes of real interest in the matter read.

It is here that the question touches the controversy recently raised by Lord NORTON. The teaching staff of an elementary school is not at all too strong for the purely elementary work which has to be done, and it stands to reason that if the time and attention of the staff are devoted to other subjects, and these subjects in which only a small percentage of the scholars are presented, the school at large must suffer. At present two things are being attempted, which, if not incompatible in themselves, are certainly incompatible in the circumstances in which the attempt has at present to be made. Such rudiments of knowledge as every child in the three kingdoms ought to possess, and some smattering of secondary knowledge, are being imparted in the same schools at the same hours and by the same teachers. But they are not being imparted to the same children. The secondary knowledge is reserved for the minority to whom, either from greater quickness or from the ability of their parents to keep them longer at school, it can be taught with some chance of its reappearing at the day of examination. The rudiments alone are taught to all the children, and the consequence is that, if the rudiments are insufficiently taught, every hour diverted from teaching them is a wrong to the children who, but for other demands on the teacher's attention, would have at least another chance of mastering them. It may seem that, by the time a child is twelve years old, he ought to have learnt a good deal more than merely how to read and write and cast accounts. So he would have done if his education had been carried on at home as well as at school. As regards reading and writing, at all events the education at home is of even more importance than the education at school. The children of the well-to-do classes begin to read something for themselves very soon indeed, and they want to write a letter to a mother or a sister almost as early.

The children of the poor have for the most part no similar advantage. Whatever else they pick up at home, they do not pick up a literary vocabulary. Consequently, the work which with other children is spread over the whole year, Sundays and holidays included, has with them to be compressed into that fraction of the school year which is actually passed in school. It is this that makes the reasonable advocate of popular education so jealous of any additions to the school course. He objects to anything being taught which can conflict with the teaching of those indispensable rudiments among which reading is the first and chief, and he knows of no test by which to ascertain whether the teaching of this or that other subject does conflict with the teaching of reading, except the fact that, along with this or that other subject, reading is thoroughly well taught. If the reports of School Inspectors are to be taken as evidence, there are very few schools indeed which conform to this test. In all the reports which have been printed this year, there are the same lamentations over the miserable inability of the great majority of the children either to read what they see or to understand what they read.

The incubus of the Fourth Schedule affects the teaching of reading in another way. There are many subjects in which a good teacher can make up for the faults of a bad book. The text which he has to interpret may be barren or obscure, but he puts so much life into it by his explanations that its defects do the children no harm. Indeed, they may even do them service, because they stimulate the teacher to improve upon his text, and to trust more to himself and less to the book. But in reading the book is everything. No explanation of the teacher can here be anything more than an explanation of the book. The words which the children master, and the ideas which they painfully take in, must be those given them by the book. If they are not, the lesson may be an excellent lesson, but it will not be a lesson in reading. Now the first condition of a good reading-book is that it shall be good to read; and, unfortunately, this is precisely the condition which the ordinary reading-books used in elementary schools fail to fulfil. They are not good to read, and consequently they present nothing which can induce a child to read them. We only wish that the admirers of "extra subjects" could be forced to learn a foreign language from a reading-book modelled after the fashion of those in use in elementary schools. If an educated man wants to learn a foreign language, he begins, as soon as he can read at all, with something that he expects to find interesting. He reads a novel, unless he has a distaste for novels, and then he reads poetry or some author whom he has hitherto known only by repute or by a translation. The motive is the same in all three cases. He wants to have the necessary drudgery of mastering a foreign language lightened, and he chooses books which he thinks will lighten it. Precisely the same course should be taken with children in elementary schools. The first question asked about the reading-books in use in a school should not be whether they contain scraps of science or morality, but whether they are such as the children are likely to care for. Are they amusing? Will they tempt a child to read? Will he be eager to carry them home, that he may get on with the story? Of how many reading-books used in elementary schools can any one of these things be said? We do not know; but, to judge from the reports of the Inspectors, we should fancy of very few. The compiler and the chooser of reading-books have the inevitable extra subjects in their minds, and their judgment of a book turns upon the degree in which it paves the way for extra subjects. It rises in their estimation, not in proportion as it is readable and likely to be read, but in proportion as it gives information which may by and by be got out of the children in such a form as to secure an extra grant.

The great sinner in this matter is the Education Department. The greatest sinners do not always deserve the most blame, and we admit that, in this case, the Education Department has only walked in the lines marked out for it by Parliament and public opinion. But it is the action or inaction of the Education Department that does more than anything else to bring about this disastrous state of things. The most sensible school managers are not proof against the magic of a Government grant. They may regret that Government grants are given for such and such things, and wish that they were given for such and such other things; but, so long as they are given, they will wish the children in their school to earn them. It is not merely that they want the money, though, if they neglected this consideration, they would naturally come off badly with the ratepayers, or with their subscribers; what they want still more is the credit which a large Government grant carries with it. To expect, therefore, that any effectual reformation can come from below is vain. So long as the Education Department goes on offering money for the kind of proficiency which at present finds favour with it, so long school managers will go on producing that kind of proficiency, and children will leave school without having learnt to read.

BERE REGIS.

WE remarked not long ago on the danger there is, in these days of rapid travelling along great trunk lines, of England becoming less intimately known to its own people than many a foreign country, its more sequestered nooks and corners being apt to remain a sealed book to those who know the Continent by heart. We were then especially referring to the county of Chester. But what is true of the North is equally true of the South; and Dorsetshire is, we imagine, as much a *terra incognita* to the majority of Englishmen as the County Palatine. Girt on its four margins by railways, the whole of the central district, with its widespread moorlands and swelling chalk downs, is still practically inaccessible to the ordinary tourist. There are good roads, it is true; but the railway has driven public conveyances off them; and even those who can afford to hire a vehicle for a long drive do not always find such a thing attainable when they want it.

Few places suffer more from this artificial isolation than the once market-town whose name stands at the head of this article. Formerly a place of considerable importance, a royal residence from the days of our Anglo-Saxon kings to the thirteenth century, made a free borough by Edward I. in 1288, and touching English history at some not inconsiderable points; the seat of one of the greatest of the South-country fairs, that of Woodbury Hill, once rivalling those of Stourbridge and Weyhill; the resort of traders not only from Exeter and Bristol, but even from Birmingham and Norwich, where the tolls alone brought in a hundred pounds a day to the lord of the manor—Bere Regis is now almost unknown even by name, and is only visited by the cultivated few whom the fame of

its unusually fine and interesting church, admirably restored by Mr. Street, tempts across the stretch of bleak moorland which separates it from the nearest railway station. Nor, with all its historical associations, does Bere Regis, though somewhat better than "Murray's" description, "a poor place of thatched cottages," offer much that is attractive at first sight. Climbing a chalk spur watered at its base by one of the crystal affluents of the river Piddle or Puddle—no mean river in the eyes of the men of Dorset, which has inflicted its grotesque name on a whole string of unlucky villages on its alder-lined banks, Affpiddle, Tolpiddle, Piddletrenthide, and the like—the long street with its wayside hostelries and village shops, their windows full one day of earthen teapots, another day of hobnailed boots, and a third of bacon, pervaded by that mingled odour of cheese and leather, coffee and soap, "et omnis copia narium," which is so familiar and so indescribable, certainly does not present any object to detain the traveller. We must add, however, that the local joiner has, by the neatness of his tiny tables, made a name for himself far beyond that usually won by village tradesmen. We vainly look for the stone-mullioned houses which render the villages of the adjoining county of Somerset so picturesque. Nor is this surprising. Not only is building stone a rarity in this district of chalk and sand, but Bere, like most of the Dorsetshire villages with their cob-walls and thatched roofs, has always been getting burnt down. The local annals tell of repeated conflagrations, the most disastrous of which was in 1788, when the vicarage, the parish registers, and more than forty houses were burnt, and the church was barely saved by the exertions of the people. The extent of the calamity and the sympathy it evoked may be measured by the fact that nearly 1,300*l*. was raised in the county alone for the relief of the sufferers.

The name "Bere Regis" at once arrests attention by its singularity, and one asks with some curiosity whence it comes and what it means. Such questions regarding local names are usually more easily asked than answered. We are of course met at the outset with the popular fable that "Bere" means the drink brewed of malt and hops, and that it was so called by the ubiquitous John Lackland, who, in spite of his being the very vilest monarch that ever sat on the English throne, has stamped his name on more places than any other English sovereign save perhaps Queen Elizabeth. The story is that on one of his frequent visits here—his Itinerary records at least fifteen—he was so delighted with the beverage which was set before him that he decreed that the town should ever thereafter bear its name, and that "regis" should be added to indicate the royal approbation of the Dorset brewing. Unfortunately for the popular myth, the place bore this name three centuries before King John, and its origin must be sought elsewhere. What that origin is, philologists are by no means agreed upon. The last edition of Hutchins's *Dorset*—now almost a model county history, due to the enterprise of a local bookseller, aided by unbought loving labours such as few counties could match—derives it from a word, if such word there be, in the præ-Saxon tongue, denoting low scrubby wood, such as once covered the whole of the district, and of which we have a remnant in the charming oak wood between Bere and Bloxworth. Others, ignoring the wood altogether, and regarding the present naked aspect of the country, both down and heath, derive it from the Old-English *baer*, bare, open. With more probability, Mr. Isaac Taylor, taking a wider field of induction—including the Devonshire *beres* or *beares*, such as Loxbeare, Kentishbeare, Aylesbeare, Rockbeare, &c.—sees in "bere" the Scandinavian root "byr," preserved in the "boer" of the Icelandic farms, akin to the "bys" which mark the Danish settlements, especially in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire. "Bere" or "Beer" occurs frequently as a local name in the West of England. "Beer," near Seaton, where the Danes landed in 967; "Beer Ferris," "Beer Crocombe," in Somerset, and "Beer Hacket," in the same county of Dorset—all must be referred to the same root, and we think Mr. Taylor has indicated the most probable one.

But long before the Scandinavian pirates occupied the country, Bere and its vicinity was the seat of a considerable population. No district in England abounds more in hill-forts—some, like the huge entrenched "castellum" of Badbury Rings, of immense strength—earthworks, pit-dwellings, sepulchral barrows, and other traces of a very early habitation. That the civilization was not of a high type is shown by the contents of the barrows. The urns contained in Mr. Durden's most instructive collection at Blandford are of the coarsest unbaked clay, of the rudest make and the simplest manipulation, and of articles of more elaborate workmanship there is an almost entire absence. The Romans also have left their traces here. The "Via Iceniana" from Old Sarum to Dorchester ran along the north of the parish, where Roman remains have been turned up not unfrequently. A leaden coffin containing a nearly perfect skeleton, the feet covered with nail-studded *caligæ*, was found some years since near the road between Kingston and Bere, on the supposed site of "Ibernium." In Saxon times Bere, as we have mentioned, became a royal residence, and gained its right to the affix which distinguishes it from the other Beres. It was to Bere that, according to Bromton, Elfrida retired after the foul murder, either by her order or by her connivance, of her stepson, Edward the Martyr, at Corfesgate. "A worse deed,' says the Chronicle, "had never been done since the English came into Britain," "Ad quandam sui juris mansionem quæ Bere vocatur, continuo secessit ut super hoc quod fecerat nemo de ea suspicionem haberet" (p. 874). and here we may place the scene of that beating of the young king, her ten-year-old boy, Ethelred, with big wax altar-candles, there being no stick at hand, when the poor lad wept for the death of his brother which had given him the throne. "Wherefore," writes the Chronicler, "Ethelred ever hated wax candles, and would have none burnt before him all the days of his life."

It is a long leap from Elfrida and Ethelred to King John, but if the intervening sovereigns, Saxon or Norman, sojourned at their "mansio" at Bere, their visits are unrecorded. John appears to have had a great partiality for the place. It was near Corfe Castle, his favourite stronghold and the scene of some of his foulest atrocities, where Eleanor "the Damsel of Brittany," Prince Arthur's sister, was immured for years, and four-and-twenty of the knights taken at her brother's Castle of Mirabel were starved to death, and in which he kept his treasure and regalia; it was also within easy reach of the sea, which with the restlessness of an uneasy conscience, he was for ever crossing and recrossing. After having landed at Studland, on the abandonment of the proposed invasion of Normandy in 1205, he came on to Bere, where, in a letter dated May 25, in a very unusual fit of piety, he ordered his bailiff to cause "a fair crucifix to be set up in our chapel at Bere," "Teste meipso apud Beram"; and, his injunction not being carried out, he repeated it June 25. The monarch's care for his personal comfort at Bere is shown two years later, when by an order dated March 9, 1207, he commands that a kitchen—*una coquina*, often in those early days a mere temporary wooden shed—"be erected for his service at Bere." In the same year, July 2nd, on his iniquitous exaction of the thirteenth of all movables from laymen and clerics alike throughout the land—so nobly resisted by Archbishop Geoffrey of York before the Council, fearless of the banishment with which his patriotism was rewarded—he appoints this as the place of reckoning for the 20,000*l*. extorted from the realm, "paid by the Justiciary Fitz Peter into our chamber at Bere by the hands of Ralph his chamberlain." With John the royal occupancy of Bere ceases, and the manor passes for a brief space into the hands of Simon de Montfort, to whom it was granted in 1259 by Henry III. Ten years later, when the great Earl had been four years in his grave, the manor of Bere passed to the King's brother Edmund, who the same year granted a moiety of it to the Abbess of Tarent, which gave that lady and her successors, "a fair, a market, free warren, and the whole forest of Bere." At the Dissolution it passed to Robert Turberville, whose family had been possessors of the other moiety by royal grant for many generations. The last Abbess, Margaret Russell, lived to enjoy her pension of forty pounds till the tenth year of Elizabeth. By her will, dated January 20, 1567-8, she desired to be buried in Bere Church, and bequeathed to her "cousin John, Lord of Bedford, her piece of plate double gilt, and a great ring, which my Lord of Bedford gave her." This "John, Lord of Bedford," was the first earl of that name, the founder of the great house of Russell. Could one who had so fattened on abbey spoils accept the deprived Abbess's cousinly bequest without a qualm?

The Turbervilles who thus on the Dissolution became possessed of the whole manor of Bere were the descendants of that Pagan de Turbida Villa, who, coming over with William the Conqueror, figures as one of Robert FitzHamon's twelve knights in the picturesque, but in its details somewhat untrustworthy, tale of the conquest of Glamorgan, who settled at Ewenny, and was buried in the Priory of that place, to which he had been a considerable benefactor. To the Bere branch of this family belonged good Bishop James Turberville of Exeter in Queen Mary's reign, on whom old Fuller makes one of his most detestable puns in reference to the impoverished state of his see, that "he was a Baron, but a bare-one, so miserably had that cathedral been pilled and polled," and who, "though he carried something of trouble in his name, showed nothing but mildness and meekness in his nature"; "very gentle and courteous," writes Holinshed, "most zealous in the Romish religion, but nothing cruel or bloody," obstinately refusing to light the fires of persecution in his diocese, and, while he grieved sorely for their heresy, by every means in his power shielding those who had made themselves amenable to punishment. "In an age of troubles he was a peacemaker; in an age of persecution he was mild and lenient; amidst overbearing prelates he was an example of meekness; and as he showed mercy in prosperity so he found it in adversity"; for, in spite of the clamorous demands of Day, Provost of Eton, and Nowell, Dean of St. Paul's, in their sermons, for "the killing of the caged wolves," he and the other bishops committed to the Tower for refusing the oath of supremacy escaped. Bishop Turberville's father, John Turberville, was a warm supporter of Henry of Richmond, and a month after the battle of Bosworth Field was rewarded for his services by the grateful monarch with the offices of Constable of Corfe Castle and Marshal of the King's Household. In his will, dated 1535, he desires to be buried in the church of Bere Regis. "Yn my own yle before the ymage of our blessid Ladie, yn one of the tombs yn which Sir Richard Turberville and Sir Robert Turberville mine ancestors hath bene buried." He further directs the east window of his "yle" to be newly made and newly glazed in such manner and in such form as his wife and executors might think most convenient. The Turberville aisle in Bere church is the south aisle of the nave. The present east window is one of Decorated style, of reticulated tracery; but it only dates from the recent restoration, though we believe it is an accurate reproduction of the tracery which was found built into the wall in fragments. The window named in the will was probably that in the east bay of this aisle; a rather singular composition of five lights

under an almost flat arch, with a richly panelled soffit. The original glazing having entirely perished, it is now refilled with the armorial bearings of the Turberville family and their alliances in stained glass. The aisle contains several ancient tombs without inscriptions, which must be those referred to in the will. Another member of the same family, a century later, Sir Troilus Turberville, was captain of Charles I.'s life-guard of cavalry, and was killed on the King's march from Newark to Oxford—his last independent movement as a sovereign at the head of his forces—in October 1645. The Manor-house built by Thomas Turberville in 1587 on the site of Elfrida's "mansio" and John's "hospitium," a very good example of its date, was unhappily demolished a few years since. Only one gable end of the mansion remains, built in as part of a farmhouse in the meadows to the south-east of the church. We can ill afford to lose such historical landmarks.

But the name which confers the greatest celebrity on Bere Regis is that of Cardinal Morton, Henry VII.'s chief adviser in fiscal matters, and the introducer of the system of mis-named "benevolences" known as "Morton's Fork," or "Morton's Crutch," but more honourably known as the patron of Sir Thomas More, at whose table the scene of his *Utopia* is laid, and as the Chancellor and benefactor of the University of Oxford. Dean Hook questions his being a native of this parish, stating that he was born in the adjacent parish of Milborne St. Andrews; but as his father who had migrated from Nottinghamshire certainly lived in the parish of Bere, at the Manor of Milborne Stileman, we may safely accept the local tradition. The chapel at the east end of the north aisle of the parish church, corresponding to the Turberville chapel on the south, was the Morton chantry, and the burial-place of that family, to which the Cardinal bequeathed a maintenance of one priest to say mass for twenty years for his own soul and those of his parents and kinsfolk buried here. Morton became incumbent of Bloxworth, the adjacent parish to Bere Regis. After his flight from the disastrous field of Towton, in attendance on Queen Margaret and the young Prince, he was attainted by the victorious Lancastrian party as "John Morton, late parson of Blokesworth, in the shire of Dorset." Local tradition assigns to Morton the erection of the richly carved nave roof, which, according to one version of the story, he had caused to be executed in his diocese at Ely and sent down here; while according to another version, contradicted by the style of the ceiling, the timbers with their huge and coarsely fashioned figures were carved in Rome. The character of the roof is quite unlike West-country work, and bears a sufficient resemblance to the noble hammer-beam roofs of the Eastern counties to give some colour to the Ely story. But the design is far too clumsy, and the execution too coarse, to warrant our attributing it to an East Anglian craftsman. It is more like the work of a man who had never seen a hammer-beam roof, and was endeavouring to carry out an uncongenial design only known to him from description or inartistic sketches. That Morton had architectural taste, and was not averse to be consulted on such matters, is shown by Prior Sellinge's letters to him asking his decision as to the form of the pinnacles of the "longest steeple" at Canterbury Cathedral which he was then building.

Whatever the origin of the roof of the nave of Bere Church, it is certainly a very remarkable, though hardly a beautiful, work. It is an ordinary tiebeam roof, with arched braces. The singularity consists in the introduction at a lower level of a series of figures projecting horizontally and intersecting the arched braces and doing duty as hammer-beams, where no hammer-beams have any right to be. The result is great heaviness of effect, the timber being much in excess of what is needed, confusion of construction, and redundancy of ornament. However, the general effect of this long line of variously habited figures, stretching from end to end of the nave, the colours of which have been carefully renewed in Mr. Street's most conscientious restoration of the church, is undeniably picturesque, and, as Mr. Street remarks, "the rude magnificence of such massive timbers covered with a rich and quaint carving such as is rarely met with is very striking"; but it is an example rather to be avoided than imitated. The naturalism of a huge head, with fat rosy cheeks, staring down on the congregation from the centre of the eastern bay—representing the head of St. John the Baptist, to whom the church is dedicated—is painfully ludicrous. It is as far as possible from the ideal of the desert ascetic, macerated by his long continuement in the castle of Machærus. The church itself is in its main fabric Transition Norman, with low pointed arcades on cylindrical columns with square abaci. But it has received extensive alterations and additions in Decorated and Perpendicular times, which render its architectural history rather perplexing. Every ancient feature has been retained with such scrupulous care by Mr. Street that—which is very unusual in restored churches—its history may be traced more readily now than before its restoration. A strong pressure, we believe, was put on Mr. Street to replace the old chancel arch, of inconveniently contracted dimensions, with a wider and handsomer structure; but he rightly felt that this plain, rude arch with its huge squints—mere inartistic holes in the wall—was a part of the history of the fabric which it would be wrong to remove. Few churches needed restoration more than that of Bere Regis, with its pens and boxes of every shape and size reaching so high as to hide the capitals of the columns, its tottering walls and its mouldering roof, the hiding-place of swarms of bats which used to come out on dark afternoons, to the great delight of the boys, who struck them down with boughs of trees as they flitted eerily about the church and dashed in the faces of the few worshippers nodding under the good old vicar's drowsy sermon. If all restorations were like this, the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings would lose the last pretext for its too often meddlesome interference. Bere Church, it should be added, enjoys the too rare advantage of having all its windows filled with stained glass, executed by the same artists, Messrs. Hardman, in pursuance of one design. The Gospel history, commencing with the Nativity in the west window of the north aisle and culminating in the Crucifixion in the east window, is carried round the church, finding its consummation in scenes from the Apocalypse in the south aisle. The grisaille windows of the north aisle are almost perfect both in design and execution. The east window is unfortunately the weakest of the series, and should be replaced by a worthier specimen of the artist's skill. The great west window of the tower—itself a noble pinnacled structure of Perpendicular date, with the richly panelled belfry arch so characteristic of the west counties—contains the history of St. John the Baptist. All these windows were, we believe, the gift of the lady of the manor, who was also the chief contributor to the restoration. The monuments are mostly late and not specially interesting. There are some coarse examples of sixteenth-century canopied tombs. One epitaph of the end of that century deserves to be read. It recalls one of Quarles's "Emblems," "Tinnit, inane est":—

> I Skerne doe shew that all our earthlie truste
> All earthlie fayers and goods and sweetes are dust.
> Look on the worldes insyde and look on me,
> Her outsyde is but painted vanitie.

Erected and finished by Margaret Skerne his wife, which caused this worke to bee made Ano Dni 1596.

Another mural brass to Andrew Loup, of Hide, d. 1637, "ad quisquilias decessoris sepositus," affords a curious example of the pedantic scholarship in vogue at the beginning of the seventeenth century, which loved to hunt up the most out-of-the-way words the Latin language furnished and work them up into enigmas. We subjoin the closing sentence, premising that "damnas," like "transilis," which is the first word of the epitaph, is a noun, and not a verb:—

> Extremo ætatis progressu patrimonium invenit narcoticum, quo devictus per triennium morbo laborans Herculeo tandem voti fluminei damnus memor expiravit, antequam protoplasti vivendi reliquias per decennium peregerat.

We are sure the Vicar of Bere would be grateful for a satisfactory solution of what has hitherto baffled all would-be Œdipuses. Another modest brass plate, almost hidden behind the organ, bearing the words so familiar to Balliol men, "Verbum non amplius, Fisher," records the builder of the decidedly ugly, but very commodious, south-west wing of that college facing Broad Street, who, exchanging Newton Ferrers for Bere, died here in 1773, in his 90th year.

When we add that the mother of the once famous "Mrs. Elizabeth Carter," the translator of Epictetus—the sale of which actually produced her a thousand pounds—was a Bere heiress, the daughter of Mr. Richard Swayne, who was married in this church in 1718, we have told all that our readers may at present care to hear about Bere Regis. If what we have said leads them to pay it a visit, they will be well repaid for their trouble. The neighbourhood is singularly attractive, with its fir-crowned entrenched hills, its far-stretching views of Corfe, Purbeck, and Wareham, and its wide, open heaths, rich in natural treasures, where the *Exacum filiforme* with its tiny golden cups, and its first cousin, the *Gentiana Pneumonanthe*, may be gathered in abundance, and where the entomologist may find burrowing spiders, with their gossamer-lined tubes, and other rarities to add to his cabinet.

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

THERE is, or ought to be, weeping and wailing among the Anti-Vaccinationists, unless gratitude has accompanied common sense in abandoning the minds of those amiable fanatics. Mr. Dodson, who had charge of the new proposal for a smallpox licence; Mr. Dodson, who but a few weeks ago drew tears from all Anti-Vaccination eyes by nobly exclaiming that he was not prepared to authorize policemen to tear infants from the arms of their weeping mothers; Mr. Dodson has ceased to be a member of the present Parliament. The President of the Local Government Board is now undergoing the same unpleasant experience which not long ago afflicted his colleague, the Home Secretary. He can attend Cabinet meetings and join in the deliberations of his fellows if he pleases; but the doors of the House of Commons are barred to him. Others must take charge in that Assembly of his favourite schemes; others must draw pictures of the brutal minion of the law wresting infants from their mothers, when the latter have committed no other crime than such as may be implied in the desire to apply to the overgrown population of England the same measures which have proved so effectual in thinning that of the once crowded islands of the Pacific. While his colleagues do the business of the nation in the nation's Council, Mr. Dodson has nothing left but—in the words of the poet—to sit upon the ground with the Lord Advocate, and tell sad stories of the defeats of Ministers. Mr. McLaren himself is probably getting used to rejection now that Berwick has endorsed the refusal of Wigton. But he at least is free to contest whatsoever seat may be vacant,

while the more important dignitary is excluded from his own particular preserve, and must look out for some constituency with which he is at present unacquainted. Sir William Harcourt will no doubt give him that counsel and comfort which may be expected from an amiable statesman, himself by no means *ignarus mali*. But even Sir William's well-known desire to make all things pleasant to all men will hardly induce him to promise Mr. Dodson such a special providence as befel himself. There is, it is to be feared, but one Derby and but one such heroic partisan as Mr. Plimsoll. There is, it is true, a vacancy at Liverpool; but Lord Ramsay's is a minority seat, and it is by no means certain—we hope we may say that it is very unlikely—that Mr. Dodson would stoop to the compliance which the heir of "Dalhousie of an old descent" did not disdain. So that for the present, at any rate, there is nothing for the amateurs in the matter of diffusing pestilence to do but to join Mr. Dodson and Mr. McLaren in their session on the ground, and to cast ashes upon their heads and bodies. Mr. Gladstone himself has recently declared that he has not given to the measure which raised their hopes that attention which it deserves; a statement which at the latter end of July, in a crowded Session, cannot be said to bode well for the future diffusion of smallpox in England.

The calamity which, to speak more seriously, has befallen Mr. Dodson, and which, as far as he is personally concerned, everybody must sincerely regret, happens from the general political point of view to be an exceedingly instructive calamity. The fate of the President of the Local Government Board and of his colleague, Mr. Lawley, has some important points of difference from the fates which have recently befallen so many members of Parliament. It will be remembered that last August Mr. Gladstone, who was then in the very heat of the contest of words which preceded for many months the actual trial of strength at the ballot boxes, went to Chester to support Mr. Lawley's candidature. He eulogized his youthful friend and his political principles, in a manner which did not presage the remarkable difference of opinion which has since developed itself between them on the subject of the Irish Compensation Bill; and he stirred up the men of Chester to the acquisition of both seats in a manner which provoked a somewhat warm protest from Mr. Raikes. Mr. Raikes, by the way, if he be a person of unchristian vindictiveness, has of late had more than one compensation for his mishap in April; for he has seen a decision of his successor in the Chair of Committees practically overruled by the Speaker, and the election of his successor at Chester declared void by the election Judges. But to return to the history of the Chester election itself. It is to be observed that before Mr. Gladstone's arrival vigorous means had been taken to organize victory in the city on the Dee. An association of the kind which it makes Mr. Chamberlain so angry to hear called by the name of Caucus had been started; and, when Mr. Gladstone spoke, he spoke to the Liberal Three Hundred in fact, though not in name. The present Prime Minister was long mute on the subject of these organizations, and he did not on this particular occasion break his silence. But his address, read to-day with the assistance of the spectacles furnished by the judgment of last Saturday, is obviously directed to the party organization which had been just arranged. He exhorted his hearers to "try to handle that which lay within arm's length"; and the Chester Three Hundred evidently took this practical advice in the most practical spirit. Indeed they worked so vigorously upon everything and everybody within the reach of their arms and pockets that Mr. Dodson and Mr. Lawley are at this moment seatless men. Some suspicion of a possible, if not probable, excess of pecuniary zeal seems to have entered the experienced mind of Mr. Dodson, and he made some faint effort to conduct his canvass on a basis separate from that on which the energetic Three Hundred were obeying Mr. Gladstone's injunctions. But it was all in vain. He and his colleague were the nominees of the Three Hundred; they were returned by the exertions of the Three Hundred; and those exertions were directed much more by an earnest desire to apply the doctrine of arms' lengths than by cold-blooded consideration of the laws of bribery. Mr. Dodson's Committee and the Three Hundred became soon, if they were not always, one in the eye of the law; and for the acts of the Caucus the Committee and their candidate were responsible. We have of course no intention whatever of hinting that the leaders of that august body—if anything so Republican as a Caucus can be said to admit of leaders—bribed, or wished to bribe. But all the patriots of the Three Hundred were not as they, and so there came woe upon Mr. Dodson and Mr. Lawley. It is possible that but for the Caucus they would not have been elected for Chester; it is certain that but for the Caucus they would not have been unseated for that ancient, but, according to Mr. Justice Lush and Mr. Justice Manisty, scarcely pure or independent, constituency. Mr. Salisbury, the chairman of Mr. Dodson's own Committee, a former member for the city, and seemingly a pillar of the Three Hundred, complains that, "If counsel had not thrown up their briefs, a very different complexion might have been put upon the case." This zeal of Mr. Salisbury's is more ardent than wise. It may be suggested to him that eminent counsel (one of whom, by the way, was, in this instance, Mr. Waddy, a Liberal of the Liberals) do not usually throw up their briefs unless a case is absolutely, and, what is more, damagingly hopeless. Taking Mr. Salisbury's words in their literal and grammatical sense, we are rather inclined to agree with him. It is very probable that, if counsel had not thrown up their briefs, a different complexion would have been put on the case; but it would almost certainly have been a complexion less, and not more, favourable to Mr. Salisbury's party.

Thus the Chester election petition presents much matter for the consideration of the friends of the Caucus as well as for its enemies. We have said that it probably seated and certainly unseated Mr. Dodson, and it is not uncharitable to suppose that what has been done on the housetops in Chester has been done under the rose elsewhere. The comparative merits of the old and the new system cannot be better illustrated than by comparing the cases of Chester and Westbury. In the latter case, the sitting member was undisturbed by the Judges, though, if we mistake not, clear proof was given of acts of the most open bribery committed by his injudicious supporters. But these supporters were in no way officially connected with his candidature. Therefore—and very justly—he was not held responsible for their acts. Now in the case of a Caucus it is impossible for a candidate to avoid solidarity with the new institution. In the first place, he cannot dispense with it, and in the second, as not a few instances have shown, it will take good care that he does not dispense with it as a matter of fact. The *amour propre* of these curious fungoid growths of English politics is as remarkable as their activity. Besides, one of the chief boasts of Mr. Chamberlain and his friends is that the Caucus system, by providing large numbers of voluntary workers, dispenses with the necessity of paid canvassers and agents. Now it is a universal experience that voluntary workers are always liable to outbreaks of indiscretion, from which the sober zeal of hired labourers is comparatively exempt. From all which it would appear that the Caucus is a singularly undesirable mistress for a political aspirant, inasmuch as he is equally liable to be rejected by its hate and unseated subsequently by its love. Under the old arrangement Mr. Dodson's was a perfectly safe seat, and he must curse the day when Mr. Gladstone's fervid eloquence introduced Mr. Lawley to Chester, and the energy of the Three Hundred set to work to put in practice the principle of influencing every man within the length of their arms and purses. On the other hand, it would be exceedingly interesting to get behind the scenes on which some of the older organizations of the same kind work, and to see how far—at Birmingham, for instance—the same means are applied to produce the same ends. It may be said that no imputation has ever been cast upon the purity of the Birmingham elections. The answer to this is that the Birmingham "hundreds" have had a much longer time to perfect their organization, and ensure the secresy of its proceedings, than the hastily extemporized Three Hundred who have seated and unseated the President of the Local Government Board. It may be that the purer political sentiment of the town does not require those coarse stimulants and rewards which are necessary in the city—and also it may not be so. The fact remains that the prediction of the opponents of the Caucus that it would lend itself readily to corrupt practices has been fulfilled, and that their prediction that it was a tool with a great many edges and likely to cut in several unexpected directions has been fulfilled likewise. Such is the more important and permanent result of this remarkable petition. Its immediate result is an addition to the little troubles of the Government. It is awkward that a Cabinet Minister should be not only unseated, but should be under a partial disqualification for re-election. It is awkward that a Cabinet Minister, however personally guiltless, should thus be discovered to have been seated by corrupt means. It is awkward that those, in this instance, corrupt means should be the means by which a great part—according to some ardent politicians, the whole—of the Ministerial success was achieved in the late elections. All these things are, we say, awkward for any Government, and for any Government but the present they would be very awkward indeed. But the present Government, to use an expressive Gallicism, "has seen plenty of others." They are almost inured to the occasional retirement into the background of a Minister or two, and we should not be surprised if Mr. Gladstone discovered that it was rather an advantage than otherwise to have at least one colleague roaming about, and feeling the pulse of the country, even if that pulse should be as unfavourable as the Lord Advocate has found it. For the present Prime Minister when in power is nearly as expert in finding reasons for thankfulness in the smallest mercies as he is, when out of power, in finding reason for dissatisfaction with the greatest.

PLEASURES AND PAINS OF GARDENING.

"THE Purest of Humane pleasures," as Bacon calls a garden, is a theme that has been often sung, and it might well be asked whether anything can be added to the thousand works in verse and prose that have glorified, described, or analysed it. If Virgil passed the subject by with a graceful apology, we have the *Hortorum Libri* of René Rapin, *multo elegantissimi poetæ*, as his title-page calls him—a poem which is not perhaps as good as the Georgics, though it tells us a great deal about French gardening under the Grand Monarque. If Wordsworth is less inspired when dealing with Mr. Wilkinson's spade than when dealing with Michael's "sickle, flail, or scythe," it is possibly because Cowper had anticipated him, and had done epic honour to "the prickly and green-coated gourd." In prose, if the garden has not received its due in some established classic, as the river bank has received it in *The Compleat Angler*, it has furnished an occasional topic to all sorts of writers,

from Evelyn, the prince of dilettanti, to Hawthorne, the subtlest of dreamers. The truth is that a subject which interests everybody is not easily exhausted. Rapin's *Horti* do not say the last word on the art of gardening, nor Hawthorne's meditations on bean-vines and musk-melons the last word on the philosophy of it. Everybody, except those cooped up in the heart of cities, is a bit of a gardener, and everybody's experience of his garden is a little unlike that of everybody else. Hence there is room, not only for half a score of gardening periodicals, but for any quantity of philosophizing on the pursuit and its end and aim.

The garden that Bacon describes in his famous essay is no more the concern of plain people than is the palace of Versailles. Thirty acres of ground is "indeed prince like"; it is an amount that is rather to be admired than envied. "I like well," says Bacon, "that Foure Acres of Ground be assigned to the Greene; Six to the Heath; Foure and Foure to either Side; and Twelve to the Maine Garden." No doubt the owner of a Baconian garden has his joys and sorrows; but they are the joys and sorrows of the great, like those that go with garters and dukedoms. The true pleasures and pains of gardening belong to a lower stage of existence altogether, and can only be felt under humble conditions. To have more than one gardener in your service is to put yourself outside their sphere; indeed it may even be said that to have one complete and thoroughly satisfactory gardener is to put yourself outside it. "The original Adam's occupation," as Hawthorne calls it, can only be really experienced by the man who feels himself personally responsible for his garden. Three conditions at least have to be fulfilled if the pains and pleasures are to be real. The garden must, in the first place, be, in the main, of his own making. To look after trees and shrubs that were in existence before he came to the house is, to quote Hawthorne again, "something like educating and nursing another person's children." In time, no doubt, you can adopt them; or, if the garden is one in which you and they have grown up together, you can develop a brotherly feeling towards them which is nearly as good as the paternal one. But unquestionably the apple-trees you have planted, the roses you have grafted with your own hands, are nearer to you than those you have merely come in upon; and this fact is one that should be some compensation for the bareness and thinness of a new garden. The pleasures of a garden are mostly pleasures of anticipation; he can feel nothing of them who cannot look forward a little and see the flower in the seed, the covering of blade and leaf in the bare February ground. A second condition is that the garden should not be too large. It should be capable of being taken in at a glance; though of course it may have as many departments as would satisfy even Bacon himself. There must, no doubt, be a pleasure in organizing a garden like that of "my brother Evelyn at Wotton," and in "removing a mountaine overgrowne with huge trees and thicket," in "levelling that noble area where now the garden and fountaine is"; but it is presumably a pleasure like that which Wren felt in building St. Paul's. An acre, at most, is what the simple sons of Adam should aim at; and every flower-show reveals the fact that there are hundreds of people who work wonders with gardens not more than a quarter that size. Lastly, the work should be done in great part by the proprietor himself. If he does not dig, he must at least plan; on him, and not on his gardener, must rest the prime responsibility for the success or failure of his flowers and his crops; he, if he is to understand the pleasures and the pains, must not be able to delegate to any one the direction of affairs. Moreover, a little human weakness, intellectual or moral, on the part of the gardener, is not a bad thing. A paragon is apt to take things too much into his own hands.

Given a garden that you have made, or helped to make, that is not unmanageably large, and that is worked by one man under the owner's eye, what precisely are the joys and sorrows that attend its culture, and how are they balanced? It is to be feared that the eminent writers who have dealt with the subject are not to be implicitly trusted on this point. The poets have been as one-sided as imaginative people usually are; one and all, from Homer to Cowper, have tried to show that Paradise was to be found in Phæacia and at Olney, as well as in Eden. Poor Cowper may be excused for his enthusiasm; he owed too much to the "blest seclusion from a jarring world" to speak with measure of the occupation that nearly kept him sane. But people in general have to own that in the garden, as out of it, there are good and evil, pleasure and pain. Still the pleasure is unmistakable, as far as it goes:—

> So manifold, all pleasing in their kind,
> All healthful, are the employs of rural life,
> Reiterated as the wheel of time
> Runs round; still ending, and beginning still.

The quietness, the serenity of the garden has been a proverb since the days of Virgil's Corycian old man, and probably was a proverb long before. "I do most of my thinking when I am spudding up the plantains on my lawn," an Oxford Professor used to say; for the garden presents just that union of quiet and stimulus under which thinking flourishes best. The quiet, however, is a quality which it shares with the other "employs of rural life"; it is in the exact nature of the stimulus that it differs from them. The peculiar imaginative pleasure which comes from watching the things as they grow has never been so well described as by Hawthorne in that exquisite passage of the *American Note Books*, in which he tells the simple story of his life at Concord:—

> I love to watch the successive development of each new vegetable, and mark its daily growth, which always affects me with surprise. It is as if something were being created under my own inspection, and partly by my own aid. One day, perchance, I look at my bean-vines, and see only the green leaves clambering up the poles; again, to-morrow, I give a second glance, and there are the delicate blossoms; and a third day, on a somewhat closer observation, I discover the tender young beans, hiding among the foliage. Then, each morning, I watch the swelling of the pods, and calculate how soon they will be ready to yield their treasures. All this gives a pleasure and an ideality, hitherto unthought of, to the business of providing sustenance for my family. I suppose Adam felt it in Paradise; and of merely and exclusively earthly enjoyments, there are few purer and more harmless to be experienced . . . After all, the greatest interest of these vegetables does not seem to consist in their being articles of food. It is rather that we love to see something born into the world; and when a great squash or melon is produced, it is a large and tangible existence, which the imagination can seize hold of and rejoice in.

It would be impossible to point more truly the elements of curiosity, of surprise, of satisfaction, which enter into the list of garden pleasures. Hawthorne touches upon another, too; that which comes from studying the characters of separate plants. "Summer squashes are a very pleasant vegetable to be acquainted with," he says. Who has not felt the same in watching the growth of a vegetable marrow? The joy in beholding the first asparagus push through the soil is one thing, the joy in noting the gradual softening of a peach or plum is another. The humours of a strawberry-bed are a comedy in themselves. Why one fruit should ripen while its next neighbour rots or remains inveterately white; why the same plant should contain giants and dwarfs, each apparently in the same stage of perfection, is a mystery. And everybody knows how past finding out are the vagaries of the rose-garden.

The pains of gardening come mostly under four heads—weather, weeds, insects, and gardeners. With 1879 in the memory of every one, it is not necessary to dwell on the first. Agricultural depression is generally regarded as the one result of last year's pretended summer; but there should be reckoned with it, and as perhaps equal to it, the mental and moral depression of the horticulturists. How many tempers were irretrievably soured last year will never be known, and once or twice during this present year the unhappy cultivator has feared that he might have another cruel time of it this summer. If he has, if the sun does not shine in August, and if the joys and sorrows that we have been speaking of are put into the scales of Zeus, the joys will kick the beam. Against rain that beats the roses to pieces and drowns the peas and rots the strawberries and floods the potato-drills, the most heavenly disposition may try to bear up in vain. "Quid labor aut benefacta juvant?" the hapless gardener may say. He may say much the same, too, in the face of the weeds of a very productive year, or in the face of the slugs that follow a mild winter, or of the gooseberry-caterpillars which this year have been swarming over his bushes. And if the "slightly unsatisfactory man" whom we have recommended as a stimulating helpmeet proves unsatisfactory in one special line, the master will be not less inclined to despair in this than in those other cases. Why gardeners should be so specially given to drinking fits is a physiological problem for which there may or may not be a solution; about the fact there can be no doubt. Still there are exceptions; and there are fine seasons when neither weeds nor insect-pests have been able to "lord it over the fields." In such cases the happy owner of the single acre is apt to think that the pleasures of a garden are much in excess of its pains, and to confess with Evelyn that "he is foolishly fond of these rustications."

NAVAL ACCOUNTS.

WHATEVER the faults of the Admiralty may be, it certainly cannot be charged with leaving the taxpayer in ignorance of the manner in which his money is expended. In the annual return of dockyard and shipbuilding expenditure for the year 1878-79, which has just been published, Mr. R. G. C. Hamilton, the Accountant-General of the Navy, has attempted to improve on previous official statements by giving fuller information, and he hopes in future reports to improve yet more, and to leave nothing untold respecting expenditure. He says:—

> The alterations in the form of this Return, which were introduced last year, have this year been considerably extended; but, although in size a large reduction has been made, no point of importance has been omitted: on the contrary, as regards naval construction, additional information is afforded in regard to the nature of each vessel's armament, the tonnage added during the year, and the previous expenditure on construction, while the principles which have hitherto governed its form are not affected.
>
> In the preparation of this Return two cardinal points are kept in view; first, the establishment of a close and direct connexion between the expense accounts of the dockyards and the appropriation account of naval expenditure, thereby securing that all the money expended for labour and stores has been accounted for; and, secondly, the treatment of each dockyard, for purposes of account, as a separate establishment, in order to show the comparative cost of similar operations at different yards.

The matter, it seems, has not been free from difficulty, and a large amount of official labour has been required to elaborate the present system of stating the accounts. This was planned by two official Committees in 1865, and has since been improved in accordance with the views of the Select Committee on Admiralty Moneys and Accounts which held its sittings in 1868. There is here given the result of the work undertaken, with the object of making it practicable for Mr. Hamilton, and his staff to set forth an account of the kind described by him, and in the present return a tabular statement of the expenditure during eight years,

under the different votes of the Navy Estimates. Respecting it, Mr. Hamilton says:—"For labour and machinery, where cash payments are made for work and material, capable of direct charge to a distinct service—such as construction, or repair, or dockyard maintenance—it will be seen that an exact agreement can be and is made between the total amount of the vote as shown in the appropriation account and the total amount of dockyard expenditure brought to account under those heads. But in the case of stores a difficulty has to be met, in that the stores paid for in the year are for the most part purchased for delivery into store and not for any special service; consequently, stores used in any year are not necessarily identical with stores bought." The difficulty mentioned, however, has been partly overcome, and Mr. Hamilton thinks that it will be possible to get rid of it altogether by means of a system of valuation. Even, however, if it were entirely disposed of, the Accountant-General for the navy would not be satisfied. The statements in the return are, from his point of view, still insufficient, and do not tell the public nearly enough. "While," he says, "it is shown in one return the appropriation account—that the expenditure has or has not exceeded the votes for labour and materials; and, in another, that for this expenditure certain work has been performed, it is nowhere shown how far the work for which money was voted corresponds with the work on which money has been spent."

To this deficiency Mr. Hamilton has given serious attention, and he has already made a partial effort to remedy it, having drawn up a table in which he has tried to show how a comparison may be made between the programme which was given in the Navy Estimates for 1878-79 and the work actually done. In time he hopes to be able to make a thorough and minute comparison: and he gives a very broad hint that when he and his staff are able to accomplish this, it will be well to publish the Return of Naval Accounts earlier in the Session, before the Navy Estimates have been discussed.

While awaiting this state of things, which doubtless the Lords of the Admiralty will do all in their power to bring about, the public must be content with the rather tardy information which Mr. Hamilton is now able to give; and this, though, as has just been seen, it is far from satisfying him, is certainly not meagre or largely insufficient. Those who scan official documents are usually well pleased to discover official shortcomings; and to a good many readers probably the most interesting of the many tables in the return will be that above mentioned, in which Mr. Hamilton compares the promises and the performances of the Admiralty in 1878-79. The statement certainly shows serious shortcomings. To take armoured ships only, the total amount of tons' weight of hull to be built was, according to the programme, 8,568; but only 6,912 tons had been built, or rather, according to the official method of calculating, were assumed to have been built, at the end of the financial year. Out of thirteen armoured ships, eight were allowed to lag behind. Thus the *Agamemnon* was short in advance to completion by 405 tons, the *Ajax* by 516, the *Inflexible* by 211, the *Colossus* by 284, the *Conqueror* by 185, the *Majestic* by 160, the *Neptune* by 182, and the *Polyphemus* by 246. The other five armoured vessels—the *Belleisle*, *Dreadnought*, *Nelson*, *Northampton*, and *Superb*—were, it is true, advanced further towards completion than had been promised; but the total excess was very small when compared with the total deficiency. Not satisfied with giving these and other facts, Mr. Hamilton endeavours to show how far the total works at each dockyard were short of the estimated amount; and from the figures he gives it appears that Pembroke was proportionately the most behind, although, owing to the small amount of work done there, the actual deficiency was much smaller than the deficiencies at Chatham and Portsmouth, both of which were large in amount. On the whole, the failures of the Admiralty in 1878-79 were considerable, but they were not so great as the failures of other years, as Mr. Hamilton takes the trouble to show. He certainly is determined that all the shortcomings of the department to which he is attached shall be known, for he gives a tabular statement of the amount of work promised and the amount of work done during the ten years which ended March 31st, 1879. One of the worst of these years, so far as regarded broken pledges, was that immediately preceding 1878-79, when the shipbuilding at the dockyards was short by 2,188 tons. In 1876-77 the Admiralty almost kept their promises, the deficiency being a very trifling one, and in 1875-76 they did more than they promised; but in 1874-75 the deficiency was 2,870 tons, and in each of the two preceding years it exceeded 2,000 tons. In 1871-72, 1870-71, and 1869-70, there were deficiencies of 786 tons, 1,268 tons, and 127 tons respectively. With contract work, although there was excess in some years, there was large failure in others, and the total deficiency, though not so large as that shown in the dockyard work, is considerable. It is not happily necessary to assume that this constant failure to keep pledges has been due either to carelessness or to incompetence at the Admiralty. It seems rather to have been due to a pernicious custom of over-statement. Strange to say, it has long been the fixed practice to promise every year more work than can possibly be done. It is scarcely necessary to point out the evils of this practice, which makes it impossible to tell how far the Navy Estimates are to be taken as really representing the intentions of the Admiralty. Perhaps now that an official of high position has shown in the plainest manner possible how, during a series of years, there has been a constant failure to carry out undertakings, and intimates that in future he will state the precise extent to which the work done has fallen short of the work promised, those who frame the estimates may be a little less reckless in pledging the Admiralty, and may abandon the custom of shipbuilding on paper, which, though at times it may please the House of Commons, must in the end give rise to deep and perhaps exaggerated distrust.

In fairness, however, it should be said that there are some excuses for errors and shortcomings; and the principal of these is stated in a part of Mr. Hamilton's Report which deserves the most careful attention. New difficulties constantly assail the naval constructors of the present day, and new causes for expenditure constantly arise. The late First Lord of the Admiralty took just credit to himself for the manner in which ironclads were maintained under his directions, and Mr. Hamilton's Report shows how largely the expense of maintenance has increased of late. The public has been so often told of the durability of iron ships as compared with wooden ones, that it will learn with surprise that, after a comparatively short period, iron ships, and specially armoured ships, require extensive repairs. Mr. Hamilton says:—

> As regards the former [armoured ships], the cost of maintaining and repairing armoured vessels amounted in this year to 430,077*l*. It is to be observed that the expenditure under this head has, of late years, had a tendency to considerable development. If the decay of armoured ships has been gradual their repair has necessarily been costly. As an illustration, the repair of the *Northumberland* may be instanced, which will be found to have cost in the year 1878-9, simply for the replacement of machinery and the provision of new boilers, the sum of 39,543*l*., for the repair of the hull and rigging a further sum of 73,455*l*., while the total cost of the repair of this one vessel amounted during the year to 117,998*l*.

He goes on to give a table of the expenditure on maintenance and repair during the period of ten years ending in March 1879. As the principal figures cannot be given in a more condensed form than that in which he has arranged them, and as they are of very great interest, we reproduce them from his Report:—

YEARS.	ARMOURED SHIPS. £	UNARMOURED SHIPS. £	TOTAL. £
1869-70 ...	128,223 ...	496,996 ...	625,219
1870-71 ...	180,772 ...	489,056 ...	669,828
1871-72 ...	87,576 ...	413,798 ...	501,374
1872-73 ...	159,180 ...	411,033 ...	570,213
1873-74 ...	291,341 ...	533,160 ...	824,501
1874-75 ...	321,040 ...	705,144 ...	1,020,184
1875-76 ...	320,267 ...	676,301 ...	996,568
1876-77 ...	208,070 ...	638,474 ...	846,544
1877-78 ...	489,315 ...	596,279 ...	1,085,594
1878-79 ...	430,077 ...	650,219 ...	1,080,296

It will be seen that the cost of repair and maintenance during the period, though not regularly augmenting every year, was enormously greater during the second half of the decade than it was during the first; and the increase with regard to armoured ships is shown in an equally striking manner by a comparison which Mr. Hamilton institutes between the original cost of some of the ironclads and the cost of repairing them. Thus, quoting from a table given in the return, he shows that during ten years 156,195*l*. and 170,202*l*. were expended on the repairs of the *Agincourt* and *Northumberland*, which cost to build 483,000*l*. and 490,680*l*. respectively; that during seventeen years and a half 200,185*l*. were expended on the repairs of the *Warrior*, the cost of building which was 377,292*l*.; that in seven and a half years the repairs to the *Sultan* cost 89,302*l*., against an original cost of construction of 374,777*l*.; and that during ten years 159,077*l*. were spent on the repairs of the *Monarch*, against an original cost of construction of 371,415*l*. It is unnecessary to expatiate on these figures, which speak for themselves. Mr. Hamilton has certainly rendered good service in publishing them, for though the expense of constructing modern war-ships has long been recognized, the expense of maintaining them is not yet fully realized. Without any material increase in the sums voted, the Admiralty has found itself burdened with a large and unavoidable increase in expenditure. Mr. W. H. Smith, finding that he had not money enough to build and repair, preferred to repair. The present rulers apparently intend to build, and, it may be presumed, will leave the old ships to decay. It is almost too much to hope that any First Lord will, for some time to come, have the courage to tell Parliament that, as the cost of the navy has greatly increased, there must be a large increase in the sum voted for the navy; but, if such intrepid truthfulness is not as yet to be expected, it is at all events well that statements should be published which will serve to familiarize the public mind with facts which, disagreeable as they are, must sooner or later be taken into account. Very valuable, then, is Mr. Hamilton's Report. He shows no disposition to slur over official shortcomings; but, on the contrary, states them in the most uncompromising manner; and, at the same time, he incidentally shows that there is some excuse for the officials, and that, without increased means, they have had to meet increased demands. It is for the public to draw the necessary and obvious inference from this, the most important part of his return. A large amount of valuable information relating to other matters is contained in it, but, owing to want of space, we cannot at present analyse this.

THE REPUBLICAN FÊTE IN A FRENCH COUNTRY TOWN.

WHILE in Paris M. Grévy was issuing new flags to the army with much applause of all men, and a joy that needed no official prompting was supreme throughout the city, the provinces, too, were celebrating the feast of the Republic in their own fashion. And a very odd fashion it was in some places, at least to the apprehension of the cold-blooded foreign observer who happened to find himself in a small town where the Sous-Préfet was the only known Republican. There is at present no reasonable doubt that France, as a whole, is Republican; that is, the majority of sober-minded and reasonable Frenchmen accept the Republic as the form of Government that is most likely to secure them peace and dignity abroad and order and prosperity at home. But the whole is not made up of homogeneous parts. The discontented minority does not consist of minorities distributed with approximate evenness through the towns and departments of France; but of particular populations, groups, and cliques which are concentrated in particular places to the extent of pretty well engrossing them. This is partly because the causes of material discontent and the sentimental traditions of anti-Republicanism run in local grooves, partly because the members of a thoroughly beaten and, in its own eyes, an oppressed minority naturally gather together to make up by compactness for their want of numbers, and comfort one another with talking of their grievances. Thus a state of things becomes possible such as was witnessed last week in a town not a hundred miles from Paris, which we shall call Bouzy-le-Têtu. The men of Bouzy-le-Têtu are well to do in this world's goods; fame says that some of them, though they live like any other provincial tradesmen and farmers, are immensely rich; and they are as little worried by the Government as any Frenchmen can be. Yet so it is that they are not happy to live under the Republic; and the Sous-Préfet is, as aforesaid, the only Republican in the place. Their anti-Republicanism is rather passive than active; nor is its precise complexion likely ever to be known, seeing that the principal inhabitants mostly live shut up in their own houses, and see nothing even of one another except when they give their daughters in marriage and pay off the accumulated social dues of a couple of generations. Therefore we shall avoid political conjectures, which in this case would be doubly precarious, and confine ourselves to relating plain facts.

Any stray tourist who has by chance made his way to Bouzy-le-Têtu will probably say of it that it is a desolate town, with many mills and few people in it; dull with the infinite dulness of French provincial towns; sad with the unfathomable sadness of a long white street, composed of private houses, "pale beyond name and number," but guiltless of being "crowned with calm leaves," or any green thing whatsoever. Such an one has seen the surface only of things, and knows not the fury of political passion, the depth of religious feeling, of which the Bouzinois are capable. He should have been at Bouzy-le-Têtu on the 13th of July, and beheld the proclamation of the Mayor, and heard the japes told concerning it by the inhabitants. It was indeed a remarkable document. It announced first that salvos of artillery would usher in the fête, then that the Sapeurs-Pompiers and the municipal band would execute a "retraite aux flambeaux" on the evening of the 13th, and lastly the Mayor hoped that in this solemn circumstance the inhabitants would display their liberal and patriotic sentiments.

Accordingly, on the evening of the 13th, we watched for any manifestations of patriotic sentiment that might appear. But, beyond a few small boys letting off squibs, nothing unusual was to be seen. We had well-nigh given up all hope, when a sound of drums and music burst upon our ears. Suddenly the principal hotel was illuminated with Bengal-fire, and the municipal band appeared, accompanied by a few evil-looking young men singing the "Chant du départ" and waving torches. At the same moment all the shutters in the street were closed, and the "retraite aux flambeaux" passed by, nothing daunted by its extremely cold reception. "But to-morrow it will be very different," said an enthusiastic young woman, and, on this assurance, we retired to prepare for the fatigue and excitement of the 14th. There are few prettier sights to be seen anywhere than that of the Promenade du Port at Bouzy-le-Têtu on a hot day. The wide avenues of trees ensure perfect protection from the sun, and the fresh grass and the pleasant sound of water are deliciously suggestive of coolness. If you follow the stream, you come upon a thousand unexpected beauties, picturesque little corners with mill-wheels turning under their sheds, surrounded by willows; and here and there a short street of washhouses overhanging the stream, and reminding one much of some of the small canals in Venice. It is, therefore, not surprising that when we were told that "a solemn feast" would be held on the Promenade du Port, we should have looked forward to it with pleasure, thinking that even the mildest demonstration of national sentiments would be pleasant to witness amidst such surroundings. In the morning the programme of the "solemn feast" was made known. The Sapeurs-Pompiers, to the number of eighty, were to assemble at the Mairie, and to march thence to the Promenade, where the Sous-Préfet was to review them; after which there were to be general rejoicings, and all the cafés were to remain open all night. Soon after midday the town, quiet with the quietness of death, was disturbed by a hideous clatter. Imagine the dog in Hans Andersen who had eyes as large as round towers dragging after him a cauldron of proportionate size, and one can form some notion of the monstrous noise that made all the windows shake. This, we thought, will be a feast indeed, seeing that the prelude to it is so tremendous. Slowly the cause of all this tumult came in sight—one Sapeur-Pompier, of vast size, wearing a plume nearly as tall as himself, and beating a drum with a fury that was terrible to witness. There was a kind of unwholesome energy about the man that made him far from pleasant to look at, so that it was a relief to hasten down to the "Place de la Mairie" to see his comrades assemble for the review. Arrived at the "Place" we found some twenty Sapeurs, of all sorts and sizes, armed with obsolete rifles of a preposterous length, loafing about and occasionally darting into wine-shops. By degrees some fifty or sixty rank and file were got together, mainly owing to the exertions of the superior officer, a thick-set, stupid-looking man, with a spluttering utterance. All this time the crowd, about two hundred strong, amused itself by "chaffing" the men to its heart's content. "How rejoicing it is," said a fat miller standing near us, "to see such fine men, barrels of liquor, unfathomable abysses of red wine, gourds upon legs who will stand any strain without bursting." "Mais regardez," said another answering him, "celui-là qui est ja-présent" (for they still say *ja* in these parts); "oh! il est plein celui-là, il est archi-plein." Before we could catch a glimpse of the man who was "full," a diversion was made by the arrival of the band, with a sand-blind old man at its head bearing the big drum on his back, while a stalwart ruffian pounded it from behind, despite the remonstrances of the on-lookers, who entreated him to forbear by reason of the drum-bearer's exceeding age. And now the gates of the Mairie swung open and the Sous-Préfet came out attended by the Municipal Council. A gun was fired, and all was ready for the start; but still the procession hung back, while scouts were sent out as if in quest of some missing object. At last they returned, bearing with them an old Pompier, who had completely fuddled himself with much drinking, and whose advent was greeted by ironical cheers. "Enfin!" said the commanding officer, and the procession moved off.

On the Promenade du Port the review began. It consisted in the Sous-Préfet walking slowly round the Sapeurs and then making a halt in the midst of them. "Silence!" cried two gendarmes who were in attendance, and the Sous-Préfet tried to look majestic. He, too, like the drum-bearer, was very old, and he was going to deliver his "discours." "Mes braves Sapeurs-Pompiers," he began in quavering tones, "I am going to talk to you about the Bastille." And in the midst of the most profound indifference he began a speech which was a miracle of grotesque dulness. At its conclusion one of his hearers cried "Vive la République!" but his immediate neighbours stamped on his toes till he screamed with pain. And now occurred a most painful incident. To cover the general apathy, the bandmaster ordered the drum to beat, whereupon the chief drummer struck, utterly refusing to go on unless he were paid extra for it. "Ce n'est pas dans le programme," shouted the drummer. The bandmaster raged, and the gendarmes were summoned to pour oil upon the troubled waters. In the midst of the disturbance the crowd moved off in another direction, and we followed to see if haply the "feast" might be more joyously celebrated elsewhere. Mounting the main street we came upon four posts, bearing the legend "Place de la Bastille"; in the middle of the street was a dingy erection like the funnel of a steamer, surmounted by a gilded cardboard man with wings, bearing a torch in one hand and a chain in the other. Further on were more posts with inscriptions, "Place de la République," and a bust surrounded with flower-pots. Here came the Pompiers to present arms amidst a great beating of drums, and then they plunged into the nearest *auberge*, and no sound was heard save the chinking of glasses. Nothing now remained to be done till nightfall, when the town was to be illuminated. All the private houses remained shut up, although the inhabitants were within, and what little display there was was due to the shopkeepers and aubergistes. Being told that at nine o'clock there would be a "ceremony" on the "Place de la Bastille," we went to look upon it. A few gaping women and children stood about, while a man hung lanterns on the hands and the tips of the wings of the gilded man; and a priest looked on with a sardonic smile. At ten o'clock the customary stillness fell upon the town, and, in spite of the Mayor's permission, some of the cafés began to close. "Voyez-vous," said a man in the street to his companion, "dans ce pays on n'aime pas beaucoup la République." And indeed it seemed like it.

DR. TANNER'S FAST.

THERE is nothing original in the sickening exhibition of a fasting man which is offered to an intelligent public in New York. This form of advertisement, and this attempt to gain notoriety by going without food, has long been practised by Welsh and other "fasting girls." Dr. Tanner has taken it into his head to starve in public for forty days, and the "irregular," "eclectic," "homœopathic" physicians and other queer people have encouraged the experiment. The American papers are full of the affair, but they seem to give no account of the Doctor's motives. Does he wish to illustrate the force of the will? An interesting baronet in one of Mr. Bret Harte's burlesques is said to have no lungs, and to go on breathing merely by the exertion of his will. Perhaps Dr. Tanner has some theory of this sort, in addition to such more obvious motives as we have already indicated. In any case, the "experiment" he is making seems absolutely without value for the purposes of science.

"Eclectic" and "irregular" physicians watched him during the first ten or twelve days of his task, and "eclectic" physicians seem inclined to welcome, and even to aid and abet, any performance which appears to be contrary to the ascertained laws of nature. They would like to demonstrate that the world is square and flat, that the moon is made of green cheese, or any other absurdity that might seem to invalidate regular science, and so to make room for their own irregular pretensions. This is the theory, at least, of a "regular" physician, a Dr. Hammond, who has been "interviewed" by an enterprising reporter. Said Dr. Hammond, "the conditions of the fast are not such as to guard effectively against deception. The gentlemen who are watching are all anxious that the patient should succeed, and are prejudiced in his favour." "You don't mean to suggest," said the reporter, "that those watching him would assist him in any way whatever in accomplishing his task." "Well," said Dr. Hammond, "I take it this way. The physicians watching him regularly are eclectics or homœopaths, and if to the world Dr. Tanner accomplished his feat, it would be such a triumph for them against the regular school that the temptation to assist would be so great that many an honest man would be tempted to give him some assistance. I also assert that the present conditions are such as to make the experiment of no scientific value whatever." We entirely agree with Dr. Hammond's theory of eclectic honesty. In the course of the first fortnight of starvation a Dr. Bradley declared that he saw one Johnson hand something surreptitiously to Tanner. There was a row, the lie was given, Bradley and Johnson wanted to fight with their fists. Affidavits were made in every direction, but the affair was inconclusive, and the fasting and watching went on as before.

The "experiment" is conducted with circumstances of ridiculous vulgarity. We confess that we have scarcely the heart to laugh at the absurd details. A man is either practising a coarse imposture in the midst of a crowd of silly busybodies, or he is being permitted to commit public suicide amidst the gabble of competitive quacks. "Suppose the man suddenly collapses," said a reporter to one of the "doctors"; "will there be any chance of saving his life?" "We don't intend to let him commit suicide under our eyes," was the answer, as if a throng of rival nostrum-mongers could possibly agree to take any steps that would save the wretched Tanner. "Of course if we can't get the proper remedies down his throat he will die," said the physician; "but in that event I hardly think that his watchers can be held responsible." Perhaps they cannot, and probably they have no conscientious scruples about aiding and abetting self-murder, as long as the law does not touch them. The popular interest in this affair is of the same morbid sort as that which fills the Agricultural Hall with a crowd eager to watch the agonies of men who have been walking night and day for a week. The pain, the fever, the "pluck" of the victims are found pleasant to watch, especially in the absence of the not more degrading sports of the Roman circus. Whether Dr. Tanner lives or dies, we may expect fasting matches to become popular. Men will fast against time, like Dr. Tanner, or against each other. There will be umpires, referees, bets, and stakes. Indeed, the Dr. Hammond already spoken of has been hinting at the terms of a new match—Dr. Tanner to fast for thirty days, watched by regular physicians—stakes, 1,000 dollars.

The conditions under which Dr. Tanner fasts at present are sufficiently comfortable, except for the crowd of silly or semi-intoxicated people who thrust themselves into his presence. As gate-money is only twenty-five cents, the poorest sportsman can come and study the symptoms of starvation. "Clarendon Hall is particularly well arranged for an affair of this kind," says the reporter, as if voluntary starvation were the most ordinary affair in the world. The room is lofty; there are plenty of open windows and "innumerable doors," so that Clarendon Hall is, in more ways than one, suited to an affair like Dr. Tanner's. The Doctor lies on a little bed, which was sent him by an enterprising upholsterer. "Give this man a good notice," the Doctor cried to the reporter, when the bed was sent in. He had a kindly feeling for a brother in the art of advertisement. The Doctor's bed is set within an enclosure of about forty feet square. When his pulse is examined he is called to the railing, and stands there till the examination is over. His bed is searched every morning, and so are the newspapers, of which he receives many. About the tenth night of his fast his face was very ghastly, and he staggered in his walk, while his pulse could not be detected at the wrist. "Wouldn't you go for a good beef-steak if you saw one?" a stranger considerately inquired. "No," said the Doctor; "the first thing I'll go for when I'm through with this fasting will be for a bully good old water-melon." "Some of the papers say you'll be going for your coffin soon." "Let them say what they like," replied the Doctor; "I am getting along splendidly." This burst of spirits seemed to tire the Doctor.

The Doctor's principal pleasures are driving—for we presume the papers mean driving when they say "riding"—and listening to music. He drinks a good deal of water, and he has wet towels put on his head, like the pale student of fiction. We do not gather that he smokes. Sometimes he runs upstairs, but these "exhibition spurts" tire him a good deal. He grows very irritable as time goes on; nor is this surprising, for most persons are irritable when kept waiting for dinner twenty minutes, not to speak of forty days. The public are gratified by the indubitable signs that he is "suffering intensely from the unnatural strain to which he has subjected himself in the interests of science." We have already expressed our belief that science has nothing to do with the matter, and that bull-fights and bear-baiting have quite as much right to claim the protection of science. One might well parody a famous saying and exclaim, "Oh science, what things are done in thy name!" The ninety cats and thirty dogs lately roasted alive in the holy cause of physiology are victims enough, and science can disclaim the human sacrifice which, if deception is out of the question, is being offered up in Clarendon Hall. About a week ago the poor wretch who is exhibiting himself had "passed through a woful change in appearance. His eyes are sunk deep in their sockets, and added to their sleepy depression is a bright glitter, which is terrible to look at. The man is not delirious, and no symptoms of insanity have yet been noticed by the physicians, but a timid person would scarcely care to be shut up with that glittering eye for company." Nearly a fortnight has passed since these words were written, and "regular" physicians only gave Dr. Tanner two or three days to live. The latest telegrams which we have seen reported him to be still alive, and it is horrible to think of the self-imposed tortures which he must have endured in the interval. Ten days ago he was "obviously near his death." After he began drinking water freely his health improved, till the depressingly damp and hot weather began. Such weather makes people feel exhausted who do their best not to starve themselves, and it produced the same effect on Dr. Tanner. He has still a fortnight between himself and the "bully water-melon" of his desires. As he has already lived after he ought to be dead, there seems no particular reason why he should die. Indeed, as he has got into the habit of living without food, he need not revert at all to the ordinary conditions of humanity. Though it is impossible to speak with certainty about his physiological condition, his psychological state must be interesting. If he is a common fanatic, with a dash of religious madness, he probably started in as good faith as is possible to a fanatic. Perhaps he half believed in the possibility of a miracle, and a little in some theory of the self-supporting power of the will. He may have been dimly conscious of an idea that collusion was not out of the chapter of accidents. If he knew anything of the history of similar "experiments," he would have been aware that science could derive little more real information from his case than from that of Louise Lateau. If he survives, he may, not improbably, found one of the odd ascetic sects which are common in America and in Russia. Or he has a profession open to him in Hindostan, if he likes to run counter to British law. He may "fast on" recalcitrant debtors; that is, sit starving at their doors till they pay what they owe, lest he should die, and his death be on their heads. We would willingly pay a small bill, even for the second time, if Dr. Tanner would only eat his water-melon. If this feeling were general, the tender-hearted citizens of New York would subscribe large sums to induce the Doctor to make a "square meal." But the citizens have not thought of interfering in this manner with his task. Whether he succeeds or fails, he is sure to have imitators, so crazy is the modern hunger and thirst for notoriety. Perhaps it may be found necessary to pass a law which will check the suicidal mania which first showed itself in long-distance walking races, and which has now assumed an even more repulsive aspect. To lynch a few irregular and eclectic physicians would be illegal, but natural.

METROPOLITAN BANK DIVIDENDS.

WITH but one important exception, the London joint-stock banks and discount Companies have now declared their dividends for the past half-year, and have also published their reports; most of them likewise have held their general meetings. We can therefore compare the results of their working during the six months with the results of the corresponding period of last year, and thus apply a crucial test to the statements made respecting the improvement in trade. We say a crucial test, because the peculiarity of banking business, and likewise of that done by discount houses, is that its profits are made, partly, no doubt, by judicious investment, but chiefly by supplying others with the funds by which they carry on their operations. Banks and discount houses, therefore, prosper on the general prosperity of the community. There are times, it is true, when the value of money is very high and the community can hardly be said to be prosperous, but when banks do very well. But these are exceptional times, very different from the past half-year; and, notwithstanding them, our proposition is true as a general statement. It is especially true of half-years like that just ended, when the value of money was not high. Although the official minimum rate of discount of the Bank of England was uniformly 3 per cent., save for the last fortnight of the half-year, the open market rate was almost always much lower, and was often, indeed, below 2 per cent. During the six months, therefore, the value of money was low, quite as low perhaps on an average as during the six months with which our comparison is made. For if the open market rate was lower towards the end of the first half of 1879, it was much higher in the beginning. Consequently, if the banks and discount houses, taken as a body, did better in the past half-year, it must have been because they were able to employ their disposable funds more continuously, and suffered less loss from bad debts. Let us see, then, what has been the result of the past six months' working; and first let us examine the dividends declared. We find that of nine banks seven have declared the same dividend as twelve months ago, and two have declared better dividends.

Of these two, the greatest of all—the London and Westminster—has divided its profits at the rate of 16 per cent. per annum, against 14 per cent. per annum twelve months ago, being an increase of 2 per cent. per annum. Of the second, the Union of London, also one of the greatest, the dividend is now at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum against 12½ per cent. at this time last year, showing an increase of 2½ per cent. per annum. The Joint-Stock Bank's dividend is unchanged, and that of the London and County is not yet declared as we write. Of the three great London joint-stock banks which have already declared dividends, that is, two have been able to divide 2 per cent. or more over the rate of twelve months ago. The smaller banks declare the same rate. Of the three discount Companies two, the National Discount and the United Discount, have each increased their rate of dividend by 1 per cent.; the third has made no change. Thus, of the twelve Companies four have increased their rate of dividend, and not one has diminished it. We find from the reports, moreover, that of the banks which have not increased their dividends, the Alliance, the Imperial, the Central, and the South-Western augmented their profits by an aggregate sum of 15,405*l.*, while the decrease in the case of the London Joint-Stock and the Consolidated aggregated only 487*l.*; so that the additional earnings of these six banks, which did not increase their dividends, were just 15,000*l.* It follows that the six months just ended were very much more profitable to bankers as compared with the first half of 1879, than would appear from the mere increase in certain of the dividends declared. Taken as a body, the joint-stock banks and the discount Companies all did better, and what is true of them is no doubt true also of the private banks and the private bill-brokers.

We have stated above why this was so. In the first half of 1879 the shock of the Glasgow failure was still recent, and credit in consequence was paralysed. Bankers did not know whom they might trust. There were rumours afloat that this house and that had received a blow from which it could not recover; and even when these rumours were doubted, they had their effect in making bankers cautious. Nor was it mere suspicion and alarm alone which produced this state of distrust. All the great industries of the country were in collapse. The iron, coal, and cotton trades, for instance, had been prostrate for years. Prices had fallen to a lower level than had previously been experienced in the present generation; wages were cut down until all the rise of the previous good times disappeared; and still stocks accumulated and works were stopped. It was naturally argued by bankers that this could not go on for ever; that, though failures had been singularly few, losses must have been ruinously heavy, and consequently that some day a general crash must come. But all this discredit was dispelled in the autumn. The United States began buying iron on an immense scale, and properties which a few months before had been unsaleable and unworkable became highly valuable. Prices were doubled in a short time, the accumulated stocks of years were shipped across the Atlantic, mines were reopened, furnaces were blown in, mills were set going. Of course, additional accommodation was required from the banks to enable all this to be done, and it was readily given when the security offered was thus so much increased in value. Simultaneously with this genuine improvement of business due to foreign buying there instantly set in an access of speculation. That was inevitable. The improvement in trade brought in its train increased traffic for the railways, which meant better dividends, and consequently enhanced value. So, again, the demand for accommodation from the banks signified larger profits for them and an improved position. All this was clearly perceived by the acuter speculators, and led to the movement which was witnessed. But the outburst of speculation in its turn increased the business of the banks, inasmuch as speculators generally carry on their operations only by means of bankers' advances. Thus the cause why the banks have been able to earn larger profits in the past half-year than in the corresponding period of 1879 is that credit is better now than it was then, and consequently that bankers have been able to employ their resources more freely. The value of money, nevertheless, was very low during the six months. But the increased turnover of course swelled profits, while fewer bad debts diminished losses.

It would be out of place here to analyse the balance-sheets of the several banks, with the view of testing the correctness of the statements just made, nor would it indeed be worth while to do so. The balance-sheets are made up on the last day of the half-year, and they show therefore only the state of the banks' accounts on that particular day. But it is notoriously the practice of the joint-stock banks to accumulate an exceptionally large amount of cash in their own hands, at the Bank of England, and at call, at the close of the half-year, so as to give the impression that their accounts are more "liquid" than they really are—that is to say, that they hold a larger cash reserve. For this reason the balance-sheets are misleading, if we regard them as samples of the run of business during the six months. Naturally it is the bills and advances which are decreased when cash is accumulated. The permanent investments in Consols, Indian Stock, Railway Debentures, and the like, would not be disturbed, unless it had been decided for other reasons to sell out of certain securities. But the advances would be called in with full assurance that the money could be lent out again with ease on equally favourable terms. So, likewise, bills would be allowed to run off, and except for customers, difficulties would be made about discounting afresh. In the balance-sheets, therefore, the permanent investments bear generally an exceptionally huge proportion to the discounts and advances. But, if we compare one balance-sheet with another, it may be thought that we may fairly assume that the accumulation of cash has been effected in the same way on the occasion of the making up of each. This does not appear to be so, however, as may be seen if we examine the balance-sheets for June of this year and June of last year in the case both of the London Joint-Stock and the Union of London—banks so similarly circumstanced that one refuses to limit liability because the other does. The Union has increased its dividend 2½ per cent.; yet it has decreased its discounts 1,377,000*l.*, and its advances 69,000*l.*; while it has increased its permanent investments 389,000*l.*, and its cash 1,131,000*l.* It is quite clear that it did not increase its dividend by augmenting the cash in hand and at call. The Joint-Stock, on the other hand, has earned only the same dividend as twelve months ago; yet it also has increased its cash in hand, and likewise its discounts, loans, other securities, and money at call, which it lumps all together. It seems clearly to follow that the practice in the two years has not been the same. But the explanation we have given above of the superior profitableness of the past half-year is confirmed by the speech of the Chairman of the London and Westminster Bank at the meeting on Wednesday.

Before concluding, we must express regret that the discussion of the past two years has borne so little fruit in the way of improving the form of balance-sheet in several important instances. Incidentally, we have just now referred to the fact that the London Joint-Stock, one of the five principal Metropolitan banks, lumps together its bills discounted, loans, other securities, and money at call; and the London and Westminster is nearly, though not quite, as bad. It enters as a separate item the money at call and short notice, distinguishing also separately the cash in hand and in the Bank of England. This is as it should be, and sets an example which, it is to be wished, the London Joint-Stock would follow. But the London and Westminster, on the other hand, confounds the discounts, loans, and other securities. It is quite evident that an entry such as this conveys no information to the shareholders and customers of the bank, which the balance-sheet is supposed to be intended to do. What are other securities distinct from bills discounted and loans, and distinct likewise from the securities of the Imperial Government, India, and the United States, and from liabilities of customers for acceptances and for endorsement, all which are entered separately? If the phrase is tautological, why is it maintained? If it represents anything valuable, why is it not explained? Again, how much of the 12 millions and odd is invested in these other securities, how much is advanced as loans, and how much is employed in discounting bills? When so many questions—and they might be multiplied—are suggested by an entry and left unanswered, it is quite clear that the entry is worse than useless. Sir Stafford Northcote's Bill for the limitation of liability, as originally introduced, contained a form of balance-sheet which would have imposed upon bankers the obligation to give detailed information on these points; but unfortunately the balance-sheet was dropped for the sake of hurrying the Bill through. Yet we had hoped that bankers would see the advisability of giving the information demanded. It is to be regretted that so great an institution as the London and Westminster, which has been enlightened enough to take advantage of the Act for limiting liability, should encourage by its example a bad practice, which it has no motive but the force of routine for keeping up.

THE OPERA SEASON.

THE most captious of critics must at least confess that Signor Arrigo Boito's *Mefistofele* is a decided success. Like many other works of art condemned at first, it has in due time proved itself a production of the highest qualities, and Mr. Mapleson may justly congratulate himself upon having added another great opera to his répertoire. To us it is not at all surprising that such a work should have been at first uninteresting and misunderstood. That a hitherto almost unknown composer and, as Signor Boito has shown himself, a poet should begin his career by writing an opera on so well worn a subject as Goethe's *Faust*, to say nothing of his entering the lists with so famous a man as M. Gounod, was a bold stroke indeed. At first sight it would seem rash, not to say impertinent, in the eyes of the majority of the public to attempt to give a new rendering of the subject which had been already so ably treated. The comparison between Boito's *Mefistofele* and Gounod's *Faust* was inevitable; and besides it was first produced in Milan, where so great a departure as this opera is from the acknowledged tradition of Italian operas was sure to meet with censure. After the success of *Lohengrin* at Bologna, however, *Mefistofele* was hailed as a proof that Italy also had broken the bonds of conventionalism, and could produce a genius worthy of the nation. We do not intend by this to compare Signor Boito's work to that of Herr Wagner, for in no single important particular can it be said that there is any likeness. Undoubtedly it is the fashion to attribute any originality of treatment in a musical work of the present day to the influence of Herr Wagner, and indeed "Wagner influence" has become one of those cant terms which are convenient to hide a want of knowledge or appreciation. To say that Signor Boito is unacquainted with Herr Wagner's method would be to accuse

him of strange ignorance; but, at the same time, to say that he is in any great degree influenced by Wagner's example is equally ungenerous. There is one point in which the two composers are at one, and that is that, both being poets, they write their own libretti, and consequently the music is wedded to the words. In this Signor Boito has shown how true the German maestro's so-called theory has proved in practice. At the first hearing we were struck with the originality and artistic power of the new opera, and a second has confirmed us in our opinion that it deserves to take its place in the front rank, and we feel sure now that we are not singular in this opinion. The most thoughtful portion of the work, and to our mind the most original, suffered from two causes, one avoidable, the other perhaps not so. We mean the Prologue in Heaven. In the first place, the chorus was hopelessly incapable of singing the music, and in the second the arrangement had necessarily to be altered. The consequence was that one of the most poetical parts of the opera, both as regards words and music, became at times almost tedious. The Kermesse scene which followed is truer to nature than the now celebrated one in Gounod's *Faust*, as far as the music is concerned. There is a roughness about the choruses much more indicative of German life than anything found in those of M. Gounod, and the whole of the music at Faust's appearance is effective and impressive. The study scene in the opera comes where it should—namely, after Faust has met Mefistofele, the grey friar, whose entrance is in the real spirit of Goethe's great poem. Had this opera been produced at Covent Garden instead of Her Majesty's, we should doubtless have been treated to as outrageous a pantomimic effect when Mefistofele takes Faust off upon his mantle, as is employed in the first act of Gounod's *Faust* at Covent Garden when the study disappears; and Mr. Mapleson may be congratulated on having withstood the temptation to which Signor Tagliafico has for many seasons so unwisely succumbed.

Mefistofele's song in this scene, with the daring and effective refrain of a whistle to which we have on a former occasion referred, is highly to be praised, and Signor Nannetti sings it with great effect. The garden scene is in some ways a new reading. Signor Boito's Margaret is far more sprightly than even Goethe's, perhaps a pardonable change when the subject is treated from an Italian point of view. The whole of the music of this scene is evidently written with a view of leading up to the beautiful quartet with which it closes. Out of the simplest material Signor Boito has constructed one of the most strikingly dramatic portions of the opera, and has compressed into a few bars that which would have taken many another artist whole pages to express. Faust's passionate longing, Margaret's half-unwilling assent, and Mefistofele's and Marta's mock love-making, are all combined in this quartet. The music of the Brocken scene containing Mefistofele's weird "Ballata del Mondo," and the unearthly chorus in which the devils worship their master, is at once masterly and original, and the "*Fuga infernale*" is indeed rightly so named. Margaret's soliloquy in the prison is somewhat too Italian in feeling as far as the music is concerned, a point which Mme. Nilsson, with commendable modesty, did her best to conceal. A not very original piece of *fioritura* sung by one who is about to die is not in the best taste, and we were grateful to the prima donna who completely ignored it. Were it not for the music, the second part might well be dispensed with; but the delicate duet between Helena and Pantalis, and the graceful ballet music, make up for all other faults, and the strongly contrasted passages of the Epilogue bring the opera to a natural close.

We should have hardly thought it possible for Mme. Nilsson to have created a second Margaret; but so it is, and this great artist has won fresh laurels in her impersonation of the character. Her acting in the quartet in the garden scene is as unequalled as it is effective, and her distress in the prison is heart-breaking. To the admirable acting and singing of those who took part in the opera is doubtless due to a great extent the success which Signor Boito has achieved with his opera, and we have seldom seen better scenic effects than those produced at Her Majesty's. The weak part of the performance was due to the chorus, which might be reorganized with great benefit to all concerned. Signor Nannetti's Mefistofele was, as before, admirable; Signor Campanini distinguished himself as Faust; and Mme. Trebelli sustained what in other hands might seem the minor parts of Marta and Pantalis as no other singer could sustain them. Signor Arditi conducted.

Last Saturday the season at the Royal Italian Opera came to an end, and this evening that at Her Majesty's closes. If we look back on the doings of the past season we shall not, we fear, find much matter for rejoicing. At Covent Garden the novelties, if such they can be called, consisted in the revival of *Mignon*, and the presentation of two operettas which were expanded to suit the exigencies of the Royal Italian Opera stage, and which of course lost proportionately in refinement and interest. Why the *Pré aux Clercs* and *Estella* should find a place in the répertoire of Covent Garden, whilst such works as *Der Freischütz* and *L'Etoile du Nord* are passed over, we are at a loss to understand. The only explanation that occurs to us is that perhaps the "stars" were not forthcoming for their performance, but the consequence is not the less disappointing to the opera-going public. We have learned two lessons this season with regard to Covent Garden, the first with reference to the "star" system, the second concerning novelties. That the "star" system is a complete failure as far as art is concerned we had almost hoped was an acknowledged fact; but, to our astonishment, it has been most rigidly adhered to this season at Covent Garden, with a fatuous earnestness. Mme. Albani, who bore the brunt of the earlier part of the season, was succeeded by Mme. Patti, with in each case no better support than could be given by Signori Gayarrè and Nicolini. It is true M. Lassalle and Mme. Sembrich were both allowed to "star" for a short time, but the former singer appeared only once or twice, and the latter sang the most uninteresting of parts. Whether this system is productive of good results to the management we are not anxious to inquire, but that it is most deleterious from an artistic point of view only makes itself more and more apparent to us. With regard to the second point, it is very clear that second-rate operas, which may even have achieved success on smaller stages, cannot be produced with a happy result at the Royal Italian Opera, and we sincerely trust that in future seasons we shall not be treated to any more such works as *Estella* and *Pré aux Clercs*. The great event this season at Covent Garden has been the advent of Mme. Sembrich, who, to a voice of marvellous flexibility and range, adds a considerable knowledge of acting, and we hope next year to see her in parts more worthy of her remarkable powers. This isolated instance, however, can hardly be said to constitute a successful season, and we are sorry not to be able to record any other events. At Her Majesty's, when the season had gone on for some time with nothing remarkable to speak of in the way of novelties, we were treated to *Lohengrin*, under the conductorship of Herr Richter, a fact which of itself would have marked the season of 1880 as not altogether uneventful. The novelties at this theatre consisted of the revival of the unfortunate *Forza del Destino* and the production of *Mefistofele*—the first a failure, and the last, as we have said before, a genuine success—and there is little doubt that the latter opera will become as popular as *Faust* and *Carmen*, the production of both of which is due to the enterprise of Mr. Mapleson. Mme. Eleonora Robinson's *début* in *Fidelio* at this theatre proved a success, and we hope we shall see her again next season; while that of Mme. Marie Louise Swift, although suffering from the choice of the opera in which she appeared—namely, the *Forza del Destino*—was in its way as successful as it could be. Mmes. Nilsson, Trebelli, and Gerster have sung this year to the satisfaction of the most fastidious; and Messrs. Candidus, Maas, and Ravelli have also been added to the staff; and Signor Nannetti has shown himself an artist of power by his creation of Mefistofele. We hope that the success of *Mefistofele* may encourage the management at the two operas to give the public a chance of hearing some of those operas which, while achieving success on the Continent, have as yet to be heard in London; and that the time is not far distant when another opera of Herr Wagner's, or the *Nerone* of Herr Rubinstein, may take an important place in their répertoires. At both houses this season the choruses have been almost disgraceful; and that of Her Majesty's Theatre went far to mar the otherwise perfect performance of *Lohengrin* under Herr Richter, which will be long remembered by those who were fortunate enough to hear it; whilst, as we have already said, the early part of *Mefistofele* was nearly ruined through the chorus's inefficiency. Whether this is from want of practice, or absolute incapability (we think a little of both), we would strongly recommend a more careful selection in this department, and venture to prophesy a proportionate success.

REVIEWS.

WARD'S SELECTIONS FROM THE ENGLISH POETS.*

So far as this work has gone, it seems likely to accomplish with deserved credit the aim put forward by the editor, that of being "an anthology which may adequately represent the vast and varied field of English poetry." The difficulty of making such a selection on perfectly consistent principles is illustrated by what is said in the very next page of the Preface. "We have not included the writings of living poets, nor the drama, properly so called. Had we admitted the drama, we should have been compelled to double our space." This is true, and, in a world where books are made to be sold and bought, not easily answerable. But one result is that it goes hard with the dramatists whose whole strength has been put into dramatic work. We actually have here a catalogue of Shakspeare's contemporaries in which there is no sign of Webster; and this, indeed, for no cause of downright necessity. Certainly Webster's minor poems do not offer much, if anything, that would show him to advantage. But surely the dirge from *Vittoria Corombona* might have found a place, were it but for the sake of Lamb's words concerning it. This leads us to another remark of wider bearing. If perfect consistency and symmetry of plan are not attainable in an anthology like this, it may be worth while to consider whether space cannot be gained by sacrificing a little more. We suppose that the sort of work intended to be made better known by these selections is twofold. First, there are the smaller gems of the great masters, which in their collected works are overshadowed, and apt to be neglected even if the collected works are read. Such are Shakspeare's sonnets and Ben Jonson's

* *The English Poets.* Selections, with Critical Introductions by various Writers, and a General Introduction by Matthew Arnold. Edited by Thomas Humphry Ward, M.A., &c. Vol. I. Chaucer to Donne. Vol. II. Ben Jonson to Dryden. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

epigrams. Then there are the poems of lesser men altogether, from which the selections will be, as the editor says, either specimens of the average work of men famous in their day, given as a matter of historical interest, "to explain why they were famous," or the occasional felicities of others "who wrote a few beautiful poems as it were by accident." And it seems to us that the second class, though less important in themselves, are in a book of selections relatively more important than the first. For these represent a part of English literature which readers who do not make a special study of English poetry cannot expect or be expected to know otherwise than by selections; whereas people who have Shakspeare and Milton in their hands, as every one has who reads at all, have merely their own laziness to blame if they do not know the Sonnets or *Comus*. Nevertheless this sort of laziness is rife even among men and women who pass for well read; and it may always be said in defence or mitigation of the wrong done to the great masters by pieces torn from their context that the sight of them stirs up fading memories, sharpens anew the taste that has become dulled, and sends the reader, suddenly made conscious of the wealth he omits to use, to take his pleasure in the book at large. Still it seems hard on the poor minor poets to be ever crowded and eclipsed by their betters, who after all have little to gain by it. We may talk of representing the greater poets, but in many cases the thing is not possible. Chaucer is not represented by scraps and cuttings from three or four of the *Canterbury Tales*, though the cuttings cover among them a good deal of room. Or, to take a very different case, Milton can perhaps be fairly represented by a selection. But for that very reason the selection is almost superfluous. Why must *Lycidas* be printed again and again, when it is barely credible that any one into whose hands the book may come will not know *Lycidas* already? Not that *Lycidas* can be printed or read too often; indeed the omission of it in such a collection as the *Golden Treasury*, meant to be a companion and friend, would be a fault beyond forgiveness. But Mr. Ward's book, even any one volume of it, is too large for a companion. It is a book of instruction and reference, not a store of delight to be taken when other books are left behind. On the whole, it seems to us that the thing really wanted was a good and scholarly selection, not so much of English poetry in general, as of the minor English poets, including, if it were thought fit, minor and less known work of the great poets; something that should do for English literature in a larger, more thorough, and more critical way what the old Eton *Poetæ Græci* did for Greek. This is not exactly what Mr. Ward has given us. At the same time his performance does come so near to this, though aiming at something else besides, that it would be no better than churlish pedantry not to be thankful for it.

Moreover there is a deep reason, if we listen to Mr. Matthew Arnold's argument in his ingenious Introduction, for the plan of a poetical collection here adopted. "The best poetry is what we want"; and here we are to get the best poetry, and other besides, that by seeing them together we may know how much better is the best than the next best, and may thenceforth surely discern the really best kind of work, the true classics, by a kind of practised intuition. Mr. Arnold warns us, justly and not without need, against confounding historical with absolute judgments in literature; and he advises us to use the best expressions of the great masters as "an infallible touchstone for detecting the presence or absence of high poetic quality, and also the degree of this quality, in all other poetry which we may place beside them." He illustrates his meaning by specimen lines—as well chosen, certainly, as they could be—from Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, and Milton. But is not Mr. Arnold a little too curious in this matter? nay, does he not even tremble on the verge of the deadly heresy of prescribing short cuts to critical certainty? These lines are to Mr. Arnold, or to any one who has studied the authors, compact symbols and memorials of their power. How can we tell what an "incomparable line and a half of Dante" would seem like to one who had never read the canto? or Hamlet's last words to Horatio to one who had never read the play, and did not know what it was about? Again, if we are to pick and choose lines, it would not be hard to set awkward puzzles for disciples confident in Mr. Arnold's touchstone. Take these two:—

> Enough of light is this for one life's span,
> That all men born are mortal, but not man.

Have these, or have they not, the high poetic quality, the high poetic truth and seriousness, which we are bidden by Mr. Arnold to seek? If the disciple denied it, we should, for our part, disagree with him. If he admitted it, we should reveal the passage in its context. It is the work of a living poet to whom we doubt if, taking his work all round, Mr. Arnold would readily allow "the possession of the very highest poetical quality." Mr. Arnold is privileged to play with epigrams and happy phrases till he almost makes us believe that his critical method is quite simple and obvious. But any confiding young person who thought to make himself a critic like Mr. Arnold by merely swallowing Mr. Arnold's touchstones would assuredly find himself mistaken.

We come now to the poems themselves, and in a general way there is little else to be said than that the right authors have been chosen to select from, the right kind of selections made, and the right kind of introduction and information provided to make the use of them profitable. The various editors naturally do not always agree. Thus Mr. Churton Collins writes of Wyatt and Surrey as having "purified our language from the Gallicisms of Chaucer and his followers," notwithstanding that, in the introduction to Chaucer himself, Mr. Ward has pointed out that the supposed Gallicism of Chaucer is a chimera. There are also traces now and then, as might be expected, of the over-pitched "historic estimate" of minor writers which has been the subject of Mr. Arnold's warning. We can hardly think that the specimens of the Scottish fabulist Henryson come up to the mark of the praise awarded him by his editor, Mr. Henley, or that Lodge quite justifies all that Mr. Gosse has to say of him. As a rule, however, the special introductions to the poets are good and discreet critical work. We may also call attention to Mr. A. Lang's introduction to the selection of ballads (where he laments the dulness and meanness of English ballad literature) and to Chapman, in whom he points out a certain Alexandrian quality of the artificial Elizabethan poetry. The modernized spelling of everything from the Renaissance downwards is a point on which sticklers for historical exactness may perhaps take offence; but on the whole we think Mr. Ward has used a sound discretion. There is really no middle course between the modern spelling and an exact reproduction of the original editions; and the chaos of English sixteenth-century spelling is more than the general public are yet prepared to encounter. Ancestors who could write *dyffynytyvyly* for the modern *definitively* (this form appears in an Act of Parliament of Henry VIII.) cannot complain much of posterity for finding their usage too troublesome to reproduce for ordinary purposes.

The second volume brings us down to Dryden; and in going through it one is comforted to find how just, on the whole, the judgments of the world have been; how well it has done in choosing those pieces of such writers as Carew, or Lovelace, or Waller which may be said still to live. Among the critical introductions there is to be noted the Rector of Lincoln's condensed essay on Milton; and Mr. Gosse's work is, as in the first volume, abundant, careful, and ingenious. He corrects neatly and with a light hand the commonplace comparison of Herrick to Catullus:—

> The successive editors of Herrick have noted what they conceive to be his likeness to Catullus, but this is hardly critical. The prominent qualities of Herrick's verse are not passion so much as sensuous reverie, not fire so much as light, not the music of the lyre so much as of the flute and fiddle. In all these respects he is far enough from resembling Catullus, but very near to Martial; who, moreover, alone among the Latin poets has that minute picturesqueness of detail and delight in the accessories of life which we admire in Herrick.

This on Waller, again, is very happily said:—"Waller's love verses, though frigid, are more manly than those of Cowley, and if they do not take the heart by storm, they beleaguer it with great strategic art, and an infinite show of patience." In the short notice of Sir William Davenant, doubtless full as long as it deserves, we do not find any reference to Hobbes's extraordinary panegyric on *Gondibert*, which is in its way one of the curiosities of English literature. Hobbes gravely says of a certain description of love in the seventh canto of the second book that "there has nothing been said of that subject, neither by the ancient nor modern poets, comparable to it"; and he pronounces the other incidental descriptions to be equal to Virgil's or Homer's. It is true that he is writing in answer to some complimentary remarks of Davenant's in the preface to his great epic.

An advertisement at the end of the first volume gives promise of a third and fourth to follow, dealing with the poets of the last and the present century, from Swift to Clough. We note with special interest that Rogers, Southey, and Campbell are to be undertaken by Sir Henry Taylor; and with some surprise that Blake's name does not appear in the list. Considering that Mr. Swinburne is already enlisted as editor of the selection from Collins, it should not be difficult to provide for specimens of Blake's poetry being worthily introduced. We cannot believe that it is intended to exclude Blake from a company to which Rogers and Praed are admitted. Blake of course abounds in obvious inequalities and crudities. But we know no other modern English poet of whom it can be said that he wrote a song capable of being taken for a piece of Shakspeare's early work.

INDIAN REMINISCENCES.*

COLONEL WHITE in his preface explains, for the information of "any one wishing to know why these reminiscences have been so long in making their appearance," that it would not have been advisable to publish them while he was still in the service, and also that he has been engaged in writing other works, the most important of which, "The History of the Reign of Charles I., the Commonwealth, and Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell," will soon be sent to press. He awaits the verdict of public opinion on this his first literary production, which he hopes will turn out useful and profitable in a religious point of view. The verdict of the public may perhaps be inferred from the following abstract of its contents. The author left England as a cadet in 1844, and on his voyage to India "became the butt" of the other passengers. This he would not have much minded; but

> to be incessantly the object of their practical jokes; to have salt put in my wine, and on one occasion even gunpowder inside a cigar I ventured to smoke till it exploded; to have hard peas propelled through a pea-shooter with stinging force against the different features of my face; to be tied fast to the ladder till they chose to release me, whenever I attempted

* *Indian Reminiscences*. By Colonel S. Dewé White, late Bengal Staff Corps. London: Allen & Co. 1880.

to mount aloft; to have my chair suddenly withdrawn the moment I was about to sit upon it, amidst the laughter at my fall to the ground—all this was enough to provoke to desperation one by nature hot tempered! It will, therefore, be easily understood that I led a dog's life on board ship, for not only were these games carried on during the day, but even at night they would not let me alone.

In this extract Colonel White artlessly paints himself. As was the cadet, so was the ensign, lieutenant, and captain. He appears from his own account to have gone through life, not given to laughter himself, but the subject of laughter in others; and to have had an extraordinary aptitude for getting into hot water.

On reaching India, Mr. White soon gained some experience of active service, his regiment forming part of the army which fought the first Sikh campaign, and we are indebted to this chance for some graphic biographical sketches of the distinguished military characters of the day. As for example:—

During that time I used often to see Sir Hugh Gough watching the enemy from the camp watch-tower, and a fine old gentleman he looked every inch of him. Highly honoured should I have felt had he condescended to have noticed a regimental subaltern like myself, by asking me the time of day or making an ordinary remark about the weather. But I never had the honour of a single word from the venerable veteran throughout the whole of this time. . . . It is remarkable how rank is worshipped in the army. A major or lieutenant-colonel, especially if he is in command of a regiment, is held in great admiration, awe, and respect, as if he were a king. And I know this, that I have stood in such fear and awe of the general that I felt it really a painful ordeal to pay my respects to the great man.

On this follows a beautiful moral reflection:—"To my mind there is scarcely anything sadder than to hear, as one is continually doing, of the passing away from earth of those who, during my Indian service, have acquired great renown in that Eastern clime, and as such have been the objects of my admiration." Persons who have been so fortunate as to be admired by Colonel White should apparently not be subject to the ordinary conditions of mortality. But "in this melancholy disorganization of human strength and greatness, how refreshing it is to fall back upon God's word, which assures us, 'There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God' (Hebrews iv. 9)." These religious reflections are very thickly strewed throughout the book. As for example:—

What must any observant person think, when he thoughtfully reflects on the strikingly degraded moral condition of a naturally fine and intelligent race of people, held in subjection by the inhabitants of a Christian and very distant and comparatively small island. . . . I repeat the question, what must he think? Can he help arriving at the conviction, if he pursues these reflections to their legitimate issue, that in illustration of the text (Prov. xiv. 3, 4), "Righteousness exalteth a nation," England owes her elevation in the scale of nations to her pre-eminence as a Protestant country?

But unfortunately, although we are pre-eminently a Protestant nation, all our Indian officers are not so Godfearing as they should be, and Colonel White gives a graphic picture of the melancholy consequences of irreligion in the case of a brother officer who was eventually tried by court-martial; and then quaintly proceeds to describe how he himself was also tried by a similar tribunal. The difficulty arose out of a brother officer at target practice setting his squad to fire at the butts before Ensign White had got out of the way:—

Strange to say, this he did twice, and perhaps it would be not too much to say that I narrowly escaped with my life, as Sepoys used sometimes to fire very unsteadily. I was naturally filled with indignation at my life being thus wantonly jeopardised, but Mr. T—— excused himself by preferring a charge of dilatoriness against me, as if tardiness in counting the hits were a sufficient excuse for imperilling an officer's life! But the sacredness of human life, when I happened to be concerned, seems to have been rather an exceptional case, since, not long before this, when I complained to Major B—— that Ensign E. S. under his command, had fired into my room, endangering my life, that commanding officer banteringly told me, if I was not shot the next time, to complain, and he would notice it.

And

Whilst the alleged offence against my life was passed over unnoticed, the following sweeping censure of my conduct appeared in Regimental Orders of the 29th July, 1852:—"Ensign White having shown himself quite incompetent to be entrusted with the 6th Company at practice, the target practice of the 6th Company is postponed until further orders."

However, Ensign White displayed under these persecutions a truly admirable spirit, as illustrated by his reflections on the case:—

We are too prone [he says] to regard it as a divine judgment when any signal calamity befalls one who has deeply wronged us; but we erring creatures should be very careful how we indulge this feeling, lest it should degenerate into a revengeful emotion. Still I cannot help regarding it as a remarkable circumstance that, a year after the target practice affair, Mr. T—— died of cholera at Benares, and a few days afterwards Captain M——, who had taken such a part against me, died likewise of the same terrible disease.

Ensign White got off this court-martial with a reprimand, and a medical Board pronounced him fit and sane, while his persecutors, as he styles them, were providentially cut off by cholera. He was subsequently transferred to the newly-raised 3rd European Regiment, which was shut up in Agra during the Mutiny. It might be thought that, at such a time, when the small bands of Europeans at each post held by us were defending their lives with their backs to the wall, occasions for small squabbles would hardly have been found. But Lieutenant White managed to get involved in a quarrel with another subaltern, who upset his chair, thereby throwing him on to the floor; and the lieutenant, appealing against the commanding officer's ruling in the matter, was put under arrest with a view to his being tried by court-martial for litigious and unofficerlike behaviour. However, he was released after being kept five months in arrest. In fact, our author appears to have passed the whole of his service in quarrels with his brother officers and making applications for appointments which were not given him. He frequently in these Memoirs expresses surprise at his unpopularity; but he naïvely tells an anecdote which sufficiently explains the degree of esteem in which he was held in the regiment:—

Talking about smoking reminds me of one of my *bon-mots* on the line of march. The fact is that, to spare my own cigars, I used always to accept one whenever it was offered to me. At last this attracted so much observation that my brother officers, in a pleasant way, wanted to know how it was that I never refused the gift of a cigar. "Why," I replied unblushingly, "I am just following the maxim of the Duke of Wellington to live on the enemy." "Surely," they laughingly replied, "you don't call us your enemies?" "Yes," I replied in the same strain, "you are; for you are more enemies to me than I am myself." I flatter myself that on this occasion I had the best of the argument in every point of view.

Such is our author as painted by himself. Applying to the Commander-in-Chief for an appointment, Captain White, as he now was, was desired to produce a certificate of qualification from his commanding officer. Explaining to the Military Secretary his inability to do this, "on account of the very peculiar and extraordinary circumstances of my case in relation to the records of my regiment," a Board was ordered to assemble and report on his proficiency as a military officer:—

The examination lasted four days, and I felt confident that I got through the first three days with credit and success. But on the third day, being told beforehand of the programme for the following day, I very unwisely gave expression to my gladness at finding I was well up in it. But when I came next day to be examined I found, to my astonishment and dismay, that advantage had been taken of my candour, so that the programme was entirely changed, and I was examined in something else I was not at all well up in. The result was that I failed to pass my examination. The result was so unfair and spiteful—so it seemed to me—that, had Sir Hugh Rose been acquainted with it, I think he would have given me another chance. But for this I might, humanly speaking, have been now a commanding officer of a native regiment instead of a retired officer from a service I have dearly loved from my boyhood.

It is certainly fortunate in the interests of the Indian army that Sir Hugh Rose did not become acquainted with it. "This disappointment was followed by my being sent back to my regiment, owing to the capricious conduct of the officer commanding H.M. 6th Foot" (to which regiment the captain was temporarily attached as interpreter), "who said he did not want an interpreter to his regiment." However, Sir Hugh Rose took compassion on him, and to save him from a long and expensive journey to rejoin his own regiment, made him garrison interpreter at Fort William. "The fort adjutant was a capital fellow," says the autobiographer; "I always found him very obliging, and I am very sorry that he is dead"—therein showing a truly Christian spirit. But generally throughout his service every one, from the Governor-General downwards, was in a conspiracy to annoy and ill-treat our author. The captain of the ship in which he went out to India bullied him, and the captain of that in which he went home was little better. "Of him I have only to say this, that I found him a most disobliging and very disagreeable man. I found him dreadfully stingy whenever I wanted to be helped to anything nice, and he used to watch the wine I drank in a most offensive manner. . . . There is nothing," observes Colonel White appropriately, "like a long sea voyage for discovering the selfishness of human nature. Those get on best who make the most fuss or who have some one to make a fuss for them."

It is easy to understand from these extracts how it was that Colonel White by his own artless exhibition of himself succeeded in becoming universally unpopular, and one feels that in any other army than the long-suffering one of the East India Company, his military career would have been cut short at a very early stage. But of all the blunders made throughout his life, the greatest is surely the publication of this book; it is unfortunate that he should have had no friend to step in and prevent him from making such an exhibition of himself. Yet it seems quite possible that even now Colonel White will not understand why its publication should damage him in the reader's estimation.

BARDSLEY'S CURIOSITIES OF PURITAN NOMENCLATURE.*

IF readers of Walter Scott's *Woodstock* are led to suppose that Merciful Strickalthrow and Gracebehere Humgudgeon are fair samples of names borne by Puritans during the times of their ascendency, they may not be very far wrong; but it is by no means difficult to overshoot the mark and to look on mere extravagances as the ordinary result of a system. The man whose name is most commonly associated with the Rump Parliament had, it seems, three brothers, of whom one was called Fear-God Barebone. Of the two others one was designated "Jesus-Christ-came-into-the-world-to-save Barebone," and the other "If-Christ-had-not-died-for-thee-thou-hadst-been-damned Barebone." Whether these names were used at their baptism, we cannot say; but "Fight-the-good-fight-of-faith" appears to have been in existence in 1629, and if parochial registers may be taken as evidence, the length of a child's name was by no means an insuperable hindrance to the bestowal of it at the font, although for the needs of daily life such names were usually reduced to the first or the last syllable, the brother of Praise-God being thus, for instance, familiarly known as Dr. Damned Barebone. Such absurdities would be sure to

* *Curiosities of Puritan Nomenclature.* By Charles W. Bardsley. London: Chatto & Windus. 1880.

provoke reprisals. The register of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, for the year 1611, tells the short tale of Job-rakt-out-of-the-ashes, a child born on the last day of August "in the lane going to Sir John Spencer's back gate," and there "laid on a heap of seacole ashes," baptized the next day, and buried on the day following. A longer life may have been granted to "Dancell-Dallphebo-Marke-Antony-Dallery-Gallery-Cesar, sonn of Dancell-Dallphebo-Marke-Antony-Dallery-Gallery-Cesar-Williams," whose name appears in the register of the parish church of Old Swinford. But these extravagances, and the names which parodied them, throw little light on the origin of practices which may in our eyes be simply ridiculous. In a will bearing date 1665, Theodore Crosland, Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, leaves a bequest to What-God-will Crosland; and in the same century, Good-gift and Free-gift are found as names of sons and daughters. But in such designations there is nothing distinctively Puritanical. Not only do Renovata, Renatus, Donatus, Beata, occur in times which were then ancient, but the What-God-will of Crosland's will is simply the Quod-vult-Deus of the fourth century, and may in this instance have been suggested by the baptismal name of the testator. Mr. Bardsley warns his readers that many of his examples of Puritan eccentricity will be found to be "nothing more than literal translations of names that had been in common vogue among Christians twelve and thirteen hundred years before," and he adds that to change the Latin for an English dress would, for most of the Puritan clergy, be as necessary as the adoption of Tyndale's or the Geneva Bible in the place of the Latin Vulgate. Of names so translated he mentions Deo-gratias, Habet-deum, and Adeodatus, which suggested the later Deus-dedit. But these are, after all, mere translations from Greek names which carry us back to prehistoric ages. Adeodatus represents the Greek Theodoros, and this generic title had a multitude of kindred names which signified the good will or the gifts of particular deities. Those of Athene, Apollo, Dionysus, and Zeus are seen in Athenodorus, Apollodorus, Dionysidorus, and Zenodorus, while in the historian Herodotus we see the child who comes as the gift of Hera.

The history of Puritan nomenclature follows, therefore, broadly the laws which have determined the selection of names in almost all ages; and the correction of mistakes which have arisen from forgetfulness of this fact forms no small, and not the least important, part of Mr. Bardsley's task. The Puritans had acquired a strong hatred for everything which they regarded as Pagan or Popish, and of all such things they thought that they had foresworn the use; but although their choice might be frequently swayed in favour of Scripture designations, they could not free themselves from the feelings which influence mankind generally, and Mr. Bardsley has carefully pointed out the degree in which Puritan names disappoint the notions commonly entertained about them. They are not, for the most part, sour or grim, desponding or despairing; as a rule, they are not less cheerful than those which they displaced. The names which are made up of Scripture phrases or of other hortatory sentences must be placed by themselves; but for all practical purposes Jacob, Zacharias, and Ezekiel stand on the same footing with Edgar, Henry, or Richard. Some of the Puritans, who ought to have known better, were of course wholly ignorant of this fact. Children ought to be called after the names of those who are reported in the Bible to have been godly and virtuous. Acting on this rule, Edmund Snape, the bearer of a right good old English name, promised to baptize a son of Christopher Hodgkinson in the church of St. Peter, Northampton, and was told that the name chosen was Richard. At the time of service Snape went on till it came to the naming; but, at this point, Strype tells us, that "hearing them call it Richard, and that they would not give it any other name, he stayed there and would not in any case baptize the child; and so it was carried away thence, and was baptized the week following at Allhallows Church, and called Richard."

But, if we must say that the principles of naming remained on the whole the same, the change of which Mr. Bardsley speaks as the Hebrew invasion was a serious revolution in the history of English names. It was, however, not the first revolution of the kind which had taken place since the days of the Teutonic conquest of the island. Before the time of Edward the Confessor Scripture names were unknown in this country; but although Domesday Book has, Mr. Bardsley tells us, "no Philip, no Thomas, only one Nicholas, and but a sprinkling of Johns," still, "before many generations had passed, Bartholomew, Simon, Peter, Philip, Thomas, Nicholas, John, and Elias, had engrossed a third of the male population." The names were confessedly Biblical; but they came to the people not from the Scriptures but through the Church calendar. The wonder was that the scanty supply could, even when eked out with such Teutonic names as remained in use, meet the needs of the people. A single village, and that not a large one, might have a dozen Johns or Bartholomews; and two or three of these might belong to the same family. One was distinguished from another partly by the use of prefixes, more frequently by diminutive or pet suffixes. A father John of Gyrton is found to leave his goods to his sons Old John and Young John; and another father, John Barker, has three sons named John Barker and two daughters named Margaret Barker. The difficulty was solved by changing the form of the name. Bartholomew was the formal baptismal name of boys and men who were known as Bate, Bat, Batty, Bartle, Bartelot, Batcock, Batkin, and Tolly, or Tholy. These variations give us some of the suffixes which have yielded a multitude of names seldom traced to their true origin. These suffixes are Kin, Cock, On or In, Ot and Et; and on each of these Mr. Bardsley has a good deal to say which ought to interest and amuse those who have not given much attention to the subject. With the first of these suffixes we are, or ought to be familiar; it is found in manikin, lambkin, pipkin, kilderkin, and many more. For the names of men and women it has produced Malekin and Janekin, Wilckin (Wilkin), and Watkin. A great impulse was given to these names by Flemish immigrants; but most of them are now employed as surnames; and they are legion. Mr. Bardsley gives us among his examples Lampkin and Lambkin (Lambert), Tonkin (Antony), Dankin (David), Simkin (Simon), Tipkin (Theobald), Tomkin, Walkin (Walter), Perkin (Peter), Hankin (Hans), Halkin or Hawkin (Henry). The same remark applies to the forms furnished by the second suffix Cock, which implied the freshness of lusty and swaggering youth. Thus Jeffrey, Simon, and Bartholomew became Jeffcock, Simcock, and Batcock; and the men once known under these forms of their baptismal name were so known to the end of their days. From this source we have Laycock, as the pet name of Lawrence, Pidcock and Peacock of Peter, Hitchcock or Hiscock of Higg or Hick (Isaac), Hancock of Hans, Wilcock of William. All these names belonged to the lower orders of the people. Of the terminations in *on* or *in*, *ot* and *et*, Mr. Bardsley says that they were "the introduction of fashion, and being under patronage of the highest families in the land, naturally obtained a much wider popularity." But the result was much the same. Most of these have become surnames, Hugh having given us Huggins and Hutchins, while Gibbon comes from Gilbert, Perrin from Pierre, Peter; Collins from Nicholas, Tippings or Tippins from Theobald. Marion remains in its old shape as a girl's name; but instead of being regarded as a pet form of Mary, it is commonly looked upon as an abbreviation of Mary Anne. The suffix in *ot* or *et* had at first the highest favour; it is a common one in our ordinary speech, as we may see from our words *lancet*, *ballet*, *pocket*, *target*, and *paget* as a little page. As Christian names, Emma and Matilda became Emmot, Emmet, and Tyllot or Tillet, while Isabella passed into Ibot and Ibet, whence Ibbotson. On this suffix all that Mr. Bardsley has to say is especially interesting. We are introduced to Wyatt as the pet form of Guy, Hallet as that of Henry or Hal, Hewett as that of Hugh. Hamnet, or Hamlet, he traces to Hamon or Hamond, a name brought in from Normandy, through the forms Hamonet and Hamelot. It would, however, be rash to assert positively that this is the explanation to be given of the Hamlet of Shakspeare. This name, it can scarcely be doubted, is the counterpart of the Danish Havelock, a name appearing sometimes as Aulafcwiran, as Anelaphus among the Norse kings, as Havelocke in the metrical romance of Guy of Warwick, perhaps also as the Danish Chochilaichus of Gregory of Tours, and certainly in the Latinized Amlethus. But whatever be the origin of the Danish Hamlet, the great popularity of the suffix in this country is unquestionable; and its disappearance in baptismal names is certainly surprising. In Mr. Bardsley's words:—

> It is hard to realize that a custom equally affected by prince and peasant, as popular in country as town, as familiar in Yorkshire and Lancashire as in London and Winchester, should have been so completely uprooted that ninety-nine out of the hundred are now unaware that it ever existed. This was unmistakably the result of some disturbing element of English social life. . . . In France the practice went on without let or hindrance. We can but attribute it to the Reformation and the English Bible, which swept away a large batch of the old names and pronounced the new without addition or diminution. When some of the old names were restored, it was too late to fall back upon the familiarities that had been taken with them in the earlier period.

But in times preceding the Reformation people were not always contented with one suffix, and the employment of double terminations has produced a large crop of names. Thus from Nicholas we have first Colin and then Colinet, from Robert Robin and Robinet; but the usage was chiefly French, and here we have Margotin from Margot, the pet form of Margaret, Hugonet and Huguenin from Hugh, Perrotin and Perronet from Peter. Hence Mr. Bardsley insists that Hugonet is the same as Huguenot; and adds that, "had English, not to say French, writers remembered this old custom, they would have found no difficulty in reducing the origin of the religious sect of that name to one individual as a starting-point." This certainly, if the case be so, knocks on the head the explanation, received by many as conclusively proved, which refers the word to the Teutonic Eidgenossen, the Swiss confederates.

The Hebrew invasion was disastrous chiefly as arresting summarily for a large portion of the people the usages of naming which, with some breaks by no means fatal, had prevailed since the conquest of the island by the English tribes. Except on this ground there is no conclusive reason for preferring Jehoshaphat to Harold or Harold to Jehoshaphat. But, although for men of average intelligence and with fairly sound sense this was the limit of the change, it opened for some the floodgates of absurdity. For these it made no difference whether the names which they pitched upon were names of persons or names of places. They would present a child for baptism under the name Ramoth-Gilead as readily as under that of Jonadab; or they would choose words which are not names at all. "Sirs" was a word so selected, on the authority of the phrase "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" But, for the most part, there is not very much to be urged against the Puritan names, except that they were adopted arbitrarily and as a most uncalled-for protest against names in every way more suitable for Englishmen, names which were either genuine English or

which belonged to the time-honoured catalogue of the Christian saints. The names now chosen were either those of Jewish heroes, kings, and prophets, or words expressive of graces belonging to the regenerate man. To names of the latter class we may be easily reconciled; not a few of them have acquired a special charm in the pages of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Far from thinking that the names in this allegory are to be ascribed to Bunyan's imagination, Mr. Bardsley believes that they are simply those with which he had been long familiar:—

> Born in 1628, Bunyan saw Puritan character names at their climax. Living at Elston, he was within the limits of the district most addicted to the practice. The four damsels, Discretion, Purity, Charity, and Prudence, may, and must have, in part been his companions in his boyish rambles years before he met them in the Valley of Humiliation. . . . The name and sweet character of Faithful might be a personal reminiscence, good Father Honest a quondam host on one of his preaching expeditions, and Standfast, 'that right good pilgrim,' an old Pædo-Baptist of his acquaintance. The shepherds Watchful, Sincere, and Experience, if not Knowledge, were known of all men in less pastoral avocations. And as for the men that were panelled in the trial of the Diabolonians, we might set them side by side with the Sussex jury, and certainly the contrast for oddity would be in favour of the cricketing county.

The names of the Sussex jury are given from Brome's Travels; and their existence as actual names is further proved by the evidence of parish registers. Mr. Bardsley has tracked them out with resolute pertinacity; but the interest of his volume is by no means confined to the sections which treat of Puritan eccentricities. Those which trace the origin of double and treble names are especially excellent; and, indeed, the book from first to last can be spoken of only in terms of high praise.

LANG'S THEOCRITUS.*

THOSE scholars, and they must have been numerous, who were delighted by the appearance of Messrs. Butcher and Lang's Odyssey some eighteen months ago may well have felt misgivings on hearing that one of the translators was about to publish an English prose version of the idyls of Theocritus. The task, if less ambitious than the previous one, was assuredly more delicate. The baldest translation of Homer cannot quite conceal all the grandeur of the original, though even the best may fail to do it justice; but it might well have been doubted whether a writer like Theocritus, whose charm depends so entirely upon minute picturesqueness of detail, would have borne the transition from one language to another, still more that from verse into prose. All such doubts and fears have been removed by the appearance of this volume, which we may at once pronounce to be as near as possible to perfection, whether it is regarded as a scholarly translation or as a masterpiece of graceful English writing.

The introductory essay contains an interesting study of the genius and surroundings of Theocritus. It depicts him living an easy life among the shepherds of Sicily, and becoming thoroughly versed in the rural songs of the people; then it tells of a period of education in the island of Cos, where the poet lived in the companionship of refined and gifted men, and in the midst of such scenery as would best inspire his pastoral strains. After this preparation we follow him to the Court of Alexandria, where, as Mr. Lang suggests, his own tastes in poetry must have been very much modified by the nature of the demand which he found there. It may indeed be doubted whether Mr. Lang does not make too much of the difference between the rustic and the epic idyls, when he says that in the former Theocritus wrote to please himself, and in the latter to please the taste of Alexandria. So earnest a seeker after Court favour was not likely to spend much time in amusing himself by practising an unpopular form of literary composition. It seems more probable that, finding it difficult to make himself conspicuous among the crowd of literary men in Alexandria by competing with them in hackneyed imitations of the older epic poets, he struck out an entirely new line for himself from recollections of his earlier days among the valleys of Sicily and by the streams of Cos. This view is strengthened by the fact that all his pictures of scenery are such as would appeal with special force to dwellers in Egypt. The cool caves and overhanging rocks would have a peculiar charm in a country where the universal flatness is only relieved by a range of low sandhills skirting the shore; the thick shade of the woods, and the rustling of the wind through the leaves would be contrasted in the hearer's mind with the glowing sunshine of Alexandria, broken only by an occasional palm-tree, while the ripple of a rushing stream would be the more delightful when compared with the stagnant pools of the Mareotic lake. Again, it seems to us that Mr. Lang rather overstates the indebtedness of Theocritus to the shepherds' songs of Sicily. It is impossible to imagine that the country swains of Theocritus's time were so refined as Mr. Lang would have us believe, and we are not in a position to decide how far the modern Greek ballads which he quotes in support of his argument are the spontaneous utterances of the people who sing them. In dwelling on the truth and simplicity of the pastoral idyls, Mr. Lang seems to be comparing them rather with the more elaborate attempts of later imitators than with the rustic songs which first suggested them. Pastoral poetry as a form of literature has always been most popular in a highly artificial state of society, where the realities of rural life are least familiar, and where, therefore, the ignoring of its gross and vulgar aspect would not appear ridiculous. Rural idyls in such circumstances give happy expression to the longing which all must at some time feel for a recurrence to a simpler life, free from the bustle and turmoil of great cities, and from the varied discomforts of climate felt, though in widely different ways, by the rheumatic Briton of to-day and by the scorched dweller in Alexandria two thousand years ago. This feeling of gentle regret has inspired the lines by Mr. Dobson and Mr. Gosse, which are prefixed to the present translation. Mrs. Browning has expressed the same thought in one of her most beautiful sonnets, and Mr. Lang himself has delicately touched the same chord in the little volume of verse which he has lately published. The facts relating to the life of Theocritus are so scanty that each reader may construct for himself a theory of the poet's character, and of the sources of his inspiration, without fear of any authoritative contradiction. Mr. Lang's is, if not in all respects the most probable, certainly the most pleasing estimate; and his impressions are entirely consistent with the writings which have come down to us:—"In Theocritus we find the most genial character; pious as Greece counted piety; tender as became the poet of love; glad as the singer of a happy Southern world should be"—living, in fact, for climate and the affections, like the heroine of *Lothair*—"gifted, above all, with humour and dramatic power."

When we pass on to the translation itself, the task of the critic becomes light indeed, for there is little but admiration to be recorded. The English version follows the Greek so closely, and at the same time so gracefully, that neither minute verbal criticism nor the wider considerations of literary taste can find anything to quarrel with. Wherever in the original a word derives special force from its peculiar position in the sentence, the effect has been preserved in the translation without any semblance of awkwardness. Quaint old English phrases and expressions, happily remembered and aptly applied, occur here and there, and seem to add depth of meaning to the Greek which they so exactly render. Even the help of rhythm—we had almost said of metre—is not wanting. Many entire passages would, with very slight alteration, run into verse. Sometimes a pure hexameter line helps us to realize the sound as well as the sense of the poet, and often the swing of the original, without being exactly imitated, is gracefully suggested by the easy flow of the prose translation. So naturally are all these effects contrived, without any straining of sense or syntax, that those who have never tried their own hands at such work may well be tempted to suppose that they arise of their own accord from the natural capabilities of the language and the subject, instead of being brought about by consummate art on the part of the translator.

Mr. Lang handles the humours as happily as the beauties of Theocritus. The well-known dialogue between the two Syracusan gossips, their effusive chatter about their household affairs, Praxinoe's vulgar outburst of gratitude to the kindly stranger who helps them through the crowd, and Gorgo's violent tirade against the less considerate person who tries to check her flow of conversation, are admirably done. So, too, is the hymn to the Dioscuri, where the description of the boxing-match between Polydeuces and Amycus is made graphic by an approximation to the language of the prize-ring, without being in the least vulgarized.

It is indeed difficult to say that any one idyl, or any one passage, is better done than any other. The different degrees of excellence are rather in the poet than in the translator. Perhaps the following passage, taken from the latter part of the Seventh Idyl, may serve as well as any other for an example of the beauty and closeness of the translation, while it will at the same time give some idea of the exquisite power of minute description and keen enjoyment of life which form the chief charms of Theocritus:—

> High above our heads waved many a poplar, many an elm-tree, while close at hand the sacred water from the nymph's own cave welled forth with murmurs musical. On shadowy boughs the burnt cicalas kept their chattering toil, far off the little owl cried in the thick thorn brake, the larks and finches sang, the ring-dove moaned, the yellow bees were flitting round the springs. All breathed the scent of the opulent summer, of the season of fruits; pears at our feet and apples by our sides were rolling plentiful, the tender branches with wild plums laden were earthward bowed, and the four-year-old pitch seal was loosened from the mouth of the wine-jars.

In only two cases, and even in these with considerable diffidence, do we venture to suggest alternative renderings. In Idyl xxvii., a dialogue between Daphnis and his bride, which is only doubtfully ascribed to Theocritus, Daphnis referring to the fact that Paris was a shepherd like himself, says, "'Tis rather this Helen that kisses her shepherd, even me." The maiden replies:—

μὴ καυχῶ, σατυρίσκε· κενὸν τὸ φίλαμα λέγουσιν,

which Mr. Lang translates:—"Boast not, little Satyr, for kisses they call an empty favour." Would it not be more appropriate, and perhaps more consistent with the Greek, to take the line as a reference to the later legend, adopted by Euripides, according to which Helen herself was carried off to Egypt, and only her phantasm accompanied Paris to Troy? The sense would then be, "Boast not the analogy of Helen; they say that hers was but an empty kiss," and the reference to Egypt would be particularly acceptable to Ptolemy and his Court. In the Sixth Idyl, Daphnis, who is singing of the wiles of Galatea, says, "*Τὸν ἀπὸ γραμμᾶς κινεῖ λίθον.*" This is paraphrased as follows:—"She plays out all

* *Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, rendered into English Prose; with an Introductory Essay.* By A. Lang, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co.

her game, and leaves her king unguarded," which gives the general sense well enough; but as the reference is to a game more akin to draughts than to chess, it would perhaps have been better, and certainly closer to the Greek, to render it by some metaphor taken from the game of draughts. "She plays out her back row of men" would be more literal, and, in our opinion, quite as expressive.

These are, after all, trifling points; but masterly work such as Mr. Lang's teaches criticism to be minute. It would be an endless task to point out the numerous instances where the happy and exact rendering of a word or a phrase is of itself enough to stamp the translation as the work at once of a scholar and of a master of English. It will be enough to mention a few, and leave intellectual Jack Horners to pick out the rest for themselves. The Tenth Idyl is rich in examples. Ἐργατίνα βουκαῖε is happily rendered by "thou toilsome clod"; "chip of the stubborn stone," which is the equivalent of πέτρας ἀπόκομμ' ἀτεράμνω, is aptly suggestive of an English proverbial phrase; and "men of straw" corresponds exactly to σύκινοι ἄνδρες in the original. In the Fourteenth Idyl, in the account of the drinking bout, ἤδη δὲ προϊόντος, translated by "when things were now getting forwarder," affords a happy reminiscence of a similar scene in *Punch*, while the meaning of the Greek is at the same time perfectly rendered. It is seldom indeed that a Greek phrase baffles Mr. Lang's ingenuity to match it in English. When, however, this does happen, as it must sometimes, he has not hesitated to expand rather than scant the meaning of the original. Thus, in the idyl last mentioned, "I shall go mad some day, when no man looks for it; I am but a hair's breadth on the hither side even now," seems rather a lengthy version of the Greek, "λασῶ δὲ μανεὶς ποκα, θρὶξ ἀνὰ μέσσον"; but it is difficult to see how the meaning could have been fully expressed in fewer words.

We have said enough to justify our opinion that this is one of the most elegant and scholarly translations which it has been our fortune to meet with. Let us hope that it may serve to revive interest in a poet who for some inscrutable reason is strangely neglected nowadays, although he has, both directly and through his many imitators, exercised an influence upon modern poetry and painting the importance of which it is difficult to overrate. The time of year for the publication of the book has been wisely chosen. In the month of August, even under English skies, shade is sometimes more to be desired than sunshine; and it is occasionally possible to lie at full length upon the grass or among the bracken without either a present sense of chill or gloomy forebodings of bronchitis. At such times no one could desire a more delightful companion than the poet who sang of rural life so sweetly and with such keen insight into its varied beauty; and those who cannot listen to his own melodious Doric are fortunate in finding an interpreter at once so faithful and so sympathetic as Mr. Lang.

THE VIOLIN PLAYER.*

It is hard work to read one of Miss Bertha Thomas's stories, but it is still harder to keep it in the mind for four-and-twenty hours after the end of the third volume has at length been reached. The prudent critic would, even before he opened the book, have everything ready for writing his review. He would have his sheets of paper laid on his blotting-pad, and a good pen by the side of his inkstand. He would read on in hot haste, getting over the big words which have no particular meaning attached to them with all the expedition he could, and wading through the descriptions. He would take brief but exact notes of all the loves both of the hero and the heroine, and he would try to understand as much of the plot as could be seen at a glance through the fine language in which it was told. He would not even dare to yield to the chief temptation of the story by taking a short nap. He would be too much alarmed lest, when he woke up, he should find that he had forgotten all he had read. He would not hesitate to promote wakefulness by strong cups of tea, and he would even welcome a German brass band beneath his window to help him in warding off the drowsiness that was growing upon him. Then, when the first part of his task was reached, without a moment's pause he would begin his review, with some degree of hope that he knew enough of the story not to fall into any very great blunder in his description of the plot. This, we well know, is the only safe way of criticizing the novels of Miss Thomas and of some other lady novelists; but this, we regret to have to own, is not the way that we have taken on the present occasion. We have allowed at least three days and three nights to pass over our heads since we parted company with that one of the two heroes who survived to the end of the book, and left him married to one of the four heroines. It is of course easy to turn to the last page and to discover that this lady, the youngest of the heroines, had, in the author's words, "become perfectly indispensable to Val's existence." But how are we to recover the lost threads of the story? The other hero, we know, was murdered. His very name we had clean forgotten, but on turning back we find that it was Gervase Damian. With how many of the heroines was he in love? we ask ourselves; and how many of them were in love with him? We have painfully to turn over the pages of the three volumes once more, and to bring back to our memory as much as we can of the story. He married—of this much we are quite sure—the chief heroine, Laurence Therval, the violin-player, with whom Val was in love. But then he had certainly been in love also with Linda Visconti, and, if we are not mistaken, with Lady Brereton. At all events, this we do know, if he was not in love with this lady before she married Sir Adolphus Brereton, his mother had very much wished that he should be in love, for he was not a rich man, and she was an heiress. It was unfortunate for him that he had not complied with the wishes of his parent, but, in defiance of her, had married a girl who was a rare genius at fiddling; for your fiddle, it would seem, is an instrument of so exalted a nature that it will allow of no rival. Laurence, when a mere child, had been told by her master in the art that she had a great future before her. "Be true to it," he said; "never think that there are not other things which will one day seem greater to you, and more dear than art, and tempt you to neglect it. The sacrifice for a man is great; for a woman it is infinite." She promised him that the first moving power in her life should be her vocation. Unfortunately, the two heroes both fell in love with her at the same time. Val, we should mention, was also in love with Lady Brereton, and in the end married Clementina. She chose Gervase—as contemptible a character, by the way, as we have come across for some time. But the fiddle was not to be thus treated with neglect, and the hand of an Italian bandit avenged its wrongs. The unhappy widow did not touch the fiddle for a whole year, but at the end of that time she took to it again. Val, undeterred by the miserable fate of his rival, was ready to step into his place. It was but four pages off the end of the book, he had broken with Lady Brereton, and his only chance of a wife seemed to lie in the fiddling widow's acceptance of him. But she told him that he was loved by another. "Laurence spoke significantly. Val rubbed his forehead. A light crossed him." He saw who it was that she meant. "'Cherubina,' he muttered, 'I always thought her a child.'" His mistake is pointed out to him, and the two are very quickly married. Laurence sticks to her fiddle, and Clementina, as well befits a heroine, becomes, as we have already said, perfectly indispensable to her husband's existence.

For some while we thought we should have the pleasure of congratulating the author on her moderation. Those who are acquainted with Miss Thomas's novels are aware that her flow of words is often rather too much for her as well as for them. It swamps whatever sense her writings might otherwise have had. But for nearly a hundred pages of the first of these three volumes she really made a considerable effort, we feel sure, to be intelligible. We can easily imagine that, as she composed each paragraph, she carefully read it through, so as to make quite sure that the sense had not been left out. It is true that she opens with a somewhat high-flown description of an evening on Lago Maggiore. But we can allow opaline hues, shimmering islets, and the rest, so long as they are confined to the first chapter. Every story nowadays must begin with a sunset; but the experienced reader knows that night will come on in the middle of the third page, when the characters will be at once introduced. There accordingly he begins to read. Unfortunately Miss Thomas grew weary of the restraint that she put upon herself; and, giving her love of strange and big words full play, all of a sudden she rushes forth into her usual extravagance of language. We must not, indeed, let it be thought that we acquit her of writing a great deal of nonsense even in her first hundred pages; but a sense of justice forces us to own that for at least a third part of one volume she does seem to have done her best not to misuse the Queen's English. But later on we come upon many a passage like the following description of a German teacher of the violin:—"He had on pessimistic spectacles, and saw everything in the light of his own cantankerousness. How many infant prodigies had he seen effloresce into full-grown nonentities!" A few pages beyond this we are told that the fiddling heroine's "idiosyncrasy oozed out on music-paper." Miss Thomas has evidently a great pleasure in metaphors, and she manages to mix them up in the strangest of ways. Thus she writes that a young man's "disaffection was but a new link forged and added to an old chain, and shaking its irons, which had entered so deeply into the old man's soul." Now we have heard of links being added to a chain, and we have also heard of the iron, but not irons, entering a man's soul. But till now we had never heard of a link shaking its irons anywhere, least of all in a man's soul. In another passage we read that the female fiddler's name "in crossing the Alps had gathered round it the usual halo of fable that follows notoriety about like a shadow." It is bad enough to turn a halo into a shadow, but it is still worse to have it gathered round a thing and following it at one and the same time. Linda, the famous female fiddler's rival, was not left far behind her so far as metaphors are concerned. "She vanished with a suite of theatrical satellites—like a brilliant comet with its tail." It may perhaps be the case that the author does not here use "satellites" in its astronomical sense. If this should be so, we must ask her pardon for giving this passage as an instance of her confused metaphors. But appearances are against her, and we believe we shall not be doing her injustice if we assume that she has likened some people to the smaller bodies which revolve round one of the planets, while at the same time she makes them the tail of a comet. In another passage she writes, "The mainspring of society is self-repression." How repression can be a spring it is impossible to imagine. Perhaps she

* *The Violin Player*. A Novel. By Bertha Thomas, Author of "Proud Maisie," "Cressida," &c. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1880.

may, however, lay the blame on our want of understanding. She may, for all we know, reproach us with having what she calls "a fatuitous head." We suppose she means "a fatuous head," but it is just possible she was thinking of fortuitous. At all events it was some term of reproach that she meant to use, and most of her readers, we feel sure, would readily allow that fatuous, fatuitous, and fortuitous "are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations." We cannot give a just notion of her style if we merely quote a line here and a line there. The following extract, however, though scarcely long enough to do her full justice, will enable the reader to understand how great is the flow of her words, and how weak is the trickling of her sense. She is describing the more worthless of the two heroes—both are worthless enough—at a time when he ought to have been in love with his cousin, had not yet fallen in love with the fiddling prodigy, but was smitten with the charms of Linda:—

His curiosity, excited by the beauty of Linda's voice, had prompted him last evening—his mother and sister chancing to be out of the way—to risk his neck along the balconies for a glimpse of the singer. The vision of that fair nymph-like creature, to eyes oppressed, like his, by long gazing on the lymphatic feminine types in which Bleiburg chiefly abounded, was like water-springs in the desert. He, too, was becoming impatient of the present seclusion. For the last six months he had applied himself entirely to head-work, lived and fared like the bookworm that he was not. The rebound threatened to follow, and with some violence.

A wild idea crossed his brain. Gervase liked wild ideas. A certain *blasé* medium that had encompassed him from his cradle had told upon him, as was inevitable. To charm him, even at three-and-twenty, something racy and piquant was required.

We should be glad to learn how it can be that a man by long gazing on anything that is lymphatic gets his eyes so oppressed that they are refreshed, as it were, by water-springs. Still more gladly should we learn how a medium can be *blasé*, and how a *blasé* medium encompasses any one. We feel that we are too much in the position of the fiddling heroine, who, at the age of eleven, "had never heard of lycanthropy." There are many fine things of which we had never heard till we read the story before us. For instance, "a butterfly that might sting" is made known to us for the first time. We doubt, moreover, though we have, to our sorrow and shame, read more nonsense than a score of ordinary readers taken together, whether we have ever hitherto come across "a petrifaction of an inspiration," or an "essence that went abroad and idealized the sadness of life." We can scarcely be mistaken, moreover, in the belief that we now hear for the first time of "a sense of some affinity of nature which not unfrequently involves a mysterious affinity of destiny too.' We are, indeed, struck by a sense of novelty when we are told that every one liked a certain baronet "in a mild uninitiative way"; but then we altogether fail to catch the author's meaning. Her admirers—for admirers she really has—may perhaps reproach us, in the language of their favourite novelist, with "impervioussness to sentiment," and may accuse us of being "one in whom," to use another of her expressions, "the dew of youth has early hardened into the diamond." It may be so. We can only plead by way of excuse that we were born so long ago that we can well remember the time when fine words were not yet a sufficient cloak for nonsense, and when writers were not allowed openly and grossly to insult the understandings of their readers.

SCOTTISH SPORT BY A VETERAN SPORTSMAN.*

THE veteran author of the *Moor and the Loch* has long been recognized as an undeniable authority on all matters connected with the rod, the rifle, and the gun. That his popularity has been in no way affected by the many works on sporting subjects published more recently by younger men is proved by the recent appearance of a fifth edition of his volumes. Mr. Colquhoun's enthusiasm equals his experience, and that nearly covers the Scriptural three score years and ten. As we learn from a short autobiographical sketch prefixed to the volumes before us, he was born in 1805; he went out with the keepers from early boyhood, and he must have learned to handle a gun as soon as he had strength to carry one. The long list of the shootings and fishings of which he has at one time or another been the happy lessee shows how thoroughly he ought to know all the best sporting counties of Scotland. Nor is anything more interesting than the chapters which he devotes to the changes he has witnessed. Many of these changes he not unnaturally deplores. In his early days rich English strangers seldom dreamed of renting shootings, and, in the absence of easy means of communication, most of the wilder districts of the Highlands lay far beyond the reach of ordinary enterprise. Elaborate preserving of deer and grouse, with the trapping and shooting of "vermin" entailed by it, had not appreciably disturbed the balance of nature. Since then sheep and cattle have been swept from the hills to leave an untroubled sanctuary to the herds of red deer; and even in the low country reclamation, planting, draining, &c., have been proceeding apace till the aspect of broad stretches of landscape has been altogether transformed. One such alteration Mr. Colquhoun describes, in language that is really eloquent, while it evokes for us a vivid picture of the days of the past and the present:—

In "the buried past" the shadow of a rugged waste rises before my mind's eye, as one of the unexplored remnants of primeval nature untouched since the flood. It was full of treacherous swamps, with here and there a granite boulder nearly hidden by heather four feet high. Frequently strayed cattle or horses were drowned in these morasses; for when they got entangled in the mazes of this *terra incognita*, to track them was dangerous, as well as difficult, with little chance of finding the truants until they were stark and stiff, half buried in the rotten fen. Impervious jungles of whin or broom guarded this undisturbed chaos, in spring adorning its outskirts with a perfect blaze of gold, and making even more secure such a stronghold of predatory animals as man seldom cared to invade.

When a schoolboy, I remember how often the hen-roosts were plundered by pine-martens or wild-cats, which nightly crept forth from this sanctuary, and the superstitious awe with which I listened in summer to the cry of the tiger-cat to its fellow, but whether of affection or defiance it never struck me to speculate. For years this "habitation" of wild beasts has been swept away, as if it had never been. Yellow corn has waved over it, deer or sheep have browsed on it, the larger beasts of prey have fled to the mountain, and are succeeded by the polecat and the squirrel, the rabbit and weasel, even by the ignoble Norway rat; and the whole is transformed into a baronial drive rivalling the stately parks of "merrie England."

Necessarily snipe, duck, and water-fowl have been banished from the bogs and morasses that have been drained and fertilized by agricultural enterprise; and, what is more serious, since the mischief has been wrought gratuitously, many of the best salmon or trout streams have been spoiled by the reckless cupidity of manufacturers. But though foxes, with the smaller and fiercer beasts of prey, such as wild-cats and marten-cats, have been steadily driven back, while eagles and the hawk tribes have been relentlessly killed down, other animals have multiplied amazingly in districts where half a century ago they were unknown. Mice have been thinned, and the native breed of the old black Scottish rat has been disappearing before the invasion of the grey Norwegian rat. When a lad, as Mr. Colquhoun tells us, he shot the first rabbit that had been seen on the Luss estates; now of course there, as elsewhere, they have multiplied into a positive nuisance, only to be kept in check by indefatigable trapping. Scarcely less numerous on the upper ranges of the moors and mountains are the lumbering Alpine hares, which sorely try the patience of the sportsman by spoiling the scent for the best-trained dogs. Mr. Colquhoun recals how in 1822 he first made acquaintance with a solitary specimen among the rocks of Ben Voirla. In that season he had shot over the whole of the rugged high grounds at the head of Loch Lomond without setting eyes upon another. Now "like locusts they swarm on Glenfalloch and Corrynge, have descended in force on Arrochar and Glen Douglas, are numerous in Glen Luss and Glen Fruin, disputing possession with their red rivals even to the very verge of 'the Highland line.'" Eight years later the advent of the mountain hare was succeeded by some stray precursors of the squirrels, dubbed tree-foxes by the peasants of the Loch Lomond district. The squirrels had pushed their own way to the northward, and we may add that, to our own knowledge, they have ever since been steadily and swiftly on the march, having left far behind them the rivers that were for long supposed to limit their breeding grounds. But the vast forests of spruces and larches where they find congenial shelter have now for many years been colonized by the magnificent capercailzie, which were introduced and acclimatized by the late Duke of Athol. Grouse and deer have naturally been increasing, while the wild-fowl that used to frequent the reclaimed marshes and bogs have been replaced by partridges and the Lowland hare. But the coveys of grouse have been propagated at the cost of the graceful birds of prey who have had war mercilessly waged against them by keepers, egg-collectors, and naturalists. The golden eagle has almost died out in many districts where he used to be common; and so has the Peregrine falcon, who once used to build by solitary pairs, generation after generation, in many a precipice on the coast, or in inland glens now abandoned to small sea-fowl or jackdaws. Nor have the tribes of the lesser hawks escaped a similar fate, though naturally, thanks to their numbers and comparative insignificance, with them the process of extermination goes on more slowly. And unless some "popular" measure of the Government should put an end to the preservation of game in any form, it seems probable that before another twenty years have elapsed many species of our *feræ naturæ* may become extinct. Should any piece of legislation save them, it will be a proof the more of the truth of the proverb that it is an ill wind which blows good to nobody.

Mr. Colquhoun's volumes are a complete encyclopædia, embracing all recognized sports, with hints innumerable, and suggestions drawn from his own experience, that the young sportsman will do well to lay to heart. But, besides that, there are some very interesting chapters on subjects beyond the everyday beat, such as "Deer-driving in Mull," "Wild-fowl Shooting in the Frith of Forth," seal shooting in the Frith and on some of the Western Lochs, with a day among the wild goats on an island on Loch Lomond. The description of this day is as good a sample as any of the author's most picturesque style, and there moreover is a smack of pathetic romance and adventure about it. Considered simply as wild sport, goat-stalking compares not unfavourably with deer-stalking, as it is accomplished generally by rule and method, and under the arbitrary dictation of some professional stalker. The Loch Lomond goats were descendants of a small herd that had run wild upon the island from time immemorial. Among them were two notorious patriarchs, with flowing beards and superb horns; one of these was believed to be ten years old, while the other was a couple of years his junior. They could hardly have found a safer sanctuary than Crap-na-Gower, or one better suited to their tastes and habits; and it was a most characteristic bit of Loch Lomond scenery. "It rises perpendicularly out of the Loch, by an almost inaccessible succes-

* *The Moor and the Loch.* By John Colquhoun. Fifth Edition. London and Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons. 1880.

sion of rocks and shaggy heather, full of deep holes and caverns. Seen at a distance from the boat, with its wild goats brousing among the grey rocks and scaurs, studded here and there by a clump of reverend yews, a finer study for the artist's pencil could not be found." Disembarked upon Crap-na-Gower, the sportsman swept it according to rule with a telescope. The unsuspecting goats were soon detected, as it happened, "munching their delicious repast of yew twigs, in the full enjoyment of a midday sun." The stalk was made, creeping up behind a knoll by way of cover, through broken rocks and boulders hidden by the heather which in its rank luxuriance reached above the waist. Mr. Colquhoun's own description of the scene that ensued throws all our sympathy on the side of the goat. With no reason to suspect the presence of an enemy, there he stood within fifty yards, rearing himself leisurely on his hind legs, and reaching out his horned head to crop the twigs of a yew-tree. The shot struck him full in the middle of the shoulder, yet he did not drop. At the report of the rifle, his venerable companion started for the covert hard by, and the two made their retreat at a swinging gallop, disappearing speedily in the inequalities of the rugged ground. But the line of their flight was marked by sentries, placed for the purpose, who headed them back and signalled their direction. Stripping himself hastily of his superfluous clothing, Mr. Colquhoun started at full speed to intercept his quarry, and had barely time to regain his breath a little when the second goat reappeared, descending the pass he was guarding. The fugitive offered a fair side-mark; and the aim was but too true. "The poor animal gave a cry, something between a bleat and a howl (it was far too human to be agreeable), walked on a hundred yards, and then stopped. . . . With one desponding look at his own Crap-na-Gower, which he now despaired of reaching, and was never to see again, he turned his back upon it, and hobbled slowly to the shore." "When I peeped through the heather, he was standing with his side to me, and his head sunk down nearly to the rock, the very picture of meek despair." Another shot put him out of his misery, when the sportsman admired his prize with very mingled feelings. And the satisfaction with which he rowed back to the mainland was largely tempered by remorse, for all the researches made by himself and his followers had failed to discover the first goat, and the unfortunate animal might be lingering in his pain. So next day Mr. Colquhoun gave up a shooting party on the mainland and returned to the Lone Isle. Fortunately, on that occasion the quest was successful. One of the gillies actually winded the goat, who had sought out a lurking-place among the rocks and the heather, and he had hardly been disturbed from it when a shot finished him. There is a good deal that is touching as well as exciting in the story of the goat-hunt; and, no doubt, there are many people who will take exception to it. The "inhumanities of sport," which are practised habitually by the kindest-hearted and most humane of men, are indeed among the most singular and inveterate inconsistencies of human nature, and seem to suggest an interesting study for psychologists. However this may be, Mr. Colquhoun's valuable contribution to the "Sportsman's Library" is a book that is worth reading again and again.

LES DEUX MASQUES.*

(Second Notice.)

IN our first notice of M. de St.-Victor's work on Æschylus, we hoped to have said all that needed to be said against the method of the author. We found fault with his habit of introducing references to Brahmanic literature, which had, as the Greeks used to complain, nothing whatever to do with Dionysus. Unfortunately M. de St.-Victor's use of "Aryan mythology" is not confined to his early chapters on the origin of the drama. He constantly stops in the midst of his description of the actions of a play to give his own reading of the mythological character of each person as each appears on the stage. Thus Oceanus arrives, in the first part of the *Prometheus Vinctus*, to favour the Titan with his advice. It is irritating to be checked in the midst of the drama by a long passage about the mythical nature of Oceanus. Matters are not mended by the following characteristic figure of speech. Prometheus is wearied by Oceanus and his well-meaning harangues:—"Il se débat sous le froid verbiage du dieu aquatique, comme s'il subissait la question de l'Eau." The torture by water is thus fancifully compared to the prosy speeches of the old God of the ocean-stream. Superfluous as this sort of writing is, the long excursus on the myth of Prometheus is at least as unnecessary to the comprehension of the drama of Æschylus.

Whatever may have been the origin of the conception of the thief of fire, Æschylus certainly thought of him only in his latest stage of development as the hero whose face, like that of Bacon's Master, "was that of one who pitied men." Æschylus himself probably put the last hand to the completion of the myth. In his play Prometheus is not only the giver of fire, but the inventor of writing—an art which Æschylus, unlike Mr. Paley—recognizes as of immemorial antiquity. Among most races, Aryan or not, we find a hero who is the father of human civilization. The Finns have Wainamoinen; the Polynesians, Maui; the Kamschadals, Kutka; the Algonquins, Manabozho. These characters, we think, are nothing more than idealized magicians, and we would be content to look at the story of Prometheus as the highest and most refined form of a myth naturally found among all early peoples who have asked themselves the question, "Whence came our civilization?" But M. de St.-Victor occupies many pages with a mythological dissertation. He begins with the quaternary period, when man lacked fire, till some inventor "brandished, before the eyes of his tribe, an ember which he had lit and which he could light again when he chose." The poet of the *Anti-Jacobin*, when he came to this point in his history of man, merely said—

Hail Fire, &c.,

taking it for granted that the feeblest mind could fill up the rest of the invocation of the element. But M. de St.-Victor gives us what the poet omitted. He tells us all about man among the mammoths, and how the bear was seven feet high, and about "le rhinocéros aux narines cloisonnées." Then "Fire sprang into being, and there was a vast change in the drama of creation." The bear ceased to be seven feet in height, and man became, by the help of fire, the master of the animal world. This is interesting to "the Evolutionist at large," but has little to charm the mere student of Æschylus. Leaving "flints Palæolithic like these, quaternary bones such as those" he has been talking about, M. de St.-Victor tackles the Aryan *pramantha*. Every one, however untutored, has heard of the Aryan *pramantha*, or fire-sticks, which were warranted to light only on each other. We cannot agree with M. de St.-Victor, and with the learned at large, that the Greek word Prometheus is derived from the Sanskrit word *pramantha*. Sanskrit was not in existence when the ancestors of the Greeks left "the cradle of the Aryan race." It is quite certain that our author has no authority for saying that the Vedas are six thousand years old (p. 251), and the Vedic hymns to Agni have no more to do with Prometheus than the hymns of Dr. Watts. We must apologize for this introduction of matter quite foreign to the topic of the drama; but M. de St.-Victor never leaves us an excuse for deserting mythology. When Hermes comes on the stage in the *Prometheus* the description of the action and of the dialogue pauses while we are informed that Hermes "is born in the twilights, and springs from the long lines of gold traced on the horizon by the setting or the rising sun." The theft of the kine of Apollo by Hermes is the stealing of the rays of light by the dusk. From all this we absolutely dissent; and, even if all this were true, and could be proved, the disquisition has no proper place in the midst of a criticism of a drama. We lose sight of the tortured Titan, the sweet choral voices are lost in the distance; while we eagerly protest against the crude hypotheses of a mythological school that revels in vague analogy and hazy conjecture. The very daughters of Danaus are not permitted to be women; they are the fifty streams of the dry and thirsty Argolid. The interest of the drama is a human interest, which is all frittered away by discussions about the Dawn, the Twilight, Agni, Indra, and the rest of the furniture of writers like De Gubernatis.

Happily for M. de St.-Victor and his readers, there are certain Æschylean dramas in which the human interest quite overpowers mythological curiosity. We have been told again and again that Agamemnon is the sun, and Helen the dawn, and, if he had cared to do so, M. de St.-Victor might have filled in the criticism of the *Oresteia* with this cheerful sort of doctrine. But the human interest of that *chef d'œuvre de la terreur*, as he calls it, overcomes the mythological temptations, and M. de St.-Victor gives us, in impressive language, a sketch of the dreadful trilogy. People who have been fortunate enough to see the *Agamemnon*, as it was performed this year in the original, must remember the awful impression made by that gloomy drama, and the involuntary shudder with which they saw Cassandra pass behind the palace door. "La porte roule et retombe sur elle comme la pierre d'un tombeau." It is not impossible to imagine the effect which must have been produced by the succeeding terrors of the trilogy, by the matricide, by the apparition of Clytemnestra's ghost in death, still insatiate of vengeance, still hounding on against her own son the formless horrors of the *Erinnyes*. Dropping his mythological fancies, M. de St.-Victor tells the story of the house of Pelops in all its savage horror. He leaves no crime concealed of all these that left their curse to haunt the chambers of Mycenæ:—

> The very air of the house of Atreus is heavy with the last breath of the slain, Cassandra and the chorus cease not to invoke their spectres; their dead feuds inflame the living hatred of their children's children. Over these a black swarm of phantoms is flitting, coming and going from their lips, in their speech, like the devils of men possessed. The haggard ghosts wander in the porticos of the palace, they lie in wait about the tomb of a murdered sire, they huddle and mope in the dim background of the stage. They lean forward to listen to the dialogue, they move among the murderers as they conspire, and mingle a deathly whisper with their tragic utterances. When the crime is planned, they gather, and fiercely speed on its accomplishment.

It is to the house thus haunted that Agamemnon returns from the great war that closes the heroic cycle, a triumphant victor. Even in the first speech of the watchman you catch an ominous word, "la terreur sort déjà de cette réticence de l'esclave." In the speech of Clytemnestra, when she tells the glad tidings of the fall of Troy, there is again a hint of woe. She prays that the army, in the fury of the sack, may not have drawn down the vengeance of the gods. Even the Herald, the only cheerful person in the drama, finds his speech turn to words of ill omen. Agamemnon's arrival brings forth Clytemnestra, with feigned smiles and an ironical welcome. "C'est avec une sorte d'effronterie grandiose que le faux amour y grimace, la tête de Méduse sourirait ainsi."

* *Les Deux Masques.* Par Paul de Saint-Victor. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1880.

The purple webs she strews before Agamemnon's feet [illegible] first links of the net in which he is captured. The appearance of Cassandra leads to the most moving scene which is perhaps to be found in the whole range of the Greek drama, nor is anything in Shakespeare more romantic than the passage in which the prophetess scents the ancient blood, and sees the spectres of the slain children. In spite of the violence of her final inspiration, of the fury with which, for the last time of all, Apollo fills her, there is, as M. de St.-Victor remarks, a singular charm in the style of Cassandra:—

> Ce qui met encore à part le rôle de Cassandre, c'est l'extraordinaire beauté de son style. . . . Des repos d'une douceur touchante succèdent à ses crises. . . . Son langage redevient naturel et simple, elle répond aux questions du Chœur avec un triste abandon. Ce n'est plus qu'une fille mourante qui regrette ingénument la lumière.

M. de St.-Victor does not devote much space or trouble to the criticism of character. On the Greek stage we see character full grown and, so to speak, ready made. The conditions of the ancient stage scarcely permitted the study of the development of character. In the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, indeed, there is the spectacle of change and growth in the characters both of the Theban King and of Jocasta. But, even so, one could wish that M. de St.-Victor had chosen to write more on the temperament and attitude of Agamemnon, Ægisthus, and the rest. In his eyes the traitor is merely a traitor, who only rises to a kind of ghastly dignity when he tells the tale of the Thyestæan banquet. It is easy to be too subtle when one begins to write about character, and M. de St.-Victor has at least evaded the temptation to rival the Germans in their search for points in Hamlet's soul, or in the soul of Orestes, who, after all, is the tool of destiny. Yet he lingers over Clytemnestra, a figure so enigmatic that the Greek who "created" her part must have had a difficult task. Unluckily for the undergraduates who this year put on the buskin, the traditions of the Greek stage have entirely perished, and we do not know how Clytemnestra was "interpreted." Here is M. de St.-Victor's reading, which it is best to leave in his own words:—

> Figure épouvantable et superbe: si le monde tragique avait un Enfer, la Clytemnestre d'Eschyle en serait la reine. L'instinct maternel survit dans son âme; il y a en elle un reste d'entrailles déchirées qui tressaille encore. Hors de là, rien d'humain et rien de flexible. Ses traits saillants, l'audace forcenée, la férocité froide, l'ostentation dans le crime, sont creusés et fixes comme ceux des statues. L'effrayante unité de son caractère ne se dément pas; la triple haine de la mère frappée dans sa fille, de la femme jalouse d'une rivale, de l'adultère qui veut que l'époux fasse place à l'amant, en noue les jointures. Terrible, mais non repoussante: une sorte de grandeur démoniaque grandit ses forfaits. Il y a de la fatalité dans sa méchanceté. Elle a des façons de dire et de se mouvoir dans le mal qui rappellent les grandes allures de la lionne marchant dans son antre.—"Une lionne à deux pieds," c'est ainsi que le Chœur l'appelle quelque part.

Many passages in M. de St.-Victor's work, especially his keen sense of Shakspearian parallels to the coarsely popular and half comic side of Æschylus's genius, deserve the warmest praise. He energetically defends the great poet against the cold criticism of the last century. In France, from 1660 till the romantic movement began, the world was of the opinion of Du Trallage, and saw little but affectation in admirers of the Greek stage. "J'ai lieu de croire qu'ils sont entestez de l'antiquariat," says Du Trallage. In our time M. Leconte de Lisle has put Æschylus into French prose, and within the reach of all intelligent readers. We wish that M. de St.-Victor had chosen to write his commentary in a more concentrated and less florid manner, and we sincerely trust that, when he comes to Sophocles, he will cease to refer to the so-called Aryan and Vedic sources of mythology.

WEEKES'S LECTURES ON SCULPTURE.*

THIS volume would be welcome were it only as serving to perpetuate the memory of a delicate and accomplished artist who deserved well of his contemporaries, and who is in some danger of being forgotten. Mr. Weekes was not a man of that stirring genius which impresses itself imperiously on the art of an age. His talent was refined, earnest, and genuine, but it was scarcely great, and we may very easily undervalue what he did for English sculpture. The lectures here for the first time published date from the closing years of his life. In 1869 he succeeded, at the death of Westmacott, to the Professorship of Sculpture at the Royal Academy. He was already an elderly man, and had attained the final honours of his profession; but his sense of responsibility was so great that he went to Italy and worked at the history of sculpture there as laboriously as though he had been a young student. When he was re-elected, in 1874, he did the same thing, although at that time he was on the verge of seventy, and in a condition of health which made travelling painful to him. His earnest and useful life came to a close in 1877. There are many among us who can recall the manner in which these lectures were delivered, and who will read them with some surprise at their intrinsic excellence. Mr. Weekes had a feeble voice and a hesitating utterance, and from the point of view of delivery was an ineffectual lecturer. He woke up every now and then to make some little humorous remark that seemed scarcely congruous with the matter in hand; but his lectures were worth listening to, and still more worth reading.

Henry Weekes was born at Canterbury in 1807, where his father was clerk in a bank. The boy's first very distinct proof of plastic talent seems to have been given in his twelfth year, when he modelled, on an enlarged scale, the St. George and the Dragon from a crown-piece. His father must have been an enlightened man; for, although his means were extremely narrow, he determined that his son should have an art education, and follow the bias of his taste. Accordingly, in 1822, the boy was articled to Behnes, then one of the most successful of portrait sculptors, and he remained for five years in the studio of that eccentric and dissipated artist, learning something of his profession by the light of a candle which he held to Behnes as he modelled, but much more by the light of nature. Behnes was a man thoroughly unfitted to prepare a young man for an honourable career; but Weekes picked up considerable technical knowledge while he was an apprentice, and became a regular student at the evening life-school of the Royal Academy. When his term of service with Behnes closed in 1827, Weekes shouldered his tools, knocked at the studio-door of Sir Francis Chantrey, and was at once admitted and given work to do. With this influential artist, the most popular sculptor of his age, the young man remained for fourteen years, gaining so thoroughly the confidence of his master that in his will Chantrey bequeathed to Weekes the completion of his unfinished works, the most flattering compliment which a sculptor can pay to a pupil. There can be little doubt that the prestige of Chantrey weighed heavily on the talent of Weekes, and it was more than a mere accident that made his statue of Dr. Corrie, Bishop of Madras, which was the first commission he executed after the death of Chantrey, a work of far greater artistic excellence than anything he had previously done. Towards the close of his life he showed that his great personal affection for Chantrey did not blind him entirely to the terrible limitations of that conventional and over-laboured school of which Chantrey was the most eminent and perhaps the worst representative. But there can be no doubt that the influence of that school, with its hopelessly prosaic traditions, did assert itself very hurtfully in checking the freshness and poetic fancy of Weekes's sculpture. He gradually, however, achieved a distinct, if not a very brilliant, success, and became widely admired as a portrait-sculptor of unusual intelligence and insight. His sentimental group called "The Suppliant," a work of little real merit, gained him his election as Associate of the Royal Academy in 1851, and in 1863 he became a full member.

The reputation of Weekes rests upon his admirable portrait-busts. There is no one now amongst us, unless it be Mr. Armstead, who has the bright and vivacious touch and learned eye of Weekes in comprehending the qualities of a fine head. But in what is called "ideal" work he was much less successful. His famous statue of John Hunter, seated with an open book upon his knee, is excellent as the very best things of Chantrey are excellent, prosaically and without fire. His portrait-statues are almost all of them feeble in the modelling of the legs, and of dubious anatomical value. The most spirited of his male figures, the "Sardanapalus," shows too much of this restricted study of the figure. Undoubtedly his masterpiece, unless his elaborate monument to Shelley at Christchurch be admitted to compete for the honour, is his statue of the Bishop of Madras above mentioned. This is an admirable work, worthy of any of the greatest names in English sculpture. The drapery is singularly well composed and modelled sharply in fine folds; the head of the Hindu boy on whom the prelate lays his hand contrasts well in its wild and startled expression with the Bishop's gravity and sweetness; while there is an absolute absence of that awkward rhetoric which Weekes picked up, probably in the studio of Behnes, and never, save in this instance, thoroughly divested himself of. His popular statue of the "Mother's Kiss" is an instance of the usual imperfection of his sculpture. The upper part is very finely conceived and executed, but the lower limbs are poor and conventional in the extreme. He suffered all his life from having been born into the worst age of British sculpture, and his delicate taste and poetic fancy were not strong enough to avoid those errors of style which his intelligence taught him to reprehend in others.

His labours on behalf of the neglected art of sculpture demand no less recognition from posterity than his best productions in that art. When he found himself in 1863 on the Council of the Royal Academy, he at once set to work to use all his influence in reviving an interest in sculpture, and in enlarging its endowment. He was successful in increasing the recognition of sculpture in the schools of the Royal Academy, and in stimulating the recognized heads of the profession to a greater zeal in the education of the students. He was conscious that sculpture had fallen into great disregard in England, partly through the lethargy of the public, but partly also through the inefficiency of those who stood at the head of the profession. He conceived that the general, no less than the technical, education of students had been neglected, to an extent which threatened to become fatal to plastic art in England. He was fond of quoting a saying of Baily's, that he owed his success to the fact that he had only been absent from the life-school one night during the whole time that he was admitted to that class as a student; and Weekes did no little service by earnestly instilling into the minds of young modellers the necessity of similar perseverance.

The most valuable of these lectures, in our opinion, is that on "Chantrey, Behnes, and Gibson." The lecturer dilates, with ad-

* *Lectures on Art delivered at the Royal Academy.* By Henry Weekes, R.A. With a Short Sketch of the Author's Life. London: Bickers & Sons.

mirable critical judgment, on the whole school of English sculpture as it existed in his own early manhood. We know no sketch of this period in art so careful, or marked by so much moderation and acumen. He traces, first of all, the decline of Flaxman's influence through Baily, Watson, and Macdowell, giving perhaps to the first too much, and to the last too little, praise, but, on the whole, defining their qualities with excellent taste. He then turns to the isolated figure of the elder Westmacott, and shows why such a man could leave no mark behind him. He then goes on to show how, in the exhaustion of the poetical school of Flaxman, there arose two men of great personal influence and strong prosaic talent, Behnes and Chantrey, and how they carried everything before them, leaving the school of ideal and antique fancy to rally around Gibson. That Weekes was able to say the whole truth in criticizing his master and dear friend Chantrey is more than we can affirm; but it is surprising with what skill he was able to distinguish what that very limited artist could do from what he could not do, and to write about his work with remarkable freedom from fatuity of applause. For the personal memory of Behnes he entertained no such affection, and here the excellence of his criticism is shown in the care with which he examines the awkward and antiquated work of this unlucky sculptor for what is really praiseworthy. He insists, with justice, that in his treatment of female beauty Behnes possessed a very distinct and rare gift of grace.

For Gibson Weekes had little sympathy, and indeed as little tolerance as was possible to so upright a nature. The introduction of colour into modern sculpture was a heresy to which he never bowed down for a moment at its most fashionable crisis. It was tiresome to him to be told that the Greeks had done a thing, and that therefore it must certainly be right, nor did he ever feel quite sure that Gibson himself understood the way in which the Greeks used colour. When Marochetti and Wyatt took up the new fashion and produced variegated works of sculpture, Weekes simply laughed at them in a good-natured way. It is now universally agreed that he was right, but his lecture on the subject may still be read with profit, for its healthy common sense and artistic feeling.

The volume is handsomely bound and printed, and adorned by some excellent photographs of Weekes's groups, and by a good portrait of the artist himself. We recommend the book to all who are interested in the progress of sculpture among us.

SIGNOR MONALDINI'S NIECE.*

NOVELS of Italian life have been plentiful of late years. In nearly all of them there is one figure which we may count on meeting. It represents the effect produced on the foreign feminine imagination by Italians of title. This figure is invariably the hero of the story. He is tall, dark, and statuesque. His manners are an irresistible compound of tender grace and calm dignity. He has the archæology of his country at his fingers' ends. Beneath a tranquil exterior lie unplumbed depths of ardour and passion. His lofty serenity captivates the people and overawes the middle class. He is in daily conference with Cardinals, Ministers, Ambassadors, and Royalty itself. He lives in dwellings vast and sumptuous, but distinguished by their faultless elegance no less than by their splendour. His thoughts and aspirations are noble; his comings and goings are sudden and mysterious; he is the loadstone of ladies and the envy of men. To those who are familiar with Italian society this picture may seem to belong to the region of an unlicensed fancy rather than of reality; but no tale of Italian life would now be complete, or, to most readers, would be either interesting or probable, without it. The present author, who certainly is much more familiar with the world described in this story than most who have tried their hands at it, cannot dispense with a character of this type; and Don Filippo, the hero of the tale, is merely a repetition of the heroes of nearly all previous stories of Italian life. The characters of the heroine and of several of the minor actors in the story show, however, much more originality and independent observation. In several cases they have the air of being drawn from life. We are inclined to think so as much on account of the defects in the drawing as of its merits. To the reader who is unfamiliar with the original, details and explanations are needed if he is to form a clear conception of a character. In *Signor Monaldini's Niece*, on the contrary, the writer seems to presuppose that the reader is already more or less acquainted with the personages described, and neither lets them show themselves fully by speech or action, nor makes up for this by any adequate amount of descriptive or analytical comment. This absence of the power of artistically presenting a character is, however, too common a defect, even in good novelists, for undue stress to be laid upon it. It is especially the defect of beginners in this class of literature, such as we take the present writer to be, though it is by no means always compensated by the merits in which this story abounds.

Signor Monaldini, a wealthy but untitled citizen of Rome, is the owner and part occupier of the Palace of the Naiad. There are besides himself several other dwellers in the house, as is the custom in Rome. The first floor, or *appartamento nobile*, is inhabited by Don Filippo, the hero of the story, a man whose birth, wealth, manners, and social world place him on an eminence to which the owner of the house looks up with deferential admiration. It is needless to say that the fact of living in the same house at Rome imposes no sort of obligation either to visit or even to greet on the staircase. The circle in which Don Filippo moves is, as was indicated above, the highest; that of the Monaldinis is the changing and gradually improving circle of an able and well-to-do member of the middle class, who is careful to weed his acquaintance of dubious elements and to replace them by others socially more eligible, in proportion as he prospers in the world and marries his daughters into families better than his own. An air of mystery hangs about the noble occupant of the first floor; his melancholy serenity bespeaks a heart at rest only because it has ceased to hope; his wife, whom he had married thoughtlessly, and whom he has always repented of marrying, is now insane. In fact, as we have already said, he is just the stock hero of all the novels which take Italian life as their subject. The heroine, Camilla de Montserrat, has, however, an individuality of her own. She is half Spanish by birth, and has lived the greater part of her life out of Italy, till the death of her parents forces her to accept the protection of her uncle at Rome. She is beautiful and high-spirited; and, in the opinion of her relations, her beauty renders the restraints which Italian manners impose on an unmarried girl all the more imperative, while her high spirit makes them appear to her all the more irksome and arbitrary. Innocent and ignorant of evil, she can see no reason for rules which to her are mere thraldom. She perplexes her relations by refusing offer after offer, however eligible, having made up her mind—not altogether in accordance with the custom of the country—that she will marry for love, and for love only. Her most persistent wooer, a Roman count named San Claudio, contents himself, after repeated rejections, with her cousin Carlotta, the daughter of Signor Monaldini. He marries her merely in order to be near Camilla, and his wounded pride is the cause of the catastrophe with which the story ends. Camilla finds a solace for the vexations which she has to undergo at home in the company of Mme. von Klenze, the occupant of another apartment in her uncle's house, who takes a fancy to the young girl, and plans a marriage between her and an American sculptor who is of the number of her *protégés*. Shrewd, selfish, clever, and worldly, but not without a vein of kindliness, Mme. von Klenze is one of a not uncommon type of persons, who, having lived the life of society, finally get tired of it, give it up, and set up for themselves outside the world they once belonged to, with a little knot of more or less dependent adherents, whom they alternately befriend and bully. Camilla is at first interested in the sculptor, Carlisle, who wins her approbation by browbeating her uncle in argument, and the scheme of Madame von Klenze might have been successful had it not been for the secret attraction which Camilla and Don Filippo exercised one upon the other from the day when their eyes first met. This mutual attraction strengthens as time goes on, and is fed by occasional meetings at Signor Monaldini's house, which Don Filippo enters for Camilla's sake, and elsewhere. There is all the while, however, the barrier of Don Filippo's former unlucky marriage between them, and, innocent as the relations of the two are, "the world"—that is to say, in this case, Camilla's own family circle—is by no means charitable in the construction which it puts upon them. Meanwhile, the charm which Don Filippo has for Camilla supplies constant food to the ferocious jealousy of San Claudio. At length the heat of summer drives everybody away from Rome, and Camilla receives an invitation from Mme. von Klenze to stay with her at her villa near Frascati. The visits paid here by the sculptor and Don Filippo bring matters to a crisis. Carlisle offers himself to Camilla, and is rejected. By this act, and by receiving the visits of Don Filippo, Camilla cuts herself off both from Mme. von Klenze and from her own family. Her uncle discards her with contumely, and Camilla feels that she is no longer welcome under Mme. von Klenze's roof. In her perplexity she hurries to Rome, and seeks for counsel from a Miss Conroy, an Englishwoman who formerly gave lessons in Rome, whom Camilla had befriended, and who is now living in affluence, ostensibly on the interest of a legacy which had been unexpectedly left to her. The interview between the two is by far the best scene in the book. In her days of friendlessness and poverty Miss Conroy had herself been tempted as it seemed that Camilla was now to be tempted. Miss Conroy tells her own story, and up to the last moment both Camilla and the reader are led to believe that it will be the narrative of the triumph of virtue over temptation. When Miss Conroy finally avows, without penitence, that the reverse is the case, Camilla flies from her in despair, and hurries back to the villa. The whole scene is very powerful. But the conclusion of the book, where the good people are made happy and the bad ones perish miserably, is a plunge into bathos. Camilla has an interview with Don Filippo in a cypress-grove, with a pool in it; and, while she and her lover are exchanging protestations of a virtuous and unchangeable attachment, a figure springs out of the darkness, throws Camilla into the water, and vanishes. The figure in question is San Claudio, who goes home and shoots himself. Don Filippo's insane wife suddenly and opportunely dies, and sets him free; and Camilla, just as the funeral rites are about to be performed over her, comes to life again, Don Filippo catches her in his arms, and the curtain falls upon an assembly of monks chanting a *Te Deum*.

On the whole, notwithstanding its absurd finale, this is a book

* *Signor Monaldini's Niece: a Novel of Italian Life.* London: Allen & Co.

that can be recommended more than the average of novels. It is throughout of unequal merit, but it abounds in admirable touches. There is a good deal of moonshiny sentiment in it, especially in the conversation of the lovers; but this is perhaps natural. Perhaps the best that can be said of it is that it makes hackneyed scenes and situations interesting, and that Roman life, about which so many cartloads of folly have been written, is presented in it with exceptional liveliness and fidelity.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE most interesting, and perhaps the most valuable, of the American works that have this month reached us is an account of Captain Hall's second so-called Arctic Expedition (1), published under the orders of the Secretary of the Navy; one of those books printed, illustrated, and got up with total indifference to expense, for which the American public and the scientific world at large are indebted to the judicious liberality of Congress and of the Departments. Under an Act of the Federal Legislature the Naval Department purchased all the manuscripts of Captain Hall after his death for the sum of $15,000. Some of them have been already published, or employed in the narrative of the North Polar Expedition edited by the late Admiral Davis, and also published at the expense and under the authority of the Government. The present work, in some 650 quarto pages, very clearly and widely printed, contains the larger part of the materials left by its author; and details his experiences during the long period of five years and three months, from July 1864 to September 1869, spent on what he called appropriately an expedition rather than a voyage to King William's Land and the shores of Hudson's Bay, and a residence among the Innuits or Eskimos inhabiting that region. Arctic, perhaps, the expedition should hardly be called, since it scarcely passed the fringe of the region to which that name properly belongs. The climate, however, is as severe; and the hardships to be endured, apart from the inconveniences entailed by Captain Hall's scanty resources and dependence upon the natives, were as great as those suffered by many Arctic explorers much further to the north. The record of Captain Hall's adventures among the Eskimos, his sketches of the habits and temper, the ways, ideas, and traditions of this isolated race—who, excluded by the primary conditions of their life from almost all chance of civilization, yet can hardly be called savages—contain little that has not been observed and described almost as fully by previous explorers, if none have lived so completely among them or been so thoroughly adopted into their laborious and peaceful communities. Captain Hall's accounts throw little or no new light on the affinities of the Innuits, except as incidentally illustrating the utter absence of any near resemblance between them and their closest geographical neighbours, the aboriginal Indians of Canada and the States. It appears to be the best opinion, or that supported with more or less confidence by the highest authorities, that the Eskimos are really the last remnant of a race which occupied the greater part of Western Europe previous to the advent of the first wave of Aryan immigration—a remnant gradually driven by a more powerful and more warlike people to take refuge in the most inaccessible extremities of their world. But neither their employments, their habits, nor even their laws and their few traditions and superstitions, seem to afford any clue to the character and progress of the supposed aborigines of the European continent. Even the most notable peculiarity of the Innuit, his exceedingly pacific temper, the aversion of the tribes to war and of individuals to violence, may well be due to conditions of existence under which human life is too precious to be wasted; since the limited number of each community, and indeed of the whole race, renders each man of value, and their scanty possessions afford no temptation to aggression for the sake of plunder; while the vast extent of their comparatively barren hunting-grounds has probably prevented that collision in pursuit of game which among other hunting races is perhaps the most frequent source or pretext of quarrel.

General Norton's elaborate and apparently very complete monograph on American ordnance and small-arms (2) has much technical and practical interest. Perhaps in no department of invention has progress of late years been so rapid as in this branch of the art of destruction; to no subject has so large a part of the inventive ingenuity of mankind been directed, and in none has the advance been so continuous or so great. But America has more than kept pace with Europe, wonderful as have been the achievements of inventors on this side the Atlantic. Within the memory of men who have scarcely passed middle life the old musket was still the chief military weapon of civilized nations. Men who saw the Enfield introduced for the first time among our troops have lived, while still in the prime of manhood and on active service, to see it succeeded by rifles which will kill and can be aimed with almost absolute accuracy at a distance at which the human figure is scarcely distinguishable. Those in whose youth the 68-pounder was considered an exceedingly heavy siege piece are now manipulating artillery beside which it seems a mere pop-gun. The difficulty of those who are responsible for the armament of nations is to keep pace practically with the progress of invention, to decide between hundreds of different pieces, each of which has its special advantages and disadvantages, upon which the issue of a battle, perhaps of a war, may depend. But perhaps the most remarkable achievement of recent years, and that which may affect even more than we can yet conceive the character of the next great international struggle, is the invention, or rather the perfection, of repeating or multiple fire; of small-arms which will discharge from six to thirty bullets without the necessity of reloading; and of light pieces of artillery which in the hands of three or four men will deliver a fire far more terrible than that of the most destructive battery of grape or shrapnel, without intermission, for an almost indefinite time. General Newton gives what seems to be a full, and what evidently aims at being an impartial, account of all the most successful or most promising recent inventions, and of some of those more primitive attempts which, if now completely superseded, yet deserve the higher credit as having indicated and opened the way to the results of the present.

Under the pseudonym of "Junius" (3), a writer, evidently familiar with the practical manipulation of American political machinery, vindicates at some length what he calls the "Independent Movement" among the Republican party in the State of New York; the revolt of the more thoughtful and respectable elements of the party from the control of its "regular" managers —of those who, in technical phrase, "run the machine." How, and for whose interest, the machine is run, how it is constructed, and what are its motive powers, the writer explains in much detail with every appearance of accurate personal knowledge, and, in so far as we are able to follow and check his statements, correctly. We cordially recommend the book to the President of the Board of Trade, and to his assistants in the work of introducing the American Caucus system into English politics. The admirers of that system may learn from these pages to what the Caucus inevitably comes. Even where the original arrangements are fair and loyal, it is scarcely possible that the control of the machine should not ultimately pass into the hands of professional politicians who make electioneering a business, and of course intend to make their profit thereby. The great body of citizens cannot possibly give their attention year by year and month by month to the work of organization; and this and the vast power it bestows must therefore fall either, as has hitherto been the case in England, into the hands of a few men of fortune, leisure, and character, or into those of a somewhat larger number of men who, giving their time and energies to the work, must in one form or other be well paid for their services. The right which some one must exercise of deciding who are or are not good and true Republicans or Radicals entitled to vote at the preliminary or ward elections of Republican or Radical delegates, affords in skilful hands a means of excluding all independent and self-respecting members of the party, and securing the control of the professional electioneerers and their willing tools. This is so completely the case in New York, and we believe in most Northern States, especially in the great cities, that the choice of decent and reputable Republicans lies between the abnegation of their party principles and the abnegation of political integrity. As yet party feeling has run so high that the great body of that party prefer to cast their votes for men known to be politically disreputable, and in many cases personally dishonest, rather than to allow the election of an opponent. So long as this feeling prevails, it follows, we fear, that the Independent movement can be of little effect, and the hopes of Junius are doomed to disappointment. So long as, whatever they may threaten, the Independents, at every critical moment, vote steadfastly for the nominee of their party, be he who and what he may, their discontent, however strongly expressed, is simply disregarded, and their revolt only excludes them the more hopelessly from all influence in the selection of the candidates whom, nevertheless, they find themselves at last compelled to support.

A new edition of *The American Farmers' Handbook* (4) is in many respects incidentally suggestive and instructive. The cheap and popular character of the work suggests the immense numerical importance of the class to whom it is addressed, and, together with its contents, proves their freedom from the stolid practical conservatism, the indifference to literary or scientific guidance with which their English competitors are sometimes charged.

Mr. Steele's *Canoe and Camera* (5) is one of those numerous holiday books which illustrate a peculiarity of American life; the facility with which in a country so vast, so imperfectly settled, and yet so universally intersected by railways and navigable rivers, men of business—even the busiest—can at no sensible cost of money and at little loss of time, make their way to regions almost utterly wild, and there enjoy sport compared to which the best Highland deer-shooting or Norwegian salmon-fishing is dull and tame, without paying rent to any owner of moor or forest, and without fear of any game-law. The records of such excursions must move the envy of thousands of English readers, and

(1) *Narrative of the Second Arctic Expedition made by Charles F. Hall.* Edited under orders of Professor J. E. Nourse, U.S.N., U.S. Naval Observatory. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(2) *American Inventions and Improvements in Breech-Loading Small Arms, Heavy Ordnance, &c. &c.* Compiled by Chas. B. Norton, Brev. Brig.-General U.S.V., Author of "Reports on Munitions of War," &c. Springfield: Chapin & Gould. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(3) *The Independent Movement in New York, as an Element in the Next Elections, and a Problem in Party Government.* By Junius. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

(4) *The American Farmers' Handbook.* Illustrated. An Agricultural Library in One Volume. Re-edited and enlarged, by F. W. O'Neill and H. L. Williams. New York: R. Worthington. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(5) *Canoe and Camera: a Two Hundred Miles' Tour through the Maine Forests.* By T. S. Steele. Illustrated. New York; Orange, Judd, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

probably stir the emulation of a yet larger number of American men and youths, in whom the hard work of life has not yet extinguished the power of delighting in holidays.

Mr. Northend, in his Life of Elihu Burritt (6), perhaps exaggerates Mr. Burritt's services to the cause of cheap ocean postage, but they were doubtless considerable. Unfortunately this is in the biographer's, as in the eminent blacksmith's own esteem, a secondary merit. Elihu Burritt's chief object in life, the great enthusiasm that inspired and possessed him from his first entry on a public career almost to his last public utterance, was that of the peacemonger. But the chief interest of Mr. Burritt's biography, as of his life, lies wholly apart from his opinions and his political career; it lies in the labours by which that career was rendered possible, in the earnest, persistent efforts which made the blacksmith's boy a scholar and an orator; in the good taste, good feeling, and literary power which are evinced in all the narrative and descriptive passages from his writings which are appended to this biography, and which breathe a spirit of international goodwill and social kindliness very different from that which has animated the public career of most of Elihu Burritt's especial friends and allies.

Under a biographical title Mr. G. W. Grote presents to the youth of America a series of sensible, if somewhat prosy, lessons on the art of rising in life, especially through a merchant's office (7). We have no doubt that all his advice is as good as most of it is old. Whether it will find many readers, or whether many of those who may read it are likely to profit by it more than by the very similar advice they are sure to have received orally from their friends and elders, is altogether another question.

Mr. Cox's treatise on Free Land and Free-trade (8) contains a strange mixture of sound reasoning and sheer nonsense, of economic sarcasm and political abuse. We might perhaps sum up its merits and defects by saying that most of the author's counsels to his countrymen are tolerably sound, while most of his criticisms on the order of English society are perversely untrue, as well as needlessly and unjustifiably aggressive.

Mr. White's elaborate treatise on Everyday English (9) contains much practical sense and a good deal of exaggerated pedantry, dealing at somewhat extravagant length with the general principles and particular errors affecting the ordinary speech of ordinary Englishmen and Americans. A tiny and very unpretentious volume entitled *The Faults of Speech* (10), by Mr. A. M. Bell, will perhaps be of more actual service to those afflicted with the nervous or organic defects, to which the author attributes the stammering and other difficulties of pronunciation with which he deals.

In his *Boston Monday Lectures* on Socialism (11) Mr. Cook draws rather a contrast than a distinction between Socialism as a system invoking the aid of the State to confiscate by taxation or otherwise the property of the rich for the benefit of the poor, and co-operation as a practical scheme whereby the resources of the poor, and indeed of all society, except perhaps the wealthier class of capitalists and the dullest class of labourers, may be employed to amend and elevate the condition of all. He points out with some force that whatever freedom of utterance and apparent favour the former may find in American lecture halls and on political platforms, the States are the last country in which revolutionary Socialism can have a chance.

Among the fictions before us Mr. W. D. Howell's *Undiscovered Country* (12) merits particular notice, inasmuch as its interest turns on what is a complete novelty, at least among novelists—the experiences of an honest but deluded professor of Spiritualism. Miss Perry's collection of short tales takes its title from the first (13), which, however, does not fulfil the anticipation which the title suggests. *Alva Vine* (14) and *A Hopeless Case* (15) are tales of no very extraordinary American type.

Mr. Eugene Munday's *Cabinet Poems* (16) are printed with an ostentatious brilliance of margin, excellence of paper, and elaborate decoration, which fail to make up entirely for the want of any special merit in the poems themselves.

(6) *Elihu Burritt: a Memorial Volume containing a Sketch of his Life and Labours; with Selections from his Writings, Lectures, &c.* Edited by Charles Northend, A.M. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(7) *Lessons from the Life and Character of Robert Shields.* By G. W. Grote. Toronto: Hunter, Rose, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(8) *Free Land and Free-Trade: the Lessons of the English Corn-Laws applied to the United States.* By Samuel S. Cox. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(9) *Everyday English: a Sequel to "Words and their Uses."* By Richard Grant White. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(10) *The Faults of Speech: a Self-Corrector and Teacher's Manual.* By Alex. Melville Bell, F.E.I.S. Salem: J. P. Burbank. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(11) *Boston Monday Lectures.—Socialism; with Preludes on Current Events.* By Joseph Cook. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(12) *The Undiscovered Country.* By W. D. Howells, Author of "The Lady of the Aroostook," &c. &c. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(13) *The Tragedy of the Unexpected; and other Stories.* By Nora Perry. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(14) *Alva Vine; or, Art versus Duty.* By Henri Gordon. New York: The American News Co.

(15) *A Hopeless Case.* By Edgar Fawcett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(16) *Cabinet Poems.* By Eugene H. Munday. Philadelphia and London: Lippincott & Co. 1879.

The July number of the *St. Nicholas Magazine* (17) will be as attractive as usual for the young folk for whom it is intended. The directions for the manufacture of balloons may be a delight to thousands of schoolrooms, and perhaps a cause of perplexity, if not an alarm, to some hundreds of parents.

(17) *Saint Nicholas.* Scribner's Illustrated Magazine for Girls and Boys. July, 1880. New York: Scribner & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE

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THE CANDAHAR DISASTER.

BEFORE the arrival of the message which was received at the India Office on Wednesday it had become evident that a struggle for the possession of Candahar and the neighbouring province was impending. More than a week ago a part of the WALI'S troops deserted their standard to join the force which has been slowly advancing under AYUB KHAN from Herat. The mutineers were pursued and dispersed by a detachment of General BURROWS'S force, and it was thought that many of the survivors would take the opportunity of returning to their homes. The latest movements of the English General are still imperfectly known; but, whether he was surprised or overpowered, with full notice of the strength of the enemy, he can scarcely be acquitted of want of skill, unless indeed his troops were seized with a panic, or unless the native cavalry mutinied in the presence of the enemy. The citadel of Candahar into which General PRIMROSE has since retreated ought to be tenable for a time against any native army. Too little attention has been paid by English commentators on Afghan affairs to the movements of AYUB and the regiments which followed him from Herat. The boldness of the enterprise proved the confidence of the leader, or perhaps of the military chiefs around him, in the strength and discipline of the force which was supposed to have been occupied with domestic quarrels. The troops from Cabul and the indigenous soldiery of Herat have in some way patched up their feud; and they have found means of subsistence during their long march on Candahar. They probably assured themselves of support from the country they invaded; and it is not unlikely that by this time they may have been reinforced by the whole of the WALI'S troops.

Twice within a year and a half English troops have suffered serious defeats for which there had been no precedent since the destruction of ELPHINSTONE'S army in the first retreat from Cabul. The last misfortune recalls the memory of Isandlana; and its effects are likely to be more serious. The English advance into Zululand was then delayed for several weeks; but the enemy made no attempt to follow up the victory, and ultimate success was from the first absolutely certain. The calamity which has now occurred may probably have wide political consequences, including the necessity of retrieving at any cost the military reputation which has been grievously compromised. The Indian Government would probably have determined on the evacuation of Candahar, though, as Lord HARTINGTON said on Tuesday, the disposal of the city and territory formed no part of the arrangement with ABDURRAHMAN. Retirement will now be more difficult, if indeed Candahar is still in English possession; and it is possible that AYUB may become a formidable competitor for the throne of Cabul. An Ameer who is forced to dispense with the possession of Herat and Candahar can scarcely hope to be permanently acknowledged as a national ruler. At present it is impossible to calculate all the political results which may follow from the defeat of General BURROWS. The only definite advantage which had been secured in a long war or succession of wars was the establishment of a belief in English military superiority, which had been rudely disturbed by the events of the last Afghan war, including the immediate retreat of the invading army after the second occupation of Cabul. General ROBERTS and General STEWART had repeatedly defeated superior Afghan forces, and it was believed on both sides that any further contest would have a similar issue. The recent disaster will destroy for the time the wholesome impression which had been produced. The success of an Afghan force will be reported with exaggeration throughout the country, and it is even possible that Sir DONALD STEWART may be compelled to fight once more for the possession of Cabul. Even if ABDURRAHMAN and his supporters have the good sense to abide by the settlement which has lately been effected, his own position will be seriously affected by the success of his kinsman and rival.

The arrival of ABDURRAHMAN in Turkestan was certainly not intended by his Russian patrons to provide a comparatively tolerable solution for the perplexities of English policy; but, on the whole, Lord LYTTON seems to have been well advised in profiting by an unexpected opportunity. The son of the eldest son of DOST MAHOMED had as plausible a hereditary claim to the succession as any other member of the BARUKZYE family; and ABDURRAHMAN had, before the establishment of SHERE ALI'S power, fought and negotiated with ability and vigour. It is probable that, during his long residence in Russian territory, he may have increased his political knowledge; and it appears that he has not, like many Asiatic princes in similar circumstances, sunk into habits of dissipation. If late reports can be trusted, ABDURRAHMAN is temperate in his habits, and he transacts business in person, instead of relying on Ministers and favourites. It would be rash to rely on his gratitude for offers which, as he well knows, are not wholly disinterested; but his friendship may perhaps be earned by liberal treatment, and especially by impressing him with the just conviction that he has more to hope from the Government of India than from any other ally. There has been, as Lord HARTINGTON states, some difference of opinion among Lord RIPON'S advisers on the expediency of recognizing ABDURRAHMAN as Ameer; but the English Government is satisfied with the final decision of the VICEROY, and probably the objections to any rival candidate might have been equally strong, and they would have been of the same nature.

Lord HARTINGTON judged rightly in speaking, even before the news of the disaster had arrived, of the Afghan settlement as provisional and incomplete. The later policy of Lord LYTTON continued by Lord RIPON seems to have been judicious; but the embarrassments which still remain illustrate the risk of the original enterprise. The attack on Ali Musjid, which caused the flight of SHERE ALI from his capital, began a period of uncertainty, and even of anarchy, which may yet last for an indefinite time. Other events have happened in a sequence which could probably not have been interrupted. The Indian Government could not be blamed for recognizing the competence of YAKOOB to represent the nation and the dynasty in concluding the Treaty of Gundamuk. The policy of insisting on the reception of an English Envoy at Cabul was more disputable; but there can be little doubt that in any circumstances the treaty would have been broken. The advance on Cabul after the murder of CAVAGNARI was inevitable; and there has since been no convenient opportunity of retiring from Afghanistan. The representative of the VICEROY had to find some ruler with whom it was possible to treat; and YAKOOB had unfortunately rendered his restoration to power impossible. The chieftains who had his young son under their con-

trol possessed neither the rank nor the influence which could entitle them to claim supremacy in his name. It may be added that hostile attempts were incessantly renewed; and that until lately the fortress of Ghuznee was occupied by insurgents or enemies. A negotiation with a military adventurer such as MOHAMED JAN, and a consequent retreat from the country, would have been not unreasonably regarded by the Afghans as an acknowledgment of defeat. Unfortunately it is but too probable that the disaster at Candahar will cause a renewal of hostilities in all parts of Afghanistan. The deepest anxiety will be felt until it is known whether General PHAYRE has been able to relieve General BURROWS and the garrison. The exaggerated account which was first sent by General PRIMROSE has been corrected; but enough remains to make political as well as military calculations for the present worthless. If AYUB KHAN succeeds in improving his victory, he will perhaps be able to establish his power in Cabul as well as in Herat and Candahar; but the substitution of one candidate for another would be a matter of trifling importance in comparison with the graver consequences of the overthrow of English influence in Afghanistan. In the more probable event of the final defeat of AYUB, the chief competitor with ABDURRAHMAN will be no longer formidable.

THE HARES AND RABBITS BILL.

THE first act of the Government play, *The School for Communists*, having as far as the House of Commons is concerned, had the curtain dropped upon it, the curtain as naturally rose again last Thursday upon the second act. There was indeed a time when the Hares and Rabbits Bill was designed by the playwright to fill the whole of the drama for the period of the present Session. But Mr. FORSTER'S afterthought, assisted by Mr. PARNELL and Mr. O'CONNOR POWER, took sudden shape in the Compensation for Disturbance (Ireland) Bill, and the HOME SECRETARY and his hares and rabbits had to lurk in the background. There they have lurked for nearly two months, while the intrusive measure has tested the fidelity of Mr. GLADSTONE'S carpet-baggers. The elect of the Hundreds will not have so severe a strain put on them by the Hares and Rabbits Bill. For, while the utter un-equity—iniquity is perhaps rather a question-begging, though not an inappropriate, term—of the Irish Bill has startled even those who do not own land, the Hares and Rabbits proposal has a certain specious air of kinship with the anti-Game-law measure which has always formed part of the Radical platform, and appeals to the healthy hatred of those who are *satis beati ruris honoribus*, which Radical townsmen always feel. On the other hand, it is by no means certain that some at least of those Liberal land-owners who, with a very liberal interpretation of ancient precepts, have borne the spoiling of other people's goods quietly, seeing that they themselves have no Irish property, may not be a little touchy now that the question is one affecting themselves directly, and in a quarter where they feel quite as keenly as the most benighted of their Tory neighbours. If, therefore, the problem were merely one dealing with the limits of subserviency of a Radical majority, the present measure would supply an interesting variation to the previous instance of the Irish Compensation Bill. But, as it happens, its interest is by no means limited to this.

During its long period of occultation the Bill has been, as was natural, less attended to than more prominent measures; but it has nevertheless served as an occasion for eliciting from all sorts of people some very curious expressions of opinion. The tenant-farmers as a rule appear, as was to be expected, to be not dissatisfied with it; and the owners of land, as was also to be expected, to be very much dissatisfied. The excellent reason which the latter have for this dissatisfaction was manifested in a dramatic fashion by an announcement made immediately after the introduction of the Bill. It was said that Mr. CHAPLIN had disposed of his shooting rights in Lincolnshire to his tenants at the rate of a shilling an acre, the transaction increasing his rents by something over a thousand a year. We presume that the Bill, if carried in its entirety, would make such bargains void in future, or would at least deprive the landlord of the power of enforcing them, and a calculation of the acreage of England, apart from moors and wastes, will show that by this Bill a good many millions annually are forcibly taken out of the pockets of one class and put into the pockets of another. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that all sorts of arguments have been used against the measure, arguments which perhaps culminated in Lord STAMFORD'S fear that the workers in the mining districts would lose their favourite Sunday dinner in consequence of the certain extinction of the race of rabbits, and in the still more pathetic plea put forward elsewhere as to the Sunday, and indeed weekday, dinner of foxes. With respect to this argument, it will probably strike not a few persons that foxes are capable of taking care of themselves, and are not at all unlikely to exact poetical justice from the tenant-farmer by levying double taxes on his poultry yard. A chicken is, after all, either for man or fox not a bad substitute for a rabbit. Politically the proposal has also acted in a curious way. During the former discussion of the Bill member after member of the purest Liberal faith rose to give notice of antagonistic motions and amendments, and it was perfectly obvious that, both from personal feelings and from objections to the interference with public contract which the Bill implies, they would certainly not be without followers on their own side of the House. So threatening indeed was the prospect that it seemed at one time as if the Government would not be averse to availing themselves of some pretext for dropping the measure or letting it be stranded on one of the numerous Parliamentary shoals which lie about for all measures half-heartedly or unskilfully piloted. Then a strange rumour got abroad to the effect that, while Liberals were thus mutinying, not a few Conservative county members had determined to support the Bill, evidently as a sop to their constituents, and to deter them from repeating or exaggerating the defection which returned in April so many Liberals for unhoped-for seats. So that, on the whole, the chances of the measure when it at last came on for serious discussion were of a highly speculative kind. Even the tenant-farmers are supposed to regard it, as Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE says they regard the commutation of the Malt-tax, as an attention rather than a substantial benefit, and the different circumstances of different parts of the country gave ample occasion for special and local objections.

When the debate actually came on, this complication of interests and arguments was fully represented. Not a little time indeed was uselessly taken up on Thursday night because Mr. GLADSTONE, in one of the incomprehensible fits of obstinacy which not unfrequently come upon him, refused for something more than an hour the very reasonable demand for an adjournment. The reasonableness of that demand is evident from the facts already mentioned. When there is so great a divergence of opinion, and when there are so many different interests to be represented, it is especially desirable that the fullest opportunity of expressing them should be given. And, as a matter of fact, the speeches on Thursday were almost all of a more or less instructive kind, as exhibiting fresh sides of a many-sided question. No one contended that hares and rabbits were not sometimes by accident, sometimes by the injudicious conduct of individuals, capable of becoming serious nuisances. But at this point agreement may be said to have ceased, and it is somewhat remarkable that the most decided support given to the HOME SECRETARY'S Bill came from a political opponent, Mr. RODWELL, who was apparently guided by the wishes of the tenant-farmers rather than by any affection for the measure itself. Now the wishes of the tenant-farmers, like the wishes of all other classes, no doubt deserve respectful consideration; but it does not follow that those wishes, even if they were much more clearly expressed than they have been, are a sufficient basis for legislation, especially for legislation of so singular a kind. No speaker on Thursday succeeded in making out anything like parallel or precedent for this remarkable interference with freedom of contract, and for the still more remarkable creation of inalienable rights. It was very well pointed out that all similar interferences of moment which the Legislature has made have been either in favour of those who are practically unable to help themselves, or else have been directed immediately to the saving of human life. The interference proposed by the Hares and Rabbits Bill cannot by any ingenuity be brought under either category; and it is exposed to a number of weighty objections peculiar to itself. It not only does not touch the principle of the Game-laws, but it may be said to create a new vested interest in those laws, by virtue of the inalienable right lodged in the sacred person of the

occupier. Hence it cannot be logically supported by Mr. Peter Taylor's followers. It does nothing whatever for that curious pet of certain philanthropists, the sporting labourer. Hence it ought to be vetoed by the disciples of Mr. Arch. It establishes a system of concurrent, not to say clashing, rights which must infallibly create bad blood between landlord and tenant. It initiates in favour of the latter the mischievous theory of the occupier's property in his holding, which is already bearing fruit for all men to see and taste in Ireland. If its operation might in some cases prevent over-preserving and wanton slaughter, it would in a very much larger number of cases interfere with not the least deserving class of sportsmen—those who, unable to spend their whole time in the country, seek rest and relaxation in the renting of shooting rights. It tends, in the opinion of many of the very best judges, to the extirpation of hares and rabbits altogether; and though Mr. A. Elliot is reported to have said that the people of England could get on very well without hares and rabbits, this argument is not to be too implicitly accepted. The people of England could, it may be suggested, get on very well without Mr. A. Elliot, yet no one would for this reason advocate the forcible extinction of a gentleman who is doubtless an ornament to society and to Parliament. In short, it may be doubted whether a measure has ever been introduced more liable to objection from this side and from that than the present Bill. To all such objections ample consideration is due, and therefore Mr. Gladstone's attempt to force a division by his now usual method of threatening the House was as indefensible as it was indecent.

TURKEY.

No change has taken place in Eastern affairs, except that the prospect of a naval expedition is becoming more definite. It is now stated that each of the Great Powers will contribute two vessels to the formation of a squadron, which is probably to be commanded by Admiral Seymour. The purpose of the operation is still mysterious. As it is expressly stated that no troops are to be embarked, it seems at first sight to follow that the Turks and Albanians will not be seriously molested if they decline to obey the commands of the European Governments. It is highly improbable that the combined fleet will engage in the doubtful enterprise of forcing the passage of the Dardanelles, where the defences have been recently repaired and strengthened. The Turkish fleet will not be rash enough to incur certain defeat by encountering the combined fleet. The Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Hobart, must of course resign his commission as soon as his own country is at war with Turkey. It is announced that the first demand to be enforced will be the surrender to Montenegro of the territory which was stipulated in the compromise negotiated by Count Corti. The Sultan, if he declines to yield, will urge in vain the difficulty of ensuring the obedience of the Albanians, who are, with good reason, believed to be executing his commands or wishes. It is thought that the appearance of the allied fleet on the Albanian coast will convince the tribes as well as the Turkish Government that the Powers are at last in earnest. The malcontents may perhaps not be aware that, in default of troops to be landed, the ships are powerless to molest them except within reach of their guns. Their more prudent leaders may also infer from the so-called demonstration the probability that further measures will be taken if compliance is obstinately refused. The Montenegrins have already received a pecuniary subsidy from Russia, and probably they are assisted by Russian officers. It is not known that similar assistance has been given or promised by any Power to Greece; but the Greeks are continuing their armaments. It may be assumed that they will not provoke certain defeat by entering the disputed territory on the Eastern side. The Albanians would in their own country probably be more than a match for any Greek invading force; and the Turkish army would, if its aid were required, easily crush a weak and undisciplined enemy. There might perhaps be a better chance of success in Thessaly, where nearly the whole population is Greek in race and language; but, if the Turks can spare any considerable force to defend the province, they will probably not be attacked.

The only reason for hoping that the Sultan will yield consists in the probable conclusion that the European Powers cannot have entered into a formal compact to make themselves ridiculous. The Ministers of the different States must know as well as their irresponsible critics that a naval force which will neither engage in hostilities by sea nor convey troops to act on land would fail to frighten adversaries much more timid than the Turks. It may therefore be taken for granted either that they have cause to rely on the eventual pliability of the Sultan, or that they are prepared to employ more stringent methods of compelling submission. If the temporary league or coalition which has been formed were directed by Mr. Gladstone, it might perhaps share his favourite illusion that the Porte will never resist the verbal dictation of Europe. He is probably justified in the belief that a common declaration of war, or even the exaction of some material guarantee, would produce the desired effect; but Mr. Gladstone only shares in the control of English policy; and probably the prudence and experience of Lord Granville may be used to guard him from the consequences of his own imperfect knowledge and sentimental precipitancy. The other Powers, with the exception of Russia, are not enthusiastic partisans of Montenegro, and none of them appear to meditate any sacrifices for the sake of Greece. The French Government indeed has sometimes professed sympathy with the Greek cause; but its organs consistently protest against any participation in measures which might involve the country in an unprofitable war. The alliance of Germany with Austria, which seems every day to become closer, renders hostile operations against Turkey on the part of either Power in the highest degree improbable. Italy will not act alone; but, if the occasion arises, it will probably co-operate with Russia. The well-known saying that it is necessary to understand a paradox before regarding it as a simple blunder applies to Governments as well as to private persons. The able newspaper Correspondents who accumulate authorities to prove that there is no real union among the Powers fail to account for the naval demonstration which can only be explained by their political concert. The unanimity of the Plenipotentiaries at the late Berlin Conference suggests the same obvious inference. The zeal of the English Government may perhaps be intelligible; but the French, the German, and the Austrian Governments would scarcely have addressed a peremptory demand to the Porte if they had been prepared to acquiesce in an obstinate refusal. Still less would they have allowed their flags to be used for the purpose of empty menace.

The despatch of a combined fleet to the eastern shores of the Adriatic will, in the first instance, be so conducted as not to amount to an act of war; but, if the first movement proves to be useless, it will be necessary for some at least of the Powers to proceed to more practical measures. By common consent Continental politicians award to England the duty of enforcing the decisions of the Conference. Of Russia, which, at least in the case of Montenegro, is much more likely to interfere, it is not deemed expedient to speak so openly. Some of the English journalists who are especially devoted to Mr. Gladstone have urged him to the discharge of a supposed duty which may perhaps be honourable and which is certainly perilous. Sir Wilfrid Lawson in the debate on Armenia frankly expressed the surprise which many of Mr. Gladstone's followers would feel if it appeared that his too fervid sympathies had induced him to engage in an unprovoked and unnecessary war. They would perhaps not share the opinion which was hastily expressed by Sir Wilfrid Lawson that the objects of Mr. Gladstone's Quixotic benevolence were the greatest scoundrels on the face of the earth; but they would narrowly scrutinize the claims of the Greeks to territorial aggrandizement, obtained by the sacrifice of English money and English life. In some other cases the present Government may plausibly contend that its dangers and misfortunes are the inevitable consequence of the mistakes of the former Ministry; but a war with Turkey could only begin with a deliberate reversal of Lord Beaconsfield's policy. He and Lord Salisbury, though they have often been blamed for not showing sufficient energy in asserting the claims of Greece, will probably receive credit for not having engaged in even a naval demonstration against Turkey. A stronger feeling of indignation against their successors would be aroused if they were suspected of a separate and offensive alliance with Russia. A Greek and Montenegrin war against Turkey, coinciding with a Bulgarian insurrection, would be universally unpopular in England,

except among Mr. GLADSTONE's extreme and unqualified adherents. His own devotion to peace is so well known that he will probably shrink at the last moment from the logical consequence of his naval demonstration. It is on every ground desirable that the European concert should be maintained as long as possible. It would have had a better chance of permanence if Mr. GLADSTONE had not wantonly irritated Austria, and consequently incurred the risk of differences with Germany. The rude phrase of "Hands off" was, as Mr. GLADSTONE's apologists strenuously contended, more deliberately repeated in his notorious letter to Count KAROLYI. He then professed to be satisfied with the assurance that Austria entertained no ambitious designs of extending her dominions towards the Ægean. It is not impossible that the scheme to which he referred may form a part of Prince BISMARCK's Eastern policy. It may be repeated that the principal ground for confidence in the united Powers is founded on the apparent inefficiency of a measure which therefore may have some purpose or excuse not visible on the surface of things.

THE IRISH DISTURBANCE BILL.

THE objections to the Irish Disturbance Bill have lost none of their force; and the repugnance with which it is regarded has rather increased than diminished; but in the later debates the opponents have found that resistance was useless. The inchoate secession was not likely to be completed on the first divergence of opinion and principle; but the Whig members who have refused to support the Bill have sufficiently shown to the Government the necessity of choosing between extreme and moderate partisans. They cannot have expected that the Bill would be abandoned in deference to their scruples; but their silent or open protest may exercise a possible influence on Mr. GLADSTONE's future policy. In the present instance his conduct has been characterized by rashness and haste rather than by deliberate preference of revolutionary doctrines. It is impossible that Mr. FORSTER can have consciously introduced the most dangerous of modern legislative measures in the form of a clause suddenly inserted into a Bill which was otherwise unopposed. The repeated changes which have been proposed and withdrawn with little final change in the structure of the Bill afford an additional proof of the carelessness with which it was originally promoted. Mr. GLADSTONE, who deserves credit for the command of temper he has displayed during the Session, has taken the most judicious course for the purpose of conciliating opposition by consistent assertions of the comparative unimportance of a Bill narrowly limited in time and not extending over more than half Ireland. He has perhaps been startled and annoyed by the praise which he has received from partisans less reticent than himself. Mr. RYLANDS approved of the measure, not because it is moderate and comparatively harmless, but as a precedent for the transfer of proprietary rights from the landlord to the tenant, and for other forms of future spoliation of the same unfortunate class. Colonel KINGSCOTE and other members naturally inquired whether the Government concurred in the opinion of its too candid adherent. The question was justified by more than one imprudent phrase of Mr. FORSTER's, though he declined responsibility for the extravagances of Mr. RYLANDS. The dullest and most commonplace intellects are sometimes the most accurate interpreters of ambiguous policy. They at once form the conclusion that an obvious violation of justice is not destined to be a trivial or a solitary anomaly.

More sagacious apologists, though they may probably agree with Mr. RYLANDS, have taken a hint from the ostentatious moderation of Mr. GLADSTONE. The same writer who lately declared that a plutocratic Assembly must be reformed if democratic measures were to be passed has of late endeavoured to reclaim frightened seceders by reminding them that Lord HARTINGTON, Lord KIMBERLEY, and Lord SPENCER are still members of the Government. A fortnight ago the new Parliament was said to have commenced a new era; but it now seems that the Irish Disturbance Bill is an ordinary administrative proceeding rather than a measure which establishes new principles of legislation. Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN, who justly classes the Disturbance Bill with the Hares and Rabbits Bill as an attack on the principle of property in land, is mildly assured that Mr. FORSTER only guards against the wrongs which might be committed by a small minority of arbitrary landlords. It might be said in answer that it could not be right to disturb the foundations of property for the purpose of correcting a few isolated cases of hardship. The Ministers who have almost alone taken part in the conduct of the measure have never taken the trouble to ascertain or to state the magnitude of the alleged evil for which they provide a violent remedy. The outrageous statistics which were exploded by Lord GEORGE HAMILTON have neither been defended nor disclaimed; and perhaps Mr. FORSTER's 3,400 policemen may still be crossing and recrossing the stage of his imagination. The Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL calmly accepted Mr. GIBSON's statement that nearly all the cruel and evicting landlords had allowed their tenants to run into arrear for two years' rent. They are to be rewarded by a further postponement for two or three years of payment of their undisputed claims.

The principal speeches in the debate on the third reading were those of Mr. FORSTER and Mr. GLADSTONE for the Bill, and of Mr. TOTTENHAM and Mr. CLARKE against it. Mr. TOTTENHAM's exposure of the statistical blunders of the Government were not less complete than Lord GEORGE HAMILTON's; and Mr. CLARKE analysed with considerable success some of the fallacious figures which have furnished rather an apology than a motive for the Bill. He also answered with much force Mr. FORSTER's boast that the Bill, as it leaves the House of Commons, differs but little from the original draft. The Government in various stages of the discussion consented to more than one mitigation of the injustice inflicted on landlords; but they were forced by Mr. PARNELL and his followers both to abandon the Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL's amendment, and to raise the limit of suspension of rent from 30*l.* to 45*l.* In answer to Mr. TOTTENHAM, who had proved that the scheduled districts were not even approximately coincident with the area subject to distress, Mr. GLADSTONE boldly asserted that the primary object of the Bill was not to relieve distress, but to prevent anarchy, which he described as approaching within a measurable distance of civil war. He forgot that the measure which has caused so much alarm was originally introduced as a clause in the Bill for the relief of distress. Mr. FORSTER may be acquitted of any intention to smuggle an important enactment through the House; but he evidently believed at the time that little opposition would be offered to the suspension of rents if it was proposed with direct and exclusive reference to the failure of recent harvests. Mr. GLADSTONE is not justified in shifting the responsibility from himself to the Opposition, or in declaring that the rejection of the Bill will excite grave discontent in Ireland by reason of hopes which correspond to the fears of those who deprecate the measure. It may be well to take note of Mr. GLADSTONE's repeated statements that the Bill has been so framed as to afford no precedent for future legislation. No political innovation ends with itself; and a temporary disturbance of the rights of landlords evidently impairs the security of property. There is too much reason to fear that Mr. GLADSTONE may hereafter discover in the present Bill the germs of more comprehensive legislation. On a balance of evils it may be doubtful whether the House of Lords will be well advised in rejecting the Bill. The danger which may result from an adverse decision must be exclusively attributed to the authors of the Bill.

Except in the speeches of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. FORSTER, there is a general consent of opinion among friends and enemies as to the gravity of the measure. Sir JOHN RAMSDEN expressed the reluctance of moderate Liberals to abandon their leader, and the urgency of the reasons which induced them to protest against spoliation. Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE, the only member of the Government except the Irish SECRETARY and the PRIME MINISTER who took part in the final debate, could not, even at the risk of injury to the cause which he defended, refrain from propounding the revolutionary theory that the right to rent ought to be dependent on the goodness of crops. In France or in Germany, as he asserted, a bad harvest exempted the tenant from payment of rent; and he inferred that the same immunity ought to extend to Ireland and to England. Although the exact operation of the custom of which Mr. LEFEVRE spoke has been disputed, that custom evidently regulates the relation of landlord and tenant, and constitutes the contract between them.

Even a modern theorist on land will scarcely assert that the bargain between the English landowner and the tenant farmer is dependent on the contingency of the seasons; but the argument is significant, as it implies Mr. Lefevre's well-founded belief that the Disturbance Bill is an infringement of the rights of property. The Irish agitators on their part, and the advocates of extreme radicalism in the press, are under no illusion as to the importance of the precedent which has been established. The malcontent Whigs are openly warned that they will be thrust aside if they venture to resist the current of change. The number of seceders would have been largely increased if all Liberal members had dared to obey their convictions. There can be no doubt that the Clubs or Liberal Associations which are now established as permanent institutions have been set in motion by the central managers for the purpose of warning Liberal members of the danger of conscientious scruples. For the time the whole machinery is worked for the benefit of Mr. Gladstone, though he may perhaps himself take no direct part in the interference with the freedom of Parliament. That a majority of 170 should have been reduced to about a third of its full strength is creditable to the Liberal opponents of the Bill and to those who abstained from voting. The House of Lords would be justified in throwing on the Ministers the exclusive responsibility of an iniquitous measure. It is not a little remarkable that a summons to the Conservative peers has been issued with a list of names, headed by the Whig Duke of Somerset, which does not contain the name of a single Conservative leader. There can be little doubt that the Bill will be rejected by an overwhelming majority; but it would seem that Lord Beaconsfield judiciously leaves the conduct of the Opposition to Liberal or independent peers.

BELGIUM.

While France has been celebrating the taking of the Bastille, Belgium has been celebrating its jubilee. Belgium has been an independent and a constitutional kingdom for fifty years, and in these days of change any institution which has lasted for fifty years naturally pauses to ponder on the mystery of its existence, and invites an admiring world to take notice that it has endured so long and still endures. No one who is thus invited to turn his eyes to Belgium and obeys the invitation can deny that Belgium is a most thriving little country, carrying on its affairs in a way creditable to itself and satisfactory to its neighbours, and marked by conspicuous signs of content, energy, and comfort. It has, too, everything a constitutional country ought to have. It has an excellent and popular sovereign, who in any rank of life would be noted for his varied information, his unaffected interest in all the larger social questions of the day, and his frankness and courtesy in the interchange of ideas and knowledge. The alliances of his House with the Bourbons and the Hapsburgs give him an eminence above his rank in the list of European sovereigns, and the memory of his father still survives to invest him with something of the respect long paid to a monarch of singular sagacity and almost unrivalled experience. There is a Senate which, although elected, has some kind of dignity, and which, if it does little else, at least escapes criticism. There is a Chamber, which is the arena of constant Parliamentary fights, carried on in the most approved Parliamentary manner, and in which every vote is of importance, as government is carried on with the smallest conceivable majority. The population steadily increases, and now probably does not fall below five and a half millions. It is a familiar fact that Belgium is more densely populated than any European country; and, if it is a source of happiness that a dense population should be largely composed of landowners, Belgium possesses this advantage in a very remarkable degree. The whole number of proprietors, or, as it would probably be more accurate to say, of properties, is given at more than 1,300,000. Thus, speaking roughly, the number of properties is to the population as one to four, while in France it is one to six, and in the Belgian province of Luxemburg it is said that the proportion of properties to population reaches the astonishing figure of 48 per cent. The revenue—which balances, or perhaps falls slightly short of, the expenditure—amounts to 11 millions sterling a year, and may thus be taken at 2*l.* per head. It appears, if the statistics of different countries are examined, that countries which can just scrape along, like Portugal and Greece, pay about 1*l.* a head; and the nearer a country gets to 2*l.* a head the nearer it approaches to the standard of acknowledged prosperity. Belgium, too, has an army which might contribute to the maintenance of its neutrality in times of danger, but which is not at all disproportioned to its resources, as it consists, or is intended to consist, of 40,000 men in peace and 100,000 in war. It may be added that, if Belgium is not the only country where the State owns some of the chief railways, it is the only country where the ownership of railways has proved a source of great and abiding profit to the State. It is fortunate, too, in having large and rich coalfields in proximity to populous towns, and there is perhaps no country in Europe which in this respect so nearly rivals England.

There can be no doubt that in a large degree it is to its material prosperity that Belgium owes its continuance for fifty years as a constitutional kingdom. Material prosperity always contributes to the continuance of any Government that is established. A prosperous despotism or a prosperous Republic is much more likely to last than a despotism or Republic that is poor or struggling. And it must be remembered that constitutionalism has not so much created as inherited the wealth of Belgium. All the dense population, all the rich soil, all the industrial enterprise of Belgium did not spring into existence when the first Leopold was made king. Belgium was rich centuries ago, while England was still poor. Any Government that starts in a country like Belgium starts with enormous advantages. It must not dry up the sources of prosperity; but, if it avoids this, it is sure to have prosperity on its side. But while the infant constitutionalism of Belgium had this inherited prosperity working in its favour, it had two obstacles in its path, either of which, as experience has shown, might easily have been fatal to any constitutional Government. In the first place, Belgium is inhabited by two distinct populations, and these populations are not only of different origin, but are cut off from each other by the use of two distinct languages. There are a little less than two and a half millions of the population who speak French, and a little more than two and a half millions who speak Flemish, and out of all these millions there are only 340,000 who speak both Flemish and French. Theoretically, it might have been anticipated that the difficulty of welding two halves of a population thus divided into a country of free government would have been almost insuperable. Practically, whatever the difficulty may have been, the Belgians have surmounted it. The other obstacle to constitutional government in Belgium was even more serious. Nowhere is the great contest between the clerical and the anti-clerical parties waged with more bitterness, and nowhere do the opposing parties meet on such equal terms. There is always a clerical Ministry which its adversaries are just not able to overthrow, or an anti-clerical Ministry which would be very glad if the number of its majority equalled the number of our Scotch Conservative members. In Belgium, too, religious differences are a very serious matter. They colour every relation of private life and impair the peace and happiness of innumerable homes. If we can conceive ourselves going on for a dozen years with alternate periods in which there was a majority of three in favour of disestablishment and then a majority of two in favour of establishment, we may picture to our minds how hard it would be to carry on the Government at all. It must be allowed that constitutional Belgium, which has two such difficulties to encounter, not now and then but permanently, and which has for fifty years managed to encounter them successfully, deserves the praise of the friends of free government, and is amply entitled to enjoy its Jubilee, and ask others to share the satisfaction which it feels, and which it exhibits in a modest and rational way.

If it is asked how Belgium has overcome these difficulties, it is only due to the Belgians to give as the first answer that the Belgians are the Belgians, and that men of sense and good spirit can live together under conditions which would break up a society in which a different temper prevailed. Belgium has not only been fortunate in its sovereigns. It has also been fortunate in its statesmen, and in the possession of a large number of shrewd, orderly, sensible men of every rank. But it is to be feared that not all the monarchs and statesmen and sensible individuals of whom it can boast could have saved Belgian

constitutionalism from a catastrophe long before this, had it not been for another advantage of which Belgium reaps the benefit. This advantage is, that Belgium is a little State. It has a somewhat artificial existence dependent on the guarantee and good opinion of the Great Powers, and especially of England. A little State which is in this position is on its good behaviour, and the easiest mode of doing what it is required to do is to stick to constitutional Government when it has got it. The Belgians are very much helped in overcoming their difficulties by the consciousness that if they did not overcome them there would be no Belgium with difficulties to overcome. A despotism or a Republic in Belgium would have many enemies in Europe, while a constitutional Government has nothing but friends. These friends may sometimes be rather lukewarm, but they cannot find in a constitutional Government anything on which to fasten as an excuse for open alienation. If we are to accept the taking of the Bastille as the true beginning of the French Republic, we may certainly select the Revolution of July as the beginning of constitutionalism on the Continent. It led to the independence of Belgium as a small constitutional State, and to the possibility of Lord PALMERSTON pursuing for years his special policy of introducing as much constitutionalism as he saw his way to infuse into every country at which he could get at conveniently. Little by little all the small States of Europe have become constitutional, with the exception of Switzerland, where an ancient and respected Republic rendered any change unnecessary. France tried constitutionalism and rejected it; and one main reason why it rejected it was that, being a great country, it felt itself as free to reject it as it had been to accept it. France is what France chooses to be. It takes the consequences of its choice, and without hesitation meets the world as a Republic or an Empire, or again as a Republic. But little States which to exist at all must avoid giving offence desire to be at once happy and unnoticed, and they have discovered that, if constitutionalism adds to their own happiness, it also has the excellent secondary effect of enabling them to escape the kind of notice that would be unpleasant to them. They thus enjoy all the good fortune that proverbially attaches to nations that have no history, and of this species of good fortune the Belgian Jubilee has been a very successful commemoration.

THE INDIAN FAMINE COMMISSION.

THE Report of the Indian Famine Commission loses something in interest by the fact that it is as yet incomplete. The questions into which the Commissioners were instructed to inquire were mainly two—the measures to be adopted when famine has actually arrived, and the expedients by which it is possible to make famines less severe or less frequent than they at present are. As yet we are only in possession of the first part of the Commissioners' Report—that which deals with the measures to be adopted in the actual presence of famine. It is evident, however, that our acceptance of their conclusions under this head may be greatly modified by the second part of their Report. If it should appear that the Commissioners have underrated the power of the State to avert famine, it will naturally follow that they have overrated the necessity for relieving famine. The conception of the State as a power protecting its subjects against starvation renders the conception of the State as a power relieving its subjects when starving superfluous. It is quite certain, of course, that the former function will never be so perfectly discharged as to leave no room for the latter. But it is difficult to give an opinion upon recommendations directed to the organization of State relief until something is known of the extent to which other measures may be expected to make relief unnecessary.

Taking this first part of the Report as complete in itself, it presents a useful survey of the several famines which have happened in India during the last century, and of the means adopted to deal with them. The last part is necessarily the shorter of the two. It was not until the famine in Orissa in 1866 that the Government admitted their obligation to prevent the people from starving; but the very fact that they were almost powerless to apply their doctrine in the actual circumstances of the province brought the question prominently before the public, greatly influenced the action of the officials seven years later. In 1873-4 the winter rice crop failed in Northern Bengal, and, in view of the scarcity which was expected to follow, the Government acted with extraordinary energy. The Estimates included an importation of 480,000 tons of rice, and "provided against every possible contingency." When the famine was over, it appeared that no lives had been lost, and even that 100,000 tons of rice remained unused. The number of persons in need of relief had been designedly exaggerated in order that an ample margin of unexpended relief might be secured. This result, however, was obtained at a cost to the State of 6½ millions sterling. Three years later Southern India was visited by a yet worse calamity. The Government of India had been startled by the cost of famine relief in 1873-4, and had, as it thought, learnt from experience that it was possible to take too many precautions. During the Bengal famine the aim had been simply to save life; and every official knew that, provided this were done, the Government would not be extreme to count the money spent in doing it. During the famine in Southern India the aim was also to save life; but even in the statement of that aim there was a recognition that it might be beyond the power of the authorities to attain it. The Government, it was said, would spare no effort to save the population of the distressed districts from starvation, but they would not attempt to prevent suffering or to give general relief. Limitations of this kind naturally affect the action of the officials in doubtful cases. They know that the cost of saving life will be considered, and they consequently seek to reduce that cost to the lowest possible figure. There is no question of maximum estimates or of a margin of unused grain; the object is to calculate with the utmost nicety what will be wanted, and to have nothing left over when the wants come to an end. Notwithstanding these precautions, the cost of the relief operations in Southern India was eight millions; but, though it thus exceeded by a million and a half the cost of the Bengal famine, the result was far less satisfactory. Five millions of people died either from insufficient food or from the diseases commonly associated with insufficient food. In so far as this difference of result was owing to the difference in the measures adopted, the lavish method has an undoubted advantage over the parsimonious method. It may not be prudent for the State to attempt to prevent loss of life by famine; but if it does attempt it, it is well to make sure of success. It may admit of argument that the State might do more good to the people of India by refraining from imposing additional taxes than it can do by keeping the inhabitants of any particular province alive when they have outgrown their ordinary means of subsistence. But when once the State has presented itself to the people in the light of a special and over-ruling providence, it is important that it should proclaim itself to be an omnipotent providence. We do not know whether the Government gained anything in the opinion of its Indian subjects by the completeness with which it shielded them from the calamity of 1873-4; but it seems highly probable that it has lost something by its omission to shield them from the similar calamity of 1876-8. The five millions who died through the apathy or miscalculation or economy of the Indian Government are likely to have a more lasting place in Indian memories than the numbers—necessarily unknown—who were saved in 1873-4.

It does not appear from the Report what were the precise causes which led to the failure of the campaign against famine in Southern India as compared with the similar struggle three years earlier in Bengal. In theory, it seems, the principles upon which the Government had acted in the earlier instance were adopted in the later. In practice, however, "important modifications arose from the adoption "of the policy of leaving the supply of grain to the ordinary "operations of trade, and from the greater anxiety shown "to avoid profusion of expenditure and to secure the useful "application of labour." Unfortunately opinion differs as to the share which this change of view had in killing off five millions of people. It may be, of course, that the conditions of the famine in Madras and Bombay were so unlike those of the famine in Bengal that even an equally lavish expenditure would not have ensured the same immunity from death. But there is, at all events, a presumption in favour of the plan which has had no cases of starvation laid at its door over the plan which has not escaped such charges.

The regularity with which famines are now known to recur in various parts of India makes it incumbent upon the Government to have a perfectly understood code of regulations ready for application when the necessity arises. So long as each separate famine was supposed to be a calamity by itself, and not one that was certain to be followed by another, there was some excuse for the authorities if they were taken unawares. But with famines to be expected at average intervals of eleven or twelve years, and less severe scarcity two years out of every nine, there is no excuse for want of preparation. The Commissioners recommend that the Government of India should issue a set of rules embodying the main principles on which famine relief is to be administered, and that the local Governments should draw up famine codes applying these principles to the particular circumstances of each province. A draft of these rules and a model famine code has been drawn up by the Commissioners, and some points that are now obscure in their Report—especially the merits of the controversy which has arisen between Mr. CAIRD and Mr. SULLIVAN on the one side, and the remaining Commissioners on the other, upon the mode of providing relief—will probably become clear when this code is published. The Commissioners may justly be praised for the very thorough manner in which their work has hitherto been done, and their Report, when finished, will be a storehouse of information upon one of the most important and difficult subjects with which a Government can have to deal.

THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

SIR DRUMMOND WOLFF and his friends were quite entitled to bring to the notice of the House of Commons the many curious questions of Parliamentary law to which the peculiar position of Mr. DODSON gave rise. They were questions of a kind to which the attention of the House has been repeatedly called; and the whole system of Parliamentary procedure is at once so intricate and so exceptional that members who are acquainted with it, and can appreciate the importance of any variation in it, are fulfilling a public duty in taking cognizance of any novelty that may be introduced. In the case of Mr. DODSON two distinct questions were raised. He was elected for Chester at the general election, and a petition was presented against his return. Before the petition was heard he accepted office. A new writ was issued, and he was re-elected without a contest. All this was quite regular. The petitioners did not claim the seat. Had they done so, no new writ could have been issued. This was settled in the Athlone case, when the seat was claimed against Mr. KEOGH, the sitting member, and on his accepting the office of Solicitor-General for Ireland, the issue of a new writ was delayed until the petition had been heard and determined. That a new writ might issue if the seat was not claimed was decided by the SPEAKER in 1852; and, although the decision was subsequently criticized in Lord BURY'S case, it has been practically adopted by the House as part of its standing procedure. Lord BURY'S case, however, illustrated what may be termed the theoretical objections to the rule. Lord BURY was elected, a petition was presented, he accepted office, and was re-elected. But another petition was presented against his second return, and he was unseated. The reason why a candidate who has been guilty of bribery or corrupt practices through his agents is not allowed to represent the same constituency in the same Parliament must be that it is apprehended that he has got into bad hands, and that he and they cannot be trusted to work together innocently until a considerable interval of time has elapsed. In the same way, if a defeated candidate petitions, not claiming the seat, succeeds, and then stands, on a new writ being issued, for the same constituency, all his acts and those of his agents in the first contest may be brought up to throw light on their conduct in the second election, supposing he is elected and is petitioned against. What Parliament objects to is that a candidate should be in a position to repeat or to profit by the improper practices of his agents at a former election. The case of Lord BURY showed that such a thing might happen; and, if nothing was to be considered but the expediency of interposing the severest checks possible in the way of corrupt practices, it might be held that no new writ should issue until a petition, whether claiming the seat or not, had been disposed of. It has been decided that the Chiltern Hundreds shall not be given to a member against whom a petition has been presented before it has been determined. But in the case of Ministers it has been thought to be inexpedient that they should be kept, possibly for months, out of Parliament, and as it would be easy to keep them out by presenting a petition for the mere purpose of excluding them for a term from the discharge of their Parliamentary duties, the custom has prevailed, entirely on the ground of convenience, of letting them at once have the benefit of the issue of a new writ.

When, as in the case of Mr. DODSON, a member has been elected, a petition has been presented, he has accepted office and has been re-elected, and then the petition has been decided against him, the ordinary course would be to issue a new writ. He has been rendered incapable of being elected or sitting for the same constituency. The House takes cognizance of this, and orders a new writ, and he is then capable of being elected for any other constituency, as he has plainly ceased to be a member of Parliament, and no disqualification attaches to him except that of being unable to sit for the same seat from which he has been ejected. But at Chester the judges have reported that corrupt practices extensively prevailed, and under such circumstances no new writ is allowed to be issued. Mr. DODSON could not get absolutely quit of Chester. By what tie he could be supposed to be still bound to Chester it is most difficult to see. He could not be taken to represent Chester; for he was clearly, under an Act of Parliament, a person incapable of being elected or sitting for Chester, and he would undoubtedly have been liable to a penalty if, after the decision of the election Judges, he had sat and voted in Parliament. All that can be said is that the usual step in formally terminating the connexion between the constituency and the member had not been taken. No new writ had been issued, and the House had therefore not taken formal cognizance of the fact that Mr. DODSON had ceased to be member for Chester. In order to remove the least shadow of a doubt as to his position, Mr. DODSON accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, or, to speak more accurately, the Stewardship of the Manor of Northstead. This is a place of profit under the Crown, and by statute the acceptance of such a place vacates the seat. Here it is not that the member is ineligible, but that his seat is vacated. He is in the position in which Mr. DODSON would have been if the Elections Act, after declaring a member against whom a petition had been successfully presented incapable of being elected or sitting for the same constituency, had gone on to say that his seat was vacated. Nothing can be more technical and subtle than the distinction; but, in order to avoid the merest shadow of a possibility that Mr. DODSON'S position, if elected for another constituency, might be questioned, the Government thought it advisable that he should go through the form of accepting a trifling but disqualifying office under the Crown.

But this raised a further question. Mr. DODSON held one office under the Crown and then accepted another, and his seat was thus held to be vacated. This second office was the Stewardship of the Crown Manor of Northstead, and the granting of this Stewardship is a proceeding venerable from antiquity and of recognized convenience, but in itself of a very curious nature. The grant is made, not by the Crown direct, but by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who theoretically appoints one of his own subordinate officers. This officer is commissioned to be Steward and Bailiff of the Manor, and to have all wages, fees, and allowances pertaining to the office during the pleasure of the Sovereign. It is these words in the grant that are held to carry with them the consequences of the seat being vacated. These possible fees and allowances are a profit, and being held during the Sovereign's pleasure are a profit under the Crown. If a member holding one office of profit under the Crown is re-elected, and then accepts another such office, his seat is vacated, and he has to be re-elected, in order to be a member of Parliament. Mr. DODSON, if he gets in for Scarborough or anywhere else, will have obliterated his acceptance of the Stewardship of Northstead. But in 1873 Mr. GLADSTONE, holding one office of profit under the Crown, that of First Lord of the Treasury, accepted another, that of

Chancellor of the Exchequer; and in accordance with precedent added half the salary of the Chancellor to the full salary of First Lord. Why was his seat for Greenwich not vacated by his acceptance of this second office of profit? Mr. GLADSTONE did not think himself bound to act as if his seat had been vacated. He did not seek re-election from his constituents. He seems to have persuaded himself that, under the Act of 1867, certain specified offices, among which was the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, were allowed to be held in conjunction with other offices of profit. The Stewardship of the Manor of Northstead was not one of those specified offices, and therefore he drew a distinction between his case and that of Mr. DODSON. He owned that his interpretation of the Act of 1867 was open to serious question, and that it would, and even ought to, have been questioned had it not been for the dissolution of 1874, which shelved that and so many other questions of more importance. It is, however, inconvenient that such a question should remain undecided, and there are many objections which Mr. GLADSTONE stated he recently felt to the system by which the only mode in which a member can terminate his connexion with an existing Parliament is the acceptance of an illusory office which it rests in the absolute discretion of one Minister to grant or refuse. It is not surprising, therefore, that Sir DRUMMOND WOLFF announced his intention of calling the attention of the House next Session to the general subject of the mode in which seats are or ought to be vacated.

M. ROCHEFORT AND THE OPPORTUNISTS.

M. ROCHEFORT has taken the earliest occasion of proving that his relations with M. GAMBETTA are not to be complicated by any intrusion of foolish gratitude for the share M. GAMBETTA has had in bringing the Communists back to France. With M. ROCHEFORT principles come before persons. His hatred of Opportunism and all its works is in no way diminished by the fact that the leader of the Opportunists has incidentally done him a good turn. It is only fair to M. ROCHEFORT to admit that he has not been more insensible to M. GAMBETTA'S kindness than he had every right to be. M. GAMBETTA had, no doubt, very sufficient reasons, from his own point of view, for pressing on the amnesty; but a disinterested affection for M. ROCHEFORT was certainly not one of them. He has allowed M. ROCHEFORT to exchange Geneva for Paris because on the whole he wished to have him at home rather than abroad. But there is no reason why M. ROCHEFORT should love M. GAMBETTA any the better for doing what he himself likes, and M. ROCHEFORT is not the kind of man to accept M. GAMBETTA'S services without consideration of the motives which have led him to render them. In restoring M. ROCHEFORT to a country which in its heart would have been very well content to do without him, M. GAMBETTA restored and knew that he restored an enemy who meant to injure him whenever he could.

M. ROCHEFORT'S line is evidently not oratory. His speech last Sunday at a Democratic banquet was read, like an Anglican sermon, and no doubt suffered all the disadvantages which belong to that method of delivery. It may have been a worse fault in the eyes of his admirers that in printing his speech in his newspaper the *Intransigeant*, he showed a kind of prudence hardly distinguishable from Opportunism. According to the report given in some other papers, he was interrupted while recalling the names of some of the Communist leaders by a remark that one of them, MILLIÈRE, had been assassinated. Upon which M. ROCHEFORT replied, "Yes! he has "been assassinated, and we will avenge him." Probably the proprietor of the *Intransigeant* felt that to print this in his own paper, as coming from himself, might prove inconvenient, and accordingly it does not appear. But how will those who heard it said take its omission from what purports to be the official report of what took place? It may be accepted as prudence, but then it may also be mistaken for want of courage, and that is the last defect that can be tolerated in a revolutionary leader. This is not the only evidence M. ROCHEFORT has already given of a disposition to over-caution. No mention is made in the *Intransigeant* of a speech delivered by M. LANESSAN, a member of the Municipal Council of Paris, which contained some very heroic things. "You must have," M. LANESSAN said, "not voting papers only, but chassepôts."; and when some advocate of moral force objected that chassepôts would not be needed, he put to him this pertinent question—"Then how will you defend yourselves against GAMBETTA when he assails you with "his votes and his GALLIFETS?" This ingenious and appropriate reference to the conversion to Republican opinions which the principal military hero in the suppression of the Commune has since undergone was checked by M. ROCHEFORT, and no reference to it appears in the *Intransigeant*. Of course this may be accepted as evidence of M. ROCHEFORT'S desire to reserve himself for the greater enterprises which are in store for him. But the Communists of Paris may in time grow weary of these continual restraints, and desire to see their leader risk himself a little. It is just this which M. ROCHEFORT appears unwilling to do. He plainly wishes to keep out of prison. This is not in itself a reprehensible desire, even in a returned Communist; but it is one that M. ROCHEFORT'S rivals—and we may be sure that he already has rivals—may turn to a good deal of account. M. LANESSAN, for example, may justly feel proud that he has dared to say what M. ROCHEFORT was afraid either to listen to or to print, and he may find others as ready as himself to admire his superior boldness.

The matter of M. ROCHEFORT'S address was very much to the purpose. The Opportunist measures are not without their weaknesses when viewed from the heights of a more thoroughgoing policy, and M. ROCHEFORT described these failings in a way which was very well calculated to bring them home to his hearers. Instead of separating Church and State by the complete suppression of the Budget of Public Worship, the Government have turned certain members of one religious order out of their houses, and are now so frightened at the opportunity thus given to the Jesuits of playing the martyr, that they have determined to leave the other orders alone. It is only, however, when they are dealing with public interests that the Opportunists lag behind. Where their own interests are concerned M. ROCHEFORT sees them animated by a feverish activity. Their real programme is summed up in the exhortation given to their friends in every possible shape—"Get "rich." Their business is to distribute places and dividends among themselves. They are ready to forego a *coup d'état* provided that they can count upon effecting a *coup de Bourse*. This, according to M. ROCHEFORT, is the real distinction between the Opportunists and the Socialist Republicans. The one is the party of the rich, the other is the party of the poor. The Opportunists have money and the command of the administration. The Socialist Republicans have only union, and that sense of numerical strength which the poor can never be without. But, though the Socialist Republic is the Republic of the poor as opposed to the well-to-do, it does not reject the service of the well-to-do. The history of the Commune showed that men who by birth belonged to the *bourgeoisie* could be as devoted to the interests of the proletariat as if they had been born workmen. Social distinctions count for nothing among men who march under the same banner against the same enemy.

It would be difficult to frame an address better fitted to take the fancy, and in a sense to promote the interest, of those to whom it was addressed. The distinction between rich and poor is more permanent than any distinction founded on forms of government, and it is one which the establishment of the Republic has brought home to the populations of the great cities. The workmen of Paris now live under a Government which, on the whole, is what they have desired. They would like, it is true, to get rid of the Senate; but, with that exception, they cannot quarrel with the mould in which the State is cast. They have a Legislature elected by universal suffrage, and a President elected by the Legislature. The old grievance that France is a Republic without Republicans no longer exists. The politicians who, by choice or by antecedents, were associated with the Governments that have preceded the Republic are now, with rare exceptions, banished from the service of the State. No names are any longer met with which, in the persons either of their present or their former owners, are associated with any of the past glories of France. Legitimists, Orleanists, Imperialists, and even Moderate Republicans, are alike proscribed. Yet, with all this, the workmen of Paris find their condition no better than it was before the Republic was set up. The benefits they

expected to reap from it are not yet theirs. They are still poor, they have still to work hard, they are still uncertain whether they will at all times have work to do. To men in this temper M. ROCHEFORT's address comes like a gospel. There is no need, he says, to despair of the Republic, because you have never yet had a real Republic. The real Republic is the Republic of the poor; what you have been living under till now is a Republic of the rich. Instead of losing faith in Republican forms, bestir yourselves to make them instinct with the true Republican spirit, and then you will find your wrongs redressed and your sufferings removed. There is no need to have recourse to physical violence in order to bring this end about. Universal suffrage belongs to you as much as to the Opportunists. When the whole framework of the Government has to be altered, violence may be unavoidable; kings and emperors rarely submit to be banished without offering some resistance. In France they are no longer there to resist. The places are all right, and it is only the men who sit in them that need changing. The field for a Socialist Republican is the next general election. Universal suffrage ought to give whatever answer the poor desire, because the majority of voters are themselves poor. The very fact, however, that the Socialist Republicans are poor is a reason in M. ROCHEFORT's eyes for not trusting too exclusively to the proletariat to furnish leaders. Here and there one may arise; but for the most part they must be looked for among men who have more leisure, more means, and more personal ambition. M. ROCHEFORT knows that, if he can persuade the proletariat to let him choose his lieutenants from among lawyers and men of letters, he can find as many as he wants. It is for this reason, probably, that he is so anxious to have men judged by their actions rather than by their social antecedents. A proletariat, guided by politicians like himself, is, as he justly thinks, far more dangerous than a proletariat which has to take its chiefs from among its own ranks.

MR. DODSON AND VACCINATION.

THE public will be thankful to learn that, whatever may be thought of Mr. DODSON's theory of vaccination, his practice is beyond impeachment. Disastrous as the next outbreak of small-pox may prove, we may look forward with reasonable confidence to having the PRESIDENT of the LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD spared to us. For modes of enforcing the law let graceless doctors fight; he can't be wrong who has been repeatedly re-vaccinated. Mr. DODSON was able, when the deputation from the British Medical Association waited on him last Monday, to offer his own person as the best proof he could give of the importance he attaches to the precaution he is suspected of undervaluing. We can picture him laying aside his coat, and rolling up his shirt-sleeves, while the members of the deputation were addressing him, and then pointing with mild reproach to his scarred arms as evidence of what he had suffered in the good cause. Nor is it only in his own person that he has borne his testimony. He can say not only "As for me," but "As for me and my house," we have all been re-vaccinated.

It is naturally painful to a man who has fought the good fight in this way to have his orthodoxy questioned, and it may be admitted that he made out as good a case as he could for the provisions of his Bill. When all has been said, however, that can be said, it comes to very little. No analogy is absolutely perfect, and the expedient to which Mr. DODSON most resorted was to deny that to forego all prosecutions for non-vaccination of children after one penalty of 20s. has been inflicted is the same thing as to allow an indulgence for drunkenness to be bought for money. "Taking out a licence," he says, "is not "the same thing as submitting to a money penalty." That is true, nor, so far as we know, has any one ever contended that it is the same thing; what has been said is that it is very nearly the same thing—that, whatever may be the original difference between the ideas, it is impossible to separate them when once it has been established that to submit to a single money payment carries with it the same results as taking out a licence. No doubt it is pleasanter to go to the nearest Post-office and take out a licence to use armorial bearings than to be brought up before a magistrate and sentenced to pay a fine. But when it comes to be understood that the result is precisely the same in the two cases—that when once the money has been paid, either to the postmaster or to the magistrate's clerk, all fear of further annoyance is equally at an end, that the man who can prove that he has once been fined 20s. stands in the same position as the man who can prove that he has paid 20s. for his licence—even the less pleasant process will be deprived of most of its terrors. At present there is at least the motive for alarm which is supplied by a sense of uncertainty. The man who omits to have his child vaccinated does not know what amount of inconvenience his obstinacy may not entail upon him. There is a prospect of many fines coming one after another, and there is the possibility that refusal to pay the fines may in the end land him in prison. Mr. DODSON's plea—the plea usually put forward for relaxing a law which is disagreeable to fanatics—is that it is unwise to multiply martyrs. No doubt in themselves martyrs are inconvenient things. They draw to themselves a certain amount of sympathy and make disobedience to the law interesting. But what proof has Mr. DODSON to offer that, if his Bill is passed, the number of children remaining unvaccinated will not be greater by reason of the immunity which will then be accorded to parents than it is already by reason of the feeling excited by martyrdoms? Let us suppose, for example, that a hundred parents are now made martyrs every year, and that each martyr is the seed of five members of the Anti-Vaccination Church. Before it can be determined that it would be wiser not to make these hundred martyrs, it must be considered how many children are likely to go unvaccinated if these hundred parents are let off with a penalty of 1*l.* each. If the impunity thus ostentatiously accorded in return for a small money payment leads a thousand parents to break the law, where will be the gain of not making martyrs of the hundred?

It must not be forgotten that there are many motives which lead to the neglect of vaccination among the poor besides the determined defiance of the law which is displayed only here and there. It is a burden to take the child to the doctor, and to have it more or less ailing for some days afterwards; or the parent, without being really convinced by the arguments of the anti-vaccinationists, thinks there may be something in what they say, and is at all events only prevented from leaving things alone by the fear that he will get into trouble. Take this fear entirely away, and the child will almost certainly go unvaccinated. Take this fear away in part, and the child will probably go unvaccinated. Leave the law as it is, and the parent, not knowing exactly what amount of inconvenience his neglect may bring upon him, will almost certainly put his doubts in his pocket and take the child to the doctor. Mr. DODSON entirely mistakes the objection to his Bill when he argues that to fine a man thirty times, and not to get the child vaccinated after all, is to bring the law into disrepute. The real question is not so much what the man who is fined thirty times will do, as what the man who dislikes being fined, but can put up with it for once, is likely to do. Can there be any doubt that such a man will be more careless about obeying the law when he knows that the worst that can happen to him is to have to make his appearance before the magistrates once and to pay a sovereign, than he will be if he knows that he may have to make thirty appearances before the magistrates and to pay 30*l.* for the pleasure of seeing his child die of small-pox in the end? The sole consideration in a matter of this kind is what kind of provisions are most calculated to get vaccination attended to as a rule. If Mr. DODSON will imagine himself a parent, with a vague prejudice against vaccination, but no desire to be a martyr, he will have no difficulty in answering this question for himself. There is no necessity to make the law more severe than it is. In theory, of course, it would be more consistent to vaccinate children by force; but this might have the result which Mr. DODSON wrongly attributes to the existing law, and create an active sympathy for the aggrieved parent which would defeat its own end. All that seems to be wanted is a vigorous application of the law as it stands. The child at present is not taken from the parent, but the parent's comfort is very seriously interfered with. The summons, the trial, and the penalty are always hanging over his head, and every now and then they fall. He himself may be sustained by his virtue or by the sympathy and subscriptions of his friends; but his position will not be romantic enough to make others anxious to share it, and in the great majority of cases they may be trusted to

take care that they do not share it. If for this constant liability to annoyance there is substituted a single money payment, this resolution will be very seriously weakened. Disobedience to the law will entail a certain saving of trouble, against which there will be nothing to be set, except the not tremendous possibility of having to pay 20s. If Mr. DODSON's Bill becomes law, vaccination will more and more be confined to those who have an active belief in its efficacy.

BATH ABBEY.

AT first sight there seems no reason why the diocese of Bath and Wells should not, like the neighbouring see of Gloucester and Bristol, be honoured with two episcopal chairs. Accordingly, we have known even fairly intelligent Churchmen disappointed at not finding a description of Bath Abbey in Murray's *English Cathedrals*. As the latest pre-Reformation form of St. Peter's, Bath, was that of a cathedral church, and the structure stands architecturally unchanged, we are not sure that its inclusion in the *Handbook* would not have been as excusable as its omission. But perhaps the information in question will more naturally appear in a future edition of Murray's work, for it would be only in keeping with the well-known repetitions of history that Bath should again become a fold under its own shepherd. The leading title in an episcopate which has yielded among its dignitaries two cardinals, eight archbishops, six lord chancellors, and eight lord high treasurers, we can hardly understand that so ancient and honourable a city should, in this age of the formation of new bishoprics and revival of old, accept for the final condition of its chief ecclesiastical building, the reduced standing of a parish church. Unlike Wells, which has always been served by secular canons and never by monks, Bath has been the subject of as many changes of constitution as there have been monastic or anti-monastic movements and mutations in the English Church. The first ecclesiastical transformation was from a Pagan temple to a Christian convent. With clearer evidence than that St. Paul's Cathedral succeeded a temple to Diana, it may be shown that Minerva presided over the hot springs of *Aquae Solis*, and that a temple to her worship stretched its architrave within the precincts of the existing abbey. A visitor at the present time to the Waters of the Sun may see some recently excavated foundations of the original Roman baths, which are the only constructive relics of the "arcades of stone whence" (according to a Saxon poem, edited by the Rev. John Earle) "the streams hotly issued" until the fires went out in Minerva's fane. How far the materials of the Roman temple subserved to the erection (A.D. 676) of the Christian nunnery by Osric, King, or sub-regulus, of the Wiccias, is not certain, especially as the charter of Osric, as a genuine and unaltered document, is received with suspicion. At any rate, if we are to believe Leland, who seems to have gathered his information from the prior of the later house, the "monastery of Holy Virgins" which Bertana, the first abbess, had been enabled to build by the grant of the lands of one hundred villeins, was entirely destroyed by the inevitable Danes. As the English Chronicle states that the first ships of the Northmen appeared on the English coast in 787, Leland was probably mistaken in referring to an earlier date the destruction of Bertana's nunnery to these people. It was, however, superseded by Offa, King of the Mercians, whose many ecclesiastical works must have cost him almost as much as the famous dyke by which they were protected. In keeping with the spirit of his time, when the celibate rule was not practised, Offa here in 775 erected a church to St. Peter, in connexion with a college for secular canons, who married and gave in marriage, and chanted their litanies till the flood of Benedictinism came and swept them all away. This, of course, happened in the days of Edgar, a prince whose character, when depicted by the monkish biographer, displays as many saintly glories as a minster window, and who certainly had only less reverence for chastity in Churchmen than contempt for that virtue in his own practice. Edgar having displaced (A.D. 970) the seculars in favour of a convent of Benedictine regulars, Alphege, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and canonized martyr, was appointed the first abbot. Three years later Edgar, either on account of the greatness of the church, or the greatness of the city, or the importance of both together, chose the convent minster of Bath for the place of his coronation, being therein hallowed King in the presence of Oswald, Archbishop of York, and a "heap" of other prelates, priests, and monks. During many centuries it was customary at Whitsuntide, according to Leland, for the townsmen to elect a king among themselves in memory of Edgar's coronation, the richest men of the place feasting the ephemeral monarch and his retinue, who, in all their ceremonies, were expected to pray for King Edgar's soul. Whether Beau Nash and other potentates of fashion as "Kings of Bath" were successors of these pentecostal sovereigns, as has been thought, requires more research to certify than we can afford.

At the date of the Conquest, Bath was the capital of Somerset, being the seat of the *summa justicia*, or highest Crown court in the county. This mark of royalty was derived from Edward the Confessor, who, at his accession, bestowed the burgh upon his wife, Edith; the Queen herself, says Mr. Eyton in his lately published Domesday of Somerset, thenceforward exercising "the function of a high justiciar." Bath was alienated from the Crown by William Rufus, who first of all by a charter dated 1090 gave the abbey to John de Villula, or John of Tours, as he is otherwise named; and by a second charter Rufus granted the whole city of Bath in free alms to the same prelate and his successors, to be held in as independent a manner as the King himself held any city in England, that with greater honour he might there fix his pontifical seat. About this time it was ordained that to increase the territorial influence of the Church certain bishoprics should be transplanted from the smaller towns to places of more importance. Bath was a walled city when Wells, which was never enclosed, was a mere village. If the comparative magnitude and stateliness of the towns were a sufficient reason, and the architectural grandeur of St. Andrew's Cathedral were less, Bath might again properly enjoy the dignity procured her by John de Villula, the first Bishop of Somerset, who, forsaking his seat at Wells, became Abbot of Bath, making the fane of St. Peter there his cathedral church, and its prior and monks his chapter. The Abbey of Bath was thus united (A.D. 1091) with the Somersetshire diocese; and as spiritual and temporal lord of his newly adopted city John of Tours preferred to be called Bishop of Bath only, removing the title of Wells. Under this style he declares in his charter that "the head and mother church of the bishopric of Somerset shall be in the city of Bath in the church of St. Peter, to which holy apostle," he says, "and the monks his servants I have restored their lands." Bishop John rebuilt the church in grander form, and lavishly enriched it with eucharistic ornaments. He is also said to have enriched it with men of literary ability, but their works, if any, seem to have perished like his own structure. After reigning with no great mildness thirty-four years he died (A.D. 1123), and was buried in his cathedral. Leland saw his effigied tomb in the midst of the presbytery, at "which time" (c. A.D. 1534) "all the church that he made lay to waste and was unroofed, and weeds grew about this John of Tour's sepulchre." In magnitude De Villula's church probably surpassed the Norman cathedral at Wells, and was certainly so much larger than the existing Abbey at Bath, that the latter represents only its nave with a further bay. It stretched about a bay short of the present west end, but its eastern limb extended as far as the Literary Institution garden. The bases of the pillars of the Romanesque church may yet be seen about six or eight feet below the level of the present building; and the arch between the south aisle and that aisle and the south transept is still evident at the east end. The great era of church building in the neighbourhood set in during the bishopric of John of Tours, or within a few years of that epoch; and examples of Norman structures more or less exist at Swainswick, Charlcomb, Langridge, Tuerton, and Englishcomb. The last named, the most beautiful of all, the Rev. John Earle argues to be a miniature model of the Romanesque abbey.

The removal of the *bishopstool* from Wells to Bath had been in opposition to the canons of the former foundation, who protested long and vigorously against the wrong done to themselves. To end the discord, Robert, the third Bishop of Bath, who succeeded to that title in 1137, decreed that the bishops should henceforth be installed both at Bath and at Wells, and should take their title from the joint names of those places, Bath being first. The arrangement, however, had been without the confirmation of a Papal Bull, a powerful sanction that was not wanting in the subsequent and even more serious case in which the great abbey in the neighbouring valley of Glastonbury became annexed to the diocese. At the close of the thirteenth century that rich Benedictine monastery was gaining the height of its architectural and conventual splendour. To bring into union the three important churches of Glastonbury, Wells, and Bath, and to become himself bishop and abbot of the joint foundations was the ambition of Savaric, who obtained the episcopate of the two latter places in 1192. So splendid a piece of plurality was almost worth a king's ransom, and it is a curious fact that the Abbey of Glastonbury actually formed part of the ransom of Richard the Lion-heart from the hands of Leopold of Austria. Savaric was a relation of the latter potentate, whom he persuaded to exact from the royal captive the grant of Glastonbury as an item of the great price demanded for his deliverance. This transaction was entirely without the knowledge and consent of the monks, who had been bought and sold with their abbey, though it was not without the connivance of Henry de Suliaco, their abbot, who in order to create the required vacancy for Savaric, accepted from Richard the bishop's throne of Worcester. In return for the dignified gift of Glastonbury, Savaric gave back to the crown the city of Bath, worth 100 marks a year, which his predecessor John of Tours had purchased; and transferring the episcopal seat to the former place, styled himself Bishop of Bath and Glastonbury till his death in 1205, a title that was continued by his successor, Reginald Fitz-Joceline. It would require the pen of an ecclesiastical Homer to tell the story of the pious rage and unrelenting indignation of the Avalonian monks, who during twenty-three years were constrained to be represented as the section of a bishopric rather than as the brotherhood of a noble and independent monastery. To bring them to obedience some were excommunicated, some stripped and scourged, some imprisoned, while others were starved into submission by being stinted on one day to meat without drink, and on the next to drink without meat. At length (A.D. 1218), the contention ended by a dissolution of the union between Glastonbury and Bath, liberty being at the same time restored to the monks of the latter place to elect their

own chief. Had these been content with a bishop for their abbot the see of Glastonbury might possibly have survived the sixteenth century, and we should not have to regret that one of the chief Gothic buildings in England should, instead of being a cathedral minster, with all its honourable traditions thick about it, and also the centre of a lively city which it had created, have been reduced to a few roofless and fragmentary walls.

King John, who had confirmed Savaric in his bold appropriation of Glastonbury, further benefited the see of Bath and Wells by according to the monks of the one place, and to the canons of the other, the right of holding ordeals of fire and water, and the privilege of trying in their own courts malefactors taken on their lands, and condemning them, if they thought fit, to the gallows. It appears there was even yet one prerogative wanting to the content of the monks of Bath, whose ears were assailed by the chiming of the bells of the city churches before they had arisen to matins, and after they had retired to their dormitory. During the time of Prior John de Telesford (*ob.* 1425) there was much strong feeling displayed on the part of the convent against the town on account of this evil custom. After some years' dispute it was decreed at an inquisition held at Frome (9 Hen. V.) "that no one should ring any bells within the precincts of Bath in the daytime before the prior had rung his bells; nor in the nighttime after the Prior had rung his curfew."

Wood in his *Description of Bath* states that the weaver's shuttle was formerly added to the arms of the Abbey as "a trophy of the industry of the monks." The arms at present show no sign of a shuttle; but the reader of Chaucer will be prepared to learn that the art of weaving was practised at Bath in the days of the pilgrimage from the "Tabard." The Bath looms were once as celebrated as are now Bath buns, and the manufacture of the best cloth is still carried out at Tuerton, in the neighbourhood. We are told by Warner in his *History of Bath* that, under the auspices of the monks of that city, the woollen manufacture was established around the abbey soon after its introduction into England in A.D. 1333. The goodwife of Bath was herself so skilled a cloth-worker as to be able to pass off her wares as having come from the fine looms of Ypres and Ghent. It is curious to notice how much rationalistic opinion had advanced within about half a century from the time when the holy martyr's shrine at Canterbury was visited by that worthy woman in her fine headdress and scarlet hosen. In 1459, Agnes Cole, wife of Thomas Cole of Bath, was charged with having boldly declared that "it was but waste to give to the Holy Trinity at Bath, and equally absurd to go on pilgrimage to St. Osmund at Salisbury; and that she wished the road thither was choaked up with bremmel (brambles) to lette (hinder) people going thither." It is not surprising that for the utterance of such outrageous doctrine Mistress Cole was sentenced to do penance in the abbey church.

By the neglect of the monks, or rather of the bishops, who, after Roger (*ob.* 1247) preferred to live at Wells, the Church of John of Tours was suffered to fall to decay, and, notwithstanding repairs and partial restoration, the Romanesque building, it is said, had by the close of the fifteenth century become so ruinous as to need to be replaced by a new structure. This great work, one of the latest specimens of historical Perpendicular, was begun in 1499 by Bishop Oliver King, who was principal Secretary of State to Edward IV. He has commemorated his achievement by a sculptured representation, on the west front, of Jacob's vision of angels, which not only caused the original dreamer to raise a pillar at Haran, but, by being dreamed again by Bishop King, caused the erection of Bath Abbey. The addition of an olive tree at the foot of the ladders and of the likeness of a kingly crown at the top is of course an adaptation of the parable of the trees choosing their king, which has served in the design for a fair pun on the good prelate's name. He died in 1503, the work of construction being carried on by Prior Birde and his successors until the time of the surrender of the monastery on June 27, 1539. By an Act of Parliament in 1543, Wells was made the sole chapter of the Somersetshire bishopric. The burgesses having refused the offer of the incomplete fabric of the church for 500 marks, it came by purchase to Humphrey Colles, who sold it (1542) to Matthew Colthurst, whose son Edmund, with more munificence than the rest of the citizens together, made a present of it to the city, of which it has since remained the mother church. The choir was not consecrated until Elizabeth's reign, the nave being even then unfinished, Bishop Montague completing this about 1609. The priory buildings stood on the south side of the conventual church. On their removal at the beginning of the present century it curiously happened that the revestry, which had been walled up at the dissolution, when again opened, disclosed the copes, albs, chasubles, and other garments of the priests and monks still hung round the walls. On contact with the air they crumbled into powder, like the long buried body of the King, found lying with his urns and ornaments.

The plan of the church is a simple Latin cross with a central tower; but Wood, the famous Bath architect of the last century, found a figurative meaning in its design, and the ingenuity of his interpretation of the mystery might have almost entitled him to give an opinion also on our great inheritance in the Pyramids. He discovers that under "a Gothic dress" it bears the quadruple proportions of an Egyptian hall, of Noah's Ark, of Solomon's Temple, and of the Jewish Tabernacle. The nave being divisible into six squares agrees with the Ark, the triple square of the whole church corresponds with the Temple of Solomon, and in the transepts of two and a half squares we have the Tabernacle. A less remote illustration would have been Redcliff Church, which perhaps the architect of the abbey studied even more than Eastern types. It is true the storied magnificence of Redcliff is but imperfectly imitated; but we have the lofty and rapidly succeeding clerestory windows, filling the spaces between the flying buttresses, with tracery almost identical in design to that of Redcliff, the narrow transept, with its deep and high window, being also repeated. In Redcliff, the Third Pointed style reached perfection. Bath Abbey, with its four centred pier arches, and their rather poor capitals and broad and shallow ogee mouldings, shows marks of the decline that had set in long before its erection. But there is much to admire in the church, not the least satisfactory portion of the exterior being the west front, which Mr. Freeman calls an "honest front," as not outgrowing constructive necessity and being a true ending to the nave and aisles. Wells, with its storied tabernacles for the display of statuary, is like a magnificent reredos, which in reduced proportions would be more appropriate to the high altar, where its imagery would be safe from the corroding atmosphere. In Bath, with its turrets and battlements, transomed window and moderate ornament, we have both dignity and simplicity. Sir Gilbert Scott's restoration of the fabric was effected before the S. P. A. B. had begun its system of protests, or there would have been some not unreasonable resistance to the destruction of the coved plaster ceiling of Bishop Montague, which has been replaced by a fan-traceried vaulting in continuation of that of the choir. Its loss, however, is compensated by the true architectural character of the new roof, which will become historical without the inferiority of material that would endanger its retention under the most corrupt restoration of future centuries.

A NEW COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC SAFETY.

SINCE *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, it is doubtful whether a more audacious and successful hoax of the political kind has been played than the letter of "A Correspondent" which the *Pall Mall Gazette* printed on Wednesday last. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, it may be remembered, has more than once expressed its dissatisfaction with the conduct of public affairs, and with the slight signs of "getting forrarder" which the Liberal majority at present shows. The vigorous politicians whose organ our contemporary is are disgusted with these dilatory ways. They suggested in the columns of the *Pall Mall* that Mr. Gladstone should manipulate the constituencies so as to give himself a majority still larger and still more subservient; and they developed an ingenious theory of the duty of Parliament to sanction legislation, but not to legislate. Of these utterances the wicked Correspondent—a correspondent never to be sufficiently reprobated—has taken a base advantage. He excogitated and forwarded to the *Pall Mall Gazette* one of the choicest specimens of the grave *reductio ad absurdum* that we remember, always with the exception of Defoe's famous pamphlet, which doubtless inspired him. It begins most plausibly, and in accordance with the best precedents. "In view of the antagonism in prospect between the two branches of the Legislature on the Compensation for Disturbance Bill, it has been decided to convene at an early date a preliminary meeting in support of the Government." Clearly there is nothing improbable in this. On the contrary, the famous meeting in St. James's Hall four years ago, and that assembly at Birmingham which won from a profligate populace the title of "Collings the Afghan" for a respected member of the present Parliament, are cases quite in point. But the Committee which has been formed (on the Correspondent's authority) for this purpose has a soul considerably above such temporary work. It proposes to invite representatives of all Liberal Associations—the pure and patriotic Associations which have recently come under the notice of the Judges at Chester—to discuss the best method of securing "the following objects." The following objects are four. The first is a vote of confidence to console the Government for the rejection—a rejection, by the way, which is purely speculative—of the Disturbance Bill by the Lords. Secondly comes "an expression of opinion in favour of abolishing hereditary peerages and creating a Senate in harmony with the national will." Thirdly, there is to be formed a Committee of electors in permanent Session against the "possible immeasurable calamity" of a return, however temporary, of the Tories to power. Fourthly, there is to be set on foot an agitation to put down "the organized obstruction in the House of Commons, amounting to a rebellion against the national will recently expressed at the hustings." There are no hustings, by the way, now, but that is a trifle. The Committee, says this shameless hoaxer of a correspondent, will meet early next week to organize meetings throughout the kingdom—a reactionary term which shows his bad faith of itself. "Members of Parliament," it seems, "will not be admitted." Nor is this merely a piece of social exclusiveness, like that which led a crack Australian corps of mounted police to advertise that no younger sons of viscounts nor masters of arts of one of the universities would be admitted into their ranks. The exclusion is based, as a moment's thought will show, upon the soundest principles. The object of the movement is to reduce members of Parliament to the position of puppets, with a *mandat impératif*, which mandate is to be changeable at the pleasure of the Hundreds and at any moment. Clearly, there would be a certain indecency in inviting members of Parliament to join in a measure for their own degradation. But there is more even than this. It cannot be supposed that the sort of man who would accept the

commands of this Committee is the sort of man who is fit to share its labours and govern England. He may be good to vote and to sit up when required, and to perform other menial offices; but he evidently is not of the stuff which makes a Committee-man of the Public Safety.

Indeed it would not be difficult to show that the association of members on equal terms with the Committee would, in view of the duties of the latter, lead to painful consequences. We are fortunately able to supply some omitted articles of the programme, which the Correspondent at the last moment seems to have thought almost too strong for the confiding editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Article V. suggests that sub-committees shall be appointed for each constituency, to whom the members shall submit drafts of their speeches for final approval or correction. Article VI. proposes that when (in accordance with the suggestions of the *Pall Mall Gazette* itself) the constituencies have been duly manipulated, and all those which are likely to return Tories or plutocrats disfranchised, it shall be made compulsory for members to reside in a common lodging-house, under the supervision of the Committee. Article VII. provides that in the smoking-room of this abode there shall be a guillotine, at which any member disobeying the instructions of the sub-committee appointed to direct him shall be instantly "justified," to encourage the others. Article IX. defines a "rebellion against the national will," which is interpreted to mean the refusal at once to adopt any proposal endorsed by Mr. Bradlaugh, Mr. Chamberlain, or Mr. Peter Taylor. The means of providing against the immeasurable calamity, &c., alluded to in Article III. of the published programme are then entered into, and appear to be drawn from the practice of Chester and Birmingham. A strong protest is made in a rider to this Article against the impertinent and monstrous proceedings of the election judges, which in themselves amount to a rebellion against the national will. There is suggested as a matter for consideration the expediency of applying to such judges the guillotine treatment previously recommended for recalcitrant members. A similar rider puts the question whether Liverpool as an obstinately Tory town and one of great wealth ought not to undergo the treatment accorded to the *commune affranchie*—vulgarly called Lyons—in the sublime days of the French Revolution. The politician who makes this suggestion shrewdly points out that Lyons is a very sound community now, so that the best results may be expected from applying the same regimen to Liverpool. It is impossible to go through the whole of this very interesting appendix, which, as we have said, seems to have been withheld from publication by the Correspondent because he doubted the power of swallow of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, or perhaps because its contents, interesting as they are, are virtually included in the earlier and more general proposals. The public, therefore, but for the fortunate accident which enables us in a measure to supply the deficiency, would be left to its own ingenuity and knowledge of history to fill up the programme. Perhaps, however, the majority of educated persons would have no great difficulty in doing this. A copy of Mr. Carlyle's *French Revolution* would almost suffice to enable the dullest member of Parliament, who has voted for the Irish Compensation Bill and is going to vote for the Hares and Rabbits Bill, to do the filling.

We have treated this preposterous document as a hoax, and it requires something of an exertion to entertain the idea that it can be anything else. But it is at least worth pointing out that, like all good hoaxes of its kind, it contains nothing absolutely impossible. It is quite conceivable that the promoters of philo-Bulgarian and philo-Zulu and philo-Afghan and philo-everything-except-English meetings, should try once more the trick which has proved so often successful. The expression of opinion against hereditary peerages is taken almost verbatim from the *Secularist's Manual*, the book which used to be such a favourite study with Mr. Gladstone, and whose introducer now sits in Parliament by Mr. Gladstone's grace. The permanent Committee sitting against the possible immeasurable calamity of a Tory return to power is only an extension of the Hundreds, and expresses admirably the departure of those bodies from the old English system of fair party fighting. The nonsense about the organized destruction and the rebellion against the national will is only a repetition of nonsense that has been lately talked of at the meetings of a hundred Liberal associations, and which that lively young gentleman Mr. Herbert Gladstone was not ashamed to repeat the other day at Scarborough. Mr. Herbert Gladstone is dreadfully shocked at Sir H. D. Wolff and Lord Randolph Churchill; and he says, in a manner which we fear would have made Mr. Littimer smile, "We want to put a stop to this, and we mean to put a stop to it." So does the Correspondent's Committee want and mean to put a stop to all opposition to the crotchets which it pleases to entertain. The House of Lords and the House of Commons are alike to bow to its will. The former is to be abolished, and to be replaced by a pale copy of the latter, after which both original and copy are to be duly bullied into voting straight. There is nothing in all this which is in the least improbable as an expression of the views which it professes to express. The naïve crudity with which the plot is laid bare, and the bad English (for we think "possible immeasurable" would hardly find favour with most editors) in which it is couched, are certainly suspicious; but, after all, these are perhaps not reasons for absolute rejection. The theory that a Radical is of his nature rather a dull man may shock members of the party; but it has received some remarkable corroboration of late, and a complete want of sympathy with English political ideas and traditions is not intrinsically incompatible with an ignorance of the art of writing the English language. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, however, is to be sincerely thanked by all Englishmen, whether it has published these extraordinary proposals in a spirit of noble frankness or in a spirit of guileless credulity. The net is spread in the sight of the bird with the utmost openness, and it is the bird's own fault if he walks into it. American papers have since the advent of Mr. Gladstone's Ministry to power been taunting Englishmen with their clumsy and reckless adoption of revolutionary principles, and declaring—not without some truth—that the States are conservative and even reactionary in comparison with the English Radicals. Certainly it would not be easy to rebut this accusation if the Correspondent's ideas have any foundation except in his own ingenious brain. Nor, on the other hand, would it be easy to show the connexion which has always existed between extreme democratic opinions and acquiescence in a dictatorship better than by reference to this programme. For what seems to excite the Radical wrath is not so much the rejection of particular measures as the opposition offered to their temporary pet. That Mr. Gladstone should not have his way unchecked is what seems to them—or to some of them—so horrible. All this is, of course, invaluable to the defenders of the Constitution, because it strengthens their hands immensely, and must infallibly hasten the split among the opposite party which grows day by day more imminent. As long as the question appears to be one of allegiance on the old party lines to party leaders it is conceivable, though rather wonderful, that English gentlemen should allow themselves to be made instruments for the robbing of their Irish compeers, and even for the curtailment of their own customary and proprietary rights. But when a self-appointed permanent Committee issues orders to them how they shall vote, it is to be hoped that common sense and spirit will once more make themselves felt. The Liberal county members have proved remarkably docile to the Government Whips. But it may be hoped that they and their likes would think twice before accepting the dictation of an Executive communicated to them in documents signed Snooks or Shufflebottom. However this may be—and really the long suffering of Liberal members is so remarkable just now that there is no knowing what might happen—the common sense of the English people of that immense majority which is neither Radical nor Tory, but has a dim feeling of personal independence and of Parliamentary integrity, might be trusted to revolt against such a proceeding. This, no doubt, the wicked Correspondent saw, and the *Pall Mall* has amiably lent itself to his well-meant but immoral tactics.

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

It appears from a somewhat querulous article in the *Tablet* that a clause inserted by the Emperor's express desire in Prince Bismarck's recent Ecclesiastical Bill, enabling his Majesty to recall the exiled Bishops to their sees, has been thrown out in the Chambers, and that its rejection will have one effect which many besides those directly interested in the matter are likely to regret. The Cathedral of Cologne, which has now been six hundred years in course of erection, is said to be on the eve of completion, and a grand religious ceremony was to have been held this year in celebration of the event, at which the Emperor himself meant to be present, as his brother, the late King Frederick William IV. had been present in 1842 at the solemn dedication of the second foundation stone of the cathedral, to which he had been a munificent contributor. But in the enforced absence of the Archbishop no such ceremony could fitly take place, and it certainly is a pity that what may be fairly called an event of national and even European significance should have to be passed over in silence. The final completion of a church which has been so long in building, and the roof and towers of which exceed the height of any other building, secular or ecclesiastical, in the world cannot fail to be regarded with interest by many who are neither Germans nor Roman Catholics. And Cologne lies so directly on the high road for Continental travellers whether to Italy, Switzerland or elsewhere, that many of our readers will have had frequent opportunities during recent years of watching the progress of the work. But although its recommencement dates from 1842, six centuries have elapsed, as was just now intimated, since the first stone was laid. And it will not be unseasonable, now that the task is so nearly completed, to recall briefly the details of a story which stands alone in the annals of Christian architecture, if not of architecture altogether. It is curious in doing so to remember how an article on the subject published more than thirty years ago in the *Quarterly Review* opened with the "painful reflection that a great cathedral can never again be built in this country." And yet not many months have passed since the foundation stone of a cathedral, not indeed on the magnificent scale of Cologne but designed to reach no mean proportions, was laid by the Prince of Wales at Truro. The notion about cathedrals universally predominant among us till lately, and half sorrowfully acknowledged by the writer in the *Quarterly*, that the echoes of the glorious nave and aisles could only henceforth be awakened to the footsteps of a small congregation, passing as through a vestibule into the choir and the beautiful side chapels "used only, if used at all, as waste places for mouldering rubbish," has now been effectually dispelled, and the nave and aisles of

almost every English Cathedral have learnt once more to re-echo the preacher's voice and the chants of an assembled multitude.

The present *Dom-Kirche* of Cologne, though it was begun in 1248, when Frederick II. was Emperor of Germany and St. Louis King of France, is not the first but the third cathedral of that ancient city, founded by the mother of Nero as a Roman colony and converted to Christianity by the mother of Constantine. Of this it used to be said that "he who had not seen Cologne had not seen Germany," although Coleridge dismisses it so uncivilly in his familiar couplet. The original church, said to have been built by St. Maternus in the first century, has only a traditional reputation. The second was founded in 785 by Hildebold, 19th bishop and first archbishop of Cologne, but was not ready for consecration till 873, when eleven bishops met in provincial synod to attend the ceremony. It was, according to contemporary records, a stately Byzantine building with double choirs and crypts and three towers; it took fire in 1089, but was saved—by miraculous intervention, as was commonly reported—and in 1248 it was burnt to the ground. But there was another, and to the religious mind of that age still stronger, reason at that time for erecting a new and grander *Dom-Kirche* at Cologne. We cannot enter here at length on the popular legend of "the Three Kings"—better known to English readers as the Wise Men or the Magi—who have given their name in Germany to the Feast of the Epiphany. Suffice it to say that Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazar were respectively Kings of Tharsis, the land of myrrh, of Arabia, where the soil is ruddy with gold, and of Saba, where frankincense flows from the trees. After their return from Bethlehem they were visited in their old age by St. Thomas, when he came to preach the Gospel in India, and he baptized and ordained them. They died soon afterwards and were buried together, and many miracles were wrought at their tomb. Thither came the devout Empress Helena and found their bones, which she carried to Constantinople and laid in the church of St. Sophia, but in later days they were presented to Eustorgius, Bishop of Milan, and thence Barbarossa took them at the siege of Milan, and presented them to the city of Cologne, where they were housed for the time in the old cathedral of Hildebold. But it was felt always that this was no fitting shrine for such precious treasures, and in the time of Archbishop Engelbert, long before the fire, the design of building a new cathedral had been entertained. It was of course facilitated not only by the wealth of the city, but by the shrine of the Three Kings becoming a popular place of pilgrimage, and the brotherhood of St. Peter was formed under papal sanction for collecting contributions. In 1322, just 45 years after the consecration of the former cathedral, the choir of the new one, rising to a height of 208 feet, was consecrated with great solemnity and state, and began to be used for the services of the Church. There the Elector Palatine Rupert was crowned Emperor in 1400 on the feast of the *Drei Könige* (Epiphany), and there in 1402 his son, the Elector Louis, was married to Blanche, daughter of Henry IV. But the building advanced slowly, and it was not till 1437, nearly two centuries after the original foundation, that the southern tower was completed, and ready to receive the bells previously hung in a wooden belfry. Then followed a period of religious decline and artistic change, not favourable to church building or to Gothic architecture, and from 1509 the work seems to have come to a standstill altogether, the north aisles only being completed besides the choir; the walls of the south aisles and transepts were partly built, the nave was not even begun, the southern tower had reached the height of 170 feet, the northern tower scarcely showed as yet. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries nothing was done to the building, but in the eighteenth the Chapter exemplified the vile taste of the age in redecorating, and of course spoiling, the interior. But at the close of the century the Chapter itself, comprising forty-six members, of whom nearly all were Dukes, Princes, or Counts of the Holy Roman Empire, was dissolved and the last Prince Archbishop, Archduke Maximilian, had to retire from his diocese. Soldiers bivouacked in the Cathedral, and broke ornaments and windows, but seem to have done less mischief than Cromwell's soldiery did in our cathedrals. It was reduced to a parish church, in the French diocese of Aix-la-Chapelle, with three priests attached to it, and Bertholet, the new French bishop, unconsciously added insult to injury, when he gravely advised the people to plant poplar trees round their fine Gothic ruins to make the most of the effect. Napoleon refused even the scanty pittance asked by the citizens of Cologne to keep the fabric in repair, and it became more dilapidated every year.

At length in 1819, when Cologne had again been restored to Prussia, the old crane, which had for nearly four centuries been suspended from the southern tower, fell with a crash which startled not only the ears but the consciences of the citizens, and they actually showed their compunction by erecting a new crane in its place. But they did better than this. Something of the "inspiring heat" which prompted Wordsworth's noble sonnet kindled their zeal, and in 1824 the work of repair was begun in good earnest, and sixteen years later a *Dombau-Verein* for bringing the original design to completion was formed and placed under the patronage of the new King, Frederick William IV., who took the matter up very warmly, and promised an annual contribution of 50,000 thalers—about 8,000*l.*—towards carrying on the work. On September 4, 1842, nearly six hundred years after the first foundation-stone had been laid, the King himself laid the second, in the presence of a brilliant assemblage of civil and ecclesiastical potentates, and a vast concourse of spectators, amid all the grandest musical and ceremonial splendours of Roman Catholic worship. From that day forward the work proceeded steadily, and was taken up as a matter of national and indeed of European interest. The Queen of England was among the royal contributors, and herself assisted to place a bracket in the centre arch of the north front. The present Emperor has not, we believe, shown less zeal in the matter than his predecessor, and it is certainly unfortunate that the existing religious complications of Germany should prevent his taking as prominent a part in the consecration of the completed fabric, as the late King took in the laying of the new foundation stone some forty years ago. On the architectural and ornamental details of the building we have no space to enter here. To our own taste, we must confess, the immense height has always seemed to require a greater length for the due proportion and effect of a gothic church. Nor does it impress us, as a whole, with the same awful solemnity as some of the older cathedrals, both in the north and south of Europe. But it would be ungracious at this moment to indulge in criticism in recording the completion of what has been called "the most perfect example of the most perfect period of Christian architecture," and which is unique alike in its structure and in its history. According to a Protestant Prussian official, quoted by Dr. Döllinger in his *Lectures on the Reunion of the Churches*, it is destined to be no less unique in its prophetic import. "I am certain," he wrote, "that the time will come, before the newly inserted stones are mouldered, when a common *Te Deum* will be sung in the Cathedral of Cologne." Certainly there has been something remarkable, and almost unexampled, in the friendly co-operation during so many years of German Catholics and Protestants, headed by their Protestant Sovereign, in carrying this great national work to its completion. But there are no signs yet visible of the *Culturkampf* ending in a feast of reconciliation within the walls of the newly consecrated nave. Meanwhile Cologne, which has been called "the Rome of the north," may be congratulated on possessing a cathedral, differing widely indeed in style, as befits a northern clime, but not unworthy, for beauty of detail and magnificence of proportion, to take rank even with St. Peter's.

STEAM LAUNCHES.

THE lamentable accident (if accident it should be called) near Shepperton, just a week ago, has brought to a head the complaints which have for a considerable time been rife as to the inconvenience and danger caused by steam launches to every other kind of pleasure boat on the Thames. As concerning this particular disaster we are as yet not in complete possession of the evidence, and in any case it would be improper to express a positive opinion on a matter which, as we write, is the subject of an adjourned inquest. It is already manifest, unfortunately, that this case will not offer any exception to the general rule that collision cases are sure to produce an abundance of hopelessly conflicting testimony. According to the one side, the launch crossed the river and ran into the rowing boat, according to the other the launch was keeping a clear course at a speed of not more than four miles an hour, and the boat suddenly changed her course and ran across the launch's bows. On the one side nothing is heard before the shock is imminent, on the other it is sworn that the launch whistled loudly. The witnesses do not even agree as to the side of the river on which the collision happened. Pending the result of cross-examination and the verdict of the jury (as to which we sincerely hope the jurymen will remember that it ought to be free from even the suspicion of bias or passion, and that for a juryman to press a witness with pointed leading questions is not the way to insure this effect), we are confined to such reflections as are suggested by the most general aspects of the case. One statement of a general kind has been made in public, though not in court, which seems provisionally entitled to credit. A person well acquainted with the crew of the small boat which was run down has declared his conviction that the disaster cannot have been due to any incompetence on their part. If this may be believed, one consequence of general application at once follows. Whatever may be shown in excuse or explanation of the conduct of the steam launch will go to strengthen, not to weaken, our estimate of the intrinsic danger attending the navigation of the upper reaches of the Thames by vessels of this kind. Assume that no specific negligence in act or omission can be proved against the steam launch. Assume that she was competently manned and guided, which, considering that the owner, Mr. Desvignes, who steered himself, is a builder of launches and torpedo boats, and familiar with the river, is in itself more probable than the contrary; though, on the other hand, we have the fact, officially confirmed in the House of Commons on Thursday, that he has been twice fined and cautioned. Assume that no rule was broken as to carrying lights or otherwise, no practicable look-out wanting. The result, then, will be this; that, given a steam launch and a rowing boat within the distance involving risk of collision, in the far from absolute darkness of a summer night on the Thames, the rowing boat may, without gross negligence on either side, be cut in two and sunk, with loss of life. The less personal fault can be brought home to any one the greater is the risk of the conditions under which such things can happen. It needs no particular experience to know that a steam launch carelessly handled must be an extremely dangerous thing on a river frequented by smaller craft. But there is a suspicion, or more

than suspicion, that the truth goes beyond this; and that no skill or care such as persons of ordinary competence can use, or at all events are in practice likely to use, will avail to make steam launches otherwise than dangerous on such a river as the Thames. It is by no means necessary to suppose that owners of steam launches are by nature more reckless or indifferent to the safety of their fellow-citizens than other men. But it does seem established beyond fair question that when a man finds himself master of a steam launch he is apt to find recklessness very tempting, or prudence very difficult. The luxury of high speed is apparently an enticing one even in places where one cannot conceive that any man with eyes in his head should desire to hurry. And high speed on a long vessel in a stream abounding in sharp curves (of which there is one at Shepperton, probably not unconnected with this particular calamity) means unhandiness and great difficulty, if not impossibility, of changing the course on an emergency to avoid a collision. A steam launch does not look so very long on the water, but that the length is in some cases at least excessive as compared with the width of the navigable channel was clearly shown by one of the letters recently published. The writer described the violent manœuvres of a launch to effect a turning, during which it was made impossible for the rowing boat from which he witnessed them to do anything but keep out of harm's way under the bank.

The rule is as express and binding on the Thames as on any other waters that it is the duty of a steam vessel to keep out of the way of other vessels. If it were diligently observed there would be nothing to complain of but a certain loss of amenity, which of itself would hardly afford a just ground for restrictive action. But in practice it appears that this is reversed by the steam launches, and other boats have to keep clear at their peril—a state of things which for some years has been notorious, but is not therefore to be accepted as desirable or inevitable. Various remedies have been proposed; at present the launches are timed at the locks, and their mean speed may thus be checked; but this is little or no security against a dangerous speed at particular points. One engineer has proposed a limitation on the engine-power and dimensions of the screw, so as to make excessive speed physically impossible. But this would involve a system of inspection difficult to carry out; and we confess that, the nuisance being proven, we see no reason why the abatement should not be more complete. If steam launches cannot keep reasonably and safely clear of rowing boats in the parts of the Thames where the exercise of rowing is most used and valued, the most effectual way would be to clear those parts of them altogether, or at least to confine their activity within much narrower bounds by establishing close hours or other restrictions. One simple measure which would give some security, together with the least possible ground of complaint, would be to forbid any movement of steam launches after dark. But it is really not a case for being timid in repression. There is no question of disturbing vested rights or fettering lawful industry. It is only a balance of pleasure we have to adjust (though we do not know why people should be ashamed of taking some thought for the innocent pleasures of life); and it is evident that the mere luxury of the few should not outweigh the recreation of the many. The question is whether a small minority of the people who go to take their pleasure on the Thames are to be allowed to take it in a manner which interferes with the pleasure of the vast majority to the extent, not merely of annoyance, but of danger. Is it worth while for the community to buy one kind of pleasure for one small class of persons at that price? Thus we may put the case if we only regard quantity of pleasure; but, if there is any case in which the consideration of quality may be allowed some weight, surely it is where the matter at stake is the enjoyment of one of the most excellent and healthful pastimes known, and of some of the most beautiful river scenery in the world. And, if quality be taken into account, it is yet more manifest that the steam launch ought not to be suffered to hamper genuine boating. The sight of an able-bodied man lounging in a steam launch is at best nothing for civilization to be proud of, and for those who love the river of old there is a kind of profanation in it. We are not for returning to the policy of attempting to regulate the sports of the people of England by a paternal system of compulsion and penalties; but when a particular form of amusement appears to create a nuisance to those who are pursuing other lawful amusements, we may fairly consider the merits of the amusements themselves in determining which ought to give way. If the owners of steam launches did not interfere with the other uses of the river, nobody would want to criticize their taste. As it is, we are free to say that their pastime is an ignoble one, and the world would lose nothing by its disappearance. But if, from their point of view, the worst came to the worst, the river below the locks would always remain open to them.

So far we have assumed in favour of the steam launches, or rather of their owners, that they are not commonly navigated with any wanton or wilful disregard of the safety of rowing boats. But, if half the published complaints may be believed, this is a large assumption. The persons in charge of a steam launch can generally despise the rules of the river and the courtesies and humanities of life with practical impunity; and the possession of such a power is but too likely to lead to frequent abuse of it. Again, it is possible enough that the engineer and steersman of a steam launch may know very little of the rules of navigation and nothing of boating, and may be incapable of understanding the risk and trouble they impose on others. Right or wrong, they enjoy the security of the brazen pot in collision with the earthen one, and the nature of things fails to provide a self-acting penalty for ignorance. In such a case, however, ignorance is hardly less culpable than wilful misconduct. We have said nothing of the damage to the banks, which is believed to be a serious matter, nor yet of the claim of the public, apart from the enjoyment of rowing, to have the upper Thames kept reasonably free from the noise and disfigurement of steam vessels. These are minor points, but they all tell the same way. As for legislation, our impression is that the Conservators have sufficient powers already, so far as making regulations is concerned; but the power of enforcing them has been admitted by Mr. Chamberlain to be "altogether inadequate to prevent mischief." At present the maximum penalty is 5*l.*, and that is seldom inflicted. If the Board of Trade chose to take up the matter strongly, a short Bill extending the powers of the Conservators in this respect might possibly be got through before the rising of Parliament; but in the conditions of the present Session, and in the face of the many perplexed matters to be dealt with at home and abroad, this is hardly to be looked for. One thing we have lately observed which seems in the meantime a fair subject of administrative action. Divers hoardings and blank walls in London are adorned with the bills of a Company who "threaten and intend," as the old Chancery pleadings used to say, to put on the river between Kingston and Oxford a large passenger steamer carrying something near two hundred persons. Pledges of competence and care may doubtless be more easily exacted from the managers of such a concern than from the owners of private launches; but it is impossible that it should be conducted without the gravest inconvenience to other craft. Is it too much to ask that, until order be taken in the matter by some more general provision, at least this new monster may be restrained from adding to the perils of the Thames?

JESUIT THEORIES OF TOLERATION.

A CORRESPONDENCE which has lately appeared in the *Times* on the "Expulsion of the Jesuits" has an interest beyond that of the particular question which prompted it—the attitude of the French Jesuits and clergy generally towards the Republic. The larger question however arises so directly out of the lesser one that we shall best indicate its bearings by briefly retracing the line of argument followed by "L. M. H." who opens the correspondence and the Abbé Martin, "Professor [of what is not explained] at the Catholic University of Paris," who replies to him. "L. M. H.," who writes in a courteous and temperate manner, and does not appear to be influenced by any spirit of Protestant narrowness or bigotry, professes to give the result of recent conversations held with a number of ecclesiastics, regular and secular, in various parts of France in reference to the present "persecution." All were agreed—as was natural—in denouncing the action of the Government, but they were also, it seems, agreed in admitting that the Government was acting, from its own point of view, in self-defence, though they denied its right to do so. Between the present "Atheistical" Republic and all friends of the Jesuits, which is afterwards explained to include all friends of the Church, there can only be war to the knife. This would, it was freely allowed, be the temper fostered in the *alumni* trained in Jesuit colleges, and it found expression the other day in the enthusiastic chants of a number of Jesuit pupils from the province of Toulouse who went on a pilgrimage to Lourdes. But more than this is allowed in the following significant passage:—

> "We freely admit," they added, "that if the Roman Church could dominate, its principles must lead it to treat its politico-religious opponents in the like way. But we claim freedom for ourselves in every country which professes to base its government and institutions upon political and religious freedom, while our own principles forbid us to allow such freedom to others, wherever we have power to carry our principles into practice."

Nobody of course can fairly be surprised that not only the Jesuits but the whole body of French Roman Catholics should be irritated by the present ecclesiastical policy of the Government, the wisdom and justice of which has been very generally disputed by its English critics of every school of political thought. We can hardly even wonder that they should see in it "a war, a persecution against religion itself," the real aim of which is "to uproot the Christian religion in France." In further proof of this they point to the cutting down of episcopal salaries, the secularization of municipal schools and of charitable administration, and other details of recent policy. This dread unites in a common antagonism to the Republic those who have not usually many common sympathies. The parish *curés* freely admit that the work of religious orders often clashes with their own and that they would be glad to see their number curtailed and their action modified, but in the present conflict they hold the cause of the Jesuits and the other Orders assailed to be identified with their own. And hence must be explained the transference, if correctly reported, of the Jesuit colleges to members of the secular clergy, in order to escape suppression.

There remains however the grave question, touched on in our previous extract, to which "L. M. H." returns at the conclusion of his letter. Are those who protest against "persecution" raising a one-sided cry, or are they prepared honestly to abide by the principle which they invoke in their own defence and to do to others as they would be done by in the matter of liberty of conscience, teaching, and worship?

Not many years ago there were Roman Catholics of name and position both in France and England, and perhaps elsewhere also, who would frankly have answered in the affirmative, and would have meant what they said. Lacordaire and Montalembert are referred to as typical examples. But the writer complains that he can get no such answer now, and he cites two recent cases in evidence of the authoritative sanction of a very different spirit. During the last few years liberty of worship and teaching has been constantly asked for by the few hundred German Protestants in the little principality of Monaco, and it has always been refused, though a word from the Roman Catholic hierarchy or laity of France would have gained it for them. Then again the Cardinal Secretary of State vehemently protested only the other day against the sale of a site for an Anglican church within the walls of Rome. To the latter point it might be plausibly replied that the official protest was probably little more than a formal carrying out of the traditions of the Curia, while even under the rule of Pius IX. the English were allowed to have a church of their own without the walls, the distinction apparently being one without any very intelligible difference. But even so the traditions of the Curia must be held to bear witness to an assumed principle, and it is the more noteworthy that it should have been thought necessary publicly to reaffirm it, even if only as a formality, in the name of a pontiff who is known to be personally a man of statesmanlike temper and liberal views. But "L. M. H." does not confine himself to inferences from public acts. He appeals also to the direct testimony of his French interlocutors:—

> My priest friends, I am sorry to say, only smile at this view, and frankly avow their Church cannot stand it. They say the school of Montalembert and Lacordaire is a thing of the past; that they are now counted not good Catholics; that Rome, by the Syllabus, has put down such notions; that if among their present ecclesiastical leaders there be any who share such ideas, they dare not utter them, knowing the prompt condemnation they would incur. Hence, they only repeat what I said above, "We must claim freedom for ourselves in free countries, but we must avow that our own principles forbid us to grant it to others, if we can avoid so doing." This gives a sad, hopeless outlook to the present conflict in France.

We cannot of course tell exactly how far these "priest friends" are qualified to speak for their brethren generally, but it does indeed "give a sad, hopeless outlook to the present conflict in France," if religious intolerance on the one hand is to be pitted against irreligious intolerance on the other, and there is an equal indisposition on both sides to "harmonize faith and freedom, religion and country." Nor can it be denied that the Syllabus, whatever its precise authority—and the whole Ultramontane school regard it as an infallible pronouncement—does emphatically condemn the views of Lacordaire and Montalembert, and that the latter especially was denounced after his death in no measured terms by the late Pope, and even refused the customary observance, to which he had an official claim, of a solemn Requiem at Rome. That the Jesuits have from the first consistently maintained the principle of persecution is well known; but it is fair to remember, on the one hand, that the Order came into existence in the very crisis of the Reformation struggle, and for the express purpose of combating the enemies of the Papacy, and on the other hand, that all the leading Reformers, without a single exception, maintained as strenuously the theory of persecution, and carried it out in practice, so far as they had the opportunity. The misfortune is that the Jesuits, as was abundantly shown in *Janus*, still uphold in all its fulness the persecuting doctrine they started with, and that the growing tendency of the last thirty years has been to convert Jesuit doctrine into the accredited teaching of the Roman Catholic Church. Leo XIII. is known to be no admirer of the Order, as neither is he an admirer of the fatal policy of his predecessor, but it does not follow that he will be able materially to remould the *damnosa hæreditas* that has been bequeathed to him.

On the day after the appearance of "L. M. H.'s" long letter in the *Times*, it was answered at almost equal length by the Abbé Martin, who claims to speak the mind of the French clergy, both secular and regular. And we turned to his letter with some curiosity to see how he would deal with this aspect of the question. His method of treating it disappointed but did not surprise us. As to mere abstract political opinions he is very explicit, and we have no doubt speaks from knowledge. He declares for himself and for "the immense majority of the clergy in France"—as he had already asserted in an article in the *Nineteenth Century*—that they are "neither Legitimist, nor Orleanist, nor Imperialist, nor Republican," but are equally ready to acquiesce in any form of Government that will guarantee them "order and peace." In this he does but represent what has been for nearly a century past the normal attitude of his Church, which cares little for rival forms of Government, as such, so long as its own interests are secured. And it is true also, as he argues, that a priesthood, like the French, mainly recruited from the lowest ranks of society, is not likely to be particularly addicted to aristocratic sentiments or leanings. But if the Abbé pointedly disclaims any abstract political preferences, he is no less explicit in denouncing in the concrete "such a Republic as is at this moment disgracing France," and he goes on to intimate in pretty strong terms that its misdeeds cannot but prejudice the cause of Republicanism itself:—

> And will any one say that the Republic itself, considered as a form of government, is not damaged by passing events? One must be very simple not to see it. Here is a form of government which appears in France now for the third time. Twice already it has plunged the country in shame and desolation, has deluged it with blood and covered it with ruins; and people wonder that there are those who feel alarmed when they see it for the third time falling into the same errors. They wonder that the clergy of France has not forgotten the massacres of the Carmes or of the Abbey, the *Noyades* of Nantes, the dungeons and the guillotine! They wonder that in the presence of men who swear by Carnot, by Carrier, by Danton, and by Robespierre the clergy exhibit uneasiness; first on account of the Republicans, and secondly on account of the Republic. What *naïveté!*

On these points the Abbé Martin speaks plainly enough, and his remarks offer no special ground for criticism. He next proceeds to deal with "L. M. H.'s" estimate of the views of the French clergy on liberty of conscience and persecution, against which he records a "solemn and categorical protest," as an entire misrepresentation of what they really think. He adds that "they do in fact ask for liberty on behalf of all opinions which are not directly at variance with reason and the natural conscience," and are ready to grant to others the liberty they claim for themselves. The exact force of his limiting clause about reason and conscience, which is several times repeated and emphasized, is not very clear, for we are told soon afterwards that, while in the English Parliament there is only one Bradlaugh, the French "House of Deputies and Senate are filled with Bradlaughs," and nobody desires to turn them out, though the clergy do not vote for them. Yet we had been assured before that the clergy hate the existing Republic, not *quâ* Republic but because they hate "the Republicans who crowd the Parliament." Does not the Abbé mean that they acquiesce in a "Parliament full of Bradlaughs," just as they acquiesce in the principle of religious liberty for all opinions, simply because it would be useless under present circumstances to contend against either? If he means that they accept the principle itself, as Lacordaire and Montalembert accepted it, he has entirely failed to meet the startling testimonies to the contrary adduced by the writer he had set himself to refute. To say that there is a persecuting tendency among French Liberals who just now are in the ascendent, may be quite true, and is freely admitted by "L. M. H." The question is whether their present victims, if their relative positions were reversed, would not deal to others the measure they so bitterly resent having dealt to themselves. And on this point the Abbé throws little fresh light. His opponent's argument from Monaco is met, or rather evaded, in a rambling paragraph about "the famous Mr. Bradlaugh," so absurdly irrelevant that it reads like a longwinded and clumsy attempt at jocosity. The Cardinal Secretary's protest against the new Anglican Church in Rome is passed over in silence. In short, when he is concerned with the political sentiments of the French clergy, and their grounds for disliking the present *régime*, the Abbé Martin speaks freely and intelligibly, and with every appearance of being well informed; in dealing with the graver question of their true estimate of the principle of liberty of conscience he seems to write under constraint—as having the fear of the Syllabus, or of its popular exponents before his eyes; and it is not easy to arrive at a clear appreciation of his meaning. Most likely he has never cared to analyse it too closely in his own mind. But the French Catholics may rest assured that the sympathy felt in many quarters with their protests against the "persecution" to which they are subjected is seriously prejudiced by this hesitation, or worse than hesitation, on their part—and not on their part only—to accept frankly and unreservedly in their dealings with others the principle to which they so eagerly appeal in their own defence. We do not say that this excuses the policy of their adversaries; that is no true toleration which has not learnt to tolerate the intolerant. But it explains what it does not excuse. If the eloquent protests of Montalembert against the Inquisition and the dragonnades are condemned as heterodox, and he himself is thrust aside as "not a good Catholic," we can hardly wonder, though we may deplore it, if those now in power in France take their orthodox countrymen at their word, and seek forcibly to suppress while they have the opportunity those whose avowed principles, if the tables were turned, would prove fatal to themselves.

IMPOVERISHED LANDLORDS.

MANY ladies, on taking their first drive after arriving in London for the present season, found the houses of a number of their friends shut up, with "To be let furnished" printed on notices affixed to the windows; and on looking in their Red Books for the addresses of such of their acquaintances as usually take houses for the season, there were none to be found. "Where are the So-and-sos?" was a question constantly heard, with the usual answer that they were not coming up to town this season, or that they were going to hotels or lodgings. Instead of the fashionable papers being filled with descriptions of the balls and banquets given by great people, it is far more common to find notices that "the Earl and Countess of Rabbitborough have left Boodle's Hotel, Albemarle Street, for Shortrent Castle, Poorshire," or that "Lord and Lady Narrowphile have left England for a lengthened tour on the Continent." There are comparatively few balls, horses are not selling well at Tattersall's, there are fewer smart carriages than usual in the Park, and tradespeople are complaining bitterly of the flatness of the season. Heartrending stories are circulated about reduced rents, and many hapless Irishmen say that they are receiving no rents at all. Altogether, good society declares itself to be in a very bad way. It would seem that Rotten Row is filled with beggars, that the Clubs are little better than casual wards, and that the hospitable have to feed the hungry, without expecting to receive from them again. We have

been much preached at for some years about pauperization; and it now appears that one of the most pauperizing of influences is the possession of a large landed estate.

We always entertain a respectful sympathy for the poor and needy, and we are painfully alive to the fact that very many landlords are suffering serious and most trying losses through non-payment or reduction of rents, the bankruptcy of tenants, and unlet farms. Most manfully too, in many cases, are the landowners facing their losses, and putting themselves to great personal inconveniences in order to help their hard-striving tenants. Large houses are shut up, summer trips are relinquished, and backs are turned on tempting purchases. Hard-hit British landlords have faced their difficulties with the pluck for which their race has always been distinguished, and an amount of good feeling has been shown which goes far to prove that there is still some sort of feudal attachment existing between landlords and tenants. All such distressed landowners as these fairly come under the category of deserving poor. Unfortunately, however, among impoverished landlords, as among other descriptions of poor people, there is a great deal of imposition; and there are not a few cases which are worthy of the notice of the Mendicity Society. Much as we sympathize with landowners who are hardly pressed and inconvenienced through the loss of their rents, we feel little pity for those who are taking advantage of trifling losses to pose as martyrs. To follow the fashion is the vital principle of good society; but fashions are sometimes inconvenient. To obtain the services of Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt for the amusement of one's friends at an evening party, to collect pictures, china, and old armour, to drive perfectly matched teams, to belong to White's or Arthur's, are all fashions which for various reasons it is not always easy to follow. Just at present, on the other hand, there happens to be a fashion which is far more easily complied with. It is the correct thing now to be poor, and most people will find little difficulty in accommodating themselves to this fashion. Not unfrequently the profession of shortness of funds is honest and genuine enough; but then this sudden ostentation of poverty implies previous wealth, which is sometimes purely imaginary. The public again are left to infer that the man who is at present suffering from a temporary reduction of rents will be a rich man when his farms are re-let and his tenants are able to pay their usual rents. Surely if a landlord, who apparently enjoys plenty of the good things of this life, complains bitterly of temporary destitution, his acquaintance must be worth cultivating, as he is evidently a perfect Crœsus in ordinary times. It would be natural to argue in this way, but experience has proved the futility of such reasoning. The truth is that comparatively few of the people who take houses for the season in London depend for the most part on incomes derived from land. The owners of estates, if they have no other property, find their incomes so frequently diminished through farm buildings, cottages, and other estate improvements, that even if they have tolerable rent-rolls, they seldom find any available cash for London dissipation. The owners, too, of moderate estates are so often burdened with large country houses and heavy local expenses and responsibilities, that their large expenditure at home leaves too narrow a margin to allow of the cost of a London season on a scale at all commensurate with their social position. Setting aside, therefore, very well-acred proprietors, the country gentlemen who annually take London houses during May, June, and July are generally men who have small estates and comfortable incomes from other sources. Accordingly, when a man who receives several thousands a year from personal property, and but a few hundreds from land, professes himself terribly impoverished because he has been obliged to allow his tenants a reduction of ten per cent. in their rents, we venture to think him rather a humbug. We allow that it must be very unpleasant to a man who has five thousand a year to have his income reduced by fifty pounds; but we do not think that he deserves on that account to be classed among the suffering poor. We feel even less sympathy for such a person when he makes his comparatively trifling loss an excuse for spending the season in an hotel instead of taking a house, and expecting his friends to entertain him, while he saves himself the trouble and expense of hospitality on the plea of temporary poverty; nor can we justify him for refusing to contribute to charities or beneficial undertakings on the same grounds. Some clever people of this sort manage to obtain as much commiseration as others who have lost a tenth of their entire income. There are some, too, who are not above stinting their children, or even facing their wives' anger or sorrow, on the strength of their diminutive agricultural losses. That people in general had a few years ago acquired a habit of living up to, if not beyond, their incomes, is true enough; but that fact does not justify parsimony or false pretences. We honour men who wish to reduce their expenditure within moderate limits, or to save, if need be, for those who are to follow them; but it is quite another matter to affect losses which are purely imaginary. Those who have a few hundred acres of land too commonly labour under the impression that their little estates give them great dignity in their own counties and an important social position in the metropolis. Of these dignities and positions they are both proud and jealous, and they would be much annoyed if they knew that any of their acquaintances were unaware of them. Not to have lost money during the last few months practically means to have no landed property; so it is essential for the English gentleman, real or pinchbeck, to be suffering from a reduction in his income. To have lost money through lowered rents and unlet farms means to have much landed property; and consequently there are many who are ready to act the part of heavily-mulcted landlords.

Seriously as landlords have suffered through the agricultural depression, at the late general election there was no lack of them as candidates for Parliament; and, in spite of their alleged impecuniosity, more money than usual is believed to have been spent in persuading electors. If there is a scarcity of money at present, people seem thoroughly to understand the art of making a selfish use of what little is left. Indeed it is a remarkable fact that a large number of landowners who are at present bemoaning their poverty generally manage to get a thing if they particularly want it. With those who have really lost money, something of course has to be sacrificed, but it is seldom anything that they very particularly care about. It is in the item of charities perhaps that the greatest economy is practised, for in this matter a ready and simple means of retrenchment is afforded, and those who do not let their right hand know what their left hand doeth may make up small deficiencies in income by abstaining from any natural inclinations towards liberality. Many large landowners who have been obliged to make returns on their rents are not really much poorer than usual, because, when they were receiving full rents, they expended large sums on expensive and unnecessary adornments to farms, enclosures, and plantations, whereas now they only lay out such money on their estates as may be absolutely needful. It is natural that owners of landed property should consider their own losses in a more serious light than those of proprietors of stocks and bonds; but they certainly receive more sympathy in their distress, and somehow or other their complaints are more tolerated than those of the owners of depreciated personal property. He who goes about deploring that he has farms on his hands, and that he is not receiving full rents, is not thought a bore, but is treated with respectful sympathy; but if a man tells everybody he meets that he has lost four or five thousand pounds in a Gas Company or in Bolivian bonds, people have an idea that it serves him right, and so feel little pity for him. We fail to see why there should be any disgrace in loss of money in personal securities, if it is rather honourable than otherwise to suffer loss as a landowner; but it is not the less true that such is the conventional sentiment, although few people would care to own it in so many words.

There are landlords who live so closely up to their incomes in times of prosperity that even a slight reduction in their rents hampers them seriously, while others who have suffered far greater losses are not affected at all as regards their personal expenditure, because the wide margin which they always leave between income and outlay is not half obliterated. It is therefore far from being the case that those landowners who are most embarrassed have suffered the largest proportional losses of income, although they usually meet with the largest amount of sympathy. It is accordingly very difficult to know who do and who do not deserve pity among the many owners of the soil who are bemoaning their impoverishment. As a rule, in this as in most other cases, it is not to be taken for granted that those who cry the loudest are the most hurt. At any rate, if they are the most hurt, it is not because they have suffered the largest proportional reduction in their rents. Few fashions are of long duration, and we have little doubt that the fashion of poverty will soon pass away, like others, and then it will again become the fashion to affect wealth. In the meantime, landowners who are complaining or sulking may profitably meditate upon the losses and the ruin of many of their tenants. Where the landlord has to deny himself a few extra luxuries, the poor farmer has often to give up comforts which are very little short of necessaries. We heartily sympathize with the genuine sufferings of impoverished landowners, but we recommend them to take consolation from comparing their sorrows with those of their tenants.

CRICKET.

THE Rugby and Marlborough match is almost the last event of the season at Lord's which has any public interest. We may therefore use it as an occasion for some more or less desultory reminiscences and criticisms of the play since the University match. The Rugby and Marlborough contest is not a fashionable affair; but, not the less, or rather all the more, it is a very pleasant spectacle. The lookers-on look on in real earnest, and devote very little time to lunching; none at all to the criticism of costumes. The cries with which old boys express their interest, their delight, or their dismay, are almost as loud as anything one hears from the vast throng that circles the ground when Eton meets Harrow. The cricket displayed this year, though the match proved to be one-sided, was more free and brilliant than that shown by the more famous schools. The batting of Eton this year was exceedingly "pokey," the boys' elbows seemed to be fastened to their sides. No doubt two very damp seasons of untrustworthy wickets explain the lack of dash, and the caution which occasionally degenerated into timidity. There was no such coy reluctance to hit in the Rugby Eleven. Most of the boys had played at Lord's before; their captain, Mr. Leslie, had played three or four times; and almost all were really young men rather than boys. The Marlborough Eleven, on the other hand, seemed little more than children beside their big opponents. Mr. E. E. Steel,

a most artful little bowler, who may some day rival his brother, is one of the youngest players we have ever seen at Lord's. In a match where weight and experience and the confidence given by a nearly unbroken series of victories were all on one side, it was natural to sympathize with the forlorn pluck of the Marlborough boys. The enemy was far too strong for them. Mr. Leslie got ninety-one runs, and Mr. Cave also hit very freely for his thirty-three. Too many catches were missed; and, if ever the Rugby boys play for either University, they will find that it is not safe to hit up to leg. They did so with impunity against Marlborough; but it is another thing when men like Game, or Pulman, or Webbe, or Hirst are fielding near the ropes. The Marlborough point stopped some extremely hard hits, and was often applauded. The fielding of Mr. Tatham was also admirable. We have already praised Mr. Steel's bowling; after puzzling Mr. Leslie with three balls in an over, he bowled him with the fourth, and just prevented him from making his hundred. But it was Mr. Leaf, we think, who performed the neatest trick. He gave the batsman three balls a little wide of the off-stump, and all twisting from leg. To avoid the chance of sending a catch, the batsman prudently left those alone, a plan learned from experience of Mr. D. Buchanan's bowling. The next ball pitched on the same spot, but with the opposite break on it, so that when the batter once more tried masterly inaction, his off-bail was neatly removed. This was really artistic, and reminded the pleased spectators of a similar *ruse* by which Mr. Fenton Miles once overcame the defence of Jupp. The batting of Mr. Bowden Smith and Mr. Walrond was very good and steady, and it was pleasant to see those old Rugby names so well represented. The two innings in which Marlborough only obtained ninety-nine runs do not call for much remark. Mr. Leaf played well in a somewhat peculiar style for his twenty-one, and Mr. Hill's free and graceful manner seems full of promise. Mr. Steel had been unfortunately hurt in the Rugby innings, when three fielders ran to the same catch and fell in a heap on the ground. The bowling of Mr. Arnold (left hand) and Mr. Hirst was very straight, and the Marlborough batting was not calculated to alarm or demoralize the bowlers. The fielding of Rugby, and the wicket-keeping of Mr. Cobb, recalled the excellent performance of Harrow and of Mr. M. Kemp. Marlborough must not be discouraged by the success of such powerful opponents. Rugby is probably good enough to play any school this year. Charterhouse is apparently very strong in batting, as the boys scored over two hundred and fifty against Midwinter, Rylott, and Flowers. Midwinter is bowling with great success this season, and Rylott is, or used to be, very dangerous to Elevens unaccustomed to the best professional bowling. For some years Rugby has scarcely contributed her due proportion to the University Elevens, but we may expect to see Mr. Leslie arrayed against the ranks of the light blue next year; and the Rugby bowlers are also likely to find an extended sphere of usefulness.

To turn from the works of boys to those of men, it must be said that Dr. W. G. Grace's cunning has by no means deserted him. His batting in Gentlemen *v.* Players at Lord's was quite faultless, for the bowling of Shaw and Morley was extremely difficult, and the wicket was exactly suited to both of them. When we remember that Morley, on a favourable wicket, dismissed the Surrey Eleven for sixteen this week, the merit of Dr. Grace's performance may be easily estimated. Fifty runs got against the great masters of the bowling art, when both are on their day, and both are suited with a rapidly drying wicket, are worth more than two hundred runs hit off inferior bowling, on a ground like a billiard-table. The list of amateur bowlers has received an addition this year in Mr. Rotherham, who greatly puzzled the Players. He bowls very fast, but his delivery seems to us more doubtfully fair than that of Mr. Evans, about which many hard things have been said. Mr. Rotherham has scarcely acquired the art of bowling many good length balls, but if he adds this accomplishment to his pace he will prove very formidable. The Gentlemen nearly threw away the match against the Players by carelessness in the second innings of the professionals. Mr. Steel was lame, and his balls, lacking their normal vivacity, "came off the ground like baked potatoes." The captain seemed reluctant to resort to strong measures and entrust Mr. Evans with the bowling. When he did bowl, he was exceedingly dangerous to life and limb, and one of his balls, being tipped by the batsman, struck Mr. Alfred Lyttleton on the head, and was caught by longstop. The match between veterans over thirty and the younger Players and amateurs at first seemed uninteresting, as many of the best gentlemen had left town. The new combination gave us Shaw and Morley on opposite sides, and the match ended in as close an affair as the Berwick election, the younger men winning by two runs. Mr. Royle, who is now so seldom seen at Lord's, saved the match by one of those marvellous pieces of fielding at cover-point which Oxford remembers and Lancashire appreciates so well. Dr. Grace again played in his best manner, and Mr. Vernon sustained his reputation for safe and brilliant hitting.

A curious, melancholy, and instructive affair was the match between Gentlemen of Scotland and Gentlemen of the M.C.C. This match had been announced as Gentlemen of Scotland *v.* Gentlemen of England, but the Northern Eleven found only a somewhat "scratch" team of amateurs prepared to meet them. Mr. J. E. K. Studd, Mr. Ford of the Cambridge Eleven, Colonel Kenyon Slaney, who had just scored over a hundred in a good match, and Mr. C. J. Thornton, were the most famous of the English side. The Scotch were inclined to lament the want of more worthy foemen, but they received a crushing defeat. Bowling seems to be a lost or at least a neglected art north of the Tweed. Cricket is now a very popular game in Scotland. There are five or six schools which yearly contend for the championship. The Border towns renew the rivalries of the Border clans. Wickets are pitched in every green field from New Galloway to Golspie, and yet there seem to be few bowlers in bonny Scotland. Mr. M'Lachlan, of the Oxford Eleven, did not play. Mr. Robertson, the Middlesex fast bowler, was sadly to seek; Mr. Lang, who bowled for Oxford in "Ridley's year," was able to bowl Mr. Thornton with his usual punctuality and despatch, but was clearly out of practice. The other bowlers were possessed of an intermittent delusion that half volleys to leg ought to be judiciously alternated with long hops to the off. Though Mr. Craig got seven wickets, he owed his success mainly to the excellent wicket-keeping of Mr. Leslie Balfour, the distinguished golf player. The English side scored over two hundred, and Mr. Thornton hit a ball over the wall beyond the tavern. Though Mr. Ford was the only recognized bowler on the English side, the Scotch gentlemen scored most feebly. Mr. Lang made thirty-six, and defied all efforts to remove him; but Mr. Cotterill, a really fine bat, and one of the hardest of hitters, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Russel, failed to serve their native or adopted country. After following on, Scotland did better, though Mr. Balfour's innings was not, as usual, *sans reproche*. The English Eleven got the necessary 93 with the loss of only one wicket, and Mr. Studd "took coffee," as the Zulus say, with all the Caledonian bowlers. "There was mair tint at Flodden," as the proverb goes; but, as at Flodden, it was the Scotch deficiency in artillery that told. Their fielding, too, was anything but exemplary, and, as their batsmen were not fortunate, they seemed all too rashly daring in their attempt to gather laurels at Lord's. The Northern schools and clubs must take this defeat to heart, and aim rather at producing good bowlers than at making huge scores of over six hundred runs against stuff worse than a college second Eleven could supply.

The chief event of the future is probably the match between the Australians and Gloucestershire, at Clifton. The colonists have not lost a single match, and the affairs which have been drawn were generally drawn in their favour. It is true that they have usually played local Eighteens, and their opponents have been men of straw, only too pleased to receive one over from Spofforth. Mr. Marshall, however, showed a stern defence at Newcastle, which makes it the more strange that he was omitted from the Scotch team that played at Lord's. The Yorkshire Eleven which seemed so certain to be beaten by the colonists was not, properly speaking, a county Eleven at all. In a match this week, which had to be drawn, Gloucestershire more than doubled the first innings' score of Yorkshire, and thus it is possible that the southern county may make a good stand against the Australians. But the latter have not played this year against Morley and Shaw, against Mr. Morton and Mr. Steel, nor do we think it very probable that a satisfactory match will be arranged. As things have gone so far, it seems scarcely wise to try to patch up differences, and to make a match at the very end of the season, when every one is out of town. The disputes between the Australians and the leading clubs are not quite intelligible, but they exist, and make the prospect of a friendly match seem most uncertain. No one wants a repetition of the scenes which were witnessed when the Australians were in America.

DRAWINGS IN BLACK AND WHITE.

THE simultaneous opening of all the summer exhibitions of art in London is a matter of much reflection to the indolent satirist, but he is apt to overlook the still more startling way in which all these fountains of æsthetic culture are simultaneously closed. The country visitor who has been obliged to put off until now his projected trip to London will call on Monday at New Bond Street only to learn that the Grosvenor Gallery shuts to-day. The same answer will meet him at the doors of the Society and of the Institute of Water Colours. He will be denied, in the same provoking terms, a sight of Beauty at the Graphic Gallery, and of M. De Neuville's "Rorke's Drift" in Bond Street. While fretting under these rebuffs, he will determine to spend his Monday morning at the Royal Academy, but the crowd of holiday-makers will daunt him, and he will postpone his visit to Tuesday. Let him abandon his last hope; on Tuesday the Royal Academy also will be closed for the season. We share his perplexity at the curious unanimity with which the exhibitions, like the persons of a chorus, leave the stage at the same moment, and we demand his gratitude for pointing out to him the solitary exception to so general a rule. The collection of drawings in black and white, at the Dudley Gallery, still invites him, and, in the present dreary condition of the art-world, offers much that is interesting and noteworthy.

The present is the eighth exhibition in Black and White which has been held in the Egyptian Hall. At first these collections, appealing, as it was thought, entirely to the professional eye, were not much visited or cared for by the public. Most people consider themselves competent to express an opinion on a finished picture, but not many feel this with regard to a drawing, especially if that drawing is not interpreted in colour. But gradually people have found it amusing to recognize the originals of familiar designs in

novels and magazines, and to see their favourite grotesques from *Punch* as they left the artist's hand. It may now be said that the Black and White Exhibition takes a leading place among the minor shows of the year, and would be missed as much as any of them. To the artist it is of particular value; it gives the public and his fellow-craftsmen an unusually good opportunity of noticing the faults and merits of his draughtsmanship. Much that can be slurred over in colour, or rendered by mere *bravura* of the brush, must be drawn with a clear conscience, or left out altogether, and the ordeal of an exhibition of drawings in ink or pencil is a healthy one for a brilliant young draughtsman to go through. We do not find this year any strikingly new forms of talent; the familiar names present us with excellent work in the familiar style; but we are certainly struck with the increasing absence of thoroughly bad work of the old-fashioned smooth school. Our young artists, if they seem to be striking out no very novel path for themselves, are yet learning to wield the pencil and the pen with more ease and precision.

Among the landscape studies by far the best seems to us to be Mr. Aumonier's "Southwold" (102). It is a large work in charcoal, showing the old Suffolk town, built along the level slope of a low hill that sinks into the sea on the left of the composition, of which the church is almost the only salient feature. In the foreground the afternoon sun, reflected, lights up the waters of a reedy "broad"; a stormy sky, with strong lights in it, throwing the town and middle distance into deep shadow. The drawing is in Mr. Aumonier's best manner, and shows a certain refinement and melancholy sentiment which he seldom attains in his pictures of similar scenes, excellent as these often are. He is a good landscape painter, but with a crayon in his hand he is unrivalled. One of the best landscapes here is a little drawing, very badly placed, of "A Kentish Homestead" (410), by Allan Barraud. The name is unknown to us, but it is borne by an artist who possesses a singular power of rendering in black and white the silver radiance of clouds that have discharged their rain, and the liquid shadows of a dewy landscape seen against the light. The drawings of M. Léon Lhermitte need no recommendation. "Les Glaneuses" (14) represents a group of women, gleaning busily on a sloping field, the harvest of which has just been stacked. It is difficult to define the precise charm of this austere composition, in which nothing has been sacrificed to prettiness or to sentiment. The visitor should be careful to note all M. Lhermitte's contributions; each has some special merit of style, though all are not equally attractive.

Mr. J. W. Waterhouse takes the place of honour with his ambitious drawing of "A Greek Play" (221), and has some claim to the honour, on the score of careful execution. But the imitation of Mr. Alma Tadema amounts to plagiarism. It is pleasant to turn from this work to Mr. Walter Duncan's vigorous "Bacchic Dance" (202), which in feeling and composition, and almost in execution, is worthy of one of the Carracci. It consists of two half-length figures, a man with the pipes, a woman with the cymbals; the leopard-skin flaps on the shoulders of the man as he blows the instrument with fervour, and the woman, with her head on one side, seeks to out-do him in the frenzy of her brazen clangour. Close to this accomplished work hang a number of original designs, illustrating fairy tales, by Mr. Walter Crane. We do not think that any one will examine these, or the other similar contributions by the same artist which hang in the gallery, without a strong sense of regret that a talent once so fresh, fanciful, and eloquent should have degenerated into so nerveless a mannerism. These drawings show an increasing ignorance and indifference to the just proportions of the body, and even to the typical characteristics of the male and female figure. In his disregard of nature, Mr. Crane now gives to his men as to his women the same angular chin, the same narrow chest, the same wrinkled and attenuated limbs, and presents us with no more vitality of figure than the Dutch doll can boast of underneath its flowing drapery. Mr. Crane's failure at the Grosvenor Gallery this year ought to awaken him to the fact that a much stronger and more accomplished talent than his could not afford to ignore, as he seems to have been doing, all study from the living model. In contrast we must praise, as a learned drawing in the nude, Mr. James's study (169) in white chalk.

The etchings are less remarkable than usual this year. Mr. Whistler has a slight, but very effective, "Old Battersea Bridge" (314). The most pleasing of Mr. Tissot's contributions is "The Emigrant" (141), a young woman, with a brave countenance, stepping on board an outward-bound vessel, the back of the study being filled by a network of rigging. M. Léon Richeton is skilful at the technical part of etching, but his want of power to seize a likeness was never more strikingly shown than in his portrait of Mr. Carlyle (15). Mr. Seymour Haden and Mr. Hubert Herkomer seem to have left etching to conquer the neighbouring province, as Dryden would have said, of mezzotint. However, Mr. Herkomer contributes a single specimen of etching in his "Blind Shepherd." One of the most powerful works in this class is Mr. Heywood Hardy's "Head of a Buffalo" (297), the extraordinary vigour of which would be more happily presented if the water through which the animal swims were better drawn.

It remains to draw attention rapidly to the most remarkable of the miscellaneous studies still unnoticed. Mr. F. E. Cox has a delightful race after a calf (73), somewhat in the manner of Mason. Mr. Britten's studies for a picture of dancing (83, 109) need only a little more care to be very admirable. Mr. H. Stacey Marks, besides a humorous design representing the Dudley Gallery, as a nymph, receiving the Realistic, the Mediæval, the Intense, and so on, contributes two large drawings of a woman walking in a wood, listening to the birds (341), and of the same woman dipping her toe into a pool (358), neither of which is very successful. Mr. Matthew Hale's design called "Music" (346) is full of imagination and excellent in execution. The drawings of J. Jimenez y Aranda are *tours de force*, excessively clever, striking, and reprehensible; M. A. Lançon sends some excellent studies of lions and lionesses (429); Mr. T. Blake Wirgman shows his accustomed skill in a careful pen-and-ink drawing of "Mme. du Barry's Sedan Chair" (477). Mr. Rooke's "Drapery Studies" (559), for his pictures of King Ahab, in the Royal Academy of 1879, deserve attention for their delicacy of touch.

In the sculpture we find nothing that requires very extended comment. Mrs. Thornycroft, in her group of the Princesses Victoria and Maud (638), shows the delicate feeling for the grace and simplicity of childhood which has always marked her work. Mr. Mullins has done much better things than his terra-cotta entitled "Sympathy" (639), while Miss Chaplin, in her group of a cat licking a spaniel's face (641), shows her usual playful fancy and her usual lack of strong animal characterization.

THE BEND OR CASE.

THE Derby of the present year will be memorable for one of the most curious racing disputes in the history of the Turf. The general public like the greatest race in the world to be won by a great man, and they had every reason for satisfaction in this respect this year, as the owner of the winner was the Duke of Westminster. Racing is a tradition in the Grosvenor family, and this fact made the Duke's victory especially popular. Then it is considered most sportsmanlike to breed your own racehorses, and the Duke had bred the winner in his own paddocks at Eaton.

There had scarcely been a month's rejoicing over this happy state of things when a report was circulated that a mistake had been made, that Bend Or had not run in public at all this season, and that the Duke of Westminster had not won the Derby. At first people laughed at the rumour as an impossibility. It was said that no mistake could have been made about a colt which had been bred in the paddocks just outside the Duke's gates, and of course any idea of fraud was out of the question. Fortunately, too, the horse's trainer was a man of exceptionally high character. But in two or three days the report gained strength, and soon there was immense excitement among racing men, and even non-racing men, on the subject. The generally accepted story of the affair was as follows. Among other horses entered for the Derby, the Duke of Westminster had nominated two chestnut colts by Doncaster, one named Bend Or, out of a mare called Rouge Rose, the other named Tadcaster, out of a mare called Clémence. It was said that when the time drew near at which it was thought desirable to send the two colts (then yearlings) to the trainer's, they had not been in the best of health, and that they had been taken to a paddock at Newmarket for a change of air, before being put into training. It was when they were taken out of this paddock to go to the trainer's stable that the mistake, according to the rumour, was made. There were two chestnut yearlings, and the colt out of Clémence was said to have been mistaken for that out of Rouge Rose, so that the trainer subsequently ran Bend Or as Tadcaster and Tadcaster as Bend Or.

Improbable as this story appeared, there was said to be some evidence in its favour. The private stud-book at Eaton, according to the objectors, described the markings of the colt out of Clémence as similar to those now to be seen on the horse that came in first for the Derby; and, if this were accurate, that horse must have been Tadcaster, who consequently ran under a wrong name, and was disqualified for the race. The idea of the bare possibility of such a mistake having been made caused at first a kind of panic among racing men, who, remembering the leading principle of Turf law, that bets go with stakes, reflected upon the contingency of an entire resettlement of Derby bets. Many backers had won large sums by the victory of the Duke of Westminster's chestnut colt, and the prospect of refunding all their gains was to them far from inviting. They were, however, soon comforted; for, on carefully reading the second rule of racing, they found that, although it begins with the ominous words "The interest of the bets is inseparable with the interest of the stakes," an exception is made when an objection is lodged against a horse that has been the first to pass the post, on the ground of incorrect pedigree or nomination, "*after the race is run*," provided the horse "is of the right age, and that in other respects he has not transgressed the rules of racing"; and that the owner, "or a person on his behalf," has not succeeded "in starting him for a race for which he is legally disqualified," by fraud or false statements. In such exceptions as these "the bets shall go to the horse that comes in first." So far as regards bets, therefore, the backers of the horse which came in first for the Derby were assured. Nevertheless, if Tadcaster won the Derby, it was evident that a large sum would have to be refunded in the shape of stakes. First there were the Derby Stakes, which amounted to 6,375*l.*; and, as the colt had run under the same name as a two-year-old, he would be disqualified for every race that he won last year, when his gains came to something like 5,630*l.* Then,

although bets on his past races would probably rest undisturbed, there were the heavy bets already made on the approaching St. Leger to be considered; which would stand on a very different footing. During the Newmarket July meeting the case was mentioned to the Jockey Club, and the owners of the second horse in the Derby consulted the Club as to the desirableness of their making an objection against the winner. After examining several witnesses, the Jockey Club said that it was unable to give any advice in the matter, on account of the very conflicting character of the evidence at that time before it. The owners of Robert the Devil still hesitated, and their next step was to take counsel's opinion on the question. The barrister to whom the case was submitted advised them that they "had a case." A formal objection to the Derby decision was accordingly lodged at Messrs. Weatherby's by Messrs. Brewer and Blanton. The next stage in the proceedings was a trial of the case before the Stewards of Epsom races. Some fears were expressed that, even if that tribunal gave their verdict in favour of the Duke, the case might be taken into a court of law; but the objectors avowed their intention of submitting to the decision of the Epsom Stewards, whether it should be in their favour or otherwise. The trial of the case took place at Mr. Lowther's house in Grosvenor Street, and occupied part of four days. Many witnesses were examined, and the Eaton stud-book was carefully studied; the result of these deliberations being that the Stewards of Epsom unanimously decided that "the chestnut colt Bend Or, which came in first for the Derby of 1880, is by Doncaster out of Rouge Rose, and therefore the objection lodged by Messrs. Brewer and Blanton is overruled"; and thus ended what sporting writers have called "The Bend Or Difficulty."

It is needless to say that the result of this curious case has given general satisfaction; but, apart from the gratification which is felt at the Duke of Westminster's success, and at the confirmation of the victory so honourably gained by the gallant Bend Or, we think that there is another cause for agreeable reflections. Generally speaking, whenever there has been a Turf "difficulty," it has been caused by fraudulent proceedings or by sharp practice. Now, in the case under notice, with a Duke on one side and racing men on the other, the whole affair has been conducted in an honourable and straightforward manner. The inquiry was conducted in private, and we have no official knowledge of the evidence; but, as far as can be judged from the accounts given of the case in the public press, the principals on both sides acted in an unexceptionable manner. The Duke, on the one hand, placed his private stud book in the hands of the Stewards, and courted the fullest inquiry into the matter; the owners of Robert the Devil, on the other hand, consulted the Jockey Club as to the expediency of moving at all in the matter, and when that body refused to advise them, they consulted eminent legal opinion. Finally, they agreed to acknowledge the decision of the Stewards of Epsom races as final, instead of going on with the case in the law courts. We have heard it objected that Messrs. Brewer and Blanton ought not to have taken advantage of an unfortunate blunder to endeavour to wrest the great prize of the Turf from the hands of the Duke, when it was certain that, whether it was Bend Or or Tadcaster which first passed the post for the Derby, the winning horse was the property of the Duke of Westminster, and had been properly entered for the race; but it would be just as reasonable to blame a whist-player for taking advantage of an unconscious revoke on the part of his adversary when 6,000*l.* depended upon the points thus gained. People are not, as a rule, very scrupulous about availing themselves of legal technicalities, and it would be hard if men were expected to give up the chances of obtaining several thousands of pounds on account of chivalrous sentiments. It should be remembered again that, if Messrs. Brewer and Blanton had not objected to Bend Or, the owners of the second horses in some of his two-year-old races would almost certainly have done so. Some people seem to imagine that it was a straining of an unnecessarily severe law to object to Bend Or at all, but such an idea is obviously absurd. There are too many opportunities of fraud on the Turf, and of the two it is rather to be desired that the stringency of racing laws should be increased than that it should be diminished. Indeed we are half inclined to fear that the very suggestion of the possibility of such a mistake as was supposed in the objection to Bend Or may set inventive but dishonest minds to work upon the question of the expediency, under certain circumstances, of contriving to make such a mistake for fraudulent purposes.

Sporting writers have been bemoaning what they consider a very serious and evil consequence of the Bend Or dispute. Pending the settlement of the case—that is to say, for some three or four weeks—the St. Leger betting was partially paralysed. Racing men seem to have considered this to be a national calamity. It is possible, however, that there may be misguided moralists who might rather rejoice at it than otherwise. Complaints have been made in the newspapers at the exclusion of reporters from the room in which the Epsom Stewards deliberated on the Bend Or case. The presence of representatives of the press under such circumstances would have been contrary to all precedent. When gentlemen are kind enough to undertake the duties of stewards of race meetings, it would be hard indeed if their management of the business of those meetings were distrusted by the public, and it would be intolerable that reporters should claim admittance to their meetings.

REVIEWS.

WILLIS-BUND'S SELECTION OF CASES FROM THE STATE TRIALS.*

THIS is a work of such obvious utility that the only wonder is that no one should have undertaken it before. Mr. Willis-Bund speaks of it as "an attempt to supply a want which I have often felt in the course of teaching," and which we should think must have been felt by every one else concerned either in teaching or in learning history. "Again and again," the writer continues, "the question is asked, Where is the authority for such a proposition to be found? It is easy enough to say the Statute Book, or the State Trials, but to refer a student to either of those works has the effect of deterring him from ever again seeking for original information." Nor—the weakness of human nature being taken into account—can we very much blame the student. There is a legend of the First or the Second George getting into a rage with his Minister, and insisting upon the documents relating to a certain piece of State business being laid before him the next morning. The Minister obeyed; and when the King rose, he beheld three large waggons full of papers parked beneath his windows. Tradition says he consented to wrestle with the matter in an abstract. Such an abstract Mr. Willis-Bund has undertaken to provide for the historical student who is deterred by the sight of a waggonload of State Trials. And it is not to such timid souls alone that his work will be useful. With the best will in the world, it is not always possible for dwellers outside of London or the Universities to refer to Statutes or State Trials, or other such voluminous and unattractive works. They are not books with which a young man in furnished lodgings is likely to provide himself, or for which his landlady is likely to provide him with shelves. They are not thought necessary to the comfort of a young couple setting up housekeeping. They are not part of the stock of the ordinary circulating library; and even in libraries of higher pretensions books of this class are not always easily accessible. Perhaps the twenty or thirty volumes have remained for ages unsorted in a closet, and on touching they threaten to crumble into dust under the rash investigator's fingers. Perhaps, as we once discovered to be the case with the Journals of the House of Lords in an institution which averred itself to have been founded to supply "the requirements of scholars and literary men," they have been deposited in the cellar, where it seems as much out of the question to disturb them as if they were a fine old crusted port. Altogether, there must be many to whom such a work as Mr. Willis-Bund has undertaken will, if well executed, be, to use a favourite modern phrase, a great boon. And in many respects—we wish we could say in all—it has been well executed. No higher title is claimed for it than that of a compilation. "Original research into records and cases that are not reported in the ordinary books" the compiler has not attempted, his object having been, "not so much to seek out new materials, as to utilize old materials that are accessible to every one." The edition of the State Trials he has used is that of Howell, published in 1816, and of the Statutes, that by Pickering, published in 1763. In the case of the Statutes he has wisely given references, not merely to the pages of his particular edition, but also to the regnal year and chapter. We notice this with gratitude, because in Canon Stubbs's *Constitutional History* references are given only to the volumes and pages of the *Statutes of the Realm*, thus affording no help to the possessors of other editions.

The subject of the present volume is confined to trials for treason before the ordinary courts, from 1327 to 1660, cases of impeachment being left to be dealt with in a future volume. The work opens with an elaborate and interesting dissertation on the law of treason, which in its changes and development reflects the changing relations between the Crown and the nobility. "A severe law of treason meant a powerful monarch; a relaxation in the law a powerful aristocracy." The author however refuses to join in the praises so often bestowed upon the Barons for curbing the tyranny of the Crown by their resistance to additions to the law of treason:—

> That the conduct of the Barons indirectly acted in favour of liberty none will deny; that that was its primary object, or that any idea of liberty actuated the Barons, few of those who have ever studied their conduct, will assert. The history of the early law of treason is a question of money; the Barons did not in the abstract care what was or was not decided to be treason, but they greatly cared for the cases in which their property was or was not to be forfeited: and this it was that led them to oppose the development of the law of treason—they lost and the King gained the forfeitures; hence the jealousy with which any attempt to increase the number of treasons was regarded by the Barons; hence the frequent repeal of all fresh additions to the list of substantive treasons. It was not until the Crown learnt that there are two ways of developing the law, express enactment and judicial interpretation, and that if the one fails the other will succeed, that the law of treason became really expansive.

It may perhaps be thought that Mr. Willis-Bund hardly does justice to the antiquity of the law of treason when he goes on to say that its "starting-point . . . is the celebrated statute of William I., by which all freeholders were compelled to take the oath of allegiance to the King irrespective of the lord under whom

* *A Selection of Cases from the State Trials.* Vol. I. *Trials for Treason* (1327–1660). By J. W. Willis-Bund, M.A., LL.B., Barrister-at-Law, Professor of Constitutional Law and History, University College, London. Edited for the Syndics of the University Press. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1879.

they held their land." The germ of the law of treason is to be found in the legislation of Ælfred:—"If any one plot against the King's life, of himself or by harbouring of exiles, or of his men, let him be liable in his life and in all that he has." For the Conqueror's celebrated statute there was a precedent in the law of Eadmund the Magnificent, imposing upon all an oath of fealty in terms which expressly assimilate the relationship between King and subject to that of "lord" and "man":—"Ut omnes jurent in nomine Domini . . . . fidelitatem Edmundo regi, sicut homo debet esse fidelis domino suo, sine omni controversia et seditione, in manifesto, in occulto, in amando quod amabit, nolendo quod nolet." In this as in so many other cases the Conqueror did but develop and strengthen what he already found existing. Taking however William's legislation as the starting-point, we go on to the gradual definition of the law of treason, first by Bracton, and later on by that famous statute of the 25th Edward III. which the Lord Chief Justice of England is reported to have recently condemned as "lamentably ill-drawn." Next we trace the great extension of the law by the decision under Henry VI., "that the Act of Edward III. was a declaratory Act, and that there were common law treasons as well as those mentioned in the Statute." Under the Tudors the law of treason was developed into what Mr. Willis-Bund does not hesitate to call "a system of homicide." For the much-abused judges of the Stuart period the author makes a stout defence:—

Notwithstanding all that has been said and written against the cruelties of the judges under the Stuarts, if any one will take the trouble to examine the facts, he will find that the law of treason was on the whole more fairly administered under their rule than at any previous time.

We must not dwell longer on the introduction, interesting as it is. One thing surprises us, that though the author cites in full the Statute 3 Henry VII. c. 14, which made it felony to conspire the destruction of the King, or any lord, councillor, or great officer, he yet in his comments never notices the fact that it applies solely to the case of conspiracies by the King's household servants. To apply it to the King's subjects generally was more than its framers ventured upon, "lest," says Bacon, "it should have been too harsh to the Gentlemen, and other Commons of the Kingdom; who might have thought their Ancient Liberty, and the Clemency of the Laws of England invaded, If the Will in any Case of Felony should be made the Deed."

When we turn to the text itself, we find that it is more than a mere selection from or abridgment of the *State Trials*. The author retraces more fully the development of the law of treason, already sketched in the introduction; he recounts the successive statutes bearing on the offence, describes the course of events, comments upon the policy of the Government and the method in which the trials were conducted, often drawing upon sources not accessible to Howell, and adds some cases not included in that compilation. In many respects therefore, although the trials are more or less abridged, this is for the ordinary student's purpose not only a more handy, but a more useful work than Howell's. On the other hand, the fact that the trials are not given at full length—for even those which are said to be given "in full" are somewhat condensed—will prevent its superseding Howell altogether. We think too that it would have been better if, whenever Howell had indicated the source whence he derived his reports, Mr. Willis-Bund had done the same, instead of simply referring to the "State Trials," of which he speaks in a way which might lead the reader to suppose that it possessed some official character. When Howell has told us that his account of the trial of Colonel Eusebius Andrewe is that "published by Francis Buckley, Gent. who was . . . . an Eye-witness of all the bloody and execrable Proceedings," or that the account of the trial of Mr. John Lilburne is "written (the chief part) by the said John Lilburne," why should not Mr. Willis-Bund repeat the information? He has done so in Penruddock's case, Penruddock having written his own account partly in the first person. The knowledge of the source of the report is not unimportant, as there is clearly some difference between an official report and one put forth by the prisoner or his friends. In some of the cases we are struck by the frequent variations between the account given by our author and that of Howell's edition of 1816 to which he refers. He may, of course, have corrected Howell by the light of some superior authority; he may have sufficient reason for turning the Major Cobbet and Captain Far who appear in Christopher Love's case, into Major Corbett and Captain Fox. But sometimes Howell's version is so much more intelligible than that of Mr. Willis-Bund that we cannot but prefer the older compiler. The point of one of Coke's witticisms, such as it is, is lost when it appears as "Concerning this sect, their studies and practices principally consist in two *acts*, to wit, in deposing of Kings and disposing of kingdoms." It should no doubt be, as it is in Hargrave and Howell, "consist in two *ds*." Coke was evidently much in love with this ingenious alliteration, for on the next occasion he improved and expanded it, describing Garnet as "a doctor of Jesuits, that is, a doctor of five D.D.'s, as dissimulation, deposing of princes, disposing of kingdoms, daunting and deterring of subjects, and destruction." Here Mr. Willis-Bund omits the word "five." At p. 387 one of Coke's most flowery passages in praise of the King and Queen has been spoiled by running together two sentences which in Howell are distinct. Further on, Howell's account has been so abridged as altogether to obscure Coke's meaning:—

After some little discussion he [Sir Everarch Digby] pleaded guilty, made a speech setting out the motives that led him to join the plot, and concluded by asking that his punishment might be confined to himself. . . . The Attorney-General replied very briefly, "for it grew now dark," setting out Digby's friendship with Catesby, his religion, error, and heresy, *his previous idle rare presumption*, his fear, and false alarm, concerning his recusants.

Some further knowledge of Digby's previous speech would be necessary for the understanding of Coke's reply, even if it had been more accurately given. The unfortunate man had urged that the motives for his offence were at least not base—he had been moved by friendship for Catesby, by religion, by resentment at the broken promises of relief, by fear of yet harder laws against recusants to come. Coke proceeded to demolish him in sledge-hammer style, taking his pleas one by one:—

1. For his Friendship with Catesby, that it was mere folly and wicked conspiracy. 2. His Religion, error and heresy. 3. His Promises, idle and vain presumptions, as also his Fears, false alarms, concerning wives that were recusants. . . .—2 Howell's *State Trials*, 188.

We give this as it stands in Howell, though we have no doubt that the words "concerning wives that were recusants" should begin a new sentence. But the general drift of Coke's argument is plain enough here, while in the new version it is lost.

In Garnet's case it is possible that Mr. Willis-Bund may be drawing upon some more trustworthy account than the official relation reprinted by Hargrave and Howell. But if so, he should have named his authority, as his variations from Howell, to whom alone he refers, are not inconsiderable. We will only mention the most important. He makes Garnet say of the Pope's power to depose princes, "that all Catholics accepted it without question." In Howell the words are, "That this doctrine of the power of the pope, was by all other Catholick princes *tolerated without grievance*," which is more to the purpose, as tending to show that, in practice the doctrine was not found incompatible with a subject's duty. This version moreover in substance agrees with the account by Father More, given in Butler's *Historical Memoirs of the English Catholics*. Further down, in the book before us, Garnet says that "As to the Jesuits being privy to treason, it was impious to think that they were; he had asked some of them if they were privy, but they always denied it." If the very thought was impious, how came Garnet to ask such a question? In Howell his answer is logical. "Concerning the Jesuits, he said, That if any were privy to such horrible treasons, it was impious, especially in men of their profession: but said, that he talked with some of them about it, and that they denied it." At a later stage of the trial Lord Salisbury pressed Garnet as to a conversation with a brother Jesuit, Oldcorne or Hall, from whom five applications of the rack had wrung a confession:—

He [Salisbury] then reminded Garnet of what took place after his conversation with Hall had been overheard, how he denied this before the Council; that Hall had confessed with so many detestable execrations that it wounded their hearts to hear, and when Garnet heard that Hall had confessed, he asked for mercy.

The parallel passage in Howell is somewhat awkwardly worded, but a careful reader cannot fail to see that the "detestable execrations" were used by Garnet to strengthen his denial, not by Hall to support his confession, which the Government were only too glad to believe. It was Garnet who "stiffly denied it upon his soul, reiterating it with so many detestable execrations, as the earl said, it wounded their hearts to hear him." It was the knowledge, derived from Hall's confession, that these execrations were uttered in support of a falsehood which so wounded the tender hearts of the Lords of the Council.

Our readers will probably be weary of following out these small discrepancies, and we will therefore only mention some of those which arise in one or two of the cases under the Commonwealth and the Protectorate. It is but fair to say that, as far as we have tested, the errors are confined to a few only of the many cases given. In the trial of Gerhard and Vowell, who were executed for a conspiracy against Cromwell, Mr. Willis-Bund represents a witness as saying "That Hinshaw sought to engage Vowell, but thought himself to be unfit." In Howell this runs, "That Mr. Hinshaw sought to engage Mr. Vowell, but he answered that 'he thought himself to be unfit.'" We need not enter into explanations of the parts played respectively by Hinshaw and by Vowell in the conspiracy. It is enough to observe that in the one version it is Hinshaw, in the other it is Vowell, who hangs back from active work. In the trial of Christopher Love in 1651 for treason against the Commonwealth, we read that "Keeble [the Lord President of the High Court of Justice] addressed Love, and told him if they were to have a Presbyterian Government it might tend to the peace of the nation, but not with a Scotch *servitude* or *united* by a Scotch covenant." It should be "not with a Scotch *limitation*," "nor *limited* by a Scotch Covenant." Love is represented as saying in his defence, "Had I been so hardly dealt with before the King's Court, I should not so much have wondered at it; but to be so dealt with at Westminster, I stand amazed." But in Howell his indignant protest is more pointed:—"Had I been so dealt withal at the juncto at Oxon, I should not have been so troubled at it; but to be dealt so with at Westminster, this is that at which I stand amazed." Whether by "the juncto at Oxon" he meant the Royalist Parliament which had sat at Oxford, or whether he was referring to those who had expelled him from the Congregation House at Oxford—an incident in his past life which he had already cited as an instance of his sufferings in the good cause—is not clear; but at any rate the contrast lay between Oxford and Westminster, between the Cavalier and the Puritan stronghold. Two points moreover in the case are

not quite accurately given. At one stage the Court had a long wrangle with a witness, one Mr. Jacquel, who, when the oath was read to him, would only lay his hand on his buttons, and say "he was as good as under an oath." Mr. Willis-Bund represents that upon this Keeble admitted him to give evidence. But from the account in Howell it appears that "the Court not being satisfied with that answer, pressed him further," until he was at last got to say that he was under oath. The author also seems to have passed over the point of the Attorney-General Prideaux's reply to the technical exceptions taken against the charge. Love, it must be remembered, was being tried before that iniquitous invention of the Commonwealth, a High Court of Justice, the members of which were both judges and jurors. The Attorney-General argued that the proceedings were in the way of impeachment, "and, I think, that in this way of impeachment, we are not tied to those very nice and strict formal rules upon indictments." Hale, one of the prisoner's counsel, would not admit the distinction. "Then Mr. Attorney makes a difference between the case of an Indictment and this Charge. I conceive that in this case there is no difference." All this is slurred over in the present version. In Howell, moreover, Prideaux is not so brutally frank as he is here made out. "The Attorney-General," writes Mr. Willis-Bund, "said if he was to draw indictments with all these niceties he should never get a conviction." This no doubt was what was in his thoughts, but we cannot find the words in Howell. "Mr. Hale's Exception," he there complains, "is still upon that way of proceedings upon indictments. . . . I must give it that answer still, that if you do in these cases put me to it, to express every particular circumstance of every particular fact, and every particular time, and that it must conduce in the conclusion of it, I must make you impeachments that will not be fit for you to read, nor hear." The nearest approach we can find to the words ascribed to him by Mr. Willis-Bund occurs later on, when he says that if he had laid the charge as Hale demanded, "I conceive I had done myself and the commonwealth wrong."

These are no doubt minute points. But in all legal matters minute accuracy is indispensable. If Mr. Willis-Bund's readers find that they may still have to refer to Howell for exact details, his work, however much valuable information it contains, will have failed of its main purpose. And though some of the variations may have been made with intention, others certainly look like simple mistakes arising from careless abridgment. That the author can be careless is shown by a remark referring to one of the regicides, Sir Henry Mildmay. After the Restoration, Mildmay presented a petition to the Lords, setting forth that his only object in sitting in "that pretended high Court of justice" had been to preserve the life of "His late Majestie of blessed memorie." To this not very credible plea, Mildmay added a medical certificate that the state of his health was such that if the sentence of drawing him on a sledge from the Tower to Tyburn were put in execution, it would endanger his life. Upon this Mr. Willis-Bund comments, "As the object of the journey to Tyburn was to deprive him of life, this certificate almost approaches the humorous." The reply that suggests itself is that Sir Henry understood his own business better than his censor. A reference to the Act of Indemnity and Oblivion would have shown our author that Mildmay was one of the excepted persons who were "reserved to such Pains, Penalties and Forfeitures, *not extending to life*, as by another Act intended to be passed for that Purpose shall be imposed on them." Mildmay's life therefore was protected by the Indemnity; but one of the pains and penalties afterwards imposed on him and others in the same category was to be drawn to Tyburn and back, after the manner of traitors. Readers of Pepys may remember how on January 27, 1662, the diarist, "going to take water upon Tower-hill," "met with three sleddes standing there to carry my Lord Monson and Sir H. Mildmay and another, to the gallows and back again, with ropes about their necks."

Mr. Willis-Bund endeavours to disarm us by apologizing beforehand for possible inaccuracies, pleading that "no amount of care in a book of this nature could prevent some errors creeping in." We think however that we may fairly demand more care than he seems to have exercised. His work is one of such utility, and in many respects so well executed, that we trust that in a second edition he may repair the errors we have pointed out, and that he may continue it in a manner that we can unreservedly praise.

THE SONG OF ROLAND.*

IT is becoming a graceful and pleasing fashion with our poets to present in English dress those once neglected French works which were the delight of the centuries "before Malherbe came." The practice is one on which we ought every way to congratulate ourselves. The translators have a mine of wealth in which they may quarry continually, and always find something fresh, quaint, and delightful; and without their efforts the world might never know the meaning of *Fabliau*, *Chanson*, or *Lai*. We can hardly, even by the utmost stretch of a kindly imagination, assume that the ordinary English reader is likely to know anything of the labours of Michel, Meyer, Gaston Paris, Léon Gautier, and others who have annotated and edited the *Chanson de Roland*. It is true that the thing might be overdone; there are many other *chansons de geste*, but we are quite satisfied with the earliest, which is at the same time one of the shortest; there are also many "Epics of the Middle Ages," to read which would require the long life and leisure of a patriarch; these were best left in their original tongue; and of *ballade*, *villanelle*, *virelai*, and *chant-royal* we have already had well-nigh enough.

Of the three principal cycles of the *Chanson de Geste*, the earliest and best are those which have the Great King Karl as their central figure; and of these the earliest and best is the *Chanson de Roland*. As regards the date of the poem, the MS. of the Bodleian is in the language of the eleventh or twelfth century; its author is unknown, although the last line says,

Ci falt la geste que Turoldus declinet.

Unfortunately, however, the meaning of the word *declinet* is not quite clear. The origin of the song may, according to a theory in itself by no means improbable, be looked for in those *cantilènes*, a collection of which was formed for Karl, and in which the French sang the prowess of their warriors. Each of these *cantilènes*, of which none in the original French form survive, celebrated one exploit; it was short, direct in diction, and rapid in movement; the compiler of the *chanson* had his materials ready to his hand in story and in verse; he fitted the former with episodes, and filled out the principal characters; he took as much of the latter as was apt to his purpose, and amplified the descriptions; where his predecessors mentioned a fight, he described it; when they spoke of valorous deeds, he told of them in detail. Subsequently, as seems only fair, the poet himself became subject to amplification in the hands of his successors. The later MSS. of the Roland song, for instance, are full of expansions, additions, and *remaniements*, so that the suspicion arises that there may have been "editions" of the poem still earlier and much simpler even than that of the Bodleian Library. The tedious episode of Baligant, for instance, which Mr. O'Hagan judiciously omits, seems to us distinctly a later addition to the original poem, which must have dealt simply with the disaster at Roncesvalles, and the revenge taken by Karl. That the date of the first poem or *cantilène* is older than the twelfth century is not indeed difficult to show. What, for instance, was that song of Roncesvalles which was sung by Taillefer at Hastings? No one certainly ever supposed that he sang the long *Chanson de Roland* through; but there are passages in the poem as it stands which he might very well have sung before the army. Such, for instance, is the exhortation of Turpin. Again, the poem is full of that Saracenic terror which belongs to the tenth rather than to the eleventh and twelfth centuries, when the rage against the infidel of Spain was transferred by pilgrimages and crusades to rage against the infidel of Syria, Egypt, and Asia Minor. Yet the later rage—the enthusiasm of the Crusades—appears for the first time in the very last stanza, where Karl is bidden by an angel to go help "King Vivien fighting in the city of Imphe (query Nymphe, *Nymphæa*, or Antioch?) against the Saracens." Comparison with the romances of the twelfth and thirteenth century, again, tends to prove the earlier date of this *chanson*. Its language is more simple and direct, its stanzas are shorter, its assonant rhymes are not dragged along to such a merciless length; the general reflections are fewer, the characters are more heroic; their virtues and vices are different from those of the more courtly Crusaders; they are not French, but Germans of the type of Tacitus; they loathe peace, love fighting, are free in speech, and ready of hand; their most sacred duty is to obey their King; treachery is the greatest crime; they are ready to shed tears, to pluck their beards, to swoon with grief; they vaunt their own prowess; they love each other as Achilles loved Patroclus, or David loved Jonathan; Roland, the noblest and bravest, would die rather than by one blast of *Oliphant* seek needless assistance of his king; their fighting bishop assoils them of their sins, and enjoins them by way of penance to strike—*férir;* and those who die, he says, shall have seats in "the greater Paradise." Thus, while the internal evidence of the poem proclaims its antiquity, it affords us a complete view of the life of the Franks, the warriors and conquerors.

For this reason alone it deserves to be studied. But there are many other reasons. We may point out, for instance, the great figure of the King. He is no longer young in the *chansons;* he is *à la barbe chenue*, a greybeard, but in vigorous old age; there is no king like him, nor will be again till God judge the world; he habitually takes counsel of an angel; he stays the sun in its course, until his vengeance is complete; even in death he sits sword in hand menacing the infidel; he is grave and calm, even when his peers are carried away with wrath; he is heavily burdened with the cares of life;

Deus! dist li reis, si penuse est ma vie!

He loves his soldiers, and weeps for their death; he is implacable to traitors; he hangs all Ganelon's family after he has torn their chief to pieces. Great, indeed, must that king have been who left behind him such a memory as Karl. The poem might also be considered in its relation to the history of French literature. We might stop to show how in parts it attains to a pathos never reached in the more elaborate poems which succeeded it; how the dignity of the barons, their courtesy and simplicity, stand out naturally and without effort; how truthful is the poem. Or we might consider the work in its relation to the growth of the language. We are as yet, for instance, far from the ease of Mario

* *The Song of Roland.* Translated into English Verse by John O'Hagan, M.A., One of Her Majesty's Counsel. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1880.

de France; the language is rugged; the poet has not yet acquired full mastery over the tongue. These, however, are only some of the reasons which make this *chanson* remarkable.

The total neglect of early French literature was so great in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries that we are not surprised to find the *Chanson de Roland*, with all its followers, completely forgotten. It is only a hundred years since a French *savant* imagined that the song sung by Taillefer was a kind of modern lyric, and actually, to everybody's admiration, proposed a song such as might have been written by Collé or Favart. It is true that such rare scholars as Ducange and Sainte-Palaye knew something about the poem, though not much; but when in 1837 Francisque Milhel first published the Oxford MS., the surprise and delight of France were as great as if they had chanced upon another Homer. "We have," they cried, "our own Homer—Roland is Achilles; Turpin is Calchas; Olivier is Patroclus. Henceforth let no man taunt us with being without an epic."

The first difficulty in rendering the *chanson* is of course that of the most fitting metre. It is written in decasyllabic verse, and is divided into *laisses*—leashes or stanzas—which vary in length from twelve to thirty lines, with assonance instead of rhyme. Mr. O'Hagan offers us a specimen of what his translation might have been had he followed the example of Mr. MacCarthy in his renderings of Calderon, or M. Petit de Julleville in his version of the *Chanson*, in preserving the assonance. The example is such as to leave no room for regret at his choice. The metre he has selected, that of "Christabel," seems to us, on the whole, the best possible, although it is naturally open to objection. The "mixed iambic and anapæstic measure" has fallen, as Mr. O'Hagan frankly states, into "much discredit as a lilting metre.' This is probably due to the readiness with which it lends itself to the narrative verse in which the imitators of Byron and Scott found the ease which they mistook for genius. But we entirely disagree with Mr. O'Hagan when he thinks that the Song could be "beautifully rendered" in those heroic numbers which Keats and Morris have managed with so much sweetness and freedom. Mr. Morris might, to be sure, clothe the story of Roncesvalles in his own verse, as he has already done for certain *fabliaux*, but that would not be a translation. Or the Laureate, as Mr. O'Hagan suggests, might make it the subject of another "idyl," but that again would not be a translation. The most obvious objection to the metre is that it occasionally destroys the severity, simplicity, and directness of the original, and this not always by expansion, but sometimes by compression. Thus, when the Archbishop absolves the host before the fight in which they are all to be slain, his words are these:—

> Clamez vos culpes, si preiez Deu mercit
> Asoldrai vos pur voz anmes guarir:
> Se vus murez, esterez seinz martirs;
> Sieges averez el greignor parëis.

which is thus rendered by Mr. O'Hagan:—

> Cry *mea culpa* and lowly kneel;
> I will assoil you, your souls to heal;
> In death ye are holy martyrs crowned.

Everybody must feel that a direct loss of strength is caused here by the compression of the last two lines into one. It would be easy to criticize individual passages; one can hardly compare any stanza of the English with the original without noting some loss; for instance, when Alda goes to ask of the King where is Roland, her betrothed, Karl says:—

> Soer, cher' amie, de hume mort me demandes,
> Jo t'en durrai mult esforcet exchange;
> Ço est Loewis mielz ne sai à parler,
> Il est mes filz e si tendrat mas marches.

This passage seems very inadequately rendered by—

> "Dear Sister, gentle friend," he said,
> "Thou seekest one who lieth dead.
> I plight to thee my son instead—
> Louis, who lord of my realm shall be."

It is not, however, fair to judge of a translation by detached passages. We are bound to say that the result, as a whole, is satisfactory. We have here for the first time an English version of this noble poem; it is so far an adequate version that it preserves in the main the spirit of the original, and carries us away to the strange old time when the "middle ages" were as yet only beginning. It will serve as a guide to the beginner in early French literature, and will be read with pleasure and profit by those who have not the time or the inclination to embark in that delightful study.

It remains to be said that the disaster of Roncesvalles is historical. Here, in the year 778, Karl lost the rearguard of his army, Roland Hruotlandus, Prefect of the March of Brittany, being killed among them by an attack of Basques, not Mohammedans; thirty years later an army under Louis le Débonnaire was cut to pieces in the same place; and in five years afterwards another French army was defeated in a gorge of the Pyrenees by these savage mountaineers. A threefold disaster of this kind could not but impress profoundly the mind of France. This impression is described in the *Chanson* in a passage as poetical, and perhaps as well translated, as any in the whole poem:—

> Now a wondrous storm o'er France hath passed,
> With thunder-stroke and whirlwind's blast;
> Rain unmeasured, and hail, there came,
> Sharp and sudden the lightning's flame;
> And an earthquake ran—the sooth I say,
> From Besançon city to Wissant Bay;
> From Saint Michael's Mount to thy shrine, Cologne,
> House unrifted was there none.
> And a darkness spread in the noontide high—
> No light, save gleams from the cloven sky.
> On all who saw came a mighty fear.
> They said, "The end of the world is near."
> Alas, they spake but with idle breath,—
> 'Tis the great lament for Roland's death.
>
> Dread are the omens and fierce the storm,
> Over France the signs and wonders swarm;
> From noonday on to the vesper hour,
> Night and darkness alone have power;
> Nor sun nor moon one ray doth shed,
> Who sees it ranks him among the dead.
> Well may they suffer such pain and woe,
> When Roland, captain of all, lies low.
> Never on earth hath his fellow been,
> To slay the heathen or realms to win.

THE DUKE OF ALBANY'S HIGHLANDERS.*

THERE is one additional objection to the stupid practice of publishing novels in three volumes which we have never seen mentioned, but which is worth consideration—the circulating library subscriber's grievance. A person in the country subscribes to Mudie's at a rate which entitles him to get so many volumes at a time. Three of these volumes may turn out to be substantial and separate octavos, each affording a good deal of reading, and so giving the subscriber a fair return for his money, at any rate in quantity; but the three volumes may be those of a novel such as the one now before us, printed in very large type, and with a very wide margin, and containing only as many words as, if printed in a reasonable way, would make a very small octavo. Three volumes of this sort may be read with ease, in one sense, in a couple of hours. Then the subscriber has all the trouble and expense of returning his box and changing the books. Printed on the same scale, a book such as *The River of Golden Sand* or *Senior's Conversations*—to take two books much in request just now—would run out into about fifteen volumes each, which the subscriber would have to get down in successive batches. It must be difficult to find an adequate reason for maintaining this exceptional practice with regard to novels, which would at once be seen to be absurd if applied to any other class of books. It may be urged that many novels would not pay for publication unless printed in this expensive form, to which the obvious reply is that it would be an undiluted benefit if the greater number of novels now published were suppressed. These works cost the libraries about six shillings a volume, and perhaps, in the present state of the book trade, it might be difficult to replace them by other books as cheap. What the circulating library requires is a certain number of volumes to circulate, and novels are, on the whole, cheaper per volume than anything else. But this view leaves out of count the room for expansion which the book trade offers if intelligently worked. The amount of business which the circulating libraries do is quite trifling compared with what they might probably do by a better system, inviting a larger circle of subscribers by giving the subscriber more for his money. Readers, authors, and publishers would all gain by the change. As Mr. Matthew Arnold lately urged, there is a great future before authors—that is, authors who deserve to have a future—if the cost of books can be reduced to the reading public; but one class of books will be extinguished—namely, the fatuous novel. The good novel should prosper. To which category the novel we now have on hand belongs may be gathered from the following analysis of its contents.

The Earl of Abercairnie has two daughters, one exquisitely beautiful, but silly in proportion; the other magnificently handsome, but a devil in petticoats. The one is beloved by Charlie Oliphant, the other by Captain Duncan Daljorroch, officers of the 72nd Highlanders. The London season is not over, but the Earl and his daughters are at Abercairnie Castle, for "certain cogent reasons"—namely, that the Earl is desperately in debt and in fear of arrest, from which we are to infer that he is not a representative peer. Abercairnie is near Stirling, where the officers are quartered, and the Earl rides out with one daughter and the Captain, leaving the other daughter alone at home when the subaltern comes to call; the Earl, who is described elsewhere as a dragon of strictness, being in the habit of allowing his daughters when alone to receive visitors from the barracks, who, for their part, as appears from mention of their clanking spurs and jingling swords, seem to have been in the habit of riding about the country in uniform. Although the Earl is in such desperate straits for money, he still has his little comforts about him. "The room in which they sat"—the Lady Auriel and the Lieutenant—"though its fittings might be excelled by those of many another mansion in the country, by its aspect"—apparently an east one—"might well dash the confidence of a penniless lover. It showed masterpieces of art in cabinets, lounges, and enamels, and more than one exquisitely tender Greuze, and striking Boucher, peeping out between the rich hangings. . . . A *jardinière* with rare exotics stood in the deep recess of the centre window, and on a pedestal of Rosso antico, were Louis XV. and Madame de Pompadour dancing a minuet, worth many more guineas than Charlie ever possessed at once in his life." From which it may be gathered that the

* *The Duke of Albany's Own Highlanders*. A Novel. By James Grant, Author of "The Romance of War." London: Routledge & Sons. 1880.

Earl, notwithstanding his difficulties, had not hit on the obvious remedy against the threatened visit from the bailiffs, of which he was in daily expectation, by sending some of these costly articles to Christie and Manson. However, the room was a pretty one for making love in, and the charming Lady Auriel, like many another high-born damsel, knew how to put a lover at his ease, for she opened the conversation by saying, "I wonder you don't prefer the cavalry. You have seen my cousin Sidney in his Hussar uniform, and is it not handsome?" The tact and good taste which dictated this pretty speech to an officer of "the Feet" are just what might be expected from a girl who is as charming as beautiful. But the lover replies that his fortune gives him no choice, stoutly adding, "So far as costume is concerned, I think that the combination of the British uniform with the garb of old Gaul makes the most striking dress in the armies of Europe." However, although she can say pert things, the young lady can also encourage her lover, for she has a soul equally above money and good sense. But the Earl's daughters are made to understand by their father that they must marry for money, and the haughty Lady Augusta accepts the *parvenu* Captain Daljorroch, who apparently agrees to pay off the Earl's debts in consideration of the honour; the lady going through the business of accepting her lover in the style of the villain in a melodrama, who gnashes his teeth, and says, "But I must dissemble"; Captain Daljorroch, who is described as a shrewd man of the world, behaving throughout like a perfect simpleton. Charlie, not being, like the Captain, a man of enormous wealth, is snubbed by the Earl, and goes off to join his regiment in India. The troop ship in which he sails appears on this occasion to have taken out a miscellaneous assortment of passengers, amongst others a Parsee merchant, and picks up by the way an Afghan prince in disguise, wandering about the ocean on a raft, who forthwith takes service as Charlie's bearer. But a still more wonderful incident is the pursuit of the vessel by a shark, which, regardless of the danger of getting caught in the screw, keeps in the wake of the steamer until caught by the sailors. Charlie joins his regiment just in time to take part in the Afghan campaign, the 72nd forming part of General Roberts's force which carried the position of the Peiwar Kotal, of which exploit we have here a new and perfectly original account. A writer the other day suggested that, if we would only take Herat, England would soon do a splendid trade in pistachio nuts; but our author here goes further, for he makes the officers of the 72nd enjoy "a jar of Cabul wine" for their evening meal, the wine "flavoured so like Madeira that you can scarcely know the difference." Why not, when you are about it, have made our gallant sailors take part in the affair, and describe the position of the Peiwar Kotal as carried by a bombardment of British gunboats? The Afghan prince lately cruising about the Arabian sea on a raft, and afterwards Charlie's runaway servant, now of course comes out strong; he is in and out of the British camp, like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once, suborning our Mussulman Sepoys by means of "mantras," which is as if one were to lead Dr. Cumming about by dangling a photograph of the Pope before him. In one sense our author is only too conventional, as when he says that "the artillery got ably into position at 3,000 yards range, and a terrible exchange of round shot and shell took place almost the entire day. But, singular to say, the attacking party met with scarcely a casualty; and during an eight hours' fire our artillery only paused at intervals to cool their guns." The advance of the 8th Foot is described as taking place:—

> Colours advanced and bayonets fixed—point over point, and flashing in the sun. Many rolled clattering down, killed or wounded, into the chasm. Pith helmets falling one way and rifles another—some retaining the latter with a tenacious grasp; but a wild cheer announced in a moment more that the place was won. For the attack had been made by the bayonet—the grand old British weapon that never fails.

As well describe a man driving a four-in-hand up Snowdon as a column marching up the Peiwar Kotal with bayonets fixed "point over point." As a matter of fact, not a bayonet was fixed on the occasion, nor was the position carried by that grand old weapon, for the excellent reason that the storming described never took place, the ridge having been abandoned by the Afghans before the 8th Foot got there. We believe it is correct to say that the gallant regiment did not sustain a single casualty on this occasion.

Charlie, who was with another part of the force, escapes unhurt from the scene of carnage to lose himself the next day, and in his efforts to find the British columns, he goes through a number of surprising adventures, in which a certain Afghan is always appearing ubiquitously, no matter where Charlie may be going, and is always getting shot by Charlie or knocked over by him, or trampled upon by Charlie's horse, yet always turning up in a ravine or nullah next day to take vengeance on Charlie, still wandering about in search of General Roberts's force. Imagine a person put down in Hyde Park and spending several days trying to find the Wellington statue, and you have some idea of the difficulty of finding Roberts's force in the Koorum Valley. But Afghans were not the only sources of danger in that country. An unmistakable sound of growling and crunching among the jungle was followed by the appearance of a couple of wolves rending a dead horse, a sight so appalling that Oliphant had scarcely need to put the spur to the animal he rode. Naturally, the episode made the wanderer more than ever anxious to see "the white tents of General Roberts's camp Indian wolves gorged with food being notoriously disposed to attack a man on horseback. But there are creatures more terrible than even wolves in those parts. As Charlie bivouacking out, "more than once the odious cry of the jackal rang out upon the night, and made him start and grasp his revolver." Had Charlie been stationed at Calcutta he would have had a bad time of it, for the jackals are much more common there than in Afghanistan. And, while the author is piling up horrors, it is a pity he did not say something about the rats and the fleas, both of which are more commonly met with in the Koorum Valley than jackals or even wolves. However, escaping both wolves and jackals, Charlie next morning is waylaid by a party of "Khels" as he is about to cross a ford, still in his search for Roberts's column. "'Rabbi 'lalamina,' exclaimed one"—of the Khels—"joyously, using that tremendous first word of the first chapter of the Koran," and proceeds with the others to take Charlie prisoner, first firing away several rounds of ammunition at him. Charlie, however, is rescued from death by Ferozoodeen Khan, the Afghan prince, late Charlie's bearer, and ex-navigator of the Arabian Sea, already referred to, who carries him off to his own home, and sets his two wives to wait on the visitor, as is the custom of Afghans. It only wants that the ladies should be described as driving about Cabul in a Victoria, and giving a five-o'clock drum, to make the tale a perfect picture of Afghan manners. And Charlie, who, although fresh from England, finds not the smallest difficulty in conversing in the Pushtoo language, is made furious love to by one of the wives, presently strangled by her husband—Charlie witnessing the murder calmly, and raising no difficulty. Eventually Charlie escapes from his prison, as was only to be expected, and at last does find his way to Roberts's camp, where his adventures naturally excite a good deal of astonishment. He has now been shot at, stabbed at, ridden at, ambushed at, and generally so hair-breadthly escaped, that it is hardly fair, when he does get back to Roberts's camp, to finish him off by the unromantic, if original process, of being trampled upon by a commissariat elephant gone "must." Not, however, that he is killed even now; Charlie has as many lives as a cat, or the Afghan prince above referred to, and although the "infuriated animal seized him up in his trunk and dashed him with violence to the ground, and . . . taking up the body of Charlie, who was quite senseless now, hurled it among a crowd of camp-followers," Charlie managed to get round, although considerably shaken, and returned home to find that the Lady Auriel had just married a certain Sir John Lennel, who appears to have been an excellent person and a kind husband, but whose interference made his visit to England disappointing to Charlie. If you are to go in for this sort of thing, it is as well to be amusing, which we cannot say we have found this book. On the whole, we prefer our old friend Baron Munchausen.

HISTORY OF RUSSIA.*

In spite of the recently awakened interest in the Russian Empire—an interest very genuine, if rather hostile—the ignorance as to Russian history is almost as general as ever. Every one can read French, and many people can read German, yet such standard books as the French translation of Karamsin, the great national historian, Schnitzler's *L'Empire des Tsars*, Rambaud's various works on Russian history, Bernhardi's *Geschichte Russlands*, and many more, are unknown names to ninety-nine out of every hundred cultivated Englishmen. Of course it may be said that laziness and disinclination to move out of a prescribed groove of reading are at the bottom of this ignorance; that to read a book in a foreign language, however familiar it may be, is always more of an effort than to glance over a work in one's native tongue. It is not so easy to take the sense in with half an eye, mental as well as physical, keeping up a conversation perhaps the while, on the comparative merits of the French and Dutch plays, on of the superiority of the new to the old Government. Then, again, many people's idea of studying history is to slide gently from one proper name to another, each of these names calling up the events connected with it. Thus a man may have his memory refreshed as to a certain episode by merely seeing "Elizabeth," "Essex," "Bacon," "Raleigh," before him on the page; but how if the names happen to be "Alexis," "Nicon," "Morozof"? Whatever we may choose to assign as the reason, the fact remains that the public are ignorant, and choose to be ignorant, of the history of Russia. Mr. Mackenzie Wallace has done his best to awaken an interest in its customs and institutions, and Mr. Ralston has given us an admirable account of the welding together of all the many elements until the Russian nation was formed; but there is still room for a short connected account of the Russians from the earliest times up to the present day, and this Mr. Gossip has endeavoured to supply in the little book before us. In some respects he has done his work well. He has taken great pains to have his facts correct, and he has sketched a plan for himself which, if he had carried it out, would have developed into an admirable history. Unfortunately it is easier to sketch plans than to execute them. There is a want of proportion in his way of treating his subjects that is fatal when he is dealing with things which are not perfectly familiar; and his facts, though correct in themselves, occasionally become, by a false relation with what has gone before, either dwarfed or exaggerated. For instance, he

* *History of Russia.* By R. Gossip, Author of "Turkey and Russia; their Races, History, and Wars." Glasgow and London: Collins & Sons.

devotes seven pages to the history of the first false Dmitri, while he is silent as to the great part played by the Lithuanian princes of the fourteenth century, in whose hands Kief, the mother of Russian cities, remained for four hundred years. He is diffuse about Ivan IV., as to whose existence English readers generally have some faint glimmerings of consciousness; but he rather alludes than refers to the struggle in which Ivan III. crushed the republican spirit of Novgorod, and put down the system of appanages which had been the ruin of the country since the days of Vladimir. Mr. Gossip is at his best when he is giving an account of institutions and reforms. These require to be stated clearly and briefly, and Mr. Gossip states them well. He has succeeded in conveying a just notion of Jaroslaf's laws and of Vladimir Monomachus's advice to his children. He has summed up in a few words the reforms of Alexander II., though it would have been better if the words had been shorter and easier for the "young students," for whom the book is specially written, to understand. In style, however, Mr. Gossip often fails. In his anxiety to be picturesque, he sometimes descends into personal details that could readily be spared in a book which aims at brevity. For instance, in the account (p. 199) of the revolution on the accession of Nicholas, he says:—"The noise of the artillery so frightened his wife, a daughter of the heroic Queen Louise of Prussia" (this is rather a curious antithesis), "that she contracted a nervous twitching of the face which endured through life." Fortunately this sad personal defect was not the only result of the conspiracy. Many of the men who suffered for their part in it were advocates of the new ideas of social regeneration and liberty, and their deaths only caused the opinions they had cherished to strike deeper root into the heart of new Russia.

Mr. Gossip also errs in the elaborately quaint expressions in which he sometimes indulges. He has a special fondness for the word "coy." In p. 35 he enlarges on the "coy denials" of Vladimir Monomachus, when pressed to be ruler over Russia; while he remarks in p. 79 that "the reluctance which Boris showed" (on a similar occasion) "was but a piece of coy dissimulation." This is as affected as it is untrue to fact. Boris's apparent disinclination to succeed his brother-in-law Feodor as Tsar was due to the policy which governed all his conduct. He was far too wise a man, and too cognizant of the temper of the people, to appear to grasp at a throne which should have belonged to the murdered Dmitri. He was well aware of the widespread belief that he himself was the murderer, and that there were also some who did not scruple to impute to him the death of Feodor also. So Boris bided his time, and rejected the prayers of the Patriarch, boyards, and citizens of Moscow, and not until the nation came forward and hailed him Tsar did he consent to wear the crown of Jaroslaf. In the instances we have quoted Mr. Gossip's affectation has given a false impression both of the men and of their time, but sometimes his archaisms are merely meaningless. To say (p. 97) that "when King Sigismund died he (Mikhail) conceited himself that he had found his chance," is bad English, but does not mislead as to facts. To disguise the death of Boris under the elegant phrase that he was "removed" is silly, but it is nothing more; but the remark about Peter II. (p. 140) that he "resiled from the marriage into the promise of which he now conceived himself to have been trepanned" is only to be understood by an ingenious process of guessing.

Mr. Gossip deserves great praise for the careful way in which he has collected his materials, and his statements of facts are, as we have before said, generally to be relied on. Only once or twice has he made a slip, and these slips are comparatively unimportant. In case, however, the book should run into a second edition, it may be as well to point them out, so that they can be corrected. In p. 30, after alluding to the murders committed by Sviatopolk, Vladimir's step-son, Mr. Gossip suddenly takes to calling him "Sviatoslaf," and does so four times in the same page. The confusion likely to arise from this is all the greater as Vladimir had a son Sviatoslaf, prince of the Drevlians, who was himself one of the victims of Sviatopolk. In p. 98 he remarks that "Alexis's minister Morozof induced the young Tsar to wed his wife's sister." Now Alexis was already married to Maria Ilinitchna when Morozof, who was a man of original views, decided that, instead of persistently plotting against the Tsarina, as had formerly been the custom of the Ministers, he would make himself one with the Tsar by becoming his brother-in-law. While speaking of Alexis we may observe that Mr. Gossip has made a most serious omission in his silence about the Patriarch Nicon and his reform of the liturgy. To be sure he gives a short sketch of the matter at the end of the book, but what would English readers think of a sketch of Charles I.'s reign in which there was no mention of Laud? Some reference should certainly be made to the struggle between the old and the new, though it need not be enlarged upon till the author comes to write about the Russian Church. Again, he is in error as to the attitude of the nobles in the question of the freedom of the serfs, raised by Alexander II. It is quite true that they looked on the measure with disfavour, and opposed it as long as they thought that their opposition had weight; but, at last, seeing that the cause of freedom would finally triumph, many of them gave in, and in 1857 the nobles in the provinces of Podolia, Kief, and Volhynia took the initiative, and offered to free the serfs belonging to them. Mr. Gossip is also a little hazy in his dates about the marriage of Catherine and Peter. He says (p. 119), "entering the palace as a mistress, she soon ruled it as a wife." Catherine did not marry Peter till six years after she first went to live with him, and the marriage was not avowed for four years after that, when her high-spirited conduct at the Pruth had gained her the admiration of the army. She was married privately, that is, in 1708, and was acknowledged Tsarina in 1712.

Mr. Gossip has a strange disinclination to mention female names. He reminds one indeed of the primitive men whom custom forbad to speak the name of any woman. In cases where it is more convenient, and certainly more interesting, to form a distinct conception of a lady, in which her name goes for a good deal, we are put off with such descriptions as, his "eldest son married a daughter of the Saxon Harold," "his wife, the sister of Boris," "his morganatic wife, a Polish lady." This is being "*la femme de son mari*" with a vengeance, and it may be questioned if notoriety of this sort would have been acceptable to these ladies. The reader with an inquiring mind is therefore left to hunt wearily till he can ascertain that Harold's daughter, wife of Vladimir Monomachus, was called Gytha, that Feodor's wife was named Irene, and that the morganatic wife of Constantine was Antonia, Princess of Lovicz, for whose sake he resigned the crown of Russia. If Mr. Gossip has reasons of his own for withholding this information, will he not append some tables for the benefit of those readers who find a joy in genealogy?

But all Mr. Gossip's sins and shortcomings are light compared with those in the matter of orthography. We have made a list of errors so long that, if they were all to be noticed, one article would hardly suffice to enumerate them. It is not that he does not spell the Russian names after this or that manner, that he puts two *ff*'s instead of one, or uses an *s* instead of a *c*. Russian orthography is very undecided in these respects, and a good deal of latitude may be allowed. But Mr. Gossip seems to be unacquainted with the rudiments of the Russian language, and consequently often makes nonsense of words which have a distinct meaning. For example, in p. 102, he says the Cossacks of the Dnieper "were joined spontaneously by their brethren the Zaporofskian Cossacks." Now this is nonsense, for the word which he renders Zaporofskian is really Zaporogian, signifying "beyond the *porogs* or cataracts of the Dnieper," where these Cossacks had a wide tract of land. In p. 44 he says the Tatars kept up the distinction of *Veliki Kneis*, or Grand Prince, when the Russian word for prince is spelt *kniaz*; in p. 91 he alludes to the part of Moscow called "*Bely-Gorod*, or the white town," misspelling the first word, which should be "Biel." There are other examples of the same kind, but we have not time to quote them. Many of the commonest names are also printed most carelessly, and without any definite plan. This may be the fault of the printer quite as much as of the author; but, however that may be, no book should be presented to the public in the condition of this one. In p. 40 "Riazan" is spelt "Raizan," in p. 46 Lake "Peipus" is called "Pepius," on p. 48 "Usbeck" is spoken of as "Usback," and in the next page "Bestujef Riumin" is transformed into "Riamin." In the reign of Elizabeth the Chancellor Bestujef Riumin is always alluded to as "Bestuchoff." In p. 61 "voievode" is written "voyrod," and in p. 69 the Tsarevitch is twice called "Tsarovitch." This of course comes from the usual English pronunciation, in which the "o" is made short, and there is therefore hardly any audible distinction between it and a short "e." In p. 93 Pojarsky, the liberator of Russia from the Poles, is spelt "Pojorsky," in p. 102 Dolgorouki is twice called Dalgorouki, and in p. 124 Lewenhaupt, the general, appears as Lewenhauft. Cheremetief is hardly recognizable as "Scherematoff," nor does Catherine II.'s native country fare much better as "Anhalt Zerbert." One regrets that the great Cossack Pougatchef should be introduced to "young students" under the disguise of "Pougateloff," nor is one disposed to abandon the final "p" of "Perekop" in favour of an "f." It is hardly necessary to increase the harshness of the Russian names by inserting more "r's," as Mr. Gossip has done in the case of Souvorof, whom he calls (p. 170) "Surwarroff." "Kinburn" is a very English name, so we must not be surprised if Mr. Gossip has twice written it as "Kilburn." The powerful Zoubof family might commit crimes undetected disguised as "Duboff," but we wonder that the great French financier should rest quietly in his grave and hear himself handed down to posterity as Thurgott. In the account of the conspiracy on the accession of Nicholas one victim is systematically spoken of as "Ryclieff," which after much thought we guessed to be a free translation of "Ryleef." The Polish Marquis Vielepolski has his second "e" changed into an "o"—Mr. Gossip is fond of "o's"—and in the very last page of the book we are overwhelmed with a crushing quotation from a German called "Fuerbach." Considering that people look upon any mistake in spelling their names as the most deadly of all insults, and considering also the present irritable state of mind of the Russians towards the English, it is quite lamentable to think how many additional enemies this short work will gain for us in the descendants of those gentlemen whose names have been so grievously maltreated.

AGUSTIN DE ROJAS.*

AGUSTIN DE ROJAS (or Roxas) was by nature and education a *picaro*. This personage, whom we are very loth to translate

* *El Viage Entretenido de Agustin de Roxas, natural de la villa de Madrid, con una exposicion de los nombres historicos y poeticos que no van declarados.* Quinta edicion, corregida y emendada segun el expurgatorio del año 1747. Con Licencia en Madrid. Por Don Benito Cano, año de 1793.

into "rogue," was the stock hero of the Spanish novels of the seventeenth century, and figured on the contemporary stage as buffoon. Like most of the characters of Spanish light literature, he was conventional, and early became fixed into a type which varied little, if at all, from first to last. The action has always been more interesting to the Spaniard than the actor. It is true that in the course of his career, which lasted some century or so in his native country, the *picaro* became bitter and cynical, rather than merely scampish, as he had been at first, the Inquisition and the Count Duke of Olivares working admirably together to sour men's humour; but at bottom the type varied little. The *picaro* remained very much what he had been on his first appearance, till Holy Church finally banished him, with Jews, heretics, and other unclean persons, into France and England. We know him as Gil Blas, Colonel Jack, Ferdinand Count Fathom, or even as Roderick Random, and are not tired of him yet, though he has ceased to excite any sympathy in his own country; but we regard him, very properly, as an ingenious puppet, invented for dramatic purposes rather than as a portrait of anything in life. He had his original, however. He must necessarily have answered to something in real life, or he would scarcely have met with the immediate and enthusiastic reception that he did. The best definition of him is that he was the Pizarro or Cortes of common life—a pushing fellow, resolved to see the world and make his fortune, and far from scrupulous how he did it; preferring to cheat, though able to fight at a pinch; not incapable, however, of friendship or gratitude, and endowed with a vast faculty for moralizing. When he has conquered his vulgar Mexico, he will build churches and live cleanly, if he does not parody the death of the other conqueror, and die murdered by his accomplices, or sadly serving his Majesty in the capacity of galley slave. In an age in which the pike and the pen were the only tools presented to the Spaniard's choice, the *picaro* had his representatives in letters as well as in arms, and the foremost of these was the author of the *Viage Entretenido*, the Amused and Amusing Journey.

Whether Agustin de Rojas ended his troubled career in the galleys is not known. His last appearance is in the character of lawyer and author of a work on the Good Republic, which the Inquisition put into the Index Expurgatorius, and posterity into the index of the unreadable. Before this fatal fall into dull respectability he had not only sown his wild oats, but written a history of the process. This work, the *Viage Entretenido*, appeared in 1603, and was several times reprinted in the course of the next ninety years. At the time of its publication, and apparently for some years before, the author was following the profession of actor, which in Spain in those days included that of playwright. Although he was barely six-and-twenty, he had already a vast vagabond experience. In his preface he asks whether even Guzman de Alfarache, who had issued from the press, some four years before, or Lazarillo de Tormes, the founder of the great *picaro* line, had had more masters or been in more scrapes than he. In unconsciously biblical language he declared that he had been more rolled about in the world than a wheel—the wheel he names being the familiar "azuda" or Moorish water-wheel of Toledo, elsewhere in Spain called a "noria." And if we are to trust his facts, the comparison is just. Though a gentleman by birth, an hidalgo free from stain of Jewish or Moorish blood, he was born in a condition which he has chosen to leave in obscurity. Like Lope de Vega or Sta Teresa, he was early urged by his roaming instincts to leave the quiet of home; but there were no officious relations to cross his wishes, and he began life as page to some other penniless hidalgo then trailing a pike in Flanders. The heroic days of the Low Country wars were over before Rojas came to serve in them. There was still fierce fighting to be done and plunder to be got, but they bore no proportion to the starving and shivering to be gone through. The pay was for ever in arrear, the commissariat was stupendously bad, the country produced no wine—frequently indeed there was nothing better to drink than the more liquid kinds of mud. By the age of seventeen the future actor had seen enough of war. He found his way back to Spain in the suite of some general officer, and betook himself to the kind of life which Spaniards call "living by miracle." The details of this life he gives in the most general possible manner, but he seems to have starved, robbed, begged, and been happy. Finally he drifted on to the stage, which had now become the El Dorado of young Spain. What time he can have found to learn anything but the ways of the world in the course of these few and busy years it is hard to see; but he had certainly picked up a good deal of the classical commonplace then fashionable in literature, some Latin, a great amount of undigested general information, and a remarkably terse and lively Castilian style. His Journey is full of "loas"—that is, long prologues written by himself to flatter the audience and put them in a good humour for the comedy. These prologues were to the old Spanish stage what the introductory farce is to ours, and Rojas's productions are perhaps the best specimens of their kind.

But if the *Viage Entretenido* contained nothing beyond the personal adventures of Agustin de Rojas, it might be left to sleep in peace with Marcos de Obragon or the Pícara Justina. It would certainly not be cited as an authority by every writer on the Spanish stage. Fortunately the inquiring spirit of the writer led him to collect all the information he could about his own profession, and the growing interest of the public in matters theatrical encouraged him to pour it all out in his book. The forms in which he has given it are singularly happy. Putting aside a certain amount of padding, consisting of episodes after the manner of the old gentleman Tom Jones met in the wood, and lumps of undigested guide-book about the various towns named in the course of the journey, which make excellent skip, the *Viage* may be divided into two equally interesting parts. In the first place there is the framework—the "amusing" conversations of the four actors, who are, so to speak, the heroes. Then there are the *loas*. The conversations are carried on by four persons; Rojas himself, and his friends Rios, Solano, and Ramirez, all known names of actors of that time, according to Nicholas Antonio. The great subject of their talk when they are not patiently undergoing instruction in history and geography from Rojas is naturally their own profession. The discussions are held as they are on the tramp from town to town in advance of the rest of the company; and the writer shows considerable skill in introducing his subjects appositely. The repetition, too, of the *loas* is generally suggested by some observation of one of the four interlocutors. A complaint of the lawless habits of the people of Seville, made by one of the four, reminds Rojas of a *loa* which he wrote to induce the playgoers of that city to pay at the door. This, it seems, the more high-spirited of them had been wont to consider a slavish submission, and they had accordingly preferred to force admittance, a custom which led to brawling and stabbing, for which the authorities held the players responsible.

The picture which *loas* and talk alike give of the actor's life is certainly not without its lights. We find occasional mention of their popularity with all classes of the Spanish people, made in a way that bears out the truth of Sancho Panza's statements when he was persuading his master not to rush into a conflict with the strolling players of the *auto sacramental*. They were very generally helped when ill luck or their own folly reduced them to begging on the tramp. When Rojas himself was attacked, stabbed, and left for dead in the streets of Seville by some fellow-actors to whom he had refused to give money out of the company's cash-box, he was an object of general sympathy to the whole city. When he recovered, the theatre was crowded with admirers who loudly applauded the *loa* in which he gave a history of his misfortune. But the chief pleasure of their life was derived from their own innate love of freedom and vagabondizing. Rios narrates with relish how he and Solano some years before, in consequence of certain previous adventures not detailed, had been compelled to shift for themselves on a sudden emergency; how at one village they had got good quarters by representing themselves as merchants, had collected entrance-money for a piece they were to give, and had then escaped, leaving an unsettled bill and an unsatisfied audience; and how at another place, having promised to perform the *auto* of Cain and Abel for food and lodging, Solano appeared, with a candle in his hand, as Dios Padre, in a sheet of the landlady's, stained with wine lees. This performance ended unfortunately. Rios, having to kill Solano, who doubled the parts of Abel and the Father, forgot his knife, and, trusting too much to the patience of a rustic audience, took off his beard for the purpose. Hereupon the "banks of galley slaves," as he styles the audience, rose in indignation, and the actors had to fly to escape a cudgelling. After much further wandering, and not a little starvation, they fell in with the strolling company of Martinazos, from whom they obtained food and work. This enterprising manager took advantage of their unlucky position to make them carry his wife in a queen's cradle when the fatigues of the road were too much for her, whereby he economized the hire of a mule.

Rios and Solano, who seem to have been the experienced veterans of the party, impart instruction as well as inspiriting tales of adventure to their younger friends. Solano, having had occasion to observe that he had been less even than *farándulero*, for he had been *bojiganga*, is called upon to explain. He then proceeds to set forth, in a speech which contains more information as to the inner life of the old Spanish stage than can anywhere else be found, that there are eight distinct forms of company, each having its recognized position in the theatrical world—namely, the *bululu*, *ñaque*, *gangarilla*, *cambaleo*, *garnacha*, *bojiganga*, *farándula*, and *compañia*. The description of these different societies is somewhat too wordy, and the distinctions are over-refined, but, on the whole, we find the names answering to really different forms of company. The *bululu* is a single stroller who has to fall back on the sacristan to help him through the little religious plays which were the greater part of his repertory. The *ñaque* is formed by two men strolling as Rios and Solano had done, from which it appears that the latter had been less even than *bojiganga*. It would be tedious to go through the other companies in detail, more particularly as the distinctions between them are often without a difference, and so we pass at once to the *cambaleo*. This company is marked off clearly from the lower ranks by the fact that one of its members is a woman. From the *cambaleo* we rise through the other companies, which rank according to the number of persons they contain and the proportion of women and boys taking women's parts, till we arrive at the full *compañia*, which is at the top of the tree. This, says Solano, must consist of sixteen persons who act, thirty who feed at the general expense, one who takes the money. "God only," adds the speaker, "knows how much he steals." These distinctions no longer exist in the Spanish theatrical world; they were obviously dying out when Rojas published the *Viage*, but some of the words are even now in use. An inferior actor is still, for instance, called a *farándulero*.

The adventures are narrated and the information given to a

running chorus of grumble. Nicholas Antonio, in the twenty lines or so of his Latin devoted to Rojas, says that "laboriosissimæ istius vitæ (the actor's to wit) conditionem domesticus testis in publicum produxit," and the continual complaints of the hardships they underwent made by all four speakers in the *Viage* bear him out. Not only is repeated mention made in the conversations of their hard work and hard fare, but in one of his *loas* Agustin himself declares that the life of a slave in Algiers was more supportable. The actor has to be up before the dawn writing and studying. All the morning he is rehearsing, all the afternoon performing; at night, when even the slave may rest, the less lucky actor may be summoned by some man in authority who must not be refused to come and amuse his guests. This last abuse rose to such a height that it had to be finally, not abolished, but limited by law. In another *loa*, the manager of a company, threatened with loss of custom by the sudden appearance of a rival troop, reminds the people that he had presented them with fifty-four new comedies and forty farces in the space of eighteen months. As these pieces were not only rehearsed and acted but written by the actors—whence Rojas's complaint about the studying and writing, and the manager's title of "author"—we can quite understand why Antonio describes their life as very laborious. Yet the attractions of its freedom and constant change proved strong enough to keep it filled with the most spirited youth of Spain during the latter half of the sixteenth and the whole of the seventeenth century. Of this popularity Agustin de Rojas was at once a proof and a cause.

CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS.*

AMONGST divers excellent rules laid down by the Master of the Rolls for those who undertake to edit State papers is one to the effect that in no case is the Preface, in explanation of the documents calendared, to exceed fifty pages without a written permission. We are glad that in this case the permission has been given. No one, not even a reviewer, can be expected to read every word in a volume of more than six hundred pages, which aims at giving an abstract of more than nineteen hundred State Papers, relating to such vast topics as our American colonies in the reign of Charles II., our colonial possessions in the same hemisphere as distinct from colonies, our West Indian colonies, and our possessions in Africa on the Gold Coast, in the West Indies, and elsewhere. A preface of eighty or more pages is indispensable to convey some outline of the numerous Orders in Council, formal proclamations, reports of Governors, petitions of oppressed individuals, and disputes with the French, Dutch, Spanish, and other nations. The directions of the Master of the Rolls for the treatment of every document strike us as judicious, and they have been faithfully observed. A mere abstract like the ordinary heading of a chapter, would have been tantalizing, deficient, and obscure. To reprint every paper *in extenso* would have been impossible. Accordingly, a middle course has been taken. Formal documents are cut down to a couple of lines. Letters relating to a single subject are catalogued, or rather are abstracted "as briefly as is consistent with correctness." But where they relate to a variety of subjects they have been so analysed that the student may carry away a correct notion of all the contents. Endorsements and dates and the number of the pages are recorded and striking expressions or proverbs are reproduced. And it will be at once admitted that such entries as a warrant to pay Edward Morgan 3,000*l.* to be employed for his Majesty's use in Jamaica, or a pass for Mr. Reid to transport a hundred horses to Barbadoes, are in themselves adequate and complete. But reports on the climate and soil of Jamaica, Acadia, and Barbadoes, as well as of the desperate valour shown by soldiers and colonists against the French and Dutch, or of devastating hurricanes and like calamities, demand a much larger space. And it may be fairly said that any one accustomed to deal with official documents will tell at a glance—to use the expression of the Master of the Rolls—not only what is contained, but what is not contained in the originals. A compiler or historian will know exactly what he may expect to find. He will not be sent wandering on fruitless voyages of discovery, and he will only go to the State Paper Office when it is incumbent on him to take nothing at second-hand. The index is methodical and copious, and far the greater portion refers to proper names, though after Jamaica, Boston, St. Christopher, and King Charles—to all of which whole columns are allotted—we have a little space given to such miscellaneous matters as venison, vegetables, bread, and fish.

Such compilations can be opened at any page of the six hundred with both profit and pleasure. Light will be thrown on the legislation, the social habits, the thoughts and expressions, and the spirit of enterprise and adventure that distinguished men of the seventeenth century. Society had just begun to recover from the convulsion of the great Civil War; and whatever may be thought of the manners and morals of the Restoration, this volume affords a convincing proof of the earnest attention which was given by the Councillors of Charles II. to Plantations and to Charters, to law and justice, to the management of the trade in silk, to the expansion of commerce, and even to the spread of Christianity. The monarch might be feeding his ducks, or toying with Lady Castlemaine and Madam Carwell; but such energetic men as the two Lords Willoughby were in succession governing Barbadoes; John Locke, as secretary to Lord Shaftesbury, was endorsing, annotating, and framing State Papers; and Robert Boyle, with some of the worthiest names in England to back him, was the first Governor of the Company for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England and the parts adjacent.

It is no easy task to convey in two or three columns a correct idea of old papers fully as interesting as the report of a modern Consul in Eastern Roumelia, or a despatch from a mission which had just succeeded in reaching Khoten and Yarkand. But we should be inclined generally to describe this bulky volume as follows. There are, first, Orders in Council sending out Governors, prescribing the course of legislation, defining the extent of executive authority, and giving directions for the redress of grievances. Then come the reports of Governors dilating on the beauty of the climate, on the abundance of provisions, fish, minerals, and other products, on the bad behaviour of evil-disposed persons, and on the insolent aggressions of the French. We have next petitions from individuals who crave pensions, complain of losses, suggest new and untried fields of enterprise, and indulge in speculations of boundless wealth. There are, besides, papers relating to the scale of salaries and allowances, perquisites, punishments, kidnapping, and other incidents certain to distinguish an age no less conspicuous for bravery and daring than for acts of favouritism, corruption, and downright rascality.

The Quaker, in this volume, seems to have fared no better at the hands of Royalists than, according to Macaulay, he fared at the hands of the Puritans. He had by the latter been "persecuted to the death in New England," and, after the Restoration, he was regarded "as the most despicable of fanatics." He objected to take the oath of supremacy, because his "conscience would not suffer him to swear to any proposition whatever." The consequence was that members of this sect were treated quite differently from ordinary Nonconformists. At Boston, eight-and-twenty Quakers were whipped cruelly "only for coming into that Government." Under another law, of the same town, three persons had their ears cut, and one woman, aged about sixty years, was also whipped. Under two other laws several more were imprisoned, fined, banished, and even put to death. No wonder that they appealed to England, and that the King directed that such persons should be sent home to be dealt with agreeably to their demerits and to "our laws." Once, a master of a ship was bold enough to certify that he had put ashore certain Quakers who had been sentenced to banishment in Barbadoes and Jamaica, "by reason of disasters that had befallen him since they came on board," and because he judged it contrary to the laws of England to transport men without their consent. But others of this sect were ordered to be transported to Jamaica by a warrant to the Lord Chief Justice, "on account of their more than ordinary insolence." Yet, on arrival at that colony they could only expect, as we read in the very next document, to be punished for not appearing in arms on muster days, and for refusing to take oaths or to serve as jurors; while they were also bound to contribute to all taxes, including those for churches and their incumbents. In a report from Governor Endicott, who approaches the King as "your poore Mephibosheth," these unfortunate sectaries are described as open blasphemers, open enemies to Government, and promoters of doctrines tending to subvert Church and State. On the other hand, we find that in New Hampshire, a certain Major Shadleigh was left to settle an unjust matter over which other Commissioners had "sat to no purpose." The writer of this document was of opinion that, though a Quaker and neither taking nor imposing oaths, Shadleigh was unfit for a Governor but quite fit for the employment he had in hand. The whole paragraph, with the acquisition of the title of major, is somewhat mysterious, though paralleled a little further on by Lord Willoughby's allusion to one Colonel Lewis Morris, a severe Quaker, who would astonish a Frenchman by his "thee and thou." The same Colonel is elsewhere described as an unfit man to negotiate with "so airy a people" as the Monsieurs, who would take his presence as no small affront. In Barbadoes the Governor, Sir Thomas Modyford, had thought it desirable to employ on some confidential mission to San Domingo a certain John Perrott, a noted Quaker, of good temper, skill, and knowledge in merchant affairs, whose great cunning, searching, and industrious spirit and loyalty to the King must beget confidence. This worthy gentleman was quite content, for his Majesty's service, to appear in a black satin suit with sword and belt, and to be called captain. This partly explains the titles of major and colonel in two preceding extracts, and is a slight set off against the whippings and imprisonments inflicted on a sect that hated episcopacy, and entertained singular views about diversions, forms of speech, dislike of oaths, postures, and dress.

Several of the extracts have reference to ebullitions of political feeling, and especially to the pursuit of two of the regicides, Whalley and Goffe, who figure in New England as Richardson and Stephenson. These two Hectors, as they are termed, were in 1661 daily "buzzing in the ears of the people about a change of Government." They had got the Marshal-General on their side, and though repeated orders were issued for their capture they always managed to elude pursuit. In vain did Governor Endi-

* *Calendar of State Papers: Colonial Series.—America and West Indies.* 1661–1668. Edited by W. Noel Sainsbury, of the Public Record Office. London: Longmans & Co.; Trübner & Co. Oxford: Parker & Co. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. Edinburgh: A. C. Black and Douglas & Foulis. Dublin: A. Thom. 1880.

cott issue instructions to the Governor of Connecticut, to the Deputy Governor of New Haven, to the Governor of Plymouth, to Peter Stuyvesant, Governor of the New Netherlands, and to divers other functionaries to have these rebels apprehended. In vain did one Dennis Scranton give information that they were hidden in the house of one Davenport, a minister in New Haven; that one Goodman Bishop of the town of Guildford, was able to give the like account; and that Deputy Leete knew quite as much. One John Crown—the name is curious in the pursuit of two regicides—had the audacity to depose that Governor Endicott himself had bade them heartily welcome to New England, and had expressed a wish that more such good men would come over. The two fugitives were even said to have been visited by the principal persons of the town, to have been held in great esteem for their piety and parts, and to have so preached and prayed as to be looked on as men come down from heaven. Of course the Governor denied these allegations as calumnies and trusted to have an opportunity of vindicating himself. Afterwards we are told that Whalley and Goffe were entertained and feasted in every place, though known to be traitors. Indeed, a strong feeling in favour of the Commonwealth seems to have animated these colonists, and to have been proof against every threat that councils and authorities could devise. Except that some cattle were subsequently taken and found to belong to these "arch traitors," we have no final report of the fate of Whalley and Goffe.

The questions of colonizing the Plantations and of kidnapping men to go there are so closely connected that we must treat them as one and the same. Constant petitions were presented to the King and Council on behalf of merchants and planters, who stated that young people were entrapped and spirited away. Lady Yarborough especially, complained that a poor boy had been stolen by spirits as they were termed, and she begged that outgoing ships might be searched. But there was a contrary account which said that evil-minded persons, taking advantage of this popular belief, enlisted voluntarily, received advances of clothes and money, and then pretended they had been carried away against their will. The remedy proposed was a registry of all passengers, and it was also urged that vagrants, rogues, felons not entitled to benefit of clergy, gipsies, and such like, should be transported to the Plantations to serve, according to their ages, for four or seven years. But this plan evidently did not answer, for we have other reports and memorials praying that well-disposed persons should be sent out, not as servants for a term, but on meat, drink, and wages. The example of the ancient Romans is quoted, for they despatched real colonists and "not your convict gaol birds or riotous persons, robbers before they are sent forth, and at best, idle, and only fit for the mines." In one aspect "Free-trade" is extravagantly lauded as the life of all colonies, but this advanced doctrine is mysteriously coupled with a wish to go to Guinea for negroes, who fetched at that time from 17*l.* to 19*l.* apiece. The pros and cons of colonization are set out with much exuberance of diction and in the style peculiar to men who were not unaware of grave physical obstacles to success. Newfoundland agreed with all God's creatures, except Jesuits and schismatics; it was the greatest nursery for seamen; and, when trade flourished, could bring in to the nation half a million a year. The inhabitants, however, sadly lacked a minister to christen, bury, and marry them, and they were living like so many brutes. Jamaica had the best building timber and stone in the whole world, and plenty of corn, potatoes, yams, plantains, hogs, fowls, cattle, horses, sheep, fish, turtle, and pasturage. The low grounds were feverish from June to Christmas, but the uplands and hills were as "healthful as Cotsall in England." This attractive Settlement, we regret to say, had for the Speaker of its Assembly a malicious, beggarly, debauched fellow, who, instead of correcting what was amiss in the old laws, attempted by violent discourses and contrivances to render the past Government oppressive and illegal. Barbadoes had been settled in 1625, and in ten years was brought to such perfection that it exported as many tons of goods as the famous Empires of Mexico and Peru. But it fell off afterwards. Boston was a place of incredible fruitfulness in mines, especially copper, and in fish, and could turn out better salt than France itself. Montserrat was very fertile and well re-settled; Nevis decayed, owing to the wars and hurricanes; St. Vincent, covered with wood and inhabited by Indians and Blacks; St. Lucien, unhealthy, the English who had planted it having nearly all died. We note in our days of rapid intercourse that on one occasion the *Rosebush*, a ship commanded by worthy John Browne, left Jamaica on the 10th of February and arrived in the Downs on the 12th of April following.

Several of the documents are entirely taken up with disputes as to boundaries and possession with the French and other nations, and the editor admits that the geography is intricate and confused. The accounts of fighting at Nevis are both animated and instructive. But we own to a partiality for trivial and petty incidents, for queer grievances, and for strange proposals emanating from individuals. Four thousand pounds of such worthless bread were sent over to Jamaica that in consequence it had to be given to cattle or thrown away. Anthony Langston, formerly an ensign in Prince Maurice's regiment, and afterwards fourteen years in Virginia, mysteriously informs Secretary Bennet that he was drinking at the "Dog" tavern, when a person came and invited him to engage in some design. One Waddington, in like manner, drinking at St. Michel's, Barbadoes, uttered treason in his cups, and was actually sentenced to death. As the petitioner expressed due contrition and his prayer was referred to Sir H. Bennet in England, we may hope that the capital sentence was remitted. Colonel Morgan complained that in a tedious passage to Barbadoes he had lost his eldest daughter, a lady of great beauty and virtues, and two more of his family, owing to a malign distemper, caused by the "nastiness of the passengers." A harsh law of Barbadoes condemned a fraudulent debtor to stand in the pillory and have his ears cut off. Sir T. Modyford, Governor of Jamaica, wrote home that old army officers, we presume men of the Commonwealth, from "strict saints had turned the most debauched devils." Four young men were scourged by the hangman through Edinburgh, burnt in the ear, and then sent to Barbadoes, for abusing James Scott, the minister of Ancrum, during the time of the sermon. Whether the insult was because the offenders revolted against unsound doctrine or the unreasonable length of the discourse does not appear. In a treaty made by Lord Willoughby with several of the "captains" of St. Vincent, whom we take to be the heads of Indian tribes, the following names occur, and they would have perplexed the late Fenimore Cooper. What would that author have made of Nicholas, Aloons, Rebura, Le Suroe, Nay, Wappiya, and the Grand Brabba? These savages appear to have caused less trouble about a treaty than the French at St. Kitts, who played fast and loose on their paroles and were full of quillets. We have no more space for these curiosities of official literature. This bulky instalment is hardly capable of much improvement; and, if it does not enable historians to indulge in the modern practice of alternately whitewashing and blackening eminent characters in history, it sheds a strong light on those national qualities of energy, perseverance, and fitness for supremacy which yielded up our American colonies only to our own flesh and blood, and which as a compensation for that loss gave us dominion over aliens in creed and colour in India.

TROUBLESOME DAUGHTERS.*

MRS. WALFORD, like many another novelist, has suffered from her very success. She began by writing a story that was as clever as it was short. Having made a hit, she was at once promoted to the ranks of those who, whenever they have a tale to tell, always take exactly three volumes in which to tell it. It is a dreary superstition, whether it is on the part of the reading public, or of the proprietors of circulating libraries, or of the publishers, which thus condemns a writer, because she has been clever and brief, to run a great risk of being long and tedious. We heartily wish that some Chancellor of the Exchequer might be found bold enough to put a heavy tax on the third volume of every novel and on the fifth act of every play. We are quite sure that, in the long run, it would be found to benefit authors, libraries, publishers, spectators, and readers alike. The relief to the unhappy critic would be almost beyond measure great if each story could thus be kept within moderate size. No one, we may take it for granted, really likes to be wearied. No one would rather skim three volumes than read steadily through one. It is indeed provoking to see how a writer of Mrs. Walford's cleverness injures her story from the necessity of swelling it out to orthodox proportions. Why could she not have been allowed to make *Troublesome Daughters* just one-third of its size? We are sure that, had she consulted her own inclinations, she would have set before her readers a much smaller and more homely banquet. She could with admirable skill have served up to them a nice little meal, but she is compelled by fashion or destiny to provide them with a monstrous bill of fare. There is in the story before us so much that is good that we are greatly vexed to find it hopelessly mixed up with so much that is bad. The heroine is as charming a young lady as we have come across for many a long day, and the hero is not unworthy of her. Was it likely, we ask Mrs. Walford, that two young people such as these would, as the result of a single misunderstanding, have been kept apart for more than five whole years? We will not be unreasonable. A love-story cannot of course run on quite smoothly. Things must be made for the first half of the book to go a little wrong, in order that the author may be able to fill up the second half by making them go altogether right. We would willingly allow Mrs. Walford, like Penelope, to weave a web solely with the intention of unravelling it. But there must be some limit to this. We have not in these modern days the patience of the suitors of old, and we expect that what used to take ten years shall now be done in one season. We have little doubt that once at least in the present story, if not twice, it was a sore trial to our author not to clear away all the difficulties, and to bring her story to the usual happy end. Even in the state of affairs at the close of the first volume a dozen pages or so would have been quite enough to enable an experienced writer to remove the misunderstanding and to reconcile the lovers. Who does not remember the delightful promptitude with which in the good old times, all on one day, news came of the death of a rich uncle or godfather, the hard heart of a father was softened, a hero became penitent, and a heroine forgiving, while a parson was found in the very nick of time? Captain Evelyn, our hero, had no doubt given our heroine, Miss Kate Newbattle, just cause of offence. He had shown that his standard of integrity was far below hers. But she need not, therefore, have at once burst a blood-vessel, in a lonely cave on a

* *Troublesome Daughters.* By L. B. Walford, Author of "Mr. Smith: a Part of His Life," "Pauline," "Cousins," &c. 3 vols. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1880.

wild sea-coast, with no house near at hand, and with the doctor a very long way off. She might have fainted. He would have run down to the shore and brought up a hat-full of water to dash on her face. She would have recovered consciousness, and in a faint voice have granted him that forgiveness which his contrition proved that he really deserved. We can well believe that Mrs. Walford would have liked only too well to give the story this happy and quick conclusion, had she not been troubled with that cry, hateful to all writers, of "more copy wanted."

We will forgive her, then, for thus letting slip her first chance of delivering both herself and her readers; but why did she allow herself to be talked over into not taking advantage of her next chance? Matters could not possibly have been in a fairer train than they were at the close of the second volume for bringing everything to the happiest conclusion. The heroine had not only recovered from her illness, but did not apparently show any weakness of the lungs. It was clear that she was not intended to go off in a decline, after the fashion of one large class of novels. The hero had been separated from her long enough to punish him for the error into which he had fallen. Matters were so arranged that his return to her home would have afforded a most dramatic scene. He had even fixed the very day on which he was to start, and she was awaiting him with the most forgiving of hearts. The reader, who knows that he has yet another whole volume before him, cannot imagine how the young people are any longer to be kept apart. In fact, he is almost convinced that the last part of the story must be given up to the narrative of their wedded life. When things are in this happy train, the hero gives credence to a miserable piece of slander against the heroine, and starts at once for the seat of some war in the East. For all that the reader can see, he might just as well at the end of the five years have started off to the seat of some other war in the West. We could more easily have forgiven Mrs. Walford for this most needless expansion of her story had she provided us with good company during the hero's absence. Many of her minor characters, however, are as vulgar as they are dull. We wish our female novelists would go to Miss Austen to learn how a lady, when she writes, should deal with vulgar characters. No one could be more utterly vulgar than John Thorpe in *Northanger Abbey*, and yet the description of him is altogether free from vulgarity. He is as mean a man as Mr. Pollaxfen of the story before us. His sister, Isabella, is as mean as Kate Newbattle's sisters, or as Captain Evelyn's mother; but the reader is never overwhelmed with a sense of their meanness. It is kept within due limits, and it is never for one moment used to swell out a volume. Not the least disagreeable character in *Troublesome Daughters* is a French governess; nor are the passages in which she is introduced at all relieved by her broken English or her bad French. Her accent, we are told, was Parisian; but her French, we boldly maintain, would disgrace even her Scotch pupils. It is not only that her accentuation is imperfect. It is not only that she says *assurement;* but she disregards her genders. One young lady she describes as being *une vrai Parisienne*, and another as being *décolleté*. She announces that she herself will be *prudent*, and she says that some one will "go chez Londres toute de suite." The author herself catches this Parisian lady's bad French, for she speaks of one of the characters as being "ami du famille." It is a pleasant contrast to such foolish writing as this when we are taken, as happily we are not unfrequently taken, among the peasantry of Galloway. Mrs. Walford is at her best when she is describing homely people—above all homely Scotch people. There is one great charm in the Scotch stories. The language that the people talk would seem to be still pure and undefiled. It has not yet fallen to the depths of that mongrel tongue in which many of our common people, and most of our novelists, delight. It can, we fear, hardly be the case that the peasantry in Scotland are free from the desire of using big words which are beyond their understanding. There are as yet, however, few signs of such words, if we may trust the stories in which their talk is introduced. None of the Scotch characters in Mrs. Walford's tales speak after the fashion in which we heard a driver of a country fly speak the other day. "I always," he said, "say the same argument, and I always shall say it. It is the farmers as needs to be rectified, and not the landlords." The poor man had this excuse, that for many years he had been, as he told us, a gentleman's servant. Likely enough he had picked up his big words from his master. It is not only, however, the contrast between the talk of the lower classes in the two countries that pleases us. We find a still greater and more pleasant contrast between Mrs. Walford's style as a writer and her style, so to say, as a speaker. Compared with many of her fellow-novelists, indeed, she stands well in point of composition; but yet we will venture to assert that she really writes better English when she is writing Scotch. Her humour, too, of which she has a fair share, has freer play in the dialect of Galloway than in the talk of society; while one or two of her pathetic touches are greatly heightened by the simplicity of the language in which they are given. An old Scotch farmer is drawn with great skill. The heroine at one time sought refuge in his house when her life at home had become more than she could bear. The farmer's daughter was a young lady of some learning, and the two girls in the evening would gaze on the stars through a telescope, and talk about the wonders of the heavens "till the farmer would aver that 'it bept a'' to hear them":—

> He would listen, at times, with his mouth wide open, and a lurking smile about the corners, betokening incredulity and amusement, not unmingled with derision,—but he never interfered. If bidden himself to come and have a peep, he dutifully obeyed, resting his hands on his knees, screwing up one eye, and feeling involuntarily for the trigger, as the attitude reminded him of fingering his ancient firelock; but he never could see what he was told he ought to see.

They tried to make him understand the relative sizes of Jupiter and our earth—"they always now talked of 'our Earth,' and wrote it with a large E." But the old man used to say, "it's beyont me. Na, na; I'm ower auld; I canna come Jupiter." They would try him again and again after that, but he had only one answer, "I'm ower auld; I canna come Jupiter." We are reminded of a story that we have heard of an old manufacturer who was present one day when his daughter was receiving a lesson in astronomy from a country schoolmaster. The old father rose up and said, "Why, schoolmaster, you don't mean to tell me that the earth turns round before the sun like a guse (goose) before the fire." Mrs. Comline, the farmer's wife, is even better drawn than her husband, and gives a great charm to the opening chapters, in which she plays a considerable part. She appears from time to time upon the scene, and is always welcomed by the reader, much as he would welcome the fresh breeze, should he on a summer evening pass out of the heated air of a crowded party. The heroine, too, we must not forget, is always charming. There is indeed much that is both wholesome and pleasant in *Troublesome Daughters;* but we must once more express our regret that it has been so greatly spoilt by being mixed with what is as vulgar as it is laboured and dull.

CLASSICAL SCHOOL BOOKS.*

OUT of an inviting batch of school classics we take first Mr. Skrine's Second Georgic, and here we realize how much Mr. Skrine has contrived to say about his author without long and stiff explanations, or elaborate parallelisms between Virgil and Lucretius. In his introduction he facilitates the young student's power of comprehension of a poet's design to treat, in heroics or blank verse, his fourfold theme of tillage, trees, cattle, and bees; he shows how Columella endorsed Virgil's form of treatment by his poetical book "on gardening" as a supplement; and elucidates the practical wisdom of Mæcenas's suggestion of the Georgics to the poet. Mr. Skrine has recalled us, briefly it is true, but perhaps more lovingly than most recent editors of the Georgics, to their author's art; and he has been very happy in noting both prefatorily and in his brief commentary the proofs of Virgil's hearty love of his subject:—

> In return [writes the editor] his *protégées* take him into confidence, and he learns how they think and feel; he sees the docile growths of the woodland exerting themselves to learn the lessons of civilization; he notes the wild tree that has received a fruitful graft wondering at the delightful transformation and preening herself in her new leafage and unfamiliar fruit; he has sympathy with the corn crops "taking heart" after a burst of rain, and even listens to the miserable boast of the chalk and tufa stone that no lands can match them in feeding and housing snakes.

A propos of this last allusion, indeed, it should be remembered that an observant scholar and naturalist, Mr. Blackmore, the author of *Lorna Doone*, dissents from Conington and authorities as far back and weighty as Servius, and will not be persuaded that "tophus" and "creta" can be nominatives to "negant." But one or two other examples cited in the foregoing quotation are no matter of doubt; as where the poet exalts the marvels of grafting and transplanting:—

> Tamen hæc quoque si quis
> Inserat aut scrobibus mandet mutata subactis
> Exuerint silvestrem animum, cultuque frequenti
> In quascunque voces artes haud tarda sequentur.—49–52.

And the scholar notes that, after once the wild spirit is put off, the trees will learn any lessons to which you invite them *as if they were alive and could hear you.* Similarly in v. 59, a little below at "Pomaque degenerant *sucos oblita priores*" is noted "a personifying touch," as Mr. Skrine remarks. "The Tree forgets its cunning as a craftsman might forget the trade secret of his family." There is a happy power of putting things about this editor, as seen in his note (66) on "Herculeaque arbos umbrosa coronæ," where, after stating the legend or myth about Pluto and Leucè, and Hercules's connexion with it, he points out that the tree is spoken of as if it belonged to the wreath, because the wreath "is the *raison d'être* of the tree, as we might say the yew was the tree of Robin Hood's long-bow." We counsel young readers to lay this book to heart, and read it lovingly in the coming tree-time. So will they realize better such touches of Virgil as the enumeration of the trees of spontaneous growth, which "campos et flumina late *Curva* tenent," "an artistic touch," says our annotator, "picturing a plain through which the river winds, traceable by the line of willows." See Blackmore's version, "Peopling the rivers and the mazy brook."

Mr. King has made, in his *Select Orations of Cicero*, a faultless selection of Cicero's most famous speeches; and we cannot be wrong

* *P. Vergili Maronis Georgicon. Liber Secundus.* By Rev. J. Skrine, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.
Select Orations of Cicero. With English Notes. By J. R. King, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Oriel. Oxford: Clarendon Press Series. 1880.
Introductory Latin Grammar. Leonard Schmitz, LL.D. London and Glasgow: Collins, Sons, & Co., Limited. 1880.
Euripides' Alcestis. With Introduction and Notes. By C. S. Jerram, M.A., late Scholar of Trinity College, Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press.
Xenophontis Memorabilia Socratis. With Notes and Introduction. By A. R. Cluer, B.A., Balliol College. Oxford: Macmillan & Co. 1880.
New Greek Delectus. By Henry Musgrave Wilkins, M.A., Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. London: Longman, Green, & Co. 1880.

in touching chiefly on his handling of the First Action against Gaius Verres, because it exhibits Cicero in the character of a public prosecutor, whereas that on the "Imperium Cnæi Pompeii" introduces us to a rather literary than legal speech in the region of politics, and the Pro-Archia is most attractive as a panegyric. The Ninth Philippic will repay the studious reader, and may well be studied in so clear a text, and with such succinct, helpful notes. Our own remarks will be confined to the strong arguments of one who, from his position as Curule Ædile, felt bound to give the people of Rome a different sort of show from that which it was the Ædile's function to give them, the exposure of flagrant and flagitious bribery conducted on a large scale, and by an abandoned and wealth-brazened criminal. It will be well for the reader to have recourse to Long's Verrine volume in the *Bibliotheca Classica*, which often sets sound counsel before us as to doubtful readings, and almost always gives the clearest accounts of legal words and terms. How Cicero thwarted the plots of this provincial "depeculator ærarii" and "prædo juris urbani" becomes amply plain as the oration nears its close, and it will strike the reader that never did orator hit on a happier occasion for stirring onslaught on wholesale corruption, than when all Italy was met at Rome for the triple object "comitiorum, ludorum, censendique," *i.e.* the registration. How well in c. 8 does he twit the "divisores," or bribe-distributors told off to distribute bribes in the several tribes, and mock the defendant as coming from "a first-rate school of distributors" (*disciplinâ*, denoting ironically the scope of the Verrine philosophy). In the tenth chapter and elsewhere *Junianum consilium* is described as a byword for a corrupt jury, taken from one presided over by C. Junius as Prætor in B.C. 74, which, at the trial of Oppianicus for attempting to poison Cluentius, acquitted the offenders by such open bribery that the phrase passed into a proverb. To so great a precision had the science of bribery progressed that in the thirteenth chapter "discoloribus signis" denotes "ceræ" of different colours, so that each man's vote might be traced home to him, and it might be seen that he had earned his bribe. In c. 14 we prefer Long's reading, "se avarissimi hominis cupiditati satisfacere posse, nocentissimæ victoriæ non posse," to Klotz and King's *nocentissumi*. This latter, as Long notes, is but a specious correction, simply needless. In the beginning of c. 15, "Cui loco" would appear to mean "For which topic." But, on the whole, the care evinced on this oration should be a guarantee and encouraging for going through the rest.

Dr. Schmitz's *Elementary Latin Grammar* deserves a longer word than we can spare of it, in such a grouping of school-books, for its excellent chapters on the irregularities of verbs, and the thoughtful and ingenious notes on such compounds of "eo" as "veneo" and "ambio." We can speak well, too, within its range and scope, of the appended syntax, *e.g.* § 137; the arrangement, for instance, of the syntax of the dative; and what the editor calls the free use of the genitive—*e.g.* "sceleris purus, solutus operum, &c." It is evident that in all these instances the Doctor's dicta are the result of philosophic inquiry out of proportion to the small work to which he has devoted his leisure.

Mr. Jerram's capital edition of the *Tablet of Cebes*, Lucian's *Vera Historia*, and the like, would be warranty for his thorough editing of so typical a play of Euripides as the *Alcestis*; and accordingly we find that he has neglected no point either of meet and full prefatory explanation, or of interpretative and searching commentary. Disinclined to accept the play as a purely satiric drama, he adduces proofs of its being at least a pro-satiric play, and wins our credence for the pitting of Death against Apollo as a fair dramatic resort by adducing dramatic impersonations of Kratos and Bia in Æschylus, and Death and the Fool in old English morality plays. Again, his ethical analysis of the character of Alcestis is excellent, and a just and reasonable clue in pp. xiii.-xiv. is offered to the reader whereby to understand how an Athenian audience would side with Admetus against Pheres in their altercation on the score of contempt for old age, and in the spirit of patriotism. In like manner the satiric character of Heracles is traced out and justified. Neither his gluttony nor his stupidity is without excuse, as will be seen by those who study this thoroughly practical preface. Turning to the commentary, we can bear witness to its exactitude and thoroughness. Basing itself on a thorough study of Bishop Monk's notes, a mine of sound scholarship which has given a good foundation to many elder scholars, it nowhere forgets to attach due weight to his time-honoured dicta of scholarship. It explains such passages as *χέρα τοξήρη φρουρεῖς ὁπλίσας* (35) by taking the adjective as proleptic with *ὁπλίσας* and comparing it with (385) *σκοτεινὸν ὄμμα μου βαρύνεται*, "my eye is weighed down in darkness," draws due attention to the monostich dialogue (38-63) between Death and Apollo, as appreciable by an Attic audience accustomed to legal word-fence, and parallels the sentiment in 59 by Cardinal Beaufort's passionate apostrophe to Death in Shakspeare's *Second Part of Henry VI.*, iii. 3. Good notes will be found on *κατάρξωμαι ξίφει* (74) and *χαίτα . . . τομαιος* (101), where, however, the reading *χαίτας τομαιως* is preferred. In 156, though *πᾶς* for *ὁπᾶς* is confessedly rare, we concur with the editor in accepting *πᾶσα πόλις* as "the whole city," *πόλις* here ranking as a proper noun. In 173, the transitive use of *ἄκλαυστος ἀστένακτος* is well illustrated from Od. iv. 493; and in 194, *οὔτις ἦν οὕτω κακός*, "none was so vile or mean," is instanced in proof of Euripides's sympathy with slaves; cf. *Med.* 54, *Orest.* 870, &c. *A propos* of suicide, the semi-chorus in 229-30 delivers itself of the sentiment *ἆρ' ἄξια σφαγᾶς τάδε, καὶ πλέον ἢ βρόχῳ δέρην οὐρανίῳ πελάσται*—*i.e.* enough to make one cut one's throat, and more than enough to make one hang oneself; and hereupon Mr. Jerram notes that, though in the *Helen*, 298, stabbing is reckoned more honourable than hanging, here there is no such distinction. He is clearly right, too, in discriminating in 238 the true meaning of *οὔποτε φήσω*, "I will ever maintain," as not *i.q.* "semper negabo," as it is taken here and at 198 by Monk and others.

We must turn now for a short space to Mr. Cluer's *Memorabilia Socratis* of Xenophon, designed by him to lead the self-educating student, with the due use of his lexicon, to familiarize himself with Greek idiom. Only in revision have the school editions of Kuhner and Breitenbach been consulted, while in derivations the teaching of Curtius has been followed discriminately. A preface strives to clear the credit of the so-called "Sophists" from the reproach of charlatanism and conceit, so wholesalely charged against Gorgias Hippias and the rest, and distinguishes between the position of the advanced Sophists and that of Socrates. This also includes a sketch of the trial and death of the latter, Xenophon as well as Plato having preserved his apologia. After this, and as introductory to the text of the first book, we have an essay on the Religious Beliefs of Socrates; the second is introduced by an essay on the Socrates of Xenophon; the third is prefaced by an account of the Cyrenaic and Cynic schools; and the fourth by another essay on the Dialectical method. The first shows Socrates as a religious man, given neither to scepticism nor to superstition, and careful to attend public religious ceremonies. The historian is eloquent concerning his conduct after Arginusæ, and rebuts the charges of his demoralizing the youth of Athens and inspiring contempt for law by citing examples of his life and conduct. He shows, too, how far he was responsible for the two leaders, Critias and Alcibiades, and the faults of their characters—to wit, in setting them an example of *αὐταρκεία* which they misconstrued and misused. One or two samples may be adduced out of the first pages of the practical usefulness of his cullings from Curtius and other annotators and grammarians—*e.g.* in p. 14 the note on *οἴκοι*; as a locative case—cf. *χαμαί*, humi, domi, Romæ (Romaï, old form), Corinthi, &c., *ibid.* p. 14, the note on *ὡς*, "on the ground that," or "because," and on the force of the verbal adjective *ποιητέα* and its meaning and uses, Greek and Latin. With regard to *μηδὲν τῶν τοιούτων οἰομένους δαιμόνιον*, in § 9, a good note shows that *μὴ* instead of *οὐ* has a subtlety which "escapes any English rendering. It implies here a sort of vagueness—a doubt that any one would really think that the future was in any way affected by Divine Providence. The finer shades of meaning may be best detected by carefully remembering the emphatic character of the other negative particle." Mr. Cluer's volume may be commended as a praiseworthy elucidation of *Xenophon's Memorabilia of Socrates*, of which it would be impossible to speak more at length within such limits.

In connexion with such sterling examples of Greek prose and poetry it should be enough to note Mr. Wilkins's work and delectus, based on a blending of Parry's Greek Grammar with Abbott and Mansfield's Primer, and Dr. Curtius's Accidence. This delectus is exemplary and systematic, and teaches *pari passu* accidence, syntax, and construing-practice, preserving throughout a consistent addiction to Attic Greek, and avoiding at once unusual words and irregular forms. As far as our examination goes, we should say that the teaching of the accidence is ably reconciled and well enunciated, whilst the examples are not wanting either in aptness or life. Take the twentieth miscellaneous passage, which runs as follows:—

> *Λαβὼν τίς ποτε παρά τινος τῶν γνωρίμων οἶνον χρηστὸν μὲν ὀλίγον δε, καὶ ἀκούσας ὅτι δεκαέτης ἐστί, "μικρὸς ἐστιν ὡς πολλῶν ἐτῶν" ἔφη.*

Turning to the note hereon we find *λαβὼν* is to be rendered "on receiving," and are referred to a note on *λαβομένη* extr. vi. above, anent *χρηστὸν—ὀλίγον τε* we are reminded that the former applies to quality, the latter to quantity. Anglicè, "It is very little of its age," is *i.q.* *μικρὸς ἐστιν ὡς πολλῶν ἐτῶν*, and an apt parallel is adduced from Captain Gronow's "Recollections." Lord —— was always praising his champagne for its great age, and offering it in very small glasses, when Foote, the actor, remarked, "It is very little of its age."

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MR. GLADSTONE'S ILLNESS.

THERE seems every reason to hope that Mr. GLADSTONE is not only out of all danger, but is steadily regaining health. The alarm, therefore, which the news of his illness awakened is at an end, and there may even be reason to rejoice that he has had a warning if he will but be warned. He has been greatly overtaxing his strength, considerable and unusual as his strength is. For some days he had shown signs of exhaustion, and was decidedly unwell on Friday evening. Undeterred by the premonitory symptoms which showed themselves with sufficient violence to impress any ordinary man of seventy, he insisted on going down to the House. Fortunately for him, as it happened, he found that the House had been counted out, and so could go quietly and with a good conscience to bed. It happened that this count-out was the cause of much angry feeling. Mr. ASHMEAD BARTLETT was to bring on one of the endless motions which deal with big subjects, but generally deal with them in a manner that awakens no interest and leads to no result. Those who habitually bring forward these motions are apt to be regarded as bores and enemies of Parliament. The defence of the House against bores is to keep away from the scene of boredom, and a count-out is recognized as the legitimate mode of escape. The Government on Friday night was represented by only one Under-Secretary, and it has been alleged that this Under-Secretary did not remain passive, but used very active measures to dissuade members who were proposing to attend from taking their seats. This, it must be owned, was a strong step on the part of the Under-Secretary. But this erring Under-Secretary may have the consolation of thinking that by a strange accident he has done more than any other man in England except Dr. ANDREW CLARK to save Mr. GLADSTONE's life. On Saturday Mr. GLADSTONE, though exceedingly unwell, was preparing to attend a Cabinet Council, when happily he was met by Dr. ANDREW CLARK, who peremptorily ordered him to go to bed. Very serious symptoms ensued, and there was good ground for the apprehensions that were keenly felt from one end of the kingdom to the other. Rest gave relief, the great physical powers of Mr. GLADSTONE asserted themselves, and when once the turn was taken there was no relapse. Dr. CLARK seems to think it even possible that Mr. GLADSTONE may appear in the House of Commons again this Session. It is very much to be hoped, though perhaps scarcely to be expected, that the experiment will not be tried. Mr. GLADSTONE loves work, and no doubt his devotion to the interests of the public is the mainspring of this passion for unremitting labour. But devotion to the interests of the public must be shown in different ways at different times, and at the present time Mr. GLADSTONE can best show this devotion by keeping quiet and trying not to kill himself. No doubt it would be a great sacrifice on Mr. GLADSTONE's part to abstain even for a single day from pervading Parliament with his unceasing energy, but sacrifices of some kind must occasionally be made. Mr. GLADSTONE can scarcely help feeling that the best return he can make to his countrymen for the generous sympathy they have shown in his illness, and for the abundant affection and esteem they have manifested, is to pay them the compliment of taking care of his health.

That Mr. GLADSTONE's illness would be watched with the keenest interest by the large masses of the population, both in London and the provinces, was a matter of course. He is as much the popular favourite as ever, and enjoys all the bad and good of an enthusiastic popularity. It has been said, and probably without exaggeration, that his illness has excited more general interest than any similar event since the illness of the PRINCE OF WALES. It was also a matter of course that every section of the Liberal party should testify its attachment to the leader who had done so much for it. The QUEEN, too, always does what it is her duty to do as head of the State, and displayed her accustomed anxiety to know every incident of an illness which seemed to put the life of one of the great servants of her Crown in danger. But what was really striking was the attitude of those who most warmly oppose Mr. GLADSTONE in public life and differ from him most widely. Whatever they may think of his sayings and doings, they honestly and cordially recognize his greatness. They feel proud of him just as Liberals, whose hearts are not perverted, feel proud of Lord BEACONSFIELD. This feeling is quite independent of political approval or disapproval. It springs from the satisfaction with which Englishmen recognize that their country can produce great men. Few people would say that Mr. GLADSTONE belongs to the type of wise far-seeing statesmen. No one with so much influence has ever inspired more doubts as to whether he is right in leading where he leads. But he is a Saul in the House of Commons. He is a head and shoulders taller intellectually than the people round him. He can speak as no one else can speak, and dominates by unquestionable eminence of mental gifts and by sheer force of character. He has played for so many years a leading part in English politics, that the history of our times seems written in his career. He has, too, the charm of being transparently sincere, and sincerity in a statesman has its charms which it is impossible to resist, even when common sense tells us that it is easiest to those who act on unconsidered impulse to seem especially sincere. But this honest recognition of greatness must be put to the credit of those who render it, as well as of those who awaken it. Lord BEACONSFIELD, whatever may be his failings, is singularly free from any tinge of petty ill-feeling, and although he could scarcely go himself, he sent his Achates to inquire at Mr. GLADSTONE's door. It is yet more significant to find in the list of inquirers the name of the Duke of BUCCLEUCH. If any one might be supposed to be naturally offended by Mr. GLADSTONE, it is Lord DALKEITH's father. It is an encouraging sign of the healthy state of English political life when both political parties can master all personal feeling, and, forgetting everything else, can remember only that a great Englishman lies in danger of death.

Mr. GLADSTONE's illness is attributable to overwork, and this overwork has arisen not so much from his holding the office of Prime Minister as from the mode in which he thinks proper to discharge the duties of his office. He is always present, always directing, always ready to answer, to defend, or criticize. Some additional work must necessarily be thrown on a Prime Minister who is also Chancellor of the Exchequer, but purely

financial work is so familiar to Mr. GLADSTONE and so palatable to him, that he would probably scarcely feel the extra burden which the Chancellorship of the Exchequer casts on him. When he last held office he was almost to the close of his Premiership only Prime Minister. But he worked as Prime Minister just as much and just in the same way as now. He takes the work, or at least shares the work, of every department and eclipses his colleagues as much as he eclipses ordinary members. In some respects this method of working the office of Prime Minister has its advantages. The Ministry gains in weight so far as at any given moment it is able to bring its greatest force to bear. The Opposition, too, finds pleasure in it; the greater members of the Opposition because they thus get to the end of things quickly and decisively; the lesser because they hope to shine by irritating, perplexing, or discountenancing the greatest adversary with whom they could have to deal. But the disadvantages are very serious. Mr. GLADSTONE's colleagues seem more of dummies than it is convenient they should seem, and one man cannot go on for ever doing the work of six. It will be very hard for Mr. GLADSTONE to abandon his method, for it is a method not adopted of set purpose, but because it is so thoroughly natural to him. He does not wish to make his colleagues dummies, nor does he distrust those whom he supersedes. But he loves debate, and feeling that he knows the right thing to say, according to his views, he obeys an irresistible impulse to say it. He feels so keen an interest in what is going on that he longs to make every passing shadow of his thoughts sweep over the field of discussion. But however his method may have been adopted hitherto, and whether it is in itself good or bad, it is a method which he must henceforth abandon if he wishes to do the greatest good to his country that he can do. For the real permanent incontestable duties of a Prime Minister there is every reason to hope he may have sufficient strength. He can guide the deliberations of the Cabinet and can exercise a general supervision and control over the conduct of debates and the proceedings of Parliament. He might also fulfil another function which at present he seems to consider as beyond his scope, and see that Ministerial measures are drafted with a decent amount of care and intelligence. But he must knock off something, and the easiest and best thing to knock off in his case is what is the extraneous and accidental work of a Prime Minister, a kind of work which he does not because he is Prime Minister, but because he is Mr. GLADSTONE.

AFGHANISTAN.

THE correction of General PRIMROSE's indiscreet statement has caused a certain feeling of relief; but the gravity of the actual disaster needs no exaggeration. A considerable force of English and Indian troops, after deliberately offering battle, has been defeated by an Afghan army in the open field, with the loss of half its numbers, of three guns, and of military reputation. One Radical writer at home finds by this time that he was premature in gloating over the assumed cowardice of the 66th Regiment in comparison with the native troops. It now appears that the Sepoys were the first to break; and it may well have happened that the small body of English infantry was unavoidably overpowered. The Artillery maintained the honour of their force at the cost of many valuable lives. It is possible that the General in command may be able to vindicate his character for prudence and skill; but no explanation has yet been offered of his alternate retreat and advance, or of his abandonment of a post which he had originally selected for its capability of defence. For the division of a small army of 4,000 or 5,000 into two widely separated bodies, while the enemy was approaching in far superior force, General PRIMROSE is responsible. It is surprising that the strength of AYOUB KHAN, and especially his possession of a powerful artillery, should have been ignored both at Candahar and at head-quarters. It appears that the superior range of the English guns was insufficient to counterbalance their inferiority in number. It is now certain that the difficulties of the march from Herat to Candahar had been greatly overrated, for the Afghan army must have advanced by roads practicable for artillery. Field-guns ought not to be formidable in a siege; but it is not at present known whether General PRIMROSE has on his part any heavy artillery. Just uneasiness has been caused by the statement that he has abandoned the defence of the line by withdrawing his troops into the citadel. If the account is true, the whole able-bodied population of Candahar will be added to the strength of the enemy, unless indeed AYOUB or his followers find it more desirable to sack the city than to seek the aid of the population. If the citadel is untenable for want of water, those who have occ[illegible] Candahar for several months must have been unaccoun[illegible] and culpably negligent. The hesitation of AYOUB KHAN to advance after the battle suggests the hope that he may not even commence the siege before the arrival of General PHAYRE, but the facts are at present imperfectly known.

Military authorities differ on the expediency of detaching a considerable force from Cabul to the scene of warfare; but Sir DONALD STEWART's own judgment, if he is acting on his own discretion, is entitled to confidence; and Sir F. ROBERTS has on many occasions proved his capacity for fighting. If he is really marching to Candahar, he will, it appears, be five weeks on the road; and long before the expiration of that time it may be hoped that General PHAYRE will have relieved the garrison. It is not known by whom the various movements are directed at head-quarters. The COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, though there has been war during nearly his whole term of office, has seldom been mentioned in records of military movements. He may or may not enjoy on the part of Lord RIPON the confidence which seems to have been withheld by Lord LYTTON. It is unfortunate that, if Sir FREDERICK HAINES is equal to the duties of his high office, he should never have found an opportunity of making his ability known to the world. The indifference to military qualifications which produced disastrous results in the old Afghan war, and which endangered the Empire at the beginning of the Indian Mutiny, is not wholly obsolete. On the whole, the administration of the army is probably improved; and both the English and the Indian Governments have shown commendable activity in the present crisis. Some professional critics have disputed the necessity of sending reinforcements from England; but it is better to err, if at all, on the safe side than to incur any risk which can be avoided. It may be desirable to convince the people in some of the provinces of India that the strength of the Government is not seriously impaired by the catastrophe in Western Afghanistan. The Indian Government is pushing forward troops in the direction of Candahar, and it may be hoped that if General STEWART's remaining force is insufficient, he will receive early reinforcements. It is possible that Sir F. ROBERTS may have been directed to proceed no further than Ghuznee, from which he might, as circumstances required, move either on Candahar or on Cabul. It can scarcely be true that the Government has taken this opportunity of evacuating Cabul.

The political consequences of the defeat cannot yet be fully ascertained; but it is more profitable to calculate the chances of the future than to inquire into the share which political parties or successive Ministers and Viceroys may have had in a policy which has not been fortunate. A fortnight ago all parties believed that it was in the discretion of the Government to relinquish or to retain a position which was not thought to be exposed to serious danger. Henceforth there may be no question of permanently occupying Candahar; and it is possible that when peace is re-established Quetta also will be abandoned. There might, until the present time, have been a question whether good faith required the maintenance of SHERE ALI in the government to which he had been definitively appointed by the late Viceroy. It is now certain that [illegible] no hold on the loyalty of the po[illegible]tion, and that he could not, even if he we[illegible] stored, secure the obedience of the city and province after the withdrawal of the English garrison. It would be absurdly unjustifiable to impose the rule of a nominee of the Indian Government on a population which has perhaps already been exposed without defence to plunder and oppression. If no further calamity occurs, a heavy price will have been paid for release from a political embarrassment. From the language which has been used on several occasions by Lord HARTINGTON it might be conjectured that the Government had determined on the ultimate abandonment of Candahar; but the question was so complicated that in the negotiations with ABDURRAHMAN Mr. GRIFFIN was not authorized to discuss any matter relating to Candahar or Herat. The only doubt

which now remains is whether the former kingdom of Dost Mahommed will be reunited, or whether it will for the present be divided into two or three principalities. It is impossible to overlook the contingency that Ayoub may be able to claim the two provincial capitals in virtue of the indisputable right of possession. It is also certain that he will aspire to the succession of the whole kingdom. It must be remembered that part of his force consists of regular troops from Cabul, who once belonged to the Ameer Shere Ali's army. Unless the superiority of the English arms is successfully reasserted, a march on Cabul may be thought more easy and more hopeful than the original advance from Herat to Candahar.

The accounts of the progress of negotiation with Abdurrahman are but partially satisfactory. Up to the date of the latest accounts, he had refused to visit the English head-quarters. As might have been expected, he affected no change of demeanour on the arrival of the news from Candahar; but he must be well aware that his relation with the Afghan people and with his English patrons is largely modified. There can be little doubt that if Ayoub retains his advantage he will be accepted as the national representative and hero. No other Afghan chief in the present generation has achieved so great a victory; and the destruction of the remnant of the British army by Akbar Khan forty years ago was not effected in open battle. On this ground it seems that Abdurrahman would best consult his own interest by cordially accepting the English alliance. In the probable event of the ultimate overthrow of Ayoub he will be relieved from a formidable competitor; and a prudent Afghan chief is likely to believe that the Indian Government will not easily acquiesce in defeat and failure. It is nevertheless unsafe to rely implicitly on any calculation as to the course which may be taken by an ambitious Afghan chief. His course will certainly be determined by the estimate which he may form of his own interest; but the grounds and the result of the calculation must be accurately known. It is probable that, by this time, emissaries from Ayoub have arrived in Abdurrahman's camp for the purpose of inducing him by promises and threats to join his fortunes with those of his kinsmen. It is not likely that one Barukzye chief would rely implicitly on the word of another; but Oriental diplomacy is rendered possible by the assumption that promises and pledges are not wholly worthless. Mr. Lepel Griffin and Sir Donald Stewart may be trusted not to err through rashness or excessive credulity, and perhaps they may succeed in convincing Abdurrahman that his best chance of retaining the rank of Ameer depends on English support. The risk of his consulting Russian interests appears never to have been seriously apprehended; and for the present no Russian interest is in any sense affected by the negotiations. The report that Russian officers accompany the arms of Ayoub Khan, is probably founded on mere conjecture.

THE IRISH DISTURBANCE BILL.

The debate on the Disturbance Bill in the House of Lords was, as usual on great occasions, weighty and instructive. Full justice was done to almost every point of view in which the Bill can be regarded. Lord Granville thought it expedient to depreciate as much as possible the practical importance of the Bill. It was, he said, a small administrative measure subject to great limitation both of area and of duration. Lord Emly, one of the most effective of his supporters, nevertheless complained that the Bill would operate over three or four times the extent of country to which it ought to have been confined. He also expressed his belief that protection would be afforded to only an insignificant fraction of the tenantry. Lord Derby objected with much force to the term of eighteen months during which evictions are to be prohibited. In his judgment it would have been sufficient to fix a term ending on 1st of next July. If the tendency of the Bill is minimized, and if its advocates think it is nevertheless unnecessarily stringent, it cannot have been worth while to violate for a trifling purpose the fundamental principle of respect for property. There is little doubt that Mr. Forster when he first thought of the suspension of rents was wholly unconscious of the gravity of the issue. No statesman of his ability and character would have intentionally risked the disruption of his party, and the alarm and irritation which his proposal has caused throughout the country, for the sake of an enactment which was only worthy to be placed as a clause in the Bill for the Relief of Irish Distress. The unpremeditated introduction of the measure accounts for the levity with which its provisions were altered and realtered. At one time a clause was offered by the Government which would have created a tenant right assumed to have a pecuniary value, which was nevertheless defeasible on the expiration of the statutory term. With equal carelessness the limit of exemption from disturbance was altered from 30*l.* to 45*l.* at the dictation of Mr. Parnell.

One of the most powerful speeches against the Bill was delivered by Lord Lansdowne, whose secession from the Government had been in itself an answer to the arguments which are used to extenuate the gravity of the Bill. A Liberal by birth, education, and conviction, standing while still young on the threshold of the Cabinet, would not have resigned office and opposed his friends and late colleagues if he had not in his capacity as an Irish landlord perceived the danger to be serious and immediate. Lord Grey had demonstrated the theoretical anomalies of the Bill. Lord Lansdowne showed that the general proposition was strictly applicable to the Ministerial scheme. Lord Waterford, another great Irish proprietor, impressed on the House of Lords with the force of evident earnestness the belief which he shares with almost all his threatened class, that the Bill would not only inflict great hardship, but directly encourage the communistic agitation which it is intended to conciliate or divert. Lord Granville's small administrative measure is regarded by Irish landlords as the signal and commencement of their ruin. The precedents which have been cited in support of a plain infringement of the rights of property are utterly inapplicable. The power of Parliament to expropriate owners for public objects is undoubted, though in every instance it is narrowly watched; but in all cases but the present compensation is provided. The landowner under the Disturbance Bill would bear the whole sacrifice which is supposed to be required for the public good. As Lord Derby significantly observed, the measure has been defended by arguments which would fundamentally affect the contracts between landlord and tenant in Great Britain as well as in Ireland. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre referred to the French law, which, in default of express stipulations, relieves the tenant in certain cases from his liability to rent. He inferred that English contracts, founded on an opposite custom, should be construed by the foreign law, or rather by a system of customary tenure which only prevails in the absence of express stipulation. The only tenable argument which might justify a vote in favour of the Bill was urged in the first part of his speech by Lord Derby, and afterwards answered by himself. He voted for the second reading only because the Ministers have declared that the Bill is necessary to enable them to maintain the peace of Ireland; yet he would have preferred that the Bill should not have been introduced; and he would not have voted for the present reading if it must have been passed or rejected in the form in which it was presented to the House of Lords. He was, therefore, prepared to move or support amendments which might perhaps have diminished the objections to the Bill; but would not, if the Government may be trusted, have enabled it to repress disorder. The Bill has from first to last been represented as the smallest measure by which discontent could be in any degree appeased. Lord Derby's suggested amendments, if they had been inserted in the Bill by the House of Lords, would possibly have been rejected by the Government and the House of Commons; and even if the Bill had passed in its altered shape, it would have been denounced by the agitators as a useless mockery of concession. The exposition of the difficulties with which a County Court judge would contend in administering the Act was highly characteristic of Lord Derby's habitual good sense; and of his unwillingness to draw a practical conclusion from sound arguments. As Lord Salisbury observed, the judge could not express his perplexity better than in Lord Derby's language. If he supported the Bill in reliance on the statements of the Government, he ought in consistency to have accepted it as a whole.

Lord Cairns's exhaustive speech completed the demolition of all the arguments for the Bill except Lord Derby's. It is still undeniable that the introduction of the measure has made the rejection of it in some degree dangerous. It is impossible, as Lord Derby added, to revert to the state

of affairs which existed only two months ago, but the Ministers are exclusively responsible for the discontent which may be provoked by the defeat of the Bill. They ought to have foreseen that it would be rejected by the House of Lords, though they could scarcely have apprehended so overwhelming a majority. The truth is that they blundered into erroneous legislation, and that they conducted it through all its stages with the same reckless imprudence. As Lord CAIRNS truly said, their statistics and their arguments were produced after the proposal which they purported to justify. The Duke of ARGYLL probably remembered the errors of his colleagues when he began his eloquent apology for the Bill with the admission that it was liable to many objections, both theoretical and practical. It was necessary either to defend it or to break up the Government, and the Duke of ARGYLL cannot be blamed for maintaining his loyalty to his party and his colleagues. He would nevertheless have refused his assent to the Bill, if he thought that it recognized a proprietary right in tenants, or that it extended the principle of the Act of 1870. It is not difficult to perceive that the Duke of ARGYLL will not concur in the wild measures which are recommended by politicians of the school of Mr. BAXTER; and it may be doubted whether, if he had not been a party to the policy of the Government, he would have supported the measure. The rift which has appeared in the Liberal party is certain to widen more or less slowly. The organ of the more revolutionary Radicals is not careful to maintain the reticence which represented the sincere convictions of Lord GRANVILLE and the LORD CHANCELLOR. The House of Lords is reproached with the sanction of the landlord's right to destroy a property created by "the equity of the Act of 1870" when the tenant has, by no fault of his own, failed to comply with the terms of his contract. Lord DERBY and the Duke of ARGYLL must incur the same censure, which indeed applies to the Government itself. By the admission of the promoters of the Bill, the property and the equity are to have no validity except for the next eighteen months. The zealous supporters of the measure, both in England and in Ireland, agree in Lord CAIRNS's explanation of the principle which it involves. The same ingenious commentator finds in the largeness of the majority a proof that it was influenced, not by argument, but by prejudice and passion. The fifty-one peers who voted for the Bill have no reason to fear any imputation founded on their numbers. Several of the Ministerial supporters hold office in or under the Government, while the remaining forty either preferred their party to their opinions or thought that the passage of the Bill would be the smaller of two evils. If the published analysis of the numbers is accurate, the Bill would have been thrown out by sixty-three Liberal votes to fifty-one if the Conservatives had abstained from taking part in the division. Two peers, created on the recommendation of Mr. GLADSTONE within a few weeks, voted against his Government. The Duke of BEDFORD, recently appointed Chairman of the Irish Land Commission, absented himself, perhaps because he may have thought it right not to commit himself to a doubtful scheme.

THE FRENCH DEPARTMENTAL ELECTIONS.

THE elections to the French Departmental Councils have ended in a decisive victory for the Republicans. At the next election of Senators the modification of the Second Chamber in a Republican direction is now assured. This result will rightly be interpreted, not merely as a demonstration in favour of the Republic, but as a demonstration—at all events a negative demonstration—in favour of the particular policy lately pursued by the Republic. It is plain that if the decrees against the religious orders had produced anything like the reaction which it was asserted they would produce, the elections to the Departmental Councils would have afforded an excellent opportunity of making this reaction felt. Republican councillors would not have been put in the place of Conservative councillors in one department after another in all parts of France. The elections to the Councils General are in some ways more significant than any other. Even a Republican may be tempted to consider the interests of the district in which he lives more than the interests of the country at large. Where the election is merely to a seat in a local body—a body charged with a vast number of concerns which touch the district very closely while they do not touch the country at all—it would not have been strange if regard for local interests had prevailed over political considerations, and the landowner or the manufacturer had been returned without reference to his politics. Just the contrary has happened. The one political function which a member of the Council General can expect to discharge has been the one on which the elections have turned. The voters have, so to speak, gone out of their way to parade their confidence in the present order of things, and they have done this at a moment when, according to some accounts, the tide was beginning to turn. The elections to the Councils General could not have been held at a more opportune moment. All the predictions of coming disaster to the Republican Government have been completely falsified by the event. The electors throughout a large part of France have had an opportunity of saying unmistakably whether the recent action of the Cabinet has in any way weakened their confidence in it, and they have used the opportunity in a most unmistakable way. The execution of the decrees against the Jesuits is still fresh in their minds; but when they go to the poll it is only to vote for a councillor who, when a senator has to be voted for, will vote for the Government candidate. Nothing can show more clearly that, whatever else the decrees against the religious orders may have done, they have not alienated the great body of the nation. That is still Republican; still disposed to trust M. GAMBETTA; still willing to accept M. DE FREYCINET or any other Prime Minister by whom it shall please him to make known his will. M. GAMBETTA has not made the blunder which some of his critics have attributed to him. He has not outraged an institution which the French nation holds dear. On the contrary, he has singled out for attack an institution for which the French nation taken as a whole cares nothing at all.

This result is not surprising. The crusade against the religious orders has its risks, but they are not of a kind to become patent at this time in an election. The religious orders, especially the orders engaged in education, have nothing to do with the nation at large. Their services are valued by the upper and middle classes; and this fact alone would account to some extent for the indifference with which they are regarded by the poor. It would be almost as reasonable to expect an English election to turn upon the suppression of clerical fellowships at Oxford and Cambridge as to expect universal suffrage in France to be seriously moved by the wrongs of the Jesuits. The French peasant cares about his *curé*, not in the sense of either specially loving or respecting him, but in the sense of putting a certain value on his services. He would not like to see the village church shut up or the parish placed under a virtual interdict. M. GAMBETTA has hitherto gone on the plan of pacifying the wolves by the occasional sacrifice of a baby. The irreconcilables and he have no common ground except such as is afforded by their ecclesiastical hates, and even here they cannot go very far together. M. GAMBETTA wants to stop short at the religious orders. He would like, if he could, to make himself the patron and protector of the secular clergy, because the secular clergy are a part of that general order of things which the peasant does not wish to see disturbed. Two difficulties stand in the way of his doing this. The first is that the secular clergy refuse to be won over. They insist on making common cause with the religious orders and treating the attack upon the Jesuits as an attack upon the Church itself. M. GAMBETTA has some right to consider this a hard stroke of fortune. It is known to everybody that the *curés* have no love for monks, that they grudge them the devotion they receive from rich ladies and the contributions they intercept on their way to the parish church. Whether these contributions would find their way to the parish churches if there were no monks to intercept them may perhaps be doubted. Religious benevolence sometimes requires the stimulus of a little excitement, and this is not easily extracted from the commonplace *curé* and the dull functions of a French village church. But the *curé* naturally lays the blame at the door of the religious orders, and when he hears of the new sanctuary lamp or the magnificent set of vestments which a wealthy parishioner has presented to the church of a neighbouring convent, he looks with natural soreness on the poor furniture of the parish altar and the dingy robes of the parish priest. But, then, if the Republican Government wanted to turn this jealousy

to useful account, they should not have contented themselves with attacking the religious orders. Such a measure taken by itself had nothing in it calculated to win over the parish priest to the Republic. It might be simply the forerunner of a general attack upon the clergy, in which case it would be clearly good policy for the clergy not to allow themselves to be beaten in detail. Had the Government done something to enlist the secular clergy on their side the case might have been different. They might have doubled the salaries of the worst-paid *curés* without doing more than giving means to live upon in comfort, and the offer of such a bait would probably have made a great, even if unconscious, change in the attitude of the clergy towards the civil power.

Here, however, comes in the second difficulty. The object of attacking the religious orders being to conciliate the Extreme Left, it was useless to accompany that attack by a measure which was certain to alienate them afresh. The whole strength of the Government would have been taxed to carry a proposal to increase the salaries of the *curés* through the Chamber of Deputies, and it might not have been sufficient for the work. If it had been carried the offence given to the Extreme Left would have been quite great enough to forfeit all the advantage that had been gained by the issue of the decrees. The Extreme Left are thoroughly logical upon this question. They recognize the substantial identity of the two classes of clergy, and they are anxious that if one suffers the other should be made to suffer with it. That the parochial clergy will not profit by the dissolution of the religious orders is not enough for the Extreme Left. Their desire is that the two should be involved in a common destruction, and they already show signs of demanding that the process begun with the religious orders should be extended, so far as the withdrawal of their pay is concerned, to the whole body of the French clergy. To judge from their previous action, they will be as hostile to a Government which refuses them this as they could have been to a Government which had refused to pay any attention to their earlier demands. M. GAMBETTA may still find that he has to choose between seriously alienating the great body of Frenchmen and breaking with the Radical Left.

SOUTH AFRICA.

THE recall of Sir BARTLE FRERE will cause little surprise, though the official statement of the reasons for recalling him is open to comment. It is not known, except from the statements of Lord KIMBERLEY and Lord HARTINGTON, that there is any present difference of opinion between the Government at home and the HIGH COMMISSIONER. He is really dismissed because the Ministers when they were in Opposition attacked the late Government for retaining his services after the Zulu war. There is little difference of opinion in England as to a policy on which in South Africa a directly contrary judgment is formed. It was unnecessary, and therefore wrong, to make war on CETEWAYO; but the colonists look rather to the unqualified success of Sir BARTLE FRERE's measures than to the questionable morality of an unprovoked war; or to the heavy losses and temporary discredit incurred by the Imperial troops. The Zulu power seems to be permanently broken; and, partly in consequence of acts which have been censured by two Ministries, and in a great degree through the influence due to his personal qualities and character, Sir BARTLE FRERE is more popular in the Cape Colony than any of his predecessors. If it is true that the present colonial Cabinet has depended on his support, no better proof could be given of the esteem in which he is held by a jealous and independent community. If the proposed disarmament of the Basutos causes another petty war in South Africa, the Home Government may perhaps refuse to allow the QUEEN's troops to take part in the contest. In this instance the Cape Colony has acted on its own discretion; and, although Sir BARTLE FRERE retains his popularity in South Africa, the Legislature and the Ministers are exclusively responsible for a policy which they have deliberately pursued. Some members of the minority which opposes disarmament avowedly regret the establishment of colonial independence or self-government, probably on the ground that a colony which controls its own policy forfeits to a certain extent its claim to the aid of the mother-country. It is probable that in South Africa the concession may have been premature; but with its consequences it is irrevocable. The English Ministry has informed the GOVERNOR that, while it disapproves of the plan of disarmament, it declines to interfere with a measure within the competence of the local Government. The missionaries in Basutoland, including several foreigners, and some philanthropists at home, have remonstrated against the alleged injustice to the natives. One of the missionaries, Mr. MABILLE, who seems to be a Frenchman, delayed the issue of the proclamation by refusing to translate or to print it; and some comment was caused by the consequent necessity of employing a printing office at Bloemfontein, in the Orange River Free State. It is not certain that the Basutos have risen in insurrection; but some arms which certain chiefs had surrendered were retaken, probably with their connivance, by a native band. According to the latest accounts, the Assembly had passed a vote of confidence in the Ministers with direct reference to the question of disarmament. Hopes are entertained that the Basutos will submit without serious difficulty.

Basutoland, though it borders on Natal, and is far from the provincial capital, was annexed by the then Government to the Cape Colony in 1871. It was therefore a part of the territory to which the Responsible Government Act, passed in 1872, applied. The scanty white population is represented in the Assembly; and the natives, though they have no votes, are bound by colonial legislation. In 1878 a Peace Preservation Act authorized the Government to require by proclamation the surrender of fire-arms by the natives in any part of the colony. The Fingoes, or some of them, have already been disarmed under the provisions of the Act; and, after the defeat and death of MOROSI, it was thought expedient to take the same course with the Basutos. Their goodwill has perhaps not been conciliated by the mutilation of the body of MOROSI, the gallant chief of one of their tribes. His head was cut off by a zealous surgeon, on the pretext that he wanted to include it in a collection of skulls made for scientific purposes. The Cape Government has perhaps no power to punish a singularly brutal outrage; but the missionaries and other friends of the natives regard the proceeding as an illustration of the temper in which disarmament is likely to be prosecuted. It is difficult to judge at a distance of the merits of a disputed policy. The colonial Ministers remark that there is no game in Basutoland, and that the natives are not in the habit of amusing themselves by shooting at a mark. They infer that the only use of guns must be to facilitate rebellion, though it seems possible that Basutoland might be invaded by neighbouring tribes. A spirited race may not unnaturally resent the deprivation of the means of defence or even of attack. The measure appears not to be intentionally unjust. The Peace Preservation Act provides for payment of compensation for arms surrendered, and the Legislature will from time to time supply the necessary funds. It is also proposed to raise and arm a local force of natives whose loyalty may, as it is thought, be secured by discipline and regular pay. There is a wide difference between the general possession of arms by a population accustomed to obey its indigenous chiefs and the organization of a native force under colonial officers. Notwithstanding Mr. GLADSTONE's indignant denunciation of the India Arms Act, the possession of weapons of war is not everywhere and always one of the rights of man. Probably the Cape Government is better qualified than the Colonial Office to judge of the real question whether the disarmament is likely to be accomplished without bloodshed.

Mr. SPRIGG, Colonial Secretary and Prime Minister, has published an elaborate speech in defence of the policy of his Government, which was delivered in the Assembly on the 2nd of June. The personal hits and repartees which it contains are at this distance neither interesting nor intelligible; but Mr. SPRIGG's statements and arguments are comprehensive and clear. The only reference to Sir BARTLE FRERE is a complaint that the Ministers "are stabbed from "behind by men in the colony who urge on the Government and people of England to bring pressure to bear "against the most high-minded Governor who ever set "foot in South Africa." At the Cape, as in England, stabbing behind probably means criticizing, or doing anything else which is unpleasant to the speaker. No pressure can easily be brought to bear on the Governor, because he is covered by the responsibility of his Ministers. That Sir BARTLE FRERE still retains the confidence of the Cape Parliament is probably regarded by his assailants at

home as an additional offence. In the Zulu war Sir Bartle Frere exercised independent authority as High Commissioner. The Governor of the Cape has no power to prevent his advisers from carrying through Parliament any law affecting the whole or part of the colonial population. A great part of Mr. Sprigg's speech is directed to the laudable object of proving, not so much that his proclamation was politic, as that it was legal and constitutional. It seems to be fully authorized in point of form by the Peace Preservation Act; and the sanction of Parliament, which has since been given, is a guarantee for the vague quality of constitutional soundness. The former Ministers of the colony were in the habit of issuing licences to natives to purchase each a gun and a certain quantity of powder; and a large portion of the wages which were earned by temporary immigrants was received in the form of firearms. Many of the rifles which were used by the Zulus in the late war were obtained in a similar manner, in payment of wages for labour in the diamond fields. It is of course impossible to ascertain whether the guns sold to Fingoes or Basutos are still in the hands of the original purchasers, who may in some cases have sold them to members of other tribes. According to Mr. Sprigg, there is no contraband importation of firearms on the Western coast, but traders in the colony, as in all similar cases, probably violate the law for the sake of profit. It is only far in the interior of the continent that arms can be wanted for the legitimate purposes of hunting wild animals. The Colonial Government has probably no means of controlling the traffic with Delagoa Bay. The Portuguese Legislature has, within a few weeks, vexatiously refused to confirm a treaty by which the South African provinces would have secured a convenient outlet to the sea; but the Basutos are not likely to have intercourse with the coast.

The Parliament of the Cape, probably in accordance with the opinion of the constituencies, rejected the scheme of federation on the ground of unwillingness to share in the risk and burden of native wars to which the smaller neighbouring provinces were more immediately exposed. It is remarkable that the first alarm of possible insurrection should arise within the limits of the Cape Colony. If hostilities should occur they may probably spread, with the result of compelling the Imperial Government to undertake the defence of the Crown colonies. As long as the contest is confined to Basutoland, the Cape Government ought to be capable of dealing with a war of its own seeking. The community of interest of the South African settlements is proved by Mr. Sprigg's statement that it would not have been prudent to undertake the disarmament of the Basutos while the Zulu war was impending or during its continuance. It will, nevertheless, be for a long time useless to revive the scheme of federation; and it is especially undesirable that the Government at home should associate itself with a measure in which it will be supposed to have a selfish interest. A desire for union, suggested by local needs, would be more likely to receive favourable consideration; and it must be remembered that, although the United States and Canada furnish precedents of successful federation, there are other possible forms of union. The Cape Colony might perhaps hereafter be willing to extend its own dominions, though it declines a position on equal terms with less powerful communities. If annexation were effected, it would matter little whether it took the simplest form or the more complicated shape of a cluster of provinces united by a federal bond.

ALSACE-LORRAINE.

THE anonymous writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* who a short time ago opened his attack on the German administration of Alsace-Lorraine, has now completed his labours, and, in a very long and elaborate article, has said all that he could possibly find to say against the spoilers of French territory. He has studied and thought over his subject sufficiently to make all he says well worth considering; but he is so studiously partial, so persistently one-sided, that it is impossible to know when it is safe to follow him. The main point which he endeavours to demonstrate is that the inhabitants of the conquered province hate the Germans, will always hate them, and must always hate them. The Germans, no doubt, comforted themselves when they took possession of Alsace for military purposes by thinking that the Alsatians at any rate were fellow-countrymen of their own, and that they would be welcomed by those whom they were winning back into the bosom of their Fatherland. In this hope they have been disappointed. The Alsatians had got thoroughly accustomed to French rule. They did not feel so much that they were ruled by France as that they were incorporated with it. They were not one of the oppressed nationalities which yearn for deliverance by foreign aid. To them when the transfer of their political allegiance took place the French, who had once taken forcible possession of their territory, were friends and fellow-countrymen, and the Germans who had now forcibly recovered their territory were strangers and aliens. A French writer is quite entitled to express a patriotic pride when he finds that France has this gift of attracting and assimilating a foreign element. It must be to him a legitimate source of satisfaction that the Alsatians, although torn from France, have keenly regretted the separation. It is also highly probable that the inhabitants of the conquered provinces have more to bear than that blow to the feelings which a constrained change of country carries with it. They are said to be grievously bored and worried by the German officials who have come to reside among them, and it may safely be said that, to be grievously bored and worried by the unfamiliar presence of German officials is natural to the human mind. Then they pay more taxes than they used to do, and as the flow of their business is now towards a poorer country than France, they are not so well off as they used to be. But if these provinces were to be held by Germany at all, it is not easy to see how their inhabitants could have been treated better than they have been treated recently. Their anonymous friend does not deny that the German Government has made very considerable efforts to conciliate them, but he contends that these efforts have been, and must necessarily be, in vain; and he even goes so far as to suspect that these measures of conciliation were meant to fail, and were devised by Prince Bismarck with the dark design of proving that nothing can really succeed in Alsace-Lorraine except the institution of a Government on the pure Prussian model.

Marshal Manteuffel is now the Governor of Alsace-Lorraine. In the early part of last year it was decided to confer on the provinces a certain amount of independence. More particularly the number and powers of the Council were enlarged, so as to make it a sort of Parliament. The members are elected, and they are supposed to enjoy freedom of debate, and may regulate local affairs and local expenditure. This is called autonomy, and to grant so much was taken as a great concession to the party in the provinces known as Autonomists. Over this system of autonomy the Marshal was called, much against his will, to preside, by the express commands of the Emperor. In a country of officialism he is known as the most benign of officials; he has long enjoyed a special intimacy with the Emperor, and is said to be one of the few German statesmen who disapproved of the annexation of the provinces. In the discharge of his new duties he has shown himself, as the anonymous writer admits, courteous, equitable, and persuasive. It is indeed part of the writer's argument that, if such a governor could not conciliate the inhabitants of the provinces, then it follows that no one could. The Marshal and the Parliament find themselves perpetually hampered by the arrogant interference of the higher Prussian officials, and especially by the interference of Herr Herzog, the Secretary of State, who is represented as the chief instrument of the deep-laid plot by which Prince Bismarck intends to demonstrate the futility of autonomy. It is remarkable that the writer entirely omits to notice that some weeks ago Herr Herzog was recalled, and such an omission naturally suggests that the writer is one of those authors who, like Vertot, compose their history of a siege first, and find facts for it afterwards. But even the main point to be demonstrated, that autonomy has failed, is left in a very inconclusive state. The writer bitterly complains of the autonomists, whom he treats as false patriots ensnaring the people into a despicable forgetfulness of France. But he has to acknowledge that they are a powerful party, that they and even those of other parties who were returned to the Parliament took the oath of

allegiance to the EMPEROR, and that the Parliament has shown so much independence as to have evoked the threatening criticism of the officials. The Bishop of STRASBURG, too, appears to be working in harmony with the Government, which it is said shows he must be a very weak man. He may or may not be a weak man; but, at any rate, he works in harmony with the Government, and it is impossible to read this voluminous description of the present state of things in Alsace-Lorraine without a suspicion that the writer is in his heart afraid that the experiment of autonomy is succeeding rather better than he could wish, and that he occasionally paints the Alsatians as feeling what as a Frenchman he thinks they ought to feel rather than as feeling what an impartial inquirer would ascertain that they do feel.

Nothing is more difficult than to learn how a whole people feel not habitually and by tradition, but at any given moment when causes of change have begun to operate, and not as they express those feelings by acts, but as they feel in the recesses of their hearts. But when we come across such wonderful statements as that the young peasant women of Alsace now decline to marry and are willing to die old maids because they miss in their lovers that polish which mixing with the French army used to put on them, we are entitled to pause and to ask whether young Alsatian peasant women can be so different from other young women with whom we are acquainted? It may be remarked, too, that this notion of some wonderful polish imparted to Alsatians by intercourse with France, a notion to which the writer gives constant expression, is something quite new in French literature, and must seem the oddest of novelties to the readers of BALZAC. There are many precious things the worth of which is never recognized until they are lost, and while France held Alsace, without a thought of losing it, her lively writers used to speak of the Alsatians rather as quaint but useful boors, than as men who won the love of women by a borrowed exquisiteness of refinement. Then, again, the writer is bitterly contemptuous in relating how the MARSHAL on one occasion reminded his hearers that their lot had been cast for them, and suggested that the wisest thing they could do was to bow to the decrees of Providence. The writer is conscious of a decisive superiority on this head, and assures the Alsatians that he knows much more about the decrees of Providence than the MARSHAL does. It is quite true that Providence decreed that Alsace-Lorraine should be annexed to Germany; but then Providence decreed this not for the good of Germany, but that Germany might be punished and ruined by getting its foolish wishes granted. The writer evidently says this with perfect honesty and sincerity. His belief is that the possession of Alsace-Lorraine will be fatal to Germany. He does not look forward to, or desire, a war of revenge. It is not by retaking Metz and Strasburg that France will reconquer the lost provinces. It is peace, not war, that will bring the accomplishment of her desires. Having to defend Alsace-Lorraine, and being perpetually confronted with the enormous army which France has now organized, Germany will be obliged to keep on foot a much larger army than she can pay for without seriously crippling her resources. France is rich, and is growing richer every day, and can bear with ease the burden of her military expenditure. Germany is poor, and is said to be growing poorer, and every day feels more and more the strain which her army puts on her. France will ruin Germany just as a great man can ruin a lesser man who vies with him in keeping up a magnificent establishment. Prince BISMARCK, it is said, is fully alive to the certainty of this catastrophe, and the writer alleges that he had a great scheme of general disarmament in which he was supported by the late English Ministry, which would have checkmated the hopes of France, and which was only frustrated by the issue of the English elections. We have no means of saying whether this is true or not, but, if it is true, there is an irony of fate in Mr. BRIGHT having laboured so hard and so successfully with the result of having made a reduction of the bloated armaments of Europe impossible. But the speculations of the writer deserve serious attention when they refer not to England or Germany, as to which he does not seem to know much, or to the affairs of Alsace-Lorraine, which he seems to look at through coloured glasses, but to France, where he is very much at home. That France has only to keep quite quiet, avoiding everything like adventure and husbanding every penny she can save, in order to wear out Germany, is the conviction of a large number of influential Frenchmen, and affords a clue to much that might otherwise seem ambiguous in French foreign policy.

THE EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY BILL.

THE progress of the Employers' Liability Bill was delayed on Wednesday by a curious combination of over-ardent friends. Mr. SAMUEL MORLEY moved an amendment which Mr. DODSON refused to accept, and which was consequently rejected. But it was not rejected until a great number of speeches had been made in support of it. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL gave the House the benefit of his careful study of the "literature relating to the subject." Mr. CLARKE declined to leave the interests of the working-men to the half-hearted care of the Government. Mr. GORST, undeterred by misconception and misrepresentation, insisted on rendering assistance to Ministers in getting the Bill through Parliament, and thought that the best form his help could take would be to press them to eat their own words. The Liberal benches yielded an equally zealous list of advisers. Mr. BRYCE hinted that without such an amendment as Mr. MORLEY's the Bill would be worthless. Mr. BROADHURST could not ask less for the workman than stout Conservatives declared themselves prepared to give him. With all this possibly unexpected backing, Mr. MORLEY found it impossible to give way. As the discussion went on it became clear that if the amendment were carried the position of the Government in regard to the Bill would be very seriously compromised. They have all along maintained that their object is to do a particular thing, and that this particular thing is not open to the objections which employers have brought against the Bill. Had Mr. MORLEY's amendment been carried the Bill would have done something quite different, and the scarcely lulled hostility of employers would again have blazed out. Opposition members are not bound to know this, and Mr. MORLEY's success would not perhaps have been less agreeable to them if it had led to the addition of one more failure to the Ministerial list. Liberal members, however, might have been expected to foresee this consequence more clearly, and to have resisted the infection of Conservative ingenuousness. How after so much show of support Mr. MORLEY's amendment was ultimately defeated is not very evident; but it is not impossible that its author was as well satisfied with the result as any one else.

The purport of Mr. MORLEY's amendment will be variously viewed according as the determination of the Government to limit the operation of the Bill to cases in which employers may be said to have indirectly contributed to the negligence out of which the liability has sprung. Mr. MORLEY proposed to include among the cases in which the employer should be liable, those in which an accident is caused by "the negligence of any "person in the service of the employer, engaged in a "branch or department of such service, separate and "distinct from that in which the workman was engaged." The argument in favour of this extension of the employer's liability is that, though workmen employed together can watch one another, and so, if they choose, guard against the consequences of each other's negligence, this is impossible when the workmen are employed in different branches of one large concern. In the case of a powder mill, for example, a workman who sees another lighting a match near a magazine has only himself to blame if he does not bring so dangerous a breach of rules to the knowledge of the foreman and have the offender dismissed. But supposing that the match is lighted in one department of the mill, and a man at work in another department is killed by the consequent explosion, what opportunity has there been for mutual watchfulness? The man who is killed may never have seen the man whose recklessness has caused his death; he may not even know that such a man is employed in the mill. Consequently, it is urged, as the reason for maintaining the exception of common employment falls to the ground, the exception itself ought to follow. This reasoning is sound up to a certain point. It establishes a distinction between the case for which it proposes to legislate, and ordinary cases in which the plea of common employment is supposed to exempt an employer from liability. This, however, is all that it does. It does

not disprove the need for maintaining the doctrine of common employment, it only shows that a justification for this doctrine which was supposed to cover all the cases that could be quoted only covers a part of them. The ground on which we have always defended the Government Bill is that it is neither just nor expedient to fine employers for accidents to which they have neither directly nor indirectly contributed. The object of fining them is to make them more careful for the future, but unless they have the choice of being careful or careless no amount of fines can possibly have this effect. Now the principal way in which an employer can contribute to the negligence of those employed in his works is by carelessness in the choice of agents. He does not and cannot choose his workmen; but he can and often does choose his foremen, and his caution in making this choice may be greatly stimulated by the knowledge that he is liable to his workmen for any injury they may sustain through the carelessness of these foremen. This is an intelligible line to draw; but if the Bill were extended as Mr. MORLEY proposed, it would be no longer drawn. The employer has no more control over the negligence of any person in his service engaged in a branch distinct from that in which the injured workman was engaged than he has over the negligence of a person employed in the same branch with that in which the injured workman was engaged. He has had nothing to do with hiring him, and if he is held liable to-day for some act of carelessness on his part it will not in the least help him to become more careful to-morrow.

What, then, is the ground on which it can be held just to impose on employers a liability for the negligence of men whom they do not choose in the first instance, and over whose acts they have ordinarily no control? We can see none, except that general assumption that he should pay who has the money which seems, we are sorry to say, to underlie most of the arguments in favour of abolishing the plea of common employment. In the case which has been already supposed—that of a man killed by an explosion in a powder-mill, this explosion itself being caused by the negligence of a workman employed half a mile off, of whom, and of whose manner of working, the victim knew absolutely nothing—why should the employer be held accountable? If the explosion were caused by any carelessness on the part of a foreman, the reason for holding the employer liable would be obvious enough. The employer would have chosen the foreman, and if he has not thought it worth while to see that his qualifications included the degree of carefulness that can be trusted to prevent accidents, he is justly held responsible for the injury which that carelessness has caused. In the case supposed by Mr. MORLEY the employer has not been careless. He has taken pains to appoint really careful agents; but the accident has been caused by the carelessness of a man who was not an agent. If it is asked why the workman should suffer by the act of a man whom it was impossible for him to watch, we ask in return why the employer should suffer by the act of a man whom it was impossible for him to watch. Dangers of this kind seem rightly to belong to the class of unavoidable risks which are rightly dealt with by a higher rate of wages or by a system of insurance. They are certainly not to be disposed of by the easy-going rule—first find where there is money sufficient to make compensation, and then place the obligation where the money is.

If the Government are well advised they will take no notice of the many suggestions made to them to reconsider this proposal on the Report. However carefully guarded it may be, it will remain in direct contradiction to the general scope of the Government Bill. If there were no other reason for refusing to accept an amendment of this kind at the last stage of a Bill, the injury it would do to the prospect of the Bill being carried during the present Session would be amply sufficient. Mr. DODSON has taken his stand on a reasonable compromise between the claims of the employer and those of the men. If he now throws over the claims of the employer altogether in so important a particular as that involved in Mr. MORLEY's amendment, the controversy will virtually be re-opened, and even on the third reading the Bill may fall through.

THE OXFORD ELECTION PETITION.

THE HOME SECRETARY is not a person who has much respect for anybody's advice, and therefore it is probable that an admonition on Wednesday afternoon, not to crow over an enemy until he was quite sure of his own position, would have had no effect on him. It was, however, certainly an unfortunate impulse which led Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT at Derby to triumph over his successful antagonist at Oxford. Mr. HALL has been unseated, and it is perhaps no unfair imputation upon the University town to say that no one who knows Oxford will be very much surprised at this result. But any one who knows Oxford could also have predicted that if the election had gone the other way, and f the HOME SECRETARY had been returned, his return also would not have stood the test of an election petition. The Judges in giving their decision have intimated this fact with sufficient clearness. They are of opinion that corrupt practices prevailed extensively at the late Oxford election, that both sides are tarred with the same brush, and that both colourably employed voters in a manner which cannot be described as innocent, necessary, or defensible. Under these circumstances Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's exultation may probably strike a good many people as partaking not a little of the unwise as well as of the unseemly. By the blessing of Providence and of Mr. PLIMSOLL, he has been provided with a seat which cannot be challenged, and his late opponent at Oxford has been prevented from representing the constituency, in which he is certainly a popular candidate, during the existence of the present Parliament. Had the last Oxford election gone the other way, it is not doubtful that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT would now be in this identical position. A judicious silence would therefore seem to be, on the whole, the best course for the HOME SECRETARY to pursue on this awkward subject.

The importance of the decision is, however, by no means limited to this somewhat personal aspect of the matter. Mr. Justice LUSH and Mr. Justice MANISTY have for many weeks been engaged in trying election petitions, and their judgment of Wednesday must be taken as expressing not merely their opinion of the particular case at Oxford, but their opinion on the whole subject of elections and election petitions in the present year of grace. They took, indeed, particular pains to let it be known that the judgment had this force, and it must be admitted by all who impartially read it that, whether we look to the past or to the future, its bearing is equally serious. Mr. Justice MANISTY says that, keeping in mind the small majorities by which many seats were gained at the general election, it cannot be doubted that candidates were in many instances seated by voters who had been gained from the other side owing to corrupt practices. That is to say, the "will of the "nation," of which we have heard so much, is, when translated from rhetoric into fact, simply the determination of a small proportion of the least respectable part of the nation to make the most of its privilege of voting with the aid of the secrecy afforded by the ballot. The same judge states distinctly his fear that secret voting, while it may have diminished bribery in the old sense, has introduced a new and complicated description of malpractice "whereby voters commit the compound offence of bribery, "falsehood, and fraud." Mr. Justice LUSH, while refraining from expressing so general an opinion as that of his colleague, made remarks on the particular case before him, which evidently bear out Mr. Justice MANISTY's strictures. He declared most unequivocally that both sides had carried the practice of employing voters as messengers, clerks, watchers, &c., to an altogether unjustifiable length. He admitted that the Ballot Act seemed to have had no effect in checking this practice. He took definite account of the remarkable plea set up that it was a matter of necessity to retain partisans and conciliate enemies by thus employing them "in face of the fierce competi-"tion for votes that existed." In short, from a careful perusal of the judgments of these two judges who have had the very best possible opportunity of ascertaining what the recent election was worth and what has been the effect of the Ballot Act on purity of voting in England, it is only possible to conclude that the election as an expression of genuine national sentiment was valueless, and that the ballot has, if anything, made matters worse instead of better, as far as purity of election is concerned. The second of these propositions needs no

argument in face of the words of both judges. The first becomes tolerably self-evident when we remember the great preponderance of decisions against the party which the election put into power, and the number of petitions which were hushed up in time to prevent an actual investigation. No one who knows anything about elections is unaware that for every one petition fought to the end there is another withdrawn, and probably three or four which the unsuccessful party are wise enough not to present. It is also sufficiently notorious that, whatever may be the proportion of the public returns, the amount of money actually forthcoming on the winning side at the last election was far larger than that forthcoming on the losing. To draw a general conclusion from these various propositions would be an insult to the intelligence of the reader. As a particular conclusion we may suggest that Mr. CHITTY is an extremely lucky man. He will probably sit for a considerable time without a colleague of any political complexion. But if the inquiry had been made into the first instead of into the second Oxford election, it is far from improbable that there would have been two vacant seats instead of one vacant seat for Oxford.

It is no part of our present purpose to consider the effect which such an expression of judicial opinion as this must have on the authority of the Parliament now sitting at Westminster. We have had plenty of exhibitions of electoral corruption in England, but they have for the most part been individual, not general or combined. The ballot, the "hundreds," and the temporary excess of money at the command of the Radical party, seem—if we may trust Mr. Justice MANISTY, who has had probably better opportunities of judging than any man in England—to have on this occasion worked together in the most harmonious way to provide Mr. GLADSTONE with a majority equally vast and unmanageable. We do not know that this is a party question; and, though the present state of things is certainly awkward for one political party, we shall not treat it as such. Improved organisation, the return of agricultural prosperity, and an increase of caution as to *litera scripta* on the part of University professors who take to electioneering, may at the next election substitute NOKES for STYLES, and a huge Conservative majority for a huge Liberal one. But the question is whether this can be regarded on the whole as a satisfactory prospect. The ballot was to do away with bribery: it has simply, according to the best authorities, complicated bribery with breach of promise. The increase of the constituencies was to render bribery, if not physically impossible, practically useless; and, as a matter of fact, it has simply resulted in the corruption of a great many more persons in a much more offensive way. This, it must be admitted, is not a cheering state of things, and will demand some attention when the Ballot Act comes on next session for serious reconsideration. The old system of borough elections certainly had its faults. But it infected only a small part of the population, and even to those whom it did infect it probably did no very great moral harm. The vast majority of the voters received their bribes as a kind of honorarium or retainer, and would have scorned, save under some very unusual provocation or enticement, to desert their political colours. The newly enfranchised multitudes seem to be sublimely free from any antiquated prejudices of this kind. They are quite untroubled by any foolish feeling of allegiance to blue or buff, and are as much "open to offers" as the ladies who advertise sealskin jackets scarcely worn, and Trichinopoly chains just received as a present from India, in the columns of certain periodicals. If you want their votes you must employ them, and it is by no means certain that if you do employ them, they will not after all vote for the other side either from caprice or for some additional and cunningly conveyed bribe. The evils of this state of things hardly admit of exaggeration. Some fight could be made by an ingenious and audacious advocate for corrupt constituencies of the old type; we cannot see how any can be made for the corrupt constituencies of the new. The sordid instincts of a much larger number of persons are appealed to, and a premium is held out, not merely to cupidity but to shameless falsehood. It was a bad thing, no doubt, that a few score of freemen or scot-and-lot payers should be taught to look on a vote as a marketable commodity. But these persons at least governed their transactions by the ordinary laws of commercial morality, and did not give to B. what they had sold to A. It was a bad thing that the taps of public-houses should be set a-running for the benefit of all and sundry. But the receivers of gratuitous liquor did not at any rate undertake pledges which they immediately proceeded to falsify. For the present condition of things, which seems to be much graver than was supposed before the election, a still further enlargement of the franchise would evidently be no remedy but an aggravation of the evil. The price of watchers or messengers might fall, but the number to be employed would rise. The Election Judges seem to look for a remedy in the absolute prohibition of the employment of paid voters, as agents in the lower description of agencies. We think that a practised electioneerer would see his way to a coach-and-six road through this provision. Voters, for instance, have relations and friends who are non-voters, and a satisfactory understanding can soon be arranged in this way. The truth, discouraging as it may be to some zealous persons, seems to be that with a wide franchise and secret voting, corrupt practices are unavoidable, and if we have pinned our faith to the causes we must take our chance of the effects.

THE EDUCATION ESTIMATES.

IT is an agreeable change to turn from educational controversies to the genuine evidence of educational progress. Amid the disputes which rage round the Fourth Schedule the facts which mark this improvement are easily forgotten. When it is necessary to prove that reading is badly taught, the increasing numbers to whom it is taught, however badly, seem almost unimportant. Yet it is much that more children are sent to school, that there are more schools for them to go to, and more teachers to teach them, that of those who go a larger proportion contrive to satisfy the inspectors in some fashion. The value of these signs of progress may be underrated as well as overrated. What they signify is, that every year a larger percentage of the children who ought to attend elementary schools do attend them; that every year a larger percentage of these children learn something, though they may not learn it as thoroughly as they ought; that the sweep of our educational machinery becomes yearly wider, although many defects in its construction and working still remain to be remedied. These gains were brought out with very great effect by Mr. MUNDELLA in moving the Education Estimates on Monday. To make these Estimates interesting, after all that has been said and written about education for the last ten years, is a very considerable triumph, and it was fairly won by Mr. MUNDELLA. There is no office in which a power of lucid exposition and intelligible arrangement is more valuable than in that of the Vice-President of the Council, and in giving such ample proof of his possession of it Mr. MUNDELLA has thoroughly justified the PRIME MINISTER's choice.

Taking advantage of the fact that this is the tenth year since the passing of the Elementary Education Act, Mr. MUNDELLA showed what the general results of that measure have been. The number of children on the school registers is considerably more than doubled. It was under 1¾ millions in 1870, it is now close upon 3¾ millions. The average number of children in attendance has increased in a still larger proportion. It was under 1¼ millions in 1870, it is over 2⅓ millions now. Mr. MUNDELLA points out, however, that at present the calculations as to average attendance are vitiated by the fact that half-timers are not properly separated from full-timers. The increase of accommodation has been nearly, but not quite, equal to the increase in the average attendance. There was room for something less than 2 million children in 1870, and for something over 4 million now. The rate of grant paid per child shows an increase of 56 per cent. It was nearly 10s. in 1870 and not quite 15s. 6d. now. Something like 20 millions sterling have been spent during the ten years on building, of which about 13 millions have been spent by School Boards. The annual outlay on education, both from rates and the Parliamentary grant, has grown from a little over 1½ millions in 1870 to 4¾ millions. It is satisfactory to find that whatever may have been the disposition of particular School Boards unduly to lower the school fees, they have on the whole increased. In 1870 the yearly average was 8s. 4½d. per scholar, it is now 10s. 5¼d. The proportion of children examined in the Fourth and higher standards rather more than holds its own, which, considering the vast number of untaught

children brought into schools during the last ten years, is perhaps as much as could have been looked for. In 1870 the percentage of children presented in the three higher standards to the total number of children examined was 19 per cent. In 1874, when the full force of the untaught children had been felt, it had fallen to 18 per cent. It has now again risen to 21 per cent. Still, out of the millions of children attending school, less than 400,000 ever get beyond the Third Standard. The average payment per scholar for passing in reading, writing, and arithmetic is within a penny of what it was in 1875, notwithstanding that in this latter year the allowance for a pass in each subject was reduced from 4s. to 3s. In some cases the teaching given in elementary schools has proved an adequate introduction to that given in secondary schools. Out of 72 open scholarships awarded in Manchester Grammar School, 62 have been gained by boys from elementary schools whose parents are artisans. At Sheffield boys from elementary schools are said to ordinarily gain scholarships when Latin does not form part of the examination.

The only instance in which the figures show any falling off is in the average attendance at night schools. In 1870 it was 74,000; in 1879 it was 52,900. This reduction is, however, really encouraging. The curriculum in a night school does not extend beyond reading, writing, and arithmetic, and as these become better taught in the day schools there is less need for maintaining night schools in which to make good shortcomings. Mr. MUNDELLA suggests that the real use of night schools has yet to be discovered. Undoubtedly there must be many children whom attendance at a good night school would enable to carry on their education for some years beyond the age at which they now end it. By this means the limit of the school age would be really, though not nominally, increased. The child who left school at twelve might, by good use of his evenings, gain in the course of the next four years at least as much as he would have gained by remaining another year at a day school. No doubt, before this could be done on anything like a comprehensive scale, it would have to be decided to what extent the State ought to pay for secondary education. Night schools are a part of the machinery of elementary education, so long as they are directed to filling up the gaps left by accident or neglect in the work which ought to be done by elementary schools. But, as soon as they attempt to carry on the work done by elementary schools, they really become a part of secondary education. They help to give to special children something more than is given to ordinary children—something which shall benefit the cleverer or the more industrious child, and help it to know something more than its fellows. Whether it is well for the State to take this function upon itself is a question that cannot be decided merely with reference to night schools. If there is good reason for teaching children between twelve and sixteen at night, there is equally good reason for teaching children between twelve and sixteen by day, unless the instruction given at night is merely intended to supply what ought to have been given before the child left school and went to work. We are not anxious, therefore, to see Mr. MUNDELLA's suggestion, that the teaching in night schools should be improved and made more comprehensive, immediately adopted. For their original purpose night schools are happily becoming less and less necessary. For any larger purpose they ought not to be subsidized, except as a part of a comprehensive scheme of secondary education.

It is not necessary to say anything on this occasion on the demerits of the Fourth Schedule. There was so much in Mr. MUNDELLA's speech with which every one who desires the extension of education must heartily agree, that we are not anxious to touch upon any ground of difference. All parties may share in the satisfaction to which the figures just given are calculated to give rise. They may not all take the same view of the uses to which this vast machinery may be most profitably turned, or of the proportion in which the outlay which it entails should be distributed. But as regards the gain both in the present and in the future which the existence of such a machinery constitutes, there cannot be two opinions. Mr. MUNDELLA's statements show that where one child was at school ten years ago two are at school now, that the attendance of the children is more regular, that a larger proportion of them satisfy the Inspectors in the standards in which they are presented, and are presented in the higher standards. All this shows what has been done by compulsion, while at the same time it suggests a hope that in time compulsion may, in the best sense of the phrase, become a dead letter. The more universal elementary education becomes the more plainly it will be the interest of the parent not to allow his children to be worse equipped than others, and the less temptation he will be under to keep them away from school. Considering how much has already been accomplished in this direction, it has really been accomplished with wonderfully little friction.

MONT BLANC FORTY YEARS AGO.

"THE ascent of the highest mountain in Europe long passed for a mountaineering exploit of the first order, deserving of special record, and admitting, on the part of those who achieved it, of a style of high-flown description which gave a formidable idea of the difficulty of the performance. Such descriptions represented, for the most part in good faith, the impression made upon the minds of travellers by phenomena new and imposing from the grand scale on which they operate, very much heightened by ignorance of their laws, which left the imagination subject to an ill-defined sense of wonder and terror."

So we read in the authoritative pages of Mr. Ball's Guide to the Western Alps; but the truth of his words is not fully realized until it is one's fortune to come across the specific record of some comparatively early ascent. There lies before us a thin octavo, entitled "Ascent to the Summit of Mont Blanc, on the 22d and 23d of August, 1837," privately printed in 1838, and adorned with lithographs containing weird and archaic representations of rock and snow scenery, and further elucidating the interesting details given by the text of the mountaineering costume of the period. These bear the writer's initials and are presumably from sketches furnished by him. After the lapse of more than forty years the little book may fairly be considered *publici juris*; this copy, at all events, has passed through the public book-market; and it may be presumed that no one concerned is now living. The narrator himself died many years ago, as appears by a notice inserted in the end of the book. He was a youth of nineteen at the time of his adventure, which made the number of ascents thus far accomplished equal to that of his years. It does not appear that he had any previous experience of mountain work; on the other hand, there is no reason to suppose that he was inferior in bodily strength, activity, or nerve, to other healthy English youths of the same age, or (to speak more particularly) to the average of the many English undergraduates who at this day regard an ascent of Mont Blanc as nothing to be greatly proud of or at all afraid of. Indeed he must have been a pretty vigorous walker, for he trudged with a knapsack from St. Martin to Chamounix, most of the time after dark, and guiding four French tourists. His name was Henry Martin Atkins, and he was afterwards a lieutenant in the 53rd regiment; his tale is told in the form of a letter, and was printed, it seems, rather against his will. He begins with an apology, the material part of which is thus expressed:—"I am perfectly conscious that I am to blame, as I know it is wrong to risk life, as I have done, when it can be well avoided; and I am now well aware that the unwise reason why I attempted the ascent was that I thought it of its kind the most difficult and dangerous exploit to perform in Europe." At first he meant only to go half way up, but, falling in with another English traveller and a Swedish officer, who were undertaking the whole ascent, he joined their party. The first curious particular we learn is that in those days the guides engaged for Mont Blanc used to beg for a clear day before the expedition to pass with their families. No doubt even the guides took it more solemnly then than they do now; but one cannot help suspecting that there was a touch of policy in this, when one finds at the end that the leading guide received one hundred francs from each traveller, and the others forty, besides an unspecified further dividend; to be sure, it is added that "they were all very thankful." Several travellers expressed to Mr. Atkins their surprise that he should make the attempt, "never having ascended a mountain before, and not knowing what a glacier was to walk upon." And one cannot say that they were wrong; for though many persons have since made the ascent with no more knowledge of "what a glacier was to walk upon" than Mr. Atkins had, the expedition can hardly be considered a very profitable or enjoyable one under those conditions.

The column of attack which left Chamounix at four o'clock on that August morning of 1837 consisted of three travellers, ten guides, six porters, and "five or six volunteer peasants"; that is, on a liberal computation, about four times as many persons, combatant and non-combatant, as would be thought desirable nowadays by the most prudent. Modern practice has discovered that for Alpine work there is no additional safety in numbers beyond four or five, but only delay and hindrance. The march as far as the Pierre à l'Échelle is described with no more than ordinary exaggeration; it is remarkable, however, that there is no mention of the risk of falling stones at one or two points, which, being unavoidable as far as it goes, is more serious in kind than anything to be met with higher up. A quite recent school of climbers which rather makes light of falling stones was anticipated by the blissful ignorance of the early Mont Blanc period. It was supposed that the whole thing was fearfully dangerous, and (on the erroneous assumption of all infinites being equal) that one danger was much the same as another.

On entering "the dangerous passage of the Glacier des Bossons" there was a solemn leave-taking with the porters. We read that the Mer de Glace is nothing to the Glacier des Bossons for either beauty or perils, and that the party often found themselves on places where there was "on both sides a tremendous crevasse." The lithograph on the opposite page shows the expedition (seventeen men and a dog) threading its way among masses of something that looks like very shaky *blanc-mange* moulded into fantastic peaks and points; one of the travellers is crossing a huge crevasse by means of the ladder. All this while nobody thought of using the rope until Mr. Atkins's foothold gave way in jumping one of the smaller crevasses, and one of the guides caught him by the collar; then indeed he was "joined by a cord, and kept hold of the hand of one of the guides." To whom or what the joining was effected is not stated; not improbably to only one guide, who may or may not have made his own end properly fast. If this was the way in which guides with inexperienced travellers did their work in the year 1837, it was just as well for the travellers that there were not many of them. At length the party "arrived at the foot of the rocks called the Grands Mulets," which are described as "about 300 feet high, and nearly perpendicular." And so they must have been in 1837, for there is their picture to testify it; they appear about as steep and sharp as an average cathedral spire, and are arranged in parallel ledges just wide enough to stand on, like the mountain of Purgatory in the woodcuts illustrating certain early editions of Dante. There was a terrific couloir to be crossed before the sleeping-place was gained, "a wall of ice, like a frozen waterfall between two rocks." And so "we were more than 9,300 feet above the level of the sea, and it is here that most travellers are contented and return home"; and, as Mr. Atkins adds in a note, "there was something sublime in standing there amid the silence of the night, and to feel that we were at that moment the most loftily situated individuals in Europe."

It is certain, however, that a night at the Grands Mulets forty years ago involved hardships unknown to later travellers; for there was in those days no manner of hut, and all the guides could do was to rig up an imperfect shelter-tent. Also the salt had been forgotten, which if a leading guide were to suffer now he would consider himself in grievous default. Here they saw many avalanches, and thought they "ran the risk of being crushed by the loose rocks above" them. They found it very cold all night and the next morning, though the narrator had not omitted precautions against frost. He describes his clothing as follows:—"I had on a good pair of lamb's wool stockings, two pairs of gaiters, two pairs of cloth trousers, two shirts, two waistcoats, a shooting coat, and, over all, a blue woollen smock-frock, a night-cap, three handkerchiefs round my neck, two pairs of woollen gloves, and a straw hat from which hung a green hood. For my eyes a pair of spectacles, and a green gauze veil." In some points of dress Mr. Atkins appears to have been the sole rational being among the party. The sketches show most of them in tail-coats, tight trousers, and chimney-pot hats. And the "blue woollen smock frock"—we presume such a one as is worn by fishermen on our coasts—is really worth considering as an alternative to the more common plaid; it has the same merits of combining lightness and warmth, and the peculiar one of leaving the limbs perfectly free without any fastening or adjusting. On the other hand, it would be of little or no use in ordinary travelling. The green veil—to our mind an absolutely vain thing—continues to be worn by some to this day. We may conclude, on the whole, that in the matter of passive resistance to Alpine cold the present age is not very degenerate; but to walk, much more climb, under the burden of clothes counted up by Mr. Atkins is a feat to which we fear it must confess itself unequal.

On the entry to the higher snow region we hear of one guide who "went in advance, with a cord tied round his waist, in case of accident," but nothing of the party as a whole being roped. In other words, the expedition was made really dangerous by neglect of what every guide now knows to be an elementary precaution. As for the travellers, they evidently had no opinion on the matter. The Grand Plateau is described as "an immense level plain of snow, surrounded by formidable mountains of ice"; on the latter part of the way across it there was a halt for breakfast, consisting of "frozen fowls, frozen wine, and frozen bread, all of which seemed delicious, though" the party "could hardly gnaw them." It is credible that the solid provisions had been frozen by being left out all night; but the frozen wine is nearly as hard for posterity to swallow as it is stated to have been for the travellers. On leaving the Plateau "the difficulties and dangers were very great. We had to wind along the side of a very steep declivity, at the bottom of which opened a tremendous gulf, into which a single false step would have precipitated us; and at the same time we were in dread of avalanches falling on us from above. We spoke very little, the guides telling us that they were likely to fall at the sound of the human voice." It is also stated that an avalanche did afterwards cross the track of the party somewhere hereabouts; and this, be it remembered, late in August. The readiest explanation would be to suppose that the route by the *ancien passage* was taken; but this is not admissible, as it had then been abandoned for several years, and the ascent of the Mur de la Côte is expressly mentioned on the same page. What was seen ("it appeared about the size of a large hayrick") was more probably a fall of *séracs* than an avalanche. It would seem that the guides all went first, and let the travellers follow as best they might; a procedure not exactly approved by modern usage. Indeed, it is stated in one of the notes that "in an expedition like this it was 'every man for himself'; and therefore we saw very little of each other, excepting at the halting places." At last the party reached the summit, in eight hours from the Grands Mulets—about the time assigned by modern guide-books. Apparently they were by this time incapable of doing anything but lie down and go to sleep just where they stopped. After half an hour or so they recovered and began to look about. Over the plains of Lombardy they perceived a sort of vapour, which they concluded was the Adriatic; "and as Venice was the nearest point, if we saw the one we might the other"; anyhow, the guides said they did. But they were satisfied, then or afterwards, by consideration of the map, that it was not in the nature of things that they should see the Gulf of Genoa. How long the guides may have succeeded in keeping up the legend of seeing Venice we do not know; it is now dead and buried. An imposing catalogue of peaks and valleys is given, but a note confesses that fatigue, cold, and the sense of danger prevented the adventurers from enjoying the view as they should have done. As they were starting for the descent, a breeze sprang up, and carried Mr. Atkins's hat down the Italian side, whereby he nearly lost his senses, but made shift to go on by tying five handkerchiefs round his head. The manner of the descent was singular, and is thus related:—"The descent is in some parts more dangerous than the ascent, from the liability to slip down the steep hills of snow. I had a cord round my waist, and was held back by two guides, while another took hold of my arm." It seems to have been an open question whether they should not camp out again on the Grands Mulets, till it was found that there was in fact time enough to get down to Chamounix the same day. On approaching the village, Mr. Atkins was met by a messenger from his host, who had sent the best mule of the inn; and so he rode into Chamounix in a sort of triumph, surrounded by English tourists and inhabitants, and enduring much hand-shaking, as "being the youngest traveller who had ever reached the summit." He was laid up for nearly a week with sheer muscular exhaustion, and notwithstanding the veil and spectacles, lost all the skin of his face. This being the effect of the expedition on his person, it was but natural that his final conclusion should be "that no one should attempt the ascent to the summit of Mont Blanc unless induced to it by some object connected with science." In later years many men little older, and several younger than Mr. Atkins was in 1837, have achieved this ascent with much less pomp and ceremony, and with no ill effects of any kind, except indeed as to the skin, whereof every climber must pay toll to this day unless he can manage to harden his face by a very gradual and wary process of insolation. As for the moral of the story, it is a very simple one. Mr. Atkins was, for all that appears, in no way a feebler man than other young men; yet the ascent seemed to him, and, considering how it was conducted, no doubt was, a matter of exceeding hardship and peril. In the last twenty years Alpine climbing has become an art with well-settled rules, and the observance of those rules has immensely diminished its risks. Not only have ascents been made far less troublesome by the increase of mountain inns and sleeping-huts, but the most daring expeditions of our own time are really far more prudent than those of the earlier days, by reason of the necessary precautions being understood. The present season, unhappily, has been strangely fertile of Alpine disasters; the facts, so far as ascertained, seem to point to an exceptionally treacherous condition of the higher snows. It must be admitted that a margin of unexpected and unavoidable danger exists, but it is not the less true that modern climbers have reduced it within comparatively small bounds. The present generation of guides do not beg to spend the day with their families before undertaking to lead the way up Mont Blanc or Monte Rosa; but then they are not content simply to take their chance of falling stones and avalanches, nor do they wait to put on the rope till somebody has nearly gone down a crevasse.

SPEECHES AND PRINCIPLES.

In the remarkable debate which occupied the House of Lords in the early part of the present week the balance of the votes hardly exceeded, one-sided as it was, the balance of the argument. In such a case, however brilliant they may be in themselves, the speeches on the winning side lose a great deal of their brilliancy. The essence of debate is that there should be something like fighting, and a state of things expressed by the stock quotation, "Ubi tu pulsas ego vapulo," is not favourable to the display of the scientific capacities of the striker. Not one single speaker on Monday or Tuesday night can be said to have broken a lance fully and fairly in favour of the unlucky Bill. Lord Granville hinted amiably that it would be very nice if the Lords would oblige the Government by putting their convictions in their pockets and voting for a measure which they knew to be unjust and inexpedient. Lord Emly abused the Bill heartily, and then said he was going to support it. The Lord Chancellor confined himself to the endeavour, not very successful, to meet a few of the arguments of Lord Cairns's masterly speech. The Duke of Argyll was chiefly occupied in a personal explanation of the curious fact that he, a champion of contract, found himself voting for its infringement. It is difficult to plant effective hits on adversaries who do nothing but feint and give ground. Yet in the cluster of addresses delivered against this unhappy abortion of

Mr. Forster's, and in one most remarkable speech on the other side, not a few points of interest were to be found of a character transcending the interest attaching to speeches which merely give the *coup de grâce* to a measure already given over by its friends and its physicians. As yet it is, fortunately or unfortunately, useless to look in the House of Lords for an exponent of Radicalism pure and simple. The "intellectual and persevering party," of whom Lord Beaconsfield spoke perhaps with unnecessary compliment—for as Radicalism grows older it certainly does not show signs of increase in intellectual brilliancy—was not represented in the debate, and it is rather curious that even in the House of Commons, where this party has plenty of spokesmen, this particular Bill does not seem to have evoked any warm championship from its members. But in the speeches of Lord Derby on one side of the House, and of Lord Salisbury and Lord Beaconsfield on the other, the two most vigorous and prominent kinds of political opinion which divide with Radicalism the region of political thought in England received noteworthy expression. Lord Derby's speech, while exhibiting in the most curious way the idosyncrasy of Lord Derby himself, exhibited also to a great extent the kind of thought which, existing in persons of no very defined political principles, has a larger influence perhaps in England than in any other country. Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury represented with remarkable success and vigour the opposite tendency which, at any rate under present circumstances, seems to us, we must confess, that on which the *salus reipublicæ* must principally rely.

The speech of Lord Derby might be summed up, with hardly a trace of unfairness, in these words:—"The Bill is unnecessary, inexpedient, and unjust. I shall vote for the Bill." One after another, every argument which has been brought against this much discussed proposal was stated and endorsed by Lord Derby in the clearest language. It had the appearance, if not the reality, of a concession to the Nationalist party in Ireland. It had to be taken in conjunction with the fact (denied by Lord Hartington and the Irish Attorney-General, but notorious to all the world beside) that the Irish peasant regards rent-paying with abhorrence and the landlord as a kind of enemy of the human race. It covered an unreasonable amount of ground. It lasted for an unreasonable time. It put the landlord in a position of unreasonable inequality as regards the other creditors. It aggravated the position of the very class it was meant to benefit. It pointed unmistakably to still farther concessions to the land agitation. It instituted as judge an official who would find it impossible to come to a decision. Therefore Lord Derby would vote for the Bill with the intention of drawing its teeth in Committee. In other words, Lord Derby saw all the objections to the measure, but declined the responsibility of rejecting it. It is seldom that a state of mind of this sort gets itself avowed in clear and unadorned language by the person who is suffering from it. But it is certain that it is a state of mind which prevails to an immense extent in England, and which has had a great deal to do with the success of innumerable reforms—some of them very beneficial, some of them very unnecessary, some of them positively injurious. "Give me money and men and I will stump England into assenting to the proposition that two and two make five," said a political student. The possibility of the operation depends entirely on the existence of men like Lord Derby, though of course with Lord Derby's characteristics present in them in a less eminent degree. Such men are always possessed of a nervous fear of resisting innovation and public opinion. Their common sense, their education, their position, their interests, show them indisputably that two and two do not make five. But the agitator is not in the least daunted by this. He produces evidence to show that a certain number of persons are actually aggrieved by the present view of arithmetic, that, in pursuance of their feeling of aggrievement, they have killed a policeman, blown up a jail, resisted the service of processes, or what not. He hints, if he is in a position to do so, that he will not be responsible for the maintenance of public order if some concession is not made on the point. He threatens to denounce, and does denounce, the class feeling and the abuse of privilege which maintain the obsolete opinion that two and two make four. And little by little the Lord Derbys and their million representatives give way. At first they attempt a compromise, and, like Lord Derby in this instance, suggest that two and two shall be considered equal to four and a half. The agitator, emboldened by this sign of weakness, redoubles his efforts; more policemen are killed, more jails blown up, and the "measurable distance" of civil war becomes apparently less. So at last weak-kneed common sense gives way. It is solemnly pronounced that two and two do make five, and thenceforward any one who goes back upon the older proposition is treated as a lunatic reactionist. Probably the new enactment does not actually send the country to the pit of Acheron—it takes a good deal to do that. Then the advocates of five triumph over the few remaining advocates of four, and say, "See how rich England is, see how prosperous. It is all the consequence of the immortal legislation which declare that two and two make five."

The opposite course to this was, as we have said, excellently put in the debate by Lord Salisbury and by Lord Beaconsfield. The motto which Lord Salisbury proposed for the acceptance of the House of Lords—"Be just, and fear not"—was particularly appropriate, because of the attempts which have been made to represent the measure as one of justice to Ireland. That it is in reality one of injustice to Irish landlords, and especially to the smaller and poorer landlords, is sufficiently obvious to all who choose to see. It is by no means such proprietors as Lord Lansdowne—who has courageously taken the right side irrespective of the calls of ambition and friendship—that have most to suffer. They have other property to carry them through the evil times, and the dead certainty of a failure to pay the arrears at the end of the period stipulated by the operation of the Bill, secures them an opportunity of getting rid at last of a mob of thankless and profitless cumberers of their land. It is the unfortunate small owners whose cause the Lords really fought on Wednesday morning. To this general reminder of the duty of upholding justice Lord Beaconsfield's criticism of the opposite argument was a peculiarly useful addition. "There is," said the late Premier, "at the present day too great a tendency to believe that it is impossible to resist the progress of a new idea." There is this tendency, beyond all doubt; it is embodied in the conduct of Lord Derby and his likes; and it is ample time that it should be met. No one, we suppose, even among his most unscrupulous detractors, will accuse Lord Beaconsfield of being afraid of ideas simply because they are new. He is certainly as little troubled with superstitious devotion to the existing simply because it exists as the most lively Radical who "thinks himself a philosopher because he doesn't believe in the Devil." But next to the folly which refuses to abandon an old thing simply because it is old, may certainly be ranked the folly which eagerly grasps at a new thing simply because it is new. In politics indeed the latter absurdity does more harm than the former. For the old thing has at least shown its capacity for life by actually living for some considerable time, while no one can tell whether the new one is *né viable* or not. But, so long as the fetich-worship of progress exists, it is difficult to see how legislation and the government of the country are to be anything more than a series of crude experiments. The harm which these experiments do may be less or more according to circumstances. Even Mr. Dodson's Bill for the Encouragement of Small-pox may be comparatively harmless if reasonable people do their utmost to meet it by encouraging vaccination. The world is not wholly composed of fools and scoundrels, and without the more or less active co-operation of fools and scoundrels even the worst legislation can do but a limited amount of harm. But it scarcely requires argument to show that the haphazard passing of bad laws on the strength of the conviction that they will not practically do much harm is, to say the least, an eccentric method of proceeding. This is what the action of the good persons whom we have classed with Lord Derby practically amounts to. They are afraid of refusing to accept the new ideas, and they hope the new ideas will not do them much harm after all. Consequently they are at the mercy of the first agitator with a plausible tongue and a good fund of energy who sets to work to upset things in general. The antidote to this is, of course, not indiscriminate resistance to all change, but the proving of all the changes proposed, and the steadfast refusal to accept them simply because they are changes, and because public opinion or public sentiment is supposed to be in their favour. No one has yet been successful in defining exactly what is to be taken as an expression of public opinion, and everybody who has looked into the subject must have convinced himself pretty clearly that this opinion is for the most part no opinion at all. It is partly hearsay, partly misapprehension, and partly the nervous fear which prevents the Lord Derbys from following the dictates of their own common sense, their own knowledge of history, and their own personal experience. Against this public opinion, composed of heterogeneous elements, and bound together by no firm tie, there is no better solvent than that of a vigorous and healthy scepticism as to new ideas. Practically the Radical who believes that everything that is ought not to be is at least as unreasonable a creature as the Tory (if there be any such) who believes that everything that ought to be is; and, having no little conceit of himself, he is even a more hopeless subject for conversion. But the floating mass of Lord Derby's likes are not quite in such a desperate case, whatever may be the fact as to the distinguished type. "Be just and fear not," with "Don't be afraid to disbelieve in new ideas" as a rider, makes up at the present moment a very convenient portable code of politics for practical politicians who desire to keep their country out of harm's way.

LORD MACAULAY AND THE *PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.*

A PASSAGE in Macaulay's Essay on the *Pilgrim's Progress* has led us to examine with some little care the estimation in which Bunyan was held in the last century. Macaulay writes:—"Cowper said, forty or fifty years ago, that he dared not name John Bunyan in his verse, for fear of moving a sneer. To our refined forefathers, we suppose, Lord Roscommon's Essay on Translated Verse, and the Duke of Buckinghamshire's Essay on Poetry, appeared to be compositions infinitely superior to the allegory of the preaching tinker." In the Life of Bunyan, published in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Macaulay says:—"Young coupled his prose with the poetry of the wretched D'Urfey. In the 'Spiritual Quixote,' the adventures of Christian are ranked with those of Jack the Giant-killer and John Hick-a-thrift." He goes on to point out that the *Pilgrim's Progress* was perhaps the one exception to the rule that "when the educated minority and the common people differ about the merits of a book, the opinion of the educated minority finally prevails." The passage

in Cowper certainly seems at first sight to prove that less than one hundred years ago Bunyan's name was a name of scorn. The poet says:—

> I name thee not, lest so despised a name
> Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame,
> Yet ev'n in transitory life's late day,
> That mingles all my brown with sober gray,
> Revere the man, whose Pilgrim marks the road
> And guides the Progress of the soul to God.

In like manner, he had not ventured to bring Whitfield into his verse:—

> Leuconomous (beneath well-sounding Greek)
> I slur a name a poet must not speak.

In such a case as this, however, Cowper's evidence must be carefully weighed. It certainly must not be taken for gospel. On matters that touched on religion he was, as every one knows, morbid, and no less on matters that touched on the world. We should be scarcely justified in drawing the conclusion that the use of the Lord's Prayer by the clergy was a hundred years ago confined to church hours, because Cowper, a few lines before he mentions the *Pilgrim's Progress*, tell how the horn-book

> Presents the prayer the Saviour deigned to teach,
> Which children use, and parsons—when they preach.

The *Tirocinium*, in which these lines are found, is a satire, and a satire is not history. Again, the passage from the Spiritual Quixote has not the force that Macaulay would wish to give it. He has, we believe, as was not uncommon with him, quoted from memory, and his memory, powerful though it was, has played him false. The passage to which he refers is, no doubt, the following:—"Pray, Madam," continues Wildgoose, "did you ever read the *Pilgrim's Progress?*" "Ha! ha! ha!" cries Rueful in a horse-laugh; "I believe we may all have read that, and 'Jack the Giant-Killer' too in the nursery." Now Beau Rueful was the last man whose authority should be quoted on a point of literature. He was one who, "with the help of a convenient assurance and a laced-coat, had wriggled himself into tolerable company; and what is more strange, by boldly criticizing every new pamphlet, laughing at everything serious, and by putting modest people out of countenance, was by some people esteemed a formidable wit." Wildgoose answered his sneer at the *Pilgrim's Progress* by saying, "Well, sir, you may laugh; I now only mention that original author upon a ludicrous occasion, as I think his account of 'Vanity Fair' seems to be no bad description of the insipid intercourse that usually passes between the thoughtless creatures at most of those public assemblies." The authority of the Spiritual Quixote might be brought forward just as well against Tillotson and the author of the *Whole Duty of Man* as against Bunyan. "Why," said Wildgoose on another occasion, "you might as well have read the 'Seven Champions' or 'Jack the Giant-Killer' as either the *Whole Duty of Man* or Tillotson, who knew no more of Christianity than Mahomet." The authority, indeed, of Young still remains, and to Young might have been added an authority of far greater weight—that of Addison. In the *Whig-Examiner* he writes, "I never yet knew an author that had not his admirers. Bunyan and Quarles have passed through several editions, and please as many readers as Dryden and Tillotson." Mrs. Montagu, following likely enough Addison—for she was great at imitation—also joins Quarles's *Emblems* and the *Pilgrim's Progress*. These two books, she says, with *Æsop's Fables* and Joe Miller's *Jests*, form the particular entertainment of her neighbours the Kentish squires. In another passage she calls Bunyan and Quarles "those classics of the artificers in leather."

On the other hand, it is not difficult to quote passages in which Bunyan is mentioned either with honour or at all events with no want of respect. First of all we have Johnson's great authority. "Was there ever yet," he asked, "anything written by mere man that was wished longer by its readers, excepting *Don Quixote, Robinson Crusoe*, and the *Pilgrim's Progress?*" Few of our readers will have forgotten how "he one day took Dean Percy's little daughter upon his knee, and asked her what she thought of *Pilgrim's Progress*. The child answered that she had not read it. 'No,' replied the Doctor; 'then I would not give one farthing for you,' and he set her down and took no further notice of her." Eleven years before Cowper published his *Tirocinium*, Johnson, after praising the *Pilgrim's Progress* for its invention, imagination, and the conduct of the story, added, "It has had the best evidence of its merit—the general and continued approbation of mankind." It was at the table of a man of wit and fashion that he said this, at which were dining many of the members of the Literary Club. Boswell does not record any expression of dissent or surprise on the part of the other guests, such as we might have with some reason looked for if we were to trust Cowper's lines. Madame Piozzi, writing four or five years later than Cowper, after saying that Correggio was perhaps one of the most powerful geniuses that has appeared on earth—a man who has left glorious proofs of what uninstructed man may do—adds, "The *Fatal Curiosity* and *Pilgrim's Progress* will live as long as the *Prince of Abyssinia* or *Les Avantures de Telemaque* (*sic*) perhaps; and who shall dare say that Lillo, Bunyan, and Antonio Correggio were not *naturally* equal to Johnson, Michael Angelo, and the Archbishop of Cambray?" The learned Mrs. Carter, writing in the year 1744 to the scarcely less learned Miss Talbot, the constant inmate of Archbishop Secker's house, compares some of her companions to Christian climbing up the Hill Difficulty till at length they quite sink into the Slough of Despond. "Have you ever read *Pilgrim's Progress?*" she adds. Hawkins, Johnson's companion and biographer, in describing the translation of *Lobo's Voyage to Abyssinia*, says, "It has scarce a feature resembling Johnson; the language is as simple and unornamented as John Bunyan's." Certainly, though Hawkins was, we should suppose, the last man who could enjoy a work of imagination, yet there is in this no contempt to be discovered of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Chesterfield, in one of his letters to his son, writes:—"Some people read history, as others read the *Pilgrim's Progress;* giving equal attention to, and indiscriminately loading their memories with every part alike." Neither in the polite Chesterfield is there to be discovered either ignorance or contempt of Bunyan. The poet Mason, writing to Horace Walpole, says, "I have had no occurrence in my progress or pilgrimage through this valley of life (to speak in the style of John Bunyan), &c." Some years later Horace Walpole, writing to Mason, makes a vigorous attack on epic poetry, which is, he maintains, "the art of being as long as possible in telling an uninteresting story." He goes on to say that "Ariosto was a more agreeable Amadis de Gaul, and Spenser, John Bunyan in rhyme." It may be questioned whether he despised Bunyan more than he did Spenser. If he did, it was, we may with good reason suppose, for an excess of those qualities which are to be found in both writers.

In at least two passages in the *Gentleman's Magazine* Bunyan's great powers are acknowledged. In the year 1765 a writer describes it as a work of "original and uncommon genius. . . . Curiosity is forcibly raised, and constantly gratified; the mind is ardently and tenderly interested for the hero, his dangers produce surprise and terror, and his escapes admiration and joy." Twenty-four years earlier, in the volume for 1741, another writer says:—"There never was an allegory better designed, or better supported. The Wits may perhaps take offence at the respect I pay to this religious romance; but if we consider the universal good reception it hath met with at home and abroad, we must either allow that it has merit, or that ourselves and our neighbours are void of penetration and true judgment." Other allegories, he says, "have been written by learned and judicious men, yet these have met with an indifferent reception compared with that afforded to the *Pilgrim's Progress* of Bunyan." Macaulay, in one of his eloquent sentences, launches forth into praises of Bunyan's style. "We have observed," he says, "several pages which do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say." And then Macaulay, breaking away from "the vocabulary of the common people," the homely tongue which he values so highly, uses in its praise, in less than five lines, "magnificence," "pathos," "vehement exhortation," "subtle disquisition," "dialect," "perfectly," and "sufficient." We do not know whether the old writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* does not hit it off better when, after saying that "Bunyan's example might incline men unacquainted with any but their mother-tongue to undertake somewhat therein," he adds, "Sense is sense in all languages, and let a man know ever so much Latin and Greek, he thinks in the tongue of his people, let it be what it will." But to return to the old authors who mention Bunyan, of whom we have still two left, Hearne the antiquary, Tory and High Churchman though he was, records in 1723 how his friend Mr. Bagford (some time before he died) had "walked once into the country on purpose to see the study of John Bunyan. When he came, John received him very civilly and courteously, but his study consisted only of a Bible and a parcel of books (the *Pilgrim's Progress* chiefly) written by himself, all lying on a shelf or shelves." Mr. Bagford was that ardent lover of books who "contributed much to the advancement of learning by preserving from destruction many of the most valuable relicks of early literature now extant." Our last quotation shall be from Swift. In his "Letter to a Young Clergyman," he attacks those "gentlemen who, abounding in their university erudition, are apt to fill their sermons with philosophical terms. . . . I have been better entertained," he adds, "and more informed by a few pages in the *Pilgrim's Progress* than by a long discourse upon the will and the intellect, and simple or complex ideas." Swift's authority may be well opposed to Addison's.

A more extensive reading than that of which we can boast would no doubt throw still more light on the place which Bunyan held with the educated minority of last century. We have, we trust, succeeded in proving that Macaulay gave too much weight to the evidence of a religious recluse like Cowper and a worldly satirist like Young.

DEAN STANLEY ON EARLY CHRISTIAN BELIEF.

DEAN STANLEY is not only one of the most ingenious and picturesque, but also one of the most surprising of writers in the sense that he is constantly engaged—whether intentionally or not—in preparing surprises for his readers. It may be said with truth indeed that we always know what to expect from him, inasmuch as there is a particular way of looking at things, which may roughly be described as Broad Churchism, but which is so distinctive a phase of Broad Churchism, that it is difficult to call it by any other name than Stanleyan, and this view invariably reappears, in some shape or other, in everything the Dean writes. But it is equally true to say that we never know what to expect, for the process by which the apparently simple thesis announced from time to time is destined to pass under his transforming touch into its new significance, the connecting link to be forged between the

familiar dream and the Stanleyan interpretation thereof, can hardly fail to elude the prescience of the most practised of the Dean's readers, and is always, when it comes to light, a fresh surprise. It is not so very long since we had occasion to notice his characteristically *à priori* treatment of "the Variations of Catholicism," designed as a rejoinder to Bossuet, in *Fraser's Magazine*. But even that had by no means prepared us for his manner of dealing with "the Creed of the Early Christians" in the *Nineteenth Century*. Dean Stanley was formerly Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford; he has published three historical volumes on the Jewish and one on the Eastern Church. And on seeing the title of his last article we presumed that he had given us an historical sketch, or what was intended for such—largely coloured of course by his own mental idiosyncracies—of the religious belief of the early Church. That it would be a very accurate sketch we did not venture to anticipate; and remembering his description of the Council of Nicæa, in which the persons, and even the dresses, of the assembled prelates, and the various local incidents and surroundings of the Council occupy a more prominent place than the doctrines it assembled to discuss, we fully expected to find the theological element subordinated to the æsthetic or picturesque. But for what we actually found we were not prepared. It gradually dawned on us, as we began to read, that by the Creed of the Early Christians the author meant what are commonly called the three Creeds, especially the Apostles' and the Nicene, and that his object was to give us an exposition of these Creeds, or rather of the "sacred names" which supply their keynote, not according to the belief of the early Christians—that is hardly pretended—but according to his own. He does indeed speak in one sentence of what these names "represented in the minds of the early Christians," but he at once proceeds to inquire what is their meaning "in the Bible," that is of course as he understands it, and the rest of the paper is an answer to that inquiry. This was a little startling, but as we read on we were first perplexed, and then rather amused, to find that the versatile Dean had achieved the seemingly impossible task of expounding the leading ideas of the Apostolic and Nicene Creeds with hardly a passing reference to any of the theological doctrines supposed to be enunciated in them, which formed the subject of prolonged and ardent controversy during the first seven or eight Christian centuries and were debated at the seven general and a host of local and provincial Councils both in East and West. It became clear to us at once that any interpretation of the Creeds conducted on this principle, whatever might be thought of its Biblical merits, could hardly be considered an historical one.

But before saying more of the Dean's estimate of the creeds, we have seriously to demur to one of his prefatory observations, which, according to his wont in such cases, is not less dogmatic than inexact:—

> It is observable, before proceeding further, that the Creed, whether in its Eastern or its Western form, leaves out of view altogether such questions as the necessity of Episcopal succession, the origin and use of the Sacraments, the honour due to the Virgin Mary, the doctrine of Substitution, the doctrine of Predestination, the doctrine of Justification, the doctrine of the Pope's authority. These may be important and valuable, but they *are not in any sense part of the belief of the early Christians.*

That the somewhat heterogeneous collection of opinions which are here unequally yoked together was held in its entirety by the early Christians, or by any other body of Christians, no tolerably informed writer would dream of maintaining, but to say that none of these matters entered into the early Christian belief would be a hardly less gratuitous assertion—not to use a stronger term—and it betrays a fundamental misapprehension to suppose that no doctrine, which does not occur in so many words in the Apostles' Creed, could have formed "*in any sense* part of the belief of the early Christians." As Milman put it, "the simpler Apostolic Creed, and the splendid amplifications of the divine attributes of the Trinity" in the Nicene, were enlarged from a very early date, "if not by stern definitions"—those came later, as successive heresies elicited them—by universally received axioms on several other points of doctrine, though it is quite true that neither *e.g.* the doctrines of Substitution nor of Papal Supremacy were among them. The creeds were drawn up as a catechetical summary of elementary *credenda* required to be taught candidates for baptism rather than as covering the whole ground of contemporary belief even on what were deemed important or essential points. The special curiosity, however, of the article lies in the Dean's exposition of the Apostles' Creed. That this formulary might be treated historically as well as doctrinally we fully admit. It has been argued very plausibly that the course of Christian theology has followed in the main the order of the Creed, dealing successively with questions concerning the three Persons named in it, or suggested by its three successive parts, the subjective or, as it is sometimes termed, the anthropological side of theological speculation coming under the third part, where questions about the Church, sacraments, justification, and the like, most naturally present themselves. And a work taking the shape of what the Germans call *Dogmengeschichte*, as distinguished from *Dogmatik*, and tracing out this aspect of doctrinal evolution would be a very interesting one. But that is not what Dean Stanley gives us here. He is as little historical as doctrinal. What he has to tell us is what would for the most part be admitted by every class of Christian believers as substantially true, if not almost as a truism, only they would fail to recognize in it "the chief expression of Christian belief" as contained in the Creeds, or indeed any but a very secondary and, so to say, metaphorical connexion with the language of the creeds at all. The Dean himself in one passage appears to intimate that his interpretation goes beyond the meaning of "the Biblical words"—*i.e.* "the sacred names"—incorporated in the Creed, because it is a higher one, but if so, it must surely be a different one. His exposition may be thus summarized. There are three phases of religion, natural, historical, and spiritual. The first is indicated by belief in the Father, and illustrated from the familiar saying of Tertullian about *testimonium animæ naturaliter Christianæ*, and the somewhat dubious recognition vouchsafed by Renan in his Hibbert Lectures to "the Fatherly smile which every now and then gleams through Nature." To this natural religion must be added "historical religion, or the faith of the Christian Church," which is exhibited in the revelation of the Son, and includes, if we rightly understand the argument, all previous or later manifestations of human wisdom and goodness.

> He is the Second Conscience, the external Conscience, reflecting, as it were, and steadying the conscience within each of us. And wheresoever in human history the same likeness is, or has been, in any degree reproduced in human character, there and in that proportion is the same effect produced. There and in that proportion is the Word which speaks through every word of human wisdom, and the Light which lightens with its own radiance every human act of righteousness and of goodness.
>
> This is the claim that Christianity and Christendom have upon us, with all their infinite varieties of institutions, ordinances, arts, laws, liberties, charities,—that they spring forth directly or indirectly from the highest earthly manifestation of Our Unseen Eternal Father.

But this natural and historical religion must again be supplemented by a spiritual religion, which is the truth to be learnt from the third section of the Creed.

> When Theodore Parker took up a stone to throw at a tortoise in a pond, he felt himself restrained by something within him. He went home and asked his mother what that something was. She told him that this something was what was commonly called conscience, but she preferred to call it the voice of God within him. This, he said, was the turning-point in his life, and this was his mode of accepting the truth of the Divinity of the Eternal Spirit that speaks to our spirits. When Arnold entered with all the ardour of a great and generous nature into the beauty of the natural world, he added: "If we feel thrilling through us the sense of this natural beauty, what ought to be our sense of moral beauty,—of humbleness, and truth, and self devotion, and love? Much more beautiful, because more truly made after God's image, are the forms and colours of kind and wise and holy thoughts and words and actions—more truly beautiful is one hour of an aged peasant's patient cheerfulness and faith than the most glorious scene which this earth can show. For this moral beauty is actually, so to speak, God Himself, and not merely His work."

And finally the synthesis of these three methods of teaching is not "an arithmetical enigma"—as the doctrine of the Trinity, we are led to infer, is apt to be made—but the great lesson, conveyed in the poet's words, that "the nature of God is vaster and more complex than can be embraced in any single formula," for

> God fulfils Himself in many ways
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

As to the Dean's theory of three elements of religious belief, natural, historical, and spiritual, considered in itself, there is little to be said but that it is, however certain and fundamental, among the tritest commonplaces of Christian apologists and divines of every age and school. The first element is attested by all writers who have insisted, like Butler or Paley, on the moral or physical proofs of the existence of a Supreme Ruler of the world; the second is exemplified in the countless works devoted to urging the internal and external evidences of the truth of the Gospel Revelation; while the yet vaster mass of hortatory and devotional literature illustrates the conviction of every generation and every section of Christian believers that the outward witness requires to be quickened and confirmed by the still small voice which is the inward testimony of conscience. So far the Dean will find none of those whom he is addressing likely to dispute his view, because he is simply telling them what all Christians, "early" or late, have always assumed or acknowledged as matter of course. What may fairly be asked is whether this obvious distinction of three elements in religious faith affords any real interpretation, and still more whether it affords, as is implied throughout, the only real and adequate interpretation, of the Apostles' Creed. Surely to state the question is to answer it. We may, if we please, idealize the creeds as a distinguished Bishop of the minority is reported, after the Vatican Council was over, to have idealized the obnoxious definition, while openly professing to regret it, by explaining that in this age of indifference and unbelief it was specially incumbent on all good Christians to bear witness to their faith—if necessary by dying for it—and that this obligation rested with peculiar force on the chief bishop of Christendom, who might therefore be considered to represent in a peculiar sense the infallible witness of the Church to the truths entrusted to her keeping. But it will hardly be pretended that the intention of those who framed and passed the Vatican decree is satisfied, or even partially represented, by this supposed desire to administer to the Pope a solemn reminder of his weighty responsibilities. And just as little does Dean Stanley's explanation exhaust, if it even touches, the "high signification" of the early Creeds in the mind of those who framed and accepted them. Their purpose was a very different one, as is shown by a writer not much more friendly than himself to the dogmatic aspect of Christianity. "It was essential," observes Milman in his *Early Christianity*, "that *the main points of doctrine* should be fixed and cast into plain and emphatic propositions," and hence "creeds became of essential importance to compress *the leading points of Christian doctrine* into a small compass." But these points are exactly what Dean Stanley dis-

misses as "algebraic symbols" or "arithmetical enigmas" to make way for that broader and loftier conception of "Christianity as it has appeared to Voltaire, Rousseau, Goethe, Mill, Renan." He may or may not be right in preferring this broader view, which unites together all true "soldiers of the Holy Ghost, whate'er our race or creed," to what he regards as narrower and "anthropomorphic speculations"; with that question we are not now concerned. But we must protest, in the name of history and common sense, against this bold attempt to identify "the creed of the early Christians" with a view which, in the shape it is here made to assume, they would probably have altogether repudiated, while the notion of its supplying in any case an adequate explanation of "the simple baptismal formula" which lies at the basis of both the Eastern and Western Creed, would have appeared to them wholly unintelligible. Had they thought with Dean Stanley all the controversies and Councils of the early centuries might have been avoided, and the entire course of ecclesiastical history would have been—whether for better or worse—very different from what it actually was. But meanwhile the fact of its being what it was is alone a sufficient refutation of this paradoxical estimate of their belief.

MODERN SONNETS.

THE sonnet is an interesting example of the "survival of the fittest." It is but one of the many formal kinds of verse which the poets of Italy and France invented, because the multiplicity of rhymes in old French and Italian made poetry seem too easy. The other trials of patience and ingenuity, the *sestine* and the rest, only exist as curiosities, are only practised by way of mental gymnastics, and are scarcely read except by experts. The comparatively simple quatorzain, on the other hand, has certain qualities which have won for it a permanent existence. The difficulty of managing the rhymes is just great enough to invite experiment, and to allure authors who, but for the sonnet, would never have put their thoughts into verse. Thus the sonnet is the place of repentance, so to speak, for inveterate writers of prose, and some men have won a slender but enduring poetical fame by one fortunate example. Of this class Blanco White is the best known. His single sonnet, like the "single speech" of Hamilton, has preserved a name that would have been forgotten in the throng of mild and melancholy heretics. This piece of Blanco White's is a capital illustration of certain obvious virtues of the sonnet. The first two quatrains are found convenient for presenting some picturesque text, some sketch, perhaps, of external nature, while the last six lines answer to the "summing up" of a sermon, and to the "moral application." Thus, in White's sonnet, the first two quatrains describe "mysterious night," the sudden stars, and their probable effect on the first persons who observed the phenomena of darkness, while the last six lines draw, with some novelty, the ancient and obvious parallel between night and death:—

> Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife?
> If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

So moral is this sonnet that it ends with the thoroughly English conclusion, a rhyming ethical couplet. The Italian rules forbid this sort of termination, which squeezes out, as it were, the last drops of moral significance remaining in the chief thought of the verses. The sonnets of the French and Italians are as frequently amatory as moral. But it is worth noticing that the author of "A Talk about Sonnets," in *Blackwood's Magazine*, quotes scarcely any but moral or religious English sonnets.

The sonnet is a form of verse which every one may not unhopefully attempt to write, yet it has a special attraction for genuine poets, who are more skilled in form than abundant in matter—and it has sometimes, as in the cases of Shakspeare, Spenser, Sidney, and others of our Elizabethans, attracted the wealthiest as well as the most cunning of singers. Early Italian and sixteenth-century French literature twitter with sonnets, like a "wet, bird-haunted English lawn" with the music of thrushes in April. The sonnet is to modern Europe what the "epigram" was to the Greek poets whose works make up the bulk of the Anthology. These poets are, as a rule, of a late period, and belong to the erudite and shallow Alexandrian age. As a rule, too, they have little enough to say, and are careful to say that little well, in the most graceful and concise form. They give us merely an impression, a picture, a thought gracefully set, in melodious elegiacs. So far the epigram answers to the sonnet, and Shelley appropriately translated, into what he meant for the sonnet form, two short pieces of Moschus. Yet both these "sonnets" of Shelley's are "licentious," that is, they avoid the trifling difficulties imposed by the Italian rules of the game. The Alexandrian epigram differed, indeed, from the sonnet, in two ways. The epigram was shorter; it became a commonplace to say that an epigram over four lines long threatened to overflow into an epic. The epigram also wanted the moral element which is so conveniently lodged in the last six lines that sum up the quartorzain. Yet the analogy between the Alexandrian epigram and the modern sonnet is so close, that we naturally look for a rich crop of sonnets from our own poets who live in literary conditions not unlike those of the Alexandrian age. When poetic cleverness and ingenuity were abundant in Greece, when creative power was almost exhausted, when criticism was minute and exacting, the Greeks poets produced epigrams. Therefore, when poetical ingenuity, when the love of delicate form, and the absence of anything particular to say are plentiful in modern England, we seem to have a good right to look for abundance of sonnets. Any one who wrote a history of English literature on *à priori* principles, and under the guidance of analogy, would be tempted to maintain that the late Victorian age should be the paradise of the sonneteer. Everything tends to make that conclusion probable. The mechanic art of poetry is highly cultivated. No one has anything large or epical to say; there is no exuberance of poetic thought, there is no wild spurning of conventional rules such as those which protect the sonnet. Yet, as we mean to demonstrate, our age has produced very few sonnets worth preserving, and our chief poets, who have tried every style, have left the sonnet almost untouched. There are of course exceptions to a general rule, but a collection of sonnets by eminent modern hands would too closely resemble the basket into which Brummel's valet threw "our failures."

Before going on to demonstrate this, or at least "to make it seem extremely plausible," by aid of examples, it may be as well to remark that the fortunes of the sonnet in the earlier part of the century were scarcely less singular. Wordsworth and his contemporaries were not too fond of what they considered "form," and of the artificial in poetry. They had abundance of matter. They were the literary children of an age of political revolution. Yet two of them, at least, Wordsworth and Keats, were with Milton the greatest English masters of the sonnet. They did not always submit to be bound by the Italian rules. Perhaps the two most famous and lovely of Keats's sonnets are the one on Chapman's Homer, and his last lines, beginning—

> Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art.

The former is technically perfect, the second is absolutely licentious. It breaks every rule, except that which requires the sonnet to consist of fourteen lines. As to Wordsworth, the number of his strictly formal sonnets is almost as remarkable as the excellence of many of them. The copious and simple poet, who might have been expected to scorn all narrow boundaries and artificial rules, is the poet who loved them best. His practice was the converse of that which distinguishes poets, neither too copious nor too simple, the poets of our own period.

To begin with Mr. Tennyson; it is strange that this master of form and symmetry, this consummate artist in words, has so rarely attempted the sonnet. He is our modern Theocritus—without the epigrams. The most recent and complete editions of his works contain but few sonnets. The scarce *Poems chiefly Lyrical*, of 1830, give us a few experiments. The first,

> Could I outwear my present state of woe,

is a Shakspearian echo, is irregular in rhyme, and ends with a rhymed couplet. The second, third, and fourth sonnets are even more irregular. The very beautiful poems called "Love and Death" and "The Kraken" are composed of fifteen lines each, and but distantly partake of the nature of the sonnet, yet they are only a little more irregular than the well-known "Sonnet to J. M. K." A singular poem on "Love" is composed of two irregular sonnets, and a third piece of sixteen lines. Among Mr. Tennyson's other sonnets, "Buonaparte," "Alexander," and "Poland" are perfect in form and noble in sentiment. These are nearer Milton's work than any other modern sonnets. It is plain, however, that this form has few attractions for a poet who has managed to breathe music even into English alcaics. As to Mr. Browning, he is so unlike other poets of his age that what we expect from them we do not look to receive from him. It is probable that he has written sonnets, though we cannot at present remember a single example. There is not one in the delightful and immortal first volume of lyrics, in the edition of 1865. Another poet might have been tempted to cast the thoughts of "Memorabilia" in the mould of the sonnet. Mr. Browning has preferred a looser lyric form, just as Thackeray preferred to recast into looser lyrics Ronsard's beautiful sonnet on the old age of his mistress. Once more, the sententiousness, the limited scope, the ethical capacities of the sonnet, might seem to adapt it for the use of Mr. Matthew Arnold. He has written more sonnets than any other of his more famous contemporaries, unless we include among them Mr. Dante Rossetti. Yet the regularity, the fixed rules of the sonnet, seem not to please Mr. Arnold, as they certainly delighted Milton. There are a few sonnets in Mr. Arnold's first volume, *The Strayed Reveller*, (1849), and some of these are included in the *Selected Poems* (1878). We miss there the very characteristic sonnet, "To an Independent Preacher," beginning—

> In harmony with Nature? Restless fool,

which we take to be the first wild warwhoop in Mr. Arnold's long battle with the Dissenters. The others, on the "Duke of Wellington," "Mr. Emerson's Essays," "Butler's Sermons," and so forth, are invariably irregular. People who care for poetical technicalities will notice with interest that Mr. Arnold's later sonnets, first published, we think, in 1867, are as invariably regular in form, and strictly comply with the Italian rules. In substance they are all didactic and even austere:—

> Such, poets, is your bride, the Muse! young, gay,
> Radiant, adorn'd outside: a hidden ground
> Of thought and of austerity within.

Mr. Swinburne has published comparatively few sonnets. A critic, Mr. Palgrave, if we are not mistaken, has remarked that the constraint of the sonnet was serviceable to Shelley's abundant

genius, and that "Ozymandias" is a fine example of his work when unusually compressed. Mr. Swinburne's poetry is not famous for terseness, and in the sonnet's narrow limits he might have found a serviceable discipline. He has but rarely gone into this voluntary captivity, and among his sonnets that which we best remember is addressed to Dean Stanley in a tone of ferocious remonstrance. Certain other political sonnets are remarkable for concentrated virulence, not to say compressed Billingsgate. For these the poet himself has offered a kind of apology. When "indignation makes verses," however, the sonnet is not the best vehicle for her invective. A selection of modern sonnets would be incomplete without specimens of Mr. Swinburne's work, yet we remember none at this moment, which possesses the melody and grave charm of Keats's and Wordsworth's best examples. In short Mr. Swinburne, like his chief contemporaries, does not find in the sonnet a very natural or very favourite means of expression. It is just worth mentioning that, when Mr. Clough did write sonnets (*Ambarvalia*, 1849), he chose for his text "Blank misgivings of a creature moving about in worlds not realized." In a more festive mood, in "Commemoration Sonnets, 1844," he sang of Leonina—

> To partner academical and slow
> Teaching, upon the light Slavonic toe,
> Polkas that were not, only should have been.

In another sonnet we read how—

> Phillimore
> For the supreme superlative cons o'er
> The commonplace book of his classic head.

Ambarvalia has become so rare a book that it may be worth while to quote these fragments of Clough's infrequent and informal sonnets. Mr. William Morris has probably written several sonnets, but we have only discovered two (if sonnets they can be styled), the lines called "Summer Dawn,' in the *Defence of Guinevere*, 1858, and some verses prefixed to the "Story of Grettir the Strong." In the former piece the last three lines end with the word "corn," which rhymes to "dawn." It will be admitted, by Mr. Morris's admirers, that he is distinctly weaker in the sonnet than in narrative verse. Thus Mr. Dante Rossetti is the only modern English poet of considerable reputation, who is chiefly known for his skill as a sonneteer. It would be superfluous here to criticize verses which seem to have lost something of their original charm. Almost all sonnets are addressed, in the first place, rather to professionals and amateurs in verse-making than to the general world of readers. Mr. Rossetti's had sufficient strangeness of thought, and sufficient technical mastery, to win many admirers, some of whom are now estranged. His sonnets, with all their Italian qualities, can never compete in universal charm with those of Keats, Wordsworth, Milton, and Shakspeare, yet they are probably, with Mr. Tennyson's, the best which have been produced by the acknowledged poets of our period. Sonnets are abundant, of course, in *writings not so generally known*, but it will be admitted, we think, that the more prominent singers of the Victorian age have either neglected or strangely failed to succeed in the sonnet—a form of verse which seems exactly suited to their genius. This only proves the difficulty of reasoning from analogy in the history of literature.

OLD CLOTHESMEN.

A SOCIAL problem which always puzzles us is that of the motives which induce men to betake themselves to disagreeable or unsavoury callings. No doubt the impecunious must live somehow, and the Old World is overcrowded. But then there seems no especial reason why any particular person, when making his start in life, should choose, for instance, to be a stoker in a seagoing steamer, or to carry a scavenger's shovel in place of a bricklayer's hod. We suspect, however, that sentiments transmitted by descent go for a good deal in the matter, and that certain families turn to certain trades either from hereditary instinct or from force of paternal example. The child, as he gets beyond the toddling stage, dreams fondly of treading in his father's footsteps; and, by the time he is strong enough for an apprenticeship, has come to the conviction that his father's line is the one he must follow. So in France the Auvergnats, and in Spain the Gallegans, furnish all the water-carriers to Paris and Madrid. So the Savoyards and natives of the Engadine supply pastrycooks and sugar-bakers to the rest of Europe; while the men of the Abruzzi, descending in gangs from their mountains, appear honestly to believe that there is melody in their bagpipes, and vie with Piedmontese organ-grinders in driving peaceable Londoners to exasperation. But nowhere perhaps do the proclivities of race come out so distinctly as in the vocation of the old-clothes dealers. The Hebrews scattered abroad over Europe, from the banks of the Thames to the shores of the Bosphorus, from the wharves of Hamburg to the mole of Naples, have marked it specially for their own. Go where you will into the Jews' quarter, in a Houndsditch, in an Italian Ghetto, or a German Judengasse, you become conscious of the scent of fusty raiment, blended with the rancid fragrance of fried fish. No wonder. The front of each second house is festooned with tapestries of coats and female dresses; while beneath are ranged in rows all varieties of boots and shoes, from the vamped-up Hessians and Wellingtons down to the faded white satin slipper. The genius of the born artist will expand itself in the most uncongenial atmosphere; and the soul of the keen-eyed occupant of the establishment is evidently gladdened by the spectacle of his own æsthetical handiwork. When he is not reposing on the threshold, or reclining in meditative mood against the door-post, under the ample draperies of some mantle or capote, he is sauntering out across the pavement for a broader appreciation of the effects. We are far from saying that prosaic pecuniary considerations have not their share in inspiring his complacent admiration. Each coat or vest, or pair of revived continuations, represents, or ought to represent, a satisfactory bargain; and, when the time arrives for disposing of the article, it should leave a substantial profit behind it. In any case, it infers that sharp contest of wits over the terms of a higgling transfer which is the very salt and excitement of petty commerce. But though the dealer in second-hand slops may be a practically-minded man, it is impossible to believe him blind to the æsthetic aspects of his shop front. Though he lives now, as his ancestors may have lived from time immemorial, in the midst of strange peoples of phlegmatic minds and under the depressing shadows of a Western cloudland, yet he is come himself from the climes of the East, and has preserved something of Oriental tastes and fancy. To those inborn graces of imaginative thought are due the artistic distribution of garments which, though individually they may be simple enough in cut, yet swell and fall in waving beauty lines as they hang heaped one over another on the rusty nails. Nor is the light of colour lacking altogether, though sable of course is the predominant hue. Here and there is the resplendent scarlet of Her Majesty's service, or the more brilliant fancy tints of some still more superb uniform which, displayed on the shoulders and limbs of some stalwart footman, has lit up the entrance-hall of a West-end mansion. And there is bullion as well in the shape of epaulettes, lace, and buttons, which would sparkle, tarnished as it is, did the sun ever succeed in reaching it.

We know that these establishments must do a considerable business, as it is certain that many of the respectable lower classes must always dress themselves in cast-off apparel. As a matter of fact, however, the master of the place almost invariably appears to have time upon his hands. We take the probable explanation to be, that his customers generally wait upon him at hours when the chance wanderer is least likely to penetrate into the quarter. Working people go before or after their working hours; while the shabby genteel who have seen better days prefer to do that kind of dealing under cover of the dusk, though the doubtful light of the smoky gas-burners must be all to the advantage of the merchant in the bargain. But when a customer does drop into the premises at high noon, see how the proprietor wakens up to activity. Drop in, we say; but more often than not the customer is brought to a standstill by eloquent appeals which are enforced by action. As his eyes have gone roving from side to side of the lane, each movement has been anxiously watched by half a dozen hungry competitors. "Walk into my parlour," said the spider to the fly," is the sentiment of all those worthy gentlemen, more or less forcibly or feelingly expressed. At length, after driving to the verge of desperation several honest dealers who dare not move many steps from their doors, the hesitating lounger is finally stopped. He yields to an eloquent clutch at his coat sleeve, and decides to go in for the preliminaries to a deal. On learning his wants, the merchant takes his measure with the eye of talent chastened by experience, and makes a dash at the particular coat or pair of pantaloons which, as he swears beforehand, ought to fit to a nicety. The bargain may be broken off, after an enormous expenditure of breath and an excess of violent and angry gesticulation. In any case, it is long before the transfer is effected. If the customer hesitated provokingly before coming to a stop, the dealer is at least as backward in boldly naming his price. An anxious struggle is going on in his soul; for, on the one side, he may overshoot the mark, and scare away the interlocutor to an opposition shop; on the other, he may lay up for himself unavailing regrets by asking a sum that is easily conceded. Nineteen times out of twenty he decides upon a middle course, and puts his demand in a tentative tone which shows that he is fully prepared to be beaten down. In fact, a sale could hardly give him satisfaction unless it resolved itself into a higgle and a wrangle; for he has the habits and likings of those Oriental traders who sit cross-legged upon their shop-boards in the bazaars of the East, consuming unlimited coffee and tobacco over a negotiation. And the client, when he has consented to terms and counted out the money, must feel that he has more or less put into a lottery. No doubt he has tried the texture by rubbing and twitching at it, and closely scanned the stitching of the seams, and peered into the dye. But we imagine that there are as many tricks in the old clothes trade as in most, and that a coat and waistcoat may be got up for sale as cleverly as a horse or an "ancient master." The stout-seeming woollen fabric may turn out to be shoddy; and the glossy black, which made the surtout of broadcloth seem fit for a dean or a fashionable doctor, may change, through shades of purple, to rusty brown, with very slight wear and exposure.

Disposing of these second-hand wares is only one branch of the business. The stores must be accumulated from remote regions of more or less respectability and fashion, whose denizens have but the vaguest notions of the geography of Petticoat Lane. The master of the place or his assistants—probably the junior members of the family—go out on their daily quest. Who does not know the familiar figure of the old clothesman, respectably attired himself,

as he may well be, considering the wide range of the wardrobes from which he may pick or choose? You see him moving along the pavement at what one might call a lively crawl, for though his pace is necessarily slow, his every faculty is on the alert. No district is too highly exalted for him; in fact, it is in the higher spheres of society that he does the most profitable strokes of business, for the servants in wealthy families come in for the clothes of their masters. Yet he does not make so good a thing of it as might be expected, for valets and ladies'-maids of extravagant habits get to know pretty well the market value of the articles they vend; they become as sharp over bargains as the Jews themselves; and there is a brisk competition for their favours among the gentlemen of the blue bags. There the merchant comes, sticking close to the area railings, casting an occasional glance up to the windows on either side, now and again breathing a hoarse whisper confidentially into the ear of some *flâneur*. And ever and anon he utters that distinct though subdued "Old clo'" which gives warning of his passage like the bell of the muffin-man. Now he stands, nodding insinuatingly through the railings; it is clear that his becks and wreathed smiles have met with an encouraging response, and speedily the spring is touched from below, the gate slips open, and he disappears down the steps. When he emerges his bag is more bloated than before, and there is an agreeable smile about the corners of his lips indicative of a fortunate achievement in business. As the day draws on, and the bag gets bulkier and heavier, his heart grows lighter; and there is the sense of satisfaction expressed in his carriage, if his step becomes less elastic. When he has shot out the contents for inspection and admiration in his dingy back-parlour, he can sit down to his supper with a light heart.

An ingenious writer might hunt out themes for innumerable romances from those dingy museums of musty garments. Balzac, for example, might have found more suggestiveness in them than in the gorgeous "properties" with which he heaped his apartments when writing some of his most fantastic stories. The many-piled black velvets worn by Royalty must sink to that level sooner or later, passing through heaven knows what strange transformations on the way. That brocaded silk, though now dyed and shaped out of knowledge, throbbed over the bosom of some high-born beauty when advances were made to her that were pregnant with her fate. Those kerseymeres formed part of the Court suit of some great Minister, and that ermine now cut down for a muff showed originally on the robes of a learned Lord Chancellor. And *à propos* of ermines and velvet, we may observe that it is in the cold of the North or in the splendour of the East that the romance of vestments becomes most suggestive; partly because, being more durable, they survive through a longer course of vicissitudes, but also because there the reign of law gives place so often to the excesses of authority, and consequently to the violence of the reaction they provoke. Conspiracies having bloodshed for their object are common, and political murders by authority still more frequent. If the rich stuffs could speak that are exposed in the vaulted bazaars of Stamboul, they might betray strange records of Palace secrets. Were there no other cause for it, there must generally be a certain mysterious horror about these stuffs, because they may contain the germs of the plague or of some scarcely less deadly contagious disorder. The Eastern, who is a fatalist by feeling as by religion, has assuredly never dreamed of ventilating or disinfecting them. The chapman who bought them, being equally resigned to his destiny, asked no questions, and troubled himself about no precautions. Since then, folded aside on the shelves of a windowless and sunless cavern of stone, they have never seen the light; and for ourselves, though little given to morbid apprehensions, we should be exceedingly sorry to buy them at any price. Yet there can be no question, by the way, that similar objections may possibly apply to dealings with the old clothes' merchants of Western cities; and perhaps we might trace the elements of tragedy in the consequences of many an "extraordinary bargain," when the introduction of a piece of second-hand clothing to a household has heralded the arrival of the doctor and the undertaker.

LAKE SERBONIS.

ON several occasions we have mentioned the difficult problems presented by the question of the Exodus. There are, as every one knows now, two different theories on the subject—that is to say, all the theories, and they are many, may be broadly divided into two schools. One party maintains that the Israelites crossed the head of the Gulf of Suez—as to how far north or south almost all authorities differ. Another party maintains that not the Red Sea, but a branch of the Mediterranean, was the sea crossed. This latter theory was originated many years ago by Schleiden, and, in spite of the support of Richter, had been almost abandoned when it was taken up by Dr. Brugsch, who published a tract on the subject accompanied by a map, and read a paper at the Oriental Congress in London in 1874, which, to say the least, startled his hearers. When the paper was subsequently published it was found that Dr. Brugsch had withdrawn some of his most remarkable statements and modified his theory; but enough remained to have a considerable effect upon the opinion of persons interested. His position may be briefly stated as follows. The Israelites, fleeing from Zoan, which Dr. Brugsch identifies with San, the ancient Tanis, left Egypt by a narrow tongue of land, which was bounded on the north by the Mediterranean, and on the south by a lagoon of weeds, which he identifies with Lake Serbonis. It might be supposed that, before promulgating such a view, Dr. Brugsch would have been at the trouble of visiting the spot and seeing for himself whether such a passage would be feasible. No such visit on his part, nor, so far as we are aware, on the part of any geographer, has been made in recent times to the locality in question, and it was reserved for Mr. Greville Chester, at the instance and with the assistance of the directors of the Palestine Exploration Fund, to traverse the whole of the proposed route, and by the information which he has brought back to settle the question as far as it can be settled after the lapse of so many ages. His conclusion may be stated in a few words. The Israelites cannot have marched along this tongue, for the simple reason that it does not extend to the mainland at the eastern end, but is interrupted by an arm of the sea.

Mr. Chester's journey was made in the beginning of the present year, and his account of it is published in the current quarterly statement of the Palestine Fund. Mr. Chester has himself, he says, no particular theory to advocate with regard to the Exodus; all the theories before the public present, in his opinion, difficulties almost insuperable. He objects to the use of the term "Red Sea," borrowed, as he observes, by the translators of the Authorized Version from the Septuagint. The Hebrew term Jâm Sûf is usually translated by modern scholars to mean a "sea of weeds," and Dr. Brugsch speaks expressly of the Lake Serbonis as a weedy sea. Unfortunately Mr. Chester has found that the waters of the Lake Serbonis are salt, and as devoid of lacustrine vegetation as the Dead Sea itself. Mr. Chester began his journey by proceeding from Cairo to San, which is unquestionably the Zoan of Scripture. He gives an interesting account of the remains to be seen there. The site of this great city he describes as covered with an "avalanche of immense stones," the remains of the mighty temples and "store-houses" which the oppressed Israelites helped to build. Passing eastward from San to Tel-Dephneh, identified by Dr. Brugsch as the Chetam of the monuments and the Etham of the Book of Exodus, he crossed the Suez Canal at El Kantara, and sought for the site of Migdol. Here he fell in with an intelligent Arab, who accompanied him during the rest of his journey, and who displayed a considerable amount of local knowledge. Strange to say, he asserted that there is no such place as Tel-es-Samut, which Dr. Brugsch names as the site of Migdol. Mr. Chester, however, found a Tel, or mound, called by the Arabs Haboua, which answers to the Samut of the map. Next, striking north, he visited the remains of the ancient Pelusium, which used to be called the "key of Egypt," and is memorable as the scene of Pompey's death. He found them situated in a vast marsh, and consisting chiefly of mounds and the traces of some fortifications. The most remarkable of these are named, respectively, the Mound of Gold and the Mound of Silver. The latter is entirely surrounded by the marsh, in spite of which Mr. Chester waded across, and had the satisfaction of standing at last upon the summit. The difficulty of proceeding was great, the surface of the marsh, which extends for miles, was covered with drifting sand, and with not only an efflorescence, but with long crystals of brown salt, through which, as through a cake, the feet went down into a greasy mud, of which large masses adhered to the boots each time they were withdrawn. When Mr. Chester was within two hundred yards of his goal further progress seemed impossible, and the enterprise had nearly been given up; but as the difficulties of returning were as great as going forward, he persevered, and succeeded at last. The top of the Tel commands a view of the sea, breaking on a sandy beach beyond a swamp, about three miles distant. The desolation was complete and awful. There was no fresh water, no sign, and indeed no possibility, of human habitation. Night fell before the traveller reached his tent. Next morning he set out for the supposed site of Pihahiroth. In about two hours and a half he reached the open shores of the Mediterranean, and pursued an eastward course along the beach, making for a low headland called by the Arabs Golse Hendeyeh, a sandhill of moderate elevation, its sea-front defended by massive walls and towers of hewn limestone. Ascending to the top, he found himself at the "entrance of the gulfs"—the Pi-ha-Chiroth of the papyri, as cited by Dr. Brugsch in accounting for the name, which has in truth a thoroughly Egyptian sound. Looking eastward from the headland, he saw, as far as eye could reach, a narrow strip of land, with the Mediterranean on the left hand, and the great Lake Serbonis on the right, "upon the opposite side of which the low desert hills shimmered in the heat and mirage." Identifying this strip of land with that represented in Dr. Brugsch's map as forming a kind of bridge from Egypt into Palestine, owing to the existence of an isthmus connecting it at Mount Casius with the mainland, he descended, and commenced his journey between the sea and the lake. "Little did I then imagine," he says, "that the whole course of my route would be altered by that Isthmus being a mere creature of the learned Doctor's imagination, and having no existence in fact!"

Mr. Chester travelled till nightfall along this narrow strip, and pitched his tent at a distance of eighty paces from the sea and two hundred from the lake. About two o'clock in the morning he was awakened by a noise, and found that the wind had changed, and a furious tempest threatened to sweep his tent away. Going out at daybreak, he found, to his surprise, that "the sea had seen

that and fled." It was now dead calm, and the sea had retired no less than twenty-six paces from the point which it had reached the night before. On this Mr. Chester observes that, presuming other parts of Dr. Brugsch's theory to be correct, one might admit that supposing the sea, driven by a strong north wind, were breaking over the beach into Lake Serbonis, the water would be driven back or divided by a south or south-east wind, and a track between the two waters might then be poetically described as having a wall upon either hand. The wind returning to the north would drive the sea over the narrow belt of land and sweep the passers by towards the lake, where, in the quicksands, men, horses, and chariots would speedily be engulfed. It was probably near this spot that the Persians under Artaxerxes were destroyed. Mr. Chester was unable to get within three or four yards of the water of the lake owing to the treacherous nature of the soil. During the day he arrived at the cape identified as Mount Casius, and his fellow-traveller informed him that, on some occasions the Mediterranean joins the lake and makes this mountain into an island. Dr. Brugsch makes Mount Casius the Baalzephon of Scripture. The prospect from the summit was startling. Dr. Brugsch, says Mr. Chester, connects the mainland with Mount Casius by an isthmus of desert, "which he colours yellow to represent sand, and shades with black to represent hills." But the lake at this point is wide, and there is no such isthmus.

Relying upon this map, he had intended to cross from Mount Casius to the main land, and could not imagine why the Arabs had pronounced the route impossible. He camped another night on the narrow strip of beach, and starting next morning in good time, arrived after a march of five hours and a half at the spot where a channel connects the lake with the sea. The sea-water was running through the channel like a mill-race. A few years ago it was silted up, and the Arabs, who live by fishing in the lake, re-opened it with great labour. For some miles before it is reached, the strip of beach is not more than fifty feet wide. The passage of an army by such a route is obviously impossible. Mr. Chester crossed with his baggage and water jars in a little boat, which only held two persons at a time. The camels were driven into the sea, and made to swim. "The scene with these ungainly animals amongst the waves with the naked Arabs screaming and splashing around them, was a very strange one, and I certainly never expected to see ships of the desert taking to the sea." The crossing was at length effected, and Mr. Chester found himself with great satisfaction upon *terra firma*. A few days later he reached Gaza, and eventually Jerusalem. The route he had taken is undoubtedly shorter than the more usual way across "the short desert" between Egypt and Syria. But the scarcity of water, the danger of encamping on an open beach between lake and sea, and the chances of the ferry, when reached, being impassable through rough weather, makes it practically useless. None of the Arabs who accompanied Mr. Chester, except two, had ever traversed this strip.

THE THEATRES.

ON Saturday last the Lyceum closed until September, the final night of the season being appropriately devoted to the manager's benefit. On this occasion the play of *Charles I.*, which seems to be still attractive in spite of its many faults of construction and writing, and of its ludicrous unlikeness to the period of which it affects to convey some notion, was given, and was followed by a mixed entertainment in which Mr. Sims Reeves, his son Mr. Herbert Reeves, Mrs. Bancroft, Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Toole and Mr. Irving all took part. The performance of *Charles I.* was marked, as far as the acting was concerned, by many excellences and by one grave blot. Miss Ellen Terry's acting of the Queen has gained both in breadth and delicacy since she first took the part; and her playing in the parting scene had an irresistible tenderness and pathos. Mr. Irving's make-up seemed to us less good than it used to be; but, on the other hand, his elocution and articulation had distinctly improved and there was a certain dignity of restraint in his performance which made one almost forget the outrageous behaviour attributed by Mr. Wills to the King in the puerile scene between Charles and Cromwell—a scene in which the two most prominent figures of the time are perhaps more grossly misrepresented than they have ever been before, even in history. It would be difficult to decide which is the more astounding invention of the writer, Cromwell's blundering offer to accept a bribe, or the King's gross rudeness. Mr. Irving in giving interest to this monstrous scene performs a remarkable feat. The purely pathetic passages of the play, and the scene in which he delivers up his sword to Cromwell, he has perhaps never given better than he did on Saturday last. At no point did he receive any help from the acting of Mr. Forrester, whose Cromwell was a performance of singular dulness. Absurd as the part is, it yet gives, as both the late Mr. Belmore and Mr. Clayton proved, some opportunities for acting, which Mr. Forrester entirely missed. Mr. Pinero played the Marquis of Huntly, Mr. Forrester's old part, with discretion and feeling, and spoke his lines remarkably well.

In the medley of songs and recitations which followed the play, the most striking feature in some respects was Miss Ellen Terry's recitation of "Monk" Lewis's so-called poem, "The Captive." It is somewhat the fashion now to dismiss the author of *The Monk* as an entirely worthless writer, and certainly he produced some curiously contemptible work. But he had considerable invention and skill of a certain kind, of which *The Bravo of Venice* (a story which is not open to the same very grave objections as *The Monk*) is a good instance. In this tale one astonishing adventure follows upon another with pleasing rapidity, and the final disentangling of the plot and discovery that the dreaded and execrated Abellino is none other than the high-born and chivalrous Flodoardo, who has assumed his disguise with the best intentions and the best results, is capitally managed. Indeed *The Bravo of Venice*, which, when it first came out, must have seemed a strikingly original story, may be called the prototype of the whole school of modern fiction of which Gaboriau was the master. The fact, however, that Lewis could write so clever and admirably constructed a story as *The Bravo of Venice* did not prevent him from writing some extraordinarily silly plays, or from producing much verse utterly unworthy of the title of poetry. Like Eugène Sue, when he wished to be thrilling, he relied upon extravagant descriptions of physical horror, and in "The Captive," which, as has been said, Miss Ellen Terry recited on Saturday last, he outdid himself. The idea, that of a sane lady imprisoned by her husband as a madwoman, surrounded by all the horrors which used to belong to madhouses, and at last actually losing her reason under their influence, is appalling enough, but is neither impossible nor unpoetical in itself. Treated as it is by "Monk" Lewis, the "poem" is a mixture of repulsiveness and childish folly. Yet so admirable, so full of tragic feeling, of skill in varied intonation, of art to make one forget while one listened to the silliness of the writer's words in the emotion with which she charged them, was Miss Ellen Terry's recitation of this production, that one could hardly regret that such rubbish had been chosen for her to recite. The very striking effect produced was due entirely to her understanding of an idea with which Lewis was utterly unfit to cope, and her triumph over the versifier's follies gave more complete assurance of her tragic capabilities than might have been found in a performance in which the actress owed something to the author. The representation is not one which, even in Miss Ellen Terry's hands, can be called attractive, but we are glad to have seen it, if only because it confirms an opinion which we expressed some time ago, that there are scarcely any parts in the poetic drama outside Miss Terry's range. To our thinking, her performance of Lady Macbeth would be singularly fine. She has long given proof of her capacity for the few tender passages which exist in the character—too often represented as a mere ferocious virago—and few who witnessed her representation of "The Captive" will doubt her ability to deal with its sterner and more tragic sides.

In contrast to "The Captive" was the skilful and brightly humorous reading of *Major Namby* by Mrs. Bancroft, of whom Mr. Irving gracefully said in his closing speech that she carried sunshine wherever she went, and the unforced fun of Mr. Toole's well-known sketch, "Trying a Magistrate." Mr. Sims Reeves sang "Tom Bowling" and the "Bay of Biscay" as he alone of living singers can sing them. We have heard from those who remember Braham's delivery of the last-named song that they prefer Mr. Sims Reeves's, and it is added that Braham never attempted the daring effect of the cheer which Mr. Sims Reeves introduces. The occasion was further marked by the appearance of Mr. Herbert Reeves, who sang "Disperso il crin" (*L'Etoile du Nord*), and Mr. Cowen's pretty song, "Jessie," with perfect taste and style. The manager himself gave his well-known and always attractive recitation of Eugene Aram. The only suggestion we would make to him for the future is that the miscellaneous entertainment, attractive as it was, was perhaps a trifle too long.

Mr. Hollingshead's idea of following the French season at the Gaiety Theatre with an American season, seems to us excellent; and it is only to be regretted, first, that for various reasons which need not now be discussed, the Palais Royal Company proved less attractive to English playgoers than might have been hoped, and secondly, that the American season has opened with a play unworthy of the actor upon whom it depends. Some six years ago Mr. "Mark Twain" wrote, in conjunction with Mr. Warner, an extravagantly incoherent and aimless novel, called *The Gilded Age*, in which the character of Colonel Eschol Sellers—a not unhappy compound of Micawber and Charles Lamb's Captain Jackson—was a more or less redeeming feature. The novel was afterwards turned into a play, which was even more undramatic than the story from which it was taken, and which was not only saved from failure, but it would seem actually attained success, in consequence of the excellent acting of Mr. Raymond, who played Colonel Sellers, a part which has as much to do with the action of the piece as Lord Dundreary has to do with that of *The American Cousin*. It would be rash to say of any play that it is the worst that ever has been or will be produced at a theatre of which the manager is thoroughly up to his business; but it is certain that nothing approaching *Colonel Sellers* in dramatic absurdity and feebleness has been seen during recent years at the Gaiety. We have suggested a resemblance in one point between this play, which is the vehicle for Mr. Raymond's impersonation of Sellers, and *The American Cousin*, which became the vehicle for Mr. Sothern's Lord Dundreary. Mr. Tom Taylor, however, whatever faults might be found with his plays, had the art of stage construction at his fingers' ends, and even when the action of *The American Cousin* is cut down to make way for a character which Mr. Sothern's invention raised from nullity to importance, yet there is an intelligible and not uninteresting story running through the piece. The proportions of the play are disfigured, but it retains coherence. *Colonel Sellers* is without proportion or coherence, and it would perhaps be an insult to the

memory of "Monk" Lewis to say that this piece might be compared to a version of *The Castle Spectre* in which the strangely crude incidents were retained in spite of the acknowledged fact that the only attraction of the piece was the skill of the actor who played the jester. People who have not been unhappy enough to read *The Gilded Age*, and who have been so fortunate as to see Mr. Raymond in the "dramatic sketch" founded upon it, must, if they attempted to make out what the piece meant, have had what the Americans call "a bad time." Why the authors, having invented or arranged an effective character, and found an actor who could give it its full effect, should not have taken the trouble to surround this character with a decent framework is an inscrutable problem. The fact that *Colonel Sellers*, as it stands, has been successful in America suggests some curious reflections. Mr. Raymond's acting is, as we have hinted, of a high degree of merit; but, although this has been widely recognized, the intrinsic badness of the play has prevailed in London over the attractiveness of his performance. The same thing has happened with other American plays, among them *Fritz*, a ludicrous hotch-potch, for which Mr. Emmett's talent was unable to secure popularity. The natural conclusion is that American playgoers are more easily satisfied than English playgoers in the matter of dramatic writing, or rather perhaps that they are content, for the sake of one good piece of acting, to endure an amount of absurdity and weariness which to us appears intolerable. The conclusion that good acting is more rare in America than here would seem to go hand-in-hand with this, and is not unsupported by other facts.

To discuss *Colonel Sellers* as a play would be, as may be guessed from what has been said, both tedious and superfluous. It resembles *Fritz* in ending with an utterly ludicrous scene in court, and it may be supposed that such scenes are popular with American audiences. There is this difference, however, between the two. In *Fritz* the court-scene is intentionally and essentially farcical. In *Colonel Sellers* there is, or is supposed to be, a serious interest, the climax of which is the iniquitous acquittal by a jury of a girl who has murdered a man who has wronged her. But whatever shade of interest might attach to the impossible working of a story which does very little credit to its author is subordinated entirely to the comic interest which belongs to Sellers. In short, the play is about as bad as a play can be, and it is much to be regretted that Mr. Raymond has not appeared in something more worthy of his undoubted talent. To his acting high praise may be safely given. He has caught with singular exactitude the manner of a certain type of American, and has imported into it with fine discrimination the characteristics rudely suggested by the author or authors, while his technical skill is remarkable. Colonel Sellers is thus described in *The Gilded Age* by one who has suffered from his love of speculation:—"*He's* never down-hearted—never had any trouble in his life—didn't know it if he had. It's always sunrise with that man, and fine and blazing at that—never gets noon, though—leaves off and rises again. Nobody can help liking the creature, he means so well—but I do dread to come across him again; he is bound to set us all crazy of course." These characteristics are admirably caught and rendered by Mr. Raymond, in voice, gesture, and movement throughout the piece, and this is done with a commendable freedom from exaggeration. Perhaps the best and purest bit of comedy acting occurs in the scene when, having invited a friend to dinner, Sellers finds nothing to give him but turnips and water, and carries off the situation with the same kind of air which made Lamb write in *Captain Jackson*—"Wine we had none; nor, except on very rare occasions, spirits; but the sensation of wine was there. . . At every meagre draught a toast must ensue, or a song. All the forms of good liquor were there, with none of the effects wanting." In saying that, in spite of the coarseness and vulgarity with which the scene in *Colonel Sellers* is written, Mr. Raymond's broad but finished style of acting reminded us of the passage just quoted, we give him high praise. *Colonel Sellers* is followed by Buckstone's clever and vigorous little piece *Good for Nothing*, in which Miss Farren's truthful and spirited performance of Nan is very well worth seeing.

RACING AT GOODWOOD.

ALTHOUGH the week during which the late Goodwood meeting took place was excessively wet, there was no rain to speak of during the races except on Friday. Yet the roads to the racecourse and the ground immediately around the enclosures have rarely, if ever, been so saturated with wet during a race meeting as they were last week. Just before the racing began, on the first day, a violent tempest deluged the crowds of people who had arrived to see the races, and there was a hurried scramble to collect and shield from the rain the tablecloths and eatables that had been laid out for *al fresco* luncheons. On Wednesday, although the weather was cloudy and chilly, it was tolerably fine, but the authorities had depended too much upon the rain superseding the watercarts, for clouds of dust reminded the race-goers of old Goodwood times. It is seldom that heavier rain is seen than that which fell on the morning of Thursday, and many parts of the roads and lanes leading to the course were perfect swamps. There were broken carriage springs; there were omnibuses sticking in the mud; and there were pedestrians wading, ankle-deep, in slush. The enclosures themselves were covered with a paste-like mud, and the slopes were dangerously slippery. The pleasure of Wednesday's racing was to a great extent spoiled by the arrival of the news of the disaster in Afghanistan. Altogether, the late Goodwood meeting can scarcely be described as having been an unqualified success. The attendance was very good, but the greater proportion of the racing was, to say the least, indifferent. The two first races were mere matches, and the average number of horses that started for each of the eight races on the opening day was less than five. With the exception of the Goodwood Stakes and the Richmond Stakes, the racing was very uninteresting. It was a new thing to run the Goodwood Stakes on the opening day. A strong favourite was established for this race in Reveller, a four-year-old colt belonging to Mr. Jardine. He had never raced until he was three years old, and then his career had been anything but brilliant. His stable, however, was considered to be "in form," and it was generally reported that his trainer had great confidence in his chance of victory. He was by no means overburdened with weight, and a very moderate three-year-old, which ran in the race, was handicapped within 4 lbs. of him. The second favourite was Thurio, but, good horse as he is, 2 st. seemed a great deal for him to give to a highly tried horse like Reveller. Another heavily weighted good horse was Roehampton, but he had only 4 lbs. less to carry than Thurio. There can, we should imagine, be little doubt that Thurio and Roehampton were the best horses that started for the race. Bay Archer, the winner of last year, was again to start, accompanied by a stable companion named Edelweiss, who only won one out of eight races last year. Bay Archer had 25 lbs. more to carry now than he had a year ago. The nine starters went off at a very slow pace. When they had been going for about half a mile Fordham rode Bay Archer out and shot away a dozen lengths in advance of the rest of the field, which was headed by his stable companion Edelweiss. As they passed the mile post Wallenstein had got up within a couple of lengths of Bay Archer, and Reveller was close to Edelweiss. As they entered the rails Thurio, Roehampton, and Advance came gamely to the front; but their heavy weights stopped them. Edelweiss was running wonderfully well, but it was only when his stable companion, Bay Archer, was in difficulties at the distance that his jockey sent him to the front, and then it was too late, for Reveller had been allowed to get too far in front, and his fine speed enabled him to beat Edelweiss by a short head. The better looking horse of the pair won, but many good judges of racing were of opinion that if Edelweiss had not waited until all hopes of Bay Archer's winning were over, he would have won the race. As it was, Reveller barely succeeded in securing the victory. Both Sir Charles and Scobell, who were supposed to be the two best two-year-olds of the year, were to start for the Richmond Stakes. Bal Gal, the winner of the July Stakes, was also to run. The two colts already named were the first favourites, Bal Gal being the only one of their nine opponents who was considered to have any chance of defeating them. Sir Charles ran very moderately throughout the race, but about three hundred yards from home Scobell and Bal Gal came away by themselves from the rest of the field, and Bal Gal, who had a little the best of the weights, won very easily by three-quarters of a length. After Ascot, Sir Charles was the best public performer among the two-year-olds; but, now that Goodwood is over, Bal Gal must be considered to have shown the best form. Lord Falmouth once more has a flying filly by Adventurer.

Mask, the winner of the Payne Stakes at Newmarket and the Ascot Derby, won three races at Goodwood. The most important of these victories was the Sussex Stakes, in which he was opposed by Jenny Howlett, the winner of the Oaks, Apollo, who had once beaten Robert the Devil, Zealot, the winner of the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, and two other horses. It was a pretty race, for the whole field came up to the distance abreast, when Mask came forward and won in a canter, followed by Apollo and Zealot. In a former article we noticed the wonderful development of muscle on Mask's quarters. Keen-eyed critics at Goodwood said that they could detect signs of a thoroughpin on one of his hocks. His backers laid 20 to 1 on him for the Drawing-Room Stakes; but, although he won, the odds ought not to have been nearly so high, for Nereid, to whom he was giving a stone, ran within a neck of him. The pace was very bad throughout the race, which may account for her forward running. Twenty-eight horses came out for the Stewards' Cup, which is a T.Y.C. scramble. Hackthorpe was the favourite. Last year he had shown wonderful form on several occasions, but he had run badly so far this year. The rapid Phenix had a heavy weight to carry in 9 st. 5 lbs. The wretched performer, Sun of York, was much fancied under his light weight. Elf King was another very moderate horse which was a good favourite. He had not won a race for two years. At the distance, Hackthorpe, ridden by Archer, was leading, with a lightly weighted old selling plater called Veto at his quarters. Suddenly Fordham came with a tremendous rush on Elf King, and a fine struggle ensued between the three horses. As they passed the post there was only a head between each of them. Elf King was first, Hackthorpe was second, and Veto third. The Lavant Stakes was easily won by Iroquois, Isola Madre, an own sister to Isonomy, which had been purchased for fourteen hundred guineas as a yearling, being second. Later in the day, Iroquois was very easily beaten by Wandering Nun, who had beaten sixteen opponents in the Berkeley Stakes at Lincoln. It will be remembered that Iroquois ran Bal Gal to a head, on her first appearance in public; but he seems an uncertain horse, for he

ran nowhere the other day in the Great Kingston Two-Year-Old Plate, for which he started a strong favourite, with odds laid on him.

On the Thursday, Peter gave Phenix a good beating over the New Mile, in the Singleton Stakes. This was a good performance, for Phenix, as we have already observed, was thought good enough to carry 9 st. 5 lbs. in the Stewards' Cup, and now Peter had only 3 lbs. the best of the weights. The Rous Memorial Stakes, which was won last year by Robert the Devil, was a wretched affair, for only one opponent came out to follow Bal Gal past the winning post. It could not be called a race. Not only was the field so small, but the entries for the race were little more than half what they had been last year. Only two horses started for the Goodwood Cup. Indeed, for half the races which were contested during the day, only two horses started. As much as 3 to 1 was laid on Lord Bradford's Chippendale, who is generally considered about the best horse of the day, after Isonomy. Only Dresden China now opposed him. He had given her 4 lbs. and beaten her by two lengths and a half in the Cesarewitch, so now that he was giving her 3 lbs. it seemed probable that he would give her at least an equal beating. The running was made by Chippendale, at a wretchedly slow pace, and a mile and a half had been traversed before the horses began to gallop at anything like racing pace, so Dresden China's speed enabled her to do battle with Chippendale, and she won very cleverly by three lengths. There can be little doubt that such a stayer as Chippendale would have won if the running had been stronger. Dresden China has been a fairly successful mare, as she has won the Great Yorkshire Handicap, the Northamptonshire Stakes, the Northumberland Autumn Handicap, and the Goodwood Cup, and she is one of the finest looking mares on the Turf. It is more than fifty years since so small a field has started for the Goodwood Cup, and the rest of the racing on the Cup day has seldom been less interesting.

On Friday some interest was excited by the Chesterfield Cup, for which Lord Clive was the favourite; but this horse never likes heavy ground, and the three-year-old Victor Emmanuel, which had started first favourite for the Northumberland Plate, won the race in a canter. Wandering Nun, who had beaten Iroquois in the Findon Stakes, as we have already observed, won another race in the Nursery Stakes, but she was only opposed by Jessie, the winner of the Champagne Stakes at the Bibury Club Meeting. She has evidently a good deal of speed, and moreover she runs very gamely. She did not do well between Lincoln and Goodwood, but she has improved very much in appearance of late. About the most interesting race of the last day was the Queen's Plate, for which Roehampton, Thurio, and Inval started at even weights. It was generally expected that Roehampton would win. Inval made the running, followed by Thurio, Roehampton lying three or four lengths in the rear. Half a mile from home, Thurio took the lead, and Inval soon after fell back beaten, when Roehampton challenged Thurio and a pretty race ensued. Roehampton made a valiant struggle and got in front of Thurio, but as they passed the stand Thurio made another effort, and won very cleverly by a length. Lord Bradford's three-year-old filly Grey Hen, who had won a race on the first day of the meeting, won the Corinthian Plate in a canter, beating ten opponents. The Duke of Westminster's beautiful but jadish filly Evasion was made a strong favourite for the Nassau Stakes, the last race of the meeting. After a very fine race, Lord Falmouth's Muriel just managed to beat her by a head. And thus ended a dull Goodwood.

REVIEWS.

O'GRADY'S HISTORY OF IRELAND.*

FEW authors wish it to be supposed that they write solely for the pleasure or profit of book-making. The greater number would have the world believe that it is some high and noble aim connected with the welfare of humanity at large which has spurred them on to the exertion of composition and the pain of publication. Readers of Miss Austen will remember how one of her heroines believed that histories were written solely to torment those young persons who sorely against the grain were compelled to absorb some portion of their contents, and how from the bottom of her simple heart she pitied the unfortunate authors upon whom the ungenial task of creating these sources of torment was imposed. That invincible repugnance to historical studies which Catherine Morland took it for granted possessed the minds of all young persons Mr. O'Grady has found to be deeply rooted amid his fellow-countrymen of all ages. Therefore he has written this book. His first intention was to let his book "explain itself"; but, happily for his reviewers, he changed his mind, and has prefixed an introductory chapter to each volume, so that we are not left in doubt as to the motive which induced him to undertake the difficult task of writing the history of his native land. He wished to do

> something to reduce that blank, sheer wall of ignorance, apathy, and prejudice which stands between Irishmen and their birth-right—the history of the land in which they are born, and of the ancestors from whom they have sprung, and to lessen their all but invincible repugnance to believe themselves members of the ancient nation to which we have the honour to belong.

But it is not merely "ignorance, apathy, and prejudice" that Mr. O'Grady has had to wrestle with, but also positive hatred. The educated Irishman, according to his representation, looks on the history of his fathers as a sort of evil spell, which he would fain shake off if he could, "like Mordecai at Haman's gate, a cause of continual annoyance and vexation" to him. But, however annoying and vexatious it may be, it seems that "an Irishman can no more release himself from his history than he can absolve himself from social and domestic duties." We are extremely glad to hear that a people who are a source of so much annoyance and vexation to their neighbours have a perpetual hair-shirt of their own that they cannot get rid of. Mr. O'Brady goes on:—

> I think that I do not exaggerate when I say that the majority of educated Irishmen would feel grateful to the man who informed them that the history of their country was valueless and unworthy of study, that the pre-Christian history was a myth, the post-Christian mere annals, the mediæval a scuffling of kites and crows, and the modern alone deserving of some slight consideration. That writer will be in Ireland most praised who sets latest the commencement of our history. Without study he will be pronounced sober and rational before the critic opens the book. So anxious is the Irish mind to see that effaced which it is conscious of having neglected.

Such being the state of feeling abroad in the country, we cannot but admire the patriotism of Mr. O'Grady in braving the ill-will he must surely incur by thus setting himself up as a Mordecai at the gate of all his acquaintances for the sake of vindicating the memory of those departed heroes of whose glory he is so jealously proud. We only wish that he had set to work in a more critical and less poetical mood. If we were to judge his book by its title and to treat it as serious history, we should be compelled to admit that it is of very little value, both from the want which it betrays of all critical faculty on the part of the author and from the absence of reference to original authorities. But on attentive consideration of the contents we find that by so treating his book we should be doing Mr. O'Grady injustice. The title is a misnomer. Instead of writing the authentic history of Ireland, he has re-told in a poetical and freely imaginative manner some of those legendary historic tales of the bards which are to be found in the oldest Irish manuscripts. In such materials the Irish language is peculiarly rich; but, as is the case with all legendary lore, the tales frequently contradict one another, and are very wild and incredible. It is thus Mr. O'Grady describes the chaos from which he has striven to draw a connected story:—

> But all around, in surging, tumultuous motion, come and go the gorgeous, unearthly beings that long ago emanated from bardic minds, a most weird and mocking world. Faces rush out of the darkness, and as swiftly retreat again. Heroes expand into giants, and dwindle into goblins, or fling aside the heroic form and gamble as buffoons; gorgeous palaces are blown asunder like a smoke-wreath; kings, with wand of silver and ardroth of gold, move with all their state from century to century; puissant heroes, whose fame reverberates through and sheds a glory over epochs, approach and coalesce; battles are shifted from place to place and century to century; buried monarchs re-appear, and run a new career of glory. The explorer visits an enchanted land where he is mocked and deluded. Everything seems blown loose from its fastenings. All that should be most stable is whirled round and borne away like foam or dead leaves in a storm.

If "bardic minds" indulge in such extravagant emanations, no wonder there are persons who, as we infer from another passage, "fear that their sanity will be imperilled" by too freely tampering with them. Verily it would take all the lore of that mythical animal—one of the few distinct figures in the Irish mythology—the "salmon of all knowledge" himself to make head or tail of such confused materials. The shade which Mr. O'Grady has pitched upon to draw out of all this goblin transformation scenery, and to raise to the dignity of playing the chief part in two volumes of the *History of Ireland*, is Cuculain, a hero whose exploits were a favourite theme with the bards of Erin, and whom Mr. O'Grady would fain exalt into a second and superior Odysseus. His feats of arms when chosen champion of Ulster are told in a wonderful tale called the "Tain-bo-Chuailgne," or, the Great Cattle Spoil, a version of which is given by Professor O'Curry in his Lectures on the MS. materials of Irish history as being typical of the mass of the historic tales. A fragment of it is to be found in the MS. called the "Leabhar na h'Uidhre," supposed to have been written at the end of the eleventh or beginning of the twelfth century, and also in the *Book of Leinster*, a MS. of the twelfth century; but Mr. O'Curry's version and, we suspect, Mr. O'Grady's also, are based on a much more modern copy. The story of the preservation of this tale is so apocryphal that it shows, better than any other evidence we can bring forward, how much, or rather how little, credit the tale itself is entitled to. Towards the end of the sixth century Senchan, who had been elected Ard-Ollav or chief bard of the Irish, summoned all the other bards to a council, to see if there was any among them who could recite the tale of the Tain-bo-Chuailgne. None of them knew more than a few fragments of it, but they all agreed that the "Cuilmenn" or cow-skin upon which it was written had been carried off to some foreign land. Then Senchan sent off his own son and another bard to the East in quest of it, and according to another account he himself went to Scotland on the same errand. However, their efforts were in vain, nowhere could they find any

* *History of Ireland.* By Standish O'Grady. Vols. I., II. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

traces of the lost Cuilmenn. The bards having failed, the saints took the matter in hand. At the grave of Fergus MacRoy, who had been one of the chief actors in the "great cattle spoil," there gathered the chief lights of the Irish Church. Among them were the two Brendans, Kieran of Clonmacnoise, and the great Collum Cill or Columba himself. The saints summoned the ghost of Fergus MacRoy, who appeared to them and recited the whole tale. It was afterwards written down by St. Kieran on the skin of his pet cow. In memory of this animal the book was called the "Leabhar-na-h'Uidhre" or Book of the Dun Cow.

As for the tale itself, it records, according to O'Curry, the invasion of Ulster by the Irish of the three other provinces, headed by Queen Meave of Connaught. The cause of this invasion was a dispute about a certain brown bull owned by Dare Mac Fachtna of Ulster, which Queen Meave had sent to borrow and which the owner refused to give up. Cuculain came forward as the champion of Ulster, demanding that the strife should be settled by single combat, and challenging the most doughty warriors in Meave's host to come out against him. In turn he defeated them all, but the queen, growing impatient of this slow way of settling the question, invaded the province, carried off the brown bull, and returned to Connaught. There another and more terrible combat took place between the brown bull and the white bull of Connaught already in possession of the field. The chronicler tells how the whole province rang with the echoes of their roaring, how the sky was darkened with the sods they threw up with their feet and the foam from their mouths; how men, women, and children hid themselves in clefts of the rocks from terror; how sixteen warriors were not only overthrown, but buried several feet underground by the white bull in his retreat. For, as the tale is clearly intended for the glorification of Ulster, the brown bull not only conquered his enemy, but tossed him till he fell to pieces, dropping the bits as he went back to his own country. Where each piece fell it gave its name to the place. Thus Athlone, which before then was Ath Môr, or the Great Ford, was changed, because the white bull's *luan* or loin dropped there, into Athlone. Such is the tale which is the groundwork of the greater part of Mr. O'Grady's volumes, only he merely refers to the latter part of it, the fight of the two bulls, in a note. No doubt this is all fable; but then, as the two parts of the tale are so closely connected, the question cannot but present itself, What probability is there that the rest of it is true or even founded on fact? The story of the preservation of the tale is certainly fiction. It must, moreover, be a fiction of a comparatively recent date. For, unless it had passed out of men's minds how persistently Columba snubbed the bards and made light of their histories, this saint would never have been placed among those who invoked the ghost of Fergus. Probably this story, as well as the tale itself, sprang from the inventive brain of the writer of the "Leabhar-na-h'Uidhre" in the form in which we now have it. It is noteworthy that this same book contains a copy of the elegy on the death of Columba, the language of which had grown so obsolete by the time it was here transcribed, that it is interlined with a glossary to make it intelligible to readers of the twelfth century. Now if the "Tain-bo-Chuailgne" was really copied from a manuscript of St. Kieran, it must have been in the same obsolete language; while if, as is pretended, it was written as it fell from the lips of Fergus MacRoy, it must have been still more antiquated, since he was a contemporary of Cuculain, who is supposed to have died early in the first century. The great difference which exists between the Irish of the sixth and of the twelfth centuries is an unanswerable argument against the existence of that mass of Irish literature of an earlier date which the Irish lay claim to. A language that is written and read does not change to any great amount unless, as was the case with Latin, it is swamped by some other and less cultivated tongue. Now even such believers in the old myths as Mr. O'Grady place the coming of the Fir-bolgs, and of the Milesians, and of all the other ancestors of the sons of Erin at dates long prior to the Christian era, and would be slow to admit that the country was after the sixth century subjected to any foreign influence powerful enough to upset a language with fixed literary forms. The warmest advocates for the antiquity of Irish literature cannot do away with the fact that the oldest specimens of written Irish now existing are glosses upon Latin MSS. of the eighth and ninth centuries, found in Continental monasteries, whither they had doubtless been taken by the Columban monks. Therefore there is every reason for supposing that the Irish, like the nations of modern Europe, first learnt letters through Christianity, and that their first written books were in Latin. Nor is there any good reason for doubting that the Lives of the Saints formed their first literature in the vernacular, and were written to take the place of the unedifying oral histories of the bards.

If we look upon Mr. O'Grady's book as an attempt to present in a popular form a picture of the manners and customs of the Irish prior to the English conquest, as they may be inferred from the discoveries made by archæological research, we must give him credit for consistency, care, and self-restraint in abstaining from representing impossibilities. Though the halls of the old palace are said to ring with the shouts of the warriors and the song of the bards, still the truth comes out that the so-called palace was merely a sort of wigwam of wood and wattle, entrenched within ditches and a mound. The warriors feast on salmon speared in the river, and wild geese shot on the wing, washed down with draughts of mead and metheglin and ruddy ale. The ornaments are the Celtic fibula and torc, the accoutrements the spear, the javelin, the red-yew bow, the ponderous sword, the wickerwork shield, with its bull-hide cover bossed and occasionally rimmed with metal. The heroes, with their long ruddy locks, linen tunics, and flowing brattas, are imposing only from their personal prowess. The tale is told in easy natural language; and, amid the din of war, mixing with the neighing of the steeds and the rattle of the chariots, chime in ever and anon the homely sounds of domestic life, the barking of the dogs round the "liss" or "dun," the lowing of the cows, the grinding of the quern; while the constant splashing through marshes, and struggling through brakes and woods of stunted willow, give an excellent picture of a little cultivated, half-cleared, and wholly undrained land. But then the state of semi-civilization here set forth is no proof of the early date of the events of the tale. For, though it may have begun very early, it certainly lasted very late. The description of the primitive state of agriculture and of the simple appliances of domestic life is equally applicable to the state of things found by Essex in Ulster in the sixteenth century. Though, as a rule, Mr. O'Grady is careful in his details to keep within the bounds of probability, he has certainly given too loose a rein to his imagination when he represents Dublin as containing shops with glass windows in which the goods were shown, and among those goods mechanical toys, such as a chariot with a nodding charioteer; and we should like to know what authority he has for representing chess as a game in familiar use at a date very little subsequent to the beginning of the Christian era. His book being so largely imaginative, it cannot be admitted that Mr. O'Grady has done anything towards removing from his nation the reproach that their history is as yet unwritten. It is to be hoped that the Irishman who may undertake the task will be learned enough to sift truth from falsehood, and bold enough to tear down the parasitical plants that distort the form of a tree of really noble growth. In these days of historical criticism it is as absurd for the Irish to expect other nations to accept as history a mass of clumsy fabrication that bears fable on the face of it, as it would be for the Scotch still to pin their faith on the inventions of Buchanan, or for the English to take for gospel all Malory's romances about King Arthur and his Knights. Taken as legends, there can be no doubt that the Irish bardic tales have a certain value and beauty of their own. But as that value lies chiefly in their peculiar qualities of form and diction, Mr. O'Grady would be doing good service both to Ireland and to literature if he would publish some more of these tales simply translated as literally as is compatible with being readable. By making a long-winded travesty or paraphrase as he has done with these tales of Cuculain, in which it is impossible to distinguish his inventions from the inventions of the bards, he deprives his work of the value it might otherwise have as a contribution either to the authentic or to the legendary history of Ireland.

POPULAR HEALTH MANUALS.*

MESSRS. WARD and LOCK have done good service to the public in procuring, at the hands of highly qualified members of the medical profession, a series of manuals compressing into the smallest possible space the elementary principles and practical rules of healthful living. In these tiny handbooks the non-professional reader—the teacher of youth more particularly—will find expressed in plain and untechnical language, adapted to every mind of ordinary intelligence and training, an amount of information which cannot fail to prove useful to persons of any age or condition of life; warning them against many an injudicious and dangerous habit, and, if not in all cases supplying the need of medical advice, giving many valuable hints as to the symptoms which betoken that need, and the direction in which professional counsel had best be sought. Prevention rather than cure may be laid down as the design which has been kept in view in the compilation of these little books; and it is not too much to say of them, as a series, that the shilling invested betimes in each of them may be the means of saving many a guinea. The names of the writers are not given, but the contents of the manuals themselves sufficiently attest the competence of their authors, and the hygienic rules laid down and enforced in them will be found to justify themselves in practice. The first on the list to claim our attention, *Long Life, and How to Reach It*, forms a fitting prelude to the volumes which deal with the more special functions of the organism or with separate forms of disease. Without pretending to condense into so small a compass full directions for the preservation of health and avoidance of disease in all the various conditions to which human life is subject, the writer gives plain general rules for recognizing and escaping, as far as may be, the countless foes which are ever on the watch within and without us to detect the weak spot and spring upon us with painful, if not deadly, effect. Starting from Bichat's definition of life as organization—that is, an organized body, or part of a body—in action, he proceeds to treat of health and disease as the maintenance or disturbance of healthy action. Diseases are no longer looked upon, as they were by physicians of old times, as so many separate entities, but as disturbances of perfect life, departures from healthy action, the result of some influence outside the body, or of excess or strain of some function within. Of these

* *Ward and Lock's "Long Life" Series:—*
1. *Long Life, and How to Reach It.*
2. *Eyesight, and How to Care for It.*
3. *The Throat and the Voice.*
4. *The Mouth and the Teeth.* London: Ward & Lock. 1880.

disturbing influences the first to be explained are heat and cold, to which that of electricity must needs be added, imperfectly as its agency is at present understood; then follow excess, privation or impurity of air, water, and food, and improper clothing. A further potent influence in the disposition to disease is to be sought in differences of race. In this country we have few opportunities of noticing the effects of this modifying element, but in lands inhabited by mixed races it is very remarkable.

In the United States, for example, the English and Welsh seem more liable to be affected with scarlet-fever, diphtheria, croup, apoplexy, and paralysis, and enjoy a comparative immunity from consumption, typhoid, and typhus fevers. Among the Irish there is a marked liability to consumption, and an extraordinary mortality from Bright's disease. The Germans show a comparative immunity from consumption, scrofula, and cancer, and a decided liability to small-pox, typhoid and typhus fevers, and other febrile affections. The Swedes, Danes, and Norwegians exhibit a greater tendency to dysentery, diarrhœa, typhoid and other fevers, with a remarkable exemption from apoplexy, paralysis, cancer, Bright's disease, and bronchitis.

The statistical tables furnished by each country form a highly important element in estimating the causes and conditions of longevity. Other modifiers of disease-producing agencies are the temperaments, of which the four generally accepted—namely, the sanguine, lymphatic, bilious, and nervous—are made clear to the reader, as are also the chief idiosyncrasies or personal peculiarities in regard to diet or habit. Hereditary tendencies come in for notice, and age, as the universal condition in the estimate of life-prospects, has its place in the list. Special chapters are devoted to the details of each morbific agent. Pure Water, and how to obtain it; Baths, and how to take them; The House, and how to build it; Food, and how to digest it; Sleep, and how to secure it; Exercise, and how to take it—are among the heads under which sanitary warnings are clearly and pithily dealt out. Under "Mental Power, and how to retain it," we find some judicious remarks upon the brain diseases now especially prevalent, with wise cautions against nervous overwork. "Parasitic Enemies, and how to escape from them," are not overlooked; and the final chapter, "Old Age, and how to meet it," sums up the little manual with valuable hints as to how the end of life, from which there is no escape, may be indefinitely stayed, and divested of not a few of its most common and distressing ills.

A subject so wide as the Eyesight, involving as its treatment does somewhat of the sciences of anatomy, physiology, and optics, is not readily to be disposed of in a manual of 134 small pages. The utmost that can be attempted within such limits is to place before the reader so much elementary knowledge as is necessary for him to understand the conditions under which the eyes must do their work, the elementary facts of the structure and functions of the eyes, and the principal dangers which beset them. The practical hints here given have reference to prevention rather than cure. No claim to be original can of course be set up, the writer's object being simply to popularize established facts and accepted theories which have become the common property of scientific men; nor has it been thought necessary to weary or distract the reader by references. The anatomy of the eye having been first explained as fully as space permits, and the physiology of vision illustrated by the aid of diagrams based upon the simple principles of optics, the writer opens up the practical part of his subject—the injuries and diseases of the eye; setting forth the uses of the ophthalmoscope, and explaining the great advances rendered possible within the last thirty years by Helmholtz's valuable invention. How to get rid of foreign bodies lodged in the *conjunctiva*, an injury very common to certain classes of workpeople, is a question which all are interested in studying. A wholesome caution is given against the use of what we learn are still sold as "eye-stones"—smooth bodies for expelling the rougher particles of cinder, stone, iron filing, or what not, that have got impacted within the eyelid. The proper article, the *operculum*, or lid, of a small sea-shell, is often, when scarce, replaced by some small seed, as a bean or flax seed. A patient has been admitted into a hospital, her eye disclosing a germinating seed, with quite a well-developed sprout, having been liberally fed by the local warmth and the tears of suffering. For a very common and dangerous form of injury—a splash of lime into the eye—bathing with dilute vinegar, or with sweet oil after the lime has been washed out, is a simple means of giving relief; and, in the case of injury by acids, one part of lime water to three of water is a safe expedient, or the eye may be freely bathed in milk. Ophthalmia in its manifold forms is succinctly treated in the manual before us, from that in which sympathetic inflammation threatens the uninjured eye (when the removal of the offending organ is almost always the only safe course), to the catarrhal and purulent forms, which are to be carefully distinguished by the simple rules here laid down, and checked betimes by expedients which may obviate the need of surgical care and tedious treatment. In another chapter optical defects, including old-sight, long-sight, short-sight, and astigmatism, are discussed, sundry popular errors corrected, and grains of comfort dispensed to many people who are worried by nervous fears of their infirmity being beyond cure, whilst timely advice is given for the detection of defective or failing power, and the relief to be found from properly rinsing the eyes as well as from artificial aids to vision. Plain rules for the choice of suitable glasses follow. The last chapter, upon the effects of school life, forms the most original part of the book, furnishing many a hint as to the precautions that should accompany a course of training which is necessarily artificial and to a certain extent unnatural. The proper lighting and ventilation of school-rooms, the avoiding of undue or over-continuous strain upon the sight, the adjustment of work to the power of vision, whether long or short, the selection of clear print, the shape and size of the desk, and its relation to the seat—such points, prominently brought to the front by the exigencies of modern education, are here treated with an amount of clearness and common sense which of itself commends the book to the use of every elementary teacher.

In *The Throat and the Voice* the reader is prepared for the practical lessons to which the little work is mainly addressed by a short chapter on the general construction of the throat, made clearer by a diagrammatic anatomical sketch of the throat and adjoining structures, in vertical section, indicating the course of the air and food tracks, for which the pharynx forms the common highway. The process of respiration, which, with that of vocalization, is the subject to be illustrated here—that of alimentation coming under another department of the series—is thus made clear to the reader, who is taught to carry further the same line of anatomical study by examining his own throat by the aid of a well-illuminated mirror, such a one more especially as he may hold in the hand, turning the light upon each separate portion under view. He will thus be prepared to understand the various forms of disease to which each part is liable, as well as the rules to be observed for keeping it in its healthy state and normal action. The causes of sore throat, that most common and not least distressing of minor maladies, with the precautions to which they point, are summarized within a few pages, which, carefully laid to heart, might be the means of obviating an amount of misery not easily to be calculated. Besides simple rules for all classes and sexes, specific warnings are laid down for those who by necessity or propensity are exposed to ills of their own. Hereditary predisposition to throat complaint, exposure to atmospheric extremes, imprudences and excesses of various kinds, come briefly within the writer's notice. The peculiar condition of the throat known as the "milky patches of smokers," often simulating an unfortunate constitutional form of sore throat, is traced to unwise and ill-regulated indulgence in a habit which, above most others, has its slaves. Inordinate use of iced water, as well as of alcoholic liquors, is shown to affect the throat. Follies of dress, unnatural straining of the voice in loud talking, screaming, bawling to the deaf, and so on, come under view, and remedies are suggested in the way of freedom of exercise, proper methods of taking breath, elocutionary practice, and vocal gymnastics. For acute sore throat, quinsy, and diphtheria, as well as for the forms of sore throat connected with small-pox, measles, and scarlet-fever, a few simple directions may be useful at the initial stage, but the right thing will always be to fly forthwith to the best professional advice to be had. Parents and all persons in charge of children may beneficially keep in mind the plain rules laid down for the detection of the early symptoms of croup, enlarged tonsils, and other affections to which youthful throats are specially liable, and for giving prompt succour when foreign bodies lodging in the windpipe or gullet cause sudden alarm. The second half of this short manual treats of the throat as a vocal organ. Diagrams are given of the exterior and interior structure of the human larynx, fig. xi. in particular showing well an image of the whole vocal apparatus as seen in a mirror held far back in the mouth. Again, the action of the larynx is to be seen as contrasted in respiration and phonation, when the voice is given either from the chest or in what are known as head tones. For a sound method of vocal culture, the beginner had best set himself to practice at once under a good master. Written rules can do little for him beyond inculcating right habits in such simple matters as taking breath, sparing the lungs, and avoiding unnatural strain, artificial utterance, indistinctness or hastiness of speech. A good system of vocal gymnastics is indispensable. The most common defects of voice, whether as regards speaking or singing, are pointed out in a way that will make this little manual of much practical service.

There are few facts in physiology more generally attested by popular experience, as well as by the consensus of professional practitioners, than that of the progressive deterioration in the teeth of the civilized races of mankind. Whether this is due to general causes affecting the constitution, such as the increased strain upon the nervous centres involved in modern social habits, or to special faults of dietary—the less ample supply of milk, especially in childhood and youth, the substitution of white for whole-meal bread, entailing the loss of the phosphates and silex—is a problem full of interesting matter for speculation. More pressing still is the question how to make the best of the outfit of teeth which each one among us has inherited, or finds still at his command. Dental caries being undeniably on the increase, recession of the gums and absorption of the supporting alveolar processes being fearfully prevalent even among the young, it is of the utmost importance that some popular knowledge should be available to check betimes this premature decay and loss of teeth. Much can be done by intelligent care to avert that resort to tooth-drawing which becomes too often the only refuge from the penalties of criminal neglect. Not only is the loss of masticating power here involved, but facial deformity, abscesses, neuralgia, dyspepsia, headache, and troubles of eye and ear are morbid conditions frequently to be traced to the same cause. After explaining in popular terms the anatomy of the mouth, the eruption of the temporary and the permanent teeth, and the natural composition and nutrition of the teeth generally, the writer passes on to the nervous relations of this delicate apparatus, the disturbances to which it is subject or which it may induce, affecting the entire

organism. Besides caries or decay, there may be latent dental disorders, such as exostosis, or enlargement of the roots, deposits in the pulp-cavity of a tooth, or local pressure of some kind which may be reflected to the eye, the ear, or other organs, inducing a general derangement of health. Sympathetic or reflex disturbances of this kind, caused by dental irritation, form a subject of careful study for the physiologist and the physician, and the proper treatment of them calls for more than the mere technical skill generally looked for in the dentist. The way in which they are treated in this little book shows that the writer takes the widest view of his profession, and will justify the confidence he claims from his readers. The practical rules he gives for the care and preservation of the teeth are sound, and will be found to be based upon scientific reasons no less than upon extensive practice. His system of dentistry is eminently conservative in character; and, while speaking in severe language of extraction as too often a sign of ignorant impatience on the part of the sufferer and want of resource and method on that of the dentist, he does all that good and kindly advice can do towards aiding nature in the retention of one of her most precious gifts.

THE PAST IN THE PRESENT.*

FEW more interesting archæological works have lately been published than the ten "Rhind Lectures" which make up Dr. Mitchell's volume, *The Past in the Present*. We do not agree with what we take to be the conclusion of Dr. Mitchell's arguments, nor can we think that his ideas are so novel as he seems to suppose. He is continually arguing against some invisible opponent, who appears to be the ideal type of the untrained archæologist. He points out that, if certain modern Scotch survivals of barbaric or savage culture, such as stone whorls and rude pipkins, could be buried and dug up again, they would be falsely attributed to a remote antiquity. But Dr. Mitchell may be easy in his mind, for archæologists worthy of the name now take into consideration every circumstance of a "find," and it is their rule to date no grave further back than the most recent of its contents. But though we may have to dispute Dr. Mitchell's conclusion that perhaps "there never has been a time in human history when there did not occur among men states both of high and low civilization," we must thank him heartily for the manner and the method of his book, for the curious and valuable facts which he has collected from personal observation, and for the admirable woodcuts which adorn as well as illustrate his volume.

Lecturing in Edinburgh on archæology, Dr. Mitchell has chosen Scotch examples of rude and ancient habits, and scarcely introduces a fact which he has not observed with his own eyes. The results are really surprising. Most archæologists know that many ancient and simple usages survive in Scotland. Mr. Tylor had already described the old Islay woman who spun with a potato stuck on her spindle by way of whorl. That clay pipkins are made by women in the Hebrides without the aid of the potter's wheel, and ornamented merely by scratches of the finger-nails, was also well known. But Dr. Mitchell has added dozens of instances of similar survivals, and has satisfactorily shown that, so far as the material appliances of life go, many of our Scotch countrymen are now living in a manner scarcely superior to that of the Admiralty islanders. Yet Dr. Mitchell avers that the Shetlanders and people of the Lewis, who dwell in a kind of earthen bee-hives, who spin with instruments like those found in Dr. Schliemann's Troy, who wear shoes cut from the untanned hairy hide, and drink sour milk out of the rudest sort of clay-pot, are not much lower than their neighbours in all that makes civilization. They are intelligent enough, and sometimes are keen theologians; they use Sheffield cutlery (when they can get it), and Manchester stuffs; but they are satisfied with many of the rough instruments which savages employ. To tell the truth, these worthy Highlanders are abominably lazy, and their motto is, "it will do well enough." As a consequence, even the rude articles of their manufacture are degenerate. The first simple appliances and utensils were better made when all the Northern world used them; when they were more or less elaborately decorated for rich men and chieftains. Now that the old-fashioned brooches, pots, spindles, and even the bee-hive houses only exist to satisfy the humblest wants of the most lazy and indifferent people, these pots, brooches, spindles, and hovels are degenerate, are made in a clumsy, slovenly way. From these facts, which we state for the present in the broadest manner, Dr. Mitchell seems inclined to argue that degeneration has been a more common element in human history than we are disposed to believe. As intelligent people in Shetland and the Lewis use some of the typical instruments and processes of savagery, he draws two inferences. First, savages, and the early people whom geology reveals to us, may be and may have been quite intelligent, anything but apelike, and so far the Court is quite with him. Secondly, as the Shetlanders and the rest use degenerate instruments, and as they coexist with Scotch people completely civilized, so, too, savages, contemporary or prehistoric, may have been degenerate, and may have coexisted with people completely civilized. The conclusion would be that already quoted: "There may never have been a time in history when there did not occur among men states both of high and low civilization."

But, surely, to adopt this view is as much as to say that the original high civilization was conferred by miracle. Whence came the first civilization except by way of inventions and improvement, which must have been preceded by indigent savagery? Dr. Mitchell is doubtless aware that there are races which have, or had, no pottery, which have not even attained to the curious art that prevails among tribes to whom real weaving is unknown, and who possess no cultivated cereals, and scarcely any domesticated animals. Are these races "degenerate"? Is Dr. Mitchell acquainted with any race which has gone back from the use of the spindle to hand-twisting, from lucifer matches to the fire-stick, or from writing to knot-tying, or from metal to stone knives? This is the kind of degeneration which it is necessary to prove, as against Mr. Tylor's theory that human progress, "in spite of frequent stops and relapses, has been, on the whole, forward." That theory must be wrong, if, contemporary with, and in the neighbourhood of, cave-man and the early flint-chippers of the Drift, there existed people as well-equipped as we are well-equipped in comparison with Shetlanders. And, if such civilized people did exist, where are their remains? We may say that there are no known relics of former art and handicraft, to which we cannot assign an historical and comparatively modern origin. They are Egyptian, or Babylonian, or Etruscan, or Phœnician, or belong to the dim empires descried in the background of American civilization. The gold work and the artistic pottery of these early civilizations are abundantly represented; but where is the gold work or artistic pottery of the civilized persons contemporary with the owners of the Drift or Quaternary deposits? We are perfectly willing to grant that the artists who chipped the beautiful flint arrow-heads may have been "potentially" as good men as Benvenuto Cellini. We are convinced that the highest civilization has its frequent "survivals," just as the finest streets have the lowest slums behind them and about them. But we cannot believe in a primitive civilization ready-made from the beginning. Even if geological evidence, and the evidence of artistic remains, bore out such an opinion, the irrefutable evidence of institutions looks the other way. Where is there a people, Aryan or Semitic, without traces of Totemism, of the undeveloped family, of the blood feud, of fetichism, of polytheism, in its religion, law, and domestic life? Where is there an example of a civilized race degenerating into Totemism? On the whole, the testimony of institutions makes it abundantly evident that progress is the rule and the law, degeneration the exception, among races fitted to survive. The descendants of the old Egyptians are degenerate in art, but in religion they have ceased to be Totemists.

We have devoted too much space to Dr. Mitchell's general ideas, too little to his most interesting collection of facts. His early chapters show how much of what is called the "stone age" survives in Scotland. By the way, do antiquaries who regard the "stone" and the "bronze" and "iron" ages as definite, mutually exclusive stages in human culture, with sharp, distinct boundaries, still survive in Scotland? From Dr. Mitchell's frequent cautions we infer that they do. In his brief sentence on the introduction of bronze, he might have noticed the interesting earches of Lenormant. In his book are pictures of spindles with .tone whorls, of "knocking stones" of clay, "craggans" rougher than the pots Mr. Greenwell finds in early barrows (pp. 26, 27); here are "querns" for grinding corn. Still more amazing, to Southrons, are the sketches of "black houses," in which the islanders pig together, and of the "bothans," or beehive houses, now only used as "shealings," or huts for the people who tend the cattle in the summer pasturages. These are "dwellings in the structure of which neither wood nor iron nor cement has been used." In 1866 there were still "cave-men" living in the great cave at the south side of Wick bay. These people were tinkers, and existed in singular squalor. But if the cave were to fall in and cover them, they would not be dated by antiquaries as contemporary with the cave-men of Mentone. For the tinkers would leave no stone arrow-heads and no bone daggers, while their own bones could not be mixed with those of hyænas, reindeer, and cave-bears. Dr. Mitchell draws the conclusion that the "cave-dwellers of a nation may exhibit a degree of degradation which may not be exhibited by the nation of which they form a part." If so, where are the learned and accomplished Dr. Mitchells of the nation to which the cave-folk of Mentone belonged? Where are the remains of their industry, archæological and medical? where are their spades, pickaxes, microscopes, lancets, and spectacles, contemporary with cave-bears, mammoths, and rhinoceroses? They are no more to be found than the flint arrow-heads and fossilized stone daggers of the Caithness tinkers. Show us a stethoscope or two in the Drift, and a few stone arrow-heads in use among the Caithness tinkers. Till these objects are produced we remain of the opinion that the crowned cave skeleton of Mentone was an early aristocrat, while the Caithness cave-man is a degenerate cadger. But we understand that Dr. Mitchell intends to "institute a comparison between the present cave people of Caithness and those who dwelt in the caves of the Dordogne when the mammoth and reindeer existed in France" in a future course of lectures. He may then, perhaps, produce some remains of the advanced civilization which coexisted with the mammoth in France.

Perhaps the most astonishing of the survivals in Dr. Mitchell's book is the "rivlin," or shoe of untanned ox-hide, which is still worn in Shetland (p. 93). "There is probably no older or ruder form of shoe known. It appears in the tombs of Egypt, and it is inferior in design and execution to the mocassin of the North

* *The Past in the Present: What is Civilization?* By Arthur Mitchell M.D., LL.D. Edinburgh: D. Douglas. 1880.

American Indian." John Elder named them, in 1542, as among the tokens of Scotch savagery. Scarcely less odd than the "rivlin" is the savage Scotch mode of boiling water by putting red-hot stones in the pot. Even a North American Indian tribe, on seeing the European plan, gave up the Scotch trick, except for boiling meat in the sacred festivals. In just the same way the Jewish rite was performed with a stone knife, after the people used metal knives for non-ritual purposes.

Passing from instruments to usages, Dr. Mitchell illustrates Northern civilization by the fact that the people "yird quik coks," or bury live roosters on the spots where epileptic patients fall. They "owe a cock to Asclepius." Fire is carried round fields, houses, and boats on the last night of the year. Less than two hundred years ago bulls were sacrificed to "St. Mourie" on an island in Loch Maree. The saint is still sometimes spoken of as "the God Mourie," and probably the saint succeeded to the rites and dues of some early deity. Wells are still adored "from John o'Groat's" to the Mull of Galloway. In short, Bible-loving, Protestant, Free Kirk, U. P. Antiburgher Scotland is in a perilous state. It is curious to note how compatible are Liberalism and savagery. Possibly the people near Loch Maree will sacrifice a hetacomb of bulls in honour of the recovery of Mr. Gladstone. The worthy and drouthy Scotch still quaff water out of the skulls of suicides, and taste the blood of murderers. "I have known epileptics so treated," says Dr. Mitchell. Yet the Scotch send flogging missionaries to Blantyre in Africa, and the "schemes of the Kirk" still include the conversion of the heathen. Would researches like those of Dr. Mitchell reveal similar depths of cannibal superstition in England?

PIOUS FRAUDS.*

THE wisdom of the Elders—in this point, perhaps, rather a dubious wisdom—used to hold that love often comes with marriage. Mr. Albany de Fonblanque apparently holds that love may sometimes come with engagement. His heroine, May Fairfax, is a young woman who, for about half the book, deserves very fully the title of an adventuress, and, if her designs are not altogether inconsistent with the principles of Mrs. Grundy, it is that she has much too sharp an eye for the main chance to allow herself to drop into the number of the "disclassed." Fortunately, however, the Dawn of Love comes at the fifty-second page of the second volume, indicated affectingly by "an unwonted tinge of melancholy and a glint of something else about the violet eyes," and thenceforward all is well. But it must be admitted that Mr., or Sir Arthur, Bellmonte, was a lucky man, all the more that he does not seem to have had the least suspicion of the young woman's state of mind either then or afterwards, till she confessed it some considerable time after her marriage. The Dawn of Love, by the way, would not have been at all a bad title for the book, whereas its actual appellation is one for which we have in vain striven to find the least reason in the story. For, although there are several frauds in Mr. de Fonblanque's volumes, we must say that we cannot for the life of us see the piety of them.

The author has succeeded in inventing or discovering a rather good legend as a base for his plot. The Bellmontes are an ancient —and certainly an oddly named—family, whose fate is mysteriously bound up with certain relics of their ancient abode. These "sinking stones" have a habit of disappearing in the earth, one at a time, when the head of the house for the time being dies, and nervous Bellmontes accordingly watch them with considerable interest. The excitement occasioned in the mind of one such person by the fact of a heavy man sitting down unawares on one of these uncomfortable fragments of masonry is an incident not badly imagined. But we cannot say much for the company Mr. Albany de Fonblanque has got together to perform his piece. Of one of the heroines we have spoken; the other, for there is another, is her cousin and exact opposite. Sibyl Cowper is dark while May is fair, and melancholy while May is cheerful, though she has been favoured by nature with a nose "which laughed all by itself." The effect, we are told, was wonderfully fascinating, and perhaps it was, though doubt on the point may be pardoned. The young lady with the nose that laughed all by itself naturally did not feel called upon to do much laughing on her own account, and fate gave her very little occasion to do any. With greater obedience to fact, perhaps, than to the laws of poetical justice, Mr. de Fonblanque, having accommodated his designing, and at first very unmaidenly, blonde with a capital example of the amiable and honourable dunderhead, has provided the deserving brunette, not merely with a nose that laughed by itself, but with a most offensive scoundrel of the clever order for a partner. Mr. Norman Drummond is a man of good family and of distinction at school, at the University, and at the Bar, but apparently also a snob and a rascal. He entangles himself in a Scotch marriage, which is not a Scotch marriage, with Sibyl, and then endeavours, first to back out of it and then again to back into it, in a manner which is sufficiently rascally and snobbish, but which lacks the advantage of being probable. A man like Norman Drummond, bent on making his way in the world, would certainly not have been fool enough to think that a pretty and ladylike wife, even if she had no fortune, would be a greater hindrance to his career than a story all the facts of which were known to persons of position and influence, and which, if told against him, would infallibly in those days send him to Coventry for a long time, if not for ever. Besides this quartette we find in the novel some bewildering Bellmontes, who call themselves by other names; a terrible ruffian of a Trades-Union agitator, who seems to have been well born and to have mixed in good society for a great part of his life, but who talks as if he had invariably been a small shopkeeper; a diabolical woman who mends lace, wife of one of the bewildering Bellmontes, and mother of an epileptic child, who is another of the clan. The acuteness of May Fairfax, or May Bellmonte, as she soon becomes, and the woes of Sybil, supply the chief substance of the story; but a good deal turns on an unknown heir who, for reasons which are rather mysterious, and in a manner which is more mysterious still, lives in the character of a poacher on the lands which he has only to speak in order to make his own, behaves with a curious mixture of swagger and humility to his associates of all ranks, and, in short, is generally incomprehensible, which, it may charitably be supposed, he is meant to be. This person, who is the father of Sybil—everybody in *Pious Frauds* is the long lost father, or sister, or cousin of everybody else—is overwhelmed in company with most of the sinking stones by a landslip in a picturesque and effective, but rather melodramatic manner, and his decease causes many revolutions and discoveries of the orthodox kind. There are, in fact, in *Pious Frauds* the elements of an interesting book, but they are not well put together, and the character-drawing, of which it may safely be said that in a novel *extra hanc nulla salus*, is extremely inadequate.

By far the most remarkable things about the book, however, are the extraordinary abundance of solecisms of all kinds which is to be found, and the bewildering nature of the set pieces of eloquence in which the author occasionally indulges. The volumes open with a rather Arcadian meeting between the two heroes and the two heroines, a meeting the conditions of which not unnaturally shock the precise Drummond. He and his newly-found friend and cousin, Arthur Bellmonte, are staying, the one in quarters, the other on circuit, at York, which Mr. de Fonblanque, according to a rather senseless affectation common with novelists, calls Minsterton, the chief town of Ridingshire. Bellmonte has enticed Drummond on the river apparently for an ordinary row and some way up the bank they come upon the two damsels, obviously by appointment. In the twenty pages or so which describe this assignation, Mr. de Fonblanque has contrived to scatter some exceedingly choice flowers of novelists' English and other tongues. The spelling "huzzar" is, to say the least, not common nowadays, and it looks a little as if Mr. de Fonblanque was vacillating between "hussar" and "huzza." Mr. Drummond condescendingly remarks to May, "You understand French, Miss Fairfax," and it is probably her answer, "A little," which emboldens him to talk to her about the "carte *de* pays." The huzzar—perhaps after the manner of his singular kind—remarks that "the beauty of a big boat is that you can lay down in the bottom." Mr. de Fonblanque himself is not behind his creations for he shortly informs us that the two girls had "a struggle against fate in their glove and boot departments and a rococo atmosphere about their hats." We do not know that we remember a more admirable example of the sorrowful chances which attend the determination to be brilliant by means of the avoidance of plain speaking. Mr. de Fonblanque, however, has by no means exhausted his talent for deranging epitaphs in this remarkable sentence. He tells us elsewhere of one of his villains that "he found a small world he could grind and a flock of black sheep he could lead by the nose." The leading of black sheep by the nose is something quite new in the pastoral line, and deserves a brand-new idyl from any modern Theocritus who may have leisure to turn one out. Yet again our author has a fine inspiration when he remarks, "Her face was her fortune and she put it to bank in her brains." The operation is complicated and would demand a delicate hand in a surgeon, but it is interesting to know that this young lady did it. When Mr. de Fonblanque speaks of "spicy paragraphs" signed "Atlas" out of a fashionable *Scan. Mag.* we can only conclude that he thinks those syllables are short for scandalous magazine. A pleasant glossary then suggests itself. Crim. con. doubtless means Crimean conundrums, and we should not be surprised to hear that Fid. def. was a compound of French and English, and meant "fiddling forbidden." When the reader hears that one of the characters addresses her husband as "Dawkins," he will naturally suppose that the speakers belong to the lowest middle classes; but it seems that this form of address is used by ladies belonging to the first families of these kingdoms. A passage in the third volume may be commended to any scholiast of talent who wants something to interpret. One of the minor characters, it seems, had taken to entertaining persons of loose morals once a week. "Drummond had only," we are told, "assisted once before at these meetings, and had then left early, not at all pleased with his company or the means provided for his entertainment. And he left unrequited. 'A stuck-up cad,' said the men." From which we gather that a person who goes away under these circumstances "leaves unrequited," which certainly requires a new entry in the dictionary under the verb "to requite." This neologism can be paired with another still more surprising in the use of the word "sex." A woman has hired two other women to play the spy on her husband. "Jealousy was the

* *Pious Frauds.* By Albany de Fonblanque. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1880.

excuse given," says Mr. de Fonblanque, "and in this cause her charming sex listened and spied with delightful activity." The list of these eccentricities may be appropriately concluded by informing the reader that the author of *Pious Frauds* thinks that an anabasis is the same as an exodus. A gamekeeper has been dismissed, and Mr. de Fonblanque talks of what has happened "since the anabasis of Jones." Now there is nothing to inform us that Mr. Jones had gone up the country, or that he had been promoted, or that he had retired to another and a better world. We are, therefore, forced to conclude that our author has not the least idea what anabasis means, and considers it as synonymous with departure. It would, however, be unfair, after pointing out Mr. de Fonblanque's shortcomings, not to give an example of what he can do. His turn for the ornately and imaginatively descriptive has been already indicated to the discerning by the quotation about struggling with fate in a boot department and about the rococo atmosphere which surrounded Miss May Fairfax's hat. But he can keep it up if he tries, and is by no means limited to a chance phrase or two, as for instance:—

We pile up a mountain of good resolves laboriously, stone by stone, we swear that it ought to endure and therefore that it shall endure for all time standing between us and the Sunny Valley where Prudence has set up its *no trespass* board, and lo we stumble upon a pebble of the brook on which we read *excuse*, and straightway it grows bigger than the mountain, and flies at the mountain, and breaks it down, and smashes up the trespass board, and paves us a beautiful macadamized road straight into the heart of that valley.

This is something like a *carte de pays*, as Mr. de Fonblanque or Mr. Norman Drummond would say. The conduct of the pebble is indeed a little bewildering, and the brook is introduced without due indication of its previous whereabouts. But a sermon in stones of this kind ought not to be criticized too narrowly. It will be better to give another example of Mr. de Fonblanque's surprising parabolic faculty, and then to have done with him:—

He did not misjudge or overestimate May's opposition. With a woman's quickness she suspected the security of this change of front, and, womanlike, she would not let him imagine that he was deceiving her. This, my dear Madam, is one of the few mistakes which your charming sex habitually commit. When a lord of the creation sets a trap for you, you sing out, "*It's a trap! I see it! Come, dears, and look at the trap!*" You should pretend not to know it's a trap, hop playfully round and round it, and over it, and on it, letting him think that the next hop will be *in* it. Or else, being a brute, he'll out with his gun, slip in a No. 4 cartridge, and over you go. This requires a good deal of self-denial. It is hateful, I own, to be clever and not show it. But, believe me, your sacrifice will be rewarded.

It is certainly not every novelist who can give such good advice in such a charmingly figurative and Eastern manner.

NEWTON'S ARCHÆOLOGICAL ESSAYS.*

THE expectations which were raised by the announcement of a forthcoming volume of archæological essays by Mr. C. T. Newton of the British Museum are doomed to some disappointment. Mr. Newton's reputation as one of the highest living authorities on Greek art and antiquities will not suffer by the work he has just published, but, on the other hand, it will not be raised. It was natural to expect something more original from one who has spent a long life in the study of Hellenic monuments, from the days when he worked under Dean Gaisford at Christchurch to the visit he lately paid to Professor Curtius's expedition at Olympia; it was impossible not to hope great things from the collected writings of a man whose name is associated with the discoveries of the Mausoleum, of Cnidus, Halicarnassus, Branchidæ, and Ephesus, who has closely watched and assisted in the great progress of archæological study during the past forty years, and, above all, has long held the guardianship of the Greek and Roman section of our national collections, of which he justly boasts that it has no equal on the Continent—a boast which owes its truth in a large measure to his own efforts. Nevertheless, all that Mr. Newton has given us in his new volume is a lecture, a letter, some contributions to the monthly magazines, and half-a-dozen reviews. They are all worth reading, and all possess the authority which attaches to every judgment or theory which Mr. Newton utters on his special subject; but they are neither so wide in range nor so original in matter as we had hoped to find them. Even taken in conjunction with the same scholar's *History of Discoveries* and *Travels in the Levant*, the bulk of these writings shows a strangely small literary productiveness in one who is, and has long been, master of his subject, and may be supposed to have some desire to help others up the ladder he has himself ascended. With the exception of the introductory lecture and a letter to a Select Committee, the articles forming the present volume were all written during the last six or seven years. Like the Seven Sleepers of the city whose history he relates with such perspicuity, Mr. Newton seems to have slept, in a literary sense (save for his volumes of travels and discoveries in the Levant), for a period of twenty years, after which he shook himself together and took to the writing of reviews and memoirs. It is thus that the greater part of the present volume deals with the discoveries of the past decade, and that we hear next to nothing of the earlier triumphs of archæology, whose history Mr. Newton could so well have written. Nor do we find here any account of the treasures over which the author stands sentinel in the British Museum. There are many incidental references to them, and full descriptions and criticisms of a few examples in one section; but the Greek statuary of the national collection as a whole—Mr. Newton's special charge—is nowhere discussed or explained. Those who have heard Mr. Newton's lecture on the Parthenon, which he has given, we believe, several times, know how clearly he can interpret the meaning of the precious fragments of the Elgin Room, and how different becomes the pleasure and the instruction of a study of this gallery after having the contents explained in its Keeper's lucid manner. Mr. Newton has delivered many lectures besides that on the Parthenon, and in all he has shown, not only the clearness and logical sequence which are so apparent in his written articles, but also a freeness and felicity of expression which are unfortunately not equally conspicuous in the latter. None of these lectures on the Greek treasures in his keeping appear in the volume before us. Possibly they were not taken down; and, if so, we can only lament the misfortune. Perhaps the course of lectures on Greek archæology now being delivered by him at University College will gather up the substance of all former lectures on the subject; and these at least will, we hope, be published. Meanwhile the fact remains that Mr. Newton's most successful mode of instruction is only represented by a lecture delivered in his youth, and that none of the many discourses which he has addressed to the Royal Institution, the public schools, the Men and Women's College, and other audiences, with reference to the beautiful works of art among which his daily life is cast, find a place in this volume of his collected writings.

But the absence of the most generally interesting portion of Mr. Newton's labours must not diminish our gratitude for what he has given us; and in any case it must be owned that the daily departmental work of the Museum may well explain omissions which we cannot help regretting. Although the greater part of this volume consists of papers which are within the memory of the youngest art-student, it is yet convenient and useful to possess them in a collected form; and there are two exceptions to the lateness of the date which will be welcomed with pleasure. These are the Lecture on Archæology, which opens the volume, and the Letter to the Select Committee on the National Gallery (1853), which is a natural sequel to it. The former, which was given at a meeting of the Archæological Institute at Oxford on June 18, 1850, is, in spite of a certain youthfulness and a somewhat over-rhetorical style, perhaps the best thing Mr. Newton has ever written. It is a clear and eloquent exposition of the subject-matter of archæology, a singularly successful attempt at co-ordination. The various studies which come under the head of archæology are treated slightly but sufficiently, their place assigned, and their relations to the other branches of the same great subject explained. The whole *rationale*, the objects, the divisions, of archæology are here set forth and arranged with a lucidity of treatment and a breadth of grasp which have perhaps never been excelled. As an introduction to the study of antiquities in the widest sense this lecture stands by itself; and to have rescued this from the oblivion of an old number of the *Archæological Journal* is alone a sufficient *raison d'être* for the volume before us. The letter to the Chairman of the Committee on the National Gallery, to protest against the proposal to disintegrate the antiquities in the British Museum, is a fit sequel to the lecture on archæology. It takes up the same line—the defence of archæology as a whole, indivisible, and depending on the juxtaposition of its parts; only in the letter the national collections are specially regarded, whilst the lecture extends over the whole range of archæology from the most cosmopolitan point of view. In both, clearness of arrangement and the force of apposite illustration are conspicuous.

Of the rest of the articles, all of which were written since 1873, half are reviews of works which have appeared in recent years on archæological subjects. Students of the past will be glad to read Mr. Newton's opinions on Wood's discoveries at Ephesus, Schliemann's at Mycenæ, and Curtius's at Olympia, as unfolded in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*; and his views on the researches of Mr. Lang and General Cesnola in Cyprus, and on the value of Greek coins as a commentary on Greek sculpture, will be read with interest by those who have not already made themselves acquainted with them on their original publication, or who did not accord to an anonymous writer the attention with which they would have listened if the hand had been known to them. In all these reviews we find the same clearness and logical arrangement which are noticeable in the lecture on archæology, though we miss the enthusiasm and eloquence which add so much to the charm of the spoken address. After all, for the exposition of archæological facts, accuracy and clearness are more essential than charm of style and the music of well-balanced periods.

Besides these reviews, there are two sets of articles in the book which are real acquisitions to the literature of archæology. We could do very well without the solid *Edinburgh Review* articles, as we have the grounds upon which they rest; and, though it is an advantage to know Mr. Newton's opinions of the various books reviewed, and to have their results arranged and epitomized for us, it would be quite possible to content ourselves with the books themselves. This remark does not apply to the series of papers on Greek inscriptions, nor to the two articles on Greek sculpture from the west coast of Asia Minor, to which the interesting essay on the Cimmerian Bosphorus forms a sort of pendant.

* *Essays on Art and Archæology.* By Charles Thomas Newton, C.B., D.C.L., &c., Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities at the British Museum, Correspondent of the Institute of France. London: Macmillan

These papers represent an immense amount of independent study and wide archæological experience. No one better than Mr. Newton, unless it were Böckh himself, could claim for Greek inscriptions the importance that really attaches to them as elements in the history of Greek art and Greek life in general; and the articles on this subject contributed in 1876 and 1878 to the *Contemporary Review* and the *Nineteenth Century*, though necessarily including a large proportion of dry detail, possess a peculiar interest in the vivid light they throw on the political and religious, and in some measure the social, life of the Greeks at various periods of their ancient history. From the inscription at Abou-Symbel, six centuries and more before Christ, to the edict of Diocletian, A.D. 301, Mr. Newton surveys the whole field of Greek inscriptional monuments, and deduces from them all that can be learned of the people whose laws, or deeds, or creeds they commemorate. We are inclined to rate the articles on Greek inscriptions, which occupy one-fourth of the volume, as the portion of most permanent archæological value therein. They call attention to a branch of antiquities which is little appreciated, and the difficulties of which, moreover, make the aid of a guiding hand very necessary. To understand and interpret, not merely read, Greek inscriptions is a gift which only comes after many years spent in Hellenic studies. To most scholars they present more obstacles and pitfalls than information, and we must be very grateful to Mr. Newton for having presented so difficult a subject in so popular and intelligible a form, and for having invested what most students regard as a dreary study with the interest which can only come from a comparative treatment, the hard-earned result of a life's patient labour.

The essay on Greek sculptures from the coast of Asia Minor is a very charming survey of the progress of discovery on the west coast and in the islands of the Archipelago. Grouping the various sculptures into periods of art, Mr. Newton arranges in the different classes all the more remarkable objects which have been discovered in the part of Asiatic Greece selected for discussion. The whole study is an excellent example of Mr. Newton's method, and has more style and life about it than any of his later articles. It has besides the advantage of treating of objects which are contained in the national collection, and are consequently more familiar to English students than, for instance, the remains of the temple of Olympian Jove (despite the exquisite cast of the Hermes of Praxiteles now exhibited in the Elgin Room) or the "pre-dædalian" relics of Mycenæ. The account of the sculptures from Cnidus, especially the exquisite Demeter, ought to be read by every visitor to the British Museum who knows the way through from the Græco-Roman Gallery to the Elgin Room. As a specimen of delicate art criticism, too, the short extract from the *Times* on the celebrated bronze head of Venus from the Castellani Collection deserves a word of notice. If Mr. Newton had given us a little more of this sort of work, more of his own deductions from the Greek monuments and less of reviews of books, there would be little room for criticism.

RODD'S BIRDS OF CORNWALL.*

IT is more than a century since Dr. Johnson, in reviewing Borlase's work on the Scilly Islands, drew special attention to the value of such "pleasing and elegant pieces of local inquiry" as were then just beginning to be produced in various parts of the country. It would be difficult for the historian of natural history to overestimate the work done in this quiet field of "local inquiry" by patient and instructed observers. The very temper of mind fostered by a country life, the repose, the leisure, the unwearied eye, all these give a peculiar advantage to the local naturalist, and tend to make his experience trustworthy and ripe. In the field of ornithology no provincial collector of our generation has deserved more commendation than Mr. Rodd, the result of whose labours—unfortunately posthumous—lies before us. His life was one of the most quiet that can be imagined. He was born at the rectory of St. Just-in-Roseland, close to the cliffs of Cape Cornwall; he began life as a solicitor in Penzance, and rose to one municipal post after another, without once desiring to spread the field of his ambition beyond the little peninsula in which he was born. His chief, if not his only, recreation seems to have been wandering over his native county in search of birds. In the course of a life that closed last January in his seventieth year, he not only greatly enlarged the list of the recognized birds of Cornwall, and reduced its avifauna to a scientific precision, but he added to the list of known English birds several very important species. Until he found the spotted eagle on the moors around Hawk's Tor, in 1860, that noble bird was unknown to British naturalists. The red-breasted flycatcher, a lovely little creature that apes the robin in its plumage, had never been observed in England until a friend of Mr. Rodd's watched it skimming the grass for flies at Constantine, near Falmouth, and set the eager ornithologist on the track. The lesser grey shrike (*Lanius minor*) was first described by Mr. Rodd, and the same may be said of another curious little bird, the American stint. But it is not necessary to multiply instances of research which will occur to the memory of every ornithologist, and which the modesty of the author can no longer conceal. We should add that the present work, of which only a few sheets had been corrected at the death of Mr. Rodd, has been carried through the press with much care and sympathy by Mr. J. E. Harting, himself favourably known in the literature of ornithology.

We are doubtful whether it is to Mr. Rodd or to Mr. Harting that we owe an entertaining introduction of a bibliographical character, in which the patient research of the writer has been employed to find out all that has been said by early annalists on the birds of Cornwall. From the *Itinerarium* of William of Worcester, we learn that Tresco, or, as the old monk calls it, Rascow, in Scilly, was famous even in the fifteenth century for its puffins, being, as he says, "inculta, cum cuniculis et avibus vocatis *pophyns*." The puffin is at present rare in all parts of Cornwall, except the Scilly Islands, where it breeds on the cliffs in immense numbers. John Leland, half a century later than William of Worcester, noted the same abundance of "gulles and puffinnes." The first really scientific observation of Cornish birds was made by Richard Carew, of Antony, who published his *Survey of Cornwall* in 1602, and whose remarks on the fauna of the county were repeated more or less exactly by all chroniclers and county historians almost to our own day. His close observation of nature and his wise incredulity give a particular value to Carew's notes of natural history. Here is an example which is of the greatest interest to an ornithologist:—

> Not long sithance, there came a flocke of Birds into *Cornwall*, about Haruest season, in bignesse not much exceeding a Sparrow, which made a foule spoyle of the Apples. Their bils were thwarted crossewise at the end, and with these they would cut an Apple in two at one snap, eating onely the kernels. It was taken at first for a boden token, and much admired; but, soone after, notice grew that *Glocester Shire* and other Apple Countries haue them an ouer-familiar harme.

The crossbill (*Loxia curvirostra*) could not be better described than in this short paragraph, and to the present day its occasional appearance produces the same terror and perplexity among the country folk. It is a common bird in no part of England; but in the West, where it appears in flocks perhaps once in each generation, its brilliant plumage, varying from rose-red to orange russet, its extraordinary beak, with its dislocated look and its odd exotic habit, are especially startling to the farmers. The crossbills arrive chattering and fluttering in an orchard, wring off the apples, hold them in one foot like a parrot, and hack them to pieces with their bills till the long hard tongue can slip into the centre and drag out the pips. The fruit is then dropped in fragments on the ground. A fir-cone gives the crossbill more to do, but seems to contain an even more delightful food, and nothing is more amusing than to see the seed extracted from between the hard shields that protect it. Carew is the only authority for the existence of the nightingale in Cornwall; his evidence, indeed, is more than dubious; he merely says, "of Nightingales few, or none at all"; but his reservation, inaccurately repeated, gave the nightingale a place among the rarer Cornish birds. As a point of fact, there seems no reason to believe that a single specimen has ever been seen or heard within the limits of the county. It is easy to an inaccurate observer, especially to an enthusiastic one desirous of being persuaded, to recognize a nightingale in the sleek person of the garden warbler, or in the rich nocturnal song of the blackcap. Mr. Rodd has some very interesting remarks on the vocal powers of the last-mentioned bird, which seems to possess a curious latent gift for mimicry, and a habit of suddenly changing the whole character of its song in a bewildering manner. Mr. Rodd, as it seems to us, scarcely does justice to the sweetness of the whitethroat's song, the prelude of which has a jubilancy at least as fine as that of his favourite the garden warbler. If the whitethroat could sustain or complete her song, she would be one of the finest English warblers, but she never executes more than a charming fragment of a theme. We observe, in passing, that Mr. Rodd gives the River Lynher as the only Cornish habitat of the water ouzel, and a Mr. James, who supplied Polwhele with a list of Cornish birds, speaks of having seen "one in the parish of Manaccan," between Falmouth and the Lizard. The present writer, who has met with it both on the upper waters of the Tamar and on one of the western tributaries of that river, is inclined to believe that the water ouzel is not so rare in the east of Cornwall as Mr. Rodd supposed.

Cornwall presents advantages to the ornithologist such as are scarcely offered by any other English county. It projects so far south and west into the Atlantic Ocean as to command a climate distinctly milder than that of the South of England generally, and a summer heat that has a certain tropical character about it. It is true that this extreme position deprives it of a few forms abundant in the north and east. Its moors, so prolific in rare species of pepit and plover, are unvisited by such familiar birds as the red grouse, while the black grouse and the quail are so rare as to be considered merely accidental visitors. On the other hand, the muddy estuaries of the Cornish coast are the natural habitat of all the race of redshanks, knots, and sandpipers, a great variety of which swell the list of county fauna with more than twenty species. The nameless stretch of salt marsh that spreads in various directions southward from the head of St. Ives Bay towards Hayle, Gwinear, and St. Erth, is singularly rich in all sorts of birds, and was still more so before it was crossed by one line of railway and skirted by a second. The high grassy tablelands, raised high above the sea by a ring of cliffs, of which the Lizard is the most striking example, harbour various species that breed in safety in the wilderness of tall

* *The Birds of Cornwall and the Scilly Islands.* By the late Edward Hearle Rodd. Edited by James Edmund Harting. With Portrait and Map. London: Trübner & Co.

herbage; while between the naked grandeur of the tors and the marshes of the sea-line there run deep valleys of woodland which conceal a rich fauna of finches and warblers, and give "space to breathe, how short so ever," to such rare and beautiful visitants as the waxwing and the golden oriole. With regard to the latter, undoubtedly the most gorgeous of all English birds, Mr. Rodd expresses an indignation which most observers of nature must have shared, that it is never permitted to breed unmolested in our woods. The golden oriole is by no means so rare a bird as is commonly supposed; it frequently appears in pairs on our southern coast in spring, and would undoubtedly build a nest and bring up its apple-coloured nestlings if its lovely yellow and black plumage did not tempt the destructive vice of every idle yokel. The habits of the bird, however, are very fantastic and abrupt; in 1870 so large a flock of orioles appeared in the woods of Trevethoe, between St. Ives and Penzance, that it was confidently hoped that they would build. Their haunts were defended and their passion for solitude respected, but after a short stay, they flew off again in a compact flock of forty, and were seen no more. It has been supposed that they appear in Devonshire and Cornwall merely as birds of passage, and that they pass eastward in the vain hope of being allowed to build their nests without disturbance in Kent or Suffolk.

There is added to this volume an appendix of more than usual interest in the form of notes on the birds of the Scilly Islands, drawn up by Mr. F. R. Rodd, of Trebartha Hall, the nephew of the deceased writer. These notes were put down from 1864 to 1871, and refer to the period when Tresco, under the protection of the late Mr. Augustus Smith, was a little marine paradise to the botanist and the ornithologist. The total number of birds now recognized as having occurred in Cornwall is 290, and of these Mr. F. R. Rodd has identified 173 as visitors or inhabitants of Scilly. When it is considered that the entire British avifauna, having stood for some time at the figure 399, has been lately raised to a round 400 by the observation of *Saxicola stapazina*, it will be seen that the little group of islets thrust out into the bosom of the Atlantic, and swept round by seas that are scarcely at rest for one week in the year, is singularly well represented in possessing forty-five per cent. of the whole catalogue of British birds. The editor closes his valuable labours with lists of Cornish and provincial names of birds, which are plainly incomplete, and for which he claims the indulgence of his readers as having missed the final supervision which Mr. Rodd intended to give them.

GRISEL ROMNEY.*

THIS is one of the many books that remind the reviewer how different his point of view is from that of the class on whose favour the success of the work depends. What he has to say about it is nothing to the sort of reader who is interested if the topics that form its subject-matter are interesting; who, if there are incidents in plenty and of sufficient variety, movements, gaieties, pretty dresses, golden hair, compliments, interspersed with the due allowance of reverses, accidents, and startling transitions, finds it an attractive story. To him, or, let us say, to her, if the heroes and heroines only talk and dance, flirt in conservatories, get up misunderstandings, quarrel, kiss and make it up, it is no matter how they do it—this is a question of accidental liking, on which one opinion is as good as another. There is the aspect, the business, the profession of a novel about the book; it *is* a novel. The world opens to eyes that read of social life under the conditions of equipages, servants, diamonds, titles, beauties, splendours; the taste catches the refinements of new phrases, the ring and the ripple, and the shimmer and the cooings of soft talk, and all that separates the fine life of books from domestic humdrum. The mind feels itself expand as, one by one, the topics of the day are touched upon. There is a sense of growing intimacy with what goes on in the world, or to put the thing in humble phrase, of getting to know what's what. Whether there is any life in the personages that act out the drama, any wit in the talk, any novelty in incident or situation, any real approach of mind to mind, any invention, any absorption on the writer's part in his creation—any reality in fact—is not a question. Young readers can often supply a good deal of this for themselves. Such readers have a real intellectual advantage over their elders; they catch fire at a touch; they have hopes and expectations that meet the writer and his tale half-way. The reader and the novelist form a partnership; the one provides the plot and the characters, the reader puts life and likelihood into them—transient life, of course, for nothing takes lasting hold that has not some vital force—but at any rate life while the reading lasts. The reviewer, on the contrary, is long past the stage of participation; as a reader of novels he sinks to the second place. He brings, instead of this frank welcome, a satiated experience; he sees nothing that is not there; his expectation of what is coming is strictly regulated and held in check by what has gone before, or what has already met his eye; no promise of exciting scenes on the writer's part allows him to count upon excitement.

These general reflections are prompted by the novel before us. The book might be a first attempt of a not unskilful pen in the field of fiction, trusting to the unfolding of the story for developing powers and quickening invention. The manner is caught, the scaffolding is up for an exciting novel of society. The characters are all entered—after Dandie Dinmont's plan of education for his terriers—and tested by the various ordeals which characterize life as it is seen in fiction. But these tests and ordeals do not produce corresponding effects. We are prepared for great consequences, but the author seems to forget her purpose. We find ourselves plunged into a railway accident at starting, of which the consequences are a broken leg to the heavy father and a sprained wrist to one of the heroines—and of course an introduction to her of Jack, the leading hero. But nothing comes of it all that a fit of the gout might not have effected more naturally; for the only use of the accident is to confine the father to one room, while the wrist that could not be touched without Lenore's turning very faint and white as she was extricated from the overturned carriage does not in the least interfere with her active share in all Christmas gaieties of the country house to which she is on her way. A very beautiful girl and a most attractive man can surely become interested in one another without this preliminary of sprains and broken bones. However, it is intended to prove Jack a man of universal resource. Nothing comes amiss to him. He knows what to do in a railway accident; he is the life of indoor festivities; he is a literary man and the editor of a leading journal, and for fifteen years he has continually moved in the best society.

A fortnight's acquaintance ushered in by a railway accident closes with a fire. Lenore as the angel and Jack as Mephistopheles form the principal figures in a group from Faust. Jack—his sable majesty—is playing chess and watching his victim with a sardonic grin; Lenore, with hair rippling down to her waist, white dress and wings, wears a look of wonderful pity, when Mephistopheles springs from his seat and tears down the flimsy background of drapery which had caught fire and already singed the angel's wings. Lenore retires to her room, her face deadly pale, but soon returns to the ball-room, and dances until an early hour of the morning. She indeed slept but little, but only because the "unwonted gaiety had chased the god away who is wooed back with such difficulty when once put to flight." We hear no more of the fire; it does even less for the story than the railway crash and all its piteous surrounding sights.

It is a virtual confession of weakness, however common a trick with novelists, to associate scenes of gaiety with appalling incidents, instead of trusting to their legitimate effect either on the conduct of the story or the spirits and interest of the reader. Such scenes in good hands have their special charm. A tender, playful insight can bring hero and heroine better acquainted with each other, set them off in some new light, engage the reader's sympathy through some fresh channel, still keeping the scene a festive scene, and the anxieties and distresses incident to all human intercourse in strict accordance with the surroundings. Of course, if it is a case of principle, if people disapprove of such scenes, it is quite admissible to make them tragic; but to use them as convenient resorts, and to ignore their true nature and purpose, is not treating readers as they have a right to expect.

Through the various influences of pleasure, together with these startling shocks, Lenore is pledged to Jack at the end of the fortnight; but it is her fate to suffer, and to be the victim of the conventional trials which befall the thoughtful heroine, where there are two of them—trials which, as the reader of any experience knows, have not reached their full sum till a lord appears on the scene. In this case, contrary to all precedent, he is an estimable lord, though very blind to what is going on. He had loved Lenore's mother, and sees in the daughter a likeness which revives the old flame. Her father, who is a baronet, supports the evil reputation of his order, and insists on the match with hints and arguments which furnish an opportunity for putting the time-honoured question—Will he sell her for a coronet? The father is not only willing, but succeeds in doing so; he hoodwinks her noble lover, and proves to his daughter that his honour and her duty compel her to the sacrifice. She renounces Jack, giving him no hint of her reasons, and marries Lord Meredith.

Jack at this stage is turned over to the heroine who gives her name to the novel. Grisel is of the childish and innocent type. She is really in love with somebody else, but does not know it, and accepts Jack at once. Here lies the proper contrast between the two heroines, both in feeling and in fate. Lenore is terribly clear in her own mind; she has owned to Jack himself that she loves one man and yet marries another. Grisel, in entire unconsciousness of her real preferences, accepts the man whom Lenore has thrown over, supposing all the while that she loves him, and only finds out her mistake after a four years' engagement, which Jack is in no hurry to bring to an end, through the enlightenment brought about by a runaway carriage accident, when she sees the right man knocked down in his attempt to stop the horses, and, believing him to be killed, faints dead away. Jack, who has been so cool a lover, has now to take a contrary line and perform a magnanimous sacrifice. Up to this time the artless Grisel had been the one to make advances, and had just urged an end to the interminable engagement. She wished to make him happier, and to this end was arming herself with keys and learning the science of housekeeping. Jack now discovers that Grisel's childlike innocence is the very thing he wants; he trusts to contact with these qualities for emancipating him from the trammels of utter unbelief in which his mind is helplessly bound. An unbelieving hero is, we know, one of the features of the model novel. The author has no sympathy with his doubts, and hopes to remove them; but this is one of the requirements of the day not to be evaded. It is the topic chosen with the old love as well as with the new. Lenore makes it

* *Grisel Romney*. By M. E. Fraser-Tytler. London: Marcus Ward & Co. 1880.

a great point that Jack shall call on her. She is interested in his second choice; they are to be friends still. Religion becomes a confidential topic, but it is one scarcely safe under the circumstances, as he connects it with his first knowledge of her. He informs her—

"You attracted me from the first moment I saw you. You awakened in me the knowledge of the want of religion in myself. It was my first cry after better things."

"And then?" exclaimed Lenore, breathlessly.

"And then," he continued, "I thought by incorporating this new life I had found with my own I should gradually grow to her standard. She would be there to point the way. And so I followed up the friendship I had begun, and then——"

"Don't," cried Lenore, "I cannot bear it."

It is certainly time for Lenore to remember her husband and pay a testimony to his merits. It is, perhaps, well that this passage occurs towards the end of the story. It is scarcely necessary to say that these deep reasons for falling in love are an afterthought, equally with the quondam lover and the author. They fit in with the subject of religion as a feminine attribute, which has to be treated towards the conclusion.

Lord Meredith is a remarkable example of what we have already noticed—the powers of endurance with which the characters are endowed. They have a way of getting over things. They have a good deal to go through, both physically and morally, but they have constitutions to bear it—nothing works the tremendous effects we might have expected from it. Lenore worries herself into typhoid fever; her husband nurses her with the tenderest devotion, which is rewarded by a distinct explanation on her part—spoken in unconscious delirium—of the compulsion by which she had been driven to marry him. Nothing is left to conjecture. She apostrophizes her father—who, by the way, had died suddenly in her presence when his work was done—"But you said I must marry him; you said I would bring dishonour on you if I did not accept Lord Meredith. Did you say I was to be sold to pay your debts; I, your only child? Father, I cannot do it. I told Jack I would marry him. I love him so. I cannot give him up." This is circumstantial certainly, and leaves no room for explaining away; but nothing particular comes of it. It is a scene of itself, with no consequences. The way in which Lord Meredith takes it ought at any rate to have made the writer hesitate before reflecting on one-half of creation in the following sentiment:—"Absolute unselfishness, a quality so rare in man." Our author very properly gives the palm to her own sex; and one means by which this impression of masculine selfishness is conveyed by her, and indeed by the ladies who write fiction as a class, is the prominent place given to the habit of smoking. Cigars play a very leading part in the novels of the gentler sex. Most men smoke, and the men who write about them take the habit for granted; but the feminine looker-on never lets it pass. It is a picturesque feature of the scene. She gives a meaning to it, and interprets it. She has a pleasant feeling of superiority as she notes it; she understands the sex and its ways.

ANDERSON ON LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.*

IN this country we are in a rather unfortunate position with respect to the important question of the protection of buildings from damage by lightning. Accidents of this nature are not numerous enough to arouse any deep or lasting public anxiety, so that the subject receives but little attention, whilst they are quite common enough to make it desirable that protection should be more efficient than it now is. It is a significant sign of the general apathy shown in the face of this great danger that we have had to wait up to the present time for a book entirely devoted to the subject of the proper construction and maintenance of lightning-conductors, and that as yet there is no legislative enactment dealing with them—a point which we can better discuss after noticing some of the views held by the author.

Mr. Richard Anderson has made a beginning by publishing this work, which we hope will be soon followed up, and before going on to criticize details, we may fairly say that the book admirably fulfils the purpose for which it has been written. It must always be remembered in considering the subject of atmospheric electricity that here we are on very debatable ground. As we have yet no clear and simple physical theory of electricity, we are unable to discuss with any great degree of certainty problems which are far outside of the grasp of the strictly experimental method; and how can we feel much confidence in conclusions drawn from laboratory experiments, which in this case are usually made on a scale so small that they may fairly be said to be related to the vast natural phenomena much as a map of Europe of the ordinary library size is related to that continent? It is true that these experiments may give us guides to the general features of the phenomena we desire to study; but for details we must trust to experiments made on the phenomena themselves; and therefore we must be careful to give due weight to the opinions of practical men, even should they contradict our preconceived ideas. Therefore, in pointing out those views which we conceive to be erroneous in this work, we must be careful to bring direct evidence in favour of our own ideas, and not merely to cite the generally received opinions of scientific men drawn from the behaviour of electricity in laboratories. To understand properly the point we are about to discuss, however, we must start in the laboratory. Here we find that, if we take an insulated mass of conducting substance so highly charged that a spark, say two inches long, can be drawn from it, and that, instead of drawing a spark, we hold near it a pointed rod of metal connected with the earth, after a very brief time the charged conducting mass will only give a very short spark. Further than this, if the action of the point be continued for a somewhat longer time, no sparks can be drawn from the charged conducting mass. We find in the laboratory that this action of a pointed earth-connected conductor takes place at a great distance, and is the more rapid as we employ more points. Now, it being pretty well proved that thunder-clouds are highly charged masses of conducting substance, we are led to believe that a pointed rod connected with the earth will have the same effect upon them as it would have on a charged mass in the laboratory, and that the more lightning-conductors that are brought to bear on the cloud the greater this effect will be. Thus, say, a cloud is approaching a building at a height of a quarter of a mile, and is so highly charged that, when over the building, it would send a flash of lightning into it as our experimental conducting mass sent a spark to the second mass; if this building has a lightning-conductor which consists of a rod or rope of a conducting substance connected at its lower end with the earth, and ending skywards in a point, we imagine that the cloud will be so far discharged by the point that the distance through which it can send a spark or flash of lightning will be much shortened, and very probably so much so that no flash will be sent into the building. And we further imagine that the more lightning-conductors there are in a given area, the more the thunder-clouds will be discharged, and therefore the shorter will be their sparking distance. Now, let us see how far practice realizes our expectations. We quote the following from a lecture delivered at Glasgow in the present year by Professor Tait:—

I cannot pass from this subject without a remark upon the public as well as private duty of having lightning-rods in far greater abundance than we see them anywhere in this country. When of proper conducting power, properly pointed, properly connected with the ground and with every large mass of metal in a building, they afford absolute protection against ordinary lightning, every single case of apparent failure I have met with having been immediately traceable to the absence of one or other of these conditions. How great is their beneficial effect you may gather at once from what is recorded of Pietermaritzburg, viz., that till lightning-rods became common in that town it was constantly visited by thunder-storms at certain seasons. They still come as frequently as ever, but they cease to give lightning-flashes whenever they reach the town, and they begin again to do so as soon as they have passed over it.

It was this "public duty" of multiplying lightning-conductors to which we referred when we remarked on the want of legislation on the subject of protection from lightning. And if it be proved, as we believe it is, that multiplication of lightning-conductors adds to the safety not only of buildings but of human life, it may be hoped that some pressure may be put upon private persons to compel them to help, not only themselves, but the community at large. Perhaps the loss of life and destruction of property by lightning this year may draw the attention of insurance offices and their actuaries to the subject, and may lead them to make efforts in this direction. The matter really lies in their hands, and they could do all that is wanted without any legislative machinery; but were this required, the Board of Works, as far as London is concerned, through their district surveyors could easily do the work without throwing any heavy burden on the taxpayers.

But, in spite of the theoretical considerations which lead to the conclusion that lightning-conductors have this protective action, and the evidence which abounds that this action does go on in practice, Mr. Anderson completely ignores the whole of this part of his subject, and invariably treats a lightning-conductor as a means of carrying off a flash of lightning which has struck the building. The only references to the protective action in his book are in quotations from the works of others. Perhaps the reason of this neglect may be the dislike which the author evidently feels for the false and dangerous theory that there is an "area of protection round every lightning-conductor varying with its height." This theory of course arises more or less out of the proved fact that a pointed conductor is a protection against lightning. But it is quite false, and has done much to destroy public confidence in the efficacy of lightning-conductors. An ill-designed or badly-made conductor is, however, undoubtedly not only no protection, but actually a source of danger, and Mr. Anderson's descriptions of the best ways of fitting and designing lightning-conductors are excellent. He devotes much space to the description of the best modes of connecting the conductor with the earth; and he advocates the method of having two such connexions—one spread out near the surface of the soil, which will act quickly and effectively in damp weather, and another taken to natural water (as distinguished from wells and tanks having cement or stone sides), or the gas and water pipes of towns, or, failing these, so deeply buried as to be in moist earth even in seasons of drought. This method he has found good in practice, and certainly it is excellent in theory. The author also very wisely insists on the necessity for frequent inspection of conductors, by testing their electrical resistance, and especially the resistance of the earth-connexion. Curiously enough, though he gives a draw-

* *Lightning-Conductors: their History, Nature, and Mode of Application.* By Richard Anderson, F.C.S., F.G.S., Member of the Society of Telegraph Engineers. London: E. & F. N. Spon.

ing and short description of a portable testing apparatus designed for his own use, he gives no directions for taking these tests, although the method of ascertaining the condition of the earth-connexion is by no means obvious, and even a practical electrician would probably require to have it explained; and yet Mr. Anderson hopes that his book will be of use to "architects, clergymen, municipal officials, and all those in charge of large and lofty buildings." We hope he will remedy this defect in another edition, and add a few pages giving the practical method of taking all the necessary tests; and we hope also that he will draw attention to the necessity of having some means of inspecting the point at the upper end of the conductor, so that it may be kept clean and sharp, and thus in a fit state to perform its function of protecting the building against being struck.

A very large part of the book is taken up with the history of the subject, which has been compiled with great care and judgment in the selection of those passages in the history of electricity which really bear on the subject. Although written in a rather bombastic style, this part of the book is very interesting. The accounts of the opposition to lightning-conductors by the Church of Rome, and the records of the celebrated controversy in England as to the respective merits of points and balls for the terminals of conductors, show us a state of human folly in the latter end of the last century and the beginning of this which it is really hard to believe. We find some of the strongest of human passions—*odium theologicum*, party political feeling, desire for Court favour—all excited and set in full play by the apparently remote cause that an invention had appeared for protecting buildings from damage by lightning, and that men of science were not quite agreed as to the details. However, we cannot afford to despise our grandfathers, for in these days have we not anti-vaccination agitators?

We cannot take leave of this work without noticing the catalogues of works bearing on the subject to be found in it. Mr. Anderson, besides a list of nearly one hundred books which he has consulted during the preparation of his volume, also gives a list of works in general in which atmospheric electricity and lightning-conductors are more or less considered, carefully arranged in order of date from A.D. 1663 to 1879; this list includes many references to detached articles and papers. Students should be very grateful for the patient industry which has so smoothed their path, and should any later work appear of greater value, we are sure that its author will owe much of his success to Mr. Anderson's excellent carrying out of the difficult and thankless task of arranging this most valuable list.

In conclusion we may say that, in spite of the faults which we have pointed out, this book is most valuable, and should be read by all interested in the subject, and especially by all architects and builders.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE late M. Devaux's "Studies in Roman History" (1) are really valuable additions to the already voluminous literature of the subject. The questions of the early history of Rome can never lose their interest, because in their case there is united in a degree unparalleled elsewhere, the attraction of uncertain data, and the attraction of extreme importance in the subject. Rome and England are almost the only examples in history of nations working out their political destiny unchecked and unhurried, save in their earliest periods, by foreign influences, and this fact of itself would account for the multitude of students of their institutions. But when, as in the case of Rome, this attraction is combined with the attraction of riddle-guessing, when the facts have to be traced out in spite rather than by means of perplexing and scanty historical information, the problem becomes doubly attractive. It is a problem, however, with which it is dangerous to meddle, unless the meddler is unusually well equipped with erudition and with mother-wit, and the volumes of Roman history, or of essays on it, which are next to worthless, would make an extensive though scarcely an important or desirable library. M. Devaux's work need not be relegated to such shelves, though perhaps the value of its thousand roomy and well-filled pages is not exactly uniform. The author has picked his way through the dark places of the regal period with judgment and patience, and not unfrequently his conclusions are to be preferred to those of more generally accepted guides. In the still more embroiled difficulties of the early Republican time, he is also sober and ingenious, though, it need hardly be said that no one student of Roman history is likely to accept all his conclusions in a matter which is to a great extent one of individual interpretation. The part of his book of which he seems to have been most enamoured seems to us to be, as not unfrequently happens, the weakest. M. Devaux was of opinion that Hannibal, politically and strategically, is an altogether overrated person, and he strives to make this out by much argument to the effect that the precipitation of the second Punic war was unnecessary and unwise, the march to Italy rash and ill-considered, and the very successes of the Carthaginian hero accidental, and even insignificant. This is not the place to record or refute his arguments in detail, but we may say that he altogether fails, as it seems to us, to make out his contention. The whole of the second volume, indeed, appears to us inferior to the first, and for a simple reason. From the time of the invasion of Pyrrhus, the facts, if not exactly known with an intimate and indisputable knowledge, are sufficiently ascertained in general. Unless, therefore, a writer has some special narrative gift, he does not do much for us by going over them again. In the earlier period every worker may do good work.

The fifth and for the present, it seems, the last volume of M. Champfleury's interesting history of caricature (2), deals with the periods of the Reformation and of the League, with a kind of postscript embracing the subsequent period up to the Revolution. The League, as is well known, was very rich in caricatures, and in other respects the period is one offering plenty of material to the historian. Especially interesting are the passages which M. Champfleury devotes to Lionardo and his curious fancy for drawing types of ideal ugliness, and to Callot. He evidently expects that his verdict on the famous Lorrainer will not meet with general approval, but for our part we feel inclined rather to agree with him. The evidence he produces of anticipation by others of the points often supposed to be most characteristic of Callot is certainly strong. Still, individual opinion must always be allowed considerable latitude in such matters, and individual opinion, if we may judge by the prices Callot's work fetches, is for the most part against M. Champfleury. The volume, as usual, is full of illustrations, and the majority of these offer tempting subject for comment. But we must refer readers to the book itself. Although the series can perhaps hardly pretend to be a complete history of grotesque and satiric art, the interest of its text, the abundance of its illustrations, and its extreme cheapness, make it a possession equally desirable and easy to secure.

M. Albert Babeau, who has already written a useful description of the institutions affecting village communities under the *ancien régime*, has now returned to the charge with a book (3) on the urban institutions of the same period. Any such treatise of a moderate size is necessarily a *résumé* of the facts rather than a detailed account of them. There was an immense amount of individuality in the institutions of ancient France, and probably a volume as large as this could be written with profit on every one of the principal towns. But it is clear that the points of agreement may also be profitably summed up in a single treatise, and this is what M. Babeau has done.

We have received a considerable number of works relating to Belgium, most of which are interesting in connexion with the recent Jubilee. Baron van der Smissen (4) deals briefly with the question of national defence and with its bearing on his own country, urging that Belgium, while putting her trust in England, should also not neglect to keep her powder dry. Baron Goethals (5) handles the same subject, entering more into detail, and recommending very many alterations in the Belgian army. M. Juste (6) has compiled an elaborate history, in two large volumes, of the negotiations which led to the establishment of Belgium as a constitutional kingdom; and the memoirs of Count van der Meere contribute additional information on the same subject. This latter book (7) is rather tantalizing to Englishmen, because Count van der Meere took part in the Waterloo campaign, and might have thrown some new light on that much-debated subject; but beyond expressing a profound conviction that Wellington ought to have been beaten, he does not say much about it in these pages.

Le sieur de Va-partout (8) is a somewhat flimsy book, but not unamusing. The English title would be "Passages from the Life of a Reporter," and it may be presumed to be a collection of *feuilletons*, though we have no positive information of this. A visit to Lourdes, and a description of M. Grévy's retreat in the Jura, a day at Chantilly, and a dinner at the "Caveau," are examples taken at hazard from its chapters, and may give a tolerable idea of the sort of matter it contains.

The books of travel of the month do not include anything very remarkable. "The Conquest of Tonquin by Twenty-seven Frenchmen" (9) is a sufficiently ingenious title to cover a popular account of M. Dupuis's well known explorations in the Indo-Chinese peninsula. Of course the title is a misnomer, and the narrator, or rather the compiler, probably forgets that it does his hero no very great service to represent his proceedings by a phrase which the enemy might very well take as a confession of filibustering. That M. Dupuis's journeys were courageous and not uninstructive nobody denies. M. Révoil's book (10) contains the account of a less pretentiously denominated conquest—that is to say, the opening, or the attempt to open, to trade of the regions immediately adjoining Cape Guardafui. M. Révoil has, it seems, made two journeys to the spot with this intent; one in a privately chartered vessel

(1) *Études politiques sur les principaux événements de l'histoire romaine.* Par Paul Devaux. Bruxelles: Muquardt. Paris: Hachette. London: Trübner & Co.

(2) *Histoire de la caricature.—Sous la Réforme et la Ligue.* Par Champfleury. Paris: Dentu.

(3) *La ville sous l'ancien régime.* Par Albert Babeau. Paris: Didier.

(4) *Les forces nationales.* Par le Lieutenant-Général Baron van der Smissen. Bruxelles: Muquardt. London: Trübner & Co.

(5) *Le pays et l'armée.* Par le Général Baron Goethals. Bruxelles: Muquardt. London: Trübner & Co.

(6) *Le congrès national de Belgique.* 1830-31. Par Théodore Juste. Bruxelles: Muquardt. London: Trübner & Co.

(7) *Mémoires du Général Comte van der Meere.* Bruxelles: Muquardt. London: Trübner & Co.

(8) *Le sieur de Va-partout.* Par Pierre Giffard. Paris: Dreyfous.

(9) *La conquête du Tonkin par 27 Français.* Paris: Dreyfous.

(10) *Voyages au Cap des aromates.* Par Georges Révoil. Paris: Dentu.

which simply coasted the district, the other inland and with not uninteresting results. It is a question whether the wealth of the Somali country is not somewhat exaggerated here; but no one can question the importance of taking some steps to prevent the half-licensed wrecking which at present takes place whenever, as too often happens, a vessel goes ashore at this dangerous shoulder of Africa. M. de Rivoyre's district (11) almost adjoins that of M. Révoil. M. de Rivoyre is a good specimen of the Frenchman who believes in the innate and ineradicable perfidy and wickedness of Albion, and he seems to have published his Abyssinian travels—which took place, as far as we can make out, some years ago—partly to defend the memory of Theodore, partly to urge the development of the French settlement of Obock, which lies just outside the straits of Bab el Mandeb. Aden and Perim seem to stick in his gorge terribly, and his only consolation is the thought of setting up a rival to them.

It is not to be wondered at that a second edition of the letters of Delacroix (12) should have been called for. The Victor Hugo of painting was not, at least in his later years, a man of many friends, but throughout his life he appears to have been sincerely attached to those whom he did admit to his friendship. Not a few of the earlier letters date from the time of his visit to England, five-and-fifty years ago, in the thick of the short-lived fancy for huge canvasses, the fancy by which Hilton profited and Haydon did not profit. The book (as volumes of letters, if honestly written and not designed for publication, always do) shows its author's nature better than the most elaborate biography. We shall not say that it makes us wonder at the charge of want of amiability which has sometimes been brought against Delacroix, but it shows clearly enough that that charge had very little real foundation, though it may have had some plausible excuse.

M. de Laveleye has done well in reprinting (13) some articles on the subject of the Italy of to-day which he has recently contributed to the *Revue de Belgique*. Ardently as many Englishmen have given themselves to the study of things Italian, the contemporary politics of the Peninsula have not received for the most part any great share of their attention. That M. de Laveleye is a qualified, able, and fairly impartial observer, is indisputable, though he is perhaps a little too prone to look at all creation through spectacles, of which the one glass is Constitutional Government and the other Free-trade. These particular spectacles are, however, not the most unsuitable for the contemplation of contemporary Italy, and they do not induce their wearer to distort facts. The book is especially valuable for the gallery of lively portraits of men distinguished in social and political matters which it contains.

Perhaps less interest is felt nowadays in the *mal du siècle* (which, if not extinct, has undergone very decided transformations) than was the case a few years ago. M. Charpentier's book (14) is, however, by no means an unimportant contribution to the history of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century. It takes the form chiefly of a panorama of the chief prophets of *Weltschmerz*, from Rousseau to the Guérins. Many of these, such as Jean-Jacques himself, Sénancour, Chateaubriand, &c., are, of course, subjects on which it is very hard to say anything new. But others, such as Ramond, the eldest child of Werther, as the group of minor stars—very minor stars, most of them—who revolved round Chateaubriand, and as that strangely undeveloped genius, Ulric Guttinguer, will be novel to most people, and interesting even to those to whom they are not novel.

Deux républiques (15) is an elaborate comparison of the French Republic as it is, and as M. Portalis thinks it ought to be, that is to say, approximated to the institutions of America rather than of England. The most piquant thing about the book is the preface, where the author sets forth the many things he has suffered at the hands of the Republic, and rather maliciously contrasts the M. Gambetta of twelve years ago with the M. Gambetta of to-day.

M. Gustave Masson has been well advised in drawing up a short volume (16) of selections from old French history to serve at once as a reading book and an historical manual. We only doubt the wisdom of inserting pieces which are in no sense historical, and which might have been well reserved for a companion volume. But it is to be hoped that the little book may be widely used, for its intrinsic interest is great and the delusion (almost as prevalent in France as in England) that old French is an unreadable jargon cannot be too soon removed. The selections are made very judiciously and for the most part from the best texts. M. Masson, however, does not seem to be aware that Pluquet's very faulty text of the *Roman de Rou* has been recently superseded by an excellent edition published by Dr. Andresen. Otherwise he would doubtless have given the latter's text and would not have repeated the unauthorised description of the author as *Robert* Wace. There is, we believe, no authentic evidence as to the good Jerseyman's Christian name.

A sentence in the preface of M. Chassin's book (17) indicates excellently its weak point. It is there described as "très propre à entretenir l'horreur de l'ancien régime féodal et clérical, ainsi que l'amour de démocratie républicaine." This is not the spirit in which any good historical work ever was or ever will be written, no matter what side the writer may choose to champion. *L'Église et les derniers serfs* is diffuse and exaggerated in tone, and digresses into subjects (especially that of the *droit du seigneur*), which are foreign to its immediate subject. The historical student may find some useful information in it, but will have to extract this information from much that is useless, if not misleading.

The third edition (18) of M. Naville's temperate and sometimes eloquent discourses on theism and atheism contains an appendix, bringing up the sketch of atheistic developments to the present day, or at least furnishing some materials for such a completion.

We may also note a new and cheaper edition of M. Vitet's excellent essay on the history of the Académie de Peinture et de Sculpture (19).

M. Maurice du Seigneur (a name which calls up pleasant recollections of the palmy days of the romantic movement, for Jehan du Seigneur—the *h* being obligatory—was the sculptor of the lesser Cénacle) has, like many other, if not most other, Frenchmen of letters, attempted the salon (20). The preface contains some remarks which are worth attention, especially on Courbet and Manet. The actual notice is neither better nor worse than most of its numerous kind.

The fifth year—1879—of the theatrical annual (21) of MM. Noël and Stoullig has appeared. It is a stout volume of nearly six hundred pages, and seems to do the work of such a register with some thoroughness.

The catalogue of a trade association which has given an exhibition of its wares is not very often a work of much literary interest. But an exception must be made in favour of the volume (22) in which the Paris book trades have re-recorded their first display of this kind. Certain printers, paper-makers, and manufacturers of printing ink have combined to do their best with the book; and it thus presents a very curious exhibition in itself of different coloured inks, varied *encadrements*, and other ornaments of the mechanical part of book-producing. We must confess that to some extent this display confirms us in the opinion that, save in the judicious admixture of black and red, diversity of colours is no great advantage in the matter of typography. But the volume is decidedly curious, and often not wanting in beauty.

A considerable number of works published in parts or series call for notice in passing. The fifth volume of the *Grands écrivains* edition of Molière (23), desirable as are almost all these editions, has appeared, and contains *Le festin de Pierre*, *L'amour médecin*, and *Le misanthrope*. The July number of the *Revue des questions historiques* (24) contains several articles of interest, notably one on an episode of the relations of France and Italy at the close of the fourteenth century. In the second number of the new *Revue des arts décoratifs* (25) some good designs of ironwork by M. Viollet le Duc are illustrated. M. Godefroy's great work of old French lexicography (26) has reached its third *fascicule*. We have also received the Seventh Part of the extensive Dictionary of Antiquities (27) now being published by Messrs. Hachette, the Fourteenth Part of their new Geographical Dictionary (28), and the half-yearly volume of the *Journal de la jeunesse* (29), which is remarkably rich in good illustrations. Among works requiring rather allusion than comment may also be mentioned the Report of the administration of Egyptian State domains (30), and a treatise on the use of anæsthetics in surgery (31).

Mr. Cust's short treatise on Indian religions and languages (32) deals with a complicated and difficult subject clearly and with a judicious observance of the point.

If age, volume of production, and average merit be taken into

(11) *Mer Rouge et Abyssinie.* Par Denis de Rivoyre. Paris: Plon.

(12) *Lettres d'Eugène Delacroix.* Par Ph. Burty. Nouvelle édition. Paris: Charpentier.

(13) *L'Italie actuelle.* Par Emile de Laveleye. London: Hachette. Bruxelles: Muquardt.

(14) *Une maladie morale.* Par Paul Charpentier. Paris: Didier.

(15) *Deux républiques.* Par A. E. Portalis. Paris: Charpentier.

(16) *Choice Readings from French History.* By Gustave Masson. Pt. I. Roncevaux to Montlhery. Paris and London: Hachette.

(17) *L'Église et les derniers serfs.* Par Ch. L. Chassin. Paris: Dentu.

(18) *Le père Céleste.* Par Ernest Naville. Troisième édition. Genève: Cherbuliez. Paris: Fischbacher.

(19) *L'Académie Royale de Peinture et de Sculpture.* Par L. Vitet. Paris: Calmann Levy.

(20) *L'art et les artistes au salon de* 1880. Par Maurice du Seigneur. Paris: Ollendorff.

(21) *Les annales du théâtre et de la musique.* Cinquième année. 1879. Paris: Charpentier.

(22) *Catalogue de la première exposition du cercle de la librairie.* Paris. Juin 1880.

(23) *Les grands écrivains de la France.* Molière. Tome v. Paris: Hachette.

(24) *Revue des questions historiques.* Juillet 1880. Paris: Palmé.

(25) *Revue des arts décoratifs.* Juin 1880. Paris: Quantin.

(26) *Dictionnaire de l'ancien langue française.* Par Frédéric Godefroy. Fasc. 2 et 3. Paris: Vieweg.

(27) *Dictionnaire des antiquités, grecques et romaines.* Fasc. 7. (Cas—Cho.) Paris: Hachette.

(28) *Nouvelle dictionnaire de géographie universelle.* Fasc. 14. (Ebri—Euro.) Paris. Hachette.

(29) *Le journal de la jeunesse* Premier semestre, 1880. Paris: Hachette.

(30) *Rapport de l'administration des domaines de l'état égyptien.* Le Caire: Jublin.

(31) *Traité de l'anesthésie chirurgicale.* Par J. B. Rottenstein. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(32) *Les religions et les langues de l'Inde.* Par Robert Cust. Paris: Leroux.

I not be rash to say that no French poet is less known in England, with less reason for ignorance than M. Victor de Laprade. M. de Laprade is a deliberate, though by no means a slavish, follower of Lamartine; and the doubt of the master's importance which, as Mr. Matthew Arnold tells us, he ventured once to hint to Sainte-Beuve, may possibly be felt still more strongly by English readers of the disciple. Certainly, the author of these poems (33) has very little in common with most of the bards who are now his contemporaries. Neither his style nor his matter is striking at once—he does not compass sea and land to catch one adjective and employ it with a *flamboyant* effect when he has caught it. In subject he is equally far from realism—which is a point in his favour—and from the devotion to art for its own sake and before everything else. But though he is a little old-fashioned, and sings in subdued keys, there is often melody in his singing, and not seldom dignity and poetical quality in the song. The longer pieces of the volume are the most Lamartinian; the shorter, or at least some of them, escape from the commonplace of chastened sentiment, and strike an original note. The defiance of "Les Dieux qu'on brise" has the right ring about it, and "Le faune," as a piece of picture-poetry, would not be easy to surpass.

M. Léon Cladel has long been in possession of a kind of esoteric reputation in France not dissimilar to that possessed by some writers who it would be invidious to name in England. His admirers proclaim him to be something quite out of the common way, and this in one sense or another everybody must grant. His style is exceedingly odd, not to say *baroque*, and he has a tendency to employ sentences of Rabolaisian length as well as of Rabelaisian oddity of phrase. *Crête-rouge* (34) is not the best thing he has done, but it will give readers some idea of him. The scene is laid at Paris during the siege. In *Inés Parker* (35) M. Mario Uchard, author of the well-known play *La Fiammina*, has written a better book than most of the novels that come before us, though there are some faults in it and some absurdities. The beautiful American heroine is now a stock character with French novelists. But Inés Parker has sufficient originality to separate her from the majority of her sisters. As a study of character the book cannot be very highly commended, but it has interest as a story. Much higher praise must be given to *Le Forestier* (36), which is a study of sylvan life in the great forests of the west of France and shows an extraordinary power of handling such matter. On the other hand, *Mademoiselle Clarens* (37) is a novel of an ordinary type, and not good of its kind. M. Fortuné du Boisgobey, who seems to be writing with surprising rapidity, has turned out in *La main coupée* (38) a very long romance of crime after the fashion rather of Gaboriau than of anybody else, though with less elaboration of plot. His two closely printed volumes contrast in point of bulk remarkably with the single volume of widespread typography which, as a rule, and perhaps wisely, contents the Parisian novelist nowadays. But, with the possible exception of *Crête rouge*, which is a curiosity of literature, and of *Le Forestier*, which is rather a picture of wild life than a novel, none of these books can compare with M. Ludovic Halévy's lively sketches, which may be depended upon to make all but the dullest or the most squeamish readers laugh till they cry (39). They are farcical certainly, and French farce is and always has been of the broadest; but their farce almost deserves the title of comedy. *Régénérés* is one of the most delightful pieces of satirical wit that we have seen for a long time, and the sketches which come more directly under the title of the book do not fall far short of it. M. Halévy has in some wise picked up the mantle of M. Droz, or a portion of it; but he has eked it out with plenty of his own cloth. And it may fairly be allowed him that, if much of the morality he depicts is vile and despicable, he does not omit to show pretty plainly that he is well aware of the fact, and not disposed to make light of it.

(33) *Œuvres poétiques de V. de Laprade: les voix du silence, &c.* Paris: Lemerre.

(34) *Crête-rouge.* Par Léon Cladel. Paris: Lemerre.

(35) *Inés Parker.* Par Mario Uchard. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(36) *Le Forestier.* Par Jules de Glouvet. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(37) *Mademoiselle Clarens.* Par Emanuel Denoy. Paris: Ollendorff.

(38) *La main coupée.* Par Fortuné du Boisgobey. Paris: Plon.

(39) *Les petites Cardinal.* Par Ludovic Halévy. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

THE UNITED STATES.

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THE EASTERN QUESTION.

THE anticipation that the six Powers would cease to act in concert on the Eastern question has thus far not been justified by experience. Political critics who foresaw the difficulties which might impede common action overlooked the pledge which all the Governments virtually exchanged with one another when they undertook a joint enterprise. That their objects were in some respects different, and that they were actuated by various degrees of zeal, were considerations which must have occurred to all of them before and after the Conference at Berlin. The paramount importance of ending a dangerous controversy was nevertheless acknowledged by all the Powers; and when once they had engaged in the common undertaking, they had a further interest in not exposing themselves to ridicule. It appears from Lord GRANVILLE'S statement on Monday that the harmony which had been established is hitherto unbroken. The first demand which was made on the Porte has been conceded, partly because it was expressed in peremptory language, and perhaps in some degree with the hope of facilitating resistance to a larger claim. The Collective Note presented by the Ambassadors required the transfer of Dulcigno or, as an alternative, of Tusi, to Montenegro within three weeks from the delivery of the document. The SULTAN and his Ministers have now promised compliance; and orders seem to have been issued to the officers in command of the Turkish troops to compel the Albanians to acquiesce in the surrender of one or the other district. Lord GRANVILLE properly declined to explain the methods which will be employed by the allied Powers, if the measure is either purposely or involuntarily evaded. It will probably not be necessary for the present to despatch a combined fleet to the Turkish coast; and it is desirable that the transaction should, if possible, be completed without a display of force. The Government expresses the universal feeling of the country in refusing to connect the Afghan complications directly or indirectly with the policy to be pursued in Eastern Europe. If England is no longer to meddle with great European questions, because a thousand men have been sacrificed by unskilful generalship in Asia, it is time to withdraw not only immediately, but permanently, from participation in the European concert. When the Albanians find that the Turkish Government is in earnest, they will probably recognize their inability to resist the demands of the Powers.

On other subjects of negotiation the same admirable unanimity subsists. Mr. GOSCHEN reports from Constantinople that the Ambassadors are agreed as to the reforms to be introduced into Armenia; and Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE finds his colleagues on the Commission for reorganizing the administration of the European provinces equally ready to concur in the measures to be adopted. It is true that both in Europe and Asia there is a wide chasm between the conception of a rational mode of government and the execution of any scheme which can be devised; but it is something to obtain the assent of all the Powers to proposals which may be urged on the Porte with their united authority. The practical acceptance by the Porte of the simplest of all the recommendations which have been made will perhaps form a precedent for habitual deference to sound advice. It would be inexpedient to enforce salutary counsels by definite threats; but Lord GRANVILLE warns the SULTAN and his advisers that contumacy will tend to the early dissolution of the Empire. He is fully entitled to quote in support of his own opinion the deliberate judgment of all statesmen, not excepting Lord SALISBURY. For himself the FOREIGN SECRETARY repudiates the charge of ill-will to Turkey which might be justly urged against his most eminent colleague. In truth, the character of the Eastern question has been fundamentally changed by the results of the last Russian war. The fabric of Turkish rule was maintained with the approval of successive English Governments, because the dangers which might result from its overthrow appeared to preponderate over the evils which it involved. It has now become impossible to sustain the independence of the SULTAN, and the least mischievous alternative is to induce or compel him to correct intolerable misgovernment. When the proposals of the Commission are carried into effect in Macedonia, and when the scheme elaborated by the Ambassadors is applied to Asia Minor and Armenia, the Turkish Government will perhaps be relieved from the fear of foreign aggression. The correspondence between Prince LOBANOFF and Lord GRANVILLE confirms the belief that the Russian Government is aiding the preparations of the Bulgarians for a rupture with Turkey; but the Imperial policy is perhaps only tentative and provisional, and at any moment Prince ALEXANDER may be ordered to suspend or discontinue his armaments. Lord GRANVILLE may perhaps have succeeded in dispelling the just suspicion with which Mr. GLADSTONE'S policy may have been regarded by Austria. The Balkan Principalities are not, in time of war, a match for Turkey; and they will not be allowed to disturb the peace of Europe, as long as the Great Powers are in concert.

When the matter of the Montenegro frontier is settled, the Powers will have to occupy themselves with the question of Greece. There is reason to believe that, for the present, the Turkish Government has no intention of surrendering Janina, Prevesa, and Metzovo. HOBART PASHA is perhaps too positive in his statement that a frontier excluding from Greek territory all these places was suggested by the Congress of Berlin. The line of division, which was drawn by M. WADDINGTON and accepted by his colleagues, was studiously vague; and consequently a controversy as to its meaning has been proceeding ever since. According to Admiral HOBART, the Conference has added a strip of land forty miles wide to the territory assigned to Greece by the Congress. He adds the statement that the new delimitation will transfer to Greece a considerable Mahometan population; but the Commissioners who advised the Conference had satisfied themselves that the bulk of the population was Greek in language and religion; and the doubts which Admiral HOBART throws on their genuine Greek pedigree ought not to affect the arrangement. As in the case of German nationality, according to the definition of the popular song, the country where men talk Greek and recognize the Greek Patriarch is essentially Greece. Janina, though a large part of the population is of Albanian origin, belongs to the Greeks in right of a common civilization. The allied Governments have offered to guarantee the property of Mahometans in the districts which are to be ceded. It is alleged that the Mahometans who reside within the present limits of the kingdom are not discontented with the treatment which they receive, but no implicit confidence can be placed in an Administra-

tion which is only better than that of Turkey, though it is much more capable of improvement. The Ionian Islands, which formed the latest addition to the territory of Greece, have, as might be expected, since receded in civilization and prosperity, but Thessaly and Epirus will be more contented and better governed when they cease to be Turkish provinces. It may, perhaps, also be more practicable to introduce a better system of administration when the wealth and population of the kingdom are increased. According to modern notions, a State which includes the territories of Athens, Thebes, Corinth, Argos, and Lacedæmon, is too small for good government.

The report that the Greek Government is arming, and that its warlike preparations are no longer discouraged by the European Governments, appears to be well founded. The English Government had at one time advised the Ministry of Athens to suspend its armaments; but, as Sir CHARLES DILKE stated in answer to a question, the other Powers gave no similar advice, and England thought it unadvisable to interfere alone. An army of twenty thousand men, to be shortly increased to thirty thousand, is on foot; and yet it can scarcely be intended to engage in a single-handed struggle with Turkey. While there is little goodwill between the Greeks and the Sclavonic population of the Balkan peninsula, a Greek invasion of Epirus might perhaps lead to a declaration of war against Turkey on the part of Bulgaria and perhaps of Servia. With any one of its probable adversaries, and perhaps with all, Turkey might hope to contend with success, if it were certain that Russia would be held in check by Germany and Austria. Neither England nor France would assist the Greeks with reinforcements by land, though England might perhaps exhibit sympathy by sending a fleet to cruise in the Adriatic or the Ægean. The sudden coldness of France in the Greek cause has not been satisfactorily explained. The postscript in favour of Greece which was informally added to the Treaty of Berlin was proposed by M. WADDINGTON, and its insertion was attributed to the wish of the other Powers to conciliate the French Government. M. DE FREYCINET's Cabinet sent a Plenipotentiary to Berlin in the present year, and it was therefore a party to the unanimous decision of the Conference. The Government also despatched an officer, General THOMASSIN, to advise the Greeks on their military preparations; and his mission was considered the more significant because it was understood to have been suggested by M. GAMBETTA. It is now understood that, except by advice to both parties, France will not promote the Greek demands; and General THOMASSIN has been unexpectedly recalled. Of the other Powers, England is thought to be most in earnest; and Russia, which had hitherto always discouraged Greek pretensions, is now forward in insisting on submission to the European decree. If the Greeks attempt to occupy any part of the disputed territory they will almost certainly be defeated. The Albanians alone are probably strong enough to defend their country against an invader of limited resources; and the regular Turkish troops are superior in discipline to the newly levied Greek regiments. The cession must be effected, if at all, by pressure applied to the Government at Constantinople. It may indeed be plausibly argued that the Greeks have, according to the general rules of international law, no right to an extension of territory merely on the ground that they abstained three years ago from an unprovoked attack on a nominally friendly neighbour; but in the special case the law has been made or authoritatively declared by a tribunal which has the right of judicial legislation because it has the power to execute its judgments. Even if the cession of territory is deferred, the disputed districts will never again be held by Turkey under a safe title. On the other hand, the surrender would scarcely weaken the SULTAN; and in possible contingencies it might provide him with a useful ally.

THE HARES AND RABBITS BILL.

IT appears to be regarded in certain quarters as a kind of *lèse majesté* to criticize any of the actions of the present Government. We do not know whether it is equally treasonable to point out that their measures receive a very singular amount of criticism from their own supporters. The Hares and Rabbits Bill has passed its second reading, has got into Committee, and has made some small progress in those not always tranquil waters. But already Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is complaining of the "misunder-"standing and misrepresentation" which his amendments have met with at the hands of the chief Liberal organ in the daily press. It must be confessed that these amendments are in themselves sufficiently curious, and that they follow with a most remarkable faithfulness the course of conduct pursued by the Government in the case of their other great measure, the Compensation for Disturbance Bill. To run with the hounds and hunt with the hare is a proceeding irresistibly suggested, not merely by the title of the Bill, but by the conduct of its defenders. We have before now pointed out that, in the very nature of it, it is a Bill little likely to satisfy any party, while calculated to win a certain amount of half-hearted support from all. The half-hearted support was manifested on the second reading; the dissatisfaction has already received pretty ample illustration in the proceedings of Tuesday and Wednesday; nor can it be denied that the HOME SECRETARY's amendments were of a character likely to make this discontent on the Radical side at least show itself very decidedly. The gusto with which the Bill was at first received by that party depended entirely on the supposed creation by it of a right for the sporting farmer and the sporting labourer to share the privileges of their superiors, and the HOME SECRETARY's amendments went for the most part to the curtailment of this innovation. According to the original proposal it would have been perfectly competent for a tenant-farmer, who did not care for sport and was anxious to spite his landlord, to turn half a village into licensed poachers, and what is more, licensed night poachers. The amendments guard this extraordinary right in a manner likely to interfere with the sporting labourer in no small degree, while other limitations of time and circumstance which they impose interfere materially with the Radical dogma that any man, except an owner of land, ought to be authorized to kill all animals *feræ naturæ* at such times as seem to him good and fitting.

The actual proceedings of Tuesday and Wednesday were very characteristic of the present Parliament and of its present leaders. It might have been thought that the limits of possible eccentricity had been reached in the coachmanship of the Disturbance Bill, but Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is of a nature not to be left behind by any one. In the first place the tenor of the desultory debate which occupied two afternoons and an evening, displayed a curious double nature in the Bill. It is exceedingly difficult to make out whether it is a Bill for the removal of something that is a nuisance to the farmer's crops, or a bid for the farmer's political support by providing him free of charge with sporting rights. Mr. BRIGHT, who is a sportsman in his way, seemed to point to the latter conclusion in both the extraordinary onslaughts in which he endeavoured to top the part of first swordsman to the HOME SECRETARY's Bessus. Again, when the question of limiting the use of the gun by the farmer and his myrmidons was mooted, the supporters of the Government exclaimed against the "shabbiness" of such a limitation. We must own that if the Bill is what it pretends to be, a Bill for the thinning of destructive animals, we cannot see the shabbiness of prescribing those means of destruction which are undoubtedly most effective. On the other hypothesis, of course, the argument is clear enough. The same confusion of thought was shown capitally by Mr. WIGGIN, who, supporting the measure with enthusiasm, proceeded to speak of hares and rabbits as "those useful animals," which seems to be a somewhat rapid and singular change of the point of view. Mr. LABOUCHERE's amendment extending the Bill to winged game may be taken as another instance of the hopeless confusion which seems to prevail in the minds of the Government and their supporters on the question. The truth simply is that in voting for Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's measure every individual member is voting for a separate ideal measure of his own. To one it is an instalment of the ardently desired abolition of the Game Laws; to another, a useful and cheap lure to make the farmers vote for the Government; to another, a slap in the face to a hated class; to a fourth, a measure likely to increase the profit of a class to which he belongs or which he favours; to a fifth, a concession to a favourite hobby about agriculture and the tenure of land. "Light "and leading" might perhaps succeed in fusing these heterogeneous elements into something like a whole. But though there is plenty of heat on the Treasury Bench just

now, there does not appear to be by any means a superabundance of light. The intelligent and statesmanlike manner in which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT handles the measure could hardly have been better illustrated than by his astounding declaration on Wednesday that he was quite ready to withdraw the amendments which he had deliberately and with no little circumstance proposed, in defence of which he had quarrelled with the Liberal organs, and which might, if only by courtesy, have been supposed to represent the matured judgment of the Government, guided by the results of the debate on the second reading. So much for light. As for leading, the simple plan of generalship observed in reference to the measure is that the HOME SECRETARY should make occasional razzias upon all and sundry who oppose it, and that Mr. BRIGHT should sally out behind him to cut the throats of the fallen. It is scarcely surprising that these tactics should have aroused a bitter feeling of opposition, and should, especially in conjunction with certain other matters occurring simultaneously, have brought about one of the most ill-tempered discussions which has for some years been heard in the House of Commons.

We must indeed own that the merits or demerits of the Hares and Rabbits Bill seem to us to be a matter of much less moment than the manner in which that Bill has been managed, and the other circumstances to which we have just referred. The debate has been again and again interrupted or postponed by vain attempts to extract from Lord HARTINGTON some definite information as to the probable progress of business, attempts which, in consequence of the conduct of the Government, have resulted only in an increase of acerbity in the discussion of a measure in itself only too likely to occasion angry feelings. It would really seem as if the Government had come to the conclusion that the only chance of carrying through the preposterous programme of business announced on Monday night was to keep the House in as great darkness as possible about the order of business, so as to be able to steal a march upon their opponents now and then. That such was Lord HARTINGTON's deliberate purpose no one can for a moment believe. But unluckily there are some courses of conduct which expose those who pursue them to unpleasant suspicions, however guiltless they may be. We believe it is not incorrect to say that the extremest uncertainty has prevailed throughout the week as to the exact business which might be taken on any particular night. Now, considering that the time for prorogation under ordinary circumstances had already arrived, that the House had given up to the Government the whole of its time with the exception of Friday night, and that notwithstanding this sacrifice and the adoption of morning sittings—things usually reserved strictly for that period of the Session when land is seen—no intimation of a date for breaking up had been given—the very least that Ministers could do was to be extremely explicit as to the actual work likely to be taken on given days. This is exactly what they refused to be, and this refusal it was which occasioned the angry recriminations of Tuesday and Wednesday. These recriminations, in so far as they concern the Opposition, have been misrepresented as obstruction, and as being unworthy devices to stall off the passing of the Hares and Rabbits Bill. It is sufficient to look at the names of the persons who have been chiefly concerned to judge the truth of this assertion. Lord EUSTACE CECIL is not generally supposed to be a member of what a threadbare joke calls the fourth party, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has not usually been considered an aider and abettor of wanton and gratuitous obstruction. The simple facts are that the conduct of the HOME SECRETARY and the CHANCELLOR of the DUCHY has irritated their opponents, and that by some ill-luck Lord HARTINGTON, perhaps because the leadership of the House has not previously been in his hands, has failed to make up for his colleague's shortcomings by attention to the legitimate demands of the Opposition. The absence of Mr. GLADSTONE must be admitted to be a serious drawback. It is perhaps a natural delicacy which restrains Lord HARTINGTON from checking friends over whom he has no technical superiority of position, when they resort to such weapons as those which during three sittings of this week Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. BRIGHT freely employed. Mr. GLADSTONE, to do him justice, would neither have employed those weapons himself nor, though he might have nominally supported his subordinates, would he have failed to make some kind of apology for them. He is overbearing and passionate enough; nor is he always sufficiently mindful of the decencies. But he is never insolent; and though insolence is a very ugly word to have to apply to Ministers of the Crown, we can hardly find a milder one to suit Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's treatment of Mr. HICKS on Tuesday, and of Lord EUSTACE CECIL on Wednesday, or Mr. BRIGHT's gratuitous rating of the whole Opposition on both days. The policy of hectoring and scolding members of Parliament is one which is certain to fail, but it is one which we are extremely sorry to see tried. For many reasons, it is to be desired that the Session should not be prolonged indefinitely, but perhaps for none more strongly than because of the extraordinary effect which the prolongation seems to exercise on the temper and manners of HER MAJESTY's Ministers.

AFGHANISTAN.

IT is possible that political or military reasons may sufficiently account for the sudden retreat of the army from Afghanistan; but, in the meantime, the general surprise and disapproval which the policy of the Government has caused in India will be largely shared in England. The orders which are now in process of execution had doubtless been issued from Simla before the disaster on the Helmund; and it may be assumed that afterwards Lord RIPON again referred the question to the Government at Home before he confirmed the former decision. Both the VICEROY and the Cabinet must have been well aware that Afghans and Indian subjects of the Crown will ascribe the retreat to the defeat of General BURROWS, of which it was assuredly not desirable to exaggerate the importance. It is true that the Government had announced the intention of evacuating Cabul as soon as the authority of the new Ameer had been established; but there is as yet no proof that he is strong enough to maintain himself in Northern Afghanistan. The voluntary retreat of the main army becomes a subject for still more serious consideration when it is regarded in connexion with the bold enterprise undertaken by Sir F. ROBERTS. It might have been thought that it was indispensable to secure a base of operations for the force which is charged with the relief of Candahar. Sir F. ROBERTS and Sir DONALD STEWART have now broken off all connexion with one another in their diverging movements; and until General ROBERTS reaches Candahar early in September he will have no line of supply or of retreat. Unless the evacuation of Eastern Afghanistan is very partially carried out, the extreme heat of the weather will necessarily cause distress and loss to the troops. The Government had evidently resolved to withdraw the army before the passes were closed by frost; but the march would have been less oppressive two months hence than in the height of the summer.

Although the result of the war will at the best be thoroughly unsatisfactory, the blame of an abortive enterprise will not fall exclusively on the authors of the war. Lord BEACONSFIELD, Lord SALISBURY, and Lord LYTTON would certainly not have provoked the contest, unless they had hoped that it would be prosecuted with spirit and perseverance to the end. It may be doubted whether any attainable object would have compensated for the risks and losses which have been already incurred; but, if the army in retiring had left behind a friendly or dependent State, it might have been plausibly contended that the relief from external danger to India had not been too dearly purchased. The warmest partisan of the late Government would have disapproved of the war, if he had foreseen that the capital and the country would be precipitately abandoned. Lord HARTINGTON was thought to have been unduly communicative when he announced soon after his accession to office that the troops would be withdrawn from Afghanistan at the earliest safe opportunity. Neither his supporters nor his opponents then believed that the retreat would begin as soon as a vague verbal agreement had been made with a candidate for the throne who is not bound by ties of gratitude or interest to the English Government. No form of weakness is more to be distrusted than the not unusual combination of rashness with timidity. The recall of General STEWART and his army seems to have been dictated at the same time by unnecessary alarm, and by disregard of obvious danger. It will be for the Government hereafter to show that the balance of risk was on the side of

the policy of standing firm at Cabul, at least till Candahar was relieved. Lord HARTINGTON'S answer to Sir W. PALLISER indicates an imperfect appreciation of the serious danger which may attend a too hasty escape from a difficult position. Any untoward consequence of Sir F. ROBERTS'S hazardous expedition would not be readily forgiven. There is no reason to apprehend that Sir DONALD STEWART will meet with any serious difficulty in his short retreat to Gundamuk. The army at Candahar will communicate with India only by way of Quetta and the Bolan Pass; and Sir F. ROBERTS, until he can effect a junction with General PHAYRE, will be left in the air. There would be little cause for surprise if the whole of Afghanistan were soon in arms against an enemy who has ostentatiously displayed the consciousness of weakness. It will be well if the heavy responsibility which the Government has assumed is justified by eventual success. That all the possible fruits of a costly war have been deliberately sacrificed will be attributed by one party to the originally false policy of the late Government, and by the other to the hasty redemption by Lord HARTINGTON and Mr. GLADSTONE of pledges given in opposition. It is not impossible that both Governments may have been to blame.

The scanty and tardy reports which have been received from Candahar may by sanguine minds be regarded as partially reassuring. The slow advance of the Herat army indicates either that its losses on the Helmund had been severe, or that its movements were embarrassed by the divided counsels of the military chiefs. More definite satisfaction may be found in the indirect contradiction of the report that General PRIMROSE, by taking refuge in the citadel, had abandoned the attempt to hold the city against the enemy. It now appears that the Afghan soldiery has been expelled from the city, an operation which would have been impossible if the garrison had been shut up in the citadel. The remaining population probably consists of peaceable traders who have a common interest with the English garrison, inasmuch as they are exposed to plunder and massacre. The fighting men, who have been driven out, will of course join the enemy, but they would have been more dangerous within the walls than in the field outside. The deficiency of the water supply in the citadel will not be equally felt in the city, which is traversed by canals. The richness of the surrounding district may probably relieve the Afghan army from the difficulties which ordinarily attend the want of a commissariat. The garrison has a supply of provisions for more than a month; but the stores will scarcely suffice for the inhabitants of the city. Additional supplies may probably have been brought in from the neighbouring villages during the interval between the battle on the Helmund and the approach of the hostile army. It may be worth Lord HARTINGTON'S while to ascertain whether General PRIMROSE will, on the junction of the armies, take the chief command. After more than seventy years of service it is not forgotten that two incapable generals in succession superseded Sir ARTHUR WELLESLEY on the field of Vimiera. Similar indifference on the part of the present Government might end in something worse than the Convention of Cintra. It may be hoped that before the final retreat the honour of the English arms may be restored by the defeat of AYOUB KHAN; but, for the present, assurance of the safety of the troops would in itself afford great relief. At any rate we may trust that Quetta is to be permanently held. The loyal aid which has been given by the KHAN of Khelat must not be repaid by desertion, which would expose him to the resentment of his powerful neighbour.

The many-sided controversies which have been raised by the Afghan difficulties will soon have ceased to possess practical interest. Not the least plausible contention has been to the effect that the whole country should be annexed, and that its warlike population should, like the Sikhs, add to the strength of the Indian army. Such an enterprise might have been accomplished by a Viceroy of the capacity and character of WELLESLEY or DALHOUSIE, before the invention of telegraphy, and while the House of Commons, with its democratic constituencies, practised no habitual interference with Indian affairs. It is not impossible that the Afghans might have been converted into guardians of the Northern frontier; but recent experience has shown that the preliminary condition of reducing them to submission would not be easily satisfied. No similarly ambitious enterprise can be undertaken by Governments largely dependent on popular agitation and caprice. The more modest project of establishing a preponderating influence at Cabul has proved to be unexpectedly difficult. It is not yet certain whether an abandonment of political relations will be as safe as it seems to be inglorious. Lord ELLENBOROUGH at the end of the former Afghan war first hesitated to advance to Cabul; and then evacuated the country at the earliest possible moment. His policy was neither bold nor magnanimous; but POLLOCK and NOTT left behind them no defeated army and no besieged garrison. The Afghans then scarcely admitted that the English had reasserted their military superiority. They will now boast, not without reason, that their obstinate resistance has finally prevailed. Nothing has been less satisfactory than late transactions in respect of the entire falsification of all professional predictions. The soldiers and politicians who promoted the war always asserted that the task would be easy, and their opponents agreed with them in describing the Afghans as inconsiderable enemies. The first advance on Cabul seemed to confirm the anticipations of military opponents; and ROBERTS in his short campaign, after the violation of the Treaty of Gundamuk, dispersed without serious loss the numerous army which made a show of resistance at Charasiab. Since that time a formidable attack has been made on the garrison of Cabul; Sir DONALD STEWART met with determined opposition in his march on Ghuznee; and on the Helmund an English brigade has been ruinously defeated in a pitched battle. It will be necessary to recur to former estimates of the military qualities of the Afghans.

THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

THE German EMPEROR and the Emperor of AUSTRIA met at Ischl, and, as it seemed uninteresting to look on this meeting as a mere interchange of courtesies, speculation has been busy with discovering recondite reasons for the visit of the aged EMPEROR to his old enemy and new ally. Count MOLTKE was present at Ischl, and so were the Princes of ROUMANIA and SERVIA, and it has been argued that such persons could not have been at Ischl for nothing. What the EMPERORS could be imagined to have to discuss and settle appears to have been beyond the imagination of speculators. It is simpler to rest satisfied with what is obvious and incontestable, and to leave time to reveal any reasons for the meeting which may possibly be hidden. The German EMPEROR has obviously and incontestably wished to pay a visit of civility which would at once indicate the healing of old sores, and the cementing of a new and intimate alliance. For years there was a bitter rivalry between Prussia and Austria, which only went partially to sleep when Austria thought her supremacy assured, and Prussia was too meek to contest it in any open way. This passive state of things ended on the day when Prince BISMARCK quietly showed that if the Austrian representative at Frankfort smoked he would smoke too. Prussia began to assert herself, and went on asserting herself, and asserting herself, until the day of Sadowa came and her rival lay in the dust at her feet. This triumph of Prussia is, in appearance at least, forgiven. Austria, which was prevented by Russia from seeking in the war between France and Germany an opportunity of revenge, is now leagued with Germany against Russia. Common interests are the basis of the alliance; but even if these common interests did not draw the Emperors together, the Emperor of AUSTRIA has too often shown how cordially and generously he can treat old foes to make it in any way surprising that he should give an honest and hearty welcome to the German EMPEROR. He has become the popular King of the Hungarians whom he once got Russia to conquer for him, and harassed with his own troops when they were conquered. He went to visit VICTOR EMMANUEL at Venice, the jewel that had been torn from his crown by a successful combination of audacity and intrigue. Even if Prince BISMARCK had not last autumn invented the new alliance, the German EMPEROR might have very well wished to visit Austria once more before he died, and would have been sure to have been treated as an honoured guest when he came. But a new alliance has been formed, and the Sovereigns in whose name it has been made naturally desire to give to the world a manifest proof that they heartily accept it. The real character and consequences of this alliance depend only slightly on the views

and wishes of the Sovereigns themselves. In a somewhat greater degree they depend on the views and wishes of the indispensable advisers on whom the Sovereigns lean. In the main they depend on the turn of events and on the general situation of Europe.

The alliance between Austria and Germany has hitherto been beneficial to Europe, and is readily accepted in both countries. But while it is much more ostentatiously prized by Germany than by Austria, it is to Austria that the good it has done has been chiefly due. In Germany it represents a policy of panic, and in Austria a policy of patience and moderation. The most striking feature of German society of the present moment is the state of fright which has become habitual to it. Some months ago Prince BISMARCK instructed the Germans to be frightened, and they not only did as they were bid, but have gone on being frightened after he himself has allowed himself to appear tranquillized. Not a word can be spoken in France and not a regiment moved or reviewed in Russia without a tribe of anxious Germans explaining that now at last something very alarming and dangerous has taken place. The Austrians turn their thoughts in a different direction, and instead of fearing lest others should do something rash, are occupied with guarding against doing anything rash themselves. Austria is a confederation of very heterogeneous elements, and it is a confederation that it is very difficult to work. There are more Slavs in Austria than there are Germans and Magyars put together, and neither the Slavs nor the Magyars wish to see the German alliance so carried out as to make the German minority in Austria more predominant than it is now. All sections of the Austrian population concur in greatly preferring Austrian to Russian rule, and therefore all see in the German alliance a useful safeguard against Russia. But the great bulk of the mixed population dread anything like the German alliance leading to an overt hostility against Russia, and an upsetting of the balance of the Austrian system. For many reasons Austria is the country on the Continent which most sincerely wishes for peace, and least wishes to go further than she has gone already. The great advantage of the German alliance to her has been that it has given her breathing time in which to form her policy definitely, and express it, so that she has become conscious of having a policy and determined to adhere to it. Whether the issue of the new European concert will be success or failure no one can pretend to say. But up to the present time it has continued to exist, and the possibility of its existence is due, not so much to the change of Ministry in England, as to the expression and record of opinion in Austria. Recent debates, both in the Austrian and Hungarian Parliaments, have placed beyond doubt the fact that the subjects of the Emperor of AUSTRIA do not wish to go forward, and do not seek more territory or territorial influence. The Emperor of AUSTRIA, whether the German EMPEROR comes to see him or not, must take notice of this state of opinion and be guided by it.

On Thursday Sir CHARLES DILKE stated that the Government had received from certain quarters the suggestion that, in the event of Turkey consenting to carry out the terms prescribed by the Congress and by the Conference of Berlin, the Powers should place on record their intention not to demand further concessions, and he added that the Government saw no objection in principle to the suggestion. He was then asked whether the suggestion did not come from Austria, and he replied that it came from various quarters; but it may be safely assumed that the suggestion either came from Austria, or expresses the special wishes of Austria. If Austria wishes for such an intention to be recorded, Germany would be sure to support Austria, and if it is to be regarded in any way as an expression of the policy which the EMPERORS met at Ischl to talk over, it may be said to give something of a special meaning to the meeting. The difficulty is to see, not what are the objections to the suggestion, but what is to be supposed to be the good of it. If the SULTAN carries out everything he undertook at Berlin, and everything imposed on him by the Berlin Conference, it is hard to see what decent pretext the Powers could have for demanding further concessions. The declaration seems superfluous, for if the SULTAN does all that he is asked to do, the business in hand would seem to be finished. But, from an Austrian point of view, the declaration may seem to be not altogether valueless. Austria has just raised her representative at Constantinople to the rank of an Ambassador, and Baron CALICE has been charged on assuming his new office to express to the SULTAN the earnest wish of Austria to uphold his Empire. At the same time, no Power has pressed the SULTAN more earnestly than Austria to yield to the wishes of Europe. This Austria has done for her own sake quite as much as for the sake of Turkey. She fears that if things remain unsettled in Turkey she may be obliged to act when she does not wish to act. She sees in the present submission of the SULTAN her last guarantee that she will be permitted to remain as quiet as she wishes to remain. The SULTAN may be supposed to reply that one concession is always followed by the demand for another, and that therefore his yielding now will do neither him nor Austria any permanent good. To reassure the SULTAN and to make submission easier to him, Austria undertakes to procure from the Powers a pledge that in this case what the SULTAN dreads shall not happen. The use of the suggestion may thus be to smooth the path of Austrian diplomacy at Constantinople. But to Austrian eyes it may have a further use. It may serve as a formal exposition of the Austrian policy of abstention, and at the same time as a demand that, if Austria abstains from pushing forward in the Balkan peninsula, others shall abstain too. It thus amounts to a notice to Europe of the intentions of Austria and of the claims which she thinks her good and peaceful intentions give her; and viewed in this light, the suggestion cannot be said to be so meaningless and superfluous as it might seem at first.

THE BURIALS BILL.

MR. WOODALL, with the innocent recklessness of a new member, recommended the Burials Bill to the acceptance of the House of Commons on Thursday night by blandly assuring it, in his official character of a Committeeman of the Liberation Society, that he accepted all the spiteful, unmannerly abuse of the Church of England heaped upon it by such agitators as Dr. LANDELS, Mr. DALE, and Mr. SPURGEON. His sympathy with them was complete when they proclaimed that they valued an immediate lodgment in the churchyards only as the short way to the occupation of the "fortress"—the confiscation, that is, of the churches themselves. Mr. BRIGHT was too old and wary a politician to be so candid; but he was in high spirits over his coming triumph, so he could not resist going out of his way to recommend the adoption in England of the German practice of lending the churches—which there are State property—at different hours for the worship of different communions.

The 258 members who voted for Lord SELBORNE'S Bill cannot pretend that they had not received ample warning, not of what the LORD CHANCELLOR in his closet may have mused upon, but that to which his more active and wide-awake colleagues and the general body of their Dissenting allies intend to be the fruit of his musing. This is a matter upon which we have so often insisted that we should have been glad to have been spared this late necessity of again repeating the often told tale. But at the moment when the Burials Bill has at last become a Parliamentary certainty, and brought face to face as we are with such unexpected candour as to the real aim of the agitation, we must recall our readers' attention to considerations which have been re-endowed with the vigour of youth by the novelty of the circumstances which now bring them to the fore. The one uncontentious fact is that an Act must soon be placed upon the Statute Book, as to which one section of its supporters predict that it will be a bulwark of the Established Church, and the other section that it will be a substantial instalment of disestablishment. The bantling which can be so differently regarded by its friends and relations is clearly an abnormal creature, a changeling—a fairy imp, our ancestors would have said—and we are puzzled on the threshold as to its natural history. As introduced into the House of Lords it was simply our old friend Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN'S Bill in its latter and worse shape, only qualified by the so-called Convocation clause, and made more sharp and irritating by the abolition of consecrated cemeteries. The peers struck out the latter innovation, and brought the measure substantially back to the form in which for many years Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN had himself advocated it—namely, as not applicable to parishes which had access to cemeteries, though strong in their radical support the

Government, while obstinately refusing to accept any of the real mitigations introduced into the measure in the Upper House, make a bravo show of resisting their free-lances, and standing out for the retention of certain illusory provisions of their own wherewith they had bird-limed the measure for the capture of credulous ecclesiastics. The House was gravely informed that the maintenance of the word "Christian" as the definition and limit of allowable services, was a proper concession to an overwhelming public opinion, and some members probably asked themselves how it happened that the Ministers had taken until August to reach a conclusion which might have been so serviceable in May, when the seat of the junior member for Northampton was in question.

Mr. BRIGHT would not be outdone in politeness by the JUDGE ADVOCATE-GENERAL, for he was so anxious to pay some pretty compliment to the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, whose help he very handsomely acknowledged, as to confess that he was schooling himself even to swallow a reference to Convocation in an Act of Parliament. Had Mr. BRIGHT more fully comprehended the value of that reference, he might have found his task more easy. The motive cause of that singular piece of legislation, the Convocation clause, was a double grievance, under which the great body of the clergy are now suffering. The more recent grievance is, that they are under *duresse* from those of their ecclesiastical superiors who are of a philosophic turn, to adopt a burial service of some kind or other for use over unbaptized persons, their own common sense telling them all the while that the penalty of silent burial for neglect of that sacrament is a wholesome incentive to people in general not to delay or reject Baptism. The other and older grievance is the compulsion of having to use the Burial Service over unworthy subjects.

Convocation, in its recent revision of the rubrics on the lines of the Ritual Commission, undertook to grapple with both these difficulties as part of the general question, and its recommendation, *valeat quantum*, was one of a complete scheme of amended rubrics, which were not only to stand or fall together, but were not to stand at all except as a schedule to an Act, providing a new and easy form of legislating for the future in regard to rubrics. Outside of these limitations, the recommendations, one and all, were to be no recommendations at all. The Government, with this state of things before it, now professes lip-service to Convocation by wrenching the schedule of rubrics from the covering Bill, and then selecting two or three isolated recommendations from the schedule itself, and after this it calls upon Parliament to accept, as the voice of Convocation, provisions which in that isolated shape Convocation would have withdrawn and repudiated, the more important one of them being a rubric which, while put forward by the Convocation of Canterbury, had been rejected by that of York. Of the recommendations in themselves, all we care to say is that they show more piety than grasp of human nature, for they profess to weight the permission to the clergyman to use the second-class service (a *post-mortem* excommunication) over the sinner only with consent of his friends, or, in other words, most likely his accomplices in ill-doing. This device was once the suggestion of Convocation, now it is the mandate of Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord SELBORNE, of Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN. The Government must think the Church very simple indeed if it fancies that it will accept this illusory privilege and the undefinable term "Christian" as adequate compensation for the loss of the churchyards.

THE FINANCIAL POSITION IN INDIA.

LORD HARTINGTON'S Indian Budget speech is naturally awaited with curiosity. Every one will be glad to learn, on unimpeachable authority, the effects of the Afghan war on the finance of India, and the share of the burden which the English taxpayer will be called to bear. The prophets of evil, who see in each new phase of Indian history a new ground for despondency and a fresh topic for sensational denunciation, are no doubt looking forward to a revelation which may justify their forebodings, and put the stamp of official sanction on the gloomy prospect of insolvency which their inner vision has for so long beheld; and those politicians with whom questions of Indian administration are interesting only as material for a party fight, anticipate with exultation an impressive exposure of the lengths of mismanagement to which a Conservative Viceroy has been allowed to go. There are, however, we venture to believe, some Englishmen who watch the course of Indian events with other and deeper interest than that of Parliamentary partisanship, and who have a serious desire that England's great task of Eastern Empire should be exercised with honour to the rulers and benefit to the ruled. To such persons Indian questions are too often a wearisome enigma, beset with bewildering technicalities, shrouded from the ordinary intelligence in clouds of obscure detail, confusing enough in the first instance, from the nature of the subject, but still more hopelessly confounded by the exaggerations, distortions, suppressions, and misrepresentations of rival controversialists. The worst of all these enigmas is finance. Is India rapidly lapsing into bankruptcy, or increasing yearly in solid national wealth, are its inhabitants ground down by cruel taxation and scourged by famines more frequent and more disastrous than of old, or are they prospering in a fashion that, in all its long centuries of misrule and oppression, the country has never known? Will the expenses of the Afghan war put the last straw on the already overladen camel's back, and precipitate an inevitable collapse, or will the resources of a well-supplied and well-managed exchequer make it possible to bear the strain of three years' war without present embarrassment or future burthen? Each proposition has its passionate supporters, and it may be convenient if, among the Babel of conflicting assertions, we place on record some simple facts which throw light on the subject, and which the recently published *Correspondence on the Afghan War Estimate* has placed beyond the reach of contradiction.

Mr. H. WATERFIELD, the Financial Secretary at the India Office, has been obliging enough to append a memorandum, summarizing the somewhat perplexing series of telegrams and despatches in which the financial results of the campaign are brought to light; and with his aid we get a clear view of the financial position of the Indian Government, based, however, on the assumption that we quit Afghanistan in October. What fresh expense the last new phase of the war may involve it is of course impossible at present to conjecture. Apart, however, from this, the probable war expenditure appears, according to the latest estimates, to be as follows. In the original estimate the outlay on the war had been reckoned at 6 millions sterling up to April 1881. According to the new estimates, the gross outlay up to that date will be 15 millions, or an excess of 9 millions over the former estimate. From this, however, a deduction—possibly of a million sterling—may have to be made on account of increased earnings of railways and telegraphs, owing to the military operations, thus bringing the net cost to 14 millions. It is satisfactory to learn that the addition of nine millions to the war charges does not by any means imply an actual addition of nine millions to the expenditure of the years 1879-80 and 1880-81. The sum of 5½ millions had already, Mr. WATERFIELD points out, been brought to account in the "Statement of Receipts and Disbursements" for 1879-80 (*Correspondence on the Afghan War Estimate*, p. 46), under other headings; and all that is necessary in order to show the real outlay is to transfer it from those headings to that of "Imperial expenditure." This would bring the recorded military outlay up to the 31st March, 1880, to nearly 9½ millions, leaving 5½ millions to be provided for in 1880-81. Of this sum 2 millions were provided by the original estimates of that year, so that there are 3½ millions additional to be met, which is reduced by other causes to 3,370,000*l.* But, besides this, the balance with which the year 1880-1 commenced was lower by 1,183,000*l.* than originally estimated, so that altogether the position was worse by 4½ millions. To meet this the Government opened a loan which produced something over 3 millions, and it appears to be expected that the SECRETARY of STATE'S drawings for the year will be reduced by 1,900,000*l.* These two measures will give relief to the extent of 5,100,000*l.*, and if they are carried out, the closing balance of the year in India will, it is thought, be about half a million more than was contemplated in the original estimate.

The effect of the error in the war estimate will, according to these calculations, be that 3,130,000*l.* have been borrowed in India, and two millions will probably have to be borrowed in England to replace the SECRETARY OF STATE'S drafts: from this 5 millions of increased debt the increased balance of half a million must, in order to

get a correct view of the position, be deducted, leaving a net increase of 4½ millions of debt. Against this, however, may fairly be set the 4¼ millions which will have been spent out of the revenues of the two years on the frontier railways. These works are of the highest strategical importance, and will, it is impossible to doubt, earn the interest on their capital over and over again, not perhaps in dividends, but in diminished transport and commissariat expenses, in shortened campaigns and lessened armaments. Their construction with borrowed capital would at no time have been open to cavil, and it is certainly no small achievement for an Exchequer, so beset with other difficulties as that of the Indian Government, to have found the ways and means for an expenditure of 19¼ millions on war and military railways with no other extraneous help than a loan for a public work of acknowledged necessity and advantage, which would even in time of peace have been regarded as entirely justifiable. Small as the addition to the public debt has been, the increase to the annual interest charge will be still less considerable. The fresh debt of the present year would involve an annual payment of about 220,000*l.*; but there will, on the other hand—so we gather from the accounts—be a reduction of about 80,000*l.* in the general interest charge, due to conversions of securities at high interest to loans at lower rates; while the earnings of the productive public works—on which 11½ millions will have been spent in the three years—will hereafter, no doubt, more than suffice to counterbalance any increased payment for interest which the borrowings of the year may necessitate. The three years of war, accordingly, will, if the campaign closes next October, leave the country with no additional debt, other than one which might under any circumstances have been legitimately contracted, and with no addition to the annual charge for interest; meanwhile, the depreciation of silver will have cost the Government 9 millions, the relief of famine half a million, besides 14 millions of military expenditure, and 4¼ millio laid out in frontier railways. In the face of these figures—and unless we misunderstand the purport of the correspondence they are incontrovertible—it seems to us difficult to argue gravely with those who confidently assure us that India has an empty exchequer, an inelastic revenue, and a beggared population. Certainly if these grave maladies exist, never were the symptoms of their existence less apparent, or had those who believe in the financial prosperity of the Empire better and more convincing grounds to show for their belief. A Government which, in the three years following the greatest famine of the century, can show a surplus of ten millions of normal revenue over its entire peace expenditure, can surely look forward to the possible difficulties of the future with courage and hopefulness. The margin of revenue which in 1877-8 the Government determined to provide, with a view to famine relief and other abnormal expenditure, has indeed been utilized otherwise and more speedily than was expected; but it has performed its function in preventing an otherwise inevitable accumulation of debt; and if only the present drain on her resources be stayed and a few more favourable seasons be granted to her, India is likely to enjoy for the future an income so ample as to allow of the most complete provision for future famine relief, and at the same time of wide reaching fiscal reform and material relief to the taxpayer. Difficulties and dangers the rulers of India must no doubt at all times be prepared to meet, but the successors of Lord Lytton and Sir John Strachey will not, in our opinion, find financial embarrassments among the problems which they are called to solve. We have no care to apologize for the fault of system or delinquency of individuals which resulted in so grave an error in the war estimates of last February, but we are none the less convinced that the present financial position of the Government is in a high degree satisfactory, and such as to entitle the administrators of Indian finance to the respect and gratitude of their countrymen.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.

NOTWITHSTANDING the despatch of a body of Marines to Ireland, which may probably have been a prudent measure, there is no reason to suppose that the rejection of the Disturbance Bill has increased the difficulty of maintaining order. The wildest and most unscrupulous declamation against the House of Lords proceeds from English Radicals, and especially from those of the virtuous and sentimental school. For the purpose of exciting odium against the Peers, candid writers include them in a common censure with the peasants whom Mr. Parnell exhorts to keep a firm grasp on the land. Both classes are described in the *Spectator*, as forming Trades-Unions for the exclusive promotion of their own several interests. The difference between those who repudiate contracts and an Assembly which only proposes to enforce performances of contracts, is too slight to be recognized by democratic philanthropy. It is difficult to assume that every member of the majority was thinking, when he voted, not of law, of right, or of political expediency, but of his own rent-roll and estates, which were no doubt indirectly threatened by Mr. Forster's unjustifiable measure. Trades-Unions, whether their action is mischievous or beneficent, are not established for the assertion of the right of the artisan to receive his stipulated wages; while the most mercenary peer who voted against the Disturbance Bill, even if he were actuated by exclusive concern for his own interests, can have hoped only to protect his property from spoliation; yet it is positively asserted that the motives of the House of Lords were no less sordid than those of the fraudulent Irish tenants who combine to cheat their landlords. Lord Grey, Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Cairns were utterly insincere when they used arguments which nevertheless appeared conclusive to most of those who heard or read their speeches. Even Lord Derby shared in the sordid impulses of the Opposition when he exposed the vicious principle of the Bill, and the Duke of Argyll when he protested against further interference with the rights of property. Baser and more unfounded calumnies have never been prompted by factious disappointment. An obscure Radical Club in London has presented a petition to the House of Commons to the effect that it is inexpedient that public business should be at the mercy of hereditary and irresponsible legislators. The Speaker, in answer to a question, stated that he did not understand the petition to be an attack on the House of Lords. Although it is not known that there are any other hereditary legislators in England, the petition was apparently directed against Trades-Unions.

Mr. Parnell, in a speech delivered at Newcastle to the Home Rule Association of Great Britain, professed to regard the defeat of the Bill with a kind of complacent regret. It was, according to his description, a very small measure, but it indicated the goodwill of the Government to Ireland; and, while it was pending, Mr. Parnell feared that it might tend to discountenance the agitation of the Land League. His followers in Ireland are of a disposition so mild and so confiding that a small concession might perhaps relax the firm grip they hold of the land, and which, by the machinery of threats of assaults and murders, they sometimes compel their neighbours to hold. They have now once more received notice that they have nothing to hope from the English Parliament, and they will proceed to right themselves. Mr. Parnell promises in their name that the agitation against landlords shall continue with increased vigour, encouraged by the approval which the Cabinet and a majority of the House of Commons has given to their claims. He calls attention to the significant fact that the majority of sixty consisted of Irish members. The Government has by its judicious policy already disintegrated the Liberal party, on which Lord Hartington relied, as a security against dependence on the Home-Rule members. Mr. Parnell confidently anticipates an increase of evictions by landlords who will say, "This is our last chance of clearing the land and "getting it into our own possession . . . Let us make "hay while the sun shines, and during this wintry "weather let us exterminate our tenants." The antithesis between metaphorical or proverbial sunshine and actual frost and snow is in the most characteristic style of Irish rhetoric. Before Mr. Parnell conjecturally described the conduct of the landlords, he spoke with better authority on behalf of the tenants. "The fire which was lit last May "in Mayo," which is a figure of speech for refusal to pay rent, "will be intensified a hundredfold and will be "carried into every corner of every county in Ireland." There is no doubt that the present agitation is more dangerous than any of the successive conspiracies which have been promoted by Irish demagogues. The immediate gain to be acquired by refusing payment of a just

debt is more intelligible than the vague expectations which are connected with an Irish Parliament. Mr. PARNELL was supported by Mr. ISAAC NELSON, Mr. BARRY, and Mr. JUSTIN M'CARTHY, who has lately for the first time thought fit to ally himself with the extreme section of the Home Rule party. Mr. BARRY reminded the meeting of "the short and terrible manner in which the "French people settled the land question." The Irish from time to time settle their local land question as shortly and as violently; and an Irish Parliament elected by occupiers might perhaps be not less bloodthirsty than the French Convention.

The Disturbance Bill, if it had become law, would have been quoted by agitators as a Parliamentary recognition of the indefensible property of the tenant in the soil. If the principle were once admitted of legislative suspension of debts due to the landlord, the clamour for the extension of interference would have been difficult to resist. The speeches of Lord DERBY and Lord EMLY might have been quoted to prove that the area covered by the Schedules of the Bill was far greater than that of present agricultural distress. Indeed, the evictions have been more numerous in Ulster and Leinster than in Connaught and Munster. One of the inconveniences of partial and occasional anomalies is that they tend to become precedents. The Land Act of 1870 was at the time said to be wholly exceptional; but after ten years it had become pregnant with germs of organic and undefined change. Mr. FORSTER's less comprehensive measure involved a more dangerous theory, which was propounded in the simplest form by some of his supporters. Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE's contention that contracts in Ireland should be interpreted by French or Italian law, illustrated the confusion of mind which ensues from attempts to combine spoliation with the maintenance of any kind of property. Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. FORSTER in the course of the debates on the Disturbance Bill more than once announced their intention to introduce a permanent Land Bill in the next Session. As the Duke of ARGYLL pledged himself to oppose further attempts to tamper with the rights of property, it may be inferred that the Cabinet has not yet assented to any revolutionary measure. Lord HARTINGTON also significantly declared that the inquiry into the operation of the Land Bill was undertaken for the purpose of ascertaining whether it should be enlarged or restricted. The sordid motives of the Tory Trades Union are not confined to one party. Mr. PARNELL had some reason for attacking the moderate Liberals; and Mr. BARRY had the pleasure of repeating O'CONNELL's coarse denunciation of "the base, "brutal, and bloody Whigs." Mr. JUSTIN M'CARTHY, who has written an able and temperate history of the present reign, must display some moral and intellectual versatility when he appears at such meetings as a follower of Mr. PARNELL.

There is a paradoxical impudence in the mere existence of a Home Rule Association of Great Britain. The members of the body have, of their own choice, settled in England, with, as far as the great majority are concerned, no purpose of returning. Many of them have, unfortunately, votes for the English boroughs in which they live, and yet their whole political strength is employed to weaken and dissolve the connexion between their adopted country and the country of their birth. At the bidding of Mr. PARNELL and other agitators they habitually disregard the good faith which is presumed as a condition in the exercise of the franchise. At the general election their leaders suspended the rule which enjoins on the Irish voters abstinence from the poll, except in favour of any candidate who may pledge himself to support Home Rule or an inquiry into Home Rule. In the judgment of the demagogues, the triumph of the Liberal party was deemed likely to facilitate the disruption of the United Kingdom. There is, no doubt, that a considerable number of members of the majority owe their seats to their presumed complicity with Mr. PARNELL and Mr. BIGGAR. The Ministers have, by the confession of the agitators themselves, not disappointed the expectations of their Irish allies; but they have failed to carry with them their moderate supporters. The Disturbance Bill was all but dependent on Home Rule votes in the House of Commons, and it was opposed by a majority of peers belonging to the Ministerial party. The managers have therefore reverted to the ordinary practice of demanding pledges from candidates. Mr. PLIMSOLL, warned perhaps by the experience of Lord RAMSAY, refused the test at Liverpool, and he was defeated; but it must be remembered that compliance with the demand was not less fatal to Lord RAMSAY. A mutinous club, or section of a club, which refused to submit to dictation and voted for Mr. PLIMSOLL, has been formally excommunicated, until it purges its contempt by submission. In the long run, the perverse selfishness of the Home Rule voters will create in other towns, as in Liverpool, a prejudice against the party which they now support. Mr. PARNELL is more innocently employed in consolidating their organization than in urging Irish tenants not to pay their rents. Before he proceeds to blow afresh the fire which he boasts of having kindled in Mayo, he and his supporters will perhaps once more exhibit their power of annoying the House of Commons. Some of them have announced their determination to oppose the votes for the maintenance of the Constabulary, except on the absurd condition that the police shall not be employed to protect process-servers in the discharge of their duty. Mr. FORSTER, in a spirited speech soon after the division in the House of Lords, declared his intention to discharge to the utmost the duty of protecting life and property, and repressing disorder. It will not be easy for agitators against payment of rents to avoid collision with the law.

AMERICAN CATTLE.

IT is a good thing in the present, and probably future, condition of the notice paper of the House of Commons to have one subject removed from it for some considerable time to come. Mr. ARNOLD has been the blessed, though unconscious, instrument of bringing this about. Nothing more, we venture to think, will immediately be heard of needless restrictions on the importation of cattle. This happy result could hardly have been attained with so much completeness if a Conservative Government had been in power, or even if a county member had held the office of Vice-President of the Committee of Council. When the defence of the existing law is undertaken by a Liberal Minister, and by a Liberal Minister who sits for a large town, then the full strength of the case can escape no one. The propriety of banishing diseased cattle from the English inland markets has never perhaps been so conclusively established as by Mr. MUNDELLA, because it has never before been placed so entirely in its true aspect as a question for meat-eaters and not for meat-growers. Notwithstanding the recent growth in the import of live meat, the proportion of native to foreign beasts remains overwhelming. Of the whole number of cattle slaughtered for consumption in this country scarcely 12½ per cent. comes from abroad. Mr. ARNOLD's modest proposal came to this—that in order to raise this 12½ per cent. to 13 or 14 per cent. the immunity from disease enjoyed by the remaining 87½ per cent. should be exchanged for perpetual risk and possible disaster. A more shortsighted suggestion, considered from the point of view of the consumer, can scarcely be imagined. Supposing that it were adopted and the natural result followed, something like a meat famine might be experienced in the course of a very few months. The 87½ per cent. would dwindle down under the influence of disease, and every beast that died would be so much meat withdrawn from the consumer's table. Mr. ARNOLD may perhaps persuade himself that the gaps in the home supply would be filled up by a corresponding increase in the foreign supply. The restrictions on importation having been removed, healthy as well as diseased cattle would come in as they happened to be wanted, and the consumer would eat as largely and as cheaply as ever, though no longer of English roast beef. Unfortunately, this is the dream of an enthusiast, not the opinion of an expert. What may be true at some distant day Mr. ARNOLD assumes to be true now. No doubt, if there were the cattle waiting to come in, they might come in more freely when the present restrictions were relaxed, and hereafter it is more than possible that the cattle will be waiting to come in. But they are not there now, and, until they are there, a deficiency in the home production will mean a deficiency in the total supply. There is no reason to suppose that, if the restrictions on importation from America were removed, there would be any material increase in the number of cattle sent over. With meat at its present price it is a very profitable business to export cattle to England, and when there is money to be made, the American producer is not likely to be

deterred from earning it by the provisions respecting compulsory slaughter. The imports of cattle from America during the first seven months of the present year have been nearly double those of the corresponding period last year. Americans are glad, Mr. MUNDELLA says, to send as many cattle as they can to this country, and we may be sure that the only thing that will prevent them from sending three times as many next year as they are sending this will be the fact that they have not got them to send. The first contention embodied in Mr. ARNOLD's resolution is absolutely baseless. There is no evidence that "the compulsory slaughter at the ports "of landing of fat stock from the United States of "America restricts the supply and increases the cost of "food."

The second contention—that, "having regard to the "freedom from disease of the stock producing States of "America," these restrictions should be modified or removed—was not more successful. If Mr. ARNOLD is right in his estimate of the condition in regard to disease of the United States, he must have information to which all the American authorities are refused access. They, at all events, have no knowledge of the freedom from disease of which Mr. ARNOLD speaks. The utmost alarm, it seems, prevails in the United States as to the prevalence of pleuro-pneumonia. The disease is no longer confined to the Eastern States in which it has hitherto been prevalent. It is continually spreading westwards, and when it really takes hold of the great cattle-producing territory, its ravages will, in all probability, be disastrous. This is the country from which Mr. ARNOLD wishes to see a fuller and freer importation of cattle into Great Britain. Or perhaps we ought in fairness to say this is the country from which Mr. ARNOLD wished to see a fuller and freer importation of cattle—till he heard Mr. MUNDELLA's speech. It is hardly possible that he can have continued to wish it after hearing it. During the present year two opposite processes have been at work, each pointing to the value of the existing regulations. The first is the marked decline of disease in home-grown cattle. The second is the marked increase of disease in imported cattle. During the years 1875-77, the cases of pleuro-pneumonia were over 5,000 annually. During the first six months of 1880 they have been only 1,401. On the other hand, there have been more than 200 cases of pleuro-pneumonia in the first seven months of 1880, against about 140 in the whole of 1879. It follows from this, first, that there is an increasing amount of disease among foreign cattle; and next, that the precautions actually taken by the Privy Council have made the cases among native cattle very much fewer than they were when there was less disease outside and fewer restrictions at home.

At the same time English farmers will not be acting wisely if they ignore the possibility that in course of time the American competition in meat will be fully as formidable as American competition in wheat has already shown itself. It is not long since that the supply of native cattle used to be estimated at 95 per cent. of the whole number slaughtered, leaving only 5 per cent. to be set down to foreign cattle. Now we hear that the home supply amounts to 87½, leaving 12½ for the foreign supply. Before long the proportions may be 75 and 25 per cent. A little later the two elements may about balance one another. Every year, on this theory, the interests of the English farmer and the English consumer will grow more antagonistic, until at length the interests of the consumer will plainly demand what the interests of the farmer will as plainly forbid—that the supplies of foreign beasts shall be admitted at all hazards. It is understood that the Report upon American competition which has lately been presented to the Agricultural Commission predicts that the rivalry in the supply of meat will be even more formidable than the rivalry in supply of wheat already is. If this opinion is sustained by sufficient evidence it would be simply cruel to encourage farmers to build upon raising stock the hopes which have been dashed as regards the growing of corn. It is bad to see one of the two principal industries with which he is familiar withdrawn from him by no fault of his own. It will be worse if in the end he sees the second industry—that to which he has betaken himself upon the failure of the first—rendered equally profitless. By all means let English farmers breed cattle while cattle-breeding still pays. But let them be not the less on their guard against the seemingly inevitable day when cattle-breeding shall pay no longer. Hard as it may be to find anything to take its place, there will, at all events, be more chance of the discovery being made if the need of making it is all along recognized.

TWO RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

THE week which is for Londoners probably the greatest week of travelling in the year, has been marked by two very serious accidents, one on the North British and the other on the Midland line. At a time when so many people are travelling by railway, and when so many of those who travel are travelling for pleasure, it is impossible that the liability to accident, which is an element of all railway travelling, should not be brought home to the public in a special manner, and that the thought how easily a journey of pleasure may end in grave injury or death, should not in some degree affect the spirits of those who are setting out to enjoy their holidays. But, as it happens, these particular accidents were in only a very slight way connected with holiday traffic. The Flying Scotchman, when it suddenly became wrecked, was going, not to Edinburgh, but from it, and there were remarkably few passengers in the train. The Midland train was carrying some passengers from Leeds to the Lake district; but they were but few, and the train was an ordinary train running at the usual hour, and the catastrophe was not in any way due to that pressure which the running of extra pleasure traffic imposes on railway officials. It was probably because the Scotch train was so light that the number of persons injured may be said to have been small in view of the nearly complete destruction which the rolling-stock underwent. It is only because these accidents have happened at this particular period of the year that there has seemed to be a connexion between them and holiday-making. They were really nothing but incidents of ordinary railway travelling. And if they are regarded in this light, they may serve to remind the public, not so much of the dangers of railway travelling, but of the very remarkable degree of safety with which the enormous traffic on the main English lines is carried on. If we did not know how safe railway travelling is we should never guess that it could be made so safe as it is. There is not a more conspicuous triumph of human industry and vigilance than the success with which train after train is sent safely to its destination, in all weathers, at all seasons, and at every hour of the day and night. There is perhaps no uglier sight, but there is also no more impressive sight in the world than the network of rails at such a point as Clapham Junction. That hundreds of trains should thread this network safely every day and every night, in fog or sunshine, in snow or rain, is in its way a remarkable evidence of human progress. It must be remembered how very numerous are the modes in which an accident may happen on a railway. To run safely, the train itself must be fit to run, and this means that every wheel, every axle, every coupling, every part of the motive mechanism must be in the highest possible state of order. Then the road must be fit to run on, and this means that every rail must be sound, well laid, and securely fastened. When the train is started the road must be kept clear for it, every signal must be properly worked, every crossing must be handled so that the train shall go where it is meant to go. Even if man has done all that man can do, nature may conquer him. A sudden flood may wash away a bridge; a gale may drive waves over the line or sweep with unprecedented fury against an intervening obstacle; and yet, although the miles over which trains run in the United Kingdom may be reckoned by millions, there is scarcely ever an accident, and not at all frequently any delay or interruption in the service. We have not so many miles of railway as some other countries, but we make many times as much use of our railways as any other country makes. Every one desires that what is good should be made still better, and we are so accustomed to the excellence of our railway arrangement, that we forget its merits while we are alive to its defects. But when accidents happen we may not only ask who is to blame, but remember how little there is on the whole to blame, and with what admirable foresight, vigilance, and prudence our railway service is in the main conducted.

The Flying Scotchman from Edinburgh to London left Edinburgh on Tuesday at the usual hour of eleven, and

was timed to reach Berwick without stoppage at 11.15. It proceeded on its ordinary course until it arrived at a point four miles north of Berwick. There the line seems to have been under repair; the rails were down, but the process of finally fastening them had not been finished. Under such circumstances the roadway not being fitted for the passage of a train, any train coming in the direction which would force it to go over the faulty roadway, would in the usual course of things be either stopped until the roadway was made good, or would have been made to go over the dangerous point at a snail's pace. To send a train going at express speed over a roadway when the fastening of the rails had not been finished, was to expose it to certain destruction. It is stated that a danger signal had been exhibited, but that it happened to be so placed that the driver could not see it in time. Whether the driver saw it, and disregarded it, or only saw it when it was too late, cannot be known, as he was one of the victims of the accident. The nature of the catastrophe may be gathered from the description of an eye-witness, who describes the rails as having been torn up for a long distance, the engine and tender broken up, the carriages piled on the top of each other against the side of the cutting where the accident took place, and some of them reduced to matchwood. It is wonderful after reading this, to find that only the driver, the fireman, and one guard were killed, and that only one other guard and two passengers received severe injuries. But this is only in accordance with the general experience of railway travelling. The actual number of sufferers is ordinarily found to be surprisingly small even when the destruction of the train seems to be almost complete. If this is a correct account of what happened, it is evident that someone was very much to blame. What was done was quite out of the usual course of business on a well-conducted line. The train was one which passes the spot where the roadway was being repaired at the same hour every day in the year. It is not usual, but it is sometimes unavoidable, to repair the roadway in daylight, at a busy hour, and at an hour when an express train is expected. If such work had to be done, two precautions should have been taken as a matter of course. The fact that the line was being repaired should have been telegraphed to the station at which the train last stopped—that is, Edinburgh, and a warning should have been given not merely by exhibiting a danger signal, but by posting a watchman with a red flag a considerable distance down the line. It is so very much out of the usual course of business that these precautions should not have been taken that it is difficult not to suspect that the account given of the cause of the catastrophe is not accurate. It may also be remarked that none of those who have described the catastrophe seem to have noticed the presence of the men engaged in repairing the line. When these men saw what was going to happen they would naturally have done their best to save themselves, and might have succeeded. But it might be supposed that they would immediately come up to render all the assistance in their power, and the passengers who escaped injury could scarcely have failed to notice them. If the line was not under repair at the time, then the roadway must have been in a faulty state, for those who examined the line after the accident distinctly saw that the rails were not properly fastened. If the accident was due to the roadway having been left in an improper state, the negligence exhibited is of a much more dangerous and culpable character, than if the proper precautions were not taken under extraordinary circumstances. A defective roadway endangers all trains, and while it is not possible to ensure that all officials will act properly under unusual circumstances, it is quite easy to ensure that every rail over which traffic is meant to pass has been properly fastened.

The accident of Wednesday took place at Wennington Junction where the Midland line from Settle to Lancaster diverges from the line from Settle to Carnforth. The train that met with the accident was one running from Leeds and Bradford to Carnforth, and thence to Furness, and fortunately was not a heavy one, the total number of passengers being reckoned at about fifty. How the accident happened is still wrapped in mystery. All that is known is that somehow the engine left the rails. It was at first supposed that it was thrown off the line by some imperfection in the points at the crossing where the line to Furness leaves the line to Lancaster. But further inspection has shown that this cannot have been the case, as the spot where the engine left the mark of its having gone off the rails was some yards beyond the crossing. The couplings of the engine and tender broke, leaving the carriages detached, and it unfortunately happened that at the point where the break took place there was an over-road bridge. The engine and tender cleared this bridge, but the first carriage struck it, and this carriage and those immediately behind it were those in which the loss of life and the injuries to passengers took place. Seven passengers were killed and a dozen were more or less seriously injured, while, as an illustration of the extraordinary escapes as well of the great dangers of an accident, it is stated that not a single passenger from Leeds sustained any injury. So far as is known at present, it does not appear that any one was to blame. The Midland is one of the best-managed lines in the world, and that such an accident could happen on it only shows that no excellence of management can offer a security against all accidents. There must be accidents in railway travelling, although of all forms of locomotion devised by man it is much the safest, and all that can be done—and this has been done on the best English lines—is to reduce the number of accidents to the lowest possible point.

THE WATER SUPPLY OF LONDON.

LONDONERS are not accustomed to be told on authority that "the source, the nature, and the price of "the water supply of the Metropolis" is a subject "which "especially concerns the consumers of water." The language they have usually heard has been of an opposite kind. The Thames has been treated as a sacred fount, which it was impossible even to conceive as superseded without incurring the guilt of gross impiety. As a natural deduction from this first principle, a too curious inquiry into what Thames water is like has been carefully discouraged. As it is the water appointed by Providence for Londoners to drink, for them, at all events, it is the best water that can be drunk. Any wicked tendency to grumble at the price charged for it has been checked by an arrangement which drops the word price altogether. The money paid for imperfectly filtered Thames water is not a price, but a rate. There is a fine flavour of compulsion about the word which is fully borne out by the facts. Strictly speaking, of course there is no compulsion in the matter. No one is obliged to take Thames water unless he likes it. But the man who refused to take it would be worse off than Dr. TANNER during his recent fast, unless, indeed, he were extremely rich and extremely eccentric. To a Londoner, a final breach with his Water Company would mean speedy death or a life passed in washing in cans of sea-water, abstaining from boiled food, and drinking nothing but milk, mineral waters, and alcohol. Consequently, though the price paid for Thames water bears no relation to the cost of production, Londoners pay it, if not contentedly, at least uncomplainingly. Perhaps it even cheers them to call the price a rate, because it brings home to them more clearly the fact that pay it they must. As many marriages are fairly happy which would be wretched if they were dissoluble at pleasure, so the union between a Londoner and his Water Company has been endured because there seemed to be no help for it.

As everybody knows, the unwitting author of their divorce was Sir RICHARD CROSS. He proposed to execute a species of post-nuptial settlement, under which the gains made by the Water Companies and the burdens borne by the public would be stereotyped for the benefit of all future generations. The utmost income that the Water Companies had ever dreamed of making was treated as their natural and necessary earnings, and secured to them for ever. Then the London ratepayer awoke. Sir RICHARD CROSS had tried to deprive him of hope, to deny him the one joy left him—the joy of dreaming of a world in which science and legislation might combine to deliver him from the tyranny of Water Companies; and in so doing he had given the victim strength to break his chains. The Select Committee which has just presented its report was the result of the rebellion. The quotation with which we began shows the difference that exists between the views of the Committee and the views which have hitherto been taken by the recognized authorities on the subject. For the first time since the old wells were closed the supply of water has been treated as a consumers' question. When the agreements entered into with the

Companies under the authority of Sir RICHARD CROSS came to be examined in this aspect, it did not take long to dispose of them. The basis on which they rested was too innocently one-sided. The price to be paid to the Companies was calculated on the future value of their undertakings. The ratepayers were asked to pay, not what these undertakings are worth now, but what they may be worth some day or other. This future value was arrived at by a very simple process. "The calculation of increments," the Committee say, "was founded on the assumption that all the items of "receipt would grow at a greater rate in the future than "in the past; that the number and value of houses and "the rate of rentals would perpetually augment; but that, "on the other hand, the growth of capital expenditure, "which has hitherto been required in order to earn an "increased income, would sink almost to nothing." The Companies were to go on for ever using the old plant and giving the old water, but for these strictly limited services they were to receive a strictly unlimited income. The total cost of the existing water supply "has not much exceeded 12,000,000*l*., a considerable por-"tion of which sum may be attributed to works which "have become useless." But the total capital value which it was proposed to pay to the Companies was 33,000,000*l*., so that for every pound paid by the Companies in the first instance they were to receive nearly three pounds, and this without regard to the facts that the original value of the plant had not been maintained and that the consumer had just reason to be dissatisfied with the article supplied. Holding this opinion of the bargain Sir RICHARD CROSS proposed to conclude, the Committee naturally remark that the terms contained in these agreements "do not furnish a satisfactory or admissible basis "of purchase."

The method in which the Committee propose to deal with the question is practical and satisfactory. As neither the HOME SECRETARY nor Parliament can perpetually be busy with the regulation of the London water supply, the first step is to find or make some authority to regulate it. If the water supply of Liverpool or Manchester were in question, no doubt could arise as to what this authority should be. These cities have a municipality, and the municipality is the natural representative of the citizens for all purposes. Hereafter, indeed, it is possible that the area from which the water supply of these great towns is derived may be so large or so far off that it will not be just to other districts to leave their water interests entirely at the mercy of distant municipalities. In London, however, the need of creating a new Water Trust of some kind is immediate. There is no municipality to which the work can be committed. There is a corporation which might fitly charge itself with the supply of water to the metropolis, if the metropolis meant only the City of London. There is a Board of Works which might fitly charge itself with the supply of water to the metropolis if the metropolis meant only the metropolitan district outside the city. But the metropolis means both these and something more besides. If London should ever be governed on a different method, and a Corporation elected by the whole metropolis should take the place of the present Corporation and the Board of Works, the functions of any Water Trust which may be created in pursuance of the Committee's recommendation would naturally determine. The water supply would then be regulated by a Committee of the municipality. But there is no need to remain in subjection to the Companies until that time shall arrive. There is justification enough for the recommendation of the Committee in the fact that at present there is no municipal body common to the whole of London, and that it is impossible to say positively when such a municipal body will come into being. In the possibly long interval before its creation the water supply of London must either go uncared for or be entrusted to some new authority. As to the constitution of such an authority, the Committee merely say that the Corporation and the Board of Works ought to be represented in it, and that the districts supplied by the Water Companies, but not under the jurisdiction of either of these bodies, should have some voice in its election.

The duties of the proposed Water Trust would, at the outset, be mainly three. They would have to consider whether the existing undertakings shall be purchased, or regulated, or superseded. Probably these alternatives do not wholly exclude one another. The existing undertakings might be purchased for one purpose, regulated for a second, and superseded for a third. For example, the distinction once so familiar to housekeepers between the hard and the soft water cisterns might be revived, and while the Thames continued to supply London with water for washing and extinguishing fires—these two items standing for by far the larger part of the water consumed—water for drinking might be drawn from some purer source. In that case the present undertakings might properly be bought or subjected to new regulations for the former purposes, while a wholly new undertaking might be created for the latter. It is certainly time that the decision of these and similar questions should no longer rest with a body so essentially unfitted to deal with them as the Imperial Parliament. If they are mismanaged by the proposed Water Trust, it will be the fault of the consumers themselves.

THE MILITARY SITUATION IN AFGHANISTAN.

IT is an unfortunate, if perhaps an unavoidable result of the prevalence of strong party feeling, that this feeling is introduced into matters with which it has absolutely nothing to do. This truism has never been better illustrated than by the comments which have been passed on the disaster near Candahar, and the subsequent measures of the Indian Government. On the one hand the defeat of General Burrows has been attributed to the policy of Mr. Gladstone both at home and abroad, whereas the stoutest Tory, who happens to be possessed of the facts, knows that the Government is as innocent of it as Lord Lytton or Lord Salisbury. On the other hand, it has been used as an argument against the Afghan policy of the late Government, and especially against the British maintenance of influence over Candahar, although with the latter point at least it has nothing to do whatever. A sober survey of the facts is therefore of particular importance at the present moment, and though it is impossible to say that those facts are known in the fullest detail, there is yet sufficient information available to make a tolerably accurate and intelligible view of the situation possible. On the 27th of last month a force of invaders whose approach had long been known was attacked by a British brigade under General Burrows, which brigade formed the advanced portion of the force occupying Candahar and the southern districts of Afghanistan. That force consisted in all of nearly ten thousand men, but was very much divided. Nearly half of it was scattered over a variety of posts leading to India by the railway recently constructed towards the Bolan to Quetta and Candahar, or in the neighbouring districts. A whole native regiment, with two companies of English infantry and other troops, occupied the town of Kelat-i-Ghilzai, between Candahar and Ghuznee. About two thousand men under General Primrose, the senior officer of the whole force, occupied Candahar itself. General Primrose had as his brigadiers General Burrows and Brooke, and the former had at the beginning of the month been sent forward with a force of about two thousand six hundred men of all arms to co-operate with Shere Ali, the Wali of Candahar, in repulsing the invasion threatened by Ayoub Khan, the ruler of Herat. Before coming to blows with Ayoub, but after reaching what may be called the boundary stream of the Helmund, the Candahar troops had broken out into open mutiny. They were attacked and dispersed, not without a rather unintelligible amount of hesitation, by a detachment of General Burrows's troops, and the latter was thus reduced to depend on his own brigade, with the possible addition of some Candahar horse. The *contretemps* altered General Burrows's plan, and, instead of advancing to meet Ayoub, he fell back to a place called Kushk-i-Nakhud, about half way between the Helmund and Candahar, assuming a position supposed to have advantages as protecting him from Ayoub's cavalry, in which arm the invaders were very strong and the English force very weak. General Burrows had with him no English cavalry, and no European troops, save the 66th Regiment (less the two companies absent at Kelat-i-Ghilzai) and half a battery of Horse Artillery. The rest of his force was made up of two regiments of Bombay foot and of one regiment and a squadron or two of Bombay horse. Ayoub's force was very imperfectly known, but it was said to have been strengthened by considerable numbers (two thousand at least) of the fanatic swordsmen known as Ghazis, to possess at least as many regimented cavalry, and to have no less than thirty-six guns. The odds were therefore heavy against General Burrows, especially in artillery, even if we suppose, according to some private letters that have been made public, that the six guns given to the Wali of Candahar, which were first seized by and then recovered from the mutineers, were worked along with the half battery of Horse Artillery in the action. However this may be, the action itself was begun by the English General, who left his position and sent his cavalry and artillery to engage the enemy. Even now no definite intelligence is forthcoming of the behaviour of the Bombay Horse; but from the small loss they sustained, and the absence of any mention of them as protecting the subsequent retreat, it is to be feared that they did not distinguish themselves. The artillery was completely overmatched, and the loss of all its officers and, probably, two-thirds of the men, tells its own tale. After some hours of this, the infantry of

the two forces came to blows. The Ghazis charged in their usual reckless manner, and struck such terror into the Bombay Infantry that one account says they did not even wait for their antagonists. In flying they threw the 66th into confusion in its turn, and the battle became a mere rout. The latest and least despondent accounts acknowledge a loss of over a thousand men. It still has to be explained why a general who is believed to have little experience of active service was put on so responsible a duty; why, after the mutiny, reinforcements were not sent up to him; why he neglected the obvious means of informing himself of his adversary's strength; why, if he knew that strength, he risked an attack; why that attack was begun "according to Cocker," but in utter disregard of the relative force, by half a battery of artillery against six batteries; and, lastly, why the assault of the Ghazis, the danger of which was perfectly well known, was allowed to fall upon the Bombay troops, and not upon the English regiment, who would no doubt have given a good account of it? All these questions are fairly suggested by the official despatches. They demand an answer, and they have certainly as yet not received one.

Immediately after the battle Candahar was put into a state of defence, and the fugitives of General Burrows's force, with the troops retained in the city by General Primrose, constituted a force a good deal stronger than that which fought at Kushk-i-Nakhud, and according to one account not much short of four thousand strong. Unfortunately the loss of European troops had been relatively so heavy that the composition of this force affected its strength. General Primrose therefore confined himself to occupying the citadel and strengthening it and the town as best he could. Ayoub, however, seems either to have been paralysed by his doubtless heavy losses in the battle, or, which is more likely, to have been unable to decide on a course of action. Dissensions between his Cabulee and Heratee troops are spoken of and are not improbable. Had he at once attacked Candahar, to within a few miles of which town the pursuit was continued, he would at least have had some chance of success. Had he passed it by and hurried on to the Quetta road, the weak posts at Chaman and elsewhere might probably have been overpowered. Had he gone across country to Kelat-i-Ghilzai he might have added another success to his score by surprising the thousand men or so who garrison that place. But he remained certainly more than a week in the neighbourhood of the battle-field, and this delay must be held to have put an end to his chances as far as any serious annoyance to ourselves is concerned. Troops under General Phayre are hurrying up to Quetta for an advance on Chaman and Candahar, and there seems to be nothing to prevent such a reinforcement shortly reaching General Primrose as would even entitle him to meet Ayoub in the open, though the unsatisfactory behaviour of the Bombay troops will probably prevent the assumption of the offensive with any army mainly composed of them just yet, while the road at present open to the assaults of the tribesmen—must be carefully guarded. It would even seem very probable that Candahar will not after all have to stand a siege. The chances of such a siege would now be very small. General Primrose has men enough not merely to repulse any attack on the citadel, but to secure his water supply and to make an attack on any part of the city a very risky proceeding. Ayoub may still attempt Chaman, but it would not be surprising to hear of his retirement towards Herat. In that case the reckoning with him will probably be left to General Roberts, who is advancing with a powerful force from Cabul *viâ* Ghuznee and Kelat-i-Ghilzai. The despatch of this force has been a good deal criticized, especially by Sir W. Palliser in the House of Commons. It is said that we need all our strength in Northern Afghanistan, that the retirement from Cabul, and the consequent drawing back of General Roberts's base still farther, makes his position dangerous, and that in the face of large gatherings of the warlike tribesmen of the centre, that position would be more dangerous still. It must be remembered, however, that this force is strictly a flying column, that it therefore hardly needs a "base" in the usual sense, and that, to speak paradoxically, its goal, not its starting point, is the base it must look to. It need not weaken itself with the occupation of any posts on the way, it carries its own necessaries with it, and has simply to find and beat a given enemy, not to establish English supremacy over any particular part of the country. It is, moreover, as we have said, relatively a very strong force. Nine thousand combatants, of whom nearly a third are Englishmen, with eighteen guns, and consisting entirely of the best troops, native and European, inured to Afghan war and led by a successful and popular general, ought to make an example of any army that could possibly be brought against them. General Stewart was not half as strong when he defeated fifteen thousand Afghans at Ahmed Kheyl in the spring, and he was burdened with heavy baggage and impedimenta of all sorts. That no tribal gathering can stop General Roberts, and that Ayoub, if he ever comes to blows with this force, will be beaten, may be taken to be as nearly a certainty as anything can be. That Ayoub will not wait for it is probable, and the question then occurs whether General Roberts will be ordered to follow him up to Herat or not. Ayoub's own march with thirty-six guns on Candahar shows that the difficulties of this journey have been much exaggerated; but the very name of Herat is a red rag to the political party whose counsels are perhaps most likely to be heard by the present Government. But, if there is one thing certain, it is that it will not do to leave Kushk-i-Nakhud unavenged, and that, if Ayoub will not come to give us our revenge, we must go and give it him. The failure of the Bombay troops to meet the Afghans is a serious matter, no doubt. But it is only just to remember the exceedingly unfair terms on which they appear to have been exposed to the enemy, and the fatal stinginess with which they were furnished with European officers. Seven officers is the outside allowance to each regiment, and this allows not merely no margin for the effect of hard fighting, but none for the merest accident. If the Bombay sepoy and sowar is inferior, man for man, to the Afghan, of which there is little doubt, all the more is it necessary that he should be amply led by Europeans. Seven men, even if they were invulnerable and warranted against disease, can hardly do the leading required by seven or eight hundred, when they have to face a sword-in-hand charge made by superior numbers of athletic fanatics.

On the whole, therefore, while there is too much reason to fear that the more we hear of Kushk-i-Nakhud the less creditable will it be to the reputation of the persons chiefly concerned, there does not seem to be much fear of multiplied disaster. Ayoub's unintelligible hesitation has in all probability saved, not merely Candahar, but also Kelat-i-Ghilzai, of which satisfactory news has at length been received, and Chaman. Though the various items of the British forces are still disagreeably severed the one from the other, every day ought to bring them nearer to reunion, and to increase the power of resistance of the separate parts. Supposing that Ayoub's inaction does not continue, there is nothing very much to fear for either of the more exposed points, and supposing that it does continue, the second week in September will see twenty thousand British troops at Candahar, with Kelat-i-Ghilzai relieved, the road to Quetta thoroughly garrisoned, and everything ready for any measures which it may then be thought proper to adopt. It is true that no one knows what may by this time have happened at Cabul, but, since the policy of retirement from that capital has been definitively fixed on, this concerns us less. As to that retirement, there seems to have been even more confusion in military and political reasoning than in reference to the advance on Candahar. It may or may not be the case that it is our fate to keep a hold on Cabul, but the battle of Kushk-i-Nakhud has not, in a military sense, rendered that hold any more necessary. By setting free a considerable body of troops under Sir F. Roberts, in consequence of the diminished area left to be held in the North-West, it may even be said that it has decidedly facilitated the avenging of that disaster. In such a country as Afghanistan it is impossible to say what will be the result of leaving Abdurrahman to his own devices; but, whatever may be that result, it cannot have much effect on current events in the South. General Roberts is strong enough to break his way through all opposition to his passage, and it is his passage only that we have, *ex hypothesi*, to look to. In other words, the objections to the withdrawal from Cabul now are only the objections to the policy of withdrawal at any time. It is not at all improbable that, as Continental critics are now saying, the probable result of our Afghan war of 1878-1880 will be one of the "Kilkenny-cat" quarrels between the princes of the country which have so often happened before. That may be; but it is not clear how the retention of an army of occupation at Cabul would have facilitated the punishment of Ayoub Khan beyond Candahar. The holding of this opinion implies no approval of the policy of withdrawal as such, but merely denies that the defeat of Kushk-i-Nakhud is an additional reason for opposing that policy. It has always been a misfortune of this Afghan business that military and political reasonings have perpetually been confused. In the present instance the explicit statement of Lord Hartington as to General Stewart's opinion must be allowed no little weight, especially for the reasons already alleged as to the character and objects of General Roberts's force. The future of Afghanistan and of our relations with it is of course a much wider question, and one with which at present we do not deal.

THE RESPITE OF THE INNOCENTS.

THAT Lord Hartington is a merciful man may be thought to be sufficiently evident already to students of his character. At present, however, the quality of mercy seems to have been dashed in him with a considerable infusion of the less amiable quality of obstinacy. The time has come for the massacre of the innocents, and Lord Hartington has apparently sworn by oak and ash, and thorn or by any other formula hereditary among the Cavendishes, that no innocent shall die. This chivalrous resolve does not indeed extend to Mr. Dodson's luckless Bill for the propagation of the smallpox in the parts of Great Britain. The picture of the policeman extracting infants from the arms of their weeping mothers which Mr. Dodson has drawn, is one singularly germane in subject to the massacre, and might have, it would seem, won grace for the bantling fathered by the right hon. gentleman who, in the course of a few weeks, has successively sat for Chester, the Chiltern Hundreds (or rather the Manor of Northstead), and Scarborough. But it has won no favour in the eyes of his colleagues, and has been flung out of the Ministerial chariot as the first and professedly as the only sop to devouring time. Let us charitably hope that a foreknowledge of its fate prompted, and (in consideration of a father's feeling) excused the asperity with which Mr. Dodson about a week ago received the remonstrances of a deputation which, as representing scientific and practical medicine, could hardly have been paralleled in the world for authority. The

Vaccination Bill, then, is gone, but the Ministry, we are told, cling to all the rest of the measures which Mr. Gladstone introduced, save the Bill which the House of Lords slew last week, to the horror and indignation of the sitting member for Galway and the ex-member for Wallingford. There is a whole nursery full of innocents left behind, and Lord Hartington stands in front of the door with his feathers maternally ruffled to protect them against the advancing enemy. Not one of his pretty chickens will he abandon to the destroyers, and he and his colleagues seem to say, "Don't fancy that the Prime Minister's illness makes the least difference; we can defend our young just as well without him as with him."

A glance at the list of the measures which Lord Hartington, a full third of August being gone, still hopes to carry through both Houses, will show that the Government certainly possesses what has been called the better part of discretion. They stick to the Employers' Liability Bill, which has certainly enjoyed the benefit of a considerable amount of discussion, but which is probably destined to receive a good deal more. They are pledged to the Hares and Rabbits, and judging from last Tuesday's debate, and from the conciliatory attitude then displayed by the Home Secretary and by Mr. Bright, this measure, too, will command a good deal of attention. There had already been secret colloguings with the chief Nonconformist leaders about the Burials Bill, and it was obvious that the Lords' amendments in that measure are to be met in the Commons in a manner which did not presage a very speedy passage for it through the Lower House. The Census Bill is a measure which must be got through, and which may or may not be got through without much delay; but the Expiring Laws Continuance Bill, in the face of the recent remarks of the election judges about the Ballot, will hardly win through without a possible struggle and a certain discussion. Under present circumstances the Indian Budget will have to be expounded at great length, and is certain to be discussed at still greater length. The Savings Bank Bill, the Post Office Money Orders Bill, and the Grain Cargoes Bill are innocents which may be said to be in a kind of provisional security only. Lord Hartington is pathetic about their sacrifice, but does not absolutely pledge himself to fight for them to the death. Lastly there is a very formidable list of boroughs on whose moral and electoral condition the judges have reported unfavourably, and whose fate, as far as Commissions upon them go, must be decided upon by the House before the end of the Session. A good deal of fighting over these prostrate and slightly diseased bodies is unavoidable. It is not likely that the House will allow some dozen seats to remain vacant without an effort on the part of the Government Whips—for they are mostly Liberal seats, or seats that have been generally occupied by Liberals—to save them; and if each case is fought separately, neither one night nor two will suffice for appointing the Commissions. Thus it will be seen that Lord Hartington's jealously guarded nursery, especially with its annexe, containing the three respited but dubiously fated children, is sufficiently populous to take a very long time to clear in the ordinary way. If all the measures he has enumerated be fought, even without definite obstruction, and supposing Mr. Parnell's friends do not revenge themselves after the custom of their country (by obstructing Government business because the Government has exposed itself in their cause to a heavy defeat), there is work enough to last not merely to the end of August but to the end of September. It is presumed that the present constitution of Parliament is more favourable to the Government than to the Opposition in regard to the willingness of individual members to stay in town during the early autumn. We are by no means sure that this is actually the case. It was popularly said that at the late general election a hundred lawyers had taken the place of a hundred country gentlemen. Now it does not require much knowledge of the world to be aware that there are not many persons who are keener for their autumn holidays than lawyers. A lawyer who has anything like a practice, and who combines Parliamentary attendance with that practice, must be a person compact of whipcord and whalebone if, by the beginning of the Long Vacation, he is not tolerably "done." Nor is he as a rule so weakminded as to overtask the energies upon which, instead of quiet, dirty acres, he has to rely. It is very much more probable that the opponents of the Government, who are vigorous with their first plunge in the cool Opposition bath, will stick to their work than that its half-hearted supporters will do so, not to mention that the invaluable aid of Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Bright is there to serve as an additional tonic to the Tories. It may be said of Sir William that to hear him is to long to vote in the opposite lobby, and that every speech he makes induces an opponent to give up a day's grouse. As for Mr. Bright, he seems to have mastered in an entirely new sense the celebrated secret of John of Marlborough, how "to teach the doubtful battle how to rage." The difference is that the original John inspired his own side with rage, while his namesake supplies his adversaries with that useful stimulant. If the Home Secretary—which Heaven forefend—were to follow the example of Mr. Gladstone, or if the attractions of salmon-fishing were to prove too much for Mr. Bright, there is no knowing what might happen; but while these two spurs are in active practice on the flanks of the Opposition, we do not think that there is much danger of the Opposition tiring down.

These things being so, it is a question whether Lord Hartington's stoutness was altogether according to the laws of wisdom. A certain hesitation was noticeable in his reply to Mr. Chaplin's remonstrances on the subject of Tuesday night; and it may be that, as the days go on, some prudent sacrifices will yet be made to custom and expediency. We may indeed be pardoned for thinking that the announced determination of the Government has something of the appearance of a little bit of brag. They are desperately afraid that they may be charged with being idle, irresolute, and unpractical, and accordingly they charged themselves at the beginning of the second session with an amount of work which would have been something more than enough for the entire business of the months from February to August. They then by sheer bad management suffered week after week to be expended on the Bradlaugh business, and finally made the accomplishment of their programme impossible by introducing the Compensation for Disturbance Bill at a moment's notice. The time occupied on these two matters, the first of which could by a little statesmanlike management have been settled in a day or two, while the second would never have been brought in at all by any Government of statesmen, would have sufficed to get through half their programme. Having thus made the impossible more impossible still, they turn round and accuse their opponents of obstruction and of wasting time, the charge being loudly echoed by their party organs, including some of which, we must confess, better things might be expected. It is not to be denied that on some few occasions a certain amount, not of obstruction, but of somewhat cavilling opposition, has been visible on the Conservative side. But this is what is always seen after a great party revolution, and what all statesmen are, or ought to be, prepared for. A prudent Minister in such circumstances is extremely careful of his ways, gives as little handle to the malcontents as possible, "goes *piano*," as Lord Chesterfield has it, and, above all, is careful to undertake nothing beyond his strength. The present Ministry have exactly reversed this course. Their own supporters confess that such a tissue of blunders as the leading of the second Session of 1880 was never known, and are fain to comfort themselves with the paradoxical proverb that "a bad beginning makes a good ending." But to complain that political adversaries have made the most of this bad beginning is childish. No one can contend for a moment that the present Opposition have, like the late Opposition, sacrificed the welfare of the nation to the chance of securing party triumphs and the certainty of annoying party foes. Only the dullest and simplest of Radicals can—off the platform—maintain that one single measure opposed this Session, with the exception of the Disturbance Bill, has really affected the national interests. On this one point the difference of opinion was avowed and vital, and the Bill was thrown out because those who threw it out believed, with the vast majority of honest and thinking Englishmen, that the proposal was one fatal to the welfare of society. On every other point the contest has been a fair political game, in which every move allowed by the rules is lawful and honourable. The Government have played hopelessly badly, and have constantly had the worst of the contest. To save their self-love and make a show of strength, they threaten to keep their opponents playing after the usual time has past. If anybody chooses to represent this as a heroic resolve, he may do so; and it may be added, without indecency, that if he can find anybody weak-minded enough to believe him he is welcome to the convert. But it is not a matter to be treated quite so lightly that the exercise of terrorism, whether of a mild or a severe kind, should be constantly approved by the organs of one political party whenever they fail to prevail by argument. The House of Commons shows reluctance to pass a Government measure, and it is told that it is composed of Plutocrats, and had better look out for squalls. It delays over measures brought in with haste and muddled over at leisure by the Government, and is told that it deserves to be "kept in" for its sins. The House of Lords, for exercising its undoubted constitutional rights under circumstances which even grumblers admit to be exceptionally suitable to the exercise of these rights, is threatened with abolition, with curtailment of its privileges, with half-a-dozen other penalties. Now we had always thought that the difference between English representative government and the mob rule of certain other countries was that the exercise of constitutional rights of every individual and class in the State was secured to them by public consent. The hopeless instability of every French Government for a hundred years has been due to this very foible of cutting away the drag directly the drag is put on. As for the House of Lords, there are probably still a majority of reasonable people left who know that if there is one institution in England to which England owes its possession of order and liberty, that institution is the House of Lords. But to do our terrorists justice, they are quite as ready to threaten the one House as the other, and the elected assembly is no more safe from them than the hereditary. "Keeping in" is, it may be at once confessed, a mild form, but not the less a form, of terrorism.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE AT LINCOLN.

FOR the second time, after thirty-two years, the Archæological Institute has met at Lincoln. Though the Society has on several occasions returned to the same county—as in the meetings at Taunton and Northampton—it has only once before, at Canterbury, revisited the same city. No place could better bear a second visit than Lincoln. The result has fully justified the wisdom of the selection. Under the distinguished presidency of Bishop Wordsworth the meeting started well and, notwithstanding the unfavourable weather and the cloud thrown over its proceedings

by the almost sudden death of Mrs. Blakesley, the wife of the Dean of Lincoln, did much good work. Many interesting objects were visited; several capital papers were read; and obscure points in history and architecture were discussed and elucidated. The key-note of the meeting was struck by the Bishop of Lincoln in his very remarkable opening address. Characterized as it was by varied learning, high culture, refinement of thought, and eloquence of language, the address will, we hope, take a permanent place in archæological literature. The sermon preached before the Institute in the Cathedral was equally appropriate. The charge used to be brought against the Institute of neglecting the place of their meetings for other distant objects of attraction. With years comes wisdom, and the Institute has, to some extent, learnt a better way, though the time devoted to Lincoln was far from being sufficient. A day and a half, and that chiefly occupied with reading and hearing papers, was hardly adequate for a city so full of historical and archæological interest. One or two of the most interesting objects were unaccountably passed over. Although the curious specimen of twelfth-century domestic work, popularly known as "John of Gaunt's stables," was visited, we believe that neither of the two "Jews' houses" received the special notice deserved by almost the earliest examples of domestic architecture in England. Neither of them entered into the official programme, and though they were doubtless visited by some who strolled guideless through the city, more are likely to have missed them. As to the house of Belaset of Wallingford—interesting particulars of the marriage contract of its owner's fair daughter Judith to the young "Aaron, son of Benjamin *fil* Josce," A.D. 1271, of the mother's gift of a copy of the Hebrew Scriptures written on calfskin to the boy bridegroom, his father undertaking the charge of the precious roll, "to be employed in the instruction of the children," until they were of age for the consummation of the marriage, and of the wedding-feast given by Belaset in the house still standing on the Steep Hill, were given in Mr. M. D. Davis's very remarkable paper, dug out of the Hebrew documents in the Public Record Office, read on Tuesday evening. The second is the less perfect but hardly less curious house of "Aaron le Riche," the famous money-lender, who had the greater part of the nobles of England and not a few of the clergy also, on his books as debtors—the undoubted prototype of Sir Walter Scott's "Isaac of York"—and whose pecuniary transactions received illustration in the same paper. Nor could we find that the beautiful Edwardian house, equally remarkable for its date and style, on the south side of the Vicar's Court, was formally visited or described. A more charming and instructive specimen of early fourteenth-century domestic architecture does not exist in England, and it should certainly have been a special object of examination. So should the beautiful sideboard recess of the same date, and of even more exquisite design, in the so-called "Priory"—a foolish modern name—at the N.E. angle of the crenellated Close wall. All these were duly mentioned in the "General Notes" issued by the Institute for the use of the members, but somehow they slipped out of the scheme, and in other matters the programme was not always rigorously adhered to. On the whole, however, Mr. Albert Hartshorne's arrangements were excellent. The excursions especially were well planned, both as regards the selection of the places visited and the proportionate time devoted to their examination.

Lincolnshire is singularly deficient in monastic remains. Rich as it once was in conventual foundations, almost all of these have entirely passed away, and a few fragments of walls or some grassy mounds alone indicate their site. Croyland, one of the few exceptions, lies on the southern limit of the county quite out of reach of a Lincoln meeting. The Cistercian Abbey of Louth Park, of which the unearthing was commenced some years since by the proprietor, Mr. W. Allison, with such rich results that we wonder the excavations have not been continued, might have claimed a visit, but it is inconveniently remote, and it was impossible to work it in. Few also are the castles and old houses. The castles of Lincoln, Sleaford, Somerton, and Tattershall exhaust the former, while, after the priceless remains of Lincoln itself, the representatives of early domestic architecture are few and widely scattered. The Norman house at Boothby Pagnel, and the fine fifteenth-century manorhouse at Irnham would have rewarded the trouble of visiting them. So would the stately Jacobean mansion of Doddington, which was perhaps both too near and too far off to be conveniently included. The one mediæval house visited was the very interesting half-timbered, or "post and pan" mansion of the Burghs at Gainsborough, now under careful restoration by its owner Sir Hickman Bacon, under the able direction of Mr. Somers Clarke. The work, so far as it has been carried out, has been well done, and we are thankful to be able to record the rescue of so remarkable a specimen of fifteenth-century architecture from a condition of almost unparalleled degradation. It would be well if such instances were more common.

But if Lincolnshire does not exhibit many abbeys or castles or halls, it abounds in fine and interesting churches, many of them of very unusual size and magnificence. To these therefore the attention of the Institute was chiefly directed. The survey began after the opening meeting on Tuesday with visits to the very curious churches of St. Mary le Wigford and St. Peter at Gowts in the lower city of Lincoln. The early English interior of the former church is one of singular beauty and has been well restored; the new aisle and its arcade being very wisely in a different style from the old one, so that no confusion between old work and new can arise. But the chief interest in this church as in its neighbour centres in the western towers—tall, slender, unbuttressed, tapering as they rise, rude but undoubted copies of the Lombardic campaniles, invaluable links in the chain which connects our native architecture with that of Rome. These towers have been attributed by Mr. E. A. Freeman on the authority of Domesday, to Colswegen the Dane, shortly after the Conquest. But, however it may be with St. Peter at Gowts, an inscription on the pediment of a Roman sepulchral slab, built into the west wall of the tower, which, after long baffling all attempts to read it, has lately been deciphered by Professor Müllenhof—who with the keen sight of a true palæographer was guided by an indistinct "labarum" at the head of the lowest line to the curious fact that the inscription is to be read from the bottom upwards—proves that St. Mary's was built and dedicated by one Eirtig, presumably from his name an Anglo-Saxon.

The first church visited out of Lincoln was, as its rank and historic reputation deserved, the grand historic minster of St. Mary's Stow, fraught with memories of St. Etheldreda and her much forgiving husband Egfrid, of Leofric and Godiva, of Bishop Eadnoth of Dorchester, and Remigius and St. Hugh of Lincoln. Although the idea that any part of Egfrid's church still remains in the present fabric, so fondly cherished by those to whom the church is dear, was pronounced baseless by Mr. Parker and other well qualified judges, there is no doubt that the piers and arches of the crossing and portions of the transepts are pre-Norman, the work of Eadnoth, c. A.D. 1040, while the nave is as certainly the work of Remigius, and the vaulted chancel that of Alexander of Lincoln. There is much, however, to excite curiosity in the church, and we think its architectural history has not yet been fully made out.

South Lincolnshire and the adjacent district of Nottinghamshire are famous for the grandeur of their parish churches, and the elaborate character of some of their internal decorations. Such a series of magnificent edifices as those visited on Friday—Grantham, Sleaford, Heckington, Boston, and Tattershall—could be matched in few counties, surpassed in none. The expedition went first to St. Wolfrans, Grantham, with its lofty and admirably proportioned Early English tower and spire, regarded by the late Sir Gilbert Scott as second only to Salisbury among English steeples—we ourselves give a higher place to that of Louth—reaching an altitude of 274 feet, equal if not superior to that of Chichester with its vast interior, exceeding in area the Cathedrals of Carlisle and Oxford, and Bath Abbey Church. In St. Wolfrans parts of the greatest diversity of date and architectural character, beginning with late Norman and ending with Bishop Fox's "Corpus Christiaisle" in Late Perpendicular, are fused together into an harmonious whole, and it only wants a clerestory to render its interior one of the grandest in England. The excursion then went to St. Denis, Sleaford, a cruciform church, with a western tower and very early and somewhat dwartish broach spire, and quite unsurpassed for the beauty and variety of its window-tracery of the curvilinear Decorated type, and the excellence of its mouldings. The east window of the south transept was ranked by the late Mr. Edmund Sharpe as the fourth window in the Decorated style in England, surpassed only by the east windows of Carlisle, Selby, and of the next church visited, that of Heckington. The roodscreen and loft was deemed by Pugin one of the most perfect in England, and is remarkable for being approached by a double stair. The curious mediæval inscriptions commemorating the builders of various parts of the edifice, and the noble series of Carr monuments contribute to make Sleaford one of the most interesting, as it is one of the most beautiful, of Lincolnshire churches. In symmetry, however, and harmony of proportions Sleaford must yield to St. Andrew's, Heckington, which may be regarded as the most perfect English example of a parish church in the curvilinear Decorated style, while Sleaford has nothing to offer to rival the magnificent Easter sepulchre, sedilia, and other sculptured works which ornament the interior of the chancel of this justly celebrated church. Three successive excursions enabled the Institute to compare the three most remarkable examples of mediæval chancel arrangements to be found in England—those namely of Navenby, Heckington, and Hawton. In each of these the whole work is of one date, and forms an integral part of the chancel, while all three are probably the conception of the same designer. Rickman many years since was the first to call attention to these examples of the union of mediæval sculpture and architecture, as remarkable for their excellence both in design and execution, as for completeness of their arrangement, and for the illustration they afford of the præ-reformation ritual of the English Church. These Easter sepulchres were commonly frames of timber, set up year by year, and notices of them continually occur in mediæval churchwardens' accounts. In not a few instances, however, as here and in the less profusely sculptured, but even more chastely beautiful, Easter sepulchre in the cathedral of Lincoln, they were permanent erections of stone, of more or less elaborateness of workmanship. Of these that of Navenby, though a fine composition, holds the lowest place, and that of Hawton the highest; Heckington coming between the two. At Hawton not only is the idea more completely carried out, the Ascension being represented at the apex in addition to the usual sculptures of our Lord appearing to Mary Magdalene below and the sleeping soldiers on the base of the structure; but the whole, including the richly canopied founder's tomb and sacristy door, with which in each instance the sepulchre is associated, forms a more complete and harmonious composition than in the sister churches, while from the comparative smallness of the church, these works, together with the equally rich sedilia and piscina on the

South side, appear more, as an essential part of the building and less as mere ornamental accessories. At Heckington, as at Hawton and in the other instances named, the sculpture both of figures and of foliage is of surpassing excellence. It may, indeed, be questioned whether the delicacy of its elaboration is not almost excessive, and whether a plainer design would not have been more effective. The vast and stately church of Boston, the third in area of the purely parish churches of the kingdom, coming only a little after the huge edifices of St. Nicholas, Yarmouth, and St. Michael's, Coventry, with its glorious tower or "Stump" mounting at one spring to a height of 250 feet, and then crowned with a light octagonal lantern of open tracery, rising 30 feet higher, forming the loftiest ancient steeple in England, is world famous. The warning given in these columns some years since against injuring the impression made by so fine an exterior by entering the church was necessarily unheeded, but its meaning was at once evident. The crushing weight of the low sham-vaulted ceilings of carpentry and plaster mars the effect of the lofty nave arcades, the unbroken line of clerestory windows, the lengthened and well-proportioned chancel with its long line of richly canopied stalls, and the truly glorious belfry arch and western window, and ruins what would otherwise be an almost unrivalled interior. Can it not be demonstrated that the ceiling is rotten and needs reconstruction? Mr. Gilbert Scott has been already employed upon this church, and the task of designing an appropriate roof might be safely left in his hands. The churches hitherto seen on this expedition had been chiefly of the earlier styles. The last visited, the once collegiate church of Tattershall, founded in 1439, by Ralph Lord Cromwell, Lord High Treasurer to Henry VI., and completed after his death, in 1455, by his executor, Bishop Waynflete of Winchester, who has affixed his arms on the north porch, was a characteristic specimen of Perpendicular, displaying all its merits and some of its faults. Robbed by its noble patron in 1754 of its rich stained glass windows, the ill-arranged fragments of which are to be seen in St. Martin's Church, Stamford, and left for years to the mercy of the elements, by which the stalls and other rich woodwork were entirely destroyed, its magnificent monumental brasses broken and purloined, few churches have suffered more from gross neglect. Its present condition is very different. But, from being far too large for the requirements of an agricultural parish, it is only partially used, and its general aspect is somewhat dreary. The very perfect ancient rood-screen and loft deserve careful attention. The castle, under the shadow of which the church stands, built in 1440 by the same Lord Cromwell, is a noble specimen of a quadrangular brick tower, reminding one of Layer Marney, but less picturesque. The brick groining of the corridors, and the magnificent fireplaces, with their crowd of armorial bearings, are admirable in their way; but the castle, being all of one date and that a late one, wants the interest of earlier and more varied edifices. Newark Church, one of the same class of immense and magnificent parish churches to which Grantham and Boston belong, and exceeding them both in loftiness and a sense of space, as well as in the richness of its mediæval screen work, choir furniture, and monumental chantries, was seen on Saturday. The architectural history was very lucidly treated of by Mr. J. T. Micklethwaite, who here illustrated from actual example the principles laid down in his excellent and instructive paper on "The Growth of a Parish Church"—a subject too much neglected—previously read in the Architectural Section on the same day. He traced the development of the edifice from the Transition Norman cruciform church, of which little more than the piers of the crossing remain, by the gradual steps of the erection of the Early English tower and its later broach spire—not very satisfactory in outline, and rather overloaded with spire lights—the Decorated south aisle, the Perpendicular north aisle and chancel, to its completion by the erection of the transepts in the sixteenth century. Few churches show a more valuable succession of excellent and accurately dated work. Mr. Micklethwaite's lecture was, we think, the most valuable, certainly one of the most interesting delivered during the Congress. Hawton Church, to which the members splashed through the waters of the overflowing Trent, under the guidance of its recent restorer, Mr. James Fowler of Louth, is a comparatively small and plain edifice, only remarkable for its lovely Decorated chancel and the Easter sepulchre and sedilia of which we have already spoken. The effect of the short Early English nave has been ruined by a tall, bare, late Perpendicular clerestory. The restoration has been a careful, and on the whole, commendable one. But we must once more raise our protest against the process of scarification of the interior walls to which it has been subjected. We had hoped that this bad practice, greatly in vogue a few years since—of which Heckington with its darkly pointed joints affords a lamentable example—had been exploded.

We can barely enumerate the churches visited on the last day's excursion—Navenby, which has been already referred to; Welbourn, the one unrestored church inspected, with its queer bulbous spire and rich Decorated porch and gabled buttresses; Leadenham and Brant Broughton, whose graceful spires oddly contrast with that of Welbourn, while the pewed and whitewashed interior and mean fittings of Leadenham set off the exquisite arrangements and decorations, which render a visit to Brant Broughton delightful. The expedition ended with the curious Edwardian castle of Somerton, built by the proud patriarch of Jerusalem, Antony Bek, Bishop of Durham, which became, after its prudent cession to his royal master, the prison of King John of France, after his capture on the field of Poictiers in 1356.

Lincoln and Southwell Minsters were of course the subjects of lectures and addresses, those on the former being delivered by Precentor Venables and Mr. J. H. Parker, that on the latter by Mr. Ewan Christian. Precentor Venables was fortunate enough to be able to illustrate his lecture by the very ground plan drawn up for a similar purpose by Professor Willis in 1848, and kindly lent by his nephew, Mr. J. Willis Clark; and by magnificent elevations and sections prepared by the late Mr. Edmund Sharpe, also lent by his son. The history of the cathedral received additional illustration in two learned and graceful papers by Canon Wickenden, one on the Muniments of the Chapter, to the cataloguing and arranging of which he has for some years past generously devoted his time, and the other on the magnificent stalls and misereres of the choir. Both we hope to see in print.

Of the other papers read, those by Canon Perry on "the Episcopal Visitation of Lincoln Cathedral"; by Mr. Peacock on the storming of the Castle and Close by the Parliamentary forces in 1644, and the subsequent fortunes of the city; by the Rev. F. Spurrell on the death of King John at Newark Castle, which he ascribed, on the testimony of contemporary authorities, neither to the venom of a toad nor to poisoned pears, but to copious draughts of new cider; and one by Mr. Thomas North on the "Bells of Lincolnshire," deserve appreciative mention. That by Mr. G. T. Clark on "Post Roman Earthworks," was full and clear, although rather technical. Finally the question of the restoration of the west front of St. Albans was brought before the meeting by Canon Owen Davys, in a paper copiously illustrated with drawings, showing the front as it is, and as respectively proposed by the rival renovators, Mr. G. O. Scott and Sir Edmund Beckett. The unprofessional design is the better; but we do not commit ourselves to either.

ART IN PARLIAMENT.

It is easy and common for people to complain that we do not bestow adequate attention on the public aspects of art. Yet some of us are old enough to remember a time when no attention at all was paid to it except by private persons. The British Museum was not originated in any public ordinance. The National Gallery was long a wholly private concern. Instead of thirty or forty exhibitions of pictures, we had not three or four in the memory of the present generation. That Parliament should be concerned at all about sales of books and prints and butterflies would have been incredible not long ago, yet we have now an annual, if brief, debate on such subjects; and if there was one act of the late Ministry which all parties agreed to approve, it was the purchase of a celebrated collection. In the same period the face of London, not to say of England, has been changed. The squalid little brick houses of a hundred years ago are not more unfashionable now than the painted plaster-work of Nash and the Regency. We may not be able to admire the vagaries of the so-called "Queen Anne" style, yet we can all see how much better it is than the worse than no style in which all our new streets used to be built. When Thackeray designed his little house of Palace Green, in avowed imitation of Kensington Palace opposite, he could hardly have expected that his idea would be so warmly taken up before twenty years were over. The "Thackeray style," by the way, would be a better name for the modern imitators of Jones and Wren than that which they have adopted. But we are certainly not yet an architectural nation; and the change in public feeling is far more clearly seen in the present position of painting and the kindred arts. The Academy has overflowed into the Grosvenor, yet there is no complaint of a want of attendance at either annual exhibition. On the contrary, the love of art, in this phase, becomes greater day by day, and more and more people of all classes are learning to judge for themselves, and to value good work, harmonious colour, tasteful design, when they see it. They no longer in the National Gallery crowd round the "Blind Beggar" or the Ettys. Even Murillo and Correggio have lost half their charm for sightseers who require careful work, thought, finish, colour, correct drawing—all of them things nobody understood or cared about, except as figures of speech, when William IV. was king. The spread of high art, real or imaginary, into our homes is one of the most ordinary themes of contemporary satire. Thirty years ago a few canons of "good taste" were implicitly followed. Now we know better. Blue, for example, was forbidden. Now, all is blue. "Peacock" had not been discovered. A good copy of Chippendale might have been bought for a sovereign. The Monarch of the Glen was on every hearthrug, and every carpet emulated a garden flower-bed. We are perhaps quite as extravagant in an opposite direction, as some critic of the future will probably discover, but if so our company is larger. There are fewer and fewer every year who do not care at all, and of the many who have a taste, more and more can found it on some reason, and at least think they like a thing because it is good; not so much because they know what they like, but because they know why they like it.

On Monday night the attention of the House of Commons was directed to the cry which is coming up from the country for a supply of objects of art for local museums. In the larger country towns it has suddenly been found necessary to supply workmen

in all branches of art with adequate instruction, and, as a consequence, we are asked for specimens to satisfy the demand thus created. The country folk seem to think that the British Museum should supply a part of this want. It is credited with the possession of large quantities of duplicates. As Mr. Rylands observed, "in the case of duplicate specimens, great good might be done by their distribution among the large towns where museums existed." Mr. Beresford Hope, in reply on behalf of the trustees, pointed out the true state of the question, and probably insisted much more than the *Times* reported him as having done that the British Museum is a central and universal storehouse, to which specialists can always refer with confidence; and also that the very existence of the duplicates, of which so much has been said, may be doubted. We hear that, as a familiar illustration of what did and what did not constitute a duplicate, the House was referred to the well-known variant in the frontispiece of the first edition of the *Leviathan*, in one of which the symbolical figure of the giant despot has the face of Charles I. and in the other of Cromwell. With respect to the idea of spreading duplicates over the country, it is, no doubt, as was observed, of a very attractive nature, and, speaking in the abstract, every one would be glad that the treasures possessed by the great central institution at Bloomsbury should be made as widely useful to the country as possible. But, as a practical matter, it is assuredly true "that the collective wisdom of mankind would conclude that it is more convenient that the many Mahomets should go to the various mountains than that the various mountains should go to the many Mahomets." The British Museum contains many such mountains. The Egyptian collection, for example, or the Ninevite, or the Elgin marbles, or the prints and drawings, or the manuscripts—all these are mountains which it would be in the highest degree imprudent to scatter or separate, even for a short period. The country student who has by the help of his private collection, or that of the local museum, worked up a subject to a certain point, must be able to look forward with certainty to finding what will complete his labours in some one place, and what better place can there be than a centre of population like London? The number of such serious students who are permanently banished from London, must be very small in comparison with those who reside within reach of the great national collections. It would be in the highest degree inconvenient if, by loans or otherwise, the certainty of finding what we want when we want it should be taken away. As Sir John Lubbock remarked, "persons would be very much disappointed if, when they had come from a distance to see particular objects, they found those very things were away on loan." We have all experienced, even in the case of books which are not out of print, the difficulty of obtaining what we want in a library where loans are permitted.

With regard to duplicates, two questions arose in the course of the short debate. Presuming that duplicates exist, a separate staff would be required for their selection and distribution. But it has been asserted in well-informed quarters that very few such duplicates do exist. It often turns out that books or prints which for years have been thought to be duplicates, have in reality been totally different. Some years ago a party of enthusiastic bibliographers obtained the loan from Windsor Castle of what had always been considered the duplicate of an early Psalter in the British Museum. When the volumes were compared, and a third with them, it was found that all three, although printed at the same date, and at the same place, and by the same printers, yet differed from each other in many important particulars. The only real duplicates are perhaps two copies of the same edition of a modern book; but there may be, and in many cases there is, a necessity for keeping both. Besides, even among well printed books slight differences do occur. The first copies of a recent theological work contain a dedication in which two great "living" divines are addressed as "lying." In fact, in a world in which no two blades of grass are exactly alike, there are many similar examples. An eminent collector was lately heard to say that no two impressions of an etching could be considered duplicate. And in one large collection it was recently discovered that some thirty or forty prints which had been put aside many years ago as duplicates, were, in reality, different states. The authorities of one of the University museums recently sold their so-called duplicates, and were considerably mortified to discover, when it was too late, that they had parted, in many cases, with copies and early states, and diminished the value to the student of the prints they retained. Every manuscript is unique, and no collection, however large, can be said to contain duplicates in this branch. It would be easy to enlarge indefinitely upon the danger of parting with any but worn-out or inferior objects, and it is obvious that such specimens will not fetch a price sufficient to pay for the trouble of selecting and cataloguing. It is no secret that the sale of duplicate prints from the collection in the British Museum which took place last winter, failed to satisfy the expectation of the trustees. We must be poverty-stricken indeed if we cannot afford so small a sum as 3,000*l.* for such a collection as that of Mr. Crace, without endeavouring to make it up with a paltry 600*l.* or 700*l.*, derived from the very questionable expedient of a sale of duplicates.

South Kensington divided with the British Museum on Tuesday night the attention of speakers. There was the usual amount of grumbling at the way in which the accounts of that institution are presented. We have adverted so often in past years to this subject that it is only necessary here to express our regret that an improvement has not been made. But at South Kensington the duplicate question arises with greater force than in the British Museum. A list of the duplicates suitable for circulation on loan was printed in 1872, and can, as Mr. Mundella observed, be readily made complete to the present time. Duplicates at South Kensington really mean things between which a certain similarity of manufacture exists, as, for example, in pottery or in metal work, or in the case of pictures by the same artist. But of duplicates, in the strict sense of the word—that sense in which it must be applied to the British Museum—there probably exist as few at South Kensington as elsewhere. Referring to the National Gallery and the National Portrait Gallery, Lord Frederick Cavendish said he had consulted the trustees, and found that there were no duplicates in either collection, except one among the portraits; for copies of a picture are on a very different footing. Yet at the present day there are so many means of obtaining casts and reproductions, sufficiently faithful to be of use to the student, that it is much to be hoped that Mr. Beresford Hope's suggestion may be taken up by the Treasury, and a small sum granted "which would make it possible to reproduce and scatter broadcast, through the local institutions, copies of originals which should be kept in some separate place."

ALDINES AND ELZEVIRS.

One of the earliest symptoms of bibliomania is a passion for Aldines and Elzevirs. The young patient generally labours under the delusion that all books from the great Venice and Leyden presses are of equal value. Novels encourage this delusion; they always represent learned professors as "rich in Aldines and Elzevirs"; and we recently read a romance in which one of the characters possessed an Elzevir Theocritus. This treasure would indeed have been of great price, the black tulip or blue rose of bibliography, for an Elzevir Theocritus is unknown to Brunet, to Pieters, and to M. Willems, the last writer on the great Dutch publishers. Misled by novels, then, and by vague tradition, the bibliophile, in the first stages of the complaint, haunts bookstalls, and thinks himself wonderfully fortunate. Elzevirs more or less grubby, and with pages more or less cut to the quick, are to be found in hundreds, and at very moderate prices. The beginner buys and buys, thinks himself a perfect "snuffy Davy" for luck, and never guesses that he is accumulating trash, and laying in stores of lively book-worms which will devour his treasures. He knows nothing, as yet, of right editions. An Elzevir Cæsar is an Elzevir Cæsar to him. Now the genuine Cæsar of 1635 is, in M. Willems's opinion, the gem of all the duodecimo collections. By the way, even the neophyte is generally knowing enough to collect none but duodecimo Elzevirs, though the larger *formats*, like the Tacitus with variorum notes, the Apollonius Rhodius, and dozens more, are quite as beautiful as, and infinitely more legible than the "small rare volumes dark with tarnished gold." To return to the Cæsar of 1635. With the Pliny of the same date, the Virgil of 1636 (of which Charles Nodier could never procure a satisfactory copy), and the undated *Imitation*, the Cæsar is the pride of the Elzevir collections. The type, the ornaments, the exquisite printing, the paper, and even the correctness of the text, leave nothing to be desired. But there are two other editions, also dated 1635, in which pages 149, 335, and 475 are correctly printed, whereas in the true edition they are marked 153, 345, and 375. These two editions are worth little, especially the second of them, while the right Cæsar, with the wrong pages, costs some twenty pounds at auctions. This is only one example of the niceties of the taste for Elzevirs. There can scarcely be a prettier little book than "the pocket edition of Rabelais" of 1675. This edition is a reimpression, line for line, of that of 1663, yet it has scarcely any value, while the earlier book costs sums quite out of the reach of the modest beginner. Every one of these editions seems incorrect to modern scholarship; but the first was eagerly welcomed by Guy Patin when it was new, and cost "four livres, ten sous." The fact is that the value of Elzevirs depends partly on fashions (some worthless books bring hundreds of pounds), partly on condition, breadth of margin, and the presence or absence of certain marks which can only be learned at some expense of time, money, and research. Of forged or false Elzevirs more than one hundred and fifty are known to experts. Thus the beginner is likely to be puffed up with pride when he has secured *Les Mémoires de Philippe de Commines*, A Leyde, chez les Elzeviers, 1649; especially if his prize prove a little taller and wider than the other copies with which he compares it. Examples, as the manuals will tell him, are very dear. M. de Montesson's copy cost about 50*l.*, and 20*l.* is a not uncommon price. Alas! the right edition is of 1648; and that of 1649, in spite of the title-page and the figure of the old hermit, is a forgery, printed on larger paper, and probably published at Rouen. Let the Scotch Presbyterian also beware of spurious imitations. Who that has learned the *Shorter Catechism* in his youth, who that has blundered over "justification, sanctification, and adoption," would not willingly possess an Elzevir edition of his old enemy? Such a book seems to exist, *The Confession of Faith, and the Larger and Shorter Catechisme*, &c., Amsterdam, printed by Luice Elsever, 1649. Unluckily, the book, which was exhibited at South Kensington in 1877 with the Caxton collection, is a forgery. The late Mr. Laing sent a facsimile of the title-page to M. Willems, who at once saw that the types were English in

character, and utterly unlike anything ever used by the Elzevirs. Again, there is not in the book a single *fleuron* or other ornament, such as the Elzevirs always used, and, lastly, the *Shorter Catechism* is not mentioned in any of the Elzevirs' own catalogues of their publications. The object of the forgery remains a mystery. To close this chapter of forgeries, it may be mentioned that false Elzevirs bear dates as late as 1770, while the last of the great and accomplished printers of the family died in 1680, and the last who professed a humbler sort of art, in 1712.

The hunter after Aldines is likely to fall into the same snares as the inexperienced lover of Elzevirs. Only certain editions are of value, and the worth of these depends greatly on their condition and even on their binding. There is a tendency, a natural tendency as we think, to prefer the books published by the great founder of the Aldine house, between 1494 and 1514. Aldines do not retain their high place in the estimation of collectors so firmly as the books of the Elzevirs. The latter published early and beautiful editions of the contemporary French classics, while the Aldines chiefly printed Latin and Greek books, and works of erudition. Neither classics nor the superseded philology of the sixteenth century are now so much valued as they once were. The classics are, we say it with pain, almost a drug in the market. New frivolities have usurped their place. People look for original editions of French and English poets, or for early woodcuts, or for the oddities of Restif de la Brétonne, or for the vignettes of Cochin, and Eisen, and the other French "little masters." The Greek and Latin classics are almost as much neglected as works of heresy, like those of Bruno and Vanini, and the little tome on the "Pre-Adamites," which the Elzevirs published in an incautious moment. We can "see" these heresies now, as the Americans say, and "go a thousand dollars more," in the same direction. New editions of the classics, too, have made all but the masterpieces of Aldus, Musurus of Crete, Zacharias Calliergus, and other great scholars, seem superfluous. And, in the search for Aldines, as of Elzevirs, the bibliophile must beware of the piratical counterfeits printed at Lyons. Aldus himself complained bitterly of the Lyons pirates. "The paper of these books is second-rate, and even smells badly." We can testify, from a Lyons counterfeit of the Aldine Catullus of 1502, which lies before us, that the paper is second-rate. The evil odour, however, has disappeared in the course of nearly four hundred years. Another way of detecting forgeries is to note whether the consonants are attached to the vowels, as in writing, or whether they stand apart. In the former case the book is probably a genuine Aldine, in the latter it is a Lyons forgery. There are various other distinguishing marks; but we have probably said enough to teach the young bibliophile that all old books printed in italics are not Aldines, and even that many apparently authentic Aldines are forgeries almost worthless.

To take an intelligent interest in the productions of the two famous houses, the Venetian and the Dutch, one ought to have some notion of the characters and purposes of Aldus, and of the Elzevirs. A catalogue of a private collection, just published by Mr. Toovey, may serve as a text for a few remarks on the Manutii. The collection "owes its existence to a well-known distinguished collector, who, true to the motto of the family, for half a century lost no opportunity of selecting under the most favourable circumstances the choicest copies of the several works as they appeared at the dispersion of the libraries formed by Renouard, Sir Mark Sykes, Heber," and many others. We do not know what family rejoices in the admirable motto which bids its scions lose no opportunity of collecting Aldines. But the amateur whose catalogue is in our hands had books in the original bindings of Aldus, De Thou, D'Hoym, and the other great old fanciers. It is scarcely necessary to say that a binding of De Thou's, or D'Hoym's, or Grolier's (none of whom, we must once more say, to correct a popular error, were bookbinders), adds indefinitely to the market price of a volume. Opening Mr. Toovey's catalogue at random, we light on the *Anthologia Græca* of 1503. Aldus followed here the text of Alopa's Florentine edition of 1494, but added some epigrams previously unpublished. M. Firmin Didot possessed an autograph letter in which Scipio Carteromachos congratulated Aldus on this casket of jewels, "containing the flower and choice of the most gracious poesy." A more interesting item is the Aristophanes of 1498, containing but nine plays, all that then had been discovered. Aldus dedicated his book with enthusiasm to Daniel Clary, then Greek professor "in opulent Ragusa." In every line of Aldus's letter there burns that noble love of classic literature which was the sole motive of his unwearying industry. Musurus of Crete adds a letter in which he bids "Philhellenes" pay Aldus due honour. Aldus, indeed, combined the rare characters of an enthusiastic grammarian and a disinterested publisher. His editions, even now, are reckoned with manuscripts among the critical apparatus of scholars.

The Elzevirs were neither nobly born (as were the Manutii if they were descended from the Mannucci of Florence) nor of a noble temper. The family seems to have had no connexion with Spain, as has sometimes been asserted. Louis Elzevir, the founder of the family, was a bookbinder by trade. About the end of 1580 he settled in Leyden, and obtained leave to build a shop in the grounds of the University. His central position gave him great advantages; he started as a bookseller, and published his first volume in 1583. By an interesting coincidence the latest Aldine in Mr. Toovey's catalogue is dated 1583, and thus the Elzevir obscurely arose just when the house of Aldus was declining. The Elzevirs made their great stroke for fame and fortune, when they began to publish cheap and neat editions of the classics in duodecimo. Large *formats*, the quarto and folio, went out of fashion. The Elzevirs had anticipated the cheap and handy volumes which M. Charpentier introduced to France, and from which Mr. Matthew Arnold hopes for the regeneration of British literature and the end of trouble about copyright. The duodecimos first came out in 1629, and were welcomed by the learned. But many shortsighted students, with whom most modern readers will sympathize, condemned the minute type, which demands a weary service from the eyes. Perhaps the Elzevir types were the beginning of German shortsightedness. De Put wrote to Heinsius, that the printers "cared for nothing but money," and the father of Madame Dacier was of much the same opinion. Posterity has judged the Elzevirs more leniently. But it is unhappily beyond doubt that Bonaventure and Abraham Elzevir were even more mean and cunning than the booksellers whom Drayton spurned with poetic contempt. They were as "crafty" as Scott's Constable. Heinsius, too, the scholar who supplied what Aldus had and the Elzevirs lacked, acquaintance with letters, was an ungenerous and malicious man. Thus the Dutch printers have none of the charms which his untiring enthusiasm lends to the memory of Aldus Manutius. They printed, pilfered, pirated, though certain of their victims took the piracy for a compliment:—

> Ecquidnam video? O Dei Deæque
> Nostros scilicet Elzevirianis
> Excusos video typis libellos.
> O typos nitidos et elegantes!

So sung Ménage when Daniel Elzevir printed his poems. The French volumes of the Elzevir were as convenient as the Tauchnitz editions of English novels. The chief printer of these pretty books was Daniel, at Leyden from 1652 to 1655, at Amsterdam from 1655 to 1680. His character in part redeemed that of the crafty Abraham and the dodgy Bonaventure. On his death the better part of the business ended; but an Abraham, great-great-grandson of the founder of the house, lived and printed horribly at Leyden till 1712. His principal business was the publishing of college *theses*, and even these he turned out most execrably. The Elzevir types long survived the last printers of the family, but were destroyed by a publisher who was infatuated about the work of a German founder. *Sic transit gloria.*

COOKERY BOOKS.

OF making many cookery books there is no end. They are commonly held in small repute, and it is very generally said of them with justice that they teach nothing except to those who have little to learn, and that the common result of their study by a matron and her cook is the production of messes far inferior to good roast or boiled, and remarkable for nothing but a happy mixture of greasiness and acidity. Nevertheless a great number of them are written, and the old standard works are often republished. Works on cookery and housekeeping have been published during the present season, and Messrs. Houlston and Sons have brought out a new edition of Dr. Kitchiner's famous *Cook's Oracle*, which was first given to the world in what gastronomes are apt to look upon as the dark ages of British cookery. The reappearance of this old friend will be welcomed by many, for though the majority of the Doctor's recipes have now little value, having been supplanted by better ones, and though some of his sauces must needs make the learned shudder, useful hints may still be found in his book, and his preface must always be amusing reading. The Doctor, as every one knows, was not merely the frigid impersonal instructor, coldly laying down rules for the preparation of dishes, but was rather the kindly and genial adviser, telling his readers, with a sympathetic familiarity which never comes amiss, how he had worked for their welfare, and giving both to masters and servants the benefit of his experience and knowledge in the shape of elaborate admonitions and "friendly advice." His work has that charm which always belongs to the writings of a true enthusiast; and his enthusiasm must undoubtedly have sprung from really deep conviction, or he would not have dared to give it such fervent expression, for at the time when he wrote the art which he adored was regarded by the great majority of his fellow-countrymen with brutal and ignorant contempt. He was himself not without strong prejudices and quaint fancies, but in the main there can be no doubt that he was guided by a perception very rare in his day of what constituted good dinners, and by a desire to aid and improve his fellow-creatures, then living for the most part in outer darkness. Of his sincerity in the cause for which he laboured there can be no doubt, and it is impossible to read his preface and introductory chapters without giving him implicit credence when he says that every recipe he gives has been tested in his own kitchen, and that he has submitted "to a labour no preceding Cookery-Book-maker has perhaps ever attempted to encounter, having *eaten* each receipt before he set it down in his book."

Owing to the resolute spirit which made him thus imperil his digestion, and owing also, no doubt, to the large assistance he received from the lady whose name has quite recently been disclosed, the Doctor's book was certainly—for the time when it appeared—a very good one, and as well calculated as any work could be to shake the obstinate belief of Englishmen in the cardinal virtues of a monotonous diet. He indeed hoped to do even

more than this, for he fondly thought that he had written so clearly and fully as to make it possible for any one who studied his book to cook well; and he stated, in a well-known passage, that "the most inexperienced student in the occult Art of Cookery" might work from his recipes "with the utmost facility." That he greatly overestimated what he had done, and totally failed to produce any such admirable result as he hoped for, need hardly be said. There is not very much danger in asserting that no one has ever become a good, or even a fairly good, cook merely from reading the *Cook's Oracle*. The excellent Doctor's fondest hope has not been in any degree realized, and his confident expression only serves to show how little the most earnest men can judge the value of their own achievements. If, however, he could be resuscitated, he might be reconciled to his failure by observing that, if he was no more successful than his predecessors had been, the many who have written since his day have been no more able than he was to teach people how to cook by means of written instructions. There were a large number of cookery books in existence at the time of the publication of the *Cook's Oracle*. Dr. Kitchiner says that he has gone through the "Herculean labour" of reading two hundred and fifty of them; and of very little use apparently were they found to be. There have been a great number of such works since, some of them of the most elaborate and pretentious kind; but complaints as to the uselessness of cookery books are still universal, and, judging from results, certainly seem to be well founded. The only people apparently who can make much use of recipes are very accomplished cooks. When one of these wishes to learn the composition of a dish which is new to him, a recipe will usually give him all the information he wants; but with ordinary cooks—or, at least, with ordinary English cooks—the study of instructions usually results in the spoiling of a considerable amount of good material. Cookery books are therefore useful in the same way that directions for money-getting might be useful to millionaires. It is not easy to understand why such works should be of so little practical value, inasmuch as it appears at first sight as though cookery was a kind of work which could to some extent be mastered from written instructions. In preparing food for the table certain substances have to be exposed to the action of heat until certain changes have taken place in them. The amount of material to be used for a dish, the degree of heat to be applied, the time necessary to bring about the desired conditions, can all be precisely stated. Putting aside very complex preparations, and others which require extreme quickness and promptitude, are there not a very large number of dishes for which written instructions might be given that could be followed without any very great difficulty and with the certainty of a satisfactory result?

In spite of the failure of cookery books innumerable, we are disposed to believe that a work which would be really useful in ordinary kitchens might still be written if the conventional method of drawing up recipes were departed from, and if very simple means of ascertaining temperature, which are now altogether neglected, were made use of. The fact that in an English kitchen a cookery book is nine times out of ten nearly useless is due to three causes—the stupidity of cooks, the ignorance of mistresses, and the want of clearness and fulness in the instructions given. The first difficulty, of course, which has to be overcome in getting a dish prepared is the dulness and apathy of the ordinary English cook. Given a recipe, she proceeds to interpret it according to a marvellous system of her own, the leading features of which commonly appear to be that materials having strong flavours are to be largely used, and that an intense heat applied for a short time produces precisely the same result as a moderate heat applied for a long time. To run counter, indeed, to the most simple and best established rules of cookery seems to be the special delight of the ordinary female domestic, and it may be thought that so dense is the stupidity of women of this class as to make anything but very simple dishes impossible in most English households. Perhaps, however, it might not be impossible to overcome to a certain extent their dulness and perversity, to introduce variety into daily meals, and to make dinner parties possible without putting an imperious and extravagant stranger in command of the kitchen, if only some intelligence and knowledge were brought to bear on culinary matters, or, in other words, if the mistresses of houses would take the trouble to learn their work, and would gain some acquaintance with the processes of French cookery. Ignorant people are not likely to be improved by ignorant supervision, and very ignorant is, commonly speaking, the supervision of the British matron. The mistress of a French house can generally, when a dish served at her table is unsatisfactory, say what is wrong with it. An English lady is hopelessly puzzled if her *entrées* are unfit to eat, and can only declare that the cook had very good recipes, but that in some unknown way she has departed from them. Not unnaturally perhaps the cook pays no attention to the fault-finding of an incompetent critic, and continues in a state of hardened sin. A very moderate amount of trouble in learning something about cookery would give the mistress of a house such knowledge as would enable her to criticize her cook's work to some purpose, and perchance, by pointing out the precise nature of shortcomings, to cause amendment; but this knowledge the mistress of a house does not, as a rule, think it worth while to obtain. The afternoon tea which adds so largely to her medical man's income makes dinner a matter of indifference to her, and, disposing of all difficulties by saying that people must not expect work like that of club *chefs* in private houses, she remains in a condition of wilful ignorance almost as lamentable as that of her servant. Clearly, where there is such apathy and indolence on the part of the superior, and such perverse stupidity on the part of the subordinate, cookery books are not likely to be of much service, and the consequences of attempting to use them may be painful in the extreme.

Where, however, things are differently ordered, where there is intelligence and goodwill, where the mistress of the house has some knowledge, and the cook is painstaking, the study of recipes is not always followed by satisfactory results. Great care is taken and directions are strictly followed, but nevertheless only insipid dishes are produced. The reason for this failure, which too often occurs, is to be found in the fact that recipes have generally been drawn up by men who thoroughly understood the practical work of preparing food, but had not the capacity necessary for giving written instruction. Recipes are usually wanting in clearness and fulness, and there are frequently such gaps in the description of cooking operations as can only be filled up by those who have a considerable knowledge of culinary work. As we have said, a recipe is often of use only to an accomplished cook. It would be easy to verify this by analysing the accounts given in some of the best-known cookery books of the principal processes followed in the preparation of food; but to do this would require a detailed and technical description of kitchen work. One shortcoming on the part of the authors of cookery books may, however, be pointed out, as showing how very narrow and dull they have been. Each speaks with contempt of his predecessors, and each follows precisely the same plan as his predecessors, failing to see what might be thought the most obvious improvements on their method of description. So far as we are aware, no systematic effort has ever been made to record the temperatures at which different sorts of foods are cooked. No doubt, with some kinds of cooking this, though not impracticable, would be extremely difficult; but with others, and amongst them the most important, it would be easy enough. It would be necessary only to state the precise quantity of fluid and of each solid, and to say how long certain temperatures were to be maintained. The use of a thermometer would remove all chance of error; but the idea of using one does not seem to have occurred to any cook who has published a book for the information of the world. It was, however, suggested by an amateur who wrote a very amusing work on the processes of the French kitchen and the titles of French dishes.

While writers on cooking are so careless as to overlook such an obvious aid to instruction, it can hardly be expected that their works will be valuable, or that much practical knowledge will be gained from the study of them. That cookery books should have been hazy in Dr. Kitchiner's time, and that he should have failed in his well-meant effort to give unmistakable directions, is not surprising; but it is certainly remarkable that now, when the subject has received so much attention, works of this class should still be so crude and confused. A really good cookery book yet remains to be written, and at a time when the desire for literary distinction is so general we would suggest this subject for the consideration of young and ambitious authors. The union of large natural gifts with great powers of labour would no doubt be requisite for success; but success, if attained, would be without a parallel.

MODERN DANCING.

AMONG the topics of small talk current in a modern ballroom nothing is more commonly made a matter of comment than the improvement which the last few years have developed in modern dancing, round dances only being understood by the term dancing. The self-complacency of the remark is tempered by the admission which it involves, that its author is personally included in the condemnation implicitly passed on the dancing of society in its unregenerate days. Usually there is no reluctance in confessing this, and the satisfaction of contemplating present excellence receives a sober tinge from the reflection that time was when this excellence was not. It is the prayer of the Pharisee refined; we congratulate ourselves, not so much that we are not as other men are, as that we are not now what once we were.

With each rising generation the novel charms of present practice outdazzle the sober attractions of memories of the past, and this must be allowed for in estimating at their true value modern praises of the modern waltz. But when all has been said and done, the broad fact remains that, within the last few years, waltzing has advanced from a form of exercise to something like an art. Passing over minor details of style, the principal points of improvement seem to be a keener appreciation of time, and a mode of motion more equable, more rhythmic, and hence more graceful. Both of these are in a great measure due to an alteration in the character of modern dance music. The uneven melody of waltzes like the "Mabel," and the rattle of the now almost obsolete galop, have yielded to a strain which, whether melting into languor or swelling into passion, is ruled throughout by an inexorable three-time which bends the wildest vagaries to its sway. This is certainly the cause of the added grace which the mode of motion in waltzing exhibits. There is a dreamy magic about the measure which the limbs of its votaries cannot long resist, and which has charms to soothe into sobriety even the frantic violence of a provincial *deux temps*. Contrasted with the style which it has supplanted, it is like the quiet might of an Atlantic

roller in mid-ocean compared with the choppy seas of the Channel. But the main cause of the improvement lies deeper than this, and is to be found in the keener musical sense of the age, which has at last brought people to recognize that true dancing consists in a motion of the whole body in time with the music, not in the execution of certain steps with more or less mechanical accuracy, to which the accompaniment of music is merely a superfluous luxury. Nor is it in this respect alone that the old order changeth; the uniform rotation which contented our simple forefathers has given place to a series of complicated movements, wherein no invidious preference is given to any particular form of progression. As fancy dictates, or the exigencies of steering require, the skilled performer glides forwards or backwards, or winds away in a "reverse." Upon this latter practice much abuse has been heaped, and not without some justice; but, on the whole, it must be reckoned a gain. The questionable taste of a person who, after a preliminary stagger, hurls himself and his partner in the teeth of the stream of other dancers, is probably obvious to everybody except the offender. Still, if the practice be used and not abused, the testimony is well-nigh universal which tells of the relief it affords to physical exhaustion and giddiness, apart from its merits as a means of avoiding collisions.

So far our strain has been one of almost unmixed eulogy; but there is another side to the picture. Μαθήματα παθήματα—greatness has its penalties as well as its privileges, and it may be doubted whether those who know the art best enjoy it the most. As a nation, we are supposed to take our pleasure sadly, and certainly our dancers furnish some brilliant examples of this national characteristic. Whether the pleasure is of that intense sort which is akin to pain, or whether some dim prescience of the future greatness of their art oppresses the minds of proficient waltzers with a sense of painful responsibility, we do not presume to decide; but certain it is that during their performances they usually assume an air of solemnity which approaches the lugubrious. Curiously enough the converse may often be noticed. Probably no one enjoys a ball more keenly than a dancer of the orthodox uncompromising *deux temps* school. Beaming with joviality, he bursts upon the throng; the wary and the forewarned are on the alert, and give him a wide berth; but woe to the luckless couples upon whom he falls, for they run no small chance of being ground to powder. Strips of severed raiment, and such facial contortions as genteelly suppressed agony permits, attest the resistless energy of his course. Fortunately his is a mode of motion which is rapidly converted into heat, and exhausted nature soon brings him to a standstill, exhibiting the plainest traces of a partial dissolution of his too solid flesh. Nevertheless he is game to the end, and between his gasps exclaims triumphantly to his partner, "That was a capital turn." To do him justice, he is perfectly unconscious that he is the curse of the ballroom; and he lays no claim to excellence in dancing, such enjoyment as he derives from it differing little from the pleasure that a healthy animal takes in exercise.

There is yet another type of bad dancer to whom dancing is a source of subtle joy, but with him the pleasure is due to a secret conviction of his own superiority. This is the man who regards with equal contempt the modern *trois temps* and the *deux temps* of ancient days; to him the latter is an exhibition of barbarous violence, the former is a lurch. His notion of waltzing is to circle stealthily round his partner at any pace which commends itself to his sense of fitness. He disregards time as completely as the *deux temps* dancer; but, as a sort of concession to popular feeling on the subject, he punctuates his movements by a series of curious dips. Of himself he will probably say that he dances the "old" *trois temps*, or more commonly the "real" *trois temps*; and, murmuring some such confidence to his partner, he begins his rather elaborate revolutions, at the same time composing his face into a smile which, for sweetness and play of feature, might rival the expression of a Chinese idol.

We have said that the prevailing tendency of modern dancing is in the direction of quiet grace. But, in opposition to this, the partial popularity of such dances as the polka and the schottische presents a strange anomaly which must not be overlooked. Dances of this description may be regarded as a reactionary impulse in which the forces of disorder find convenient expression. There is not much to be said on behalf of the polka as it is too often danced. But this is the fault, not of the dance, but of the dancers. A short time ago it was our privilege to have pointed out to us "the best polkist in London"; and the peculiar charm of this gifted person's dancing appeared to be the facility with which he flung his partner on the floor. Probably the dance owes some of its popularity to the fact that it can claim to be reckoned as a "round" dance. It is a sort of social compromise; and accordingly a lady is enabled to put off with a polka a partner whose feelings would be outraged by the offer of a "square."

The case of the schottische is rather different. In spite of being disguised under a foreign name, it is of genuine Highland origin, and is stamped with the genuine peculiarities of Scotch dancing. Broadly speaking, the distinction embodied in these peculiarities may be expressed by saying that, whereas the ideal of English dancing is a nearly horizontal movement, the salient feature of Scotch dances is the vertical motion of the steps employed. In their peculiar style these Scotch dances are capable of a high degree of artistic excellence, and with a proper environment are extremely interesting. On their native soil, and danced by persons among whom the associations with which they are linked still linger, the enthusiasm which they evoke is perfectly intelligible; but they seem somewhat out of place in a London drawing-room. There exists, moreover, in connexion with them a practice which we conclude is an inseparable accident of their proper performance; we refer to the barbaric yells in which the pent-up emotions of their votaries seek relief. These may have been most appropriate in the mouths of heroes of the Mic-Mac Methuselah type; doubtless the last moments of "ta great MacPhairson" were soothed by the chivalrous tribute of the "three warlike howls" with which his victorious enemy preluded the fatal blow at his vitals; but since the practice of disembowelling has ceased to obtain as a mode of expressing personal differences, such utterances lose much of their point.

What may be the future destiny of the waltz is a matter of some doubt. Its rapid development in the last few years has given it something of a professional character, which has caused it to be regarded with a certain amount of antipathy or distrust. Unfortunately, also, it is not always the best dancers who are in other respects the most socially desirable acquaintances. And it may be that a combination of some such considerations will banish waltzing, for a time at least, from the upper strata of society. While recognizing the possibility of such an occurrence, we think it would be one to be deplored. With us, as with most nations, civilized or savage, dancing has at all times found a place among the number of social accomplishments. Early in the century, the figure dances which then prevailed yielded the palm of popularity to the waltz, and we are probably safe in saying that their glory has departed for ever. And this is no matter either for marvel or regret. The correlation of bodily and mental phenomena is established beyond the possibility of question, and the law of causation, whether its action be obvious or obscure, applying alike to things great and to things small, regulates our most trifling physical movements no less than our profoundest intellectual judgments. And therefore, if we can but interpret aright, we may as surely look to find in the amusements of a nation some expression of its aggregate mental state as we may expect to see it adapt its clothing to its climate. Accordingly, if we take into account the amazing development which this century has seen in every branch of intellectual and æsthetic culture, we may cease to wonder that the stately but passionless beauty of the minuet should fail to satisfy the quickened emotional cravings of the present generation. If the waltz has lost something of the grace of the older dance, it has gained in what may be called poetic power; and this is the secret of its success. As an emotional outlet, it meets more fully the requirements of the age which has given it birth; or, as it may be expressed in the language of evolution, it supplies a more complete adjustment of our inner to our outer relations. And the truth of this is in no way affected by the fact that modern opinion condemns the older methods of waltzing as imperfect; for the same process of evolution which caused the minuet to be discarded for the waltz has effected, and will doubtless continue to effect, important modifications in the form of the latter. Therefore, that dancing as an art, in its latest expression, the waltz, should exhibit an increasing elaborateness in response to the increasing complexity of our mental organization, is at once both natural and proper. Indeed the wonder is that, as an art, it should be still so imperfectly developed. If a person ignorant of music, or wholly destitute of a voice, should assume to inflict upon society his crude efforts to sing or play, the act would justly be resented as an impertinent outrage; and it is not easy to see why the same social censure should not fall upon the head of the unskilled dancer, whose unlovely antics, besides causing serious physical inconvenience to his neighbours, are a gross desecration of the poetry of motion. That such things are tolerated is due to our relatively incomplete recognition of the æsthetic element in dancing, compared with that which we accord to the sister art of music. But, though we may admit this incompleteness as a present fact, we need not suppose that no improvement is possible, and still less lament any tendency in this direction.

To some persons the subject may seem too trivial to deserve serious attention; but such a view will probably in the long run give way to the growing artistic feeling of the age. Seeing that art is daily becoming more and more closely interwoven with the habits and surroundings of our existence, it seems scarcely too bold to predict that the future is not far distant when the eye shall grow musical as well as the ear, and the æsthetics of rhythmic motion shall receive some share of the cultivation now bestowed upon harmonious sound. Should this point ever be reached, we may have reason to be grateful to dancing for having added one more to the number of artistic interests whereby we seek to make gracious our lives.

THE FRENCH STAGE A CENTURY AGO.

IT is a trite remark that the theatre plays a far more important part in the life of an ordinary Parisian than of an ordinary Londoner; and proofs of its truth abound in such volumes as the *Soirées Parisiennes*, collected from the *reportage* of the *Figaro*, in the many sketches and biographies of actors and actresses which are constantly issued, and in the more solid records of the dramatic events of each year which are well represented by *Les Annales du Théâtre et de la Musique*. For the sixth issue of this, compiled and written by MM. Edouard Noël and Edmond Stoullig, a preface has been composed by M. Henri de Lapom-

meraye, who points out the value of such an undertaking as that of MM. Noël and Stoullig, remarking that it would be a very pleasant thing to have such a summing up of the dramatic events of 1779 as he here finds of the dramatic events of 1879. He then goes on to supply the deficiency as to 1779, as far as he can, from "des *almanachs* fort précieux mais dont la nomenclature sèche et aride ne dit quelque chose que si l'on complète et vivifie la statistique par l'histoire littéraire du temps; or c'est là toute une longue besogne." M. de Lapommeraye has, however, disinterred various interesting facts from these *almanachs*. He begins by contrasting the operatic events of 1879 with those of the corresponding year in the last century. Little happened at the "Académie Nationale de Musique" in 1879; but on the 18th of May in 1779 the same Academy produced Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*, which excited as much enthusiasm and opposition as in later days Herr Wagner's operas have excited at other theatres. M. de Lapommeraye gives a story of the time for which many parallel stories of later date might be found. Some one remarked, "qu'il y avait de beaux morceaux dans cet opéra." To this the Abbé Arnaud replied, "Il n'y en a qu'un." "Lequel?" "L'ouvrage tout entier." M. de Lapommeraye might have added the somewhat interesting fact that Gluck was sixty-five years old when he composed *Iphigenia in Tauris*. Two days before the production of Gluck's opera (his masterpiece M. de Lapommeraye somewhat rashly calls it), there was given on the same stage "un intermède italien, dont la musique est de Piccini — *Il Vago disprezzato* ou le Fat méprisé." The writer goes on to say with rhetoric that verges upon the ridiculous, that the names of Gluck and Piccini are characteristic of their epoch just as were the names of Franklin and Lafayette. He might as well, writing according to his own ingenious idea for the next century, talk of MM. Gounod and Lecocq as characteristic of the present epoch. Piccini had this advantage or disadvantage over Lecocq that he wrote no less than three hundred operas, to say nothing of oratorios. One thinks with a shudder of Alexandre Hardy the French dramatist. M. de Lapommeraye gives a list, which it must have cost him some trouble to compile, of various operas produced in 1779, in which we find mixed such incongruous names of composers as those of Traetta, Anfossi, Gardel, Sacchini, Paisiello, and Christian Bach. A story which M. de Lapommeraye tells of Sophie Arnould, introducing it with a perhaps unnecessary reference to the conduct of a distinguished French actress on a recent occasion, is curious in more ways than one. Sophie Arnould, it seems, called out to Francœur, the conductor at the opera, "What is the meaning of this? There seems to be a mutiny in your band." "Mutiny?" replied Francœur, "We are all here on duty in the King's service, and the duty is a pleasure." "I should like to make my duty a pleasure," replied Sophie Arnould, "but your band interrupts me and prevents my singing." "Cependant, mademoiselle, nous allons de mesure." "De mesure, *quelle bête* est-ce là? Suivez-moi, monsieur, et sachez que votre symphonie est la très-humble servante de l'actrice qui récite." It might be well if some conductors of the present day would think over this somewhat unpolished, but not the less sensible, retort of Mlle. Arnould's. The function of the orchestra in opera always has been, and we trust always will be, to accompany the vocal parts. One of the many accusations brought against Herr Wagner is that he has subordinated the voice to his instrumentation, an accusation which is not supported by study of his scores. It is only on rare occasions and for special purpose and effect that he seems to think more of the orchestra than of the voice. Speaking roughly, he seldom if ever makes a solo voice passage the complement of the orchestral music instead of making the band act as a support to the voice. In his choruses he is more open to blame in this respect; but it must be said that few lovers of music would care to have the scoring of his choruses changed. The fault of which Sophie Arnould complained a century ago is but too common still; and now, as then, the responsibility for it rests with conductors, and not with composers. Few opera-goers (and here we mean by opera-goers people who go to the opera because they love music) have not suffered from the intolerable noise which, in many passages of many well-known operas, conductors produce, thus giving the singers the unhappy choice of either remaining practically silent or straining their voices to an unnatural and disagreeable extent in order to keep up with the horrible din of the band.

From the opera M. de Lapommeraye passes naturally to the Française, and speaks of Préville, Brizard, Molé, Dugazon, Des Essarts, De Larive, Vanhove, Courville, Dorival, Florence, and Ponteuil. Vanhove, "qui jouait les Don Diègue, le *vieil Horace*," taught the science of acting to his daughter, who afterwards married Talma, and with whom Robespierre fell in love. Préville was for thirty-three years the leading actor of the Française, and to judge from a quotation made by M. de Lapommeraye from Dazincourt he seems to have been a kind of mixture of MM. Delaunay, Got, and Coquelin. "Nouveau protée, nul avant lui n'a présenté au public plus de variété dans les personnages; *crispins, manteaux, financiers, amants, tuteurs, valets*, tous ces caractères ont été embellis de son génie créateur." To this general encomium Dazincourt adds, as a particular instance of Préville's skill, this anecdote. "He concealed his own identity so completely in that of whatever character he represented, that one night at Fontainebleau when he was playing Larisolle in the *Mercure galant*, the official stationed at the wing seeing him approach with his degraded appearance, met him half-way and told him to be off." Too much importance is perhaps attached to stories of this kind concerning actors of a past age. Garrick is the hero of many such anecdotes, and there are almost as many criticisms extant of his performances which tend to show that, great as he was in certain parts, he was not the supreme and perfect master of every branch of his art which popular estimation supposes him to be. It is indeed incredible that either Garrick, Préville, Talma, Macready, or, to come down to the present day, Mr. Irving, should be equally good in every part included in a wide range. To our thinking, an actor cannot be called great unless he possesses, besides a marked genius, a certain amount of versatility; but that any actor, however great, should be equally successful in the parts of "crispins, manteaux, financiers, amants, tuteurs, valets," is inconceivable. Molé, for instance, admirable as he was in a certain type of part, appears never to have attempted anything beyond the line in which he first obtained success. He was, as M. de Lapommeraye reminds us, "the type of elegance and high breeding and, to cut the matter short, the first and perfect Almaviva in the *Mariage de Figaro*." To this is added, with a strange air of vagueness, the statement that it was to Molé "qu'un jeune auteur remit un jour un rouleau de papier blanc qu'il développa devant lui, après que le comédien lui eut déclaré qu'il avait lu la pièce et qu'elle était détestable." Somewhat similar stories have been and are current in the present century, and people who know to what trials managers and actors are constantly exposed, in the matter of so-called plays submitted to them by writers who are utterly ignorant of the art of play-writing, may without much difficulty think that Molé's sin was venial. Of De Larive M. de Lapommeraye tells us that he was handicapped by succeeding Lekain and preceding Talma; "il est écrasé entre ces deux colosses de l'art tragique. M. Alphonse Royer, qui a connu Larive, nous conte que ce tragédien lui a déclaré, en 1823, n'être jamais retourné au Théâtre Français, même comme spectateur, depuis que *ce petit Talma* y régnait en maître." One of the most interesting of the events which M. de Lapommeraye has rescued from semi-obscurity is the account of the performance on the 31st May, 1779—the anniversary of Voltaire's death. On this occasion *Agathocle*, "tragédie en cinq actes, qui avait été composé en même temps qu'*Irène*," was given. Voltaire, forty days before his death, had suggested the cast for this play. On the 20th of April, 1778, he wrote, "It seems to me that Molé and Larive 'joueront bien les enfants d'Agathocle, qu'Yduesau convient fort à Montel, que les cheveux blancs et la voix de Brizard suffiront pour Agathocle, et que le rôle d'Ydace est beaucoup plus dans le caractère de Mme. Vestris que celui d'Irène, pourvu qu'elle se défasse de l'énorme multitude de ses gestes.'" The last provision shows a close observation of a common fault to which many comedians, French and English, might still pay attention with advantage to themselves and to their audiences. The cast which Voltaire designed was not completely carried out, and, unfortunately, the exact programme of the performance of *Agathocle* cannot be found. It is curious to find that, before its production (on May 31, 1779), Vanhove, who was *semainier* for the week, had thought it necessary to send a circular to all the other writers who had pieces waiting for production, and it is pleasant to learn that none of these writers claimed precedence. They order these matters differently, if not better, nowadays.

We have been led into dwelling chiefly on the many interesting subjects suggested by M. de Lapommeraye's preface to "Les annales du théâtre," to the exclusion of much curious and, to the student of the theatre, valuable matter contained in the book itself. We regret this the less because it would be impossible within the limits of an article to convey an adequate notion of the amount or quality of the information which the volume contains.

REVIEWS.

M. GUIZOT IN PRIVATE LIFE.*

MRS. SIMPSON is fortunate in the opportunity of presenting to English readers a singularly interesting book. Her translation is in accuracy and idiomatic grace worthy of the original and of the subject. There is scarcely a phrase in the book which betrays the translation from French to English. Mrs. Simpson appropriately quotes from a former publication of her own Mr. Senior's remark after a visit to Val Richer in company with his daughter that "M. Guizot is never greater or more amiable than in his own family." In another part of Mr. Senior's "Conversations" M. de Tocqueville says that "M. Guizot is always charming. . . . He is a perfect picture of an ex-statesman, *homme de lettres et père de famille*, falling back on literature and the domestic affections." As M. Guizot survived for nearly thirty years his retirement or exclusion from public life, he was happy in his faculty of occupying himself with literary pursuits, and in the domestic society of two or three generations of his descendants. His Norman home of Val Richer presents in Mme. de Witt's incidental sketches a singularly attractive picture of the kindly patriarchal life which is common in France and almost unknown in England. His two

* *Monsieur Guizot in Private Life*, 1787-1874. By his daughter, Madame de Witt. Translated by M. C. M. Simpson. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1880.

daughters with their husbands, their children, and at last their grandchildren, his son, and his son's family, resided either wholly or occasionally in M. Guizot's house; and a sister and an aunt of the sons-in-law also formed a part of the elastic and united family circle. The head of the house was the favourite and the confidant of more than one generation of children. While he directed the Government of France, he found time to choose dresses and buy ornaments for his daughters, who were then entering for the first time into society. The tenderness of nature which caused him to feel domestic sorrows deeply was inseparable from the chief pleasures of his daily life; but after heavy losses he was never free from anxiety for his surviving children. No fallen statesman has borne with more cheerful dignity the collapse of his schemes and his hopes. Fortunately for himself, he was an able and popular writer as well as an orator and a Minister; and he had no difficulty in resuming his early occupations. At eighty-seven years he had in the course of nature outlived the many friends whom he had loved and esteemed. In one of his later letters he remembers with especial affection the Duke of Broglie and Lord Aberdeen.

It is well that Mme. de Witt's domestic records stand wholly apart from M. Guizot's published Memoirs, which left a less agreeable impression. His apology for his political career was too monotonous in its complacent self-satisfaction. He had done great services to his country; he was above suspicion of personal meanness or obliquity; and he was through life consistent in his love of ordered liberty, and in his antagonism to anarchy and revolution. He also attached great and perhaps just value to the share which he had taken as Minister of Public Instruction in the promotion of national education. His conviction that he had preserved the peace of Europe was so far justified that he assisted the King in repressing the turbulent policy of M. Thiers in 1840, and that there was no war during his tenure of office; but his conduct of foreign affairs brought his country more than once to the verge of an unprovoked rupture with England. His defence of the Pritchard outrage disturbed even the calmness of Sir Robert Peel, with the characteristic result of qualifying M. Guizot's admiration of the great English Minister. "Peel," he said, "is not so perfect a statesman as Aberdeen, for Peel sometimes regarded me with suspicion, while I always possessed the unqualified confidence of Aberdeen." He may be pardoned for expressing after his own fall a natural satisfaction in the temporary overthrow of Lord Palmerston by his dismissal from office through the agency of Lord John Russell. There were faults on both sides, and, with or without reason, Palmerston, unlike the leaders of the Conservative party, habitually distrusted the austere French Minister, and took little trouble to conceal his opinion; yet Palmerston did him the service of providing the flimsy pretext by which alone M. Guizot attempted to excuse the worst act of his life. If Lord Aberdeen had been at the Foreign Office, M. Guizot might perhaps have declined to forfeit his good opinion by the monstrous Spanish marriage. His domestic policy admitted of a better defence, for subsequent events proved the weakness of the dynastic Liberals and the incapable violence of the Republicans. Yet M. Guizot ought to have been convinced by experience that he had made a mistake in refusing any modification of the electoral system. Not only was the constitutional base too narrow for the superstructure, but the methods by which the King and his Minister controlled the elections necessarily involved corruption. M. Guizot would have been too proud to profit by a job, but he had no scruple in offering to his supporters inducements which were scarcely distinguishable from bribes. But for the weakness of the King the miserable outbreak of 1848 might have been suppressed; but it was scarcely possible that M. Guizot and his knot of electors should continue long to rule the country. It is true that the ability of the representatives, as in some other countries, bore an inverse proportion to the number of their constituents. No later Assembly has been equal in eloquence or general capacity to the Chamber in which Guizot contended with Thiers, with Berryer, and Lamartine. Of all the great competitors, Guizot was, in the judgment of many competent critics, the first. Not only an orator, but a debater, he held a position in the Chamber scarcely inferior to that which had once belonged to Pitt in the House of Commons. Others preferred the vivacious ease of Thiers, but no third rival was placed on a level with either.

It is pleasant to turn from political controversies to a private and domestic life which, if Mme. de Witt's loving testimony may be accepted, seems to have been faultless. His father and mother, André François Guizot and Sophie Elizabeth Bonicel, were both descended from old Protestant families; and by one of the strange anachronisms which partially explain the excesses of the Revolution, they were married in 1786 by a pastor whose ministry was still proscribed, so that neither the marriage nor the birth of their famous son, François-Pierre-Guillaume, in the following year could be legally registered. It is not surprising that M. André Guizot, an able and rising advocate, eagerly welcomed a revolution which at least put an end to the relics of obsolete tyranny. Not less in accordance with the course of events and the spirit of the time was his judicial assassination under the more brutal and more murderous despotism of Robespierre and his accomplices. Mme. Guizot remained for fifty-four years so faithful to his memory that, although she devoted her life to her children, and afterwards to the children of her son, they seem never to have engrossed her whole attachment. She was in narrow circumstances; but she contrived to give her sons a complete education at Geneva under her own inspection and with her constant aid. Her eldest son at the age of eighteen left her to study law at Paris, though he wished to devote himself exclusively to literature. After a time Mme. Guizot acquiesced in his wishes; and he soon made himself known, and mixed with the best literary society. At the age of twenty-five he was appointed to the chair of Modern History, specially created for him by M. de Fontanes, then President of the University. On the Restoration he was, on the recommendation of M. Royer Collard, made Secretary to the Ministry of the Interior under the Abbé de Montesquiou; and after the flight of Louis XVIII. he accepted a mission to the King at Ghent on behalf of the party of Constitutional Monarchy. In after years his opponents never ceased to hold him up to popular odium as "the man of Ghent." Another denomination which he shared with many of his friends receives from Mrs. Simpson an explanation which will be new to most readers. The name of *Doctrinaire* was given to the followers of Royer Collard, because in his youth he had been educated in a college of *Prêtres Doctrinaires*, belonging to a secular congregation called the *Doctrine Chrétienne*. Soon after the second Restoration M. Guizot, during the ascendancy of the extreme Royalists, retired from office, and resumed the historical lectures on which his early reputation was principally founded. M. Decazes in 1819 created for him an important office under the title of Director of Commercial and Departmental Affairs; but in the reaction which followed the assassination of the Duke of Berri in the following year, M. Guizot was deprived of his office and of the rank of Councillor of State. His lectures were in 1822 prohibited for several years; but they were resumed in 1828, when M. de Martignac was making the last attempt to induce Charles X. to reign as a constitutional king. In the previous year M. Guizot had been elected Deputy for Pont l'Evêque and Lisieux; and he soon became one of the leaders of the party which was equally opposed to absolute monarchy and to revolution. No politician has been through his whole life more thoroughly consistent. During his mission to Ghent, in his books, in his chair as a professor, in Parliament, and in office, he never wavered in his devotion to constitutional monarchy, though he cultivated no sentimental feeling of personal loyalty. A Republic, he said, after his fall from power, would have suited him well enough, if Republics in France had not been associated with democratic revolution. On the accession of Louis Philippe M. Guizot entered his first Cabinet; and thenceforth his career forms a part of the history of the time. In private life, his happiness was only disturbed by the deaths of members of his family.

M. Guizot's first wife, Mlle. de Meulan, was a lady of noble family many years older than himself. Their acquaintance began with assistance which he afforded her in literary employments by which she eked out a slender income. By a natural process intellectual sympathy ripened into a warmer feeling, and their marriage, notwithstanding the disparity of years, was thoroughly happy. Within a year after her death, in 1828, M. Guizot married her niece, Mlle. Dillon, of whom her daughter says that "true happiness is a rare and salutary spectacle, and it was afforded by Mme. Elisa Guizot to all who approached her, as long as God permitted her to live. . . Even her best friends can hardly call to mind or separate the details of her individual life; it was henceforth so entirely absorbed in that of her husband, so devoted to his interests, his affairs, and his occupations. She worked for him, she observed for him, she read and talked only for him." Unfortunately, she died in 1833, leaving two daughters and a son. His eldest son, by his first wife, Francois Guizot, had become at a very early age the confidential friend and companion of his father, when he also died. M. Guizot survived his wife and son for forty years, but his grief for both always retained its freshness. To his son he sometimes applied the well-known saying of the Duke of Ormond, that "he would rather have his dead Ossory than the best living son in Christendom." One of his consolations for his domestic losses was found in assembling round him all that remained of the Meulan family. His first wife's sister-in-law, his second wife's stepfather and his son, and his second wife's nephew, lived under M. Guizot's roof, which was afterwards to shelter and unite a younger generation. None of the letters in the present volume are more interesting than those which he wrote to his daughters while they were still children. One letter contains an account of a visit to Windsor while he was Ambassador in England. His girls must have been delighted with his account of winning a lottery on the Ascot Cup, and of his missing his way at night in the Castle, and mistaking the Queen's room for his own. His mother, after the death of his second wife, undertook the care of his children with a zeal and devotion which verged on austerity. When M. Guizot, in consequence of the revolution of 1848, was forced to take refuge in England, Mme. Guizot, then at the age of eighty-four, at once joined him; but the agitation and the fatigue of the journey proved fatal; and she died within a few days of her arrival in London. During his enforced exile of a year and a half, M. Guizot occupied a small house in Brompton. One of his daughters, who had lately lived in the splendid Hotel of Foreign Affairs at Paris, said in answer to an enquiry by an English friend whether she often went into the Park, "No, they won't admit our carriage, the omnibus." To M. Guizot's great satisfaction, his daughters, soon after his return to France, married two brothers, M. Cornelis de Witt and M. Conrad de Witt, with both of whom he formed a cordial friendship. His son William also married some years afterwards; and the children of the three families formed a constant subject of interest to the grandfather. He had the misfortune to survive his elder daughter, Mme. Cornelis de Witt,

whose death was caused or accelerated by her sufferings and anxiety while she was shut up in Paris during the siege without the means of communicating with her family. Though she was only forty-three, her hair turned white in the interval; and after several attacks of illness she died in the following year. Mme. Conrad de Witt has done justice to his memory in an admirable record of his life.

A STUDY OF SHELLEY.*

PEOPLE who take pleasure in the thought of what they call "subjective immortality," that is, of life prolonged in the minds and memories of men, can scarcely be comforted by the posthumous fortunes of Shelley. Queer and third-rate were too many of his friends in his mortal days; he was the intimate of vegetarians and crotcheteers, as well as of Byron and Trelawny. His "subjective immortality" in the writings of commentators, bibliographers, anecdote-mongers, has scarcely been more happy. One can imagine the wronged spirit crying to his admirers, "Can you not leave my commas and my private affairs alone, and permit the literary sins of my nonage to perish unnoticed?" But Shelley's private affairs, punctuation, and rude early sketches now furnish occupation to a tribe of industrious scribblers. Subjective immortality has its purgatories as well as its paradises.

It would not be difficult for a hostile or unfair reviewer to make fun of Mr. Todhunter's *Study*. The style of Mr. Todhunter is often that of a poet who has not quite made up his mind to be a critic. The swan is scarcely accustomed to walking on the dusty highway. Thus, especially in Mr. Todhunter's earlier chapters, there is a bewildering profusion of metaphor and of simile. Scriptural and poetical quotations are too frequent, and we grow particularly tired of "the new wine" of democratic ideas. The new wine is uncorked at least three times in the first forty-four pages. We must complain, moreover, that Shelley is compared to too many atmospheric and other phenomena. On page four he fills our sky with the golden light of dawn. On the same page his poetry is like vivid sheet-lightning, than which few things, except the electric light at the British Museum, can less resemble the golden light of dawn. On page 29 the poet's "moonlight seems to reflect the beams of some yet unrisen sun; and his sunlight has all the ethereal exhilaration of that of the first hours of a glorious day." Perhaps these meteoric inconsistencies are caused by Mr. Todhunter's own speculative uncertainty. He speaks of Shelley as a poet of democracy, and we have not succeeded in discovering whether Mr. Todhunter thinks democracy all moonshine, or whether he regards it as an intermittent force—like sheet-lightning—to be observed at general elections; or whether, lastly, and probably, he considers it the dawning power of a golden future. Mr. Todhunter is not at all the dupe of a belief in Shelley's, or apparently, in any other philosophy. He is perfectly aware, as we shall see, that the poet's optimism was crude and unpractical. But as he himself (p. 251-252) speaks about marriage as if it might be a merely provisional institution, it can hardly be wrong to look on him as a sympathizer with some, at least, of Shelley's wilder notions. But this passage is not very distinct, and Mr. Todhunter certainly looks forward to no immediate change in the constitution of the family. As an example of a milder inconsistency, it may be noticed that Mr. Todhunter speaks of Shelley's poetry culminating "in one keen, insistent, feminine shriek from the violin, strained up to a terrible pitch" (p. 5); while (p. 7) "his song is childlike rather than feminine." We can hardly agree with both propositions, but we especially dissent from the latter.

It will be observed that Mr. Todhunter's style, manner, and ideas are more or less immature. This is, perhaps, the chief fault in an attempt at "a philosophical study of Shelley's works, which shall assign him his true place in our literature." Mr. Todhunter has endeavoured "to study each poem as I believe Shelley himself would wish it to be studied, with a serious effort to comprehend the ideas which he desired to express in it." This effort is perfectly legitimate, for it is certain that Shelley did not pursue art for art's sake alone. He was possessed of certain notions on social and political matters, certain "criticisms of life," which, with a more or less consciously didactic purpose, he endeavoured to embody in poetry. But we cannot feel so sure that the best way to enjoy Shelley is to search for these ideas which the poet thought so valuable. It is quite certain that the ideas, the philosophy of Shelley, were valueless. They were the combined result of an extraordinary temperament and of extraordinary circumstances. Mr. Todhunter does not conceal his opinion that Shelley knew very little "of what is in men"—that is, of human nature. He judged the world by himself, and no man was ever less the "measure of the universe." At Eton (as a school companion of the poet's informs us) Shelley liked to go about alone, and he would constantly break into violent spurts of running, as if he were impatient of ordinary movement. This lonely, impatient, and objectless haste characterized all his early speculations, all the matter of which his first poems are the form. To this temperament the optimistic ideas of Rousseau and the theories of Godwin were congenial, and out of the current "advanced" notions of his time, Shelley framed his own vaporous philosophy. Mr. Todhunter speaks of Shelley's ignorance of "the natural history of man." That ignorance is at the bottom of all theories of man's original and natural perfection, now warped by "convention." Thus the ideas which Shelley meant to express are perhaps best disregarded.

In reading the *Revolt of Islam* or *Prometheus*, we prefer to be delighted by the music and the images of the poetry rather than to reflect carefully on the theories which Shelley meant his poetry to embody. It is not that we think ideas out of place in poetry, but that Shelley's ideas are of scarcely any but historical worth or moment. It is interesting, historically, to observe that a man of great genius thought thus and thus, but we may be allowed to let his notions blend and vanish in that aërial procession of beautiful form moving to beautiful music which is the poetry of Shelley.

Mr. Todhunter has thought otherwise, and has carefully analyzed Shelley's notions. His first chapter discusses, in language which might be less ornate and more clear, the "Personality of Shelley." The poet is contrasted with Mr. W. Whitman (we are sorry to see him in such company), with Blake, Victor Hugo, and the late Mr. J. S. Mill. Shelley has not "the savage sensuality" of Mr. Whitman; he is "the apostle of a new, if rather vague, religion," he "converts his impulses into principles," and "his actions have something of the beautiful unaccountableness of those of Goethe's Mignon." "Shelley ravishes us away, in a whirlwind of passion, into a region where the moral virtues appear to us much as small garden-plots might appear to Elijah in his fiery chariot." We regret that Mr. Todhunter has been ravished away into analysing *Laon and Cythna*, instead of the mature published work, the *Revolt of Islam*. *Laon and Cythna* was, we believe, suppressed by Shelley almost before it saw the light. The prodigious error which defaces it, Mr. Todhunter of course recognizes and deplores. That error is perhaps as much to be traced to a morbid quality existing for a time in Shelley's mind as to an explosion of his absurd philosophy. And as Shelley gave the world, not *Laon and Cythna*, but the *Revolt of Islam*, it was Mr. Todhunter's business to comment on the latter poem. A Shakspearian critic would not give his space and attention almost solely to the earlier version of *Hamlet*.

This necessary protest has led us away from the analysis of Shelley's philosophy. It was originally composed of a strong reaction against custom and convention, and that reaction, again, was the result of a belief in man's "natural" goodness, and in man's power of returning to natural perfection by a momentary exercise of the will. To open men's eyes, to awaken and stimulate the will to be natural and good, was the province of eloquence like Cythna's, of poetry like Shelley's. There are moments when Mr. Todhunter almost seems to think that Shelley's hopes have been fulfilled. "A faith such as his is a miracle-working power even in the real world; it makes the impossible possible. The poet who creates a new ideal, and fills men's hearts with the flame of a new desire, is a practical force in the stream of human development—and this Shelley has done." Has he? We are aware of no facts that prove it. Mr. Todhunter himself cannot help smiling at the rapid and complete moral conversions which reward the eloquence of Shelley's prophetesses and hermits. He says:—

> Shelley regards the miseries of mankind as due to some comparatively trifling aberration from an aboriginal state of perfection, to which all are capable of once more attaining. This aberration he accounts for on the hypothesis that some mysterious abstraction called Custom produces concealment, which produces hypocrisy, vice, and lust, which produce priests and kings, who in their turn produce all the evils of life.

And he adds that Shelley expected human regeneration "when the equator coincides with the ecliptic," while he frequently smiles at Shelley's belief in the sudden moral action of the will. He has no faith, or very little, in the Shelleyan creed that

> Love and joy can make the foulest breast
> A paradise of flowers where peace might build her nest.

On this theory, "when the enterprising burglar is not burgling," he may be a very moral man. But doctrines of this sort do not "create a new ideal," still less prove "a practical force in the stream of human development," and so they seem to us the worthless part of Shelley's work, the part of that work which scarcely deserves serious attention. In short, we fail to see that Shelley is "an awakening spiritual force," though he remains a poet almost solitary, and quite unsurpassed in many poetical excellences. But, as it appears that Shelley does spiritually awaken many undergraduates, there may be something in his verse which is concealed from our criticism. There is certainly something moving and pathetic in his theory of what may be called passive revolt:—

> And if then the tyrants dare,
> Let them ride among you there,
> Slash and stab, and maim, and hew,
> What they like, that let them do.

But no advice was ever less practical. We cannot follow Mr. Todhunter through his separate analysis of each poem. He neatly remarks that the didactic strain of *Queen Mab* is abandoned by Shelley for the mythical manner, which may be likened to the mythical manner of Plato. Ideas too exalted for daily life or for common comprehension Plato embodies in myths, like those in the *Gorgias* and the *Republic*. Shelley does the same in the *Prometheus Unbound*. We quote Mr. Todhunter's summary of the philosophy of the poem:—

> In this poem Shelley appears to have conceived of evil as arrest, abortion, retrogression, anachronism; the persistence of an obsolete something, a lifeless husk, a withering leaf upon the Tree of Life, which must disappear when the flowering time of Eternity is fully come. Accordingly, we find that there is a terrible slumbering power, lying in wait for Jupiter some-

* *A Study of Shelley*. By John Todhunter. Author of "Laurella; and other poems." London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1880.

where in the dark abyss of Eternity: *Demogorgon* (which Shelley might possibly translate, according to an obvious, though unsound, etymology, "the grim one of the people"), begotten by Jove himself—a spirit of rebellion stirred up by the spirit of tyranny, and disappearing with it for ever when it has dethroned its father. But this grim one is something more than this. Jupiter has apparently begotten him; yet he tells his father that his name is Eternity, and bids him "demand no direr name." He is, if we dare conjecture, nothing less than Divine Justice itself—the eternal Nemesis which pursues crime—that Something in the universe which inexorably decides that *this* has fallen short of typical perfection and must perish, that *that* has had its season and must pass away; and we may probably connect him with that all-powerful "reason," or moral necessity, which plays such an important part in Godwin's *Political Justice*. In the end he reappears as "the perfect law of liberty"—that law of which no jot or tittle shall pass till all be fulfilled, but of which love *is* the fulfilment; and it is as such, and not as the mere spirit of rebellion, that he dethrones the tyrannic and slavish law of the "Prince of this world," whose motive force is fear.

Probably the lyrics in the *Prometheus* give pleasure enough to readers who are content to do without "the meaning of this intense yet delicate breath of music, unearthly as a strain played in the highest register of united violins." We wish Mr. Todhunter would explain this explanation. His criticism of the *Cenci* is much more naturally expressed. His book is written, we think, in perfect good faith, and he has industriously attempted to qualify himself for his task. His faults of style are the faults of youth and of our time, and it is probable that in a few years they will amuse the author. Simplicity is one of the latest learned of literary lessons.

PROBLEMS OF LIFE AND MIND.*

IN this volume of some five hundred pages we have all that remains of Mr. G. H. Lewes's manuscripts in a state fit for publication. The chapters here presented were not written out for the press by their author, nor had they received his final corrections. Even the arrangement of the parts has been the work of the editor—the same editor under whose supervision the former volume, reviewed by us last year, was prepared for publication. And the last forty pages, dealing with the "Sphere of Intellect," are only a fragment of a Problem—a fragment possessing a personal interest from the fact that it was written hardly more than three weeks before the author's death. Under such circumstances, even when the hand of the most careful editor has done all that was possible for the notes consigned to him, it was inevitable that there should be some repetition, some want of sequence and connexion, some displacement and disorder. Parts of this volume are like the further workings of the author's mind upon problems raised and discussed before, and to which he felt the necessity of returning, not to unsay what he had said, but to try to say it otherwise. For instance, we have some fifty pages in the present volume on the nature of consciousness and unconsciousness. This discussion, here placed under the heading "Mind as a Function of the Organism," is a resumption of an exposition of the same view in the volume published in 1877, where it formed part of the refutation of the doctrine of "animal automatism." The restatement in the later volume even reproduces the same illustration—the antithesis of the feeling of light and the feeling of darkness—which had been employed before, though this is now reinforced by a second exemplification, drawn from the mathematical negative, which is not a denial or obliteration of the positive, but its other-sidedness.

But the circumstance that these sheets have necessarily wanted their author's last revision is not the sole cause of their detached and fragmentary character. It lay in the nature of Mr. Lewes's plan and method of working out his ideas, that there should be no attempt to present a complete scheme of thought, or to give his volumes the form and framework of a system of philosophy. That he himself knew and intended this we may infer from the title which is common to all the three series of which his work consists—*Problems of Life and Mind*. The generality, not to say looseness, of this title, which Mr. Lewes borrowed from Aristotle's well-known work, left the author as free and uncontined as he could wish to be. It was open to him to take up or to leave alone exactly as it might suit him. He did not on his title-page undertake to exhaust his subject, or to connect one chapter with another, or even to be consistent with himself. By this plan something, no doubt, is lost in connectedness of thought, in thoroughness of survey, and in that testing process which is supplied by reapproaching our pet view from ever-new sides, and looking at it again and again in all its possible relations. But, if something is lost, more is gained in the deliverance from the bondage of system-making and from the waste of thought occasioned by the attempt to give subjective harmony to our knowledge. And, in the present state of psychology, a treatise which should aim at being systematic would have to fill up gaps between the certainties of the science with many conjectural or hypothetical statements. Much of the freshness and originality of Mr. Lewes's volume is owing to his having adhered to the line of his own investigations, and not attempted an entire scheme of mind, or a chart of all the known and unknown regions of the human microcosm. The injury done by any dogmatic scheme of thought to the thinker lies not so much in any possible erroneousness of a single doctrine, as in the necessity under which he feels himself of trying every new impression by its capacity for being fitted into a place in the unalterable framework.

It must not be concluded from what is now said that Mr. Lewes's present volume is a rhapsody of unconnected fragments. It has, in an eminent degree, what critics are fond of calling "the higher unity" which springs from its being the genuine product of his own investigation, and not culled from the books of others. Nay more, though there is an absence of system, there are controlling ideas which focus the special and partial lines of inquiry. One such governing conception, which is fundamental to Mr. Lewes's psychology, and serves to combine his otherwise unconnected discussions, is that of the unity of all psychical processes. He is never weary of insisting that *parts* of the neural mechanism are analytical fictions, and that the sensorium is not any one fixed and defined organ of the central mass located in the brain, but the ideal conception of a movable centre. It is not the brain which thinks and feels, but the man. A feeling is the resultant of a complex of changes affecting the whole organism, changes in which present stimulations are blended with revivals of past stimulations. Every impression from an external source gives its particular direction; this is encountered by a variety of cross-impressions pouring in in a continuous stream, and blending into a group or total result. This final issue is the attitude of the organism. The total of such attitudes, the residual effects of past stimulations and reactions, constitutes the personality of the man, is the Ego. As experiences are multiplied and repeated, and more and more residua are stored up, there arises a co-ordinating system which renders us more and more independent of the immediate stimulus, more and more masters of the external. It modifies, annuls, or magnifies the impressions received, so that at one moment we are undisturbed by the roar of crowded streets, at another are distressed by the buzzing of a fly. Parodying the words of Tennyson, we may say, "I am the product of all that I have felt."

The necessity for insisting upon this unity of the inner life of the soul arises from the contrary practice which so long prevailed, and still prevails, with both biologists and psychologists. The distinction of the five senses, one of the oldest observations of a rude physiology, has not ceased to exercise an influence on biology; and though the truth of the oneness of the organism is admitted, it is often forgotten in the working language of biologists. And psychologists, though they no longer map out the mind into a score of separate "faculties," as used to be the case half a century ago, still insist upon certain main lines of demarcation as constituting generic differences among the mental functions. Herbart, for example, than whom none of the system-makers has more strongly insisted upon the oneness of the primary element, or primitive mental state, still makes sensation, feeling, intellect, and volition, distinct parts or energies of mind.

The truth which Herbart thus seized by happy conjecture, and speculatively only without inductive confirmation, is now arrived at by physiology along the sure road of experiment and observation. It is in this volume adopted and expounded by Mr. Lewes with a rich variety of evidence, and carried with thoroughness into every psychological problem, the investigation of which it transforms, as it could not fail to do. The contrast between intellect and feeling seems obvious enough, and is well understood in practice and in speech. The psychology of the Greek schools was based upon the assumption of this fundamental antithesis, which was driven to an extreme point in the Peripatetic doctrine that the emotional soul was subject, along with the body, to decay and death, while the intelligence might continue to exist in a separate state. Such an hypothesis of a dual soul was very convenient for speculation, and corresponded roughly with a great number of the most common phenomena. But whenever philosophers made the attempt to approach the distinction more closely, and to assign the specific marks by which the ultimate facts of consciousness could be thus classified under the two heads of feeling and intelligence, they were always baffled in the attempt. In Mr. Lewes's treatment of life and mind the distinction between thought and feeling entirely disappears. For many practical purposes he will allow us to continue to speak of thought as if it were something wholly different from feeling; but the ultimate analysis of the facts of consciousness reveals a series of states, beginning with a stimulation and ending with a movement, each state in the series being compounded of the same elements, the difference between one state and another being constituted partly by succession in time, partly by the different proportions in which the elementary factors are combined. First the sense organ receives stimulation from without; upon this stimulation the organism reacts, the reaction taking its specific determination from the organ stimulated. A reflex of attention is excited, an act of discernment or consciousness of the difference of one group of neural units from the others which are present and crossing each other at the time—and the resultant is a sensation. The reaction of the sensitive organism is conditioned by the level of tension of the organism, and by its contents at the moment; these contents being all the residual effects of experience, together with all the neural processes still in action from past stimulations. Every fresh incident force which disturbs the existing balance of forces has a resultant sensation, emotion, or idea. This is the series—Sensation, Perception, Thought—which are thus seen to be merely stages in one process of neural agitation.

So far Mr. Lewes's exposition follows on the lines laid down by previous investigators, and especially by Professor Bain in his work, *The Emotions and the Will*. At this point comes in that which Mr. Lewes regards as original in his own view, and as

* *Problems of Life and Mind*. Third Series (continued). By George Henry Lewes. London: Trübner & Co.

necessary to complete the conception of the unity of all mental action. This is the doctrine that volition, external act, or movement, is only another point in the same series whose stages we have traced above. Mr. Lewes regards the presence of a motor element as necessary to every feeling whatever. This element varies, as the other elements of sensibility do, in the degree of its energy; it is sometimes dominant, is sometimes only unconsciously present. Muscle and motor nerves are necessary components of the mechanism of muscular sensation. Though the ingoing nerve which innervates the centre is distinguished from the outgoing, or motor, nerve, by being called sensitive, this is only in virtue of its dominant function. All nerve has common properties. Motor discharge is only the last stage in the series which began in impact, impression, or local excitation, and through all the stages of which one and the same sentient organism has been employed.

From what has been said it will be seen that in the view of mental association, as expounded by Mr. Lewes, the central operation between impression from without, with which the series commences, and motor discharge, with which the succession terminates, is intended to be resolved into the same elements of neuro-muscular action and reaction of which all the other stages of the series are composed. The facts designated by the terms Sense, Intelligence, Volition, are taken as different modes of manifestation of one and the same sentient organism, in each of which is found the triple process of stimulation, grouping, and motor-impulse. It is in the reduction of intelligence to a mode of sensibility that lies the strength, and also the novelty, of the exposition as given by Mr. Lewes. All past philosophy has assumed as fundamental the antithesis between thought and the sensational and emotional states of the soul. The first breach in the prevalent belief was, indeed, made centuries ago by the Nominalist logic, which cleared away the mist that had gathered round general terms by discovering these to be but shorthand marks for the purpose of recollecting, and speaking about, an indefinite number of individual things which resembled each other. Mr. Mill has, in our day and country, the credit of having applied this nominalism in a thoroughgoing way to the mystery of reasoning. All reasoning Mill declared to be from particulars to particulars; from the cases known to us to other cases unknown, passing through a universal, not as a part of the process, but as an abridged sign of the process of inference. The universal was not essential to the inference, but was only a sign that it was being made. But this doctrine, as stated by Mill, was a mere logical position: it rested on no foundation except that of its simplicity and clearness. No proof was, or could be, given of it; it was as if Mill had drawn it from his own inner consciousness.

The same phenomena of inference are approached by Mr. Lewes from another side, the physiological. What in nominalist logic was merely an opinion recommending itself by its simplicity is now shown to us as a physical fact. The sentient tremors are the only units of the psychical substance. As the sentient organism in virtue of its constitution can never be wholly passive, it cannot receive an impression without reacting. Each impression received combines with the residue of preceding impressions, and the groups thus formed constitute first sensations, then perceptions, then judgments. Or rather perception is a judgment, and every judgment is inference. Intelligence is the sum of the nervous adjustments which determine the secondary nervous adjustments on which actions depend; or, in terms of psychology, intelligence is the sum of organized experiences which determine conduct. The differentiation of intelligence from sense is the result of an ever-increasing complexity of the organism and its experiences. In the simple organisms the two are one, and motion follows on direct stimulation. As organisms rise in the scale of complexity, direct stimulations become compounded with conceptions formed out of the residua of previous direct stimulations. Ideas are formed which are representative of sensations. Intelligence is only the most comprehensive expression for the total of very numerous concrete processes. By thus classing the phenomena of intelligence under the general head of feeling, we restore the unity of mental phenomena, which had been put out of sight by the traditional dualism of current metaphysics.

Nothing can be more clear or thorough than this explanation of the whole circuit of mental processes. Nor is Mr. Lewes's exposition to be set aside by saying that it is physiological and not psychological. He offers it as an account of the whole of the phenomena which are commonly called phenomena of mind. But names do not make things. If neural tremors are the only psychical units, and all the operations of intelligence are only groupings and co-ordinations of these units, then the mental mystery is entirely resolved into a physical series of facts, obscure indeed, but still capable of experimental verification.

But if this satisfactory result has been arrived at, we must ask why does Mr. Lewes impair the complete triumph of physiology by keeping up the old nomenclature derived from the hypothesis of the existence of a spiritual substance called mind? To continue to speak of "mind" and "soul," of mental and psychical, as Mr. Lewes does, is only to perpetuate the exploded dualism of an obsolete metaphysics. One of his most daring appropriations of the old style to express something quite different from its original meaning is in his use of the word logic. Mr. Lewes speaks habitually of the "logic of feeling." He justifies this violent association of two opposites in one phrase by an etymology which is false, and by the expression "logic of events," which, whoever first coined it, has got itself adopted in common parlance. "Logic" is not "derived" from *legein*, to bind together, and "logic of events" is a highly-strained metaphor, permissible indeed in rhetorical writing, but still a metaphor, and not therefore qualified to bear the weight of a scientific system and to justify the identification of what in the superseded psychology were the opposite poles of mind—thought and emotion. Nor does Mr. Lewes help his new terminology by telling us that "in the language of the schools a judgment is said to have three *terms*, subject, predicate, and copula." It is true that "term" is used by newspaper writers to mean no more than "word." But it would be impossible to produce a single scholastic logician who had so far forgotten his Latin as to speak of the *copula* as a "term," and not to remember that "term" (*terminus*) is only applicable to the two ends of a longitudinal series. It would not be becoming to insist upon such minutiæ of expression if they had the appearance of being mere lapses of attention. But they are not so. This new use of "logic" is deliberately intended by the author, if not to substantiate, at least to cover and recommend, his position that the process of grouping by which two judgments are integrated in one conclusion is the same process as that by which present and past impressions are integrated in one sensation. As this unity of all psychical phenomena is the special doctrine of the modern science of mind, the discovery in virtue of which it can claim to have revolutionized psychology, it would surely have been better to have signalized it by an appropriate nomenclature, instead of letting it pass under names indissolubly associated with the old dual system in which thought was made the antithesis of feeling, the very system against which Mr. Lewes's whole book is a protest.

We must not omit to mention that, in connexion with the main thesis of the third and fourth Problems, there are many subordinate discussions in which Mr. Lewes's abounding knowledge and fertility of illustration are shown at their best, and which make the present volume, in spite of a certain want of method and arrangement, one of the most interesting to read in his whole series of "Problems." Such is the thorough investigation of the theories of the Muscular sense; and, again, the chapter in which he assigns the distinctive marks of sensation as produced by objective stimulation, and the reinstatement of that sensation after the object has been removed, a state for which he proposes the name of "after-sensation." Double sensation is illustrated by a collection of cases either supplied by the author's own experience or drawn from foreign medical journals little known in this country. The chapter on Images, in which the resemblance between sensation and image is dwelt upon, and the fact brought out that the organic conditions of production are the same in both, may be cited as instancing what was said above, that this volume, amid seeming disorder, possesses a higher unity obtained by its constantly impressing the continuity and uniformity of all psychical phenomena.

WAIT A YEAR.*

WHEN we have said that *Wait a Year* is a novel which cannot by any chance do any one any harm, we have, we fear, exhausted all the praise that we can honestly bestow. One of the characters to which the author introduces us begins, as we read, under the influence of the life on the Riviera, to drift from his moorings, to think lightly of the obligations of the Sabbath, to forget the parental instructions, to frequent Sunday receptions, and to indulge in other laxities. Whether among these laxities he took to novel-reading we are not told, but we hold it by no means impossible. He might, however, with a safe conscience have read *Wait a Year* on any Sabbath in the year. It is a book that we could honestly recommend for mothers' meetings, and for reading aloud to a sewing-class in a young ladies' selectest of schools. It is moral from first to last. Its high tone is not once marred by any ill-timed levity. It can be read not only without a smile, but even without the slightest temptation to mirth. It is as good as a sermon—and as bad too. The lesson that it teaches is admirably adapted to lead young people in the path of virtue, if only they can keep awake. The heroine is laborious, meek, and patient. She bears her trials with admirable fortitude, and she is rewarded by marrying a man who has 6,000*l.* a year, is the owner of an abbey, and moreover a Rector with a good living and sound evangelical views. She has a younger sister, who, though pretty enough, is idle, vain, and impatient, and therefore is very properly left at the end of the third volume without the most distant prospect of even a curate for her husband. There is a brother, the foolish and weak young man who frequents Sabbath receptions, and is led astray by the sinners at Nice. He dies of the effects of an attempt that he made on his own life, after losing his money in the gambling saloons at Monte Carlo. He might have recovered from the wound that he had given himself, but the poison of remorse consumed the little strength obtained by judicious nursing. On the other side there certainly is a set-off in the fact that the heroine's rival—a young lady by no means so good as she ought to be—marries a man who has also 6,000*l.* a year. This is, at first sight, somewhat discouraging for virtue; but the reader is comforted by reflecting that her husband had neither a rectory nor an abbey, was not sensible or refined, but was merely a *nouveau-riche* who had

* *Wait a Year.* By Harriette Bowra, Author of "Redlands," "Una, or the Early Marriage," &c. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

made a large fortune in trade, and desired to dazzle his less fortunate neighbours. However, it might have been more prudent had not the author given him exactly the same number of thousands a year as she gave to the virtuous hero. We once used to find that the wealthy men in stories had all alike just 10,000*l.* a year. Are heroes coming down in the world, or has there been a general fall in values? Is virtue more easily satisfied, or will money buy more?

It is time, however, for us to turn from these general reflections and introduce our readers to our admirable heroine. When we first make her acquaintance it is at her father's breakfast-table in Hillesden Rectory. He, good man, was chipping his second egg. Let not the hasty reader draw rash conclusions as to the robust state of the Rector's health. He took, indeed, two eggs to his breakfast; but this fact, we believe, is only mentioned to give an air of life and reality to the scene. In like manner, we have the Rector's wife placidly sipping her tea, and then we come to the point when the Rector put aside his empty cup, cut open the cover of a letter which he received, and read it with satisfaction. He was not equally well pleased by another letter which was brought by the same post. From it he learnt that the patron of the living, the Rev. Warren Sinclair, called upon him to resign it, in accordance with the understanding on which he had been presented to it twelve years before. This is, the reader will admit, a discouraging introduction to a man whom we in a moment recognize as the good hero. That he should wish to turn a virtuous priest out of a comfortable living, in which he had faithfully done his duty, was anything but heroic or even clerical. But Mr. Sinclair was acting from a mistaken sense of duty, as he clearly saw when, by great good luck for his moral character, he tumbled into a crevasse on a glacier near Chamounix. He had hitherto lived the life of a rich bachelor, who was rendered too popular by the dinners served up by his first-rate cook. Nevertheless, he had "the better qualifiction (*sic*) of being honestly desirous to act up to his conscience, notwithstanding the lions in his path." He was a tender-hearted and a benevolent man, but up to his thirty-fifth year he had known nothing of those softer emotions, "which," in the author's words, "by adding the gentler qualities to mental power, often give the *fleuron* of beauty to manly strength." He had, however, spent a winter at Cannes, and there he had met a beauty of a very dangerous sort. Helen Lestocq had a radiant beauty which is at one time described as being a little Juno-like in character, and at another time as being imperial in its undimmed splendour. The blue eyes were brilliant, sparkling, lustrous, and laughing. They won the heart of the rich clerical bachelor, and, as she was poor and worldly, he was at once accepted. The reader, however, is not greatly disturbed by this engagement, which is formed almost at the very opening of the story. He has already made the acquaintance of Mona Moreton, the real and undoubted heroine, though the hero has not, and he has already seen, with that quick glance in which the practised novel-reader far surpasses the most match-making of mothers, that, in spite of engagements, it is she, and not Helen, who is to marry the virtuous but misguided Mr. Sinclair. Scarcely had the engagement been made when the lover, on hearing a sermon, is suddenly struck with remorse at the idle life he had hitherto led. He sees that it is his duty to begin to work, and therefore he gives Mr. Moreton notice to quit. Some time after he had escaped from the crevasse, he owned that he "had been brought up to value what may best be expressed by the word 'externalism'—that is, I was disposed," he said, "to give an exaggerated attention to the trappings and framework of religion." This disposition, no doubt, had greatly influenced him when he resolved to displace Mr. Moreton, who belonged to the opposite party in the Church. Having made his resolution to devote himself to parish work, he wrote to inform the worldly Helen. When she received the letter "she was presiding over her mother's breakfast"; in other words, she was sitting at a table with a coffeepot or a teapot, as the case might be, a milk-jug, and a sugar-basin in front of her. "If the purport of these few lines," the fond lover had written, "takes you entirely by surprise, I shall be obliged to reflect upon myself," &c. The lady was indeed taken by surprise. Passionate anger glittered in her eyes, which, if bright as steel, were now as hard, and she tore the paper in two. Her mother prevailed on her not to give up Mr. Sinclair altogether; but she resolved to show her displeasure by leaving his letter unanswered. At last, when he came to see her, she assured him that she must wait a year—hence the title of the story—before she would declare her intentions. For a whole twelvemonth he was not to see her, or even to write to her.

Meanwhile the good Mr. Moreton suddenly died, leaving his widow and children but very ill provided for. The heroine became a daily governess. The hero meanwhile had had his tumble into the glacier, and had, not unnaturally, been for a time affected by "cerebral agitation." During his recovery "a great revolution was going on in his mind; not only the hinges on which it turned, but the very foundations of principles he before considered solid were changed or changing." What it is, by the way, that turned on the hinges is not so clear as we could desire. It may have been the revolution, or it may have been the mind. Moreover, when the very foundations are changed, it would not seem to be of much importance what happened to a pair of hinges. The result, however, of the change of foundations and hinges was that, as soon as he was strong enough, he set off to enter upon the duties of his living. There he meets the heroine, who from hard work, anxiety, and the peevishness of her mother and sister, had got into a very sad state. She even faints in church during the service, and is carried into the vestry. The Rector, when he entered, "approached at once, without waiting to remove his canonicals." This most unclerical, but lover-like ardour on his part, fills the mind of the reader with the fullest convictions as to his own sagacity, in prophesying at the beginning of the story that they were made for each other. Another day she is caught in a storm, and takes refuge in the cottage of an old woman, who is confined to her bed by an attack of rheumatism. The Rector comes in, and insists on using the old woman's whole store of wood in lighting a fire to warm the heroine. He writes a note for his brougham to be sent, and asks her whether there is anything else which he should order. Thereupon follows a short dialogue which at once shows her amiability and his affability, and at the same time affords a fair specimen of the author's style of writing:—

"Anything else," he said, after reading what he had written.

"We have burnt all her wood, every bit of it; there will be none left to boil her kettle to-morrow morning."

Mr. Sinclair smiled, and added, "Send a basket of wood, and charge the coachman to keep it dry."

"Small wood also to light the fire," continued Mona; "a faggot would be difficult to transport."

"You know how to think for others," he observed, approvingly. "So whilst I am gone be kind enough to make a list of the dilapidations we have made of Mrs. Horwood's stores, and also of such articles as would be most acceptable to her. We have been housed and refreshed, and will pay the scot."

It must not be for one moment supposed from this conversation that the Rector was always a man of many words. He could be brief enough when the occasion arose. Thus we read that he was one day sitting in his study when the maid-servant announced that Mr. Edward Moreton had come to see him. "'Show him into the drawing-room,' was the laconic reply." Having thus guarded the good man from any groundless reflection that might be made on his character, we must return to the heroine. She is engaged before long by the Rector's sister as governess to her daughter, and accompanies them to the Riviera. There among the gay idlers of Nice, who, oblivious of dust or damage, trailed their long skirts over the gravelled walks, in the midst of feathers and silken sheen she meets her rival. She discovers that this bad woman is so forgetful of the good man to whom she is engaged, that she has fallen in love with his flighty half-brother. "Marriage," says our author, "comes next to death in the seriousness of its character, and to err in the choice of a wife is misery, the die thrown being irremediable in its results." However, the bad Helen cared nothing about the irremediableness of the throw of a die, and, rather than marry a poor man, was prepared to hold Mr. Sinclair to his engagement. The unhappy Rector, true to his promise, though he had long repented of it, goes so far as even to write to an upholsterer in London about furnishing his rectory for the reception of his bride. By the greatest good luck, however, he and the good heroine, a very short time before the day fixed for his marriage, both get nearly burnt to death in a fire, which broke out in a Swiss hotel. He is wounded, and she raves. In her delirium she lets out some secrets of importance. At the same time, the half-brother arrives. Time has been gained, and the ill-fated engagement is soon broken through. Before long the heroine leaves off raving, and coming back to her senses finds that the hero is free to offer her his hand. They have nothing to do but to repair to the British Embassy in Paris, where they are happily married. A year later the bad heroine also repairs to the same Embassy, and is likewise married; but, we undertake to say, by no means happily. However, the story is brought to a very creditable conclusion, seeing that each of the brides has, as we have said, a husband who is worth 6,000*l.* a year.

ITALY AND HER INVADERS.*

ENGLISH historians have given singularly little attention to that interesting and difficult period which lies between Constantine and Charlemagne, the period of the death of the old Roman Empire and civilization, and the birth of the new nations of modern Europe. It is a century since Gibbon dealt with it in a way which might have been expected to stimulate many others to take up and work out in their details those great movements which he sketched in outlines. Yet while since his time Germany has done much, and France something, English scholars have scarcely touched a subject full of life, variety, and novelty. Perhaps they may have feared comparison with a predecessor whom they could not hope to rival, or may have thought he had left little to be said that could charm the general public for whom, rather than for the limited circle of scholars, English historians are sometimes accused of chiefly writing. If this has been their notion, it is an ill-grounded one. Gibbon, full and splendid as his treatment of these centuries is, has by no means exhausted them. Many new sources of information have been opened up since his time; and the topics he handled are capable of being set in a very different light from that which he threw upon them.

Mr. Hodgkin's book is an excellent proof of this, and an encouraging testimony to the growing interest which English students are now beginning to take in the borderland of ancient and modern history. It goes over the same ground as Gibbon, but it is not in

* *Italy and her Invaders*, 376-476. By Thomas Hodgkin, Fellow of University College, London. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1880.

the least like Gibbon in manner or style, and even in substance is less like him than any one who knows how thoroughly Gibbon worked up his materials could have expected. The idea of the book is to describe the process by which the old government and civilization of Italy were destroyed, and the foundations laid for the new development of her mediæval life. This Mr. Hodgkin proposes to do by writing the history, not only of the Italians from the time when the first Northern invaders appeared among them in the beginning of the fifth century, but also of each tribe of those invaders—West Goths, Huns, Vandals, East Goths, Lombards. In the two volumes that lie before us he has completed the first half of his task, having carried the narrative down to the fall of the Western Empire in 476 A.D., and the rule of Odoacer, which followed. The conception is a fine one, worthy of the long and serious study which Mr. Hodgkin has evidently given to it. It is, however, extremely difficult to carry out, not only because the data for many parts of the subject are very meagre, but also because the state and fortunes of Italy are so intermixed with that of other parts of the Roman Empire that her historian is inevitably drawn into a general narrative of the events of the time. Mr. Hodgkin has not succeeded in overcoming this difficulty. He has been driven to depart pretty widely from his original scheme, and has really given us not so much a history of Italy and the Teutonic nations that invaded her, as a series of pictures from the fourth and fifth centuries. They are no doubt connected by a thread of narrative, but they constitute not so much a regular history as a group of studies, some descriptive, some philosophical, on the great men and great movements of the time. First we have a sketch of the dynasty of Valentinian I.; then an account of the early wanderings of the Goths and of their great invasion of Thrace; then a full description of the reign of Theodosius I., followed by an abstract of the Notitia Imperii; then a very detailed history of the reign of Honorius, in which the careers of Stilicho and Alaric are vigorously handled. On the death of Honorius, the fortunes of his sister Galla Placidia are made the centre of the narrative, which digresses into a series of notes on the buildings and legends of Ravenna. The second volume opens with a sketch of the earlier history of the Huns, followed by a very detailed account, taken from Priscus, of the famous embassy of Maximin and Priscus to the Court of Attila, and a description of Attila's invasions of Gaul and Northern Italy. From Huns we are led to Vandals; but this tribe, for whose earlier career there remain indeed hardly any trustworthy data, is treated in a rather summary way. Next comes a long and characteristic digression upon the life and writings of Sidonius Apollinaris. Mr. Hodgkin justifies the eighty pages which he expends on the literary bishop by remarking that his correspondence is our best authority for the inner life, social and intellectual, of the period. We so far accept the justification as to admit the value of the matter which this digression gives us, but though the book gains in interest, it suffers in consecutiveness. Four chapters are then given to the last eight Emperors of the West, another to Odoacer, and a concluding one to an inquiry into and reflections on the causes which produced the fall of the Roman Empire.

The book is not only illustrated by coloured engravings of some of the Ravenna mosaics; but admirably equipped with a series of maps showing the political changes of the fourth and fifth centuries, and endeavouring to localize the original seats of the Barbarian tribes. There is perhaps no point in which our new books of history show so decided an improvement on those of the last century as in the number and execution of the maps they contain.

Besides the disproportionate length of its digressions, the plan of the treatise is defective in not keeping clearly enough before the reader the general succession of events through the Roman world, and especially in the eastern half of the Empire. Every now and then Mr. Hodgkin gives us a reference to the wars, the palace intrigues, and the violent ecclesiastical struggles which threatened or distracted the Court of Constantinople. But it would be difficult to get from his pages a connected view of the march of events in the Empire as a whole. Nor does he tell us nearly enough about Italy and her inhabitants. The materials are no doubt scanty; yet by putting together all that exist some more detailed picture might surely have been presented of the economic and social, as well as the political condition, of the Italian population. Especially ought he to have dwelt more fully on the ecclesiastical movements of the time. He knows of course how the bishops of Rome were building up their power, how paganism was vanishing, how a new religious world was coming into being, but he seldom refers to such matters, and refers even to Pope Leo the Great only when he has to deal with the invasion of Attila. Even for the history of the Teutonic nations he has not used all the books which one might have expected to see referred to. To take one instance only, Dahn's admirable treatise on "The Kings of the Germans" is not, so far as we remember, once quoted by him. And consequently the notices of the government, laws, and organization of the German invaders are meagre and unsatisfying.

Despite these and some smaller blemishes (such as the use of modern local names in a way likely to perplex the ordinary reader), the book is one of great and uncommon merits, worthy both of the long labour which has evidently been spent on it, and of the University which has published it for an author who, as he tells us in the preface, is not himself an Oxford man. There is a freshness and heartiness about it which makes it pleasant reading from the first page to the last. The author has lived so long among the men of whom he writes that they have become quite real and living to him, and his interest communicates itself to his readers. Now and then he gives us an admirably forcible and vivid study, whether of a man's character, or of a particular event. Such, for instance, is the description of the great battle at the River Frigidus (between Trieste and Laybach) by which Theodosius won Italy, a description which has all the appearance of having been written on the spot. His style is always simple, lively, graphic; and if his treatment, and the reflections or illustrations which he throws in, become occasionally somewhat more familiar than the last generation would have thought compatible with the dignity of history, this is, after all, an error on the right side, an error which one is disposed to praise when the subject is so remote and little known that a dry and pragmatic handling of it is more than usually certain to repel most people. The poetical and dramatic aspect of history is always present to his mind, yet he avoids the common faults of those who make history popular by dramatizing it; he is neither inaccurate in details nor rhetorical in language. He has a real gift for telling a story, never missing those little touches in which the effect of a story lies, and can bring out the humour of a situation in a way which is all the better because it is quiet. Such faults as the book has—and the defective construction is the chief of these—seem to us to be faults of inexperience; while the merits are great and genuine, likely to ripen with further study and the practice of composition. From one frequent defect of a new writer he is free. He has not taken up this subject in ignorance of history before and history after, but shows by his illustrations and parallels—far-fetched as we may sometimes think them—that he has been an earnest student of history as a whole.

The book covers so wide a field that one cannot do more than indicate two or three of the points in which its views are likely to be most serviceable to the general reader. In the first place, it brings out very clearly the Teutonization, so to speak, which was going on in the armies of the Roman Empire concurrently with the decline of the native population, and the steps by which the military leaders, from the time of Stilicho onwards, stepped into the place of the emperors, and made the nominal sovereign little better than a puppet in their hands. It is a remarkable fact (though our author, touching so slightly on the Eastern Empire, is not led to discuss it) that the symptoms of the same process which appeared at Constantinople cease after a time, and ultimately leave the Eastern Empire defended by a national army under national leaders. Secondly, Mr. Hodgkin grasps adequately and explains fully the cardinal fact that, when the Western Empire came to its end in A.D. 476, nobody living at the time realized that it had done so or regarded that year as forming an era. There had been so many interregna in Italy, the emperor himself, exalted as his place remained, had come to be practically so unimportant, the notion of the continuity of the Empire was so completely maintained by the existence of a Roman monarch at Constantinople, that it did not occur to people that the cessation of the Imperial title at Rome made any considerable difference. No doubt the strange condition into which the outlying provinces, like Gaul and Spain, had fallen, contributed to this. No one ceased to consider them Roman, though in point of fact they ceased to send taxes to the capital or receive governors from her. Just so, no one was startled by the inconsistency of an Empire surviving in Italy without a resident emperor. The time was out of joint altogether, facts and theory not agreeing with one another, but having got into this disagreement so gradually that no one could quite tell how the change had come, nor what was its significance. If the interruption of the Imperial succession in Italy had coincided with such a great event as the capture of Rome by Alaric, people would have felt its importance. But it coincided with nothing more than the rise into predominance of one general in the Imperial service, the Herulian Odoacer, and the fall of another, the Illyrian Orestes. Mr. Hodgkin has illustrated this well in a passage we may quote:—

> Looking back as we now do over an interval of fourteen centuries at Odovakar's position in history, we find it impossible to assign him a place exclusively in the old order of things, or exclusively in the new, to say whether he was in truth the successor of Aetius and Ricimer, or the forerunner of the Kings of Italy, Pepin, Boso, and Victor Emmanuel. And if this be our doubt now, we may be sure that at least an equal doubt existed in the minds of his contemporaries, not lessened by the fact that there was always for the space of at least one generation, a chance that the old order of things might after all be restored, and that the rule of the Teuton king might turn out to have been only an interregnum between two emperors, such as had occurred more than once under the ascendancy of Ricimer. At the time of the Embassy to Zeno there were still in the world three men who had worn the Imperial purple and coined money as Emperors of Rome. We have reason to believe that one at least of these deposed Emperors lived through the reign of Odovakar, perhaps to a much later period. Let us transfer now to the subjects of the new Teutonic king some of the feelings of unsettlement and of half acquiescence in change with which a large part of the English nation regarded the Protestant Succession during the reigns of Anne and the First George, or the feelings with which we ourselves have witnessed the establishment of a new French Republic, with three hostile dynasties sitting as angry watchers by its cradle: and we shall a little understand the mental attitude, partly of perplexity, partly of listless unconcern which contemporary statesmen assumed towards an event which seems to us so momentous as the fall of the Western Empire.
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> For in truth the facts of the final struggle had little in them to attract the attention of bystanders. The sack of Rome by Alaric in 410 sent a shudder through the whole civilized world, and the echo of her dirge was heard even from the caves of Bethlehem. The nations held their breath with affright when in 452 Attila wreaked his terrible revenge upon Aquileia. In comparison with these events, what was the short flurry of the citizens of Pavia, or the death of Paulus in the pinewood by

Ravenna? Indisputably we ourselves have witnessed catastrophes of far greater dramatic completeness than this, far better calculated, according to the old definition of tragedy, "to purify the emotions by means of Pity and Terror." It is not a storm, or an earthquake, or a fire, this end of the Roman rule over Italy; it is more like the gentle fluttering down to earth of the last leaf from a withered tree.

And yet the event of 476 was in its indirect consequences a revolution which affected most powerfully the life of every inhabitant of mediæval and even of modern Europe. For by it the political centre of gravity was changed from the Palatine to the Lateran, and the Bishop of Rome, now beyond comparison the most important person of Roman descent left in Italy, was irresistibly invited to mount the throne and to wrap himself in the purple of the vanished Augustus.

Finally, our author has indicated the position of the Christian Church in the Roman Empire much more sympathetically, and therefore more instructively, than Gibbon has done, or indeed, with his habitually scornful attitude, could have done. He has not perhaps worked its history with sufficient fulness into the political history which he relates. But he makes his readers feel its presence and its action both as helping to save and as helping to destroy the Empire, strengthening the moral influence of the Roman society as much as it diminished the material strength of its armies. In this last point Mr. Hodgkin perhaps overstates his case. Even without the rise of the new faith, the fall of the Empire was certain. Monkery did not withdraw from the armies of the West a sufficiently large military element to have made a practical difference, nor had persecution raged sufficiently, unless perhaps against the Donatists in Africa, to alienate any part of the provincial population; while, without the bond of Christianity, it might have been impossible to organize that league of Romans and Germans which arrested the march of Attila.

It is long since we have come across a book more likely to make history popular, by true and honest methods, than Mr. Hodgkin's. We wish him success in completing it, hoping that while he gains in symmetry and closeness of treatment, he will preserve the simplicity and earnestness which have won our regard.

IN PASTURES GREEN.*

IT seems to be rather the fashion at present for novelists to republish collections of short stories which have, presumably, seen previous service in magazines. Possibly it may put some money in the pockets of the authors, but assuredly it rarely adds to their reputation. Brilliancy and brevity, so far as our experience goes, are very seldom to be found in combination; and, looking at romance-writing from the professional point of view, there are reasons, as we have remarked before, why these short stories should be failures. It needs no ordinary gifts to convey definite conceptions of character in a few cursory touches; while the writer who has got a really good notion in his brain is not inclined to dispose of it summarily in a severely Procrustean process. But we do not think that Mr. Gibbon need reproach himself with any wasteful expenditure of material that he might have used to more profitable purpose. The six stories that are bound together under the deceptive title on the back of the volume, which only applies to the first of them, are as slight as may be; nor do we see that a practised novelist should have any difficulty in multiplying work of the kind to any extent. The ideas, where there are any, are commonplace in the extreme; and the "plots" are such as would naturally suggest themselves to any Oriental storyteller or Italian improvvisatore with the smallest aptitude for his profession. There is scarcely an attempt at the suggestion of character; there is a want of finish and some slovenliness of style, while perhaps we should be grateful for the occasional abruptness of their beginnings, as it prepares us for a "lame and impotent" *dénouement*. If we appear to speak of unpretentious work with undue severity, Mr. Gibbon has only himself to thank for it. Four out of the six of these unconsidered trifles of his might have passed muster fairly well in the pages of a magazine, though they would scarcely have been remarked as "a feature" even in a second-rate number. But when he implies that they deserve the honours of republication in a volume, we take leave to join issue with him decidedly, although undoubtedly they may hope for a certain circulation at a season when unfortunate people in wet weather by the sea are thrown back upon the resources of the local libraries.

Though "In Pastures Green" is one of the stories that has an end without an ending, it is nevertheless the best of the series. We know that Mr. Gibbon can write a charming country prose idyl—it is not very long ago that we had an opportunity of praising his *Queen of the Meadow*—and in green fields and in a picturesque rural parish he finds himself on his own favourite ground. We have pretty touches of rural description, beginning with Milly Arnold, the heroine, as she stands between her father's church and quaint old parsonage, framed in an arch of honeysuckle and red berries. Milly is the vicar's eldest daughter, the mistress of his household and of his youthful family; a simple, sweet, and unaffected girl, with no particular story, so far as we are given to understand. Yet, apparently, there is more of mystery in her lot than we are inclined or intended to suspect; for while she had "for seven years filled the place of their lost mother" to her little brothers and sisters, we are informed, at the same time, that the youngest of the children was only aged four. How we are to reconcile those conflicting statements is a difficulty which fairly staggers us. The solution might have given an original interest to the tale; but then, unfortunately, Mr. Gibbon vouchsafes no solution at all. Milly, like so many of Mr. Trollope's maidens, has a couple of rival admirers; and the social position and domestic relations of one of them make us surmise that the parish she graced with her presence must have been primitive indeed. We should have thought that the vicar's pretty daughter might have looked higher than young Eben Tyler, stalwart, good-humoured, and well-to-do as he For Eben's father, as he had made himself, could hardly have made much of a fortune by farming; the worthy woman the elder Eben espoused had been in service in her younger days; and the niece who lives with them, and whom they design for Eben, had always, as a matter of course, done the hardest work on the farm, even to rubbing down the horses. Yet when Eben makes his proposal Milly practically accepts him, though he stupidly takes her "No" for an absolute refusal; and the vicar would gladly have approved the connexion, though he will put no constraint on his daughter's inclinations. Milly's other lover, or rather dangler, has some sanguine notions of his own as to life and the manner of succeeding in it. Being the son of an eminent barrister and Q.C., Mr. Montague Lewis "had a vague idea that some day he would take to work in earnest—not in the plodding way of his father, but in a grand way. He would go into Parliament and obtain some appointment which would develop his genius and conduct him straight to the woolsack." But he breaks down in the solitary case in the English courts which had been confided to him through his father's influence, and goes to India and to the Indian Bar, where he actually gets on and makes money. Though this Mr. Lewis had been smitten by Milly's charms, she did not seriously reciprocate his admiration; and his attentions to her weighed for nothing at all when she rejected poor Eben Tyler's proposals. She refuses Eben simply for the reason she assigns—that she could be ill-spared from her duties at the parsonage. The amorous Eben being matter of fact enough to take her dutiful and doubtful answer as final, in due course marries his cousin Sarah, who can at all events be relied upon to rub down his horse when he brings the animal in over-heated. He pays a tribute to the memory of his youthful romance by naming a little girl Milly after Miss Arnold, who is her godmother. Miss Arnold resigns herself to revolve in her monotonous sphere of usefulness at the parsonage, while living on the most friendly terms with the Tyler family at the farm; and Mr. Lewis, after a fifteen years' absence, comes back from India with a liver complaint, to feel some languid awakenings of his old admiration, and to condescend to be present at the birthday *fête* given in honour of Miss Arnold's godchild.

"Cancelled Engagements" is a game at cross-purposes, which ends, through singularly lucky coincidences, far better than the gentleman who relates it deserves. Intoxicated with wine, warmth, waltzing, and a fascinating face, he breathes a proposal which is promptly accepted. Next morning he awakes, very likely with a headache, and certainly in the pains of tardy repentance. How he had known so little of Miss Julia Harmond is hard to comprehend, seeing that her failings were conspicuous enough, and that he had apparently been a friend of her father and her family. At all events, a more tender and intimate acquaintance with her fully confirms his morning's misgivings. He finds her vulgar and commonplace; and her letters are even more disenchanting than her conversation. They are badly written and ill spelled, while "the matter was of the most insignificant nature"; and this is the more remarkable as Miss Harmond's father is an exceptionally cultivated and intelligent man. Besides the lover finds out that his betrothed had been deceiving him, in maligning her own half-sister. Myra, whom Julia had misrepresented as old, plain, and ill-tempered, proves to be young, beautiful, and bewitching. The lengthening chain the victim drags begins to gall him more intolerably, when matters are more unpleasantly complicated by his slipping into love with the elder sister. Sympathetic hearts are quick to understand each other; but of course Myra, who is a paragon of self-abnegation and perfection, does her utmost to stifle her responsive passion. By sustained effort she has suppressed all signs of it, when relief comes from an unexpected quarter. A gentleman who is understood to have shamefully jilted her turns up in the bosom of the Harmond family, professing to be in a position to explain his conduct. He finds Myra resolved to let bygones be bygones, and by the magic of the kindly name of brother she defines at once their future relations. Mr. Marby accepts the fraternal position, with something more than *empressement*; in fact, he takes immediate steps to make the title of affection a reality. He conveniently transfers his attachment to Julia, who is willing to meet him more than half way. And it may be imagined with what courtesy the narrator accepts Mr. Marby's apologies for relieving him of the woman he had rashly committed himself to. The sisters are married simultaneously to their respective lovers, the curtain falling on the close of the drama amid general family jubilations.

The last three stories are Scotch; and "Daft Tam" is the most sensational of the six. It is a tale of love, lunacy, and murder, wrought out upon the old melodramatic lines. The introduction, which strikes us as irrelevant, is in the style of one of Dickens's collections of Christmas novelettes. The narrator and some carriagefuls of companions in misfortune are snowed up in a railway cutting in the "Howe of the Mearns," where they have the good fortune to find refuge in a village inn, with an entertaining host, and a well-furnished larder. They had a famous opera singer in their society, who cheered them with songs from her répertoire

* *In Pastures Green; and other Stories.* By Charles Gibbon, Author of "Queen of the Meadow," &c. London: Chatto & Windus. 1880.

after supper, her voice having happily suffered nothing from the exposure. Then their landlord volunteers to cap their contributions of anecdotes with his story of "Daft Tam," which is meant to point a moral. Tam had been a gentleman, who, having made a miserable marriage, had taken to drink to drown his sorrows. He meets his wife and murders her in a fit of frenzy, and suspicion falls on an unlucky young man, who is found standing over the bed of the murdered woman with a blood-stained razor in his hand. The presumptive evidence is overwhelming, and the youth has not a word to say for himself. He would have suffered undoubtedly on the strength of false appearances, but his mother comes to prove that he is a confirmed somnambulist, while the landlord discovers a razor-case and footprints which bring home the crime to the actual culprit. "Dominie Barclay" is another case of unhappy love and seduction, which ends in a marriage seemingly even more ill-matched than that of Eben Tyler and Milly Arnold would have been, though the author leaves us to understand that it holds out fair prospects of happiness. The title of "Paction wi' the Deil" sounds like broad Lowland Scotch; but the story is told in a dialect of broken Celtic, somewhat more exaggerated than that with which Mr. Black has familiarized us in his Hebridean romances; and we candidly own that we found it such crabbed reading that the interest failed to carry us further than the middle. As a rule, when we set ourselves to the reviewing of fiction, we are grateful for anything that is shorter than the ordinary three-volume novel. But we have enjoyed three-volume novels by Mr. Gibbon; and we are very sorry that we cannot honestly say as much for this haphazard collection of fugitive fancies.

GREEN'S HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.*

MR. GREEN'S *History of the English People* has now reached its conclusion. With the battle of Waterloo and the restoration of Louis XVIII. the author arrives at the limit which he has assigned to himself. He leaves untouched that great chapter of English history which, beginning with the settlements of Vienna and Paris, closes at the outbreak of the Crimean war. It is thus not very far into "Modern England" that he carries us; but he could hardly have found later on so good a wind-up of his tale as the battle of Waterloo, unless indeed following the example of Charles Knight, he had gone on to the abolition of the Corn Laws, an event which at the time seemed to enthusiastic Liberals to be almost equivalent to the opening of the gates of Eden. But the present generation, agriculturally depressed, wavering in the faith of political economy, and almost as far off Eden as ever, is not so easily stirred to enthusiasm about the Corn Law struggle, and for it the fall of Napoleon makes a more effective conclusion of the long drama of history.

Taking a general survey of the four volumes, we should be inclined to say that Mr. Green is at his best as an historian of mediæval times. A disciple of Mr. Freeman and Canon Stubbs, he yet brings to his task some powers peculiar to himself. Canon Stubbs is the anatomist of history; it is his part to lay bare to us the hidden organization of mediæval life. Mr. Freeman's work is that of the sculptor; while Mr. Green holds rather the place of the painter. And even as painting is more popular, and appeals to a wider range of sympathies, than sculpture, so does Mr. Green's work attract a wider range of readers than that of Mr. Freeman. Clearness, strength, majesty, definite form, truth of outline, and purity of art belong to the sculptor-historian; his disciple gives us colour, movement, light and shadow, sunshine and haze—not always without the painter's tricks of effect, the exaggeration here, the intentional vagueness there. But, however the effect may be produced, the picture as a whole is true; and few men have done as much as Mr. Green to make mediæval history real and interesting to the popular mind. Nor would we confine his powers to mediæval history alone. In any age his strongly sympathetic imagination makes him at home in dealing with great religious movements, such as the Reformation and Puritanism. Of his treatment of periods such as these we have already in earlier notices expressed our admiration.

Our readers will probably infer that we consider this last volume hardly on a level with its predecessors. No man can be equally in sympathy with all centuries, and, on the whole, the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries form the period with which Mr. Green has least in common. The present volume, notwithstanding its many and great merits, reads somewhat like task-work when compared with the preceding ones. The very style is less suitable to the eighteenth century than to earlier ones. We feel that the eighteenth century should be treated in the manner of Gibbon; the historian should powder his hair and put on lace ruffles before sitting down to his desk, and should never forget that "enthusiasm" to the eighteenth-century mind meant something distinctly foolish, if not wicked. Mr. Green's style is emphatically that of the later nineteenth century. He is "passionate," to use his own word in his own sense, earnest, emotional. He has a weakness for the expressions of the modern novelist. "It was the dim, feverish sense of the drift of these efforts"—of Spain to restrict trade with her colonies—"that embittered every hour the struggle of English traders with the Spaniards in the Southern seas." This is the poetic way of looking at the contentions of rival traders, and the rows between British smugglers and Spanish coastguardsmen. We think of Captain Jenkins and his like trying to run cargoes past the guarda-costas, and now and then getting an ear torn off in the process, and wonder whether they were ever troubled with "dim, feverish" presentiments, except perhaps after a drinking-bout. We are told how the nation was always getting involved in war, "passionate as it was for peace"—an expression which seems suitable to some "Passionate Pilgrim," or Euphuistic lover, rather than to prosaic Britons grumbling at war-taxes. So the England of 1790 is described as a nation "whose passionate love of personal liberty was only equalled by its passionate abhorrence of bloodshed in civil strife." One is not prepared for so much "passion" after having been told in the very same sentence that it was a nation "whose temper was sober." Our objections may be fanciful; but we own that to us the robust eighteenth century seems to demand a robuster style. At any rate, we may ask for something clearer than this:—"Pitt was the grandson of a wealthy Governor of Madras, who had entered Parliament in 1735, as member for one of his father's pocket-boroughs." Nothing but a previous knowledge of the dates will assure the reader that it was Pitt, and not his grandfather, who entered Parliament in 1735. Mr. Green's style is one of his greatest charms; but he should be on his guard against affectation and carelessness, sometimes in construction, sometimes in his use of figurative language, as when, speaking of Addison's writings, he observes that "the strife of politics loses something of its fictitious earnestness as the humourist views it from the standpoint of a lady's patches." Ariel or his fellow-sylphs might indeed find standing-ground on Belinda's patches, but it could be done by no being more substantial.

Though we think Mr. Green is on the whole strongest in earlier periods of history, still it is only by a little that this volume comes short of its predecessors. In the chapter headed "The Fall of the Stuarts" Mr. Green has the inevitable disadvantage of travelling over the ground occupied by Macaulay. Although the influence of that writer can be plainly traced, Mr. Green's style and method of treatment are so entirely his own that the narrative does not lack freshness. In his vivid account of that strange tragicomedy, the deathbed of Charles II.—for both tragedy and comedy meet in the ghastly incongruities of the scene—he deviates from Macaulay in adopting Burnet's story that the dying King accepted Ken's absolution *after* he had been secretly reconciled to the Church of Rome. Macaulay and Lingard have preferred the account, less discreditable to Charles, that Ken's absolution was given and accepted before the secret interview with Huddleston. We may pass rapidly over the rest of this chapter, which ends with the death of Anne, because the period is familiar to all who have read aught of history. At the accession of the House of Hanover Mr. Green pauses to explain how the effect of the Revolution was to remove England from her isolated position as regarded Continental politics, and how it came about that she found herself the especial guardian of the "Balance of Power." The passage is too long to quote entire—here and elsewhere Mr. Green's thoughts would often gain by condensation—but we give a few extracts from the latter portion, in which he traces the moral effect of the policy of the Georgian statesmen:—

> Diplomacy spent its ingenuity in countless choppings and changings of the smaller territories about the Mediterranean and elsewhere; but till the rise of Prussia under Frederick the Great it secured Europe as a whole from any world-wide struggle. Nor was this maintenance of European peace all the gain which the attitude of England brought with it. The stubborn policy of the Georgian statesman has left its mark on our policy ever since. In struggling for peace and for the sanctity of treaties, even though the struggle was one of selfish interest, England took a ply which she has never wholly lost. Warlike and imperious as is her national temper, she has never been able to free herself from a sense that her business in the world is to seek peace alike for herself and for the nations about her, and that the best security for peace lies in her recognition, amidst whatever difficulties and seductions, of the force of international engagements and the sanctity of treaties. The sentiment has no doubt been deepened by other convictions, by convictions of at once a higher and a lower stamp, by a growing sense of the value of peace to an industrial nation, as by a growing sense of the moral evil and destructiveness of war. But strong as is the influence of both these sentiments on the peace-loving temper of the English people, that temper itself sprang from another source. It sprang from the sense of responsibility for the peace of the world, as a necessary condition of tranquillity and freedom at home, which grew into life with the earlier years of the eighteenth century.

Every reader of English history must often have been struck by the amount of Tory feeling in a nation which yet was proving its essential Whiggism by upholding William and the House of Hanover. As he notes one outbreak of popular Toryism after another, he is tempted to think that the Revolution settlement must in some unexplained manner have been imposed on the nation against its will. Mr. Green gives the solution of the problem. The nation desired the Revolution, but had not desired all the consequences it entailed.

> In making the revolution it had meant to vindicate English freedom and English Protestantism from the attacks of the Crown. But it had never meant to bring about any radical change in the system under which the Crown had governed England or under which the Church had been supreme over English religion. The England of the Revolution was little less Tory in feeling than the England of the Restoration; it had no dislike whatever to a large exercise of administrative power by the sovereign, while it was stubbornly averse from Nonconformity or the toleration of Nonconformity. . . . And yet every Englishman knew that from the moment of the Revolution the whole system of government had not been Tory but Whig. . . . . Every year saw the Crown more helpless, and the Church becoming as helpless as the Crown. The country hated a standing army, and the standing army existed in spite of its hate; it revolted against debt

* *History of the English People.* By John Richard Green, M.A., Honorary Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford. Vol. 4—The Revolution (1683-1760), Modern England (1760-1815). London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

and taxation, and taxes and debt grew heavier and heavier in the teeth of its revolt. Its prejudice against Nonconformists remained as fanatical as ever, and yet Nonconformists worshipped in their chapels and served as aldermen or mayors with perfect security.

"Revolt" is perhaps too strong a word to apply to petty outbreaks of discontent against new and heavy taxation—even Walpole's Excise scheme did not produce a revolt, though, no doubt, it might have done so if it had been persevered in. There was, Mr. Green goes on to point out, only one course—the recall of the Stuarts—open to the malcontent Tory. But then this course, though it would have brought about much that he wanted, would also have brought about much that he emphatically did not want. "Tory as he might be, he was in no humour to sacrifice English freedom and English religion to his Toryism, and to recall the Stuarts was to sacrifice both." In the conscientious impracticability of the Stuart exiles the House of Hanover found its security.

The account of the Peninsular war, and indeed of the whole struggle against Napoleon, is full of spirit, though we think that he might amend the statement that "the fruits of the victory" of Talavera "were lost by a sudden appearance of Soult on the English line of advance." Coming as this does almost immediately after the statement that Wellesley was pushing on Madrid, the reader would naturally infer that Soult was between the English and Madrid, whereas he was in reality between them and Portugal. He was in their rear till Wellesley turned to meet him. The phrase that the French army was "forced" "to surrender in the Convention of Cintra" is also misleading, as most people would understand from the term *surrender* that the French gave themselves up as prisoners of war, instead of merely evacuating the country. The late M. Lanfrey would have contested the justice of the view here taken of Napoleon's great scheme for the invasion of England. Twice Mr. Green praises its skill—"a skilfully combined plan," "the great armament whose assembly in the Channel he had so skilfully planned." Under Lanfrey's hostile criticisms, the plan appears indeed brilliant, magnificent, grandiose, but not skilful. Napoleon himself afterwards owned that he was no master of maritime warfare:—"Il y a dans ce métier une spécialité, une technicité qui arrêtait toutes mes conceptions." The merits of the plan are however matter of opinion; what actually came of it is matter of fact; and here Mr. Green's account will not bear examination:—

> Admiral Villeneuve, uniting the Spanish ships with his own squadron from Toulon, drew Nelson in pursuit to the West Indies, and then suddenly returning to Cadiz, hastened to form a junction with the French squadron at Brest and to crush the English fleet in the Channel. But a headlong pursuit brought Nelson up with him ere the manœuvre was complete, and the two fleets met on the 21st of October, 1805, off Cape Trafalgar.

Every child who has read Southey's *Life of Nelson* knows that the English hero's "headlong pursuit" did not bring him up with Villeneuve. Sir Robert Calder fell in with, and engaged, the combined fleet off Cape Finisterre on the 22nd July, while Nelson was vainly looking for it between Cape St. Vincent and Gibraltar. Baffled in his chase, he went home and struck his flag; but, on learning that Villeneuve had entered Cadiz, he again offered his services, and went out to fall at Trafalgar. As for Villeneuve, it was his fault or his misfortune, according as we take the view of Thiers or of Lanfrey, that he never did hasten to form the junction with Ganteaume at Brest. The engagement with Calder did not prevent him from reaching his destination, Ferrol, where he remained more than a week for repairs. When, having left Ferrol, irresolute and despairing, he turned his back on Brest and made for Cadiz, there was an end of the great plan, as Napoleon's rage against the unhappy admiral sufficiently attests. When Villeneuve left Cadiz on the 20th of October, it was with orders to operate in the Mediterranean. An English writer might fairly be expected to have mastered the incidents of one of the most famous chapters in English history. One might also expect him to be acquainted with the constitution of the Imperial Parliament. Yet Mr. Green tells us in p. 338, that, according to the terms of the Union with Ireland, "twenty-eight temporal with four spiritual peers, chosen for each Parliament by their fellows, took their seats in the House of Lords." It is the Scotch, not the Irish, representative peers, who are chosen for each Parliament.

The printing of "Lord John" for Lord *George* Sackville, in the account of the battle of Minden, is a minor matter; and the carelessness which has allowed five sentences on the effects of the Methodist revival, first occurring at p. 149, to be repeated at p. 273, only damages Mr. Green himself, by marring two passages which are otherwise excellent. But it is inexcusable when he writes of William III. that "He dissolved the Parliament [of 1689], and issued in his own name a general pardon for all political offences under the title of an Act of Grace. Bitterly as both measures were resented by the Whigs, the result of the elections proved that William had only expressed the general temper of the nation." An enemy would be tempted to suggest that Mr. Green must have got up the subject from an entry in the Index to Macaulay's History. "Act of Grace . . . . Was the act of William III. alone." It is true that in the text Macaulay says:—"The Act of Grace the nation owed to William alone"; but, as he had just described the etiquette of passing an Act of Grace through Parliament, and the reception of this particular Act by the new Parliament of 1690, and had remarked that William had not ventured to submit such an Act to the preceding Parliament, he might reasonably think that nobody could be misled by a rhetorical phrase attributing all the merit to his hero. We presume that Mr. Green has satisfactory authority for putting the number of rebels hanged at the Bloody Assizes at three hundred and fifty, but Macaulay is content with thirty less. Dealing with a later rebellion, the "Forty-five," Mr. Green says that in England fifty of Charles Edward's followers were hanged; whereas Sir Walter Scott, who was likely to be accurate in such a matter, reckons up over seventy. We note a slight exaggeration in the following statement:—"The Prince [Charles Edward] was now"—after his success at Preston Pans—"at the head of six thousand men; but all were still Highlanders, for the people of the Lowlands held aloof from his standard, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he could induce them to follow him to the south." Though it appears that Highlanders formed the greater part even of the so-called Lowland regiments in the Pretender's force, it is surely going too far to say that "all" were Highlanders. Referring to Mr. Burton's *History of Scotland*, we find among those who joined after Preston Pans, Lord Pitsligo with his following of a hundred and twenty men from the eastern Lowlands of Aberdeenshire, besides the Earl of Airlie's son with six hundred men, "who, though collected on the mountainous Braes of Angus, must be considered as in some measure of Lowland origin." Further on, Mr. Green says, "Manchester was looked on as the most Jacobite of English towns, but all the aid it gave was an illumination and two thousand pounds." The money, we believe, was only forthcoming under somewhat strong pressure; but it should be recorded to the credit of the Jacobite zeal of the town that it gave about a hundred and eighty recruits, who formed the main part of the "Manchester regiment," of which nine officers—among them James Dawson of ballad celebrity—fell victims to the executioner. Mr. Green does indeed observe that "from Carlisle to Derby" the Pretender "had been joined by hardly two hundred men"; but he does not connect these recruits with Manchester. In recounting the incidents of the Wilkes struggle Mr. Green is, we think, not quite accurate in saying that on Wilkes's re-election, after his incapacity had been declared, the House "again expelled him." It took the line of treating his election as null and void.

It will be seen that Mr. Green's characteristic faults and merits remain much as they were. He still chooses to throw upon his readers some part of the labour of revising his work. But he will not the less have readers, because he has the power of helping them to a better understanding of history. One may have been told the same story by fifty previous writers, perhaps have been told it with more accuracy; and yet somehow Mr. Green makes it clearer and more intelligible than it has been before. We must add that, though he will not give us references—in this last volume he has not condescended even to such vague and general references as in the earlier ones—he has given us a full index, for which we are thankful.

MINOR NOTICES.

MR. BRANDER MATTHEWS (1), an American writer, whose name is already known to English readers interested in American literature and American newspapers, has brought out an attractive and careful little volume on the Paris theatres, ranging from the Grand Opera to the "theatres of farce and extravaganza," and even to the café-concerts. Mr. Brander Matthews has studied his theatrical Paris carefully, and his book is gracefully dedicated to M. Coquelin in memory of some pleasant conversations held in the distinguished actor's dressing-room. There are few things as to which, with regard at least to its finer shades, there is more difference of opinion among students and experts than acting, and especially French acting. Mr. Matthews has a catholic as well as a cultivated taste, and his writing is interesting both for those who may agree with him entirely, and for those who may find certain points on which to join issue with him. With regard to his appreciation of the admirable player whose name is prefixed to his book, the difference of opinion can, if it exists, be only one of degree. There will probably be no doubt as to the justice of the high praise which he gives to M. Coquelin's performance of, for instance, Septmonts in *L'Etranger*, and of a wide range of parts in Molière; and in discussing another performance with which it might be more possible to find fault, he has dwelt on the one scene in which the actor's powers were seen at their best. We have called attention in the first place to Mr. Matthews's criticism of M. Coquelin, because that actor's name stands on the title-page of the book; but it must not be supposed that the writer has given anything which could possibly be construed into undue prominence to M. Coquelin's performances. M. Coquelin occupies with other actors, chief among them MM. Got and Delaunay, the first rank at the Théâtre Français, and to these others Mr. Matthews gives the same careful and appreciative consideration which he has given to M. Coquelin. When he comes to the actresses of the Comédie Française we find somewhat more (though "that's not much") to disagree with, and it seems that Mr. Matthews has been too apt to take as infallible whatever M. Sarcey in his varying moods has chosen to utter. M. Sarcey writes beautiful French, and has no doubt seen, considered, and pronounced upon a vast number of plays; but his criticism is wanting in fineness, and is not always consistent or delivered with the impassiveness which an oracle ought to possess. Of the other Paris theatres, and theatrical or semi-theatrical entertainments, Mr. Matthews discourses fluently and agreeably, although his style is,

(1) *The Theatres of Paris.* By J. Brander Matthews. With Illustrations. London: Sampson Low & Co.

to an English reader at any rate, open to some objections, and although he has made not unnaturally a few odd slips. Perhaps the oddest of his opinions are to be found expressed or implied in the brief "Conclusion" which comes at the end of the book.

Professor Meiklejohn's edition of *Hamlet* (2), which, being intended for the use of school boys and girls, is naturally Bowdlerized, is well printed and got up. In a "general notice" prefixed to the play we learn something as to the editor's intentions which we could hardly have become aware of from mere consideration of the text and notes. "The first purpose in this elaborate annotation," writes the editor, "is of course the full working out of Shakspeare's meaning. The editor has in all circumstances taken as much pains with this as if he had been making out the difficult and obscure terms of a will in which he himself was personally interested; and he submits that this thorough excavation of the meaning of a really profound thinker is one of the very best kinds of training that a boy or girl can receive at school." All this sounds fine enough, if it savours a little of self-confident pedantry; and it may be worth while to turn to some specimens of Mr. Meiklejohn's "thorough excavation of the meaning" of Shakspeare. If there is no particular good, there is also no particular harm in Mr. Meiklejohn's "elaborate annotation," until we come to line 115 of act i. scene 1. "Gibber, speak inarticulately. Cog., *Gibberish*." What is the schoolboy or schoolgirl to infer from this but that the *g* is sounded alike in both words, and that gibberish means, which it does not at any rate exclusively, inarticulate speech? Seven lines later on we have "Prologue—A theatrical term. S. is rather fond of these technical terms of the theatre. Thus we have the phrases, *Speak, 'tis your cue; get us properties* (= dresses)." The editor would have done better to leave out the bracketed passage, which shows that whatever "S." may have been, he at least is rather ignorant of "these technical terms of the theatre." On line 160 of the same scene, "And then they say no spirit can walk abroad," Mr. Meiklejohn makes this note, "Spirit—A monosyllable," without telling us whether he thinks it should be made "sprit," or "spirt," or "sperr't." In opposition to this somewhat bald and vague annotation, we find the editor, when he comes to the first speech of the next scene, calling the attention of his unfortunate schoolboys and schoolgirls to this German-commentator-like and irritating note of Coleridge's:—"In the King's speech observe the set and pedantically antithetic form of the sentences when touching that which galled the heels of conscience—the strain of undignified rhetoric—and yet in what follows concerning the public weal, a certain appropriate majesty." Of line 11 of the same speech, "With an auspicious and a dropping eye," Mr. Meiklejohn says that "an" is "probably pronounced *one*," and on line 13, "In equal scale weighing delight and dole," he is pleased to observe that "here the formality and antithesis verge closely on the ridiculous." Without following the editor's "elaborate annotation" line by line and scene by scene, we may point to a few others among his comments. The meaning of "gape" in "Though hell itself should gape," he assumes to be "roar at me," and suggests that the word bears the same meaning in "Some men there are love not a gaping pig," in *The Merchant of Venice*. A pig which roared at persons whom it disliked would certainly be "a fearful wild-fowl." In act ii. Polonius says of Hamlet, "I'll board him presently." On this Mr. Meiklejohn makes the following astounding note for his schoolboys and schoolgirls, "When Polonius is not pedantic he is coarse." This is a kind of thing calculated indeed to puzzle the will. In his treatment of Hamlet's speech to Osric in act v. sc. 2, concerning Laertes, Mr. Meiklejohn is not much worse, if he is no better, than other heavy and plodding commentators. He belongs to that class which is incapable of conceiving Hamlet's meeting Osric's affected phrases with more learned, more elaborate, and more exquisite nonsense, and he comes to the stupid conclusion, often come to before, that "the passage is almost unintelligible and probably corrupt," being kind enough to say, however, that "yaw" in "and yet but yaw neither in respect of his quick sail" stands for "would yaw." This is surely the very ecstasy of pedantry. One more glaring instance of Mr. Meiklejohn's notions of perception and taste will bring to an end our unpleasant task of pointing out the faults in one of the very worst editions of a great work that we have ever been unhappy enough to see. On the words "that from a shelf the precious diadem stole, and put it in his pocket" Mr. Meiklejohn makes this "elaborate annotation." "From a shelf,—Like an area sneak." People who wish their children or pupils to care for Shakspeare had better keep Mr. Meiklejohn's *Hamlet* out of their way. Such unnecessary and unwise stuff as he has prepared with the pretentious names of "elaborate annotation" and "excavation" (whatever that may mean) can do nothing but produce a distaste for the subject which it affects to make clear. Mr. Meiklejohn's efforts are more fitted for the New Shakspeare Society than for the use of schools.

The popularity of the profession of letters among those who want remunerative employment is largely due to the ease with which it seems to be entered; but the thorough-paced literary man, who looks back upon years of struggle, disappointment, hard work, and moderate gains, knows that in reality the profession is like all others in requiring, besides ordinary aptitude and application, the investment of capital, the service of an apprenticeship, and the slow, toilsome acquirement of the secrets of trade, so to speak, which form the conditions of success in all other callings. The disappointments of great authors are enumerated in a pretty little book before us entitled *Journals and Journalism* (3) in which Mr. John Oldcastle offers himself as a guide for literary beginners. Thackeray, we are told, failed repeatedly, and his contributions were at first refused by all the leading magazines. Mr. Carlyle, "after being 'edited' out of all recognition in the *Edinburgh Review*, was finally rejected as a contributor altogether." Of another very eminent living author we read that his greatest work was "utterly, unconditionally, and irrevocably rejected" by every publisher. Of another we are told that one of his first year's receipts amounted to 12*l.* 5*s.* 7½*d.*, and another to 20*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* Motley's *Dutch Republics* was at least once "declined with thanks"; and Lingard, Brougham, Jeffrey, and even George Eliot, are cited as examples of what seems to be the almost universal rule with young writers. Every one has heard of the weary round of publishers to whom Charlotte Brontë offered *Jane Eyre* in succession without success. Sterne, Fielding, Hawthorne, and, greater than all, Milton, were no exceptions. A power of bearing disappointment must, therefore, almost as much as a power of literary composition, be assigned as the first qualification of a would-be author. It is a question how far books like this really benefit beginners. Experience cannot be acquired by rote. The young writer who is not deterred by the prospect of disappointment at first may learn something, perhaps, from the interesting pages of Mr. Oldcastle; but the most useful parts are those in which he insists on the necessity of clear and legible handwriting and instructs the student in the art of correcting proofs. His dictionary of the periodical press is tolerably complete, and the particulars he gives are trustworthy, so far as we have been able to test them. The whole volume is pleasant reading, although we fail to find anything very new or original in it. The form of the book, the print, the toned paper, and the binding are worthy of praise, and will be highly appreciated by persons addicted to bibliomania. The text is illustrated with facsimiles of the autographs of eminent journalists.

The adventures of Wandering Will (4) have a certain resemblance to those of many boys whose fortunes have been told for other boys by Captain Mayne Reid, Mr. Kingston, and other writers whose names are dear to boy students of fiction. But while the writer of *Wandering Will* is more careful as to the minuteness of his incidents than the authors just referred to, he wants their vigour and freshness. At the same time "Will's" story is fluent and not unpleasing.

Mr. Black's manual of sick nursing (5) aims at disseminating the principles of his subject among the masses. His purpose is emphatically not to make people think that they can safely undertake the treatment of disease without skilled advice, but rather to show them what they may safely do or attempt in the inevitable absence of a doctor. This purpose is well illustrated by the excellent remarks on "gossip" which occur early in the book, and which point out the dangers of advice from friends who think that they know all the patient's symptoms and can prescribe for them. Mr. Black's unassailable position in this matter is supported by a capital story quoted from a French writer.

Another treatise on the same subject (6) issued from the *Bazaar* office, contains some generally safe directions as to the methods to be adopted in various forms of sickness. This is perhaps less useful than Mr. Black's Manual in that it trenches more directly upon the doctor's province.

Miss de Fonblanque has written a lively account of the time which she passed in company with some friends in seeing as much of Iceland (7) as they could see in the time at their disposal. They found, as other travellers in Iceland have found, that they had certain inconveniences to put up with, the oddest and not the most agreeable of which was being compelled, with the sanction and welcome of the presiding Lutheran priest, to convert a church into a kind of inn. They thought too that they had a right to complain of their chief guide's conduct in assuming an equality with them and delegating their orders to the people under him. This, as the writer states that the guide was a son of a literary man of importance, does not strike us as an intolerable infliction; and people who have journeyed in company with, and under the care of, Swiss guides will probably be somewhat astonished at anyone wishing to treat a guide as a mere menial. During their journey to the Geysers, which of course they visited, Miss de Fonblanque and her companions were surprised and at first delighted by hearing some music which they took to be performed in their special honour. It is a little strange that not one of the party should have been aware that the national air of Iceland is identical with our own. Every one who writes of Icelandic experiences is expected as a matter of course to say something about the Geysers, and what Miss de Fonblanque says about them has the merit, which is not too common, of avoiding affectation either of fine writing or of display of knowledge. For scientific information the writer refers her readers to the article "Geysers" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and her account of what she saw

(2) *Shakspeare's "Hamlet"; with Notes, Examination Papers, and Plan of Preparation.* Edited by J. M. D. Meiklejohn, M.A. London and Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers.

(3) *Journals and Journalism; with a Guide for Literary Beginners.* By John Oldcastle. London: Field & Tuer. 1880.

(4) *Wandering Will.* A Story of Adventure. Founded on Facts. London: Remington & Co.

(5) *Sick Nursing.* By George Black, M.B. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

(6) *Sick Nursing at Home.* By E. F. A. Caulfield. London: "Bazaar" Office.

(7) *Five Weeks in Iceland.* By C. A. de Fonblanque. London: Bentley & Son.

at the springs is clear and simple. From one of them she got a scare, the nature of which we shall leave our readers to discover in her pages. To what we have said of the attractions of her little book we must add a word of praise for the singular accuracy of the proper names which occur in it.

A new edition has been issued of the late Bishop Stanley's *Familiar History of Birds* (8). This has been revised by a practical and experienced ornithologist, who has made the alterations rendered necessary by the advance of knowledge, but has carefully avoided any superfluous tampering with the text.

Mr. Masson has brought out the first of a series of volumes devoted to "Episodes from French History" (9). It is compiled from Mr. Black's translation of M. Guizot's History and contains notes, a bibliographical index, and a genealogical table.

A seventh edition, edited, brought up to date and enlarged by Mr. Watts, has been issued of Taylor's *Bee-Keeper's Manual* (10). This is the first edition that has appeared without the author's own supervision, and since his death "the entire aspect of the subject treated of is changed." Important facts have been discovered which, in Taylor's days, were unknown, and the editor has been compelled, in order to give these facts their proper weight, to add largely to what Taylor wrote. The work is sure to be welcomed by all who care for its interesting subject.

A second and revised edition has appeared of Mr. McCalmont's *Parliamentary Poll-Book from* 1832 *to* 1880 (11).

Mr. Stanford has issued a fourth edition of Mr. Loftie's well-known *Round About London*, (12) and while speaking of this we may mention also that we have from the same publisher second editions of the Tourists' Guides for the West Riding and for Sussex, written respectively by Mr. Bevan and Mr. Chambers, a third edition of Mr. Bevan's handbook to Kent, and a second of Mr. Worth's South Devon.

A second and improved edition has appeared of Mr. Sandlands's (13) treatise on the management of the voice in public speaking.

The thirteenth part of Mr. Dalziel's *British Dogs* (14) includes spaniels, pugs, and Pomeranians, and breaks off disappointingly early in an account of that most attractive and interesting creature, the poodle.

From the same office we have, together with other publications of a somewhat similar kind, the Third Part of Mr. Fish's *Bulbs and Bulb Culture* (15).

A short time ago the first volume of a new and complete edition of Mr. Bret Harte's works (16) was noticed at some length in these columns. The second volume of the series, containing "Earlier Papers," "Spanish and American Legends," "Tales of the Argonauts, &c.," gives us matter which is more familiar, but not for that reason less attractive. Most, indeed, we may say all, of the stories in this volume are old favourites with Mr. Bret Harte's readers. One, "Mr. Thompson's Prodigal," has a special interest in being the germ of the drama "Two Men of Sandy Bar," which appeared in the first volume.

The eighteenth volume of Charles Kingsley's works (17) is made up of sanitary and social essays, which have of course lost the interest which they had at the moment of their publication, but which are still interesting, both in themselves and as an illustration of the aspect in the past of questions some of which are still unsettled, and are likely to remain so for some time.

Captain Parker's *Sketch of the Kafir and Zulu Wars* (18) is unaffected, vigorous, and interesting. In many cases he has the advantage of speaking from practical experience, and in none has he spared any pains to make his narrative full and accurate.

A second edition has appeared of Mr. Bright's fascinating little book, *A Year in a Lancashire Garden* (19).

It seems but a short time ago since we noticed the annual appearance of the invaluable *Dod's Parliamentary Companion* (20). The new Parliament has naturally called for a second edition, with a good many more alterations than are to be found in most second editions.

(8) *A Familiar History of Birds.* By the late Edward Stanley, D.D., F.R.S., Lord Bishop of Norwich. Second Edition. London: Longmans & Co.

(9) *Episodes of French History.—Charlemagne and the Carlovingians.* Edited from M. Guizot's History of France, by Gustave Masson. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(10) *The Bee-Keeper's Manual; or, the Honey Bee and its Management and Preservation.* By the late Henry Taylor. Seventh Edition, modernized and very greatly enlarged by Alfred Watts. London: Groombridge & Sons.

(11) *The Parliamentary Poll-Book of all Elections from the passing of the first Reform Act in* 1832 *to July* 1880. Revised and greatly enlarged Edition. By F. H. McCalmont. London: Stanford. Nottingham: Forman & Sons.

(12) Tourist Guides. *Round About London.* By the Rev. William J. Loftie. With a Map and Copious Index. Fourth edition. London: Stanford.

(13) *The Voice in Public Speaking.* By J. P. Sandlands, M.A. Second Edition. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

(14) *British Dogs.* Illustrated with numerous portraits of leading dogs of the day. By Hugh Dalziel ("Corsincon"), assisted by eminent fanciers. Part XIII. London: "Bazaar" Office.

(15) *Bulbs and Bulb Culture.* By D. T. Fish. Part III. London: "Bazaar" Office.

(16) *The Complete Works of Bret Harte.* Collected and Revised by the Author. Vol. II. London: Chatto & Windus.

(17) *The Works of Charles Kingsley.* Vol. XVIII. Sanitary and Social Lectures and Essays. London: Macmillan & Co.

(18) *A Sketch of the Kafir and Zulu Wars.* By Captain Henry Hallam Parker, Military Secretary to H. E. Sir Bartle Frere. With Maps. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.

(19) *A Year in a Lancashire Garden.* By Henry A. Bright. Second Edition. London: Macmillan & Co.

(20) *Dod's Parliamentary Companion.* Forty-Eighth Year. Second Edition. New Parliament. London: Whitaker & Co.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

MALVERN COLLEGE.
The NEXT TERM will begin on Monday, September 20.

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LEAMINGTON COLLEGE.—ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATION, on September 14 and 15.—Address, Rev. Dr. WOOD, College, Leamington; or, after August 1, Craigside, Felixstowe, Ipswich.

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By order of the Council, ALFRED EAMES, *Secretary*.
Royal Naval School, New Cross, S.E., August 1880.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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IRELAND.

MR. FORSTER'S manly denunciation of the shameful language used by an Irish member of the name of DILLON gives superfluous proof that he at least has no sympathy with treason, robbery, and murder. The encouragement by a member of Parliament of assassination and of rebellion is assuredly not due to the rejection of the Disturbance Bill. The agitators who urge the tenant-farmers to withhold payment of rent would care nothing for temporary suspension of processes of eviction. One of them at a late meeting on the borders of Cork and Kerry boasted that the farmers had last year saved four millions by following the recommendation that they should pay either what they considered a fair rent, or no rent if the tender was refused. They were now exhorted to pay no rent in any case during the present year. The same or another orator, commenting on a cry raised by the audience of "shoot the landlords," hypocritically protested against personal violence, unless indeed the landlord with the aid of the sheriff and the police attempted to rob the tenants, or, in other words, to recover his rent. In that case they were urged to fight in defence of their property, which has become their own by the simple method of refusal to pay their debts. The peasants of France had, as one of the speakers apocryphally asserted, offered their landlords before the Revolution a fair compromise; but it was refused, and they gave the landlords their just due, a rope at every crossing. Supporters of the Disturbance Bill can scarcely affect to believe that the Land League would have acquiesced in the payment of rent and arrears after a suspension of eighteen months. The Bill, if it had been passed, would have been represented as an acknowledgment by the Legislature that the right of the landowner to his rent was contingent on favourable circumstances.

Mr. FORSTER'S sudden departure for Ireland will have produced an impression that the state of affairs is extremely serious. Neither violent speeches nor isolated agrarian outrages could have induced a Chief Secretary, with the concurrence of his colleagues, to take a course which must necessarily cause general and vague alarm. It may be presumed that Mr. FORSTER'S visit to Ireland will be short, as in a few days his presence will be required in the House of Commons to defend the Irish Estimates, which some of the Home Rule members threaten to oppose. It will be a fresh proof of a kind of audacity which has nothing to do with courage, if Mr. PARNELL'S followers, in pursuance of their threat, propose that the constabulary shall not be employed in protection of process-servers employed by landlords. The House of Commons is not likely to listen to any proposal of the kind, but the ringleaders of the faction may perhaps take the opportunity of renewing the obstructive practices which have been suspended during the present Session. It is possible that Mr. FORSTER may bring back with him information of a condition of affairs which, if it is disclosed, may reduce even Irish agitators to silence. There appears to be no doubt that the agitation of the Land League is in some places assuming the form of Fenianism. The robbery of firearms from the ship *Juno*, though it had insignificant results, illustrates the daring and the policy of the conspirators. It is also certain that in some districts the disaffected peasantry are providing themselves with arms received from the United States, or, in some instances, purchased through the almost incredible carelessness of the authorities at sales of old Government stores. The periodical recrudescence of sedition is one of the most notorious peculiarities of Irish history. Short intervals of tranquillity are always followed by increased violence of language on the part of demagogues; and then isolated acts of violence are followed or accompanied by attempts at resistance to the Government. The prudish regard of statesmen for the ordinary rules of the Constitution is fully appreciated by the disturbers of the peace. Successive Ministers fear to encounter the cant of Parliamentary commonplace by demanding, except under strong pressure, the extraordinary powers which might enable them to deal with conspiracy and anarchy. Interference with the possession of deadly weapons by would-be rebels and murderers is described, even by Ministers who have the courage to demand necessary powers from Parliament, as an extraordinary and anomalous violation of liberty. Two or three years ago Mr. GLADSTONE was shocked by an Act of the Indian Government which placed restrictions on the importation of arms. Democratic Governments are less squeamish in guarding the community from danger. The Cape Government not unreasonably justifies the disarmament of the native population by the statement that they have no game to shoot, that they never shoot at marks, and that they can therefore only want guns to kill their peaceful neighbours. Mr. GLADSTONE explained that the people of India required guns to shoot various animals, and especially serpents. Wolves were exterminated in Ireland many years ago, and since the days of St. PATRICK there have been no serpents to kill.

Mr. FORSTER and his colleagues perhaps by this time regret that they allowed the Peace Preservation Act to expire. It is indeed possible that the late Government, if it had remained in office, might have tried the same means of courting popularity; but the Ministers who have actually incurred an unnecessary risk are responsible for the consequences of their policy. As soon as they assumed office they were in a hurry to redeem at the cost of the country the pledges which they had unnecessarily given in Opposition. Their partisans of course quoted in their defence CAVOUR'S hackneyed saying that any one can govern with a state of siege; but there was no state of siege in Ireland which, under the Peace Preservation Act, enjoyed a liberty or license which would excite the surprise of Continental administrators. There is a wide difference between restriction on the possession of deadly weapons and liability to trial by drumhead court-martial. The Peace Preservation Act, as it was modified by the late Government, neither interfered with the convenience of peaceable subjects nor in any way restrained their enjoyment of liberty. The protection to which they are entitled has been less effectually afforded since the Act was, for the benefit of the Ministers, allowed to expire. The virtual murder of Mr. BOYD and his son would probably not have been perpetrated if the Government had not given unnecessary facilities for the acquisition of arms. To suit the particular case CAVOUR'S speech must be altered by the insertion of a negative. Any statesman can fail to govern with or without a state of siege. The security of life and property, which is the main object of government, has been diminished or abolished by reason of clap-trap legislation.

The riots in the North, though they indicate a barbarous state of society, cause no serious uneasiness. The Protestants and Catholics of Belfast have long been in the

habit of displaying religious fervour by fighting one another on sacred anniversaries. The Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin, celebrated by the Roman Catholic Church on the 15th of August, has by an odd coincidence been converted in two countries to dissimilar political purposes. Under the French Empire it was discovered that the day derived additional sanctity from its consecration to a mythical St. NAPOLEON; and in the North of Ireland that anniversary has of late years been kept as a set-off against the commemoration a few days earlier of the battle of the Boyne. On Sunday last Catholic processions at Belfast, at Dungannon, and at Downpatrick, sallied forth to provoke the Orangemen, who eagerly accepted the challenge. The police at Belfast by great exertion kept the two bloodthirsty mobs out of one another's reach; but pious Protestants took occasion to wreck the homes of some of the members of the procession in their absence. At Dungannon the police were compelled to fire on the Catholics, who were even more unmanageable than their rivals. The petty civil war has probably been discontinued till next August, when it will once more symbolize the expediency of conceding independence to two irreconcilable factions which are only restrained from internecine conflicts by the authority of the Imperial Government. The Ulster riots, though in a high degree foolish and mischievous, are less dangerous than the sordid conspiracy of the Land League and of its Fenian accomplices. The Orangemen have at different times caused much trouble by their violence and by their sectarian organization; but they are not likely to join in the agitation for the repeal of the Union. They represent at the same time the vicious spirit of the old Protestant ascendancy, and the passions which are in some degree excused by the turbulent intolerance of their antagonists. It is remarkable that the Irish feud is reproduced in Canada, as well as in Liverpool. Even on their native soil Orangemen and their quarrels with Roman Catholics have little political importance. A century ago they were the most formidable opponents of English supremacy. Later experience has taught them that they and their co-religionists would be the first to suffer by the attainment of independence.

LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE.

LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE is the only English diplomatist who has in modern times acquired a popular reputation. His character and exploits have been celebrated with sympathetic eloquence by the historian of the Crimean war, whose admiration was certainly not diverted from the personage whom he calls the "Great Elchee" by the claims of formidable rivals. Mr. KINGLAKE, indeed, owes some gratitude to Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE for providing him with a subject by forcing on the war when the French and English Governments had at one stage of the negotiations submitted to the arrogant pretensions of Russia. The Emperor NAPOLEON, who had contrived the quarrel, was always inclined to vacillation, and his Ministers and confidential advisers were almost unanimously opposed to the war and to the English alliance. With the exception of Lord PALMERSTON and of the Duke of NEWCASTLE, the English Cabinet was to the last moment bent on escaping from the necessity of war; and both Governments had agreed to accept the formula of the Vienna Note, although it included a recognition of the Russian protectorate over the Christian subjects of the SULTAN. The English Ambassador at Constantinople stood alone in his determination to countergect Russian intrigues. On his recommendation the Porte assigned to the Note its true meaning, and refused to accept it. The Russian Government immediately afterwards publicly affixed to the document the interpretation which the Western Powers had affected to misunderstand. Although Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE at last precipitated the conflict, it might have been altogether avoided if he had directed the councils of England, and the policy of Lord ABERDEEN and his colleagues would only have postponed it. Lord STRATFORD would never have enticed the Emperor NICHOLAS into intolerable presumption by withholding warning and menace; nor would he have allowed a Chancellor of the Exchequer to propose a ridiculous and deceptive vote of credit for the conveyance of the Guards to Malta and back again. Even if the Ambassador had not forced the hand of the Government, the timid Ministers would, as one of them expressed it, have drifted into war.

Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE's decisive intervention at a great crisis recalled attention to the control over Turkish affairs which he had acquired and exercised during the busiest portion of his life. Like his still more famous kinsman, he had cordially sympathized with the cause of Greece while the struggle was proceeding; but the question had been settled for the time long before he became resident Ambassador at Constantinople; and he found it necessary to deal, not with races aspiring to be free, but with perversity and corruption in Turkey, and with the incessant efforts of Russia to create disorder as material for disaffection. To promote or to permit the dissolution of the Empire while he was accredited to its sovereign would have been repugnant to Lord STRATFORD's manly and loyal nature, even if the operations of an IGNATIEFF had been consistent with the policy of his Government. From the first he made it his business to reform the administration, in the hope that the existing order of things might be maintained by being first rendered tolerable. His stern and peremptory temper was well adapted to an enterprise which was rather that of a ruler than of a diplomatist. Before his mission began, the SULTAN had been brought to the brink of ruin by the rebellion of MEHEMET ALI, and he had purchased temporary protection from Russia under the degrading treaty of Unkiar Skelessi. Lord STRATFORD taught the Porte to look to England for protection, but always under the condition that the oppression of the Christians should be abolished or mitigated, and that misgovernment should be as far as possible corrected. The laws and decrees which were published at his instance were but imperfectly enforced; but the Turks had at least been compelled to recognize in theory the principles of modern civilization. If it had been possible that the same statesman should have overawed Sultans and Viziers to the present time there might probably have been no Bulgarian massacre and no Russian invasion. Unfortunately his immediate successor possessed none of his qualities; and the influence of England, which had largely depended on his personal character, gradually declined; yet, even as late as 1871, the tradition established by Lord STRATFORD so far subsisted that the Porte offered to give any answer which the English Government might direct to the Russian demand for the partial abrogation of the treaty. It was not surprising that, on the refusal of England to interfere, the feeble Sultan resigned himself to the treacherous inspiration of the Russian Ambassador.

Although Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE had been employed on several previous missions, his strictly diplomatic aptitudes were never fully tested. His graceful presence and winning manner scarcely indicated the imperious disposition which probably served his purpose better in dealing with Orientals than with European equals. He had the good fortune to learn his business thoroughly by early apprenticeship. In his time the equal right of all classes to enter the public service, and the consequent practice of competition were unknown, and it is one of the incidental advantages of aristocratic patronage that it provides opportunities for youth. WELLINGTON commanded a regiment and a brigade at nine-and-twenty, and a year or two later he won a great pitched battle. NELSON by family interest became a post-captain at twenty-one, and not long afterwards when he was taunted with his youth he could boast that he was as fit to command a frigate as the Prime Minister at the same age to govern the country. STRATFORD CANNING held a considerable diplomatic appointment before he was of age; and at five-and-twenty, when the allies entered Switzerland on their way to France, he was entrusted with the care of English interests as Minister Plenipotentiary to the Helvetic Confederacy. It was perhaps on that occasion that he acquired his first experience of the caprices of Russian absolutism. He was not of a disposition to sympathize with the postponement of the military and political interests of the allies to ALEXANDER's sentimental regard for his tutor LA HARPE, and for a Swiss lady who was attached to the service of the Imperial family. With ALEXANDER he afterwards maintained friendly relations; the Emperor NICHOLAS made a serious mistake when he made Lord STRATFORD his personal enemy, by refusing to receive him as Ambassador at St. Petersburg. One result of the EMPEROR's prejudice was the loss of the services in England of Princess LIEVEN, who had long been one of the most adroit of diplomatic

agents. As Lord PALMERSTON refused for some time to appoint another Ambassador at St. Petersburg, Prince LIEVEN was necessarily recalled; and neither he nor the PRINCESS returned to England.

Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, like most statesmen of his own and of an earlier generation, was a classical scholar. In imitation of GEORGE CANNING he first made himself known by editing a school magazine at Eton, and he also possessed the accomplishment of making Latin verses. To the last he retained a love of his early studies, and after the age of ninety he wrote and published English verses which were not extraordinarily bad. With fuller right than the late Lord DERBY he would have excused his ignorance of some modern branches of education by his birth in the pre-scientific era. His literary ability was principally exhibited in despatches, which in his time were not, as at present, uniformly published for the gratification of popular curiosity. During his short Parliamentary career he failed to acquire distinction as an orator; and it is uncertain whether earlier practice would have enabled him to succeed in debate. His occasional pamphlets on the subjects which he best understood are not marked by conspicuous literary ability; but in some instances they belong to the period of his decline. As he is not numbered among Parliamentary politicians, and as his diplomatic employments were of an exceptional character, Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE may be most properly compared with the great Indian statesmen whose occupation must have been in some respects similar to his own. The business of teaching or forcing Oriental despots to administer their authority for the good of their subjects, and to maintain peace at home and abroad, has always been one of the principal means by which the Indian Empire has been established and consolidated. In India Residents and Political Agents have had the paramount power of the Governor-General as a last resort on which they might fall back when their personal influence was found wanting; but their merits have been generally measured by their ability to secure obedience and deference without the necessity of using force. In Turkey Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE could, in case of need, threaten to suspend the protection afforded to England by Turkey, but he mainly relied on the justice and expediency of the policy which he uniformly recommended. Pashas and Ministers, while they might secretly resent the dictation of a foreigner, knew that compliance with his demands would promote the general tranquillity and the security of the Empire. The mass of the population found that the agents who represented the Ambassador in the provinces were invariably hostile to the corruption and violence which they could but partially check. The political relation of England to the Turkish Government has recently been reversed, but popular confidence is more tenacious. It is not a little the result of Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE'S exertions that in almost every province of the Turkish Empire the establishment of English authority would be cordially welcomed.

THE INDIAN BUDGET.

THE statement made by Lord HARTINGTON in explanation of the Indian Budget was received with deserved approbation by all parties in the House of Commons. It had all or nearly all the merits which such a statement ought to have. It was clear, it was characterized by sufficient firmness and decision, and it was free from any tinge of personal bitterness or party animosity. Lord HARTINGTON had to give a sketch of the present state of Indian finance apart from the charges of the Afghan war. He had to make an estimate of those charges, to explain how it has happened that they so largely exceed the sum originally calculated, and to examine how so great an amount of miscalculation had been possible. Lastly, he had to consider the future of Indian finance, the possibility of reducing expenditure, and the contribution which England is to make to the cost of the war. With one salient feature of Indian finance, as it now stands, it was impossible he should not express satisfaction. In the three years under consideration there has been a total surplus of a little over eleven millions sterling. The vital question to answer in studying Indian finance is, how this surplus has been obtained, and clear as Lord HARTINGTON'S speech was in other respects, it was not quite so clear as could have been wished in this respect. A surplus is obtainable by the yield of new taxes, by the increasing productiveness of old taxes, by the reduction of expenditure, and by windfalls. The new taxes imposed to provide for what is popularly known as the famine insurance fund, yielded, or, taking in the current year, are estimated to yield, a total of 3,394,000*l*. Excepting the salt duty, there does not appear to be any ordinary source of revenue that is giving an increase. Reduction of expenditure accounts for a considerable portion of the surplus, especially for that of 1880-1, about two millions sterling less being calculated to be spent, apart from war charges, than in previous years. Lastly, the Indian Government has had several windfalls. The opium duty yielded two and a-half millions sterling more in the years 1878-9—1879-80 than was expected. The war caused a large amount to be paid to the railways for carriage of materials, and a million sterling appears to be accounted for in this way. Lastly there was, during part of the period referred to, an abnormal increase in the land revenue owing to the collection of famine arrears. While, however, we can gather from Lord HARTINGTON'S speech how, generally speaking, the surplus was obtained, we do not find in it materials for setting down precisely how much was gained under each head. Still we are enabled to arrive at one result which is of considerable importance. The only real and permanent source of the surplus is the reduction of expenditure. The new taxes, the produce of which has been applied to the cost of the war, must, if they are continued, be applied to the special purpose for which they were imposed, and do not enter into the proper Budget of India. The ordinary taxes yield so little of an income that they need not be taken into account. Windfalls must be treated as windfalls, and not regarded as an ordinary source of income. There remains the reduction of expenditure, which is a real and unquestionable source of surplus. Lord HARTINGTON, however, expressed an opinion that reduction cannot be carried much further, and it can scarcely be said to be as yet established that some part of the reduction has not been obtained by starving branches of the public service, on which more may have to be spent if they are to be kept in a state of efficiency.

The portion of Lord HARTINGTON'S speech which naturally excited the greatest interest was that in which he dealt with the cost of the war. He had nothing new to tell. It was known before he rose to speak that the Indian Government had made a most serious miscalculation, a miscalculation of nine millions sterling. The Indian Government calculated that the war would cost six millions, and it has cost fifteen. This is not as if the miscalculation only referred to sums that were to be spent. The astonishing thing is that the Indian Government spent million after million without knowing that it had gone. In the year that, according to financial language is now two years ago, 1878-79, it spent 2½ millions more than it had calculated on spending. It paid away all this money and never knew that it paid it. Although nine millions have been spent, or are to be spent on the war, there do not remain nine millions to pay, but only three and a half millions. The Indian Government has paid five and a half millions beyond its own estimates without having had a suspicion that not only the money had to be found, but that it had been found. Lord HARTINGTON stated that he has done his very best to inquire how this can possibly have happened, and has entirely failed to find out. The mysteries of Indian finance are so great, that not only are the people who manage the finances ignorant to the extent of millions of how the money goes, but an intelligent and industrious outsider, armed with full powers and bent on solving the puzzle, has not in three months been able to get nearer the truth than the first man in the street could have got. Lord HARTINGTON, with the frankness that was to be expected of him, repudiated the absurd notion that the Indian Government had been deliberately concealing the truth. As he pointed out, the high character for personal honour of the leading members of the Indian Government entirely precludes such a supposition; and, even if they had been knaves enough to plan such a deception, they could not have been fools enough to have supposed that it would have answered. If prosperity budgets had been cooked to serve electioneering purposes, they must, if successful, have recoiled on the very Ministry they were meant to serve. The particular mode in which the Indian Government made its mistake is easy to see. In accordance with precedent, it took as its guide only the

audited accounts of military expenditure, and only a small portion of the total of these accounts was audited. All that can be said is that it was a very unbusiness-like and unstatesmanlike mode of proceeding to take the audited accounts as a guide. The plain facts were what a skilful financier would have attended to. There were so many thousand troops moved forward, requiring such an amount of transport and provision. An easy calculation would have shown that the war could not be costing as little as the audited accounts suggested. It is of course only on extraordinary occasions that statesmen have to make such calculations. The leading members of the Indian Government were men who on an extraordinary occasion moved in an ordinary groove. This is all that can be said in their dispraise. And it must be owned that if they erred they erred in very good company. Mr. GLADSTONE long ago expressed his disbelief in the accuracy of the official calculations. But then Mr. GLADSTONE is a great financier. The instinct of financial genius told him that the accounts could not be right. He saw that a war on such a scale could not be carried on at the alleged cost. But the accounts of the Indian Government do not appear to have excited any misgiving in the Home Government. No doubt it was primarily the duty of the Viceroy and his Finance Minister to make the calculation which it now seems wonderful they did not make. But there were others who also might have been expected to inquire what the VICEROY and his Finance Minister were about, and that no one among their own friends or superiors had any criticism or suggestion to offer them must be allowed to mitigate any blame that public opinion in England may be inclined to attach to them.

Lord HARTINGTON said that he was not as yet prepared to say what contribution England ought to make to the expenses of the war. He must know what the total cost of the war would be before he could say how large was to be the share that England would take upon herself. He, however, stated that the contribution of England would be a substantial one, and that he was sure that Englishmen of all parties would be willing to make the contribution. He put it as a matter of justice, not of charity. India at this moment is not seriously incommoded by the payments it has made, or expects to make, for the war. It could pay the whole cost without any great difficulty. We are not to come forward to help India because India is poor, but because India, being solvent, has done work for us. According to Lord HARTINGTON's view, we have hired India to do something for England, and England must in simple justice pay the price of the hiring. If this is an accurate account of the transaction, Englishmen of all parties would certainly pay with the utmost cheerfulness what was due from them. But, when they have to pay, they will very much like to know what is due by them and why. Lord HARTINGTON said that, when we enter on war for purposes of Imperial policy and ask India to supply us with men, and with material of war, we ought to pay India for what it supplies us with. If this is intended to be a description of the Afghan war, England ought to pay the whole cost of it. The only intelligible ground on which India and England can be held liable to share the cost of the war is that it is a war waged partly for Indian and partly for English purposes. Let it be assumed that the objects of the war were twofold—the better defence of India, and the possibility of our concentrating our efforts on some spot nearer home in case of a war with Russia if we had not India to defend. It seems impossible to put a proper pecuniary value on these two purposes respectively. How are we to say that it is more just that England should pay a fifth than that it should pay a tenth of the cost of the war? It must be borne in mind that if England pays, not as a matter of charity, but of justice, we are creating a precedent which must guide us in all our future military dealings with India. There is therefore every reason why this precedent should be set with the greatest deliberation; and, above all things, we must take care that we do not, under colour of doing mere justice to India, punish England for having adopted what on reflection we may think to have been a wrong policy.

AFGHANISTAN.

THE announcement, made at the end of last week, that there were grounds for supposing an agreement to exist between ABDURRAHMAN and AYOUB naturally caused a certain amount of disquietude. It is true that no treachery or double-dealing in Afghans would in the least surprise any one who is acquainted with the Afghan character. But even if the intelligence had been very much more strongly corroborated than it actually was, a little thought would have been sufficient to show that it need cause no immediate alarm, and that, in all probability, it referred to a bygone state of things. That ABDURRAHMAN, as a mere pretender, should attempt to strengthen himself by an alliance with one who was actually in possession of a considerable portion of the country was likely enough; that he would imperil the immediate advantages accruing to him from the English recognition, the departure of General STEWART's force, and the concentration of our military efforts on the task of crushing his rival, was by no means so probable. From the point of view of the Government, which is, apparently, to get out of Afghanistan with the most speed and the best face possible, ABDURRAHMAN's complicity with AYOUB need not necessarily have been sufficient to make them change their policy, for that policy may be briefly described as a resolute refusal to look at the future. The policy of Mr. GLADSTONE's last Government, which was that of ignoring Afghanistan as much as possible, has been as faithfully revived as circumstances permit, and it seems to be a particularly sore point with the Ministerialists, in their discussions with their enemies, that the action of the latter has made its complete revival impossible. Lord HARTINGTON does not propose to abandon those advantages for which the late Ministry fought on the eastern side of the country, and he has not yet announced his intention of abandoning those gained by them on the southern. Notwithstanding the attempt of certain Government partisans to make out that the disaster of Kushk-i-Nakhud comes of occupying Candahar, and of the policy of the forward school, it is sufficiently evident that the disaster is the very strongest possible confirmation of the views of that school. The facility of an advance on India *viâ* Herat has been only too clearly made out, and the value of Candahar as a dyke against the waters of invasion has (notwithstanding the very questionable generalship of more than one officer concerned) been made out still more triumphantly. It may fairly be said that while the abandonment of Candahar before Kushk-i-Nakhud would have been evidence of a want of forethought, its abandonment after that event would be an unpardonable refusal to profit by the lessons of experience.

Although no actual war operations of great moment have taken place during the past week, information of one kind or another, which is interesting and important enough, has reached England. The persistent protests and questions of certain Members of the House of Commons have elicited statements from Lord HARTINGTON calculated to remove a good deal of the anxiety which was caused by the announcement of General ROBERTS's march. The GENERAL, it is now certain, carries with him sufficient supplies of the absolutely necessary kind, and when he has reached Kelat-i-Ghilzai, he will be able to fill up if necessary from the magazines of that useful post. The absence of any rumour of actual or intended obstruction to his force may be taken to show that in the most dangerous part of his route—the neighbourhood of Ghuznee—there are no signs of opposition. On the other side General PHAYRE is slowly massing, while at Candahar itself the siege has at last been formed, and seems to be proceeding with some briskness. In connexion with this siege there are, it must be confessed, some mysteries. It has suddenly become known that either one or two regiments of native infantry have at some uncertain time made their way to General PRIMROSE, so that officer has an effective strength not very far short of five thousand men. This is in itself well, though it is, as we have said, mysterious. But it is not so well that this force of nearly five thousand men, more than twelve hundred of whom are said to be Englishmen, should be lurking behind the walls of Candahar, while a force officially estimated at not much more than double their strength forms the siege against them. This was not the way in which England won India, and most assuredly it is not the way in which she can expect to keep it. From the reckless undervaluing of the force of the enemy, which led

to the disaster of Kushk-i-Nakhud, a revulsion seems to have taken place to an almost equally imprudent unreadiness to meet them. No doubt a certain amount of demoralization must have resulted from the mishap or the blunder of July 27. But the ghosts of CLIVE and COOTE and WELLINGTON and LAKE contemplating General PRIMROSE with five thousand men shut up in Candahar by AYOUB with ten thousand, would supply no bad theme for tragic poetry of the severer classical kind. It is, of course, impossible to say that General PRIMROSE, inferior as he is in cavalry and artillery, may not be justified in remaining strictly on the defensive. The enlarged estimate of his force may itself, in the singular confusion of intelligence which seems to exist, have been erroneous. But to think that we have at the present moment in garrison or on the march something like five-and-twenty thousand men resisting, or in chase of, a force of ten thousand, is not altogether an agreeable thought, and would be still less agreeable were it not that the awkward state of things can be pretty clearly traced to the carelessness or incompetence of individuals. There is something not a little pathetic in the fact that for comfort and consolation under these circumstances it is necessary to look to the fact that a garrison of Indian troops during the past week has actually resisted a tribe of freebooting marauders successfully, has pursued them some distance, and has inflicted considerable loss on them. The conduct of the garrison of Kuch deserves only praise; but it is a pity that its merits should be heightened by the force of contrast.

On the whole there seems to be no reason for immediate alarm about Afghan matters, nothwithstanding the activity of AYOUB at Candahar, but the same can hardly be said as regards the future. Such an enterprise as that in which we have been for two years engaged has far too much of the nature of a Nessus's shirt to enable us to throw it off and cut all connexion with it in the offhand fashion recommended to Lord HARTINGTON by many of his advisers. But even if we suppose that the new AMEER is induced by a knowledge of his own interest to keep tolerably good faith with us, the problem would be by no means satisfactorily resolved. The Government, perhaps for good reasons, have given no indication of the course to be pursued towards AYOUB. When General ROBERTS or General PHAYRE, or both, come up, he will, of course, either be beaten or will shun the contest. But the former result would not, save in the unlikely case of his capture, end the matter, and the latter would at once lay upon the Government the necessity of deciding a very difficult question. Are we to go to Herat, and, if so, what are we to do there? General ROBERTS will no doubt be quite as ready to go to Herat as to Candahar, and AYOUB's march in the opposite direction shows that no material difficulties will prevent his doing so. The strength of the place has been variously estimated, and if defended by a numerous artillery it might be awkward to attack. But that it can be taken, and will be taken if the orders are given, there is no doubt whatever. The point of interest is, whether the orders will be given; and, if so, what will be done with the place when we have got it. Persia is anxious for it; ABDURRAHMAN would no doubt be extremely glad to receive it at our hands; and the Russians profess a kind of MONROE doctrine in respect of it—a doctrine to which, it is hardly necessary to say, no English Government ought to pay the slightest heed. The necessity of going to Herat—a necessity which, if AYOUB is to be thoroughly punished and the disaster of Kushk-i-Nakhud thoroughly avenged, is almost unavoidable—would bring with it a further necessity, from which the Government seem nervously to shrink. Some day or other, perhaps when it is too late, the Afghan question must be faced fully and fairly, as it ought to have been faced when seven years ago Mr. GLADSTONE's Government adopted the fatal policy which has led to all these troubles. The present plan of simply getting out of the country as soon as possible can in no sense be said to be a full and fair facing of the difficulty. It may not indeed result in any immediate disaster, and those who have criticized it from this point of view may be thought not to have chosen the more excellent way. But it becomes more and more evident every year that India cannot be regarded any longer as if it were a possession by itself fenced round with a wall of brass. When a single nation has succeeded in acquiring the dominion of the entire northern half of a continent, the question of the mutual relations of the southern portions of that continent cannot be considered apart from this fact. Russia is a neighbour of Asiatic Turkey, a neighbour of Persia, a neighbour of Afghanistan, a neighbour of China; and Persia, Afghanistan, and the Chinese Empire are neighbours, or all but neighbours, of India. No partial dealing with the question can disguise the consequences of these facts. Understandings with Russia have not been so satisfactory in the past that we should revert to them in the future. But even the fanatical abhorrers of the forward policy must acknowledge that, if we once hold Herat, to give it up without a very careful consideration of the hands into which it might fall would be rash in the extreme. To hold it would certainly be a formidable undertaking. But one point which can be reaffirmed with certainty is that Candahar, properly held and not left in the air, bars the route from Herat. In the present instance the lesson has been as clearly taught to those who have eyes to see, as if General BURROWS had given AYOUB the beating which he ought to have had.

SOUTH AFRICA.

A BLUE-BOOK entitled "Further Correspondence respecting the Affairs of South Africa," while it contains some interesting matter, affords a specimen of the carelessness with which public documents are edited at the Colonial Office. Sir BARTLE FRERE very properly sent home two newspaper reports of an important debate in the Cape Parliament on the proposal for a conference to consider a plan of Confederation. The Department, merely to save some clerk the trouble of selecting the version either of the *Cape Times* or the *Cape Argus*, prints both reports in full at the public expense to the confusion of curious readers. The interest felt at home in the affairs of South Africa is not too absorbing to be satisfied with a single reading of a Colonial Minister's speech. Students of contemporary history who have sufficient leisure for the purpose will find that the debate is not uninstructive. The modern experiment of responsible government in the Colonies is gradually producing a novel type of Constitution, where all parties intended to conform to the English model. Political measures in the Cape Colony assume the form of Cabinet minutes addressed to the Governor, whose Ministers are at all times nervously anxious to assert their own independence. The Imperial Cabinet, on the other hand, has never found it necessary to acquire a legal position; and consequently it habitually disguises its own exercise of the royal prerogative. It was nominally by the act of the QUEEN, and not of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. CARDWELL, that purchase in the army was abolished without the consent of Parliament. Lord KIMBERLEY will perhaps have caused some displeasure at the Cape by assigning as a reason for continuing Sir BARTLE FRERE in office and afterwards for recalling him, the prospect of his being able to forward the policy of Confederation, and the subsequent defeat of the measure. It is highly probable that Sir BARTLE FRERE may have exercised great personal influence, but the most popular objection to Confederation is that it has been recommended by successive Secretaries of State and by the representatives of the Crown. Colonial politicians never forget their anxiety to convince themselves and others that they are mature enough to stand alone. Lord KIMBERLEY's despatch will not remove the impression that Sir BARTLE FRERE has been shabbily treated. "There had been," says the SECRETARY of STATE, "so much divergence between "your views and those of Her MAJESTY's present Govern-"ment on South African affairs that they would not have "thought it either desirable or fair to yourself that you "should remain at the Cape," except for the prospect of forwarding the policy of Confederation. The reason having now disappeared, the Government "with regret come to "the conclusion" that Sir BARTLE FRERE should be recalled. There has, in fact, been no divergence between the views of Sir BARTLE FRERE and of the present Government, though he dissented from the policy which was common to the late Government and the late Opposition. On their accession to office the present Ministers might properly and consistently have dismissed the GOVERNOR; but by deliberately availing themselves of his services they formally condoned any previous error which he might have committed. They recall him on account of the Zulu war after attempting to make use of the influence

which he mainly acquired by the questionable but successful policy which is now condemned.

Mr. SPRIGG, in an elaborate and able speech, ostensibly in favour of a Conference of the South African colonies, dwelt at least as earnestly on the impediments to Confederation as on the expediency of the measure. He remarked that Lord CARNARVON had, three or four years ago, assumed an initiative which belonged to the colony, and that Mr. FROUDE, who was supposed to possess the confidence of the Secretary of State, had conducted an agitation against the colonial Government and Legislature. He also complained that by declining to annex Zululand after the war the Home Government, through Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, had perpetuated or continued a system of tribal power which is inconsistent with the colonial theory of native administration. Mr. SPRIGG also found just fault with the mode in which the annexation of the Transvaal had been forcibly accomplished, when it might have been effected with the consent of the inhabitants. He recognized the difficulties which would arise from any possible mode of selecting delegates to represent the Transvaal at the Conference. The provisional Government is not at present elected by the people; and popular election would return opponents of the English connexion. Other speakers pointed out the objections to Mr. SPRIGG's conclusion that it would be desirable to intrust the appointment of delegates to popular meetings. In other respects it was not difficult to profit by the admissions of the COLONIAL SECRETARY, or to answer the objections which he had offered of difficulties suggested by himself. He had carefully confined himself to arguments in favour of a Conference, professing to leave the question of Confederation open; but it was perfectly evident that a vote in favour of a Conference involved the principle which the delegates were to apply. After a long debate, Mr. SPRIGG stated that he had from the first determined not to carry the measure by a bare majority, and that he believed the votes to be equally divided. He therefore acceded to a motion for the previous question, which was equivalent to the rejection of the Conference, while it left the principle of Confederation in abeyance. In a subsequent sitting, when a vote of confidence in the Government was moved, the Opposition withdrew in a body. It may therefore be understood that Mr. SPRIGG still commands a majority, but henceforth the proceedings of the Cape Parliament will attract little attention in England. The recall of Sir BARTLE FRERE seems to excite general regret, and it may be assumed that no former Governor has acquired to the same extent the confidence of the colonists. Probably his chief merit in their eyes is the Zulu policy, which has caused his recall.

The only exception to the general approval of Sir BARTLE FRERE's administration justifies the belief that he has done much to confirm and extend the loyalty of the South African population. The professed enemies of the English connexion spare no terms of vituperation in speaking of the HIGH COMMISSIONER. In a letter to Mr. COURTNEY, who has undertaken to represent the claims of the Transvaal Boers in the House of Commons, Mr. KRUGER and Mr. JOUBERT sneer at the supposed defeat of the "great man" who was charged with the establishment of a South African Confederation. It seems that either Mr. GLADSTONE's Ministry, or Sir BARTLE FRERE, or perhaps both, represent a system which is "the establishment and the extension of a British "Napoleonic Empire, ostensibly subject to the Home Par-"liament, but really governed by two or three persons in "Downing Street, and governed as arbitrarily as, for "instance, Cayenne under NAPOLEON III." Lord KIMBERLEY, Mr. GRANT DUFF, and Mr. HERBERT, seem to be the present tyrants of the South African Cayenne. Another passage is directed exclusively against Sir BARTLE FRERE. "The Zulu war was prepared in a lying way, "and was defended with lying arguments. The book of "Miss FRANCES COLENSO deserves to be consulted on this "point. The indignation in England was great, but the "stubborn obstinacy of the Satrap was greater still. And "he obtained the victory even over the Liberal Ministry." Mr. COURTNEY may perhaps not be proud of clients who fail to perceive that, if their statement is true, the whole responsibility is transferred from the Satrap to the Liberal Ministers. It is remarkable that even the Transvaal agitators think it worth while to assert that "there exists "warm unanimity in the whole of South Africa; the "country is ripe and adapted to union; it is also suffi-"ciently powerful to govern the blacks vigorously and "justly; but who has created the disharmony? The system? "If the Republic had been honestly and generously assisted, "the gratitude of the people would have been prepared "for great self-sacrifice." It is indeed greatly to be regretted that assistance to the Transvaal was not withheld until it was earnestly demanded; but Sir BARTLE FRERE, who had no share in the annexation, has at the expense of his own countrymen conferred enormous benefits on the Transvaal. The Boers of the Republic would almost certainly have been attacked and conquered, perhaps exterminated by CETEWAYO, if Sir BARTLE FRERE had not assumed the offensive, on, it may be admitted, insufficient grounds.

Some of the opponents of Confederation have communicated with Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, whose energies have for some time been directed to the annexation of the Dominion of Canada to the United States. It would have been difficult to find any other Englishman who regards the Canadian Confederation as a failure; but it is probably true that, as Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH points out, the system requires an inconveniently large number of members of legislative Assemblies, and of administrative functionaries; and the same objection might be raised to the institutions of the United States, which served as a model for Canada. In South Africa the difficulty may perhaps be overcome by the successive annexation to the Cape of the neighbouring provinces. Though the territory is wide, the white population is scanty, and the revenue of all the colonies only amounts to about 6,000,000*l*. West Griqualand is, with the sanction of the Home Government, to be immediately annexed; and perhaps the process may eventually extend to Natal, and even to the Transvaal. The mother-country has no motive for interference either to retard or to accelerate union, except as far as it is thought necessary to undertake the defence of the smaller provinces. In the absence of a strong Imperial garrison the Cape will, for its own sake, not allow Natal or the Transvaal to be overrun by Swazis or Zulus. With its own native population the Cape Government is disposed to deal vigorously. The disarmament of the Basutos has been completed, and there is no sign of renewed resistance. The Zulus have since the war caused no serious uneasiness. One of the speakers in the debate on the Conference asserted that Sir GARNET WOLSELEY had substituted thirteen CETEWAYOS for one, but thirteen petty potentates are much less formidable than one warlike chief. Sir BARTLE FRERE will have the satisfaction of leaving South Africa in the enjoyment of peace and prosperity, and of bequeathing no considerable difficulty to his successor except that of conciliating the inhabitants of the Transvaal.

THE EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY BILL.

THE debate on the third reading of the Employers' Liability Bill gave the Fourth party an additional opportunity of "facilitating" public business, and raised a not very relevant question as to the terms on which workmen are employed in the Government service. Otherwise it contributed nothing new to a discussion which had already been needlessly long. The tactics of Mr. GORST and his friends while the Bill has been under consideration have been extremely simple. They have endeavoured to overthrow by a succession of side winds a compromise which the House of Commons had accepted when it was directly proposed. This late-born zeal to go all lengths with Mr. MACDONALD does more credit to the ingenuity of these gentlemen than to their consistency. The progress of the Bill through Committee was delayed down to the very last day by farther convictions of sin on the Conservative benches. When the present Opposition were in office common employment was treated as a principle too sacred to be touched. Since they have crossed the House they have been more and more disposed to destroy what they once worshipped; and yesterday week the late Solicitor-General proposed to abolish the plea altogether in the case of Railway Companies. Why Railway Companies should be denied a benefit which would still have been allowed to all other industries Sir HARDINGE GIFFARD did not attempt to show; and we can only suppose that in Conservative eyes a Joint-Stock Company is a less interesting victim than an individual colliery owner. From this novel point of view a corporation may be regarded as wanting a pocket to be picked as well as a body to be

kicked and a soul to be saved. It is curious that a proposal of this kind should come from a party which is usually supposed to sympathize with corporations. Sir H. GIFFARD failed, however, to carry all his party with him. Sir WALTER BARTTELOT is too old to dance to the new Conservative pipe, and he fell back on the commonplace argument that the amendment went in a direction never contemplated by the Bill into which it was proposed to insert it, and that a single interest ought not without careful consideration to be picked out for exceptional treatment. The House of Commons supported the Government view, as it usually does when the Government provides a view to be supported, and the amendment was rejected.

The same question came up in another form at the evening sitting, and under circumstances of greater difficulty. Mr. MORLEY proposed that Railway Companies should be held liable for the negligence of any person who has charge or control of any signal, points, engine, or train, and his amendment was accepted by Mr. DODSON and agreed to without a division. Is this exceptional legislation? The Directors of the Midland Railway contend that it is. In a statement read on their behalf to the half-yearly meeting of proprietors on Tuesday, they say that "within the last "few days an amendment has been made to single out "Railway Companies from all other employers of labour, "and to put them under a special liability." Colliery owners and ironmasters are made liable only for the acts of servants "who have superintendence entrusted to them, "and are not engaged in manual labour," but as the Bill now stands, "Railway Companies are to be responsible for "any negligent act of servants engaged in carrying on traffic, "such as signal-men, engine-drivers, or guards." This is certainly a plausible contention. At first sight it does seem as though a burden which had been thought too heavy for colliery owners and ironmasters had been placed upon Railway Companies. As regards all classes of employers except Railway Companies, the object of the Government Bill is to make legal and moral responsibility go together. That which an employer can prevent, if he takes pains, the Bill aims at making him take pains to prevent. He is held responsible for the negligence of his foremen and of all who have the superintendence of other workmen, because the appointment of them is an act of choice not of chance. He is not held responsible for the negligence of his ordinary workmen, because they are necessarily taken on without selection. All that the Railway Companies ask, according to their own account of the matter, is to have this same measure applied to them. They resent being held responsible for the negligence of the ordinary workmen employed on the line and in the carriage of passengers and goods. Signalmen or pointsmen, guards or engine-drivers, are, they say, to a Railway Company what an ordinary miner is to a colliery owner. The duties they perform are duties, not of superintendence, but of manual labour. This is shown by the very fact that it is necessary to introduce a special clause to make the Companies liable for their acts. If they had been superintendents of other men's labour, they would have been included in the general provisions of the Bill.

Before, however, the force of this reasoning is unreservedly acknowledged, two things have to be considered. The first is that, although guards, engine-drivers, signalmen, and pointsmen may not have the superintendence of others, they occupy a position very distinct from that of ordinary workmen. They are not taken on one week and let go the next, just as work happens to be brisk or sluggish. They constitute to some extent a service the admission to which is by selection. They are picked out for the work they have to do, not taken on simply because there is work waiting to be done and they offer themselves to do it. A Railway Company which was careless in the choice of men to fill these places in its service would undoubtedly be to blame if their negligence had any ill consequences; and the Bill does but attempt to convert this moral responsibility into a legal one. Unless the Railway Companies can plead that they know and can know nothing as to the qualifications of the men they entrust with the conduct of trains, the driving of engines, or the management of points and signals, they have no right to complain if they are treated as though they had some knowledge on these matters. If they are able to set up this plea the public will in future have a very much keener sense of the dangers of railway travelling. The second thing to be considered is that there has often been good ground for attributing the negligence of railway servants employed in critical work to the rules by which their work is regulated. It is impossible for a man to have his full powers about him after he has been working more than a certain number of hours, and it has constantly been asserted, and never, so far as we know, disproved, that on railways the hours are sometimes very long indeed. If a pointsman is sleepy he may turn a train upon the wrong rails without meaning it. If an engine-driver is sleepy he may go on against a signal without knowing what he is doing. If in either of these cases the inability of the man to do his work properly is the result of his having been employed for an unreasonable number of hours, the regulations which compel, or encourage, or permit him to go on working after his power of working well is for the time exhausted are to blame for any accident that may follow. If, therefore, the Railway Companies could not be brought under the Bill in respect of their responsibility for the choice of these particular classes of workmen they would come within its provisions as regards the rules which regulate their work. Assuming that they employ an engine-driver or a signal-man for sixteen hours when he only has his full wits about him for ten, the regulations under which they do so are at fault, and they and their authors may not unfairly be held responsible for any evil that they cause.

Although the principle of the Employers' Liability Bill is sound, it is quite possible that in its tedious progress through the House of Commons some contradictory or unreal applications of this principle may have found their way into it. To amend faults of this kind is one of the most useful functions that a Second Chamber can discharge, and it will be unfortunate if the delay in sending up the Bill should prevent its receiving careful and adequate criticism at the hands of the House of Lords.

CHINA.

AN article in the *Nineteenth Century* by Mr. BOULGER, whose statements and opinions on any subject connected with Asia are sure to command general respect, gives a curious and interesting sketch of the present state of the vast Chinese Empire. Far from being dead or dying, China appears to be more alive than ever, and not only able to hold her own, but inclined to push herself forward, and regain what in times of greater debility she has lost. When the ancient wealth, the vast population, and the unconquerable pertinacity of China are taken into consideration, it is easy to see that she is in some respects the strongest and most formidable Power in the world. But what makes China especially interesting to us in the present day is that it and its attendant Empire of Japan present the only force of vigorous civilization on the globe which is not the force of Europe. If all Christendom is grouped together, and the populations directly affected by the notions of religion, government, and arts of Christendom are massed, and on the other side are placed China and Japan, we have two groups not very unequal in numbers, and each showing that human society can be highly organized under it, but presenting radical differences at every point with the rest of the world. In the third group, the Mahommedan Powers took the lead, but none of them present anything that can be called a living civilization. They have a power of coherence, due partly to fighting qualities and partly to a genuineness of religious belief, but they are all decaying, and are to a large degree dependent for their existence on the pleasure of the members of the first group. Their greatest vitality is in their least civilized elements. Albanians, Afghans, Arabs, Turkomans, and other wild people, are the most vigorous of modern Mahommedans. Such kingdoms as Siam and Burmah go on, but not in a manner to present anything like rivalry to Christian civilization. They and all the world, except China, are to us very much what the barbarians were to the Greeks. We may study them and trade with them and occasionally see reason for killing some of them, but we are always conscious, and so perhaps are they, that we are the superiors and they the inferiors. It is not so, and cannot be so, with China. A third of the human race, occupying one of the most favoured portions of the earth's surface, with a civilization that was old when ours began,

strongly cohering, animated by fixed principles and pertinaciously striving towards a fixed goal, is a phenomenon which nothing but egregious vanity or hopeless ignorance can despise. At present we have nothing to do but to study China so far as with our very imperfect information it is possible to study it. We cannot do the Chinese, nor can they do us, much harm or good. But their unique importance must continually arrest our attention with an increasing force. For they will press themselves on our notice, and the restless speculation and inquiry of Europe will be more and more attracted to the only sphere of human society where something is to be examined at once new, vast, vigorous, and unlike all to which we are accustomed.

The first thing to attend to in examining the present practice of China is the greatness of its recent military successes. The great rebellions in the centre, the south, and the west, have been suppressed. Kashgaria has been reconquered, and the border tribes have not only been witnesses of the new power of China; but have been reminded of the ancient ties which bind them to her. Vast tracts of country, depopulated during the civil wars, are being gradually allotted to colonists. The finances are satisfactory. The revenue reaches something like sixty millions sterling, and would, in the opinion of Mr. BOULGER, reach a hundred millions with a purer and more perfect administration, while at the same time the Chinese are the lightest taxed of all nations. The army falls little short of a million on paper, and may perhaps be able to furnish 200,000 effectives, and an equal number who are capable of being made effectives after some delay and practical experience. The Tartar troops, which are the real fighting part of the army, are provided with modern weapons either of the Bordan pattern or procured from the United States. A native arsenal supplies nearly, if not all, the ammunition required for the army, and although the small arms factory is not yet in working order, artillery of considerable calibre has been turned out. Armstrong forty-pounders, manufactured by Chinese hands, have been sent to supply the active army, and one-hundred-and-fifty pounders similarly constructed have been placed in the forts on the Peiho. In a very short time, Mr. BOULGER thinks, the new arsenal will have rendered China independent of the foreigner for munitions of war. A naval dockyard has also been established, and although at the outset the works were damaged by a typhoon, the Chinese are not the sort of people to be discouraged by an accident, and within ten years or so Mr. BOULGER prophesies that China will have an arsenal and shipyard rivalling anything we possess. The civil and military services need great reform, and there is much peculation in high quarters. China has to deplore exactly what Russia has been deploring so bitterly since the exposures consequent on the late war. Some steps towards reform have already been taken, the chief of which seems to have consisted in the promotion of officials on grounds other than that of literary merit. What Mr. BOULGER most insists on is the independence of China of foreign trade. Customs duties add four millions annually to the national revenue, but these are only four millions added to sixty. China can supply itself with everything it wants in peace, and will soon be able to supply itself with everything it can want in war. For reasons which Mr. BOULGER does not think it necessary to disclose, the authorities of the Empire do not favour the introduction of railways, and Mr. BOULGER thinks they are right. He considers railways dangerous in China, and we can only wish he had thought it within his province to state why they are dangerous. He contents himself with remarking that railways are superfluous in a country which is traversed by a network of navigable rivers and possesses an excellent system of roads.

We naturally ask what this strong, rich, compact, warlike Power may be expected to do when it begins to feel its new strength and has made this strength assured. In the first place it will, Mr. BOULGER imagines, begin to treat all foreign Powers in a different way. It will not stop foreign trade, but it will try to regulate it after its own fashion. It will discuss all questions concerning this trade as an equal treating with equals. If, for example, it dislikes the opium trade, it will say so, and will insist that it shall stop. With England as the mistress of India, it will be slow to come into collision. It might be irritated by any extension of our Indian Empire in the direction of Burmah, and it already, Mr. BOULGER suspects, takes more interest in the affairs of Nepaul and Cashmere than is ordinarily supposed; but an invasion of India is far away from its thoughts, not only because the task would be hopeless, but because all races and creeds in India are united, if in nothing else, in detestation of the Chinese. Everything is different when we come to speak of Russia. War between Russia and China is, in the opinion of Mr. BOULGER, a matter of certainty. It may come this year, it may come next year, or it may not come for ten years. But it must come sooner or later. China will go to war with Russia as soon as it dares to do so. Every year it may expect to get stronger. It is already the equal, if not the superior, of Russia in financial strength. Although its army is not comparable as a whole to that of Russia, it could place, with much greater ease than Russia, large bodies of troops on the field of contest, which would be on the Chinese borders, and it will soon be able to provide all the stores of war it needs, so that Russia, if superior at sea, would have nothing to intercept. Above all, it would have the border tribes with it—secretly at first, and openly on the first gleam of success. Even if beaten at first, China might profit by its reverses, just as the internal rebellions have been suppressed by the discomfited provincials having at last learned to fight better than the rebels. Being thus in a condition to go to war with Russia, it will go to war because at a hundred points there is a cause of quarrel. Russia holds what China longs to regain. Russia has exacted concessions from China which China feels to be humiliating, deeply resents, and longs to annul. Whether all Mr. BOULGER's statements are accurate we do not pretend to have any independent means of judging. But every one who reads what he writes will own that he has the air of writing with care, with deliberation, and with a wish to get at the truth. And, if he is right, or nearly right, in his main contention, it is evident that the danger with which Russia is menaced on the side of China must form a most important element in the calculations of European policy.

THE FRENCH MARRIAGE LAW.

THE cruelty which the French law of marriage occasionally inflicts upon Englishwomen is strikingly illustrated in the case of Mme. DESAINTE. This unfortunate young woman was married in 1876 to a young Frenchman whom she no doubt believed to be of full age. In the eye of the English law he was so, for he was well over twenty-one. In the eye of the French law, however, he was still a minor, for he was only twenty-two. The marriage was a perfectly legal one according to English ideas. It was solemnized in church and after due publication of banns. Some three years later M. DESAINTE for the first time informed his father that he had a wife. At first the family do not seem to have made up their mind to dispute the validity of the marriage; but either they or the young man himself determined upon reflection that he would be happier single, and when Mme. DESAINTE went to Paris to claim her husband she was turned out of the house. The Civil Tribunal of the Seine has since set aside the marriage on the familiar ground that the husband was under five-and-twenty, and had not obtained the consent of his father and mother. A case of greater hardship cannot be imagined. A young woman suddenly discovers, after three years of married life and the birth of children, that, according to the law of her husband's country, he is no better than her seducer. That M. DESAINTE is destitute of the least shadow of honourable feeling does not need to be said; but, unluckily, there was no way open to Mme. DESAINTE of ascertaining his deficiency in this respect. A girl who allows herself to be seduced at least knows the risk she is running; but a girl who accepts an offer from a young man who, so far as she knows, is in all respects able to contract a valid marriage, has no reason to think that she is running any risk whatever. Her lover has apparently given her the accepted proof that he is in earnest. He has offered to marry her, and to take the burden of her support upon himself.

It is natural that when cases of this kind are made public there should be a good deal of outcry against the alleged absurdity of French law. Undoubtedly it is a question whether, in one respect, it might not be beneficially altered. When a young man goes into a foreign country and there contracts a marriage which by the law of

that country is a good marriage, we do not see why it should not be held valid in the country of the husband. If an opportunity should offer itself for a general revision of the European marriage law, this proposal might be very properly made to the French Government, and to the Government of any other country in which the conditions demanded for a valid marriage are more severe than those demanded in England. There is very little chance, however, that any such proposal would be accepted. It would be considered by French parents, and in a sense rightly considered, to be a wholly one-sided proposal. They have no desire to see their sons rendered more open than they already are to the attractions of designing young Englishwomen. They would rather hold that the reason for maintaining the French law as it is applies with even greater force in England than it does in France. At home their sons are protected by many things besides the law; abroad the law is all that a parent has to trust to. At home his father and mother can to some extent look after him, and so far as marriage is concerned the relations of any young woman with whom he makes acquaintance are not likely to allow an intimacy which, if it is carried on against the wishes of his parents, can hardly bring a girl much happiness. Abroad he is out of his parents' sight, and the relations of any young woman for whom he may conceive a foolish passion do not know how important parental consent is in France, and are not disposed by habit and tradition to attach much importance to it for themselves. So long as the French law continues what it is, French parents are safe. If the worst comes to the worst, they can set a marriage aside. Without this protection they would never have an easy moment while their sons were abroad. They would never know of what imprudence they might not be guilty nor with what irremovable consequences their imprudence might not saddle them. We can hardly conceive a more unpopular measure as regards Frenchmen than one which proposed to make a marriage valid provided that it was so by the law of the country in which it was solemnized.

There are only two ways, therefore, in which Englishwomen can be protected against such a fate as that which has overtaken Mme. Desainte. One is to persuade the French that our marriage law is preferable to theirs. This undertaking would be even more hopeless than the attempt to alter the law as applicable to foreign marriages. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that the French are in the least dissatisfied with the existing restrictions on early or clandestine marriages. When the *Times* urges M. Dumas to "expose this incentive to the gratification of loose passions," it forgets that M. Dumas knows his countrymen a great deal too well to do anything of the kind. The sorrows of the too-confiding young woman who marries a young man of two-and-twenty, without so much as thinking whether he has parents or not, do not lend themselves to M. Dumas's purpose. The question of divorce suggests innumerable situations which can be turned to account by an academician who is at once a dramatist, a novelist, and a moralist with a turn for writing pamphlets. In a deserted wife such a writer would see nothing calculated to fix his readers' attention. Nor is it safe to assume too easily that the French law is in itself a bad one. The mischiefs of precipitate and imprudent marriages are often bewailed in this country. There is no doubt that precipitate and imprudent marriages are very greatly kept in check by the law which renders the consent of parents necessary to a valid marriage until twenty-five. It may seem very shocking to Englishmen that a young man of twenty-four should be still in bondage to his father and mother in a matter so important as marriage. But, when a young man of twenty-four makes a fool of himself by marrying some young woman of whom it is easy to foresee that he will probably grow tired before the year is out, it is not quite so plain that the French law is mistaken in making such unions practically impossible. At all events, there is not the slightest chance that the French public will see the merits of the English system. They are accustomed to their own law, and the only class to whom it can be irksome are very young men and women—a class which, powerful as it may be in many directions, has not much influence on legislation.

As there is no chance of the French consenting to alter their marriage law to meet a hardship which they do not recognize and are rather anxious to see maintained, the only way in which young Englishwomen can be protected is by some modification in the law of their own country. There is no need to go the length of holding a marriage invalid which has heretofore been held to be valid. That would not make the position of young women like Mme. Desainte any more endurable than it is, supposing them to be already in it, while it would be more than is required in order to save them from unwittingly placing themselves in that position. Supposing that the official to whom M. Desainte applied for the publication of banns had been bound on learning his nationality to inquire whether he was over twenty-five, and in the event of his being under that age to demand the same evidence of parental consent that would have been demanded in France, it is probable either that the necessary consent would have been obtained or that the marriage would never have taken place. At all events, Miss Belgrave would have been protected against everything but that against which no law can give complete protection—deliberate lying. M. Desainte might have represented himself as older than he was—though even this might be obviated by requiring documentary evidence of age, or he might have forged his parents' consent, but these are not precisely the acts of an ardent young lover who is eager to make an imprudent marriage, and against such acts all laws are for the moment powerless. The fact that the protection to be afforded to young Englishwomen cannot be made theoretically complete is no reason for not making it sufficiently so to meet the great majority of cases.

VISITING JUSTICES AND THE PRISON COMMISSIONERS.

UNEXPECTED questions turn up in Committee of Supply, and on Monday the House of Commons found itself engaged in a discussion of the principle not of a Bill which it is proposed to pass this Session, but of an Act which was passed some Sessions ago. It is difficult nowadays to say which of the many novel expedients resorted to by members of Parliament who wish to distinguish themselves in the byways of public business is the most inconvenient; but the course taken by Mr. Magniac with regard to the salaries of the prison Commissioners may certainly claim a high place on the list. This gentleman is possibly under the impression that he exercised heroic self-denial in not moving the reduction of the vote by the amount of these salaries. He would have done so, he said, had the vote been reached earlier, but in consideration of the period of the Session he graciously waived his right and allowed the vote to pass. Unfortunately he did not at the same time waive his right to make the speech which would have accompanied his motion, so that as far as the consumption of time went the gain resulting from this forbearance was merely nominal. Few things could be more absurd than the spectacle of the House of Commons on the 16th of August debating a suggestion that the salaries of a body of officials appointed under an Act of Parliament, for the discharge of duties of very high importance, should be withheld from them because Mr. Magniac is of opinion that the Act of Parliament which appoints them should never have been passed. On this theory there is really no limit to the questions which may fairly be raised in Supply. If Mr. Magniac's example is followed, we may expect to see Mr. Richard moving the disestablishment of the Church under cover of a proposal to pay no more salaries to the bishops. The commonsense view of these questions used to be that, when an official was appointed by Act of Parliament, and paid by the Treasury, you either repealed the Act of Parliament or voted his salary as a matter of course. On Mr. Magniac's plan every institution of the country may be challenged, not on its merits, but on the vote to defray its expenses. It is difficult, no doubt, to define the exact limits within which it should be permissible to debate the question whether the salary of an official shall continue to be paid to him; but it is safe to say that it ought not to be done simply as a mode of discussing whether the office he holds shall be maintained.

Mr. Magniac's speech showed, as might have been expected, a radical misconception of the question which he had thus dragged in by the head and shoulders. The

Prison Commissioners, he said, had been appointed by the Government on the plea that as the Government paid the cost they were entitled to control the expenditure. This version of the matter states but a very small part of the case in support of the Prisons Act. It is true that the Government, being perpetually asked by the local authorities to take some burden or other off the rates, were glad to find a payment which they could make themselves. In this way they hoped to avoid the extravagance which is so apt to grow up when money is raised by one set of persons and spent by another. But there was a far more weighty reason than this for transferring the control of prisons from the local to the central authority. So long as the Visiting Justices determined how prisoners should be treated, there was a constant tendency to variation. No two gaols were alike in this respect. In one prison hard labour meant the crank or the treadmill; in another, it meant a little light industrial employment, such as befits an amateur with time on his hands. In one prison solitary confinement was a reality; in another it was merely a name for mutual intercourse, made more enjoyable by futile attempts to suppress it. In one prison the regulations were lenient and the dietary fairly liberal; in another the regulations were strict and the dietary limited and monotonous. Much may, no doubt, be said in favour of each of these opposite methods of dealing with criminals, and the advocates of leniency and severity respectively seem no nearer an agreement than they were ten years ago. But, however the controversy may in the end be settled, there can, one would think, be no doubt as to the propriety of adopting the same method in all prisons. Whatever may be the character of the discipline in force, it should at all events be uniform. If it be not uniform there can be no such thing as fairness of punishment. When a man in Lancashire and a man in Dorsetshire are sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for identical offences, the object of the Legislature certainly is that, having been equally guilty, they should be equally punished. But, if the Lancashire justices take one view of prison discipline and the Dorsetshire justices another, there can be no such thing as equality of punishment. The quantity of the imprisonment is the same in the two cases, but its quality is altogether different. This absurdity was got rid of by making the Prison Commissioners, not the Visiting Justices, the managers of prisons. The same end might perhaps have been attained by establishing a uniform code of prison discipline and leaving the Visiting Justices a merely administrative authority. It was every way better, however, that the management of prisons should not be of too routine and machine-like a character. We have no right to feel sure that the last word has been spoken upon any of the disputed points of prison discipline, and so long as there is a body of Commissioners in existence charged with the duty of watching the effect produced on the prisoners by this or that treatment there will always be room for reconsideration. All that is wanted is that the best lights that can be had for the time being shall be the lights employed in prison administration. If the Commissioners see reason to doubt the efficacy of severity, by all means let them try the experiment of lenity. If they are convinced that lenity is mistaken, by all means let them return to severity. But for the time being severity or lenity should be the rule, not in one prison but in all. The thief who is sentenced at one Quarter Sessions should know that he may expect precisely the same punishment as the thief who is sentenced at another Quarter Sessions. It may be expedient from time to time to try experiments in Prison Discipline, but they should be experiments directed to the discovery of the best method of treating all prisoners, not to the gratification of individual fancies on the part of this or that bench of Visiting Justices.

At the same time it should not be forgotten that Visiting Justices have still a very useful function to fulfil. The Commissioners of Prisons are like other men in this, that they will probably do their work all the better for doing it under external supervision. It is well that they should know what the world thinks of their acts, and how their method of dealing with prisoners commends itself to men of ordinary intelligence outside the office. The Visiting Justices can, if they choose, do the prison Commissioners this service. They are the persons best qualified to criticise prison administration, because they have a real knowledge of much that relates to it, and the immense variety of view which prevents them from being a good administrative body makes them an admirable critical body. From this point of view even crotchets are not to be despised. They may have a germ of sense lying hid somewhere about them, which, when discovered and separated from the nonsense with which it is associated, may convey a valuable suggestion or a necessary warning. Nor is this the only use to which Visiting Justices may be turned. It is not enough that the Commissioners should administer prisons wisely; they should also be known to administer prisons wisely. The public are always ready to listen to stories about prison cruelty, because they know how much room prison life must give for cruelty. The relation of warder and warded is necessarily one in which the one has very great power, and the other next to none, and the only way in which any check can be kept on the exercise of this power is by giving the prisoners adequate opportunity of making complaint. The visits of the Commissioners are too rare for this purpose, and the prisoners probably regard them as in league with the warders. The Visiting Justices have the advantage of being entirely independent of the prison authorities, and, if they are satisfied, the public will feel that the best possible precautions against prison abuses have been taken. If they are not satisfied, there is the Home Office and Parliament to appeal to, and Visiting Justices are usually men who have considerable power of making their remonstrances heard in either of these quarters.

AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.

THE time of year is at hand when the armies of the principal European Powers will, in default of finding employment against each other, be actively engaged in the exchange of amicable hostilities among themselves. The gathering in of harvest leaves the field free for "autumn manœuvres." In Russia numerous corps convened from a vast area will be gathered in such masses as would have delighted a general of the Napoleonic time. In Germany the congregation of soldiers will be more select than numerous, and the expectation of "getting a wrinkle," and the certainty of seeing the nearest possible imitation of actual war will attract to the theatre of manœuvre a host of experts, critics, special correspondents, and sight-seers. In Italy, the precision and completeness of the German system will be represented with a fair degree of imitation, though perhaps, as in former years, the inevitable admixture of superior with much inferior military stuff in the intense desire to display numbers may give to experienced outsiders an impression that the machine, on the whole, is weak and unequal, and scarcely calculated to bear any violent strain. In Austria, immense advances have been made on all sides, and if the South Germans are still not on a level of proficiency with their northern brethren, there is always a good deal to be learned by those English officers who attend their manœuvres. Austria, moreover, is the country before all others where our officers are made cordially welcome, where they are sure of meeting brother officers who are thorough gentlemen, excellent soldiers, and agreeable comrades, and where they have the power of doing not a little in friendly companionship towards strengthening those ties which traditionally unite the two countries, and which it should be the duty as it is the interest of every British Administration to unite yet closer. Of France we shall treat at greater length further on.

With regard to Russia, we know from the reports of last year's proceedings that, however much the pride and ambition of army leaders were gratified by the visible improvement in tactical proficiency effected in the large bodies under their command, they were not unconscious of the clear superiority shown by their German rivals in all that relates to the conduct of peace manœuvres. From the conduct of these to those of real campaigning there is but a step, as matters are understood in Germany. Of what other country can the same be said? The late war revealed to the Russian Government the shortcomings of its military administration, the imperfection of its armaments, the tactical misapprehensions of its generals and superior officers, and the utter unreadiness of the army generally, had it been called upon to meet troops instructed and manœuvred after the modern German method. Not that the Russians had not made a note of Sadowa, and taken warning by Sedan, but they had only half learned the lessons these should have conveyed, and when war broke out with Turkey the extent of their own deficiencies took them by surprise. They are now busily engaged in making up for lost time, and though their progress does not appear to be rapid, and the machine seems by comparison somewhat unwieldy, yet it must be remembered that this machine is of portentous dimensions. To note in a passing phrase something of the difficulty obstructing the path of reform, we must consider over what a vast area, traversed by what indifferent communications, a comprehensive scheme of army reform

coming from the St. Petersburg War Office has to work. We must remember how it must permeate through a thousand channels, and we must take account of the friction to be overcome from first to last, from the establishment of the new system of recruitment and organisation, the necessity of educating the exceptionally dense ignorance of masses of peasant soldiery, of penetrating the obstructive unintelligence of an immense body of officers brought up in the old creeds, and of setting in array great armies thoroughly versed in the new tactics. Looking at the matter in this light, it seems reasonable to infer that many years must yet elapse before Russia can be regarded in the light of Germany, Austria, and perhaps France, as a possibly aggressive Power of the first order. It is for many reasons interesting and important that we should understand how the autumn manœuvres are conducted in France, whether on the German system or on one improvised by the French themselves. It is not an indisputable fact, as so many people seem to think, that the German system is the only one to be followed with advantage. The Germans have arrived at an extraordinary degree of administrative and executive perfection, so that we may almost say they prepare for and make war by machinery. But we must remember that the genius of the nation has always tended in this direction. They were always drill-masters, always inclined to be pedants and machine drivers. The last great wars showed to what a perfection the machine had been brought, and what grand use might be made of it by leaders of pre-eminent ability. All this is true; but we have yet to see how matters would turn out were the able leaders on the opposite side; and we have yet to see how the machinery would stand the friction of reverses. We know that the elaborate drill-system of both Austrians and Prussians was shattered when it came in contact with the genius of Napoleon; and we are disposed to believe that a Napoleon would not now more than then allow himself to be chained to the wheels of any system whatever. What we really need in England is not the adoption of German methods, but the practical and intelligent application of those we have framed to suit a different organization. If our brigades and battalions were taken out twice a month into the country (wherever feasible), intelligently and systematically exercised in attack and defence, and practised in entrenching—which they never are—we should have no occasion for perpetually amending our field exercise regulations. We do not think battles are won because companies are two hundred and fifty strong, but they may very likely be won if we know how to manage our small companies. Battles are not won because captains of companies of two hundred and fifty men are left a certain initiative, nor are battles lost because captains of companies of seventy men are not called upon with so limited a number to exercise that amount of initiative. The German system is to give responsibility into the hands of leaders of large companies; ours is to give the direction of several small companies united in a half-battalion to the major of that wing. What seems to us to be required is that our system should be worked out in practice; not that the captains should be wondering what amount of initiative they are credited with, and the major hesitating whether and when it is his business to put in a word. But this is what at present we do see; and this leads to continual misapprehensions, the confusion of which is increased by an adjutant flying about with orders from the colonel to individual captains. When a regiment is operating by half-battalions the colonel becomes virtually a brigadier, and it is not his business to lead companies. Any one, however, who has witnessed field days at Aldershot may often see not only lieutenant-colonels commanding regiments, but even the generals mixing themselves up with the direction of companies. If we systematically worked out our own theories as the Germans do theirs in all their detail, we should have fewer lamentations over our antiquated tactics, and fewer prognostications o what dreadful things will happen "if we are ever pitted against European troops."

The principles on which autumn manœuvres should be conducted are in France and Germany theoretically identical. They have been laid down in black and white, and the wording of the French regulations is so similar throughout to the German, that it is plain the French could discover no more likely way to success than that of following as closely as possible in their rivals' footsteps. In one case, however, they have swerved from the beaten track, and have permitted themselves to start a little theory of their own. The theory is comprised in the last dozen words of a short paragraph. It is laid down that manœuvres between opposing forces—(*à double action*)—may be carried out in one of two ways—either a certain initiative may be left to the chiefs, *or else* the situations of the campaign and the alternations of the combats may be settled beforehand. The regulations, it is perceived, leave it optional which course shall be adopted. On the other hand, in Germany it is distinctly laid down that it is impossible to legislate for the shifting conditions and accidents of a campaign, and to prescribe the course which a battle shall take:—"It is out of the question," says Marshal Moltke, "to calculate with any precision the sequences in a campaign beyond the first meeting with the mass of the opposing force. Only a stranger to the military art fancies he detects in the various phases of a campaign the execution in all its detail of a plan laid out from the commencement, and followed undeviatingly to the end."

Since in Germany the utility of peace manœuvres between opposing armies is recognized in proportion as these resemble the realities of war, everything is done to lend them reality. It is laid down that, when once a general plan has been communicated to the rival leaders and a rendezvous given, nothing shall be told them as to their line of action in any of those circumstances in which, if it was real war, their conduct would have to depend on their own judgment and inspiration. So that in the peace manœuvres that element is introduced which is ever present in war—the element of uncertainty. And thus the generals not only acquire the habit of controlling large bodies of men in all kinds of situations, but are called upon for frequent exercise of moral and intellectual qualities of no mean order. Again, the cardinal consideration in the Prussian system being the perfecting of the infantry tactical unit, the company, the manœuvres are intended to afford those important personalities on the battlefield, the company captains, the opportunity of balancing their initiative with their responsibility, their power of separate action with the necessity of harmonizing for a common object. This is simply the logical result of the development of individual importance in the lower grades down to and including the private soldier owing to the introduction of arms of precision. We no longer talk of columns and masses—of which three parts were helpless both in attack and defence—being hurled against positions. The arm, the intelligence of *each* soldier is important now. We have only to think of the possible area of action covered by a company of two hundred and fifty men armed with the best breechloaders to see what power is now placed in the hands of the leader, and how necessary it is that his initiative should be on a par with his responsibility.

And now comes the question of what they are doing in France. Do they, according to their own regulations, allow generals of opposing armies complete latitude of action, or do they take advantage of the little paragraph quoted above to air the theory of fighting battles in a series of moves and counter-moves arranged beforehand? The answer to the question may be found in an admirable article by M. Amédée le Faure, in the *Nouvelle Revue* of October 1 of last year. "Since 1874," he says, "there have been manœuvres every year in four or five army corps. In every one of these twenty manœuvres the course of action has been determined on beforehand, *down to the smallest details*." Under these circumstances it is needless to pursue the question and inquire what initiative is allowed to inferior commanders. It must be a surprising intelligence which foresees all the chances of battle; for not only is it settled who is to be victor, but also that if anything does turn up which in actual war would rob the victor of his victory, such obstacle is to be treated of no account, or considered non-existent. If it has been laid down that such and such a village is to be assaulted, and taken by a couple of companies, the capture is to come about—no matter if in the teeth of a brigade with a formidable artillery which may happen to be in occupation. "But the brigade should not have been there," some one may say. It is a sufficient answer to reply, "But it *was* there." M. Le Faure states positively that on one occasion a general officer, perceiving that a battalion commander was throwing back two or three companies to ward off a possible sudden irruption of cavalry from behind the screen of a wood, dashed up at a gallop and exclaimed, "Now, you know well the enemy is about to surprise your left, and with what you are doing you will spoil all!" *You will spoil all!* The general was, however, quite right; the least exhibition of initiative, and, we may add, common sense, would of course destroy combinations devised on a kind of sliding scale of probabilities and without reference to possibilities of accident. In our manœuvres at home curious tactical feats are sometimes accomplished; but we never remember to have seen any so curious as one mentioned by M. Le Faure (and he says instances of like absurdities might be indefinitely multiplied), where two long lines of infantry were blazing into each other's faces at thirty paces, while a regiment of cavalry *filed between them* on its way to deliver a charge against a distant position on the flank! And of course, had the charge not been delivered, it would have *spoiled all*. The duty of the umpires, which in the German method becomes of so much importance, is by the French system reduced to an absurdity. And, in fact, this is so generally recognized, that though officers are deputed to act as umpires they are rarely, if ever, seen in the field.

What becomes then of the grand idea, which permeates the French as it does the German theory, that the manœuvres should present the "most faithful picture possible of real war"? What possible advantage is to be derived by any one who takes part in this elaborate dovetailing of movements? Does the general obtain experience in the handling of his divisions? Has he room for the exercise of judgment in unforeseen circumstances when all has been provided for? Do the company leaders learn to distinguish between a hardy initiative and daring the impossible when liable to be called on to refrain from desirable action or to act in the teeth of probability? And do the quick-witted French soldiers acquire confidence in their officers when they see them treated like dummies and perpetrating every kind of folly? Not the least harm resulting from a radically false system is the effect which the continually recurring absurdities produce upon all concerned. M. Le Faure says that the manœuvres come to be looked on as a farce; officers for the most part look upon the absurdities enacted as a joke, though a few preserve an expressive silence, while some are indignant at having to fill ridiculous situations, and all ask what sort of preparation is this for war, and what sort of generals is this parody of war likely to produce?

It would be interesting to know to what cause should be

attributed this strange state of things, that the permissive enactment conveyed in a short paragraph of a volume of regulations should have been taken advantage of by all, from the War Minister downwards, for the purpose of acting in direct opposition to the entire spirit of those regulations? First, we agree with M. Le Faure, the French as yet but imperfectly apprehend that the dominant characteristic of modern war is its decentralizing tendency. "Nous ne comprenons pas que la décentralisation militaire est forcée. Alors que les troupes sont éparpillées sur le champ de bataille, sans lien apparent entre elles, nous nous obstinons encore à voir l'armée concentrée dans la main de son chef, comme dans les actions d'autrefois." A second reason is not far to seek when we remember the tendency of French officialism and authority in every profession and department of military and civil life to *surveiller* the inferior grades as though they were just objects of suspicion, and to compass them about with minute precautions and restrictions. The system may be seen at work in every college and school throughout the country, in merchants' offices, at railway stations. A French friend of ours once remarked to the station-master of a large French railway station upon the superiority of the English system of allowing travellers to move about freely, instead of shutting them up as they do in France like sheep in a pen. "Mais, Monsieur," replied the official, evidently taking our friend for an Englishman, "vous ne connaissez pas les Français, ils se jetteraient partout"! And that is exactly what the authorities dread—that if any power of initiative were given to commanders of inferior grades, the troops would "be all over the place." A third reason may perhaps be found in the uncertainty which is felt as to the amount of progress realized in the instruction of each arm under a condition of things in great part experimental—on several important tactical questions there is much divergence of opinion both at home and abroad—so that a natural hesitation has arisen as to what amount of theory may be accepted as proved. While the Germans have had the experience of success to warrant their going hardily forward, the French have only the recollection of miserable failure; and it is not to be wondered at if they argue that what may be very suitable for Germans, may not be equally so for others whose genius, traditions, and character are widely different. We argue in much the same way at home. However much force there may be in this line of contention, there can be no manner of doubt as to the faultiness of a system which revolts the intelligence of all who follow it. The attempt to give logical development to every phase of a campaign or battle has been thoroughly tried, with the result of exposing alike its inutility and unsoundness. We believe General de Gallifet has had the hardihood lately to introduce in his own army corps measures tending to give greater reality to manœuvres which are intended to represent the realities of conflict; but such measures, when they involve an entire change of system, should be set on foot from above; and it is not too much to say that the whole army is waiting impatiently in the hope of obtaining at last from that arsenal of routine and pedantry—the War Office—some concessions to the general demand for reform.

THE WOES OF THE LORDS.

BETWEEN Lord Granville and Mr. Cremer the House of Lords must be acknowledged to be in a very bad way. The Foreign Secretary blandly refuses to give it anything to do; the probable representative of the Amalgamated Somethings protests against its activity. To the spirited resolutions of Mr. Cremer and his friends it is possible that the Lords need not pay any great attention. "The little tower with no such ease is won"; and we are afraid that Mr. Cremer and Admiral Maxse and Sir John Bennett may, in the words of another poet, "Resolve and re-resolve and die the same"—that is to say, under the same monstrous regiment of hereditary peers. For the point which strikes the excellent Mr. Cremer as an outrage on common sense—the hereditary constitution of the House—happens to be just the point which all reasonable people who have read history know to be the one of value. It is true that we live in remarkable times, and there is no knowing what folly the thirty and odd millions, mostly fools, may commit when a smaller number of influential knaves have managed to organize them. But organization is a game that two can play at, and Mr. Cremer has not the monopoly of resolving. Before the House of Lords disappears several things will certainly happen, and among those things the cracking of several crowns is probable. Let us hope that at least the exterior of the crowns of the good persons who mustered on Wednesday night at the Westminster Palace Hotel will long continue uncracked. The roll-call of their names does not, it must be confessed, suggest that the Democrats of the future will reverence the proceedings of Wednesday night along with the Grütli meeting and the Tennis Court oath. With one remarkable exception (and that a man who has done nothing but point a moral and adorn a tale about throwing away chances and making abilities worthless), the meeting was composed of simple nobodies, and, though an imposing list of persons who rank just above nobodies expressed sympathy with its objects, they carefully abstained from appearing at it.

The polite duel between Lord Redesdale and Lord Granville, on the supply of work furnished to the Lords, is a subject which has a good deal more importance, and perhaps it might have been treated rather less jauntily than Lord Granville treated it. It is only fair, however, to remember that there are many excuses for the Foreign Secretary. A mild revenge for the unpleasant figure he was made to cut when the Disturbance Bill was carried against him by a majority which would have been sufficient if it had been limited to those of his own political way of thinking, is humanly speaking, fairly permissible to him. Besides, it cannot fail to be borne strongly in upon Lord Granville's amiable mind that he is the only member of the whole Government who is allowed, or who allows himself, to make a joke. Most of the present Ministry, to do them justice, are wholly incapacitated by nature from the commission of this crime, and Sir William Harcourt, who might have been expected to be fertile in quips and cranks, has been grimly and ferociously in earnest since he was turned out of Oxford. A man who is always conspiring with Mr. Bright how to have the blood of some Tory has no time for polished witticisms. Besides, joking is the natural weapon of the minority, and Lord Granville occupies the position of leader of the minority beyond all doubt and question in the House of Lords. So he requests Lord Grey playfully to "convert him," and he is merry with Lord Redesdale on the recurrence of the latter's anxiety at the end of each Session for some reasonable adjustment of the work of the Upper House. Lord Redesdale, it seems, is of a different opinion as to the regularity of his proceeding, but it is not very easy to see that even if Lord Granville were correct in his facts, the reply would have been a particularly conclusive one. Because the majority of Governments are in the habit of mismanaging the public business, it is not extremely obvious as a consequence that any particular Government is justified in mismanaging it still more. It must be confessed, too, that the particular way in which, since Mr. Gladstone's illness, the business of the House of Commons has been managed has been decidedly remarkable. It would seem to others besides Lord Redesdale, that the enforced idleness of the Peers for the last fortnight, and the crush of work which will descend upon them in the ordinary course of things next week or the week after, are not so entirely fortuitous or unavoidable as Lord Granville makes out. The Government have for some days past been driving their horses abreast in a very curious manner in the Lower House. A little bit of Hares and Rabbits one day has been followed by a little bit of Employers' Liability the next, and then a slice of Supply has been sandwiched with the Indian Budget. The result of all this proceeding is that all the measures which the Lords have to consider will come upon them in a lump, so that proper discussion—let alone alterations which would have to come down again to the Commons—would be absolutely impossible. Ministers' exceptional privilege of going at once into Supply on Mondays only accounts for the Employers' Liability Bill having been taken on that day instead of on Wednesday, with the result of its getting up to the Lords three days earlier, and when their hands were completely empty. These were obvious tactics, but it was natural that Lord Redesdale and other Peers, who have no superstitious veneration for a very modern rule of the House of Commons, should be indignant at a muddle of which this one incident is a very inadequate explanation. The long letter which Lord Grey has addressed to his neighbour expresses this indignation generally, though most of it is devoted to the Hares and Rabbits Bill, which is known to be the special object of Lord Grey's aversion. It is not likely that the vials of Lord Grey's wrath will produce much effect, either on the Foreign Secretary or on his colleagues. They have pledged themselves, as a piece of brag, to do about twice as much work in the present Session as they ought to have attempted, and their immense majority in the Lower House enables them to carry out their pledge if they choose and as they choose. The slight and inconvenience inflicted upon the House of Lords has very much the air of being an arrow out of Mr. Gladstone's own quiver. That eminent statesman has always had a healthy sense of the principle that it is necessary δράσαντι παθεῖν, and a healthy readiness to make himself the instrument of the retaliatory suffering. The Lords are wicked men, and have thrown out a good Bill. *Ergo*, things ought to be made very unpleasant for them; and it is a capital way of making things unpleasant for them to keep them idling in town in the latter end of August, and then suddenly to set them to an impossible amount of work. On Thursday Sir William Harcourt tried in his more humble sphere to improve upon his leader's example, by suggesting that after Supply was done, and the Hares and Rabbits Bill sent to a better place, the House of Commons could compress all remaining business, Burials Bill included, besides Indian Budget, Ballot and other expiring law, and many other matters into the odd hours of the few days assigned to the Appropriation Bill.

Outsiders, however, may perhaps be allowed to regard the punishment of the House of Lords, the satisfaction of Mr. Gladstone's sense of justice, the provision of occasions of mild joking for Lord Granville, or even the obtaining by the Ministry of the triumph of passing a bumper programme, as not exactly the points to be chiefly looked to. Strange as it may appear to Mr. Cremer, there are persons not on the whole wanting in common sense who regard the discussions of practical matters in a Second Chamber, and especially in such a Second Chamber as the House of Lords, as peculiarly valuable. To these persons it seems that the importance of such a discussion has immensely increased by the recent changes in the constitution of the House of Commons. When that House was almost wholly composed of relations and nominees of peers or of country gentlemen, who differed from peers simply in not possessing the title, the revision of the House of Lords may have been less obviously use-

ful. Now, when our Parliaments consist in the Lower House of a considerable number of mere carpet-baggers, or, worse still, of delegates of local wirepulling associations, the criticism of the Lords is more valuable than ever. But it is evident that, in order to obtain it, proper time must be given for discussion. The plan of wheeling barrowfulls of measures into the House of Lords on the very eve of the closing of the Session, may be convenient for party reasons; it certainly is not convenient for the national interests. Nor did Lord Granville deign to show any cause against Lord Redesdale's demand why more measures were not originally introduced in the Lords. It is said that when this plan is adopted the Commons are sure to make so many amendments that the measure goes up again to the Lords practically as a new Bill; but this can be only when the Government is not intelligent enough to know its own mind, or strong enough to stick to it. On the other hand, the business aptitude of the House of Lords is so considerable, and its healthy dislike of mere talk so strong, that it may be trusted to give complicated measures the inevitable licking into shape in far less time than the Lower House, and generally in a more workmanlike manner. These sentiments would doubtless make Mr. Cremer's hair stand on end, but they are not the less justified by facts. Indeed, the intelligent gentlemen who met at the Westminster Palace Hotel—a poor substitute for the picturesquely named "Hole-in-the-Wall" of some years ago, which had a fine flavour of refuge from aristocratic tyranny—seem to have been not very clear as to their own intentions. Their chairman is said to have accused the House of Commons of obstructing as well as the House of Lords of mutilating and burking, so we suppose the House of Commons is to be abolished too. Sir John Bennett referred his hearers to Germany as a noble instance of a self-governing country; and if Sir John and his friends envy the construction which self-government has put upon liberty in Germany, there is of course nothing to be said. Mr. A. F. Robbins was enabled to state on the authority of Shelley that "we are many, they are few," which certainly is an encouraging and possibly an instructive fact, but seems to have little reference to the question. The citizens of Birmingham are many and the Six Hundred are few, yet Mr. Robbins would doubtless shudder at any one who should speak disrespectfully of the Six Hundred in consequence. Mr. Nias of Chelsea "would not give a fig for any reform of the House of Lords, but would sweep it away, the foundation being rotten," an insult calculated to make the blue blood of effete aristocrats rise to their withered cheeks. But of all these patriots we think that on the whole we prefer Dr. Pope of Sutton. There are many Suttons in England, and we do not know which of them enjoys the unspeakable advantage of being doctored by Dr. Pope. But the learned Doctor's grasp of political argument is surprising. We are, he said, "governed by Queen, Lords, and Commons; now two out of the three bodies were hereditary which was hardly fair." In short, as Mr. Weller observed of unduly watered grog, it was "unekal." It is exceedingly difficult to remedy Dr. Pope's complaints; for it is clear that if Her Majesty or the Lords were to cease to be hereditary, there would be two non-hereditary bodies, and that again "would be hardly fair." Perhaps if Dr. Pope would consider the favourite catch about the three estates of the realm his equanimity might be restored. We should imagine that Dr. Pope considers those three estates to be Crown, Lords, and Commons. But if he will accept the correct explanation, he will at once perceive that, while the Crown and the peers are hereditary, the Commons and the Bishops are not. Thus we have two for two, a result which ought to be infinitely comforting to Dr. Pope of Sutton. It need not be said that among all these follies we look in vain for the slightest evidence of any comprehension of the real historical and political bearings of the matter on the part of any speaker. Perhaps this was not to be expected. But it might have been expected that a Government which itself contains a considerable number of peers, might have been somewhat more alive to the value of the House of Lords, and somewhat more anxious to get its value out of it than is the case with the Government which Lord Granville represents. The expectation, however, has not been fulfilled, and until a year of sense comes round again to the average English elector it will probably remain unfulfilled.

THE TOWER AS A SHOW.

SOME of the daily papers during the past week have contained complaints of the way in which visitors are shown over the Tower. One gentleman, an American, even notices the unintelligent explanations of the warder to whose guidance he entrusted himself. It is true that the explanations given by one beefeater exceed those of another in stupidity, but it does not follow that either is very stupid. The American must have been peculiarly unfortunate, for we have heard of an enthusiastic Tower-haunter who, having visited the Tower upwards of twenty times, asserts that he has never met an unintelligent beefeater. The cause of the complaint may be that, not the warder, but the arrangement of the visitor's route, is stupid. If it were possible, visitors should be divided into two classes, those who want to do the sights in the Tower, or, as it used to be called, before the menagerie was removed, "the lions"; and those who want to see the Tower itself, to study its fabric, to survey its fortifications, and to endeavour by the pursuit of archæological inquiry to answer some of the problems which remain unsolved as to the architecture—the masonry in particular—of all periods of English history. It would not be easy, perhaps, to allow this privilege to every one; but it should be a recognized thing, and intelligent Americans should be aware of the possibility of obtaining a roving order of admission. Meanwhile we cannot protest too strongly against the proposal to make the Tower a mere museum. One of the most interesting things in a visit is the fact constantly presented to the mind that the Tower is still what it has always been, a fort in actual occupation. By no means the least interesting of the sights is that of the troops drilling on the parade ground, and of the armourers working in the stores. The continuity of the history is remarkable. As in the days of Gundulph and Flambard, as in the days of Edward III. and Henry V., so too in those of Queen Victoria, there is a garrison in the Queen's Tower "near London." To make the Tower a mere museum would be to destroy a great deal of this kind of association. That the defences of the Tower are, from a military point of view, worth little, makes it the more desirable that strangers and pilgrims from foreign countries should be permitted to walk round the outer walls; to inspect the recently uncovered remains of the Cradle Tower and some other bastions at the south-east corner; to examine those small portions of the masonry of the White Tower, which were spared at the "restoration" by Wren, and which, till lately concealed, have now, by the removal of a modern building, been open to view. Several years ago we called attention to the difficulty of obtaining an adequate idea of the architecture of the Council Chamber and other apartments in the Keep, and complained of the elaborate scheme of mystification to which the visitor was subjected in making his first entrance into the body of the building through a window, without any idea that the so-called Queen Elizabeth's Armoury was the crypt of the Chapel of St. John above.

To some extent anomalies like this have been remedied. The crypt of St. John is no longer falsified by mock mouldings in painted wood—mouldings which went, if they were considered genuine, to disprove the truth of Mr. Clark's assertion that no Norman zig-zag exists in the Tower. The room in question has been cleared out, and the window by which entrance was obtained has been restored to its original condition. The so-called prison of Sir Walter Raleigh is seen to consist of an arched opening, without any moulding or decoration; and access is possible to a second and still lower crypt. Although it is not very interesting to any one but a thorough-paced antiquary, it is perhaps a pity that this portion of the building is no longer shown. The removal of the annexed part on the eastern side is another alteration of very doubtful propriety. A building certainly existed here so long ago as the time of Elizabeth; it enclosed a narrow court, and was originally constructed, it is said, by Edward III., but had been of late years so completely altered that little remained which was not altogether modern. It has been cleared away, and one curious discovery has been made by this means. It is found that Roman brick has been used to a considerable extent in the foundations, and on a recent occasion its existence in this place was quoted as a proof of the truth of the absurd story that the Tower was built by the Romans. We must remember that two bastions of the city wall—that wall which had been erected under the Constantines and probably but little altered or repaired before the time of the Conqueror—were destroyed to make room for a portion at least of the foundations of the White Tower. It is obvious that, as the Normans had no objection to use the old material, a moment's examination of the supposed Roman building betrays the fact that, though the bricks are Roman, the mortar is Norman. We can never now determine how much of the ground upon which William built his castle is artificial. It is however, on record, and is not to be doubted, that he planted it absolutely across the city wall, and took into its precincts a small portion of the south-east corner of the City. To do this he rendered the City defences—those defences, that is to say, that the City could turn against the King—of little use, and although he did not absolutely violate the privileges which he had promised to "William the Bishop, and Geoffrey the port-reeve," he formed for himself a key which at any time he could turn in the lock. The eastern part of the Tower precinct, however, lay and lies wholly outside the City boundary. The land was probably already the property of the King as foreshore; and even if it was not left dry at every low tide, the earthworks and the ditch soon reclaimed it from the bed of the Thames. At a later time the ground still further to the east was gradually reclaimed and became the site of St. Catherine's Hospital. Strangely enough, as St. Catherine's Dock, it is now once more in its original amphibious condition. The question has sometimes been raised as to whether the Tower is in London or Middlesex, but from what has just been noted it would appear plainly that it is in both.

All such investigations as we have spoken of are, under the present arrangements for showing the Tower, entirely out of the question. The visitor is conducted through the Middle and Byward Towers to the gate in the Garden Tower, and thence without a pause to the Horse Armoury. He may as he goes along obtain considerable information from the guide, who must be excused if the want of intelligence of a large majority of his hearers tempts him occasionally to make himself rather entertaining than instructive. Like other showmen, he makes his little jokes, and no doubt repeats the same *impromptu* with every party. In the Horse Armoury one now finds considerable changes of arrangement. The upper chamber, called Queen Elizabeth's Armoury—really the crypt of St. John—is, as we have observed, no longer seen. The statue of

that bright and occidental star with her page now stands in the back row of the gallery. The heading-axe, the block, and the scavenger's daughter are huddled together at the end of the gallery, though they once occupied such conspicuous positions in Queen Elizabeth's Armoury. They have been supplemented by a neat and ingenious model of the rack. There is another point on which every one complains. Perhaps because of the disappointment which the present new look of the interior would occasion in the mind of the sentimental traveller, the Chapel of St. Peter is not shown. This is the less to be regretted, as we pointed out some years ago, because all the old bones have been dug up, and replaced in more "suitable positions"; the rugged pavement, so roughly laid down where Anne and Catherine and Jane lay side by side with Suffolk, and Northumberland, and Dudley, has all been removed, and the names of those personages so sadly associated have with a strange perversion of taste been worked into the gaudy pattern of an encaustic tile. There is little to complain of in the general restoration of the chapel, and the list on a brass tablet of the illustrious dead who sleep within its walls appears to be accurate. The Beauchamp Tower more nearly approaches the proportions of a museum, for into it, or rather into one chamber of it, have, by another most regrettable arrangement, been collected the touching inscriptions of the prisoners from all the adjacent walls. We are glad to know that this ill-advised proceeding has no longer the sanction of the authorities. The verses supposed to have been placed by Bishop Fisher on the wall of Bell Tower are still preserved in their place, and the eloquent bricks of the Prisoner's Walk, overlooking the moat on the roof of the Lieutenant's Lodgings, have not been disturbed. The visitor leaves the Beauchamp Tower, his mind somewhat puzzled by conflicting statements as to its age and as to the identity of the persons whose names appear on the walls, and proceeds to the new doorway cut through the wall of the Wakefield Tower. Here he inspects the Crown jewels, unless he is more interested in the architectural history of the building. If so, he will with much difficulty discover the Oratory mentioned by Mr. Clark and others—a recess on the eastern side, which has been thrown into the room, with a modern window of Mr. Salvin's driest and least mediæval pattern. This closes the round; and it must be admitted in reply to the American tourist, that although the visitor's mind is not put through so misleading a process as that undergone a few years ago, he has obtained a very inadequate amount of knowledge and a very limited idea of the extent and actual condition of the Tower of London.

SUICIDE.

MR. BUCKLE remarks in his *History of Civilization* that "the latest researches of M. Casper confirm the statement of earlier statisticians that suicide is more frequent among Protestants than among Catholics." In this he may very likely be right, but the observation must be limited to countries whose Catholicism is more than nominal, for France stands fourth on the list for its annual average of suicides, Denmark, Saxony, and Prussia taking precedence. It is no doubt true that the general average is considerably higher in the North than in the South of Europe, and the difference cannot be said to depend on conditions of climate, for in Russia the crime is infrequent, while on the other hand it is everywhere far more frequently committed in summer than in winter. And the natural conclusion to be drawn from an historical review, as will presently appear, is that its frequency or infrequency is mainly conditioned by religious or quasi-religious causes, whether acting directly or indirectly through the influence exerted on public opinion and legislation. But first a word may be said on the remarkable and unfortunately still growing increase of suicide in modern Europe. It is reported to have multiplied fivefold during the last century, till it has at length reached the startling figure of 60,000 cases annually, a fourth of which alone can fairly be set down to insanity. For it must be remembered that many other motives, besides a strict regard to fact, come in to explain what has been called "the charitable perjury of juries," such as the desire to secure the Christian burial of a suicide, and to secure his family from annoyance and from the loss of his property, which is still by law confiscated to the Crown in the case of deliberate suicide. And if we take into account the number of concealed or undetected suicides, and of ineffectual attempts, the annual average of 60,000 would probably have to be enlarged by half as many again. It is far higher, as might be expected, in towns than in the country, where the proportion of suffering is greater and there is less inclination to submit patiently to it. What would not be so readily anticipated is the early age at which the suicidal tendency manifests itself, and its survival in old age; middle life indeed appears to be comparatively exempt from it. Some two thousand children and a large number of old men over seventy destroy themselves every year. It may to some people be a greater surprise to learn that the spread of education has not served to diminish the number but to increase it; suicides are most common where every one is taught to read. That it would be much less common among women than among men might have been expected, and this is shown to be the fact. As to the means adopted for self-destruction, poisoning, which was the favourite method of the ancients, has gone out of fashion; hanging and drowning and shooting are most in vogue now, hanging and drowning alone covering more than two-thirds of the cases on record. That the over-excitement, sharp competition, and fret of modern life have something to do with this deplorable growth of what is called suicidal mania is of course obvious enough. But that the total or partial collapse of religious convictions is the underlying cause which gives potency to the more immediate pressure of suffering, despondency, or weariness of life, there can be little doubt. To be sure, religious enthusiasm has sometimes prompted self-destruction, as was exemplified in the fate of the early Christians who voluntarily courted martyrdom, or of the wretched victims crushed to death under the car of Juggernaut. But acts of this kind differ so essentially in character from ordinary suicide that they are most properly to be classed under the head of self-sacrifice, however perverse and even odious a form it may assume. Meanwhile the kind of influences which have mainly contributed to promote or to restrain the passion for self-destruction will be best inferred from a brief historical retrospect.

The condemnation of suicide among the ancients was halting and intermittent at best. Pythagoras expressly forbids it, on the ground recognized by Christian and theistic moralists generally in later times, that no one has a right to depart from the position where God has placed him, and Plato endorses his prohibition, though in a less absolute form. Aristotle's condemnation is based on the duty of citizens to the State. Plutarch considered it cowardly and unworthy of the dignity of man; the Neoplatonists condemned it as involving a perturbation and therefore pollution of the soul; Cicero condemns, but stultifies his censures by his exceptions; Marcus Aurelius wavers in his judgment; Seneca openly applauds, and the whole Stoic school followed him; Pliny more than approves. And popular opinion under the Roman Empire was, to say the least, entirely tolerant of suicide, which was freely practised, and not only by Stoics, who had Cato for their great exemplar. Lucretius, Cassius, Atticus, and Petronius Arbiter may be named as conspicuous instances. To Seneca the option of suicide appeared the one grand consolation under the tyranny of Nero; to Pliny it even constituted a superiority in the lot of man over that of the deity, that he could at any moment bring his existence to an end; Epictetus thought it cowardly to live on when life had become irksome from weariness or disease, and on this principle the poet Silius Italicus starved himself to death. In Stoical teaching suicide was not merely permissible but a virtue, and was deliberately practised as such. It has been justly observed that "the doctrine of suicide was the culminating point of Roman Stoicism," as illustrating the proud, self-reliant, unbending character of the true philosopher, whose boast it was to hope little and fear nothing. "Life and death in the Stoical system were attuned to the same key. The deification of human virtue, the total absence of all sense of sin, the proud stubborn will that deemed humiliation the worst of stains, appeared alike in each." And here too the Stoical, and indeed the Pagan conception of ethics generally, contrasted most pointedly with the Christian ideal which superseded it. It has been urged with literal accuracy that suicide is not expressly forbidden in the Bible, as it is in the Koran—for in this, as in many points, Mahomet borrowed without acknowledgment from the ethical code of Christianity—but it was generally understood by the ancient Jews, as afterwards by Christians, to be included under the prohibition of murder, though in the middle ages the persecuted Jews sometimes destroyed themselves by wholesale. The argument of Pythagoras and Plato was from the first reasserted and enforced by Christian teachers, who felt, to use the language of Madame de Staël, that "there is no crime by which men appear so formally to renounce the protection of God"; but they also insisted with great effect on the virtue of resignation and the remedial and sanctifying power of mental or bodily pain, which enter so largely into the ethical system of the early and mediæval Church. Two kinds only of suicide, or quasi-suicide, were for a while tolerated and sometimes commended, though both were condemned by the general verdict of later Catholic opinion from the time of St. Augustine downwards; the voluntary provocation of martyrdom already mentioned, and the self-destruction of Christian maidens or matrons in the imminent prospect of violation at the hands of their heathen persecutors. There are even canonized Saints, like St. Pelagia, whose merits are commemorated by Tillemont, among the women who thus destroyed themselves.

From an early period then suicide almost wholly disappeared within the Church, though it was revived from time to time in some fanatical shape among heretical sects, as by the Donatist Circumcellions of the fourth century and in the Albigensian "Endura"—or starving to death—of a later age. But moral teaching on the subject soon began to be reinforced by stringent enactments both of the canon and the civil law. No religious rites could be solemnized at the funeral of a suicide, and no masses offered for his soul; his property was confiscated, and his corpse subjected to various public and often grotesque indignities. Such legislation may be regarded as barbarous and revolting, but it is a mistake to say with Beccaria that it was useless, in the sense that it did not produce a strong deterrent effect on men's minds. Suicide at all events was rare during the middle ages, and mainly confined to exceptional occasions such as the Black Death in the fourteenth century; sometimes monks put an end to their lives from melancholy or despair. The Reformation itself does not seem at the time to have produced any great change either in theory or practice, but the revival of classical tastes and learning in this as in

other particulars naturally tended to recall the Pagan standard of ethics. Even Sir Thomas More allowed suicide in certain cases in his *Utopia*. But the great Pagan revival took place during the convulsive period of the French Revolution, when it was said that "the world had been empty since the Romans," and cases of self-destruction rapidly multiplied, while the laws against it were mostly abolished. The revolutionary epoch passed away, but it left permanent effects in the disintegration of traditional sentiment and belief; and during the last hundred years, as we have observed, there has been a steady increase of suicide, especially, as statistics clearly prove, in those countries which rank highest in intellectual culture and civilization. To say with a modern writer that it almost always springs from absolute or partial insanity, or from the last extremity of despair, is, we fear, to say more than is warranted by recorded facts, though it is probably true, for reasons it would take us too long to enter upon here, that an increase both of insanity and of extreme misery is a penalty inevitably attached to a highly developed phase of civilization. The advance of lax or sceptical views of religion has meanwhile materially weakened the chief counteracting influence, while the restlessness and fierce competitive spirit of the day are eminently unfavourable to the formation of habits of patient resignation and contentment, and that love of notoriety, which Cardinal Newman somewhere says is one of the great motive forces of modern life, is not without its effect over a feebler class of minds. To trace out the diagnosis of a disease is always easier than to suggest remedies, even had we space left for discussing them. But if there is no hope of recalling the old religious earnestness which afforded so powerful a corrective to such tendencies in former ages, it is much to be wished that those who have been most forward to discard it, would display equal energy in discovering some efficient substitute. "Killing no murder" is a principle the Nihilists have done their utmost of late years to revive, but self-killing is still generally looked upon as criminal in Russia. We cannot put back the shadow on the dial and emulate Russian obscurantism; it would be worse than idle to regret that the schoolmaster is abroad, but one may justly regret that his footsteps should be dogged by the suicide. There is a folly worse even than ignorance in the strange perversion of wisdom which deliberately adjudges life to be a mistake, and proceeds, sometimes when scarcely in its teens, to translate the conviction into a fatal reality.

RECENT RESTORATION IN ITALY.

MODERN Italians do not love their public buildings wisely. According to their lights, they take a very keen interest in them, and they are prepared to sanction almost any expenditure to preserve them. In this they are actuated partly by patriotism, partly by a rather childish desire, of which they are only half conscious themselves, that everything about the new Kingdom of Italy should be as new as its own title, and, above all, as different as it is possible to make it from what existed under the hated yoke of "the stranger." In those gloomy days the safe-keeping of public buildings was the last thing thought of. The decrepid religious corporations only patched their churches or their convents, at the cheapest possible rate; the petty princes had long felt too insecure to care to spend money on a capital they might be forced out of at any moment; and the Austrians were far too much occupied with the task of holding the country to have any leisure for public works. Under their rule the Ducal Palace at Venice was allowed to fall into such a state of disrepair that the water streamed through the roof, and they were compelled, in 1850, to execute a thorough repair of it. The result of all this neglect has been that the public buildings of Italy came into the hands of the new Government in a wofully dilapidated condition. Unfortunately, the same causes that had half ruined them had kept the Italian nation in a state of ignorance that rendered it incapable of appreciating the true value of its artistic inheritance. As a natural consequence, therefore, necessary repairs have been executed without due preparation, and by incompetent persons. The restoration of a building of the highest architectural and artistic importance is entrusted to a Company, as though it were a dock or a railroad; and when, after a drastic treatment, under which most traces of antiquity disappear, the work is pronounced complete, Italian critics are usually quite satisfied, provided always that the two great conditions, neatness and newness, have been fulfilled.

The treatment to which the church of S. Mark at Venice has been subjected is a notable example of this method, and though the protest that came from this country has at any rate delayed further interference with the west front, we fear that almost irreparable mischief has been done already. We have lately had an opportunity of examining S. Mark's and the Ducal Palace, and we found that whereas the architect who rebuilt the north side of the church some years ago was careful to confine his labours wholly to that side, and not to meddle with the west end of it, which enters into the composition of the great west front, the same course has not been followed on the south side. It would seem that by the time that work was undertaken, the rebuilding of the entire west front had been resolved on; for the lines of both plinth and parapet have been set out at a level considerably above that of the same members in the west front, and the portion entering into that front has been rebuilt. No attempt has as yet been made to join the old work to the new. A gap of two or three feet has been left in the parapet, and a similar, but smaller, interval between the old and new cornice resting on the lower range of columns. It is manifest, therefore, that these members cannot be left as they are at present; and besides, repairs are to a certain extent absolutely necessary along the whole façade; for many of the slabs of marble, especially the more modern ones, are fast crumbling into powder. Before long, therefore, it will be necessary to come to some decision respecting the course to be adopted, and, if we may conjecture the future from the past, it is not difficult to imagine what that course will be. A careful study of the south side, now completed, makes us fear that before long the whole west front will be enveloped in one of those elaborate scaffolds which reveal no secrets, and that when it sees the light of day again after perhaps two or three years' concealment, it will be in a condition that those who love and admire it now hardly like even to think of. Let us return for a moment to the south side. There the old marble slabs have all been taken down, and for the most part replaced by new ones, not from Oriental, but from Italian quarries, and of much larger size than the old ones. The result is to give a wholly modern appearance to the walls. The work is all most regular, for the slabs have been so arranged that their broad grey markings may pass alternately from left to right and from right to left; but at the same time it is most inharmonious. The soft warm colours, due to age acting upon a delicate material, are all gone; and in their stead we have a cold, glittering surface, from which the eye turns away, wearied and dazzled. Moreover, the surface of the columns has been worked afresh; the mosaics have been renewed; the lines of the original architecture all set exactly straight; and lastly, the pediment that backed the Capella Zeno (placed there in the beginning of the sixteenth century) has been pulled down and replaced by large flat slabs of green Susa marble, for which there is no authority whatever, while grave doubts have been expressed as to their durability.

We regret to have to state that the Ducal Palace is being restored in much the same spirit. Here, again, we are perfectly ready to admit that some repair to the stonework was urgently needed. The base of the column on the first floor, immediately above the Adam and Eve angle, had been crushed into small pieces, and the column had in consequence fallen out of the perpendicular. Several other bases had become more or less decayed. Many of the stones composing the frieze and the cornice, especially near the angle, were in an equally dangerous condition; and, in some few instances, the component pieces of the great circles of the arcade showed signs of falling. Many of the capitals, both on the first floor and on the ground floor, through the oxidisation of the iron tie-rods which had been imbedded in them at the period of their first construction, were split from top to bottom. To counteract this evil iron bands had been applied either round, or immediately beneath, the abacus, but these external supports were inefficient to prevent further decay, and were as unsightly as most of the restoration attempted during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It was natural, therefore, that any work undertaken at the present day should include the removal of unsuitable additions made at a time when taste was at its worst. The present works were wisely prefaced by a thorough examination of the foundations all along the façade, both towards the sea and towards the Piazzetta. It was found that the lower range of columns rested on an embankment of stones, laid in regular courses, each projecting a few inches beyond that next above it. This substruction extended to a depth of about seven feet below the pavement, the height of which appears to be original, and rested, not on soil or sand, but on two layers of larch logs. These were perfectly sound, and the whole foundation was in such excellent order that the lower arcade need not have been interfered with at all, as is proved by the fact that the group of Adam and Eve has not been disturbed. In the upper part it would have been perfectly easy to take down the insecure portions and to reset the old stones, with the exception of the bases of the columns above mentioned. The old tie-rods having been removed, the capitals which their expansion had split might have been put together again. The task would not have been an easy one; but, considering the interest and importance of a building the preservation of which was solemnly decided upon after the great fire of 1577, it was quite worth undertaking. Instead of doing this the present authorities have entered upon a course of action the result of which will be to destroy the venerable appearance of the building even to the most superficial observer; and, as a natural consequence, to obliterate the historical and archæological interest of it. The work has been begun at one angle, and at present has extended to three bays on each side of it; but the whole of the façade towards the Piazzetta is included, and that towards the sea will probably be attacked at no distant date.

Beginning with the upper arcade, we find that, in addition to the necessary resetting and strengthening and making new the cornice and the bases of the pillars, the capitals and the shafts have been, as we think quite needlessly, replaced by new ones. The capital at the angle is old, but those of the four next to it on the Piazzetta side are new, and so is the shaft of the fifth column on the same side. On the seaside the capital of the first column from the angle is new, that of the second is old, and then those of the three next are new. Moreover, in all cases, the new work has been coloured grey, so as to look as much like the old as possible. This deliberate deception is wrong in principle, and the beauty of the ancient portions replaced by inferior modern work is great; but

the treatment of this upper arcade is praiseworthy by comparison with that of the lower one. There, as we have said, there was no imperative necessity for any reconstruction at all, but still the same system has been deliberately pursued. The celebrated capital at the angle, dear to all visitors to Venice for its intrinsic beauty, the capital which Ruskin calls "the most interesting and beautiful of the palace," is now no more. We saw the last of it a month ago, on a scaffold erected beside its old position, upon which it could be turned round and round at will, so that the workman who was copying it could proceed more easily with his work. We were assured that it was to be carefully preserved in a Museum somewhere; but of how much use will it be there, seen in a different position, and under different conditions from those to suit which it was designed? The sculptures on its eight sides represent the Sun and Moon, five planetary powers—namely, Mars, Venus, Mercury, Jupiter, Saturn—and lastly, the Creation of Man. Beneath and among these subjects was the most exquisite foliage—great leaves that bent over, and formed bases for the figures to rest upon. We have no space for a detailed description of the subjects; but we trust that the bare enumeration of them will be sufficient to indicate the nature and the importance of the old work which a modern artisan has been set to reproduce. Had the man selected been the finest sculptor of his time, he could hardly have been successful, for how could he have realized the feelings and the knowledge, and therefore, the intentions of the mediæval artist? But being what he is, a mere artisan, the failure is lamentable. His foliage lacks the living grace of the original, while in the figures he has been presumptuous enough to try to improve upon the old model, and, where the sculpture was broken away, has replaced it by his own fancies. As for the inscriptions, if they were difficult to understand before, they are utterly hopeless now. This desecration of a grand work is the more provoking because it was wholly unnecessary. With the exception of the abacus, the capital was not more broken than any other delicate sculpture that has stood for five centuries within reach of the hundreds who passed by it every day, and exposed to the action of the sun, the wind, and the sea. The shaft, too, a massive pillar that had suffered nothing worse than ordinary wear and tear, has been replaced by a new one, probably for no better reason than because the old one would not have harmonized with the modern capital. The next column—the seventeenth in Mr. Ruskin's enumeration—has been treated exactly like the eighteenth, with new figures, and new inscriptions copied from the accounts of what they once were, preserved by Zanotto and other historians. Here again a new shaft accompanies the new capital. In the next (the sixteenth) we find another new capital, but an old shaft; while the fifteenth capital is suffered to remain, but the shaft is new. Here, for the present, the work stops on this side; but we heard a rumour that it was intended shortly to extend it, and even to open out the five arches next to the Ponte della Paglia. As these were intentionally blocked after the fire in 1577 for the sake of additional security, the opening of them implies a complete rebuilding of that corner of the palace, and probably an interference with the old work far more extensive than that which the great architect who then saved the building felt himself compelled to sanction. On the opposite side, that next the Piazzetta, the same treatment will be found. The first capital on that side, the one next to the Adam and Eve angle, is described by Mr. Ruskin as—

> the most important, as a piece of evidence in point of dates, in the whole palace. Great pains have been taken with it, and in some portions of the accompanying furniture or ornaments of each of its figures a small piece of coloured marble has been inlaid, with peculiar significance; for the capital represents the arts of sculpture and architecture, and the inlaying of the coloured stones (which are far too small to be effective at a distance, and are found in this one capital only of the whole series) is merely an expression of the architect's feeling of the essential importance of this art of inlaying and of the value of colour generally in his own art.

This piece of elaborate symbolism, fuller, if possible, of the spirit of the time in which it was originally executed than even the preceding capital, and therefore more impossible to reproduce, has been copied after the usual fashion, marbles and all; and inscriptions have been cut into the abacus over the head of each figure after no better authority than the accounts of them preserved by former observers. The two capitals that follow next in order, and represent respectively a number of heads of animals and the principal inferior professions, have been treated in a similar manner. Copies as indifferent as those of the others, and coloured to look superficially like the old, have been set up in their room, and the venerable originals have been relegated to a gloomy lumber-room. The rest on this side are untouched for the present, but it will probably be their turn next, as many of them are in a bad state. They will then be copied after the same fashion, and another interesting piece of history will be obliterated, for most of them belong to the portion of the palace which was erected in the fifteenth century. The older work was ingeniously copied by the architect, and so long as the workmen were employed upon mouldings and tracery, it is difficult to detect the difference. In the sculptures of the capitals, however, the want of invention of the sculptors of that time makes itself felt; not merely in the execution, but in the subjects, most of which are copied from the earlier ones. The restorers, however, will make the whole set precisely similar.

Before we bring these remarks to an end we must mention that at Verona the tomb and statue of Can Grande della Scala have been "refreshed" in a style not much more creditable. As a general rule the tombs of the Scaligers have been most judiciously treated, protected from decay, rather than restored. Can Grande, however, has been scrubbed and scraped, his helmet has been adorned with bronze ornaments, and the edges of his tomb with lines of crockets, the authority for which is, we should imagine, very doubtful. There is yet one more work—happily as yet only projected—to which we wish to draw public attention. On entering the Arena Chapel at Padua we found an ominous scaffold set up against the south wall, and workmen engaged in making preparations. In the course of a conversation with their foreman, a very intelligent man, who had a genuine respect for the beauty and value of the building, we discovered that it had recently become the property of the Town Council, and that it was their intention to restore the west front according to the aspect of the building as shown in the fresco of the "Last Judgment." As for the paintings, we were assured that they were not to be restored, but only protected from the danger of falling down. As they have been there for five centuries, it is not easy to understand why they should be in any special danger at this particular time. Certain pieces of the border in the lower portion of the chapel, where nails have been driven in and visitors have picked off fragments of the plaster, have undoubtedly become loosened, but no special damage has been done of late years to the pictures. The damage done to them dates from a long time ago, and any attempt to repair it would be most disastrous. We were assured that there was to be no repainting, and let us hope that the assurance was warranted; but the work should be jealously watched, for there is no saying how far municipal zeal may go when once aroused.

SPECTACLES.

The hats, neckties, or boots of certain people seem as much parts of their persons as their noses or their whiskers; but no artificial adjuncts of the human body are so apparently identical with its nature as spectacles. We know men who seem to smile with their spectacles, to frown, to sneer, and even to eat with them. They are the most prominent features, so to speak, of their countenances, and we should miss them as much as we should miss their eyes or their ears. Indeed, it would almost seem indecent if they were to take them off. It never occurs to us for a moment that they were born without them, nor would it strike us as strange if we were to see a little spectacled face peeping out of their babies' cradles. We are, of course, referring to habitual, chronic, and incurable spectacle-wearers, and not to occasional offenders. There are probably but few civilized people of a certain age who do not make more or less use of glasses, and we might give a worse definition of our fellow-creatures than by describing them as spectacle-wearing animals.

An observant person can scarcely have failed to notice how much, and how variously the use of glasses alters the expression. With some people spectacles look what they are, mere instruments; but with others they seem part and parcel of their faces. Although the wearing of glasses always affects a person's face, we scarcely notice that they are worn by certain people. Yet there are cases in which the glasses are more conspicuous than their wearers, and we feel as if we were talking to the spectacles rather than to the human being behind them. The lenses seem to have life and spirit, and we should almost fancy we were committing manslaughter if we were to break them. Some people's spectacles have a peculiarly objectionable and impudent expression. Their wearers throw their heads back to look at one, and there is an unblushing and staring appearance about the whole arrangement, man and spectacles, which is decidedly offensive. We feel at a disadvantage, too, for it is impossible for the naked eye to assume a like air of intolerable impertinence. Then there are, on the other hand, abject spectacles, which seem cowed in one's presence. Their owners drop their heads, or slowly raise them on one side like ducks in a storm. There are strong and uncompromising-looking spectacles which it would evidently be unpleasant to dispute with, and there are weak-looking spectacles which one fancies might be easily bamboozled. There are some spectacles which look as if they wished they were not spectacles, and others which seem to take a pleasure in being spectacles, and to wish every one to be aware of the fact.

Like other things, spectacles have moved with the times. The glasses worn by our great-grandparents were something like spectacles. Those, for instance, which are depicted in the portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds by himself, are instruments which few would be brave enough to use in these days. Their only living representatives are the heavy spectacles which are sold in out-of-the-way village shops; things with great wide rims made of tortoise-shell, silver, or brass, with double springs or holes at the ends by which to tie on the whole apparatus at the back of the head. The spectacles of fifty years ago were heavy cumbrous machines, almost circular, and broadly rimmed. They were about as formidable looking as the umbrellas of the same period. In former days little trouble was taken to make glasses becoming, because they were seldom used except for old and dim eyes, for the art of being short-sighted was not discovered until some time after the invention of spectacles. Among the rural poor, even now, glasses are seldom worn except by the old and dim-sighted. Among cottagers there seems to exist a superstition that the use of spectacles gives an air of respectability if not of piety to the wearer. An open Bible with a pair of spectacles laid across it is supposed to be conclusive evidence of the sanctity of the owner, and to be more than the hardest-hearted curate or district visitor

can resist. There is also something clerical in well-ordered spectacles. A parson may be most parsonic in his bearings and appearance, but his parsonification is intensely personified by the addition of spectacles. He has no sooner put them on his nose than he seems at once to have sprung from one to forty parson power. His views may have been sound before, but he looks much sounder when he has put on his spectacles. His influence is also much increased by this addition, for a creature all black cloth and gleaming spectacles is a formidable object, especially to children. Glasses again have their scholastic uses. There is a way of eyeing small boys through spectacles which is very awe-inspiring. Even looking over spectacles has been known to alarm people before now.

We have known charming women who wore spectacles, but as a rule, we do not consider glasses becoming to ladies. They are apt to give a semi-masculine, semi-scholastic, semi-clerical appearance to female wearers, which is not particularly prepossessing. A stern look is unpleasant in a woman, and glasses generally give this look more or less to the wearer. We are not fond of extremes, and although we are far from agreeing with the prudish old adage that a woman should never look straight into the face of a man, we are not fond of being deliberately stared at by a spectacled lady. Most ladies' noses are not very well fitted by nature for carrying spectacles, consequently when they use glasses they are obliged to throw their heads slightly back in a manner which appears, at first sight, a little supercilious. In most cases, of course, this appearance is unavoidable; but we fancy we have known instances in which women have gladly availed themselves of the excuse of spectacles for looking impudent. When women dislike each other they have a method of staring at one another through their spectacles which conveys more meaning than it would be possible for language to express. Glasses rarely increase the benignity of the countenance, but women can look through spectacles with a disagreeable expression which is beyond the power of the male sex. We have observed that many short-sighted ladies who never use glasses before men, make unblushing use of the most uncompromising spectacles when they are, or imagine themselves to be, exclusively in the company of their own sex. At any rate they will often merely use an eye-glass or *pince-nez* in general society, but wear regular spectacles among women. The *pince-nez* has become wonderfully fashionable of late years. If you place one alongside of a pair of spectacles on a table both appear equally harmless, but upon the nose the difference of effect is extraordinary. It is amusing to meet a person whom one has been accustomed to see in regular spectacles wearing a *pince-nez* for the first time. You hardly recognize your friend. The face looks but half clothed, and it wears a rollicking expression which is in strong contrast with the sobriety of its old spectacled days. In years gone by there were times when instruments existed somewhat similar in their construction to the *pince-nez*. They were even more hideous than the old spectacles, and were called by the euphonic name of "goggles." They stood much in the same relation to spectacles that the ancient blunderbuss did to the gun of the period.

Of late years the practice of putting children into spectacles has increased with alarming rapidity. It is melancholy to notice the number of children in the streets and schools with glazed eyes. Spectacling them may be a wholesome preventive; but it seems as if England would soon surpass Germany itself in its proportion of spectacle-wearing inhabitants. Happily there is still some shame left in our country, and there are people who are very shy about bringing out their spectacles. It is very entertaining to drop upon such as these unexpectedly. They snatch their glasses from their noses when discovered as rapidly as a monkey would do it for them, if he were to get the chance, at the Zoological Gardens; and there is a scuttling, a hiding, and a pocketing which is deeply suggestive of the guiltiness of the wearer's conscience. We have known people who would never fairly put their spectacles on; but would hold them the wrong way, or squint through them with the springs folded, and in fact do anything rather than incur the terrible odium of being supposed to "wear spectacles." This has always seemed to us almost greater affectation than the habit of wearing an unlensed eyeglass; and it has been quite a relief to turn to the simple—though in one sense rather complicated—honesty of an esteemed friend who uses blue spectacles, an ear-trumpet, and a respirator. We own that we prefer meeting him when walking rather than when riding or driving; for, although naturally a good-looking man, when armed with the above-mentioned weapons he is an object at which a horse might excusably shy.

It is a disputed point whether artists, in painting portraits of those who habitually wear glasses, ought to introduce in their pictures the spectacles of their sitters. It is objected that when they do so the natural expression is concealed or altered, and that spectacles give an unpleasant effect. It is further urged that an artist has the right to do all he can to present his sitter in the most favourable light, and that he may even portray him in some ancient costume instead of in modern dress with good effect. On these grounds there is doubtless a great deal to be said against introducing the spectacles. On the other hand, it seems desirable that a portrait should, of all things, recall the subject to our memories, and that it should present him to posterity as he appeared to his contemporaries; therefore, when a person habitually wears spectacles, it seems most reasonable to let him wear them in his picture. Again, if you make a man who is accustomed always to wear glasses take them off, his eyes feel uncomfortable and out of focus, so that if you paint them as they then seem the effect is anything but agreeable. Perhaps of all people spectacles sit least well on Asiatics; and, as they are often short-sighted, they are much given to the use of glasses. In general, savages regard spectacles as choice personal adornments. We lately heard of a native chief in South Africa whose sole "garmenture" consisted of an old dress coat, a pair of green spectacles, and a toothbrush stuck behind his left ear.

HOLIDAY-MAKING IN BELGIUM.

THE prolonged programme of *fêtes* with which Belgium commemorates its independence might argue excessive self-assurance in countries of greater pretensions. But Belgium has extraordinary advantages in getting up pageants of the kind, and an intelligent stranger, even were he constrained by circumstances to a three months' sojourn there, might easily find profitable ways of amusing himself in the interludes of the great national entertainments. As for the pageants, with their *mise en scène*, most of the cities lend themselves to them naturally. Historical associations crop up everywhere, linking the faded magnificence of the past with the revived and advancing prosperity of the present. The Flemish Low Countries have had more than their share of misfortune; their people have passed through trying vicissitudes; and what with foreign and civil wars, and fanatical religious persecution, not a few of their traditions are sombre enough. Even now there are cities like Bruges, that remain under the shadows of adversity amid the decaying memorials of their former splendour. But through all the changes of their eventful history we see the Low Countries in the reflection of a halo of wealth. Their rich soil yielded abundantly. The very titles of their mediæval princes and dignitaries—their Dukes of Burgundy and Brabant, their Counts of Flanders, their Prince-bishops of Liège—associate themselves with the pomp and ceremonial of spendthrift chivalry. As in Hood's ballad of "Miss Kilmanseggo and her Golden Leg," there is the ring of the precious metals in the whole romance of Flemish history, from the Battle of the Golden Spurs to the institution of the Golden Fleece. The badge of that famous order was a tribute by the Court to the wealth of the people who subsidized its profusion. The Flemish burghers, though they felt the hand of the oppressor, were the very men to thrive in the troublous times when might made right. Enterprising, indefatigably industrious, and frugal, they struggled for municipal independence as they held fast to their hoards, and any interference with their dearly-bought privileges was like thrusting the hand into a hornets' nest. When the chimes in their belfries rung the peals of alarm, the workmen of the guilds swarmed out into the streets, each ready to fall into his place among the fighting bands. Though they only "fought of a holiday," as the Syndic Pavillon says in *Quentin Durward*, yet the use of their weapons came almost as naturally to them as that of the special implements of their trades. There were no stauncher soldiers behind walls than those sturdy Flemish burghers; and they might have held their own more successfully than they did, had not an outbreak of turbulent audacity sometimes got the better of their discretion, and hurried them out into the open field to meet the seigneurs with their men-at-arms. But, though they suffered terribly in more than one pitched battle, and though their cities sometimes became the prize of the conquerors, it was by no means all dead loss when they came to strike the balance-sheet. The seigneurs learned to hold their formidable vassals in respect, and were all the more ready to treat with them for those feudal rights which could only be enforced by hard fighting. Those belfries that became the sonorous symbols of civic freedom had been erected in memory of the acquisition of rights purchased with guilders from the municipal treasuries. And, if the Fleming was frugal, he was neither mean nor miserly. Not only did he put his savings out to profitable purpose in extending his business, but he was capable of munificent expenditure both as an individual and as a chief of the community. The Low-country guilds were the most liberal patrons of the architects and artists who enriched their cities with the churches and *hôtels de ville*, the paintings, sculpture, and curious metal-work that are now the admiration of the tourist. The wealthy merchant might dress soberly and live plainly as a rule, but he prided himself on the quaint commodiousness of his private residence, beautified with carved ceilings and staircases; and he delighted to fill it with such treasures of art as Balzac catalogued in his "Balthasar Claes." He had his costly services of plate, displayed on grand occasions on his sculptured buffets; he had table-covers of the finest linen and hangings of the richest stuff of the East; he showed his taste for those delicately-carved ivory knick-knacks that were brought to him in his galleys from Constantinople or Genoa; and his wife had a pretty taste in laces. The ladies of the Flemish burghers, when their townsfolk were *en fête*, attired themselves with the well-fancied magnificence that had piqued the jealousy of an Empress. "What a city for the sack!" must have been the thought of many a dare-devil man-at-arms, on a visit to Bruges or Ghent, in days when the chivalry of the period was always out of elbows, and when the pay of the mercenaries was invariably in arrear.

It was more the fault of the citizens themselves, than owing to any alteration in the highways of commerce, that their prosperity dwindled with encroachments on their liberties. In place of acting on the sound Swiss maxim that union is strength, they were always quarrelling and fighting among themselves, provoking the

intervention of their common enemies. Then their wealth and weakness invited foreign tyranny, and made their country for long the cockpit of Europe. Yet that very disunion and decentralization with the long period of decay that landed them in comparative poverty are all in favour of the success of the present commemoration. There is no town of any consequence but has a history of its own; while among the chequered incidents of its rise and decline, there are events that its inhabitants may be proud to celebrate. And while the trade of a country is languishing and its national glories are under an eclipse, the works of demolition and reconstruction go on but slowly. Some of the most famous of the cities are museums of picturesque archæology, while others have become hives of busy industry. Yet even in these last you still come upon venerable relics which have been either carefully preserved or judiciously restored, as in the remains of the Bishop's Palace at Liége. Among the teeming industrial population of Ghent, there are imposing religious edifices that have suffered but slightly either from popular uprisings, from the fanatical Iconoclasts of the Reformation, or the reckless Vandalism of foreign garrisons. From where the traveller lands at Antwerp, under the shadow of the cathedral spire, he passes on from one object of admiration to another and from surprise to surprise. In Brussels, with its new quarters of parks and mansions, though the Ducal Palace, where Charles V. abdicated, has been destroyed by fire, the rage for fashionable improvement has never tampered with the Hôtel de Ville, the most glorious of all these Gothic municipal palaces, and it has spared the Grande Place, with its *broodhuis*, that witnessed the execution of Egmont and Horn. Even in dead-alive towns, such as Oudenarde and Ypres—Ypres had once 200,000 inhabitants, and now their number has fallen to 18,000—there are town halls, or cloth halls, in flamboyant Gothic, that will make a magnificently appropriate background to any "revivals" which may be devised on the vast, grass-grown *places* that could accommodate any conceivable crowd of spectators. Bruges with its deserted streets and its silent canals is the very abomination of desolation by comparison with its bustling neighbours of Antwerp and Ghent, and yet it has a fascination of its own for the intelligent traveller who may choose to devote a part of the holiday to the repose of quiet communing with the past.

But the charm of Belgium is in that variety of attractions which ought surely to satisfy the most many-sided of minds. If you are tired of the noise and the gaieties of Brussels, with its mimicry of Parisian manners and pleasures, you may retire for a week or so to the solitudes of Bruges, and there you are within easy reach of the *plage* at Ostend. At Ostend you are in the thick of a cosmopolitan Vanity Fair, where you may make lively acquaintances on the slightest provocation; where you may bathe in the mornings and dance in the evenings; lose your money at baccarat or *écarté* in the Casino; and trifle with the "native" oysters in the restaurants, at tables in windows looking out upon the sea. Or should you feel slightly out of sorts, after a course of dinners and dissipation in the capital, you may prefer a visit to Spa, which, as it is one of the oldest, is one of the brightest of European watering-places. The company that gathers to the Pouhon spring in the morning, or assembles in the Promenade des Sept Heures in the afternoon, is drawn even more than at most baths from the most mixed European society. For Spa is very accessible and charmingly coquettish in its aspect, and its water, moreover, has unmistakable virtues. Belgium, it may be added, varies as much in its scenery as in its dialects and languages. From the tame flats of the low-lying western provinces you pass through the highly-cultivated patches of market-garden and farm land of the small peasant proprietors in the centre, towards the south and east into landscapes that are strikingly picturesque. Nothing can be prettier than the look-out from the carriage-windows on the line of the Great Luxembourg Railway from Brussels, among rolling hills and rushing streams, and the ruins of many a castle and abbey. Some of the fortified heights and limestone precipices overhanging the wooded bends of the Meuse equal the most enchanting bits on the Rhine; while every summer-tourist bound to Germany must have admired the fresh green in the valley of the Vesdre, and the superb situation of Liége, as seen through the smoke of its gun-factories. It is a pity, of course, that in Belgium, as elsewhere, the exigencies of money-making and trade should have marred so much natural beauty. But, we must remember, it is in its lucrative industries that it finds the money to entertain its visitors at the *fêtes*.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT AND SOUTHSEA REGATTAS.

WE are not acquainted with the terms on which those much-coveted prizes, Queen's Cups, are given; but it may, we presume, be taken for granted that the cup which is annually fought for at Cowes is presented on the condition that none but yachts belonging to the Royal Yacht Squadron shall do battle for it. Other Queen's Cups are thrown open to all yachts; but it is impossible to suppose that the Yacht Squadron is distinguished from other clubs by discourtesy, and that its members keep what is by far their best prize for themselves. Doubtless there is a strict limitation on the grant of the cup, and the Squadron is obliged to appear inhospitable. It is much to be wished that it were otherwise, for the result is to deprive of almost all interest what ought to be the great yacht race of the year. Once this prize was won by that slowest of vessels, the *Hildegarde*, and it was taken this year by the *Formosa*, which has been beaten in every race she has engaged in all over the coast. She had, it is true, two very fine schooners and one very large one to contend against; but, even with the allowance which is given, a cutter has, generally speaking, a considerable advantage over schooners. It certainly seemed absurd that when such craft as the *Latona*, the *Florinda*, the *Miranda*, the *Vanduara*, and the *Samœna*, were in the Solent, none of them could sail for the Queen's Cup because their owners did not happen to be members of the Royal Yacht Squadron. What gratification can be derived from victory in a contest from which all the best vessels are excluded, and how much value would attach to the Queen's Cup at Ascot if it were made a strict condition that none but horses owned by members of White's should run for it?

In this season's race the *Formosa*, which was so fortunate in having no other cutters and no yawls to contend against, was further aided by the misfortune of the *Enchantress*, which, when leading, lost her jibboom and foretopmast. In this, however, there was nothing the least remarkable, as the accidental discomfiture of a rival often contributes to the success of a winning yacht. It is, moreover, by no means certain that, had all held, the *Enchantress* would have been able to save her time. The day after the unhappily narrowed contest which opened Cowes Regatta, came a real race, that for yawls and cutters of all clubs. The *Latona*, *Florinda*, *Arethusa*, *Samœna*, *Vanduara*, and *Arrow*, started, and with a light westerly wind had to beat to the Hurst markboat, and then to run to the Nab. The wind had drawn something to the south when the light-ship was rounded, and there was a reach back to Cowes. The flag-boat, was first passed by the *Latona*, but she was unable, to save her time, and the *Samœna* took a well-deserved first prize. The famous *Vanduara* was completely defeated; but it is to be observed that her chance in the sail was injured by an unfortunate error which was made at the start. On the day after this contest the race for the Cowes Town Cup, open to all rigs, took place. It was a curious and, to some yacht-owners and captains, a justly exasperating sail; but nevertheless a very exciting one. The contending vessels were the *Latona*, *Vanduara*, *Formosa*, *Samœna*, *Arrow*, *Miranda*, *Enchantress*, and *Egeria*. The course was to the Warner light-ship, and thence to the Lepe Buoy, twice round. Making for the light-ship with a north-easterly wind, the two first-mentioned vessels took the lead after a time and held it well. Off Cowes the wind was very light, and beyond it there was a westerly breeze, so that, oddly enough, in either channel vessels making for Cowes had the wind aft. The leading yachts, getting the westerly breeze first, drew very far to windward of the others; but off Cowes there was a dead calm, and on the return the whole fleet came together again. The great *Latona* was for awhile so absolutely becalmed that she seemed as if aground. After a tedious drift a light breeze sprang up, and again the *Latona* and *Vanduara* bade farewell to the rest, and sailed well away from them. When the coast close to Cowes was again reached, however, there was another dead calm, and for a second time the whole fleet came together. A light wind presently took the yachts past the roads, and the Lepe mark-boat was rounded with some difficulty. The *Samœna* was the winner; but though she sailed extremely well at times during the day, her victory was entirely owing to good fortune. One disagreeable incident in this race, to which attention has been drawn in *Land and Water*, requires notice. Towards the conclusion of the contest, the *Formosa*, being in a position to stop the *Miranda*, did so in every possible way, and then suddenly retired from the race. The *Miranda's* chance of the cup, which was a good one, was entirely spoiled by this; but we are not going to waste any pity on her, as she has gained so many prizes, that one, more or less, can be of small importance. The conduct of those in charge of the *Formosa* should not, however, pass uncondemned. For one yacht to hamper and worry another is unfortunately most common, and no vessel can be specially blamed for what all do; but for one yacht to hamper another, take away her chance of the prize, and then suddenly to give up is, if not unprecedented, unusual in the extreme.

The schooner race, which, as usual, concluded the regatta, was the best of those sailed. The course was round the island, as it was last year, and the vessels were sent to the eastward. The *Enchantress*, *Gwendolin*, *Waterwitch*, *Egeria*, and *Miranda* started; and, after a slow progress along the north-eastern shore, found a strong south-westerly breeze as they neared the Princess buoy. After this had been passed the *Egeria* and *Miranda*, for some unaccountable reason, went about and stood in to Sandown Bay, where of course they got less wind and tide than the others, which, better piloted, held on. The new schooner *Waterwitch*, which made her second appearance in this race, sailed admirably, and was lifted well to windward by the strong west-going tide. The pilots of the *Egeria* and *Miranda*, having, no doubt, enjoyed a charming view of Sandown Bay, found off Dunnose that their taste for the picturesque had to be heavily paid for, as the *Waterwitch* was far away from them. The splendid *Gwendolin*, surely the most beautiful of English schooners, fared very ill, as she stood out further than the *Waterwitch*, and sailed into a light wind, which much delayed her. On the stretch to the Needles the *Egeria* and *Miranda* gained on the new yacht; and in the run home they both, and especially the *Miranda*, came up to her rapidly, but at the finish she

was pronounced to have saved her time on the last-named vessel by 13 seconds, and was the nominal winner. We say nominal winner, because it was impossible in this case to place reliance on the official award. The authorities of the Royal Yacht Squadron were apparently unable to make up their minds as to the tonnage of the *Waterwitch*, and it seems clear that the time allowances were not the true ones for the course. Moreover, the timing was most eccentric. Any one who witnessed the termination of the race, and saw the *Gwendolin* and *Miranda* come in close together, must have learnt with extreme surprise that, according to the official statement, the latter was twenty-five seconds behind, or, to put it differently, that there were some three hundred feet of clear water between the two. Such careless work is not creditable to the Squadron, and exposes the club to suspicion which, though unjust, is not unnatural, and should never be allowed to arise.

In the short interval between the Cowes and Ryde regattas, yachtsmen were stirred by a totally unexpected excitement. The breeze which the schooners found outside the island was the first breath of a coming storm. The wind got up during Friday night, did not fall during Saturday, and on Saturday night rose to the force of a gale. There was confusion and disaster—fortunately unattended by loss of life—in the fleet anchored off Ryde pier. Several yachts dragged, and had to make sail. There were collisions, happily unattended by any serious injury, and a small vessel broke adrift and very narrowly escaped being carried against Ryde pier-head and wrecked. Another small yacht, the *Moonbeam*, was less fortunate. She also broke adrift, and was carried against the west side of Ryde pier, close to the landing steps. After bumping for a length of time which did credit to the strength of her build, she went down. As we have said, there was, happily, no loss of life, but this was more owing to good luck than good management. A yacht's boat was seen striving hard to aid the vessel which was driven past the pier-head; but, marvellous to say, the lifeboat never made its appearance. Some persons in cork jackets were seen on the pier, but these had, apparently, been put on for ornament only. The fact that there was not an effort to aid vessels in danger on this occasion is not a pleasant one, and we venture to suggest to the authorities of the National Lifeboat Institution, that they would do well to inquire how it was that no attempt whatever was made to launch the Ryde lifeboat on the night of Saturday, August 7.

Very literally, after the storm came a calm, for on Tuesday, the 10th, when the race for all rigs of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club was sailed, there was but a very light breeze, which towards nightfall died away completely. During a considerable portion of the race the *Miranda* and *Florinda*, sailing extremely well, led the fleet, but during a long drift in a calm, with occasional catspaws, which lasted through the entire night, there were many changes of position. Finally, however, the two vessels which have been mentioned regained the lead, and the *Florinda* took the first and the *Miranda* the second prize. As the yachts did not anchor until the morning, the Sailing Committee of the Victoria very wisely postponed until Thursday, the 12th, the race for the Town Cup, which was to have taken place on Wednesday, the 11th. For this the *Vanduara*, *Samœna*, *Arrow*, *Latona*, *Florinda*, and *Miranda* started in a smart breeze, and during the first part of the day there was a fine struggle between them. After a time, however, the wind became light and uncertain, and the race was deprived of some of its interest by the grounding of the *Vanduara*, which certainly has been singularly unlucky in the Solent. The *Latona* was first in; but the *Florinda*, which came next, was well within her time, and won the cup. For the race round the island, the which took place on the day after that just mentioned, there was a large entry, but the contest had little interest. Owing partly to good sailing, and partly to good fortune, the *Latona* got well away early in the day, and there was never much chance of her being caught. Some thirteen or fourteen minutes behind her came the *Samœna*, which has sailed very brilliantly in her native waters.

The Albert Yacht Club was more fortunate than the Yacht Squadron or the Victoria, as there was a strong north-easterly breeze on Tuesday and Wednesday last, when the prizes offered by this club were sailed for. The first day's race was marked by the extraordinary sailing of the famous *Florinda*. The course was from the Committee boat off Southsea to the Prince Consort buoy off Cowes, and thence to the Nab light-ship twice round. When the buoy was reached, the *Florinda* was first, though with no great lead; but, in the close-hauled stretch out to the Nab, she literally ran away from the whole fleet and tacked round the light-ship eight or nine minutes ahead of the nearest vessel. No doubt she was aided by one of those strokes of good luck which so often occur in yacht races; but, nevertheless, the performance was a marvellous one even for this yacht. She was of course an easy winner. In the second day's match the result was very different. The *Florinda* got a good start, but those in charge of her thought fit to engage in an utterly unnecessary luffing match with the *Latona*, in the course of which both yachts got close to the northern shore, and the *Florinda* touched the ground. The result of this foolish contest was to throw the two vessels astern of the rest, and for a while the *Miranda* led well. The *Florinda's* good fortune, however, did not desert her; and in the stretch from the buoy to the light-ship she was brought from a rear position well to the front by a strong puff of north wind, which enabled her to lay up some two or three points higher than any other vessel. When the Prince Consort buoy was rounded for the second time she just succeeded in heading the *Miranda*, and of course gained in the beat to the eastward; but the Wivenhoe schooner is not to be easily shaken off, and she kept steadily on the *Florinda's* weather quarter, and finally passed the flag-boat much within her time, and gained a well-deserved first prize. Both this race and that of the previous day were remarkably quick, and afforded a happy contrast to the wearisome drifts which are likely to be long remembered as having been the principal features in the Cowes and Ryde regattas of 1880.

REVIEWS.

BROWNING'S DRAMATIC IDYLS.*

THE second series of Mr. Browning's Idyls is far pleasanter than the first. In the newer poems there are no moral paradoxes of sentimental murder, or of sordid crimes impossibly expiated by voluntary submission to capital punishment. Five of the Idyls are versions of familiar old stories, and the sixth records an anecdote in the life of Clive which may perhaps be either authentic or traditional. The language, if rugged, is for the most part intelligible, and the expansion of a legend hinted at in three lines of the *Georgics* is pretty and graceful. A postscript, highly characteristic of the poet, might seem to be directed against facility and fluency of production. An imaginary writer is supposed to be praised by a shallow admirer for fertile readiness:—

> Touch him ne'er so lightly, into song he broke:
> Soil so quick receptive;

but the admiring critic is rebuked:—

> Indeed?
> Rock's the song soil rather, surface hard and bare:
> Sun and dew their mildness, storm and frost their rage
> Vainly both expend,—few flowers awaken there:
> Quiet in its cleft broods—what the after age
> Knows and names a pine, a nation's heritage.

The most voluminous among all poets of equal rank has in a long course of years produced some more perishable plants with a spontaneity which scarcely suggests the lonely pine "brooding quiet in its cleft." To skilful cultivation of the ordinary or rarer growths Mr. Browning has of late years devoted less and less attention. In one of the Idyls, having occasion for a rhyme to *between us*, he supplies its place by an unnecessary Latin word involving a deliberate false quantity:—

> Ten long years your march has moved—our triumph—(though e's short)—
> *hactĕnus.*

Having apparently become aware that the whole idyl is composed in a metre difficult to scan, and impossible to read with any kind of melody, the poet coolly proposes that it should be sung, and he adds a few bars in musical notation to facilitate the process. Prose, as in the case of anthems, may be set to music and sung, but barbarous metrical dissonances are not cured by artificial intonation. The story of typical ingratitude belongs to more than one age and one country. A magician whom Mr. Browning calls Pietro of Abano bestows by his art wealth on an adventurer who courts his favour, and, applying after ten years for assistance, he is put off with a request that he will confer power, which also follows in due season. After another ten years, the applicant, now the Emperor's Minister, wishes to exchange influence in the State for promotion in the Church, and accordingly his patron makes him Pope. A final appeal to the gratitude of the upstart is answered by a threat of committal to the Inquisition, and Pietro of Abano shuts in his face the door which he had held open while he listened for a minute to the first prayer for assistance. In the Spanish version, the wizard who had ordered two chickens for dinner, calls to his cook to roast only one. The confusion of time in dreams must have suggested the form of an essentially popular satire. Mr. Browning tells the story with spirit and humour, but he has never been more outrageously reckless in metre and rhyme. One stanza may be selected almost at random, to illustrate the wilful employment by a master of language of the lowest and dullest doggrel. Simplicity is sacrificed, not to beauty or ornament, but to perverse ostentation of what might in another writer be deemed helpless awkwardness.

> As he stood one evening proudly—(he had traversed
> Rome on horseback—peerless pageant!—claimed the Lateran as new Pope)—
> Thinking, "All's attained now! Pontiff! Who could have erst
> Dreamed of my advance so far when, some ten years ago,
> I embraced devotion, grew from priest to bishop,
> Gained the Purple, bribed the Conclave, got the Two-Thirds, saw my coop
> ope,
> Came out—what Rome hails me! O, were there a wish-shop,
> Not one wish more would I purchase—lord of all below!"

No fragment of Mr. Browning's genius is needed to produce such rhymes as *traversed* and *have erst*, *new Pope* and *coop ope*, *bishop* and *wish-shop*. Some of his parodists have accomplished in imitation of him similar feats of ingenuity with the excuse of being intentionally absurd. The lumbering and irregular accentuated trochaics are almost worthy of the perverse rhymes with which they are pointed. Some of Mr. Browning's metrical compositions

* *Dramatic Idyls.* Second Series. By Robert Browning. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1880.

are duller and more unintelligible than "Pietro of Abano"; but not one of the number contains worse verses. Whether the music redeems the faults of the libretto is not a question for literary criticism.

Another poem in *terza rima*, which of all alien metres is perhaps the least manageable and least agreeable in English, tells the old story of a bad wife being more than a match for Death, who is here by a novel mythological contrivance identified with Satan. The son born of his penal union with a human wife is brought up as a physician; and the power of seeing Death, invisible to others, impending or remote from each patient, enables the practitioner to acquire reputation and wealth. Finding it impossible to persuade Death to leave the pillow of the Emperor, who had offered his daughter in marriage as the price of a cure, the demi-demon sends for his mother who frightens Satan away. Taking warning by the parental example, he then refuses to marry the Princess. The tale has the merit of embodying a jest at the expense of women which amused former unsophisticated generations; and it is also to be commended for the absence of a moral. If the verses were smoother and sweeter, the genial humour which befits the relaxation of genius would be not unattractive. A subtler meaning is contained in the story of Mulèykeh, which is also more poetically told. The Arab Hóseyn owned an unequalled mare, though he had been impoverished by paying his share of blood-money due from his tribe. He has no longer any camels, but he is contented with his lot:—

> "God gave them, let them go! but never since time began,
> Muléykeh, peerless mare, owned master the match of you,
> And you are my prize, my Pearl: I laugh at men's land and gold."

His tribesmen and strangers hold that pity would be wasted on Hóseyn, "but lavish both on Duhl, the son of Sheybán, who withers away in heart for envy of Hóseyn's luck." The envious Duhl in vain offers for the Pearl the price of a thousand camels; and he afterwards appeals with as small result to the generosity of the fortunate owner on the pretext that his son is pining and dying through covetousness of the mare. A third attempt is more successful. Duhl steals Muléykeh from Hóseyn while he sleeps with the rope of her headstall round his arm:—

> And, loose on his left, stands too that other known far and wide,
> Buhéyseh, her sister born: fleet is she, yet ever missed
> The winning tail's fire-flash a-stream past the thunderous heels.

Duhl looses the headstall and springs on the Pearl, and instantly Hóseyn follows on Buhéyseh. Stride by stride he gains on the robber, and in another bound he will reach him:—

> She is near now, nose by tail—they are neck by croup—joy! fear!
> What folly makes Hóseyn shout "Dog Duhl, Damned son of the Dust,
> Touch the right ear and press with your foot my Pearl's left flank.

At the touch, and hearing the voice of her master, Muléykeh gave a leap and "vanished for evermore," while her owner returned weeping to his tent. His friends come round him and justly censure his folly:—

> "To have simply held the tongue were a task for a boy or a girl,
> And here were Muléykeh again, the eyed like an antelope,
> The child of his heart by day, the wife of his breast by night!"
> "And the beaten in speed!" wept Hóseyn: "You never have loved my Pearl."

The sentiment may be fantastic, but it serves well for a symbol of disinterested and objective affection. In imagination, if not in actual life, the faultless excellence of the beloved object may be valued more highly than possession. Of those who have treated the legend Mr. Browning has best discerned its capabilities. The point of the poem of "Clive" consists in a more paradoxical fancy. An early friend of Clive sitting with him a week before his tragical death, asks him when in his own opinion he displayed the highest courage. Lord Clive answers that he will say instead when he felt most fear; and he proceeds to tell the story of a duel when he was young and obscure with an officer whom he had accused of cheating at cards. Either combatant was to deliver or reserve his fire at his choice; Clive had fired and missed; and his adversary demanded an apology with the muzzle of his pistol touching Clive's head. The idiomatic answer was "You know you cheated . . . fire and go to Hell." The conscience of the gambler was touched; he confessed his delinquencies and disappeared. Clive threatened the spectators with death if they at any time revealed the scandal. The fear which he expressed appeared to have been lest the wrongdoer should affect magnanimity by sparing his life. There is perhaps a false antithesis between physical fear and apprehension of discredit, but a hyperbolical expression of the highest courage may be tolerated in fiction.

By far the best of the former collection of idyls was that of Pheidippides, the Athenian runner, who on his return from a fruitless mission to Sparta encountered the god Pan, and bore from him to Athens a sprig of fennel (*marathus*) as a token of victory. Once more dispatched by Miltiades to Athens with the tidings of Marathon, Pheidippides died as he told the Assembly of his victory. The short poem of "Echetlos" in the present volume refers to another legend of Marathon, in which an unknown hero, dressed as a rustic, performed marvellous feats with a ploughshare, and disappeared when the battle was over. The Oracle, on inquiring for his name, answered with more good sense than poetical aptitude:—

> "Care for no name at all!
> Say but just this: We praise one helpful, whom we call
> The Holder of the Ploughshare. The great deed ne'er grows small."

The priestess, in spite of her inspiration, seems to have been at a loss to fill up the verse, which was probably a hexameter in the original. The pretty tale of Pan and Luna is suggested, as has already been said, by a passage in Virgil, who, according to Conington, borrowed the fable from Nicander. The episode in the Third Book of the *Georgics* is introduced to relieve a prosaic statement of the signs by which a purely white stock may be secured by sheep breeders. It was with fleeces snowy as these that Pan cajoled the Moon:—

> Munere sic niveo lanæ, si credere dignum est,
> Pan deus Arcadiæ captam te, Luna, fefellit,
> In nemora alta vocans: nec tu aspernata vocantem.

The fancy may perhaps have been derived from white patches of moonlight seen in openings of the woods. Mr. Browning, who speaks with authority in such matters, prefers to believe that the Moon, too visible in a clear sky, sought to veil her beauties in a fleecy cloud, craftily placed to delude her by Pan. The mention of wool in the Third Book of the *Georgics* justifies the theory that the seeming cloud was of a more tenacious substance:—

> But what means this? The downy swathes combine,
> Conglobe, the smothery coy-caressing stuff
> Curdles about her. Vain each twist and twine
> Those lithe limbs try, encroached on by a fluff
> Fitting as close as fits the dented spine
> Its flexile ivory outside-flesh: enough!
> The plumy drifts contract, condense, constringe,
> Till she is swallowed by the feathery springe.

It will be seen that, in dealing with a purely poetical subject, Mr. Browning abstains from thrusting on unwilling readers the grotesque rhymes and ill jointed verses which he thinks good enough for a mediæval magician. It might perhaps be hypercritical to remark that the modern poet deviates from his original by turning into a snare Virgil's bait or bribe. The newest version does more credit to the character of the Moon; but her latest votary declines to invent an apology for her further conduct:—

> Ha, Virgil? Tell the rest, you! "To the deep
> Of his domain, the wildwood, Pan forthwith
> Called her; and so she followed"—in her sleep,
> Surely?—"by no means spurning him." The myth
> Explain who may—Let all else go, I keep
> —As of a ruin just a monolith—
> Thus much, one verse of five words, each a boon,
> Arcadia, night, a cloud, Pan, and the moon.

On the whole, in the present volume Mr. Browning has tested less severely than usual the inexhaustible loyalty of his genuine admirers. They resent with reason his rough verses, his outrageous rhymes, which have now reached the climax of badness *in hactēnus*, and in many instances his choice of revolting subjects; but intellectual vigour is never wanting; and at his worst Mr. Browning is deliberately bad. If he occasionally descends to doggrel, he is like a grown man amusing himself with baby language, and at any moment he may choose to resume a fitting and masculine style. It is scarcely safe to skip when he may, while the attention of the reader is suspended, suddenly digress into rich and nervous poetry. The tiresome jingle of "Fifine at the Fair" ends in four stanzas of Mr. Browning's finest poetry, since separately published under the title of "The Householder." The second series of *Dramatic Idyls* exhibits one of his peculiar gifts in his discernment of the poetic use which may be made of popular stories. He has condescended on this occasion to dispense with the use of cypher, which has often in default of a key rendered his poems unmeaning to ordinary readers. There is no reference in the Idyls to undisclosed processes of thought or to unfamiliar passages of history. In the story of Pan and Luna the metre is regular and polished; and the versification of "Doctor ——," if not pleasant to the ear, is studied and regular. On the whole, it is well to be grateful to a poet who either does well or could do better if he chose. It has been said that all faults may be forgiven except those which could not have been avoided. Mr. Browning's artistic sins are almost always gratuitous and wilful.

SACRED BOOKS OF THE EAST.—THE ZEND-AVESTA.*

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER has brought out another batch of his *Sacred Books of the East*. Two volumes—or, as each is marked Part I. we should perhaps call them half-volumes—relate to the old Persian religion, the religion known to us as that of Zoroaster, which after a prolonged and chequered existence, still survives among the Parsís in India and a few small communities of Fire-worshippers in the neighbourhood of Yezd in Persia. The third new volume relates to the Hindus. Of the two volumes on the Zoroastrian religion, the first (Vol IV. of the Series) deals with the Vendidád, belonging to the older canon of Zend scripture; the second comprises Pahlaví texts, of a later, but still very ancient date. This translation of the Vendidád has been made by Mr. James Darmesteter, who prefaces the work with a long and able Introduction. The oldest canon of Zoroastrian scripture has for more than a century been known among us as "Zend-Avesta," and that term is used in this volume, although it is pretty clearly shown to be a misnomer. It is too useful and familiar, however, to be discarded. The Zend-Avesta is divided into two parts—"The Avesta, properly so called, contains the Vendidád, the

* *The Sacred Books of the East.—The Zend-Avesta.* Part I. *The Vendidád.* Translated by James Darmesteter. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1880.

Vispêrad, and the Yasna. The Vendidâd is a compilation of religious laws and of mythical tales; the Vispêrad is a collection of litanies for the sacrifice; and the Yasna is composed of litanies of the same kind, and of five hymns or Gâthas written in a special dialect, older than the general language of the Avesta. The Khorda Avesta or 'Small Avesta' is composed of short prayers, which are recited . . . . at certain moments of the day, month, or year, and in presence of the different elements."

In a previous number of the *Saturday Review* (September 7th, 1878), a brief account was given of the dispute which long raged among Orientalists as to the existence of any such language as that called Zend; for it was maintained by several men of great repute that the language was as spurious as the doctrines it recorded were ridiculous. The existence of this language is now universally admitted, although it has no right to be called Zend. The term Zend means "commentary or explanation," and was the name of the comment which accompanied the Avesta, "the law" or the word. What name the language was known by in ancient times has not been discovered; but "it ought to be named the Avesta language," just as, in default of knowledge of the name Hebrew, the language of the Old Testament might be called the "Bible language." Though the name of the language is unknown, its affinity is clearly established. It is a twin sister of Sanskrit, and the common source of the two languages is proved not only by an unmistakable similarity, but by the many myths and semi-divinities which are common to the oldest writings in both these languages. In what country and from what language these two great Aryan tongues arose is, and will probably long remain, a matter for conjecture. Mr. Darmesteter endeavours to discover the country in which the writings of the Avesta first assumed shape; and the conclusion he comes to, though upon very abstruse and hypothetical reasoning, is that

> The original texts of the Avesta were not written by Persians, as they are in a language not used in Persia; they prescribe certain customs which were unknown to Persia, and proscribe others which were current in Persia. They were written in Media by the priests of Ragha and Atropatene, in the language of Media, and they exhibit the ideas of the sacerdotal class under the Achæmenian dynasty.

The interpreters of the writings in the Zend or Avesta language labour under great disadvantages. If grammars and lexicons of this language ever existed, they have not come down to modern times. Translators have nothing to work upon but the texts themselves. The texts have been attacked from two sides, and "the battle of the methods" still rages. The "traditional school" seeks to explain them by the writings of later times in other languages; the "comparative school" approaches them through the old Vedic Sanskrit. According to this school "the Avesta and the Veda are two echoes of one and the same voice, the reflex of one and the same thought; the Vedas therefore are both the best lexicon and the best commentary to the Avesta." At the head of the former school stands Spiegel, and Burnouf was the great founder of the latter. It is obvious that neither of these methods can be implicitly trusted. Religions undergo many changes in the lapse of centuries, primitive ideas drop out of knowledge, some are enveloped in mystical or fanciful interpretations, and some develop new forms in accord with the thoughts and feelings of each age. Like all things of this world, religion grows or dies. Tradition therefore can give no certain and satisfactory interpretation of the compositions of a far distant age. On the other hand, comparative philology can do much, but cannot wholly accomplish the work. There is no disputing the close affinity of the Vedic Sanskrit and the language of the Avesta, but these two languages are far from being identical. The languages must have existed apart for a long time before the Vedas and the Avesta were composed. They show a great difference in the spelling of words which were once identical, and if the forms of words changed, their significations could hardly have been exempt from variation. Indeed we know that there were great divergences, of which the two stock examples are convincing proofs. Sanskrit *deva*, a god; Zend *daêva*, a demon; Sans. *asura*, a demon; Zend *ahura*, a god. Instead of "prolonging the battle of the methods," the wisest and the surest course will be to join forces, and to recognize the fact that the two methods may greatly assist each other. Mr. Darmesteter does not describe his own method of translation, but he counsels the disputants to have respect for and to use the discoveries of each other—"their common work," he says, "must be begun by the one and completed by the other." This has evidently been his own course of proceeding.

The period when the Zend texts were collected and formed into the Avesta has not been ascertained, and there is no evidence to lead to a satisfactory conclusion on the point; but it seems possible to trace a Zoroastrian literature back to the third century before Christ; and although some portions of the Avesta are evidently later in time than the rest, "no part of them can belong to a later date" than the fourth century A.D. The date of the collection must have been long posterior to the composition of the component parts. How and when these productions first made their appearance is a matter for pure speculation, and will probably ever remain so. When Zoroaster lived no one knows, and, according to Mr. Darmesteter, "the question is whether Zoroaster was a man converted into a god or a god converted into a man." "All the features in Zarathushtra [Zoroaster] point to a god, [though] pre-existent mythic elements may have gathered around the name of a man, born on earth, and by-and-by surrounded the human face with the aureole of a god." Zoroaster is thus resolved into a myth, the personality which has been present to the minds of men for many centuries is shadowy and unsubstantial; the name is appropriated to a "titulary lawgiver," and it may have been applied to more than one. The term "Zend" has been deposed as the name of the Avesta language, but will any amount of speculative ingenuity ever efface the individuality of Zoroaster?

The religion of Zoroaster, or Mazdeism, as, according to the new lights, we ought to call it, has from the days of Herodotus been a subject of attention and speculation among the philosophers of the West. "There has been no other belief in the world," says Mr. Darmesteter, "that ever left such poor and meagre monuments of its past splendour"; and the more we learn of these "monuments" the less is the estimate of their value. Notwithstanding this, and the apparent paradox of the statement, they will probably long continue objects of interest and study. The two great leading principles of this religion, Ormazd and Ahrimán—one the author of all good, the other the cause of all evil—are personifications of the good and the evil which man sees to be constantly in conflict in the world around him and warring in his own nature. Mr. Darmesteter says:—

> Magism, in its general form, may be summed up as follows:—The world, such as it is now, is twofold, being the work of two hostile beings, Ahura-mazda [Ormazd], the good principle, and Angra Mainyu [Ahriman], the evil principle; all that is good in the world comes from the former, all that is bad in it comes from the latter. The history of the world is the history of their conflict, how Angra Mainyu invaded the world of Ahura Mazda and marred it, and how he shall be expelled from it at last. Man is active in the conflict, his duty in it being laid before him in the law revealed by Ahura Mazda to Zarathushtra [Zoroaster]. When the appointed time is come a son of the lawgiver, still unborn, named Saoshyant, will appear; Angra Mainyu and hell will be destroyed; men will rise from the dead; and everlasting happiness will reign over the world.
>
> There were two general ideas at the bottom. First, that there is a law in nature, because everything goes on in a serene and mighty order; and, second, there is a war in nature, because it contains powers that work for good and powers that work for evil; there are such beings as benefit man, and such beings as injure him; there are gods and fiends."

This, no doubt, is a fair philosophical exposition of the doctrines involved in this religion; but it may well be questioned whether the great body of the old Zoroastrian worshippers realized more than a general conception of the existence of good and evil, gods and fiends. In this part of the Introduction the author compares the deities and demons of Mazdeism with those of the Vedas, and explains all or nearly all as pure myths suggested by the various phenomena of nature. This is all very clever and very alluring, but not entirely convincing. There are many identifications and explanations which seem plausible and worthy of acceptance; but on considering the whole, incredulity is aroused, and asks if it is possible that the early professors of this religion knew that their creations embodied the ideas and myths which are now attributed to them. As commentators have often found in texts recondite and mystic meanings which probably the writers themselves never conceived, so the modern investigators into the springs of ancient religions bring to bear upon them the accumulated knowledge of centuries, and may discover more in them than was ever known or conceived by the men of old time. These mythical explanations are almost entirely speculative; they certainly rest more upon imagination than reason, and while they amuse the fancy, they frequently fail to satisfy the mind. There are many analogies between the Veda and the Avesta; but analogies are frequently deceptive, and the greatest caution is necessary when analogies are made to explain each other. As an example of Mr. Darmesteter's method of treating these subjects, we cite the following, not because it is the most apposite, but because it is one of the least technical, and will bear separation from the context:—

> The single elements of Mazdeism do not essentially differ from those of the Vedic and Indo-European mythologies generally. Yet Mazdeism, as a whole, took an aspect of its own by grouping these elements in a new order, since by referring everything either to Ahura Mazda or Angra Mainyu as its source, it came to divide the world into symmetrical halves, in both of which a strong unity prevailed. The change was summed up in the rising of Angra Mainyu, a being of mixed nature, who was produced by abstract speculation from the old Indo-European storm-fiend, and who borrowed his form from the supreme god himself. On the one hand, as the world battle is only an enlarged form of the mythical storm fight, Angra Mainyu, the fiend of fiends and the leader of the evil powers, is partly an abstract embodiment of their energies and feats; on the other hand, as the antagonist of Ahura, he is modelled after him, and is partly, as it were, a negative projection of Ahura.

This is very ingenious speculation, but it makes the embodiment of the spirit of evil a very complicated and elaborate process. It is not possible to disprove that Angra Mainyu or Ahriman, the spirit of evil, "was produced by abstract speculation from the old Indo-European storm-fiend," but abstract speculation had probably very little to do with the creation of deities and demons. Their origin was more simple, and may be attributed to the working in the human mind of awe, fear, admiration, and other natural feelings. The impersonation of a spirit of evil, the gradual embodiment of a devil, was a natural growth. Men saw evil and woe around them in the world, and attributed it to some active energy, which they pictured to themselves as working in a bodily form. Once the idea was formed, its growth was easy and certain.

We have but little space left for an examination of the actual translation, but the reader need not feel any regret. There is little in the Vendidad worthy of notice; it is as "poor and meagre" as the translator has himself described it. The main subject of the work is purification from ceremonial uncleanness and from the effects of improper actions. Death is a great cause of pollution, and this belief has given rise to peculiar provisions for the disposal of corpses. As soon as a man dies a demon from hell is

supposed to fall upon his corpse. The body then becomes unclean, and communicates the uncleanness to every one who may touch it; hence it is necessary to dispose of the body so that the pollution may not spread. Earth, water, and fire are holy, and it would be an offence of the highest degree to make them the means of removing so foul an object. The directions given for the disposal of dead bodies are these:—

"O Maker of the material, thou Holy One! Whither shall we bring, where shall we lay the bodies of the dead?" Ahura Mazda answered, "On the highest summits, where they know there are always corpse-eating dogs and corpse-eating birds, O holy Zarathushtra. There shall the worshippers of Mazda fasten the corpse by the feet and by the hair, with brass, stones, or lead, lest the corpse-eating dogs and the corpse-eating birds shall go and carry the bones to the water and to the trees."

Or:—

The worshippers of Mazda shall erect a building out of the reach of the dog, of the fox, and of the wolf, and wherein rain-water cannot stay. Such a building shall they erect if they can afford it, with stones, mortar, and earth; if they cannot afford it, they shall lay down the dead man upon the ground, on his carpet and his pillow, clothed with the light of heaven, and beholding the sun.

The "Towers of Silence" near Bombay are examples of the kind of building thus prescribed.

A FEMALE NIHILIST.*

TO ordinary English readers, the incidents of this novel will certainly seem highly improbable. The whole conditions of social life, the modes of thought, the theories of the principal characters, are so remote from our ordinary experience that it is difficult to imagine a state of society in which they exist and act. To those, however, who have made themselves in any measure acquainted with the internal condition of Russia, political, social, and literary, there is very little in the book which will seem to exceed the bounds of reasonable liberty which are granted to writers of fiction.

Indeed, as regards some of the principal portions of his narrative, the author says: "We are only relating actual facts known to all St. Petersburg." And, with respect to the remarkable movement which has received the very appropriate name of "Nihilism," upon the progress and development of which the whole story turns, there is hardly anything here which can be regarded as overwrought or exaggerated. M. Lavigne, we understand, was for some years editor of a French newspaper in Russia, so that, in addition to the ordinary sources of information, which he seems to have studied diligently, he has had opportunities of personally observing the people of whom he writes, and more especially of appreciating the true character of the strange political struggles which are now going on in that huge, chaotic society. It does not follow, however, that his statements are to be implicitly relied upon, for it is one of the strange features of Russian life and civilization that no one can be quite sure of any conclusion which he may come to from the facts which he is enabled to collect and examine. It is, indeed, positively asserted that, partly from the action of the Government in preventing the diffusion of correct information, partly from the strange diversities which exist in different parts of the Empire, and in the different strata of society, to say nothing of the obstacle raised by foreign prejudice, it is hardly possible to arrive at any trustworthy conclusions respecting the real condition of Russia. It will not be surprising, therefore, if even the opportunities of obtaining knowledge which M. Lavigne has possessed have not always prevented him from falling into mistakes; and it is quite to be expected that many of his representations, whether true or false, should differ considerably from those of writers who have the same means of information as himself.

With respect to the strange movement around which all the incidents of the tale are grouped, and which gives the book its name, the reader may be assured that he has here not only a very readable and animated account of the theories which are in vogue within it, and of the kind of action which its promoters are wont to pursue, but that he has also an accurate representation of the so-called principles of Nihilists, as far as those have been formulated and can be understood. Probably most English readers will obtain from this book a better notion of the real designs of these revolutionaries—of the state of society out of which they have arisen, of the strange conditions which have made these secret societies possible—than by reading many of the graver essays and treatises which have been devoted to an exposition of the subject. We should add that, as a novel, the book is highly effective; the story is interesting, exciting, one might say "sensational"; and yet it is absolutely pure and harmless.

The following conversation gives a good idea of the difficulty of working Nihilist principles, and of the almost necessary differences of opinion existing among their advocates. The speakers are Sergius, who is, perhaps, the hero of the story—certainly the most remarkable figure in it—and Pavlovna, the "female Nihilist," who, if not the heroine, ought to be:—

"I beg your pardon," said Sergius, "listen to me. I am ashamed of the folly that is ascribed to us, not without reason, for the Nihilist minority is corrupted by the most pernicious errors. I am ashamed that we who propose to destroy everything can or will not put something in its place. I propose beginning from to-day to give a new direction to the Revolution."

"And how?"

"By no longer initiating members on their own mere request, and solely because they are poor, out of caste, or disinherited in some way; . . . . by knowing distinctly what it is we wish to overthrow."

"Why, to my mind, everything."

"No, not everything. It is on this point that we do not understand each other. I think that to wish the overthrow of everything is madness, pure insanity. We should find ourselves on the morrow face to face with the desert, like the Caribs or the cannibals. All that would never suit me—suit us," said Sergius, correcting himself.

"At any rate, we will see to that; go on."

"Next, must we not know what we are to build on the ruins which we shall have directly or indirectly caused?"

"We will discuss all this at leisure," said Pavlovna, after some reflection. "At present let me give you my sincere advice. You are on an evil path, you are softening; you are no longer a revolutionist. In acting as you propose to do you will lose all prestige; all confidence will be withdrawn from you."—Pp. 175, 176.

And so it actually fell out; reason and true philanthrophy were alike unheeded by the band of desperate men and women whom Sergius was for a season able to control, but who at last broke loose from the restraints of prudence which he imposed upon them. The true tendencies of the movement (we can hardly say the principles of the party) are enunciated in the following utterances of the rival leader Riboffski, who succeeded in ousting Sergius from his position of control:—

The Nihilists may and ought to aspire to office, dignity, and honour. They shall mutually help each other with all their might. They shall denounce false brethren and the suspected. They shall employ every means to assist the Revolution, which consists in the *most utter and radical destruction of the existing order of Society*. No more monarchy. No more recognized religions. No more property; the land belongs to all; the soil is like the air, everyone has a right to sustenance. *No more administration.* No more armies. Kings, soldiers, priests, *judges*, the possessors of privileges and of wealth are our enemies; at these we must direct our blows. Sentence of death is passed on every official of the empire who shall show himself directly or indirectly hostile to our plans.—P. 222.

We have marked by italics the portions of this programme which are the most outrageous and incredible. Yet they represent accurately enough the theories and designs of Nihilists. The object of the movement is simply destruction, and not reconstruction in any form or shape. Communism, in its worst forms, is innocuous and respectable compared with Nihilism. Wild and insane as the words of Riboffski may sound, they represent exactly the sentiments of the accredited leaders of the movement. It is, if anything, a system of mere Individualism—quite impracticable and impossible indeed; yet, so far as it is developed, aiming at nothing beyond this.

Such theories involve, as a necessary consequence, the absolute self-surrender and devotion of the members of the secret societies which are formed to give effect to them. Bound together by vows which are made binding, not by the faith of those who impose or of those who accept them, for Nihilism is based on Atheism, but by the certainty that their violation will be punished by death, they belong body and soul to the cause which they have espoused, and must sacrifice everything to it. Of the three or four leading characters in the story, we have seen two, and these have thoroughly entered into the spirit of what they regard as their mission. Pavlovna is one of those fanatics with "a fixed idea," who never dream of turning to the left hand or to the right, except at the bidding of the theories by which they are possessed. Sergius is a lofty idealist, imbued with the purest and most ardent philanthropy, who has become identified with the movement as the only means of lifting off from his countrymen the load of misery under which they are crushed. Another, who is intimately associated with these two, is of quite a different type. This is Vladimir, who, if he had nobility for it, should be the hero of the story. He is a mere handsome voluptuary, who has joined the movement in a spirit of adventure, reckless because he has nothing to lose, caring supremely, not for humanity or Russia, but for himself, ready to take the oaths imposed by his associates, although well knowing all the consequences, equally ready to forget them when his indolence or love of pleasure interferes, ready to break them when his interests are imperilled, having perhaps the one virtue of courage, which makes him despise dangers which he must know to be real.

The Nihilists lack the sinews of war, and it is Pavlovna who, with her man's intellect and her woman's cunning, has hit upon a device to supply them. She is a governess, and has taught the Countess Stasia, a young and beautiful Russian whose uncle dies at the beginning of the story, leaving her possessed of immense wealth. She confides to her two friends, Sergius and Vladimir, her intention of plotting for the marriage of the Countess with a Nihilist. The young girl has few friends, and trusts her former governess, who undertakes to pave the way for the union which she contemplates, in order to obtain control of the property of the Countess for the propagation of their opinions. It is Vladimir whom she selects as future husband for the Countess, on account of his personal attractions and engaging manners. She opens her plans to her two friends:—

"You know," she says, "that I still visit her, that she is well-disposed towards me, that she has often helped me; in short, that she is very kind."

"As kind as beautiful," chimed in Sergius.

"Indeed! You know her, then? Yes, good and beautiful. To-day she inherits I don't know how many million roubles."

"That is not her fault," said Sergius. "This inheritance, resulting from the state of society, can in no way be made a reproach against her!"

"Who wants to reproach her? What I am thinking is how we can exploit this inheritance for ourselves; how to make it come into our hands and benefit the cause. And, if you attend to me, if you have the heart and thews of men, if you have blood in your veins, this enterprise, difficult as you may think it, will be accomplished in a moment."

* *A Female Nihilist.* By Ernest Lavigne. Translated from the French by G. Sutherland Edwards. London: Allen & Co. 1880.

"Pavlovna, we are all attention; we never knew you more interesting!" said Vladimir.

And in his heart the young man was thinking of those fabulous sums which represent so much pleasure, which a whim of fortune had thrown into the hands of a woman who could not manage, utilize, or understand them. Ah! had fate only made him rich, instead of casting him almost naked on the parched soil of frozen Russia, he would have known how to enjoy himself and make an effect.

Sergius had other thoughts; in his hands such a fortune might have served to console the exile, to raise the victim of tyranny and despotism, to aid the rapid spread of Socialism, to foment revolution, to overturn the pyramid and set it on its base; for nowadays, in his eyes, it was on its apex; and the injustice, the contradiction, the fallacies of his time and country were ever pressing on his throat and well nigh strangled him.

Gradually Pavlovna unfolds her idea of gaining possession of the wealth of the countess; and she induces her two friends to swear that they will do her bidding, and assist her in carrying out her plans. She points out to them that it is only by the extinction of individuality that they can reach their ends. She is herself making great sacrifices, for she loves the man whom she has destined to be the husband of Stasia. To each of the friends she gives his own work. Sergius, "what the world calls a true and noble man," has not, she thinks, "enough exterior gifts to carry Stasia's heart." Therefore, it is his part to convert her to Nihilism, to be the steward of her fortune. Vladimir is handsome. "The sight of thee," she says, in her excitement using the second person singular, "makes women's hearts bound. Thou art the man who shall marry Stasia."

Here is the plot which Pavlovna now sets herself to carry out. One great auxiliary she found in the loneliness of the Countess. Open to all human sympathies, she had few objects for her affections to rest upon. Her uncle's friends had not been her friends; the few that she had were not congenial; besides her time of mourning secluded her from society.

"I am alone," thought Stasia, "and in spite of my great possessions, in spite of the rank that will be mine if I please to take it, at the Court, in spite of the high position that my fortune gives me, I am isolated. There is really no one to love, to understand, or to protect me. I cannot bear the world and its festivities; I do not enjoy them, I cannot shine among them. On this side then, without a greater effort than I feel capable of making, there is nothing to hope. Shall I receive visitors at home? Whom am I to receive? My friends! they are very unstable and indifferent; possibly good-natured, certainly careless. The Count had no friends that I liked."

From one thought and reflection to another the Countess arrived at this conclusion, which, though she did not express or formulate to herself, was none the less logical. "I need to love."—(P. 113.)

It was to this state of mind that Pavlovna addressed herself, and she found her task more easy than she had anticipated. Happily for the success of her schemes, there was no serious rival in the way. Suitors of any delicacy of feeling would not obtrude themselves on the Countess in her time of mourning; those who did present themselves as aspiring to her hand only formed a foil to Vladimir. Sergius, while trembling for the future happiness of the charming Countess if she became the wife of his associate, was bound by his oath, and by his devotion to the Revolution, to assist in carrying out the scheme. It succeeded only too completely. The fanaticism of Pavlovna, which made her so keen to discern the opportunity for the advancement of the movement, blinded her to the true character of the two persons whose destinies she had united. Fascinated herself by the physical attractions of Vladimir, as intellectual women often are fascinated by men who have hardly anything in common with themselves, she could not see how little this essentially unrefined, shallow, selfish, pleasure-loving nature could satisfy the pure, deep, tender nature of her friend—how little either a woman like Stasia could fill and hold the heart of a man like Vladimir. As far as the Countess was concerned, she was at least faithful to her husband. As for Vladimir, he lived and acted according to his kind.

If the scheme had little success in bringing happiness to the parties most deeply interested, it brought little more advantage to the Nihilists, and ultimately it became the means of inflicting upon them the most serious and permanent injuries. Every needy Nihilist thought he had a claim upon the purse which Vladimir could now command. It was his simple right. Vladimir had married for no other reason than this. Besides he belonged, with all he had, to the great movement and to every member of the Society which was formed to promote it. Vladimir became dissatisfied, sullen, obstinate. These Nihilists were a simple nuisance, the organization a mistake. At the same time, Sergius and his old confederates were drifting more and more apart, Pavlovna holding to the one side or the other as her impulses inclined her. Finally Vladimir, in spite of the remonstrances of his two friends, who reminded him of his oath, and pointed out his danger, the inevitable consequence of the violation of his oath, shook off the Society and bid them defiance.

It is better, perhaps, that we should leave the reader to seek for the continuation of the story in the book itself. The whole story is easy and entertaining reading; the situations, if startling, are not unnatural. Human nature in Russia, in Nihilism, even in Nihilist novels, is very much the same as it is elsewhere. But, apart from the interest of the story, there is not a little to be learnt from this volume respecting the difficulties of the Russian Government as well as the difficulties of reformers, no less the most reasonable and moderate than the most irrational and fanatical. If ever the world was "out of joint," it must seem so to Russian patriots. As to the best way of remedying the dislocation, that is a question which it requires some boldness to answer. Nihilist conspiracies and murders, Nihilist seizures and trials, the confounding of the innocent and the guilty, the condemnation of ideas and supposed tendencies equally with overt acts of rebellion, these are the things which we can read in this volume, as we can read, or at least hear, of their happening in Russia every day.

We fancy that the writer is not free from that inaccuracy in describing Russian society which his countrymen so often betray, to our own great amusement, when they describe English society. The account, for instance, which he gives of a Nihilist marriage is very different from the description of the same thing which we find in documents of greater authority. But these are small matters. The general representations of Russian society are only too near the truth; and the theories, designs, and methods of the Nihilists are set forth with perfect accuracy. The atmosphere of the book is thoroughly Russian; the colouring, if we may thus distinguish, is French; and the translation reads, as far as a translation from a French book with a Russian subject can read, like an original English work.

LIFE OF SIR JAMES OUTRAM.*

JAMES OUTRAM never worked out the transformation of an Indian province from misrule and anarchy to order, nor is his name familiar to some millions of Hindu cultivators, like those of Munro and Thomason as the founder of a "Revenue Settlement." He never, except on one occasion, commanded a large army in the field, or retrieved a great disaster, or ended successfully a campaign on which the fate of the Indian Empire hung. But it would be difficult, out of the range of Anglo-Indian worthies, to select a character which conveys more instruction to the rising generation of officials, and seems to connect the nineteenth century with what we are accustomed loosely to call the age of chivalry. The family of Outram was old and respectable, and at one time wealthy, while it seemed as if young Outram would inherit a competence. The death of his father in middle life, his money sunk in works not then remunerative, left the care of five children to his widow, who seems to have been a lady of much spirit, energy, and acuteness. Her son was evidently endowed with a large portion of his mother's qualities; was known as a bold, fearless, and active boy; and early exhibited signs of ingenuity and talent. A doubt as to his proper profession was soon settled by the offer of a direct Indian cadetship, which he preferred to a nomination to Addiscombe; and at the age of seventeen he found himself appointed to the 4th Bombay Native Infantry, in the sixth—not the ninth year as the biographer has it, of the administration of the Marquess of Hastings, who had just deposed the Peshwa, put down the Pindarries, and broken up the Mahratta confederacy. During an adventurous service of more than forty years, Outram took a part in many historical events occurring between the rule of Lord Hastings and that of Lord Canning, from which we need only except the Gwalior campaign, the Sikh wars, and the operations in Burmah in 1824 and again in 1852. But his experiences were strikingly diversified; he commanded the approval of three Viceroys besides the Governors of his own Presidency; he was brought repeatedly into contact with wild tribes, astute native potentates, and mutineers flushed with partial successes; and though belonging to the Western Presidency of India, it is no exaggeration to say that his memory is as much cherished and honoured in Agra and Bengal, as if he had begun his service in the cantonment of Dum-Dum and had ended it before the walls of Delhi.

Other Anglo-Indians have risen to eminence by resolutely adhering to one or perhaps two departments of the public service. The name of Outram is repeatedly turning up for thirty years where we least expect it, and at any interval between the first Burmese war and the Sepoy rebellion. While other officers were vainly struggling to pass the languages and be selected for civil employ, Lieutenant Outram who never was much of a linguist and knew no Persian, had succeeded in taming and civilizing a whole tribe of Bheels. These aboriginal savages to the number of more than fifty thousand when driven out of Meywar by the Rajpoots, had settled in the wild and jungly district of Khandeish. Something had been effected by our predecessors, the Mahometans, to reclaim these savages in the plains. In the mountains and passes the Bheels had proved unapproachable and intractable. Their occupations were plunder, robbery, and murder, varied by hunting. Sternness and severity had been tried in vain. It was reserved for Outram to win the confidence and attachment of this strange race by a mixture of daring and kindness to which the author of the biography has not done more than justice. At one time Outram surprised and dispersed a band bent on a desperate outrage. At another he trusted himself almost alone in the hands of their leading men. Now he gained his object by copious libations of brandy; and now by killing half a dozen tigers on foot, and getting once or twice clawed in the process. In the end, like Cleveland with the Bhaugulpore Paharries, he formed a corps of Bheels, put down lawlessness, and actually persuaded a regiment of the regular army to receive these *Mlechhas*, or outcasts, as their own flesh and blood. No more conspicuous triumph has ever signalized the Anglo-Indian adminis-

* *James Outram.* A Biography. By Major-General Sir F. J. Goldsmid, C.B., K.C.S.I. With Illustrations and Maps. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1880.

trator dealing with Coles, Gonds, and other non-Aryan tribes; and we are not surprised to hear that recent officials have found these Bheels worshipping a little image in which their imagination had detected a resemblance to the features of "Outram Sahib.' From big game, wooded defiles, and reclaimed savages, there was a sharp transition to political employ. In 1835 Outram was deputed to the little Principality of Mahikanta, of which the affairs were complicated by its connexion with the Gaikwar of Baroda and the Raja of Edur. Here he compiled, a report which, like many other Indian productions, was not a model of brevity but produced lasting results. Shortly after this he married his cousin, Miss Anderson, and, in 1838, he was appointed A.D.C. on the staff of Sir John Keane, then in command of the troops ordered to Afghanistan. It is only one of the remarkable episodes in his life that, in spite of a fractured pelvis, he entered Candahar, was present at the capture of Ghazni, crossed the Shutargardan Pass, went as far as Bamian in vain pursuit of Dost Mohammed, saw Kabul, had a successful encounter with the Ghilzais, returned to Quetta, and was present at the storming of the capital of the Khan of Kelat. The remarks of Outram on the proper policy to be pursued towards the Afghans are pregnant with meaning and were never more worthy of close attention than at this present eventful crisis.

In 1842 Outram was appointed Political Agent in Upper Scinde; and he thus gained experience of the intense discomfort of the Scinde climate, its fiery heat and its plague of boils, as well as of the equally hot temper of the two Napiers. His famous controversy with these pugnacious brothers might be summed up in a few sentences. Outram maintained that the Amirs of Scinde had really no warlike intentions; that they only required tact and management; that Mir Ali Morad had propagated false reports to the discredit of the other chiefs; and that it would be quite possible to maintain the patriarchal rule of four Amirs at Hyderabad and a similar number at Khairpore. Sir Charles Napier, on the other hand, was determined to compel the Amirs to sign a revised treaty, would hear of no delay, and would brook no opposition; and, as is now generally conceded, drove the unlucky Amirs into acts of defiance, which began with the attack on the Residency defended gallantly by Outram, and ended with the battle of Meanee and the annexation of the Province. It is one of the ironics of Fortune that the well-known title of the "Bayard of India" should have been conferred at a public dinner on Outram by the very soldier whose brother afterwards employed all the resources of a clever pen to demolish his character. With pleasure we turn to Outram's remark in after years before the walls of Lucknow when he saw the well-known handwriting of the deceased conqueror of Scinde—"Ah! poor Charley, he could appreciate a good soldier." After an active service of nearly a quarter of a century Outram took a short leave to England. On his return he was appointed to the charge of Nimar—a post much below his deserts—and then on the outbreak in the Southern Mahratta country in 1845 he was sent to Sattara as Resident. From this place he was transferred by Sir George Clerk to a similar but more important situation at Baroda. And here began his celebrated campaign against *Khutput*, which convulsed the whole community, somewhat damaged the Government of Lord Falkland, gave birth to a huge Blue-book, and led to the removal of Outram from his post. We have always been of the opinion that Outram damaged a first-rate cause by intemperate and injudicious handling. Of the existence of *Khutput*—that is, bribery, of the belief of the natives in its efficacy, and of the stain it cast on the honour of our administration, there can be no more doubt than there is of Outram's purity of motive and honest determination to expose venality. So, at least, thought the Court of Directors, the public, and Lord Dalhousie. A man of Outram's splendid qualities and noble character is never very long under a cloud. He was well received at home; he narrowly missed employment under Lord Stratford de Redcliffe at Constantinople; and when he returned to India at the close of 1853 he was sent back by Lord Dalhousie to the very post from which he had been removed by the Bombay Government. Sir F. Goldsmid does not give sufficient prominence to the fact that Lord Dalhousie, with his characteristic decision and sagacity, effectually exorcised the demon of *Khutput* by bringing Baroda and its affairs under the immediate cognizance of the Foreign Office at Calcutta. And, thenceforth, Mahratta rascality never got as far as Bengal. Political justice being satisfied by Outram's triumphant return to the capital of the Gaikwar, he was soon afterwards sent to Aden as Political Resident and Commandant. Work and excitement had, however, told on his constitution, and, after his acceptance of the Residency of Lucknow, he had just energy enough left to furnish an exhaustive report on the condition of the kingdom, and to smooth over the difficulties of annexation as far as this could be done by a man who could unite implicit obedience to his own Government with genuine consideration for a dethroned king. Driven home to England in the height of the hot season of 1856, he had begun to recruit his health when he was summoned to take command of the expedition to Persia. The results of this brief campaign were our victories at Khushāb and Mohamra, the renouncement of any claim to Herat on the part of Persia, and the timely return of our forces, including the 78th Highlanders, for the suppression of the Indian Mutiny. It raises our estimation of Outram's foresight that when all was peaceful in India in May 1856, he had expressly brought to Lord Canning's notice the defenceless state of the fort at Allahabad, and had vainly urged its occupation by the wing of an English regiment. The prominent part played by Outram in the advance to Lucknow, his self-effacement and relinquishment of the chief command to Havelock, his splendid defence of the Alum Bagh after the first relief of the garrison and before the final capture, are all subjects which, if widely known, deserve to be studied in General Goldsmid's narrative. The substantial reward of such services was a seat in the Supreme Council as military member, where, with his unfailing energy, Outram threw himself into the work of reading and writing long minutes on the amalgamation of the Royal and Indian armies, the amnesty to the rebels, the military defence of Bengal, the comfort of the soldier in the heat and confinement of barracks, rewards and honours to native chiefs, and railways and police. But the end was near at hand. In July 1860 this soldier-statesman, who had tamed wild tribes, had faced hordes of mutineers, had commanded an army in the field with success, had waged war with low official rascality, and had courageously reproved inertness in high places, left India never to return to it. In less than three years, borne down by toil and climate, he was laid in Westminster Abbey, where, as Macaulay has told us, lie buried the enmities of some twenty generations.

Readers of these volumes and the Anglo-Indians who witnessed Outram's career in India, will hardly fail to note two marked peculiarities of his character. He was utterly fearless of responsibility, and he was utterly indifferent to the claims of self when others were concerned. To ask for special instructions when real work had to be done, to wait on the chapter of events in order that some lucky chance might resolve perplexities, was no part of his creed. In 1824 when only a subaltern, he was sent in command of two hundred men to put down an *émeute* in Khandeish. The insurgents had got into a fort, which Outram saw might easily be carried by a *coup-de-main*. To take this fort was no part of the lieutenant's orders; but he made up his mind, and dashed in with his party after nightfall, dispersed the garrison, and put down the insurrection. Not many years after this, on an appeal from the Gaikwar, he consented to combine with the native forces of that ruler in order to crush a rebel chief. This was done without the smallest reference to the Government, and after he had just been censured for issuing a proclamation of outlawry against a certain Suraj Mull. During the campaign in Afghanistan of 1838-40, Outram actually took on himself to suspend a Government order remanding to regimental duty a trusted subordinate, because the said order seemed unfair. In dealing with *Khutput*, as already noticed, he employed strong epithets when a more temperate style of argument might have served his purpose equally well. But in those times action was not influenced by special correspondents or suddenly checked by obtrusive telegrams, and during the greater part of his career Outram's fine and generous nature ensured him friends at headquarters, who either did him justice or contrived to mitigate the severity of the departmental pen. Yet, if Outram was high-spirited, needlessly sensitive, impatient of control, and fearless in controversy, he could show the greatest tenderness towards equals and subordinates. Possibly, in the twenty-first century of our era, when there will be no certainty about any one thing, writers will be ready to prove on the most correct principles of critical interpretation, that Outram never waived his right to command or tendered his services to Havelock as a volunteer. But with contemporaries this, the most famous, is only one of half-a-dozen similar waivers. He was willing to give up his right to command troops against some insurgents in the Mahi-Kanta, because he was junior to some one who expected the post. He never touched a farthing of the Scinde prize-money amounting to some 3,000*l.*, except to hand it over to charitable institutions such as Dr. Duff's schools; and he refused to draw his full pay as Commissioner in Scinde, contenting himself with his regimental pay and allowances. When his friend Colonel Ovans was captured by a tribe called the Gadhkaris, Outram actually offered to take his place; and he was anxious to allow an old friend and contemporary, General Stalker, to have the entire credit of reducing the town of Bushire—which, by the way, Sir F. Goldsmid, under the new orthography, will persist in calling Bushahr. All this was not done to catch public applause. It was the genuine, unaffected outpouring of a man who was ready to put his own name second and even third on the list of candidates for employment.

If we were asked to select a performance which, viewed as a benefit to the State or as an instance of individual capacity, is most striking, we should point to the defence of the Alum Bagh. Let us just recall the circumstances. Havelock and Outram, who had relieved the heroic garrison of Lucknow, found themselves undergoing a second siege, though with a little more space to move about, and under less unfavourable circumstances. When Sir Colin Campbell came to the rescue in November 1857, the propriety of the retention or abandonment of the city and the province was very much discussed. We remember hearing at the time from a gentleman in very high position, what is confirmed in this biography, that Outram stated his ability to keep the command of the capital by the aid of a moveable division, and also that he urged the capture of the Kaisar Bagh. Sir Colin Campbell wished to withdraw all forces with the exception of those sufficient to "hold the city in check." Of the Commander-in-chief's capacity for massing large bodies of troops and directing various strategic operations towards one distinct end, there can be no sort of doubt. But we have a clear recollection that the withdrawal of the bulk of our forces after the second relief of Lucknow was considered impolitic; and we have no doubt that it added to the trials of Lord Canning. It, however, gave Outram an opportunity of which he fully availed himself. The Alum Bagh is an enclosure just outside the city, on the high

road to Cawnpore. Outram fortified and held it from the end of November to the first week in March with less than 4,000 men of all arms, against organised and mutinous troops of our own drilling amounting to 120,000 with more than 130 guns. This horde was swollen by all the scum of the city. The only point in Outram's favour was the splendid cold season of Upper India. For more than three months the attention of the Anglo-Indian community was as much fixed on the Alum Bagh as on any other Province in which the work of retribution was going on. Again and again did the troops of the Maulavi and the Queen mother, reinforced by the Gwalior contingent, dash themselves in vain against the frail British lines. Outram, with his inevitable cigar in his mouth, a kindly word for the sick, and an eye for the comfort and the recreations of his men, was always on the alert. His communications with Cawnpore were rarely if ever intercepted, his intelligence was never at fault, his losses were trifling, and the influence exercised by him in his isolation over the whole campaign was simply incalculable.

We have hardly room left for further details. Sir F. Goldsmid's pages are not wanting in anecdotes which relieve the dryness of tiresome official disputes. In early days, with the long hunting spears peculiar to Bombay and Madras, Outram was foremost in the pursuit of the wild boar; and we rather wonder that he did not gain for himself the sobriquet of Lance Outram, from one of the minor characters in one of Sir Walter's novels. We can fully understand the admiration of the Bheels for a soldier who had been at the death of 191 tigers, besides panthers, buffaloes, and bears, and from whom it was an honour to take "a first spear" over a country far more difficult than the level plains and *churs* of Bengal. We may, however, be permitted to doubt whether there is not some error in p. iii. vol. 1, where Outram is described as galloping up "with an enormous tiger strapped to his saddle-bow." Those animals are when slain generally packed on elephants or brought to camp on bamboo poles by coolies. All horses have a notable antipathy to the odour of a tiger dead or alive, and the weight alone would be too much for an ordinary horse if the animal could be coaxed to carry it. That Outram never condescended to shoot small game or to use anything except ball, is a characteristic which will find few imitators. To the "all-round" Anglo-Indian sportsman a mixed bag picked up in the marsh, tank, and jungle is a peculiar gratification, and Khandeish used to give splendid facilities for all kinds of sport.

It only remains to say a few words about the compilation of this biography. Sir F. Goldsmid's experience as a public servant in India, Belochistan, and Persia is a guarantee for his accuracy in phraseology, dates, names, and facts. He has taken much pains to analyse public documents, to explore private memoranda, and to obtain information from Outram's family and friends. We cannot go with him in his new way of spelling old names; and we could wish that the dates at the top of each page had been those of successive and distinct years, instead of cycles and periods. It is very generous of the editor to wish that Sir John Kaye had lived to give us a full-length portrait, instead of his mere sketch of Outram; but Sir F. Goldsmid has discharged his task most creditably, has never degraded his subject by excessive adulation, and has given us a biography which should be read side by side with that of Henry Lawrence, with whom, as regards sensitiveness, self-denial, generous treatment of inferiors, kindly feelings towards natives, and nobility of thought and purpose, James Outram had very much in common.

FAUNA OF BELFAST LOUGH.*

It is not possible to multiply experience indefinitely without adding to the sum of human weariness, and we confess that we sighed rather pensively in taking up so large a volume as this on the fauna of one bay in the North of Ireland. But we have not found Mr. Patterson at all an importunate guide, and he is himself as conscious as we were of the limited material at his command. He has accordingly adopted a plan which we should be sorry to see generally imitated, but which has led in his case to the production of a very readable book; he has eked out his interesting, but not very extensive original notes, with all sorts of parallel information derived from the books of other naturalists. As most of these authors are local ornithologists, or observers whose writings are a little out of date, much of this appended matter will have the freshness of novelty to ninety-nine out of a hundred readers, and Mr. Patterson gives his references most conscientiously in every case. Thompson is his great authority in the matter of Irish birds, and the accuracy and care of that distinguished zoologist receive from him the eulogy they deserve. In one case the pupil cannot resist the temptation of telling a good story against his master. Thompson prided himself, and with justice, on the scepticism with which he received and examined every statement regarding the habits of birds which did not permit of his personal examination. However, when his book was published, some portions of it were read aloud to an old sportsman, who stopped the reader at a certain passage and eagerly asked, "Is *that* in the book? Why, I told Thompson that lie myself!"

We do not propose to follow Mr. Patterson in his excursions into other people's territory, but strictly to confine ourselves to his own. Belfast Lough is a long open gulf, some fourteen miles long and eight miles broad, open to the north-east; its southern shore is rocky, with occasional sweeps of sand; the northern shore, on the contrary, shelves into low flats, laid bare for acres upon acres when the tide goes down. At the head of the Lough stands Belfast, doing its best with all its factories and railways and steamers to poison and disturb the shy creatures that still venture to haunt the pools and coves. So regular and conventional, however, become the lines of communication, even when they pass through a wide and deep bay, that the fauna of the Lough is but little altered by the constant passage of steamboats through the centre of its waters. These look their best, Mr. Patterson tells us, in the months of August and September, when the shoals or "balls" of fry come stealing into the Lough, followed by all the winged pirates that live upon these silver argosies. The water then is full of fish and the air full of birds; the razor-bills and guillemots float upon the surface, the gulls and terns wheel overhead, and the ravenous skua, too lazy to fish for his own dinner, watches to see who is the most successful among the gulls. Him the skua singles out for his attack; he waits till his victim is gorged, then pursues him till he casts up the undigested fish, or, if the gull neglects that act of fealty, the skua kills him with his hooked and powerful bill. Over the whole scene floats the gannet, disdaining the fry, but falling into the water every now and then like a plummet, in search of some larger game, a loud noise and a jet of foam testifying to the vehemence of his descent. In direct contrast to this eagle of the web-footed race, the bright little shearwaters, or "mackerel-cocks," as the Ulster fishermen call them, quietly tuck away their long, scythe-like wings, and gobble at the fry like pigeons pecking corn in a farmyard. Happy is it for all these busy birds if no bottle-nosed whale happens to stray into the Lough, for he will swallow the whole ball of fry in a couple of mouthfuls. Meanwhile, on the broad flats of the northern shore no less busy a scene presents itself. Until large tracts of land were reclaimed, chiefly to form railway embankments, the wide reaches between Carrickfergus and Belfast were usually alive with herons at low water. The herons miss their old feeding-places, and are less common now; but the banks are still covered with curlews, oyster-catchers, and redshanks. Mr. Patterson describes the curious way in which the tide forces the flocks of birds up to the shore, till at last their final eminences are submerged, and they rise, often in a dense cloud, away along the shore of Downshire, out to sea by Groomsport or the Copeland Islands. Here they wait for the turn of the tide, and about two hours after high water they leisurely come back, so as to be ready to settle on the flats again as soon as the tide has gone down. The lower banks, which are never left quite exposed, were, until quite lately, covered with the bright green ribands of the *Zostera marina*, or grass wrack, which is the favourite food of many marine birds, and which attract vast flocks, or "gaggles," of brent geese and widgeon. Mr. Patterson, however, observes a great change coming over the Lough in this respect; whether owing to the deepening of the sailing channel, or to some other cause not clearly understood, these flats, which used to consist of a muddy ooze, are changing into banks of hard, clean sand, on which the *Zostera* will not grow. The result of course is that the wild geese and ducks go elsewhere to find the food they love.

Mr. Patterson does not record the capture of many very rare species, but his notes are valuable for the experience and patient observation of habits that they show. He has been used to Belfast Lough all his life, and, although evidently a keen sportsman, the mere slaughter of birds has not been his principal pleasure. His accounts of what he has noticed prove him to have spent many hours in that masterly inactivity, that alert indolence, which is the great secret by which a naturalist reaches the mystery of nature. A bustling, noisy man will find no presence but his own upon the shore or in the woods; the man who knows how to lie silent and motionless, but open-eyed, will soon allay the suspicions of bird and animal, and will find the earth and air around him animated by a great company of delightful creatures. To this power of silence must be added the trained eye that recognizes what it sees, distinguishes forms in motion, and knows a species under all the disguises of sex and age. From several excellent passages in which Mr. Patterson proves himself a master of this art of observation, we select one which describes with great precision the gregarious habit of the sandlark or dunlin:—

> To witness a large flight—or, as it is more correct to call it, a "fling"—of Dunlins on the wing is a sight as curious as it is interesting and beautiful. It is not when they are flying with an apparently settled purpose from one place to another, but when they are flying about hither and thither over the banks, in a "fling" of from a few hundreds up to thousands in the flock, that their wonderful lightness and activity on the wing are seen to such advantage as to strike even the most casual beholder with admiration. At one moment the spectator sees at a distance a dense dark body moving rapidly along, which a practised eye at once sees is a large flock of sandlarks. Watch them, and, to your amazement, if they are some distance off, the rapidly-moving dark cloud will suddenly almost, or sometimes entirely, disappear. This is caused by the whole flock simultaneously turning their sides, and the edges only of their wings to the spectator. Slowly then, and looking at first like a shadow, the birds reappear, the flock comes into full view as at first, and one is wondering what the next change may be, when, instantaneously, every bird in the whole flight, turning its white under-surface towards the spectator, almost dazzles him with a momentary flash of bright silvery whiteness; the appearance of the flock under this aspect having been most aptly compared to a shower of new shillings. These graceful and attractive evolutions are often repeated, each change being a surprise; for owing to the constantly varying shape of the flock, which one moment may be in a long-drawn-out line, and perhaps the next in a round ball, no two of the movements are exactly alike. The flock, if large, often breaks up, but only shortly to reunite again.

* *The Birds, Fishes, and Cetacea Commonly Frequenting Belfast Lough.* By Robert Lloyd Patterson. London: David Bogue.

Not less exact and picturesque is the description of the manœuvres by which that powerful bird, the great northern diver, eludes pursuit, and the account of one particular chase can scarcely be read without infecting the reader with something of the author's excitement.

In the winter Belfast Lough is much frequented by scaups and scoters, and Mr. Patterson's notes on these species are specially abundant. He describes the extraordinary effect caused by the simultaneous rise of a paddling of between two and three thousand scaups. The noise is like the roar of a large waterfall, so many hundreds of powerful wings threshing the water at once producing this surprising sound. When a boat approaches a large flock, only those birds facing the boat rise at first, their movement, and not the progress of the boat being the cause of the terror of the next rank; the flock thus rises slowly and regularly, the noise being extended over several minutes. The scoters are becoming more numerous every year on the coast of Ulster, and they float in and out of the loughs as the flowing or ebbing tide carries them, sometimes covering acres of water with their dense flocks. Their flesh is coarse and fishy, and they would scarcely be killed at all, were it not that the Roman Catholic Church recommends them as a diet fit for Lent and all fast days. Mr. Patterson records the fact that a pair of the rare and beautiful Velvet Scoter, *Oidemia fusca*, was seen by him on the 6th of February, 1875, about a mile from shore, near Carrickfergus.

We are promised notes on the Cetacea by the title-page, but Mr. Patterson has not much to tell us about them. Except the porpoise and the bottle-nosed whale, very few cetaceans commonly find their way inside the Copeland Islands. The dolphin is absolutely unknown, and but single examples of the pilot-whale and of the grampus have come under Mr. Patterson's experience. The cetaceans seem to ascend St. George's Channel much less than it would be natural to expect from the frequency of most species on the coasts of Cornwall and Devonshire. The bottle-nosed whale, by which Mr. Patterson means *Hyperoodon rostratus*, is called the herring hog by the Ulster sailors.

Though the author does not possess a polished style, and is occasionally given to rambling, he has a picturesque vigour in expressing what has greatly interested him, which commands the attention of the reader. There is a description of a squall in the book (pp. 237–241), which is one of the best things of the kind we have met with for a long time, and which would make the fortune of a nautical novelist. The volume is provided with an excellent map and a good index.

CALDERON.*

CALDERON almost belongs to that class of writers whose reputation has survived their works. The Archbishop of Dublin, in his preface to this second edition of an essay published four-and-twenty years ago, confesses to a fear that he is working on an exhausted theme, and recognizes that "the interest in the poet, though not absolutely non-existent, is exceedingly faint." For this loss of interest in a dramatist round whose works a literature of praise, blame, and comment has collected, he makes no attempt to account. Perhaps this is due to an unconscious feeling, naturally painful to an avowed admirer of the poet to confess, that the interest never was very real, and that Calderon owed the great reputation he once had throughout Europe rather to the ardent championship of a small body of popular writers than to his own merits. His fame was the work of the Schlegels. It became an accepted dogma with their critical school that he was a great genius, and the world believed it on their authority. That authority has been weakened, and the world has long begun to suspect that their praise of the Spaniard was due, at least to a great extent, to the same motive which prompted Pope's civility to some one, a wish, namely, to be offensive to a third party. They used the merits of the Spanish theatre as a good literary stick wherewith to beat the French. As the Schlegels and their followers are no longer so implicitly believed in, their idol Calderon, though perhaps not less read, is less talked about. This may seem a very cavalier, or perhaps the right word is Philistine, way of treating such a renown. The few genuine admirers of the poet, the many who admire him on the authority of others, and who, if they have read his works, have done so with a predisposition to find there the merits they have been told are to be found, can always claim to be supported by the great names of Göthe and Shelley. But Göthe made his reservations, and they are very considerable; while as regards Shelley, who gave a very practical proof of his admiration by translating a part of the *Magico Prodigioso*, it may be doubted whether he did not apply to Calderon's "starry autos" that process of mystic interpretation by which anything may be made out of anything.

After all, the great fact about Calderon is that he should have found such admirers. A poet whose works are read and praised, and some of whose plays keep the boards two centuries after his death, has won an enduring place in literature. He deserves that effort should be made to show what that place is. Archbishop Trench, while obviously dissenting from the verdict that would rank him with Homer and Dante and Shakspeare, is yet inclined to place him very high. He would certainly agree with a writer who lately, in a protest against the discursive and shallow reading of our time, drew up a limited list of men to be read, and included Calderon among them. He has no hesitation in calling him a genius and a great artist. As we are still awaiting a satisfactory definition of the word genius, the title may pass; but a writer's claim to be a great artist is capable of closer analysis.

The first thing to be considered in an estimate of Calderon is that he is one of a large body of writers for the stage who were almost contemporary and who all worked on the same lines. If he is to be read it is not easy to see why we should neglect the works of Moreto, Alarcon, or Tirso de Molina, who were his equals in many respects; still more why Lope de Vega, who moulded the whole dramatic literature of Spain, should be left in obscurity. And it would be easy to add many other names to this list. We have a right to call upon those who claim a special position for Calderon to show that he brought to the dramatic literature of his country something beyond a more glowing style and a greater dexterity in using for stage purposes a certain limited number of conventional characters, situations, and motives which were common to all its writers. To have done this is much, but it scarcely entitles a poet to be called either great genius or great artist. And, except in one branch of his work which will be considered further on, we do not think that an impartial judge, possessing the necessary knowledge of dramatic literature in general and of the Spanish drama in particular, would be inclined to grant him more than this. What has been claimed for him can be best learnt from the well-known lectures of A. W. Schlegel. But the claim is confuted by its own vagueness. Any reader who is imposed upon by its misty eloquence cannot do better than take the advice of Mr. G. H. Lewes, and try and see what clear idea of Calderon's genius or art he has gained. The total want of anything like such a coherent conception will probably cause him to doubt the worth of such critical guidance. Archbishop Trench is, it is almost needless to say, very far from indulging in such ambitious rhetoric, or falling into similar confusion of thought. He even protests against those who would conclude Calderon to be a "poetical Melchisedec," and is careful to point out his close relationship to contemporary dramatists, and to confess his inferiority to some of them in certain points. He sees that in comedy the poet's "vein of comic dialogue is sometimes forced, and sometimes flows scantily enough." In somewhat milder terms he repeats Göthe's reproach that the Spaniard's characters resemble leaden bullets cast in the same mould. Yet, when these deductions are made, he believes that enough remains to entitle Calderon to rank among great original writers. He claims for him a sense of dramatic situation as apart from mere skill in stage effect, and repeats the praise often given to his "infinite dramatic tact and skill." The proof of the former quality produced by Archbishop Trench is singularly unfortunate, if cited as an instance of Calderon's originality. It is the second act of *Los Cabellos de Absolon* which contains the really powerful scene of Amnon's punishment for his great crime. The praise given to this scene by the writer is well deserved, but should in justice be given to Tirso de Molina, the second act of *Los Cabellos de Absolon* being, in fact, the third of Tirso's play, *La Venganza de Tamar*, which Calderon incorporated into his own, with the suppression of a few phrases. If this were the proper place in which to deal with the Spanish comedy (using the word in the Spanish sense of play of any sort) at large, the Archbishop's mistake might be made the occasion for a demonstration of the conventionality of the whole literature. The characters, the situations, and the motives are fixed by tradition. The dramatist is, to use a common illustration, in the position of the chess-player, who moves his pieces at will, but only on certain fixed rules, and is unable to alter their characters.

To the question whether Calderon excelled other players in the game—that is, how far he is entitled to the praise of "infinite dramatic tact and skill," Archbishop Trench gives an affirmative answer. He maintains that "all is laid out to the best advantage, all is calculated and weighed beforehand" in the Spaniard's plays. But the verdict is unsupported by evidence. It is not enough to prove such a large assertion as this, to cite the very effective situations presented in different plays. As Mr. Lewes says in his study of Calderon, the imagining of an effective situation is comparatively easy. The difficulty to be overcome by the dramatist is to make it the natural, the inevitable result of the previous action. To show that a writer for the stage has done this, we must have a careful analysis of several of his pieces, and the analysis must be made from a strictly dramatic point of view. No admiration for mere beauties of style, or approval of the writer's excellent moral, must induce the critic to overlook superfluous scenes or improbabilities in the representing of cause and effect. Here we believe that Archbishop Trench conspicuously fails to prove his point. He gives an analysis of only one play, the famous *Life's a Dream*, and we feel throughout that in his admiration for Calderon's excellent Christian moral he almost overlooks the fact that a play is a play. He hastens over a very essential incident in the first act without mention, and dismisses the underplot, which occupies a great space in the original, in a sentence. We have no space here to go through the play scene by scene; that has already been excellently done by Mr. Lewes in a little work which he wrote for Knight's monthly series, and those who wish to see how a play ought to be criticized may be safely referred to it. *Life's a Dream* unquestionably gives proof of a lively and fantastic imagination in the writer, and it has many effective scenes, but

* *An Essay on the Life and Genius of Calderon, with Translations from his "Life's a Dream" and "Great Theatre of the World."* By the Archbishop of Dublin. Second Edition, revised and improved. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

the action is helped on by clumsy expedients, and the dialogue is defaced by extravagant rants. Calderon's own countrymen, who have been more temperate in praising him than many of his foreign admirers, acknowledge that similar faults are to be found throughout his works. A very slight acquaintance with his plays will convince any reader that he had no scruple about using the same stage trick over and over again. He confesses as much with humorous frankness in his own *No hay burlas con el amor*, where he makes one of his characters say that the position in which he finds himself reminds him of the plays of Don Pedro Calderon in which there is always an "amante escondido, o rebozada muger," a hidden lover and a veiled lady. "The divine master" is almost as fond of blowing out candles as of hiding his hero in a closet. The necessity of protesting against the excessive claims made for Calderon has compelled us to spend perhaps too much time in pointing out his faults. It is a pleasanter task to dwell on his merits. No writer is a greater master of stage effect. If he violates probability in producing it, he compensates us by the profound impression he makes on our imagination. His comedies are often brilliant and ingenious. He added nothing in the way of character or motive to the material already at the disposal of the Spanish playwright, but he used it with more uniform skill. No single play of his deserves to be ranked higher than Lope de Vega's *Estrella de Sevilla*; but the general impression left by his works is that he was the more careful writer. He has produced nothing more brilliant than *La Verdad Sospechosa* of Alarcon, but he was unquestionably the greater man on the whole.

There is, however, one branch of dramatic literature in which Calderon has not only no equal, but no second. As a writer of mysteries, "autos sacramentales," he so far surpassed all his countrymen that they have become the main basis of his reputation, as indeed he appears to have always felt they would. On them must rest his claim to rank among great representative poets, his right, that is, to the title of "poet of the Inquisition." This epithet, first applied to him by Sismondi, has been rejected with indignation by his devotees, but he himself would have accepted it as a signal honour. Throughout his *autos* his great aim is to convey to the spectators the religious dogmas which it was the business of the Inquisition to keep from attack, and to adorn them with an often splendid lyric poetry, as, for instance, in the fine choruses of *La Cena del Rey Baltasar*. The Inquisition did not confine itself to burning Jews and heretics. It kept guard over the decency if not the morals of the nation at large. Much of the purity of language which Archbishop Trench admires in Spanish dramatic writers was the work of the Inquisition. In spite of Schack's poetical statement that the reader who first opens a Spanish auto sees a new heaven open over a new earth we may safely say that, putting matters of form and language aside, there is nothing to be found there which is not common to the mystic writers of the seventeenth century—to Juan de la Cruz, to Malon de Chaide, to Santa Teresa, and to many others. Calderon took the morals, and the dogmas which the Church thought right for its people, and clothed them with poetry. In his so-called philosophical plays he does exactly the same thing by means of secular characters instead of religious personifications. If to have put the teaching and creed of the Catholic Church when at its full logical development, and in that state of absolute mastery which it insists is its only true freedom, into poetry is enough to entitle a writer to the attention of all students of literature, and few will be inclined to doubt that it is, then no man is more deserving to be studied than this poet of the Inquisition.

Of the merits of Calderon's style it is hard for a foreigner to judge. He is often very obscure, so much so that his latest and best editor, Don Juan Hartzenbusch, declares that he is in passages unintelligible even to a Spaniard. But this is partly due to the badness of early editions with which actors and printers were in the habit of taking strange liberties, and though he was guilty of much affectation and "cultismo," yet when at his best he handles one of the noblest of languages in the noblest way. But against this must be set off much sheer rant and bad taste, a heaping up of sonorous epithets and metaphors which is intolerably tedious to readers trained on the classics, or taught to admire the dignity of Racine. Calderon's right to be praised for giving a high tone of honour to his characters would require greater space for proper examination than we can spare it here. Let the reader who is sufficiently master of Castilian take a play of the Spaniard's and compare it with a French piece, with which it has nothing in common but the name—we mean *On ne badine pas avec l'amour*, and the *No hay burlas con el amor*. The comparison will be fruitful in other respects, but it will certainly prove that Perdican, though a pitiful creature enough, is honour and manliness personified, as compared with the Spanish *galan* Don Alonso de Luna. This, however, Calderon shares with his fellow-dramatists, whose morality was that of the time—the most corrupt period of a nation, at all times false, cruel, and envious in action, in spite of lofty pretensions in speech, and of some amiable qualities. The subject of Archbishop Trench's Essay was an excellent specimen of his countrymen's best gifts, but was not much superior to their low moral tone. As a dramatist, he is a distinguished member of a large body of writers for the stage, who were very indifferent to character, using the same stock types over and over again, and careless as to nature or probability, but who in some respects understood the "optique du théâtre" and the construction of a lively intrigue as well as any men who ever lived. We cannot agree that he is entitled to be considered an original thinker or a great dramatist, but he is a brilliant playwright and expounder of Catholic dogma and morals as they were in Spain in the seventeenth century.

TWO MINOR TALES.*

MR. MARK CHORLTON never seems to weary himself, however much he may weary his readers, by the fulness of the descriptions that he gives of Cyprus. And yet we cannot feel at all satisfied that he has ever seen that island. He says that his hero, who tells his own story, went in a yacht to "Beatum (*sic*) Cyprum, as the old writers used to call it"; and that, after leaving it, he took a cruise to Syria. On their way home the yacht was wrecked, and for four days he and his comrades were buffeted about in an open boat. In all this there is nothing that might not be true, except the statement which implies an incredible ignorance of the rules of grammar on the part of the old writers. But here comes a gross blunder which would be hardly possible in any one who, however ignorant he may be of geography, knows anything of the eastern part of the Mediterranean. Mr. Chorlton says that the shipwrecked travellers were picked up in a most exhausted condition by a vessel on her way to Aden. Now certainly vessels going to Aden do pass through the Mediterranean, but then there are such places as the Suez Canal and the Red Sea. Of these we find no mention made by our hero. He and his friends are clearly taken to Aden against their will, as being the first port at which the ship stopped. If we are not mistaken, the place is thus dragged in with a total disregard of geography, so that Mr. Chorlton may have a chance of making what he considers a joke. "Although," he writes, "there is only *a* difference between Eden and Aden, I never saw any place in my life which was more unlike Paradise than the latter." We do not deny that a joke might be so good as to cover a multitude of geographical blunders. Mr. Chorlton, however, would certainly act more wisely were he to try to seek renown rather by a careful study of the map than by attempting to be humorous. His humour, indeed, is of a very heavy order. For instance, his hero visits the town of Curium. "Curium," he writes, "as its name would appear to imply, is a very curious place." In another part of the story he reports a speech made at a wedding-breakfast, in which the facetious orator tells the company that he had begun life as a betting-man, when he grew older and wiser he had become a better man, and was at last "the '*best* man.'" The hero's name was Gravenor. His companions, he tells us, called him Grave, and he was thankful that they did not call him Gravy. Compared with such facetiousness as this we are almost willing to allow that the author's display both of mythological learning and descriptive writing is worthy of praise. At all events, a certain amount of interest is for a moment excited when we read that it was in Cyprus that Prometheus was chained to a rock. We wonder whether the author knows some Promethean legend which has escaped our memory, or whether he places the Caucasus in Cyprus as he seems to have placed Aden in the Mediterranean. From Prometheus he passes to Othello. We regret to say, however, that "his interest in that individual considerably abated" after the account that he heard of him in the island. He tells us that Shakespeare—the world's William as he calls him—"has thought proper to paint him black, and endow him with woolly hair and swarthy features." It seems somewhat needless, by the way, to go on to endow a man with features that are swarthy when he had already been painted black. From this he proceeds to pass some critical remarks on the play of *Othello*, which an ignorant man might very easily make, even if he had not been to Cyprus. In an earlier passage Mr. Chorlton had brought his experience to bear on another statement of Shakespeare's. We will quote it at length as it gives a fair specimen of the author's style:—

> Albeit the world's William has pronounced men to be deceivers ever, and the "deceived" are only too glad to take this dictum as a text on which to preach us down, I must say, in self-defence, or rather in defence of my sex, that according to my experience, which has been by no means inconsiderable, inconstancy is not so much an inherent defect in human (male) nature as the result of a cause, namely, that the great majority of women are utterly and entirely incapable of calling into being a really lasting affection.

Cyprus, of course, affords a fine opportunity for that unhappy style of writing which is the invention of the present age, and which is known as word-painting. This style has certainly one merit—advantage, we should rather say. It is within the reach of the most ignorant of people, and requires no preparation beyond a careful study of a few worthless writers. It professes to be a description of nature, whereas it is nothing but a hash of a hash. Mr. Chorlton rings the well-known changes on a small peal of words, and produces one after another all those picturesque effects which are to be found nowhere but in the pages of novelists. Thus he tells us how the sky was deep blue and the sea was sapphire at the same time that the stars were shedding their soft, hallowing light, and the waves were chiming a sad song on the moonlit shore. If he ever does give a moment's thought to what he writes, he counts, no doubt, on the fact that

* *Love in Cyprus; or, The Fortunes of an Unfortunate Man.* A Novel. By Mark Chorlton. London: Moxon, Saunders, & Co.

Wothorpe-by-Stamford. A Tale of Bygone Days. By Catherine Holdich. Griffith & Farran. 1880.

such readers as he is likely to get will have spent all their evenings in rooms lighted by gas, and know nothing of the colour of either sea or sky after the sun has set. He writes, we may feel sure, "for eyes," to use his own barbarous English, "conventionalized by the formularies and æsthetics of fashion." In another passage he introduces his readers to a steel-blue sky, in which stars were flashing and glittering like jewels, while shimmering moon-beams — whatever they may be — were casting a chastening, tender light. The scene of his story is changed from Cyprus to England; but with the change of the sky there is no change in the mind of the writer. He goes on describing with the same exuberance of folly. He takes us into a nobleman's park, and disgusts us by writing about "a fleck or gleam of rose-colour from the beeches," and the bark of the birch that "shone with a sort of silvery sheen whenever a stray gleam of sunshine glinted upon it."

The story in *Love in Cyprus* does nothing to add any interest to the book. The hero falls in love with a Miss Methvin. She unfortunately was engaged to a cousin in America. Her lover in despair returns to England, and marries the only daughter of an earl. As he is utterly indifferent to his bride, he is not greatly distressed when she dies an hour or so after the wedding. He is now free, and fortunately Miss Methvin becomes in her turn free from her engagement. She writes to ask him to return to Cyprus. He finds her greatly changed. "Oh, Ely, what is it?" he exclaims, "tell me—tell me." She said huskily, "Cannot you see. *I am dying.*" She gets worse and worse, and to all appearance goes through the whole of the well-known dying scene of the last chapter of a novel. He either loses his reason for a time or becomes unconscious. Meanwhile she goes through a crisis in her illness, gets well, and marries the hero.

Wothorpe-by-Stamford certainly is not a long story. It might be read in an hour or two, if, that is to say, it could be read at all. Its faults are by no means the same as those which we have pointed out in *Love in Cyprus*. Indeed, of so different a kind are they, that we would recommend the conscientious reader, who is resolved to go through both these tales without skipping, to take them at one and the same time, and read a chapter in each alternately. Some kind of an interest might be found in contrasting the styles of the two writers. Mrs. Holdich is as bald as Mr. Chorlton is ornate. She as much creeps along the earth, in pattens if we may be allowed to say it, as he at times soars up to the sky. She is as homely as he is romantic. She is as ignorant of humour as he is restless in striving after it. While he has formed his style on the sensational novelists, she, it is clear, has gone for hers to the literature of tracts and of goody stories for young people. He believes that by striking scenes alone can the reader's attention be secured, and, therefore, he has recourse to foreign countries, a shipwreck, a sudden death, and complications in love. She thinks that whatever is got into a book must be worth reading, and, therefore, she has no hesitation in printing an amount of twaddle which would be intolerable even over an afternoon tea in the hottest August day. Her heroine tells her own story, and before long overwhelms the unhappy reader with despair by the account of her ancestors and relations. First she tells of "my father and mother," then of "my mother's father," who was rector of Hambleton, and next of "my grandfather, Maurice Fell." About this old gentleman she adds, "I never heard that he was otherwise than pleased when Claud Assheton asked for the hand of Margaret, his cousin." From this Claud, by the way, the heroine's brother got "the aquiline nose, or, as some called it, the Assheton nose," which distinguished his serious face. We have gone through not two full pages of large print, and are as yet a long way off the top of the family tree. We pass on and are introduced to "my paternal grandfather" and his family of ten sons and daughters, six of whom died of consumption between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five. The reader can scarcely repress the wish that the other four had been cut off by the small-pox or the hangman so early in life that there were no descendants of them left at the present time. From "my paternal grandfather" we pass on to "my paternal grandmother," and to their two surviving twin sons, and so begin to breathe more freely as we hope that we are near the last branches of the family tree. "I have heard my father say," she records, "it was a joyful day for them both when my mother came to Wothorpe, and when little feet pattered about the house—first a boy, Claud, and four years afterwards I, Ruby. And now I must say something about my brother Claud." But we are at once taken back to the deaths of a paternal uncle and a maternal grandfather. We come next to the married daughter, and the husband of the married daughter of either my paternal or my maternal grandfather—we fail to make out which—and a page or two later on we are introduced to a distant cousin, Frank Assheton. "He," we read, "was a fine-looking man." The heroine, however, forgets to say whether he had the far-famed Assheton nose. On the following page the family circle is still further enlarged. "We had two aunts—one married, who lived with my grandfather; the other, Aunt Bertha, was an especial favourite." A French lady, Mme. la Baronne de Maricourt, had taken the greatest liking to Aunt Bertha, and persuaded her to live with her in France and become her amanuensis. The French lady, it would seem, suffered from weak sight. At the time of some Revolution she had to flee from her country to England. Aunt Bertha, with a caution that seems excessive, wrote to the heroine's mother, who was going to receive the refugees, to remind her that, if ever they required concealment, there was under the staircase in her house at Wothorpe-by-Stamford a space large enough to hold several people. We have now safely guided our readers up the family tree, and brought them to the very edge of a mystery. Here we shall ask to part company, leaving it to them to satisfy the curiosity which may have been raised in their breasts by this hiding-place beneath the stairs.

CAMPAIGNING IN SOUTH AFRICA.*

WHEN we made Captain Montague's acquaintance several years ago, as the author of a novel called *Claude Meadowleigh*, we had occasion to remark on his fondness for metaphors which were not unfrequently either far-fetched or inappropriate or incongruous. But, though we detect similar blemishes of style in the somewhat over-fine writing of his *Campaigning in South Africa*, we gladly acknowledge that he shows to decidedly greater advantage when dealing with facts in place of fiction. His campaigning sketches are almost invariably graphic, and his reminiscences of weary marches and bivouacs are enlivened with pleasant touches of drollery. His descriptions give one an excellent idea of the character of the country that befriended the Zulus by masking the movements of those wily bush-fighters, and opposing obstacles to the lumbering march of the regulars. He has much that is interesting to say of the natives—as well of those who enlisted under British colours as of Cetewayo, his chiefs, and his warlike commandos—and he records besides his personal opinion of the generals and commanders of columns who led our troops to ultimate victory. His remarks upon the war operations from the strategical point of view must of course be taken for what they are worth. He says himself that the expedition was a series of disappointments to him, as well as to the men and the other officers of the 94th. It was the fate of that sorely tried regiment to drag in the rear of the advance, to protect communications, and occupy fortified posts which were neither attacked nor even seriously threatened. In such circumstances Captain Montague, though sometimes almost within sound of the firing in the actions that decided the tedious campaign, had really no better opportunities of informing himself than any other dispassionate spectator. Indeed, living as he did in an atmosphere of *canards* and camp "scares," and listening to the intelligence of native scouts who seem to have been equally gifted with imagination and caution, he was placed at an actual disadvantage as compared with writers in London who had opportunities of comparing the most trustworthy accounts. Perhaps many readers will think it a merit in his book that it seems to have been based on memoranda written from time to time, in which the first impressions have been seldom corrected by the subsequent lights of experience and reflection. It is not so much exact history as the report of the changing opinions that obtained in certain military circles among men who were on the border of the scene of operations. Thus it has an unmistakable freshness, and we have a conviction of its realism which makes it all the more agreeable reading.

There is a good account of the voyage out in an overcrowded troop-ship. The *China* is a commodious vessel of her class; but when an entire regiment has to be stowed away on board of a converted passenger-steamer, the men have to put up with an infinity of petty miseries which they never contemplated in taking Her Majesty's shilling. The *China* was a "Cunarder," built for the trans-Atlantic service, and she had of course to cross the Line and the tropics on the way to the Cape. A couple of companies were berthed in the "orlop deck," and they had to descend to their quarters in the bowels of the ship by a succession of ladders fixed in a "shaft which for its black depth might have led to a coal-mine." Below there was never a glimmering of daylight, and "by the dim light of the 'bull's eyes' could be seen the forms of men stripped to the waist, their bodies glistening with moisture, bending over the mess tables trying to read or fingering dirty packs of cards." Beneath the shaft was a hatchway, which opened on a magazine that made a receptacle for all stray articles that could be hidden out of the way. "When it was cleared out on disembarkation, all the property lost during the voyage was unearthed from its recesses—rifles, bayonets, straps, bags, boots, clothing, all rusty or rotten from the damp and heat." There was an unexpected and unwelcome delay at St. Vincent. Half a dozen troopships which had preceded the *China* were found lying at anchor in the open roadstead. Troops were urgently needed at the seat of war, yet it was physically impossible to despatch the shipping. There was an abundance of coals in store, but the facilities for coaling were limited; and the Admiralty and War Office had omitted to reckon with exigencies that were out of the every-day routine. After the tedious confinement in this floating prison, the disembarkation at Durban, notwithstanding its disagreeables, was *fêted* as a holiday. For the time discipline was inevitably relaxed; the men would tumble into the tiny tug, even when it was weighted down, till it was rolling gunwale under; and it seems a miracle that none of the heroes were drowned as they steamed through the surf and the rollers that break on the formidable bar. Once landed, it was literally out of the frying-pan into the fire. The South African sunshine was warm, and the progress of the troops was slow in the extreme. Captain Montague is no grumbler; he is merely a

* *Reminiscences of an Officer in 1879.* By Captain W. E. Montague, 94th Regiment, Author of "Claude Meadowleigh," &c. London and Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons. 1880.

faithful chronicler, who reports his experiences with a mingled sense of humour and resentment. But he had left his wife and his snug hut at Aldershot, full of anticipations of fighting and dreams of martial glory. And now he and his brother officers, with the sea-worn and much-enduring rank and file, were advancing by the slowest of stages parallel to the frontiers of Zululand, while the prospect of being in the thick of the fun appeared to recede rather than to draw nearer.

Perhaps it was the disappointment preying on his mind that made Captain Montague cynically disposed and somewhat unfair to the colonists. Explaining how general apprehensions had been abroad, he adds, "Nor was the panic to be laughed at. The Zulus had proved themselves a terrible foe; murder and fire were their only arguments; in a few hours they could overrun the colony, and that was defenceless." Seeing that the Zulus had already annihilated a British force of all arms, standing on the defensive in a deliberately selected position—which, by the way, in the face of the strictures of unprofessional critics, our author asserts to have been extremely strong—it was but natural that the inhabitants of open towns, whose lives and property and wives and children lay within easy reach of a light-footed enemy flushed with recent victory, should fortify themselves as best they could against probable and terrible contingencies. Yet a few pages afterwards, although the panic had subsided, he ridicules the Durban people for keeping up their defences. It appears to us to have been but natural that civilians and family men should be uneasy when, on Captain Montague's own showing, even our regular troops and their bravest leaders were morbidly apprehensive of Zulu onslaughts. He tells repeatedly how, on the strength of some vague rumour which nobody in authority found leisure to sift, a column threw itself into laager to receive the enemy, or began firing furious volleys on false alarms. "Lord Chelmsford," he says elsewhere, "has been blamed unjustly for his extreme caution during these early days, when the feeling which prompted it with him was equally shared by every officer in the camp." The fact is that the bravest men become timid under sustained mental strain and in face of unknown dangers; and the disastrous surprise of Isandula had overtaxed the firmest nerves in a country where everything favoured the savages. The delays that excited impatience at home, the seemingly inexplicable countermarching and changes of plan for which Lord Chelmsford was so freely blamed, were probably due to difficulties of the country which were imperfectly appreciated. This at least was the opinion of Captain Montague. "At a distance, no doubt, our delays and caution did seem excessive; but to any one on the spot, who could see the difficulties in the way of an advancing enemy through such a wonderful country as was Zululand where we crossed it, they would appear sheer necessities." Seldom are the first appearances of a country more deceptive. It seemed to be a gently rolling table-land, admirably fitted for the operations of cavalry, and very practicable for the ponderous ox-waggons. In reality these impressions proved utterly delusive. The bottoms of the valleys between the rolling swells were traversed by sluggish streams trickling through bog and swamp. The rank growth of the grass covered heaps of fallen stones, the remains of deserted cattle-kraals; and the ant-bears had been burrowing everywhere among the hard-baked mounds of the ant-nests. But the grand obstacle to the advance of a column was "the donga." "To picture a donga, we must imagine a thick slice taken bodily out of the earth; the slice itself has bodily disappeared, leaving in its place a yawning gulf. This may be from a dozen to a hundred feet across; its sides are absolutely perpendicular, with buttresses here and there, always sharp as knife-edges, jagged and irregular." It might be possible to make one's way across a donga on foot, but in a waggon or on horseback the feat was impossible. Then you had either to ascend its course till you could turn it, or to "prospect" it till you came to a place where engineering operations were practicable. And as dongas are perpetually recurring in Zululand, it may be imagined how an army must be encumbered by its waggon train, while its regular cavalry is practically paralysed. In these circumstances the Basutos on their clever little ponies became extremely serviceable. Captain Montague, who has but an indifferent opinion of our colonial and coloured auxiliaries in general, praises the Basutos highly. They showed themselves brave, active, and intelligent. At the same time they were equally distinguished by their cold-blooded cruelty, and it was their practice to make no prisoners while following up the enemy in retreat. Our author tells a story by way of illustration. A Basuto shot a flying Zulu through the legs and stopped the man. Sitting down by his captive, he lunched calmly, beguiling the time with cheerful talk, in which he persuaded the crippled Zulu to join. Then, having finished his meal, he closed the conversation with a friendly nod, and, casually remarking that he had serious business on hand, took up his carbine and finished the Zulu. It is not creditable to a civilized country to have to seek or accept the aid of such allies.

Among the most interesting passages in Captain Montague's volume are those relating to the scenes of the Prince Imperial's death and of the Isandula massacre. When Captain Montague's party paid their visit to the kraal beyond the fatal donga where the Prince came to his end, they found an old woman who had been left behind by her people, "hideous and ugly beyond words to describe." She jabbered away, and, as the interpreter assured them, boasted, in the intervals of promiscuous abuse, that it was her sons who had killed the Prince. And they came upon a piece of corroborative evidence, for on the floor of her hut was the Prince's shirt, "stiff with blood and pierced with assegai stabs." Not less melancholy were the signs of the fight at Isandula, though Captain Montague went over the ground many months after the disaster. In a country where the blazing sun bakes the earth to the hardness of brick it is no easy matter to bury the dead, and the bodies of animals must be left to decay where they fall. First the visitors came on an artillery cart, which had been hauled some distance by the Zulus and then abandoned. Next was a gun-limber with the Woolwich marks on it; one limber box still in its place, the other broken open and a hundred yards away. Soon the bodies began to lie thickly. "The Carabineers, who fell fighting bravely in a circle, with Durnford in the midst, lay a little apart. Wherever an ox or a horse had been killed there was a patch, and the whole field was covered with these tell-tale patches." The conical hill and the famous neck of land connecting it with the rock, and looking down upon "Fugitives' Drift," were studded with waggons—"some empty, many loaded up. Amongst the latter, several containing grain; the bags had rotted, and the oats falling out, had filled the waggon with black mould, from which the green leaves were springing brightly. In many waggons the oxen had been assegaied in the yokes, and lay in two ghastly rows, eight of a side, just as they fell. The slain were perfect, while through the assegai holes could be seen their last meal, now turned into chopped hay, for all the world looking as if they had been stuffed." With this vivid, though somewhat ghastly, bit of description we bring our notice to a close, merely adding that Captain Montague's book gives one the impression that our troubles with the Zulus are at an end for some time to come. Self-confident to excess in the beginning of the campaign, they changed their ideas altogether after Ulundi, and went to the opposite extreme. After being beaten in fair fight on their own chosen ground, they acknowledged that the white soldiers were the better men; and they have resigned themselves accordingly to be peaceable allies, so far as their peculiar idiosyncrasies may permit.

DIXON ON PROBATE AND ADMINISTRATION.*

MR. DIXON has succeeded in writing a very useful and a very interesting book. The law of Probate, as treated by him, is not confined to the mere process by which a will confessedly valid and sufficient meets with official recognition, but embraces all the questions which affect the validity of a document proffered as testamentary, and the rules according to which it receives or is denied that recognition without which it is ineffectual. By taking this wider field for his labours, Mr. Dixon is at liberty to discourse on the law of testamentary capacity, irregular execution, undue influence, and the variety of legal doctrines which constitute the more romantic aspect of the law of wills. At the outset we may also notice that he has incorporated with his work an able treatise on those provisions of the Judicature Acts which more immediately affect contested will cases—a treatise which, as it notices well nigh all the latest authorities, is of use beyond the limits of the class of practice to which it more immediately refers.

Obviously one of the first points Mr. Dixon has to consider is, "who can be a testator," and as all persons not under specific disabilities are naturally able to dispose of their property by will, we soon get to the important question of soundness or unsoundness of mind as affecting the validity of a will. With regard to this, Mr. Dixon rules in favour of the view expressed in p. 16, that "proof of general unsoundness is not necessary to negative mental capacity, and that one insane delusion, even though in all other respects the testator acted with perfect sanity, will suffice." It is a pity that Mr. Dixon's book appeared before the recent judgment of the Probate Division in the case of Mr. Smee was reported, because we venture to think that that judgment tends strongly to establish the more rational doctrine that, although the presence in a testator's mind of one insane delusion, co-existent with a large amount of sanity, may be sufficient to invalidate his will, yet this should be the result only where the delusion is of such a nature as may reasonably be supposed to have influenced the disposition of his property. Speaking of the few other disabilities recognized by the law, Mr. Dixon says at p. 26, "The executor of the will of a person found *felo de se* by a coroner's jury may prove the will, though the effect of the verdict is a forfeiture of the deceased's personal property to the Crown." And a little further on, "From this it is manifest that, though a felon's personal property is forfeited to the Crown, &c." In our opinion Mr. Dixon has misinterpreted the statute of 1870 to which he refers in a footnote. That Act absolutely abolished all forfeiture for felony, and specifically mentions suicide as having no longer the effect of working a forfeiture.

The year 1837 saw the commencement of a great change in all matters relating to wills. In that year the Wills Act was passed, which, besides introducing new incidents into the operation and effect of testamentary documents, substituted one uniform and indispensable system of execution for the somewhat bewildering variety of formalities which had till then obtained. This contrast Mr. Dixon somewhat weakens by incorporating with his exposition of the older system a number of remarks equally applicable to the new. The section of the Wills Act relating to executors provides

* *Probate and Administration, Law and Practice in Common Form and Contentious Business.* By W. John Dixon, Esq. B.A., LL.M. (Cantab.), Barrister-at-Law, of the Inner Temple. London: Reeves & Turner. 1880.

that no will shall be valid unless in writing, and signed at the foot or end thereof by the testator, or by some other person in his presence and by his dictation—such signature being, moreover, made or acknowledged by the testator in the presence of two or more witnesses present at the same time. Few enactments have been the subject of more litigation than this section, and some of the judicial refinements introduced into its interpretation have been almost ludicrous. Thus, a will otherwise duly executed was rejected because there was a space, eight-tenths of an inch wide, left at the bottom of the last sheet of the actual will, and the signature was placed on the next page; and questions have arisen as to how attestation was to be carried out in the presence of a blind testator. The Wills Amendment Act of 1847 was passed with a view to remedying the uncertainty as to what constituted "the foot or end" of a will; but that its success in this respect was but limited is demonstrated by the long list which Mr. Dixon adduces of cases decided upon this explanatory law. It is, however, consolatory to learn (p. 62) that "the general result of them appears to be, that when there is a *bonâ fide* endeavour to conform to the requirements of these Acts, failure in the strict letter of the law will not vitiate the will. It must be in the spirit also." Of course Mr. Dixon takes due notice of the important case of Sugden *v.* St. Leonards, which finally established the doctrine that when a will is lost parole evidence of its contents is admissible, and sufficient to secure the carrying into effect of its provisions; a doctrine which, in order to avoid fraud, must only be applied in exceptional cases, where the evidence is very clear and above suspicion.

The Wills Act, besides introducing new formalities to be observed in the making of a will, laid down fresh rules as to the methods and contingencies by which a will may be revoked; and the present work concisely tabulates the states of the law on this point before and after the above-mentioned enactment, including revocation of a will by subsequent marriage of the testator—a change of circumstances which, though partially recognized as an implied revocation prior to the Wills Act, was then first exalted to the position of a definite and express revocation of a former will. An apparent inconsistency arises with regard to revocation by marriage, inasmuch as, under the Wills Act, a will is held to speak from the death of the testator, after which there can of course be no question of his marriage. It must, however, be taken that, for this purpose, the date of the will becomes material and not the date of the testator's death. An interesting chapter is devoted to contingent wills—that is to say, wills which the testator obviously intended should take effect only on the occurrence of certain contemplated events. With regard to these somewhat anomalous documents, Mr. Dixon holds, and apparently rightly holds, that if the contemplated contingency does not occur, the will is *ipso facto* revoked, although the testator may by subsequent recognition adopt the same will as his in all events, independently of the failure of the originally imposed condition. It is sometimes rather difficult to decide whether a will is really contingent, or whether what at first sight might be taken as a contingency is not really only an expression of the testator's reason for making the will. Thus, in a case quoted at p. 159, "Lest I should die before the next sun, I make this my last will," was held to fall within the latter, not the former category; while a will containing the words, "In case of accident I sign this my will," was held to be contingent.

With a view, as he says, to preserving continuity of purpose, Mr. Dixon, having dealt with the usual attributes and incidents of a will, turns to the consideration of the persons on whom devolves the duty of carrying that will into execution—namely, the legal personal representatives, be they executors or administrators. About the office and duty of a regularly appointed executor there is but little new to be said; and Mr. Dixon has done wisely in occupying himself mainly with the more abstruse questions relating to "executors according to the tenor," or those who, though not specifically named as executors in the will, are yet so charged with the carrying into effect its provisions as to be placed in a strictly analogous position, and "executors *de son tort*," or those persons who, not having been named at all in a will, yet, by officious intermeddling, render themselves responsible for the completion of that which they have thus undertaken. Ample illustrations are given of the language and circumstances by which persons may become executors under one of the above denominations, as also information with regard to the method by which one named as executor may renounce the office, or even afterwards retract such renunciation if he be so minded. In relation to this branch of his subject Mr. Dixon has, however, adduced two cases in p. 212 which appear inconsistent, or at least to require further explanation. He says:—"Seizing the testator's goods, claiming in error a property in them himself, does not render him liable as executor"; and a little lower down:—"By taking possession of the testator's goods, and converting them to his own use, or disposing of them, he has intermeddled, and cannot renounce."

The question of domicile is in some cases material with reference to wills, and the author of the present work, whilst modestly referring his readers for fuller information to works more specially devoted to this subject, allots a certain amount of space to it. In saying, as he does at p. 261, that wills "are not valid unless executed in conformity with the law prevailing in the country where the testator is domiciled," Mr. Dixon states his proposition a little too broadly; inasmuch as he omits to notice the exception introduced by the Domicile Act of 1861, which provides that every will made out of the kingdom by a British subject, whatever be his domicile at the time of making such will or at death, shall, so far as regards personal estate, be held to be well executed, and admitted to probate, if made according to the forms required either by the laws of the place where it was made, or by the laws of the domicile, or by the laws of that part of her Majesty's dominions where the testator had his domicile of origin; and, moreover, by the same statute a will made in the United Kingdom by a British subject domiciled abroad is held good if executed according to the form required by the law of that part of the United Kingdom where it is made. It is but fair to add that Mr. Dixon states the effect of this statute rightly later on, in p. 274.

The law is peculiarly solicitous with regard to the testamentary disposition of soldiers and sailors. Recognizing the unbusiness-like and impulsive habits of the latter class it has girt about with special precautions and formalities—such as attestation by the captain, the officers of a naval hospital, a justice of the peace, or other specified responsible person—the wills of petty officers and seamen not on actual service, when such wills are designed to pass prize money, wages, or other moneys acquired by their calling. At the same time, acknowledging the perils of service by land or sea, and following out, as Mr. Dixon remarks, the traditions of the Roman law, various statutes have permitted soldiers and sailors on actual service and in case of emergency to make wills by word of mouth, known as nuncupative wills. These provisions extend to officers as well as men; but in the case of soldiers the scope of the Acts has been somewhat narrowed by a decision that the term actual military service is to be construed as equivalent to "being on an expedition."

Although not strictly coming under the head of Probate, since in such cases there is nothing to prove, Mr. Dixon has included in his work a dissertation on administration under an intestacy, and the distribution of an intestate's property amongst his next of kin. His treatment of the practice of the Court, both in contentious and non-contentious business, is very full and clear, including the summary of the provisions of the Judicature Acts before referred to; but these portions of the book we pass over as lacking general interest. There is also a very copious appendix containing the statutes, rules, and forms now in force with respect to matters connected with wills, so that the book is self-contained, and, save for the cases cited, dispenses with external reference. This advantage is not, however, attained without some sacrifice of portability, as the volume is of a rather portentous size.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

SOLDAN'S History of Witchcraft in connexion with legislation, first published in 1843 (1), is one of those works which, in their original shape accessible only to a learned public, filter down to the general public through the medium of compilers and appropriators. It has now been thoroughly revised and in part re-written by the author's son-in-law, himself recently deceased; but, notwithstanding the great additions made in the interim both to the history of superstition and the history of jurisprudence, the framework of the book remains substantially the same. All subsequent research has tended to corroborate Soldan's conception of the origin of magic, which may be regarded as a barbarous natural theology, that residuum of the original beliefs of primitive man which proves finally irreconcilable with reason and experience. In Caffraria the magician is the wisest man of the community; in modern Europe he is one of the most ignorant; unless, as with Roger Bacon, the character is forced upon him by popular prejudice, or, like Cagliostro, he is a thorough charlatan. This alliance of magic with exploded beliefs naturally brought it into a close connexion with heathenism, and to this cause, Soldan considers, the systematic persecution it underwent is principally to be ascribed. We hear but little of such persecution in Mohammedan countries, but in Christendom, honeycombed with strange mystical sects retaining vestiges of Paganism and Manicheism, magic and heresy were not easily distinguished, and, in fact, continually ran into each other. Soldan shows very clearly how persecution for witchcraft grew out of prosecutions for heresy, and applied all the ideas and principles already recognized in the latter. They first became fully developed as a branch of ordinary procedure in France during the fourteenth century, culminating in the atrocious persecution of the Templars. It is significant of their ecclesiastical character that they almost died out in France at the end of the century, when Papal authority was paralysed by the great schism. They spread, however, into other countries, being everywhere encouraged by the Inquisition. The resistance offered to the inquisitors in Germany led to two events which mark an epoch in the history of witchcraft. One was the publication of that famous demonstration of Papal fallibility, the Bull of Pope Innocent VIII. against sorcery, *Summis desiderantes*—the other the compilation of the *Malleus Maleficarum*, the classical authority on the subject from the inquisitor's point of view. From this time the persecution became systematic, and the simultaneous efforts to repress heresy by similar methods, conspired with occasional outbreaks of the epidemical demonomania to which every age is liable, to render ages of growing enlightenment more infamous for the atrocities practised upon the most helpless members of society than the dark ages had ever been.

(1) *Soldan's Geschichte der Hexenprozesse.* Neu bearbeitet von Dr. Heinrich Heppe. 2 Bde. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.

Soldan investigates the progress and decline of this ghastly superstition with extreme diligence, and, without becoming tedious, he has written this dismal chapter in the history of humanity at sufficient length. An appendix, added by the editor, treats of the various attempts which have recently been made to establish a groundwork of reality for the belief in witchcraft, most of which, Herr Heppe thinks, arise from unacquaintance with the text of the judicial proceedings.

The correspondence of F. C. Weber (2), agent for George I. as Elector of Hanover at the Court of Peter the Great from 1714 to 1718, is not so absolutely confined to the affairs of the unfortunate Czarewitch Alexis as might be inferred from the title-page prefixed to it by Professor Herrmann. The letters relate in a great measure to the politics of the Baltic States, George's differences with Denmark having led him to ally himself with Charles XII. of Sweden, and thus incur the enmity of Peter the Great. The numerous references to Alexis, although highly interesting, add little to our knowledge except by confirming the belief in the existence of a conspiracy, in which his own share was probably merely passive, to depose his father and place him on the throne. A general massacre of foreigners was simultaneously to take place, and the ancient order of things was to be restored. The statement is confirmed in an anonymous correspondence published as an appendix, and no doubt conveys the substance of the confessions of the alleged conspirators, which were, however, for the most part extorted by torture. There are no additional particulars respecting the death of Alexis himself. Weber was a man of great capacity, and apart from his diplomatic correspondence is an important authority upon Russian affairs, being the author of *Das veränderte Russland*, published anonymously some years after the date of his mission. His letters contain many incidental illustrations of the barbarism of the country at that period, although he appears to have seen no part of it except the new capital. Abundant instances continually occur of Peter's energy and indefatigable efforts to advance the material interests of his country, as well as of the discontent created by his innovations.

In the interesting pages of C. von Höfler (3) the excellent but unpractical Flemish Pope, Adrian VI., becomes a typical figure, representing the piety and seriousness of the Teutonic race, in contrast to the levity, secular spirit, and mere ceremonialism imputed to the Latins. Ritter von Höfler's imagination is impressed by the circumstance that, since two or three obscure and ephemeral pontiffs in the eleventh century, no one not of Latin race has been elevated to the Papacy except the two Adrians, the Fleming and our own countryman, Nicolas Breakspere. The fact is sufficiently decisive as respects the œcumenical pretensions of the Roman See, but it is not from this point of view that the writer considers it. To him Adrian represents what the Papacy might have been had it been allotted to the Germans instead of to the Italians. The principal objection to this manner of viewing the subject is its tendency to aggrandize the figure of the exemplary Adrian, and make him a kind of Papal Agis, who succumbed in the unequal strife with a degenerate age. In fact, as the Reformers found to their cost, the Church of Rome was perfectly capable of the amendment she so greatly needed, only it must be attempted by methods suitable to her traditions and genius. Adrian undoubtedly mismanaged his undertaking, but it must have failed at the time in the hands even of a much abler man, simply because the public opinion essential to its successful execution remained to be created. The progress of Luther, the defection of England, and the sack of Rome had not yet occurred to bring ecclesiastics to their senses. When these events had taken place a very considerable reformation in manners and discipline was effected with general assent under the auspices of one of the most worldly of the Popes. Ritter von Höfler's exaggerated estimate of Adrian does not, however, interfere with the general fidelity of his narrative. The principal exception to which his really agreeable and erudite labours are liable, is that of over-minuteness; or the work might perhaps be correctly characterized as an amphibious composition between biography and history, too concise for the latter and too detailed for the former. Adrian's own actions and sayings are too insignificant, or perhaps too imperfectly recorded, to sustain or animate a long narrative, and the peculiar picturesqueness of his attitude as a Puritan Pope in the age of the Renaissance admits of being expressed within a narrow compass. Ritter von Höfler's main thesis, that Adrian's name deserves to be identified with the semi-reformation of the Roman Church in the sixteenth century, will not bear examination. Nothing can well be more certain than that events would have followed substantially the same course if Adrian had never existed.

Dr. Karl Brünnemann's life of Robespierre (4), according to the author himself, is designed as a reply to an unfavourable biography of the revolutionary hero. We share Dr. Brünnemann's apprehensions that the German public, having the bane and antidote both before them, will prefer the former, not so much for the reason assigned by him, that the assailant has been fortunate in his publisher, as because the assailed has been singularly unfortunate in his advocate. Dr. Brünnemann is a very poor writer, whose style is low and creeping, and whose measure for all things and persons indiscriminately is the estimate formed of them by his captious and jaundiced hero. His historical treatment of his subject is inexcusably superficial. It nowhere appears what the "unused sources" to which he claims to have resorted may be, but it is sufficiently evident that they can be of very little importance. He nowhere mentions Hamel, the great authority for Robespierre's life on his own side of the question, for an abridgment of whose comprehensive biography the German public might have really been indebted to him. He passes with incredible lightness over those actions of Robespierre which require the most apology, such as the execution of Danton, and fills his book with long extracts from his speeches, dreary reading though in the original, and utterly unreadable in a tame German translation.

Iceland (5), like Norway, is on but uneasy terms with the larger State with which she is connected by a personal union, and claims a measure of independence which the latter is indisposed to accord. The Icelandic question attracted some attention in Germany while the Schleswig-Holstein question was yet unsettled, and Professor Maurer, an authority on the jurisprudence of the Northern nations, was accustomed to report upon it from time to time for the information of the German public. He has now republished his essays with additions, and, allowing for an anti-Danish bias, excusable in consideration of the circumstances of Schleswig-Holstein, his volume presents probably a fair, certainly a lucid and interesting, summary of the history and grounds of the Icelandic agitation for a modified autonomy. The Icelandic "Alding," or national assembly, so famous in the early history of the island, after having almost fallen into oblivion and been actually abolished in 1800, was revived by a royal rescript in 1843. The political changes occasioned by the revolutionary disturbances of 1848 threw power at Copenhagen into the hands of a democratic party, in one point of view exceedingly liberal, but in another bent on destroying all local privileges, and consolidating the various States of the monarchy into a single political organization. The history of Iceland since this date is one of resistance to this centralizing tendency, and of endeavours to obtain more satisfactory financial arrangements and the abolition of monopolies designed for the advantage of Denmark. The latter object seems to have been fully attained, and the former in a considerable degree. Dr. Maurer's volume is concluded by a short memoir of the late Jon Sigurdsson, the ablest representative of the Icelandic popular party, and at the same time the most eminent modern Icelandic author and editor of ancient Norse literature.

Dr. Rohlfs's "History of Medicine in Germany" (6) is chiefly designed for professional readers. By them it will be found interesting and valuable, although somewhat needlessly circumstantial. The present volume, which is the second of the biographical division of the book, contains the lives of only four physicians in the strict sense of the term, and the only one among them of European reputation is the illustrious botanist Sprengel. Four eminent accoucheurs, however, are added, for whom the distinction is claimed of having been the principal reformers of the obstetric branch of the profession in Germany. Their memoirs, diffusely written, but not devoid of interest, are accompanied by copious extracts from their writings and elaborate bibliographies.

Meyer's *Jahrbuch* (7) pursues its useful career, and continues to deserve a high place among the publications which aim at giving an annual review of the intellectual activity of mankind. It is, of course, impossible that such a review should be complete, and the choice of topics may occasionally appear capricious; in general, however, they are selected with excellent judgment and treated with much ability. Among papers on specifically English subjects may be noticed a review of recent English literature, an estimate of the British school of painting, and a narrative of the Afghan campaign. All the summaries of recent politics and contemporary literatures are very impartially treated; but perhaps the most valuable contribution to the number is a notice of the recent advances of the theory of evolution, by Dr. Krause, known in this country as the biographer of Erasmus Darwin. The problem of the ancient luxuriant Polar vegetation receives especial attention. The archæological department is also well represented, and there are very useful plans of the excavations at Ilion, Ephesus, and Olympia.

The success of the *Shakspeare-Jahrbuch* has probably suggested the establishment of an annual devoted to Goethe (8). There should be no great difficulty in maintaining one, for not only is the variety of Goethe's writings infinite, but biographical materials are as abundant in his case as they are scanty in Shakspeare's; and the persons who may fairly be brought into connexion with him are innumerable. Hermann Grimm opens the first volume with a notice of one of the most interesting of these persons, Bettina von Arnim, whom he knew intimately in her old age. Like others who were acquainted with her, he was greatly impressed by her

(2) *Peter der Grosse und der Zarewitsch Alexei.* Vornehmlich nach und aus der gesandschaftlichen Correspondenz F. C. Weber's herausgegeben von E. Herrmann. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Papst Adrian VI.* 1522–1523. Von Constantin Ritter von Höfler. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

(4) *Maximilian Robespierre. Ein Lebensbild nach zum Theil noch unbenutzten Quellen.* Von Dr. K. Brünnemann. Leipzig: Friedrich. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Zur politischen Geschichte Islands.* Gesammelte Aufsätze von Konrad Maurer. Leipzig: Schlicke. London: Nutt.

(6) *Geschichte der deutschen Medicin.* (Die medicinischen Classiker Deutschlands. Abth. 2.) Von H. Rohlfs. Stuttgart: Encke. London: Kolckmann.

(7) *Meyer's Deutsches Jahrbuch für die politische Geschichte und die Kulturfortschritte der Gegenwart*, 1879–1880. Leipzig: Bibliogr. Institut. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Goethe-Jahrbuch.* Herausgegeben von Dr. L. Geiger. Bd. 1. Frankfurt: Rutter & Lœning. London: Williams & Norgate.

wit and vivacity and her remarkable power of instilling enthusiasm into less impassioned natures. Herr Grimm states that the style of her familiar correspondence is much inferior to that of her published letters, which seems a good argument against the perfect genuineness of these latter much-disputed compositions. Thirty-six letters from Goethe himself are also published, mostly belonging to the later period of his life, and unimportant in subject, but all characteristic in expression. A manuscript of "Prometheus," from a copy belonging to Frau von Stein, offers some interesting variations. There are also a collection of notices of Goethe by his contemporaries, several critical essays, of which one on the "Helena" is perhaps the most important, and a chronicle and bibliography for the year.

Herr Leopold Katscher's sketches from English life (9), though making no pretensions to initiate his readers profoundly into its mysteries, depict some of its external aspects with a lively and attractive touch. Papers on the English Universities, the postal and telegraphic systems, and the London clubs, convey much really valuable information in a very pleasant style, while "Subterranean London," the East End and Metropolitan charitable institutions, of which six types are selected for especial illustration, form the subjects of less elaborate articles. An appendix treats of some of the minor but suggestive curiosities of the day, such as Mrs. Girling's Shaker community, and Dr. Richardson's projected "city of health."

Chamisso's poems on the cycle of female existence, (10), with its capital incidents of betrothal, espousal, and young motherhood, are well adapted for illustration, and have received ample justice from Herr Thumann, who has created or selected an extremely pretty type of feminine attractiveness. The illustrations, as well as the poems, may be censured for an excess of sentiment, but in both cases sentimentalism stops far short of silliness.

There is considerable power in A. Fitger's tragedy "The Witch" (11). A high-born maiden's love of study and freedom of thought bring her under suspicion of sorcery, and a tragic catastrophe ensues. But the play, like the heroine, is too bookish.

By much the most important contribution to the *Rundschau* (12) is the Russian memorandum on foreign policy drawn up in 1864, which has already been widely circulated through the press. Dr. Pauli contributes a paper on an interesting though subordinate figure in English history, Mary Tudor, sister of Henry VIII., consort of Louis XII. of France, and afterwards espoused to the Duke of Suffolk, who nearly lost his head in consequence. Henry appears in the same unamiable light as elsewhere. An article, by Karl Hillebrand, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of Belgian independence, gives a very satisfactory account of Belgian progress, and Belgian literature is illustrated by a pretty story translated from the Flemish of a deceased Belgian authoress, Rosalie Loveling. "Natanael," by Marie von Olfers, is also a good story, Herr Rodenberg's essay on the relations of national literature to universal literature is interesting, and there is much that is very curious in Rudolph Genée's account of the rudimentary beginnings of the German drama. A paper on the Etruscan problem is chiefly remarkable for its injustice to English philological science. Mr. Isaac Taylor's theory of the Altaic affinities of the Etruscan language is classed among the paradoxes which have brought discredit upon the inquiry altogether, and the exclusive credit of a scientific investigation of the subject is attributed to the German philologist Deecke. Yet, at the end of the paper, we are informed that Deecke has all but embraced Mr. Taylor's hypothesis, which becomes quite another thing when it has converted a German.

(9) *Bilder aus dem englischen Leben.* Studien und Skizzen von Leopold Katscher Leipzig: Friedrich. London: Nutt.

(10) *Frauen-Liebe und Leben.* Lieder-Cyclus von Adelbert von Chamisso. Illustrirt von Paul Thumann. Leipzig: Titze. London: Williams & Norgate.

(11) *Die Hexe.* Trauerspiel. Von A Fitger. Oldenburg: Schulze. London: Nutt.

(12) *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. vi., Hft. 11. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

We are requested to state that the name of the author of "A Sketch of the Kafir and Zulu Wars," noticed in the SATURDAY REVIEW *of August 14th, is Captain Henry Hallam Parr, not, as it appeared in our notice, Captain Henry Hallam Parker.*

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

THE UNITED STATES.

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IRELAND.

DURING the past week three entire nights, including a sitting on Thursday which did not finish yesterday morning, were devoted by the House of Commons to considering the grievances of Irish members. The eloquent outpourings of Monday and Tuesday were merely preludes to the discussion on the Constabulary Vote, which kept the Chairman of Committees out of his bed all Thursday night. Even before this point was reached a considerable debate had arisen on Thursday as a consequence of Mr. FORSTER's imprudent utterances in the earlier part of the week. Nothing could be more forcible than the manner in which the late Attorney-General for Ireland insisted on the unwisdom of connecting a future Peace Preservation Act with some fresh attempt to curtail the rights of landlords. It was in vain that Mr. FORSTER disclaimed the obvious inference which, inside and outside the House, had been drawn from his words by friends and enemies alike. His final assurance that he acknowledged the duty of the Government to carry out the law as it stood could not obliterate the fatal effect of his former suggestion. When the main subject of quarrel was reached the matter became one of simple obstruction, conducted on the old lines of three years ago, between a body of Irish members and the House of Commons. Few speeches were made, save by Irishmen; but Mr. BRIGHT maintained the reputation of his Government for persistent blundering by arguing that the Irish Constabulary were an evil necessarily consequent on the greater evil of Irish landlordism. How much may be added to the Session by the proceedings which began on Thursday night and ended at midday on Friday it is impossible to tell.

The anarchy and lawlessness of Ireland is a natural result of the reckless license which modern weakness or toleration allows to political agitators. Public and private morality largely depend on the assumption that recognized principles and rules of conduct are beyond the range of discussion. The existence of property, which is probably indispensable to civilization, is endangered when the right of ownership once becomes a subject of controversy. No demagogue at present ventures to propound a general vindication of robbery and murder; but the Irish agitators excuse crimes committed against landowners; and every crime loses a part of its tendency to shock popular opinion when it is openly and safely vindicated. In one of the late debates in the House of Commons several Irish members extenuated the detestable crime of mutilating cattle as a mode of injuring their owners. They pretended, indeed, that they had no sympathy with cruelty to animals; but they argued that it was much less criminal to ill-treat a horse or a cow than to evict a family of human beings. In other words, one of the vilest actions which can be perpetrated by a savage population was placed on a level with the exercise of a legal right. One Home Rule member after another professed full concurrence in the sentiments and language of Mr. DILLON, which had been justly stigmatized by Mr. FORSTER as wicked, and perhaps imprudently denounced as cowardly. They, of course, bore witness to the courage of the reckless declaimer, and some of them further boasted that Mr. DILLON was the son of one of the accomplices in the wretched little rebellion of 1848. It was perhaps imprudent to make a charge which it would be difficult to prove. Mr. DILLON invited his ignorant hearers to perpetrate crimes involving a risk of punishment to which he would not himself be liable. Mr. FORSTER could not know whether he was influenced by an undue regard to his personal safety.

At nearly all the late meetings promoted by the Land League resolutions have been passed against the payment of rent. In some instances the defiance of law is accompanied by the condition that rent shall only be withheld until Parliament shall have reformed the Land law to the satisfaction of the peasantry and the agitators. It is obvious that, if no payment is to be made [illegible] time, an Act which should fall short of [illegible] tion would be unacceptable, inasmuch as it would alter the condition of the tenants for the worse. Some of the Land League orators affect a facetious benevolence and moderation. The tenant is exhorted to provide not only necessaries but comforts for himself and his family, to pay his debts in full to the shopkeeper, and to the kind neighbour, otherwise known as the village usurer, who has lent him money, and then if a surplus remains to employ a part of it in keeping the landlord from starvation. Extravagant and profligate doctrines lose no other vicious quality by repetition; but they cease to be startling and strange. Any small gleam of conscience which may still remain is rapidly obscured by the promulgation of the theories of the Land League. The fraudulent debtor is not required to understand the sophisms which are propounded on his behalf. It is enough for him that fluent speakers have discovered and circulated some kind of apology for dishonesty and violence. In former times it was held that invitations to breakers of the law were to be punished and repressed as rigorously as the acts which they suggested and defended. The liberality or cowardice of the present day exposes a credulous populace, without interference, to the instigations of the worst class of demagogues. In anticipation of a possible revival of vigour on the part of the Government, the agitators have recently taken measures to prevent newspaper reporters from providing evidence which might be used in criminal prosecutions.

It is in defence of the lawless proceedings of the Land League that Mr. PARNELL, Mr. SULLIVAN, Mr. BIGGAR, and their allies declaimed with wearisome iteration in the House of Commons. Mr. PARNELL asserts that the bad landlords form either a majority or a large minority of the whole number; but his agents and followers in Ireland draw no distinction between good landlords and bad, and it must be admitted that they are consistent and logical. Legal rights cannot depend on the moral qualities which may be associated with their exercise. The tenants are urged to withhold payment of rent equally from liberal or exacting landlords; and the heads of the party openly or tacitly approve the proposal. Some, indeed, of the members who are pledged to Home Rule, and who acknowledge in a greater or less degree the leadership of Mr. PARNELL, occasionally protest against the monstrous schemes of spoliation which are proposed by the extreme demagogues. Mr. MITCHELL HENRY pathetically complained of the hardship which he might himself suffer, if all his outlay and exertion for the benefit of his tenants were rewarded by an arbitrary repudiation of their liability to pay their rent. Having ample means elsewhere, he was comparatively indifferent to the loss of money; but the injustice of the Land League and its disciples gave him intelligible pain. Landlords less fortunately situated will, if the agitation succeeds, incur total ruin. The demagogues have long ceased to confine their vigilance to cases of eviction. Any alternative mode of

enforcing the rights of property involves the same consequences. The assassination of landlords is generally not proposed in the speeches of the meetings, but it takes the form of a response from the sympathizing chorus of hearers. Less hesitation is felt in advising that the successor of an outgoing tenant shall be subject to social excommunication, or that, as the heroic Mr. DILLON observes, cattle pastured on the land shall not be likely to thrive.

It is surprising that the revolutionary faction within and without the House of Commons has not taken greater advantage of the pretext which might have been furnished by the rejection of the Disturbance Bill. One Irish member, indeed, has since undertaken, with the aid of half a dozen obscure English demagogues, the abolition of the House of Lords; but the Land League seems to acknowledge that a temporary suspension of evictions in certain districts for a limited time would have done little to satisfy the appetite for wholesale robbery. In one of the late debates Mr. GIBSON called attention to the remarkable fact that not one of the recent outrages would have been prevented if the Disturbance Bill had been in full operation. Its only effect, which indeed has to a great extent actually resulted from the introduction of the measure, would have been to give Parliament's sanction to the proposition that the right to rent is provisional and defeasible. Lord HARTINGTON used conventional language when he asserted that the rejection of the Bill had increased the difficulty of governing Ireland. Mr. FORSTER may be excused for attributing bad consequences to the failure of a mischievous project into which he blundered without due premeditation. He may easily be believed when he declares that, but for a sense of duty, he would gladly be relieved from his difficult office. The various embarrassments which beset him in administration and in debate explain and partially excuse some inconsistencies and apparent vacillation, interspersed with promises, which are not always prudent. One entire night in last week was taken up with the discussion whether Mr. FORSTER had been justified in giving moderate expression to the feelings which are shared by all respectable members of every party in the House. An opponent on the other side might perhaps complain that Mr. FORSTER seems inclined to compensate for past indignation by undue compliance with unreasonable demands.

From that part of his language on Tuesday last which was not disputed during Thursday's sitting, it may be conjectured that Mr. FORSTER is at last beginning to reconsider the expediency of obtaining additional powers for the maintenance of peace in Ireland. He announced that, if the necessity arose, the Government would not hesitate to call Parliament together to pass a Coercion or Peace Preservation Bill. It would have been much better if the late Act had not been allowed to expire. It cannot be too often repeated, in answer to vulgar commonplaces, that there is much greater hardship in permitting license than in placing moderate limits on liberty which is notoriously abused. Men are not slaves because they are forbidden to carry weapons which have no object except the perpetration of outrage and murder. It is equally consistent with rational liberty to check the circulation of incendiary papers. The announcement of a conditional readiness to discharge a primary duty would have been more satisfactory if Mr. FORSTER had not at the same time suggested the probability that he might introduce a simultaneous Bill to restrict the remedies allowed by law to landlords. One Disturbance Bill is quite enough, without a second gratuitous admission that those who seek the aid of the law are responsible for its violation. The Government has already gone too far in vague promises of modifications of the Land-law in a future Session. The extraordinary step of transferring the inquiry into Irish tenure to a second Commission has not thus far produced the expected result. The Land League refuses to furnish information to Mr. GLADSTONE'S Commission; and consequently the Report will be repudiated by the agitators as far as it fails to embody their demands. The Government which proposed one anomalous measure may possibly attempt to establish by law some arbitrary distinction between good and bad landlords; but it is the duty of Mr. FORSTER and his colleagues to keep the peace and enforce the law, without imposing conditions on the peaceable part of the community. A new Disturbance Bill, among other untoward results, would complete the disruption of the Liberal party.

AFGHANISTAN.

A LETTER has been received from General PRIMROSE describing the sortie of the 16th. He states that, on that day, his troops attacked the village of Deh Kwajee and got through it. It was found to be strongly occupied, reinforcements were sent up from the neighbouring villages, and then the British troops retired. The loss of the enemy is stated to have been heavy, principally through two charges of British cavalry. Nothing is said of our own loss; but it is known from a previous despatch that several officers fell and one hundred and eighty men were killed or disabled. The village against which the sortie was directed is on the east of Candahar, and Candahar is said to be invested by the local forces of AYOUB KHAN, the regulars and irregulars, while he, with his Heratee regiments, is encamped three miles on the western side of the city. It is not quite clear what was the object of the sortie, and, as that is unknown, it cannot be decided whether the sortie was successful. Those who were sent out must have been meant to come back again, for there is no reason to suppose that it was intended to detach a portion of the garrison, and hold an outpost which, from its position, would have been untenable, and the occupation of which would have changed the whole system of defence. General PRIMROSE makes no reference in his letter to the purpose or the result of the sortie; but former despatches from Candahar state that the sortie has secured the garrison from molestation on the eastern side. We, however, also hear that nothing like a regular siege is being carried on. The enemy throw shells into the city, but only occasionally, and without effect. As no guns were taken, and as the position was left in the hands of the Ghazis, it cannot be that the molestation from which the sortie relieved the garrison was that of a position from which artillery could be used with special effect. There could have been nothing like an intention to put an end to the siege by the employment of that superiority which discipline, the memory of countless victories and better arms, may be supposed to give an English commander, even in face of a native force numerically superior. For the strength of the Afghan army is in the covering force of AYOUB KHAN, and it was not in his direction that the sortie was made. There is, however, always the possibility that the investing force may make a desperate effort to take the city by storm, driving the garrison into the citadel. To anticipate this, it may have been thought prudent to give the Ghazis a lesson, and to let them know how they would be made to suffer. Candahar is a strong fortress of the Oriental type; but it has the unfortunate peculiarity of being surrounded by hills with villages in them to shelter besiegers, and with walls, gardens, ditches, and canals interposed between, so that it is very difficult to dislodge those who hold the heights. Of all these eminences, that of Deh Kwajee appears to be the nearest, and it was, therefore, from that quarter that an attempt to storm the city would probably be begun. General PRIMROSE may, therefore, have thought it worth while to inspire those posted there with a dread of British arms. From this point of view the infliction on the enemy of great loss would be the principal object he would have endeavoured to secure, and the attainment of which he would specially notice. Our loss was heavy, especially in officers, but the success or failure of the sortie may have depended, in the eyes of the General, entirely on the proportion it bore to the loss of the enemy.

As General PRIMROSE is acting entirely on the defensive, and it is thought to be satisfactory that, in one direction at least, he and his garrison are secure from molestation, all immediate interest is concentrated on the attempts that are being made to relieve him. All seems to have gone well with General ROBERTS up to the last date of which anything was heard of him, and he was expected at Khelat-i-Ghilzai on Tuesday last. That he actually got there when he was expected is not known; but enough is known to make it reasonable to suppose that up to that point his difficulties would be merely the difficulties of marching, and that he would meet with no active opposition. But, from Khelat-i-Ghilzai to Candahar, although the distance is short, he may probably have to cut his way. As the tribesmen are swarming round Candahar they will probably swarm on the road to Khelat-i-Ghilzai, and there is said to be one special spot on the route, called the Poti Pass, where to overcome anything like a deter-

mined resistance might cost him a considerable effort. The road is described as having there a steep and precipitous fall into the bed of a stream; and as the spot is only about thirty miles from Candahar, AYOUB KHAN might be able to send with ease a force sufficient to dispute vigorously a pass where the natural advantages would be so greatly on the side of the defenders. Ingenious correspondents have also selected other spots where resistance is to be attempted, and have even pointed out a shrine, not far from Candahar, where they say the last stand is to be made. No one can really know any of the details of a resistance which has not yet begun; but it is clear that the nature of the ground through which General ROBERTS will have to pass towards the end of his march favours resistance, and that the nearer he gets to Candahar the larger will be the forces that can be speedily and conveniently sent to resist him. That any resistance that can be offered will baffle one of the most enterprising and skilful of English generals with ten thousand picked troops under his command, and in the direction of an undertaking to the possibility of which he has pledged himself, is incredible. But his appearance at Candahar may be later than is anticipated, and he may have to suffer losses which will in some degree diminish his fighting power. His bold march has unfortunately now a justification which it did not seem to have originally. If he does not relieve Candahar, there may for a long time be no one to relieve it. General PHAYRE seems paralysed. First, the railway broke down, then transport was found to be almost non-existent, and then forage began to fail. He has not been able to get his troops up without great delay, and now cannot send them forward, or can only send them forward with much difficulty. Nor is this all. It is said that the troops of the Khan of KHELAT have mutinied, and that General PHAYRE has been obliged to send a wing of the 78th Highlanders to help the KHAN. It is doubtful whether the aid thus given will suffice—if it is true that the mutineers number thousands—and the next thing General PHAYRE may be obliged to do is to send further troops to save the Highlanders. There has also been a great tribal gathering on the plateau which commands the Khojak Pass, and General PHAYRE was, at the date of the latest advices, preparing to send out a force to disperse the tribesmen. It is impossible, therefore, even to guess the day when he will be in direct communication with General PRIMROSE.

When General ROBERTS reaches Candahar it is much to be hoped that he will find AYOUB KHAN there to oppose him. We hear of AYOUB KHAN having sent to Herat for ammunition, and of his having six thousand men posted in reserve; but the combined forces of General ROBERTS and General PRIMROSE could certainly beat AYOUB KHAN in a fair field, or the basis on which we found our ascendency over natives is gone. But AYOUB KHAN may be too wise to wait to be defeated. He may fall back on Herat, or he may make a push for Cabul. It is not to be concealed that, if he was bold enough to choose the latter course, he might give us infinite trouble. We might have to fight the whole Afghan war over again. A rumour from Cabul if true is more serious than the news from any other quarter. We have gone away from Cabul leaving behind us the works which we had constructed with so much care, and made so formidable, guns, rifles, and ammunition. We, in fact, presented our new friend ABDUL RAHMAN with a fortress of our own making, and with the means of holding it against us or any one else. If we were to trust him, it was thought better to trust him altogether. But there is reason to fear that what has happened so often before has happened again. We trust an Ameer, and then his nominal subjects get hold of all we have given him. They throw him over, and some new chief whom we do not trust gets the spoils. Some troops of ABDUL RAHMAN, says rumour, have mutinied, and General STEWART has been ordered to halt his troops at Jellalabad. There can be little doubt that, if AYOUB KHAN slipped by General ROBERTS, and appeared at Cabul, he would be eagerly welcomed, and that by arrangement or force ABDUL RAHMAN would be set aside. Once more Cabul would have to be taken, and this time it would have to be taken after we ourselves had done our best to make it very difficult to take, and it would be held by a commander who can say that he alone of Afghan leaders has beaten a British force in a fair fight. It would only be with the greatest efforts and after a long delay that we could once more assemble a sufficient force at Cabul; and a new Afghan war might begin which in cost and length might eclipse any Afghan war we have known. If our retirement from Cabul is looked at from a merely military point of view, it is quite true that it was undertaken on the recommendation of military advisers who were not only themselves men of great experience and ability, but who were on the spot, and had exceptional means of forming a right judgment. But while their opinion is entitled to great deference, it may still be described as hard to understand why we did not continue to hold Cabul for the short time that it was expected would elapse before the relief of Candahar and the scattering of AYOUB's forces were accomplished.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

IT cannot be said that the Eastern question advances rapidly to a solution. The Porte has returned a formal answer to the Collective Note, which required a transfer of territory to Montenegro within three weeks; and it is said that the six Powers have in a rejoinder repeated without qualification their original demands. The principle of the cession of Dulcigno is nominally accepted, and the Turkish Minister is careful to dilate on the greatness of the sacrifice which the SULTAN is nevertheless, in deference to the European Powers, willing to make. On the other hand, the specified limit of time is rejected as impracticable, and the SULTAN positively declines to use force against the Albanians if they hesitate to evacuate the territory. As troops have lately been sent from Constantinople to the Montenegrin frontier, it had been supposed that the Porte had at last resolved to compel submission. If the Albanians find that they have no coercion to apprehend, they will undoubtedly refuse obedience to a mandate which, as they may reasonably conjecture, has not been issued in earnest. In the event of collision with the forces of Montenegro they will, with or without reason, rely on the support of the Turkish force, and they have apparently at present no compulsion to apprehend from the Powers which were lately represented at Berlin. Nothing has been said of late respecting the naval demonstration, which could not in any case greatly alarm the Albanians. The statements which are from day to day published of the intentions of the different Governments are confused and contradictory; but none of the Powers are known to have formally withdrawn from the concert which was lately established. M. DE FREYCINET's vague declaration that France has resumed her place in the Councils of Europe may or may not imply a purpose of sending two or three ironclads to form part of a combined squadron. It is known that the French Government is lukewarm in the negotiation with Turkey, but it has not yet declined co-operation with England. The policy of Austria and Germany is only indicated by the permission given to a few German functionaries and military officers to enter temporarily into the service of the Porte.

If the question of the Montenegrin frontier had been the only subject of negotiation, it is not improbable that the Porte would by this time have thought it expedient to end a troublesome controversy; but it may be worth while to prolong a hopeless contest for the purpose of postponing the decision of a more important issue. Behind the Montenegrin dispute lies the demand of the Berlin Conference for the cession of a large territory, including Janina, to the kingdom of Greece. The SULTAN's advisers understand that the surrender cannot be enforced until negotiations have begun; and, up to the present time, the proposed surrender of Dulcigno to the Montenegrins has stood in the way of the Greek claim to Janina. There is much to encourage the SULTAN in his resistance to the decree of the Berlin Conference. The Greek army is not strong enough to take and retain occupation of the disputed territory, and a combined squadron could at most only prevent the Turks from taking advantage of their maritime superiority to threaten Athens and other Greek ports. The Turkish Ministers have probably ascertained that not one of the Great Powers is prepared to support the Greeks by military action. England has no troops to spare for the purpose, even if the present Ministers were inclined to engage in an unprovoked and unnecessary war. France will not repeat the expedition of fifty years ago; and, if official or semi-official journals may be trusted, Germany has no intention of interfering. Italy inclines to the cause of the Albanians rather than of the Greeks; and there only remains the Russian Govern-

ment, which is more likely to promote the aggrandizement of Bulgaria or of Servia than of Greece. The only rational hope of the Greeks must be founded on the assumption that the Great Powers can scarcely have intended to make themselves ridiculous by preferring a joint demand without any purpose of insisting on compliance. Notwithstanding Mr. GLADSTONE'S complacent belief in the irresistible influence of the concert of Europe, the Porte may as safely defy six Powers as one, if it has nothing to fear but diplomatic remonstrance.

In the midst of uncertainty it is not surprising that there should arise strange rumours, some of them probably unfounded, and many of doubtful interpretation. For some time past periodical statements have been made that some or all of the Albanians had formally renounced their allegiance to the SULTAN. There can be no doubt that most of the tribes affect a qualified independence; but the chiefs can scarcely think themselves strong enough to stand alone; and disobedience which may have been connected with Turkish generals, or with the Porte itself, may be exaggerated into rebellion. Another and stranger report represents the SULTAN as disposed to enter into negotiations for the recognition of East Roumelia as an independent principality. It is even stated that the GOVERNOR-GENERAL, who has displayed systematic contumacy in his relations with the Porte, is, by permission of the SULTAN, to assume the style of ALEKO I., Prince of East Roumelia. The supposed object of the change is to create a rivalry between the Governments of East Roumelia and Bulgaria, though it is not easy to understand the advantage which the SULTAN would derive from a nominal relaxation of an ostensible bond between himself and the autonomous province. The story, if it is not wholly fabulous, probably indicates the existence of some Russian intrigue. The Turkish Government cannot but remember the collapse of the arrangement by which, after the Crimean war, Moldavia and Wallachia were to remain separate principalities. Notwithstanding the efforts of Lord PALMERSTON to maintain the provisions of the Treaty of Paris, the combined influence of Russia and France, supported in England by Mr. GLADSTONE, effected the amalgamation of the provinces, and secured the detachment of the new province of Roumania from the Ottoman Empire. A similar result would probably ensue from the elevation of the Governor of East Roumelia to the rank of a tributary prince. The union of the provinces may probably be effected by other means, unless it is prevented by the jealousy of Austria; but, until the rumour is confirmed, it will not appear probable that the Turkish Government will take steps to accelerate the process. There is perhaps some foundation for the rumour of a projected alliance, offensive and defensive, between Bulgaria and Servia; but the Servian Government will not at present defy Austria and Germany.

The inaction of the late Ministers with respect to the proposed transfer of Turkish territory to Greece will have been explained and excused if their successors fail in spite of their zealous exertions to accomplish the object. It is well known that the recommendations made by the Great Powers that the SULTAN should make the concession was not a part of the text of the Treaty of Berlin. The resolution was adopted in compliment to M. WADDINGTON, who then expressed on behalf of Greece an interest which has since unaccountably subsided. The obligation was in form less binding than the clauses of the treaty; but it was understood that at a convenient opportunity all the Powers were bound to promote the interests of Greece. It was said that the English Government had incurred exceptional liabilities by the pressure which had been placed on the Government of Athens during the Russian war. Soon after his return from Berlin, Lord BEACONSFIELD stated in a public speech that Greece would obtain a larger accession of territory than any other State; but, until lately, nothing has been done to justify the assertion. The great majority of well-informed Englishmen would be glad to witness the emancipation of any Greek province which remains under Turkish rule. The proposed increase of the territory of the kingdom by nearly one-half of its present area would be regarded as advantageous; but it must not be inferred that the country is disposed to incur any considerable sacrifice for the benefit of a foreign population. Lord BEACONSFIELD and his colleagues may have satisfied themselves that the cession could not be accomplished without the aid of force, which neither they nor the country were prepared to employ. If the present Government is equally unable to act, it will find itself in a more awkward position, because the controversy has arrived at a later stage. Lord GRANVILLE has intimated a readiness on the part of his Government to undertake that no further concession shall be required of the SULTAN if he complies with the present demand; but England will not guarantee Turkey against future attempts on the part of Greece to extend the territory of the kingdom. The frontier drawn by the Conference of Berlin might perhaps be thought sufficient on the mainland; but the Greeks will never be satisfied as long as any island in the Archipelago remains in the possession of Turkey. Every attempt on the part of the Greek population of Crete to throw off the dominion of the SULTAN will be encouraged openly or secretly by the Government of Athens, although it is doubtful whether the Greeks of the island would not prefer independence to union with the kingdom. One of many recent rumours is to the effect that the Porte has offered to surrender Crete on condition of a withdrawal of the Greek claim to the annexation of Epirus and Thessaly. If the story has any foundation, it deprives the Porte of its most plausible excuse for resisting the demand of the European Powers. Reluctance to place true believers under the power of a Christian Government is intelligible and even respectable; but the Mahometan population of Crete is larger than that of the disputed district on the mainland. If such an overture has been made, the Greeks act wisely in rejecting it.

THE LESSONS OF THE INDIAN BUDGET.

LORD HARTINGTON'S simple and unpretentious exposition of the Indian finances has done much to bring the subject within the range of ordinary understandings, and has effectually cleared away several disagreeable ambiguities which beset it. He spoke, not as the expert laboriously endeavouring to make his hearers understand the technicalities of a subject strange to them but familiar to himself, but as a plain, business-like man, whose task it has been to master an exceedingly intricate matter, and who places his conclusions before his audience with an admission that he does not, in every instance, himself altogether understand the grounds on which they rest. The somewhat oracular telegrams of the Indian Government, for instance, had left him, he frankly acknowledged, still unable to explain how 5½ millions could have been spent on the war in 1879-80 without any one in India being aware of the fact, or how it was that the addition of that sum to the expenses of the year had the effect of reducing the balance only by little more than a million. "Betterness "public works," the Simla oracle had telegraphed, "ex-"plains part." Lord HARTINGTON gives the explanation, not as altogether satisfactory, but as the only one at present vouchsafed to him by the custodians who guard the inner mysteries of the Indian Exchequer.

But as to those parts of the subject which admitted of being fully understood and clearly explained Lord HARTINGTON'S statement was satisfactorily explicit. In the first place, he has given the death-blow to the idea, which has been hinted at in some quarters rather than distinctly affirmed, that the mistake in the War Estimates was the result of a deep-laid plot of the Indian Government to influence the elections by an unduly favourable announcement as to the state of the finances. With generous warmth, he repudiated the suggestion as at once irreconcilable with the high character of the officials concerned, and absurd, on the face of it, as a manœuvre supposed to have been adopted by reasonable beings. Mr. STANHOPE'S elaborate defence of his own share and that of the Home Government in the matter was an almost superfluous demolition of a view which no one except Mr. FAWCETT had ever seriously maintained; but it is, no doubt, well that chapter and verse should be supplied for the categorical denial of a charge which, though universally discredited by well-informed and thoughtful contemporaneous opinion, might on some future occasion have been dragged from obscurity to add fuel to the passions of a party fight. It is well, too, that it should be on record that Mr. STANHOPE'S view is fully endorsed by the SECRETARY OF STATE.

Equally distinct was Lord HARTINGTON'S explanation of that much-disputed item in Indian accounts, the Productive Public Works. Their increasing productiveness forms, he said, the most satisfactory feature of Indian finance; and he supported this view by the statistics of the present year.

On railways, State and guaranteed, 125½ millions have been spent; on canals about 14 millions, making a grand total of 139½ millions. Of this sum about 99 millions have been advanced on the guarantee system, under which the shareholders receive interest at 5 per cent., and a share of any profits above that rate; the remainder has been borrowed for State railways and is debited in the Indian accounts with interest at 4½ per cent. It is satisfactory to know, on the authority of the SECRETARY of STATE, that the whole of this interest, with the exception of 92,000*l.*, will be earned in the current year, notwithstanding that the whole of the State Railway system is in its infancy and considerable portions of it are still actually unfinished. The results of the 14 millions invested in irrigation are still more favourable, as the canals have earned not only 4½ per cent. on the entire capital, but a surplus of 370,000*l.* net profit to boot. This favourable result is partly owing, as Lord HARTINGTON observed, to the inclusion of a portion of canal earnings, which till 1879-80 had been entered under the heading "Land "Revenue"; but there is no ground for questioning the propriety of the transfer; or that, if the account between land revenue and irrigation were accurately adjusted, a still larger sum would be credited to irrigation. The position of the Productive Public Works accordingly may be summed up by the statement that the 153 millions invested in them have, besides interest partly at 4½ and partly at 5 per cent., earned a net profit of about 300,000*l.* for Government, to say nothing of the incalculable benefits conferred on the people by 10 million acres of irrigated land, and 8,000 miles of railroad.

Another point, which Lord HARTINGTON'S statement has placed beyond the possibility of dispute, is the general soundness of the financial position. During the three years now under review, 1878-79, 1879-80, and 1880-81, the margin of revenue over all expenditure, other than that on Productive Public Works and the Afghan war, was 11,179,000*l.* During these three years the sum of 417,000*l.* has been spent in famine relief, and 8,883,000*l.* have been lost by exchange; so that if these two causes of outlay be, like the war, regarded as abnormal, the surplus of the three years would be 21½ millions. Of this surplus 3½ millions were supplied by the special taxes, imposed in 1877-78 for the purpose of strengthening the financial position against famine and other exceptional expenditure; the rest of the surplus is due to improvements in opium revenue, increased earnings of the Productive Public Works, and the general prosperity of the country. In the face of these results we have some difficulty in following Lord HARTINGTON when he says that the policy under which the improved financial arrangements of 1877-8 were adopted "has not been successful, but has completely "failed." The object of that policy was to establish such a surplus of normal revenue over normal expenditure as would enable the country from time to time to meet, without permanent increase of indebtedness, the abnormal expenses of famine relief and other similar charges. This surplus, it was decided, should be 1½ million for famine insurance, and half a million for other charges; and Sir JOHN STRACHEY'S programme would have been carried out, if during the three years six millions, inclusive of the 417,000*l.* actually spent in famine relief, had been thus provided; but, instead of six millions, the balance-sheet of the three years shows a surplus of 11½ millions over normal expenditure; and the fact that during this period an event so altogether exceptional as the invasion and prolonged occupation of foreign territory has for the time altogether disturbed the ordinary financial arrangements, does not, as it appears to us, in any way affect the soundness of Sir JOHN STRACHEY'S calculations or the wisdom of the scheme. No one ever was sanguine enough to hope that India could either be always preserved from the calamity of war, or be enabled to meet the whole of its war expenditure, however serious, out of current income. It was inevitable that, whenever any large and unusual outlay had to be defrayed, the ordinary surplus should be utilized; and whenever it is so utilized, and thus, so far, obviates the necessity for a loan, it fulfils its function just as completely as though it had been devoted to the reduction of existing debt or allowed to accumulate in the coffers of the State. As it is, 11 out of the 18 millions—the estimated net cost of the war and the frontier railways—will have been met from ordinary revenue; and if, as Lord HARTINGTON intimated, the English Government provides for the 1,900,000*l.* by which the SECRETARY OF STATE'S drawings are to be curtailed, the only addition to the public debt will be the Indian loan of 3,130,000*l.*, a sum less by more than a million than that which will meanwhile have been expended on frontier railways. If this prove to be the case, few wars of equal importance have left so slight an impress on the financial position of the country concerned. It was not, however, with the brighter aspects of Indian finance alone that Lord HARTINGTON had to deal. No one who has studied the recently published "Correspondence" as to the Afghan War Estimates could be surprised at the censure which he pronounced on the system under which so grave an error could occur, and on the individuals whose too ready acquiescence in a welcome result suffered an enormous miscalculation to remain for so many months unchallenged. There cannot, of course, be two opinions as to the necessity of guarding by the most stringent precautions against the recurrence of similar blunders. The reforms which will render such a miscarriage for the future impossible have already been indicated, and nothing remains but to regret that some of the most distinguished of the servants of the State should have been involved in the discredit of so signal a breakdown.

Among collateral topics of the less encouraging order, Lord HARTINGTON dwelt with emphasis on the increase of the Home charges, which have swollen in the course of the last few years to the formidable figure of 17 millions sterling. This sum, as Mr. FAWCETT pointed out, represents, at present rates of exchange, some 204 millions of rupees, or nearly half the net revenue of the Government. Such a payment is of course a serious drain, but it is easy to misappreciate its character, and to exaggerate its ill results. Five millions of the 17 represent the interest paid on 97 millions of guaranteed railway capital; but these 97 millions earn a gross profit of 10¾ millions, more than half of which is paid as wages or profits in the country. Another item of 2½ millions represents the interest on the English debt, some of it incurred for public works, by which the wealth of the community has been enormously increased, some in the wars which the building up of a great Empire has from time to time involved, some in the suppression of the Mutiny which threatened its existence. In like manner the 218,000*l.* spent in the India Office and Home establishments, and the 1⅓ millions spent in civil pensions and furlough allowances, may be regarded as money well spent on valuable services not, on the whole, extravagantly remunerated. It is less easy to defend the 1,976,000*l.* paid for "effective," and the 1,936,000*l.* for "non-effective "military charges," a burden against which Indian financiers have long and loudly protested, hitherto without effect on the obdurate conservatism of the Horse Guards. To this point, as well as to the 1¼ million, which might, according to the Army Commission, be economized by improved military organization in India, the attention of economical reformers might advantageously be directed.

THE EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY BILL.

THE principle of the Employers' Liability Bill has been attacked with great force in a letter to the *Times*, which can scarcely be considered as anonymous. The contention of "C." is that the Government have begun at the wrong end. They have not asked themselves why it is necessary that Parliament should interfere in the question at all, and they have consequently asked it to interfere in a very injudicious way. As the law stands, every workman is assumed to have entered into an implied contract to take the risk of any negligence in a fellow-workman. This implied contract is now repudiated by one of the parties alleged to have made it, and the Government measure proposes to put in its place an express Parliamentary contract which, in "C.'s" opinion, "neither "employers nor employed have ever entered into, which "they probably do not understand, and which in numberless cases will be found in practice to be so irksome to "one, or other, or both of the parties that they will at once "begin to contract themselves out of the Act." If the Bill by which this change is effected should be passed, it will "necessarily lead to much uncertainty, great litigation, "considerable ill feeling, and probably considerable dis-"appointment, and to a mass of new law gradually manu-"factured by judges, or, what is worse, by juries." To meet these objections "C." proposes that the plea of common employment shall be altogether abolished, but

that this abolition shall be coupled with a "declaration "that this enactment is not to interfere with any express "contract on the subject which the employer and "employed may make." This declaration, "C." thinks, would be sufficient to prevent the enacting part of the Act from ever coming into operation. As soon as employers knew that in the absence of any contract to the contrary "common employment" could no longer be pleaded against an action for compensation, they would at once make the contract best suited to each particular employment. "One employer would set up a "system of insurance; another would indicate the par-"ticular servants for whose acts alone he would be answer-"able. Some might exclude particular risks, or make the "liability or freedom from liability enter as an ingredient "into the amount of wages." Upon all these points the employers and the employed are the best judges. They know their own work and their own interests, and they are quite competent to look after them without the help of Parliament.

There is an air of simplicity about this proposal which makes it highly attractive, but it may be doubted whether this simplicity would not be more injurious in its consequences than the complications of the Government Bill. In the first place "C." would make the law in the absence of contract work an obvious injustice. An employer would be held answerable for every injury sustained by his workmen through the negligence of their fellow-workmen. That is to say, he would be held answerable for a great deal that he could not have prevented by any possible exercise of care. Whenever a workman was injured by the act or omission of a fellow-workman the presumption would be that the master was liable. He might be able to show that he knew and could know nothing of the man who had inflicted the injury, that the methods of hiring in use in the trade made it impossible for him to have any such knowledge, and that the sole reason why he and not the author of the injury should be held answerable was that he had the means of making compensation, while the workman had not. None of this reasoning, in the absence of any special contract, would stand him in the least stead. The plea of common employment would have been abolished by Act of Parliament, and employers would consequently be liable for the negligence of every workman in their service. It is quite as impossible to see any justice in this proposal when it is made by "C." as when it is made by Mr. Macdonald. It is true that "C." apparently regards the unfairness of the law as the best security that employers will universally enter into express contracts to make it of no effect. This is certainly a new method of legislation, and one which would admit of being extended to a great number of subjects besides employers' liability. The principle seems to be that whenever it is desirable to stimulate people to look after their own interests, the surest way to go to work is to enact that these interests shall suffer if they are not looked after. From this point of view the injustice of a law becomes its best recommendation; since if it were only a little unfair, the inducement to make contracts to supersede it might not be strong enough. It is certainly desirable that everybody should make a will; but it has not yet been proposed that, in order to increase the number of testators, the estates of intestates shall be forfeited to the Crown. On the principle of "C.'s" proposed Bill, there is no reason why this should not at once be done. It is true that to deprive the family of an intestate of any benefit from his property would seem a very harsh measure; but, as "the result of such "enactment would be" that every man would make the will which would be suitable to his particular circumstances, no harm would follow. But why should the law display this self-sacrificing desire to promote the making of wills? Granted that it is desirable that wills should be made in as many cases as possible, it is also desirable that in the cases where they are not made the law should make what it thinks a fair distribution of the property. In the same way, though it may be desirable that employers and workmen should make express contracts as regards the liability of one towards the other, it is also desirable that, in the absence of such contracts, the law should, as far as lies in its power, do what is just rather than what is unjust. If employers or workmen think proper to qualify the action of the law by express arrangement, that is their affair; but Parliament ought not to neglect its own duty in order to stimulate private persons into doing theirs.

This is not the only objection to "C.'s" plan. His principal argument against the Government Bill is the litigation that it will entail. Constant questions will arise, he thinks, as to the interpretation of the words of the Act, and these questions can only be settled by the creation of a vast amount of judge-made or jury-made law. But what chance is there that the numerous and varying contracts which the abolition of the plea of common employment would necessitate, and would be meant to necessitate, would be less productive of litigation? The law, as "C." would have it, would give the injured workman an immense advantage over his employer. If he could show that the contract between them did not touch his particular case, he would be able to get compensation from his master for any damage he might have sustained by the negligence of a fellow-workman, no matter whether the master could have secured him against such negligence or not. The employer would seek to meet this by a carefully drawn contract. Consequently when the injured workman or his advisers came to calculate the chances of getting compensation out of the employer, they would find that the employer had intended to bar the claim beforehand either by setting up a system of insurance, or by indicating particular servants for whose acts alone he would be liable, or by excluding particular risks, or by paying higher wages in consideration of exemption from liability. Is there no material for litigation here? Would not the workman be disposed to try the question whether the particular contract into which he had entered with his employer did, as a matter of fact, exclude him from the benefit of the Act? As there would be no one form of contract prescribed—the merit of the proposal in "C.'s" eyes being that every employer and workman "would make "the contract which would be suitable to their particular employment"—it would be next to impossible until a legal decision had been obtained to say with any certainty whether this or that contract had been successful in barring the employers' liability as regards a particular injury. The difference between the position of the employer under the Government Bill and under "C.'s" proposed Bill would be very serious. In either case he might have to defend an action in order to show that he had contracted himself out of the Act; but, in the former case he would, in the event of defeat, have a most unjust responsibility cast upon him, whereas in the latter case he would at worst have to put up with the smaller, and, as we maintain, reasonable, responsibility for the acts of those to whom he has delegated authority or superintendence. The description which "C." gives of the alternative measures is a misleading one. He says of his own that it would merely remove legal difficulties and invite parties to make their contracts in the way that best suits them; and of the other, that it makes as it were a Parliamentary contract for the parties, and then drives them by its inaptitude to make stipulations against it. What "C.'s" legislation would really do would be to make the law in the absence of contract so unjust to the employer as to force him by its injustice to make stipulations against it. What the Government Bill proposes to do is to make the law in the absence of contract reasonably fair to both parties, while leaving them free to meet the special circumstances of their relation by special agreements.

We are not concerned to defend all the provisions of the Employers' Liability Bill. All that we contend is that the principle on which it is based is a sound one. To abolish the plea of common employment altogether is to hold the employer answerable for injuries which he could not have prevented, just as much as for injuries which he could have prevented. To abolish the plea of common employment in cases where the injury is due to the negligence of persons who have authority or superintendence entrusted to them, is to hold the employer answerable for injuries which he might have prevented, and for no others. An employer cannot have any opinion about the carefulness or recklessness of an ordinary workman. He has had no opportunity of forming such an opinion. But he must know something about the extent to which one or other of these qualities is possessed by a workman to whom he has entrusted the conduct of particular operations or particular departments. He does not appoint men to places of this kind without satisfying himself as to their willingness to look after his interests, and their ability to look after them intelligently. In future he will have to extend the field of caution, and to be as exacting about evidence of care in dealing with the lives and limbs of fellow-workmen as about similar evidence

with regard to their treatment of his own property. This is not in itself an unduly hard demand to make, though the terms in which it is made by the Bill may here and there be badly chosen. It would have been well if the House of Lords had improved them instead of crippling the definition of superintendence by the omission of one of the two clauses which relate to it. The omission of all mention of insurance from the Bill, though it has been much censured, is really perfectly natural. Insurance, as we have more than once said, has for its object the lightening the burden of unavoidable accidents; the present Bill has for its object the lessening the number of avoidable accidents. Both objects are good in their way, but there is no reason why both should be secured by the same Bill, or that the former should be secured by legislation at all. Employers and workmen are quite competent to determine whether a contribution to an insurance fund is sufficient consideration for exempting a master from the liability to make compensation which the law imposes on him, and nothing would be gained by making Parliament essay to do this for them. It may turn out that some clauses of the Act need amendment when they come to be interpreted by the test of actual working. Nor do we deny that if more time had been given to the preparation of the Bill this inconvenience might have been more conclusively guarded against. But even when full allowance has been made for all blemishes of this kind, the Bill, we are convinced, will be found a substantial improvement on the existing law. The limitation of its operation to two years may be harmless, but it cannot possibly be beneficial.

LORD CHELMSFORD'S DEFENCE.

LORD CHELMSFORD'S defence of his conduct in connexion with the disaster of Isandlana was delivered in answer to censures by Lord STRATHNAIRN which were contained in former notices of motion, and which were not repeated in his speech. Lord STRATHNAIRN scarcely acted fairly in publicly condemning the strategy and tactics of the South African campaign, unless he had been prepared to support the accusation. As Lord CHELMSFORD said, strategy, which properly means the conduct of military movements by a commander-in-chief, could only refer to the general, not to his officers or to military organization. If Lord STRATHNAIRN afterwards thought that his charges had been unjust or exaggerated, he ought to have made some apology or at least to have formally withdrawn the imputation. His condemnation of the changes which Mr. CARDWELL introduced in the organization of the army, and especially of short service, happened to be inapplicable to the 24th Regiment, of which a part was annihilated at Isandlana. The men had served several years in Africa; and their defeat was in no degree attributable to their want of courage or of strength. The Zulus overpowered them by numbers of which they were enabled to take advantage through the mistakes of the officer in command. Lord CHELMSFORD had ordered Colonel PULLEYN, whom he left in command of the camp, to defend it without dividing his force. It appears that there were four rifles to every running yard of frontage, and to a civilian it appears that such a fire ought to have rendered a successful attack impossible. The experiment was not tried because Colonel DURNFORD, who on his arrival became senior officer, either deliberately disobeyed Lord CHELMSFORD's order, or thought it was inapplicable to himself and to the force which he brought with him. He acquiesced in Colonel PULLEYN's refusal to allow a part of the original garrison to accompany him in an advance; but he added the expression of a hope that, if he was pressed, reinforcements would be sent. Colonel DURNFORD, with his mounted troops, then marched five or six miles from the camp, where they encountered an overwhelming Zulu force, before which they retreated. The enemy had, as they found, penetrated to their rear, and destroyed a battery of horse artillery, which seems to have been insufficiently guarded. Colonel DURNFORD then demanded aid from Colonel PULLEYN, who sent a part of the garrison of the camp to support him. Both the troops in the field and the weak remnant of the garrison were crushed, and it was fortunate that Lord CHELMSFORD's column was not also intercepted in its return. For the mismanagement at Isandlana he seems not to have been responsible, unless professional critics may think that more efficient means of obtaining information ought to have been taken. Lord CHELMSFORD's contention that Colonel DURNFORD was bound by the orders given to Colonel PULLEYN, seems to be sound or at least plausible. By the lucky accident of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY's detention on board, Lord CHELMSFORD had the good fortune to redeem the credit of the English army at the decisive battle of Ulundi. During an interval of three or four months the Zulus, after the manner of savages, had proved themselves incapable of improving their victory. The question whether it would have been practicable after the repulse of Isandlana to make an earlier advance into Zululand is no longer interesting. One of the causes of the catastrophe had been the necessity of marching in several columns to diminish the difficulty of obtaining subsistence. It may perhaps have been prudent to delay the subsequent advance until all preparations were fully completed.

As Lord STRATHNAIRN declined to state the grounds of his adverse judgment, Lord CHELMSFORD's statement was not followed by debate, which would indeed have been wholly purposeless. There is, for the most part, little use in discussing past military events, especially in an assembly of civilians. No principle is involved in the more or less skilful combinations of a general in a campaign which has come to an end; and a defeat, whatever may have been its cause or excuse, is not an agreeable subject of controversy. Two serious military disasters happening in two successive years has not often been recorded in English annals. The Zulus and the Afghans have inflicted blows on the national pride which have seldom been suffered at the hands of more formidable enemies. The national spirit is not yet so entirely broken as to submit passively to defeat. Reinforcements were sent to South Africa without stint; and as soon as news of the battle of Kushk-i-Nakhud arrived troops were despatched without delay from India and from England. The exertions which were required in the spring of 1879 caused much anxiety to those who were interested in military administration. It was felt that in a European war the whole organization of the army would have broken down. It was dispiriting to find that the resources of the country were for the moment almost exhausted in a struggle with an enemy who had neither cannon nor rifles. The Afghans, who are better equipped than the Zulus, have obtained a decisive victory in the open field over a small English army. In neither case can the failure be attributed to short service. The 66th, like the 24th, seems to have fought gallantly to the last; but it is not yet known whether the miscarriage was caused by the mistakes of the general in command, or by the erroneous strategy of his immediate superior, or of the Commander-in-Chief.

The Afghan war, which is not yet ended, though it may approach its close, has been thoroughly unsatisfactory, notwithstanding the military successes, which have now for the first time been interrupted. The Zulu war, though it was neither certainly prudent nor morally justifiable, has accomplished all its objects in the destruction of a formidable military Power. Sir BARTLE FRERE professed to discover causes of quarrel with CETEWAYO, which served, not so much to fill despatches, as to provide an ostensible ground for his declaration of war. Some Zulus had pursued fugitive women of their families within the boundaries of Natal; and a surveyor, who was really taking observations for military purposes, had been detained by Zulus for a few hours. Sir BARTLE FRERE's equanimity would scarcely have been disturbed by either transaction, if he had not long before regarded with anxiety the singular institution by which CETEWAYO had converted a tribe into an army. All his able-bodied subjects were enrolled in regiments; it was only after long service that marriage was permitted; and, as later experience showed, the Zulus are among the bravest of the brave. The KING had, since the annexation of the Transvaal, become, not without reason, unfriendly to the English, who now supported the claims of the Boers againt the British. There was thenceforth only one enemy for CETEWAYO to attack; and he had often announced his intention of "washing his "spears" for the purpose of establishing his reputation as a warrior. Sir BARTLE FRERE's reasoning was plausible and perhaps sound; but probable dangers are not in all cases adequate causes of war. In consistency CETEWAYO was forced sooner or later to invade the English possessions; but barbarous potentates are, like civilized kings, entitled to be sometimes inconsistent. It is possible that the Zulu KING might have been long content to treat his army as a costly plaything which he might be unwilling to spoil. In the last century FREDERICK WILLIAM I. of

Prussia was through life nervously anxious for peace, because his formidable army was so perfect in discipline that it might deteriorate with active service. The public opinion of CETEWAYO's subjects would perhaps have approved an invasion of Natal; but Sir BARTLE FRERE had to deal in England with a tribunal more difficult to satisfy, though his policy was and is in the highest degree popular in South Africa. The war with the Zulus was not thought at home to be necessary, though it might perhaps be expedient; and the disaster of Isandlana naturally stimulated the susceptibility which had already been awakened. The late Ministers, who had been accused of warlike propensities in Europe and Asia, warmly resented the new conflict which had been forced upon them by an independent and daring agent. The Opposition, as might be expected, denounced Sir BARTLE FRERE with still greater vehemence; and the final dissipation of a danger which might perhaps be imaginary failed to reconcile English opinion to the war. If evil has been done, it is but fair to recognize the good which has come. The dissolution of CETEWAYO's military system has probably been an unmixed benefit to the Zulus, who are identical in race and civilization with the peaceable inhabitants of Natal. There is every reason to hope that a short war may be followed by a long peace, of which the result will belong to Sir BARTLE FRERE. A Roman Governor would have followed precisely the same course; but modern English morality is more sensitive, and perhaps juster.

THE JEWS IN EUROPE.

EVERY now and then the Jews remind the other inhabitants of Europe of their existence, especially when their few zealous admirers or their many unintelligent enemies raise a passing but audible cry for or against them. The Christian Powers have lately had the treatment of the Jews in Morocco under their consideration, and have endeavoured, with partial success, to mitigate the unpleasant processes to which the Jews are subjected by the Moors. The recognition of Roumania as an independent State was long delayed by the inability of the Government to satisfy the preliminary condition laid down by the Powers that the Jews must be emancipated, and, in the end, the Powers had to accept the singular compromise by which Roumanian Jews had to be naturalized by the distinct vote of the Legislature in every case. In Germany there has been a distinct revival of antagonism to the Jews, and one Professor has lifted himself into a sort of eminence by pointing out to his countrymen how disagreeable and dangerous German Jews are to real Germans. On the other hand, the gifted authoress of *Adam Bede* has revealed to her readers the magnificent schemes for national resurrection, which she describes as animating not only shadowy young gentlemen, but dingy enthusiasts in dingy London courts. She has subsequently inveighed against the truculent ill feeling too often displayed towards Jews, and has asked impartial reasoners whether grateful admiration ought not rather to be the feeling awakened towards a people who made an heroic resistance to the masters of the world, and have been animated for ages by an exceptional intensity of religious ardour. Among the classes who read the works of such a writer there is probably as little prepossession against the Jews as can be found anywhere, and of England generally it may be said that, even if Englishmen are not much attracted by Jews of the lower class, yet it is at least easier for a Jew than for a Roman Catholic to get into Parliament for an English constituency. In Germany the two great grievances urged against the Jews seem to be that the Jews have got hold of far too large a proportion of the press, and that they poke their way into more and better business than Germans can conveniently spare them. We cannot here share the feelings which lead to these complaints. A portion, but only a small portion, of the English press is in the hands of Jews, and if it is sometimes felt rather than said that the Jews do too well in business, the envy or animosity thus provoked is more than shared by Greeks and Germans. In France, too, Jews are acknowledged to be well treated. They receive a grant from the State for the purposes of their religion, they are by law admissible to every office, and the career of M. CRÉMIEUX shows that this eligibility is more than nominal and theoretical. But, although this liberality of treatment, so far as it extends, may be creditable to England and France, yet if we look at Europe generally, it is impossible not to be struck with the fact that the more Jews there are in the country the more violent is the dislike to them. There are only 40,000 Jews in all England, and only 50,000 in France. But in Germany there are 400,000, in German Austria twice as many, in Russia over two millions, and in Roumania there are over 400,000 in a population of five millions. In Turkey no doubt the Jews are better treated than in the adjacent nominally Christian States, but in European Turkey there are probably not 20,000 Jews, and in Syria, which includes the ancient seat of the race, there are only 40,000, or as many as in the distant island of England. It is difficult to suppose that there is not some connexion between the density of the Jewish population and its ill-treatment, if only it can be traced.

Why the Jews were persecuted in old days needs no explanation. They were persecuted because it was thought not only permissible, but a sacred duty, to persecute them. They were supported under persecution, and were enabled to preserve their identity as a people, by the bonds and ties of race, by the isolation attendant on peculiar customs, and by the consciousness that they were the appointed depositaries of the law. Persecution tainted them with the vices which oppression always develops in the oppressed, and which are now flowering after centuries like an aloe in our fellow-Christians of Bulgaria and Roumelia. But persecution never lowered the Jew into an acquiescence in the superiority of the Christian. He gave back scorn for scorn, and the Jew honestly, if secretly, thought the Christian as much of a dog as the Christian thought the Jew. All communities which are below the highest scale of civilization dislike aliens in their midst, aliens of whom they are never rid, and aliens who offend the feelings on which the natives most pride themselves, and which they cherish most fondly. And the Jews were not only aliens who lived in a small circle of their own, but who had the greatest objection to be anything but aliens. The last howl of Jewish indignation in countries where they have been persecuted has always been reserved for those of their own fold who have strayed into something that looked like too close a fellowship with the Christian. A German novelist has lately pourtrayed the miserable career of a Russian Jew, who, having a turn for military life, re-enlisted after his time of service was over, and returned to his home, to be treated as an outcast, because he had served a Christian Government longer than he was obliged to do so. It is not therefore wonderful that the Jews should have been hated as aliens, and should have been all the more hated because they hated their haters. This is the feeling that lies at the bottom of the hostility which Jews have to encounter; and it is to this feeling that those really appeal who denounce the Jew for other reasons. But, at any rate, in the Europe of the present day, the antipathy to Jews is not avowedly that which is prompted by differences of race and religion. German professors are not the kind of people to be led away by an inconsiderate zeal for the Christian religion, and even the Roumanians never said that they could not emancipate the Jews simply because they were Jews. There must be something in the Jewish nation besides their speciality of race and religion, to account for their success where they have had a clear field, and for the hostility which they have awakened where they have not had a clear field before them.

The quality of the Jewish mind that has brought it at once into eminence and antagonism is its expansiveness. No national mind is so rigid in one direction and so elastic in another. The Jew guards his fortress, but is always sallying out from it. He has a passion for affairs, he longs to do something and to be something. In countries where he is treated as an outcast, he has no other outlet for this passion for activity but commerce, and, as he is the worst treated in the backward countries, for commerce of the most petty kind. He has taught himself by the practice of ages to become the prince of hucksters and usurers. As a rule, he is not allowed to hold land and has lost the art of agriculture with which in old days he converted into fruitful terraces the barren rocks of Palestine. He has been shut out from armies, and his exclusion has stunted in him the fertility of military resource, the power of military contention, and the recklessness of life which for a time made him a

match for the legions of TITUS. But where he can find an opening he uses it. If he can do only little business, he does little business. If big business is open to him, he does the biggest business within his reach. Where better things were offered to his grasp he has shown himself a master in philosophy, in poetry, and in art. What is most curious is that, if only he has a chance, he expands into a new nationality without losing his old one. The English and French Jew is a Jew, always remaining in his circle, and yet is an Englishman or a Frenchman. No Frenchmen showed themselves more devotedly French in the German war than the French Jews; and in England our literary Jews show themselves furious patriots and write up the leopards of England as their ancestors might, had they possessed the art, have written up the Lion of Judah. The MASTER of the ROLLS is one of the ablest of judges; but, except in the superiority of his acumen, he is exactly like any other judge. It is not, therefore, wonderful that when they have free play, and yet are not too numerous to excite much comment, they should succeed without awakening jealousy. In a country like Germany, where they are numerous and where commerce is at once backward, so that their success is not swallowed up in the success of the nation, and forward enough to give them considerable chances, they get on, but not without considerable social friction. In countries like Roumania, where civilization is just dawning, and where they form a substantial part of the population, they can only do small things; but they do those with a pertinacity and on a scale which strike a perpetual uneasiness into the rude minds of their wondering and grudging neighbours. In the long run, it may be confidently predicted that everything that favours civilization will favour the Jew.

THE SAVINGS BANK BILL.

EXCISION and amendment are turning the Savings Bank Bill into a very useful measure. As it stood at first, it aimed at making the State the banker of the lower middle class. Any one who found at the end of a year that he was 150*l.* to the good might, if the Bill had passed in its original form, have asked the Post Office to keep it for him. This part of the Bill has disappeared, nominally till next Session, really, it may be hoped, for good and all. When this ambitious dream had been laid to rest, there still remained a large field in which Mr. FAWCETT's energy and his zeal for the real interests of the working class had room to show themselves. It will in future be open to any one who has saved 10*l.* to invest it in Consols, without the intervention of a broker. That this provision is sound in principle there can be no doubt. There has been an unusual consensus of opinion in favour of some such opportunity being given to small investors. It must be admitted, of course, that the plan is an experiment, and there are those who say that, as between the Post Office Savings Bank and Government Stock the poor will have no choice, and consequently that the power of investing their savings in the latter, instead of in the former, will lie unused. If so, the Bill will do no good; but, as even in that case it will do no harm, the experiment is well worth making. It is quite possible that those who argue in this way will prove to have greatly underrated the influence of names upon the imagination. Substantially, no doubt, he who has 150*l.* to his credit in the Post Office Savings Bank is as good a man as he who has the same sum invested in Consols. But the sound of having money in the funds is very much finer than the sound of having money in the Savings Bank. The one phrase has a well-to-do and even wealthy air about it; it makes the man to whom it is applied a capitalist in the eyes of his neighbours. The other suggests an idea of small savings stored up against a rainy day which is sure to come in the end, and may come at any moment. We are inclined to think that the influence of this distinction will be considerable, that the dignity of being an investor as compared with a depositor will have a real attraction for the poor, and that the number of holders of Government stock under the provisions of the new Bill will be quite as large as its authors expect. Nor will these investors be in all cases depositors under another name. If the credit of having money in the Funds is different in kind as well as in degree from the credit of having money in the Savings Bank, some who do not much favour the latter mode of putting by their earnings may be tempted into an unaccustomed frugality. It is conceivable, at all events, that a young man who thinks the Savings Bank rather a poor-spirited affair may take a different view of a real investment, and that the purchase of Consols may become a fashion with some who have not yet been touched by the desire of accumulation. It is a question, of course, whether this class will not be discouraged by the restriction of investments to amounts of 10*l.* and upwards. The Government plead that, as they are admittedly trying an experiment, they ought not to be urged to proceed too quickly. In itself, no doubt, this is a very reasonable plea, but its force depends on the extent to which the limit fixed will allow the experiment to be fairly tried. If there will be half as many investors at 10*l.* as there would be at 5*l.*, it is very well to begin with 10*l.*, and afterwards to lower it to 5*l.* But supposing that there are but a fractional part of the investors at 10*l.* that there would be at 5*l.*, it is plain that only a very inadequate idea of the ultimate success of the experiment can be derived from this first trial. This objection is not met by Mr. FAWCETT's promise to lower the limit hereafter if there is found to be any considerable disposition to invest money in this way. There may be a considerable disposition to invest sums under 10*l.* combined with very little disposition, because very little ability, to invest sums over 10*l.* It is not probable that the experiment will fail altogether, even if the larger amount is retained in the Bill, because the depositors in the Post Office Savings Banks will of themselves furnish a considerable number of would-be investors. But the class we have just referred to—the class which despises the Savings Bank, but may be tempted by the funds—will hardly be reached unless the limit is reduced. What is wanted to strike the imagination of the younger workmen is a power of investing a sum which may be earned in a single industrious week, and until this is done, the full success of which the experiment is capable will not be known. We cannot see much force in the argument that, if there should be a sudden fall in Consols, the hurry of small holders to sell might lead to a panic. It is very doubtful whether the poor will ever trouble themselves much about the current value of their stock, unless indeed they are forced to sell at a bad time. Except in individual cases, they will be satisfied so long as their interest is regularly paid them, and may even be tempted to practise extraordinary economy in order to be able to buy on the advantageous terms which can be obtained when buyers are few and sellers many. The imagination of many people a good way removed from poverty refuses to contemplate a state of things in which the credit of the English Government will be seriously shaken.

Two other experiments were announced on Wednesday by Mr. FAWCETT. One of these aims at bringing the Post Office Savings Banks nearer the homes of the class from which the depositors are chiefly drawn. Although new banks are constantly being opened, there are still many districts at which they stand at considerable distances apart. Mr. FAWCETT has picked out thirty places at which there are at present no Post Office Savings Bank, and has arranged for a clerk to attend weekly to transact Savings Bank business. During the month the scheme has been in operation, 145 deposits have been made, amounting in all to 290*l.* Something may have to be deducted for deposits which would have been taken to a more distant post office if the visit of the clerk had not been made. But, considering the trouble incurred by the transfer of an account, it is probable that the greater part of this money might never have found its way into a Savings Bank at all if the Savings Bank had not first found its way to the money. In that case, the thirty clerks employed at an average expense of 6*s.* 8*d.* each visit have done a real service to the depositors. Mr. FAWCETT promises that, if these travelling Savings Banks answer as well in the future as they have done in the past, they will be continued and extended; and it may be hoped that in no very long time no village will be without the means of depositing its savings, at all events at frequent intervals.

Mr. FAWCETT's other expedient is still more ingenious. He is anxious, for one thing, to touch the class of persons that has hitherto been reached only by such private Savings Banks as accept penny deposits. The class is probably a considerable one, if all the children who are encouraged to save in this way are reckoned; and if we

further include all persons who are unable at any time to deposit the shilling, which is the lowest sum that can be received at a post office, it becomes very large indeed. It is impossible to turn the post offices into penny banks, on the ground of expense; and this might be a serious drawback even to the reduction of the minimum deposit to sixpence. An official of the Post Office has suggested that forms should be issued containing twelve spaces, each the size of a penny stamp, and that, when any one of these forms with twelve clean stamps stuck on it is presented at a Post Office Savings Bank, it will be treated as a deposit of a shilling. At present this plan is to be tried only in certain selected counties in the three kingdoms; but, if people show that they value the opportunity thus afforded to them of saving the smallest possible sums, it will be extended to the whole country. The obvious hindrances to the success of the plan are the difficulty of keeping the stamps sufficiently clean to make it clear to the postmaster that they have never been used, and the danger that some of the stamps may be lost before the whole dozen has been collected. If, however, an effective wish to save really exists among people so poor as to be able to put by only a penny or two at a time, it will probably be strong enough to get over these obstacles. A considerable proportion of the depositors under this new arrangement will probably be children, and for them much may be done in the way of providing them with stamps, and keeping their forms for them. It might be a part of the ordinary machinery of every elementary school to keep stamps on sale for the purpose of affixing to the children's forms.

Mr. FAWCETT deserves great credit for introducing these experiments. Thrift is a plant of slow growth in English bosoms, and it is only by resorting to every imaginable expedient that seems to have any promise in it that those which really promote frugality can be discovered. It is to be said in behalf of Mr. FAWCETT's schemes that hitherto every change which has made saving really easier has led to more money being saved. The English poor do not seem to take with any heartiness to the principle of insurance, but they do take heartily to the principle of putting by money with the power, in case of need, of getting it again. They do not trouble much about what happens after their funeral, and they are willing to trust their old age to chance or the Poor-law, except so far as they may have money laid by with which to support themselves. But they do value a Savings Bank, and in all probability it will be found that they will also value the funds. It is only fitting that the work of extending the facilities for putting by savings should have fallen to Mr. FAWCETT. No man has preached more steadily than he the importance of distinguishing between good and bad State help, between the help that only demoralizes the receiver by making him less inclined to do anything for himself and the help which makes his efforts on his own behalf more effectual than they otherwise could be. When Mr. FAWCETT has done his best to make saving popular, he may be able to devise some better way than has yet been discovered of popularizing insurance. In matters of this kind a good deal turns on the form in which a scheme is presented to the public; and certainly, as yet, the Insurance Tables of the Post Office have not hit the poor on the right spot. Whether, by devising some new combination, either of payments or benefits, it would be possible to remedy this, can only be discovered by experiment. The fault of the Post Office hitherto is that it has not been sufficiently enterprising in this direction. Its attitude towards insurers has been one of entire indifference, the indifference of a Government department. If something of the temper of an Insurance Office which has its way to make in the world could be infused into it, some better result might perhaps be arrived at. If it is worth the while of the Government to invite insurers at all, it must be worth its while to secure them as well as to bid for them.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.

THE Report of the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the foundation, development, and present condition of Wellington College will not give entire satisfaction. As regards the question in which the complainants take most interest the decision of the Commissioners is distinctly adverse. It will be remembered that the officers who found fault with the system on which the College is now administered did so on two grounds. In the first place, they said that the number of foundationers had not been increased, as the public had been told it would be. In the next place, they said that a class of boys whom the College was originally intended to benefit is not benefited at all. The gist of the charge against the administration lies in this second plea. The College was founded to provide the children of deceased officers with a gratuitous, or nearly gratuitous, education; but, before it was opened, the Governors determined to give education at cost price to a certain number of children of living officers. A great many officers complain that this promise has been kept in the letter, but broken in the spirit. It is true that between seventy and eighty children of living officers are now receiving their education at Wellington, on terms which involve a slight yearly loss to the College. But the sum which their parents have to pay for this education is 80*l.* a year; and it is contended, with great truth, that this is a much larger sum than many officers are able to provide. A man who can spend this much on the education of a single son has many schools open to him, and there is no particular reason why a new College should have been established in order to give him what he could get equally well elsewhere. The Governors reply that, as a matter of fact, he could not get anything quite as good elsewhere, though he might get something nearly as good. Wellington, they say, stands in the first rank of public schools, and a payment of 80*l.* a year will, at most, gain an entrance into public schools of the second rank. Further, they say that, though a certain kind of education might be given for a smaller sum, it is not such an education as the real founders of Wellington, the public which subscribed the larger part of the endowment, would like to see given to the foundationers. The primary object of the College is to give the orphan children of officers an education of the highest class, and the cost price of such an education cannot be reduced below 80*l.* a year. Consequently, if the interests of children of living officers were considered, the interests of the children of deceased officers would suffer. It would be no longer possible for an officer's orphan child to obtain without payment an education equal to any he could obtain at a public school. Since, therefore, the foundationers must be the primary object of the Governors' care, it is imposible for them to make the cost of education at Wellington less than it is. The complainants met this by a denial that the interests of the foundationers are really served by the plan which the Governors have adopted. It would have been better, they said, if boys who had their own way to make in the world had been brought up in a plainer fashion. They will have to rough it by and by—why should not they begin by roughing it a little at school? Upon the issue thus joined between the complainants and the Governors, the Commissioners pronounce in favour of the Governors. They admit that the number of orphan sons of officers educated at Wellington "has not increased as it was intended it should increase." But against this must be set the fact that the orphans who are being educated there are receiving a very much better education than it was intended they should receive. Fewer members of the class it was proposed to benefit have gained by the existence of the College, but those who have gained have gained a good deal more. The Governors have permitted Wellington "to develop from "an exclusive orphanage conferring a cheap and necessarily inferior education into a large public school . . . "holding out to the objects of the charity social and "educational advantages worthy alike of the name it bears "and of the officers for whom it was designed." In making this choice the Commissioners do not hesitate to say that the Governors have acted wisely and in the best interests of the army.

The public will probably agree with the Commissioners, and it will do so on two grounds. It is not likely that any one with fewer opportunities of investigating the facts of the case will arrive at a sounder opinion than has been arrived at by Lord PENZANCE, General RUSSELL, the Bishop of EXETER, Lord SHERBROOKE, and Colonel CHESNEY, after a full examination of those facts. That is one reason. The other is that the issue is not correctly represented when it is represented as lying between plain living and luxurious living, between roughing it and not roughing it. The difference between Eton or Harrow and a good middle-class school does not merely lie in the food on

the table or the furniture in the rooms. It lies quite as much in the attainments of the masters. Human razors do not like to be set to cut human blocks, and a man who has taken high honours at Oxford or Cambridge does not care to become a master in a school where scholarship will be little cared for, and little opportunity be given for displaying it. On the assumption that the children of deceased officers who are brought up at Wellington ought to get the best education that can be had, the change which the College has undergone was a necessary change, and few people will be disposed to differ from the Commissioners in their opinion that this assumption was the right one for the Governors to go on. If sufficient subscribers can be found, a college may be established for giving the children of living officers an education of which the cost price shall be 30*l.* a year—the sum it was originally proposed to charge children of living officers at Wellington. But such an education would not answer to the ideal which the public interested in the matter have formed to themselves of the education which they wish the children of deceased officers to receive, and consequently it is not in the power of the Governors of Wellington to provide it in the College without injury to the foundationers.

When the Commissioners had come to this conclusion it only remained to suggest such detailed reforms in the administration of the College as had occurred to them in the course of their inquiries. The reason why the number of boys on the foundation has not been increased being the want of funds, it is an indispensable condition of any extension in this direction, either that the income of the College should be increased, or that its expenditure should be reduced. The Commissioners are of opinion that the income of the College has been needlessly lowered by the remission of the payments originally made by each foundationer. They point out that in comparatively few instances are the relations of the boys able to pay nothing whatever towards the cost of their education, and that these exceptional cases might be specially considered by the Governors. If every foundationer not specially exempted were to pay 25*l.* a year, the addition thus made to the College income would allow of the admission of twenty-three more foundationers at the same average charge. The Commissioners further remark that the payment made to the house-master by the boys in the boarding-houses is very much in excess of what is usual in public schools. Each boy pays altogether 130*l.* yearly, of which 40*l.* goes to the College and 90*l.* to the house-master. At Rugby the payment to the house-master is only 72*l.*, and even at Winchester it is only 78*l.* 10*s.* The Commissioners rightly think that a payment somewhat in excess of the average rate at other public schools ought to content the Wellington masters, and they recommend that it should be fixed at 75*l.* By this means sixteen more boys paying 25*l.* a year might be admitted to the foundation. The two changes taken together would increase the number of foundationers from eighty to one hundred and nineteen. These are the only means by which, in the opinion of the Commissioners, it would be possible to increase the College income. As regards decrease of expenditure, the Commissioners remark that, if a boy can be boarded and educated at Haileybury for something over 67*l.*, it ought not to take 13*l.* a year more to board and educate a boy at Wellington. "There "is no evidence to show that there is any such difference "in the educational advantages offered by the two "schools, or in the degree of comfort provided for the "boys, as would serve to account for the great difference "of expense." Wellington ought to be conspicuous for frugality and economy, and there can be no reason why it should suffer itself to be outdone in this respect by a school educating about the same number of boys and having been at work for nearly the same time. The first recommendation of the Commissioners is that a Bursar shall be appointed, who shall give his whole time to the management of the accounts and the supervision of the expenditure, instead of these duties being committed, as at present, to one of the assistant-masters. They next suggest that at the next vacancy the salary of the head-master shall be reduced. At present he receives in all more than 2,400*l.* a year, besides a house; and, as no part of this income is derived from the profits of a boarding-house, he is more free from trouble and worry than most head-masters. The income of head-masters is a subject into which no prudent outsider would care to enter unadvisedly. The Commissioners were forced to speak of it in the discharge of their duties; but those who are not under the same obligation will prefer to say nothing. It will be well to observe a similar caution with regard to another suggestion of the Commissioners. "We think," they say, "the masters ought to aim in their training of "the scholars at inculcating by precept and example a "strict simplicity of life." Nothing but the fact that most masters of public schools are at this moment abroad could account for their silence on this head during the week which has passed since the Report was published. Towards the end of next month we shall look to see the columns of the *Times* filled for days together with demonstrations that the masters of public schools are already examples of simplicity, or that they are not, and in the interests of education ought not to be, examples of anything of the sort; or that it is not the business of Royal Commissions to inquire whether they are or are not. Even while making these suggestions the Commissioners feel how impossible it is to introduce reduction of expenditure from the outside. All that can really be done in this way is to suggest the appointment of a small Executive Committee from among the Governors to examine into the actual working of the College, and to determine where economies can be effected. If the evidence of the Medical Officer of the College is to go for anything, there are several items in which the present outlay may be reduced with no injury, it may even be with positive advantage, to the health of the boys. The provision of meat, for example, is so ample that the Medical Officer says that he is constantly obliged in the discharge of his duties to urge a boy not to eat it. The beer also, in the opinion of the same authority, is needlessly strong, and the allowance of it, in the case of the smaller boys, needlessly plentiful. A Royal Commission cannot make recommendations upon matters like these, but an Executive Committee might do so with advantage to the finances of the College. That the army should have been disappointed in the benefits it hoped to obtain from Wellington was perhaps unavoidable and is certainly irremediable; but this circumstance makes it all the more incumbent on the Governors, and on all concerned in the administration of the College, to do everything in their power to restrain needless outlay whether for or by the boys.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT SWANSEA.

IN choosing what the Mayor of Swansea calls, with perhaps pardonable assumption, the metropolis of Wales for its place of meeting in the year 1880, the British Association may be thought to have paid at once an ingenious compliment to the applied sciences and a delicate attention to those scientific Britons to whom excursions are of more interest than sections. A score of ruined or vegetating cities in the Principality may justly dispute the very dubious title of metropolis, in conferring which upon his own town the Mayor probably meant that Swansea is the largest and most important, not the most ancient or historically distinguished, of Cambrian municipalities. But no Welsh town, save perhaps Merthyr Tydvil, can contest with the head-quarters of tin and copper working the palm of hideousness. Hence Swansea is an admirable place to leave. The authorities have had only the embarrassment of choice in arranging excursions. The Mumbles, the curious and storied peninsula of Gower, are close at hand; half the beauties of South Wales are almost as close; and to anybody for whom the very brown and singularly unquiet waters of the Bristol Channel have no terrors, Ilfracombe and its neighbourhood supply a pleasing opportunity of making or renewing acquaintance with them. The *livret* of excursions on the present occasion is quite a formidable volume.

To the outside world which has not the opportunity or perhaps the desire to stow itself into waggonettes and omnibuses, and to be personally conducted to all sorts of sights, the principal event of a British Association meeting is naturally the Presidential address. The time-honoured habit of giving in these compositions an outline of the chief scientific work of the year has had a certain distinct and definite use in recalling to persons who are not scientific specialists the progress of things in this particular direction. Presidents, moreover, have generally endeavoured to put something of their own into the mixture, and a Presidential address for the most part leaves some conversational or anecdotic reminiscence behind it. Professor Tyndall's Belfast harangue, half-a-dozen years since, certainly satisfied Bentley's severe requirement of being quotable, and a year or two ago the public was mildly agitated by Mr. Spottiswoode's description of the state of things in which no mortal would be able to tie his cravat. Professor Ramsay, the President of 1880, has scorned these frivolities. He has not talked about science in general, nor has he condescended to a *compte rendu* of the results of the year. Professor Ramsay's address was simply an elaborate dissertation of a generalizing character on his own special subject, geology. A certain amount

of disappointment may have been felt by some hearers; but perhaps there have been worse kinds of Presidential addresses. A discourse of the wider and more philosophical sort by a distinguished specialist has, at any rate for a time, a more abiding value than a mere review of the performances of the year. The departments of science represented by the successive Presidents are sufficiently varied; and it is not likely that the same department will get itself represented much oftener than once in a decade. If all Presidents followed Professor Ramsay's example, their work might be for the moment less piquant and interesting, but a collection of it would go far to supply a bird's-eye view of the state of each science at convenient intervals. Next year, which is the fiftieth of the Association, it cannot be doubted that the President will be chosen mainly for his power of coruscating, and then those who crave for coruscations will doubtless be satisfied.

There was little in Professor Ramsay's address that could justly be called startling by anybody acquainted with the history of geological speculation. It might, on the whole, be said to be rather a summing-up of the general tendency of the studies of the last hundred and fifty years than anything else. Implicit acceptance is not the habit of scientific persons; and there are, no doubt, plenty of points in the address which will be vigorously criticized. The recurrence of glacial epochs in particular is one of those points on which the doctors delight to differ. But, on the whole, each successive school of geologists has been more and more inclined to give up the theory of cataclysms and conflagrations, of upheavals and engulfings, in favour of the doctrine of slow and steady changes, not differing in any marked manner from the changes which are at present going on over the actual globe. It was quite natural that it should take some time before this conception was generally realized. While the actual observing work of geology was in the highest degree incomplete—or rather, as it can hardly be said to be other than incomplete now, while it was merely beginning—it was natural that each man should seek for a probable and convenient explanation of the particular phenomena which he was himself investigating. A cataclysm or a conflagration came handy to explain the appearance of this or that adjustment of strata, and a cataclysm or a conflagration was promptly supposed. But when men who inherited the labours of these early explorers found themselves charged with the task of harmonizing the cataclysms and the conflagrations with themselves and with newly-observed facts, it was equally natural that these provisional and tentative hypotheses should be abandoned. They have not quite gone yet; but Professor Ramsay's address may be said to be in all probability the herald of their going. It is to be observed that the Professor was very chary of launching out into theories of creation of any kind, and very much disposed to take the world as he found it. The nebular theory, with its hypothesis of a globe cooling down and hardening in the process—a theory not unlike that irreverently put long ago by Barham, namely, that the earth is over-baked about the Isle of Purbeck and slack-baked about the Bog of Allen—seemed to him probable; but he would say nothing more. Astronomers must talk of that; he was a geologist. This is perhaps a more parochial view of things than the world has been accustomed to in Presidents of the British Association, but it decidedly has its merits. So long as a man sticks to what he knows he is little likely to indulge in the wide and wild generalizations which are the delight of learned ladies and sometimes the scandal of not very wise men. It must be mentioned, too, to the credit of Professor Ramsay's address, that it steered entirely clear of theological difficulties. The old days of perpetual gold-and-silver-shield discussions, in which the disputants habitually argued wide of each other's elenchus, can hardly, we fear, be said to have disappeared altogether. But there is little excuse for any revival of them in connexion with Professor Ramsay's speech. The speech, moreover, in its illustrative parts, abounded with useful matter for comparatively unlearned and ignorant folk. That part of it which dealt with the question of rocksalt may be taken as an instance. There are few more dismal regions of the world than those, such as the Atacama of South America, the salt deserts of the Rocky Mountains, and the great central tableland of Asia, where the salt simply lies strewn about the surface of the ground or fills in a highly concentrated solution the useless and unfertilizing reservoirs of huge lakes. Yet, if Professor Ramsay's theories are correct, this sterile desolation is only a link in the chain of changes which leads to the formation of the deposits which enrich Cheshire and Galicia and the Punjaub. The Atacama is simply Droitwich and Wieliczka *in posse*, the great salt lakes of Asia are simply the same in a stage still further removed. First dissolved and then precipitated by evaporation, the salt slowly gathers until it ceases to strew the surface, a useless and sterilizing encumbrance, and instead underlies the ground in solid masses supporting a fertile soil, and ready when the miner's pick comes to seek it to contribute to the necessities of the world. There certainly needs no laborious process of harmonizing to assimilate hypotheses like these to the requirements of any religion, and it would be difficult for the Laureate's clergyman who hawked at geology and schism to find quarry here.

Every meeting of the British Association brings up again the old question of the utility of such gatherings to science, truly so called. When this Association was founded, people in general had by no means given up the old notion of the *virtuoso*, the fantastic, if harmless, lunatic who pottered about frogs, and butterflies, and weeds, and bits of stone, and who of course was much more amusing in his gregarious than in his solitary condition. A good many things have happened since that time, and the *virtuoso* has become something of a power in the land. He always had the great faculty of believing in himself, a faculty which, strange as it may seem to those who have heard of the vanity of authors, has generally failed his chief rival, the man of letters. Perhaps the insensibility of many scientific men to the humorous side of their own pursuits was the cause of the laugh being so long kept up against them. But, however that may be, the British Association has long been a sober fact to others besides its members, and it has, or will soon have, the characteristic which charms M. Challemel-Lacour in so many of our institutions. It is positively becoming ancient. It has lasted out changes in the map of Europe which would take a stout atlas to record them. It has seen something like a dozen French Constitutions, and very few indeed of those who took part in its first meeting are likely to be present next year at its fiftieth. In the course of the interval, it has done—it is only fair to remember it—not a little solid work to which no other of the congresses which are in some sort its rivals can lay claim. The few hundreds a year which the British Association dispenses in grants form the only sum, strictly speaking, in the whole enormous educational budget, public and private, of England, which is definitely allotted to the much-wrangled-over endowment of research. The grantees, in not a few instances, really have "researched," with benefit to themselves and to the world. Secondly, in the papers, from Professor Ramsay's address downwards, which have been read this week and will be read next week, though there is doubtless a good deal of rubbish, there is a good deal more which cannot fairly be called by that opprobrious title. The British Association performs in England, and in a very English way, something of the same function performed in France by the various scientific Academies. The preparation of a paper is rarely altogether waste of time; and the discussion of it, when it gets itself discussed, is not wholly lost labour. For undoubtedly the worse tendency of scientific study, with its immense subdivision and the absence of the checks and safeguards which exist in literature, is its tendency to a kind of provincial pottering about matters which are in reality unimportant and uninteresting to any rational mind. Contact with others is the best remedy for this; and the scientific crotcheteer who gets a paper discussed is undergoing much the same beneficent discipline as that which a home-bred prodigy undergoes in his first day or two at a public school. Of course it would be idle to deny that to the student of human nature the survival of oddities at gatherings such as these is a matter of still more interest than their rubbing down and disappearance. The British Association falls somewhat short of its compeer, the Social Science Congress, in the provision of this sort of game, and the crotchets which are brought forward at its meetings are for the most part of a more recondite and less easily enjoyed character. But still there is plenty for the observer. When next year comes, and its President takes occasion, as no doubt he will do, to compare the present position of science in England with its position in the first year of William IV., he will probably have the good sense not to claim all the progress as being due to the agency of the Association. But, if his modesty led him to claim nothing at all, he would make a mistake. The Association has done some good work of a definite kind, and more of a kind that is indefinite, so that on the whole scientific and non-scientific persons may pardon it its excursions, its occasional tall talk, and its occasional suspicion of playing at working.

INJURED INNOCENCE.

It is all very well for moralists to implore their disciples not to let the habit of regarding the ludicrous aspects of things acquire too strong a hold on them. But any moralist who for some time to come makes an appeal of this kind may with great advantage be referred to the debate which took place in the House of Commons on Monday night on the subject of Mr. Dillon's character. It might have been thought that the character of the member for Tipperary hardly required several hours' talking in presence of the Speaker of the House of Commons to settle it, seeing that the honourable gentleman had with great frankness expounded it to everybody some days before. Mr. Forster, however, had been imprudent enough to give vent to the opinions entertained by most people on the subject, and Mr. Dillon was deeply hurt. It was, of course, of not the slightest importance to him personally what a minion of tyranny might think of him; but, as Mr. Forster's words seemed to reflect on the Irish nation, Mr. Dillon thought it right to protest. So he did protest, in a manner which we can assure him must have cleared up any lingering doubts as to that knotty problem—his character—which may have remained after Mr. Forster's comments. Him followed many of his friends, for some of whom we are rather sorry to be able to find no better description. A very few such Irish members as Mr. Mitchell Henry cleared themselves honestly and like men from any complicity with Mr. Dillon's amiable designs. Others, like Mr. Justin McCarthy, justified only too sadly the dictum of the ancients about the effect of evil communications upon good manners. But most of them—the Sextons, and the Finigans, and the Sullivans, and the Parnells, and the O'Connors—acted after their kind. They were desperately injured, ostentatiously innocent, studious to say nothing that could commit themselves, while at the same time they said "ditto" to Mr. Dillon with the same exquisite humanity, the same courageous

straightforwardness, the same delicate appreciation of the duty of man to the lower animals (including landlords), which had characterized the now famous address of the member for mild-minded Tipperary. Mr. Justin McCarthy was so encouraged by this display that, according to one report of his speech, he ventured on a syllogism, always a dangerous thing for an Irishman to attempt. "When men of honour and intelligence," said in effect Mr. McCarthy, "came down to the House and backed up Mr. Dillon, it was evidently absurd to make a fuss about his speech." We may point out a certain awkward weakness about Mr. McCarthy's major. But, to come back to our moralist, it is evident that, from his earnest point of view, such a display as that on Monday night would be simply horrible and incredible. He would never get over this little difficulty of Mr. McCarthy's, and the spectacle of men of honour and intelligence approving instigations to revolt, robbery, and the most dastardly cruelty—for so his weak mind would probably take it—would be altogether too much for him. A heart "fracted and corroborate," a brain alternately bemused and whirling, would probably be the portion of this unlucky and too matter-of-fact philosopher. When he heard persons in coats and hats, and with not the least external appearance of war-paint, feathers, filed teeth, or suchlike outward and visible signs of savagery, say, *totidem verbis*, that "they could not understand the sympathy of honourable members with the sufferings of cattle"; when he heard other persons, whose blood is the blood of English gentlemen and whose forefathers have associated for generations with those who hold the English gentleman's standard of truth, say that they were "surprised to hear" of practices notorious and common as eating and drinking; when, we say, these facts came before him, the results could not but be disastrous. At best he would probably testify and denounce in a fashion very amusing to the delinquents. Such denunciation would be nearly as idle as stamping and raving and such more demonstrative forms of excitement. It cannot be supposed (we do not imagine that Mr. Forster himself supposed it, though apparently Mr. Mitchell Henry did) that the men who are cowardly and wicked enough to do these things would have honour enough or conscience enough to feel their condemnation. The only really appropriate way of treating them, short of methods which Englishmen have wisely, or unwisely, thought fit to abandon, is to put them to the uses of science. It is really interesting to see how far men will go when they have put off all shame, and are indifferent to the opinion of all their fellows except those who are as shameless as, and more ignorant than, themselves. For such a study the student is never likely to have a more favourable opportunity than he had on Monday night.

The member for Tipperary began well. Strong in the conviction that Mr. Forster would not prosecute him, he was good enough to confess at once the accuracy, save as to words, of the reports of his famous exhortation to the people of Ireland to make use of their hands for picking and stealing, and to protect themselves from the danger of coveting their neighbour's ox or his ass by the precaution of making those cattle valueless. And then Mr. Dillon made that famous distinction between cowardice and wickedness to which we have already referred. Coward he might be, and impostor he might be, but why wicked? For it seems that, though it is no insult to the people of Ireland to suggest that they tolerate and cheer a cowardly impostor, it is a slight on their unblemished morality to insinuate that they approve of "wickedness." This delicate casuistry was ably seconded by Mr. A. O'Connor, who pointed out that it could not be a moral duty to obey English laws because they were "stupid," which in some respects they undoubtedly are. Then, when Mr. Forster had stood to his guns and had in the most insufferably morbid and puling manner mentioned to the House a few cases of brutality to harmless animals (which cases probably made most of the morbid and puling Englishmen, who heard or read them, itch to be within reach of the perpetrators with a good hunting crop), there arose Mr. A. M. Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan is an eloquent speaker and has generally managed to retain the respect of his bitterest political opponents. This apparently troubles him, and he made a noble effort to get rid of the encumbrance by accusing Mr. Forster of "begging the question" in quoting the very atrocities the commission of which Mr. Dillon had in unmistakable language invited. Mr. Sullivan then began to talk about people who were shot down, and his hearers must have been relieved at the prospect of some allusion to the case of Mr. Boyd. But Mr. Sullivan does not seem to have heard of Mr. Boyd, and the shot-down people remain nameless unless they are synonymous with certain malefactors and rioters. If they are the latter, we must own that Mr. Sullivan is quite right, and that sympathy with such persons in England is terribly slack. After Mr. Sullivan came Mr. Mitchell Henry, and Mr. Mitchell Henry does not deserve the application of the anatomic method. For though he denounced Mr. Forster's use of the word cowardice, he made himself extremely unpleasant to Mr. Dillon by demonstrating in the clearest way that his speech was cowardly, wicked, and everything else which Mr. Forster had called it. He went further and analysed the speech itself in a manner which must have made his Irish colleagues not a little uncomfortable. This gave The O'Donoghue a fine opportunity of showing his sincerity in the cause, and he informed the House that he thought nothing of the atrocity of hamstringing cattle as compared with the atrocity of evicting tenants. Mr. Finigan followed after an interlude by Sir P. O'Brien. Mr. Finigan gave the debate a new and pleasing turn. He was the urbane interpreter who would make clear to a House of stupid Saxons the real meaning of Mr. Dillon's words. That honourable gentleman was only in the vivid and forcible manner of his race exhorting Irishmen to "organize," as Mr. Gladstone had exhorted the men of Midlothian. It is to be hoped that the calves with their eyes gouged out, the cattle hamstrung so that they cannot stand, and the sheep docked of their ears appreciate the beauties of Mr. Finigan's method of organization. Mr. Finigan's urbanity, however, served as an excuse for Mr. O'Donnell to discourse on the state of Ireland in general, whereat Lord Hartington mildly protested; but the real genuine thing reappeared in the speech of Dr. Commins, the great Liberal champion of Liverpool, who did his best the other day for Lord Dalhousie. Dr. Commins was quite disgusted at the "maudlin sentimentality" which objected to houghing, though it is surprising to observe that even Dr. Commins does not wholly approve of the practice. This we cannot but think a weakness on his part. Of Messrs. Barry and Byrne, of Gyas and Cloanthus, we shall not speak. But it is worth noting that Mr. Biggar is of the honest few who plainly avowed their opinion that to ask a man to pay you what he has covenanted to pay is a crime far blacker than to inflict cruel tortures on your neighbour's cattle. With Mr. Justin McCarthy we have dealt. Like Mr. McCarthy, Mr. O'Shaughnessy, too, is not exactly the sort of person from whom one would expect to hear the doctrine that "a neighbourhood has a right to do all it can" to prevent farms empty by eviction from being taken, even though the statement be qualified by a proviso about violence. But here, as elsewhere, bad company and the contagion of political excitement will apparently do wonders. Then came Mr. Parnell's ingenuous surprise at the idea of cruelty having been shown towards cattle, and Mr. Dillon's sturdy wonder at the fuss made about that cruelty. So the innocents demonstrated their innocence triumphantly, and no doubt seemed to themselves as white as, shall we say the lambs whose mammas Mr. Dillon's friends deprive of their ears, or the milk of the cows whom the same heroes humorously vivisect?

One point not hitherto much noticed deserves a little attention. Everybody was very indignant at the charge of cowardice brought against Mr. Dillon, against "John" Dillon, as Mr. Sullivan remarked with eloquent pathos. Everybody taunted Mr. Forster with unwillingness to bring Mr. Dillon to legal book for his words, and triumphantly asked how, this being the case, he could have a right to call Mr. Dillon a coward. Both these facts seem to point to a curious, if not altogether novel, difference between English and Irish standards of bravery. It is a very short time since in Ireland it would have been thought not in the least cowardly for a practised duellist to call out an inexperienced boy. It is evidently at the present day thought not in the least cowardly to hack and torture the animals who are the property of obnoxious persons. It is therefore not surprising to see that Irishmen, or at least that some Irishmen, should fail to see that the conduct of an agitator is of itself, and in its essence, cowardly. He never runs the same risks as those whom he eggs on. He has all the advantages of the agitation, they have all the disadvantages. He has, owing to the wise or unwise tolerance of the English law, nothing to dread but insignificant imprisonments, and there is very little chance of his suffering these. They have to face the rifle and the gallows. This sort of conduct, under these circumstances, is what we in England call cowardly. In Ireland it seems to be heroic, and persons who pursue it deserve the supreme honour of being spoken of by their Christian names, like Mr. Gladstone in the heyday of his popularity. A favourite subject for Irish orators to declaim on is the inequalities which beset Irishmen. We are not ourselves aware in what those inequalities consist, except in being generally spoilt and petted, while Englishmen and Scotchmen have to make their own way in the world, and their own moan if they fail to make it. But here is an inequality which really deserves a little attention. Suppose the gentlemen who talked on Monday night were to get their morality a little more up to the level of that of their neighbours on such points as the obligation of the Eighth Commandment and the manner of behaving to brute beasts. When they have done this they will display their injured innocence to a good deal better advantage, and that awkward difficulty about Mr. McCarthy's major and the "men of honour and intelligence" will vanish.

VALERANDUS POLLANUS.

THE French refugee, Wolrand Poullain, is scarcely known in England except by the Latin form of his name, which we have given above. He probably could speak little and write less in our language, and has hitherto been scarcely known to English readers except from three Latin letters written by him to Cecil in November 1551, about the affairs of some French weavers who had been granted a settlement at Glastonbury. These letters were printed by Strype from the Lansdowne MSS. in his Memorials of Archbishop Cranmer. The letters themselves contain nothing that is worth commenting on. It may be observed that they seem to justify the first half of Strype's description of him as being "a man of great worth, both for learning and integrity." He certainly wrote very fair Latin; but as to his moral character we have no evidence one way or the other, and doubt very much whether Strype had any other means of judging than we possess. It was enough for this partial

writer of history to know that Alasco and Poullain had been granted by Edward VI. the titles of Superintendents of the Strangers' churches in London and Glastonbury, in order to enable him to add the flourish that the title was given to each to fix a character of honour and esteem upon their persons. Neither is there any evidence to support his conjecture that it was intended perhaps to exempt them and their churches from the jurisdiction of the Bishops of those respective dioceses. It is likely enough this may have been the intention of the Privy Council of the day; and if so, there was the further purpose on their part, for which there is elsewhere abundant evidence, of assimilating the government of the Church of England, as soon as it might be practicable, to the form established under these two Superintendents at London and Glastonbury.

The mode of performing Divine Service in the Belgian Church in London has been described by Alasco. This work, which was written in Latin and immediately translated into French, was not printed till 1555. And if the Reformers who framed Edward VI.'s Second Prayer-Book of 1552 had this volume before them, as it seems probable, it must have been in the form of manuscript. But Poullain's description of the form used at Glastonbury, which was identical with that which had been used eight years earlier at Strasburg, was published the year before that Prayer-Book came out. It bears date 19 February, 1551, and the Second Prayer-Book of Edward's reign came into operation in November of the following year. Neither of these works has received the notice that it deserves at the hands of historians of the Reformation. It is certain that both of them exerted considerable influence on the nature of the changes adopted between the summer of 1549 and the autumn of 1552. As to the latter work, Burnet does not even once refer to it, or indeed to its author at all, till the reign of Mary, when he published his account of the disputes between the Roman Catholic and Protestant parties held on the 18th and five following days of October 1553.

Alasco's influence on the minds of the English Reformers is beginning to be tolerably understood. Of that and of the work to which we have already referred we desire to say no more here, but wish to call attention to Poullain's account of "the use of Strasburg," because of its striking similarity in many of its forms to the services adopted in England in 1552. This little volume, again, has for the most part escaped the notice of writers on the history of the Prayer-Book, Mr. Blunt's commentary having alluded to it only in the most casual way, and the only account of it we have seen being in a note to the first of Archbishop Laurence's Bampton Lectures. It was published with the date, 19th of February, 1551, from Westminster, and is dedicated to the King as "Catholicæ Fidei vero Defensori"; and in the dedication the author speaks of the King as having attained his fifteenth year. As Edward only completed his fifteenth year on October 12th, 1552, this would fix the date February 1551 as meaning, according to the English computation, 1552; but, though the author may have been mistaken as to the exact age of the King, he being a foreigner, he could not possibly have been ignorant whether Bucer, whom he mentions in the preface, was dead or alive. And, as Bucer died February 28, 1551, the appeal to Martyr and Bucer to witness that he has described the rites and ceremonies of the Church at Strasburg faithfully proves beyond all doubt that the date is 1551. The exact year of the publication is of some importance, because, if it had been published a year later, there would have been less ground for arguing that parts of the English Prayer-Book were taken from it.

What is most remarkable in the connexion of Poullain's work and the English Prayer-Book of 1552 is the point, which Archbishop Laurence has entirely missed, that the alterations from the edition of 1549 were in the direction of the teaching of Calvin and Zuingli as opposed to that of Luther. The personal influence of Bucer had ended with his death at the beginning of the year 1551. He had been all along the mediator between the Zuinglians and the Lutherans; and the school of Strasburg, which was represented by him, was steadily setting in towards the Calvinistic views which upon the whole somewhat prevailed over the Zuinglian at the Consensus Tigurinus in 1549. Alasco and Poullain were both still living, the latter being less hostile to Luther, and probably thinking, with his master Bucer, that an amalgamation between the Lutheran and the Zuinglian views was quite possible, in face of the dangers that appeared likely to arise from the dissensions of Protestants. And thus it has happened that the Archbishop, with scarcely any misrepresentation of the facts of the case, has used them for the purpose of supporting his thesis that the Reformation in England was all along conducted according to the Lutheran theory, because the expressions used in the Prayer-Book and Articles of 1552 were not more definitely and pronouncedly Calvinistic than they are. There is a copy of the scarce little volume which gives an account of the mode of conducting divine service at Strasburg amongst the Tanner volumes in the Bodleian Library. It is for the most part, as Archbishop Laurence describes it, a Latin translation of Calvin's French Prayer-Book, drawn up for use at Geneva, which he himself afterwards translated into Latin and published in 1545. The author speaks of the similarity of the uses of Geneva, Lausanne, Neufchatel, Bâle, and Zürich. It consists of thirty-nine leaves only, not paged, but foliated. It is well known that the Exhortation, Confession, and Absolution in the Morning and Evening Service, together with the insertion of the Ten Commandments in the Communion Service, distinguish the second from the first Prayer-Book of Edward's reign. In the very first rubric at morning prayers, where we have the direction to read with a loud voice, we have the translation of Poullain's *clarâ et distinctâ voce*. The Ten Commandments, which are placed next in the Strasburg form, are replaced as ours by the sentences of Scripture. The exhortation ending with "me præeuntem sequimini his verbis," has been lengthened into our "Dearly beloved brethren," ending with "Accompany me with a pure heart and humble voice unto the throne of the heavenly grace, saying after me." As the Confession which follows has never appeared in an English dress, we venture to insert it at length as literally translated as possible:—

> O Lord God, Almighty and everlasting Father, we acknowledge and confess without dissembling to thy most holy majesty, that we are miserable offenders, and so from the first moment of our conception and birth as prone to all evil as we are estranged from all good, and by this our fault we are continually transgressing thy most sacred laws, and so by thy most just judgment deserve death. Yet, O Lord God, we are sorry thus to have offended thy goodness, and so we condemn ourselves and all our too-wicked deeds, praying thee of thy clemency to help us in this our affliction. Have mercy, therefore, upon us all, O God and Father, most kind and merciful, we beseech thee in the name of thy son Jesus Christ our Lord. Blot out all our faults, wash our filthiness, and grant to us, bestow upon us, and increase in us daily the power of the gift of thy holy Spirit, so that, truly and seriously understanding our misery and acknowledging our unrighteousness, we may be truly penitent; so that, being dead to sin, we may hereafter abound in the fruits of righteousness and innocence in which we may please thee; through Jesus Christ thy son, our only Mediator and Redeemer. Amen.

Immediately after this Confession there occurs in Poullain's book a form of so-called Absolution by which it is specially distinguished from Calvin's form of service, and which so far assimilates it to the Anglican Prayer-Book of 1552, although it consists only of the recitation of certain passages of Scripture selected at the pastor's pleasure, the people standing or kneeling as the inclination of each individual may prompt him.

We need not follow the work throughout. It need only be said that it throws considerable light on the mode which from Elizabeth's time prevailed in the Church of England of conducting service down till very recent times. The length of the service was prescribed to be an hour and a half, or, at the outside, when there might be a large number of communicants, two hours. There is a provision for Catechizing at Noon, the morning prayers being supposed to be at eight; and vespers, with a sermon of an hour's length, were held at 4 P.M., so as to give time for the pastor and elders of the church to consult before supper-time on the affairs of the church. The directions about baptism also are such as to remind the reader of our own service and its rubrics; whilst the denial of the efficacy of the Sacrament as being other than a seal of grace already received finds nothing to correspond to it in our baptismal service.

Wolrand Poullain's book goes beyond anything that ever actually found its way into the English Service Book; but there are many indications that if Edward VI. had lived a few years longer there would probably have been a third Prayer-book modelled more completely upon the type of the celebrated *Reformatio Legum Ecclesiasticarum*, and, as a natural consequence, more closely resembling Poullain's description of the Strasburg use. In the latter may be found the provision for publishing the banns of marriage on three successive Sundays before the ceremony takes place. The service for marriage contains an address which, among other things, states that matrimony is indissoluble except for the cause of fornication, a proviso which corresponds exactly with the statement of the *Reformatio Legum Ecclesiasticarum*, which so narrowly escaped becoming the law of the Church of England.

There are other suggestions in this little volume well worth attending to. And we have drawn attention to it because we are persuaded that the influence of its writer as well as that of Alasco on the religious history of Edward's reign has never been adequately appreciated.

MILITARY TOPOGRAPHY.

WE doubt whether there is in the whole curriculum of military training any subject which has made such strides of late years as that of military topography. It is but a few years ago that this subject was a sealed book to the great mass of the officers of our army. Not merely were they, as a rule, unable to reproduce upon paper the simplest features of any tract of country through which they might pass, or to write an intelligible description of it, but they could not even recognise them on a map when they saw one. There are numerous stock anecdotes still current in the service of old officers gravely pondering over maps which they could not read, mistaking lakes for mountain-tops, hills for valleys, watercourses for elevated ground, contour lines for foot-paths, and so on.

Now it is very different. There are few regimental officers who do not understand the use of the prismatic compass and sketching-case, and who cannot produce an intelligible sketch of a tract of average country. Every route-march during the cold weather is utilized for the purpose of describing the route traversed with regard to the distances, nature of road, streams, rivers, bridges, houses, supplies, &c.; and not merely officers but non-commissioned officers are becoming versed in elementary topography. A want of system and uniformity in the method of imparting instruction has, however, been felt for some time, principally owing to the number of text-books, as they are called, in circulation; and in

January last year a Committee was assembled to inquire into and report on the matter. Before going further we will describe the text-book system for the information of our civilian readers. The great impulse which late years have given to military science in the shape of tactics, strategy, fortification, topography, military law and administration, and the consequent educational qualifications demanded from officers who wish for advancement in the service, have necessitated study in the above subjects. On each and all numerous treatises have been written at various times by different individuals, generally officers, and the only question for an officer who wishes to study is, which book shall he select? The question is, however, settled for him by the military authorities. A certain work is selected and announced as the text-book—that is to say, that at all examinations in the subject treated the questions will be taken from it. Possibly the said book is the best in the field at the moment, possibly other motives have inspired the selection, but the result is the same. Officers are naturally averse to prejudice their chances of passing by studying other works, and the successful author, knowing that he has secured a monopoly which may possibly be short-lived, and knowing also that his circulation will be limited to military readers, charges an exorbitant price. Let us take a familiar illustration from civil education. Colenso's *Arithmetic* is pretty well known to teachers and students alike as one of the best educational works extant. But what would be the result if the price of this book was fixed at thirteen or fourteen shillings? Simply that some other and cheaper work would be at once selected. There are text-books authorized in the army, which, relatively speaking, are not to be compared to the work above named in value and suitability for their purpose, the price of which is fixed even higher than fourteen shillings; but officers are not allowed the benefit of the competition which reduces the cost of such books in civil life, and must pay the price demanded. The whole system is an anomaly in these days of cheap literature, and nothing has militated so seriously against the progress of military education as this monopoly which is enjoyed by a few at the expense of the many, and at which, as we shall presently see, the first blow has been struck. To return to our subject. A Committee was appointed, as already stated, to inquire into the subject, the composition of which certainly left little to be desired. It is as follows:—President, Sir Archibald Alison, K.C.B. Members, Colonel Creagh Osborne, Commandant Staff College; Colonel Woolsey, R.A., Director of Artillery Studies; Colonel Cooke, C.B., R.E., Director-General of Ordnance Surveys; and Colonel Middleton, Commandant Royal Military College. The objects of the Committee were—1st. To decide what text-book of military sketching and surveying shall be adopted as the typical one for military education. 2nd. To propose definitely the nature of the system by which instruction in military surveying and sketching in the army shall be governed, and to what extent it is fair to require a knowledge of military sketching from officers generally. 3rd. To define the extent to which this instruction should be carried at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, as affecting future officers of the Royal Engineers; at the Staff College, as affecting officers of the general staff; and at the Royal Military College, as affecting officers who subsequently have to undergo the special army examinations for promotion. The Committee preface their Report by pointing out the diversity of terms used for designating this particular branch of science, and they recommend that one term alone be employed—namely, "military topography," which term may be afterwards subdivided into "surveying," "sketching," and "reconnaissance."

With regard to text-books, the Committee "do not consider that any of the text-books now in use fully meet the requirements of the several educational establishments of the army. And this will be still less the case if the alterations they have recommended, such as the reintroduction of the plane table, &c., should be adopted. The Committee also consider it very undesirable that any text-book should be adopted in which any officer engaged in instruction in one of the military educational establishments has a pecuniary interest; and they are of opinion that all such works should be issued by the Secretary of State for War from the Department of the Director-General of Military Education; and should be the only books used for instruction in the army. The Committee do not therefore recommend that any of the text-books now in use should be adopted; but they think it desirable that one or more competent officers should be selected to compile one, which might, if necessary, be published in two parts, the one comprising sketching and reconnaissance, the other surveying."

With regard to the second subject, the Committee consider "that the nature of the system by which instruction in surveying and sketching should be governed ought to be such that, while offering every encouragement to the student or officer who is skilled, or shows a likelihood of becoming skilful, in the use of his pen or pencil, the individual who is physically unable to draw well or even fairly, and yet who may become a valuable officer, shall not be worried, and perhaps driven out of the service by a system which assumes that all men are alike or on a par with regard to the faculty of drawing and sketching." Bearing this in mind the Committee have, with regard to the third subject, recommended that taking the Royal Military College as a starting point of an officer's career in the cavalry or infantry, the cadets shall there go through such a course of topography as shall be within the scope of a lad of ordinary ability, to whom the subject is perfectly new.

Before attaining the rank of captain, an officer shall pass an examination in the same subjects that he passed in as a cadet, a somewhat higher standard being demanded. Before attaining the rank of major, he shall be required to pass an examination similar to that passed for the rank of captain, but with the addition of more detailed reconnaissances of rivers and roads. This will be the last examination a regimental officer will be called upon to pass in this subject, and it will be seen that he is required to do little more than keep up what he learnt as a cadet, which knowledge the Committee believe to be sufficient for the officers of the army generally, and at the same time necessary, taking into consideration the fact that, owing to our large colonial possessions, our campaigns, unlike those of most European nations, are usually carried on in wild countries which have never been surveyed or mapped." These recommendations strike us, on the whole, as sensible, moderate, and judicious. There is no straining after the impossible, full allowance is made for the want of special talent in individuals, and nothing is demanded which is beyond the scope of ordinary intelligence and ordinary industry.

The Committee then proceed to suggest certain alterations in the present systems of imparting instruction and in delineating ground. They are as follows:—

"1. The introduction of a regular course of lectures and practical instruction in reading maps, and in finding the way about in a strange country by means of a map and common compass.

"2. The substitution of the system of showing hill features by shading in mezzotint with stump and powdered chalk or lead from a pencil, for the one now in force of indicating them by horizontal hachures, contours being retained as at present.

"3. The reintroduction of the plane table in its simplest form.

"4. The removal of problems in heights and distances.

"5. The introduction of Watkin's range finder as an aid to surveying."

We fear that some difficulty will be encountered in carrying out the first of these, for we do not see where any "strange country" is to be found within any reach of any military station in the United Kingdom.

Suggestion No. 2 will be a welcome relief to all concerned. The present system of shading hill features, known as "hachuring" —or, more familiarly, as "worms"—is tedious, monotonous, and painfully slow. Not one in a hundred who attempt it ever really succeed in doing it well, and change can hardly fail to be an improvement. The reintroduction of the plane table is recommended on the almost unanimous evidence of officers who have worked in India. It is, however, not to supersede the prismatic compass, which is to be retained, but each is to be used where most suitable. We may mention, for the benefit of the uninitiated, that the difference between the two instruments is briefly this. The prismatic compass is extremely portable, but involves a large amount of walking, while the plane table brings your work to you at the expense of portability. The Committee point out that on several occasions during the Zulu war, the compass was rendered useless by the presence of iron ore in the hills. Suggestions 4 and 5 are matters of detail. The Committee conclude by laying down the course of study which they recommend for the various branches of the service, but which we have no space to enter upon. Altogether they may be congratulated on the result of their labours.

THE ALTERATIONS AT TEMPLE BAR.

IN the early history of London nothing is more difficult than to assign a date to Ludgate. If we believe the old-fashioned writers, it is the oldest of the City gates. If we accept the newer lights, it is the latest. The latter view is probably the true one; and it is, at any rate, not very difficult to find a time, which may be chronologically determined, when there was no way out of the City over the Fleet. When the Fleet gate or Flood gate was connected with a bridge, the road to Westminster at once joined the suburbs about Shoe Lane and St. Clement Danes with the City; and, in accordance with the custom of the time, these suburbs became wards, and had their aldermen, who, however, answer rather to the modern idea of lords of manors than aldermen. And so, when in 1279 a certain Ralph le Fevre sells his ward of Ludgate to William Farringdon, it was joined to the other suburban estate of that great alderman, and became, what it continues after the lapse of six hundred years, the great ward of Farringdon Without. The one person whose rights were invaded by this extension of the Liberties of London was the Abbot of Westminster. His manor of St. Margaret's, he contended, reached to the Fleet; and the truth of this allegation is proved by the fact that he presented to the churches of St. Dunstan's and St. Bride's. The Dean and Chapter of Westminster are still the patrons of St. Bride's; but in the thirteenth century Henry III. persuaded the Abbot to give him St. Dunstan's that he might annex it to the house in Chancery Lane which he was then founding for converted Jews. Henry little foresaw the day when a Jew would reign in the same house as Master of the Rolls, and the Abbot as little foresaw the day when Temple Bar would be gravely described as one of the city gates. The ward, indeed, can hardly be said to have been recognized before 1346, when its representatives were first admitted to the Common Council. The Fleet Bridge was in existence before 1228, and the "bar of the New Temple" is mentioned as early as the first year of the fourteenth century. Keeping these meagre facts in mind, it is curious to inquire for the mention of a time when there was no bar here. Even this

may be obtained, for in the grant of a piece of ground to Peter of Savoy in 1246, it is described as lying in the Strand outside the walls of London. In all subsequent documents it is described as lying outside Temple Bars. We know, then, that Temple Bar came into existence after 1246 and before the end of the century, and in all probability some further information may come to light on the subject before very long.

That Temple Bar was a City gate—that is to say, a fortified opening in the wall—probably few would now assert. But when the triumphal arch erected in 1670 was removed a little time ago, there was much lamentation in certain quarters at the loss of "the last of our City gates." Considering that the boundary between the ward of Farringdon Without and the parish of St. Clement Danes was absolutely unmarked by any defence, it would be hard to say what the gate, if it was a gate, was situated in. A gate implies a wall, or something of the kind. Yet we know that access could be had from the Templars' tilt yard into the "City" by various ways, as numerous, probably, as they are now, between Carey Street and Chancery Lane. The ground, Fockett's Field, or Little Lincoln's Inn Field, as it was called, on which the religious knights took their diversion, is already covered by the new Law Courts; which, if they have obliterated much that was interesting, have, also, it must be allowed, removed much that was objectionable. Among the thirty-three streets and courts pulled down there was a Shire Lane, whose very name is interesting, marking as it did the exact boundary between the county of Middlesex and the City of London. The name had, however, for some years been lost in that of Searle's Place; but Stow, who says it "divideth the cittie from the shire," adds that it adjoins Temple Bar; and this is all the mention he accords to the "gate." Shortly after Stow's time a wooden building somewhat like a toll-house, apparently, was placed across the narrow street, and on its removal in a ruinous state, the late archway of stone was made by Wren, and adorned with statues of the two Kings Charles, and of King James I. and Queen Anne of Denmark, by Bushnell. It was worth preserving, and every one is glad to hear of its re-erection in Epping Forest, though a place on the Embankment, at the gate of the Temple Gardens for instance, would have been preferable. It was designed for a City site, and will be to some extent literally out of place in the country. Mr. Street, in one of his earlier designs for the Law Courts, proposed a kind of Rialto, reaching from the new buildings into the Temple, and affording the lawyers a safe conduct over Fleet Street. It would have been a very picturesque feature in the view, and would have commemorated Temple Bar very worthily. But other counsels prevailed, and it is impossible to feel much regret that the noble street is uninterrupted—forming, as it does, a much more imposing entrance to the greatest city in the world than any archway, short of an edifice equalling the Arc de l'Etoile itself. As a memorial, and as a boundary stone, Mr. Horace Jones's refuge in the centre of the carriage way will be perfectly effectual. There can be no hesitation as to the true site of the "bar of the new Temple"; and, historically speaking, a mere monument is more appropriate to the site than a mock gateway. When Temple Bar first existed it was no more. The removal of the "Gate" is of the nature of a "restoration," as restoration is understood nowadays.

It seems to be matter for regret that in the rebuilding of Childs's Bank more reference was not had to the situation. Uniformity is seldom satisfactory, and contrast gives buildings picturesqueness; but a Gothic design over against the new Courts would have been more pleasing than the very prosaic, not to say ugly, house now completed. Like their neighbours in the Middle Temple, the firm, or their architectural advisers, seem to be under the delusion that mere ornament will make an ugly building pretty, or at least pleasing. But all the carved pinnacles and capitals in the world could not make the new buildings in the Middle Temple anything but commonplace; and, with a site perhaps unrivalled in London for the opportunity it gave for an artistic treatment, the new Bank will have to be shut out of the view when we go to admire or criticize the effect of the new Courts and their surroundings.

Although the Middle and Inner Temples are within the Bar, it is a question which has often occurred whether they are in the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor. No settlement has ever been arrived at; one or two Mayors have been mobbed for driving into the Temple with the State sword held erect. If we remember that when the Templars removed from their house in Holborn, and came to the wider site by the river's edge, in 1118, the suburb of Fleet Street had not been made, it is quite intelligible that their house was never reckoned in the City. When they built it a marsh and a tidal estuary were between them and Ludgate, and to get within the wall it was necessary to go up "Show Well Lane," now Shoe Lane, through a newly-built street on the high ground round the church of St. Andrew. When the "Friars Preachers" came to England, in 1221, they first made good their footing on this hill, and gradually pieced together a little estate, which, when they removed in 1276, like the Templars, to a riverside site, they sold to the Earl of Lincoln. Thus, bit by bit, the ground was occupied on the north side of Fleet Street. Then, between the Black Friars and the Templars, the intervening riverside site was taken by the White, or Carmelite, Friars; and so the chain of houses, on both sides of Fleet Street, was completed, from the outlying village on the hill, crowned by St. Clement Danes, to the bottom of the valley, over which the towers of Ludgate looked out. It is not so difficult to picture to oneself the state of the "suburb" at that time if we remember the fluctuations of level which are still encountered between Temple Bar and Ludgate Circus. Opposite Chancery Lane it is 38 feet above high-water mark, but only 20 feet at St. Bride's and 15 feet where it crosses Bridge Street. There is a depression also just outside Temple Bar, a depression probably marking the place where a little brook once ran, of which Milford Lane recalls the memory. A brook and a mill and a ford would look strangely out of place there now, but the names preserve them as matters of history; just as the City still pays rent for a certain tenement called the Forge, probably burnt by Wat Tyler, which stood over against Milford Lane, and was the armourer's shop—a natural adjunct—when the knights tilted in Fockett's Field. One ingenious writer has supposed that Milford Lane marks a ford over the Thames, while another cites a discovery of mediæval pottery in Chancery Lane as a sign that Fleet Street was occupied by the Romans. It is somewhat strange that so many books have been written about Old London, and that so few writers have followed the good example of Stow, who both made up the early records and also walked over the ground. In a recent book about Temple Bar there is not so much as a single mention of the Outer Temple. It would stand to reason, we might suppose, prior to experience, that, if there is a Middle Temple, and if there is an Inner Temple, there must have been an Outer one. It was not given to the lawyers, but was occupied first by a bishop and afterwards by a line of earls, one of whom, Essex, was here besieged after his abortive rebellion towards the close of Elizabeth's reign. But perhaps the most important fact in the history of the Outer Temple is that the present streets and lanes on its site were built by Dr. Nicholas Barbon, or Barebone, the son of Praise-God Barebone, M.P., and nephew of If-Christ-had-not-died-for-thee-thou-hadst-been-damned Barebone, of Cambridge, who, we regret to say, was usually known by the last syllable only of his Christian name.

MOUNT ATHOS.

MEDIÆVAL Greece has been so far removed from us by the events of the last half-century that we have to be grateful to the survival of such an historical institution as the religious commonwealth of Mount Athos to recall to us in many ways what once was the prevailing type of Greek civilization. But for this reminder it would be difficult to imagine the time when Greece was informed by the spirit of unprogressive prosperity we see now among the recluses of the sacred peninsula, the time when labour throughout the country was so cheap and so productive that men were content to earn with small pains the necessaries of life, careless of a wealth neither required for their comfort nor agreeable to their indolent temper, and when their employers saw their rich rents so ample and so constant that they found no reason for tampering with the existing state of things, to improve their lands or the condition of their labourers. The grain-ships of the Euxine filled the harbour of Athens as in the days of Pericles; and no one cared to repair the roads destroyed by Bulgarian invaders, so as to carry the produce to the inland districts which the same cause had made dependent on it by turning all tillage to grazing farms. Industry, if we except the silk manufactures of Athens and Corinth, had small interest to a people of primitive manners; and, save in the port of Monemvasia, the shipping of the country was limited to an inconsiderable coast trade.

Such an outline of the state of Greece at a time when the West was aflame with the first ardours of Crusading enterprise will find a distinct reflection in the modern life of Mount Athos. The peninsula enjoys a virtual exemption from the amenities of Turkish rule. The Sultan, it is true, has his Governor there; but the activity of the Aga is restricted to the receipt of a fixed and moderate tribute of perhaps 800*l.* a year. He has rather the ornamental position of the Byzantine exarch on the sea-board of Romagna than the vigorous reality of the Ottoman Kaimakam. The Holy Mountain forms to all intents and purposes an independent republic. Twenty representatives, from as many religious houses, hold their *protaton*, a triennial Parliament, at Caries. A committee of *epistatæ*, elected by each in turn, performs the functions of an executive. This is the popular Government, which stands to the monks as the symbol of a national existence. It is a mere phantasm of a democracy. The churchmen of Athos are not those who, in the phrase of Mme. de Staël, have taken their memories for hopes. They are content to survive on memory, careless even of the present. The monasteries are not wealthy, unless a few are enriched by the piety of Russia; but their rents in Wallachia, the husbandry of the monks, and their handicraft in relics and sacred wares, allow them enough prosperity for their modest ambition. A rotation of meals, devout exercises, and homely labour satisfies, if it does not expand, their spiritual cravings; and, with a storehouse of learned treasure around them, their commonwealth stands almost alone among religious establishments in not claiming a single scholar. To the inquiry of a traveller as to this listlessness about intellectual concerns the only reply was, "We have no time; when some of us are praying the rest have to mind their handiwork." The name even of Herodotus, their first historian—for it was he who recounted the wonderful canal of Xerxes—was unknown. "Was he a Church-writer?" (Ἡρόδοτος; ποῖος εἶναι; εἶναι ἐκκλησιαστικός;)

To what this lack of impulse is attributable we need not now inquire. We wish rather to forget for a moment the people in

the outer glory of their surroundings. We have it rendered, with that fidelity and clearness which seem almost the peculiar possession of the Frenchman, in a recent book by the Abbé Alexandre-Stanislas Neyrat, to which we gladly take the opportunity of calling attention, *L'Athos: Notes d'une excursion à la Presqu'île et à la Montagne des Moines.* (Paris: Plon et Cie.)

The bare peak that dominates the North Ægean gives little more than its name to the sacred peninsula. It stands sheer from the sea six thousand feet and more, and looks over the headlands of Longos and Cassandra to the mountains of Thessaly, the mountains that give its background to the oldest Greek history, Othrys, Ossa, Pelion, Olympus. It looks down upon Thasos and Samothrace, Imbros and Lemnos, and others of the multitude of islands standing out, as in profile, on the horizon. But you have scarcely left the chapel of the Transfiguration, which caps the summit and which carries one's thoughts back to the time when the Holy Light of Mount Tabor was the object of superstitious reverence and the pretext of angry persecution by the monks of the peninsula, before you have passed into a different climate, a tract little higher than the Forest of Mar, and sharply contrasting with it in its wealth of wood, oaks, chestnuts, beeches, and higher up its mass of pines. As you descend to the valleys that cut the outline of the hills, the forest changes to the delicate underwood of the Mediterranean, which, with wild figs and vines, makes a boundary between the grandeur you have left behind and the huge planes that spread themselves down the hollow beds of the mountain gullies. The district is full of surprises. Engineers have not taught the roads to take the nearest and tamest course. Every sight broadens out in a miraculous variety of form and colour. There is no monotony, even in the buildings. In one place a ravine runs down to the sea between sharp cliffs; a huge rock in the middle gives foundation to a hermit monastery, named after the hermit saint, Simon. Joined by a bridge to the overhanging mountain, it is inaccessible save to the practised feet of the convent mules, and even so accessible only by sea. Other houses, as that of St. Paul, crushed between sea and mountain, have no room for growth except upwards, and expand in a grotesque protuberance of window and balcony from their yellow walls. But most are small towns, or small fortresses, as they rather seem, spreading loosely in quadrangles. Nor is there a greater uniformity in their internal arrangement than in their outer structure. All, indeed, conform (in Western parlance) to the rule of St. Basil; but in some, the less rigid, the "idiorrhythmic" monks are free to live and eat in their cells; in others the "cenobites" are forced to a common refectory. There are dependent monasteries, or *ascoteria*, which serve as farms to the greater houses, and where the religious husbandmen enjoy as much liberty and comfort as they please. And, finally, there are the anchorites, buried in caves or rude huts, and relying for subsistence on the care of the neighbouring monks, or the charity of passers-by. The traveller is often arrested and reminded of the existence of these strange solitaries by the sight of an iron chest placed at the roadside to contain his dole. The charm of the communities of Mount Athos rests on their separation from the modern world. With a hospitality worthy of another and more distinctively Oriental creed, the guest receives as by right whatever the monastery can give. The meals he has are simple; this is inevitable in a place where flesh is not eaten, and where eggs and milk have to be imported from the nearest islands; but there seems no limit to their frequency. The only pause is when the refectory has to be turned into a sleeping chamber (we cannot say a bedroom) for the stranger. The younger monks and the mules are always at his service for guidance and carriage; and, unless a work of repair or building gives special opening for bounty, the traveller passes through the district without spending a single obol.

This is the picture which M. Neyrat brings before us with unfailing freshness and interest. It needs only to be noticed that he is a little too credulous about the traditions of the peninsula. He hints at Arcadius, or even Constantine, as founders of religious houses here; but there can hardly have been any monasteries built until the very end of the ninth century, for in 885 Basil the Macedonian had to protect the "holy hermits of the Peninsula," plainly as new comers (they are described as dependent on the monastery of Hierisseus), against the hostility of the people. The rapidity of its growth gives colour to the antiquity arrogated by the monastic commonwealth; and the splendour of the foundation of such a house as that of St. Dionysius seems repugnant to any theory of newness. Yet this preserves its charter, a gorgeous roll fifteen feet long, in gold and ultramarine, with the portraits of its original patrons, Alexius III. and Theodora.

We have spoken at length of this unique "survival," because there is reason to fear that the old conservative spirit is decaying. It lived through the shock of 1821, when the quiet monasteries became for a moment the seat of war. But now there are signs of an interest in secular things, even politics. M. Neyrat was questioned about the Conference at Constantinople. And the monks who, a thousand years ago, rushed down in mad fray from their hiding-places on Olympus, Ida, and Athos, to do vengeance on the Iconoclasts, are now found ready to welcome schismatics far more widely separated from them in opinion, for the very reason that M. Neyrat and his friend were the first priests of the Latin Church who had ever sought a welcome from their fellow-Christians of the Holy Mountain.

DEAN SWIFT ON CONVERSATION.

It is generally acknowledged that the art of conversation is dead. When and why it died appears to be uncertain, but the wicked nineteenth century is held in some obscure way to be responsible for the unlucky demise. Now, it is quite true that our conversation now is not much to boast of, but still it is a little early to despair of its ever improving, nay, of its even attaining the height to which it reached in its palmy days—whenever they were. For, be it observed, that this is no new lament; like so many other complaints of the degeneracy of our times, it has been made continually before. For instance, one would imagine that, if ever the art was flourishing, it was in the days of Steele and Addison, Pope and Swift. But who can read the "Polite Conversation" without feeling that it is substantially what Swift declared it to be—a faithful record of the ordinary conversation of good society, with which our own commonplaces may be very favourably compared. Of course it may be maintained that this was all an invention of the wicked Dean, and that society in his day would have scorned to talk the stuff that he puts into its mouth. But there are some things beyond the invention of any genius, and we are persuaded that the "Polite Conversation" is one of these. It bears the stamp of truth in every line of its hideous sprightliness. Again, in Swift's admirable *Hints Towards an Essay on Conversation*, he says that he was prompted to write on the subject by mere indignation at the current neglect and abuse of so useful and innocent a pleasure. And we can see from the list of common errors that he has drawn up with so much care that conversation in his day suffered from much the same shortcomings that it does in ours. As the first step towards the revival of the art we cannot do better than give a short abstract of this list of common errors.

There is, first, talking too much, the commonest fault of all, the greatest offender in this respect being the sober, deliberate talker, who abounds in unimportant details. Then comes talking of oneself, generally taking the form either of self-praise, or else of self-depreciation—both with the same object—the latter being what we call familiarly fishing for compliments. Then there comes the tiresome egotism of persons who have been at the same school or college together, and who condemn the rest of the company to silence whilst they are refreshing each other's memory "with the arch tricks and passages of themselves and their comrades." Then is held up to ridicule the "great officer of the army," who listens to everything with silent contempt until he thinks the time has come for deciding the matter in a short dogmatical way, after which he again relapses into ill-tempered silence. Then Swift lashes the professional wits: "It is a torment to the hearers as much as to themselves to see them upon the rack for invention, and in perpetual constraint with so little success." And he goes on to say that the worst conversation that he ever heard in his life was that at Wills's Coffee-house, where the wits used to assemble. We think we may congratulate ourselves that this class is now practically extinct. The professional buffoon is next put in his proper place—that is, in large gatherings of fashionable people who cannot talk themselves and want some one to amuse them; but anywhere else he is insufferable. The next error is pedantry, which Swift defines as obtruding our own knowledge where it is not wanted, so that women are guilty of it "when they are over-copious on the subject of their petticoats" as much as even philosophers and divines when on their own hobbies. Ill-natured repartee is another common fault, a perversion of old-fashioned raillery, which is defined as saying "something that at first appeared a reproach or reflection, but, by some turn of wit unexpected and surprising, ended always in a compliment, and to the advantage of the person it was addressed to." This art is now so completely extinct that one is inclined to doubt if it ever existed. Then there are the kindred faults of interrupting others and not bearing to be interrupted oneself; a variety of which is practised by those people who are too polite to interrupt, but never pay the least attention to what others are saying.

The question of storytelling is rather a nice one. Swift regards it as not altogether a contemptible talent, "considering how low conversation now runs among us"; but he justly remarks that the storyteller should change his company very often, "that he may not discover the weakness of his fund." And, indeed, this is the melancholy part of the storyteller's life, that, however agreeable he may be as an acquaintance, no man in his senses will consent to become intimate with him and stand the fire of his eternal repetitions. We believe he never marries—even a woman's devotion has limits. Such are the pitfalls that, according to Swift, beset the art of conversation; and his remarks apply with undiminished force to us. The list, although a long one, is still not exhaustive, as we find in Cowper some new classes of talk-spoilers. Such are the grimacers, who "assent with a shrug and contradict with a twisting of the neck, are angry with a wry mouth and pleased in a caper or minuet step"; the emphatical, "who ram down every syllable with excessive vehemence and energy"; the half-swearers, "who split and mince and fritter their oaths into *gadsbut*, *adsfish*, and *demme*"; and "those who nickname God's creatures, and call a man a cabbage, a crab, a queer cub, an odd fish, and an unaccountable *muskin*."

No doubt the list might be still further enlarged, and perhaps enriched with specimens peculiar to our own day; but the mere enumeration of errors to be avoided is not sufficient to create an art. Is there no great principle which can be laid down as the basis of a revived art of conversation? We think there is, and we will proceed to develop it with the modesty that should ever

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grace the announcement of a new discovery, however important. And, first of all, it is hopeless to endeavour to revive the past. If conversation ever really flourished, and we almost doubt it, the conditions which produced this vigorous growth have passed away. What success it had was certainly owing to the men of genius who devoted their lives to it. Nowadays men of genius have other things to do. There are never very many of them, and they are not now allowed to waste their time. If talk is to be revived at all, it must be popularized, like everything else, and brought within the capacity of commonplace people. Now there is one way by which even the stupidest of us may make his utterances invariably interesting and often amusing, it is—here comes the great discovery—by telling the truth. The reason that the conversation of fools is so barren is that it is never their own; it is a repetition of what they have heard or read last, and always spoilt in the re-telling. If they would only tell us their own minds, their real thoughts and opinions, their likes and dislikes, their principles and their weaknesses, we should not be left in such hopeless ignorance of whither the world is tending; for, after all, the fools are the most important class; the clever men may preach and write and work, but, with all their effort, they can only slightly divert the course of the great solid block of ignorance and prejudice that rolls on so steadily throughout the ages. If the wise could only understand the foolish, they might make the world go their own way; but the foolish echo the words of the wise and keep their thoughts to themselves. And how good a thing would it be if women would only speak their minds! There is nothing that honest men desire more than to understand that mysterious race that is so like them, and yet so unlike, who share their homes but not their thoughts, who are so shrewd, so practical, and so irrational. The poor men yearn to break down the invisible barrier and see into the real life of those they love so well; but the loved ones smile and chatter and say pretty things, and ingenious things, and things they have borrowed from men and improved in the borrowing, but never one word of the real thoughts that are working in their busy brains. So the men flatter and lie because they think the women like it, and the women accept it all because they think it is man's nature; and the men think women are empty-headed angels; and the women think men are fine intelligent brutes; and the two classes go on loving and despising one another accordingly, and all for the want of a little truthfulness in conversation.

After this flight in the higher regions of social philosophy we will consider the humbler aspects of our subject. We have heard the contempt with which Swift speaks of the conversation of wits, thereby exploding a common fallacy that good talk must be brilliant. Now it is our firm conviction that wit has very little to do with the pleasure of conversation. No one really cares to have his neighbour letting off intellectual fireworks under his nose. The feeling aroused by such exhibitions, when successful, is that of envy and hatred at not having done it oneself. When unsuccessful, of course they are the dreariest of known entertainments. The real interest of conversation consists in the endless opportunities it gives for mankind's proper study. The variety in people is incalculable; it is only their habitual utterances that are so terribly uniform. How fascinating are the little glimpses that a great novelist will give one into the secret workings of a vulgar nature! Now, a London dinner party might be full of such glimpses, would people only speak their minds. And it is not only to the listener that a change of this kind would be advantageous. If one were under the obligation of always telling his real opinions, he would be more careful how he formed them. There are many things that a man believes and acts upon, but which he has never formulated even to himself, and of which he would see the absurdity the moment they were put into words.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the increased tolerance that would be gained for unpopular opinions by the habit of candour in general conversation. It is a curious part of our conventional civilization that is quite allowable for a man to hold opinions which it is nevertheless highly indecorous for him to express. In an age when so many people gain all their information from social intercourse, it is a pity that they should have so little opportunity of hearing the opinions of the various minorities who perform the indispensable function of an intellectual Opposition. It will perhaps be said that we are taking too serious a view of conversation, which, at the best, is merely a harmless idle way of passing the time. If so, we are sorry for it. The amount of conversation in the world is so great that it is a pity if it cannot be made to serve some useful purpose. It is the only possible means of a right understanding of our fellow-creatures; but when we try to use it as such we gain nothing but an intimate conviction that "la parole a été donnée à l'homme pour cacher sa pensée."

THE PENNINE RANGE.

THE love of solitude, the spirit which seeks to commune with Nature in her remote haunts, with woody precipice and silent glen untrodden by human foot, is perhaps less common now than it was in the time of Rousseau or of Wordsworth. Majestic natural forms have in no wise ceased to be admired, but the human element has spread over them, and is recalled along with them. This is especially the case with those scenes which once were felt to be most awful in their imperviousness to man and in the vastness of their protecting barriers. Chamouni and Glencoe are sought now for the very same reasons for which they were once avoided. No accidents among glaciers or on Alpine summits to overdaring travellers can affect the mind of this generation with that feeling which eighteenth-century tourists were fond of describing as "horror," and which had for its essence the utter strangeness of the unknown region which they half sought and half shrank from.

It is among those mountain or hill ranges which fall short of the highest magnitude that solitude may be best looked for now. And in England, the region most abounding in loneliness is probably that long backbone of moorland which stretches from the south of Northumberland to the neighbourhood of Derby, and which is usually known as the Pennine range. From Haltwhistle to Ambergate, a distance as the crow flies of at least 130 miles, the traveller can walk almost on unbroken heather, save where, about the centre of the range, the valley of the Aire at Skipton, and the narrow rift of the Calder at Hebden Bridge, make brief breaks in the continuity of the chain. Thereabouts, moreover, the manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, on either side of the watershed, invade the valleys and stain the rivers. But even where the valleys are ruined in respect of beauty, the moorlands and woodlands above them are wide, open, and often picturesque. No one standing on the great waste of Holme Moss above Huddersfield, or at the little hamlet of St. John's in the Wilderness, on the heights over Todmorden, would dream that he was in the region of cotton and woollen mills. But it is north and south of this that the most characteristic parts of the chain lie.

From the Midland Railway between Kirkby Stephen and Carlisle, or still better from some of the eastern summits of the Cumbrian mountains, the Pennine range is seen rising like a wall from the plain in a line straight from north to south. Below it lie little hamlets at the mouth of short glens; most remarkable among these is the High Cup Gill, with its semicircle of basalt rock and its valley hollowed out like the keel of a ship, over the head of which lies the path (by courtesy so named) into Teesdale. Round this the highest points of the range are collected; Crossfell to the north, Mickle Fell to the south; from either of which the view extends very nearly across England, a varied intermixture of fruitful cultivated plain, deep valley, and mountain summits near and far, such as is rarely seen even in more celebrated districts. Westward of the great barrier, and almost underneath it, the lovely glen of the Eden winds under dense wood and broken rock; but on this side the general character is that of smiling fertility up to the base of Saddleback and Helvellyn. Eastward the country is wild in the extreme, but contains some better known spots, the most celebrated of which are the two mentioned in *Rokeby*:—

> Where Tees in tumult leaves his source
> Thundering o'er Caldron and High Force.

Few more impressive sights are to be seen in England, or anywhere, than the first of these waterfalls when the river is full; from a slender wooden bridge you hang over the torn cataract and jagged volcanic rocks; down two hundred feet of descent it rushes, like a young bull from the mountains, with tossing crest and shaggy streaming hair—"Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus." All round are the solemn wastes of the loneliest mountains in England; the gleaming river above the fall will lead you into their inmost recesses; go downwards, and you will after two miles arrive at a house, and after three more, if you are fortunate enough to find the way, at an inn. But if you are benighted in this spot you will assuredly know to the full the meaning of the Biblical words, "Their feet stumble upon the dark mountains." Hill and valley are equally ineligible walking; the former has more pits and morasses, the latter more cliffs and stones; but the retarding effect of either is about the same. But if the difficulty of reaching, or of getting away from, Caldron Snout is great, the reward is also great; the place has no affinity to the prettinesses in which picnic parties delight; it appeals, like a mysterious voice, to the "traveller betwixt life and death," who is bent not on momentary pleasure, but on serious toil. The High Force, five miles lower down, on a good road, is much more visited, and the inn there is the best centre for this district. North of Teesdale is Weardale, and north of this again are the tributaries of the Tyne, among which Allendale is noticeable for its picturesqueness; especially where the broken tower of Staward Peel (easily accessible from Hexham) crowns the ridge between two precipitous dells filled with wood, in one of which the brown waters of the Allen tumble between rocks. But the head of Swaledale is, except the head of Teesdale, the remotest spot in all the Pennine range north of Derbyshire; and we have always thought the fall of the Swale in the deep-sunk heathery glen above Muker, one of the scenes in the North of England which an artist would most love; yet we have never seen it painted. Thus far there has been but little limestone in these hills; in the valleys south of Swaledale it abounds; but the solid mural precipices of Ingleborough and Hardraw Force, of Malham and Gordale, are too well known for more particular description. The range falls gently down to the eastward, with lofty side ridges dividing the river valleys; and some of these heights, as Penhill in Wensleydale, and Simonseat in Wharfedale, command broad views; but none of these embrace such an expanse as the mountains at the head of Teesdale. Here, where the rivers are still among the hills, but not in the wildest part of them, are the remains of many of those numerous abbeys for which Yorkshire is famous; almost every river has one, and some have more than one. The Aire has Kirkstall, not unstained by the smoke of Leeds; the Wharfe has Bolton; the Ure has Jervaulx.

and on its tributary the Skell is Fountains, the largest of all; the Swale has Richmond and Easby; the Tees, Egglestone; while on the Wear, below Durham, Finchale Abbey is buried in its deep dell, the table-land on either side of which teems with the crowded villages of the largest coalfield in England. There are few historical reminiscences about the Pennine range in any part (except, perhaps, in Northumberland, where the Scottish forays and the wars of the Roses have made Blanchland and Hexham noticeable); but Haworth, the home of the Brontës, lying nearly at the meeting-point of the manufacturing district with the pastoral and mountainous Craven country, but yet in spirit belonging to the former more than to the latter, is a place with imaginative memories of its own. Dear also to geologists must be the little village of Dent, the birthplace of the late Professor Sedgwick, of whom we once heard a self-opinionated native (a grocer, or it may be a publican) say, "He did not know where coal was to be found, not he"; so true is it that a prophet has no honour in his own country. Nor should the late Professor Phillips be forgotten in this relation, whose pleasant book on Yorkshire (the popular book, we mean—not the more learned treatise), neither too long nor too short, full and yet not laboured or statistical, is probably the best book on any county that has ever been published.

South of Ingleborough there is no such impressive view of the Pennine range along any large portion of it as is to be had of its northern parts from the Cumbrian plain; probably Bolsover Castle, in Derbyshire, would command a greater length of it than any other place. But the valleys in which the Derbyshire Derwent takes its rise are as solitary as Teesdale and Swaledale, and in themselves fully as picturesque, though Derwent has no such resounding cataracts as belong to the more northern valleys. This river, unlike most in the Pennine range, has a direction due south, and the high barriers east and west of it keep out the approach of manufactures—whether the cotton mills of Lancashire or the furnaces of Sheffield. Its sources lie almost entirely on the millstone grit, and that formation, so largely spread all over the tract of which we have been writing, displays itself here most characteristically in the long edges of dark, broken rock cresting the tops of the moors, the steep heathery slopes underlying them, and the clear brown waters that hurry everywhere into the valleys. But the southernmost feeder of the Derwent, the brooklet that waters the Vale of Hope, has for its southern verge a steep escarpment of the mountain limestone, that has not been seen since we left it fifty miles to the north at Malham and Gordale. And indeed the point where it reappears is very similar to the point where it was left; the northward-looking cliffs and gorges of Castleton recall in all essential respects the southward-looking line of precipice of the Craven fault; and the whole effect is as if the intervening tract had sunk (how gradually or how suddenly is indeterminable), and, after breaking away from its edges, had left them standing bare and abrupt at either extremity. Be that as it may, the mountain limestone, when it has once reappeared, is in no hurry to leave off again; it covers the greater part of the Peak country, and extends into the moorlands of Staffordshire, with an aspect as stern and desolate on its upland surface as it is romantic and attractive in the narrow trenches that are cut through it, where the clearest of streams—Wye, Lathkill, or Dove—cover white stone or green water-weed, and the dark yew roots itself in the horizontal rifts of the sheer precipice. Westward, again, the beauties of millstone grit scenery reappear in the valleys of the Manifold and the Chernet. Such is the nature of the country until the mountain limestone, millstone grit, and the Pennine range itself, sink gradually into the undulating plain of the Midlands, where the Trent glides through pastoral meadows and by quiet villages, and the Charnwood hills occupy the horizon with their solitary outline, a curious upheaval of granite in the midst of one of the fattest and loamiest of counties. Should any of our readers wish to exchange their summer visit to Switzerland or Norway for a ramble nearer home, either for a few days, or for a week, or for a month, they will not easily find a better than that of which we have endeavoured here to delineate some of the characteristics.

A DEFENCE OF WOMEN.

MOST people have read, or are supposed to have read, the novel called *John Halifax*, and various other novels by the author of that work. Comparatively few people, it may be conjectured, are aware of some of the distinguishing characteristics, chief among them a fixed hatred and a mischievous contempt of women in the abstract, of the author of *John Halifax*. Nor, we must confess, should we ever have become acquainted with these deplorable traits, but for the ingenuity and industry of Mrs. Horace Dobell, who, in a little volume headed with the title *Versus a Woman; Pro Women*, has set herself to the noble task of demolishing the terrible propositions advanced, as she informs us, by the author of *John Halifax*. The opening of Mrs. Dobell's onslaught shows us at once that she is nothing if not critical. She has heard, she tells us, readers who complained of "Ouida's" style as "gaudy," and of Mrs. Wood's as "too plain," recommend their friends to read *John Halifax*. She supposes that this book appeared to their readers to be the "juste milieu," while she is certain that it is almost universally considered the best specimen of its author's style. Mrs. Dobell, however, finds this peculiarity in the works of her author, that the style is not equally good in all of them, and in one she is much offended by "the puzzled authoress finishing her meditations with a weary, indecisive 'And yet.' . . . And so ended the paragraph and our reading of the book for the time being." This, however, was nothing to what was lying in wait for Mrs. Dobell when, tempering justice with mercy by recollecting that "authors are often given to changing their original style for one somewhat different," she took up "a much later work by the same pen (*Young Mrs. Jardine*), quite recently published, indeed." Here she came upon no less appalling a sentence than this:—"The man who has will to choose, courage to win, and faithfulness to keep, is almost unknown to modern chivalry; as rare, alas! as the woman who deserves to be thus adored!" Mrs. Dobell appears to have been at first "struck all of a heap" at such language as this. Then, passing by the sentiment about men, she is filled with a fine compassion for one who "passes through life blind to the noble and sterling qualities which may lie dormant in our humanity at times, but yet, as history has shown, ready for manifestation when needed or demanded"; then she has a fling at mothers who call such books "womanly"; then another fling at an imaginary cynic of her own invention, who might say, "*Very* womanly, indeed! For did you ever know a woman speak well of her sister woman?"; and finally, when she comes to another passage, a noble wrath takes the place of all other feelings in Mrs. Dobell's mind. She is still, at the end of two pages, "sorry" to see "this authoress join that common and, we must consider, *vulgar* class of women who 'run down' their own sex," but she is compelled to "protest, with all the energy of strong indignation, against her shameful statement that '*It is generally the women, not the men, who make and fan family quarrels!*'" But there is a sure antidote to this poison close at hand. We have, to refute these baseless but pernicious statements in *Young Mrs. Jardine*, the assurance by Mrs. Dobell that certain family quarrels, in which she herself has been involved, "were first begun, and afterwards kept up, by brothers, uncles, and male cousins, in spite of many anxious and earnest attempts at reconciliation on the part of the female relations on both sides, especially by the present writer on the one side and the female cousin on the other." Nothing can well be more conclusive than this, and it was hardly necessary to give us in addition some hearsay evidence as to a similar part having been taken by women in similar family quarrels. After this Mrs. Dobell's wrath gives way to a mild regret for the time when the author of *Young Mrs. Jardine* had not yet asserted that women were "feeble, useless, half-educated, taught to believe that ignorance is amusing and helplessness attractive." When we have read this, says Mrs. Dobell, we are, or should be, inclined to ask ourselves, "Is it, can it be *this* age of which this author writes, this age when education is so 'heavily weighted,' as our sportsmen would say—*this* age of School Boards, of female authors, female surgeons, female lecturers"—in short, this so-called nineteenth century? The indignation aroused by the terrible sentiment quoted above carries Mrs. Dobell through some fifteen pages of talk about Zimmermann, Miss Braddon, a little knowledge, untiring nursing, roses, violets, and other sweet-scented flowers, Mr. Charles Reade, Professor Owen, the electric light on microscopic faults, Rhadamanthus, a Mrs. H—— C—— who nursed the sick in the Crimea, Solomon, the Peculiar Church, and many other topics, which are brought to an end by a repetition of the sentence which has caused all this turmoil.

This, however, is but the beginning of Mrs. Dobell's task. From such general denunciations as those we have referred to she goes on to detect and hold up to execration various minor sins in her author, and in doing this she becomes more entertaining than ever. Having informed her readers that, from governing England to hoeing wet turnip and mangel-wurzel fields, all the real work of the world is done by women, she recurs yet a third time to the monstrous statement in *Young Mrs. Jardine*, and is moved to exclaim, "If she [the author] had been so fortunate as to have been associated with families greatly superior in rank to her own, she would have found them"—or at least would have found the members of a family which Mrs. Dobell is pleased to speak of by name—"highly educated and witty, well-informed as well as well-mannered." This is pleasing information, both as to the people designed and as to the writer's appreciation of them, and it is no doubt a fine sense of satire which causes the statement to be followed by this observation. "Although the authoress of *Young Mrs. Jardine* professes to be familiar with families of the first rank in England, she asserts, as though *to* her and *by* her an everyday and well-observed thing, that *a duke will ride in a second-class carriage, and a duchess come down to breakfast in a linsey gown.*" As to the duke's conduct, all that the writer can do is in the first place to suppose that the fact of a duke's "riding" (an expression which she does not fall foul of) in a second-class carriage was occasioned by there being no room in the first-class, since "even dukes cannot in these days turn out first-class passengers to make room for their noble selves." She hopes, she feels "*almost* sure," that the author of *Young Mrs. Jardine* did not mean that "dukes *might* exercise such power if they chose." As to the statement, as a matter of fact, the thing "has, no doubt, been done simply as a 'fad' occasionally, a piece of amusement or eccentricity." But if dukes sometimes do "incongruous things," that is "no reason why *we* should do them." The dreadful suggestion about the duke leads the writer into a fit of compassion for a country girl who might travel in a second-class carriage, hoping to meet there "young Lord Thomas, or his Grace of Clodhopper," who might take her for "a lady, perhaps a countess," because all his relations now dress in plain

materials. After which our ingenious writer indulges in some pleasantries of a strange and not very savoury kind concerning second-class carriages; and then, anxious to give every one his or her due, gives the object of her attack such support as her conscience compels her to give by telling us that there really once was a "certain nobleman" who "even exceeded our authoress's conclusions, for he went *third* class!" It is, however, on the subject of the duchess and the linsey gown, as might be expected, that Mrs. Dobell is strongest. She would like to know how often the author of *John Halifax* has herself seen a duchess at breakfast in such a dress; and with a fine modesty she gives us the experience of "one who" not very long ago "*did not do so.* Her Grace the Duchess of—— was attired in a rich plum-coloured velvet dressing-gown, lined with white satin, and trimmed with deep Valenciennes lace." This was indeed lofty, and it is difficult to be too grateful to people who give us such glimpses of what in the neighbouring city of Paris they are apt to call "Higlife." One blunder of course begets another, and the unfortunate author who writes "such absolute nonsense about the mean attire of the upper classes" is but a little more absurd in thinking that *parvenus* delight in splendid equipages and sumptuous living. But, as before, the correction follows happily close upon the mistake. Mrs. Dobell happens to be acquainted with one of the most noted *parvenu* families in London, and even knew them when they lived in lodgings. "Only last week" she met the husband driving about in a perfectly unpretending brougham, and she has frequently found his wife "dressed in plain silk or cashmere" at a luncheon "of a simple everyday description." Here, then, is another of the outrageous statements found in *Young Mrs. Jardine* demolished.

It must not be supposed, however, that the talent of the critic whose work we are considering is confined to the mere pointing out and correcting patent blunders about the ways of "the nobility" and of *parvenus*. She has also a pretty taste in satire, and has no doubt that the author who so much offends her "plays like Arabella Goddard, sing songs too difficult for Jenny Lind to compass," and can "discuss with equal pleasure the works of Racine, Corneille, Voltaire, Alfred Mussard (*sic*), Sévigné, Victor Hugo, and others." Later on the critic is tempted into a digression arising from the candid observation that, after all, the works of women novelists sometimes suffer from an "absence of reliable worldly knowledge." It is indeed remarkable, as she observes, "how ignorant some people may remain of the characters of those amongst whom they live." Here, again, personal experience comes in with apt illustrations. Mrs. Dobell knew a family in which the sisters were absolutely ignorant about the world, and in which the brothers all committed various crimes, while "the only one we personally knew, and really liked and believed in," a young man of many accomplishments, was discovered, after all, to be no better than he should be. The sisters, in spite of their ignorance of the world, "are happily married." This experience seems so striking and so pertinent to Mrs. Dobell that she repeats it with slight variations a few pages later on. This seems the more unnecessary because the writer is acquainted with another "remarkable case," that of one of the loveliest girls in England, "with an oval-shaped face, fair skin, with a very maiden-blush colour on her cheeks, large, dark-blue, rather timid eyes, and rippling brown hair." Her mother "never liked her to walk the streets, even when not alone, unless heavily veiled." Family misfortunes compelled her to go on the stage, which she left in disgust because of "being intolerably persecuted by the vicious admiration of a certain theatrical critic, a married man, who threatened that, if she continued to treat his advances with scorn, he would ruin her by his adverse criticisms, which it was said he certainly had the power to do." Soon afterwards she made a happy marriage with a man of excellent character and position, and of course there can be no stronger proof of the total depravity of men and the supremacy of women. And after all this it is abundantly clear that the author of *Young Mrs. Jardine* could not on a certain occasion have been "one, like the present writer, among the crowd of interested men and women," who listened "to the learned and sensible papers read out by women to a large and critical assemblage of listeners, on more or less difficult and practical subjects." On this occasion, we are told, learning, good common sense, practical knowledge, and ability were developed to an extent that astonished not only people holding the debased view of women expressed in *Young Mrs. Jardine*, but others with far larger views. This is good news, and it is pleasing to find that if Mrs. Dobell has, by her string of personal experiences and remarks, even partially repaired a great injustice, she will feel that "her endeavours are not without their reward." With a record of this modest ambition, we may take leave of one of the very oddest, if not the wisest, essays we have ever read.

REVIEWS.

THE RACES OF AFGHANISTAN.*

Of the many able officers who have served in different capacities with our armies of occupation at Candahar and Cabul, none is more qualified to speak about the Afghans, their language, origin, and habits, than Dr. Bellew. The drawback to his latest work is that he appears in it in two very different characters. Not content with being an ethnologist, he aspires to determine knotty political controversies and to prescribe the correct course of statesmanship. Unluckily for him, ethnology and philology, though obscure and requiring close study and deep erudition, have more elements of progress, permanence, and consistency than the distracting rivalries of Oriental clans. Dr. Bellew's avowed primary object is to show what races compose that people whom, in a vague and loose way, we have been accustomed to call Afghans; whence and why they migrated; how some of them were originally Buddhists, or possibly portions of the lost Tribes of Israel; what changes they have undergone in physiognomy, language, and domestic habits; and what contributions they have made to Oriental history between the time of Mahmud the idol-breaker and Dost Mahomed Khan. Now, as we have just said, Dr. Bellew brings to this task some qualifications not easily surpassed. He is an excellent Orientalist and has a command of the Persian and the Pushtu languages. He has travelled from the Indus to the Tigris, and knows about the Cabul river as well as the Helmund and the Argandab. He has been employed as a Political officer on more than one important occasion, and the result of his speculations and researches is embodied in a clear and not unattractive style. But, unfortunately, at the back of all this erudition, we discern an irrepressible longing to enrol all these wild tribes—Pathans and Khattaks, Afghans and Ghilzais, mountaineers and matchlock-men—as British subjects and component parts of our Indian Empire.

All the author's linguistic versatility, all his historical research, all the lessons derived from unrivalled facilities for intercourse with Sirdars and merchants, with Ministers of State and heads of caravans, lead him to this one goal. He begins with Herodotus and the book of Esdras, but he invariably comes round to his own predominant theory. Now the science of ethnology has of late years made certain steps in advance. Time, intercourse, and comparison tend to establish sounder canons. Errors which were no discredit to Gibbon or Elphinstone are now easily detected and avoided by scholars of far less account. And we think it highly probable that future writers will find but little to alter or object to in Dr. Bellew's conclusions about the origin of the tribes, their geographical limits, and their connexion with races dimly known to us in the pages of Greek writers and by the revelations of Græco-Bactrian coins. At any rate we can fairly say that there is nothing wild or extravagant in the author's linguistic or ethnological theories, and that subsequent explorers will acknowledge their indebtedness to him, even if they should question some of his deductions or venture to enlarge his views. But then Dr. Bellew must needs entangle himself in the mazes of the interminable Afghan controversy, which we are not going to re-open in a literary review. It seems now to be generally conceded that all politics, and especially all Central-Asian politics, are a series of surprises and shifts. Since Dr. Bellew wrote his preface in January last, the Eastern question is hardly in the position which provoked the attack of the Duke of Argyll or needed the defence of Lord Salisbury. Without committing ourselves to any positive opinion, we may fairly say that the general consent of all parties points to no more interference with the independence and domestic policy of any conceivable ruler of the Afghans than is necessary to that security of the Indian Empire which every statesman is anxious to uphold. But Dr. Bellew goes as far as Colonel Malleson and outstrips the late Viceroy. According to him the "force of impelling and unavoidable circumstances" must ere long enrol the Afghans amongst our subjects. Sooner or later we must "administer the country ourselves, either directly or through the medium of native agency, under our own supervision." It will "ere very long be our inevitable duty to govern" them "as subjects of our Indian Empire. There is no longer any necessity to "blink" this conviction. The subjugation of the Afghan will be now to us "a matter of no difficulty." The study of these different peoples is most useful in view of their "becoming subjects of the British Empire—a lot which they themselves are far from unwilling, as a whole, to accept." There is somewhat more to the same effect; but the oddest thing is that Dr. Bellew himself furnishes a sufficient refutation of his own arguments. It is to his pages that we must turn to know what these mountaineers and desirable subjects are like, and not to a speech from Mr. Fawcett or a pamphlet by Mr. Grant Duff. The author shall himself speak of the moral qualities of these unkempt savages, whom, he insinuates, we shall find as tractable as the Jats of Upper India or no less contented with the foreigner's yoke than the unwarlike cultivators of Bengal. In the first place, this work brings out strongly the historical fact that there is no such thing, properly speaking, as an Afghan empire and an Afghan king. The whole country is a jumble of rival interests and a medley of opposing clans. They have nothing of that sleepy acquiescence in authority which has united twenty different Hindu castes under the rule of one all-powerful Raja; nor of that active proselytizing spirit which enabled one Mohammedan conqueror after another to sweep down on India with the hordes of Central Asia. Doubtless they are bound together by fanaticism; but we must differ from Dr. Bellew when he thinks an Afghan to be very like a Rajput, in that both are remarkable for a sense of personal dignity and honour. Barring certain characteristics common to all Orientals, no two races appear to us to have more points of dissimilarity. Then these mild and tractable mountaineers have been so noted for lawlessness, revenge, and brutality, that such defects have "passed into a proverb," and we are

* *The Races of Afghanistan; being a Brief Account of the Principal Natives inhabiting that Country.* By Surgeon-Major H. W. Bellew, C.S.I., late on special Political duty at Kabul. Calcutta: Thacker, Spark, & Co. London: Trübner & Co.; W. Thacker & Co. 1880.

warned that no darker record of misgovernment, "of vice, of treachery, of savage cruelty, and of oppression," is to be found in the annals of any other independent State of modern times. They "certainly hate us," and have been taught this lesson from infancy; their vices overbalance their virtues; but then they sadly want a master, and so we are bound to assume this office. The Ghilzais, of whom we have heard so much lately, were remarkable for their ferocity in 1842; but still they are by no means "implacable," and might be converted into useful friends. Dr. Bellew sums up his estimate of the national character by gravely saying that we really have no opponents in Afghanistan, except indeed the Ghilzais, who are semi-independent, and direct the policy of the Government; the Pathans, who are quite independent, and know no ruler at all; and the Durrani or Afghan, who is our only "implacable foe." Such a moralist has lived just five centuries too late. He would have posed admirably at the Court of a certain King mentioned by the philosophic poet of Shiraz, who, much against his will and at the instance of a Vizir, pardoned a young robber on account of his youth, when the whole band was sentenced to death. The lad grew up, we are told, joined a lot of rascals, and murdered his intercessor with his two sons, whereupon Sadi penned the following distich for the instruction of posterity:—

> Akibat gurg-zadah gurg shavad
> Garcheh ba admi buzurg shavad.

That is to say, in the end the wolf's cub will turn out a wolf though he grow up amongst men.

It is now time to turn to the account of the various nationalities who own no master and will bear no burden. Ethnologically they are five—the Afghan, the Pathan, the Ghilzai, the Tajik, and the Hazarah, besides some Uzbeks, and the black-coated Kaffirs, and others of less note. Without laying stress on the traditions of Afghan genealogists, or on the general belief of the people themselves, there seems nothing violently improbable in the notion that they may be a remnant of the Ten Tribes. Dr. Bellew is careful to distinguish between the Afghan and the true Pathan. The people of India apply the latter term to everyone who lives in Afghanistan, even to Tajiks and Hazarahs. The real Pathan is a Rohilla or mountaineer, and the term should strictly be applied to those who speak Pukhto or Pushtoo. This race inhabits the Pukhtun-Khwa or Pukhtoo quarter, which, we are told, is identical with the modern Suliman range and the Safed Koh, extending from the head of the Swat river in one direction and to Jellalabad in another. We must decline to follow the author into speculations as to any connexion between Pactiya and the Pakhtues of Herodotus, or the Poictiers of France, or the Picts of Scotland. The origin of the Ghilzais seems very obscure. There is a fanciful story about a Persian prince who came and wooed the daughter of a chief named Batan, settled on the Siyahband range of the Ghor mountains, and who only escaped destruction because he turned out to be of royal descent. The author thinks this tale points to an admixture of Persian blood with the original Ghilzai, which term, we are sorry to say, means "son of a thief," the disguised prince just referred to having robbed the old chief of his honour. But it should never be forgotten that the Ghilzais are barbarous, savage, and vindictive. A few take to agriculture, none to handicraft, but a great many to pastoral pursuits. Flocks and herds, however, do not win them to Arcadian simplicity from predatory habits; and when they engage in trade between Central Asia and India, they seem to take a positive pleasure in fighting their way backwards and forwards against Waziris and others, through whose territories they must pass. The fourth nation is the Tajik. He is often called the Parsiwan; he represents the ancient Persian, speaks that language, and sometimes claims to be descended from the Greek soldiers of Alexander. The Tajik is fond of gardening and agriculture when he lives in villages. In towns he becomes a shopkeeper, a trader, or a mechanic. He makes a good accountant, secretary, or domestic servant; he is credited with intelligence, sobriety, fidelity, and industry, and with a favourable inclination to the British Government. The last in the category of race is the Hazarah, and he occupies a tract extending from Cabul and Ghazni to Herat, and from Candahar to Balkh, a mountainous region with here and there some fertile valleys. They, too, speak Persian, but in feature are Tatars. It may be gratifying to be told that the Hazarahs are laborious, brave, and hardy; that they construct roads, dig wells, and build walls; and that they are in the hands of their priests, and yet are governed by their own chiefs. But their hostility to the Afghan is scarcely reason enough for concluding that they would form an excellent advanced guard for us, and would assure our military position in the event of our permanent occupation of the whole country. Practically, Dr. Bellew, whose good faith is as unquestionable as his knowledge is extensive, makes out a very strong case for those who contend that we ought to have as little to do with tribes vindictive, unstable, and very loosely held together, as may be compatible with that commanding position and that strong frontier which we must somehow contrive to hit on and retain.

Readers will do well to bear in mind the distinction between nationalities and the mere clans which are offshoots of nationalities. From the Afghans come the tribes with which Indian history of the last forty years has made us all more or less familiar. Dr. Bellew talks of eight clans, of which five descend from one common ancestor and three from another. But the special Afghan tribe identified with treaties, assassinations, contests for empire, and perpetual civil strife, is the Abdali or Durrani. It has been known under the latter title since the reign of Ahmed Shah, and the word is derived from *Dur-i-Durrân*, or pearl of pearls, the Abdali tribe wearing a small pearl-studded ring in the right ear. It is from this tribe that spring the divisions of Baruckzais, Suddozais, Populzais, Khagwanis, and no less than four others, with which we need not now trouble ourselves. It will be sufficient to bear in mind that the Suddozais at first gave birth to kings, and that the Baruckzais began as Mayors of the palace and ended by claiming sovereignty for themselves. Zeman Shah, Shah Shujah, and Mahmud—all more or less incapable—were Suddozais. The Baruckzais numbered the far more energetic Payanda Khan, Fath Khan, Dost Mahommed, and—in spite of Dr. Bellew's unfavourable comments—his son, the late unfortunate Shere Ali. Our author's sketch of Afghan history during the last hundred and fifty years is concise, and indispensable to a comprehension of the chapters on races and affinities. But, on the whole, we prefer him when he confines himself to geography and language. Some of his derivations and stories are curious and instructive. Pathan is said to mean the rudder of a ship, and to have been conferred by the Prophet himself on a Hebrew servant, who as a proselyte, was to be the guide of his people. The water-pot of Buddha, a huge bowl made out of a solid block of green stone, was carried from India to Candahar centuries ago by emigrants who fled from Brahminical tyranny, or, as the author phrases it, from Scythic invasion. This interesting relic was seen by the author in 1872, covered with Arabic inscriptions, in a small Mohammedan shrine. It need hardly be said that a self-satisfied Mohammedan doctor or *savant* would be the worst authority in the world on archæology or antiquarianism; and it is to Dr. Bellew's credit that he is not led too far away by plausible genealogies and native traditions, or by the similarity of Yusufzai names with those of Biblical places in Palestine. The Pushtu language, of which we hear a good deal throughout, contains, according to the latest authorities, at least six dialects. It is Aryan, and not Semitic; or, more properly, it occupies an intermediate position between the Indic and Iranic branches of the Aryan family. Whatever may be the result of our Afghan policy, it is to be hoped that ample encouragement will be held out to Indian staff officers to cultivate this language, and to pursue those investigations on which Dr. Bellew, in little more than one hundred pages, has thrown no inconsiderable light.

TWO VERSE-TRANSLATIONS OF THE ODYSSEY.*

TRANSLATIONS of the classics seem to be governed by a very subtle law of periodicity. Each year, we imagine, sees about an equal number of them produced; but the particular classic in favour differs at different times in a curious manner. The late Lord Derby's was only one of many renderings of the Iliad that appeared about fifteen years back, four years ago every one was doing Pindar, a year later there was a run upon the *Agamemnon*. Just now it is the Odyssey that attracts translators. The version of Messrs. Butcher and Lang, which has now established itself as a prose classic, has been followed by two translations in verse, both of them very noticeable, and one of them, as we shall hope to show, the work of a poet or poetess (for "Avia" is a very disguising pseudonym) of no mean merit. We had till now thought Mr. Worsley's Odyssey in the Spenserian stanza as satisfactory a version as was possible, but "Avia" has shown cause why we should reconsider that judgment. Whoever "Avia" may be, and whatever may be the Lucretian or non-Lucretian allusion veiled under her name (for we venture to translate the adjective as a feminine), her version has given us, and we trust it will give many readers, real and genuine pleasure.

Each new translation of the Iliad or the Odyssey serves to raise again the questions raised twenty years ago by Mr. Arnold in his *Lectures on Translating Homer*, and chiefly the question of metre. What metre is best suited for rendering in English the rapidity, the simplicity of thought and of expression, and the nobility of Homer? No one is likely to venture again on the couplet, after Pope has shown us in his Iliad, and Chapman in his Odyssey, such perfect models of all that Homer is not.

> The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
> Eye the blue vault and bless the useful light—

is this, or are these verses of Chapman's furthest from Homer?

> With what clouds Jove heaven's heightened forehead binds!
> How tyrannize the wraths of all the winds!
> How all the tops he bottoms with the deeps,
> And in the bottoms all the tops he steeps!

Neither Pope's artificiality, nor Chapman's fancifulness, is likely to be imitated by any future translator; and the couplet from which one or the other seems inseparable is consequently condemned. Blank verse, again, has not as yet succeeded much better; for no translator who has used it has steered safe between an un-Homeric involution of style and bald dulness. It is hard to find fault with Cowper for translating Homer, seeing that the work was, while it lasted, a true *medicina mentis* to him, and kept him employed at a time when original writing was out of the question; but, though

* *The Odyssey of Homer.* Books I.–XII. Translated into English Verse, with Notes and Parallel Passages, by Sir Charles Du Cane, K.C.M.G. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1880.

The Odyssey of Homer. Done into English Verse. By Avia. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1880.

Cowper's version sprang from a sound root—dissatisfaction with Pope—he cannot be said to have given us an Iliad or an Odyssey that is much more like Homer than Pope's versions are. Literalness, no doubt, there is in Cowper, and in his modern successor, Lord Derby; but there is an utter want of the Homeric flow, the Homeric directness, the Homeric simplicity and speed. Cowper is well aware—his own poetic experience has taught him—how difficult it is for the blank-verse writer to keep clear of prose in treating prosaic incidents, of which so much of a narrative poem must inevitably be composed; and he keeps clear of it by making use of a style that may be called debased Miltonese:—

> So saying, he issued his command; whom quick
> His grooms obey'd. They in the court prepared
> The sumpter-carriage, and adjoin'd the mules—

that is how we are led up to Nausicaa's journey to the river:—

> Ulysses with delight that song, and all
> The maritime Phæacian concourse heard—

that is how we are told of the reception of Demodocus's minstrelsy:—

> When thus he had perform'd
> His wonted task, two seizing, as before,
> He slew them for his next obscene regale.

that is how Cowper renders for us the deed of the Cyclops, told by Homer in two swift lines, without a pause or an unusual word:—

> αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δὴ σπεῦσε πονησάμενος τὰ ἃ ἔργα,
> σὺν δ' ὅγε δὴ αὖτε δύω μάρψας ὡπλίσσατο δεῖπνον.

Clearly Mr. Arnold was right when he condemned Cowper's blank verse as a means of representing Homer. It is neither simple enough nor rapid enough.

Mr. Worsley's well-known version in the Spenserian stanza is a charming poem; it is scholarly, accurate, melodious; it has many of the necessary qualities of Homeric translation. But it is in stanzas, and we are not sure whether that is not a fatal objection. If the couplet of Pope is impossible because of its inevitable tendency to epigram, to bring the thought round with a jerk, as it were, for the rhyme's sake, it may be said that the nine-lined stanza labours under a like difficulty. The stanza, like the long prose period, is necessarily self-contained; its complex structure gives it a completeness of its own. There is no guarantee that the breaks of the stanzas will coincide, or nearly coincide, with the breaks of the continuous hexameters, so that even a hand as skilful as Mr. Worsley's will often find itself unable to proceed without either expanding the sense unduly or allowing a break where it ought not to be. It may have been some consideration of this kind that directed both the translators we have now under notice to the long-lined rhyming metres which they have chosen. Sir Charles Du Cane has taken the fourteen-syllabled metre of Chapman's Iliad; Avia has taken a metre which is almost identical with that of Mr. Morris's *Story of Sigurd*. Both these modes have certain obvious advantages. Like Mr. Arnold's favourite hexameters, each of their lines is long enough to contain the equivalent of a line of the Greek, so that the translator is under no temptation to expand or retrench. Thus one of these versions renders the 331 lines of the Sixth Book in 327, and the other in 334 lines. Again, these metres bring no inducement either to epigram, like the heroic couplet, or to involution, like blank verse, or to any alteration of the Homeric pauses, like the Spenserian stanza. But between the two metres there is, except for this negative agreement, a considerable difference. Sir C. Du Cane's is an accurate and faithful version of the Greek, but the jog of the iambics is apt to fatigue the ear. Let us take some parallel renderings of well-known passages, beginning with the version of Cowper as an example of a style quite different from that of the two versions under immediate consideration. Here is the passage in which Proteus describes the fate of Ajax, son of Oileus (Book IV. 499-511):—

COWPER.

> Ajax, surrounded by his galleys, died.
> Him Neptune, first, against the bulky rocks
> The Gyræ drove, but saved him from the Deep;
> Nor had he perish'd, hated as he was
> By Pallas, but for his own impious boast
> In frenzy utter'd, that he would escape
> The billows, even in the God's despight.
> Neptune, that speech vain-glorious hearing, grasp'd
> His trident, and the huge Gyræan rock
> Smiting indignant, dash'd it half away.
> Part stood, and part, on which the boaster sat
> When, first, the brainsick fury seiz'd him, fell
> Bearing him with it down into the gulfs
> Of Ocean, where he drank the brine, and died.

SIR C. DU CANE.

> Ajax on board his long-oared ships was smitten on the wave:
> Poseidon first to Gyara's rock the mighty chieftain drave,
> And, rescued from the billowy surge, he would have 'scaped his fate,
> Though by Athene's wrath pursued with unrelenting hate.
> Had he not made an impious boast, mad with besotted pride,
> That in the god's despite the sea's great gulf he had defied.
> But straightway to Poseidon's ear his vaunting cry did go,
> And with his trident firmly grasped the sea-god struck a blow.
> Full upon Gyara's rock it fell, and sundered it in twain,—
> One fragment stood, whilst thund'ring fell the other in the main,
> Seated on which great Ajax spake the boast that brought him bane,
> For him it bore away, and plunged into the surging tide,—
> So, swallowing down a briny draught, the boastful hero died.

AVIA.

> With his long-oared galleys was Ajax wrecked in the breaker-swirl;
> For against the Gyræan rocks did Poseidon the black ship hurl;
> But the God saved him from the sea, from the threshold of Hades' gate;
> And now had he 'scaped destruction for all Athenê's hate,
> But for his own presumption, the word that in madness he cried,
> How that even in the God's despite he had 'scaped from the deep sea-tide.
> But Poseidon heard the vaunts that on high to the heavens he flung,
> And straight in his mighty hands his three-forked mace he swung,
> And he smote the Gyræan rock, and the crag in sunder he clave,
> And the half abode in his place, and the half plunged down to the wave,
> Even that whereon Ajax had sat in his folly and frenzy of soul,
> And it whelmed him down welter of surges and fathomless-deep sea-roll.
> So he died, when the vaunt-filled mouth had been filled with a draught from the sea.

The chief fault we have to find with these last lines, of which the ring is unmistakable, is that the translator has added to her original. "In the breaker-swirl," "the black ship," "from the threshold of Hades' gate," are interpolations; and "the vaunts that on high to the heavens he flung" is a very free rendering of μεγάλ' αὐδήσαντος. Elsewhere, as in the following passage, the pathetic lament of the ghost of Anticleia, the hero's mother, there is less of this license:—

> So did I speak, and my reverend mother forthright replied:
> "Nay, but still with a patient spirit thy wife doth abide
> In thy halls, and evermore, for the burden of sorrow she bears,
> Her days are consumed with heaviness, yea, and her nights with tears.
> But thy fair honour hath no man hitherto taken, but yet
> Telemachus holdeth in peace thy domain, and on high is he set
> In the feasts, where it fits that a ruler of men sit princes beside,
> For of all is he bidden: but ever thy sire in the field doth abide.
> Alone, for down to the city he never doth come, and his bed
> Is not with mantles and shining rugs full softly spread;
> But in winter he layeth him down in the house beside the fire
> In the ashes, amid the thralls, apparelled in evil attire.
> But as soon as the summer is come with a glory of golden sheaves,
> Low on the ground he lieth amidst of the fallen leaves,
> Anywhere under the naked sky in the vineyard-close;
> There doth he lie in his anguish of heart, and his grief ever grows
> With longing for thee, and now is he come unto joyless eld.
> For this cause also I died, when the day of my doom I beheld.
> For not in my halls did far-seeing Artemis come with her bow,
> And softly chill me to death with arrows like falling snow:
> No sickness it was that came upon me to steal away
> The life from the tortured limbs by the wasting of long decay.
> Ah, no, my beloved, my son! 'twas the aching of yearning for thee,
> For thy counsels and sweet lovingkindness, that broke the heart of me!"

In both these passages the metre is exactly that of *Sigurd*; but through half or more of the book the effect is varied by a rhyme in the middle of the line. Take, for example, this extremely vivid rendering of the passage, in the midst of the slaughter of the suitors, where Athene looks down from the rafters of the hall:—

> Then, then from the rafters' height did Pallas Athenê shake
> Her ægis, and thrilled with affright did the souls of the suitors quake.
> And this way and that from the king they fled, as the cattle flee
> When the hovering gad-fly's sting is driving them over the lea,
> When the long days come with the Springtide up from the southland sea.
> But the king and his folk, as the bow-beaked, crook-taloned vultures swoop
> From the crags on the mountain's brow, on the harmless fowl to stoop,
> Which afar from the clouds low-cowering scurry along the ground,
> But from down-rushing wing and devouring beak no rescue is found,
> Neither any escape; and with glee are the field-carles watching the chase,
> So smite they the suitors that flee through the murder-ravening place.
> And rang through the slaughter the shriek and the ghastly moan evermore,
> As they hacked at their heads, and the reek of their blood steamed up from the floor.

We have mentioned one fault in Avia's version, her tendency to interpolate. No doubt this is less of a fault in translating Homer than in translating any other poet, for the simple reason that Homer deals so largely in ornamental or conventional epithets and expletives that a translator is but carrying the Homeric practice a little further in doing the same. Another quality of her verse is more all-pervading and fundamental, and the favour shown to her version will exactly depend on how far readers are prepared to regard it as a good quality, a legitimate feature. This is, it need hardly be said, the quasi-archaic character of much of the language. In *Sigurd* it was essential to the poem; it was a part of its atmosphere. Is it so in the Odyssey? This is a very difficult question, and one that we are hardly prepared to discuss in a single paragraph. Perhaps the true thing to say is that archaisms of language are like most other features of an author's style; their effect depends on how they are managed. In Mr. Newman's Iliad they were ill-managed; in Avia's Odyssey we think them in the main happy and striking. Probably, as we have hinted before, this translation would never have been written if *Sigurd* had not been written first; but that is no dispraise of Avia's work. On the contrary, it is much to the credit of her judgment that she recognized not only the beauty of that great poem but its affinity to the Homeric epic. The result is that she has produced a version of the Odyssey in English which, if not perfect, is original and brilliant.

CHRISTIAN ART IN THE CATACOMBS.*

TWO years ago we noticed the First Part of Messrs. Northcote and Brownlow's careful revision of their standard work

* *Roma Sotterranea; or, an Account of the Roman Catacombs, especially of the Cemetery of St. Callixtus, compiled from the Works of Commendatore De Rossi.* New Edition, rewritten and greatly enlarged, by Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, D.D., and Rev. W. R. Brownlow, M.A. Part Second—Christian Art. London: Longmans & Co. 1879.

on the Roman Catacombs. After a long interval, the Second Part, devoted chiefly to the examination of the earliest Christian art, both in painting and sculpture, has made its appearance, and we proceed to bring it to the attention of our readers. There can be no doubt of the very great benefit conferred on all English students of Christian archæology by this careful compilation from the somewhat unwieldy and inaccessible works of the Commendatore De Rossi. The two Roman Catholic clergymen whom we have to thank for this useful labour have entered thoroughly into the subject, and in the Second Part, now under notice, have certainly improved on De Rossi's third volume. They claim the credit of having for the first time arranged in a chronological order all the paintings and the sculptured sarcophagi yet discovered in the Catacombs. This has never been attempted before. At first the explorers or describers of the vast ramifications of the cemetery of Callixtus, or of the more recently discovered one of Generosa, on the site of the Sacred Wood of the Fratres Arvales, merely accumulated materials for future arrangement, and the dates which they assigned to particular works of art were very often hastily assumed. Even Padre Marchi, to whose mantle the Commendatore De Rossi, as the official custodian of the Roman Catacombs, has succeeded, is by no means a safe guide in this branch of the subject. So much more is now known about the matter that the successive dates of the original excavation of the several galleries, chambers, planes, and levels have been satisfactorily ascertained. And a multitude of subsidiary arguments, derived from historical records and from the comparison of inscriptions and of other details, such as technical execution, confirms the general accuracy of these conclusions.

No one can examine the art of the Catacombs without seeing that the primitive Christians, brought up, as they necessarily must have been, in the traditions of their time, preserved the general system of debased classical decoration which they found in being. They rejected, of course, many heathen figures and subjects, while they adopted a few which suited their own purpose. Occasionally, for instance, they preserved Pagan types and mythological legends, such as the figures of Orpheus or Psyche, and symbolical representations of natural phenomena, such as Oceanus and Iris. But they began from the very first, though timidly and tentatively, to develop a Christian system of iconography. Their first attempts were naturally symbolical. They would have shrunk, especially during the ages of persecution, from the open representation of distinctively Christian subjects. Accordingly, such emblems as the Anchor, the Lamb, the Dove, the Fish, the Stag, the Dolphin, the Vine, and the Ship, were the most favourite adornments of the earliest Christian *arcosolia*. De Rossi and his English followers find the most ancient known specimen of Christian decorative painting in the gallery at the entrance of the cemetery of Domitilla, on the Via Ardeatina. Here the vaulting is covered with most gracefully flowing vine-branches, with birds picking at the grapes and naked boys gathering them. The fair presumption is that this painting, considering how significant an emblem the vine is, may be reckoned as a Christian work of an age which cannot be later than the second century. In the same cemetery there are subjects of a man fishing, of sheep feeding, of Noah in his ark, and of Daniel in the den of lions. Mommsen's authority is quoted for the opinion that these decorative works are of the same age as the original excavation of the particular part of the catacombs in which they are found. Another painting, representing two persons seated at a table on which are some cakes of bread and a fish, undoubtedly, in the eyes of Christian iconographers, represents, in a way which would veil its meaning from a heathen, the Eucharistic feast. De Rossi distinguishes between representations of the common feast, or *agape*, or rather the heavenly banquet; the supper of the Seven Disciples (recorded in St. John xxi.); and a purely symbolical exhibition of the fish with loaves of bread, meaning the sacrament of the altar. Mr. J. H. Parker, who is the *bête noire* of Dr. Northcote and Mr. Brownlow, wishes to get rid of the Christian character of such representations by describing them as merely depicting the anniversary commemorative feasts of the dead common among the ancient Romans. But Bishop Graves, of Limerick, admits, as any dispassionate observer cannot help doing, their religious character and intention. The so-called crypts of Lucina are another division of the most ancient part of the Cemetery of Callixtus. Here, in one of the cubicula, is a picture of our Lord's baptism. Here, too, the figure of the *Orante*, a female figure with the arms uplifted and outstretched in prayer, makes its first appearance. This, whether representing a particular Christian soul, or the collective Church, is one of the most common adornments of the catacombs. We can see no proof that the *Orante* ever stands for the Blessed Virgin. Even if it did, as our authors laboriously contend, the attitude and sentiment would imply a very different regard for our Lord's mother than is inculcated in modern Romanism. The first appearance in art of the Blessed Virgin with the Holy Child is found in the Cemetery of Priscilla, which is believed to be of the age of the Flavii, that is before A.D. 150, or of the time of Trajan, immediately following. This is naturalistic in character, and a very beautiful work of art, of excellent style and execution. The Good Shepherd, our Lord with the Woman of Samaria at the well, the Hæmorrhoissa, Jonah, Moses striking the rock, all make their appearance in the second century. The following age introduces a development and combination of subjects and compositions. The history of Jonah in its several stages, the sacrifice of Isaac, the healing of the paralytic man, now occur as common subjects. The chapel of Dionysas, about the year 275, has her figure with two other women and two men, all inscribed with their names, represented as standing in prayer in a paradise, wherein are birds and flowers. Nothing can be pleasanter or more instructive than to peruse our authors' pages, with their copious illustrations, describing in chronological succession these monuments of the earliest Christian art. The adoration of the Magi, and the story of Susanna (represented as a lamb, with the name *Susanna*, standing between two wolves, inscribed *Seniores*), are also subjects which were represented in the third century.

The catacomb paintings of the fourth century are certainly inferior in interest, as well as in artistic merit, to those of the preceding ages of persecution. The subjects, not much more varied than before, were treated less symbolically, but with growing debasement of style and method as compared with the ancient classical types. We still find the Good Shepherd a very favourite subject. Equally common is the Striking of the rock; and our authors strive hard to establish that in these pictures Moses and Peter are somehow combined in one person. It is curious to find a grievous complaint of the badness of the plaster used in the latter half of the fourth century, in the "Liberian area" of the Catacombs of Callixtus in particular. Owing to this many of these paintings have perished. It is in this part of the cemetery and at this age that the monogram of our Lord's name is first observed. The different forms of it are well illustrated by our authors. The nimbus also makes its first appearance in this place and at this date. The disquisition on the nimbus is one of the best in the volume before us.

Few specimens of pictorial art of the fifth or following centuries are to be found in the Roman catacombs. In these Christian symbolism has well-nigh disappeared. The whole style is "positive" and naturalistic. But the examples here given, some saintly figures from the crypt of St. Cecilia and a group from the cemetery of Generosa—the latter of the seventh century—are full of interest. Two fine effigies of St. Sixtus and another bishop, supposed to belong to the ninth century, the whole group having a text of Scripture surrounding it (this being the earliest known example of this practice), are here figured from the tomb of Cornelius; as is also a full-faced portrait of our Lord, from the catacomb of Pontianus, ascribed to the same ninth century, which has the earliest known example of an inscription commemorating the donor. The words of the legend are:—"De donis Dei Gaudiosus fecit."

In connexion with such votive inscriptions it may be well to add that the letters P.G.R.F.C., which are found in some paintings of the subterranean church of San Clemente, are satisfactorily explained as standing for the words "Pro gratia recepta fieri curavi." This may give a useful hint to the writers of inscriptions of thank-offering among ourselves.

We have further to notice a very interesting discussion of the traditional portraiture of our Lord. Our authors place side by side Kugler's engraving of the earliest known portrait of our Saviour from a ceiling in the Catacomb of Domitilla, now nearly effaced, and the late Mr. Heaphy's copy of the same original, which is (we learn) to be published in a forthcoming posthumous work on "The Antiquity of the Likeness of our Blessed Lord." We can truly say that we hope most earnestly that Mr. Heaphy's presentment, picturesque and pathetic as it is, is the more faithful reproduction of the original.

A further chapter describes the few remains of Christian sculpture, chiefly bas-reliefs from sarcophagi, which the Catacombs have afforded. There is not much to be said about them. For the art is but poor, and the subjects have no novelty; except that, among Pagan scenes admitted into the Christian circle, occurs Ulysses with the Sirens. The noble sitting figure of St. Hippolytus of Ostia, now in the Lateran Museum, concludes the series, and might have been more warmly commended.

In former notices of De Rossi's original work we have already called attention to his interesting discoveries of trinkets, tesseræ, gilded glasses, lamps, phials, &c., in the various Catacombs under his official care. Dr. Northcote and Mr. Brownlow reproduce these chapters without throwing any further light on the subject. But they give some new and interesting particulars, in an appendix, in illustration of the famous *Graffito* (supposed to date from the early part of the third century), found, some thirty years ago, in one of the recently excavated chambers of the Palace of the Cæsars on the Palatine. This, as is well known, represents a man worshipping a crucified ass-headed figure; and there is a roughly scrawled inscription—ΑΛΕΞΑΜΕΝΟΣ CΕΒΕΤΕ (for ΣΕΒΕΤΑΙ) ΘΕΟΝ. Tertullian refers to the blasphemous calumny, which was current among the heathen in his time in Rome and in Africa, that the Christians "adored the head of an ass"; and speaks of a painting exhibited at Carthage which represented a figure with the ears of an ass and a hoof on one foot, dressed in a toga and carrying a book inscribed with the words, "Deus Christianorum, ΟΝΟΚΟΙΗΤΗΣ, auribus asininis et pede." This was in the first years of the third century, at the beginning of the persecution under Septimius Severus. The stupid fable soon died out, and the last notice of it is to be found in Minucius Felix (Octavius c. 28):—"Audiro te dicis caput asini rem nobis esse divinam." But De Rossi thinks with great probability, that the Roman *graffito*, scratched by a schoolboy or a soldier (it is not known whether the apartment in which it was found was a school-room or a guard-room), refers to this fable. Liddell and Scott translate the word *ὀνοκοιτης* as "lying in an ass's stall." This may have some reference to the historical fact of the divine birth in the stable at Bethlehem. But there are other interpretations of the word. Our authors adduce for comparison

an engraving of an ancient gem, first engraved by Stephanoni in 1646, which represents an ass clothed in a toga teaching two disciples. For this they are indebted to Dr. Kraus's *Das Spottcrucifix vom Palatin und ein neuentdecktes Graffito*, 1872. Dr. Kraus also compares a medal of Alexander the Great, the reverse of which shows an ass suckling its foal, with the inscription round it DN IHS XPS DEI FILIUS. This is certainly a very curious and interesting discussion. We wonder that our authors have not referred to the description and engraving of the strange *graffito* of a lamp on the tomb of the Virgin Januaria, which De Rossi gives in No. 22 of Tavola xxviii. of the Atlas of his last volume. This lamp is in the not unusual form of a Roman galley; but on the curved extremity of the prow of the galley is transfixed a monstrous human face with the ears of an ass. De Rossi's explanation—a rather far-fetched one—is that this symbol represents the transfixion of the stupid fable of the ass by the cross. This new English edition of the *Roma Sotterranea*, which is now completed, is a real boon to all students of ancient Christian art.

CHARLIE.*

THE autobiographic hero of *Charlie* tells us, on nearly the last page of his third volume, that "I could enlarge." There is, however, one peculiarity of Mrs. Woodward's work which we defy her or her spokesman to enlarge, and that is the length of her sentences. These remarkable creations are of such dimensions that words or lines are hopeless as units of measurement, and the only standard at all convenient is that of the inch. The second sentence of the first chapter is a five-inch-and-a-half one, filling a page, and handsomely turning the corner of the page before and the page after. Three-inchers and four-inchers abound; and, when we come to p. 81, we find what turnip-growers would probably call a great mammoth champion sentence, which occupies a page and a half, or a good eight inches of print. We forget at this moment the precise length of the famous congeries of words in the *Kritik der reinen Vernunft*, which is supposed to have put Kant at the head of the framers of big things in sentences. But, if Mrs. Woodward has not beaten the philosopher, she has certainly in this surprising instance run a good second. Nor is the construction of these fabrics less remarkable than their bulk. The author, to do her justice, does not often lose the grammatical thread of connexion, nor does she, like Clarendon—her only English rival—expand the unhappy phrase with parentheses and asides. She rather seems to have an objection to the use of stops, and to consider that conjunctions are much better. Thus the reader is carried along sweetly by "ands" and "thoughs" and "whiles" until he finds himself at the end several miles rather than inches from the sense of the beginning. Here is a specimen five-incher, which ought to prove of great use to all examiners, schoolmasters, parish clergymen, and aspirants to the proud position of a sub-editor of periodicals:—

> My own character too had probably developed much quicker than that of most boys of my age, and living in this close companionship with a man of such peculiarly grave and abstracted ideas—one, too, who never associated with his neighbours or condescended to evince even the faintest interest in the petty everyday trifles which were taking place around him, may have quickened my powers of discernment and made me more able to appreciate a character which, as it little by little unfolded before my dawning intellect, filled me with the deepest awe and veneration, and a kind of grateful idolatrous love with which no other mortal man has ever inspired me and never will now that the object of my first fresh boyish devotion is gone—a devotion which I honestly believe to have had the same strength and intensity as though I had been a full grown man, able to look at things from a man's standpoint, and bring the full weight of a strong and mature affection to bear upon the subject which he singles out as worthy of being enshrined in his heart's inner sanctuary—worthy of being loved first and foremost better than one's self, better even than one's life.

It will probably be perceived from this specimen's contents, as well as from its style, that the interest to be found in *Charlie* is of a placid and contemplative kind. It consists indeed rather in a mild curiosity to know how Mrs. Woodward will extricate herself from the ambages of these monstrous propositions, than in any particular desire to know what becomes of the characters or any particular sympathy with their occupations. They are, for the most part, a pleasant old-fashioned folk of the kind who never were much on any land or sea except in the realms of fiction. They cool their heated brows, they all but discover their long lost fathers by means of diamond rings, their lips curl, and their eyes flash quite in the approved style, and their sentiments when they are good are irreproachable, and when they are bad are bad and no mistake. The excellent Charlie, who tells his own story with a fine manly absence of bashfulness at the display of his own perfections, is a proper moral young man as you shall meet of a summer's day. At an early age he is chosen to be guide, philosopher, and friend to one of his "college" companions, and the fame of him is such that shortly afterwards, when he has got an open scholarship and is about to proceed to Oxford, a baronet offers him three hundred a year and unlimited travelling expenses to accompany his ne'er-do-well son, and keep him as far as possible out of mischief. The latter task even the irreproachable Charlie fails to accomplish, which, as he must have been about eighteen at the time of his assuming the office of Mentor, is perhaps not very wonderful. His position, too, seems to have been rather an awkward one, and perhaps one which a person who was provided plentifully with the finer feelings would have preferred not to hold. The exact nature of Mr. Stafford's delinquencies is veiled in several three- and four-inchers of the finest, but vaguest, periphrasis. But as the Mentor alludes to a "lonely Italian grave," to which, during their travels, his hopeful pupil, or companion, or whatever he is to be called, had consigned some apparently female person by "false promises, and neglected vows, and deliberate desertion," it may be suggested that a man of honour would have washed his hands of Mr. Stafford about the date of the digging of that grave. However, Charlie, to do him justice, has the finest moral sentiments at command on every occasion, and bestows quite three-hundred-a-year's worth of them on the impenitent Mr. Stafford. It is also to his credit that though the conduct which led to the Italian grave does not seem to have struck him in the light of a *vice rédhibitoire* as far as concerns his engagement with Mr. Stafford, he promptly takes the latter away under threat of revelations as to his wickedness when he finds him in the society of a beautiful girl who is his own special adoration. "How I hated seeing him hovering thus closely about the beautiful and guileless girl, whose hand he was no more worthy to touch than the loathsome reptile is fit to associate with the pure and harmless dove," says Charlie, with much frankness, but perhaps with a little severity, considering that, at this period, he has been eating the loathsome reptile's bread for some four or five years. Obviously, however, Charlie was a person upon whom the relation of keeper to a loathsome reptile did not weigh heavily. He talks loftily of the loathsome reptile's "contracted views," when that animal wished to "monopolize the society" of his paid companion, and is altogether a very superior person. Like all superior persons with a belief in themselves he prospers. His unknown parent or somebody else leaves him large sums of money, the loathsome reptile is converted by a fever in India, he is released from his guardianship with a handsome legacy from the paternal baronet, and lastly his chief patron, the father of the pure and harmless dove, proves himself to be the most amiable and accommodating of papas. Indeed, the scene in which the Gods provide goods for this model young man is almost humorous if only we could feel sure that the author sees the humour. Charlie has settled down in London lodgings, intending with his savings during his years of reptile-keeping to read for the Bar, and he is dreadfully alarmed at the designs of a match-making aunt of the pure and harmless dove—whose life, by the way, he Charlie has saved when she was a small girl. The father appears and flings his daughter at the head of the young man in a way only too uncommon with fathers of large property:—

> "What good?" retorted Mr. Vaughan, rising excitedly from his seat and beginning to pace the floor. "My dear Charlie," here he stood still and looked grimly down upon me, "if you will excuse my saying it, you are a fool."
>
> "It's not exactly an agreeable fact to be reminded of," I drily responded, "but I really begin to think I must be one, for I am certainly quite at a loss to understand your object in seeking to drag me into an affair of such extreme delicacy."
>
> "Never mind about that," quickly interrupted the impatient clergyman, "just answer me this one question, Do *you* not love my daughter?"
>
> "Pardon me," I said, looking at him proudly, for on this point I felt that I rather deserved credit than otherwise for the way in which I had acted towards him, "but may I inquire whether I have ever done or said anything?"
>
> "I don't want to discuss your sayings and doings, my dear fellow," energetically exclaimed Mr. Vaughan, "I only want a simple answer to my question."

It is odd that the excellent Mr. Vaughan, who had known Charlie all his life, should not have been aware that a simple answer was altogether out of the power of that magnificent gentleman to give. But if the impatient clergyman had strengthened his very sensible assertion, "You are a fool," by one of the customary expletives to that phrase, we do not think his bishop could have had the heart to find much fault with him.

By the aid of five-inch sentences and of an infinite ingenuity in not coming to the point, Mrs. Woodward has made out her three volumes. But we have not often read three volumes with less in them. Good instances of the author's inability to write plainly and naturally may be found in the chapters devoted to Charlie's life in "the Middlebury College," by which curious title the author seems to describe the grammar school of a cathedral town forty or fifty years ago. At that time there were not many schools save Eton and Winchester, to which the term college was applied at all, and certainly nobody thought of talking of "the" Eton College or "the" Winchester College. An institution, however, which contained such very curious *alumni* as the Middlebury College boys, is fairly entitled to a curious title. This is the way in which the Middleburian of that day turned his period and polished his phrase:—

> He talks of getting a scholarship for himself in precisely the same matter of fact terms, as I speak about sitting down to dinner, while as for exhibitions and things of that kind he seems to think he has nothing to do but simply to put out his hand and graciously take them. If, therefore, he holds these exalted views on his own account, there is no knowing what kind of views he may entertain with regard to my individual self. He may insist perhaps, for anything I can tell to the contrary, on seeing me formally installed as Lord Chancellor, or some equally dignified position, before he has done with me.

It is interesting to pause for a moment, and to think what would have been the actual fate of a youth who should have made this speech at a public school forty years ago. It can be imagined, but perhaps must not in these squeamish days be described.

On the whole we cannot say that it would grieve us if we never

* *Charlie.* By Mrs. Woodward. 3 vols. London: S. Tinsley & Co. 1880.

read another novel of Mrs. Woodward's. Her oddities are but rarely amusing, and the non-amusing intervals are many, long, and frightfully barren. It is faintly pleasant to find that there is a person who thinks *rapprochement* is a synonym for *rapport*, and that a *spiritual* countenance is one which shows a pale and interesting melancholy. A hero who takes the pains to explain, when mentioning the wicked implement called a latch-key, that he had not asked for it, but had received it, an unsought gift, from his landlady, may also raise a smile. "Rose-coloured visions of future laurels to be won" is a not uncheerful confusion of *Laurus nobilis* with *Nerium oleander*. Among some very curious epigraphs with which Mrs. Woodward has headed her chapters, it is pleasant to meet with a poem beginning "Thou faileth not!" which is perhaps the nicest false concord imagined by a bard since Mrs. Rosa Fitzroy Tymmyns wrote about "Thine eye which gleameat." But these things are not too numerous, and the rest is mostly null and void. When Charlie informs us that "I put my arm round her with an almost reverential tenderness of manner, and kissed her sweet tremulous lips," the information is most welcome, not indeed because of its intrinsic interest, nor because of the language in which it is given, but simply because it heralds "the end," which duly appears thirty pages or so later, and dismisses the weary critic.

KLEIN'S STUDENTS' MANUAL.*

DR. KLEIN tells us that the present work "is the product of a long and successful experience in training candidates for the Civil Service, the Legal, University, and other Examinations." It may therefore, he continues, "reasonably be hoped that Students will find it a useful handbook in their studies." Further, that the student may have an idea of what he will have to encounter, "copious specimens of Papers set at previous examinations have been added." Altogether it seems that we may accept this book as good evidence of the kind and quality of knowledge required from candidates for "the Indian and Home Civil Service, the University, Law, and other Examinations," for which the work on its title-page proclaims itself to be "especially adapted."

Far be it from us to pronounce whether the student will or will not find this a useful handbook. A useful handbook, as we conceive, is that which pulls the candidate through; and Dr. Klein, by his own account, must know how this is to be done. As the proof of the pudding is in the eating, so the proof of the scholar is in the passing. The anxious parents of "seven fair sons"—to speak in the conventional phrases of romance—when they send them out to encounter the giants and dragons, in the modern form of examiners, that bar the road to fame and fortune, or even to the modest maintenance of a Government clerk, ask for no better evidence than this of the goodness of the education for which they have paid the bills. If Dr. Klein's pupils pass, doubtless the benedictions of many a toiling father and harassed mother are showered upon his head, and more precious will his handbook be unto them than all the works of Gibbon, Macaulay, Freeman, and Stubbs put together.

Speaking, however, as an unpractical critic, we should say that in itself this is by no means a good book. We will not say that it is altogether and wholly bad; in this age of enlightenment it becomes every day harder to attain unto the perfection of badness. Dr. Klein has—if we may venture slightly to alter a line from the *Northern Farmer*—"read whot a owt to 'a read"—to wit, Hallam, Macaulay, Freeman, and Stubbs; at least he quotes from them. But the book from first to last shows signs of careless and hasty workmanship; it is badly worded, badly compiled, inaccurately printed; the English is often so strange that in spite of the author's assertions of nationality by speaking of "our own Royal family," "our own poet Tennyson," "our constitution," we suspect that the language is to him a foreign one; and from time to time he betrays that he has but imperfectly understood the events he narrates. The chief praise we can give is that as far as we have tested them, his dates are right. But he seems not to have extended his care to proper names, though as to these some of the peculiarities of his spelling may, we admit, be due to theories of his own. He may have his reasons for writing *Cirdic* and *Pinda*, instead of *Cerdic* and *Penda*, and for presenting Ælfred's daughter, familiar to us either as Æthelflæd or Ethelfleda, under the form of *Alfreada*, though surely in a handbook it would be better to follow the usages of our best modern historians. At any rate he should have been more consistent than to write Athel*stone* all through p. 18, and Athel*stan* at p. 33. "Edmond" and "Edmondsbury" for Edmund and Edmundsbury, and *Sight*bert for Sigeberht, are irritating eccentricities. The youngest son of Edward III., Thomas Duke of Gloucester, appears as "Richard Duke of Gloucester"; and Napoleon's second wife is called "the Archduchess Maria *Theresa*." Then we have "the Gallic *law*," where evidently the Salic Law is meant; "Theodore, a monk from *Sarsus*," for Tarsus, "Beda, of *Yarrow*," instead of Jarrow. Still more unpardonable is the following slip in the account of John's reign:—"In his [John's] absence, the Nobles had been considering the question of redress of grievances. Lanfranc had shown them a copy of the Charter of Henry I., and upon this they based their claims." Langton of course is meant; and the student who thinks for himself may possibly see this; but if he is to go to the trouble of "thinking for himself at all," he may as well get up some good authority at once. The student who does not think will accept the statement with perfect calm—one "old bloke" of an archbishop, to express ourselves after the manner of ingenuous youth, is as good as another; but then how will it fare with him if his examiner should happen to know better? There is another pitfall at page 4, where we read—

> In the year 43 A.D. Claudius, a Roman General, made a more serious attempt to conquer the island.

Imperator no doubt is a military title which may be rendered as *general*, and therefore it is possible that "Claudius, a Roman General," may be a super-accurate way of describing Claudius the Roman Emperor. But one is tempted to suspect *Claudius* to be a misprint for *Plautius*, whom the Emperor sent to prepare his way in Britain by a preliminary campaign.

From "The Roman Period" we pass on to the "Saxon Period." Though it is sad to reflect that future Civil servants are being taught to talk about "Saxon" periods, otherwise the account of "the institutions of the Saxon tribes" is not so bad. But Dr. Klein's views about the Bretwalda are hard to make out:—

> There was a sort of loose relationship among the Bretwaldas of the different Kingdoms, but it was little more than that they acknowledged one ruler to be more powerful than the others, and furnished him with troops.

The reader may be pardoned if he infers from this that all the Heptarchical kings were Bretwaldas together. If learners are to be bothered with the Bretwalda, it should be made clear to them that, as in the case of the Phœnix, there was but one at a time. The definition given in the glossary at the end of the book, "Chief of the state in Saxon times," is inadequate and vague. The account of Æthelstan's exploits is also not as intelligible as one would wish:—

> Early in his reign he quarrelled with the Danish King of Northumbria, whose throne was imperilled by internal disturbances, A.D. 937, and Athelstone defeated them [*sic*] at the great battle of Brunanburg.

Passing on to the time of the Confessor, we come to the fray between the burghers of Dover and "Eustace, Count of Bologna," in which Italianized form the pupil will hardly recognize the familiar Boulogne across the Channel. Although Godwine, in refusing to punish the townsmen, "was in the right, his unpopularity was so great that he had to fly to the north, where he endeavoured to raise some forces which soon deserted him." In reality, the forces raised by Godwine were drawn, as might be expected, from his own and his sons' earldoms—Wessex, East Anglia, and part of Mercia; and their gathering-place was no further north than Beverstone, or, as the Worcester Chronicler says, Langtree, in Gloucestershire. The third chapter and the earlier part of the fourth, which treat of "Saxon Institutions" and of the reign of the Conqueror, are, on the whole, decidedly superior to what has preceded them; but we should like to have a reference to the following quotation:—

> Freeman says, "the Witan was originally of freemen in their entirety, but gradually ceased to be so, on account of their very impossibility of attendance."

Till the original passage is pointed out to us we shall refuse to believe that Mr. Freeman ever turned out a sentence so queerly expressed, or that he made *Witan* (= *Sapientes*) a singular, though Dr. Klein not infrequently does so. King Stephen's elder brother appears under the strange style of "Theobald, Earl of Mortmain." *Mortain*, we presume, is meant; but it was Stephen himself who, by the bounty of his uncle King Henry I., was Count of Mortain. Next comes Henry II., who "married Eleanor of Acquitaine, and thus added the Isle of France to his dominions." Now Henry did acquire a good deal of territory by his marriage—"he took her to wife, and all Poitou with her," as the Peterborough Chronicler expressively says; but how he, or she either, came by the district known as the Isle of France, a part of the immediate domain of the King of the French, is beyond us. We are the more puzzled by reading, three lines lower down:—"For his French dominions he [Henry II.] was vassal of the King of Paris, but there was a great inequality of strength, as the only one left was the Isle of France." This we give up in despair. But something more astounding follows:—

> A great mistake was made by the King, in having his son Henry crowned as King of England by the Archbishop of York, as it was putting power in the hands of a very untrustworthy man. The reason of Henry's conduct in this matter was his continued absence in his French dominions. The King of France was highly indignant that his daughter, who had married the Prince of Wales, was not crowned at the same time. This Prince was spoken of by the historians of that period as Henry III.; but of course was not so recognised by us.

As Henry, "the Younger King," was married to a daughter of Louis of France, the only interpretation we can put upon this passage is that at the time Dr. Klein wrote it he supposed "Prince of Wales" to be the proper style of an English King's eldest son in the twelfth century. The carelessness with which the book has been compiled is shown by the fact that some pages further on Dr. Klein rightly mentions Edward of Caernarvon as "the first styled Prince of Wales." The previous bearer of that title, Llywelyn, is in the same page elevated to the rank of "King of Wales." In John's reign the writer gets into confusion about the claim of Louis

* *The Students' Manual of the History, Laws, and Constitution of England. From the Roman Period to the Present Time. Especially adapted to the Indian and Home Civil Service, the University, Law, and other Examinations. With a Glossary of Constitutional Terms, and Questions set at Previous Examinations.* By Dr. J. Klein, M.A., Director of the Civil Service Institute. London: Civil Service Printing and Publishing Company, Limited, 8 Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, E.C. 1880.

of France to the English crown. It rested, he says, "only on the assumption that John had forfeited the crown as a murderer of his nephew, and that the Prince had married into the Royal Family of Brittany." If "the Prince" means Louis—and it is difficult to see whom else it can mean—it was into the royal family of Castile that he had married. His wife was the famous Blanche of Castile, daughter of Alfonso III. and niece of John of England. His claim in right of his wife involved the rejection of the apparently prior claim of the House—not a "Royal" one—of Brittany. Next we are puzzled by reading that "In 1305, Bruce, the grandson of the sole claimant of that reign, murdered his rival, Comyn." Why *sole* claimant? Referring to Lingard, we find that there were thirteen claimants of the Scottish kingdom, or at least of a share of it, and Dr. Klein has himself named the three—Balliol, Bruce, and Hastings—whose claims were worthy of serious consideration. At p. 77 in this same section we meet with the extraordinary statement that "it was not until the reign of Charles II. that the clergy taxed themselves separately in their own Houses of Convocation," the fact being that it was in Charles II.'s reign that they abandoned their ancient privilege of separate taxation. However, as at p. 188 Dr. Klein gives an account of Convocation which is quite inconsistent with his previous statement, the reader can take his choice. It is a minor matter that in the summary of the provisions of the Statute of Treasons, "*conspiring* the death of the King" ought to be *compassing*, a word of far wider import. Dr. Klein describes the statute as "limiting the cases of high treason . . . . to three definite heads." The three he specifies are those of historical importance; but seven kinds of treason are defined by the Statute.

In the York and Lancaster period the book takes a turn for the better; but in the reign of Henry VIII. the author begins to flounder. It is a trifle that he calls Charles V. by the inaccurate modern title of "Emperor of Germany," though we should have expected better things of any writer with a German name. Describing the fall of Wolsey, he says that "in the House of Commons sentence of forfeiture of goods and imprisonment was passed upon him, for violating the Statute of Præmunire." It was the Court of King's Bench, not the House of Commons, that gave the judgment of forfeiture. Further on we read that "Sir Thomas Cromwell (1540) and Sir Thomas More (1535) were both summarily condemned and executed." This coupling of More and Cromwell is quite in King Henry's own style of sending a Papist and a Protestant to execution on the same hurdle; but in fact More was not "summarily condemned," as was Cromwell, who fell by an Act of Attainder, without being heard in his own defence. More was indicted and tried before a jury. Passing on to Mary's reign, we read that, after Wyatt's rebellion,

> the Princess Elizabeth was also committed to the Tower, and every expedient was resorted to by the jealousy of the Queen to implicate her with the rebellion, but the judges acquitted her amidst the rejoicings of the nation.

The Lady Elizabeth, never having been brought to trial, could not, strictly speaking, be acquitted. A sentence in Mr. Froude's history, "The judges declared that against Elizabeth there was now no evidence," may perhaps have suggested the idea of an acquittal. The account of the proceedings against Strafford, though not absolutely inaccurate, altogether ignores the fact that, after fifteen days of trial, the impeachment was abandoned for a Bill of Attainder. Legal and parliamentary technicalities are evidently matters in which the writer is not at home:—"The trial of Queen Caroline," he says, "occurred in 1820, but is of no interest to the student of constitutional history, beyond the refusal to allow her name to appear in the Liturgy." The student of constitutional history ought to know that the proceedings popularly and inaccurately called "the Queen's trial," consisted in the consideration by the Lords of a Bill of Pains and Penalties—which the Government eventually dropped—and in the examination of witnesses in support or refutation of the charges on which the Bill was founded. On the whole, the most brilliant passage in the book is the really terse and vigorous account of the character and career of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset:—"Being, however, an unprincipled man, he poisoned Sir Thomas Overbury in the Tower."

If the "Examination Papers," printed at the end, are accurately reproduced, there was once, presumably within recent times, an examiner who asked, "What do you know of the Saxon Prince Arthur?" Charity would hope that he wrote Alfred. Another somewhat incoherently demands, "What were the circumstances and in whose reign was John Hampden tried?" And the candidate who was asked, "What institutions have been attributed to Alfred?" might fairly object that he had come prepared to be examined as to facts, and not as to fiction. Judging by these specimens, it is possible that this manual may be good enough for its purpose.

FRANCIS DEÁK.*

IF this book were presented as a complete biography of Deák, it could hardly be considered adequate, for it tells us little of his ordinary life and nothing at all of his opinions on other than political subjects. As a political biography, however, it is almost perfect. The writer makes no display of learning; but he has studied all the best sources of information, at least in French and German, and he has wrought his materials into a clear, interesting, and instructive narrative. The period in which Deák lived offers so many opportunities for fine writing that in these days we cannot but be grateful to a biographer who has not apparently written a single line for the sake of mere effect. In some respects the book is almost as much a history as a biography, and the author has succeeded admirably in defining the manner in which Deák's influence modified the general tendencies of his time and was modified by them in turn. He does not make the mistake of supposing that his readers know all about the events which led to the establishment of the Dual system; on the other hand, he has avoided the still greater error of confusing them with masses of worthless detail.

The tone of the writer is from beginning to end that of a warm admirer of Deák; but no one who has given attention to the development of modern Hungary is likely to accuse him of exaggerating the good qualities of his hero. Deák was not a master of the brilliant rhetoric which for a brief period gave Kossuth so strong a hold over his countrymen; but brilliant rhetoric is, after all, a very ineffective instrument for the solution of complicated political problems. He had what was far more important—a keen appreciation of practical difficulties, and extraordinary tact and resource in overcoming them. No statesman of his time held more firmly by principles which he regarded as essential; but there was not a touch of pedantry in his mode of applying his favourite doctrines, and he never defended them in the dogmatic and intolerant spirit of modern Radicalism. Even for his bitterest opponents he had often a kindly word; he was willing to believe that like himself they aimed at promoting human happiness, and that they only differed from him as to the means by which the end was to be achieved. As a debater he was distinguished mainly by the sort of good sense which marks the best speeches of Sir Robert Peel. He was probably incapable of indulging in loftier flights than could be easily followed by men of average intelligence; but in any case the arguments he preferred were those that could be appreciated by plain people, and that bore directly on the subject he might happen to be discussing. His absolute sincerity gave warmth and glow to his style, and it was enlivened by a strong sense of humour and by a remarkable faculty of enforcing abstract truths by familiar illustration. A man of this stamp could not fail to become popular, and it is to his honour that he invariably exercised his influence for objects of enduring value, without favour to any particular party and without the faintest reference to his personal advantage.

Born in 1803, Deák began his public career in 1833, when he was elected by his native county a member of the Hungarian Diet. At that time the Austrian Empire was as much under the control of Prince Metternich as Germany is now under the control of Prince Bismarck; and the old Chancellor, who could not forget the experiences of his youth and middle age, lived in continual dread of revolution, and fancied that it might be prevented by a system of crushing despotism. Almost every kind of abuse flourished in Hungary, and the task of the Liberal party was to create a popular demand for reform as well as to attack the Vienna Government. Although only thirty years of age, Deák at once took rank as one of the Liberal leaders, and when the Diet closed in 1836 he was generally recognized as the most influential Hungarian politician of the day. In the Diet of 1839-40 he managed to effect a sort of reconciliation between the Government and the Opposition; but the Government had no real wish to be on good terms with men of Liberal opinions, and soon found means of recovering its independence. Deák and his friends were bold enough to think that nobles ought not to be excluded from taxation. This alarming suggestion was resented by the large class of peasant nobles, and the Government, by working on their fears and prejudices, easily succeeded in stirring up among them intense hostility to the reformers. Although elected to the Diet of 1843, Deák did not take his seat, and he was accused by a good many people of shrinking from the struggle in favour of general taxation. There is, however, no reason to doubt that his real intention, as he himself explained, was to discourage bribery and intimidation in popular elections. In direct opposition to his wishes, illegal means had been used to secure his return; and he had resolved that he would never represent a constituency unless appointed by its free choice. "He should always see blood-stains upon the mandate," he wrote to a friend; "and he should never venture in the Diet to give free expression to his feelings with respect to imposing some restraint upon electioneering abuses, because he should read in every face the reproach that he himself owed his return to the various arts of 'Korteskedés'"—"Korteskedés" standing for "the electioneering violence and corruption" which had been described as "a cancer at the very root of public life in Hungary." Ill health prevented him from at once entering the Diet of 1847; but when, in 1848, the revolutionary movement throughout Europe threatened to make its influence felt in Hungary, he could not resist the appeal to place his services at the disposal of his country. He was immediately invited to become a colleague of Kossuth in the Cabinet of Batthyány, and he accepted the office of Minister of Justice, for which he was best fitted by his training and sympathies. This was the only occasion on which he could ever be persuaded to assume an official position; but during his short term of power he made his mark as an administrator of a high class. It was a time when wild schemes were "in the air"; and the peasantry, in particular, hoped that they were about to see the end of all their troubles. Deák never

* *Francis Deák, Hungarian Statesman.* A Memoir. With a Preface by M. E. Grant Duff, M.P. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

gave more emphatic proof of the sterling character of his statesmanship than in the resistance which he offered to every proposal for undue extension of the functions of the Government. He frequently insisted that Parliament would not act in the interests of the poor "by ceasing to respect the rights of property," and that "the peasantry could become free and prosperous only through their own industry and energy, and not by receiving gifts." He had even the courage to set forth in one of his speeches the advantages of "the landlord and tenant system," and to warn the country—in terms which might be profitably studied by English Radicals of the present day—that industrial development would be impossible "if the proprietor were in constant alarm lest the Legislature should deprive him of the land he has let on lease." "For the improvement of trade," he added, "we are in need of much foreign money. Who will give credit on uncertain tenure?"

In the revolutionary period of 1848-49 the House of Hapsburg had a magnificent opportunity of permanently conciliating Hungary. The people were determined to secure their obvious rights; but, under the influence of Deák and other less prominent politicians who accepted his guidance, they had learned to moderate their claims and were prepared to advocate them in a peaceful temper. The Emperor Ferdinand and his successor, the present Emperor, were, however, directed by arbitrary and short-sighted counsellors, and sought rather to force a quarrel on Hungary than to deserve her good will. Deák took no part in the war of independence, and, as a matter of course, his motives were altogether misrepresented by the vehement party of action. The whole tone of his mind would have unfitted him for the position of a revolutionary chief, even if he had approved of Kossuth's aim; but he had hardly more sympathy with those who attempted to sever Hungary from Austria than with the adherents of centralization. Events have proved, and are proving every day, that he was right. If the Austrian Empire were broken up, Hungary could not hope, under the most favourable conditions, to play an important part in Europe. She can influence the course of Western progress only by forming an element in a great State over whose policy she has some control. The chances are, indeed, that she would be unable to maintain her position as an independent Power; for, were the Hapsburg dynasty destroyed, the Slavonic populations—except, perhaps, the Czechs, whom Germany would desire to absorb—would inevitably become subject to the Czar, and Russia would regard her work as incomplete if she did not annex Hungary also. This was clearly seen by Deák, who therefore never ceased to impress upon his countrymen the necessity of maintaining their connexion with Austria. Mere respect for ancient treaties might not have hindered him from associating himself with the movement for independence; but he was a statesman of too solid a type to allow his policy to be determined by fine sentiments rather than by an accurate appreciation of permanent national interests.

While, however, he would not support an attempt to make Hungary independent, he was equally resolved to do what he could to secure for her the right to manage in her own way what were strictly her own affairs. That it was the duty of the House of Hapsburg to grant her this right was his conviction from youth to old age, and he expressed his belief with as much firmness after the revolution was suppressed as he had manifested before revolution was thought of. The author of the present volume maintains again and again that Deák's strength lay in the fact that he invariably appealed to law, and it was no doubt an immense advantage that the claims of Hungary had been guaranteed by solemn engagements. At the same time, had these claims been in themselves unreasonable or inexpedient, the mere circumstance that they were in accordance with law would not have sufficed to decide the dispute. His position was impregnable, not because he cited definite documents, but because he was able to prove that the Hungarians could not be well governed except by rulers whom they themselves selected, and that their possession of a certain measure of independence, instead of weakening the Empire as a whole, would greatly increase its power. The process by which the Emperor, after years of evasion and delay, was at last compelled to settle the difficulty in the manner which commended itself to the judgment of Deák, is in its way as interesting as anything in recent history; and the story is told, not only accurately, but with vigour and animation, in this book. It was to the disasters of the Italian war that the Hungarians owed the first approach of the Imperial Government towards a compromise. Even these disasters, however, did not persuade the Emperor that important concessions on his part were absolutely essential. He was convinced only after the defeat of Königgrätz, and such were the prejudices which prevailed at his Court that it is doubtful whether a satisfactory settlement would then have been arrived at, had not his good intentions been supported by the mingled caution and firmness of Count Beust. That Hungary was willing to abate some part of her demands and to content herself with the Dual system was mainly due to the influence of Deák. He possessed the respect and confidence of all classes of the population, and when he assured them that under the proposed system they would obtain every right for which it was worth while to contend, they frankly accepted his view. It is not, therefore, too much to claim on his behalf that he was the main author of the existing constitution of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. Other causes besides his activity must be taken into account; but without him these causes would have been inadequate to produce the result. The fact was universally recognized after his death, when on the one hand the Empress placed a wreath on his coffin, and on the other the people insisted on his being buried in earth brought from every county in Hungary.

The working of the Dual system has been attended by serious difficulties, but its effects have not, on the whole, fallen short of Deák's anticipations. It has given all sections of the Empire an opportunity of remedying in some degree the evils caused by a long course of misgovernment, and its tendency has been to discourage a hasty treatment of questions of foreign policy. The writer of this work is of opinion that, while the system is suitable to the Hungarians, it does less than justice to the other "nationalities" of the monarchy, and that Bohemia especially has serious grounds of complaint. It happens that at the present moment a powerful party even in "Court circles" at Vienna is saying much the same thing; but the most prudent Austrian statesmen do not favour proposals for further decentralization. Of all the Cisleithan provinces, Bohemia has the best claim to regulate its own business. Even Bohemia, however, does not make out a very good case; for more than a third of the population is composed of Germans, and if the country were made as independent as Hungary, the rights of the Germans would be absolutely at the mercy of their hostile Czech neighbours.

ROUND ABOUT A GREAT ESTATE.*

IT would be impossible for Mr. Jefferies to write anything about the country that is not more or less enjoyable and instructive; but even Mr. Jefferies's vein of knowledge may be exhausted with indefatigable use, and we are scarcely surprised that it shows signs of giving out. We remember with gratitude all we have learned from him in *The Gamekeeper at Home*, *Wild Life in a Southern County*, and subsequent volumes of almost identical character. But when we accompany him in his rounds on "the great estate" we feel that the lounging strolls become occasionally wearisome. We seem to recognize the descriptions of scenery, though they may be executed, as before, with the truth and the delicacy in which he stands unrivalled. He has already taught us to explore the roots of the hedgerows, and has almost exhausted the wild flowers that succeed each other in their seasons. As for the wild animals, the game, and the "vermin," the *feræ naturæ* of England are but limited after all, and Mr. Jefferies has often ere now invited us to observe their habits. Nor can we honestly say that his latest book shows evidences of that improvement in literary workmanship which we have had pleasure in remarking upon since he wrote his first volume. He is even more desultory in his remarks than in his *Gamekeeper at Home*, darting from subject to subject by no perceptible thread of association, like the dragon-fly that shoots over the surface of the pool, or the playful kittens we may suppose to have been petted by Miss Cicely Luckett in her parlour. Yet, when all has been said, we are happy to admit that we know no other writer on rural matters who could give us so small a volume with so many charms; while it will have all the freshness of new revelations to those who, by some happy accident, may never have met with its predecessors.

The great estate is Okebourne Chase, and the situation, as is generally the case in Mr. Jefferies's books, is somewhere in the scenery of the Southern Downs. How far fancy may be concerned in refreshing the genuine reminiscences which evidently form the basework of the chapters we are not prepared to say; but though the component parts of the varied landscapes may have been combined, they have clearly been painted very closely after nature. Okebourne Chase, as we are left to suppose, had been seldom occupied of late by its owner and his family. The man who had for long been the actual Squire, to all intents and purposes, was old Hilary Luckett, tenant of an extensive farm that was partly freehold, and who was privileged in virtue of a long prescription to exercise sporting rights over the extensive manor. Hilary is himself a characteristic type; he is the wealthy yeoman farmer of the old English school, who grumbles habitually at prices and modern improvements and changes, and occasionally even at the easy landlord he sits under; but who would stand by his landlord all the same, as he well might do, considering their pleasant relations. Cicely, old Hilary's only child, is rather dragged in by the head and shoulders, that she may act as a guide to Mr. Jefferies's readers in the fields, and introduce them besides into the secrets of her dairy. The Okebourne estate embraces every variety of romantic Southern scenery; exhibits chiefly the old-fashioned style of farming, and shows in its park, its covers, and its rambling hedgerows almost every species of timber. In the extensive Chase you follow the neglected paths, where, though they have been kept open to the public from time immemorial, the parishioners seem but seldom to exercise their right of way. Most picturesque is the description of Hilary's own farm-steading; and of a lake that lies in a hollow, in the seclusion of the overgrown woods. We have an admirable picture of the pond, as the writer is supposed to have visited it on one occasion, when the heavy rain-clouds were louring overhead, and the stifling weight of the atmosphere portended the coming storm. The pond was approached by a "much-neglected path through the fir-plantations." Each step took the pedestrian into deeper silence—"the sudden call of a jay was startling in its harsh contrast. Presently the path widened where the thickly planted firs

* *Round About a Great Estate.* By Richard Jefferies, Author of "The Gamekeeper at Home," &c. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1880.

were succeeded by sycamores, horse-chestnuts, alders, and aspens—trees which stand further apart, and beneath which some undergrowth grew. Here there were thickets of hawthorn and bramble and alder bushes which can find no place among firs." The pond itself filled the bottom of the hollow. At one time it had been only one of a series, which were used to supply the table of the Manor House with fish. But long ago, with the opening of communications to the sea, the breeding and netting of fish had been abandoned. Now the spot was naturally the favourite haunt of the inland waterfowl that love peace and solitude. In the heat of that close July day the moorhens, at the approach of the intruder, withdrew to the thick cover of the hedges. Where there was a clear space among the rushes and the covering of weeds, a jack might be seen basking on the surface. Otherwise, there were few sights or sounds to indicate the presence of animal life. Not many birds, we are told, except such as are formed for swimming, come to a still pond. If you cared to listen to the notes of the thrush and the blackbird, you had to seek them in the thickets along the course of the sparkling stream, that trickled downwards to the pond, threading its way through the tangled undergrowth. While the visitor was musing, the thunderstorm burst upon him, and he sought refuge from the rain in a deserted ice cellar. Then, as his manner is, he takes to expatiating on the influences of such a storm on certain members of the animal creation. He has remarked that "woodpigeons and many other birds seem to come home to woods and copses before and during a storm." And he suggests that even the most insignificant insects must have some warning instinct of self-protection in the circumstances. How otherwise, he asks, do "the gnats playing under the horse-chestnut boughs escape being struck down by the heavy rain-drops, each one of which looks as if it would drown so small a creature?" Which leads him on to comment on the countless swarms of insects, which may be seen sporting anywhere of a summer-day. And *à propos* to that he recalls an incident, where a remarkable effect had impressed him strongly. He chanced to be gazing up at a church steeple, when he saw what seemed like thin smoke issuing from the top of it. The swaying wreaths of apparent smoke that lightly clouded the atmosphere proved to be innumerable crowds of tiny insects, whose multitudes made them visible at that great height. By way of contrast to the gloomy picture of that lonely pond in the woods, we may retrace our steps to Hilary's farmhouse at "Luckett's Place," with its home-like airs of comfort and plenty. The kitchen, which was still the family living-room, had originally formed the house, the rest of the rooms having been added by successive occupants. That kitchen appeared to have been built for eternity rather than time. "The walls were quite four feet thick, and the one small lattice window in its deep recess scarcely let in sufficient light, even on a summer's day, to dispel the gloom, except at one particular time." The ground around seemed gradually to have risen, for the small green and yellow panes were barely above its level, "so that the birds which came searching along among the grasses and pieces of wood thrown carelessly aside against the wall could see into the room." The old oaken table was solid as the walls—so solid, indeed, that a strong man could hardly move it; there was no ceiling, properly so called; and from the kitchen a ponderous oaken door led straight down into the cellar.

From that low-roofed but luxurious kitchen in Luckett's Place as a centre we are led out into the woods and fields with the shrewd old Hilary, garnering those fruits of his long experience, which were flavoured sometimes with prejudice and now and then with superstition. And in the author's desultory flights we are carried back to the vivid recollections of the childhood and girlhood of his daughter. Hilary himself well remembered the good old times, the golden age of the British farmer, when the inflated war prices had suddenly enriched him, and when he hardly knew how to indulge himself with the sudden influx of wealth. Having lived entirely out of the world, removed even from the great highways which were daily travelled by the stage-coaches, the ordinary farmer had no habits of amusement, and knew nothing better to do with his money than to drink it. Mr. Jefferies gives us some of the old legends that nowadays sound almost romantically fabulous of narrow-minded, sensual natures, with drink-proof heads and stomachs. Thus there was a certain old gentleman, a relation of Hilary's, who had his home in a solitary farmhouse in the laps of the Downs, called the Idovers. There he and his boon companions were wont to assemble, and settle down to such an indefinite period of solemn carousing as we read of in the happy Irish days and the Memoirs of Sir Jonah Barrington. The cronies began by putting up the shutters, so that they needed to fear no inconvenient reproaches from the sunshine as to the flight of time. They drank heady ale, of all things in the world; for wines, and even spirits, were as yet unfamiliar luxuries in the country districts. And we need not wonder that they drank themselves stupid; so that sometimes, when the head carter intruded for orders, he would find that his master had lost count of a day, and would insist upon enforcing the instructions given for twenty-four hours before. So we might go on *ad infinitum*, making amusing extracts as to man and the lower animals from what we may call a note-book of the country. But we have said sufficient to give a fair notion of the contents of chapters which should have something in them to suit the tastes of everybody who is in any way interested in rural matters.

THE SPORT OF FATE.*

UNDER the title of *The Sport of Fate* Mr. Dowling gives his readers eleven separate stories. We do not pretend to have read them all. We selected one or two as a sample, and we were not tempted in the least to take the whole lot. He delights in horrors, as we well remember from his last story, but unfortunately his horrors always have something ludicrous about them. Just when our blood ought to begin to run cold we find ourselves either yawning or laughing. He shows no mercy towards either hero or heroine. He is ready to sacrifice them both to an untimely death, can he only succeed in exciting the sensibility of his readers. But long before the young couple are made away with the reader's patience is fairly exhausted. All he wants is to see the last of them. Whether it is by a wedding or two funeral services that he gets rid of them matters not to him a pin. If he were able to choose their fate, he would, in the despair into which they have thrown him by their intolerable dulness, like best of all to see them hanged. *Ad patibulum! ad patibulum!* he would cry out as, like the drowsy judge in the Duke of Alva's court, he roused himself from his sleep. Yet Mr. Dowling really makes a very great effort to win his readers' attention. He does not spare himself or them either. He knows a great number of big words, and he is by no means niggardly in using them. He plays with our language all the latest modern tricks, and produces some really surprising combinations. Look at his first heroine, and own at once that he has got more out of a single pair of eyes than could, with any show of reason, be expected. See them blue, suffused with a blaze of violet light, dilated and wild with the inspiration in them of a thought too august for utterance, and too intolerable to hold. Surely they are almost as admirable phenomena as the dilated winter stars that, on the very next page, flamed overhead. From her eyes turn to her golden hair. See it as it floats stiffly back from her head as though blown by a wind. Yet she was all the time in a room, with the windows shut, and not even so much as a draught possible. The young lady was just going to part with her lover and was filled with a fear only too just that he might never return. Her hair ought no doubt at such a moment to have stood on end, but since certain modern refinements in the hairdresser's art came in, standing on end has become, we believe, quite a thing of the past. The most that can be expected is that it shall do its best to assume an erect position, and, in accordance with the law known as the parallelogram of forces, shall float out stiffly behind. This young lady, whose name by the way is Agnes, has a rival in a certain Louise. It might well have been thought that, so far as eyes were concerned, Mr. Dowling had done all that could be required of him in one story. He has ten to follow, and the reader feels that eleven pairs of eyes must be quite enough at one time for a writer. Not so thinks our author. He is bent on outdoing himself. The blue blaze of violet light was, no doubt, a considerable effort, but, as the brightness of these eyes is to be dimmed by a rival's, a still greater effort must be made. He thus describes them:—

> The eyes were the miracle. They were large with enormous pupils; what could be seen of the iris was a kind of red black—black with a flame behind. It seemed to Charles Mallard that one might plunge into the lurid depths of those wonderful eyes. Infinite abysses of the soul lay revealed in them; they seemed but a transparent veil over the immortal ether. She was not beautiful. She was inexplicably confounding.
>
> He forgot he was staring at her, and that his presence had been unexplained.

We have forgotten in our turn to introduce the hero to our reader. He was a young artist who took pride in owning that he was a Pagan governing himself by a Christian code. His appearance was not very remarkable, yet he would, we are told, if he had worn long hair and a smoking-cap, have looked the ideal artist of a stage-play. At the time that we make his acquaintance he was employed in a somewhat humble line of his profession. He was engaged by a provincial photographer to take copies of photographic likenesses in oil. Among those whose portraits he had thus to take was the young lady of the first pair of eyes. He drew a hasty sketch of her on a loose sheet of paper. He held it up to the light, but with a cry he sprang back. On the back of the paper was "a ghastly jest"—a sketch of himself holding in his hand a cup with the word "Lethe" on it, while at his feet lay a broken bottle, one of the fragments of which was labelled with a death's head and cross-bones. It was in vain that he laughed a forced laugh. He had been, and with good reason too, deeply affected by the sight. However, he cannot drive her out of his thoughts, but begins to paint her, not from the photographs, but out of his own head. To do this he assumed a remarkable position. "He bent low. He drew all his body together." He shut himself up in the painting-room for some days, and refused to leave it even to get his meals. We doubt whether he had even access to soap and water. At all events, when at the end of the sixth day he came out it was seen that he had not shaved during the whole time, and the dark shaggy beard bristled on his chin. He called a cab and, entirely forgetful of his appearance, drove off straight to the heroine's home. "It appeared to him that he was acting under the influence of pre-ordination." It is scarcely to be wondered at that the maid-servant, when she had let him in, knowing nothing of pre-ordination and judging only by his unshaved

* *The Sport of Fate.* By Richard Dowling, Author of "The Mystery of Killard," "The Weird Sisters," &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1880.

chin, told her mistress that there was "a man" waiting to see her master.

The absence of soap and water would seem, however to have been explained to the satisfaction of all parties, for, without any description of the wooing, we suddenly find the painter engaged to Agnes. It was a remarkable morning on which we find them meeting. "It seemed, somewhile after the sun had risen, as if in the valley "some Titanic hand was slowly peeling off the black night and exposing luminous gold." More surprising still, "the dew of the grass is startled into incandescent vibrations. . . . Before the lovers shoot the voiceless shadows of the dawn; all around them silence has spread a net; the meshes of the net are wide enough for birds to enter." Wide enough, also, we should imagine, for the cackle of the village goose and the bray of the village jackass. For such sounds, let novelists keep as silent about them as they please, will make their way to the ears of lovers through the net spread by silence, and across even their own voiceless shadows. The young couple seem very happy, but the hero persists in announcing once more that he is a Pagan living within a Christian code. Thereupon her blue eyes are full of unrest. Whether there was also the blaze of violet light, we are not told. Before long she is consoled, and grows so happy, that she rejoices in everything she sees. "She watched the sheep and cows lying in the gracious shade of the spreading oaks, and drew her arms across her bosom in congratulation at their comfort." What would she have done had she come upon that very picture of comfort, a fat sow sleeping in the sunshine on a litter of straw against an old fence? The hero, all too soon, breaks in upon the heroine's happiness. He resolves to go to London to push his fortune, and one winter evening he goes to take leave of her. Then it was that her hair stood stiffly back from her head, and the blue blaze of violet light was seen. She rushed out of the room, wailed in a whisper, and moaned out his name. *Wail*, by the way, is defined by Johnson as *to grieve audibly*, but alliteration at the present day is always allowed to make up for the absence of meaning. The hero drives off. The cab-horse's hoofs beat sharply right and left—really a very remarkable animal the reader will allow—and produced ringing detonations. On the drive the following strange incident is noted down by the careful author:—

When halfway the distance between the Gap House and Westoake had been gained Charles Mallard tapped at the glass, told the driver to stop, and got out.

"Did you hear any noise?" he asked the driver.

"No, sir; not a sound."

"You heard no one call out?"

"No, sir, certain."

"You are sure no one called out anything from that direction?" pointing towards the Mill.

"Quite sure."

"It's very odd," said Charles Mallard, stepping into the cab and closing the door. "Drive on," he shouted through the window, and as he threw himself back he muttered: "I could have sworn I heard someone cry out 'Farewell!'"

The hero takes the train to London, and sees a wonderful vision, at the end of which the heroine, as it seemed to him, first shrieked and then "threw one arm up wildly to Heaven and pointed with her depressed hand at the —— dead." He has scarcely got over his first dream, when he has a second, in which he sees himself clinging to sandy unresisting slopes overhanging a blind abyss. "All was chaotic in his mind, all was portentous around." A figure in a long robe rises before him menacing his front, and introduces herself as the Nemesis of his picture 'Night.'" Visions in a railway train must come to an end, and the traveller at last finds himself in London. He meets with no success, and leaves off writing to Agnes. She, like a true heroine, seeks her brother Sam. "Sam," she said in a quiet voice, "can you go to London this afternoon?" She says that he must not only go but take her. "Sam fell back against the wall speechless." He looked at her closely, and saw the calm, desperate expression of her eyes. Whether her hair stood stiffly back the author forgets to tell us; but no doubt the blue violet flash was enough. Sam yields. They go to the faithless hero's lodgings but find that he has gone away, and left no address. Sam, with a complaisance which does him infinite credit, thereupon asks her where to go next. "Home," she replies. They take a cab. She exclaims "How cold it is," and begins to shiver. He shouts "Drive on" to the cabman who, by the way, does not seem for a moment to have left off driving. "I never felt like this before," she whispered—though not this time in a wail. "Drive on," Sam shouted out once more to the driver. "I think I'm going to faint," she said. "Sam had murder in his heart," though whether it was against the slow cabman or the hero that he entertained these desperate thoughts we are nowhere told. At length they got her home. She had felt cold all the way; but the reader is soon comforted, for the last he hears of her on this adventure is that "on reaching Sam's house she went to bed and slept soundly and long."

The hero meanwhile falls in love with the owner of the rival pair of eyes. The first time he beheld them was under curious circumstances, for owing to the heat of the room in which he was "he saw all that passed through a vibrating vapour which rimmed objects with prismatic frames." He soon forgets poor Agnes, the jocundity of whose youth was, we read, now obscured; while he, on the other hand, has a dim consciousness that he is a new entity. Louise discovers his faithlessness to Agnes, and refuses to have anything to do with him. He suddenly learns that Agnes is dead, and at once sees red stains on his hands. The story, by the way, bears the cheerful name of *Red Hands*. He hurries off to a Bohemian drinking party, and calls for brandy. Seeing that the guests were disturbed by his strange appearance, he looked around with a mechanical smile, and asked, "Has a raven come among you?" Before long he dashes out, they pursue him, shouting out, "to the river," in the belief that he was going to drown himself. The reader who remembers his vision expects no such end for him as that. He hurries down to the country, is present at Agnes's funeral, sees "the annihilating results of his own act, with its constituent despair," and "resolves to cut the tow-rope between him and the past." In other words, he means to go to America. Unfortunately ships start from shores, and shores have "sandy unresisting slopes overhanging a blind abyss." He takes a walk along the cliff followed at a distance by a closely muffled-up figure, who proves to be Louise. She draws near him. He stops suddenly, and shivers as the memory of the dream came upon him. She appears, he calls out, "The Spirit of Revenge at last." She assures him that she is no Spirit of Revenge but poor Louise. He repeats in a chill whisper, the Spirit of Revenge, and tumbles down the cliff. Whether she follows we do not clearly make out. We take leave of her first gasping, then laughing and crying, and holding the stones in the pathway, as though to prevent herself sliding down a slippery steep. Whether she slides or not is happily a matter of utter indifference to the reader who is fully satisfied so long as he is allowed to see the last of her.

QUILTER'S GIOTTO.*

THERE are only two cases in which it can be desirable to send out to the world a large book about one single artist—namely, when the materials for a life of the artist are copious, or when the author of the essay claims attention from his high position as a critic. Mr. Harry Quilter can hardly justify his handsome volume on either of these grounds. The knowledge we possess of the facts of Giotto's life is not only limited but hackneyed; and Mr. Quilter, for a very good reason, as we shall see, has been able to add nothing to it. On the other hand, he is a beginner in the art of authorship, and possesses as yet none of that authority which makes the dicta of a first-rate critic interesting, whatever the theme he discusses. It will be long, we fear, before he will attain this position; at present his style, which is as egotistical as it is jejune, fails to conduct the reader with any comfort through an essay that is radically and needlessly tedious. The general sketch of Giotto's life collected by Vasari continues to be our great storehouse of information on the subject. To this the laborious investigations of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have added something in the way of detail and of conjecture. Mr. Quilter has informed us that his ignorance of the Italian language and the small amount of time at his disposal have placed it out of his power to make that examination of MSS. which alone could determine the accurate chronology of Giotto's life. We are at a loss which to admire most, the youthful confidence which is so certain that it could have easily obtained what the zeal, patience, and learning of all the best German and Italian authorities have failed to reach, or the rashness which undertook so readily a work for which the author possessed, at his own showing, neither the necessary learning nor the necessary leisure. When we learn that the pressure on Mr. Quilter's time was so excessive as to forbid him to see the mosaic of the Navicella at Rome, or the wonderful Sta. Chiara fresco now at Naples, we cannot help wishing that his trip to Italy had been, in Dr. Johnson's phrase, not merely difficult, but impossible. On the critical side the æsthetic quality of Giotto's works was long ago pointed out, with extreme subtlety and almost excessive fulness, by Mr. Ruskin, in one of his less-known volumes, *Giotto and his Works in Padua*, written for the Arundel Society. This essay, laid under constant requisition, forms, with the criticisms of Lord Lindsay and of Kugler, Mr. Quilter's main source of inspiration.

If, however, there is little here that is fresh or interesting about Giotto, there is much that is very delightful and absolutely new about Mr. Quilter himself. Chapter VIII., at present entitled "Giotto at Padua," needs but to be rechristened "Mr. Quilter at Padua" to command the flagging interest of the reader and to display its own genuine value. Mr. Harry Quilter, guiltless of the Italian language, proudly standing, as the representative of English art-criticism, in a tweed suit, at the door of the principal hotel of Padua, is a figure to make the dejected English bosom leap with pleasure. We linger over every feature of the long-drawn picture. We see Mr. Harry Quilter soiling his tweed suit with Paduan mud, and determining that it would not do to call upon Giotto in that disarray; we follow him to his stately dinner, "*wherein* [*sic*] the landlord figured as sole attendant"; we are even permitted to accompany him to his "paved bedchamber," and to smile at the indiscretion of "a fresh little breeze that rattled cheerfully to and fro the big window-shutters, and hinted at its being time to get up." We look out of window with him, and observe that he has lost his English, though he has not found his Italian; for he points out to us, among a dozen wonders of the same novel kind, a maiden who is "partaking of a chunk of sausage." Starting at last, we have a beautiful glimpse of him, sitting in the tweed suit on the seat of a "mournful carriage,"

* *Giotto*. By Harry Quilter. London: Sampson Low & Co.

and "venting the content of his soul as he goes along, in the solitary Italian phrase he was master of, by waving his hand to the young coachman, and saying *chè bel tempo!*" What the *vetturino* replied to this extraordinary utterance was more than our author could make out; but his looks were so eloquent that Mr. Quilter joyously compared himself to Æneas.

We will not follow the vivacious traveller into the Scrovegni Chapel, but hurry on to the tenth chapter, which might be called "Mr. Quilter at Assisi." This is no less thrilling in its homely details. We learn that the distinguished visitor arrived at night by train, that he could scarcely read the name of the station, and that "neither guard nor porter expected him to alight." It would have been a fit chastisement to neglectful Assisi if Mr. Quilter had passed on, but he was magnanimous, and deigned to "alight." His progress through the town was marked by much mystery and courage, for he was "able to defy the ominous silence of Bradshaw and the neglect of Cook," and was "more regardful of what has been than what is." He behaved more like an ordinary human being in consigning his bag to the "least ill-favoured inn tout" that he could find, and in spite of the neglect of the guards and porters, he began ere long to look upon Assisi "as an old friend." We find, by the way, that even Mr. Quilter may be caught tripping in matters of courtesy, for he "scurried past reedy Thrasymene without recognition," and should, therefore have been more merciful to the rustic railway officials at Assisi. The chapter concerning Florence is unfortunately much less rich in those little personal details, which are so welcome in the biographies of the great. Our author, however, informs us that he travelled first class to Florence, and that the carriage was comfortable, minute but salient points upon which the imagination of future students will be able to build an image, vague perhaps, but very intense and bright.

All this, however interesting, carries us far away from Giotto, and we must hasten to do justice to those passages in which our author has turned from the figure in the tweed suit to the old Florentine painter. Even here there is a good deal of Mr. Quilter, and instruction is doled out to us with a charming air of hortatory familiarity. Here is an instance:—

Now, you must quite get rid of the idea that the colouring of these frescoes is crude and violent, because I call it pure,

where, however, we believe it would be an error to suppose, as the reader is apt to do, that the sole reason for rejecting a prejudice against the colour of these frescoes is Mr. Quilter's affirmation of its purity. Sometimes we are treated to dramatic passages, as the following, which is placed in the mouth of Giotto. The person so jauntily addressed is the great master, Taddeo Gaddi:—

Look here, Gaddi, this a great chance (*sic*) for you to distinguish yourself; mind you make the most of it. Don't forget that what you have to do is to complete Cimabue's work; you must not make his compositions look more absurd and unnatural than you can help; above all, your work must be in keeping with his in colour, or you'll spoil the church. Mind you preserve the character of the architecture, and keep it uniform throughout; and if you let your work be a little conventional, it will be all the better.

As we listen to these impressive sentences we are reminded of the literary medium who a few years ago announced her communion with the spirits of Shelley, Burns, and other such folk. It was most interesting, and by and by the gifted dead dictated new and unpublished verses to her, which was more interesting still. Unfortunately their descent into Hades had robbed the great poets of every scrap of art or talent, and their spiritualistic utterances were as unworthy of their fame as these counsels to "Gaddi" are of the fame of Giotto.

A young gentleman who sneers again and again at what he is pleased to call "the mass of verbiage" in which Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle envelop their researches, and who "cannot attach much importance" to the conclusions of those eminent critics, mainly because, standing on the steps of the high altar at the lower church of Assisi, it appeared inconceivable to himself that the authorship of the frescoes before him could be questioned, is not likely to be much affected by, or, if we may say so, to deserve, very serious discussion of his theories, or very grave reproof of his superficiality. We may very well leave him to be demolished by the specialists, if any of them take occasion to refer to his little book. Yet we believe that Mr. Quilter has sufficient talent, if he will take pains and be modest, to write in the future what may be more worthy of attention than the essay before us. It seems to us that we note a distinct improvement as the book proceeds. Of the earlier chapters we can only record our impression that, for garrulous conceit and glib ignorance they are almost unequalled in our experience of literature. But, as Mr. Quilter was forced by the development of his book to think more and study more, he dropped his eccentricities one by one, and became rather dull perhaps at times, but far less conceited and absurd. We suppose that it is his first essay in book-making. If so, the kindest thing his friends could have done would have been to destroy his manuscript when it was half finished, and to make him write it again. Experience, no doubt, will teach him that the public does not care about his dinners and his jokes, and his tweed suit, and that in this crowded world of ours, the butterfly wings of youthful self-satisfaction are apt to get sadly crushed if they flap in people's faces. We have taken the beginning of Mr. Quilter's book rather lightly, and we will, therefore, not close this notice without quoting, with serious approval Mr. Quilter's last sentence:—

I like to think that Campanile of porphyry and jasper was not raised by one who dwelt amidst cold dreams of architectural proportion, and gave his life to the designing of geometrical ornament, but by the man who could feel the humour of the dog, the patience of the oxen, and love to have such things carved about the base of his tower; and as I sit here in its very shadow, it seems to me as if the most fitting meed of praise with which to conclude an essay on the old painter, is not that he painted the purest and loveliest frescoes in the world; not that he raised above Florence a tower, which has been the wonder and delight of all succeeding ages, but that he was the first to show by his work, that Art was useful to man, not only as a teacher, but as a friend.

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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AFGHANISTAN.

THE alarming rumours which were circulated at the close of last week in reference to Afghan matters were fortunately proved to be false or exaggerated early in the present week. No serious impediment has interfered with General ROBERTS's advance, and that officer, after a march almost unparalleled in these days of elaborate impediments and somewhat too careful provision for comfort and luxury, reached Candahar on Tuesday. No confirmation whatever of the reported disturbances at Cabul has come from any quarter, and the mutiny of the Khan of KHELAT's troops was, it seems, confined to an insignificant number of men. Matters indeed have emerged pretty completely from the state of rumour in which they were for the most part while General ROBERTS was marching through no man's land. The invading forces and the relieving expedition are now face to face. General PRIMROSE and General ROBERTS have effected their junction, and every hour, almost every moment, may bring us the news of the decisive battle or of a retreat on the part of AYOUB, which would be not indeed equally decisive, but conclusive at any rate of the present situation. The negotiations spoken of are not likely to come to much, as General ROBERTS has rightly insisted on a surrender at discretion. The Afghan Prince is very strongly posted, and one of the latest of the many fluctuating accounts of his force gives him a formidable army of more than twenty thousand men. General ROBERTS can probably dispose for purposes of attack of not much more than two-thirds of the number. But all, save a very small fraction of these troops, are of the very best quality, able beyond all doubt to give a good account of an Afghan force not merely twice but thrice or four times their strength. The third General who should have completed General ROBERTS's force to a still more formidable total is indeed absent. General PHAYRE has not even yet ended his six weeks' struggle with the difficulties of his route and the badness of the arrangements made for his journey. He too, it is thought, will have to fight, perhaps has already fought, his way through some native opposition. It has been confidently asserted that General ROBERTS will not wait for him, but will attack at once. This must probably depend on circumstances, of which no one not on the spot can judge. At a distance it certainly seems as if the attack could not be made too soon, for reasons which a little consideration will make obvious.

It is now certain that AYOUB has been joined by ABDUL RAHMAN's chief rival, the boy MUSA KHAN, and by most of the malcontent chiefs who were wont to rendezvous at Ghuznee, with the exception of MUSHK-I-ALUM and MAHOMET JAN. The former would appear to have loyally espoused ABDUL RAHMAN's cause, of the latter nothing has been heard of late. This junction indicates beyond a doubt that AYOUB has been accepted as the champion, if not the representative, of the YAKOUB party, and this in its turn makes the reports which continue to be spread of an understanding between ABDUL RAHMAN and AYOUB almost incredible. But, on the other hand, it makes it not improbable that AYOUB, instead of giving battle to General ROBERTS, will attempt to slip past him and march for Cabul. There is no doubt at all that he would in that case receive large accessions from the warlike tribes of the centre, and although some of his present troops might be unwilling to fight against the AMEER, there would probably be quite sufficient left for the purpose. Such conduct on his part has for some time been recognized as constituting the great difficulty of the situation. So long as General ROBERTS was at a certain distance from Candahar, he had it in his power to checkmate any such course on AYOUB's part by a rapid flank movement into the Valley of the Arghandab. It is to be feared that, since he has been obliged to march on the city by General PHAYRE's failure to keep tryst, he has lost this power. Now it need hardly be said that it would be particularly awkward for the present Government if AYOUB were to execute this plan. Their retirement from Cabul would then be cast up against them with much greater force than is now the case, and they would have to define at once and strictly their relations with ABDUL RAHMAN. Now this is exactly what, to all appearance, they are desperately anxious not to do. "Take "Cabul, and let us hear no more about you," may be said to be, in few words, the language of Lord HARTINGTON to the new AMEER. The worst of it is that we are likely, for a considerable time to come, to go on hearing of Afghanistan. Ostrich policies never pay well, and the resolution of the GLADSTONE Government now, as of old, to try and ignore the existence of the neighbour of India is likely to bear the same fruit in the future that it has borne in the past. But, for the present, a decisive victory at Baba Wali—especially if it were followed by the capture or surrender of AYOUB and of MUSA—would be a godsend to the Government, while it is so decidedly needed to restore the credit of the Indian army, that every Englishman, whatever his politics, must be as anxious for it as any member of the Government can be. With the two prominent leaders, or puppets, of the opposition to the present AMEER comfortably interned somewhere in India, ABDUR RAHMAN would have time and opportunity to settle himself on his throne, and Afghanistan would cease to trouble England for exactly so long a time and no longer as it might suit General KAUFMANN to keep it in a state of quiescence. Now, if it had not been for General PHAYRE's being behind time, General ROBERTS might almost have made certain of the battle which, as it is, it is at AYOUB's option to give or to refuse. To the Quetta force might have been left the duty of marching straight to Candahar and effecting a junction with General PRIMROSE, while ROBERTS himself could have taken a cast westwards, and have definitely placed himself between AYOUB and all possible routes to Cabul. There would still have been left the possibility of a retreat to Herat; but this, though troublesome enough, would not have been from the political point of view half so troublesome as the possible advance on Cabul.

Not merely from this consideration, but with regard to the future welfare of our Indian Empire, we cannot but think it of the utmost importance that, as soon as we have settled accounts with AYOUB, a full and searching investigation should be made by the military authorities at home into the conduct of the Candahar division, and that portion of the Bombay army supporting it during the last two or three months, indeed ever since General STEWART began his march to Ghuznee. With the utmost trouble Sir H. DRUMMOND WOLFF has at last extracted some information from the Government as to the VICEROY's part in this matter. But this is only a part. When the first rumours were heard of an advance of AYOUB from Herat, there was not the slightest reason to suspect the possibility of disaster.

Our forces in Southern Afghanistan rested, it is true, on a distant base, but their communication with the base was apparently easy and certain. At one end of the line was Candahar, with a force equal, if not superior, in number to that with which many of our greatest Indian victories have been secured. To the south the line to Quetta was held by parties of troops échelonned along it, and at Quetta a considerable force was supposed to be massing to support that at Candahar, and reinforce it if necessary. Behind Quetta a stretch of somewhat difficult country lay; but the sovereign of this country was an assured friend. As soon as the mountains were crossed the head of a railway was reached, communicating with the Indus, and then, by easy communication, both land and water, with Kurrachee and Bombay itself. The authorities who presided over the different portions of this chain had ample warning of the approach of the invaders. Yet from the very moment that AYOUB arrived within striking distance everything has been blunder, confusion, and failure. A general was sent out to bear the brunt of the attack who is said (and we have not seen it denied) never to have seen any active service whatever. When half, and more than half, the forces sent with him mutinied and joined the enemy, the plan was not changed, nor were reinforcements sent. The information department seems to have been constantly behind the time, and when the siege of Candahar was actually formed, the only important movement attempted—the sortie of the 16th—was repulsed with loss. But these things are as nothing compared with the failure of the supports. The very best arrangements will not ensure us against disasters arising from individual incompetency. But good arrangements are absolutely proof against such failure as that which has, as we have seen, disconcerted General ROBERTS's plan, and reduced him to the alternative of wasting valuable time or of fighting with diminished forces and in a position which leaves the enemy the option of evasion. Considering the number of troops available between Bombay and Chaman, the means of transport at their disposal, the distances to be covered, and the circumstances of the country, a fortnight might have been required to place a respectable force in marching order at Chaman. Even a fortnight seems somewhat long when we remember how much may happen in that time. The facts are, that six weeks have not sufficed. Now, if there is one thing upon which the safety of our Indian Empire depends, it is the mobility of our troops. Considerable as is the garrison we maintain there, the enormous space it has to cover can only be defended successfully by a force which can be mobilized at once. We have spent vast sums on railways; and the outlay on more perishable means of transport, when they are required, is proverbially lavish. What can be done when there is heart in the work and when the means are in working order is shown by General ROBERTS's march at the shortest notice, with ten thousand men of all arms, over a hundred and thirty-six miles of difficult country in eight days, and by General GOUGH's march, with two cavalry regiments, of thirty-four miles in a single day. With this has to be contrasted the fact that General PHAYRE, acting on a line established for the support of General PRIMROSE, resting on the capital of a Presidency at one end, and furnished for all but a small part of the way with steam and railway communication, has been unable in six weeks to take a relieving army to the walls of Candahar.

IRELAND.

MR. FORSTER'S latest version of his own intentions is not altogether satisfactory. He persists in substituting for law his own notions of justice. He declares that, if the landowners exercise their rights so as to incur his disapproval, he will personally decline to enforce the law. In other words, he will tender his resignation to his colleagues unless they concur with him in promoting a new Disturbance Bill. The probable result would be the retirement of the moderate members of the Cabinet, and an increase of the influence which is at present exercised by Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. BRIGHT, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and, with less danger to existing institutions, by Mr. FORSTER himself. Mr. PARNELL, in a few epigrammatic words, summed up the Irish question. If, he said, the Constabulary were abolished, there would be no need for a change in the Land-law. An exactly similar proposal was in fabulous times made by the wolves when they suggested that the sheep-dogs should be withdrawn from the fold. The Land League would make and execute their own laws but for the force which is at the disposal of more legitimate authorities. Parliament is happily about to disperse; but the Irish agitation proceeds with constantly augmenting violence; and the Government takes no effectual measures for the protection of life and property. The demagogues who address seditious meetings no longer trouble themselves to accuse the landlords of oppression by the exaction of excessive rent or by inconsiderate eviction. The offence of the landowner is that he owns land which, in the popular judgment, ought to be transferred to the occupier. The itinerant orators are in truth much more consistent than Mr. FORSTER. He professes his determination not to protect or assist legal claims which he may by some arbitrary test determine to be unjust. The Land League resolves that rent is in itself unjust, though a few months ago its leaders pretended to advise the tenants to pay a fair rent instead of the stipulated amount. In spite of the warnings of the more rational members of the popular party, the demagogues decline to consider the question which would arise if the holdings of actual occupiers were converted by purchase or by force into freeholds. The majority of the population would still be landless; and there would be little or no demand for hired labour. The agitators constantly dwell on the invalidity of titles which date from the times of ELIZABETH or of CROMWELL, though in civilized countries a much shorter prescription is universally recognized; but even the impudence of a Land League declaimer would scarcely suffice to maintain the proposition that the present holders are the heirs of the original owners of the land. Mr. BRIGHT's scheme of purchasing farms with the aid of the State seems to attract little attention. The assumption by the Imperial Government of the character of universal landlord or mortgagee would be a chronic invitation to rebellion. When the change was effected no Irish Secretary, however devoted he might be to Liberal politics, could profess to distinguish between just and unjust demands for rent or interest.

By far the most novel, and not the least tenable, theory of Irish disorder has, in accordance with his well-known views, been promulgated by Mr. FROUDE. He attributes all Irish evils to anarchy resulting from a refusal on the part of England to deviate from traditions of law and liberty, which are, in Mr. FROUDE's opinion, wholly inapplicable to the population of Ireland. He censures, with a plainness, which leaves nothing to be desired, the whole system of affecting to govern Ireland according to Irish ideas, and not with exclusive reference to Irish needs. The protection of legal rights and the punishment of crime are, in Mr. FROUDE's judgment, far more indispensable than the pedantic maintenance of constitutional doctrines. He would prosecute leaders of sedition, rioters, and murderers with inexorable rigour; and, if juries refused to convict, he would transfer criminal jurisdiction to judges, and require the tribunals to do their duty. To Mr. FROUDE it seems not a light thing that Mr. BIGGAR should vindicate in the House of Commons the brutal and treacherous murder of Lord LEITRIM. He apparently suspects Mr. GLADSTONE of a deliberate intention to destroy or disturb the principle of property in land. He believes that Mr. GLADSTONE must have foreseen the rejection of the Disturbance Bill by the House of Lords, and that he must have intended the measure merely as a sanction of the revolutionary demand for the abolition of rent. It cannot be suspected that Mr. FROUDE is in this case influenced by political or personal prejudice. During the Bulgarian agitation, and throughout the Eastern crisis, Mr. GLADSTONE had no more zealous supporter than Mr. FROUDE. The demand for a reversal of the Irish policy of the present Government, and indeed of all modern Governments and Parliaments, may perhaps be injudicious, but it is undoubtedly sincere.

That the strongest Coercion Bill which could be devised would be desirable, if there were no other means of suppressing the anarchy which prevails in Ireland, seems to many politicians a truism. It might probably be not impossible to govern by methods less rigorous than CAVOUR's state of siege; but it is above all things necessary to govern. The orators and the newspaper writers who employ themselves in the encouragement of crime should be in the first instance sentenced and punished, though it might be impossible to reach their patrons and abettors in the House

of Commons. Every impediment should be offered to the acquisition and possession of arms by the disaffected classes; and, as Mr. FROUDE suggests, juries should be superseded or suspended if they fail to discharge their duties. Few modern measures have done so much to decrease the sufferings of Ireland as the Peace Preservation Acts, which have for two generations been persistently passed, enforced, relaxed, and ultimately repealed. It is not even an injury to the class which is most directly affected by Coercion Acts that it is restrained from crime. Mr. FORSTER has lately become aware that it may perhaps be necessary to demand powers for the preservation of life and property. It is unfortunate that he should have intimated as a probable condition of the discharge of a duty a refusal in cases which must be arbitrarily selected to enforce the law. It is true that no Peace Preservation Act would remedy the distress of Ireland, though it might incidentally tend to mitigate its effects; but no Government can put an end to poverty, while it is the first business of all Governments to prevent and punish crime. If it is possible by legislation to prevent the recurrence of distress, it is not at the expense of landlords that the peasantry ought to be relieved.

The main objection to Mr. FROUDE's arguments and proposals are that they are paradoxical, or, in other words, that they are opposed to popular opinion. It may be a grievous misfortune that Great Britain is inextricably linked to Ireland with the obligation either to make the country civilized and prosperous, or to suffer by its misgovernment. Free nations find it more difficult than absolute Governments to rule dependencies. As far as the colonies are concerned England has evaded the difficulty by renouncing the liability. Canada, Australia, and New Zealand manage their own affairs, and Ireland would be welcome to Home Rule if it was in another hemisphere. The people of the United States have, with much sagacity, refused to encumber themselves with foreign possessions in which their institutions would not thrive, and which they have no machinery for administering as dependencies. The coloured population of the Southern States might have caused much trouble if they had not been practically deprived of the political power to which they are legally and constitutionally entitled. The States and Territories which have been founded in the West are, for the most, settled by emigrants from the older States, who take with them all the national customs and institutions. The Irish and English have never become homogeneous, though they have now for many years been governed by the same laws. Not even the experience of Irish members, which has extended from the time of O'CONNELL's tail and the POPE's Brass Band to the days of Mr. PARNELL and Mr. BIGGAR, has convinced the English people that it would be possible to withhold representative institutions with all the rights and liberties which they include from any portion of the United Kingdom. Mr. FROUDE's eloquent denunciations of the anomaly of regarding unequal things as equal might produce more effect if he could suggest any admissible alternative. In former times many experiments have been tried with uniform want of success. It would now be impossible to administer Ireland as a mere dependency. The growing strength of the English democracy would place an insurmountable impediment in the way of any attempt of the kind. The extreme Liberal party will never consent to deprive itself of the aid of allies who will always be ready to support revolutionary measures. It is true that an extension of the Irish borough franchise is, as Mr. FROUDE observes, a gift of a stone instead of bread; but the establishment of household suffrage in the English and Scotch counties will be a far more mischievous and dangerous measure. Mr. FROUDE's vigorous protests are like the prophecies of CASSANDRA, of which even the few who believe them understand that they will fail to reach the popular ear until they are accomplished.

THE EGYPTIAN DAIRA.

THE terms of the law of Egyptian liquidation are now known in detail, and it may be said, to the credit of the Commission, that not only is the scheme contained in the law bold and practical, but great attention has been paid to points that may at first seem trifling, and the is a model of clearness and conciseness. For reasons mainly political the holders of the floating debt have been too well treated, and that is the only objection that can be made to the scheme in general. Of the treatment in detail by the Commission of the matters submitted to it no one can judge, except by taking some one portion of the decree and examining it. No portion, perhaps, is more convenient and instructive than that which deals with the Daira, and it so happens that the Report of the Daira for this year has just been published, and thus every necessary material is furnished for an appreciation of the difficulties which the Commissioners had to encounter. The previous history of the Daira was briefly this. Vast estates belonging to the late Khedive formed the guarantee of a loan of nine millions sterling. The interest was fixed at five per cent.; and the estates, if well managed, produced on an average enough to pay this interest; but in years when the crop was poor or prices were low it was not sufficient, and the Khedive undertook to make up any deficiency out of his Civil List. The Khedive would not or could not fulfil his undertaking, and the payment of the coupons was only rendered possible by borrowing, although not to any serious extent. The holders of obligations were protected by a mortgage taken in the names of individuals, but there was no one with legal powers to represent the holders. Further, although the land itself was secured by mortgage, its produce was not. It was liable to be seized for the debts of the Daira; and, as the Daira was the estate of the Khedive, it was held that it was answerable for all the private debts of its owner. As a going concern it was perfectly solvent, but it was weighed down by a mass of debt, with which, as a going concern, it had nothing to do. Then, again, it had become uncertain whose property it was; for the Khedive, in the latter days of his reign, had under pressure made it over to the State; but the formalities of Mahommedan law had not been complied with, and it was probable that, if the holders of obligations had sought to enforce their rights, they would have had to sue a proprietor who was in exile, or, if he died, his family or his heirs. Lastly, the administration was in the hands of a nominee of the Khedive, subject to the supervision of an English and a French Controller, and over all was the Khedive himself, who was supposed to be specially interested in the management of his own estates, and to have special facilities for managing them. Sometimes the Khedive interfered with everything; sometimes he said he was tired of the Daira and would hear nothing of it. It was impossible that the property should be well managed under such a system. The administration was overshadowed by a vague, irresistible, intermittent intervention.

The Commissioners were constituted, or constituted themselves, as a legislative body. Whatever they chose to say was the law became the law. There was no knot they could not cut if they chose to cut it; and all the knots that the Daira presented to their notice they cut with a firm hand. They began with laying down that the property was the property of the State, and in a moment, without any further formality, it passed to the State. They then with a stroke of the pen got the Daira free from its burden of debts with which it had nothing to do. The produce of the estates cannot henceforth be seized for any debts except the real debts of the administration, and only for debts of this class, contracted since July 1877, when the new administration with its foreign Controllers began to work. Then come the pecuniary arrangements. A very large portion of the sums which the Daira had recently been called on to pay consisted of sums properly owed, not by it, but by the Government, and in reimbursement of these sums, and also in compensation for the extinction of the special guarantees given by the Khedive, the Government is ordered to pay out of the funds at the disposal of the Commissioners 450,000*l.*, subject to a deduction of the amount due from the Daira for taxes. If the estates yield enough to pay more than four per cent., the holders of obligations are to get the surplus up to five per cent.; but the Government in any case is to make up what may be necessary to pay four per cent. To prevent the guarantee being illusory, it is enacted that, if the Government fails to fulfil its obligations, the Daira is to pay no taxes on the lands not affected to the Unified Debt until it has thus recouped itself what the Government has failed to pay. No clause in the decree is more valuable to the bondholders than this, for it gives them, as

contrasted with a mere promise to pay, a means of ensuring payment the most efficacious that could be practically operative. Out of the 450,000*l.* a sum of 180,000*l.* is to be set apart as a reserve fund; and to this are to be added the amounts received from the revenue beyond what is necessary to pay five per cent. until the amount of 350,000*l.* is reached, after which point the surplus revenues are to be used in paying off the bonds at eighty per cent. of their nominal value. The primary object of this reserve fund is to ensure the payment of four per cent. interest, so that the bondholders have a double security for their interest in the guarantee of the Government, and in the provision of a reserve fund which, it may be observed, is from the outset exactly equal to the amount of one half-yearly coupon.

The difficulty under which the bondholders laboured in having no one to represent them legally is solved in the simplest manner. It is enacted that the English and French Controllers shall be their representatives, and the question how these Controllers are to be appointed is definitely decided by a provision that the Egyptian Government will accept the nomination of the respective Governments, or, if the other Government does not choose to nominate, will choose some one in the active or retired service of that Government. The system of administration is recast. There is still to be a native Director, but the Controllers are not only to supervise him, but are at liberty to determine any question of administration in regard to which they may think fit to interfere. Above this administrative body is a Council, of which the Director and the Controllers form part, but of which the Egyptian Minister of Finance, the English and French Controllers-General, are also members, and the Council will exercise in a methodical manner the powers of supreme but vague and occasional control formerly reserved to the Khedive. The scheme as a whole is at once fair and favourable to the Daira. It starts fresh and unencumbered. Its legal difficulties are swept away. The bondholders will be represented, and represented by persons who are the choice of the English and French Governments. The administration is simplified and strengthened, and is thrown to a very large degree into the hands of Europeans; and everything has been done to ensure the bondholders getting four per cent. But the bondholders must understand that they cannot reckon on getting more than four per cent. for some time. Not only may there be bad years, but for this year and next year the condition and prospects of the crops are such that more than four per cent. cannot be looked for. Further the Daira has now to pay new taxes which themselves amount to one per cent. on the capital, so that a yield which formerly would have sufficed to pay five per cent. will now only suffice to pay four. And a new burden has been thrown on the Daira, as the Commissioners have enacted that the bonds of the Daira Khassa shall be incorporated in the general debt of the Daira. The Government undertakes to pay 34,000*l.* a year to meet the augmentation of the capital of the Daira debt; but it only gives a simple promise to pay, and the Daira will have to meet the interest, even if the Government does not pay. The simple fact is that the Daira bondholders were in a great mess, and have now got out of it, and may look for four per cent. with the hope of some day and occasionally getting a little more. That they have been extricated from embarrassment is, as is pointed out in the Report, in a large measure due to the energetic protection which Mr. GOSCHEN, ably and cordially aided by his French colleague M. JOUBERT, has given to their interests. It might be added, which, as the Report was drawn by Mr. MONEY, the English Controller, could not be stated in it, that they are also very largely indebted to the zeal, determination, and perseverance with which Mr. MONEY laboured in the practical conduct of their affairs until his connexion with the Daira was recently terminated by his appointment to a higher post in the sphere of Egyptian finance.

THE LAST BURIALS DIVISION.

LORD HARTINGTON was in merry pin at three o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, at which sane hour for delicate deliberation the House of Commons was finally disposing of a Bill on which momentous issues for the future of the Church of England depend. Full of anticipations of the Greenwich feast, even though whitebait has passed away, the leader crowed over the Burials Bill as a measure of conciliation which would make mankind happy all round. One section of mankind has not much cause for self-gratulation at the shape which this triumph of the Liberal cause assumed, and that is the Liberal party itself, that great united party of freedom and loquacity. At the moment of the final success a rift as wide as that in the Roman Forum suddenly yawned, and no MARCUS CURTIUS was there to make the patriotic plunge into the abyss. The last division on the Burials Bill was not the irresistible advance of the serried ranks of progress over a demoralized and dispersed handful of reactionaries; but a victory achieved by the united forces of those Liberals who still desire to uphold the Church of England and of the Conservatives over an angry alliance of Liberationists, Freethinkers, and democrats who had banded together to humiliate and insult that Church.

The proceedings in Committee and upon the Report of the Burials Bill can best be considered together. Practically the motion urged by Mr. BRADLAUGH for disturbing, not only Sunday, but Christmas Day and Good Friday, which was beaten by so inadequate a majority on the first and so sufficient a one on the second occasion; as well as that in which Mr. ILLINGWORTH was thoroughly defeated, for removing the obligation for all services in churchyards to be Christian; and last, but not least, the resistance to the clergy relief clause, must be regarded as the successive battles of a campaign. Step by step the conspiracy which created and has kept alive the agitation of which this Bill is the result has, by their own imprudence, been courting defeat, not only calamitous to their particular cause, but menacing to the future harmony and efficiency of the Liberal party itself. While we were certain that the agitators' pietistic pretence would soon be thrown aside, we could not forecast that the drift of events would unmask the innermost intention of those who were the real promoters of the measure with a completeness and rapidity of which, in the hurry and confusion of a worn-out Session, they were themselves barely conscious. Up to and even during the second reading they were touchy and prodigal, with the honest exception of Mr. WOODALL, in protesting that the aggression was a question of simple burial not of property in the churchyard, of feelings and not of rights, and that, if only their conscientious principles should obtain recognition, they would go away and cease from troubling the Establishment. So matters stood when in the Committee the limitation was reached which gave precise and complete satisfaction to all the ostensible demands of the Nonconformist ministry and its obedient flocks. At this point it suited their Parliamentary leaders to find out that they had never been thinking of being buried as Christians, but as citizens, and that in demanding the use of the churchyards they were demanding a right which, as they formulated the claim, contradicted all the existing legal incidents attaching to those properties which they had hitherto pretended to respect. Hence the sweet accord of Calvinist, Atheist, and some Papists in a colourable repudiation of the word Christian—which really meant antagonism to the established rights of the Church of England. This daring policy simplified the action of the House of Commons. The plea of the discontented cave might be logical, but the attitude of the remaining House was practical. The practical men, whether they owned it or not, felt that the measure, in its mildest form, would be inexpressibly distasteful to the class to whom the State had to look for working it. Logic, on the other side, stood up before the country in the visible shapes of Mr. BRADLAUGH and Mr. LABOUCHERE, backed by the sweet gracefulness of Mr. COLLINGS, so it was not very astonishing that the House decided that between reducing the member for Northampton and Mr. ASHTON DILKE to the painful necessity of a silent burial, and of declining to force facilities upon the Jews, of which the Jews emphatically refused to take advantage, or of scandalizing that wide feeling which could be Christian without being Liberationist, it was wise to choose the former alternative, and despise the harmless imputation of inconsistency.

The HOME SECRETARY's bounceable entrance on Saturday evening into the Committee just as it was closing its proceedings in a fit of almost unaccountable good humour is an incident which cannot lead to any direct political result. It was certainly an eccentric act on the part of a Cabinet Minister to knock over a colleague who was, although out of the Cabinet, conduct-

ing the business of the House in charge of an important Ministerial measure. The inevitable row which resulted was as sharp as it was sudden, and showed that even in this Parliament of delegates and of rebels something has been left of the old spirit of loyal independence. However, Lord HARTINGTON, clothed in the brief, if not little, authority of leader pending the sea-trip of the PRIME MINISTER, summarily repudiated his unruly colleague, and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT did the best thing left to him to do by tendering his "Beg pardon, and won't "do so again" with the frank confession that when he spoke he knew nothing of the question or of his colleagues' action. It was rumoured that some new members were converted to a belief of the HOME SECRETARY's future docility. Anyhow, the Committee relapsed into the condition of limp boredom so eminently suited for the discussion of the all but last stage of a Bill which is intended to revolutionize the position of one of the estates of the realm. Yet the incident, so far as it affects the character of the Government and the relations of its members towards each other, cannot go to sleep. It is a revelation, which is the more startling because genuine and unpremeditated, of the way in which we are governed; and it is therefore for the nation to say how far it will repose its confidence in a Government which fails in securing harmony of opinion and unity of action even among its own members.

THE NAVAL DEMONSTRATION.

THE pressure on the Porte has within a few days become perceptibly closer. Lord GRANVILLE, with proper reticence, declined to state the instructions which have been given to Admiral SEYMOUR; but he confirmed the statement that something is at last to be done. A squadron to which all the six Powers will have contributed one or more vessels is to assemble within reach of the disputed Albanian or Montenegrin territory. The invitation to the Powers to make use of the port of Ragusa is still more significant, as a proof that Austria, which acts in concert with Germany, has not withdrawn from the European alliance. The recent diplomatic communications have been definite and firm. It was perhaps impossible to avoid some delay in the cession of Dulcigno to Montenegro; but the limit of time which was imposed on the Porte has not been formally altered. At the same time, the Turkish proposal to reopen the Greek negotiations has been peremptorily rejected. The right of the Governments which assembled in Conference at Berlin to compel the surrender of a large territory by one nominally independent Government to another might be plausibly disputed; but, having made the demand, the Powers could not, without a confession both of injustice and of weakness, further prosecute the discussion. The Plenipotentiaries must be assumed to have known all the arguments which can be urged against their decision; and, in fact, they acted on the best professional advice, both in estimating the comparative numbers of the different sections of the population, and in according to either party, as far as the circumstances allowed, defensive military positions which were not equally convenient for purposes of aggression. It is not seriously disputed, except by the Government of the SULTAN, that the Greek population in the district to be transferred anxiously desires a change. It was impossible to draw a frontier line which should not leave a certain number of Mahometans to the south. Rightly or wrongly, the Powers have announced their decision; and it is improbable that they will reopen the controversy.

The naval demonstration, as it is called, is for the present confined to the object of enforcing submission to the provisions of the Berlin Treaty in favour of Montenegro. As there are to be no troops on board the ships, the mode in which coercion is to be applied still awaits explanation; but both Turks and Albanians will understand a display of material force better than diplomatic documents or official proclamations. It is doubtful whether the orders which have been issued from Constantinople are intended to be obeyed; and, even if the SULTAN and Ministers are in earnest, they will not receive credit for sincerity. The Albanians have probably learned that the SULTAN is personally afraid to offend them; and they have cultivated friendly intercourse with the officers who were ostensibly charged with the execution of his orders. The moral claim of Montenegro to territorial aggrandizement is not appreciated by its neighbours. Prince NICHOLAS and his people are rewarded for being orthodox Christians, for hereditary enmity to Turkey, and especially for the diversion which they effected in favour of Russia during the late war. Mahometans and Catholics, whose sympathies are all on the side of Turkey, feel the sacrifice imposed upon them as an intolerable grievance; but the combined squadron will perhaps convince them that it is useless to argue against superior force. The SULTAN will probably be acquitted of readiness to abandon his subjects when the dictation of Europe is embodied in a visible form. It is not to be doubted that the different Governments have pledged themselves to ulterior action if their first practical measure proves to be as abortive as their verbal remonstrances. It is fortunate that there is no risk of maritime collision. The squadron will, for the present at least, not attempt to force the passage of the Dardanelles. Threats are sometimes rendered more effective by ambiguity and calculated mystery.

The technical distinction between the Greek and Montenegrin demands may be not unimportant, if any of the Powers decide to provide themselves with excuses for partial inaction. The demand for the cession of Dulcigno to Montenegro is founded on strict legal right, because it constitutes an agreed modification of the terms of a treaty to which both Turkey and the combined Powers were parties. The Congress of Berlin represented the ultimate authority by which international law is enacted or enforced. As far as the Congress modified the separate Treaty of San Stefano, it gave to the Porte some consideration for the territorial losses which were imposed by the Treaty of Berlin. The refusal of the Porte to comply with any of the conditions of the Treaty would be a lawful cause of war, and it, therefore, justifies less stringent modes of compulsion. The annexation of Epirus and Thessaly to Greece depends on an assertion of superior power and of paramount expediency rather than on any legal right. No cession was required by the Treaty of Berlin, though, in compliment to the French Minister, an informal recommendation was appended to the main instrument. It is, therefore, perhaps open to Germany or to France to decline a share in enforcing the surrender of territory to Greece; but great Powers can seldom tender barren advice or give extra-judicial decisions. The incidental declaration of the Congress might perhaps be explained away; but the unanimous determination of the late Conference must in some sense be binding on all the Governments. It may therefore be probably conjectured that the naval demonstration, if it produces the desired effect with reference to Dulcigno, will be continued or repeated to compel the cession of Epirus and Thessaly. If the means appear not altogether adequate to the desired end, it is not to be supposed that united Europe will allow itself to be finally baffled.

The English Ministers cannot excuse themselves for embarrassment or failure by any impediment offered to their policy by their opponents in or out of Parliament. Both Houses have deliberately abstained from discussing or criticizing the diplomatic and administrative measures of the Government. Lord STRATHEDEN's chronic curiosity and dissatisfaction have been confined to himself; and Lord GRANVILLE's recent statement provoked neither criticism nor any request for further information. It is known that the English Government has taken the lead in all the recent transactions; but its conduct is so far justified by the acquiescence of the other Powers in its proposals; and its objects are generally approved. Even when steps are taken which seem to have a warlike tendency, provisional confidence is reposed in Mr. GLADSTONE's devotion to peace. The country would not tolerate an unprovoked war with Turkey; but as long as the European concert is maintained there is no risk of actual hostilities. If sympathy for a hard-pressed Government and nation has visibly cooled, the SULTAN has himself to thank for the change. His obstinate rejection of the wise counsels which have been tendered through Sir HENRY LAYARD and Mr. GOSCHEN has apparently resulted as much from ill-will to England as from dislike of foreign interference and of administrative improvement. Notwithstanding the surprising declaration of the Turkish Chargé d'Affaires, it is certain that papers have been printed at the Imperial press for the express purpose of promoting disaffection among the Mussulmans of India. There may be some excuses for the SULTAN's

irritation; but his unfriendly conduct naturally provokes resentment. He would readily be forgiven if he would consult his own obvious interest. The Powers which demand unwelcome territorial cessions are indefatigable in contriving for the SULTAN modes of administration by which he might conciliate the loyalty of his remaining subjects. All the Governments have agreed on the reforms which ought to be introduced in Armenia; and the Commission appointed under the terms of the Treaty of Berlin to provide a scheme of administration for the European provinces has already completed its labours. Sir DRUMMOND WOLFF and his successor have taken a principal part in the deliberations of the Commission; and it is stated that Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE has, with the impartiality which becomes a representative of England, expressly stipulated for the protection of the franchises and customs of the Albanian subjects of the Porte. There is too much reason to apprehend the sluggish resistance of the SULTAN'S Government to all improvement in Europe and in Asia; but it is possible that some beneficial changes may be effected with a conceivable tendency to future development. That Russia should concur with England and other Powers in insisting on constitutional government in Turkey is an anomaly which has already ceased to be surprising.

M. DE FREYCINET AND THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

THE season in France has been cheered with a new interest. When the vacation began it seemed as though there would be nothing about which to speculate until the reopening of the Chambers. The elections of the 1st of August promised to make things less exciting than ever. While the composition of the Councils-General remained in any sense Anti-Republican it was always possible to wonder whether the Senate or the Chamber of Deputies best represented France. Both were the offspring of universal suffrage, and any one who chose might argue that the less direct method by which the Senate was elected made it a more genuine, because less special, expression of the national wishes. The Councils-General savoured of the soil. The very fact that they had other functions to discharge besides that of returning the Senate ensured a larger amount of electoral interest, and formed a safeguard against the abstentions which so often vitiate the elections to the Chamber of Deputies viewed as an evidence of French feeling in the largest sense of the term. A deputy might be returned by a minority of political enthusiasts; but a Senator was, in fact, chosen by a body in the return of which the whole electorate had on many grounds a direct and strong interest. Since the 1st of August this source of interest has come to an end. It is useless to weigh these comparative probabilities any longer, because a term has been set to the state of things out of which they arose. The Senate will in future exhibit no sharp distinctions when compared with the Chamber of Deputies. The traditional moderation of an Upper Chamber may still influence its action to some extent; but the general attitude of its members in political controversy will be the same as that of the Chamber of Deputies. The complete success of the Republicans a month ago supplies a decisive answer to the eager predictions of the reactionary parties.

Upon this dead level of political interest M. DE FREYCINET descended the other day in the speech he made at Montauban. M. DE FREYCINET has shown himself in one important respect wiser than any other of his colleagues or opponents. They may keep a newspaper, he keeps a foreign correspondent. Nowhere are M. DE FREYCINET'S praises more eloquently sung than in the Paris Correspondence of the *Times*, and the importance of the Montauban speech was at once trumpeted to Europe in the columns of the great English journal. M. DE FREYCINET, it was pointed out, had read in the elections of the 1st of August the lesson they really had to convey. He saw that the Republic was safe so long as it continued moderate, and he was prepared to apply this knowledge to the case of the unauthorized religious orders. M. DE FREYCINET'S words certainly went far to justify this description of them. He excused the breaking up of the Jesuit establishments as a necessary concession to the feeling of the Chamber of Deputies, and hinted that the other unrecognized orders would be left free to conform themselves, if they chose, to the provisions of a law regulating the right of association which would be introduced next Session. The Correspondent of the *Times* hinted that, in holding out this prospect, M. DE FREYCINET had not spoken without book. As he had no wish to make the relations between the Church and the Government more hostile than they were already, he had taken pains to ascertain whether the religious orders would meet him halfway, and whether the Vatican would countenance them in negotiating a compromise. It now appears that, whether he knew or only prophesied, the *Times'* Correspondent came very near the truth. A declaration has been put out on the part of the non-recognized orders which is nothing more or less than a formal act of adhesion to the existing order of things. The non-recognized orders have, it says, been misunderstood. They have no difficulty in affirming their respect and submission towards the present institutions of the country. They have never claimed to be independent of secular power. "The moral and spiritual aims they "pursue do not permit them to bind themselves ex-"clusively to any one political system." They have nothing to do with political parties and passions, and they must not place themselves at the service of changing causes and human interests. As regards temporal government, they are only concerned to "teach by precept and example "the obedience and respect due to authority, the source of "which is God"; and animated by these feelings they cannot help hoping that the Government will receive their declarations in a kindly spirit, and "allow them "freely to continue the works of prayer, education, "and charity to which they have devoted their lives."

The importance of this declaration must anyhow be great, and may be very great indeed. The coincidence between its appearance and M. DE FREYCINET'S speech can hardly be accidental. The PRIME MINISTER was in all probability not wholly ignorant of its contents when he drew a distinction between the Jesuits and the other non-recognized orders, and bade the latter apply for authorization under the law which is to be brought in next Session. M. DE FREYCINET has justified the predictions which said that he would be a far more moderate Minister than either his friends or his adversaries supposed. He has been content with a declaration which, though it contains everything that a moderate Republican can wish to see in such a document, is hateful to advanced Republicans because it makes the destruction of the orders which adhere to it additionally difficult. It seems impossible that M. DE FREYCINET should say at Montauban that the Government profoundly respects religion, and has only opposed the Church so far as the Church has associated itself with conspiracies against the Republic, and then refuse to take any note of a declaration which presents the religious orders as the dutiful servants of the Republic in all matters which do not touch the specific spiritual labours which they have made their own. There can be nothing gained by giving a distinct assurance one month and falsifying it the next. If M. DE FREYCINET'S object in issuing the decrees against the non-recognized orders was really to bring them to their knees, he has completely succeeded—succeeded, that is to say, in the only sense in which success was ever possible. What more could M. DE FREYCINET expect the religious orders to say than they have said in this declaration? They repudiate all connexion with political parties, all preference for one form of government over another, all identification of the interests of the Church with those of any particular set of human institutions. It is open, of course, to their adversaries to say that these disclaimers are not genuine. But the Minister who has invited them to make such disclaimers can hardly use this argument. He may refuse to enter into any negotiations with bodies whose word cannot be taken; but when once he has entered into them, he cannot refuse to accept the assurances given by the Plenipotentiaries on the other side. Indeed the sacrifices which the putting out of this declaration will entail upon the orders are so considerable as to constitute a very weighty evidence that the declaration is honestly made. It will be universally and justly represented as a surrender, and no one likes to have such a word applied to him. It will be regarded by many persons as a mean desertion of the Jesuits, and though there may be no great love between religious orders, it is not pleasant for one order to be accused, with some show of reason, of leaving another in the lurch, and of accepting favours at the hands of a Government

which has denied the Jesuits bare justice. Nor must it be forgotten that those who will bring these accusations, or at all events will wish to bring them, are the main supporters of the religious orders in France. The declaration will be excessively distasteful to the Legitimists, because it will prevent them from representing the cause of HENRY V. as exclusively the cause of religion. But the Legitimists are the party which has especially befriended the Church. The Bonapartists have been discredited, in their theological character, by the succession of Prince NAPOLEON to the headship of the family. The Orleanists are either Voltairians, or suspected of that liberal Catholicism which, even under LEO XIII., is only half liked by the ecclesiastical authorities. The Republicans are for the most part the declared enemies of the Church. Consequently, the active support which sustains the religious orders in their temporal capacity—which provides them with houses and chapels, fills their schools with pupils, and keeps subscription lists going for the promotion of the objects they have in view—comes with scarcely an exception from the Legitimists. The doctrine embodied in this declaration would have suited ST. PAUL very well, but it can hardly suit the Count of CHAMBORD. The representative of the doctrine of Divine Right cannot care to hear that, in the eyes of the monks and nuns whom his followers are largely supporting, one form of government is as good as another, provided that it leaves the religious orders free to do their own business.

All these questions, however, will at first be subordinate to the question how M. DE FREYCINET's new concordat with the religious orders will be received by his own party. If the *République Française* is to be taken as an accurate interpreter of M. GAMBETTA's views, it will not be liked by the most powerful man in the Republican party. Yet, when it is remembered that a serious breach with M. GAMBETTA — unless it is to result in M. DE FREYCINET's immediate and hopeless fall—must involve the creation of a new Republican party, and its establishment as the dominant power in the State, it seems inconceivable that M. DE FREYCINET should contemplate anything of the kind. Between two improbabilities, it is wise to choose the least; and in this case it is easier to believe that the actual conductors of the *République Française* have been allowed to take their own line than that M. DE FREYCINET has suddenly resolved to measure swords with M. GAMBETTA. At all events, the speculation which of the two theories is the more probable and has most evidence in its favour is quite enough to occupy French politicians from now till the meeting of the Chambers. Until then nothing can apparently be done. M. DE FREYCINET has promised a general law applicable to all associations alike; and, even if he thinks the declaration of the orders insufficient, he can hardly punish them for delaying to apply for authorization until they see what the conditions are to which they must conform themselves in order to be authorized.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

THE contest for the Presidency of the United States, though it is but moderately exciting, may well suggest to Englishmen a feeling of envy. In a season of general prosperity, untroubled with domestic or foreign difficulties, the American people are at leisure to occupy themselves in harmless experiments on the comparative strength of parties. They have no Ireland and no Afghanistan, and their Government and Legislature have neither the will nor the power to disturb the foundations of property, and to cultivate hostility among different classes. The Greenback faction and the Labour League are obscure and powerless, and the two rival parties, of which the main function is to maintain political circulation, are separated by no intelligible difference of principles. General HANCOCK is less popular with his own party than Mr. TILDEN, but he has perhaps a better chance of securing neutral votes. As a soldier he rendered valuable service to the Federal cause during the Civil War; and after its close he administered a Southern military command in a spirit of conciliation and justice. His competitor, Mr. GARFIELD, also bears a high personal character, and he belongs to a class which is greatly esteemed and honoured in the United States. Having in his early youth lived by manual labour, he contrived to educate himself to a level with the dominant class of lawyers and politicians. As a Volunteer officer he acquired credit during the war, and he has since attained a considerable position in Congress. Never conspicuous as a political leader, he became so well known as an adroit party manager that he was entrusted at the Chicago Convention with the care of Mr. SHERMAN's interests. When it became clear that the party leaders were only strong enough to defeat one another, Mr. GARFIELD satisfied the necessary conditions of comparative obscurity and of probable competence. He may probably be as good a President as Mr. BLAINE or Mr. SHERMAN would have been; and he is free from the damaging associations of General GRANT's second term of office.

The contending parties are, not without effort, working themselves up to the excitement which befits the occasion. The smallest part of their duties was to propound the political issues on which the contest is conventionally supposed to turn. The formal Resolutions respectively adopted at Chicago and Cincinnati, and the subsequent letters of acceptance written by the nominated candidates, exhaust the controversy, in which no serious interest is felt. The Republicans are more earnestly devoted than the Democrats to a protective tariff; but, whatever may be the result of the contest, there is no probability of early relaxation. The producers thoroughly understand their own private interests, while the consumers forming the general community are ignorant and disunited. Both political parties have formerly tampered with the public credit; but with the popularity of repudiation, the sophisms of its advocates have fallen into disuse. The Republicans even take credit to themselves for the so-called resumption of specie payments, which really consists in the equalization for the time of the values of paper money and of gold. As greenbacks are still a legal tender, and as they are not compulsorily convertible into coin, it is possible that specie payments might at any moment be suspended. According to law, public and private creditors may be still more effectually defrauded under the Acts which make silver a legal tender; but Mr. SHERMAN has hitherto contrived to thwart the combination of the silver-mine owners with the supporters of repudiation. Notwithstanding the importance of questions which vitally affect the public convenience and prosperity, neither tariffs nor currency will exercise any considerable influence on the approaching election. The two parties are more perceptibly divided on the policy to be followed in the South. The Democrats profess to apprehend Federal interference with State elections; and they announce their determination not to be again defeated by such frauds as those which deprived them of victory in 1876. The Republicans are not less vehement in their demand for freedom of election in the South; but, as may be supposed, they attach a different meaning to the phrase. The Democrats think of the whites, and the Republicans of the coloured voters, who, as they assert, would, if they were allowed to exercise the franchise, return a Republican majority in Florida, in North Carolina, and in one or two other States.

Both parties agree in the calculation that by fair or foul means the Democrats will carry all the Southern States. To return a President they must also obtain forty-seven votes in the North; and it is to secure or frustrate this result that all the efforts of political managers will be directed. Great importance is attached to a State election which is to be held in the course of September in Maine. Notwithstanding the boasted morality of New England, the Greenback faction is stronger in Maine than in other Northern States; and it is feared that the supporters of a depreciated currency may coalesce with the Democrats. Another doubtful State is Indiana, which will accordingly be visited by many itinerant orators abundantly provided with money. It is fair to admit that in American elections there is little or no direct bribery; but enormous sums are spent on delegations and on public meetings. Since the nomination of General HANCOCK, the Democrats have recovered their supremacy in the City of New York, where they were lately defeated in the election of a Governor by the secession of KELLY and his Tammany organization, in consequence of a personal feud with Mr. TILDEN. KELLY has now promised to return to his allegiance as a Democrat, though he is supposed to resent the leading part which Mr. TILDEN takes in promoting the candidature of General HANCOCK. The Republicans fear that the City will carry with it the State, but they still profess to be confident of the support of the rural districts.

Ohio, which was not long since doubtful, is believed to be secured to the Republican cause by the choice of two citizens of the State in succession as Republican nominees for the Presidency. It appears that no doubt is entertained of the fidelity of other Northern States to the Republican cause. On the whole, the chances of the competitors seem to be unusually even. As every citizen of the United States thoroughly understands the personal and political issues of the contest, it might be supposed that agitation and oratory would do little to affect opinions or votes; but election managers, who must be supposed to understand their business, cherish a traditional faith in the efficacy of crowded meetings and of vehement speeches.

The Republicans, being richer or more liberal than their adversaries, boast that they have collected a million of dollars, and begun to spend them, before the Democrats have commenced their operations. The party in power has a great advantage in its power of levying a contribution from every member of the Civil Service, for official persons are compelled to pay or to forfeit their appointments, and they are perhaps partially reconciled to the extortion by the knowledge that their tenure of office depends on a Republican victory. As the importance of a race depends on the amount of the sweepstakes and of the added money, a Presidential election derives much of its interest from the eighty thousand salaries which are staked on the result. On the other side, Democratic aspirants to office will perhaps subscribe to the election funds; but voluntary contribution is never as productive as a regular tax. A late meeting of two hundred and fifty Republican leaders at New York discussed and settled the general arrangements of the canvass. The party will probably abide by the decisions of the meeting, though Mr. CONKLING was significantly absent. Representatives of some of the Southern States implored the principal orators of the party to visit their districts for the purpose of encouraging the coloured voters; but the managers summarily rejected the proposal, having probably satisfied themselves that their eloquence would produce no impression on the vote of any Southern State. They preferred to employ their energies in Maine and Indiana, which will accordingly be gratified by torrents of oratory. In accordance with laudable custom, Mr. GARFIELD, though he was in another part of the same building, took no part in the discussion. On his journey to New York, though he was received at the stations with as much apparent enthusiasm as if he had been Mr. GLADSTONE travelling on an English or Scotch railway, Mr. GARFIELD observed the same commendable reticence. It seems that, in the most fluent and voluble of communities, silence is the privilege and duty of the highest. The professed orators on every occasion presented the Republican candidate to the audience, and then proceeded to speak on his behalf. General HANCOCK will also be represented by the proper staff of delegates and committees; but his principal adviser, representative, and manager, is the astute politician to whom he was preferred at Cincinnati. Mr. TILDEN finds a difficulty in diverting from himself the enthusiasm and applause which are officially due to the comparatively unknown nominee.

THE EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY BILL.

THE Employers' Liability Bill has throughout its career met with extremely hard usage. It is quite true that it was very far from being a well-drawn Bill. It was selected as one of the measures which there seemed most likelihood of getting through Parliament in a broken Session, and it was too hastily assumed that when a sound principle had been discovered on which to base it the details would somehow settle themselves. In the House of Commons it was more unfortunate in its supporters than in its opponents. No one man has done so much to imperil its success this Session as Mr. GORST. In dealing with a measure which is avowedly one of compromise, exaggerated friendship is just as dangerous as declared enmity. Either way the result is to threaten the maintenance of the compromise, and with that goes the justification of the particular Bill under discussion. If the Conservatives who wished to see the plea of common employment altogether done away with had carried their point, the Bill must inevitably have disappeared. If the Government had not withdrawn it in consideration of the contradiction which in its amended form it presented to their declarations when introducing it, the employers in one or other House would certainly have been able to defeat it. The "Fourth Party" might not have been displeased at this result in either of the characters which it has lately pleased them to assume. Such enthusiastic friends of the working-man are naturally disposed to think no bread better than half a loaf, and such conscientious obstructives could not but have rejoiced at adding one more measure to the list of Ministerial failures. The extent to which the Bill steers clear of extreme views on either side has not been sufficiently appreciated. Notwithstanding the ingenuity in high places which has been spent in showing that employers would gain if the plea of common employment were altogether abolished, neither the injustice nor the imprudence of such a step has been disproved. If anything could make employers utterly careless about preventing accidents, it would be a law which made them equally answerable for accidents which they might have prevented and for accidents which it was out of their power to prevent. When the innocent and the guilty have to put up with a common penalty, the force of the inducement to remain innocent is indefinitely decreased. In point of fact, so far as the law is concerned, the inducement altogether disappears. With the plea of common employment done away with, conscientious and kindly employers would still be careful of their workmen; but employers who were neither conscientious nor kindly would have really no motive for being careful. Hitherto something of the same result has been arrived at by an opposite road. Whether the employer is careful or careless he has been equally free from liability. When the judges determined that an agent picked out after the most careful scrutiny, and a labourer taken on that morning because there was a job to be done and he was there to do it, stood on precisely the same footing as regards their employers' liability for their negligence, the employer had no longer any reason for inquiring whether those to whom he delegated his authority were as likely to be careful of workmen's lives as of employers' pockets. Between these two extremes the head of the Bill was originally pointed; and, on the whole, its course has been pretty steadily steered in the same direction.

The principal change which the Bill underwent in the House of Lords was the omission of the subjection which makes an employer liable for an injury caused by the "negligence of any person in the service of the employer "to whose orders or directions the workman at the time "of the injury was bound to conform and did conform." It is possible that experience may show that these words are too comprehensive. The case of a hodman who sustains an injury while carrying out the orders, not of his employer, but of the bricklayer whom he was supplying with materials, was instanced by Lord CARNARVON; and, if such a case should be held to come under the Bill, it may hereafter be found necessary to amend it. But the time of the House of Lords would have been better employed in rendering the Bill this service than in striking out the clause altogether. It may not be clear enough that the "orders or directions" to which the workman at the time of the injury was "bound to conform" are really the orders and directions of the employer himself—orders and directions, that is to say, given by agents who have been chosen among other things for the purpose of giving orders and who have been negligent in giving them. But, in the absence of an improved definition of the persons really contemplated by the clause, the House of Commons had really no choice but to disagree to the amendment. An agent to whose orders a workman is bound to conform is, from the workman's point of view, his employer. He is as much bound to obey his orders as though they came from the employer himself, and the employer is consequently bound to be just as careful in choosing him as he would be in determining what orders to give if he were himself giving them. If there is any defect in the clause, it lies, not in the relation it creates between agent and employer, but in its definition of what constitutes agency. As it stands, however, that definition embodies the best wisdom of the House of Commons. That wisdom might, in this instance, have been usefully supplemented by the Lords; but they were clearly ill-advised in omitting the clause altogether. An Act which did not make employers liable for the negligence of agents to whose orders the workman injured was bound to conform would have been obviously, and even ludicrously, incomplete. The fact that a workman

may sometimes be bound by the necessities of his employment to conform to the orders or directions of some one who is simply a fellow-workman, and not in any genuine sense an agent of the employer, would have been a good reason for altering the wording of the clause; but it was not a reason for refusing to deal with that large number of cases in which the man who gives the orders is undoubtedly the agent of the employer, and acting as such in giving the orders.

The substitution of seven years for two in the duration of the Bill is not an improvement. We fail altogether to see any good reason for the introduction of such a limitation in any shape; but, if the Government were of opinion, as they might very well be, that it was expedient to make some arrangement with the Lords, and not simply to undo their work, it would have been better to accept the limitation in the form given to it in the other House. The preponderance of argument is decidedly in favour of the shorter term. As the Bill would necessarily have had to be re-enacted two years hence, the subject would have been kept well before the minds of the Government, and they might have really busied themselves in ascertaining what amendments might profitably be introduced into the Act the Session after next. In point of fact, during the interval between 1880 and 1882, employers and workmen would have constituted an informal Select Committee, by whose labours a large body of evidence, as to the present and prospective working of the law, would have been got together with much profit to those who would have had to legislate on the question once more in two years' time. An interval of seven years has not this advantage. For purposes of amendment the passing of the Bill will be regarded as final. Nobody will trouble himself to draft suggestions which will stand no chance of being considered till 1887. At the same time, the fact that the Act is in form only a temporary measure will tend to unsettle all who have to do with it. On both sides there must be a good deal of concession if the new order of things is to work satisfactorily. The employers as a body would have wished to see no change made in the law. They have always contended that no addition to their liability was needed to make them careful as regards avoidable accidents, and that the addition which the Bill makes will virtually render them liable for unavoidable accidents. The workmen as a body have contended that no exception ought to be made to their disadvantage in the ordinary law which holds an employer liable for the acts of his servants. They would have wished, in fact, to see the liability of employers for injuries inflicted on workmen made co-extensive with the liability of employers for injuries inflicted on strangers. The best chance of bringing both sides to acquiesce in a compromise which in the nature of things can be grateful to neither is to make it appear that the settlement effected by the measure is meant to be final; but with a re-enactment of the law made imperative in seven years the idea of finality is wholly excluded. Why Mr. DODSON should suppose that the next Parliament will be better fitted than the present to deal with a new Employers' Liability Bill is not clear, unless indeed he cherishes the hope that by that time obstruction will have fallen into disuse, and the "Fourth "Party" have once more submitted to the restraints of ordinary leadership. If this was his motive for lengthening the time between enactment and re-enactment, it is sincerely to be hoped that his glance into the future will prove prophetic. Should it do so, the credit he will gain by his prediction will be all the greater from the entire absence of any data on which to found it.

THE SESSION.

THE new Parliament met for the despatch of business on Thursday, the 20th of May. It consisted of 350 Liberals, 240 Conservatives, and 60 Home Rulers. All the members of the Ministry whose seats had been vacated by taking office had been re-elected with the exception of Sir William Harcourt; and Mr. Gladstone was present in the freshness of his vigorous old age to discharge the duties of a leadership which had been forced on him by the general conviction that, if he was to exist in the political world at all, he could hold no other place than the first. The Queen's Speech announced that the Government intended to pursue a foreign policy based on getting all the Great Powers to act in concert, so as to secure an early fulfilment of the Treaty of Berlin, to promote effectual reforms and equal laws in Turkey, and to settle all territorial questions. In Afghanistan it was proposed to establish so soon as circumstances would permit an independent and friendly Power with suitable institutions, and early information was promised on the weighty subject of Indian finance. The supremacy of the Crown was to be maintained in the Transvaal, while free institutions were to be secured to the European settlers. The state of Ireland was said to be such that the ordinary law would suffice to secure order, and a renewal of the Peace Preservation Act was therefore unnecessary. The Government measures of the Session were to be a Bill for the relief of Irish distress and a Bill for the assimilation of the Irish to the English borough franchise, a Burials Bill, an Employers' Liability Bill, a Ground Game Bill, and a Bill for renewing the Ballot Act. It seemed a modest programme, and not disproportionate to the powers of Parliament in a Session that it was assumed must be short. Nor did it receive much criticism in either House. No one could openly object to the Government endeavouring to carry out the Treaty of Berlin; and the exact meaning of the foreign policy announced was so vague that the mover of the Address admired it as a policy of wise intervention, and the seconder used it as a text for proclaiming his antipathy to all intervention whatever. It was generally acknowledged that, if the Government was going to take a new departure in regard to Turkey, it was right in sending a special Envoy to Constantinople, and that no choice could have been better than Mr. Goschen. Mr. O'Connor Power attempted in the discussion of the Address to force the new Chief Secretary for Ireland to take up the Irish land question as the really pressing question of the day. But Mr. Forster answered, with much good sense, that the Government must have time to study so large and complicated a question as that of the tenure of land in Ireland, and that any hurried Bill on this question, even though confined to the subject of temporarily suspending evictions, would be a great mistake; and even Mr. Parnell, who was appointed by the Home Rulers to supersede Mr. Shaw as their Sessional Chairman, owned that the Government must have time given it if it was to bring in an Irish Land Bill on a satisfactory scale. It cannot be said that Government started badly. There was some Protestant murmuring outside Parliament against the appointment of a Catholic to the Viceroyalty of India; but it found no echo within Parliament. Sir William Harcourt was soon provided with a seat, Mr. Plimsoll being moved by nothing less than direct inspiration to create a vacancy for him at Derby. The Conservative leaders assembled in a formal meeting when Lord Carnarvon returned to their ranks, and Lord Beaconsfield exhorted them to be patient, prudent, and very attentive to the organization of the party in the constituencies. Some criticism was bestowed in the House of Lords, and more outside, on Mr. Gladstone's letter to the Austrian Ambassador, which was generally thought to be too humble an apology, and was pronounced by Lord Salisbury to be no apology at all; and the new foreign policy was denounced by the late Foreign Secretary as reposing on the ridiculous notion that the performers in the European orchestra could ever be brought to play the same tune. But time alone could show how the European orchestra would play.

But a cloud soon rose on the Parliamentary horizon. It was a cloud that had begun to show itself even before the Session was formally opened. Northampton had thought proper to return the terrible Mr. Bradlaugh, and when it came to his turn to be sworn in he stated that he had a conscientious objection to take the oath, the appeal to the Deity being to him unmeaning, and asked to be allowed to affirm. He might have been allowed to take this step at his own risk, and to the great advantage of the Ministry and of the House, had it not been for the apparently accidental intervention of Sir Drummond Wolff, who raised the objection that he was not entitled to affirm. The point at issue was a strictly legal one, and turned on the interpretation of an Act of Parliament. It was doubtful whether the Act meant that any person not wishing to take the oath might affirm, or whether only persons falling under the specified head of witnesses in a law court, under none of which Mr. Bradlaugh was included, might affirm. Lord F. Cavendish moved that the question should be referred to a Committee, and Sir Stafford Northcote seconded the motion. It was natural to suppose that a motion countenanced by the leaders of the Government and the Opposition would meet with no opposition. But Sir Drummond Wolff and Mr. Gorst, who even at that early date began to show their independence of their nominal leader, did their utmost to prevent the Committee being appointed. It was, however, appointed, and, by the casting vote of the chairman, Mr. Walpole, reported that Mr. Bradlaugh could not legally be admitted to affirm. Immediately after the Session had been formally begun Mr. Bradlaugh, not contesting the decision of the Committee, asked to be allowed to take the oath. There could be no doubt that if in the first instance Mr. Bradlaugh had been willing to take the oath no one could have stopped him; but he himself had stated in the House, and therefore directly to its knowledge, that he did not wish to take the oath because part of the form was to him unmeaning. Whether the competence of Mr. Bradlaugh to take the oath under these circumstances was a legal question or not was very doubtful. But Mr. Gladstone insisted that it was, and that it must be referred to another Committee. This gave rise to a heated and protracted debate, the Opposition, not without a great show of reason, insisting that the House must be competent itself to decide whether an oath could be taken by a member who had informed the House that the special sanction of the oath had no meaning for him. A majority of 75 supported Mr. Gladstone,

and a Committee was appointed, which reported, after hearing Mr. Bradlaugh himself, that the oath could not, under such circumstances, be taken. This was precisely what might have been expected; but what no one could have expected was that the Committee altogether strayed out of its province, and recommended that the conclusion of the former Committee should be summarily set aside, and that Mr. Bradlaugh should be allowed to affirm. This was entirely out of the province of the Committee, but it seemed to give an opening for putting an end to the controversy, and Mr. Labouchere moved that Mr. Bradlaugh should be allowed to affirm. Sir Hardinge Giffard moved as an amendment that Mr. Bradlaugh should not be allowed either to take the oath or to affirm; or, in other words, that the conclusions of the two Committees, so far as they had dealt with matters within their province, should be upheld. Two long nights scarcely sufficed for a debate in which the whole weight of the Government was used in support of allowing Mr. Bradlaugh to affirm. But the Government was beaten, and a month after he had begun to lead the Parliament that seemed entirely his own, Mr. Gladstone found himself in a minority of 35. The next day Mr. Bradlaugh asked to be heard, and was heard, but failed to influence the decision of the House; and, on his refusing to withdraw, was, on the motion of Sir Stafford Northcote, ordered into custody. Mr. Gladstone, having been defeated, refused to act in the matter at all, and on the following day it was Sir Stafford Northcote who proposed that Mr. Bradlaugh should be discharged. As it was certain that he would not apologize, he was discharged without being called on for an apology; and, as it was also certain that he would again present himself, the Government was forced to propose some fresh course. Mr. Gladstone accordingly invented a new motion, which technically avoided the objection that it was in contravention of the former decision of the House, as it was proposed, not that Mr. Bradlaugh, but that any one who objected to take the oath, should be allowed to affirm. There were grave objections to this proposal, as it left it to the courts of law to decide a point which the report of the first Committee pronounced to be in the competence of the House, and as it was made retrospective so as to include Mr. Bradlaugh, it did in effect contravene the decision of the House that Mr. Bradlaugh should not be allowed either to take the oath or affirm. Its only merit was that it temporarily disposed of a very unpleasant matter, and was carried by a majority of 54; but it is obvious that, if this was a proper course for the House to take, it ought to have been taken at the outset, and then a lamentable waste of public time and much angry discussion would have been avoided.

Before this matter had been brought to a conclusion, a fresh and most unexpected occasion for criticism of the management of the House by the Government had presented itself. M. Challemel-Lacour had been appointed by the French Government as its English Ambassador, and Mr. O'Donnell thought proper to make a violent attack on the new Ambassador in the form of asking questions as to the previous history of M. Challemel-Lacour. They were questions which ought never to have been asked, and to which it is extremely doubtful whether any answer should have been given. But as there was a very good answer to be given, the Government considered it advisable to say openly that the charges made against M. Challemel-Lacour were unfounded, rather than that the new Ambassador should begin his official duty in England in the unpleasant position of a person who had been accused of assassination and robbery, and whose conduct had never been explained. Far from being satisfied with the answer he had obtained, Mr. O'Donnell got up and proceeded to reiterate his charges in a long and violent speech. The Speaker was appealed to, and pronounced that Mr. O'Donnell was technically in order, but stated that it was a very grave abuse of the privileges of a member to make such a speech, and he put it to the House whether the course taken by Mr. O'Donnell was a course the House would sanction. Mr. O'Donnell went on with his speech, and then Mr. Gladstone rose and moved that "Mr. O'Donnell be not heard." No such motion had been made for two hundred years, and it was in fact a complete Parliamentary novelty, and a novelty open to the most serious objections. Instantly the debate took a new form, and for hours the question was keenly discussed whether this startling innovation was to be accepted. Even the wildest Irishmen disclaimed complicity with Mr. O'Donnell; but every section of the Opposition protested against so alarming an interference with the freedom of debate. It was quite true that Mr. Gladstone was the last person who could be expected to have really any wish to limit debate unfairly, and he was only acting in response to the appeal of the Speaker. But the precedent he was endeavouring to create was of much wider application than was warranted by the circumstances. It seemed to lay down the startling doctrine that any member might move that any other member be not heard, and thus not only might every one in turn be silenced, but the business of the House would be brought to an utter standstill. The debate was not conducted with any violence of party spirit, and some Conservatives of great Parliamentary experience supported Mr. Gladstone. It was evident that what the House wanted was that Mr. O'Donnell should be stopped, and yet that a bad precedent should not be created. Ultimately this was accomplished, Mr. Gladstone withdrawing his motion, and Mr. O'Donnell confining himself to giving notice of a motion to be made on a future day. When Mr. O'Donnell attempted to put his views on paper, the Speaker held them to be for the most part not such as could be put, and so the matter ended. The character of M. Challemel-Lacour was vindicated, and he has since been well received in England. No dangerous precedent was set; but there was a painful impression created that the Government under Mr. Gladstone's leadership was inclined to propose heroic remedies on the impulse of the moment without due consideration of inevitable consequences.

This impression was soon strengthened by the course which Mr. Forster took with regard to Irish eviction. He suddenly announced that he would introduce into his Irish Relief Bill a clause giving compensation for disturbance to distressed tenants evicted for non-payment of rent. He appeared to be unable or unwilling to see that he was not doing a little thing but a great thing, and was raising the large question of Irish land which he had promised not to touch during the Session. When this was sharply pointed out to him, he was driven to take his clause out of the Relief Bill, and bring in a separate Bill with regard to eviction. His Relief Bill thus lightened was got through, although the House had to sit into Sunday morning to get it through Committee, and the Railway clauses had to be given up in deference to the wishes of Mr. Parnell and his friends. But the Compensation for Disturbance Bill met with a violent and protracted opposition. Lord Lansdowne resigned on account of his disapproval of the Bill, and most of the representatives of the great Whig landowners in the House of Commons either voted against the Bill or abstained from voting. The Ministerial majority was, however, large enough to ensure support to the Government on every division; but the Ministry was evidently very much puzzled how to present its measure and how to defend it. It was at different times defended as the only means of averting civil war, as the development of a germ in the existing Land Act, as the restoration of the Land Act to the form it assumed when it left the House of Commons, as in accidental harmony with French and Scotch law, as a proper check on harsh landlords, and as a measure that scarcely touched landlords at all, as they had remedies sufficiently powerful left in their hands. The statistics on which the measure was supposed to be based were successfully criticized. It was shown that proceedings threatening eviction had been mixed up with evictions, and that the policemen said to be engaged in enforcing the law had been multiplied by the simple process of counting the same men over and over again. It was also shown that the Bill would apply to nearly half Ireland, while in only about a tenth of Ireland was there at the time any real distress. The Government kept shifting its ground. It announced that it would accept an amendment, to be proposed by Mr. Law, that the Act should not apply where the tenant had been allowed to sell his interest. Mr. Parnell objected that this would do no good, as many distressed tenants had at best something that no one would buy, and there was the further objection that, under the Land Act, the tenant who did not pay rent had no interest to sell. Mr. Gladstone therefore dropped Mr. Law's amendment, and substituted one providing that in case the tenant offered terms then the Bill was to apply, if the landlord refused those terms without giving a reasonable alternative. This was vagueness itself; but it was inevitably vague because the Government had not really made up its mind as to what was the true position of the tenant under the Land Act, or what ought to be his position under a new Act. Everything was to be left to the discretion of a County Court judge, who was supposed to be able to solve every puzzle that had baffled the Legislature. In every direction it became apparent that the Government was plunging into difficulties that it ought to have avoided, because it was doing exactly what it had said it would not do, and was dealing with Irish land before it had had time to examine how Irish land ought to be dealt with. Mr. Chaplin pointed out with great force that, as the measure was said to be one specially intended for distressed people, it could only properly apply to those who were distressed, because they had very small holdings. The Government owned that there ought to be some limit, but they would not hear of the limit being fixed so that only holdings of 15*l.* and under should be included in the scope of the Bill, or even of 30*l.* being taken as the limit on the precedent of the Land Act, and ultimately fixed it at 45*l.* In the Commons the Government would have its way, and had it; but the fate of the measure was sealed when it came before the Lords at the beginning of August. The Ministerial speakers felt they were arguing a hopeless cause, and in Lord Derby and Lord Emly they had two non-official supporters, who agreed that the Bill was as absurd and bad as a Bill could be, but who urged that the prudent course to take was to read the Bill a second time and cut it to pieces in Committee. Lord Lansdowne and Lord Dunraven stated the case of the landowners with moderation, tact, and ability, and Lord Cairns in a masterly speech summed up every objection to the Bill that ingenuity could devise. When the division was taken it appeared that only 51 peers supported the Bill against 282 who opposed it, and that, putting aside the Conservatives, there were more Liberal peers who voted against the Bill than there were Liberal peers who voted for it.

It thus happened that June and July had passed away, and the great bulk of the work the Ministry had set before it was scarcely touched. The Irish Relief Bill had passed through the Commons and was unopposed in the Lords, and the Lords had got through the Burials Bill, the only Government measure begun in the Upper House. As both Archbishops and eight Bishops supported the Bill, Lord Beaconsfield announced on the third reading that it was useless at that stage for lay Conservatives to be more tender of the interests of the Church than the episcopacy had shown itself to be. The Lords rejected an amendment exempting from the operation of the Bill churchyards given in recent times by private donors, but adopted an amendment directing that Dis-

senters should be only buried in churchyards where there was no cemetery with unconsecrated ground available, and another forbidding burials of Dissenters in churchyards on Sundays and the great days of the year in the Church's year-book. Lord Selborne insisted that the service must be an orderly and Christian one, and some concessions, borrowed almost at random from suggestions of Convocation, were embodied in the Bill with the view of consoling clergymen for the Bill by very partially relieving their consciences. It was not until August 12 that the Commons had time to pay some attention to the Bill, and the second reading was carried by an overwhelming majority, and the only important change made in Committee was the excision of the clause inserted in the Lords providing that the Act should not apply in parishes where there was ground provided other than the churchyard in which Dissenters could be buried. There remained among the measures announced in the Queen's Speech, the Irish Franchise Bill, which the Government decided to abandon; and the Ballot Bill, which they determined to include in the ordinary continuance Bill. This was of course not the mode in which it was proposed to deal with the Ballot when the Queen's Speech was framed, and thus it may be said that two of the Ministerial measures were abandoned. Two remained, and although the time had now come when Parliament is ordinarily relieved from any further serious work, it was resolved to go on with these two remaining measures. One was the Employers' Liability Bill, and the history of this Bill is one of the most curious episodes in the chronicle of the Session. The Government started to legislate on a very important subject without having any Bill at all ready. They actually carried the second reading of a Bill which was no Bill at all, and which was to have all its inside put into it in Committee. There was much opposition to the proposals of the Government as soon as it was seen that they had anything to propose; many Liberals objecting that the measure would be ruinous to employers, and some Conservatives asking that the doctrine of common employment should be altogether discarded. Attempts were also made to get compulsory or general adoption of insurance substituted for the system of compensation which the Bill was to introduce; but the Government got its measure through the Commons very much in the shape it desired, and adhered to the sound principle that employers should only be liable for accidents sustained by workmen when those accidents were caused by the negligence of agents for whose appointment the employers were distinctly responsible, and it was by a wide, but perhaps permissible, extension of the preamble that the guards, drivers, pointsmen, and signalmen of railways were expressly numbered among such agents. At last the Bill passed through the Commons, and the Lords began to discuss it on the 24th of August. An amendment was carried by Lord Brabourne relieving employers from responsibility for the acts of their sub-agents, and thus greatly limiting the operations of the Bill; and Lord Beaconsfield, to show that the Bill was only to be regarded as an experiment, induced the Lords to limit its operation to a period of two years.

The Ground Game Bill was pushed through the House of Commons as rapidly as possible after the Employers' Liability Bill was out of the way. Although it naturally excited much opposition, it was accepted without a division on the second reading, and was supported by a small portion of the Conservative party. It was avowedly an interference with freedom of contract, and was only justified by the evil consequences of an abuse of the right to preserve game which is not very frequent. But the tenants gave considerable evidence that they wished the measure to become law, and the Ministry had been too largely helped by tenants at the recent election not to wish to please its new friends. So many good landlords, too, owned that, although they disliked the Bill, yet it only embodied something like the arrangement which had long prevailed on their estates, that it seemed plausible to say that, after all, the Bill only imposed a good custom in a harsh manner; and during the debate Conservatives seemed to be annoyed not so much with the Bill itself as with the manner in which it had been introduced and defended. It certainly seemed hard on the landlords that because they wished to be at liberty to make their own arrangements with their tenants as to hares and rabbits, they should be denounced by Mr. Bright as the persistent enemies of their country. This Bill, like the one just referred to, underwent serious modifications in the Upper House.

The Government has also managed to carry some measures of minor importance. It would not abandon the legislation on which it relied to give it an assurance of its own activity. Two Bills regulating the wages of seamen, a Bill to limit grain cargoes, a Bill to facilitate the currency of small Post-Office orders, and a Bill to assure the State against losses by Savings Banks were among these achievements. But much the greatest Ministerial success of the season was the Budget. Sir Stafford Northcote had left a Budget which Mr. Gladstone took over; but this Budget only showed a small surplus, and not a very sure one. This gave Mr. Gladstone an occasion for introducing a very considerable financial scheme. He invited the House of Commons to do three things—to ensure a large surplus; to abolish the Malt-tax, a beer-tax being substituted; and to authorize him to negotiate with France for a new commercial treaty on the policy of the reduction of the English wine duties. This last part of his scheme had to be abandoned or deferred, as it was found that France was not ready to negotiate. But Mr. Gladstone insisted on his surplus, which he got in a great degree by a new licence duty on public-houses, and he got the Malt-tax abolished. Its abolition would, it was estimated, cost in ready money more than a million sterling, which would have to be repaid to the maltsters; and Mr. Gladstone got this sum, and more than this sum, by adding a penny to the Income-tax. It seemed hard that Income-tax payers should alone furnish a sum which was paid for the benefit of taxpayers of all classes; and the brewers raised innumerable objections, to some of which Mr. Gladstone listened, as to the proposed mode of imposing the Beer-tax. But Mr. Gladstone was all-powerful. If the electors had not given him power to deal with finance, why could they be supposed to have cried out for him? The new Budget was carried almost without criticism, simply because it was Mr. Gladstone's Budget. The farmers had been for years clamouring for the repeal of the Malt-tax, and Mr. Gladstone wished to gratify them; and he escaped from the reproach that he was now recommending what he had invariably opposed by the ingenious discovery that the number of private brewers had so much decreased that it was now possible, while previously it had been impossible, to manage the working of a Beer-tax. Whatever Mr. Gladstone said was accepted, and it was accepted the more readily because the public saw that he had a distinct financial policy, a policy different from that of the late Government, and a policy which it seemed fair should be tried in its turn, the policy of upholding the national credit by providing a substantial surplus, and of making each year bear its own charges.

The foreign policy of the Government has occupied little of the attention of Parliament. At an early period of the Session Mr. Gladstone explained to Sir Stafford Northcote that it was not the desire of the Government to use force to Turkey, that he hoped to effect the objects he desired by bringing the pressure of United Europe to bear on the Porte, and that at the same time he hoped to convince the Turkish Government that England had no interest in the preservation of the Turkish Empire in Europe beyond what other Powers had, and certainly had no designs of special interference in Asia Minor. The sufferings and wrongs of the Armenians were brought to the notice of the Lords by Lord Carnarvon and to that of the Commons by Mr. Bryce, and no one could have shown himself more alive to the disgraceful misrule of Armenia than Lord Salisbury; but he urged that there was no practical remedy except the slow and uncertain action of consular reports, while the Government considered that it had a weapon of redress in the concert of Europe. Even now it is impossible to say whether the policy of the Government promises to be successful or not. The concert of Europe has been maintained, but it has not led to any practical result. The condition of Cyprus was discussed in the House of Commons, and Sir Charles Dilke announced that the new Ministry had no change to suggest except the acceleration of the transfer of Government to the Colonial Office; and he ventured to say what had been so much derided when said by the last Ministry, that the Ministry hoped to show the Turks how well a portion of the Turkish Empire could be governed. Nor has India occupied so much of the time of Parliament as might have been expected. Lord Hartington easily disposed of a motion deploring the opium traffic, by remarking on the cheap morality which proposed to disturb Indian finance without burdening English moralists with the task of supplying the deficit. He read a carefully drawn memorandum, in which he stated that Cabul would be evacuated with all possible despatch, that military experts would be consulted as to how much of the scientific frontier it would be wise to retain, and that the future of Candahar must be left for the present undecided. When the defeat of General Burrows by Ayoub Khan became known, and it was announced that Sir Frederick Roberts was to march to Candahar from Cabul, with the flower of the Cabul army, Lord Hartington contented himself with replying to his military critics, that the enterprise had been recommended by the highest local military authorities, and that the Government had merely abstained from interfering with the decision of those who staked their professional reputation and possibly their lives on the event. When at a late date and after repeated delays the Indian Budget came under discussion, Lord Hartington, in a speech of great force and untinged by party bitterness, said that even then he could not say what had been the real history of Indian mismanagement; that it was evident that, although the higher Indian financial authorities must be altogether freed from any suspicion of dishonourable concealment, yet they had fallen into a mistake which they might easily have corrected, and that, although the Indian revenue had shown in the last three years a very great surplus, and could probably bear without much difficulty the whole cost of the war, yet that in justice England must bear a share of a war waged in part at least for other than Indian purposes. How great this share ought to be he could not as yet say until he knew what the cost of the war would be. His hearers might differ from Lord Hartington, but they could find nothing to resent in what he said, and the general impression he has produced is that the Government of India is in firm and just hands. The course adopted by the Government to Sir Bartle Frere has not been equally free from reasonable censure. The Government was strongly pressed by some of its more advanced supporters to recall Sir Bartle Frere directly they had the power to show that they really meant as Ministers what they had said as leaders of the Opposition. This might have been a justifiable treatment of a public servant, although the better doctrine seems to be that when a public servant has made a mistake, and his mistake has been formally condemned by Parliament, no further reference to it shall be made. But the

Government, equally unwilling to recall Sir Bartle Frere and not to recall him, hit on a most unfortunate and unfair compromise. To avoid discussion, it knocked off the High Commissioner's Parliamentary salary, and it announced that while it thought him generally unfit for his post, it also thought he might be useful in bringing about Confederation. When he failed through no fault of his in getting the first step toward Confederation taken, he was informed that the Government found it impossible that he and it should get on any longer together, and he was recalled; and thus in the end the Government had neither the credit of acting up to its own views as to the Zulu war, nor the credit of supporting a public servant who, while the present Ministry had been in office, had given no cause of offence.

The innovating tendency of the new Parliament was shown by Mr. Hinde Palmer's Bill for giving the widest latitude to the pecuniary independence of married women and a Bill for the Welsh closing of public-houses on Sunday being read a second time without a division, and by Sir Wilfrid Lawson at last securing a majority for his beloved Local Option. Nothing further was heard of these measures, but that their supporters should have had so easy, although an ineffectual, triumph is worth observing. For once the House enforced the doctrines of a strict political economy by rejecting a scheme for giving to Irish fisheries through a large subvention an existence they cannot secure on their merits. An attempt was made by Mr. Roundell, Mr. Story Maskelyne, and Mr. Bryce to induce the House to pronounce against clerical heads of houses and clerical Professors of Hebrew and Church history in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge; but Mr. Gladstone successfully interposed with the objection that it was not for the House to dictate to the Commissioners appointed by the whole Legislature, and still sitting, what should be their conclusions. Neither the influence of Mr. Gladstone, however, nor that of Sir Stafford Northcote sufficed to keep the House from recording its protest against the erection of a monument in Westminster Abbey to the Prince Imperial; but the House wisely kept clear of anything like special antagonism to the Napoleon family, and suffered itself to be guided by Mr. Beresford Hope into the safe path of declaring that Westminster Abbey is a national burial-place, and ought to be reserved for the exclusive honour of English worthies. One private member has actually got a Bill through both Houses; and Mr. Dillwyn has signalized himself by throwing a new spell of protection over British birds. In the Lords, a Bill for legalizing the marriage of a deceased wife's sister was thrown out by a majority of eleven, although royalty again showed its open patronage of the only Bill in which it suffers itself to show a deep interest. The Lords also voted an Address in which the Crown was asked to suppress the Fourth Schedule of the Education Code; or, in other words, to check the provision for elementary education being used to promote higher education. A preliminary discussion on the subject, in which Lord Norton, Lord Sherbrooke, and the Bishop of Exeter had taken one side, and Lord Spencer and Lord Aberdeen the other, had made it clear that the issue was whether the system of elementary education was impeded, as the first set of speakers contended, or promoted, as the second set asserted, by the addition of higher instruction. Why the Duke of Richmond took in Opposition a line exactly the contrary of what he had taken in office was not so intelligible.

During the greater part of the Session election petitions have been in course of hearing and decision. In one Irish case the judges differed, but otherwise the results arrived at were so obvious that no great advantage appeared to be derived from the subtraction of double the number of judges from the ordinary business of the Courts. There was little party gain in these contests. Both parties suffered, and both retained with nearly equal success the seats they lost on petition. The decisions of the judges made three things clear—that a very innocent candidate may be unseated for some trifling indiscretion of an agent; that there was a startling amount of corruption, not only in some small boroughs, but in places so ancient and so important as Oxford, Gloucester, Chester, and Canterbury; and that the ballot has been the means of introducing some new refinements of malpractice. One curious point arose which attracted the attention of the House. Mr. Dodson was elected for Chester at the general election, vacated his seat on accepting office, was re-elected, was unseated on petition, accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, and was elected for Scarborough. The question arose whether it was proper to grant Mr. Dodson the Chiltern Hundreds under the circumstances, as to which Mr. Gladstone explained that it was only done through superfluity of caution to make it clear that Mr. Dodson was no longer in any sense member for Chester; and there was the further question whether the Chiltern Hundreds, being an office under the Crown, vacated the seat of a member who was already a Minister of the Crown. It was notorious that Mr. Gladstone in 1873, being already First Lord of the Treasury, accepted the additional office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and did not think it necessary to seek re-election at Greenwich. Mr. Gladstone explained that he had acted according to his interpretation of the Act of Parliament, and that it was the business of other people to challenge the course he took. It is too early as yet to pronounce any definite opinions on the new House of Commons. All that can be said is, that it is certainly hardworking. There has been much time wasted, unnecessary questions have been answered at unnecessary length, and some members have spoken much too often, and at much too great a length. The temper of the House was severely tried by the very unexpected length to which the Session was prolonged. But on the part of the recognized Opposition there was nothing like obstruction. The Irish, after the rejection of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill, occupied time that was growing very precious with a random debate on the strong, but not inappropriate, language in which Mr. Forster had characterized an inflammable speech of Mr. Dillon as wicked and cowardly. On the vote for the Irish Constabulary, the Irish made a grand display, resorted to obstruction of the old foolish, irritating kind, and kept the House sitting for twenty-one hours at a stretch. It was in vain that Mr. Bright tried conciliation and Lord Hartington firmness. The Irish longed for a faction fight and had it. Mr. Forster has shown them on the whole a firm front. He has declined to alter the composition of the new Irish Land Commission at their bidding, and although he used expressions capable of easy misinterpretation as to the probability of a new application for fresh powers being accompanied by a new Compensation Bill, yet he has strongly proclaimed the absolute necessity of upholding the law, and in proclaiming this he has been supported not only by English Liberals, but by all sections of the English Opposition. One of these sections has managed to make itself prominent by acting in limited independence of Sir Stafford Northcote, and compensating for the smallness of its numbers by its irrepressible activity and pertinacity. It may be said in defence of this little band that it is only acting in the same way, and may be rewarded in the same manner, as a group of advanced Liberals now high in office acted when Lord Hartington led the Opposition, and was rewarded when Lord Hartington and Mr. Gladstone came into office. Until his illness, Mr. Gladstone led the House with all his old untiring energy, and with all the domination of uncontested eminence. It was impossible that after his illness had taken a favourable turn and he was absent as a convalescent he should not be greatly missed, but Lord Hartington was at least equal to all that was expected. Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Bright have wantonly provoked considerable irritation, and Mr. Dodson has had the misfortune to be charged with the conduct of a Bill which had for a long time no contents, and with that of an absurd Bill for licensing the spread of small-pox on the payment of a small fine, which was fortunately abandoned. But, on the whole, it may be doubted whether the Ministry has, in spite of its flagrant mistakes, lost much ground.

ALTERIUS ORBIS PAPA.

We are not sure who it was that first designated the Archbishop of Canterbury *alterius orbis Papa*, but the phrase was quoted and emphasized in the late Bishop of Exeter's Letter to Archbishop Sumner on the Gorham Case. To many it would probably sound far fetched, if not wholly fanciful, and it is certainly difficult to see at first sight how the jurisdiction of a primate presiding over the dioceses of the southern province of England can be brought into rivalry with that of a potentate claiming, and throughout the wide extent of his own communion exercising, ecclesiastical supremacy over the universal Church. Nor can it be justly said that there was, up to a very recent period, anything in the actual more than in the theoretical position of the Archbishop of Canterbury to give any countenance to such a comparison. In practice no less than in principle his influence and authority was restricted within the limits of his own province, or at least of the Established Church of England. When an episcopate of the Anglican form was to be started in North America about a century ago, the English primate of the day declined to undertake the responsibility of consecrating the first bishop, which was therefore relegated with his approval to the unestablished "Primus" of Scotland. And it is only within living memory that any attempt has been made to provide a colonial episcopate for the vast dependencies of the British Empire throughout the world. Great however and rapid has been the change in these respects within the last half century, and even within the last twenty years, as is attested among other things by the assemblage of two successive "Pan-Anglican Synods" or Conferences at Lambeth. But no previous Archbishop of Canterbury, so far as we are aware, has ever put forward the claims of his See to a kind of rivalry of Ecumenical jurisdiction with the Papacy as Archbishop Tait has done in his recent Charge at Croydon. With the latter portion of the address, which deals with questions of the internal government of the Church of England, such as the Burials Bill and the Public Worship Act, we are not here concerned. Nor shall we meddle with the theological views which may seem to be indicated or implied in the Charge. But two-thirds of it are occupied with his Grace's estimate of the present position and responsibilities of "this chair," which has at least the merit of being an interesting, and will to many readers prove a novel one. It may not inaptly be regarded as a discourse on the text we have prefixed to this article, *alterius orbis Papa*, as will readily appear from a brief examination of the contents.

The Archbishop begins by observing that "the circumstances of this archdiocese are peculiar, and are becoming every year more so," inasmuch as every year Lambeth is becoming more and more a centre to which the whole Anglican Communion, and indeed "all the Churches which protest against Roman usurpation" look for sympathy and support. It follows of course that the work of the primacy, as distinguished from the diocesan work of the local See,

is constantly increasing, and hence the latter has had to be handed over—and must always henceforth, as we are told, be handed over—to a Suffragan—much as the Pope devolves on his Cardinal Vicar the diocesan duties of the Roman See. The Archbishop goes on to refer to the 162 bishops of the Anglican Communion scattered throughout the world, of whom 100 assembled two years ago, with "expressions of filial regard in our metropolitan Cathedral of Canterbury, the birthplace of Anglo-Saxon Christianity," and thence resorted for deliberation to Lambeth. We are next told of the frequent communications addressed to Canterbury from India, the colonies, and the United States, and not only so but from various outlying episcopal communities in the East—Syrian, Armenian, Chaldean, Nestorian, Coptic, Bulgarian, using "the old liturgies which are the basis of our Common Prayer," and from the Greek Church itself as well in Russia as in Greece and Turkey. All "these Oriental Christians show a lively interest in our co-operation, and have of late years expressed their desire to know more of us and to act with us in a fraternal spirit," and accordingly "those efforts, of which Lambeth is in a sort the centre," ought to be encouraged. Then there are the Jansenist Church of Utrecht, and the Swiss and German and Mexican Old Catholics also appealing to England for sympathy. And besides all these there are the German and French and Swiss Protestants, the Swedish Lutherans and the Moravians, whose boundaries of separation from Anglicanism "fade to an indistinct line." Clearly therefore "the time has gone by for us to rest in our insular position," and "it will be our own fault, if all the Protestant communities throughout the world, episcopal and non-episcopal, do not feel that their cause is indissolubly united with ours." And this being so, "you will grant that I am justified in a solemn address from this chair in regarding it as my duty to speak of things which concern the whole Church of Christ, and not to confine our view too much to the separate interests of our own diocese, or even to our own English branch of the Church." This is in short a kind of primatial or patriarchal allocution addressed *urbi et orbi*, not simply an episcopal charge to the diocese of Canterbury. Now we are not going to inquire here how far precisely the Archbishop is justified in what may to many read like a somewhat enthusiastic estimate of the growing influence of his see; that it is not altogether devoid of justification is clear if only from the facts to which he refers. Indeed at the time of the Lambeth Conference of 1878 the *Church Quarterly Review* distinctly laid down that the worldwide Anglican Communion "finds its natural patriarchate at Canterbury," and it was even seriously proposed in some quarters that the title of patriarch should be conferred on the Archbishop. Still less shall we enter upon any theological criticism of remarks which to some hearers or readers of the Charge may seem to make too light of the distinction between episcopal and non-episcopal Churches, or of the alleged errors of the Nestorian and other Eastern communities referred to. Our object is rather to call attention to the kind of position claimed for The Primate of all England and the very plausible line of argument by which it is supported. There can be no doubt that, whether with or without the title of patriarch, something of a quasi-patriarchal—not to say quasi-papal—attitude has of late years been almost thrust upon him by the growth of the colonial episcopate and the centripetal tendencies widely manifested in what is here called "the Anglican Communion scattered throughout the world." Archbishop Tait may have felt bound to do all in his power to foster and develope such tendencies, but the movement began, as he is careful to remind us, in an application of the American bishops to his predecessor, Archbishop Longley, which resulted in the meeting of the first Pananglican or Lambeth Conference in 1868. And it seems to have arisen spontaneously rather than from any deliberate design on either side. The Archbishop represents the unity of which he desires to see "Lambeth, in a sort, the centre" as a counter influence to the Roman unity, though he would be glad if "our Roman Catholic brethren" would allow themselves to be included in a wider bond of universal brotherhood. What can hardly fail to strike any reader of the Charge, who is at all familiar with Church history—though there is nothing to show that the analogy thus inevitably suggested occurred to the writer himself—is the curious and instructive parallel between his account of the incipient growth of the central influence of "this chair" of Canterbury, and the rise and growth, as historians have traced it out, of the supremacy of the Chair of Peter. We do not refer only or chiefly to such polemical works as the late Professor Hussey's *Rise of the Papal Power*, written for the express purpose of proving the purely human origin of the Roman claims, but to such learned and impartial works as Greenwood's *Cathedra Petri*, or even to the treatment of the matter, on its human side, by apologists like Hergenröther or Cardinal Newman.

It has been too much the fashion with Roman Catholic controversialists to exhibit the Papacy simply as a divine institution, which came forth at the first full-fledged and complete, like Pallas from the head of Zeus, while their Protestant assailants have represented it as a studied and gigantic corruption based on usurpation and forgeries. This is not the place to discuss the validity of "the Petrine claims," which had undoubtedly a good deal to do with the growth and gradual acknowledgment of Papal autocracy; the existence of a long series of spurious documents culminating in the Isidorian Decretals—which however in an uncritical age were very generally accepted in good faith as genuine—is unfortunately a matter beyond the range of discussion, as no candid writer of our own day on either side would dream of questioning. But after making full allowance for both these sources of influence, it remains true, apart from any theological controversy as to the rights or wrongs of the matter, that the historical growth of the Papal power was largely due to causes of much the same kind as those dwelt upon in Archbishop Tait's Charge. From the first "the circumstances of" the See of Rome "were altogether peculiar" and every year became more so, and its position at the centre of the world-wide Empire contributed both positively and negatively to its aggrandizement. On the one hand *e.g.* special rights of appeal to Rome were directly sanctioned by Emperors like Valentinian III.; on the other hand, as Mr. Bryce points out, the later fable of the Donation of Constantine had a groundwork of fact in the removal of the seat of Government from the Tiber to the Bosphorus, which made the Pope the greatest personage in the city. And that city was the capital of the civilized world. In the same way the Archbishop insists on "the great position to which the kindness of God has raised our nation," and how "even people in a remote region, who are known to have a clergyman of the English Church among them will feel nearly as secure as if they were under the protection of some regular emissary of the English State." And while considerations of this kind pointed to Rome as a natural centre, the ground for acquiescing in some central authority that might be recognized not only by "the Suburbicarian Churches," over which alone her jurisdiction originally extended, but by the various scattered communities of Latin, and even in a measure of Eastern Christendom, was again that it satisfied a need generally felt. Archbishop Tait speaks of the Bishops of the Anglican Communion in all quarters of the world looking "with filial regard" to Canterbury. At the beginning of the fifth century Innocent I. declared that the Churches, not only of Italy but of Gaul, Spain, and Africa owed filial obedience to the parent see, as they had all been founded by St. Peter or his successors. It was a considerable advance on this tolerably extensive claim when Leo I. half a century later said, "Roma per sedem Beati Petri *caput orbis effecta*," but Gregory I. did more in fact than either Innocent or Leo to advance the power of his see by his missionary energy and the fame of his personal sanctity. But the centripetal force was all along the same. The pretensions of Rome, whether secular or religious, to quote Mr. Bryce once more, "both sanctioned and satisfied the passion of the age for unity." It was from a similar conviction of the need of some kind of central power for holding together the manifold scattered divisions of "the whole Church of Christ" that Reformers like Melancthon, and men like Grotius and Leibnitz in the next century, who were anxious to bring about a reconciliation between the German Lutherans and the Papacy, professed themselves willing to concede to it some kind of primatial or patriarchal authority, as Melancthon put it, "ut doctrinæ consensus retineretur in multis nationibus," or because, to use the words of Grotius, "in every college and society of men there is need of a director." That there is some force in this common-sense view of the matter no reasonable man will deny, but it is equally clear that, where no strong counteracting influences are brought into play, it may easily be pressed in ecclesiastical as in civil matters to the extremest and most despotic consequences. It used to be a favourite argument at the time with the more moderate apologists of the Vatican decrees that papal infallibility must be accepted at all costs, when once sanctioned by Rome, whether it could be proved to be primitive or not, because it was certainly wrong to break with the centre of unity. We are of course very far from suspecting Archbishop Tait of making any such demand of allegiance as that for his See, and he indeed insists that unity must be balanced by diversity. But a study of some work like the *Cathedra Petri* will show how the Papal power, as it now exists, did in fact grow up from comparatively small beginnings through an increasing sense of the need of some central authority, while on the other hand the checks imposed on its development, whether by the civil Government, or by patriarchal, metropolitan, and other competing jurisdictions previously recognized in the Church, were on various pretexts one by one suppressed or withdrawn. It is interesting to trace a certain analogy in the sketch drawn by the Archbishop to the earlier stages of the process, though it would be somewhat Quixotic to apprehend under conditions so materially different the possible establishment of such another Papacy at Lambeth.

A GOVERNMENT OF MANY COOKS.

THE friends of the Government are getting up a testimonial to Mr. Adam; we do not know that its enemies and the public generally could do better than to get up a testimonial to Sir William Harcourt. The Home Secretary has in the course of the Session been repeatedly instrumental in illustrating the peculiarities, not to say the weaknesses, of the Ministry which he so conspicuously adorns. Nothing could, in a small way, be more characteristic of the Gladstone Government of 1880 than the almost forgotten cattle incident at the Oxford election. By way of inculcating Sir William Harcourt's claims upon the citizens of Oxford, these independent and enlightened citizens were treated to the sight of a large procession of foreign oxen, the meaning of which was that the late Government had been cruelly curtailing the English meat supply, and that their successors would throw it open and cheapen it. Sir William is not yet a veteran in the

Home Office, and he has lived to see the cattle orders put forth by his predecessors eulogized by his own colleagues and maintained in the face of Radical attack. It is true that the opinion of the citizens of Oxford has ceased to be a matter of pressing concern to the Home Secretary. He has migrated—politically speaking—from the Isis to the Derwent, and it is very satisfactory to think that his new seat cost him considerably less than his old. The migration sent him back to Parliament perhaps a sadder, but apparently a not much wiser, man. The guardianship of hares and rabbits, or rather the task of multiplying the foes of these unhappy beasts, has had a bad effect on Sir William's natural lightness of heart. He has joked but rarely of late, and his jokes have been of a grim and savage character when they have appeared. But on Saturday last he retrieved his reputation by perpetrating a joke of a very superior kind. It was probably not done on purpose, unless we are to suppose that the dull defensive war of office weighs on Sir William's spirits. But it was not the worse for this; indeed, it may be said to have been sensibly the better.

Saturday afternoon and evening were, it is hardly necessary to say, devoted to the Burials Bill. The crisis of Mr. Osborne Morgan's life had arrived. There is a well-known story of a mysterious traveller who said to Dr. Johnson, in an inn-parlour, "Sir, do you know who I am? I am the great Twalmley, who invented the new floodgate iron." If any one can imagine the state of mind of the great Twalmley on being charged by an all-powerful Ministry with the conduct of a Bill making the use of the new floodgate iron compulsory upon all washerwomen, then he can also imagine the state of mind of Mr. Osborne Morgan on Saturday. He had not only invented the Burials Bill, but he [illegible] had nursed it through its troublesome youth, and fed it into something like a body and a presence. Before Mr. Osborne Mor[illegible]an nobody had a grievance on the subject, and there are impenitent Nonconformists—*vide* the reports of their triumphal breakfast some months ago—who stoutly deny that they have any now. But Mr. Osborne Morgan "promoted" his grievance with a skill worthy of the most accomplished financier. He got it quoted on the political Stock Exchange, he made the chief men of his party take shares; in fact, he showed talent which, in the strictest and most literal sense of the famous phrase, was worthy of a better cause. His felicity of Saturday was of that kind which is hardly permissible to human beings, and which Nemesis is but too apt to temper with some unlooked-for ill. The unlooked-for ill came in the person of the Home Secretary. It was not to be expected that Sir William Harcourt should take a persistent or studious interest in the Burials Bill. To Sir William, as to most of his colleagues, the Bill has been, of course, merely a means to an end, and the attainment of the end has fortunately relieved them of any elaborate anxiety about the fortunes of the means. But it so happened that at the moment of Sir William's serene entrance into the House on Saturday an amendment was being discussed, which had some distant reference to points of historical and constitutional law. On such points Sir William Harcourt is supposed to be something of an authority, and he boldly struck into the discussion at once. This would never do; it was an outrage upon the constitution and the principles of historical Liberalism, and Sir William proceeded to demonstrate in the most convincing fashion that he and the Home Office would never away with it. Now unluckily, not only had the particular amendment, though urged by a private member in the first place, and therefore fair game for Sir William, been accepted by the presiding genius of the hour, the Judge-Advocate-General, but this acceptance had been ratified by the presence and acquiescence of Lord Hartington himself. The tableau must be admitted to have been a striking one, and the light cast upon the unanimity of Ministers, and the careful manner in which their concert is secured, to have been rather lurid. What made the imbroglio more delightful was the fact that burials and such like matters really come in a way within the Home Secretary's province, and that Sir William therefore spoke apparently with added weight. Had such a thing happened in an Irish debate thirty-six hours of motions to report progress would have been the inevitable consequence. It may surprise those who have discovered that Tory obstruction is to Irish as sunlight to moonlight to learn that no such result followed. Lord Hartington had to get up and remark, of course politely and Parliamentarily, that the Home Secretary had been speaking for himself, and that honourable gentlemen must not mind him. Sir William confirmed this statement in the most genial manner, and the incident by favour of the Opposition ended peaceably and with a great laugh against the Government. But it is terrible to picture the feelings of Mr. Osborne Morgan, and they can be dimly adumbrated only by recurrence to our former parallel, and by the supposition that at the last moment a superior of the great Twalmley had got up and denounced floodgates as an unconstitutional and radically illiberal adjunct to flat-irons. As it is, Mr. Morgan is nearly as much to be pitied as he is to be envied; his greatness has ripened, it is true, but fruits after ripening drop. It is not given to man to discover two such profitable inventions as the Burials Bill, and really if Mr. Osborne Morgan were only a Nonconformist, which we believe he is not, it would seem to be the best thing for him to get himself buried under his own Bill. He has lived and has carried, or as good as carried, a measure relieving a grievance which nobody felt at the expense of inflicting one under which thousands of persons will smart for years. He has enjoyed the happiness of this world, and even Sir William Harcourt, whose powers as a kill-joy are considerable, has not been able to dash the cup from his lips. The song of Thekla is clearly the most appropriate ditty for the lips of the member for Denbigh.

The Home Secretary's escapade, however, ought not to be regarded in this merely personal and isolated fashion. It is an admirable illustration of the chances which await a Government of too many cooks. One of the first public performances of any member of the present Ministry was the assumption by the Postmaster-General of the functions of the Secretary for India. Mr. Fawcett ate his words; Lord Hartington did his best to follow Barnes Newcome's advice, and sweep up the broken glasses; and the matter ended. Almost the last incident of the Session has been a similar and still more dramatic piece of meddling, in which Lord Hartington has again had to perform the same function. The truth seems to be that the excess of talent in the present Government is so great that little accidents of the kind are unavoidable. Everybody knows everything about every department of State, and everybody is generously eager to display his knowledge. This general omniscience evidently renders the prosaic expedient called a Cabinet Council something of a work of supererogation. There is no need to secure the Ministerial concert, because all the members are ready to take their parts, or anybody's part, at a moment's notice and play them faultlessly. Such incidents as that of Saturday, not to mention a good many others earlier in the Session, would seem, however, to show in the Ministerial concert the same trifling defect that Lord Salisbury discovers in the European. They both have a habit of being out of tune. In the case we are at present discussing it would indeed be very singular if the concert were not out of tune. Ministers are very fond of proclaiming the wonderful harmony which exists between them and between the different sections of their party. The evidences of this harmony contained in the votes on the Bradlaugh business, on the Irish Disturbance Bill, and in this matter of the disposal of the remains of Mr. Osborne Morgan's interesting clients would make a good subject for a prize essay of the Burnett and Bridgwater kind. If these things are done in a first Session, a more excellent harmony still may reasonably be expected at second, third, and future appearances. For the present there is what is called in melodramas a Bond of Blood between the members of the Government party. They have just slain a Tory Ministry, and can hardly be supposed to be yet weary of dancing over the bodies. Moreover, the many cooks are still occupied in the preparation of their particular messes. Mr. Osborne Morgan is the happiest man of this Session; Mr. Dodson, with his Anti-Vaccination Bill shelved, is probably the unhappiest. But the cooks and their messes seem too apt to get a little mixed. Sir William Harcourt's jugged hare jostles Mr. Osborne Morgan's cold Dissenter, and Mr. Forster's Irish stew has pushed several messes of Scotch broth, as well as the just mentioned soothing syrup for infants and their mothers, off the fire altogether. After a few more of these processes the harmony of the cooks, already rather disputable, may be expected to disappear altogether. We have been pretty plainly given to understand that the simple and elementary dishes of the present year are to be succeeded next year by something much more ambitious, and this will give the independent spirits of the Liberal Ministry and the Liberal party more room to display their independence. The Home Secretary in particular may be safely relied upon for many more pleasing displays of private judgment. If it were not audacious to tender advice to a Ministry which unites all the talents with all the virtues, we should suggest that the best way to secure unanimity would be to arrange for one Minister only to attend the House and take charge of all Bills during each day or week. The known ability of the members of the Ministry is such that none of them could object to the responsibility, and the spectacle of one member of the Government getting up and flatly contradicting another would be spared. Besides, as it is rather a habit of the present Ministry unexpectedly to lose their seats, considerable difficulties would be avoided in this respect also. There might indeed be some pleasing variations between the conduct of measures in successive hands, but that could not be helped. Besides, it would be difficult to exceed the latitude which the Government have already allowed themselves on this head. Under such a system it would probably be necessary to chain Sir William Harcourt to the Home Office desk during the days when he was not on duty in the House. But he has already been accustomed to considerable absences from St. Stephen's, and thus the enforced abstinence from debate, though doubtless trying, would not be altogether novel to him. Lord Hartington, when he has succeeded in getting the Indian authorities to let him have some intelligible information about the orders which exposed a British army to a disgraceful defeat, might perhaps give his mind to the task of muzzling his former mentor.

IDEAL ARMIES.

To no subject in one or other of its many aspects is the attention of Parliament, the press, and the intelligent part of the nation given more frequently than to the method by which the thorough efficiency of our national forces, naval and military, may be secured. The quick succession of little wars in which we become engaged serves in great measure, no doubt, to keep up the general interest. And in such sense they are a godsend to the nation. Without them we should, after our fashion, go to sleep;

and we cannot afford so to do. Every notable European Power is striving to obtain the most perfect possible army; striving to economise in other ways so as to devote more money to the arming and training of no longer tens of thousands or hundreds of thousands, but millions. Each Power also is striving to possess a navy which in one or more particulars shall distance all competitors. Every new weapon and missile and deadly invention is greedily caught up and examined by experts deputed from each country to watch what is going on in all the others. It is no exaggeration to say that over the whole of Europe the best energy and intelligence of all peoples have been for years past, are now, and will be henceforth, exercised in devising the most certain means of acquiring superiority on the battle-field. No professions of goodwill by monarchs, no assurances of rival statesmen that the preservation of peace is their first object, no dream of a coming era of universal brotherhood, no belief in the civilizing agencies of commercial treaties, must blind us to the likelihood that in some near time a tremendous conflagration may be the result of the vast heaping up of combustible matter now proceeding everywhere.

It must seem strange to many people that with all the attention we give to our army, and the enormous sums we spend upon it, we never seem perceptibly nearer attaining such perfection as to place it beyond the reach of disparagement at home and something like ridicule abroad. It is some satisfaction, however, to learn that in every country the national army is a subject for dissection and criticism at the hands of theorists, civilian and military; and if our own imperfections are constantly being exposed with more or less reason, and remedies suggested of more or less efficacy, so is this the case also in France, Italy, Austria, Russia, and in Germany itself. Each nation, as we said, desires to possess an ideal army; and in proportion to the excellence of the ideal is naturally the difficulty of realizing it. That in England we are some way off attaining excellence all round may be taken for granted. We can confirm this negative aspect of things any day by a visit to Aldershot or the Curragh, when attending a Queen's review at Windsor, or even when watching the morning parade of any cavalry or infantry regiment. Latitude being apparently permitted now to military men in a degree which would have wonderfully exercised the Duke of Wellington to hold forth in public upon everything—we had almost said everybody—connected with military matters, it is not difficult to arrive at the professional opinions held by both staff and regimental officers. When we hear, then, from those who are at once experts and interested in the credit of our army, judgments condemnatory of various points in our military system, it is not open to the general public to attribute all such judgments to a desire of finding fault, or to set down the fault-finders as croakers and theorists. On the other hand, the very interest many officers of ability and scientific civilians take in the army impels them a little too fast sometimes in the path of inquiry and reform. Any one who peruses the valuable and too little read "Journal of the R. U. S. Institution" will perceive how the authorities are beset by inventors, some of whose inventions reflect credit on their authors, while others are remarkable as much for their eccentricity as for their ingenuity; but the inventors, as a rule, seem to have this in common—an absolute faith in their own specifics, and a belief in the existence of a conspiracy to reject these without adequate testing. It is always difficult to make men with a hobby comprehend that those who are responsible for all novelties introduced into the complex machine of an army have to look at the general, and not only the particular, results of a change.

Each country has difficulties common to many others, and each has difficulties peculiar to itself, in the endeavour to compass the most perfect military system. All are working on different conditions, with very diverse material, for an identical result—the achievement of a machine elaborated with all the newest inventions. A common danger, of which perhaps we have in the case of France at this moment an illustration, is lost, on the one hand, we think too much of mere machinery and mechanical accuracy; and, again, lest we become oblivious of wholesome traditions and adopt half-digested theories. To take a minor instance of the first danger, many military men propose to lay down hard and fast rules as regards the proper formation of infantry for attack, forgetting apparently how infinitely ground varies and situations vary; while others legislate absolutely for formations of defence, and even for preservation of certain distances. Now, no wood, and no hill, and no stream, and no plain is exactly like another, and the peculiarities of each demand at least some recognition. Though we have got rid of much of that rigidity of movement which we had borrowed from Prussia, there is a tendency to frame in its place a theory of formation, of drill, and of manœuvre, which shall be applicable under all circumstances. That is to say, we picture to ourselves what battles are like or ought to be like, and then we drill up to their fancied requirements; but, as Sir Garnet Wolseley says, "We ought to do exactly the reverse; we should find out what an action really is like, and then modify and adapt our drill to provide for these tactical realities." And as, according to the same authority, the culminating point of any action is utter confusion, "it behoves us in our drill to accept that confusion, to prepare for it, to recognise that it is an essential part of every general action, to drill up to it, and frame our regulations with a view to meeting it, and not to ignore it and say it is a thing you ought to avoid."

The inference to be drawn from the striking examples recorded in history, where a poorly conditioned and imperfectly trained force has worsted one of pattern organization, discipline, and drill, is not that there is no great virtue in method and precision, but that these are apt to become engrossing subjects of attention, to the exclusion of considerations which should always be present—the cultivation of *morale*, and the opening out a field for talent, judgment, and enterprise. It is the glory of the later German school to have so far, in direct opposition to their former habit of war, and even, we may say, their natural genius and disposition, successfully associated adequate precision of detail with wise latitude of action. To our theorists of opposing schools—to those who in each fresh development of the tactical art discover a stronger necessity for increased discipline, stricter drill, greater centralization; who see in telegraphs, signalling, ballooning, so many instruments by which a commander centrally situated may more readily communicate with his divisions grouped about him; and, on the other hand, to those who are all for dispersion, who would substitute loose drill *plus* intelligence for exact distances, accurate point-dressing; who look upon telegraphs and signalling as so many means of uniting units of command rather than as giving a central chief a better hold upon his divisions, who are in a word for extreme decentralization, and whose war motto is "order in disorder"—a taking phrase the soundness of which has not yet been submitted to the logic of reverses—we would submit this question:—"Is not each successive stage of the art a compromise, where the best traditions of the past assimilate the developments of the present, rather than a revolution which would establish the art upon a novel basis?" While the first school dreams of an army grouped as of old about its chief, but receiving from him more rapid inspiration than formerly, the second forgets what force there is in the tradition of an army, what merit in its best traditions, and how impossible it is to break away from such without impairing seriously its most cherished and potent characteristics. An army has a continuous history, with its economical, tactical, martial traditions; these are its very life; the story is not passed by one set of men to their descendants to be obscured and mutilated in the passage; but every man joining a regiment is, as it were, woven into the texture of his corps, and becomes part of a system, and the representative of a tradition. The development of tactics affords fresh scope, and gives wider employ for the exhibition of national characteristics, and does not act detrimentally upon them. Rather we may say that the army of every country gains in that its highest qualities find wider area for their expression. To illustrate our meaning; it is often said that the French lose much by the introduction of arms of precision, their chief battle characteristic being impetuosity, and their successes having been largely due to the brilliant dash of their column attack, now become impossible of execution. But if they lose in one way they gain, we think, more in another; they are naturally the most intelligent soldiery in Europe, and their quick-wittedness, when intelligently directed, will find a wider field for its employ, through the expansion of its power in a more open order of combat, than in the old concentrations where individuality was lost. Moreover, the success of both cavalry and infantry onsets will now more than ever be due to brilliant dashes executed with new precautions and in other formations. Possibly there were many found in Prussia to foretell all manner of disasters when the breechloader was introduced into their army, and to predict at a later date that the Prussian tactical system would not survive any modification of rigid lines and deep columns. Yet how admirably does that leaning in the national character towards strict discipline, method, formality, tend to correct those exaggerations which might otherwise grow out of the power given to inferior commanders of initiating action. So that the Prussians have no fear of that coming about which at present perhaps too much exercises the French—namely, the fear of their troops getting out of hand when in scattered formation.

And have the British no tradition in their military story which should make them chary of obeying the battle-ways of the last Power which happens to be victorious in the field? What is it but a link in the chain reaching from Crécy and Agincourt which causes it that our troops are armed with the best rifle (taking it all round) in the world, and are also the steadiest shots and most skilful marksmen? It is well worthy the reflection of such as taunt us with being an unmilitary people that the instinct which taught us to look to the bow as the arm with which we should achieve most, and the capacity that enabled us to use it more effectually than others did, has survived every change; the teachings of tradition were visible, as at Ramillies and Malplaquet, so in all our Peninsular battles; as at Inkermann, so now also. It is curious and instructive how our entire people seemed to grasp, as if by instinct, that the perfecting of small-arms would benefit themselves more than others. The very first idea in the minds of all practical military men is, whatever our system of tactics may be, we *must* make of our soldiers good, steady marksmen. That which in no mean measure has tended to popularize the Volunteer movement, and keep the men together, is the widespread system of rifle competition and the universal desire to be a good shot. The truth that in the long run the battle would be to the best holders of the best rifle was appreciated in England years ago. When, in 1860, the present writer went to Châlons, he was at once struck by the manifest inferiority in the shooting of French soldiers to that constantly seen at home. He was still more struck with the inadequate apprehension by the officers of the pre-eminent part good, steady shooting is bound to play on the battle-ground. While our rifles were sighted and used with effect up to 900 yards, the French were only sighted to

500 yards. Over that distance the thumb was roughly used as a back-sight, it being considered useless to endeavour to obtain accuracy in the confusion and smoke of battle. In twenty years rifles have improved, and more than ever do we recognize the utility of turning out in every corps the greatest possible number of good shots; and we strive to impress on each soldier of what importance is his individual weapon and prowess, and how essential it is all fire should be given with deliberation. It is suggestive of conscious power that while French and Turks begin to blaze away in harum-scarum fashion at the extreme of rifle reach, on the bare chance of some shots telling and with a view to encourage themselves, our idea with the Martini, as with the older weapons, has been to reserve fire for distances within which our men can rely on proven skill, and to abjure wild, aimless shooting, with its attendant waste of ammunition and its unwholesome manufacture of excitement. "The first object of a captain," says Captain Freemantle, in the naval Prize Essay for this year, "should be to bring his men to close quarters with the enemy while still cool and under command. It is certain there will be less excitement and more careful firing subsequently."

It follows, since we lay such store by good shooting, that we should give without. revolutionizing them, such expansion and such elasticity to our tactical formations as will enable us to get the full value out of our arm. No need exists to upset the organization of our infantry regiments. As steady shooting during a combat can only be secured by the most unremitting *surveillance* of the company officers, we have at once a solid argument in favour of small companies. The French adopted the Prussian system of large companies, and then found these were not manageable, even in peace manœuvres, unless the captains were mounted. But nothing is more certain than that the idea of a mounted captain controlling a line of skirmishers in action is a myth. In the first place, he is compelled to dismount—in the battles of their two great wars the Prussian infantry captains dismounted—and then how is he situated for directing his 250 men? Our authorities deserve all credit for not having surrendered, as the French did in a panic, the old system of small handy companies, well officered. With the majors of half-battalions lies, or should lie, the power of initiative possessed by Prussian infantry captains; while the fire-control of each company is the matter which lies more immediately within the compass of the captain's discretion, and is the point to which he should always, with due regard to securing all available cover, direct his attention.

But did we not *always* aim at giving our men's individuality full play? Another old British tradition, beyond that of making good marksmanship a paramount consideration, was the adoption of formations admitting of the widest fire development, such as lines three and two deep, and hollow squares. Napoleon was a long time in finding out the loss of fire power occasioned by the French practice of forming lines four deep. It was not, if we remember right, till 1813 that he issued that remarkable order—"The Emperor directs that henceforth line shall be formed three deep, His Majesty having observed that the fire of the fourth rank produces no effect." Truly a startling discovery to be made so very late in the day! It is strange indeed that we should be taunted with dulness of tactical apprehension when down to the other day we have always proved our marked tactical superiority; and stranger still, that so many in our midst should have read history to such little purpose as to ignore the very causes which, more than any leadership, brought about triumphant results on so many fields. It is, then, the tradition, and it is the instinct, of British troops to seek tactical excellence and superiority in the use of weapons. These are our strong points. And here we rejoin our argument.

In our pursuit of the ideal we start, as we have seen, with strong points in our favour. It behoves us to see that we are true to our past, while we consider how to redress the balance where our neighbours have advantage of ourselves. Each people having its strong and its weak points, in what do we compare unfavourably with others? The answer is not far to seek. "The British soldier," wrote Sir William Napier, "is the soldier of battle." He did not say, and could not have said with justice, "he is the soldier for a campaign *par excellence*." A Frenchman, a Spaniard, is a far better campaigner; he can shift for himself, is contented with less, is not so helpless without his superiors, not so utterly dependent on his beef and rum, is more cheerful and tractable under privation. This applies with equal force to all arms. There is a saying, we fancy little known, of the Duke of Wellington which was told us by a late member of the House of Commons who was present at the dinner-table of the Prince Regent (George IV.), when the latter put it to the Duke that in campaigning the British cavalry are the best in the world. "The French are very good, Sir," replied the Duke. "But the English are better," pursued the Prince. "The French are very good, Sir," the Duke quietly persisted. Again, there is invariably observed about a British army an unreadiness to enter upon a campaign. It is discreditable that a Power having so many interests to defend should be perpetually surprised into a state of unreadiness for even a little war, and should have to fling about millions broadcast before an army duly constituted can be set in motion. Like the Austria of the times before 1866, we have aimed too much at perfecting individual military instruments, and thought too little of combining them for harmonious action. Again, how important it is now-a-days when mind against mind is called into greater exercise in various degrees from the general to the private soldier, that all should take pains to learn and be eager to receive instruction. "Our profession," says Admiral Jurien de la Gravière (he is speaking of the navy, but the remark applies with considerable force also to the army), "was formerly an instinct; it is now a science." Yet any one who knows anything of British officers must have noted their indisposition to interest themselves in any subject of professional scientific inquiry. They have an intelligent hold of two or three main ideas, and trust to their mother-wit and common sense (of both of which it must be conceded they have much) to supply all deficiencies as occasion shall arise. Since such is notoriously the case, how difficult does it become to spread instruction among the rank and file! One particular result is that any practised eye watching a battalion at outpost work or light infantry manœuvres on ground inviting judicious utilization will draw the conclusion, three times out of four, that what is specially aimed at on all sides is the carrying out of barrack-square drill with its set distances, &c., according to regulation, and not the turning to profit of opportunities afforded by accidents of *terrain*. Do our generals set an example to their staff, and field officers to their regiments, of studying, we shall not say the sometimes ponderous technicalities of Jomini or the Archduke Charles, but such admirable practical works as those of Hamley and MacDougall? How many of our cavalry and infantry officers, excepting some of those who have passed the Staff College, are competent to execute a rapid and sufficiently accurate reconnaissance of a tract of broken country, to trace the most suitable field-work for the situation and the occasion, fortify a village, select the most appropriate kind of bridge to throw over a stream and direct its construction, report upon the suitability of a position for defence, and the like? On the other hand, we should be somewhat surprised if the first German officer we came across was not quite competent to do any of these things. We need not stay to argue the necessity of giving our officers the best theoretical and widest practical instruction when we see how universal is opinion abroad in favour of spreading professional knowledge among all ranks. Italians are fully as earnest as are Germans in making scientific preparation against the next war. In France, before 1870, all ranks spent their day in *cafés* and their intelligence over dominoes, billiards, and absinthe. In the mornings, at least, the *cafés* are now almost tenantless, for officers and men are kept hard at work. We may be very sure that, in the next struggle, instructed intelligence will come well to the front.

An ideal army—one of which the component parts shall be all equally perfect by reason of possessing the highest physical, moral, and intellectual qualities, and the best possible organization—it can of course be the expectation of no Power ever to possess. In fact, to obtain a perfect force, in one sense, it would be necessary to form an international army, with solidity borrowed from one source, science from another, high *morale* from another, &c., and the conglomeration would lead to most imperfect results on the whole. What is within the competence of every Power is to adapt its special genius to the turning to account of successive developments in the art; and, while neglecting no means of strengthening weak points, to obey its own instinct of war, and hold fast its traditions of battle with such gradual modifications in organization and tactics as experience shows to be advisable. As regards ourselves, whatever we do, let us be in no haste to imitate the French, who, after swallowing entire the German system, are evidently at a loss how to digest it, and who, in Prussianizing their army, run no small risk of losing those characteristics which have hitherto rendered them so formidable on the battlefield. That instinct of war and that art in war which at Waterloo disposed our array in such manner as to secure the greatest amount of concealment and protection, with the widest sweep of fire, and the power of assuming a swift offensive, have able exponents now also, if these are less illustrious than Wellington; and, arguing from a continuous exhibition of tactical superiority in the past, we may be persuaded that the tactics we adopt with conviction to-day will be found in sufficient correspondence with the necessities of to-day.

DRAWING.

IT may seem presumptuous in these days, when South Kensington has extended its paternal despotism over the length and breadth of the land, to assert that drawing is, as a rule, very badly taught in England. But we do assert this most distinctly, and we are encouraged in this temerity by the example of M. Viollet-le-Duc, who, shortly before his death, wrote an elaborate work with the express purpose of establishing a similar proposition with regard to France. This work, the *Histoire d'un dessinateur*, is cast in that abominable narrative form which has fortunately ceased to flourish in England, besides being burdened by the introduction of a French version of Mr. Barlow, with an incredibly good little boy, who is almost more insufferable than Harry Sandford; but to any one who has the patience to disentangle the important ideas so elaborately wrapped up in the entirely uninteresting personal history of Monsieur Majorin and petit Jean, the work cannot fail to be instructive.

We all know how drawing is generally taught. The lowest depth is to be found in the system of the fashionable drawing-master. In this the greatest stress is laid on the management of the pencil. Trees are to be represented by a particular touch, rocks by another, water by another; shadows are rendered by parallel lines; lights can be advantageously

put on with white chalk, &c. In a word, everything turns on manipulation. Until very recently the system pursued in the great schools of art was little better. There was an elaborate method of stippling by which the shadows were worked up to an exquisite velvety texture, whilst correct outline or modelling were regarded as quite secondary matters. There used to be harrowing stories told of pet pupils at South Kensington who spent six months on the shading of a single figure, and entrance to the schools of the Royal Academy is still barred to those whose accuracy of drawing is not equalled by the smoothness of their execution. At South Kensington there has been a great change for the better since Mr. Poynter has been placed in authority, but routine is still powerful, and art is still taught as if it had no relation to the life around us. And this brings us to the question, what is drawing? Drawing is the art of seeing correctly. There is no difficulty in putting down what one sees, provided one sees it clearly and rightly. Execution is a mere affair of practice, a dexterity which any hand will attain with time and use. The great masters have used the most varied means of recording their impressions of nature. No two ever draw alike as regards mere execution; but all succeed in conveying to others a correct impression of the image that was before their eyes. In the *Histoire d'un dessinateur* the artistic capacities of petit Jean are first discovered by a rude drawing that he has made of a cat, in which the animal is represented as seen from the front with only two legs and a tail sticking out of the top of his head. When it is pointed out to him that this cannot be like a cat, because a cat has four legs and a tail that does not grow out of the top of his head, he only replies that he saw it so. Whereupon Mr. Barlow—we mean Monsieur Majorin—embraces him tenderly, and adopts him on the spot. And, indeed, petit Jean was quite right; he had drawn what he saw, and nothing else, and that is the task that all draughtsmen have set before them. This is the capital problem not only of draughtsmanship, but of many other things. To state what one has observed without telling lies about it is the most difficult thing in the world, but on this depends all progress in the whole domain of science.

When petit Jean has been adopted by M. Majorin, he is encouraged to draw anything and everything that he sees around him. These drawings are duly corrected, and, when it is practicable, they are made an excuse for instructive explanations which would seem to belong rather to general education, but which are useful also to drawing by impressing the objects drawn more firmly on the mind. And here we come to the important truth that drawing, although it must always chiefly depend on the direct observation of nature, can nevertheless be greatly indebted to various indirect aids. A little elementary geometry is of great service, as giving certain typical forms by which the forms of nature can be classified and remembered. The mutual relations of these forms are given by geometry in their simplest aspects, and disentangled from the complications which are met with in real life. When familiarized with these abstract types, the pupil may proceed to perspective, the study of which is hopeless until he has a clear understanding of what is meant by a straight line, a plane, an angle, &c., knowledge which oddly enough does not come by nature or even by definitions, but, like most other knowledge, by familiarity. The study of perspective is a very important aid to drawing—so important that the conventional teaching has been compelled to recognize it—but with characteristic perversity has always begun with it at the wrong end. As in the study of grammar, a number of rules are given before the pupil has the least conception of the subject matter to which they are applicable—in neither case are the results very encouraging. And yet the proper way of teaching perspective is very simple. Very soon in the course of his drawing the beginner stumbles across certain difficulties, owing to the discrepancy between what he really sees and what he thinks he ought to see. For instance, he is drawing a cart. Knowing that the two wheels of a cart are of equal size, he draws the further wheel as large as the near one, and then his drawing looks wrong. His teacher takes the opportunity of explaining that things decrease in apparent size as they are further away from the spectator, and that apparent size is all that he has to trouble himself about. When the pupil has got this clearly into his head he has mastered the fundamental principle of perspective. The teacher now informs him that there are certain rules founded on this principle which will enable him to draw simple figures with great facility and correctness. Having learnt these rules, the pupil is taught to connect them with practice by some such simple device as tracing a building, a piece of furniture, or any real object of sufficient simplicity, on a pane of glass, and then seeing that the rules of perspective are merely an account of how such objects look. It is this conception that is so essential to a vital knowledge of perspective, and which the ordinary teaching so entirely neglects—namely, that everything in nature is seen in perspective, and that for the simplest cases there are definite rules which can be applied in aid of observation. For complex cases, such as the forms of clouds, or trees, or mountains, or the human face, no definite rules can be given beyond the fundamental one that the apparent size of an object decreases as the square of its distance; so that perspective can never be more than a slight help to that direct observation which is the foundation of all drawing.

Drawing is aided in a somewhat similar way by an elementary knowledge of various sciences, such as anatomy, morphological botany, and geology. These enable the draughtsman to avoid errors and direct observation to the important points of the object to be portrayed. Again, they increase the interest with which he looks at forms, and are an immense help in enabling him to remember them; but they have their dangers, in tempting him to substitute what he thinks he ought to see for what is really visible. For instance, superficial knowledge of this kind might have made petit Jean draw his cat with four legs when he only saw two; and in no case should the importance of these studies to the draughtsman be exaggerated. They can enlarge his mind and they can aid his observation, but they can never stand in the place of it. It is certain that the Greek artists of the best period were unacquainted with anatomy, but their knowledge of the human form has never been equalled. It will be objected when we have got so far that our draughtsman is always supposed to be drawing something that he sees before him; is he never to draw out of his own head? Certainly he should be trained to draw from memory, especially if he afterwards compares his drawing with the original to keep up his standard of correctness. But is he never to imagine anything? As much as he likes; but that is no part of his education. No one can teach imagination. If he has it, all the better—if he has not, he may still be an excellent draughtsman. He may be taught to combine the elements of things he has seen so as to make new things that he has not seen, and for this any scientific training will be of great use; but the creative touch that will put something new into the combination, something that did not exist in any of the elements, is a matter of genius, and as such unteachable. We must teach our draughtsmen to see things as they are, and to so portray them as to give a correct idea of their appearance to other people—with that the duty of the teacher ends.

It will here be objected that all this will never make an artist; that, in all genuine artistic work, there is an element of taste, of refinement that such training will not give. Granted; but then our draughtsman need not become an artist. This is precisely the question that is faced by M. Viollet-le-Duc. After petit Jean has learnt to draw, M. Majorin makes various experiments to see if nature has destined his pupil to be a painter or a sculptor. Having decided in the negative, he is not a bit discouraged, being of opinion that knowing how to draw cannot fail to be useful to a man in any position of life. And indeed, if our definition is correct, it is obvious that a draughtsman must have had his faculties of observation sharpened far beyond those of his fellows. Petit Jean gets apprenticed to a cabinet-maker; and of course makes his own fortune and that of his family, with that fine regard for consistency in which books are so much superior to real life. But we may readily grant the extreme value of good draughtsmanship in all pursuits where knowledge of form is at all essential. Indeed, in no other way is that familiarity with form obtained which is essential to dealing with it successfully. But, supposing petit Jean had had the artistic sense, would his training have been of benefit to him as an artist? Undoubtedly. It has never yet been held, even by the most refined of art critics, that a painter can draw too well. But will not this extreme accuracy have deadened his artistic sense? Will he not sink into vulgar realism? That depends on petit Jean himself; if he has imagination it will come out in his pictures, and all the more freely in that he has fewer technical difficulties to contend with. Indeed there is nothing sadder than to see high imaginative gifts cramped and spoilt by the insufficient means of expression at the command of the artist. But supposing he has no imagination? Then he had better be content with realism; if he has the true artistic taste, we may be sure it will not be vulgar; realism, after all, means nothing worse than truth to nature. There is an art which teaches and inspires and an art which records.

Of artists who are qualified to teach the world there are but few. Of those who can do good service in recording the beauties of nature there are fortunately many, and there would be more were not so many eager to teach who have nothing to say, and to inspire who have no inspiration. If we wish to be freed from the false sentiment, sickly pathos, and forced tragedy of modern art, let us not be too hard on realism.

THE HARVEST.

WITHIN living memory probably there has not been anxiety more intense as to the results of the harvest of the country than that which during this season has filled the minds of men who have to do with land. Farmers' grievances have passed into a byword, and even now are not believed in by the public at large. There can, however, be no question about the wolf having come at last. The successive failures in various crops, and the epidemics which have worked such sad havoc among herds and flocks during the last few years, have ruined, as is well known, an immense number of farmers. How many more there are whose resources are all but exhausted is not known. Many have given up their farms as insolvents; others have given them up in the hope of saving some small fraction of their capital out of the wreck; many more hold on in the desperate hope that a succession of good seasons may be before them, when they may be recouped the losses that have brought them to the brink of ruin. It is not to be wondered at that those who had capital sunk in the cultivation of their farms should hold on to the last, in the hope, however desperate, of seeing their money back. And landowners generally have made concessions, varying in degree and in kind, to their tenants, in order to induce them to struggle on. Not uncommonly

landlords have been obliged to postpone their claims, even for a reduced rent, until after the growing crops shall have been turned into money, with the knowledge that, in case of failure, there would be no rent forthcoming. These, at any rate, have the advantage of having their lands kept in good cultivation. Other landlords have had their farms thrown on their hands, no tenants appearing for them, and for want of skill in some cases, and for lack of capital in others, and sometimes for want of both, the farms are losing condition and becoming intrinsically less in value from month to month; if nothing else prospers, weeds grow apace. A favourable season is the only chance these men have of attracting good tenants even at a reduced rent. Neither landlords nor farmers can now have any expectation or hope of obtaining high prices for the produce of the land in the future. All that they can rely upon is that they possess the advantage of having the first chance of supplying the home demand; if their supplies are wanting in quantity or quality, their foreign competitors instantly by aid of railways and steamships occupy their places in the market. It has been abundantly proved that there will in the future be no compensation in high prices for bad or indifferent grain crops; it follows that in farming on the existing system in this country any seasons that are not fairly good must bring disaster to landowners and farmers. For several years by reason of unfavourable weather there have been bad yields, without, however, any approach to prices that could be regarded as high. It was acknowledged that the last stage of exhaustion had been reached. If relief did not come, in the shape of good crops, there must be widespread ruin; and a ruin not affecting farmers and landowners only, but spreading to the dealers and shopkeepers from whom they obtain supplies, and through them to the wholesale merchants and manufacturers. It is therefore most satisfactory to find that, while it cannot be said that the season of 1880 will be adjudged to have been a year of abundance, yet the estimates of its produce already made can leave no doubt but that on the whole the yield of the land, in spite of many heavy drawbacks, will be found to be greater than those of any of its three or four immediate predecessors. An early harvest is almost invariably a good one, a late harvest is always a bad one. An early harvest means that the spring found a strong plant upon the ground, that all the stages of development and ripening have been gone through and have succeeded each other rapidly, that there has been no check from disease nor delay from wet weather, and that the plant has consequently had an uninterrupted and vigorous growth, and that the grain has been ripened and dried at the earliest possible time. A late harvest, on the other hand, declares that there has been weakness or disease of the plant at some stage, or perhaps the want of a temperature sufficiently high to ripen the grain; or worse, rain may have fallen at the very time when hot weather was required, and thus not only have delayed the ingathering, but also have done irretrievable damage to the crop. Thus when we find this year that in the early days of September there is still much corn in the fields and very little in the markets, we may well suspect that all is not so good as it might have been. If we look back, we remember that the winter left us with a regular plant upon the ground in apparently a healthy condition; that it came into ear fairly early, but with some irregularity as to time and as to height, which recalled to our minds the sodden state of the soil in which it had been planted, as a reason for any defect; that all went tolerably well until the heavy rains of July wrought much mischief, especially in the Midland districts, by breaking down the stalks and developing mildew, rust, and such like diseases, and by delaying the ripening of the crop. Subsequent short periods of forcing weather gave rise to hopes of gathering a generally well-ripened crop, whatever may have been its defects; but the sunless character of the weather during and up to the last week of August has destroyed these expectations, and whatever may be the yield as to quantity, we fear that the bulk of the crop, unless where farmers have exercised the greatest patience, will be found to be in a moist condition and lacking in those constituents which are of most value. This is the more unfortunate as such produce is never saleable, nor acceptable to the consumer when offered in competition with dry grain of foreign growth. The money yield of the hay and grain crops of 1879 in this country was so disastrously bad because the hay crop, though large in quantity, was so ruined by the rain as to make it almost valueless as fodder, and the grain was so unripe, and its condition so damp (the crop being at the same time very small in quantity), that purchasers would take it only at very low prices compared with what was paid for dry foreign grain. Thus during the winter months home-grown wheat which, if properly ripened and dried, would have brought as much money as certain sorts of foreign corn that were used in substitution, had to be sold at 15s. or 20s. per quarter less than they fetched, a loss to the farmer which may be entirely attributed to the want of warm weather at the harvest-time of last year. Barleys, in the same way, were damp, stained, and blighted, and there was a difference of 20s. per quarter between the best, and they were not so good as the best foreign, and the inferior qualities. On the small crop of last year the lack of dryness alone must have cost the farmer at least two or three pounds per acre, more probably, in every case, than the rent of the land. A prolonged harvest is very expensive, as it entails the constant employment of labour during the whole time it is in progress. The loss from lack of condition this year will not be comparable to that of last year, but it is even now too soon to say with any certainty what its amount will be. It is very certain, however, that the value of the 1880 crop of grain has been very appreciably diminished by the lack of sunshine during August. The delay in the ingathering renders it most difficult to arrive as yet at any certain determination as to the quantity. Reports vary much even in the same district. There are crops this year which will yield largely. Barley and oats will give higher proportionate results than wheat. Probably barley will be found to be the crop of the year in quantity, though in quality for want of sunshine it will be found wanting. Wheat in some cases gives a bountiful yield on threshing, while in others it is said that growers are much deceived and disappointed. Taking into consideration the damage that has been done in wide and fruitful districts, the yield cannot be expected to exceed, even if it reach, an average.

From what has been said it will be clear that the difference to the farmer on a comparison of the results of 1880 with those of 1879 will be enormous. The loss he suffered from failure in quantity and quality in 1879 was very great; cases are quoted in most districts of the whole money return of the grain crop of certain farms being only one-fourth, or even one-fifth, of what they yield in fair years. To put such cases into figures—on a farm where the tenant has been accustomed in years of average yield to realize about 10,000*l.* for his corn crop, he received last year less than 3,000*l.*; in another case, where the receipt was 7,000*l.*, the 1879 crop sold for 1,600*l.* In each of these farms, if prices should be at about the level of those of former years of fair yields, the tenants would probably obtain for their crops of 1880 the larger sums named. Are they, then, likely to obtain such prices? Judging from the experience of the past year when the European crop was generally bad, and speaking of wheat, we should say that the expectation must be for low prices, even perhaps for very low prices. France has a fair crop, and will not require anything like the imports of last year, and the area supplied through the Belgian and Dutch ports will require comparatively small shipments. The falling off in the demands of Western Europe will set free a large proportion of the American surplus, of which practically this country will be the only considerable purchaser. America has, it appears, at least as much to spare as she had last year, and more perhaps than her home consumption and that of Europe can take off. The stocks of the world are very low, and it may be that, if wheat becomes cheap, large reserves may be established on the chance of a bad crop occurring next year. If, however, the Americans are determined to convert the whole of their crop into money, very low prices may be expected to prevail. The Report of Messrs. Pell and Read contains matter of the greatest importance with regard to the price of wheat landed at Liverpool, though their estimate of the amount that will afford a profit to the American grower seems to be at variance with those of other authorities. It is certain that, counting on only a moderate supply from America, the wheat crop of the world assures sufficiency, if not plenty, and our farmers must therefore expect to receive low prices for wheat. Barley is universally a large crop, and the price would therefore, under any circumstances, be low, and the abolition of the Malt-tax—or, rather, the transfer of the duty from barley to beer—will, by encouraging the use of cheaper materials and of the inferior barleys of foreign growth, diminish the demand for English malting barley, so that for this article the farmer must expect a low price to prevail. The price of oats depends very much on the value of maize, and on this crop it is too early yet to obtain information, but on the presumption that the crop will be a fair one, as oats are a heavy crop generally, the range of price must be moderate. On the whole, then, farmers must make up their minds to accept low prices, which, however unsatisfactory to them and to their landlords, will be regarded with equanimity and satisfaction by people who are not landowners or farmers. But in the result the depreciation in the value of arable land which has already taken place will be confirmed and generalized. There is nothing in prospect to attract capitalists to invest in farming operations in the corn-growing line.

THE POLICE REPORT FOR 1879.

THE Report of the Commissioner of Police for the metropolis is always a more or less interesting document. Grumblers say that the elaborate tables of all sorts of things which it contains occupy policemen in their preparation a good deal more time than they are worth. It is only fair, however, to point out that these very statistics go far towards vindicating the police from the charge of remissness and inefficiency, which is a kind of stock charge against them. The famous cry of, "Where are the Police?" could only be completely obviated by detailing a constable to follow everybody and another to stand sentry before every house—duties which it is perhaps not very easy for ten thousand men to perform in a population of four millions. In some cases, no doubt, the force is absurdly inadequate to the work. In new suburban districts this is specially the case. One of the Divisional Superintendent's reports before us speaks of a district in which one beat takes two hours and a half, and another three hours and a half to work. The mere statement of the fact is enough to show that the unfortunate policemen charged with these beats simply could not do their work unless they were capable of dividing themselves into half a dozen. On the whole, however, there is no doubt that fair protection to person and property is given by the force, especially when the total absence of anything like a regular system of police supervision is remembered. Nothing is less

tolerable to Englishmen than such supervision, and we must in this as in other things take the broad with the long.

Sir Edmund Henderson has the usual details to give as to the increase of the city under his charge—21,589 new houses were added to London last year, and about 234 new policemen were put on to meet the increase. These houses, if arranged side by side opposite each other, would cover a street more than seventy miles in length. London was rather less drunk and disorderly in 1879 than in the year before, but it was somewhat more violent. As usual, a fatal accident happened in the streets on an average one day out of every three, while an increasing number of victims were injured more or less severely. It is rather surprising to find that nearly ten thousand lost children were reported to the police, and that two-thirds of these were found by them. Of the remaining third, only twenty-five failed to reach their homes in one way or another. 1879 was a specially suicidal year, which, considering the dismal weather and the general depression, is perhaps not much to be wondered at. No less than 259 persons carried their disgust of life to the furthest extreme, an increase upon 1878 of fully fifty per cent. It is somewhat remarkable to learn that the attempts to commit suicide were not so very largely in excess of the actual suicides. Four hundred and four such attempts are recorded; so that apparently about two in five would-be suicides have resolution and forethought enough to carry out their design. Turning to a more cheerful subject, it is satisfactory to learn that common lodging-houses—not model dwellings of the fancy class, but actual common lodging-houses—are being built on a larger scale and of a better kind than formerly. Sir Edmund speaks of one at Poplar arranged for over four hundred lodgers, and containing very superior accommodation. Readers of that curious book *Sketches in Shady Places* will know how to appreciate this. With regard to cabs, the Hansom continues to increase and the Clarence to decrease. But of the cab of the future, the open, but moderately closable, Victoria, or something of the kind, there is yet no sign. That the conduct of our fathers in providing no facilities for lunatics who might have wished to look about them at hideous buildings and to imbibe freely pestiferous air was reasonable no one will deny. But now that some pains have been taken to beautify London and to clear its atmosphere, it might seem not wholly wild and foolish to provide means of seeing it. The Director of Criminal Investigations has nothing particular to report except that he dealt with 40,128 official letters during the year, "necessitating uninterrupted application." If this is an appeal for sympathy, we fear that Mr. Howard Vincent is not quite certain to get it. Uninterrupted application at office hours is, if only by courtesy, expected from paid officials and professional men generally, and we do not apprehend Mr. Vincent to mean that he is obliged to sit up all night over his letters, or to adopt the pernicious practice of reading them at meals. In the various tabular statistics of the police force itself, the most noteworthy item is that there is a police constable who entered the force in 1834. The imagination cannot avoid lingering over this aged constable, coeval as a policeman with the most famous of port wine. Are there no arrangements for pensioning constables of forty-five years' service? How does this '34 constable come not to be a Superintendent or an Inspector, or a sergeant at least? The Report gives us no means of answering these questions, and as bad conduct would surely in forty-five years have turned a man out of the force altogether, we can only suppose that in the police, as in other professions, the influence of the great goddess Luck is all-powerful.

There are two points in this Report, one of them old, the other new, which seem to deserve some special attention. For many years the police have been endeavouring to impress upon the public generally that he who wishes not to be "burgled" must resort to the ordinary and usual, but strangely neglected, methods of keeping out the burglars. These latter professionals have been defined as useful public servants who, for a consideration, impress practically on the mind of the public the necessity of keeping doors and windows shut. It would perhaps be more strictly correct to say that they fail to impress the mind of the public with this necessity. Something like twenty-seven thousand doors and windows were found by the police open or insecurely fastened during the year 1879. Now, it is hardly necessary to say that the doors and windows open to the comparatively cursory inspection of the police are by no means so numerous as those of which the active and persevering cracksman can avail himself. It would not be extravagant to assume that for every one of the first class there are two or three, if not four or five, of the second. There are few cases in which anything but the front of a house is exposed to the police, while the burglar, as a rule, modestly prefers the back. As it is, of the nine hundred houses broken into in London during the year, six hundred, in round numbers, were empty, and the divisional reports go to show that of the remainder a very considerable number must have been in a condition more inviting to the burglar than otherwise. Superintendent Draper, of the D division, asserts that in every case of burglary in his district the premises were left unattended to or were insecurely fastened. Superintendent Harris, of Hampstead, quotes an instructive instance in which the operators tried one house and finding it well fastened up, transferred their attentions next door, where the unguarded crib was cracked with ease. In the Kensington division, twenty-two out of forty-nine burglaries are set down to demonstrated weakness and inefficiency of fastening. Superintendent Fisher, yet more suggestive than his brethren, points out that it is not sufficient to have fastenings, but that the fastenings must be good. This point is perhaps worthy of more attention than it often receives, and the question what is a good fastening is one not very easy to answer. It may be said generally that door-fastenings in ordinary houses are almost superfluously strong and window-fastenings dangerously weak. A door will often have an ordinary catch, a latch, a huge lock, bolts top and bottom, and a chain thick enough to hold an ironclad, while neighbouring windows, in reality quite as accessible, are furnished only with the ordinary slip catch, which, as most people know, a stout pocket-knife thrust between the sashes will generally unfasten. The older-fashioned and much safer screw through the two sashes is now but rarely seen, probably because it gives so much trouble in opening and shutting.

The other matter to which we have alluded is a more awkward one to handle. But as a prominent place is assigned to it in the Commissioner's own Report, as it is dealt with at great length by the Superintendent whose division is specially affected, and, as a great many people know only too well the nuisance referred to, it seems to require some notice. Sir Edmund Henderson remarks that "the closing of certain places heretofore resorted to [by women of bad character] has had a tendency to throw additional numbers of them into the public streets, and to increase the annoyance consequent on their presence." Superintendent Dunlop comments upon and supports this statement in the fullest manner. At midnight, he says, and from thence onward till 2 A.M., one side of the lower part of Regent Street, and the narrow strip of Piccadilly in front of the Criterion, become impassable from the vast number of disreputable promenaders. For the most part the police cannot interfere, because there is no technical disorder. Those who are taking part in the promenade naturally do not complain, while other passengers are only too anxious to get out of it as soon as possible. The proprietors of respectable places of refreshment in the neighbourhood are at their wit's end, because it is practically impossible for them to preserve order, and their establishments get an undeserved bad name. It is, says the Superintendent, very justly, intolerable that respectable people should not be able to walk the streets without annoyance, and this they most assuredly cannot do at present. It used to be made an argument against a certain very well-known, and now closed, place of resort, that there were unedifying scenes in the street at the hour of its closing. The chief result of that closing appears to be that the unedifying scenes now go on for the best part of two hours over great part of one of the principal thoroughfares of London. In short, the aspect of the district described by Superintendent Dunlop must be admitted by every one who has had occasion to traverse it at the time to be simply a disgrace to the capital. The question of course is a difficult one in many ways. The amiable clergyman who is persuaded that the chief use of the Argyll Rooms was the hatching of burglaries will not be persuaded to regret their closing by any of the arguments alleged by Superintendent Dunlop. For it may be admitted that the hatching of burglaries on the pavement of Waterloo Place is, except as an exception, not very probable. But it certainly stands to reason that, so long as the law takes no direct steps to suppress a certain class of persons—putting aside for the moment the question of the possibility of their suppression—but merely hunts them out of certain resorts, they will go elsewhere. At present the one elsewhere in which they enjoy tolerable freedom from interference is the public street. Public-house keepers are sternly admonished not to "harbour" them; semi-public places, whither by a sort of convention nobody goes who objects to their society, are frowned upon and closed. But the streets, which might be supposed to be the particular sphere of operation of the guardians of public decency and morality, are free. Short of an actual row—which indeed occurs pretty frequently—the police cannot interfere, and all the elements of such a row are allowed to exist quietly, or rather noisily, ready for the spark that is to kindle it. Meanwhile the belated traveller who wishes to go from the Guards' Monument northwards will do well to seek cunning byways, if he objects to uninvited caresses, and the meditative foreigner on his way to Leicester Square has a fine opportunity of considering the methods taken by the magistrates and police of moral Britain for the better prevention of scandals.

A TENOR'S DIARY.

PROBABLY in no artistic calling is success more pleasant and in every sense remunerative than in that of singing, and especially of operatic singing. We have heard it insisted upon by a well-known comedian that on the lyric stage acting ceases to be acting; that it is, so to speak, a mongrel entertainment; that the peculiar exigencies with regard to gesture and expression created by the music deprive the histrionic attempt of any true value, and so forth. The public, however, are not likely to take this view, nor can it be denied that there is a science of operatic acting, different it may be in details of technicality from the more usual form of acting, but in the estimation of amateurs of equal value and equal importance. Indeed, a person paradoxically inclined might support a contention that acting is of more importance on the lyric stage than singing, by quoting two or three well-known instances of Italian and German singers whose reputation and success have certainly been due more to their histrionic than their musical powers. It would of course be still easier to make a counter list of operatic singers in whom the

charm of voice and method has overcome their utter incapacity or indolence with regard to acting. It would be trite, but for the strange opinion of a theatrical expert above referred to, to say that the combination of the two gifts of musical and dramatic talent, assiduously cultivated, makes the singer. This combination, it is worth while to note, is more rare among tenor singers than among sopranos, contraltos, baritones, and basses—possibly for the mere reason that tenor singers seem likely to share the fate of the dodo. It was possessed, or rather acquired, by one great singer of our own time who is still living, and it seems to have been possessed by the great French tenor Roger, whose line of part was, in the heyday of his success, practically the same as Signor Mario's. Roger's *Carnet d'un Ténor*, just published (or rather republished, for its materials have appeared from time to time in the *Figaro*) in Paris, is full of curious anecdote and information; and, besides bearing unconscious witness to its author's attractiveness and accomplishments, has a special interest for people who are interested in the study or science of acting. M. Roger's road to success differed from that of the great tenor to whom we have referred in two special points. He began by being a light tenor at the Opéra Comique, and rose to be the first tenor at the Opera-house of Paris; and he possessed by nature, to judge by his Diary, that histrionic talent which, in Signor Mario's case, was developed and brought to perfection by the exercise of an industry which illustrated the old proverb about genius and taking pains. M. Roger's career, so far as his connexion with the Opéra Comique and his subsequent leaving it for a larger stage go, was not unlike that of M. Capoul. M. Capoul has, in fact, done exactly what Roger did. He has, in Europe at least, abandoned the heroes of light French opera to assume such parts as Faust in M. Gounod's opera, and, on occasions, Raoul in *Les Huguenots*. In what degree his success can be compared with that of M. Roger is a question which can be determined only by amateurs or experts who have heard both singers.

Roger's first appearance in the part just referred to, Raoul in *Les Huguenots*, was one of the most striking and, one might add, the most trying, incidents in his career. He was in London in 1848, under an engagement with Messrs. Webster and Delafield to appear as a *primo tenore*; but his having to sing Raoul at a few hours' notice was naturally as unforeseen by his managers as by himself. The event is thus recorded in his Diary. "Thursday, August 3rd. *Dies albo sigillanda lapillo!* The *Huguenots* was advertised this morning for Mme. Viardot's benefit. At one o'clock Gruneisen came and told me that Mario was ill and might be unable to sing. He went away at four and came back to beg me in the name of the managers to take Mario's part, Raoul. I was thunderstruck. I observed that, as I had only just left the Opéra Comique, and was not yet enrolled on the staff of the Opéra, I had naturally not even rehearsed Raoul. Gruneisen not the less pressed his point, and I was compelled to make a hasty decision. I knew the score, but if I played the part I risked my future. Finally I undertook it, with the one reservation that I should sing it in French; for although I knew Italian well enough, three hours was a short time in which to master the words." Roger was seemingly too nervous to eat any dinner, and felt when he went on the stage "affreusement pâle sous mon rouge." The French words at first took the audience by surprise; but as the opera went on the tenor's success became more and more assured. "Dieu s'en mêle; tout marche supérieurement, et le terrible septuor du duel est bissé." Mme. Pauline Viardot (who sang the great duet in French) and Roger were both rapturously applauded, and after this duet received and, we regret to add, responded to three recalls. In the fifth act Roger forgot his part to some extent, but "j'ai remplacé quelques passages du chant par une pantomime noble et bien sentie." It is quite likely that the tenor's frank confession may be the first intimation of this curious fact to those who may remember his appearance on this occasion.

The next entry to this "day to be marked with a white stone" is headed by the ominous words "jour néfaste," which is curious as exhibiting that fine artistic conscientiousness of Roger, who had been singing in *Guillaume Tell*, to which allusion has already been made. "Je n'ai rien fait de honteux," he writes. "Je n'ai pas chanté faux. Pas un couac. Mais tout était étriqué, sans chaleur." He had gone through his part creditably, even in his own estimation, but he had not felt that he had really assumed "la peau du bonhomme," and he was accordingly discontented. The entry is curiously like some which are to be found in the diary of Macready, to whose histrionic method that of Roger seems to have been closely allied. One learns from other passages in the Diary that, like Macready, he felt the need of actually believing in the reality of every part which he assumed, though he at the same time held the views which are found in Hamlet's address to the players, and at greater length in Diderot's *Paradoxe sur le Comédien*. This feeling on the singer's part is curiously marked in a passage concerning his rendering of John of Leyden (a part which, with Meyerbeer's special sanction, he "created"), and it is worth noting that, like Macready, Roger recorded his successes and his failures, according to his own impression, with absolute impartiality:—"Je jouais le *Prophète*," Roger wrote on the 14th of September, 1851, ". . . . Au quatrième acte j'ai été pris d'une hallucination singulière; je subissais un des vertiges fantastiques d'Hoffmann. La couronne en tête, le manteau impérial sur les épaules, je me suis cru, pendant un instant, véritablement prophète et roi. Oh! le bel art! et que je l'aime, ce théâtre, qui de nos royautés factices parvient à nous en faire une réelle!" This, it will be admitted, is a not uninteresting record in itself, and has a special interest in connexion with the fact that Roger, much as he loved to feel himself the "personage" he was called on to play, held, as has been suggested, the same views as to the necessity of an actor's self-control which were admirably formulated by Diderot, and have more than once been endorsed in these columns. Shortly after the entry just given comes one which, at the risk of seeming to make too many quotations, we feel constrained to reproduce because it illustrates, as nothing else short of a careful reading of the *Carnet* could do, the truly artistic, one may even say the truly poetical, feeling and genius which was a striking element in the character of the great tenor. It was at Berlin that he experienced the strange and delightful sensation of being for the moment the person whose triumphs and sufferings he had to represent with voice and gesture; and it was at Dresden, a few weeks afterwards, that he wrote the passage we are about to quote. It is a description of a work which many writers, great and small have attempted to describe; and to people who have read with varying feelings these various descriptions, its force and simplicity will probably recommend themselves. "Aussi," wrote M. Roger, "quand j'arrive devant la vierge de Raphaël, celle qu'on appelle la Madone de Sixte, tout en moi est satisfait. Elle vous arrête, cette grande femme au regard bon et fier, si bon, parce que c'est celui de la Mère, si fier à cause de l'enfant qui a l'air de trôner sur les bras qui le portent. Quant aux yeux de Jésus, rien n'en peut rendre la merveilleuse expression. Sans cesser d'être ceux d'un enfant, ils sont surtout les yeux du maître du monde." We must break off the quotation at this point to say that it is difficult to our mind to conceive a happier and more delicate description of perhaps the most wonderful expression that Raffaelle ever conveyed on his canvas. Yet to these words which we have quoted M. Roger has something to add. "Ils vont droit," he goes on, still speaking of those marvellous eyes, "dans les profondeurs de l'infini, qui alors s'y reflète. Ce sont deux temples ouverts que ces yeux! Il n'y a pas à dire, un Dieu est là!"

After the consideration and quotation of this passage, which it is not too much to call a brilliant piece of writing, we feel a certain disinclination to revert to the daily record as it is of M. Roger's operatic experiences in Dresden, where, by the way, he met the still celebrated actor Emil Devrient; nor are we indisposed to end our remarks on Roger's journal with this passage. It shows, to our thinking, conclusively, that he had the great artistic talent, we might even say genius, which, as it happened, he devoted to the lyric stage, but which, if he had not possessed a tenor voice, would have made its mark in some other artistic calling. In these few observations on a remarkable book we have given but a faint idea of its interest and value.

RUSSIAN POWER IN THE NORTH PACIFIC.

THE remarkable article in the current number of the *Edinburgh Review* on naval power in the Pacific, seems scarcely as yet to have awakened the interest it deserves. It certainly merits attention, as the subject is an important one, and as it is treated in a masterly manner by the writer, who first points out the enormous proportions which British trade in the Pacific has now assumed, next gives an account of the manner in which Russia has gradually acquired a most valuable portion of the north-eastern coast of Asia, and then describes, in part from personal observation, the great strategical strength of the position she now holds. The author is no alarmist, and writes in a tone of singular moderation, sometimes indicating rather than stating the dangers to which the commerce of this country might be exposed in the event of a war. Unfortunately the facts which he brings forward speak for themselves only too plainly, and it seems clear—as has indeed several times been said—that, in the event of a war, Russia might be able to do terrible harm to the trade of Great Britain in the Pacific. Her strength is all of recent growth, as, at the time of the Crimean war, she was able to do nothing, although the exploits of the British navy in the North Pacific were assuredly not calculated to frighten a bold foe. First, there was the repulse of Petropaulowski, then the affair of Castries Bay, respecting which, we may observe, the writer in the *Edinburgh* is misinformed. British men-of-war sighted Russian ships at this place, but, for some reason which has never been clearly explained, did not engage them. After this a Russian frigate managed to escape from the not very vigorous British pursuit through the shallow water of the northern entrance to the Amoor. Nothing whatever beyond capturing some officers and men belonging to a vessel which had been wrecked did the British navy achieve against the Russians in the North Pacific; but the latter were well content to escape, and were without the means of acting on the offensive. Very different would be the case now should war break out. Russia has increased her territory on the North Pacific coast, and has acquired a magnificent harbour, where, of course, she has placed a garrison which, it seems, is being strengthened. In this place she possesses an excellent base for naval operations, and, as she has another very good one and several smaller ones in the long line of coast which she holds, it is clear that she now has a position in the North Pacific which would enable her in a war to

give this country a great deal of trouble, and possibly to inflict irreparable injury on our commerce.

How she acquired this position is briefly and well told in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*. It is the usual story of noiseless activity, of slow, but unceasing, aggression. The Russians gradually advanced to the coast, and, after their fashion, made a treaty and disregarded it. At the time of the Crimean war a large portion of the lower Amoor nominally belonged to China, the Russian boundary running some distance to the north of it; but the Russians had established themselves at its mouth and on the coast to the south. Having thus, according to the old maxim, nine points of the law on its side, the Russian Government waited in its usual patient manner until the opportunity came, and then proceeded to secure the remaining fraction. In 1860 they were able to legalize the position they had obtained by fraud and disregard of their own promises. The writer in the *Edinburgh Review* says:—

In 1858, by the treaty of Aigun, China ceded to Russia the left bank of the great river down to the confluence of the Usuri, and below that point both banks. This treaty was afterwards disavowed by the Chinese authorities, but their difficulties with France and England, whose armies occupied Peking, enabled General Ignatief to obtain a second treaty in November, 1860, which confirmed his sovereign in possession of the territories above named, and more minutely defined the boundaries. "This acquisition of territory," said a writer in this Journal [*Edinburgh Review*, No. cclxxviii., p. 307] eight years ago, "magnificent as it was in the vast extent of country thereby added to the Russian dominions, had its chief value—for the moment at least—in the fact of its conferring the long-coveted advantage of accessible harbours on the Pacific in a comparatively temperate latitude, where navigation is impeded by ice for at the most three or four months during the year. The southernmost gulf of the newly ceded region, lying in latitude 43° N., contains numerous fine harbours and inlets." The river Tumen was now the southern boundary of Russia in these parts, and divided its province from the kingdom of Corea. The territory has been finally rounded off and completed, as it were, by the treaty with Japan, made in 1875, by which the latter cedes to Russia, in exchange for the Kurile islands, the southern portion of the great island of Sakhalin.

The value of the territory thus acquired is, from every point of view, great; but its value to Russia, as a naval Power, it would perhaps be impossible to overrate. In the long strip of the coast between the mouth of the Amoor and that of the Tumen are frequent harbours, some of which are not only secure as anchorages but also defensible. Principal amongst them are Olga Bay and Vladivostok. Olga Bay has been described by Captain Bax, who visited it in the *Dwarf*, as having an outer and an inner harbour, the outer one being quite safe. Good as this haven is, however, it is surpassed by Vladivostok, of which the following account is given by the writer in the *Edinburgh Review*:—

Vladivostok, or the "Dominion of the East," lies in the deep bight formed in the coast line some seventy or eighty miles from the mouth of the Tumen river. We speak from personal experience when we say that this harbour is one of the finest in the world. There is an outer anchorage, which is a fairly snug roadstead, called the Eastern Bosphorus. From this runs direct to the right the inner harbour, called the Golden Horn, after a less convenient, if more celebrated, port in Europe. This is about three miles long, and not much above half a mile wide. The largest ships can ride within a few yards of the shore. The peculiar form of the port renders its defence by torpedoes and batteries easy. Several of the latter were erected in 1877, and it is reported recently that a considerable number of torpedoes have been constructed in Japan for conveyance to this and other places in Maritime Siberia. . . . . . The civil population is not large, and is composed principally of Chinese and Manchoos, who are credited by the Russian officers with being, in general, fugitives from justice. A large number of female convicts from European Russia are settled here. The garrison consists of an *équipage* or "ship's company" of seamen, which answers to a regiment of soldiers, and amounts to about two thousand five hundred men. According to the latest accounts this garrison, with the seamen stationed there, has been notably strengthened. These not only supply the force necessary for the defence of the place; they also form the crews of the Siberian division of the fleet. It is believed that the harbour is only frozen over from late in December to the middle of February.

It is clear then that the Russians possess in this district a port which can scarcely be surpassed; but the best port on a remote coast might not be of much value as a naval station, if it could not be supplied with coal from the interior, as a blockade might intercept a great proportion of the coal ships bound for it. Fortunately for the Russians it is perfectly possible to obtain coal for Vladivostok. Near to it is a seam of coal, but this, it seems, is not of good quality. Further inland, however, there is excellent coal, and though this is at some distance, transport is made easy, according to the writer in the *Edinburgh*, by direct river communication, and the harbour will therefore be supplied with the great essential for modern naval warfare, and will form with the harbour of Olga Bay and with the other lesser ones as perfect a base for naval operations as admirals and captains can desire.

These ports have, it is true, one great disadvantage. They are closed during a portion of the year by ice, so that fleets would be for a time shut up in them, while commanders who remained too late at sea would run the risk of finding their retreat cut off. It has been seen, however, that, so far as regards Vladivostok, that period is probably a short one, and that the harbour is in all likelihood open for ten months of the year. With so short a close-time great activity would be possible, and it would be difficult to exaggerate the harm which might be done to British trade in the Pacific by vessels issuing from this port. It is scarcely necessary to refer to the oft-cited case of the *Alabama*; but when the mischief which that one vessel was able to do is remembered, some idea may be formed of what a number of fleet cruisers could effect. Of course they would be chased by British men-of-war; but the Pacific is a wide sea to chase vessels in, and too often might the hunt be fruitless. Of course, also, the ports would be blockaded; but there would be great difficulties in the way of a blockading squadron, and these we will endeavour to indicate, supplementing slightly the facts brought forward by the writer in the *Edinburgh Review*.

In the first place there are the summer fogs, which are very common on the north-eastern coast, and would, as he justly observes, tell in favour of the blockaded vessels. If, indeed, these were commanded by men ready to run some risk, their escape during a fog would be extremely probable. The writer is mistaken in supposing that the escape of the ships seen in Castries Bay was due to fog, for, as has already been stated, they were sighted, but were not attacked. That, however, he is perfectly correct in saying that fogs are frequent in summer we can testify from experience of these seas. There is, moreover, another difficulty for a blockading squadron on this coast. Even in summer time gales are frequent, and a gale is a sad enemy to vessels watching a port. Further, there would be the great difficulty of obtaining coal, and this would prove, if not insuperable, probably a difficulty of the gravest kind. As is pointed out in the *Edinburgh Review*, our nearest coaling station in the event of a war would be Hong Kong, distant 1,600 miles from Vladivostok. We need hardly observe that steam-ships are infinitely less independent than the old sailing ships were which could carry provisions for a long period, and only required occasional supplies of water. If ample means were given by Government, it would no doubt be possible by great energy and great care to keep up the supplies; but the task would be an arduous one, and very serious would be the position of a commander who found that his coal was running short, and that he must choose between abandoning the blockade and incurring what might prove to be terrible risk.

The grave nature of the results which might follow if an effective blockade could not be maintained, and if Russian squadrons could take the sea, can hardly be over-estimated, and, lamentable as it seems, nothing whatever has been done to prevent an enemy from carrying by a *coup de main* the only place we hold which would serve as a base for operations in the North Pacific. Coal is to be found at the mines of Nanaimo, in Vancouver's Island, and a small dockyard is maintained at Esquimalt, but this appears to be almost defenceless. Respecting it the writer in the *Edinburgh Review* is able to bring forward the evidence of General Selby Smyth, commanding the military forces in Canada, who, in a recently published report, says:—

In the event of war, Russia would be in a position to harass not only Hong-kong and the China and Japan trade, but to send a squadron across the ocean in thirty days to attack the western sea-port of the Dominion. Our security in the Pacific requires Esquimalt to be well guarded; our fleets must keep the sea, if necessary, in all weathers, and they cannot do so without coal. That important element is in ample stock and of prime quality at Nanaimo. The British navy is scattered over the Pacific, and there were no works of defence at Vancouver till last year; no forts for the protection of our coal; nothing but British prestige and a few companies of militia at Victoria and up the Fraser river.

Some heed should surely be given to this warning, as also to the possibility of England's having to undertake armed mediation in the event of a war between Russia and China, and requiring, in consequence great naval strength. Want of space, however, prevents us from entering on this subject, and for the same reason we must leave unnoticed many of the important facts adduced in the article in the *Edinburgh Review*. Those which we have mentioned certainly suffice to prove that the writer makes out a very strong case, and shows how dangerous to this country is the strength of Russia on the north-western coast of the North Pacific. Any one who wishes to realize what her increase of strength has been, has only to compare the menacing position she now holds with that which she held at the time of the Crimean war. Then, although our squadron in the Chinese waters was not a very powerful one, and was certainly not commanded by men of great energy and enterprise, the Russians were only too glad to escape in safety. Now a strong fleet would be required to blockade their ports, and to prevent them from doing incalculable harm to our commerce. Even those who most contemn alarmist cries can hardly deny that the change in relative position is an extraordinary one, and that the present strength of Russia in the North Pacific is of grave import to this country.

A DECADE OF RAILWAYS.

IN making their General Report to the Board of Trade on the Financial Position of the Railways of the United Kingdom Messrs. Calcraft and Giffen have this year extended it to include a comparison of the last ten years, from 1869 to 1879. These years, they tell us, "embrace a full cycle of prosperity and adversity, with the exception, perhaps, that in the year 1869 railways had already begun to improve a little from previous depression, while 1879 has been absolutely the worst year of the recent depressed period." As would be expected, the cycles of depression and revival in the railway world are analogous to those in the mercantile world generally; and it would seem, so far as statistics can show us, that there is fair reason to hope that a substantial improvement in railway matters is at hand. Indeed, the increase in the value of shares of many of the most prominent railways shows that the public has begun to realize this important fact. Since "1879 has been absolutely the worst year of the recent de-

pressed period," it is of the greatest interest to see in what way that year differs to its immediate predecessor 1878, and this is very concisely shown by the admirable summary table that Messrs. Calcraft and Giffen have supplied in their Report. By this we see that while there is an increase of 18,458,315*l.* of capital in 1879 as compared with 1878, making an increase of 217*l.* per mile of railway open, there is a decrease in gross receipts amounting to 1,085,971*l.*, and at the same time a decrease in working expenditure of 1,144,095*l.*, by which means an increase, astonishing to relate, of 58,124*l.* is the nett result. It will be seen, therefore, that it is through the decrease in working expenditure alone in 1879 that the nett earnings show an increase over the year 1878, and this in the face of the fact, as pointed out later on in this Report, that the same quantity of work done now is more costly than it was ten years ago. It would be interesting to the general and non-railway public to have before them at the same time the statistics of the number of accidents that had taken place during the same period, which were clearly due to reduction of, or overworking of, the staff of a railway Company; but we are unable to afford those particulars which might have anything but a reassuring effect upon the minds of travellers. This would not be worthy of much notice if the reduction had only been between the two years 1878 and 1879, but it is not so. The reduction of working expenses has been going on for some years; and, as Messrs. Calcraft and Giffen remark, there is in 1879 "a similar but rather greater reduction" than in 1878. If we turn to the table of work expenses during the last ten years, we find, however, that the increase is that of 53 per cent. upon an increase of capital in the same duration of time of 38 per cent. This, as we said before, is largely accounted for by the fact that work done now is more costly than it was ten years ago. When next we come to the table giving the comparison of the rates of interest and dividend paid on ordinary, guaranteed, and preferential capitals and loans and debenture stock for the year 1879, we find that 62 per cent. of the total capital pays from above 4 to 13 per cent., and 21·5 per cent. of the capital returns interest at from below 1 to 3 per cent., leaving 16 per cent. without interest. In the guaranteed capital we find that 52 per cent. of the total capital pays from above 4 to 10 per cent. and 46·5 per cent. of the capital from above 1 to 3 per cent., leaving 1·5 per cent. which pays nil or under 1 per cent. The preferential capital again shows that 54·8 per cent. of the capital pays from 4 to 12 per cent. and 40 per cent. returns from 1 to 3 per cent., whilst 5·1 per cent. returns from nothing to 1 per cent., the defaulting capital in this case being as much as 5 per cent. On loans and debenture stock the interest is lower on account of the security, and naturally the percentages are swollen; for instance, 98·6 per cent. of the capital pays from above 3 to 6 per cent., and the remaining fraction returns from nil to over 1 per cent. If the reader has followed this dry statement of facts with ordinary care, he will see the value of railway property generally, and although in his particular case he may have been sufficiently unfortunate in his ventures, he may yet be led to think that railways are an exceedingly profitable investment for public money; for while 22 per cent. of the capital invested in them renders no interest, the remaining 78 per cent. yields from 1 to 13 per cent., the larger portion varying from 4 to 7 per cent. Messrs. Calcraft and Giffen then proceed to give us their statistics for the ten years from 1869 to 1879, in which they show that the increase of mileage is much less than the increase of capital, and that the increase of receipts is much greater than the increase of capital, while, strange to say, there has been a large increase of working expenditure as taking 1869 against 1879. "The final result is," say they, "that, in spite of this large increase of capital, and also of the still larger proportionate increase of working expenditure, amounting to 54 per cent., the return per cent. on the increased capital is just about as great in 1879 as the return on the smaller capital in 1869. Railway shareholders are on the average no worse off on the face of the figures than they were in 1869, while the figures themselves, allowing for the increase of nominal capital only, and for the circumstance of trade having begun to revive from a previous depression in 1868, while 1879 was the lowest point of the depression, may be held to denote a real improvement." After having shown that there is a steady diminution of the proportion of ordinary capital to the total capital of railway Companies during this period, and an increase of the guaranteed and preferential capital, the reporters proceed to the consideration of traffic receipts. Here, taking the ten years range as before, the first thing they notice is the steadiness of the proportion between passengers and goods receipts, the advantage being on the side of goods to the extent of from 9 to 13 per cent. As to passenger traffic, however, the one important fact is the vast increase in third-class traffic. Whilst in the receipts from first-class passengers in 1875 there has been a steady decline from 4,725,000*l.* to 3,888,000*l.*; and from second-class passengers of from 4,925,000*l.* in 1870 to 3,459,000*l.* in 1879; those from third-class passengers have increased from 6,837,000*l.* to 13,869,000*l.* in 1879, which is more than twice the figure for 1869; and, as the Report says, "the increase in third-class traffic alone in that period"—from 1869 to 1879—is, in fact, nearly equal to the amount still received from first and second class traffic together. "For good or for evil," says the Report, "and apart from any explanation of the causes, the tendency of third-class traffic to increase, while first and second class traffic remains stationary or declines, has been most distinctly marked during the last ten years." This judicious reticence as to "any explanation of the causes," especially when the hint is thrown out that there is a chance of evil influence in this third-class increasing traffic, is certainly disappointing; but that such is the fact is sufficient for railway Companies to take example from the Midland Railway, and whilst abolishing the second-class, to improve the third-class accommodation. Minerals, as regards goods-traffic, show an increase of 63 per cent. in the period of ten years, whilst general merchandise gives 44 per cent. and live stock 29 per cent. increase. A large portion of the Report is devoted to the working expenses, which, as we are told, "is perhaps the most interesting question to the railway shareholder," and the conclusion come to is that they have largely increased, because the same quantity of work done now is more costly than formerly. It is shown that the increase is due almost exclusively to the traffic expenses, which, although there is a tendency for them to diminish, though slowly, it remains a fact "that, with the exception of this item, the working expenses of railways are substantially, in proportion to the work done, the same in 1879 as they were in 1869, after having been subjected in the meanwhile to violent fluctuations." It is anticipated by Messrs. Calcraft and Giffen that the proportions of expenses to receipts will be less in 1880 than 1879 as has been the case between 1879 and 1878. The keynote of the Report is the reduction of working expenses, which has worked such marvels as to actually show an increase in a year absolutely the worst of the recent depressed period. Could this be once effected, as indeed the Report holds out some hopes it will, railways might almost consider themselves an insured success, but working expenses are necessary evils, and their reduction may not altogether tend to the safety of the public.

REVIEWS.

BUXTON'S HANDBOOK TO POLITICAL QUESTIONS.*

THE plan of Mr. Buxton's little book, a worthy successor to his father's manual, is a rational and useful one. His purpose is to exhibit, in as clear and impartial a manner as possible, the arguments on both sides of the most agitated questions of domestic policy. No doubt it is hard for one man not to be biassed by his own preference in setting over against one another the reasons of contending parties and schools; and of this Mr. Buxton confesses himself fully aware. Nevertheless his method makes it fairly practicable to hold an even balance, and he appears to us to have succeeded remarkably well. He does not attempt to weigh or discuss the arguments marshalled for and against the various proposals brought forward for examination; but after a colourless introductory statement of the facts necessary for the understanding of the arguments, he states them without further comment in the most compendious form to which he can reduce them. In order to exhibit his procedure distinctly, it may be well to quote in full the treatment of some one point. We take the question of "Illiterate Voters," which occupies rather more than a page under the general head of "The Ballot":—

> It is probable that one point connected with the Ballot will receive some attention; namely, the question whether the illiterate voter who solicits assistance in recording his vote, should be allowed to continue to receive the help of the officer presiding at the polling-booth.
>
> It is contended that this assistance should be withdrawn, on the grounds:—
>
> 1.—That a man so illiterate as to be unable to mark a ballot-paper correctly, is presumably too ignorant to be worthy of a vote.
>
> 2.—That the desire of being able to record his vote will be an incentive to acquire education.
>
> 3.—That it is possible for the voter who claims assistance to make known which way he votes, and so the door is left ajar to bribery and intimidation, more especially as the illiterate voter is likely to be amenable to corrupt influences.
>
> 4.—That illiterate voters are induced to plead illiteracy so that the briber may know which way they vote.
>
> On the other hand it is contended that the illiterate voter who solicits assistance from the presiding officer, should be entitled to receive it, on the grounds:—
>
> 1.—That he represents property, and is as much interested in good government as the well educated voter; while if he were deprived of the assistance necessary to him in recording his vote, he would be practically disfranchised.
>
> 2.—That if he has to record his vote without assistance, he will give it in a haphazard manner, and it may be recorded for the wrong candidate, or be lost from infringement of the rules of voting—either result would be an anomaly.
>
> 3.—That as the presiding officer and those attending in the booths are bound to secrecy, and as proper care is taken to prevent exposure, no infringement of secrecy is possible.
>
> 4.—That as the blind, and those physically incapable of marking the voting paper are assisted by the presiding officer, the uneducated, who are equally unfortunate, should receive the same assistance.

This statement does justice to both sides in a small compass. At first sight *illiteracy* struck us as an ungainly word, but we find that there is good eighteenth-century authority for it. Mr. Buxton does not seem to have followed any fixed rule in his choice of the sort of arguments to be presented. Most often he gives only such as are actually current, or, at any rate, not unlikely to be met with in public discussion. Thus on the question of woman's suffrage a pretty long list of reasons is given both for and against, but the greater part of them strike one as superficial. But the answer to criticism on this ground is obvious—namely,

* *A Handbook to Political Questions of the Day: being the Arguments on either Side.* By Sydney C. Buxton. London: John Murray. 1880.

that such are the topics which speakers and writers on both sides have hitherto preferred to use. Nor is the fact very hard to explain. Thorough discussion of the question would involve a much deeper consideration of the theory and principles of representative government than most people would care to undertake, or an average audience would be likely to follow. Sometimes, however, Mr. Buxton does not confine himself to the reasons which are commonly given, but adds others which, though more or less probable in themselves, and exercising more or less real influence on men's opinions and actions, are little put forward, as being unpopular or in other ways not convenient for political controversy. A good example of reasons of this class is afforded by these against Disestablishment:

11.—On the other hand, many are possessed with the idea that the disestablished Church body being left, as it would be, with extended and uncontrolled powers, and having at its disposal a large capital, would inevitably tend to become an exclusively, or predominantly, clerical body. That all who differed from her dictum would be driven out of the fold, and the Church would split up into innumerable fragments; intolerance and strife would be increased and perpetuated.

12.—That the clergy would tend to become more and more mere servants of their congregations, and much freedom of thought, liberty of ideas, and elevation of mind, would be suppressed and lost.

13.—And that the connection of Church and State is the best guarantee that the religion of the country will be kept broad and comprehensive; while it secures a certain amount of liberty and freedom from ecclesiastical tyranny and dogmatism.

14.—(By some.) That the existence of such a wealthy, powerful, and independent body, as the Church would become if disestablished, might be dangerous to the Commonwealth.

Occasionally, too, lines of argument are traced on a special point with an express intimation that it has not yet been much discussed.

One of the most interesting heads is that of "Land Laws"; the arguments are as well given as in other parts of the book, but some of the introductory statements are loose. It is said that "by the law of entail a landowner can so tie up his land that it cannot be sold, or seized, or lessened in size for a period comprising the lifetimes of any number of persons actually in existence at the time the will was made, and until the yet unborn child of one of these attains the age of twenty-one." The only "law of entail," properly speaking, is the Statute *de donis*, as modified in its effect, first by an elaborate system of fictitious proceedings, and subsequently by the Fines and Recoveries Act. Now this is only a part of the law by which a strict settlement of land, such as has been common in this country for about two centuries, is made possible. It is not so much the power of creating estates tail as that of creating estates for life which is essential to a family settlement. Then Mr. Buxton speaks of "the time the *will* was made," as if arrangements of this kind could be effected only by will, whereas they may equally well be made, and quite as often are, by the disposition of living persons; and the statement of the time for which alienation may be restrained, though perhaps it comes near enough to the usual result for popular purposes, is by no means accurate. Shortly there follows a sentence in these terms: "The power to let the land for a long term of years on strict conditions, though not entail, possesses some of the features of entail, and may be here considered." We do not exactly understand what Mr. Buxton means; surely not the ordinary building lease for ninety-nine years. Nor do we find that anything is specially considered in his reasons on either side which throws any light upon his meaning in this point. The last reason on the side of opposition to change is also rather curious:—

15.—Many who are in favour of the abolition of entail, consider that existing entails, where the settlements have already begun to take effect, must be left intact, on the ground that to interfere with them would be an unjust encroachment on the rights and prospects of the remainder-men.

We did not know that anybody had gone so far as to propose the abrogation of existing settlements, which would be mildly described as "an unjust encroachment." Either you must compensate the remainder-men at the expense of the estate, in which case the settlement is not really abolished, but settled land is turned into settled money by an extension of a process already familiar to conveyancers; or, if you do not provide compensation, you are simply taking away the remainder-man's property and giving it to the tenant for life. One is tempted to suspect that there is a little confusion in Mr. Buxton's mind—it is likely enough to be so in the minds of even well-informed laymen—between proposals for abolishing or greatly cutting down the power of creating limited interests in land and proposals like those of Lord Cairns, directed to the different object of reconciling limited interests with good husbandry by giving the limited owner increased powers of management. This latter class of changes in the existing rules of law, being not fundamental but of an administrative kind, might, without any injustice, be applied to settlements already made. Under the head of Registration, which comes immediately afterwards, it is a rather surprising omission that the experience of Scotland and Ireland as to registration of deeds, and of the Australian colonies as to registration of title, finds no place in the arguments.

The section on "Local Self-Government" is disappointingly short. It consists only of the following series of general propositions and brief comment:—

It is proposed to concede larger powers of Local Self-government throughout the country, on the grounds:—

1.—That centralisation is deadening and demoralising.

2.—That a locality will do better, and more economically for itself, that which is required, than any central body.

3.—That the nation is now sufficiently civilised to be allowed full self-government.

4.—That a highly civilised country is continually requiring more, not less government. New rights and new duties spring up; and these more and more tend to outstrip the powers of supervision of the central body.

5.—That the present boundaries, divisions, and districts are complicated and anomalous; the existing duties, powers, and mode of election of the different local bodies or individuals greatly and confusedly vary; and all require simplification and consolidation.

6.—That in consequence of the confusion of areas and authorities, the burdens of local taxation are unequally borne.

The above arguments seem to be generally accepted as conclusive that something should be done; while there is difference of opinion on the question of the best way of granting more local self-government; in deciding what is to be the unit from which the rest shall diverge; and how far the different bodies should be representative or no.

Mr. Buxton, however, may fairly say that in reflecting the present unformed state of opinion on the whole matter he has done as much as he can reasonably be expected to do.

The licensing law is very fully treated; free licensing, increased restriction on the present lines, the Permissive Bill, local option, the Gothenburg system, and Sunday closing, have each a separate head assigned to them, where persons in search of an argument on either side can hardly fail to find something to suit them. Against the Permissive Bill this point is neatly made:—"That if the principle is conceded that the ratepayers of a given district have the right to forbid a trade or calling of which they disapprove (though the trade may be perfectly lawful elsewhere), logically they could claim a right to forbid unpopular places of religious or political resort to be opened." The approximate symmetry of opposing arguments which Mr. Buxton generally observes is seriously departed from when we come to the question of Sunday opening of museums and picture galleries. Eight reasons are given for the innovation, and only three against. Possibly Mr. Buxton had begun to find strict neutrality monotonous by the time he arrived at this point. Or perhaps he thought it inartistic by excess of symmetry, after the manner of a strange little book we have seen on the rules of drawing the human figure, in which the draughtsman is recommended to avoid an equal quantity of opposing limbs. So it is, however, that the Ayes have it in point of numbers by eight to three, and in point of quality the reasons for the Noes are decidedly weak. The first is the common Sabbatarian reason, which, as has been pointed out over and over again, amounts to saying that for Englishmen to look at pictures on Sunday would be a breach of a commandment given to Hebrews not to work on Saturday. The second is the Continental Sunday; to which the answer is that the differences between an English and a Continental Sunday do not depend on museums being open or shut, but on the general habits and manners of society. Of course the Continental Sunday is not the same everywhere. There are countries, the Netherlands for instance, where, while the public allowance of recreation strikes an even balance between the rigour of Scotland and the laxity of France, the amount of churchgoing can bear no comparison with either of these countries or with England. The third reason is that Sunday opening of museums "would involve a large amount of work on Sunday on the part of the custodians of those buildings, and it is unfair to demand such labour from some merely to give pleasure to others." Mr. Buxton has forgotten what must to a statesman be the strongest argument against present change—namely, that without entering into the abstract merits of the question, it is clear that such a change ought not to be adopted without the manifestation of a strong preponderance of popular feeling in its favour, involving the discussion of the details of arrangements which are not less worthy of careful consideration and adjustment than such a weighty matter as the fashion of rabbit-traps. We are very far from the possibility of any such investigation, and in the present divided state of public opinion the change can hardly be effected without grave risks of scandal, both moral and material.

Purists in the doctrine of self-government and political independence might possibly object to Mr. Buxton's array of ready-made arguments that it will save people the trouble of thinking for themselves. It appears to us at least as likely to put matter for thought into the heads of those who are accustomed to follow party cries without thinking. Partisans constantly neglect or actively conceal the fact that on most seriously debated questions there are serious and valid arguments on either side. And a work which exhibits this fact in a striking form, being at the same time and for that very reason a useful book of reference for party speakers and writers, is not to be despised as an instrument of political education.

SHELLEY'S PROSE WORKS.*

THE only fault we are disposed to find with Mr. Forman in his conduct of these important volumes is his treatment of Shelley's correspondence. Letters form a sort of *tertium quid;* they seem to be neither verse nor prose, and their place is properly found in illustrating the biography of the writer. But Mr. Forman has succumbed to several temptations in according to certain of Shelley's letters a place among his prose works. The Geneva correspondence, published in Shelley's lifetime, could hardly be

* *The Prose Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley.* Edited by Harry Buxton Forman. 4 vols. Reeves & Turner.

omitted in reprinting the *Six Weeks' Tour*; but there, we think, Mr. Forman should have stopped, unless indeed he was prepared to edit all existing letters of Shelley. As it is, he has gone too far and not far enough. He has so enlarged the section of correspondence given by Mrs. Shelley in 1840, that the sixty-eight letters printed in that year have increased to one hundred and twenty-seven; but he has left untouched the great mass of letters in Hogg's biography and those in the *Shelley Memorials*. It may be, though he does not say so, that difficulties of copyright stood in his way. We cannot, however, help thinking that he should have contented himself for the present with three instead of four volumes, and have waited until a complete collection of the letters, in volumes uniform with these, could be produced. Perhaps it would have been better still to have waited until all the letters could be incorporated into that authoritative life of the poet which yet remains unwritten.

In all other respects, however, these volumes seem to us to be as excellent as they are handsome; they certainly supply us with materials such as have hitherto been absolutely wanting for the realization of Shelley's early energy and ambition. It is, perhaps, not generally known that, besides the two wild romances called *Zastrozzi* and *St. Irvyne*, Shelley published no less than nine prose works, mainly pamphlets, before his poetical career had well begun. These little books, several of them anonymous, had become so excessively rare, that when Shelley began to be a theme for curious bibliography, scarcely any of them could be found. The Argus eyes of the collectors have at last searched all holes and corners to such purpose, that only one, the *Address to the People on the Death of the Princess Charlotte*, is still missing, and this, fortunately, has been restored from an early reprint. But, although the others exist, only unique copies are known of most of them, and some of these in private collections. Accordingly Mr. Forman's volumes reveal to the public pages written by one of the greatest of our poets which were previously as inaccessible as any treasures in the whole of our literature.

The positive value of these political and religious pamphlets is not very great, but they throw most important light on their author's biography. For instance, so much has been said and speculated about *The Necessity of Atheism*, that revolutionary *brochure* for the circulating rather than the writing of which Shelley was expelled from Oxford, that it is very interesting to be able at last to read it, and to decide for ourselves what were its actual inflammatory powers. The main import of all the anti-theological utterances in this and subsequent volumes may be summed up in the position that belief and unbelief are not moral but intellectual qualities of the mind, and that it is as vain to punish a man for not believing a certain dogma as to treat him as a criminal for having straight hair or being colour-blind. Many of Shelley's remarks in this connexion have lost their startling character, and are now commonplaces to all thinking minds. Others of course are still, and always will be, crude, violent, and needless. His political treatises are still less interesting, in themselves, than his religious ones, but they illustrate a very amusing episode in his career. Shelley, at the age of twenty, threw himself with the generous indiscretion of boyhood into the arms of the Irish Home-rulers of those days, and went off to Dublin, accompanied by his child-wife. Immediately on his arrival, he was fired with the design of "awakening in the minds of the Irish poor a knowledge of their real condition," which he actually carried out, with his accustomed fiery energy, by the composition of a fivepenny book, *An Address to the Irish People*, which went to press only one week after his arrival, he having spent that time in making himself "more accurately acquainted with the state of the public mind, on those great topics of grievances which induced me to select Ireland as a theatre, the widest and fairest, for the operations of the determined friend of religious and political freedom." Mr. D. F. MacCarthy has collected a mass of very curious information on the subject of this campaign of Shelley's, in the course of which the young poet astonished the Irish by his rapidity of public utterance, his nimble pen, and his quick assent to all demands upon his purse. He is, moreover, recorded to have written and published "a very beautiful poem," the proceeds of which, amounting to one hundred pounds, he presented to a Mr. Finnerty, a needy patriot; but one of the curiosities of Shelley bibliography is that this "beautiful poem," which sold so exceedingly well, is now not forthcoming.

It is natural that the reader's attention should first be drawn to those features of these volumes before us which present an absolute novelty; but he becomes gradually aware that, with the exception of a series of singularly eloquent notes on ancient sculpture, hitherto only published in excerpts, he already possessed all of Shelley's prose writing that has any claim to be called classical. The author of *Alastor* was even in 1815 so thoroughly a singer by temperament that he found it irksome to produce his ideas in any form but that natural to a poet—namely, verse. During the last five years of his life, years fertile in composition almost beyond parallel, he abandoned prose almost entirely as a vehicle for his ideas. It has often been said that Shelley was tending, at the time of his death, towards philosophy and politics, and that he would probably soon have ceased to write verse altogether. This is one of those rash statements, indulged in by loose theoretical thinkers, which will not bear the test of comparison with facts. On the contrary, it was in his adolescence, from 1810 to 1815, that his intellect was entirely absorbed by metaphysical reflections upon religion, social order, and politics. In *Queen Mab* the art of poetry is completely subordinated to this didactic tendency. With *Alastor*, in 1816, begins the practice of poetry, not for some ulterior end, but for its own sake, and from this point the merely doctrinaire side of Shelley's mind passes more and more from sight, existing always to the end, but kept in the background and not allowed to protrude officiously. At the moment of his drowning he had in hand three important poems, *The Zucca*, *The Triumph of Life*, and *Charles I.*, which are all three sufficiently preserved to show us that the poet was, so far from flagging in his ascent, at the very zenith of his powers and of his ardour as an artist, while the lyrics of the year 1822 are more perhaps than any others which he wrote, steeped in pure light and colour, and dedicated without reserve to personal sensation and experience.

We are bound therefore to consider Shelley's prose as the fragmentary and accidental expression of a nature that was still seeking a more natural and characteristic form of utterance. It belongs to the first youth of his mind, and is chiefly interesting to us because it contains the earliest exercises of his maturity. The extraordinary fertility of Shelley's brief life may easily blind us to the fact that he was not precocious as a poet. From early childhood he practised verse; but it was not until his twenty-fourth year that he began to display his peculiar gifts of language in poetry. The short pieces at the end of the volume of 1816 show him still faltering, though they sound the prelude of all the immortal music which was to follow. But a year earlier than this his prose was as supple, dignified, and harmonious as it was ever to be; and, in point of fact, became him at that moment, and for that moment only, much better than his verse.

The only important exception to the entire abandonment of prose in Shelley's later years is the *Defence of Poetry*, written in February 1821, in answer to an ingenious attack on modern verse by Peacock. This essay, moreover, is the only prose work which Shelley finished after his boyhood, the energy that led him so vividly to the close of his great poems seeming to turn into languor when the metre was not there to support it. The *Defence of Poetry* is a work which may be commended to all young writers of prose as a model, the more that its peculiar beauties are not those now in vogue among us. It may be broadly said that Shelley's prose was as ardent and as effusive as was possible in a generation that had not sat at the feet of De Quincey. In other words, it is the most highly-coloured and delicately adorned specimen of the prose of a generation whose main object in writing was neither ornament nor colour. In reading Shelley's periods we feel that we are still listening to a writer of the school of the eighteenth century; the difference is specific, and follows from the nature of the man, not generic and due to the temper of the age. Burke is the writer of whom Shelley's prose reminds us most; from Burke he learned the stately balance of phrases, the articulated sentences, which progress, each duly supported by its predecessor. To us who have been dazzled by De Quincey, electrified by Mr. Carlyle, smothered in rose-leaves by Mr. Ruskin, and debauched by the tasteless audacities of a thousand minor writers, the style which seemed too brilliant to Shelley's contemporaries, now may appear cold and subdued in its simplicity and grace. But we have but to submit ourselves to the charm to feel it, and above the dominant note of Burke's manner to catch the accents of a finer and more aerial nature. It is well to remind ourselves, by such passages as the following, every clause of which is worthy of close attention, that had Shelley written no poetry at all, he would still claim a high place in English literature as one of the most perfect of prose-writers.

> Poetry is indeed something divine. It is at once the centre and circumference of knowledge; it is that which comprehends all science, and that to which all science must be referred. It is at the same time the root and blossom of all other systems of thought; it is that from which all spring, and that which adorns all; and that which, if blighted, denies the fruit and the seed, and withholds from the barren world the nourishment and the succession of the scions of the tree of life. It is the perfect and consummate surface and bloom of all things; it is as the odour and colour of the rose to the texture of the elements which compose it, as the form and splendour of unfaded beauty to the secrets of anatomy and corruption. What were virtue, love, patriotism, friendship—what were the scenery of this beautiful universe which we inhabit, what were our consolations on this side of the grave—and what were our aspirations beyond it, if poetry did not ascend to bring light and fire from those eternal regions where the owl-winged faculty of calculation dare not ever soar?

It is not possible to do justice in a single article to the interesting matter redeemed from obscurity in these four volumes. We have scarcely space to refer to the "Notes on Sculptures in Rome and Florence," which Mr. Forman has had the good fortune to find in a MS. note-book, and to print for the first time in full. Shelley's feeling for sculpture was perhaps greater than that of any other English poet. His own works supply an inexhaustible range of subjects to be treated perhaps, in bronze or marble, by future sculptors. Few poets have had at the same time so delicate a sense of form and so great a fondness for lingering over images of arrested motion. It was therefore to be expected that he would prove a marvellous interpreter of ancient statuary, and we are not disappointed. These notes, sixty in number, contain some of the finest ideas which have been given to the world upon this subject, and when we consider the condition of criticism sixty years ago, when they were composed, are simply marvellous. They bear traces, both in feeling and expression, of Shelley's then recent study of Plato.

These volumes are uniform with the four volumes of the library edition of Shelley's poetical works, brought out three years ago by Mr. Forman, and are executed in the same admirable style. In

these days, when the production of books is left more and more in mechanical hands, it is only fair to note the appearance of a work in which the beauty of all the details seems to point to special care and forethought. The eight volumes of Shelley's works now completed form at last a suitable monument to one of the chief glories of our literature.

THE STORY OF STELLA PEEL.*

THIS volume does much more than introduce us to a new author and a new heroine. It makes us acquainted with The Literary Production Committee, or, at all events, with so much of The Literary Production Committee as consists of its Secretary, Mr. Charles Montague Clarke, LL.D. Whoever may be the literary people who form the Committee—from motives of modesty they would seem to keep their names concealed—they are certainly to be congratulated on the good fortune by which they have secured the services of so distinguished a Secretary. The formation of their Society is due to one of the most amiable of causes. "The trials and disappointments which are too often the lot of young and unknown authors on first entering the literary arena have been the primary cause of the formation of this Association." They have been moved, they tell us, by the neglect which encountered Charlotte Brontë, Carlyle, Moore, Thackeray, Bulwer, James, and Miss E. Braddon. The way in which these famous authors "were drifted about from publisher to publisher" excites their astonishment at the blindness of publishers. "We may say with Gray," they go on to write,

> "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

But these unhappy times have gone by for ever; for, in their own modest words,

> those who desire to enter the pleasing field of literature without encountering those stumbling-blocks to genius and progress—Neglect and Prejudice—will find in THE LITERARY PRODUCTION COMMITTEE
>
> A guide, philosopher, and friend.

The literary aspirant, as a rule, if we may trust the Committee, is very sensitive. "The harsh rebuff of an editor or publisher," we are told, "may quench for ever the spark of genius which needed only a little encouragement to fan it, may be, into a brilliant flame." If we might venture to suggest a slight verbal alteration to the Secretary, we would propose that in the next prospectus of his Society he should substitute in the sentence we have just quoted, *a little puffing* for *a little encouragement*. A moment's reflection will show him that thereby the metaphor will be better supported. For it is by a puff that a spark is raised into a flame. Though the primary cause of the Committee was, as we have seen, compassion, yet its objects, both principal and minor, to adopt its own classification, seem to wander somewhat far from the fields of pure benevolence. At all events, it requires in each case at least half a guinea before it can even begin to ascertain whether there is a spark that requires encouragement. Certainly to honorary members of the Committee it offers its assistance at a very low price. We might even say that it charges for it considerably less than nothing. By the annual subscription of one guinea the following advantages can be obtained:—

> 1st. All MSS. forwarded by members will be read, and advice and revision given free of charge. 2nd. Their contributions will have priority of consideration and publication. 3rd. A copy of every work published by the Committee will be forwarded gratis. 4th. All Stationery, Music, Books, Publications, &c., will be procured for members at cost price.

It is not easy, by the way, to see how genius is to receive its due reward if all the productions of The Literary Production Committee can be had by an annual subscription of one guinea. When we turn to their list of publications we find six books each at half-a-guinea. Then, too, we have six of Mrs. Charles Montague Clarke's novels at two shillings each, and some other works, whose united price amounts to no less than six shillings and sevenpence. It is as plain as Cocker can make it that by the payment of one guinea an honorary member can at the present moment make a clear gain of three pounds and sevenpence. All the other advantages—advice, revision, priority of consideration and publication—are thrown into the bargain. We are reminded of those members of the medical profession who merely charge for their medicines and give their advice gratis. We have as yet only laid before our readers the principal objects of this benevolent Committee. In their minor objects they wander somewhat far from their primary cause. For it certainly is not easy to see the connexion between the trials and disappointments of the young authors and the Committee's offer to insert advertisements in newspapers at cost price. In their first minor object they might, perhaps, do something to encourage the over-sensitive literary aspirants, for they are willing "to supply on short notice, at a small charge, original verses on any subject—valentines, birthday odes, &c.; also to write to order descriptive articles, essays, &c." They must therefore, we imagine, keep a large staff of authors, for it is hardly to be expected that the Secretary, though he is an LL.D. and the author of "an exhaustive treatise on corns and bunions," can, besides attending to the important duties of his office, be at the same time the original poet and essayist of the Association. Nevertheless, the smallness of the charge to the purchaser cannot but be somewhat damping to the spark of genius which on the previous page had been encouraged by learning that 6,000*l.* was paid for *Lothair*, and 12,000*l.* for *Our Mutual Friend*.

Dr. Clarke, we notice, is writing a work which might, we should fear, greatly mar the success of the Committee of which he is the Secretary. For the modest price of half-a-crown he is bringing out a "Complete Guide to Literary Success." "This book," he tells us with an assurance that is perhaps justifiable in the author of the exhaustive treatise on corns and bunions—"this book will embody in a plain and practical form an amount of information and illustration such as has never before been condensed in one volume—it will be, in short, a perfect Grammar of Composition and Guide to Authorship." It is a pity, by the way, that this Grammar of Composition was not written a year or two earlier. In that case, Dr. Clarke in his capacity of author might have been of some service to Dr. Clarke in his capacity of Secretary. Certainly, the prospectus of The Literary Production Committee might have been improved by the careful study of even an imperfect Grammar of Composition. The following sentence, for instance, even though it should pass unnoticed in the author of a treatise on corns and bunions, is scarcely up to the high standard of the perfect grammarian:—

> The objection of publishers to recognize works by unknown authors is not necessarily caused by any deficiency of merit in them, but by their ignorance of the existence of merit owing to the non-perusal of the works submitted; whilst in consequence of a prejudice in favour of well-known names few publishers now employ a reader on their staff; and, when they do, only submit to him a small portion of the MSS. forwarded to them, which he, after hastily perusing, rejects or accepts, too often most arbitrarily.

But, to return to Dr. Clarke's "Complete Guide to Literary Success." Why, we may well ask, when such a work is to be had for half-a-crown, should any one think of becoming an honorary member of the Literary Association at the cost of a whole guinea? What more is needed by the literary aspirant than literary success? Whether the Secretary acts quite fairly towards his Committee in thus under-bidding it, we must leave it to his own conscience to settle. Against the consequences of his revolt he is doubtless secured. A nameless Committee is not often found to act in opposition to its own secretary. He can generally manage to command a majority of one.

We must not linger so long over The Literary Production Committee as to leave ourselves neither space nor time for considering its product. *The Story of Stella Peel*, however, is not of so remarkable a character as to require any minute criticism. It forms the first number of The Boudoir Library, and, for all that we can see, it may be as well read in a boudoir as anywhere else. It is a little tedious, but boudoirs usually have a sofa and an easychair, so that the reader will not be without the means of enjoying a peaceful slumber should drowsiness overcome her. Stella Peel—whose real name, by the way, is Mary Pitts—had run away from home, because her stepfather would not allow her to become an actress. He was a village schoolmaster, and he was resolved that she should become a teacher or go into service. She escaped both positions by taking the train to London. There she in time acquired great fame as a reciter, and married the son of a nobleman. Her lot was not a happy one. In the first place, her husband had an overhanging upper jaw and a receding chin, which showed that he was not only weak, but that his weakness was of that sort which leads to selfishness and cruelty. In the second place, she had not the satisfaction of knowing, till close on her death and the end of the story, who her husband really was. Her fate is mixed up with that of a lady who is almost as much an heroine as herself. At all events, she survives to the very last page and marries the good hero. About the middle of the story we find the two heroines "both drifting on a sea of perplexities, the constituent elements of which were identical." One of the constituent elements of this remarkable sea was, as we have shown, the wicked heir to the nobleman. The other was a poet of a melancholy temperament, who had not been able to find a publisher. We are surprised, by the way, to find that Dr. Clarke has not added a footnote to remind the reader that at the date of the story The Literary Production Committee was not in existence. The poet becomes acquainted with Stella and prevails on her to become what is called the interpreter of his poems to the public. Meanwhile, ignorant of the fact that she is already married, and forgetful moreover of the fact that he is already in love with the other heroine, he at once falls in love with her. She, however, as well became a young woman who could repeat, as the reader had been told, her Church Catechism, kept clear of falling in love with him. However, the rival heroine becomes very jealous, and for a long time the second pair of lovers are estranged from each other. It soon becomes evident to the experienced reader that Stella is doomed to an early death, but before long he begins to be anxious about Flora also. One day in winter she takes a walk by a pool, hears "a whistling wail of wind," and notices that "even the swans seemed moping and depressed." The poet, moreover, for a time despises county balls and fox-hunting, and cannot, we read, find any permanent distraction in mere amusement. We can well believe that, about this part of her story, the author was half inclined to indulge in the luxury of the most tragical conclusion. Perhaps, for all we know, she may have even gone so far as to kill off all the lovers, and have then paid her half-guinea to The Literary Production Committee for the improvement of her MS. "by revision, condensation, expansion, or reconstruction." Some Committeeman, of a more cheerful turn of

* *The Story of Stella Peel.* By Harriet L. Childe-Pemberton. London: Published by the Literary Production Committee.

mind, may have condensed the story by cutting out two death-beds and substituting for them one marriage. Be this as it may, the story has as happy an ending as can be expected or even hoped for. The reader in her boudoir will have her sentimentality gently roused by the heroine's early death, her delight of reading about lovers gratified by the reconciliation of Flora and her poet, and her sense of propriety satisfied by finding that the wicked son of the nobleman makes some approach to repentance, and is to have for his second wife a lady who has a fortune of one hundred thousand pounds.

NICHOL'S BYRON.*

FROM some points of view it might be said that Professor Nichol has had allotted to him the hardest of all the tasks with the distribution of which Mr. Morley is charged in the series of "English Men of Letters." It is not that original research into facts is required, for by this time, unless Lord Broughton's famous papers prove unexpectedly fruitful in the next century, we probably know all about Byron's life that we ever shall know. Nor is it that the last word has been said about the author of *Childe Harold* in the matter of criticism. The difficulty of the task lies rather in the necessity (if it is to be performed according to the rules laid down in the programme of the series) of recording, in a small compass, the events of a very eventful and a much discussed life; and, at the same time, of giving a critical estimate of a very large body of work concerning which doctors disagree, more than concerning any other such work, and in respect to which nothing like a general assent, even of lay-readers, is likely to be attained. Through these difficulties Professor Nichol has made his way with a good deal of courage and not without a good deal of success. His narrative is about the best we have seen on the subject in any reasonable compass. His criticism seems to us inferior, not so much because we do not agree with its decisions, as because those decisions do not seem to us to be full enough, clear enough, or sufficiently co-ordinated into a harmonious view of Byron's singular genius.

The author begins with an elaborate account of the poet's ancestry, dwelling with delight on sea-king Buruns and Birons, and on "a certain shadowy Marshal de Burun, famous for the almost absolute power he wielded in the infant realm of Russia." It is odd that he does not notice the singular coincidence of the existence of the Biren or Biron, favourite of Anna Ivanovna, who is not shadowy at all, and who certainly for a time wielded almost absolute power in the adolescence of the Russian realm. These genealogies are not introduced for nothing, for it is part of Professor Nichol's plan to lay great stress on Byron's aristocratic descent, and at the same time on the bad blood he inherited. The youth of the poet and his mother's fatal mismanagement of him receive due consideration, and so do his years at Harrow and Cambridge. Professor Nichol is very severe on Miss Chaworth for having "no intuition to divine the presence of one of England's master minds" and for preferring her "hale, commonplace, fox-hunting squire." Now in reality Musters was by no means a commonplace person, being much more like Byron's ideal of the all-prevailing seducer and destroyer than Byron himself, though he was no doubt immensely the latter's inferior intellectually. Shortly afterwards Professor Nichol's defence of the influence of Universities as producers of English men of letters is one of the very best things in his book, being not only absolutely in accordance with history, but positively needful in order to overthrow persistent misrepresentation on the part of tailless foxes. The sketches of Byron's early friends are also very good. The unparalleled folly with which the poet paraded and exaggerated the sins of his youth is justly denounced; but Professor Nichol might have found a happier phrase of denunciation than the description of this folly as being "in a manner which even Théophile Gautier might have thought indelicate." We are not aware of a single passage in Gautier's voluminous works where the least symptom of personal indiscretion or *fanfaronnade de vice* is discoverable. In the same context, however, is a remark, which we very heartily endorse, to the effect that "the moral worshippers of Goethe and Burns, who hiss at Byron's name," would do well to attend to certain differences between the gallantries of the three. The chapter devoted to the two first years of Byron's travels is excellent, though we wish we knew what Professor Nichol means by attributing to Englishmen generally, and Byron in particular, a "share in the *émigré* spirit." The connexion between Byron and Coblentz is not obvious. Nor is it very clear to us what force there is in the remark that the Elgin Marbles are preserved "like ginger" in the British Museum. We have certainly heard of preserved ginger and of *Venice Preserved*, and of several other things, but the analogy to the Elgin Marbles does not make itself plain. The next chapter handles Byron's life during his first stay in London, and contains the best piece of criticism in the book concerning *Childe Harold* and the other romances of the *Corsair* period. Then we come to the marriage, the separation, the second journey abroad, the debasing sojourn at Venice, the comparative reclamation by La Guiccioli, and, lastly, the Greek expedition and its close. All these subjects, some of them very thorny ones, Professor Nichol handles with a judicious mixture of communicativeness and reserve. He is, on the whole, very lenient to Byron, disbelieving the worst charges against him, and palliating others. With regard to the intellectual work of this time, he is positively enthusiastic, though his enthusiasm is not altogether undiscriminating. For *Cain* and *Don Juan* in particular he can hardly find words to express his admiration. But the reader will find all the necessary facts set down here, and nothing extenuated in any dishonest sense of that word. In respect to Lady Byron, indeed, the biographer is studiously moderate. He has resisted or has not felt the peculiar feeling of repulsion which the idiosyncrasy of character produces on some people. The kind of evil eye which Lady Byron exercised on every one drawn into her circle has perhaps only lately been fully made known by the publication of Mrs. Jamieson's Memoirs.

If we consider Professor Nichol's verdict on Byron's personality too lenient as a whole, it is not because we think worse than he does of his hero's moral delinquencies, but that we think those delinquencies were aggravated by a quality in which Professor Nichol seems to see something of an excuse. This is what we can only call, though we do it with reluctance, the snobbishness of the poet's character. His biographer treats such things as his ineffable request that Lord Delawarr should be spared fagging, "because he is a brother peer"; his welcome of the brother men of letters who stooped to assume the "noble author" attitude to him, and his wrath at those who refused to assume this attitude; his childish ostentation in dress, in boasting of his ancestry, in claiming precedence of the English Ambassador, and all the rest of it as a pardonable eccentricity, not as a definite and very ugly disease. One really is sometimes tempted to think that there must have been a bar sinister somewhere else in the tree than in the place where it usually appears, and that Byron was not a Byron after all, for nothing can be more different than his family pride and that of such typical figures as the famous "Proud Duke" of Somerset. It was uneasy, touchy, most sensitive in little things, and altogether rather the pride of a De Mogyns or a FitzSnooks than the pride of a bearer of one of the best names in England. We hardly know a more disquieting case for the implicit believers in the maxim *Bon sang ne peut mentir*. For the reply that Byron's blood was not good blood, but very bad blood, will not help them at all, because the badness of the blood in question was of a different sort. The conduct of his father in running away with Lady Caermarthen, of his predecessor in the title when he committed murder with the boast, "I have as much courage as any man in England," was bad enough, but it was in each case the conduct of a bad, but manly, man. Byron's own conduct in not a few cases bore a much greater resemblance to the conduct of what was originally an antonym to "man"; the conduct of that singular class of human beings whom the greatest humourist of our century has gibbeted, sometimes fairly, sometimes unfairly, but certainly for all time as far as the English language is concerned.

It is unpleasant to have to urge this charge against one who was in many ways so great as Byron; but it is so intimately connected with his literary characteristics and shortcomings that a literary critic should never pass it over. It is, we are pretty sure, because Professor Nichol has passed it over, or has at any rate made light of it, that his literary estimate of Byron is incomplete and unsatisfactory. In the first place, he pays, as it seems to us, a great deal too much attention to the remarks of foreign critics on Byron, remarks vitiated at the fount by the fact that the peculiarity alluded to has never struck any one of them. All that the admiration of Goethe, Chasles—by the way, why does Professor Nichol decorate that modest Mazarinæan with a "de" which he certainly never assumed—Castelar, and Elze proves is that the matter of Byron's work coincided in a surprising degree with the current thought of Continental Europe at the time and for long afterwards. It did so beyond all question, and such greatness as this may entitle the poet to is as unquestionably his. But an English poet must be judged first of all in reference to English poetry, and his weaknesses as well as his merits in this connexion must be clearly set forth. This is what Professor Nichol has failed to do. He hints rather than points at the hopelessly uncritical condition of Byron's mind, the condition which, according to the mood he was in, made him dismiss Keats as a drivelling idiot or pay him clumsy and inappropriate compliments. He does not lay much, if any, stress on the fact that, notwithstanding Byron's habit of correcting with care what he had written with haste, no poet even of the second order in English literature has left more bad English, more bad verse, more loose and bodiless improvisation, more repetition of himself, more mawkish twaddle. He admits indeed that Byron could do nothing with lyrics—a great point against him, for the poet who cannot if only now and then, and at a pinch, write in the simplest and highest form of verse, hardly deserves the name of poet. But he does not notice that even Byron's best passages will not stand critical examination. They excite rather than transport, and when the reader examines seriously what he has felt, the impression of a vague contagious excitement is all that he retains. The best poetry—all good poetry in fact, whether it be Shakspeare's, or Shelley's, or Spenser's, or Heine's, than which four styles we can hardly conceive any four things more different—has an effect quite independent of the exact thought which it contains, and the beauty of the poetry as poetry goes on supplying a perpetual linked sweetness of suggestion. In reading Byron, on the contrary, the reader dimly feels that he is in the presence of a very eloquent person who is, or would like to be thought, in a state of great excitement about something, and that it is his duty to become excited too. Had

* *Byron.* By John Nichol. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

Adam Smith lived, he might have added to his Theory of the Moral Sentiments a most interesting chapter, illustrating the contagion of sympathy from the popularity of Byron. Now this contagion of sympathy survives the difference of language, and hence foreign critics admire Byron while they look at our English exaltation of Keats and Shelley as a deliberate piece of unintelligible will-worship. It may be quite true, as Professor Nichol says, that if 1820-1840 was a period of exaggerated Byron admiration, 1840-1870 was a period of exaggerated depreciation of Byron. But if, as he seems to think, the author of *Childe Harold* is not merely deserving of rehabilitation but in process of receiving it, there is all the more need for very clear critical guidance to direct the repentant and returning worshippers. Those who set themselves to work to adore what they have burnt are apt to go to rather unreasonable lengths in the adoration. No one has the slightest right to be listened to as a critic who denies Byron a high place on our Parnassus. But at the same time it has to be shown that this high place is not only not the highest, but is a long way from the top. It seems to us not merely that Professor Nichol has failed to make this needful demonstration, but also that he has failed to indicate the poet's place, even according to his own notion, at all clearly; and for this reason we cannot assign to the critical part of his book the value which undoubtedly belongs to the biographical part as a clear, full, and interesting narrative.

THE ANTIQUARY.*

As every county has now an archæological body whose transactions are duly printed, and there also exist several more broadly constituted Societies who pour their streams of archæological intelligence over the country at large, there might seem to be hardly need of another periodical "devoted to the study of the past." In the change, however, which a few years ago came over the *Gentleman's Magazine* some elements of interest were excluded that have since been missed by certain classes of inquirers. In fact, popular archæology, as unrepresented by the Societies, was then rendered homeless. Perhaps this has been a case of no widely-felt distress. Popular archæology may be shortly defined as pleasant excursions to picturesque old buildings; and, for the most part, the numerous bands of summer antiquaries who rove in confused march from desolated feudal castles to restored cathedrals, are not careful to crowd their memories either before or after their visits with all the details in the history of the objects viewed, being satisfied with the explanations of their leaders on the spot. The several attempts, however, which have been made to establish a serial more or less of the former antiquarian complexion of the *Gentleman's Magazine* shows a belief on the part of the promoters that there is a public waiting for further information on the works and days of old. Two at least of these ventures have proved failures. *Long Ago* published its seventeenth and final monthly number in May 1874. It was well printed and with such satisfactory papers as the Rev. Baring-Gould's "Mythology of the Rainbow," and Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt's illustrated articles on "English Modes of Burial," as typical contributions, it should not have been willingly let die. The *Antiquary*, which anticipated in its title the volume we propose to consider, appeared in weekly numbers during four years, coming to an end also in 1874. Except in the external form, which might have satisfied Jonathan Oldbuck or T. F. Dibdin, we do not see that the later *Antiquary* shows any important characteristics not to be found in its extinct predecessors. In the earlier *Antiquary*, the articles were in general so short and fragmentary that we were reminded of Colton's *Lacon* or Mrs. Glasse's *Cookery*. In its successor of the same name, if the papers are not always on too miniature a scale for the adequate treatment of their subjects, they are too frequently of an accidental or frivolous kind, being apparently the voluntary offerings of *dilettante* or amateur writers, whose maiden meditations on their favourite fancies have here for the first time arrived to the dignity of print. We look, so far in vain, for such solid papers as Mr. Blight's on "Cornish Churches," or the anonymous series of articles on the "Ancient Architecture of Ireland," that appeared with admirable woodcuts in the later volumes of the old series of Sylvanus Urban. Instead, we find more than one superficial article in recommendation of the sorry practice of making collections of book-plates, a process hardly less puerile than gathering postage-stamps. The original insertion of the book-plate proves that it was intended to be inseparable from the book, and immeasurably more interest frequently attaches to a particular copy of a work by the evidence the plate affords of its former ownership. Every lover of books can point to volumes in his library that are endeared to him not only for their own sake, but for the sake of some one to whom a label or autograph attests that they formerly belonged. The gathering of books for the sake of the armorial or other plates within their covers is an intelligible pursuit—the interest of the plate is communicated to the book, and of the book to the plate. But the gatherer of book-plates dismembered from books has his poor reward in the possession of a hundred coats of arms from as many volumes, that he might with more readiness and less mischief have brought together from the armorial plates of a "Peerage" or "Landed Gentry," of the engravings in which works the book-plates are chiefly a reproduction. It is true all book plates are not heraldic. Like tombstones whose holy texts teach the rustic moralist to die, within book-covers may sometimes be found admonitions that might be taken to heart by the polished seeker of wisdom from books not their own. These apophthegms are not always selected from Holy Writ, but we have a copy of Paley's *Gothic Architecture* in which the name and address of the pious Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck having been given, we find a verse from Psalm xxxvii., "The wicked borroweth and payeth not again"; a sentence which makes us hasten to affirm that we bought and did not borrow the book. We fear, however, that the adoption of even Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's telling verse of Scripture would prove hardly of more efficacy than the tragical formula so much in favour with schoolboys—"Steal not this book my honest friend, for fear the gallows be your end."

Of more practical value than the contributions we have just mentioned are two papers by Mr. E. P. Loftus Brock, F.S.A., containing his views on church restoration, the true principles of which, he says, are contained in the golden rule, "Repair only," "attention to which would have saved many a priceless building." But even repair has its dangers. "As the clear light on the holy candlestick so is the beauty of the face in ripe age." So also is the incommunicable charm of antiquity which Mr. Brock complains is often effaced from an old building by the ruthless process of "combing down," a style of renovation that is generally classed under the name of repair. The writer illustrates his remarks by anecdotes of his personal experiences as an architect, which contain profitable lessons for less cautious brothers in his profession. Mr. Brock's opinion that "it may be doubted if any other class of men possess generally so much feeling of reverence not only for God's Holy Temple, but for antiquity as architects," ought to excite a generous spirit of emulation in the clergy who administer in that temple.

The Rev. Dr. Hayman's three papers on the "Historical Memories of Tewkesbury Abbey," are, if we perhaps except a short article by the Rev. G. C. Swayne on the "Value and Charm of Antiquarian Study," as literary compositions the most enjoyable in the volume. Thomas Fuller has said in his usual manner, that though arguments are the pillars of a discourse, similes and metaphors are the windows which let in the light. We cannot say so much for Dr. Hayman's figurative elucidations, which are at the least cloudy. His papers are less a history of the abbey than slight biographies of its baronial founders, who raised a structure worthy of their powerful names. By incorporating the political careers of these men in the memories of the abbey Dr. Hayman tells us that "he shall endeavour to show that this church, down to the end of the fifteenth century touches English history at all its greatest epochs." This is intelligible; but he immediately adds: "It is the *locus* of the point of interest all along," by which we understand that Tewkesbury Abbey not only "touched English history" in the line of its greatest events, but was itself the radiating point of interest in those events, which is absurd. The cardinal battle of the field by Tewkesbury (4th May, 1471) would have been fought whether or not there had been an abbey in the neighbourhood to which the defeated lords might fly for sanctuary, and this is the signal episode that gives character to the place. Dr. Hayman further says that the same Church "represents all the greatest influences in our social development; it directly embodies in its memories both the Crown when the Crown was a *primum mobile* in politics, and all the estates of the realm. It shows the Church as the keystone in which the contending masses met and balanced each other." When we remember the feuds between Anselm and William Rufus, Henry II. and Thomas Becket, Stephen Langton and John, we fail to see how the Church was the centre of equilibrium when the Crown was the *primum mobile*. Instead of being the keystone against which the contending estates of the realm fell into the compact and graceful repose of an arch, there was no point of time from the days of Odo to the Reformation in which the Church had not to strive against secular jealousies and factions. In the gradual limitation of her prerogatives by the withdrawal of the offices of military and civil jurisdiction from her spiritual leaders, by the exclusion of the clergy from the House of Commons, by the dissolution of the monasteries and the breaking up of the occupations of their inmates into all our learned professions, the Church has been all along like a field of beaten corn; and the Liberation Society informs us that her scientific frontier is not even yet settled. How the fierce splendour of the throne reflected from the royal alliances of the abbey founders beats through the pictured windows and gilds the monumental shrines of De Clares and Spencers is spiritedly told; but even here we find a grotesque figure of speech. "Tap the stream of our annals," says the writer, "where you will during those four centuries, and at every greater epoch you find a Lord of Tewkesbury, under some loftier title of honour, prominent in the crises. Thus the second founder, Fitz Hamon, nephew by marriage of the Conqueror, was of the dragon's seed of the Conquest, and represents its ideas." An outrush of high-titled lords from sluices in a stream suggests, according to the similitude used, an immersion as profound as that of perjured Clarence in malmsey, whose burial vault Dr. Hayman describes; and they would need indeed to have the vitality of the dragon's seed of Cadmus to spring to the dignity of the armed men whom we are supposed to behold on *tapping* the stream. Of course the writer has not forgotten the impressive incident after the battle, when the abbot (Strensham), bearing in his hand the consecrated host, charged the victorious king not to continue the bloodshed within the holy walls, whither many of the defeated combatants had fled. Upon the massacre being stayed, "monks, abbot, soldiers, knights, and king all formed in

* *The Antiquary: a Magazine devoted to the Study of the Past.* Edited by Edward Walford, M.A. Vol. I. London: Elliot Stock. 1880.

procession and went through the church and the quire to the hy awtere with grete devotion, praysenge God, and yeldynge unto hym conveniente lawde." More happily than in some of his instances, Dr. Hayman, in commenting upon this powerful scene, remarks that "since Theodosius was turned back by Ambrose from the gates of Milan Cathedral more than a thousand years before, there is no more impressive episode in Church history, nor one which more closely illustrates the beliefs and customs of the age."

When a sufficient account of the ancient monastic foundations of the country comes to be written, the Rev. Precentor Walcott's three papers, "Notes on some Northern Minsters," may, with the ground plans, be found useful to the historian of the subject. That there is not already such a scholarly history, notwithstanding the ready aid afforded for the work by the vast compilations of original records in Dugdale and Tanner, is as surprising as the general ignorance as to the character of the monastic system. That every monk was a priest is no more true than that every priest was a monk; but many liberally educated people would be found to believe, if questioned, that the taking of vows involved the taking of priestly orders. Mr. Walcott shows how the bareness of mere archæological statement may be sometimes relieved by literary references. The editor of the next edition of *Rokeby* may judiciously derive a note from the interesting mention of the Præmonstratensian Abbey of Athelstan or Eggleston (near Barnard Castle), through whose "Gothic arch" Bertram Risingham is represented by the poet to dash among the startled worshippers. The three rapid bounds with which "the noble courser" clears the "central nave" and "chancel wide" are declared to have been impossible. "The 'central nave' is aisle-less, and its very low doorways could never have admitted a horseman and his steed." Hardly more authentic than the spirited leaps of Risingham's courser was, if we may believe Mr. T. Morgan Owen, the triumphal procession of King Edgar on the Dee, with eight tributary kings for his oarsmen, which has been received with as unquestioning faith as Queen Elizabeth's visit with her sparkling cavalcade to St. Paul's to solemnize the defeat of the Armada. Mr. Owen starts up for the honour of his royal countrymen, and reasonably asks who were these kings that cowardly deserted their subjects to become oarsmen to an alien prince? That the early chroniclers differ as to the names of the royal boatmen, and that the Saxon chronicle does not mention the triumphant procession by water, is hardly increased in significance by the writer immediately adding, "nor does Humphrey Lloyd, in his *Historie of Cambria*, allude to this matter."

Both for its subject and manner of treatment we ought perhaps to touch upon the article by Mr. Edmund Waterton, F.S.A., on "The Imitation of Christ, by Thomas à Kempis." The title of the paper assumes the authorship of the *De Imitatione* to be irreversibly settled. "The rights of Thomas à Kempis," says the writer, "to the authorship are incontestable, and as clear as the rays of the sun at noontide. They have been clearly and irrefutably proved by the late Mgr. Malou, Bishop of Bruges, whose literary reputation is European." Mr. Waterton does not go over the proof, and his article perhaps is not the less interesting for the omission. Like the Bible itself, the division of the "Imitation" into verses or sentences is not original, and would not have been effected had it been noticed that the work in its primary form was metrically composed and indicated "pauses of greater or shorter duration to be observed in reading." This fact has been recently established by Dr. Hirsch by means of the Antwerp Codex (1441), and sufficient instances of the rhythmical arrangement are given by Mr. Waterton, whose short paper should be read in connexion with an article on the subject in the April number of the *Dublin Review*. Much of the literary and even spiritual charm of the book consists in its rhythmical construction. It was originally written for the use of the Brothers of Common Life, in the Low Countries, who were not bound by solemn vows, though obliged to practice obedience, poverty, and self-subjection. This accounts both for its monastic character and for the overflow of sublimated feeling that could afford consolation to such seemingly widely-asunder spirits as Comte and John Wesley, the latter of whom published an edition of the book.

"We are the gleaners after time," is the four times iterated refrain to some melodious verses prefixed to the *Antiquary*. The numerous cuttings from the *Athenæum* and the current newspapers give rather a literal interpretation to this honest confession. We cannot but think that these extracts, together with the notices of the meetings of learned Societies, might with advantage be separately paged, and added or omitted according to individual taste at the end of the volume. As they stand appended to each number, to the extent of a dozen pages together of small print, they offend the eye, and impart a more ephemeral appearance to the work than is perhaps needful. The genealogist has yet to wait for a periodical that will afford him a system of biographical and obituary notices, such as was contained during a course of one hundred and forty years in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. These were interesting and valuable, and are the only general source of reference of their kind for that period, and not beyond. In conclusion, we unfeignedly wish prosperity to the *Antiquary*; but its success must not depend solely, or even chiefly, on beauty of paper and typography.

TREES AND TREE PLANTING.*

MR. ABLETT'S work on *English Trees and Tree Planting* is a volume out of which may be gleaned much and curious arboricultural information for which landowners and farmers not specially literary or exact may be the better. At the same time it can hardly be said to surpass *Brown's Forester*, Prideaux Selby's *British Forest Trees*, or a more concise, succinct, and yet more exhaustive work than either, Mr. John Grigor's *Arboriculture*. Mr. Ablett has some interesting facts to tell as to the "eucalyptus globulus," and, amongst other things, as to the changing of barren sea tracts into thriving plantations of pineaster; but it must be confessed that the bulk of this information has been furnished long ago by Grigor, and that special details, such as the aptitude of sallows and willows and alders to fix the banks of watercourses, and to prevent the edges of river banks being washed away by sudden floods, are better and more practically given by Mr. Holt Beever in some of his experiences of Herefordshire farming on the banks of the Wye.

Mr. Ablett enters *in medias res*, when he divides English trees and tree-planting into (1) cone-bearing or resinous trees; (2) soft-wooded fast-growing trees; (3) broad-leaved timber trees; (4) trees and shrubs for arboricultural decoration. Under the head "Coniferæ" he classes "pinus and abies," and ten subsidiary genera, all evergreen save the larch and the ginko (not "gingo," p. 71). Of the *Pinus sylvestris*, the spruce, and the larch, the native and favourite soil is high and dry, and slow-growing. In fact, the researches of such grand planters as Lord Haddington 120 years ago, as well as of travellers and planters generally in the Highlands, Sweden, Norway and parts of Germany, Russia, and Poland, show that such timber is hardest, best, and reddest of colour in the coldest and most northerly situations, and that in richer soils and milder climates the seed degenerates. The researches of Mr. Don and Messrs. Grigor established clearly a deterioration of seed from cones of different qualities; the first or inferior, elongated, tapering, and with a rugged bark, but proportionately free-bearing; the second or better variety, thicker, smoother, less pointed, and hardier. Don conjectured that the greater part of the fir-woods of his day were of variety 1, the common and not horizontal variety; and the researches of the chief amateur planters in England and Scotland have abundantly established that successful Scotch fir-planting depends on procuring the true native seed of the mountains. As to the timber felling in the Swedish forests, with which the only region that can adequately compete is North America, Mr. Ablett cites several curious notes of travellers. A good account occurs in pp. 84-5 of M. Rupp's invention of the slide of Alpnach, as it was called in 1812, for launching pine timber down a vast trough, or inclined plane, from the top of Mont Pilatus to Lake Lucerne, nearly nine miles. Though wonderfully ingenious and effective, the speculation was abandoned when the markets of the Baltic were opened. The produce of the Scotch pine-wood plantations is shown to be proportionately valuable in all its stages, and minute directions are given for obtaining and manipulating, pulverizing, and cultivating the seed, which should be sown about mid April in England, and in the first week of May in Scotland. Of the Cluster Pine (*P. pinaster*), so called from its starlike form, we learn that it is indigenous to the Mediterranean, and Southern Europe, was introduced to England by Gerrard, at the end of the sixteenth century, and consists of many varieties. As may be gathered from its application to seaside tracts, it serves best for a deep dry sandy soil, and it is a most valuable tree to such localities, being of handsome, pyramidal form, and having clustering light green foliage. From its wide-spreading roots and the great depth to which they strike, it is rather an unsafe plant to move successfully, and two-year-old seedlings seldom take root when removed. Somewhat akin is the Corsican Pine (*P. Laricio*), a larger and handsomer tree of lower altitudes, and addicted to more average soils, introduced into England about the middle of the eighteenth century. One at Kew is nearly ninety feet high, but it is a white softish deal, not much used, and when used, more fit for packing cases than for joinery proper. The Austrian pine, a tree of robust growth and resinous timber, imported from Austria in 1835, reaches 100 feet in its own country. The Stone Pine, common to Southern Italy and Ravenna, is an ornamental tree in Italian landscape, a second-rate ornamental plant in England, best on a dry sand near the sea. In its own land it has edible and nutritious seeds.

Mr. Ablett's volume contains an account of the industry of "lumbering," a mode of procuring in gangs the timber of the white pine, which employs a vast number of British colonists in the United States. A "lumbering party" consists, we learn, of persons hired by a master man who finds pay, provisions, food, clothing, implements, and the like, on the consideration of receiving from the lumberers the timber brought down the rivers by them in the following summer. The camps, log-built and birch-bark-roofed, inhabited from midwinter till April, when the freshets come down, induce a reckless life, and the moral character of the lumberers is asserted to be generally undesirable, although so fascinating that even steady men from Prince Edward's Island are apt to leave the biggest wheat farms for the lucrative winter trade of lumbering. Among other coniferous trees Mr. Ablett describes the giant or Lambert's pine, from northern California,

* *English Trees and Tree Planting*. By W. H. Ablett. London: Smith Elder, & Co. 1880.

the Himalayan or Bhotan pine, the heavy-wooded *Pinus ponderosa*, and the pines of the Alps, Pyrenees, and other cold exposures, such as *Pinus sylvestris mugho*, *pumilio*, and *uncinata*—seldom more than mere bushy shrubs, of thick-set dark green foliage and hard wood. We should have been glad if Mr. Ablett had been able to point to the origin or derivation of the "mugho," which, however, he does no more than name. Of the spruce-firs—a genus of *coniferæ* differing from the pines in form and position of leaves—one of the commonest and tallest indigenous to Europe is the Norway spruce (*A. excelsa*), growing erect, conical in shape, and of luxuriant foliage to the very ground. It reaches 180 feet, and occurs in the *Hortus Kewensis* of Turner in the sixteenth century. For ornament and beauty it should have space and shelter, while for growth in plantations and for profit it is all the better for crowding, which results in its shedding its branches. The *Abies nigra* is the most durable American spruce, impervious to frost, and used in America as knees for shipbuilding. In this country it is most grown for ornament and rich dense foliage, as well as for its banyan-like tenacity of lateral branches, which depend, circle, and root anew round the parent tree.

The curious will find in the chapters concerning the silver firs and the rest of the coniferæ, accurate notes of soil, growth, habit, and cultivation. Perhaps among the coniferæ no tribe can rival the larch, the chief and almost sole deciduous tree of the tribe, as to which Mr. Ablett gives a well-considered summary of its cultivation, durability, casualties, and diseases. When we come to the genera and species of broad-leaved timber trees, and discuss the ancient historic oaks of England and the evergreens and sub-evergreens of the same great tribe, which so many writers, such as Selby, Gilpin, Grigor, Brown, and others have carefully commemorated, it is evident that a new aspirant to the praise of arboricultural research is nowhere, unless he is exact and accurate; yet where, except in the merest shifting of form and omission of essential facts, *e.g.* foliage and acorns, does Mr. Ablett's record of the Winfarthing oak, old at the Conquest, differ from Grigor's? Where Mr. Ablett says the Boddington oak in the Vale of Gloucester was 54 feet in circumference at the base in 1850, Prideaux Selby meets us with the statement that the remains of it were burnt down in 1790, a discrepancy *valde deflendum* to all lovers of accuracy. But not to multiply examples of unverified statement, of which we cannot acquit Mr. Ablett, in his account of the cork tree (*Quercus suber*) borrowed wholesale from Grigor and Loudon, whom he misprints *Loudan*, he has the temerity to hazard a reference to history. "During the siege of Rome by the Gauls (he tells us in p. 180), Camillus, who was sent to the Capitol through the Tiber, wore a life-preserver of cork beneath his dress. Curious, if true, is the natural remark." But we look in vain through Livy's *History of Rome*, Book V., and Plutarch's *Camillus*, for chapter and line. At last a keener search than Mr. Ablett can have deemed the question deserved discovered that, according to Livy, in the severest strait of Rome, it was determined to send for Camillus, an exile, from Ardea, and that for that object an active young man, Pontius Cominius, volunteered, and swam down the Tiber to the city, *incubans cortici*: "with the assistance of cork tree bark." Plutarch tells the same story, which might be found in the English of Andrew Thevet's translation of *Plutarch*, and which might have prevented our editor from making the slip. While yielding to none in claiming due honour to the elm whether English or wych as a forest tree of mark and pre-eminence, we regret to see it so cursorily or perfunctorily mentioned as in pp. 200-5. The first paragraph of p. 200 seems to imply that after attaining maturity at seventy or eighty years, the English elm is apt to become hollow in the centre, and "during heavy gales these affected trees are often blown down, making a gap in some stately avenue, perhaps leading to a country mansion, &c." We cannot agree that, except near stagnant water, elms are so liable to be blown down in other than exceptional gales or hurricanes, as in the calmest summer weather, when taxed beyond endurance by the overweening density of foliage. In the Midlands the English elm is as often known as Worcestershire as "Warwickshire"; and it would have been well had Mr. Ablett gone a little deeper into the distinct varieties of it. We ourselves a month or so ago beheld one of the most graceful of trees of the *Ulmus campestris* character of upright growth and shining, whitish leaves, ornamenting the lawn and terraces of Trerago, an old castellated mansion near Ross. It would have been better to give a few carefully-penned chapters containing the needful data as to the birch, the walnut, and the chestnuts, horse and Spanish, than to copy almost word for word from Grigor. As a rule, we have found Mr. Ablett's advice about plantations and planting with a view to shelter sound and sage, and the hints on transplanting grown timber on Sir H. Stewart's improved plan useful and practical. The author is worthy of heed, too, on the vexed question of hedges, though as to the Lombardy poplar, he fails, to our apprehension, in showing that a *Populus fastigiata*, grown for embellishment in this country, has not far greater beauty in a landscape than those acres of uniform flat and lopped fencing which form the sole hedgerows of the Continent. But we have one fault to find with this book—namely, its too free appropriation of recent and extant authorities, such as Griger, Brown, Grindon, and others.

JOHNSTON'S HISTORICAL ATLAS.*

It is somewhat singular that, notwithstanding the excellence of English cartography, we have hitherto in many ways lagged very far behind the Continent in the provision for the student of atlases, definitely intended to facilitate and accompany the study of history. Nothing even approaching Spruner in excellence has ever been put forth by any of our map publishers in respect of modern history; and, though the now numerous classical atlases published at different times are practically atlases of ancient history, few attempts to extend them to modern times have been made at all. The volumes before us are an attempt at an historical atlas, it should have been added—of English history—for, though foreign countries figure in the list of contents, the number of maps allotted to them is few compared with that given to the three kingdoms, and even those which are included deal rather with the foreign relations of England than with anything else. Incidentally, of course, a good deal of assistance is given to the student of general history, but primarily the book is a companion to the annals of England. Of the thirty-four maps which its first volume contains, seven are allotted to England at different times; five to Scotland, two to Ireland, three to France, eight to Europe; while maps of North America during the period of colonial dissatisfaction and revolt; of the world, showing geographical discoveries and British possessions; of our Indian Empire; of Russia, to illustrate the Crimean war; and of Turkey and the Turkish Empire, to illustrate that of 1877-8, complete the list.

The execution of the maps is, on the whole, what might be expected of publishers who have done so much for geography; but we do not know that their design and details can be quite so generally praised. To begin with; the *format*—a quarto of no great size—seems to us rather too small. This is not of much consequence in the earliest maps, where the comparatively scanty details of Roman Britain find room and verge enough for insertion. It may be observed, however, that the companion map of Roman Gaul is anything but lavish in the matter of insertions, that it is decidedly capricious as to inclusions and exclusions, and that the modern names are added or omitted with still greater caprice. It may be quite right to mark the site of Carnac as a monument existing in Roman times; but, if so, why omit the Pont du Gard? If Tolosa needs [Toulouse] in brackets, why is Augustodunum left unaccompanied by [Autun]? Something of the same objection may be made to the map of Saxon England, though that of Scotland is better. We cannot see the use of giving a single map of Europe "during the Norman and Plantagenet periods" because the changes in the course of the three or four hundred years covered by that phrase were necessarily so great and numerous that the student will be more puzzled than assisted by it. It would be a waste of time to point out all these changes, because every one acquainted with the subject is aware of them. It is sufficient to say that, according to this map, the unwary student (and how unwary average students are it is needless to say) will be under the impression that Normandy was constantly, and no other part of France at any time, under English rule between 1100 and 1400, that during the same period the Empire, the States of the Church, and Naples neatly trisected Italy between them, and that Spain unalterably consisted of a huge kingdom of Castille, a small Aragon, and a tiny Granada and Navarre. Some indeed of these very arrangements are shown differently in the next map, "Europe during the Crusades." Yet we are under the impression that the Crusades were wholly included in the "Norman and Plantagenet" period. In another map, that of France, illustrating the Hundred Years' War, there are some serious defects; the provinces are indeed marked, but then for this period, much more important minor districts, such as Rouergue, for instance, are very sparingly given, and the sites of events of great importance, such as Brignais, Cocherel, and Formigny, are also to seek. The maps which follow are open to less exception; but when we come to a map of Europe from 1660 to 1714, the same objection which was previously urged becomes applicable, as well as to that which professes, almost more hardily, to represent the same continent from 1714 to 1830. The truth is that to design a really good historical atlas is by no means an easy thing. The only way to do it is to seize the important dates, and give representations of the arrangement of countries at these, and this is what in this atlas seems to have been but little attended to. That it will be of use need not be said, for, except when it attempts the impossible, it is generally accurate, and its defects can be supplied without much difficulty. But it certainly might have been made much better by a slight extension of scale and a more careful choice of subjects. Thus, we do not know that three different maps are required for England since the accession of the Tudors, while, most assuredly, three are not required for Scotland. On the other hand, the maps of Europe might have been increased in number with great advantage, and this increase of number would have enabled them to be allotted each to a distinct and actual date and arrangement, and not to fallacious and unreal "periods."

The most obvious objection to the enlargement of the scale of the maps and the increase of their number is, of course, the corresponding increase of cost. But this might have been met very simply. At present the work consists of two volumes, of which

* *Historical Atlas.* 2 vols. W. & A. K. Johnston. Edinburgh and London. 1880.

we venture to think the second wholly superfluous and a mistake. It consists of historical notes to the first, or, in other words, of a sketch of the history and geography of England, Europe, and some other parts of the world, for a couple of thousand years. Such a thing is, in the first place, unnecessary, because an historical atlas is intended to be not a self-contained compendium of historical and geographical information, but a companion to regular and more or less elaborate historical works. In the second place, it is an impossibility in the space allotted. One hundred and thirty-seven pages, even if they be quarto pages, and tightly packed with letter-press, cannot possibly contain more than the barest outline of the facts represented by thirty-four maps of the history of England and Europe. Such a sketch, therefore, attempts to do more or less badly what is already well and sufficiently done by others which are in their proper sphere. Nor is this highly-compressed compendium of history free from some errors in its course from "Midacritus, a Phœnician, who is the first civilized man known to have had any dealings with Great Britain," and who had those dealings at some very indefinite period, down to the present Sultan, who "has accepted the English scheme of reform for Asia Minor." These last words show the folly of attempting such a sketch in such a book; a year probably has passed since the words were written, and the acceptance of the English scheme of reform for Asia Minor is a matter which is not even history. Errors of detail are perhaps unavoidable. Still, it would be well not to assume that the modern Autun is the ancient Bibracte, because the best authorities have come to the conclusion that it is not, Bibracte being now assigned to the much more likely situation of Mont Beuvray, at some little distance from the city. Nor is it correct to say that in the memorable uprising which so nearly overthrew Cæsar's divided forces, Sabinus (here carelessly printed Vabinus) had his camp surprised. The facts were that Sabinus was, according to a stratagem common with barbarians, lured from his camp and attacked on the march. To take a very different period, it is not correct to speak of the "great mountain chain of Corry-Arrick" as having been in possession of Charles Edward when Cope advanced. Corry-Arrick is not a mountain chain at all, but simply a pass with a hill of the same name on one side of it. These small inaccuracies, which are not surprising in a closely packed assemblage of facts, might probably be supplemented by a good many others. But their existence is not the ground of our objection to these historical notes; nor do we complain of the frequent awkwardnesses of style which are also noticeable. At the same time we must say that such a sentence as "the settlers, to the number of 146, were seized and imprisoned in a dungeon known as the Black Hole, 123 of whom perished in one night," can hardly be considered quite up to the mark. The point of objection is, as already stated, that the book aims at an impossibility. Universal histories in a small compass are generally a mistake; but a universal history in a small compass as a key to an atlas seems to be a mistake equally obvious and gratuitous. Among other difficulties which at once strike the reader is the difficulty of proportioning ancient and modern information. There is a natural tendency to enlarge the latter at the expense of the former. Thus we have here two entire pages out of the small number available occupied with tabular statements of the results of the Reform Bills of 1832 and 1867, things extremely useful in themselves, but certainly not worthy in such a book of occupying almost the same space that is given to the whole history of our Indian Empire. The same kind of criticism might be very much extended. Although, therefore, we have no doubt at all that these volumes will be very useful for reference, we think that a different plan would have made the work much more useful in itself, and useful to a much larger class. As it is, it may serve very well as a reference-book to keep on the shelves for those persons who like to be able to throw some light on historical or geographical allusions which they find in their ordinary reading. It also suggests itself as a very useful addition to the bookcase of primary schools, girls' schools, and other places of education where no very perfect scheme of instruction is aimed at, but where teachers of moderate cultivation often have to satisfy curiosity over a wide range of subjects. Even for these purposes we think that it would have been better if the historical notes had taken the form simply of a full and elaborate index of places against each of which, besides its whereabouts in the maps, might have been set a short notice (with dates) of the event or events which make it famous in history. But for the most valuable purpose of an historical atlas—the assistance of the actual student—very much more considerable changes would be required. We should suggest the abolition of the historical notes altogether, and the retention only of the maps and the purely geographical index, the maps being, if possible, doubled in size and the entries largely increased. There is no need to abandon the present plan of restricting their reference chiefly to English history and English relations with foreign Powers, because that we take to be of the essence of the book; and it is no part of a critic's duty to suggest to authors or publishers that they should attempt something entirely different from that which they have attempted. But it is a part of the critic's duty to point out how the actual attempt has come short of success, and that is what we have endeavoured to do. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the value of a good historical atlas as an assistance to the study of history, and something less expensive and elaborate than Spruner, and more strictly limited to the needs of the average English student, is very much wanted, and when supplied would be pretty certain of a good sale. The volumes before us—at least the first, for we own to regarding the second as a mere useless encumbrance—are a great deal better than nothing, and will be doubtless welcomed by a good many persons. Such an atlas as we have described, especially with a few plans of battle-fields, &c., squeezed into the corners, and with the dates given either in the plates themselves or on the margins, would be still more acceptable, and certainly more valuable. Any contrivance that is to assist the labour of many requires not a little thought on the part of the contriver, and in this historical atlas we do not think that the due proportion of thought has on the whole been given. To supply what is wanted, and not what is not wanted, is, it may be admitted, not an easy task for any caterer.

THE SHADOW OF A LIFE.*

A SUPERNATURALLY mysterious father, an equally unfathomable mother, and a lover who may best be described as a male flirt, are the personages who conspire to make Miss Ella Hamilton's life somewhat miserable to her; but, as it behoves every well-ordered novel of the present day to end well, happiness is the result of her three-volume misery. Thus far it may be said that Miss Beryl Hope's work is satisfactory, and, at the same time, she may be congratulated on the fact that her writing is tolerably correct and smooth. We wish it was in our power to say more of what has evidently cost the writer a great deal of trouble in composing. To say that this novel is beyond the pale of criticism is simply to acknowledge that the critic's art is limited to ordinary human experience, and that it is asking too much of a mortal when a judgment is demanded upon such extraordinary characters as those which appear in these volumes. Candidly confessing our inability, we will endeavour to sketch the main incidents that Miss Beryl Hope, in the character of Miss Ella Hamilton, a country doctor's daughter, has put together as making up the story of her life.

At the time when we are introduced to Mr. Hamilton he is a medical man in a very prosperous way of business, suffering from what is vulgarly called a chronic fit of the "blues." Some mysterious secret, as his daughter tells us, embitters his life. Naturally a cheerful girl, Miss Ella finds her home-life dull, confronted as she is by this melancholy father and his no less cheerless spouse, and it is not surprising that, after a scene of open rebellion against her governess, the young lady is packed off to school. From this she comes back, to find that matters are much in the same state as when she went away, and her discontent returns. One day, whilst sitting in her father's carriage at the door of one of his fashionable patients' houses, she is surprised with a request from the footman to go into the house. Here she is greeted by a Lady Constance Milford, the wife of a consumptive baronet, who treats her very kindly. This seems to her to be the turning-point of her life, for Miss Ella's ambition, it appears, is to visit and be on familiar terms with "the quality." When she informs her mysterious mother of the visit, however, she finds that it is not the most agreeable subject of conversation that she could have hit upon. And now we are further introduced to a certain family of Thorburns, who appear to be, much to Miss Ella's disgust, more to her mother's liking than the more aristocratic Milford family. By trade an ironmonger, Mr. Thorburn is certainly not of the most polished type; neither has his wealth—for he is wealthy—enabled him to educate his children particularly well. We are informed that Mr. Thorburn in the dark past had been very good to Mr. Hamilton, had even lent him money, and otherwise assisted him. The Thorburn girls are sharp enough to see Miss Ella's contempt for them, and consequently the visit is not of the most pleasing nature; in fact, had it not been that Miss Ella had just caught a glimpse of the hero of the novel buying a pair of spurs in the shop, we do not see why she should have paid it at all. On the next visit to the Milfords we are introduced to the hero, Captain Claude Douglas, and Miss Ella is much disconcerted at remembering where she had last seen him. To her great astonishment, shortly after this her mysterious father proposes that she should take a situation as a governess, by way of conquering her restless desire for society, and informs her that Lady Constance has heard of a place that would suit her. Naturally she resents this; and, being led to speculate upon her father's relations with Lady Constance, comes to the conclusion that it is all a plot to get her out of the way. Nevertheless, the Fates had so ordained; and, after having paid a visit to the family of the Douglases, where she was to be governess, she is witness to a scene that makes her hail the chance of leaving home with joy. The consumptive baronet has gone to his rest, and Ella and her father are spending the day at Milford. She, not in the best of tempers, walks out unseen upon the terrace, and, passing by the drawing-room, sees her father embracing Lady Constance. The secret is out, thinks this innocent young person, and rushes off to faint in the woods; but is kindly brought to her senses by a younger Mr. Milford, who accompanies her to the house. The situation is sufficiently disagreeable, it must be owned; and Ella, seeing it in all its hideousness, determines to be a governess, and, we suppose, let her impenetrable father go his ways. Much disturbed at what she had witnessed, she becomes the governess at the Douglases; but nevertheless allows her father, without any protest on her own part, to send her younger sister Mildred to live with the woman with whom she considers him to have a most abominable intrigue. In her

* *The Shadow of a Life.* By Beryl Hope. 3 vols. London: Allen & Co.

new situation she is made love to by Captain Douglas, who is Mrs. Douglas's brother-in-law. Indeed, from what we can see, every encouragement is given to the interesting couple by the mistress of the house, and she lives at Wentworth more as a guest than a governess.

The love-making proceeds in a way of its own, until, true to the old adage, and also to the exigencies of a three-volume novel, something occurs to upset its course. This something appears in the persons of Miss Ethel Blantyre, Mrs. Douglas's sister, and of an old housekeeper at Wentworth. The first time we come across Miss Blantyre is through the medium of a photographic album, where Ella sees a remarkably handsome girl, and is told accidentally that Captain Douglas was at one time engaged to the lady whose picture she was looking at. At an interesting point of the love episode Ella goes home to her father's house, where she learns that Mr. Thorburn, junior, a type of the genus cad, was an aspirant for her sister Agnes's hand. This is too much, and a violent scene ensues, estranging the two families. Shortly after this, Mrs. Hamilton is taken ill, and Ella is summoned in the middle of the night to her mother's room to find her lifeless. The cause of death, as it was found at the inquest, was an overdose of chloroform, and the jury, upon which was Mr. Thorburn, returned the extraordinary verdict "That the deceased died from the effects of an over-dose of chloroform; but whether it had been administered by accident or design there was not sufficient evidence to prove." Things look black indeed for the impenetrable father, who, to aggravate matters, now began to receive visits from Lady Constance at his own house. Upon Ella's return to Wentworth, she found Miss Blantyre in the flesh. In a very short time, Captain Douglas's conduct arouses suspicion in her mind, and the fiend of jealousy takes possession of her, as it appears afterwards, with good cause. This unfortunate lady is once more placed in the position of Peeping Tom of Coventry. Alone in a summer-house in the garden at Wentworth, she hears voices which she recognizes as those of Captain Douglas and Miss Blantyre, and her ungovernable curiosity leads her to look through a crack at the back of the summer-house, when she sees two more people kissing, and faints as before, to be found and revived as before by Milford, junior, who was staying at the house. Among the other visitors at this time at Wentworth is a sister of Mr. and Captain Douglas, a person whose existence will be necessary further on in the story. Captain Douglas, surprised at the way in which the little governess now begins to treat him, determines to go on the Continent, and, as if things had not conspired sufficiently to destroy Ella's peace of mind, she hears that her father, whose practice had almost dwindled to a shadow, is also bound on a Continental trip with Lady Constance Milford. She feels she is going mad, and it is not surprising to hear that, after a proposal of marriage from Milford, junior, which she declines, she is taken seriously ill and change of scene is recommended. Mrs. Douglas, with characteristic kindness, persuades her mother, Lady Barthwick, to take the heart-broken girl to London. In the whirl of the London season Ella seems to recover rather rapidly, and makes the acquaintance of a bewildering number of nobility and gentry, and amongst them of the Earl and Countess of Brantford and Lord and Lady Eustone. One day at Lady Barthwick's Ella picks up a provincial newspaper and reads a paragraph to the purport that Mr. Hamilton, "the mysterious death of whose wife formed recently the subject of so much comment," was on the Continent with Lady Constance Milford, with remarks on the subject far from pleasing. The consequence is an action for libel by Mr. Hamilton against the proprietor of the paper, who turns out to be Mr. Thorburn, the wealthy ironmonger, and the counsel for the plaintiff is made the medium of the explanation of all the mysteries in the preceding two volumes. What this explanation is it would perhaps be hardly fair to the author to reveal, for while this is one of the things with which we have to find most fault in the book, it is also a well-ascertained fact that one of the pleasures of novel-reading lies in finding out mysteries for one's-self. It may be thought that in this case there is too much bulk and too much variety of mystery.

In small doses mystery is valuable and tends to create interest; but it becomes irksome when it is pumped upon one. Why did Lady Constance behave as she did? Why did the lady's-maid's mother behave as she did? Why did the mysterious Mr. Hamilton allow people to think he is a murderer when one word would have undeceived them? And why did not Mr. Thorburn, who knew all the circumstances, and who knew that he was making himself liable to imprisonment for unwarrantable libel, apologize publicly and save himself from ruin? Why—— but we will not ask any more questions. The answer is, alas! too evident. The three-volume novel must be written, and hence these impossibilities. Miss Beryl Hope has attempted the task of writing a three-volume novel, with what success we leave it to the reader to judge. Rubbish—that is to say, clever rubbish—will certainly help to while away some hours at the sea-side during the summer holidays. There are portions of this novel which have merit, but they are immediately followed up by situations which, when compared with real life, do not stand the test. The most contemptible individual in the book is the hero, who is mean enough to make a girl in an inferior station of life violently in love with him, and yet has not the courage to declare himself publicly. *The Shadow of a Life*, shorn of half its improbabilities, would perhaps have been a good novel.

JAMES'S INDIAN INDUSTRIES.*

In order that the pressing problem of the weal of British India may be brought well within the scope of general educated opinion at home, there is much need of manuals or books of reference fitted to bring home to minds of average intelligence the primary facts on which may be built up a sound and trustworthy knowledge of the material resources of India and the industries engaged in their development. Especial value must of course attach to reports or statistical compilations which embody the results of individual and practical experience. It is from this point of view that Mr. Eliot James's *Indian Industries* claims to speak with authority. In addition to what he has brought together from the best known and most authoritative books, official documents, and other public sources, he has brought to bear his personal knowledge of the country, from which he has for some years retired. With these materials he has incorporated several papers on detached subjects of interest which have appeared from time to time in the *British Mercantile Gazette*, considerably enlarged, if not substantially re-written. His facts and figures show signs of careful and conscientious compilation, and of candour and impartiality in statement.

India's real wealth, Mr. James with unquestionable truth insists, lies in her land. It is with agriculture that his survey commences, as the basis of all Indian industries and the inseparable condition of all commercial enterprises. He is no blind optimist, nor does he shut his eyes to the fact that the fertility of Indian soil has decreased of late years, the yield of produce being smaller than it used to be, and the quality of the land, be it from exhaustive cropping, continued drought, or whatever cause, deteriorating yearly. But he shows himself no less convinced that many, if not all, of the causes of deterioration are transitory or exceptional, such as enlightened measures of improvement can dispose of. The primary want of India is unquestionably capital, and with it the introduction of improved implements and other appliances of agriculture. Many native prejudices are to be got rid of. The usurer's grip of the poverty-stricken ryot has to be relaxed. Rotation of crops has to be more generally practised. The establishment of a Department of Agriculture, bringing the Government into direct relations with the farmer, and having power to advance money and provide savings banks, is strongly urged by our author in accordance with the plan of Mr. Hume. He might have made a more encouraging point than he has thought fit to do of the great and growing export of cereals, especially of wheat, for the European market. It may be that he had before his eyes the fear of Mr. Hyndman and the croakers of his school, who see "the life-blood of the great multitude ebbing away" because of twenty millions' worth of agricultural produce annually leaving the country, and this "without any direct return being made for it." We are reminded by this of the standing grievance of a certain school of Irish patriots, that millions of cattle, sheep, and pigs are carried off every year to feed the Saxon. Allowing for the exceptional circumstances of the late famine, which may be largely averted in years to come by schemes of irrigation and improved transport, there has been no such thing as a hopeless falling off in agricultural prosperity. The value of wheat exported has risen by steady steps of progress from 82,70,064 rupees in the years 1873-74, to 2,85,69,899 in 1877-78. To the many admirable qualities of the native cultivators our author's experience enables him to do justice. They well know the condition of the soil, and the seasons. They are unflagging in industry, cleanly in husbandry, and adepts in harvesting and storing grain. As for the absence of weeds, their wheat-fields would in this respect shame ninety-nine hundredths of those in Europe.

Taking in alphabetical order what may be called in comparison with agriculture the minor industries, but which in the aggregate are of vital importance to the wealth of India, Mr. James begins with the steady increase in the brewing of beer, chiefly for consumption by the army. In the Bengal presidency alone some 5,000 hogsheads of beer are required by the troops. The substitution of hill-beer, which we are assured the men find equally good, involves a direct saving. The risk of loss by climate is for the most part done away with, whilst the demand for hops brings a reflex advantage to the growers of Kent and Sussex. Already a complaint has sprung up that the profits of hill-breweries are enormous and unfair to the consumer, though the Murrie Company, the most flourishing of all, has never divided, according to Mr. James's figures, more than 10 per cent. Cacao, or cocoa, introduced into India from South America, is a thriving industry, the Trinidad variety being the most successful. Carpets, once the special trade of India as of all Oriental countries, have sadly fallen off in taste, owing to the influence of false and vulgar patterns from Europe. This industry is now carried on chiefly in gaols, a practice open to much question on grounds of economy and general policy. To those who pin their faith to Liebig's famous dictum, "Tell me what a country's consumption of sulphuric acid is, and I will tell you what her wealth is," there may be an omen of ill in the falling off in Indian chemicals. The exports of saltpetre declined in value from 464,974*l.*, in 1874, to 379,002*l.* in 1878, a similar falling off being manifest in borax. A list of minor chemical products is appended by the author, but their quantity is not such as to call for statistical enumeration. The growth of

* *Indian Industries*. By A. G. F. Eliot James, Author of "A Guide to Indian Household Management," &c. London: Allen & Co. 1880.

chinchona has been attended of late years by a very important increase. The export of this valuable drug is not indeed likely to interfere at present with the interests of Peru, but the amount already grown is enough to meet largely the need of bark for local purposes, saving the Government some 12,000 rupees annually, and promising to add progressively to the health of the troops. A short but interesting sketch of the introduction of the chinchona plant into India from Peru is given by Mr. James. A far more important industry, that of coffee, has had very fluctuating fortunes. Neither in India nor in Ceylon does it seem able to hold its own against rival sources of supply, judging from the recent reports of the Ceylon Coffee Company (Limited) at home, and the falling off in Indian exports set down in our author's tables. The leaf disease and the ravages of the borer combine to keep down the yield. Much is expected from the introduction of the new Liberian coffee, with its large and hardy variety of berry; but it must be doubted whether the growth will be found once more capable of such a marked rise as that which it attained on the equalization of the duties with those on the West Indian products several years ago.

On the subject of cotton there is nothing very new to be said. Mr. James gives a rapid outline of the history of the plant and its manufacture, and dwells briefly but with point upon the drawbacks which check the competition of Indian staples with the produce of America and other cotton-growing districts. In spite of diminishing exports of the raw material, he is hopeful of a revival of the industry by means of better seed, ample capital, improved machinery, and more intelligent care. With regard to the cotton manufacture, he supplies facts and figures which make this one of the most instructive portions of his book. The value of cotton twist and piece goods having more than doubled between 1873-4 and 1877-8 goes far to explain the alarm which has spread of late among British manufacturers. To what extent the remission of the import duties upon cotton goods, under the regulation of 1878, is likely to serve the interests of Manchester, for the sake of which a grievous wound was inflicted upon the fiscal system and the struggling manufacturers of India, is a matter of much doubt. The facts adduced by Mr. James go far to justify his belief that Manchester will fail, after all, to contend with the Indian mills in respect to the precise class of goods they are in the habit of turning out, however the Indian market may be flooded with the new class of shirtings from Manchester. The cotton mills of Bombay, he points out, have made since the date of their first starting in 1854 very rapid progress. No less than forty-one spinning and weaving mills are now at work in that Presidency, while in Calcutta there are three, in Madras two, at Cawnpore two, at Nagpore one, in all India fifty-three, giving work to 10,533 looms and 1,289,706 spindles. These figures would not, perhaps, be much thought of at Manchester or Oldham, but they show a very fair beginning. Anyhow, as our author fairly argues, it is quite time that a wider and less selfish policy should take the place of that which has so long kept back our great Eastern dependency in the path of progress. "If Indian interests and English interests once come to be considered identical and therefore inseparable, then trade jealousy, which is the real barrier between the two countries, will be laid low, and Lord Metcalfe's prophecy that India would be lost upon the floor of the House of Commons—*i.e.* sacrificed to party interests—will stand no chance of fulfilment." This indeed may be taken as the key-note of Mr. James's work throughout. The same moral is illustrated and enforced in the case of each successive industry that makes up his survey. It has been to British, not Indian, interests that our policy has been addressed. India has been treated as a mere forcing-house for raw produce, cotton, rice, seeds, and jute, Manchester claiming in return the monopoly of dressing the natives in long cloth. We have not space to go in adequate detail into the later portions of Mr. James's work. The prospects indicated by many of the principal industries are chequered, progress in some being set against decline in others. In seeds the export trade has advanced from 3,850,000*l.* in 1857 to 13,560,000*l.* in 1877, something near 274 per cent. Seed-growing, however, is highly exhaustive of the soil, and must be kept up by copious manuring and careful rotation of crops. The exports of both raw and manufactured silk have fallen off considerably of late years. Spices, on the whole, show an equal decline, although in some branches of the trade, as in betel, largely exported to China, and for the cardamoms, formerly known as grains of paradise, there is an increasing demand. Of sugar India is the original home, from the Sanscrit *sarkarâ* having come the Persian name *shakar* and *shakkar*, the Arabic *sokkar*, the Latin *saccharum*, and later European names. Mr. James traces briefly the history of this important industry, with an estimate of the probable effects of recent legislation upon its development in India. On the whole, he is disposed to look forward to a good time coming for Indian sugar. In tea, despite the unhappy season of 1879, in which Assam and Bengal shared to the full the damps and darkness of the home country, the advance in exports has been highly gratifying, and the Indian tobacco trade has as largely developed within the last few years. A clear view of the fluctuations of every branch of industry may be had at a glance from the table of quantities and value, as far as can be ascertained, of the chief articles of Indian produce and manufacture exported from British India in the three years ending March 31st, 1876-78, appended from Mr. O'Conor's *Review of the Trade of British India for the Official Year* 1877-78, the most authentic and complete of all the official papers relating to our Eastern trade.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

A VERY interesting volume of correspondence (1), edited by M. Troubat, shows Sainte-Beuve in his best, and perhaps also his truest, light. The letters which fill this volume cover the whole period of the critic's life, from his schoolboy days onwards, and the impression derived from so large a number of documents, extending over more than half a century, and addressed to hundreds of different persons under the widest possible differences of circumstance, can hardly be erroneous. Those letters which are written to his earliest friend, the Abbé Barbe, are particularly interesting, and the manner in which the writer strives, without disguising his own change of ideas and convictions, to respect his friend's principles, is peculiarly noteworthy. Very remarkable, too, from the point of view of literary history, are the pains which Sainte-Beuve, unlike almost all his compatriots, takes to be accurate in matters of English orthography. Even M. Louis Blanc, after a ten years' residence in England, murders the names which he must have had before him a hundred times in print, in the most barbarous manner. When Sainte-Beuve has occasion to mention the sanctuary of English Government, he carefully writes to an English friend to know whether it is "Dowing" Street or "Downing" Street, and when he wishes to allude to an essay of Charles Lamb's, he asks the same friend to come and call on him that he may compare notes and be quite sure that he has caught the spirit of his author. In short, no small portion of this book is simply an extended illustration of a well-known saying about genius and the capacity for taking pains. Yet another class of documents of an attractive kind is the class of answers to literary correspondents. These are, as a rule, occupied with the giving (or the avoidance of giving) gratuitous criticisms on the works which these correspondents have sent him. The patience with which he whose time was his bread, and who always had plenty to do with it, seems to have undertaken the drudgery of proof reading, and the very thankless task of giving advice, is surprising. His private criticisms, too, are equally free from ill-tempered asperity, and from the much more usual fault of insincere praise, given with the object of getting rid of a troublesome task with the least possible trouble. Here and there too are scattered judgments of the greatest value. A letter written so long ago as 1835 on the subject of Victor Hugo will make the *Hugolâtres* very angry; but contains a verdict in which all reasonable persons who are able to keep the personality of a writer and their estimate of it apart from the question of his literary value will concur. Altogether the volume must be pronounced not only one of unusual interest in itself, but one which goes far to compensate the memory of the writer for some late exposures which were at least as unfair as they were damaging.

M. du Boys speaks (2) of having gathered new proofs as to the origins of the "work of darkness," as he calls the transformation of the Church of England under Henry VIII. It does not, however, appear that the novelty is a novelty, except to French readers. M. du Boys seems to have industriously read the State Papers calendared by Messrs. Bergenroth, Brewer, and Rawdon Brown, which for a Frenchman is no doubt something of a feat. He seems also to have an open and inquiring mind, imbued, however, with a considerable tinge of simplicity, as will be obvious from the fact that his main complaint of Henry and of the Anglican Church generally is the violence done by them to liberty of conscience. He expresses this in an elaborate dedication to Cardinal Newman, and the Cardinal's reply is beyond all question the thing most interesting to Englishmen in the book. A more admirable economy has very rarely been displayed by any master. It should be mentioned that M. du Boys is dreadfully afraid of a great anti-Christian or anti-Catholic Empire with persecutions of the Neronian kind. This is how the Cardinal accepts his dedication:—"I thank you for the compliment you pay me in proposing to dedicate to me your work on Catherine of Aragon. Certainly, as you say, the Anglican Church became the established religion by the application of tyrannical force. I trust that now there are very few of its members who wish to use such means of upholding it, or would profess or act upon the principles of Cæsarism." There certainly is no loyal Anglican who will refuse to endorse this at the present day. Perhaps it should be added that M. du Boys is much comforted by the fact that on the 27th of February, 1844, the Cambridge Union affirmed a motion regretting the dissolution of the monasteries.

Somewhat less unctuousness of style would have made M. de Baillon's sketch of Mme. de Montmorency (3) more readable, but even as it is it can be read. The heroine, Marie Orsini, or Des Ursins, wife of the unlucky Montmorency, who paid the usual forfeit for trusting to the rottenest of all reeds, Gaston of Orleans, has a really great reputation for her misfortunes and her piety. Historically she ranks with other victims of Richelieu's ruthless, if necessary, resolve to bind together the jarring elements of feudal France, and she has even something of a place in literary story by virtue of the protection extended by her husband and herself to Théophile de Viau and to Mairet. These claims to remembrance, together with the odour of sanctity in which she expired, perhaps give her a fair claim to a biography, and it would probably be unfair to quarrel with M. de Baillon for having written the life of a saint in the usual dialect of hagiology.

(1) *Nouvelle correspondance de Sainte-Beuve.* Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *Catherine d'Aragon.* Par Albert du Boys. Paris: Victor Palmé.

(3) *Madame de Montmorency.* Par le comte de Baillon. Paris: Didier.

M. Alphonse Karr's later publications may be described as ever nearer approximations of the ideal treatise *de omnibus rebus*, &c. He disclaims, with almost unnecessary modesty, the invention or the attribution to his own work of the somewhat pretentious title under which the volume before us (4) and its component parts in times past have appeared. As, however, it is in reality devoted for the most part to speculations of a practical kind, there is no reason to [illegible] its name. Of course there must be a difference of [illegible] the goodness or badness of the sense contained in M. [illegible] dissertations on subjects so various as modern feminine [illegible] the merits of universal suffrage, the importance of rewarding those who throttle mad dogs, the best method of disposing of the dead, the value of grasshoppers, divorce, the Income-tax, &c. It must also be confessed that M. Karr is by no means so amusing when he is discussing such subjects as when he is retailing the literary anecdotes he has amassed in his long life, or describing his personal adventures at Sainte-Adresse or at Nice. Everybody, however, cannot be expected to be amusing at all times and in all places. If average newspaper work contained as much, we do not say *bon sens*, but good writing, as do these "grains," the readers of newspapers would assuredly have little to complain of.

The eighth volume of M. Louis Blanc's reprinted English letters (5) is concerned with the year 1868, and busies itself with Fenianism, with the Irish Church, and, above all, with the elections of that year, and the change of Ministry. The volume seems to us, though perhaps this may be fancy, to be distinguished beyond its fellows by the ruthless mangling of proper names, and by the evidence it contains of its author's inability really to understand the events that were passing before his eyes, or indeed to do anything but to look at them through a pair of carefully prepared spectacles. Not merely at this distance of time, but after the most careful remembrance of the facts at the time of writing, his estimate of the political importance of J. S. Mill strikes us as a singular instance of this.

It is perhaps something of a sign of the times that an Academician should have thought it worth his while to put a collection of popular tales (6) into literary language for the benefit of all and sundry. Severe "folk-lorists" will perhaps be wroth with M. Xavier Marmier for adulterating their treasures; but, if so, they will be wroth without cause. M. Marmier, indeed, cannot be said to have actually improved the myths, like his predecessors Perrault and Hamilton, while his preface bears witness to a somewhat incautious swallowing whole of the atmospheric and meteorological theories; but any telling of the stories which have delighted so many generations of men all over the face of the earth must be welcome. M. Marmier has been careful, as far as possible, not to take the best known stories—those of England, or France, or Germany—but to explore the treasures of Slav, Scandinavian, and Eastern mythology, at which of late years so many hands have been working. We can hardly imagine a better reading-book for very young children—and it need not be said that the study of French can hardly be begun too young—than this book, which unites at once fascination of subject, strict propriety of treatment, and the mastery of classical French, which, to do them justice, the forty geese that guard the capitol—as a goose who was not admitted to guard the capitol called them—rarely fail to display.

A very great interest is now felt in France in the reorganization of the higher education, and the issue of a reprint (7), under the editorship of M. Scherer, of the essays of the late M. Bersot on the subject is a proof of that interest. As Principal of the Ecole Normale Supérieure, M. Bersot had an official position in reference to the question, but this official position by no means exercised upon him the benumbing effect which it is sometimes thought to have. Indeed, M. Bersot may be said to have been a decided Radical in educational matters. Many of the papers here reprinted are of old date, and carry us back to the early days of the Empire. But in one which is no older than last summer the retention of Latin composition among the subjects for the Bachelor's degree—a question since, if we mistake not, decided by M. Jules Ferry in the innovating sense—is vehemently attacked. M. Bersot, like a good many of his compeers in England, was also a violent foe of examinations, and seems, on the whole, to have been inspired by much of what is called the modern spirit. A paper on MM. Demogeot's and Montucci's well-known Report on English Grammar-schools does not impress us with the idea that he was well acquainted with the comparative history of his subject. He seems to know nothing of English education except from the book he is reviewing, and to be by no means certain of the distinction between "school" and "college."

Few volumes of travels seem to have been recently published and of those before us one is the record of a somewhat ordinary tour, another a reprint of a book first printed a quarter of a century ago, and the third a volume of sketches rather of literary than of geographical or adventurous interest. M. Cotteau (8) has told the story of his two journeyings—the first to the Philadelphia Exhibition and North America, the second round the coasts of the Southern continent in the Pacific Steamship Company's steamers—in a sufficiently fluent and interesting manner. His ground is, of course, pretty well-beaten ground; but he justly observes that his own countrymen have less to do with beating it than the inhabitants of almost any other European country. A man who has been round the world is still something of a wonder in France. M. Guérin's book on Rhodes (9) was the best book that had appeared on the subject in the last year of the Crimean war, and it has not been superseded since. As for *Histoires de voyage* (10), the author of *Les iambes*, if he has not in his long life quite fulfilled the promise of that remarkable book, can write nothing that is not worth reading as a piece of French. The present volume is a mixture of narrative and description, and has the additional attraction of being unambitiously, but very fairly, illustrated.

M. Alfred Fouillée has written a stout volume (11) on sociology which contains a good deal of criticism of his predecessors. The principal idea of his book seems to be a comparison of the two main theories of society, one of which takes it to be a voluntary coalition for a definite purpose, the other a result of evolution like any other organism. M. Caro's prize essay on Goethe (12) adds another to the author's already respectable list of philosophical works. The examination, as usual with M. Caro, is careful and in the main sober enough. An appendix contains some *pièces* in the shape of translations of detached passages of Goethe's directly philosophical works. These being, on the whole, much less known than the purely literary writings of the author of *Faust*, M. Caro's idea of presenting them to his readers was not unhappy. M. Cantacuzène (13) has followed the example of several other translators in presenting to French readers certain of the thoughts and sayings of Schopenhauer. At first sight that driest, in the wine sense, of all philosophers might not be thought likely to hit the French taste. But the time has gone by for offhand judgments of this kind on national tastes and characteristics. The translation is good, and the virtue of the original survives very fairly in the version.

M. Léon Danicourt (14) is a shorthand writer in the Chamber of Deputies, an office of more importance in the country of official reports than here. Apparently M. Danicourt has a soul above the mere reproduction of others' speeches, and he has determined to discuss questions of *haute politique* for himself. His work is not ambitious in scale, and this is perhaps the most that can be said for it. His views are neither extravagant nor destitute of common sense, but they are not very novel or very forcibly put.

It may be laid down without fear of contradiction that in preparing for examination nothing is so useful as an ample selection of test examination papers. M. Laurent's little book (15) ought therefore to have plenty of customers. But we wish the answers had been left out.

M. Dufay in *La légende du Christ* (16), M. Wilfrid de Fonvielle in *Les miracles devant la science* (17), hunt very old trails without displaying any particular aptitude in sportsmanship. It is interesting to know that M. de Fonvielle does not wish to stir anybody up against the clergy. He knows no enemy of France except the people, "dont la morale se résume dans les mots la force prime le droit." We do not quite see the connexion of the unfortunate Germans with the question whether Noah could or could not see in the Ark (for by such venerable engines does M. de Fonvielle conduct his assault upon supernatural religion). But perhaps the author does.

M. Sayous's pamphlet (18) is an interesting discussion of a matter of some historical importance. It deals incidentally with some of the curious Judæo-Arabian sects of heretics, who undoubtedly had a considerable formative influence on Islamism.

A short tract on electoral reform in France (19) may deserve mention. The author proceeds on the principle that the preponderance of the majority and the representation of the minority are things to be concurrently aimed at.

The third number of the *Revue des arts décoratifs* (20) contains among other things a paper on Galland, the decorator, and a sample of his work, which is not particularly attractive, together with a representation of a beautiful pier-glass, designed by Prudhon, and another of some sixteenth-century woodwork rather resembling metal in delicacy and character of design.

Among the few novels of which we have to give account this month *Renée Mauperin* (21) deserves the first place, if not for intrinsic worth, at any rate for age and for a certain literary importance of the historical kind. It was one of the earliest books in which MM. de Goncourt set the example of naturalism, and considering

(4) *Grains de bon sens.* Par Alphonse Karr. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Dix ans de l'histoire d'Angleterre.* Par Louis Blanc. Tome 8. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Contes populaires de différents pays.* Par X. Marmier. Paris: Hachette.

(7) *Questions d'enseignement.* Par E. Bersot. Paris: Hachette.

(8) *Promenades dans les deux Amériques*, 1876-1877. Par E. Cotteau. Paris: Charpentier.

(9) *L'île de Rhodes.* Par V. Guérin. Seconde édition. Paris: Leroux. London: Trübner.

(10) *Histoires de voyage.* Par A. Barbier. Paris: Dentu.

(11) *La science sociale contemporaine.* Par E. Fouillée. Paris: Hachette.

(12) *La philosophie de Goethe.* Par E. Caro. Paris: Hachette.

(13) *Aphorismes sur la sagesse dans la vie.* Par A. Schopenhauer. Traduit par J. A. Cantacuzène. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(14) *La patrie et la république.* Par Léon Danicourt. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(15) *Questions and Answers on French Grammar.* By V. Laurent. London: Stanford.

(16) *La légende du Christ.* Par Henri Dufay. Paris: Dreyfous.

(17) *Les miracles devant la science.* Par W. de Fonvielle. Paris: Dentu.

(18) *Jesus Christ d'après Mahomet.* Par E. Sayous. Paris: Leroux. Leipzig: Schulze.

(19) *L'équité électorale.* Par E. Brelay. Paris: Guillaumin.

(20) *Revue des arts décoratifs.* No. 3. Paris: Quantin.

(21) *Renée Mauperin.* Par E. et J. de Goncourt. Nouvelle édition. Paris: Charpentier.

the remarkable fruits which the tree has since borne, the seed may have a certain interest. We cannot, however, say that *Renée Mauperin* seems to us intrinsically to deserve republication in the charming little collection known as the *Petite Bibliothèque Charpentier*. Less audacious than *Germinie Lacerteux*, it is also less powerful. Mme. Henry Gréville's mixture of humour and pathos is very well illustrated in *L'héritage de Xénie* (22). The dialogue is especially good, and many of the speeches of the heroine and her mother are possessed of a pleasant crispness which no French novelist, save Mme. Gréville, and now and then M. Cherbuliez, knows how to give. The plot is perhaps a little spoilt by French mother-worship. *Les demi-mariages* (23) is intended to illustrate the evil effects of the granting of an unlimited faculty of divorce, and it is more effective than most novels with a purpose. *Le remords du docteur* (24) is a rather well-put-together story, involving a curious question of casuistry. A doctor on one occasion saves a life, thereby causing—as he knew at the time he should cause—a great deal of annoyance to some very excellent people. Afterwards he, half deliberately, neglects to save another life, thereby making some excellent people very happy. *Quaeritur*, for which act ought he to feel remorse? Lastly, *Le château de Castelloubon* (25) is a fair, but rather spun-out, tale of *diablerie*. Some tourists pass the night in a haunted château, and the evil spirits revenge themselves on their disturbers tragically and ingeniously enough.

(22) *L'héritage de Xénie.* Par Henry Gréville. Paris: Plon.
(23) *Les demi-mariages.* Par Paul Perret. Paris: Plon.
(24) *Le remords du docteur.* Par Georges Vautier. Paris: Ghio.
(25) *Le château de Castelloubon.* Par L. Couste. Paris: Ollendorff.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE EUROPEAN CONCERT.

THE conflicting reports of the intentions of the Turks, the Albanians, the Montenegrins, and the great European Powers are not the less confusing because they may perhaps all at short intervals of time be successively true. The SULTAN'S caprices vary from day to day; the Albanians incline to yield or to resist according to the news from Constantinople. Sometimes it is said that the Catholic Albanians regard without repugnance annexation to Montenegro, in the hope that the eventual result would be absorption in the Austrian Empire. They may perhaps overlook the almost certain contingency of a preliminary war; for Russia would unquestionably not surrender without a struggle the Principality which has so long served as an outwork against Turkey. The Mahometan Albanians alternately profess their devotion to the SULTAN, and their determination to assert their independence if they are deserted by their natural sovereign. The most prudent of all the parties to the local struggle appears to be Prince NIKITA of Montenegro. He is said to have agreed to abandon his claim to Dinosch and Gruda on condition of the peaceable surrender of Dulcigno. Some newspaper Correspondents add that the PRINCE not injudiciously declines to risk the lives of his subjects in an enterprise which the European Powers are, in his opinion, pledged to accomplish. He is perhaps entitled to assume that a powerful fleet has not been collected on the Adriatic coast for the mere purpose of looking on while the Albanians, the Montenegrins, and perhaps the Turks decide their quarrel. The only flaw in his supposed reasoning is that he possibly attaches too definite a meaning to the supposed European concert.

A Correspondent who seems to be well informed publishes unsatisfactory accounts of the state of feeling in the harbour of Ragusa. The Italian contingent, by some awkward misunderstanding, neglected to salute the Austrian flag; and, though the mistake was afterwards corrected, it may have left disagreeable feelings behind. Much stress is laid on the tact and good sense of Sir BEAUCHAMP SEYMOUR, who is fortunately the senior Admiral of the squadron. The reporter significantly adds that no influence of manner or character can effectually repress the bad temper and ill-breeding of others. The delay of the French ships in arriving naturally suggested a doubt whether their Government was hearty in the cause; but they arrived at last. It is still uncertain whether the commanding officers of the contingents are furnished with identical instructions applicable to the various contingencies which may occur. The English Admiral gives technical and professional orders; but he must consult his colleagues on political questions. No troops are to be disembarked; but the Admirals have power to bombard. The critical Correspondent is disposed to think that intervention would be most advantageously undertaken by the English squadron alone; though it would be a strange result of the laborious efforts to establish a European concert if only one of six Powers were at the last moment prepared to act. The centrifugal forces betray their existence at every moment; yet it must not be forgotten that the motives which induced the Powers to agree on the so-called demonstration will continue to operate until the object is finally attained. The fleets have not been ordered to Ragusa for the purpose of illustrating the vacillation and bad faith of the respective Governments. It is possible that the calculated delays interposed by the SULTAN may be directed rather to the postponement of the question of the Greek frontier than to the avoidance of the cession of Dulcigno to Montenegro. If any want of harmony among the combined Governments or their naval representatives should disclose itself during the present operation, the Turkish Government would be encouraged in its resistance to the decrees of the late Conference at Berlin.

The proverbial method of maintaining peace by preparation for war appears in recent times to have superseded all friendly or philanthropic methods. Every overture made by one Government to another indicates hostility to a third Power. When Prince GORTCHAKOFF a year ago made advances to France, he was actuated by resentment against Prince BISMARCK for his share in the Treaty of Berlin. The proposal was immediately followed by the virtual alliance between Germany and Austria which elicited from Lord SALISBURY too outspoken an expression of satisfaction, while it suggested to Mr. GLADSTONE the suspicion of a conspiracy against the pretensions of his Servian and Bulgarian clients. It is now stated that a more definite proposal of an offensive and defensive alliance was made by Prince GORTCHAKOFF, and unaccountably communicated by M. WADDINGTON to Prince BISMARCK. Mr. GLADSTONE'S wanton and unstatesmanlike attack upon Austria, and the threats which he insinuated even in his apologetic letter to Count KAROLYI, have been answered by the recent visit of Baron HAYMERLE to Prince BISMARCK. Neither statesman is likely to have apprehended an alliance between England and Russia which should extend to concerted warlike operations; but Germany may perhaps have undertaken in certain contingencies to support the extension of Austrian dominion which Mr. GLADSTONE denounced in an offensive phrase. It is believed that Italy has, in consequence of differences with France on some African subject of dispute, indicated a disposition to join the league of Germany and Austria. M. GAMBETTA'S late speeches, though they admit of a more favourable interpretation, have been understood at Berlin as threats. That Powers all reciprocally jealous of one another have been induced to concur in a measure which is almost an act of war might be regarded as a triumph of English diplomacy, if the objects and motives of the naval demonstration were intelligible and certain. One incidental and advantageous result of the combination is the impediment which is offered to separate action on the part of Russia. The enforcement of one of the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin is clearly within the competence of the signatory Powers, though it is not known how far they insist on their right.

It is extremely doubtful whether they will be even approximately unanimous on the more important question of the addition of territory to Greece. The cession is not imposed on Turkey by the Treaty of Berlin; and France, which originally proposed the aggrandizement of Greece, has, for reasons which have not been fully explained, declined to enforce the recommendation. On the other hand, the present English Government cordially supports the claims of Greece to which Lord BEACONSFIELD and Lord SALISBURY had apparently become indifferent. Austria and Germany take no active interest in the matter; but Russia will not be indisposed to furnish an excuse for the revival of agitation in the Slavonic provinces. The Greek armaments, though they are ostentatiously pro-

seceded, will probably exercise little influence on the result. The Turks, with the aid of the Albanians and the Mahometan residents in the territory in dispute, will be more than a match for the Greek levies. Before the struggle commences the SULTAN and his advisers will ascertain whether they have to apprehend the interference of the Great Powers. There is for the present no want of apparent unanimity. All the Ambassadors at Constantinople have agreed to the comments which are supposed to have been drawn by Mr. GOSCHEN on the Turkish project of reform in Armenia. As might be expected, the representatives of the Powers remark that no sufficient guarantee is given for religious equality, and that the more urgent duty of protecting the peaceable population against the Kurds and Circassians is not sufficiently provided for. They might have added that a more plausible document would have had little value, as long as the central and provincial administrators are inefficient and corrupt. If it is true that Colonel BAKER has been placed at the head of the armed police, the appointment is worth many projects of reform. If he has at his disposal a force paid with moderate punctuality, he will not fail to deal vigorously with the freebooters who are the worst of many evils. Mr. GOSCHEN has probably discharged his duty of remonstrating and threatening with vigour and assiduity, but he can scarcely have used stronger language than that which was habitually addressed to the Porte by Sir H. LAYARD under the instructions of Lord SALISBURY. The only recent change is the substitution of collective warnings and threats for the separate remonstrances of the English Ambassador. The SULTAN may perhaps be puzzled by a unanimity of which he may have some reason to doubt the genuine earnestness.

M. DE FREYCINET AND THE CHAMBER.

UP to this time M. DE FREYCINET has undoubtedly shown that his determination to take a line of his own on the question of the religious orders is something more than a mere whim, or than an impulsive attempt to manifest his independence of M. GAMBETTA. Whatever may be the issue of the present Republican rebellion against the leader of the Left, it promises, if M. DE FREYCINET goes on as he has begun, to give France a second politician of the first rank. Hitherto among working Republicans there has been only one. Since M. DUFAURE'S resignation the Republican Cabinet has been merely M. GAMBETTA'S warming-pan. The puppets were put into their places and taken out of them again just as it suited his sovereign will. Down to this time, too, M. GAMBETTA has been justified of his puppets. The best evidence they could give that they were in their proper places was to show that they were fit for nothing better. That M. DE FREYCINET will succeed in carrying the Chamber with him is certainly improbable. Whether he is right or wrong in the estimate he has probably formed of the state of public feeling on the question of the decrees, there is no apparent reason to suppose that the existing deputies are inclined to waive or even delay their execution. When M. DE FREYCINET spoke of the dissolution of the Jesuit establishments as a concession to the feeling of the Chamber which had made it possible to pursue a more conciliatory policy in regard to the other orders, he may really have been thinking of the constituencies. They may be disposed to draw a distinction between one order and another, though the Chamber is seemingly bent upon including them in a common condemnation. It would be premature, however, to assume that the conversion of the PRIME MINISTER will have no influence on the deputies by whose support he holds office. French politicians are not less sheep-like than those of other countries, and the fact that M. DE FREYCINET sees reason to pursue a different course from that which he has hitherto taken may bring round a portion of the Republican majority to the reasonable views which he is now defending. If M. DE FREYCINET were the leader of the Republican party as well as the chief of a Republican Ministry, this result would be very much more probable than it is. But however the matter is looked at—unless, indeed, M. GAMBETTA is to be credited with an extraordinary tortuousness—to support M. DE FREYCINET now is to oppose M. GAMBETTA. The whole history of the last few weeks is unintelligible, unless we assume that M. DE FREYCINET believes that the Radical policy towards the religious orders is not a prudent policy for the Republicans to adopt, and wishes to convey to his countrymen that, if they agree with him in thinking this, he is willing to provide a rival policy for their acceptance. It is not easy to believe that M. DE FREYCINET'S return to moderate views will outweigh M. GAMBETTA'S adherence to extreme views. At all events, if it does so, it will be in the country rather than in the Chamber.

According to the principal authority upon this curious passage in contemporary history, M. DE FREYCINET has on his side a personage whose importance where Ministers are concerned is not exclusively titular. "According to a "source worthy of credit," says the Paris Correspondent of the *Times*, speaking of the Cabinet Council held on Thursday, "the President of the REPUBLIC openly manifested his approval while M. DE FREYCINET was stating "the motives that had guided him," and a little later in his letter he speaks of M. GRÉVY as one "who, it is certain, "shares, approves, and approved beforehand, M. DE "FREYCINET'S views and attitude." The President of the REPUBLIC cannot secure victory to a Minister, supposing that the Chamber is persistently hostile to him, and is supported by the country in its hostility. But he can do one thing by himself, and one thing in concert with the Senate, which may be of immense and even decisive advantage to a Minister. He has the appointment and dismissal of Ministers, and though he cannot retain a Minister in office against the wishes of the Chamber, he can present the issue to the deputies in the way he likes best. Under some circumstances this may be a very valuable power. Which party is the assailant and which the defender may make a great difference to the result of a Parliamentary conflict. There are times of course when it does not matter in the least whether the politician who challenges the verdict, whether of the Chamber or of the country, is in office or in opposition. The two last elections in England were cases in point. There is no reason to suppose that either Mr. GLADSTONE in 1874 or Lord BEACONSFIELD in 1880 gained anything by being in office at the time of the dissolution. In other cases however Ministers have gained a great deal by being able to await attack. And this advantage, such as it is, M. GRÉVY can give M. DE FREYCINET. If the PRESIDENT were opposed to him, he might ask for his resignation, and then replace him by M. JULES FERRY or M. CONSTANS. Being on his side, he can, if he chooses, ask M. FERRY and M. CONSTANS to resign, and thus enable M. DE FREYCINET to hold his ground with a homogeneous Cabinet until he can be dislodged by his late colleagues. This is what he can do by himself. What he can do in conjunction with the Senate is to hurry on a dissolution. Instead of waiting for the natural decease of the Chamber in 1881, the PRESIDENT and the Senate can dissolve it in 1880, and so enable the election to be taken on the specific issue on which M. DE FREYCINET has challenged the judgment of his countrymen. It is probable that a Senate constituted as the present Senate is would support the PRESIDENT in appealing to the electors. What the result of such an appeal would be it is of course impossible to say; but this much should be remembered by way of caution. The constituencies have never yet had the choice between a moderate and a Radical Republic fairly submitted to them. They have had to choose often enough between the Republic and other forms of government, and they have consistently answered that they prefer the Republic. But, if M. DE FREYCINET goes to the country on the question whether to execute the decrees or to allow the religious orders to profit by their recent declarations, it will be the first time that such an alternative has been offered.

If Frenchmen are determined to carry the quarrel with the Church to the last extremity, they will do so in the face of the largest concession that the Church has made for a very long time. It seemed likely that the treatment the Jesuits had sustained at the hands of the Government would unite both the other orders and the secular clergy in their defence. That this would have happened if the orders and even the secular clergy had been left to follow their own devices is almost certain. The whole language alike of lay speeches and Episcopal pastorals points to this conclusion. The strife between the Church and the Republic was one of long standing, and the moment when the Republic had just annihilated a most important ecclesiastical outpost did not seem a

time for offering terms. It may be suspected that the Pope could scarcely have done a more unpopular thing in the eyes of French Catholics than suggest a compromise between the remaining non-recognized orders and the Government. Leo XIII., however, has been true to his own character, and to his whole previous policy, and has brought the orders round to his view. The declaration recently issued is an extraordinary instance of turning the other cheek to an adversary. After the wrath of the Government had been shown in the closing of the Jesuit establishments, the Pope had still a soft answer ready. He could recognize that the Church had given some ground for the misrepresentations of which she had been the object, that her record as regards the powers that be in France had not always been irreproachable, and that, though her political ventures had only been for her hurt, she had provoked the injury by embarking on them. The declaration of the orders puts all this into words, somewhat diplomatic perhaps in expression, but sufficiently unmistakable in sense. If the French nation rejects this concession, they will be doing all in their power to make moderation on the part of the Church impossible for the future. The Pope's reactionary advisers will be able to point to the failure of the attempted compromise in France, and from this they will deduce the uselessness of compromise everywhere. This is a result which may suit well enough the purpose of the extreme Left; but, if it proves equally attractive to the Republican party generally, the prospect before the French nation is far from being wearisomely bright.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S ZEAL.

THE incurable wickedness of the unpaid magistracy is one of the articles of the Radical faith, and it is not surprising to find that the Home Secretary has endeared himself to the professors of that faith by his recent attack on certain magistrates. These evildoers "will," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "find Sir William a very different "sort of superior from Sir Richard Cross." A melancholy philosopher might find in this observation an illustration of the mutability of human affairs. Before the rage of the recent political controversy tarred the whole of the late Ministry with the same brush, it used to be frankly acknowledged by Liberal critics that Sir Richard Cross was an exceptionally good Home Secretary, the best that had held the office for many years, and almost, if not altogether, too good for a Tory Government. A few short months, and his name becomes an instrument for comparisons certainly not quite reconcilable with this former estimate. However, it must be granted to Sir William Harcourt's panegyrists that he is the most industrious and enterprising of officials. He will still be doing. Now he is visiting the scene of a colliery accident, and oracularly pronouncing that there ought to be "more shafts." Now he is issuing a very curious certificate of indemnity to the officers of the mine. Now he is snubbing an obnoxious magistrate, and demanding of him whether he has not beadles in his town and things called whips. The worst of this energy is that the same fatality which has attended Sir William Harcourt's steps throughout his tenure of office dogs him still. Unkind critics point out that the apparently sapient demand for more shafts is equivalent to a demand for the shutting up of the colliery concerned, a certain amount of income being only equal to the support of a certain outlay of capital. The awkwardness of the now famous Stroud case in which the Home Secretary has been attacked, routed, and compelled to seek the refuge of ignominious silence by a simple county magistrate, is greater still. The hardest heart must feel a certain sorrow for a Home Secretary in such a plight.

The case of Walter Dean made some little noise in the later days of the Session. A child of tender years had been sentenced to incarceration, with exhausting tasks, by the ruthless Dogberries of the rural magistracy. Sir William's attitude was what is technically termed in fiction and the drama "noble." He spoke of "poisoning "the fountains of life," and brought down the House thereby. It is true that the reversal of Walter Dean's sentence, which he at once, and without any inquiry, ordered, seems to have come a little late, but that has nothing to do with the matter. If the sentence was unnecessary and unjust, its reversal or annulling was undoubtedly proper. But the Home Secretary, perhaps because his time was too much occupied with hares and rabbits, or with amateur criticism on his own Government's Burials Bill, had omitted the usual ceremony of obtaining from the magistrate concerned some information on the matter. The maxim "Hang first and try after-"wards" is a well-known one, and has local currency in two very different quarters of England as "Lydford law" and as "Scarborough warning." Sir William has invented an ingenious variation of it—"Pardon first and "try afterwards"—which perhaps may be described as Home-Office justice. Unluckily for him, the incriminated magistrate, Mr. Watts Hallewell, appears to be a person with all his wits about him, and possessed of a temper cool but by no means meek. He replied to the Home Secretary's letter practically censuring his conduct and announcing the order of release by a singularly damaging history of Master Walter Dean. This tender infant, who, for the crime of breaking a paltry window or two, was sentenced to imprisonment, has a history which would do credit to a much more mature offender. He has set fire to a plantation, he has stolen on different occasions fruit, eggs, money, solid provisions, and a choice assortment of miscellaneous articles of property; while window-breaking, before it finally obtained for him the sympathy of the Home Secretary, had been practised by him with an assiduity which could not but make him perfect in the art. So far indeed the Home Secretary may be acquitted of anything but somewhat indecent haste. Unluckily for him, however, he had, as we have mentioned, asked Mr. Hallewell whether a slight corporal punishment under the Summary Jurisdiction Act would not have been sufficient. It is a little surprising to find that this recommendation has not revolted Sir William's Radical admirers. We had thought that corporal punishment was to them a thing abominable, that it was a degradation, an insult to the rights of man, and a dozen terrible things besides. It would, however, appear that they hate magistrates so much that even corporal punishment can be gulped down when Justices' justice is to be found fault with. Sir William, as it happens, put the rod which he suggested for Walter Dean's body into Mr. Watts Hallewell's hands to use against himself. For it seems that the Summary Jurisdiction Act does not authorize the infliction of any such penalty for the particular offence committed by Walter Dean. At least Mr. Watts Hallewell has for some days been respectfully awaiting a reference from the Home Office to the section of the Act under which he could have whipped Walter, and the reference does not come. On the whole, it may be granted that the conduct of Sir William Harcourt is remarkably different from the conduct of Sir Richard Cross. The latter most assuredly would not have exposed himself in this way to the double charge of *ignorantia juris* and *ignorantia facti*, neither of which is in this case an excuse, but a very serious fault. Oriental justice would probably have ended the matter by making Mr. Watts Hallewell Home Secretary and Sir William Harcourt a magistrate under his feet. But the history of the transaction may be thought to show that, though Mr. Watts Hallewell might make a very good Home Secretary, Sir William Harcourt would make an exceedingly bad magistrate.

It is curious that this odd substitution of a Minister's private notions as to the ideally fit for the humdrum letter of the law should not have been the first instance of the same kind given by the present Ministry. Nobody can have forgotten Mr. Forster's remarkable declaration as to what he was going to do during the recess if Irish landlords exercised their legal rights contrary to his, Mr. Forster's, sense of justice. "Never mind the law," said Mr. Forster. "Never mind the law," says Sir William Harcourt. We have not the least intention of maintaining that the birch would not have been an exceedingly suitable punishment for Walter Dean. Indeed the birch, and plenty of it, seems to be an excellent prescription for that promising young man. Having "poisoned the fountains of life" for a good many other people, or, in less poetical language, having made himself an intolerable little nuisance to his neighbours, it is quite right that the law, as representing those neighbours, should make itself a nuisance to him in the way which he is most likely to feel. But it is amusing to think of the howl of wrath which would have been set up by Radical members of Parliament, Radical newspapers, and Radical mouthpieces and mouths generally, if a ma-

gistrate had ordered corporal punishment in a case where the law did not empower him to do so. How the dignity of man and the ferocious stupidity of magistrates would have been trotted out and made to show their paces! What subscriptions would have been forthcoming for the purchase of plasters for WALTER DEAN's wounded back and for doing dreadful things to Mr. WATTS HALLEWELL! We might have had a St. James's Hall Committee, and a Britons' Corporal Rights Defence Association, and Heaven knows what else beside. But when Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT makes the suggestion, it is greeted quite warmly by those who would have done all these things, and we are told that a "short Act next Session" will make it all right, and that Sir WILLIAM has "wisely "declined to discuss" the matter with the Stroud justices. As to this latter point, indeed, there can be little difference of opinion, for it is certainly wise to decline a discussion in which there is nothing to do except plead guilty. But the incident in other times would certainly not have been thought particularly creditable to the Government. For it may certainly be contended that the person whose duty, more than that of any other single person, is to watch over the administration of the law should not recommend flagrant breaches thereof, and should take the trouble to acquaint himself with the facts of the case on which he takes the responsibility of deciding. Since this case it seems that Sir WILLIAM has undauntedly pursued his career of reversing magisterial decisions, or, to speak more correctly, of setting aside magisterial sentences. He has already done this in the case of a woman sentenced to imprisonment for giving a false certificate of death—an offence which is in general, if not in the particular instance, a very serious one; and we are told that the same result will, it is thought, follow in another case. Indeed, if Sir WILLIAM adopts the convenient method of judging all cases without paying any attention to the facts, it is not unsafe to prophesy that the same result will follow in all. It is an easy way to gain popularity; and if the law suffers, why so much the worse for the law. Besides, a short Act next Session will set it all right. Fortunately in the present constitution of Parliament the passing of a short, or indeed of a long, Act is, if the Government choose to have it, almost a certainty, and so there can be no difficulties in the HOME SECRETARY's way.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE CITY COMPANIES.

THE City Companies must have anticipated their fate as it approached them by successive stages. The accession of the present Government endangered all ancient institutions, and in the first instance those which were intrinsically weakest. The issue of the Commission with the obvious purpose of depriving the Companies of the whole or a large portion of their revenues confirmed the gloomiest anticipations; and, finally, the appointment of Lord DERBY as chairman threatened uncompromising disregard of all claims founded on picturesque inutility. The governing bodies and their officers will not find it worth while to repeat the policy which their predecessors tried with success in 1833. It was then safe to refuse any revelation of the only secret which they greatly cared to keep, by disputing the power of Royal Commissioners to exact an account of their wealth. The answers of the Companies to the queries which have now been circulated are still voluntary; but any attempt to withhold information would be peremptorily overruled by Act of Parliament. It is not of good omen for the Companies that the Commissioners profess a desire to study their histories and antiquities. It may be taken for granted that in the lapse of centuries they have deviated from their original character and purposes, although they have with zealous fidelity preserved many of their early customs. Old duties which have passed into desuetude will serve as an argument for abolishing corresponding privileges; while banquets and other festive solemnities, however accurately they may have been handed down, will be condemned as unprofitable and obsolete. There are few institutions to which their members are for the most part as warmly attached; but even in the City mutinous liverymen are found to write letters to the papers in vituperation of the governing bodies. They might perhaps judiciously suspend the expression of their petty grievances till all dissensions are suppressed by a common disestablishment.

The collective revenues of the Companies have been vaguely estimated at half a million, and their advocates would find a difficulty in contending that a large income might not be more advantageously employed than in dinners, in pensions to decayed members, in maintenance of gorgeous halls, and in occasional encouragement of industry and art. Two or three of the richest Companies have within a few years contributed large sums for purposes of technical education; and as far as their contributions extend they have practically become trustees of the funds which they might at their discretion have retained. By some of the Companies moderate provision is occasionally made for needy members of the governing bodies; but it must be remembered that the recipients have in the first instance only enjoyed the hereditary right to membership on the payment of a heavy fine. Vested life interests will, as in all such cases, be protected; but the Government will probably propose to Parliament a scheme for dealing at discretion with a large surplus. All the members, including the liverymen, have votes; but they belong to a single constituency which has audaciously renounced its allegiance to Mr. GLADSTONE. There will be no danger of alienating the City, which will vainly regret and resent the destruction of the Companies, not only as an unwelcome change, but as a precedent for the approaching suppression of the Corporation. The Government which refused the City the opportunity of proving its importance by a special return in the Census has probably resolved on punishing it for its contumacy at the last election. The institution of one or more municipalities of London in the place of the ancient Corporation will raise important political and administrative issues. The total or partial confiscation of the property of the Companies will be a simpler operation, and it will serve as an instalment of the larger measure, or as a precedent for stringent legislation. The Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge will perhaps be later victims.

Lord DERBY will feel no sympathy with the doubts which may be suggested as to the expediency of putting an end to anomalies. If a capital amounting perhaps to some millions can without injustice to interested persons be diverted to more useful purposes, the most prosaic of statesmen will not hesitate to recommend the transfer. The attributes which are common to private and to corporate property are easily disregarded when there is an opportunity of exhibiting utilitarian liberalism. The popular clamour against the Companies is consistent as far as it is raised by the ordinary assailants of property. It seems shocking to the enemies of ownership that any fragment of wealth should be excluded from private and hereditary possession. Endowments, whether a share in the enjoyment of the funds is obtained by merit or by fortune, are by a curious paradox hateful to the revolutionary mind. That a feeble barrier should defeat cupidity is more irritating than the tenacity of individual ownership. An established Church, though it is in the distribution of its endowments a comparatively democratic institution, is in modern times more habitually threatened with spoliation than a private capitalist or landowner. The classes which might be expected to be most sensitive to attacks on property sometimes like or anticipate with short-sighted selfishness the demands of the mob. Rich noblemen have been heard to complain that College Fellows perform no definite duties in return for their incomes of two or three hundred a year. They have yet to learn that the hereditary owners of large estates ought not to be hasty in encouraging the prejudice against sinecures.

A courteous invitation to the officers of the Companies to furnish suggestions to the Commissioners would, if the general result of their inquiries were otherwise doubtful, imply a foregone conclusion of change. With the exception of official salaries recently fixed or readjusted, scarcely any public or private revenue is expended in perfect accordance with ideal utility. A formal investigation involves the assumption that the State or the Legislature has the right as well as the power to divert the funds into new channels. The restoration of the property of the Companies to the purposes for which it is supposed to have been originally intended may perhaps not be found easy or expedient. The Goldsmiths, the Fishmongers, and some of the other Companies already discharge certain technical duties which could not perhaps be usefully enlarged. The general encouragement of their respective trades by the Companies would in most cases

be impracticable or superfluous. Goldsmiths, mercers, and merchant tailors need little assistance; and there are no clothworkers in London. It would not be easy to define the technical education which is required to qualify a fishmonger for the practice of his mystery. The Commission and the Government will probably at present adopt an intermediate course between alienation of their whole property from the Companies and acquiescence in the present state of things. A certain discretion in the expenditure of the funds may be reserved to the governing bodies, perhaps with some change in their constitution. The hospitalities in which the citizens of London delight will be curtailed, though perhaps they may not be summarily suppressed. A large surplus will remain to be applied to objects of public utility, including perhaps the relief of general or municipal taxation. Speculative philanthropists, comparing possible modes of theoretical beneficence, have sometimes inclined to the opinion that the most effective form of charity would be a contribution to the Exchequer; but the possible acquisition by the State of property for its own purposes would be, in the invidious as in the literal sense of the term, confiscation. It is more probable that a part or the whole of the funds now belonging to corporate bodies in London will be applied in aid of local taxation. It might be found possible to distinguish between the luxuries and the necessary wants of a vast metropolitan population. The provision of parks, of bands of music, and of public recreations might seem to be a more suitable employment of accumulated funds in want of an owner than of the produce of rates. It might even be possible to connect the future with the past by giving the Companies, in some modified form, a voice in the expenditure for new objects of the revenues inherited from their predecessors. The social and festive traditions of special trades have in many cases become obsolete; but the reservation from private ownership of a portion of the wealth of the community is not in principle anomalous or inexpedient. Any revenues of the kind would be more properly expended in promoting popular enjoyment than in the discharge of the burdens which attach to all kinds of property.

THE WATFORD PLOT.

THE word "mystery" has been so often and so stupidly used of late in newspapers, that it has got into rather bad odour. It does not, however, seem that any much more appropriate term can be found for the extraordinary occurrences which took place between Sunday night and Monday morning last on the North-Western Railway between Watford and Bushey. According to their invariable, but not very wise, habit, the railway authorities were at first inclined to pooh-pooh the whole matter, and it was not until several days had passed that the most important point of all, the fact that the substance discovered on the line was dynamite, was authoritatively settled. However, there may be said to be now no doubt about the bare facts of the matter. Some time between seven o'clock on Sunday night and the same hour on Monday morning parcels of a peculiar kind of dynamite were arranged by the side of the fast down line, connected with india-rubber fuses charged with gunpowder, and tipped with percussion caps to explode them on a train passing. Moreover, the spot chosen was at the junction of two rails, and the fishplates were removed, apparently with the object either of inducing a wrong idea as to the cause of the wreck which was planned, or else to make it certain that the train attacked should leave the line and fall down the embankment on which the railway there passes. The plot apparently failed either because the fuses were not properly adjusted, or because the excessive rain for the time weakened or destroyed the explosive power of the compound. But the remarkable thing is that not merely are the perpetrators unknown, but the exact train intended for attack is not known either. The infernal machine was discovered soon after the passage of the usual morning newspaper train. But this is a train which does not often carry many passengers, which carries no mails, and which cannot be supposed to offer any special provocation to vindictive feelings or any temptation to cupidity in its parcels of printed matter. It may seem odd that the time of deposit of the parcel should be so uncertain. But this is due to the fact of the North-Western having now four working lines of rails, instead of two, for many miles out of London. Between the late passenger trains of Sunday night and the early newspaper train of Monday morning nothing passed over the metals of one of these. But it was natural that suspicion should point rather to the Scotch and Irish mails overnight as the probable object of the malefactors.

At present there seems to be no idea of any important freight which these trains carried, and it is certain that, except Lord NORTHBROOK, who is not particularly likely to be the object of any secret society's vengeance, they carried no passenger of political distinction. It will of course occur to all reasonable people that, if documents or property of an important kind were sent at this time, the senders, whether private persons or the Government, would take good care, and would be right in taking good care, not to divulge the fact just at this moment, except to the police. Four hypotheses have been suggested up to this time, which may be shortly described as Robbers, Fenians, Nihilists, and Trade-Unionists, especially discontented railway servants. The Trades-Union Congress, sitting at Dublin, has expressed great indignation at the last suggestion. We are happy to think that not the slightest foundation for it has yet been shown or imagined; but the virtuous indignation of the Trades-Unionists is perhaps a little excessive. It is not so very long since they were guilty of acts precisely similar in kind, if less wholesale in extent, and the unblushing manner in which they still proclaim their determination to do the best they can for themselves, regardless of other people's rights and interests, is not calculated to conciliate public opinion. But there is little doubt that they have, on the whole, outgrown the murderous stage of their career, and murder in the present instance has, for them, no very definable object. The Trade-Unionist is now "tolerably mild," and to annoy a Railway Company he would hardly do his best to kill and maim an indefinite number of guiltless persons. The Nihilist hypothesis also has little to show for itself. The mere fact that a Prince of the Russian Royal Family is in this country on an official errand seems to have been enough for some imaginative persons. But, as there is no proof that the Grand Duke CONSTANTINE was, or according to any plan could have been, in any North-Western train near Watford on Sunday night or Monday morning, the hypothesis seems to be at least gratuitous. This cannot be said of the supposition of an attempt to rob, especially as the train aimed at was one of the mail trains. Unfortunately it did not need the Bremen explosion to tell us that there are men who would stick at nothing in the way of cold-blooded villany in order to obtain the chance of gain. The powerful appliances and inventions of modern science offer to such persons considerable temptations, and railway and steamboat travelling gives them abundant opportunities. It does not follow that anything particularly valuable can be traced as having been sent by any of the threatened trains. It would be sufficient, however, for the criminals in question to get wind of an intention to send it, which might afterwards have been changed. Such a trifle as a train blown up for nothing would not be likely to interfere with the plans of the professional thief of the superior kind. Dynamite is cheap, india-rubber tubing is not dear. The whole apparatus of the plot could not have cost a great number of shillings, and it is quite possible that the engineer had his eye on the return of a great number of pounds for his investment. The only thing against this hypothesis is the extreme improbability, in such a country as England, of getting off clear with the booty in such a case.

There remains the Fenian suggestion, and this certainly has the strongest *primâ facie* likelihood of the four. Not only had the Irish night mail passed overnight since the time the rails had been last examined, but it is not to be forgotten that the Irish day mail was due not very long after the platelayer HEATH discovered the parcel of dynamite "sausages" by the side of the line. It is notorious that the brotherhood have, under the favourable circumstances lately prevailing, been unusually active, and the blow struck is of a character quite consistent with their well-known tactics. Something, if not somebody, of importance, may have been going to Ireland; but it must be remembered that the true Fenian would be by no means determined solely by this consideration. The destruction in a dramatic manner of an Irish train, or of any train, would be sufficient for him. He has been

definitely informed lately as to the advantageous results of the shot fired at the Manchester van, when, as an Irish historian and member of Parliament has it, Sergeant BRETT "got in the way of the bullet"; and of the still more dramatic explosion at Clerkenwell. The brutal aimlessness of this latter proceeding has been sufficiently often pointed out, and the destruction of a train by dynamite would not be more brutal, and might well be equally aimless. Of course there is not the slightest evidence to show that, as a matter of fact, Fenianism or Irish agitation had anything to do with the matter, and it is only possible to treat the question as one of pure speculation. The professional robber and the Fenian—who may be described as a professional murderer—appear to divide the chances pretty evenly between them. In this connexion it is hardly superfluous to take the recent audacious attempt to murder at Sheffield, which is pretty certainly the work of Fenians or some similar set of scoundrels. The Irish-American rascaldom with which Ireland is now swarming, and which is abundant enough in the large towns of the North of England, is capable enough of both deeds. That the dynamite used was apparently of an unusual kind, made by amateurs and not by professional manufacturers of explosives, is a fact somewhat noteworthy, but which is capable of being explained in more ways than one. But it is, on the whole, rather in favour of the hypothesis of a political society being engaged in the matter than of its having been an ordinary criminal speculation. There is no reason why the usual dynamite of commerce should not suffice the professional robber, especially as it presents less chance of identification. On the other hand, to have their own explosives made for themselves is an instance of the kind of half-childish vanity which is so frequently united with the devilish scheming of political agitators. It would be a great pity if any scare were excited by the occurrence. A very little thought will show that such an attempt is much more likely to fail than to succeed, and very unlikely to have even a chance of succeeding. Fortunately these schemes require a good deal of delicate adjustment, and the chapter of accidents is heavily in favour of the honest men against the rogues. The usual and necessary inspection of railways where the traffic is heavy is, moreover, so frequent that in most cases obstacles of any kind on the line are discovered before they can do any harm. The confidence felt by the public in the Department of Criminal Investigation is not extraordinary, and it will not be surprising if nothing is ever found out about the matter, or about the mysterious stranger who, with a bald head and a coat over his arm, was observed contemplating nature at six o'clock on a rainy morning. But if the thing turns out to have been a delicate jog to Mr. GLADSTONE's attention on the part of the I. R. B., there is at least one person in this kingdom who will have no reason at all to be surprised. Travellers by the North-Western will probably for some time to come wish that Mr. GLADSTONE had been less explicit in his revelations to the men of Midlothian as to the motives which usually act on his mind.

DEMOCRACY IN VICTORIA.

THE colony of Victoria continues to discharge its chosen function of illustrating the character and tendencies of extreme democracy. A small and scattered community possessing abundant material resources has the advantage of trying political experiments in comparative safety. There are no complicated systems of industry to derange in Victoria, and colonies, fortunately for themselves, are exempt from foreign politics. Faction, envy, and intolerance can only check the growth of prosperity by false economic legislation, and by the exclusion of the most competent classes from the conduct of affairs. In the absence of an aristocracy which Mr. FORSTER would condemn as founded on the accident of birth, successful traders, and lawyers and doctors with good incomes, are regarded with jealous dislike; and, on more plausible grounds, owners of large tracts of land are denounced as enemies of the people. The dominant working class is bent on maintaining a monopoly of employment by discouraging immigration. Small traders and founders of inchoate manufactures seek, as in the United States, to perpetuate and increase local monopolies. The whole population is comparatively small in number, but the extent of its territory gives it a complacent belief in its own importance, and there can be no doubt that at some future time it will expand into a considerable State. The petty demagogues who govern the colony sometimes, on small provocation, threaten the Imperial Government with secession; but they find that it is difficult to excite enthusiastic interest in the process of pushing at an open door.

Judicious well-wishers of the colony have been disappointed in the plausible belief that a reaction had set in. Not many months have passed since Mr. BERRY and the extreme democratic faction were temporarily driven from office, in consequence of the indignation which even their own supporters felt at the prevalence of jobbery and faction. Mr. SERVICE, the leader of the Opposition, succeeded with a moderate majority, and proposed a reform in the constitution of the Council which seemed likely to end a troublesome controversy. Unfortunately a cross issue raised by the Roman Catholic party divided the Ministerial supporters, and Mr. SERVICE was defeated in an important division. As the Roman Catholics were not numerous enough to claim the succession, Mr. BERRY took advantage of their victory. A coalition between ultra-democrats and advocates of sectarian education seems to be neither consistent with intelligible principle nor likely to last; and at the date of the last accounts the alliance had not been consolidated by the participation of Sir JOHN O'SHANNASSY and his associates in the formation of a Ministry; but probably by this time the difficulty may have been overcome.

The characteristic antipathy of the democratic agitators to the rules and traditions which are the best security of freedom was exhibited in a vote of want of confidence proposed by Mr. BERRY before the Government had formally opened the new Parliament. The object was apparently not so much to inflict a slight on Lord NORMANBY as to prove the superiority of the victorious faction to regulations and standing orders. Mr. BERRY is once more Minister, and Mr. PEARSON, who accompanied him on his mission to England, is one of his colleagues. A few years ago Mr. PEARSON was well known as a learned resident at Oxford. In the new life which he has chosen he has already made himself conspicuous by his support of democratic, if not communistic, doctrines, and his patriotism is no longer Imperial, but colonial. It is not a little strange that a cultivated Englishman can so readily dissociate himself from the feelings and associations in which he must have grown up. Before his late visit to England Mr. PEARSON had proposed the application of colonial revenues to public works undertaken, not for the general advantage, but for the employment of the working classes. Sir BRYAN O'LOGHLEN, who, when he was Attorney-General, talked about deporting the Governor by force, has for the present preferred his devotion to the Roman Catholic cause to his sympathies with Mr. BERRY and Mr. PEARSON; but the party which is equally hostile to property and to the English connexion will not remain disunited. The suppression of the independence of the Council, and the substitution of direct universal suffrage for representative government, will be again proposed, and perhaps carried. Taxation will be unequally imposed on political rather than on fiscal grounds, and protective duties will be maintained and perhaps increased. It is not a little paradoxical that the PRINCE of WALES should have been invited to attend an Exhibition at Melbourne in the present year. It is perhaps fortunate that the Colonial Government will not have the opportunity of offering some personal affront to the Crown. The discourtesy shown to the GOVERNOR in proceeding to business before the delivery of his Message indicates the temper and taste of Mr. BERRY and his associates.

When the Australian and North American colonies hereafter become nominally as well as really independent, they will perhaps find it expedient to modify their Constitutions by the introduction of checks and balances which exist in different forms in England and in the United States. It is of course impossible in modern times to found a second legislative Assembly on Mr. FORSTER's accident of birth; but the framers of the American Constitution created a Senate with greater practical powers than the House of Lords, and they conferred on the Executive an independent capacity of action which had already become obsolete in England. The Senate has far greater influence than the House of Representatives, and the President can suspend the decisions of both. Neither Colonial Governors nor Secretaries of State exercise any

real control over the Ministries which from time to time represent local majorities. The Council of nominees which Mr. BERRY proposes to establish in Australia would be appointed, not by the Governor, who might probably select competent and independent legislators, but by the Ministers, who are the leaders of the dominant faction in the Assembly. The main object of the measure is to render permanent the accidental supremacy of the extreme democratic party. The present Council is weak because it is not elected by universal suffrage. The reformed Council would be a fiction, until it became an impediment to the action of a possible Ministry of the other party. It would then be, not without excuse, remodelled in the interests of the actual Ministry. All real authority will reside in the Assembly, until the demagogues succeed in superseding Parliamentary government by the rude device of a popular vote. Mr. BERRY's *plébiscite* is a caricature of the theories of Parliamentary duty and responsibility which have lately been promulgated in England.

It might perhaps be questioned whether freedom from external dangers and complications is an unmixed advantage to the Australian colonies. The Governments of the Cape, and, to a certain extent, the Government of New Zealand, have to provide for the common security against natives who may possibly become enemies. The Government of Victoria has no enemies to fear except wealth, respectability, and intelligence. Injustice must be perpetrated, if at all, at the expense of minorities who theoretically enjoy equal rights with their countrymen. The evils of democratic despotism would perhaps be greater if the colonists were not of English blood, and consequently of a disposition to limit the functions of legislation and government. The Americans can afford to tolerate peculation and incompetence in some of their rulers, because they for the most part govern themselves. Time will show whether the colonies possess equal power of resistance to the vicious tendencies of universal suffrage. It must be admitted that, for the present, Victoria stands alone in its love of turbulence and anarchy. Its condition furnishes no argument against the modern experiment of conceding to colonies the exclusive management of their own affairs. The provincial demagogues could not in any circumstances have been restrained by Imperial authority. If Victoria had been partially administered by the Colonial Office, the agitators would have sought popularity in sedition even more readily than in unequal legislation. They are now content to assert their undisputed independence by occasional displays of rudeness which provoke no return.

THE NINE ELMS ACCIDENT.

A BAD railway accident at Nine Elms comes home with unusual force to Londoners. They can be philosophical over possible negligence in the North, or an obstinate refusal to take obvious precautions in the Midland counties; but when a disaster happens in London itself, and to a train by the like of which they may have themselves to travel every day, their interest in the matter becomes very keen. Unfortunately, the Coroner's inquest, which is a principal means of bringing out the circumstances of an accident ending in death, threatens to degenerate into a wrangle between the Court and the lawyers employed in the case. The proceedings on Tuesday were almost wholly of this sort. The inquiry had to be adjourned in order to allow the driver of the passenger engine which ran into the goods engine to recover from his injuries sufficiently to be examined; and it was suggested by one of the solicitors that, as this man's evidence was of great importance and he himself very ill, his deposition should be taken. The solicitor maintained that the Coroner had power to order this; the Coroner maintained that he had not; and, as there was really no other business before the Court, Coroner and solicitor had a fine time of it, ending, of course, as such squabbles commonly do end, in a threat on the part of the Coroner to clear the room, and in broad hints from the other side that the Coroner did not know his business. Until the importance of the coroner's office is more fully recognized, and the mode of election to it changed, these objectionable incidents will probably be recurrent in coroners' inquests. Whichever of the two views of a coroner's powers may have been correct as a matter of law, there can be no question as to which is right as a matter of common-sense. What the solicitor asked the Coroner to do was simply to take steps to perpetuate testimony. The immediate cause of the accident must be ascertained from the evidence of three persons—the signalman who allowed the passenger train to come on, the driver of the passenger engine, and the driver of the goods engine into which the passenger engine ran. Of those three, two are seriously ill, and it is possible that they may not recover. If they die, two out of the three persons who alone can give any account of what happened will be silenced. The Coroner is of opinion that, as there is no charge before him, he cannot have the depositions of these two persons taken. If he is right in so thinking, the law upon the subject ought plainly to be altered. Very serious charges may arise out of the inquest, and it seems a mischievous technicality to say that evidence in support of a charge may be perpetuated, but that evidence on which a charge may be founded must not. It is perhaps a fortunate circumstance that one of the deaths took place in the jurisdiction of another Coroner, and the inquest in this latter case has very properly been adjourned in order to give the jury an opportunity of going on with the inquiry if they are not satisfied with the proceedings at the first inquest. Out of those two inquests and the inquiry which is being conducted by the Board of Trade there is every chance of our getting at the truth, provided that death does not remove a material witness out of the way.

As yet all that is ascertained about the accident comes from the evidence of the signalmen at the "locomotive junction-box" near Nine Elms. There are always two signalmen at this station, and on Saturday night both came on duty about ten o'clock, ALMOND, the junior one, coming first. At ten ALMOND received the signal to let a goods-engine, which was then standing on the down main line, pass into the locomotive shed, and two minutes later he let this engine pass his box and go on to the junction-points. Properly his next act would have been to signal this engine to go on into the locomotive shed; but at three minutes after ten his attention was diverted by the passing of the Portsmouth express on the up main line, and when this had gone by ALMOND appears to have forgotten all about the engine which he had left standing on the down line. Had he remembered that it was still there, there would have been abundance of time for it to pass into the locomotive shed before the train which ran into it came up. At five minutes after ten ALMOND received the warning signal that the Hampton Court train was on the down line. He reported this to the senior signalman, who had come into the box after the passing of the goods-engine, and was told to see if all was clear. ALMOND looked to see if it was so; but his attention was again called away to a train from Kingston on the up line, and to an engine which had to be crossed on to the Windsor line. All, however, did seem clear, and accordingly he signalled the Hampton Court train to come on. Two minutes after the mischief was done. Whether there was a light burning at the back of the stationary engine does not seem to be known. ALMOND says that he did not notice one as the engine passed, and the fireman on the engine is unable to say whether the tail-light was burning or not. Had it been burning, it could apparently have been seen from the signal-box on an ordinary night. But Saturday night was not an ordinary night. There was a strong wind blowing and heavy rain falling, and wind and rain together may be quite as disturbing to the eyesight as fog.

Until something more is known, it is impossible of course to come to any useful conclusion as regards the circumstances of the accident. That it would not have happened if ALMOND had remembered that he had not passed the goods-engine into the locomotive shed seems to be clear. Nor was his forgetfulness due, as was at first not unnaturally suspected, to the fatigue consequent on long hours of work. On the contrary, he had only just begun his turn of duty. It is to be observed, however, that though the signal-box at which he was stationed is rightly held to be so important as to require the constant services of two signalmen, it was at this precise moment being worked by one. ALMOND came on duty "shortly before" ten, and DAVIS when it "had just turned" ten; and it may be supposed that the men whom ALMOND and DAVIS relieved went off duty as soon as ALMOND entered the box. Had DAVIS come in at the same time as ALMOND, both the men would have known of the passing of the goods engine, and it is in the highest degree improbable that both would have forgotten that it had gone on to the junction-points and was there waiting for further orders. If it is not already

a rule of the Company that where there are two signalmen to a station the pair on duty shall not leave until both the men who are to take their places have come into the box, it is plain that it ought at once to be made so. Had this simple precaution been observed, this accident would almost certainly not have happened. With trains succeeding one another as quickly as they do on the South-Western line at Vauxhall, a signalman cannot be left to himself even for two minutes without immense occasion for mischief being possibly given. Apart from this element in the question, it ought to be ascertained whether sufficient allowance is made for the additional difficulties under which signalmen and engine-drivers do their work in such weather as that of this day week, and whether proper care is always taken to ensure that the tail-light of every engine is kept burning while it is moving about on the line. The fact that the collision was caused by a momentary forgetfulness on the part of one man does not dispose of the question. The human memory is never to be absolutely depended on. The man who is most trustworthy in this respect may fail, and the true excellence of a system of precaution against accident consists in the presence or absence of sufficient counter-checks to make good these occasional failures.

Another point to be noted in connexion with this accident is the part which may possibly have been played in it by the obstinate economizing for which Railway Companies have lately taken so much credit to themselves. Supposing it should appear that the tail-light of the goods engine had been burning, and had been seen by the driver of the passenger engine, the next question will be why the passenger engine was not stopped soon enough to prevent a collision. Except when the distance between a train and the object towards which it is travelling is very short indeed, the stopping of a train is entirely a matter of brake-power. There are brakes now in existence the application of which will bring a train to a stand in what, considering its speed and momentum, is an almost incredibly short time. The Directors of the South-Western Railway Company lately told the Board of Trade that they had not yet seen any brake which completely answered the idea they had formed of what a brake ought to be. If accidents would be considerate enough not to happen while the South-Western Directors are giving the rein to the imaginative faculty in the matter of brake-power, railway passengers might cheer themselves with the thought of the wonderfully perfect machine that the Directors might at last discover. But, as accidents go on happening without regard to the Directors' arrangements, it is expedient that some jurymast should be set up, and the public protected for the time by a brake which may not answer all the requirements that an ingenious and dilatory fancy can suggest.

THE ELEMENTARY EDUCATION ACT.

TWO Circulars which have just been issued by the Education Department instruct the Inspectors how to deal with any difficulties that may present themselves under the Elementary Education Act of the present year, or under the provision for teaching class subjects which now forms part of the Code. From the first it appears that the Education Department is at last determined to make the Act of 1876 a really working measure. The country owes the extension of compulsory attendance to the whole country to Lord SANDON; but Lord SANDON was content—perhaps wisely—with establishing it as a principle. The translation of the principle to practice he left to his successor. The Act of 1876 imposed upon the local authority of every district the duty of sending children to school. The Act of 1880 arms them with the powers necessary to discharge this duty. The Circular, while it notes "with satisfaction the increase of scholars on the "registers of aided schools," notes also that the number of scholars who attend "with even the small amount "of regularity required by the Code" falls short by one and a quarter million of what a judicious enforcement of the powers now vested in the local authorities might easily make it. The Circular further reminds these authorities that Lord SANDON's Act enables the Department to deal very decidedly with any obstinate resistance to the demands which the law makes on them. "My Lords" trust "that they may not be obliged to have recourse to "the power with which they have been entrusted of superseding any of those authorities by persons specially "appointed with the view of administering the by-laws." They would rather that the work were done by those whose business it is to do it; but, if this should prove impossible, they are prepared to hand the work over to those to whom it will be a pleasure as well as a business. The Department, however, are evidently not quite easy as to the manner in which their last new broom will work. They appear to be afraid lest local enthusiasm should occasionally get the better of local prudence, and the Department be besieged with recommendations to supersede the local authority in favour of those who are more interested in the progress of education in the district. If the Department were to listen to these applications, it would soon come to be recognized that a new and cheap way of entering public life had been opened out. Instead of encountering the cost and labour of a contested local election, the judicious reformer would allow the reactionary candidates to be returned, and would then apply to have them superseded, on the ground that they were allowing the powers with which they had so recently been armed to lie altogether unused. To meet this contingency the Circular tells the Inspectors that it rests with them and the Department, "rather than with individual parishioners," to see that the local authority of each district does its duty in enforcing the attendance of children at school. If attendance in any district is slack, it is to the Inspector that the Department will look for information as to the cause to which this slackness can be traced. "My Lords" are not, however, without fear lest even Inspectors should occasionally show a somewhat indiscreet zeal. It is conceivable that they may occasionally jump to a conclusion rather hastily, and assume without sufficient inquiry that a local authority has neglected its duty when in fact it has only discharged its duty in a somewhat obnoxious way. The Inspectors are warned that frivolous and unfounded charges of neglect of duty will only prejudice the cause which they have at heart. In order that education should become universal, it is important that the action of the Department should have the sympathy and co-operation of all who are really interested in making it universal. If their attention is drawn away from the weightier matter, how education shall be furthered, into squabbles whether A. or B. will do most to further it, this co-operation and sympathy will not be secured. The district will be divided into a faction which sides with the Inspector and a faction which sides with the local authority, and between the two the end for which Inspector and local authority alike exist will be sacrificed. This is such very sensible advice that it is to be hoped that it will be accepted by the Inspectors. An ardent and energetic young man might easily set a whole parish by the ears, though all the time he might have done nothing worse than have been a little too impatient with a well-meaning but rather stupid local authority.

The second Circular carries us into a region very much further removed from the dull routine of elementary education. It reminds Inspectors that, in order to earn the highest possible grant, each class which has in it children of any standard above the first must be examined in two class subjects, and all children above the third standard must also be examined individually in two or more specific subjects. The result of this arrangement is that the teachers of the higher classes have often "to provide eight lectures per week." The Department are to all appearance a little startled at the consequences of their own acts. At least, if it is not so, it is difficult to understand what they mean by the remark that "a graphic oral lesson requires constant "acquisition of fresh matter, rearrangement of plan, and "thoughtful preparation of illustrations or experiments, as "well as a copious choice of language and a readiness of "adaptability to difficulties that may arise in the course "of a lesson for which no preparation can be made." This enumeration of the qualifications which the Code indirectly requires in all teachers who have to do with children above the third standard is enough to take away the breath of any one who remembers what a drudgery the everyday work of elementary teaching must necessarily be. A habit of constant and intelligent study, careful preparation of lectures, a copious choice of language, and readiness to deal with unforeseen difficulties that are met with as a matter of course. They have a certain market value, and, ordinarily speaking, they cannot be

secured except by those who in one form or another are prepared to pay the price they will fetch. There are some employments in which the pleasantness of the work leads those engaged in it to take lower pay than they would put up with in less congenial occupations. This is not the case with elementary teaching. For the most part, a man will not become a teacher of such very rough babes as are found in Board and even in voluntary schools, unless he is either not fitted for higher work, or it is made worth his while to take this particular work. If the qualifications just enumerated are wanted in elementary schools, they can be attracted there just as easily as anywhere else; but the motive power must be the money which a man can make by going there. We look forward then to one of two things happening as a result of this provision in the Code. Either teachers of this quality will not be had—in which case the teaching of class subjects will sink into a worthless string of fine-sounding words, or they will be had and paid for—in which case the item of teachers' salaries will grow with great steadiness and great rapidity. It is not that teaching does not evoke enthusiasm, or that enthusiasm is peculiarly greedy of money. If the field into which the properly equipped teacher of class subjects is to be daily turned were one that repaid tillage, the experiment would be much more hopeful. But it is nothing of the kind. As we have often insisted, the work of cramming secondary instruction down the throats of children who will leave school at twelve must always be ungrateful, because it must always be useless. "Hitherto," says the Circular, "even in the upper "classes of elementary schools, the age and attainments "of the children have generally incapacitated them from "taking notes of useful length." Does Mr. MUNDELLA look forward to a time when the children attending elementary schools will be of an age to take "notes of "useful length"? The Department may of course obtain an alteration of the law which shall make attendance at school compulsory up to the age when men ordinarily leave the University; but, unless they succeed in doing this, the hard necessities of life will assert themselves at much the same age as they do now. So long as the children whom a teacher has under his charge are rarely more than twelve years old, the teaching of class subjects must be mere drudgery. The best children will be those who catch the master's phrases most accurately and reproduce them most mechanically, and to teach children such as these is not a career which a young man of more than ordinary intelligence will embrace without being well paid for condescending to it. The prospect is not a pleasing one for any one who regards moderation in expenditure as one of the marks of a good local authority.

GIANTS AND DWARFS.

FROM time immemorial no show, pageant, procession, or fair has ever been complete without the presence of a giant, a dwarf, an unknown animal, or a monster. The monster, indeed—especially the human monster—has been of late years extremely rare and difficult to procure. Formerly, when the demand was brisk, the manufacture of monsters formed a special industry; and, according to Ambroise Paré, "that famous chirurgeon," the *larrons et bélistres* of France carried on in his day a profitable trade in the transformation of wretched children into shapeless and hideous monsters. A large proportion of the subjects of the great Coesre, king of vagabonds and thieves, and most of the residents of the Cour des Miracles, were such mutilated and disfigured creatures. The art of producing withered limbs and distorted faces is now probably lost; yet the visitor to a French fair may always look to find some eccentricity, some unfortunate freak of nature, figured with bold exaggeration outside a booth, provided with a showman, a drum, and a pair of cymbals, and exhibited behind the canvas to all comers for the charge of one penny. A lively writer in a French paper some time ago described a banquet, at which he declared that he had himself assisted, where all the guests were professional monsters. Among them were the well-known dwarf with long arms, and his sister, likewise a dwarf, with no arms at all; the living skeleton; the elephant girl, with a trunk for a nose; the woman covered with fur like a bear; the bearded woman; the albino; the giantess; the man with no legs; the human porpoise, and others, all pleasing companions of the dinner table and delightful objects of study. It is certain that in the matter of monsters the French are ahead of us; for except the fat lady, and perhaps the living skeleton, we should hardly nowadays expect to find a single one of these interesting specimens of humanity in any English fair. But then our fairs themselves are degenerate, besides being few and far between. Their attractions are not what they were. Gingerbread in all its branches may yet survive; but it is sad to think that children may go from fair to fair without once setting eyes on those terrible and interesting creatures who formerly held booths of state, and filled the mind with terrible, yet delightful, dreams of Bogey which lasted for a month.

The fact of this Banquet of Monsters may be as doubtful as the valiant Gest of Brummy, but the idea is worthy of a French imagination; only it deserves extension beyond a simple dinner. There should be held a Congress of Monsters, at which might be elicited something of the habits of thought engendered by having your head between the shoulders, or by wearing two pairs of legs, or by being covered with fur. The "gate money" at such a Congress would be certainly considerable, though the "scientific results," to quote the words of a late illustrious Faster, might fall short, as his did, of reasonable expectation. We should like to know, for instance, how monsters regard the world from which they are held apart, and we would call them together with the object of this anthropological inquiry; but they might, when met together, make use of the opportunity to speculate, instead, how the ignoble and common herd, made after the mere every-day pattern, not distinguished by so much as a hump, look upon things. This would be disappointing. Or perhaps they might refuse to read any papers at all; they might prove indifferent as regards scientific research; they might be slow at catching the idea of the thing; they might be perverse; they might even be unable to wield the ready pen. Such an assemblage would, however, apart from scientific considerations, attract all sorts and conditions of men. Some of us would hasten to see it under the pretence of holding up the exhibition to public contempt in the papers; some in order to be able to warn off others; some professing an intention of preaching upon it; some under solemn protest; a few with a brazen ostentation of curiosity; but all would find their way there, and the "gate money," as we have said, would be very considerable.

The manager of a London show has partly anticipated these suggestions—he may, indeed, be contemplating a Universal Congress of Monsters—in an interesting collection now open to the public in his establishment. A long narrow room furnished with a piano, a platform, a table, and a few chairs, contains the whole exhibition, which consists of a giant, three dwarfs, a Hindoo, a young lady to play the piano, and another to sell certain perfectly useless articles displayed upon the table. What they all do when there are no visitors in the room it is impossible even to guess. On entering, a certain movement is perceptible as of a general awakening; the young lady at the piano runs her fingers carelessly over the keys; the young lady at the stall is discovered busy among her boxes; and while you are beginning to look about a great figure of a man solemnly stalks up to you and holds out his hand to be shaken. He is between seven and eight feet high; this, according to Josephus, who here differs from the leading authority, was about the height of Goliath—"four cubits and a span in tallness"—which may be roughly estimated at seven feet six inches, unless one takes a meaner view of the cubit. It is interesting to shake hands with a man as big as Goliath. He of Gath, no doubt, had as large a hand. Upon one finger of the modern Goliath there is a ring of gold, which the giant takes off and shows, so that all who see may be abashed in considering the miserably meagre girth of their own forefingers. He is dressed in a long blue dressing-gown; which is a mistake—such a man should rise to the dignity of his eight feet in richer and more splendid garments; a George the First costume, for instance, with a flowered silk waistcoat down to the knees, silk stockings, diamond buckles, a coat with full and ample skirts, and a full-flowing Ramillies wig, would be more becoming. But he is not a giant who cares to magnify his office; he is not, apparently, proud of his superiority; he even shows clearly that he is bored with the perpetual shaking of hands and taking off of that great ring; some day the ring may lead to fatal consequences, as the boots brought the Frenchman, who grew tired of taking them off, to an early end. He sits melancholy, thinking perhaps of other Norwegians—he is of Norway—happier than himself, though perhaps nearly as tall, who roam at ease upon their native hills. For him no more feats upon the fiord; he will go on for ever shaking hands and pulling off that gold ring. When the exhibition closes for the day, where, one asks, does he go? Where does he spend his evenings? May he take his walks abroad? Where, indeed, do they all live, the folk of caravans and shows; and what are their domestic habits? We cannot, however, ask the melancholy giant, for other people have come in, and he is once more taking off the great gold ring.

We are next invited to shake hands by a neat abridgment of man, jet black of hue. He is something under three feet in height, and has a pleasant cheerful countenance. His name appears to have been chosen for him after he went into the pigmy line, and has been chosen badly; at least one would think that a better name could be found than Midget Adonis. He is about five-and-twenty years of age and is perfectly proportioned, save for a rotundity common rather among aldermen than dwarfs. He is prettily behaved and well dressed; and, when he has told you that he hails from the Transvaal, he seems to have got through all he has to say. One would like to have his opinion on the public feeling in that colony as regards annexation, but the question may be a delicate one; we are presently assured that he "went through" the late war, in which he is said to have performed signal services—services undefined, but supposed to be such as to require agents difficult to be seen except through a microscope; and our informant does not tell us on which side he fought. Now, he is coal black, and perhaps . . . but it is as well not to pursue the subject. Adonis is followed by a lady dwarf, of whom we need only say that she does

not offer to shake hands at all, but has things to sell. She should rather be described as an undersized lady than a dwarf. The next member of the happy family who presents himself is a Hindoo. He is neither dwarf nor giant, but a properly proportioned and handsome fellow, who is probably admitted for artistic effect and with a view to contrast—an Indian dress always showing well beside anything, even the Norwegian's blue dressing-gown. One of our party addresses him in his native language; this pleases him, and he rewards us with the exhibition of two or three feats in sleight-of-hand, certainly not new, but of the kind which produce the pleasure of surprise and wonder. It must be sad indeed to know how tricks are done.

Last of all, the principal personage of the show introduces himself. He is a little Chinaman, about the same height as the Transvaal veteran, but of better figure. He has delicate little hands covered with rings; he is dressed in what is, without doubt, the correct costume of a Chinese gentleman; he knows the nice conduct of a fan; he wears a hat of recognized Celestial build, with a "little round button at top"; and his face contains all that has ever been imagined possible even in a Chinese face. We have often marvelled at the depths of wisdom which lie in all Chinese eyes, and the superiority indicated by all Chinese eyebrows; but this dwarf is the ideal Chinaman; his face shows that he is serenely satisfied with himself; that he is assured of his position; that he is a philosopher, content to enjoy; that he reads little but thinks much; that he secretly contemns the restless Westerns; that he regards us, as the gleam and twinkle of his eye denote, with amusement. He is fond of talking, too, and after the usual preliminaries (in which he states, for our amusement, not in any hope of being believed, that he is a gentleman travelling in order to see the world, not to make money) he shows himself a most genial, amusing, and pleasant little fellow. One thing we presently remark. He takes no notice whatever of his companions, nor do they take notice of him or of each other; they move about as if each was alone in the room. This gives a dreamy unreality to the exhibition; one feels as if one was inside the bars of the Happy Family cage. The giant pretends to be too big to see the dwarfs; the dwarfs look straight through the giant, as if he was not there; the Hindoo glides about, just taking care not to step upon the smaller inmates, but bestowing no more notice upon them. And then one becomes aware, without being told, that the Chinaman is the chief. The rest are afraid of him. What, indeed, has a simple Norwegian, or a rustic from the Transvaal, in common with a gentleman from Ningpo, versed in the Confucian philosophy?

It is a large question, but one cannot refrain from asking whether it is better to be a giant or a dwarf. A giant, it is true, cannot be neglected, passed by, or looked over; his bigness commands respect. On the other hand, no giants have ever distinguished themselves in anything; they are disposed to be indolent; lubberliness is a failing common to giants; they are never crafty, quick-witted, or clever. Then there are so many things which a giant cannot do. He cannot dig, ride, or drive, or play cricket, racquets, billiards, tennis, or football, because the instruments used are so absurdly small; if he reads, he ought to have a royal quarto at least; he cannot go to church, unless he is allowed to sit in the pulpit, because there is no place for his long legs; he can find no comfort anywhere, unless things are made specially for him; and think of the expense of getting everything made for you twice the usual size! And one feels—but this may be prejudice—that, if a giant were to take to poetry, the flowers of his fancy would run to hollyhocks, sunflowers, or even summer cabbages. In all these things, how much better off is a dwarf! He may suffer at first from ridicule, but this gives place to admiration as the years roll on and still he does not grow; it is so easy and so cheap to make little things for him that he can do anything; and in history he has been the pet and pride of queens and great ladies.

There is a movement; a rush of half-a-dozen visitors; the entrance of a brisk gentleman in black, who has evidently got a thing to say. He steps upon the platform and says it with professional cheerfulness and official volubility. The Norwegian sadly rises, bows, and turns the gold ring; then he sits down again; the African nods, smiles, and practises the steps of a double shuffle, in which he is as yet far from perfect. The lecturer fires off two or three weak-jointed jokelets, and the Chinaman is good enough to sing a love song in his own tongue; he calls it so, but from the expression of his eye it is clear that he is taking advantage of the lecturer's ignorance, and calling him names in Chinese. The Hindoo then says that he will show us a few tricks. We get up to go. As we reach the door, we hear a familiar voice. It is 'Arry, with two ladies. He is speaking to the Chinaman, who has withdrawn to a table, where he is amusing himself with balancing pieces of stick. "Now then," cries our friend, "why don't yer show yerself?" He comes forth, obedient and smiling. But in his eyes we read behind the smile the words, "Would that I had you, gentle Londoner, in Ningpo!" Outside the show, it is agreed that, whether it is better to be a giant or a dwarf, it is at any rate worse to be a showman's lecturer.

KEEPING THE BALL ROLLING.

IT might have been thought that during the last year or two the country had had enough of agitation. With the best of Governments in power, with an obedient majority in Parliament, with Ministers individually determined to please their loyal supporters or die for it, and, above all, with the certainty under such a Government of good trade, good harvests, no foreign troubles, and the other blessings which Providence vouchsafes to deserving Administrations, political disturbers might seem likely for a time to cease from troubling. But any one who should have thought this would have shown himself sadly ignorant of the generous earnestness which distinguishes—sometimes unpleasantly, as Lord Granville lately found—the true Radical. His motto is always "Forward," and he regards not the things that are behind. The conquest of the churchyards does but stir him up to a campaign against the churches; the victory over hares and rabbits to a crusade against pheasants, grouse, deer, and "other winged game." Still more does the failure of the attempt to rob the landlords of Ireland cheer him on to an endeavour to rob the landlords of England. He cannot live—the phrase is frequently true in a very literal sense—except in and by agitation, and agitation accordingly is his theme all the day and all the year. Already, though Parliament has barely risen some ten days, many inspiriting trumpets have been blown. There is the Secretary of some Manchester Society who writes to the papers of his party complaining that between 1868 and 1874 the Tories published pamphlets containing "shamefaced and insolent" statements. Perhaps this gentleman, not being equipped with a dictionary, has made a little confusion between shamefaced and shameless; but his meaning is clear, and that is the chief point. He is anxious that his friends should state their views shamefacedly and insolently in their turn, for fear of accidents. Then we have Mr. T. P. O'Connor lecturing on the House of Lords, and Mr. Bradlaugh lecturing on the reform of the Land Laws. The great Sunday demonstration in Hyde Park against the Upper House is not understood to have been a very striking success; but then it is a first principle of modern Radicalism that the Londoner is a benighted being. And indeed the greatest proposal of all comes from no Londoner, nor from any part of London. Mr. George Fordham, of Royston, is anxious for a Reform League, and gives his reasons for wishing the formation of that particular nuisance. Indeed the impression that it is necessary to bestir oneself very much does not seem to be limited to professional agitators or to anonymous or insignificant crotcheteers. Not much, indeed, has been heard of the great National Vigilance Committee which was to be formed for the packing of the House of Commons and the abolition of the House of Lords. But voices, steady and respectable enough generally, have been lifted up against the unfortunate members of the Cabinet for taking a holiday. They ought, it would seem, to hold Cabinet Councils every day—what about we really do not know. The general impression intended to be created is that Radicalism is very earnest. There are in the future to be none of your lazy deferences to aristocratic cravings for amusement. Sessions are not to end for grouse-shooting, or partridge-shooting, or any such frivolous reasons. There is a great deal to be done, and it is to be done with the most tremendous activity and speed.

A student in another planet, who knew nothing of England and took his ideas of our social and political condition from the statements of these active gentlemen, would have a very odd and a singularly inaccurate notion of the state of this country. He would imagine that we were in pretty nearly the same plight as that in which the extremest partisans of the French Revolution represent France to have been before that event. The lower classes tyrannized over by the upper, a wealthy and bloated clergy oppressing and robbing the poor, workmen forced by law to work for impossible wages, personal liberty curtailed, odious disabilities enforced—all these things would float before his eyes as characteristics of what Mr. Carlyle used to call the Condition-of-England Question. It would be really curious to hear the opinions of such a person after six months' or a year's actual investigation of the country. This opinion might probably be formulated in language more forcible than polite; such, for instance, as "You fools, don't you know when to leave well alone?" This impolite question, of course, would not be addressed to Mr. O'Connor, or to Mr. Bradlaugh, or to the gentleman who thinks "shamefaced" a good word to run in a curricle with "insolent." They know very well what they are about and what they want. It is not to be supposed, for instance, that Mr. O'Connor did not know quite well what he was doing when he addressed to the people of Southwark an argument eminently suited to the capacities of those who call themselves the people. One-sixth of the House before which he made his motion about the House of Lords, says Mr. O'Connor, voted for him. Argal, as the number of the whole House exceeds six hundred, if the whole House had been present over a hundred would have voted for him. Afterwards Mr. O'Connor cheerfully destroyed the value of this argument by remarking that, after all, the present Parliament does not represent England. A man who talks random nonsense of this kind is only formidable because he is evidently bent on agitation for agitation's sake. To do the member for Northampton justice, his method of agitating is different from this. The bait which Mr. Bradlaugh holds out to tempt his hearers to so-called Land Reform is "the compulsory cultivation of all cultivatable lands not hitherto cultivated." That is to say, Mr. Bradlaugh would have the State assume possession—it is fair to say that he would give compensation on something like Mr. Parnell's system—of all parks, forests, moors, &c., assigning them to actual tenant cultivators. The apparent moderation of this is another instance of the ways of the professional agitator. But it is a still more curious illustration of the un-English character of the agitation itself. It has lately become the fashion to laugh at the word un-English. But it may be humbly sug-

gested to the superior persons who laugh, that when a certain set of conditions have worked fairly well for some centuries, it is not altogether unreasonable to attach an unfavourable connotation to the word which expresses the destruction and reversal of those conditions. Mr. Bradlaugh's ideal of an England robbed of all that makes its present beauty is not æsthetically tempting; his ideal of an England occupied by small proprietors perpetually on the brink of starvation, owing to competition, dubious weather, and the want of capitalist landlords ready, as at present, to give a helping hand or to bear the brunt of the loss, is economically less tempting still. As for Mr. George Fordham and his Reform League, of the objects of which he gives a long list, it would be rather interesting to find a defender of the programme and pin him down to show the practical good which, even on his own showing, would arise from the adoption of its various items. The worst of it is that this is exactly what is never likely to be done. The skill which has induced a majority of Englishmen to vote for representatives who in their turn vote as if Nonconformists had grievances will do anything. The only thing to do is, of course, to meet controlment with controlment, and to organize and register stoutly against these thickcoming delusions.

It is agreeable to turn from the dreary platitudes of English agitators to the fine racy stuff which is being turned out on Irish platforms. Here, unfortunately, as in England, native products are being hardly pressed by American competition. Despite the efforts of a thousand spouters, with Mr. Dillon at their head—we beg Mr. Sullivan's pardon, with "John" Dillon at their head—a single American has come in an easy winner. Mr. Redpath is an American journalist, and is sometimes described as the Correspondent of an American journal. It is only to be regretted that the organ of light and sweetness which has the advantage of Mr. Redpath's contributions is not known. Nor indeed can there be said to be much known about Mr. Redpath at all. There have been in effete Britain distinguished persons who bore that name, but the climes which they finally sought were, if we remember rightly, Antipodean rather than Transatlantic. It seems, however, that Mr. Redpath, who emerged upon the horizon, as far as most people are concerned, at the beginning of this week, has been talking in Ireland for a considerable time. He has been proving—rather a stale occupation for a man of Mr. Redpath's powers—that Irish landlordism represents "the foulest confiscation," and that every lawyer in Christendom, it seems, knows Mr. Redpath's law to be good law. It seems also that Lord Oranmore, more naturally than wisely, did Mr. Redpath the wholly unmerited honour of mentioning him in the House of Lords. This has greatly grieved Mr. Redpath. He does not "like to be lectured by an inferior, and every king, queen, and lord in Europe is the inferior of every Republican on this earth." The reason of Mr. Redpath's indignation at Irish affairs, it seems, is purely chivalrous. He cannot bear to see "a race of noble women" ill dressed, instead of being dressed warmly and in good attire all the time, and in purple and fine linen on Sundays." "Queens," says Mr. Redpath, with perhaps an insufficient knowledge of the habits and history of the lower animals, "have had these trappings long enough." Then, after some further observations as to the meanness of the Irish aristocracy and the nobility of the Irish poor, which were of course cheered to the echo, Mr. Redpath diverged into a plan of campaign against England. He has had, it seems, some military experience —is, indeed, probably a colonel in his own land—and, with rather surprising common sense, he told his hearers that their chances against England were in the field of battle decidedly small. He accordingly counselled patience and a preliminary gripping of the land. The result of these utterances was what can be best described as a corn-stealing picnic. We cannot see that there is any reason to threaten Mr. Redpath, as injudicious persons have done, with the fate of some previous Republicans who neglected Lord Oranmore's excellent advice and did not mind their own business. Mr. Redpath is in our opinion a most useful man, and one to be cordially welcomed. Now that not a few people in England are delicately playing with Republicanism, pointing out what a nice thing it is, how it hardly needs distinguishing from limited monarchy, and so forth, it is very good to have a real genuine Republican fruit exhibited whereby all men may know the nature of the tree. Mr. Redpath's exquisite politeness, his modest comparative appreciation of himself and others, his accurate knowledge of history, political economy, the philosophy of government, the principles of distributive justice, and other sciences, speculative and practical, strike us as really refreshing examples of voluntary Helotism. The Helot Republic has kindly made us a present of an awful example, without any necessity for intoxicating him or in any other way incurring moral guilt. Indeed we should not be surprised if some very long-headed Republican were to accuse the accursed aristocrats of having bribed Mr. Redpath to make his display. Certainly it comes very pat and useful at the moment. Mr. Bradlaugh's notion of an England with all the woods stubbed up and all the fells and heaths changed into the holdings of half-starved crofters, the doctrines of M. de Freycinet's adversaries in France as to toleration and the rights of persons, and Mr. Redpath's general American views of private manners and public ethics, compose a panorama of contemporary Republicanism which is in the highest degree instructive. If this is what all our agitations tend to (and it will be hard to show that it is not), there must be common sense enough left in England to remember a certain proverb in a partially obsolete work concerning old wine and new.

HYÈRES.

THE numerous visitors who now run every autumn along the beautiful line of railway between Marseilles and Nice leave on their right, soon after passing Toulon, a short branch which leads through an almost tropical valley to the half-forgotten little winter station of Hyères. A quarter of a century ago, when Nice still lay beyond the Italian border, and Cannes consisted, as its name imports, of a mere fishing village among the cane-brakes which lined the bays of the Esterel, Hyères had already won favourable notice as a temporary home for Northern invalids. But fortune has been more propitious to the easterly towns. Lord Brougham's villa set the example at Cannes; the French annexation has turned Nice into a little Brussels on the Mediterranean shore; M. Leblanc has transformed Monaco into the gambling capital of Europe; and the tide of invalids has made Mentone and San Remo familiar to our ears as fashionable resorts. Meanwhile, Hyères, the eldest aspirant amongst them all, has fallen into comparative oblivion, from which it is only slowly recovering under the impetus of its branch railway and its somewhat spasmodic efforts to regain its lost position. Yet the City of Orange Groves, as its inhabitants poetically term it, is not without many strong attractions of its own. Perched high on the side of a craggy schistose hill, in a latitude south of Florence, it overlooks at a distance of three miles the roadstead and islands by which it is best known to the outer world; while its landward view embraces at once the wooded heights of the Maurettes, the Oriental vegetation of the plain, and the bare limestone peaks of the great range which encircles the Toulon valley. Probably the almost universal belief that Hyères is built on one of its own islands forms the main reason why it is so comparatively seldom visited by the crowd of winter tourists who yearly hurry past it towards the gayer cities of the Riviera.

Between the dark porphyry block of the Esterel and the white ridges that gird round Marseilles, a mass of broken slaty hills, the Montagnes des Maures, cuts off the valley of the Argens from the sea. Tossed about by the upheaving energy into the wildest confusion, the Maures form at present a series of indistinguishable peaks and spurs, the furthest southerly outliers of the Maritime Alps. Their sides are thickly covered with an evergreen coat of pines and cork-oaks, while at the very summit a crest of denuded rock generally rises like a dome in the centre of every separate little system. The Maurettes, upon whose flanks the town of Hyères is planted, form the south-westernmost of these minor divisions. Both names recall the period, as late as the eleventh century, when the Moorish pirates had a fixed settlement on the Provençal coast, while many of the natural features in the neighbourhood still retain their strange Arabic titles. Amid so much exotic vegetation, however, the Oriental names hardly surprise the ear. Between the Maurettes and the bay a singularly level alluvial flat fills up the valley, which must in tertiary times have formed an arm of the sea, penetrating inland to the very foot of the Pharon and the Coudon, those huge piles of naked rock which block up the view to the westward. Enclosed between the Maurettes on the north and the rounded ridge of the Montagne des Oiseaux to the south, the Hyères valley gradually silted up with the detritus of the encircling ranges, and formed that rich soil which now supplies the markets of Marseilles and Paris with an almost incredible amount of early fruits and vegetables. Palæolithic implements occur in considerable numbers among the drift.

The plain so composed is sufficiently sheltered from the north by the Maurettes to permit the existence of a subtropical flora. The common clipped date-palm of the Riviera grows abundantly along the little boulevards of the town, and a few taller and more Egyptian-looking stems diversify the aspect of the endless garden plots. The prickly pear spreads over the rocky terraces in true Mexican profusion; while the great American aloe threatens to become a positive nuisance by its rapid spread among the dry hill-sides, which may well remind it of its native Jamaican home. Indeed, under the clear blue sky of Provence, the general effect of the landscape at Hyères is, if anything, a trifle too realistically tropical. The little white *bastides*, however, scattered up and down the valley in thick profusion, recall rather the Ionian coast; and George Sand describes some of the pretty neighbouring cliff paths as "a promenade on the shores of Greece." The orange-trees which once grew in all the surrounding fields encouraged the fanciful spirit of the Renaissance to identify the Iles d'Hyères with the Gardens of the Hesperides; a harmless delusion which the modern inhabitants have studiously fostered, though the islands are in reality mere barren rocks, picturesque objects in the view from the town, but quite incapable of producing the golden apples of the legend. Even in the sheltered plain of the mainland oranges are now no longer grown as a commercial crop, the competition of Algeria and the Azores having proved too much for the native producer. Only a few stray trees recall the memory of the imaginary Fortunate Islands. But it is seldom that the mistral, that masterful wind—its name is simply the clipped Provençal form of *magistral*—can find its way round the sheltering barrier of the Maurettes.

Of course a spot so specially favoured by climate has always formed a natural centre of human life. Setting aside the relics of the Stone age, the Château of Léoubes stands upon the site of Olbia, a Greek colony perhaps as old as the Phocæan Massalia. A similar colony seems to have held the castle hill of Hyères itself, one of those naturally commanding eminences which appear as

though specially designed for the protection of the rich lowlands at their feet. Coins of Helleno-Celtic date have indeed been found among the foundations of the modern town. The Roman ruins of Pomponiana, situated on the sea-shore some three miles off amid the gardens which still bear the suggestive title of the Quartier des Horts, possess only a purely antiquarian interest. They belong to the class which attract excavators and scholars rather than tourists. The sea-beaten remains of a bathing-establishment and harbour, with the bare foundations of a forum and a few villas, cannot of course compare with the magnificent structures still standing entire at Arles and Nimes, or even with the amphitheatre and aqueduct at the neighbouring little port of Fréjus. But the most casual searcher can easily find numerous fragments of figured pottery, while more careful quest is rewarded by the discovery of unbroken lamps, and regular researches have resulted in unearthing fine *amphoræ* and numerous coins. Mediæval Hyères still answers for itself *in propriâ personâ*. The old town covers the southern side of the castle hill, surrounded to the present day by rough masonry walls of the eleventh century, with a few dismantled towers and machicolated bastions running up the slope towards the summit. Only a relic or two of the ancient buildings crown the bold mass of lichen-covered rock; but the site itself is interesting, and the view from the crest stretches over the whole plain and roadstead as far as the Bay of Toulon. Small narrow streets run down the hill from the castle in every direction, as badly drained—or, rather, as wholly undrained—as those of most other Provençal towns. There are few architectural attractions; the two churches are poor and mean-looking, the best of them having but a plain and heavy exterior, with three very much restored Romanesque portals, and an interior which is too dark to be seen, or tawdry in the one chapel where sufficient light is admitted for distinct vision. To say the truth, the lovely Ligurian and Provençal coast between Genoa and Marseilles is little remarkable for the beauty of its architecture. The perpetual terror of the Barbary pirates, which never wholly died out till the present century, seems to have prevented the people from bestowing much time or pains upon ecclesiastical art. The villages nestle for the most part under shelter of castles perched on high peaks, and built wholly with a view to the protection of the agricultural champaign; and the most sacred shrines consist of mere plastered pilgrimage chapels, hanging on the summit of almost inaccessible rocks, and approached by tracks lined with neglected little white-washed oratories, vacant of the images which once adorned them. The beauty of the surrounding hill country, of the clear Mediterranean skies, and of the sea with its range of rocky islands, must make up to the lover of the picturesque for the want of Norman churches or Angevin châteaux.

Modern Hyères lies below its mediæval but still surviving predecessor, like a large faubourg, consisting mainly of a single long street which runs from end to end of the town, just without the ancient gates. It is composed of one mass of hotels and pensions for the use of winter visitors, opened, for the most part, only during the winter season. The old town and the new have little in common, save the solitary fact of their accidental juxtaposition. But even the English quarter—for modern Hyères is all but exclusively an English colony—has few gaieties or amusements of the sort familiar at Nice and Cannes. It is emphatically the invalid's resort; and most of the visitors have come because they are really in delicate health, not because they wish to idle away the colder months of the year in pleasant Mediterranean quarters with a club, a casino, and an occasional dance. As a consequence, living at Hyères is decidedly cheaper than in the more fashionable towns on the Riviera. People who require the perpetual stimulus of external excitement to keep them from mental stagnation call it dull; but those who can find sufficient entertainment in beautiful and ever-varying walks, charming drives, and all but uninterrupted sunshine, will not complain of wanting occupation. For genuine invalids the quiet of Hyères is doubtless preferable to the noisy and obtrusive gaiety of Nice or the dangerous proximity of Monte Carlo. The country around is delightful in its extraordinary variety. Immediately behind the town stretches the wooded range of the Maurettes, a tumbled mass of rock, with bold crags rising above the surface on every prominent point, and thick cork-groves covering the winding sides or shady valleys. Innumerable paths thread in and out in all directions among the brushwood, none of which apparently lead to any definite point, or serve any definite function save that of affording fresh views to the tourist. The lower slopes are covered with the sombre and silvery foliage of the olive, here a mere stunted bush, whose gnarled trunks never attain the magnificent dimensions of their Athenian and Italian congeners. The plain at their feet cannot be called picturesque; but it possesses a certain interest of its own in detail, from its Southern vegetation and its carefully tilled garden-plots of strawberries and artichokes, stretching over many miles in every direction. Beyond this curious fragment of Asia Minor, strayed into the coasts of France, a second range of red sandstone hills contrasts finely in its rounded contour with the jagged slaty tops of the Maurettes. On its seaward shoulder stands a hermitage of Our Lady, a picturesque object as seen from the modern town, with a brand-new Romanesque tower surmounting the massive pillars and simple round arches of the early building. This is one of those little hill-chapels, so common in Provence, whose sanctity probably dates back, like that of the Mont Ste. Victoire which commemorates Marius's victory at Aix, to a period long preceding the introduction of Christianity. At the mouth of the valley lies the roadstead, bounded to the west by the peninsula of Giens, which is in reality a former island of the little archipelago now linked to the mainland by two curious arched belts of shingle, not unlike the Chesil Bank which bridges over the Fleet from the Isle of Portland to our own Dorsetshire coast. Between the two banks lies a large sea pond, partly laid out into wyches for the manufacture of bay salt, and connected with the main body of the roadstead by a small Roman canal. Six or seven miles in the offing, the three islands of Porquerolles, Porteros, and the Ile du Levant, rise up as lines of bold, blue hills—the Stœchades of the Greek geographers, which have not yet lost their etymological trick of shifting their relative positions with every fresh point of view. The whole picture is completed by the range of pine-clad heights to the east and the open sea toward Corsica, where the Toulon squadron may often be seen performing its evolutions under shelter of the surrounding mountains. The extensive panorama from the summit of the castle hill embraces all these varied objects at a single glance. From the neighbouring peak of Fenouillet the eye ranges still further, to the riven gorge of Ollioules and the snow-clad Alpine crests of the Col de Tende.

BACHELOR HOUSEHOLDERS.

MUCH has been said and written about the miseries of those unfortunate persons who are compelled to put up with the accommodation offered by apartments for single gentlemen. The discomfort of the rooms, the greasy cooking, the slovenly servants, and, above all, the predatory tendencies of the landlady, have been feelingly described, and various remedies more or less practicable have been from time to time suggested. But it is to be feared that such inconveniences are inseparable from the bachelor state, for no good seems to come of all the suggestions made for their mitigation. From one point of view, it is well that this should be so. If bachelors could add to the blessings of their condition the one which they seldom enjoy, of being really comfortable at home, the complaints so often heard of the reluctance of young men to marry would be still more common. Perhaps the most satisfactory device which has yet been hit upon for dispensing with landladies is for three or four men of somewhat similar tastes and occupations to take a house and live together. It is possible to be moderately comfortable in such circumstances, but something always happens sooner or later to break up a society thus formed. We remember a case which occurred in a large provincial town, where the experiment was tried by some of the younger masters in the local grammar school. All went well for a time. Gradually rumours were spread abroad, perhaps by vindictive lodging-house keepers, that the conduct of these reprobate young men was by no means what it should be. They possessed latch-keys, and sometimes went home late at night. They habitually played whist in the evening. At last society was scandalized by hearing strains of secular music proceeding from the "monastery" windows on a wet Sunday afternoon. The "monks," as they were generally called, fell into evil repute. As gaps were made in their ranks, new comers were discouraged from joining them. Finally the society was broken up and the cause of respectability triumphed. A more successful attempt of the kind was made in London. In this case there was nothing to be feared from the opinions of society, which concerns itself little with the manner in which bachelors live at home, provided that they make themselves tolerably agreeable abroad. The various household functions were carefully distributed. A Cambridge Wrangler took charge of the financial department. A standing Committee was appointed to deal with the cook, and another to take cognizance of any dereliction of duty on the part of the housemaid in the matter of dust and cobwebs. Fortunately one or two of the men were methodical persons, who rather liked the work of housekeeping than otherwise, and the want of a mistress in the establishment was scarcely felt. But a matrimonial example was too soon set and followed, the survivors could not agree in the choice of new members, and so they parted. As bachelorhood is with many men only a transitory state, it is impossible to hope that any society thus constituted can be permanent; and persistent gynothropes, as Captain Mayne Reid, in one of his novels, calls women-haters, must regard such an arrangement as nothing more than a bright episode in the dreary succession of comfortless lodging-houses.

The most dangerous error into which a desperate man can fall is to suppose that he may remedy the evils attendant on his condition by boldly abandoning lodgings altogether and setting up as a householder on his own account. The experiment is a tempting one. To be absolute master of one's own establishment, and to order all things according to one's own pleasure, are strong inducements, and nothing but actual experience can teach the difference between theory and practice in these as in other points. The enterprising bachelor becomes at once an object of the liveliest interest to his friends. Offers of advice and assistance come in from every side. One lady offers to engage his servants for him, another is anxious to superintend the decoration of the house, a third will go about with him to choose furniture. Here his troubles begin. His friends, probably, have longings after high art, belong perhaps to different schools, while his main desire is comfort; and he will need considerable tact to enable him to have any voice at all in the settlement of his own domestic arrangements. Meanwhile, tickets of membership of every Co-operative

Society in London are presented to him, and he is inundated with the names and addresses of honest tradesmen, sober charwomen, and deserving objects of charity.

It is needless to mention the many troubles which beset the unhappy man as soon as he is fairly established. Rates, taxes, drains, plumbers, and mendicants are the common lot of householders of all sorts and conditions, and they cannot be said to weigh more heavily upon bachelors than upon married men. His worst foes are they of his own household. It is a painful experience to have a cook who will do nothing without special orders. No length of time teaches her what her employer likes and what he does not like for dinner. Each morning as he is finishing his breakfast comes the dreaded tap at the door. The cook appears, makes a comprehensive survey of the room, as though she expected to find an entire change in its furniture and general aspect since she last entered it, and opens the conversation. Starting from the state of the weather, she proceeds to remark upon the effects of drought on the production of cauliflowers, or gives a masterly sketch of the fluctuations of the potato market consequent upon the excessive rains. Thence she passes on to the question of the day's dinner. It is useless to tell her to get anything that happens to be in season. It is not thus that she has learned her duty to her employer. She has come for dinner to be ordered, and ordered it eventually is, though probably she, after all, has most to do with it. It is hard to say whether town or country servants give more trouble. Perhaps the most unpleasant, though most virtuous, specimen of her class is the elderly woman who is always recommended by the rector of a country parish to take charge of a bachelor's establishment. She is generally deficient in the matter of teeth, excessive in the use of aspirates, and her chief qualifications are said to be that she is clean, honest, and economical. It would seem as though these three virtues had been impressed upon her from her youth up as the most desirable to be cultivated. There is an elaborate assertion of candour in her slightest utterance which at once impresses the listener; and, no sooner is she installed in a new post, than she begins to make a great display of her three cardinal virtues for the edification of her employer. He, good easy man, would rather associate the idea of cleanliness with some definite effect upon the appearance of his rooms than with the continual sight and smell of soapsuds; but he is unwilling to check the praiseworthy exertions of his servant. He has ignorantly supposed that economy and honesty have their visible outcome in a reduction of his weekly expenses; but, so far as he can see, they are chiefly represented by the reappearance at table day after day of uneatable scraps, and dregs undrinkable. The rigid economy which refuses to throw away such unsavoury relics is further illustrated by reluctance to accept as soiled any linen which may be left about the bedroom. Cast-off shirts are carefully folded up and replaced in a drawer, to be taken out, perhaps, some evening when their owner is dressing in a hurry by the scanty light of a single candle. The "handy girl" whom such a woman regards as her proper colleague, or rather subordinate, is chiefly noteworthy from her extreme nervousness, and the stertorous nature of her breathing when she is in her master's presence. She seldom appears, however, being duly kept in the background by her superior officer. When there is no special work for her to do, she is generally set to "clean up"—either the kitchen-floor or her own person. Her face is usually covered with a glaze of yellow soap, and always bears traces of recent friction. When she has been a short time in her place, and begins to be of some real use in the house, she probably rebels against the iron rule of the cook. That functionary announces that she is beginning to "give herself airs," and she is replaced by a girl of more tender years and more utter helplessness. In town, of course, the two maid-servants who generally constitute a bachelor's household are pretty much on an equality, and their respective functions are more clearly defined than in the country. But it may be doubted whether things go the more smoothly on that account. If the servants are town-bred, they are sure to have a quantity of relations in the neighbourhood, and the warmth of their family affection is something beyond all previous experience. They are in favour of employing the local tradesmen, and are eloquent on the bad quality of provisions which come from the Stores. If the householder fondly fancies that he can escape these evils by engaging servants from the country, he soon finds out his mistake. They cannot go on an errand without missing their way, or being delayed at crossings, and are constantly having their pockets picked while lost in contemplation of the Albert Memorial or other triumphs of modern art.

But neither the awkwardness of the one class nor the doubtful honesty of the other is the thing to be most feared. From various indications it begins to appear that the relations between the two domestics are somewhat strained. The housemaid never mentions the cook without mysterious tossings of the head and a ceremonious emphasis on her name. The cook, when she comes for orders, lets fall casual remarks on the flightiness of housemaids at large. Voices from below are heard pitched in a higher key than usual, until some day there are sounds as of a scuffle in the hall, and one or other of the servants rushes abruptly into the room with heightened colour and broken utterance, and bursts into tears in the midst of an impassioned declaration that she cannot stay in the house another day. Her bewildered employer seeks refuge in flight, but finds her fellow-servant in a fainting state at the foot of the stairs, and is forced to hear her version of the story. After this there are only two courses open to him; either to dismiss the servants, shut up the house, and throw himself, with the humility which befits a returned prodigal, on the mercy of his former landlady; or, by proposing to the first eligible woman whom he may chance to meet, to prepare the way for leisurely repentance.

THE PORTRAITS OF CERVANTES.

THERE are not many faces among those of the great men of the past that seem so thoroughly familiar to us as the face of Cervantes. The very name is enough with most of us to call up the image of the well-known features, and almost any one with a moderate gift for portraiture could sketch them from memory so that nine persons out of ten would at once recognize the likeness. It is a pity that a faith like this, in itself so striking a proof of the personal affection the world feels for the great novelist, should have no foundation to rest upon; but such, unfortunately, is the case as regards the reputed portraits of Cervantes. One authentic portrait of him we certainly do possess, the one drawn by himself in the prologue to the *Novelas Exemplares*; but of the portraits which appeal to the eye there is not one with any better voucher of authenticity than can be shown for the early Scottish monarchs in the Holyrood Gallery. It may not be amiss, perhaps, to review the evidence on which they stand, especially as one of them has been lately put forward in a new and very inviting form.

Taking the portraits which claim to represent Cervantes in the order of their appearance in public, the first is that which was prefixed to the handsome edition of *Don Quixote*, in four volumes, large 4to., published in London, in 1738, by Jacob Tonson, under the patronage of Lord Carteret—the first of all editions, it may be observed, to recognize the rank of the book as something above a mere popular romance not worth editorial or artistic care. This portrait made no pretence whatever to authenticity. Dr. Oldfield, who appears to have been editor-in-chief, apologizes for putting an emblematic frontispiece in the place of honour, saying that with all the exertions they had made ("por mas solicitud que aya puesto") they had been unable to find a portrait of Cervantes. The search, we must presume, extended to Spain, for naturally the first person to be applied to would be Don Gregorio Mayans y Siscar, who had been engaged to write the life of Cervantes for the edition, and who, as the first scholar and critic in Spain at the time, would be in a position to give valuable advice and assistance in a matter of the kind. They had, too, the help of Pedro de Pineda, who no doubt was able to aid in setting inquiries on foot; so that, on the whole, we may fairly assume that, as the undertaking was one on which no expense was spared, the search was not abandoned until it was seen to be hopeless. Unwilling, however, to send the book into the world without some kind of effigy of the author, the editors decided to have a fancy portrait executed and prefixed to the life by Mayans y Siscar. It was described as "Portrait of Cervantes by himself" ("por el mismo"), meaning that it was founded upon the portrait in words given in the prologue to the novels and quoted in full by Mayans y Siscar at the end of his memoir. Vertue was the engraver, and the designer was Lord Burlington's versatile *protégé* Kent, architect, landscape-gardener, portrait-painter, and sculptor; a clever but unquestionably second-rate artist, whose best-known work, the Shakspeare in Westminster Abbey, this Cervantes portrait strongly resembles in manner and treatment, so far at least as a drawing can resemble a statue.

The next in date was that published by the Spanish Academy in their noble edition of *Don Quixote* in 1780, "Ibarra's *Quixote*," which, as Ferriar says,

> charms the sight
> With faultless types, and costly sculptures bright.

They, too, wished to grace their edition with a portrait, but were naturally reluctant to reproduce so unsatisfactory a work as the Kent and Vertue engraving, the only one that seemed forthcoming. At length, however, after much inquiry, it was ascertained that a certain Count Aguila at Seville was in possession of an old portrait, said to be of Cervantes; and to him the Academy applied for leave to examine the picture—an application to which the Count responded with patriotic generosity, not only sending the picture, but presenting it as a gift. But when Count Aguila's picture came to be examined, it was found, to the amazement of the Academy, that as a portrait it was substantially the same as the London engraving, and that, in fact, to use their own words, "one must of necessity be a copy of the other" ("el uno debia ser precisamente copia del otro"). Perplexed by this curious coincidence, they applied once more to Count Aguila. All the information he could give was that he had bought the picture some years before from a picture-dealer in Madrid, who had sold it to him as a work of Alonso del Arco, a painter born about ten years after the death of Cervantes. The matter was then referred to the Directors of the Academy of Fine Arts of San Fernando, who reported, after due consideration, that the painting was older than the engraving, founding their opinion on the mellowness (rancio) of its tone and the appearance of the canvas, which seemed to be of the preceding century. They added, moreover, that the painting could not have been copied from the engraving, because the face looks the opposite way, which would not be the case if it were a copy, and is just what would be the case if it had served as the engraver's original; and their conclusion was that, while it was clearly not a portrait painted from life, it was not a mere fancy portrait, but very possibly a copy of an older

and better work of the time of Cervantes. How far this was thought satisfactory by the Academy we cannot say; but at any rate they had the portrait engraved by Carmona for their edition; and it is from this engraving, or else from the production of Kent and Vertue, that publishers have drawn their portraits and the public taken its ideas of the features of Cervantes ever since. As to the relation between the two, it is plain that the theory of the San Fernando academicians was that the London portrait was a copy of the Aguila painting. But this is a theory that cannot hold its ground for a moment. Not to speak of the improbability of such a trick on the part of the promoters of the London edition, the inconceivable silliness and stupidity of the suppression make it absolutely impossible. It would have been an incomprehensible policy indeed for the editors, after having been at the trouble and expense of finding and engraving the portrait, to pass off the copy of it as the pure invention of their own artists, thereby defeating the very object they had in view. If they thought the portrait untrustworthy, they need not have engraved it; but to engrave it and then publish the work as a result of their own fancy, inserted because they had nothing better to offer, would have been something beyond stupidity and folly. If it was worth engraving it was worth owning, and however doubtful its date and pedigree might have been, it would have served their purpose better than a confessedly imaginary work. If, then, the deliberate opinion of the Spanish Academy be correct, that one must be a copy of the other, it follows that Kent's drawing must have been the foundation of the Aguila painting; nor, as any candid critic will own, is there much in the arguments of the San Fernando experts against such a conclusion. The first thing that a painter would think of when about to concoct an "old portrait"—for this, of course, must be the hypothesis—would be a canvas of suitable age, an article very easily procured, and there are more ways than one of obtaining a proper mellowness of tone. And then as to the face looking left instead of right; it is very unlikely that the painter, under the circumstances, would have had recourse directly to the engraving in the London 4to; much more likely that he would have copied from some more readily accessible reproduction of it in which, as usual, the position of the face would be reversed—like that, for instance, in the Hague edition of the "Novelas" in 1739. The conclusion, in short, must be that, while there is not a scintilla of evidence to prove the picture a genuine portrait of Cervantes, there is very strong presumptive evidence that it is nothing more than a fabrication founded on Kent's fancy portrait.

So much for the current likeness of Cervantes; but there are one or two other claimants to be noticed. About fifteen years ago an interest nearly as great as that created in Florence by the discovery of Dante's features on the wall of the Bargello was produced in Seville by the announcement that a portrait of Cervantes had been discovered in the Museo Provincial, formerly the convent of La Merced, in a picture attributed to Pacheco, the master and father-in-law of Velazquez. It had always been an article of belief that Pacheco had made a portrait of Cervantes, as he kept a kind of album in which he inserted pencil or crayon likenesses of illustrious or distinguished personages at Seville. There is no proof, however, that Cervantes had a place in the book, and certainly there is no trace of him in the MS. volume, which is said to be the original, or at least a fragment of the original, of Pacheco. Nor indeed, *à priori*, does it seem very probable that, even as author of the *Galatea*, poor Cervantes picking up a precarious livelihood on the wharfs of Seville would have come under the category described by Pacheco. The glory of *Don Quixote* is apt to blind us to the obscurity in which its author lived. However, the belief helped to favour the theory of Don José Asensio y Toledo, who, on the authority of a MS. of unknown date and authorship, but claiming to be a relation of affairs at Seville from 1590 to 1640, announced that there was a portrait of Cervantes in a picture by Pacheco representing Redemptorist Fathers releasing Moorish captives at Algiers. On examination the only picture by Pacheco that seemed likely to be the one meant in the MS. was a "Scene from the Life of San Pedro de Nolasco," in which, Don José maintained, the head of the Saint was a portrait of the Padre Bernal, who had been active in releasing captives at Algiers, and whose portrait Pacheco speaks of having painted. In this picture, therefore, he concluded the portrait of Cervantes was to be found, and he found it in the head of a boatman in the foreground, who is holding his boat ready for the embarkation of the Saint. The evidence, it will be, perceived, hangs together very loosely. In the first place there is no proof that the MS. is an authority worth paying any attention to; then, the identification of the Museo picture with the one referred to in the MS. cannot be said to be made out; nor, again, the identification of the boatman with Cervantes. And there are several arguments against the latter. Is it likely that a painter, wishing to introduce a characteristic portrait of a man like Cervantes, would have chosen to represent him as a boatman? Cervantes at the time of his release from Algiers was between thirty-three and thirty-four, and the boatman in the picture is at least ten years younger; he has only the beard of a very young man, while Cervantes was a remarkably full-bearded man, and in his description of himself written at Algiers describes himself emphatically as "bien barbado." When Pacheco knew him, if indeed they ever met, Cervantes was past fifty, and the painter reproducing his features afterwards would have been more likely to err in the other direction by painting him older than he really was at the time of his release. It is plain that the boatman in the picture has the perfect use of both hands and arms. That Cervantes had literally *lost* his left hand is doubtful; but that he had lost the use of left hand and arm—"lost the movement," to use his own expressive phrase—is beyond a doubt; and this was a fact which no sympathetic painter (and Pacheco was a poet as well as a painter) would have suppressed or slurred over, being, as it was, a pride and a glory to the man of whom he was striving to produce a characteristic memorial. These are among the difficulties that suggest themselves against the claim Don José has set out, with no less ingenuity than enthusiasm, in his *Nuevos documentos para ilustrar la vida de Cervantes*, to which a copy of the portrait is prefixed.

For the portrait we mentioned as having been lately republished there is even less authority. This is the one which has been reproduced by the Woodbury process in the gallery of "The Hundred Greatest Men," now in course of publication by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. It is from a fine line engraving by Charles Bouvier, published in 1825 by the Société des Arts of Geneva, by whom it was described as a portrait of Cervantes, and after a painting by Velazquez. For neither assertion is there the slightest authority beyond the *ipse dixit* of the Société; and they are in a manner contradictory, for Velazquez was a boy of sixteen when Cervantes died, so that, if this, which is obviously a portrait from life, is a portrait of Cervantes, it cannot be his work, or, if it be his work, it cannot be a portrait of Cervantes. But there is, in fact, no ground for supposing it to be one or the other. The original painting in the possession of Dr. Briere, of Yverdun, has no history or tradition in any way connecting it with Cervantes, Velazquez, or Spain, and the ascription is entirely the conjecture of the Société des Arts. The painting of the head, which is all that the engraver has reproduced, is certainly somewhat in the manner of Velazquez; but no other part of the picture, which is a large one, resembles his work in the slightest degree; and as to the possibility of its being a portrait of Cervantes, the costume alone is decisive. The broad falling collar, as we know by contemporary portraits, did not come into fashion until long after his time; nor was the hair in his day worn long and bushy as it is in the picture, in which moreover it is grey, while in the case of Cervantes it was, as we know, still "chestnut" when he was drawing close to seventy. The details too—as for instance a lute lying on the table beside the figure—are inconsistent with the notion of Cervantes being the subject. It is as well perhaps that there is no case to be made out in this instance, for the face is not one that would be acceptable to any one who loves the author of *Don Quixote*. There is both humour and character in it, but it is not the sort of face from behind which we should expect the conception of the dear old visionary of La Mancha.

In short, though editors and publishers will no doubt to the end of time continue to present the public with portraits of Cervantes, the best they have to offer is not more trustworthy than the old blind bust that does duty for the likeness of Homer. It is not, of course, impossible that an unimpeachable portrait may yet be found, but the chance is certainly a remote one. There are only two distinct traditions in Spain of portraits of Cervantes. One has been already mentioned in connexion with Pacheco; the other is of a portrait painted by the poet Juan Jauregui, to whose skill as a painter Lope, among others, bears testimony. This depends upon the words of Cervantes himself in the prologue to the "Novels." He is there grumbling about having to write another preface, a labour which the friend who urges it might have spared him, he says, by having him "engraved and sculptured" on the first page of the book, "according to use and custom." This is plainly a sly hit at Lope de Vega, who was much given to publishing his portrait in front of his books, especially that very handsome and youthful one originally prefixed to the *Arcadia* in 1598, of which a new impression had appeared not long before this was written, and in humorous contrast to which Cervantes may have drawn the picture of himself. "For," Cervantes continues, "the famous Don Juan Jauregui would give him my portrait." From this it has been assumed that Jauregui had actually painted a portrait. But the words "le diera mi retrato" do not necessarily imply anything of the kind. It is far more likely that they are nothing more than an instance of Cervantes's way of paying a good-natured passing compliment to a friend—a thing he was very fond of doing; that it is, in fact, as though he said, "If my portrait were to be made, there is no painter I should be so well satisfied with as Don Juan." It is very unlikely that there ever was such a portrait, for it is hard to see how it could have totally disappeared without leaving some trace behind it. When portraits disappear it is generally because their existence is unknown to those interested in the subject, or because they fall into the hands of people who set no value upon them, knowing nothing about their originals. But in this case everything was favourable to the preservation of the picture. Jauregui was a man of rank and position; he survived Cervantes for more than a quarter of a century, during which the fame of his friend spread far and wide; the "Novels" had been printed nearly a score of times, advertising this portrait to all the world. It would naturally have been treasured by its possessor, and known to a wide circle of men of taste and culture; and under such circumstances, even if the original did mysteriously vanish, surely some record of its existence would remain; if not a copy made for some *Quixote* worshipper, or an engraving procured by some enterprising bookseller of the Low Countries, at least some allusion, description, or reference to it from some one of the many contemporaries to whom it must have been well known.

On the whole, it seems probable that the world will have to

remain content with the likeness drawn by the pen that drew Don Quixote and Sancho; and there are, after all, touches in that which no painter could have rendered so well. A painter might better bring before the eye the "aquiline features," the "chestnut hair," the "beard of silver that was gold not twenty years ago," the nose "hooked but shapely withal"; and possibly he might manage to indicate those six remaining teeth, "ill-preserved and worse placed"; but no painter could put before us on canvas the "smooth, untroubled forehead, and cheerful eyes," as we see them in the playful little picture of himself which the great novelist has sketched for us. And these are the features that are best worth remembering, reminding us as they do that the long hard life of struggling poverty, neglect, failure, and disappointment was borne to the end with the spirit of a gallant soldier and the serenity of a true philosopher.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY OUTRAGE.

It is to be hoped that no philanthropic association of persons for the protection of criminals will attempt to create an agitation against the firm and just sentence passed by Mr. Justice Stephen upon Henry Perry, who was convicted on Wednesday last of the crime of robbery with violence. The facts of the case were so simple and so glaring that the counsel for the prisoner had absolutely no resource except to attempt a line of defence which the Judge pronounced to be intangible. He tried to show that the prisoner had no intention of committing the serious crime of murder, but had only endeavoured to render his victim temporarily insensible in order to facilitate the robbery. The learned Judge very properly ruled that this was no defence at all, that counsel could only speak to the jury upon the facts, and that anything in mitigation of the sentence must be said after the verdict and to the bench. The prisoner, therefore, had practically no defence, but stood convicted, as it were, on his own confession.

It may be well before making any comments upon this somewhat remarkable case to give something like a summary of the facts. "Clarence Lewis, the prosecutor, about eighteen years of age," is an apprentice to a firm of tea-dealers at Aldgate and Kensington. He, being employed at the Aldgate branch, went on the 21st of August last "to Kensington, according to the usual practice, to fetch the cash." The sum given to him amounted to 105*l.* in cheques and gold, and, having put the bag containing it in his pocket, he went to the Kensington railway station to take the train. Here at the door he saw the prisoner, who attempted to claim acquaintance with him, followed him to the platform, and persuaded him to get into a first-class carriage with him. It might seem odd that the prosecutor so readily yielded to this persuasion; but it must be remembered that the prisoner was several years older than the prosecutor, that people can hardly be expected to suspect a possible assassin or robber in every chance person who makes conversation with them, and that a carriage on the Underground Railway is not at first sight a likely place for the commission of such a crime as that of which Perry has been convicted. Nor perhaps is it probable that, at first, Perry had any idea of committing his crime in the particular shape which it finally assumed. When he had got his victim into the carriage he began proceedings by asking him, with a curious naïveté, to taste some liquid in a bottle which he had with him, and which he said was "Zoedone, a mineral water. I did so," continued the prosecutor, in his evidence, "and it nearly choked me." Perry then, with amazing belief in the stupidity of his fellow-creatures, "poured something out of a bottle on to a handkerchief" and asked Lewis to smell it, which Lewis naturally refused to do. Then he offered Lewis some port, which also was naturally declined, and then the prisoner seems to have lost altogether the very small amount of circumspection which he displayed at first. His plan, if plan it can be called, was interrupted for a time by a lady getting into the carriage; but as soon as she had left it, he dealt Lewis a violent blow on the head with a stick which he carried, and having stunned him, continued, when he came to his senses again, "beating and kicking me about the head and body, and then tried to take the bag of money out of my pocket." The prisoner, it should be observed, had himself been for a time in the service of the tea-dealers who employ Lewis, and was aware that "it was the practice every Saturday to send a large sum of money from the Kensington establishment to Aldgate." After the beating and kicking had gone on for some little time, the train stopped at the Farringdon Street Station, where the prosecutor called for help, "but no one came." After the train had gone on again, Perry asked Lewis to tell him where the money was, which Lewis, with commendable pluck, refused to do. He then continued his beating of Lewis, apparently found out the pocket in which the money-bag was, and, with a diabolical ingenuity which he had not displayed before, tried to push Lewis out of the carriage door. "I begged him not to do so, and said he would kill me." Luckily he failed in this part of his attempt; and luckily also, when the train stopped at Aldgate, Lewis had strength enough to run after the prisoner and cause him to be arrested. "At this time," said Lewis, "I was very much injured, and was bleeding from my head and my hands"; and he was for ten days afterwards an in-patient of the hospital where he is still an out-patient.

It would have been useless to attempt to combat seriously the facts given in evidence by the prosecutor, and all that the prisoner's counsel could do was to attempt the line of defence already referred to. Two bottles were found upon the prisoner when he was arrested, one containing chloroform and the other "port wine mixed with laudanum in a sufficient quantity to produce insensibility"; and, after the verdict of the jury had been given, it was proved by a colleague of the prosecutor's that the prisoner had the week before attempted, when the witness was entrusted with a sum of money to be taken from Kensington to Aldgate, to make him drink something out of a bottle.

No case could well be more complete against a prisoner, and Mr. Justice Stephen's summing-up and sentence were a model of clearness, judiciousness, and decision. The prisoner, he truly said, "had been convicted of one of the worst offences that had ever come to his knowledge." It was obvious that he had hoped to render the prosecutor insensible by hocussing, and to leave him under the suspicion of misappropriating the moneys entrusted to him—a suspicion which, it may be added, would have weighed heavily upon him, for his story of what actually happened might well have seemed improbable enough if Perry's first attempt had succeeded. Failing in this, he "had resorted to the most brutal violence," and, after this "had deliberately attempted to drag the prosecutor to the door of the carriage, intending to throw him out, evidently utterly regardless of the consequences." Commenting further upon the gross brutality of the prisoner's conduct, and the pain and suffering which he had inflicted, Mr. Justice Stephen went on to say that he felt it his duty to give Perry some idea of what physical suffering was, and sentenced him therefore to receive thirty lashes with the cat, and to be kept in penal servitude for twenty years.

This is a sentence which every sensible person must thoroughly approve, but though it completely satisfies the ends of justice, it does not of course immediately touch the general questions raised by the case, with which it was no part of Mr. Justice Stephen's duty to deal. Perhaps the first impression created in most people's minds after reading the case may be one of amazement at so great a crime being attempted in so clumsy a fashion. This, however, may be followed by a reflection as to what might have happened if the prisoner had had a tithe of the capacity constantly possessed by criminals in fiction, and too often possessed by robbers who would not stick at murder in real life. If Perry had succeeded in his attempt to push Lewis out of the carriage, it is possible that the chain of evidence against him might never have been completed. In a certain sense there was some ingenuity in the very audacity of the crime; for, as has been said, a railway carriage which stops every few minutes seems a very unlikely place to select for the commission of such a crime as Perry's, whether it takes the shape of hocussing or of violence. And to this fact it is possibly due, in part at least, that "no one came" when Lewis cried for help at Farringdon Street Station. No one, of course, would imagine that such a scene had taken place or could take place under such circumstances. It is the more important therefore that whatever steps can be taken should at once be taken to guard against the possibility of such a scene taking place again. It is more easy of course to say this than to point to an efficient remedy. Absolute protection against a completely unforeseen form of crime is impossible; and it is only a question to what degree protection can be ensured. The adoption of the American "car" is an obvious suggestion; but it must be remembered that the car might be practically useless without a conductor to patrol it. The evidence in this case points to the fact that Lewis was as much protected as he would have been in an ordinary saloon carriage, for the division between his carriage and the adjoining one did not run up to the ceiling, and could be looked over. But there happened to be no one in the next compartment, and in the same way of course it might happen that there might be no one in a "car," however spacious, except a robber or robbers and his or their victim. The fact that the prosecutor's cries for help at a station were unheard or unheeded is more curious, and calls for explanation. In any case something should be done, and done quickly, if only on the lowest motives, by Railway Companies to allay the sense of insecurity which the hearing of this case is certain to create in the public mind. The Underground Railway, in spite of its undoubted convenience, is not so perfect and pleasant a means of transport that its directors can afford to throw in the chance of their passengers being fallen upon, robbed, and possibly murdered, as a makeweight to its advantages.

TRAVEL IN SOUTH AMERICA.

The crush of home politics and anxieties as to our foreign affairs have interfered with an interesting sequence of letters from a Special Correspondent of the *Times* in South America. Those letters are well worth studying for the light they throw on the present condition of a continent that is steadily developing immense capabilities, in spite of spasmodic *émeutes* and a climate that is often enervating. We hear of significant changes that may seriously affect the prosperity and credit of countries in which English investors are interested. In three cases out of four the confiding capitalists who lent their money on the faith of seductive prospectuses have long ago discounted their losses and left all hope behind. But even States which have hitherto enjoyed deserved consideration see their future seriously compromised by circumstances they cannot control. There is Chili, for example.

Of course the costs of the war that was forced upon her must weigh heavily on her finances, and the Correspondent believes that the possible prizes of victory may prove to be curses in place of blessings. It is probable that when she signs terms of peace with Peru, Chili may insist on the cession of the frontier districts and islands, which contain valuable deposits of minerals and guano. Those early sources of lightly-won wealth have in reality impoverished the people that has hitherto possessed them, and there is the possibility, at all events, that a change of ownership may carry with it similar consequences. Chili has kept her credit on the Bourses of Europe chiefly by the hard-working habits of her agricultural population; and the acquisition of shorter cuts to fortune may conspire with the atmosphere to demoralize the Chilians. Independently of that, however, one of the staple exports of the State is being enormously affected by foreign competition. For long she has shipped from her overflowing granaries her surplus bread-stuffs, for the support of her Peruvian neighbours. But since the rich arable lands of the Californian coast, and notably the deep bottoms of the Sacramento Valley, have been turned into wheat farms that are practically limitless, the Chilian grain dealers have been undersold by consignments sent from San Francisco. And, so far as sentiment exerts any influence on trade, the heart-burnings that have been created by the struggle with her northern neighbour must inevitably have a tendency to tell against Chili.

We have directed attention to an illustration of the commercial value of these letters for the sake of those who are financially interested in South America. But their great charm for the general reader lies in the pictures they give of the grand scenery of the continent and of the manners and modes of life of the people; with their information as to means of travel, and the steady development of international communications. It seems almost out of place to speak of "touring" in connexion with the distances that are to be traversed, and the natural obstacles that must be surmounted. Touring suggests short and easy stages; careful registering of baggage and comfortable first-class railway carriages; sumptuous hotels or snug inns, with staffs of self-interested servants zealous to dance attendance on the tourist. In South America you find comparatively few of these things; and the half-breed natives in the half-settled districts still regard the stranger with the feelings of the mining rough immortalized by Leech. Only the half-brick which the English miner would have heaved takes the shape with South American Indians of an arrow-shot or a spear-thrust. At the same time, you need seldom face dangers of the kind, unless you deliberately choose to turn aside in search of them. At the very worst, when "establishing connexions" across the continent, to borrow the phraseology of Americans of the North, you have but to run the gauntlet of such chance perils through some days of forest riding from the terminus of one line of railway to another. For the progress those South Americans have made in railway construction has been really marvellous, all things considered. Undoubtedly the Grand Trunk lines, in their present stage, very frequently lead nowhere in particular. When they are not carried along parallel to the coast, stringing the thriving seaports together—in which cases, of course, they are useful and profitable—they generally tend ambitiously skywards, towards the summits of the Andes. The Cismontane Companies are reaching hands towards those Transmontane Companies which are opening up the pampas and the virgin forests. But the Western section often ends at the base of a precipice, with condors soaring picturesquely overhead; while the Eastern has come probably to a temporary standstill at some "one-horse" backwood city in the swamps. Out of Chili or the Argentine Republic, at all events, no one has probably suffered much, save the confiding European investor who indirectly supplied the funds for the enterprise. The great landowners, the mining Companies, and the native merchants of the inland towns have found a quick and cheap means of transport for themselves and their produce. The English or American contractors who promoted and constructed the lines have been paid, and paid liberally. And the traveller who would inspect the glories of the mountain ranges is enabled with ease to accomplish a journey where the game would formerly hardly have been worth the candle. For, as a rule, in the Southern hemisphere of America, while there must be many points of view which are absolutely matchless for rugged grandeur and stupendous sublimity, the characteristics of the scenery are monotony and aridity. On a clear day from the summit of the Cordillera you might look with the eye of the poet from that throne of clouds over half the world. Nevertheless working one's way from the plains to the summit on muleback would be a heart-breaking and interminable business. The paths lie for the most part in the beds or along the rills of the *arroyos*, or water-courses, that come down in flood for a brief space in the rains, and are choked in dust through the rest of the year. The scorching sun has powdered the friable rocks, and except on the patches of soil in the neighbourhood of water there is hardly a sign of vegetation anywhere. The people have no notion of irrigating. The swollen torrents run to waste in the rains, and the streams that are perennially fed from the snowfields shrink into trickling brooks in the height of the summer. But the dreary chasms of these heat-stricken deserts have been bridged over by railways ingeniously devised. The engineering feats of South American contractors throw into the shade the achievements that one admires on the Sömmering. You may take a through ticket on the sea-coast and be delivered at your destination with a very moderate expenditure of vital energy, the heat and the dust notwithstanding. Then your troubles begin with a fresh base of departure in some mountain or mining city where you have been hospitably welcomed; and you must fall back upon four-footed beasts for the transport of your belongings, if not of your person. But we fancy that on those heights the riding is seldom disagreeable. While the lower ranges have been denuded of their timber, the forests beyond the reach of the woodman have been spared. There is shade under the leaves and fresh air in the openings; and at that elevation there is far less of the density of undergrowth which makes the forests in the Brazils almost impervious. Rising above the line of the trees and the scrub, it becomes of course a simple question of scrambling; the worst of it being, that when the climb has been accomplished, the odds are almost anything against the view you came in quest of.

The remarks on this subject in the letters of the *Times'* Correspondent are fully confirmed by the despatches from Mr. Whymper. The peaks of the Andes are almost invariably wreathed in dense volumes of drifting vapour, so that the adventurous mountaineer has his exertions for his pains. As to monotony in the scenery, you find it as much in the pampas or the *llanos* as on the lower ribs of the rocky backbone of the Continent. You may ride for many days across limitless plains, where you are often buried out of reach of any air that may be stirring in the rank luxuriance of reeds and grasses, and where each successive clearing you emerge upon exactly resembles the last. You are oppressed by the same sense of vague immensity when coasting the endless seaboard. No line of coast elsewhere on the globe, the shores of Australia not excepted, are so little broken by bays or headlands. The introduction of steam navigation has not only economized time, but saved an infinity of precious lives and property. Where the traveller does find the perfection of picturesque marine scenery, as the *Times'* Correspondent pointed out in a recent letter, is in threading the intricate archipelago of islands, rocks, and shoals, that lie stretched between Patagonia and Terra del Fuego. The perils and the beauties of that complicated inner passage must make the mouth of the spirited ocean-yachtsman water. The Correspondent tells of common forecastle men, who were in the habit of making the trips through those straits as a matter of business, awestruck by the irresistible sublimity which impressed them on each fresh occasion as forcibly as ever. Nor was that wonderful. For in the height of the Antarctic summer, "the narrow passages still wore a polar look; the glaciers slid down in perpendicular sheets from the brow of the hill to the water-edge; the waterfalls in the glens seemed to hang frozen in the air like crystal columns, and although neither the wind nor the storm reached us, we could see far up on the mountain summits, when a rift in the cloud laid them bare, the surface all covered with fresh-fallen and thick-fallen snow, drifting into wreaths, and heaving into heaps as it flew eddying before the blast." The slip of a mass of ice from these overhanging glaciers might lash the pent-up waters in the channel into fury, and possibly block the passage. But the crowning effect was in the charms of contrast. While winter reigned undisturbed on the heights, the lower slopes were covered with the brilliancy of summer vegetation. There was "a juxtaposition of ice and flowers, of snowy summits and grassy slopes, of blue glaciers bordering on green meadows and yellow corn-fields, and of icicles hanging on the branches of budding trees."

So far as we can judge, we should say that one of the chief drawbacks to South American travel was the difficulty of finding satisfactory Capuas in which to recruit in the intervals of campaigning. Rio de Janeiro is perhaps an exception. There, at least, are infinite beauties of tropical scenery by land and sea, though the hotels, with a single suburban exception, leave, as we understand, a great deal to desire. But elsewhere the monotony of the mountain scenery is reflected in the uniform aspect of the cities, as well as in the habits of the national life. The cloudless climate seldom changes, while the Peruvians must make the best of it in a perpetual cloud-haze. It is true that the foreign residents are universally hospitable; but, after all, one hardly cares to cross the world for the dinners and dull domestic entertainments that have become a weariness of the spirit at home; and, on the whole, we are of opinion that travel in South America can only commend itself to exceptional temperaments.

THE EXPECTED DRAIN OF GOLD.

FOR some time back the business community has been disturbed by the apprehension of a large export of gold to the United States during the autumn. Were such an export to take place, it would drain away the reserve of the Bank of England, and, in bankers' phrase, raise the value of money—that is to say, raise the rates paid for the use of capital in the short-loan market. The effect of this would be either to trench upon the profits of legitimate trade, or else to enhance the prices of commodities, and in another direction to increase the risks of speculation, by adding to them the danger that advances might be obtainable only on conditions which would render the success of the speculation impossible. For a while these apprehensions became so acute as almost to deserve the name of a scare; but since the publication of the Bank of England return last week they have greatly diminished, until now the general disposition seems to be to look upon them

as wholly unfounded. To which of these views does the balance of probability incline?

The first point to inquire into is the American demand. As is well known, the money of the United States at present is of five different kinds—gold coin, silver coin, gold and silver certificates, greenbacks, and bank-notes, of which all but the latter are legal tender. The gold and silver certificates, however, we may leave out of account, because they are neither more nor less than receipts for the deposits of the precious metals, and obviously can be added to only by the import or production of the bullion they represent. The silver coins likewise may be left out of account, since they are not current. They are being struck by the American mints at the rate required by law, but they accumulate in the vaults of the Treasury, and are practically of no more use to satisfy a currency demand than if they were in Japan. Of the three remaining kinds of money, the greenbacks are fixed in amount by Act of Congress, and can neither be increased nor diminished without a change in the law, whatever may be the scarcity or overabundance of the circulating medium; while the legislation respecting bank-notes imposes such onerous conditions on their issue that in practice their amount hardly increases. The result is that, if an augmentation of the currency is required, it can be made only by an addition to the gold. We have evidence of this in what has been going on since the resumption of specie payments at the beginning of last year. In the interval the bank-note circulation has been increased only by 2,688,000*l.*, while 28 millions sterling have been added to the gold currency. The question is whether this increase of over 30½ millions sterling has or has not given the country all the money which it requires. Periods of great and expanding prosperity, such as the United States are now enjoying, always require large additions to the currency. A vast multiplication of commercial transactions is the characteristic of such periods. More railways, ships, factories, shops, and houses are built than usual; more iron and coal and other minerals are produced; more goods are manufactured. In consequence more workpeople are employed and at better wages. The great body of the people have thus more means of outlay, and consumption is increased. The consequence of this general increase of expenditure is that the old medium of circulation is found to be insufficient. It is augmented, if there are the means of augmenting it; if not, it rises in value—that is, acquires additional purchasing power. During the period of inflation upon which the United States have now entered, the currency, as we have just seen, has been increased by over 30½ millions sterling. The point which we wish to ascertain is whether a further large addition is to be expected. To ascertain this with any confidence we require the teaching of past experience; but such teaching, strictly speaking, does not exist. The United States have been a gold-using country, in the full sense of the words, only for twenty months. For seventeen years previously they had been under the *régime* of inconvertible paper; and before the Civil War their economic condition was so unlike what it is to-day that it would be sheer waste of time to go back to that epoch. Still we are not entirely without a guide. A writer in the *Statist* pointed out three weeks ago that, when the last period of inflation set in on the accession of General Grant to power, the inconvertible paper currency rose in purchasing power in the first two years of expanding trade just 25 per cent. But the addition actually made in the last twenty months is about 22 per cent. In other words, if we may assume that the addition to the currency will be in the same proportion now as the increase of purchasing power was after 1869, that addition between now and the end of the year will not exceed 4½ millions sterling.

But are we justified in making the assumption just stated? It is impossible to answer this question with any confidence. It may be observed, however, that the last ten years have made an immense addition to the population of the United States, have vastly extended the cultivated area, have enormously expanded their trade, and, in particular, have given them an unprecedented control of the food markets of Europe. It is not unreasonable to suppose that a country so much more populous, active, and rich than it was before, requires a proportionately larger currency. But, on the other hand, there has during the ten years been a great development of banking, which of course tends to dispense with the use of cash in a variety of transactions. Yet there is another consideration which must not be lost sight of. It is that the West and South are essentially agricultural, and that in all agricultural communities there is a great expansion of the circulating medium in the autumn. The crops have then to be cut and got in; the corn has to be threshed and sent to market; the cattle fed upon grass during the summer have likewise to be disposed of; and provision has to be made for winter operations. In the case of the United States the fertile lands which produce the wheat, maize, pork, tobacco, sugar, rice, and cotton consumed in Europe lie thousands of miles, for the most part, from the port of shipment. And these commodities have to be sent long distances, perhaps, to the nearest railway station, and have then to be conveyed hundreds, or it may be thousands, of miles to New York, New Orleans, Galveston, or wherever the port may be. All these operations involve a vast outlay in wages, the hire and feed of horses, railway and steamboat freight. And, in consequence, every September a drain of cash from New York to the interior sets in, and continues till very close upon the end of the year. Twelve months ago this drain was so exhausting that New York was obliged to draw from Europe 15 millions sterling in gold. The experience of 1869-70, as the writer in the *Statist* observes, would suggest that this enormous import, reinforced by the subsequent production of California, will nearly suffice for the needs of this year. But, on the other hand, it is to be remarked that, notwithstanding the Californian production, not a penny of the 15 millions in question has been returned to Europe, from which it would seem that even in the summer, which is always a slack season in agricultural countries, the currency of the United States was not excessive with the present activity of business and high range of prices, and consequently that it will be insufficient for the exceptional demands of the autumn.

Assuming that the United States will require before the end of the year 4½ millions sterling in gold, and possibly much more, the next question is whether they have the means of obtaining it from London. It is said that our harvest this year is good, and so is the harvest generally over Europe; that consequently we shall not require anything like the quantity of grain which we had to buy twelve months ago, and therefore shall not owe so much to the United States; that, on the other hand, the American people will require our goods—iron, machinery, cotton, and so on—which will further reduce the debt; that, if a balance remains, we can liquidate it by sending out securities; and that the Americans will much prefer goods or stock to gold which can be of no use to them. There is force in these arguments; but they are all based on the assumption that the Americans do not require additional currency; which may be quite true, but is not suggested by the foregoing inquiry, and certainly is not to be assumed. If they do require additional currency, they will as easily find means to get it as to get iron or any other commodity. As for the contention that, our harvest being good, we shall not need so much American corn as we required last year, it is to be borne in mind that a low price stimulates consumption, that we have to replenish stocks seriously exhausted, and that if we do not take wheat we shall take something else—beef, pork, butter, and so on. The Americans have an immense supply of articles of food which we require; and, if they choose to stimulate the sale, they can always do so by reducing prices low enough. If they would lose by so doing, they would lose still more by allowing the articles to perish at home. We may dismiss therefore as nonsensical the talk about the inability of the Americans to obtain whatever supply of gold they may really require. Another argument is that France and Germany will have to provide most of the gold which America may take, as they are at present doing. But the stock of the metal held by the Banks of France and Germany is now so small that it is contended, on the other hand, that they cannot afford to part with much more; and, in fact, to prevent the loss, the Bank of Germany has already put up its rate of discount as high as 5½ per cent., while the Bank of France maintains a premium on gold of over ½ per cent. The rates in the outer market in Berlin are following those of the Bank, and large sales of stock are being made in London to obtain command over the money market here; and in France the excessive amount of light coin is interposing an obstacle in the way of shipments. But we have not space to discuss this part of the question. We would only observe that a good deal may be drawn from the French circulation, or that by the sale of securities France and Germany may transfer to ourselves part of the burden of finding gold to satisfy the American demand.

THE ST. LEGER.

With the week in which the St. Leger is run begins what may be called the second part of the year's racing. Although in these days there is racing of some sort almost all the year round, the best of it is practically divided into two parts. The first begins about the middle of April at Newmarket, and then follow the Epsom Spring, the other Newmarket meetings, Epsom summer races, Ascot, and Goodwood. This brings us to the end of July; and, although there is a great deal of racing during August, no races of great importance take place again until near the middle of September. After six weeks of comparative quiet, we begin the second part of the racing season with Doncaster, and then come the Newmarket autumn meetings, after which the season soon closes. Racing fixtures are arranged to fit in conveniently with the other occupations of sportsmen. The following is pretty much the programme of what sporting men consider a well-spent year. When the hunting season ends, in the spring, racing begins, and continues at its height until the end of July. Then it is time to think about going to Scotland, and the best of the grouse-shooting and some deer-stalking carry on matters until near the middle of September, when Doncaster begins. Then come partridge-shooting and the Newmarket autumn meetings, a week's shooting and a week's racing alternating for about six weeks. With the beginning of November the hunting season begins, and this, varied with pheasant-shooting during the frosts of December and January, carries matters on till it is time to begin the same profitable round again in the next spring. To men who spend their lives in this manner the St. Leger is a particularly attractive race, as they return fresh to racing after their month's shooting, and they find it pleasant to compare notes with friends about sport in the Highlands. Then Doncaster is an agreeable meeting in other respects, and the racing is generally of an interesting description. There are many hospitable country houses within a drive of Doncaster, and the days spent at them for the races are usually very pleasant. In the town there are many little parties in hotels and lodgings, and those who wish to buy yearlings or to bet at the subscription

rooms generally prefer remaining at Doncaster to staying at any of the surrounding country houses.

The St. Leger of the present year was expected to be little better than a match. Nevertheless it was an exceptionally interesting race. The two leading favourites were the first and second in the Derby, and as there had only been a short head between them in that race, it seemed difficult to foretell which would win the St. Leger. The excitement preceding the race had been greatly increased by the dispute about the identity of Bend Or. Altogether, the St. Leger of 1880 was very far from being a tame affair. The great question seemed to be whether Bend Or ought, or ought not, to have won the Derby. It was the opinion of many people that, if Robert the Devil had been properly ridden, Bend Or could not possibly have won. It was urged that the jockey who was riding Robert had eased him when the race appeared at his mercy, and that when Bend Or came rushing up with such a spurt there was no time to set him going again at his best pace. Whatever the case might have been, it must have been clear to every one who saw the Derby that the manner in which Bend Or shot up at the end of the race was little short of a miracle. But the partisans of Bend Or had quite another story to tell. They said that the horse had had sore shins; that he had got off very badly; that he was shut in and shut out in the course of the race; that he had twisted a plate; that he had been obliged "to run round his horses" at a critical point of the race; while some even went so far as to say that a mistake had been made about a ball which had been given to him, and that he was not at all himself when he ran for the Derby, though probably but few people gave serious attention to the latter story. His enemies, however, had another word to say. How was it, they inquired, that if Bend Or was such a paragon of perfection as was stated, he could only just manage to beat Fernandez by a head, after a hard struggle, in the St. James's Palace Stakes at Ascot? It was all very well to say that he had been eased in his work after the Derby; but with ordinary training he ought not, they maintained, to have deteriorated so much in a fortnight. But the champions of Bend Or also had a question to ask. How was it that at the Newmarket July Meeting, Cipolata had beaten Robert the Devil by half a length in the Midsummer Stakes? It was true that Cipolata had had an advantage of 7 lbs. in the weights, beyond her allowance for sex; but, if Robert the Devil was the flyer his friends pretended him to be, he ought to have been able to beat her easily at such terms. Further, they had a right to inquire how so good a horse could have been beaten by Apollo at the Newmarket Craven Meeting. As regards the work done by the two rivals during the summer, it was reported that Bend Or had undergone a very fair amount of training, but that Robert the Devil had successfully gone through one of the hardest preparations ever borne by a racehorse, and that he was as fit and as well trained as it was possible for a horse to be.

Besides the winner of the Derby and the Grand Prix de Paris, the winner of the Oaks was also to start for the St. Leger. It has not been an uncommon thing to see an Oaks winner the first favourite for the St. Leger, and it is proverbial that mares run far better in September than in May; but, although Jenny Howlet had won the Oaks this year by four lengths from a field of a dozen opponents, her chance was little esteemed for the St. Leger. A far better favourite was Zealot, the winner of the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot. This race may be said to be next in importance to the five great three-year-old prizes of Newmarket, Epsom, and Doncaster. On the late occasion, a dozen horses had started for it, including Petronel, the winner of the Two Thousand. Zealot had won very cleverly by a length, The Abbot being second. The Abbot was also to start for the St. Leger. This seemed to be one of the most unlucky horses in training. Whenever he had come out this year he had run well, but he had always been second or third instead of the winner. He had been third in the Two Thousand, second in the Payne Stakes, second in the Prince of Wales's Stakes, third in the Hardwicke Stakes, and second to the great Isonomy himself in the Manchester Cup. On this running there could be no doubt whatever that The Abbot was a horse of high merit; but, in addition to his extraordinary bad luck, his appearance was strongly objected to by judges of horseflesh. He has excellent shoulders, but they are supported upon upright prop-like fore legs, with round fetlocks. His back is simply abominable, his sides are flat, and his flabby quarters look as if they did not belong to him. But, although he is the kind of horse for which we should think no one would care to give fifty pounds as a hack, and in spite of the fact that, according to all accepted rules of equine conformation, he ought not to be able to race, his public running entitled him to a prominent position among the second-class favourites. Cipolata, a filly which, as we have already said, had beaten Robert the Devil, had also beaten the winner of the Two Thousand. She is lightly made, but she is well shaped. It was clear from her previous running that, if the two leading favourites happened to be at all out of form, they would be in danger of defeat from this mare; but if they were themselves, it seemed as if she could have scarcely any chance of beating them. She had not been placed in the One Thousand; but nevertheless, taking her running as a whole, she was generally considered to be the best filly that started for the St. Leger, and she was a far better favourite than Jenny Howlet. It had been expected that Mask would be the third favourite at the start for the St. Leger. He had beaten Zealot by more than a length at even weights at Goodwood, and he had given The Abbot 3 lbs. and a beating in the Payne Stakes at Newmarket. In the Derby he had been third, and it seemed unlikely that he would ever be able to out-gallop Bend Or and Robert the Devil; but still he appeared to have every claim on public running to the post of third favourite. Unfortunately he has a weak hock, and as the time of the St. Leger approached, it was found impossible to bring him out for that race. Much as this was to be regretted, it is some satisfaction to reflect that the St. Leger favourites of this year were singularly free from breakdowns and other disappointments.

We should scarcely be speaking too strongly if we were to say that last Wednesday was the wettest St. Leger day ever known. Wind, rain, and mud made everything wretched. Whatever might be the merits of the favourites, it was certain that they were to compete under circumstances exactly the opposite of those of the Derby day. At Epsom the course had been as hard as a board, and now the two rivals were to try their powers through deep mud. This fact caused betting men to consider carefully whether Bend Or or Robert the Devil was better suited to run well over heavy ground. Many thousands of pounds depended upon this question. If, under ordinary circumstances, after galloping a mile and a half there was only the length of a man's hand between the two horses' noses, it seemed probable that the only thing except illness or accident which could separate them to any extent would be the state of the ground. The general opinion was strongly in favour of Bend Or, and this seemed reasonable enough; for, although Robert the Devil had laid on a good deal of muscle since he had run in the Derby, he was still a light, flat-sided horse, while Bend Or appeared to have power and substance enough to gallop through deep mud. Bend Or consequently became a tremendous favourite, and at the start odds were laid on him. There had not been such a strong favourite for the St. Leger for four years, when 2 to 1 was laid on Kisber. Ten minutes to four seemed rather a late hour to fix for the race. Fortunately the horses came out very punctually, and no time was lost at the post. The twelve starters got into line, and away they went at once, without a single false start. The two favourites were in front, and it looked for a moment as if they were going to settle down to race out their match from the start. They were both steadied, however, in about a hundred yards, and Novice and Incendiary made the running. As regards the pace at which the race was run, we may observe that, if the statistics commonly published of the time occupied by the different St. Legers are correct, the late St. Leger was the slowest that has been run for forty years. Novice and Incendiary kept up the running for about a mile and a quarter, when they had had enough of it, and fell back. Bend Or then came boldly to the front, and there were loud cries of "The favourite wins." It seemed all right this time, for he was not shut in among a crowd of horses, as he was said to have been in the Derby, and the coast was clear between him and the winning-post. He came on gallantly in front for some distance, followed by Cipolata and Robert the Devil. As he was turning into the straight at the bend he did not seem to be going quite so kindly, and it was evident that, at any rate, he was not going to win without having to race for it. In a few more strides he was running like a beaten horse, and one of the strongest favourites that ever ran for the St. Leger was clearly defeated. Robert the Devil then came striding along, and as he ran up the straight had the race all to himself, winning at last by three lengths. Cipolata was third, and The Abbot was only a neck behind her, this being the sixth time that this ill-fated beast has run second or third this year, without once winning or once being unplaced. Zealot was fourth. Bend Or was sixth, but he may have been eased when his jockey found that he could not win. Jenny Howlet, the winner of the Oaks, ran badly.

It might have been satisfactory if Bend Or had confirmed his Derby victory by winning the St. Leger; but, after all, he has had a very glorious career, and his friends can always say in his defence that the course at Doncaster was in a very exceptional state. On the other hand, after his gallant struggle in the Derby, one cannot fairly grudge the St. Leger to Robert the Devil. The two champions have now divided the highest honours of the Turf between them, and let it be ever remembered to their credit that they settled their differences without a lawsuit.

REVIEWS.

KANDAHAR IN 1879.*

It is difficult to say what corrections and additions have been made to this Diary since its first publication in the *Royal Engineers' Journal*; but the narrative has not lost the rare merit of simplicity and freshness. This gallant Major of Engineers takes the public completely into his confidence, and supplies us with every kind of personal and domestic detail about his kit, clothing, and correspondence. We almost know the number of pipes which he smoked when tobacco was his only solace under

* *Kandahar in 1879.* Being the Diary of Major Le Messurier, R.E., Brigade Major with the Quetta Column. Reprinted, with corrections and additions, from the "Royal Engineers' Journal." London: Allen & Co. 1880.

short commons and rough accommodation. We are told, as racing touts might say, the names, colours, and peculiarities of his stud; how his tent was robbed and his gold watch was stolen, and how he recovered it by the exercise of some moral pressure; by how many snipe and partridges, black and grey, he managed to supplement the rations of the Commissariat or his purchases at a travelling store; when one of his children was born, and how very glad he was to get back to his nursery after roughing it on something worse than beefsteaks and porter for about eleven months. Some time in November 1878 he found himself appointed Brigade Major to the Mooltan Field Force, under General Sir D. Stewart, who was making for Kandahar. He accompanied that division and reached the city in January 1879, remaining there until the October following, when he was marked off for employment in India. Though he saw little or no fighting, he had a good deal of experience of the country and its inhabitants; he surveyed, shot, rode about, visited native chiefs, got up sky races, cleared spaces for the troops, pulled down old walls, and made quarters comfortable and healthy for the soldiers; and in all these varied occupations he has shown us no trace of the dictatorial and omniscient "Correspondent." Though he gives a *précis* of political events and a catalogue of Dost Mahommed's descendants, there is no attempt to forecast the political barometer or to fix precisely the frontier at which Russia can best be held in check. But if any young soldier wishes to know what the occupation of a hostile territory is like and what form of hardships he may have to encounter, we can refer him confidently to this Diary; nor is it wanting in lively descriptions of the climate, habits, and temper of the people, and in materials for the administrator and the diplomatist.

Major Le Messurier is evidently an old campaigner, or, at any rate, he possesses the happy faculty of making the best of things and of getting on in spite of lame horses and departmental blunders and delays, where work has to be done or space to be traversed. As a member of a scientific corps he has an eye for gradients, curves, and the difficulties of road-making over plateaus swept by dust storms and in defiles liable to sudden inundations. And his invariable buoyancy of spirits lends an additional value to his observations. As might be expected by those who have studied the country, he endured most trying alternations of heat and cold. In the Bolan Pass, near a stream appropriately called the Dozdan, or "thieves' nullah," he shivered under a biting wind and water froze in his tent. His skin was chapped, and the natives of India failed to comprehend what it was that gashed and slit their hands. The last stage into Kandahar is described as a howling desert without a trace of vegetation. The climate was then bitterly cold, but invigorating; everything seemed to sparkle with electricity, and every one's appetite was always ready for any meal. In Kandahar itself the thermometer varied in January from 57° to 27° in two or three days. There was snow on the hills, and the wind shifted capriciously, or occasionally dropped and brought on unseasonable heat. But all this was nothing to the summer. Flies came in swarms; columns of dust swept through the camp, especially in the Khojak Pass; and, in spite of sanitary precautions, fever and cholera broke out. Yet the men, Europeans and natives, and horses and ponies, somehow managed to stand the temperature. Not so the camels. These useful animals devoured prickly bushes, and occasionally died from eating poisonous shrubs. If an experienced Shikari called Biluch is to be trusted, the Government officials put too heavy loads on the camels' backs. They should have been given lighter burdens and warmer clothing, and bad grazing would not then "have broken their hearts." But, as this sententious old hunter said, the Sirkar (Government) "does everything at the wrong time." Major Le Messurier gives us some trustworthy statistics of the numbers of troops, camp followers, horses, mules and bullocks, and stores that were forwarded by special trains on the Scinde, Punjab, and Delhi Railway, during these troublous times. It needs neither extraordinary aptitude for finance nor elaborate budgets, but ordinary judgment, to be quite certain that a war depending on the transport of such vast material could never be concluded for a paltry three millions sterling. Such figures as the following might have opened the eyes of the humblest clerk or the most complacent civilian:—

Troops and followers	190,000
Horses and mules	24,000
Bullocks	8,000
Camels	1,000
Stores	1,400,000 maunds.

This was on the line of railway in the space of eight months. Later on, in 1879, after the murder of the escort, similar energy was displayed for ten days, though the figures do not of course rise so high. And this was independent of additions sent from Bombay direct. We observe that the author, while describing these arrangements, prefers the system of regimental carriage to what is termed the consolidated system in force with English and Continental armies. He argues that in the late campaigns whole regiments were constantly ahead of their Commissariat, and would have fared better had the commanding officers of each corps been allowed to provide for their own wants.

Leaving this knotty question to be decided by experts, we turn to some of the episodes in the Diary which diversified the hardship and monotony of camp life. The city, and especially the Shah bazaar, had been immensely improved by the efforts of our officers; rubbish carted away, spaces cleared, drains purified and trade encouraged. Blacksmiths manufactured spades, knives, horse-shoes, and cooking pots, with iron imported from Bombay. Coppersmiths were no less busy, and displayed, besides articles of indigenous manufacture, the Russian samovar. Leather curriers and tailors drove a brisk trade, and the *postin* or large Afghan coat that comes down to the heels was procurable for about 10*l*. This seems a large sum to give, and, it may be, was fixed to suit the Englishman, but an Afghan would probably pay less and wear the article down to rags. Shoes ranged from 1*s*. 8*d*. to 9*s*. 6*d*. a pair, and the close-fitting quilted caps worn by the lower orders cost about twopence-halfpenny. For a prayer-carpet the price asked from the author was ten rupees, though a true believer might have had it for seven. The description of the manufacture of floor-cloths out of felt, in coloured patterns, is extremely curious, but too minute for us to quote or analyse. Brickmaking, on the other hand, is extremely simple. Two men can turn out, from a trench supplied with running water, nearly 1,500 bricks a day. They are dried in the sun, and not burnt. But the account of baking bread and making *kabābs* is truly inviting, and the process is distinguished, we are told, by a neatness and cleanliness for which we should look in vain in the bazaars of Calcutta or Cairo. Five men divide the labour of kneading the dough, dabbing it in pats on a board, rolling out and ornamenting and finally affixing them to the inside of the sloping roof of the oven. The *kabābs* are made as follows: to minced meat is added the fat of the *dumba* or heavy-tailed sheep, and the two are neatly skewered, with the addition of spice, salt, and onions. We are gratified to learn that the author and a friend had an enjoyable meal on these delicacies, which cost them little more than twopence. Similar praise cannot be given to the mode of shoeing horses, which sounds unscientific, haphazard, and barbarous. These walks through the bazaars, with, it must be admitted, the chance of a stab from some zealous Mohammedan, were varied by a day out with a hospitable native gentleman. Once the author joined a garden-party at a place prettily laid out—extent, forty acres; vines in trenches; avenues of rose-trees; an orchard; and plots devoted to lucerne and barley. There was a square house on this property, of two stories, with galleries and *tahkhanas* or rooms underground, in which the owners live during the hottest days of the year. Another day was spent, at the invitation of a Kazi, at the shrine of a real saint. The tomb was of various coloured stones, with a headstone of black marble, inscribed with Arabic characters. Round the enclosure were hung horseshoes and the horns of the ibex and the *markhor*, not killed in the chase but picked up on the hillsides. An excellent *déjeuner à la fourchette* was served in a large tent, at which stews, pilaos, *kabābs*, sweetmeats, and pickles succeeded each other. The attendants and the crowd had no hesitation, we gather, in disposing of the remnants of the feast. The Kazi, besides being learned in his own classical languages, was proficient in modern history and geography; had relations who wrote about Napoleon and knew the four great continents of the world, but did not think much of Australasia. We daresay they had also their own ideas about Russian advancement, if they could have been induced to open their minds. The necessity of taking an armed escort on shooting parties reminds us that sport in Afghanistan is not as simple a matter as our officers have found it in Besika Bay or on the plains of Troy. It reads more like a risky adventure in Greece or Sicily. Sappers watched the ponies and the shooters, while the sportsmen themselves waded into tanks and across irrigation canals—places, the author insinuates, hateful to dirty Afghans, who never apply water to their persons. The bags, however, were not large. Snipe were wild and ducks wary, and partridges not abundant. The Afghans net quails in large numbers, and, as we have read in Lieutenant Wood's *Journey to the Sources of the Oxus*, regularly ride down pheasants and partridges at particular seasons of the year. It is characteristic of the English officer on a campaign that, while Viceroys and Councils are still debating about advance, retirement, or retention of what we have got, he has already put together his breechloader, levelled a space for cricket, laid out a course for a steeplechase, including probably a water-jump, and amazed the natives by a spirited game of polo. Fruit, by itself, will not make up a Budget nor pay a dividend on a railway; but in Afghanistan it was to be had in abundance. An excellent imitation of gooseberry fool was made out of green plums; of grapes there were at least fourteen or fifteen varieties; and peaches and apricots were so plentiful that we are only thankful there was not more cholera.

Major Le Messurier has some excellent suggestions about kit, dress, and the bivouac generally. He had to be prepared for extremes. Boots with canvas tops, brown suits, and helmets with spikes and chin-straps of leather, sound very well for rough work. Two suits of clothes, with four sets of underclothing, ought to suffice for any man, says our author, until they are worn out. Flannel should be invariably worn next the skin, as most Anglo-Indians will admit; and when the campaigner reaches his small tent in some defile which might compare with Wuthering Heights for wind and bluster, he takes down his saddle-bags from the camel, puts on a *banian* (*Anglicè*, a jersey), and tops this by an ulster and a pair of felt leggings, and then is quite ready for dinner. His bed is a "sack of felt, with a waterproof sheet underneath, blankets, and ulster above." But even with all this he could not have kept warm, had it not been for the thoughtfulness of his wife, who had stored away in his baggage an india-rubber hot-water bottle. To use his own unadorned and expressive language, this article excelled all comforts that any poor shivering devil ever had, warmed

his feet at night, made him *khush* (happy) in his mind, and gave him hot water when he turned out to renew his march next morning. The details of the equipment and allowances for officers, privates, and camp followers will be found of practical use for all similar expeditions; and the heights and distances of the Thull Chotiali route, procured from General Biddulph's corps, are all so many contributions to an accurate and "scientific" knowledge of our frontier. Taking this record for what it really pretends to be, we have very little to criticize or deprecate—save perhaps the practice of sporting on Sundays, which, we can assure the author, if winked at by Englishmen, will not gain him respect in the eyes of the natives, who know that the English official is wont to set aside certain times and seasons for rest and *Pooja*, and to read the service at Stations when there is no chaplain. But, in every other respect, this Diary is a credit to the soldier, the sportsman, and the engineer.

FORMBY'S ANCIENT ROME.*

MR. FORMBY has given to the world an exceedingly sumptuous volume; but for all except those who are willing to embark in the same boat with him, or have made the venture already, he has rendered it impossible to do more than express their admiration of its typographical and artistic beauty. It abounds with illustrations of objects of almost every kind which may throw light on the history of the city from its first beginnings, and more especially of those which belong to the province of Christian antiquities. But from no portion of the text will readers moderately acquainted with the subject gain much addition to their knowledge. They will find something in Mr. Formby's text about the walls and fortifications of the city, something about the tombs on the Appian Way, and something more about the catacombs and some recent discoveries in them, the discovery of the chair of St. Peter in the Ostorian cemetery being apparently the most important of all. But they will soon see that Mr. Formby's zeal refuses to be bounded by the limits of the historian's office, and that the results of historical research have for him no value unless they support a particular conclusion. Of course we do not suppose that he has at any time distinctly made up his mind to reject facts if they fail to square with theory; but his conviction of the truth of his own belief is so absolute that he is spared the pain of discerning in history anything which may disturb the serenity of his assurance, far less anything which may suggest doubt. We have a sketch of the fortunes of the Roman city and State from the days of Romulus downwards; we have some account of the Punic wars, of the internal struggles which led to the downfall of the Republic, of the Greek schools of philosophy and their influence on Christian thought, and a much more detailed account of Roman imperialism and of the imperialism of the Popes who took the place of the Emperors. But from beginning to end every fact is made to point to one conclusion, and this conclusion is to be received as coming with the full weight of Divine authority. To whatever part of the book we may turn, there is no escape from the iteration of the one great lesson which universal history teaches to Mr. Formby; and so thoroughly is he absorbed by its paramount importance that he neither feels wearied himself by repetitions which to others must be intolerably oppressive, nor thinks that any one can be found to shrink from the toil of wading through pages the writing of which has afforded him unmingled pleasure.

Unfortunately this conclusion involves a mass of propositions which Englishmen generally have definitively rejected. The English nation does not look on itself as bound by allegiance to the Holy See; it does not look on the Roman pontiff as by Divine appointment the absolute lord and master of the whole Christian world, whose imperial power is the only safeguard against an anarchy which, without this check, would sweep everything away. But, although we have come to tolerably definite conclusions on these points, it may safely be said that there are few Englishmen who would care to complain of Mr. Formby for upholding the most rigid Ultramontanism, so long as he does not impugn the independence and sovereignty of the English State. He is quite free to assert that the Roman Church is the mother and mistress of all Churches, so long as he does not assert that her decisions may override the authority of English law within the limits of the realm. But Englishmen are not merely Englishmen; many of them are historical students and scholars also. For many generations English writers have, with greater or less care and ability, dealt with the history of Rome, and the subject has attracted during the present century the special attention, not only of German sceptics like Niebuhr and Mommsen, Curtius and Schwegler, of whom Mr. Formby has a righteous horror, but of English scholars whose honesty and learning cannot be called in question. The history of Rome, however, cannot be separated from other history. There is but one method which must be applied to the records of all times and countries; and this method has yielded certain results as to which historical scholars in this country and on the Continent are generally agreed. In England and Scotland, and not in these countries only, there is a general impression that the claims of the Roman See to unconditional authority were deliberately and definitively rejected a few centuries ago, that the English nation broke with the Pope as completely as one people or power can break with another, and that this alienation, or revolt, or rebellion (the name is a matter of indifference), was not confined to the bounds of Great Britain. Englishmen therefore can scarcely hear without some feeling of surprise, or indeed without a slight incredulity, that no such events have ever occurred, and that in the eyes of the staunchest upholders of the Papal claims such incidents are regarded as mere possibilities of the distant future. As a citizen both of Arpinum and of Rome, Cicero spoke of his attachment to his native place as an affection which must be subordinated to the attachment which he felt for Rome.

> If then [adds Mr. Formby] it should ever come to pass in the disorder of human things that a Christian nation should be betrayed into breaking its ties of allegiance to Christian Rome, which has been divinely constituted the one supreme centre of Christian unity for the nations of the earth, and if this fatal act should prove the inevitable rupture of the previously subsisting concord between the lesser patriotism which is by nature, and the higher allegiance to the centre of unity which is Christian and divine, the words of Cicero are plainly seen to stand good for the higher claim.

The argument of Mr. Formby's lumbering sentences may be left on one side. It may be right that Englishmen should be Ultramontanes first and Englishmen afterwards; but it is puzzling to be told that certain things which have happened long ago may perhaps happen for the first time hereafter, and that claims which have been disputed or rejected by the largest part of Christendom have been formally denied nowhere. For those, however, who may have the patience to read a few of Mr. Formby's chapters consecutively, the feeling of puzzlement and surprise will soon pass away. They will see that history reveals to him quite another set of facts from those which it displays to Englishmen who fancy that they are not under the Roman obedience. To their unenlightened eyes the story of the Roman asylum in the legend of Romulus stands out in marked contradiction to the rest of the tale, and appears as a singularly unimportant incident in the traditions of a people whose fortunes were in no way affected by it. Not a few perhaps may doubt whether it was a Roman tradition at all. It is certain that during the time of the Republic the Romans were practically unacquainted with the Greek custom of taking sanctuary. Hence those who made up the story had to borrow the Greek word; and we know pretty well who the makers of such stories were. But with Mr. Formby inconsistencies, improbabilities, and contradictions go for nothing; and for him the incident becomes the pivot of the history, not of Rome only, but of the whole world. The opening of this refuge for vagrants and criminals is, in his eyes, an event in which the finger of God is pre-eminently seen; and the character of the Roman State and people throughout their history is read by him in accordance with his interpretation of it with marvellous and unwearied persistency. In the story as given by Livy the incident of the asylum stands wholly by itself. It is never mentioned again, nor can it be reconciled with any part of his subsequent narrative, any more than it can be brought into harmony with the tale of the colonization from Alba. It is utterly inconsistent with all that is known of every other old Italian community; and all that can be said is that one passing phrase of Livy lends some slight countenance to Mr. Formby's notion that

> Romulus established his city as an asylum for the benefit of all who in various ways have made shipwreck of their fortunes and need a second chance to rehabilitate themselves in a new social order, in which no inquiries will be made into their questionable antecedents or doubtful previous character.

But, having mentioned this, Livy, writing after a supposed interval of seven centuries from this period of his history, goes on to tell us of a society as narrow, as close, and as exclusive as that of the haughtiest of Eupatrids in any Greek community. The Roman State, as described by him, consisted, in the very lifetime of its founder, of patricians who almost felt the touch of a plebeian to be a profanation; and these patricians belonged to tribes, houses, and families, in the religious rites of which none but hereditary members could possibly be allowed to share. With plebeians there could be no intermarriage, and for them there could be no admission into public offices, because all these were connected with religion, and to allow plebeians to fill them would be sacrilege. It is to the last degree unlikely that when the first Roman dwellings rose on the earlier Seven Hills, the country was swarming with vagrants; it is simply impossible that a society such as that which Livy describes could have immediately grown out of such materials, and could have presented that compact front and unbending attitude which belongs only to a social supremacy uncontested during a long series of generations. But for Mr. Formby's purpose it was indispensably necessary to assert that Rome from the beginning and continuously bestowed her citizenship on all who chose to present themselves for it. For those who have not his lights, the whole history of the Republic, whether trustworthy or not, is the history of a long and at times almost a desperate struggle on the part of the plebeians to fight their way to a share in the government which the patricians regarded as their own sacred and incommunicable privilege, these struggles being followed by bloody wars with the Italian States who wished that those privileges should be extended to themselves. Mr. Formby is beyond doubt right in saying that it was "distinctly contrary to the genius of all the other cities of the ancient world" for a city to open its gates freely "to strangers and newcomers." The whole traditional history which follows the passing mention of the Romulean asylum shows that it was in no degree more the distinctive characteristic of Rome. But the pre-Christian Rome must foreshadow the Rome of the Popes, and she is thus

* *Ancient Rome and its Connection with the Christian Religion.* By the Rev. Henry Formby. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1880.

made to gather "her citizens from every quarter of the earth, whom she afterwards transformed into the Romans who conquered the world," although, apart from this solitary legend of a late age, there is not a tittle of evidence to show that she ever did so, or attempted to do so. This, however, in no way disturbs Mr. Formby. "Rome," he insists, "from the beginning, follows the diametrically opposite practice to all other cities, it being her rule to have no exclusive connexion whatever with any one nation or tribe of men; but always to keep her gates open for the reception of individual comers, and even of whole populations, without instituting the least inquiry into their nationality." Assuredly this conclusion is only less wonderful than the discovery that the English nation has never thrown off its allegiance to the Holy See. The objection lies not to Mr. Formby's ideas of the constitution of the Christian Church, but to the misreading and misrepresentation of facts. So far as he can support his own belief by analogies which can be adduced without doing violence to such evidence as we may possess, we have no right to impose any restrictions on his fancy. We have some information as to the relation of the clients at Rome to their patrons; but whether all, or only some, plebeians were clients, we cannot decide with any confidence. The institution may have worked well; in any case it may have helped to make the burden of subjection less intolerable. But it pleases Mr. Formby to think that "here as in so many other ways ancient Rome is seen to be the mirror of the Christian religion, in which the Christian people rejoice to be taught to regard their former fellow-citizens of earth, now saints of Heaven, as their patrons, and themselves as their clients"; and he has every right to any comfort which he may derive from the comparison.

If, again (the question of the trustworthiness of the narrative being put aside), the story of the times following the expulsion of the Tarquinian house from Rome teaches anything, it teaches us that a long and wretched struggle was needed before the Roman constitution assumed the form which it exhibited during the time of the wars with Carthage. To the patrician the admission of plebeians to a share in the work of government was the greatest of all conceivable organic changes. The attempts to bring about this change were resisted with an obstinacy and fierceness which showed that the patrician houses regarded the conflict as one for life or death; and the concessions wrung from them were, whenever it was possible, evaded, or left inoperative, or practically withdrawn. Nowhere, perhaps, was the struggle more virulent or protracted; nowhere was it accompanied with more deliberate injustice and more disingenuous subterfuge on the part of the nobles. With a wave of Mr. Formby's wand all these terrible controversies disappear. No sooner is the "life-monarchy" got rid of "than the city ceases to exhibit the least symptom of a desire for any further change." He cannot sufficiently praise the moderation and sound sense of the whole Roman people. "No sooner are the Tarquin family fairly ejected, than the city, become a republic, is seen to settle down at once to enjoy the substantial advantages of the firm and durable constitution established by Servius Tullus, sustained by the never-failing sagacity of the unbroken stream of capable statesmen." We can scarcely suppose that even a public school lad would win much credit by an essay which should maintain that, after the passing of the Petition of Right, all controversy between Charles I. and his subjects was at an end, that the rest of his reign exhibits a singular picture of harmony and concord between all orders of the realm, and that the King, dying in extreme old age, was quietly succeeded by his son, a sovereign as deservedly popular as himself. Mr. Formby's history is not a jot more credible. By what process he reaches his conclusions we cannot pretend to say; but he leaves us no option as to the mode in which they must be dealt with. The hallucinations which meet us in the first chapter run through it to the last; and we have only to say that, although the preparation of this splendid volume has doubtless been a labour of love, the book is historically worthless.

LISA LENA.*

"BASE is the slave that chronologizes," ought to be the motto of Mr. Jenkins's new novel. It is common for reviewers in their nasty cold-blooded fashion to find difficulties in adjusting the details of work which the novelist has thrown off in the flush of his genius. But we do not remember to have come across many books which outraged chronology quite to the extent of *Lisa Lena*. The heroine is the child of parents—very odd parents, too—who live somewhere in the neighbourhood of Mobile. Her father joins the Confederate armies and is killed. She herself, deserted by her mother, is apprenticed to a farmer when she is quite a small child. She then grows up to womanhood, or at least to full girlhood, and is fired with an ambition to join a circus. Among the members of the circus she joins is found no less a person than the redoubtable Mr. Heenan, the very same hero who afterwards had the famous fight with Tom Sayers. Now we had always imagined that that memorable combat took place some months before the outbreak of the American Civil War, so that apparently Miss Lisa Lena must have been living backward in some incomprehensible manner during the early years of her life.

Let it not, however, be for a moment supposed that this dull scholiastic criticism is the only kind of comment to which *Lisa Lena* exposes itself. It is much too remarkable a work for that. Generally speaking, Mr. Jenkins's novels have been of the strictest class of novels with a purpose. We are not quite able to make out what the purpose of this particular book is, unless it is to recommend the Dangerous Performances Bill which Mr. Jenkins, in days that are, alas! no more, and when yet Bills were matters within his competence, brought into the House of Commons. The *plaidoyer*, however, is by no means conclusive. Indeed, the second volume, which chiefly contains the life of Lisa Lena as a Living Cannon-ball, a Queen of the Caribees, and so forth, is a curiously incoherent and purposeless piece of work. It introduces us to some very bad company, and to some very queer company. The heroine, after being a model of propriety for some time, seems—we are not quite told how or why—to have become a model of impropriety, though we leave her comfortably installed as a deaconess. It must be admitted that some of the events of her life were agitating. Having become, not in too gratifying or romantic a fashion, the wife of an English clown, Mr. Benjamin Toddles, she finds herself pestered by her husband's employer, a fiend of the name of Boganio, and by a rich young New York *roué*, Mr. Vanderteufel. A highly interesting scene takes place in a New York hotel, in which Vanderteufel and Boganio appear and reappear very much like the classic figures in the weather-house. Lisa Lena disposes of the youthful Dutchman by pointing a revolver at him, but most imprudently abandons that weapon, which is in reality much more wanted against the aged sinner with the Italian termination. Finally both the lovers come to very bad ends, Boganio being not only ejected from a restaurant by a valiant tiger-tamer so that he has concussion of the brain, but also exposing himself to a charge of perjury, while Vanderteufel is killed by Lisa's husband in a fit of mistaken jealousy. Then we have some London scenes, in which Mr. Jenkins introduces a Lord Somebody, who talks about "a cwooked sawt of customaw," "nevaw mind," and so on. Mr. Jenkins was for several years a member of Parliament, and must have had the opportunity of hearing noblemen and gentlemen speak in public and private. Did he ever hear from any human being off the stage this absurd dialect which two or three generations of novelists and dramatists have perpetuated? We confess that we never did.

If *Lisa Lena* had consisted only of its second volume, it might have been dismissed as a dull piece of absurdity merely. If it had consisted only of its first, it would have taken very tolerable rank, at least among Mr. Jenkins's works. The childish experiences of Lisa Lena, or Elizabeth Bellamy, as for some mysterious reason she is called, though her parents' name is Mercer, are certainly painful experiences. Her earliest remembrance, with which the book opens, must have been more exciting than satisfactory. This earliest remembrance was of waking up and observing "a woman in her delicate white night dress, laced and frilled, leaning out over the sill of an open window, her hands clasped, her long black hair, a wealth of glossy beauty, floating down her shoulders, her white face, its fine profile distorted with anguish, marked like a marble relief on the black background of the night," &c., &c. The lady who made this striking tableau is the mother of Lisa Lena, and the reason of her excitement is that her husband is in the road below shooting freely at a crowd of citizens, who return the compliment with unusual want of address. Every now and then Mr. Mercer goes for the citizens with a bowie while his faithful negroes load for him, and altogether his conduct is such that after a short time we are not surprised to hear that the citizens desist from the unequal combat. When the war breaks out the lady with the distorted profile shows herself in some respects a worthy mate for this hero. She, too, shoots with freedom and lightness; and negroes who may be suspected of lukewarmness drop around her like the leaves on the strand. Regarded as a wife, however, she seems to fall a little short of the qualities expected in these cold climes. During her husband's absence some Southern troops come to the house, and one of the officers falls desperately in love with her. At their parting he throws his arms around her, and she, though like a well-conducted person she "disengages" herself, "kisses him on the cheek once." Soon afterwards the absent Mercer is killed in battle, which is perhaps lucky for him, and still luckier for the amorous officer. Thereupon Lisa's mother deserts her children, and, as we afterwards learn, goes to join the affectionate survivor. It is in consequence of this thoughtless act that Lisa Lena herself is transferred to the tender care of a Yankee farmer and his amiable wife, Mr. and Mrs. Mason. The torments which these good folks inflict upon their little white slave are described with some minuteness. The most original of them leads to what is also the most original thing in the book, a horse-and-dog fight. If Mr. Jenkins could introduce this on the circus boards, and if the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals did not interfere, the spectacle could not fail of an immense success. The fight comes about on this wise. The Masons have a fiendish horse, whom they appropriately, but perhaps for such pious folks irreverently, call Jeshurun. This amiable brute takes a special antipathy to Lisa Lena; and, when she has misbehaved, her master and mistress shut her up in the stable with Jeshurun for some time. Thereupon Jeshurun kicks, stamps, squeals, and evinces every desire to get at the child and treat her as though she was an appetizing wisp of hay, of course to her great terror. Providentially, however, there is another evil beast on the farm who is her friend. This is a great mastiff named Dragon, who

* *Lisa Lena*. By Edward Jenkins. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

constitutes himself Lisa's friend and protector, even to the point of flying at his master and mistress when they ill use her. The final Armageddon between Dragon and Jeshurun is an admirable imagination, though we think that an artist with Mr. Jenkins's powers of "word-painting" might have made almost more of it than he does make. Lisa has broken a coffee-pot, and has to be tormented somehow. So the Masons decide that she shall sleep in the stable. Dragon, her friend, is nowhere to be found, and the prospect is sufficiently awful. She is carried into the stable and left there. The horse begins "to lash out, to shake his halter, to bite with his teeth, to snarl and shriek"; but at the same moment Dragon, who has concealed himself in the stable, thrusts his head into Lisa's hand. For two hours the horse struggles at his fastenings, and at last gets loose, but Dragon pins his throat at once. The farmer comes to see what is the matter, opens the stable door, and the combatants rush out, knocking him down and trampling on him. Then they fight it out till both are done for, the horse by the dog's teeth, the dog by the horse's fore feet. The scene certainly deserves the attention of ambitious animal-painters.

We like Mr. Jenkins's horse-and-dog fight much better than the fight which the unlucky Lisa Lena, who is a very Helen in her power of stirring up dissension, causes in her next "place." Here two brothers quarrel about her with a similar result—that is to say, that she runs away. She is indeed always running away for one reason or another. In this earlier part of the book, as in the later, Mr. Jenkins indulges in didactic passages. The didactic passages of the later part are chiefly directed to the impropriety of composing those parts of ladies' dress which are not seen of chamois-leather, Mr. Jenkins having, to all appearance, penetrated very deeply into the mysteries of feminine apparel. The earlier volume, when it mounts the platform or the pulpit, chiefly busies itself with the impropriety of teaching children religion in a disagreeable way. There is an odd episode of an elder who endeavours to convert Lisa without much result, and indeed without the incident having anything particular to do with the rest of the story. A severe critic might indeed say that there is not much in any part of *Lisa Lena* which has much to do with any other part. A somewhat indulgent Frenchman once criticized *The Devil's Chain* as being *L'Assommoir Anglais*. It would be rather hard on Mr. Jenkins to accuse him of having written an English *Nana*, though there would be certain grounds for the accusation. It seems more likely that, having had his attention called to the subject of dangerous performances, it struck him that he would improve the occasion in his usual fashion. *Lisa Lena*, however, cannot be considered in any way a success. It is not quite absurd enough to laugh at, except now and then, and it is not interesting enough to read. Except the horse-and-dog fight, there is no one of those bright imaginations which have generally illuminated Mr. Jenkins's productions; and even that passage is not worked up with half the picturesqueness of, let us say, the tar and feathering in *Jobson's Enemies*. In parts it really seems as if Mr. Jenkins had made a collection of cuttings about circuses and women athletes, and had written this book to work them up. The mysterious apparition of Heenan is the only place in which we directly recognize any historical person; and, as the pugilist has nothing to do in the book that Smith or Brown might not have done, his appearance is not very intelligible. Scattered incidents, however, such as the trimming of a tiger's claws, are easily recognizable as old friends in the corners of newspapers. It is less pleasant to record the fact that Mr. Jenkins (or is it Miss Lisa Lena?) knew a Queen of the Caribbees who had all her teeth pulled out by the misadjustment of the apparatus by which she was to support a weight. She seems to have got over it, however; and perhaps the simultaneous drawing of all one's teeth (it is not said that she broke her jaw) could not be much more neatly or conveniently effected if there were occasion for it. On the whole, unless Mr. Jenkins has been privileged to put into literary form the actual experiences of some music-hall *Diva*, we do not quite see the *raison d'être* of *Lisa Lena*.

HENRY VENN.*

WHATEVER may be the shortcomings of this Memoir, the compilers cannot be charged with undue haste. Eight years have elapsed since Mr. Venn's death; the materials of his biography were from the first ready at hand; and we doubt not that a considerable number of expectant readers have been looking for the publication of this book. The hindrances which have delayed its issue are, the principal author informs us, of little concern to the public; and the fact that we are obliged to refer to Mr. Knight as the principal author witnesses to the inartistic structure of the book. It is, in fact, two books, each of which goes over much of the same ground. We have 140 pages of Memoir, written by his two sons; then we have 400 pages which profess to describe his "Secretariat"—which is, indeed, sufficiently done for all practical purposes in the previous Memoir; and we have an Appendix, also contributed by his sons, on African Commerce. There is, consequently, no attempt at unity in the book; but, in spite of these drawbacks, it has a limited interest even for the general reader, who will care little for the laudation of Evangelical principles or for the Church Missionary Society as the apotheosis of these principles—which, indeed, is the burden of the story from beginning to end.

To the general reader the sketch of Henry Venn's early days is a sketch of the doings and manner of life of the "Clapham Sect" in the first years of the nineteenth century. His father was rector of Clapham. The present parish church, then called the New Church, had been built a quarter of a century before to the order of the Vestry, who stipulated for "a strong church," and received that "hippogryph of art" which Lord Teignmouth, in a letter contributed to this volume, describes with contentment, and not without regret that "it has not been able altogether to escape the touch of the restorer inside." Amid all the calls which were made on a prominent clergyman of his school, the Rector of Clapham found it consistent with his parochial duties to take pupils. Thorntons and Barings, and other wealthy Evangelical parents, were glad to send their boys to receive their early education from the Rector of Clapham, who could hear their lessons only between 8 and 9 A.M., and left them to themselves in the schoolroom for the rest of the day. In 1813 Henry Venn was transferred to the care of Professor Farish, who lived near Cambridge; the following year he entered himself at Queen's College, and in 1818 graduated B.A. as nineteenth Wrangler. He found himself at once in the same atmosphere at Cambridge which he had breathed at Clapham. Simeon had nearly lived down opposition; he and his followers represented the only school which gave any prominence to religion. If a young man had aspirations higher than his fellows, he attended Trinity Church, and went to Simeon's rooms for his Friday evening classes. No other method of satisfying his religious aspirations was open to him. Undergraduate life must have been very dull in those days. Probably, if we knew more of it, we should find that it did not compare favourably with our own days, in which amusement has been magnified into a science. We are told (p. 17) that "there was no boating whatever in the modern sense of the term; no boat club existed till long after this date." To men who could not afford a horse, walking was the only available exercise, and took the shape of a hurried constitutional (always in cap and gown) after the 3 P.M. dinner, and before chapel at 5 or 6 P.M.

Ordained on his Fellowship in 1819, he had some difficulty in finding a curacy which would give him the pastoral work which he desired. His particular views and those of his friends and party did not commend him to incumbents who wanted a curate; he, too, was not easily to be satisfied in his choice of an incumbent. At length he found one to his mind in the person of the Vicar of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, who spent half of the year in another benefice, and whose bad health rendered him at all times incapable of doing much work. Here, then, Venn had a population of six thousand souls, and among them he worked for nearly four years, visiting every house, but taking care to post the parish beadle at the door of houses of indifferent fame until he made his exit in safety, a precaution which we have never met with in any other records of parochial labour. From Fleet Street he was moved to an uninviting parish, Drypool near Hull, then in the gift of Wilberforce, and after six years, to his great delight, was presented to a vicarage in Islington. The next seven years are a record of parochial work and of broken health which led to his being absent for two whole years; and in 1841 he became the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, an office which he filled until within a few weeks of his death in 1872.

With this event the interest in his biography is, for the general reader, at an end. Venn was essentially a partisan, and laboured with a single eye to party ends for the Society which was for practical purposes himself. The Church Missionary Society was founded in 1799 as a distinctly partisan organization, and its original character has been carefully maintained; indeed it seems to us to be the one partisan society or association against which Bishops' charges do not fulminate. Perhaps the fact that this Society has a gross income of some 200,000*l*. wins for it the abstention from criticism which is freely bestowed on less wealthy associations. This same large income is a puzzle to some persons who are not behind the scenes. The Evangelical party is admitted by its own members to be in a very decided minority; it lays very moderate claims to learning; and indeed, in the obvious lack of that talent, it is inclined to depreciate it in others, and to substitute for it, as altogether superior to critical acumen or powers of analysis or synthesis, the very indefinite endowment of "possessing the root of the matter." Low Church incumbents who still survive lament that they cannot get graduate curates who will accept the aphorisms of those whom they call the "Fathers of the Evangelical School"; and Simeon Trustees, and other patrons of the same way of thinking, admit that it is impossible adequately to fulfil the terms of their trusts by reason of the dearth of men who will swallow the whole Calvinistic system. The Clapham Sect has disappeared root and branch; in very few churches can we now hear the doctrines in which that sect trusted as the whole body of revealed truth; and yet the Church Missionary Society year by year has added to its income, and, presumably, to its influence. But the Church Missionary Society is the inner citadel, the last stronghold, of the descendants of the "Eclectic Society" of 1799. Its income is appealed to by Low Churchmen as the real test and gauge of the power of the Evangelical party; pew rents may melt away, churches may change hands and doctrines, other schools of thought may come

* *Memoir of the Rev. H. Venn.—The Missionary Secretariat of Henry Venn, B.D.* By the Rev. William Knight, Rector of Pitt Portion, Tiverton, and formerly Secretary of the C. M. S. With an Introductory Biographical Chapter and a Notice of West African Commerce by his Sons, the Rev. John Venn, M.A., and the Rev. Henry Venn. London: Longmans & Co. 1880.

to the front, criticism, whether patristic or neologian, may shake the faith even of those who were counted faithful—these are not portents seen and known of all men; but an increased income of the Church Missionary Society, proclaimed in the early days of each recurring May, by a titled President, to sympathetic crowds in Exeter Hall, is trumpeted throughout the Evangelical world, and accepted as evidence of the corresponding dominance of the Low Church school. Nay, more, to some zealous partisans the Church Missionary Society becomes an objective article of faith more real, more fruitful of intensest devotion, than any that is to be found in the generally received Christian symbols. The Bishop Designate of Liverpool, for example, declared a few weeks ago on the congenial boards of Exeter Hall that "he should tremble for the very Ark of God if anything were to go wrong in Salisbury Square."

At the head of such an association as this any but a thorough-going partisan would be out of place. Mr. Venn realized what would be expected of him, and threw himself into the work with glee. He was an astute, diplomatic man, always ready to draw up a lengthy memorandum on any subject, and in pious phraseology to claim for his Society the fullest liberty, and to assert, even to the verge of contradiction, its entire consistency as a Church Society. The fundamental law of the Society declares that "a friendly intercourse shall be maintained with other Protestant societies engaged in the same benevolent design." This was, so his biographer tells us, thoroughly congenial with Mr. Venn's spirit; he wished to send a special deputation to Ireland in the height of the revival of 1860 to secure some of the subjects of that emotional crusade for the foreign work of the Society; he was on terms of great intimacy with the officers of Dissenting organizations; he deprecated the appointment of a bishop for Madagascar out of deference to the objections of the Congregationalists, and because the Bishop was to be "sent out by the authorities of the Church under the Jerusalem Bishopric Act." The reason given is worth quoting in view of recent and notorious facts. Mr. Venn, in one of the lengthy memoranda which he had so great a facility in drafting, wrote (p. 342):—

> In the case of a colonial bishop the case (*sic*) is altogether different. The Society's missionaries are, as a matter of course, placed under any colonial bishop whom Her Majesty may appoint, and the Church Missionary Society has never hesitated to uphold his authority. But in the case of a bishop consecrated under the Jerusalem Act the law gives a discretion, and therefore lays upon the parties concerned the duty of exercising such discretion as to the desirableness of accepting his authority.

This was written in 1871. We believe that almost the foremost objection urged against the Bishop of Colombo during the recent dispute, which was a matter of public knowledge, was that his lordship, being appointed by Her Majesty, was not fitted to lead the work of missionaries to the heathen.

But, while thus professing sympathy with every phase of Protestant thought, Mr. Venn was careful to make known that the Society interpreted this principle in a very limited way. Thus (p. 181) he claimed that "the Society had resisted the temptation to assimilate its proceedings to the necessary latitude of a National and Endowed Church"; "the Canons and Usages of the Church and the decrees of Councils" are declared (p. 199) to be "too obscure and uncertain a rule for general guidance." In the days of the Indian Mutiny some zealous clergymen in Somersetshire established a Missionary Candidates' Association, and asked permission to send candidates for approval to Salisbury Square; but this was declined in a lengthy minute, the gist of which was that all candidates must be selected "according to the practice and principles of the Society." We have heard that a favourite test of soundness with the Society is the answer given to the question, "Was the baptism of Simon Magus accompanied by regeneration?" Another minute with the inevitable "H. V." appended, pledges the Society to take no cognizance of missionary meetings or sermons "where the object is not the independent support of the Church Missionary Society."

A Society nominally connected with the Established Church, but so thoroughly a law unto itself, must inevitably come into collision with bishops, especially when, claiming to be "the rallying-point for all who are zealous on the Lord's side," it finds itself related to bishops whom it places in another category. When it was founded there were only two colonial bishops, and these in America, which was outside its sphere of operations. It early came into collision even with Bishop Daniel Wilson of Calcutta, and from time to time similar contentions have arisen. We believe that the Committee have two or three such cases on hand at the present time. Strange to say, it finds its defence in the precedent of "the voluntary brotherhoods of the middle ages, the salt of the corrupt Christianity of that time" (p. 223). The Society avails itself of the Act of Parliament passed in 1819, by which the two Archbishops and the Bishop of London were empowered to ordain "for the colonies" without the usual title (an Act passed when there were only three bishops in the foreign dominions of the sovereign, and which might be well allowed by our prelates to fall into abeyance now that the colonial episcopate is everywhere established), and then thrusts the clergy thus ordained into colonial dioceses, applying to the bishops for license to them to minister in "the districts to which they have been assigned. This is done on the understanding that licences will not be refused, nor, when granted, be revocable, except for some assigned legal cause" (p. 209). Thus the bishops become the mere ministers of a dominant Committee in England, and episcopacy is reduced to a shadow.

In all these arrangements much astuteness has been displayed, and whatever credit attaches to such diplomacy is due to the subject of this memoir. Thus to his party he became a hero; his secretarial chair was called his "throne"; his biographer writes of him as "a prince and a great man in Israel." We should expect nothing less; but outsiders, taking a more dispassionate survey, will rate him less highly. They will mark his narrowness of view. His Life of Xavier, which engaged his leisure for fourteen years, showed how impossible it was for him to appreciate the labours of any but his own party. He declared that Roman missions serve a good purpose when in juxtaposition with Protestant missions, as affording a warning against a nominal Christianity; and this from a man who claimed to have made missionary work the study of his life, and who may be expected to have known something of the vigour and extent of the Roman Catholic missions in China. The biographers have thought well to devote 110 pages to the "Instructions to Missionaries at their Dismission," which the Committee of the Society are in the habit of delivering by the mouth of the secretary. There is in these addresses an assumption at once of absolute authority on the part of the Committee and of passive obedience on the part of the missionaries which strikes us as exaggerated and hollow. To those who know that each missionary has at least consented to his fixed destination, if he has not chosen it, there is something unreal in such a sentence as "You, Brother ——, are appointed to Sierra Leone"; and the phrase occurs, *mutatis mutandis*, again and again. But we must refrain from further criticism. The book is not altogether such a one as we are wont to read, and we cannot say that we are anxious to meet with others of the kind. To persons who can assimilate it it will appear to be brimming over with unction; for ourselves, we forbear to describe our sensations with more exactness.

PULLAN'S CHRISTIAN ARCHITECTURE.*

MANY as are the books on this subject, there appears to be room for one or two more. A man who thoroughly knows an art or a science can usually make himself interesting, even though he has nothing absolutely new to tell. Mr. Pullan's lectures are elementary in the sense that, knowing what he talks about, he is able to select what is necessary to make his meaning plain, and can leave out judiciously. Brevity has been studied rather than ornament—indeed some passages are a little too much like leaves from a note-book—but that is no fault in a book of this kind. First principles are carefully stated, exceptions and side issues being avoided. Thus Mr. Pullan in his first chapter, devoted to the rise of the Romanesque style, gives a simple yet complete outline of the history of the Basilica. When the Christians were first able to seek out public places of worship they were not minded to employ the temples already existing. The worship of idols had defiled them, while the arrangements for sacrifices and the darkness of the interior chambers unfitted them for the use of congregations. The courts of justice offered a better model. They were oblong, often divided into aisles by ranges of columns. The tribunal was at one end, in the form of a semicircular recess. This apse was, together with a portion of the hall in front of it, fenced or screened off. Nothing could be better fitted for Christian worship. There was an elevated platform for the altar; the due separation of the ecclesiastics from the laics was provided for by the *cancelli*; the separation of the men from the women, according to the custom then prevalent, by the division into nave and aisles. "There was a raised throne for the bishop, and lower seats for his presbyters—a crypt beneath for the bones of the martyrs—and a porch for the penitents." Thus does Mr. Pullan put the basilican theory into its most elementary form; and the few reflections which follow, though they may serve to impress the theory upon a student, really add nothing to it. As the cross, says Mr. Pullan, was exalted and changed from a badge of infamy into a sign of honour, so the hall of judgment, a hall like that in which Pilate sat, became the type of the Christian Church. In this way the Romanesque or corrupt Roman style arose. The columns used in the erection of religious basilicas were taken from the temples, and corresponded to each other in height alone. The exterior was plain, but the interior was made to glow with colour. There are no basilicas of the primitive period remaining which exhibit all the original features; but St. Paul's Without the Walls at Rome was only destroyed by fire in 1823. It was of the time of Theodosius, and extremely simple and complete. St. Peter's, the predecessor of the great church, was of the same character, but was removed in 1506. St. Clement's, in the same city, interesting as it is from its exhibition of early arrangements, has now been proved, by the irrefragable evidence of excavation, to stand upon the earlier basilica. At Trèves, on the Moselle, is an actual basilica converted to religious uses by, it is said, the Empress Helena. It was partially rebuilt in the beginning of the eleventh century, but retains its ancient features. The founding of Byzantium by Constantine gave a new departure to church-building, and the architects, who "had an affectionate recollection of the magnificent cupola of the Pantheon," endeavoured to imitate it. The dome of St. Sophia became "the progenitor of a numerous offspring, which the mosque of Omar at Jerusalem, the tombs of the Caliphs at Cairo, and the Kremlin at Moscow respectively represent." The present St. Sophia, however, is not the original of

* *Elementary Lectures on Christian Architecture.* By R. P. Pullan. London: Stanford. 1879.

Constantine, but a copy by Justinian, who exclaimed, when he saw the result of his orders, "I have outdone Solomon." To the same period and style belongs the church of San Vitale at Ravenna; and another Byzantine building in Italy is St. Mark's, Venice, which is still substantially what it was in the tenth century. Mr. Pullan, observing that St. Sophia has been altered and shorn of its beauty by the Mahometans, describes St. Mark's carefully, as a typical church in the Byzantine style.

So much has recently been written in what can only be called a rhetorical style about St. Mark's that Mr. Pullan's simple description is refreshing. In calling it, however, a mixture of mosque and cathedral, we wish he had not indulged in the "nice derangement of epitaphs" which led him to say that "in it we behold the 'contemplative dome' of the East, side by side with the aspiring pinnacle of the North." We may remind our readers, though the description may be a little trite, that the west end is low and broad. This end faces the Piazza, for St. Mark's, unlike many other churches in Venice, stands, in the English fashion, east and west. The five western doors lead into a long porch, extending the whole width of the building. Such a porch is not unknown in England—at Fountains, for example. Three doors lead into the nave from the porch. The plan consists of five squares arranged in the form of a Greek cross. Over each square is one of the five great domes. A screen divides the eastern arm or square from the nave, thus forming a chancel. The uneven pavement is tesselated in interlacing circles of agate and jasper; the monolithic columns are of porphyry and verde-antique; the roof throughout is of gold mosaic, covered with many coloured figures; yet with all this variety of hue there is no gaudiness. So little light is admitted through small arched windows in the upper part of the building that the contending tints are sobered and harmonized.

Mr. Pullan has a good deal to say about English church architecture in the present century. He sensibly remarks that, though the architects of the new Constantinople may be said to have been driven by the force of circumstances into the invention of what was practically a new style, "we cannot divest our minds of the recollection of what others have done before us; therefore most of our efforts at novelty result in buildings which have no distinctive character, but which are mixtures of all known styles." Accordingly he classes the efforts of modern church architects as either *Eclectic*, combining parts from each style; or "of the *New Light*," of those who would have a new style for our churches; or *Antiquarian*, of those who would faithfully copy old examples; or, lastly, the school of *Development*, consisting of those who, "taking a point of departure, would therefrom proceed to develop the architecture of the future." His own sympathies would appear to be with the last. "No one," he remarks, "who has not got the true feeling for Gothic ought to belong to it." The difficulty lies, of course, in the point taken for departure. Upon what principles, he asks, did the old architects build? Pugin, on the one hand, thought the true plan lay in ornamenting the necessary construction. Mr. Ruskin, on the other, asserts ornament to be a principal part of good architecture. Some, too, say that symbolism was observed by mediæval architects. Mr. Pullan seems certain that the growing principle of ancient Gothic lay in the fact that the builder made the best use of the best materials. So far as this idea goes it is undoubtedly right; but Mr. Pullan shows that it may be pressed too far. Pointed arches were best where only small masses of stone, or still smaller bricks, could be obtained; but with large stones and with cast iron a different set of circumstances comes into play. He advocates a very restricted use of iron; and suggests that, if we are to use Gothic architecture, we should employ the ordinary building materials in an intelligent way, taking our departure, not from the first Pointed style, which was incomplete, nor from the fourth style, which was no improvement on the third, but from one of the intermediate stages. In the chapter on style and proportion in Gothic building Mr. Pullan develops a theory as to the use of triangles, as affording "governing lines" for a design; but the greater part of it is taken up with a condemnation of "Eclectic Gothic," and of the "hybrid Elizabethan, or that negation of style known by the name of another good queen." He is strongly opposed to anachronisms in design, and complains that too often in the same church you may find "lancet windows, plate tracery, and flowing tracery side by side; four centred arches and geometrical tracery," or the mouldings of all periods intermixed. With regard to proportion, Mr. Pullan observes with much force that, though many architects scout the idea of proportion in Gothic altogether, "we may be certain that there is no good architecture without good proportion."

In one serious matter we must find fault with Mr. Pullan's lectures. All through the volume we find a spirit of antagonism to amateur interference in architecture. "Surely those engaged in the practice of building ought to know the most about the principles of architecture." No doubt they ought; we all ought to do many good things that we leave undone, and to leave undone many things that we do. An architect ought to know something of art. He should have an eye to the picturesque. He should have an acquaintance with the great works of his predecessors. He should understand a little painting and a great deal of sculpture. Barristers and architects have this in common, that neither of them can know too much outside their own special province. But a survey of the buildings of, say, London would demonstrate two remarkable facts; one, that great architects, men of renown, do not always know style, proportion, picturesqueness, good building, or sculpture; and the other, that some of the best buildings we have were designed by amateurs. Sir Edmund Beckett pointed this out long ago. Indeed, if we mistake not, he calls even Inigo Jones an amateur. Sir Christopher Wren was one certainly. And among the writers on architecture whom Mr. Pullan most frequently cites and most implicitly believes in we find the names of Ruskin, Parker, Petit, Bloxham, Fergusson, Freeman, Webb, Glynn, Willis, Whewell, and Kerrich, all, if we mistake not, amateurs. He speaks of the possibilities of a purist school; and, mentioning the names of no fewer than seven great writers on architecture, remarks that, had they combined for the advancement of correct art, "our churches, instead of being mixtures of all things rich and rare, would have been harmonious compositions, recalling the best productions of the Middle Ages." But all the seven names are those, not of architects, but of clergymen, lawyers, college dons, publishers—anything, in fact, but the very men into whose mouths Mr. Pullan would put the question (p. 56):—"What are we about that we should find it necessary to be instructed by amateurs?" It may be that we mistake Mr. Pullan's meaning. If so, the fault must lie on his side, for undoubtedly the effect of his expressions is what we have described. Pugin, Mr. Street, and Sir Gilbert Scott are perhaps the only English architects whose writings can compare with amateur work. It is, indeed, a pity that the "purist school" for which Mr. Pullan longs was never established; but had the professionals listened to the amateurs, all would have gone well. It may not be too late. We have run, in the time of a single generation, through all the styles, from Edward I. to Queen Anne. If the architects have learnt wisdom from failure, now is the time for a new departure. Gothic, as Mr. Pullan observes, is our national style. It is capable of further development, not in a downward but an upward direction. We do not make the best of the materials in our hands as our ancestors did with what they had. We are willing to believe that there may be a bright future in store for a pure school of English architecture, though we see but comparatively few signs of it at the present hour of unrestrained eclecticism; but Mr. Pullan and all other architects may rest assured that they will not establish it by despising the freedom and independence in work which are the characteristics of the amateur.

JOHN DAVIS, THE NAVIGATOR.*

IT is nearly three hundred years since Queen Elizabeth granted her letters patent empowering Adrian Gilbert and others to find a passage "northwestward, northeastward, or northward," as best they could, "unto China and the Isles of Moluccas." Captain John Davis, one of these associates, made the first of his three North-western voyages in 1585. In the summer months of that and of the two following years, this skilful and intelligent Devonshire mariner sailed again and again up the Strait or Sound that still bears his name, leading to the Bay which was explored by William Baffin some thirty years later. The Hakluyt Society's collection of reprints is now enriched by a volume containing the original narratives of these early steps towards English maritime discovery in the Arctic regions, together with those of Davis's less famous adventures in the South Seas and the East Asiatic Archipelago, where he was killed; and with his writings upon subjects of geography, navigation, and seamanship. These papers, accompanied by Captain A. H. Markham with a suitable introduction and frequent explanatory notes, afford an interesting historical study.

One of the collateral disquisitions clears away several mistakes concerning the biography of this John Davis, of Sandridge, Stoke Gabriel, near Dartmouth. He has been confounded with a Captain John Davis of Limehouse, in the service of the East India Company, who was imprisoned by the Dutch in 1617, and who was also the author of a "rutter" or book of sailing directions. The error, begun in Prince's *Worthies of Devon*, was repeated by Dr. Kippis and Sir John Barrow, and latterly by Mr. J. A. Froude in *England's Forgotten Worthies*. The true Captain John Davis of North-west Passage exploration was a country neighbour of the Gilberts and their kinsman Raleigh, and their associate when they came to London. It was in January, 1583, that they were introduced to Walsingham, the Secretary of State, at the house of Dr. John Dee, the mathematician and astrologer, who had known them several years. "And so talk was begun of the Northwest Straights discovery," says Dr. Dee's journal of that date; and the very next day "we made Mr. Secretary privy of the N. W. passage, and all charts and rutters were agreed upon in general."

We get an incidental glimpse, here and there, of the characteristic excitement, caused by various motives, among the company of projectors. Adrian Gilbert, an enthusiastic idealist, petitions the Queen for licence to establish "the Collegiate of the Fellowship of New Navigations Atlantical and Septentrional." Dr. Dee was in favour with her Majesty, who one day rode through Mortlake and stopped to see him and Mr. Thomas Hudson, of the Muscovy Company, both of them dwelling there. A tenth part of the "gold and silver ore, pearls, jewels, and precious stones," which Adrian Gilbert was to fetch from the East Indies by his expected North-west Passage, would belong to Elizabeth. She and Secretary Walsingham had been led to consider also the great political and commercial advantages of the proposed exploit.

* *The Voyages and Works of John Davis, the Navigator.* Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Captain Albert Hastings Markham, R.N., F.R.G.S. Printed for the Hakluyt Society.

These are eloquently set forth in Davis's later writings. It would be "a deadly horror to her adversaries," for the Spaniard, who vaunted himself so great a monarch, and "Commander of both Indias," would be fairly cut out, and must "return to his old trade of figs, oranges, and oil." Davis says this in his dedication of *The Seaman's Secrets* to Lord Howard of Effingham, whom he neatly compliments upon his defeat of the "huge supposed invincible" Armada. He reminds the Lords of the Council, in his *World's Hydrographical Description*, that India would open a profitable market for English manufactures of woollen and linen cloth, fustians, seys, grograms, and other commodities, which too often "lie dead upon our hands." Above all, "there is no doubt but that we of England are predestinated to be sent unto these Gentiles in the sea, to those isles and famous kingdoms, there to preach the peace of the Lord." In the minds of English, as of Spanish and Portuguese maritime and colonial adventurers in that age, there was a mixture of religious with political ambition; "for are not we only set upon Mount Sion to give light to all the rest of the world?" It is a spirit readily allied to that of mercantile enterprise. Gilbert and Davis soon found a company of sufficient London capitalists, headed by William Sanderson of the Fishmongers' Company, who gave his niece in marriage to Sir Walter Raleigh, and who was "merchant for marine causes" to the Queen. The merchants of Exeter and Totnes, however, supplied a large share of the costs of Davis's second voyage.

The first voyage, from June to the end of September 1585, is related by John Janes, nephew and clerk to Mr. Sanderson, acting on board as supercargo. Davis commanded two small barques, one of fifty tons, the other of thirty-five—namely, the *Sunshine*, of London, with twenty-three persons on board, and the *Moonshine*, of Dartmouth, with nineteen, Captain Bruton in charge of the latter. Sailing from Dartmouth on June 7, they were delayed by contrary winds nearly three weeks at Falmouth and at "New Grymsbie in Sylley," but Captain Davis used the time wisely, making a survey and chart of the Scilly Isles. On July 19 or 20 they were amidst the floating ice off the south-east coast of Greenland. It seemed, at first, "the most deformed, rocky, and mountainous land" that ever they saw. Captain Davis therefore named it the Land of Desolation; but after getting round its southern shores, and passing up the inner westerly coast, to latitude 64 degrees 15 minutes, he found many green and pleasant isles, lying off Gilbert Sound, which is now called Godthaab. The sea here was "void of the pester of ice," which had rather alarmed his crew by the "irksome noise" it made; the air was temperate, and the country soon proved to be inhabited by a friendly race of people. These harmless Eskimos, allured by the playing of musicians who landed from the ships, came near to dance, and swore an eternal peace by pointing to the sun, beating their breasts, and shouting "Ilyaout!" The Englishmen admired their canoes, their dresses of sealskin and bird's skins with feathers, and their docile behaviour. Thence departing, and crossing what is known to us as Davis's Strait, new shores were reached, and waters to which the names of Exeter Sound and Totnes Roads were fondly given in remembrance of Devonshire. There also, to this day, Cape Walsingham bears record of the official patron of the enterprise; and "a very brave mount, the cliffs whereof were as orient as gold," is designated Mount Raleigh. We are reminded of Raleigh's fondness for splendid dress. Captain Davis, in this first trip, did not go beyond the 67th degree of north latitude, but turning southward found the entrance to Cumberland Gulf or inlet. Relics of fugitive Eskimos were picked up on the islands; among them was a sledge, and tame dogs were met, one with a collar about his neck. From the set of the tides and currents, and from the sight of whales beyond, the nautical geographer here thought himself near a great western sea.

It seems to have been always Davis's opinion that somewhere in those parts lay the most northerly coast of the great island of America, the Pacific Ocean shore trending up in that direction. His idea of its probable conformation may be understood by imagining the open sea to extend from near Vancouver Island to Hudson's Bay. If that were indeed the case, there would be a tolerably safe, easy, and commodious western passage for our traffic to China and the Asiatic Archipelago. The arguments upon which Davis relied are set forth in his *World's Hydrographical Description*. He lays much stress on the proofs of America being an island, which we now know that it is, but he could not be aware that it extends to above 73 degrees north latitude. He was misled also by the fabulous story told in a Spanish history of Mexico, that in 1540 Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, marching up the coast of California, met ships laden with merchandise, having their prows ornamented with gold and silver figures of birds like pelicans, which had sailed in thirty days, as he believed, from Asia. There was, besides, the fact mentioned by Cornelius Nepos, that, when Gaul was a Roman province, "certayne Indians, sayling out of India, were by tempest driven upon the coasts of Germany." It could not be supposed that they had come either round Africa, or round the north of Asia; "therefore it must needs be concluded that they came by the north parts of America." Such inferences and such evidence may provoke a smile; but Davis's conjecture of an immediate opening from the Atlantic into the Pacific was not at all unreasonable. He might well expect to find it either in Cumberland Gulf or Hudson's Strait; and if nature had so provided, the commercial and political value of the discovery to England in that age could not be overrated.

Davis himself is the historian of his second expedition, from May to September of 1586. He had a larger squadron to start with, but the *Mermaid*, his biggest ship, had to be sent home with invalids, and a small pinnace was lost in a storm. The *Sunshine* and the *Moonshine* also parted company, and no further geographical discovery was made; but some codfish were caught and salted, of which gifts were presented to Secretary Walsingham and Lord Treasurer Burleigh. In Davis's third voyage, that of 1587, with the ship *Elizabeth*, of Dartmouth, the *Sunshine* again, and a pinnace, he passed far within the Arctic Circle. He gave the name Hope Sanderson to a point of the interior or western Greenland coast, in 73 degrees north latitude. The ice in Baffin's Bay stopped further navigation; and Davis returned southward along the opposite shore, visiting Cumberland Gulf once more, Lumley's Inlet, and the entrance to Hudson's Bay, which was yet unknown. At the last mentioned place he found the sea in great agitation, from eight or nine successive furious currents, "races or overfalls, lothsomely crying like the rage of the waters under London Bridge," and pouring into the gulf. We quote from his own notes to his "traverse-book" or log-book.

The remaining contents of the volume before us, after taking account of what belongs to the history of Arctic or North-western discovery, have some interest as serving to illustrate the practices of seafaring life, and of rather unscrupulous traffic and warfare, in the Elizabethan age. We are led all round the globe in the company of some bold buccaneers, to see how the Spaniards and Portuguese, the English and the Dutch, were accustomed to dispute the opportunities of plundering "Indians," meaning every barbarous nation they approached by sea. John Davis held no chief command of the several expeditions here related, to the Azores, to South America and the South Pacific, and to Sumatra and the Straits of Malacca. His social position and character, in spite of Captain Markham's friendly attempts to explain away unfavourable contemporary allusions, cannot but appear to us rather shady. We are very willing, however, to acquit him of the base treachery of wilfully deserting Cavendish's expedition, in 1592, in the Straits of Magellan. The narrative of that disastrous expedition, by Admiral Cavendish himself, who died on the voyage home, may be compared with John Janes's pathetic account of what befel the *Desire*, the ship entrusted to Captain Davis, this statement being evidently prepared for his exculpation. Not less interesting, as an episode of our naval history, is Edward Wright's spirited description of the Earl of Cumberland's performances in the Azores, in 1589, with a squadron to which a vessel commanded by Davis was attached. But it does not appear that Davis's vessel was with the squadron in the homeward voyage, or shared the extreme distress of the other ships in the Bay of Biscay, the dreadful scarcity of water, and the strange experiences on the west coast of Ireland. There is a strong probability of his having served under the Earl of Essex in the attack on Cadiz in 1596; but he is next found as chief pilot in a Dutch mercantile voyage to the Malay principality of Acheen, the north part of Sumatra. Davis wrote the story of this adventure, which is here reprinted from Purchas's *Pilgrims*, and, though it seems highly coloured, is still worth reading. The two brothers Houtman were chief commanding officers of the *Lion* and *Lioness*; but one of them was slain, with a large number of his men, by a sudden and insidious attack from the Malays while feasting on board ship, and the other was taken captive. Both ships were then safely brought home to Holland by our brave countryman, who survived to encounter a similar tragic fate in 1605. He was fifty-five years of age when he thus met with his death, and was on his third voyage to the Straits of Malacca. His second, from February 1601 to September 1603, was in the capacity of "pilot major" to the *Red Dragon*, one of the English East India Company's first squadron of vessels under Captain Sir James Lancaster. The last voyage, which proved fatal to Davis, was made by him as pilot of the *Tiger*, a vessel fitted out by Sir Edward Michelborne, who personally commanded, as it appears, without regard to the East India Company's exclusive privileges. It is evident that Michelborne wrote the report given by Purchas which is here reprinted. A gang of Japanese pirates, whose vessel lay alongside the *Tiger* in a harbour not far from Singapore, were imprudently permitted to come aboard for hospitality. Michelborne says that Davis neglected to keep proper guard, or to remove their weapons; however that may have been, they attempted to seize the English ship, and in the fighting he and other men were killed. The claims of this active and ingenious navigator to rank among our true naval heroes may seem, after all, in some degree liable to question; but the documents connected with his memoir deserved the cost of reprinting them, and the pains which their editor has bestowed upon them.

An account will also be found here of the remarkable pair of globes, terrestrial and celestial, constructed by Emery Molyneux for Sanderson, which are kept in the Middle Temple Library. To the connoisseur of geographical antiquities there will be equal interest in the autotype facsimile of a map of the world attached to the three-volume folio edition of Hakluyt Voyages in the year 1600, upon which Mr. C. H. Coote offers some remarks. It is designed on the principle usually styled Mercator's Projection, but its author was probably the Edward Wright above-named, who was an accomplished mathematician, astronomer, and teacher of navigation. A biographical list and brief account of the men of science in this department, foreign and English, to the end of Elizabeth's reign, is supplied in an appendix to this volume.

Among these is Gerard Kauffman, or "Mercator," whose chart was published in 1569, but he did not make known the principle, which was left to be re-discovered by Edward Wright, and taught by him to Hondius the Dutch engraver. The Hakluyt map of 1600 is supposed to have been that noticed by Shakspeare, "the new map with the augmentation of the Indies," in Act iii., Scene 2, of *Twelfth Night*. It recorded the very latest geographical discoveries of that date, including not only Davis's Straits, but the coast of northern Novaya Zemlya visited by the Dutchman Barents in 1596. Perhaps the original draft of this map, as well as Molyneux's globe, was displayed in the Middle Temple Hall when *Twelfth Night* was acted there. It is suggested that a glance at its upper outline would show what Shakspeare alluded to:—"You are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion, where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard."

WHITE WINGS.*

MR. BLACK'S latest novel of yachting life is as unlike as it well can be to the one in which some two years ago he introduced his readers to ocean scenes. That book—*Macleod of Dare*—contained, it will be remembered, a somewhat daring introduction of incidents as romantic and thrilling as those of Bouchardy's melodramas into the surroundings amidst which they would be least expected. It is possible that the shortcomings which are to be found in Mr. Black's latest work may be due to the system of magazine publication, which, if it has some advantages, certainly has also many disadvantages both for writers and readers. We cannot speak from personal experience, for we always avoid reading books—books, at any rate, from which real enjoyment may be expected—in driblets; but it seems probable that while the effect of *White Wings*, as a whole, cannot be regarded as completely satisfactory, each part as it appeared in a magazine may have been very pleasant reading. At the interval of a month there would be little or no perception on the reader's part of the iteration which in the pages of a three-volume novel, read at one or two sittings, cannot but produce a somewhat wearisome effect. *White Wings* has, in fact, less resemblance to a novel in the ordinary sense of the word than it has to the books which used to be published under the heading of Diaries or Travels. There is, of course, a thread of story running through it, and there are some not ill-conceived sketches of character; but the real meaning and life of the book is found in the descriptions of things and scenes which the author's keen eye and memory have observed and retained. It is perhaps needless to say that many of these descriptions are vivid and charming; but, as we have hinted, when they are all gathered together and put before us in the guise of a three-volume novel, the good effect which they might have when presented singly is unavoidably diminished. The leading idea, or, in other words, the idea which enables the thread of story to run on through the three volumes, is a variant on the perhaps too familiar notion of the noble-minded girl who wishes to sacrifice herself for her lover's good, disregarding the facts that his idea of what is good for himself is that he should marry her, and that, if she has any glimmering of consistency, she ought to accept his ideas as better than hers. It is a well-recognized superstition, if not a fact, that women are apt to be inconsistent; but it may be doubted whether such instances of inconsistency and mistaken self-sacrifice as novelists love to exhibit are very frequent in real life.

In *White Wings* the hero for whom the mistaken self-sacrifice is made is a young doctor of extraordinary attainments, to which his conversation does not always do justice. When the love affair between the heroine and himself begins she is in possession of what is called a competence, and things go smoothly enough in his courtship, which is conducted on board a yacht in delightful weather. His duties call him away, and it is patent to everybody that nothing but the strongest feeling could induce him, devoted as he is to his profession, to give a promise of returning later on at the risk of losing time of special value. Meanwhile the girl's little fortune disappears, and he is met with coldness on her part when he returns. Apparently inexplicable changes in the behaviour of half-engaged people are certainly not uncommon, and such changes are often enough happily explained away, and traced either to an absurd mistake, or to the strange malignity of some third person, or possibly to some such notion of self-sacrifice as is employed in *White Wings*. Only it is not likely that such a girl as Miss Avon would be so silly as to practise this particular form of self-sacrifice with regard to such a man as Dr. Sutherland. She thinks that his career will be crippled or retarded if he marries a girl who has no money; and, on the other hand, she knows that he is desperately in love with her, and sees that he is made very unhappy by her amazing change of conduct, which it costs her much unhappiness to keep up. The difficulty is solved by the generosity of a pleasant old gentleman, who is half in love with Miss Avon himself, and who has been wholly bent on marrying her to his favourite nephew; but who, with a keenness which might not be expected from him, takes in the situation, and devotes himself to setting things right. In the treatment of this incident, and of the character of the old gentleman—the Laird of Denny-mains—Mr. Black makes up for a good deal of what may seem disappointing in the rest of his book.

It must, however, be remembered that if *White Wings* is disappointing as a novel, it is attractive as a book to take up and dip into. One can open it almost at random and get from it a sense of freshness and picturesqueness which, to people who have been enduring the heat of London, is pleasant, although the pleasure may not be unmixed with envy. The author's full and apparently spontaneous descriptions of scenery in this book are as accurate and as picturesque as any that he has ever written, and the subjects which he has chosen or fallen upon are some of the most beautiful that exist. We take at random one quotation:—

> Fairer and fairer grew the scene around us as the brave *White Dove* went breasting the heavy Atlantic rollers. Blue and white overhead; the hot sunlight doing its best to dry the dripping decks; Iona shining there over the smoother waters of the Sound; the sea breaking white, and spouting up in columns, as it dashed against the pale red promontories of the Ross of Mull. But then this stiff breeze had backed to the west; and there was many a long tack to be got over before we left behind the Atlantic swell and ran clear into the Sound. The evening was drawing on apace as we slowly and cautiously steered into the little creek of Polterriv. No sooner had the anchor rattled out than we heard the clear tinkling of Master Fred's bell; how on earth had he managed to cook dinner amid all that diving and rolling and pitching?
>
> And then, as we had hoped, it was a beautiful evening; and the long gig was got out, and shawls for the women-folk flung into the stern. The fishing did not claim our attention. Familiar as some of us were with the wonderful twilights of the north, which of us had ever seen anything more solemn, and still, and lovely than these colours of sea and shore? Half-past nine at night on the 8th of August; and still the west and north were flushed with a pale rose-red, behind the dark, rich olive-green of the shadowed Iona. But what was that to the magic world that lay before us as we returned to the yacht? Now the moon had arisen, and it seemed to be of a clear, lambent gold; and the cloudless heavens and the still sea were of a violet hue—not imaginatively, or relatively, but positively and literally violet. Then between the violet-coloured sky and the violet-coloured sea, a long line of rock, jet black as it appeared to us. That was all the picture: the yellow moon, the violet sky, the violet sea, the line of black rock. No doubt it was the intensity of the shadows along this line of rock that gave that extraordinary luminousness to the still heavens and the still sea.

It is also fair to repeat what has been said above, that some of the characters are well sketched—one can hardly say well drawn, for they are shown to us merely as passing figures, one phase of whose life is exhibited to us. It is only a practised hand that can make sketches of this kind; but if Mr. Black had been guided somewhat more by a purely artistic feeling he might have reflected that three volumes make up a heavy setting for such sketches. Some first-rate novelists have delighted in this kind of work, and as instances of this one naturally thinks of Mérimée, of M. Turguénieff, and of Mr. Henry James, who is, consciously or not, a successful disciple of both those distinguished writers. But neither of the three authors just named has tried the dangerous experiment of fitting their sketches to the Procrustean bed of the English circulating library.

In *White Wings*, John of Skye, the Laird of Denny-mains, and the Laird's nephew stand out as living characters. There is one capital scene in which the nephew, Howard Smith, and John of Skye, the skipper of the yacht, play principal parts. John is devoted to Dr. Sutherland, with whom he made his last cruise, and who to his other accomplishments adds a profound knowledge of seamanship. Therefore the substitution of Howard Smith for the doctor is not altogether pleasant in John's eyes. "Good morning, sir," he says at the gangway as Smith comes on board:—

> "Good morning, captain," the young man says lightly; and he springs too quickly up the steps, making a little bit of a stumble. This is not an auspicious omen.*
>
> Then on deck: the handsome figure and pleasant manner of this young man ought surely to prepossess people in his favour. What if his tightly-fitting garments and his patent-leather boots and white gaiters are not an orthodox yachting rig? John of Skye would not judge of a man by his costume. And if he does not seem quite at home—in this first look round—every one is not so familiar with boating life as Dr. Sutherland. It is true, an umbrella used as a walking-stick looks strange on board a yacht; and he need not have put it on the curved top of the companion, for it immediately rolls over into the scuppers. Nor does he seem to see the wickedness of placing a heavy bundle of canvases on the raised skylight of the ladies' cabin; does he want to start the glass?* Dr. Sutherland, now, would have given the men a hand in hauling up the gig. Dr. Sutherland would not have been in the way of the tiller, as the yacht is released from her moorings.

Just afterwards, when the skipper has relieved Miss Avon at the helm, he remarks to her suddenly, "Ay, ay, it is a great peety," and to her inquiry as to what he means, replies, "It iss a great peety that Mr. Sutherland not here, and he wass know so much about a yacht, and day after day not a breeze at ahl." Upon this Miss Avon blushes, and the unhappy Smith blunders deeply by mixing up Sutherland with a man of the same name who is entirely unlike him. Of these characters, however, one sees at once too little and too much, for the space which their adventures occupy. The book is, in fact, disproportioned. Many of its pages are charming as a record of yachting experience, and many others are attractive in that they contain some very pleasant and kindly observations of character; but the attempt to string the whole together by means of the not very brilliant love story of which we have spoken cannot be regarded as altogether fortunate.

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* *White Wings; a Yachting Romance.* By William Black, Author of "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," "Green Pastures and Piccadilly," &c. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

NORTH AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.*

MR. SHORT'S work on the ancient races, the prehistoric, pre-traditional civilizations of North America, has in some respects disappointed us. The subject is one of profound interest; the information collected is extensive, important, recent, and constantly increasing; and while as yet no definite conclusions respecting the origin and relations of the perished races of the New World have been or can be framed, each new work containing new facts, the records of further and later explorations, ought to furnish fresh guidance and new grounds at least for conjecture—ought at any rate to advance our general knowledge of the subject a few steps, to point to the direction in which the truth may be sought, and those in which all further inquiry is mere waste of time. Mr. Short has gathered together a quantity of valuable material, but has arranged it very badly; he has failed to distinguish properly between the prehistoric and merely monumental civilizations and those which, fading or flourishing, were still in existence at the period of the discovery and of the Spanish conquest, and has overloaded his work with a mass of speculation, absurd conjectures, and needless refutation. He has added something to the store of fact already gathered, but little or nothing towards the elucidation of the gravest, most difficult, and most profoundly interesting problems which the subject affords.

In Mexico and Central America at the time of the Spanish invasion there existed, we need hardly say, a great, powerful, well-organized empire, surrounded by the relics of more or less civilized nations, some of which had certainly, some probably, been broken in the course of ages by the growing strength of the Aztec monarchy. With these, however, we are not at present concerned. Mr. Short has told us much that is interesting, but little that is new upon this subject. It is clear that the Mexicans possessed and had long possessed a science, especially astronomical, which contrasts strangely with the barbarism of their religion and the practical defects of their social and political system. Their calendar especially, while very intricate and elaborate, was actually far superior to that then received in Europe, and accorded almost exactly with the true course of the seasons. The Mexican system rendered it possible to determine very exactly the dates of historical events as far back as their monumental records extended; and thus a people without an alphabet, and almost without a true system of writing, were able to preserve for ages materials which, but for the senseless vandalism of the conquerors, might have enabled the historic skill and archæological science of the present day to reconstruct their annals from the beginning. But the foundations of Aztec power had almost certainly been laid on the ruins of a previous scarcely less mighty, and perhaps not less elaborate, civilization, of which their records preserved but scanty and incidental notices. This prehistoric civilization, which occupies in the story of the New World something like the same place which that of Assyria or Egypt fills in that history of the Eastern hemisphere which antiquarian science is now labouring to reconstruct, may roughly be called Maya, by the name of the race to which its most striking and elaborate monuments, its best preserved remains, seem to have belonged. Enough of the language of this race can still be traced, partly from their monuments, partly in the dialects spoken long after the Spanish conquest by some broken tribes of Central America, to enable Mr. Short to present us with a translation of the Lord's Prayer into that almost forgotten tongue; for purposes of comparison with which he has given us the same document in the Aztec speech, showing, we think, that the languages, though widely different, belong to the same family. South America, again, had at least one civilization of its own, perhaps hardly less ancient, and yet more curious than that which, geographically so near, appears to have had little or no direct relation and no striking resemblance to it.

But by far the most interesting, and at the same time most bewildering and least intelligible, of the monumental civilizations of the New World is that of the race—apparently in some way more or less distantly related to the Mayas and their successors the Nahuas—which extended itself, it would appear, throughout the valleys of the Mississippi and the Ohio, and indeed over the greater part of what are now the Eastern United States. The grand primary and fundamental distinction between the monuments of Central and Northern America lies in their respective material. Like nearly all those monuments of the Old World which, buried for ages, are now being exhumed to throw light upon the thoughts and life of long-forgotten races, the dwellings, the temples, the cities, the fortifications of Mexico and the Isthmus are of stone, now and then intermingled with brick. Their builders had a peculiar arch and pyramid of their own. It seems at first sight difficult to conceive a civilization sufficiently strong, organized, and advanced to leave behind it monuments that have survived more than one tide of conquest and destruction, and yet apparently possessing neither the rudiments of the literary art nor the knowledge of iron, nor, it would almost seem, any skill in brick-making. It is the strange combination of power and knowledge shown in the construction of their monuments, with such ignorance of the arts by which elsewhere civilization has been created and protected and its monuments preserved, that gives such especial and unique interest to the relics of the great Mound-building race that once ranged over the greater part of the vast territory between the Mississippi and the mountains of the Atlantic seaboard. Bricks they had, for the most part sun-dried and moulded by hand. It may be conjectured that the burnt brick here and there discovered in the mounds has been hardened, not by fire directly and intentionally applied for the purpose, certainly not by the artificial baking of the individual bricks, but by the lighting for sacrificial or other purposes of great fires against the brick wall after its construction. But generally the mounds are constructed solely of earth; and their gigantic size, their elaborate and perfect arrangement, the wonderful mathematical skill displayed in the tracing of their outlines, and, above all, the extraordinary forms they often assume, render the character of the civilization which could achieve such marvellous feats, and yet was so deficient in much simpler and easier arts, perhaps the most curious of all archæological problems.

It is, of course, primarily to the nature of the soil they occupy that the peculiar character of these monuments must be ascribed. That soil, singularly wanting in rock or large stones upon or near the surface, no doubt primarily determined many of the most important conditions of social and political organization among the people that possessed it. It is clear that they needed fortifications; for they constructed defences so strong, displaying so much knowledge, ingenuity, and such an accumulation of spare human power, that the defeat, and apparently the extirpation, of the race that built and occupied them by enemies not civilized enough to have left any succeeding monuments of their own is utterly inexplicable. Great numbers of the mounds proper seem to have been constructed as foundations for towns and collections of dwellings more or less extensive; smaller ones served as watch-towers and beacon-stations; others probably to elevate temples, others to mark the burial-places of chiefs or princes; others, built with great accuracy in the form of animals, had no doubt some more or less superstitious purpose which at present it is hopeless to conjecture. One of these, in the shape of an elephant—a creature that has not existed in America for thousands of years—raises another and a very different question, a question enforced by the recent discovery of a pipe, if it be a pipe, carved yet more distinctly and unmistakably in the same form. The Mound-builders must have been an agricultural people, and their agriculture, since it could spare so many hands for non-productive labour, must have been of no mean character. The number and enormous size of their earthen works, together with the vastness of the region over which they range, from Northern Mexico far into Missouri, Illinois, and Ohio, seem to imply the existence of a great and united empire, probably of a powerful and well-organized despotism. A sort of subterranean chamber found in one of the minor mounds confirms the inference which the absence of stone and the rarity of brick suggests, that the buildings which must have crowned the elevated mounds and filled the interior of the fortified squares and circles were of wood, which throughout a great part of the territory of the race must have been as plentiful as other materials were rare. They were probably not addicted to navigation, since they seem to have penetrated and commanded the shores of the great lakes so far as to carry on a most elaborate process of copper-mining for many generations in security, and yet not to have extended their fortifications, or probably their habitations, so far northward. They had cloth woven with considerable dexterity by means of shuttles of stone, many of which are still preserved. They had pottery, often very graceful in outline, often reproducing—as did their earthen structures on a larger, and their carved stone emblems on a smaller, scale—the forms of animals and birds, sometimes, though more rarely, ornamented by some sort of graving tool. They certainly had copper, and seem to have had bronze; but nearly all the weapons and instruments preserved are of stone. Of pipes, or rather pipe-bowls, or what are supposed to be such, carved out of stone for the most part in the shape of animals, no small number have been found and are preserved in various local museums. Should it be confidently assumed that these are really pipe-bowls? Or may they not have served the purpose of those ancient small Etruscan and Latin lamps to which they bear no little resemblance? The forests that have overgrown the mounds, often of very great age, imply a long, unhappily a wholly undefined, interval between the disappearance of the builders and the discovery of their structures by civilized men. In one or two cases accumulations of earth above or around their foundations testify to a greater age than could be confidently inferred from the tree-growth above them. It may be observed, again, that the savage tribes who at the time of the discovery of America ranged over the entire region, once evidently occupied by a people who must have outnumbered their successors a hundred or a thousand-fold, retained no tradition of a preceding race conquered or driven southward by their fathers; not a single legend that even pretends to account for the existence of the marvellous monuments of human labour and power which they seem hardly to have noticed. One thing, at any rate, is almost certain: the Mound-builders had some relation—genealogical, historical, or commercial—with their neighbours to the southward. There exist between their earthen structures and the stone monuments of the Mayas and Nahuas resemblances which can hardly be accidental—which are in fact as close as could be expected among branches of the same race politically and geographically separated and obliged to use materials so utterly different.

The lately discovered remains of the cliff-dwellers and builders of the so-called stone pueblos in the central region of the Northern continent possess far less archæological value. The numerous very small chambers constructed in clefts or caverns of the rocks, often, strangely enough, at a great depth or height—either word seems equally applicable—in the vast walls of the cañons of the Colo-

* *The North Americans of Antiquity; their Origin, Migrations, and Type of Civilization Considered.* By John T. Short. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co.

rado, were evidently the refuges of a feeble, endangered, oppressed race, seeking in almost inaccessible hiding-places safety from the malignant pursuit or cruel tyranny of enemies against whom they had no hope of contending. Now it is quite possible that these enemies may have been no other than the Spanish invaders, a view confirmed by one or two passages in Spanish records, in which case they have neither antiquarian nor historical value. Or they may have been the refuge of some weak remains of a race like the Mayas, from the fierce warriors of the Red Indian tribes, after the latter had become masters of all the habitable portions of the central and eastern regions north of the Rio Grande. There are, however, in the same region fortresses of a different character, refuges no doubt, since they are too small to have been intended as the regular dwelling-places of tribes numerous enough to have constructed them; towers of stone, sometimes encircled by a threefold wall, and capable, it would seem, of defence for an almost indefinite period against such enemies as the tribes which the white man found in possession. But as yet it seems impossible to form any conjecture as to their date, the history, or the connexions of their builders; and they are too few and too insignificant to possess any of that pathetic and profound interest which attaches to the remains of races so numerous, so powerful, so civilized, as must once have been the Mayas and the Mound-builders, which have yet perished so utterly, and left behind them no records but the structures which show that they must once have been great in peace and mighty in war.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

ANOTHER section is added to Professor Koerting's history of Italian Renaissance literature by an elaborate monograph on Boccaccio (1), the sequel to his previous biography of Petrarch. These two famous men may almost be said to constitute between them the Italian literature of the fourteenth century, and their mutual relations may be not unaptly compared to those of Johnson and Goldsmith. Petrarch is the literary dictator of the epoch, the man whose absolute supremacy no one in his own day dreamed of disputing, and who still remains the most characteristic representative of his age. Boccaccio, who would never even in thought have presumed to compare himself to his friend and master, is in truth the brighter as well as the livelier genius, and is to us the fresher and more interesting personage. He is, nevertheless, equally with Petrarch a type of the Renaissance, and it is in this point of view that Dr. Koerting, writing rather as a literary historian than as a biographer, principally considers him. He justly points out that classical and mediæval elements were harmonized by Boccaccio in such a manner as to afford a pattern to succeeding writers, and impart richness and variety to a literary movement which would otherwise have incurred great danger of pedantry and one-sidedness. The remark is of course applicable rather to the more ambitious compositions of Boccaccio than to the one which has chiefly immortalized his name. Dr. Koerting, whose estimate of his hero generally keeps on the safe side of enthusiasm, is particularly reserved in his treatment of the *Decameron*, whose freedoms he views in a more serious light than has usually been thought necessary by literary historians. The superiority of the *Decameron* to Boccaccio's other works is, indeed, not contested by him; but his sympathies are rather with the latter, especially with the *Fiammetta*, on the strength of which he claims for Boccaccio the creation of the modern novel. The romances of the ancients, he points out, depend chiefly upon a succession of incidents; it is in the *Fiammetta* that we first meet the analysis of feeling and the portraiture of character which make the charm of the modern novel. The *Filocopo* and *Teseide* are also very favourably treated; the story of Troilus and Cressida, as told in the *Filostrato*, approximates dangerously to burlesque, and Shakspeare has shown a more correct appreciation by treating it as a tragicomedy. It has not entered into Professor Koerting's plan, or been compatible with his limits, to discuss Boccaccio's influence upon other writers, especially Chaucer, who owes him so much, and the bent of whose genius is so strikingly like his own. The biographical part of the subject is very carefully treated, but not much can be added to what has hitherto been known. Boccaccio's countrymen would no doubt have transmitted his history more carefully if they had suspected his worth; but the full appreciation of the founder of a literature is, from the nature of the case, reserved for posterity. It is significant that the epitaph by Coluccio Salutati, evidently designed as a lofty panegyric, absolutely ignores Boccaccio's vernacular writings.

The second volume of A. Ebert's valuable history of mediæval literature (2) is devoted to the Carlovingian period, beginning with the revival of letters under Charles the Great, and continuing down to the death of Charles the Bald, a weak prince, but a patron of learning. In his zeal for literature, as well as in every other particular, Charles the Great showed himself immensely in advance of his age, and, although the visible fruits of his interference were small, the impulse which he communicated was never lost. It was beyond his power to create genius, and, tried by any elevated standard, the direct literary production evoked by him and his successors appears almost contemptible; but his formal recognition of the place which literature ought to occupy prevented the very conception of the literary character from perishing out of Latin Christendom. The only spots where letters flourished apart from his patronage were the Irish monasteries and their Continental offshoots, and it is a legitimate subject for congratulation that the only two writers of the period whose names have become illustrious—Alcuin and Joannes Scotus—belonged to these islands. The latter was undoubtedly a commanding genius, who would have ranked among the great teachers of mankind if he had lived at almost any other time. The annalists, hagiographers, and wretched poets with whom Herr Ebert has principally to deal would be most uninteresting but for their relation to the general history of culture. It is a marvel that his pages should be, as a whole, so spirited and readable.

Dr. Wieseler's investigations into the history of apostolic Christianity (3) are animated by a conservative spirit, and display fairness and moderation as well as learning. He confines himself to those parts of the New Testament whose genuineness is recognized by all, with the object of proving even from these that there is no foundation for the theory of a fundamental discrepancy between the teaching of St. Paul and that of St. Peter. In his treatment of the Apocalypse he is evidently, though no doubt unconsciously, influenced by an anxiety to make out John the Elder's title to the book, in order that the Fourth Gospel may be reserved for the Apostle. In the course of his argument he ascribes Chapter xxi. of the Gospel and the Second and Third Epistles to the Presbyter, notwithstanding the palpable difference between the style of these compositions and that of the Apocalypse.

Professor Overbeck's contributions to the New Testament Canon (4) consist for the present of two essays, one on the reception of the Epistle to the Hebrews as an apostolic writing, the other on the Muratorian Canon. He shows that the Epistle was for a long time as persistently rejected in the West as it was accepted in the East, and contends that its Pauline origin could only be admitted when the genuine Roman tradition of St. Paul's teaching had been lost. This moreover occurred about the time of the Arian controversy, upon which some passages in the Epistle were thought to have a bearing. In his essay on the Muratorian fragment Professor Overbeck disputes the opinion of Harnack, that it embodies the views of the Canon current early in the second century, and seems inclined to bring both its age and its authority down as low as possible.

Richard Lipsius (5) has added to his numerous investigations of the ecclesiastical legends of the early Christian centuries an examination of the curious cluster of tales which grew up in connexion with Abgarus, King of Edessa, who was supposed to have corresponded with Christ, and to have transmitted his portrait to posterity, and to have written to the Emperor Tiberius respecting him. The affinities of the legends of St. Veronica and of the Invention of the Cross to the same mythical cycle also form a subject of inquiry.

Schopenhauer (6) was thirty years without a disciple, almost without a reader. At present the mere list of the books and articles in which reference is made to him occupies ninety pages octavo of a special bibliography. Many of these references are slight or occasional, and in some other instances the connexion with Schopenhauer is very remote. After all deductions, however, enough remains to constitute a very remarkable proof of the power of genius to triumph over the hostility of cliques and coteries. The compiler has prefixed an introduction, in which he endeavours to improve upon Schopenhauer's pessimism, and to approve himself more logical and consistent than his master.

A society of German naturalists is turning the Darwinian theory (7) to account by an application of the principle of natural selection to the elucidation of some of the numerous problems still in need of solution in the various fields of physical inquiry. Our countryman Mr. Grant Allen's work on the colour sense has been translated for this series, and affords a fair example of its general character. Dr. Du Prel is probably premature in the application of the principle of the survival of the fittest to the solar system as a whole, and his essay, though interesting, contains little that is specifically Darwinian. Herr von Reichenau's investigations of the nests and eggs of birds are strictly biological. He rejects Mr. Darwin's theory of the cause of brilliant colour in birds, in favour of Mr. Wallace's, to which he makes some interesting additions. Dr. F. Schultze endeavours to deduce general laws of language from the observation of children's first attempts at speech.

Parts X. to XII. of T. Simons's richly illustrated work on Spain (8) complete the description of the capital, including an account of the national museum of pictures, with its wonderful treasures from the pencil of Velazquez. The remainder is devoted to Toledo, the most characteristically Castilian of Castilian

(1) *Boccaccio's Leben und Werke.* Von Dr. Gustav Koerting. Leipzig: Fues. London: Williams & Norgate.

(2) *Allgemeine Geschichte der Literatur des Mittelalters im Abendlande.* Von Adolf Ebert. Bd. 2. Leipzig: Vogel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Zur Geschichte der Neutestamentlichen Schrift und des Urchristenthums.* Untersuchungen von Dr. Karl Wieseler. Leipzig: Hinrichs. London: Williams & Norgate.

(4) *Zur Geschichte des Kanons.* Zwei Abhandlungen von F. Overbeck. Chemnitz: Schmeitzner. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Die Edessenische Abgar-Sage.* Kritisch untersucht von R. A. Lipsius. Braunschweig: Schwetschke. London: Williams & Norgate.

(6) *Die Schopenhauer-Literatur.* Versuch einer chronologischen Uebersicht derselben von F. Laban. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *Darwinistische Schriften.* Nos. 8–10.—*Die Planetenbewohner und die Nebular-Hypothese.* Von Dr. Carl Du Prel. *Die Nester und Eier der Vögel.* Von W. von Reichenau. *Die Sprache des Kindes.* Von Fritz Schultze. Leipzig: Günther. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Spanien.* Von T. Simons. Th. 10–12. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

cities, and most perfect architectural monument of mediæval Spain. The railway has now deprived the journey to Toledo of its most picturesque features, but the city itself remains nearly unchanged.

The main purpose of Rudolph Westphal's (9) elaborate theory of musical rhythm is to show that the rhythm of Handel, Bach, Beethoven, and the other great modern masters corresponds in essentials with the precepts of classical musicians as conveyed in the treatise of Aristoxenus. As the canons of art are the same everywhere, this conclusion may be accepted as probable by readers unable to follow Herr Westphal's abstruse method of proof—an abstruseness due to no want of lucidity in the writer, but to the intricacy of the subject and the scantiness of material as far as classical music is concerned.

After all the interest excited by the Ober Ammergau Passion Play (10), it seems somewhat strange that it should be left to Herr Hartmann to publish for the first time the materials out of which the standard text of 1662 has been compounded. Even this latter, it appears, has not yet been fully edited; but Herr Hartmann gives sufficient extracts and notes to establish its derivation from two performances of earlier date—the Augsburg Passion Play formerly in the library of the monastery of St. Ulrich and St. Afra, now first published by Herr Hartmann from a manuscript written about the end of the fifteenth century; and another drama of the same nature by Sebastian Wild, printed along with other pieces at Augsburg in 1566. The existing representation at Ober Ammergau, as a regular performance, dates from a vow made by the inhabitants during a pestilence in 1633; but it is probable that similar exhibitions had previously taken place at irregular intervals.

With the exception of a short essay containing hints on the origin of language, T. Benfey's *Vedica und Linguistica* (11) consists of discussions of the niceties of Sanskrit grammar, intelligible only to advanced scholars, to whom the author's name will sufficiently recommend them.

Petzholdt's bibliography of the books and essays relating to Dante (12) since 1864 only is a fairly astounding proof of the critical and exegetical attention devoted to the poet, an attention greatly in excess of his actual popularity or real influence upon human thought. If, however, his circle is limited in comparison with Homer's or Shakspeare's, the sentiment he awakens is more intense, and a real student hardly seems to think he has done his duty by his author until he has earned a niche in Herr Petzholdt's bibliography.

It is no unusual thing for a newspaper to celebrate some special anniversary by the publication of a jubilee number; but the *Kölnische Zeitung* (13) affords the first example, so far as we remember, of a journal inditing its own autobiography. The occasion has been afforded by the present exhibition at Düsseldorf, to which the proprietors of the Prussian leading journal have very sensibly thought they could make no more appropriate contribution than a volume printed at their own press and embodying their own history. The result is a tall volume beautifully printed in bold Roman type, and accompanied by illustrations more commendable for accuracy of resemblance than for ease of execution. The paper, it appears, was established in 1802, had the honour of being twice suppressed by Napoleon, but reappeared in 1814, and has been published uninterruptedly ever since. It has always been in the same family, and its management has invariably displayed the prudence requisite to ensure its continued existence under hostile and suspicious Governments, no less than the energy that has given it a place in the first class of European journals. It has always managed to be ahead of its contemporaries, and, without incurring serious danger of suppression, has made itself a power with which the bureaucracy is obliged to reckon. At one time the late King of Prussia did not think it beneath him to threaten its existence in a Royal Speech; at another the editor was bribed to betray his principles; the absurd and galling interferences of the censorship were innumerable; but the paper has survived them all, and the freedom with which they are detailed proves, at all events, that liberty has made large advances in Germany since 1848. A considerable portion of the volume is naturally occupied with an account of the great mechanical improvements effected in the typographical department.

L. Anzengruber (14) has collected into two volumes the tales which have gained him a high reputation as a delineator of Austrian peasant life. They deserve their celebrity, being at once perfectly true to nature and redeemed from ultra-realism by extreme tenderness and a genuine spirit of humanity. With unaffected but unobtrusive compassion the author depicts the dark side of the peasant's spiritual existence—poverty and confusion of ideas and stunted or crippled intellect frequently co-existing with a fine moral nature, capable of acts of self-sacrificing heroism. Of this latter there is a fine example in "Pious Kate," where the heroine is indeed intellectually superior to most of Anzengruber's portraits. The danger of a lively imagination combined with ignorance and simplicity is powerfully shown in the pathetic tale of "Lizzie, the Goose Girl," who loses her reason on discovering that her favourite Virgin is, after all, but a wooden image. Every story has its strong point, and the whole collection shows that Anzengruber possesses a remarkable power of merging his own personality in that of his characters, and looking with their own eyes at the hard problem presented to them by life.

The "banished man" of Heinrich Kruse's tragedy (15) is Corfitz Ulfeld, whose adventures, and still more the protracted captivity of his heroic wife, constitute one of the most remarkable chapters ever inscribed in the romance of real life. History hardly affords a finer subject for tragic delineation than the splendid but mixed character of Ulfeld, a Danish Coriolanus misguided by passion and ambition into the one unpardonable sin of betraying his country, but, unlike Coriolanus, denied the opportunity of redeeming it. The chief fault of Kruse's drama is that Ulfeld is too favourably portrayed, and the tragic effect of mental conflict and self-accusation is proportionately weakened. The author has also sacrificed the contrast he might have obtained by the introduction of Ulfeld's triumphant rival—a better patriot, though a worse man—Hannibal Sehsted.

The *Rundschau* (16) opens with "Saint Barbara," an Italian noveletto by H. Hoffmann, too artificial perhaps in its simplicity, but pretty and artistic nevertheless. Hermann Grimm devotes an exhaustive investigation to Raffaelle's "School of Athens," especially to the question whether the celebrated philosophical figure introduced into it represents Aristotle, according to its first interpreter, Vasari, or St. Paul, according to its first engraver, Ghisi. He decides in favour of St. Paul, on artistic grounds which may be satisfactory, and on other grounds which seem to ascribe to Raffaelle more sympathy with the Reformation than he can well have had. The second part of Karl Hillebrand's excellent article on Belgium treats of the problems which Belgium has yet to solve—national defence, the encouragement of the old national language, and the reconciliation of Church and State. The essay is valuable as the testimony of an enlightened German publicist to the importance and vitality of a State frequently stigmatized as an artificial creation. A traveller from Japan gives some curious particulars of the Ainos, the primitive inhabitants of the northern islands of the Japanese archipelago. Their physical characteristics, it would appear, are by no means Mongolian, and their origin presents a problem of considerable difficulty. Herr Rodenberg contributes some lively sketches of Berlin life; and Mr. C. Grant endeavours to explain the secret of Mr. Carlyle's influence to the German public, who would have had more sympathy with him in the days of Fichte.

(9) *Allgemeine Theorie der musikalischen Rhythmik seit J. S. Bach auf Grundlage der Antiken.* Von Rudolph Westphal. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. London: Williams and Norgate.

(10) *Das Oberammergauer Passionsspiel in seiner ältesten Gestalt.* Zum ersten Male herausgegeben von August Hartmann. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(11) *Vedica und Linguistica.* Von T. Benfey. Strassburg: K. J. Trübner. London: Trübner & Co.

(12) *Bibliographia Dantea ab anno MDCCCLXV. inchoata.* Edidit Julius Petzholdt. Novo editio duobus supplementis aucta. Dresdae: Schoenfeld. London: Nutt.

(13) *Geschichte der Kölnischen Zeitung und ihre Druckerei.* Herausgegeben und gedrückt von M. Dumont. Schauberg: Köhn.

(14) *Dorfgänge.* Gesammelte Bauerngeschichten von L. Anzengruber. 2 Bdch. Wien: Rosner. London: Nutt.

(15) *Der Verbannte.* Trauerspiel von H. Kruse. Leipzig: Herzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(16) *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 6. Hft. 12. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL of MUSIC, under the conduct and control of the Corporation of London.

Principal—Mr. J. H. WEIST HILL; assisted by eminent London Professors.

The above School will be OPENED on Monday, September 27, 1880, at 16 Aldermanbury, E.C. Further particulars may be obtained from Mr. CHARLES SMITH, Secretary, Finsbury Chambers, London Wall, E.C.

FRED. A. CATTY, *Hon. Secretary.*
CHARLES SMITH, *Secretary.*

Guildhall, September 1880.

ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—By special permission of the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education, Dr. ZERFFI will deliver THIRTY LECTURES on "THE SCIENCE OF GENERAL HISTORY," in the Lecture Theatre, South Kensington Museum, on Saturday Afternoons, at Three o'clock, commencing October 16, 1880. A Prize of Ten Guineas will be awarded at the end of the Course for an Essay. For particulars and Fees apply to Dr. ZERFFI, 3 Warrington Gardens, Maida Hill, W.; or at the Catalogue Stall, South Kensington Museum.

SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS, EDINBURGH, October 6 to 13.

President—The Right Hon. Lord REAY, D.C.L.

Presidents of Departments—1. Jurisprudence, The Right Hon. the LORD ADVOCATE—2. Education, The Right Hon. Lord BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH—3. Health, JOHN BEDDOE, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.—4. Economy, Sir UGHTRED J. KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH, Bart. 5. Art, Professor W. B. RICHMOND.

Information as to the Reading of Papers—which should be sent to the Assistant-Secretary on or before September 20—and other particulars, may be had at the Offices, 1 Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C., and City Chambers, Edinburgh.

J. L. CLIFFORD-SMITH, *Assistant-Secretary.*

1 Adam Street, W.C.

THE LONDON HOSPITAL and MEDICAL COLLEGE, Mile-end, E.—The SESSION 1880–81 will Commence on Friday, October 1, 1880.

Four Entrance Scholarships, value £60, £40, £30 and £20, will be offered for Competition at the end of September to new Students. Entries on or before September 20.

Fees for Lectures and Hospital Practice, 90 Guineas in one payment, or 100 Guineas in three instalments.

All Resident and other Hospital Appointments are free.

The Resident Appointments consist of Five House-Physicianships, Four House-Surgeoncies, One Accoucheurship; Two Dressers and Two Maternity Pupils also reside in the Hospital.

Special entries may be made for Medical and Surgical practice.

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SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

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THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS IN FRANCE.

THE Ministry of M. DE FREYCINET has come to a sudden and unexpected end. On Friday of last week a Cabinet Council was held in which it was agreed, on the suggestion of M. DE FREYCINET, and with the approval of M. GRÉVY, that the decrees for the regulation of the religious orders should be executed in a cautious and tender way. This amounted to a general acceptance of M. DE FREYCINET'S policy. The basis of this policy was that the decrees should be kept hanging over the religious orders, but that the time and mode of executing them should be left uncertain, and should depend in a considerable measure on the conduct of the orders themselves. In return for their recent act of submission they were to be dealt with as gently as was possible. Everything seemed to have been pleasantly finished, and the PRESIDENT was ready to start the next morning for a shooting party with a light and cheerful heart. But on Friday evening the Minister of the Interior, M. CONSTANS, saw M. GAMBETTA, who had just arrived in Paris, and was told that this acquiescence in the policy of M. DE FREYCINET would never do, and that he must resign. M. CONSTANS did as he was bid, and the MINISTERS of JUSTICE and WAR followed his example. Another Cabinet Council was held on Saturday, and peace was again patched up after a fashion. The real point at issue was whether the religious orders were, in return for their submission, to have a temporary respite. M. DE FREYCINET had never said, and he never had any authority to say, that the submission of the orders would be taken as an equivalent for compliance with the law. But he had given it to be understood that, in consequence of this submission, the law should be temporarily in abeyance. In order to keep the Cabinet together, it was agreed that the MINISTER of the INTERIOR should be allowed to send a circular to the orders, in which he should state that, while he recognized with satisfaction the protestations of deference to the law and the Government which the orders had given, he must remind them that the law had not been complied with. Nothing was said in the circular which could be taken to imply that the decrees would be executed quickly or harshly. What was said in it was precisely what M. DE FREYCINET had been saying to the orders all along. It seemed, therefore, to him that he might honestly accept, as a means of keeping the Cabinet together, a formal repetition of his own language. But, although there was nothing contrary to his opinions in the circular, it was not in harmony with his policy that such a declaration should be made at such a moment. It seemed to be a threat addressed to those with whom he was endeavouring to be at peace, and whom he had promised to protect. The language of the circular was the language of M. DE FREYCINET; but the issuing of the circular was a concession on his part, and a departure from the policy he was supposed to have invented. It was, therefore, open to any one to say either that M. DE FREYCINET had done nothing, or that he had done very much. He might be treated as having held his ground or as having yielded. The MINISTER of the INTERIOR took the latter view, and despatched telegrams announcing that the PRESIDENT of the COUNCIL had capitulated. He claimed a victory for himself and those who a few hours before had retired with him. M. DE FREYCINET, finding himself thus treated with something like open contempt by a colleague, and having ascertained that it was too late to stop the announcement that had been made, resigned office; the MINISTERS of MARINE and COMMERCE resigned with him; and M. JULES FERRY was charged by the PRESIDENT with the formation of a new Ministry.

M. DE FREYCINET has been much praised for resigning with so much promptitude, and so much of praise is certainly due to him as is involved in his not choosing to pocket an open affront put on him by a subordinate. On the other hand, M. GAMBETTA has been much blamed for destroying the FREYCINET Ministry without taking office himself. But there has perhaps been a little excess both of praise and blame. M. DE FREYCINET has undoubtedly assumed an attitude of independence towards M. GAMBETTA. The Montauban speech was as nearly a challenge to M. GAMBETTA as it could decently have been. The views put forward at Montauban were very good views; but they were views opposed to the views of a strong section of the Cabinet, of M. GAMBETTA, and of the majority of the Chamber. M. DE FREYCINET was, after the Montauban speech, in the position of a man with very sensible opinions, but without political strength. He had nothing to lean upon except the good wishes of the PRESIDENT, and the chance that he might be left alone until he could bring a sufficient political following to think with him. Had he had any position such as in England we suppose a Prime Minister ought to have, he would not have resigned because a subordinate Minister triumphed over him, but would have invited the head of the State to dismiss the offender. M. DE FREYCINET could not take this course, because he knew that, if he did, directly the Chamber met he would be defeated. It would have been inexpressibly mean if he had pocketed the affront, and consented to endure a reign of dictation and insult; and this reproach he escaped by resigning; but he could not assert himself, because he had no means of asserting himself effectually. M. GAMBETTA upset the Ministry because, as a leader of the dominant party in the Chamber, he thought the Ministry was wrong. Some members of the Cabinet were more especially attached to this dominant party, and he told them to resign. They obeyed, and M. DE FREYCINET had then the opportunity of replacing them by friends of his own. He could not do this, as his new Ministry would have been dead almost before it was born. It is not, however, for upsetting the DE FREYCINET Ministry that M. GAMBETTA is blamed, so much as for not taking office himself when he had upset it; and a parallel has been drawn between Mr. GLADSTONE and M. GAMBETTA, much to the disadvantage of the latter. The two cases are really quite dissimilar. In France there really is a Constitution, although most foreigners seem never to have heard of it. Under this Constitution Ministers do not appoint themselves; it is the President who appoints them, and the PRESIDENT has never asked M. GAMBETTA to be a Minister. The real key to the situation in France is that the PRESIDENT is equally unwilling to employ M. GAMBETTA and to oppose him. The QUEEN first sent for Lord HARTINGTON, and he advised her to send for Mr. GLADSTONE. In much the same way the PRESIDENT asked M. JULES FERRY to become Prime Minister, and, unlike Lord HARTINGTON, M. FERRY at once accepted the office. The PRESIDENT did not call on M. GAMBETTA to take office. He passed him over, and asked some one else to form a Ministry who was willing to try the experiment. Rightly or wrongly, the PRESIDENT has come to the conclusion that he can carry on the government of the country better if M. GAMBETTA is not openly in power. The time may be very near when he will have to change his mind, and will

be forced to try the hazardous experiment of a GAMBETTA Ministry. But at present he thinks the time for this has not come. He prefers to employ the nominees of M. GAMBETTA rather than M. GAMBETTA himself. No doubt M. GAMBETTA has found his profit in this singular state of things, and no doubt he could at any moment force the hand of the PRESIDENT. If M. FERRY had been instructed to say that he would not take any office except under M. GAMBETTA, the PRESIDENT must have asked M. GAMBETTA to be Prime Minister. But so, on the other hand, the PRESIDENT could force the hand of M. GAMBETTA. He could have offered office to M. GAMBETTA when M. DE FREYCINET resigned, and thrown on M. GAMBETTA the responsibility of a refusal; or he could have offered to support M. DE FREYCINET by asking the Senate to permit a dissolution. He did neither of these things. He let M. GAMBETTA have his way, but would not let him have office. It must be supposed that M. GRÉVY takes this course, which for him personally is far from a dignified one, because he himself believes it to be the best course for France generally, and for the Republican party in particular.

M. JULES FERRY seems to have had great difficulty in filling up the vacant places at his disposal. He has got a new Minister of Commerce by the simple process of turning an Under-Secretary into a Secretary; but he does not think himself quite equal to the office of Foreign Secretary, which M. DE FREYCINET held in conjunction with that of President of the Council. A Foreign Secretary has accordingly been found in M. BARTHÉLEMY ST. HILAIRE, the *fidus Achates* of M. THIERS. As M. ST. HILAIRE is a professed admirer of Prince BISMARCK, the appointment may be considered as a sop to those who were alarmed by the Cherbourg speech. But admiration of Prince BISMARCK is not yet a passport to general popularity in France; and the extreme Republicans consider M. BARTHÉLEMY ST. HILAIRE as in some sort guilty of the repression of the Commune. There is a general impression that the Ministry is hardly to be called a Ministry at all, that it is a mere makeshift, and will disappear in a few weeks. Men who have any reputation to lose do not like to incur the ridicule of belonging to such a Ministry. There will, therefore, in all probability, be a new Ministerial crisis in France before long, and every crisis brings the day nearer when the PRESIDENT will find himself obliged to ask M. GAMBETTA to take office. Still it is possible that both M. GRÉVY and M. GAMBETTA may have very good reasons for wishing that there should be no GAMBETTA Ministry before the elections of 1881 are held. The PRESIDENT may think that under a succession of shortlived figurehead Ministries Conservative Republicanism will have time to grow. M. GAMBETTA may think that he would appear in a much better light before the constituencies if they had the expectation of what he would do some day, rather than the memory of what he had been doing for a year. But it may easily happen that it will be found practically impossible for M. GRÉVY and M. GAMBETTA to wait so long. The difficulty which M. FERRY has found in filling up his Ministry is very significant. Men who respect themselves are beginning to be shy of forming a Cabinet which may be upset any morning at daybreak because M. GAMBETTA has been talking during the night to one of its members. The PRESIDENT of the REPUBLIC can hardly think that Republican Government is prospering when Republicans of respectability and high standing do not like to take office under it. M. GAMBETTA may discover that there is such a thing as waiting too long, and that a man who always stays in the background may some day be made to stand there whether he likes it or not. The Continental press, and especially the German press, had begun, before M. BARTHÉLEMY ST. HILAIRE's appointment, to write as if M. GAMBETTA was already in office, and to speculate on the dreadful things he would do. This is premature; but it is scarcely premature to say that the accession of M. GAMBETTA to office seems more natural and inevitable than it seemed ten days ago.

THE NAVAL DEMONSTRATION.

IT is not yet known whether the Ministerial change will affect the policy of France in the East; but it has often been stated that M. GAMBETTA, who has lately asserted his paramount influence, is more inclined than M. DE FREYCINET or his predecessor to active measures in favour of Greece and Montenegro. According to the concurrent statement of several Correspondents, the French contingent at Ragusa had before its arrival received positive orders to abstain from hostile operations. Some of them add that the German Admiral was to retire if at any time the concert of the Powers was interrupted. It seemed to follow that the coercion of the Turks and Albanians would devolve on the English and Russian vessels, for neither Austria nor Italy is believed to be zealous in the common cause. The most devoted adherents of Mr. GLADSTONE's Government have lately insisted with much pertinacity on the duty and expediency both of giving active aid to Montenegro, and of blockading the Dardanelles while a Russian fleet closes the Bosphorus; but the Ministers are not bound by the opinion of their adherents; and it would be strange if Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE wantonly precipitated the country into war. That the policy in which the European Powers have been induced to cooperate is but partially intelligible may be the best reason for believing that it admits of a reasonable explanation. A single Government may be misled by passion or prejudice into capricious modes of action; but when six Powers which are well known to have divergent wishes and interests join in an ostentatious display of force, there can be no doubt that the respective Governments have provided for the contingencies which are likely or certain to arise. Among other risks or inconveniences statesmen cannot have failed to anticipate the professional jealousies or rivalries which might result from the union of six independent squadrons in a single fleet under the immediate command of the senior Admiral. English susceptibility would have been much disturbed if it had happened that a part of the Mediterranean fleet was subject to Russian orders. Mr. GLADSTONE's confident belief that Turkey would yield to the combined pressure of Europe would perhaps have been justified by the result if the decision had rested exclusively with the SULTAN. But the local resistance of the Albanians to the transfer of territory created an additional difficulty, and furnished the Turkish Government with an excuse for obstinacy and for vacillation. Probably the Albanian chiefs might have yielded if they had been convinced that the SULTAN was in earnest; and, on the other hand, the Turkish commander would have surrendered Dulcigno to the Montenegrins but for the warlike preparations of the tribes. The most sagacious and experienced observer would be puzzled in attempting to assign to intrigue or to indigenous patriotism the greater share in a complicated transaction.

It is difficult to ascertain from day to day the truth of statements which are alternately repeated and contradicted. At one time detailed accounts were published of the occupation of Dulcigno by a large body of Albanians, while a Montenegrin force was said to be approaching the town, and RIZA PASHA, in command of the Turkish regular troops, professed to await instructions from Constantinople. It afterwards seemed to be doubtful whether any important movement had taken place; and the fleet was supposed to await the return of an English officer, Lord WALTER KERR, who had been sent with despatches to RIZA PASHA at Scutari. Mr. KIRBY GREEN, the English Consul, is said to have asked for a delay of hostile operations until he could remove his family into a place of safety. It is probably true that Mr. GOSCHEN has remonstrated strongly with the SULTAN; but it is uncertain whether his efforts have been cordially seconded by his colleagues. The latest change of Ministry indicates perhaps rather the SULTAN's preference for personal favourites than any definite policy of resistance. The appointment of SAID and of SERVER, popularly known as SERVEROFF, is, like all more or less suicidal measures, attributed to the influence of the Russian AMBASSADOR; but it is impossible to test the truth of reports which are the more likely to be founded on conjecture when they are intrinsically probable. After the late declarations of Mr. GLADSTONE, no Turkish Government can be expected to feel confidence in the good will of England; but fear may sometimes be as effective an instrument as hope. As the avowed patron and partisan of Montenegro, and as the well-known advocate of the expulsion of the Turks from Europe, Mr. GLADSTONE will be credited with a resolution to use force if verbal remonstrances are found insufficient. MUSURUS PASHA, who of all the SULTAN's advisers alone possesses a knowledge of English opinion, will be able to assure the SULTAN that very few among the supporters of the present Govern-

ment have hinted at disapproval of warlike measures against Turkey. By a strange combination of circumstances, England seems to have undertaken the task of enforcing the performance of those stipulations which were inserted in the Treaty of Berlin, or in an appendix, at the instance of other Powers. The reward to be paid to Montenegro for services rendered to Russia, and the aggrandizement of Greece which was recommended by France, are now supposed to be the special and almost exclusive concern of England.

Mr. GLADSTONE's coercion of Turkey, though it is founded on sentimental and religious sympathies, may perhaps, if it attains its object, ultimately coincide with sound policy. The concert of Europe even to the present time is a considerable diplomatic achievement, and, if it survives the settlement of the Montenegrin question, it will remove many complications and dangers. Several of the Powers are exempt from any selfish interest in Eastern affairs, except the desire to diminish the risks of war; and the only Government which is suspected of aggressive designs is held in check as long as it is compelled to consult the opinions of allies. If the journalists who daily propose war with Turkey, even in default of allies, represent the intentions of the Government, no more insolent defiance of the rules of political justice and morality than an anachronistic religious crusade will have been at any time perpetrated; but, as long as united pressure is applied to a perverse and obstinate ruler who refuses to execute the provisions of a recent treaty, the English Government may be engaged in a legitimate undertaking. The saying that nothing succeeds like success is sometimes erroneously regarded as an immoral paradox; but the first duty of statesmen is to discern practicable objects, and to attain them by efficient methods. If the Turks and Albanians, after all their menaces, peaceably surrender Dulcigno, one cause of trouble will have been permanently removed. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that the converse of the proposition is true. Nothing fails like failure in means or ends. The naval demonstration is justifiable only if it prevents war by the exhibition of irresistible force. The SULTAN would long since have yielded but for his expectation that the combination would fall to pieces. Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues have staked their character and their future reputation on the chance that the SULTAN may be mistaken.

There may probably be no foundation for the rumour that the Albanians were about to baffle their enemies by setting fire to the town of Dulcigno; but the mention of such a settlement of the dispute illustrates the objections to a policy of coercion. In this instance the Congress of Berlin revived the policy which had seemed unobjectionable to the plenipotentiaries at Vienna more than sixty years before. Critics and Liberal politicians have since not been sparing in condemnation of the exclusive regard which was then paid to the supposed interests of States and sovereigns. Whether the inhabitants of a province transferred from one kingdom to another approved of the change of allegiance was a question which scarcely troubled the mind of METTERNICH or HARDENBERG. The Congress more or less consciously continued the traditions which originated with NAPOLEON, or perhaps with the French Republic. There was at that time no reason to fear resistance. The most unpopular measures, such as the annexation of Genoa to Piedmont, or of half Saxony to Prussia, were effected without risk of opposition in obedience to simple decrees. The modern doctrine of national affinities had scarcely been invented; and it had at least not been exaggerated into its modern proportions. Russia undertook the late invasion of Turkey on the pretext of regard for sympathies of race, language, and religion. Even as late as the time of the Crimean war, the connexion between Russia and the subject population of European Turkey was supposed to be merely ecclesiastical, but the study of ethnology and philology had, in the next quarter of a century, provided additional excuses for ambition. As the Slavonic agitation advanced the Greek cause was less actively favoured by Russia; and perhaps the very existence of the Albanians was overlooked. The selection by the Congress, at the instigation of Russia, of a district to be assigned to Montenegro, has since been admitted on all sides to have been determined under a mistake. The substitution of Dulcigno for Tusi was a legitimate diplomatic operation, and the agreement of exchange is fully binding on the Porte; but, in accordance with modern notions or professions, it seems anomalous to compel the submission of the Albanian residents to an alien and hostile race. Nevertheless the least objectionable solution of the difficulty would be the submission of the malcontents to the will of Europe.

SIR FITZROY KELLY.

WITH the death of the LORD CHIEF BARON a long and honourable, if not brilliant or remarkable, career has closed. The peculiarity of that eminent judge was that he was so very old, and yet was not so old but that he could get through his duties with a vigour that never fell below its own standard, and could work on slowly and cheerfully at the age of eighty-four to the day when he would be entitled to retire on a pension. As he was so old, he naturally went back in his professional history to a time which to persons of a later generation seems one of fabulous antiquity. He began his legal studies in the reign of GEORGE III., and there was much in the cast of his mind and in the bent of his opinions which seems to have been fixed once for all at that remote date. Having got as far in special pleading as the human intellect is capable of going, he was called to the Bar in 1824. One of the tenets to which he most fondly and persistently clung was that of the inherent right of the English barrister to a good uninterrupted Long Vacation; and at an early date he changed his circuit when he found that the circuit to which he had unadvisedly attached himself might expose him to a curtailment of the sacred time of leisure. The Norfolk circuit was invariably true to its proper time, and his recognition of its merits was quickly rewarded by a continuous flow of business. When he had been only ten years at the Bar he was made a King's Counsel and a Bencher, and his reputation as a commercial lawyer soon became so great that he was happily forced to give up circuit altogether, and was permanently secured against any irregularity or maladministration of justice breaking into his holiday. He was in every big case. He was counsel to the Bank and to the East India Company, and he had successes in the House of Lords of which those who might have seemed his equals despaired. He could afford himself the luxury of refusing to appear before Parliamentary Committees and of returning gigantic retaining fees because he would not condescend to argue before persons who knew nothing of law. As was natural in a lawyer of such eminence, he early sought to add Parliamentary to legal distinction. But he was not fortunate in his attempts to enter the House of Commons. After two previous defeats, he was returned for Ipswich in 1835, but was unseated on petition. In the election of 1837 he was defeated at the poll, but seated on petition. Unfortunately, when in 1841 his party came into power, he lost his seat for Ipswich, and did not find another until 1843, when he was returned for Cambridge. Sir FREDERICK THESIGER stood in the way of his advancement during the earlier part of the PEEL Ministry, until, in 1845, on the death of FOLLETT, he was made Solicitor-General. During the RUSSELL Ministry he had no seat in Parliament, but in 1852 he found a safe seat in East Suffolk, which he held until he was made a judge; and he was then again made Solicitor-General, and held the office for a few months under the shortlived DERBY Ministry. He had to wait six years more, until in 1858 his friends were once more in power, and at the age of sixty-two he became Attorney-General. Lord DERBY's second Ministry lasted a very short time, and nothing fell vacant while it lasted which was worth the acceptance of an Attorney-General. At last, in 1866, when Lord DERBY was Prime Minister for the third time, Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK graciously made way for a political friend, and at the age of seventy Sir FITZROY KELLY was raised to the bench, and began to count up his years of active service as Lord Chief Baron.

To say that Sir FITZROY KELLY was very industrious and very energetic is not to say anything that specially distinguishes him. All great lawyers are industrious and energetic. They have got to do a great amount of difficult work, and they do it. But Sir FITZROY KELLY had qualities peculiarly his own. He was astute, he was ponderous, and he was ingenious. If there was a subtle way of discomfiting an adversary, he was sure to discover it. He could pick a hole in pleadings with unerring sagacity, and could put

a spoke in the wheel of a case that seemed to be rolling along with comfortable smoothness. But, while he could do the small work of his profession with the certain stroke of an artist, he also did the large work with satisfactory completeness. He went pounding and hammering on until he had exhausted every point. His clients might be sure that the slightest fact that could tell in their favour, would be brought into prominence before Sir FITZROY KELLY had done speaking. At the same time, he could, when special circumstances demanded it, invent and enforce novelties which were always bold and sometimes even startling. In the great case of the BRIDGWATER bequest he achieved the signal triumph of convincing the House of Lords that a limitation under which a succession of heirs were each to have a specified time in which to gain a dukedom was contrary to public policy, and therefore void. But the case in which he let the public into the secret of his audacious ingenuity was that of the murderer TAWELL, whom Sir FITZROY (then Mr.) KELLY defended. That prussic acid was found in the body of the deceased was unquestionable; and it was hopeless to argue that, if prussic acid had been administered, any one but TAWELL could have administered it. There was no shadow of a suspicion that the dead woman had herself taken the poison, and yet the poison was there. Mr. KELLY was more than equal to the occasion. He thought of something which probably would have occurred to no other man in England. He suggested that, although the prussic acid was there, the woman had never taken prussic acid at all. She had, it appeared, been eating apples, and the prussic acid had been evolved in her out of the pips. It is impossible not to admire the courage and self-abnegation with which so eminent a man, an acknowledged leader of the Bar, a great light in commercial law, a candidate for the highest judicial offices, rather than offer no defence at all, adopted a defence which exposed him to so much inevitable ridicule. Even if ridicule did attach to him, he was too strong not to bear it easily, and it was very shortly after the TAWELL case that he was first made a Law Officer. And, late in life as he was made a judge, it cannot be said that his reputation at the Bar had ever faded. In Parliament he had no success. Probably he desired none. He wanted to be the chief of a Court, and he looked on a seat in the House of Commons as the necessary means of attaining the object of his legitimate aspirations. Politics, he may have reasonably thought, were out of his line. He stuck to his party, and read the Duke of WELLINGTON's despatches, and that was enough for him. In one direction, however, he emerged from this atmosphere of tranquillity. For the last fourteen years of his Parliamentary life he was a county member, and he beguiled the partial leisure of his advancing years by coming out as the benevolent squire, the farmer's friend, the enemy of the Malt-tax, and the last and stoutest of Protectionists.

The real misfortune of his life was that, owing to political vicissitudes and the long eclipse of his party, he was not made a judge until he had entered on what was a hale old age, but still was old age. He got through the severe physical work of his office with surprising alacrity, and his faculties remained unimpaired; but his administration of justice laboured under considerable drawbacks. It is damping to a Court when the presiding judge cannot hear what others say, and cannot make others understand when he speaks himself. He made cases very long by constant interruptions, and he occasionally took from the outset a determined preconception which no argument could get out of his mind. On the other hand, he was laborious; he really knew law; and he was eminently courteous. If he had earned a pension by the time when he began to earn one, he would probably have been thought an accomplished, if not a great, judge. Curiously enough, his political tastes seemed to develop more and more as he grew older, and he got into the habit of favouring the civic authorities, at the time of their annual presentation to him as CHIEF BARON, with garrulous Tory disquisitions couched in the style which the perusal of the journals of East Suffolk may have made familiar to him. In his own sphere as a judge he was not to be easily put down, and in the evening of his life he engaged in a controversy with Lord CAIRNS in which he had the advantage of the better cause. He dissented from the majority of the judges of the Privy Council in a leading ritual case, and he let his dissent be known. Lord CAIRNS, by way of crushing him, furbished up an order two and a half centuries old, directing that members of the Privy Council should hold their tongues about all that might take place in their august body. Sir FITZROY KELLY replied by an elaborate demonstration that the command of silence could not be taken to apply to judicial decisions; and, whatever might be the historical merits of his argument, it was obviously ridiculous that clergymen, who, often against their will, are bound by secular law, should not be allowed to know the various opinions of their judges as much as laymen know them. It was surmised that the late Ministry had the intention, shortly before it quitted office, of giving Sir FITZROY KELLY a pension and a peerage. Either the intention had never been entertained, or the rapidity with which the dissolution was followed by the annihilation of the Ministry prevented its being carried into effect. Had these tardy rewards been actually conferred, they would have been recognized as having been fairly earned. As it was, Sir FITZROY KELLY died without a pension, and without any special honour having been bestowed on him. Lesser men have had better luck; but at any rate he has passed away leaving behind him the memory of a man who fought his way up by his own undoubted merits, and of a lawyer who presented to the contemplation of this generation the high qualities, the wide resources, and also some of the defects which distinguished the great leaders of the Bar in days that have now long gone by.

IRISH SEDITION.

THE Government conforms to a long-established but doubtful precedent in permitting unlimited license of speech to lawless agitators in Ireland. It is certainly not a change for the better that their efforts are for the present directed rather to private robbery than to rebellion. The occasional threats of murder which enliven discourses in praise of spoliation are for the most part contained in the responses which form a not less material part of the Land League liturgy than the text of the officiating demagogue. Some of the Roman Catholic clergy decline to take part in the agitation; but in general one of their number is found to preside. The chairman at Ennis, a parish priest, denounced Mr. SMYTH, who was lately returned by the Home Rule party for his supposed patriotism, as a tool of the hated landlords. The congregation replied in the usual formula, "Shoot him," without incurring any rebuke from their ghostly counsellor. It is perhaps indiscreet to pass the same sentence of death on Home Rule members who depart from some of Mr. PARNELL's doctrines, and on landlords who to the crime of improving their estates add the unpardonable guilt of expecting to receive their rents; but brutality erected into a moral code tends to become indiscriminate. At Bandon one of the orators expressed his surprise that Mr. BENCE JONES, who is well known as an improving landlord, had not been subjected to the treatment which would be suffered by a Turk in the midst of a Bulgarian population. There is no arguing with cynical ruffians who have acquired by impunity the advantage of being allowed to defend the foulest crimes, as if the distinction between right and wrong were an open question. To discuss the questions whether property ought to be protected and whether life is to be at the mercy of popular passion is to disturb the foundations of morality. Mr. PARNELL, in his speech at Ennis, so far deviated from the ordinary practice as to dispute the expediency of the sentence of death passed by acclamation on applicants for farms vacated by eviction. He was of course careful not to express or imply the faintest censure on opinions which he nevertheless regarded as unnecessarily vigorous. In his judgment it might be possible to dispense with actual assassination if the life of the delinquent were rendered intolerable by social excommunication. If the minor penalty proves insufficient, patriotic neighbours may be trusted to execute in due time the severer sentence.

One of the peculiar circumstances of the Ennis meeting was the absence of the police, for the first time, as Mr. PARNELL observed, since the commencement of the agitation. The authorities may perhaps have been well advised in avoiding a display of force which was not required to repress any probable act of immediate violence. The demagogues and the mob had the field to themselves, and there were no landlords within reach to maltreat. Mr. PARNELL, as might be expected, hinted to his followers

that the withdrawal of the police was a sign of official timidity or connivance. He had, he said, declared a year ago that the constabulary would be abolished as soon as the people triumphed over their adversaries; and already the police were on the occasion of the meeting consigned to their barracks. Not long since Mr. PARNELL informed the House of Commons, with equal truth and candour, that the question of the land would be at once solved by the disbandment of the constabulary. The Ministers were not prepared summarily to abandon the defence of law and property; but they feebly attempted to conciliate sedition by expressing a hope that it would soon become unnecessary to maintain order by the aid of an armed force. At some meetings property has been publicly destroyed in the presence of bodies of police, which were perhaps too weak to interfere. A circular has now been issued to the constabulary directing them to prevent breaches of the peace. All the danger might have been prevented by the continuance of the Peace Preservation Act, if popularity had not been preferred to public duty. At Ennis Mr. PARNELL forgot, or perhaps deliberately declined, to complain of the rejection of the Disturbance Bill. It would have been inconsistent to propose a general refusal of rent, and at the same time to regret the failure of a plan by which certain landlords were in a part of Ireland to be prevented from enforcing their claims. A ruffianly priest at Ennis boasted that evictions were no longer practised. "Who now dare "evict a tenant? A man must be a great fool who evicted "a tenant." The Liberal Government has not, either by the Disturbance Bill or by Mr. FORSTER's speeches, secured the unqualified confidence of the leading agitator. He admits that the Tory Government was to be regarded as decidedly hostile, while the present Ministers are to be indulged with a tentative delay of a year; but he is evidently prepared to denounce any possible measure which can be submitted to Parliament.

With unwonted toleration Mr. PARNELL permits tenant farmers, without risk of assassination or even of concerted persecution, to give evidence, if they think fit, before the Land Commission; but he expresses his opinion that they would act more wisely in refusing to sanction the inquiry by their attendance. His reasons are not without force. It might, he says, be contended that witnesses were bound by a report founded on their testimony; and it is certain that any possible report will be one-sided, or, in other words, that it will not recommend the transfer of the land from the present owner to the occupier. The Government has interfered in an unusual manner to secure a report favourable to its own theory of legislation; but, unless Mr. PARNELL and Mr. DILLON had been placed on the Commission, it would have been difficult to find avowed advocates of spoliation. On the accession of the Government to office, when Mr. FORSTER still prudently disclaimed any immediate purpose of meddling with the tenure of land, two members of the former Liberal Government, Mr. STANSFELD and Lord CARLINGFORD, were added to the Commission which had for some time prosecuted its inquiries into the condition of landed property in the United Kingdom. It was probably afterwards discovered that the Report of the Commission would not be in all respects favourable to the Land Bill of 1870; and consequently a new Commission was appointed in the hope that its members would be more pliable. As Lord CARLINGFORD and Mr. STANSFELD were not included in the second Commission, it may be conjectured that they refused to separate themselves from their colleagues. Mr. GLADSTONE's expectations will probably not be disappointed; but to Mr. PARNELL one respectable body of Commissioners is as objectionable as another. His conclusions are not founded on details which might be proved in evidence, but on the notorious and undisputed fact that the land belongs to some thousands of owners, and that it is coveted by hundreds of thousands of occupiers. His own political position depends on the hungry multitude, which he accordingly, after the fashion of demagogues of all ages, hounds on to the attack on property. His lieutenants are, according to their eulogists, distinguished by blind fidelity to their chief. If, said one of the speakers at Bandon, Mr. PARNELL were to order Mr. FINIGAN to throw the SPEAKER's mace out of the window, he would obey without hesitation. Mr. FINIGAN would perhaps not be deterred from his noble purpose if Mr. FORSTER were to intervene by brandishing the Disturbance Bill in his face. The instance of imaginary folly and impudence is of course figurative. Mr. PARNELL and his loyal satellite pursue their assaults on law and decency in a more practical manner. It is not for the sole purpose of insulting England that Mr. PARNELL exhorts the Irish tenants to offer the landlord only a fair rent, and, on his declining the tender, to refuse all payment whatever. He adds that, if the landlords are obstinate, it may become the duty of the Land League to prohibit all payment of rent; and he cannot but be aware that there is no real distinction between his present advice and his threatened alternative. No occupier will willingly pay even a shilling in the pound if he thinks that by a prolonged refusal he will be exempt from payment altogether. The proposal of a fair rent to be determined by the debtor as against the creditor is both illusory and insolent. Mr. PARNELL well knows that a rent left to the discretion of the tenant would wholly disappear. Of the compensation to be paid to landlords Mr. PARNELL speaks as usual in an airy tone. No money will, he says, be necessary for the purpose; but the Government, or, in other words, the taxpayers, may, if they think fit, issue paper in payment; and he would probably add that they may discharge their obligations if they think fit. The fallacious precedent of Prussia is of course cited in defence of the proposed transfer of property. The demagogues are careful to suppress the fact that the Prussian peasants were already hereditary owners of the lands, and that STEIN and HARDENBERG only commuted the feudal dues; but controversies such as that which now exists in Ireland have as little to do with historical authority as with economic argument.

JUVENILE CRIMINALS.

THE public interest in the question which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT started, perhaps rather with a light heart, by his action in the case of WALTER DEAN, increases instead of diminishing. Not merely has a very active discussion on the general question been going on in the columns of the daily newspapers, but certain of the London magistrates have, not injudiciously, brought the matter to a point at which it cannot possibly be allowed to remain. They are acting under more special instructions from the HOME SECRETARY than their brethren in the counties, and these instructions have brought them to a deadlock. Last Monday, for instance, a boy was brought up before Mr. DE RUTZEN, charged with stone-throwing in the Regent's Park. Now everybody knows that the practice of throwing stones at trees in the nut season is not merely destructive to the trees themselves, but extremely dangerous to passers-by; while it makes the Park seats, which are usually placed under trees, simply useless, because nobody dares to sit on them. The facts were proved, and nothing remained but to inflict punishment. The magistrate asked the prisoner's father if he could pay a fine, and the father, like a sensible person, answered "No." Thereupon the boy was discharged, and he and his father left the Court "somewhat surprised at the result." We do not know whether any persons who happen to have their heads laid open or their eyes knocked out by stones will be surprised or not. But such are the consequences of the HOME SECRETARY's attempts to interfere with the administration of the law without troubling himself to ascertain or think out the results of his interference. Parliament, which could give effect to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's ideas on the subject, is not likely to be in Session for another four or five months, and during that time we suppose the "trivial offences"—in which, by the way, Sir WILLIAM, in his letter to the Mayor of MANCHESTER, expressly includes stone-throwing—are to go on with impunity. It would be interesting to hear the HOME SECRETARY's opinion as to the triviality of this offence shortly after experiencing in his own person the impact of a piece of granite thrown by a young person of thirteen endowed with a good aim and a healthy vigour of arm.

It is important, however, not to forget that the question of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's levity and want of consideration is a different one from the question of the desirableness of some change in the legislation affecting juvenile criminals. The conclusion that some such change is actually called for seems indeed impossible to resist. At present the law provides three different kinds of penalties for such persons, or perhaps it would

be more proper to say four. These are corporal punishment, fine, imprisonment, and confinement for some considerable period in a reformatory. These punishments are allotted to different offences and to different ages of offenders in a very complicated and arbitrary manner; and there seems to be a general consensus of opinion that the law might with advantage be simplified, and discretion left to the magistrate to inflict whatever punishment seems most suitable to the particular case. At present, even putting aside the inconvenience arising at the moment from the HOME SECRETARY'S precipitate and thoughtless action, there is no doubt that great advantage is taken by the offenders of the eccentricities of their enemy, the law. During this very week a curious fact has been recorded in the police reports, which not only puts this beyond doubt, but has considerable value as showing the comparative dislike with which corporal and other punishments are regarded. On Tuesday Mr. BALGUY, the Woolwich magistrate, had several orchard-robbing cases before him. He said that he had always found that the age in these cases was returned at "over fourteen," because the law authorizing whipping limited it to "under fourteen." Therefore, in the first place, it ought to be more generally possible than it is to select the best punishment for the particular case. But then the general question arises, which is the best punishment? To corporal punishment no objections are made save by those who object to corporal punishment altogether, and it may be safely said that those who have had most experience of boys are most firmly convinced of its advantages. Fines are obviously a somewhat clumsy penalty, because they do not touch the boy at all, but only his parents; and though it may be contended that the parents deserve to be punished for not keeping their children in good order, that is a position which, at least as a general one, cannot be sustained. Besides, there is the special objection that fines press hardest on the very persons who are least responsible for their children's acts—hard-working men and women who are away from home the greater part of the day. As to reformatories or industrial schools, or, as the Manchester scheme would call them, "places of "detention," their influence is not allowed to be good by all students of the subject, though, on the whole, the tendency of opinion is in their favour. But, even supposing that influence to be unmixedly good, they have admitted drawbacks. To send every child who committed a trivial offence to such a school or place of detention for a time long enough to produce any good would result in a severe tax on the parent, if the parent had to pay, and in an immense addition to the burdens of the ratepayer and taxpayer, if the expense were charged to local or Imperial account. The modern Radical—or rather Democrat, for Radical is becoming a somewhat inappropriate term—would doubtless be glad to see the State undertake in this way the complete regulation of the individual life, just as he is glad to see compulsory education, and as he clamours for compulsion of all sorts. But nothing can well be more alien to the doctrines of the old Liberal school of politicians, and nothing can more resemble that grandmotherly legislation which was once denounced in a striking manner by a person to whom there is no need to refer more particularly.

There remains, of course, imprisonment, and it is over this that the fiercest quarrel takes place. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT thinks that the imprisonment of children "poisons the fountains of life." Mr. BARWICK BAKER, a veteran in the discussion of the subject, urges a first imprisonment as one of the most deterrent of punishments, but is strongly against re-committals. Others see in simple incarceration the most effective, the least troublesome, and, on the whole, the least costly, of penalties. It is remarkable that the greatest discrepancy of opinion is as to the effect of the second and later punishments, not of the first. Every one admits that a first whipping or a first imprisonment has terrors; the dispute is whether those terrors continue. Now it seems almost impossible to deny that in the case of imprisonment they do not. For it must be remembered that the terrors of modern prisons are chiefly, if not wholly, moral, the actual physical suffering not going beyond what may fairly be called inconvenience. On the other hand, it seems equally impossible to deny that repeated imprisonments in youth are extremely likely to turn the juvenile criminal into a confirmed scoundrel. Whether corporal punishment loses its terrors by repetition—unless, as in old schooldays, it is almost constant and not very severe—is a much more doubtful matter. It will take a good deal of argument to persuade those who know the human boy that a really sound flogging is less terrible to him in December because he has had one in June. Mere "brushing" may, with familiarity, come to be contemned; not so the sort of thrashing which, of course with due regard to the infliction of no permanent harm, should be administered by the law. Another thing which it seems important to note is the distinction of juvenile criminals into two sharply-marked classes—a distinction of which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S letters take very little count. Even those who fail to regard stone-throwing as a trivial offence will admit that there is a great difference between throwing stones at chestnuts and acorns and stealing, especially repeated stealing, from shops or private houses. The one is the act of a thoughtless and undisciplined boy, the other that of a juvenile criminal properly so called. The treatment of the two classes ought, no doubt, to be proportioned to this distinction. For all offences of the first kind—stone-throwing, window-breaking, stealing fruit, and so forth—there seems no penalty so appropriate as a good sound whipping, repeated, if necessary, on the occurrence of new offences, unless those offences become, as in Master WALTER DEAN'S case, so frequent that the offender may be judged to have passed into the criminal class proper. With this latter class, which an experienced magistrate would have no difficulty in discriminating, the mere repetition of flogging would probably be useless. Flogging for a first offence, imprisonment for a second, and for a third the reformatory (by whatever name it is to be called), suggests itself as a programme. The long detention implied in the last stage is almost certainly necessary, because such offences as it contemplates are in most cases committed for the profit of other and older persons, who are not reached by flogging their agent, and from whose influence it is desirable to remove the child. Had the HOME SECRETARY elaborated some such scheme as this, and obtained the consent of Parliament to it before beginning his crusade against magistrates, he would have deserved only praise; and to the elaboration of some such scheme, though he has put the cart before the horse, he must come if he is to do any good. But the experience of most magistrates, and specially the remarkable case quoted above, seems certainly to show that it would be well to leave as wide a margin of discretion, especially in the point of age, as possible, both in order to prevent deliberate evasion of a particular punishment, and to enable the judge to suit the whip to the back.

THE TRADE-UNIONS CONGRESS.

THE Trade-Unions Congress at Dublin has met and separated in the midst of a chorus of adulation. Liberal and Conservative journalists have vied with each other in celebrating the prudence, the moderation, and the foresight of delegates who, to do them justice, never disguised their exclusive regard for the interests of their constituents and their class. A Congress of landlords discussing in public the best means of raising their rents and coercing refractory tenants would perhaps not excite equal admiration. Manufacturers find it convenient to arrange in private their methods of resistance to the dictation of associated workmen. Combinations to raise wages, to shorten the hours of labour, to increase the liabilities of employers, and to procure for artisans additional political power, are exempt from sweeping condemnation because they are lawful, and indeed unavoidable; but it seems unnecessary to feel or affect enthusiasm for the organization of special interests against the general community. The compliments which have been paid to the Congress would not, if they were analysed, always imply genuine flattery. It is evident that some zealous eulogists are surprised and gratified by the discovery that Trade-Unions are not in the habit of avowing sympathy with crimes against property or with injuries inflicted on dissentient workmen. It is true that the praises which have been lavished on the proceedings of the Congress are not mainly to be attributed to negative causes. At all times power has commanded applause, and power has now passed from the few to the multitude. Seventy years ago the poet invoked blessings on princes and on great proprietors :—

> God bless the Regent, bless the Duke of York!
> God bless each man possessed of aught to give!
> Long may Long Tilney Wellesley Long Pole live.
> And oh! in Downing Street should Old Nick revel,
> England's Prime Minister, then bless the Devil!

Household suffrage has now a great deal to give. It disposes of boroughs; it will shortly command counties; and it naturally becomes the object of benediction.

Some of the speakers, referring naturally to the selection of Dublin as the place of meeting, expressed the opinion that it was highly desirable to raise the rate of Irish wages, and to shorten Irish hours of labour. Both propositions are more than questionable; and it seems unnecessary to propagate in Ireland the doctrine of combination. Many attempts to enrich the country have been baffled by the local propensity to conspire against capitalists and employers. It would seem from the reported debates of the Congress that the Irish workmen took little interest in the meetings; for nearly all the resolutions which were discussed or passed related to the general policy and interests of the Unions. One of the peculiarities of the Congress was the growing disposition to aim at political power as an instrument for obtaining economic results. The delegates unanimously supported motions for the extension of the suffrage; and proposals for the return in large numbers of working-men to the House of Commons were, as might be expected, generally supported. The spirit in which legislative functions would be discharged was illustrated by the reception accorded to the Employers' Liability Bill. While gratitude was expressed to the Government for its services to the working class, the Bill was only accepted as an instalment of a more sweeping measure. A letter in which Mr. Macdonald protested against the power of employers to make special contracts with the men was inserted in the record of proceedings, and apparently adopted as a decision of the Congress. Employers will probably regard with some uneasiness the kindred agitation for the admission of working-men to the jury pannel. The object of the demand is probably to secure workmen against penalties which they might incur, and to make the Employers' Liability Act effective by the imposition of heavy damages. The Congress passed a resolution to the effect that the State, or, in other words, the upper and middle classes, should relieve the working population from the cost of primary education. A House of Commons representing Trade-Unions will have no hesitation in adjusting taxation so as to throw all other fiscal burdens on the unhappy owners of property. The courtiers of democracy may congratulate their patrons by anticipation on the probable attainment of all their principal objects. The upper and middle classes may perhaps be equally selfish; but if they really care only for themselves, they practise the decent hypocrisy of professing a regard for the public good.

The change of opinion or of language as to the merits of Trade-Unions is curiously illustrated by the suppression of a once popular treatise in which their theory and practice were summarily condemned. Thirty or forty years ago Archbishop Whately expressed in a school book the opinions which were held by nearly all economists of his time. On a remonstrance being made against language which is naturally distasteful to Trade-Unions, the Archbishop of Canterbury judiciously promised that the Council of the National Society would withdraw the obnoxious document from circulation. It is certainly not expedient to tell the children of associated workmen that their parents are guilty of an error or a crime. The Congress, not satisfied with the Archbishop's prudent concession, still objects to the alleged use in certain schools of old copies of the incriminated treatise. School managers will do well to remove a pretext for cavil; and pupils will gladly dispense with any possible manual of political economy. They have perhaps hitherto been protected by stupidity and inattention against the baneful effects of Whately's antiquated doctrines. The plain-spoken prelate would have appreciated but imperfectly the rhetorical disquisition on things in general, including capitalists and workmen, with which Dr. Ingram, a Fellow of Trinity College, gratified the audience. It may be interesting to regard the capitalist as a social functionary "entitled to "respect by what is really a public office"; and it is possible that "respect might on that ground be shown to him "by his inferiors without hypocrisy or servility, even "when his private character was entitled to little "esteem." The practical bearing of such moralizing is not obvious; and a shareholder in a Joint-Stock Company can scarcely flatter himself that he is entitled to reverence as a public functionary. With equal originality Dr. Ingram advised working-men to marry good wives; and in his peroration he observed that "the truly vital interest "of working-men was that the whole class should rise in "material comfort and security, and still more in intel-"lectual and moral attainments." It is interesting to learn that Trade-Unions are not superior to a love of twaddle. Archbishop Whately provided strong meat, though it may not have been universally palatable. In their prosperous maturity Trade-Union Congresses seem to be satisfied with milk watered down to suit an infantine capacity.

Some difference of opinion was expressed on the subject of co-operative production, though resolutions were passed in its favour. Dr. Ingram objected to co-operation, because "he had no faith in moral regeneration founded on "motives of self-interest"; but, if the system really conduces to the benefit of those who are concerned in it, there seems to be no reason for considering questions of moral regeneration. High wages, profits, and independence offer no obstacle to moral regeneration; but co-operative factories have too often failed in bad times, and it is found impossible to obliterate the distinction between the capitalist and the workman. The shareholder may be in some instances the same person who works in the mill; but in one capacity he is concerned to pay the smallest wages, and in the other to receive the largest. Although the experiment of distributive co-operation has succeeded, productive co-operation is still on its trial. The system is probably not adapted to trades which are liable to great vicissitudes of demand and of price. No other subject discussed at the Congress was so little connected with the antagonism of the working class to capitalists and consumers. It is one advantage of public discussion that objectionable topics are as far as possible kept in the background. The mention of strikes was confined to an occasional repetition of the fallacy that Unions tend to the discouragement of trade conflicts. They may sometimes effect the object without resorting to actual stoppage of work, but their main function is to make strikes formidable to employers. Nothing was said of past or future contests, though at this moment much of the industry of Lancashire is threatened with suspension in consequence of a demand for an increase of wages which the employers have refused. The mill-owners declare that there is no case for arbitration, and they have determined to assist their colleagues at Accrington, who are the immediate objects of the threatened strike. If the conflict proceeds, it may be hoped that the Unionists will not repeat the outrages by which a portion of their body disgraced itself on the occasion of the last strike. It is impossible for strangers to judge whether the request for increased wages is reasonable. Former precedents show that it is not likely to succeed.

LONDON WATER SUPPLY.

THE Report of the Committee on the late Home Secretary's plan of acquiring the undertakings of the London Water Companies contains two distinct kinds of information, the value of which is by no means equal. The greater part of the Blue-book which contains it is occupied by the evidence which the late Mr. E. J. Smith gave in his severe and searching examination before the Committee. This evidence, as well as the plan which it failed to sustain, is by this time ancient history. The period during which the agreement was valid has expired. The Committee (as perhaps it may without unfairness be said, was certain from the day of their appointment) decided against it, and it has ceased to possess any actual value except as a contribution to the working out of the question by what old arithmetic books used to call the "rule of "false." Sir Richard Cross's plan will at least serve his successor, or any one else who aspires to the honour of settling the problem, as a *terminus ad quem non*, as something to be avoided and refused. The Report itself deals at no inconsiderable length, as was indeed requisite, with this part of the matter; but it also deals with other and now more practically interesting points. The question of the existing income of the Water Companies and the way in which it is levied, of the claim constantly made to increase that income without any corresponding increase of outlay on the part of the receivers, or of benefit to the payers, the constitution of a Water Authority to perform the functions, and more than the functions, of the late Home Secretary's still-born Water Trust, and, most interesting of

In truth, exaggeration would seem to differ from perfectly free invention very much as illusion differs from hallucination in the sphere of sense-perception; it is always marked off by the presence of some minimum amount of external reality.

In general, exaggeration has for its aim the production of some desired effect in another mind. Yet it must not be supposed that it always directs itself towards this end with full consciousness. Often, indeed, it seems to arise more from an instinctive impulse than from a conscious purpose. When, for example, an angry man launches out in reckless denunciation against the object of his anger, or when an excitable young woman in view of some beautiful scene declares it to be unsurpassable, it is clear enough that the hyperbolical statement is born of an emotional impulse. Sometimes, again, exaggerative description seems to arise quite unconsciously from the reaction of imagination on the impressions made on the mind. People of a lively fancy tend to magnify their experiences by a gradual process of transformation of which they are scarcely aware. By far the larger part of exaggeration, however, involves the presence of an intention to produce an effect, though this purpose does not always betray itself with the same degree of clearness. In many cases it is quite impossible with the closest attention to say how far the dealer in hyperboles has been deliberately aiming at a result. And very likely the person himself would find it almost as difficult to decide the point as his hearer.

Omitting the species of exaggeration that obviously springs from a present emotional agitation, we may roughly distinguish between three varieties—the earnest or intense, the cool or perfectly dispassionate, and the genial or playful. The first kind is that common with people of an eager temperament, whose feelings are warm and their convictions strong. Their experiences make a deep impression on their minds, and a craving for sympathy, together with a strong desire to sway other minds, naturally leads them into the habit of exaggerating. They enlarge perhaps on their personal grievances, and have a way of presenting these to you which is fairly certain to produce an illusion of reality. Or possibly they have been offended by something improper in others, and they put this to you in a light that for the moment makes it seem atrocious. This kind of exaggeration is particularly convincing through the contagion of the narrator's manifest earnestness and warmth. The magnifying of a trouble or of a fault which would at once appear ludicrous if we could see it apart from the manner of the person who perpetrates the exaggeration imposes on us as the result of earnest conviction, as something singularly sincere and free from artifice. And there is little doubt that people of this class do manage to a considerable extent to deceive themselves as to the real proportions of the things they thus misrepresent. The use of hyperbole with them is not a fully conscious process; it rather springs directly from peculiarities of their moral nature. Hence its peculiar effectiveness. To simulate this warmth of manner in order consciously to produce its legitimate effect is a high attainment of art. Thus the successful scandal-monger, so skilfully depicted in Sheridan's well-known play, who knows how to put on the appearance of being dreadfully shocked at a trifle for the sake of gratifying the impulses of detraction, always seems to us an artist of no mean rank. In the regions of public oratory and literature the perfectly successful use of exaggeration in order to produce some serious mental effect is by no means common.

In the second variety of exaggeration conscious art seems to be more uniformly present. The cool, phlegmatic person who habitually exaggerates with perfect composure and without the least appearance of effort is in certain respects an admirable figure. He has a knack of bringing out marvellous stories as though they were the most commonplace recitals. He is never at a loss; and, however high the pitch of astonishment already attained by others, he is always capable of transcending this by some new narrative. To judge by his conversation, all his experiences are of an exceptional character. Yet so cool and self-possessed is the manner of recital that, unless we are previously warned, we easily suppose the narrative to be perfectly authentic. Even if we perceive an element of inaccuracy, any suspicion of fraudulent intention is at once disarmed by the look of perfect candour with which the story is told. We set down the exaggeration to an automatic mental process, arising out of some peculiarity of the mechanism of imagination. If the art of the earnest exaggerator consists in closely imitating the signs of a deeply-felt conviction, that of the cool habitual exaggerator lies rather in the simulation of the naturalness and fluency of an artless recounting of fact. In literature, notwithstanding the responsibilities supposed to attach to public statement, this kind of exaggeration is not infrequent. The disposition to vivid imagination which characterizes the literary mind, and the action of a strong desire to produce an effect of the marvellous, have led again and again, even in such serious branches of literature as autobiography, history, and books of travels, to this perfectly calm and natural species of exaggeration.

The third variety of exaggeration is perhaps the most familiar. We all know the mirthful type of man who, for the sake of raising a laugh, grossly overstates what he sees and hears. The eager caterer for the amusement of others can hardly help becoming a systematic exaggerator. The actual complexion of things needs to be touched up if it is to produce a thoroughly comic effect. What is laughable in an incident must be disengaged from the surroundings which are apt to hide it from view, and in the process of being detached it naturally gets a good deal intensified. So disposed indeed is the amusing person to the trick of exaggeration that it becomes a second nature, and often wears the aspect of something perfectly spontaneous and unpremeditated. And it is this appearance of naïveté and spontaneity which gives the finishing touch to this kind of exaggeration. The caricaturist who brings out his rapid series of impromptu sketches with no trace of a consciousness of artifice in his face is irresistible. The effect is heightened when there is an appearance of the absence even of a consciousness of the funny character of his descriptions, for in this case the absence of conscious design is even more strongly suggested. The peculiar effect of certain kinds of humour in literature, more especially the well-known American variety, seems to depend on the simulation of an air of perfect ingenuousness and innocence. It is to be observed, however, that the art of tickling the mind by exaggerated description does not necessarily involve the same degree of illusion as the first two varieties. In a general way we are not disposed to view one who regales us with merriment in the light of a possible deceiver. So long as we are amused we do not closely scrutinize the verisimilitude of the story, though we may begin to do so when prolonged cachinnation sets up a feeling of fatigue in the muscles concerned. Indeed it has been observed by Charles Lamb that the comedian may often take the spectators into his confidence, keeping up a tacit understanding with them with no loss, but rather a gain, in effect. And this shows that the man who aims at amusing us by comic narration is not closely bound to appear truthful. His art lies much more in selecting appropriate additions to fact. If only the exaggeration is seen to grow out of the perception, if there is a discoverable germ of the ludicrous feature in the reality, we easily allow ourselves to be cajoled into accepting it.

We have spoken of the effect of exaggeration as a kind of illusion, and this suggests that all exaggeration, including the last species, acts by producing a momentary belief in the assertion made. Nor is it difficult to see why this is so. All verbal affirmation tends to excite belief in the hearer's mind, and, as we have seen, the exaggerator is for the most part careful to wear the aspect of veracity. Since, moreover, to exaggerate is simply to add to fact, it is plain that when the fictitious element is wisely chosen it must be exceedingly difficult to suspect inaccuracy. So far, then, as it is knowingly pursued as an art, it must be the first business of the artist to emphasize the element of reality and to surround this with congruous and appropriate adjuncts. For the rest the method will vary according to circumstances. The appearance of strong emotional excitement must of course be always avoided, since this is too distinctively suggestive of bias and self-deception. But, as we have seen, great earnestness of manner may well be cultivated in those cases where a certain warmth of feeling is appropriate. On the other hand, when the statement is not of a kind to need such feeling as its accompaniment, the style of exaggeration cannot have too much of the artistic element of repose.

The reason why we are much less exacting in the matter of verisimilitude in the case of laughable exaggeration has been partly suggested by Charles Lamb. All illusion is dispelled by a corrective action of the mind. In the case of exaggeration this means an awakening of the critical faculty to note the various aspects of the statement which bear on its truth or falsity. Now we are not always equally disposed to make this intellectual effort. In a general way, we listen to an exceedingly painful narrative in a much more critical mood than to a very agreeable one; the natural impulse to throw off what is distressing makes us quick to spy logical defects. This is why pathetic description so easily appears exaggerated. The recognition by cultivated minds of a note of false pathos in many of Dickens's descriptions is due to a sharpened critical faculty specially awake to all attempts to make too much of the painful element of life. If, on the other hand, the effect of exaggeration is wholly pleasant, our instinct to seize and retain what is agreeable acts as a sort of soporific on the critical faculty. Thus, in the gay moods of comedy, we are naturally averse to rigid scrutiny. Another reason why we are less careful about perfect accuracy in the case of amusing narrative or description is that a suspicion of exaggeration, even if it should arise, is much less fatal to the desired effect than in other kinds of recital. If we find that a man has been overdoing an account of some catastrophe, or even drawing on his imagination in the description of some unexciting personal experience, we naturally feel that we are imposed on. But if the motive of the exaggeration is at once seen to be a desire to amuse, we easily forgive the imposition. And, strange to say, as soon as we have performed this little act of generosity, we find that the actual consciousness of the exaggeration adds a new element of lively gratification. For exaggeration, when harmless, is in itself a form of incongruity, and so is fitted to excite our amusement. And if we are sufficiently good-natured, the very sense that we ourselves are being half imposed on by the well-executed piece of extravagance may introduce a still further element of hilarity. Thus it is that we are able to go on enjoying comedy or the extravagant representations of a lively talker, when all the while there is an under-consciousness of the illusory element. The degree of illusion is sufficient for the effect, and the recurring sense of unreality only seems to strengthen the effect by adding another harmonious vibration of pleasure.

The art of successful literary exaggeration is thus often a matter of some delicacy and tact. To suppose that people will swallow exactly the same amount of exaggeration, whatever the style of composition, is the error of inexperienced and undiscerning writers. If, for example, a man is writing in a cynical vein against some form of social annoyance, the length of the imaginative tether

we allow him will depend on what we represent to ourselves as his state of mind. If he writes about bores, and seems to feel really plagued by the people he describes, we do not easily brook exaggeration; we naturally turn round and ask why he lets himself be "sat upon" in this feeble fashion. But if he evidently writes in a playful mood, we allow him to go very much further. This may suffice to indicate the conditions of exaggeration as a fine art. Of its ethical aspects we prefer not to speak, since it would easily seem an instance of transparent exaggeration to enlarge on the evils of what rarely deceives anybody long, and the worst consequence of which is probably an occasional injury to the finer sense of truth in the exaggerator's own mind.

CHRISTIAN PILGRIM NOTE PAPER.

SINCE the celebrated moral pocket-handkerchiefs of half a century ago, it may be doubted whether any invention of equal ingenuity has suggested itself to the mind of man until the device the name of which stands at the head of this article. Illustrated note paper used at one time to be rather a favourite institution, especially in connexion with watering-places. Some of it was comic; and everybody must remember the sheets which bore an engraving—borrowed, if we mistake not, from Leech—representing an unutterably hideous bathing-woman subjecting infants to watery tortures. More generally the scenery of the watering-place formed the heading—very neat rows of lodging-houses, with a church in the distance and a row of bathing-machines in the foreground, generally doing duty impartially enough for Hastings or Bognor, Broadstairs or Southsea. It is believed that stationery of this kind still flourishes; but the institution of monograms has rather cut the ground from under it. The Christian Pilgrim Note Paper which lies before us is an effort of a higher kind. Scenes from the *Pilgrim's Progress* decorate the upper half of its obverse leaf, outlined in the manner of Retzsch. It is particularly interesting to observe that the curious costume generally associated with the Prince of Denmark and his friends is here adjusted to the personages of the famous allegory. All the male characters have those peculiar tight fleshings, belted very much at the waist, and surmounted by a neat little jerkin and an elegant cap and feather, which distinguish the inhabitants of Retzschland. Their swords hang at the same angle, and their moustaches have evidently been trimmed by the same artist in hair. Christian, indeed, is particularly like Horatio, and the scene where Pliable and Obstinate endeavour to mislead him, and where he breaks away from them, is for all the world like the German draughtsman's conception of Hamlet breaking away from his friends in search of the Ghost. We only miss those very attractive gusseted—is that the proper word?—*hauts-de-chausses* which sometimes diversify the fleshing arrangement. It is needless to observe that the Christian Pilgrim Note Paper is intended to do more than merely delight the letter-writer with pleasing views. It is intended to inspire him with proper thoughts, to keep the verities of the Christian religion before his eyes, and, in short, to soften his manners and exercise a generally beneficial influence upon him. It is even suggested that by a cunning selection the drawings might be made appropriate to the subjects of the letter; though, as their number is decidedly limited and their connexion with the ordinary affairs of life not obvious, the suggestion seems more well meant than practicable. Indeed the expectations of the effect of the Christian Pilgrim Note Paper entertained by its promoters and panegyrists strike a sober critic as, on the whole, enthusiastic. The *City Press* thinks that this note paper will "lessen the difficulty" caused to missionaries by "the undue prominence given to abstruse disputations among Christians themselves." In short, though zealots may fight about doctrines and churches, he can't be wrong who is well provided with Christian Pilgrim Note Paper. This seems to partake of the error of fetichism. But it is proper to mention that the publisher of the Note Paper does not seem to entertain quite such exalted views of his invention. He is, however, a practical man, and has taken a practical view of the matter. Having ascertained from *Whitaker's Almanac* that there are 18,000,000 Episcopalians, 14,000,000 Methodists, 13,500,000 Roman Catholics among English-speaking peoples, and that Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, Unitarians, minor sects, and "no particular religion" divide the rest, he has sent a specimen of Christian Pilgrim Note Paper to representative persons of each persuasion. He has published the answers, and they make a collection which is, if possible, a greater curiosity than the Note Paper itself.

The Episcopalians are represented by the Archbishop of Canterbury and by Mr. Daniel Wilson, a representation which is perhaps not altogether exhaustive. The Archbishop is more cautious than he has sometimes shown himself in his correspondence, and commits himself only to the statement that the outline subjects are "very prettily done." Nor has he, so far as we have observed, in his recent visitation recommended Christian Pilgrim Note Paper as a means of promoting unity. So, too, the Vicar of Islington contents himself with the statement that he "very much admires the new note paper." This, it will be observed, is, like the Archbishop's, a wholly æsthetic judgment, and does not enter upon the question of the advantage of Christian Pilgrim Note Paper to missionaries, or of its efficacy as a healer of the wounds of Christendom. Cardinal Manning is much less guarded. He, too, is partially æsthetic, and considers the designs to be "executed with great skill and taste." But he goes further than this. He "considers the intention exceedingly good." This is complimentary, if nothing more. But there is much more. His Eminence thinks that the introduction of this Note Paper "will be productive of much good," as it will "place higher and more Christian ideas before the minds of the world." The Cardinal is rather well known as a crotcheteer from his temperance advocacy; but this enthusiasm for designs from the *Pilgrim's Progress*, as "likely to be productive of much good," leaves his championship of water far behind. It should be noticed that his Eminence's comparatives are a little puzzling. The ideas suggested by Christian's tights, Pliable's feather, and the hornlets and winglets of a very pleasing fiend, who is shedding influence malign over Sloth, Ignorance, and Presumption, will place higher and more Christian ideas before the world. Higher than what? is the question that naturally suggests itself, and the answer is hardly clear. The Methodist fourteen millions are represented by the President of the Wesleyan Conference, who thinks the etchings beautiful and well fitted to promote the object stated in the advertisement. The object stated in the publisher's advertisement is, as far as we can make out, the perfectly legitimate and businesslike one of selling the sheets of Note Paper at so many for a shilling. But perhaps the President of the Wesleyan Conference adopts the sanguine views of the *City Press*, and thinks that the Note Paper will be a convenient substitute for creeds and confessions. The Moderator of the Synod of the "Presbyterian Church of England" is again a cautious man, and confines himself to the statement that he "honours the motive." The Chairman of the Congregational Union is critical, not to say sententious. "If," says Dr. Allon, "'a song may win him who a sermon flies,' Art may direct thought to religious things that could not be otherwise arrested." Why Dr. Allon should wish to arrest religious things we do not quite know. But perhaps it is the thought and not the things which are to be arrested, in which case the Chairman of the Congregational Union is in need of a few short lessons in English composition. However, Dr. Allon picks himself up again, and concludes with a laconic utterance worthy of Victor Hugo. "Bunyan," he says, "interprets all hearts." Therefore it is evident that the Christian Pilgrim Note Paper which interprets Bunyan is suitable for the communications of all hearts. Mr. Spurgeon's commendation and God speed has a certain grimness about it. "I wish success," he says, "to everything that brings truth before thoughtless people." This limitation of the range of the Christian Pilgrim Note Paper seems a little unkind. The Church of England, the Church of Rome, the Methodists, the Presbyterians, the Baptists, the Congregationalists, having been spoken for by these great persons, there remain unaccounted for the Unitarians, the minor sects, and the "No-particular-religion" people. Perhaps the Rev. T. Freckleton of Unity Church is a Unitarian, though our acquaintance with his particular form of belief does not warrant us in pronouncing him to be such. He appears to be more strongly convinced than any other person of the probable effect of the Christian Pilgrim Note Paper in promoting the unity of Christendom. Judging by the arrangement, the minor sects are answered for by Mrs. Pennefather of Mildmay and the no-particular-religionists by Lord John Manners. This is certainly a libel on Lord John. As for the lady, we are in the same state of ignorance as we are with regard to the Rev. T. Freckleton. Mrs. Pennefather promises her good word to the enterprise, but Lord John Manners associates himself with it by making a suggestion for its further improvement. In the specimen engravings there is a legend under each, but not so on the Note Paper, and the late Postmaster-General would like to have it there too. Not very long ago it was Lord John's bounden duty to endeavour to increase the consumption of note paper by all fair means, so as to swell Her Majesty's revenue, and as the correspondence is undated, this may have been one of his efforts in his vocation.

It cannot be supposed that such a brilliant idea as that of the Christian Pilgrim Note Paper will be allowed to remain the exclusive property of Christianity. We should imagine that Cardinal Manning has already suggested to his Temperance friends the propriety of following the example. Note paper with drunkards of the finest Cruikshankian type represented at the top would be quite in harmony with the general character of the movement, and Sir Wilfrid Lawson making his annual motion, Cardinal Manning leading Temperance processions through the streets, and many other ennobling subjects suggest themselves as variations. From the Temperance people the plan will naturally be borrowed by the anti-vaccinationists. For them a better heading can hardly be imagined than Mr. Dodson's celebrated group of the policeman, the tortured infant, the fiendish doctor, and the agonized mother. Perhaps some of the old plates, already referred to, representing the woes of infants at the hands of bathing-women, might be worked up for this purpose. The bathing-machine could be transformed into a surgery and the bathing-woman into a policeman with the greatest ease and with a certainty of success, while the infant, which, if we recollect aright, is very plump and squalls loudly, would be available without the slightest alteration. Indeed the capacities of illustrated note paper are endless, and if the machinery is half so powerful as Cardinal Manning, Dr. Allon, and others of its panegyrists affirm, no earnest agitator can afford to neglect it. Even politics proper are not beyond its sphere, and it would be easy to give hints to any draughtsman for a striking and appropriate series of

plates representing the chief performances of Her Majesty's Government during the past Session. As for the Christian Pilgrim Note Paper itself, we very sincerely hope that it may produce all the good which its friends expect from it. No statistics, we believe, are available as to the actual improvement in morality produced by the use of moral pocket-handkerchiefs; and it may not be easy to gauge the advances made towards the unity of Christendom by the employment of Christian Pilgrim Note Paper. But, as the representative men say, almost with one accord, the motive is excellent; and if thoughtful writers—or, as Mr. Spurgeon thinks more likely, thoughtless ones—find their tone becoming higher as a result of the contemplation of the tights and the feathers and the other belongings of these Christian pilgrims, why so much the better for them and for the publisher and for the world at large.

SOME EARLY ALPINE LITERATURE.

A FEW weeks ago we gave a retrospective review of the account of Mont Blanc printed by Mr. H. M. Atkins in 1838. By one of the coincidences well known to book-hunters, two more early Alpine records have come in our way unsought; one is the account of an ascent of Mont Blanc a few years earlier than Mr. Atkins's, the other is a book of general Swiss travel. Both belong to the second period of Alpine literature and exploration, as it may be called. Not counting the prehistoric times of ignorance (whereof a word presently), in which it was barely known that there were icy mountains in Switzerland, the first period may be dated from Pococke and Windham's visit to Chamonix in 1741. Alpine travelling was thenceforward known as a thing difficult, dangerous, and eccentric, but conceivable. Rousseau gave the æsthetic impulse which had been wanting, and mountaineering was born. To this period belong the first conquests of Mont Blanc by Jacques Balmat and De Saussure. Its end may be roughly marked by the Treaty of Vienna; or we might for a more precise boundary take 1818, the date after which the ascents of Mont Blanc become comparatively frequent. Then comes the second period—a time of research often eager and strenuous, but not yet systematic, in which mountaineering gave signs of vigorous youth, though not yet a formed and full-grown art. This brings us down to about the middle of the century, or say 1852, when Albert Smith began lecturing on Mont Blanc, and from which time M. Charles Durier, in his excellent monograph, dates the modern popularity of the mountain. In the third quarter of the century the conquest of the Alps has advanced no longer by the attacks of occasional adventurers, but by systematic and unremitting invasion. As far as exploration and survey go, it is now, except in some outlying parts, all but complete. What further developments of mountaineering we may see in the course of another twenty years it would be rash to prophesy; some say that mountaineering without guides has a great future before it. At all events we must not assume hastily that the present generation of climbers have reached the limits of skill or success. Within the last twenty years, we think, certainly within the last thirty, routes and passes have been described by good mountaineers as utterly impracticable which have since been repeatedly traversed. Still more strikingly is the belief in progress confirmed when we turn back to the accounts of half a century ago, and observe the vast difference made by training and experience on the mountains, and possibly by the general raising of the standard of physical cultivation among the well-to-do classes, between that time and ours.

Here we have the relation of an "Ascent to the Summit of Mont Blanc in 1834," an enlarged reprint of two lectures by Dr. Martin Barry, President of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh. His ascent was remarkable as being the first that had been made for four years, and the first ever made so late in the season (September 16). There is a page or two of introduction about Switzerland in general, including a notice of the view from the Faulhorn, described as "a peak of the Oberland of Berne," still "but little known." But Dr. Barry comes to his point pretty soon. The book is provided with a carefully numbered panorama of the chain of Mont Blanc, and the description of Chamonix in the text is interspersed with references to this in a manner which has an odd effect. As thus:—

> Beneath that heaven-high wall of frowning rock and chilling ice, bordering upon the barrier of permanent congelation, and like an oasis within a wilderness of frost, was the green vale of Chamonix, smiling with rural beauty and the abodes of man; the river Arve (49) rising at my feet, and winding its way in silver through the meadows of that vale.

From poetry we jump to science. Dr. Barry, like a true Scot, takes Ben Lomond as his unit of magnitude, and shows how Mont Blanc above the snow-line would hold eight Ben Lomonds, and the whole mountain down to the sea-level would cover at least ninety. The ascent appears to have been unusually difficult; the methods employed are described more in detail than in Mr. Atkins's book, but show mountaineering as still in a rude stage. The traveller had "bifid iron points" screwed into his shoes before going on the ice. Short ropes, "twelve or fourteen feet long," were used to secure the party "in twos and threes" on the snow-fields. There were six guides; but, it seems, only one axe among them—a common woodman's axe, for anything that appears. Dr. Hamel, however (1820), speaks of a special "Eisbeil" as a recognized instrument. In any case it was not like the modern ice-axe, for in one of the two lithographed sketches which adorn the book the leading guide is seen holding a long alpenstock in his left hand, while his right wields a short-handled axe with which he is cutting steps. A terrific description is given of the Glacier des Bossons; but comparison of other early accounts makes the conclusion inevitable, after all reasonable allowance for exaggeration, that this part of the journey was really much more difficult fifty years ago than it is now. Another point on which all these accounts agree, and in which the authors cannot have been wholly mistaken, is that the Grands Mulets are represented as very troublesome of access. Fellows, Barry, and Atkins, all describe the ascent from the glacier to the sleeping-place as a long and severe spell of mixed ice and rock work. For the last twenty years or more there has not been the slightest difficulty at this spot. The curious reader may be referred for a plausible solution of this puzzle to M. Durier, who considers that the rocks must formerly have been struck at a much lower point. But as to the actual conformation of the Grands Mulets, we fear that no way can be devised to save the accuracy of these early climbers. With one accord they give sketches in which the rocks appear about as steep as the spire of Salisbury Cathedral. Not only the eyesight of later travellers, but the passionless and inflexible evidence of photography, tells a widely different tale. We can only suppose that these good people, bewildered by the novelty and difficulty of the expedition, were carried away by an inflamed imagination. It is well known, indeed, that unpractised eyes are apt to estimate an incline much in excess of its real steepness; but to draw a steeple where you see a good broad rock buttress requires something more.

Dr. Barry was to some extent a scientific observer, and was on the watch for the symptoms then commonly felt at great heights, and attributed to the rarefaction of the air. No remarkable fatigue was noted till within a thousand feet of the summit, when exhaustion and difficulty of breathing came on; when rest was taken on the completion of the ascent, these troubles vanished as suddenly as they had come. Appetite entirely disappeared, and only an unquenchable thirst remained. Atkins records the like feelings, and Fellows's party had suffered even more. How different has been, in the great majority of cases, the experience of later travellers! A good published instance is M. Durier's own, which he gives in discussing this very topic:—

> Nous n'avons pas éprouvé le plus léger malaise, pas même d'essouflement, et on me permettra d'en citer une preuve un peu vulgaire, mais décisive: nous sommes montés par l'arête des Bosses et, au bas de la dernière rampe de glace, courte mais fort escarpée, j'ai allumé une pipe et c'est en fumant que je suis arrivé au sommet de la montagne—au scandale, du reste, de notre guide, qui me disait: "Mais, monsieur, on n'est jamais arrivé au sommet du Mont Blanc en fumant!"

Moreover, the greater height of Elbruz has been twice scaled of late years without any inconvenience being felt even by the native porters who accompanied the English travellers, and were not themselves practised mountaineers. It is abundantly established that mountain sickness, as it is now called, depends on many other conditions besides the rarefaction of the air. There must, of course, be a limit to the height at which active muscular exertion is possible; but we cannot say that it is ascertained. Perhaps Mr. Whymper's forthcoming report of the Andes may throw some light on this. Dr. Barry had a considerable inkling of the true state of the matter; for, noting the individual differences which even in his time were conspicuous in the symptoms observed in different ascents, he says:—"How far referrible to the condition of the system and how far to atmospheric changes is still uncertain." He made some attempts towards a table of comparative statistics on this question, but gave it up for want of sufficient data. He justly mentions, as examples of the accommodation of which the breathing organs are capable, the high inhabited tablelands of Thibet and South America; and his conclusion is that with which we must still be content—"The minimum of density at which this function would become, by habit, possible we do not yet know." Dr. Hamel's collection of facts, the fullest which had then been made (*Beschreibung zweyer Reisen auf den Mont-blanc*, Wien, 1821), does not seem to have been known to Dr. Barry. For his view from the summit Dr. Barry enjoyed the rare advantage of a sky perfectly free from cloud. Otherwise it calls for no special remark, save that it did not include the Mediterranean, though it did include the famous—and fabulous—Mont Iséran; but his enumeration leaves it quite uncertain whether the object shown to him as Mont Iséran was a peak or a col.

The other book of travels on which we have stumbled is less ambitious, more discursive, and in a general way more amusing to read. It is by Charles Joseph Latrobe, dated 1829, and entitled *The Alpenstock; or, Sketches of Swiss Scenery and Manners.* Mr. Latrobe spent two seasons in rambles about Switzerland, chiefly in the Bernese region, his base of operations being Erlenbach in the Simmenthal, where he seems to have established an intimate friendship with the pastor's family. There is little or nothing in the book of mountaineering proper, except a note of the ascent of the Jungfrau from Grindelwald in 1828. Mr. Latrobe incidentally gives the legend, now sufficiently exploded, of an ancient glacier pass from Grindelwald to the Valais, even specifying the year 1712 as the time when it was last open. In his own walks he shows an independent turn of mind, dispensing as much as possible with guides, and setting his face, even to open rebuke, against the shameless begging which had already become rife in the Oberland. In crossing the Col de Bonhomme alone he came near to losing his way, as many others have

done, and was right glad to find it again. He deserves remembrance as an early traveller who thoroughly enjoyed Alpine scenery, and would take some trouble to seek unhackneyed routes. The state of information of the English public at the time may be guessed by his thinking it needful to explain almost apologetically "that the Alpenstock is the name of the long iron-spiked pole, in common use in the Alps, in the hands of the chamois-hunter, the crystal-hunter, and the pedestrian traveller; and, therefore, not an unfitting symbol of the pursuits of one of the latter class."

We have made passing mention of the primitive or prehistoric stage of Alpine literature, and we shall end by citing a monument of it which we believe is not generally known. Almost at the end of the eighth volume of the *Philosophical Transactions*, in the number for February 9, 1673-4, is a communication concerning "the icy mountain, called the Gletscher, in the Canton of Berne, in Helvetia," said to have been "imparted to us from Paris by that worthy and obliging person Monsieur Justel, who had received it from a trusty hand living upon the place." It seems probable that the Grindelwald glaciers are meant; in 1708, at any rate, William Burnet (son of the Bishop) repaired to Grindelwald in person, and wrote a more particular account to Hans Sloane, which is printed in the Transactions of that year. M. Justel's report is accompanied by a most wonderful sketch, in which the ice-fall is represented by a conglomerate of pear-shaped lumps. It is impossible to do justice to it in words for the reader's satisfaction, or to identify any local features for one's own. He states that "the mountain itself"—*i.e.* one or both of the Grindelwald glaciers—"is very high, and extends itself every year more and more over the neighbouring meadows, by increments that make a great noise and cracking." He adds that "there is such another mountain near Geneva and upon the Alps," which may be taken, we conceive, as one of the earliest specific notices of Mont Blanc made with a scientific intention. Burnet's letter of 1708 shows a certain advance; he distinguishes the upper and the lower glacier, though not very lucidly. "There I saw," he says, "between two Mountains, like a River of Ice, which divides itself in two Branches, and in its way from the top of the Mountains to the bottom swells in vast Heaps, some bigger than St. Paul's Church." He was told that the glacier increased and decreased for alternate periods of seven years; "but I doubt," he judiciously added, "their Observation is not exact, and I suspect that they say it, to seem to know something singular." These papers (together with a still earlier notice communicated to the Royal Society in 1668, No. 49 of the Transactions) should find their place, if they have not done so already, in the bibliography of glacial theory.

ONE'S HOUSE IN THE MARKET.

It is the common experience of the buyer to find a dear market, and of the seller to find no market at all. Perhaps few people realize the truth of this paradox more than those who seek for a residence or have one which they wish to dispose of. The newspapers may be full of tempting advertisements, and the house-agents' books have numerous opportunities to offer; but it is found that the only suitable tenements are valued at a higher rate than that which the house-hunter is prepared to pay, whilst experience soon teaches him not to expect much of the "bijou residences in Mayfair," or the "roomy houses in the Regent's Park," that are offered to him on such modest terms. No good things grow on gooseberry bushes except gooseberries, and even they can be acquired only at the cost of many pricks. By dint of much perseverance and fatigue a house may in time be obtained more or less of the desired pretensions; it is only when it is proposed to part with it that the difficulties of the house market fully assert themselves. They do not, to be sure, become apparent at once. The trouble taken in the acquisition of a house does not lead its owner at first to anticipate the slightest difficulty in getting rid of it. Indeed there is possibly a latent conviction in his mind that many people are already covetous of inhabiting it. The situation is so good; either so near the Park, or so handy for the British Museum. The living rooms are so comfortable and well-proportioned, the bedrooms so airy, the drainage and decoration so equally perfect. It is, in fact, a gem in its way—kind friends have, indeed, now and again so styled it, and it is thought, therefore, that a few hints to these may be sufficient to secure an immediate deal. The kind friends, however, when it comes to the point, are found to be self-denying, and do not avail themselves readily of the chance offered them. The weeks slide by, and after all no eager purchasers appear to be vying with each other for the possession of the treasure. When once this untoward fact is fully recognized some little further advance is made. Good wine, to be sure, needs no bush; but nevertheless a few neat handbills timidly peeping from the dining-room windows invite passers-by to inquire within. The immediate result of this step is that curious passers-by avail themselves of the opportunity to explore the interior, without the slightest intention of acquiring the property, and a deluge of letters sets in from house-agents professing to have clients in search of just such a residence. The hope has probably been hitherto indulged that no agent need be employed; but, since weeks have sped without any fish taking the bait, it is thought advisable to seek his aid, let his fees be ever so exorbitant. No sooner is this done than swarms of persons bearing the unmistakably harried stamp of the genuine house-hunter invade the premises, but frequently with somewhat vague ideas of why they come. One day arrives a family who want a larger house than the one on view; another, some people who plead, almost *ad misericordiam*, that they require one at a less rent. For the first few days there is no cessation of callers. The door-bell and knocker are continually going, and the servants are run off their legs. The family in possession meantime live in a state of constant nervous excitement. All their rooms have to be kept in uncomfortable apple-pie order, ready for inspection at a moment's notice, and bevies of strangers are perpetually invading their privacy at most inconvenient times and seasons. They are buoyed up, however, by the assurance that, amidst so many persons admitted to view, there will certainly be some anxious to come to terms; and, indeed, so confident are they of this that they even contemplate raising their price. Such competition should obviously make a good market; and at all events they will stand out for their full price, and make no weak concession in the way of taking pounds instead of guineas.

Unfortunately, though "men may come," it is found that they also "go"; and, like the brook of song, the house "goes on for ever," or at all events does not go off. Various as are the classes of callers, they all seem actuated by a common determination not to treat. They go all over the house, some of them from garret to cellar; they ask numberless questions, and appear to be satisfied with the answers they receive; they even send their friends and relations in different relays to confirm their opinions; but, after a while, are heard of no more. A pair of lovers come one day, and smirk playfully at each other on the staircase, or kiss surreptitiously in the conservatory. They express a honeyed approval and admiration of everything. Probably it is the first house they have looked at, and they care little or nothing what their house is, so they may have a dovecote as soon as possible. Two of the bride-elect's sisters arrive a few hours afterwards, full of sweet apologies for the trouble they are giving. They go all over the house, and are even more rapturous than the intending happy pair themselves. They are greatly taken with the conservatory on the landing, and point out to each other what a charming boudoir dear Angelina will make of the closet adjoining the drawing-room; whilst, should there be a Virginian creeper sprawling over the passage window, they declare "it looks quite like the country." They apportion the different rooms, and endeavour to compensate for the time they sacrifice and to ingratiate themselves with the householders by whispering audibly their conviction that it is "the very thing to suit Edwin." Next morning they come again with the bride elect, but accompanied also by their mother. They are as ecstatic as ever, and look anxiously to the elder lady for confirmation of their opinion, eagerly seconding the owner's explanation of the smell in the scullery, and accepting his views about the want of cupboard accommodation on the nursery landing. Mamma is less enthusiastic than the girls perhaps, and cannot agree that the high-art wall-paper in the drawing-room compensates for deficient servants' accommodation, or that the rustic fernery on the leads atones for the look-out over the livery stables; but no serious objections are made to the house, and the possessor hugs himself in the assurance that the place is as good as let or sold, as the case may be, since the ladies have taken a fancy to it. A week elapses, however, without further notice from this eager family, and the comforting assurance as to their obvious intentions grows cooler. The lovers are obviously impressed with the more tempered views of their elders or are flirting with some other house. One evening, however, Edwin turns up again, bringing "the governor" to look at his discovery. Perhaps the Virginian creeper and the *rus in urbe* over the cistern impress him less than they did the young ladies, but he is obviously anxious to settle on some home and have done with it. Angelina will be enough for his happiness, and he has no present anxiety about the kitchen range or the aspect of the night nursery. Paterfamilias, being of a practical turn and uncomfortably exigent about minor shortcomings, pooh-poohs the attractive drawing-room and stigmatizes the boudoir as "a mere cupboard." He cannot conceive where the man servant is to sleep; thinks meanly of the staircase; dubs the entrance hall utterly narrow and insufficient, and declares that he has no desire to see either the kitchen floor or the bedrooms. His remarks fill the wistful vendors with dismay, and when another week has passed without further visits from anybody, they begin to fear that their swan is after all only a goose. After a while a fresh tide of visitors suddenly sets in, the clients probably of another agent who has discovered that the house is to be disposed of. This second batch of visitors is, however, for some undefined reason even more hopeless than the first. An elderly lady calls in search of a house for an older lady still, who must certainly see it herself before anything is settled; but who, unfortunately, cannot be moved from Cheltenham. Then come the father and mother of a large family, who are only concerned about the accommodation offered, and care little for the convenience of the gas-stove, and nothing whatever for the tasteful wainscots of India matting. The sole question, they explain, is whether the house will hold them. As to that they are doubtful. They moon about from room to room, harried with anxiety as to where the girls are to sleep, and whether it will do to put the three boys in the dressing-room. They consult painfully with each other, and even take the wearied householders themselves into their confidence, expatiating on the necessity of baby sleeping within hearing of his mother, and on the inconvenience of the twins being girl and boy, an evil for which the householders express their sympathy, but for which they have no present remedy to offer. When all

these vexed problems have been settled to their apparent satisfaction, they again have a thorough inspection of all the rooms, and take their departure, to be heard of no more.

So many people have now tacitly decided that the house is not a gem after all, that the owner begins reluctantly to share their opinion. What had hitherto been his pride and joy he now regards with unwilling contempt, and, as he returns home of an evening, he positively loathes the sight of his own residence and of the handbills mocking his struggles to be rid of it. There is now some thought of a reduction of terms. The agent is told in the strictest confidence that he may hint at the possibility of an offer being accepted. As, therefore, four thousand guineas have been asked, the agent calls one day to say he has an offer of two thousand pounds; or the business-like gentleman who so deliberately poked about the plaster of the thin walls with his umbrella, and jumped heavily on the quivering floors, writes on one side only of some thin blue paper to ask bluntly what is the lowest selling price, pointing out that, as an investment, a leasehold property should pay seven or eight per cent., that he has many houses in the neighbourhood and knows the value of property in the district, that he could have bought the house next door a short time ago for 1,000*l.* and that he supposes the one in question would let for about 100*l.* a year. Another intending purchaser is willing to come to terms provided the drains are entirely reconstructed, or some impossible alteration carried out which shall provide the housemaid's closet with a fireplace and convert it into a smoking-room. Eventually the house is disposed of for about half the sum asked, and the distracted owners congratulate themselves that, if they have sacrificed money, they have purchased peace of mind. They are not yet out of the fire, however; for, before the purchase is completed and the agreement signed, the other parties to it suddenly insist on further stipulations which had not occurred to them before. The roof must be inspected by a competent surveyor, and an engineer cousin must be permitted to go all over the premises and give his opinion; moreover, unless the vendors will consent to leave half the purchase-money on mortgage at four per cent., the bargain must be considered as at an end. Bewildered and despairing, the householders consent to anything and everything, so that their health may not be shattered and their nervous system deranged by further worry. The surveyor therefore comes, and makes it his business to discover various flaws and faulty fittings; whilst the engineer cousin turns out to be a savant of three months' standing in his profession, who finds a splendid opportunity for displaying his knowledge in pointing out the absence of this, and the objectionable presence of that, to his wonder-stricken relatives. It is not till all the stipulations have been conceded—till, in fact, the deeds have been signed and the whole transaction closed at a ruinous sacrifice—that the young couple who first saw the house make up their minds that it is exactly what they want, and offer to take it out of hand at the vendor's price without any stipulations whatever, and are rather hurt that they cannot have it. When the various demands of the surveyor and the airy suggestions of the young engineer have been carried out there is only a rag of the purchase-money left to the unfortunate householder; but the agent will take care to deduct at least two and a half per cent. from even this remnant as it passes through his hands, and the transaction will perhaps lead his much-suffering clients to wonder what services have been performed for the money. On reflection it will occur to them that they themselves have undertaken all the worry and trouble of showing people over their house, and that they have answered all advertisements from persons seemingly in want of such a residence. House-seekers, to be sure, have called, invited to do so by a perusal of the particulars in the agent's book; but on themselves has fallen the difficult task of puffing their own goods. It is hard, they feel, that they should not only have had to pipe, but also to pay the piper. In the present overcrowded state of the liberal professions, young gentlemen of good manners and appearance in search of a calling might do well to turn their attention to the career of house-agency. They should be well primed with all the advantages of a house, and should have a prompt answer to every possible objection. They should be ready, moreover, to impersonate intending purchasers themselves, so that *bonâ fide* but wavering house-hunters might be goaded to a final decision by the apparent desire of the well-dressed young man, with an order in his hand, to take the place, and by his expressed intention to write to the agent by the evening's post. Nay more, his sisters and his aunts might fulfil a like mission, and even their children might be pressed into the service, and represent the darlings of an intending tenant. It is wonderful how the fact of another person being in treaty stimulates the zeal of a purchaser, and tends to conclude a bargain; and a whispered announcement that "the house will certainly do" from our family of departing dummies in the doorway might frequently be found to produce at least an offer from a tempted but hesitating house-hunter on the stairs.

NAPOLEON'S FIRST BATTLE-FIELD.

A RAILWAY is now open in North Italy which not only offers the straightest and shortest line from Paris and Turin to some of the most beautiful spots in the Western Riviera, and includes a new passage through the charming scenery of the Apennines, but has the merit of leading the traveller through a region which cannot easily be surpassed in historical and military interest. The line is one which, starting from Turin, divides into two branches—one passing through Alessandria, as far as which place it is identical with the main line from Milan to Bologna or to Genoa, and the other through Cherasco; these branches climb the Apennines by distinct routes from the north, unite near the summit of the Pass of Cadibona, as it is sometimes called, and together descend upon Savona, where they join the well-known line which connects Genoa with Nice. Savona is an interesting and picturesque town, about five-and-twenty miles west of Genoa, and has an excellent hotel. The spot where the two branches join is the exact centre of the operations which, in the month of April 1796, first disclosed to the world the energy and genius of General Buonaparte.

It was the moment in the history of the great Republican struggle against the forces of Europe when the agony of the first resistance was over, and with it had begun to vanish something of the heroic mood which makes Frenchmen still kindle at the names of Hoche and Joubert. The enemies of France had diminished in number and slackened in force. Prussia had come to terms; Spain was almost friendly. England, it is true, was still at war; but it was a war without fighting, since the one country was too strong to be attacked by land, and the other was invincible by sea. There remained only Austria and Piedmont; Austria, which was fighting for her Belgian provinces, and had not yet begun to realize that they might be more valuable to offer as a bargain than to hold as a dominion, and Piedmont, which could not then bear to part from its beloved Savoy. Thus both in the Netherlands and in Italy hostile armies were facing each other. But in 1795 the war had languished. The troops of France held the southern passes of the Maritime Alps and the ridges of the Apennine mountains, along which they had been able to push nearly as far as the then independent territory of Genoa; but they were held in check by the Piedmontese fortresses on the one hand and the Austrian armies on the other. Lombardy was then Austrian territory, and the armies which half a century later clashed mortally at Novara were now combined to prevent the Republican forces from pouring down from the barren mountains upon the level tracts—the promised land, as their leader styled it, to which warmth and food invited them quite as strongly as the desire of military glory. It was as far as Savona, or a little beyond it, that the French lines extended. A northerly movement towards the plains of the Po would bring them on the left against the Piedmontese under Colli, on the right against the Austrians under Beaulieu. Napoleon Buonaparte, aged twenty-six, hitherto known only for the success of his advice in the siege of Toulon and the energy of his action against the Parisian rising of the sections, had just been appointed by the Directory to the command of the army of Italy. It consisted of certain detachments placed among the mountains north of Nice and north of San Remo, and of something less than thirty thousand ragged heroes under his immediate command. They had little food and no pay. The young commander delighted his divisional generals by the munificent gift of four louis apiece.

The main chain of the Apennines near Savona runs, roughly speaking, parallel to the coast in a north-easterly direction, and at a distance of from ten to twenty miles from the sea. From the main chain there stretch northward lateral ridges at intervals of about ten miles apart. The valleys which separate these ridges ultimately meet and drain into the Po; the ridges themselves are tumbled and broken, sinking in gaps and rising into peaks here and there difficult to climb, but in the main easy enough for a traveller on foot. There are but few roads connecting valley with valley; in 1796 there were hardly any, and the population was thinly scattered. From Savona a road and railway now ascend towards the main chain, cross it by an easy pass about as high as the average of the English Lake mountains, and debouch upon a small upland plain at the head of one of the branches of the Bormida River. Here both road and railway separate. The Cherasco line keeps westward so as to mount across a gap in one of the northward parallel ridges just spoken of, and descend upon another and parallel Bormida at the little town of Millesimo; the other line of road and rail turns northward down its own proper valley, and descends by Cairo and Dego towards Acqui, before reaching which it is joined after long separation by its sister Bormida. The upland plain at which the roads separate is the plain of Carcare; the railway station, a mile north of Carcaro, is that of San Giuseppe di Cairo; and the gap across which the road passes westward over the intervening ridge towards Millesimo is the gap of Cosseria, so called from an old ruined fort which commands it on the northern side from a conspicuous peak of rock. Thus there are two parallel valleys, which we may call those of Millesimo and Cairo, or the western and eastern Bormida, respectively; but the Millesimo valley has no pass at its head by which it can clear the main chain, and in order to reach the coast the traveller must cross by the Cosseria gap into the Cairo valley, and then proceed to Savona by the principal pass which the railway follows. Such is now the position of things; the only difference eighty years ago being that neither road nor railway then existed, but only rough bridle-tracks along which field-guns were with difficulty dragged. An actual road, however, did exist, which quitted the Cairo valley lower down at Dego, passed eastward across its lateral ridge, and then mounted over the main chain at a moderate depression existing about eight miles east of the principal pass, and finally reached the coast at a little distance from Savona. This depression we will call the Old Pass.

It was from the head of this Old Pass that news reached Buona-

parte on the 11th of April that his outposts were being attacked by the right wing of the Austrian army. Their left wing had on the previous day manoeuvred in some force along the coast, and two large masses were closing in upon him among the mountains. A devoted colonel was holding a few small fieldworks near the Old Pass, and demanded instant support. The young French general determined to give it at all cost. He left the sea-coast to take care of itself, withdrew his divisions from before the Austrian left, and combined two-thirds of his force for a resolute attack on the enemy upon the Apennines, while the remaining division, that of Masséna, was despatched across the Carcare uplands, by what is now the main pass, to penetrate by night to the extreme Austrian flank and attack them from the north and west. There exists no detailed records of the march or combat; but Masséna was just the man for the work. While the main French force was engaging the Austrians on the hill-tops, Masséna struck quickly and fiercely at them from the rugged districts east of Cairo. They gave way, and fell back upon Dego, down in the eastern Bormida valley. This is scene the first of the drama; it is known as the battle of Montenotte. No town of Montenotte exists, except indeed upon the maps. At best there are but a few houses, but the name is locally given to the rough mountain tract which lies to the east of Carcare. Scene the second introduces the Piedmontese. While Austria had been attacking from the north and east, Piedmont had been closing in from the north-west; the army of Colli had been massing itself in the Millesimo valley, and was in command of the Cosseria gap and fort. Thus the victorious general had enemies in front of him at Dego and on his left at Millesimo; but the two were separated by a high ridge of mountains, and practically incapable of united effort, while he himself could fall upon either of them at his pleasure. It is exactly the position which an enterprising general loves, and which Napoleon so often made for himself. If geography had made it for him nineteen years later—if, after the success of Ligny, an impassable ridge of hills had stretched northwards from Quatre Bras to Brussels; if the heights between Wavre and Mont St. Jean had been two thousand feet high instead of two hundred—then Waterloo, if fought at all, would have had a different ending.

In the first place, the army of Beaulieu must be beaten off for good. Down the valley of Cairo the Republican soldiers forced their way, met the enemy as he tried to hold his ground at Dego, and forced him down the gorges of the eastern Bormida beyond hope of rally. A young officer distinguished himself in this encounter; he was made colonel on the field of battle; ten years later he was Marshal Lannes. And when the success of Dego was secure, and not till then, Buonaparte recalled his victorious troops, and sent them to help the one division which meanwhile, under Augereau, had been holding head to the west against the Piedmontese. Colli, as we have said, was in force at Millesimo, and he held the position of Cosseria, which commands the lateral gap. Night closed as the conquering Frenchmen streamed across the ridge and surged round the old ruins of the fort. It was a terrible obstacle if held by determined men; and Provera, who was in charge of it, was a gallant officer. Rising high and steep directly above the gap, and dominating it by some five hundred feet, it was far beyond the reach of field artillery; and its conical sides, as the assailants mounted them, were swept by the fire of musketry from the old walls and ploughed by the huge stones which, as it were in memory of barbaric battles, the defenders rolled down from above. Here, indeed, was the crisis of the five days' campaign. Joubert had been struck down in the assault; and, as the night darkened, even the daring of the Republican battalions failed them. One may stand upon the stones of the little fortress, which still remain much as they then were, and wonder that any soldiers should have dreamt of storming the position. But, if it were not carried within twenty-four hours, Colli would have time to draw his main body off, a junction would be arranged with Beaulieu far down in the plain, and the united armies would once more encounter their assailants with superior and probably overwhelming strength. Next day came, and the struggle for the ruins recommenced. All day long Provera, with his two thousand soldiers, crowned the low walls, and held the French at bay. By nightfall, overcome with sheer exhaustion and in despair of relief, he gave way, and the conquerors poured down without check upon the now abandoned Millesimo. Colli had fallen back, not now to join his Imperial allies, but towards his own base at Ceva, to which indeed the road, such as it was, conducted him; and Piedmontese and Austrians were separated to join no more. Buonaparte pressed Colli, and beat him again and again; a fortnight more, and Piedmont had concluded a separate treaty with the Directory, surrendering the chief passes of the Maritime Alps, which now became the main line of French communication, and the principal fortresses of the western plain of the Po. The young general had now a secure base for the operations which rendered for ever famous the first campaign of Italy.

Standing on the crumbling walls of the old fortress, one finds plenty to see and to think about. There is a view unsurpassed even in the Apennines; a magnificent panorama of hill and rock, stretching northwards over the valleys that sink towards the plain, and southwards towards the heights of the main chain. The works of the little fort cover a space some two hundred yards in diameter; its slope is clothed here and there with brushwood, while in parts it is almost precipitous; cottages and churches lie among the corners and on the peaks of the hills beneath. To the west, beyond all, rises the superb snowy wall of the Western Alps, visible from end to end, with Monte Viso standing as a giant castle in their midst. Then one thinks of the moral of the story. Whether it is Beaulieu and Colli in Italy, or Wellington and Blücher in Flanders, whenever two armies are working together, the point of junction should be made the strongest point of all; a single check, and the beaten force finds an almost irresistible tendency to retreat towards its own base, and leave its companions to themselves. And, lastly, there is the almost unique personal interest connected with the spot. There was daring at Lodi, there was genius at Arcola. But it was not the marshes of Arcola, still less was it the bridge of Lodi, which first opened the door to the greatest military career in history. It was the little hill and dismantled castle of Cosseria, one hour's walk and climb from the Millesimo station of the new Turin and Savona Railway.

CHURCH-HUNTING IN SUSSEX.

THE hard-worked Londoner when he goes for a holiday too often takes his London surroundings with him. Nothing is more difficult than to idle systematically and seriously. When the philosopher sits by the sad sea shore he is too likely to speculate on the forms of water and illustrate his views on the wave theory. The artist cannot help making small sketches. The novelist watches the young people as they stroll in the sunset along the sand, and weaves plots. And so it comes to pass, over and over again, that a party ostensibly gathered in a country house to make holiday, after a few weak attempts at doing nothing, settle down to the regular employments of town life. The dry treatise, so forbidding among scenes of excitement, can then be mastered. The picture, laid aside for a few days, forces itself anew upon the attention. The halting verses form themselves into regular order, and rhymes come unbidden to the music of bees and rustling leaves. The student, the artist, the poet, are all soon hard at work, and the town parson, if there be one in the company, is driven abroad to search for unrestored churches, to copy punning epitaphs, and revise his list of dated mouldings. But the ecclesiologist of to-day is a very different being from the ecclesiologist of thirty or even twenty years ago. His sympathies come down to a period very much more recent than the thirteenth century. He openly professes a regard for Inigo Jones, and can admire Wren on occasion. A good piece of Stuart panelling fixes his attention more surely than decorated sedilia. The Lombardic character has no charms for him in comparison with a punning but pious epitaph of Cromwell's time. He copies the early entries in the parish register, though it goes no further back than the beginning of the seventeenth century, and asks anxiously after Georgian forms of special prayer. He looks with wonderful tolerance on pewing, and insists on stripping off the altar-cloth in hopes of finding an Elizabethan oak table. He has a strange habit, too, of carrying a guide-book with him always, but not for the purpose of consulting it. Guide-books do not contain the kind of information he seeks, but he uses them to find out what has not been noticed. When the guide says such a place is not worth a visit, thither he wends his way; and true happiness is his when he discovers a region unknown to Murray and Stanford. Churches mentioned in the books are to him what editions unnoticed by Lowndes are to the bibliomaniac, or a new old fossil to the geologist.

His ideal of the happy hunting-grounds may perhaps be found in the delta of the Arun. He has an eye like a huntsman's for "a country," and observes at once that behind the coast line which stretches from Bognor to Worthing, or about ten miles on either side of the mouth of the Arun at Littlehampton, there is a depression which, not long ago, as an old map tells him, was a swamp. Between this and the sea are a number of very small, very old, and very pretty churches. The parishes are microscopic in their minuteness, as they are in Essex near the coast line, pointing probably to an early and dense settlement of the immigrant Saxons, and by consequence the churches are numerous. Within a few miles he finds church after church—discovers them, as he puts it—on which no archaeological papers have been read, and of which no handbook notices more than the name. He sets steadily to work, looking forward, as his note-book gradually fills, to happy hours with Dallaway in the Museum on his return to town. After all, it is to town, and to what may be done in town, that his thoughts involuntarily turn. Two mornings spent in enforced idleness on the sunny lawn, two afternoons devoted to young ladies and tennis, and he breaks away to accumulate the notes which are to form a solace in the intervals of next winter's work. He passes Clymping with a sigh, Clymping of which he has heard so much. Its almost Doric simplicity, the plain lancets, the solid effect of great spaces of blank wall, the unusual slope of the roof, all are points of momentary interest only. Clymping has been "done." Clymping has attained celebrity. It has been "thoroughly restored"; but even this does not interest him. The curious niche in the tower with its zig-zag mouldings seems to him to have no look of age left, and he refuses to accept as ancient what, he asserts, is but a modern architect's interpretation of ancientness. But at Ford he warms up. Though the place is in the books the church is hardly mentioned. It stands in a low meadow surrounded by wooden fences. There is no road to it, only a grassy pathway. Small as it is—so small that a neighbouring house seems to tower above it—every style of English architecture seems to have left a mark on it. There are Norman features in the little round-headed windows of the chancel. There are first pointed

lancets, and "cottage-headed" windows besides, and, most interesting of all, there is a porch, which contrasts in its ruddy mellowness of lichen-coated brick with the grey flint walls of the older building, as well as in its curved gable, speaking of the "restoration," which, we are told, took place in the days of Archbishop Laud. Not half a mile further is Tortington, almost surrounded with the woods which here put forth an arm from the neighbouring park at Arundel. The Priory of St. Mary Magdalen has disappeared, and the vicar, who used to have "corrody" for himself and his servant with the canons, now lives in the neighbouring town. The church is full of objects of interest, though scarcely larger than Ford, the chief feature being the chancel arch, so often described and figured as an example of the grotesque ornament of the later Norman style. The church-hunter is perhaps not as much impressed as he ought to be with the beauty of the wild road which leads him thence to Arundel through avenues of overhanging trees and dense brushwood, from which bright eyes watch him as he passes, and merry young rabbits dart across his path, little knowing or recking that over their future prospects the nobles and rulers of the land are in anxious deliberation up at Westminster. He does not long delay at Arundel. Is it not fully described in numberless books? The new Romanist church, not long finished by the Duke, impresses him favourably from a distance, but unfavourably on a nearer view. The situation is magnificent; but the architect, wishing perhaps to make the most of it, has made too much. Obtrusive, vulgar, are the adjectives which rise to our ecclesiologist's somewhat prejudiced lips, and when he visits the interior the chromolithographs on the walls and the decorations of the altar make him add the word "tawdry." Of the parish church he has heard too much lately, and hurrying down the hill and across the bridge, he seeks once more the thickly strewn churches of the coast.

Leominster, in spite of its high-sounding name, does not keep him long, for it is both thoroughly restored and well described. At Rustington he pauses. The lych-gate at a corner of the churchyard, the two wooden porches with their massive oak beams, the transitional Norman windows of the tower, the frequent lancets, give the place a great charm in his eyes; nor does the interior disappoint him, with its numerous tablets and the fragments of one very ancient monument, perhaps of one of the Bohuns, whose co-heiresses divided East Preston and Rustington, or West Preston, between them some time in the twelfth century; but he seeks in vain for any memorial of Thomas Baker, who was "of Rustington," and whose grandson, the great John Selden, probably often sojourned at the manor house on the other side of the road, now a rather shabby-looking farmhouse. At East Preston he is told by a villager that the church is the oldest in the country, a statement which he receives at first with incredulity, but an inspection of the chancel, which was invisible from the road, justifies it. The little round-headed windows date from the very beginning of English architecture. Angmering looks too fresh to attract him, though there are features of interest in it which even a virtual rebuilding thirty years ago has not obliterated. The name of Shelley draws him towards the hills. There are Shelley memorials to be seen at Clapham, and thither he directs his steps, stopping on the way for a few minutes at Patching. The names are not so euphonious on the hills as in the valley below, but the landscape is more than enough to make up for it. Call a place by an ugly name, but if it is situated on a well-wooded slope, with bare downs stretching away into the blue haze behind, and the sea sleeping in the sunshine beyond the green plain in front, you may speak of it as Clapham or Patching or Michelgrove or Angmering without much damage to its pleasant associations. Patching had once a shingle spire and a north aisle; but a tablet over the door records the gratitude of the parishioners to a certain Sir Richard Hunter who "repaired and beautified" the church in 1835. To him, probably, we may attribute the whitewashed ceiling, half hiding the roof-beams, and the thick coat of yellow paint which covers the pulpit. This pulpit is a joy to the modern ecclesiologist. It is of the ordinary wineglass pattern, but worked into it are five panels, in which thick coats of paint cannot disguise the exquisite carving or the Holbeinesque design. What is the Perpendicular choir-screen, what the curious double miserere seats, to this series of panels? But the day is waning, and hours would not suffice to copy patterns as intricate as an ornamental engraving of Beham, and the town parson rushes off to Clapham. There is a steep hill down and a steeper hill up through a village street of cottages too well built for picturesqueness, and he turns in at a gate and across two fields to a wood through which the pathway climbs the hill. On his right is a picturesque farmhouse of considerable antiquity, and immediately before him, half hidden among the oaks, is the church. It somewhat resembles Clymping; but its Early English features are many of them the result rather of a recent "thorough restoration" than the genuine article. He cannot but admire the western lancets from under the new lych-gate, and can well believe it when he is told that at the opening service after the restoration the music within was answered by the nightingales without. In the churchyard on the left is a monument to the mother of that genial novelist, Frank Smedley, but memorials of greater literary interest are within. In the centre of the nave, just below the chancel step, is a brass in exquisite preservation. It was long hidden away under the pavement, to which fact its preservation intact may perhaps be attributed, for the curious and delicately designed representation of the Trinity between the figures could not long have survived a Puritan visitation, however mild. In 1526 the knight Sir John Shelley died, having married Elizabeth, the heiress of the Michelgroves, to whose inheritance he owed his transplantation into Sussex out of Kent. The Michelgroves had themselves come from Kent, where they had figured as Fauconers of Fauconhurst, and though they changed the name, the hawk remains on the coat-of-arms which the lady wears in brass. From her second son descended the poet, who was born at Field Place, a few miles off across the hills. The Shelleys continued at Michelgrove till the beginning of this century, and the chancel is full of their tombstones. There is the judge, with his wife and his children, *in alto rilievo*, under a canopy, and there is the epitaph of his wife's sister, "Bona et virtuosa Greisildis," wife of John Caryll. The Carylls were seated at West Grinstead, and it was to one of them that Pope dedicated the *Rape of the Lock*—"this verse to Caryl, Muse! is due." It is curious, by the way, to observe, that among the Shelleys' nearest neighbours were the Westbrooks, a good old Sussex family, one of whom was Governor of Cyprus in the seventeenth century.

BAMPFYLDE MOORE CAREW.

It is probable that few of the readers of Lever's novel, *Sir Jasper Carew*, are aware that he is indebted, both for the name of his hero and for some of the leading incidents of his story, in some degree to actual fact. Most people have heard of Bampfylde Moore Carew, but comparatively few perhaps are acquainted with a choice work "printed for the booksellers," and containing "many entertaining particulars of that extraordinary man," who, according to the author, was born in the year 1693, being "descended from the family of the Carews." His father, we are moreover told, was the Reverend Theodore Carew, of Bickley, near Tiverton. Very fondly does the biographer dwell upon the rank and splendour of the guests assembled at the baptism, and he descants lovingly upon an amicable dispute as to who should be president which took place between the two godfathers, "doubtless presaging the honour that should redound to them from the future actions of our hero." A description of Bampfylde Carew is then ushered in with a mighty flourish of trumpets, and we are informed that he was "tall and majestic," and that his countenance bore the marks which denote an "honest and good-natured mind." That we may judge for ourselves, we are referred to his portrait, which is given at the beginning of the book; but as this artistic production presents only a back view of "our hero" kneeling to two savages, we are unable to bear testimony to the accuracy of the statement. "Good-natured" he may have been, but his claim to honesty must certainly be set aside if we are to judge him according to any received standard of morality. At school he seems to have made rapid progress in his studies, but to have soon abandoned them for the delights of hunting and field sports of every description. At this period of his life he discovered "a remarkable cheering halloo, which was peculiar to himself," and found out a secret of enticing all manner of dogs to follow him. This last accomplishment proved afterwards of the greatest service to him in his adventurous life. Getting into trouble for hunting a deer which was a neighbour's property, he ran away with a few chosen companions and took refuge with a company of gipsies who had fixed their camp in the neighbourhood. About gipsies in general, and those with whom Carew fell in in particular, our biographer waxes marvellously eloquent, ending with this astounding proposition:—"Whether the divine Homer himself might not have been of this society will admit of a doubt, as there is much uncertainty about his birth and education, though nothing is more certain than that he travelled from place to place." Carew, however, got on amazingly well with his new companions; and, owing to the skill he exhibited in dog-stealing and in persuading weak-minded old ladies to part with their money, he soon became a personage of no small importance among them. Then, too, he developed a remarkable talent for disguising himself and adopting the sentiments and manners of those whom he sought to imitate in his outward appearance; so that he managed to get together a considerable sum of money in a short time by travelling about in the character of a shipwrecked sailor or a small tradesman who had lost his all by fire. His family wasted much time in vainly entreating him to return to his home and to civilized habits; for it was now, according to the writer of his adventures, "that he reflected on that grand and noble axiom of life, that we are not born for ourselves only," and that he was therefore bound to do his utmost for the welfare of the community with which he had cast in his lot.

Accordingly he hit upon the capital expedient of ranging through the country as a lunatic, "carrying it so far as to address himself to all the posts in the streets as if they were saints, lifting up his hands in a fervent though distracted manner to heaven," and on one occasion extorting money from a clergyman by seizing him in the street and "insisting in a raving manner he should tell him who was the father of the morning star." It is not a little curious to find how well lunacy used to pay those who feigned it in Carew's time; for, according to the work before us, any man who wished money to be showered on him had only to tear his hair and break his neighbour's furniture in order to be richly rewarded. Moreover, sometimes when Carew's invention flagged, and he felt indisposed to go abroad, he would content himself with writing

begging letters, stating that he was a poor idiot, and the charitable never failed to send him money and provisions. In fact, he throve so well that he determined to marry, and being at Newcastle-on-Tyne he (under false pretences) induced an apothecary's daughter of that town to become his wife. He then took his bride-elect to Dartmouth, where he discovered to her that he was of the community of the gipsies; on learning which "she was not a little surprised and troubled"; but, on finding her husband's comrades were better fellows than she had expected, she became instantly satisfied; and set off with him for Bath, where they intended to pass their honeymoon. This they did in a decidedly original manner. Carew, who was a bit of a cynic, mixed for the first part of their stay with all the best company in the place, and lavished hospitality on all who approached him, till, growing weary of so much splendour, he once more disguised himself as an abject beggar, and took a grim delight in being thrust from the houses of the very people who had a few days before been hat in hand to him. Leaving Bath, he confided his wife to the care of some friends, and started off alone, armed with several new disguises, in which he made another very successful campaign.

Now occurred a most important event. The king of his community was dying, and all the subaltern beggars, Carew among the number, were summoned to his bedside. In spite of the good work done by the Charity Organization Society, it may not be useless to our readers to ponder over the last words of the dying monarch, for he is pretty sure to have more than one representative in modern London. In a touching speech he assures his "children" of his love, and tells them that he has been "so blessed in his profession" that he is enabled to leave a hundred pounds to each of them. "Take among you," he cries, "the maxims I have laid down for my own guide, and use them with as much success as I have done." Very instructive are these same maxims, and most cunningly interwoven with moral reflections. "Be not less friends," he begins by saying, "because you are of the same profession; the lawyers herd together in their inns, the doctors in their college, the old-clothes-men in Monmouth Street; what one has not among these another has. Remember this, and always people a whole street with objects skilled in scenes of different distress, placed at proper distances—the tale that moves not one heart may surprise the next; the obdurate passer-by of the first must be made of no human matter if he feels no part of the distress that twenty different tales have heaped together." "Trouble most, people who are most busy" is one of his chief rules; but he is large-minded and anxious for the public good as well as for the advantage of his own people. We are therefore not surprised to find him descanting upon the best means for ensuring free circulation in the thoroughfares of great cities. "Remember," he says in his address, "that the streets were made for people to walk, and not to converse in; keep up their ancient use; and whenever you see two or three gathered together, be you amongst them, and let them not hear the sound of their own voices till they have bought off the noise of yours." No doubt more wisdom would have fallen from the old man's lips, but he expired before he could end his exhortation; and Carew, elected king by the common voice, reigned in his stead.

Crowned heads are proverbially uneasy, and Bampfylde Carew was no exception to the rule. While his honours were yet new upon him, an unfriendly magistrate had him arrested and conveyed to Exeter, where he was sentenced to pass seven years in Maryland. No sooner had he arrived there than he attempted to escape, but was brought back to the ship's captain, who had an iron collar fastened round his neck to mark him as a runaway slave. Notwithstanding, he again escaped, and succeeded in gaining an Indian camp, where his collar was taken off and he was well treated. His biographer is great upon the Indians, whom he cannot praise too much. "The accent and emphasis of some of their words," he informs us, "are great and sweet, as Okoroeston, Shakamoton, Paguiffin, names of places, and as sonorous as any in Attica." Carew, leaving them, made his way back to England on board a ship belonging to one Captain Rogers; but having no fancy for being "pressed" on his arrival in an English port, he pricked himself all over with a needle and rubbed in a mixture of bay-salt and gunpowder, which, it appears, is an excellent recipe for counterfeiting the small-pox. As they neared Lundy Island he spent all his time in groaning heavily and wandering about in a blanket on deck to be ready for all emergencies, so that when they were boarded by a lieutenant from a man-of-war in Bristol Roads, and all the other hands were carried off, the officer, who had never had the small-pox, paid him handsomely to get him gone. Carew went off to Bristol to get his injured skin repaired, and to make ready for another campaign in England, on which he set out after a short interval, which he had filled by feasting with some of his subjects. He seems to have undertaken this tour rather for amusement than for profit, playing practical jokes upon old acquaintances, laying ghosts, and "chaffing" magistrates. But what chiefly delighted him was that he was enabled utterly to destroy the peace of mind of the bellman at Southmolton. This person had in some manner offended him, and Carew was bent upon revenge. It luckily happened that a gentleman who had just been buried was reported to walk the churchyard; and Carew, taking advantage of the story, hid himself behind the grave and awaited the bellman's advent. As his victim approached he raised himself "with a solemn slowness," seeing which, the quaking bellman fled through the moonlight, leaving his bell, which Carew seized as a trophy, behind him in his flight. This made a great impression on the townsfolk, and especially on the bellman, who took to his bed and did not venture to go on his night rounds for months afterwards. But his troubles did not end here, "for Mr. Carew, happening about a year afterwards to be in Southmolton again, was afresh insulted by the bellman, which made him resolve to give him a second meeting in the churchyard." On this occasion "he dressed himself in a black gown, put a great fur cap upon his head, and at the usual time of the bellman's coming repaired to the churchyard, holding in his mouth by the middle a stick lighted at both ends, at the same time rattling a heavy iron chain." This proved more than the bellman could stand, and he threw up his appointment and retired into private life, fully convinced that he was haunted by the devil. But, delightful as these amusements were, they were not profitable, and "our hero" finding his purse empty struck out an original and very paying line for himself. He went to Exeter, and "with a rough but artless air, and the behaviour of a sailor," asked for the king's officers, whom he informed that he belonged to a vessel which had landed a large quantity of run goods. By offering to reveal their place of concealment he managed to live grandly at the officers' expense for some days, besides getting a large present in money, and at the last moment he slipped away with his usual cleverness to practise the same stratagem elsewhere. But, lingering too long in Exeter, he was once more taken to America at His Majesty's expense, where, in spite of great difficulties, he managed to escape and make his way back to England. Notwithstanding his age he still continued his vagabond existence for a year or two more; but, some relations dying and leaving him their money, he finally resolved to build a house and settle down in the West of England, where he fared sumptuously every day until he died; having displayed throughout the course of a long life an amount of enterprise and ingenuity which might have made him eminent in any career he might have chosen. But, on the other hand, it is impossible to imagine Carew in any other capacity than that of King of the Beggars.

THE BREECHES BIBLE.

Most people probably are familiar with the name of the Breeches Bible, and many perhaps have taken the trouble to verify the fact that in the third chapter of Genesis the translators have rendered the word which in the Authorized Version is *aprons* by the term *breeches*. But we do not think we shall be far wrong in saying that not one person in a thousand knows anything more about the book than that it exists, is in black letter type, and is more or less scarce. That copies should be as rarely met with as they are is undoubtedly strange when it is considered that for nearly fifty years it was the version in common use for family reading in England, the first edition of it having been published at Geneva in 1568, and there having been subsequent re-issues of the book from the London press nearly every year from 1572 to 1616. Thus much may be learned from bibliographers, who, however, are not very trustworthy in their accounts of the origin of this version. The New Testament has been commonly supposed to be little more than a new edition of the New Testament published in Geneva in 1557; but Mr. Fry, of Bristol, in an elaborate article in the *Journal of Sacred Literature* for July 1864, has successfully shown that the Genevan Testament of 1560 is a distinct version, varying more from Tyndale's previous translation than that of 1557 had ventured to do, and being in all respects entitled to be called the standard edition of the Genevan version, as having been followed exactly in every subsequent issue of the Genevan Bible for half a century.

It is not our intention here to criticize this translation, or to compare or contrast it with the renderings in the Bishops' or Parker's Bible, which was first published in 1568, and was reprinted from time to time down to the year 1588, or perhaps later; nor again with the Authorized Version, which has held its place since 1611. It is only in point to mention that the number of editions and copies of the Genevan Bible issued during the half-century in which it was in use shows that it must have been much more widely circulated than any other translation, till it was finally supplanted by the Authorized Version. But there is one particular in reference to the Genevan Bible that has escaped the notice of bibliographers as well as of historians. And, as it is a matter of considerable importance in an historical point of view, and may meet perhaps with further elucidation hereafter, we venture to draw attention to it. Several editions of this Bible had been published, both at Geneva and in London, before the quarto edition of 1579 came out, "imprinted at London by Christopher Barker, Printer to the Queenes most excellent Maiestie." This edition of 1579 is distinguished from all that precede it by having inserted between the Old and the New Testament three leaves, the first of which is occupied by a short summary of the books of Scripture which fills the first leaf, and is printed in Roman type, and the last two printed in black letter containing "Certaine questions and answeres touching the doctrine of predestination, the use of Gods word and sacraments." As a mere matter of bibliography, it is surprising that these should not have caught the eye of any of the persons who have described the different editions of the English Bible. As a matter of fact, these remarkable questions and answers appear in every quarto edition of the Genevan Bible printed by the King's or Queen's printer from 1579 to 1615 inclusive. Their first appearance in 1579, and their disappearance after 1615, are alike remarkable. That no Genevan

version should have been published in England after the folio of 1616 is natural, when it is remembered that this version is full of Calvinistic notes, and that this is exactly the period at which Laud's influence on ecclesiastical matters begins to tell. But what is most remarkable is that there is no record of any prohibition issued to the King's printer against reproducing this work. It is true that James I. very much disliked the Genevan version, and purposely appointed translators to execute a translation which should supersede it. But even after the publication of the Authorized Version it is certain that the Genevan version would still have had a large sale amongst the Nonconformists and with the Puritan party in general. So that there cannot be the least doubt that it was prohibited and suppressed by authority. Any one who has read the marginal annotations to this book will cease to wonder that Laud's influence was used to suppress it entirely. The King's objection to it appears to have been founded principally on such notes as seemed to impugn kingly authority; but it is impossible to doubt that its suppression was really owing to the Calvinistic doctrine so distinctly propounded throughout both the Old and the New Testament. A specimen or two will suffice to give an idea of these annotations. In a note on Deut. ii. there occurs the following:—

> God, in His election and reprobation, doth not only appoint the ends, but the means tending to the same.

On 2 Kings iii. we have as follows:—

> God suffereth His Word to be declared to the wicked because of the godly that are among them.

Perhaps the most striking passage is that which appears as a note to the eighteenth chapter of Ezekiel:—

> Albeit God, in His eternal counsel, appointed the death and damnation of the reprobate; yet the end of His counsel was not their death only, but chiefly His own glory. And also, because He doth not approve sin, therefore it is here said, that He would have them to turn away from it that they might live.

The leading idea of all the notes, both on the Old and on the New Testament, is that of the indefectibility of grace once given. And consistently enough, to cover this view, all the passages about sacraments in the New Testament are explained away. Thus the words of institution in the Eucharist are represented as meaning "a true sign and testimony that my body is made yours, and by me your souls are nourished." In like manner, baptism is everywhere explained to mean the outward expression of the previous admission into the Church of children who were already members of the Church by virtue of having at least one faithful parent. Of course there was nothing unnatural in a Geneva Bible being thoroughly Calvinistic in the tone of its translation and its marginal annotations. Neither is it any subject for wonder that such a Bible should be in use amongst the Puritans of Elizabeth's reign; but its use will at least go far to account for the almost uniformly Calvinistic tone of all English divinity during the time of Elizabeth and James I. This was the system of doctrine adopted by nearly all the revisers of the Second Prayer-Book of Edward VI. and by quite all the reformers of Elizabeth's reign.

And now we recur to the leaves of questions and answers on predestination which were authoritatively inserted in all these Bibles from 1579 to 1615. We are quite able to understand their disappearance exactly at the moment when Laud's star was in the ascendant; and perhaps their disappearance is the first sign of the rising influence of the future Archbishop. But we regret to say there is no evidence to determine the authorship of this remarkable Catechism, or to show by what means it was originally foisted into an authorized edition of the Bible, and managed to hold its ground so long, through about forty editions of the book issued in about as many years. No one will be surprised that they should have originated in the archiepiscopate of Grindal, nor again that they should have continued through the whole of the primacy of Whitgift, Bancroft, and Abbot. But, as it is the most clear and naked exposition of Calvinistic doctrine that can be seen compressed into a small space, we will give a short epitome of it.

It begins with attributing all the existing variations in religion to the fact that all men do not believe the Gospel, which fact is in its turn accounted for by the assertion that such persons as do not believe are vessels of wrath ordained unto destruction. The justice of this is defended on the ground that all men have sin, and that it is of mere mercy that any are saved. The objection that people will abuse this doctrine to purposes of sin is met by the reply that it is not possible that the elect should be "without care to do well, or that the reprobate should have any will thereunto. For to have either goodwill or good works is a testimony of the Spirit of God which is given to the elect only, whereby faith is so wrought in them that, being graft in Christ, they grow in holiness to that glory whereunto they are appointed." The next question taken up is as to how one is to know oneself to be one of the elect. The answer to this is that it may be known by remorse of conscience joined with the loathing of sin, which those who have at any time once felt within themselves it is impossible they should perish. Those who do not feel these emotions, however, should not despair, because "God calleth His at what time He seeth good." The means He uses are His word and sacraments. The word is defined to be the Old and New Testament, the evidence for which is internal, and is to be judged "by the testimony of God's Spirit, whereby it was written, Who moveth the hearts of those in whom it resteth to consent unto the word and reverently to embrace it." This word must be preached that people may hear, whilst the office of the sacraments is to appeal to the other senses; "that, by sight, taste, and feeling, as well as by hearing, we might be instructed, assured, and brought to obedience." Thus Baptism teaches us to put on Christ, and the Lord's Supper is designed to teach the elect that Christ is wholly theirs. The Catechism winds up with a practical application, by way of advice, as to how to attain to a knowledge of the word. The advice given is to the effect that, as we at least twice a day receive food to the nourishment of the body, so we should read at least two chapters of the Bible every day, "in such sort that occasion thereby may be taken to speak again unto God by prayer as He in His word speaketh to us"; and that certain portions be committed to memory, whereby it will be found that the Scriptures are not difficult, "for God maketh them easy to such as in humility seek them."

We have already said that we possess no clue to the authorship of this Calvinistic Catechism. Its general resemblance to the Catechisms of the Assembly will be apparent to readers who are familiar with these two documents as issued with the Westminster Confession. But its existence in all the copies of the Geneva Bible, issued for so many years, supplies an important link in the evidence which connects the doctrines of the English with those of the Swiss Reformation. It accounts also for the traditional Calvinism of the Puritans who still adhered to the Establishment long after the indomitable energy of Archbishop Laud had succeeded in purging the hierarchy of the Church of England from its influence. And we are not without hopes that this notice may be the means of drawing attention to the point, and so perhaps of eliciting some useful information as to the authorship of the Catechism, and the methods adopted in giving it so wide a circulation and securing it so large an influence over the belief of the people of England.

THE THEATRES.

At every re-opening of the Lyceum Theatre Mr. Irving is expected, as a matter of course, to say a few words to his audience at the end of the performance—a custom which pleasantly marks the cordial relations between the actor-manager and his spectators. In his short address delivered last Saturday night after the first performance under Mr. Irving's management of *The Corsican Brothers*, he commented upon the extent to which the preparations for the play had interfered with his holiday. So far as stage management in its widest sense is concerned, there can hardly be two opinions as to Mr. Irving's trouble being well repaid by the contentment of his audiences. Nor is it likely that his choice of the actors and actresses who figure in this play will be found to be anything but wise after the first few nights of representation. The play itself and some of the traditional "business" associated with it are perhaps more open to question. The piece is, in fact, less a connected drama than a sketch of a peculiar kind of life brought into strong relief by a supernatural element. That the distinguished player and manager who rules the Lyceum is right in varying Shakspearian performances with pure melodrama we have little doubt. Melodrama, as a contemporary critic has well pointed out, has a distinct and valuable place in stage literature. Whether *The Corsican Brothers* represents the best type of melodrama is another question, the full discussion of which would take us too far away from the consideration of this particular representation of the play. Whatever may be urged against the construction of the piece, the fact remains that it contains exceptional opportunities for scenic display and skill, and, which is more important, some singularly strong "situations." The double character of the two brothers affords perhaps less scope for the actor's powers than do, for instance, the double characters of Lesurques and Dubosc in *The Lyons Mail*; but, on the other hand, there is nothing in *The Lyons Mail* which affords the player so fine a chance as that which is found in the last scene of *The Corsican Brothers*. To a certain extent, the last scenes of both plays are similar; that is, in both Mr. Irving—and probably every one of his predecessors—has found his happiest moment. But it must be admitted that in a general point of view the Dei Franchi twins are worse acting characters than the supposed villain and the supposed man of exemplary character whose strange resemblance to each other gives the chief interest to *Le Courrier de Lyons*. Louis dei Franchi is in the novel of *Les Frères Corses* a strikingly fine character, but his appearance in *The Corsican Brothers* is so brief that there is but little opportunity for the actor to mark at once the difference and the resemblance between his twin brother and himself. What opportunity there is was made the most of by Mr. Irving, and one speech, that in which he announces his devotion to Mme. de Lesparre, even to "the last drop of his heart's blood," was given as well, as finely, and as strongly as possible. It has been thought that there was some shortcoming in the actor's representation in the first act of the other twin, Fabien; but to us it appeared that his performance in this part of the play was, if anything, unexpectedly true and skilful. He indicated, as it seemed to us, the naturally frank and manly character of the Corsican, who delights in an open-air life, and marked to just the right extent the effect upon a nature of this kind of a haunting and, according to his views, unerring sense of coming misfortune. In more than one speech the sudden remembrance of this shadow, overclouding a natural lightness of heart and demeanour, was marked with a singularly fine perception and execution. In this scene, as in others, the art with which Mr. Irving gave an air of excellence to dialogue which has in itself

but little merit was remarkable. Whether the actor is right in giving so deep an air of gloom to Louis dei Franchi, the twin who is studying in Paris, may be doubted; and it is possible that in the future he may think it well to modify the somewhat heavy melancholy which puts him in strong contrast to the *viveurs* with whom he is associated at the masked ball.

It is in the last act that Mr. Irving finds his best chance. It will be remembered that Château-Renaud's carriage has broken down in the forest of Fontainebleau just in time to bring him face to face with Fabien dei Franchi, the avenger of his brother's death, dealt to him by Château-Renaud's sword on the very spot where, by a fatal coincidence, Fabien and Château-Renaud meet. Mr. Irving has throughout this scene the air of a man implacable, bent on his purpose, and assured of his destiny. There is no passion in his voice, his look, or his gesture, as he speaks to and fights with his adversary. Rage and sorrow have spent themselves when he first was told, by supernatural means, of his brother's death. All that remains is a fixed determination to slay the slayer. The cold hard glitter of Fabien's eyes, the constrained ring of his voice, the set of his mouth, and the deadliness of his whole aspect, make one understand the strange conviction of a sure-coming death which seizes on Château-Renaud, one of the best swordsmen in Paris. The fight between the two is admirably managed, and shows well against the background of pine-trees lighted by the rising winter sun. (One critic, by the by, appears never to have observed the fact that, as far as light alone goes, early morning and late evening effects are precisely similar.) Fabien contents himself with parrying Château-Renaud's hot attacks, and makes frequent use of the parry of *prime*, a parry which is almost as useful as it is showy, and which has in many fencing-schools fallen into undesirable disuse. Mr. Irving has never fenced so well on the stage as in this duel, and he can find precedent for the vicious, if effective, attitude which he assumes on guard, with his left hand resting on the hips, instead of being used, as it should be, as a counterweight. Mr. Terriss also deserves high praise for his fencing in this scene, and, to our thinking, for his acting not only in this scene, but throughout the piece. His part is not very long, and is very difficult, and it seems to us that he gave with singular skill the idea of a man of gentle breeding who is also a man capable of and given to actions of which a gentleman should be ashamed. His bearing was throughout effective, and in the final scene of the duel there was much force. The minor parts were more than capably filled, and Miss Pauncefort, Mr. Pinero, and Mr. Mead deserve special praise.

We have spoken of some "traditional" business connected with the piece which may seem out of date, and we may refer especially to the "sliding trap" employed for the ghost. This does not strike us as particularly effective; but, on the other hand, innovation might have been dangerous. In other respects the mounting of the piece is at once magnificent and artistic. The first and last scenes are models of scene-painting in the line of landscape, and the scene in the Opera House is to the same extent a model of technical stage arrangement, in which the scene-painter's skill takes another, but in its way an equally admirable, shape.

Mrs. Bateman's spirited production at Sadler's Wells of *Othello*, with Mr. Charles Warner in the principal part, naturally excited considerable interest. Mr. Warner had been known for some time as a successful and versatile actor before he made a great success as Coupeau in an adaptation of *L'Assommoir*—a part of which M. Sarcey said, with some truth, that any capable actor could make a great success with it. Between Coupeau and Othello there is a wide gulf, and it is to Mr. Warner's credit that in *Othello* he has avoided to a great extent the pitfalls which a long run of Coupeau might have put in his way. He is devoid of that gross brutality which has recently enough been displayed, and been attended with success, in this part; and he is not by any means devoid of true dignity in the earlier scenes of the play. To point to one instance out of many, his parting of the combatants in the quarrel scene was admirable; and it should also be noted that his address to the Senate had the composure and dignity of a man assured of the justice of his cause, and of his own position with regard to those whom he addresses. So also in the scene of Iago's villainous suggestions Mr. Warner preserved a proper sense of his wife's and his own dignity. In the passionate scenes which follow this there was, we think, a falling off from the promise of the earlier acts. The actor completely avoided the offensive "realism" which has sometimes been given to the play; but he failed to give his part the poetry and magnificence which are needed to save it from being at best painful. It may be well to mention that our impressions are derived from a first night's performance. Most actors of standing are, like M. Got, incapable of doing full justice to their conceptions during the first few nights of a new character. Mr. Warner's theory of Othello seemed to us to be in the main that which some time ago was upheld in these columns, and we may have more to say about his performance of the part on a future occasion. One mistake, that of stabbing Desdemona after the first attempt to smother her, he would do well to correct at once. Mr. Vezin's excellent acting of Iago we have before now described at some length. On the first night at Sadler's Wells he missed to some extent the great effect of "the not that shall enmesh them all," but at other points his playing seemed to have improved. Miss Isabel Bateman's graceful and touching Desdemona shows a marked advance in her art. The piece is well mounted and well supported, but the duration of the *entr'actes* should be curtailed.

RACING AT DONCASTER.

AFTER several weeks of beautiful weather, it was rather dispiriting to the race-goers at Doncaster to come in for a deluge of rain. Nothing could have been more gloomy than the opening day; it was dark, it was cold, it was windy, and it was wet. The course itself was very heavy in some parts, and the racing was considerably affected by its condition. After a very showery morning, a drenching rain continued throughout the afternoon with scarcely any intermission.

There were fair fields for most of the races on Tuesday. Nine starters came out for the Fitzwilliam Stakes, the opening race of the meeting. Tower and Sword, on the strength of his recent running, was made the favourite, and he won the race; but not until he had had a hard struggle with Chevronel, and it is not certain that he would have won if he had not had the advantage of Archer's jockeyship. He was brought up with a rush just at the proper moment, and he won by a head only. The next race was also well contested. The winner was the two-year-old Amy Melville, by Albert Victor, a filly of very moderate merit. The following race was of no special interest, and it was run in a tremendous storm of rain. The Selling Stakes, which succeeded it, is scarcely worth noticing. Then came the Great Yorkshire Handicap. The favourite for this was Reveller, the winner of the Goodwood Stakes. This horse had been purchased for 770 guineas as a yearling, but he had not run in public until he was well into his three-year-old career. He is a good-looking horse, with a great deal of bone and power, and he was just the kind of horse to run well on a day like the Tuesday of the late Doncaster week, when the course was heavy. Almost as good a favourite was Bonnie Marden. This mare had been second both for the Oaks and for the Coronation Stakes at Ascot; but, whatever her merits may have been, she was not well suited by nature for racing in wet weather, for she is deficient in the very points in which Reveller excels—namely, bone and power. Bay Archer, who, like Reveller, was a Goodwood Stakes winner, also started; but he was heavily weighted, and it is said that he has been suffering from a sore back. Another heavily penalized starter was Elizabeth, the winner of the One Thousand Guineas. This good filly had won five out of seven races this year; but 19 lbs. seemed a great deal for her to give to Bonnie Marden. The race was won easily enough by Reveller, though he was not ridden out more than a neck in front of the second horse. The other favourites ran very badly, and none of them made any apparent attempt at racing after the leading horses had got into the straight. A still more interesting race succeeded the Great Yorkshire Handicap. This was the Champagne Stakes, which is probably the most important race at Doncaster after the St. Leger. Of course Bal Gal was the favourite. This filly had never been beaten. She had won the July Stakes at Newmarket, the Richmond and the Rous Memorial Stakes at Goodwood, and the Prince of Wales's Stakes at York—stakes amounting in value to considerably over 5,000*l*. Seven other two-year-olds ran against her, but to no purpose, as she won in a canter by three lengths. There was a dead heat for second place between Angelina and Mazurka, but the former was eased as soon as her jockey perceived that all hopes of her victory were at an end, so that the dead heat was more of an accident than anything else. It is a great pity that so excellent and heavily engaged a filly as Bal Gal should be reported to be a roarer. Even the great Bend Or himself, who like Bal Gal won the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood and the Prince of Wales's Stakes at York, had not won as much as has Bal Gal, a year ago. It is worth noticing that the five two-year-olds who first passed the post for the Champagne Stakes this year were all fillies. The Glasgow Plate for two-year-olds was easily won by Lamprey, and the day ended by a walk over for the Filly Stakes.

If the weather was wet on the Tuesday, it was even wetter on the Wednesday. A wet Leger day is almost as bad as a wet Derby day, and the pleasure of many thousands of people was spoiled on the Wednesday of the late Doncaster week. To give some idea of the state of things, we may mention that when, after the St. Leger, Constable, who had been riding Cipolata, went to be weighed, his clothes were so saturated with rain and mud that he turned the scale at the 2 lbs. margin allowed by the rules of racing. Cipolata had run second, and as she had been backed for a place for a very large sum of money, there was considerable anxiety as to what the stewards might decide in the matter. After a short deliberation, the authorities determined that, as the overweight was undoubtedly owing to the wetting that the jockey had undergone during the race, he was not disqualified. It would have been doubly mortifying to Constable to have been disqualified through an accident of this kind, as he had not only ridden, but also trained, Cipolata. The colours of some of the jockeys were so bespattered with slush as to be scarcely distinguishable, and in some parts of the course the mud was fetlock deep. Considerable interest was taken in the first race. Roehampton and Exeter were to compete for it, and it was believed to be a fine point whether the first-named or the second was the better of the pair. Another thing that gave importance to the race was that Exeter had been the trial horse of Robert the Devil; so people were prepared to form some conclusions as to the chance of the last-named horse for the St. Leger if Exeter ran particularly well or particularly badly. There was a third runner in Pearlina, who went away at the start and cantered in front for more than a mile, Exeter following next, and Roehampton bringing up the rear. As they came to the Rifle Butts, Roehampton passed the two leaders and made the running, and almost immediately afterwards Exeter passed

Pearlina and closely pursued Roehampton. The pair were racing hard against each other a long way from home; but as they came into the straight, Roehampton seemed to be wearying, and Exeter had a little the best of it for the rest of the race, winning at last very cleverly by a neck. There was a wretched field for the Corporation Stakes, only The Rajah and Mountebank going to the post. The former was a very strong favourite, but he never seemed to have the least chance during the race, as Mountebank made all the running, and won in a canter by two lengths. An outsider won the next race also, beating a field of eleven horses, more than half of which were far more fancied than himself. In a match which followed, although the favourite won, it was only by a neck, which did not leave much to spare, considering that as much as 5 to 2 had been laid on him. From the racing during the early part of the afternoon it was evident that the heavy state of the course made public form very untrustworthy, and backers of favourites for the St. Leger naturally became nervous. The marvel was that, in the face of such circumstances, Bend Or should have been made such a firm favourite at the last moment. We described the St. Leger last week; but we may add that there seems little doubt that Bend Or was run against by another horse during the race. It is said that he was struck on one of his forelegs as well as on one of his hocks by the feet of one of his opponents, and that when he was led away from the course he was lame. How far this accident may have interfered with his chances of victory in the race we are not in a position to say; but the mishap was probably owing in a great measure to the state of the course, as it is more difficult to steer horses round turns through heavy ground than when all is plain sailing. Moreover, when there are little pools of water on a course, as there were last Saturday week, horses often jump over them, and in doing so they are very apt to cannon against each other. The two races which followed the St. Leger were devoid of general interest, and the day ended with a couple of walks over.

Thursday's racing at Doncaster is rarely of special interest. The Portland Plate brought out fifteen starters, of which Peter was a strong favourite. He has grown into a tall but good-looking horse. Over such a heavy course 9 st. 7 lbs. seemed a very heavy weight for him to carry; but his friends were not afraid of it. The second favourite, Brotherhood, carried 6 lbs. extra, in order to have the advantage of Fordham's jockeyship. This seemed an adventurous proceeding, considering the state of the course. The great jockey, Archer, was to ride Hackthorpe, but he had scarcely been in form of late, and he was heavily weighted at 9 st. There was a long delay at the post owing to the fractiousness of two of the competitors, and as the length of the course is only five furlongs, there is always a scramble at the start for this race. When the field at last got off, a three-year-old which had not yet won a race, named Discount, drew away in front of the other horses. Peter ran very well, but at the distance, when his jockey wished to bring him forward, he was crowded out, and he was obliged to run on one side and get round a ruck of horses, which proceeding necessarily made him lose a good deal of ground. Yet he made a grand effort under his heavy weight in the deep ground to catch Discount, but failing to do so, he was beaten by a neck. Although Peter was defeated, this performance ought to be remembered to his credit, as he fought very gamely under overwhelming difficulties. In the Rous Plate, Mazurka, who had run a dead heat with Angelina for second place in the Champagne Stakes, was beaten easily by a filly by Doncaster, belonging to Lord Rosebery; Mazurka, however, had 12 lbs. the worst of the weights. In the next race, a great favourite was overthrown by a 10 to 1 outsider, and in the Alexandra Plate which followed, an even greater outsider, against whom as much as 14 to 1 was laid, cantered in twelve lengths in advance of the nearest of a field of fourteen opponents, all of whom practically pulled up at the distance. The last race of the day was a very hollow affair, the favourite winning by half-a-dozen lengths.

Friday was the only fine day of the meeting. The racing began with the Tattersall Stakes, to which Messrs. Tattersall contribute 200*l*. Then came a good match between a couple of two-year-olds, which was hardly contested and won by a head only. For the Doncaster Stakes, Apollo and Teviotdale were the only starters. Apollo is very small, but he had beaten the winner of the St. Leger in the spring. Teviotdale was the winner of the Ascot Stakes. The pair were now to meet at even weights, and Apollo was slightly the favourite. Apollo made the running, but Teviotdale closed with him at the bend. They ran in together, but Apollo always had the best of it, and he won, without having to fight very hard, by a neck. Dresden China was naturally made a good favourite for the Doncaster Cup, and this grand mare won with great ease by a length. The Prince of Wales's Nursery Plate was won by Vallon, but it was not a very glorious victory, considering that more than one of her opponents was giving her over two stone in weight. Witchery, who was the outsider, won the Westmoreland Stakes by four lengths, in a common canter. The last race of the meeting produced a fine contest between the two-year-olds Earl Godwin and Griselda, the former winning by a head.

The sale rings are one of the great features of the Doncaster Meeting. Nothing could have been more cheerless for sellers than the result of Tuesday's sales, for, out of fifty-eight lots, only eleven were sold. On Wednesday matters improved greatly. A large number of horses were sold, and, although a great many yearlings went for prices varying from twenty-five to fifty guineas, several lots realized high figures. Eleven hundred, eighteen hundred, and two thousand guineas were sums which no breeder of yearlings could fairly complain of. The colt which was sold for two thousand guineas is an own brother to Reveller, the winner of the Great Yorkshire Handicap; but it was by no means the general opinion that the yearling was as good looking as the four-year-old. The next day, although nothing like two thousand was given for one yearling, several brought in high prices, three selling for a thousand or more, one reaching thirteen hundred. Still there were a great many low prices. Two went for ten guineas a-piece, two for fifteen, and several were sold for twenty-five or under. On Friday one yearling was run up to seventeen hundred, and Apology, who won the St. Leger in 1874, was sold for three thousand two hundred guineas. Taken as a whole, it may be said that indifferent yearlings sold extremely badly during the late Doncaster week, but that good-looking yearlings sold for better prices than have been obtained for the last year or two.

In conclusion we would draw the attention of those who occasionally amuse themselves by either watching or reading about races to the approaching Cesarewitch, for, although a handicap, it promises to be one of the most interesting races of the year.

REVIEWS.

NICHOLSON'S MANUAL OF PALÆONTOLOGY.*

IN its new and greatly expanded form Dr. Nicholson's *Manual of Palæontology*, originally published several years ago, may be pronounced the most complete and systematic treatise on the subject in the English language. It has not only been thoroughly revised and to a great extent re-written, but so much enlarged by the addition of new matter that it may claim to be considered to all intents and purposes a new book. The final section of the original work, devoted to Historical or Stratigraphical Palæontology, having been relegated to the author's *Ancient Life-History of the Earth*, room has been found for incorporating all the more important results of palæontological research contained in works or special memoirs brought out in the intermediate period whether on the Continent of Europe, in America, or at home. Following the tendency of recent science in this department of inquiry, Dr. Nicholson has devoted considerably more space to the invertebrate than to the vertebrate animals, with which Professor Owen's valuable treatise on Palæontology, published several years ago, was almost exclusively occupied. It is with the invertebrate forms, as he truly remarks, that palæontological students are more largely concerned. Starting with the general definition of his subject as the "zoology and botany of the past," he insists on the necessity of some knowledge of existing forms of life, in order that the mind may be carried back to those embodied in the fossil state, and be prepared to recognize the continuity of descent and organization between the two. The domain of the geologist has also, he urges, to be trenched upon, that some knowledge may be gained of the rocks in which are entombed the fossil forms that constitute the materials of the palæontologist. The first five chapters of the manual before us are devoted to a summary view of the sedimentary or fossil-bearing rocks, their chief divisions and geological succession, with remarks upon the imperfection of the palæontological record, whereby gaps are left in the continuous evolution of life, species being here and there lost to sight, or others coming into view to which we have not as yet the means of assigning a distinct ancestry. Besides the effects of subsidence in burying possibly whole kingdoms of animal or plant life beneath the waves, the action of metamorphism has to be pointed out, obliterating the traces of life through a re-arrangement of the rocky particles under heat. Another cause of the disappearance of fossils is the percolation through the strata of water holding in solution carbonic acid, the calcareous remains being thus dissolved away. And, lastly, cleavage, if at all intense in action, will do much to prevent the recognition of fossil organisms in strata which have undergone such strain.

Although the terms class, order, genus, species, and variety are employed by the palæontologist in precisely the same sense and with precisely the same limitations as by the zoologist, it is to be noted that a palæontological species has not always of necessity the same value that should of right invariably belong to a zoological species. This is because the determination of fossil species must needs be based for the most part upon the character of the hard parts of the animal, and these are too often but imperfectly preserved. A wider and looser method of classification has thus necessarily to be adopted by the palæontologist. In the case of very variable or protean species it has been the practice of men of science to define the species by its central type, and to group the variable forms under this type as varieties, and to this plan our author has adhered. Impossible as it has been found to classify the whole animal kingdom upon any linear plan of descent or evolution, there is no difficulty in establishing certain fundamental morphological types or plans on which animals have been constructed, some

* *A Manual of Palæontology for the use of Students; with a General Introduction on the Principles of Palæontology.* By Henry Alleyne Nicholson, M.D., D.Sc., Ph.D., &c. Second Edition, revised and greatly enlarged. 2 vols. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1879.

obviously higher than others in the scale of organization. Vast as is the number of known animals, all, whether living or extinct, may be classed under some five or six primary divisions, or morphological types, technically spoken of as sub-kingdoms. Distinct as these lines of demarcation are among living forms, and widely as these collectively differ from fossil animals, there are found among fossils not a few types comprehensive or transitional in their character, combining in themselves many features or functions never found separate, and thus serving as transitional links between groups at present far removed from one another. Widely remote as reptiles and birds, for example, now appear, there are fossil birds of a distinctly reptilian character, and fossil reptiles closely approximating to birds, the gap being thus partially filled up which now yawns between these two great divisions of the animal kingdom.

Again, many fossil animals exhibit what are termed "generalised" characters. If, namely, we construct for ourselves a "general" or "ideal" *type* for any great group of animals—a *type* which shall possess all the *essential* characters of the group, without its non-essential ones—then we find that the fossil animals of the same group are generally nearer to this type than are its living representatives. Moreover, the older representatives of any given group are usually nearer to the ideal type of the group—or are more "generalised"—than are the later representatives of the same group. All zoologists, however, admit that the process of development in any *individual* animal is one in which there is a gradual progress from the general to the special, the embryo being nearer to the general type of the group to which it belongs than the adult is. In other words, the embryo animal is more *generalised* than the adult, and the process of development is one of *specialisation*. Admitting this, it follows that the fossil forms belonging to any given group, in so far as they are "generalised" in their characters, may fairly be said to be "embryonic" types; and as the oldest forms of any given group are usually the least specialised, so they are likewise the most "embryonic." It must be borne in mind, however, that if we speak of fossil animals as being "embryonic types," we can only do so on the distinct understanding that it is not thereby implied that they were in any way *degraded* forms, or that they were at all less perfectly constructed or less thoroughly adapted for their surroundings than their modern representatives.

Although the fact of degradation must be admitted to explain the comparatively low place now occupied by certain organisms—a principle in biology recently discussed in some detail in our columns—there is, notwithstanding, no generalization more settled in palæontology than that of a general succession of organic types, the appearance of the lower forms of life having in the main preceded that of the higher forms in point of time. In other words, there has been not a succession only, but also a progression, of organic types, from the earliest fossiliferous deposits to the present day. How far, indeed, it may be possible to give evidence of a common ancestry for the two great classes or kingdoms of invertebrate and vertebrate life, indicating the point at which the latter type of organization, as presumably the higher, may be conceived as branching off from the parent stock in which it held community with, and was indistinguishable from, the invertebrate type, is a question which we do not find discussed in our author's pages, nor is it perhaps ripe for a satisfactory solution. The point of time at which either of the great morphological types first made its appearance on the globe may be expected, Dr. Nicholson remarks, to be pushed further back into the remote past by future discoveries of science. No new accession of knowledge, however, is likely to affect the relative order assigned to these great groups as compared with one another, the higher or more complex types following in point of time the lower and less complex. The invertebrate forms may thus safely be assumed to have preceded the vertebrate, though all the primary types are found in existence before the close of the Silurian period. It would even be rash to deny the possibility of their having existed under the earlier Cambrian age. So early do the lower sub-kingdoms of the invertebrata appear, that their origin is lost in the mists of antiquity. The Cambrian deposits, again, are underlaid by the vast series of the Laurentian beds, representing a long lapse of time for the persistence of what we must needs call animal life in its simplest known form. The classes of vertebrates are certainly not found ranging back to periods so remote, though they make their appearance, too, on the whole, in the order indicated by their zoological rank, the lowest first and the highest last. The earliest remains of vertebrate animals at present known, those of fishes—the lowest class of the sub-kingdom—appear in the Upper Silurian rocks. Even should they be found some day in the Lower Silurian or even the Cambrian series, they will hardly be displaced from ranking earliest in their sub-kingdom. Now these remains are by no means of the lowly form which might have been expected; in fact, they belong to two of the higher orders of their class. But this seeming anomaly disappears when we consider with our author that the two lowest orders of fishes possess hardly any structures whereby we might expect them to be represented in a fossil state. They may therefore have been in existence long before the ganoids and placoids of the Upper Silurian rocks. The remaining great order, the teleostean fishes, were certainly later in making their appearance; but whether they are to be held, as is the general opinion, inferior to the ganoids in zoological position is open to doubt. On the whole, without assuming the universal and conclusive action of evolution as a hard and fast theory of the derivation and succession of living forms, it may be taken by the student as a working hypothesis, invaluable indeed and indispensable for the interpretation and classification of the facts of palæontology.

Before entering on the detailed and systematic survey of the wide realm of palæozoology, which forms the second and principal portion of his work, Dr. Nicholson gives a clear and exhaustive synoptical table of the leading divisions of the animal kingdom, with their chief characteristics, the order of life ranging from its first faint rudimentary phase in the lowly protozoa to its ultimate and crowning glory in man. This tabular view sets forth at a glance the organic distinctions which determine or define the five sub-kingdoms into which invertebrate animals divide themselves—the protozoa, cœlenterata, annuloida, annulosa, and mollusca. The first and least organized of these sub-kingdoms are defined as animals simple or forming colonies usually very minute; the body composed of the structureless, jelly-like, albuminous substance called sarcode; not divided into regular segments; having no nervous system, no regular circulatory system, usually no mouth, no definite body-cavity or digestive system, or at most but a short gullet. Of these minute creatures the gregarinidæ (Class A) are such as inhabit the interior of insects and other animals, not having the power of throwing out prolongations of their body-substance (pseudopodia) which marks the rhizopodia (Class B), divided into the five orders of monera, amœba, foraminifera, radiolaria, and spongida. Few, if any, of these have a mouth, which belongs to Class C, the infusoria. These animalcules are destitute of the power of emitting pseudopodia, but are furnished with vibratile cilia or contractile filaments. The body is usually composed of three distinct layers. This class is made up of the three orders, ciliata, exemplified in the bell animalcule (vorticella) or paramœcium, flagellata, and suctoria. In the second sub-kingdom the animal canal communicates freely with the general cavity of the body, which is composed essentially of two layers or membranes, an outer layer or ectoderm, and an inner layer or endoderm. There is no circulatory system or heart, and in most no nervous system. The skin is furnished with minute stinging organs or thread-cells. In all these are distinct reproductive organs. In the hydrozoa (Class A) the walls of the digestive sac are not separated from those of the general body-cavity, the two coinciding with one another, and the reproductive organs are external; whereas in Class B, the actinozoa, these organs are internal, and the stomach opens below into the body-cavity, which is divided into a number of compartments by a series of vertical partitions or mesenteries. In sub-kingdom iii., annuloida, the alimentary canal is completely shut off from the general cavity of the body, and there is a distinct nervous system. A true blood-circulatory system may or may not be present; but in all there is a peculiar arrangement of canals, known as the water-vascular system, usually communicating with the exterior. The annuloida are divided into two great classes, the echinodermata and the scolecida. The former class, most commonly known as the sea-lilies (crinoidea), asteroidea (star-fishes), and echinoidea (sea-urchins) have an integument composed of numerous calcareous plates joined together, or leathery, with grains, spines, or tubercles of calcareous matter developed in it. The water-vascular system (ambulacral) is mostly employed in locomotion, and the nervous system is radiate, corresponding to the generally radiate form of the body. The scolecida have the body usually flattened, cylindrical, or worm-like, and the integument soft, without lime. The water-vascular system does not assist in locomotion, nor does the nervous system, one or two mere ganglia, radiate. In the annulosa (sub-kingdom iv.) the body is composed of numerous definite segments or somites, arranged longitudinally. The nervous system extends in a double chain of ganglia along the lower surface of the body. The clearness of our author's method is well shown in the enumeration of characters upon which are based the fourteen orders making up the class of crustacea, the four orders of arachnida, the four of myriapoda, and the thirteen of insecta. The last sub-kingdom, the mollusca, is treated with the same precision of definition and classification, which are applied with no less ability to the vertebrate kingdom. Within a few pages, in fact, a basis is laid on which the student is taught to build up for himself under the teacher's eye the whole fabric of systematic biology. Filling up as he proceeds, in the body of his work, the outlines laid down at the outset, Dr. Nicholson shows by the aid of typical examples, illustrated by admirable woodcuts, over seven hundred in number, the natural characteristics on which his classification rests. Where it differs, as every independent scheme of nature invariably will, in minor points from those that have gone before it, he is prepared with copious facts and reasonings drawn from his own stores of natural research, and fortified by an array of authorities of the highest order. To follow him in any measure through the exhaustive details of his treatise is wholly beyond our scope. We can do little more than present an epitome of his method, and express our deep sense of the fulness and admirable arrangement of his matter. We feel some surprise, however, at his having included the subject of Palæobotany if he found himself unable to allow more than fifty pages to that important branch of science. His summary of its leading facts and of the advances which have been most recently made in our knowledge of the plant life of former ages is excellent as far as it goes; but, as he himself says, it can claim to be no more than an elementary sketch of the general distribution of plants in past time, with a tabular view and classification of the chief forms of vegetable life which characterize each of the great formations. The value of his book is greatly enhanced by a list of the best works making up the literature of the subject, a copious glossary, and a full and minute index.

SIR ALI BABA'S INDIAN TOUR.*

THE high authorities in India a year ago were fluttered by the disagreeable consciousness that there was "a chiel among them," not only "taking notes," but inviting polite society in England to enjoy in his company the amusement which those notes afforded him. The identity of "the chiel" remained buried in an obscurity almost without precedent in a land where everything is proclaimed on the house-tops, and where small gossip is wafted far and wide by a ubiquitous horde of local correspondents. Still, whoever he might be, there was no doubt as to his epigrammatic and picturesque style, his hilarity of disposition, and his complete want of reverence for the sublimities of officialism. A Viceroy to him is merely "the great ornamental," "a presence to be felt, something floating loosely about in wide pantaloons and flying skirts, diffusing as he passes the fragrance of smile and pleasantry and cigarette." An aide-de-camp is "an arrangement in scarlet and gold"; a commander-in-chief is the pistol which the Government of India keeps under its pillow, "a beautiful article of Indian social upholstery," making mild jokes, telling venerable stories, pouring drowsy cackle into the ears of the old ladies whom he takes in to dinner, and sleeping peacefully through the hours during which he is supposed to be inspecting a cantonment. The Secretary to Government is the clever man of his year, passing brilliant examinations, affecting English literature, and a neophyte of the last new religious development. He fills the souls of Lieutenant-Governors with awe; he is placed on innumerable commissions; he writes hundredweights of reports; and "proves himself to have the true paralytic ink-flux, precisely the kind of wordy hæmorrhage required of a high official in India;" a successful joke stamps him as a wit; his drawing-room table, strewn with the latest flotsam and jetsam of European thought, forbids the intrusion of vulgar local topics into the home of æsthetic culture; so he moves up from one glory to another. The other officials are sketched off with similar touches of careless caricature. The political officers are "a Greek Chorus in our popular burlesque, Empire,' with the Foreign Secretary as prompter. "The Government," we are told, "keeps them scattered over the native States in small jungle stations. It furnishes them with Maharajahs, Nawabs, Rajahs, and chuprassees, according to their rank, and it usually throws in a house, a gaol, a doctor, a volume of Aitchison's 'Treaties,' an escort of native cavalry, a Star of India, an assistant, the powers of a first-class magistrate, a flag-staff, six camels, three tents, and a salute of eleven or thirteen guns." A distinguished royal visitor, it is hinted, wished to take home a "Political" as a local curiosity; but the thing was impossible:—

> The Political Agent cannot be taken home. The purple bloom fades in the scornful climate of England; the paralytic swagger passes into sheer imbecility; the thirteen-gun tall talk reverberates in jeering echoes; the "chuprassees" are only so many black men, and the rajah is felt to be a joke. The Political Agent cannot live beyond Aden.

The "Collector," as the real pivot of the great official wheel, is drawn with the exactness due to his importance; the sketch, like most of its companions, is warm with local colour; his long, low, rambling bungalow, furnished with folding tables and armchairs, bespeaks his wandering life:—

> He seems just to have arrived out of the firmament of green fields and mango groves that encircles the little station where he lives; or he seems just about to pass into it again. The shooting howdahs are lying in the verandahs; the elephant of a neighbouring landholder is swinging his hind-foot to and fro under a tree, or switching up straw on to his back; a dozen camels are lying down in a circle making bubbling noises, and tents are pitched here and there to dry, like so many white wings on which the whole establishment is about to rise and fly away—fly away "into the district," which is the correct expression—from the vast expanse of level plain, melting into the wide horizon-circle around.

All this is very life-like and picturesque, and it is the presence of similarly life-like and picturesque touches throughout that makes Sir Ali Baba's Tour so much better reading than the Indian journals of many of his contemporaries. It is of course no more a real description of the Indian administration than M. Jules Verne's fanciful flights are of the actual world; but, like M. Jules Verne, Mr. Mackay mixes up the true and the false, the possible and impossible, in an amusing medley, and so neatly that it is difficult to distinguish one from the other. Much of his fun seems to us absolute nonsense, but it may have a hidden meaning to the initiated, and much is intelligible even to untutored ears; and it is pleasant to know that, even in the dreary solitudes of Indian officialdom, life is cheered by a wholesome levity and stirred by the mild electricity of a random joke. No man—not even that sombre order of the species known as the Indian official—can live on the dry bread of Blue-Books alone or the solid rounds of official diet, which so many Englishmen in the East devour, in "silent patience" from one year's end to another throughout a long career. It is well, therefore, that fun can "even here its cheerful vigils keep," and vary the dull, grey monotony of existence with an occasional flash. Mr. Mackay holds, we believe, an educational appointment somewhere in the interior of India, a post which would have perfectly justified him in feeling dull and expressing his feelings in a dull book. No one could have objected if he had chosen to write a treatise on "Rajpoot Schools," or "Women in Central India," or any other of the dreary topics of which British India furnishes so inexhaustible a supply. Happily his temperament has led him in another direction; he leaves it to others to swell the great torrent of information under which so many Indian topics are submerged; he forbears to be instructive; he sees that the pomps and ceremonies, the grave and anxious business, the monotonous, toilsome life of the Indian official have all another aspect than that with which statisticians deal, and in which alone officials are apt to believe. People sometimes forget, the possibility of being absurd; but the life of the Englishman in India opens the door to many absurdities, of which it is well that he should be reminded. Nor are Indian officials the only people who stand in need of a little wholesome satire. The travelling M.P., "the British Lion Rampant," thirsting for information, and busy with "erroneous, hazy, distorted first impressions," destined for the transient glories of a monthly magazine, is no doubt a fearful visitation. Mr. Caird with his notebook appears to have excited the author's liveliest dislike, and he and others of his tribe are twitted with the blunders incidental to amateur inquirers. Before such people, says Mr. Mackay with some bitterness,

> India steams up in poetical mists, illusive, fantastic, subjective, ideal, picturesque. . . . . One of the most serious duties attending a residence in India is the correcting of those misapprehensions which your travelling M.P. sacrifices his bath to hustle on paper.

Sometimes, and it is on these occasions that we like him most, Mr. Mackay throws off his bantering style and lapses into a serious and even melancholy mood. He turns, with the weariness that a thoughtful man may naturally feel, from all that is dull, foolish, and provoking in the world around him. Tiresome officials, the swagger of authority, travelling M.P.'s, inquiring tourists with books of foolish notes, the dust and glare and gad-flies of life's journey, are all forgotten in other and more interesting topics which lie about its course. The great aggregate of humanity in the midst of which the Indian official passes his existence is full of pathos and interest; the immemorial village, with its names, customs, and offices, telling of a dim and far-off world of past generations, is a poem in itself; the villagers' life has to the eye that can look otherwise than through an atmosphere of statistics, "a soft glory resting upon it":—

> I would say something of that sweetness which a close communion with earth and heaven must shed upon the silence of lonely labour in the fields. God is ever with the cultivator in all the manifold sights and sounds of this marvellous world of His. In that mysterious temple of the Dawn, in which we of noisy mess-rooms, heated courts, and dusty offices are infrequent worshippers, the peasant is a priest. There he offers up his hopes and fears for rain and sunshine; there he listens to the anthems of birds we rarely hear, and interprets auguries that for us have little meaning.
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> The beast of prey skulking back to his lair, the stag quenching his thirst ere retiring to the depths of the forest, the wedge of wild fowl flying with trumpet notes to some distant lake, the vulture hastening in heavy flight to the carrion that night has provided, the crane flapping to the shallows, and the jackal shuffling along to his shelter in the nullah, have each and all their portent to the initiated eye. Day, with its fierce glories, brings the throbbing silence of intense life, and under flickering shade, amid the soft pulsations of Nature, the cultivator lives his day-dream. What there is of squalor, and drudgery, and carking care in his life melts into a brief oblivion, and he is a man in the presence of his God with the holy stillness of Nature brooding over him. With lengthening shadows comes labour and a re-awaking. The air is once more full of all sweet sounds, from the fine whistle of the kite, sailing with supreme dominion through the azure depths of air, to the stir and buzzing chatter of little birds and crickets among the leaves and grass. The egret has resumed his fishing in the tank where the rain is stored for the poppy and sugar-cane fields, the sandpipers bustle along the margin, or wheel in little silvery clouds over the bright waters, the gloomy cormorant sits alert on the stump of a dead date-tree, the little black divers hurry in and out of the weeds, and ever and anon shoot under the water in hot quest of some tiny fish; the whole machinery of life and death is in full play, and our villager shouts to his patient oxen and lives his life. Then gradual darkness, and food with homely joys, a little talk, a little tobacco, a few sad songs, and kindly sleep.

Such, to the "inner eye" of sympathetic and intelligent contemplation, is the round of daily existence to at least 150 million tillers of the soil who obey the British Raj in the East. It is a great advantage that there should be, among the silent, busy multitude of Indian officials, men with poetic feeling for the picturesque and pathetic aspects of their work, and with leisure and literary skill to describe those aspects with grace and fidelity. Mr. Mackay's sketches show that, when he chooses to be serious and forgets to be satirical, he can rise to a really high standard of excellent and thoughtful writing. He will, if he takes our advice, aim hereafter at some higher flight, and give English society something less ephemeral than the lively squibs with which he has hitherto enlivened the pages of *Vanity Fair.*

* *Twenty-one Days in India, being the Tour of Sir Ali Baba, K.C.B.* By G. Abergh-Mackay. London: Allen & Co.

ANDERSON'S GUIDE TO LINCOLNSHIRE.*

SIR CHARLES ANDERSON, the college companion and life-long friend of Bishop Wilberforce, has brought out a little Guide-book to his native county, stamped with the racy originality of his own character. Guide-books are, as a rule, colourless productions; as Charles Lamb has it, "things in books' clothing," made to perish in the using, not much above the level of "draught-boards bound and lettered on the back." Sir Charles Anderson's tiny volume is a very different piece of work. Few books bear more clearly the stamp of the

* *The Lincoln Pocket Guide, being a Short Account of the Churches and Antiquities of the County, and of the Cathedral of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Lincoln, commonly called the Minster.* By Sir C. H. J. Anderson, Bart. London: Edward Stanford.

writer's personality. In every page we see the old Tory country gentleman—not a mere milk-and-water "Conservative," but a Tory of the old school—and the old-fashioned Churchman, with strong opinions and strong prejudices, vigorous in his likings and dislikings, but all tempered by kindliness of heart and genial charity, and regulated by sound practical common sense. Though essentially a *laudator temporis acti*, Sir Charles is no unreasoning opponent of modern reforms. While, *à propos* of the unhappy mistake of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in purchasing and spending large sums on a country house two or three miles away from Lincoln, as the episcopal residence, when the grand old palace and its sloping gardens offered a site fraught with historical memories under the shadow of the Minster, he descants on "the evil of rushing into changes without sufficient acquaintance with the subject and its details," and enjoys a passing fling at "Board Schools more remarkable for their costliness than their utility," and "at the educational fanatics and philanthropic gerund-grinders" to whose "manipulation" our old educational endowments are subjected, all real improvements on the system of our forefathers receive his decided commendation. The rural police, for instance, he regards as a safeguard against much evil-doing, and bids those who "are apt to ask what is the use of police parading the country when there is so little crime" to remember how rife serious malpractices—notably sheep-stealing—were sixty years since; "people forget how much crime is thereby prevented and property preserved." We have called Sir Charles Anderson an old-fashioned Churchman; but his churchmanship is of no narrow, unprogressive stamp, for the man who wrote *Ancient Models* about forty years ago is fully aware of the necessity of adapting our churches and their services to the spirit of the age, instead of meeting every proposed reform with a dogged *non possumus*. In a guide-book to the county containing John Wesley's birth-place, Epworth in the Isle of Axholme, of which his father was rector, our author cannot avoid touching on the schism of which Wesley was the unwilling author. We quote the whole passage as an example both of Sir Charles's style, and of the practical wisdom of his remarks:—

The state of the diocese of Lincoln was then such that there can be no wonder a zealous and pious mind was shocked. With a non-resident bishop, careless archdeacons, absentee rectors and vicars, and negligent curates, religion was well-nigh extinguished, and however one may regret the extent of sectarianism now, it must be admitted that in these parts Christianity would have died out had it not been for the energy of Wesley. But instead of his zeal being taken advantage of and utilized for the Church of which he was a member, it was left to expend itself in individual efforts, and so he became the head of a party, which, however numerous and respectable, has since his time been split into sections, holding different views and opinions, and may possibly, having fulfilled its mission, give way to the increasing vitality of the National Church, if only the Church herself does not suffer shipwreck by internal quarrels, or by the treachery of statesmen professing to be conscientious churchmen.

Not only the Church as a spiritual corporation, but her services also are the subject of Sir Charles's animadversions. These pages show that he takes a warm interest in church music. He descants with delight on the grand Sunday evening services at Leeds parish church, when Dr. Hook was "t'ould vicar," with their "magnificent music and hearty congregational singing," bearing witness to "the life, spirit, and reality of worship there carried on"; while the nave service in York Minster with the Psalms chanted at the West Riding choir festival "by 500 voices from side to side," is appealed to as a proof "that the English cathedral service yields to none in dignity and grandeur." We gather that the services in his own cathedral are not quite so much to his taste; and that he prefers a fuller body of sound to "the lights and shadows" which have made the psalm-chanting of the choir of Lincoln deservedly famous among the cathedral choirs of England. These risings and fallings of sound in correspondence to the sense may indeed be easily overdone, and, in our author's words, the *diminuendos* may "become puerile and ludicrous from the tenuity of the sound in contrast with the vastness of the space." We cannot, however, at all accept Sir Charles's *dictum* that, while admissible in the anthem, they are "out of place in the general service." The chanting of the Psalms is the very centre of our Anglican service, and no pains can be excessive which are devoted to rendering it as intelligent as possible, and making the musical form a vehicle for the varying feelings embodied in the words. The sound should be in strict harmony with the sense. When, as we have heard in a cathedral choir, two Psalms of such totally different characters as the 22nd and 23rd—the one a wail of desolation and almost hopeless suffering, the other breathing calm and happy confidence—are shouted out to the same chant without any variation of time or tone, no other conclusion is possible than that both organist and choristers are entirely dead to the meaning of the words, and simply look on them as a *corpus vile* on which to exercise their musical and vocal skill.

From Church music it is an easy step to Church architecture, the subject with which Sir Charles Anderson's name has been so long and so beneficially connected. The author of one of the earliest works of the revival, to which we have already referred—the now almost forgotten *Ancient Models*, which largely contributed to the creation of a sounder taste in ecclesiastical architecture by calling modern church-builders back to the principles which guided the builders of former generations when the art was a living one—Sir Charles's latest production bespeaks a delight as fresh as ever in this, his favourite pursuit. His remarks on the characteristics of our leading cathedrals and other chief churches, comparing them one with another and dealing impartially with their respective merits and defects, are very suggestive. They show a wide knowledge, sound judgment, and, generally speaking, excellent taste. We fully agree with him in placing Lincoln *facile princeps* of all English cathedrals in external outline, and regarding its central tower as decidedly superior to its only rivals, those of Canterbury and Gloucester; but we demur to his opinion that "St. Hugh's choir has been the bane of the building," and are as far as possible from sharing in his regret that when the central tower fell in 1240 the choir did not fall with it. The loss of this, the earliest-dated example in England of pure Gothic without any trace of Norman influence, would have been simply irreparable. No part of Sir Charles's little volume will better repay careful study than that devoted to the cathedral of his native county. It is by many degrees the best guide hitherto published to that glorious fabric. There is hardly any one who can have known it so long, or have made it the subject of such minute and loving examination. Very few can remember with him the unhappy demolition of the western spires at the beginning of the century, the destruction of which, as well as the equally ill-judged melting down of the delicious "Lady peal" of the central tower to make the new "Great Tom" bigger than the old one, together with the "barbarous scarifying system" to which the west front was subjected some twenty years since, is animadverted upon with well-deserved severity. He records with satisfaction that "under the present management such misfortunes are not likely to recur."

The necessary monotony of a list and description of houses and churches, which form the staple of a guide-book, is relieved by Sir Charles's racy anecdotes, often couched in the vernacular of the county. Our limits do not allow quotation, and we must refer our readers to his pages for the request of the foreman of the jury at Kirton to be allowed to "swap" an obstinate juryman for one of more pliable stuff; and the perplexity of the judge at a trial of right of way, when told by a witness "he cud mind hugging tatees oot o't billy-buoys ower't t'bank intot t'rawd" (*Anglice*, "could remember carrying potatoes out of the barges over the bank into the road"); and the old woman's more forcible than flattering comparison of a drowsy preacher to a "bum'el bee upon a thistletop." There also they may read how "old Squire Whichcot" used to maintain a right of road at Fillingham against Sir Cecil Wray by coming annually in his coach and four attended by a gang of labourers who pulled down a bit of the intrusive wall, after which the squire drove triumphantly through the breach and back again, leaving Sir Cecil to build up his wall. As it was this Sir Cecil Wray to whom we owe the lamentable destruction of the east Roman gate at Lincoln, and most of the gate-houses of the Close, this annual demolition might be regarded as a just Nemesis. Going further back into the county records, Sir Charles tells us of the scare of the family at Blankney in 1745 at the news that Prince Charles Edward was at Derby and was marching to Lincoln, and how, while some proposed to take refuge in a hovel on the Fen, only reached by "jumping from hassock to hassock of the quaking bog," the old butler advised making short work of the rebels by putting ratsbane in the ale. Earlier still, we are told how Manby House, a seat of the Andersons, was stormed by the Parliamentarians, and the children, to avoid their falling into the hands of the soldiers, were dressed up as beggar's brats, and carried about in panniers from place to place by their faithful nurse; and how "Cavendish Bog" keeps up the memory of the gallant "Colonel Cavendish," mourned by Waller in an elegy, not one of his best. Such historical reminiscences give life and human interest to the book, and make it difficult to lay it down. Folk-lore is not passed over. Among other popular beliefs the author records the "Irbydale Ghost," whose "wild and dissonant cries" were supposed to issue from "the troubled soul of a witch worried to death by dogs in that lonely dale," and the "groaning ash" at Brampton, which terrified into a swoon a man who climbed up into its branches. The Isle of Axholme seems to retain many old customs, such as "riding the stang," "throwing the hood," "vessel-cupping," and burning the "yule log" at Christmas.

Sir Charles's personal reminiscences are not among the least attractive portions of his little book. Born soon after the beginning of the present century, he can tell from experience of the miseries of the coach journey to London, when,

leaving Lincoln by the mail at 2 P.M., supping at Peterborough at 9, the traveller . . . grumbling through a weary night at the obstinate legs of the opposite neighbour, and sorely pinched in the small of the back, was only delivered, cold and cross, at the Spread Eagle, Gracechurch Street, about 5 the next morning, with the choice of going to bed, with feet like ice, in a fireless room, opening out on an open-air gallery (where a box was fixed for the barber to shave travellers), or of sulking in a fusty coffee-room till the waiters were astir and the world was aired.

We cannot wonder that Sir Charles himself, as we gather, was accustomed during his undergraduate days to make his journeys to Oxford on horseback, reposing on his way at the "Greyhound" at Folkingham, "in a canopied crimson damask bed, made originally for the lord of the manor when he received his rents." He does not say whether he was personally present at the great boxing-match between Cribb and Molyneux in 1811, at "No man's land," at the junction of the three counties of Lincoln, Leicester, and Rutland; when, "after a severe fight, Molyneux, the black man, was beat, and a reel was danced by Gully"—afterwards M.P. for Pontefract—"and Cribb, amid the applause of a crowd of fifteen thousand persons." What a strange world do such reminiscences carry us back to!

Any survey of the county of Lincoln would be incomplete without a section on the Lincolnshire dialect. This hardly receives so much illustration from Sir Charles as it merits, and as he is capable of affording. Nor are the examples given so copious as we should have liked. He refers to the "Hickleton Feast" and other pieces composed in the Lincolnshire vernacular, without telling us where they are to be found, and pronounces "The Northern Farmer" of Tennyson—himself a Lincolnshire man, born at Somersby—"a failure, with the single exception of 'yal' for 'ale.'" Perhaps the fact that the work has been so admirably done for North Lincolnshire by Mr. E. A. Peacock of Bottesford, in his "Glossary" published by the Early English Text Society, has hindered him from entering more fully upon this subject. Though, as he justly remarks, the character of the speech of North Lincolnshire is much more Scandinavian than English, the Danish occupation having left its ineffaceable mark, not only on the local nomenclature of the county, with its "bys" and "holms" and "havens" and "nesses" and "thorps," but also on the daily speech of its inhabitants, we are a little surprised that so good a philologist as Sir Charles should have omitted all mention of the fact that it was the speech of South-West Lincolnshire which had the honour of setting the standard of the modern English tongue. Sir Charles mentions that the neighbourhood of Stamford is accredited with "less provincialism among the lower classes than most parts of England"; but when he comes to speak of Bourne he entirely passes over Robert Manning, better known as "Robert of Brunne," who, in the words of Mr. Freeman, "first gave currency to the dialect," and, as Mr. Kingston Oliphant has remarked, "foreshadowed the road that English literature was from that time forward to tread." A third edition of Sir Charles Anderson's little work—the present, though not so stated in the title-page, is really a second—will give him the opportunity of supplying this omission.

The special attractiveness of this little book on literary and archæological grounds must not lead us to overlook its merits as a guide-book to the city and county of Lincoln. Even were these considerably less than they are, the fact that it is at present the only work which can be put into the hands of any one wishing to make acquaintance with this confessedly unpicturesque but singularly interesting portion of England, would secure it a welcome. Our readers, however, will have seen that its excellences are such as to claim for it a very high place among English handbooks. The author tells us that it is chiefly intended for "those who are interested in old churches and ancient remains." Those who want more "modern information" he sends to White's excellent "Gazetteer" and "Kelly's Directory." All classes of readers, however, will find its pages singularly interesting and instructive.

We should add that the book contains a sketch of the history of the Fens, with which the whole county is so generally and undeservedly identified—"some there may be still existing who believe that the inhabitants are web-footed"—including the ornithology of that remarkable district, and that it is furnished with a map, not of the county, but, which is much more serviceable, of the whole area to which Lincolnshire belongs, from Hull and Howden to Peterborough and Melton in one direction, and from Lynn to Newark in the other. There is also a small but clear ground-plan of the Cathedral, in which the positions of the Roman city wall and the Norman apse are laid down, together with some woodcuts illustrating the original design of the west front before the erection of the screen wall, and when the towers were still crowned with spires. The index is less full than could be wished—*e.g.* neither Alfred nor Sweyn occurs in it, though the marriage of the one and the death of the other at Gainsborough are duly recorded in the text.

DOÑA PERFECTA.*

It is not altogether unknown to English readers that Spain has produced more than one novelist of considerable power during the last and present generations. The name of Fernan Caballero has even attained to some degree of popularity among us, and a translation has been given of some of the short stories of Antonio de Trueba. Nor do these writers stand alone. They are fully equalled in popularity in their own country by Pedro de Alarcon or Juan Valera, the latter of whom has a claim on the respect of Englishmen as a student and translator of Shakspeare. And of late years a dangerous rival has arisen to these writers in Don Benito Perez Galdós, a novelist of extraordinary fertility. He first attracted attention by a series of short tales called *Episodios Nacionales*, intended to illustrate the life of the Spanish people from the beginning of the century down to the death of Ferdinand VII. Neither the idea of such a series nor the title is original. Both are borrowed from Erckmann-Chatrian; but the stories themselves have the merit of being very readable and very Spanish, and that in the best sense of the word. In borrowing the idea of his tales, and in some degree the character of his hero, for they have only one, from his French contemporaries, Perez Galdós has not followed the example of so many of his countrymen, who borrow the style of their neighbour also. His language is not the colourless and Gallicized Spanish of the last century, but, as far as that is now possible, the vigorous and picturesque Castilian of the great sixteenth and seventeenth-century novelists—of Mendoza and Cervantes and Mateo Aleman, who lived before the victory of the "estilo culto." These stories, too, are comparatively free from mere national vanity. Although he has the excuse of belonging to a people which was attacked with wanton outrage, Galdós shows less hatred of the stranger than the authors of the "Invasion of 1814." In his "Battle of the Arapiles," or, as we less accurately call it, Salamanca, he has had sufficient liberality to confess that the fight was fought and the victory won by the British army alone, and he has drawn a picture of that army and of its great chief which ought to satisfy our most touchy patriotism. M. C. de Mazade to the contrary notwithstanding, Galdós is just to Joseph and the invaders. No one of these stories is equal as a piece of writing, as a mere picture of a past state of things done for the love of the subject, to Pedro de Alarcon's *Sombrero de Tres Picos*, which is a pen-and-ink rival to Fortuny's brilliant little canvasses, or is worthy of comparison with the *Pepita Jimenez* of Juan Valera; but they are well constructed tales well told. Latterly Don Benito has been at work on his *Novelas Contemporáneas*—pictures of the Spanish life of to-day. These stories do not form a series, but they are connected by the fact that they are all written with a definite object. Not that they are novels with a purpose, in the sense which is wearisomely familiar to the British critic, for no such novels would be read by Spaniards, who insist above all things on action and a plot; but they are all intended to show in different ways how the struggle which is going on in every family in Spain not utterly sunk in apathy between the narrow old religious fanaticism and modern liberal ideas affects the daily life of men, and Galdós looks on this struggle chiefly as an artist, but also as a Liberal. It is this which distinguishes him, on the one hand, from writers like Alarcon and Valera, who are purely artists, and, on the other, from Caballero and Trueba, who are pious and sentimental worshippers of the good old times, and cruelly addicted to the "Castilian vice of twaddle" about whatever is uncatholic or modern.

Of these novels the best and the most popular is *Doña Perfecta*. The scene of the story is the city of Orbajosa, and the time the eve of the last Carlist war. Orbajosa will not be discovered in any map of Spain; but, as the author justly says, its original may be found anywhere north, south, east, or west of Madrid. The most likely region in which to find it will be in the riñon de Castilla, the kidney—or, as we prefer to say, the heart—of Old Castile. The tourist who has approached any provincial town of central Spain across such a treeless and waterless plain as that which Pepe Rey and his guide, the peasant Tio Licurgo, ride through in the second chapter of this story, will recognize the portrait of Orbajosa as drawn by Perez Galdós, which we, for reasons to be stated further on, give here in our own translation:—

> After half-an-hour's ride there rose before the eyes of both [of Pepe Rey and his guide] an old town built on a slope in the shape of a cone, and from the highest point of which stood out a few black towers and the ruined stonework of a dismantled castle. A jumble of shapeless walls, of earth huts, grey and dusty as the soil, formed the base with a few remains of battlemented bulwarks, and under their shade a thousand mean hovels raised their poverty-stricken fronts of sun-dried bricks (adobes) like bloodless and starved faces begging alms from the passer-by.

Into this uninviting place, and through the crowds of repulsive beggars who swarm round its gates, Don José Rey rides to visit his aunt, Doña Perfecta de Polentinos, and to give effect to the plans which she and her brother, his father, have laid for his marriage to his cousin Rosario. Doña Perfecta is a notable woman. She is the widow of a spendthrift noble, who died just in time to save his great estate from complete ruin. This estate she has retrieved with the help of Pepe's father, an able lawyer in Seville, and has administered with great ability for many years. In the course of her long residence in Orbajosa, of which, like her husband, she is a native, she has become the ruling spirit of the place. Her house is the meeting-place of the local notabilities, the alcaldo, the municipal judge, the collector of taxes, even the bishop himself; for she is not only Mistress of the Robes to the Virgin of the Cathedral (as much a local notability as any of them), but the chief purveyor of the wardrobe. All and each of these persons, including the Virgin, are under obligations to Doña Perfecta which give her a far greater power in the town than is enjoyed by any representative of the Government. In return, she shares the narrow provincial patriotism and piety to the fullest extent. She hates and fears everything which is modern, or which comes from Madrid. Now, unfortunately for her nephew, he is not a Spaniard of the kind admired by Orbajosa, but an engineer, which in itself is a dangerous novelty; he has been educated abroad to a great degree, and is grievously suspected of believing much more in mathematics than in the Missal. In fact, like nine-tenths of his educated countrymen, Rey is a freethinker; he only differs from them in being a little more outspoken. All this Doña Perfecta rather guesses than knows, for she has never seen her nephew; but it is enough that he has been abroad, and belongs to a profession which is peculiarly associated with modern ideas of progress. Therefore, though the gratitude she owes her brother for his good services prevents her from refusing his offer, she has invited Pepe with the secret hope that he will give her an excuse for breaking off the match.

Moreover, she has a friend at hand who is thoroughly resolved to bring about a rupture. This is Don Inocencio, the Penitenciario, or Canon, who decides on cases of conscience too serious for the ordinary priest. Don Inocencio has a grandnephew, by name Jacinto, whom he would fain see married to Rosario, and if Pepe Rey can be

* *Doña Perfecta: a Tale of Modern Spain.* By B. Perez Galdós. Translated by D. P. W. London: S. Tinsley & Co. 1880.

dismissed he has a certainty of succeeding in his object. No sooner, therefore, has Pepe settled down in the house of Doña Perfecta than the Canon goes to work to draw him out on the subject of his opinions. It is not long before this irritates the young man into talking the most shocking heresy, and even deriding the grotesque attire of the venerated Virgin of the Cathedral, which is the handiwork of his aunt herself. This offence against her vanity naturally redoubles her pious zeal. She has already caused Rey infinite annoyance by secretly fomenting a captious lawsuit brought against him, and also by letting loose on him the offended patriotism of Orbajosa, indignant at learning that this insolent stranger finds it in a very backward condition. Now she openly declares that she will not accept him for a son-in-law, excuses her conduct towards him by the goodness of her intention, which is to preserve her daughter's soul, and generously offers to forgive him, if he will only go away and give up all pretensions to Rosario. But this Pepe Rey is thoroughly determined not to do. He and his cousin have fallen in love in good earnest, and have plighted troth in the chapel of the house without the knowledge of the mother. The scene in which they do this is the worst of the book. It is written in that declamatory style, verging at times on fustian, which Spaniards can seldom avoid when they wish to be tragical, and is out of keeping with the easy narrative and quiet irony of the other parts of the novel.

Just as Pepe and his aunt come to an open rupture, a brigade of troops arrives in the town, for the whole province is known by the Government to be on the verge of revolt. According to their custom in hot weather, they have marched on the town by night, and the sound of their screaming trumpets has broken in on the last stolen meeting of the lovers. Their arrival is very welcome to Rey, who has many friends in their ranks, and is already beginning to fear violence. Fortune aids him beyond his hopes, for one of his best friends, Lieutenant-Colonel Pinzon, is in the brigade, and is quartered in the house of Doña Perfecta. That lady is far from sharing his feelings. She and her friend the Canon are, in fact, actively engaged in preparing the coming outbreak, though carefully avoiding committing themselves in any way. Wishing to insult her nephew while it is still in her power, for he has not yet had time to leave the house, she sends Pinzon to his room, being unaware that they are acquainted. The result of this is that Pepe leaves behind him a skilful and daring correspondent. The fact of their friendship is kept concealed. Pinzon soon wins the good graces of Doña Perfecta, and not only contrives to pass letters to Rosario, but helps the lovers to meet. A plan is soon laid for an elopement, and is on the point of succeeding, when the interference of a hitherto subordinate personage brings about a catastrophe. This is Maria Remedios, the Canon's niece, and mother of Jacinto. This woman has but one object in life, and that is to secure a fortune for her son. Finding that her uncle has grown somewhat cold in the cause—for the first meetings of the lovers have been confessed, and he believes that they have been of a kind to make the marriage inevitable—Maria Remedios takes things into her own hands. By careful spying she has discovered that Pepe goes to the garden of his aunt's house at a certain hour of the night. Under the pretence of needing an escort, she persuades her reluctant uncle to ask one Cristobal Ramos, otherwise Caballuco, the hero of Orbajosa, to accompany her on an errand which she does not explain. The Canon suspects in his heart that she means mischief, but nothing explicit is said, and at his request Caballuco accompanies Maria. They follow Rey to the garden wall, and see him enter. Caballuco enters after him, while his companion alarms the house, just as Doña Perfecta, having accidentally found her daughter dressed at past midnight, has extorted from her a confession of her intended flight. She calls out to Caballuco to kill, and he obeys her. Rey defends himself, but the goodness of his cause does not compensate him for his opponent's skill, and he is shot on the spot. His death is fatal to Rosario's reason, and, while poetical justice is dealt to some of the offenders, the novel ends with a gloom befitting the time in which it is laid.

It will be seen that the story is of a sufficiently melodramatic character; but it is not on that account less true to the realities of Spanish life in troubled times. The characters are drawn with equal vigour and fidelity to nature. Doña Perfecta and Don Inocencio are types of a class of people very common in the Peninsula, and their portraits as given by Señor Galdós have excited great indignation among readers and writers of Trueba's school. They are guilty of duplicity and violence, not in spite but because of their religion and their blind local patriotism. The same may be said of Caballuco, with his mixture of real courage and equally real brutality; his belief that Orbajosa is the centre of the universe, and the perverted chivalry which makes him believe that he, Caballuco, as the son and grandson of *guerrilleros*, is bound in honour and conscience to form a "faccion" and take to the hills whenever there is trouble abroad. Don Cayetano Polentinos, with his great work on the family histories of Orbajosa, is a specimen of the scholars who, amid general neglect, still keep the torch of learning burning in a fitful way in the Peninsula. The other minor characters, such as Tio Licurgo the peasant, are drawn in a way which will do more to enlighten a foreign reader as to Spanish life and character than all the books of travel which have been written since the days of Aarsens de Tommelsdyck.

The translation of "D. P. W." is, however, very little adapted to enable the English reader to appreciate the merits of the original. Such sentences as this, "But here the solidity of material was wanting to person," would seem to show that he is somewhat deficient in a knowledge of the language into which he is translating. His knowledge of Spanish may be judged from the fact that he has translated the common word *apiñado* by "pine-clad," jumping probably to the conclusion that it was formed from *pino*, a pine; whereas, if he had opened Neumann and Baretti, he would have found that it is formed from *piña*, a cone, and means conical. Similar examples of mistranslation may be found in well nigh every page. For the rest, he would seem to have gone on the two following principles—first, that when you come to two adjectives differing by delicate shades of meaning, or to a proverb or idiom difficult to render, it is well to leave them out; secondly, that, as Spanish is a Romance tongue, the proper way to render it into English is to select longest and the most pompous words from the Latin which can be picked out of the dictionary. The reader who will picture to himself *La petite Fadette* subjected to this process will have formed an accurate idea of how D. P. W. has handled *Doña Perfecta*.

EDKINS ON CHINESE BUDDHISM.*

DR. EDKINS puts forth a powerful justification for the appearance of a work on Chinese Buddhism when he shows that the followers of Buddha far outnumber those of any other sect in the world; that of the entire number China contributes a large proportion; and, further, that Buddhist thought has largely infected the national literature. The extraordinary success of Buddhism in China forms a curious chapter in the history of religions; but it is readily susceptible of explanation if the condition of the public mind at the time of its introduction be remembered. At that period the doctrines of Confucius were supreme. Men were taught to concern themselves only with the performance of their social and political duties, and to eschew all considerations of a future state as being unprofitable, because incapable of proof, and as being productive only of superstitious follies. To the philosophical few these limits to thought were sufficiently wide; but the superstitious many failed to find the relief they wanted in such a purely secular system. The evils of life and the certainty of death were ever present calamities for which to the uneducated the teachings of Confucius brought no alleviation. Already men had eagerly caught up the debased system of Taoism, which was then in vogue, and their busy search after the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life showed how keenly they desired to find palliatives for the miseries of poverty and death. To all such Buddhism appealed, and not in vain. It did not profess to conquer death; but it invested the grave with a halo of spiritual glory as the entrance to eternal peace and rest. It held out no direct promises of wealth, but it taught that every act of worship, every charitable deed done, and every invocation of a Buddha, carried with them sure and certain rewards in this life. To the unhappy, the weakly, and the poverty-stricken, the monasteries also offered asylum and relief. Thus Buddhism supplied an existing want; and, in obedience to the inevitable law of supply and demand, it gained a great and rapid success.

We are told that in consequence of a dream the Emperor Ming-ti sent messengers to India to seek for Buddhist books and teachers. After an absence of six years the envoys returned, accompanied by several priests from Central India, who brought with them a number of Sutras, which were subsequently translated into Chinese. From this beginning the religion spread rapidly throughout the Empire, until towards the end of the fourth century "nine-tenths of the common people followed the faith of the great Indian sage." Meanwhile a constant supply of priests were imported into the country, who established monasteries and devoted themselves with extraordinary industry to the translation of their sacred books. One of the most celebrated of these immigrants was Kumarajiva, who was appointed by the reigning Emperor (A.D. 405) to revise the translations already made. With the diligence of his class he set to work, and, with the help of the native priests who were nominated to assist him, he completed more than three hundred volumes. But no less remarkable than the quantity was the quality of these translations. Through all subsequent ages they have formed a favourite study of Confucian scholars, who have taken as much pleasure in the purity of their literary style as in the philosophical ideas which they contain.

Shortly before the arrival of Kumarajiva, the celebrated Chinese priest Fa-hien, inspired by religious zeal, determined to make a pilgrimage to the holy land of his faith; and the record of his travels, which he subsequently published under the title of *Fuh kwo ki*, or "Account of Buddhist Countries," is the oldest and most valuable Chinese book of early travels in India and Central Asia which we possess. Its contents have been rendered accessible to English readers through the medium of Mr. Beal's translation. In its pages Fa-hien "describes the flourishing condition of Buddhism in the Steppes of Tartary, among the Ouighurs and the tribes residing west of the Caspian Sea, in Afghanistan, where the language and customs of Central India then prevailed, and the other lands watered by the Indus and its tributary rivers, in Central India and in Ceylon. Going back by sea from Ceylon, he reached Chang-an in the year 414, after fifteen years' absence."

It must not be supposed from what has been said that Buddhism

* *Chinese Buddhism: a Volume of Sketches, Historical, Descriptive, and Critical.* By Rev. Joseph Edkins, D.D. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

was allowed to gain its sway over the people without vigorous protests from the Confucianists and Taoists. Again and again these enemies of the "foreign religion," as they called Buddhism, denounced it and its followers as dangerous to the stability of the State and to the morals of the people, and not unfrequently they succeeded in raising persecutions both against the native converts and their Indian instructors. But the hold which the teachings of Buddha acquired in the minds of the people rendered them proof against all attacks, and at the present day it is not an uncommon thing to find even professing Confucianists who would scout the idea of being considered Buddhists conforming to Buddhist rites. This last fact illustrates a curious power of the collective Chinese mind. Foreign systems, whether of religion or science, are readily accepted by the Chinese so long as they do not run counter to their preconceived notions, and in any system which may be presented to them they assimilate with ease those portions of it which are not antagonistic to their own views, and discard with indifference all that is heretical. Thus we find that at a comparatively early date Buddhism in China lost many of its distinctive features, and approached in many things to the teachings of Confucius. The doctrine enunciated by Bodhidharma, the great Indian patriarch of Chinese Buddhism, that "human nature in itself is sufficient for its own wants: all that is needed is to avoid both vice and virtue; he that can do this is a religious man," is more Confucian than Buddhist. On the other hand, as Dr. Edkins remarks:—

> When the rich (*i.e.* Confucianists) die in Peking, priests are invited to read liturgies for three days in their houses. Eight men are sent. . . . They read for about six hours each day, with a particular intonation, which is determined by a certain musical notation. . . . . They take with them candlesticks, a picture of Buddha, and the wooden fish. . . . Their object is by prayers to liberate as early as possible the soul of the dead from misery.

A practical illustration of this communism of rites is furnished by the temples of the three religions—Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism—in any one of which there may frequently be found deities of all three cults seated side by side.

The constant references in Buddhist records to the importation of Sanskrit manuscripts into China suggests the question which has lately been discussed, whether any are to be found at the present day. We know that, during the Sung dynasty (A.D. 965), one priest brought with him into China forty volumes of Sanskrit manuscripts written on palm leaves. It is certain, also, that the originals of all the works translated into Chinese must have been brought into the country, and yet Dr. Edkins has only been able to discover one manuscript, and that at Tien-t'ai in Southern China. Books have many enemies in China. Fire, war, insects, and the carelessness of man are accountable for a vast amount of destruction; but it is impossible to suppose that even these should have destroyed all but one manuscript. And the probability is that just as Japan, which was supposed to have been equally denuded of originals, has lately produced several manuscripts and inscriptions in the Sanskrit character, so we may expect to find in Chinese temples and monasteries records of the same nature. Even among the Chinese themselves there has at times existed a desire to preserve a knowledge of Sanskrit, and we are told that Jin-tsung, an emperor of the Sung dynasty, appointed fifty youths to study the language. Dr. Edkins speaks, and speaks with authority, of the value of the Buddhist transcriptions of Chinese words as guides to the pronunciation of Chinese at that date; but these transcriptions have an additional value in the support they give to the theory that Chinese was not always a monosyllabic language, and prove in some instances that the Indian priests adopted or invented characters to represent by their component parts words of more than one syllable. As an example, we may quote the character *Chuh*, which occurs in the appellation of the priest who is commonly called Chuh-fa-lan, and in the common name for India, *T'ien-chuh*. An analysis of this character shows that it is composed of the two parts *Shang* and *Chuh*, which were anciently read Shindu, the equivalent of Hindu; and the priest referred to should therefore be described as the Hindu Falan, and India as the Heavenly or Sacred Hindu. The constant recurrence of this character before the name of Indian priests—as, for instance, in the names Chuh Fuhsoh, Chuh Leuhyen, Chuh Tanwulan, Chuh Shuhlan, and others—and the fact that it is sometimes preceded by the character *Si*, the west or western, as well as by *T'ien*, heavenly, are evidences that it is in such cases to be read as a word by itself, and not as a syllable forming part of a word. Our knowledge of the phonetic writing of ancient Chinese is yet in its infancy, and the Chinese etymologists are powerless to help us; but strong evidence is to be produced that Chinese was not a monosyllabic language, and there is nothing but its present degenerate condition to prove the contrary.

It is impossible within our limits even to mention the various subjects connected with Buddhism with which Dr. Edkins deals. The title of the work inadequately represents the range of its contents. The first five chapters are devoted to a history of the life of Buddha, and an account of the Patriarchs of the Northern Buddhists; and among the final chapters we find one on the popular superstition known as *Fung shui*, which has scarcely more to do with Buddhism than with Christianity, and another on the *Wu wei kiaou*, or Do-nothing sect, which can only by compliment be called an offshoot from Buddhism. The fact is, this volume is for the most part made up of a collection of scattered writings, some of which were penned, as Dr. Edkins tells us in his preface, nearly twenty-five years ago. If we were inclined to carp, it is of this we should complain. There is scarcely anything new in the book. All students of Chinese Buddhism are grateful to Dr. Edkins for the zeal and ability he displayed in elucidating the mysteries of that phase of the religion when as yet very little was known about them. But he seems to have forgotten that of late years much new light has been thrown on the subject both from India and China. Dr. Eitel and Mr. Watters are the only modern authorities on the subject whom he appears, from his preface, to have consulted. In a chapter at the end of the work in which he gives a list of the "Books and papers that may be consulted for the study of Chinese Buddhism," he mentions the writings of Paladius and of Professor Beal among others, but he has learnt nothing from them. He has been content to reproduce, after revision, papers of a bygone date, and has chosen to ignore the results arrived at by later scholars. We do not say that modern research has materially impaired the value of Dr. Edkins's writings, but the public expects that a work on such a subject published in 1880 should be something more than a recital of papers which have been before the world for twenty years. Another objection which attaches to this style of compilation is the patchy effect produced. There is no consecutive train of thought leading on from one chapter to the next. The student is treated to a number of isolated essays on a subject requiring carefully worked out and logical treatment, and is left to make the most he can of them.

MANLEY'S NOTES ON GAME AND GAME SHOOTING.*

BOOKS on field sports have become so frequent of late years that we are inclined to regard with distrust any fresh contributions to the subject. It seems impossible that the writer should have much that is original to say, and it is improbable, as we have learned by melancholy experience, that he should be gifted with those very exceptional powers which have the art of rendering compilations agreeable. We do not assert that Mr. Manley has achieved the impossible, or that he has told us much that is positively new. But he has unquestionably succeeded in writing a pleasant little volume, with hints which novices may well lay to heart, and which will be neither unprofitable nor unpleasant to veterans. He need hardly have taken the pains to disclaim in his preface the intention of writing "an exhaustive treatise on the science and practice of shooting." As he goes on to observe, "the small size of the volume precludes such an ambitious idea." But he has given us, as he professes to give, a succession of somewhat discursive chapters, which nevertheless do satisfactory justice to the animals which he has singled out for their subjects. Mr. Manley is undoubtedly a good sportsman. That is to say, he delights in legitimate sport of all kinds, and objects strongly to new-fangled abuses. Like many of us, he would gladly, were it only possible, go back to the old-fashioned ways of our fathers. But the grubbing of hedgerows, and the straightening of fences, with the general progress in scientific cultivation, have wrought changes in many respects to which we must reconcile ourselves. For instance, it is comparatively seldom nowadays that we find the wild pheasant shooting which he describes with much spirit and unction; when you could turn a brace of steady old setters, or a couple of well-broken Clumber or Sussex spaniels, into the small copses and spinnies and the roots of the overgrown hedges, and with a gun on either side, and another sent ahead, congratulate yourself at the close of a well-spent day on the mixed bag in which pheasants predominated. Then men and dogs were continually on the alert, and each separate shot gave legitimate satisfaction. Should the shot chance to be an easy one, the luck was yours. Should the bird rise with a rush and rustle that somewhat fluttered you, and then take his flight through the branches of the hedgerow timber, astutely screening his body behind the trunks of the trees, when you did succeed in bringing him to grass, you saw him picked up with double pleasure. The dogs, who did their backing to the signalling of your hand, behaved with the chastened intelligence of Christians; and, moreover, that rough-and-ready shooting was a lottery, in which there was an exciting variety of prizes. The scramble of the dogs if they were hunting silent, or their cheery voices if they were in the habit of giving tongue, might mean hare or rabbit, pheasant or partridge, with the off-chance of an early outlying woodcock. And it was a kind of sport in which you might indulge yourself day after day. But now, with the system of over-preserving for battues, all that has been changed, and changed for the worse. The titled magnate or the broad-acred squire awaits his big shooting days under an anxious sense of responsibility. He has sacrificed much and spent his money in the hope of bringing off the "great event"; and while he is preparing everything for the eventful days, the enjoyment of his own covers is tabooed to him. When he takes a quiet stroll in the woods, he risks disturbing the pheasants; while, should he be accompanied in his walks by a favourite dog, it is positive sacrilege in the eyes of his head-keeper. And it is with some plausible show of right that the man becomes the master; for he is held responsible for the quantity of game that may be killed, and the "tips" that fluctuate with the results of the sport are tacitly recognized as the perquisites of his engagement.

* *Notes on Game and Game Shooting: Miscellaneous Observations on Birds and Animals, and the Sport which they afford for the Gun in Great Britain.* By J. J. Manley, M.A. London: The "Bazaar" Office. 1880.

We have translated into language of our own a grievance to which Mr. Manley repeatedly refers, because, in sympathy with the interests of the great body of sportsmen, we feel strongly on the subject. Had it not been for the abuses of excessive preserving, we should have been spared many misunderstandings between landlords and tenants; and probably we should have heard nothing, as yet at least, of the ill-considered measure which the Home Secretary has been "rushing" through Parliament. But Mr. Manley has written his volume, in the main, for quiet-going sportsmen of modest pretensions, who are content with such moderate shooting as ordinarily falls to one's lot. Each chapter is devoted, as we have said, to some distinct species of game—its habits, its merits on the table, and the best methods of circumventing it—beginning with the capercaillie and concluding with the snipe. And he writes with abundance of local knowledge, while, so far as our own experience goes, we have never detected him tripping in details. He appears to have made his first essays at shooting in Devonshire; but he is apparently as much at home on the Grampian Hills and the Perthshire moors as in the stubbles of Norfolk or the market-gardens of Essex. Of these last as haunts of game, by the way, he gives a very flattering report; he tells us that he has had as good partridge shooting as he could desire among vegetable beds within ten miles of St. Paul's; while hares in particular have an especial affection for the succulent cover afforded by parsnips. It is a "far cry" from Essex to Loch Awe, to parody an old proverb of the Campbells; and it is in the great pine forests appertaining to the Breadalbane branch of the clan that the capercaillie have been so successfully fostered of late years. We are told that already their range has extended so far as to lie roughly between Loch Lomond on the south and the North Esk river in Kincardineshire. We certainly were not aware that they had spread so far to the northward. But, noble birds as they are, and magnificently as they figure in a bag, there is a wide difference of opinion among Scotch lairds as to whether the country has gained by acclimatizing them. It is urged with great appearance of reason, that they do immense damage to the fir plantations by feeding on the buds and tender shoots. But Mr. Manley agrees with Mr. Harvie-Brown, who has written an interesting volume on the capercaillie, in which he defends them from the charges brought against them. In any case, and whatever may be the divergences of opinion, we may be sure that the capercaillie will increase and multiply as long as they are protected by proprietors who own great tracts of woodland. For, easy as is the mark they seem to offer, no game bird has a better notion of taking care of itself; and, like the pheasant or the woodcock, when they rise they instinctively try to interpose a screen of boughs between their bodies and the breechloaders. Mr. Manley is quite right when he asserts that comparatively few are killed in the course of the beats; and that the surest way of getting the better of their wariness is to send guns forward to station themselves in ambush. From the pine-forests affected by the capercaillie to the mountain summits where you find the ptarmigan and the "blue" hare, is comparatively but a step; and Mr. Manley gives a lively picture of a day's hare-driving. For the scene was on the hills above Loch Rannoch, where each summit commands a magnificent view of the sombre expanse of pines which we may call the capercaillie country. That is to say, the views would be magnificent were the weather propitious; but on the occasion of this particular *chasse*, as is too frequently the case, the party started in faith rather than hope. It was sanguinely asserted that the weather was "clearing up"; but so dense were the clouds and so dripping the atmosphere, that even the hardy Rannoch men engaged to do the driving, born "children of the mist" as they are, were found cowering under the shelter of a convenient knoll. As the arrangements had been made, the programme was carried out, though under circumstances that were disagreeable and even dangerous. Of course the chances of accident are indefinitely increased when the guns are to be stationed in the folds of a fog. The shooting, moreover, is seriously interfered with when, in place of a fair sight of the victims, you can but dimly discern phantom forms magnified or distorted by wreaths of mist that upset all calculations as to distance. This, however, ought hardly to be matter of complaint, inasmuch as it gives a better chance to the hares, which in ordinary circumstances present easy sitting shots that turn the battue into simple butchery. On this particular occasion Mr. Manley thus describes the situation:—

> Presently a gun is fired and then another, sounding for all the world like fog-signals. Then there is a decided opening in the rolling layers of fog, and I see a pair of ears—another—another. . . . I reload and fire, fire and reload, and when the mist closes in again I know that there must be a dozen prostrate enemies somewhere around me.

The upshot of the day's work for five guns was 414 hares, a highly satisfactory total in the unfavourable circumstances, though by no means out of the way. For these hill-hares, when left undisturbed except by the eagles and foxes which are their natural enemies, breed and multiply like rabbits, until the upper stretches of the grouse moors become absolutely tainted by them, as many a grouse-shooter has learned to his cost.

Speaking of the fecundity of hares, Mr. Manley places that of the low-country species in what will be a new light to many people. It is true that the hare has generally but two young ones at a birth, and seldom, if ever, more than three. But then she may have five or six litters in the course of the season, and occasionally "two sets of baby hares may be maturing for birth at the same time in one doe." Considering the probable results of recent legislation on the subject of ground game, it may be some slight consolation to know that hares like rabbits are marvellously prolific. We cannot attempt to do more than refer to the numerous useful practical hints that Mr. Manley offers to his youthful sportsman. But in relation to hares, which are "muffed" far too often, it will be well to remark the good old rule which he records, and which has by no means gone out of date, improvements in firearms notwithstanding. Aim "at the tips of the ears of a hare, or where they would be if they were pricked, when the hare is running in nearly a straight line away from the gun, and if it is crossing, aim well in advance." With which useful word of counsel we bring to a conclusion our remarks on a book in which, parodying the Scotchman's criticism on the sheep's head, we may say there is a great deal of fine confused reading to be found. We may add, by the way, *à propos* of the Scotch delicacy, that some of the gastronomical observations and suggestions are far from being undeserving the attention of the epicure.

MARSDEN ON COLLISIONS AT SEA.*

BY way of impressing his readers with the importance of his subject, Mr. Marsden states in the preface to this book that in the year 1878 about 15 per cent. of the steamships and 3·6 of the sailing vessels of the world suffered loss from collision, while in the Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice in this country alone, within the twelvemonth ending October 31, 1878, actions were instituted in which sums amounting to very nearly a million sterling were claimed as damages for collisions. The same year witnessed many collisions disastrous to life, including that between the *Bywell Castle* and the *Princess Alice*, and that between the *Grosser Kurfürst* and the *König Wilhelm*. Add to the above data that a new Code of International Regulations for the Prevention of Collisions at Sea comes into force on September 1 next, and it will be seen that Mr. Marsden has not only chosen an important topic to write about, but has also been happy in his selection of the time at which to write about it. It only remains for us to see how he has accomplished his task.

Mr. Marsden opens by enumerating the four graver classes into which collisions at sea obviously fall—first, collisions where no blame is attributable to either party, the misfortune being occasioned by a storm or other *vis major*; secondly, where both parties are to blame for want of care or skill; thirdly, where the suffering party is alone in fault; fourthly, where the running-down vessel is the sole offender. So far as the liability for damages is concerned, it is only the second of these classes which calls for special notice, the absence or incidence of any liability in the other three being such as would naturally suggest itself. Where both ships are in fault, and both are injured, the law, Common as well as Admiralty, does not debar either from recovering, as in ordinary cases of contributory negligence, nor does it seek to apportion the loss according to the measure of fault attributable to each vessel. It metes out a sort of rough-and-ready remedy, not always strictly consonant with the justice of the case, by making each of the vessels pay half the loss of the other. Thus, as Mr. Marsden says at p. 2, "If the loss on A. is 1,000*l*., and that on B. is 2,000*l*., A. can recover 500*l*. against B., and B. can recover 1,000*l*. against A." The rule is, however, strictly limited to fault conducing to the collision, and does not include any negligence by which, though the collision was not brought about, its evil effects were enhanced. An apparent, though not an actual, exception is imported into the above rules by the salutary enactment of 1875, which provides that in all cases of collision each vessel shall stand by the other until it is ascertained that she has no need of further assistance, and that any vessel failing to do so shall, in the absence of proof to the contrary, be deemed to be solely in fault for the collision. Reflection will show that this regulation does not really interfere with the above-mentioned classification; but merely, in the interests of expediency and by means of a somewhat arbitrary legal fiction, assigns in certain circumstances collisions to a class to which they do not naturally belong. A similar consequence attaches to infringement of any of the regulations for the prevention of collisions, and is explicable on the same grounds. The rule as to equal division of loss would appear to be recognized only in the English and American courts; and an interesting account of its rise and history, and also of the views entertained by foreign courts, is to be found in a note appended to Chapter I. of Mr. Marsden's book.

Mr. Marsden wisely does not endeavour to give any general rules as to what constitutes negligence entitling the other party to recover, as distinguished from inevitable accident. As he truly says, "What degree of fault entitles the plaintiff to recover it is difficult or impossible to define. Apart from the particular circumstances of each case, the question does not admit of an answer." The nearest approach to a definition is that which he quotes from Dr. Lushington:—"We are not to expect extraordinary skill or extraordinary diligence, but that degree of skill and that degree of diligence which is generally to be found in persons who discharge their duty." In noticing at p. 20 the fact that, in the absence of special provisions in a bill of lading or otherwise, a shipowner is liable as an insurer for damage to goods

* *A Treatise on the Law of Collisions at Sea.* By Reginald G. Marsden, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons. 1880.

consigned to him for carriage, without proof of negligence, Mr. Marsden falls into the common but not the less egregious error of classing passengers along with goods for this purpose. "Proof of negligence," he says, "is not always necessary to enable the owner of cargo, or a passenger, to recover against the carrier. The shipowner's liability as carrier, apart from the express stipulations of the contract of affreightment is that of insurer, except as against the Queen's enemies and the act of God." And, again:—"In the absence of a special contract restricting his liability it seems that the shipowner is liable for loss or injury to the owner of cargo or passengers on board his ship, in the case of collision, whether his ship is in fault or not." Now, though this is true so far as regards cargo, it is absolutely untrue with regard to passengers, and Mr. Marsden ought to know that it is so. Carriers, whether by land or sea, are in no wise insurers of their passengers, and are only responsible for injury sustained by them during transit on clear proof of negligence. A curious question with regard to the rights of passengers is raised by the doubt expressed in p. 47 as to "whether a person on board a ship which is herself in fault can recover at common law" against the owners of another ship likewise in fault for injuries received in a collision. The doubt of course arises from analogy to the doctrine which has in some cases attributed to passengers in a carriage negligence on the part of the driver which has contributed to an accident; but it is going rather far to identify any one of the hundreds of passengers on board an ocean steamer with the captain or crew, over whom he cannot have the slightest control. This is the view adopted by Mr. Marsden, and he further adds that in the Admiralty Division this point would unquestionably be decided in favour of the passenger.

"Inevitable accident" admits of more distinct definition than negligence, and Mr. Marsden gives several authoritative definitions, and adds a goodly list of instances illustrative of the principles which guide the courts in cases of accidents alleged to have been inevitable. In defining "acts of God," one type of inevitable accident, Mr. Marsden refers to the well-known case of Nugent *v.* Smith, i. C. P. D. 19; but we notice that he omits to mention that this decision was reversed on appeal (see p. 423 of the same volume of reports).

Where a liability accrues for negligent damage either to ship, cargo, life, or limb, such liability is, by a principle recognized only in marine law and embodied in comparatively recent statutes, limited, in the absence of actual fault or privity on the part of the owner or master, to a maximum of 15*l.* per ton of the registered tonnage of the offending vessel, where there is loss of life or personal injury, and 8*l.* per ton where the damage is confined to ship and cargo. In a valuable note, beginning at p. 73, Mr. Marsden deals with the history of this limitation, and contrasts the English law on this point with that of other countries.

One of the main difficulties of the law of collisions is that cases of collision frequently come before the English courts other than those where both vessels are English, or where the collision takes place within the acknowledged territorial waters of this country; and it is not at first sight very clear on what principle our courts exercise jurisdiction over such cases. In the first place, actions for collision are said to be *communis juris*, and the Admiralty Court has never refused to entertain an action because the owners of both ships are foreigners, or because the collision did not occur within British jurisdiction. A foreign shipowner, however, whose ship is in fault for a collision with a British vessel, is not probably over anxious to appear in an English court, and unless he can be personally served with process within the jurisdiction, or his ship found within three miles of our coasts and detained by virtue of what are known as "proceedings *in rem*," our courts have no power to make him amenable to their jurisdiction. If, however, a foreigner is once before them as defendant, by reason of either of these methods of compulsion, or voluntarily as a plaintiff, our courts, somewhat in contravention of the accepted doctrines as to jurisdiction and remedies, apply to his case many of our exclusively municipal enactments—such, for instance, as the limitation of liability, the presumption of fault for not standing by, before referred to, and so forth. It is only where the collision has occurred actually within the territorial waters of a foreign State that we take into consideration the counteracting effect of the laws of that State, should they differ from our own. The well-nigh universal adoption of the regulations before mentioned for preventing collisions has, however, done much to assimilate the maritime law of various nations, and to render innocuous this apparent assumption of jurisdiction. We have above referred to the detention of a foreign vessel when found within British jurisdiction, as a means of compelling her owner to answer for his misconduct in an English court. Exemption from such detention has always been accorded to foreign vessels of war; but recently questions have arisen as to how far vessels belonging to foreign sovereigns and possessing many of the attributes of ships of war, but at the time when it is sought to detain them actually engaged in trade, are entitled to claim such exemption. The cases of the *Charkieh* and the *Parlement Belge* are the standard authorities on this point, the latter having been so recently decided on appeal that Mr. Marsden is compelled to insert his notice of it in the addenda to his work. The whole question as to criminal liability for collision causing death or injury, both where the wrongdoer is a British subject, and where both he and his ship are foreign, was exhaustively discussed and elaborately decided in the well-known *Franconia* case, summarized by Mr. Marsden at p. 99. The judgment in that case having recognized the insufficiency of our municipal law to deal criminally with a foreigner in command of a foreign vessel who by the negligent navigation of that vessel caused the death of a British subject below low-water mark, but within three miles of the English coast, a statute was passed in 1877 to supply as far as might be that deficiency by conferring sufficient jurisdiction upon the English courts. It has, however, been, and is, a vexed question how far the British Legislature can create a right at variance with the claims of other States. Mr. Marsden only notices this statute in passing, and perhaps, as he is not writing upon international law, he is right in not entering upon the discussion, but we should like to have had his opinion on the point.

Chapter V. of Mr. Marsden's book deals with the question of compulsory pilotage, the equitable rule which exonerates the owners of a ship from liability for damage occasioned by their vessel while under the exclusive control of an authorized pilot to whom, by local regulations, they are compelled to entrust her for the time being; and the author gives a useful list of the districts within which such official pilotage is required.

With Chapter VI. begins Mr. Marsden's able commentary on the new International Sailing Regulations of 1880. Each regulation is set out verbatim, compared with the older ones still in force until next September, and illustrated by decided cases bearing on the directions contained in such regulation. We forbear criticizing this part of the work in detail, the regulations being of a purely technical character. Suffice it to say that the regulations appear admirably adapted to the attainment of their object—the lessening the risk of collision; and that Mr. Marsden's commentary will be most useful in assisting any person whose business it may be to determine which of two vessels in collision is to blame by reason of disregard of such regulations. The new rules follow pretty closely the lines of the old ones, the most noticeable of the new regulations being that which compels sailing vessels as well as steamers to moderate their speed in fog or snow, a new rule superseding the old port-helm direction for vessels meeting end-on, and a code of whistle-signals for steamships. In treating of the old rule as to the precautions to be observed by steamers in fog, Mr. Marsden refers to what we cannot but regard as a very hard case—namely, that of the *Lancashire*, a Liverpool and Birkenhead ferry-steamer, which was held in fault for a collision with another vessel occasioned by a dense fog, on the ground that she had no right to be under way at all in such weather. Considering the nature and importance of regular traffic between Birkenhead and Liverpool, this decision strikes us as going rather too far, and we are more inclined to agree with the American decisions, which hold that ferry-boats are not bound to stop running in fog, however dense, and that other vessels are required to know the usual track of ferry-boats and take precautions accordingly.

Mr. Marsden hardly deals at all with the subject of the inquiries directed by the Board of Trade with the view of suspending the certificates of captains or other officers who may be shown to have been in fault for collision or other accident at sea. As such inquiries, however, are not very frequent, and as the same rules respecting negligence, sailing regulations, and so forth, apply before the Wreck Commissioner as in the Admiralty Division or the Common Law Courts, the matter does not seem to call for special treatment. The omission of this and other subjects which might be supposed to be cognate to Mr. Marsden's selected topic has enabled him to keep his book within the limits of a convenient volume, and to distribute his remarks under few and clearly-defined heads, a great object where a book is intended for ready reference in cases of doubt either at sea or in the law courts.

LORD BRACKENBURY.*

THE faults in Miss Amelia Edwards's novel are neither few nor small, and yet it is a story that can be read with not a little interest. At all events it is one of those books that can be skimmed easily, and skimmed with pleasure. It abounds in descriptions, but these the reader can pass over or not, just as they may suit his time and taste. We are willing to allow that now and then she describes a scene or a place with a good deal of power. On the other hand, she is too often very prolix in this part of her writing, and somewhat dull. If we are not mistaken, *Lord Brackenbury* first appeared in the columns of an illustrated paper. We could almost imagine that the minute description that Miss Edwards gives of an old mansion, for instance, was written as a kind of comment on some picture that an artist had previously prepared. It is not easy on any other supposition to see why she should have gone into such an elaboration of details. It is an undoubted fact that authors at times illustrate artists, just as artists illustrate authors. We remember once meeting with an unhappy writer who had been supplied by a publisher with a hundred engravings—the plates of course were somewhat worn—for which he was to write just as many short tales. On the other hand, Miss Edwards may have a real pleasure in these highly-wrought and minute descriptions which seem at the present day to be in great favour with the public. Happily for the author, they are the easiest of all kinds of writing, and can be spun off as if they were so much cotton twist. Once easy writing was pronounced to be "desperately

* *Lord Brackenbury.* A Novel. By Amelia B. Edwards, Author of "Barbara's History," "Debenham's Vow," &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1880.

hard reading," but a happier time has come, and the novelist at all events is spared the trouble of thinking.

We will do Miss Edwards the justice to admit that in her descriptions she does not very often come up to the ordinary standard of silliness. Our novelists, as we have again and again had to point out, have for the most part long ago parted company with sense, and now bestow on their readers nothing but sound. She finds it, no doubt, needful to comply to a certain extent with the prevailing fashion, but happily she does not go beyond it. She writes picturesque nonsense from time to time, to prove that she is not altogether ignorant of the usages of society, but then she refreshes herself with fairly long stretches of sense. Every writer, she is well aware, if he wishes to establish a reputation, must prove that he can practise "word-painting." When once he has proved this to the satisfaction of the reader, he is not bound to be constantly exercising the art. Certainly, moderate though she is in the use of this particular kind of style, she shows that she could, if she chose, even rival the greatest masters of the art. Her descriptions of nature are especially fine, and her words are now and then uncommonly big. There is, moreover, in them a mixture of scientific terms which adds greatly to the effect. For instance, in the first book, when search is being made for a missing nobleman who was supposed to have been murdered, the heavens above are thus made to show their respect for the British peerage:—"A pageant of massy cumuli swept solemnly and swiftly overhead; and the depths of space between were powdered with keen stars." Later on in the same volume we come to another piece of writing which, like the one we have just quoted, reminds us equally of very minor poetry and of the weather-report in the newspapers. We read of "a dappled wedge of plumy cirro-stratus slanting athwart the sky like a vast wing, each purple feather tipped with crimson." Let Miss Edwards turn to her dictionary, and finding, as she will, that *cirrus* is a curl, explain what she means by a wedge of plumy curls that is like a vast wing. She rises perhaps to her greatest heights when her story leads her to the shores of the Mediterranean. She describes the green water of the Adriatic as scintillating at every stroke of the oar. What, we may ask, have the good old-fashioned words *spark* and *sparkle* done that they are getting turned out of the English language? There is not a novelist who will have anything to do with them. We hear of scintillating waters and scintillating stars. Passing on with the boat through the scintillations, we come, in the next page, to the opalescent domes of Venice, and "the mighty arch of the Rialto all iridiscent (*sic*) with reflected light." Now there is certainly one risk—and not a slight one either—in this use of big words. They are uncommonly hard to spell. It is possible to pass very comfortably through life, and even to write books, without so much as once using the word *iridescent*. If, however, we require it as one of the colours, as it were, in a piece of word-painting, it would be wiser only to employ it when we have a dictionary conveniently at hand. In like manner *heterogeneous* is a word that has much to be said in its praise. It is six syllables long, and it is derived from the Greek. Moreover, it is not supposed to convey any very exact meaning to the ordinary reader. But then, if it is to be used, let it not be shorn of its proportions, and written, as Miss Edwards in one place writes it, *heterogenous*. We would almost as soon see the Lord Mayor go in procession to Westminster in a coach and five instead of a coach and six. We have nothing to object, so far as the spelling goes, to such expressions as "his ultimate half-crown," for "his last half-crown," "a Maelström of millinery," "a dish of languid cutlets," and "a faint indefinite something that resolved itself into the measured beat of galloping hoofs." *Inaugurate* has so hopelessly come down in the world that it would not be fair to exclaim, when the author, in describing a Christmas party in Germany, says that the business of the evening was inaugurated with beer. However, we have some right to protest when she blunders in the displays of her learning. We have noticed that of late our lady novelists never miss a chance of showing both how much they know and how much their readers do not know. Their allusions—they never do more than allude—could scarcely be followed even by the proof-corrector of the latest edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The breathless reader is hurried through all time and all space, and is pelted with facts much as people are pelted in carnival time. In the shame that we feel at our ignorance and idleness when we compare the vast range of Miss Edwards's knowledge and the extent of her reading with our own, we are somewhat comforted to find that she is not infallible. She quotes Latin, or, at all events, she makes a venerable lawyer quote it. "Solviter (*sic*) ambulando, as we say in the classics." She would seem to have a familiar acquaintance with a whole library of authors, yet she writes of "Ben Johnson's (*sic*) verses," and "Johanna (*sic*) Baillie." We cannot but doubt whether she knows what kind of books it was that Joanna Baillie wrote. She says, "While other girls of her age were reading Miss Edgeworth and Johanna Baillie, Winifred Savage was deep in *Macbeth* and *King Lear*." Certainly it is very strange thus to couple her with Miss Edgeworth, and to make her commonly read by young girls some five-and-twenty years ago. In geography and in the knowledge of foreign lands, as well as in literature, Miss Edwards makes a brave show. Yet here, too, she shows that she was educated in an age when as yet girls were not prepared for University examinations. She is excusing herself for what she calls "a saltatory style of writing." She says that life is made up of intrusions. For instance, two ships have been known to meet in a foggy night precisely under the line of the equator—somewhat a rare occurrence, we should imagine. Then she passes on to rivers. "Two rivers," she says, "widely remote in their sources, converge as of set purpose, and meet to change the destinies of nations." It would seem, by the way, as if the nations and their destinies existed first, and that then the rivers met. But it is not even here that we raise a protest. At the sentence that follows we must, however, make a stand. "Other rivers, like the Tigris and Euphrates," she writes, "make for a common goal, run parallel for a while, and having sought each other in vain, diverge for ever." When we came to this passage, we dared not trust our memory. For more years than we like to own, we had never doubted that the Tigris and Euphrates met, and poured their waters together into the Persian Gulf. But Miss Edwards is a lady of almost universal learning, and we would not stake our memory against her authority. We got down our atlas. Supported by it we venture to assert that, at all events, two years ago these two rivers did not diverge for ever. There has, no doubt, since then been a great change in our Eastern policy; but, to the best of our belief, nobody is alarmed by any corresponding convulsion in nature.

We are leaving ourselves, however, too little space for a description of Miss Edwards's story. The plot is really contrived with much skill, and in the double hero and heroine, and the two-fold love-making, the reader is provided with a great deal of both exciting and "tender" reading. It might perhaps be objected that the disappearance of the first hero is so long that interest in him is almost lost. He is absent quite as long as Achilles, and by the slow reader runs almost an equal chance of being forgotten. When he does return to the stage it must be owned that he has lost none of his freshness by lapse of time, and that he is even more striking in his disguise of an Italian sailor than he had been when avowedly an English nobleman, the owner of a fine estate, and purchasing in one day thirty-one thousand pounds worth of diamonds. He at once falls in love with a poor girl in Verona, and falls in love with a rapidity and a vehemence which would have done credit to Romeo himself. By this time the author had made out of her other pair of lovers all that she possibly could, and had brought them to the very edge of matrimony and dulness. But with the long-lost lord and his Juliet the story starts off again as freshly as if love-making had never been known till their time. Then, too, there is an agreeable seasoning of villains—an Italian assassin, a wicked valet, who plays the part of a second "Sir Roger Tichborne," and a rascally attorney of the well-known stamp. These are in their turn relieved by a virtuous curate, a German pastor, and a highly respectable Italian wheelwright; while, lest humdrum virtue should become dull, the spice of a little society talk is thrown in. The good people all have their trials, but everything turns out for the best in the end. The only mistake is that the curtain falls on the long-lost nobleman in tears. As he was really a virtuous and a happy member of the aristocracy, it should surely have been drawn up once more, when we should have taken our last leave of him surrounded by his family all lost in admiration at his surprising magnanimity.

RUSKIN ON PROUT AND WILLIAM HUNT.*

MR. RUSKIN says incidentally in the course of these Notes that there are always twenty people who will do him a personal kindness for one who will take his advice about an important public object. This plaintive confession has given us more material for reflection than any other passage in these desultory, but very interesting and picturesque, Notes. It gives us, more distinctly than any of those more strenuous and passionate utterances to which we are by this time accustomed, a sense of the absolute hopelessness of our ever seeing Mr. Ruskin restored to his right mind about his own work, or even dimly conscious of his own true force and function. The twenty people are anxious to do him a kindness because in his earlier works he gave them so much genuine pleasure, instruction, and enlightenment; they are unwilling to take his advice about an important public object because they are tacitly or openly of opinion that one of the most delicate connoisseurs of art that have ever lived is also the most confused, short-sighted, and Utopian political economist that is, at all events, now alive and prominent. If Mr. Ruskin would only take the opinion, not of his enemies and critics, but of the twenty people who are anxious to do him a kindness, we should be saved a great deal of nonsense about iron girders, and Eastern policy, and the iniquity of public reservoirs, and should get in return winged words of eloquence about Luini and the sweet influences of the Lombard school. It was by writing of the latter order that Mr. Ruskin ascended the platform of which he now takes a false advantage to weary us with unscientific economy and blundering politics. However, we are now quite sure that he is incorrigible, and we must be content with hoping that he will do as little as possible to tear down the edifice of taste which he spent so many years in building up. He never was a really catholic critic. Even in his laudation of the great school of Venice there was an undercurrent of flightiness that should have prepared us for such later feats as his invectives against Michel Angelo, his abuse of

* *Notes by Mr. Ruskin on Samuel Prout and William Hunt; in Illustration of a Loan Collection of Drawings.* Illustrated with Twenty Autotypes. The Fine Art Society.

Walker's noble picture of "The Bathers," and his suspicion of all sculpture not directly Gothic. He never understood the dominance of the human figure in all really first-rate art, and still less, as Mr. Poyntor has shown, its supreme inherent beauty. But in his early books this and other peculiarities were kept well in the background, and were condoned by an extraordinary novelty and truth of statement in other directions. Of late the prejudices and oddities of his style have become predominant, and it is no longer safe to take his opinion in any of the more important regions of art.

There are still, however, byways and quiet backwaters of æsthetic criticism where Mr. Ruskin's judgment retains its old delicacy and propriety. The Notes before us deal with one of these little domains in which his authority is still unchallenged. It is long since Mr. Ruskin has written anything so enjoyable, so little marked by prejudice and eccentricity, as his short prefatory essay to this collection of the drawings of Samuel Prout and William Hunt. In water-colour studies of grapes and birds' nests, or in pencil drawings of Continental cathedrals, there is but little to awaken Mr. Ruskin's peculiar passion. "Cachez, cachez vos tabliers rouges," and you may still enjoy the society of the unrivalled student of nature without any danger of suddenly seeking the skies on the horns of an economical dilemma. Seriously speaking, it is now only on such harmless themes as are discussed in the volume before us that it is possible to get any reasonable language from Mr. Ruskin; and even here he does not keep clear of paradox. For instance, he remarks that the old painters were possessed by an eclectic and aristocratic scorn for all but the mere picturesqueness of the poor, and rarely displayed "any other expression than that of contempt for their employments, and reproach to their recreations." A few pages further on we find Mrs. Allingham and Miss Kate Greenaway rated precisely because of the undignified way in which they have given a sort of coquettish charm to the employments and recreations of the poor. We feel something of the repulsion of the Satyr in the fable, and scarcely can sit down to the feast of art with a critic who blows hot and cold with the same lips.

As we have hinted before, there are many charming and some notable things here said in Mr. Ruskin's best manner about Prout and Hunt. He preserves himself from the charge of exaggeration by skilfully hedging his praise in both instances. He does not even appear to say that Prout's studies of buildings and Hunt's little fragments of still life are types of what is highest in art, but he praises, with great tact and delicacy, what is best in them. We are of opinion that too much praise has been given to the singularly limited and unambitious talent of William Hunt. Mr. Ruskin himself admits that in galleries and great houses his drawings look, as he puts it, "not other than pert," and that the artist worked away at his specimens for years without caring to know the difference between a fern and a moss, or to study the habits or even the specific distinctions of the birds he drew. This, to our mind, was but the most patent sign of a radical intellectual dulness or indifference which went through his work, and destroyed the lasting charm of it. There should be a limit to the painting of grapes and plums, and Hunt had not even the vivacity to alternate the incessant study of these fruits by grouping with them a few strawberries or apples. He painted dead birds—principally dead doves—but never living birds; nests with eggs in them, but never nestlings. It seemed as though life, variety, freshness, all the things that are most charming to us, had only been revealed to him once and for a moment. He could always paint, over and over, what he saw in that supposed instant of inspiration, but he could not repeat it. The divine flash never came again, and his work was reduced to a kind of clockwork. Once Mr. Ruskin commissioned him to paint a dead chicken, as a little variety from the dead dove; but, although the old man most carefully and kindly did his best, the drawing was a mere disappointment to the amateur, and the painting of the chicken had to be ultimately given up. In his studies of country life, which have a certain charm in their brightness and rustic purity, he succeeded better, yet it requires the faith of Mr. Ruskin to admit that even these are "all of them virtually faultless." The "Shy Sitter," an autotype of which forms the preface to the present volume, does deserve this praise. Within the compass of a conception radically narrow, it is indeed faultless, and extremely pretty. Its daintiness and freshness, and the fine expression of an unreasoning terror, give it an extraordinary charm; but it is exceptional, even within the limits of Hunt's work, for delicate skill. These rural drawings, and the *genre* subjects—fruits, flowers, and dead animals—form the two pedestals upon which rests the fame of William Hunt, less securely perhaps than his greatest admirers are willing to acknowledge. The best of them will always be valued as specimens of exquisite workmanship, but we can imagine that a time will come when they will no longer attract much attention from any but amateurs. With this doubt on our own mind, we still bow to much that is said, and exquisitely said, in this paragraph about the difference between Hunt and such earlier flower-painters as Van Huysum:—

> In every flower-piece of pretension by the masters of that old school two accessory points of decoration are never absent. The first of these is the dew-drop or rain-drop—it may be two or three drops, of either size—on one of the smoothest petals of the central flower. This is always, and quite openly, done to show how well the painter can do it, not in the least with any enjoyment of wetness in the flower. The Dutchman never got a wet flower to paint from. He had his exquisite and exemplary poppy or tulip brought in from the market as he had occasion, and put on its dew-drops for it as a lady's dressing-maid puts on her diamonds, merely for state. But Hunt saw the flowers in his little garden really bright in the baptismal dawn, or drenched with the rain of noontide, and knew that no mortal could paint any real likeness of that heaven-shed light; and never once attempted it; you will find nothing in any of his pictures merely put on that you may try to wipe it off.

The other contrast is less ingenious; Mr. Ruskin rejoices in finding "no cunningly latent wasp or cautiously rampant caterpillar" in Hunt's pictures, and commends the virtue of the modern artist.

The interest taken in Prout by Mr. Ruskin is of course very subtly interwoven with the critic's personal attachment to the buildings Prout drew, and he values the drawings mainly as the best examples existing of the record of the old vanishing architecture of Europe to secure which has been one of the main and most meritorious objects of his teaching. He forms the most sympathetic of possible guides to the delicate pencil drawings of Prout, and contrives by his learned eloquence to irradiate the drawings themselves with his own enthusiasm, so that we are almost persuaded to believe that Prout, that simple-minded workman, had a fully articulated code of architectural morals. The autotypes which illustrate this section of the work are exceedingly delightful; the process seems to reproduce the light and varying touch of the lead pencil with particular accuracy. The drawing of Abbeville, for instance, preserves in autotype all the charm of the original work in such technical points as the beautiful way in which the lowest portion of the façade of the cathedral, just before it disappears behind the houses, has been touched with the stump so as to delicately lighten the lines, and put atmosphere between it and the roofs. The "Ghent," too, is exceedingly enjoyable, and rewards the most patient study in detail. We greatly prefer these drawings on the spot to the more elaborate water-colours which Prout afterwards prepared for exhibition in the gallery of the Society. These, although wonderfully accurate and careful, were scarcely works of art; the former are as full of feeling and inspiration as any sketches of their class that were ever made, conscientious, unobtrusive, and refined. Their faint reticulations upon the page give the same delight to the eye as is given by delicate traceries of beaten silver.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

MR. MANN'S work (1) on the history and fortunes of Republics, ancient and mediæval, is a book of a much more elaborate character, of higher pretensions, and, we think, of much greater merit, than American scholarship commonly produces. It can hardly pretend to rank with such histories as those for which the world is indebted to Mr. Prescott, Mr. Motley, and one or two others of their countrymen whose nationality is almost forgotten in the universality of their reputation. Emanating from an English University, it might rank rather with second-rate than with first-rate books of the class to which it belongs. But in American historical literature the second class scarcely exists; between the classics of which we have spoken and the multitude of works that hardly aspire above the rank of college text-books there is a vast and almost empty interval, and Mr. Mann's work must be placed much nearer to the higher than the lower boundary of this unoccupied region. Its title hardly, perhaps, gives a fair or adequate idea of its contents. It is probably because the materials are so much more ample that the space occupied by the story of the Hellenic and Roman commonwealths is so much greater than that allotted to all other Republics of the Old World together. Yet the author fully realizes the importance of those other States of whose character and earlier fortunes we know so little, great as was the part they played in the world's history prior to the establishment of Hellenic or rather Macedonian supremacy in Asia, and of Roman autocracy throughout the then limits of civilization. The prehistoric greatness of Tyre, and the vast empire of Carthage—respectively the Venice and the Holland of antiquity—are among the most interesting and most disappointing problems that can engage the attention of an historian. The relation of the Israelitish commonwealth to the politics of the East is obscured in its native history by questions of deeper and higher moment, and is almost ignored by those who deal primarily with the records of the great empires to which Palestine was sometimes a petty though stubborn enemy, sometimes an unprofitable and rebellious province, but always a secondary care. The work before us has this especial value, that its method at least, if not always its treatment, brings to the reader's mind the fact, so easily forgotten by those who follow the road originally marked out by Greek and Latin historians and beaten by the footsteps of their successors down to the present day, that till the age of Alexander Athens and Sparta were but the dominant cantons of a race which, if the most skilful in war and in arts among its rivals, was yet one of the lesser Powers of its time; that the Greece of Pericles and Agesilaus was but one member of the family of nations, and by no means the foremost; and that, throughout the early history even of Rome, the Hellenic States of the East and of Sicily, the maritime States of Italy, had constantly before their eyes a rival which, though less aggressive than most of its neighbours, was nevertheless always a jealous neigh-

(1) *Ancient and Mediæval Republics: a Review of their Institutions, and of the Causes of their Decline and Fall.* By Henry Mann. Chicago and New York: Barnes & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

bour, often a formidable enemy, and now and then a possible conqueror. It is not Mr. Mann's purpose to enlarge on the external aspect of Greek and Italian politics; but his plan obliges him to bring together in the same work the story of all the several commonwealths which at one time divided, at another contended for maritime supremacy in the Mediterranean and military dominion on its shores. The materials for an account of their mutual relations, when not actually at war with one another, are unluckily almost as scanty as those from which the writers followed by Mr. Mann have striven to reconstruct the internal story of the vanquished States and races. Imagination rather than inquiry must represent to the modern reader the manner in which the shadow of Carthage loomed in the distance while Athens and Sparta contended for the first place in Levantine Greece, and the Hellenic and other independent States of Italy waged or prepared for the struggle with Rome that must have been foreseen generations before it was actually forced upon them; the Phœnician view of their exclusive and aggressive neighbours in Palestine; and the gradual introduction among the Asiatic and Ægean Greeks of more or less inaccurate notions of so peculiar a people, derived from Tyrian authorities, which gave Alexander and his successors a certain interest in the Jews before they actually came into collision. Mr. Mann only reminds us that there were other and at one time greater commonwealths than those of Greece and Rome, and familiarizes his readers with the little that modern investigation has gathered respecting their institutions, character, and history. Into the better-known story of Greek, and especially of Roman, law and politics he enters at much greater, and we are disposed to think at disproportionate, length. The connexion between ancient and mediæval history is his excuse for dwelling on the development and decay of the Empire with scarcely less fulness and detail than on that phase of Roman story which more properly belong to his subject; but his account of the city commonwealths of the middle ages is hardly so complete or so elaborate as the importance of their place in the history of the republican idea and of popular government might have led us to expect. In short, considering the avowed purpose of the work, we hear somewhat too much of Greece, far too much of Rome, especially of Imperial Rome, and too little of the earlier and later Republics of Europe, Northern Africa, and Western Asia.

The smaller volume (2) on the same or a similar theme, published by a Boston firm, without the author's name, is of less interest and less pretension, and contains little that is new or striking, but adheres more closely to the topics indicated by its title. Perhaps it gives a somewhat more distinct view of that which it is the professed aim of both works to explain—the weaknesses that led to the decay or overthrow of those States of old whose institutions most resembled the constitutional system of the perfection and perpetuity of which American opinion is so confidently assured.

If the account of the life and public career of Senator Chandler of Michigan (3), compiled by the editorial staff of the Detroit *Post* can be called an "outline," it is only by comparison with the elaborate detail and enormous length of American biographies in general. Outside the State of Michigan we can hardly conceive that the warmest admirers of the Republican orator and intriguer can desire a portrait more fully worked out than that which its authors modestly call a sketch. Michigan has produced few men of eminence during the short period of its political existence, and it is intelligible that by comparison with his neighbours Zachariah Chandler may pass for a great man, worthy of a biographical monument bigger and heavier than even this large and closely printed volume. But, estimated by his place among his political contemporaries at Washington—very few of them men of extraordinary mental stature—he appeared by no means either the moral hero or the intellectual giant that he seems to the imagination of his present panegyrists. Like a majority of Northern politicians, he was born of parents neither rich nor distinguished; his father being a yeoman who emigrated in the early part of the century from the barren and confined farms of New England to the rich and almost unlimited region of the North-Western prairies. Unlike the rest, he made himself rich before he had passed middle life by a diligent and skilful manipulation of the varied and extensive kind of business that a clever, pushing, popular man may create in a rapidly growing but imperfectly organized community situated as Michigan then was; and, having made his fortune, he devoted himself to politics. He was notorious chiefly as one of the most violent and bitter Republicans of the violent and bitter period preceding the Civil War. That war was likely to be the issue of the controversies then raging Mr. Chandler early said and predicted—partly because he was more clear-sighted, chiefly, we think, because he was less troubled by scruples of constitutional principle than most of his associates. He cared as much as any Democrat for the Union, as little as any Abolitionist for the compromises by which the Union had been established, and the observance of which alone could entitle the majority to demand that the minority should adhere to it. He was resolute to maintain the Union and to assert the supremacy of the North and North-West therein; two objects which, as he was shrewd enough to see, could be reconciled only by the sword. He was also one of the few Republicans in the Senate or House of Representatives who were ready to answer with the pistol for the abuse they lavished on their Southern colleagues. He went so far as to approve the execution of John Brown as a precedent that might be advantageously used against the Secessionists; an argument which of itself implied his indifference to constitutional principles and his vigorous grasp of practical issues. He was among those who did their utmost to make war inevitable, and to render it ferocious; and had his counsels been followed—as after the death of Lincoln seemed possible—the victory of the North would have been stained by acts that would have rendered reconciliation impossible. The approval with which his wildest and most senseless invectives are repeated by his biographers, fifteen years after the conclusion of peace, is of itself a significant and a lamentable indication of the temper that still animates the party dominant in the North and West.

Dr. Weisse's treatise on the Obelisk (4) recently transferred to New York is at least as eccentric as it is interesting. The author gravely maintains on the part of the Masonic Order a claim to antiquity higher than any pretended by its familiar legends. Not content with a derivation from Solomon and the builders of the first Temple at Jerusalem, he discovers in the Egyptian monuments the primary symbols of Freemasonry, and in their sculptures, funereal and religious, representations not of the national mythology or the judgment on the departed soul, but of the masonic rites of initiation. He gives an account of the Tower of Babel which seems to have been evolved entirely out of his own consciousness, and ascribes the building to the first possessors of the Masonic secrets, and the diffusion of the mysteries to the dispersion of the builders. These reasonings are carried into the minutest details; and they have at least this advantage, that, to refute them in equal detail, the critic must be familiar at once with the antiquarian learning of the Egyptologists and with the formularies of Freemasonry.

Outlying Europe (5) is hardly true to the promise suggested by its title. The writer has travelled over little but beaten ground, and has nothing to tell that has not been told before. In short, the book is one of those innumerable American narratives of travel which seem to have no interest save for the writers, and which appear to be rather the excuse for a prolonged holiday than the fruit of serious travel and real inquiry.

The compiler of *Modern Thinkers* (6) has a perfect right to insist as strongly as he pleases on the destructive and negative aspects of scientific inquiry and philosophical speculation during the last fifteen or twenty years; but, in so doing, he should have chosen a more accurate and more explanatory title. As it is, the effect of his work upon those imperfectly informed readers for whom it is evidently intended can hardly fail to be deceptive; since they are by implication, if not explicitly, taught to accept as the general and almost exclusive course of recent thought what is, at the most, only its dominant tendency; and that, it may be, merely for the moment.

Nuggets of Gold (7) in this volume of trite and useless advice to young men we have found none. When the author departs from the safe ground of moral nullities, it is to display a signal lack alike of soundness and of originality; his philosophy is far from philosophic, and his "science" suggests a profound indifference to the derivation of the word. Indeed the title-page would suffice to warn a reader of experience that the contents could hardly be valuable. Real merit never advertises itself with such utter absence of modesty, such sublime insensibility to ridicule.

Fast and Loose in Dixie (8) is not "unprejudiced"; but, prejudice and exaggeration allowed for, it is a very readable and interesting story of a very spirited adventure, and one that deserved the success by which it was rewarded. An escape from Charleston, a tramp over many hundred miles of hostile country, and through the lines of more than one Southern force, ending in a Federal camp in East Tennessee, necessarily afforded almost as great an abundance of startling peril as of moving hardship; and both seem to have been manfully faced or skilfully evaded. The narrative is not too long; and if the writer's temper is not pleasant, especially considering the extreme kindness the fugitives received from

(2) *Fate of Republics.* Boston: Estes & Lauriat. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(3) *Zachariah Chandler: an Outline Sketch of his Life and Public Services.* By the Detroit "Post" and "Tribune." With an Introductory Letter from James G. Blaine, of Maine. New York: Charles Drew. Chicago: Tylor & Co. Boston: Thompson & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(4) *The Obelisk and Freemasonry, according to the Discoveries of Belzoni and Commander Gorringe; also Egyptian Symbols compared with those discovered in American Mounds.* By John A. Weisse, M.D., Author of "Origin, Progress, and Destiny of the English Language and Literature." With coloured and plain Illustrations. Into English by Dr. S. Birch. New York: J. W. Bouton. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(5) *Outlying Europe and the Nearer Orient: a Narrative of Recent Travel.* By Joseph Moore, jun. Philadelphia and London: Lippincott & Co.

(6) *Modern Thinkers, principally upon Social Science; What they Think, and Why.* By Van Buren Denslow, LL.D. With an Introduction by Robert G. Ingersoll. Chicago: Belford, Clarke, & Co.

(7) *Nuggets of Gold; or, the Laws of Success in Life, in Brief and Pungent Lectures to Young Men; to which is added the Science of Alcoholic Medication; also the Philosophy of Labour, Wages, Capital, Money, and Wealth.* By John Heermans. Corning, N.Y.: published by the Author.

(8) *Fast and Loose in Dixie: an Unprejudiced Narrative of Personal Experience as a Prisoner of War at Libby, Macon, Savannah, and Charleston; with an Account of a Desperate Leap from a Moving Train of Cars, a Weary Tramp of Forty-five Days through Swamps and Mountains; Places and People Visited, &c.* By J. Madison Drake, Captain 9th New Jersey Veteran Vols. and Brevet Brig.-Gen. N.Y.N. New York: The Authors' Publishing Company.

Southern men and women whose friends had been killed and whose property had been ravaged by their comrades, we must pardon something to the desire of popularity with Northern readers, and something to the bitterness of physical sufferings not yet forgotten. The most remarkable feature of the story is certainly that of which we have spoken, the extraordinary forbearance of people who daily heard of Sherman's ruthless and lawless atrocities towards fugitive Southern prisoners; but the courage, high spirit, humour, and cleverness of the fugitives themselves contribute to render the tale interesting and to secure the sympathy of the reader.

Mountain and Prairie (9) is the narrative of a journey from Vancouver's Island to Lake Winnipeg in Manitoba, undertaken to trace the probable course of the Pacific Railroad, to the construction of which the Federal Government of Canada is pledged. The author's observations on the resources of the British colony on the Pacific, and of the various regions through which he passed, deserve fuller exposition than can be given them in this place. It is evident that Vancouver's Island is a most important possession, capable, for example, of supplying British fleets, mercantile and Royal, with coal for centuries to come; and that, after so much British territory has been recklessly surrendered, there remains enough, beyond the furthest limits of Canadian colonization, to form the seat of a great Pacific dominion in a future generation.

Judge and Jury (10) is a clever and readable, as well as a useful, book. It is primarily a collection of practical hints respecting the operation of State and Federal laws on those points of civil right and personal liability which are of common concern, and regarding which some obscurity or uncertainty prevails; about which, at any rate, American citizens of average education may be imperfectly informed. Illustrated by a variety of curious or interesting anecdotes, these legal technicalities are far from being dry or tedious reading; and the book is perhaps as well calculated to enlighten an Englishman unacquainted with American or Swiss legislation respecting the peculiarities of a Federal Government, and the several boundaries of State and national jurisdiction, as many much more elaborate works. It may suggest common sense and caution to a few enthusiastic reformers, who may see how their pet crotchets work when some semi-civilized community in the Far West has undertaken, for the common benefit of mankind, to try an experiment on its own *corpus vile*. Above all, it exemplifies the extreme inconvenience of lax and uncertain laws of marriage and divorce, and of such conflicts of jurisdiction thereon as may take place between England and Scotland, as well as between New York and Indiana.

The most interesting characteristic of the Channing Centenary Celebration (11) was the unanimity with which the great Unitarian preacher was claimed as a sympathetic spirit by the leaders of numerous sects, and the individual pastors of various eccentric congregations, with which he would have had little in common, and which, while he lived, would have anathematized him.

Saratoga (12) is now merely a watering-place, almost without a rival in the United States. But it has also been, in other days, an Indian resort, the scene of a great and critical battle, the centre of important political movements; and reminiscences of such a place are naturally far more varied and present more striking contrasts than can always be found in the fortunes even of far greater cities.

"Bucholz" (13) is a lively sensational tale of a series already familiar to English lovers of such writing. Those may criticize Mr. Fischer's Centennial Poem (14) who can read the dialect in which it is written. A new edition of Washington Irving's most celebrated and characteristic work (15) will be welcome to a generation which knows him better by name than by study.

The Archæological Institute of America (16) is doing useful work at home and abroad; the antiquities of the Western continent are richer than is commonly known, and their history is to a great extent still virgin soil.

Of technical works on special subjects—lessons on bridge-construction (17), familiar text-[illegible] (18), treatises on orthopædic surgery (19), and the [illegible], of morphine (20), it is enough in this place to give the names.

(9) *Mountain and Prairie: a Journey from Victoria to Winnipeg viâ Peace River Pass.* By the Rev. M. Gordon, B.D., Ottawa. With Maps and Illustrations. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(10) *Judge and Jury: a Popular Explanation of the Leading Topics in the Law of the Land.* By Benjamin Vaughan Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(11) *Celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Birthday of William Ellery Channing, at the Church of the Saviour, and at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, N.Y., Tuesday and Wednesday, April 6 and 7, 1880.* Boston: G. H. Ellis. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(12) *Reminiscences of Saratoga and Ballston.* Illustrated. By William L. Stone, Author of the "Life and Times of Sir William Johnson, Bart.," &c. New York: R. Worthington. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(13) *Bucholz and the Detectives.* By Allan Pinkerton, Author of "The Expressman and the Detective," &c. New York: Carleton & Co.

(14) "*'S Alt Marik-Haus Mittes In D'r Schtadt,*" *un Die Alte' Zeite' e'n Centennial Poem in Pennsylfanisch Deutsch, in Fire Dhel.* Bei H. L. Fischer. Printed at the Office of the "York Republican," York, Pa. London: Trübner & Co.

(15) *Irving's Works.* Geoffrey Crayon Edition (complete in 26 vols.). With Biographical and Critical Study. By Charles Dudley Warner. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(16) *Archæological Institute of America.—First Annual Report of the Executive Committee, with Accompanying Papers,* 1879–80. Presented at the Annual Meeting of the Institute, Boston, May 15, 1880. Cambridge: Wilson & Son, University Press.

(17) *A Course on the Stresses in Bridge and Roof Trusses, Arched Ribs and Suspension Bridges.* By Wm. H. Burr, C.E., Professor of Rational and Technical Mechanics at the Rensselaer Institute. New York: Wiley & Sons. London: Trübner & Co.

(18) *Manual of Geology; treating of the Principles of the Science, with special reference to American Geological History.* By James D. Dana, Silliman Professor of Geology and Mineralogy in Yale College. Third Edition. New York: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor, & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

(19) *Contributions to Orthopædic Surgery; including Observations on the Treatment of Chronic Inflammation of the Hip, Knee, and Ankle-joints; and Lectures on Club Foot, delivered at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York (Special Course).* By Jos. C. Hutchison, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: Trübner & Co.

(20) *The Hypodermic Injection of Morphia; its History, Advantages, and Dangers.* By H. H. Kane, M.D. (N.Y.) New York: Bermingham & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

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THE EASTERN DEADLOCK.

THE deadlock in the Adriatic has drawn upon England during the past week mingled ridicule and querulous remonstrances from half the organs of European opinion for having led the Powers into the imbroglio. The resolution of the Porte and the irresolution of Montenegro may probably have been equally surprising to Mr. GLADSTONE. But Prince NICHOLAS does not usually act or refuse to act without counsel from above, and the suggestion that the scene of the naval operations should be transferred from the Adriatic to the Sea of Marmora might be in many ways convenient to Russia. That an English fleet should threaten Constantinople because the SULTAN refuses to abandon his subjects to the hated sway of the Montenegrins might seem a thing too monstrous to be even imagined. But all impossibles become possible in face of Mr. GLADSTONE's blind obstinacy and reckless partisanship, unchecked by Parliament and encouraged by the noisiest, if not the most respectable or trustworthy, expressions of public opinion. For this reason, if for no other, it may seem to be unwise of the SULTAN to give any excuse for extreme action either at Dulcigno or elsewhere, inasmuch as the letter of his engagements is against him, and therefore the Powers in their quarrel with Turkey have at present legal right on their side. The Albanians, as long as they were principals in the dispute, although they had no diplomatic standing, seemed to have a moral claim to consideration. In theory, districts, provinces, and even separate races and languages are unknown to international law. Governments only recognize Governments, which are supposed exclusively to represent and absolutely to control all their respective subjects. In conformity with precedent, the Turkish Plenipotentiaries at Berlin were entitled, if their concession was subsequently ratified, to transfer to Montenegro any territory which was nominally included in the Empire. The other parties to the treaty had a corresponding right to exact the performance of its conditions. Whatever might be the sentiments of the Albanians, the Porte was both authorized and bound to enforce the stipulated surrender, and, in its default, the Great Powers might execute the decisions of the Congress. The case was not substantially altered by subsequent transactions. The agreement which was negotiated by Count CORTI provided a substitute for parts of the district ceded by the treaty, and a second transaction of the same kind ultimately designated Dulcigno as the subject-matter to which the provisions of the treaty were to apply. The SULTAN had in both the successive negotiations acknowledged the validity of the treaty. It was not at that time suggested that the inhabitants of the ceded district were in any way to be consulted or considered. The Ambassadors at Constantinople were from time to time assured that the surrender would be in due time completed, though successive delays were proposed and allowed on plausible grounds. The Turkish troops at Scutari were ostensibly charged with the duty of overawing local malcontents who might throw impediments in the way of the transfer. By degrees greater and greater stress was laid on the repugnance of the local tribes to the sovereignty of the Montenegrins, who were said to be their hereditary enemies. Modern public opinion has diverged widely from the rules of international law; and it was and is felt that it is often an abuse of power to change the allegiance of any population without its consent.

It is now clear that the Albanians are not really principals in the dispute. The number of their forces is variously estimated, but it seems doubtful whether they are either able or willing to oppose a single-handed resistance to the Montenegrins. There can be no question that the Mahometan part of the population regards the cession with repugnance; and probably the Catholic tribes would prefer the nominal supremacy of the SULTAN to incorporation in an Orthodox community; but it is uncertain whether any warlike operations would have been necessary if the Turkish Government had complied with its undertaking. The Montenegrin commander professed confidence in his ability to overcome the Albanians, but he was afraid of the superior arms and discipline of the Turkish regular troops. RIZA PASHA, who seems to be a loyal soldier, informed the emissary of the English Admiral that he had no orders to surrender any territory, and he is undoubtedly discharging his duty in opposing invasion by force. It is not his business to interpret or to execute the Treaty of Berlin, but to obey the commands of his Sovereign and to repel attacks on his dominions. The SULTAN has by his latest communication placed himself formally in the wrong. He might have alleged, in extenuation of his neglect to perform his obligations, inability or unwillingness to compel the transfer of a Mussulman population to infidel rule. The allied Powers would still have been technically within their right; but the moral justice of their cause would have been as disputable as the soundness of their policy is actually doubtful. The SULTAN has been ill advised in placing his default on other grounds, and in imposing arbitrary and irrelevant conditions on the discharge of his obligations.

It is said that the SULTAN drew up with his own hand the document in which he defies the European Powers. The declaration is on its face not without dignity and plausibility; but it amounts to a direct violation of the Treaty of Berlin. The Powers are required as a preliminary condition of the surrender of Dulcigno to abandon the naval demonstration, and they are also asked to promise that it shall not be repeated. Minor stipulations as to securities for the civil and religious rights of the new subjects of Montenegro are only inserted as matters of form. It is conjectured that the audacious demand for the withdrawal of the fleet was suggested by an apprehension that after the surrender of Dulcigno the combined squadron would sail to the Gulf of Volo for the purpose of enforcing the decision of the late Conference of Berlin. If such an operation is intended, it will not be in any way impeded by the Turkish protest. If it is true that MUSURUS PASHA has on this question been the chief adviser of the SULTAN, he has made a bad use of his long experience of English feeling and opinion. It is true that the naval demonstration, with its probable consequence of war with Turkey, is widely and justly disapproved; but the imprudence of a collision with united Europe is not less obvious. The contumacy of the Porte and the Palace has been generally attributed to a belief that the existing concert would not survive the immediate occasion. It would have been prudent to wait till the hope of disagreement was realized. The Governments which are supposed to be less zealous than their allies in the cause of Montenegro will scarcely instruct their Admirals to withhold co-operation when

hostilities have commenced, though it seems to be certain that the French contingent will merely look on. The SULTAN has practically played into Mr. GLADSTONE's hands, though he has falsified the repeated and confident prediction that the concert of Europe would ensure submission.

If the Turks have disregarded the rules of prudence and the stipulations of treaties, it by no means follows that the policy of the English Government is either wise or justifiable. Two years ago a war with Russia was with great difficulty avoided by the late Ministry. Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues have probably precipitated a rupture with Turkey in the absence of any obligation of interest or duty. The right of enforcing a treaty imposes no corresponding burden. England was not bound to provide the Montenegrins with additional territory, even if they had been, as their enthusiastic patron called them, the most heroic race in Europe. In one sense it has been a considerable diplomatic achievement to unite the Great Powers in an enterprise devised by England for the benefit of Russia; but the hope that the object would be peaceably attained has been signally disappointed. The present crisis retrospectively illustrates the alleged error of Lord BEACONSFIELD and Lord DERBY in refusing to sign the Berlin Memorandum. That much-disputed document provided for the contingency of armed interference in Turkey; and though the Liberal party at the time almost unanimously approved the decision of the Government, some of their leaders have since declared that the neglect of an opportunity to arrange European concert was the cause of the long-prepared Russian invasion and of all the complications which have ensued. It is impossible to determine whether ABDUL AZIZ would have been more amenable to combined pressure than his timid and subtle successor; but at that time the Turkish Government was formidable by land and by sea, and the Mahometan population was more likely than at present to deem itself invincible. The SULTAN might or might not have yielded to threats; but, if he had resisted, the alternative would, as at present, have been an unprovoked war. Four years ago no considerable party in England had renounced the traditions of national policy which have still many supporters. It was not till after the date of the Berlin Memorandum that the Bulgarian agitation drove all the sentimentalists and almost all the democrats into the arms of Russia. The three EMPERORS who contemptuously demanded the adhesion of England to the Memorandum at twenty-four hours' notice already meditated a forcible occupation of some of the Turkish provinces. Those who censured the course of Lord DERBY have always relied on the efficacy of the threat which might then have been addressed to Turkey. After all the losses of the war the SULTAN seems determined to yield nothing except to force. He may probably succeed in disclosing the incomplete or precarious character of the European concert; but there will be little satisfaction in convicting Mr. GLADSTONE of rashness, if an opportunity is afforded to Russia of once more intervening in Turkish affairs.

THE MAIWAND DESPATCHES.

THE despatches giving the story of the Maiwand disaster have been published in India, and the substance of these despatches has been telegraphed to England. Their publication in India has been accompanied by a criticism of the VICEROY and the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, both of whom pronounce the despatches to be eminently unsatisfactory. It is said that they do not give any account of the precautions taken to ascertain the position and strength of AYOUB, and that they do not sufficiently explain the causes of the disaster. It might be added that they do not explain why the battle of Maiwand was ever fought. What General PRIMROSE does tell us is that in June the Political Agent was of opinion that active support should be given to the WALI, who was then with his troops at Girishk. He therefore recommended that a brigade of infantry, a regiment of cavalry, and a battery of horse-artillery should be despatched to the Helmund. On the 1st of July the Government sanctioned this step; but ordered that the Helmund should not be crossed, that there should be no weakening of the Khelat-i-Ghilzai garrison, or of the line of communications, but that reserves should be pushed forward by forced marches. General BURROWS was accordingly sent towards the Helmund on the 3rd of July, only somewhat upwards of 2,400 men being left in Candahar. But General PRIMROSE considered his position there perfectly safe, as, he expected to be strongly reinforced in rather less than three weeks. He left General BURROWS to act according to the best of his judgment, but gave him orders, under directions from Simla, to prevent AYOUB slipping past Candahar without being attacked. Apparently these orders were given while it was supposed that the troops of the WALI would fight loyally by the side of the British force. But they were not in any way altered after the defection of the large part of the WALI's troops became known. The position of General BURROWS, therefore, was this. His superiors knew that the British force under his command was very small, that no reliance could be placed on the support of the WALI's troops, while they did not know where AYOUB was or how many men and guns he had with him; and under these circumstances General BURROWS was ordered not to let AYOUB slip past Candahar without being attacked.

General BURROWS says that, owing to the mutiny in the WALI's army, the political influence of the British was at an end and every man's hand was against him. He could not procure any trustworthy information; but at last he heard that AYOUB was making for Maiwand, and he determined to try to intercept him there. He was obliged to take with him all his stores and baggage, as he could not leave anything behind him in a hostile country without a guard, and his force was too small to permit him to divide it. He set out in the early morning of July 27th, and, after he had marched eight miles, the enemy was in sight, at a distance of five miles. General BURROWS estimated the force opposed to him at about twenty-five thousand men, or a superiority to his own force of about ten to one; but he determined at once to attack. He got his men into position with the guns in the centre, the cavalry on the left, and the infantry on the right. Some time for repose was given to the men, and then, at 11.45, the battle was begun by Lieutenant MACLAINE's advanced guns. It is said that this officer acted without instructions, and that orderlies were sent to recall him, but that it was too late. For more than two hours the British troops maintained what for an attacking army may be called a successful defence. The artillery, we are told, made excellent practice, the cavalry held that of the enemy in check, and the infantry kept up a steady fire. At 2.30 the enemy made his serious attack. The Ghazis made a rush on the centre to seize the guns. The fire with which they were received failed to check them, and they got possession of two advanced guns. Then came the critical moment. If the infantry had but stood firm, all might still have gone well, in the opinion of General BURROWS, and his opinion is confirmed by that of the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF. But the infantry gave way, and, commencing from the left, rolled up like a wave to the right. The only hope was that the cavalry might retrieve the day; but they had been so terribly shaken by the artillery force to which they had been exposed that they were utterly demoralized. They would not follow their officers; and, although a portion of the cavalry made a charge, this charge was only faintly delivered, and produced no effect. The British force was utterly routed, and all the General could do was to try to make something like an orderly retreat. Fortunately the enemy did not pursue with any vigour, although they had every encouragement to do so, as the British officers could not get their men to rally and face the enemy; and it is mentioned as an exceptional fact that one officer was so far successful as to get his men to fire two or three volleys during the retreat. After nightfall the force was fired upon from every village through which it passed until it reached Koheran, and General BURROWS states that the guns were lost because Lieutenant MACLAINE waited to fire another round after he had received orders to limber up and retire.

The telegraphic summary informs us that the VICEROY considers the despatches as meagre and unsatisfactory, and as leaving the Government in ignorance of the true facts of the case and the real causes of the reverse. Lord RIPON cannot be supposed to have used language so severe without good reason. General BURROWS tells his story, and certainly up to a point it is an intelligible story. He was under positive orders to attack, however large the force of the enemy might be, so as to prevent him from slipping past Candahar. He came to the conclusion that unless the enemy was checked at Maiwand he would slip past Candahar. He therefore attacked. His attack was from the outset a defence, and

when the enemy made a serious attack his troops were panic-stricken, and could not be got to fight. Some of the troops fought splendidly, and the VICEROY pays a deserved tribute to the gallantry of the 66th Regiment and the artillery; but the bulk of the cavalry and the infantry were demoralized, and too frightened to hold their ground. The army was utterly beaten; but it was not annihilated, because the enemy did not pursue. This is the story of the battle of Maiwand, and it certainly seems to give at least the outline of what happened. What it does not explain is why General BURROWS fought when he did and where he did. It does not explain why he fought in circumstances which gave every advantage of position to the enemy and none to him. Subsequent reports from officers of the force of General ROBERTS have made it clear that AYOUB had much more than a vast superiority of numbers on his side. He had much stronger artillery, and above all his troops were so placed that they were well sheltered, and were protected by so many natural and artificial obstacles that it would have been almost impossible to dislodge them. The British force was obliged to act on the defensive, not only because it was small, but because it had no chance of attacking successfully. It was, on the other hand, very unfavourably placed for defence. The cavalry was so exposed that it was cut to pieces by the enemy's fire before it could be brought into action. It held the enemy's cavalry in check for a time, but while it was checking the enemy's cavalry it was being crushed by the enemy's artillery. There can be no doubt that the enemy lost severely during the engagement. The dead bodies found by those who visited the spot after the victory of General ROBERTS sufficiently testify to this. The British artillery made good practice, and the fire of the British infantry while it did fire was effective. The few British troops who died rather than run away sold their lives dearly. But the enemy could afford to lose heavily, and when it became obvious that the British were being inevitably forced to fight a merely defensive engagement, the vast numerical superiority of the Afghans told. All the history of our wars with semi-barbarous tribes teaches us that the armies of such tribes, although liable to yield to the resolute attack of a comparatively small force of civilized, disciplined, and well-armed men, will also show the greatest gallantry in attacking a small force of this kind when they have it at a disadvantage. It was perhaps natural enough that General BURROWS should not suppose that his troops would behave as badly as they behaved at Maiwand, though the disinclination of Bombay troops to meet Afghans is no novelty. But, on the other hand, it would seem, so far as is as yet known, that, from want of proper precautions in obtaining information as to the strength of AYOUB's position, from mere blundering, or from some other cause, he chose to make his men fight in circumstances which put them to a great disadvantage.

AGITATION AND MURDER.

LORD MOUNTMORRES is the second Irish peer who has been murdered within two or three years. It is said that he had lately been engaged in disputes with his tenants; but there is no reason to assume that he was in the wrong. It is highly probable that in opposing their claims and prejudices he may have consulted their best interests, while he had the courage to assert the rights of property on which civilisation and the possible improvement of Ireland depend. Mr. BENCE JONES, in an admirable account of the administration of his own estate, published in *Macmillan's Magazine* for last April, fully explains the process by which a firm and sagacious landowner combines the abolition of poverty and distress with the increase of his own revenue. It is not surprising that he has since been held up by the orators of the Land League as a fit object of popular vengeance; but fortunately he is not an inhabitant of Connaught. Mr. TUKE, in the account of his visit to some of the distressed Western districts, is never tired of expatiating on the evils which result from the non-residence of landlords. His strictures on the neglect of their duties by absentees would be more effective if residents were not exposed to greater unpopularity and to serious danger. Lord LEITRIM was personally unpopular, both through faults of temper and demeanour, and because he was a beneficent if not a benevolent despot. He governed his tenantry on the whole for their good, but he insisted on obedience to his will. The agitators have consequently not concealed their approval of the murder; and one of them had the audacity to defend the crime in the House of Commons. There was apparently no reason to suppose that the attacks which have been made by the accomplices of assassination on the character of Lord LEITRIM can, even by the shameless gang of demagogues, be repeated in the case of Lord MOUNTMORRES; but the priest of the parish, a well-known Land League agitator, took occasion on the Sunday following the murder to accuse the victim of being a bad landlord. The same person professed to believe that his flock were innocent of the crime, although some of them trampled publicly in his blood, and although the undertaker's men were afraid to put the body in the coffin. Every parishioner will, with or without reason, be satisfied that his priest approves the murder, in which all the neighbours are probably accomplices.

The murder of a peer is not a greater crime than the murder of a peasant; but it may possibly attract more attention to the misgovernment which renders such atrocities possible and common. Neither political party is entitled to immunity from the charge of cultivating popularity by deference to cant. Every Minister in turn pretends or fancies an almost insuperable objection to any suspension of the liberties which are supposed to be a part of the Constitution. A true statesman would feel that it was his paramount and transcendent duty to protect life and property, having first obtained the authority which Parliament has the constitutional right to bestow. Murderers are allowed to buy weapons, sometimes from Government stores, with the notorious purpose of using them against offenders who violate the rules enacted by lawless mobs at the instance of the PARNELLS, the BIGGARS, and the SULLIVANS. The balance of gain and loss is variously estimated by the representatives of conflicting interests and by impartial observers. A landowner is shot in the back by hired assassins as he rides over his own estate; but a member of the Cabinet is cordially welcomed on a visit to Donegal by assemblages which in turn receive his assurance that four at least of the Ministers are bent on redressing the supposed grievances of the Irish tenantry. It was probably by an oversight that Mr. CHILDERS distinguished himself, Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. BRIGHT, and Mr. FORSTER from all their colleagues. The PRIME MINISTER and Mr. FORSTER are primarily responsible for the continued determination to allow the spread of crime and anarchy in preference to the provision of remedies outside the range of ordinary law. Mr. FORSTER indeed at the end of the Session recognized as possible the contingency of applying to Parliament for extraordinary powers; but he was careful to add that he would simultaneously promote legislation for the punishment of landlords who might exercise their legal rights in such a manner as to incur his moral disapprobation. In extreme need measures are to be taken to repel the assaults of the wolves on the fold; but impartial justice requires that corresponding penalties shall be inflicted on sheep suspected of a tendency to stray.

It is true that murders might from time to time have been perpetrated even if the Government, preferring its duty to its own interest, had continued or extended the Peace Preservation Act; but obstacles would have been placed in the way of the acquisition of firearms, and the police would have been enabled to exercise a more effective supervision over suspected persons. It is well known that the executors of the popular will are always strangers hired at a cheap rate to commit, amid general approval, the foulest of crimes. The presence of professional assassins in any district would attract notice, and sometimes it might lead to the precautionary apprehension of the criminals. Experience has shown that the various Coercion Acts have at all times more or less perfectly attained their object. In case of need the Government for the time being ought to demand from Parliament, as a condition of retaining office, the further power of suspending trial by jury, if murderers are still permitted to escape; but it will probably not be necessary to proceed to such an extreme. Juries have at present few opportunities of failing to discharge their duties, because evidence is seldom forthcoming against agrarian murderers. In some cases the criminals are well known to the police; but it is not surprising that witnesses are afraid to tell the truth. An impudent ruffian, a waiter at an inn, a few days since openly threatened a witness in the presence of the magis-

trates who were bearing the charge. The lowest classes in Ireland readily learn from their self-appointed teachers the lesson that the distinction between right and wrong is most effectually obliterated by the unrestricted expression of immoral doctrines. In less abnormal states of society men hardly know how largely virtue and conscience depend on tacit assumption and on decent reticence. The Decalogue would lose, not its value, but its influence on popular belief, if it were habitually regarded as a series of open questions. When mischievous sophists have once reduced commandments to the level of logical conclusions, stump orators have no difficulty in producing arguments on the other side which are good enough for the mob.

If crimes of violence cannot be wholly prevented, it is at least possible to suppress their principal cause. The wicked declamations of the Land League furnish to the demoralized audience more than sufficient reasons for murdering landlords, and for maltreating peasant violators of the agrarian code. Neither Mr. PARNELL nor his lay and clerical accomplices recommend—perhaps they scarcely desire—the murder of the owners, whom they merely wish to deprive of their property; but they cannot fail to know that their disciples will employ their own familiar methods of practising the doctrines which the agitators preach. Mr. PARNELL openly vindicated the brutal murder of Mr. BOYD by remarking that it would have been unnecessary if the people had been properly organized. As they had delayed their adherence to the Land League, it was, it seems, necessary to murder, not a landlord who asserted his rights, but his innocent son. The tenants are again and again exhorted to defy not only the law, but the common rules of honesty, by refusing to pay their stipulated rents, unless in their own discretion they consider them just. The orators of course intimate to hearers sufficiently intelligent to understand a fraudulent hint that the rent is to be reduced to small or evanescent proportions. As a further encouragement to dishonesty, the occupiers are told that, if the landlords decline their present offers, the League will probably a year hence decree the total abolition of rent. A burglar might, with equal regard to morality, be encouraged to content himself with half the plate in the pantry by the assurance that, if he waited, he should have the whole. There is no use in reasoning with the wilful enemies of law and order, or even in denouncing their guilt. The only public opinion for which they care is that of their associates and their leaders. It is perhaps one degree less hopeless to appeal to the Government which tolerates a revolutionary agitation. No sanguine hopes can be entertained of the result of their deliberations on a law for the readjustment of proprietary rights in Ireland. It is extremely doubtful whether the Act of 1870 has done more good or harm, and any future legislation indicated by Mr. GLADSTONE will proceed further in the same direction. Whatever may be the provisions of the future Act, it must recognize some right of property, and it will not relieve the Government from the obligation of protecting the peaceable part of the population. To render murder difficult and dangerous, and to silence incitements to crime, are much more certain and more urgent duties than the enactment of the best rural code.

THE PLOT AGAINST THE *LIVADIA*.

JUST as the excitement about the Watford dynamite was settling down into the condition which precedes absolute oblivion, a fresh scare of the same kind, and probably not unconnected with the former, came from Glasgow. There, as diligent readers of their newspapers are aware, lies, and has for some time been lying, all but ready for sea, a new yacht built for the CZAR by some Glasgow shipbuilders. The *Livadia* is one of the numerous, costly, and it may be added hitherto not very successful, experiments of the indefatigable Admiral POPOFF. Upon a huge raft-shaped hull, like an air-cushion, or rather like an inflated John Dory in shape, rises a short superstructure with straight sides, and then a kind of infinitely magnified deckhouse, arranged rather like a sumptuous palace on shore than a confined and awkwardly shaped sea-home. Whether this queer craft will be nautically a success remains to be seen. But she was intended to be something more than a mere pleasure-boat. Her speed was to be very great; her capacity as a troop-ship would, in case of need, be enormous; and, though it would be difficult to armour-plate her in any way, her great low-lying platform, based on a sort of life-raft, divided into an immense number of compartments, could very easily have heavy artillery mounted on it, and would, at least in theory, be almost unsinkable by shot. Hence the *Livadia* would be, if she answered her designer's demands on her, a considerable addition, not merely to the CZAR's comfort, but to the strength of the Russian navy, and she is all the more likely to be the mark of the attempts of the restless conspirators who are ready to strike anywhere at an exposed and vulnerable point. Moreover it was supposed, at any rate at one time, that the Grand Duke CONSTANTINE would himself command the *Livadia* on the voyage to Russia. Thus a remarkable opportunity of killing divers birds with one stone presented itself to the Nihilists, who, it may be added, are also, since the semi-official statement that the dynamite found at Watford had been in all probability lying there for some days, strongly suspected of the attempt to blow up the North-Western train. The *Livadia*, it should be observed, from her peculiar construction, offers a good deal of temptation to the particular form of destructive agency supposed to have been adopted.

Of the main facts there seems to be no doubt; which is a good deal more than can be said for the former attempt. It is said positively that information was received a week ago from St. Petersburg, and also from Geneva, a great haunt of Russian malcontents, that three men had left London with "Thomas" clocks intended for the destruction of the yacht. These ingenious devices, it may be remembered, are named from, and were first employed by, the author of the Bremen explosion. Nitroglycerine is the explosive agent, and in the case is included a piece of mechanism going by clockwork for as many days as may be thought proper. At the conclusion of the time, and not before, a hammer strikes the detonating fuse connected with the nitroglycerine, and the explosion takes place. Although those clocks have been much talked of, it is not to be supposed that many people have been actually acquainted with them; but there is nothing mysterious in their construction, though whether it is possible to obviate the risk of a premature explosion from some chance concussion is indeed not quite clear. In a trading-ship they can of course be concealed very conveniently among parcels of merchandise or passengers' luggage. But a favourite notion as to their use is that they should be concealed among the coals; romance, if not history, going so far as to say that they have been or may be fashioned so as to look like large blocks of the fuel and thus to escape detection. The coal bunkers in the *Livadia* are in the lowest part of the structure, and therefore excellently situated for the production of the most destructive explosion. Further, it is said that the three persons indicated actually endeavoured to obtain access to the *Livadia*, which was naturally an object of great curiosity to Glasgow sightseers. But warning had been received in time, and, on a different pretext, visitors were excluded. Since that time the *Livadia* has been guarded with a good deal more care than most ships of war off an enemy's coast. Nobody is admitted into the yard without giving ample explanations; detectives wander about the yard and the ship herself; the coal already on board has been taken out and examined, and everything admitted on board in future is to be poked and probed with the assiduity of the most jealous exciseman. Bold as well as wary as the Nihilists have more than once proved themselves, it not very likely that they will endeavour to elude this vigilance just now. Yet it is only fair to remember that the explosion at the Winter Palace took place under conditions apparently far more prohibitory than any which can apply to the *Livadia*. An immense number of workmen, sailors, and others must be perforce admitted to the ship for whom it would be very difficult for anyone personally to answer. The examination of the coal more particularly suggests itself as an extremely difficult business to carry out thoroughly. On the whole, it is probable that only those persons who are ardently in quest of a new sensation would care to accept a berth on board the *Livadia* for the trip to the place whence she takes her name, despite the promise of next to no motion, of lofty courts and halls instead of stifling cabins, and even of flower-gardens and other phenomenal luxuries to relieve and contrast with the monotony of the sea.

It is impossible, taking the facts as stated, to resist the conclusion that the Nihilists are by no means inclined to give up the game, or to abandon their old way of playing it, despite

the comparative lull which the iron hand and velvet glove of General LORIS MELIKOFF have together brought about of late in Russia itself. It is, to say the least, unpleasant, and, to say more than the least, somewhat ungrateful, that they should choose England for the scene of their operations. When they were first suspected of the Watford affair, it was stated that the police had with some simplicity requested the best-known Nihilists resident in England to say whether they had had anything to do with it, and had (strange to say) received an indignant denial, couched in terms expressing a very noble sense of English hospitality. Putting the former incident out of the question, this latest attempt does not seem to argue the existence of such a sense in any very lively form. The Nihilists might argue that they only intended to blow up a Russian ship carrying a Russian crew on the high seas. Unluckily, as their inventor found, nitroglycerine clocks are no more certain to keep time than other clocks, and a premature explosion would have at least unpleasant effects on a large number of perfectly innocent people in Messrs. ELDER's employ. This consideration, however, is one that rarely deters the Continental, or, for the matter of that, the Irish conspirator. Both are too logical to look at anything but the connexion between the end and the means, and we have no doubt that the horror felt by ORSINI's English sympathizers at his waste of innocent blood seemed to his Continental friends as much cant as English sympathy with Irish cattle seems to Mr. DILLON and his colleagues. In such incidents as the Glasgow scare we pay the penalty for being first a hospitable and then a commercial nation. "If you "did not build ships for the CZAR," the person with the clocks would doubtless say, "I should not blow them up." At the same time it must be admitted that for nervous people these perpetual scares are rather trying. To blow up something is very easy, and dynamite has not the slightest respect for persons. If Mr. BIGGAR himself had been in the train at Watford, and the fuse had not gone wrong, all his sympathy with HARTMANN would not have saved him from a practical experience of the method he recommends. Therefore, on the whole, it will be satisfactory when the *Livadia* and her crew, and her designer and her commander, and all the rest of her belongings, are well out of the country. At present Glasgow, not an attractive place at any time, may be said to have become less attractive than ever. The incident is a serious, and yet at the same time a half ludicrous, commentary on what is grandly called the solidarity of peoples. We have absolutely nothing to do with the quarrels between the Czar of RUSSIA and his subjects, and it is somewhat trying that the field of battle should be transferred to our railways and shipyards. Foreigners would tell us that we have only to thank the indiscriminateness of our reception of strangers, and the feebleness of our police. But the triumphs of the Continental police itself over determined malcontents well provided with money cannot be said to have been of late years either numerous or convincing. There is, therefore, nothing for it but philosophy and a reliance on the chapter of accidents. The singular duel between the Glasgow police and the three Nihilists will, however, continue to be watched with interest. There is, we suppose, no legal reason for arresting these worthies, and the mere possession of a nitroglycerine clock could hardly be made an offence. But really we have at the present moment quite a sufficient supply of bloodthirsty scoundrels to deal with at home, and it would be obliging of the Nihilists not to make further contributions to the list.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY.

THE contest for the American Presidency will for two months more furnish mild excitement to a great community; but it has not on any former occasion been found so difficult to create a serious interest in a comparison of the numbers of the two parties. Perhaps the most remarkable incident of the conflict thus far is a speech by General GRANT, probably the longest he ever delivered, at a Republican meeting in Ohio, which is chiefly important as assuring the Republican candidate of the undivided support of General GRANT's adherents. The candidates on both sides are highly respectable, and there is nothing in their character or history to excite enthusiasm. General HANCOCK was one of the most meritorious general officers in the Civil War; but his exploits were performed seventeen or eighteen years ago, and he relies mainly on the support of the combatants whom he helped to defeat. Mr. ENGLISH, the Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency, is acceptable to his supporters because he is reputed to be rich; and his enemies have invented no more formidable imputation on his character than the highly improbable statement that he made his money by buying up bad or doubtful debts. Bolder controversialists asserted that the Democrats would, if they succeeded, recognize the liabilities of the Confederate Government. It is surprising that such a rumour should attract even temporary notice; yet General HANCOCK has thought it worth while publicly to repudiate a policy which he could certainly, even if he were inclined, not practise as a President. It is doubtful whether such charges or contradictions affect the result of the election, but they amuse public meetings and readers of newspapers, without causing any inconvenient agitation. Probably not a single voter will join or abandon either party through any hope or fear as to imaginary dealings with the Confederate debt. The strongest motive on which the managers of the contest rely is the natural desire to be on the winning side. Nine-tenths of the speeches and newspaper articles which occupy public attention are devoted to the assertion or attempted proof that HANCOCK or GARFIELD, as the case may be, is destined to succeed. Writers and orators unconsciously imitate HOMER and MILTON in the exhibition of balances inclining to the party which is to be eventually victorious. Foreigners not immediately concerned cannot but accept the indigenous estimate of the struggle. As in the Derby or the St. Leger, the question is not which is the best horse, but which is likely to come in first.

Though it is nearly certain that the Southern States will unanimously support the Democratic candidates, the Republicans profess an uncertain hope of rescuing Virginia and South Carolina from their opponents. While in the North they represent themselves as champions of public credit, they watch with interest and sympathy a schism in the Democratic party in Virginia between two local factions respectively known as Funders and Readjusters. The proposed subject of readjustment, which means partial repudiation, is the State debt of Virginia. The Republicans have no hope of conciliating the comparatively honest Funders, but they take frequent opportunities of reminding the Readjusters that the Presidential election will enable them to assert their right of controlling the State Democracy. For the present both sections of the Democratic party in Virginia support HANCOCK and ENGLISH, and they will probably fight out their local quarrel on some other occasion. In South Carolina the Republicans prepare for defeat by complaining beforehand that the majority which they affect to anticipate will be destroyed by fraudulent counting of votes. On the whole, it can scarcely be doubted that the cant phrase of "the solid South" will represent the result of the election. If no defection takes place, the Democrats must also secure about fifty Northern votes. At present their prospects appear, notwithstanding the vapouring of Republican Committees and Clubs, to be not discouraging. No internal feud will be allowed to divide their strength in any Northern State. The Tammany faction in New York has, since the rejection of TILDEN as a candidate, resumed its party allegiance; and the Republicans seem to have no serious hope of carrying the State against the vast Democratic majority in the city. The Democrats, who habitually denounce their opponents as Radicals, include in their ranks the lowest of the rabble.

In the early deliberations after the Chicago nomination the Republican managers summarily declined all invitations to waste their eloquence and their energies in futile attempts to convert the obstinate South. Party statistics furnished them with the means of estimating their strength in the various Northern States; and, while they gave up New York as lost, and relied on the fidelity to their cause of nearly all the other States, they fastened upon Maine and Indiana as districts which might be lost or won by greater or less exertion. The State elections of September and October were expected to foreshadow the result of the voting for Presidential electors in November; and several of the principal orators were at once detailed for service in Maine. In that State the pure Democrats were in an acknowledged minority; but the Greenback party, or advocates of repudiation in the form of an inconvertible currency, commanded a considerable number of votes. After much negotiation, the Greenbackers and Democrats agreed

to act together under the appropriate title of Fusionists. After a severe contest the Fusionist candidate, Mr. PLAISTED, was elected Governor; but the Republicans command both branches of the State Legislature, and they will consequently be able to return the United States Senator on an approaching vacancy. A contest which was all but drawn leaves the result of the Presidential election in the State uncertain; but the Republicans are deeply disappointed, and their adversaries profess corresponding exultation. The Democrats are naturally gratified by even a partial victory in a typical New England State. Their consciences will not be greatly troubled by the allegation that they spent large sums in indirect corruption. The pretended expenditure of 20,000*l.*, even if it had been proved, is not excessive according to the English scale of election expenses. Until lately charges of actual bribery of voters were almost unknown in the United States, and the accusation is still probably in the majority of cases unfounded. Universal suffrage, among many demerits, has the solitary advantage of reducing the pecuniary value of a vote to an amount which is not worth paying or receiving. The enormous expense which is nevertheless incurred consists in the cost of delegations, of public meetings, of flags, of music, and of similar forms of outlay. The Republicans loudly and justly boast of their great superiority of resources. They include in their ranks a large proportion of the wealthier classes, and, as long as they retain office, they have the means of levying a percentage on the salaries of public servants. Both parties are probably at the present moment indulging in lavish expenditure.

Indiana at least will not be lost to either party through want of money or unwillingness to spend it. If the Democrats can carry the State, they will, even if they are defeated in Maine, return their nominee as President. Strangers would be ill advised in forming any confident judgment on the result of the decisive contest. The hard-won victory of the Fusionist candidate in Maine naturally encourages the Democrats, although it is not certain that the Greenback party disposes of any considerable number of votes in Indiana. Mr. ENGLISH was nominated Vice-President as a citizen of Indiana in compliment to the State; and it may be presumed that he will contribute largely in money, and that he will exercise all his personal influence. Even before General GRANT'S speech the Democrats had abandoned all hope of carrying the neighbouring State of Ohio; but Indiana will be sufficient for the purpose. The moderate curiosity which attends the struggle will not be satisfied till the State election is decided. There is no such commodity as authentic information. Both parties will boast till assertions cease to be useful, and there is no reason for believing one set of assertions in preference to the opposite. In the meantime many brass bands will fill up the intervals of innumerable speeches mainly devoted to the confident enumeration of doubtful votes. Little oratory is wasted on the supposed issues of a contest which will have but an imperceptible influence on policy and legislation. The Republicans are somewhat more earnestly devoted than their adversaries to the worst of all possible commercial systems; while the Democrats are supposed to offer insufficient guarantees for the rights of the Southern negroes. It is well known to the millions of Americans who excite themselves about the Presidential election that the tariff will be maintained, and that the country will nevertheless continue to prosper, whether HANCOCK or GARFIELD is elected. It is generally believed that the highest or most cultivated class scarcely affects to concern itself with the details of political activity. Equality can only exist at a low level, and attempts to rise above it are naturally considered invidious. Such a country as the United States can afford to dispense with great men, and it contrives to govern itself tolerably well without them. There is comparatively little for the Federal Government to do, because the States, the counties, and the townships manage their own affairs.

THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

THE address of the CHAIRMAN of the London School Board derives special importance from the time when it was made. The Board has now been at work for ten years, and Sir CHARLES REED is able to sum up the results of a decade. It is a period sufficiently long to yield materials for looking at the work of the Board as a whole, and for seeing what the Board has done, what it has not done, and what it has a prospect of doing hereafter. The Board has been composed for the most part of zealous and capable persons, it has enjoyed the command of vast sums of money, and it has been working in a time when the whole current of opinion in all classes is in favour of education. The value of the two latter of these advantages must always be taken into account when the work of the Board schools is compared with that of the older voluntary schools. The founders and managers of voluntary schools in old days were conscientious, high-spirited men and women who put themselves to much trouble because they believed they were doing an obvious duty. But they had great difficulty in getting funds, and they had to face a state of things which obstructed education at every turn. The poor had no conception what education meant, and looked on it mainly as a device of the clergyman and the squire for preventing children from earning their bread. The rich often gave money because they were shamed into giving it, but in their hearts thought that learning made the poor conceited and useless. They also did not like the ancient order of things to be changed, and associated on good grounds the advance of education with the advance of democracy. The Act of 1870 was not only a powerful instrument in altering the mode of regarding education, but was itself a sign that the alteration had begun. The School Board came into existence at a moment when the uses and necessity of education were beginning to be appreciated. Every year it has seen this recognition become more hearty and general. The poor wish to be educated, the rich wish them to be educated. The ratepayers of London pay without serious murmuring the enormous sums which are annually placed at the disposal of the Board. The poor readily send their children to school, and Sir CHARLES REED had the satisfaction of describing the eagerness with which parents now flock to the ceremony of opening a new school. Nor does the interest of the poor in education limit itself to attending a ceremony or sending their children to school. They are continually making nearer approaches to sending their children tolerably clean and tolerably well dressed. The education thus extends to the parents themselves, and they go through various sacrifices to attain this benefit for themselves and their little ones. The children are to some extent forced to attend, and it was because compulsion worked unexpectedly well in London that it was thought possible to make it general through the country. But although parents cannot help sending their children, and therefore the mere attendance at school of a large number of children does not show much beyond the fact that they are there, there is ample evidence to show that the vast majority of parents are well pleased to have their children at school, and would think themselves going down in the world if their children were not to enjoy the advantages by which the children of their neighbours are profiting.

The total number of children in London between the ages of three and thirteen was computed last Midsummer at 740,000. There has been an increase since 1871 of 120,000 in that number, more than a third of the increase having taken place in Lambeth. The voluntary and Board schools together now provide accommodation for half a million children, the provision made by the denominational schools still slightly exceeding that given by the Board schools. Speaking broadly, it may be said that the Board in its ten years of work has given the means of education to a quarter of a million of children. It has acquired 150 freehold sites, and on these sites it has erected, or is erecting, buildings of a substantial, complete, and even imposing kind. As it costs about 9*l.* per child to give this accommodation, it is not surprising that the ratepayers have had to pay heavily for what has been done. Of course the Board schools are steadily gaining on the voluntary schools, for they have a continued influx of fresh money to work with, and if there is any cause for wonder it is that the denominational schools have held their ground so well as they have done. But they had the buildings to begin with, and compulsion worked in their favour as well as in favour of the Board schools. As the parents found they must send their children somewhere, they were naturally inclined in many cases to gratify the minister of the denomination to which they belonged by sending their children to the school which he recommended. There is now accommodation for rather a larger number than are on the school rolls, and out of the children on the rolls 373,000 attend. The attendance at

the Board Schools appears to be better than at the voluntary schools, and this superiority may be attributed to the greater energy with which the Board enforces its statutory powers to compel attendance. The Board is continually looking up the parents, and the parents, as a rule, comply with the law when its provisions are made known to them. In the half-year ending at Midsummer, the preliminary notice to parents was issued in 36,000 cases, with the result of attendance being given or improved in 26,000 cases. In the same period summonses were taken out in 3,000 cases, and in all these cases the order to attend school was obeyed or a small fine imposed. The Education Department has cordially recognised the discretion and leniency with which the Board has in most cases exercised its compulsory powers, and, now that education has been made compulsory everywhere, the London Board will receive a special reward for having set a good example. It is stated that there are numbers of idle children who now flock into the metropolis from the suburbs in order to escape school, and these children will now be forced to attend school in the districts to which they belong, and will relieve the Board from the imputation of allowing children to be in the streets without anything being done for them. Sir Charles Reed allows that many children attend the Board schools who ought not to receive the education they get there at the price at which they receive it. They pay only a trifle over twopence a week, whereas their parents can well afford to pay three or four times that sum for their education. This is unfair on the ratepayers, who ought to receive larger contributions from parents who are comparatively well-to-do. But Sir Charles Reed, while recognizing this unfairness, says that it is unavoidable, as different rates of payment cannot be enforced in the same school; and he is further able to say that there is no school in which the main work done is not so far rough work that the children of the very poor find a place there, and have every possible attention paid to them.

When we know how many children can go to school and how many actually go, the next thing to ask is what they are taught there. The ratepayers are quite willing to pay for elementary education, because the children of the poor could not be educated at all unless they were helped. But the ratepayers are reasonably unwilling to pay for a higher education for which those who wish their children to enjoy it, and can give them an opening in life which would make this education profitable, can as a rule very well pay themselves. It is also to be borne in mind that not only is it preposterous that ratepayers should give almost gratuitously a higher education to those who can afford to pay the proper price to secure it, but that it is extremely undesirable in the interests of the class to which such persons belong that secondary education should be got by a sort of side wind into the sphere of the operations of the School Board. What this class wants, and what it has not got, is a general system of secondary education conducted on sound principles and by competent teachers. It will never get such a system introduced if the few who see the importance of a good secondary education can procure it for their children through the bounty of the ratepayers. Sir Charles Reed says that the Board is alive to these obvious truths, and that the education given is mainly elementary. Only sixteen per cent. of the children receive instruction in specific subjects, the remainder being taught merely the three R.'s, and, in the case of those above the first standard, a few simple facts relating to geography and grammar. It is shown, however, that, whether the education given is too high or not, the number of children who at any time are receiving the highest education which the school provides will always be small in proportion to the total number receiving instruction. This total number includes children of all ages between three and thirteen, and the number of those who are little advanced must necessarily preponderate; in any system where children of such various ages are taught together there can scarcely be more than sixteen per cent. in the most forward stage. The question is, What are those in the most forward stage to be taught? They are there, and the School Board must, as Sir Charles Reed urges, teach them as well as it can teach them. In order that monotony, with its accompanying weariness of mind, may be avoided, they must have a variety of instruction. The Alpine cows escape rinderpest because they feed on a great variety of herbs and grasses; and, by letting his little Alpine herds browse on a good many specific subjects, Sir Charles Reed saves them from intellectual stagnation. The illustration is curious, and perhaps open to criticism. But the difficulty to which Sir Charles Reed points is a serious one. A child comes to school early, is well taught, is quick and attentive. He gets through the education that is strictly elementary long before he is thirteen. The logical thing to do would be to send him away from the school. He has got all that the ratepayers undertook to give him. But practically it would check all interest in his work, both on his part and on that of his parents, if the result of his good behaviour and his exertions was that he was to be cut off from learning sooner than his schoolfellows. If he is not cut off, and is kept until he is thirteen, he must be taught something that is worth his knowing. He must be allowed to go forward, and the problem arises in what direction he is to be permitted to advance. It must be remembered, too, that one great object of a national education is to give the English workman his proper place in the world, and to enable him to do his work with intelligence and method. This object would be defeated if the best and quickest lads were taught no more when they had just acquired the barest rudiments of knowledge. No one, therefore, who respects the poor and wishes England to remain great would say that poor boys who are above the average ought to be shut out altogether from secondary education. But what may be said is that criticism should be freely applied to the kind of secondary education given to the poor, and that secondary education should be looked on as a whole, and that we should not be content with one little patch of it being given over to Board schools.

THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH ON CHURCH CONGRESSES.

THE Bishop of Peterborough was thoroughly successful as the President of an institution which is now holding its twentieth annual meeting at Leicester, after having passed with all the honours of war through such strongholds of Dissent as Stoke and Swansea. The Bishop took up a bolder position in his opening address at the Leicester Church Congress than his predecessors have been wont to assume. He was not afraid of flouting the usual apology for such gatherings, that they tend to promote reciprocal courtesy and goodwill among the partisans of the various sections into which the Church of England is divided, as being in effect a covert aspersion upon that body for bad manners and deficient charity. In his eyes the Church Congress had imperceptibly and irregularly, but opportunely, grown up as a substitute for some more authoritative and systematic body of lay representation within the Church of England. It was far indeed from a condition of ideal perfection, either in the way in which it came together or in the conditions and restrictions under which it performed its duties; but, for all that, it was a useful and meritorious creation, considering the impossibility which has hitherto existed of framing any more formal machinery for focussing the public opinion of Churchmen.

Intrinsically there was no absolute novelty in this reasoning. Not to go further than ourselves, we have never been afraid of putting forward a similar plea. The importance of the argument consisted in the quarter from which it proceeded, and in its implied reference to actual Church politics. The Bishop of Peterborough recognized alike the existence and the nature of Convocation as a clerical body, and also the desirableness of supplementing this historical institution by some form of lay representation, now that Parliament has so completely let slip the claims which it used plausibly to present of being a lay Synod of the Church of England. It is not so very long since hot-headed ecclesiastical politicians were fond of urging as a desirable reform of Convocation that its constitution should be enlarged so as to comprehend lay members. The answer, however, to this proposal was the obvious suggestion that the change would be not reform, but destruction, inasmuch as Convocation in its constitutional and historical character was "Convocatio Cleri," not more and not less. Still, many considerations of policy concurred in recommending the retention of such a clerical organization (however internally expanded) for functions and objects as to which it was desirable to obtain the united voice of the clergy. The presence alongside of this ancient Convocation of an

elected body of laymen, with whom it would from time to time take united counsel, while not grudging to the lay assembly the fullest powers of separate deliberation, seemed an obvious expedient for reconciling those conflicting requirements which an age of revived ecclesiastical activity had brought into novel prominence. The narrow criticism of timid witlings who made merry over the notion of the laity being left out on the verandah, for a time discredited a project which must, we should think, now that it has been brought into fresh prominence under the powerful patronage of the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH, again assume its position as a legitimately debatable method of Church development. The BISHOP left it doubtful whether the body which he contemplated should or should not contain clerical members, and he hinted at a Parliamentary sanction. This is a proposal on which we cannot look with pleasure, while the existence of a clerical delegation is inconsistent with the simultaneous existence of Convocation.

For our own part we do not advocate a precipitate acceptance of the scheme. Its advantages and its disadvantages cannot be balanced within the narrow limits of an article. But it has clearly come before thinking men in a form which imposes upon them the obligation of giving to it a respectful hearing. The reception which was given to it at a subsequent debate of the Congress showed how it had approved itself to the leading minds of that body. There is one limitation of the active authority of such an assembly as the one proposed by the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH, which ought at once to be fairly and plainly stated, as it will be either a recommendation of the notion or the reverse, according to the opinions and the aims of the critic who grasps the fact. If he is of a cautious temperament it will give him confidence, while the man of daring enterprise will probably fret under the restriction. Convocation, by the confession of its warmest advocates, has, in the present temper of public opinion, to rely mainly upon influence, while it must avoid any semblance of putting forward claims to direct legislative or coercive jurisdiction. It may be urged that Convocation, even if backed by some lay organization, will not be able to do much more; while the collective body of laymen must submit to meet and to debate under similar limitations. The weakness of either body will, in fact, be supplemented by an equally weak partner.

The obvious question will follow, whether it is worth while to create a machine which can, after all, do no more than formulate opinions, and will be impotent to make them effective. The sufficient answer, as it appears to us, to this question will be sought in the counter inquiry, whether, after all, a result which can be defined as the regulation of opinion would be so petty a success in an age when authority confessedly shows many signs of weakening, while opinion dares an unlimited license of universal interference. Besides, an assembly which would only exist for the creation of opinion might come into being without involving any risky resort to Parliamentary initiation. We need hardly insult our readers' understandings by giving them reasons for our aversion at the present moment to engaging Parliament in any such quest as one after a new Church Assembly.

For Convocation itself some such regulated process of attrition between the lay and the clerical types of mind would be very valuable at this crisis in its history, when it has so narrowly escaped a very insidious danger. We refer to the simulated deference to its wishes contained in the Burials Bill as originally brought into Parliament. The so-called Convocation clause, with its fragmentary and dislocated extracts from a very lengthy and complex Convocational scheme, presented about as accurate a quotation from its conclusions as the Puritan preacher did when he overwhelmed the headdresses of his female congregation by propounding "top[k]not "come down" as a text of the Gospel. As the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH himself said of these resolutions in the House of Lords, they "were passed by Convocation for "one purpose, and, as embodied in the clause, were in-"troduced into the Bill for another and different purpose. "They were passed not that they should form part of a "Burials Bill, but to prevent a Burials Bill being carried." However, it suited the Government to take them up, in hopes that the Church of England would be beguiled into fancying itself a party to a fair compromise while suffering a thorough defeat. This device was happily seen through, and Convocation was spared a worse humiliation and risk than that of being ignored—namely, being made use of as a cat's paw. The inference is plain, that if Convocation desires to retain its hold upon the respect of Churchmen, it had better, as things now are, have as little to do with Parliament as possible. But it must have to do with something besides itself, if it means to have a *raison d'être*. That something should most obviously be, in some form or other, a collective and tangible representation of lay opinion within the Church of England.

TRADE PROSPECTS.

THERE exists a good deal of uncertainty in financial and commercial circles in regard to the probable course of trade. During the summer it was very generally assumed that the character of the harvest would at once decide the question. Twelve months ago, it was argued, after the worst harvest perhaps of the present century, there was a totally unexpected and very marked revival. That is to say, the other conditions were so strongly in favour of good trade that even bad crops throughout Europe were not sufficient to neutralize them. Therefore, it was inferred, even an average harvest would give such an impetus to trade as had not been witnessed for a long time. The actual yield of the wheat harvest is still a matter of estimate; but it is known to be considerably in excess of last year; the quality, too, is very much superior, and most of the other crops are unquestionably satisfactory. Yet there are none of the signs which accompany a rapidly expanding trade. Iron, which first felt the revival last autumn, is now much cheaper than it was twelve months ago—is nearly as low in price, indeed, as it was on the eve of the Glasgow Bank failure. Coal, again, is at about the same price as this time last year. And generally it may be said that prices are at a moderate level, and are not advancing. The railway traffic returns, to which so much importance is properly attached as indicating the movement of goods through the country—that is, as showing the number, magnitude, and rapidity of commercial transactions—have of late not been increasing in the ratio that had been expected. More important still is the latest action of the Scotch ironmasters. During the Lanarkshire strike a large number of the furnaces were blown out, and on the termination of the strike it was decided to relight them; but last week this decision was reconsidered, and was rescinded, each master being left to act as he should think best. Lastly, the state of the labour market, which perhaps is the best test of all, is disappointing. The threatened strike at Accrington, on which we commented last week, has been given up, the weavers thus practically admitting the correctness of the employers' allegation that they cannot afford an advance of wages. And in Belfast notice has been given of a reduction of wages. Within certain limits we attach special significance to the state of the labour market. When trade is expanding rapidly, orders pouring in so fast that employers can hardly keep up with them, wages rise automatically. Employers, in their eagerness to take advantage of the smiles of fortune and to consolidate and extend their businesses, bid against one another for skilful workpeople. Even at an earlier stage of an improvement in trade, when masters are not yet extending their operations, but still are doing a steady, profitable business, they will grant a moderate advance rather than drive orders away and possibly jeopardize their future. When, therefore, they prefer a strike to a small advance, and still more when they give notice of reductions at the risk of provoking a strike, we may be sure that the business they are doing is not highly profitable.

Are we to conclude, then, that the revival of last autumn was a mere spurt, and that already the reaction has set in? We think not. The fact must not be lost sight of that the expectations formed during the past twelvemonth were extravagant and impossible of realization. The long depression had made people so weary of stagnation, and so hungry for large gains quickly won, that the instant a revival set in they rushed into gigantic speculations. Iron was in demand for the United States; consequently they bought iron. Many of the speculators had not the means of paying for what they had bought, and very often they sold to persons as impecunious as themselves; but all hoped that the Americans would ultimately take the metal at a greatly enhanced price, and thus that each would draw the stake for which he played.

From iron the speculation extended to other markets, and it ended, as speculations usually do, in a collapse. Those who won and those who lost have alike been hoping for a similar exciting game this autumn, and they are disappointed now that they find the probabilities strongly against their hopes. But in the interest of solid and lasting good trade it is most desirable that there should be no such wild speculative outburst. What is to be wished for is a gradual, steady, prolonged improvement. And that this is in progress we have evidence. It is too soon yet for the altered circumstances of the farmers to make themselves felt. Up to the present time they have been engaged in getting in their crops, in threshing, and other such operations. But they are better able than they were to pay their rents, to employ labour, and to enlarge their expenditure. We do not mean to imply, of course, that a single year has restored prosperity to British agriculture; nor we do forget the lowness of prices. But, compared with twelve months ago, the three classes interested in the land are well off, and this cannot fail to have an increasing influence as months pass on. The country towns will share in the returning prosperity of their rural neighbours, and the manufacturers in turn will be benefited by what benefits the shopkeepers. The cheapness of bread will give a fresh stimulus to improvement. Already, before the harvest is well secured throughout the United Kingdom, the *Gazette* average price of wheat is under 2*l.* a quarter, and it is almost certain that it will fall still lower. Thus the working classes, with more abundant employment than they have had for some years back, will get their bread exceptionally cheap, and consequently will have a larger surplus to spend on other things. This surplus, though small in each individual case, becomes a very large sum when multiplied every week by many millions, and therefore will impart a great stimulus to trade.

Already there is evidence of increased purchasing power on the part of the working classes. The Customs revenue, which had so long been falling off, has of late begun to recover. For the six weeks ending September 18 there is an increase under this head, compared with the corresponding weeks of last year, of 124,000*l.* It is true, indeed, that the present week's return shows a decrease, but that probably is only a casual fluctuation. The increase under Excise proves nothing, as there has been an increase of taxation, and the item of stamps is too heterogeneous to allow us to draw an inference from its augmentation. But the recovery in Customs duties is significant, as it is accompanied by a revival in the tea trade, which a few months ago was in desperate straits. Again, though the Stock Exchange pronounces the railway traffic returns to be disappointing, they show, in fact, a very large increase over last year. From July 1 to September 18 only two out of sixteen principal railways of the United Kingdom show a loss of traffic. These are the Great Northern and the North British; and the latter case is sufficiently explained by the destruction of the Tay Bridge. The Lancashire and Yorkshire has gained 51 per cent.; the Great Western, 66 per cent.; the North-Western, 101 per cent.; and the North-Eastern, 170 per cent. The whole sixteen Companies have gained over half a million. Granting that the corresponding period of last year was very bad, that the increase proceeds with diminishing rather than increasing rapidity, and that in some cases rates have been raised, the fact still remains that a very substantial growth of traffic is exhibited.

Even the iron, cotton, and linen trades—to which we have referred as sustaining the view of those who are doubtful as to the immediate future—are incomparably better off than they were a year ago. The cotton trade was then in a state of collapse; it has since experienced an enormous demand from the East, and at the worst can only not afford higher wages. In the late dispute the employers did not say that they are now carrying on their business at a loss. On the contrary, they held out hopes of an advance by and by. From Belfast the latest news is decidedly more cheerful, and speaks of a largely increased demand; while in Scotland, though a general relighting of furnaces is not ordered, the number of furnaces in blast had risen in the week ending September 18, from 55 to 70, or 27 per cent. In all these facts we have satisfactory evidence that the improvement in trade continues—not so rapidly, indeed, as speculators hoped for, but steadily and gradually, and in the way that holds out the best promise of endurance. The low range of prices proves that speculation is not at work, that the improvement is the result of natural causes, and that the growing demand is not likely to be checked by exorbitant terms. We have already assigned reasons for the expectation that the home consumption will grow during the winter; and if we were to extend our review to foreign countries, we should discover other reasons to support the conclusion at which we have arrived. We will mention but two—the extraordinary and apparently abiding prosperity of the United States, and the assurance which the abundant fall of rain gives us that the Indian crops will again be good this year. In the meantime, however, it is the hand-to-mouth kind of business that grows, and that this is fairly profitable is proved by the cheerfulness that prevails everywhere. It is possible that speculative business, too, may revive when the holiday season is over, for it has been later than usual this year, because of the fine weather and the lateness of the Parliamentary Session. But that will greatly depend on politics.

THE IRISH ANARCHY.

ON Wednesday night Mr. Childers and Mr. Forster, it is said, crossed from Dublin together on the way to meet their colleagues at the Cabinet Council. Any one emulous of the fame of Landor could hardly do better than attempt an imaginary conversation between the two Ministers. Personally that conversation might have a beginning of a rather *aigre-doux* character. For it cannot have been pleasant to Mr. Forster to read how the other day his colleague was good enough to tell the people of Donegal—or was it Galway?—that there were three members of the present Cabinet who had the good of Ireland at heart, and to find that he, the Chief Secretary, was not one of them. Let us, however—or rather let the writer of the imaginary conversation—do these two Ministers the justice to suppose that something else besides personal matters may have occupied their thoughts. Mr. Childers has been making what the organs of the anti-English party themselves call a sort of triumphal progress through the North and West of Ireland. He has been taken to all the show places, has had all the usual pretty compliments paid him, and has expressed himself as delighted with everything. Meanwhile Mr. Forster has been looking, if not with his bodily eyes, on a very different aspect of Irish affairs; he has had—at least for the credit of his office we trust he has had—daily reports before him of murders, outrages, and offences against property. He has had to read how, without the slightest interference from those officers of the law whose action he is supposed to direct, the produce of whole farms has been carried off in broad daylight. He has had to read long lists of those outrages on helpless cattle which not so very long ago aroused an honest indignation in him. He has read of threats and violence of all sorts to persons engaged in lawful discharge of lawful business; and, to crown the whole, he has read of a peer of the realm of Ireland being murdered in cold blood on the Queen's highway. Meanwhile, of less directly painful matter he has had before him reams of reports of speeches at Land League meetings, apologizing for these outrages, and, directly or indirectly, provoking them. He has had time to meditate on the secret of the unwillingness of the Irish members to give him very active help for his unlucky Disturbance Bill; and he has been witness of the first, but certainly not the last, expressions of a dangerous and growing spirit of exasperation among the most loyal and deserving portion of the Irish people. A comparison of notes between two statesmen with such experiences would be not a little instructive, and it ought to have borne some fruit at the Council—that is to say, if Mr. Gladstone could be induced to divert his attention from his beloved friends who mutilate and murder in the East to those who mutilate and murder in the West.

It has very much grieved some sedate English critics that the murder of Lord Mountmorres should have brought about a panic in Ireland, and should be in danger of bringing about something like a panic in England. Nothing can be nobler than the tone in which persons who are themselves in perfect safety implore others who are also in perfect safety not to be panicstricken, and not to be in the least affected by the panic of those at whose foreheads the pistol of the murderer is set. To take an article of one of the Radical organs in England, and to compare it with the actual narrative of the facts of Lord Mountmorres's fate, has a grimness of comedy about it which cannot fail of relish to the discerning palate. The murder itself; the neighbour, his wife, and his daughter refusing shelter to the dying man, either out of brutish superstition, or, much more probably, from sheer fear of the vengeance of the murderers; the bands of the land meeting next day playing dead marches, amid roars of laughter, as they pass the place where their victim lies; the baseless calumnies of lying mob-orators trying to take away the dead man's reputation as their accomplices had taken away his life; the idle perquisitions of the police; the expectation by neighbours of a similar fate—these things make up the picture of the anarchy and terror which are flourishing within half a day's journey of London under the nominal government of an English Minister. The helplessness of the law, if it needed further demonstration, can be demonstrated easily by what has occurred in connexion with the New Ross

murder—that murder which, according to Mr. Parnell, would have been quite unnecessary but for the culpable omission of the farmers in the neighbourhood to organize. Here pressure has been put on the Government to give up witnesses whose evidence may be, and probably is, material to a conviction, to be tampered with by their friends, and the pressure has in part succeeded. The rewards offered for other evidence are denounced openly by the agitators, and the shouts of "Give him lead!" which have before and since had such fatal translation into acts, are passed over by them without notice or expostulation. Meanwhile, on this side of the water, advisers of the public gravely request that Englishmen will not on any account go into a panic, and that they will pay no attention whatever of an extraordinary kind to the murder of Lord Mountmorres. Indeed we may expect to hear at any moment that, if anybody pay such attention, he is only a snob who "loves a lord."

What is more particularly interesting is to contrast with all this the shouts of execration which have arisen from these same persons at the words of the bellicose Orange parson who took it into his head the other day to suggest that there were games at which two could play. We are certainly not inclined to make ourselves Mr. Kane's apologists, and it is to be feared that the reverend gentleman has studied the Pentateuch a good deal more than the Gospels. But it is to be observed that all he advocated was in the way of self-defence and retaliation, not the beginning of hostilities. It will be very hard for any of those who execrate Mr. Kane and deprecate panic in reference to Lord Mountmorres's murderers to make out that, even in a civilized country, the apathy of a Government in enforcing the law may not at some point or other justify the resumption by the individual of the right to protect himself and to strike at his enemies. It is for the Government to show that this lamentable condition of things can in no case arrive in Ireland, that they are aware of the dangers of the case, and willing and able to meet them. The complete impunity with which the operations of the Land League (which it is idle to endeavour to separate from the murders now committed monthly) continue to be carried on must necessarily have encouraged evildoers. There seems to have been a singular misapprehension, if it be no worse, of the facts of the case on the part of some English critics. Strong indifference to verbal provocation is one thing, weak indifference is another. A Government can afford to laugh at Mr. Parnell and his rabble so long, and so long only, as it keeps constantly in evidence force which is ready at a moment's notice to scatter the said rabble into its constituent elements of individual rascality. When it does not do this the rabble becomes something like a military demonstration, and impresses friends and foes accordingly. Moreover, every one in his senses and with the slightest knowledge of Irish history knows that, in the ordinary course of law, agrarian and political crime is hardly ever detected in Ireland. Evidence must be obtained by unusual inducements if it is to be obtained at all. Now those who could give evidence will never be induced to do so unless they are certain of the strength of the Government on whose side they, at considerable risk, throw themselves. The most red-hot partisan cannot deny that the spectacle of the reaping of the "Land League farms," and many other such things, are calculated to excite in the minds of timid people, who could come to the assistance of the Government with useful information, anything but confidence in its strength and determination to bear them harmless.

In the face of such a ghastly event as that at Clonbur, one has little heart to take note of the merely ludicrous aspect of the agitation. Gifted poetesses who describe with fervid eloquence how the angels look down with approval on poor men holding their own, how the saints bless their cattle, and make their crops yield a thousandfold, while they entirely forget to tell us what attitude the saints and angels assume towards the same poor men when they cut off the tails of their landlord's cattle or steal the crop that is legally his, might give plenty of scope for comment at another time. Mr. Redpath's eccentricities are not easily exhaustible; but, when one remembers that the orator amused himself by denouncing one murdered landlord close to the very spot where another had been murdered the night before, he too ceases to be a subject for raillery. The well-known flowers of Irish newspaper rhetoric have not failed to be lavished on the demand that districts which have forfeited the right to be treated as the abodes of civilized freemen should be subjected to some more appropriate regimen. The suggestion, which seems very likely to be a fact, that the weapons with which Lord Mountmorres was slaughtered may have been purchased with the money which amiable Englishmen subscribed last winter for keeping the interesting people of Ireland alive, crowns the irony of the whole business appropriately enough. But the business itself has gone beyond a joke. Parliament is not sitting; the chief attention of Ministers seems to be devoted to plans for bringing Europe by the ears; the Congregational Associations and the Unions of Liberal Young Christian Men are still occupied in contemplating ecstatically the mercies of the late general election; and certain newspapers, which used to discover that Lord Beaconsfield's policy was, with unavoidable drawbacks, the best of all possible policies, have succeeded in getting themselves into the same mental attitude with regard to the policy of Mr. Gladstone. Meanwhile, the remark as to Ireland and civil war seems to be realizing itself in the manner in which such remarks have a habit of realizing themselves. After recent events, it will not be in the least surprising if the Landlords' Defence Associations, of which something was heard some time ago, should become accomplished facts; and then, it need hardly be said, a struggle will have been begun of which no man can see the end. It is certain that in every imperfectly civilized country the mass of the people incline to that side which shows most overt strength, and it is equally certain that a strong spirit of factiousness still exists in Ireland—of factiousness, if the word may be used, on the right side as well as on the wrong. An open war of secret Societies (the contradiction is allowable enough) would probably confirm Mr. Kane's anticipations to the letter, and would exhibit to Europe a spectacle the scandal of which would perhaps be hardly greater in kind, but certainly greater in degree, than the scandal which has just sent a cool-headed French observer away from the shores of the isle which used to be the special pet and *protégé* of France, convinced that Irish prospects are pretty nearly hopeless. Only the most energetic action can cure the evil, and it seems very improbable that any energetic action will be taken by the present Ministry, unless it be action altogether the wrong way. We began this article by suggesting an imaginary conversation of the living; we may end it with the suggestion of an imaginary conversation of the dead. The ghosts of Sergeant Brett and of Lord Mountmorres might have something to say to one another, and it would be interesting to hear the opinion of both as to the present Prime Minister of England.

OAKHAM AND UPPINGHAM.

THE existence of Rutland in the very heart of England, as an independent county unknown to Domesday, is pronounced by Mr. Freeman to be "an insoluble problem." We certainly can discover no historic trace of a tribe of *Rotlandas* making this circumscribed district their home, as the *Sumorsætas* and *Dorsætas* did the shires which perpetuate their names in the South-west. The little county, which oddly enough appears as an appendage to Nottinghamshire, from which it is separated by a wide stretch of Leicestershire, a century before it emerges as a distinct shire, may possibly have taken its name from the colour of its ferruginous soil—"Rutland" quasi "red-land." The proverbial saying, "Rutland raddleman," preserved by Fuller, connecting the county with the "raddle," or "ruddle," used for marking sheep, may here be quoted; and, though the matter is far from certain, this is perhaps the most probable derivation of the name. But, though we have little ground for claiming a similar origin for the counties of Somerset and of Rutland, they present some curious and not unsuggestive points of correspondence. Rutland alone of Mercian shires—Shropshire, with its shiretown of "Scrobbesbyrig," now softened into Shrewsbury, is of course no real exception—has a distinct name of its own, like Somerset, entirely unconnected with its capital. If it is a modern blunder, the fruit of that unreasoning craving for uniformity which is gradually rubbing out all old historic landmarks, to speak of Somerset*shire*, Rutland*shire* is as much a misnomer, as unknown on the spot, as Cumberland*shire* or Westmoreland*shire* is anywhere. Girt in on all sides by large counties taking their names from the chief towns round which they were grouped as a convenient centre—Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, Lincolnshire, and the rest—Rutland in its minuteness is above them all in the perfect independence of its being. Oakham is the chief town of Rutland; but in no sense is the county of Rutland an appendage to Oakham.

We have spoken of Oakham as the chief town of Rutland; but in this also there is a point of correspondence between Rutland and Somerset, that it contains more than one town of so nearly the same size and importance that it is not easy to say to which the precedence rightly belongs. But while the dignity of shiretown has been parcelled out among several towns in Somerset—the assizes being held alternately at Wells and Taunton, and Ilchester till recently containing the county gaol, and, going a little further back, being the one place for the election of the knights of the shire—Oakham has always been the assize town and the centre of county business. The one privilege reserved to Uppingham appears in an ordinance of Henry VII. that the standard for weights and measures should be kept in it. At the present day it is not easy to say which is the less important place. Neither Oakham nor Uppingham is in size or appearance much beyond a large village. The population of neither exceeds three thousand. In Oakham, as befits the capital of the smallest county in England, with the exception of the church and Castle Hall, all is diminutive. The houses that line the long street which, with a little market square, make the town are generally small and low. Few aspire to three stories. Some are mere thatched cottages. There are a few examples of the stone-mullioned window and the gabled oriel characteristic of the district, but the aspect of Oakham is old-fashioned rather than old—neat and decent, but hardly picturesque. The little grass-grown market-place is more attractive. The octagonal "Butter Cross," a wooden structure covered with a lofty pyramidal roof raised on sturdy posts and sheltering the once formidable town stocks, with the long, low, grey-roofed, timber-framed shambles as a background, offers a charming subject for the sketch-book. But the chief objects of interest in Oakham, which of themselves will reward a journey thither, are the very noble Church, the Castle Hall, and Flores House, the last two ranking among the most important remains of Domestic architecture in England. The Flores or Flowers were the leading family at Oak-

ham for several centuries, their name constantly appearing in the records of the town and its charitable foundations, and to one of them the erection of the beautiful fourteenth-century spire of the church is attributed. The mansion known as "Flores House," the picturesque ivy-mantled front of which is one of the chief ornaments of the main street, preserves, amid much alteration, several Early English features. The house, which is of some considerable size, consisted of a hall in the centre flanked by gabled wings projecting backwards. This considerable mansion guards the southern entrance of the town, which was never walled, the street here being narrowed to the width of one vehicle. Here, as elsewhere, it is observable how in mediæval towns the wider spaces and thoroughfares of the interior were only approachable by entries of very contracted dimensions, admitting of easy defence against those whom it was undesirable to admit any further. The principal entrance of the house is a very good example of a shafted doorway of the thirteenth century, one of the dripstone terminations being a crowned head with the short beard and hair of Henry III. Within, on the end wall of the hall, between the screen and the entrance to the kitchen, is a curious early water-drain, resembling a *piscina*, for washing the hands before and after dinner: an arrangement of which later examples are found at South Wingfield in Derbyshire, Dacre Castle, and the Deanery, Wells. The orifice of the drain is protected by a human head, and the shelf is carved with a rose and large single dog's-tooth ornaments; above is a staple for the towel.

From Flores House it is but a stone's-throw to the Castle, the hall of which may be safely pronounced, both from its early date (the latter part of the twelfth century) and from the beauty of the design and the excellence of its ornamental features, as well as from its happily unaltered state, to be without a rival as an example of our domestic architecture. Of the defensive works of the Castle little remains. Earthworks of Anglo-Saxon or perhaps earlier date defended by a fosse support some ruined ivied walls, destitute of architectural character, and enclose an irregular area. This has been divided into an outer and inner court separated by a ditch, and perhaps a stockade. At present there is no trace of a wall. The south-east corner rises into a low mound as if for a keep-tower, the external face gay with brilliant flower-beds. But the whole has been so dismantled that it is almost impossible to make out the original plan. The hall stands detached towards the south of the area. Like the Royal hall at Winchester and the Episcopal hall at Lincoln, and the still earlier example of Westminster Hall as originally built by Rufus, the hall of Oakham Castle is divided into a centre and side aisles by two rows of pillars and arches. The pillars are cylindrical, with highly enriched Corinthianesque capitals, which at once recall the contemporary capitals at Canterbury and Christchurch, Oxford, though with a decidedly foreign feeling in the foliage, which renders them more akin to those at Soissons and Blois. The arches are semicircular, and are richly moulded. The plan of the windows, which are happily unaltered throughout, shows externally a pair of lancets, divided by a shafted mullion, with double bands of toothed ornament running up the jambs. The window openings are square headed, the heads of the lancets being left solid and usually richly carved with foliage. Within, the rear-arch is round-headed with bold tooth adornment in the hollow chamfer. There is no clerestory. The quaint beasts—cat-a-mountains, bulls, lions—from which the terminal arches spring as corbels, themselves supported on regal and other heads, the musicians perched on the abacuses of the capitals, the centaur and mounted lion which stare down from the summits of the gables, and other bits of carving about the building, are full of original power which is more attractive than many a more finished work. The great charm of the building, however, is its unaltered condition. Since George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, put up the high-pitched roof, it has remained substantially untouched by the hand of modernizer, or, more dangerous still, restorer. With the exception of the very unobtrusive fittings introduced to adapt it to its purpose as Assize Courts—the bench, the bar, the witness-box, the dock, and the rest—the hall remains substantially the same as when first erected by Walkelin de Ferrars just at the time that Henry II. was first sending out his justices *in eyre*, and mapping out England into judicial circuits roughly corresponding with those of the present day. Next to the singular beauty of the architecture, the horse-shoes which crowd the walls—the tribute of many regal as well as noble visitors, from Queen Elizabeth down to her present Majesty when Princess Victoria, and the Princess of Teck—attract the visitor's attention. There are horse-shoes of every size from the huge Brobdingnagian gilt rings six feet across, which hang over the judge's seat, to the little shoes of as many inches over the side doors, and of various materials, from that of George IV., when Prince Regent, of polished brass, to the humble matter-of-fact rusty iron shoes actually taken from a horse's foot. This curious "custom of the manor" which authorizes the claim from every peer of Parliament the first time he passes through the town of a horse-shoe to be nailed to the castle gate, though entirely without documentary authority, is of high antiquity; but the date of its institution and its original meaning are completely lost. We can hardly doubt, however, that there is some connexion between this toll of horse-shoes and the family name of Ferrers, *de Ferrariis*, who bear a "canting coat," as the heralds say, "semée of horse-shoes."

To the west of the castle stands the church. Both in outline and in detail this is a singularly beautiful building, and the restoration, which was conducted by Sir G. G. Scott in 1858, while productive of much good in clearing away pews and galleries and allowing the fine proportions of the interior to be fully seen, appears to have done no more harm than is inseparable from the work of the restorer. The western tower, a spire of Late Decorated date, is a very stately composition, assigned, as we have said, to one of the Flores as founder. The relative proportions of the successive stages are excellent; it is not overdone with ornament; the tall coupled belfry windows give immense dignity to the tower, while the junction of the spire—generally an awkward thing to manage satisfactorily—is admirably masked by the corner turrets of unusual size which take the place of pinnacles. The general effect of the exterior is of a building of the Perpendicular date; but, as so often happens, on entering we find that later walls and windows mask an earlier fabric. The nave arcade is Early Decorated *circa* 1320, the capitals being much enriched by carvings of angels, animals, foliage, &c. The chancel is also a Decorated work to which very wide chantry aisles have been added of late Perpendicular reaching quite to the east end. There are quasi-transepts formed by doubling the two eastern bays of the aisles, under a flattish gable. This arrangement as seen without is not pleasing. The general effect of the interior is one of singular stateliness and spaciousness. The architecture and fittings, including those put up in the late restoration, are all of unusual excellence, and the building is evidently well cared for and used. We must not omit to mention the grand old tub-shaped Norman font, elevated on a high panelled base of later date.

At the north-east corner of the churchyard a long high-pitched gabled building of Charles I.'s time shelters the celebrated Grammar School founded, together with the sister establishment at Uppingham, in the reign of Elizabeth, c. 1584, by Archdeacon Robert Johnson, Rector of North Luffenham, Prebendary of Windsor and Rochester, and Archdeacon of Leicester. The founder of these two educational institutions, by which the names of the little towns of Oakham and Uppingham have become known far beyond the limits of the county and its vicinity, was the son of Maurice Johnson of Stamford, M.P. for that borough. He served as chaplain to the Lord Keeper Nicholas Bacon, and was vicar of Luffenham for half a century, "preaching painfully and keeping good hospitality," and died there, at the advanced age of eighty-five, in 1625, in which year the statutes of his two schools were first promulgated. His grandson Isaac Johnson, with his wife, Lady Arabella Fiennes, left England in 1630 with the "Pilgrim Fathers," and died at Boston the same year, appointing John Hampden his executor. The Lady Arabella did not survive many months. The code provides for a master and an usher—now swelled to a staff of nine-and-twenty masters and teachers of various subjects—of whom the former was to be "painful in the education of children, of good learning and religion, such as can make Greek and Latin verse"; while the usher was to be "a godly, learned, and discreet man, that can make him Latin, both in prose and verse." The poor boys had no indulgent allowance of holidays. The now time-honoured "Midsummer holidays" had not come into being, while the Christmas holidays were limited to a month, from "December the tenth to the Monday after Twelfth Day"; and the only other relaxations from continuous study recognized by the statutes were ten days at Easter and Whitsuntide. After a useful existence of two centuries and a half, with varying fortunes, but on the whole doing good educational work, as proved by a long list of distinguished alumni, including two living members of the Episcopal Bench, Archdeacon Johnson's foundations have come under the Charity Commissioners, who have decided that, Rutland being too small a county to be allowed to retain two first-grade schools, the higher dignity should be reserved for Uppingham, Oakham being bidden to "take a lower room." The decision was probably not an unwise one. Experience had proved that the prosperity of the two schools was never contemporaneous; that if Oakham was up, Uppingham was down. There was certainly room for a good second-grade school. The change has been more nominal than real; and after an interval during which the institution was recovering itself from the shock, Oakham Grammar School, under an able and energetic head-master, is once more prosperous.

Oakham lies relatively low, among the green pastures of the fertile valley of Catmose, whose praises are sung by Drayton:—

> Bring forth that British vale, and be it ne'er so rare
> But Catmus with that vale for richness may compare;

looked down upon to the east by the umbrageous woods and vast white stone mansion of Burley-on-the-Hill, rich in memories of James I. and "Baby Charles" and "Steenie," of Ben Jonson's masque of the "Gipsies" acted, and Bishop Andrewes's learned discourses preached before the Court here—taken by storm by Cromwell himself in July, 1643, and occupied by a Parliamentary garrison, by which it was afterwards deserted and burnt, but rebuilt after its purchase by Daniel Finch, Earl of Nottingham, in a style more ponderous than beautiful. Uppingham, the other recipient of Archdeacon Johnson's bounty, on the contrary, stands high; its long sinuous street (Leland, when he visited it three centuries and a half ago, wrote, "It is but one meane streete") stretching along the very edge of one of the long, low steep hills which are the characteristics of this part of Rutland, making it like a magnified ploughed field all "ridge and furrow." Uppingham has no such examples of mediæval domestic architecture to show as those which are the glory of Oakham; but it has some good stone-fronted houses, both in the earlier mullioned and gabled style and in that of the first Georges, with tall sash windows, projecting cornices, and well-proportioned dormers. These are now thrown into insignificance by the tall

new hotel, and the various masters' boarding-houses, with their long ranges of dormitories and studies, some of which, but chiefly those outside the town, are really palatial structures. Every here and there a gap in the houses affords a peep of tempting shady gardens and old-fashioned mansions, retiring in dignified state from the noise and turmoil of the public street. In days of unscientific etymology Uppingham was supposed to have taken its name from its elevated position. Of course it really denotes, as Kemble pointed out long since, the "mark" or home of the Upingas. The place has given birth to a proverb, "As round as an Uppingham trencher"; but, beyond its having been the first incumbency of Jeremy Taylor, and having sheltered Charles I. on his flight from Oxford to Southwell, with Ashburnham and Hudson, on the night of Saturday, May 2nd, 1646, its annals are bare of historical incidents. The church, which stands conspicuously on the very brow of the steep descent, at one end of the market-place, though much inferior to Oakham, is far from deserving Leland's contemptuous description as "a very meane churche." It is a large building of Decorated date, with a well-proportioned western tower and spire, which, from its position on the summit of the ridge, is a conspicuous object from all the country round. The interior was restored too soon, and preserves little that is ancient except the very pleasing nave arcades, which on the south side retain some of their decorative painting; the freedom and grace of the scrollwork, and the irregular spacing of the red stars which powder the soffetes, are a marked contrast to the lifeless exactness of modern stencilling. The chancel is entirely modern, with slender serpentine columns and natural leafage on the capitals; well intentioned and costly, but certainly un-English and very far from pleasing. The chief object of interest in the church is the old Jacobean pulpit, from which Jeremy Taylor preached during the four years that he resided as rector of Uppingham. Restorers have done all they can to spoil this invaluable relic, by robbing it of its sounding-board, lowering it and putting it on a leg of polished serpentine quite out of keeping with its arabesque oak wainscot sides; but the body of the pulpit is as it was in Taylor's days, and is shown to the curious visitor by the sexton as "Gen'ral Taylor's pulpit; or Gen'l'man Taylor's, I don't mind which; anyhow, he lived a long while ago." The parish registers exhibit delightful examples of Taylor's neat calligraphy, in marked contrast with the ungainly ill-spelt scrawl which deforms the pages after he had left Uppingham by the King's command in 1642 to join him as his chaplain at Oxford. Taylor became rector of Uppingham, March 23, 1638, on the presentation of Juxon, then Bishop of London. The first entry is his signature at the bottom of the page for that same year, "Jeremy Taylor, Rector Ecclesiæ." The next year we have the entry of his marriage, "1639 Mr. Jeremiah Taylor ('Rector' interlined) and Phœbe Landisdale, married May 27." We know nothing of Mrs. Taylor's family beyond the fact that her brother was a physician living in his "apothecary's house" at Gainsborough in 1643, and afterwards established at Leeds. Her mother seems to have been a widow residing temporarily at Uppingham, but afterwards living in London, where, after his wife's early death and the sequestration of his living, we find Taylor and his two little boys domiciled with his mother-in-law, and harassed with the pecuniary difficulties which during the greater part of his life continued to pursue him. The baptismal register is imperfect from 1633 to 1643; so we have no entry of the baptism of the three boys born to him at Uppingham. The register of funerals records, in his own neat hand, the burial, on May 28, 1642, of "William (named, Heber thinks with great probability, after his great patron Laud), the son of Jer. Taylor, and Phœbe his wife." The mother did not long survive her child; but the place and date of her death are unknown. Taylor's modest parsonage to the west of the church, though largely added to to suit the requirements of modern rectors, remains substantially unaltered. It has a stone front, with projecting two-storied oriels capped with gables, after the type of the district, of which examples are so abundant at Stamford.

The most marked feature in Uppingham, however, is the group of school buildings erected from the designs of Mr. Street to the south of the main thoroughfare. These, which form two sides of a proposed quadrangle, to be built as the property falls into the Governors' hands, comprise a chapel and a school-room, standing on an open cloister, and class-rooms below, we were going to say at right angles to one another. But oddly enough the two blocks of buildings do not run square, and though the divergence is masked by a cylindrical bell-turret in the corner—not a very happy effort of Mr. Street's genius, rather too much resembling a Mordan's pencil-case, and too small to allow the fine bells to be rung—the effect is displeasing, and will be more so when the other sides of the court are built. The whole group is in the form of earlier Gothic, chiefly affected by Mr. Street, but with all its excellences of proportion and detail there is an unsympathetic hardness about the design which fails to charm. The interior of the chapel, with window tracery reminding one of Merton Chapel, is very striking from its height, and the distance of the window-sills from the floor. Mr. Street knows the value of blank walls. The original school-room, of the same humble type as that of Oakham, still stands at the south-east corner of the churchyard, but is reduced to a carpenter's shop—carpentry and joiner's work having been judiciously added by Mr. Thring, the present Head-Master, to his school curriculum. At the opposite end of the churchyard, to the west, are the other buildings, forming "School-house Quad," partly old, partly new. The former, a low ivy-vested gabled group, comprises master's house, dining hall, and dormitory over, tossed together with little order, but with the happiest result as regards picturesque effect. Two sides of the school court are surrounded with a low range of tiny studies, measuring about 6 ft. by 4; each with its table and chair, book-shelves, and ink-stand, recalling the "carols" of a monastic cloister, warmed with hot-water pipes, the walls hung with pictures and decorated with brackets and statuettes, or austere and bare, according to the means and taste of its juvenile occupant. By this wholesome arrangement, which is carried out in all the separate boarding-houses, each boy has conferred on him what Aristotle calls the "unspeakable" delight of the "sense of private property." Few things give a higher idea of the healthy spirit pervading the school, and of the educational work done in it, than a visit to these studies. Many a man will think with a shudder of his own schoolboy days—three hundred boys in one big schoolroom, without book-shelves, desks, or anything to write on save on one's knees, a scene of noise, idleness, and brutality. Each boy has his separate cubicle, and the school classes never exceeding thirty boys on an average, and the boarding-houses being limited to the same number, every boy feels that he is known and cared for individually. Mr. Thring's eulogium may be summed up in the simple fact that the seven-and-twenty years of his head-mastership have resulted in the numbers of the school being raised from twenty-five boys—a certain number having followed the former Head-Master to Durham—to an average of three hundred and twenty, and that Uppingham may now take rank among the leading public schools of the country. The school lists of Uppingham are not barren in distinguished names. To omit living scholars at both Universities, its rolls show the names of Ferne, Bishop of Chester; Stanhope, Dean of Canterbury; and Manners Sutton, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Any account of Uppingham School, however slight, would be incomplete without reference to that remarkable epoch in the school annals known as the "Exodus to Borth," when the whole three hundred boys, driven out of their old quarters in January 1876 by typhoid fever—the fruit here as elsewhere of inadequate drainage—found refuge on the shores of Cardigan Bay, where for twelve months, under strangely new surroundings, partly in the huge empty hotel, partly in extemporized wooden sheds, partly in cottages of the village of Borth, the school work was carried on almost as efficiently as in Rutland. Never was a terrible evil, threatening the very existence of the school, met with greater tact and courage, and not only averted, but transformed almost into a good by practical wisdom and unwavering faith. The whole story has been so charmingly told by Mr. Skrine, in his *Uppingham by the Sea*, that we cannot do better than close our article by recommending our readers to get a sight of his delightful little volume. When once begun they will find it difficult to lay it down.

BROAD CHURCH ETHICS.

DURING the last week or two some of the most prominent members of what calls itself the Liberal party in the Church of England have been taking to themselves a considerable space in the daily newspapers. Some ten days ago the matter began by the publication, or rather the republication from a provincial journal, of a scheme of home reunion from the pen of the Dean of Westminster. Then Mr. Stopford Brooke announced his reasons for seceding from the Church, and Mr. Brooke's reasons have brought down remonstrances upon his head from Mr. Capes and Mr. Haweis. With Mr. Stopford Brooke we have nothing to do at present. His conduct, whatever may be thought of it from other points of view, at least presents no hold to adverse criticism from the ethical side. He has not, strictly speaking, held any preferment in the Church, and therefore is not called upon to resign any, and he has honestly enough announced his secession. It may seem odd that he should prefer Brookism—for that is the sect to which, as we gather, he has now definitely joined himself—to the Church of Augustine and Anselm, of Wilson and Butler; but that is a matter for himself only. The other persons we have mentioned are not in a similar position, and the manifestoes which they have published are much more curious documents. The Dean of Westminster's is perhaps the least remarkable, because he tells nobody anything that he did not know before. But, considering its priority in point of time and the rank of the writer, it probably deserves to be dealt with first. Dean Stanley's ideas and practical discharge of his duty as guardian of the Abbey of Westminster are already sufficiently historical. It seems to the Dean that the best thing he can do is to open that building to all the sects which are most hostile to the Church to which it belongs, and which make no secret of their hostility. To do the sects justice, they have been very little moved by the advantages accruing to them from the legal accident that Dean Stanley is his own Ordinary. The Dean with some naïveté confesses this; but still he suggests that the experiment should be tried elsewhere. Putting decency and some other things for the moment out of the question, there is something very engaging in the simplicity of the means which the Dean wishes to employ. A good-sized minster, with a Church service going on in the choir (if that does not savour too much of ascendency), a Roman Catholic divine officiating in the Lady Chapel, a Ranter in the

nave, a Baptist in the south transept, and possibly a Quakers' meeting in the Chapter-house—given these simple conditions, the dissensions of English Christendom will, thinks the Dean, shortly be healed. If anything more remains to be done, he proceeds to point out how to do it. Even at present, thinks Dr. Stanley, there are no subscriptions or declarations, or anything else of the kind, which need keep anybody out of the Church. A dozen years ago all these things were commuted into a "simple assent to the doctrine of the Church of England as contained in the Book of Common Prayer and the Articles." The Dean is very particular about "doctrine," in the singular. For it seems that you may assent to the "doctrine" of the formularies without assenting to their "doctrines." This invaluable singular allows anybody to make a mental reservation of any particular doctrine he does not like as not being included in the general doctrine. It is clear, therefore, that anybody who will not come into the Church is an idle hair-splitter. The "slight and colourless adhesion" might indeed be done away with, and it would be a very good thing to do away with it, but it really does not matter. Still Dr. Stanley thinks that it would be a capital thing if "the narrower system" were left to "Nonconforming Churches": that is to say, he proposes, with a legerdemain surpassing Mr. Maskelyne's, to make conformity into nonconformity. So far the Dean; and it is to be observed that he is addressing himself to those who are outside the Church and advising them to come in. His argument of course cuts both ways, and in the cutting exposes some very singular conformation of moral fibre in himself and those who sympathize with him. But the exposure is indirect only.

It is otherwise with the other letters to which we have referred. Mr. Haweis is extremely angry with Mr. Stopford Brooke, whose conduct he declares to be an anachronism. We forget who it was that long ago declared this particular word to be the best he knew for a speaker or writer who wished to express disapprobation without giving his reasons for it. Mr. Haweis, however, is wasteful, for he not only employs the saving term, but gives his reasons likewise. These reasons are rather long, but practically come to this. The Liberal clergy are very valuable to the Church, therefore they ought not to leave her. Also there is no reason why they should leave her, unless they have committed technical offences, for which "the Administration" can turn them out. Mr. Haweis is quite lavish in the expression of his opinion that, if this is the case, they ought to go. If you are expelled, go by all means, he says—which seems a piece of advice verging on the superfluous; but, if you are not expelled, by all means stick. Mr. Capes had previously taken up the same attitude in a more dispassionate and critical manner—indeed, in a manner so gratuitously dispassionate that it looks terribly like irony. He informs his readers that "a large number of the Liberal clergy disbelieve in the miraculous" altogether, but, being men of "robust and simple minds," they reflect that all they have got to do is not "in so many words to attack the Thirty-nine Articles." Therefore they robustly and simply hold their "curacies, livings, and positions as members of our Cathedral establishments"; nor, according to Mr. Capes's views of casuistry, are they to be blamed. We do not know how far the robust holders of this convenient view would accept Mr. Capes's spokesmanship, but we have not yet seen any disclaimer; and Mr. Haweis's letter looks, on the contrary, much more like an endorsement. So that, on the whole, it would appear that poor Mr. Stopford Brooke has exposed himself to the arrows of both sides. Orthodoxy, while exonerating his morals, cannot but regard him as something of an apostate; latitudinarianism looks at him with disgust, as at a feeble brother much lacking in simplicity, who has not the wit to save his temporalities (if he had any) with a robust *distinguo*.

It cannot be denied that these documents, taken together and studied with attention, are in the highest degree instructive, though the word "instructive" cannot be here regarded as a synonym for its congener, "edifying." "I," says the Dean of Westminster, with simplicity certainly, if not with robustness, "am, by a pure antiquarian accident, exempted from supervision in my management of the building committed to my charge. I have availed myself of this accident to give a grave scandal to most of the earnest members of my own communion, in pursuance of a private fad of my own. This fad, however, is, I must tell you, connected with a larger question. The persons I have admitted of grace to Westminster Abbey might just as well come of right. There really is nothing to prevent them. They have only got to declare quite colourlessly their general assent to a doctrine made up of an infinity of other doctrines, which they are quite at liberty to pick and choose. It is true that their fathers, and, indirectly, they themselves, objected to these very doctrines, not one of which was more in the Prayer-book then than it is now; but that does not matter." Then Mr. Capes takes up the ball, and proceeds to show that not merely a very qualified assent to the doctrines of the Prayer-book, but a disbelief in the miraculous altogether, is quite compatible with the holding of the Church's functions, the wearing of her livery, the pocketing of her stipends. And, finally, Mr. Haweis rounds off the matter by pointing out that the clergy not only may so hold on, but that it is their duty to hold on, because of their extreme intrinsic value to the Church itself. It has not been thought of late years that a clergyman held, as a rule, a position of ideal comfort and happiness; but Mr. Haweis's contention restores him to all, and more than all, than was ever supposed to be his. His duty, his vanity, and his interest, all converge and unite in one sweet compulsion to make him "hold his own," as Miss Frances Parnell would say. Far be it from him to be so anachronistic as to feel repugnance at taking money in virtue of an adhesion which he has practically recanted, at pronouncing with an air of solemnity words which are to him but vain breath, at wearing the uniform of an institution which he is doing what in him lies to subvert and destroy. It is his duty not to take his valuable services away, and the conviction that they are valuable is sure to strengthen him as much as the sight of his banker's book in the perception of that duty. So, no doubt, Marlborough and Godolphin, when they served William in name and James in fact, felt comfortably convinced that the value of their services to England was such that it would be culpable to deprive her of them by a retirement to St. Germains. Only when they are expelled—that is, we suppose, when they are deprived of their temporalities, for we do not quite know what else expulsion means—then Mr. Haweis is clear that they should go. Their services being declined, and the consideration for those services brutally withheld, there is clearly nothing else for them to do. Indeed the argument of all these good persons holds together with a delightful consistency. Logically there is literally nothing to be said against them. Ethically there is no doubt a good deal. But ethics is, on the whole, rather an effete science, and perhaps they do well to disregard it. Nevertheless, some faint satisfaction may be permitted to minds neither simple nor robust in feeling that a standard of less robustness and simplicity obtains in the ordinary dealings of life.

CHEAP-TRIPPERS.

ANY person who may have been moved by the crowded state of seaside places in the South, and by terror of cockney excursionists, to spend his holiday in one of the Northern counties, will have reaped small advantage from the change of latitude. It is true that the race of 'Arry is not so widely known in the North as in the South; but the mining and manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire provide a corresponding plague which, if less offensive as regards the individuals composing it, is rendered even more terrible by force of numbers. Railway officials, and after them the general public, have given to these hordes the name of "cheap-trippers." Descended from the barbarians who were the terror of civilized nations in centuries gone by, they have kept to some extent the nomadic instincts of their fathers, and emerge at intervals from the smoke and dust of their mines and factories to rub elbows with those who enjoy a purer air and less circumscribed range of vision. An inexperienced visitor to a North-country watering-place may go down to the sea for his early morning swim, rejoicing in the quiet of the place, and looking forward to a peaceful day in the open air. But the Gaul is at the gates. As he returns from the shore, and looks towards the railway-station, he sees the streets black with a crowd that grows and spreads till it covers the land as completely as a swarm of locusts in South Africa. On inquiring from a native what it all means, he is told that "a trip is in" from some large manufacturing town, and his peace is gone, for that day at least.

It is not only those places known as health resorts which the cheap-tripper delights to visit. Sometimes a large mining district is deserted for a day while its inhabitants go to swell the population of a crowded city. A business man as he walks the streets finds his path blocked by a crowd of gaping women who chatter in an almost unknown tongue, and are far too bewildered to get out of the way. Next he perhaps encounters a gang of colliers, who half poison him with the smell of rank tobacco, and hoot at him because he wears a high hat. It is curious that the two sexes are rarely seen together from the time when they leave the train until the hour of departure. The men parade the town in close order, followed at a respectful distance by a train of women and children, as the custom is with primitive man. They hustle every one off the pavement, and when in a good temper treat the police with utter indifference. The dignity of the Church receives from them no more consideration than the majesty of the law. A closely-shaven curate, who was walking down a street clad in his cassock, was once horrified by hearing shouted across the road the inquiry whether "yonder was a lad or a lass."

Next to publicans, the proprietors of china shops seem to profit most by these excursionists. Every woman thinks it necessary to take home with her a small white mug with a suitable inscription, or a plate stamped with a view of the town she has visited. There is a large demand, too, for balloons; and the extent of the family may often be approximately ascertained by the number of these trophies which a fond mother carries with her to the station. The tendency of the men to limit their expenditure to the purchase of refreshment is almost universal; and we are disposed to regard as a model of conjugal devotion a collier who once waylaid a lady as she was leaving her milliner's, attracted her attention by a nudge of the elbow, and, pointing to a jacket in the window, asked whether she thought it would cost more than thirty shillings. He was referred to the milliner; and, on meeting the same lady afterwards in the street, he greeted her with that peculiar sidelong jerk of the head which is the recognized method of saluting an acquaintance in the North, and said in a solemn tone, "It were fifty."

His annual visit to the seaside is to the collier something more

than a mere holiday. It is the occasion of a solemn ceremony. On this day alone in the whole year he is completely washed. As a rule, he regards total submersion as not merely unnecessary, but absolutely harmful; and, after a day's work in the pit, he never washes below the waist. It is an article of belief among colliers that anything more than this diminishes their strength, and we have heard an ex-collier justify the prejudice on what he called the scientific ground that excessive washing removed the natural oil of the skin. However, an exception is made in favour of sea-water, and even a collier seldom returns home unwashed from his visit to Southport or Blackpool. But the institution of bathing-machines is a refinement beyond his understanding, and he occasionally comes into collision with the local authorities through his more primitive notions on the subject. At one seaside place with which we are acquainted, a kind of little war raged for some months on this delicate question. The difficulty was at last solved by some ingenious person discovering that the jurisdiction of the authorities did not extend beyond the limits of the borough, which were placed very near indeed to the bathing-machine station; and henceforth a large company of *al fresco* bathers was wont to stir up the impotent rage of the owners of bathing-vans by taking up a position under their very eyes, and there disporting themselves with a degree of comfort and economy unknown before the date of the great discovery.

Dinner is of course the central point round which the day's arrangements group themselves. It is perhaps a more important event among North-country people in general than among dwellers in the South. It might be a difficult point to decide whether a Lancashire collier or a London house-painter could drink the more. Possibly at the season when houses are generally undergoing repairs and decoration, constant practice might give the victory to the Londoner. But in the matter of eating the decision would certainly be reversed. A party of cheap-trippers in the North would regard with contemptuous surprise the irregular meal, eaten from a basket on the beach, which is so common a spectacle at Brighton and other South-coast watering-places. The streets are haunted by touts from various eating-houses, who sometimes even invade the railway-stations, and captivate their victims by a glowing description of "our two-shilling dinner." The most successful of these places are often kept by local celebrities; some retired wrestler, or champion swimmer, who makes up for bad provisions by the glory of his name and the brightness of his medals, much as Squire Warrington in the *Virginians* sought to divert attention from the smallness of his ale by a magnificent show of family plate on the sideboard. Some streets seem to be entirely occupied by these places of refreshment; from every window issues that savoury steam which, if we may believe Homer, was more grateful to the gods of old than it is to mere human nostrils; while the evidence of ears and eyes suggests that M. Zola might have gathered some valuable hints for his description of a dinner in *L'Assommoir* from observation of English cheap-trippers. It is not surprising that a certain lethargy prevails after dinner; some aid or supersede the process of digestion by a short sail; others drive about aimlessly in huge vehicles furnished with very insufficient horse-power. The majority lounge about the streets in a half-torpid condition, like wasps in autumn. A few of the heaviest ride on donkeys, and a good many children contrive to lose themselves while their parents are indulging in an after-dinner nap. Towards tea-time the crowd revives somewhat, and soon afterwards the town begins to empty itself again.

To all appearance, the one element in the cheap-tripper's composition which raises him much above the lower animals is his love of music. His taste is not refined, but it exists, and only requires cultivation. A small band of itinerant musicians is always the centre of a crowd; and even a blind man singing revivalist hymns to the accompaniment of a concertina draws a tolerably large audience. But the form of entertainment which excites the greatest enthusiasm is a brass-band contest between two or more districts. The town which offers such an attraction is sure of an enormous concourse of visitors. There is generally a considerable amount of betting on the result—indeed it is difficult to imagine a contest of any kind about which a North-countryman would not bet. Party feeling runs high, and all *fortissimo* passages are greeted with shouts of delight, for the cheap-tripper's sympathies in music, like Mr. Pickwick's in politics, are on the side of the stronger. Stringed instruments he holds in contempt, and would no doubt share the opinion of Dr. Johnson on the subject of a violin solo. We should not recommend a nervous vocalist to sing before an audience of cheap-trippers, for their criticisms are expressed in a very outspoken manner, and moreover, if the air of a song is well known, they are apt to interpolate a chorus.

All things considered, it is not surprising that cheap-trippers are regarded without affection by the inhabitants of the places to which they resort. It is not pleasant to see beautiful country overrun by an unappreciative horde intent upon noise and often upon mischief, nor is it agreeable to have the streets rendered impassable for ladies by the presence of drunken roughs. But some excuse is to be found for the unruly behaviour of illiterate holiday-makers in the character of the amusements generally provided for them. They can scarcely be expected to devote a long day to the peaceful contemplation of the beauties of nature, nor, on the other hand, do swings, roundabouts, donkey-rides, and rifle-galleries satisfy the desire of those who have few resources within themselves for something definite to do. We do not venture to suggest any solution of the problem, but it may be respectfully recommended to the consideration of those who profess great anxiety to improve the condition of the working classes. Something has from time to time been done in this direction by owners of great estates, and others who have it in their power to contribute to the enjoyment of holiday-makers, but their efforts are seldom sustained. Some mischief is done, whether deliberately or heedlessly, by members of the crowd, and their entertainer for the future holds aloof from them. He is sometimes, no doubt, over-sensitive; but it is difficult to keep up an interest in people who abuse kindness. After all, the holiday, though it might be better spent, does good physically, if not morally. The benefits of pure air are not destroyed by the utterance of foul language, and fresh scenes, though they are not consciously taken in or appreciated, must afford a grateful relief to the monotonous drudgery of every-day work. The very fact that there is a day in the year to look forward to and back upon gives an element of variety to lives in which variety is not too plentiful. Even a man who is taken home by his wife in a state of stupid intoxication is at least no worse than if his time had been spent in a beerhouse at home. He is certainly not more drunk than if he had been at a funeral.

DAILY BLUNDERS.

LIKE many other old sayings, sacred and profane, that which refers to the blind leading the blind constantly receives fresh illustrations, and we fear that among these must be classed to a great extent a well-meant attempt to keep people clear of some common errors which has been produced under the title of *A Dictionary of Daily Blunders*. This, we are told in a preface, "has been compiled from a collection made by the author during the past twenty years, and the examples are mostly taken from modern literature." It must be admitted that the author has at least shown good judgment in choosing a field whence to take his illustrations; and it is with becoming modesty that he writes that, though "due care has been taken in the preparation of the Dictionary," yet there is doubtless plenty of room for criticism, and the chances are that he will be "proclaimed a blunderer." "If it should be thought," he also observes, "that the blunders are occasionally frivolous, or so obvious that no one would ever make them, we would remind those who consult these pages that many incorrect expressions which one class of people would never think of uttering are used daily by other classes." There is certainly evidence enough, of one kind or another, in the volume before us, of the existence of blunders which could hardly have been suspected.

The lexicographer begins his volume with a paragraph which contains one remarkably safe statement. "'An iron urn and silver teapot were on the table' should be 'An iron urn and *a* silver teapot.' *An* silver teapot is an obvious error." This word *an* seems indeed to have a singular interest for the compiler; for shortly afterwards we find him falling foul of the apparently unobjectionable expression "an unfeeling, grasping man." He has at once perceived that to say "*an* grasping man" would be "an obvious error," and he also perceives that to say "an unfeeling and a grasping man" would be "ambiguous, for it suggests two men." He finds a short and simple way out of the difficulty he has so ingeniously made for himself by substituting "He was an unfeeling as well as a grasping man." The writer is as great on matters of spelling and pronunciation as he is on the nice conduct of the articles; and we shall presently come to an instance in which, with regard to one word, he combines some novel information on both points. Something like the effect of a sudden blow is produced by the amazing statement that "advantageous should not be pronounced ad-văn-tag'e-us, but ăd-van'-tage-us"; and there is a certain surprise in finding that "antipodean should be pronounced an-tip'-ō-de-an." We are not prepared, on the other hand, to deny that by some people "betroth is pronounced be-trōth, not be-trŏth," and it is quite true that *Bon Marché* should not be pronounced "bong marsh"; but we are overwhelmed by two following statements of the Dictionary, which show us blunders which we have constantly, if not daily, committed. Never, we confess, have we pronounced Buenos Ayres as we are now told to do, "Bō-nos Ariz," and never did we know of Byron that "the poet called himself Birn, not Byron." Calais, we learn also for the first time, "is pronounced Kal'-lā," as also that "cayenne is pronounced kāh-yen." On the other hand, it is quite possible that "coz. for cousin is as bad as viz. for videlicit (*sic*)."; although we fail to see where in either case, to use an Americanism, the badness comes in. In contrast to the bold assertion of these passages is the halting observation, true as far as it goes, that "aggravating has not quite the same meaning as irritating, though sometimes used for it." Possibly, however, it is on principle that the author leaves his readers to find out some things for themselves. This view seems to be supported by the oracular observation made under the head "Advertisements." "Errors are often committed through a consideration of brevity." Equally pregnant and equally vague is the paragraph devoted to "anachronism," which "is pronounced ana'-chronism by Johnson, and an-ak'-ron-ism by Walker. Anachronisms should be avoided, as indicating either ignorance or carelessness." These statements are perhaps less valuable than some which settle with a prompt and pleasing decisiveness what have hitherto been moot points. For instance, a discussion has lately been carried on in a

contemporary as to [illegible] Jacques's name, and [illegible] been brought forward and supported [illegible]. It seemed indeed that the controversy might go on for ever; but it must surely stop now that the lexicographer of blunders has delivered himself of this authoritative decision. "Jacques is pronounced shák, not jakes." It is but rarely that the judicial attitude of mind here exemplified seems to be affected by indignation or irritation at the folly of mankind; but, in one instance at least, there is some sign of this. On the word "heinous" the compiler briefly and sternly says, "Look to the spelling and pronounce hā-nus."

It has been observed above that in the case of one word the compiler throws a new light both on spelling and pronunciation, and this case we proceed to quote. "Majoribanks (a family name) is pronounced Marjbanks." That the *r* is not dropped by a clerical error is proved by the position which the name occupies in the dictionary; the *j* for *ch* is of course a more venial mistake. As we go further into the volume the amount of new information bestowed upon us becomes, if anything, still fuller. Who was aware before the publication of this work that Munchausen ought to be pronounced Mun-chaw'sen, mythology with a short *y*, Neufchatel ner-sha-tel, and all the derivatives of "patron" with a long *a*? Before coming as far as this, however, we should have noticed an ingenious grammatical observation given under the word "fling." "The past tense of this verb is *flang*, and the *pa. p.* flung. 'He flang a stone at the rat, which killed the animal, and it was flung into the water.' *Flung* is commonly used for *flang*, but the latter word is grammatically correct." With this we may couple a remark of the same kind with regard to the word "full." "This adjective being in the superlative degree, we cannot properly say 'a fuller bag' or 'the fullest bag.'"

We have noticed that the author, as a rule, pronounces his judgments with singular decisiveness. There are, however, occasions when he seems to be a little perplexed. For instance, though under the head "Americanism" he tells us that such an Americanism as "center" for "centre" is an error and should be avoided, yet he inserts the word "sabre" by itself, and merely remarks upon it that it "is spelled sabor by some American writers." In other cases he has made a sagacious discovery of errors constantly committed by most American and English writers. "Over head and ears," he wisely points out, "is an incorrect phrase; over head must be over ears." This has impressed the lexicographer so much that he repeats his observation under another heading later on. "'The country is over head and ears in debt.' If it is over head it must be over *ears*." So with "head over heels." "'He fell in the water, head over heels.' This is equivalent to saying that he jumped in feet first. 'Heels over head' was no doubt intended."

Returning to the question of pronunciation, we learn with some surprise that *staves*, the plural of *staff*, "should be pronounced starfs, not stā-vs, which is the correct pronunciation of *staves*, the plural of *stave*, a part of a cask"; and this is followed by the assertion that Stephanus is pronounced Stef-an'-us, with the accent on the second syllable. Some curious and instructive sentences might be founded on the information provided for the ignorant by the compiler of the *Dictionary of Daily Blunders*. "Stef-an'-us," we might be told, "and the poet Birn went on a two'ĕr together to Kal'-lā, where they met two poor relations whom they pātronized, and with whom they ate kāh-yen pepper. Under the influence of a glā'-moor they attempted to steal a vaze and some stā-vs from Mun-chaw'sen, but Zhāk came from Ner-sha-tel, flang stones at them, and beat them with starfs. The poet Gur'teh now came to the rescue of the two'-ĕr-ists with a fal'kon, which flew at the assailant and threw him heels over head in the water. After this, those of the party who were over head in debt took refuge at Bō-nos Ariz, where a kum'-rado, who was a far-ma-sū-ti-cal chemist, gave them some pik'-ant quin-in (not kwi-nee'n) to cure them of tis'-is."

Two very odd remarks of the lexicographer's we have thus far omitted. He asserts that in the sentence "*such* a bad character is uncommon," *such* should be *so*. It is not, of course, to be supposed that he really means people to write "so a bad character"; and yet, if he were to be judged by the hypercritical standard of accuracy which he here and there adopts, it would be fair enough to assume this. Again, "round," he says, "does not admit of comparison; but anything not quite round may be described as roundish." This baffles criticism as much as the American proposition, described in one of Max Adeler's books, to build boats in the shape of an inclined plane so that they might run down a level canal. Among all the absurdities, pedantries, and blunders of this Dictionary some good, of course, is to be found. For instance, the compiler is sound on the point of "St. James's, not St. James'"; and he has some good remarks on punctuation. On the whole, however, we are afraid it must be said that the *Dictionary of Daily Blunders* is but a blundering Dictionary.

FRÉJUS.

AMONG the dead cities of the decaying Provençal seaboard there are few more curiously and more hopelessly decayed than Fréjus. Lying outside the commercial revolution which has regenerated the coast from Marseilles to Toulon, as well as outside the [illegible] wave of invalids which now breaks yearly over the eastern shore from Cannes to Nice, it occupies the centre of an intermediate neglected belt, where memories of the past alone are likely to tempt the passing tourist. Indeed the once great and busy Roman port of Forum Julii has now not a single moderately good inn at which even the most hardy archæologist could venture to pass a night of sleepless discomfort. Fréjus can only practically be visited by day-trips from Cannes, and the wise explorer will even then provide himself with luncheon before leaving home, rather than trust to the slender capabilities of the Julian *cuisine*. But if he is content to leave for a while the exquisite scenery of the gulf and islands for the somewhat desolate alluvial delta of the Argens, he will find much to interest and still more to instruct him in the unsavoury relics of the famous colony.

The deep and strongly-marked valley which separates the isolated schistose mountain system of the Maures from the main limestone ranges of Provence pours all its eastern drainage-waters into the sea by the single channel of the Argens. Close to the mouth of the little river as it once flowed, and seated on the lower slopes of the Esterel hills, the old Ligurian village and the newer Roman town looked down upon a bay of the Mediterranean which then washed the very foot of their solid walls. But at the present day the silt brought down by so many mountain torrents has long filled up the whole expanse of the bay, from the outliers of the Maures to those of the Esterel; and Fréjus now stands high and dry, at a distance of no less than a mile from the nearest shore. The view from the town as it actually exists is singularly unattractive, judged at least by the standard of Provençal coastwise watering-places. Not that sea and mountain are wanting from the picture; but their very presence renders it provokingly second-rate. The foreground consists of a wide alluvial lowland, the great sheet of dry and baking silt which has choked up the ancient port, and through whose arid flats the Argens wanders aimless and unseen a mile or two to southward. Only a glimpse of the sea can be caught, like a blue line above the flat plain in the foreground. Beyond the dusty level to the west rise the rounded bosses of the Montagnes des Maures, the old and picturesque stronghold of the Barbary pirates; but their wooded heights lose almost all their native beauty when seen from the side of Fréjus, owing in part to the dwarfing of their perspective by the distance, and in part to the very prosaic foreground of cottage gardens, thick with formal rows of cabbages and artichokes. Eastward, the jagged peaks of the Esterel stand out more boldly against the sky, their naked pinnacles of rock forming a grand chain of saw-like edges, which contrast finely with the tamer outline of the Maures. Nothing indeed could ever succeed in spoiling the poetic grandeur of those Titanic red porphyry teeth, pointed and serrated like the petrified fangs of some gigantic unimagined saurian. But even the Esterel itself looks less massive and less imposing from Fréjus than from any other point of view. The treacherous river which has filled up the port, and thus annihilated the commercial existence of the old town, seems to have carried its malice so far as to have disfigured all its natural beauties, and left it without even the solace of its originally picturesque situation. For it can hardly be doubted that when the waves washed either rocky headland from the red cliffs of the Esterel to the black slaty crags of the Maures, the Roman colonists must have looked out from their battlements upon one of the loveliest amongst all the lovely bays of the smiling Provençal shoreland.

Modern Fréjus has few rivals even in Provence for the narrowness, the dirt, and the discomfort of its streets. Such an abundance and variety of evil odours can hardly be found in any other town of France. The tourist who comes to visit it with his mind full of historical recollections, who expects to find some halo of the Phocæan settlers still clinging around their ancient home, will have his anticipations rudely shocked by the sights and smells which assail him on the way from the railway station to the Porte Dorée. The streets are now unnecessarily encumbered with unwholesome rubbish, and seem utterly neglected even by those Republican authorities who have taken upon themselves so vigorously the task of regenerating the towns of France. The Amphitheatre, just outside the town, and classed amongst the protected historical monuments, is in itself a fine ruin, which would thoroughly repay intelligent care, such as that so well bestowed at Nimes and Arles, in clearing out its encumbered arcades. It is a magnificent building, rudely but solidly constructed in small square stonework of the first century. But at present a cart-road runs from door to door, through the centre of the arena; the interior serves as a sort of supplementary farmyard; waggons and ploughs occupy the arched passages beneath the broken tiers; and the litter of cattle and horses fills up or renders impassable the vaults in many places. The mania for restoration, on the other hand, has taken the place of rational cleansing. Several of the round Roman arches have been rebuilt in modern stonework, whose fresh and brand-new trimness does not add to the effect of the mouldering masonry at its side. Altogether, the appearance of the whole amphitheatre cannot be considered as creditable to French archæologists, as regards alike their acts of commission and of omission.

The ancient walls possess perhaps greater interest, but are hardly less neglected than the Amphitheatre. They enclose a space five times as great as the existing city. Indeed the Roman town must have been one of the first provincial importance. The capital of the Oxybian mountaineers, and afterwards one of the chief factories dependent upon the great Phocæan metropolis of Massalia, it became for a time, after the fall of its mother-city before Cæsar,

the chief seaport of the province. Its name of Forum Julii shows the high position which the Dictator intended it should fill, in the place of unfaithful Marseilles. The massive and extensive ramparts which hemmed it in can still be distinctly traced round their whole circuit, through fields and gardens, while the shrunken modern town now occupies only a small hillock in their south-western corner. The Porte Dorée, the finest of the existing gates, also in masonry of the first century, cannot be closely approached, as it gives shelter in its present state to a few pigs and fowls, and has been closed from public access by a rough wooden door. Like the Amphitheatre, however, it has fallen into the evil hands of the restorer, and has suffered almost as much from excessive affection as from careless neglect. Three or four other gates of less importance, but equally encumbered, are found in other places, and one has fallen a victim to the construction of the modern railway station. The entrance to the old port is marked by an octagonal tower, known as the Lanterne d'Auguste, which doubtless served the purpose of a pharos. The railway now runs on dry land through the midst of the silted harbour, begun by C. Cæsar and completed under his nephew. It must once have covered a considerable space, since Augustus stationed here the two hundred galleys which he had captured at Actium. As late as the reign of Henry II., the port was still serviceable for purposes of war; but the rapid accumulation of alluvium at the mouth of the torrents has long completely severed it from the sea, and Fréjus has now sunk to the position of an essentially agricultural centre.

In the interior of the town, fragments of Roman work, more or less disguised, exist in profusion. Ruins of a small temple, with mixed stone and brick courses of the fourth century, occur in one of the least narrow alleys; and numerous smaller pieces can be noticed among the tortuous lanes by any visitor who chooses to pick his way with care through what the Laureate succinctly describes as "the poached filth that floods the middle street." But the glory of Roman Fréjus consists in its great aqueduct outside the town, one of those splendid works which watered the dry lowlands of Provence under the early Emperors as they have never yet been watered before or since. It is curious that even in our own day, when Frenchmen propose to irrigate the sandy flats of Sahara, the south of France itself is far drier and less fertile than under the rule of the Antonines. The Camargue, that great deltaic island of the Rhône, whose rich alluvial soil now lies barren over thousands of acres for want of irrigation, formed a waving sheet of corn in the days of Strabo, and earned for itself the name of the granary of Gaul. The valley of Arles and the neighbouring plain of the Crau, covered by that vast mass of glacial boulders and pebbles which Zeus, according to the Phocæan legend, hurled down upon the enemies of Heracles, is now once more partly fertilized by the Canal de Craponne, which has but lately restored a semblance of life to the western edges of the stony waste. The Pont du Gard itself is only the chief existing survivor of a vast system of Imperial irrigation works. All along the dry southern coast little ruined aqueducts, like that at Vallauris, still attest the completeness of the Roman arrangements. Of this vast system the Fréjus canal formed a part. Taking its origin from the perpetual torrent of the Siagnolles, twenty miles from the town, it runs across country alternately as a subterranean and an aerial channel, supported in places by single or double arcades, and often flanked by solid buttresses. The masonry belongs to the same type and date as that of the Amphitheatre, and the arches are seldom of equal or regular dimensions. They may be easily followed throughout their whole course. A fine mass, overgrown with ivy and maidenhair ferns, still remains standing in picturesque ruin near the gates of the town.

Among mediæval monuments the most important is of course the cathedral, upon which Fréjus may now be said almost entirely to subsist—at least in a social sense. Though much restored at various dates, it still forms a splendid and characteristic example of Provençal Romanesque architecture of the eleventh century. Its heavy and sombre exterior, almost entirely devoid of ornamentation, has yet a simple impressiveness of its own, by dint of sheer massive solidity. One sees in its strong and straightforward design some impress of that Roman decisiveness which so clearly marks the gates and buildings of the antique city. The interior is striking for its gloom and solemnity, for the vast size and simplicity of its supporting columns, and for the magnificence of its plain vaulted stone roof. Nothing more grand or more depressing can be imagined than the leaden appearance of its blue-grey arches. A few good monuments, some excellent wood-carving, and a picture of the school of Giotto, regilded and repainted with somewhat obtrusive fidelity to its original tints, complete the chief internal attractions. A pair of magnificent oaken doors, however, is kept by the sacristan as a parting treat, and only uncovered by special request. The baptistery, said by local tradition to be adapted from a temple of Diana, and certainly of much earlier date than the main building, rests wholly upon eight fine monolithic granite pillars with white marble capitals, which might well have come down to us from the fourth century. Fragments of Roman fluted shafts are built into the walls of the tower and of the episcopal palace; and the cloisters contain a number of much later clustered columns, extremely light and graceful in design, most of which were unfortunately walled up by the destructives of the Revolution into a solid indistinguishable mass. It is much to be regretted that some of the restoring zeal expended upon the Amphitheatre and the Porte Dorée had not been turned aside to the more useful task of disinterring these buried treasures. To judge by the few samples still visible, the cloister when entire must have possessed a singular and very unusual type of beauty. A single touch which gives vivid reality to the history of Fréjus may be noted in all the *ex-votos*. Every one of these rude and flimsy pictures, belonging to the kind so common in Italian and Provençal churches, shows the Madonna or the patron saint in the act of rescuing some distressed votary, and bears the date of place in the stereotyped form, "In Foro Julii." That form has doubtless come down in unbroken succession through popular tradition from the earliest age of the Church, and its natural occurrence on these naïve pictures is a striking mark of that continuity with Roman thought and Roman manners which is perhaps more noticeable in Provence than even in Italy itself. Visigoths, Burgundians, Franks, and Arabs, each have come and gone again; but Fréjus still retains all but unaltered its Roman identity, its Roman tongue, its Romanized population, and its Roman title of Forum Julii.

THE MISTERY OF THE MERCERS IN CHEAP.

THE association of bodies of citizens engaged in the same trade is probably older than the recorded history of London. Companies, in the modern sense of the word, existed as long ago as the reign of Henry II., and even then it would appear that there were authorized Companies and unauthorized. The mystery of a Company is now indeed its origin and history; but to say so is to misuse the word "mystery." Mr. Riley pointed out its derivation and meaning in his well-known book on the mediæval records of the City. The trade or craft of an artisan or merchant should be called a "mistery"—a word, however, which Mr. Riley avoided, observing that the old words "mestera" or "mestier," usually translated by "mystery," and the obsolete "mistery," really refer to the Latin *ministerium*, "a serving to," and not to *mysterium*, "a secret." The oldest "mistery" is the Saddlers', yet they were never reckoned among the so-called "great Companies," and precedence has always been yielded to the Mercers, although their earliest charter was only granted by Richard II. This application, by the way, of the word "company" is wholly modern, and has never been the formal title of any of the City Guilds. "The Master, Wardens, Court of Assistants and Generality of the Mistery of Mercers" appears to be their full title; but in their oldest charter they are "Homines de Misteriæ Merceræ Civitatis London." How far such Guilds or Mysteries were established for mercantile and how far for religious purposes need not be discussed here; but there can be no doubt of the close connexion that every City Company originally kept up with the Church. Charitable objects, pensions to poor members and their families, and especially education, have always been among their chief concerns; so that it is not quite correct to say that they do not fulfil their primary functions, even though they may have nothing to do with trade or its regulation. From their first incorporation each Mistery has been the trustee of funds for various kinds of charitable ends—ends still attained in most cases, no doubt, and as much the final cause of the existence of the Companies as any special work which they may at any time have carried out in the way of commercial business.

The Mercers may have been originally a trading Company in the modern sense of the words. The best authority on the history of the City Companies says that they continued to trade as late as the reign of Elizabeth; but there are reasons to doubt the correctness of this view. It is certain, however, that at a very early period they formed a guild of traders, and set up a hall for themselves on the north side of Cheap. The site of their hall became the chapel of the Priory of St. Thomas of Acon, and they removed to larger premises in the middle of the market-place, where there was a field, which from its contiguity was called after the King's shed or booth, for witnessing tournaments and processions in Cheap, the Crownseld Field. It was situated between the modern Friday Street and Bow Church, and must have been a remnant of the ancient open market-place, or possibly a waste unbuilt upon, though enclosed within the great Roman wall erected in the fourth century. That many such places existed within the City boundaries there can be little doubt; but whether they had never been built upon, or whether they fell into desolation after the departure of the Romans, history is silent. This one in particular cannot have been very large, and early in the thirteenth century it was covered with the tents and booths of the permanent fair of which Cheap so long consisted. "For I read," says Stowe, "of no houses otherwise on that side of the street, but of divers sheds." This mention of "divers sheds" is very interesting. It not only betrays to us the condition of the great City market-place—the *Forum*, as it was called—but also gives us a clue to the meaning of the modern name "Cheapside." The Cheap consisted, perhaps even in Saxon times, of two oblong spaces. One was north of the main thoroughfare, and eastward of the royal precincts of Wood Street and Adel Street. It comprised Milk Street and Ironmonger Lane, and in its most southern part was the Poultry Market. The other portion lay southward and westward, and included the head-quarters of fishmongers, money-changers, sopers, salters, and mercers. The roadway was along the northern side of the market as far as Poultry, through which it ran to the bridge over the Walbrook over against the church of St. Mildred. In the centre of this space was afterwards a tilt-yard, and near it, surrounded by its burial-ground, the great church of St. Mary, with the crypt of lofty arches which gained it the name of Bow Church. Such

was Cheap, and Cheapside was the roadway along the north side. There was no Cheapside at Eastcheap. There the market was held at the cross roads. But when we speak of Cheap, or Westcheap, we mean not Cheapside alone, but Old Change, Friday Street, Bread Street, Milk Street, Honey Lane, and, in short, all the different thoroughfares which now by their names only point to the time when they were alleys of booths, or, as they were called, selds, in which the sellers of different wares kept up a constant fair. Similar examples are to be found in many towns. There is one at Troyes, as was pointed out in these pages eleven years ago. There was one at York. The archæologist of the present day, who is never content till he can find out the meanings of old names, does not take the addition of "side" to the name of Cheap as being a matter of no consequence; but this solution, affording as it does a working theory of Cheapside, so to speak, may perhaps be considered satisfactory till a better has been discovered. That the Romans should have included so large a piece of vacant land in the circuit of the wall may be accounted for on various grounds. It was probably not built over in their time. No pavements or other signs of Roman buildings have been found there, but beyond, near St. Martin-le-Grand, there are such traces, and it is perhaps not hazarding too wild a guess to suppose that some important public building stood near where Guildhall stands now, or between it and Goldsmiths' Hall—perhaps the country villa of the governor. The walls swept round it to afford it the protection wanting in the year 296, when, as we read, the mercenaries of Allectus easily plundered London. It must, however, be allowed that without the existence of some such building the wall may have been laid out on the nearly oblong plan which the Romans so much affected, and that an empty place, lying on the north side of the Watling Street, was taken in merely to give the wall a straight line from Bishopsgate to Newgate.

The Mercery thus established in the Crownseld meadow speedily became the most important place in Cheap. Henry IV. gave to the Mistery the Crownseld itself, and together with it the "seldam," a gallery from which kings had been wont to witness tournaments and processions, a kind of grand stand, which Edward III. had made close to Bow Church. The balcony on the tower of St. Mary-le-Bow, looking out on Cheapside, may be considered its lineal descendant—the representative, in fact, of that gallery of stone which Edward erected on the memorable occasion when, as Stow says, a wooden scaffold had been put up. "The higher frame in which the ladies were placed brake in sunder, whereby they were with some shame forced to fall down, by reason whereof the knights and such as were underneath, were grievously hurt." The Queen, he continues, took great care to obtain the pardon of the carpenters, and "thereby purchased great love of the people." Although this royal seld was granted to the Mercers, it continued to be used by great folk, and hence Queen Anne saw the pageant of the Lord Mayor in 1702.

The Mercers dealt in many things besides silk. In fact, as the name seems to imply, they were at first general merchants. They sold not only cloth, but even spices and drugs, and in short everything that went by retail. They first among the Companies sent out and established agencies in Continental towns. Though the company of Merchant Adventurers included men of all misteries, the Mercers were greatly in the majority; and the head-quarters of the Adventurers were at Mercers' Hall. In 1438 Master Robert Large, a mercer, received as an apprentice one William Caxton, and in course of time William Caxton became "Governor beyond the sea" of the Merchant Adventurers at Bruges. His position there enabled him first to patronize, and afterwards to learn, the art of printing, and to import a new mistory to England. There have been many other illustrious persons of the craft. Whittington and Gresham were both mercers, but the number of royal members of the premier Company has been small, though Queen Elizabeth was free of this mistery. Before her time, however, the old site of the Mercery had been abandoned, and the Company had returned to their original quarters on the north side of Cornhill. Their entrance porch stands where stood the house of Gilbert Becket, the father of St. Thomas of Canterbury; and here Agnes, the martyr's sister, and her husband founded a hospital in his honour, though before his actual canonization. All the authorities assert that it derived its name of the Priory of St. Thomas of Acon, or Acre, from the memory of the lady who traditionally followed Gilbert from Palestine. But Canon Robertson has pointed out that the connexion of Acre with the name originated in 1190, when, on the taking of Acre by the Crusaders, an order in honour of St. Thomas was founded there. At the dissolution the Mercers obtained the site, and, establishing a school in the chapel of St. Thomas, let the crypt as a store. Here they remain, their present buildings, which cover the site of the hospital, having been erected after the great fire by Jarman, the city architect. The old chapel had been known for its Italian sermons, which were encouraged by the Merchant Adventurers; and here Anthony de Dominis, the eccentric and unfortunate Archbishop of Spalato, preached in 1617.

ISLANDS OF THE BLEST.

"EOTHEN," in his romantic chapter on Lady Hester Stanhope, remarks that those who are wearied with the vanities of the world incline irresistibly towards the East for repose. One of Mrs. Bardell's female friends at the memorable tea-party at "The Spaniards" expressed a very similar idea from the more vulgar and middle-class point of view when she said that there was nothing like the country for a wounded spirit. For our own part we have always fancied that, if we were mentally ailing and longing for relief, we should seek our retreat in some island home. Speculating vaguely on a highly improbable contingency, we have hesitated between the islands of the South Seas and the Shetlands. We are fully alive to the bewitching fascinations of the former. We are sensible of the soothing influences of a voluptuous climate, where, lulled in your siesta by the murmur of the surf breaking softly on the beach under the shadows of the cocoa-nut palms, you might forget all the unpleasant memories that haunted you, and look listlessly to the future in the mood of the lotus-eaters. We realize the glories of tropical vegetation; of the limpid natural *aquaria* shut in by coral reefs; of the perpetual sunshine and the perfection of moonlight, only overcast at rare intervals by some downpour of rain or a devastating tornado. We appreciate the economical conveniences of a climate where you may live on fruits and vegetables that may be had almost for the gathering; where you may disport yourself in the lightest raiment cut in the simplest fashion; and where you may dispense even with the shelter of a roof, save at exceptional seasons. We remember how islands like Otaheite or the Sandwich group exercised an irresistible fascination on our early navigators, provoking the mutineers of the *Bounty* to a crime, that they might sail back even through blood to the earthly paradise of which they had had a glimpse. But then, on the other hand, we have had reason to suspect that in reality earthly paradises are non-existent. Delicious climates like those of Otaheite and Honolulu have their drawbacks. The faculties rust with disuse or neglect; inactivity, whether voluntary or enforced, develops latent diseases; you become a martyr to rheumatic gout or dyspepsia; and you are sure in any case to suffer intense irritation from the insect pests that swarm in those latitudes. Moreover, the most determined misanthrope, whatever may be the strength of his convictions, prefers to leave himself a loophole and a *locus pœnitentiæ*, and the sunny archipelago of the South Seas is a very long way from London. Now we have hitherto supposed that, for all practical intents and purposes, the Shetlands were nearly as much out of our world; but in sober fact, and according to the advertisements of the Steam-packet Companies, they lie within easy reach of the railway station at Aberdeen. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*, and we did not know very much about them; which in itself is no small recommendation. They may be included in the Scotch guide-books, and very likely they are; but, for ourselves, the author of *Waverley* was the latest trustworthy authority, and our notions of the Shetlander came from the pages of *The Pirate*. So far as the topography and the scenery go those pages are as trustworthy now as ever. Scott had cruised round the coasts of the archipelago in the yacht of the Commissioners of Northern Lights, and had made minute observations, as was his invariable custom. We knew all about the Fitful Head and the Roost of Sumburgh, and had mastered the general configuration of those land-locked *voes* which run inland among the sand-hills or the scarped and seafowl-swarming precipices. Naturally we never greatly fancied the climate, though it is damp or stormy rather than bitterly cold. We have a prejudice in favour of timber and some amount of foliage; patches of barley and stunted or half-starved oats are but a poor substitute for bananas and bread-fruit groves. Flat peat mosses soon begin to pall upon one, even when varied with reaches of desolate beach. And we might possibly find clusters of hovels resembling Hottentot kraals an unsatisfactory contrast to the villages of merry England, or even to the "douce" and solidly-built townlets that are to be found in southern Scotland. But then our memories of the mansion of Magnus Troil at Burgh-Westra cast a halo of romance over the storm-beaten country, so far as life within doors is concerned; and the howling of the elements without makes festivities within all the more agreeable. Supposing that you withdrew thither in the possession of moderate means, you might make yourself as happy as a king on very reasonable terms. You would begin by hiring a deserted residence like that of Jarlshof, at an almost nominal rent. You would raise your own beef and mutton, or buy your butcher's meat for a mere song. Sea-fish and lake-trout would be to be had for the catching. You would supply your cellar with schiedam and unimpeachable cognac from contraband skippers who were always dropping down upon the coast. Should you tire by any chance of your own society, you would only have to send to catch a pony on the nearest bog, and ride off to the Magnus Troil of the neighbourhood, who would give you hospitality and house-room for as long as you cared to stay. And apparently, in that austere but favoured clime, headaches and liver complaints were almost unheard of. You might carouse from early supper-time to long past midnight; you might rise to recruit yourself with the most substantial of breakfasts; and, notwithstanding these habitual liberties, might rely upon dying in a green old age, unless you happened to go down at sea, or have some fatal accident in fowling.

Such were our pleasant fancies as to life in the Shetland Isles; but we confess that they have been in some degree dispelled by the letters that have lately been appearing in the *Times*. Those letters are extremely readable, and apparently exhaustive of the subject. And we gather from them that, while existence in that region is as primitive as ever, it is by no means altogether so pleasant as it used to be when Scott imagined it some-

where towards the close of the seventeenth century. There are well-to-do proprietors, who have built themselves mansions which would dwarf the modest building of Burgh-Westra; nor have we any reason to suppose that these Shetland lairds neglect the reasonable duties of hospitality. But now that inns have been established in the capital of Lerwick, and that passenger steamers ply thither at regular intervals, we cannot expect the local magnates to keep open house like Magnus Troil, the monarch of Amphitryons. Should you decide to venture on that northern voyage nowadays, still more should you emigrate for a protracted sojourn, unless you mean to be satisfied with your own company, you ought in prudence to be provided with good introductions. We doubt whether many houses, even as dilapidated as Jarlshof, are going a-begging. And we are sure that summer lodgings in one of the sequestered rural villages would be altogether out of the question. We hear of an aggregate of turf-roofed huts that may be either cowsheds or human habitations. The smoke escapes by the hole that throws light down on the fire-place, and fires must be kept going for the best part of the year. The tiny windows are darkened with the filth that has gradually gathered on them. When the doors are left open, the pigs, goats, and poultry have free admission to the family circle; and should the doors be closed against storms or snow-drift, the inmates are smoked and dried like the surplus produce of their fishing-boats. Nor, so far as sanitary matters are concerned, can any hard and fast line be drawn between the dwellers in the country and the inhabitants of the towns. The chief street in the picturesque capital of Lerwick is a bustling thoroughfare, something less in width than the narrowest of the narrow pavements in Fleet Street. If one drives along it in a pony-cart, the most pretentious of the wheeled carriages of the country, and chance to meet a wheelbarrow coming from the opposite direction, all traffic is suspended while the passage is being effected. The side lanes are some of them not more than three feet broad, so that even the cramped architecture of the sunniest cities of the East is surpassed in one of the most dripping climates under heaven. It is fortunate that the steep pitch of the ground carries off much of the sewage by force of gravitation; otherwise the little metropolis might be positively stifled in odorous effluvia. That there is excessive infant mortality is by no means wonderful; the marvel is that so many of the children should manage to struggle through their tender years under conditions so terribly unfavourable. That sturdy men and buxom women are bred in Shetland is certain; and they need all their stamina and powers of endurance. The struggle with nature for bare subsistence is hard and incessant. When the fishing-boats stand out on a cruise it is in some of the most treacherous narrow seas in the world; accidents, of course, are not unfrequent; and when the people have an unprecedentedly successful herring season, as in the present year, the surplus fish is wasted, and prices are lowered accordingly. The harvests of the hardiest kinds of grain must be won in the face of the most unfavourable weather; and we fancy that the agricultural implements are still nearly as primitive as when Triptolemus Yellowley longed to improve them. The women, as in all struggling and semi-barbarous communities, do far more than their share of the common work. We are told that they are to be seen toiling homeward under their heavy creels of turf from the moor; and yet even while their bodies are bent double under their burdens their fingers are indefatigably busy. They are knitting the fleecy Shetland hosiery which is sold at fancy prices in our West-end warehouses; but the original work is miserably remunerated. We should imagine that an enthusiastic anchorite, with some remains of human feeling in his heart, who had withdrawn to these storm-beaten solitudes, would be perpetually laid under contribution for the wants of his poverty-stricken neighbours. Doubtless he might luxuriate by way of compensation in the grandeur of stern scenery. The rocky headlands that have been hollowed out in labyrinths of caverns by the relentless force of the Atlantic breakers are of course magnificent; and if you have head and nerves for the sport of sea-bird-fowling you may indulge in its pleasures to your heart's content. But, except for tolerable trout-fishing in the lochs, there is an absence of all the milder forms of amusement as of the softer charms of nature. There are hares on the cornland and there are rabbits among the sandhills, but there are no grouse on the moors, and but few small birds in the hedgerows. The sojourner's daily walks would alternate for the most part between the shingly beach, the shifting sands, and the quaking peat mosses. And if you had nearly perpetual day through some part of the year, much of the rest would be blotted out in mist and storm, clouds and darkness. So that, on the whole, striking the balance between the advantages and disadvantages of the Shetlands, we come to the conclusion that, though they may be a tempting object for a flying trip, they would be the reverse of enjoyable for a prolonged residence.

REVIEWS.

DUTT'S INDIA, PAST AND PRESENT.*

MR. DUTT is an industrious writer. More than a year ago we made some remarks (*Saturday Review*, June 21, 1879) on the two portly volumes which contained his *Historical Studies*, and of which the work now before us may be regarded as a continuation. He is also an industrious thinker; and much of what he says is well deserving of attention. But neither in this volume nor in his *Historical Studies* does he do himself justice. In both the pruning knife might with advantage have been used freely, and Mr. Dutt would have done well to determine more clearly the limits of his own knowledge. As in the former, so in the present work, he writes sensibly and forcibly on matters with which his education and experience have made him competent to deal; but in both he strays away into other matters of which he has no real grasp, although his conclusions about them are as confidently expressed as his thoughts on subjects which he has carefully worked out. It is unfortunate that in each work these crude and not very coherent speculations are obtruded on the reader in the opening pages, and that there is need both of patience and perseverance before we can discover that the book cannot fairly be dismissed as the superficial talk of an inexact and half-educated writer. In both works he shows that he has carefully studied the past history and the present condition of India, and that his knowledge of the habits and wants of the people justifies his speaking with authority on many questions of practical importance; but it is not less clear from both that he has but vague ideas of the laws of historical evidence, and that he is especially incompetent to deal with the history of the ancient world or with matters relating to the origin and growth of languages. His chapters on the existing effects of caste and on the present state of religion in India, on the capabilities of the country, and on the modes in which these capabilities may be best drawn out for the strengthening of British rule and the improvement of the revenue, are really valuable, and should be carefully read and considered; but the reader might be pardoned who should conclude from the opening sentences that it was a mere waste of time to go further. It is, of course, possible that the Hindu may not have migrated from distant regions into the lands where we now find him; but the whole method and results of philology cannot be upset in half-a-dozen words, and the cool assurance which treats them as little better than delusions is more likely to injure the reputation of a writer than to carry weight with his readers.

The truth is that whenever Mr. Dutt deals with questions of language or of the history of times for which we have not the evidence of a contemporary historical literature he betrays inexactness of thought, and the necessary result is great inequality in his work. It is more than provoking to be told that, in determining the relations of tribes and nations, "a coincidence of words and sentences" in the dialects spoken by them is not a safe and trustworthy guide. A little consideration would surely have convinced Mr. Dutt that between words and sentences there is all the difference in the world. The former are mere counters or labels which any language may borrow from another, suiting their shape to its own needs; the latter must be put together grammatically, and the grammatical structure of speech answers exactly to the anatomical structure of animals. If one dialect cannot be distinguished from or compared with another in the likeness or unlikeness of its forms which are absolutely dependent on law, then the attempt to determine the relations of vertebrates by the likeness or unlikeness of their skeletons must be also useless. It is of course easy to push too far conclusions which the evidence of language may seem to warrant; and among those which must be modified may be the theory which looks on the parent of the vast multitude of Aryan dialects as the speech of a single Aryan community in its primeval home. It is possible, as Mr. Sayce has pointed out, that this primitive language may have been spoken by a race essentially different from that to which we belong, or spoken by more races than one. It is also possible that there may have been no one original dialect. Languages can be preserved from endless dialectical variations only when they are brought under the artificial conditions imposed by a written literature. But these and other points of detail, whatever may be their importance, have not, after the lapse of nearly a century, affected essentially the assertion of Sir William Jones that "no philologer could examine the Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin without believing them to have sprung from some common source." The results obtained by the methods recommended by him, and by the correspondents of the French Academy before him, have exceeded any expectations which the most sanguine could have dared to form at the beginning of the present century; and amongst these results is undoubtedly the position that there is, if we speak generally, an affinity of blood between the peoples and nations which have a common inheritance in the wide-spread Aryan dialects. The inferences drawn from this position must be applied cautiously in individual cases; and it may be only very partially true that there is a common parentage for the Hindu and the Englishman. But it is simply preposterous to say, as Mr. Dutt plainly says, that "the idea is based on a fancied similitude between the Sanskrit, Persian, Scythian, Celtic, Hellenic, Gothic, and Slavonian languages." His own conclusions and speculations are not less rash. Both Persians and Hindus spoke of themselves as Aryans; but the latter, at least, have always inhabited the countries in which they are now found. Yet it seems that Persians and Hindus wished to have a common name because "they were anxious to be distinguished" from other races by which they were encircled, and that "to this end they both took to themselves a name coined for the occasion, which from their continuity to each other they adopted in common." But the Persians and Hindus were akin neither in race nor in language; and we are not told how they manufactured their common title. It is all very puzzling and very strange; and it is not easy to discover the canons

* *India, Past and Present; with Minor Essays on Cognate Subjects.* By Shoshee Chunder Dutt, Rái Báhádoor. London: Chatto & Windus. 1880

of Mr. Dutt's critical system. There is no affinity between Persians and Hindus, because the latter were "scholars of high culture and taste," while the former were "never anything beyond soldiers and politicians." The difference, we might suppose, could be accounted for, so far as it exists, on other grounds; but the argument, if it be worth anything, would prove that Spartans and Athenians could not both be Hellenes. To make the puzzlement greater, the Brahmans have never had any other than their present abodes; yet it seems that at some time or other they separated from the other Aryans and "went through their own special development on the banks of the Indus," by crossing which river they immigrated into the Punjab.

It is unnecessary, however, to cite further instances of inexactness and confusion in order to show that Mr. Dutt would do well to avoid questions of ethnology and language. In the history of religion in India he is much more at home, and has much to say for which he may justly challenge careful attention; but even here his work is marred by some unfortunate inconsistencies. In one place we are told that the worship of the Vedic age never rose, "except in a very undistinguishable form, above the worship of the great objects by which they were surrounded"; and this is said in apparent agreement with the opinion of Professor H. H. Wilson, that the authors of the Hymns had probably no belief in a Creator or Ruler of the universe. In another passage we are told that there was no competition among the Vedic gods, and that as each was mentioned, there was "for the time at least only one Supreme God, which may be understood as implying an undercurrent of monotheism in the midst of mythology." Monotheism and unbelief in a Creator cannot well go together; and such loose writing impairs the authority of those parts of the book which deserve to be spoken of in terms of high praise. Two of the most useful chapters in the volumes treat of the growth of caste and of the present condition and effects of the institution in India. The origination of caste from conquest is, and may perhaps remain, a vexed question. Mr. Dutt thinks that the theory is not warranted by the Rig Veda or Menu. The myth that the four castes proceeded from different parts of the body of the Supreme Being seems to show that there were no essential differences of race between the several classes; and if the notion that caste has grown out of conquest be true, Mr. Dutt says it is true only so far as conquest affected the internal relations of the conquerors. In order to distinguish them from the barbarians, or *dasyas*, whom they brought under their yoke, the first thing to be done was, in his belief, to classify the victors "according to the duties which their conquests imposed on them, and the first three castes were thus called forth, being simply gradations in the body politic rendered necessary by the acquisition of an empire." The alien population might to any extent be absorbed into the lowest caste, with which the first three had in strictness of speech nothing to do. But the true spirit of caste was not permanently confined to the ranks of the Brahmans, Kshatryas, and Vaisyas. The casteless came gradually under its influence, and set up caste distinctions amongst themselves. "Instead of four divisions there are now more than forty, which, for all social purposes at least, are as distinct from each other" as the members of the first three ever were; and the institution of caste seems to be gaining strength generally throughout the country rather than losing it. This, Mr. Dutt believes, is in great part the result of Mahometan dominion. Under the yoke of the followers of the Prophet, Brahmans, Vaisyas, Sudras, and Barnasankars were all alike slaves, whom they all equally hated; and by way of raising up a barrier between themselves and their conquerors, "the injunctions of the Shastras came to be strengthened by stringent bylaws, and to be oppressively enforced." To Englishmen the characteristics of caste must be matters of curiosity rather than of real interest. They cannot be expected to care much about the identity or the distinction of caste or rank. In point of fact, caste and rank have nothing to do with each other. In the social scale the Barnasankar may be indefinitely higher than the Brahman; but the latter is endowed with privileges and receives an honour which the former can by no possibility attain to. The question of caste can in England attract attention only in so far as it affects the welfare of the people of India; and as interposing an obstacle in the way of their improvement generally, and more especially as checking or repressing all political growth, it becomes a matter of extreme importance. The difficulties involved in it are, in Mr. Dutt's opinion, far more serious than we in England are apt to believe. In its practical working caste is, as we might suppose, an almost intolerable despotism. The enforcement of its observances cannot be trusted to the members of each caste as individuals; and the result has been the growth of a class of inquisitors, who make their pecuniary profit out of the infringement of its rules. It is impossible for the Hindu to escape from the *pardmániks*, who are perpetually "prying into the minutest privacies of life," under the pretence of seeing that nothing is amiss. "A son or a daughter," Mr. Dutt tells us, "cannot be given away in marriage, friends cannot be entertained, ceremonies cannot be performed, without the permission and co-operation of these social harpies, such co-operation having, of course, a price attached to it; and if a wife or daughter is suspected of frailty, or a son or brother accused of irreligion, the unfortunate family is always shorn to the quick, with not even the privilege of complaining left to them when their caste is spared."

The worst mischief lies probably in the utterly illegal tyranny which in this and other ways is exercised over the people. The law would give them redress, but they dare not resort to the law; and while they are thus bearing a yoke which their rulers would never impose on them, the results are disastrous to themselves politically and socially as well as morally. Caste is multiplying their divisions indefinitely, and on this account it was "encouraged and fostered by the Mahometans." Mr. Dutt justly adds that "a hearty national union under a people so constituted can never be hoped for; no necessity or general misfortune will yoke the Brahman and the Barnasankar side by side, in one common cause. If they were found banded together for a time during the Mutiny of 1857, it is certain that that confederation would never have outlived the passing hour." Of the institution and its effects he has no hesitation in saying that its mischievous restrictions have brought civilization to a standstill in the country, and that there is no hope of improvement until these restrictions are removed; but in the expectation of any change, early or late, he puts no faith, while he ascribes the resistance to caste made by the party known as Young Bengal to motives so discreditable that any real reformation from such a quarter is not to be looked for.

The illegal oppression exercised through the institution of caste is exercised also, to an extent scarcely less burdensome, under cover of the Perpetual Settlement of Lord Cornwallis. The collectors deal with the zemindars only; the zemindars impose on the ryots payments of which the law knows nothing or which it expressly declares illegal. But, as in the matter of caste, the ryot practically dares not complain; and the result is not merely a large amount of misery amongst the cultivators of the soil, but a very serious loss to the revenues of India. This loss has been computed loosely at 10,000,000*l*. a year; it may perhaps be put at 7,000,000*l*., and can scarcely be estimated at a very much lower rate. Between the ryots and the officers of the Government there is no intercourse, and indeed no contact; and in some cases the number of illegal cesses found existing has been not less than ninety-seven. The reconsideration of an arrangement which has no just title to be regarded as a law of Medes and Persians may perhaps suggest measures that would speedily lessen and remove the disaffection now spreading amongst many classes of the people. On subjects of this nature Mr. Dutt's remarks are always judicious, and his arguments are urged with a force and clearness which entitle them to the serious attention of his readers.

MAHAFFY'S CLASSICAL GREEK LITERATURE.*

NO one probably will be prepared to deny the truth of the statement contained in the first sentence of Mr. Mahaffy's preface, that "a history of Greek literature has become almost too great a task for any single man to accomplish adequately." To gain a thorough knowledge of the various Greek authors themselves, as well as of the vast mass of commentary and criticism which has gathered round them, is enough, and more than enough, to constitute the study of a lifetime. But beyond this special knowledge a wide acquaintance with general literature and a highly cultivated taste are necessary for the adequate treatment of the subject; and to these should be added a large share of common sense, a quality which is not best developed in the seclusion of the library. We may here be met by a retort akin to that with which Rasselas checked the poetic enthusiasm of Imlac; and no doubt the magnitude of the subject is enough to terrify any ordinary scholar, and to turn his attention to monographs on individual writers on the one hand, or to the composition of a primer for beginners on the other. Mr. Mahaffy's history does not profess to be in any sense an exhaustive treatise. It is intended, we are told, for the use of "younger students," by whom are probably meant undergraduates reading for honours; and though a book which consists of about a thousand pages of closely printed and carefully condensed matter can scarcely be called a short one, it is at any rate very much less voluminous than such a work as Mure's, while it embodies in a convenient form the substance of what is known about classical Greek authors. It may be doubted whether the general plan of the work is such as best to convey to "younger students" a good general knowledge of the history of Greek literature. Too much is said about each writer, and too little about the development and progress of literature at large. The result is that the book is biographical rather than historical in character. It wants continuity, and does not sufficiently explain the mutual influence of the various authors. A work composed on this plan may be, and in the present case assuredly is, most valuable as a dictionary; but the fact that names occur in chronological instead of alphabetical order does not at once convert it into history.

Regarded as a contribution to our critical knowledge of the great Greek writers, and not as a means of educating youth, the book deserves very high praise. As a critic, Mr. Mahaffy is entitled to an important position among commentators on classical literature. Sound common sense and breadth of view are the leading characteristics of his style of criticism, and he revolts as much from the pedantry and dulness of one great school of modern critics as from the neglect of details and complacent optimism of the other. His remarks on the relations—or, rather, absence of relations—between English and German critics, and his statement of the merits and defects of each school may be read with advantage by many scholars beside those for whom they are more especially intended. While he allows the Germans all credit for

* *A History of Classical Greek Literature.* By the Rev. J. P. Mahaffy, M.A. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1880.

their labours in the field of Homeric research, he has little sympathy with their general canons of criticism, and points out how fallacious is their favourite practice of making literary merit the ultimate test of the authenticity of any passage. The fact that widely different verdicts are often pronounced by various critics upon the same passage is of itself sufficient proof of the inadequacy of the test, and moreover, as Mr. Mahaffy suggests, the very excellence of a later lay may often be the cause of its being interpolated in an earlier composition. Mr. Mahaffy here lays much stress upon the national isolation in scholarship, and is of opinion that the contrast of attitude has been so strong as to blind each nation to the importance of what has been said by the other. He suggests as an alternative explanation that few scholars of either country are able fully to appreciate the force of an argument in the tongue of the other. There may be some truth in both explanations, but probably English critics have been guided in the matter of the Homeric poems rather by sentimental considerations than by any other feelings. Holding as he does that ignorance or carelessness is the cause in each party of blindness to the arguments of the other, Mr. Mahaffy is naturally more in sympathy with Grote than with any other critic of the Homeric poems, and he holds, in the main, Grote's intermediate theory about the Iliad. He strengthens his position by the authority of Professor Sayce, whose summary of the results of linguistic criticism on the text of Homer is printed as an appendix, and who arrives, on different grounds, at substantially the same conclusions as those of Mr. Mahaffy. While speaking of this branch of the subject we may mention that Mr. Mahaffy's opinion of German scholarship seems to grow lower as he proceeds. He gradually imbibes all the British prejudices against which he protests in the earlier portion of the work, and he finally arrives at the conclusion that the most appropriate piece of work for a "learned German" would be the re-editing of the fragments of Ctesias, with all the monumental evidence as to his trustworthiness appended. Mr. Mahaffy's own method of treating Greek literature, as compared with that of German scholars, reminds us forcibly of the familiar story of the way in which a German and an Englishman respectively executed the order given to them to describe a camel. The Englishman, we are told, packed up his portmanteau and started off to study his subject in its native deserts; while the German remained quietly at home and evolved a camel out of his inner consciousness, much as the Italian painters would seem to have done in depicting the Adoration of the Magi. Mr. Mahaffy has travelled widely in Greece, Italy, and Sicily, and brings the knowledge thus acquired to bear upon his present task. His observations on the Greek theatre derive much force from his visits to the various ruins extant; and his theories on the mechanical contrivances of the Greek stage, founded on an inspection of the remains, are worth more than whole volumes of *à priori* argument. No doubt he goes too far when, from the fact that he could distinctly hear every word uttered in a man's ordinary speaking voice across the amphitheatre at Syracuse, he draws the conclusion that the acoustic properties of these vast theatres were much better than would naturally be supposed; for, to say nothing of the buzzing sound which must at times have arisen from so large an audience, however attentive it might be, it is not necessary to be an actor or singer to know how sound is broken and deadened by the mere bodily presence of a number of people in a theatre. Indeed Mr. Mahaffy's arguments occasionally remind us of the ingenious showman who justified his peculiar pronunciation of the word pelican by the plea that he had "seen the animal."

The chapters on the Tragedians are perhaps the most interesting in the whole work. Mr. Mahaffy is never afraid of contradicting generally received opinions, and it is pleasing to meet with a critic who will venture to uphold the claims of Euripides to equality at least with Æschylus and Sophocles. The decision arrived at on the question must of course depend on the individual taste of each reader; but it is easy to understand that any modern student not thoroughly imbued with the Hellenic spirit would pronounce Euripides superior to Sophocles. Even such a Greek scholar and sympathizer as Mr. Mahaffy, while he pronounces Sophocles to be the better artist, ascribes to Euripides the greater genius. But this is not the place to discuss the question, which, in many of its aspects, bears a striking resemblance to the contest between the Classical and the Romantic drama in France during the present century.

In his estimate of Pindar Mr. Mahaffy dissents more widely from the general verdict. He lays much emphasis on the fact that Pindar wrote for pay, and discovers with great, perhaps too great, ingenuity, that the splendour of the ode depends very much upon the price paid for it. Thus the superiority in grandeur of the Olympian odes is accounted for by the explanation that they were composed for great personages, and probably were splendidly rewarded. In the same way the rarity of odes addressed to Athenians is ascribed to the poverty of Athens at the time, while the wealth of the Æginetans and Sicilians accounts for the large place which they occupy in Pindar's poetry. As regards the literary merit of his odes, of course the elaborate character of his metrical system, in which the rhythm is entirely lost to modern ears, and the transient allusions which have long since become devoid of meaning, have inclined judicious critics to judge of Pindar rather by his reputation among his own countrymen than by the merits which they have been able to discover for themselves.

The second volume, which deals with prose literature, is, on the whole, very much less interesting than the first. We do not at all mean to imply that it is less valuable from an historical point of view. On the contrary, Mr. Mahaffy presents a much more connected history of Greek prose than of Greek poetry; but his own interest seems to be centred in the poets, and moreover, except in one important case, his estimates of the various writers do not differ widely from those which are generally received. Hence there is less original criticism in this than in the other branch of the subject. Mr. Mahaffy's opinion of Xenophon, however, is at variance with that most commonly entertained, and diametrically opposed to the indiscriminate admiration of Grote, who sees in him the model of an Athenian gentleman, and a splendid specimen of the results of a democratic education. He is here described as being essentially a second-rate man in every respect, dominated all his life by any great man whom he met—Socrates, Cyrus, Agesilaus; "a mere Boswell, a photographer who copies petty details, but, being no true artist, is unable to catch the ideal side of the character, and reproduce it for all time." The *Anabasis* is set down as an elaborate piece of self-glorification, "where the author, without fear of contradiction, seeing that the main actors were now dead or scattered, could assume an importance quite beyond that warranted by the real facts." Mr. Mahaffy even goes so far as to suggest that the publication of the work may have been delayed by Xenophon through his fear of being contradicted by the surviving leaders had he put his own prowess so strongly forward while they were at hand to correct him. Surely, in the absence of positive evidence on the matter, such a suggestion as this comes under the same head as those unjust insinuations of which Mr. Mahaffy complains in Xenophon's treatment of Epaminondas.

In this, however, as in other cases where he differs from the generally received opinions on any branch of his subject, Mr. Mahaffy shows no undue desire to fetter the judgment of his readers. He states with the utmost candour the points on which other critics are at variance with him, and gives references to the authors by whom the question is best discussed. It is not easy to overrate the value of Mr. Mahaffy's work regarded as a book of reference. He gives a list of the chief MSS. of each author and an estimate of their relative value. He notices the most important editions and translations, and, in the case of the poets, gives some account of the various modern imitations of their works. His wide acquaintance with modern literature enables him to relieve the dulness which is at times unavoidable in a work of this character by happy illustrations and apt comparisons, though his taste for parallels sometimes leads him into extravagance—as, for instance, when he compares the schools of Isocrates and Plato respectively to Oxford and Cambridge, a resemblance which can, we think, exist only in the fancy of its discoverer. The analogy suggested between the parabasis of the old comedy and the topical song of modern burlesque is very happy in its completeness, though it is too obvious to be altogether new; and there is some truth in the parallel drawn between the Satyric drama and Christmas pantomime. The position of the Satyric play in a tetralogy might, however, have been expressed in English without the use of so barbarous a word as "afterlude." On one occasion Mr. Mahaffy is betrayed by a too sweeping generalization into a statement ludicrously suggestive of his nationality. In speaking of the strong influence exercised by the drama upon literature at large, he says that "even the legal oratory of the day assumed the dramatic tone, and the orator composed his attack or defence in the character of the client who spoke it." Seeing that the plaintiff or defendant uttered in person the speech written for him, it is difficult to perceive in what other character the orator could compose it. But we may here leave the thankless task of pointing out the defects in what is, on the whole, a very masterly work. The sense of incompleteness which is here and there felt arises necessarily from the limitations which Mr. Mahaffy has imposed upon himself out of regard for the special needs of "younger students," and from more general considerations of the brevity of human life. From his concluding sentence we gather, though not very distinctly, that it is his intention in another work to deal with the history of Alexandrine literature, which he has here left unnoticed. We hope that our conjecture is correct. The subject is one of great interest, though it has been dwarfed by comparison with the far greater glories of classical Greek. The task has never yet been satisfactorily approached, and its execution need not be cramped by those considerations which have so seriously lessened the interest of the present work.

SOLDIERS OF THE VICTORIAN AGE.*

"THE reign of Queen Victoria," Mr. Low observes in his preface, "will be known in our history as perhaps the most remarkable in British annals. It is pre-eminently so as regards our men of science; and scarcely in a less degree is the Victorian age famous for its philosophers, painters, men of letters, and orators. As regards our sailors, it is only because our naval supremacy is unquestioned, and hostile fleets in time of war avoid an encounter with ours on the seas, that no heroes, like the mighty seamen of the past, have immortalized themselves." No doubt, if there has been no Trafalgar in these latter days, that is not the fault of the sailors of the pre-eminent Victorian age, but of the hostile nations, especially the Zulus and the Afghans, who avoid encounter with us on the sea. Mr. Low has

* *Soldiers of the Victorian Age.* By Charles Rathbone Low, I.N. 2 vols. Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1880.

omitted to mention the most pre-eminent feature about the Victorian age—that it has come after every other age up to the present time. But not only is this a pre-eminent age; "without undue glorification we may express a doubt whether any other European nation could, with our system of voluntary enlistment, and the paucity of our land forces, have effected such a marvellous series of conquests." Mr. Low might have added a doubt whether any other nation, with our Horse Guards, would have done so well, and it is a fair question also whether other nations would get on as well as we do with our London fog.

From these extracts it will be seen that Mr. Low's sense of historical perspective is not very keen, but it is only fair to add that the book is much better than the preface. It consists of a series of short biographical notices of different British officers, some of which have been written for the military magazines, but most of which now appear for the first time. They have been carefully prepared, and appear very correct as to facts, although Mr. Low has not always had access to the best information, and the criticism is sometimes not quite so pertinent or valuable as the statements of events. Indeed we know of no other book or books which would furnish so much information about a number of officers, of varying distinction certainly, but about whom the public, and especially military readers, are likely to feel interest. But, as we have said, the work is more valuable as a repertory of facts than for the critical power displayed. Thus, in the memoir of Lord Chelmsford we are told that "Captain Thesiger was not so fortunate as to participate in the battles of the Alma and Inkerman, and did not arrive in the Crimea until . . . the siege . . . was approaching to a conclusion. For his services he received the Crimean medal and clasps for Sebastopol, the Turkish and Sardinian medals, and the fifth class of the Medjidie." Possibly Mr. Low may intend irony here, for the granting of these Turkish and Sardinian decorations wholesale to our army was a scandalous thing. But, if so, the sarcasm is concealed. Again, "On arriving at Bombay he joined the 95th Regiment in the field, but was only in time to be present at a small affair. . . . On the termination of hostilities he received the brevet of Colonel." In the Abyssinian war Colonel Thesiger served as chief of the staff to Sir Robert Napier, and throughout "was the *alter ego* of the Commander-in-Chief. Where Sir Robert Napier was not, there his chief of the staff was sure to be present as his representative. And though among his generals of division and brigadiers were such men as Stavely, Merewether, and Field, yet the subject of this memoir was regarded as the 'right hand man of his chief.'" So one might say that, although such men as the senior major and the junior major were present with a regiment, the adjutant was regarded as the right hand man of the colonel. As Adjutant-General in India, "firm but conciliatory, courteous and kind, but dignified, he was beloved by all who came in contact with him, while he earned their respect by the exhibition of such soldierly qualities as courage and calmness in the presence of danger." The description of the late Adjutant-General in India is not at all too highly coloured. But what room, in the performance of the peaceful duties of the Adjutant-General's office at Simla or Calcutta, was afforded for the exhibition of courage and calmness, and how the danger became present, is not explained. Of the battle of Ulundi Mr. Low says:—"But the enemy could not long face the terrible fire poured into them at a range of sixty yards; and, after a display of heroism that would not have discredited veteran disciplined infantry, about 9.30 they wavered"; a ludicrously inappropriate way of describing the desperate bravery of the Zulus. It would be more just to say, whenever any disciplined infantry, whether English or other, behaves exceptionally well, that their conduct would not have disgraced a Zulu. To return, however, to the subject of this memoir, we are somewhat surprised to find Mr. Low presently saying that, "in thus sacrificing the fruits of a victory won by the expenditure of so much time and money, Lord Chelmsford, we think, has forfeited all claim to the title of a great soldier; and it is hard to see how his panegyrists can defend an act displaying such timidity and want of judgment." There is something strangely absurd in this sentence, coming as it does from a writer who has constituted himself Lord Chelmsford's panegyrist-in-chief, and then, having "cracked him up" throughout the memoir in language appropriate to the deeds of a Wellington, suddenly lets him down again, taking up the cudgels against his "panegyrists." Sometimes, too, the events dragged in have no very marked bearing on the matter in hand; as where we are told that the subject of this notice thence "proceeded to Maritzburg, the capital of Natal, where his lordship received an ovation, the people carrying him on their shoulders out of his postchaise to his hotel, where the mayor read him an address of congratulation, to which Lord Chelmsford replied, expressing his thanks to the colonists for their sympathy and confidence throughout the trying time through which he had passed." A good many other people also had passed through a trying time; but the biographer has unaccountably forgotten, while recording this interesting anecdote, to tell us what his lordship had for breakfast on the occasion. Again, "though public opinion in the press, in society, and in the army, was much divided as to the generalship displayed by Lord Chelmsford, every one was agreed that he was actuated by a determination to do his best without regard to personal convenience, and that he never spared himself in the public service." We have never before heard of this division of opinion, and it is curious praise of a man to say that he was not one who did not do his best.

The book, however, is a perfect magazine of interesting facts available for the future compiler of military history; and it is not surprising that in a big work of this sort about a great many different people and events, the facts, or Mr. Low's interpretation of them, should not always be accurate. Thus, in reference to Outram's reinstatement at Baroda, after his battle with the Bombay Government on the famous bribery case, Mr. Low says that the Court of Directors asked the Bombay Government to reinstate him. It was, however, to the supreme Government of India that the Court's appeal was made, and it was Lord Dalhousie, and not the Bombay Government, who sent Outram back in triumph to Baroda. When Outram was transferred from Aden to Lucknow, Mr. Low says it was done by Lord Dalhousie, "who knew Outram's value, and had made him one of his honorary aide-de-camps"; which is as if the Queen were to reward Lord Beaconsfield or Mr. Gladstone by making him a C.B. Speaking of the action of Mohumra, in the Persian war, Mr. Low quotes with approval Havelock's remark that the "works were formidable; but in 3½ hours they were so battered by our war-ships that the enemy abandoned them in haste, suffering great loss." They were not, therefore, really formidable, or they would not have been so easily battered by a few old sloops of the Indian navy of obsolete pattern and armament. With reference to Outram's appointment to the force which relieved Lucknow, Mr. Low terms it "a supersession of Havelock, his former friend and comrade," adding "that it was not in intended that Havelock, after gaining nine victories, should be actually superseded." But it was certainly intended that Outram should take charge of the united troops collecting at Cawnpore. Havelock—some of whose nine victories, by the way, were mere bloodless demonstrations—arriving first on the scene, took over command from Neill, his junior officer, just as Outram, who had shortly before been in command at the head of these very troops in Persia, took over command in turn from Havelock when he got to the front. It is a misnomer to talk of supersession in such cases. As well say that Sir Colin Campbell superseded Outram when he came on the scene later on with a still larger force.

The memoir of Lord Napier strikes us as one of the best, because Mr. Low appreciates properly the qualities which have brought about that distinguished officer's success—the combination of patient care and forethought in arranging plans of an operation in the first instance, with brilliant dash in execution; but even here the commentary is not always felicitous. For example:—"Meanwhile Napier's promotion had been going on steadily, and with a share of good fortune. He was gazetted first lieutenant on the 28th September, 1827, and his commission as captain bore date 25th January, 1841." Steady the promotion certainly was, if slowness and steadiness are synonymous; but what good fortune there is in not getting your company until after fifteen years' service is not apparent. Of the first day of Ferozshuhr, Mr. Low says that "the British infantry flung itself with heroic devotion against the Sikh entrenchments." A part of the British infantry unfortunately did nothing of the sort; hence the indecisive result of that day. And when it is added that "Captain Napier was honourably mentioned in despatches, and received a medal with two clasps, and the brevet rank of Major for his services," a person ignorant of Mr. Low's way of dragging in the irrelevant might suppose that medals and clasps were given with discrimination, and that a brevet majority was a very great distinction. He is evidently unaware of the very remarkable part played by the subject of his memoir on that critical day, and the inadequate recognition it obtained. However, with all its faults, this is still a very useful and, in many parts, interesting book.

PAYNE'S LECTURES ON EDUCATION.*

THE late Mr. Payne gave the best part of his life to enforcing, by precept and example, a truth which ought to be elementary; which in the principal countries of the Continent is recognized as elementary, and acted on with excellent results; but which in England has only just attained recognition, and is still for the most part ignored in our chief seats of learning. This truth is that there is such a thing as an art of education. It has not been neglected for want of being before the world. Socrates, who discovered that there was a science of politics, did not overlook the science and art which are concerned with making good citizens. Plato and Aristotle, each in his own way, endeavoured to work out the pregnant hints of Socrates. In our own land Milton testified his belief that the training of human beings is a weighty and difficult matter, "not a bow for every man to shoot in that counts himself a teacher." Ascham before him, Locke after him, in our own day Mr. Herbert Spencer, many others at divers times and in divers ways, have insisted on the importance of the education of children being conducted, not haphazard, but in a systematic and intelligent manner. Yet in the vast majority of our schools, and, it is to be feared, in the vast majority of our homes, the development of human faculties and formation of human character has to this day been treated as an undertaking so trifling or so easy as to require for its successful performance the application of very little intelligence and no method whatever. Boys and girls are not puppets that will dance as you pull the strings, but men and women in little; yet their parents and pastors and

* *Lectures on the Science and Art of Education: with other Lectures and Essays.* By the late Joseph Payne. Edited by his Son, Joseph Frank Payne, M.D. With an Introduction by the Rev. R. H. Quick. London: Longmans & Co. 1880.

masters go on acting as if they thought with Guildenstern that man is easier to play on than a pipe. Honourable exceptions there have always been; and now, thanks to the labours of Joseph Payne and others like him, it seems within the reach of reasonable hope that these examples may spread and become the rule. And then, if we look back to the work of those who cleared the ground and find in it some touch of over-heated denunciation, or over-weening promise, or dogged iteration of things that now appear obvious, let us remember that they bore the burden and heat of the day in evil times, and that without enthusiasm and insistence their work would not have come to the harvest at all. A man who is afraid of repeating himself, or of seeming disagreeable to respectable persons and institutions, will never make much impression on the inertia of established routine. Mr. Payne was completely free from both these fears, and his work took root. This volume is made up of a number of occasional discourses and papers, which he presumably would have disposed otherwise if he had arranged them for publication himself. As they stand they form a series of landmarks in an active life, and show how constantly he was occupied in working out and enforcing the application of a few leading ideas.

The first and great axiom of the science of education, as conceived by Mr. Payne, is a paradox; he learnt it, as he himself tells us, from Jacotot, but realized it with a strength and vitality that made it his own. It is that a teacher's business is not to teach his pupil, but to lead him to teach himself. "Learning is self-teaching . . . the mental act by which knowledge is acquired is the pupil's, not the teacher's." The mere driving of words and facts into a pupil's memory "is no more instruction than heaping bricks and stones together is building a house." The true instructor commands the materials of knowledge as Amphion did those of building; he does not lay his own hands on them, but under his bidding they "move together to the place where they are wanted, and grow into the form of a harmonious fabric." Hence another paradox, that the teacher's highest success is to make himself useless to his pupils. It is worth observing that, just as we noted of the general conception of a science of education, this discovery is ancient in conception though recent in application to practice. The famous questioning method of Socrates had no other idea than this at its root; he went on the principle that only that knowledge is vital which a man arrives at by his own thought. And by his own description of the process he showed that he clearly apprehended the true theory of it. No modern could be more distinct on the point that real teaching is not a bare putting in from without, but a drawing out and developing from within. Unfortunately, the right way of doing most things is harder, till one has learnt it, than the wrong one; and the construction of knowledge by drawing out thought from within is an affair of skill and patience. For it is yet another paradox, but true, that in education, as in government, the hardest thing of all is to know when not to meddle. It is much easier to teach, or seem to teach, children by stuffing them with words to be reproduced to order than to make them teach themselves and acquire a grasp of things; and the temptations of the easier way have prevailed, with results which may be read in various public documents. One question, however, is apt to rise in the mind which deserves a little attention, though we do not find it noticed in this book. Do not the reformers prove too much? If the common method or want of method is as bad as they say, how is it that any tolerable results are produced? A certain number of pupils, including the reformers themselves, have under the old system come out good scholars, accomplished men, and capable of independent thinking. Can the tree be so faulty if its best fruit is so good? On general grounds it may be answered that this is the old fallacy of *post hoc, propter hoc*; bad workmanship is not shown to be good by its not actually spoiling good stuff. Again, a system is to be judged not by extreme cases on either side, but by the average results. In the case of English education few persons who have not paid special attention to the subject know how poor the average result is. But a more specific explanation is given by Mr. Payne's leading principle. If learning is really self-teaching, we can see not only why and how the current routine of school work is bad, but why and how the consequent mischief is limited. In one way and another we all begin teaching ourselves almost as soon as we are born, and never leave off during our lives. What we learn depends on a great many circumstances, our desire for the particular kind of knowledge being, after years of discretion, one of the most material. Now take the case of the human being at the age of schooling. If he is intelligent, and becomes interested in the matters which his masters profess to teach, he will proceed to teach himself, and a perverse routine cannot altogether prevent him from learning, though it may perhaps hinder him considerably. No doubt there will be waste of time and energy; though it must be remembered that much of the apparent waste of early life, whether in book-learning or in other things, in truth repays its cost with interest in experience and the faculty of handling knowledge and affairs. Hardly any instruction can be so bad, either in form or in matter, but that an active mind can make it a real instrument of education to itself. Thus the better sort suffer by comparison but little; if they are once set going on the road of taking care of themselves, they may do well enough even under arrangements which are very defective. It is to be remembered, too, that in the years most important for learning—say from twelve to twenty—the learner will meet with many teachers; and as things are now, or even as they were twenty years ago, it is a strange chance if at least one or two of them have not a mind above routine, and some spark of the Socratic faculty of quickening and opening a learner's thought. The first-class men, on the whole, are not those who need pity; perhaps that is why they are mostly rather indifferent to the evil. It is the intellects of the middling and duller sort that get starved and stunted by unintelligent school-work. This is a thing calling for no demonstration; it is writ large in the whole temper and fashion of the British middle classes. And, indeed, in our great schools and universities the case is likely enough to happen that a young man of no less than average wits, finding no strong liking in himself to the appointed studies, nor encouragement from those who should keep him to them, betakes himself to such things as he does find that he can more effectually and pleasantly, in our author's phrase, teach himself—which are cricket, rowing, and the whole genus of athletics. Just now there is a great cry against athletics, as if they were the cause of idleness, and the neglect of other things were not rather a symptom of deeper shortcomings; whereas parents and tutors should for the present be only too thankful that, for want of anything better, the activity and interest of athletics keeps young men from things much worse.

But we must return to Mr. Payne's own application of his idea. He exemplifies the right and the wrong way of teaching by a lesson in mechanics. The routine teacher begins by giving out a definition of a machine in abstract terms, and is surprised that his class cannot understand it. The teacher who knows his art begins with a working model of some simple machine, tells the class at first merely what it is for, lets them see it at work and work it for themselves, makes them note the results by weight and measure, introduces technical terms only as and when the facts themselves are known by direct experience, shows the effect of varying the conditions, and finally dismisses the children with an invitation to devise improvements on the machine if they can, and bring the results next time. One would say offhand that not much invention is to be got out of an average school-class; but Mr. Payne assures us, as a fact within his own experience, that there is a good deal, if the teacher will only look for it and encourage it. All the common methods of teaching are directed to make the learner merely repeat what he has been told; the method advocated by Mr. Payne aims at making him repeat as little as possible, but acquire ideas and learn to put his own activity into the use of them. In the technical language of Cambridge examinations, Mr. Payne's ideal is to reduce book-work, as compared with riders and problems, as nearly as may be to a vanishing quantity. The method can be carried out even in the first elements. Jacotot, and Mr. Payne after him, would have reading taught quite otherwise than by spelling-books. Learning the letters separately is now pretty well exploded; but Jacotot and Payne go much beyond even the improved syllabic method of modern reading-books. They plunge at once into a real sentence, teach the individual words—not syllables—by sight, as unanalysed wholes in the first instance; comparison, analysis, and knowledge of the power of individual letters, come gradually as the sentence is mastered. Any reader who is acquainted with Mr. Prendergast's "Masterly Series" will at once perceive that his plan of learning foreign languages is framed (quite independently, so far as we know) on the same model. All along the line it is the war of things against words, the same war that is being fought out in the higher scholarship at the Universities, and in which a signal victory has been gained by the reform of the Classical Tripos at Cambridge. And in the end things must win; but before this can be we must organize victory by teaching the teachers. "Mechanical drill and cram," as one of these lectures laments, are still supreme in the codes and instructions of the Education Department. Great interest attaches, therefore, to what Mr. Payne had to tell of his success in this undertaking. At the end of a lecture on "The Science and Art of Education" given at the College of Preceptors in 1874, we find some striking extracts from the statements of teachers who had followed Mr. Payne's lectures. One said: "Before attending these lectures, my aim was that my pupils should gain a certain amount of knowledge. I now see how far more important is the exercise of these powers by which knowledge is gained. I am therefore trying to make them think for themselves . . . I now try to adopt my plan to the pupil, not the pupil to my plan." Another said: "What you have done for me, I endeavour to do for my pupils. I make them correct their own errors; indeed, do their own work as much as possible. Since you have been teaching me, my pupils have progressed in mental development as they have never done in all the years I have been teaching." Obviously these teachers had learnt to some purpose, and Mr. Payne might well say that his labours had not ended in mere talk.

That pupil had seized the root of the matter who learnt from Mr. Payne that not "a certain amount of knowledge," but "the exercise of those powers by which knowledge is gained," is the really important thing in education. In the light of this principle Mr. Payne viewed the controversy between science and classics. What he says about science in his lecture on "The Curriculum of Modern Education" may perhaps be summed up thus:—"Teach science by all means—that is, train the mind to scientific method. But mere verbal teaching of scientific facts out of books is as worthless as any other merely verbal teaching; and remember that you cannot teach all the sciences. If you ask specialists which science is to be taught, each will name his own, and your programme will be beyond human powers." It appears that Mr. Payne would practically have advised the introduction into school teaching of

elementary physics, and at a later stage chemistry or physiology. We are disposed to think that he somewhat underrates the importance of clear physical ideas, seeing that nine-tenths of the nonsense that flourishes in the world trades chiefly on the absence of them; and, for the sake of its immediate bearing on health and the conduct of life, we should decidedly put physiology before chemistry, except what little chemistry the elements of physiology involve. These, however, are trifling differences as compared with the main question of method. As to classics and literature, Mr. Payne points out, as Dr. Johnson had done, and also Locke before him, that one of the most essential kinds of knowledge is the knowledge of human nature; and that this is what we find in the best books. Then the eminence and necessity of Latin as an instrument of the higher education consist, apart from the merits of Latin literature in itself, in Latin being the common meeting-ground of the civilized world. It is the key, not to one city or country, but, as Mr. Payne truly says, to the commonwealth of letters. Moreover, the scholar may now say to the man of science that the study of language is itself a science. Modern philology has informed it with new life and made it progressive. On the whole, Mr. Payne's judgment on the claims of language and natural science is a remarkably fair and lucid one.

Space has not allowed us to give any specimens of Mr. Payne's writing; it is always good and apt, but we fancy that in the pieces now collected it was a little under restraint. Anyhow, there is nothing in this volume that will compare for freedom and vigour with the article on Eton published in the *British Quarterly Review* twelve years ago, which Etonians may now read with tolerable equanimity, so many things being amended or in a speedy way so to be. It is a strong and brilliant piece of caustic criticism, and at the time was open to no reply but Mr. Pepys's—"A devilish saying, but true."

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.*

ENGLISHMEN do not very often read the critical part of American reviews, and it is perhaps fortunate for Mr Howells's reputation that they do not. It is not unusual to find him spoken of in these reviews as a sort of compound of Thackeray and Landor; a novelist possessed of the most remarkable insight into character and power of drawing it, and, as they would themselves say, a stylist of unsurpassed originality and force. We have seen it stated in so many words that Mr. Howells yields to no one living among those who write the English language. This silly provincialism might, if it anticipated an actual acquaintance with the author's works, not a little injure their chances. Fortunately, however, some of Mr. Howells's work, notably *A Foregone Conclusion*, came over to England early enough to get the start of his injudicious trumpeters. If anybody claims for him the position of the best novelist of America, and of a writer who, with the heavy drawbacks of his dialect, still deserves a good place among his English contemporaries, the claim certainly cannot be disputed. Mr. Howells is of the class of American writers whom Mr. Henry James also represents. But he has perhaps the advantage of Mr. James in a less dogged clinging to European themes, in a greater range and freshness of subject, and in the absence of all but a very faint flavour of mannerism. On the whole, he is a very pleasant author to read, though even in his case we wish we could be indulged with an English edition of his works relieved of the ugliness of orthography and of phrase which disfigure the book before us. "Traveled" and "quarreled," "honor" and "labor," "forever" in one word, and "could n't" in two, give the teeth of the reader an earnest of that setting-on-edge which the spelling reformers reserve for him in the good time coming; and when he has accustomed himself to these, "did not have" comes to upset his restored equanimity. This last is perhaps at once the ugliest and the most inexplicable of Americanisms. For we have not observed that even Americans say "did not be."

However, *The Undiscovered Country* is a good enough book to enable the reader to go on reading it, despite the *amari aliquid* which is but too frequently presented to him. A good many novels, English as well as American, have dealt with Spiritualism, and it cannot be said that many have dealt with it successfully. Mr. Howells has taken a course which, if not exactly novel, does not lack a certain amount of freshness. He has made his Spiritualist hero a singular compound of perfect sincerity and unblushing quackery. Dr. Boynton is a fervent believer in Spiritualism—or, rather, an ardent hankerer after fervent belief in it. But, not being exactly an idiot, he has observed the quackery which generally prevails on the subject, and has drawn the bright conclusion that a certain amount of slipperiness is inseparable from the Mediumistic temperament. He accordingly mixes himself up with some very doubtful people, whom he allows, in his own words, to "assist the Spirits." The Spirits are of course assisted to their hearts' content, and when Dr. Boynton finds out how far the assistance has gone he is in a paroxysm of rage, grief, and despair, being indeed, as his confederate justly calls him, "a new sort of fool." He is always going through these alternations of eager belief in having found the clue, and of frantic disappointment when it fails him. Unluckily he himself is not the only person who suffers from his folly. He has a daughter, a beautiful girl, of the name of Egeria, with light hair of a "plastic massiveness." It should be observed that Mr. Howells does not often fall into the jargon which a certain class of American writers affect, but every now and then he is caught. "Plastic massiveness" is to us a vile phrase. Why not massive plasticity or mastic ———? but it is Mr. Howells's fault that we are tempted to be flippant. Egeria Boynton is an unhappy young woman, not very brilliant, who is passionately fond of her father, and deeply disgusted at the charlatanism which she is forced into partaking; but who nevertheless, owing to filial affection and a nervous temperament, allows herself to be mesmerized and materialized or immaterialized—we really cannot undertake to use the jargon correctly—and thus to bamboozle others, to ruin her own health, and to confirm her father in his self-deluding folly. The humbug is somewhat brutally exposed in Boston by a certain Edward Ford, who is in a way the hero of the book. This Ford exhibits curiously the odd tendency which certain American novelists have to show off with a sort of pride the most disagreeable types of their countrymen. Ford reminds the reader to some extent of Newman in Mr. James's *American*, but he is much more detestable. His conversation may be said to be chiefly distinguished by a kind of surly brutality which his admiring companions at boarding-houses and elsewhere take for genius, and which he himself seems to think *echt-Amerikanisch*, and a fine contrast to the habits and behaviour of those of his countrymen who are always going to Europe and talking of Europe. Wishing to expose the Spiritualists, he grasps the medium's hand—it happens to be Egeria's, and he is penitent enough, but, as Dr. Boynton points out to him, it must in any case have been a woman's, the other confederate being a certain Mrs. Le Roy—so roughly that a ring is cut into the bone, and the unhappy girl faints with the agony. It is not to be supposed that Mr. Howells exactly sets up this brute for admiration, but he has the *beau rôle* almost all through the story, he is decorated with the novelist's highest mark of favour, the hand of the beautiful young woman, and, generally speaking, he has sheep and not goat written against him by his creator. Mr. Howells may very justly say that he does not write for English readers and is not responsible for any bad effects he may produce on them. But he really does produce very bad effects. The Pharisaic feeling with which every English reader will thank the goodness and the grace which have prevented his own country from producing, except as monsters and abnormalities, such creatures as this Ford, and which have provided in his own country other creatures who would probably kick them if they did exist and behaved according to pattern—this Pharisaic feeling, we say, is obviously improper and unhealthy, and a novelist who produces it is responsible for his acts.

A curious part of the book, not hitherto noticed, is that which represents the Boyntons' residence in a Shaker village. Mr. Howells evidently has a kindness for these curious people, and he has represented their colony at Vardley in very attractive colours. The introduction to it of the Spiritualist and his daughter is preceded by a chapter or two which show the very great narrative power which the author when he is at his best, possesses. Disgusted by the Boston exposure, Boynton has determined to quit the town and go to his friends—that vague term meaning in the present instance the father of his dead wife, who is the only connexion he has, and with whom he has quarrelled. Sufficient money for the journey is furnished by a sympathizing acquaintance, and a start is made. But the half-insane Boynton goes wool-gathering at a junction after some Shakers whom he has overheard talking about Spiritualism, and at the last moment hurries his daughter into the wrong train, their money and luggage having been previously put into the right one. Thus at nightfall they are turned out moneyless at a country station. A village shopkeeper refuses to lend any money on the ring which is the only valuable they possess, and the American horror of tramps (vividly illustrated, by the way, in this book, and instructive to admirers of the Republic) refuses them shelter everywhere. They hear of a Shaker village, where general hospitality is given, some miles off, and start to walk to it. But Egeria has been completely knocked up by excitement and misery of all kinds; bad weather comes on, and they are only too glad to find a wayside schoolhouse which has been left unlocked and with a fire in it. Next morning the "school ma'am" appears, and is charitable after her powers. They continue their walk; but Egeria, unnoticed by her father, who is in one of his exalted moods, becomes seriously ill. They rest in a tavern which is a haunt of evil characters, and where they are taken for prison-breakers and the police set upon them. At last (the girl in a fever and the father in not more than his usual state of lightheadedness) they reach the Shaker colony and things mend. The whole of this journey, of the events of which a bare outline has just been given, is drawn by Mr. Howells with great power; the peculiar effect of nightmare helplessness which the course of things causes in Egeria being reproduced, as the reader peruses it, with singular vividness. So, too, the Shakers are excellently portrayed. These prosperous and not unamiable fanatics have usually made their appearance before English readers in such very bad company that they have been somewhat discredited thereby. It may be well therefore to say at once that Mr. Howells's Shakers (and, we believe, the Shakers of fact, as far as their American villages are concerned) differ very little from their ancestors the English Quakers, except in discountenancing marriage, not absolutely forbidding it save in those "gathered in." In their quaint phraseology and dress, in their singular worldly prosperity, and in their large charity to outsiders, they

* *The Undiscovered Country.* By W. D. Howells. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

are almost duplicates of the older Quakers after the first fanaticism of Fox's day had settled down, and before they had taken to exclusive money-getting and sectarian politics. Nor are the odd religious observances which Mr. Howells describes much more out of the way than the proceedings of a Quaker meeting in old days.

Shakerism and Spiritualism have, it is said, a certain community of origin, and hence Boynton's anxiety for communion with the colony at Vardley. The association has a tragical end. He endeavours, when Egeria has recovered, to produce spiritualistic, or rather at first mesmeric, effects with her aid before the Shakers in meeting. But the girl's restoration to health has strengthened at once her nervous system and her moral fibre, and she either refuses or is unable to make herself the instrument of his will as of old. Thence a catastrophe. It is to be observed, however, that the beginning and end of the book are scarcely equal in point of interest or of merit to the middle. The description of a *séance* in the early chapters is good, but not very good. The end wanders off into theological discussions, and the story comes slowly and a little tamely to its foregone conclusion. The book will make devout Spiritualists very angry; it is not wholly orthodox in tone, so that it will not conciliate those who oppose Spiritualism from the theological side; and it is at the same time far from being a contribution to the purely scientific treatment of the question. Of course these facts have nothing to do with its goodness as a novel; yet Mr. Howells has not entirely saved it from the appearance of being a novel with a purpose—that is to say, a bastard work of art. *The Undiscovered Country* is by no means its author's best book; but it contains in the journey already described a fragment of his best work, and is worth reading if only for this.

DEL MAR'S HISTORY OF THE PRECIOUS METALS.*

As a member of the United States Monetary Commission of 1876, it fell to the part of Mr. Alexander Del Mar to prepare certain reports and minutes relating to the California and Nevada mines, collating with them returns from American Ministers in foreign countries, and from other sources bearing upon the production of the precious metals. In the course of this labour many matters both of evidence and reasoning came within his reach, which the limits and the scope of the Commission did not allow him to embody in his official reports. Impressed with their importance, he determined to verify and extend the information thus acquired by means of a visit to California, where he has since resided. With these results he was induced to combine a general history of the precious metals, judging it of great advantage to write in a mining country within sight of the mines, and in the midst of a mining community. The practical gain thus insured he found means to supplement by the aid of such works of a general kind as the libraries of the Pacific Coast might supply, in the absence of books of a more technical character. The references with which his work abounds, as well as the list of authorities prefixed to it—among which, however, we miss with surprise the names of Mr. Goschen and Sir John Lubbock—show that he has had no lack of material for the execution of his design. Whilst freely acknowledging his debt to the excellent work of Mr. William Jacob, hitherto the chief if not sole source of information upon the history of the precious metals, he justly finds in the important events which have taken place in the meantime—the discovery of the great Californian and Australian placers, the opening of the highly productive mines of Nevada, and the extension of the European money system to Japan and other countries — a sufficient apology for the attempt to cover once more the same ground. Mr. Jacob's history, moreover, failed to mark the significant agency of conquest and slavery in the production of gold and silver, and consequently yielded no data for computing the effects of mining upon a strictly commercial basis, which only began with the era of free mining in 1849. It contained no sound calculation of the world's stock of precious metals in ancient and mediæval times, whereas the purchasing power of all future yields must be largely affected by the existing accumulation of stock acquired by the original owners, by conquest or slavery, with little or no cost. It omitted all mention of the very considerable movement from Japan to Europe during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and failed to rate the importance of nearly two hundred millions of gold from the Brazilian placers. It gave no connected history—indeed but little mention—of the ratio of value between gold and silver, and omitted all reference to the devastation of the earth and other social ills entailed upon mining countries by the search for those much-prized metals.

The list of these deficiencies in the work of his predecessor gives a very fair clue to the contents and scope of Mr. Del Mar's undertaking. After a rapid but fairly exhaustive sketch of the early use of gold and silver, the chief sources of these metals, their introduction as coined money, and their application to the arts, he points to the influence of this universal thirst upon the political fortunes of the world, with the evil concomitants of conquest and slavery. Owing to these disturbing forces there is, he argues, from the first no possibility of reducing the value of these acquisitions to a basis of strict cost. The same vices follow the fresh development of the search for gold from the period of the opening-up of the New World, which our author traces with great fulness of detail and much breadth of view. The savageries of Cortes, Pizarro, Balboa, or Ayora, emulated at no great distance by adventurers of British blood, hardly needed re-telling, save for the statistics they incidentally afford in illustration of the wealth accumulated, the tracts of land brought under mining operations, and the economic as well as moral considerations proper to the action of conquest and slavery.

In his chapter on the world's stock of the precious metals, our author shows the most conspicuous advance beyond the work of his predecessor, both in the larger mass of facts he has brought under view, and the more scientific handling of them. Jacob's estimate of the amount of bullion under the Roman Empire was vitiated as well by defective notions of the Roman method of notation, as by misconstruction of the language of the classic historians. If we are to believe Suetonius to have stated the amount of bullion then in circulation as equivalent (in sesterces) to 322,916,000*l.*, we arrive at a rate of gold or silver currency as high as six pounds sterling per head of population, taking Merivale's calculation of 60,000,000 souls for all Europe at this period. Even after the opening of Potosi, Europe, urges Mr. Del Mar, never showed a rate half as high as this. In setting down the existing stock at the period of the discovery of America at 34,000,000*l.* or so, he at the same time considers Mr. Jacob to be fairly near the mark. He only demurs to that writer's view of a gradual decline from a theoretical quantity so preposterous.

The minute and elaborate tables drawn up for the work before us from the most trustworthy sources trace the steadily progressive growth of the wealth of Europe from 1488 A.D. onwards, culminating at the present time with 650,000,000*l.* in coin or 1*l.* 12*s.* a head. A strange falling off between the years 1700 and 1776 is explained by the temporary decline in the supply of bullion, and the drain upon the currency of Europe, a similar relapse having been admitted by Humboldt, Jacob, Macculloch, Tooke, and other writers between the years 1808 and 1839. Naturally enough the most marked rise is seen in the period immediately following the discovery of America, the stock of coin per capita, which was 16*s.* in the year 1492, having risen by 1636 to 3*l.*—the total increment for all Europe being estimated at more than 200,000,000*l.* It is only by a rough approximation at best that we can hope to sum up the hoard of gold and silver wrung by torture and terror from the unhappy Indian races, or dug from the mines of Peru and Mexico before their gradual exhaustion set in. Of the wealth poured into Europe later on from Brazil, more trustworthy statistics are to be had. In the sixty years from the opening of the mines to the year 1756, the yield of gold, as estimated by the Abbé Raynal, was about 96,000,000*l.* The table carefully compiled by our author, after a critical sifting of the widely varying authorities, sets down 180,000,000*l.* or more as the total produce of the Brazilian placers from their discovery to the present day. From Japan he gives reasons for believing that at least a hundred millions sterling of gold were imported into Europe within the seventeenth century. Adding these figures to the 220,000,000*l.* at which the yield of California to the present time is estimated, and the 240,000,000*l.* from Australia, we get an approximation to the amount by which the wealth of Europe in specie has been augmented within the last two centuries. Not more than one-third of the existing stock is estimated to consist of silver, the demonetization of that metal in several of the leading countries of the world tending to reduce the general stock of silver coin, at the same time that the increased produce of the Nevada mines, and the quantity of silver thrown upon the market at home, tells upon the value of the metal, as the loss upon Indian exchanges has for years sadly testified. Thus far the figures adduced have reference to the amount of metal in the shape of coin. Of the quantity devoted to other purposes than money no means have been found of forming any trustworthy calculation. Mr. Jacob's estimate of 440 millions converted into articles of use and ornament, as well as of 175 millions lost by abrasion and casualties of all kinds, must be set down as largely conjectural. Nor till late years could any more exact computation be formed of the flow of specie to the East. Mr. Del Mar's chapter on this subject shows the conflict of authorities thereon, out of which he extracts the approximate figure of 772,000,000*l.* as the grand total of gold and silver exported to India and China since the year 1559, against which is to be set some 172,000,000*l.* as the net counter flow from East to West.

The ratio or relation of value between gold and silver, at all times a variable quantity, has fluctuated within the range of history to wide extremes. A fragment of Agatharcides, a Greek geographer under Ptolemy VI., Philometor, King of Egypt (B.C. 181–145), speaks of the value of silver in Arabia being tenfold that of gold. The superior value of silver to gold in ancient times has been asserted by Boeckh, and is borne out by the tribute lists of Egyptian kings. The revulsion has been traced to the opening of the silver mines of Greece and the exchange by the Phœnician traders of their exuberant metallic produce for the freights of the East. Up to this time the gold sands of the Indian mines and the rich placer and quartz mines of Arabia—the land of Midian, as Captain Burton has lately urged, having been then exceptionally rich—had accumulated a vast mass of gold with comparatively little silver. The earliest authentic measure of the ratio, derived from the cuneiform inscription at Nineveh (Khorsabad) (*circa* 708 B.C.), gives 1 gold = 13·33 silver. Herodotus, speaking of the payment of the Egyptian tribute to Darius, sets down the Persian ratio as 1 gold = 13 silver. In

* *A History of the Precious Metals, from the Earliest Times to the Present.* By Alexander Del Mar, M.E., formerly Director of the Bureau of Statistics of the United States, &c. London: Bell & Sons. 1880.

Greece, about the 4th century B.C., the rate stood at 1 gold = 14 or 15 silver, the same probably holding good throughout Levantine Europe and Asia Minor. It narrowed by degrees, until, at the time, America was discovered, it stood at about 11 throughout Europe. In England it was fixed by the Act of 22 Edw. IV. (1483) at 11·158; in North Germany, by the Lubeck Mint rule of 1463, at 11·60; in France, by the law of 1388, at 10·75; in Spain, by the law of 1483, at 11·675; in Italy it stood at about 10·5. Whilst for centuries before the discovery of America the Western ratio was narrowing from about 1·14 to 1·11, it widened in the East, under economic conditions traced by our author, from about 1·55 to 1·6 or 1·7, the two, however, reciprocally modifying each other as the intercourse between Europe and Asia became more intimate, until in the early part of the present century they came practically to the same level. The subsequent fluctuations, though wide enough to cause grave fiscal embarrassments, and to give scope for an indefinite amount of speculative discussion among financiers and political economists, have at no time come near the tremendous differences of yore. Mr. Del Mar's tables and his able historical analysis give the reader a clue to the intricacies of this important section of monetary philosophy, pointing him to the most signal landmarks in the record of the money market all over the world, and the authorities best qualified to deal with that most occult class of influences. Two powerful agencies in particular, which came into play together about the beginning of the last century, are to be taken into account in estimating the amount of change in the value of the precious metals in addition to the direct influence of production. These are, firstly, the extensive substitution of bank paper, and afterwards Government paper, for coin; and secondly, alterations of the metallic basis, or changes of standard, that in England taking place nominally in 1717. Our author points out how England, by becoming and remaining the banking centre of the world, has verified the sagacious prediction of Newton by making profit out of every exchange of bullion between other countries. For the world at large he sees the best policy to counteract this effect in adopting the single silver standard. How at the same time the silver standard is to be kept up, whilst the legal supports of the existing ratio throughout Europe are in process of being knocked away, and the threatened flood from Nevada seems likely to be swollen by the opening of the new Comstock adit, is a financial problem we would gladly have seen him handle with greater definiteness. He is indeed satisfied, from the investigations undertaken by him in connexion with the United States Monetary Commission, that the world's normal product of silver is not materially on the increase nor the normal flow of silver to India diminishing. The value of the precious metals, he concludes, both as it exists and evidently tends in time to come, has its basis substantially in the conflict of the mint laws of nations, and in the natural operations of domestic mintage and international exchange.

THE NEW NATION.*

We must confess that we are quite unable to do Mr. Morris the justice which he demands. His big work is so complete and logical a whole, in his own opinion, that he protests against any skipping or any casual peeping at isolated passages on the part of readers and reviewers. A man may dip into Homer or Joe Miller, Shakspeare or Dickens, at any chance page, and be sure of finding something which he can understand. But an accidental plunge into either of Mr. Morris's five volumes will probably yield precisely the opposite result. The reader will be almost sure to find something which he cannot understand. After struggling for a time hither and thither in Mr. Morris's whirlpool of intellectual confusion, he will probably make a desperate clutch at Vol. I. and turn to p. 1, where he will find that a danger-signal has been considerately erected by the author. "Notice"—observes Mr. Morris, "No part of this book should be read until all that precedes that part has been carefully perused, for the arrangement is such that it can only be thoroughly understood by those who read it straight through." The day of a reviewer only contains twenty-four hours; but, if it contained forty-eight, he might be excused for shrinking from reading every word of a book which is mainly made up of long slices of vocabulary, relieved here and there by intermittent passages of unadulterated fun. The third and fourth volumes are entirely filled with extracts from the dictionaries of "forty languages and several hundred dialects," the object of which is to "prove"—a word which is constantly on Mr. Morris's pen—that every bad word in every language is derived from the name of one of the generations of Shem. The tenth and eleventh chapters of the Book of Genesis appear to be about the only portions of the Bible upon which Mr. Morris sets his seal of authenticity; the remainder of the Old Testament has been corrupted by Moses and other Shemite scoundrels. The undoubted fact that the morally and physically leprous race of Shem has poisoned the whole world is proved by the etymological testimony of "the forty languages and several hundred dialects." Thus the "Egyptian *Shemm*, venom or poison"; the "Swahili *Sumu*, poison"; the Turkish, Arabic, and Hindu "*Samm*, poisonous, baneful, infectious"; the "English *symotic*, pertaining to a morbid poison"; the "Hebrew *zmh*, or *samh*, lewdness"; the "Persian *Sam*, a disease, a swelling"; the "Polish *Dzuma*, the plague or pestilence"; and the "German *Schwamm*, a spongy excrescence on the body," to say nothing of the countless other words cited by our vocabularist, are all traceable to the disgust of the early inhabitants of the world for the vile person of the first son of Noah, "Shem, Sem, Sam, or Sm." The worst member of the whole "Shemite conspiracy," Moses, not only invented the legend of the Fall and the doctrine of original sin, but also the malicious story of Ham's impiety and Noah's curse of Canaan. It was the object of Moses to shift the natural hatred of the human race for the infamous Shem upon the shoulders of the guileless Ham. The "Irish *Ebar*, dirt"; the "Arabic *Abbar*, fleas"; the "Greek *Ubris*, *Ubreos*, *Ubrei*, or *Ybris*, *Ybreos*, *Ybrei*, rank lust, lewdness"; with many other unpleasant words in other tongues, point back to the criminality of Shem's descendant, "Heber, Eber, Aber, Abr," who was the ancestor both of Moses and Pharaoh! The English word "*Rake*, a loose, disorderly man"; the "French *Roue*, an immoral person, and the Greek *Rexis*, *Rexeos*, *Rexei*, suppuration," owe their origin to the son of Heber, "Reu, Rao, Rehu, Regu, Ragau." Raggedness and Ragoût may perhaps be traced to the same Shemite source. Mr. Morris has made it a principle never to transfer to his own vocabularies the accents which he finds in his dictionaries, while he pays an exclusive honour to every Greek noun by always adding its genitive and dative. We are surprised to learn that we owe our English words "Shrew," "Screw"—as applied to a stingy person—"Swear," "Scour," and "Scare," to one or other of the twenty-eight variations of the name of the Shemite woman, Sarah, the wife of Abraham. Sarah's son Isaac has supplied our language with the word "*Askew*, with a wry look, aside, sometimes indicating scorn or contempt," and also with the "English *Assegai*, or *Assagai*, an instrument of warfare among the Kafirs," while the evil traditions of Isaac's character surviving amongst our ancestors led the Anglo-Saxons to call deceit *Eswic*, and a hypocrite *Aeswica*. The "English *Ossuary*, a charnel-house," the "Greek *Oizuros*, *Oizura*, woeful, miserable, wretched, sorry," the "Sanskrit *Asra*, a tear," and the "Hindu *Hashr*, the resurrection," proceed from "Israel, the *alias* of Jacob."

The author of these unique volumes was the subject of an exceptional Divine intervention before he was laid in his cradle. When he was "only one hour old," the flames consumed the bed on which he was born; but the Almighty preserved the remarkable baby in order that he might live until the spring of 1880, and "complete the spinning of the threads of which this work is composed." He does not tell us where or by whom he was educated; but when he was about seventeen years old he "first formulated God," and wrote a part of this big work. He has been labouring upon it for nearly thirty-three years. "I find myself now," he says in his concluding pages, "finishing the last volume, while my wife and nine children are rejoicing that 'papa' has come to the end of his work." "My ambition," he adds, "is gratified. I have completed my task of heralding *The New Nation*, and, whether it turns out great or small, I know that I shall be considered its founder." Mr. Morris affords us no other glimpse of his biography. Perhaps we may be allowed to construct a conjectural chapter of the great man's life. At some time or other, as we are led to imagine from internal evidence supplied by his book, Mr. Morris came across the wild Anglo-Israelite theory of Mr. Hine. Moved to irritation or emulation, he determined to start a rival theory. Mr. Hine and his followers believe that the year One of the Golden Age will dawn upon the world as soon as Englishmen can be persuaded to adopt the delusion that they are not Englishmen, but are Israelites. Mr. Morris, on the contrary, has resolved to "prove" that the children of Ham are the elect people, the first-fruits of the humankind, the hope of the world, the Church of the future, or, as he prefers to call them, "the New Nation." All the evils in the earth have proceeded from "the baneful and mind-cramping influence of Shemite superstitions," and especially from Mohammedanism and Christianity. Each of those religions is composed of "a mixture of Paganism and Judaism, but the two are blended in different proportions, Christianity having the largest infusion of Paganism, and Mahometanism having the largest infusion of Judaism." "Paganism and Christianity are both idolatrous, and founded on a plurality of Gods; Judaism and Mahometanism are both violently opposed to idolatry, and worship but one God." Since both, however, are products of the corrupt Shemite spirit which has produced Judaism, Mr. Morris will have nothing to do with them. Though Mohammedanism is, on the whole, purer than Christianity, "it is poisoned, and rendered nugatory and valueless, by the false doctrine of a Devil," and also by the "equally false doctrine of Original Sin."

The regathering of the dispersed members of the body of Ham will set to rights the present disjointed world. When Ham is "liberated from the tyranny and superstition of Shem," a full development of the Hamite instincts" will "solve the social problems," will put an end to "the hysterical religion of sleek revivalists" and "the formalities of ritualistic masqueraders," and will even produce in Shemites and Japhetites "a character essentially human, but withal most loveable, courteous, generous, gentle, industrious, patient, yet noble in every sense." The great problem is, "How shall the Hamites be gathered together? How shall they know each other when they meet?" Mr. Morris fears "that there are not many Hamites left." The sanguinary Shemites "carried on the process of exterminating them when the population of the globe was small." He has discovered, however, by his study of "etymological science" the secret test by which a son or

* *The New Nation.* By John Morris. 5 vols. London: John Morris. 1880.

daughter of Ham can be infallibly detected. "To-day," he triumphantly exclaims, "no man of all the thousand million inhabitants of this earth, except myself, can put his hand on a single human being and say, 'This man is of the race of Ham!' No historian has ever recorded how they may be known. All the kings of the earth are powerless to order a single one of them to be produced. All the money in the world could not buy the secret of their identity. And yet all that holds civilization together, all that is most hopeful in humanity, is centred in them. Mystery! Mystery!" It is some comfort to know there are Hamites in England, and that they have white skins.

Before we reveal so much as we have been able to discover of the important secret, we must warn any person who is eagerly hoping that he is a son of Ham not to be deceived by his surname. Mr. Morris himself belongs to the privileged race of Canaan—the great patriarch in whom, instead of in Abraham, all the families of the earth are to be blessed. The Cornish, or Old British, surname Morris, as he has lucidly demonstrated, is derived from "Moreh," the place at which the Shemite Abraham first halted in his aggression upon the land of Canaan. Mr. Morris takes Moreh to be the name of the head of his own tribe; he was "the Canaanite" who, according to Genesis xii. 6, "was then in the land." The English words "morris-dancing" and "merry" come from the same Hamite root, for "the Hamites are naturally merry," says their great pioneer, "though the fact is not mentioned in the Bible." Mr. Morris himself is a man of hilarity, and the future course of humanity, if it will put itself under his direction, is likely to be as full of joviality as it will be of goodness. He has given us a most interesting catalogue of English surnames which point back respectively to Hamite and Shemite progenitors. It is too long to copy in its entirety, but Professor Huxley may be pleased to learn that the anti-Semitic tendencies of David Hume are probably due to his descent from Ham, as a Hume is simply an Anglicised Ham. The late Sir John Goss was a son of the Hamite Cush. Hobbes was an heir of Jebus. Cobbett, if he had been more enlightened than he was, would have boasted that the Hamite Cappad was his ancestor. The Cubitts come from the same stock as the Hamite builders of the Tower of Babel; Sir Philip and Algernon Sydney and Mrs. Siddons were children of the Hamite Sidon. The Gillotts and Colletts may be proud to know that they have the blood of the gigantic Goliath in their veins. A direct descendant of Shem came in course of time to be known in England as Sims. The name Black is evidently a corruption of the Shemite Peleg, and Abbott points back to the Shemite Abidah. Robins and Robinson come from the Shemite Reuben, Smith and Samuda from the Shemite Semida, Meagher from the Shemite Macher, and Aikin and Huggins from the Shemite Achin. The Shemite Boker has turned into the English Baker. The English Hay is the Shemite Ahi, and the Shemite Menasses has become the English Menzies. "There can be no doubt," says Mr. Morris, "that these English family names are really the identical Hamite and Shemite tribal names Anglicized."

But intermarriage and the thousand accidents of history have so confounded the races that the man with a Hamite name needs the warning, and the man with the Shemite name needs the comfort, of being informed that "the evidence of etymology," as applied to surnames, is insufficient to prove whether he belongs to the blessed or the cursed race. The Almighty has mercifully provided a surer test of "the ethnical distinction" betwixt the children of Shem and the children of Ham. Look at the case of "Mr. Barraud." He "was really of the tribe of Bered, and, as such, was a Shemite"; but he married a Hamite; his son followed his example; so did his grandson; hence in the course of time his progeny was partially cured. One child in a family may be a Hamite, while another is a Shemite, as one takes after the father and the other after the mother. But we are all in the dark, except our pioneer. We have "no historical clue," and "as the distinctions of nationality, language, religion, class, and even family names, are perfectly useless for the purpose of identification, there is nothing left but our bodies." The son of Moreh has discovered that all true Hamites, male or female, have a secret mark upon their bodies. No Semitic reprobate has this mark. It is seated, most appropriately, upon the thigh, haunch, hip, or ham. Two prophets, the British Merlin and the Shemite author of the Apocalypse, have had some presentiment of this truth. Mr. Morris refers us to Revelations xix. 16, and to "the Prophecy of Merlin, said to have been written in Cornish or British," and he quotes "a translation thereof published in Edinburgh two hundred years ago." Neither St. John nor Merlin, however, was so clearly illuminated upon the matter as Mr. Morris is. They were not such ardent students of the science of etymology. He has made the great discovery, and he exhibits thousands of etymological "proofs," that the word which stands for hips, thighs, haunches, or hams in "the forty languages and more than a thousand dialects," of which he possesses dictionaries or vocabularies, is derived from one or other of the eminent members of the family of Ham, who are mentioned in the Old Testament. Is not *Hamme* the German for "the ham"? Is not *Hinu* the New Zealander's word for "the hip-bone"? Is not *Gamai* the Wadai-African for "the thigh"? Is it not self-evident that every genuine child of Ham has a mark upon his or her ham? As Mr. Kavanagh, during his philological contemplations, heard the whole creation exclaiming "Oh!" so Mr. Morris, while turning over the dictionaries of languages which he does not understand, saw all the tongues of the world combining to formulate the sentence, "Look for a mark on his thigh." We cannot but admire the stupendous diligence which he has expended in the elaboration of his eccentric gospel. He tells us that his excerpts from dictionaries were written upon more than 80,000 pieces of paper, and that no less than 49,472 pieces were sent to the printer. He thinks that as "folly is long-lived," an exceptionally wise man like himself ought to be patient. He has not rested content with laying down the dogmatic basis of his gospel, which has some curious points of likeness to the system of the Cainites; but he has taken steps "to give the matter a practical form." He has hired an office, or founded a temple of mystery, at 29 Paternoster Row, E.C., where the evangelical business of identification of Hamites is to be carried on. "I will undertake," says the hierophant, "the preliminary duty of personally inspecting those who have the mark, duly registering those who have it." Here too he will qualify a subordinate apostolate for the extension of the gospel; whose business it will be "to set going the machinery necessary for registering throughout the globe all those who have it." No fee is to be received by any registrar for inscribing names on "The List of the Remnants of Ham." The registered persons will be "privileged to join the New Nation"; and much good may it do them. If a sufficient number of copies are sent to the lunatic asylums, Mr. Morris will no doubt receive some replies to his concluding advertisement. "Those, then," he announces, "who first discover that they have on their bodies the faint streaks on which, to them, a new light now shines, are hereby informed that a notification thereof, addressed to me at the office, 29 Paternoster Row, London, E.C., will in due course be attended to, and acknowledged."

GREENHOUSE FAVOURITES.*

THE special merit of this handsome book is its combination of the practical with the ornamental. The author has evidently laid himself out to produce a safe guide for teachable amateurs; and we can unhesitatingly say that we have seldom come across a book of the kind more fit to stand the critical eye of those conversant with the arcana of floral science. Much care has been bestowed upon the nomenclature, derivation, and original habitats of the several plants as they pass in review; and, barring an occasional repetition, the directions for management and cultivation are commendably lucid and intelligible. It must of course be understood that the author nowhere claims to have produced an exhaustive treatise on some thirty tribes of ornamental plants, each of which has once and again been honoured with its own special treatise; but it may safely be said that whoso inquires at this oracle will seldom or never go away with the grumbling comment that, whenever you consult authority on any given subject, it is sure to tell you only what you knew before.

Greenhouse Favourites leads off with the camellia, a showy and brilliantly beautiful plant, which amply repays the shelter of even a shabby and dingy greenhouse. Soon after its first introduction from China and Japan it lost its reputation for hardiness by succumbing in thousands to a severe winter, since which it has not been relied on to flourish out of doors; but not the less may its splendid blooms be enjoyed without any serious outlay of artificial heat in the most old-fashioned of greenhouse structures. Though mostly grown in pots, the camellia is best planted out in the greenhouse border, and always repays the exclusion of scorching sunshine, whether by top lights of rough plate-glass, roller-blinds, or tiffany, or even by the smeared size and whitening which, says the author, if not cleanly or elegant, is at least cheap and effectual. The fact of the camellia not needing free ventilation is its marked differentia from the light-and-air-loving epacris or erica, which would languish in an old, dark greenhouse. It is well to be able to raise the temperature to 60°, and in any case to keep out frost, though, when the wood is ripe, the plant will bear with impunity half a dozen degrees of it. Moistness of atmosphere is a vital necessity for the new wood, and, to avoid drought at the growing season, floor and walls cannot be too freely deluged with water. More air and less water should be given when the bloom buds show at the shoot-tips, and about the end of June all possible ventilation is desirable. Due precautions are suggested as to potting out the plants for ripening the new wood, and if different varieties of bloom are aimed at in January and February, it is important not to put out the camellias too early in the summer, avoiding the scorching suns. Camellias may be bloomed at all seasons; but fine flowers are to be got only between November and April. At the advent of the flowering season it is well to cleanse the foliage, sponging leaf after leaf with tepid water, and substituting for the top soil a little compost. Plants should be in a house with a temperature of 45° by night and 55° by day, raised after a week to 50° and 60° or 65° respectively. The camellia should never flower in a higher temperature; and for prolongation of beauty it is desirable to lower the temperature of a house in full flowering. The plants cannot grow and bloom properly at the same time. When they drop their buds at blooming time, it argues defect of proper water supply. The surface mould may be wet, while the subsoil is dry as dust. Such soil must be probed and stirred to circulate the moisture. The camellia is propagated by seeds, cuttings, grafts, and buds; but amateur-raised seedlings seldom succeed, though

* *Greenhouse Favourites: a Description of Choice Greenhouse Plants.* With Practical Directions for their Management and Cultivation. With Coloured Plates and Wood Engravings. London: Groombridge & Sons.

they may repay the trouble they cost as stocks to graft or inarch others on; and this is the easiest and the best way of grafting and propagating, the spring being the preferable season. The single red is the seed which makes the best stock. Budding is sometimes resorted to in summer or spring as an alternative, but inarching is generally preferred. The soil best suited for camellias, the prescriptions for potting and shifting, and all such niceties are duly given by our author. Amid the valuable list of earlier and later varieties, we may mention Giardino Santarelli, "large, full, with petals regularly imbricated." Its flowers are circular, double, tierlike, and last unusually long in bloom. The prevailing colour is a rich cherry red, with occasional patches of bluish white. Matteo Molfino is a finely imbricated, superbly coloured cerise and white. Comte de Toll is worthy of note as a beautifully formed flower of pure salmon colour.

Not less worthy of its high favour is the fuchsia, as to the introduction of which into this country (in 1788), through a sailor's wife at Limehouse, who cherished it as a souvenir of her husband "from foreign parts," and its naming from the celebrated German botanist, Leonard Fuchs, particulars are given in p. 18. The first introduced, F. Coccinea, came from Chili, and was speedily propagated; F. Lycioides followed in 1796 from the same country; F. Gracilis in 1823, and F. Microphylla, from Mexico, in 1828. Subsequent distinct species—*e.g.*, Fulgens, Corymbifolia, Serratifolia, and Spectabilis—have followed suit, and in their turns have suffered eclipse from later novel varieties. The Fuchsia is propagated by seed and cuttings, though it is waste of time to sow the seeds, except hybridized, because of the tendency of these flowers to sport. To propagate by cuttings is one of the easiest of greenhouse tasks; they will strike almost at any season, and from green shoots or ripe wood alike. The best season is from spring to September. Firm young wood makes the best cuttings, and, if without artificial heat, half ripe wood is best. Fuchsias want abundant water at the roots and frequent syringing over the foliage at most seasons. In winter they should never be quite dry, and the best temperature is 55° by night, and 65° by day. Great are the mysteries of shifting to different-sized pots, of stimulating various stages of growth by weak liquid manure, or a specified substitute for it (p. 25); but, as the author says, "Fuchsia training is very simple if you know their habits," and he spares no pains to promote such knowledge. Much, for instance, is to be learned from pp. 29-35 as to the best modes of training in bushes, pyramids, standards, and round pillars. Pillar training answers best for regularly trained varieties of robust habit of from twelve to twenty feet, well furnished with healthy shoots; and such varieties in a rich soil will be superior to the best pot plants. Wood engravings in pp. 36-7 illustrate two principal advantages of judicious hybridizing in the development of the fuchsia; but we must pass over these in order to give a glance at two or three other "greenhouse favourites," more or less choice and costly of culture. Of such are the Passion-flower and Tacsonia, noble climbers, from Peru and the forests of tropical America, peculiarly fit for houses with ample space for development, to drape columns, to festoon girder interspaces, and trail down rafters in natural pendant fashion. All the tribe, in fact, demand abundant space for roots as well as head. To prevent over-luxuriance a pit of from twelve to eighteen inches deep, and one to three feet square, is often resorted to, with brick, stone, or, best of all, slate sides, made invisible to the eye by a thinly spread layer of earth; and this method of pit-planting is desirable for other climbers in all promiscuously planted greenhouse borders. In passion-flower culture the extension system is best—namely, to train one main stem to a given height and then lead it along the roof space. In training specimens in pots the umbrella trellis and the vase-shaped baskets produce a good effect. The Tacsonias, Eriantha, and Buchanani (pp. 42-47), and the Passifloras are best propagated from cuttings, and these formed of tender shoots after Midsummer.

A great favourite, for its lovely flower and glossy green foliage, discovered in Nepaul by Dr. Wallich, who from the hairs at the base of its petioles called it Hotèia barbata, is the flexile Spiræa, largely supplemented by Dr. Siebold's introductions from Japan. Such species as S. Japonica and Palmata are fit ornaments for greenhouse, conservatory, or sitting-room, and while the prevailing colour of the flowers is white, pink and red are also well represented. Another most beautiful winter-flowering plant, the Epacris, is a native of the Indian Archipelago, Australia, and Polynesia, and takes its name from its habitat, ἐπὶ ἄκρων (on the hill tops). There are thirty known species and many choice varieties, with flowers ranging in hue from purest white to richest carmine, with numerous intermediate tints. Owing, however, to their sensitiveness as to acclimatization, both amateurs and professionals are apt to fail with them. As they flower from January to July, they need vigilant care in the winter months. The propagation is by cuttings, as to which directions are given in pp. 63-4, and a small but good selection is added, of which Epacris miniata splendens (printed in its colours, scarlet tipped with white) is a worthy representative. Amateurs are shy of cultivating the Cape heaths; but it is a mistake to suppose that only professionals can rear them. The ericas' conditions of success are a cool, light, airy house, suitable soil, well-drained pots, and careful watering; but, least of all, do they want overnursing and coddling. Their chief enemy is mildew; the next, undue fire-heat. Heaths are essentially peat plants, and need the best quality of peat for successful growing—peat, that is, of a light fibrous character, not mossy. The ericas have proved a grand field for judicious hybridizing, with an eye to new varieties. But we must find room for a word on the versatile clematis, the graceful "Virgin's Bower," which people would learn to pronounce if they would remember that it is derived from κλῆμα, κλήματος, a vine branch. It is best bought in May, and treated as for outdoor culture, though, as "glorious specimen plants for the conservatory," our author truly avers, "no Pleroma or Franciscea can surpass, perhaps equal them." The clematis climbs everywhere on wall, wire, and round circular, pyramidal, square, or triangular trellis, and it may be propagated by grafting, cuttings, layering, or seed, the third process being the easiest and most common.

It is needless to pursue further the interesting researches and descriptive directions of the author, though it might have been easy with due space to tell the tale of the *Bouvardia*, dear to Covent Garden Market and the cut-flower sellers for bouquet and button-hole; of the Pleroma sarmentosa, with its deep, violet-hued abundance of flowers, discovered by Humboldt in the cool valleys of Peru; or of the "Hoyas" from Java, Borneo, China, and the East Indies, in which one recognizes the umbelliferous, waxy clusters of the so-called honey-plants. We have said enough to indicate the value of a book which may be safely recommended to all who are interested in the subject of which it treats.

SOME MINOR POETRY.*

THE worse side of Queen Elizabeth's character has lately inspired two writers of dramatic verse with a fierce indignation. One of them, indeed, the author of *Ginevra*, has made Elizabeth a prominent and altogether hateful figure in both the tragedies which occupy his or her latest volume. The *donnée* of *Palace and Prison* is at once indicated by the motto chosen for it from John Skelton—"A smile from Mary on the scaffold is worth all the ribbons and garters that the prosperous Elizabeth can bestow." The play opens with a soliloquy from Sir Robert Cecil, who is discovered seated at a table covered with papers. The speech, it will be seen, is remarkable for a "nice derangement" of metaphors:—

> The spider's patient life is mine i'faith!
> Weaving sly webs to catch unwary flies.
> Proof gathers upon proof, and soon the net
> Will close upon the foolish birds, that fain
> Would peck the golden fruit that hangs beyond
> The bars, regardless of the fowler's snares.

In these first six lines we have Cecil combining the part of a spider with that of a fowler who sets a snare, the nature of which it is difficult clearly to understand. In the next lines he becomes a butcher:—

> A prison stays not their keen appetite.
> Faugh! 'tis a butcher's work—smells of the shambles,
> Yet must be done. Heaven, that cased my soul
> Within this pigmy body to fret out
> The scabbard with its use, forbade my star
> Should climb the courtier's gilded path.

It was perhaps a needless precaution to forbid a star to climb a gilded path, and it is unlucky that the author should have chosen to open his play with some of the worst lines that are to be found in it. One is reminded by them of some of the unhappiest performances of Nicholas Rowe and his school. The first two scenes are occupied with a good deal of talk about affairs in the North, and the second is laid at Norfolk House, the master of which is somewhat boldly represented as being a Roman Catholic. "It requires no great stretch of the imagination to suppose that the head of the noble house of Norfolk adhered to the faith of his forefathers," says the author in a note, and no doubt worse tricks have been played with history by successful poets and playwrights; but in this instance we fail to see that much is gained by the liberty. The third scene takes us to Sheffield Castle. Mary Stuart is of course represented in strong contrast to demoniacal Elizabeth. She tells, in some lines which run well and smoothly enough, a dream which she has had

> Last night I dreamed the daughter of Anne Boleyn
> Sat on her throne, crowned, sceptred, and alone.
> I gazed on her from th' end of a long vista,
> On either side hung with rich cloth of gold,
> On which the arms of Scotland and of England
> Emblazoned shone, but quartered on one shield.
> She waved her sceptre, as to beckon me;
> As I drew near she rose and laid her crown
> On the red velvet cushion at her feet,
> Signed me to lay my head beside it there,
> And taking from her neck a string of pearls,
> Threw it around my own—but the light touch
> Sent a cold shiver thro' my shuddering frame,
> As if the headsman's axe lay on my throat!
> I waked—emblems of tears are pearls, they say,
> What may it bode, this dream?

Queen Elizabeth is, as we have hinted, represented not only as a virago, but as a murderous fiend. She threatens Leicester, in a speech which is not without merit, for not declaring his ap-

* *Palace and Prison; and Fair Geraldine.* Two Tragedies. By the Author of "Ginevra" and "The Duke of Guise." London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.

A Queen's Love. A Drama in Five Acts. By M. W. Hilles, Author of "Ornano," &c. Keighley: E. Craven.

Riquet of the Tuft: a Love Drama. London: Macmillan & Co.

proval of the edict which holds Mary responsible for her adherents' acts; and she deliberately proposes the secret assassination of Mary, first to Lady and afterwards to Lord Shrewsbury. The third act, in which this takes place, ends with some odd lines:—

> Her life or mine, ay, there's the rub. So be't!
> I must now either strike or be struck down;
> The dead don't bite, so must the thing be done.

In the fourth act Elizabeth attempts, in a singularly clumsy way, to persuade first Sir Amyas Paulet and then Sir Drew Drury to undertake the secret murder of Mary; and thus it will be seen the author will not allow her the possession of even the most ordinary tact and judgment. The last scene of this act is by far the best piece of work in the play. It passes at Fotheringay Castle, where Mary arrays herself in royal state to receive the warrant of execution which she feels is coming. In her speeches there are some really good lines, which, however, depend so much upon the context that it would be difficult to do justice to them by quotation. As much may be said also of her speeches in the last act; and at the point where Kennedy is arranging her head-dress there is an excellent touch—

> The last pin pricks me; strange that in such hour
> The quivering flesh recoils from pang; as 'twere
> The scorpion's sting of death.

The play ends with a glimpse of Elizabeth's grandeur at the news of the Armada's coming.

In *Fair Geraldine* there is at once less to blame and less to praise than in *Palace and Prison*. The real interest of the play turns on the relations between the Queen and Essex, and the piece ends practically—it would perhaps be better if it ended actually—with her hearing the news of his execution. In the one scene in which she appears after this the author has borrowed, perhaps unconsciously or forgetfully, an odd effect from Mr. Tennyson's *Queen Mary*:—

> *Hunsdon.* Let me entreat
> Your grace to rest on yonder seat.
> *Queen.* The throne?
> 'Tis not empty yet—lower, lower still,
> Here on the ground.

There is less reality about the strange character which the author has called Queen Elizabeth in this play than in the one which precedes it. Her speeches are riddled in both plays with "ha!" and "nay!" and "marry come up!" and "humph!" and "go to!" but these trivial devices, in *Fair Geraldine* at least, do but defeat their own end. The author will do well in future to reflect that the mere sticking on to his dialogue of snippets from Elizabethan phraseology is a vain thing, which can only produce an incongruous and patchwork-like effect. As the Queen's character is made nearly, if not quite, as bad in *Fair Geraldine* as in *Palace and Prison*, a strange effect is produced by the encomiums pronounced upon her by Raleigh, Lee, and Hunsdon, when they think she is dead. The verse, for the most part, runs smoothly enough, but the play wants life.

A Queen's Love deals, like *Fair Geraldine*, with the story of Elizabeth and Essex, and deals with it in much the same spirit; but the workmanship is far inferior. The play opens with the incident of Raleigh, who is represented as being already a knight, putting down his cloak for the Queen to tread on—an incident which has nothing whatever to do with the action, such as it is, of the piece. The general quality of the performance may be judged by one extract from a speech of Elizabeth's:—

> Essex I love, and all the love I've borne
> To Leicester, Raleigh, and all else beside
> That wait upon my smiles, can equal this! (*sic*)
> Nay, 'tis not an atom to the boundless love
> I bear to him! It shall be so, I swear:
> Within an hour from this shall Essex kneel,
> Here at my feet, the king of England's queen,
> And I shall love him with my latest breath!
> Cecil would have me send him to the block
> For his late treasons 'gainst the Throne and State.
> Ah! I would rather lay my own head there
> Than see him perish! In his life I live,
> And should he fall, oh, then farewell indeed
> To throne, and state, and power, and all its pomp!
> Essex, my love, for thee alone I live!

Riquet of the Tuft: a Love Drama, is rightly named in part only. It contains a good deal of "elegant diction" and long-drawn-out prattle about love, but it is in no sense dramatic. There is much metaphor and simile, more or less laboured, with some pretty conceits, and a large amount of description. Of this a not unfavourable specimen may be quoted:—

> The weather changed and with it changed my mind;
> And the rain fell and all the welkin roared
> From east to west with thunder as I rode,
> Slow climbing up the gorge, and heard below
> The swollen river, like a beast of prey,
> Howl louder than the thunder—and a darkness
> Clutched at my heart. But I crept on and came
> Where the gaunt cliffs had narrowed to a gate,
> Through which I hardly passed, and found a plain
> Full of marsh streams, winged-round by snow-streaked hills,
> And lonely as a broken heart. At last
> I touched the summit of the pass, and lo!
> The west was like a crystal water clear.
> Behind me rolled the storm, and at my feet
> An ancient forest seemed to fill the world.

The author has varied the old story by a device which does not strike us as particularly happy. According to him, Riquet has the gift of being able to make "the woman who loves him as wise and as witty and pleasant as himself." To match the witty and noble, but deformed, Prince there is of course a dull beauty, upon whom he bestows his gift, but who does not at first fulfil the conditions of its bestowal, which is inconsistent. In a scene between them, by the by, the author adopts the common mistake that Galatea was actually the name of Pygmalion's statue—a mistake for which, so far as we know, Herr Suppé, or his librettist, is responsible. His work contains some prettyish, and even pretty, passages; but is for the most part characterless and dull.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

FEW more interesting volumes have been recently contributed to the study of the early seventeenth century in France, and especially to the all-important history of Richelieu, than that which M. Zeller has just brought out (1). The author has proved his historical competence, not merely by some useful works on early French history, but by a detailed examination of the original, and for the most part unpublished, authorities for this very period in his study on *Le Connétable de Luynes*. The present volume might, had M. Zeller been intent upon a sensational title, have been headed *Entre Luynes et Richelieu*, for it is exactly that remarkable gap in the fortunes of France which he fills up. Between Luynes—who was altogether a creature of the King's—and Richelieu, who, as this book goes to prove, was very much the reverse, there was a singular interregnum, during which the Bishop of Luçon was slowly making his way, assisted by the Queen-Mother, who in her turn, like most of his supporters, was destined to regret having supported him. The names of the nominal Prime Ministers of France during this period are, as M. Zeller very justly observes, half-forgotten names. Henry—the second Henry—of Condé, the Chancellor Brûlart, his son Puisieux, and the financier La Vieuville, are not persons about whom the historic Muse has hitherto much busied herself. Yet the period was an important one, and perhaps more than any other space of time determined the future policy of the great statesman who was biding his opportunity, and who, by a happy distortion of facts, was able to present himself as a liberator of Europe against the ambition—in itself a far less dangerous ambition—of the House of Austria. The special sources of information which M. Zeller has consulted are three—all of them, as usual at that time, Italian. They are the Papal Nuncio, Ottavio Corsini, the Venetian Ambassador, Giovanni da Pesaro, and the Florentine Ambassador, Giovanni Battista Gondi. The extraordinary minuteness with which Italian resident Ministers reported the affairs of foreign States in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is sufficiently well known, and the three here laid under contribution are not inferior to others of their kind.

M. Blaze de Bury (2) has collected a considerable number of articles which during the last fourteen years he has written on the great musical-theatrical composers of the last and the present century. Gluck, Mozart, Rossini, Weber, Hérold, Halévy, Verdi, Gounod, Bizet, Berlioz, and Wagner compose his team. Bizet and Halévy may seem to some people to be rather strangers in their company, while Auber and Meyerbeer might very well take their place; but critics must of course be allowed to a certain extent their freedom of selection of the things to be criticized. M. Blaze de Bury has the courage of his opinions, and it is at least to be said in his favour that he does not stun his reader with technicalities after the fashion of some musical critics in this and other countries. At the same time it must be said that his style is by no means of the purest. There are painful efforts at liveliness, and every now and then sentences occur which would make any severe critic of French prose gnash his teeth. For instance, we open the volume at hazard, and come upon the following words:—"Richard Wagner est sans aucun doute une individualité dans l'histoire de la musique, mais vouloir faire de lui la plus haute personnification de l'art présent et futur constitue une de ces plaisanteries qu'il faut laisser aux gens doués de crânes assez durs pour venir à l'instar des béliers antiques battre en brèche les temples sacrés des anciens maitres." With the sentiment expressed in these lines we have nothing to do, but the clumsiness of the manner in which it finds expression cannot be passed over. The sentence is bad German or worse English translated literally into French. It is not French (as French sentences of the best model go) at all or in any way.

M. Alphonse Karr is sufficient in his own person to furnish materials for a monthly review of French literature. It would be a little interesting to see whether the reprinting of the contributions of Englishmen to daily and weekly journals would be recognized by public opinion as a legitimate proceeding. Tradition has it that French literary journeywork is, as a rule, so much better done that it deserves translation from the files of the newspaper to the shelves of the library. Perhaps it may be so; but we must confess that we find some difficulty in assigning to this volume of "Buzzings" (3) any place in perpetuity on the shelves of the most indulgent library. It is not that the matter of it is bad; quite the contrary. But it is matter purely ephemeral. In 1874 as now M. Karr was firmly convinced of the falsity of the way in which French Republicans were leading France, and he was not in the least afraid of making known his conviction. It may be added that some expressions of his about M. Gambetta

(1) *Richelieu et les ministres de Louis XIII de 1621 à 1624.* Par B. Zeller. Paris: Hachette.

(2) *Musiciens du passé, du présent, et de l'avenir.* Par H. Blaze de Bury. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *Bourdonnements.* Par Alphonse Karr. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

are singularly appropriate even now when circumstances have changed with a rapidity which we may feel sure is by no means pleasing to M. Karr himself. But still the matter of this volume is wholly and exclusively the matter of leading articles, and leading articles, as the most assiduous composers of them would admit, are neither intended nor suited for book publication. Attacks on Marshal Bazaine, for insta[illegible]
and will from this time into eternity be of interest, only to the person who sets himself to write the history of the *Septennat* and the events which led to it. Now the person who sets himself to write the history of the *Septennat* can find M. Karr's articles in the files of the newspapers where they originally appeared. The process of looking over such files is sufficiently dreary for those who have their account to find in it. For those who have not, it is, to say the least, painful to expect a volume of M. Karr's well-known chat on things in general, and to find only political talk of a somewhat amateur description.

The ninth volume of M. Louis Blanc's English sketches (4) contains some interesting letters. Accident has collected in the volume a variety of subjects, some of which have an attraction independent of the circumstances of the moment, and some of which have, by a strange coincidence, a remarkable reference to the affairs of to-day. Among these latter must be classed M. Blanc's letters on the Eastern Question, which may be consulted with not a little advantage by those who wish to see the prophecies of the policy of the Gladstone Government of to-day contained in the conduct of the Gladstone Government of 1869. It so happens, too, that Mr. Gladstone himself fills a large space in M. Louis Blanc's ninth volume. His explanations of his Irish Church programme had not then the piquancy which they attained during the Midlothian campaign; but they were odd enough to surprise M. Louis Blanc. The celebrated outbreak of Mr. Bright against the Bishops because their income was on the whole double that of his own office surprised and shocked M. Blanc in a manner creditable to his sense of decency, and to his power of perceiving faults in those of his own side. An interesting obituary of Ernest Jones is to be found here, and one not much less interesting of that good servant of English literature, Robert Bell. Some considerations on the House of Lords, written as they of course are in a Radical sense, are instructive to read nowadays, because they recognize the absurdity of attempting to reconstitute that House in the sense of a mere elective Second Chamber. Lastly the articles on the Harvard and Oxford rowing-match are not to be passed over, because they show how, even at this time, after his long residence among us, the author was outside of what may be called the real ideas and principles of Englishmen. Fortunately none of M. Blanc's special hobbies come into this volume, and therefore he cannot display his powers of hobby-riding.

In publishing the Letters of the Présidente Ferrand (5), with certain explanatory additions and comments, including the curious *Histoire des amours de Cléante et de Belise*, M. Asse has not rendered quite so much of a service to French literature as he has done in some preceding publications. The letters, and still more the history, are little more than an exhibition of that *commerce rampant de soupirs et de flammes* which Racine had rendered fashionable, and which Corneille had so admirably denounced a little before Cléante and Belise began to sigh and flame for each other. The lady was the wife of the President Ferrand, and was of Italian extraction; the gentleman was the Baron de Breteuil, a name then and afterwards sufficiently well known among the French aristocracy of the more recent kind. The weakness of the late seventeenth century could hardly be better exhibited than in these letters; but there is little trace in them of its strength. A reader who should read them knowing little else of the time would enjoy Molière more than ever; but he would hardly be able to understand La Bruyère and Saint-Simon, still less La Rochefoucauld and Saint-Evremond. Flirtation of the most artificial kind, without fantastic grace and without serious passion, is the staple of the book, and a very little of it goes a very long way.

M. Semichon (6), who, besides being a lawyer and a former Conseiller-Général, has been in his time an Inspector of children receiving public aid in the Department of Seine Inférieure, has had exceptional opportunities for writing a history of foundlings. The only objection that can be made to his book is that it is in some sort too cursory, and does not fill out its abundant stores of statistical and historical information with sufficient description and detail. The book is not confined to France, but embraces a view of the systems of rendering assistance to deserted children, or children whose parents are unable to support them, adopted in all modern countries, besides a sketch of the treatment of infants in ancient times. M. Semichon makes the most of the infanticide which beyond all doubt was a blot upon almost every pre-Christian civilization, and he does not hesitate to expose the drawbacks of the system of *Tours* or unlimited institutions for the reception of foundlings, which till recently prevailed in France. On the whole, the book is likely to be a useful one to the student of modern economics and social philosophy.

Anybody who is in search of an uncomfortable book may be recommended to Leopardi's prose Opuscula (7), as translated, for the benefit of those who do not read Italian, by M. Dapples. The translation is a very good one, and one feels few of the usual drawbacks of reading a book in a language in which it was not written. The pieces are for the most part short, and are couched in the form of dialogues, satirical fables, or other suchlike things. They have abundance of imagination, as indeed might be expected in the prose work of a great poet, and not a little of the peculiar burlesque which for Italians replaces English humour and French wit. Léopardi, it should be observed, is becoming a favourite subject with French translators. It is rather odd that the restless persons who are always longing to "English" something should have so long left him alone.

M. de Kaufmann's pamphlet (8) is a short treatise in a moderately but still very definitely protectionist sense on the advantages of a Zollverein for Central Europe, from which Russia, America, and England are to be excluded "as the wolf from the fold."

Five parts of the new edition of M. Vapereau's valuable Dictionary (9) bring it up to the biography of Mr. Tennyson, and leave but little to be done to complete the issue. As far as the French articles are concerned, there is no fault to find with the working up; matters so recent as M. Renan's Hibbert Lectures being duly noticed. The foreign items are naturally not quite so well attended to, yet even here the Dictionary contrasts very favourably with most books of the kind which have been put forth in any other country.

M. Dumas informs us that *Tiphaine* (10), to which he has contributed a preface, is not his own, but is a true tale by one of his friends who has not allowed even M. Calmann Lévy to know his identity. Politeness demands that we should give credence to this statement, and resist the temptation to believe that M. Dumas has written a book for the sake of attaching thereto a preface in his well-known style. As a book in the mechanical and strict sense of the term, *Tiphaine* deserves that all men should speak all good things of it. It is printed in a pleasing small quarto, or rather square 16mo., on paper of a super-excellent kind, and with an infinite quantity of margin. As a story we do not know that we can say quite so much for it. The principal reflection that it suggests to the English reader is that the autobiographic hero was a consummate donkey, and also (colloquial language is unavoidable) a consummate cad. As a young man he had made the acquaintance of a little girl who has a large fortune. He loses sight of her, and she marries a *vaurien* who is killed in a duel. Then he meets her again, and she very frankly tells him that she, not to put too fine a point on it, loves him. Instantly he, who is young no longer, thinks that she is inviting him to consider himself her lover in the French, not the English, sense. She perceives it, and very sensibly withdraws, promptly marrying somebody else, and abstracting from the coxcomb-hero not merely herself, but twenty millions French—that is to say, nearly a million English—as well. The verdict of course is "serve him right," and M. Dumas is not altogether far from echoing this verdict. He does not, however, seem to know how near he is, and it is much to be feared that his countrymen will not draw the moral. If anything could make us believe in the genuineness of the story, it would be M. Dumas's remarkable abstention from pointing this moral, which it would seem is as obvious as anything can well be. In another writer the argument would not count. But M. Dumas is a preface-writer or nothing.

Poverina (11), which may be taken without rashness to be the work of the lady whose *Carmela* was recently translated into English, is a sufficiently graceful and pathetic story of Italian peasant life in Lucca. The ways of the inhabitants of that frugal province, their occasional emigration for a few years to South America in order to get together a modest capital, and their subsequent return to their homes to buy a few acres of vineyard and oliveyard, and live the rest of their lives placidly with parrots and lories flying about them to remind them of the land of their exile, are pleasantly sketched in the opening pages. Poverina is a sort of foundling, a child saved at the point of death from its parents by a benevolent woman who goes under the name of *La Strega* from her apparently uncanny powers of bringing up weakly infants. How La Poverina grows up and develops a magnificent voice; how she falls in love with a greedy ne'er-do-weel, whose one idea is to make profit out of her; and the rest of her fate, readers may learn with satisfaction to themselves from the pages of the book. *Les mouches du coche* (12) is an ambitious story in which the author has striven to unite the political novel with the sketch of the *vie de province*. The result is not of the happiest, the satire being for the most part laboured, and the author's Republican ardour apparently producing in him that insensibility to the really ludicrous which Republican ardour somehow has a knack of producing. His penultimate page contains a quaint example of this. "Les nouveaux époux," says he, "au lieu d'aller fouler les sentiers banals de la Suisse ou de l'Italie, avaient choisi la libre et forte Amérique pour y fêter les premières joies de leur union." In paying this compliment to free and strong America, M. Jacolliot has apparently forgotten that ten days of sea

(4) *Dix ans de l'histoire d'Angleterre.* Par Louis Blanc. Tome IX. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Lettres de la Présidente Ferrand.* Par Eugène Asse. Paris: Charpentier.

(6) *Histoire des enfants abandonnés.* Par E. Semichon. Paris: Plon.

(7) *Opuscules et pensées.* Par G. Léopardi. Traduit par A. Dapples. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(8) *L'association douanière de l'Europe centrale.* Par R. de Kaufmann. Paris: Guillaumin et Cie.

(9) *Dictionnaire universel des contemporains.* Par G. Vapereau. Fascicules 5–9. Paris: Hachette.

(10) *Tiphaine.* Avec une préface par A. Dumas fils. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(11) *Poverina.* Par la Princesse Olga Cantacuzène-Altiéri. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(12) *Les mouches du coche.* Par Louis Jacolliot. Paris: Dentu.

intervene between that paradise and effete Europe. If the newly wedded pair were not good sailors (and very few Frenchmen or Frenchwomen are), it seems odd that they should have chosen to "fêter les premières joies de leur union" by ten days of sea-sickness. *Prégalas* (13) is a book not exactly novel in its main idea, but executed with a certain amount of power. The invention which exerts a sinister influence on the fortune and family of the inventor has been heard of before in novels. But the freshness of the handling justifies the selection of an old theme, and some of the characters, especially that of the faithful clerk Bidoche, deserve a good deal of praise. M. de Letorière has read his Feuillet well, and not unwisely. The story of *La Marquise de Trévilly* (14) is decidedly of the school of the author of *M. de Camors;* but it is in no sense a servile copy. Moreover, M. de Letorière is possessed of the faculty which used to be one of the commonest among French writers, and which is now, on the contrary, one of the most rare. He can really produce *mots* of some sparkle, and they enliven his pages considerably. It is only to be regretted that the sentiment of the book is somewhat morbid, and that the machinery of telling the story is to the last degree absurd. A young man meets an older friend in Paris, and the old friend first indulges in some exceedingly stale objurgations of the other sex, and then, to justify himself, takes the young man home and tells him a mortally long story —in fact, the whole book. This introduction is not in the least necessary, and might have been cut away with no loss and much gain. *On n'entre pas* (15) is a collection of short stories, or rather sketches, of the socially satirical order. They are neither very good nor very bad; their chief fault being the selection of very hackneyed subjects, and the adoption of a too elaborately facetious method of treatment. *L'héritière* (16) is apparently a translation of Miss Florence Montgomery's *Seaforth*, though no translator is mentioned. There is a great oddity in the recurrence of the phrase "Le noble lord," the translator not being aware that this phrase is only in place in Parliamentary and other formal proceedings.

(13) *Prégalas.* Par F. Texier et C. La Senne. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(14) *La Marquise de Trévilly.* Par Le Vicomte Georges de Letorière. Paris: Charpentier.
(15) *On n'entre pas.* Par L. Saint-François. Paris: Dentu.
(16) *L'héritière.* Par Florence Montgomery. 2 vols. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

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TURKEY AND THE POWERS.

AS long as the concert of the Powers is not openly dissolved, it is inexpedient to inquire too closely into its possibilities of failure. If it ultimately succeeds, it will have effected an object which could not otherwise have been attained. One of the most obvious objections to the enterprise has been removed since its commencement. It was highly invidious to compel the Albanians to submit, in obedience to the orders of the SULTAN, to a transfer of their allegiance to a State which they regarded with hereditary enmity. Although international law takes no cognizance of subject tribes or districts, modern sentiment justly disapproves of the suppression of local rights by external and superior force. At the moment when the Montenegrin troops, countenanced by the vicinity of the European fleet, were about to attempt the occupation of Dulcigno, the state of affairs was suddenly changed by the declarations of RIZA PASHA. The SULTAN, who had repeatedly excused himself on the ground of unwillingness or inability to coerce the Albanians, now made himself a principal in the conflict by announcing, through the general in command, that a movement on Dulcigno would be treated as an act of war. The combined Powers were at once relieved from the difficulty of dealing with the Albanians, and they had a formal or technical cause of quarrel with the Porte. They, or some of them, are, as the Minister President has lately informed the Hungarian Parliament, nevertheless anxious to avoid a rupture with Turkey. The delays which have again and again been allowed have probably encouraged the resistance of the SULTAN; but it was prudent to abstain from violent measures as long as there was hope of an amicable settlement. English opinion has during the late negotiations and movements been on the whole creditably held in suspense. The example of the present Ministers while they were in Opposition has not been followed. An active and separate co-operation with Russia would be severely blamed; but as long as Germany, Austria, and France are professedly satisfied, Englishmen are content to await the result of a strange and unpromising experiment. Different feelings will be excited if the demonstration of naval force is, at the instance of the English Government, transferred from the Albanian coast to the Dardanelles or the Sea of Marmora; but still the public judgment will ultimately depend on the continuance or dissolution of the European concert. It seems highly improbable that Austria or Germany will concur in a measure which would amount to a declaration of war against Turkey. France also, unless the present Ministry display unexpected enthusiasm in the cause of Greece, will scarcely consent to send a contingent to the Dardanelles. Any operation of the kind undertaken by a Russian and English fleet would provoke just disapproval. A menace against Constantinople by the whole combined fleet, when it was known that no troops were to be landed, would be simply ridiculous; but the English Government would not be more justly exposed to ridicule than its allies.

The SULTAN has, by the elaborate Note presented a few days since to the Ambassadors, relieved the Powers, and especially England, from some moral and diplomatic embarrassment. The utterly inadmissible demand of a promise that no naval demonstration shall be hereafter attempted has no precedent but the similar pledge as to the HOHENZOLLERN candidature in Spain which was required by NAPOLEON III. from Germany when he had formed the fatal resolution of going to war. It is difficult to understand why the remainder of the Turkish Note should have been composed or presented, when the preliminary condition was certain to be rejected. It is not worth while to examine the ostensible offer of concession as to the Greek frontier, which directly contravenes the unanimous decision of the Conference of Berlin. The Porte has staked its fortune on the chance that the European concert may be dissolved; and it has at the same time used the most effective means to cement and strengthen the union of the Powers. The passage in the Note which relates to the passes of the Balkan and the Danubian fortresses would have been unanswerable if the SULTAN had on his part announced his intention of discharging his obligations. It is nevertheless to be remembered that a contumacious refusal is a just cause of war only when the rejected demand was just and expedient. The Government which has taken the initiative is more especially bound to prove that its interference was prompted by a sincere and consistent regard for the sanctity of treaties. Although the principal motives of its late action may perhaps have been personal and sentimental, the naval demonstration can only have been justified by the belief that conformity with the provisions of the treaty would tend to secure the peace of Europe. The Montenegrins, though they command the imaginative sympathy of the PRIME MINISTER, have no claim to material assistance from England. The only political result which is likely to follow from the cession of Dulcigno is the practical acquisition by Russia of a third-rate naval station in the Adriatic. The united Powers had a legal right to enforce the transfer of territory to which the SULTAN had formally submitted. It is a nicer question of international law whether any one or two of the Powers would have been entitled to act in the absence of the rest. The proposed extension of Greek territory stands on an entirely different footing from the transfer of Dulcigno. The Greek arrangements form no part of any treaty, though the principle has, during a long negotiation, been admitted by the Porte. The resolutions of the Conference of Berlin can only be enforced in virtue of a supposed right of the Great Powers to regulate the political and territorial condition of Europe. If they agree in executing the decree of their Plenipotentiaries, protests against irresistible force will be wholly useless. The annexation by Austria of Bosnia and Herzegovina furnishes a practical precedent for the further dismemberment of Turkey; but it was enacted by the treaty to which the SULTAN was a party.

Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE will have provided the best possible excuse for their apparently paradoxical policy, if their sudden and cordial alliance with Russia enables them to prevent by friendly means the prosecution of subversive intrigues in the European provinces of Turkey and in the neighbouring Principalities. The rumour of preparations for war in Bulgaria, in East Roumelia, and in Macedonia may perhaps have been exaggerated; but the existence of a widely spread conspiracy against Turkish rule is not subject to doubt. The application lately made by East Roumelia to Bulgaria for a considerable loan can only have been made in anticipation of rebellion. It is also certain that large numbers of Russian officers and soldiers have been allowed or directed to proceed to Bulgaria; and General TCHERNAIEFF,

the principal promotor of the Servian war, is at present in the country with the probable purpose of renewing his former efforts. It is asserted that a body of Russian engineers is busy in the Shipka Pass, with the not immediately urgent duty of erecting monuments to the Russian officers and soldiers who fell there in the war. They may possibly occupy their leisure with the construction of forts, of military roads, and of other works which might be useful in the event of another invasion of Turkey. It might perhaps not have been incumbent on the parties to the Treaty of Berlin to protect the greatly reduced Empire of the SULTAN from further reduction, if the treaty had once been put in full operation, or if the performance by the Porte of its obligations had not been made compulsory; but zeal for compliance with the engagements of Berlin ought to be impartial. One of the principals in the negotiation and settlement is believed to participate in the designs of the SULTAN's malcontent subjects and hostile neighbours. The Government of Bulgaria and the population of East Roumelia are not likely to move without encouragement or instigation from St. Petersburg; and if they engage in war on their own account, they are, after all the losses and misfortunes of Turkey, no match for the remaining force of the Empire. It is absolutely in the power of Russia to prevent further encroachments on the European provinces of the SULTAN; and if the English Government has not established an understanding with Russia for the maintenance of peace, cooperation with the possible disturber of Europe will have been inexcusable. It is not a trifling evil for an English Ministry to have reversed within a few months the deliberate policy of its predecessor. Fanatical journalists may contend that the Treaty of San Stefano, which they prefer to the Treaty of Berlin, ought to be re-established; but a responsible Government is not at liberty to disregard in the interests of faction or of bloodthirsty philanthropy the honour of the country. If the Treaty of Berlin is to be enforced, it ought to be maintained as a whole. It may be hoped that the discreditable suggestion of a seizure of some of the Turkish Customs duties has been made by a violent partisan without authority from the Government.

FRANCE.

THE new French Ministry has for the moment settled down and does its work in seeming peace. At the age of seventy-five, after a life devoted to philosophy and to the cultivation of a romantic friendship for M. THIERS, M. BARTHÉLEMY ST.-HILAIRE was suddenly summoned to the Foreign Office, and President GRÉVY had a new Ministry fully formed. The new Foreign Minister was selected as an embodiment or advertisement of a policy of peace. A very old man who knew nothing about foreign affairs, and was without any Parliamentary following, seemed the kind of Foreign Minister to convince the world that France was determined to keep as much as possible to herself, and mind no business but her own. Accordingly, the PRESIDENT selected him, and the selection, if it did nothing else, served to remind France of the curious Constitution under which she is living. The President of the French Republic is a new experiment in constitutional history. The Government is his Government. He is not like a constitutional sovereign who allows one set of Ministers after another to govern according to their own ideas, so long as they can command a Parliamentary majority, and with perfect impartiality accepts a succession of advisers whose errors do not touch him. The French President has a much more difficult task. He has to see that affairs are properly conducted during the term of his Presidency. But he has also to pay continual deference to the wishes and opinions of the majority of the Chamber. His Ministers stand or fall according as they satisfy or do not satisfy the requirements of the Parliamentary majority. He has thus at once to lead and to follow. He has alternately to efface and to assert himself. M. GRÉVY notoriously approved of the policy of M. DE FREYCINET; but when he was informed that the Parliamentary majority which is at the command of M. GAMBETTA would no longer tolerate M. DE FREYCINET, he had to part with him and to put in his place M. FERRY, who had for the moment the promise of the requisite support. To balance this concession he chose a Minister of Foreign Affairs who had no connexion with the Parliamentary majority, and whose great merit was that, if he had any opinions on foreign affairs, he had opinions unlike those attributed to M. GAMBETTA. That a President should thus govern without exactly governing seems an anomalous arrangement, but it is one which is intimately associated with a whole circle of French ideas. The Government of France has to govern, and is expected to govern, to an extent to which there is no parallel in England. It does not go by general rules, but thinks itself free to interfere or not to interfere as it judges best in each particular case. It has just allowed the Legitimists to assemble in all their strength and publicly drink the King's health, because it considers them to be a set of harmless old women. It has refused to allow a meeting of Irreconcilables to discuss the foreign policy of France, because it judged that the meeting might give rise to popular excitement. From government of this description the President cannot hold himself aloof. It is his Government that acts, and he is held bound to see that it acts properly. In order to play his part he has not only to be in general harmony with the party which raised him to power, but to keep, so to speak, a hold on the Ministry, although the Ministry is in the main appointed in deference to the wishes of the Parliamentary majority. He may signalize this hold on the Ministry in different ways at different times, and the mode he has now selected is to make M. BARTHÉLEMY ST.-HILAIRE, of all the people in the world, Foreign Minister of France.

M. GAMBETTA may be amused at the selection, although he knows precisely what it means; but he cannot object to it, for he would certainly, if he became President, never consent to lose his hold on a Ministry, and also because he takes repeated and constant pains to show that the DE FREYCINET Ministry was only overthrown on a purely domestic question. This question was of course the treatment of the religious orders. M. GAMBETTA is very anxious to have it understood that what he and his friends objected to was not a temporary leniency and reserve in dealing with the orders. In point of fact, the new MINISTER of the INTERIOR is going to do very little more than what M. DE FREYCINET proposed to do. He, like the chief of the fallen Ministry, is willing to let the really difficult part of the business, the treatment of recognized orders composed of Frenchmen, stand over until the Tribunal of Conflicts—the tribunal that decides whether an act purporting to be a purely administrative act comes within the competence of the legal tribunals—gives its decision when it meets in November. What M. GAMBETTA objected to, and what he said his Parliamentary majority would object to, was that temporary indulgence to the orders should have taken the form of a bargain. It is represented as humiliating to the Government and to France to have regarded the Church as a power with which terms, if sufficiently favourable to the Government, might properly be made. That is represented as degrading which to others seems highly sensible and very natural in a country the relations of which to the Vatican are still regulated by a Concordat. As far as can be ascertained, the bulk of the French population is entirely indifferent as to the treatment of the orders. It cannot see why it should trouble itself whether a number of priests are or are not sent out of the country. A sleepy selfishness is the prevailing spirit of the French peasantry; and, so long as they are not touched, they do not care whether other people are hurt. But the representatives of the Republican party are not in this passive state. They are possessed by what they consider to be Republican ideas, and one of these ideas is that the Church must be put in its proper place. One mode of effecting this is to extrude it from the sphere of education. The new Ministry has begun to show its activity in this direction. Whatever his faults may be, M. FERRY has at least the courage of his ideas. He sees that secondary education is the real battlefield on which the victory is to be won or lost. If the Church is not to control this education, and the State is to control it, the State must decide what it means by secondary education, and must provide adequate machinery for giving it. M. FERRY has already begun to work hard in both these directions. He is still Minister of Public Instruction, and in that capacity he has issued a programme of what secondary education is to be under his rule. His ideas are, according to English notions, very sensible. He directs

that the study of Latin shall be encouraged; that smattering in science shall be discouraged, while an opening is given for a real pursuit of scientific knowledge; and, above all, that the classes shall be of such a size that the teachers can really teach them. Then the material apparatus for secondary education is to be entirely recast. Existing buildings are to be reshaped. Playgrounds are to be provided. Six new lycées are to be created in Paris and its suburbs. There even seems to be a romantic plan for creating delightful retreats for secondary education in such places as St. Cloud and Fontainebleau. All this will cost a vast sum of money. But it is hoped that the Municipal Council of Paris will contribute handsomely, and that body is now so rich that it has thought itself obliged to get rid of a surplus by setting up some of the ugliest statues that were ever devised, on what is now known as the Place de la République. The Chamber will have to do the rest, and in order that the Chamber may be induced to grant the funds, the Ministry that proposes the grant must be in complete harmony with the majority.

If the peasantry—that is, the silent inert body of voters who in the long run make and mar all majorities—are indifferent about religious controversies, and wholly unconcerned about secondary education, with which they have scarcely anything to do, they are resolutely set on preserving peace. The dislike of the French to get entangled in the Eastern question, although no doubt used as a weapon and exaggerated by the adversaries of the Government, appears to be genuine and general. There may be some sentimental and transitory reasons for this dislike. There seems to be a vague idea that France, which felt so keenly having Alsace and Lorraine torn from it, cannot join in tearing provinces from another conquered Power. Then there is a notion that in the European concert Germany will be certain to play a bigger fiddle than France. A wish is thus inspired to keep out of the competition, and there could not perhaps be a better mode of indicating that there is no rivalry than to make M. Barthélemy St.-Hilaire the musician of France, while Prince Bismarck is the musician of Germany. But there are much deeper causes of the pacific feeling in France than these. In the first place, there is the horror of war which now pervades most European nations, and is felt quite as strongly in Germany as in France. Then the French at the present moment see their way to even greater prosperity than ever, and they do not like to lose the chance of a really good time. There was an increase in the imports in August alone of more than a million sterling, and it is painful to check business just when it is beginning to be especially brisk. But, more than all, there is the conviction that the one necessity for France when she thinks of Germany is to be patient. A premature war might undo all that France has been doing for the last eight years. She has been gradually forming an army of quite a new character and on quite a new scale. The greatest efforts are constantly made to render this army mobile, intelligent, highly disciplined, and perfectly equipped. But, although the present French army is quite a different army from that which was created and sacrificed by the late Emperor, it is not the army which France means to have. To bring it up to what it is intended to be means to spend much time and much money, and the French want to keep out of all enterprises, and to earn enough money to lavish it on the army before they put their new mechanism to the proof of war. But, although this is the main wish and purpose of Frenchmen, there are Frenchmen who see that there is always danger of a reaction. If France, through being over-pacific, slipped out of her position as one of the Great Powers, the nation might some day feel humiliated, and might cry out for a change of policy, and listen to those who would say that the Republicans did not know how to maintain the dignity of the country. The nation must so wait that it shall not get tired of waiting. M. Gambetta is one of these Frenchmen. At the present moment he is setting himself resolutely against the popular feeling, so far as this feeling seems to him to be running into a dangerous extreme. He ventures to proclaim as loudly as he can that France must not abandon her position as a Great Power, and must play a decorous part in the European concert while it lasts. Whether in this he represents the Parliamentary majority is uncertain. Not improbably he may once more show himself as an opportunist, and give way to a current of feeling that he considers too strong for him. But, if the day of reaction comes, he will at least have secured a position which will enable him to say that the real leader of the Republican party, if he wished France to wait, also wished her to wait with dignity.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.

THE state of Ireland becomes every day more alarming, and its causes, if possible, become more obvious. On Thursday a great meeting of landowners was held in Dublin, and deputations waited on the Lord-Lieutenant and his Chief Secretary with a request sufficiently humiliating to those functionaries. They wished to know whether the Government would protect them, or whether they were to undertake that duty themselves. It is stated that Lord Cowper and Mr. Forster fully admitted the accuracy of the facts upon which this request was based; it is not stated how far they complied with it. Meanwhile unscrupulous demagogues repeat with perfect impunity undisguised incitements to crime; and their disciples respond by threats against landlords and honest tenants, by brutal cruelties to men and animals, and by safe and popular murders. The priest of Lord Mountmorres's parish, not content with calumniating the unoffending victim, asserts that his parishioners, who openly applauded the deed, were innocent of its perpetration, and that the Government which protected landlords in their rights was really responsible for the assassination. One speaker quoted from Mr. Froude an opinion that in Ireland the State ought to acquire possession of the land. He of course omitted to state that Mr. Froude insists on the payment of full compensation to owners. He could scarcely have been expected to add that in the same essay Mr. Froude urges with forcible eloquence the paramount necessity of silencing seditious orators and of hanging criminals who incite the populace to murder. As might be supposed, the agitators find an inexhaustible store of suitable quotations in Mr. Gladstone's later speeches. The objections to unlimited indulgence in Liberal generalities, and to rhetorical denunciation of political opponents, could not be more strikingly illustrated. Reckless volubility and factious exaggeration are perhaps not consciously employed for mischievous purposes; but they indicate a blamable indifference to public interests in comparison with the gratification of vanity and passion. Mr. Parnell has not forgotten Mr. Gladstone's wanton declaration that landowners in England or Ireland might be rightfully expropriated by Parliament if it were thought expedient to transfer the land to the occupiers. Another agitator complained that a eulogist of Irish rebels had forgotten the exploits of the Fenian conspirators, "which had been recognized by a greater man "than himself." In reference to the same speech of Mr. Gladstone's, an excited mob responded to the exhortations of a demagogue by the significant remark, "We don't "forget Clerkenwell." Mr. Parnell, in a part of one of his speeches which was devoted to the extenuation of the guilt of recent agrarian murders, sneered at the importance attached to the death of one or two landlords when twenty-five thousand members of evicted families had perished within the year. As usual, he was able to quote the authority of Mr. Gladstone in support of his shameless apology for crime. There were, said Mr. Parnell, 5,000 decrees of eviction, affecting on an average five persons in each family. Mr. Gladstone had said that eviction was equivalent to a sentence of death; and therefore it might by Irish logicians be inferred that 25,000 evicted persons had died. Mr. Parnell of course knew, what Mr. Gladstone when he introduced the Disturbance Bill had not contrived to learn, that decrees of eviction are seldom followed by actual change of occupation, and that probably he could not have proved that one of the 25,000 deaths had really occurred. In all these cases oratorical exuberance is by an easy process converted into deliberate assertion. The commentator who separates suitable quotations from the context is more culpable than the thoughtless declaimer who propounds dangerous doctrines without considering their meaning or their consequences; but a statesman occupying the highest place in the Empire must be prepared to be judged by a higher standard than the professed adversary of law and order.

Although it is impossible to abstain altogether from expressions of indignation against the promoters of

anarchy in Ireland, they are beyond the reach of remonstrance. Agitators who have made up their minds to encourage robbery and not to discourage murder have nothing to learn of the opinion which is entertained of their conduct outside the circle of their own accomplices. The question is not whether the guilt of the demagogues is more or less atrocious, but how their efforts are to be counteracted. The Government has to choose among the methods of prevention or alleviation which are within its present powers, or which would on its demand be readily granted by Parliament. The only measures yet known to have been adopted are a circular to the Constabulary, and an offer of a reward of 1,000*l.* for the discovery of the assassins of Lord MOUNTMORRES. A much larger sum failed to tempt any of the numerous persons who could have pointed out the murderers of Lord LEITRIM to incur the vengeance of the agrarian conspirators; but the CHIEF SECRETARY is undoubtedly right in offering a considerable price for information. The most important instructions given to the police are probably confidential. It was perhaps judicious to discontinue their attendance at seditious meetings, where for the most part terror or sympathy ensures apparent unanimity, and therefore renders breaches of the peace on the spot improbable. The reported inaction of the Constabulary on some occasions when meetings have resulted in outrages to property may perhaps admit of explanation. There is probably no foundation for the statement that the Government has proposed to increase the military force in Ireland; and it may be confidently assumed that the Commander-in-Chief has not professed inability to comply with a demand for reinforcements. There is for the moment no probability of an insurrection which would require suppression by regular troops. The rebels of the present day know that verbal treason and private assassination are safer and easier than armed insurrection. It is not known that any extraordinary precautions have been taken against the repetition of the crimes which are daily perpetrated. It is perhaps impossible, with the resources actually at the disposal of the Government, to protect all those who are threatened with violence or death; but the want of administrative vigilance, past or present, is in some respects highly reprehensible. It is stated, apparently on good authority, that a single gunmaker in Dublin has within a short time sold fourteen hundred Snider rifles, some of them with bayonets attached. All these weapons have been bought at Government sales, held in accordance with a perverse and contemptible rule of official parsimony. It is not stated whether such facilities for insurrection have been offered by the late or the present Administration. It is too much to expect that tradesmen, whether they are loyal or disaffected, should renounce the opportunity of profit; but it may be confidently asserted that no other civilized Government in the world, having to do with such a state of affairs as that which exists in Ireland, would place its magazines at the disposal of its enemies.

Muskets and bayonets cannot be required for any lawful or legitimate purpose. Every purchase of the kind is to the knowledge of the seller, of the buyer, and of the Government which looks helplessly on, a preparation for armed resistance to authority or for assassination; yet there is no law which prevents the acquisition or prohibits the possession of the known instruments of crime. Englishmen, who have among other immemorial liberties the right to bear arms, are not in the habit of converting their houses into arsenals. Statesmen who affect to rule Ireland according to Irish ideas at the same time consider it necessary that English legislation should be applied to a community which habitually defies the law. In preference to introducing any incident of the administrative system which is rhetorically described as a state of siege, the victims of cant justify CAVOUR'S boast in an inverse sense by consenting not to govern. One of the most obvious provisions of the special Acts under which Ireland has been governed for the greater part of half a century places obstacles in the way of the possession of arms, except with an official licence. As might be expected, no Arms Act has prevented the secret possession or the occasional employment of weapons for purposes of violence; but it at least renders impossible the public purchase by retail of muskets and bayonets. The more stringent enactments of Coercion Acts are not less urgently needed. Any humiliation which the Government might incur by summoning Parliament and demanding the necessary powers would be a trivial inconvenience in comparison with the evils to be remedied. On its accession to office the Government undertook with a light heart to disarm itself in the presence of formidable adversaries whom it vainly hoped to conciliate. If an excuse for inconsistency is needed, the Government may avow its disappointment at the recrudescence of seditious and murderous agitation. Any amount of simple-minded or hypocritical commonplace will be tolerated, if only the Government will at last prefer the public interest to its own. Mr. FORSTER will scarcely execute his conditional threat of punishing the landlords as a condition of repressing anarchy. When Mr. PARNELL quotes from Mr. GLADSTONE rhetorical statistics of eviction and its consequences, it may be taken for granted that he is unable to produce better evidence. It is above all things necessary that the Government should have the courage to silence the itinerant demagogues. Much may be done by direct action to check agrarian crime; but the license accorded to members of Parliament and ruffianly priests publicly to apologize for murder is a wrong even to their deluded adherents, who justly regard as powerless a Government which is afraid to defend itself and society.

ELECTIONEERING.

THE art of electioneering is as vigorous and thriving as it ever was. It consists in showering money on a constituency within or without the limits of the law. Money may be showered on a constituency within the limits of the law. Enormous sums may be spent in printing, placards, paid canvassers, and committee rooms. From this humble but expensive level the electioneering artist rises to the supreme height of illegal practices which entail a penalty on the offender but do not void the seat, such as payment of railway expenses to borough voters, and the provision of refreshments on the polling day. A step further is taken when practices are ventured on which will, if discovered, void the election, but which do not seem morally very wrong, such as payment to voters for loss of time in going to the poll, and hiring voters to aid in keeping the peace. Lastly, the art rises to its highest stage when corrupt things, known and universally recognized as corrupt, are done — when beer or money is given to purchase votes. There is no reason to suppose that corrupt practices prevail in the majority of constituencies. It is only in constituencies where corruption is traditional that it survives. But where it does survive, it survives without any abatement of its old force. If any one expected that the Ballot Act or the Corrupt Practices Act would have really stopped the traffic in votes he must own himself mistaken. It is not only in little places like Knaresborough, Evesham, and Sandwich that the old bad system of electioneering prevails. It is rampant in large and highly respectable boroughs like Macclesfield, Oxford, and Canterbury. In one way Macclesfield is the worst case as yet revealed; in another way Oxford stands preeminent. The two have about the same population, 35,000, and about the same number of registered electors, 6,000. Both therefore are important places with constituencies that might be thought large enough to ensure something like purity. And yet at Macclesfield bribery of a petty but extensive kind has gone on for years, at every election, Parliamentary and municipal, and both parties have been equally free-handed. At Oxford more than 5,000*l.* was spent at the last election by one party alone, and our old friend, the Man in the Moon, appeared on the scene with 1,000*l.* in his pocket, and having scattered it broadcast, disappeared with as much mystery as he came. All that is known of him at present is that he is an old gentleman with several names and no fixed address. He was paid to come by persons of the highest respectability. He came, dealt out his money to his subagents, stayed long enough to "see that they were doing "their duty," and went away. It is exactly the history of Bridgwater over again. But then Oxford is not Bridgwater. It is a large place; it is an historical place; it has been frequently represented by members of great eminence; it has a University in its midst to teach it refinement and morality. That a Man in the Moon should have been sent for to Oxford, and should have found no difficulty in getting rid of a thousand sovereigns in a few days, and that he should have been working for men who were the cream of local respectability, is as surprising and

as shocking as anything can be to those who know the history of English electioneering.

Some obvious, if unpleasant, lessons may be deduced from the disclosures that are now being made. The Ballot Act has failed to check corrupt practices, because experience shows electioneering agents that, as a rule, they get what they bargain for. Men who are illegally hired to do imaginary service get warmed into their work, and speedily become eager for the success of the party they serve, although at the outset they were quite indifferent which party engaged them. The majority by which Mr. HALL was returned at the last Oxford election surprised those who were working for him. They got not less, but more, than they had expected for their money; so that, from an electioneering point of view, it was well laid out, even under the Ballot Act. Neither morality, nor public spirit, nor fear of the law, places any great restraint on corrupt practices. Where party spirit runs very high, or where the traditions of the place make corruption seem inevitable, men in the highest local positions stick at nothing. The Oxford Conservatives, as their agent informed the Commissioners, were determined to win the May election "at any cost." The end of turning out Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT seemed so very good that it was held to justify any means. The candidates easily keep themselves perfectly innocent. They simply ask no questions, and, as an agent said at Macclesfield, they are told a couple of thousand is wanted as a beginning, and silently "draw their cheques like "men." Those who work illegally for them are liable to prosecution, but no one thinks of prosecuting them. Either the judges report, if a petition is successful, that there have been one or more isolated cases of corrupt practices, and then it seems idle to make a fuss about a trifle, or they report that corrupt practices have prevailed extensively, and then all offenders get off under the screen of a general indemnity. The worst that can happen to Oxford and Macclesfield is that the writs shall be withheld during the present Parliament. A writ for Norwich was withheld in the last Parliament; but at the recent election Norwich was allowed to return two members just as if nothing had happened. Little places like Knaresborough and Evesham may be disfranchised; but then they may find it hard to persuade themselves that they would not have been disfranchised in any case, not because they were corrupt, but because they were small. Then, again, the obligation to return the expenses to which a candidate chooses to say he has been put is purely illusory. There is no harmony between the sums really spent and those returned, and in one case the partner of a candidate ingeniously disguised a contribution towards new corrupt practices by treating the sums advanced as a supplementary payment on account of the preceding election. The only person who suffers if a petition is successful is the candidate, who loses his seat; and here possibly the very strictness of the law helps corruption. The law is very strict; and a candidate whose agent, as at Plymouth, commits one little indiscretion forfeits the seat of his principal. If anything illegal is done, and is discovered, the consequence is precisely the same whether what is done is very small or very great. If illegality is once entered on, it may as well be done on a large scale. What happened to Mr. HALL is exactly what happened to Sir EDWARD BATES. They lost their seats, and this was all, although the Man in the Moon came to Oxford, and one solitary fisherman had his day's wages at Plymouth. An electioneering agent, calmly calculating everything, may very easily come to the conclusion that, if he is in for a penny, he may as well be in for a pound.

But there is another side to the matter which is one of great comfort to those who do not go in for electioneering in its bad sense. If on a *primâ facie* view the judges do not believe that corrupt practices have prevailed, they will do everything they honestly can to relieve a suffering member from the taint of practices as to which it may at first sight seem doubtful whether they were corrupt or not. A remarkable instance of this has been furnished in the case of County Louth, the full report of which has just been published. Mr. CALLAN, having been defeated at Dundalk, started for the county over which Mr. SULLIVAN and Mr. KIRK were supposed to be going to walk quietly and comfortably. Mr. CALLAN was returned at the head of the poll, and Mr. KIRK, who was defeated, presented a petition alleging corrupt practices. There had been practices which looked as if they had been corrupt. Voters had undoubtedly received a moderate amount of refreshment; but, as Mr. Baron DOWSE explained, everything depended on the motive with which those refreshments had been given. To ascertain this Mr. Baron DOWSE started from Mr. CALLAN himself. He alleged—and no one attempted to disprove a notorious fact—that he had got no money. Over and over again Baron DOWSE congratulated him on this piece of good fortune. Mr. CALLAN was one of those empty travellers who are allowed to sing before an election judge. It was antecedently unlikely that a man who had got no money should spend improperly what he had not got. Still there was money spent in treating. It was a very modest sum certainly, being in all about 46*l.*; and 126 witnesses were called to show how this money had gone. Some of it had clearly gone in drink. At Ardee, for example, it was indisputable that half a barrel of porter was poured into a tub, and water put into it to make it go further; and that the people were, as Baron DOWSE describes it, "fed like swine out of that barrel, half porter, half water." But that this mixture was given does not show that it was given for a bad purpose; and the judges held, on a calm and fair review of all the circumstances, that it was only a legitimate effervescence of Irish hospitality. For the judges took into consideration, not only Mr. CALLAN'S circumstances, but Irish customs and Irish character. "I have too high an opinion of my "countrymen," said Baron DOWSE, "to think that their "votes could be influenced by half a glass of whisky, "or a whole glass of whisky. They are not a herd "of serfs coming in with a vote in their hand to "dispose of it for a pint of beer." Characters so noble might yield to very strong temptation, but not to 46*l.* distributed over all the thirsty souls of an Irish county. The conduct of the election was complicated by the arrival of a deputation from the Licensed Grocers' and Vintners' Protection Association, who worked in a general way for Mr. CALLAN, and who undoubtedly spent nearly 100*l.* —a vast sum, according to the standard of Louth. But Baron DOWSE held that they had very prudently spent the money on themselves, chiefly in imbibing what in that part of the world "is alleged to be champagne;" and this, if physically a corrupt practice, is not legally so. The judgment is very entertaining reading, and the difficult legal question as to what are to be the tests of a corrupt motive is treated in it with great acumen and clearness. For general purposes its importance consists in the protection it throws over candidates and their agents who have no wish and little means to do wrong.

DIPLOMACY AND SOCIAL SCIENCE.

THE Social Science Congress has this year found a not uncongenial home in Edinburgh. The capital of Scotland is in many ways suited for the purposes of such an assemblage. For, although the wilder crotchets which are periodically aired on these occasions cannot hope to find much countenance from the sober inhabitants—at least as some count sobriety—of the city that is guarded by Arthur's Seat, the subjects with which the Congress mostly occupies itself are dear to all Scotchmen. Any stern and wild Caledonian will expound for hours in the Education Department the excellences of the system which appoints a Professor to teach the rudiments of Greek to several hundred young persons between fourteen and seventeen, and will point out at equal length that a certain Principal was a traitor when he hinted that more grammar schools of the English type would not have done Scotland much harm. Sanitary subjects and Edinburgh may seem by a time-honoured tradition of joking to be rather wide asunder; but the Art Department will be at least comforted by the existence of a gigantic gallery set apart for the purpose of welcoming and housing the triumphs of Scottish art when they are produced. If the various Sections are not quite so commodiously and centrally lodged as they can be in some of the large towns where modern Town-halls have given unusual facilities, their several homes are of considerable interest. It is perhaps a mere coincidence, but certainly an odd one, that the Art Section should be housed in the assembly-hall of the established Kirk, the very citadel of that denomination which, not so very long ago, as a whole regarded, and still probably in great part regards, poetry and painting as idle waste of time, music as something worse, sculpture as inherently indecent, if not im-

pious, and acting as something too dreadful to be named. But the great advantage of Edinburgh is that there will be plenty to do for the vast majority of the visitors whose enthusiasm for papers and discussions is after all but lukewarm. Elsewhere reliance must generally be placed upon organized excursions for relaxation and refreshment. Edinburgh is one of the few towns within the limits of this island which of themselves give an intelligent person sufficient delight if he merely wanders about them and looks at what they have to show him. Nor is the memory of BROUGHAM absent for pious Social Scientists—of BROUGHAM who is at once inextricably associated with Social Science and with Edinburgh.

The Presidential address of the year had at least this merit, that it was original, and it seems to have pleased some critics as little as originality usually pleases them. It has been asked what diplomacy has to do with social science, and the answer that there is a department of Jurisprudence and International Law in the Social Science Congress itself does not seem to have suggested itself to the questioners. The usual Presidential address at these meetings is a more or less faithful echo of the old Broughamite cacklings about useful knowledge and progress, with a certain admixture of desultory comment on something or other which is supposed to be connected with social science. Now, as many years of Congresses have not availed to draw up a definition of what social science is, it is scarcely surprising that the subjects which have seemed to successive Presidents to be connected with it are very wide and very miscellaneous. Lord REAY, however, who took a subject really connected with the actual programme of the meeting over which he was called to preside, has been rebuked for travelling beyond its province. This is perhaps the way of the world. But it ought in fairness to be remembered that the speaker had some special authority for speaking as he did on diplomacy and on the general relations between England and the rest of the world. Lord REAY happens to be not merely a diplomatic expert, but one of the rare persons who are by natural conditions cosmopolitans. The curious accident which makes him belong half to England and half to the Continent must have given almost any one but a very stupid man an advantage in looking at international questions, which pure Continentals or pure Englishmen, even if they are by no means very stupid men, would have some difficulty in attaining. Now Lord REAY's address on Wednesday proves him to be by no means a stupid man. His contrast between the attitude of Englishmen and that of foreigners on certain large political questions was extremely well put, and showed not a little insight into the subject. It exhibits with remarkable clearness the extreme suspicion with which a concert of Europe on any given question ought to be regarded, and the radical divergence of views, interests, and conditions which exists between England and most, if not all, Continental nations. This exposition is the more remarkable because we believe we are not wrong in assigning Lord REAY to the Liberal party in English politics, and his testimony might therefore be supposed likely to tend the other way. That there is not the least need for England to be on her guard; that her interests and those of all her neighbours far and near are quite identical, or easily identifiable; that no one of these neighbours is at all likely to harbour private or sinister designs; and that England may safely reconstitute the map of Europe to the advantage of any of them, except Austria, are the cardinal principles of Mr. GLADSTONE's foreign policy. The whole tone of Lord REAY's address goes to demolish these principles. Foreign diplomacy, says Lord REAY, is simply "realistic"; that is to say, it cares not one straw for treaties, or sentimental obligations, or anything but the two great motives—the hope of gain and the fear of loss. Arbitration is a farce; for on questions of real importance you can neither get your code, nor your judges, nor, most important of all, your sanction. The very outlines of the ideals of political well-being are differently drawn in England and abroad, so that there is no community of principles to go upon. It must have shocked many of Lord REAY's hearers not a little to hear from his lips the terrible word "ascendency," and to know that he considers the maintenance of a certain ascendency by England, if only one of a moral kind sufficiently backed by physical force ready to be used, to be indispensable to the welfare of the State. It is true that the latter part of the address was in some sense a contradiction of the former. For Lord REAY went on to say that the concert of Europe, which he had shown to be well-nigh impossible, must still be aimed at; and he indulged in dreams of a kind of Anglo-Australian, and perhaps American, federation which was to be the refuge of the destitute, and the counterpoise to the self-seeking of the Continental Powers. But the general tenor of the address was sensible enough, and the electors of Midlothian, who were doubtless present in some numbers, must have felt their ears rather tingle at it.

Objection seems to have been taken to all this as too definitely political for a Social Science meeting. A technical answer to this objection has already been given. But, as a matter of fact, there is an answer much more cogent, though less complimentary to the Social Scientists. This is that, as the widest license of chatter is allowed to them or assumed by them on subjects which are neither of interest nor of importance to any rational human being, there surely should be some license of talk allowed on subjects which are not merely important and interesting, but which are burning questions of the time. The proportions of the ideal cinder-sifting apparatus; the question whether a child ten years old ought or ought not to be able to enumerate the chemical constituents of water; the question whether municipal bodies should limit their patronage of art to the ordering of portraits of mayors, or whether they should fresco the council chamber with scenes from early chronicles and romances, are perhaps matters worth talking about. But, if so, why not questions which involve the very existence of the nation? Certainly a Social Science Congress is not an ideal opportunity for such discussions. It is by no means a collection of the wisest, and a flavour of fussiness, not to say folly, has generally pervaded its transactions. To the student of human nature it is safe to say that one visit at least to its gatherings is an indispensable condition of full equipment for his task. Days may be spent with profit and delight in observing the curious types of speakers and readers, the little displays of personal character in the Presidents of the Sections, the extraordinary jumble of classes and kinds at the conversaziones, the oddities of the personally conducted excursions. But, considering that among the crotcheteers and idlers some men of more or less eminence occasionally appear and speak, it would be odd if every now and then an idea worth saving, a phrase worth taking down, did not emerge from the mass of commonplace thought and slovenly diction. Lord REAY's speech seems to have opened the Edinburgh meeting in this respect in a rather promising way. We wish he had not asked us to "invigorate the social system," because it reminds us, in the first place, of a certain vague and vulgar advice to "preserve the elevation of your pecker," and in the second of Mr. BRADLAUGH's favourite *nunc dimittis*, "The social system keep in view." But perhaps a President of a Social Science Congress cannot avoid these little concessions to the jargon of his tribe. Nor are we altogether inclined to admire the statement that "the Anglo-Saxon world is a planetary system of itself," though this, too, for aught we know, may be socially scientific. But the plain demonstration of the attitude of Continental diplomacy by a man who knows what he is talking about, and the plain recognition of the impossibility of fads about arbitration and common interests, would have redeemed more faults and worse faults than these.

LORD SHERBROOKE ON OBSTRUCTION.

IN his essay on Parliamentary Obstruction in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, even Lord SHERBROOKE, though he says much that is sound, has failed to say anything new. By an odd deviation from his own consistency in paradox, he contrasts the errors of a mechanical age with the more practical proceedings of a nation which knew little of science and nothing of civil engineers. The water-clock of the Athenian Assembly was, as he says, a rude contrivance, but it effectually limited the prolixity of speakers, even when they were the greatest orators whom the world has ever known. "We make better clocks than those poor Athenians did two thousand years ago, but we have not, it should seem, learned to estimate as well as they that which

"the clock measures, the inestimable value of time." It is pleasant to find that an accomplished scholar can for once waive the opportunity of taunting his equals with their hopeless inferiority to constructors of railways and bridges. It is, as he truly says, one of the evil results of obstructive garrulity that thought, reason, and eloquence are too often reduced to silence in the House of Commons. "The men best worth hearing are now un-"willing to speak, partly because they are reluctant to "prolong a debate which is sure without their aid to be "stretched to the utmost limits of human patience, partly "because they recoil from a debate which is like an un-"weeded garden—things rank and gross in nature possess "it merely—partly because they feel keenly the wicked "and wanton waste of public time, and are unwilling to "add their sum of more to that which they already feel "to be far too much." The only remedy which Lord SHERBROOKE can suggest is the introduction of the French compulsory stoppage of debate, or of the American previous question, which has nearly the same effect. The majority must, in Lord SHERBROOKE'S opinion, exercise absolute control over the order of debate. The House would be consulted if any attempt to speak against time were made, and the nuisance at once put down.

When Mr. LOWE was in office, he sometimes irritated private members by assuring them that nearly all the time which they occupied with motions and debates was absolutely wasted. The financial and ordinary business of the Government was, as he contended, entitled to precedence, because it was essential to the conduct of administration. Next in order came legislative measures proposed by Ministers, because few other Bills were likely to pass. For the impatient ambition of non-official members the then Chancellor of the Exchequer was not sufficiently careful to conceal his contempt. He may perhaps occasionally have provoked the excessive volubility which, according to his statement, took its origin in the latter days of the former Liberal Government. There is no doubt that at that time some Opposition speakers performed with excessive zeal the duty of attacking the Government on every possible occasion. But it is not certain that their object was to waste time; and Lord SHERBROOKE weakens the force of his strictures on obstruction by including in indiscriminate censure a host of young Conservative members and the Home Rule faction which under the next Administration deliberately attempted to prevent the House of Commons from transacting any kind of business. Only a few days ago Mr. PARNELL, at one of his Land League meetings, avowed the object and method of his own system of obstruction. "There was a party," he said, "of independent opposition in the House of Com-"mons, pledged, if necessary, utterly to disorganize and "interfere with every business that might be transacted, "as far as it was expedient or possible." Nothing of the kind was ever professed or attempted by the Conservative members whom Lord SHERBROOKE thinks fit to denounce. With irrelevant partisanship, Lord SHERBROOKE remarks that Mr. BUTT, who was the leader of the Home Rule party, had formerly been a Conservative. When he undertook the ostensible task of proposing the establishment of an Irish Legislature, Mr. BUTT had wholly dissolved his former party connexion; and for the purpose of the argument it was immaterial to inquire whether he was a Conservative, because he never practised nor encouraged obstruction. Before his death the more violent section of his nominal followers had repudiated his authority, and there is no doubt that, if he had lived two years longer, he would have been formally deposed. Mr. BUTT's faults were not those with which Lord SHERBROOKE is at present concerned. Whatever may be thought of his character and career, he possessed cultivation and intellectual power which would have made the task of talking against time repugnant to his taste and inclination.

Mr. PARNELL and his adherents are, within or without the House of Commons, beyond the reach of argument and remonstrance. When they intentionally interrupt debates, when they keep their opponents sitting up all night, when they exhibit their peculiar manners by bringing food with them into the House, they display an impudence and a disregard for constitutional liberty of which there is no former precedent; but they are more innocently employed in impeding Parliamentary business than in promoting the murder of Irish peers and Irish process-servers. A civilized community may exist without Parliamentary discussion, but not in the absence of security for life and property. It is probable that the execution by Mr. PARNELL of his threat of annoying the Liberal Government by the same methods with which he harassed their predecessors will render necessary some measure of the kind which Lord SHERBROOKE unwillingly recommends. It is not to be supposed that six hundred members of the House of Commons will permanently submit to the dictation of the remaining fifty or sixty; yet it must be remembered that in the worst cases obstruction has been supported by a few English members, including more than one member of the present Government. The House of Commons may perhaps devise new methods of silencing contumacious speakers, but the promoters of obstruction will even in their defeat have achieved part of their object by obliterating the ancient securities for Parliamentary freedom. The precedents which are cited by Lord SHERBROOKE are not wholly unobjectionable. The power of closing the debate has apparently not been habitually exercised in French Assemblies, except for the purpose of bringing on a division when it is considered by all parties convenient and seasonable. The American system of the previous question was greatly abused when the Republicans some years ago had undisputed control of the House of Representatives. The misdeeds of a small obstructive faction must not blind prudent legislators to the possible tyranny of an irresistible democratic majority. Lord SHERBROOKE has not forgotten the fatal promise, which will soon be redeemed, of admitting the mass of the county population to the exercise of the franchise. It is not improbable that the process of legislative change may be hereafter too rapid rather than too slow.

It is strange that so conscientious and consistent an opponent of democratic caprice as Lord SHERBROOKE should regard as a paramount advantage the provision of additional facilities for legislation. "We have passed two "measures of first-rate importance during the late Session. "How many might we have passed if we could obtain for "the purposes of real business one half of the time which "has been intentionally and deliberately wasted." Four Bills of great importance—the Burials Bill, the Ground Game Bill, the Irish Disturbance Bill, and the Employers' Liability Bill—passed the House of Commons, though, with the aid of Lord SHERBROOKE, one of them was rejected by the Lords. As the House also accepted without question a comprehensive scheme of finance proposed by Mr. GLADSTONE, it may be considered to have done enough for a Session beginning in June. No Government Bill seriously promoted was lost by lapse of time. It may be conjectured that Lord SHERBROOKE was not an enthusiastic supporter of one or two of the measures which were passed. In the next Session he will have the opportunity of considering English and Irish Land Bills which will scarcely coincide with his economical principles. The Census will perhaps furnish an excuse for deferring for one year more the revolutionary change of the franchise to which Lord SHERBROOKE for some years offered an honourable resistance. The actual majority is more impatient of opposition than any previous party in power; and, at the same time, members are more servile in obeying the mandates of their constituents. Lord SHERBROOKE calls attention to the uncontrolled sovereignty of the House of Commons, though he for the moment seems not to appreciate the dangers which it involves. The Athenians had not only water-clocks to limit the exuberance of orators, but writs or indictments for the punishment of demagogues who had carried unconstitutional laws. A Bill for the temporary or permanent abolition of rent might now be introduced and passed without risk of criminal proceedings against its authors. Impeachments are obsolete, even in the case of Ministers who acquiesce in the prevalence of anarchy.

SOUTH AUSTRIAN RAILWAYS.

RAILWAY returns are taken in England as the readiest and most accessible means of ascertaining how the general business of the country is going on. One line is looked to as the index of the iron trade, another as that of the amount which passengers can afford to spend on travelling. But it is not only the weekly fluctuations of traffic that are instructive. When at stated periods the whole operations of a great Company are summarized, groups of facts are brought to light which illustrate in many different and indirect ways the industrial progress of the

nation. When, for example, working expenses are compared with receipts, it may appear, as it lately has appeared, that a time of diminishing receipts may also be a time of diminishing expenses, because everything consumed can be bought at a less price. What applies to railways applies to the whole community, and it becomes evident that, while people generally are earning less, they are also paying less. There is evidently thus a mitigation of the distress that is stated to prevail. Of course every one knows in a vague way that prices have fallen, and that living has become cheaper; but the summary of the history of a railway for several months makes that definite which would otherwise be vague. It shows what, if a great number of operations are taken together, is the precise figure at which the reduction in the prices of articles of common consumption may be calculated. Then, again, if the capital account of a great Company is examined, we see on a scale which, if small as compared with the whole bulk of industrial enterprise, is still large enough to furnish a good example, what are the requirements of growing industry which active men with money at their command think must be met. A leading English Railway Company puts down extra lines of rail, thinks nothing of spending a quarter of a million on a new station, executes gigantic harbour-works, as at Holyhead, devises new steamers as at Folkestone, runs up a Gothic or Corinthian hotel as big as half-a-dozen inns of the old sort, and shows the public what in the future railway travelling is to be. Again, although in England the intrusion of the Government into the affairs of railways is much less active than in most Continental States, yet even here the Government acts on the railways to a degree sufficient to enable us to form some estimate of the effect of Government pressure on commercial enterprises. There may be a special tax on railways like the passenger tax, which the Government may be disposed to levy with greater rigour than has been previously customary, and the returns show what is the effect of the screw being put on. The Government, too, insists, in a fitful and not very efficacious way, on certain precautions being taken for the safety of the public, and so far as railways adopt these precautions we can learn the cost of adopting them. The greater the traffic the greater is the need of precautions being adopted, and we thus arrive at some notion of the limitations of profit and of the causes which prevent a big business being good in proportion to its bigness. There may, too, be a general measure passed like the Employers' Liability Bill of last Session. How it will really affect employers is a most interesting question, as to which no one can as yet do more than guess. Even after it begins to operate, it will be hard to judge of its general effect. We shall hear of this or that employer being made to pay; but it will be difficult to form any opinion how far the class of employers to which he belongs may be suffering, or may be avoiding suffering by greater watchfulness. In the case, however, of those vast employers, the Railway Companies, we shall know to a penny what they pay, and if their payments under this head diminish, we shall know the exact pecuniary value of increased vigilance.

What is true of English railways is true in a greater or less degree of Continental railways. There is no better means of ascertaining what is going on in a foreign country than to study the report of one of its leading railways It is impossible to read such a report without getting some light on points so important as the current state of business, the general scale of prices, the preparations being made for future business, the pressure of the Government on industrial enterprise. The Report of the South Austrian Railways may serve as an example. The Company to which these railways belong had until lately two great systems, one in Austria and one in Northern Italy; but it has sold its Italian system to the Italian Government for a fixed annuity, and all that the Directors have to report as to this portion of the undertaking is that they cannot get some of the minor questions attending the purchase finally settled, because Italian Ministries change so fast that as soon as they begin to write to a Minister they are told he is out of office and they must address their letters to a new man. Their Report therefore deals with Austria only, and gives a report of the operations of the Company in Austria in 1879. There was, on the whole, a slight increase of gross receipts. In one direction a diminution had to be met. In the preceding year the occupation of Bosnia had caused a great but temporary increase, and in 1879 this traffic had come to an end. The weather of last year was bad, and the Company had to lament the falling off in tourists which was inevitable in a wet summer. But the growth of business on the line from Vienna to Trieste more than made up for these shortcomings. The principal articles which contributed to this increase were wines, building materials, and petroleum. The exportation of wine from Hungary to France was favoured by the bad French crop; and it is not uninteresting to learn how, even in bad times, the French manage to supply us with the Gladstone Claret we love so well. At Vienna building operations were being carried on with great activity, and this caused a vigorous movement in the transport of all kinds of material. The use of petroleum seems rapidly increasing in Austria, and the Railway Company introduced through the two ports of Fiume and Trieste one-half of the whole amount consumed in Austria and Hungary. The harvest was very bad, and this caused a general depression of business in the last half of the year. But still the increase in the new departments of traffic more than made up for the falling off in the old departments. Then, on the other hand, while traffic had on the whole increased, the expenses of working it had diminished, and by very nearly the same amount—something under 40,000*l.*—so that the total net revenue showed an advance of nearly two millions of francs, or 80,000*l.* It was the fall in the prices of articles of consumption, and the more skilful employment of materials and workmanship, that made this diminution of expenses possible.

Besides the general indications of the future of Austrian business afforded by the statements as to building in Vienna, the use of petroleum, and the shipping of Hungarian wine, the Report shows in what ways the Company is busying itself with the means of accommodating or stimulating business. It has finished laying a double line of railway from Vienna to Trieste, which may not seem a great feat to persons accustomed to English railways, but which in a minor Continental line shows a conspicuous advance. It has set up rolling mills of its own, and last year produced 10,000 tons of steel rails; and it can now make for itself all the materials of permanent way it needs, not only rails, but nuts and bolts, points and switches. It still, however, has to buy the new rolling-stock it may require. At Trieste it is busily engaged in providing increased accommodation by erecting new buildings, dredging the harbour, and constructing docks; and it may be noticed that the vast and increasing importance of Trieste to Vienna is a fact of very considerable importance in European politics. The pressure of the Government on the enterprise has shown itself in a manner highly disagreeable to the Company. For many years the Austrian Government has forborne to exact Income-tax from the Company. Every effort has been made to obtain a prolongation of the exemption from the tax; but the Government was inflexible, and from the 1st of January, 1880, ten per cent. Income-tax will have to be paid. The Company pays no dividend on its shares; but if it could pay a dividend, ten per cent. of its net profits on the Austrian part of its system would have to be deducted before the shareholders were paid. The interest on its obligations is, however, met out of its receipts, and after every expense, including that of the interest, had been met, there remained 150,000*l.*, which was carried to a reserve fund. A small part of the obligations of the Company are 5 per cent. obligations, and on these the Company will, according to the terms of its contract with the bondholders, pay Austrian Income-tax without being able to recover it. But on the great mass of its obligations, which are 3 per cent. obligations, it will recover what it pays to the Austrian Government, and, both the Italian and the Austrian Income-tax being taken into account, it will henceforth pay 13 instead of 15 francs yearly on a bond for 500 francs. This is a loss to the bondholder, not to the Company; but the Company will not entirely recoup itself for all it pays on account of the bondholders, and its net profits will in future be subjected to a heavy deduction. The effect, therefore, of this new pressure of the Austrian Government will be to postpone the date when the Company will pay dividends, and to lessen them when they are paid; and, although the Austrian Government may have been quite right in deciding that the

exemption should cease, the shareholders have a less bright prospect than they might have hoped for when they looked only to the increasing traffic and diminishing surplus of the Austrian lines.

JUVENILE CRIMINALS.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S letter to the Mayor of MANCHESTER would be pathetic if its complaints were only a little more accurate. "In dealing with a matter of "this kind it is," Sir WILLIAM thinks, "impossible to "escape misunderstandings and even misrepresentations." The HOME SECRETARY certainly can speak with authority as to the facility which some persons find in misrepresenting their fellow-creatures, and after his correspondence with Mr. WATTS HALLEWELL he should also be a very fair expert in the matter of misunderstandings, at least as far as the law is concerned. However, Sir WILLIAM comforts himself by the thought that his is the fortune which "attends all serious reforms." The melancholy, broken only by fits of ardent reforming, which seems to have fallen on Sir WILLIAM since his supporters were outbribed at Oxford is touching enough. "When CLIFFORD cannot spare his friends a ——" characteristic expression, everybody knows the conclusion to be drawn. There is, however, one point on which even such a chastened worm as the right honourable member for Derby will turn. He has seen it stated that he had sent "a general circular to all the magistrates "desiring that no child under fourteen years should be "sent to prison." Sir WILLIAM is very anxious to prove that he did nothing of the kind, and, indeed, we fully acquit him of any such thing. His direct fault, as far as we have seen it or commented on it, is that he has recklessly reversed certain particular decisions, and has invited certain particular magistrates to break the law by inflicting illegal penalties. His indirect fault is that his action has led other magistrates, who naturally do not wish to expose at once themselves and the law to the indignity of having their sentences interfered with, to relinquish the only effectual means which the law puts in their power of checking juvenile criminals. We do not observe that he controverts any of these facts, or attempts to deny the mischievous effect they have had. Therefore we are not concerned to take any further notice of his interesting act of self-sacrifice, as certain religionists would call it. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is certainly a surprising addition to the noble army of martyrs or confessors; but, if the attainment of some better system of punishment for youthful offenders is only to be bought at the price of his enrolment in the Calendar, we at least have not the slightest objection to the proceeding.

The meeting at Manchester which was held on Tuesday to consider the whole question was a much more important incident in the discussion. Lord DERBY was the chief speaker, and, whatever political objections may be taken to Lord DERBY, every one acquainted with the subject will admit that the LAUREATE'S line, "A quarter "sessions chairman, abler none," eminently applies to him. Lord HOUGHTON, who has in Parliament taken a very prominent part in legislation, or attempted legislation, on the subject, followed, and several local magnates, including the Bishop of MANCHESTER, swelled the voice of the meeting. Not the least significant statement made was one read from a letter written by Mr. KYNNERSLEY, the stipendiary magistrate of Birmingham. Mr. KYNNERSLEY remarked that girls gave little trouble to magistrates, because in case of offence people, instead of prosecuting them, simply turned them out of doors without a character. In other words, a much smaller proportion of juvenile criminals belong to the one sex than to the other. Yet we can hardly be mistaken in thinking that the average female criminal, even though she may have escaped what is in some quarters regarded as the indelible stigma of a sojourn in prison at an early age, turns out worse than the average male. This of itself would seem to show that the mere abolition of imprisonment will not solve the difficulty. Into this difficulty Lord DERBY entered at some length. He joins issue with those who hold—the HOME SECRETARY being to all appearance one of them—that a good sound flogging is an almost universal remedy for boyish wickednesses. Part of what Lord DERBY said was characterized by his usual impassive common sense. He pointed out shrewdly enough, but probably to the disgust of some of his new Radical allies, that in the present age of shrieking, a single excessive flogging reported in the newspapers would probably lead to an agitation which would do away with a very useful punishment altogether. There can be no doubt of the fact, and it may be commended without further comment to the admirers of democracy, as the remark of one of whom, for a couple of years at any rate, they have not been able to speak favourably enough. It need only be added that the subsequent speech of Mr. AGNEW justified to the full Lord DERBY'S disagreeable hint. But we are very much disposed to differ with Lord DERBY as to his remarks about the inequality of corporal punishment. Of course there is an inequality about it, as there is about every kind of punishment that can be imagined. A night's solitary confinement without the power of summoning anybody would be to one child—even to one full-grown person—an exquisite and horrible torture, to another simply no punishment at all. Incarceration among criminals would in the same way be to one person, old or young, an indelible stigma, to another no more of a trouble than a sojourn at an uncomfortable hotel. No legislation can possibly provide for individual differences of this kind. But, as against Lord DERBY, we are inclined to think that for children between seven and fourteen or thereabouts corporal punishment, neither of excessive severity nor of excessive mildness, is about the most equal of punishments, and we feel certain that all qualified schoolmasters who have not been bitten with the ridiculous mania about personal dignity will bear us out. As for that mania, it is enough to say that the proudest classes of the very proudest nation that ever walked on the face of this earth have for centuries been accustomed to such punishment in youth. As for any other considerations, it is sufficient to say that, if the gaol or police surgeon did his duty, no harm could possibly arise. Magistrates, except in the imagination of halfpenny Radical papers, are not, as a rule, fiends or fools, and generally take a great deal of trouble about their work; and we do not believe that, with the inevitable margin for accident, a large extension of the present laws authorizing corporal punishment would result in the slightest mischief.

No one, however, in his senses would recommend thrashing to the end of the chapter; because the penalty, though the most effective of all in its way, is perhaps the most likely of all to lose its force by repetition. There remains, therefore, the great Prison *v.* Reformatory debate, or rather the debate on Reformatory *v.* Reformatory preceded by Prison. The sentiment of the Manchester reformers, which Lord DERBY seems to a certain extent to share, is strongly in favour of the elimination of the prison stage altogether. We cannot quite concur in this. It must be remembered that the Reformatory system, occasionally admirable in its results, and occasionally very much the reverse, is in theory a very difficult one to defend. The State assumes a sudden guardianship of the individual—for whose good? If merely for his own, the inevitable difficulty which long ago puzzled Mr. CARLYLE arises. Why are scoundrels and the children of scoundrels to have this infinite advantage over honest children, the sons and daughters of honest men and women? We do not, perhaps we could not, make the parents of Reformatory children pay their expenses, and when we have made ratepayers or taxpayers pay them, we exact no kind of equivalent. It has been proposed that such an equivalent should be found in some years' compulsory service in the army; but to this, though there may be some not inconsiderable advantages about it, there are still more obvious objections. We want to make the army popular and respectable; and it certainly, according to modern ideas, is scarcely a reasonable way to go to work, to begin by sending more or fewer recruits into it with the brand of a kind of modified galley-slavery on them. On the other hand, it must be remembered that in the event of the establishment of corporal punishment as the almost invariable penalty (subject to the discretion of the magistrate) of a first, and perhaps of a second or third, offence, sentences of imprisonment, when actually passed, as we think they should be in the second stage of guilt, would deal with criminals who were to a certain extent hardened. The complaints now made about stifling innocence in its cradle, or whatever the phrase is, would have no application. At the same time, the penalty applied would be of a new kind,

and could be made sufficiently terrible. Hard scant diet, no amusements, and solitude for the whole or the greater part of the time are quite sufficient to produce a considerable impression on the youthful mind. If in its turn this proved useless, then there would no doubt be nothing for it but the Reformatory. The community would then be confronted with the fact that the small person before it was incorrigible by ordinary means, and that it must, at no small trouble and expense, take him or her in hand and endeavour by the only means left to turn the wastrel into a not wholly unprofitable citizen. But even then the assumption of such a duty by the State has so much in it that is unreasonable in itself, so much more that is incompatible with the whole system of modern social arrangements, that it ought to be resorted to with considerable reluctance. Not a few arguments of the ultra-reformatorians at Manchester and elsewhere are reducible to the very simple proposition that it is the duty of the State to supply the place of the parent in every instance when that parent is unwilling to perform his own duty. The position is, of course, an intelligible one; but we should like to have it clearly stated for acceptance or rejection.

THE DECAY OF ROMANCE.

THE austerity of the *Nineteenth Century* is relieved this month by Mr. Walter Pollock's lively article on Alexandre Dumas—the great novelist, not the immense moralist, his son. Mr. Pollock's paper is full of amusing *Dumasiana* and anecdotes of the author of the *Three Musketeers*. The criticism chiefly illustrates that wonderful exuberance, rapidity, and vivacity of good-humoured fancy which made perhaps the best part of Dumas's talent. There never was an imagination so fertile in resource and in invention of situations. Dumas could not be dull; he could not tell the simplest anecdote without making his characters live and supplying them with what lady-novelists would call a wealth of dialogue. There is something melancholy in the contrast between his successful audacity, his luxuriance of ideas, his prodigality of incident, and the timidity of modern novelists. What has become of the old melodramatic vein in fiction and the drama? Why does no one any longer dare, or why is no one any longer able, to lend us panting at the heels of adventurers like Porthos, Athos, and Aramis? What has become of romance, in short, and why is a good stirring tale of cloak and sword, of battles and escapes, so rare in modern English fiction? Have captive maidens, and injured virtue, and gallant chivalry ceased to interest, and does ferocious and picturesque villany slumber in the tomb of Front de Bœuf? These things are, and always have been, the staple of romance and melodrama. If they are out of fashion, it is only for the moment, and perhaps the prevalent taste for analysis, perhaps the whole "psychological" school of novels, may prove to be evanescent.

The fiction of all times down to our own was really in the melodramatic style. The ancient Greek novels were anecdotes of adventure strung on a slender thread of love story. Hero and heroine were constantly in the direst straits, and exposed to all the tribulations from robbers, pirates, storms, and sea, and fire, which befel that old woman in *Candide* who was the daughter of a Pope. The action was always vehement, the situations were constantly changing, the interest of the reader was constantly on the stretch. The whole of literary experience proves that, though there is room for other schools of fiction—for the reflective, the humorous, the sentimental—yet stories of adventure have the most permanent hold on the taste of men and women. If we look below the level of the circulating library, we find that the novels of the class which does not read the *Nineteenth Century* are all romances. No hero need apply who is not a true heir kept out of his own, or a foundling, or an earl in disguise; while the heroine, if she is not the lovely daughter of a duke, is the no less beautiful, and even more virtuous, progeny of a miller, or a stoker, or an honest but comic plumber. By aid of the passions of ladies and gentlemen living and loving in such social heights and depths, the author easily contrives situations such as rarely occur in common life. And this is the essence of romance. "Adventures are to the adventurous," wrote Ixion in the album of a goddess. But most of us, not being adventurous, like to have our adventures done by proxy, and love to read of what we are too respectable to undertake. Hence the popularity of romance, which gives to every subscriber to the *London Journal* many an hour of crowded life, while the family dinner is left to take care of itself, and the babies tumble downstairs.

The immense, the incalculable popularity of melodramatic romance among people who are not literary demonstrates the unaffected naturalness of the taste for tales full of adventure. In these, as we have said, the novel began, and it is only for a time, in all probability, that novelists can neglect the simple and effective systems of Dumas and Scott, and, on occasion, of Balzac. These two latter masters were, of course, much more than mere writers of romance. The humour and poetry of one, the science and analysis of the other, were often only additional ornaments to stories of romantic incident and situation. These great novelists knew that events and adventures are essential to the maintenance of any prolonged and popular interest in fiction. The taste, too, of the many men of action and of genius who have been great novel-readers proves that the love of romance is not merely the passion of nurserymaids and milliners. No one ever read more novels than Napoleon. He was difficult to please, and used to toss volume after volume out of his carriage-window, till the road from Madrid to Moscow was strewn with fugitive fragments of light French literature. It was adventure that he cared for, and it was the adventures that amused Macaulay, even in the silly story where he noted that the heroine fainted some twenty-nine times in the course of her passionate experience. Thackeray, too, who was not prodigal in incident, revelled in Dumas's tales; and, as Mr. Pollock remarks, paid them a very handsome compliment. Probably most people have observed in their own experience the voracity, unequalled by schoolgirl or sempstress, with which men of great mental force devour novels in their intervals of leisure. Gaboriau or Xavier de Montépin provides their favourite reading, and they live a kind of double life, at a tremendous pace, in the adventures of omniscient policemen, of prodigious villains, of dukes who have an unhappy knack of committing murders in low *cabarets*. This exercise of the fancy is found to be wonderfully restful and refreshing. Like the amusements of golf and lawn-tennis, it entirely abstracts the mind from the cares and troubles of the actual world, and may of course be enjoyed when physical pastimes are impossible or inconvenient. Now it is plain enough that the ordinary English novel, even when it is a good one, does not afford us this kind of relief. It does not rest the mind, nor remove the thoughts from the anxieties of every-day experience. The modern novel rather reproduces these, and, if a reader has a sentimental remorse or a sentimental sorrow (which few escape), recalls it to him or her, till the old wound throbs uncomfortably. There is an admirable study by Mr. Henry James, of a modern girl's heart, at present being published in a magazine, which is positively cruel. One might as well go to witness vivisection as read this story with the hope of getting away from this weary world and escaping into a realm of delightful romance. Dumas and Scott, and very few later writers, have "the key of the happy golden land" where more heads than hearts are broken, where the hero's intentions are strictly honourable, and his strength is as the strength of ten, while his enemies go down like ninepins.

What is the cause of the decadence of romance? It is unnecessary to repeat truisms about our introspective, scientific, analytic age. Science, analysis, introspection—these are our malady. There is another cause of the decline of stories of adventure. We have become very provincial, and are interested beyond all reason in the petty details of our own modern existence. Novels must be written, like newspaper articles, up to the newest fashions of the hour, and they are all the better liked if they contain some reference to contemporary scandal, or some personal satire on people of contemporary notoriety. Now the nineteenth century is not precisely an epoch of adventure. The novelists of the beginning of the age saw this, and they took refuge in the historical novel. When gentlemen wore swords and travelled on horseback, when highwaymen were common, and when the police force did not exist—still more when robber barons could carry off captive maidens to their towers—there was room for the romance of adventure. "Anything might happen under the Plantagenets," says Miss Braddon; and under the Tudors, the Stuarts, or at any time up to the French Revolution, there was ample playing-ground for the writer of fiction. But now the historical novel is thoroughly out of fashion. Perhaps the authors are partly to blame. They wore out their machinery. They would insist on beginning with a booted traveller who arrives at a hostelry and does ample justice to a pasty and a flagon of claret or a pot of sack. The love affairs became too obvious, the adventures were supplied at much too slight an expense of imagination. Then the historical critics of this iron time came down on the novelist. A German musical critic (of all people) has been known to remark that "Scott knew nothing of the middle ages." This kind of remark shows the nature of the critical spirit. An historical novel is read as if it were, or ought to be, as gravely learned as a treatise by Professor Stubbs. Indeed the young American reviewer who has recently "found out" the gross carelessness of the mere European Stubbs would not be at all satisfied with that measure of accuracy. Now novelists seldom know more of the middle ages than Scott did, and, being aware of this, they avoid that enchanted period in which cloaks and swords, witches, robbers, knights, and ladies passed through delightful adventures. To be sure some of our historians, in revenge, have many of the charms of style and all the freedom of fancy once peculiar to the novelist. Thus our science, and our love of modern gossip, which we call "realism," and our languor, and our dandified historical accuracy, all make against romance of the old exuberant sort. Among modern English writers Mr. Sheridan Le Fanu was almost the last who held his readers with the romantic spell. He had the art of making the blood run cold, and could render a "mad doctor" as terrific as any recreant robber knight. He had also the true daring, the well-directed audacity, of the romance-writer. The apparition of the devil in *Morley Court* is very well arranged, and recalls Wandering Willie's inimitable story in *Redgauntlet*. Speaking of this author reminds one that his *Uncle Silas* might be dramatized into a most powerful melodrama. The characters are strikingly marked. Mr. Irving, in

silvery locks, would make an admirable polite old murderer, with occasional bursts of passion. We can think of no lady on the English stage who has such natural advantages as Mme. Jonassain for acting the *rôle* of the grotesque French governess, but the part is obviously a telling one. The minor characters—Dudley, the bumpkin villain, and his sister—would be almost new to the stage, and the incidents, culminating with the terrific murder and the escape, are only too strong. But melodrama on the stage seems to be slumbering, like romance in fiction; and when it wakes it confuses itself with the "realistic" drama, and invites the public to go and see the very same machine as that which ought to have blown up the Czar's yacht, but has not—as yet. We are too intellectual and too languid to be thus easily aroused. So novelists and managers appear to think, though it is quite possible that a really good romance or melodrama might be as popular as ever.

GOTHAM-BY-LONDON.

IT is probable that even in the original Gotham the population was not exclusively composed of the "wise men," and therefore the inhabitants of the village of Tottenham need not feel individually affronted by the title which has been set at the head of this article. It must already have struck many persons that the book of the Chronicles of Gotham has lost considerably in interest and piquancy by the fact of School Boards not having been invented when it was compiled. As an ordinary Board is to an intelligent man, so is a School Board for the most part to an ordinary Board. But the Tottenham School Board deserves the credit of having added another step to the climax of proportion. As an ordinary School Board is to an ordinary Board of another variety, so, it would appear, is the Tottenham School Board to the rest of its kind. Perhaps it would be fair to take it as a sort of ideal School Board, a more exact copy of the archetype than has elsewhere been reached. Tottenham is already a place of some fame, though to most men it suggests only Tottenham Court Road (which, in truth, is a sufficient distance from it) and artistic furniture made by machinery. There is also the Tournament of Tottenham for those who happen to be imbued with literature. But, on the whole, like Gibbon in the matter of the pedigree of the house of Fielding, we should be disposed to charge Tottenham to consider its School Board as the brightest illustration of its history. In the order of nature, School Boards change their constitution, being altered by fantastic legal regulations, and by the caprice of their constituents; but it is obviously impossible that the inhabitants of Tottenham can ever have a better School Board than that which they now possess, or at least than the representative majority of that which they possess. There are spots in the sun, and there is a dark star among the Pleiades, nor do the members of the Tottenham School Board all shine with the same lustre. But the majority is, after all, the principal and master thing in these days; and the majority of the Tottenham School Board is beyond the reach of calumny. There are other majorities just now, in other deliberative and administrative bodies, which are also great and wonderful; but they are scarcely so great or so wonderful as the majority of the Tottenham School Board. This majority we now sing, or rather speak in plain prose, for reasons which Mr. Carlyle has expressed with excellent distinctness.

Within the jurisdiction of the Tottenham School Board is situated the Alexandra Palace, and at the Alexandra Palace many children of more or less tender years are employed, some in theatrical performances, some in other ways. This wickedness has attracted the wrath of Gotham, and the Clerk of the School Board has visited the Manager of the Palace, and has been "peremptory with him and passing short." The result of this was a letter which was read at the meeting of the wise men on last Thursday week. It has appeared in print, but cannot be too often printed for the edification of mankind. Thus it ran:—

SIR,—The Manager of the Alexandra Palace has given my three children, Elizabeth Vincent (12), Charles Vincent (10), and Thomas Vincent (5), notice to leave at once, and will not keep them on without a note from you. Would you please to let them stay three weeks longer, that I may get some money to buy them boots, otherwise they must go without them? I asked the Master of the Board School at Wood Green would he let the boy come half-time, but he refused. This I consider very hard. My husband has only earned 3*l.* in the last ten weeks. The children having been in private schools have not passed the Standards, otherwise I am sure they would be free.—Yours respectfully, JANE VINCENT.

The only comment necessary for the historical comprehension of this is that there is a by-law allowing half-time in the case of children "beneficially employed," if they produce certain certificates, which the little Vincents, having been under the instruction of no person qualified to give them, could not obtain. This and other formal information having been laid before the Areopagus of Gotham—as the Gotham reporters would very likely describe it—solemn debate was held. It is sad to have to record that the first note struck was one of weakness. Mr. Rees—a Vice-Chairman too—remarked that the Board might show a little leniency—as if leniency and School Boards had anything to do with one another. So, too, thought the Rev. Dr. Morris, whom, without the least authority to do so, we should much like to identify with the scholar to whom all students of English owe so much. The Rev. Dr. Morris appears to be a person singularly out of place among his colleagues, for he is not only a merciful man, but one endowed with practical good sense. He suggested that the three weeks asked for by Mrs. Vincent should be allowed, and that the Board should then do what it thought proper. At this point in the debate the wisdom of Gotham burst through the clouds which had obscured it. Mr. Robins "thought that it would be a very bad precedent." But whether he thought it a bad precedent that the youth of Gotham should be booted instead of bootless during the winter we are not quite certain. The Clerk "had known cases where the children were sent to work in order that the parents might remain idle; but he did not for a moment suggest that this was such a case." But Mr. Robins and the Clerk were soon eclipsed by the Rev. Mr. McSorley. We do not happen to know of what denomination the Rev. Mr. McSorley is an ornament; we wish we did. He thought "it would be a most disastrous thing, just after the Board got into working order, for them to begin to make concessions." There is a faint reminiscence here of the speech of another clerical gentleman famous in history, that learned clerk upon whom Mr. Pickwick was chummed in the Fleet, and who regretted the prospect of altering arrangements "just as they had got everything nice and comfortable." But Mr. McSorley had more to offer than this suggestion that, as the fists of the Board were in such capital order, it ought to pitch into somebody. He had special reasons. He had heard that "one young child came on as Mr. Gladstone, another as Lord Beaconsfield, and a third as Napoleon Bonaparte." Whether this trio is to be identified with the three little Vincents or not, Mr. McSorley did not say. If it be so, it would be interesting to know the distribution of the parts between Elizabeth, aged twelve, Charles, aged ten, and Thomas, aged five. However, the reverend gentleman had apparently no fault to find directly with the cast. He thought "they ought to be learning to spell, instead of being allowed to represent such exalted individuals, the doing of which would puff them up with such notions of their own superiority that they would come to the conclusion that they could do without education altogether." Mr. McSorley evidently has a very high idea as to the actor's faculty of identifying himself with the characters he represents. But his argument, looked at from another side, certainly amounts to *scandalum magnatum*, for it distinctly insinuates that Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone, and Napoleon Bonaparte did without education altogether, which is not only injurious, but unhistorical. However, Mr. McSorley came down from these altitudes to a practical remark. He was "strongly opposed to the slightest leniency being shown in the matter." Boots or no boots, the three little Vincents should go to school, even though it was not in evidence that the two eldest at least were not sufficiently educated already. *C'était son bon plaisir.* Mr. Rees persevered in his ridiculous and maudlin appeals for leniency, but it was no good. The Tottenham School Board was true to itself, and Mrs. Vincent was informed that her children must go bootless, and that it was a high crime and misdemeanour for them to help their parents or themselves. Indeed the Rev. Mr. McSorley would probably say that six shillings a week, the average earnings of Vincent *père*, is ample for a family of five; there is a shilling a week per head, and an extra shilling for contingencies, including boots. To ask for more under these circumstances would doubtless be wasteful and "ridiculous excess," to use the words of an author who, from Mr. McSorley's point of view, has made thousands of persons represent exalted individuals to the great detriment of their moral tone.

Now we are by no means concerned to defend the principle of making children at an early age earn money, either by theatrical or any other performances. We had much rather that Elizabeth and Charles and Thomas (especially Thomas) were making mud pies, or diverting themselves in any other fashion delightful to childhood and revolting to persons like the Rev. Mr. McSorley. Further, it is to be observed that the augustness and importance of education are matters which do not enter into this question at all. No evidence was produced to show that the little Vincents were in such a state of ignorance as to be dangerous to the nation at large—we believe that is the argument—unless their brains were promptly filled at the expense of their stomachs and their toes. No evidence was produced to show that there was the slightest misconduct on the part of the Vincent parents. If any wicked literary person had produced Mrs. Vincent's letter, it would have been extolled as a triumph of art, and, as the Tottenham School Board's paid Devil's Advocate does not in the least impugn its facts, we suppose it may be taken as a triumph, not of art, but of nature. What the Tottenham School Board wish us to believe is that the law positively forbids them to exercise their discretion, which, if it did, it would perhaps in the circumstances as shown by this case be a wise law. Three weeks' absence from the invaluable instruction which, as Lord Norton tells us, eradicates the evil habit of speaking of white of egg and substitutes an elegant custom of saying "halbümen," is no doubt a grievous loss. But, considering the six shillings a week and the coming winter, it is just possible that men less wise and good than the Gothamites might have felt their bowels of compassion moved. But a School Board has no bowels, and in the case of this particular School Board the deficiency can hardly be said to be compensated by a superfluity of brains. For Mr. McSorley's great argument of precedent is, it is needless to say, mere nonsense. The very reason of a School Board's existence —if it has any reason—is that particular cases may be judged on their particular merits. To argue, however, with the Rev. Mr. McSorley would be as though one should present a pair of boot-

books to Master Charles Vincent. He would be a wholly delightful person, to be carefully cherished and preserved for a place in some new "Nest of Ninnies," if it were not for the awkward fact that the existence of the little Vincents is suggested by him. The virtue of the Rev. Mr. McSorley, his sternly logical mind, and his anxiety that a machine in such excellent working order as the Tottenham School Board should go to work vigorously, have deprived these young persons of boots, and have probably curtailed very considerably their rations of bread. It is rather hard that Elizabeth and Charles and Thomas should have to pay with chilblains and an aching void about their central regions for the addition of the Rev. Mr. McSorley to our cabinet of curiosities. He is a great addition, no doubt, and we can only suggest that he should be at once invited to join a company of New Testament revisionists. There are a great many texts which, on McSorleian principles, must be hopelessly wrongly rendered in the present Authorized Version, and his counsel and advice would be invaluable in the Jerusalem Chamber. To go from Christian to Pagan associations, we cannot help wondering what would have happened if Mr. McSorley's name had been Marcus Sorleius, and if he had lived at Falerii in the days of one Camillus. That Dictator would probably have furnished the little Vincents with large pairs of boots, well clumped and hobnailed, and would then—but the picture is altogether too shocking to complete.

AN EARLY ITALIAN GUIDE-BOOK.

IN the last years of the Commonwealth, or the first of the Restoration, one Richard Lassels "travelled through Italy five times," if we may take his word for it, "as tutor to several of the English nobility and gentry." His observations were copious and diligent, and were collected in the form of a book. For some reason they were not printed till 1670, after the author's death; and then at Paris, for reasons which are easily guessed when one has looked far enough into the book to discover that Mr. Lassels was a Romanist of the purest Ultramontane water. This, too, throws a light on his many journeys, which seem to argue what is likely enough in itself, that Roman Catholic noblemen and gentlemen in England then had but a limited choice of competent tutors of their own faith and country. The work is professedly a guide-book and nothing else, and must be a tolerably early specimen of its kind. Its full title is as follows:—"The Voyage of Italy, or a Compleat Journey through Italy. In Two Parts. With the Characters of the People, and the Description of the chief Towns, Churches, Monasteries, Tombs, Libraries, Pallaces, Villa's, Gardens, Pictures, Statues, and Antiquities As also of the Interest, Government, Riches, Force, &c., of all the Princes. With Instructions concerning Travel." The instructions are naturally something out of date; but the modern reader may extract a pretty good evening's amusement from the pages of this odd little duodecimo. Not that its amusing qualities are due to any particular merit on Lassels's part. Indeed it must be confessed that he is in the main a dull, frigid, and pedantic writer enough; and when he gets to the description of a city his passion for churches and relics amounts to a monomania. But he is laughable by his very gravity, and by a certain quaint incongruity of style. He affects curious and unaccustomed words; Campania is "autonomastically *felix*"; the Turks are "analphabet rogues"; a gentleman should acquire "a chironomy, or decent acting with his hands, which may humor his words gravely and freely, yet not affectedly or mimically." At the same time he is fond of proverbial and familiar turns of speech. He tells us that we may go to Italy "by land from *Lyons* through *Swisserland*, the *Grisons* Country, and the *Valtoline*, and so pop up at *Brescia*." We are still more surprised at coming on what we had innocently supposed to be a piece of quite modern slang. At Genoa Lassels makes mention of "the *Strada Nova* here, which for a spirt surpasseth all the streets I ever saw anywhere else for neatness and proportion; and"—he adds, as if to put his meaning beyond all possible mistake—"if it had but breath enough to hold out at the same rate a little longer, it would be the true *Queen-street* of *Europe*." Of the church of the Annunciation in the same city he says, in a graphic phrase which has now gone out of use, that it "draweth up the Ladder after it for neatness." Having thus met with "neatness" twice already, we may remark that "neat" is Lassels's favourite epithet. Marseilles has a most neat haven, and Zürich a neat arsenal; and by the time we come to Rome and St Peter's it is almost a surprise to find that something above neatness is possible, since "that noble structure" is described as not being "neat only, like a spruce gallery." "Neat," in fact, appears to have been in the latter part of the seventeenth century as general and serviceable an epithet in polite conversation, at least in the society frequented by Mr. Lassels, as "nice" is in the latter part of the nineteenth.

The general instructions, such as they are, are contained in "A preface to the reader, concerning travelling." There is an entire absence of the kind of information we nowadays expect of our guide-books as to prices, currency, modes of conveyance, and the like; but to make up for this there is plenty of moral disquisition about the uses of travelling. In the first pages of the book itself, however, some details of Italian manners are given, for the most part with the obvious intention of commending them as a model. Throughout the work, indeed, Italy is treated as the pattern and centre of the civilized world; and, after allowing for Lassels's Ultramontanism, his witness is still worth something as showing how powerful the tradition of the Renaissance still was. This saying is quoted, among other things, with the name of Charles V.:—"The French appear not wise, but are wise; the Spaniards appear wise, but are not wise; the Dutch neither appear wise, nor are wise; the Italians only both appear wise and are wise." If this is the true first form of the saying, and its origin is really Spanish, it is curious that the Dutch had already converted it to their own use with a changed intention; for, among the thousand and one proverbs, distichs, and so forth, collected in the works of Jacob Cats, a contemporary of Lassels, we find the contrast of nations in this form:—"The Spaniard looks wise, but he is not. The Frenchman looks a fool, but he is not. The Italian looks wise, and so he is. The Portuguese looks a fool, and so he is." There is a paragraph on the religion of the Italians which leaves no doubt as to Lassels's own persuasion. "As for their Religion," he says, "it's purely that which other countries call by the name Catholique, and which in England they commonly call the Religion of the Papists"; and he sets forth in a sentence long and clumsy even for him that well-instructed Catholics do not much mind being called Papists, as the name does not come (among other things) "from any Sectary meeting-place, as Hugonots from the Gate of Hugo in Tours in France, near unto which they met privately at first to teach and dogmatize." This derivation of Huguenot is not much worse than the more commonly known one from *Eidgenossen*. Quite lately the much simpler suggestion has been made, and is likely enough to be right, that it is nothing but a contemptuous form of Hugh; compare the Jacquerie, the English "Jack of all trades," "jackanapes," and the like, the Anglo-Indian "Tommy Atkins," and the use of Hodge as a typical name (though it is not really common) in a certain sort of English literature.

Before describing Italy itself in detail, our instructor gives a general view of the ways of going there. Once he went by Lyons and Marseilles, and by sea to Genoa. At Fontainebleau he was much taken with the "rare ponds of water" in which "are conserved excellent Carps, some whereof were said to be an hundred years old." He sees the fish fed, and moralizes over the struggle for existence. "Its an ordinary divertisement here, to throw an halfpenny loaf into the moat among the Carps, and to see how they will mumble and jumble it to and fro; how others will puff and snuff, and take it ill not to have part of it, and how, in fine, they will plainly fall to blows and fight for it. You would wonder how such hot passions should be found in cold water; but everything that lives will fight for that which makes it live, its Vittails." At Lyons one of the chief sights is "the rare Cabinet of Monsieur Servier, a most ingenious gentleman," containing a variety of those mechanical nicknacks which were so much to the taste of the time, such as "the Mouse-dyal, where a little thing, like a mouse, by her insensible motion, markes the hours of the day . . . . the Oval Dyal, in which the needle that markes the hours shrinketh in, or stretcheth out it self according as the oval goes." But still greater delight was found by Lassels in the artificial waterworks of Italian villas. He is never tired of the contrivances he calls "wetting sports," by which the weight of the unwary visitor, walking or sitting as the case might be, let loose a shower-bath upon him. Thus at Pratolino, near Florence, "you have the Grotte of Cupid with the wetting-stooles, upon which, sitting down, a great Spout of water comes full in your face. The Fountain of the Tritons overtakes you so too, and washeth you soundly." In the garden of Montalto at Rome "you see a round table of a blewish stone, upon which the arms of the house of Montalto are engraven, at which, while you gaze anxiously and near at hand, the gardiner, by pressing his foot upon a low iron pump under the table, presseth out water on all sides of that round table, and welcometh the strangers that come to see his garden"; and elsewhere in the garden there was other "store of wetting sports" not specifically described. The villa Aldobrandina at Frescati is extolled for "curious fountains, *cascatas*, and other delightsome waterworks"; and "the rare *cascata*" has a whole paragraph to itself. Evidently "cascade" did not yet exist as a naturalized English word; some other words, too, which we have imported from Italy, such as "cupola," seem to be regarded by Lassels as still foreign. "These waters also afford innumerable and inavoidable wetting places," and a great hydraulic organ ends its performance by "playing terribly" on the audience. It is curious to think of noblemen of classical education and polished taste filling their grounds with elaborate "booby-traps" for their guests—the childishness of the subject-matter must excuse a piece of school slang—and still more curious that it seems to have passed for an admirable combination of artistic and mechanical ingenuity with refined practical humour. But we have anticipated Mr. Lassels's course; we left him at Lyons. At Vienne he stops to repeat the legend of Pontius Pilate having killed himself there, with precisely the same matter-of-fact air and apparent freedom from doubt as his own observation of the lack of ornament in the Cathedral. This is but a mild specimen of Lassels's omnivorous faith; the utmost condescension he ever makes to scepticism is, when he relates anything peculiarly incredible, to vouch Baronius to warranty; the "omniscious Baronius," as he calls him, "who read almost all that other men had written, and wrote more almost than other men can read."

Another time Lassels, coming again by Lyons, made for Italy by way of Geneva and the Simplon. He speaks of the Lake of

Geneva as "absolutely the fairest I have seen"—for a wonder it is not "neat"—and he tells a curious anecdote of a stranger who in a hard winter rode several miles on the Lake, taking it for a large plain; and, on being informed of the truth, "reflecting upon the danger he had been in, fell down dead with the conceit of it." Cretinism was as rife then in the Valais as it has been in later times, if not more so; in Lassels's phrase, "they have many natural fools here"; he thinks it probable "that the climats that are most agitated with winds produce more fools than other Climats do"; an hypothesis which may have been founded on some crude physiological fancy of the wind getting into the brain. As to the Simplon when it served in its ancient estate of a bridle-path as "one of the great staircases of Italy," the journey appears to have been uncomfortable and the accommodation bad. Of Alpine scenery, it is almost needless to say, there is not a word in Lassels's account; it was not discovered for a good century after his time.

When we are fairly on Italian ground with Lassels, he becomes more prolix as he approaches Rome, and consequently less entertaining; once in the Eternal City, he drags us relentlessly through a bewildering catalogue of churches. He professes to be a scholar, but his scholarship was apparently neither exact nor brilliant. He quotes with only one remark the following epitaph on the English Cardinal Adam, who died at Rome in 1397:—

> Artibus iste pater famosus in omnibus Adam,
> Theologus summus Cardinalisque erat.

(*For*, *Fuit*, Lassels notes in the margin):—

> Anglia cui patriam, titulum dedit ista Beatæ
> Ædes Cæciliæ, morsque suprema Polum.

We need hardly point out to any of our readers that this versification goes near to excel in all seriousness any of the grotesque inventions of the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*. "Theologus summus Cardinalisque erat" may stand proudly beside "docti cucullatique viri." The inscription on the Columna Rostrata, which tells in honour of Duilius how "clases navales primus ornavet," and how he overcame the whole strength of Carthage "in altod marid," is petulantly dismissed—we crave pardon of philologists for repeating Lassels's bad language—as "scurvey old *Latin*." "I found," he continues, "it spoke of a Sea Victory wonn over the *Carthagenians*, and of *Duilius*; and I cared for no more, because *Livy*, in better *Latin*, tells me the rest." After all, one could hardly expect anything else from a generation of Englishmen who regarded Chaucer's language as unintelligible, if not "scurvey old" English, and thought Shakspeare already out of date. On visiting Cicero's reputed tomb Lassels delivers himself of an exceeding grievous conceit, which for its absolute badness deserves to be reproduced:—"There are no words upon his Tomb; of which if you ask me the reason, I can only tell you, that either words in prose could not speak, their *Tully* being dead; or verses would not, out of envy, praise him, who had made prose so famous." As a piece of deliberate and frigid bad taste this is indeed consummate, subtle, supreme, and whatever else of precious and exquisite laudation modern criticism has invented. Lassels's appreciation of works of art seems to have been much on a level with his scholarship. He bestows conventional praise on the works of the great Italian masters when they come in his way; but his heart was in "rarities" and waterworks, and still more in relics. He shows some curiosity about military inventions. In the Little Arsenal at Venice he describes a variety of strange firearms, and an armoury specially arranged for sudden alarms, with a contrivance for lighting sufficient matches for all the muskets at once. In the great arsenal a sort of chain-shot is spoken of, apparently as a new device; "a dangerous invention in sea battles to spoil cordage and tackling." Lassels's eyes found little time to occupy themselves with scenery, though Naples did make an exceptional impression on him. There he went up to the Carthusian monastery of St. Martin, and "had as fine a prospect as *Europe* can afford, not excepting that of *Greenwich*, thought by *Barclay* the best prospect in *Europe*." His knowledge of history and the manners of men in different lands must have been of a narrow sort, for when he visited a synagogue in Rome he was much shocked at the Jews keeping on their hats; "but," he adds, by way of accounting for this pretty well known point of Oriental observance, "they are Arch-clowns, and their fowl towels, at the entrance into their Synagogues, told me as much."

As for anecdote and incident, it would be difficult to find a book of travels more barren of them. The nearest approach to an adventure is the account of some trouble with Customs officers at Fundi, on a return journey from Naples to Rome, which is emphasized in the margin by the warning—"Take heed of the gabellers of Fundi." The Italian Governments of that day seem to have entertained grave objections—in consequence, no doubt, of the "mercantile theory" of the wealth of nations—to the current coin of the country being carried away by travellers beyond a small fixed amount. Lassels does not fail to draw a moral:—

> This is to learn my traveller to be inquisitive in all his journeys, of the Laws of the Country where he travelleth, especially such obvious ones as concern publick passages, bridges, ferries, bearing of arms, and the like; the knowledge of which customs will make him avoid many inconveniences, which I have known others fall into.

But the traveller is not the less left to pick up this knowledge as best he can. Nowadays we run into the other extreme, and for the most part are so puffed up with our guide-books as to disdain local inquiry altogether; whereby, if we do not fall into actual inconveniences, we lose many occasions of extending our knowledge of men and things. Of Montefiascone, "famous for excellent *Muscatello wine*," Lassels tells a story which we do not remember to have seen anywhere else, and which is a fair specimen of a mediæval Joe Miller; and as it is one of Lassels's liveliest passages, we will give him the benefit of concluding this notice with it. We have already seen enough of his spelling, punctuation, and italics, and therefore print this extract according to present usage:—

> This wine is famous for having killed a Dutchman here who drunk too much of it. The story is true and thus. A Dutchman of condition travelling through Italy sent his man before him always, with a charge to look out the inns where the best wine was, and there write upon the wall of the inn the word *est*, that is to say, Here it is. The servant coming hither a little before his master, and finding the wine excellently good, wrote upon the wall *est*, *est*, *est*, signifying thereby the superlative goodness of this wine. The master arrives, looks for his man's handwriting, and finding three *ests* is overjoyed. In he goes, and resolves to lie there; and he did so indeed; for here he lies still, buried first in wine, and then in his grave. For drinking too much of this good wine he died here, and was buried by his servant in a church here below the hill, with this epitaph upon his tomb, made by the same servant:—*Propter* est, est, est, *herus meus mortuus est.*

THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION.

THIS Institution, founded for the purpose of providing a professional home or centre where the two Services might meet on common ground, combining for the promotion of naval and military art, science, and literature, is about completing the fiftieth year of its existence. It will be interesting to inquire what progress it has made since its formation in 1831; whether it has fulfilled the objects of its foundation; and how its prospects look at the present time. To judge by the yearly average number of visitors, the home of the Institution in Whitehall Yard, despite its central situation, cannot be considered a popular resort. Indeed we believe its existence is unknown even to many Londoners. We might have expected that, with the prolonged successful extension of the Volunteer movement, and the consequent impulse given to the general cultivation of a patriotic tone of feeling, the Institution would have gained immensely in popular favour. More than this, we might have anticipated that the noise of the near thunder of war, bursting over neighbouring countries and rolling towards our own shores, would have led thousands of persons to take an intelligent interest in all that relates to our glorious naval and military traditions, and to the measures taken for their effective maintenance in the future. This has not been altogether the case. It seems to have been a mistake to suppose that the logic of the bitter lessons read to Austria and to France, and in a minor degree to Russia during the late war and to Turkey also, would be comprehended by the English people at large. It is scarcely too much to say that, looking at the number of professional subscribers to the Institution, the extent of sale of the journals published by its Council, and the average number of visitors, we can measure pretty accurately the interest taken generally in the great question of our day—namely, the condition of efficiency of our naval and military forces. We do not hesitate to call this *the* question of the time, because, though not so regarded by a considerable class in this country, it is abundantly recognized as such in other countries having less to lose than we have. Let us look a little ahead. Ten years have all but passed since the conclusion of peace between Germany and France. Before another decade has elapsed, should no great war supervene to disturb their calculations, the French will be found wielding —if we take into consideration their great and growing wealth—a more stupendous engine of war than it could have entered into the imagination even of a Napoleon to conceive. If peace is preserved, Russia will by that time be scarcely less formidable, at any rate by land; and Germany, if inferior to France both in the resources of her soil and as a naval Power, will, in the multitude and efficiency of her battalions, be quite on a par with either her Eastern or Western rival. We might go on to speak of Austria, or of Italy, but we have said enough. With each and all of these Powers the question of the day is, how many men can they turn into soldiers and sailors, and how can they best convert them into formidable instruments of war? With an influential section of our own community the question is very different. It is, how can we divest ourselves of our responsibilities? how can we save money? how can we substitute a cheap philanthropy for expensive patriotism? One of our ablest public men lately declared his conviction —and, we fear, with too much truth—that it would require nothing less than a national calamity to make us thoroughly realize the altered circumstances of nations, and the changed methods of war.

But, to come to the subject immediately before us, let us ask how is it that, after fifty years' important services rendered to the nation by the Institution of which we are speaking, that Institution is left almost entirely to support itself as best it can? The Government grant—only obtained in 1864—amounts to but 600*l.* per annum. Out of that some 205*l.* has to be paid for ground-rent, and 165*l.* for rates and taxes. Fuel, lighting, insurance, and repairs often swallow up more than the remainder of the grant; while the total annual expenses of the Institution, when other items of outlay are added, amount on an average to 4,500*l.* or more. Even the building itself the members only hold on sufferance. Though it seems to be an understood thing that they

shall not be turned out, they are liable to be ejected at a quarter's notice if the Government think they can find a better use for it. Notwithstanding the most urgent appeals, year after year, from the most distinguished officers of the two services for better accommodation—that now afforded being miserably inadequate—the Council are compelled each year to express regret, in terms now stereotyped, that they are still unable to give the members any hope of obtaining a more suitable abode. Let us see what amount of moral support is afforded to the Institution through the number of visitors attending, whose admission is gratuitous. Taking the number of days during the year when the building is open to the public at three hundred, we find that, one year with another, for 45 years the visitors have averaged 70 per diem. In 1851, when London was thronged with foreigners, the average daily attendance was over 170. In 1865 it averaged 60 per diem; and there was actually a falling off in the succeeding year, when the world was stirred by the revelations of the Austro-Prussian war. In 1870 the public was moved for a little while to take an interest in things naval and military, and came to visit the Institution in somewhat greater force. The interest, however, quickly subsided; and in 1876 there were fewer visitors to Whitehall Yard than in any year since 1857, when the average daily attendance was only 42. As regards any pecuniary support given by outsiders, we find that, from the foundation of the Institution to this day, only very small donations of actual money have ever been contributed, with the exception of a legacy of 100*l.* in 1875. Yet various members of successive Governments have not been slow in acknowledging the great merits of the Institution. "It does not require," said Lord Pembroke, speaking for the War Secretary, in 1875, "a very deep insight into its workings, or very great experience, to see the very great advantages which it possesses, and the enormous capabilities it has both for acquiring and diffusing information." And as far back as 1860 Lord de Grey and Ripon, then a member of the Government, said, addressing the members, "I assure you I entertain the very highest appreciation of the value of the services rendered by this Institution, especially of late years to the united services of the army and navy." Sir John Pakington, First Lord of the Admiralty in 1867, was a degree more practical in his appreciation of the services rendered by it. "If," he said, "the objects of this Institution cannot be satisfactorily carried out without an increase of assistance from the public funds, I am quite willing to express my opinion that that assistance ought to be given." In his address at the Institution in 1870 Mr. Secretary Cardwell was indefinitely alarming and vaguely reassuring. "I sincerely hope that if, in consequence of any improvements that may take place in your neighbourhood, you are disturbed, the result may be that I may have the pleasure of seeing you in a more commodious place." Nevertheless, while successive Ministries have for many years past found themselves unable to refuse their acknowledgments of the good done by the Institution, no steps whatever have been taken to come to its assistance. Money is forthcoming in plenty to tinker up some old, scarcely seaworthy craft of obsolete armament and construction; we can spend millions upon barracks all over the country, and then inquire what use is to be found for them; we can vote 10,000*l.* for providing the Lieutenant-General commanding our show-camp at Aldershot with an imposing house; but this wealthy Empire cannot seemingly afford to roof respectably the members (now numbering not far from five thousand, and among them two or three hundred generals and admirals) of an Institution which stands *facile princeps* among its kind. The Council, we believe, really ask for very little. They would probably be quite willing to accept on behalf of the members a definitive grant of the present site, with some additional ground towards the river, when the building might be rebuilt by degrees and considerably enlarged; and, on the whole, this might be preferable to removal to a grander house which would necessitate temporary stoppage of the work of the Institution and the breaking up of the Museum.

The house in Whitehall Yard contains a library, a museum, and a lecture-hall. The library has some nineteen thousand volumes or more, comprising, as the Duke of Cambridge testifies, the best works on the professional questions affecting the two services. "There is here," he says, "a place of reference for those officers who are fond of their profession and who look scientifically at it, which they could not find anywhere else." Every year the most noteworthy publications in different languages are added to the collection; and an exchange of journals is made with foreign Governments and with various scientific Societies in this and other countries. The accumulation of books—many of them rare and valuable—has become so great as to overflow the available space, and tax to the utmost the efforts of the excellent secretary and librarian. In the Topographical department will be found a wide collection of maps, plans, charts, sketches, lithographs, sailing directions, &c. The museum is as overcrowded as the library, and many things are refused admission for want of space. Here is to be seen every kind of weapon, offensive or defensive, with which every kind of people, savage or civilized, in mediæval or modern times, has provided itself for war purposes. There is everything here from the poisoned arrow of the cannibal of the Pacific to the latest novelty in breechloading rifles; from a coat of mail made of the fibre of the aloe to bullet-proof infantry shields, with models of armoured turrets or broadsides of iron-clads. Those for whom Waterloo is not a forgotten story may see the famed field spread out before them—every hamlet and house and hillock, and the armies in the thick of the fight, all represented in relief and with the utmost accuracy. The siege of Sebastopol is exhibited on the same principle; and the model rooms contain also several valuable miniature representations of celebrated fortresses. Beyond this the museum has a comprehensive collection of shipping of every form of construction, from a trireme and a catamaran to wooden three-deckers and ironclads. The battle of Trafalgar is exhibited on much the same principle as the battle-fields on land. Surely all these things—not to speak of their value to the historian—offer strong attractions to those who take an interest in their country's pride of place and deeds of honour and duty; in Paris or Berlin or Vienna such an exhibition would be thronged with visitors. In the lecture hall some eighteen or twenty lectures are given annually by naval and military officers, and by eminent civil engineers, on the questions of the day—politics and theology being excluded from the debate—and a discussion usually follows. The lectures and subsequent observations are printed and published at a very moderate cost in the Journals of the Institution. The value of the varied and interesting contents of these Journals may be inferred from the fact of their being translated into other languages by foreign Governments, who thus obtain the opinions of our best men upon problems connected with naval construction and armament, systems of gunnery, merits of novel weapons, torpedoes, &c., tactical changes, and scientific questions bearing on the production and utilization of the metals for war purposes, and on colonial, Indian, and Asiatic questions generally. Those who wish for evidence of the absorbing interest shown abroad in all naval and military problems should consult in the Journals the "Occasional Papers" edited with conspicuous ability and diligence by Colonel Lonsdale Hale, R.E. These most valuable Journals command at home but a limited, though we are happy to add a slightly increasing, sale. A gold medal is given each year to the writer of the best essay on a special subject chosen by the Council of the Institution, which subject is alternately a naval and a military one. All members, whether belonging to the army, navy, militia, yeomanry, marines, Naval Reserve, or Volunteers, and all persons eligible to become members, are allowed to compete for the prize. The successful essays, and sometimes those which obtain "honourable mention," and which are frequently of no common merit, are published in the Journals of the Institution. A payment of 10*l.* gives a subscriber the rights of membership for life, including the free postage and gratuitous issue to him of each copy of the Journal, which is published two or three times a year. Annual subscribers pay 10*s.*, or, to secure the gratuitous issue to them of the Journals, 1*l.*; and, when serving abroad, subscribers of 10*s.* per annum may have the Journals gratuitously. As the Duke of Cambridge has said, "The subscription cannot affect the pocket of any man, and need be no obstacle in the way of any officer joining the Institution."

Enough has been said to show that the United Service Institution is strongly deserving of public support; but it can hardly be expected that the public at large will appreciate its value if the Government, while lavish enough of encomiums, nevertheless withholds the very moderate means necessary to enable the Institution to assume its right place. In one respect there has been a considerable change for the better during the last thirty years. In 1851 the distinguished General Sir Lintorn Simmons, then holding of course a more subordinate position, was, to use his own expression, "severely wigged" by the authorities for presuming to express within the walls of the Institution advanced opinions upon the purely scientific question of a system of fortification. "The authorities did not wish the question discussed, because it interfered with their own prejudices"; and, added Sir Lintorn, "I was reminded that there was a station in the West Indies which I might have to visit for the sake of my health." That state of things, it is satisfactory to know, has passed away. Other antiquated notions will no doubt follow. It will by and by come to be believed that in a free country no danger is likely to arise from giving a frank and generous recognition to the claims which the services have upon the nation. Our tardiness in perfecting the military machine is in some measure due to the unacknowledged but old-standing instinctive jealousy of giving the military element too much importance in the country; and it finds another potent excuse in the argument that, as the commercial interests of peoples extend, the general unwillingness to imperil these by war will outweigh motives of greed and ambition, and that consequently the necessity of maintaining great and costly armaments will gradually diminish. The state of the world surveyed "from China to Peru" offers a curious commentary upon, at any rate, the present value of this comfortable doctrine.

AMATEUR DEALERS AND CHAPMEN.

THERE are few instincts more innate in man than that of endeavouring to get the best of a bargain with his fellow-creatures. However anxious we may be for the greatest good of the greatest number, and whatever may be our solicitude for the regeneration of the human race, the fact remains that we like to sell our friend a horse. It is rather the exception than the rule when a taste for dealing is not developed in early youth. We are scarcely out of our cradles before we begin to drive a brisk trade in the ware known in domestic circles as "being good," for which we receive payment in toys, sweetmeats, and juvenile entertainments; and when we go to school we do sharp strokes of business

by persuading hungry boys, in the heat of the moment, to exchange pocket knives for jam pies, or by dealing surreptitiously in contraband goods, such as fireworks, at a considerable increase on their strict commercial value.

It is proverbial that, when a lawyer makes his own will, he generally produces the most unlawyerlike of documents; in the same manner, when a gentleman assumes the *rôle* of a dealer, he often makes the most ungentlemanlike of bargains. As a rule, it may pretty safely be laid down that to buy from a tradesman is by far the best, the fairest, and the cheapest mode of proceeding; that to buy from an independent commoner is bad; to buy from a peer much worse, and to buy from a parson by far the worst of all. Further, it is a curious anomaly that it is usually safer to deal with a stranger, or even an enemy, than with a friend. How often one might say to the latter, in the touching words of the ghost in the poem, "Behold me; you told me you'd be true—and you sold me!" It is frequently found that among men who pride themselves on their honour, and even on their religious principles, it is thought justifiable, in what they term "matters of business," to carry astuteness to a point from which professional men of ordinary honesty would shrink. When a disputed matter is "placed in the hands of a lawyer," it is, in the majority of cases, the client and not the solicitor who is anxious to take advantage of every available legal quibble. Many lawyers will bear us out in saying that one of their most unpleasant professional duties is that of trying to persuade their clients to apply the ordinary rules of justice, integrity, and honour to business matters, instead of catching at every technical subterfuge which may present itself. But opportunities of getting the better of our friends in lawsuits are comparatively rare, and for this reason amateurs have recourse to the everyday pleasure of selling a thing for more than it is worth. The most respectable of country gentlemen, for instance, like to do a little business in shorthorns. You go to a quiet, stay-at-home, wealthy chairman of quarter sessions in search of one of these beasts, and you feel that your own father could scarcely look more trustworthy. There is something about the breadth of the brim of his hat and the pattern and cut of his neckcloth which inspires you with confidence, while the rustiness of the coat of one so rich shows that he is not likely to keep stock of fanciful value. Your stroll with him through his rich pastures is very agreeable, and he gives you friendly advice with regard to your future herd, which, as a young breeder, you feel will be of infinite value. You are in very great luck, for he is happily able to allow you to have a little calf of his best blood, which had been bespoken a year before its birth by a duke, whom death has unfortunately prevented from having the happiness of becoming its possessor. That a hundred guineas is the trifling acknowledgment you are to pay for a little beast that would only be worth a sovereign to a butcher is too small a matter to be worthy of consideration, and bargaining would be out of the question with the great man from whom you are purchasing. The dog-dealing clergyman is another type of the amateur jobber. He often breeds some rather uncommon kind of dog, possibly a species of wolf-hound, the progenitors of which he purchased during his travels in the East, perhaps at an Armenian convent. He invites inspection of these interesting animals, and the intending purchaser makes a pilgrimage to the hermitage of the clerical breeder. This he finds to be an unusually snug country rectory, looking the perfection of all that can possibly be expected in a well-ordered parsonage. Pictures of the Holy Land hang on the walls of the drawing-room, and an oak *prie-dieu*, in a little recess lighted by a stained-glass window, betokens the devotional habits of the family. The divine himself presently appears, dressed in strictly clerical, but sensible garments, well suited for hard work in a country parish. He will be delighted to show his pets to his guest, but first he would like to take him into the church. In the dim religious light of that lately restored building it seems profane to think of dog-dealing, but the clergyman observes with a pleasant smile that the handsome rood screen, which is not yet completed, has been paid for chiefly by money obtained by selling his dogs. A few minutes later, when the ecclesiastic stands on his lawn, in his rough serge cassock, staff in hand, while three large wolf-hounds bay around him, he looks quite like an Eastern monk or a Greek patriarch. No money (so he says) would purchase either of the magnificent beasts which are playing round their reverend master, but the visitor's name is entered in a book in which it is arranged that the first time one of the big hounds has puppies he is to buy one of the little things as soon as it is weaned for ten guineas, and, after giving a pound towards the host's collection for a new lectern, he departs.

It is in horse-dealing, however, that the amateur most excels. Indeed in this matter he often surpasses professionals. There are some gentlemen who, by a curious and unbroken succession of coincidences, always happen to have "exactly the horse to suit you." He is *such* a nice horse; his breeding is perfection, he has carried a lady, a child might ride him, and, like the model servant, he is not to be parted with on account of any fault. Not unfrequently his owner had never thought of selling him, but will let his friend have him out of pure good-nature. Those who have become the happy purchasers of this typical beast can best attest to its merits or demerits. There are "Lairds of high degree" who buy many horses with the sole object of selling them at a profit. They cultivate the acquaintance of hunting men, and when they know that any of them want to buy horses, they invite them to their houses. Their own studs are, they say, too large, or they have young horses coming on, and want to sell off the old ones to make room for them. Sometimes they openly avow that they will sell any horses they have. The intending purchaser is probably overcome with the hospitality of his host, who is the most gentlemanlike of men, and it is likely enough that the social position of the seller is considerably higher than that of the buyer, for amateur horse-dealers are not invariably commoners. It is something, thinks the purchaser, to stay at a fine house in one of the best hunting counties in England, and to live for even a couple of days with lords, ladies, and baronets. An instructive walk is taken through the stables before dinner. This horse, points out the master, would not suit the guest, as he is not quick enough; that horse is very good, but he dwells the least in the world at his fences; another horse pulls. "That brown horse," candidly observes the amateur dealer, "is lame." What an honest man is mine host, thinks the guest. At last a certain loose-box is reached. "Now there is a horse," begins the owner; and then follows a long and confidential conversation, in which the merits of the animal in question are detailed, and it is arranged that the guest is to ride him out hunting on the following day. A particularly nice man happens to be staying with the proprietor of the establishment, who appears to know a good deal about the horses. He tells an amusing story of a famous run in which the host had kindly mounted him on the horse in question, when, thanks to the extraordinary jumping powers of that animal, he had succeeded, without the slightest difficulty, in pounding the whole field and getting the run entirely to himself. The next morning the possible buyer is put upon a charming hack to be conveyed to cover, and his host urges him not to change horses until the hounds find. At the first whimper of a hound the hunter which he is intended to purchase is brought up, and he mounts it for the first time. His host suggests that, if he wishes for a good start, he cannot do better than follow the particularly nice man, who knows the country well. When the hounds go away, he follows this clever pilot, who leads him over some big fences into the most prominent position of the field. He feels that he is on a remarkably fine fencer, and when the gallop is over he is delighted to find that he and his pilot have had the run pretty much to themselves. Being greatly pleased with his mount, he would like to ride him for the rest of the day; but his kind host is most anxious that he should try two other horses which he has brought out for him, and he insists on the necessity of a change of horse in order to avoid fatigue. Neither of his other mounts at all comes up to the first; and, as he canters home on a delightfully fresh hack, he eagerly agrees to buy hunter number one, at the kind of price which one expects to have to pay for an exceptionally good horse. He never in his after experiences has cause to alter his opinion as to the animal's being an extraordinarily fine fencer; but it may have been observed that his judicious host took care that he should not ride the horse along the road; and when, in the character of happy owner of the quadruped, he proceeds to ride him to cover, he discovers that the beast is the very worst hack he ever sat upon. Then the particularly nice man had invariably led him over large flying fences, which the horse had negotiated with ridiculous ease; but when his new owner rides him slowly over blind ditches or cramped places the brute stumbles and flounders about in a manner which is absolutely appalling. After a fair day's hunting the horse is so exhausted that he is unfit to come out again for three weeks. He cannot always have such an easy day as that on which his new master first rode him, when he was sent home at twelve o'clock after a twenty minutes' burst. It may be objected that the brute we have described had unusual peculiarities, but we reply that, whatever may be the peculiarities and infirmities with which his horses are afflicted, the clever amateur dealer will contrive by some means or other to conceal them.

Another common type of amateur dealer is the younger son who becomes an agent to a large estate. He is always ready to sell his hunters, his ponies, his dogs, or his cattle. He has Berkshire pigs with perfect points, Highland cattle of the most picturesque colours, and hunters that are warranted never to make mistakes. If perfection is to be found anywhere in this wicked world, it is in the yards of the gentleman agent. He is always convinced that he happens to have just at present that much-to-be-desired object—exactly the thing you want. Altogether, it is some comfort to reflect that in these days of *parvenus*, party-giving shopkeepers, and millionaires of mushroom growth, there are still left many well-bred gentlemen who are always ready to make a few pounds out of us, the moment that an opportunity presents itself.

CHEPSTOW CASTLE.

WALES is now as quiet as a country churchyard; but if severity of past oppression could help to explain the survival of a spirit for Home Rule among the Welsh, as with their brother Celts, it might suffice, in evidence of bygone military tyranny, to point to the traces of the Lords Marchers, some of whom were the same men who carried fire and sword among the Irish. Though the Conqueror penetrated Wales, he left its people unsubdued, the "natural bravery" of the country, with its rivers, rocks, and mountains, being a foe that required something more than a sudden inroad to overmaster. Our Afghan experience has familiarized us with the difficulties of warfare in a country defended by cliffs and passes as rugged as the people whom they shield; and the military system of William I. was one which he might well have adopted to extend an Indian frontier, had

his career of conquest carried him to the East. He empowered his great barons to castellate each strong natural position on the Welsh borderland, both for defence of the English territory and to form bases for aggressive operations against the Welsh people. Paying no respect to Offa's Dyke, which, like the walls of Romulus, it had once been death to overpass, the Lords Marchers, as these independent chiefs were called, pushed forward their unscientific frontier into the heart of Wales. In advance of the main line of important strongholds which they erected, of which Gloucester, Shrewsbury, and Chester were representatives, stood the castles of Strigul or Chepstow, Monmouth, Hereford, Chirk, Hawarden, Flint, and others—all erected, says Mr. G. T. Clark, within half a century of the Conquest; while numerous other fortresses on the Welsh coast for 130 miles between Chepstow and Haverford, on the northern side of the Bristol Channel, secured the admission of supplies and protected the passage of ships from the western ports of England to Ireland.

Chepstow Castle in its earlier features is identical with the *Castellum de Estrihoel* of Domesday; the latter name, according to a Saxon poet of the twelfth century, quoted by Leland, being a corruption of *Strata Julia*, which Roman route crossed the Wye near Chepstow. The original stronghold was founded by William FitzOsbern, the famous seneschal of the Conqueror, to whose recommendation of vengeance against Harold's perfidy, backed by the promise of sixty ships filled with fighting men, we owe, according to Wace, the battle of Senlac with its consequences. The castle stands on the irregularly sloping edge of a lofty limestone cliff that rises perpendicularly from the Wye, by which river it is defended on the north, the other sides being secured by a deep dry moat. We hear nothing more of FitzOsbern's connexion with the castle, except that after he was slain (in 1070) on a military expedition to Flanders, his son Roger became possessed of this part of his estate, though he lost it eight years after in rebellion against the King. The powerful De Clares then received from the Crown the lordship of Strigul. These took their name from Clare, in Suffolk, which was one of the hundred and sixty manors granted to Richard of Brionne by his cousin german the Conqueror, as his portion of the English spoil. Walter, the third son of Richard, by way of increasing his patrimony, received royal license to the overrule of what lands he could conquer from the Welsh, and the whole of Nether-Gwent, or Monmouthshire, became the reward of his enterprise. How far the holy and beautiful house of Tintern, which he founded in 1131, was intended as an atonement for the crimes incident to aggressive warfare is unknown; but we may be sure, from the manners of his ungentle times, that he needed more mercy from heaven than he showed on earth. In 1139 the funeral torches were flaring in the hands of the white-vested Cistercians over his remains, which were interred in the monastery he had lately built. As he left no offspring, Walter de Clare's estates passed to his nephew, Gilbert FitzGilbert, surnamed Strongbow, who in 1138 was created Earl of Pembroke by King Stephen, on whose side he fought. Having reduced West Wales, he died in 1148, and was also buried at Tintern.

Richard Strongbow, his son, gained military renown in Ireland rather than in Wales, and added a fresh chapter to the annals of human ferocity by the unrelenting fury with which, during five years, he warred against the people. His death, in 1176, was attributed by the Irish to divine vengeance, their opinion being confirmed by the remorse of his last moments, when he confessed that he had been smitten by the saints of Ireland. Isabel, his heiress, married William Marshall, whose name, though not found in the index to Mr. Green's *Short History*, may be discovered to have been of some eminence in his time by no more recondite a reference than to Shakspeare's *King John*, where he wins the blessing of the reader for his humane interference to save Prince Arthur from being barbarously blinded. Marshall was, indeed, so important a personage that the protectorship of the kingdom had been mainly vested in him during the absence of Richard I. on the Crusades. But humanity was hardly a virtue of his character, his cruelties in Ireland having been quite in keeping with what might be expected from a successor to Strongbow. In addition to these excesses he seized among the spoils of war two fair manors of the Bishop of Ferns, for which sacrilegious act he was excommunicated by the injured prelate. The Earl died (A.D. 1219) unabsolved, and went to his place. Unwilling to leave the brave knight in torment, or perhaps thinking it more profitable to get back the fat manors in exchange for his soul, the Bishop went to the English Court, and persuaded the King, Henry III., to accompany him to the Temple Church, where the Earl was buried, and where his mailed image may yet be seen. Standing before the tomb he exclaimed, "O William, who liest here, an alien from salvation, if those lands which thou didst perniciously take from my Church be plenarily restored, either by the King who here listens or by any of thy friends, I then absolve thee; otherwise, I ratify thy sentence of eternal condemnation." Henry thereupon privately advised the Earl's eldest son to give back the manors for the sake of his father's soul; but the son replied, "I do not believe that my father got them unjustly, therefore the curse of the old doting bishop will fall upon himself—for my part I will not lessen my rightful inheritance." The prelate, with increased indignation, went again to the King, and said, "Sir, what I have spoken cannot be reversed, the sentence must stand; the punishment of evildoers is from God, and therefore the curse which the Psalmist hath written shall descend upon the Earl. His name shall be blotted out in one generation." As it happened, Earl Marshall's five sons died childless, his five daughters consequently becoming his heiresses. By marrying Maud, the eldest of these ladies, Hugh Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, became lord of Strigul. The last of the Norfolk family who held this demesne was Roger, the nephew of Roger the son and heir of Maud. He rebuilt (in 1269) the monastery of Tintern, with what grace and majesty may be seen by the present ruins. Having no offspring, his lordships went to the Crown, to which they belonged when Edward I., a week before Christmas in 1284, visited Strigul Castle. All the estates of the Bigods, including the tower and town of Strigul, were given by Edward II. (in 1312) to his brother Thomas Brotherton, who about ten years later granted them to Hugh de Spencer, Lord of Glamorgan. In October 1326 the castle was victualled against the Queen and Mortimer; and, while held by De Spencer, its walls afforded a few days' refuge to Edward II., who was now being hunted to destruction by treason and domestic malice. By his Itinerary (like that of Edward I. published by Mr. Hartshorne in the *Collectanea Archæologica*) it may be discovered that he was at Strigul from the 15th to the 21st of October of the year before his tragic death in 1327. While there, he fatuously appointed Hugh de Spencer, a man as weak as himself, to be commander-in-chief of the muster of horse and foot against his foes. On De Spencer's execution the fortress reverted to Brotherton, with whose descendants it continued until the time of John Mowbray, who succeeded to the estates in 1432. Mowbray sold the castle to Sir William Herbert of Raglan, created Earl of Pembroke in 1468, and "the first man," says Fenton in his *History of Pembrokeshire*, "by name, birth, and descent a Briton, who since the Norman Conquest was advanced to a title of honour." The earldom was given partly in reward for his putting to flight Jasper Tudor and his companion rebels. Shortly afterwards (1469) he was despatched at the head of 18,000 Welshmen, assisted by Stafford Earl of Devon with 6,000 archers, to quell the outbreak in the North made on behalf of the Lancastrians by Sir John Conyers and Robin of Riddisdale. The adverse armies met at a plain near Edgecot in Oxfordshire. Both leaders of the King's party were lodged at Banbury the night before the battle, and "there," says Hall, "the Earl of Pembroke putte the Lorde Stafford out of an inne, wherein he delighted muche to be for the love of a damosell that dwelled in the house." This damosell was the occasion of many unblessed words and "crakes" between the Earls, and finally of the desertion of Stafford with his archers. Thus abandoned, although Earl Pembroke and his stalwart brother, Sir Richard Herbert, did great feats of valour, the day was lost to the Welshmen, and with it 5,000 men. Chiefly at the instigation of "John Clapham, Esq., servant to the Earl of Warwick," Pembroke, with his brother, was condemned to die, a fact commemorated in Wordsworth's description of Bolton Abbey in the "White Doe of Rylstone":—

> Look down and see a grisly sight:
> A vault where the bodies are buried upright,
> There face by face and hand by hand
> The Claphams and Mauleverers stand;
> And in his place among son and sire
> Is John de Clapham that fierce esquire,
> A valiant man and a name of dread,
> In the ruthless wars of the White and Red!
> Who dragged Earl Pembroke from Banbury Church,
> And smote off his head on the stones of the porch.

The estates and honours passed to Pembroke's son William, afterwards Earl of Huntingdon, and were conveyed by his daughter and heiress to her husband, Sir Charles Somerset, of whom the Duke of Beaufort, the present owner, is the descendant.

Two years after the tragedy of Banbury, Jasper Tudor, in company with the young Earl of Richmond, the future King, marched from Chepstow (a name which first occurs, says Mr. Wakeman, in 1307) with the intent to relieve Queen Margaret; but on his way news met him of the disastrous fight of Tewkesbury, which induced him to retire to the stronghold he had just quitted. "While he here tarried, one Roger Vaughan, a very valiant man, sent thither by King Edward for that purpose, went about by a trayen to take him, whereof the Earl being advertised took the said Roger within the town and cut off his head; and so he suffered death at the Earl's appointment, which himself essayed by guile to have brought the Earl unto." Evidence of a more tranquil state of things is afforded by the visit of Henry VII.'s Queen to the Castle, who appears to have been making a tour in Monmouthshire in the harvest-time of 1492. A payment of 10s. for a goshawk, and another 10s. "to the mariners that conveyed the Queen's Grace over Severn beside Chepstow," on her way to Berkeley, make up the recorded incidents of her stay. The history of the fortress during the next hundred and fifty years is of no eventful character, but in 1645 it was garrisoned for Charles I. In October of that year Colonel Morgan appeared before Chepstow with 700 horse and foot; the castle afforded little hindrance to the taking of the walled town, and the example of the townsmen was followed after a siege of four days by the capitulation of the citadel. There was, however, living in Glamorganshire a stalwart baronet, Sir Nicholas Kemys, who was accounted the Samson of his day. As an instance of his strength, it is related that he was one day met in his park by a noted Cornish wrestler, who, desiring to win fresh laurels, asked the baronet to try a fall with him. The request was answered by the Cornishman finding himself first thrown on his back and then over the park wall, his conqueror politely sending his ass in like manner after him. A place is still shown in the park wall at Cefn Mably as the scene

of the exploit. A more significant feat was the capture of Chepstow Castle, which in May 1648 was betrayed during the absence of the Governor into the hands of Sir Nicholas, who got possession of a fort by night. Cromwell, chagrined at the event, and being in the neighbourhood of Chepstow, marched upon the fortress, but found the defence too obstinate to be speedily overcome. He therefore left Colonel Ewer to pursue the enterprise, who beleaguered the walls until the garrison was reduced by famine. On surrender Sir Nicholas Kemys was slain in cold blood, together with 48 men, 120 prisoners being taken. These were temporarily confined in the adjacent Norman Priory church. Before the days of the Commonwealth were ended, the castle received (in 1656) as a captive the illustrious author of *Holy Living and Dying*. Though no insurgent, Jeremy Taylor was too distinguished a Royalist to escape the notice of the Government, but he was not ill-treated, and his imprisonment endured only a few months.

The noble architectural remains, though the towers and halls are roofless and floorless, are sufficiently entire to recall to view the walls that confined the Chrysostom of English divinity. Of the former strength of the fortress there is yet visible evidence. The outer walls retain enough completeness to prevent entrance except by the massive eastern gateway. This is of the period of Edward I., and, entering between its bold round towers, we find a grass-covered court, sixty yards long by twenty broad, which is succeeded by three other courts of narrower proportions, the whole fortress having been constructed in adaptation to the natural ridge on which it stands. Though there is some Roman masonry in the structure of the great west gate, we need give no more credence to Stowe's assertion that the castle was first built by Julius Cæsar than to Leland's report that a tower called Longine was "erected by one Longinus, a Jew, father of the soldier whose spear pierced the side of Christ." To the right of the eastern or principal gatehouse are the offices, including the kitchen and lesser hall (temp. Edward II.), some of which apartments are inhabited by the custodian of the ruins. To the left is an ivy-draped building, outwardly perfect, called Marten's Tower. This is an Early English work, and contains in its upper story the lord's oratory—a beautiful thirteenth-century chamber, with a fine window, enriched with rose ornament. That so pronounced a sceptic as Henry Marten the regicide should have had this fair chapel among the rooms he occupied when his capital sentence was commuted to a mild kind of imprisonment for life, is certainly not an instance of the fitness of things. His twenty years' confinement in the castle became, as political hostility relented, so relaxed that he was allowed to have his family in constant residence with him, and even to visit people in the neighbourhood. Beyond the second court, which has been planted as a garden, stands FitzOsbern's Norman keep, or what remains of it, a good deal of Early English work, including some fine details in the clustered columns of the windows of the great banqueting hall, having replaced the earlier structure. Here was the scene of the fierce revellings of the De Clares and Bigods when their deeds of warfare were projected or rehearsed. The story of one of their raids is told in Scott's rattling ballad "The Norman Horseshoe," which has given so much satisfaction to Mr. George Borrow that his *Wild Wales* commemorates hardly anything else in connexion with Chepstow Castle. Beyond the great hall is another courtyard, and finally the back gatehouse.

A NEW EXPERIMENT IN TURKISH FINANCE.

THE *Statist* of Saturday last contains a very full account of an experiment which is being tried in Turkey, and which is of interest to all who desire to see the reform of the Ottoman Empire. Some of the information supplied had appeared previously in the Constantinople correspondence of the *Times*; but the *Statist* article enters into details on matters of the highest importance that were not touched upon in the earlier notice, and treats the subject from the point of view of the statesman as well as of the financier. We may briefly give the substance of our contemporary's account. In the month of November last the Porte entered into a convention with a Syndicate of bankers, of which the Imperial Ottoman Bank—the State Bank of Turkey—is the chief, by which it agreed to hand over to the Syndicate the administration of the so-called indirect taxes—those on tobacco, salt, stamps, spirits, fisheries, and silk. The Syndicate was authorized to retain a million per annum in repayment of debts due to it by the Porte, but was bound to hand over any surplus which there might be above that sum, up to the limit of 2¼ millions, to such bondholders as should comply with certain conditions. People generally did not put much faith in this convention. It was notorious that the Turkish treasury was empty. Official salaries were in arrear; even the pay of the army was months behindhand; while the Palace and its creatures were insatiable in their demands for "more, more." It was recollected how the public debt had been repudiated, and the administration of the Customs taken away from the Ottoman Bank; and it was predicted, naturally enough, that the Convention would never come to anything. Even if, contrary to all probability, the Porte for once kept its word, the Pashas—so the prophets went on to add—would defeat the whole arrangement. They would do nothing themselves, it was said, nor would they permit any one else to do anything, without a bribe; and, if once the Syndicate paid black-mail, its chance of effecting any good would be at an end. However, when the Greek New Year's Day came round, the Syndicate was installed as Administrator of the Six Indirect Taxes; and from time to time rumours got about that it was achieving an unhoped-for success. These rumours seemed to be confirmed when the Ottoman Bank, which had ceased to declare dividends, on the ground of the magnitude of the debt due to it by Turkey, once more made a division of its profits. The half-year passed away, and it became known that a Report on the working of the convention was presented to the Syndicate; but for very obvious reasons the members did not care to make the results too public, and accordingly they kept back the Report from the press. But curiosity was aroused, and on Saturday last our enterprising contemporary published what the French call a study of the document. It is this which we now propose to examine.

The first and most important task of the Syndicate was to appoint a Chief, or Director-General, of the administration. Upon the choice which they might make manifestly depended the success of the experiment. They selected Mr. Hamilton Lang, a gentleman who, we believe, was formerly in the Consular service, but who had passed over to that of the Ottoman Bank, and had made the Tobacco *Régie* of Roumania so profitable that the Government of the Principality bought back the concession which they had made of it. Mr. Lang quickly justified the good opinion formed of him by his employers. He had to organize an administrative service separate from, and independent of, that of the Sultan, yet in the last resort obliged to lean upon the Sultan's authority for protection; and he had to do this for the purpose of taking away a considerable revenue from a greedy and bankrupt Government. It is evident that the greatest tact and judgment were requisite to avoid hurting susceptibilities and arousing suspicions. For these reasons, and no doubt also with a view to economy, Mr. Lang determined to form his staff as largely as possible of natives, and to employ Western Europeans only where they were absolutely indispensable. Out of a service of 5,714 persons, we find that all but 130 are Mohammedans, and even of the 130 it would seem that a considerable proportion are Greeks, Jews, and Armenians, though on that point no definite information is given. The higher ranks of the service comprise 24 Controllers, 11 Inspectors, and 8 Sub-Inspectors—in all 43 persons; not a very large number for so numerous a staff spread over so extensive an Empire, between the differents parts of which, for want of roads and railways, communication is difficult and slow. The whole cost of this service of nearly six thousand persons is barely 200,000*l.* sterling, which, if equally divided, would give barely 35*l.* a year each. But, as the Controllers get about 270*l.* per annum each, and the Inspectors and Sub-Inspectors likewise have comparatively high salaries, the pay of the great majority of the body is very much less than 35*l.* per annum. The salaries, however, are regularly paid, and this goes far to ensure faithful service. The writer in the *Statist* very justly regards the fact that the service is zealous and devoted as the most important and instructive result established by this experiment. The hope of reforming and regenerating Turkey would be faint indeed if the materials of an honest and efficient Civil Service could not be found in the native population. If it were discovered that the corruption of the Pashas had descended to the classes below them, the task would be not merely to reform a Government, but to regenerate a people. Mr. Lang, however, bears testimony in the very strongest language to the zeal, devotion, and efficiency of his subordinates, and we may consequently regard it as proved that nothing but Western European control is needed to ensure to Turkey a good administration.

Passing to the pecuniary results of the experiment, we must premise that the task of organizing the service necessarily took up a good deal of time, and that the difficulties of the task were aggravated by the absence of all records of the preceding administration. When Mr. Lang, on entering upon his duties, wished to draw up an estimate of income and expenditure, he found that there existed no documents on which to base his calculations. Besides this, as soon as it became known that the convention was signed, there was a rush on the part of traders to lay in stocks of tobacco, salt, and so on, it being well understood that under the new *régime* evasion of the duties could not be compassed by bribery. For a long time, therefore, there was little demand for these articles. Lastly, the provincial authorities, as had been anticipated, withheld their support from the officers of the Syndicate. Mr. Lang acknowledges that the Porte honourably carried out its part of the compact, and issued strict injunctions to the provincial authorities to give their assistance to the Syndicate. But smuggling is rife all over Turkey, and everywhere the local authorities are in league with the smugglers. They lent no help, therefore, in putting down smuggling. In one place, when informed that tobacco was being smuggled on a large scale, the authorities refused to move, on the plea that the information should have been in writing, and that the police were not strong enough. In another place they refused to punish smugglers who had maltreated the Syndicate's servants. It will thus be seen that there are good reasons why the yield of the first half-year should be very exceptionally below the normal yield of the taxes in question. Yet Mr. Lang estimates a net revenue of about 418,500*l.*—we say "estimates," because, owing to the difficulties of communication, it takes about three months to get in the verified returns from distant places like Bagdad. When the system is in complete working order Mr. Lang estimates that the net revenue will reach about 1,620,000*l.*

sterling per annum, which would leave over 600,000*l.* for the bondholders. And we may add that it is understood that the receipts of the current half-year bear out Mr. Lang's estimates. Thus it is proved that, in spite of the loss of life and the waste and destruction of property during the war, there is even now, with all the misgovernment that prevails, a surplus income available for the payment of at least some interest on the Turkish debt.

M. OFFENBACH AND OPÉRA BOUFFE.

BY the death of M. Jacques Offenbach the world has lost a genius *sui generis*. Nothing can show this better than the miserable imitations of his art, if it may so be called, which the followers in his footsteps have produced of late. Even *Madame Favart*, which has had so long a run at the Strand Theatre, and which may be considered one of his poorest productions, is far above the best that has been written in the same style by others. Critics are apt to censure the peculiar style of operetta of which M. Offenbach was at once the inventor and the ablest exponent as being trivial, flashy, and the like; but there is always genuine fun and sly, if somewhat improper, humour to be found in his works, which degenerates into coarseness and indecency when treated by others. He possessed, in fact, certain qualities which defied imitation. A large number of people must have read with regret the news of his death from gout on Monday evening last. Born at Cologne in 1819, M. Offenbach was forty years of age before he became known to the general public. His first genuine success was the production of *Orphée aux Enfers* in 1859, and for twenty-one years he has worked with untiring energy at what we believe he found to be a very remunerative branch of musical art. He may be said to have died working, for it was only a few hours after he had superintended the rehearsal at the Variétés of his latest work, *Le Cabaret de Lilas*, that the fatal illness seized him. Having received his musical education at the Paris Conservatoire, he attracted attention as a finished player on the violoncello, and, in 1847, having become a naturalized Frenchman, he was chosen as *chef d'orchestre* at the Théâtre Français, where he remained till the year 1855. In that year he took the new Théâtre des Bouffes Parisiens with the professed intention of producing his own works, and selected a company whose talents have since achieved an almost world-wide reputation for excellence. It was not until 1859, however, as we have said, that he became known as a master of his art. The *Orphée aux Enfers* was a most decided hit, and is, we are inclined to think, at once the most original and characteristic of his works. *La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein* is perhaps the opera which most people consider his *chef-d'œuvre*; but for genuine fun, and, at the same time, melodic power, he has not surpassed his first great success. *La Chanson de Fortunio* followed, and after some more or less successful works M. Offenbach again scored a success with *La Belle Hélène* in 1864. The ever-popular *La Grande Duchesse*, *La Périchole*, and a host of other operas—amongst which *Le Roi Carotte*, *Geneviève de Brabant*, and *Madame Favart* are the best known—followed in succession; but his later works showed every sign that his genius was on the wane. Indeed, when we reflect that M. Offenbach had reached the age of sixty-one, we cannot be surprised that his powers of creation were not as fresh as of yore.

A German by birth, M. Offenbach was nevertheless a Frenchman of Frenchmen. He had the good fortune—shall we call it?—to become the musical purveyor of fun to the mirth-loving age of the Second Empire; and, having once struck the chord, he continued harping upon it, greatly to his profit no doubt, and apparently to the satisfaction of a large and appreciative public. It is a subject for regret that he did not turn his attention to the higher branches of his art, for which not a few of his works seem, in the midst of their frivolity, to hint at undeveloped capacities. Had M. Offenbach attempted this he might have made a name which would be handed down to posterity unconnected with the almost shameless improprieties which disfigured some of his works. As they were performed in English, they were shorn of much of this, and we fear in the eyes of some of his admirers lost proportionately in interest. He fostered a style which has done much to lower the lyrical stage by choosing libretti for his music which, as has been said elsewhere, were "more than slightly improper."

The only fear is that the imitators under the shadow of M. Offenbach should get a hold upon the English public; but, if this were to happen, we should not be far wrong in prophesying that opéra bouffe would die a natural death. It is not possible that the inanities of Lecocq and Planquette can hold their own upon the stage for an eternity. Even Offenbach twenty years hence will be but a shade, and as for the others, we hope their names will hardly be remembered. M. Offenbach wrote for his time, and with his time he will be forgotten. His art was debased; and, like all inferior work, it will have its day and vanish. What, then, can we say of imitations which, so to speak, "cannot hold a candle" to the original? The best way of meeting the evil, if the evil exist, is to divert the attention of the public to comic opera of a higher tone—a deed much more feasible than at first sight might appear. If some enterprising manager would introduce such operettas as those of Adolph Adam, Dorn, or Suppè—there are hundreds of that class—or even Ambroise Thomas, Bizet, or Auber, nearly all of which are written for small orchestras, we do not hesitate to say that they would draw the public enormously. The result would be that a taste for something better than the jingle of opéra bouffe airs would become fashionable, and composers would be encouraged to write up to a higher standard than they have hitherto done. The whole question resolves itself into one of supply and demand; and, if once the public were to be made acquainted with the fact that comic operas worth listening to, or at any rate more worth listening to than opéra bouffe, were in existence, they would be eager to flock to them for the pleasure that they afford. Of course, if it were possible to accomplish that which seems an impossibility in England, a cheap opera, the battle against demoralizing opéra bouffe would be won easily. The only hold that the opéra bouffe has upon the public is, that people can go and enjoy pretty music, pretty scenery, dresses, &c., at a cheap rate; and why this should not be combined with an elevating spectacle is a question we cannot undertake to answer. The fault does not lie with public so much as with managerial taste, and that is a subject which we will not deal with here. It is easier no doubt to adapt French opéra bouffe to the English stage than to search for an original and artistic comic opera or operetta, especially if it be already known to have been successful in France. The Carl Rosa Opera Company is a good example of what can be done in the way of popularizing good operas at a price which is within the limits of an average playgoer's pocket, and it remains only for some manager to take up the lower stage of opera, and popularize it in the same way that Mr. Carl Rosa has done with the higher stage. It cannot be that England alone of all places in Europe is the only place where such a thing is impossible. The only remedy seems to lie in a cheap opera for the people. We seem to think that it is necessary to have the highest class of artists and the best orchestras in Europe to make the opera popular amongst us. It is no such thing; the opéra bouffe succeeded without it, and so can the opera proper, if only the experiment were tried. The question is when shall we find a manager bold enough to attempt the innovation which will bring back the public taste to the proper channel. The cure, we fear, can be but slow now that the poison of opéra bouffe has been allowed to have its own way for so many years. The times are, however, already looking brighter, and perhaps with the fact that real opéra bouffe has less hold upon the English public taste, and the cheapening of prices for true opera, which has lately also been a fact to some extent, we may look forward to a time when such a thing as a furore in favour of *La Grand Duchesse de Gérolstein* is nearly an impossibility on the part of an educated English audience.

Opéra bouffe is to classical opera what the burlesque is to the legitimate drama, and how far a man may be admired for devoting himself to a debased form of art is open to question. At the same time, opéra bouffe has done less harm to the opera and music generally than it has to the drama, as in all these works musical excellence is not even attempted, and only the farcical element is valued. Many theatres, therefore, where a good play was possible, have had their boards blocked by the success of these musical extravaganzas. As for music in general, there is no harm done, for there has always been and always will be a large proportion of the public who prefer pretty jingling tunes and waltz measures to the more serious and artistic works of the great composers. The real harm done by opéra bouffe has been in fostering a desire in the public for silly and extravagant pieces, sometimes in the worst possible taste. When all is said and done, it may perhaps be remarked that, after all, the mischief which has been done by opéra bouffe is by no means so great as it at one time threatened to be, and perhaps now that its great exponent is dead, it will gradually become a thing of the past in England.

By the death of M. Offenbach the opéra bouffe may be said to expire. The miserable productions of his imitators may still command audiences, but the genius which marked his works has ceased to breathe. From the ashes of defunct opéra bouffe there appears to be arising a new style of light opera of a more wholesome character, and the age of *La Grande Duchesse* is giving place to that of *Pinafore* and the *Pirates of Penzance*, whose fun is unmistakable, and though purely English, is none the less acceptable. Mr. Sullivan's success is due to the same cause as M. Offenbach's—namely, in having happily hit off the spirit of the mirth-loving public, with the addition that his work is certainly more artistic than that of his French rival. Offenbach alone, however, could produce opéra bouffe, and until another like him shows himself again, we shall have no more of it. Let us hope that we have had enough already.

AUTUMN RACING.

WITH the First October Meeting the great series of autumn races at Newmarket begins. It is then that the public form of the racing year is decided. Throughout the summer, excuses are made for this horse and the other when defeated; but when they and their conquerors meet to fight their battles over again in October on Newmarket Heath, their merits or demerits are finally settled. Then, again, many handicap horses are reserved for the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire, and consequently we do not see the best of them until the autumn meetings. Indeed in most of the handicaps during the October meetings, horses are allowed to do their best, as winter is fast coming on, and there will soon be no more handicaps for which it will be worth while to get

s weighted below their merits. There are, however, a great many weight-for-age races at the Newmarket autumn meetings, and the principal two-year-old race of the year is run during the Second October Meeting. Although there is usually some excellent racing at the First October Meeting, it is by no means the most interesting of the series. It may almost be said that the great attraction of this meeting is the gambling upon the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire which generally accompanies it. These two great handicaps form the chief topics of conversation, and all sorts of rumours and stories are circulated about the various competitors. The running of the stable companions of the favourites is eagerly criticized, and conclusions are drawn as to the chances of many of the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire horses from the races which take place during the week. Much of the racing is moreover interesting on its own account. Last year, at this meeting, both Bend Or and Robert the Devil had won races; and Rayon d'Or, who had won the St. Leger a fortnight before, won the Great Foal Stakes, a race worth more on that occasion than four thousand pounds.

The First October Meeting is preceded by two important French races which take place at Paris on two successive Sundays. These are called the Omnium and the Criterium, and they are run over courses respectively a mile and a half and a mile long. This year they were each worth a little more than 830*l*. In both cases the favourites were beaten by 20 to 1 outsiders, and in each race victory was only obtained after a very hard struggle by a head. The Omnium is a handicap, and it was won by a three-year-old called San Stephano, who carried 7 st. 6 lbs. The Grand Criterium is the principal two-year-old race of the year in France. The weights are 8 st. 11 lbs. for colts, and 8 st. 9 lbs. for fillies, without penalties. These conditions, it will be observed, differ from those of our own Middle Park Plate, in which the weights are 8 st. 10 lbs. for colts, and 8 st. 7 lbs. for fillies, with certain penalties. The race was won by Perplexité, a filly which is entered for the English Oaks and the English St. Leger. The great British jockey, Archer, rode the favourite; but, although she started at the very short price of 6 to 4, she was beaten a long way from home.

After a foggy morning, the opening day of the Newmarket autumn campaign was beautifully fine, and the course itself could scarcely have been in better condition for racing. There were ten races to be gone through, and consequently the first event was fixed for one o'clock. Those who attended the first day's racing enjoyed an agreeable surprise. The winners of the Derby and the St. Leger were to meet in the Great Foal Stakes. This had not been at all expected, and it was not until near the time of the race that it was decided that Robert the Devil should run. If it had been generally known that Bend Or and Robert the Devil were to run against each other the course would have been crowded. As it was, those who were present congratulated themselves on their unanticipated good fortune in being about to witness one of the most interesting races of the year. We have already written so much about the previous battles of Bend Or and Robert the Devil that we shrink from recapitulation. It will be sufficient to say that the admirers of each of the horses were still disputing as to their merits. In the Derby, Robert the Devil had been beaten by a head, and his friends said that this was a fluke. In the St. Leger, again, Bend Or had been beaten, and this, said his admirers, was a fluke. Now they were to meet again, and it was to be hoped there would be no excuses this time. Robert the Devil was looking in the best of condition, and he showed more muscular development than on any former occasion. Indeed the horse even looked better than when he ran in the St. Leger. It was the general opinion that Bend Or did not look so well as at either Doncaster or Epsom, and sharp-eyed critics thought they detected signs of recent medical treatment on one of his hocks. At the post Robert the Devil was far the better favourite of the two; and although five other horses were to run, only one of these was at all supported in the betting ring. This was Lord Bradford's Retreat, a good-looking colt, who was receiving 12 lbs. from both Robert the Devil and Bend Or. Robert the Devil had to make his own running, which was much to his disadvantage, and the pace was wretchedly slow during the greater part of the race. Bend Or lay well back until reaching the Bushes, when he came forward and took the third place. In the Dip he made a rush to the front, and within fifty yards of the winning-post he apparently got on even terms with Robert the Devil. Short as was the time occupied by the ensuing tremendous struggle, it was a period of trying suspense to many of the spectators. The disputed question was at last, it seemed, to be decided, and there would no longer be any doubt as to whether Robert the Devil or Bend Or was the better three-year-old of the year. Bend Or was running with great gameness, and there seemed little doubt that he would repeat his Derby victory, when, just as they were reaching the winning-post, he swerved slightly, and Robert the Devil got his head in front and won the race. Now this did seem intolerably provoking. It was all very well that Robert the Devil should win, if he could; but the annoying part of it was that an opportunity should again be given of making excuses for the beaten horse of the pair. We think, however, that it will be the general opinion of the best judges of racing that Bend Or swerved because he was beaten, and that, looking at the race as a whole, there can be but little doubt that Robert the Devil beat Bend Or as fairly as it is possible for one horse to beat another. Undoubtedly the two horses are very nearly equal, and a very slight ailment, or a mishap in running, would probably prevent Robert the Devil from repeating his victory on a future occasion; but it appears to us impossible to deny that, in the Great Foal Stakes on the Tuesday of the First October Meeting, Robert the Devil gave Bend Or a fair and honest beating. We have dwelt so much upon this race, which practically settled the most disputed problem of the racing year, that we must treat the remainder of the First October Meeting somewhat briefly. In the second race of the opening day, the hitherto unlucky Abbot, instead of running second or third as usual, at last succeeded in winning a race; and when he was about it, he did it well, cantering in four lengths in front of the nearest of his opponents. There was an interesting match of the good old-fashioned Newmarket type on the same day, between Lord Clive and Favo. Although he had run very indifferently of late, Lord Clive had been considered by many good judges to be the best horse of his year as a three-year-old. Favo, on the contrary, had run very badly as a three-year-old and as a two-year-old; but this season he had shown some good form. Of the pair Lord Clive was slightly the favourite, but only at the trifling odds of 11 to 10. Favo made the running, but in the Abingdon Dip Lord Clive went up to him, and got his head in front; on the ascent, however, he tired, and Favo again obtained the lead, and won by half a length.

There was a good race on the Wednesday for the Triennial Produce Stakes. There were half a dozen starters, among which were Mask and Zealot. The latter, although he had won the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, had been an indifferent performer when pitted against horses of high class. He had been unplaced for the Two Thousand, the Derby, and the St. Leger, and had only run third to Mask in the Sussex Stakes at Goodwood. Mask had won five races out of eight this season; he had won three at Goodwood, one at Ascot, and one at Newmarket, and he had been third in the Derby. He is a remarkably good-looking horse, and we have in former articles observed that he shows an extraordinary development of muscle in his hips and quarters. Unfortunately he was prevented from running in the St. Leger, and it was doubted by many people whether he was completely sound again even at Newmarket. Elizabeth, the winner of the One Thousand, was another starter, and the field was made up by Apollo, the former conqueror of Robert the Devil, Muriel, the winner of the Nassau Stakes at Goodwood, and the handsome Retreat, who ran with the sole object of making the running for Zealot. When they came up the ascent, Mask was leading, closely followed by Zealot, and a desperate race ensued. When the post was passed, it was apparent that, whichever had won, it was a very near thing; but most of the bystanders imagined that Mask had had a slight advantage, and it is said that the jockeys themselves did not know which had won. The verdict of the judge, however, was that Zealot had won by a head. The outsider Fire King, who had hitherto run very badly this year, won the Great Eastern Railway Handicap in a canter, none of the three leading favourites being in the race.

The remarkably good-looking two-year-old filly, Thebais, by Hermit, won the Triennial Produce Stakes on the Thursday. She had previously won the valuable Ham Stakes at Goodwood. Another handsome two-year-old filly won the Second Nursery Stakes. This was Myra, by Doncaster, who had won the Rous Plate at the late Doncaster Meeting. Favo, the hero of the match with Lord Clive on the opening day, was made first favourite for the Newmarket October Handicap, but he only succeeded in running third to Elf King and Lancaster Bowman. It was nearly dark when the race was run. Lord Falmouth's celebrated two-year-old Bal Gal added to her many victories by winning the Rous Memorial Stakes on the Friday. She held her opponents safe throughout the race, and shot out and won just as she pleased at the finish.

The racing on Friday was not specially interesting; but, taken as a whole, the week was a great success. The racing was very good, and the weather was all that could have been wished.

REVIEWS.

HILLEBRAND ON MODERN GERMAN THOUGHT.*

WHATEVER may be thought of these Lectures by a public less select than the "parterre of gentlemen" before whom they were originally delivered, and to whose polite indulgence a quite needless appeal was made in one of their opening passages, they are unlikely to be regarded by any English reader as ill-timed. Not that a new book about Germany and the Germans can claim a special value as such at the present season. Of generalities of one kind or another concerning this well-worn theme we may frankly confess to have recently had enough, and more than enough. Even statistical compilations not unfrequently disappoint the respectful attention which they appear to claim as their right; and only a languid kind of interest can continue to attach even to a comparison between the annual cost of a German and that of a British soldier—a point in favour of his more frugal native land which M. Hillebrand himself is, we observe, unable to refrain from

* *Six Lectures on the History of German Thought from the Seven Years' War to Goethe's Death.* Delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, May and June 1879. By Karl Hillebrand. London: Longmans & Co. 1880.

making in a note. Mere sketches of manners, on the other hand, will no doubt continue to be produced so long as Englishmen travel up the Rhine possessed of sufficient power of observation and sense of humour to be amused by national divergences in the use of the table-knife or the adjustment of the feather-bed. But it is not in such wares that M. Hillebrand deals; and, if there is no lack of ambitiousness in the title of his lectures, there is likewise much opportuneness in their theme. And this precisely because those aspects of German national progress and life with which M. Hillebrand deals happen to have rather gone out of fashion in our intellectual—or, at all events, our literary—world. While our chief English sources of periodical information concerning the non-political activity of Germany—indeed, in a lesser degree, concerning the progress of her political life itself—have grown surprisingly scanty, a feeling altogether antipathetic to contemporary German opinion and sentiment has of late years become increasingly manifest in the most self-complacent spheres of English literary criticism. It would probably have required the time occupied by one of M. Hillebrand's lectures to establish without abruptness, and to deprecate with effect, the existence of the feeling in question; and he has accordingly preferred to assume it—or at least to seem to do so—by adopting a manner half blandly apologetic, half buoyantly defiant. To the corresponding aversion which unfortunately has come not less widely to prevail in Germany, although it has happily not yet altogether estranged the German from the English world of letters, he only refers by means of a decidedly skilful *aposiopesis*. But to one of the mainsprings of anti-German feeling among ourselves he openly directs attention, though recognizing in it rather a sign of the times in general than a feature of our particular insular locality. Nor can we refuse our assent to his opinion that his own ideas as to what has been the real strength of German thought in the past, and as to what will prove its real strength in the future, contravene not a few of the principles most favoured on our chief literary and scientific *rostra*. Thus a delicate compliment to the intellectual generosity of M. Hillebrand's audience, as well as a just appreciation of fundamental differences likely to exist between him and them, is conveyed in the following sentence in his first lecture:—

> In the whole tendency of my mind, in my entire way of looking at things—religious and moral, historical and scientific—I have remained a thorough Continental, nay, a thorough German, whereas the younger generation of Europe is entering more and more every day into the intellectual current which sprang up in this island towards 1860, and has since spread over the greater part of the Continent.

At the same time, even persons unacquainted with the writings of M. Hillebrand—who has known many lands and is known in many—cannot have needed to accompany him far in these lectures in order to become assured that in him they have to deal with no German pedant, whether of the primary, secondary, or tertiary period. Even when he drapes himself with becoming severity in the philosopher's robe, he reserves to himself a freedom of movement which proves that he has not, like Freiligrath's Hamlet, "stuck too long at Wittemberg, in the lecture-rooms and among the sects." He treats even of Kant, copiously indeed, but with a comparative succinctness not commended by native examples, and shows himself capable of summarizing even that most fluid of subjects, the history of German Romanticism, as tersely as in his delightful *History of France* he has recently summarized the history of its French counterpart. M. Hillebrand, who is as much at home at Florence as he is at Paris, has of late found various opportunities of showing that among Englishmen also, as among English books, he runs little danger of losing his way. Some of his lately published remarks about ourselves to ourselves may have jarred upon our presumably still more intimate knowledge of the subject; but his generalizations, even when least flattering, could not but be allowed to have a broader basis than, say, those of M. Taine on the same theme. But he is not less candid as to both our merits and our defects when he discusses them for the benefit of German readers. Thus we were interested the other day to find him expounding in the *Deutsche Literaturblatt* (published at Gotha) the excellences and the shortcomings of so peculiarly English an undertaking as Mr. John Morley's series of unannotated critical biographies. A certain touch of dilettantism is almost inseparable from the manner of a writer so universally well-informed; and, though M. Hillebrand is something very different from a *feuilletoniste*, yet he is so overfull of special knowledge that he might, by the unwary, be occasionally mistaken for one. We hasten to add that M. Hillebrand's English leaves nothing to be desired, and cannot fairly be said even to suggest the labour which it must surely have entailed. The only oddity we have noticed is the epithet "elect," added to those of "noble," and "sympathetic" in characterizing Prince Hal, Tom Jones, and Egmont.

Even in the general conduct of his argument, M. Hillebrand, while a thorough German in the drift of his ideas and in the foundations of his conceptions, has a lucidity which is more usually found in French contemporary writers. No doubt, popular lecturers, especially when dealing with subjects comparatively difficult or presumably unfamiliar to the majority of their hearers, have good reason for aiming at this quality above all others; and, just as the discovery of the master-passion in a man used to be offered as the surest clue to the interpretation of his conduct in life, so, in order to understand the general course of a nation's intellectual progress, it may seem only necessary to ascertain and state the "mother-ideas" which determined it. M. Hillebrand has found little difficulty, without at the same time deviating from the track of most previous inquirers, in pointing out that the four

> principal ideas which Germany had to develop and illustrate in her national literature and in her scientific work were almost all thrown on the intellectual market of Europe shortly after the conclusion of the Seven Years' War. Winckelmann gave new life to antiquity by applying to it a new historical method. Lessing traced the limits between the fine arts and poetry, assigning to each of them a domain not to be overstepped. Kant, correcting Rousseau's view of the history of mankind, contended that the ideal aim of mankind was not the natural state of the savage, as Rousseau held, but a state of nature combined with intellectual, moral, æsthetic, and political development, such as was revealed in Greece. Herder, finally, starting likewise from Rousseau, believed all great creations of humanity to be the work of spontaneous action, either individual or collective and national, not the intentional result of self-conscious activity. The three first of these four great men still belong to the generation of 1760, as we should call the men born in the second and third decade of the century; the last, Herder, born in 1744, already belongs to the following generation, that of Goethe. His marvellous precocity alone permitted him to fight at the side of Lessing, his elder by fifteen years.

Whether the historical analogy be accepted or not, there can certainly be no doubt that the spring time and the summer time of modern German intellectual life are comprehended within limits little, if at all, wider than those of the period of the literary greatness of Athens. This fact would be inexplicable without its antecedents. And, though it has long been a well-known truth, it cannot in this connexion be too often repeated, that the Thirty Years' War placed Germany, as compared with the other nations capable of contributing to the progress of European culture, at a disadvantage from which it would be rash to assert that she has ever altogether recovered. On all this M. Hillebrand necessarily dwells; nor does he fail to show (without of course in the least degree laying claim to originality) what were the principal currents of national sentiment which enabled the nation, through a period of apparently hopeless decadence, to preserve its vitality. We do not quarrel with either of the twin articles of belief at the present day readily accepted by the majority of thinking Germans, that "the two springs around which the new life gathered and grew up were the Prussian State and the Protestant Religion." But, with regard to the latter, M. Hillebrand himself shows very clearly how it had, if the expression may be used, to be turned inside out before, as a national influence, it could resume the task of the national Reformation. And as to the former, we only wish that the half-conscious, half-unconscious progress of historical growths were not so often represented as the conscious fulfilment of "glorious missions." Before the great Elector's policy is extolled as consistent with that of his later successors, it is surely not too much to ask that it should be proved to have been consistent with itself.

In connexion with the central part of that period of the history of German thought which M. Hillebrand has with a pleasant but sure touch sketched in this volume, he tells us little that is new, but brings out with particular effectiveness some points which have been comparatively little noticed by English readers. Of Lessing we have recently been told so much both at first hand and at second hand, that it was unnecessary to expatiate at great length upon his share in the progress of German thought; we may, however, direct attention to a brief criticism of the *Laocoon* which is worth considering by those who are apt to overlook the incompleteness of that most striking essay. Herder, on the contrary, has received from English writers a much smaller measure of criticism; perhaps the increasing interest which is again taken in him in Germany, and which Julian Schmidt is doing his best to keep alive by means of the occasional nudges which he is in the habit of administering to the literary public, will in due time spread further. At all events M. Hillebrand has shown with considerable force that it is a shortsighted criticism which identifies Herder with the kind of cosmopolitanism with which many both before and after Napoleon have taunted the German mind. Undoubtedly he "placed humanity higher than nationality"; but, of all the leaders of German thought in the eighteenth century, it was he who most warmly defended, and by his literary labours gave most vitality to, the national principle. In a passage at the close of his fourth lecture, too long to be extracted here, M. Hillebrand certainly approaches near to proving that no other German writer of note exercised the important indirect influence upon his contemporaries and successors which was exercised by Herder. And later, in the very caustic lecture on the Romanticists—about some of whom it is indeed time that the unvarnished truth should be told—he shows very convincingly that this school of writers "might be called the real executors of Herder's bequest, were it not that Herder contented himself with emancipating the mind from rationalistic conventionalism, whereas the romanticists, after having most effectually worked in the same direction, wanted to enthral it in the fetters of a worse conventionalism, that of a dead tradition, galvanized by artificial means." Thus theirs was not a permanently fructifying influence like Herder's, the fullest operation of which upon a single creative genius is no doubt recognizable in the case of Goethe. Herder himself in his turn eagerly acknowledged the influence of Hamann, whose reputation must always remain of that rather exasperating kind which is not peculiar to German Universities. He was (to borrow a phrase of Thackeray's) too great and too good to leave anything more than fragments behind him.

We pass over what M. Hillebrand has to say about Goethe and Schiller, and more especially about Kant, the study of whom, as our readers may be aware, is at the present day being revived with

remarkable vigour in Germany as well as in this country. The observations contained in these lectures on the fundamental ideas of the Kantian philosophy were not intended, and are not likely to be regarded, as a material contribution to the study of the subject. For our own part, we are disposed to regard with distrust attempts to express in a few striking sentences the sum of Kant's moral creed as contrasted with "the German one." But, in any case, M. Hillebrand's view of this contrast is worth considering on its own account. The lecture containing it appropriately closes with a brief discussion of the question—Will Germany come back from its present condition, in which not only has individualism made room for uniformity and humanism for patriotism, but "the accidental practical life" seems to suffice for the generation which lives it? It is a question which, however it may be formulated, occupies the thoughts of more Germans and friends of Germany than are willing to confess the fact. The lecturer has the cheerful answer ready—that, "so soon as the long-yearned-for national State is complete and insured against inner and outer enemies, Germany will come back to the creed of the real founders of her civilization. But," he very judiciously adds, "she will only accept it with qualifications." M. Hillebrand, who in the best sense of the epithets is both a patriotic and a cosmopolitan writer, must excuse us if we say that it savours something of affectation when he describes his great nation as being unable just at present to allow itself "the luxury of such liberal ideas and feelings" as those which animated Lessing and Herder, and Goethe and Schiller. At what point in the consolidation of the great political work of this age will it be able to afford resuming them? And where are they to be locked away in the meantime? Among the representatives of political life themselves, or among the specialists in the Universities? Probably it depends as much upon her students as upon her statesmen whether Germany will remain true to traditions which can never be out of date or out of place like the hard-and-fast constitutionalism to which M. Hillebrand objects. Her sons may not be able to gratify the shade of Kant by elaborating schemes for a universal peace; but they need not insult the shade of Lessing by throwing stones at the Jews. We too have faith in the intellectual, as well as in the political, future of Germany; but most of all because we do not believe that the future leaders of German thought are likely to wait till Prince Bismarck can inform them that his work is done.

HANDBOOK OF INDIAN ARMS.*

THE combination of study and research brought to bear on this catalogue of Indian arms deserved to have been put before the public in a better shape. We do not look for gorgeous and expensive bindings to be paid out of a depleted Indian exchequer; but we think that the Secretary of State would not have been chargeable with extravagance had he sanctioned the expense of a binding in cloth. This work published by his order and under his sanction looks exactly like one of those flabby catalogues of improved cutlery, glass, or fire-irons which the British householder at once consigns to the rubbish-basket. We gather that Mr. Egerton, the author of the work, began to make a collection of Indian arms just a quarter of a century ago; that he gradually accumulated a quantity of notes to illustrate his collection; and that in some unexplained way he became connected with Dr. Forbes Watson, who was for a time at the head of the Indian Museum. When it was decided that the valuable collections of this latter department should be dispersed, it became desirable to utilize and publish officially the information stored up by officials and by amateurs like Mr. Egerton. The catalogue, as we have said, has been taken under the official ægis; the records of the India Office have been made available to the author; and the proof-sheets have been revised, in part or in whole, by such eminent scholars as Sir Henry Rawlinson, Colonel Yule, and Dr. Rost. When the loose and inaccurate spelling of old manuscripts has perplexed these gentlemen, it is scarcely to be expected that ordinary scholarship should not be at fault. Some of the names and phrases, as shown by Colonel Yule, are absolute nonsense, and cannot be identified with any dialect of civilized man. Where accuracy is so difficult of attainment, we do not intend to offer more than one or two conjectures. At page 125 Colonel Yule has put a query to *Unnannan*, which he describes as "reins of rope covered with velvet." We suggest to him that *inān* in Persian means reins, and that many of the elegancies and ornaments of social life were by Hindus borrowed from that elegant language. *Kirk narduban* can scarcely be pure Persian for "the forty steps or rungs of a ladder"; *Chihal narduban* would be more to the purpose, Chihal-Dokhtar and Chihal-Situn and Chihal Minar being well-known Persian phrases or places. Again, *Wadono*, a leader of division, cannot be good Sanskrit. The letter *w* is unknown to the Devanagari alphabet, though the educated youth of Bengal make strenuous efforts to introduce it in their present faulty system of alliteration in writing their own names.

We have one or two other criticisms to offer. A sketch of Indian history beginning with the poem of the Mahabharata and the rival Pandus and Kurus, and ending with the first Burmese war, was hardly needed as an introduction. To those possessing any acquaintance with this big subject the sketch conveys little or no information. Those who want enlightenment on Indian wars and sieges can best be referred to the works of Elphinstone, Mr. Talboys Wheeler, Colonel Malleson, the late Sir John Kaye, and the late Mr. J. C. Marshman. But when we come to the weapons which the combatants used, it would not be easy to find in the same reasonable compass so much information on the matchlocks, swords, daggers, spears, and javelins used by Hindus, Mahommedans, and semi-Hindu and aboriginal tribes. We do not think that many Indian administrators will endorse Mr. Egerton's doctrine that, as India is completely pacified, "the necessity for carrying weapons is disappearing or has altogether passed away." Rather does this formidable catalogue remind us that an Arms Act and a Licensing Act, and other precautionary measures against the wholesale admission of weapons and gunpowder, are just as much needed now as they were after the Mutiny. We recollect to have read somewhere an anecdote of the First Napoleon when he was shut up in St. Helena. He there gave an audience to certain Anglo-Indian officers who, in the course of their travels in the Eastern seas, had met with a tribe of men who professed to pass their lives without resorting to or forging any weapon at all. This was too much for the ex-Emperor. "Mais sans armes, comment se bât-on?" as if fighting were an immutable law of human nature, civilized or savage. The ingenuity of Indian handicraftsmen has not been less displayed in the grace and finish given to swords and fowling-pieces than it has been in textile fabrics, inlaid marble tombs, and gold and silver work. Not that we are to look for what are termed arms of perfection, or any marked improvements, or the invention of new machines for mowing down whole ranks of men at a time. On the contrary, old-fashioned matchlocks are still used in various parts of India, as they were in the Pindarri warfare; and some of the cannon fondly cherished by the smaller potentates might have been serviceable in the campaigns of Baber. They are yet to be seen in hill forts or on crumbling ramparts, if they are not hidden away in dry wells underground, under the vague expectation of some battle of Ramoth Gilead to which all Indian chieftains shall one day be summoned. But this volume supplies us with excellent specimens of guns elaborately chased, of daggers with hilts finely worked in jade and ivory, and of swords beautifully damascened in gold. We are reminded, too, that Oriental fancy plays with the appendages and accoutrements as well as with the arms of the warrior; with the saddle, the powder-flask, the leathern belt, and even the *ankus*, or hook with which the mahout guides his elephant.

And here a difficulty had to be acknowledged and met. The division of this rather vast subject caused the author some perplexity. It was a consideration whether the arms should be arranged historically, so as to show the Hindu period, the Mahommedan invasions of India, and the differences between Aryan and Turanian civilization. But on this basis there would have been great difficulty in fixing the dates of the specimens, and still greater in determining when, how, and where the rudest type of weapon was gradually improved. On the whole we think Mr. Egerton has shown sound judgment in treating the matter ethnologically, though it is scarcely possible to avoid some confusion even on this plan of research. On the whole, however, the races are kept tolerably apart, and we can recognize the gradations in destructiveness attained respectively by Mahrattas, Rajputs, Sikhs, Malays, Burmans, Gonds, and Bheels. We can picture the Mogul horseman heavily armed, with his coat of mail and plates and contrivances for the protection of his horse. There is the light-armed Mahratta, with his long spear, pistol and dagger, scimitar and shield, and thick quilted garment capable of turning a sword cut, but occasionally exchanged for chain armour of proof. The Rajput may be credited with proficiency with the dagger and the bow and arrow. A curved sabre destitute of a guard to the hilt may be said to distinguish those whom in a general way we term Afghans, but who are better described as Ghilzais, Momunds, and Shinwarries. In the use of the *kukri*, and the *kris* or creese, and the *dha* or cutlass, none are so capable as the Goorkhas, the Malays, and the Burmese. From those it is rather a descent to the wild tribes who rely on hatchets and bows and arrows such as moved Dugald Dalgetty to irrepressible laughter. The Sontals, the Gonds, the Bheels, and the tribes on our North-Western frontier can, however, do considerable execution with these primitive weapons against "ground game," and occasionally against rival tribes, though unequally matched against Regulars. The Sontal can transfix a hare or partridge as well as a deer or a leopard, using different arrows according to the size of the game; the Baiga in the Central Provinces can bring down deer with a hatchet; while the Bheel of Western India can send a barbed arrow into a fish. It is gratifying to reflect that these savages have been befriended and reclaimed by soldiers and civilians devoted to sport, and that expeditions in search of big game in wilds and fastnesses have been the means of turning sportsmen into philanthropists and of adding many creditable episodes to the pages of Indian administration.

The chapter on artillery leads Mr. Egerton to specify sundry huge and unwieldy pieces of ordnance which were cast to please the extravagant fancy of emperors and their lieutenants. One was made in 1549, in the reign of Akbar, at Ahmednuggur, and is mentioned by Grant-Duff in his history of the Mahrattas. It was so huge that the Government in 1823 were unable to ship it to England. At Asirgurh, in 1818 we captured a gun carrying an enormous weight of metal, about which fabulous reports were spread

* *An Illustrated Handbook of Indian Arms; being a Classified and Descriptive Catalogue of the Arms Exhibited at the India Museum. With an Introductory Sketch of the Military History of India.* By the Hon. Wilbraham Egerton, M.A., M.P. Published by order of the Secretary of State for India in Council. London: Allen & Co.; W. Griggs, Hanover Street, Peckham, S.E. 1880.

by the natives. Another heavy piece, of brass, was taken at Bhurtpore. The Sikh artillery, though not quite so bulky, was far more effective, as we found to our cost. "Futteh Jung" was, however, a gun of considerable calibre, and played over our ranks during the eventful night of Ferozshah, till silenced by the determined advance of a small body of infantry in reply to Lord Hardinge, who went about the field and asked the "lads" if they "could not silence that gun." We think this cannon is still to be seen in the courtyard of the Government House at Calcutta. Some time ago the Indian Government called for a return of the forces and artillery still possessed by the native powers of India, big and little; and the replies sent suggested many curious reflections as to the nature of our tenure and ascendency in India, and the right policy towards tributary and feudatory Rajas.

Several of Mr. Egerton's anecdotes, if not absolutely new, are interesting. It did not come within the scope of his work to give us any proverbs or sayings save those which bear on warlike preparations. But when he tells us incidentally that the Bundelas, or inhabitants of Bundelkund, are of Rajput extraction, and haughty and independent, and that their "boorishness" has passed into a proverb, we are reminded of another current saying which designates them as highly accomplished cheats. *Ek sau dundi, na ek Bundelcundi.* "One hundred weigh-men are not equal to a single man of Bundelcund," however deceitful on the weights the former may be. Where he quotes Paulus Jovius, as quoted by Colonel Yule, for the statement that a good Persian blade would "cut through a silk handkerchief when drawn across it," we are reminded of Saladin's feat which astonished Richard and De Vaux in the *Talisman* as a sheer piece of jugglery. The quoit-throwing of the Sikhs rests on the ocular evidence of scores of officers. Mr. Egerton says casually that a Sikh soldier twists a thin circlet of steel round his forefinger and launches it with deadly aim at eighty paces. We have seen an expert of this race cut through the stem of a plantain tree with the *chakar* or quoit, at about that distance, but not without divers preliminary failures. But why, when dealing with Ranjit Sing and his Sikh army, does Mr. Egerton mention only two of the French officers under whose direction the Akalis and the Sikh artillery attained such excellence? To the names of Allard and Ventura, should be added those of Court and Avitabile, the latter a Neapolitan by birth, who spoke no one language, not even Italian, with correctness, but had the art of making himself obeyed, understood, and feared in his iron rule at Peshawur.

Mr. Egerton's work will be found especially useful to the antiquary and the collector of rare articles. We should have been glad if he had condescended to give us some specimens of the arms used by that estimable functionary, the *choukidar*, or village watchman, or of the *garāsa* and *surkhi*, or spears employed by clubmen and heroes of village fights in what are termed "agrarian disputes." But if there is any mention of such rude weapons, we have failed to hit on it. Attempts have recently been made to put the whole village police, especially in the Lower Provinces of Bengal, as regards duties, pay, and equipment, on a more satisfactory footing; and though this reform may be a work of time, we can state confidently that a better constabulary, the establishment of numerous subdivisions, and the greater number of officers, have resulted in diminishing the number of *lattials*, or hired clubmen, and in restricting fights about the possession of lands or the demarcation of boundaries to the proper arena of the civil courts. Very ugly wounds used to be inflicted in these encounters, which the police, with ample notice, some thirty years ago, were quite powerless to prevent. And notable feats have been accomplished with the watchman's clumsy spear with its broad blade. We remember an experienced collector, while engaged in the assessment of an estate, snatching a weapon of this kind from the hands of a bewildered official, and riding down single-handed and killing a good-sized boar which had been just started out of a patch of a cover during his morning's survey work. But the effect of arms, after all, whether rude or elaborate, depends on the skill with which they can be wielded; and not the least significant passage in this retrospect of Indian history is the remark of Bernier as to the quality of the Moghul soldiery. Mr. Egerton does not give the French Doctor's exact words, but, to our recollection, he was decidedly of opinion that twenty-four thousand men led by M. le Prince (Condé), or some other capable general, would walk over the bodies (*devraient passer sur le ventre*) of three times that number of the Imperial forces of Delhi and Agra. How Bernier's accurate forecast was verified a century afterwards by a rival nation makes up, as we all know, several volumes of stirring Anglo-Indian history.

FATHER PROUT.*

THE republication of a work chiefly humorous in intention, a long time after its original appearance, is perhaps a greater test of its excellence than is the case with any other class of literature. Nothing varies so much from time to time as the taste of the age in jests, and what survives must have an intrinsic excellence which is very far from ordinary. Even in the work of the greatest provokers of laughter there is much nowadays over which readers pass as rapidly as they can, and with smaller men the passing gets altogether the better of the reading. These are trite enough reflections, perhaps; but the republication of such a book as that before us suggests them somewhat pointedly. The renown of Father Prout is still considerable, though it is probable that for some years his readers have been but few. It was only in the year of Sadowa that he died, but he was even then more of a name than a reality to all except his personal friends. Thirty years had passed since *Regina* used to contain the *Reliques*, with Maclise's dainty illustrations of them, and during that time the author had given to the world little of any kind, and nothing that was not more or less ephemeral. He was personally familiar with most of the literary generation of 1830–1860, with Dickens and Thackeray and their compeers, and had become known (chiefly in Paris) to a younger generation of newspaper men, of whom he himself had always, though with some intermittences, continued to be one. But he lived little in England. He was that always questionable character, an unfrocked or half-unfrocked priest, and he never appeared before the public in his own person. The *Reliques of Father Prout* were reprinted once and again, and constantly gave a new and sometimes a considerable relish to boys with a taste for rummaging the shelves of their fathers' libraries. But they have long ceased to be much read, or even to be much quoted.

Few people, even if they have a very indistinct notion of the *Reliques*, need to be told that Father Prout was an eidolon, and that his name in the flesh was Francis Mahony. He was a native of the South-West of Ireland, a pupil of the Jesuits, and a priest, though for the greater part of his life not a very priestly one. Not very many details of that life are given in Mr. Kent's Introduction, and it is well to mention that the volume, though it may fairly enough pretend to be "The Works of Father Prout," has no pretensions, and does not make any, to contain all the works of Mahony. Its contents simply consist of the *Reliques* as they have been before now more than once published, and of a few waifs and strays principally from *Bentley's Miscellany*. Mahony was, as has been said, educated by the Jesuits, and he tried fairly enough to find a vocation in his profession. But he found none. Then he drifted to London and began to write the "Prout Papers" for *Fraser's Magazine*. Wilson had set the fashion of dialogue of a convivial order, and others had accustomed readers to miscellaneous magazine discussions *de omnibus rebus*. Mahony was by no means ill-equipped for such work. He had a good deal of miscellaneous reading, a knack of easy verse, a considerable fund of a certain kind of humour, and a few strong likes and dislikes to things and persons. It would be pleasanter to think that these dislikes were thoroughly genuine; but it is at least suspicious that during his journalist life he should have at one time been apparently a violent Conservative and at another a decided Liberal. Political reasons might, had he been more consistent, account satisfactorily enough for his dislike to Moore and to O'Connell; but somehow or other it is difficult not to recollect that these two were the most famous Irishmen of his day, and to see something of mere factious jealousy in the unrelenting way in which he pursues both on every occasion. It would indeed be rather difficult—perhaps the safer word would be impossible—to make out for Mahony any comprehensible bundle of beliefs. His ideas, critical, political, and other, always seem to have come to him in a more or less haphazard fashion, and he made no particular attempt to them fit together. His warmest admirers, however, would hardly claim for him any particular value as an exponent of opinion. Such reputation as he has is that of a humourist, and especially of a composer of humorous songs and parodies. A re-perusal of his book justifies this reputation to some extent, but only to some extent. Mahony had one original, or tolerably original, idea—that of writing paraphrases of well-known verses in languages different from that of the originals, and then holding up those originals as plagiarisms from his versions. For producing these curious *jeux d'esprit* he had no doubt a wonderful faculty. His French original of the "Burial of Sir John Moore" has indeed some faults of versification, but it is a really remarkable piece of mocking-bird music, and the same may be said of scores more of the lyrics so lavishly strewn about these pages. Unfortunately, however, the fancy struck him to weave numbers of these things into connected wholes, and the result cannot be said to be, at this time of day at any rate, fortunate. The "Rogueries of Tom Moore" would be a great deal more readable if the whole of the connecting prose were struck out and nothing but the versions retained. For the style of humour which was then prevalent in magazine-writing was, on the whole, heavy and constrained, so much so that it is not surprising to read of the mortifications which Thackeray underwent in the earlier part of his literary career. His touch must have seemed far too light, his humour altogether too airy, to those who preferred the floundering horse-play which Maginn and Mahony allowed themselves. Every now and then there are flashes, as, for instance, when the Father meets the argument that the *Melodies* are much better translations of his supposed originals than the *Anacreon* is of its own. But these are, on the whole, rare. The "Carousal" in which Father Prout entertains Sir Walter Scott is not exactly a *Cœna Deûm*, and the piece called "Dean Swift's Madness" is not only spoilt by its utter indifference to *vraisemblance*, but by the strange mixture of the serious and burlesque in it. Indeed Mahony seems never to have been quite clear whether he was writing seriously or not, and his work has therefore but too often the appearance of an awkward and badly joined mosaic. Still the verse, if not the prose, is well worth republication. The French and the Latin pieces are by far the best, Mahony having apparently a peculiar facility in those two languages. The Greek are for the

* *The Works of Father Prout.* Edited by Charles Kent. London: Routledge. 1881.

most part stiff, and the English very unequal. But in French or in Latin he had a really wonderful knack of catching up the main ideas and almost the words of an English poem, and reproducing them in a manner calculated to make the reader (with a little good will) believe that the relations of copy and original were reversed. Of the two, the Latin are even better than the French. It is said that the incomparable version of Ivanhoe's epitaph in *Rebecca and Rowena* is due to Mahony, and he was certainly fully capable of writing it, which is perhaps more than can be said of Thackeray himself. But, on the other hand, if the two friends' versions of *Le Grenier* are compared, Mahony is infinitely inferior. His practice in easy verse, written in languages somewhat unfamiliar to his readers, had led him into the habit of constantly using weak or otiose expressions to fill up a gap in rhyme or metre. So for

> Lisette ici doit surtout apparaître
> Vive, jolie, avec un frais chapeau,

he gives us the unutterably feeble

> O! my Lisette's fair form could I recall
> With fairy wand.

And for "le canon gronde," "*bronze* cannon roared." Who on earth cares whether they were bronze or iron? So, too, it is to be noted that his irregular Latin verse, where the scansion is merely by accent, and where rhyme is admitted, is far better than his attempts at pure quantity-metres on the classical model. There is hardly any comparison between the merits of "Lesbia hath a Beaming Eye" and of "John Anderson, my joe" in his versions. The merely accent-scanned trochees of the first are capital; the alcaics which do duty for the second are such as a sixth-form boy would hardly get much praise for.

It is curious to take Prout's work and to compare it with that of a somewhat elder contemporary of his, who, like him, was an ardent lover of the classical languages, like him had a great faculty of verse, and, like him, left work which is almost always humorous in intention. There is hardly a page of Peacock's work which is not interesting and delightful to read at the present day, while the pages of Prout which are really and honestly interesting and delightful now might, we fear, be collected in a much smaller volume than that which lies before us. The reason of the difference is certainly not to be found in the fact that Peacock wrote novels and Mahony essays; for, though the novel may be the more attractive form at the time, it far more rarely retains its attraction. It is rather to be found in the facts, first, that the one was above all things an exact and scholarly writer, while the other was in the last degree inaccurate and careless; and, secondly, that the one has infinitely more of the "critic of life" about him than the other. Mr. Matthew Arnold's favourite phrase may be a very bad definition of good poetry, but it is an admirable definition of good humour. Humorous writing that is to tell at all must deal with the facts of life, and that which is to continue to tell must deal with those facts of life which are more or less permanent. This is exactly what Peacock's writing does, and what Prout's does not. He is hardly in any sense an observer of actual life. He has before him an ideal, or rather conventional, sort of existence, in which the personages read books, sing songs, and drink whisky, but that is all. Every now and then, when he gets a little nearer to fact, as, for instance, in the paper on the Jesuits, he is at his best. So true is Thackeray's principle that the humourist is always more or less of a preacher, and can hardly dispense with something of a serious purpose.

For this reason Mahony is not likely, we think, to occupy any very exalted place in the literary history of the nineteenth century, and his book is likely to be less and less read as time goes on. It is essentially a book—we speak of it in the singular, inasmuch as his other work is of still less literary importance—to be subjected to the usually unfair process of selection. There might be made out of its verses a most pleasant anthology, and perhaps here and there a prose passage or two might be judiciously included in the salvage. But the papers, as a whole, cannot be said to be lively reading nowadays. Those which are chiefly literary reviews, such as the series on the songs of France and Italy, show good will, but little critical power, and a most deplorable habit of inaccurate statement. Those which are of a miscellaneous kind lack body and coherence. The present edition is injured by desperately small print and by extremely careless "reading," which has left the verses in foreign languages full of misprints and blunders of all kinds. But it is, considering its cheapness and the space at the disposal of the editor, fairly provided with introductory matter both to the whole book and to the individual papers.

THE MAHOMEDAN LAW OF INHERITANCE.*

ALL Mahomedan law is founded upon the Kurán, and is inseparably bound up with the religion of Islám: but, notwithstanding this unity of source, the number of sects and the diversities of legal interpretation are very numerous. Some sects, with their peculiar religious and legal doctrines, have passed away; but Mahomedanism, like all religions that retain vitality, still develops new views and new interpretations. Reason, experience, and expediency operate on one side; while a rigid adherence to the text and to old interpretations of famous commentators has a strong counteravailing influence on the other. The two great divisions of the Mahomedan world are the Sunnis and the Shias. The Turks, Indians, and Afghans are Sunnis; the Persians are Shias—generally, but not exclusively. Though the Mahomedans of India are in the main Sunnis, there are many Shias in the country, and the sect has been continually recruited by immigrants from Persia. Many a fierce and bloody religious quarrel has been fought out between the opposing sects in India, and the courts are frequently called upon to administer the law as interpreted by the Shias. The main point of difference between the Sunnis and the Shias is that the former recognize as lawful the succession of Abu Bakr, Omar, and Osman, the three Khalifs next after Mahomed; while the Shias altogether reject them, and declare that Ali, the son-in-law of Mahomed, was the true successor, and ought to have come immediately after him, instead of having his rights postponed till after the death of these three. Another great distinction, and the all-important one in a legal point of view, is that the Sunnis, as their name implies, are the people of the *Sunnah* or Traditions. The *Sunnah* embraces traditional accounts of whatever the Prophet did or tacitly allowed, and includes also the *hadis* or sayings which his hearers committed to memory and handed down to those who came after. These were not reduced to writing until after the Prophet's death; but they are regarded by the Sunnis as a supplement to the Kurán, and as being equal, or all but equal, to it in authority. The Shias reject all the traditions and rely solely on the Kurán; but, notwithstanding this, their sects and diverse interpretations of the law exceed in number those of the Sunnis. The works upon religion and law which have been produced by these two leading sects are almost innumerable. Some treatises have come down from very early times; but many must have been lost and entirely forgotten amid the wars and revolutions of the Mahomedan world. The Sunnis have four distinct schools of jurisprudence, each named after its founder. The most important is the Haníff, founded by Abú Hanífa, who was born in the year 80 of the Hijra (A.D. 699). This learned doctor had a true judicial mind, and gave great scope to reason in his interpretation of the maxims of the Kurán; hence his followers are known as "People of Reason." His teachings prevail in India, and his doctrines are those which our courts have principally to apply.

In the early days of British rule in India the Mahomedan law was administered both in civil and criminal cases. The criminal law was in many respects repugnant to European ideas of justice and humanity. Alterations and improvements were made which removed some of its most objectionable features; but the whole has long been swept away, and its place supplied by a Code which has gained a well-merited fame for its justice, humanity, and comprehensiveness. The Civil Law is still maintained in force by the British Government, and is administered to Mahomedan subjects in all cases relating to the devolution of property and to rights which have not been touched by the statute law of British India. Formerly the Civil Courts had Mahomedan law officers, whose duty it was to give expositions of the law applicable to the cases referred to them. This dependence on the professional opinions of lawyers whose qualifications were not always of the highest order, and whose probity was not entirely proof against suspicion, was neither agreeable to British judges nor satisfactory to the ruling power. In very early days translations were made of Arabic treatises on law, which gave the judges an insight into its principles, and enabled them to check the opinions of their law-officers. Other translations followed, and were succeeded by original treatises which have so thoroughly mastered the whole working of the Mahomedan law that judges are now independent of professional advice, and, under an Act passed in 1864, have to decide cases entirely upon their own knowledge and judgment.

The study of Mahomedan and Hindu law has of late years grown rapidly into favour among our own lawyers. There is of course the inducement of the material advantages which a knowledge of these subjects is likely to win for its possessor, and there is also the attraction which these remarkable and highly developed systems of law present to the scientific lawyer. The laws deserve the attention that has been given to them, and the works which the study has produced are worthy of the subject. Among these works the one before us holds a conspicuous and well-merited place. It is chiefly devoted to an exposition of the Mahomedan law of Inheritance, but it contains chapters on Marriage, Dower, Wills, and other matters which have to be decided for Mahomedans according to their own law. Practically it is a new work, for although the author published in 1866 a *Chart of Family Inheritance*, that occupied only 50 pages, while this fills nearly five hundred. The former work was recommended by the Civil Service Commissioners to the candidates selected for the Indian Civil Service, and this enlarged work will doubtless receive greater favour both at home and in India.

The Mahomedan law of Inheritance is a great triumph of legal science:—

> It comprises, beyond question, the most refined and elaborate system of rules for the devolution of property that is known to the civilized world, and its beauty and symmetry are such that it is worthy to be studied, not only by lawyers with a view to its practical application, but for its own sake, and by those who have no other object in view than their intellectual culture and gratification.

Our space will not admit of more than a few brief notices of two or three of its leading principles and of its *modus operandi*.

* *Moohummudan Law of Inheritance, and Rights and Relations affecting it.—Sunni Doctrine.* Comprising a Chart of Family Inheritance. By Alaric Rumsey, Barrister-at-Law, Professor of Indian Jurisprudence at King's College, London. London: Allen & Co.

The law recognizes no distinction between ancestral and acquired or real and personal property. It knows nothing of primogeniture, and, generally speaking, it does not admit right by representation. If a man leaves sons and sons of a deceased son, the latter are excluded, having no right as representatives of their father; and so, if a man leaves only son's sons, they take equal shares, *per capita* not *per stirpes*. The relatives of a deceased person are divided into three classes—Sharers, Residuaries, and Distant Kindred. The primary Residuaries are the son, son's son, brother and brother's son, uncle and uncle's son and "every male in whose line of relation to the deceased no female enters." No female relative is primarily a residuary, but females come in subsequently; thus a son takes two shares, the daughter then takes one. These are the heirs to the bulk of the estate after the claims of the specific sharers have been settled. The sharers are twelve in number—four males and eight females. The males are the husband, father, grandfather, and brother; the females are the wife, daughter, mother, grandmother, sister, &c. The share of a husband is $\frac{1}{4}$ when there is a male descendant, $\frac{1}{2}$ when there is not; of a wife or wives, $\frac{1}{8}$ in the former case, and $\frac{1}{4}$ in the latter; a father or grandfather's share is $\frac{1}{6}$. It is obvious that in default of nearer male heirs, some of these "sharers" may be the "residuaries." In apportioning the property of a deceased person the first business is to settle the rights of the "sharers." Mahomedan lawyers have framed a number of minute and artificial rules applicable to particular classes of cases; but all questions of apportionment are easily solved by the processes of arithmetic, by bringing the fractional shares down to a common denominator. Mr. Rumsey gives a great number of illustrative examples, of which the following is one of the most simple. The claimants to an estate are the wife, mother, and two sons. The wife's share is $\frac{1}{8}$, the mother's $\frac{1}{6}$, the two sons as residuaries divide the residue; so the wife gets $\frac{6}{48}$, the mother $\frac{8}{48}$, and each son $\frac{17}{48}$. When there are several varieties of sharers, the common denominator is sometimes very high, in one of the examples it is 4,320 and in another 5,040. The cases of inheritance which present themselves for settlement are almost infinite; but the principles upon which the division of an estate has to be made are so clear that a very small per-centage of cases come before the law courts; they are settled by the parties themselves, assisted by their legal advisers. Mr. Rumsey's book so clearly explains the principles, and so fully illustrates them by examples, that if every possible contingency has not been provided for, the means of solving it can be discovered and applied.

Mahomedan law recognizes the testamentary power, and every person of full age may dispose by will of one-third of his property after payment of debts and funeral expenses. No man can wholly disinherit his heirs without their consent; but in the extreme case of a person having no heirs the whole property may be conveyed by will. Mr. Rumsey gives two chapters on Marriage and Dower, and, indeed, no work on Mahomedan inheritance would be complete without some notice of these subjects. Marriage carries with it rights of inheritance, and the dower settled upon the wife may, and often does, interfere with the rights of the ordinary heirs. Dower is held to be the price promised or paid by the husband for possession of the wife's person. If unpaid, it is a debt on the husband's estate. It takes precedence of all claims by inheritance, and descends by inheritance to the wife's heirs. The amount of dower is entirely arbitrary, and varies according to the position in life, and the youth, beauty, and accomplishments of the bride. It is settled by the relatives of the contracting parties; but if a marriage has been agreed upon and the amount of dower is disputed, the magistrate has authority to determine the just amount. Divorce is a very easy matter under the Mahomedan law, and may be effected at the mere will of the husband; but a man cannot repudiate his wife without paying her dower; so it sometimes happens that a very ardent lover, or one willing to divest himself of the power of divorce, will agree to an amount of dower which it is quite impossible for him to discharge. From this there is no escape but payment, or remission on the part of the wife. A free man may not have more than four wives at the same time; a slave may not have more than two. There is a long and well-defined table of "Prohibited Degrees," and this includes not only relations by blood, but, generally speaking, those also who stand in the same relation by fosterage. Free persons cannot marry their own slaves, because parents have by law an equal right in their offspring, and this right is incompatible with the position of owner and slave. Mr. Rumsey lays down the law that "An usufructuary marriage, *i.e.*, where a man says to a woman 'I will take the use of you for such a time for so much,' is void; so also is a temporary marriage (*e.g.*, a marriage for ten days), whether for a short or for a long time." This is strictly accurate as regards the Sunnís, with whom this work is concerned; but it is one of the points on which the Shías differ from them. A verse of the Kurán has been interpreted by the Shías as warranting such a temporary marriage; the Sunnís, by the help of their traditions, have come to a different and certainly a more moral interpretation. Kings and great men have occasionally availed themselves of the diverse views of the different schools to obtain legal sanction for irregular practices. They have known where to seek the required authority for their backslidings, as professional men at home know where to look for scientific opinions in support of particular views. There is a curious case on record upon this very point of a temporary marriage. A certain King of Bidar in the fifteenth century is described as being very orthodox and a great admirer of the fair sex. He complained to his Sunní lawyers of being limited to four wives, and desired to know how he might marry more. They could only help him by pointing out that, although he could have only four at a time, he might divorce one wife and marry another as often as he pleased. This was not what he wanted; so he addressed himself to a learned Shia who was present at his Court. From him he obtained the opinion that a *mutah*, or temporary marriage, was legal, and had been practised in the time of the Prophet. This exposition was contested by the Sunní lawyers, and a long discussion ensued with a foregone conclusion on the King's part. He was satisfied that temporary marriages were recognized in the days of the Prophet, and so he married eight hundred women in one day. This Solomon of India had not only wives from every country in India, but Chinese and Afghans, Turks and Europeans, and it was his boast that he was able to speak to each one in her own language. He must have exceeded his great prototype in tact and wisdom, for he treated them all so kindly that each wife is said to have thought herself the best beloved. It must be observed, however, that he kept them separate; each wife had distinct apartments, and was attended by servants of her own country.

The book under notice has received the approbation of the Civil Service Commissioners and their advisers, and it will, no doubt, come into general use in India. It is already a text-book for students, and must become a book of reference and authority indispensable to all engaged in administering Mahomedan law. A further edition will probably be needed ere long, and Mr. Rumsey would probably do well to have in readiness a Supplement containing an exposition of the more important variations of the Shia doctrines. They are curious in themselves for lawyers interested in studying the growth and divergence of laws, and, though not so necessary in practice, the adjudication on Shia disputes will occasionally, and in some districts may frequently, fall to the lot of an English judge.

LIZZIE OF THE MILL.*

THOUGH the German novels which are now so often introduced to us in an English version do not differ much in point of construction or plot from those of our own country and age, yet they generally have a certain merit of their own. There is, of course, the usual love-making and the proper allowance of good and bad characters. Heroes and heroines behave much as they do with us; while obstacles of the same kind are piled up in their paths, to be cleared away by the means which we all know so well. In fact, these German novels, as well as ours, run a course that is very much like that of a fever. Day after day the patient's temperature rises, his pulse beats faster, and the complications of his disorder increase, till even the experienced doctor and nurse become alarmed; when one night he most unexpectedly falls into a refreshing sleep, and wakes next morning weak, no doubt, but out of danger and on the fair way to a rapid recovery. So is it with the plot of a story, whether it be written by a German or an Englishman. It opens with a slight complication which steadily grows greater, till at last it seems as if it must enfold hero and heroine alike with utter misery; and then, after it has run its proper stage for rather more than two-thirds, or perhaps three-fourths, of the book, a sudden change takes place, and all the good characters become as happy as before they had been miserable. But, though there is this uniformity in all modern novels, yet a certain agreeable variety may be derived from the people among whom the scene is laid. We are, we are sorry to have to own it, heartily tired of the heroic characters of our own race. We are familiar with them in every rank of society, from dukes and duchesses down to the dwellers in the lowest courts in Whitechapel or St. Giles's. We do not know whether we could not manage to exist very comfortably for a whole twelvemonth without making the acquaintance of a single new hero or heroine. We feel towards them—those, we mean, of our modern novelists—much in the same way as a traveller in Spain, at the end of his first week, feels towards all the dishes that are set before him. Garlic may be good, but, considering that its taste is very strong, it may impart a disagreeable sameness to a meal when it is introduced into every dish. In like manner, the heroic seasoning—if we may venture to use the expression—that writers use at present for their tales, if it is not wanting in strength, certainly is wanting in delicacy and variety. Now in these German stories we often find described a simple kind of life which is interesting enough to read about. There is a homeliness in the people which unhappily is no longer found to anything like the same extent in England. It reminds us more of the middle-class life that Scott has so admirably and so often described, with its hospitality, its simplicity, and its absence of formality. In the household of Herr Erving, the rich paper-maker, the father of Lizzie of the Mill, who gives her name to the story before us, we have an instance of that kind of life which tradesmen led before they had begun to trouble their heads about what might be thought of them by those who were born in a higher class. It is a simple, comfortable home, unspoilt by any of the apings of gentility. When next we travel in Germany we shall account ourselves fortunate should we chance to meet the worthy paper-maker on the bridge close to his house. We are sure that he will give us a courteous welcome, and we are quite as sure that we shall at once accept it. Though his daughter is a most charming young lady—indeed a model heroine—yet we do not feel equally sure about visiting her at Derenberg Castle hard by. She will not, we know, have been in the least spoilt by be-

* *Lizzie of the Mill.* From the German of W. Heimburg. By Christina Tyrrell. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1880.

coming a Baroness; but, to tell the plain truth, we do not care for her husband the Baron. The author, it is clear, means him for an heroic character, though one which till close on the last chapter is marred by certain imperfections. We can only look upon him as a very poor, pitiful creature, who much more deserved to be ducked in the mill-stream than to win the hand of the miller's beautiful daughter. There was, however, a good deal to be said for him by way of excuse. To begin with, though a gentleman, he was a marvellously poor one. He had, moreover, a most despotic and haughty old grandmother, who ruled the whole household with a rod of iron, and had brought up her grandson with the fullest sense of his own importance. She was a dreadfully wicked old lady. Years before the story opened, she had, by her slanders, not only caused the death of another Lizzie of the Mill—the heroine's grand-aunt—but also the utter ruin of her brother-in-law, Baron Fritz. By her extravagance she had brought down the family almost to beggary; moreover, it was owing to her that her only son, the hero's father, had ended his life by his own hand. The wrong that she had done to the first Lizzie made her hate the second. When children, the hero and his sister Nelly had been the playmates of the miller's little daughter. As they grew up the friendship between the two girls grew stronger, but the young Baron yielded to his grandmother's influence, and left off visiting at the Mill. Poor Lizzie had meanwhile fallen over head and ears in love with him, but found herself only slighted.

One day the Baron was shown by the wicked old lady a book in which was contained a history of his family. He read about a certain Agneta Maud Derenberg, who had had, if her picture was to be trusted, a remarkable head of hair. It was "a cloud of luxuriant golden, nay, red hair, drawn back from the white brow, and confined in a little cap of some silver tissue." The painter, by the way, must have had no small skill in his art who could paint a cloud when it was drawn back and confined. Be that as it may, the old family chronicler had thought it needful, in describing this lady, to quote an ancient proverb which says,

> But, beware! Look to the hairs!
> If redde, be sure 'twill prove a snare!

The reader's attention is at once roused, for he feels quite sure that with the first red-haired woman that the hero comes across he will straightway fall in love. As yet we had only made the acquaintance of his sister Nelly. She, of course, might have been a source of danger to some other young man, but, though she had "a wealth of fair curls," we do not make out that they were red. What, we ask ourselves, will be the colour of the locks of the as yet unknown Lizzie of the Mill? We hasten on with the story, and soon, to our great satisfaction, discover the usual signs of the near approach of a heroine. The author makes a great call upon his own powers and upon those of nature too. We come upon such a passage, for instance, as the following in the midst of a great deal of fine writing:—"Over the whole landscape lay the rosy shimmer of the setting sun, declining gradually in the far horizon in a violet sea of wondrous hue." We no more doubt that the heroine is but a page or two off than we doubt that on the stage a great king or conqueror is approaching when the supernumeraries come marching in two and two in scarlet tunics, with halberds on their shoulders. But when the heroine does make her appearance, we find that her hair is brown. Patience, we say to ourselves, and read steadily on. Before long we are rewarded. We hear first of a rich childless aunt of the young Baron's, who might restore the fortunes of the family by dying at a convenient time, and leaving her nephew all her money. She has, however, an only niece Blanche, and to her, of course, she might leave everything. The wicked old grandmother schemes a marriage between the young people. Meanwhile, till we know the colour of the niece's hair, we cannot ourselves come to any conclusion about the proposed alliance. The hero goes off to make her acquaintance, and at once our alarms are raised. About the dangerous colour of her hair there could not be a doubt. A golden fringe glistened on her forehead, and down her back flowed a wealth of luxuriant golden-red hair. It formed an aureole round her pale face, and fell like a shining veil about her shoulders. It was a golden glimmer, a golden flood, and a cloud of gleaming red hair. Nay the author's powers of description are not even yet exhausted. He makes one more effort, and we read that "down the fairy's back rolled masses of luxuriant, wonderful red hair." The hero, being a young fool, of course despised the family chronicler, did not beware, but looked to the hair only much too much. It was red, and it did prove a snare. Everything goes as wrong as can be for many a chapter. Poor Lizzie is forgotten, and the Baron and his cousin become engaged. Happily, just when the heroine seemed on the point of breaking her heart, the old aunt dies, and leaves all her property to the fair one of the golden glimmer of the wealth of luxuriant red hair. She at once jilts her poor cousin and so fulfils the warning of the proverb. He is heart-broken for at least four-and-twenty hours, when suddenly he discovers how fond he had always been of Lizzie and how fond she had always been of him. He proposes and is at once accepted. The course of love does not, however, run smooth at once, for he is naturally looked upon with great suspicion by the old paper-maker, who no doubt, not being well read in modern novels, did not understand with what rapidity it is possible to fall out of love and into it again. However, at last everything is cleared up, and everybody seems to be quite satisfied, except the wicked grandmother and, perhaps, the reader. We, at all events, as we have already said, are by no means pleased to see so charming a heroine fall to so pitiful a hero. We shall think even worse than ever of foreign barons if this fellow is to be taken as one of the best of them.

Certainly the conclusion of the story is not only very inartistic, but it drags greatly. Yet the book, as a whole, is prettily and pleasantly written, while one or two of the characters are very well drawn. The translator has done her work well, and does not often let German idioms peep up in the midst of English words. We could have wished, however, that she had kept clear of the silly phrases of our novelists, for which we greatly doubt whether their counterpart is to be found in the original. If the author affects fine words with very little meaning, the translator has done right to seek their equivalents in English; but if he has written, as we feel almost sure he has, simple German, she would have done well had she also written plain English.

THE DICTIONARY OF CHRISTIAN ANTIQUITIES.*

UNIFORM with the important *Dictionary of Christian Biography* now in course of publication, and of which we have spoken on two occasions, this *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, just completed by the appearance of its second volume, forms, together with it and the well-known *Dictionary of the Bible*, that great trilogy of ecclesiastical cyclopædias which we owe to Mr. Murray's enterprise, seconded by the skill of Dr. Smith and his coadjutors. Taken together, the three series leave little or nothing to be desired. The use of these most convenient and comprehensive manuals will no doubt supersede in a great measure that independent research which is so useful—for its indirect as well as its immediate results—to all young students. On the other hand, the accumulation of such a mass of varied learning, in a form most convenient for reference, and at a (comparatively speaking) small cost, cannot but be advantageous even to advanced scholars who have ample time at their disposal and means of access to considerable libraries. These invaluable books of reference form, indeed, for the ground which they cover, a complete library in miniature.

The work before us is unusually well done. It begins at the period at which the *Dictionary of the Bible* left off, and it extends to the time of Charles the Great, thus excluding the middle ages, properly so called. A hint is given in the editorial preface that the later developments of Christian ritual, the history of the great monastic and mendicant orders, and the several arts and institutions of the middle ages, may form the subject of a further separate publication. The two volumes now before us are to the archæology of the earlier Christian Church that which the well-known *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities* is to the public and private life of classical antiquity. We find in them almost all that can be gathered together about the organization, the discipline, the geographical extension, the legislation and revenues of the Church; the social life of the first Christian ages; the churches and buildings, the worship and ceremonial, the hagiology and the symbolism, and the general archæology of the first ten centuries. Dr. Smith has been the general editor of the whole work, assisted in the first volume by Dr. Stubbs, Professor Plumptre, and Archdeacon Cheetham, and in the last volume by Archdeacon Cheetham alone. The number of contributors to the work would have to be counted by scores.

There are very few depreciatory criticisms to be made on these volumes. It is a misfortune and a serious mistake that the scholars who have undertaken the ancient martyrologies and Church Calendars have contributed the names of so many saints to this series rather than to the *Dictionary of Biography*, to which they certainly more fitly belong, and where a student would certainly first look for them. The editors say, indeed, that they have reserved the "lives" of these personages, "when they are of any importance," for the biographical series, reserving their names and days of commemoration for this branch of the work. But this arrangement is unintelligible and perplexing. Of "St. Gall," for example, we are here only told that he was a "presbyter and confessor in Germany, commemorated February 20," without any hint of his date. Why should an inquirer have to search for further information by another reference to another volume?

Dr. Smith made, it must be confessed, a very judicious choice of colleagues in the present undertaking. He entrusted Dr. Stubbs with the whole branch of the subject which includes the laws, the government, the discipline, and the revenues of the Church and its religious orders, and Dr. Plumptre with the treatment of the education and social life of the earlier Christian ages. Both these gentlemen, however, were obliged, as the work proceeded, to request to be relieved of their engagements by the pressure of other duties. Professor (now Archdeacon) Cheetham succeeded to their posts, in addition to the responsibility for all that concerns Christian worship and ceremonial, which had been his department from the beginning. The regretted deaths of Bishop Forbes of Brechin, of Mr. A. W. Haddan, and Mr. Wharton Marriott, deprived the staff of three most qualified members; and the elevation of Dr. Benson and Dr. Lightfoot to the episcopate must have hindered not a little their literary engagements. But the work has not materially suffered, in respect of ability or completeness, by any of these changes.

There are numerous excellent illustrations to the two volumes

* *A Dictionary of Christian Antiquities: being a Continuation of "The Dictionary of the Bible."* Edited by William Smith, D.C.L., LL.D., and Samuel Cheetham, M.A., Archdeacon of Southwark. 2 vols. Illustrated by Engravings on Wood. London: John Murray. 1875 and 1880.

before us. They add greatly to the lucidity and general value of the text. We observe that not a few of them are not original, more especially those which illustrate the structure and the art of the Catacombs. But this, perhaps, was unavoidable. The Catacombs are undertaken in all their branches by Canon Venables, who also supplements Mr. Alexander Nesbitt in the department of what is called Ecclesiology. Mr. St. John Tyrwhitt is responsible for all the purely artistic articles in this series.

It is almost impossible to give any idea, still less any criticism, of the mass of learning here accumulated. Few subjects are more thoroughly treated than that of "Lamps," by Dr. Churchill Babington. The illustrations of this paper are most instructive. The "Lighting of Lamps" is made a separate article, contributed, with great fulness of knowledge, by Mr. Hotham, the Vice-Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. To this gentleman, we observe, the whole branch of Oriental liturgical antiquities has been committed. But the subject of the "Ceremonial Use of Lights" is treated by an even more competent writer, the Rev. W. E. Scudamore, author of the *Notitia Eucharistica*. This is, in many respects, a remarkable paper from its great research and excellent common sense. It undertakes to prove that for the first three hundred years of the Christian Church there was no ceremonial use of lighted candles, torches, or lamps in the daytime in divine worship. But it is shown that in the fourth century, partly in honour of martyrs, partly as a means of festal decoration, lighted candles or lamps became not uncommon. And the facts that the Eucharist was celebrated at very early hours, and that during the ages of persecution it had often been necessary to hold Christian worship by night or in dark sanctuaries, made it easy in later times to introduce the ritual use of lighted tapers. "The necessary lights of this period," says Mr. Scudamore, "became the ceremonial lights of the next." Of course the service of *Tenebræ* is an exceptional usage. But the Paschal candle seems to have been authorized early in the fifth century. And baptismal lights, a most significant symbol of "illumination," were certainly in use in the preceding century as well as the gospel lights in the Liturgy. At funerals, too, lights, both stationary and processional, were used certainly in the time of Constantine. St. Gregory of Nyssa, A.D. 380, describes the funeral of his sister, St. Macrina, at which "no small number of deacons and subdeacons preceded the corpse, on either side, escorting it from the house in orderly procession, all holding wax candles." From this it was a natural consequence that lights should be kept burning at sepulchres or shrines. It was probably a sensible and useful thing to discourage the excessive use of lights in divine service at the English Reformation. But it can scarcely be supposed that those who ordered two lights only to be retained on the altar, for a symbolical reason, ever imagined that it would be understood that these candles were to be unlighted. We give this brief account of Mr. Scudamore's paper merely as a specimen taken at random of the subjects treated of in this Dictionary. We only notice one or two omissions in his essay. He has not observed that suspended lamps are represented as ornaments of the sanctuary in the mosaics, for example, of many of the churches of Thessalonica, as figured in Messrs. Texier and Pullan's book. Nor does he refer to the Jewish seven-branched candlestick, which was so likely to have a counterpart in early Christian worship. The Seven Lamps, also, of the Apocalypse cannot but have suggested a precedent for the ceremonial use of lights in the Christian Church.

We turn, for another sample of the work, to Mr. Hotham's article on "Litany." It is very thoroughly done, and is a great contrast to the stereotyped meagre information which is commonly given in books of reference on these subjects. He speaks at length of the long intercessory prayers, in the form of a litany, which are found in the introductory or *proanaphoral* parts of the Greek liturgies. But he fails, we think, to observe the full importance of this fact. These liturgies go back in substance to the earliest Christian period. It may be concluded, then, that a Litany, as such, is an expression of united Christian prayer, the peculiar type of which has come down from the very first. It has always seemed to us that the Greek liturgical litanies are like a background to the whole office. The English Litany—a most noble specimen of its kind—was probably meant to be used as an introduction to the Communion office. And this was perhaps a kind of reminiscence of the Greek usage. Mr. Hotham strangely gives a separate article on the word *Lite*. Surely λιτή and λιτανεία were only synonyms, as indeed Codinus, who held the office of *Curopalate* in the court of the last Emperors of Constantinople, and who may therefore be presumed to have known, expressly declares.

The musical articles are contributed partly by Mr. Hullah and partly by the Rev. J. R. Lunn, late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. The papers by Mr. Lunn are prodigiously learned. He has succeeded in explaining the earliest musical notation, as found in manuscripts, before Guido of Arezzo invented the stave in the eleventh century. A very excellent paper on the Holy Sepulchre is contributed by Mr. Walter Besant, Secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund, who is unusually well qualified for the task. The writer, after giving the history of the controversy, discusses the two questions—whether the present site is that which was fixed upon by the officers of Constantine; and whether that site was certainly, or even probably, the true spot where Our Lord was buried. Most impartially all the arguments on both sides are adduced and discussed and weighed. But no conclusion is arrived at, though the writer's prejudices seem to go in behalf of the received site. The controversy is thus judiciously summed up:—

> It will be seen that, while no amount of argument will ever reconcile those who hold opposite views as to the continuity of tradition from the earliest times, the continuity of history from the time of Eusebius appears fairly demonstrable. On the other hand, if it cannot be disproved by architects that the Dome of the Rock is of the age of Constantine, what way out of the difficulty remains but one, that pointed out by Mr. Fergusson, itself bristling with other difficulties? A careful and exhaustive examination of this building on the spot by a thoroughly competent architectural scholar is greatly to be desired. That indeed seems the chief thing necessary. The next step, if it should not be the first, is the recovery beyond any doubt of the second wall. These two desiderata accomplished, and the rock-levels of the city—already far advanced—completed, the question of the site of the Holy Sepulchre will be narrowed to one or two issues.

It has always seemed to us that the determination of the line of the second wall was the one great thing to be desired and attempted. In conclusion, we may point to an invaluable list of ancient monasteries, 1,481 in number, most useful to an historical student, contributed by Mr. Wensley; and a still more important essay on Money, illustrated by many plates of coins, by Mr. Keary, of the British Museum, assisted by Mr. Babington; the latter of whom adds a supplemental section on Medals.

A more acceptable present for a candidate for Holy Orders, or a more valuable book for any library, than this *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, could not easily be found.

OUR SONS.*

MR. ARTHUR KING has been careful in the first page of his introductory chapter to indicate the class of readers whom he proposes to instruct and assist in the best methods of providing for "the increasing number of curly heads round the table." He gives out his text at the opening of his discourse, and it is no other than the sentence in the Psalms from which English-speaking folk have taken the proverbial "quiver." His readers are therefore to be sought in the class—and it is beyond question an extensive one—which considers the quotation appropriate, and its doctrine "necessary for these times." It has never occurred to these worthy people to examine critically into the patriarchal view of the value of blood relations, and to trace its survivals in an Irish faction-fight, or in the "compurgators" to whom the British juryman owes his being; nor have they even given themselves the trouble to remember that the name of King Solomon, with which the sentiment or its authorship is associated, suggests the existence of a domestic institution in direct relation to it as means to an end. Nothing can possibly be further from the wish of the respectable householders to whom Mr. King addresses himself than that their sons should "speak with their enemies in the gate." The nearest modern approach to the practice is to be found in systems of conscription and compulsory military service, and these the British householder utterly abhors.

As matter of experience, however, the father of the "curly heads" which in due time will adorn the shoulders of "three or four healthy lads of from 12 to 17 years of age eating him out of house and home" is anything, in the author's judgment, but happy; and the object of this work is to administer the consolation needed in his unhappiness, and "to assist parents, guardians, and all interested in the well-being of their sons in the choice of such an education" as may diminish the now unfortunately existing number of "logs upon the water." We remember in some work which was intended to instruct and more or less to amuse the infancy of a former generation—it may have been *Evenings at Home*—how the Mr. Barlow of the occasion called his young friends round him and proposed to found a colony. Volunteers at once came forward to fill the posts of baker, carpenter, and so on in the infant settlement; but one "young friend" of higher aims simply announced his intention of being "a gentleman." Our memory is a blank upon the improving moral lecture which Mr. Barlow proceeded to deliver; but Mr. King is far more tolerant of human weakness, whether filial or paternal. "In the colonies a man must be prepared to face harder work in a much worse climate. The work is so rough, that the most fortunate men are to be found in the artisan and labouring classes." "Our Sons" must be "started in life" as gentlemen; with dress-coats, lawn-tennis shoes, and every other requisite for subduing, not exactly the earth, but the world, which is a much more important consideration. This is the aspiration of the moneyed or the comfortable middle classes, and, to a certain extent, of all educated people. No one likes to face the prospect of his children's descent to a lower social level than his own; and no one, accordingly, in the educated or middle class is prepared to see his son earning his bread by direct manual labour—least of all if he has himself risen from the ranks of such labour. It is a convenient platitude of politics that the fabric of the State holds together more firmly when its threads are closely interwoven than when they are arranged one above another in layers, and the maxim is cordially accepted by the fortunate occupants of the surface. Its force is not quite so clear in the case of the threads which pass downward out of sight, and the class distinction which separates the employer from the labourer is more strongly marked in days of great undertakings and abundant capital than it was when, both in agriculture and trade, masters and men were on a nearer social level and often sat at the same table. The condition present to the mind of the author of *Our Sons*, that they must at all events be started in life as gentlemen, is evidenced by a curious, though intelligible, reticence on subjects almost or altogether forbidden by the conventional canons of his

* *Our Sons: How to Start them in Life.* By Arthur King. London: Warne & Co. 1880.

readers. Among possible callings open to a lad in our time, the merchant service, or, as it is now called, the "mercantile marine," could not be altogether omitted. But it is not fashionable; there is no broad line of distinction at any point between the dignity of the "P. and O." at one end and the dinginess of a Newcastle collier at the other; and the "mercantile marine" is accordingly dismissed with twenty lines of notice at the end of the volume. A more transparent omission is found in the absence of any notice whatever of the openings in life presented by retail trade. Mr. King knows his readers far too well to suggest the possibility of any "openings" in life which may lead through a hinged flap behind the counter. At the same time, an underlying, though suppressed, premiss may be detected throughout the whole book. It is assumed that the parents for whom the author writes have money to spend on their sons' education; and, further, that the range of their own experience as to the best way of spending it, or of their opportunities for obtaining private information on the subject, is not extensive. Schoolmasters will be at no loss to account for the facts of social life which are thus taken for granted; and these probably fall more directly under the observation of the masters of preparatory schools, whose relations with the parents of their pupils are more confidential than those of public head-masters. As a boy grows older he is thrown more on his own resources; the little boy just leaving home is an object of greater solicitude, especially on the part of his mother, who in many instances carries on all the correspondence by letter with the head of the school establishment. The father, after a first interview, "wires" at intervals, or encloses a cheque with a headed "memorandum." But the first interview has explained everything. With the rapid extension of trade a great deal of money has been made by men who frankly own that they never had the chance themselves of an education such as they wish to give their sons; and as their families grow up it is often observed that the younger boys come to school with a distinctly increased measure of refinement as compared with the elder lads at the same age. The experience of parents in this class is necessarily much confined to the work in which they have been themselves engaged, and neither they nor their friends have had great opportunity of becoming acquainted with the details of, or the requisite preparation for, the professional life for which most of their sons are designed. Of public schools and universities they know scarcely anything, while professional men and others who have received what used to be described as a liberal education know, or have the means of ascertaining, almost everything which Mr. King can tell them, and are only at a loss in the matter which he appears to regard as a "postulate"—the possession of the requisite balance with their bankers.

Our Sons is a book which fairly provides, as it professes to do, "a manual of useful information" as to the cost and character of the education afforded by the various public schools and by the Universities, and also as to the cost and method of special preparation for professional life. The advice which the author offers is made to rest, to a certain extent, upon a principle which, without disputing its soundness, we may characterize as somewhat cynical, and which certainly will not commend itself to the acceptance of many a proud and admiring mother. This is, that hardly any boy "has any special aptitude for any particular profession or branch of business more than another"; and, as an illustration of the common blundering of domestic opinion upon this head, he makes much sport of his own too partial family, which had set him down as a born artist in his early infancy, whereas, in his maturer life, "when a four-year-old child of my acquaintance asked me to draw the conventional cat upon her slate, I was obliged with shame to confess my inability." This reasoning, however, appears to be open to the objection of *non sequitur*, if, as we believe, by "the conventional cat" is meant the ground-plan of a traditional visit of one Thomas to his friend Christopher. Mr. Arthur King probably only "confesses his inability" to remember the succession of incidents in that simple but instructive romance. A wide margin for exceptions must, we think, be allowed to the advice, "Let every father, as soon as his eldest son has reached the age of 12, set himself seriously to consider what is to be the boy's future career." Neither bodily nor mental development has sufficiently advanced in the generality of boys at twelve years old to allow of any fixed decision as the consequence of this consideration.

There is much worldly wisdom in the following counsel, which is, indeed, offered only as an alternative. "Two distinct ways of living" are open to a father's desire for his son; the one, "to work hard and make money, with a considerable chance of failure"; the other, to be content with a moderate income, little or no risk, and spare time for culture. To those who prefer the former prospect the following advice is given:—

> If a father is bent upon seeing his sons rich men, let him start them early in life in a money-making business, with the largest capital he can place at their disposal, and let him be careful that the education they have had be one that has taught them little more than the actual knowledge they will require in their business transactions; as complete a knowledge of modern languages as possible, and as thorough an acquaintance with figures as can be gained, putting out of sight any considerable learning in the way of classics or mathematics; and, above all, let the business he chooses be the one in which he can command the most influential interest and largest connexion, for without these most important elements in success the fight will be a very uphill one indeed. . . . In the professions connexion is the only advertisement that can be correctly made use of, and the greatest genius may, without friends to make him known, languish unknown for years at the bar, in the church, or as an obscure parish doctor.

The converse to the latter portion of these generalizations from the author's "experience over a wide range of professions" was concisely stated as regards one path of life by Cowper in the last century:—"The parson knows enough who knows a duke." A careful following of Mr. King's advice cannot fail, during periods when the tide of trade is at its flood, to result in a conspicuous increase in the numbers and the force of the British Philistine, who, when trade is bad, or when he has retired on his fortune or on his misfortune, and generally in the later years of his life, having no resources except those which may be set down in "figures," no tastes save those to which his cook or his butler can minister, scarcely a book in his library and no ideas in his head, is apt to become an extremely disagreeable person in his family circle, and a nuisance as far as his power extends to all the neighbourhood beyond it.

The details of information which Mr. King has collected are well arranged and generally accurate, although in some cases they appear not to have been corrected to the latest date. The old tradition of Oxford which made the private tutor an essential element in the life of the reading man is now almost, if not entirely, of the past. The College tutors and lecturers work so hard themselves and make their men work so hard for them, that the occupation of the private tutor is gone. Grey-whiskered patriarchs come up from the country with the pleasures of memory shedding a radiance round the pleasures of hope as they reach the Oxford station in the mellow afternoon; but they return lamenting. They dined in Hall—there was nothing but toast-and-water on the table; they went to the Common Room, and it broke up after a single bottle of claret. It was never so in their time; and even now they will hardly believe their ears when they are told of College lectures, to say nothing of undergraduates coming in with their papers, at eight and nine o'clock. Certainly among the various openings by which "our sons" may now be "started in life," the good old comfortable career can no longer be reckoned where the lad of sixteen came up from a country grammar school on a close scholarship, took a pass in due time, or, if he was very studiously inclined, a third class, and then settled down on a fellowship and port wine till the revolving wheels of time and patronage brought him after middle age to a country rectory and a wife.

Mr. King has wisely remembered to point out a truth which is not the less important because it may seem to be a truism, that "home cannot be made too pleasant to a boy," and that "nothing can be more painful" to him in the present or more injurious to his future than that "he should have ever present to his mind a dull and gloomy house of correction, from which return to school is an escape to be looked forward to with joy." This is a principle which extends far beyond the school days; and, where and so long as it is possible, the home should be made to fulfil the conditions of a military base in relation to the campaign of life.

WENDISH FOLK-LORE.*

THE Wends of Upper and Lower Lusatia are but a small people, whose Slavonic nationality is fast being absorbed in the great German wave which surrounds them on every side. In spite of the efforts made by enthusiastic patriots to publish books and newspapers in Wendish at Bautzen and elsewhere, the language is dying out, and will, before very long, be remembered only by philologists. But the memory of these Lusatian Wends will long be kept alive among comparative mythologists and students of folk-lore by the rich stores of popular fiction which have been gathered from Wendish lips, some years ago by MM. Haupt and Schmaler, and now by M. Veckenstedt. In his *Wendische Sagen* he has brought together, and arranged in the most methodical manner, a very great amount of information concerning the legends and superstitions of the Wends, chiefly of Lower Lusatia. And he has been so fortunate as to find among those isolated Slavs, the most Western branch of the Slavonic family, evidence as to ancient beliefs in mythological beings whose names are unfamiliar to the other sections of their race.

These beings all belong to the demon class, and the belief in them dates back to those heathen times in which the Wends were a numerous and powerful people, occupying a wide extent of territory, and inspiring with no slight awe their Teutonic neighbours. Corresponding forms to theirs are still found in all Slavonic lands; but the names of some of the Wendish bugbears appear to be peculiar to their Lusatian home. Of such a nature is the Fika, a tobacco-smoking fiend. Tradition relates that she was originally a woman who was greatly addicted to smoking, and who met with her death by drowning in a lake. A peasant, whose horse was grazing near that lake, imprudently called out, "Fika, won't you smoke a pipe?" No reply was made; but when he mounted what he thought was his horse, it grew and grew until it became a huge monster which carried him off. In this instance, at least, the Fika seems to be akin to the Irish Phooka. The Gibane, who pays visits to cottages in which cakes are being baked, is another female demon peculiar to the Wends; and so is the Wurlarwa, who torments women whom she finds spinning after ten o'clock at night. In most lands traces are found of an old belief that certain demons object to work being carried on at noontide; but in those which are inhabited by Slavs such a belief is exceptionally vigorous. Thus among the Wends a mysterious female

* *Wendische Sagen, Märchen, und Abergläubische Gebräuche.* Gesammelt und nacherzählt von Edm. Veckenstedt. Graz: Leuschner & Lubensky. 1880.

being, called the Pšezpolnica, is supposed to watch over the cornfields at midday to punish the reapers who continue working after twelve o'clock has arrived, and to shear off, with a golden sickle, the heads of thieves who take advantage of the absence of the harvesters. She is clothed in a long white dress, and she carries a bag, into which she drops the heads of offenders, among whom are reckoned children who tread down the corn. At one o'clock she always disappears from sight. On one occasion a mason, to whom she paid a visit at midday and propounded conundrums, nailed her finger to the wall of the house which he was repairing, and fled. When the people of the house resumed their work in the afternoon, they found to their surprise a finger attached to the wall by a nail. In some localities the Pšezpolnica is supposed to render the cornfields dangerous from two to three in the afternoon, during which time, also, her sister, the Dziewica, haunts the dark fir woods, followed by splendid deerhounds. Closely akin to these sisters are the Serpolnica and Serpysyja, who wander about at midday and midnight, always provided with a sickle, but sometimes destitute of a head. In 1813 four French soldiers, who had gone out foraging from Drebkau, discovered a hidden treasure, and were just about to carry it off, when a female form appeared before them clad in white, and threatening them with a sickle. Whereupon they took to flight. Under the names of Anna Subata and Maria na Penku, other female beings of an equally unpleasant nature are familiar to the Wendish mind, which believes also in the existence of similar male demons known as the Serp, the Serpel, and the Posserpanc.

Under the name of the Bludnik, a luminous demon corresponding to our own Will-o'-the-Wisp is supposed by the Wends to delight in leading belated travellers away from the right path and into thickets and swamps. In the time of the Seven Years' War several Bludniks haunted a hollow willow tree, from which their light used to stream forth at night. Two boys determined to burn them out of their home. They were told that the Bludniks were the souls of dead children, and ought not to be disturbed; but, in spite of the warning, they set fire to the tree, and then ran away. But before they reached their home, an unseen hand knocked them into a neighbouring pond. The old people who heard what they had done predicted that they would die soon. And before the year was out the two boys were in their graves. Closely akin to our own nightmare is the Wendish Murawa, a being which, like the Russian Mara, grievously plagues sleepers. Sometimes it takes the form of a frog or of a snake, and it is often a shape into which a malicious witch has transformed herself. Thus a girl who could change herself into a Murawa took it into her head one day to torment a shepherd whom she saw afield. "Her body immediately fell lifeless to the ground; out of her mouth sprang a mouse which ran to the shepherd and threw him down." He lay prostrate and groaning, while the mouse ran to and fro over his body. When it had plagued him enough, "the mouse ran to the girl's body, and slipped back into her mouth. The girl immediately became alive, stood up, and went on working as before." Sometimes the Murawa takes the form of a moth, and creeps down the throat of any sleeper whom she finds with his mouth open. The best means of keeping her at a distance is to nail up the oldest article of clothing of which the inhabitant of the bedroom is possessed.

A still more terrible female visitant than the Murawa is the Plague, of whose ominous wanderings and fatal visits the Wends have many tales to tell. As in the stories of other lands, she is generally described as a tall, gaunt woman, who sits by the wayside and tries to induce passers-by to convey her to their homes. If they consent, they find too late that they have introduced pestilence into their households. But one of the accounts differs from the rest, being really a vampire story combined with a pestilence tradition. A daughter, as black as ebony, was born to a Queen who had declared one day, while sitting on a black stone, that she would be happy if she could have a child, whatsoever its nature might be. The black Princess died when she was twelve years old, and her coffin was placed with the lid open in a church before the altar, and a soldier was sent to guard it at night. In the morning he was not to be found. Night after night the same disappearance of the sentry took place. At last the soldier on duty bethought himself of creeping under the coffin. When the clock struck twelve, the dead Princess sat up in her coffin, looked round for some one to devour, and exclaimed, "Has my father sent me no victim to-night?" After a time she guessed where the soldier was, and cried, "What is behind me I do not seize. Knowest thou who I am? I am the Plague." Then she disappeared, uttering curses against mankind. Of vampires, properly so called, not many stories are told. But there is one which is very precise in its details. In the neighbourhood of Kiekebusch a peasant was found dead, evidently murdered, and was buried. After a time it was rumoured that the dead man was in the habit of visiting houses at night and sucking the blood of any one on whom he could lay hands. So the villagers dug up his body, and drove a consecrated nail into his head, and a stake into his heart. But even then he would not keep quiet. So they dug him up again, and this time consumed his body with fire, scattering his ashes to the four winds. After which the villagers were able to sleep in peace. About ordinary dead people a few stories of the usual kind are told. One of them contains a sound moral strongly inculcating filial respect. A certain peasant was a bad son, constantly behaving ill to his aged father. At length the old man died. Towards midnight the son went to bed. Before he had time to go to sleep he received a tremendous box on the ear. From that time forward, as each year brought round the anniversary of his father's death, at the midnight hour "his father's ghost appeared and hit him a blow on the head." It appears also that the ghosts of hanged persons repay by boxes on the ear the trouble which people may have taken to cut down their bodies. In Schorbus church, those of the dead whose shrouds are ample sit comfortably in their pews during the ghostly service on Christmas Eve. But those whose relations have supplied them but scantily with graveclothes are obliged to lean their backs against the wall, in order that their partial nakedness may not be seen. There once lived in Missen a pious maiden. Three nights running there came to her bedside a figure which uttered no sound, but sadly gazed at her, and then beckoned to her to follow. On the third night she rose and followed it. It led her into a church, before the altar of which stood a coffin fastened with a golden padlock. The figure gave her a golden key, and intimated by signs that she was to open the coffin. She did so, and the coffin lid flew open, revealing a body lying within. Then all disappeared, and the girl found herself alone, holding in her hand the golden padlock and key, which she afterwards was in the habit of exhibiting to her friends.

On the history and ethnography of the Wends not much light is thrown by their traditions, but here and there references to old times occur which are curious. According to one legend, "the King of the Wends came with his people from the borders of Asia, and after long wanderings settled down with them in Lusatia." Another tells us how "the Wends came from Asia, led by a king. In crossing a great mountain range on their way, two-thirds of their number were destroyed by the hostile mountaineers." The men wrapped themselves in huge furs and rolled down the slopes. The women were let down by ropes. After this fashion they reached Silesia, whence they were driven out by the Germans. In Lusatia their kings long reigned, but when the Hohenzollern family came into the land, and built a fortress at Berlin, the power of the Wends dwindled, and at length came to an end. There will be, however, a final conflict, during which the dead Wends now sleeping within the Plonitzka and Raditzka mountains will come forth and drive the Germans across the Rhine. Around the shadowy form of the King of the Wends a number of myths have clustered, some of them associating him with the "Night-hunter," the Wild Huntsman known to so many races of men, sometimes with the Arthur or Barbarossa who sleeps amidst his slumbering warriors within some mountain cavern. It seems that "the time is not far off when a world-wide conflict will commence. When war has begun, and the nations are struggling with each other, the King of the Wends will return, and will conquer the Germans, and afterwards will found a realm which will comprise all the nations of the whole earth."

According to some traditions, the Wends are descended from the Ludki, who were small men, not longer than a finger, and who seem to be in many points akin to our own fairies. If other stories can be trusted, the Wends must also have been singularly like our own men of Gotham. But such tales as these are probably of German origin. Of Wendish folk-tales Dr. Veckenstedt gives thirty good specimens, very useful for the purpose of comparison. They are almost all variants of well-known popular fictions; but there is one ghost story which is so originally irrational that it is worthy of being cited. Two boys, whose mother was dead, were awakened from their slumber one night by a white female figure, which came up to their bedside and then disappeared. Next night she came again. "Why dost thou disturb my sleep every night?" asked the elder boy. "Thy words will bring thee harm," she replied. Next morning the boy was found dead in his bed. On the following night the figure reappeared, clothed in black. "Dear lady, tell me what is thy desire," said the surviving boy. Whereupon the apparition gave him a black glove, and told him to take it next morning to the garden, and walk about with it till it turned white—then to halt and dig. He followed her instructions and dug up a copper pot. "Inside it was a skull, which was quite full of gold."

BUCKNILL ON LUNACY LAW.*

THERE is no greater authority on lunacy than Dr. Bucknill. He has all the right to speak about it which can be conferred by general medical eminence and special acquaintance with brain disease. In the *Care of the Insane and their Legal Control* we have his mature and deliberate opinion on the existing system of dealing with lunatics, and this opinion is in almost every respect adverse. The existing system is in the main a system of asylums, public or private, and, as regards a large number of patients, Dr. Bucknill altogether objects to asylums. The most original feature of his book is the change of form which the ordinary indictment against the keepers of private asylums undergoes in it. It cannot, Dr. Bucknill says, "be too much insisted upon that the allegation against the proprietors of private asylums is not that of *mala fides* in taking, detaining, and confining persons of unsound mind as lunatics; but that they detain persons of unsound mind whose confinement within their walls is unnecessary and unlawful." The only ground for the detention of a lunatic in an asylum which is known to the common law is that he is dangerous to himself or to others. It is not enough that he is subject to delusions, or apt to spend his money foolishly, or spiteful and watchful of opportunities for inflicting petty annoyances on those with whom he lives. These inconvenient or unpleasant qualities

* *The Care of the Insane and their Legal Control.* By John Charles Bucknill, M.D., F.R.S. London: Macmillan. 1880.

do not make him a dangerous lunatic, and by the common law it is only a dangerous lunatic—that is, a lunatic of suicidal or homicidal tendencies—that may be "restrained of his liberty by another." In Dr. Bucknill's judgment it would have been well if the statute law had never departed from these lines. A dangerous lunatic—the maniac or madman of the last century—was a being about whose condition there could be no mistake. When the madhouse passed into the "licensed house for the reception of insane patients," this safeguard disappeared, and free room was given to all those ingenious speculations of mad doctors which promise to end, if they have not indeed ended already, in the discovery that all of us—these doctors excepted—are mad upon some point or other, and owe our continued, though precarious, liberty either to chance or to the weak kindness of some relative as mad as ourselves. Indeed, considering the extraordinary facilities which the statute law gives for the capture of certified lunatics, it is wonderful that the asylums are not more numerous and more crowded than they are. The only assured protection is destitution. A pauper lunatic is pretty sure neither to be placed in confinement nor kept in it without good cause. The fact that he has to be maintained out of the rates ensures that those with whom the decision lies will not be too easy in admitting proofs of lunacy. Dr. Bucknill insists with great justice upon the absurdity of a distinction which makes it comparatively easy to lock up a rich lunatic and difficult to lock up a destitute lunatic. There may be a dozen people interested in placing a man with property in a position in which he will be alike unable to manage his own affairs and to check their administration of them. There is no one interested in placing a man who has no affairs to administer, or to have administered, in a position where he must be lodged, fed, and tended at the public cost. Yet the lunacy laws surround the latter process with safeguards which are altogether wanting in the former process. A destitute lunatic cannot "be confined in a public institution, under the charge of public officials, and maintained there out of public funds, except upon the intervention of an officer who administers these funds, and the order of a magistrate." A lunatic with money may be locked up in a private place of confinement upon the order of any person—an alien, an infant, or a man of straw—with whom the owner of the place chooses to make a pecuniary agreement. If the framers of the existing lunacy laws had wished to create abuses, instead of guarding against them, they need only have gone to work in the way they have done. The motives for sending patients to asylums need not rise to the level of heroic wickedness. There are many persons who are sent there, not because their relations wish to rob them, but simply because their relations find the care of them inconvenient. The fact that the comfort of the sane is destroyed by the presence of an insane person among them may be a proper reason for subjecting even a harmless lunatic to some kind of restraint; it may even be a reason for sending a harmless lunatic to an asylum. But neither course ought to be adopted without full consideration of the circumstances by some disinterested official, or without proper regard for the comfort and general welfare of the person so dealt with. As the law stands, neither of these conditions is complied with. The medical certificate is everything, and the medical certificate may very easily certify to nothing at all. It must be signed by two medical men, but these medical men may be any physicians, surgeons, or apothecaries in actual practice; they are expressly released from the check of a consultation; and they are only required to certify that the person it is proposed to consign to a lunatic asylum is of unsound mind. When the certificate has been given and the order founded upon it signed, the statute confers upon the owner or superintendent of any licensed asylum a power to which there is no parallel in English law. For seven days afterwards, he or his servants may search for and seize the lunatic, and convey him, under such restraint as may be necessary, to a private prison. There is no one to whom the lunatic, so called in the certificate, can appeal for protection; and the owner of the asylum is entitled to plead the order as a justification against any civil action for false imprisonment. This extraordinary provision was enacted in 1845, and has probably done more than anything else to foster the abuses which now so urgently call for redress.

Dr. Bucknill proposes to amend this system in every particular. In the first place, he would have the examination of the patient made by the two medical men in consultation, so that their opinions might check one another. In the second place, he would provide that the certificate should specify the nature of the mental complaint, at all events so far as to say whether it is lunacy, idiocy, or unsoundness of mind; in other words, whether it is due to disease, defect, or decay. In the next place, the medical men should be made to indicate the kind of treatment they hold the case to require, distinguishing at the least "between care and treatment in domestic life and care and treatment in an asylum." At present "a medical man who has given a well-intentioned certificate, under the belief that it would be used as a justification for gentle control under the former, is liable to find it utilized for imprisonment in an institution." Further, Dr. Bucknill would have the medical men state the reasons which induce them to recommend one or the other course, and name the persons to whose care they would advise that the patient should be committed. It is plainly a very much easier matter to enumerate certain facts which point to the conclusion that a patient is of unsound mind than to show how the facts stated bear out the conclusion that the patient is a lunatic, not merely a person of weak or decayed intellect, and requires to be treated in an asylum rather than simply placed under domestic supervision. Still even these precautions will not be adequate unless the power of ordering the confinement of a lunatic be taken away from private persons and be entrusted, as every other similar power is entrusted, to a public official. Dr. Bucknill would have no lunatic sent to an asylum except by a magistrate's order; the medical certificate being the evidence upon which the magistrate would act and as to the veracity and sufficiency of which he would form his own opinion. The argument urged against this provision will of course be the one which is the main foundation of the private asylum system. It is alleged that, in the interest of the patient and of his family, secrecy is of paramount importance, and that a magistrate's intervention will be destructive of secrecy. It may be doubted whether, from the point of view of public policy, the advantages of secrecy have not been exaggerated; but, allowing them to be as great as they are assumed to be, they ought not to be purchased at the cost of grievous wrong-doing. Any system which puts the power of imprisonment into private hands makes such wrong-doing possible. No doubt both the lunatic himself—supposing him to recover—and the lunatic's family in any case, may be justly anxious to conceal his misfortune from the world. But then the machinery employed for this purpose must not be such as can be perverted without difficulty to the unjust arrest and imprisonment of men whom no public authority would dream of ordering into confinement. The nearest relations are not invariably the right persons to decide whether a man shall be placed under slight supervision or sent to an asylum. If they are not the right persons they are probably the very opposite of the right persons. If they are not restrained by kindness or affection from consigning their relative to a prison, they are likely to be prompted by personal interest to send him there.

The reforms which have been enumerated are only suggested by Dr. Bucknill as palliatives. If the system of private asylums is maintained, it ought to be maintained under safeguards which would considerably lessen the number of persons now under treatment in them, and make future admissions very much more difficult. Dr. Bucknill, however, would go much further than this. He would begin by reducing the existing authorities on lunacy to two—the Court of Chancery, in whom should vest the custody of all lunatics possessed of any property or maintained by their relatives, and the Local Government Board, in whom should vest the custody of destitute lunatics. The Chancery lunatics should be placed partly under domestic supervision, partly in asylums provided by, though not at the cost of, the State, and partly in such private asylums as could succeed in inducing patients to come to them of their own accord. In this way no one would be imprisoned beyond the power of escape, except in public institutions. The supervision now exercised over Chancery lunatics under domestic supervision would be sufficient, Dr. Bucknill thinks, to secure the proper treatment of such lunatics as are neither dangerous nor in need of the restraints which can only be provided in asylums. Those who preferred a gregarious life might find it in asylums intended for the reception of voluntary patients. Those whom it is necessary to place in confinement would be given the full protection of the State, in the shape not merely of supervision exercised over the interested persons placing or detaining them in confinement, but of absolutely disinterested officials. This would have the further advantage of removing the obstacles which are now occasionally met with in confining persons about whose madness there is no doubt whatever. Respectable doctors like to err, if they must err, on the safe side, and they will not always give on their own sole responsibility the certificate which they would willingly give if it was only to form material on which a magistrate might base his decision. It is amazing that the lunacy laws should have been suffered to go unamended so long. When the new Government redeems the pledge of its predecessor and takes this crying abuse in hand, it is to be hoped that no one will be found opposing a radical reform of the existing system who has not studied and found an answer to Dr. Bucknill's trenchant attack on it.

OLIVER CONSTABLE, MILLER AND BAKER.*

It is difficult to fix on the class for whose service or amusement this story has been written. It is intensely didactic in tone; every scene has evidently a purpose beyond the ordinary aim of the novel; but for whose use so much teaching is designed is a matter as to which the reader remains in ignorance to the end. It seems alike unsuited for those who know something of the world to which it introduces us, and for those who do not—for those who would be social reformers, and for those whom they would reform. Great questions are discussed, knotty social difficulties are handled, confidently enough, but something in the writer's tone and method leaves this preliminary difficulty unsolved. If the book is designed for the class which the hero sets himself to benefit, we can only say that the picture drawn of their present low level of thought and manners is too insulting to serve any good end. If it is intended for the class above them, the lesson is scarcely clear and definite enough to settle any of the difficulties inherent in class distinctions. The most probable readers, we incline to think, are not those who will care for the author's lessons, but those who may find amusement in being told, with so much detail, how the sons and daughters of shopkeepers conduct themselves in the home circle, and with how little attention to the *convenances* they carry on their flirtations.

* *Oliver Constable, Miller and Baker.* By Sarah Tytler. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

For the task of reporting feelings and opinions in a dialect alien to the habits of the reporter a very particular sympathy is required. It is necessary to put the mind in close relation with the person to be represented; and at the same time to translate the language one would naturally use into an unfamiliar form, such as is supposed to be the vehicle of expression of the mind delineated. Miss Tytler has plunged into this difficulty with so little sense of the task before her that she would seem to assume that all vulgarity, young and old, male and female, has but one vocabulary, and that one form of slang meets the requirements of every untrained mind. We should not make a point of this, however, if the author's shopkeepers were merely individual examples; but she takes pains to impress upon the reader that they are typical. Her hero "is compelled to suspect that" her "Dadds and Polleys presented an average specimen of their class." No sensible shopkeeper will object to be called an *épicier*, or to share with the mass of his countrymen the charge of Philistinism. In either language the reproach implies an ultra-respectability; but when we come to the wives and daughters of grocers in *Oliver Constable*, it is altogether another matter. Let us listen to Mrs. Polley, presiding at her table in the back-shop, and addressing her husband, who has ventured to compliment her cookery:—"You shut up, Polley, and eat your victuals. For you know you have a trick of keeping the table waiting. I am glad none of the gals take after you. Slow at meat is slow at work. You may be thankful I never were a dawdler, and that I went in —the greater fool I—for looking after you." Or take Mily Polley, the heroine of the shopkeepers' annual picnic, who represents the girl of the period in that class; this young lady announces that Jack Dadd has got his father to fork out two bottles of sherry and two of champagne, a wine she adores—"the real, not the gooseberry thing." "I should like to swig it like beer—that's me. But shan't we have a guzzle." And when Oliver, the reformer, whom she pronounces a handsome gorilla of a duffer, proposes to mix claret-cup, she replies, "Thank you for nothing. Nasty flat trash! I'm for as much champagne as I can get for my share, without mother's interfering. There!" Mily, we are told, called a spade a spade. Oliver, in his line, lightens his heavy part by recourse to conventional modes of expression. Himself and his friends are "beggars" and "duffers," epithets which ill suit a vein of solemn moralizing.

Such being the present mental and moral condition of the shop-keeping class, the author suggests a means of rescue from this slough of lowness; one of its own members is to leap into its very midst, and so to save it. Oliver Constable is the son of a miller and baker. He is sent to Friarton Grammar School, where his progress and his turn for scholarship win the favour of "the learned masters and parsons," who persuade his father to send him to Oxford. There he at once gains a scholarship, and finally a first class, to the great delight of his sister Fan, who is ambitious, and would gladly escape from the associations of Friarton and the society of her class. Her education has been as much above her position as her brother's, as she has been sent to excellent schools, both in England and abroad. The good old father dies, and Oliver's course is free; when, to poor Fan's astonishment and disgust, he announces his unalterable determination to carry on his father's business of miller and baker, with all the conditions of shop and shop-window full of tarts and confectionery. Class with Oliver is as rigorous a master as caste. He resolves to devote himself to trade, to making the honestest bread that can be made, and to reforming the principles and manners of the Dadds, the Polleys, and their fellows. Bent on this mission, and entirely unsympathetic—as is also the author—towards poor Fan, he enters upon the conduct of a business which we had supposed to need an apprenticeship; and, in a quarrel with a contumacious journeyman baker who objects to his rules, kneads with his own hands a batch of bread. Fiercely rejecting all the practices of the trade, he not only quarrels with his men but loses his customers, who do not like the colour of his honest loaves. The author has apparently got up the baking business with some care; at least she spends a great many pages upon it, though we are not told how Oliver's special batch turned out; and no minuteness of detail enables the reader to reconcile the training of the master baker with his craft. The author could not have carried out the plan of her story if she had been better informed on any of the questions involved in it. Everything is viewed from a lofty distance apart from experience—the position which of all others sustains the observer in a serene conviction of being in the right. Whether it be the relations of Church and Dissent in the classes she depicts, social intercourse, trade customs, domestic habits, æsthetic tastes, Parliamentary conscience, or the art of electioneering, every thing and person is discussed in that vein of censure tempered by patronage which belongs to a superficial acquaintance, to an outside survey with no real contact. The subject which seems to lie at the bottom of all these great controversies is that especially feminine question, class distinctions. No doubt circles, grades, sets, and so on, are matters left very much to the ordering and regulation of women. Who has a right to visit whom, who is impertinently ambitious in the endeavour to intrude into a higher social sphere, the respective claims of birth, rank, fortune, and personal merit—these nice points exercise the female mind, and, on the whole, to the general advantage. The drawing-room is the woman's kingdom; but its code of laws cannot be reduced to writing. No ready-made rules can settle the infinite variety of conditions. It is a region of talk and action, a conflict in which merit, chance, interest, and fortune settle things. The author represents all the personages of her story, men as well as women, as engaged in this great question. When the clerical usher's wife makes her purchases at Mr. Dadd's counter, gracious as she is, she conveys to his mind her intense consciousness of superior social advantages, and manages to impress on him that his "better half was of a different order of creation from that which had the honour of claiming Mr. Freemantle as its product." And her husband, in the great matter of Oliver's downward step, both indulges and excites the same order of feelings. "He might be as poor as a church mouse," reflects Mr. Dadd, "but he could read the lessons in his white surplice the same as the Archbishop of Canterbury. Dadd went in for chapel, not church; but even his minister owned that Freemantle was a cut above him in this world." And Oliver, who had been seen with his arm linked in that of Mr. Freemantle, renounced this inestimable social distinction in taking up his father's calling. Every other consideration gives way to this mode of arriving at the essential fitness of things. While Oliver was under the glamour of his Oxford life and associating with gentlemen, we are to assume that, as far as action went, he was a Churchman; but in taking up his father's trade and humble social status, he goes to chapel with his fellow retail traders, and patronizes the minister. His sister Fan, on the contrary, mindful of their mother having been a curate's daughter, clings firmly to the gentility of the Establishment.

As the hero, in his devotion to his class, throws over his Greek and Latin to sell bread and confectionery, so there is a foil to this sacrifice in the wilful descent of a scion of the aristocracy to the rank of yeoman. Instead of going to Australia, Harry Stanhope and his brother take a farm in the neighbourhood of Oliver's mill, and decide to throw over all the prejudices of their birth and training. Fan can sympathize with a yeoman who is grandson of an earl; and finally, to Oliver's extreme disgust, she marries Harry. She is an energetic and devoted wife; but the downward course is too headlong for her influence to check it—her husband takes to drinking. She dies worn out with anxieties, and her death converts him. Perhaps it is not out of nature that such a convert should take to preaching, and make his own past life his theme. To do the author justice, she betrays a consciousness of the danger, while attempting to depict a hero, of portraying a prig. She invests Oliver with awkward lounging personal habits, and finally lames him for life from the effects of a personal contact with his journeyman. But a person who enters into society solely with a view to improve it, without a thought of reciprocal advantage, cannot be anything else than a prig. Congenial social intercourse is not only the solace, the relaxation, the enjoyment of man, but it keeps him humble and in his place. He is more conscious of getting good than of imparting it. But if he starts in his social career by regarding society solely in a missionary spirit, solely as a thing to which he can do good, for which he is to make sacrifices of tastes, likings, and habits, upon which he is to practise his hobbies, to which he is to dictate, preach, and lecture—without any thought of being done good to, amused, informed, interested, benefited, or dictated to in his turn—human nature is not equal to the strain upon its inherent pride and self-love. His gait, his voice, his action, the whole outer man, will betray the effects upon the inner man of the *rôle* he has set himself; and these effects are patent in Oliver Constable. Of course it is open to an author to bring about any results that his theory demands, and the story closes with a general reform and recognition of Oliver's merits; and, whether likely or not, it is pleasanter to see the Dadds and Polleys subdued and contrite than exulting in their excesses, whether of language, manners, or opinions. Some of our readers may remember a novel by the same author, and dealing with the same question of class distinctions, *Noblesse Oblige*. As far as we recall it, the treatment of this question in relation to a higher social rank suited the writer's powers, and no doubt her knowledge and experience, far better than this descent into a lower sphere, where she has been driven to exaggeration and caricature for lack of the nicer touches that real acquaintance and intercourse would suggest.

NOTICE.

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MINISTERIAL RESPONSIBILITY IN IRELAND.

THE LORD LIEUTENANT of IRELAND lately told the deputation of landowners, with literal truth, that the power and duty of repressing lawlessness rested with the Cabinet, and not with himself. No one will suspect Lord COWPER of sympathy or tolerance for revolution and murder; and he may probably have exhausted all the means at his immediate disposal for palliating the evil. By an odd conflict between ancient forms and existing conditions of government, the Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, when he is a member of the Cabinet, possesses higher authority and greater responsibility than his chief. It can scarcely be doubted that on the earnest demand of Mr. FORSTER the Government would assemble Parliament to demand the extraordinary powers which were surrendered for the sake of popularity. The Lord Lieutenant has nevertheless the power of applying pressure both to his nominal subordinate, the actual Irish Minister, and to the Cabinet. Lord COWPER might decline to retain his office unless he were armed with the necessary authority; and Mr. GLADSTONE himself would perhaps hesitate to widen the breach between his Government and the loyal remnant of the Whig aristocracy which in doubt and alarm clings desperately to its old party connexion. The LORD LIEUTENANT seems to have received the deputation with proper courtesy, and his subsequent visit to England may perhaps have been caused by a desire to enforce their representations. As might be expected, the demagogues have sneered at the privacy for which their possible victims stipulated, and have contrasted the precautions which were taken against imminent risks with their own notorious immunity from the punishment due to their crimes. Other orators have pretended to apprehend violence from the handful of landlords who still cling to the vain hope of security for life and property. The inquiry of one of the deputation whether the Government would protect them or they should protect themselves is fraudulently denounced as a threat of civil war. It is true that an armed struggle, which might possibly end in the defeat of the revolutionary faction, is inevitable if Ireland is to be governed according to two irreconcilable Irish ideas; but England has not yet renounced the indisputable duty of keeping the peace.

It is not surprising that, under the impunity hitherto enjoyed, the declamations of the agitators should have constantly become more extravagant. The same insolent brawler who expressed his desire for the assassination of the QUEEN by some Irish HARTMANN was lately welcomed at the meeting of the Land League under the merited title of Mr. PARNELL's first lieutenant. He proved his right to the title by the most direct instigation to murder on which any of his gang have hitherto ventured. If, he said, any violence were offered to a landlord or agent, the League would take care that any person accused should be furnished with the means of defence, especially as he might perhaps be innocent. Mr. DILLON and others have lately been shamed into an affected disapproval of murder and cattle-maiming by the protest of Archbishop M'CABE against their incitements to outrage. Mr. DILLON declared that he had more than once professed to differ from his hearers when they interrupted him with cries of "Shoot the landlords," and one or more of his fit associates gravely confirmed his statement. The ARCHBISHOP is apparently well-meaning; but he is either unwilling or afraid to acknowledge the legal right to property. As a set-off against his sincere and earnest reprobation of violence, he thinks it necessary to condemn the Land Laws, which must in substance be maintained unless an agrarian revolution is to be accomplished. It is notorious that the greater part of Ireland is prosperous, and that the population would be contented but for the seditious agitation of the Land League. It is but a questionable service to the cause of law and order to justify the ends which the demagogues pursue, and only to condemn the means which they select for accomplishing their purpose. Mr. PARNELL and his allies may justly reply that they understand their business better than the respectable prelate who only goes with them half way. Even the brutality of their language is calculated, and it is not ineffective. Indignation becomes fainter as the defiance of principle and custom is familiarized by repetition; and the agrarian code, which has for generations been elaborated by rural conspirators, acquires additional authority when it is with impunity promulgated in public.

The Irish Government went perhaps to the utmost extent of its present powers, short of the prosecutions which seem about to be undertaken, in increasing the Constabulary force in Galway and Mayo at the expense of the local ratepayers. The measure is just and necessary, but it is absurdly disproportioned to the emergency which it is designed to meet. The police has hitherto had no open insurrection to suppress, and unless it were ubiquitous, it cannot prevent isolated outrages. Two or three alterations in the law are urgently needed, in addition to other restrictions on extravagant license. The population ought to be disarmed, or at least to be debarred from the existing facility of procuring deadly weapons. A Minister who, if he were legally entitled to interfere, would permit a single rifle or revolver to be sold to a peasant would deserve impeachment. A Minister who deliberately declines to obtain a power which it would be criminal not to exercise, incurs, to say the least, a grave responsibility. No part of it can be devolved on the partisans who daily applaud the Government for keeping within the limits of the Constitution. One of the primary elements of constitutional liberty is the suspension of any rule or practice which interferes with the primary object of protecting peaceable subjects. Another measure which ought to be adopted is the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act at the discretion of the Executive Government under certain restrictions. The authors or projectors of agrarian outrages are often well known to the police, though, through terror and sympathy, those who could give evidence of criminal acts and designs refuse to aid the operation of justice. Constitutional liberty, like freedom of discussion in Parliament, is only possible under the condition that the community is generally loyal and well affected to the law. When the PARNELLS and BIGGARS deliberately obstruct debate, extraordinary measures are found necessary to meet an unforeseen difficulty. When the disciples of the PARNELLS and BIGGARS conspire to withhold rent and to murder landlords, they must submit to a control which would be less mildly exercised by any other civilized Government. Perhaps the most indispensable of all measures is the suspension of seditious public meetings. The circulation of incentives to private vice is prohibited and punished; the intentional promotion of anarchy, robbery, and murder is systematically encouraged by toleration. The impotence or unintended complicity which thus far has been displayed

by the Government was made the more conspicuous by the official knowledge which has been from day to day procured of seditious and criminal harangues. The Government reporters, though they have in a few instances been threatened or molested, are for the most part with judicious contempt allowed to execute their duties. The demagogues have too long enjoyed the satisfaction, not only of defying the law, but of believing that the Government dared not prosecute. Even now, if juries can be trusted to give honest verdicts, the punishment of the criminals will not undo the evil which they have caused. What is wanted is not half-a-dozen sentences of fine and imprisonment, but the prevention of seditious orations. A country without Land League meetings and without firearms in the hands of rebels and assassins might perhaps be deemed happier than a country in which no respectable man is safe from robbery and from murder.

The Government has at length, it may be hoped, discovered the uselessness of trying to disarm the agitation by large concessions to tenants at the expense of landlords. Mr. PARNELL has of late guarded himself against the risk of conciliation and compromise by repeatedly declaring that he will accept nothing short of his full demands, and that nothing is to be hoped from the present Ministry. When the Ministerial Land Bill is produced in February next, he will have the opportunity of reconsidering his decision. Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. FORSTER probably hope that he will condescend to a prudent inconsistency, and that the Irish members will give them an irresistible majority. One of the minor conditions of the anticipated alliance is that a certain number of landlords will have been shot during the winter, and that there will be a general suspension of rents. The Liberal party is not to be intimidated by dangers and sufferings affecting for the most part their political opponents. It is not improbable that the supposed calculations of the Ministers will be justified by the event. Mr. PARNELL, who now refuses to be satisfied with any possible concession, not long since professed to fear that the Disturbance Bill, though a petty and temporary measure, would disarm the agitation. He will perhaps not refuse a larger concession from the weaker party to the dominant faction, especially as he will retain the power of renewing the agitation until he has expropriated the landlords without compensation. The present movement could not have been more formidable if the Land Act of 1870 had never been passed. If the landowners of Ireland are mulcted by legislation to the extent of one-half of their property, it will be thought worth while to intimidate or murder the survivors for the purpose of obtaining the rest. It is highly questionable whether any new Land Act can be at the same time just and expedient. There can be no question of the duty incumbent on the Ministers of protecting life and property.

FRANCE.

NOWHERE has the sudden change in the attitude of Turkey been more heartily welcomed than in France. It is accepted as a sign, not only that France may hope to keep out of a war and see its neighbours equally fortunate, but that it may steer clear for the present of anything like a scrape or embarrassment abroad. There has passed over a considerable portion of French society in the last few weeks what may be described as an epidemic of nervous timidity. That France should, under any circumstances, do anything anywhere has seemed to be the most terrible of suggestions. There is no reason to doubt that this feeling of nervousness has been genuine and general. But a very slight examination of different specimens of the French press suffices to suggest that the desire of the people for external peace is being used as a vantage ground from which the adversaries of the Government may conveniently attack it on those domestic questions which interest the different sets of French politicians much more powerfully than the fortunes of Montenegro and Greece. It is strange to find Bonapartist organs writing on the blessings of peace as if the writers had been Quakers from their cradles. The question of inaction abroad has really passed into the question of reaction at home. The adversaries of the Government wish the Government to do nothing; to propose nothing, to undertake nothing. If the Ministry can be persuaded that it has only to own itself entirely impotent in order to satisfy the country, then the Opposition will have the pleasure of really ruling; it will have told the Government what not to do, and will have the credit of its sagacity and influence. But here, again, the notion that the country longs for complete repose even in home matters is not a mere invention of Opposition journalists. There is apparently a conviction among many sincere Republicans that a season of legislative idleness would fall in with the present temper of the electors. The precise form which this view of things assumes is to suggest that, as the present Chamber has now only one more year of existence, it ought not in decency to pretend to the activity of youth. It is old and decrepit, and ought to behave as well-conducted persons of advanced age are accustomed to behave. It ought to sit in the sun, take snuff, and fold its hands. This attitude of mild despair is combated by M. GAMBETTA with all his usual energy. He has found out that, if the age of the present French Chamber is estimated rightly by its corresponding period in human life, the Chamber is now exactly fifty-five, and that is a time of life when men retain all their energy and can profit by all their experience. Far from shirking work, he therefore thinks the Chamber ought to labour more strenuously and resolutely than ever. He thinks it will be eternally disgraced unless it does some great things before it expires, and the tasks he sets it are to reform the Judicature, and to institute gratuitous, obligatory, and secular primary education. Those who follow in his steps, but follow with some degree of reserve and caution, think the reform of the Judicature is rather too big a job for the poor old Chamber; but that, if kept well up to its work, it might be taken through a good law of primary education, and a good law to permit and regulate public meetings. But they quite agree that it would be disgraceful if a year were thrown away, and nothing Republican were to come in the next twelve months from a Republican Ministry and a Republican Chamber. The contest, therefore, that is now going on in France is not so much a contest as to minor questions, such as the naval demonstration or the treatment of the Congregations, but as to the proper attitude of the Government and of the Republican leaders to the country on all questions, foreign or domestic.

There can be no doubt as to the answer which the chiefs of the present Cabinet and of the Republican party in the Chamber will give. They are all for activity. They may be stopped by what they learn of the attitude of the country; but they will not be easily stopped. They have a creed which they will not lightly abandon, and the main article of this creed is that it is their mission to push France forward. They have got a democracy, and what they want to get is an enlightened democracy. Naturally what they mean by enlightenment is enlightenment after their own pattern; but still it may be said for them that their great purpose is to quicken the mind and to raise the social condition of France. Whatever we may think of this purpose, it is a complete mistake to judge of those who entertain it solely by their management of the great matters which not only come before the Chamber, but mainly attract the attention of Parisians and foreigners. The Republican leaders are always at work in little things as well as big. Something is always being done which in itself seems too trifling to be noticed, but which is nevertheless a sign of the general direction of a great movement. Any week would furnish numerous instances, and the last few days may be taken as only providing an adequate illustration. M. JULES FERRY, as the Minister of Public Instruction, has just issued a circular on the choice of classical books in secondary schools. He takes the trouble to discuss whether a list of the books to be taught should be forced on the teachers by the central authority, or whether the teachers should have a voice in the selection; and he decides in favour of the latter system. He wants to make education more lively by making the teachers more alive. They are to meet together to compare notes, to make and receive suggestions, and then to prepare their list. In a country so centralized as France it is needless to say that their list is to be subject to revision. It is, in fact, to be revised first by a Commission of the department, and then by the Rector. The suggestions of the teachers will have to be very carefully sifted before they are formally made, if they are to be finally adopted. But the notion that the minds of

the teachers are to be stimulated as well as the minds of the taught is so new in France that the first impulse of many critics of the circular has been to reject the proposal as absurd. Then, again, a very serious effort has lately been made to extend the sphere and the usefulness of public libraries in Paris, and a report has just been issued which shows that the effort has been already rewarded with very considerable success. The number of readers in 1879 was double that in 1878, and the number in the first half of 1880 was as great as that in the whole of the previous year. It is in accordance with French rather than English ideas that it is even proposed, as a great improvement, to have a special staff in these libraries which will advise what books should be read by those who have no choice of their own, and should show those who have any special taste what are the best books they can consult. Lastly, the difficult question of the proper treatment of juvenile offenders has cropped up in France as it has lately cropped up in England. M. GAMBETTA has taken under his wing, although without committing himself definitely to adopting it, a proposal made by the Director of the Assistance Publique. This proposal only deals with vagabond children under the age of sixteen who have been taken up by the police, and of whom there were in 1878 rather more than 2,000. It is suggested that these children might be sent wholesale into the provinces and there apprenticed, and that payment should be made for them for one year to the person receiving them. It is calculated that each child would cost 10*l.*, and the total expense is taken at 14,000*l.* a year. There would seem to be very obvious objections to such a scheme, but that such a scheme should have been elaborately worked out, and that the cost should be treated as a trifle if good can be done to the people, may be fairly taken as symptoms of the new world in which France is living.

It is said that the Cabinet at its last meeting decided to proceed at once with the measures the execution of which has been lately hanging over the religious orders. The present Ministry will therefore not wait, as the DE FREYCINET Ministry proposed to wait, until the Tribunal of Conflicts has given its decision. It has hitherto not been very easy for outside inquirers to ascertain what it is that this Tribunal is to decide, or to understand why M. DE FREYCINET attached such great importance to its decision. There is, of course, the political question whether it is wise and right to call suddenly into vigour laws which have been for the greater part of a century in abeyance. But this is a purely political question, and the Tribunal must take cognizance of all existing laws if their authority is invoked. It is only a point of law which a tribunal can discuss, and what it was desirable to learn was what was the point of law which, the existing laws relating to Congregations being accepted as in force, was considered open to discussion. A long letter from M. CONSTANS to the KEEPER of the SEALS has just given every explanation that could be wished for. The Civil Tribunal of the Seine pronounced on the same day two judgments which M. CONSTANS insists were contradictory, and one of which seems to him to have been as good as the other seems bad. In one case the owner of a chapel closed by order of the Government asked to be placed in enjoyment of his property, to use it as he might think proper. The Tribunal held that the purpose for which he had used this chapel and wished to use it was in direct contravention of a decree of the year 12 of the First Republic, which is still in force, and the application was refused. In the other case, a tenant who had been expelled from the premises on which he lived asked to be allowed to go back again. These premises belonged to a partnership of which he was a member; the partnership was legally constituted, and he asked for his rights as a partner. He did not come before the tribunal as a Jesuit, but as an owner of property. It is an acknowledged principle of French law that when an administrative act raises a question of property, a civil tribunal is competent to pronounce whether the administrative act does or does not improperly infringe proprietary rights. The Tribunal held that the proprietary rights of the Jesuit were not touched by the laws under which Jesuits could be expelled. The Jesuit might be sent off the premises, but the proprietor might come back. M. CONSTANS argues with incontestable force that, if this is the law, the decrees permitting the expulsion of Jesuits are rendered wholly nugatory. This is so, but still the law is the law, and it is so very important to Frenchmen generally that the Administration should not be allowed to encroach more than the law permits on their proprietary rights, that the question raised by the decision of the Tribunal was felt to be one of national and universal importance. What M. DE FREYCINET feared was not so much the reproach that he was harassing the religious communities as the reproach that under his guidance the Administration was riding roughshod over the law.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE PORTE.

THE latest resolution of the SULTAN is like the lucky thrust of an unskilled fencer, who makes a hit in ignorance of the rules of the art. It is perhaps not very dignified to defy Europe in the first week of October and in the second week to concede all that was immediately required; but the Turkish dynasty and Government have more important things than dignity at stake. Surprised and disappointed by the prevalence at the last moment of prudent counsels, Mr. GLADSTONE'S undiscriminating eulogists boast that the concert of Europe exhibited in the naval demonstration has after all attained its object. Some of them must nevertheless be aware that the surrender of Dulcigno indicates the end of the joint action. The demonstration was already over when the squadrons retired to their present anchorage. The English Government, having abandoned the project of bombarding Dulcigno, was desperately endeavouring to persuade the other Powers to engage in more serious hostility with Turkey. That the English nation has never sanctioned a warlike policy, and that there is no reason of justice or expediency for an attack on Turkey, are secondary considerations with a Minister who believes that he has been entrusted with full powers by the dominant democracy. From the first the union of the Powers was incomplete and precarious; but it was a considerable achievement to have persuaded them to join in the demonstration. At the moment when the concert was falling to pieces the SULTAN seemed to play into Mr. GLADSTONE'S hands by his audacious defiance. France, Austria, and Germany, though they were not disposed to perpetrate a seizure of Turkish commercial ports, were naturally reluctant to retire at the moment when the Porte had challenged its adversaries to do their worst. If he had been advised by statesmen of the Machiavellian type, instead of by Palace favourites, the SULTAN could scarcely have taken a course more embarrassing to his English and Russian enemies. At a moment when coercion was intermitted he voluntarily performed his obligations under the treaty; and henceforth he will have to deal only with two or three Governments which must base their future demands, not on covenanted rights, but on alleged political expediency. Even Mr. GLADSTONE'S popularity will perhaps not survive the enterprise which his flatterers wish him to undertake.

The SULTAN'S retractation of his refusal to surrender Dulcigno is with much probability attributed to the advice of the German Government. The EMPEROR, though he had lately declined the Turkish request for assistance, is well known to have refused his consent to ulterior measures of coercion. It is not unlikely that he may have substituted sound advice for direct aid, with the understanding that compliance would be rewarded by the goodwill, if not the protection, of Germany. The SULTAN may perhaps have been informed that it was impossible to acquiesce in the language or substance of his late Note, but that, if he would put himself in the right on the Montenegrin question, the influence of Germany would be exerted in his favour, and that at least the German fleet would take no part in further operations. The same policy will confirm the determination of the French Government and people to maintain peace; and Austria is identified in interest with Germany. The two Powers will probably succeed to the protectorate which Mr. GLADSTONE has renounced; and if they find the dependent alliance of Turkey advantageous, no ethnological prejudices or ecclesiastical animosities will be allowed to interfere with the pursuit of their own interests. If the newspaper press of Germany or of France represents national opinion, no enthusiasm which could be applied to warlike purposes exists in either country. It is said that the English Government lately, with much politeness, offered to concede to France the leading share in the compulsory extension of Greek territory. M. DE FREYCINET was reminded that the informal recognition of the claims of Greece, which had been excluded from the Treaty of Berlin, was inserted in the record of proceedings in compliment to M. WADDINGTON,

who might otherwise have been suspected of contributing little or nothing to the work of the Congress. The French Plenipotentiary had probably not intended to incur on behalf of his country any obligation to execute the stipulation to which Turkey had not been a party. Whatever may have been M. WADDINGTON'S purpose, his successor was fully determined to renounce the burdensome honour which the English Government proposed to thrust upon him. Not to be outdone in courtesy, M. DE FREYCINET recognized the right of the Power which had invented the naval demonstration to vindicate the pretensions of Greece as of Montenegro. It may be taken for granted that the present Foreign Minister of France will be equally deferential. Before he acceded to office M. BARTHÉLEMY ST.-HILAIRE published his opinion that the only sound policy for England to follow was that of Lord BEACONSFIELD. His recent experience of Mr. GLADSTONE'S passionate efforts to reverse the policy of his rival will probably not have reconciled him to a system of sentimental adventure.

It is possible that among Mr. GLADSTONE'S reasons for enforcing the surrender of Turkish territory to Greece some may be not unbecoming a statesman. There is no doubt that any considerable addition to the power of the Greek kingdom would be unpalatable to Russia, because it might operate as a check on the extension of Slavonic influence and territory. It may also be admitted that Janina and the other places in dispute would be better governed, more prosperous, and more contented, under Greek dominion than in their present condition. If a wish or a despatch would persuade the Turks to comply with the decrees of the Conference of Berlin, the object which might be so cheaply obtained would be beneficial and justifiable. There is nevertheless little use in considering an imaginary condition of affairs. In all probability the Turks will only yield to force, and England has neither the right nor the duty of compelling their submission. Even the wildest Liberal must allow that there is a presumption against an attack on an unoffending State. The maladministration of Turkish provinces, and the probability that they might under new arrangements be better governed, are not legitimate causes of war. Mr. BRIGHT, indeed, once applauded the spirit of the Crusades, which Mr. GLADSTONE is now practically reviving; but the notion of a religious war with Mahometans on behalf of members of the Orthodox Eastern Church might till lately have been deemed obsolete. The English Government may be well assured that the co-operation of Russia will only be afforded for Russian purposes. If Mr. GLADSTONE, in defiance of justice and international law, blockades Smyrna or threatens Constantinople, Russia will perhaps take the opportunity of giving the signal for the outbreak of which she has prepared the materials in East Roumelia and Macedonia, and in Bulgaria and Servia. The objections of detail to the seizure of the Customs of Smyrna or Salonica would be in themselves conclusive; but the enterprise of an unprovoked war would be more unpardonable than the most perverse selection of means for injuring the involuntary enemy. If Lord BEACONSFIELD is capable of preferring the humiliation of an adversary to the interests of the country, he may perhaps look with complacency on the embarrassments which have been wantonly incurred by his successor. The most plausible pretext for a war with Turkey for the aggrandizement of Greece is founded on certain assurances which are supposed to have been made by the English Minister at Athens during the war. It is not stated that his deprecation of an unjustifiable attack by Greece on Turkey was enforced by any definite promise, and it is impossible to believe that the English Government can have pledged itself to go beyond the exercise of good offices. At the present moment Turkey professes its willingness to concede the greater part of Thessaly and a portion of Epirus. The Greeks themselves are too weak to conquer the territory which they aspire to possess; and it is doubtful whether the prospect of war is acceptable to the population. It is said that large numbers of patriotic Greeks are taking refuge at Constantinople from the necessity of serving in the army. The excuse for hostile measures on the part of England must be the decision of the Conference of Berlin. Whatever may be the extent of the authority of the Great Powers to rearrange the frontiers of other States, England would occupy a strange position in executing the judgment which Germany, Austria, and France decline to enforce.

CORRUPT BOROUGHS.

THE story told by Sir JULIAN GOLDSMID of his contest at Sandwich adds a new element to the monotonous annals of electoral corruption. It gives the picture as taken from the point of view of a candidate who loathes the constituency which he is supposed to be wooing. On a Monday morning Sir JULIAN GOLDSMID came to take possession of what he believed to be a safe Liberal seat. By Friday he had only one object in his heart—to disfranchise the borough which he knew would not return him. He found that not a single person in the borough meant him to be returned. He was only there to make his opponents bleed. A Conservative was to win because the Conservatives had given it to be understood that unless they got their man in they would never again spend a shilling in the borough. This was so awful a threat that the constituency felt, directly they believed the threat to be in earnest, that they really had no choice. The borough must stand up for its right to have money spent on it. What was coming was foreshadowed to Sir JULIAN GOLDSMID immediately on his arrival by his agent, who welcomed him with the remark that he was so glad they were to have a contest. It was, to say the least, chilling to the Liberal candidate, who was coming to replace with the utmost ease a Liberal who had been made a peer, that he should be told by his own agent that it was delightful to think that a Liberal was going to contest the seat. The next day he was asked for 200*l.*, and a few hours afterwards for another 300*l.* He thought this rather strong, and said that, in his opinion, payments should be made after an election, not before. But his agent mildly replied that at Deal the custom was to pay ready money at election time. Then, on every side Sir JULIAN GOLDSMID saw illegal expenditure going on which he was meant to pay for. He remonstrated; but his agent told him that this kind of expenditure was also another custom at Deal. The unhappy candidate had serious thoughts of retiring at once, but he feared that the Liberal leaders might not sympathize with his difficulties, and might reproach him for giving up a Liberal seat without a struggle. So he determined to go on; and, when he was informed that 1,500*l.* more must be forthcoming, he decided to pay the money. But, before he paid it, he had finally made up his mind what he would do. He would wipe out Sandwich from the Parliamentary roll. He came to bless, and remained to curse; and he could not conceal in his bearing the set purpose of his mind. He was, as he says, boiling over with indignation; and he presented to the astonished electors the curious spectacle of a candidate who went about canvassing with unmistakable signs on every lineament that he hated and despised those whom he was addressing, had little hope that they would vote for him, and did not care a straw whether they voted for him or not. Directly the poll was over he made his arrangements for petitioning. This was sad news for Sandwich. The terrible day seemed approaching when no more money would be spent by any candidate. Everything must be done to avert so great an evil, and Sir JULIAN GOLDSMID received an offer that, if he would but abandon the petition, his Conservative rival would take the Chiltern Hundreds, he himself should be returned without a contest, and all his past expenses should be paid. But this was not at all what he wanted. He longed, not to sit for Sandwich, but to disfranchise it. He went on resolutely along the path he had marked out for himself, and his work of vengeance is now all but complete.

There were some special circumstances at Sandwich which distinguish the last election there from other contests in corrupt boroughs. But there was one feature in the Sandwich contest which finds parallels in every other contest of the kind. This is the utter helplessness of the candidate. He says, and for the most part he says honestly, that he will not have anything to do with illegal practices. No one pays any attention to his remark. It is thought that, if he asks his party in the constituency to return him, he is pledged to his party to wish to win, and then his party is at liberty to decide how he is to be made to win. When the wirepullers of the party have decided that, in deference to the traditions of the constituency, or owing to the exigencies of the hour, something very strong and illegal must be done, there is no restraint whatever on the execution of their purpose. The extraordinary extent to which corruption of different kinds prevails in corrupt boroughs is one striking revelation of

the Commission now sitting. It is not that a few dishonest poor men, whose votes can just turn the scale, are won over. The whole, or nearly the whole, constituency plays the same game. Witnesses gravely discuss at Boston whether there were ten pure voters at the last election or none. Every one seems to have been paid at Deal for putting up a pole, except those who were paid for looking at the pole when it was put up. The other main revelation which the proceedings of the Commissioners have furnished is that there is no existing check, legal or moral, which tells on a constituency that has got accustomed to corruption. This does not, of course, mean that existing checks are altogether ineffectual. They exercise a most salutary influence in keeping corrupt practices from establishing themselves in pure constituencies. But where they are meant to tell most they do not tell at all. The personal innocence of the candidate is no safeguard. A sanguine friend advances the money. When everything is over, he lets the candidate know that he has paid so much out of his own pocket, without descending into particulars; and the candidate asks no questions, but cannot bear that a friend should have paid anything for him and should not be repaid. There is, no doubt, the fear of a petition; but the candid confession of a Conservative agent at Boston deserves consideration when petitions are thought of. He said that, seeing what was being done on the other side, he came to the conclusion that he must at once spend 1,000*l.* in direct bribery, and he spent it. He calculated the cost of a petition, and thought it would come to more than 1,000*l.*; and he bribed because it was cheaper to beat his adversaries by bribing than by petitioning. And, whatever may be the feelings of those who are supposed to manage the election, they are powerless under the pressure of those with whom they have to deal. The electors will have money and beer and illegal employment. They must have their children employed as messengers. They insist on putting up poles, and drinking after they have done their work. They besiege, bully, and harass those who they think are bound to spend money on them, and extort rather than receive what they ought not to get. In the worst kind of boroughs it is the electors who demoralize the candidates, and not the candidates who demoralize the electors. Possibly the only thing for an honest candidate in such places is to go about glowering at those whom he canvasses, and plainly intimating that he wishes his listeners at the bottom of the sea. Of course if he takes this line he must expect to find, as Sir JULIAN GOLDSMID says he found at Sandwich, that there is a very strong local feeling against him.

When it is asked what is to be done with such boroughs, the first thing to bear in mind is that bad boroughs are quite the exception. There is no corruption in large constituencies; there is none in places or districts such as Wales or Scotland, where there is real strong political feeling; and there is none in places where a customary tribute is paid to eminence or to neighbouring influence. If, therefore, it is proposed to deal with the bad constituencies by laying down new general rules, it must be considered how these rules will affect, not only the bad minority, but the good majority. If, for example, it is suggested that more stringent provisions against corrupt practices should be enacted, it is necessary first to consider how these enactments will affect honest candidates returned by pure constituencies. Such men must not have traps and pitfalls invented for them by the subtlety of lawyers. The good of the majority must be the rule. It is probably desirable that the employment of paid canvassers, and of more than a limited number of paid agents, should be forbidden; but the reason is not that such canvassers and agents spread corruption in corrupt constituencies, but that they unnecessarily increase the expenses of an election in all constituencies. If, again, it is proposed to check corruption by enlarging constituencies, the real question is not whether corruption might not here and there be thus got rid of, but whether the introduction of uniformly large constituencies would improve the national representation as a whole. Plans for dealing with each corrupt constituency according to the circumstances of the case are much simpler, and therefore so far preferable. Little boroughs of a corrupt kind may be thrown into the county. In some cases boroughs of greater importance may be disfranchised and the representation transferred to other towns of the same class. But there are towns, like Oxford and Chester and Gloucester, which cannot be disfranchised. The best thing, perhaps, to be done with them is to provide that no writ shall be issued to them for a considerable period of time, a period long enough to give a fair chance of corruption dying out in them. It may be said that, if the county franchise is extended, there must be a redistribution of seats, and then the corrupt boroughs may be dealt with in the new settlement. This is quite true; but then this new settlement must be made on general principles, and not so shaped and twisted as to punish particular boroughs. Corruption must be treated as a special evil requiring special correction, or Parliament will do nothing to put it down.

THE BASUTO WAR.

THE latest accounts from South Africa have caused well-founded anxiety. At Maseru and Mafeteng two considerable bodies of colonial troops are virtually besieged, and at the former place the Basutos sacked and burned the Government buildings and stores. It may be hoped that Colonel BAYLY and Major CARRINGTON will have no serious difficulty in maintaining their positions until the arrival of reinforcements enables them to take active measures; but it can hardly be doubted that the check inflicted on the colonial forces will dangerously excite and inflame the native mind. The result thus far of the attempt of the Cape Government to disarm the Basutos certainly seems to prove that Mr. SPRIGG and the Parliamentary majority have adopted a mistaken policy; yet some of their critics have condemned them on erroneous grounds. The measures which have caused the insurrection had no connexion with ambitious projects, and they were not consciously designed to inflict injustice on the natives. The object of disarming the Basutos was to render impossible the war which has in fact been provoked and precipitated. In an elaborate speech, since published, Mr. SPRIGG contended that it was necessary to repair the negligence of his predecessors, who had allowed large numbers of firearms to pass into native hands. Not only was the trade perfectly open, but native workmen, temporarily employed, were allowed or encouraged to receive their pay in the form of muskets, with which they returned to their homes. As the Minister said, there is no game in the country, and the natives are not in the habit of firing at a mark for amusement. The only possible use of firearms was to make war either on neighbouring tribes or on the dominant race. It was impossible to discredit his statements or to confute his argument, but his practical conclusion appears nevertheless to have been unsound. There was a serious danger, and the best means of averting it have not been chosen. It would have been highly desirable to prevent the acquisition of arms by the Basutos in the first instance; but it was a hasty inference that it was therefore expedient to take away the weapons by force, even although fair money compensation was allowed. It is probable that the possession of arms is regarded as a mark of personal and national dignity, and the Basutos might not unnaturally suspect that the Government had other reasons for its action besides those which it disclosed. The disarmament was regarded both as an affront and as an act of ingratitude. Some of the Basutos had rendered valuable services to the colonial Government in the late frontier wars, and they resented an interference which was at least a proof of distrust. Unfortunately the grievance is well calculated to excite the sympathy of all the native races of South Africa, whether or not they are subject to the operation of the law. Some of the neighbouring tribes appear to have made common cause with the Basutos, and there is great reason to fear that the war, even if the colonists are ultimately successful, may be tedious and burdensome.

Mr. SPRIGG'S principles, if not the details of his policy, may be advantageously compared with the sentimental recklessness of some statesmen of higher pretensions. The present PRIME MINISTER of England bitterly censured his predecessors and the then Government of India for passing an Act by which the importation of arms for the use of the native population was in some respects checked. To many persons it seems better not to arm possible enemies than to suppress insurrection if it should be encouraged and rendered formidable by the possession of weapons; but Mr. GLADSTONE unsparingly condemned a display of want

of confidence, and he complained that the unhappy Indians would, for want of rifles and bayonets, be exposed to the attacks of wild beasts. At the present moment the English Government permits the free sale and the unrestricted possession of arms in Ireland, with full knowledge that they are in almost all instances procured in view of the probability of murder and the contingency of civil war. The error of the Cape Government consisted in an exaggerated estimate of a far more uncertain or more remote danger. There is no reason to suppose that the Basutos meditated rebellion, and the precautions against it were therefore premature. Mr. Sprigg and his colleagues ought to have foreseen that the Basutos would not be satisfied with a money payment, and that they would think themselves ill-treated by being placed in a position of visible inferiority to the European population. In theory all the inhabitants of the Colony possess equal rights; but of course political power is in the hands of the superior race. It was probably unwise to remind the natives that their loyalty was not as secure as that of their European fellow-subjects. It is sometimes the duty of a statesman to disregard constitutional fictions when they clash with the real state of things; but, as a general rule, the process of government is facilitated by a strict adherence to conventional rules.

Any risk which might have been incurred by allowing the Basutos to retain their firearms would have been preferable to the serious struggle in which the colonists are now engaged. A friendly population has been irritated and alarmed into a hostile rising, and the insurrection appears hitherto to be spreading. It may possibly be found, if the war unhappily continues, that the danger apprehended from the possession of firearms by the natives has been exaggerated. It is not asserted that they have acquired any skill as marksmen; and they will find it difficult either to replenish their arsenals or to procure fresh supplies of ammunition. The Zulus, like the Basutos, had brought large numbers of guns back from the diamond-fields, where many of them had been temporarily employed; but when the war broke out they relied almost entirely on their own familiar weapons, and their musketry fire produced little effect. In any event the conflict threatens to be serious. The mounted police and the colonial volunteers, though they seem to be efficient troops, are weak in numbers, and the scanty population of the colony will scarcely provide means for large reinforcements. As in former wars, the Government of the Cape will expect Imperial assistance, which cannot be absolutely refused, although it may perhaps not be granted without regret and hesitation. It is impossible to allow any dependency of England to be crushed by uncivilized enemies. Whatever opinion may be formed of the wisdom or justice of the policy which has caused the war, the necessity of providing aid will be the same. The measures of the responsible Ministry of the Cape will, after all, be less severely criticized than if they could have been attributed to a Government appointed by the Crown, or to political adversaries at home. It is an inconvenience of the present colonial system that the local Governments have rights or irresistible claims, while they acknowledge no corresponding duties to the mother-country. It is some consolation to know that, if the colonies were still governed in Downing Street, they would be even more troublesome.

The war with the Basutos cannot be justly attributed to the remarkable ruler who has just returned from the Cape. Sir Bartle Frere's Ministers must be blamed or praised for the enactment and the execution of the law of disarmament. He has never attempted to disavow or to extenuate his exclusive responsibility for the Zulu war, on which he resolved, not as Governor of the Cape, but as High Commissioner of South Africa. It is true that his personal influence was a principal cause of the accession of Mr. Sprigg's Ministry to power; but he has recently been overruled by a Parliamentary majority, with the acquiescence of the Ministers, on the important question of Confederation. As might be expected, his Liberal assailants blame him for not having overruled his responsible Ministers. It is remarkable that the danger and embarrassment to which the Cape, and more indirectly the other provinces, are exposed has in no degree qualified the gratitude and admiration with which Sir Bartle Frere is regarded by the whole South African community. No colonial Governor in modern times has created equal enthusiasm for his person and his policy. The English merchants who trade with the Cape appear to entertain the same opinion of Sir Bartle Frere's merits. His own judgment, which has never wavered, was plainly expressed in his answer to an address from Natal. He had, he said, in reference to the Zulu war, either rendered a great service to the Colony and the Empire or committed a great crime. It is not necessary to accept either alternative; and it is even possible that he may have conferred a benefit on his country by acts which were not morally justifiable. If the Zulu tribes are not hereafter reunited into a warlike nation, the neighbouring colonies will have been relieved from a serious danger. It is impossible to ascertain whether the attack which was apprehended would in any case have been made. From the time of the annexation of the Transvaal, for which Sir Bartle Frere was in no way responsible, the enmity of Cetewayo was gradually diverted from the Boers of the Republic to the English Government. Sir Bartle Frere gave him deep offence by his partial ratification of the award which had been delivered in favour of the Zulu claims. It is nevertheless probable that he might have shrunk from an actual collision; and it is certain that he gave no sufficient provocation for the invasion of his country. The severe judgment which has been passed by both political parties on the policy of the late High Commissioner is in some degree counterbalanced by his continuance in office under two successive Governments. His final recall was so obviously a result of party politics that it involves no imputation on his character. If his administrative career is closed, he will have left behind him few equals in capacity and vigour.

COLONEL GORDON AND EGYPT.

COLONEL GORDON has written a bitter and angry letter in which he denounces, in the strong language which is always at his command, the Egyptian Government and all its doings. Anything written by Colonel Gordon on Egypt, and especially when what is written refers to the slave trade which he laboured so strenuously to put down, and to the remote districts which he governed for a time with so much vigour, deserves the greatest respect. No one ever gave himself up to an ungrateful task with more pure motives, more complete unselfishness, or a more fixed purpose to do good and nothing else than Colonel Gordon when he assumed the rule of the Soudan. His absolute contempt of danger, only equalled by his absolute contempt of money, his wonderful power over rude barbarians, and the complete confidence which the late Khedive accorded to him, made him the most striking and commanding character in the history of modern Egypt. But before his criticisms on what has taken place since he left are considered there, are two or three preliminary points which deserve notice. Hard as Colonel Gordon worked, supreme as was his authority, noble as was his ambition, he failed in the great purpose he had set before him. He strove to put down the slave trade, and he was beaten. He had to retire sadly confessing that the task was too much for him. He mitigated possibly, but he only mitigated in a very slight degree, the misery which he bewailed. The flood of slaves poured on and is pouring on to this hour. As he himself explains in his letter, the astuteness of the slave-drivers baffles even the vigilance of English cruisers. Then Colonel Gordon had the late Khedive behind him. He had real force in the background, and the Khedive of those days was still his own master. He was fighting his long fight with his creditors and the protecting Governments, but he could always find money for anything on which he had set his heart. It had been for years one of his chief objects of ambition to make Egypt a great African Power, to push forward every claim to new territory that he could invent, and to rest only when he had obtained the command of the Nile from its source to its mouth. He would not listen even to Colonel Gordon himself when this policy was called in question. Colonel Gordon says that he constantly urged Ismail to abandon outlying regions over which his dominion was only nominal. But the Khedive did not carry his friendship for his English counsellor so far as to abandon for his sake the ambitious part of a great African Emperor. He would hold what Colonel Gordon told him he had better let go; but then the mere fact that the Khedive had

an ambitious if unwise policy, and was ready to support it with money and men—not, perhaps, with much money or many men, but still always at a pinch with some—greatly strengthened Colonel GORDON's position. He was an independent ruler, for the Khedive gave over all authority to him; but he had the Khedive behind him. Lastly, Colonel GORDON was not the type of a class. He was himself, and there was no one like him. He could work as no one else could, he wanted nothing for himself, and no one in Egypt, foreigner or Egyptian, dreamt that it was possible he would work adversely to Egypt or in favour of any one foreign Power. When he left, the question was not how he could best be replaced—for it was certainly impossible to replace him—but what was to be done when there was no Colonel GORDON to be had.

The main grievance which Colonel GORDON puts forward is that Egypt is governed by a set of parasitical Pashas. He says that he shall never believe in the regeneration of Egypt until it is governed, not by Pashas, but by an assembly of native Egyptians. The time may perhaps come when there will be native Egyptians competent to form an assembly and to govern themselves; but it may be doubted whether any man now living will see it. The Government that exists in Egypt is the Government of a very well-meaning sovereign with a privileged class to carry on his administration, and a Protectorate over him, which manages his finances, and decides in the last resort what he may or may not do, but leaves the ordinary administration of the country to go on in its own way. This form of Government exists simply because no other is possible, and if we look on the result as a whole, it may be fairly pronounced to be highly successful. The control of the Protectorate is limited, because the Powers that exercise it have come to the conclusion that, if it was not limited, it would cease to exist at all. The Soudan may be badly governed, but neither England nor France will assume the responsibility of seeing that it is well governed, nor would either Power allow the other to take the sole responsibility on itself. With regard to the slave trade, there are some things which the protecting Powers think they can do, and others which they think they cannot do. The KHEDIVE made a contract not to allow slaves to come into Egypt. The Consuls-General keep him up to his contract. A station has been chosen on the Nile where the incoming of slaves can be best watched. There a post has been established which is held by the Government, in strength enough to deal not ineffectually with the traders who are trying to get slaves into Egypt proper. This post does not act as a direct check on the capture of slaves a thousand or two thousand miles off, and it was never meant so to act. What it was meant to do and what it does is to prevent the highway of the Nile being used as the channel for getting new slaves into Egypt. Colonel GORDON says that the slaves themselves gain nothing, for they only pass from the hands of their masters into the hands of the Egyptian authorities. How far they lead a happier life after they have been nominally freed than they would have led if they had been passed as slaves into Egypt, it is impossible to say. But one great object is to discourage the capture of slaves by closing the Egyptian market to the traders, and it is hard to believe that traders are not discouraged when at a post on the Nile the slaves whom they have taken so much trouble to get there are taken from them. The capture of slaves, however, goes on in the remote regions where it is practised because, if the Egyptian market is closed, other and better markets remain open. So far as the districts where slave-hunting goes on are under the nominal rule of the KHEDIVE, the Powers make vague appeals to the KHEDIVE to put down the practice, and the KHEDIVE makes equally vague promises. The KHEDIVE cannot put down slave-hunting. He has no sufficient physical force and no money for the purpose. Colonel GORDON's only suggestion seems to be that Egypt should abandon a rule which is a mere shadow. The KHEDIVE may have some feeling that he does not like to be a smaller man than his father was, and may not like to be the ruler under whose guidance the limits of Egypt have receded. But his great difficulty is that, if he openly said he was going to retire altogether from the slave-hunting regions, and give the hunters free play to do there as they please, he might easily be exposed to a storm of indignation on the part of his European, and especially his English, critics, who would say that he was basely and ignobly encouraging the accursed trade which he is so loudly urged to suppress.

The Soudan, ruled as it is now by a parasitical Pasha, is said by Colonel GORDON to be ruled not only badly, but at a disastrous and ruinous cost. He has fixed on the figure of 150,000*l.*, and he says that this is the annual sum which non-Egyptian Egypt is now costing Egypt proper, and he thinks the creditors of Egypt are entitled to ask that such a monstrous waste of funds that ought to come to them shall no longer continue. Mr. COLVIN, the English Controller-General, has given an explanation as to this sum. There is such a sum as 150,000*l.* needed for the Soudan. But it is not an annual sum; it is not a sum representing the outlay of a parasitical Pasha; but it is a sum which Colonel GORDON when he quitted the Soudan left unpaid. If Colonel GORDON were one of those men over whom it was possible for any one to wish to triumph, this might be called a triumphant explanation. But no one can wish to say a word that could wound Colonel GORDON. He has made a mistake, and that is all. This incident, however, may suggest that Colonel GORDON is rather apt to deal with what he supposes to be facts without sufficiently examining the ground on which he is treading. He tells us that when coming home he met a man in the Red Sea, who told him that the Egyptian Government was going to send an expedition to subdue the Somalis, a wild people on the coast south of Abyssinia. He not only accepts this story as unquestionable, but he discovers in it the manœuvre of a parasitical Pasha, and he calculates the exact sum—50,000*l.* a year—which this conquest will impose as a new burden on the Egyptian treasury. If the Egyptian Government to oblige a parasitical Pasha is going to undertake a difficult and ruinous enterprise, and kill wild people with whom it has no quarrel, and over whom it has, as Colonel GORDON says, not the shadow of a right, it is going to do a very wicked and foolish thing. But it is just possible that the man on the steamer may have been merely gossiping in the ear of a very willing listener. Or it may be that the Egyptian Government has some project with regard to the Somali coast, but may be prompted, not by parasitical Pashas, but by a very different set of advisers. The slave trade between Africa and the Eastern coast of the Red Sea cannot be checked, as it unfortunately appears, in the districts where slave-hunting is carried on; there is no one who can occupy those regions with a force sufficiently overpowering and sufficiently permanent. The trade, again, can only be very partially stopped by cruisers on the Red Sea, for the traders slip by the cruisers at night-time. The only way of checking the trade that is found to be really effectual is to occupy points on the coast from which embarkation takes place. Colonel GORDON has observed, with great satisfaction, that the French have recently occupied one such place and the Italians another. It is not impossible that the Egyptian Government may have been told that, unless it wishes to own that it is powerless to put down slave-hunting, and to give up the shadowy authority it exercises over the regions where slave-hunting is carried on, it must do something to stop the trade, and can at least further the end which the Protecting Powers have in view, by taking new measures to guard the coast.

MORE SOCIAL SCIENCE.

THE discussions of the Social Science Congress could not, of course, be kept on the lofty level of Lord REAY's opening address. We do not mean to imply that Miss LYDIA BECKER, Mr. BOGG, Mrs. DUNCAN McLAREN, and the other ladies and gentlemen assembled at Edinburgh know nothing of diplomacy, or that they would fail in conducting a dispute about the peaceful ascendency of England in the councils of Europe. But there are socially scientific subjects, such as "the abominations of husbands" and of drains, the condition of the stage (which always flutters amateurs), and the education of pauper infants, that come more closely home to the business and bosoms of the scientific. Education, the reporters say, was the most popular subject, especially with ladies, and, as we shall see, some remarks of value were made on this topic. But it was in the comparatively slack and unexciting Section of Municipal Law that Mrs. DUNCAN McLAREN came most prominently to the front, and scored the first knock-down blow on the arguments of Mr. ANDREW JAMIESON, Advocate. The matter under discussion was the property of married

women. From an address by Mr. BOYD KINNEAR we gather that Scotland is in the habit of allowing England to make experiments with married women's property, and, after some years of cautious observation, of adopting the legal change, if it appears to answer. This is cautious, not to say pawky; and the experiment is made *in corpore vili*, "on the abominable body," as Mrs. DUNCAN McLAREN might translate it, of the Southron husband. "As regards Scotland, the changes had followed "those of England at intervals of a few years, a sufficient "time to have discovered any mischiefs that might have "been occasioned." Fortunately, no mischiefs in particular have been discovered, except those appalling ones with the mere mention of which Mrs. DUNCAN McLAREN curdled the blood of the Sections, and the others which were hinted at by Miss LYDIA BECKER. Miss BECKER believes that "many "unmarried women hesitate to contract matrimony through "their unwillingness to come under these objectionable "laws." What a theme for the novelist, especially for Mr. TROLLOPE, is here suggested by the glowing fancy of Miss BECKER! ANGELINA, a maiden of thirty-six, passionately attached to EDWIN and to the rights of woman, still hesitates to "contract matrimony" on account of her dread of our objectionable laws. Thus hearts are broken and Britain is depopulated. When it comes to "the "custody of children" (not of juvenile offenders), Mrs. DUNCAN McLAREN has discovered an unparalleled female grievance. Give the husband the custody of a child, and he will outdo the crimes which we read of in the pages of SUETONIUS, OUIDA, PETRONIUS ARBITER, and similar moralists. "It was a matter of life and death to "women, whose children were being subjected to "the cruelties, brutality, and abominations of hus- "bands." This impassioned sentence is pretty sweeping, and might judiciously have been qualified by the use of such a phrase as "some" or "a few" husbands. Experience does not prove that all husbands, or even the majority of these abandoned men, are cruel, brutal, and abominable. This reflection appears to have occurred to Mr. ANDREW JAMIESON, Advocate; but he did not express his dissent with much caution. He said, rather weakly, that he should like to know "what husbands the ladies "who had spoken had known." Thereon Mrs. DUNCAN McLAREN arose, and scored freely. "Those who have good "husbands are the only women who dare speak on this "question." This was clever; for, as the incalculable majority of women do not speak in public on any question, the inference to the mind of a lady logician is that the incalculable majority of women are under the power of cruel, brutal, and abominable husbands. There is, of course, something "undistributed," or otherwise at sea, in this feminine syllogism:—"Only women who have good hus- "bands speak at Social Science entertainments. Few "women speak at Social Science entertainments. There- "fore, few women have good husbands." The repartee of Mr. JAMIESON was lost in the great laughter and applause which greeted, as OLLENDORF would say, "the wife of the "good husband."

Turning from municipal law to art, the scientific were instructed by Professor FLEEMING JENKIN, who is interested in the stage, and by Mr. HERKOMER, the well-known painter. In reading the brief abstracts of these gentlemen's lectures, one is depressed by the hopelessness of Social Science. She may speak as wisely as the judge did to FALSTAFF, and yet the world does not mark her. Wisdom cries aloud in the Sections, yet the practices of actors and of painters continue to be what they were of old. Professor JENKIN, who afterwards made what we think very sensible and practical remarks on drains, asked "Whether there "should be a School of Dramatic Art, subsidized by pri- "vate subscription and endowment or by the State?" It is a question often and wearily debated in the "light" leaders of the newspapers. It is difficult, of course, to say whether there ought to be a School of Dramatic Art or not. It is pretty certain that just at present the State will subsidize nothing more dramatic than "demonstrations." It remains for private persons to make the experiment, without which all our discussion is baseless and unscientific. Let the first wealthy person who contemplates dying, and endowing "a college or a cat," endow a Dramatic College. There is any amount of money for educational purposes to be had in the great Northern towns. The Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, and Staleybridge merchants are endowing colleges "all the time," as the Americans say. Let some enthusiast persuade one of these affluent but moribund gentlemen to make a start, to give the rest the lead, and money will flow in profusely. With money enough, we could soon get a Dramatic College, a staff of teachers, and even a Scotch M. SARCEY. Professor BLACKIE, a practical man, saw the truth of these views. He wanted to get a Chair of Celtic Studies founded, and he never let the world alone till he had collected the money, and had done a very considerable service to letters and to his University. Some one else has founded a Chair of Art "at lairge" in Edinburgh, and a young gentleman who once wrote an article in the *Nineteenth Century* has been elected to fill it. What a triumph it would be for Edinburgh if her University could boast what Mr. BURNAND fondly dreams of—a Professor of Dramatics! The stage is not, we fear, very flourishing in Edinburgh. A large and imposing theatre was lately erected near the Castle; but it has come, we are informed, into the possession of the Free Church, and has been converted into some sort of theological college. The Jesuit teachers used to make their pupils act plays, and even dance ballets; but can we expect as much from the Free Kirk? Will Dr. BEGG coach the gay amateurs, while Professor ROBERTSON SMITH gives practical lessons in the Highland fling, or throws off all theological reserve in the evolutions of a reel? Dreams, vain dreams, are these, of a fancy stimulated by Social Science. But to return to Professor FLEEMING JENKIN and the drama. He recognized that French dramatic institutions are the growth of the French soil, and would in England be feeble and stunted exotics. His suggestion was that the dramatic profession should have a Royal Dramatic Society. "The persons eligible would be "actors, actresses, and dramatic authors and musical "composers whose works had been represented on the "stage." But how immense are the difficulties in the way of forming this grave Society, the "fountain of "honour," and the "nucleus round which would gather "many minor institutions"! After all, most professions know their own business. If actors and actresses have never formed a Royal Dramatic Society, it may perhaps be inferred that they are aware of obstacles which would prevent that Society from working. It is exceedingly improbable that the members of the dramatic profession need more advice from the Social Science Congress than is required by lawyers, boot-makers, journalists, glaziers, or any other class of the community. The Congress, however, moved to beg its Council to appoint a Committee to promote the establishment of a Royal Dramatic Society. The profession ought to be sincerely grateful to the Council, also to Mr. CHARLES ROWLEY (junior), who read a paper on "Remedies for Staginess." We do not observe that any actors took any part in these deliberations; but a paper on Dramatic Art by Mr. BOGG was read, and it really seems a pity if no managers were present to learn something from the researches and reflections of Mr. BOGG.

In the discussions on education Lord BURLEIGH's address seems to have been most sensible and to the point. He regretted the tendency to make a break between the Scotch schools and the Universities by the neglect of Latin and Greek, and by the cramming of some uncomprehended scientific facts out of primers. In old times the Scotch parish or grammar schools, especially in Aberdeenshire, gave boys a thoroughly sound training in Latin scholarship, especially in the composition of Latin prose. Men who passed through this discipline, and who have had to abandon classical studies, confess the clearness which it gave to their ideas, and the lessons of accuracy in thought and speech which it taught. Again, as Lord BURLEIGH said, the neglect of Greek, Latin, and mathematics is a practical and a "poor man's" question. The beginning of the knowledge of these things is the first step towards a rise in social life. A little Latin is certainly of much more value, as a foundation of knowledge, than a smattering of animal physiology. In short, the modern system cuts away two or three of the lowest rungs of the ladder by which poor and clever Scotch boys have climbed to the best things in human life.

If these ideas can gain ground, the Social Science Congress will not have been held in vain. But even more important is Professor FLEEMING JENKIN's sanitary advice. He described the formation of a Society in Edinburgh of which each member, for an annual subscription of a guinea, receives a professional opinion as to the sanitary condition of his house. The members are no longer at the mercy of

plumbers; and London should in this respect make haste to follow the lead of Edinburgh. The suggestion of such a scheme is the most golden fruit, "atop on the topmost bough," of Social Science.

TRADE IN SEPTEMBER.

THE Board of Trade returns for last month fully bear out the conclusion at which we arrived a fortnight ago when discussing the prospects of trade. They show that business continues to improve, and they afford reasons for hoping that the improvement will be permanent. It will be recollected that it was in the September of last year that the commercial revival first distinctly manifested itself. In the previous May, and again in July and August, there had been slight increases in the exports, but these were generally regarded as more casual fluctuations. It was not till September that the improvement became so decided as to forbid any such explanation. Even for some time later the belief was widely held that the improvement, after all, would turn out to be no more than a spurt. But month after month passed, and still the increased activity continued. Yet the lurking doubt was not altogether removed, and some people were prepared to find, when the comparison came to be instituted with a month of undoubted revival, that the improvement had ceased. On the contrary, there is a marked increase on last year's increase. Confining ourselves for the present to the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures, we find that last month they showed an increase of 2,625,000*l.* on September 1879, being at the rate of over 15 per cent. For the nine months of the year already elapsed the increase amounts to very close upon 27 millions, or over 19 per cent. We have thus ascertained a fact of peculiar interest as regards the economic development of the country. It used to be assumed that recovery from a protracted depression could be brought about only by a series of bountiful harvests, and in the United States and other raw-material-producing countries this is undoubtedly true. But as regards England the proposition requires to be greatly modified. The wheat harvest of last year throughout the United Kingdom, certainly throughout England and Ireland, was the worst of the present century, and it followed a series of seven deficient harvests out of ten. Moreover, nearly all other crops were bad. Barley was no better than wheat; potatoes were a failure; and grass was disappointing. To put the climax to the farmers' troubles a pestilential disease decimated our flocks of sheep. The Continent also suffered from a short harvest, and was bidding against us in the markets of the world. Yet, in spite of all this, a revival of trade set in just when the badness of the harvest began to be fully realized, gained strength through the agricultural year, and now, when another harvest has been gathered in, is advancing with a fresh momentum. The truth is that under the *régime* of Free-trade our home harvest has ceased to be of vital importance to our food supply; while the growth of wealth and trade and industry has been so vast that the distress of even our greatest single industry, as agriculture still is, cannot prevent a revival of trade when the other conditions favourable to it are present. The United States, having recovered prosperity by a series of three abundant harvests, imparted activity to our trade by their purchases, and awakened once more the spirit of enterprise and speculation.

We have spoken thus far only of the exports, because there are persons who still insist upon regarding imports as so much subtracted from the wealth of the community; but, as a matter of fact, it would be more reasonable to look upon the exports as deductions from our wealth. It may be admitted that to import commodities which we could raise for ourselves without diverting capital or labour from businesses in which they are employed more advantageously is a thriftless proceeding, and thriftlessness necessarily deducts from the national wealth. But the imports which we cannot so produce are so much added to our means of enjoyment, and, in short, are the price paid by other communities for our produce and manufactures. An increase of imports is really, therefore, a proof of well-being and increased wealth. Last month the augmentation in our imports, as compared with September 1879, was, in round figures, 6½ millions sterling, being at the rate of 23½ per cent. For the nine months the increase was 50½ millions, or 19½ per cent. For September alone the rate of growth was much higher in the imports than in the exports, but for the whole nine months it was nearly the same in both—19·5 per cent. in the imports, and 19·2 per cent. in the exports. If we proceed to inquire in what class of articles the increase in the imports has occurred, we find that it was decidedly largest in the raw materials of manufacture. That is to say, to a very large extent the money we have laid out with foreigners was of the nature of an investment, intended to give employment to our workpeople and profits to our capitalists. The total increase in the value of the imports last month was 6½ millions, and three of these millions are in the following sixteen articles—raw cotton, flax, hemp, raw hides, indigo, jute, raw silk, wood, wool, unwrought copper, iron ore, lead, pyrites, tin, flax seed, and tallow. This list does not include all the raw materials of manufacture, much less does it include partially manufactured articles, such as dressed hides, yarns, &c.; yet it represents nearly half the increase of the month upon the imports. One safe inference from this is that our manufacturers have recently found their business profitable, and that they have good grounds for expecting that it will continue to be so. In articles of food the increase on the month is about two millions, the increase in quantity generally being larger than that in values, showing that we have obtained more for our money than we did twelve months ago. It is curious that even of wheat there are increased imports, though our harvest this year is so much better than it was last year. Chiefly, no doubt, this is due to the fact that successive bad seasons had caused our stocks to run very low. Last winter a ring of speculators at Chicago attempted to force up prices artificially by limiting the supply allowed to come forward, and their efforts were only defeated by the prudence of buyers in this country, who proportionately restricted their purchases, buying only from hand to mouth. The contest was continued to the very eve of the harvest, and had for its effect the running down of stocks in this country. At last the comparatively abundant harvests compelled the Americans to sell, and the reduced prices tempted buyers here.

In our exports there is no longer that extraordinary increase in the shipments of iron and steel which last year was the first sign of reviving trade, and which for many months continued to present the most striking feature of the official returns. There was in September an increase, it is true; but it was very slight. The effects of the wild speculation of the winter are yet felt in America, and under existing circumstances the United States produce very nearly as much as they require. But the English manufacture is superior to the American, especially in steel, and it seems not unlikely that when the Presidential election is over a new impetus may be given to railway construction. Even now, indeed, orders for steel rails are from time to time given. But, however this may be, the check to the iron and steel exports serves to show that the revival is not dependent upon the prosperity of a single country and its purchases of a single commodity. Although the shipments of iron and steel were last month but little more than those of September 1879, the total exports showed an increase, as we have seen, of 15 per cent. This is the really satisfactory feature in the returns —that the expansion of our trade is not in a few branches only, but is general. Nearly every country is a better customer than it was, and often for several classes of goods. The most notable exception is Germany, whose purchases have fallen off under the action of her new protective tariff. On the other hand, the raw-material-producing countries are all better customers. This is the case not only with the United States, but with India, Australia, Brazil and South America generally, Turkey, and Egypt. The peculiarity of the late depression, as we have often remarked, was that it originated in the temporary exhaustion of the purchasing power of the raw-material-producing countries. They have now recovered that power, and we are feeling the effect of it. We need hardly observe that the universality of the increase in our exports encourages the belief that the revival will be more than temporary. The increase is found in chemicals, coal, cotton goods, hardware, iron, machinery, linen, jute, and woollen manufactures. It is thus general, not only as regards the countries which have become better customers, but also as regards the trades in which they have bought more largely. It is, however, in cotton goods that the increase is most marked. Both in quantity and in value it is about 19 per cent. It is found in the shipments to all the raw-material-producing countries, but

it is most marked in those to India. In fact, India took last month about 29 million pounds of cotton goods more than in the September of last year. The magnitude of the cotton exports to India during the past twelve months shows the far-reaching effects of drought in India. While the famine lasted, the people were unable to afford themselves new clothes; but now that prosperity has begun to return, they are replenishing their wardrobes. It must be remarked, however, that prices have been very low. If low prices continue, the trade will probably continue to be large, but any considerable rise in prices will be likely to restrict it. On the whole, then, we come to the conclusion that the prospects of trade are encouraging. Business continues to improve in all departments, and there are signs that it may improve still more rapidly by and by. One favourable symptom is that the wild speculative spirit awakened twelve months ago no longer endangers the permanence of the revival. In its place there is prudent circumspection. The improvement is thus so gradual that prices remain low enough to tempt buyers, and profits are so moderate that even serious labour disputes do not disorganize industry.

PROMISING YOUNG MEN.

PERHAPS the least vulgar type of lion-hunting is the looking out for the germs of future greatness. A man of established reputation in literature or art is an object patent to everybody's view, and to pay him honour is merely to do what others are doing. The young man who is just beginning to attract attention is a less conspicuous object. To spy him out quickly implies a certain amount of individual discrimination, as well as access to the inner circle of competent judges who are likely to set the future fashion of appreciation. One does not wonder, then, that the young man of promise figures as an object of special interest in refined society. This interest is sustained, too, by a number of amiable impulses. The imagination finds more to busy itself with in a newly-budding talent than in one in full flower. In all things promise is more attractive than realization, and the anticipation of the future development of a mind, seemingly bearing the impress of genius, offers a fine range of imaginative pleasure. Kindly motives come into play, too, in this consideration of nascent greatness; a good-natured person has the feeling of furthering a beneficent purpose in bringing forward one whose claims to attention are not as yet widely known. Thus it happens that women of generous impulses and active sympathies frequently make a *protégé* of a promising aspirant to fame. The French Salon in its best days offered an excellent opportunity for this exhibition at once of a superior feminine insight into merit and of a chivalrous advocacy of unrecognized claims. In our duller contemporary London drawing-room, too, a good deal of this same interest in rising talent is observable, even if it be less sagacious and less purely intellectual. There are some houses where one generally expects to have pointed out a new luminary in science or literature just rising above the horizon of public recognition.

The situation of such a promising young man seems at first sight a purely enviable one. To receive marks of lively interest and respect at an age when the thirst for recognition is at its keenest, to set a number of young women dreaming of one's future glorious achievements, and a number of less fortunate young men bewailing their fate, may well intoxicate a mind that is not wholly given up to ardent ambition. This first taste of the sweets of popularity is among the few sensations of a lifetime that are never forgotten. Indeed we may say that, to realize one's own brilliant success in this way prospectively, and through the eager hopes of a few warm admirers, is the most delicious mode of enjoying success. Yet no form of human bliss is quite free from taint of imperfection, and even the youthful aspirant who has succeeded in awakening this romantic interest in his future finds that there are drawbacks to his delight. It not infrequently happens that this newly awakened admiration is very unintelligent. Where there is very little actual performance to build upon, people easily get erroneous ideas of a man's special capabilities and aims. A newly created hero has to be magnanimous, and to submit with good grace to a great deal of foolish misapprehension. In most cases he must be content to be recognized as tending to greatness, without expecting people to understand wherein exactly his greatness is likely to manifest itself. The situation will sometimes be a trying one. If, for example, one of the newly-formed circle of admirers puts the hero of the moment through a long and searching examination under an exaggerated idea of his attainments and powers, he will very likely feel bored, and be ready to anathematize the inconveniently importunate questioner for not having taken the trouble of ascertaining his real position and pretensions. All such carelessness will be apt to appear to the more sensitive kind of aspirant as a mark of insufficient interest, and the degree of vexation which this reflection will bring with it will be directly proportionate to the intensity of the first delight.

It is, however, in relation to the future that the position of a promising young man is most beset with difficulties. When society thus advances its meed of praise in return for a promissory note, it is apt to be somewhat exacting. The young writer or painter who has excited this lively interest in his future must make up his mind to be carefully watched. And the very people who were most unreflecting in taking his future reputation on trust will be apt to be equally unreasonable in their expectations. If we add to this that the first conceptions formed, as has been observed, are very often quite erroneous and greatly exaggerated, we see in what an awkward situation the promising young man is likely to be placed. Even if he does advance according to his own anticipations, and fulfil all the hopes that could reasonably be grounded on his first performances, he may excite a measure of disappointment. And then it sometimes happens that, through no fault of his own, his young talent does not go on developing as it ought to do. Nature provokingly orders that in the fuller life of manhood, as in early life, precocity should sometimes be followed by mediocrity. The pledge given by college reputation, and even by the first essays in public life, is sometimes illusory, just as the pledge given by exceptional infantile endowments. And when this happens the promising young man may be said to be hardly used. He is not only foredoomed to personal disappointment, but is made the unwilling instrument of others' disappointment. On the whole, however, it is probable that society is not unjust in demanding a fulfilment of the early promise which it has recognized and honoured. Allowing for an occasional arrest of intellectual development, and for the interruptions of progress by feeble health, we must admit that most of the disappointments that occur are traceable to a want of persistence in the promising aspirant. Many who are possessed of considerable natural powers are not indisposed to make a short, strenuous effort after greatness, though they much dislike long and sustained exertion. With such the first sip of flattering recognition acts as a narcotic; it brings a perfect content with the present, and paralyses the organs of action. The very sweetness of the prospective enjoyment of full success may easily render the mind which is not too deeply devoted to the ends of truth or beauty indifferent to a future realization of anticipations. The only guarantee against this early defection from lofty aims is the existence of strong and genuine devotion and high conscientiousness, and these qualities do not appear to be common.

While there are many who thus abandon effort in literature and art through the undermining influence of an agreeable lethargy, there are others who do so because their incipient success has brought them other and more material advantages. Distinction is an obvious passport into society, and promising young men, finding this out, are under a temptation to forego further celebrity in favour of the material rewards which social position brings with it. We have heard it said of more than one promising writer that he would have made his mark in literature had he not married a woman of society. In his case there is clearly no room for excuse or explanation. When a youthful aspirant in literature relaxes effort under the sedative influence of present partial success, a serviceable friend may proffer a plausible excuse, putting down the later inactivity to overwork and consequent debility. But when a man deliberately binds himself by social ties which are incompatible with a hearty carrying forward of his early plans, his want of sincerity and depth is patent to all. Such temporary aspirants must therefore be ready to brave the resentment which naturally follows the willing extermination of agreeable hopes. They generally manage to put a good face on the situation, which is apt to seem a little ludicrous to a thoughtful onlooker. The gains accruing to them from their change of life are sufficiently real and palpable to render them callous to the contempt with which their former admirers and well-wishers are apt to visit their infidelity.

Contemporary society offers a large number of instances of abortive literary achievement. The men whose career of public service is thus cut short manage to retain the footing which society accorded them in the days of their promise, and that is all. They constitute a somewhat gloomy element in the London drawing-room, a sort of faded fringe to the social texture. They stand as sad memorials of early illusion rudely dispelled. How many of them are themselves responsible for this non-fulfilment of past pledges, it is of course impossible to determine. One would like to take a charitable view, and to believe that a large proportion of the cases fall under the head of arrested intellectual growth and of impaired health. Yet truth compels us to say that the other causes enumerated above—namely, indolence and a preference for tangible possessions—appear to co-operate at least in a very large number of instances. Men with literary and artistic taste, and even men with a degree of scientific interest, share with ordinary mortals the dislike to protracted and severe labour. And the deeply-rooted love of ease easily disposes a man after a measure of toil to listen to the soft voices wafted from the drowsy air of the Castle of Indolence. He may not fully recognize the motive which holds him back; the love of ease will readily disguise itself under the form of a sense of impaired vigour. It is this motive, we suspect, which has most to do with the frequent cessation of hopeful endeavour in public life, and which makes it true of literary service, as of other kinds, that many are called but few are chosen.

It might perhaps be expected that, in view of so many disappointments, society would grow more chary in the recognition of early signs of distinguished ability. And there is no doubt that a certain measure of caution in this respect would be a very good thing. It is, of course, well enough to encourage first efforts by a

just recognition, but this is a very different thing from hastily making a hero of the beginner in science and art before he has fully won his spurs. A man who is sincerely devoted to the ends of truth does not need the stimulus of this prospective applause; he can wait for a later and fully earned praise. On the other hand, the prospect of this rapid social recognition serves to incite the half-hearted and the pretentious to a fleeting and deceptive effort. Yet we very much doubt whether people will ever grow wiser in this respect. The motives which lead them to take up a new comer who seems to give promise of intellectual distinction are too powerful to be readily curbed by considerations of prudence. A new figure in the world of letters is too interesting a phenomenon to be passed by; even if the eager admirers face the possibility of being deceived, they are scarcely likely to withhold their interest. The selection of a promising *protégé* may be made all the more exciting and pleasant by the presence of an element of uncertainty. It seems specially chivalrous to back up a young aspirant whose career is by no means assured. And so we may be pretty certain that good-natured people will, in spite of frequent disappointment, continue eagerly to accept and endorse literary and artistic promise whenever it makes its appearance.

COLLEGE EXPENSES.

TO-DAY is the first day of Michaelmas Term at Oxford. The station is crowded with the luggage, and the cabmen are rejoicing in the tips, of emancipated freshmen. The freshmen themselves go, with a subdued shyness or a lordly swagger (they seldom know any medium), to their rooms, order their own lunches, and supply their scouts with their earliest perquisites. Among so many young men it may be predicted with complete certainty that a few will get into debt. This very day they will begin to run up what Oxford has called "ticks" for more than two hundred years, for cigars, wine, clothes, horses, tennis, billiards, pastry, books, bindings, pictures. Nothing can save the fast foolish freshman, though perhaps the College might make it more difficult for tradesmen's touts to invade his rooms after breakfast, and tempt him with worthless engravings and fabulously bad water-colours. But the fast freshman must go his own way with more or less velocity. No general reforms can really cure his absurd extravagance. The extravagance that can be checked is that which some of the Colleges actually impose upon their undergraduate members.

In the current number of *Fraser's Magazine*, a writer who signs himself "An Oxford Tutor" has analysed the yearly charges of, let us say, Boniface College. The "battels" of that ancient and famous home of learning have long been matter of rueful mirth to the undergraduates. As the evil was beyond cure, the men have been fain to laugh at it. Till they came to receive publishers' accounts, in later years, many of them believed that Boniface bills were an original and unprecedented jest. This was not a perfectly accurate view, but a little attention will show what a true humourist the bursar must have been who first devised this system of accounts. Before going further, however, we must guard ourselves against being supposed to think Boniface a sinner above all other colleges. No college, on the other hand, has done more, or perhaps so much, to make men take their life at Oxford in earnest, and at few places are the undergraduates more fortunate in the society of tutors as sympathetic as they are learned, self-denying, and industrious. But they have all borne the yoke of Boniface bills in their youth, and perhaps have come to regard them as part of the divine system of things, and not alien from the scheme of the universe as devised by Hegel. Indeed the "notion" of that favourite philosopher is very manifest in the bills—the "notion" in this case being the determination to get as much money as possible out of the undergraduates. Perhaps we may say that this "notion" is implicitly present in the whole of University existence, and has "relations co-extensive with the University."

The expenses at college are, to a certain extent, within the control of the individual student. He may give breakfasts, luncheons, dinners, and other entertainments, of which the staple is supplied by the college kitchen and buttery, or he may give none. He may drink wine, or confine himself to beer; he may revel in "Portuguese" and "New College pudding," or may restrict himself to bread and cheese. But, be he hospitable or niggardly, luxurious or sparing, he must pay yearly to Boniface College in "General Accounts" the sum of 77*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* No economy on his part can reduce that charge, at least if he lives in college. Let us examine the items of this not inconsiderable sum, with the aid of the "Oxford Tutor."

In the quarterly accounts the first charge is thus described:—"Common Room:—University dues, College dues"; and these amount annually to 1*l.* 8*s.* The meaning of the charge is a mystery; nor is it made clearer by the reappearance of "College Dues" to the amount of 4*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* The sum is perhaps a perquisite of the College; or can the "dues" be owed by the College to some feudal superior, and merely collected by the College from its undergraduate members? The item seems to answer to "Allowances to the Trade" appearing in the bills of publishers after the allowances have been allowed for. The next item we propose to notice is "Bedmaker," whose wage reaches 4*l.* annually. Say there are one hundred and twenty men in college, this gives 480*l.* per annum for perhaps twelve bedmakers' services in the twenty-six weeks of term time. To this we must add some three or four pounds a year in "private donations" from each undergraduate. This will give each bedmaker some seventy or eighty pounds for the services of twenty-six weeks. With the addition of all the fragments of luncheons and wines, and a communal interest in trifles like marmalade and corkscrews, the bedmaker seems fairly well paid. But, like college dues, his little bill recurs again and again in the general account. Each undergraduate yearly pays 4*l.* to "General Expenses." We used to marvel what "General Expenses" could possibly be; but it seems they are short for "gas, water, salaries of servants other than bedmakers, *part of bedmakers' salaries!* waiting in hall, junior bursar's salary, &c." The joke is even better than it seems, for it is the bedmakers who wait in hall. Thus, in addition to tips and perquisites, the bedmakers are "remembered" three several times by the pious framer of the Boniface system of accounts. If, in addition to all this, he "daily commits a series of what in a private household would be called petty larcenies," the worthy bedmaker certainly gets on very well, and is a bright example of the working of the "notion" already referred to as co-extensive with the universe of university existence. The summit of a bedmaker's ambition is reached when (as in a case at Merton, vouched for by the writer in *Fraser*) a bedmaker has sold his master's corkscrew to every man on the staircase, including the original owner. The General Expenses already spoken of are apparently not framed solely in the interest of the bedmaker. The junior bursar, too, is remembered, though it is not obvious why the men should pay his salary any more than that of the senior bursar or the Dean of Hall. Can it be possible—the idea occurs irresistibly, merely as a hypothesis—can it be possible that the junior bursar is a bedmaker in disguise? "Water" swells the "General Expenses," though even in lodgings, where you pay for everything possible, water is supplied without extra charge. As to the "other servants," if they are porters and messengers, it would seem that they are paid twice—once by the "gate-bill" and for each message delivered, and once again out of the fund which they share with the bedmakers and the junior bursar. Of all the "General Expenses," only "gas and &c." seem necessary charges. The next item goes beyond the limits of legitimate comedy, and partakes of the character of screaming farce. What does the economical reader suppose is the annual amount paid to the College for dusting carpets and cleaning windows? Why 1*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* a head, or, at the least, 150*l.* We cannot conceal the gnawing suspicion that the bedmakers dust the carpets, even if they do not clean the windows, which is perhaps too dangerous a service for these ingenious men. One hundred and fifty pounds a year for carpet cleaning! It is like some monstrous Gargantuan item among the charges of an Oxford election agent. The undergraduate, it appears, hires his furniture from the College. We presume that 40*l.* would represent the estimated average value of his tables and chairs and so forth. In some rooms it may be more; in others, 15*l.* would once have been a large purchase money. Now on this sum the undergraduate pays an annual 3*l.* as interest, and 3*l.* more for "depreciation" of furniture when he leaves his rooms. As to these arrangements the writer in *Fraser* remarks that he would like to be the farmer of the Boniface College furniture. But we imagine that the undergraduate is better off now than he was under the old system of "valuations," when he lay at the mercy of a valuator who might take a rosy view of the furniture when he entered, and a morbidly depressed view when he quitted his apartments. As to the charges for local government and poor-rate, the writer in *Fraser* finds that "a popular College in the High Street" must be rated 350*l.* for one or the other. By a popular College we may understand University, as no one can apply the term to the other College in the High. The undergraduate who made the calculations above referred to asked a banker how the College came to be so highly rated, and the banker replied in the words of a vulgar song. What with Mr. Matthews and his 3,000*l.* in a tin box, and what with singing bankers and versatile bedmakers, the "dear city of youth and dream" seems hopelessly corrupt. As to the Boniface General Accounts they are so unlike the spirit of the college, as displayed elsewhere, that we believe the system to have been inherited from the middle ages, and to be due to an inspired bedmaker. The "Tutor" has a good deal to say about the Boniface charges for tuition. The tutors are, perhaps, almost as highly paid as the bedmakers, but we do not see that their services are over-estimated. This is a point on which no one who knows the college would expect a complaint. The tuition at Boniface, to say the least, makes private coaches a needless luxury, and we should be surprised to hear that the undergraduates had any complaint to make on this score. The critic says, "A man may choose to take his degree in a school for which no provision has been made by the college in its scheme of lectures." Then let the man go to Keble, or wherever he finds provision made for his erratic desires. For all that we know he may want to take his degree in the school of Music, and it is not very likely that Boniface will keep, as we think Keble used to do, a piano in the hall.

Leaving the General Accounts, it is plain that there is room for much economy in the kitchen. The price of dinners is much higher at Magdalen and the House than at B. N. C. But the dinners at Magdalen and Christ Church used to be excellent, and at Brasenose they certainly were not deserving of praise. "It is difficult," says the modern Herodotus in the *Oxford Spectator*, "to speak highly enough of the House cook." Now it was not so much difficult as impossible, in ancient

days, to speak in terms sufficiently strong against certain other college cooks. Their dinners were not only execrable, but they were expensive. Dinner was served in "commons," that is, small portions. You ordered, let us say, "saddle of mutton." A raw instalment of tough, pale, elderly lamb was served up. You sent it away, and tried "rissoles." A slab abomination was brought to you, half cold. Shudderingly you commanded "roast chicken" to be provided, and you were regaled with the loin and leg of a huge patriarchal rooster, "the mighty bones of ancient cocks." Finally you got literally no dinner, except bread and butter, and you had to pay some three or four shillings for the various forms of garbage which you were compelled to reject. Possibly, in this case, where the maximum of expense was combined with the minimum of dinner, the college cook was no college servant at all, but a kitchen-farmer. "He is not paid a fixed salary by the College, but he pays himself by what he can make out of the confiding and comparatively helpless undergraduates. And here, we opine, it will be his interest to supply as little for the money as he conveniently can. This he has every encouragement and every facility for doing. He stands in the position of a tradesman with a monopoly and something more besides." For, to put it shortly, hotel dinners at Oxford are bad and expensive, and men are fined by the proctors for feasting in taverns. We cannot but think that the very boat of a college must suffer where the cook farms the kitchen, and the men are fed on stuff that can neither make muscles nor brains.

The Universities are intended to train men in the art of living, as well as in letters and science. Do the economics of the colleges set a very instructive example to lads with every temptation to extravagance?

THE ALPS IN AUTUMN.

ALP LUSGEN, on a bluff of which, overlooking the Aletsch glacier, stands the Bel Alp Hotel, has been favoured during the last fortnight with splendid weather; a deep blue sky by day, and by night "stars keen glancing from the Immensities." We write on October 3, at a height of 7,000 feet above the sea. During the day the temperature has been sometimes very high, during the night occasionally very low. Taken from a small library a day or two ago, and placed in the sun, a Fahrenheit thermometer ran up in seven minutes from 52° to 82°, and ended its expansion at 99°. Our July and August weather would not bear comparison with that of the end of September and the beginning of October. Two travellers clung loyally to the Bel Alp hotel throughout the whole of September; but the great body of tourists had vanished before the really fine weather came. The year has been rather below than above the average fineness; at all events, comparatively little climbing has been accomplished. The Matterhorn, which is seen from this place, has, during the greater part of the summer, been obviously unfit for the mountaineer. Snow on rocks, with the chance of its having been converted into an enamel of ice, is not tempting to the climber. There have been some grand thunderstorms. At an early date we paid a visit to the Eggischhorn. There, on one fine morning which seemed to promise a cloudless day, a small wisp of cloud might be detected curling round that singular tower of erosion which stands out against the sky on a far-off col at the opposite side of the Rhône valley. This tower is a good practical barometer, and when it is clear fair weather may be expected. The attention of the host was drawn to the small cloud, but he thought it meant nothing. That night, however, one of the grandest thunderstorms that we have ever witnessed, accompanied by fierce rain, flashed and rang among the mountains. Subsequently, at Alp Lusgen, we had one specially impressive, and indeed dangerous, storm. There was a rare solidity and brilliancy in the zig-zag bars of lightning. They approached us, coming twice so near that the interval between flash and peal was less than a second. Still there was a sensible interval, but not of silence. It was filled by a loud and grating burr, as if the rocks around us had been suddenly thrown into sonorous vibration. The burr was in each case quenched by a deafening peal, followed by its roll of echoes. The breaking forth of the electricity from the rocks, to join its opposite in the clouds, produced this singular commotion.

For three successive years we have had the opportunity of comparing the autumn atmosphere with that of early summer. They are distinctly different. The evening red of the autumn has more of purple in it than that of June or July. Cloud-banners with tattered edges stretch sometimes from horizon to zenith, and, when flooded with the sunset light, are singularly impressive. They seem to burn as vividly as the brightest strontian flame. Yesterday evening (October 2nd) we had an extremely beautiful form of illumination. Over the Mischabelhörner spread a vast cloud with detached masses floating around it, all suffused with the light of a sun which had already set. The illuminated cloud threw its light against the face of the Weisshorn, which, as regards the sun, was in darkness, causing the snow, which is of extraordinary purity on this side, to blush all over. The Alphubel and the adjacent snow-fields, the whole of the Dom, except its highest tip which was still touched by the direct sunlight, came in for the glow of the cloud overhead. The warming up of the snows by this secondary light was wonderful. The forms of the clouds, and their distribution in space, are different in autumn from what they are in early summer. The cloud-texture, if we may use the term, is softest in autumn, resembling then an atmospheric wool of the finest fibre. The clouds below us, which the inhabitants of Eggen and Platten would call fog, also assume singular arrangements. Sometimes the cloud-surface resembles that of a sea in a state of wild turbulence, showing ridges and peaks and crested billows, with deep, dark hollows between them. Sometimes the surface is as flat and white as a level snow-field; its most striking resemblance to water, clasping the promontories and running into nooks and bays, being then exhibited. By moonlight this cloud-ocean is magical in its beauty. The play of light and shade upon the adjacent glacier; the rolling of the clouds over the cols from the valley of the Rhône, and then in voluminous cascades down the pine-covered slopes; the bars of glory wherewith the sun, escaping through crevices in the mountains, smites the ice; the lifting by lateral illumination of the frozen billows, which, when uniformly shone upon, appear flat and uninteresting, are all sources of surprise and delight. Mr. Liebreich has taught us how much the impressiveness of a statue depends on the mode of lighting it. The shadows of the brows and other prominent parts of the face may be caused to enhance in a wonderful degree the force of the sculpture. Thus it is with the ridges and the *séracs* of the glacier when on one side they are brightly illuminated and on the other are in gloom.

Last year a heavy snowfall occurred on the 26th of September. This year we had our first fall in the middle of the month. The presence of snow vastly enhances the dignity of the smaller mountains. While strolling up one of them a few days ago our attention was arrested by the singular forms of the clouds which rose over the summits dividing Switzerland from Italy. Across the plains of Lombardy, where they produce no turbidity in the air, the humid winds drive onward to the Alps. Partly by the chill of the mountains, partly by its own expansion and that of the air with which it is mixed, and partly by radiation into space, the invisible aqueous vapour is chilled, falling into clouds which roll up the mountains, clear the summits, and, rising higher still, show their grandeur to us residents on the north of the ridge. At all seasons vast cumuli thus form and rise, but never during the early part of the year have we noticed clouds of the shape observed during a recent stroll up the Sparrenhorn. In some places they represented a kind of "negative" of the mountains. From one point in particular, on the summit of a ridge, a thin stem of cloud, dark because shaded, ascended. This stem gradually widened like the shank of a funnel, the divergence at a certain height suddenly augmenting so as to form a perfect likeness of the funnel itself. The cloud also resembled the drawings of waterspouts usually given in books on meteorology. Or, finally, its shape was like that of a cauliflower with long thin stalk and large head. There were two or three other similar clouds, with umbrageous tops. The top of this one, however, was not umbrageous, but smooth, and marked with horizontal flutings, indicating an intermittent and regularly recurrent action in the generation and shaping of the cloud. The whole thing looked rather like a product of mechanism than of the free and capricious air. Perfectly astounding cloud-forms may be artificially produced in an enclosed space by the gyrations of nebulous matter occasioned by variations of temperature. Gyration seemed also to have something to do with the formation of the Alpine cloud just referred to. We can imagine a current of humid air rushing up one of the southern valleys and, on clearing the ridge, assuming, through lack of perfect equilibrium of pressure all round, a vorticose motion in the free air; forming first a stalk of cloud and afterwards a funnel. The horizontal flutings, moreover, might be readily produced by rotation round a vertical axis. Late in the afternoon of the day on which we saw this cloud, eight similar gigantic funnels rose between the Monte Leone and the Weisshorn.

The nights, as already stated, have been sometimes keen and cutting. A cascade adjacent to our dwelling scatters its spray over rocks and grassy banks, and wets to a distance the pebbles surrounding its base. Most of us have seen photographs of Niagara in winter, when the trees and twigs of Luna Island, wetted by the spray, show their surprising enamel and dependent stalactites of ice. We had this effect substantially reproduced here a few days ago—grouped rosettes of ice upon the pebbles, glittering spears and matted fretwork among the grass, and a surprising efflorescence upon the rocks. From a thousand points of reflection, pure white light was sent in dazzling sparkles to the eye; while, where refraction and dispersion occurred, we had the exquisite play of prismatic colours. The Swiss hotel-keepers have reaped a comparatively rich harvest this year. They needed it; for they, like us in England—or rather through sympathy with us in England—suffered much from the depression of late years. Probably our neighbour at the Bel Alp Hotel will find the profits of this year double those of the last. The inflow comes in good time; for he has just built a substantial addition to his house, which will place forty or fifty new beds, and many good rooms, at his disposal.

The season is now clearly over, and its setting has been far more glorious than its dawn. The heather has been beautiful, while the bilberry bushes still clothe the slopes with the most brilliant colours. To-day the atmosphere threatens a change. Curious cloud-trailers sweep along some of the mountains; while others are swathed in a haze which, though deep, does not reach the grandeur of downright mountain gloom. In the vast cauldron below us the clouds are boiling, while through the whole the sun gleams at intervals with intense power. The heat is too sultry for the continuance of fine weather. Towards the end of June the

burghers drove their cattle to the higher Alps; in the middle of September, the grass being all consumed, they moved downwards. They then occupied for a time what they call the "Voralp," which is meadow land, the cows there browsing upon what had sprung up since the last passage of the scythe. Some of the burghers have already taken up their winter quarters in their chief village, Naters, in the valley of the Rhône, and all will do so soon. At twilight a profound loneliness reigns among the hills. The sound of water alone invades the silence which it enhances; while our little lake, with the adjacent rocks and banks mirrored by its motionless surface, is the type of purity and peace.

THE FAMINE COMMISSION ON THE PROGRESS OF INDIA.

THE Indian Famine Commissioners have supplemented their scheme of relief by an elaborate dissertation on those multiform processes of improvement which, for want of a better name, are summarized in Parliamentary Blue-Books as the "Moral and Material Progress" of the country. That such processes are at work in every part of the country, on a vast scale and with continually increasing activity, is a fact which the annual statistics have for years past adequately established; but the special duty of the Famine Commissioners was to examine into their bearing on the condition of the people, and especially of the agricultural classes, who are immediately affected by the vicissitudes of season which, it is now understood, must be accepted as part of the normal conditions of existence in India. The extent of the calamities which those vicissitudes involve has now been approximately gauged. So far as the experience of a century teaches, there are, taking the entire country, two bad years to every seven good ones; the average population affected in each instance is about twenty millions; and the result may accordingly be said to be equivalent to a famine over the whole country nearly twice in a century. Each of the great provinces, except Bengal, is visited with drought at intervals averaging eleven or twelve years, and with famines of exceptional magnitude at intervals of about fifty years. Bengal enjoys far longer periods of immunity, and, except in one or two localities, is wholly exempt from this visitation. Judging from the past, the largest population ever likely to be simultaneously famine-stricken is about thirty millions, and of these 4½ millions will need assistance during the months of greatest distress, and an average of 2½ millions for an entire year. It is easy to understand how great are the administrative difficulties involved in extemporizing so large a system of relief, in guarding against executive shortcomings, imposture, and fraud, and, at the same time, securing that the necessary aid should reach millions of frightened, disheartened, and often demoralized people, scattered over an area of 200,000 or even 300,000 square miles, with few great commercial centres, and only the rudiments of a railway system. It is no secret that on several occasions the horrors of famine have been aggravated by the inability of the officials, in high places and low, to grasp the full gravity of the occasion and to confront with the necessary judgment and calmness the innumerable difficulties of a great emergency. Under the old system, a civilian who stayed long enough in the country had a sort of vested right to the highest employment, and men of the slenderest capacity were wafted to posts where at any crisis their want of power and nerve was certain to involve a disaster. As to this the Commissioners speak with a decorous reserve not unnatural in officials. "The only certain way," they observe, "of avoiding the risk of administrative failure, with consequent discredit to the Government and probable calamity to the people in time of difficulty, is to adopt proved capacity as the sole qualification for official employment." Among other administrative reforms, the Commissioners recommend the abolition of the Madras Board of Revenue, an institution which has long been condemned as an obsolete and useless link in the official chain. They insist on the importance of breaking up the larger districts in Madras, eight of which have an area of 8,000 square miles, and in four cases a population exceeding two millions. Such a charge is of course infinitely too great for any single officer to supervise, and no other explanation need be sought of the disastrous administrative breakdown which the pressure of relief operations produced on more occasions than one during the famine of 1876-77.

Coming to the general question of improved administrative efficiency, the Commissioners suggest several important changes. They advise that the head officials of each district, executive and judicial, should be appointed by selection, instead of, as at present, by the rule of seniority. Officers who, after some years of trial, are ascertained to be "bad bargains," are to be invited to retire on pensions graduated to their length of service. Young magistrates are at as early a date as possible to be relieved of the drudgery of the courts and placed in independent charge of a particular area, so as to learn by personal experience the duties which they will subsequently be called upon to perform on a larger scale. The practice of "marching" through the district, and so personally learning the condition of the people and the especial wants of the country, is to be more rigorously enforced. Provision is to be made for introducing into the service a class of officers highly trained in scientific and practical agriculture, and thus promoting the agricultural development to which India assuredly has to look as a means of future enrichment from the 190 millions of acres now for the most part producing crops less than half of the yield attained by scientific cultivation. Lastly, we are happy to observe that careful consideration has been bestowed on the best means of improving the native service, and attracting to its ranks those members of the native gentry whose position and influence would be of especial value. The native official was altogether neglected in Lord Cornwallis's great measures of reform, and there is reason to think that there is still much room for improvement in this department of the service. The Tehsildar, or head revenue officer, is, next to the Collector, the most important representative of Government, and the pivot on which in each district the whole official wheel revolves. Nothing should be spared which would tend to raise the standard of integrity and ability in this important class of public servants.

Another very important branch of the Commissioners' inquiry is that which is concerned with the relations of the people to the Government as regards taxation, and their relations to the Government and one another as landlords and tenants. The Report deals exhaustively with the incidence of taxation, and will, it may be hoped, put an end to the many wild misrepresentations which have from time to time been made by sensational writers and speakers on Indian topics. Of the 65¼ millions which the Government of India annually receives, 24 millions in no sense represent taxation, being derived, partly from opium, partly from the earnings of public works, and the rest from the gross receipts of departments, such as the Post Office, which are on the whole an expense to the State. Of the remaining 41 millions, 22½ millions are derived from land-revenue, an impost which, as is well known, partakes far more largely of the nature of rent than of revenue, the Government enjoying everywhere an immemorial and unquestioned right to a portion of the profits of the soil. It is satisfactory to know that it in no case exceeds 7½ per cent. of the value of the gross produce, that in Madras it is little over 6 per cent., and in the Punjab 5·6 per cent.; while in Bengal and the Central Provinces it sinks to less than 4 per cent. The other items of taxation bring up the total incidence to 4*s.* per head of the population. Dividing it into classes, and apportioning each tax among the classes who pay it, it may be said generally that the landed class pay, including land revenue, 5*s.* 6*d.* per head; the labourers pay 7*d.* per head on salt, or, assuming a family of three persons, 1*s.* 9*d.*, equivalent to about four days' wages of a man and his wife; the labourers, moreover, contribute more largely than any class to the excise, as they are the principal drug consumers; artisans contribute 2*s.* apiece, or, say, the earnings of five working days; traders, 3*s.* 6*d.* All such calculations are of course extremely rough; but the figures given above appear to prove that over-taxation, at any rate, is not among the crimes of the British Administration. The native Powers usually took at least a half of the produce, and not unfrequently more; the British rulers have reduced the charge to an average of about 5 per cent., and there is now much show of reason in the contention that, were it necessary, the landowners might reasonably be called to contribute more largely than at present to the expenses of the State. The chief blot on Indian taxation is that it falls too heavily on the poor, and leaves many of the wealthy classes wholly untouched. A rich Brahmin, for instance, with a couple of millions in the funds, pays literally no taxation but an infinitesimal charge on the salt which his family consume.

As to land tenures, the Commissioners report that, as regards those portions of the country where the occupants hold directly of the State—that is, the Bombay and Madras Presidencies, and parts of Upper India—there is little room for improvement; the tenure is secure, the rental is fixed for long terms, tenant's improvements cannot be made the ground of enhancement, and the tenant can surrender the whole or any part of his holding at pleasure. Where, however, as in Bengal and the North-Western Provinces, a landlord class intervenes between the Government and the occupant of the soil, the position of things is far less satisfactory; great uncertainty as to the tenant's rights prevails, and it is feared that gross oppression is frequently practised. The attention of the Government has been long directed to the subject, and the recommendations of the Commissioners will no doubt be regarded as an important addition to the mass of material out of which some satisfactory legislation has to be fashioned. It is curious that, though there are certainly not less than six million peasants in Bengal with holdings little larger than the smallest Irish holdings, their troubles and grievances are borne with unbroken silence and in unquestioning submission to the law.

No class of improvements so immediately affects the ability of the population to resist famine as the great schemes of railways and irrigation which have so frequently been topics of controversy between opposite schools of Indian critics. The Famine Commissioners were of course bound to examine the whole subject with minute care, and it is in a high degree satisfactory to learn from so authoritative a quarter that the view frequently urged in these columns is fully borne out by the results, and that the undertakings known as "Productive Public Works" have not only earned an excellent return on the money invested, but have bestowed incalculable blessings on those parts of India in which they have been carried out. The Report gives a summarized history of the scheme from its first inception in 1864, when General Richard Strachey, its originator, suggested it to the Government. It ultimately took the form of a project to expend four millions of borrowed capital per annum, the growing interest on which would be recouped by the constantly increasing earnings of the works. This programme has been successfully realized, with

the result that India has at present 9,000 miles of railway, 8 millions of acres protected by canals, and that in the present year not only is the interest on the capital involved and the expense of maintenance defrayed, but a net profit of over 300,000*l.* has been realized for the State. Of the results to the people the Commissioners give several striking instances, in one of which the crops saved in a single season were worth two-thirds the entire cost of the canals, while in another case three-fourths of the capital were similarly recouped. The success of the experiment is now beyond dispute. Equally reassuring are the results of the railways. Though many of the projects are incomplete, a dividend of 4½ per cent. has been earned in the present year on the entire capital, and a constant increase in the goods and passenger traffic attests a growth of trade which will in a few years place India among the foremost commercial countries of the world. Viewed as an instrument of famine relief, the railways are simply invaluable. Goods can be carried for less than a halfpenny per ton per mile; in other words, a pound of corn can be taken 2,240 miles—from one end of India to another—for less than a halfpenny; and the enormous enhancement of price which is one great incident of famine may be regarded, wherever railway communication is established, as a thing of the past. Twenty thousand miles are, the Commissioners calculate, necessary to render the country safe, and of this nine thousand are complete. The remainder can be constructed at a cost of 60 millions, during the next twenty-five years, at an outlay of 2½ millions per annum, which is the rate hitherto prescribed. When this is accomplished famine, in the sense of an actual absence of food or of its prohibitive cost, will, it is hoped, cease to be one of the anxieties which beset the Indian administrator. What the future of this huge aggregate of humanity may be, it would be rash indeed to speculate; but it is not rash to believe that mechanical contrivances and scientific utilization of the resources of the soil will rescue the population of India, as the more civilized nations of Europe have already been rescued, from one appalling form of misery. General Strachey, to whom more than to any other one man the public works of India are owing, may be congratulated on having lived long enough to see the dreams of his youth transformed into solid realities. The present Report will, we believe, be recognized as not among the least of the long list of admirable services which he has rendered to the Government and the country.

POPULARITY.

When men are not engaged in making money they are generally endeavouring to acquire popularity. It has often been said that to die rich is the chief aim and object of a vast number of lives, but we suspect that even more lives are spent in seeking the prize of popularity. An essay on popularity in the abstract would fill a volume, and within our limits it would be impossible to do justice to such a subject; but we propose to notice a few of the characteristics of popularity and its opposite in some particular cases.

There are few greater mistakes than the supposition that rich or great men are certain to be popular. It is of course true that rich men of high position have usually great opportunities of becoming popular; but, on the other hand, the higher a man's position and the greater his wealth, the greater opportunities has he of becoming intensely unpopular. A poor man could not possibly attain the notorious unpopularity for which some men of high rank and great wealth are remarkable. We have often heard people, when abusing a peer, conclude by observing "And you know it takes a great deal to make a lord unpopular." Now, although we are not prepared to dissent altogether from this opinion, we maintain that a lord is consigned to the lowest depths of unpopularity on slighter pretexts than a commoner; and while we allow that it is easy for a commoner to become a little unpopular, we must add that it is easier for a peer to become excessively unpopular. Everybody must have observed the extreme and somewhat anomalous unpopularity of unpopular peers; and perhaps it is not too much to say that a hated nobleman is one of the most hated beings on the face of the earth. This may be perhaps a cringing world and a toadying world; but it expects a great deal from its best-favoured children, and resents without pity any neglect of what it considers the duties of their position. The marquess or duke who is of a quiet and sedentary disposition, whose greatest enjoyment is reading, and whose favourite recreation is the pursuit of rare insects, is scarcely likely to take much trouble about filling his houses for shooting-parties or balls. In London the society which gives him the greatest pleasure is that of scientific and literary men. It cannot, therefore, be a matter of wonder that "drums" are hardly to his taste. A morning at Woolwich Arsenal or a manufactory would be a pleasure to him, but Rotten Row would bore him immeasurably. He innocently imagines that, if he builds some new farms and drains many acres of land, he is spending enough money in his county, and he takes care to be liberal in his subscriptions to charitable objects. If his personal expenditure is lower than that of his predecessors, he saves a large sum of money for his successors, and lays out more upon his estates than any of his forerunners. Although he is shy and retiring, his influence materially assists several learned and charitable societies; and he writes a book which brings in a profit for which many a poorer writer would be extremely thankful; while his paintings have not the peculiar merit claimed by a valet for those of his master, that "any one could see that they were not done by one of them chaps that are paid for it." On the bench his opinion often varies from those of other magistrates, and when he thinks he is in the right he refuses to give way without a struggle. He finds out that some of his most neglected country neighbours have more in them than others who are better known, and he shows them attention accordingly. Being fond of flowers and the beauties of nature, he occasionally spends May and June in the country; and, disliking dreary weather and caring little for field sports, he is rarely at either of his country houses between November and April. Most people will agree with us that a nobleman of this type is extremely unpopular. Here is his portrait as painted by his neighbours and compeers. He neglects the duties of his position; it is a pity he does this, and a pity that he does not do the other; he is a prig; he is letting the county go to the devil; and he only associates with barristers, professional authors, priests, and parsons. Borethem Castle is a very different place from what it used to be; instead of being the pleasantest house in the county, it is now usually empty, and when occupied it is full of people whom none of the neighbours would care to meet. Instead of being friendly to "the right people," its owner has taken up some of the "oddest families" in the neighbourhood. He is a crack-brained magistrate, and makes himself a perfect nuisance on the bench. Instead of hunting or shooting, he pokes about the lanes with a butterfly-net and a japanned tin-box, like a schoolboy or a German student, and somebody has even seen him wearing a pair of blue spectacles. He never goes to church, and he believes in nothing; he is a Roman Catholic or a freethinker, and for all his quiet, inoffensive manner, he indulges in drinking or ritualism in private. His tastes are un-English, and he spends his whole day in playing the harmonium, instead of attending to his estates and entertaining guests; he sleeps by day, and reads throughout the night; he became entangled in a love affair at St. Petersburg, or Constantinople, or Gibraltar, which made him shun women ever after, and he has a legally married Hindu wife and a large family in India. His only pleasure is to work like a common blacksmith at Woolwich or Birmingham, and it has even been rumoured that he occasionally retires to a private lunatic asylum. He has done untold harm by building over-luxurious farms, and by raising the price of labour in his county; he is a mean screw, and he fools away immense sums of money with nothing to show for them. In fine, instead of having availed himself of the magnificent opportunities of his great position, he is the most unpopular man in his county, and his name is scarcely ever heard of in London. So much for the verdict of the world in general. The common feeling about the man is "Why cumbereth he the ground?" He will be remembered as the unpopular duke, and at his death the "society" papers will contain short paragraphs describing his eccentricities. Now we are not prepared to say that such a man would be popular in any position of life, but as an ordinary person he would in all probability be treated with indifference. As a nobleman, however, he is looked upon as a public enemy and a sort of social criminal. There may be scientific and literary sets among which he is esteemed and liked, and there may be many a poor cottage in which his name is ever mentioned with gratitude. He may have a considerable number of real friends, which are, and always have been, rare things; and he may be more loved than any other man in his county. But all this does not constitute popularity in the proper sense of the word. A popular man may not have a single real friend, and it is quite possible to be a universal favourite without being loved by any one. For the popularity of a man of high degree, good works, moral character, and a charitable disposition are far less important than an accurate pronunciation of the Shibboleths of his position.

While demonstrating the facility with which a great man—great in the sense of wealth and position—can acquire unpopularity, we willingly allow that he may easily obtain popularity if his inclinations dispose him towards the amusements which the world considers suitable to his position. We believe it may be safely said that the popularity of a rich man of high rank depends to a great extent upon the nature of his pleasures. We will suppose the case of a man who lives the approved life of a British magnate. He has a well-turned-out coach on which he appears constantly in the Park. He keeps an excellent man-cook, and his wines are of the finest vintages. His face is familiar at the best clubs and at the most select parties. His balls are among the most brilliant of the London season. He is the owner of a Derby favourite, and his yacht is one of the finest afloat. He keep the hounds in his county, or at any rate he pays the largest share of their expenses. He has fifteen hunters and many hacks, from smart horses suitable for the Park to shooting ponies. He rears several thousand tame pheasants annually, and he imports litters of foxes for his gorses from Wales and Scotland. His deer forest is one of the finest in the kingdom, and his salmon rivers and moors are unsurpassed. During the winter months his castle is frequently filled with people of title as well as his country neighbours and relatives. It is highly conducive to a man's popularity among little people to have his house often filled with what the latter term "swells." It gives some people great pleasure to jostle against lords in the hunting-field, and a chance word with a peer at the cover-side or at a check in a run will make them happy for a month. They can veraciously say for ever after that they have "met and spoken with" the Marquess

of Pimlico, and they will inform all their acquaintances in a casual manner that Lord Whitehall once made such and such an observation to them. The man who turns loose half-a-dozen of these charming beings into the hunting-field at intervals during the season is looked upon as a public benefactor; and there are many sportsmen to whom "the party from the castle" is a far greater object of interest than the hounds or the fox. As regards the charities of the subject of our sketch, they amount to about a tithe of those of the unpopular man whom we described above, and he lays out less than half the amount annually spent on estate improvements by the latter; but he keeps up his reputation for judicious liberality by some munificence to the favourite charities of the parsons most approved by good society both in London and in the country, and he establishes his fame as an agriculturist by a herd of expensive shorthorns at his home-farm. Such a man, provided he is tolerably good-natured and good-looking, is almost certain to be popular.

Great wealth and high position are nevertheless by no means essential for popularity. With the comparatively poor man, again, his amusements have an all-important bearing on his popularity. He should be fond of shooting and shoot well; he should like hunting and be able to ride well upon all sorts of hunters, whether agreeable mounts or the contrary; and, of all things, it is important that he should be fond of dancing and dance well. It is desirable that he should like good living, and be able to do full justice to good dinners and good wines; and he ought to be fond of gossip, and be a collector and judicious distributor of good stories and choice bits of scandal. Above all, he must say ill-natured things to each of his patrons about their special enemies, and encourage them in their favourite sins and eccentricities.

It may possibly be considered that our portraits of popular men are neither edifying nor attractive; but we are quite ready to admit that among the very salt of the earth popular men are occasionally to be met with. Large-heartedness and love of one's neighbour will make their way if consistently acted upon; but unfortunately irreproachable people are too apt to forget to love the sinner while they hate his sin. Many monks and nuns of great austerity have been famed for their popularity; and it is observable that ecclesiastics of unusual personal mortification sometimes are, and have been throughout history, specially popular among gay men of the world. On the Continent members of the ascetic religious orders are far more popular as confessors with fashionable people of the world than secular priests. Some men are naturally of such a sympathetic nature that they can scarcely help being popular; others become popular through force of circumstances, and a few school themselves to such kind feeling towards others that they win popularity. An essayist on this subject might with good reason treat the question of the value of popularity when gained; but on this point we prefer to be silent.

SCOTCH SALMON-FISHING.

ROD salmon-fishing in Scotland has ended for this season, and with results that can hardly be called satisfactory. There was fair promise of sport at the beginning, and anglers were proportionally jubilant. But they had counted on rains which never came, or came only in occasional showers. The fish were stopped on their way to the upper streams; those that remained in the pools whence their further advance was obstructed are said to have suffered severely from disease; while there was little or no use in casting over clear waters that had been shrinking in the continuous drought. And nothing perhaps is more thoroughly disappointing than a bad season for salmon-fishing. In shooting, unless in the case of a moor that has been swept by the grouse epidemic, there is always something to be done. By perseverance and hard walking you are pretty sure to pick up some birds; and in any case one has always the pleasures of hope. So it is in fox-hunting. Cover after cover may be drawn blank; the scent may be bad or the frost may be exasperating; but by the coverside you are ever looking for the fox to break away, and you know that a run of some kind must come to you sooner or later. This may be in some degree the case even with the salmon-fisher who lives quietly at home, and takes his sport on his own stretch of river. He can afford to possess his soul in patience while following his ordinary vocations and waiting for the turn of the weather. Morning after morning he jumps up from his couch to see the heavens still bound in brass or coming down in waterspouts, as the case may be. Nevertheless the day must arrive at last when the keeper will warn him that "the water is in fine condition for the fish," and then it must be his own fault if he does not improve his opportunities. But Highland chiefs or Lowland lairds with pretty reaches of rapid salmon stream are comparatively few. The great majority of salmon-fishers rent their piece of river for a season, or journey Northward on a flying visit to some friend. Either way, they are gone to Scotland with a purpose, and their thoughts and energies are concentrated on that purpose alone. Their hearts have been in the Highlands among the salmon and grilse for weeks past. They have been recalling the incidents of former successes or failures, and conjuring up the scenes of future triumphs. Their fly-books have been methodically overhauled and liberally replenished; with gaudy lures for the greater rivers or more sober flies for the smaller streams. Their creels and the points of their cleeks have been seen to. Their rods have been examined and packed away in the cases, and the cases have been carefully deposited in the luggage-van at Euston Station or King's Cross. The traveller who may be bound for Berwick, Perth, or Fochabers—for Tweed, Tay or Spey, or anywhere betwixt or beyond these rivers—dozes away after dining into pleasant dreams, looking forward to a joyous awakening. The Saturday reports in the weekly sporting journals, as well as the latest private despatches, gave somewhat rose-coloured accounts of the state of the rivers. There had been some scarcity of water, to be sure, but as the weather had been decidedly dry for the season, a sufficiency of rain might be confidently expected. As the traveller on his way to his fishing quarters paces the platform at the railway junction, or lounges at the door of the inn while they are putting horses to a vehicle for him, he questions acquaintances or bystanders as to the fishing prospects. He stills the throbbing of his heart as he puts the question, and waits for the answer with affected indifference. Nor does he hear anything that need greatly disquiet him. The rivers would be the better of rain, that is universally admitted; but Mr. So and So and such another gentleman's keeper killed heavy fish no longer ago than yesterday. Arrived at his quarters, he sends straightway for his own keeper or boatman. Sandy, or Donald, scratches his head, falls back upon his snuff mull, and hesitates in his speech, clearly divided between the desire to be agreeable and the doubt whether it is not better to make preparation for the worst. The river was in grand ply, to be sure, as late as Wednesday, or may be Tuesday. "Fish? oh, ay, there are no want of fish, if so be that ane only could get them—but—." In fact, it appears on cross-examination that the river has been falling steadily; that "there will not be that much to be done till we get the rain"; but that, in the meantime, "it may be worth while trying it the morn."

The fisherman does make the trial on the morrow, and fails miserably. It is no comfort to him to admire the reflection of rock and foliage on the rippling surface of the stream, to look down through the limpid waters to the river-weed streaming from the boulders embedded in the bright gravel. The best pools and surest casts may be deep enough to keep the secrets of their bottoms; but it is certain that, if salmon are there, there is no stirring them. The few clouds have cleared away before the ascending sun, and the heavens are painfully radiant. It becomes hard work casting with the heavy reel, as aching arms and shoulders begin to warn you; nor is it in human nature to continue to throw carefully when you have abandoned all reasonable hope of a rise. You welcome the suggestion of an interlude for a light refection, and recruit sinking nature from the flask and tobacco-pouch. But how different is the lounging siesta in the shade from what it might have been had the silver-scaled salmon been glistening in front of you. And when it is over you are demoralized instead of being invigorated; the afternoon goes listlessly by in half-hearted efforts, and you return homewards, feeling that it has been sadly misspent. So day succeeds to day, your hopes sinking with the river till they have subsided into sullen despair. It is more than idle to put up the rod, and you fall back upon all sorts of desperate resources for killing time, if you do not resolve on precipitate departure. And even the long-expected rain may only come to tantalize you. While it is falling, and for a little time after, the brown and foaming flood is of course altogether unfishable. Then for a while it is in excellent order, and you may be more or less lucky in your sport. But only too soon succeeds the change for the worse. Improved farming and scientific subsoil-draining have done irreparable injury to many of the salmon rivers. Where they still flow chiefly through Highland glens, through woods and heather and unreclaimed peat mosses, the water soaks away to the natural old-fashioned channels of hill torrents fed by the mountain rains. Accordingly, before the effects of the rainfall have disappeared, there is a fair chance of your seeing the beginnings of another. The salmon are shifting about in the subsiding stream, and are ready enough to rise to the lure. But in the river that runs through fertile "haughs" and rich agricultural land the case is very different. Each drain comes down in flood, collecting the rainfall between a couple of furrows, and in the course of four-and-twenty hours the ground has been dried like a squeezed sponge; while the sudden overflow has swept down the river to the sea, leaving the streams and pools nearly as shallow as before.

After so sad an experience as a blank sojourn in the North, you feel more than half inclined to forswear salmon-fishing; but that inclination is as transient as the mood of disgust. You have far too lively a remembrance of the pleasures of a sport which grows upon its votaries with advancing years, till in a good old age it has become a confirmed habit that makes a hard fight of it with gout and rheumatism. Outsiders would be disposed to pity the elderly gentleman, with stooping shoulders swathed in a plaid and shrunken limbs enveloped in homespun and lamb's-wool, who is bending his steps towards his boat on the Tweed, when there is more than a "sough" of winter in the air, and when sleet and hailstorms are driving on the blast. It strikes them that he would be infinitely better off comfortably ensconced in a snug armchair in the chimney corner, reading his Scrope or Colquhoun, and indulging in his salmon-fishing through the fancy. But, if he did not enjoy himself, do they imagine he would be here? For, after all, the force of habit is not everything. And, though he appears to be wantonly provoking a rheumatic attack, even from a sanitary point of view he may possibly be right. The bracing exposure and the healthful excitement may give a general fillip to the failing system. As for excitement, see him by and by, grappled

fast to an eighteen-pounder. The fish newly arrived from his ocean cruising-grounds, having shot the arches of Berwick Bridge but the day before, is sheathed in a coating of glistening sea lice. He is strong of body as a young hippopotamus, and as strong in his resolution to break away. It is fortunate that the tackle is sound, though light; otherwise even the veteran's skill might be foiled by the scientific strategy taught to the creature by infallible instinct. There is many an alarm as the line will hang loose now and then, after one of the impetuous rushes of the fish; for a moment he had been given up for as good as gone, when he actually had made a dash under the bottom of the boat. But when the struggle has ended, to the disadvantage of the gallant salmon, the captor looks younger by half-a-dozen years than he did before. Should that be the sole achievement of his trip, it was worth while making the journey from London on purpose. And if the fires of youth rekindle and live again in the ashes of old age, what must salmon-fishing be to the enthusiast in the prime of strength and skill? Then, as we imagine him, the salmon-fisher would for choice eschew a boat, magnificent as are the captures to be made in the Tweed. He is to be found setting up his rod on the banks of some Highland stream, where one may easily cast from side to side as it narrows between rocks and shelving shores. It runs fast under its woods in alternate rushes and twists. Here and there it tumbles down rocky ledges, and often at some sharp angle in its course there is no passage even for the roe deer along the shore. You must be ready to wade at a moment's notice, and not unfrequently to swim. It is then, with a lively fish upon the line, that one is initiated in the sensational mysteries of "salmon jumps." It needs strength and agility, as well as skill, merely to keep a footing on the shifting pebbles of the bottom, with the river flowing swiftly round you up to the waist, and one of the arms fully occupied in steadying yourself. Meantime, the other arm has been given over to the management of a formidable rod, with a salmon at the end of the line that is doing his utmost to "break you." Broken from time to time you no doubt will be, but it is strange how comparatively seldom that catastrophe will happen when a well-hooked fish is played by practised hands; while of course the sense of triumph is proportionate to the delightful difficulties you have managed to surmount by the combination of skill and strength, agility, promptitude, and presence of mind.

FAMILY BURIAL-PLACES.

A QUESTION has already arisen upon the working of the new Burials Act which no one who has given a thought to English habits or feelings will regard as merely incidental. The Act makes no provision for the case of burial of non-parishioners, and the status of a parishioner is only acquired, strictly speaking, by residence or by payment of rates. Such an omission can hardly be supposed to have been unintentional, and in fact it was, we believe, designed. It is understood that interference with, or extension of, what may be described as the civil right of burial was not considered to fall within the immediate scope of the Act. If this view be correct, the contention of the relatives of a deceased person in a case reported from Cumberland, that the Act covers the customary right of non-parishioners, and overrides the discretion of the incumbent upon the general question as to permission for their burial, must fall to the ground. If, as has always been admitted, the absolute right of giving or withholding such permission rests with the incumbent, it is evident that he may impose his own conditions for granting it. The question as to a Nonconformist service was therefore certain to arise sooner or later, and it was in every way desirable that the issue should be raised at once. The Vicar of Walton appears to have acted with both firmness and courtesy in meeting it. We do not now propose to enter any further into its discussion, our object in referring to the case being simply in view of the traditions of custom and feeling out of which it springs. The desire that the members of a family in its successive generations should share a common place of burial is historical and universal. "He was buried with his fathers" is an ancient memory of blessing and peace as much as "Thy carcase shall not come to the sepulchre of thy fathers" was a penal sentence and almost a curse. Only the chief who is strong enough or famous enough to rely on himself, and who makes a fresh departure as the founder of a family or a dynasty, forsakes the hereditary tombs and builds a sepulchre of his own into which his descendants shall be gathered to him. "The possession of a burying-place" is an accompaniment of the possession of the land, and the English custom has beyond doubt become rooted in the tenure of land under its various forms. More immediately, the family vault in England may be an outcome of the chantry or mortuary chapel. The bodies of the dead would naturally lie together where the priest endowed by the founder of the chapel would say his perpetual mass "pro animabus supradictis," as well as for the good estate of the living members of the family. From the "Domus ultima" which—not, indeed, in pre-Reformation times—indicated the lordly vault of sepulture till the well-known and bitter epigram shamed the words out of a southern Cathedral, the tradition found its way down to the (possibly uncoffined) dead of the country churchyard, and the parish sexton left a vacant space by the grave where the husbandman lay "buried in woollen," that wife, or son, or daughter might in due time be laid by his side. In every village, and in every family where it was possible to bear the dead for burial to the accustomed place, the practice prevailed; and in families of the middle class long and costly journeys were common in the days before railways, so that the hearse might bring the dead to repose in the family vault.

A custom so deeply rooted in English feeling and tradition necessarily obtained recognition in the series of Burial Acts hitherto so called, which have been measures of sanitary legislation. The prohibition of more than a single interment in each grave has been relaxed in favour of the "family grave," which may be dug to as great a depth as the nature of the soil will safely permit, and which may be filled within a specified distance from the surface, subject only to the condition that a layer of earth of regulated thickness must be left undisturbed on each coffin. This last provision requires some watchfulness to enforce, not on the mere ground of a sordid economy, but in consequence of the frequent desire of mourners to look on the last buried coffin when the grave is again opened. Such a desire, however strange it may seem to an uninterested observer, had existed in sufficient strength through the community to establish, and to maintain till the necessary provision of law put an end to it, the practice of burial in open crypts or in undivided subterranean chambers, in which at each burial all the other coffins (now enclosed in masonry) were exposed to view. To what extent this practice was carried will be remembered by those who have seen the public vaults—so called to distinguish them from private enclosures—underneath some churches in London and elsewhere. In these cases the feeling was met and counteracted by a yet stronger feeling which supported the intervention of law. But in the ordinary operation of the Acts which closed our crowded City graveyards, exceptions were specially made in favour of the widespread affection for places of family burial. When the burial-ground of a populous metropolitan parish had been closed, it was obviously impossible to allow the general interment of its dead in the churchyards still left open in adjoining parishes, and such burial was therefore forbidden within the London district, save only in cases where a relative was already buried in the open churchyard; and the exception was not confined to "family graves," but extended to ordinary burials. It will be seen that this exception did not confer the civil right of burial, but only allowed the incumbent's power of permission, otherwise cancelled, to remain open. At the same time it admitted the claim of an existing custom to some recognition by law. Whether in the "Burial Laws Amendment Act" of the past Session—which, under a similar name, is distinct in nature—any such recognition would have been desirable or possible it is not within the scope of the present article to inquire. We are now only concerned with the traditional sentiment, of which the force as well as the tenderness does not admit any question, but which in our present social condition has already become, and is increasingly becoming, the luxury of the few. Within the narrowing limits in which alone it can be maintained is it worth maintaining? It is probable that as regards the great majority of our London population, and of that of all our principal centres, the hereditary character of this feeling is already extinguished. No tradition attaches to Kensal Green or Highgate, and probably no tradition will ever take root there. The husband and wife may desire to be laid there together, and the parent with the lost child; but not, we think, the son with the father when a generation has passed by. The cemetery, notwithstanding the beautiful association of its name with Christian antiquity, is a necropolis in the actual thought of men; and it is an English feeling which that most English of Americans, Bishop Cleveland Coxe, long since expressed in very plain words:—"I never loved cities of living men, and towns of the dead I hate."

It is not so clearly apparent, but it is still very questionable, whether in smaller communities the tradition of a family burial-place can survive the substitution of the cemetery and the Burial Board for the churchyard. The separation of a mile or two within the limits of the same parish may matter little or nothing as regards the living home, but it distinctly breaks the bond of association in the home of the dead. It is perhaps not possible, as it certainly is not easy, to distinguish between the religious or ecclesiastical and the personal or local threads in the texture of such association; but we are inclined to think that this sense of breach or separation is not in any way attributable to influences which may be classed under the first of these heads. And even where the old place of burial remains exactly the same, the gradual delocalization of families must inevitably tend to break up the force of the traditional feeling. It happens not unfrequently in manufacturing districts or increasing towns that no member of a family which has for generations been buried in the parish churchyard continues to live in the place or neighbourhood. The tendency of modern trade is to drift in a second or third generation into professional or other lines of life, and the family which in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries never moved beyond the limits of its local ring-fence is now scattered all over the world. In instances where the means of communication are comparatively easy, the traditions of a family gathering at an English funeral are rudely set aside when the place of meeting and point of departure must be the railway station, or at best a private room in the principal hotel. The old accompaniments of drawn blinds and closed shutters along the way, not unmeaning since they were kindly meant, are of course absent; and it is not unlikely that the head of the family, who had

been at the pains to secure a vested interest before the Order in Council had issued, may have found an officious sexton in the churchyard a few days earlier, to point out to him his own grave as a curiosity of the place, "because there isn't no one in it." Local memories in the present day are remarkably fleeting, for the manifest reason that public events furnish the subjects of thought and conversation which the traditions and associations of the neighbourhood formerly supplied. "In memoriam" is now little beyond a formula; the only reality is "Hic jacet." We have no intention of implying that this fading away and dying out of memories is a new phenomenon of our time. On the base of a shattered and crumbling shaft from which Puritan vandalism had destroyed every vestige of the fourteenth-century cross, the inscription is said to have remained as matter for later tradition—

> Qui meat huc [ploret] signumque salutis adoret,
> Utque sibi detur, veniam De Someri precetur—

when all other traces of the old lords of the manor had utterly passed away. But the process is, notwithstanding, more rapid than this gradual effacement and decay of earlier days. Probably De Someri was in some sense a reality of memory so long as any chantry priest remained to pass by the Churchyard Cross on his way to the altar within.

It may, we think, be anticipated that the family burial-place will pass away from English use; but its traditions will not the less survive, and there are signs sufficient to show that its survival will assume a very ancient form. It will be a place, not of burial, but of pilgrimage. The pilgrim, and notably the American pilgrim, is already a familiar, and we need not add a most welcome, visitor in remote country parishes, and the battered effigy to which time had left no features, and mischief not much of limbs, proves to be a veritable idol to its initiated worshipper. Whispers are heard besides, rising sometimes into murmurs, which suggest that to the pilgrim of a coming age the Church restorers and architects of the present century may appear as possessed with an iconoclastic fury, and Hanoverian marbles may become as precious a treasure as the domestic bricks of Queen Anne now are. There will, we may be assured, be no loss of reverence for the past, and no diminution of what is strictly meant by filial piety, although the custom which has held fast by family burying-places may become entirely obsolete, and although in this as in other respects the direction of the manner of interment may pass under the control of the law.

THE THEATRES.

THE amended version of Douglas Jerrold's play of *Black-Eyed Susan*, which has been successfully produced at the St. James's Theatre, and the two changes which Miss Ward has insisted upon introducing into Messrs. Merivale and Grove's admirable drama of *Forget Me Not*, serve together to raise one or two interesting questions concerning the relative rights of authors and managers. The latter proceeding, as might have been expected, has led to some lively controversy. The claim of an actor or a manager to alter the form of a play so as to suit his own notions of what is fitting or convenient has been stoutly contested by Mr. Merivale, and is likely to form the subject of a legal decision. In the meantime, however, both parties have laid their views before the public, nor has the claim put forward by Mr. Merivale lacked the support of other distinguished writers for the stage. Indeed, if it were not that Miss Ward and her managers seem to be so genuinely convinced of the righteousness of their cause, the point could scarcely be held to admit of argument. No stranger theory, surely, was ever put forward than that which Mr. Edgar Bruce has undertaken to defend. According to his contention, a manager's obligations to an author are altogether insignificant as compared with the duty that he owes to the public. Mr. Bruce appears to be scarcely able to speak with patience of Mr. Merivale's claim on behalf of authors that they should be allowed to be the arbiters of their own fortunes, and he rather assumes that the writers of *Forget Me Not* ought to be infinitely obliged to himself and Miss Ward for having had the courage to introduce a change which has been heartily approved by the "press and the public." But, as Mr. Gilbert aptly points out in a letter to the *Times*, "No man is bound to have his fortune made for him against his will." Whether the change that has been made affects the play for better or for worse is really quite beside the question. It is, of course, conceivable that Mr. Bruce and Miss Ward may know more about dramatic writing than Mr. Grove and Mr. Merivale; but this, if true, only goes to prove that they would have done better to have written a play for themselves than to waste their abilities in altering the work of others. And, as a matter of fact, this benevolent theory of Mr. Bruce's utterly fails to fit with the circumstances of the present case. Even admitting the right of a manager to hack and hew a literary composition to any deformed shape he pleases, so long as he can secure the approbation of "the press and the public," there is here absolutely no evidence of any need for improvement. The play which has been forcibly altered against the authors' will had enjoyed a long and successful career in its original shape. The approval of the "press and the public," by which Mr. Bruce sets so much store, was long ago accorded to the performance, and therefore Messrs. Merivale and Grove cannot be said to have been deserving objects of that benevolent process of reform which Mr. Bruce has insisted upon extending to them. But, even Mr. Bruce's benevolence is more plausible than Miss Ward's bold assertion of the indefeasible right of an actress to alter a drama in any way she may think fit. Having purchased the acting right of *Forget Me Not* for a term of years, Miss Ward assumes that the authors of the piece have no further concern with the use she may choose to make of her property. She likens her position to that of a tenant of a house who can make any alteration he pleases, so long as he undertakes at the expiration of his lease to restore the structure in the form in which he received it; and she blandly reminds Mr. Merivale that he and Mr. Grove will be at perfect liberty to reinstate the character she has expunged so soon as her period of occupation shall have expired. A more grotesque and misleading illustration of the scope and limitation of an author's rights was surely never attempted. If Miss Ward's views are correct, it would be justifiable, as it would certainly be easy, for an actor with only a year's interest in a play to ruin it altogether. The changes introduced would only need to be sufficiently ludicrous in order to give the public a final disgust for the author's work, and when by this means his reputation had been ruined, the liberty to revive the piece in its original form would seem but an empty consolation. The line of argument used by Miss Ward would indeed, if pushed to its logical conclusions, put an end to an author's right of control in every kind of literary property. A publisher endowed either with the benevolence of the manager or with the confidence of the actress would feel himself entirely justified in expunging one of the characters from a successful novel; and, if the novelist was so testy as to object to the change, it would be only necessary to remind him of his contingent rights in a future edition of his work to be issued by some other firm.

The justification of the course taken by Messrs. Hare and Kendal in regard to *Black-Eyed Susan* seems to us to rest upon widely different considerations. In this case the author is no longer alive, and cannot therefore be consulted upon the proposed changes in his work. He would, it may fairly be assumed, have been as sensible as the managers of the need of modifying his original conception in order to fit it to the altered requirements of the time; and to abandon the revival of a spirited play merely because the author is no longer at hand to make these necessary changes would, we think, indicate very little real respect for his memory. The managers of the St. James's Theatre have shown a truer appreciation of the worth of Jerrold's art in saving so much of the original piece as could be fairly presented to a modern audience, and in employing a writer of the taste and talent of Mr. Wills to reconstruct the remainder. For no one who has either seen or read the play as Jerrold left it can suppose for a moment that it could have been successfully revived in its unamended form. The closing scenes, which are still kept intact, are no doubt admirable of their kind, though even here the artifices of style sometimes painfully conflict with the pathos of the story and the simplicity of the characters. But in the earlier portions of the play these faults of literary taste present themselves in an exaggerated form, and are the more obtrusively apparent from the fact that the action of the piece is here feeble and incoherent. The affectation of nautical phraseology is carried to the point of absolute burlesque. When one of the performers is about to tell his story he promises that it shall be short—"short as a marlinspike." When William, just newly arrived from his ship, sees his wife approaching, he apostrophizes her in this highly natural and idiomatic strain:—"There's my Susan! Now pipe all hands for a royal salute. There she is—schooner-rigged. I'd swear to her canvas from a whole fleet. Now she makes more sail! outs with her studding booms! mounts her royals! moon-rakers and sky-scrapers; now she lies to!" And yet this unsophisticated sailor, whose dialect is thus rigidly limited by the circumstances of his calling, has only a moment before ventured an expression of a feeling that he is "driving before the gale of pleasure for the haven of joy." Indeed, the occasional lapses into sentiment are even more disastrous than the strange jargon which the author put into the mouths of the sailors. Susan, who is supposed to be the wife of a common seaman, thus replies to some base insinuation made by her old uncle:—"Sir, scorn has no word, contempt no voice, to speak my loathing of your insinuations. Take, sir, all that is here; satisfy your avarice—but dare not indulge your malice at the cost of one who has now nothing left her in her misery but the sweet consciousness of virtue."

It will be seen from these quotations that some kind of reconstruction was absolutely indispensable in order to fit the play for modern representation. This being so, the course adopted by Mr. Wills was perhaps, upon the whole, the wisest that could have been taken. He has made no attempt to tinker Douglas Jerrold's work by the introduction of new material. He has simply put aside entirely all the earlier portions of the play, and has devised for himself a new series of scenes to lead up to the final catastrophe. This is not merely more respectful to the elder writer's reputation, but it is infinitely more satisfactory to the audience. We have now a connected story wherein the fortunes of William and Susan are constantly kept in view, and we are spared a mass of irrelevant matter which to the more exacting taste of our time would be scarcely tolerable. It has been urged as an objection to the two new acts supplied by Mr. Wills that they are too completely dominated by a sentiment of melancholy, and that the pathetic

force of the final situation is thus injured by anticipation. But in reality the criticism applies with greater force to the drama as it was left by Jerrold than to the altered version of the modern writer. In the original play there is no counterpart to the happy picture of Susan's home that is now presented to us. There the scene opens with every circumstance of distress. The old dame with whom Susan lives is near to death, and all the furniture of the little cottage is about to be seized for rent. Her uncle is plotting her ruin, while a smuggler bearing the ill-omened name of Hatchet seeks, by a lying story of her husband's death, to force her into a marriage with himself. Mr. Wills has in reality sought to soften the rough outline of the picture. He has set his heroine in happier surroundings, and has led up with more delicate art to the climax of the story. It is true that he has introduced a pathetic incident into the first act which is not to be found at all in the earlier version, but this is only indirectly connected with the fortunes of the principal characters, and it forms in its present position one of the most effective passages of the play.

One of the things most remarkable in the representation of *William and Susan* is the careful completeness of the stage management. This is everywhere apparent; but it is especially noticeable in the conduct of the second act, where the sustained gaiety of the sailors and their wives and sweethearts is absolutely infectious. We have rarely seen a dance upon the stage acted with such a convincing impression of enjoyment to those concerned in it; and indeed the whole of this scene, including the sinister incident which brings it to a close, may be reckoned a triumph of skilful arrangement aptly carried out. In the second act, also, occurs some of the best acting of the evening. Mrs. Kendal is admirably suited in the character of Susan. The display of high animal spirits, combined with the occasional expression of strong and simple pathos, comes naturally within the range of her art, and nothing could have been more effective or less strained than the sudden transition from the jollity of the dance to the grief at the unexpected news of her husband's departure. There were two passages in her performance which especially revealed the excellence of her art. The first is where she is about to plead with the Admiral for William's discharge, and is unwillingly brought to silence by her husband's reproving admonitions; and the second is the actual leave-taking when William is summoned to the ship and is following his companions to the shore. While he is still in sight her face keeps some semblance of a smile to cheer him on his way, but when he is actually gone a shadow falls suddenly upon her face, the hand that has been waving to him hangs listlessly by her side, and she sinks into an attitude of dull despair. Mr. Kendal's representation of the sailor will surprise those playgoers who know him only in the heroes of genteel comedy. He is not perhaps ideally fitted for such a part as William, nor is it possible that he should be able to satisfy all the requirements of the character by the mere processes of art. Art cannot give what nature has refused, and if nature had endowed Mr. Kendal with the kind of robust personality which we instinctively demand in the heroes of nautical drama, he would never have achieved his earlier successes in a different line. But Mr. Kendal's performance shows at least that, as far as the artist in him is concerned, he perfectly understands what is required. From the beginning to the end he played with admirable spirit, and in the pathetic passages of the last act his performance was both manly and touching. Mr. Hare looked a most unmistakable admiral, and played his small part with ease and dignity; and the other characters were worthily presented by Mr. Wenman, Mr. Macintosh, and Miss Phillips.

THE CESAREWITCH.

To non-betting men handicaps are, as a rule, the least attractive of all races. Even the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire, which are generally considered to be the two most important handicaps of the racing season, do not claim so much attention, in four years out of five, from those who merely amuse themselves by watching races without gambling upon them, as even second-rate weight-for-age races. At the same time, if a handicap is ever justifiable, it is in the autumn, when ample opportunities have been afforded of observing the public form of most of the horses in training. Supposing that every racehorse was one's own property, there might be some fun in trying to allot to each horse such a weight as should enable him to have a chance of being equal with all the others. A grand race under such conditions might be interesting, if only with a view to discover whether one's estimate of the powers of the various competitors happened to be correct. To those who amuse themselves by observing the running of racehorses in public, the published handicap for the Cesarewitch ought to be interesting, even with regard to many of the horses which may not run, as it furnishes an exact statement of the opinion of the official handicapper upon the relative merits of some of the best known horses in training. Like other mortals, this great authority may of course make mistakes; but his handicap presumably places every horse named in the list upon an equality. Any one with the least acquaintance with recent racing must have known before looking at the handicap that Isonomy would undoubtedly head the list; and there he was at the top of the first column, with 10 st. 2 lbs. set after his name. Now this seemed a prodigious burden, as 8 st. 5 lbs. was the highest weight which had hitherto been carried to victory during the forty Cesarewitches that had already been run. But we quite allow that the handicapper must have been much puzzled to know what to do with Isonomy, as no reasonable weight appeared to affect him; and, as a proof of the fact that racing men in general did not consider that the horse had been crushed out of the race, we may mention that he was at once made the first favourite, and was very soon backed at the short price of 7 to 1. His performance in the Manchester Cup seemed quite to warrant his position in the market, even under such a weight as 10 st. 2 lbs., and his running last year had been extraordinary. It was true that he had been beaten in the Cesarewitch last autumn; but he had given the winner, Chippendale, 7 lbs. and an easy beating in the Ascot Cup this summer. It seemed as if he were going to become a remarkably strong favourite until the First October Meeting at Newmarket, when a report was spread about that he was not likely to run, and then he went down at once to 20 to 1, and shortly afterwards his name appeared no more in the betting quotations. Thus ended what may be called the first act of the Cesarewitch of 1880.

It is needless to say that a large part of the interest of the race was destroyed by the downfall of Isonomy. With the great horse out of the way, the first three horses in the St. Leger became the leading favourites. It is very unusual for a Derby or St. Leger winner to take part in the Cesarewitch, and it is not common for the last-named race to be very seriously affected by the St. Leger; but for the first three horses in the St. Leger to become the three leading favourites for the Cesarewitch was quite an unprecedented event. At one time these three horses were each backed at exactly the same odds. Now this seemed to be the perfection of handicapping. The weights for the Cesarewitch were drawn up before the St. Leger, and yet the result of that race had been to make racing men believe that the allotment of the weights of the three leading horses would put them upon an exact equality. At almost the same odds, at the time of which we write, stood the winner of the Two Thousand, and at one time all the leading favourites were three-year-olds. The performances of Robert the Devil have been recapitulated so often that readers of racing articles must be almost weary of his name. The weight that he had to carry is a more pertinent question. Whatever weight may have originally been assigned to a horse for the Cesarewitch, he must carry 8 st. 6 lbs. if he wins the St. Leger. It so happened that in this particular instance, 8 st. 4 lbs. had been the weight put down for Robert the Devil, which seemed judicious enough, as his running in the Derby and Grand Prix entitled him to this, and if he won the St. Leger he would certainly deserve 2 lbs. more. The highest weight ever carried hitherto by a three-year-old Cesarewitch winner had been 8 st.; but then Julius, who won under that weight, had not been a winner of the St. Leger. Robert the Devil had proved himself to be a good stayer over a mile and three-quarters; but he had yet to make his reputation over so long a course as two miles and a quarter. The pace at which the Cesarewitch is run is usually very severe, and a horse must be a remarkably good stayer to win it under a heavy weight. Cipolata, who had been second in the St. Leger, three lengths behind Robert the Devil, was now to have a stone less to carry than her conqueror. The Midsummer Stakes at Newmarket had been explained away; but the fact remained that in that race she had beaten Robert the Devil by half a length on 3 lbs. worse terms than those on which they were now to meet. The Abbot had been a neck behind Cipolata in the St. Leger. Bad horse as he looked, he was undoubtedly a stayer, and he had made the great Isonomy himself put his very best leg first at Manchester. Unfortunately he went wrong within a week of the race, and eventually did not run. Petronel, the winner of the Two Thousand, had a pound less to carry than Cipolata. This mare had given him a good beating at Ascot, when he had tried to give her almost a stone, as also had The Abbot, when he had attempted to give him 5 lbs.; but at about even weights or better it seemed likely enough that Petronel might have a fair chance.

Chippendale, the winner of last year's Cesarewitch, seemed overweighted at 9 st. 4 lbs., but just before starting he advanced among the leading favourites. An almost unknown three-year-old, called Ulster, became a good favourite about a week before the race. He had only 6 st. 9 lbs. to carry, and he was said to be much fancied by his trainer. As Petronel was in the same stable, it was thought that no mistake ought to have been made about his capabilities. Another lightly weighted three-year-old was Stockmar, who had won a couple of races over long distances. He is not at all a nice-looking horse, but he can stay, and 6 st. 1 lb. was not a weight to complain of. A three-year-old of better class was Wallenstein, who had won the Newmarket Handicap over the severe last mile and a half of the Beacon course in April. He ran badly afterwards when heavily weighted, and his performances did not seem to make him out to be within 5 lbs. of Cipolata, at which weight he was now handicapped. The muscular Ridotto had been very quiet this year, but 8 st. 2 lbs. seemed too much for him. No handsomer horse was to run in the race than Exeter; but it was generally understood that his stable companion, Robert the Devil, to whom he was to give 5 lbs., could beat him at even weights.

As the day of the Cesarewitch drew near, the race became far less interesting than it had promised to be a few weeks ago. With Isonomy, Dresden China, The Abbot, and other famous horses out of the way, a good deal of the effervescence of the thing was over

before the horses went to the post. Twenty-one was under the average number of starters for the Cesarewitch, but it could scarcely be said that the field was deficient in quality. All the horses arrived at the post in good time, and they got off, to a very fair start, without much delay. Those who take any interest in racing will already have read accounts of the race in the daily papers, and the victory of Robert the Devil has been much talked about during the last three days. Many judges of racing said before the race that it would be in the Abingdon Dip, or rather on the ascent out of it, that Robert the Devil would collapse under his heavy weight; and, according to all racing precedents, this seemed highly probable. It so happened, however, that it was just in the Dip that he took the lead, and that he gained ground from his opponents on every yard of the ascent. He was four lengths in advance of Cipolata when he passed the post, and after the race he did not seem at all distressed. His victory was the most brilliant of any that had ever been attained in a Cesarewitch. It was a slow race, which was of course greatly in favour of a heavily-weighted horse like Robert the Devil; but he had the race so completely in hand from the bottom of the ascent that perhaps the pace may not have been pressed for the last few seconds. Early in the race the field seemed to be going fast, but it is very difficult to judge of the pace at which horses are going when they are seen from a distance.

As regards the bets on the Cesarewitch, it is generally believed that the professional betting men are losers, as the winner had been at a comparatively short price since the commencement of gambling on the race. Nevertheless the bookmakers can scarcely have had a bad race, as Isonomy was backed for large sums at about 8 to 1, and The Abbot stood at 10 to 1 for a long time, while Dresden China was supported for a few days at 15 to 1. As neither of these horses started, betting men who laid against them can scarcely have been heavy losers if they were able to lay against all the horses that went to the post. Since the race the question has often been asked whether Isonomy, if he had started, would have been able to beat Robert the Devil, and it has generally been answered in the negative. It would, however, be quite another question whether Isonomy could beat Robert the Devil over the same distance at weight for age, for in the handicap Robert the Devil was to have received 11 lbs. more than his allowance for age from Isonomy. Cipolata was second to Robert the Devil in both the St. Leger and the Cesarewitch, and in each case she was beaten by much the same distance. In the last-named race, however, she was meeting Robert the Devil on 9 lbs. better terms, and if she had been a genuine stayer, this ought to have enabled her to make a harder fight of it. How it was that The Star managed to run third, even under so light a weight as 6 st. 2 lbs., we cannot attempt to explain. Retreat, who was fourth, ran very well until the ascent from the Abingdon Dip, and his stable companion, the winner of last year, was close to him at the finish, beaten, but not disgraced, under 9 st. 4 lbs. A three-year-old called Schoolboy, who had hitherto been a wretched performer, ran very well as far as the Abingdon Bottom. The winner of the Two Thousand and his stable companion, Ulster, were seventh and eighth. They had not appeared very formidable at any period of the race, but they had run very fast as far as The Bushes.

In more ways than one, the Cesarewitch of 1880 was a very remarkable race, and it was no less satisfactory than remarkable. It is always a pleasure to disinterested admirers of thoroughbred horses to see a good horse win a handicap under a heavy weight, and it is gratifying to find previous public form confirmed. If anything could reconcile us to handicaps, it would be such a race as that of Tuesday last.

REVIEWS.

THE CAVE TEMPLES OF INDIA.*

THE Indian Government has shown a wise liberality in printing and publishing this splendid work; and Mr. Fergusson and Mr. Burgess will have no reason to regret the time and trouble which they have spent on its production. The division of labour was as follows. Mr. Fergusson, who began his investigations more than forty years ago, has written the preface, the introduction, and the first portion of the book, embracing what are termed the Eastern caves, or the groups near Gaya in the province of Behar, the caves of Cuttack, and some in the Madras Presidency on the river Kistna, as well as the celebrated structures at Mahavallipur on the sea-shore, thirty-five miles south of the town of Madras. To Mr. Burgess it has fallen to describe the cave temples of Western India and the Deccan, including of course those of world-wide celebrity at Ajunta, Ellora, Karlé, and Kanheri, and many others much less known. But Mr. Burgess's pages have been enriched by notes from the pen of Mr. Fergusson, who has personally inspected many of the places which he left to his colleague to describe. The volume is adorned with more than seventy woodcuts of pillars, walls, caves, and figures, human and divine; and it has an appendix of nearly one hundred plates. Some of these give the ground-plan, and others the most remarkable of the sculptures. But all are admirably executed, and afford ample facilities for those who wish to study these marvels in full detail.

In these days of rapid and unbroken intercourse with all parts of the world it may be well to recall the widely different conditions under which Mr. Fergusson commenced his arduous task. With the exception of the caves at Salsette, Elephanta, Mahavallipur in Madras, and a few others in the Bombay Presidency, the remains of Hindu supremacy lay far removed from the track of the traveller and the official. Mahommedan palaces and sepulchres, on the other hand, have always been easily accessible, and in the majority of cases are to be seen at our large stations. The tombs of Humayun, of Akbar, and of Jehangir can be taken in the morning or evening drive at the capitals respectively of Delhi, Agra, and Lahore. Futtehpore Sikri, with its beautiful architecture, is a pleasant day's excursion from Agra. Even before the annexation of Oudh, it was possible to reach Lucknow and its Imambara by carriage dawk in six hours from Cawnpore. When we wrested a noble inheritance from the hands of effete Emperors and tyrannical Nawabs, we naturally established our rule at or very near to their great cities, kept up gardens round the tombs of Vizirs and Ministers, converted the resting-place of one of Akbar's queens into a gigantic printing-office, and made picnics or let off fireworks in the enclosures of the Taj Mahal. Meanwhile the huge temples cut out of the solid rock by Hindu sovereigns whose very names seemed utterly forgotten were only now and then visited by some energetic Collector, Commissioner, or Resident during his tour in the cold season, who, after a few days' shooting in the neighbourhood, might be moved to communicate his impressions of these stupendous relics to the late James Prinsep or to the Secretary of the Asiatic Society. Then, when once official interest had been awakened to other matters than mere Revenue Settlements, the state of the village watch, or the sufficiency of the town police, it was not always easy to follow up archæological inquiries. Cuttack, for instance, was only to be reached by steamer at certain periods of the year, and at others this trip subjected the traveller to four or five nights' consecutive travelling in an odious palanquin. The province of Kattywar might well be termed remote. The caves at Ellora and Ajunta were on foreign soil, and though some fifty years ago the local magnates were hospitable and would aid scholars by providing relays of horses wherever a buggy could be driven, by collecting bearers to carry the palanquin through tiger-haunted jungles, and by lending tents and elephants, it required no small amount of scientific ardour to brave heat, discomfort, and rough fare merely to explore remains about which Mahommedans spoke contemptuously, and in which even educated Englishmen showed little interest. Railways now would in a few hours drop a sightseer within fifty miles of temples which in the time of Lord Auckland it took days and weeks to reach. Then photography had not been invented, and the process of sketching ruins in glaring sunlight and of copying defaced inscriptions was inexpressibly tedious. Mr. Fergusson, we happen to know, took his copies by the *camera lucida*, and for accuracy of proportion they are not surpassed by later photographs. It must be a source of legitimate satisfaction to a veteran like Mr. Fergusson that he has lived to fill in sketches made so far back as the year 1838; that he has found nothing radically to amend in early papers or theories which he expounded in 1843; and that he has found an able coadjutor like Mr. Burgess, accredited by the Government, and with whom, in all important conclusions, he is entirely in accord.

The result of this literary partnership is a volume which stereotypes these remarkable buildings, classifies them in distinct periods, makes some contribution to ethnology, and almost enables us to lift the veil in which early Hindu social history has hitherto been enshrouded. As a guide-book, too, though somewhat bulky, the book is complete. The caves are described with an amplitude of detail, with a clearness of plan, and with a precision of measurement which would leave little or nothing to any future Baedeker or Murray. The writers are familiar with all the leading characteristics and terms of Hindu mythology; with the trident of Shiva, with the attributes of Kali and Rudra, and with the Kinnaras, or musicians, who are at one time represented as having human heads and the legs of a bird, and at another with the heads of horses and the bodies of men. In a work so full of strange phrases and Oriental knowledge, it may seem ungracious to notice two or three slips or inaccuracies. Mr. Fergusson addresses a few words of kindly warning to Babu Rajendra Lall Mittra, while quoting from his works on Buddha Gaya and Orissa. But he blames the Babu for wasting his time in devising improbable myths to explain difficult sculptures, instead of using his influence as a Brahman to get at certain records written on palm-leaves. Now Rajendra Lall is not a Brahman any more than Mr. Crummles was a Prussian. He is one of the first three "houses" of the great Kayast caste. Ghose, Bose, and Mittra may sound oddly to us, as do many other Oriental terms, but they are known as the Kulin or high-born Kayasts of Bengal. In one place by a slip *gandarvas* is rendered by the term "harpies." In most other places the correct signification is given, of cherubs or heavenly choristers. By a mere forgetfulness at p. 126, the *Nara singha avatar* of Vishnu is translated as the "boar *avatar*." In all other places it is correctly rendered as the Lion Avatar. Varāho is the incarnation of the boar. The word "transmogrified" is

* *The Cave Temples of India.* By James Fergusson, D.C.L., F.R.S., V.P.R.A.S., and James Burgess, F.R.G.S., M.R.A.S., Archæological Surveyor and Reporter to Government, Western India. Printed and published by order of Her Majesty's Secretary of State. London: Allen & Co., Trübner & Co., E. Stanford. 1880.

scarcely one which we should look for in such a writer as Mr. Fergusson. It is fair to add that it occurs in a note, and not in the text.

From the notice of such trivial errors it is a far more pleasing task to turn to the conclusions and deductions which have been thought out without either presumptuous boast or fanciful speculation. All students of Eastern architecture will do well to bear in mind several terms which recur constantly and might be a source of perplexity. First, there is the word *stupa*, which is defined as a mound or funeral pile, a hemispherical shrine, or a "tumulus erected over any of the sacred relics of Buddha, or on spots consecrated as the scenes of his acts." The *stupa*, which in Pali becomes *thupo*, has in loose Anglo-Indian phraseology been corrupted into *Tope*. We thus hear constantly of the Bhilsa Topes, and the Sarnath and the Sanchi Topes. To make the confusion worse, Tope is also the common Anglo-Indian term for a clump of trees, and we often are told that the Commissioner or the Tent Club have pitched their tents under a "magnificent Mango Tope." In neither sense is the word ever used by natives, who associate "*Tope*" with something very different—that is, with cannon or artillery. The Dagaba, or Dagapo, is the altar, shrine, or receptacle in which the relics of Buddha are kept. Two or three derivations of the term are given, of which we rather prefer *Dhatugarbha*, or the "freight of minerals or precious things," to *Dhatu gopa*. H. H. Wilson, however, derived this term from "*Deha gopa*," or what "conceals the body." Another term in frequent use is the *Chaitya*, or temple cave, which was often attached to the Vihara or Buddhist monastery. The *Chaitya* may also mean the model of a *stupa* placed inside a temple, and would then be identical in meaning with *Dagoba*. More familiar is the Stambha, or *Lat*, or monolithic pillar, of which the most striking were erected by the famous Buddhist king Asoka, either independently of any temple or in connexion with buildings of less durable material that have long ago perished. To these four specimens of Buddhist architecture—namely, the Stupa or Tope, the chaitya-hall or temple, the Lat or pillar, and the Vihara, or monastery—Mr. Fergusson adds two others, ornamental rails and *pondhis* or cisterns. The former have in many instances disappeared. They were erected round sacred trees, pillars, and temples. A beautiful specimen of one at Sanchi is given at page 173. The cisterns were cut in the rock near the cells of the mendicants, and were fed by small channels, also rock-cut, obviously for the purpose of supplying the monks with one of the necessaries of life.

Primed with these definitions, the student of Buddhist and Brahmanical legends might draw from the writings of Mr. Fergusson and Mr. Burgess something like the following outline of a very dim and distant period of history. Scarcely anything can be known of Buddhism in India until the reign of the celebrated king Asoka, who flourished about 250 B.C., and left inscriptions in copper and other materials which have been happily deciphered by erudite English scholars. Possibly the Buddhists may have used natural caverns as temples, or have slightly improved them by art, before Asoka's reign; but the development of this style of architecture began then, and continued without intermission until the year 700 or 800 of our era. Roundly speaking, Buddhist doctrines prevailed in India and Buddhist works were executed for one thousand years. Of the tremendous schism and struggle which ended in the ascendency or the reassertion of the Brahmanical religion we have no details, and are not likely to get any from any source. Literature and history are silent; tradition is dim and vague; and architecture, even in the hands of Mr. Fergusson and Mr. Burgess, can only yield us bare results. The following is our own surmise of the process by which the sensual worship of a thousand deities prevailed over the contemplative creed which worshipped no divine object and placed man's highest happiness in final absorption or extinction. With all their priestly ambition and love of superiority, the Brahmans, in the Code of Manu, were directed to abstain from meddling with affairs of State. They had their duties and their honours, and their four periods in life—of the student, the householder, the dweller in the jungles, and the ascetic. Government and administration were left to the Kshatrya or king. Let us suppose, then, that in the sixth or seventh century of our era a race of sovereigns arose for whom the contemplative religion of Buddha had no charms, or who, under the influence of astute and worldly-wise Brahmans, could be induced to fight for the re-establishment of a religion that appealed to the eye and the feelings by a varied ritual and by costly sacrifices. In such a case Buddhism would be unequally matched against the arts of the priestly, and the prowess of the military, caste. But on any supposition the contest must have been distinguished by the violence and acerbity characteristic of social and religious rivalry in the East. Buddhism, vanquished and discredited, took refuge in lands beyond the sea, leaving behind it splendid monuments of its prime. Mr. Burgess calculates that seventy-five per cent. of the caves in Western India are Buddhistic; eighteen are Brahmanical; and about four per cent. due to the Jains. These Buddhists began, it would seem, with wood; then combined wood and stone; and latterly may have built with nothing but stone. They painted in frescoes, which the Brahmans never attempted; and, in spite of neglect, wanton injury, and a destructive climate, they have left us pictures of hunting scenes, battles, and legends and miracles attributed to Buddha. Indeed we have a quotation from the writings of Mr. Griffiths, whose scholarship is well known, which would lead us to fancy that he must have been looking on some newly-discovered legacy of an Italian painter, instead of on the colouring of a race not always associated with delicacy of conception and taste in execution. It is true that what Mr. Griffiths admired was merely the ornamentation of some panels, and not, apparently, figures of men and gods. But it is unusual praise to say that "for delicate colouring, variety in design, flow of line, and filling in of space, I think they are unequalled." For, to speak plainly, the copious illustrations of sculpture with which this volume is adorned will enable any person of ordinary intelligence to gauge the degree of excellence to which Hindu artists attained. Of the vastness and extent of some of these excavations; of their solidity, strength, and imposing character; of their rich, florid, and diversified ornamentation, especially as applied to pillars, capitals, interiors, gateways, and shrines, it is scarcely possible to speak in praise that can be called extravagant. But we must demur to comparing a Hindu god, a warrior armed for battle, a cherub or a harpy, and even Buddha himself sitting on his lotus, with the lower forms of Grecian or Roman art. Strange beings with exaggerated protuberances in more than one part of the frame, with coarse and sensual features, seated in positions to which none but an acrobat could attain without exquisite torture, or apparently swaying about with a sinuous, wavy outline utterly repugnant to artistic beauty or natural grace, will never command our admiration like a second-rate Roman Emperor, a Grecian Apollo, or a Venus by Gibson. Even the sober and contemplative Buddhist artist could scarcely rise superior to the sensuous Brahman who sacrificed to deities with four arms and strings of human heads suspended to their waists. That some of the sculptures may probably have had an Assyrian origin is a question raised by Mr. Fergusson, which we shall not discuss. But that foreign art has had its influence on these designers of cave temples there seems no reason to doubt. Some figures in one of the latest caves at Ajunta are clearly Persian or Iranian in dress and appearance; and Mr. Burgess is inclined to ascribe a Christian origin to a representation, in one of the caves at Aurungabad, of Buddha as the Lord who looks down in compassion on the human race, and has pledged himself to redeem them from ignorance and suffering, or, as a Christian preacher might say, from sorrow and sin.

The attention of the Government, without which no enterprise of this sort can succeed in India, has not been aroused one hour too soon. Some of the injuries already done to paintings, sculptures, and edifices are irreparable. Climate has had the effect which it always will have in India, but human indifference or vandalism has almost equalled the fierce sun or the incessant moisture. Here and there arms and legs have been smashed by some furious Mahommedan zealot; noisome bats *posuere cubilia* in the most exquisitely carved niches; and filthy *jogis* or ascetics have taken up their quarters in some spacious hall, and begrimed the interior with the smoke of their fires fed by charcoal or cow-dung. It is pleasing to record that the silt of one of the Jain caves at Ellora has been partially removed by the orders of the Nizam's Government, and that our own officials seem disposed to place their influence and local knowledge completely at the service of the authors and of Mr. W. W. Hunter, the Director-General of all Statistics.

There are several other topics on which we should have much liked to touch. The course pursued by the Brahmans when they dispossessed their rivals and imitated them in cutting caves from the rock; the system on which the temples were excavated and parallel alleys were cut, while portions of the solid mass were left for the groundwork of the pillars; the introduction of the figures of aborigines or low-caste men as distinguished from pure Aryans; the rarity of temples not cut in the rock, but erected by Buddhist workmen in the open air, like similar edifices in other lands; the age and characteristics of the Jain temples, especially at Mount Aboo and in Guzerat; the certain use to which architecture may be put, as different from sculpture, in elucidating chronology; the modest estimate formed by Mr. Fergusson of his labours in regard to the caves at Rajgir and Barabar, in the province of Behar; the clear and luminous descriptions of places so well known to the ordinary tourist as Elephanta and Salsette, and the equally full and ample account of the less familiar but more wonderful temple of Kailasa at Ellora, known popularly as the Ranga Mahal, or "painted chamber," really "one of the most interesting, as well as the most magnificent, of all the architectural objects" in India—in regard to all these subjects, the work supplies us with elaborate descriptions or scholarly and suggestive remarks. In one place Mr. Fergusson laments pathetically that no one has yet carried certain inquiries beyond the point where he left them. That in process of time additions may be made to the existing stock of our knowledge there is little doubt. But what is even now certain is that this volume must long be a text-book, not easily supplanted, on Buddhistic and Brahmanical architecture; that it adds to the reputation of its joint authors; and that it reflects credit on the Government which, under the pressure of famine and the search for a "scientific frontier," is not unmindful of the legacies left in India by Hindu kings and prophets long before the last sovereign, Pithura, reigned at Delhi, or the first Mahmud, the idol-breaker, had wielded his mace at the gates of Somnath.

SAINTSBURY'S PRIMER OF FRENCH LITERATURE.*

WE have more than once had to comment upon the dangers of the somewhat indiscriminate fashion now prevalent of diffusing information, or what passes for information, on all kinds

* *Clarendon Press Series.—Primer of French Literature.* By George Saintsbury. Oxford: Clarendon Press. London: Henry Frowde.

of subjects packed into small volumes. The method has perhaps its advantages, especially for people who want to get instruction as easily as possible upon subjects with which they have before been unacquainted. They must, however, run the risk of acquiring information on these subjects which is the reverse of valuable. We need not point to particular instances in which either subjects of wide interest or names of great poets have been shamefully ill-treated under this system; we may be content with wishing that all primers—or, as we believe it is æsthetic to pronounce, if not to write them, primmers—were as satisfactory as that which Mr. Saintsbury has written for the Clarendon Press Series on French Literature. The writer had an exceptionally difficult task to perform in providing a guide-book to so vast and varied a subject, within the limit of some hundred and forty pages; but he had previously shown his fitness for undertaking it by his article on the same subject in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica.* He has divided his work into ten chapters, beginning with French Literature before 1200 A.D., and coming down to living writers; and each of these chapters treats of an epoch in the consideration of which scarcely a fact or name of importance is omitted or neglected. With some of the writer's critical judgments we do not entirely agree; but it is not easy to see how, for its special purpose, that of "setting before the learner such a general view of the outline of French literary history as he may best be able to fill up for himself afterwards," the book could have been improved.

Mr. Saintsbury begins by pointing out that, while other countries—our own, for instance—can boast of a literary pedigree nominally longer than that of France, the literature of France holds a unique position as to its unbroken ease of access. The English student, that is to say, must go through a laborious process of study, as difficult as that of learning a new language, before he can appreciate the earliest English literature. Not so with the earliest literature of France, which can be read with comparatively moderate trouble, and without a special course of study, by any one who knows modern French. The *Chanson de Roland,* for instance, is not more difficult than Chaucer's works, written four hundred years later. The writer explains how the *Lingua Romana,* or Romance language, arose after the Roman conquest, and touches on some of the poems written in the new tongue, and thence goes on to speak of the *Chansons de Gestes,* the oldest and best of which, the *Chanson de Roland,* has already been referred to. A note on an abstract of a fine passage in this contains a good emendation. At the death of Roland "there was thunder and rain falling heavily, and always the earth shook and trembled from St. Michael's at Paris to Sens." The note suggests that the reading of the oldest MS. is, as seems likely to us, a mistake for St. Michel du Péril (*in periculo maris*), that is, Mont St. Michel. After the Chansons de Gestes came the Arthurian Romances, in which for the first time shopkeepers and citizens appeared as well as nobles and peasants; and with these came poems about classical subjects, of which the most important by far is the romance of *Alixandre,* "the twelve-syllabled verse of which was thought so excellent that such lines have ever since been called Alexandrines." The Trouveurs who composed these works—which were recited either by the composers or by the Jongleurs and Jongleresses—devoted themselves also to *romances, pastourelles,* and *fabliaux,* among the last-named of which is found the story of Molière's *Médecin malgré lui.* There were also in prose, besides the Arthurian Romances, sermons, and translations and paraphrases of the Bible; while to the twelfth century also belongs the beginning of playwriting in the form of Mysteries; and thus, as Mr. Saintsbury observes, we see "that early French literature was extraordinarily abundant in amount and various in form. Although its prose is a little backward, there is hardly any kind of poetry which the Trouvères had not tried, and in which they had not succeeded." To the thirteenth century belonged the special form of poem called the Roman d'Aventures, as did also the *chanson,* and it was this period which produced the two great works, the *Roman de Renart,* or, as it is generally miscalled, *du Renart,* and the *Roman de la Rose.* A perhaps less generally known fact is that in this period the first specimens, so far as can be ascertained, of comedy and of comic opera were produced by Adam de la Halle, who varied the long course of Mystery and Miracle plays by a piece called *Li Jus Adam,* in which various living personages figured upon the stage, and by what would now be called an operetta, founded on the popular *pastourelle* of *Robin et Marion.*

Mr. Saintsbury gives good reasons for considering the thirteenth century as the most flourishing period of old French literature, and he passes from it to the Decline of Mediæval Literature and the Renaissance, to each of which a chapter is devoted. At the end of the former chapter he dwells upon the farces which were prevalent at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century. The most famous of these is "*Pathelin,* which is known to every student of French from the adaptation of it made in the seventeenth century. All the best of the fun is in the original version." This farce is occasionally performed at the Français, and we could wish that Mr. Saintsbury had told us something as to the form in which it is there given. No division of French literature, the writer goes on to say, except possibly the *fabliaux,* shows more clearly than these farces the bent of the national genius and the inexhaustible store of wit of a certain practical kind which the lower classes possessed. In the chapter on the Renaissance we have a good account of the Pléiade, and one, which is as good as it could be in so cramped a space, of Rabelais:—

> Rabelais was a monk who had left the cloister, who had given himself to the study of medicine, and who was deeply imbued in the learning, literary and scientific, of the time. The tendency to a peculiar kind of free-thinking, which has always been strongly developed in the French character, and which shows itself in a kind of sceptical ridicule of established beliefs and institutions rather than in an earnest and practical desire for reform, was eminently present in Rabelais. His great work, so far as it has any form at all, has that of a prose Roman d'Adventures, and probably borrowed some at least of its personages from popular works already in existence. The story, however, such as it is, is merely a vehicle for satirical comment of the most varied kind on all sorts of things, touching sometimes human nature in general, sometimes the particular circumstances of the day and the personalities of contemporaries. The license of language current at the time was very great, and Rabelais availed himself of it to the fullest extent, partly because it suited his humour, partly because it was dangerous to appear to take things too earnestly. Nor is it true that his book is a satire with a definite purpose, such as, for instance, Swift's *Gulliver.* It is rather the outcome of an extraordinarily active and powerful brain, well stored with learning, assisted by an inexhaustible fancy, and not devoid of a certain moral sense. There is, for instance, no doubt that Rabelais had an original and remarkable theory of education, and that he was violently opposed to the abuses of the Church of Rome. But he was neither a Protestant nor an infidel, though attempts have been made to claim him for both parties. A very different book is the *Institution* of Calvin. . . . The style of Calvin is, on the face of it, as much opposed to that of Rabelais as his substance. Yet the author of *Gargantua,* as if to show what in other circumstances he could have done, occasionally drops the fantastic mantle of exaggeration and burlesque in which he wraps himself, and then his language has an incomparable dignity and a sober grace superior to that of Calvin himself.

With one remark made later on *à propos* of Montaigne we are less disposed to agree altogether. Of him Mr. Saintsbury says that he is, with Rabelais, "perhaps the only French writer before our own day who deserves the name of a humourist." Now, without detracting for a moment from Montaigne's merit, this is, we think, unfair to some of the Trouveurs, among whom Rutebœuf may be specially mentioned. On this point we prefer Mr. Walter Besant's judgment, as given in his *French Humourists,* to that of Mr. Saintsbury. It would, however, be difficult to disagree with what Mr. Saintsbury has to say concerning Montaigne's style.

From this period we pass naturally to the beginning of the Classical time. Here, again, while the author does full justice within his limits to the greatest names of the period, and, as a general rule, to the lesser lights as well, he is, we think, a trifle wanting in appreciation of a man whose life was no less strange than are some of his writings, Cyrano de Bergerac, of whom some account was given not long ago in these columns. He, says Mr. Saintsbury, "composed a *Voyage au Soleil* and *Voyage à la Lune,* in which the influence of Rabelais is evident." This, if true enough as far as it goes, hardly conveys any idea of the original, and sometimes almost prophetic, invention of the fantastic writer. Later on Mr. Saintsbury is careful to point out an error which is too common with regard to the French classical drama—namely, that this was invented by Corneille and Racine, or borrowed by them from the heroic romances of the Scudéry type. To say nothing of Étienne Jodelle, the works of Garnier and Montchrestien offer a complete refutation of this notion. What the writer has to say of Corneille himself appears to us excellent, but is too concisely put to allow of quotation. The following chapter, on the age of Louis XIV., begins with Molière, and here on one point of considerable dramatic importance we must join issue with the writer. His general critical remarks on the style and method of Molière leave little or no room for criticism, and are expressed with his usual terseness and clearness. But in one of the illustrations which he uses he has fallen into what we cannot but think a mistake of judgment. "The only charge," he writes, "that can be brought against his (Molière's) plays is that, notwithstanding the range of their subjects and the truth of their handling, each one is apt to take too limited a view of the characters with which it deals." He goes on to explain his meaning by a comparison between some of the principal characters in Shakspeare and in Molière. Falstaff is very far from being a mere type of cowardice and gluttony, and "even Iago is rather warped by a devilish special purpose than wholly diabolical." This last is an opinion which is perhaps open to question; but what we are now concerned with is the following statement, that "Alceste (in the *Misanthrope*) is nothing more than embodied pride and impatience of that with which he does not sympathize." This opens the way to a controversy which, almost ever since the days of Molière, has been going on in France, and which is likely to go on as long as the works of Molière are read and acted. The weight of opinion seems now to incline to the theory that, so far from being a mere embodiment of any particular quality or qualities, Alceste is an exceedingly complex character, demanding almost as much variety and mobility of mood from an actor as does the part of Hamlet. The question, however, is one upon the adequate discussion of which we cannot at this moment enter; and we must be content, for the present at least, with remarking that there is a good deal to be said against Mr. Saintsbury's assumption. Among much that is good in this chapter we may call special attention to the writer's account of Lafontaine, whom in respect to some matters he compares happily enough to Goldsmith.

Passing over two chapters on the eighteenth century and on the period from the Revolution to the Restoration, with the observation that they are as full of matter and of keen appreciation as is the rest of the book, we come to the two concluding chapters, on the Romantic Movement and on Contemporary French Litera-

ture. The subjects with which the writer here deals are better known to the general reader than is the history of early French literature, and what little comment we have to make upon Mr. Saintsbury's treatment of them is chiefly of an admiring kind. His remarks upon M. Victor Hugo are excellent, and make a good answer, if any answer were wanted, to the attempts of certain poetasters to decry a writer whose greatness they cannot comprehend. No less to the purpose are his succeeding observations on Sainte-Beuve:—"As Victor Hugo was the poet of the new movement, so Sainte-Beuve was its critic; and, like the poet, the critic retained for the whole of his life the superiority which he obtained at the beginning of his career." The first work of importance which he composed was the series of *Tableaux de la Littérature Française au XVIème siècle*, which appeared in the *Globe*, and which "at once reinstated the older writers of France in the place which since Malherbe had been denied them, and directed the rising generation to the proper places to look for models of language and style." He had a comparative failure as a writer of purely original work, but, recovering from this, and devoting himself afresh to purely critical work, he became perhaps the most celebrated prose critic of any age, founding, indeed, an entirely new school of criticism, as Victor Hugo has founded an entirely new school of poetry. "In this, his later career, Sainte-Beuve was judged, partly from personal motives, to have ceased to be a Romantic; but this was simply because the true import of the literary revolution was mistaken. He worked his work, Hugo his, and the effect of the lives of the two men has been an entire revolution of literary principles and practice in every country in Europe, except where, as in England, native genius had anticipated the necessity of any such change."

In one matter only in these last chapters are we at all disposed to find fault with Mr. Saintsbury, and that is, for saying that George Sand's later studies of provincial life are more admirable than the "powerfully coloured, but too often extravagant and tedious novels written in her earlier days," and at the same time making no mention of *Consuelo*. Having said this, we have picked all the holes that we can pick in Mr. Saintsbury's work, and we may leave off as we began, by recommending it as a work which is both excellent in itself and admirably fitted for its special purpose.

STRICTLY TIED UP.*

THE author of *Strictly Tied Up* loves to look on the lively side of things, and his novel may be described as a comedy of life and character. All his personages are more or less conspicuous by some eccentricity, foible, or amiable weakness; his incidents and complications are generally humorous, and the drollery is brought to a climax in the *dénouement*. There father and son marry daughter and mother, the couples having chosen to mate themselves so as to cause a ludicrous entangling of relationships. There is no lack of action and movement; there is plentiful variety of scene; and in the changing society to which we are introduced the author shows abundant knowledge of the world. Now we are in the city, now in the country; we pay flying visits to London and Dublin; and, while both of the heroines have their homes in Yorkshire, one is transported to a country seat in the wilds of Ireland, where, on a visit to certain noble relatives, she is launched on the adventures that land her in matrimony. There is one point in the novel that will recommend it to most readers. Though the author goes back upon the family histories of his personages, discussing their pedigrees and antecedents perhaps at unnecessary length, yet, to borrow the language of commercial men, he brings the interest of the story down to date. We are transported to the Ireland where Land Leaguers are in malignant activity, and where landlords are liable to be shot from behind walls. As it happens, no tragedy of the kind occurs to stain the present pages. But Lord Foulisville, the Irish peer of the book, had more than the qualifications necessary to provoke his condemnation by the self-constituted avengers of the national wrongs. He was the descendant of a Saxon who had had the soil transferred to him on somewhat questionable terms from a "good ould Celtic stock," in the redistribution that followed the battle of the Boyne. He was an absentee for the greater part of the year, spending the "rints" in display and self-indulgence in London. And as he loved his luxuries, and kept up a good establishment, and was always over head and ears in debt, it may be presumed that he was hard upon his tenantry in self-defence. Nor was the Foulis's family bill of health by any means a clean one in Celtic eyes. Lord Foulisville's ancestors had ratted repeatedly, but had always aimed at a good understanding with "the Castle," and the peerage had been given as the price of the vote which had helped to barter away "the independence of Ireland." So that platform orators might have found ample material for denouncing the bloated Saxon aristocrat who battened on the flesh and the blood of his serfs of Ballybanaghermore. This history of the Foulis family is doubtless a faithful sketch of the rise and progress of many a modern Irish dignity. Nor is the changing of the names on the property—another substantial national grievance, by the way—less true to nature. The mansion of Ballybanaghermore had become Fontarabia; for it was in the days when many places in Ireland were rechristened after the sentimental fancies of romantic purchasers; and even the legendary islet of Iniscormac in a neighbouring loch had been altered, much for the worse, to Diana's Island.

To make matters specially unpleasant for the Earl, a person claiming to represent the ancient Lords of Ballybanaghermore, and undoubtedly bearing their proud name of McSwinny, lived in the immediate neighbourhood. This Mr. McSwinny is represented as a characteristic type of the yeoman, in rank something beneath a squireen, though we suspect him to be slightly overcoloured. He was a miller and money-lender, the representative of a line of millers and money-lenders, who, having made themselves masters of a wide tract of country, had laid their embarrassed dependents under heavy contributions. McSwinny, in nursing his hereditary wrongs, naturally detested the Earl of Foulisville, and would very gladly have shot him or seen him shot. But, as the author observes, with a subtle touch of humour, his dignity of station forbade him the indulgence. For McSwinny too was likewise a landowner, though in a small way; and for one landlord to assassinate another would have been to lower himself to the level of evicted tenant-farmers. It was not this descriptive touch we had in view in suggesting that McSwinny was somewhat overcoloured. We were thinking rather of a story told in illustration of his amicable relations with the peer which seems almost too good to be probable. The Foulisville house party had gone on a picnic to the romantic loch of which we have spoken. An accident happened to the only punt on the water, and two of the party had been cast away on the island. The only other available boat in the vicinity belonged to the churlish miller, McSwinny, and Lord Foulisville had stooped his pride to the point of sending an embassy to borrow it. It was probably in accordance with the Celtic character and the fitness of things that McSwinny should make the envoys of his enemy swallow a great deal of humble pie. It is even conceivable that he should have refused point blank, though the lives of a couple of innocent persons were in question, and neither agrarian nor political considerations were involved. But we can hardly imagine even an Irish usurer indulging, under the circumstances, in the grim joke of haggling leisurely over an exorbitant charge for the boat, and delaying the emissaries afterwards over a demand for the hire of the oars. The story is, however, so capitally told that many readers will no doubt think our objection hypercritical.

The Anglo-Irish aristocrats are not made much more attractive than their neighbour Mr. McSwinny. The Earl of Foulisville is a spendthrift, half reformed by stern necessity, who has fallen back, by way of consolation, on his favourite vices of *gourmandise* and hard drinking. He comforts himself in the wild solitudes of his Irish domain with the services of a French *chef* and the contents of a well-selected cellar. The Countess, a *parvenue* whom he had married for her looks, feels her banishment to the wastes even more deeply. She finds but indifferent solace in the society of a lady whom she has installed in the post of companion and confidante, and with whom she subsequently has good reason to quarrel. So it occurs to her to seek out a daughter by adoption, whom she may launch sooner or later on the fashionable world, and it is this idea of hers that brings us into contact with the real heroines of the tale. The Honourable Mrs. Foulis of Yaxley in Yorkshire is a clever and very engaging woman, albeit somewhat mercurial and bustling. She was an heiress who had been duped, when a girl of sixteen, into marrying the *roué* brother of Lord Foulisville. Luckily for her, she lost him by an accident within a very few months of her unfortunate marriage, and since then the world had gone well and smoothly with her. It is true that her daughter, the sole remembrance left her of the ill-assorted union, was by no means all she could have desired, being commonplace in looks and somewhat cross-grained in disposition. But the two got on together fairly well, and the widow, who is being rapidly enriched by the discovery of coal-mines on her property, finds almost a superabundance of the occupations in which she delights. Nor does her luck end there. For circumstances take her child off her hands, while she meets with a singularly agreeable life-partner to assist in the administration of her property. It is here that the main interest of the story comes in. Meriel Foulis has gone on her aunt's invitation to Fontarabia, and, accompanying her hosts to the picnic at Diana's Island, has far more excitement than she had bargained for; while the "pleasures" of the day are pregnant with her fate. The shipwreck that engulfed the family plate with the provision hampers comes as a godsend to a scheming elderly baronet who has set his affections on Meriel's fortune. He persuades the innocent young lady that he has saved her life; abuses their lonely *tête-à-tête* on the island to propose to her; and half cajoles, half terrifies her into accepting him. Subsequently he avails himself of the illness of her aunt to wheedle her into a clandestine marriage, and then, feeling that he is master of the situation so far as the heiress is concerned, he dictates a letter to his wife, in which she prescribes terms of reconciliation to her mother. Meanwhile the lively Mrs. Foulis has been cheering her loneliness by entertaining a visitor, and when the letter, which is half an ultimatum, arrives, her guest has obtained the right to advise her. No one is more competent to act as counsellor on the occasion, for he knows the real author of the communication intimately. In fact, Mrs. Foulis's visitor is no other than Mr. Eustace Brandreth, whose father has just eloped with Mrs. Foulis's youthful daughter; while Mr. Eustace has been persuading Mrs. Foulis to accept him as her

* *Strictly Tied Up.* A Novel. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1880.

lord and master. Her choice is a wise one. Eustace Brandreth is only one year her junior; he is the reverse of his disreputable father in every respect—among other things, in being an excellent man of business; and though, being penniless, he has married a rich woman, yet after all he has not shown himself so very interested, since she has only a life-interest in her property. At least he and she and Meriel, Lady Brandreth, and above all, the deep-scheming Sir Miles himself, believe that the reversion is vested absolutely in Meriel. It is not till after Mrs. Foulis has been fairly married for the second time that they are undeceived. Then it comes out that, by the provisions of the settlement, her second husband, should she marry again, is to have the life-rent of all her estates and personalty; while, in the event of there being a boy born of the union, he is to oust his elder sister, Miss Meriel. Of course the marriage of Mrs. Foulis is fruitful as well as happy. There is a son to inherit the "strictly tied up" acres and coal-mines; and the undutiful Meriel, and the veteran fortune-hunter who entrapped her, are punished where they had sinned, by being beggared and afterwards pensioned out of charity. It will be seen that there is humour as well as sufficient excitement in those volumes; not a few of the descriptions both of people and scenery are exceedingly graphic and piquant; while the *dénouement* is happily conceived and carried out with no little ingenuity.

THE ENGLISHMAN AND THE SCANDINAVIAN.*

MR. METCALFE'S volume would perhaps have been pleasanter in the reading if he had been less anxious to make it light and amusing. He takes credit to himself for this anxiety, and assures us that "instead of taking all things *au sérieux*, he has ever and anon, as Horace recommends, tried to temper the grave with the gay, to enliven the subject with illustrations new and old, to point the theme with novel applications, and thus to carry off agreeably what might otherwise have proved heavy reading." But unless these applications and illustrations are fairly to the point, they are apt to become tiresome; and if the work before us is serious, it is not easy to see what is gained by treating it as if it were not serious. Mr. Metcalfe seems to think that the attractions of the Edda are likely to be enhanced if he speaks of Heimdall as the "model of porters," who "far out-Rolands Roland, for his horn is heard all the world over. His teeth are of gold. For durability we should have preferred bone cased with enamel." Odin himself is treated after the same fashion, as being "the fountain-head of wisdom ever since he got that drink of Mimer's well and pawned his eye for it, and thought it a cheap bargain, which curious transaction to a man apt at discovering resemblances in remote ideas is suggestive of that over-addiction to the pursuit of learning which has forfeited the eyes of many and helped to make the fortune of the spectacle-makers." If we look to the old story, the connexion of ideas may seem to us very remote indeed; and when Mr. Metcalfe adds in a note that philosophers regard the tale as an allegory of sunset in the sea, some may be tempted to reply that the remark is much more smart than accurate, and that for the sake of supposed sprightliness of style the author has sent his reader on a wrong path. It may be clever, but it is not altogether close to the evidence, to represent the dwarfs who slay Kvasir as saying that he had been "suffocated by his own knowledge, because he could not meet with persons able to ease and disembogue his mind of the wisdom there accumulated by proposing to him such learned questions as were necessary to his relief." Then follows the moral and the application. "It is a pity that there was no Vulcanian midwife, or Civil Service Examiner, at hand to do for Kvasir what was done with Jupiter to his great comfort and speedy recovery when he was similarly afflicted. . . . . The fate of Kvasir ought to be a caution to our modern youths against the frightful results of overcramming." But a story can scarcely be allowed to have two morals; and the warning against cramming seems to be forced in, if the true cause of Kvasir's death be, as Mr. Metcalfe says it was, that "merit, then as now, excited envy, and two dwarves, a race always proverbial for spite, set upon him unawares and slew him." It would seem from this that if they had only let him alone, Kvasir might have continued to bear the weight of his learning as he had borne it in times past.

It is perhaps from the wish to be amusing that Mr. Metcalfe uses such words as "lengthy" and "reliable," and speaks of the sack of Rome by the Goths as warning the Romans in Britain to "contract their feelers," and of English ladies as "joining in the stampede of pilgrimage" to the Eternal City. So when Lullus had sent to Gutberet, abbot of Wearmouth, a piece of thick stuff to keep out the cold, the old man, we are told, "won't have it, not he." But it would be ungracious to cite other instances of these not very happy pleasantries. We will end our fault-finding with the remark that some printers' mistakes which have been allowed to remain might with advantage have been removed. No one perhaps supposes that St. Boniface was eighty-five years of age at the time of his martyrdom; and when we read in a note, p. 242, that "in the Veda night is author of dawn (*Hibbert Lectures*)," we can only guess from its matter that the reference is to the series of 1878. The truth is that the subject with which Mr. Metcalfe has undertaken to deal is both serious and important, and he has treated it on the whole with very sufficient seriousness and earnestness. Nothing is gained, he rightly urges, by representing things to ourselves as different from what they really are. The English language, as it was brought into this country by the Teutonic invaders of the fifth century, and perhaps by some who had long preceded them, had a literature which was not immediately brought to an end by the Norman conquest. The kindred tribes which made their abode in Norway and Iceland had also their literature. What are the characteristics and what are the respective values of the two? If we are so silly as to suffer what may be called patriotic feeling to have undue weight with us, it must be allowed that Mr. Metcalfe's conclusions will not be in a high degree gratifying. The one question is whether they rest on facts, and there is no doubt that facts justify his assertion that the Englishmen of Alfred the Great never had a vernacular historical school like the Scandinavian. He may well wish that Bede had written in his own tongue, and add that "then we might have known what the English of that day really was," instead of having but a faint echo of it in the inscription on the Ruthwell Cross, and in the few lines improvised by Bede before his death. Mr. Metcalfe does not hesitate to say that the literature of England was blighted and crushed by the influence of Latin Christianity. The unskilled people spoke their own language; those who had any education thought and wrote in another. The result was disastrous. "The mental habits of the people became saturated with the prevailing colour of their teachers' solemnity and dulness. The domestic infant was overlaid and crushed by an alien intruder. When Anglo-Saxons did write in their own tongue it smacked of Italy and book-learning." Everything was done to promote the composition of devotional and religious treatises, and to discourage the growth of "the true complement to this mental nourishment," in which "the Anglo-Saxons, like all peoples in the early stages of their existence, delighted—the national ballad, the foundation of all history." Nor was the sacrifice made to much purpose. Even those who professed a knowledge of Latin were for the most part utterly ignorant of it. Many priests were unable to utter the Church formulæ correctly, or to baptize a child without a blunder. "The Latin rage at last," Mr. Metcalfe remarks, "stood convicted as a delusion and a snare, and fell into discredit and decay, so much so that Alfred in his preface to the Pastoral expresses his astonishment that his countrymen had written Latin books and had not left translations of them." Nor could this deplorable state of things be ascribed to the Danish invasions, for the picture drawn by Alfred applies to a time before the churches were spoiled and burned, and while they were yet filled with books, from which, as Alfred rightly said, they reaped very little fruit, because they were not written in their native tongue. To this predominant influence of Latin Mr. Metcalfe traces the comparative inferiority of such English literature as could spring up under these conditions. Of the great historical document known as the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, as a composition, he has no high opinion. All who are not carried away by the enthusiasm which regards it as the most valuable original work extant in any language must, he thinks, confess it to be disappointing. That it may be compared with any similar work of its age, if such exist, is not saying much. It is wholly devoid of proportion. The mortality of birds forms the single entry of one year, as the death of Theodore and the change from Roman to English bishops forms that of another:—

> Critics [he adds] have apologized for the lack of attractive details by explaining that it is merely a book of annals, not a history; but when once or twice the spell is broken and a real historic interest is given to the narrative—as, for instance, when Egbert's grandson Alfred, after many ups and downs, makes head against the Danes, and his exploits are recorded with abundant life and vigour—they point with rapture to the fact. This seems rather like running with the hare and hunting with the hounds. But generally, if we discard an unduly optimist tone in our judgment, must we not admit that there is a something wanting generally in the extant works of the Saxon pen, an absence of filling up the outlines, which makes those days somewhat vague in their import, bald and unsatisfying in their presentment? We should like to be more intimate with our Saxon forefathers; we do not quite know what manner of men they were. . . . What did that man look like, was he tall or short? . . . These points it seldom occurred to the Anglo-Saxon writer to mention. . . . Such a remark as that recorded by Snorri as made by the gigantic Harold Hardrada just before the battle of Stamford Bridge, about the personal appearance of Harold Godwinson, "He was a little man, but he sat firmly in his stirrups," does not find its parallel in the Saxon Chronicle from end to end.

For the purpose of giving us this personal knowledge of the English in the earlier ages of their abode in this island such poems as the great epic of Beowulf are not of much use. The scene is laid in the halls of the great, and not among the walks of every day life; nor is Mr. Metcalfe willing to admit its strictly English character. He lays stress on the general opinion which holds it to be of Swedish origin, and its finest passages suggest to him a comparison with the Icelandic Grettir-saga. The comparison is perfectly legitimate; but it warrants, and indeed enforces, a much wider conclusion than Mr. Metcalfe would probably care to defend. It is even possible that in the Saga there is one word which completely identifies Grettir with Beowulf:—

> The water-troll assails him with a weapon which people called a heptisax, a strange sort of weird dagger, and which therefore required a particular explanation. This is the very name of the *hafted-sword* (haeft-mece) with which Beowulf attacks Grendel's mother, and the word never occurs again, I believe, in any Icelandic author.

The saga and the epic poem have thus a common groundwork. Was the Beowulf story then carried from England to Scandinavia

* *The Englishman and the Scandinavian; or, a Comparison of Anglo-Saxon and Old Norse Literature.* By Frederick Metcalfe, M.A., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

and Iceland? and, if so, when was this done? The question does not necessarily follow from this agreement, whatever it may be; nor need we suppose a contrary course in the migration of the story, because we may "discern some of the germs of the Anglo-Saxon poem" in the Icelandic poems themselves. In Mr. Metcalfe's opinion, "Beowulf perishing, after he had slain the monster, by its venom looks like a reference to the Edda myth of Thor dying by the poison of Midgardsorm, when the monster was already slain." The incident may point in this direction; but it has an affinity not less close with the story of Herakles dying from the blood or venom of Nessus, whom he had slain, and Beowulf might therefore be traced as easily to a Greek as to an Icelandic source. In either case we should have to stop short of Mr. Metcalfe's inference or to go further. But, when we turn from old English to Scandinavian literature, the contrast is as striking as Mr. Metcalfe's strongest expressions would imply. We have in the former nothing like the vast variety and the astonishing vigour which characterize the whole saga literature of the Northmen. Nor can much weight be attached to the fact—if it be a fact—of the comparatively late growth of the latter. There are no Scandinavian MSS. earlier than the thirteenth century; but Mr. Metcalfe urges

> that some three hundred years after England had been in a great measure converted to Christianity and become acquainted with Roman letters and with Roman culture, ancient and modern, Scandinavia was still Pagan, with no Southern culture; and Runic ristings were all her artificial appliances for preserving historic facts. But, though not written down on material tablets, there was an unwritten literature existing among the Northern barbarians, begotten of their genius, full of life and warmth, stamped indelibly on their minds, which, as soon as ever they had the means of bringing it before the world, issued forth, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, in a great measure in its present bodily shape.

Certainly we shall look in vain to the old literature of England for anything like the power of imagination and the mingled strength and tenderness which mark the stories of the Helgis and the Volsungs. The old Edda, in the name of which we are, it seems, to see a word denoting poetry, and not, as has been commonly supposed, the grandam who recited the stories, is indeed a storehouse of the richest treasures, although some have deplored that in its present state it contains not a thousandth part of what once existed. But enough has been preserved to show the mental powers of the people among whom they sprang up, and to throw a marvellous light on the course of thought among the Aryan nations generally. The story of Sigurd and Brynhild carries us naturally to that of the Nibelungenlied; and here Mr. Metcalfe has unfortunately not resisted the temptation furnished by the names of some of the actors in this poem to dwell on the way in which historical personages and historical events are introduced into mythical tales. Thus the three Burgundian kings of the Nibelung lay "are matter of history"; and "Attila, his brother Bleda (in the Nibelungen Blödelin), and Dietrich of the Nibelungen Lied, who was of the blood of the Amalungs, the royal race of the East Goths, are also historic personages." The theory, it must be admitted, dies hard. In his recent *Introduction to the Science of Language* Mr. Sayce has dealt it a crushing blow. Speaking of these transformations of the Icelandic Jörmunrek into the Gothic King Hermanric, of Atti into Attila, of Gunther into the Burgundian Gundicar, and of Brynhild into Brunehault, he remarks:—

> The coincidences between the myth and actual history seem too numerous and striking to be the mere result of accident. And yet such is the case. The Attila of history died in 453, two years before the birth of the historical Theodoric, and Jornandes who wrote at least twenty years before the death of the Austrasian Siegbert was already acquainted with the name and story of Swanhild, the child born after Sigurd's death. If more were needed, the Icelandic and Saxon versions of the legend would prove its mythic antiquity. The historical colouring thrown over it by the version of a literary age is but deceptive; the old Teutonic story of the waxing and waning of the summer sun was told and sung long before the time of Gundicar and Attila, long, in fact, before the beginning of the Christian era.

Mr. Sayce is, of course, well aware that others have said this and proved this before him; and it is to be regretted that an idea thus doubly and trebly slain should again be thrust forward, more especially when at the best no solid results could be obtained from it. A crop of mere names can never be converted into a harvest of facts; and there is enough of sound and most judicious criticism throughout Mr. Metcalfe's volume to show that such barren theories have in his eyes no real value. By comparing impartially and without prejudice the ancient English and Scandinavian literature he has done a service which calls for the grateful acknowledgments of historical students and of scholars generally; and we may safely say that none will rise from the perusal of his pages without feeling that they have been instructed as well as interested.

GOLDEN GLEAMS.*

MR. JOHN T. LLOYD, the editor of these *Golden Gleams*, is well skilled in the art of sinking. He begins by telling us that the popularity of Mr. Henry Ward Beecher in his own country is greater than that of any other living man. He is, he adds, nearly as well known in England as in the United States. He is, besides, the most wonderful pulpit genius of his age. So far the conception that Mr. Lloyd raises in our minds of this preacher is as high as it is new and surprising. Hitherto we had not been aware that he was a genius, still less that he was a pulpit genius, still less that he was a wonderful pulpit genius, and least of all that he was the most wonderful pulpit genius of the age. His editor has carried him up as high as even the highest of the old three-deckers, as they were called, of any City church, and in a moment he brings himself, us, and his hero all to the ground. "Mr. Beecher's sermons," he goes on to say in the very next sentence, "are read with interest and instruction wherever the English language is spoken, and many of them have been translated into other tongues." Is this all that can be said of the most wonderful pulpit genius of the age, that his sermons are read with interest and instruction? Those surely are the terms which are fittingly applied to an address of an Archbishop at a Temperance meeting, or to a paper read before the Social Science Congress. They have far too cold a sound for genius. It may be that the present age is dead to all enthusiasm; or, on the other hand, it may be that Mr. Lloyd scarcely knows what genius means. The selections that he gives are taken, he says, from the preacher's "latest utterances, and represent, therefore, his ripest, best-digested sentiments." The best-digested sentiments of a wonderful genius have a strange sound about them, though we are not at all sure that they would not make as telling a title as even "Golden Gleams." For ourselves, if we must study the geniuses of the modern pulpit, we should prefer examples from their writings that were not quite of the ripest. The more years that they live to preach the more skilful do they become in the art of making a little go a great way. Mr. Beecher is, we learn, "an extemporaneous speaker. He is an orator. His mind works spontaneously, quickly, and logically." If we might venture to add one term more, we should say that it works expansively. It deals with a thought just as a child deals with a little soap and water. It swells it out into very large proportions. No doubt the effect produced is pretty enough. There is no want of variety of colouring, and it is surprising to see how very much can be got out of so very little. But bubble-blowing, whether of the child or of the pulpit genius, at last becomes tiresome, and over three hundred and fifty specimens of such skill are far more than we care to have at one time.

To an Englishman the most interesting passages in these extracts are those in which Mr. Beecher writes about our country and his own. We feel that there we are on surer ground than when we attempt to follow his footsteps as he guides us in the path of morality and religion. "I know what the affections are. I have tried them," he says on one occasion. We distrust a man who proclaims that he has tried the affections, and that therefore he knows them. If our memory does not deceive us, it was on the affections that Sir Barnes Newcome lectured. He also had tried them. When, however, Mr. Beecher sticks to facts, then we can read him with interest. He tells us, for instance, what an intense hater of the British he became when he was a schoolboy. He was "fired with the combative patriotism which the school-books taught at that time." It was not, he adds, until ripe and middle life that he ceased to cherish a spirit of animosity towards England. We must do him the justice to admit that he seems to have got over his ill-will to a very creditable extent. He is proud, he tells his congregation, of having English blood in his veins, and he is not niggardly in his praises of us. "I do not suppose," he says, "there is on earth another nation in which the hand of liberality was ever so full and so open." At the same time, he rather takes away from the pleasant feeling produced by this praise when he adds that "more than all other nations, perhaps, England represents abroad the spirit of war," and that "her Government more than any other on the globe has frowned upon nations struggling for liberty." It is rather hard to find ourselves reckoned below Russians and Turks; but, if Mr. Beecher has tried the affections, he has not tried either of those two nations, and so possibly he knows nothing about them. The combative patriotism of the American school-books throws a curious light on the state of feeling which we so often notice with regret in citizens of the United States towards this country. Our experience in English school-books has not been small, and yet we cannot call to mind a single passage in a single book which would raise in one of our children any ill-will towards the United States. No doubt it was in their country that the war of Independence was fought out, and that the worst sufferings of war were caused. Yet they were the conquerors, and it is always reckoned easy for conquerors to forget and forgive. We are glad to believe that the modern American school-books teach a patriotism that is a little less combative.

Mr. Beecher is, however, scarcely so complimentary to his own countrymen as he is to us. We doubt whether Mr. Spurgeon, who, we take it, would be reckoned our most wonderful pulpit genius, would speak quite so ill of our men of business as Mr. Beecher does of theirs. "If," he says, "a man in regular business finds that ten dollars have been passed on him, what does he say to-morrow, when you ask him, 'Where is that ten dollars?' but this: 'I guess I let it slide.'" Men in business are still, as ever, the mark of the preacher's aim; but among the heavy faults commonly laid to their charge in this country is not the crime of passing forged notes. The account that Mr. Beecher gives of the judges in New York is even worse

* *Golden Gleams.* From Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's Words and Works; being a Choice Collection of over 350 Extracts from the Latest Writings, Sermons, and Lectures of the Celebrated American Preacher and Author. Newcastle-on-Tyne: The Tyne Publishing Company. 1880.

than that of the men in business whom they ought to judge. It is not all New York judges that he condemns, but the elective judges of the city. He considers the somewhat improbable application of one of these magistrates for membership in his church. "Do you suppose," he asks of his congregation, "I would say to him, 'Venerable sir, I greet you! At last you have turned from your evil way, and now you wish to walk upon the fair and smiling road to Zion.' No, I should say, 'Sir, where is that bribe of ten thousand dollars that you took last week? . . . . How stand you with those drinking, rowdy, wicked men by whose votes you came on to the bench?'" The account that he gives of the working of the Ballot is quite as bad. He describes the various tricks that are played with the voters and the boxes, from the beginning of the poll till the time comes for putting into practice "the infernal art of counting." Both sides, he says, are equally guilty. "Cheating is fought by counter-cheating. Inspectors are bought, and then bought over again. Judges are bribed to dishonesty, and then bribed back to honesty." If elections are carried on in this fashion, it is not surprising that, as he says, "to nominate a man for office in our land is to stigmatize him, and to elect him is to damn him." While Mr. Beecher is justly severe in his condemnation of the corrupt judges, we find him in one passage slurring over in a way that is very offensive the doings of a criminal. He tells of a man who "had unconsciously, by the exigencies of his life, been drawn into the circulation of counterfeit money." Why cannot a man in regular business, or a New York judge, or an inspector of the ballot-boxes be also unconsciously drawn into the particular crimes characteristic of their respective classes? Have their lives no exigencies?

When we pass from the few passages in these selections in which something may be learnt of the condition of the United States to the displays of oratory, we find little to reward us for our pains. Mr. Beecher is a man of many words but few thoughts. He is a rare master of adjectives, and can yoke them on to one poor noun just as an Esquimaux yokes a dozen pairs of dogs to one rickety sledge. He tells us, for instance, that men's minds are magnets. In the next line he rather jumbles up his metaphor by adding that the mind seeks that which shall feed its strongest faculties. He then describes the different kinds of filings that different classes of minds draw, and so he comes to a mind which "has an inward want of a conception that is all beaming, and genial, and sweet and tender." He delights, too, in using as big a word as he can lay hands on. Big words would seem to be the filings that his magnetic mind draws. He tells, for instance, how a father, in answer to an intelligent child who should ask him "What is a storm on the ocean?" oscillates a pail of water. He describes Christ as one who has control of the terraqueous globe on which the nations tread. This, we imagine, may be his expansion of "The earth is the Lord's." We are reminded how Johnson once picked up a Paraphrase of the Gospels, and found the words "Jesus wept" swelled out into "The Saviour of mankind melted into a flood of tears." "Puppy!" he said, in his indignation against the author, and sent his book flying to the other side of the room. Mr. Beecher rises very frequently into the high regions of the modern poet. "What," he asks, "are clouds to you?" He does not give time for an answer, but exclaims "To me they are babies' baskets." "Did you ever," he asks on another occasion, "did you ever go by a rose-bush in the morning, when the dew was on it, and it was saying its prayers?" If the reverend gentleman's chapel boasts of a clerk, the only proper response that he could make to such a question would be "Fudge." Now and then we come across a passage which has in it something of that kind of humour in which Mr. Spurgeon is strong. He tells in one place of people who say that they make it a rule to read the whole Bible once a year, "and I have no doubt that they skate over it once a year." He describes a man starting for business, and being reminded by his wife that "they had not had prayers. Back he goes, and takes his Bible and turns to the twelfth Psalm. He chooses that because it is short. Blessed be the Psalms, they are of all lengths and shapes to meet every emergency." In one passage he reminds us of a story told of Lord Eldon, though the preacher by no means improves on the Chancellor. He is writing about what the people call the "awful responsibility" of being a minister. "People sometimes say to me, 'I should think you would shudder when you stand up before your congregation?' I shudder? What should I shudder for? Do you shudder when you stand up before a garden of flowers?" Lord Eldon, when one day he was going to speak at a City feast, said that he felt very nervous, as he always did when he had to speak before an unfamiliar audience. "Do you not feel nervous," some one asked him, "in addressing the House of Lords?" "No more," he answered, "than if I were speaking to a row of cabbages." If Mr. Beecher knew the story and borrowed the thought, he may have found it needful to give it a little polish, so as to render it presentable to his polite congregation. No assembly could be offended at being compared to a garden of flowers; but a row of cabbages, even though golden gleams were allowed to fall on them, would have been scarcely a fitting term to address to the most select congregation in the States.

SMITH ON THE LAW OF NEGLIGENCE.*

MR. SMITH can scarcely be deemed fortunate in the time he selected for publishing this book. Not foreseeing the persistence of the present Government, and probably imagining that the Employers' Liability Bill would share the fate of other abandoned measures, he gave his work to the world whilst that enactment was still in an inchoate stage; the result being that much of the elaborate dissertation which he devotes to the subjects of master and servant, common employment, &c., will, as soon as the Act comes into force, become purely matter of history and utterly useless for practical purposes. That this part of Mr. Smith's book should have so short a career is the more to be regretted, inasmuch as it appears to contain an exceptionally lucid and careful exposition of the state of things which is to terminate on the 1st of January, 1881. Pending the transition, Mr. Smith has adopted what was perhaps the best course in the circumstances. He could not expunge this portion of his book, seeing that it is still law; so he has added a supplement containing the Employers' Liability Act, 1880, with Introduction and Notes, which can also be purchased separately by those who had become possessed of the book in its original form. This can, however, be but a temporary expedient, and we fear it will be necessary next January for Mr. Smith to issue a remodelled edition of his work, omitting what will then be obsolete. The duration of the Act is fixed at seven years—a period rather above than below the average efficient existence of an edition of a law book; and if at the expiration of this term the Act be not continued in force, Mr. Smith will have his original work to fall back upon, and will at least be able to utilize much of his old material. Still we fear he must be annoyed at what has occurred, and must consider himself, with some justice, as a victim of unexpected legislation. Apart, however, from any question of master and servant, the law of negligence presents many interesting features, including as it does a very large proportion of the causes of action arising otherwise than *ex contractu*; and with this law, as propounded by Mr. Smith, we now proceed to deal.

And, first, Mr. Smith defines "negligence in law" as being "a breach of duty, unintentional, and proximately producing injury to another possessing equal rights." He appends a sort of sub-definition, explanatory of each of the terms used in the above sentence, of which, however, only the last, that dealing with the clause "possessing equal rights," seems to call for special notice. Mr. Smith's justification for this clause is as follows:—He says that if a man has no right to do a thing, or if his right to do it is subordinate to the right of another, any injury caused by his doing it is actionable, apart from any question of and not under the head of negligence; and he thence deduces that the question of negligence can arise only where the rights of the parties are equal to start with. It is no doubt true that in almost all cases of negligence relative rights exist; but we much doubt whether the universality of the proposition can, in the face of recent decisions, be established; the rights, though relative, being frequently such as would scarcely be justly termed equal.

When Mr. Smith comes to treat of the various kinds of duty the breach of which may constitute negligence, he very properly discards the lax and vague distinctions of "slight negligence," "ordinary negligence," and "gross negligence," and divides his subject under the far more rational headings of (1) Neglect of duties requiring ordinary care; (2) Neglect of duties requiring skill or an extraordinary amount of care; (3) Neglect of duties requiring less than ordinary care. Following up the first of these heads, we find that under it Mr. Smith classes all those relations wherein, without any question of skill being particularly stipulated for, the benefit is pretty equally distributed between both parties, or where both parties are pursuing their ordinary vocations. Briefly put, this class includes all the conditions and circumstances in which experience has shown that accidents do not happen except through actual carelessness or clumsiness. In the course of his remarks Mr. Smith has to deal with many matters which incidentally arise, such, for instance, as the liabilities of masters for injuries caused to third persons by the negligence of their servants, with all the refinements which have been engrafted on this rule in the endeavour to distinguish when the servant is acting on his master's behalf and when upon his own. Another branch subject of which Mr. Smith treats in this part of his book is the evasion of liability by the employment of responsible sub-contractors, and with reference to this the author says, "Owners of real property are not liable for the negligence of 'contractors' any more than the owner of chattels, although for a long time it was held that they were." We cannot agree with Mr. Smith that the law is quite clear on the point even now, the late case of Tarry *v.* Ashton obviously recognizing a somewhat more extended liability on the part of landowners.

Mr. Smith's second head, "Neglect of duties requiring more than ordinary care," of course begins with the instances, well known from Lord Holt's famous judgment, of persons entrusted with goods exclusively for their own benefit; and, further, it includes all persons who for their own profit invite others on to their premises, follow occupations dangerous to others, engage in dangerous pursuits, or who, by the very nature of their profession or business,

* *A Treatise on the Law of Negligence.* With an Introduction and Notes, and a Supplement containing the Employers' Liability Act, 1880. By Horace Smith, B.A., of the Inner Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Editor of "Roscoe's Criminal Evidence," &c. London: Stevens & Sons. 1880.

undertake to provide a considerable amount of skill; and, lastly carriers of passengers. Carriers of goods are not included in the category, inasmuch as by the custom of the realm they are looked upon as insurers, and, in the absence of special stipulation, are liable for loss of or damage to goods entrusted to them, without any proof that such loss or damage was due to any negligence on their part. Mr. Smith admits that with regard to this branch of his classification "the language of the judges will not entirely bear out the doctrine that more than ordinary care has been demanded, the words 'ordinary' and 'reasonable' being used; but evidently" (as the author thinks) "in many cases, as meaning ordinary and reasonable under the circumstances—that is to say, more than ordinary and reasonable in ordinary circumstances." We are strongly inclined to adopt Mr. Smith's view. It would be absurd to contend that a higher degree of care and skill is not required from a surgeon who is called in to set a broken leg than from a carpenter who is sent for to mend a broken chair, or that an equal amount of precaution is sufficient for a railway company despatching an express train full of passengers, and for a man driving a farm-cart to market. Practically the care and skill must be regulated by the pretensions of the person employed or the exigencies of the situation, and this is what is always understood by juries when they are directed to decide whether the defendant has exercised reasonable care and skill. Mr. Smith goes systematically through the leading exemplars of each of the classes enumerated above, adding illustrations from many decided cases, his comments on which are invariably intelligent and valuable. He has adopted the plan of appending to the reference to each case some few words indicating its salient point, a plan which provides a useful "memoria technica" for the practising lawyer.

Contributory negligence, as disentitling an injured person to recover, is of course a most important element in any treatise on the law of negligence, and Mr. Smith devotes a considerable portion of space to this complicated subject. According to his original definition, negligence, to be a ground of action, must be the proximate cause of injury; the word "proximate" not being taken in the narrow sense as referring merely to the time when the injury occurred, but as indicating such a cause that its effect could not have been counteracted or avoided by the ordinary care of the person alleging it. Contributory negligence, then, is, according to Mr. Smith, "that sort of negligence which, being a cause of the injury, is of such a character that the defendant could not avoid the effects of it" (p. 150), and we see little to quarrel with in this definition. It satisfactorily meets those numerous railway cases in which by the negligence of a company a passenger is put to his election between danger and inconvenience, with regard to which Mr. Smith quotes, at p. 157, the admirable remarks of Lord Justice Bramwell in a recent case. We must take exception to one conclusion of law arrived at by Mr. Smith in the same page, that in case of an injury sustained by a man in trespassing on the land of another the fact of his being a trespasser does not necessarily preclude him from recovering damages. The point may not be quite clear, but the balance of authorities would certainly seem to be the other way.

We do not wish to be hypercritical, but there is one passage in Mr. Smith's work (p. 173), where he is speaking of Lord Campbell's Act, which appears to us to partake of the nature of an Irish bull. It has been held that the representatives of a person killed by negligence cannot recover the expenses of burial and mourning. Mr. Smith disputes the soundness of this decision, on the ground that "death is not absolutely instantaneous with the injury, and there must be a moment of time in which the deceased had a right of action, which (by the statute) survives to the representatives." Taking the argument by steps, we fail to see at what moment of time a man could have a right to sue for his own funeral expenses.

The last class of negligence mentioned by Mr. Smith, namely, "Neglect of duties requiring less than ordinary care," is a very small one, including only "gratuitous depositors," "gratuitous loans, in the case of the bailor," and "persons gratuitously dedicating a way to the public," the obvious foundation for the exemption from any higher liability being the accepted principle that you cannot expect much where you give nothing. In such cases all that the person conferring the benefit is bound to do is not wantonly to endanger the safety of the other party by concealment of dangers known only to himself.

Of course a good deal of Mr. Smith's book necessarily consists of old matter, inasmuch as several good treatises on negligence already exist, and the subject has been largely cut into by works on torts, carriers, &c.; but his arrangement is good, his quotations and references are apt, and he is certainly entitled to credit for the novel and logical classification of his subject to which we have referred.

A CHINESE GEOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY.*

IN these days of book-making it is a pleasure to meet with a work which, as in the case of the volume before us, supplies, or even partly supplies, a want. There are many things in China which appear to be immutable, but the names of places are not among them. From time immemorial Chinese potentates have regarded it as their right, and almost as a part of the usual etiquette, to give new names to any places where their arms have been conspicuously victorious; and consequently at the change of each dynasty numbers of cities and towns have been re-christened at the bidding of the triumphant usurper of the throne. As upwards of thirty of these changes have taken place in the history of China, the difficulty of identifying a city existing two thousand years ago may be imagined. For instance, if we take the celebrated provincial metropolis and prefecture T'ai-yuen Fu, we find that under the Chow dynasty it was the State of T'ang; in the "spring and autumn" period it formed part of the State of Tsin; during the civil wars which followed it belonged to the State of Chaou; under the Ts'in dynasty it was known as Tsin-yang, and T'ai-yuen Kiun; under the T'ang as Pih-king, or northern capital; under the later T'ang as Si-king, or western capital; under the Sung dynasty as Ho-tung, and under the later dynasties it has been called by its present name. The student of Chinese history will therefore find this place mentioned under nine different names, and with nothing in the texts to help him to identify it. An attempt was made by M. Biot to smooth away this difficulty by the publication of his very excellent *Dictionnaire des Villes Chinoises* (1842), in which he traced some few of the changes which the principal cities had from time to time undergone, and added the latitudes and longitudes in all cases where these had been ascertained or could be approximately calculated. But the work was manifestly incomplete; the names of only the principal cities were found in its pages, and the historical portion left much to be desired. Rightly judging that the time had come when a more extended work, traced on the same lines, would be welcomed, Mr. Playfair undertook to revise M. Biot's work, and to supplement it "by a catalogue of the more important minor towns of the Empire."

The result is the work before us, which is in most respects a vast improvement on its prototype. It is fuller, containing 9,037 entries, and the historical information given is both more complete and accurate. The only advantage which M. Biot's Dictionnaire has over it on this point is that in that work in each instance the source from which the author has learnt the latitude and longitude is given; whereas Mr. Playfair leaves us in doubt whether he is speaking with the authority of the "British Admiralty charts," the calculations made at the Russian Observatory at Peking, "Dr. Williams's map of the Chinese Empire," "Johnston's General Gazetteer," or of calculations made "as carefully as possible from the Chinese Atlas." We could have wished also that Mr. Playfair had followed the example of M. Biot in using the old "mandarin" orthography of Central China for the transcription of Chinese proper names, instead of the Pekingese. The advantages in favour of the former are so numerous and important that the comparison which Mr. Playfair attempts to set up between the Langue d'Oil and Langue d'Oc of China, even if it were relevant, which it is not, need not be seriously considered. In the first place, the old "mandarin" pronunciation, that is to say, the "mandarin" of the fourteenth century before it was divided into the dialects of Peking, Nanking, and Ch'ing-tu, is that which is laid down in K'ang-hi's Dictionary, which is the officially recognized lexicon of the language. It is the one, therefore, with which every educated man is familiar, and may be said to be the literary pronunciation. It is also the pronunciation which is best known in Europe, being that which, until lately, has been employed to express Chinese proper names by every writer on Chinese matters. Further, it was not chosen by K'ang-hi for any arbitrary reason, but was adopted from the *Wu fang yuen yin*, or, "The Original Sounds of the five divisions of the Empire"—*i.e.* north, south, east, west, and centre, as representing the old "mandarin" pronunciation. It is the root from which the dialects of Peking, Nanking, and Ch'ing-tu have sprung, and from which all three, and especially that of Peking, have woefully degenerated. In all three, the very common old initial, *K*, has suffered decay; thus *k'i* becomes in Nanking *kwi*, in Ch'ing-tu *kri*, and in Peking it reaches the lowest possible degradation and appears as *ch'i*. In the capital also the initial *Ts* undergoes a like change before the vowel *i* (the English *e*), and the curious consequence follows that, in a great majority of cases, the initials *Ch*, *K*, and *Ts* are in no way distinguished by the Pekingese. One result of this is a large reduction in the number of distinct syllabic sounds; and this in the case of a monosyllabic language, such as Chinese now is, is attended with considerable inconvenience. Mr. Playfair's pages furnish abundant examples of the difficulty which thus arises. For instance, we have the town *Ts'ien-kiang* given as *Ch'ien-chiang*. In the first case the distinguishing initials help us to the meaning of the name; but without the native characters any explanation of Ch'ien-chiang would be the wildest guesswork. This is indicative of only one of the many defects of the Peking dialect, which, in a linguistic sense, is a poverty-stricken and degraded version of the old "mandarin." To a European student it has the additional disadvantage of being unknown, and dictionaries, therefore, in which it is used are apt to give rise, at all events at first, to much vexation of spirit. It will be some time before those wishing to consult Mr. Playfair's work will learn to look for *Peking* under *Pei-ching*, or for *Kin-kiang* under *Chin-chiang*, and so on. But even Mr. Playfair admits this difficulty, and attempts partly to remedy it by adding the orthography which is universally known in all cases where the name is one familiar to English readers.

With the contents of the book, as far as they go, we have no fault to find. The information under each heading is all that it professes to be, and is clearly and concisely given. It is of what the book lacks rather than what it contains that we are disposed

* *The Cities and Towns of China.* A Geographical Dictionary. By G. M. H. Playfair. Hong-Kong.

to complain. Mr. Playfair seems to imply in his preface that he was fearful of making his work larger than it is. But why should he have been? His book is intended for students, not for general readers, and to the student of history every piece of real information about a place or district is, or may be, of importance. On the other hand, it is tantalising to turn to "a geographical dictionary" for information about a place mentioned in history and not to find the name recorded, or to discover that the particular indication wanted is omitted. But such must often be the fate of those who consult the work before us. For instance, of the twelve district cities within the metropolitan prefecture of Si-ngan fu, or, as Mr. Playfair writes it, Hsi-an fu, during the Han dynasty, two, Nan-ling hien and Li-yang hien, are not mentioned. Yet they were neither of them unimportant places, and Li-yang hien was for a time the capital of Kaou-tsu, the founder of the dynasty. But perhaps the most curious omissions among localities of great historical interest are those of the two most celebrated of the four passes which are known as "the gates of the Empire," the Han-kuh kwan and the Tung kwan. Both these passes have been the scenes of fierce and repeated contests by which the fates of dynasties have been over and over again decided. When such places are passed over in silence less notorious districts are not likely to be more favoured, and it would not be difficult to make a considerable list of the towns and villages mentioned in the first few chapters of the history of the earlier Han dynasty which are not named in Mr. Playfair's pages.

These omissions are due, no doubt, to the sources from which Mr. Playfair gathered the materials for his work—namely, Biot's *Dictionnaire des Villes Chinoises*, the *Tsin-shin*, or "Chinese Red Book"; the *Ta Ts'ing yih t'ung yu t'u*, or the "Atlas of China under the present Dynasty"; and the *Lieh tai ti li chi*, or the "Political Geography of China during successive Dynasties" subsequent to the Han dynasty. These three native works are of the conventional kind, and represent the unscientific geography of Chinese writers. As yet no Imperial Geographical Society has inspired a passion for geographical research; and numerous places of great historical and ethnographical interest have been allowed to drop out of memory altogether, or, if their names are preserved, their positions are so roughly described that their identification is by no means easy. Chinese geographers deal mainly with places that exist, and trouble themselves very little about such as have ceased to be. In the same spirit, they are content for the most part to possess a knowledge only of the geography of the country beginning from the time of the Han dynasty (B.C. 206—A.D. 220), from which date the Empire became firmly established. Beyond this limit, for instance, the author of the *Lieh tai ti li chi* did not care to go; and the editors of the *Ta Ts'ing yih t'ung yu t'u* did not feel themselves bound to be very minute in their antiquarian researches. In proportion, therefore, to the neglect of those men Mr. Playfair's pages have suffered the loss of much information which is of interest and importance to students. Under the heading Ting-t'aou, for example, we have no mention of the fact that that place was anciently known as T'ao, and was for a time the abode of the "all-informed, intelligent, accomplished, and thoughtful" Emperor Yaou (B.C. 2356-2255), who took his sobriquet of T'aou-t'ang shi from it and the town of T'ang, where he had previously resided. The traces, also, of the aboriginal tribes which are to be discerned in the names of modern cities and districts are well worthy of study. Mr. Playfair tells us that the Fei-ch'ing hien of the present day was originally the Fei-tsze kingdom; but he leaves us to discover for ourselves that the Fei-tsze were an aboriginal people and an offshoot from the Tek tribes, the ancestors of the Tekke Turcomans. Of the language of these tribes we have occasional indications in the old names of places, as in the case of Lu-nu, the city which is now known as Ting-chow, in the province of Chihli. It derived its name, so say old historians, from the existence of a stagnant pool of black water, *Lu* meaning black, and *nu* stagnant water, in the Tek language. This *nu* recalls to us the Egyptian *nu*, "the water of chaos," and reappears in Menam, "the mother of waters," the name of the great river in Cochin China. The *Lu* we find as Lo, "black," among the Miaou-tsze tribes of South-Western China. In *Kiaou-chi*, the old name for Cochin China, we have preserved a record of a curious physical feature peculiar to the people of that country. Travellers tell us—and the name Kiaou-chi, "crossed toes," confirms the statement—that among the Cochin Chinese the great toe, as a rule, overlaps the next one to it. Hence the name. But, as is the case all over the world, the names of a great majority of the provinces and towns in China are suggested by their geographical position. For instance, the provinces *Shan-tung* "east of the mountains"; *Shan-si*, "west of the mountains"; *Honan*, "south of the (Yellow) river"; *Hu-nan*, "south of the lakes"; and such places, *Kiu-kiang*, "nine rivers"; *T'ientsin*, "the heavenly ford"; *San-shwuy*, "three waters"; all point to their geographical positions.

In fact, a very interesting book might be made of a Gazetteer of China in which the historical, ethnological, and geographical facts embodied in the names of places should be collected. We commend this suggestion to Mr. Playfair, who, by the arrangement of the materials he has gathered together in the work before us, has shown that he is well qualified for such a task. We are convinced that a work containing an amplification of the nine thousand and thirty-seven entries which he has given us, with the addition of twice as many more, though it might be of a size such as at present alarms him, would be welcomed by students of Chinese history.

JUST AS I AM.*

"MANY a man," says De Quincey, "traces his ruin to a murder of which perhaps he thought little enough at the time." The great moralist goes on to follow the gradual fall from righteousness which, beginning with an unconsidered murder, ends in Sabbath-breaking and positive discourtesy of manner. In Miss Braddon's new novel we are permitted to see how the influences of high birth and a sound education can arrest a career of vice in its very beginning, and keep a baronet who has been a murderer in the way he should go. Sir Everard Courtenay had assassinated Walter Blake, not indeed without provocation, but with every circumstance of premeditated guilt; yet the offence had no evil effect on his urbane and deeply religious character, or on his private fortunes. Ordinary murderers generally suffer a good deal from remorse, are not infrequently detected, and are occasionally hanged. But the Baronet, for at least twenty years after committing his dastardly crime, appears to have lived a quiet but happy life, secure in the affection of an only daughter, and occasionally "whipping romantic trout streams" in Wales. It is true that he was found out in the end, and when he began to be found out he began to be uncomfortable. Still, when he confessed to the amiable curate who wished to marry his daughter, and even when he admitted that he had allowed another man to be condemned to penal servitude for his crime, the curate only felt "deeply sorry" for the Baronet. And, after marrying his daughter happily, and becoming an interesting invalid, the Baronet retired for the last few months of his existence to La Trappe. He had previously (in spite of De Quincey's theory) been a very regular churchgoer at home. On retreating from the world he sought refuge in the arms of the Catholic Church; and he died, after a prosperous and respectable existence, in the odour of sanctity. Every one who was aware of his crime said, "Poor dear Sir Everard, he has suffered much," or words to that effect.

We doubt whether silly novels do all the moral harm that critics sometimes ascribe to them. Any young person who reads Miss Braddon's new tale will learn that a bride, a lady of the sweetest nature, may carry on a clandestine love affair with an interesting widower just when she is on the very point of becoming a mother. This was the almost imperceptible blot on the character of poor young Lady Courtenay. The widower, too, being the soul of honour in other respects, may make love to his friend's bride, and, when confronted by her angry husband, may refuse to give him any but legal satisfaction. In expectation of such a refusal, the injured husband, Sir Everard, may "pluck a stake out of a hedge—a heavy, murderous-looking stake, with a sharply-pointed end"—and therewith may deliberately batter in his false friend's skull. And, in spite of all this infamous treachery and deliberate villany, all three characters may be highly respectable persons, deserving rather of pity and sympathy than of human censure. These facts the reader may learn from *Just as I am*, and yet we doubt whether his or her moral tone will be greatly lowered by the lesson. Nature has planted in most of us a kind of instinct which recoils with honest hatred and horror from the vices and crimes of these polite sinners. We know perfectly well that if Sir Everard had felt a grain of real remorse he would have done what he could to expiate his crime by giving himself up to justice. And the infamy of the conduct of his friend and his bride are so manifest that the reader must be weak-minded indeed who bestows on them a maudlin pity. Human nature is not so silly as to be seduced into either murder or adultery by the leniency with which Miss Braddon treats these peccadilloes in the persons of her new novel.

What interest there is in *Just as I am* is inevitably spoiled by an analysis of the story. Yet without this analysis it is impossible to display the nature of the characters to whom we are introduced, and of their very disagreeable relations to each other. The tale begins with the appearance of one Humphrey Vargas, a tramp who has reached the end of his luck. Vargas, and Vargas's dog—an outworn, starving, shambling, and deeply attached couple of wanderers—are very well described; and there is a good deal of unstrained pathos in the old fellow's love of his lurcher. Just on the twentieth anniversary of the birth of the heroine, Dulcie, daughter of Sir Everard Courtenay, Vargas gives himself up to that justice of the peace as the murderer of one Walter Blake, who had been slain on that very day, twenty years before. Now the son of Walter Blake, Mr. Morton Blake, is Dulcie Courtenay's affianced lover, and is in the house when Vargas gives himself up. Morton Blake is described as an intellectual and ambitious young Radical; but in all the earlier part of the tale he appears only as an incarnate spirit of revenge on his father's murderer. He is annoyed with Sir Everard for disbelieving Vargas's confession, and circumstances gradually lead him to suspect the Baronet himself. Walter Blake had been found dead and robbed in a ditch on the path by which he was riding home from hunting. At the moment of his death his son Morton had been ten or seven years old (the author gives both ages, Vol. I. pp. 29, 93), and the lad had never forgotten the horrors of the event. At Vargas's trial, however, his counsel had hinted that Walter Blake had once been the suitor of the lady who became Sir Everard's wife. He had also proved that the blow by which Walter Blake was killed must have been inflicted, not with a rounded cudgel, as Vargas said, but with a

* *Just as I am.* By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret." 3 vols. London: Maxwell & Co. 1880.

sharp-edged stake. These things stimulated Morton Blake's suspicion, and his aunt, his father's sister, who knew that her brother had behaved treacherously to Sir Everard, confirmed his doubts by her reserve. He at last ventured to ask Sir Everard whether the friendship with his father had been unbroken. This was too much for Sir Everard: he gradually made Dulcie break off her engagement, and much unhappiness and brain fever were the result.

Meanwhile Morton had not been alone in his inquiries. The daughter of Vargas, anxious to clear her father's character, had discovered a groom who had been in Sir Everard's service, and had picked up a spur of his on the scene of the murder. The reader begins to think that Sir Everard is going at last to be punished for his offence, but Morton's heart is softened, and he actually listens to the confession of the Baronet: "I meant to kill him, foully or fairly." Immediately after the murder Lady Courtenay gave birth to her daughter Dulcie, and died. There is something particularly horrible in the idea of a love affair between the daughter of the murderer's wife and the son of the murdered man with whom the wife had been intriguing. Attempts are made, indeed, to suggest that the affair between Walter Blake and Lady Courtenay had stopped short of actual guilt. But Walter Blake's remark that Sir Everard "might as well try for a divorce" looks the other way. The author has succeeded in devising a situation which has suggestions that might tempt M. Zola to covet his neighbour's copyright. The confession of Vargas, it should be said, had been made from a variety of motives, and chiefly because "such a life as his was not worth living." It was true, however, that Vargas had robbed the dead body of Walter Blake. By way of showing the author's leniency, it is enough to mention the curate's remark on this affair of Vargas. The curate, *vice* Morton Blake cashiered, is engaged to Dulcie, and has heard Sir Everard's confession:—

> "My dearest, he has confided in me—he has told me all."
> "All?"
> "Yes, he has told me the dark secret of his life—and I am deeply sorry for him."
> "Sorry for him?—yes, one cannot help being sorry for him. What must I feel, who have loved him and been loved by him all these years? But will God have compassion upon him, as we have? Can his sin find pardon?"
> "It can, it will. If he is sincerely penitent, as I believe he is, God will assuredly pardon."
> "But to let that innocent man suffer—was not that a terrible sin?"
> "It was a sin, but I do not believe your father would have let his life be sacrificed had there been no commutation of his sentence. Remember, the penalty Vargas actually paid was only the just punishment of his actual guilt."
> "How good you are! What a load you have taken off my mind!" said Dulcie. "Yes, I know he is penitent. Twenty years of sorrow! That is a long atonement, is it not?"
> "God will accept that atonement, love.'

This was the view of the representative of the Church. Yet it seems odd that imprisonment till death should not be too much for a tramp who has robbed a dead man, while "twenty years of sorrow" is penalty enough for a baronet who has committed a murder. Since Mr. George Macdonald tried to interest us in a scoundrelly undergraduate "of beautiful nature" who had murdered a girl and lived on opium, we have not met with such maudlin morality. Yet even in Mr. Macdonald's novel the beautiful-natured young murderer was warned by the parson that he must give himself up to justice if he wished his repentance to have any value. In Miss Braddon's story the parson and the murderer's daughter pass straight from discussing the paternal sin to love-making, and Dulcie says:—

> "I love you dearly, though I hate myself for being so horribly fickle. Are you not afraid of marrying such a weathercock?"
> "I fear nothing but my own unworthiness, Dulcie. You have made me unutterably happy."
> "Please don't despise me," she murmured softly; "but I'm afraid I love you better than ever I loved Morton."

So the murderer gave away his daughter, and a bishop united the happy pair, and they planned a visit to "papa" next winter, and a comic Irishman interrupted the wedding-breakfast.

We do not know what the confirmed novel reader may think of this plot and of these persons, but to ourselves they appear extremely distasteful. There is something in murder, even under provocation, that we cannot look on as a trifling and venial error. This complaisance of the parson's is carried too far for mere Christian tolerance. The other characters and the by-play of the novel do little to reconcile us to *Just as I am.* Two or three sets of vulgar people, rejoicing respectively in pretentious vulgarity, in slipshod middle-class vulgarity, and in the vulgarity of factory hands, are described with good-humoured truth. The author is only too good-humoured—that is precisely the fault which we find in her theory of murder. Another character is a pretty but rather luckless Lady Frances Grange, who falls in love, uninvited, first with Morton Blake, and then with the old murderer himself. But she is not inconsolable, and is left "hobnobbing over Beville's sandwich case and sherry flask" with "a certain wealthy lordling." The wretched Morton is once more fallen in love with by another spontaneous admirer, Miss Lizzie Hardman, who leads him to the altar. In fact, Miss Braddon's young ladies are in as "coming on" a humour as the heroines of the old French metrical romances. The Baronet plainly tells Lady Frances that, if he had been a good man, he should have asked her to be his wife, and she replies, "I can trust you and be happy with you whatever you are." But the Baronet, having his eye on La Trappe, declines this hint. "His life is now of the severest kind," and he rises, poor fellow, "at two every morning."

If Sir Everard Courtenay's name had been 'Arry Jones, and if he had knocked in his friend Bill Smith's head with a stake, and then let another man bear the punishment, we doubt whether the author would have been so tenderly interested in his fortunes. Even though he was an amateur of book-binding, we admit that he only rouses disgust and indignation as we think of him. Generally novelists are pretty hard on their wicked baronets, and Miss Braddon may have wished to show that, though a baronet in a novel must be a murderer, he need not be a coarse noisy one, like lost Sir Massingberd. But she has failed, we think, to create a character with whom even her public will sympathize. The name of her novel, borrowed, we fancy, from a hymn, has given much concern to serious circles. This concern can hardly be diminished by the moral lessons which seem to be implied in *Just as I am.*

GERMAN LITERATURE.

NOT many sovereigns have deserved better of their people and the world than the Emperor Akbar (1), one of several proofs worth bearing in mind during the present break-up of the Eastern world that Turkish blood and Arabian religion are not necessarily incompatible with the highest desert on the part of a ruler. The cause of the chronic misgovernment of Eastern countries seems rather to consist in the impossibility of controlling a bad sovereign than the inability to produce a good one. Although Count von Noer's history of Akbar has not proceeded very far, it has gone far enough to show how largely his accession to the throne depended upon the mere fortune of war, and consequently to what degree the happiness of his empire was staked, not merely upon the good sense, but also upon the good luck, of a single person. One thing even Akbar could not do—he could not ensure his subjects a successor like himself; and it is thus very possible that, from the force of contrast, his virtues have gained him a higher place among sovereigns than he would have merited if his lot had been cast in Europe. Be this as it may, Count von Noer has selected an admirable subject, for which he appears to have every qualification except that of animation or dignity of style. To these he cannot lay claim; but, if his sober narrative is not lively or alluring, neither is it dull, and it at all events displays that kind of ease which springs from a complete mastery over the original sources of information, so far, at least, as these are accessible in translations. Fortunately these are the most important, including Ahmed Bachschi's history, as translated in the valuable collection of Elliot and Dowson; the Akbar Nameh and Ayeen Akbar of Akbar's Vizier and panegyrist, Abul Fazl; and the Muntachabut Tawarich of his detractor Badaon. Mainly from these sources Count von Noer has prepared a lucid narrative which bids fair to fill up a perceptible blank in European historical literature. The first part is principally occupied with the political troubles of Akbar's earlier years down to 1567; the far more interesting history of his internal administration being reserved for subsequent volumes. A useful preliminary sketch of the country and people of India is prefixed.

General Bogdanovitsch's account of the Russian Guards' share in the operations before Plevna (2), especially the capture of the redoubt of Gorni-Dubniak, is more spirited and less technical than is usually the case with strictly military histories. The author's estimate of the military qualities of his troops is very high, but no doubt well merited. At the same time it seems pretty clear that, had the Turks been led by European officers, although Plevna might still have been taken, the garrison would not have been taken along with it.

The history of the German Bund (3) as constituted in 1816, is far from a brilliant one in itself, and assuredly shines with no factitious lustre in the pages of Herr Fischer. Although a bitter adversary of the defunct institution, Herr Fischer nevertheless pays it the involuntary compliment of considering it not so utterly bad that some one may not conceivably wish for its restoration, the rather as the new institutions, he admits, have failed to give universal satisfaction. He thinks, however, that they are capable of development until all the national aspirations are fully attained, and that meanwhile his countrymen will be the better reconciled to them by being reminded of the utter impotence of the old Bund except as a barrier against Liberal thought and an incubus on the national life generally. With so decided a *parti pris*, Herr Fischer is not likely to take rank as an impartial or a standard historian; but his estimate of the Bund is probably not very wide of the truth, and his sketch of its constitution and of the legislation achieved under its auspices is useful and interesting. There is more room for party spirit in his account of the diplomatic action of the Bund and its relations to the internal affairs of its own members; but, on the whole, there

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(1) *Kaiser Akbar. Ein Versuch über die Geschichte Indiens im sechzehnten Jahrhundert.* Von Graf F. A. von Noer. Lief. 1. Leiden: Brill. London: Williams & Norgate.

(2) *Die Garde des russischen Zaren auf der Strasse nach Sophia am 12 October* 1877. Von E. W. Bogdanovitsch, General-Major. Uebersetzt von Pochhammer. Hannover: Helwing. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Die Nation und der Bundestag. Ein Beitrag zur deutschen Geschichte.* Von Karl Fischer. Leipzig: Fues. London: Williams & Norgate.

is no great reason for dissenting from his view of the institution, which, under the guise of promoting, was established to prevent the unity of Germany.

The relations of the Hanse Towns to the Scandinavian kingdoms (4) in the fourteenth century afford an interesting but obscure subject of research. When not actually at war the parties were generally occupied by financial and commercial disputes, which Dr. Denicke has done his best to render intelligible.

A series of "Historical Studies," edited by W. Arndt and others (5), promises to throw considerable light on the more obscure portions of Germany history. The first number is devoted to an account of the work of Wido, Bishop of Ferrara, an adherent of the Antipope Clement III., against Hildebrand's claims to the Papacy. It is remarkable that Hildebrand's case is so fairly put by his antagonist as to have led some to suppose Wido to have been in fact his concealed partisan. The second number contains the history of Günther von Schwarzburg, the unsuccessful competitor of Charles IV. for the Imperial crown.

A new statistical annual, edited by Dr. J. Minoprio (6), promises to develop into a publication of importance. The economical department is that which the compiler has had more especially in view; and the financial, industrial, and commercial statistics are in most instances apparently very full. The German Empire has naturally received particular attention. Many items are given which one would not have expected to find, such as the names of banks in Italy and the number of booksellers in Switzerland. Other matters, not strictly economical but still bearing on the subject, and which might easily have been ascertained, are omitted, such as the strength and cost of the regular military establishment in all countries. The accuracy of some minor details seems questionable. It is mysterious to us how the compiler should have been able to determine that the population of the Chinese province of Fo-kien is neither more nor less than twenty-two millions seven hundred and ninety-nine thousand five hundred and fifty-six; and we are quite at a loss how to reconcile his statement that the Honduras Government devotes half its revenue to the redemption of its debt with the current Stock Exchange price of that insecurity.

Agrippa (7), according to Pliny, placed a colossal map for public inspection in Rome, embodying the most accurate geographical knowledge of his time. From an examination of the principal mediæval maps preserved to us, Dr. Philippi is led to conclude that they imply a common original extant before the end of the fourth century, and he further thinks that this may have been the map of Agrippa.

Dr. Karl Benrath, whose Life of Bernardino Ochino is one of the most important of recent contributions to the history of the Reformation, has performed another most acceptable service by the republication of the anonymous "Sum of Holy Scripture" (8), a work widely circulated in its own day, and full of freshness and interest even now. It appears to have been most widely influential in England, where at least five editions were published, and in Italy, where it excited the most deadly animosity of the ecclesiastical authorities. The original text, however, was neither English nor Italian, and after a careful inquiry Professor Benrath decides that it was in all probability Dutch; partly on account of the reference to convents of Sisters of Charity, which at that time existed only in the Netherlands. This conclusion is further corroborated by the authority of Anthony à Wood. The authorship is quite uncertain. Dr. Benrath hesitatingly conjectures that the book may be from the pen of a minister named Bommelius, who, more than thirty years afterwards, mentions that he had composed a work with a very similar title. It appears, however, that Bommelius had only been admitted to priest's orders in 1522, and the treatise certainly seems to denote greater maturity of mind than could well be expected from a person presumably so young. The tone of the little treatise is in every sense of the term evangelical; the diction is clear, spirited, and in every way adapted for popular perusal even at this day, uncompromising and occasionally vehement, but free from railing and rancour. The kernel of it is the assertion of the doctrine of justification by faith alone, with respect to which the author's position is entirely Lutheran. Transubstantiation is hardly alluded to, and the writer's attitude is in many respects more conservative than it would probably have been at a later period of the controversy. Monastic vows, for instance, are not wholly discountenanced, although their abuses are severely condemned, and the suggestion is made that they should be forbidden to persons under the age of thirty.

Dr. von Schulte's history of the literature of ecclesiastical law in Germany and Austria (9), although but an extract from a larger work, is still a book of considerable compass and importance, and a good deal more than a mere bibliography. Short biographical notices of the various authors are given when their lives present any particulars of interest, and they are sometimes accompanied with criticisms on their labours. One especially useful feature of the book is the full treatment accorded to the living jurists of Germany.

The late Professor Beck's lectures on the pastoral theology of the New Testament (10) show fervour conjoined with good sense, and a remarkable talent for enlivening and diversifying the subject.

Dr. Hugo Weiss's bibliography of David (11) is to some extent an apologetic performance; but the writer has judiciously not allowed discussion to prevail over narrative. If in some respects more of an advocate than an historian, and if disposed to pass much too lightly over his hero's questionable actions when anything like a supernatural sanction can be pleaded for them, his view is nevertheless nearer the truth than that of the writers whom he principally controverts, and his narrative is enriched by constant references to the results of modern research in history and philology.

It is hardly probable that the claims of Smyrna to be the birthplace of Homer ever obtained an impartial hearing at Colophon; and it may be suspected that the scarcely less celebrated controversy respecting the authorship of the "Imitatio" owes much of its obstinacy to national feeling and the prepossessions of religious communities. It is most natural that Dr. Cölestin Wolfsgrüber (12), as a Benedictine, should vindicate the claim of Giovanni Gersen, who was undoubtedly a Benedictine too, if he ever was anything. One serious impediment in Gersen's way has always been the difficulty of proving his existence. We are unable to discover that Dr. Wolfsgrüber has made any addition to the testimony already extant. The personality of Gersen, his dignity as Abbot of Vercelli, and his authorship of the "Imitation" still rest, as they always have rested, upon the assertions of anonymous copyists two centuries after the date at which he is supposed to have flourished. Admitting, however, his existence early in the thirteenth century, his utter disappearance from observation for so long a period is only less destructive of his case than absolute proof that he never lived. During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries not a single authenticated manuscript of the "Imitatio" can be produced. Towards the middle of the fifteenth century manuscripts become exceedingly numerous. What conclusion is possible, but that the book was composed about that time? And, if so, the more satisfactorily Giovanni Gersen is proved to have flourished two centuries earlier, the more irresistible is the inference that the "Imitatio" is not his work. While making the most he can of the slender evidence available on his own side of the question, Dr. Wolfsgrüber renders no justice to the strong points of his opponents' case. He takes no notice of Dr. Hirsche's remarkable discovery that the manuscript of 1441 is punctuated by Thomas à Kempis's own hand in a manner which, in the opinion of many, decisively proves the identity of the copyist and the author. He gives with apparent fairness a list of the Germanisms supposed to be recognized in the Latinity of the "Imitatio," but omits all reference to the far more striking Belgicisms pointed out by Malou, which demonstrate, if anything can, that the writer was not merely a Teuton, but a Netherlander. Any palæographic evidence on his own side appears good enough for him, and he does not seem to suspect the condemnation tacitly involved in a reliance upon palæographic verdicts now two centuries old, which, so far as can be discovered, no palæographer of reputation has confirmed since.

It is to be regretted that the late Professor Cybulski's meritorious lectures on the Polish poetry of the nineteenth century (13) were not prepared for the press by himself. In this case we should probably have had a compact manual instead of a number of diffuse orations, perfectly in their place as addressed to a class of Polish students, but much too copious for the patience of a public that is but too prone to ignore Polish literature altogether. A considerable part of the work, for example, is occupied with a criticism of the Messianic hallucinations of the great Polish poet Mickiewicz, legitimate and seasonable at the time, but interesting to no one at this day. Cybulski's remarks on Panslavism have a more permanent value, and indicate clearly why patriotic Poles refuse their sympathy to this specious disguise of Pan-Russianism. The more strictly literary criticism appears to be in general sound and good. It cannot be a matter of surprise that the author's high estimate of the poets he characterizes is rarely borne out by the obviously inadequate translations. With every drawback, these pages still afford sufficient evidence of the indestructible vitality of Polish literature and of the national feeling which underlies it. Cybulski himself was a native of the Duchy of Posen, who, having emigrated to join the insurrection of 1831 in Russian Poland, paid for his patriotism by three years' imprisonment in Russia after its defeat, and six months' further confinement in a Prussian fortress after his return. Having thus acquitted his military obligations to his country, he devoted the rest of his

(4) *Die Hansestädte, Dänemark und Norwegen von 1369 bis 1376.* Von Dr. Harry Denicke. Halle: Niemeyer. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Historische Studien.* Herausgegeben von W. Arndt, C. von Noorden, &c. Hft. 1, 2. Leipzig: Veit & Co. London: Williams & Norgate.

(6) *Jahrbuch für Volks- und Staatswirthschaft aller Länder der Erde.* Herausgegeben von Dr. J. Minoprio. Jahrg. 1. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *Zur Reconstruction der Weltkarte des Agrippa.* Von Dr. F. Philippi. Marburg: Elwert. London: Nutt.

(8) *Die Summa der Heiligen Schrift. Ein Zeugniss aus dem Zeitalter der Reformation für die Rechtfertigung aus dem Glauben.* Herausgegeben von Karl Benrath. Leipzig: Fernau. London: Williams & Norgate.

(9) *Die Geschichte der Quellen und Literatur des Evangelischen Kirchenrechts in Deutschland und Oesterreich.* Von Dr. J. F. von Schulte. Stuttgart: Enke. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Pastorallehren des Neuen Testaments.* Von Dr. J. T. Beck. Herausgegeben von B. Riggenbach. Gütersloh: Bertelsmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

(11) *David und seine Zeit. Historisch exegetische Studien vornehmlich zu den Büchern Samuel's.* Von Dr. H. Weiss. Münster: Theissing. London Williams & Norgate.

(12) *Giovanni Gersen, sein Leben und sein Werk De Imitatione Christi.* Von Dr. C. Wolfsgrüber. Mit Facsimiles mehrerer wichtiger Codices Manuscripti. Augsburg: Huttler. London: Williams & Norgate.

(13) *Geschichte der Polnischen Dichtkunst in der ersten Hälfte des laufenden Jahrhunderts.* Von Dr. Adalbert Cybulski. 2 Bde. Posen: Zupanski. London: Williams & Norgate.

life to the comparative philology of the Slavonic languages, and the diffusion of a knowledge of Polish literature among Prussians and Prussian Poles, ultimately obtaining a chair in the University of Breslau, where he died in 1867.

Homer's Golden Chain (14) was an alchemical book which Goethe mentions having studied together with Fräulein von Klettenberg. Herr Kopp, the historian of early chemistry, investigates the probable signification of the title, and informs us that the work was published in 1723, and republished as late as 1781 under the designation of *The Ring of Plato.* The author was probably an Austrian physician named Kirchberger.

Herr Jean Bernard's selections from the mediæval poetry of Germany (15) are judiciously made, and, being mostly brief, are well adapted to be remembered by the scholar, and to accustom the student to the archaic vocabulary and grammar with which he must grapple. The quaint type, however, although from one point of view well matched with the crabbed text, is so trying to the eyes as to create a serious and needless impediment to the student.

The "Saint" of C. F. Meyer's romance (16) is Thomas à Becket. The author has sufficient talent and historical knowledge to depict the period with accuracy; but he has not sufficient imagination to vivify his picture, and his well-written story is in general somewhat tame.

The most generally interesting contribution to the recent numbers of the *Russian Review* (17) is an analysis of the correspondence of Catharine II. with Baron Grimm, recently published by the Academy of History at St. Petersburg. When it is stated that this correspondence lasted twenty-three years, and that Catharine's share of it, which is the only portion published, fills 700 pages octavo, some idea will be formed of its extent and interest. It appears to represent the great Empress in general upon her most favourable side, as a kind and considerate friend, a munificent patron, and endowed with a remarkable cheerfulness and equanimity of temperament. In this respect, as well as in her literary amateurship, she presents a striking analogy to her great contemporary Warren Hastings, but her taste and performances in literature were much superior to his. Her references to the French Revolution, even in its earliest stages, show that her acquaintance with philosophers had failed to give her the slightest idea of constitutionalism, and that she only comprehended government as an enlightened despotism. From this point of view she speaks of her efforts to improve the condition of her own people with a legitimate pride, though it is clear that she greatly overrated their success. Her references to her contemporaries are frequently by no means flattering, but her dislike is devoid of rancour, except perhaps in the case of Gustavus III. of Sweden. Another very interesting paper is that by Professor Schulze in support of Stephani's theory of the late and barbarous origin of the objects discovered at Mycenæ by Dr. Schliemann. Many ingenious arguments are adduced, but there is no attempt to meet the great difficulty of the entire absence of the coins and other objects of unquestionably recent date which a plundering horde under the later Roman Empire could not have failed to leave behind it.

The most important contribution to the *Rundschau* (18) is one on a Russian subject. Under the title of "The Precursors of Nihilism," an anonymous writer, who will easily be recognized as a former contributor to this periodical, gives an account of the conspiracy of Potraschewski in 1848, mainly founded on the official report, the greater part of which is cited. The plot was socialistic, and may be regarded as a symptom of a revolutionary ferment among the half-educated classes of the Empire, although it was as yet far from having assumed the portentous features of Nihilism. Theodore Storm is one of the best German writers of novelettes, and his "Senator's Sons," a story of old German times in an old German seaport, promises to rank among his best efforts. Heyse's translations of Manzoni's sacred odes and hymns are admirable in point of form, although the poems themselves are more remarkable for style than substance. Some juvenile letters of the philologist Hase, a German long domiciled in Paris, graphically describe his journey thither in the days of the Consulate. The French people were then at the height of good humour with their recent victories and the improvement in their social condition effected by the Revolution, and still considered themselves sound Republicans, but Hase remarked that the appellation "citizen" was everywhere dying out.

(14) *Aurea Catena Homeri.* Von Hermann Kopp. Braunschweig: Vieweg. London: Williams & Norgate.

(15) *Aus alter Zeit. Eine Gedankensammlung aus der ersten Blüthezeit deutscher Literatur.* Herausgegeben von J. Bernard. Leipzig: Wartig. London: Nutt.

(16) *Der Heilige.* Novelle. Von C. F. Meyer. Leipzig: Hässel. London: Nutt.

(17) *Russische Revue: Monatschrift für die Kunde Russlands.* Jahrg. 9. Hft. 5–8. St. Petersburg: Schmitzdorff. London: Nutt.

(18) *Deutsche Rundschau.* Jahrg. 7. Hft. 1. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

An unintentional inaccuracy occurred in the review of the "Dictionary of Christian Antiquities" which appeared in our last number. The author of the essay on Money is not, as we said, "Mr. Keary, of the British Museum, assisted by Mr. Babington," but Mr. F. W. Madden, assisted by Mr. Keary and Dr. Babington.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE GOVERNMENT AND THE ANARCHISTS.

MR. PARNELL announces that, in consequence of the intended prosecution, he will no longer deprecate murder or violence. If it had been true that he had at any time attempted to check the crimes for which he is morally responsible, his present declaration would be an admission that he was henceforth a willing accomplice of assassins. He has, in fact, never expressed the faintest objection to the proceedings of his disciples except in the form of occasional denials of the necessity of murder. Any adherent of the Land League who differed from Mr. PARNELL as to the need of killing a landlord might quote his authority in support of the principle that all measures required for the expropriation of landowners are intrinsically justifiable. A speaker who followed Mr. PARNELL said without remonstrance on the part of his leader, that if tenants were to shoot landlords like partridges in September, he for one would never object. To give practical point to his doctrines, the orator proceeded to denounce a particular land agent by name; and the audience, as might be expected, cried out that he must be shot. Perhaps the most offensive incident of a meeting remarkable for its violence was the production of a letter from the Roman Catholic Bishop of the diocese, confirming the allegation that the tenant-farmers suffer intolerable grievances, and ending with a sanctimonious warning against any deviation from the paths of justice and morality. An exhortation to shoot landlords like partridges may be more wicked than a formal protest against a deviation from morality in the form of murder; but it is perhaps less contemptible. The Church which on the Continent affects to be the great bulwark against anarchy, has, either through complicity or through cowardice, scandalously failed in the duty of resisting the lawlessness of its devotees in Ireland.

As the conspiracy becomes daily more formidable, stronger doubts are entertained as to the wisdom of the Government policy. In the most favourable event of a verdict for the Crown, the chief ringleaders will be sentenced to various terms of imprisonment; and some of them perhaps will not be sorry to find themselves in a safe retreat at the moment when they might otherwise be expected to head the insurrection which they have done their best to prepare. Their places will be instantly filled by ambitious substitutes, glad of the opportunity of acquiring notoriety in their turn. The extravagant language of their principals will be, if possible, exceeded, in the well-founded confidence that the elaborate machinery of a State prosecution will not be employed repeatedly or against obscure offenders. In the meantime the outrages which embody the purpose of incendiary speeches will increase in frequency and atrocity, and the combination against payment of rent may probably spread through the whole of Ireland. The assumption that an honest verdict will to a certain extent vindicate the supremacy of law is, by general acknowledgment, more than doubtful. The jurors will, even if they are upright and loyal, need courage to defy the intimidation to which they will be exposed. Modern Liberal legislation has succeeded in deteriorating the jury panels, which consequently inspire little confidence, even when no political issue is raised. A Dublin jury will probably not acquit the defendants in the teeth of sufficient evidence; but a single dissentient, through sympathy or through fear, may secure impunity to the accused. After a first failure, ultimate success would become more improbable, and a second trial would produce intolerable delay. While no good subject would willingly impede the action of the Government, Mr. FORSTER may be surprised to find that the prosecution is but faintly approved either by his supporters or his opponents. One section of the party perhaps still sympathizes with the objects, though not with the methods, of the agitators; but the objection to an appeal to the criminal law in which Conservatives and moderate Liberals concur is that the remedy is too weak for the disease. The arrest and intended prosecution of HEALY, who is called Mr. PARNELL's secretary, results from an information laid by a tenant-farmer whom he had publicly threatened with outrage. The same agitator denounced to an excited meeting by name Mr. HUTCHINS, whom the voluntary auxiliaries of the Land League had already attempted to murder. It will be interesting to learn whether conviction for a crime which cannot be adequately punished is possible in the present state of Ireland.

As the preparations for the trial for conspiracy will take some time, it is to be hoped that the Government will not obstinately bind itself to abstain from the simultaneous employment of more stringent measures of precaution or defence. Two provisions of former Coercion Acts are urgently required. The Habeas Corpus Act ought to be suspended, and the disaffected population should be as far as possible disarmed. It is at least impossible to understand any objection which could be raised to the prohibition of the sale of arms. The most pedantic and puzzle-headed of constitutional puritans could scarcely persuade himself that the acquisition of instruments of murder is a sacred and indefeasible right. A Government which has not courage to prevent the sale of rifles and bayonets that are to be used against itself and against the peaceable part of the community must be almost too imbecile for contempt. A correspondent of the *Times* has published a curious illustration of the extent to which factious selfishness may deter a Government from the performance of the plainest duty. In 1846, when murder and violence were almost as rampant as at the present day, Lord JOHN RUSSELL, who had just succeeded to office by a discreditable coalition with Lord GEORGE BENTINCK against Sir ROBERT PEEL's Coercion Bill, would have allowed anarchy to continue unchecked, if Lord CLARENDON had not threatened to resign his office of Lord-Lieutenant unless he were armed with the necessary powers. In the present year the new Government deliberately refused to renew the Peace Preservation Act; but the consistency of Ministers is on the whole less important than life and property. There seems to be no reason why a prosecution for breach of the ordinary law should interfere with an application to Parliament for exceptional powers. Even if the two modes of proceeding were deemed incompatible, it is a more urgent duty to deal directly with anarchy and sedition than to punish past offences. It may be an interesting experiment to try whether the law which is openly and systematically defied is really powerless; but the business of statesmen is not to solve speculative problems, but to protect the community. Even if the Ministers were incapable of thinking of any interests except those of themselves and their party, they

would be well advised in trying to resume the abandoned task of governing Ireland. Their countrymen prefer the safety of society to the sanctity of constitutional cant.

Notwithstanding the common form in which official speakers recite their abhorrence of extraordinary legislation, only the enemies of order and justice and the sympathizers with the Land League doubt the expediency of silencing the demagogues, and of locking actual up or intending murderers, if it is impossible to convict them. If landlords are placed by modern Jacobins outside the pale of the law, poor tenants who may have offended against the agrarian code have some claim to compassion. Like ancient Oriental conquerors, Mr. PARNELL'S virtuous clients punish women and children for the offences of culprits who have ventured to pay their rent. The perpetrators of outrages are not unfrequently known, and the more deliberate murders are generally committed by hired assassins from a distance. In former years of disturbance it has been found that the imprisonment of a few persons reasonably suspected has almost put an end to crimes of violence in a district. It is of course possible that in some cases supposed criminals may be unjustly accused; but there is not the smallest risk of intentional injustice, or even of frequent mistakes. If an innocent person by some infrequent error were to suffer a short imprisonment, his sufferings would be more tolerable than the tortures inflicted by the disciples of the Land League on contumacious tenant-farmers. In the Cabinet Councils which are about to begin, the state of Ireland will be the most pressing subject of consideration. The Ministers, as Lord CLONCURRY observes in his letter, will incur a grave responsibility if they decline to provide themselves with the powers which are by universal consent urgently and immediately required. It is scarcely possible that they should in present circumstances revive Mr. FORSTER'S ill-judged threat of a Disturbance Bill to be used as a set off against a Peace Preservation Act; yet Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S language at Birmingham is not a little alarming. The recent agitation and the atrocities by which it has been accompanied are not, even by the demagogues themselves, attributed to oppressive evictions. It is on behalf of the tenant who remains undisturbed in his holding that the Land League claims perpetual possession and exemption from liability to payment of rent. There is no longer any pretext of agricultural distress to be used in excuse of irregular and unconstitutional projects of legislation. The impartiality which places on an equal footing the wrongdoer and the victim will not now be plausible or popular. It would seem that the rupture between the Government and Mr. PARNELL is complete, as he has resorted to the coarse practice of O'CONNELL by giving Mr. FORSTER a foolish nickname. Perhaps the trodden worm will turn, though it declined to resent worse injuries inflicted on other sufferers.

AFGHANISTAN.

THE report of a new rising in Cabul and of the murder of the AMEER has not as yet been confirmed. On the other hand, the Government is not in a position to formally contradict this report. All that appears to be known is that on the 16th—a fortnight ago—things were quiet at Cabul. Communication with Cabul is so completely suspended that the Indian authorities know nothing of what may take place there until, at any rate, many days have passed. All that can be said is that the report comes from a quarter which has shown itself on other occasions to be exceptionally well informed; and, as experience has shown, intelligence is spread through the native population in India in some mysterious manner, and with a rapidity which outstrips the imperfect means of European communication. Still, it must be said that, if the events took place at the date at which they must have taken place for the intelligence to have reached Lahore through any secret channel, enough time has now passed to make it strange that none of those who would have been endangered by an insurrection should have made their way to the shelter of the British lines. The balance of probability is therefore, perhaps, against the report being true; and we may hope to hear that ABDURRAHMAN is at this hour as firmly established at Cabul as he ever was. But every one who heard the report in England at once felt that there was nothing impossible or intrinsically improbable in the report. An insurrection and the murder of the reigning prince are incidents in the history of Cabul so familiar and frequent that there was nothing extraordinary in their befalling the last new man who has set himself up there. And if the report was assumed to be true, it was natural to ask whether we had been wise in giving up so quickly our hold on Cabul, withdrawing all support from the AMEER of our choice, and leaving him to take his own chance. A little reflection will show that, even if the AMEER had been overpowered and murdered, his fate would have been no argument against the wisdom of the policy adopted. If we had chosen, we might, by a sufficient expenditure of life and money, have annexed, not only Cabul, but all the dominion formerly belonging to SHERE ALI. We decided against annexation; and if Afghanistan was not to be annexed, it must be left to itself. A chief had to be found who offered a fair promise of being able to hold his own as a native independent prince. When we found such a man as ABDURRAHMAN we had to take care that he should be at once invested openly with the character which he was ready to assume, and which we wished he should assume. An independent Ameer under the guard of English guns is a contradiction in terms; and every day we remained at Cabul would have strengthened the impression that ABDURRAHMAN was not an Afghan chief, but one of those wretched pocket-princes of the English who are sure to perish the moment they are left to themselves. To have guarded ABDURRAHMAN for some months more and then left him would have been to have given him not a better but a worse chance. It was only by being regarded as really independent that he had any prospect of not being overpowered and murdered; and if, after all, fortune has gone against him, we shall at least have the satisfaction of having placed him in the only position which could give him the possibility of a better fate.

General PRIMROSE has at last told the story of the sortie from Candahar of the 16th of September. Why the sortie was made, what it was supposed that it could do, and what good it had done, were all puzzles awaiting the solution which no one but the General in command could give. General PRIMROSE now tells us the general result. The sortie was a brilliant success. He also tells us how that brilliant success was obtained. It was won by sending British troops beyond supporting distance into a village which they could not hold, by despatching cavalry to cover which had to be hastily withdrawn, and by leaving the British dead some days on the field of fight without any one daring to bring them in for burial. In what, then, did the brilliant success consist? Simply and solely in one thing. The British troops learnt not to be afraid of the Ghazis. From an Afghan point of view it might have been thought that the result of the encounter was to teach the Ghazis not to be afraid of the English. But then this had been already accomplished at Maiwand. It was the courage of those fighting under the British flag that now required a fillip. So low had their spirits sunk, that they could be strengthened and nerved by being sent in and out of a village to be picked off through loopholes, by finding the assistant cavalry suddenly withdrawn, and by looking for some days on the unburied bodies of their fallen comrades. These were things that, under other circumstances, might have been supposed likely to depress rather than elate; but the heads of our soldiers had only room for one proud triumphant thought. They had actually dared to stand up to the terrible Ghazi. It had been positively and definitely ascertained that when the British soldier and the Ghazi met the British soldier need not, and would not, shrink. This was the priceless result of the sortie, and so long as it was gained everything else was immaterial. General PRIMROSE describes himself as having supposed that other ends would be served by the sortie. He wanted to ascertain where the main strength of AYOOB'S artillery was placed. In point of fact, he learnt nothing as to the position of the enemy's artillery. Then, again, the investment of Candahar was almost completed, and General PRIMROSE wished to break the ring. The sortie produced no kind of impression on the investing force, and it was not until eight days afterwards that AYOOB shifted his position, and left the road by which General PHAYRE was to advance comparatively open. It was the approach of General ROBERTS and the oncoming of General PHAYRE that caused AYOOB to move, and the sortie had not affected him in any way. One thing, and one thing only, had

been gained, and that was the restoration of British courage to the fighting point.

It must not be assumed that General PRIMROSE was wrong. It is sometimes necessary to make a fight, otherwise useless, for the mere purpose of giving tone to an army. It is obvious that, after the disaster of Maiwand, the British army at Candahar, beginning with the General himself, was in a state of utter panic. The British troops had unquestionably been beaten by the Ghazis, and driven headlong from a battlefield of their own choosing. General PRIMROSE immediately telegraphed that the army of his colleague had been annihilated, shut himself up in the citadel of Candahar, and patiently waited to see what would come next. He felt and acted like the General of conquered troops which can only be taught by degrees to do something against the conqueror. He felt and behaved, in fact, just as French generals behaved after the crushing victories of the Germans. Even if the general issue of the war could not be altered, the French commanders thought that it was worth while to throw away some lives in order to teach Frenchmen that they could dare to fight their awful conquerors. A panic-stricken general, commanding panic-stricken troops, may be acting according to his best lights if he orders such a sortie as that of the 16th of September, and may be perfectly natural and honest in speaking of it as a success. But it was a kind of success that after it was won must have given and must still give great satisfaction to the Afghans. How they were defeated by General ROBERTS they know perfectly well, and we know in detail, now that the despatches in which General ROBERTS describes the engagement have been published. The Afghans were defeated in a pitched battle by a large body of picked, hardened troops, led by a General of the highest fame and the most brilliant capacity, when every military precaution was taken, and everything that forethought and science could order was carried out to the letter. Against such a leader and such an army Afghans cannot hope to make a stand. But, on the whole, they are, as it is said, satisfied with AYOOB'S campaign. They think more of Maiwand than of the victory of General ROBERTS, and possibly they may think more of the siege of Candahar than even of Maiwand. To have got an English General to describe a sortie as a brilliant success because it taught his soldiers to face Afghan troops is perhaps the greatest triumph Orientals have won over Europeans. It may be technically right that, in furnishing information to his superiors, General PRIMROSE should have given vent to the artless promptings of his modest mind; but the simple story of British panic is not only painful to read, but causes many misgivings as to the effect it may produce when it is read throughout the East, and passed from mouth to mouth by boasting Afghans.

GREECE AND EUROPE.

THE change of Ministry in Greece immediately after the opening of the Assembly has not been fully explained. If the constitutional practice of representative government is strictly followed at Athens, Mr. TRICOUPIS must have been responsible for the warlike language of the KING. If, on the other hand, the Royal Speech was altered from the draft of the Minister, the Cabinet had no choice but to resign. The transaction is the more remarkable because it is believed that there is at present no difference of opinion between Mr. TRICOUPIS and Mr. KOUMOUNDOUROS. Both probably share the national feeling, and all Greek politicians who are candidates for office must at present use the popular language. Those among them who may claim the character of statesmen probably reserve to themselves, when they threaten immediate war, the choice of time and opportunity. It is no imputation on the courage of themselves or their countrymen to assume that there is for the moment no serious purpose of attempting to execute the decrees of the Berlin Conference. But for the anomalous relations of the States of South-Eastern Europe, the KING'S announcement of warlike designs would have been not only impolitic, but dangerous. If Turkey had been really independent, the challenge might have been properly answered by an immediate declaration of war, to be followed by a more effectual naval demonstration than that of the allied squadron in the Adriatic. In the present state of affairs the KING and his advisers knew that the announcement of a warlike policy would be attended with immunity from all troublesome consequences, unless menaces were embodied in acts. The Porte has too many embarrassments on hand to begin unnecessarily a war in which victory would not lead to any valuable acquisition. The Turkish fleet might damage the Greek ports; but the most favourable result of a war would be the retention of Thessaly and Epirus, which need not be defended till they are threatened with immediate attack.

The advocates of the Greek cause, from the KING and his Ministers to the Greek residents who write letters to London newspapers, can scarcely be blamed for the inaccurate version of recent diplomatic proceedings in which they all concur. The European Governments, and especially England, are told that they have promised Greece a certain extension of territory, and that, if they fail to fulfil their undertaking, they will be morally responsible for the risks and losses which their deserted client may incur in executing their decision. The most plausible pretext for the complaint is the Conference of Berlin, which was assembled to discharge the anomalous function of an arbitrator acting on a one-sided submission. The Porte had ratified, by acquiescence, the vague recommendations of the Congress of 1878, having afterwards engaged in desultory and probably insincere negotiations for the settlement of the new frontier. If the litigation were conducted according to the principles of jurisprudence, the Government of the SULTAN would be held to the admission that some territorial readjustment is necessary and just. It was not, indeed, to be expected that Turkish diplomatists should acknowledge the superiority of Greek civilization to their own, or the discontent of the population which was to be relieved from alien rule. It was enough for the purpose to allow that, at the end of a great and disastrous war, it had for sufficient reasons become expedient to make concessions to a State which had taken no part in the contest. The Greek kingdom and its allies or protectors had established an indisputable right to the surrender by Turkey of the whole or part of Thessaly and Epirus. Indeed, within the last month, the Porte has in an elaborate Note offered to concede a part of the territory in dispute, though it still refuses to withdraw from Janina and other important points. The claim of the Greek Government to the larger cession is founded exclusively on the decision of the Congress of Berlin, to which the SULTAN was no party. The unanimous demand of the Great Powers is entitled to political and moral weight; but, if the independence of minor States is to be respected, it has no validity in international law. A war undertaken for the enforcement of the Berlin award would be neither more nor less justifiable than many other contests for objects which seem to the belligerents desirable and expedient. The French war with Austria in 1859 was approved by many English politicians because it promoted the liberation of Italy from foreign rule. Another party censured the disturbance of established order for purposes selected at the discretion of the aggressor. All the world sympathized with CAVOUR and VICTOR EMMANUEL; and Lord PALMERSTON and Lord JOHN RUSSELL, with their followers, extended their approval to NAPOLEON III.; but it would have been almost impossible to find an intelligent Englishman who would have consented to the active participation of his own country in the war. An invasion of Turkey for the purpose of extending the dominions of the Greek kingdom would be in many respects analogous to the supposed policy of an alliance with France in 1859 against Austria. It may be doubted whether the popularity of Mr. GLADSTONE would survive such an enterprise; and it certainly would excite no enthusiasm if it took the form of a sequestration of the Customs revenues of Smyrna.

Mr. THEODORE RALLI and other hasty patriots have imprudently attempted to impose on the English nation and Government a responsibility which rests on a fiction. The KING himself countenances the statement that during the Russian war Greece was induced to abstain from seizure of the coveted territory by assurances on the part of the English Minister at Athens that a pacific policy would be rewarded at the peace by the enforced cession of the districts. Even the most zealous supporters of the Greek cause shrink from the further statement that Janina, Metzovo, and Prevesa were specifically mentioned as part of the territory which was to be acquired. The misstatement, which is perhaps repeated

in good faith, has been long since exposed. It is true that the English Government of the time dissuaded the Greeks from making an attack on Turkey in its extreme need which could have no moral or legal justification. The good counsel which was given may perhaps not have been suggested by exclusive regard to Greek interests; but it was enforced by the conclusive argument that in such a struggle the Greeks would be exposed to imminent danger. The Turks, as against the Russians, were masters of the sea, and their fleet was not at any time during the war fully employed. An invasion of Thessaly would have been immediately followed by the bombardment of the Greek ports without possibility of retaliation. It is also doubtful whether an invasion of Turkish territory by Greek [illegible]ies would have been successful. In Epirus, if not in Thessaly, indigenous resistance might probably have proved too much for the invaders. Much excuse is to be made for zeal in a national cause, especially when, as in the present instance, the instinct of patriotism coincides with a just estimate of the general welfare; but Greek advocates will not be well advised in claiming as a right the aid which they may probably not solicit in vain as a favour.

It is not necessary to accept literally the statement of the new PRIME MINISTER to the Chamber, that the Greek Government intends to rely on itself, and not to depend exclusively on the policy of the Great Powers. It would be impossible to obtain either the support of the country or the necessary Parliamentary sanction for the maintenance and increase of the army, except by professed readiness for war. The reasons against a hasty rupture with Turkey seem at a distance to be conclusive; but in political calculations it is never safe to rely on apparent expediency or even on probability. It is, after all, possible that the Greek army may, without ostensible allies, be ordered to cross the frontier. There would perhaps be no serious difficulty in occupying the districts which the Turks have from the first professed their readiness to cede. It is not likely that great military preparations have been made in Thessaly or in the southern part of Epirus; and the Greek commander might perhaps be directed not to attack immediately the strong positions in which he might encounter both the Albanians and the Turkish regular troops. If war is declared, the decisive measure will probably indicate an understanding which is not otherwise known to exist between the Greeks and the other enemies of Turkey; yet the policy of an alliance with Bulgaria, or with Sclavonic insurgents in East Roumelia and Macedonia, would be highly questionable. There is some force in the suggestion that, to a great extent, the interests of the Greek nation, if not of the existing kingdom, may be reconciled with those of Turkey. There is no room for Greek influence or intellectual predominance in the wholly or partially emancipated provinces.

ITALY.

THE POPE'S speech removes any doubt as to what may be termed the permanent official view of the holders of the See of St. Peter as to the relations of the Papacy to the Kingdom of Italy. They are the views which not only LEO XIII., but every possible Pope, must necessarily hold. In real life everything depends on the mode in which the official holder of these views thinks right, or is guided by his own character or the circumstances of the time, to apply them. They may be equally held by a Pope who is an open adversary of Italy, or by one who asks the world to look on the agonies he is passively enduring, or by one who makes the best of bad things and acts in a spirit of conciliation and compromise. But if a Pope speaks of his position at all, he must at least speak of it in language as decisive as that used by LEO XIII. He has lost the temporal power enjoyed for centuries by his predecessors. He cannot affect not to deplore the loss, he cannot speak as if a wrong had not been done him, he cannot abandon his claim to have his own again. The special point, however, to which LEO XIII. now draws attention is the insufficiency of the substitute for the Temporal Power which has now been given him. He is asked by his adversaries to own that he has got all that he can reasonably want, and he entirely declines to admit that he has got anything of the kind. He is told that he is treated with every honour befitting his dignity. He replies that priests are insulted in Rome, and that a day of rejoicing has just been held to commemorate the awful hour when the sacrilegious troops of VICTOR EMMANUEL broke by force into his city and made themselves masters of Rome. He is told that his spiritual authority is unquestioned; and he replies that congregations formed to support him are broken up, that his bulls need an *exequatur* before they can run in Italy, and that the State claims to control his nominations to bishoprics. He is told that if he looks on Italian Rome he can see nothing to offend him openly; and he replies that Rome has under his very eyes been desecrated by such foul dens of heresy as Protestant churches being allowed to rise in its streets. A Pope would not be a Pope who did not mourn when rude men show their dislike of priests, who did not regard the forcible occupation of Rome as a wicked act, who did not take the side of the Church in the old quarrel about bulls and bishoprics, and who did not regard the erection of an heretical temple as an eyesore and an offence. But, although the present POPE is as decisive in speaking of these things as every Pope must be, the tone he adopts differs greatly from that habitually employed by his predecessor. There is nothing like spiritual thundering in his speech. There are no denunciations of the KING and people of Italy. He utters a quiet gentlemanly protest against the supposition that he has nothing to pardon and nothing to regret, and leaves the world outside the Vatican to go on much in its own way.

That portion of the world which comes nearest to him in his retreat will in a few days have such excitement and interest offered to it as is provided by the assembling of the Italian Parliament. It is not probable that when the Parliament meets it will have much time or thought to give to the POPE or his troubles. It will be occupied with asking the Government to explain and defend its policy at home and abroad. Nothing has happened in the recess which in any country but Italy would be thought likely to shake such confidence as is felt in the Ministry. Not even the best-informed Italians pretend to have any means of foretelling when a Ministry is going to fall, and the present Ministry may come any day to an end. But there seems to be nothing that has been done by it, or that has happened to it lately, to cause it immediate uneasiness. GARIBALDI has been at Genoa, but then he has gone away again. He has tendered the resignation of his seat as a deputy, but then he has withdrawn his resignation. The Government had the good sense to take his visit with extreme quietness. It paid him every respect, and allowed admiring crowds to cheer him, to follow him, and to sit all night outside an hotel where not a glimpse of him was to be seen. Not hurriedly, but in due course of time, the KING pardoned GARIBALDI'S son-in-law, whose short, but not uncomfortable, stay in prison would have been still shorter had not the eccentric idol of Italy thought proper to land at Genoa in the character of an avenging angel. The Government so managed matters that exactly the right amount of respect was paid at once to GARIBALDI and to the law. The breeze, if a faint flutter of hot wind deserves to be called a breeze, that sprang up between France and Italy about the acquisition of a railway in Tunis by an Italian Company, seems to have died away; and in the famous naval demonstration Italy took the part that became her. She did exactly as much and exactly as little as her neighbours, letting it be guessed, however, that, if she had to be guided by any Power, she would turn in preference to England. The troubles that await the Italian Ministry are domestic rather than foreign. It, like the English Liberal Ministries of old days, is haunted by the promise of a Reform Bill which it is equally unable to neglect and to frame. But, as usual, it is finance that again promises to be the crucial question of Italian politics; and this time, it is supposed, the question will assume a very large and important form. Italy is bound to the other members of the Latin Union to redeem, within a time which is fast running away, the small silver coins which have been driven out of the country by the forced paper currency. It is indispensable to the restoration of a sound state of Italian finance that the volume of this most objectionable currency should be diminished. But it can only be seriously diminished by a large outlay of money, which with Italy means a large loan. The credit of Italy is now good, and there has recently been a considerable rise in the price of the Italian funds. But in order to borrow largely, without affecting unfavourably the

national credit, it will be necessary to offer such a reasonable scheme of general finance that the Parliament and the nation will be satisfied that the proposed operation will be not only beneficial to the country, but well within its means. To draft such a scheme, to complete its details, and above all to get the Parliament to accept it, is a task so difficult that the MINISTER of FINANCE will cover himself and his colleagues with glory if he accomplishes it.

The death of Baron RICASOLI has swept another name off the roll of veteran Italian statesmen. In his later years Baron RICASOLI lived in retirement, but few men did more for Italy in his day. As dictator of Tuscany after the settlement of Villafranca, he carried, by the ascendency due to his high character and his unwavering firmness, the annexation of the Grand Duchy to Piedmont. When CAVOUR died, it was RICASOLI who was thought most fit to succeed him. When LA MARMORA went to take the command of the Italian army in the war of 1866, it was RICASOLI who was charged with the difficult duty of presiding over the Ministry which remained to watch how Venetia by arts or arms was to be won for Italy. It was by the zealous concert of the best men of all classes that the independence of Italy was won, and RICASOLI was one of the best specimens of Italian patriots who belonged to the ancient territorial aristocracy. Honourable to a scruple, calm, reserved, and almost stern, he won the lasting respect of his countrymen, of whose character he represented a side familiar of course to Italians, but unsuspected by those foreign critics who appear to evolve their conception of Italians out of the study of organ-grinders. The memory of another Italian statesman, who belonged in many respects to the same school as RICASOLI, has lately been revived by the unveiling of a monument erected at Barletta in honour of MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO. The best days of MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO were over before those of RICASOLI began. He had fought with CHARLES ALBERT in the war of 1848, and was the first Prime Minister of VICTOR EMMANUEL. It was he who first invited CAVOUR to a seat in the Cabinet, and he had the sense to see and the modesty to own that, with the little man at his side, he was one of those who reign but do not govern. When, years afterwards, CAVOUR sent the Piedmontese troops to the Crimea, MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO gave a hearty support to what seemed a very hazardous undertaking. If he did not contribute greatly to the establishment of Italian unity, he contributed very largely to make the kingdom of Piedmont fit to become the corner-stone of Italian unity; and Italian unity could never have been established had not Italy had, besides CAVOUR and patriotism, a King who deserved to reign over a great nation, and a band of statesmen round the King who had learnt experience, faced difficulties, and maintained sound and just principles in a small but free State. Other men like-minded, but necessarily with a different past, were found ready to work with the statesmen of Piedmont as one portion of Italy after another came into the fold; and Italy in a large measure became the Italy of VICTOR EMMANUEL because such men as RICASOLI were ready to take up the work of such men as MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO.

SPEECHES OF THE WEEK.

WITH the first snows have come the first political speeches of the winter. It is unusual, especially at a time which cannot be said to have been a quiet or uneventful time, for so little talking to be done as has been done as yet in this autumn. But the lateness of the Session; the absolute need of some rest which must have been felt by the most resolutely talkative of legislators; and a not unnatural feeling on the part of the Opposition that a superfluity of comment would weaken their case against the Government may probably account for the lull. It has, as we have said, been broken this week in good earnest. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has indeed spoken only on non-political topics. But, independently of the smaller fry, Lord SALISBURY for the Opposition, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN for the Government, and Mr. COWEN for the independent Liberals, have delivered themselves, the first two on both of the pressing questions of the hour, the third on Ireland only. Mr. COWEN's speech contained the mixture of shrewdness and "viewiness," of practical good sense and vague theoretical Radicalism, which is usual in his speeches. No one perhaps has gone more to the root of the matter than Mr. COWEN in his remark that it would strike most Englishmen as unfair that a tenant should be at liberty to get the highest price he could for his goodwill if a landlord was to be restricted in the rent he might ask. This is the sort of thing that everybody can understand, and that it would puzzle the adroitest Land Leaguer to answer in any manner likely to satisfy an impartial person. Yet at the same time Mr. COWEN is reported (though it must be confessed that the reports of his speech differ strangely) to have lauded the hopeless Land League plan of State purchase and gradual redemption by the tenants—a plan the absurdity of which Mr. P. J. SMYTH made manifest, though indeed the demonstration was not needed by any one who had the slightest knowledge of Irish history or of Irish character.

The speeches of the late Foreign Secretary and of the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE were naturally of more practical interest. In particular Mr. CHAMBERLAIN may be said to have slipped, purposely or unawares, into a declaration of some importance when he said that "the "Government were bound to find some means of giving "to the Irish tenants some right or interest in the soil "which they tilled, which should not be in the power of "absentee landlords." We do not know that anything quite so explicit has yet been said by any member of the Government, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN may be congratulated on the happy manner in which he has emulated his chief's peculiar knack of saying the unwisest things. For, if the tenants of absentee landlords are to have preferential advantages over the tenants of resident landlords, there is a clear inducement to drive the resident landlord out of the country. There are plenty of ears in Ireland quite open to hear and digest this teaching. Beyond a glowing description of the extraordinarily good time coming in regard to commercial matters, and an oratorical insinuation that Lord SANDON was a thief, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's other utterances were chiefly personal. It is interesting, no doubt, to know that the magic wand of the present Government, besides pacifying Ireland and finally settling the map of Eastern Europe, is going to quiet once for all the demands of Mr. PLIMSOLL, to set the relations of the Railway Companies and the public on an ideal basis, to perfect the Patent Laws, the Bankruptcy Laws, and a few other trifling "arrears of the late "Government," as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN put it, in a phrase which is a triumph of probably unintentional humour. But his hearers, no doubt, took still greater interest in the personal explanations of their member. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN gave Birmingham a lively history of his *nolo episcopari*, and of the considerations of public duty which made him submit to the painful process of being put above his dear friend Sir CHARLES DILKE. "It was a painful thing, a very "painful thing," as another person of eminence once remarked. But Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's sense of duty steeled him to bear it; and it is a singular instance of the goodness of the upper powers that men almost always have a sense of duty vouchsafed to them which steels them to bear similar inflictions. These revelations were no doubt intensely interesting to Birmingham, just as, had the matter been the other way, parallel revelations would no doubt have been intensely interesting to Chelsea. But the world at large may possibly, such is the irreverence of that world, contemplate them with less respect than amusement, mingled perhaps with a little surprise that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN should so openly show his opinion of the mental calibre of his constituents.

It has often been suggested that the recent inventions of Professor BELL and his rivals, if they could be thoroughly perfected, would enable cynical persons to enjoy a singularly delightful pastime. A telephonic arrangement by which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's words from Birmingham and Lord SALISBURY's from Taunton could have entered the right and left ears of a person able to employ both organs simultaneously, would certainly have provided this rarity. The PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE, to do him justice, did not attempt to discuss either Albanian or Irish questions at any length. As to the former he said that he had nothing to say, because the transparent openness of his Government rendered it perfectly unnecessary to say anything. Anybody who had heard or read their speeches last spring was, according to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, in just as good a position to know all about what they had been doing or were going to do as Mr. GLADSTONE's most trusted confidants. It is odd that Lord SALISBURY, who generally passes, even with his enemies, for a

man of some penetration, seems to be entirely unable to read these delightfully open riddles. Lord SALISBURY, it is to be observed, did not fall into the error into which it is in some quarters assumed that every hostile critic of the policy of the present Government must fall—the error of arguing against the Treaty of Berlin. He admits the strict legal obligation under which the SULTAN lies to cede Dulcigno, and only questions the wisdom of the violent, or apparently violent, enforcement of the cession, now that it is obvious that the persons aggrieved by it are not so much the SULTAN and his Ministers as the Albanians whose allegiance is transferred. But, if Lord SALISBURY had to tread with some wariness the labyrinth of the Berlin Treaty, the same cannot be said of his comments on the actual methods of persuasion resorted to by the Government, and on the still graver question of the probable extension of those methods to objects of much more importance than the transference of a hamlet on the sea-coast from very valiant and uncivilized persons who do not cut off the lips and noses of their prisoners to very valiant and uncivilized persons who do. In the absolute secresy in which the Government have wrapped up their intentions—perhaps, after all, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is not far wrong, for the speeches of last winter and spring are nearly as effective hiding-places as the proverbial bottle of hay for the proverbial needle—no one knows what is to be done in Thessaly any more than what is being done in Albania. No one can pretend—or rather, as that is in these days a rash assertion, let us say that no one can succeed in showing—that the Berlin Treaty binds the SULTAN to give one foot of land to Greece, or that the Powers are entitled by that treaty to enforce the giving, even with guns half of which at least are warranted not to go off. Yet the interest and importance which Lord SALISBURY attaches to the knowledge of what is to be done in this thorny matter can hardly be thought exaggerated, now that the sons of the Greeks are writing brave words about Christian armies and such like things. It is true that it is rather a habit of the sons of the Greeks to write and speak brave words; perhaps they hope to establish their parentage by the trait.

As the winter advances we must look forward, no doubt, to a great increase of such eloquence. We wish we could look forward to a diminution in the gravity of the events which are likely to call it forth. It is unfortunate, but unavoidable, that the discussion must more than ever take the form of recrimination. "You are "carrying on secret transactions," says the one party. "So did you when you were in office," says the other. Of course the retort is hopelessly weak in the circumstances; but this is of less importance than the unprofitable nature of such a discussion at any time. There are as yet no signs that the singular *carte blanche* which a majority of the constituencies gave to Mr. GLADSTONE to manage the Eastern question at his will has been seriously retracted, and until there are such signs a certain unreality must unnecessarily attach to hostile criticism of the way in which he chooses to fill up the blank. Logically, every word that Lord SALISBURY said the other night is irresistible. But Mr. GLADSTONE and logic are two things which never, except perhaps for a brief period at Oxford under the auspices of Dean ALDRICH, have had much to say to one another. The Irish matter is more likely to give scope to the critics. There are not wanting signs that some of the stanchest supporters of the Government are shocked at the prevailing anarchy, and at the apparent resolve of the Government to deal with it, not by the only means which have hitherto proved effectual, but the slow and generally futile method of prosecuting individual agitators. Mr. WATKIN WILLIAMS is not a person of much importance, but his remarks on the subject at Liverpool the other night may have something more than a personal significance.

BRIBERY.

ONE characteristic of the disclosures elicited by the Election Commissioners is the monotony of the processes of corruption. The same causes in similar circumstances produce the same results; and there can be no doubt that they operate in boroughs which have avoided exposure. Some of the worst constituencies have been saved from inquiry by the knowledge of both parties that gross corruption was practised by themselves as well as by their adversaries. There are probably not many candidates who, like the petitioner against the return for Sandwich, engage in a contest in the character of private detectives; nor, perhaps, are there many who have so pleasing a faith in the incorruptibility of electors as Mr. CROMPTON-ROBERTS. Another local peculiarity of Sandwich and Deal is that the candid and unprejudiced electors took bribes on both sides, giving nevertheless due weight to the more liberal offer. In other boroughs, as in Gloucester and Chester, the managers professed to have been tempted into dishonest practices by their knowledge or assumption that the other party was bribing and treating, and that it was hopeless to persevere in the contest except by adopting the same methods. At Macclesfield, a principal agent expressed to the simple-minded candidate a natural regret that he was not allowed to go in and win. The market was open, the competitor was buying freely, and there was still no doubt that the highest bidder would be preferred. There is reason to doubt whether, in any of the cases which have been investigated, the offenders have been tempted into wrong by the practices of their opponents. Bribery has in those places long been an established institution, and the managers have not had occasion to wait for novel precedents. Nothing is more remarkable than the modest price of votes in some of the boroughs. Intelligent electors have been contented for ten, fifteen, or twenty shillings to support, as the case may have been, the virtuous Mr. GLADSTONE or the daring Lord BEACONSFIELD.

The late increase or recrudescence of bribery may be largely attributed to the Reform Bill of 1867. It was perhaps not the worst quality of the voters who were then added to the constituent body that many of them had no political opinions. They found themselves in possession of a saleable commodity of no value to themselves except for the purpose of a bargain. At the election of 1868 defeated candidates in many places asserted that they could, if they had thought it right and safe, have bought a majority at the rate of half-a-crown a head. Others, who may have been less scrupulous or less timid, probably took advantage of the opportunity. The prevalence of direct corruption was regarded with comparatively little anxiety, when the new Parliament, after a year's hesitation on the part of the House of Lords, passed the Ballot Act, which was to make bribery impossible. The advocates of secret voting argued, with much plausibility, that no prudent man would pay large sums for an article of which he could not secure delivery. They also contended that bribed voters, not being persons of honour and delicacy, would probably spoil the market by habitually cheating their customers. It was impossible to test plausible and probable anticipations except by experience. All parties, with the exception of practical professors of the electioneering art, have been surprised to find that there is honour among corrupt voters, and that candidates or their agents rely with reason on the good faith of a crowd of cynical rascals. The same astonishment was expressed by BURKE, in a speech quoted by Mr. TREVELYAN on the New Shoreham election of 1770. "I am shocked," he said, "at the wisdom to be found in "those transactions. I am shocked at the virtue, at "the principles of honour and trust, on which these "men acted, principles deserving a better cause." The Ballot has done good in diminishing disorder and intimidation, though it has weakened or destroyed much wholesome influence. But the practice of bribery appears to have been wholly unaffected by the change. If a scandal which ought not to be tolerated is to be removed, some new device must be invented to counteract it. Mr. FORSTER was hasty in justifying his late attack on the House of Lords by the incredulity with which ten or eleven years ago it received his assurances of the beneficent efficacy of the Ballot. An alternative remedy may perhaps in the first instance provoke equal scepticism amongst legislators selected, as Mr. FORSTER says, by the accident of birth.

A writer in the *Times*, with the statesmanlike foresight by which that journal is distinguished, proposes the disfranchisement of all boroughs of the size of Gloucester and Chester by swamping them in electoral districts. A town of thirty or forty thousand inhabitants would, it seems, be entitled, in an equal division, only to two-thirds or three-fourths of a single member, and the magnitude of the new constituencies would reduce

or destroy the pecuniary value of a vote. The suggestion would not be frivolous on the part of a thoughtful democrat who deliberately desired to concentrate all power in the hands of popular agitators and orators. Enormous constituencies, though they are exposed to every other bad influence, are comparatively exempt from direct bribery. The corrupt class in the United States is not the mass of voters, but the professional managers who manipulate elections. The populace is paid by deference to its passions and its prejudices, while its confidential advisers secure to themselves more substantial rewards. It is possible that future extensions of the suffrage in the United Kingdom may, on the whole, tend to diminish bribery; but the first instalment of further Parliamentary reform will almost certainly aggravate the mischief. The recipients of bribes belong, with few exceptions, to the poorest class of voters, being either small householders enfranchised in 1867, or the residue of the ancient freemen. The present Government is pledged to confer the suffrage on the agricultural labourers, who are for the most part poorer and less instructed than the working class in boroughs. Unless they are stimulated and controlled by demagogues, the future rural constituencies will, as a rule, have no political opinions, and labourers will see no reason for refusing to sell their votes to the willing purchaser. The counties, which are believed to have been hitherto exempt from direct bribery, will, after the next election, probably furnish an ample field for the detective sagacity of a new batch of Commissioners. It is true that revolutionary passion or cupidity may at any time supersede the influence of money; but the purifying tendency of political tempests is no compensation for the ruin which they inflict. Some political critics have expressed the paradoxical opinion that corruption is not the worst peculiarity of American institutions.

It is not satisfactory that legislation and government should be in any degree controlled by the nominees of electors who have sold their votes. The venal constituents whose misdeeds have lately been exposed have no moral right to political power; but it is a strange conclusion that they would be entitled to greater respect and deference if they could be compelled to give gratuitous votes. Their acceptance of bribes is only an illustration, and not a cause, of their unfitness to choose fit representatives. The best service which they could render to their country would be to defeat the purpose of democratic Reform Bills by declining to vote. This is, in fact, the course which has in some cases been followed where bribes were not forthcoming. In the absence of pecuniary motives, the votes of corruptible electors are most likely to be given on the wrong side. The Birmingham organization, as compared with the Gloucester and Macclesfield system, recalls the memory of THURLOW's hesitation between two candidates for a high judicial post:—"I don't know which is worse, the in-"temperance of A. or the corruption of B.," but the CHANCELLOR further remarked, "Not but what there "is a—great—deal of corruption in A.'s intemperance, and "a—great—deal of intemperance in B.'s corruption." There is apparently a good deal of corruption in the party zeal of the Three Hundreds and Four Hundreds; and even deputations from Birmingham itself have not escaped suspicion. The secretaries or officers of the new fangled Clubs have already begun to take part in the business of bribery. At Chester the Liberal candidates thought it prudent to separate themselves from the local Liberal Association, that they might not be responsible for its probably questionable proceedings. They afterwards found to their cost that they had only eliminated one among many elements of corruption; but they had no reason to regret that preliminary precaution. It is but too probable that the late revelations will serve as a pretext for further extension and equalization of the suffrage. The Ballot Act is not likely to be repealed; nor indeed can it be justly denounced as the cause of abuses which it has merely failed to correct. The unfitness of a part of the present constituency to discharge its duties will not be removed by the admission of a still more incompetent class, or by the total destruction of the greatly diminished influence of property and education.

SPAIN BY A SPANIARD.

A WORK appeared some months ago which had the rare merit of being written by a Spaniard about Spain and at the same time of telling the truth about the country of the writer without reserve and without bitterness. The author was the Marquis of RISCAL, and a summary of his work was composed with much care and clearness by M. LOUIS LANDE, whose untimely death gives a value to all he left behind him. Señor DE RISCAL draws a picture of Spain which is evidently taken from the life, and he has pondered over the facts he has accumulated long enough to trace evils to their sources, and to see what remedies would be effectual if they could only be applied. To Spaniards such a work would be invaluable if they would study it until the lessons it teaches sank into their minds. But, if Spaniards would read and could profit by it, Spain would not be the country it is now; and the author has the good sense to let it be understood that he is aware that his appeal is made to ears that will not hear and to eyes that will not see. To foreigners it is a matter of some interest to know what Spain is really like; but for them a mere knowledge of Spain is not the chief gain they can derive from this work. Spain is only one of numerous countries which are at a particular point and a low point in the scale of modern civilization. When we have once clearly ascertained the precise standard reached by such a country, we can not only place others on a par with it or above it, but can apply a series of tests by which we can ascertain the real meaning of the superiority in civilization which we attribute to one nation over another. Englishmen may be permitted to say that, if these tests are applied, England, in spite of some shortcomings, seems to have been more successful than any other European country; yet Englishmen cannot but remind themselves how comparatively recent is the time in their history when things were very different, and when many of the evils depicted by Señor DE RISCAL had their counterpart here.

The first thing which any one living in any State needs is personal security. In Spain there is not much actual murder, but there is a rampant brigandage which only stops short of murder provided it can rob without it. Even in Madrid itself, in one of the finest and most frequented streets, a member of the Senate was, only two years ago, kept prisoner in his own bedroom and threatened with death until he paid the ransom demanded of him. Bands of robbers, as is only too well known, haunt the mountain districts even in the neighbourhood of the capital. The brigands are said to have friends in very high places; they exercise a terror which prevents quiet people from daring to give evidence against them; they walk out of prison if they are put into it; and when they hold land they pay to the Government just the amount of taxes that they think convenient. Justice again is slow in most countries, but in Spain it scarcely moves at all. Every process is secret, and everything is carried on in writing. The pile of papers heaped up in reference to the murder of General PRIM ten years ago mounts up and up; but it is not even yet thought high enough, and a trial seems as far off as ever. The Government is as unable as any one else to ensure a speedy conviction, and if it really wants to get rid of notorious criminals, it shoots them on the pretext that they are trying to escape. In minor matters there is the same inevitable delay; and in 1879 the official Gazette announced that a witness was wanted in reference to a railway accident that occurred in 1864. Every Administration, too, invents new rules and wants things to be done in its own style; and, whenever proceedings have been pushed forwards a stage, compliance with some new regulation is exacted, and the matter is, and always remains, just where it was. As a last resource, forgery is called in, on the chance that it may expedite the course of business when nothing else will. Next to robbery with violence, forgery appears to be the favourite failing of the nation. Even brigands forge, so that they may show themselves as good and as civilized as their neighbours. Not long ago in one of the principal ports of the Mediterranean a cargo of goods was got through the Custom-house duty-free by means of a whole set of documents forged in the Custom-house itself. And so notorious and so general is the practice, that when it appeared that forgeries of coupons of the State debt had been made actually in the office where the debt is supposed to be

controlled, the MINISTER of FINANCE mildly replied to questioners in the Chamber, that in a country where coin, banknotes, and every kind of private document were habitually imitated, no one could wonder that the same ingenuity should be employed in forging State coupons.

On some of the better-known failings of the country it is not necessary to dwell. Spanish finance is always in a mess. Accounts are never finally made up—that, for example, of the African war being still open. No Budget is ever meant to tell a story that will bear examination, and the increase of the floating debt and the partial spoliation of the creditor are sources from which relief is boldly and habitually drawn. The Minister of Finance knows that he is not responsible to any one. He belongs to the Ministry, and the Ministry which has determined how every election shall go, and has given seats to the Opposition as well as to its supporters, does not consider itself accountable to the Chamber of its own creation. It is indeed the key to everything else in Spain that a Ministry makes itself, and when it is made, it makes everything else. It makes the Chamber; it replaces every official from the top to the bottom. But in a remote way the public affects a Ministry, for it terminates its existence. The Ministry of the day is fiercely attacked by every one who has lost, or who hopes for, employment. At length there is a rumble of indignation before which the Ministry bows, to be replaced by another which does exactly the same thing. As a rule, the country is profoundly indifferent, for it has the indifference of habitual stagnation. There is scarcely any commerce in Spain except what is in the hands of foreigners. Bills of exchange are almost unknown. There are railways, but no roads to them; adjoining districts are so entirely cut off from each other that the population of one may be starving while that of the other is obliged to sell its wheat for a song; and while a large part of the good soil of the country is untilled, any one who is ambitious enough to improve his property finds his gain gone by the Government pouncing on him for new taxes. What little the people can save they put into lotteries, and although there are Spanish enterprises which are quoted on the Bourse, no prices are given, as no one thinks it worth while to deal in them. Fortunes are, indeed, occasionally made in Spain, when, as has happened at a great pinch, the Government borrows at the rate of a hundred per cent.

This is a dark picture, and, if it is accepted as true, it must strike every reader at once that Spain as thus described is exactly like the Spanish colonies of America, is very like Turkey, but a little above it, and very like Greece and Roumania, but a little below them. It is perhaps true that the picture is somewhat too dark. Every detail may be accurate, but the general air given may be too sombre. Bad as Spanish finance may be, and poor as the country may be, Spain pays something to her creditors, and is said to be on the eve of proposing an arrangement which will benefit them while it reduces the yearly charge she has to meet, and which it is asserted can be carried out by the Government tapping the money that is hoarded by very humble people. Nothing, however, can shake the main positions of Señor DE RISCAL. He wants, as all serious thinkers want, to go to the root of the evils he describes. If it is asked what is to be done, he replies that some things are so obvious that to state them is to show that they must be done unless the country is content to stay for ever where it is. The administration of the law must be recast. There must be a decently paid irremovable magistracy. There must be a gendarmerie the members of which are not changed with every new Administration. Proceedings must be open, not secret, and oral, not in writing. The Civil Code must be completed, and there must be enough judges, properly trained and properly paid, to dispense civil business. Secondly, the army of officials, living and plundering on a precarious tenure of their posts, must be cut down, and the remnant, with the exception of a few of the very highest rank, must be secured permanently in their offices. Lastly, all ordinary placemen and Government contractors should be excluded from the Chamber; the electors should return their own members, and should return none but honourable and well-known men; while the Chamber should make the Ministry, and not the Ministry the Chamber. No doubt all these things are good, and much to be desired for Spain; but in England we know with what efforts, after how long a time, and in some respects how imperfectly, we have obtained them. How are Spaniards to begin not to be Spaniards? Señor DE RISCAL suggests that it would be an admirable stimulant of healthy opinion if a paper of a high class, rigidly impartial, full of information, and enforcing the highest principles, could be started, made to pay, and circulated through the country. He is, however, alive to the initial difficulty that, as things are now, such a paper, if started, would be at once suppressed. But he also suggests, and it is the only suggestion that is practicable, that those who wish to do great things for Spain should begin by doing little things. An honest Spaniard need not sit with his hands folded, or only raised to lift his cigarette, because he cannot remodel the law, the electorate, and the bureaucracy of his country. He must begin with something, and if he wishes to begin, all experience shows that the very best thing he can do is to bestir himself in the region of finance. Financial reform has two great attractions. It almost alone of reforms awakens no religious bitterness, and it finds well-wishers in every taxpayer who does not live on the taxes. An Opposition leader who could forego the pleasure of thundering against the general iniquity of his opponents might do his adversaries more harm and himself and his country much more good by making himself master not only of the details, but of the general scheme, of the Budget. And those who keep out of the arena of active politics, and yet wish to enlighten and stimulate their countrymen, cannot do anything more profitable than to examine and explain the incidence of taxation, and the general pecuniary needs and resources of the nation.

BRITISH FARMING.

THE publication of the Agricultural Returns throws light upon the condition and prospects of British agriculture at the close, as we may hope, of one of the most trying crises through which it has ever passed. A long succession of bad wheat harvests, culminating in 1879 in the worst of the century, and aggravated in that year by unsatisfactory crops of all kinds and by destructive sheep disease, would, under any conditions, have told severely upon our farmers. But at former periods they would have been able in a large measure to throw their losses upon the community at large by raising the prices of their corn and cattle. Now they have been unable to do this, because at the moment when European seasons were at their worst those of America were excellent; and as it also happened that at that time an exceptionally large proportion of the American population was engaged in agriculture, American competition forced down prices, even in departments which had previously been believed secure against competition.

Every one has heard of the consequent agricultural distress, resulting in England in a general reduction of rents, in the throwing-up of farms, and a difficulty of finding new tenants; and, in some districts of Ireland, in actual famine. What has been the effect upon cultivation of this unprecedented combination of disasters? Bad seasons, however prolonged and however severe, must, in the natural course of things, come to an end some time. Were it, therefore, only bad seasons that the farmers had to contend against, we should expect them to struggle on doggedly, and to be supported in doing so by the landlords and their other creditors. But American competition may be expected to continue, not perhaps in all its recent severity, but still keenly enough to have a depressing effect on those who are exposed to it. On the whole, however, the disheartening effects of these accumulated and prolonged difficulties have not been as great as might have been anticipated. At first sight, indeed, it seems as if there had been actual progress, in spite of all the adverse circumstances we have mentioned. And so, no doubt, there has been in certain respects, and in certain portions of the country. In Great Britain, for example, the cultivated area has increased to the extent of 1,694,000 acres as compared with 1870; or, as Mr. GIFFEN puts it in his Introduction to the Returns, an acreage larger than the whole surface of Devonshire has been added to the area under cultivation in the last ten years. Even compared with 1879, there is an increase this year of 126,000 acres. This last fact is very striking at a first view. It is a recognized principle of political economy, or rather of common sense, that new capital does not continue to be invested year after year in a trade unless that trade is profitable; and here we have

the fact that during the past ten years, in spite of exceptionally bad seasons and foreign competition, reclaiming, draining, fencing, clearing, and tilling have rescued, as it were, a great county from barrenness and made it useful to man. It would seem to follow that the talk about distress, if not without foundation, is grossly exaggerated. But it must be borne in mind that these Agricultural Returns are of very recent date in Great Britain; that at first they were extremely defective; and that they have gradually been made more correct, though they are still far from being what they might be if the Statistical Department of the Board of Trade possessed fuller legal powers. In other words, much of the increase we have noted is merely nominal, being due to improved returns alone. Further, nobody pretends that farming has everywhere and in all cases been unprofitable. And it is also to be borne in mind that bare fallow—that is, land ploughed up, but not under crop—is included in the area officially described as cultivated, and therefore fields thrown upon the hands of landlords and left untilled go to swell the acreage under cultivation. It is enough to state this fact to show how fallacious is the mere increase of what is called the cultivated area. Practically, holdings which are untenanted, and are neither stocked nor tilled by the landlord, constitute land gone out of cultivation. Now the returns show a large increase of bare fallow, or uncropped arable land, and the increase is largest in Essex, Hampshire, Wiltshire, Lincolnshire, Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Gloucestershire, and Devonshire—that is, in the most fertile counties of England.

Coming now to somewhat more minute detail, we are surprised to find an increase this year, as compared with last, in the acreage under wheat. It will be recollected, however, that from first to last the harvest year 1879 was exceptionally bad. This year, on the contrary, the seedtime was very favourable. While London was afflicted by months of almost constant fog, the country was rejoicing in bright, dry weather, most favourable to the preparation of the ground for the seed. Accordingly, several of the returning officers state that an additional acreage was sown. But from other parts of the country the officers report a decrease, because of the number of vacant farms. On the balance, however, there is an increase of 19,000 acres. Looking back to the earliest of the returns, we observe fluctuations from year to year, due to special and temporary causes; but the general tendency is decidedly towards decrease. Thus, for the ten years to which we have extended our review, the area under wheat has fallen from 3,500,543 to 2,909,000 acres, a decrease of more than 591,000 acres, or almost 24 per cent. It is, however, to be observed that in 1874 the wheat acreage was actually greater than in 1870, and that it was not till 1876 that the decline became serious; and even then there was recovery in the two following years. In short, previously to 1879, the wheat acreage only once fell below three million acres. It remains to be seen, therefore, whether better times will not witness a resumption of wheat-growing on a considerable scale. Meanwhile, the past two years have brought about a great falling-off. In Scotland, in particular, the decrease has been steady and marked. While, as we have seen, there has been a small increase this year in the wheat acreage, there is a very large falling-off in the breadth of land under barley as compared with last year, amounting to 200,000 acres. The extremely inferior quality of the barley crop of 1879, and the difficulty of securing it amidst continuous rains, sufficiently account for the decrease. But it is to be added that only three times in the last ten years has the present barley area been exceeded, and therefore the decrease, after all, stands in little need of explanation. In oats there was this year an increase of 5 per cent. in the breadth of land sown, which, in fact, has been equalled only once before since 1867. The oat crop, it may be recollected, was the best of all the corn crops last year, and this circumstance probably had considerable influence in deciding farmers to increase their sowing. On the other hand, peas and beans have considerably fallen off. The reason assigned is that maize is now used very largely for the purposes for which peas and beans were formerly grown, that the imports of maize have doubled during the past ten years, and that consequently the area devoted to these crops has gradually declined.

To sum up, then, what we have been saying in respect to the corn crops. There has been a slight increase in the area under wheat as compared with 1879, and a considerable increase under oats, while under barley there has been a large decrease, and under peas and beans a considerable decrease. The area under all of these crops, taken together, amounts this year to 8,876,000 acres, which is a decrease upon 1879 of rather more than 1 per cent. But if we extend our review back to 1870, as we have been doing, we find the decrease to be 7 per cent. When it is borne in mind that in those ten years the area newly brought under cultivation exceeds in size the county of Devon, it will be seen how great a revolution in the agricultural economy of the kingdom is implied in this decrease of 7 per cent. in the acreage under corn crops. The comparative cheapness with which America and other foreign countries can grow corn has not only counteracted the influence of the increase of population at home—which would, under other circumstances, cause more and more of the soil of the country to be devoted to the growth of corn—but has actually caused less and less corn to be grown. If our statistics went far enough back, it would be very interesting, and to many people very surprising, to trace the magnitude of the diminution. To the community at large the change has been highly beneficial, as it has not only cheapened food, but has set free capital and labour for more productive employment. But to the persons and classes exposed to the competition it has been a hard battle; to the poorer and less skilful amongst them it has brought severe suffering.

Green crops have decreased about 2 per cent. as compared with last year, showing once again the influence of the prevailing depression; but, on the whole, the area under these crops has remained steady since 1870. The most decisive evidence of the agricultural depression is, however, afforded by the increase of bare fallow to which we have referred above. Since 1879 the increase has been 91,000 acres, or 12½ per cent.; and since 1870 it has been 202,000 acres, or over 33 per cent. It is unnecessary to add anything to what we have said above as to the significance of these figures. Passing, in the last place, to the number of live stock, we find a decrease in horses employed in agriculture—a further evidence of the number of farms unlet. And we also find a decrease in brood mares and young horses. What is less easily explained at first sight is the decrease of nearly 1 per cent. in milch cows, although other horned cattle have increased 2 per cent. As milk cannot be imported from great distances, while dead meat and fat cattle have been brought across the Atlantic, an increase in cattle for fattening, and a decrease in milch cows, are quite contrary to what we should expect. But it has been pointed out that the great increase in the import of cheese from America a couple of years ago frightened cheesemakers at home, and led many to break up their dairies. This is probably the true explanation. That there should be a decrease of nearly a million in sheep and of half a million in lambs, will surprise no one who is aware of the havoc made in our flocks by disease in the winter and spring. It is worthy of special notice that the decrease has occurred almost exclusively in England and Wales; the Scotch counties almost without exception showing an increase, especially in lambs, and the English counties bordering on Scotland also escaping loss. The explanation is that 1879 was a comparatively dry year in Scotland, that last winter and spring were exceptionally fine, and that the sheep disease was the consequence of wet. But the decrease in cattle, in the face of increased cultivation and increased pasturage, is a discouraging symptom.

THE WAGES OF LITERATURE.

M. ZOLA has published a volume of collected essays which cannot, of course, have a success like that of *Nana*. In his essays M. Zola merely explains his theory of literature; in his novels he illustrates his theory by pungent examples. In his essays he fulminates from his pulpit in the *Voltaire* against that terrible social evil, *le lyrisme*. He descends on Victor Hugo with the crushing remark that, after all, "he is only a lyric poet." In M. Renan, too, he detects that futile thing, a poet; and it is not to the purpose to reply that M. Renan has written little or no poetry. M. Zola has spoken, and M. Renan's place for the future is in the purgatory of poets. In agreeable contrast to the sickly sentiment of mere lyric poets and to the impertinences of such authors as Victor Hugo, M. Zola erects the majestic shapes of Science, of "Naturalism," and of himself. Literature is to be all science now, all physiology, and M. Zola is the prophet of the new era. It is true he often says "we" in speaking of the Naturalists, and he

seems to indicate the existence of a group of "those about Zola," young writers of his school. But the world has not recognized, or has shut its nostrils against, the fragrant literature of young Zolaistes. It is with the master himself that we must deal, listening respectfully to his haughty demand for "documents," and wishing humbly that he would not invariably look for documents in such very unspeakable places. To read M. Zola is almost enough to make one detest science—in whose name he does such remarkable things—and to read Mme. Deshoulières with pleasure. But there is one topic at least on which M. Zola speaks with some authority, and with good common sense.

That topic is *l'argent en littérature*, the wages of literature. M. Zola laughs at the absurd old theory which condemned men of letters to give away their works for nothing, and to be satisfied with glory. Never was there a poet yet that was content with glory without money. Byron mocked at Scott's gains, till his own works began to sell, and that has usually been the limit of poetical indifference to professional success. M. Zola, of course, is indignant with the critics who deplore that the modern writer has become a tradesman. He himself, as every one who chanced to be in Paris at this time last year must be aware, is a master in the art of advertisement. Big and little yellow placards, bearing the name of "Nana" in squat black letters, were the most remarkable among the mural decorations of the town. M. Zola has always made it clear that he did not agree with people who say "l'argent tue l'esprit." In his essay he tries, with some success, to demonstrate that the author lives better, and in a more dignified way, in an age of commercial naturalism than in a period of what he calls "idealism," and of patronage. With the modern side of the question M. Zola is very well acquainted. He now counts his editions by the hundred thousand, but the time has been, as he tells us here, when he starved in a garret. About the condition of authors in old days, about the relations of the classical French writers and their publishers, M. Zola is not nearly so well informed. He says that it is a question of "documents." So it is, but in this case the "documents" are not to be found in the *lupanar*, or any of the haunts of Nana, so this eminent man of science has but few to exhibit. In memoirs and letters the evidence must be sought, and the obscure history of the relations of authors and publishers has still to be written. M. Zola has looked into the *Historiettes* of Tallemant des Réaux, an ignoble and ill-natured scandalmonger of the seventeenth century. In the *Historiettes* he finds the anecdote of the King's inability to pension Malherbe, of the thousand crowns granted to the poet by M. de Bellegarde, the reduced pension given by Marie de Medicis, and so forth. Malherbe did not mind accepting a "tip" of four hundred livres, but he was indignant because his benefactor did not send a carriage to bring him to receive the money. De Balzac, who had land of his own, made it a point of honour to receive a pension. Sarrazin was a bullied, and Voiture a potted, parasite of the great; and it seems that M. de Noailles used to treat the eminent Chapelain as badly as if he had been a Court jester. Corneille was always poor, and La Fontaine was the pensioner of Fouquet, the Minister of Finance. La Fontaine was to receive a thousand livres yearly, in payment for delivery of a set of verses every quarter. The first set of rhymes is addressed by La Fontaine to Mme. Fouquet:—

> Comme je vois monseigneur votre époux
> Moins de loisir qu'homme qui soit en France,
> Au lieu de lui, puis-je payer à vous?
> Seroit-ce assez d'avoir votre quittance?

Pelisson, the secretary of Fouquet, gave La Fontaine a receipt in rhyme, a ballad on the same refrain as that employed by La Fontaine:—

> Muses de Vaux, et vous leur secrétaire,
> Voila l'acquit tel que vous souhaites.
> En puissiez vous en cent ans assez faire!

Madame Fouquet was made to say:—

> De mes deux yeux, ou de mes deux soleils,
> J'ai lu vos vers qu'on trouve sans pareils,

and so forth. The whole transaction may not have been very dignified, but dignity was not the strong point of good La Fontaine. M. Zola does not mention the affair, but no doubt he would condemn it in the sweet, tolerant spirit of scientific naturalism. Another old offender was Clément Marot, who begged a petition from Madame d'Alençon, in a "ballade, pour estre couché en son estat."

M. Zola attributes the somewhat servile position of the old poets to the want of readers. Except by way of patronage, there was no remuneration for a man of letters. We cannot help suspecting that it was less lack of public appreciation than of honesty in the old publishers that kept literary men dependent on the caprice of the great and the gratitude of kings. What we need is more documents about the old laws of copyright. Probably copyright was chiefly secured by the printer, by aid of Royal licences. If we examine the case of Ronsard, a poet of great popularity, it will be seen that, as far as patronage went, he did very well. The King gave him the abbeys of Bellezanne, Beaulieu, Croixval, and several priories. But towards the end of his life, in 1584, Ronsard had never received a penny from the booksellers who brought out his numerous works. Ronsard's letters are unluckily lost, but Colletet analysed some of them. "For the edition of 1584 he expects Buon, his publisher, to give him sixty crowns, that he may have firewood to keep him warm in the winter weather. And if Buon will not agree, he asks a friend to treat with the booksellers in the Palais, who doubtless will give him more than the sum mentioned if he puts a bold face on the matter, and demands a proper sum for the perpetual privilege of printing the volumes. And this privilege is the more remarkable as, nowadays, licences are only granted for a few years, and are not perpetual. The Ronsard remarks bitterly on the greed of publishers, who like always to take and never to pay." Unluckily the exact remarks of the "Prince of Poets" are lost. Rabelais is another example of an author whose works had an immense popularity and a most extensive sale, yet he never seems to have been a rich man, or to have derived much emolument from his success. And we can partly understand this when we read in Mr. Christie's *Life of Etienne Dolet* how that worthy "martyr" pirated the books of his friend. "It was with feelings of excessive but justifiable irritation that Rabelais, in 1542, found issuing from the press of Dolet, without his sanction or knowledge, an edition purporting to be augmented and revised by the author himself, in which all the obnoxious passages and expressions reappeared." Thus it seems that the state of the law of copyright, the knavery of booksellers, and the carelessness of authors, rather than the lack of readers, deprived the old writers of their legitimate gains. M. Zola says that Molière only made a competency—"gagnait strictement sa vie"; but the documents about the property left by Molière at his death prove the inaccuracy of this statement. Molière had his own troubles with the booksellers. In 1660 he had to obtain a decree from the Privy Council enabling him to seize a whole piratical edition of his *Cocu Imaginaire* in the house of Ribou, the publisher. He afterwards, with his usual charity, lent this fellow Ribou money when the publisher was in distress. The evidence of contemporary plays proves that Molière's pieces sold well when they were printed. As the author generally reserved his own property in them, it is not impossible that he may have profited by the sale of his plays no less than by their success on the stage. M. Zola dismisses the whole topic, on which his researches throw scarcely any light, with the remark that "novelists, poets, and historians were all the prey of the publishers." We think he greatly underrates the gains of the old writers for the stage, and even of the more popular writers of poetry and fiction.

With the modern condition of the man of letters, with the modern wages of French literature, M. Zola is naturally well acquainted. Every one, he says, can now afford himself a little library. In England it is not so; and before the age of circulating libraries people were greater buyers of books than they are at present. Still, even in France, almost every writer who has not a private income must begin with the daily toil of journalism. Twenty years ago even well-known men only received about two hundred francs a month from the papers; now they get a thousand francs, or more. This is not an immense income, but the French are economical. M. Zola thinks that any young fellow of talent and energy can add literature to his journalism, and find time to write books or plays. A book does not pay well, but it helps to make a man a name. Publishers, as a rule, pay a royalty on each volume, perhaps half a franc on one of the novels that sell for three francs and a half. At this rate, if a thousand copies sell, the author makes twenty pounds. Three or four thousand copies sold are considered a very respectable success. Thus eighty pounds is as much as even a sanguine young author can hope to gain by a novel. M. Zola does not say that his remarks are confined to works of fiction, but we rather pity the young journalist who hopes to make eighty pounds by work of any other sort. Let it not be forgotten that half a franc is rather an unusual royalty; forty, or even thirty-five, centimes are more commonly given. M. Zola says that the system of royalties makes disputes between author and publisher impossible—an ideal result. The stage pays much better, and a run of a hundred nights should mean a sum of forty thousand francs (1,600*l.*) for the author. A book must sell some eighty thousand copies to be as remunerative as a successful play. Only a few novels have had this vogue in the last fifty years, though even this rare fortune has fallen to the skilled and judicious industry of M. Zola.

The question naturally arises, are not the apprentices of literature spoiled by the rough-and-ready work of journalism, by which alone they can live in their early years of struggle? M. Zola thinks not. He thinks that the contact with facts and with the popular taste gives writers more energy, more knowledge of the world. This is a difficult question. It needs a strong man to be both a journalist and, in rare intervals of leisure, a writer of higher aims, the wielder of a style more refined. But M. Zola admits that he is only interested in strong men. Much depends on the aim of the beginner. He may mean to use journalism only as an instrument, and then may find that he can afford no leisure for more mature work. In that case, M. Zola, taking a wide philosophic view, would probably say that the struggler had found his place and had better make the best of it. He proves, by the examples of George Sand, Dumas, Sardou, and Hugo, that fortunes may be made by literature when the writer has genius. The born hacks must be content to remain hacks, and the odds are that they never had it in them to be anything better. One thinks of Théophile Gautier and his slavery to the press, and doubts the truth of this theory. It is sweeping, it is severe, perhaps heartless, but it is true on the whole, and recommends itself to the scientific student of the struggle for existence. "La vie est ainsi, notre époque est telle."

WIGTOWNSHIRE.

ENGLISHMEN who may happen to remember the lines of Burns appealing to all Scotchmen from John o' Groat's House in the north to Maidenkirk in the south, may yet need to be reminded that the latter, which is the most southern parish or district in all Scotland, is in latitude below Durham and parallel with the most northern angle of Yorkshire. Few tourists would think of lingering in Wigtownshire, or would bestow more than a careless glance on its alternations of flat moorland, low hills, and huge fields of oats and turnips, as they pass them on the Caledonian line in coming from or going to Ireland. An old author says of this part of the country that *in modicos colles tumet*: and at first sight there seems nothing picturesque or attractive in earthy protuberances as round as a potato, rising to about 100 or 150 feet, each crossed by one or more stone dykes from top to bottom, and calculated to perplex a casual visitor by their bewildering resemblance to each other. Wherever he turns in his anxiety to grasp the leading features of the country, he is met by one of these elevations, now and then crowned by a tuft of fir-trees, but oftener presenting no greater distinction than arises from the varying nature of the crop. On one hill there are fifty acres of corn or stubble; on another the same extent of turnips; and a third is pasture, or, as it is appropriately called, "white land." Yet, if Wigtownshire has no great natural beauty of its own, it commands distant views of singular breadth and variety, and it has certain features of which no county in England, and few in Scotland, can boast. No one part of it is more than thirteen miles from the sea. From certain points the eye can take in the Wigtown Bay, the Bay of Luce, and St. George's Channel. From almost every corner of it can be seen the long line of blue mountains which fringe the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, including the Merrick, the highest peak in the south of Scotland. On a very clear day it is no exaggeration to say that the view extends from the Mull of Cantyre and the Island of Arran in the north to the mountains of Cumberland in the south, and from Lamachan and Cairnsmore in the east to the coast of Ireland by Larne and Donaghadee in the west. It is studded with the seats of landed proprietors who, for some generations, by planting and draining, have done their utmost to redeem the ugliness of nature and to improve the soil. Its farmers are probably, in skill, intelligence, and management, second, if at all, only to those of the Lothians; and it enjoys a climate which, in point of mildness, is quite equal to that of our Midland counties.

Locally, Wigtownshire is divided into three tracts. Geographically, it is cut in two by the Bay of Luce. The northern part of the county, adjoining Ayrshire, is known as "the Moors," and can boast of large tracts of heather and pasture as well as of mountains rising to the respectable height of a thousand feet. The second division is known as "the Machars," and properly comprises the tract between the two Bays of Wigtown and Luce. The upper district of "the Rhins" includes the part to the south of Loch Ryan and the west of the Bay of Luce. But these terms are often elastic. Local tradition, family records, and the present aspect of the country lead to the conclusion that most of the land has been broken up, enclosed, and converted from moorland to pasture and from pasture to arable, within the last century or so. One of the Earls of Stair in the beginning, and one of the Earls of Galloway in the end of that century, introduced various new crops, made roads, sheltered bare and bleak fields by belts of plantations, drained swamps, and cultivated lucerne and roots. Their example has been followed by other intelligent proprietors down to the present day. The staple crops are oats and turnips. Wheat is grown in some stiff clay soils, but not to a great extent. And cows of both the Galloway and the Ayrshire breed during the last fifty years have contributed to raise the reputation of the local dairies. There is a belief on the part of some proprietors and farmers in a six-course rotation or succession of crops —first oats, then turnips, and then oats again, followed by three years of hay or pasture, after which there is a return to oats. But these maxims are by no means universally adopted in practice. Sometimes we have a five and not a six-year course. Here and there wheat alternates with beans; some fields, aided by a little manure, continue to feed stock for many years in succession. Enclosures in which huge stones seem to predominate over clods yield magnificent returns, the farmers believing that the stones retain the heat of the sun; and it has been noticed that cereals on the southern slopes of the round hills already described ripen sooner than crops on the flats, because they catch the full glow of the sun. Dykes, it need scarcely be said, are more common than hedges or wire fences; and it might irritate Sir William Harcourt to be told that hares can co-exist with fine crops in considerable numbers without leading to complaints, and that not a few landed proprietors had settled the question of ground game amicably with their tenants before the late coercive legislation. Without boasting of a Highland abundance of grouse and black game, Wigtownshire is a county of sporting capabilities. But the remnants and strips of pasture and moorland in the very midst of arable farms have brought about some curious variations in the habits of feathered game. Partridges take readily to the heath, rushes, and ferns of the moors, and can be shot to dogs as late as October. Pheasants lay their eggs, bring up their broods, and roost on the bare ground in the same localities; and grouse and black game, to the amazement of the Highland or the Southron sportsman, are stalked on the stubbles or afford snap-shots between the ridges of the turnips and potatoes. A short time ago an ineffectual attempt was made to get up a pack of fox-hounds somewhere between the parishes of Whithorn and Penninghame. But the country not being favourable to what the Baron of Bradwardine would have termed the true points of the *prælium equestre*, the attempt failed, and the failure is hardly a subject for regret.

The introduction of railways has had some peculiar effects in this county and in the adjoining Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. Small towns, such as Dalbeattie, Castle Douglas, and Newton-Stewart, have received a certain impetus from the Caledonian Railway, and the county towns of Kirkcudbright and Wigtown at one time appeared to go back. But of late years branches have connected these places with the main line. The isolation, however, of the two peninsulas into which Wigtownshire is naturally divided, still remains. From the Isle of Whithorn to the Mull of Galloway would by packet or sailing-boat be no long trip. No less than fifty or sixty miles separate these two places in a roundabout journey by land, and the southern part of Kirk Maiden—for Maiden Kirk was probably used by Burns for metrical conveniences—is still some fifteen miles from the nearest station of Portpatrick. Kirk Maiden, we should note, is by the best local antiquaries believed to be the church of St. Medan, and not that of the Virgin Mary. The number of places to which the word Kirk has been applied as a designation is legion. Kirkcowan, Kirkinner, Kirkmabreck, Kirkgunzeon, Kirk Michael, and many others in the Western Lowlands, are a delight to antiquaries, and a worry to correspondents and postmasters.

A dissertation might be written on the Jena Œstuarium of Ptolemy, supposed to be the Bay of Wigtown; on the point to which Agricola came north in his Scotch campaigns; on the predominance of the Norwegian and the Celtic elements in Galloway and its neighbourhood; and on the fierce and intractable character of its inhabitants in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. We leave these topics, and prefer to say a word or two about some of the archæological remains which have engaged the attention of men like Sir John Lubbock. Notably in two places in Wigtownshire we find those monuments which are popularly and most expressively designated as "standing stones." They are found in the parish of Wigtown, on the road between that town and Kirkcowan, and in the parish of Mochrum, not far from Monreith Park. The latter are less perfect in the circle than the first-named at Torreskie. They have been variously ascribed to the Phœnicians, to the sons of Anak, to some antediluvian race, to King Galdus, who reconquered the province from the Romans and who is said to be buried there, and to the Druids who used the stones either for sacrificial temples or for courts of justice. The circle at Torreskie, in full view of the high road, consists of nineteen stones, with three larger stones in the centre; and at places to the north, east, and south are separate erections of two or three stones. The connexion between these outposts and the main circle is mysterious, like the rest. One of the largest of the stones, popularly known as the porridge-pot of King Galdus, has been carried off to repair the dyke which lines the high road, and to this transfer, which at first sight savours of Vandalism, the monument probably owes its security. To us the hollow in this stone is suggestive of a sacrificial bowl to receive the blood of victims. On the whole we prefer the sacrificial theory, but have no decided opinion to maintain. Less uncertainty attaches to Dowalton Loch in the parish of Sorbie. When the loch was drained, pile-houses or lake-dwellings were disclosed, with accompaniments of the bones of the ox, the pig, and the deer; besides five canoes, glass beads, sundry vessels of bronze, whetstones, and even a bit of a "leather shoe with a pattern stamped on it." The hoary antiquity of this last treasure we may be pardoned for doubting. The ruins of the old church at Whithorn, at no great distance from the loch aforesaid, remind us that it was a great place of pilgrimage in early Scottish history. Whether Whithorn be a corruption of the "white house," and whether this again can be identified with the *candida casa* of the Romans and the *Leucophibia* of Ptolemy, are questions controvertible; but there is no question that the church was founded in the eighth century or so by St. Ninian; that pilgrims, amongst whom were high-born dames and queens, flocked there from the foundation of the Church down to the Reformation; and that James IV. regularly went to Whithorn, some say twice every year, when doubtless, as in Scott's lines—

> he felt
> The pressure of his iron belt
> That bound his breast in penance-pain
> In memory of his father slain.

An old Saxon arch in an excellent state of preservation is still to be seen in the ruins of the Priory, and a street called by the name of Rotten Row is said in the guide-books to be a corruption of *Route au Roi* or *Route aux Roues*. The former, it is needless to say, would be bad French for the King's Road, and the latter is scarcely intelligible. Persons not familiar with this locality will bear in mind that Whithorn and the Isle of Whithorn are two very distinct places. The latter, though not the most southern point, is the most southern village in Scotland, and has long ceased to be an island. The narrow channel between what once was a rocky isle and the mainland has been filled up by a stout causeway, on which substantial houses are built. A life-boat is now drawn up on the tongue of the peninsula, which has the singular advantage of slopes to the west and to the east, so that,

in almost any weather, the boat can be launched with ease in comparatively smooth water. That there should be not far off a cave on the rocky beach known as St. Ninian's, to which this father of the Church was in the habit of retiring for meditation, is a local tradition which we are bound to accept in good faith. In spite of the attractions of some Roman remains, a genuine old castle or two, and a splendid view seaward, this part of the country is as dull and uninteresting as Huntingdonshire or the Fens. In fact, the picturesque portion of Wigtownshire is confined to the north; mountains become hills, and hills mere undulations, as the land tapers away to Burrow Head and the Isle of Whithorn.

It may be a subject of regret that Scott never visited Wigtownshire, though he went through Galloway on legal business about the year 1798, and turned his recollections to good account, some twenty years afterwards, in *Guy Mannering*. But the *Bride of Lammermoor* came direct from Baldoon, a rich farm lying on the south or right bank of the Bladnoch and on the shore of Wigtown Bay. Dunbar of Baldoon, the younger, became Scott's Hayston of Bucklaw. The bride, it is well known, was Janet Dalrymple, daughter of the first Lord Stair. According to tradition and to a contemporary account by the Rev. Mr. Symson, then minister of Kirkinner, not much more than a mile from Baldoon, the bride was brought to her home twelve days after the marriage had been solemnized, on the 24th of August, 1669, and she died on September 12th. The said minister, we are told in a local guide-book, spoke "highly" of both bride and bridegroom. We are wholly unable to spoil a tragical and pathetic story by lending credit to a rumour that the tale worked out so powerfully by Scott is due to Jacobite enmity and spite, and that the sole foundation for the tale is the premature death of the bride just a month after her marriage. Of Baldoon Castle, where she was found "mopping and mowing" and "her night gear dabbled in gore," nothing remains but part of a tower and an old wall covered with ivy. There is a modern farm building, and the carse or land reaching to the foreshore is renowned for its fertility. Two other places in Wigtownshire deserve a slight mention. At Logan, in the parish of Kirkmaiden, there is a natural fishpond of salt water, which, by a very simple device, keeps in cod and coal fish, and lets the tide flow in and out. It is said that some of the fish become blind from excess of light, a danger of which proprietors of aquariums are fully sensible. At Mochrum, on the lake of that name, a mediæval castle long in ruins has been partly rebuilt on the old lines, nothing being altered in the thickness of the walls and the staircase, and very little in the holes or "casements" which admit the light. Happy is the country in which the fancies and whims of wealthy proprietors take no worse shape than the conversion of a ruined baronial castle into a residence which no modern grates, or bedsteads, or other domestic conveniences, can divest of its innate dreariness and discomfort.

A description of a county which was long the nurse of uncompromising Whiggery would be incomplete without some mention of the celebrated Wigtown martyrs, whose tombstones, like those of many of the Covenanters in the churchyards of Galloway, are still to be seen in the burial-ground of Wigtown. A pillar has also been erected to their memory on a hill just above the town. Some ten years ago an attempt was made by the late Mark Napier, Sheriff of Dumfriesshire, to prove that neither Margaret Lachlison or Lachland nor Margaret Wilson was ever drowned on the 11th of May, 1685, as related by Woodrow and re-affirmed by Lord Macaulay. Two pamphlets, in which the man of law—in language, we regret to say, almost unsurpassed for virulence—endeavoured to make out that the whole story was a spiteful invention, were taken up and answered by Principal Tulloch, and with greater effect by the Rev. Archibald Stewart, late minister of Glasserton. We have no space to go fully into the details, but, having just re-read the whole controversy on the spot, we have no hesitation in stating our belief that the divine has completely demolished the arguments of the lawyer. Mr. Napier for a short space triumphed in the discovery of a document of the Privy Council which seemed to speak of the two women as being in Edinburgh Tolbooth shortly before the date of their alleged martyrdom at Wigtown. Mr. Stewart successfully explained away this new evidence, and further showed the incontestable truth of the martyrdom by pamphlets published soon after 1685, and by written statements formally made and recorded and never contradicted, within a quarter of a century of the date of the event. One of these unfortunate women lived in the parish of Kirkinner, and another in that of Penninghame. The members of the Kirk Session of both these places went fully into the cases in the year 1711, reviewed the whole evidence, and made formal minutes, as they expressed it—*ad futuram rei memoriam*—in their session books, closing the *sederunt* with prayer. Scotch divines in the eighteenth century may have been narrow-minded and stern in their denunciations of Popery, Prelacy, Erastianism, and so forth; but that members of so grave a body, whose names, residences, and titles are all fully ascertained, should have combined together to make up lying records of what they must have known never took place at all, is a supposition which cannot be entertained for a single instant by any one who really knows for what truthful qualities Scotch elders and ministers are usually distinguished. In a matter of fact we would trust an attested statement of a Kirk Session as we should the evidence of the Lord Chancellor or the word of the Archbishop of Canterbury. We suppose that the most astute lawyer would hardly contend that the truth or falsehood of a statement made by a similar body in the present year with regard, let us say, to something which happened in the time of the Crimean war, could not be readily ascertained. Just that difference of time separates the martyrdom and the solemn records we have mentioned. As Lord Macaulay said about another and yet undecided controversy, if these pieces of evidence do not settle the question, there is an end of all such reasoning. We close our account by remarking that in parts of Wigtownshire there is a considerable element of Irish settlers. When removed from the baneful influences of Land Leagues, ferocious orators, and unscrupulous priests, these men become useful and quiet members of the community. In some instances they have been the first to break up hill pasture and moorland; and we have not yet heard that they clamour for fixity of tenure or crofts to be held rent-free. In fact, it requires very close attention to the revelations of the daily papers and some little flight of imagination to realize the fact that a narrow passage, less in width than the Straits of Dover, separates the loyal and intelligent population of a rich Scotch county from an island characterized by a state of riot and insecurity which would not be tolerated for a week in Eastern Bengal or on the frontiers of the Punjab.

THE MOLIÈRE WEEK AT THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS.

THE circumstances attending the annual "Cérémonie de Molière" at the Comédie Française have been so frequently described that it may be doubted whether any reference to them is necessary in these columns; suffice it to say that the performances given upon the occasion invariably attain a very high pitch of excellence. But this year it was determined that an unusual amount of care should be lavished upon the festival of the man to whom the house of the Rue de Richelieu owes its origin; and the 22nd of October, on which day the Molière week commenced, was anxiously looked forward to by all the playgoers of Paris. It may not be amiss to look through the programme of the pieces given, which contains features of unusual interest:—

Thursday.	*Monday.*
Le Misanthrope.	L'Avare.
L'Impromptu de Versailles.	Le Malade Imaginaire.
La Maison de Molière.	La Cérémonie.
Friday.	*Tuesday.*
Les Femmes Savantes.	Iphigénie en Aulide.
	Les Plaideurs.
Saturday.	*Wednesday.*
Horace.	Tartufe.
Le Menteur.	L'Impromptu de Versailles.
	La Maison de Molière.
Sunday.	*Thursday.*
La Cérémonie.	Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme.

Among these we select the following for comment—*L'Impromptu de Versailles*, *Le Misanthrope*, *Britannicus*, and *Les Plaideurs*.

L'Impromptu de Versailles, which had only been given three times in the last two centuries, was undoubtedly the chief source of attraction. As this piece has been so rarely played, it may be well to give a brief sketch of it and of the circumstances which led to its production. Of the quarrels between Molière and the opposition troupe of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, it is not our intention to speak in these columns; but it is well to bear in mind the degree of exasperation occasioned among the great poet's enemies by the production of *La Critique de l'École des Femmes*. Eager for revenge, they attempted to oust him by the publication of De Villier's *Zélinde*, which was a laborious enumeration of all the grievances harboured against Molière by his many detractors. But the piece was so cumbersome that it was judged impossible to represent it on the stage, and in its stead the comedians of the Hôtel de Bourgogne produced *Le Portrait du Peintre*, written by Boursault. The critics of the time seem to have thought that Molière received a very cruel blow from it, and the following quotation was considered especially crushing:—

> Eh! parlez, dépêchez, vite, promptement, tôt!
> On appelle cela réciter comme il faut.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> Baron, ouf! que dis-tu de cet ouf! placé là?
> Par ma foi, cher baron, il faut voir tout cela.

"Vite, promptement, tôt, le déconcerta," says a contemporary, "et le ouf! lui fut un coup de massue dont il est encore étourdi"; but at the present moment it is impossible to believe that such weak nonsense could have hurt anybody, much less Molière, who, as long as he pleased the King, seems to have cared very little what any one else thought of him. Accordingly we find that he intended passing over the attack in silence, and that it was the King who insisted upon his replying to it in *L'Impromptu de Versailles*. In the play itself there is abundant evidence that Molière wrote it against his will, for he repeats many times that it is written by the King's order. Having said this much, we may pass on to the play itself, which is, perhaps, the most ingenious in construction of any that he wrote. The whole action of the piece takes place in the "Salle de la Comédie" at Versailles, and the curtain rising discloses Molière himself summoning the actors and actresses of his company to rehearsal. The greatest consternation prevails, for none of them know their parts, and they will have to play before the King two hours hence. It is in vain that Molière storms, for they all declare that they cannot be ready in time to act that day. It is in the midst of a dispute

upon the subject between Molière and his wife, who, it will be remembered, acted in his company, that Mlle. Béjart says, "Mais puisqu'on vous a commandé de travailler sur le sujet de la critique qu'on a faite contre vous, que n'avez-vous fait cette comédie des comédiens, dont vous nous avez parlé il y a longtemps?" Molière answers that he had not thought it worth while to reply to the attacks made upon him, and that he had not sufficiently studied his rivals to enable him to make a finished satire upon them. But he is led on to speak of a piece that he had meditated writing on the subject. "J'avais songé une comédie," he says, "où il y aurait eu un poëte, que j'aurais représenté moi-même, qui serait venu pour offrir une pièce à une troupe de comédiens nouvellement arrivés de la campagne. Avez-vous, aurait-il dit, des acteurs et des actrices qui soient capables de bien faire valoir un ouvrage? Car ma pièce est une pièce. . . ." He then asks who acts the kings among them? and being shown a handsome young man who generally enacts the kings, he indignantly exclaims, "Vous moquez-vous? il faut un roi qui soit gros et gras comme quatre; un roi, morbleu! qui soit entripaillé comme il faut; un roi d'une vaste circonférence." He consents, however, to hear the actor recite, which he does in a natural manner, free from stage affectation; whereupon the poet bursts out with "Comment! Vous appelez cela réciter? C'est se railler; il faut dire les choses avec emphase? Ecoutez-moi." And the poet repeats the lines which the actor recited. This gives Molière an opportunity of caricaturing the exaggerated manner of Montfleury, the tragedian of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, whose vast size, it may be remembered, has been handed down to posterity by Cyrano de Bergerac, of whose life and writings we have already had occasion to speak, and who once said of him, "A cause que ce coquin est si gros qu'on ne peut le bâtonner tout entier en un jour, il fait le fier." In the same manner Molière is enabled to satirize all the other actors in the rival company, having done which he breaks off in the midst of his digression and returns to the business of rehearsing for the piece to be given that day before the King. He hurriedly instructs the actors in their parts, taking one of the parts himself, and the rehearsal begins; opening the way for a spirited attack upon his remaining enemies, the poetasters and the fashionable people who were seeking to revenge themselves on him for his satire of them. Here, again, he avails himself of an opportunity of showing that the King had overruled his own judgment, for some of his enemies being represented in the scene discussing the chances of his replying to the *Portrait du Peintre*, one present is made to say, "Ma foi, je le trouverais un grand fou s'il se mettait en peine de répondre à leurs invectives." Later on, too, when Mlle. Béjart interrupts the rehearsal to suggest that Molière should make an attack on the author of the *Portrait*, he replies, "J'enrage de vous ouïr parler de la sorte . . . le beau sujet à divertir la cour que Monsieur Boursault!" But rehearsal and commentary are now cut short by the arrival of a servant, who warns the company that the King is waiting for them; whereupon a general panic takes place, in the midst of which comes a most grateful message from the King, saying that, as they are not ready, he will allow them to postpone the new piece to a later date.

Those who had the good fortune to be present on Thursday, the 22nd, on which occasion the *Impromptu* was given after the *Misanthrope*, can bear testimony to the marvellous perfection both of the acting, and of the mounting of the piece. Of M. Coquelin's Molière it is impossible to speak too highly. Two months devoted to laborious study of the character have enabled him to obtain a mastery over its most subtle shades, and the artist's wonderful versatility has never before been seen to such advantage. Of the perfect rendering of the humorous passages it is unnecessary to speak, but we cannot pass in silence over his noble delivery of Molière's indignant allusion to Boursault's attempts to blacken his character, in the speech beginning "Vous êtes folle. Le beau sujet à divertir la cour que M. Boursault," which is too long to be quoted here. His directions to the actors were also admirable, especially his delivery of "Pour vous, je n'ai rien à vous dire," addressed to Lagrange, which was eagerly seized by the audience as an occasion for paying a graceful tribute to M. Delaunay, who filled the part so well that we regretted that, though an important one, there was so little of it. M. Worms's Brécourt was a thoroughly good piece of acting, which it seemed to us was hardly sufficiently recognized by the audience. Of the ladies' parts there is little to be said beyond the fact that they were ably filled, especially the Mlle. Du Parc of Mlle. Croizette, of whom we shall have more to say in the *Misanthrope*. Apart from its historical interest, the *Impromptu de Versailles* was a brilliant performance, and we trust that it will now take its place in the repertory of the Comédie Française, from which it has unfortunately been so long banished.

Of the *Misanthrope* we do not propose to say much, as its performance in London has made it familiar to English playgoers, and as the cast has not been materially altered since it was given at the Gaiety in 1879. M. Delaunay continues to fill the part of Alceste, his reading of which we believe, as we have said on a former occasion, to be the right one, but he seems to us to fulfil all its requirements more perfectly than he did in London. He is rather quieter and employs less gesticulation in the earlier scenes than formerly; and in the scene with Oronte in the first act a certain amount of humour is mixed with his displeasure, so that, despite its vileness, we can hardly help being amused with the bad sonnet. He seems to repeat the old song—

> Si le roi m'avait donné
> Paris, sa grand' ville.

rather for himself than for his auditors, and his repetition of it struck us as one of the best things he has ever done; we have seldom heard such a burst of applause at the Théâtre Français as that which greeted its last line. In his scenes with Célimène there is more tenderness than there used to be, which we think is an improvement, as it enhances the contrast between her vain heartlessness and his constancy. His offer to marry her after the reading of her letters in the last act was touching beyond expression, and his casting her off in the speech

> Non, mon cœur à présent vous déteste

attained to the noblest dignity. We have never seen this great artist make so perfect an exhibition of his strength and of his fineness as he did in the whole performance of the part of Alceste. On Mlle. Croizette's Célimène we have also nothing but praise to bestow; she has made decided progress in the part, and her scene with Arsinoë was especially excellent. Her chief success in a performance in which she was much applauded was her delivery in the same scene of the long speech commencing

> Madame, j'ai beaucoup de grâce à vous rendre.
> Un tel avis m'oblige, et, loin de le mal prendre,
> J'en prétends reconnaître à l'instant la faveur.

We wish we could speak as highly of Mme. Favart's Arsinoë, but it showed a distinct falling off, and was much marred by exaggeration. Mme. Broisat's Eliante, on the contrary, gave evidence of higher qualities than we had formerly supposed her to possess, and she called forth a just admiration for the delivery of many of her speeches.

The evening was brought to a close by M. Got reciting *La Maison de Molière*, written by M. François Coppée for the occasion. It is the privilege of skilful orators to be able to give weight to phrases which have not much intrinsic value, and M. Got's consummate declamation infused a vigorous spirit into M. Coppée's didactic Alexandrines. The busts of Molière, Corneille, and Racine occupied the back of the stage, the entire strength of the company being grouped on either side. The staircases and entrances were picturesquely decorated in honour of the opening night of the week. We cannot give a better impression of the whole effect than that conveyed by a remark overheard in the Foyer:—"Tout cela a un air de bonne maison qu'on ne trouve pas ailleurs."

On Tuesday, the 26th, when *Iphigénie en Aulide* was to have been given, the programme was unavoidably changed, owing to an indisposition of Mlle. Barthet. Accordingly it was replaced by *Britannicus*. Both Mme. Favart in the part of Agrippine and M. Mounet-Sully in that of Néron were new to us, and although we regretted not seeing M. Mounet-Sully in his old part of Britannicus, we were curious to see how he would interpret the character of Racine's Néron. We were rewarded above our expectations, for the performance was a singularly fine one, although unequal in parts. We confess to having been disappointed at his first appearance, which failed to produce its proper effect, through his excess of gesticulation; but this was, no doubt, due to nervousness, for this fault was rarely to be observed after the end of the first sentence he had to speak. His treatment of Néron was most striking, breaking, as it did, with all the traditions of the past. Instead of the violent, uncontrolled tyrant to whom we have been accustomed, he exhibited him to us as a man of furious, but suppressed, passion; taking a demoniacal pleasure in causing suffering, and finding an unbounded source of cat-like delight in treachery. At certain moments every look and gesture were suggestive of a tiger about to spring, and, in the few instances in which his passion burst its bonds and showed itself openly, he was truly terrible. One of the most striking instances of this was in the scene in which he declares his love to Junie, and extorts from her the avowal of her passion for Britannicus, and of which we quote a fragment:—

JUNIE.

* * * * * *

> Il ne voit dans son sort que moi qui m'intéresse,
> Et n'a pour tous plaisirs, seigneur, que quelques pleurs
> Qui lui font quelquefois oublier ses malheurs.

NÉRON.

> Et ce sont ces plaisirs et ces pleurs que j'envie,
> Que tout autre que lui me payerait de sa vie.
> Mais je garde à ce prince un traitement plus doux :
> Madame, il va bientôt paraître devant vous.

JUNIE.

> Ah, seigneur, vos vertus m'ont toujours rassurée.

NÉRON.

> Je pouvais de ces lieux lui défendre l'entrée ;
> Mais, madame, je veux prévenir le danger
> Où son ressentiment le pourrait engager.
> Je ne veux point le perdre ; il vaut mieux que lui-même
> Entende son arrêt de la bouche qu'il aime.
> Si ses jours vous sont chers, éloignez-le de vous.

The assumed interest in Britannicus was most wonderfully given. "Je ne veux point le perdre" was pronounced in a tone of melting tenderness, in strong contrast with the look of devilish enjoyment in his face at the thought of the unexpected pain he was about to cause; and the unbridled ferocity that flashed out in voice and gesture at the line "Si ses jours vous sont chers" could not have been better rendered or have produced a stronger effect. Very admirable, too, was the scene in which he surprises Britannicus at the feet of Junie. His stealthy approach, and the calm irony with which he addressed Britannicus, sent a shudder through one. But the scene in which he proved himself truly great was that in

which his mother upbraids him in the celebrated tirade in one hundred and eight lines. His acting throughout the scene showed true genius, and his answer to her, beginning

Je me souviens toujours que je vous dois l'empire,

was superbly rendered throughout. This pitch of excellence was sustained by him to the end of the play; and we may say that, despite an occasional tendency to over-gesticulation, his acting throughout was that of a great tragedian. Mme. Favart, by her noble acting in the latter scenes of the play, more than compensated us for her monotonous delivery and "stagey" interpretation of its earlier portions. M. Volny's Britannicus was meritorious but feeble, and Mlle. Dudlay's Junie never rose above mediocrity. We cannot end our account of *Britannicus* without bestowing a word of praise upon M. Maubant's fine delineation of the part of Burrhus, which materially contributed to the success of the play. Space will not allow us to say much concerning *Les Plaideurs*. Those who have seen it will remember how perfect its performance always is at the house of the Rue de Richelieu. M. Got surpassed himself and kept the house in a continual roar of laughter. M. Delaunay acted like a man of infinite talent and experience, and looked like a young man of one-and-twenty. Mlle. Jouassain was as good as ever in the Comtesse, and there is a marked improvement to be noted in M. Coquelin cadet, who took the part of Dandin; his "Je veux aller juger" was irresistibly comic. On the whole, it seems to us that we have never before been more heartily delighted with any performance we have witnessed at the Maison de Molière.

GLADSTONE FANCY STATIONERY.

WE had the pleasure, not long ago, of calling attention to a new means of exalting the moral tone and quickening the religious sentiments by means of writing-paper. All persons who are given to letter-writing, or indeed to writing of any kind, will be glad to hear that their political principles can be taken care of in a somewhat similar way, means for the purpose having been provided of a much more varied character and calculated to exercise a much more delicate force of appeal. The Christian Pilgrim Note Paper has, a correspondent assures us, received its completion in the Gladstone Fancy Stationery. But the devisers of this latter invention have gone far beyond those of the former. The Christian Pilgrim Notepaper is not, as far as we are aware, advertised to be made out of the rags which have been worn on the sacred persons of specially Christian Pilgrims in times present or past. The Gladstone Fancy Stationery is constructed of sycamore wood hewn by the Premier's own hands in his own park. It is thus almost impossible that virtue should not go out of it in the mere handling, even as the Arabian prince was cured by drugs cunningly concealed in the handle of a mallet. The wood has been in direct communication—through the brief intervening substance of the axe head and helve—with the Premier's own hands, and it is, therefore, as well qualified to exercise all possible virtues as the best-authenticated relics. Its enterprising manufacturers have, we are told, bought all the wood, but they wisely warn their intending customers that there is no time like the present. Between Naval Demonstrations and Irish prosecutions, Mr. Gladstone will hardly find time to exercise the axe with frequency sufficient to supply the demand, and all persons are therefore recommended to buy early and buy often. We must say, indeed, that we can hardly think it fair that private persons should be allowed to absorb commodities so precious. A set of Gladstone Fancy Stationery might with propriety find a home on the writing-tables of every Liberal Club. A horrid idea even suggests itself, that it might be worth while for some bold and devoted Liberal to introduce sets—disguised, if necessary—into the dens of Conservative Associations, that so their healing and converting effect may be exerted insensibly upon the enemy. But for a private person to have a Gladstone Paper-Cutter, a Gladstone Letter-Rack, a Gladstone Blotting-Case, a Gladstone Card-Case, and frames for holding portraits of the Premier in the very act of getting the raw material ready—this is too much. It is wasteful and ridiculous excess, and ought surely to be abstained from.

The list of items of this surprising stationery which our correspondent has been good enough to send us illustrates pleasantly the progress of modern refinement and even of modern luxury. When the misguided Mr. Timmins gave his Rosa that Davenport which worked such woe, paper, pens, wax, and little note-books exhausted the list of equipments which his cultivated and enamoured soul could think of. Had he lived thirty years later and been of the right political complexion, he would have adorned or encumbered that desk with the Gladstone Visiting-Cards, the Gladstone Card-Case to hold them, the specially appropriate Gladstone Post-Card-Rack, the Gladstone Paper-Knife, the Gladstone Letter-File, the Drawing-Stand, the "Papeterie" (which we understand to be trade French for paper-rack), the Music-Case, the Music-Carrier, the "Blotter," all bearing, and with the best of rights, the sacred name. Thus the remembrance of the idol can be carried into nearly as many relations of life as those remembrances of other idols which used so dreadfully to embarrass the early Christians. It can travel about with us in a card-case; it can scornfully tear wicked Tory prints and gently reveal the mild wisdom of the elect as a paper-knife; it can remove superfluous ink from hasty and fervent letters to the beloved (preserving correct copies of the same for the edification of future scoffers) as a "Blotter." As a letter-file, collectors of autographs may associate with it the epistles in which forty years ago Mr. Gladstone used to inform his correspondents that the only hope of the country was in Conservatism, and those in which at the present day he informs them that the only hope of the country is in Liberalism. The portrait-frames can enshrine counterfeit presentments of him as elected (and as rejected) by most English constituencies; and the music cases might possibly, with the aid of an expert composer, be made to contain representations of his unequalled faculty for singing different tunes at different times. Upon the happy, but, as we have suggested, somewhat selfish, man who decorates his writing-table with all these curiosities the effect which they exert ought to be indescribably suggestive, independently of the occult influence which they should, according to the best authorities in hagiology, be able to exercise. The varied scenes of a career of unexampled variety should rise up before him, and instructive parallels and conjunctions crowd into his mind. There is no need to particularize these; but it may be at least suggested that the "Blotter" will make him think of the facility with which Mr. Gladstone blots out his own announced convictions, and the knife of the prompt and ready vengeance which he knows so well how to exact from those who offend him.

It is with particular pleasure that we are able to inform our readers that no improper or surreptitious means have, according to our informant, been used to obtain this great boon for the people of England. There have been saints, we believe, who have rather objected to the carrying off of relics or talismans by enthusiastic worshippers. Saint Simeon of the Pillar was, if we may trust the Laureate, above these foolish scruples—we do not intend an idle jest by this—and so is Mr. Gladstone. Our correspondent has forwarded to us a document which, if it be not an actual facsimile of a letter from Mr. Gladstone's private secretary, is a very audacious and a very adroit imitation of one. Mr. Gladstone expresses his "best thanks," he says, that "the specimens have afforded him much interest," and that "the workmanship appears to him to be most satisfactory." He does not, indeed, quite echo the words of the other person who was set in a high place by suggesting that the Gladstone Fancy Stationery may "aid all this foolish people," that they may "take example, pattern" by him who hewed the sycamores, and that so they may be brought to the Radical light. But it is fair to presume from his reported acquiescence in the proceeding, his gratitude to the workers, and his approval of the workmanship, that the idea seems to him not a bad one. There have been statesmen (just as there have been saints) who might have taken a different view. These churlish persons would probably have written to this effect:—"Gentlemen, I can't prevent you from making any use you please of the wood you have bought, nor can I prevent any idiots from purchasing the things you make out of it. I have, however, given orders that in future every chip of my axe is to be burnt or used up at Hawarden. You will doubtless receive this information with equanimity, as it will add to the value of your wares." This is what some men might have written, no doubt unwisely. It deserves to be very frankly and cordially acknowledged by Mr. Gladstone's least enthusiastic admirers that he has an excellent measure of the foot of a certain not insignificant portion of the British public. With another portion he is perhaps not quite so much at home. But he quite understands those with whom he has chiefly to deal. No injudicious refuser of wreaths is he; no churlish grudger of the simple pleasures of the people. We cannot somehow imagine Mr. Gladstone reading the *Book of Snobs* with interest or appreciation. Painful glimmers as to his encouragement in his worshippers of the vices therein censured would probably come across him—unpleasant half-lights, which his mental eye could not wholly blink. It is true that, like Warren Hastings, he would undoubtedly have the satisfaction of looking into his own heart and convincing himself of his innocence; but still he would probably think it wise not to expose himself to the necessity of such introspection. The artless compositions of the manufacturers of Gladstone Fancy Stationery, the chaste tributes of the donors of silver axes, must be much more to his taste.

It is rather odd that, just as all the world is complaining of the decay of letter-writing, benefactors of the public should choose this particular function as the one at the performance of which the hearts of men are to be caught warm and tender and moulded to noble uses. "How very hard it is to be a Christian," sings or sighs Mr. Browning, and a cheery man of business answers, "Not at all; buy some Christian Pilgrim Notepaper, and the thing is done." "How very hard it is to be a Gladstonian," sings or might sing some unpublished bard, and he too is met by the prompt reply, "Write your letters under the immediate influence of Gladstone Fancy Stationery, and all the rough ways shall be made plain to you at once. You shall not wonder at Naval Demonstrations with the guns warranted not to go off, neither shall you lose yourself in intricate problems of proportion in which the terms are sergeants of police, Irish churches, peers of the realm of Ireland, and land laws for the protection of the property and persons of the lieges. A Gladstone fancy papeterie or a paper-cutter of the genuine Hawarden sycamore will make it all smooth and easy." The only thing that grieves us somewhat is that the precious material has not been made into more precious objects. The wood of the True Cross—and persons with a good historical memory may be asked to remember that we are not respon-

sible for the invention of the parallel—has been profanely said to exist in quantity sufficient for the building of a three-decker; but we do not remember that it was ever used for the manufacture of papeteries. The Hawarden sycamores should surely have been committed to those excellent goldsmiths and silversmiths who pine for some worthier occupation than the nufacture of spurious Queen Anne plate. Reliquaries of every n and size should have been fashioned for its reception. Blotters and papeteries are all very well; but really, if this is the modern fashion of honouring saints, we shall expect shortly to see advertised the Gladstone Lucifers—wood warranted to come from Hawarden—or the Gladstone Fire-Lighters, in bundles of five hundred. Indeed there would be a certain appropriateness in these applications. The affectionate devotees of the best of Premiers have not, so far as we know, ascertained or published exact statistics of the amount of cords—we think that is the correct term—of wood which Mr. Gladstone cuts down annually, but it must be considerable. There is no knowing to what vile uses the sacred wood might come if it be too freely worked up. But still its sale, if it have a sale, must, like that of the photographs of distinguished persons in the shop-windows, greatly comfort Mr. Carlyle in his old age. The people at large has come round to hero-worship, and pursues the cult in the most affecting as well as in the most strictly orthodox and traditional manner. It is true that there is a suspicion of the commercial element about the Gladstone Fancy Stationery. But every people has its ways, and the ways of Great Britain, as all men know, do sometimes a little smack of the shop. It must be seldom that the shop witnesses a more touching ceremony than the purchase, with hard-earned pennies, of a Gladstone Blotter by a fervent Radical. Let us hope that no heartless tradesman will delude that trusting one with false sycamore cut down by another than the venerated hand.

AUTUMN OUTSIDE THE FOG.

PEOPLE who are confined in town in the late autumn have, it must be allowed, good cause to complain. If ever there is a time when London is physically insupportable, it is now. The discomforts naturally incident to the season—such as the exchange of mellow warmth for raw nipping cold, and the gloomy narrowing of the day—are multiplied by the unnameable nastinesses of the London fog. Happy are they who have the opportunity to fly from this accumulation of miseries to a clearer, sunnier air, and wise are the few who, quite content to stay in town when town is pleasant, arrange for an autumn flitting when the multitude have ended theirs. To the unfortunate ones who would be glad, if they were free, to escape from the inclemencies of late October and November, we are able to offer a word of comfort. Nowhere in England, perhaps, are the beauties of autumn, when

> the fading many-colour'd woods,
> Shade deepening over shade, the country round
> Imbrown,

more lavishly spread before the eye than among some of the chalk hills of Surrey, which are reachable in less than an hour from town. And one can hardly conceive circumstances better fitted to intensify by contrast the enjoyment of autumn's glowing colours than the murky atmospheric surroundings of London at this season.

We will suppose that a harmless inhabitant of our fog-invested metropolis, much tormented by its noxious properties, takes an early train and reaches the neighbourhood of Dorking at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. The pure country mist, more beautiful by contrast to the smoky mixture left behind, still hovers in fleecy drifts over the hollows, softening the distance and lending a pleasant freshness to the air. As he steps from his train the first impression made on him is that of the brilliant colouring, for of all the senses the eye is the most active and the first to note new impressions. Almost at the same instant, however, he becomes aware of the profound stillness—a stillness that seems to afford the ear a positive and even an intense sensation, like the famous darkness that is said to have been "felt." As he begins to walk, and brings his lungs into vigorous play, he becomes fully aware of the qualities of his new air. Just as the London fog afflicted him with its many bad properties, which, not having the analytic power of Coleridge, he was unable to discriminate and name, so now the morning air, retaining something of the mellowness of summer beneath its keen freshness, dimly unfolds to his respiratory sensibilities its many hidden virtues. We will suppose that our fugitive from London fog is so fortunate as to have the companionship of some local friend who is not unnaturally proud of the beauties of his neighbourhood, and glad to reveal the less accessible of them to an appreciative eye. They pass first, perhaps, into a finely-timbered park, where the beeches and oaks have shed their nuts, and made a rich carpeting of their leaves, inviting a few idlers to the pristine occupation of nut-gathering. Hence they strike up the steep side of a chalk hill amid fir trees, making a mirth-provoking slip now and again, for last night's frost has given an unusual slipperiness to the surface. As they ascend, the full sense of autumn takes possession of the Londoner's mind. The song of birds is over, unless, indeed,

> some widow'd songster pours his plaint
> Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse.

The rustle of a falling leaf, and the sob of a passing breeze among the trees, feed the autumnal mood of thought with appropriate suggestions. Between the shafts of the fir trees they catch glimpses of a bowery hollow bright with autumn colouring, or of a stream whose waters, swollen and whitened by the rains, rush seaward with riotous gladness. Soon they emerge on an open grassy ridge from which ampler views are obtainable. The full glory of many-tinted autumn now breaks on the eye. The lighter yellows of the lime and oak, or, if it be the last of the autumn, the still more brilliant hues of the elm, and the deeper, warmer tints of the beech, or the rarer maple, combine with the unchanged green of the yew and fir trees in a most intricate, yet ever harmonious, colour scheme. The masses of warm colouring hang over the green slopes of the rounded hills like folds of some rich Oriental vestment. The smaller growths of bramble, gorse, and juniper carry on the same contrasts and harmonies of tint in smaller masses. Here and there a chalk pit or a patch of wild clematis supplies the eye with a bit of neutral colour, by a reference to which the force of the prevailing hues is more vividly felt. In the distance the bounding ridges take on a bluish tint, and conduct the eye gently to the perfect repose of the azure vault above. The pleasure derived from the scene will be greatly enhanced by the remarks of the friend to whom it is a familiar every-day sight; for if, on the one hand, the stranger feels a thrill of delight which only a vivid sense of newness and contrast brings, on the other hand the inhabitant has a subtler enjoyment, which is drawn from many memories and a perfected habit of fine discrimination. To his eye each modulation of tint in beech or elm at once takes its right place in the whole melody of autumn change. He knows, too, the slight variations of colour from season to season due to changing conditions of humidity, &c. And as he talks out of the fulness of his rural lore, his visitor gains a new insight into the mysteries of autumn colouring.

While there are these wider views to be shown to the visitor, there are little bits of special beauty or interest hidden away from the casual rover in secret nooks. Now it is the picturesque ruin of a house belonging to a half-forgotten philosopher of the last century which the present owner of the estate has done good service to an appreciative few in preserving. As the stranger regards the remnant of what must have been a handsome structure pitched on a plateau overlooking a fine sweep of undulating country, he thinks perhaps that he has found the clue to the writer's optimism. A man to whom the lines appear to have fallen in such pleasant places not unnaturally took a complacent view of existence as a whole. And in this peaceful retreat he must have had the leisure which seems necessary for his curious and interesting calculation that human suffering, which is supposed to be approximately the same in all cases, probably amounts to about "a minute of pain once in every twenty-five years." Other relics there are to be visited more venerable than the optimist's house, monuments of nature's patient accumulative industry. Led through what seem to be trackless woods by his trusty guide, our Londoner finds himself in the midst of a clump of stalwart yew trees. Their stout compact trunks are barkless, and their gnarled contorted limbs seem splintering under the influence of centuries of frost. Yet above, the soft green plumage lives and thrives, being just now studded with succulent berries. A no less noble spectacle awaits our Londoner a little further on, where a number of ancient beeches huddle themselves together, like a group of cronies, in order the better to hear one another's hoarse gossip of things of yore. Here, too, the vital forces which underlie growth, contending perhaps with exceptional external conditions, have wrought many a curious irregularity. Only one trunk stands perfectly erect, column-like, among its bent and twisted companions. The forms of the trunks, now divided into a number of parallel shafts like a clustered pillar, now twisted spirally in a strange manner which vividly recalls some of Blake's celestial backgrounds will naturally suggest architectural images in the mind of the Londoner, more familiar with the structure of church than of tree, and so the conversation wanders pleasantly into the subject of the historical or genetic relation between architectural and natural forms. On looking up at the magnificent branches spreading away in wide horizontal sweep till they dip and touch the ground, our imaginary friends may not improbably go back in thought to a still more distant age, when our reputed ancestors needed to shape to themselves no manner of dwelling, but found ample lodgment provided them in the hidden recesses of umbrageous trees.

Meanwhile the autumn afternoon is nearing its close—

> The western sun withdraws the shorten'd day;
> And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,
> In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd
> The vapours throws.

The gradual subsidence of the splendours of colouring reduces the eye from its state of intense activity to one of comparative repose, leaving room for the resurgence of lower sensations. The fine-edged, exhilarating air, together with the six hours' walking, has given birth to a group of unfamiliar bodily feelings, among which a keen craving for food is the most easily recognizable. The day's rural enjoyment will be complete if our Londoner betakes himself to some inn of the neighbourhood, unless indeed he is fortunate enough to be taken home by his sympathetic cicerone. In either case he will know what it is to sit down to a meal with a kind of appetite which is something more than a dull sense of organic want, having a very definite reference to the keener pleasures of the palate. With a body refreshed and regenerated by its day's immersion in pure air, and a mind no less refreshed by its contact

with the perfect repose and picturesque scenery of the country, he will return to town with more courage for facing the insidious attacks of his hostile fogs. No doubt their complexion will be all the more hideous for this day's glimpse of the varied beauties of unimpeded sunlight; yet the image of them will have a happier effect in lighting up his dismal surroundings with a soft ray of hope. Henceforth his dingy town surroundings will seem but a small part of his real environment. Beyond the fog his imagination sees wider regions of pellucid air and gladdening sunshine. If, as is sometimes said, a good part of the worth of our surroundings lies rather in certain possibilities of enjoyment than in any actual pleasures, we may understand how an occasional flitting beyond the smoke such as we have here imagined may very appreciably mitigate the evils of an autumn imprisonment in town.

GUY'S HOSPITAL.

THE death of the unfortunate man Pateman, who was dismissed last week from Guy's Hospital with a severe, and, as it proved, fatal, fracture of the skull, after being examined by a nurse only and treated for a mere scalp wound, has naturally once more attracted attention to the affairs of that institution. It is of course true enough that neither this case nor even the still more serious one of the nurse who was accused and found guilty of causing the death of a patient by direct misconduct would necessarily have attracted much attention in ordinary times. But these are not ordinary times for Guy's Hospital, and it would be difficult for the most adroit advocate to contend that the two occurrences in question have nothing to do with the recent dispute between the governing body of the Hospital and the medical staff. The delinquent in the former case was indeed an "old sister"—that is to say, not one of the nurses introduced into the Hospital under the present *régime*. But the high-handed manner in which she chose to adopt therapeutic or disciplinary measures on her own responsibility and at her own discretion could not be held to be altogether unconnected with the great dispute of Nurse *v.* Doctor. In the present case the nurse whose fault has resulted in loss of life is a fully representative example of the "new sister." She had, indeed, come from the same hospital—that at Leicester—from which the matron who now rules at Guy's came; and her evidence certainly seems to have disclosed some remarkable shortcomings in the system of organization now working—shortcomings which strengthen the case of the medical staff very materially. Phyllis Phillips declares positively that no kind of authoritative rules or directions for her conduct have been issued to her since she came to Guy's. The nurse whose place she took remained with her a couple of days, so that she had at least an example of practice, but she had no code of rules. She "came as a trained nurse from Leicester, and they supposed she knew." Now this certainly puts a new aspect on the whole controversy. Hitherto the case of the doctors has been that undue prominence was assigned to the nurses; that the new system of rules for the conduct of the latter was not drawn up with the assent of the medical staff, and contained items likely to be injurious to the well-being of the patients; and so forth. But at least the thoroughness of the system was hardly disputed. The idea was that the nurses took too much upon themselves perhaps, but certainly not that they were taken individually on trust, and "supposed to know" their duties. In this case both errors seem to have been combined in a singularly unfortunate manner. Hitherto there has been, outside the Hospital, a good deal of sympathy with the nurses and with the governing body as against the medical staff, partly because of the injudicious tone and conduct of the latter, partly from an old, and not perhaps wholly unfounded, idea, that doctors sometimes consider patients in hospitals rather as interesting and convenient exemplifications of curious scientific truths than as sufferers whom it is their business to relieve. We say that this idea is perhaps not wholly erroneous, though there is no doubt that it is grossly exaggerated. But the two cases which have in the last few months caused such scandal reverse the parts attributed to the actors altogether. Inhumanity and carelessness appear on the side of the nurses, care and attention (rendered useless by the refusal or neglect to give them an opportunity of showing themselves) on the side of the doctors. No doubt the actual conduct of Phyllis Phillips was rather thoughtless and unfortunate than criminal. The house surgeon (very much to his credit), while admitting that the case ought to have been referred to him, declined to say that the dismissal caused the man's death, laid stress on the difficulty of ascertaining the fact of fracture, and made no attempt whatever to get up a case against the opposition element in the Hospital management. But the fact that the nurse steadily maintains that no positive directions of any kind were given her for her conduct towards patients when admitted, and that she was "supposed to know," will have more influence with the public than reams of argument about the relative importance in the hospital hierarchy of the abstract nurse and the abstract doctor. The presence of a medical student may excuse Phyllis Phillips; the absence, if only in one instance, of a precise written order to summon qualified authority in every case is, it cannot but be said, conclusive against the actual management of Guy's.

The clamour which has been raised for a change in the constitution of the governing body seems to us, we must confess, a singularly short-sighted and clumsy attempt to solve the difficulty. In this particular quarter of the nineteenth century there seems to be a considerable number of persons whose only idea of curing is to destroy something. The method is not scientific; we doubt whether it is even effective. That it is well that medical and surgical science should be represented on the governing body there can be little doubt; but that such representation should be in any way preponderant, should be indeed much more than consultative, seems to us by no means desirable. We think that the management of such institutions in England will, on the whole, bear very favourable comparison with that usual in any other country; and the very soul and marrow of the principle of that management is that it should be chiefly, if not wholly, in the hands of laymen lifted by their position, fortunes, and character out of the possibility of being influenced, not merely by corrupt motives, but by any professional crotchets or fads. We are quite certain that the public, and especially that somewhat suspicious and not very enlightened portion of the public which principally derives benefit from hospitals, has infinitely more confidence in such a governing body than in one composed of experts. There is, as we have said, a very strong feeling against the subordination of the charitable to the scientific purpose of hospitals; and hitherto, until these two unlucky cases altered the balance, this feeling has been decidedly on the side of the Governors of Guy's. But it by no means follows, because the influence of the medical staff ought not to be predominant in the legislative body, that their advice in matters of administration should not be attended to with the utmost deference. It seems impossible to contend that in the late alterations of the system of internal management at Guy's this wholesome principle has been duly observed. Recognizing fully, as we do, the importance of the nurse's position, we can only repeat what we asserted in dealing with this question months ago, that that position must always be subordinate to the doctor's. The nurse should be the doctor's hands, and the hands cannot be too delicately trained and too thoroughly adapted to their work, but they must not aspire to be heads as well as hands. Only the idlest prejudice—and it is unfortunate that a great deal of very idle and very irrelevant prejudice has been imported into this question—can deny that the average nurse of the stamp of the "new sisters" of Guy's is immensely superior to her forerunners. Better social position, more entire devotion to work, superior technical instruction, improved morality, higher motives of action may, as a rule, safely be assigned to her. But at the same time it is impossible not to see that these improvements carry with them a danger—the danger that the nurse will magnify her office and take too much upon herself. We do not think that in cool blood any one can be found to deny that this danger has been proved to be no imaginary danger, both on the great scale and on the small, at Guy's Hospital during the present year. That any individual feeling of antagonism between nurses and doctors exists we may hope is not the case. But it is only necessary to turn over the pages of what may almost be called the sacred book of the new school of nursing, the *Life of Sister Dora*, to show that a certain masterfulness—shall we say mistressfulness?—is apt to be engendered in the more perfect examples of the type. There are times when they are obliged to think and act for themselves; there are times when chance or devoted care justifies their own apparently wilful and arbitrary opinion against the judgment of science. These things puff up even the best, and the ordinary run of nurses are pretty certain to imitate the faults, without possessing the virtues, of their exemplars. A brilliant wilful nurse may save a case or two where the plodding drudge who simply carries out the doctor's orders would lose it. But a wilful nurse who is not brilliant—which, on the whole, is likely to be the case—is quite certain to lose a dozen where the plodding drudge would save them.

These very obvious truths cannot escape the attention of the Governors of Guy's, and ought not to escape them, despite the provoking and almost inexcusable manner in which the war has been waged against their servants by the scientific staff of the Hospital and its partisans. Not even the exceeding indiscretion of the chief literary advocate of the other side could excuse even the least discreditable of the proceedings to which we refer. But, in truth, the public are not interested in the skill of fence, or the good taste, or even the intrinsic deserts, of either side in the fray. What is wanted is that a great public institution which has in times past done an immensity of good, and which ought rather to increase than to diminish in usefulness, shall be set in the best working order and kept in that order. Individual merits and interests, susceptibilities and demands, sink into insignificance beside this. Now the warmest advocate of the doctors cannot pretend that the spectacle of their petulance and readiness to take umbrage is calculated to increase public confidence in them, and the warmest advocate of the nurses cannot pretend that the cases of Louisa Ingle and Phyllis Phillips are models of the manner in which patients ought to be treated at a hospital. "A plague on both your houses" is the natural exclamation of all who do not wish themselves, their friends, their dependents, or indeed any human being, to be bundled into a bath and left there, as a disciplinary measure, or to be treated for an ordinary "cracked crown" when the crown is but too seriously and literally cracked. We are disposed to think that hitherto the Governors have in no respect failed in their duty, and have made the best of a very awkward business; but it must now be a serious consideration with them whether decided measures should not be taken to

secure what is—it must be again and again repeated—the real object of the Hospital, that is to say, the proper treatment of the patients. That nurses of the same class as those at Guy's can work elsewhere in due subordination to the medical staff is a simple fact; and perhaps this fact suggests a way out of the difficulty.

WINTER OPERA.

MR. ARMIT has not thus far been specially fortunate in his season of Autumn cheap opera at Her Majesty's Theatre. The opening night of his management was marked by some considerable disappointments, and the succeeding nights have hardly availed to remove the first impression. Superstitious people might be inclined to think that the profanation of the stage once sacred to the greatest names of opera and ballet by a troop of American "Minstrels" with corked faces had left behind it an evil influence, much as in Lord Lytton's story of "The Haunted and the Haunters" the presence of one man in the doomed house made itself felt and feared through a long succession of years. Up to this point, as far as regards the principal performers in Mr. Armit's company, his management might be not unfairly described as a reduction to the absurd of the "star" system. He has secured one artist of the very highest power and skill—Mme. Trebelli—and she has been surrounded with a crowd of more or less unknown singers, many of whom it would be flattery to call nonentities. Mlle. Bauermeister, it is true, has been at hand to fill on the first night, with the marked readiness which distinguishes her, the place of the missing Margherita; and she has since done in various operas such excellent service as she always does; while at least one new singer of merit has appeared. Again, if anything could add to the sense of Mme. Trebelli's excellence as a singer and an actress, it would be the proved fact that it is worth while to sit through an unusual amount of bad acting and singing in an opera because Mme. Trebelli appears in it. In the same way, the shortcomings of other performers have accentuated the merit of Mlle. Bauermeister, who is perhaps to the second rank of operatic singers what Mme. Trebelli is to the first. But the presence among the ladies engaged of one singer who stands at the head of the first and of another who stands at the head of the second rank will hardly support a whole season of what are intended to be in the best sense of the word popular operas. Nor, in spite of the merits of Signor Vizzani and Runcio, will their appearance as tenors altogether make up for the inefficient, and frequently worse than inefficient, performances of the baritones and basses. It is only fair to add to these general remarks that the stage management has been good, that in one opera the chorus has distinguished itself, and that Signor Li Calsi's conducting has been marked by skill and strength.

Since the opening night the changes have been rung upon a small number of well-known operas. The first appearance of Mme. Trebelli—who has been the mainstay of all the performances—took place in *La Favorita*, in which she played for the first time in London the part of the heroine. Her performance was, as might have been expected, charged with fine perception and passion; and her singing, throughout admirable, was especially beautiful in the "O, mio Fernando." Signor Cantoni appeared as Fernando. His singing was of an untrained and mediocre kind, and the quality of his acting may be judged from the fact that, in the great scene of the third act, he entirely missed any dramatic force, and preserved throughout a smooth, irritating smile. Signor Ordinas got through Baldassare tolerably well, and Signor Quintilli-Leoni sang and acted Alfonso intolerably ill. It would be interesting to know who taught Signor Quintilli-Leoni to sing, and why. Mlle. Bauermeister's Inez was, apart from Mme. Trebelli's performance, the one redeeming point in an exhibition which, as regards the principal singers, was wretched enough. The chorus were not often to blame, and in the third act sang well.

Mme. Trebelli subsequently appeared in *Carmen*, in which the beauties of her performance seem to have gained by practice. Without one touch of the vulgarity which has been sometimes imported into the part, she indicates with rare skill the heartless devilry of the girl who cannot long be pleased with the same lover, and yet so saves it from offence that the sympathies of the audience cannot but be more than half with Carmen. The gaiety, the grace, the wild spontaneity which belong to Mme. Trebelli's interpretation of this part have never been more marked than now, and her admirable byplay seems to have gained in ease and precision. Signor Runcio's José has also improved; his passion is more controlled, and therefore more effective; his singing is smoother, and his acting in the last fatal scene has real force. Mr. George Fox appeared as the Toreador. He sang the well-known song badly, and pronounced his words badly. His acting was throughout ineffective. Mlle. Olga de Morini appeared as Michaela. She seemed to suffer from nervousness, but she also undoubtedly suffered from insufficient learning. So long as the public will tolerate the appearance of untrained singers, so long, it is to be feared, will untrained singers continue to appear, and of course the mischief is one that acquires strength by its own motion. There is no doubt something to be said in favour of the existence of the feeling which prompted some of the audience to quash by applause the signs of disapprobation which Mlle. de Morini's singing began at one time to provoke; but the constant expression of such a feeling will not do good to the art of the operatic stage. Mlle. Bauermeister appeared, with her accustomed excellence, as Mercedes. In this opera the chorus was unusually good.

The *début* of Mlle. Rosina Isidor in *Lucia di Lammermoor* on Saturday might be described as a success, if it were judged only by the applause which attended her during the performance. One of that class of soprani which are called "light," she possesses many gifts which should, with further experience of the stage, raise her in the ranks of her fellow-artists; but, at the same time, her faults were not hidden under a bushel. Her phrasing, for instance, of the celebrated air, "Regnera nel silenzio," in the first act, was, to say the least, eccentric; whilst her singing of "Spargi d'amaro pianto" in the third act was very far from what might be desired. As, however, a great part of the audience continued to applaud, we suppose that they take and will take little heed of such errors as we complain of. Mlle. Isidor may, with further study, as we have said, attain a fair position as a singer, for she is able at least to sing in tune, an accomplishment which appears to be thought little of nowadays. Her acting in the first and second acts was praiseworthy; but she seemed both as to acting and singing to have exhausted herself by the time she arrived at the mad scene. It may perhaps be said that it is impossible to act the part of a madwoman and at the same time sing the exceedingly difficult vocal exercises which Donizetti most inartistically, to our mind, has chosen to set down for the unfortunate Lucia; but Mlle. Isidor, by way of out-Heroding Herod, inserted a more elaborate cadenza—if that be possible—than even Donizetti has conceived, and it is only fair to say that she sang it with great credit. Signor Vizzani's Edgardo was an intelligent rendering of the part, whilst Signor Quintilli-Leoni's Enrico was perhaps the most grotesque thing of its kind that the audience at Her Majesty's have ever been treated to. A portly Henry Aston, with a voice which the constant tremolo renders annoying to listen to, and with an intonation far from true, is hardly the character the composer intended to portray. Signor Ghilberti as Raimondo was unobjectionable, whilst the less we say about Signor Conti's Arturo the better. Mlle. Barnadelli played Alisa.

On Tuesday Bellini's opera of *Norma* was produced for the *début* of Mlle. Lorenzini-Gianoli, who comes to us with a reputation from Italy. This singer suffers from a fault, easily rectified indeed, but also growing too common, which makes it difficult to imagine how she could have succeeded, as we are told she has done, in drawing large audiences in Italy. We thought at first that the vibrato under which she labours was due to nervousness; but we soon found out our mistake. That she sang the music correctly, and acted her part with considerable vigour, we must concede; but that hearing her performance gave us any pleasure we cannot say. Mlle. Bauermeister sang the part of Adalgisa with great success, her sostenuto contrasting most agreeably with Mlle. Gianoli's tremolo; and Signor Vizzani's Pollione was as good as that exceedingly unpleasant character could be made by polished singing and careful acting. Oroveso fell to Signor Antonucci, who sustained the part with much dignity and sang the music creditably.

Faust was given for the second time on Wednesday last, when Mlle. Elisa Widmar, who had been wanting on the first night, appeared as Margherita. Her performance was fresh and unconventional; she sang well, on the whole, in spite of an evident nervousness, which sometimes led her astray, and her acting in the cathedral scene displayed both poetry and originality. Signor Runcio sang Faust creditably, and with much more feeling than is generally found in singers who undertake the part. Signor Ordinas appeared as Mephistopheles. His performance has not improved since he undertook the same part some time ago at Covent Garden. He has, as an actor, good intentions, and at some moments he carries them into effect with considerable success. But his tumbling down in the scene where he shrinks before the cross-handles of the swords, and his appearance under a red light at Margherita's back when she is trying the flower-test in the garden, show that his conception of the part is at best faulty. He sang the "Dio dell' Or" with some vigour, but with an offensively "yapping" utterance in the fifth and eighth bars. In the rest of the part he sang too often flat, and once, at least, sharp, and he gave the serenade, in which his intonation was more than once at fault, without any conception of its mock tenderness, at the full power of his voice throughout, and without any attempt to make the laugh, the real horror of which lies in its music, anything but a kind of savage yell. Mr. George Fox sang, or was supposed to sing, Valentino. It is perhaps hardly worth while to criticize the performance of a singer who has not learnt the rudiments of phrasing, and whose command of his voice is uncertain. To Mme. Trebelli's Siebel it seems impossible to apply any new term of praise. On the occasion of which we write Siebel became the principal part in the opera. It is to be hoped that Mr. Armit's season will improve as it goes on. He has secured, apart from Mme. Trebelli, those elements of success for popular opera to which we referred at the beginning of this article—good stage management, a good conductor, and a chorus which is capable of doing well. He has also found a dancer of exceptional merit in Mlle. Palladino. But it would take more than this to render tolerable the extraordinary shortcomings upon which it has been unpleasant to dwell.

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

THE Cesarewitch had been so exceptionally interesting a race that the Cambridgeshire appeared dull in comparison with it. On the publication of the two great handicaps, the Cambridgeshire looked on paper quite as attractive as its companion. Isonomy headed the list, as in the Cesarewitch; then came Peter, Robbie Burns, Dresden China, and Roehampton, while at the head of the three-year-olds was Robert the Devil. Lower in the list were to be found the winners of the Two Thousand and the One Thousand, the winner of last year's Cambridgeshire, and the winners of the Criterion, the Goodwood Stakes, the Chester Cup, and many other races. Considering that, after scarcely better promise, the Cesarewitch turned out to be one of the most interesting handicaps ever known, it was disappointing to find the Cambridgeshire a comparatively tame affair. From the very commencement of betting on the race it was evident that, in public opinion, the heavily-weighted horses, with one or two exceptions, had decidedly the worst of the bargain. The forfeit list itself contained the names of many good horses, and but few of the best left in the race were noticed in the betting quotations. At one time there seemed to be some hope that Prestonpans, the winner of last year's Criterion, and one of the most heavily-weighted three-year-olds left in the handicap, might become the first favourite; but, although he was one of the earliest horses to be backed, there were plenty of bookmakers ready to lay heavily against him.

When the speculation on the race had fairly begun, the most heavily-weighted horse that was backed for any large sum of money was Exeter, a four-year-old, handicapped at 9 st. 1 lb. There are few, if any, finer animals in training than this horse. He looks capable of carrying a heavy man to hounds, and yet he is anything but coarse. In the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot he had beaten Rayon d'Or by a head. This was not altogether a very creditable victory, as he was receiving 10 lbs. from the Frenchman, but nevertheless he had run very game. At Doncaster he had beaten Roehampton by a neck, when receiving 5 lbs. He was in the same stable as Robert the Devil, and was said to be much inferior to that horse, whom he had led in his gallops for the St. Leger. In the Cesarewitch he had not distinguished himself, but it was possible that the distance had been too great for him. A horse of his power seemed well suited to the Cambridgeshire hill, and it was hoped that he might emulate the performance of his stable companion, Robert the Devil, by winning one of the two great handicaps under a weight of unprecedented proportions. Another heavily-weighted horse was American Spendthrift, a four-year-old that had never before run in public in England. The form he had shown in America had been excellent, but there were rumours that he was a roarer. Archer was engaged to ride him, so there was no danger of his not being shown the way home on the strange course. 8 st. 12 lbs. was a tremendous weight for the American to carry, and he had only 3 lbs. advantage over Exeter. Cipolata was handicapped at 8 st., but she carried 8 st. 2 lbs. We have so often spoken of the performances of this mare that we need not describe them again now. With regard to her recent defeat in the Newmarket Oaks there were two excuses to be made—one, that her opponent may have beaten her through the fine riding of his jockey, the other that she might not have recovered from her severe race in the Cesarewitch. Indeed, when she ran for the Newmarket Oaks she looked very much worn, and she had every appearance of having been exhausted by her race of the previous Tuesday. She is a fine lengthy mare, with beautiful racing-like shape; but she is not overburdened with muscle, and she was suffering from a cracked heel. Another favourite was the three-year-old Retreat, who rivalled Exeter in good looks. He had run very well in the Cesarewitch up to the point at which Robert the Devil began his rush. He had now 7 st. 4 lbs. to carry, which scarcely seemed an unfair burden for him. Ulster was also a good-looking competitor. He had been eighth in the Cesarewitch, and he was now to carry the light weight of 6 st. 12 lbs. A strong and muscular filly was Lucetta, though she was neither tall nor lengthy, and, as a four-year-old with only 7 st. 1 lb. to carry, she seemed favourably handicapped. She had capital legs and feet, and was reported to be in excellent training, but she had hitherto run better as a three-year-old than as a four-year-old. Leoville's best performance this year had been to run second to Master Kildare in the City and Suburban Handicap, in which race he was only beaten by a head. Last year he had started equal favourite with Lartington for the Cambridgeshire. He was now to carry 7 st. 10 lbs. He is by D'Estournel, whose stock are not, as a rule, very trustworthy runners, and there were rumours that he had lately run badly in a trial. There seemed a great deal to be said for the chances of Fernandez. This three-year-old is an own brother to Isonomy. He had won the Craven Stakes at Newmarket in the Spring; and, after running nowhere in the Two Thousand Guineas, he had come out at Ascot and run Bend Or to a head in the St. James's Palace Stakes. It was thought at the time by most racing men that this form was incorrect, and that Bend Or would have won easily if he had not been eased in his work. The 8 st. 1 lb. that he was now to carry was a formidable weight; but, if it was true that he was within 3 lbs. or 4 lbs. of Bend Or, he did not seem ill-treated when handicapped within 11 lbs. of Robert the Devil. Much interest was taken in the chances of Castillon, a three-year-old French colt which had never before run in England. He had had extraordinary successes in his own country, having won something like nine races out of eleven during the season. In May at Chantilly Le Destrier had beaten him at even weights; but in August, when he was giving Le Destrier more than a stone, he had run within three-quarters of a length of him. In the Cambridgeshire Castillon was put down for 7 st. 7 lbs., while Le Destrier was put at 8 st. 5 lbs. The last-named horse was struck out some days before the race. Adventure had not been out before this year, but last season she had been a bad third to Wheel of Fortune for the Oaks. Her three-year-old career had been a very unsuccessful one, as she only won one out of eleven races, and that had been but an unimportant affair. At four years old, however, she could scarcely have been let into the handicap at a lower weight than 6 st. 11 lbs. Her stable companion, the three-year-old Evasion, had 6 st. 12 lbs. allotted to her, which was, at weight for age, something like 9 lbs. heavier weight than that given to Adventure. Evasion had been an uncertain and jadish runner. She had won a couple of races last year, but most of her form this season had been very bad. She had been a bad third to Elizabeth and Versigny in the One Thousand, fifth in the Oaks, and nowhere in the Coronation Stakes at Ascot. Then she had apparently taken a turn for the better, for at Goodwood she had run Muriel to a head. Now Muriel, it will be remembered, had beaten Cipolata by exactly that distance in the Newmarket Oaks; therefore, if that running were correct, Cipolata and Evasion might be equal, and yet Evasion was handicapped on 16 lbs. better terms for the Cambridgeshire than Cipolata. At Doncaster again, Evasion had run within a neck of Experiment in the Park Hill Stakes, beating Jenny Howlett, the winner of the Oaks, as well as Muriel herself. All this seemed very contradictory and unsatisfactory running, and the only inference which could be drawn from it was that Evasion must have been an uncertain performer. The aforesaid Experiment was another candidate for the Cambridgeshire, but she was to give Evasion 15 lbs., and on her Doncaster running this seemed to leave her little chance of beating the last-named mare. She had won six races out of seven this season, and she seemed on her public form to be one of the best and most honest fillies of her year. She carried 3 lbs. less than Cipolata, so she had every opportunity of showing what she was worth. At the last moment Fernandez was a strong first favourite at about 4 to 1.

The Cambridgeshire day was terribly wet; indeed it was much such a day as that on which the St. Leger was run. In addition to the heavy rain there was a mist, consequently it was very difficult to see the races; and the weather was almost at its worst when the Cambridgeshire was run. Thirty-one horses were saddled for the race, which was exactly the number that ran for the Cambridgeshire last year. The best-looking of the party were Exeter, Fernandez, and Retreat. At the post Fernandez and Toastmaster were rather restive, and there was a slight delay. When the horses got off King Priam made the running. This horse was a lightly-weighted three-year-old, that had won the Bushes Handicap in the spring. He ran well as far as the Red Post, where he was beaten. Pelleas, another three-year-old, carrying a still lighter weight, then took up the running, closely followed by Lucetta, Fernandez, and Cipolata. The pace soon told on Pelleas, and he gave up the lead. Lucetta then went to the front, followed by Fernandez and Cipolata. The two latter were coming up with so much strength that Lucetta's jockey began to use his whip, when his filly swerved, apparently right across Fernandez and Cipolata. Whether he was absolutely hindered by Lucetta's swerve or not, Fordham, who was riding Fernandez, seemed to take a pull at his horse, as if fearing an accident; and it is probable that he lost some ground. It was a near thing; and, although Lucetta won, it was only by half a length. Cipolata was a couple of lengths behind Fernandez. An objection was immediately lodged against Lucetta, on the ground of a cross; but, after a long consultation, the Stewards overruled it, and Lucetta's victory was confirmed. Into the merits of the case we are not disposed to enter, but thus much we may say. It was raining hard when the race was run, and the mist made it very difficult for spectators to see clearly what was going on; therefore the only satisfactory method of coming to a conclusion was to hear the evidence of the jockeys who had ridden in the race. All possible evidence connected with the affair was patiently heard by the Stewards, and they had better opportunities of judging in the matter than anybody else. On the other hand, it does not follow that, because a cross could not be proved, Fernandez may not have been to some extent impeded by Lucetta's swerve. Then, again, even if Lucetta did not get in the way of Fernandez, the very fact of Fordham's protest makes it likely that he took a pull at his horse to avoid what appeared to him to be a danger, although that danger may possibly have been imaginary. We dwell on these two points because it seems to us that the slightest check on Fernandez at such a critical part of the race may have made a difference of half a length, and we are desirous that this horse should have full credit given him for what was an excellent performance, considering his heavy weight and the state of the ground. He is a remarkably fine horse, and has improved much in appearance during the last few months. He is not unlike his brother Isonomy, but he has more size. Unfortunately, he has not the best of tempers. That he is nearly as good as Robert the Devil we do not believe; but, assuming that his running in the Two Thousand was incorrect, which, judging from his subsequent performances, we consider we have every reason to think, his public form after the Cambridgeshire seemed to make him out to be about the third best three-year-old of his year. Lucetta had been trained by

Blanton, the trainer and part owner of Robert the Devil. Her victory must be considered, at best, rather a lucky one. Yet it would be hard to grudge the race to Prince Soltykoff. Exeter never took a prominent part in the race, and he was one of the last horses to pass the winning post. Cipolata ran well, but she rivals The Abbot in the number of times that she has been second or third for great races, and she must be looked upon as an unlucky mare. Although not as interesting as the Cesarewitch, the Cambridgeshire was a good race and a good handicap.

REVIEWS.

RECENT TRAVELS IN JAPAN.*

(First Notice.)

THE appearance of these two works at the same time is most opportune. Each supplements the other, and together they form an accurate picture of the present anomalous condition of Japan. Like the celebrated shield of chivalry, Japan and the Japanese wear two faces. To the admiring gaze of Sir Edward Reed there appeared nothing but burnished gold, while it was left to Miss Bird to discover that there was a reverse side of quite another metal and brilliancy. The reason of this is not far to seek. The reforms which have been announced with such flourishes of trumpets have only favourably affected one portion of the Empire. The remaining part is left in the same, or even a worse, condition than it was before the rage for everything European took possession of Japanese statesmen. In the northern part of the same island in which Sir Edward Reed inspected colleges, hospitals, and schools established on the European model, and over which he travelled in luxurious railway carriages, Miss Bird found that the

> people never know anything of what we regard as comfort, and in the long winter, when the wretched bridle-tracks are blocked by snow and the freezing wind blows strong, and the families huddle round the smoky fire by the doleful glimmer of the *Andon* (oil lamp), without work, books, or play, to shiver through the long evening in chilly dreariness, and herd together for warmth at night like animals, their condition must be as miserable as anything short of grinding poverty can make it. . . . There are no schools in these mountain villages, and medical advice, except of the old Chinese school, is hard to get. The necessaries of life are growing dearer, the Government machine at Tôkiô wants much costly greasing, the tax-gatherer follows the harvest, and the people know the cost of progress, with few of its blessings.

Tôkiô forms the boundary which divides Sir Edward Reed's Japan from that portion of it of which Miss Bird for the most part writes. They both started from the same spot; Sir Edward went southward, while Miss Bird went northward. They both describe what they saw; but, if one had been writing about Northern Italy and the other about Siberia, the difference could hardly have been greater.

Sir Edward Reed tells us in his preface that he went out to Japan at the invitation of "his Excellency Admiral Kawamura, the Minister of Marine, and some of his colleagues." This fact possibly explains to some extent the roseate hue which, in the eyes of Sir Edward, was shed upon everything connected with the country, past, present, and future. Educated Japanese, such as Admiral Kawamura and his colleagues, possess in an eminent degree the art of making themselves agreeable; the part of the country through which they carried their guest was rich, prosperous, and beautiful; the sights they showed him were varied and interesting; nothing that was unsightly was allowed to obtrude itself, and every inconvenience of travel was reduced to a minimum. What wonder, then, that Sir Edward came away impressed with the beauty of the country, the bright geniality of the people, and the wisdom of the statesmen who are leading their countrymen along so smooth a path of progress! As soon as the ship in which he was passenger dropped anchor off Yokohama, an Admiralty steam-launch came alongside to convey him to the Port Admiral's landing-place, where he was met by his hosts. A short railway journey, and a drive from the station in an Imperial carriage, brought him to Admiral Kawamura's house in Tôkiô, where he found himself "delightfully located in the midst of a purely Japanese household, but with an adjoining building of European style newly erected for the use of foreign visitors, and furnished with the choicest art-furnishings of Japan." Tôkiô, "the eastern capital," or, as it used to be called, Yedo, is, in its present hybrid condition, not a prepossessing looking city. It is built on a dead level; the streets, which are wide, have a deserted appearance, and the mixture of the low, dull, grey native buildings, with the gaudy imitations of European architecture which have lately sprung up, produce neither harmony to the eye nor an agreeable contrast:—

> *Yedo* [writes Miss Bird] is chiefly represented by the grandeur of the castle walls, banks, and moats, the *Yashikis*, many of which are showing signs of decay, and the crowded streets of warehouses and wholesale produce merchants in the neighbourhood of the Nihon Bashi, the bridge from which all the distances in Japan are said to be measured. *Tôkiô* and the new *régime* are architecturally represented by the ministerial villas of stone-faced brick, with red brick garden walls, the engineering college, really solid and handsome, and a number of barracks, departments, police stations, colleges, and schools in a debased Europeanized or Americanized style, built of wood painted white, with a superabundance of oblong glass windows, and usually without verandahs, looking like inferior warehouses, or taverns in the outskirts of San Francisco, as vulgar and as dismally ugly as they can be, and more like confectionery than building.

To Sir Edward Reed the outside appearance of the city was of less moment than that of the interiors of the houses and shops. The hospitality of his numerous native entertainers, and the excellence of their cuisine, obliterated from his recollection the *bizarre* look of the outer walls of their dwellings; and, while feasting his eyes on the individual contents of the curiosity shops, he forgot the generally mean and tawdry aspect of the city. After a month, which seemed all too short, spent in sightseeing and the society of his friends, it was arranged by his host that he should make a trip through the inland sea to Nagasaki, in a steamship belonging to the Lighthouse Department of the Government. This arrangement combined the double advantage of enabling him to enjoy the lovely lake-like scenery of the inland sea, with its numberless islands, and the boundless varieties of form and colour which adorn its hilly shores, and at the same time to inspect the lighthouses which mark its perils. Beautiful as this portion of Japan is, the interior arrangements of the lighthouses bore evidence to the existence of a danger which constantly threatens it with destruction. A land where it is necessary so to balance the lighting apparatus as to neutralize the effects of frequent earthquakes must be acknowledged to have its drawbacks; and water in which a man-of-war, such as the Russian frigate *Diana*, could, by the effect of tidal-waves following an earthquake, be "spun round forty-three times in thirty minutes, and be thrown high and dry, a useless wreck, at the end of the revolutionary period," has evidently dangerous potentialities.

Unfortunately Sir Edward Reed's attention was called to other things besides the scenery as he steamed along, and a halt at Shimonoséki was sufficient to recall to his recollection the political events which occurred there seventeen years ago. No doubt the circumstances and surroundings were such as to induce him to lend a kindly ear to the gloss put upon the international dispute by his hosts. But Sir Edward ought to remember that his words carry weight, and that it behoves him, before passing judgment on a political question, to examine well the evidence on both sides:—

> These are the waters [he writes] into which steamed, in 1863, the squadron of Christian England (composed of nine war-ships, carrying a hundred guns, and leagued with three French, four Dutch, and one American ship, carrying together more than another hundred guns), to blaze away at the lines and batteries of the subjects of the Prince of Nagato. . . . The first crime to be punished was the warning off from forbidden waters of the American steamer *Pembroke* by a blank discharge, and the attacking of her by two local men-of-war on the following day because she refused to move away. . . . An American writer, whom I often quote in this work, says:—"As a matter of international law the Japanese had a perfect right to close the Straits of Shimonoséki." . . . However, America, like ourselves, recognizing some other principles as much higher and more commanding than "right" and "justice," her envoy sent down the *Wyoming* to take retribution. . . . At about the same time some French and Dutch ships were also warned off by blank fire, and therefore some French and Dutch men-of-war went and blazed away at the Shimonoséki batteries with shell guns. . . . But this was an affair of a sort such as England could not of course be kept out of, and . . . in went the English ships . . . and, with Americans, French, and Dutchmen, bombarded the batteries, landed men to silence them, and removed the guns. In the next month the representatives of the same four Powers decided that it would be a good thing to add to their bombardment a demand for *three million dollars* as indemnities. . . . It is the present Government of the Mikado, struggling bravely along the path of civilization and progress which England, France, and America have pressed them to pursue, that has to provide the money, and that, too, at a time when its chief difficulty in pursuing the new course has been a financial one.

If Sir Edward Reed had held a brief for the Japanese Government he could not have stated the case with more advocate-like partiality. By the treaty of 1858 Osaka was to be opened to trade on the 1st of January, 1862, and Hiogo on the 1st of January, 1863. Both these places are approached by the inland sea, to which the Straits of Shimonoséki form the entrance from the west. Neither of these engagements was kept by the Japanese Government, and it was only after the first had been broken that the foreign Governments agreed to forego their rights in these respects, on condition that the Japanese faithfully fulfilled the clauses of the treaties relating to the ports of Nagasaki, Hakodaté, and Kanegawa. The direct route from Nagasaki to both these places being through the Straits of Shimonoséki, it followed that to close them would be a violation of the free-trading rights secured to these three ports by the treaties. But the head and front of the offence committed by the Japanese was that the attack on the *Pembroke* was the first act of an intended war against all foreigners. Two days before the occurrence the foreign Ambassadors received a circular letter from the Minister for Foreign Affairs, in which he stated that "the orders of the Tycoon were to the effect that the ports were to be closed and the foreigners driven out, because the people of the country do not desire intercourse with foreign countries." To leave unchecked the first move was to give up the game, and how critical was the situation is proved by the subsequent confession of the local Daimio that he had acted in obedience to the orders of the Mikado and Tycoon. The attack was unprovoked and treacherous, and, however much we may sympathize with the present Government in its brave struggles along "the path of civilization and progress," to return the indemnity, as suggested by Sir Edward Reed, is required neither by justice nor expediency. The Japanese Government should learn that brave

* *Japan; its History, Traditions, and Religions: with the Narrative of a Visit in 1879.* By Sir Edward J. Reed, K.C.B., M.P. 2 vols. London: John Murray. 1880.
Unbeaten Tracks in Japan: an Account of Travels in the Interior, including Visits to the Aborigines of Yezo and the Shrines of Nikkô and Isé. By Isabella L. Bird. 2 vols. London: John Murray. 1880.

struggles are often required to wipe out past misdeeds, as well as to march along "the path of civilization and progress." The Shimonoséki outrage is by no means the only international question of which our author takes an entirely Japanese view, and if any member of Parliament, after reading the work before us, should intend to ask questions in the House of Commons about the several political subjects discussed by Sir Edward Reed, we should recommend him to study the Blue-Books of the period before doing so. If this advice be taken, we undertake to say that the questions will never be asked.

If the recollection of the events which took place at Shimonoséki in 1863 followed Sir Edward to Osaka, the contrast between the scene there enacted and the hospitable welcome he received from the Chamber of Commerce at the latter place must have struck him with amazement. After the manner of Chambers of Commerce the Osaka merchants invited Sir Edward to a dinner at which every native luxury calculated to please the eye and palate was displayed. The dinner was served by girls who knelt as they presented an innumerable succession of "soups, meats, fish, game, and all sorts of vegetables daintily prepared," while dancing girls arrayed in bright-coloured crapes and silks diversified their performances by seating themselves among the diners to "assist them to anything they may want and make themselves generally useful." The paternal Government has lately taken these "pretty creations of imperial Osaka" and elsewhere under its protection, and has opened a school for them at Kioto, where they are "taught the domestic arts which are necessary to wives and mothers." This educational net, which is thrown with so wide a cast, is one of the most surprising results of recent reforms in Japan. According to Miss Bird, 1,594,792 boys, and 568,220 girls, between the ages of six and fourteen, attended the Government schools during the year 1877, besides the students of both sexes who received instruction in the numerous colleges scattered throughout the country. In some parts the rage for education is in advance of the desire for the commonest cleanliness, and, in any other country but Japan, the incongruity of finding a congress of schoolmasters discussing educational matters in so "mean, filthy, damp, and decaying a little town" as Bangé, in Northern Japan, would have struck Miss Bird and every one else with astonishment.

The sacred city of Nara, celebrated for its colossal bronze figure of Buddha and consecrated deer, the Shinto shrines of Isé, the Imperial city of Kioto, where for countless generations the Mikados lived in hallowed seclusion, were all visited by the two travellers. Such scenes admit of no difference of opinion. Nature and art have scattered broadcast their bounties on this part of Japan, and the people, as though influenced by their surroundings, have a grace, a kindliness, and an ease about them which add charms to that which is already delightful.

If Sir Edward Reed escaped some of the inconveniences of travel with which, even in this part of Japan, Miss Bird had to contend, she appears to have derived a keener pleasure than he did from the extreme beauty of the scenery, owing probably to the contrast it afforded with her previous experiences in Northern Japan and the wilds of Yezo, whither we intend to follow her.

CLERICAL REMINISCENCES.*

A PLEASANT little volume of reminiscences in the Irish Church was written a few years since in the leisure of an English country parsonage, and was reviewed at the time in our columns, the name of the author, Dr. Brooke, appearing on the title-page. A companion volume, no less pleasant and in no larger compass, issuing from another country parsonage, presents a parallel series of "Clerical Reminiscences" in the English Church, during the same period, but conceals the name of its author. In making this last statement we have been careful to weigh our words in the balance of literal truth, and we have not asserted that "Senex" has concealed his own name. He has "endeavoured carefully to avoid all occasions of offence"—and with entire success—"and to give no clue to the little mystery involved"; the "little mystery" being his own personality—a point upon which there is, undoubtedly, "little mystery," although we do not propose to gratify the curiosity of lazy readers. "Senex," with the true instincts of a Cambridge man, has wrapped up his secret in the folds of a long equation, or rather of a series of equations; and if "the first Honorary Canon of Canterbury," who on the 8th of November, 1863, "received the Pass, or master key," has forgotten for the moment that the key might become the means of revealing other arcana than those of the Cathedral, he has at least contrived his problem so as to make it generally look difficult. Possibly the "little mystery" was designed as an ingenious trap for sceptical and perfunctory critics. Every reviewer, and most experienced readers of anonymous autobiographical reminiscences, especially of those bearing an ecclesiastical colour, will open the volume in a suspicious temper. The "confidence trick" has been tried too often upon this line, and with too much of occasional success, to allow such a book to pass as genuine without strict examination, and we ourselves began our reading in a distinctly non-believing mental attitude. We watched keenly for the anachronisms or topographical blunders of the fiction-writer; but, except that it is certainly more than "forty years" since the Queen was thirteen years old, and as clearly not customary to describe Mecklenburgh Square as "one of the West-End squares," we watched without success. We are not sure that "Senex" has not in one place written Senior Wrangler for Senior Classic; but the "mystery" had become too clear to make it worth while to follow up the point. No apology can be required if we write of some places without any circumlocution, or if we supply a name here and there which is not given in the book itself.

"Senex" had filled two curacies before he was presented at Court, where (in 1832) he "saw the Princess Victoria, then thirteen years of age, led by her mother, and smiling and bowing even then like a young queen," upon his appointment as chaplain to a newly-consecrated Indian bishop—Wilson of Calcutta. The first of these curacies, in 1828, was in a large manufacturing parish in Staffordshire; the second, that of St. Sepulchre, "half in and half out of the City," which had been accepted in 1830 by one of the Senior Fellows of St. John's College, Oxford, "on the condition that his friends would find him a curate." The general impression "of dinners such as" the Senior Fellow—Mr. Natt must have been a very Senior Fellow, since his name stands high on the list seven years earlier—gave his curate "remains after forty," or rather after fifty, "years." Something more than "a general impression" would appear, by the details of the *menu*, to have "remained" in the curate's mind, who till then "scarcely knew what a good dinner was, or how it should be eaten." "Silence was a prime requisite; to talk whilst eating was rank heresy." A couple of slight background sketches—one of gross feeding at a City feast, the other of clerical Jack Horners at a Cambridge High Table—serve to bring out this picture of Oxford artistic dining; and probably the discovery of the uses of "brown sherry nearly as old as myself" as an eirenikon five-and-twenty years later in the experience of a Rural Dean was only a result of the early teaching of Mecklenburgh Square. But the curate of four years' standing whom Bishop Wilson had selected as his chaplain must have been known as more than a keen observer and lively diner-out; and the opening pages of his *Reminiscences* present at once, from the Cambridge life of the time, an illustration of the religious fervour then existing among younger men, and an instance of the prevalent neglect of ecclesiastical order by their superiors. What would be thought now of "five or six close friends who had just taken the degree of B.A.," borrowing the key of the University church in order that one of their number might preach a specimen sermon from the University pulpit, "around" which they "all met after the sermon for discussion" on its merits? We do not enter upon the deeper subjects of pastoral experience which have their fitting place in this volume, but we may say generally that this zeal, tempered with much sound sense and discretion, is apparent throughout; and it may be only a survival of the old contempt of Cambridge for the logic of Oxford—a contempt pardonable enough when reading "logic" was supposed to mean picking the horrible dry bones of Aldrich—that two curious fallacies of controversy are gravely allowed a place in these pages, one of them in the course of the story of the Cambridge sermon. "Dean Alford once said to me in after years that he did not think"—we vary the point in question, as well on other grounds as because the incident may have been recorded with some slight inaccuracy—that the Epistle to the Hebrews was written by St. Paul; "but he had no answer ready when I called for a Prayerbook and read" that matrimony "is commended of St. Paul to be honourable among all men." This is *petitio principii*, though the Dean was too polite to say so. The following is "ladies' logic"—called in the schools, we think, "undistributed middle." In a Kentish parish (North Cray) "a document . . . signed by King Philip and Queen Mary gives to the rector of the parish the oblations offered on four special Holy-days in the year for his own personal benefit and increase of stipend." And this is held "to settle a question which many hold wrongly as to the meaning of the word Oblations in our Service." Now, reserving any question as to the exceptional "signature" of this particular document, the ordinary grants of Philip and Mary by Letters Patent are in Latin, attested "per breve de privato sigillo"; and by what other word than "Oblatio" the customary payments on "foure offeringe dayes" which in a document of 1565 are said elsewhere to be "payed orderly as other parishes do," could be expressed, we really do not know. The argument of "Senex" is simply this. Certain quarterly dues are called "Oblations"; therefore, all Oblations are payments for the minister. He has indeed overlooked, or assumed, one material point. He has produced no evidence that these "offeringe-daye" dues were presented at the altar at all; and in the Elizabethan document from which we have quoted they appear in a list with other fees and payments which certainly were not.

Five or six years in India, when the Company was King, furnish matter for a chapter to which the author's motto "I think of bygone days" is peculiarly applicable. All the incidents are striking and are well told, from the lighter story of the young chaplain who tried to preach to (or at) the Colonel for his improvement, with only the result—"For several Sundays' past he has been sitting with his legs up on the ledge, among the Prayer-books, laughing at me," till a six weeks' trial of a different system prescribed by "Senex" "got the legs down," to the darker and stranger incidents of that old Indian life of banishment. One narrative, in which a highly placed civilian has assumed the disguise of a native, might, in the hands of a novelist who could be trusted to treat the subject with the purity and delicacy of touch shown in the outline, form the groundwork of a powerfully dramatic work. Illness and a three

* *Clerical Reminiscences.* By Senex. London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday. 1880.

years' furlough brought the author to England, and to a "pleasant Wiltshire town, with its mayor and corporation, its four thousand inhabitants, and its rectory and vicarage. The vicarage was mine, valued at 90*l.* per annum," and the fact that "the Holy Communion had not been administered for eighteen months" is a sufficient evidence that "the parish had been greatly neglected." But it ought to have been explained more fully than in the words we have quoted, that this parish only included half the town. Of his [illegible]er incumbent the author makes no mention—an omission which [illegible] in one respect fortunate, as it enables us to trace the changing attitude of the author towards the baronetage at successive stages of his life. As a Staffordshire curate, he cultivates the local baronet; as a Wiltshire vicar he ignores him; as a Yorkshire dignitary he defies and vanquishes him. It is true that the Wiltshire title was at the time in reversion, and although his Yorkshire "patron was a minor," then only of some eight years old, "victory over the Patron" was perhaps a more signal triumph when it was snatched from his champions the Trustees, of whom one was the Lord Chancellor Cottenham himself. It is a mere jest to conceal the name of the Yorkshire town in which a few years previously the owner of a solitary house—a Quaker, we think—was said to boast that the whole town belonged to himself and Sir J—— R——; but we must humour "Senex." He was presented to the vicarage in 1840, and has been well known in the Church of England ever since. His first fight was for the freedom of the parish church, in which "the patron himself, though entirely non-resident, claimed sixty-five pews in his own right, his agents collecting the rents." "A man of action" was chosen as churchwarden, and "the result was unqualified submission." The rights of the parson came in their turn, after those of the parishioners and the perpetual curates had been secured; and, however weak the logic of the vicar on the subject of Easter dues may appear, his practice was vigorous enough. When a recalcitrant parishioner threatened "to put a knife into the collector if he called again," the vicar simply sent the collector with a bailiff and a distress warrant at dinner-time, with instructions "to seize and sell all the knives on the table." The money was paid; and after a still more lively contest with a rich wool-merchant for dues amounting to one and sevenpence, the Yorkshire admiration for pluck left the vicar master of the field. A similar readiness of wit and promptitude in action cleared away occasional difficulties with curates and with Roman Catholics, and the Vicar of ——— was a moving power in the newly-created diocese of Ripon, till in 1855 his health again broke down, and necessitated an exchange into a small country parish in Kent. Here he obtained his Honorary Canonry, and hence in due time he was removed by Archbishop Longley to a charge which he prefers to designate as "sea-side," and in which he worked hard and successfully for nine years, still, as "always, reckoning amongst the troublers of Israel in these days young ladies, young curates, and young architects. The architects may be changed, and the curates checked; but what can be done with the young ladies?—and, in case of rebellion, who can supply their places?" In this view of things ecclesiastical there is a wisdom arising out of practical experience which for the present cannot be officially recognized in episcopal charges, or find utterance from the judgment-seat of Lord Penzance. There is the Public Worship Regulation Act on the Statute-Book. There are all the Bishops on their Bench; there are all the Judges, in all the Divisions of the High Court and of every other Court, on theirs; and there are all the Congresses and Conferences and Chapters in their ranks of unofficial authority. But there are also "the young ladies"; and the whole body of dignitaries know perfectly well that behind all the other difficulties of the situation lie the two telling questions of "Senex," and the powerful reserve of force which they indicate.

Among the reminiscences of the "Sea-side" is one so singular that in a really anonymous work we should have felt bound to censure its publication as indiscreet. In September 1866, late on one Saturday night, the "person who calls himself Father Ignatius" and his brother "were announced. No notice had been given, and no preparations made"; but Archbishop Longley, "willing to give him a *locus penitentiæ*," and understanding from Mr. Lyne's family "that he desired to obtain priest's orders and to work quietly in the English Church, undertaking common clerical duties," had asked the author to receive him as a curate on probation. Mr. Lyne had brought no directions from the Archbishop, who "had left all entirely with me." A surplice was therefore provided on the Sunday morning, and Mr. Lyne read the Epistle. He was naturally recognized, and "the parish was up in arms." Sunday evening and Monday morning were passed in drawing up a protest, and the churchwarden came in for advice. "I told him that the best thing would be to throw the protest into the fire, for Father Ignatius was by that time safe in London, and they would see him no more." There "had been a great mistake somewhere." Mr. Lyne had only sought priest's orders for his monastic purposes; a two hours' conversation on the Sunday afternoon had almost ended in a fainting fit; Mr. Lyne "was unfit for evening service, spent the time in writing to the Archbishop," and left by an early train the next day.

The closing chapter has for its heading "The Resting-Place," from which our genial old chronicler sends forth his reminiscences, and where he dwells, surrounded by grandchildren and "testimonials." This, however, was not found when first the "kind Archbishop offered me an eligible rectory outside the diocese." He "gratefully declined" it; while most ungratefully he has preserved this memory of his visit:—

The curate was now the *locum tenens*. He was out, but his lady received me, and showed me over the house. Seventeen pairs of boots and shoes on his side; three babies, three laced cradles, and three nurses on hers, proved that there was no want in the house.

Considering that it would be very easy to "spot" this well-booted curate, the story is really too bad; yet the lady may have her revenge. "Three laced cradles" are pronounced by lady critics to be an impossibility. Two might be accounted for; but "Senex" must rest under the imputation of not knowing a cradle from a "cot"—an offence as grave in matronly eyes as is the absence of accents on his Greek in those of his reviewer. Yet we part from him with kindly feelings of gratitude. Books such as this clothe with flesh the bones of Church history and legislation, and help to preserve in life-like form the records of a half-century among the most eventful in the annals of the English Church.

THE HEAD OF MEDUSA.*

"ALL claret would be port if it could," and most American novels would be by Mr. Henry James if they had the luck. *The Head of Medusa* is no exception to this rule. The situations, the "international" combinations of English, Americans, and Italians, are constructed on the model of Mr. James's stories. The sentiment, of which there is a vast abundance, would be after the same pattern—the pattern of the *Diary of a Man of Fifty*—if the author had not in this respect been more influenced by Miss Thackeray. *The Head of Medusa* is a novel in a minor key, in very subdued tones. The characters, though not all Positivists, like one of them, a Mr. Lexeter, are all, like him, people of sentiment. The padding, of which the *The Head of Medusa* is all compact, is sentimental in the manner of Miss Thackeray. The characters are always meeting in lonely places, and in what the author calls "supreme," or "supremest," moments. They then invariably and conscientiously observe all the minute details of sound, hearing, colour, light, and shadow which probably in real life escape the notice of passionate pilgrims. Do people whose emotional mainsprings are tightly wound up really notice and remember such things as that a casual "transient" child wore stockings of different colours? Will some emotional person give his confessions to the public, and tell the truth? The original model of all these passages of writing we take to be the very beautiful chapter by Thackeray which describes how Henry Esmond stood by his unknown mother's grave. Since that was written the management of these casual episodes has become something of a trick. It is a trick which "George Fleming" plays sometimes well, more frequently with less skill. When the heroine, in a crisis of the supremest sort, "spots" and mentally dwells on the unmatched stockings of a child who is nothing to her, we feel our doubts. About the æsthetic interludes, and the pauses of reflection concerning Greek art, we have very little doubt indeed. A novelist who had abundance of matter wherewith to fill up three volumes would not write paragraphs like these:—

The supreme thing is the Greek marble bas-relief of Orpheus and Eurydice. Hardinge stood looking at it for a long time. He often came to see it—this simple, grave, sweet thing, witness of a lost art of naturalness, of propriety of gesture, of harmonious lines and beautifully-filled spaces; a work in which line and mass are more than detail, in which everything is just in emphasis and large in impression, and apart from imitative or realistic art.

And for one moment imagine yourself in his place. Look at delightful fauns piping or dancing, at leering satyrs, at reeling Silenus; look at sleepy, languid, white-armed Bacchus; at well-knit Mercury; see the nymphs, the bacchantes, the mænades, and the marble Venus herself, and confess if this is not to feel like an exile? to look with alien eyes upon these shapes from the old world of smiling existences—a world to admire, a world that has something in it to release one from the stress and torment of business and religion? Aliens and exiles that we are, how close can we get to Greek ideals? Baffled, as before something different to us, remote from us, we gaze and use our critical sense, employ our understanding, and do not surrender to emotion. We miss, before the very images of supremest Greek life and beauty, the blithe, free, open spirit of pure, and conscienceless, and elemental enjoyment to which they best appeal—from which they were born.

On the other hand, here is a remarkable piece of description which, we think, makes full amends for many less fortunate pages. The heroine of the story is watching by the deathbed of a beautiful Italian woman, her rival, when she becomes aware of a singular succession of sounds in the silent streets of Rome:—

"It is the sheep changing pasture," the nurse said, laying down her rosary and listening.

It was a flock of sheep being driven from one part of the Campagna to another, and crossing the city in the dead of night. For nearly a mile the narrow street was blocked with a dim moving mass, now dark and struggling, and now nearly white, as it was lost in the shadow of the houses or emerged into the dim moonlight of the cross-streets. There were thousands upon thousands of them, herded by silent dogs and watched over by mounted shepherds, clothed in shaggy goat-skins, and armed with long lances to which their lanterns were fastened.

In a very few minutes the room was filled with the growing strident bleat of the sheep. The air grew impregnated with a wild musky smell. In a moment, out of the silent summer night, there had arisen the cry of thousands of struggling creatures. The noise which they made was like

* *The Head of Medusa.* By George Fleming. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

nothing describable, nothing imaginable. It did away at once with all civilisation. It was like something born of the night, something alien, inarticulate, wild, and strange beyond description.

We have given so much space to these descriptions of accidental detail because, together with passages of moralizing, they make up so very large a part of the novel. The story is so slight that it scarcely seems worth while to analyse it. To be sure, there is not much more of "story" in the lives of the majority of men and women in those brief years of love-making, of choosing, and losing, which, to novelists at least, seem to make up the sum of human life. That things easily go wrong, that mistakes, irrevocable mistakes, are commonly made, that life after these blunders is almost empty except of regret, that the fountains of thought and action can be kept sweet and fresh by loving memory of some one hopelessly lost, this, as we take it, is the moral of *The Head of Medusa*. The heroine, Barbara Floyd, is an American girl of great purity and nobility of character, who marries the wrong man. Half consciously in love with a countryman of her own named Hardinge, she lets herself be drawn into a marriage with an Italian Count Cesco Lalli, and, in about a year's time or less, she is disenchanted. Her husband's character is very happily indicated in this image:—

Once, travelling in the Italian Tyrol with her father, they had spent the greater part of a summer day driving beside the barren rock-strewn expanse which at times was the bed of a stream. She remembered the arid iron-bound look of those mountains; in another way it seemed to her that she was seeing it all over again. And was it altogether Cesco's fault that she had never understood a southern nature? Had he ever pretended to be otherwise than he was? She thought of that Italian stream; and the full pouring surging tide of his passion—breaking resistance and overwhelming retreat—where was it now? There was left to her a bare and sun-scorched wilderness in the extremity of summer.

As long as the author is busy with these two persons, and with a few of her subordinate figures, she appears to us to show real and very considerable power. Barbara Floyd is the daughter of an American gentleman, whose wife had deserted him while Barbara was a child. She has seen very little of the world when she meets Count Lalli at a dance in Rome. Lalli and his friend Borgia, if not true pictures of young Italians, are certainly very like young Italians as seen by English or American observers. Lalli's defect, or one of his defects, is to make a continual display of all his most glittering qualities. He is handsome, bravo, heartless, cruel, a *poseur* of the worst description, who plays at magnanimity about money matters while he is really mean and hard. He is a thing of sentiment, like all the persons in the story, and gives himself up luxuriously to the sense of being in love, though his affections shift every fortnight. With all this, he is adroit, and, by appealing to Barbara for pity and "friendship," he so mystifies the poor girl that she becomes engaged to, and marries, him. Then Lalli, like Sir Launcelot in the romance, "falls to his old love again," hangs about a married cousin, provokes the jealousy of her husband, and is, in a way, the cause of the woman's death. The misery of the life which Barbara leads with this man, on an estate in the country, is only mitigated by the memory of a certain Mr. Hardinge, who has married a friend of her own, Miss Octave Damon. Her husband is quite aware that she loves Hardinge—indeed she has told Lalli as much; but then Hardinge is safely out of the way. The reader may ask, What has the "head of Medusa" to do with all this? As far as we understand the author's meaning, her heroine looked on the Gorgon's head at the moment when she discovered the hopelessness of her own fortunes, and saw herself, at twenty-two, cut off from love and life, a childless woman with an indifferent and unsympathetic husband. In this dolorous case, Barbara is preserved from being actually turned, as in the old myth, into stone, by her memory of her friend's husband, Mr. Hardinge. She takes an interest in the education of the local Italian poor, because Hardinge (who had just taken his degree at Oxford) was interested in popular education.

We confess that we could give poor Barbara more sympathy if she had not consoled herself by an imaginary affair of the heart with the absent and unconscious husband of her friend. That such a sentiment should continue in her breast is one thing; that a good woman should make a mental pet of the sentiment, and a motive that influenced all her life, is another affair. Indeed it is surprising that Lalli, being what he was, did not cut her throat. Old Margherita, the Roman servant of Barbara, tells a story at the beginning of the novel about a Roman shopkeeper who had settled his matrimonial difficulties with a knife. And perhaps we could forgive Barbara more readily if there had been any reason why she should fall in love with Hardinge. He was a good-hearted, handsome young fellow, with a free flow of the usual Oxford talk, which derives its humour from the contrast between the gravity and magnitude of the topics and the light indifference of the speaker. He seems very well mated (at least as far as we have made out his character) with Octave Damon, a pretty American girl, whose practical knowledge of life is a foil to Barbara's want of selfishness and guile. Barbara has another lover, Mr. Lexeter, but, as he has attained to the great age of thirty-five, and is, besides, a writer for the press, he is never in the running. Still we are given a glimpse of a moment when he might have come in with effect, but Lexeter was too shy.

The Head of Medusa is far better than the common ruck of novels. To the utmost of the writer's powers she has striven to produce a work of art; she has written her best; she has conceived her leading characters well; and, though we do not like her moral, it is obviously one that to the author seems adequate. We have already complained of the number and length of the interpolated descriptions of fleeting impressions. Sometimes the impressions make the reader forget all about the characters and events. One has to look back to find out what was going on. Generally not much is going on. There is a passage in the third volume full of "impressions." There is no perceptible wind, but there is a heavy scent of orange blossom. The convent bell rings the quarter. To the end of her days Barbara will never forget the airs some people are playing in the court. One of the v[illegible] makes a blunder in the second bar. Then "somebody was [illegible] ing in whispers in the next room. And there was not a[illegible] sound in the house." So ends a chapter; and now, at last, says the reader to himself, something really is going to happen. It is near the close of the third volume; we have not had a good incident yet; something surely will occur. Perhaps Count Lalli has been shot in a duel, and they are bringing her husband home dead. Perhaps it is Lalli himself that has arrived, in a fury of jealousy, to seize Barbara and carry her away to a dungeon in his ancestral castle. Nothing of the kind. A cousin of Barbara's husband has left her house, and is very ill, and people want Barbara to go and sit up with her. That is all.

The Head of Medusa is thus, at best, a rather favourable and not too original specimen of the melancholy, musing, rather morbid modern novel. We had expected something newer and less after a given pattern. These expectations are disappointed. The book is full of talent, but we had hoped that the talent of the author of *Mirage* would have ripened into something more like genius, certainly into something stamped with the mark of originality. There are some trifling points in the story which may just be worth noticing as capable of easy improvement. The French words, doubtless by error of the printer, are not always spelt properly, and the accents are occasionally misplaced. It is unnecessary to print fragments of Italian in brackets, as when a newspaper translates a foreign despatch, and occasionally offers the foreign idiom of which our language may not possess an equivalent. Lastly, we should like to know what is the Italian for "hang it all, don't cut up rough," words put into the mouth of a young Italian nobleman. Perhaps *The Head of Medusa* will not have been written in vain if it prevents nice English or American girls from marrying Italian Counts like Cesco Lalli. "An Englishman that is Italianate doth quickly prove a devil incarnate," says the old Elizabethan proverb. An English girl that is Italianate must expect, at the very least, to live among ideas and manners so strange to her that her existence can scarcely be made harmonious.

ANTIQUITIES OF ORISSA.*

THIS is the second and concluding volume of Bábú Rájendra Lál's handsome and important work on the *Antiquities of Orissa*. The first volume was noticed in the *Saturday Review* of October 2, 1875, but we may here repeat that an archæological survey of Orissa has been made by the Bábú under the direction of the Government of India, and that these large volumes have been printed at their expense. The survey has been made not a day too soon. Sculptures and remains which were more or less fully described a few years ago by European visitors have entirely disappeared, and the famous inscriptions which forty years ago displayed the sagacity and industry of James Prinsep have made decided progress on the road to ruin. The people of the country have devoted the stones to ordinary purposes, and have set the images up as gods in their houses or village temples. "This process," says the Bábú, "must have gone on for many centuries, and it is rather remarkable that some images should have been extant fifty years ago, than that no traces of any should be found now." With an increase of population and prosperity, the utilization of ancient stone fragments proceeds with accelerated speed.

This second volume is not equal in interest to the first, nor are the illustrations so important. Many of the chief illustrations in the first volume were representations of the temples of Bhuvaneswara, and this volume contains many more from the same fertile source. Here also we have a description of the place in its present condition, and a summary of what is known as to its ancient history. In the present day it is

a small insignificant, uninviting place, with no wealth, no commerce, and no manufactory, peopled by hungry priests, and desolate in every respect. It is nevertheless a most interesting field for the antiquarian, abounding as it does in architectural remains of the highest value, and connected as it is with historical associations of rare importance. To quote the language of the late Lord Canning, used with reference to the plains round Delhi, it is "studded with ruins more thickly even than the Campagna of Rome," and its history affords remarkable illustrations of the vicissitudes in the existence of an Indian town for five-and-twenty centuries.

Bhuvaneswara is undoubtedly an old place, but there can be no hesitation in reducing these twenty-five centuries by ten at least. The earliest date the Bábú has discovered, and that in an untrustworthy "temple record," is 474 A.D. The temples still standing, or in ruins, are assigned to the seventh century. Hiouen Thsang, the Chinese Buddhist pilgrim who visited Orissa in the first half of the seventh century, describes the town as occupying about a square mile of ground; so that, if he is right, the place had not then attained anything like its full proportions. The Bábú goes at some length into the legendary history as given in

* *The Antiquities of Orissa*. By Rájendra Lálá Mitra, LL.D., C.I.E., &c. Vol. II. Published under Orders of the Government of India. Calcutta: Newman & Co. 1880.

the Puránas; but this, though curious, is worthless as history. It is possible that the fine tank and some other remains may date from an earlier period, but this is mere matter of conjecture. There is no doubt that in early times the Buddhist and the Jain religions prevailed in Orissa; for the ruins afford ample proof that they were very strong, if not dominant. But they gave way before the revival of Brahmanism, and many of their images have been renamed and worshipped as Hindu idols. Bhuvaneswara, or, more accurately, Tribhuvaneswara, "the lord of the three worlds," is a title of the god Siva, and the place is sacred to [illegible]. The temples were raised in his honour, and the worship [illegible] goes on is offered to him. One temple dedicated to Bhagavatí, the consort of Siva, some two centuries later in date than the Great Tower, marks the rise of the worship of the female principle, which has since attained a wide and scandalous prevalence. The Great Tower, which is the most conspicuous object in the group of temples, is 165 feet high. The surveyor, wishing to test his calculation of the height by actual measurement, could not obtain leave to do so, but he was allowed to replace the old flag at the top, and so gained his point. A man ascended the giddy height without any preparation, and never hesitated a moment till he reached the summit. He descended even more quickly. This wonderful feat is performed as often as a new flag is required, and no accident has happened within memory.

In our review of the first volume we noticed the grand contention between the author and Mr. Fergusson as to the origin of Hindu architecture. The latter maintains that it owes its origin to the Bactrian Greeks, the former that it is independent and self-evolved. Since the publication of the Bábú's first volume Mr. Fergusson has taken occasion to disparage our author as "hardly sufficiently grounded, either as an architect or archæologist," and his opinions as "not worth much more than the value of the paper on which they may be written." Nothing daunted by this severe criticism, the Bábú returns to the conflict with a calmness that does honour to his temper and with a thoroughgoing conviction in the truth of his own views. He calls to his aid Mr. Locke, of the Government School of Art at Calcutta, who, with every inclination to the Greek theory, finds nothing in the carvings and sculptures to support it. The Bábú appeals to the illustrations in this volume in support of his views. They have their value, and will help in the formation of a judgment. But this great question cannot be settled by the architectural and sculptural remains of Orissa alone. They are far from being the oldest in India, and between their days and the ascendency of the Greeks in Bactria there was ample time for the debasement of pure art, and the effacement of all its delicacy and refinement. But the further discussion of this question is reserved for a future opportunity and a wider field of inquiry, and we may await the conflict of the doughty champions with the assurance that, whoever may personally suffer, art and truth will be the gainers. There is one caution that may be offered to Bábú Rájendra. He shows that he has read extensively the literature of the West; but, as we observed in our previous notice, he is too bold in his identifications. In the first volume he fancied that he had discovered the name of the Hindu god Rudra in many European words. In the present volume he tries to show the identity of the word Cæsar with the Sanskrit title Kesarí borne by some of the kings of Orissa. Dr. Hunter rightly interpreted this word as "long-haired" or "hairy," but the Bábú rejects the Sanskrit origin and interpretation, saying, "Such an epithet would scarcely be worth adoption by a great sovereign and his descendants." His faith in his identification has apparently led him to forget that the god Vishnu in his primitive form, and also in his favourite incarnation Krishna, is very frequently called Kesava, "the hairy," a word of identical meaning. If the title is not unworthy of one of the greatest of the gods, a Hindu can scarcely consider it to be beneath the dignity of a king.

A considerable part of the work is devoted to Puri, the abode of Jagannáth. Notwithstanding its sanctity, Puri is a wretched town on the sea-shore, the home of perennial disease. It is on a wide dead flat of sand, so flat that a ridge twenty feet high, on which the great temple stands, is dignified with the title of "hill." Its fixed population is under twenty-three thousand; but from sixty to a hundred thousand people flock in at the time of the pilgrimage. The great temple is about six centuries old, and although the Bábú considers it "scarcely inferior from an art point of view to the Great Tower of Bhuvaneswara," he admits that it is "less attractive in appearance." Mr. Fergusson's judgment is more severe, and points out its degradation both in style and detail. There can be no question that in the main he is right; but no opinion can be given upon the internal details and ornament, because they have been subjected to the English churchwarden's process of "plastering and whitewashing." The temple records contain an entry of the repairing and purifying of the temple by this process more than three hundred years ago, and the whitewashing has since been often repeated, as often in fact as the incursions and pollutions of the Moslim unbeliever made a purification necessary. The injury done is irreparable; but still it can hardly be supposed that the internal decorations which lie hidden under successive coats of whitewash are superior in character to the architectural style of the exterior; both have probably deteriorated *pari passu*. Antiquaries are agreed that Puri was an ancient seat of Buddhism, and that some relics of the old cultus have descended upon the comparatively modern Hindu deity Jagannáth, "the lord of the world." Jagannáth is a name of horror to Englishmen; but the Bábú steps boldly forward to vindicate his character:—

> No Indian divinity has a more unenviable notoriety in English literature than Jagannáth. Alike in poetry and in prose, in works of imagination as in sober history, he forms a never-dying illustration of all that is cruel, all that is horrible, all that is most revolting to every sense of humanity. His terrible car "through blood and bones ploughs its dreadful path." . . . It is certain, nevertheless, that human conception has never realized a more innocent and gentle divinity than Jagannáth; and the tenets of his votaries are the very reverse of sanguinary or revolting. In fact, never was opprobrium more unjustly cast on an inoffensive object than in this instance, and none merited it less.

This bold vindication will probably excite a feeling of surprise and incredulity in the minds of many; but nevertheless it is perfectly justified by the facts. Jagannáth is only a later form of the man-god Krishna, who was a full incarnation of Vishnu, a god of joyous character, who has no delight in the blood either of animals or of men. Once a year the idol and its two companions are dragged about on huge cars. No less than four thousand two hundred men enjoy rent-free lands upon condition of performing this service. Thousands of pilgrims eagerly lend their aid, some in honour of the deity, others for the mere fun of the thing. In the vast multitudes assembled on these occasions accidents happen, as in all tumultuous gatherings, and probably hardly a year passes without some one being killed. Occasionally a fanatic will cast himself under the wheels, hoping to obtain salvation by his self-devotion; but these cases are rare. Mr. Stirling, the great administrator and historian of the province, witnessed the festival on four occasions, and only three cases of self-immolation occurred in them all; one of these cases was doubtful, and the other two victims had long suffered from excruciating disorders. Another European long resident in Puri adds his testimony that "the excess of fanaticism which is stated in several missionary accounts to prompt pilgrims to court death by throwing themselves in crowds under the wheels of the car of Jagannáth has never existed or has long ceased." Mr. Fergusson, who visited Puri in 1838, did his best to disabuse the public mind of its violent prejudices. He saw "the pilgrims hurrying to the spot, talking and laughing like people going to a fair in England, which in fact it is"; but he found nothing to justify the highly-wrought picture of "the hundreds of dead and dying pilgrims that strew the road and of their bones that whiten the plains." He saw no victims crushed under the wheels, and "none had been heard of for many years before that time." It is clear, from the most unexceptionable testimony, that the horrors of the festival of Jagannáth have been greatly exaggerated; and it is still more clear that the character of the idol is entirely averse to sanguinary sacrifices of every kind.

WRECKED LIVES.*

"'FAILURE,'" says Mr. Davenport Adams, in the opening sentence of his preface—"'failure' from the Christian moralist's point of view, and 'failure' from the point of view of the man of the world, is a widely different thing." How two kinds of failure can be one widely different thing we fail to see. We are willing, however, to admit the fact which Mr. Adams apparently wishes to state, and to pass on to his application. "A Swift," he says in the next page, "may hand down his name and fame to after ages; but was not that a wrecked life which passed away under the heavy shadow of imbecility?" Why, in the name of heaven, we may well ask, need the Christian moralist trouble himself with considering whether or not a man was afflicted with insanity at the close of a long life, unless it can be shown that his loss of reason was a direct consequence of vicious indulgence? If Swift had died at the age of seventy, he would not have passed away under the heavy shadow of imbecility. In that case, if we understand Mr. Adams rightly, his life would not have been a failure, even from the point of view of the Christian moralist. Unfortunately, he lived till he was seventy-seven, and so he fell a victim to imbecility and Mr. Adams. Does our author reckon Marlborough and Somers and Cowper and Southey among those whose lives were wrecked? From Swift he passes in the next sentence to Robespierre. "A Robespierre," he says, "may rule for awhile as the virtual dictator of France; but when his head falls beneath the guillotine of the Place de la Révolution, amid the roar of the voices of hate and revenge, we know that he was a failure." Does Mr. Adams mean to say that all those whose blood is shed amid the roar of the voices of hate and revenge are failures? Surely the Society for which he has written these two volumes was formed to teach a very different lesson.

Of the eleven Wrecked Lives that Mr. Adams has given us we have read but one. We are familiar with his method of compiling, and we are well aware that in no book written by him are we likely ever to come upon a single new fact or a single fresh thought. We have before this shown how he borrows from a writer without owning his obligations, and how in "conveying" a passage—we use the word as Pistol used it—he often makes some monstrous blunder. It would be lost labour, then, to follow his appropriations through two long volumes. It is sufficient to select one of his Wrecked Lives and there to track his footsteps with some little care. He is not indeed a writer that we can ever

* *Wrecked Lives; or, Men who have Failed.* By W. H. Davenport Adams. 2 vols. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1880.

read quickly. His blunders are as surprising as they are frequent, and they will not allow us to pass them by in haste. We are forced almost against our will to get down from our shelves first one volume and then another in the attempt to trace his confusion to its source. We are tempted also to trace out the means by which he succeeds in making so brave a display of learning that he may very well pass for a man of reading with all such readers as he is ever likely to get. The life we have chosen is Swift's. Of Swift, and the times in which he lived, it is abundantly clear that Mr. Adams knows nothing. At least he knew nothing till he set about to compile his Wrecked Life. Yet the airs that he gives himself are as great as they are insufferable. He almost surpasses Sir William Harcourt himself in the assurance with which he lays down the law on a large and difficult question of which the day before he had hardly even heard. There is no reason why Mr. Adams should not compile a Life—a Wrecked Life if so he likes to call it—of Swift, under the direction of the Committee of General Literature and Education, appointed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. But, while working for such a Society, a little humility would not be out of place. He should not pretend to have knowledge of a subject of which he is profoundly ignorant, and, what is more important, he should not use the words of other writers without owning his obligations. How he deals with Mr. Forster's *Life of Swift* we shall at once show. "I have," he says in a note at the end of the chapter, "consulted this splendid fragment." *Splendid*, by the way, is a most absurd term to apply to this fragment. Mr. Forster had done a great deal of very good work, and we shall always be ready to acknowledge our obligations to him. We have no right to expect that a man's last work shall be up to the standard of the days of his vigour and strength. If, however, we are forced by the extravagant praise of an ignorant writer to express our opinion, truth compels us to say that the *Life of Swift* adds nothing to its author's reputation. We could almost wish that it had never been published. But to return to Mr. Adams. He has consulted Mr. Forster's work. He gives his readers the notion of a student already deeply read in the subject which he has taken in hand, who, before he sets about his task, modestly refers to the latest authority to see whether anything has been added by him to what was already known. A few instances will show to what extent he carried his consultations. For the convenience of our readers we will put in parallel columns one or two of the passages which have been consulted and the result of the consultations:—

MR. ADAMS.	MR. FORSTER.
Though born in Ireland, Swift never called himself, nor would he allow others to call him, an Irishman. He was nothing more, he asserted, than an Englishman settled in Ireland. To others he would frequently say what he wrote to Lord Orford (*sic*) in 1737: that he chanced to see the light there, was one year old when he left it first, and to his sorrow did not die before he went to it again.	He never called himself, nor permitted others to call him, an Irishman. He was an Englishman settled in Ireland. He was in the habit of saying frequently to others what he wrote to the second Lord Oxford in 1737. He happened to be dropped there; was one year old when he left it first; and to his sorrow did not die before he went to it again.—Forster's *Life of Swift*, p. 25.

We may admire perhaps the delicacy which has led Mr. Adams to change "he happened to be dropped there" into "he chanced to see the light." But what are we to think of the almost incredible ignorance which led him to substitute Lord Orford for the second Lord Oxford? Is there a biographer of Swift who has not yet distinguished between a Harley and a Walpole? How Mr. Adams has consulted Mr. Forster in the analysis that he gives of the *Battle of the Books* will be seen by the following passages:—

MR. ADAMS.	MR. FORSTER.
Meanwhile, the feats of Homer were in themselves almost sufficient to decide the issue of the day. Mounted on a ferocious horse, with difficulty managed by the rider himself, but which no other mortal durst approach, he bore down all before him. The names of the victims I cannot here enumerate; but the French suffered terribly. Perrault, plucked out of his saddle by mighty force, was hurled at Fontenelle, the same blow dashing out the brains of both. Inferior only to Homer in valorous efficiency was Virgil, who, bestriding a dapple-grey steed of the highest spirit and strength, careered over the field in search of opponents: but, behold, upon a sorrel gelding of a monstrous size, appeared a foe, making much more noise than speed,—for his horse, old and lean, spent the dregs of his vigour in a high trot, which, though it made slow advances, yet caused a loud clang and dash of arms, terrible to hear! . . . . There is, in short, not a line in this wonderful piece of humouristic fancy, however absurd on the surface, which does not contain an extraordinary depth of meaning.	The exploits of Homer alone went far to decide the day. "Mounted on a furious horse, with difficulty managed by the rider himself, but which no other mortal durst approach, he bore down all before him." Not here may be written the list of his victims . . . but his condign execution on the beginners of the fray is part of my narrative. "He took Perrault by mighty force out of his saddle, then hurled him at Fontenelle, with the same blow dashing out both their brains." Only second to him in efficiency is Virgil, who, mounted on a dapple-grey steed of the highest metal and vigour, busily seeks out objects worthy of his valour, "when, behold, upon a sorrel gelding of a monstrous size," appears a foe making less speed than noise, "for his horse, old and lean, spent the dregs of his strength in a high trot, which, though it made slow advances, yet caused a loud clashing of his armour terrible to hear." . . . There is, in short, not a line in this extraordinary piece of concentrated humour, however seemingly filled with absurdity, that does not run over with sense and meaning.

Mr. Adams is so far original in this passage that he certainly makes a change in the language. What is, however, not a little curious, he makes his changes even when the words are not Mr. Forster's, but Swift's. His caution surely is excessive. There is no copyright of the *Battle of the Books*. An author may "consult" it to his heart's content. It would seem that he did not understand the meaning of the marks of quotation that Mr. Forster uses; for it is scarcely to be supposed that, with all his audacity, he would have ventured to improve on the language of Swift. Be this as it may, by the time he had reached the last sentence in the passage we have just quoted, where the "conveyance" from Mr. Forster is even more barefaced than usual, it was time, he felt, to bring his consultations to a close. Accordingly, he begins with an avowed quotation from the splendid fragment. There is some advantage in such a method as this. The reader natur[illegible] when he sees his author honestly using quotation mar[illegible] that all that had come before was original.

The following is the description given by our two authors—the consulter and the consulted—of Swift's personal appearance:—

MR. ADAMS.	MR. FORSTER.
His personal appearance was calculated to draw attention and gratify the eye. He was about five feet eight inches and a half in height; full but not corpulent in figure, with regular and commanding features; a high, broad forehead, heavy-lidded blue eyes, which under bushy black eyebrows could melt with softness or flash with anger; a slightly aquiline nose, a firm mouth with closed lips, a dimpled double chin, and a general air of calm superiority,—the pride of a man who felt that he was not as other men. Over women he exercised an extraordinary ascendency the ladies of the Berkeley and Ormond families, Mrs. Finch, Lady Worsley, Lady Stanley, Lady Lucy Stanhope, Miss Barton, Mrs. Long, and all the fair wits and intelligent fine ladies of the period, burned incense on his shrine. "When I lived in England," he told Bishop Horsley's (*sic*) daughter at a later time, &c.	His personal appearance was very attractive. Features regular yet striking, forehead high and temples broad and massive, heavy-lidded blue eyes, to which his dark complexion and bushy black eyebrows gave unusual capacity for sternness as well as brilliance, a nose slightly aquiline, mouth resolute with full closed lips, a handsome dimpled double chin, and over all the face the kind of pride not grown of superciliousness or scorn, but of an easy, confident, calm superiority. . . . . Wonderful in his influence over women, to enumerate thus early his female friends would be to name the principal Whig and some Tory toasts of the time. [Here follows the list of the ladies.] . . "When I lived in England," he told Bishop Hoadley's daughter, in later days, &c.

How amazing is the confusion which turns Bishop Hoadley into Bishop Horsley! Has Mr. Adams never read of "the mighty spear of Horsley" which, if we may trust Gibbon, pierced Priestley's "Socinian shield"? He might at all events have turned to his dictionary of biography, where he would have learnt that Horsley was twelve years old when Swift died.

It is not only Mr. Forster that Mr. Adams consults; Sir Walter Scott he has treated in much the same way. He borrows from him without acknowledgment, and modestly repays the debt by improving on his author's language. One quotation shall show the extent of his obligations to Scott:—

MR. ADAMS.	SIR WALTER SCOTT.
From logic, the great object of the attentions of professors and students, he turned away disgusted. His shrewd wit rejected with contempt the cobweb subtleties of Smiglecius, Kockermannus, Burgersdicius, and other worthies, whose writings were as ponderous as their names; nor could his tutor ever persuade him to read three pages in one of them, though some general knowledge of the commentators upon Aristotle was indispensable to passing his examination for his degrees. But it must be confessed that even to more congenial studies he gave but little of his time. He read and wrote chiefly for amusement, and to dissipate that melancholy mood to which, from his earliest years, he was unfortunately predisposed. But in whatever way he read, he must have acquired an extensive amount of various information, since it is known that he had already conceived the idea and drawn out the plan of his "Tale of a Tub."	Logic, then deemed a principal object of learning, was in vain presented to his notice; for his disposition altogether rejected the learned sophistry of Smiglecius, Keckermannus, Burgersdicius, and other ponderous worthies now hardly known by name; nor could his tutor ever persuade him to read three pages in one of them, though some acquaintance with the commentators of Aristotle was absolutely necessary at passing examination for his degrees. Neither did he pay regular attention to other studies more congenial to his disposition. He read and studied rather for amusement, and to divert melancholy reflections, than with the zeal of acquiring knowledge. But his reading, however desultory, must have been varied and extensive, since he is said to have already drawn a rough sketch of the "Tale of a Tub."

Mr. Adams blunders of course in his act of conveyance. Scott's statement that Swift is said to have drawn a rough sketch of the *Tale of a Tub* when at the University is given by Mr. Adams as a positive fact. Mr. Forster states that there is no evidence that any portion of the tale was in existence before 1696—eight years or so after Swift left college.

In one passage Mr. Adams treats Lord Macaulay much as he has treated Mr. Forster and Sir Walter. He is writing of Atterbury's reply to Bentley, and he says:—

> Macaulay calls it a most remarkable book, which reminds one of Goldsmith's observation, that the French would be the best cooks in the world if they had any butcher's meat, for they can make ten dishes out of a nettle-top. It really deserves the praise, whatever that praise may be worth, of being the best book ever written by any man on the wrong side of a question of which he was profoundly ignorant.

"A most remarkable book it is," writes Macaulay in his Essay on Temple, "and often reminds us of Goldsmith's observation," &c. Mr. Adams does not give a single quotation mark to show that the whole of the passage we have just quoted is taken from Macaulay. A man of any reading would of course at once recognize the style of the master, but it is not for men of reading

that Mr. Adams writes. It is curious, by the way, to notice how Macaulay, when he came to write his biography of Bishop Atterbury, goes for his illustration, not to Goldsmith, but to Molière. He disdained, we may suppose, to repeat himself. "It is," he wrote of the Reply to Bentley, "the most extraordinary instance that exists of the art of making much show with little substance. There is no difficulty, says the steward of Molière's miser, in giving [illegible] with plenty of money; the really great cook is he [illegible] set out a banquet with no money at all."

[illegible] have written enough to prove that Mr. Adams is not cured of [illegible] old habits. We have not, however, exposed all the blunders into which he has fallen. We have shown how he confuses Lord Oxford with Lord Orford, and Bishop Hoadley with Bishop Horsley. He makes worse errors even than these. We will not insist too much on his writing Kilrost for Kilroot, and Hester Johnson for Esther Johnson. Such errors are not of great importance. His readers perhaps may be a little puzzled when they come across Harley and Bolingbroke at p. 194, Harley and St. John at p. 195, and Harley and St. John, and Harley and Bolingbroke at p. 166. At the time of which he is writing both men were peers. It is a little more puzzling to learn that Swift began his second period of residence with Temple early in 1676. Even if he had been a most precocious youth, still the age of eight would be unusually early for a human being—man we cannot call him, and child we ought not to call him—to resume his duties as secretary with a retired statesman. But, passing over these inaccuracies as trifling, what are we to make of the Petition (*sic*) Treaty, which led to the impeachment of four Whig peers? In one footnote Mr. Adams tells us that Mr. Charles Boyle was afterwards Lord Denny, and in another that Atterbury was afterwards Bishop of Gloucester. It is easy to account for the first blunder by the assumption that he does not write a very clear hand, and that in copying out his notes he mistook *Orrery* for *Denny*. But his handwriting must be bad indeed if it is to bear the blame of the confusion which has turned Rochester into Gloucester. With his blunders in Latin we shall bring our too long notice to a conclusion. We had observed, in hastily turning over the pages of some of the other Wrecked Lives, *res augustâ domi*, and *pueris virginibus que*. Such errors we might charitably set down to the printer. But what printer's shoulders are broad enough to bear the last half of the epitaph on Swift as given by Mr. Adams?

> Abi, viator,
> Et imitaris (*sic*), si potius (*sic*),
> Strenuum pro virili libertatis vindicem.
> Obiit Anno 1745:
> Mensis Octobris Dii (*sic*) 19,
> Ætatis Anno 78.

This inscription—Mr. Adams's version of it we mean—does indeed, as he says, suggest to the reader a significant lesson. Had the lines, however, been copied, not by Mr. Adams, but by some schoolboy of the lower forms, they might have suggested to his master one of the means by which a lesson may be rendered more significant still. Certainly many a boy has been soundly birched for a far less serious error than writing "imitaris si potius," instead of "imitare si poteris," and for making *dii* the ablative case of *dies*.

ALBANIA.*

MR. KNIGHT'S lively little volume makes its appearance at a very fortunate moment, when such names as Dulcigno and Antivari are in the mouth of everybody. It may be hoped that henceforth they will be consigned again to their natural obscurity; but, be that as it may, Mr. Knight deserves any luck they may bring him. "Travel" is perhaps a somewhat ambitious name for the work he performed, if by travel we are meant to understand the leisurely examination of a country. But he volunteered in an off-hand and light-hearted way for an interesting piece of adventurous touring, carrying it out with spirit, and, on the whole, with success, though he did not altogether attain his main object. He had intended to traverse Northern Albania from north to south. As it was, owing to the force of circumstances altogether beyond his control, he was compelled to stop short of Gussinje and turn back when within sight of the promised land. But, if he did not penetrate those savage districts, which were then as they are now terrorized by the Albanian League, he sampled the scenery and the population from the specimens he saw on the outskirts. He coasted the eastern shores of the Adriatic; he visited the Black Mountain and looked in at Cettinje; he made a comparatively long stay at Scutari, enlivened by sundry excursions in the neighbourhood; and he describes the exciting incidents of the tour with an animation which carries us heartily along with him.

We confess to having been somewhat prejudiced against his little book in the beginning by the vein in which it commenced. The author seemed to lay himself out laboriously to be funny, and we confess that comic travels are our detestation. But we were speedily reconciled to his style, finding it suitable to his subjects and his mode of touring. He was bound to laugh over his hardships, otherwise he must have fallen back on swearing and grumbling, spoiling thereby the pleasure of the trip. We have seldom met with anybody who seemed to set such slight store by minor inconveniences; and in the same way he faced actual dangers with a gay indifference which went far towards disposing of them. How he came to undertake the trip was in this way. One morning last autumn he was sitting in his chambers, cogitating over arrangements for the Long Vacation, when a friend offered a suggestion which came to him like an interposition of Providence. The friend had three friends of his own who were on the point of starting for an expedition in Albania, and they would be delighted to have Mr. Knight to make up the quartet. The introduction was promptly effected; the arrangements were as promptly made; and Mr. Knight started in advance with "Mr. Brown"—he dubs his companions Brown, Jones, and Robinson—to prepare the way for the other two. As it was, thanks to the dilatoriness of Robinson and Jones, the four travelling companions only met much later in Scutari. The party had but vague ideas as to the countries they proposed to visit and the requisites of travel. But Robinson, whose store of actual knowledge proved the smallest, "had evolved an Albania from his inner consciousness," and they equipped themselves for that land of their companion's fancy with articles which never came into use. They carried rifles, for example, for the big game which was non-existent; and a cumbrous tent which was never set up, save on a single occasion when they sacrificed themselves to the enjoyment of it. But, if their outfit showed signs of inexperience or ignorance, they proved themselves of the right stuff for such a journey. They had the very useful gift of making acquaintances everywhere, and of turning casual acquaintances into helpful allies. Without, so far as we are given to understand, having provided themselves with any regular introduction, they were passed on from hand to hand, finding amateur guides and influential travelling protectors. The account of Cattaro, where they disembarked at the foot of the Black Mountain, with the motley population of divers races who crowded the esplanade of an evening, is very picturesque. We see the old Venetian stronghold rising before us, with its battlemented walls starting from either end of the little town and running along the edges of precipices overhanging bottomless abysses, till at length they meet at this crowning fort at a height of at least a thousand feet above the sea level. By the way, *à propos* of Cattaro, Mr. Knight tells a good story of the political knowledge which some of the English envoys carried to the momentous Conference of Berlin. It was a question of bringing the Turks to terms with the Montenegrins, when, if we may trust Mr. Knight, a certain noble lord hit upon a suggestion. "Why not," he asked confidentially of one of the Turkish plenipotentiaries; "why not let the Montenegrins have Cattaro?" The Turk saw no objection in the world; and the Englishman hurried away to one of his Austrian colleagues to intimate that he had found a solution of the knotty question. He is said to have been greatly astonished when the amused Austrian delicately intimated that Cattaro was a fortress of the Empire, and consequently not in the gift of the Turks.

The hill "road" from Cattaro to Cettinje has been often described. Mr. Knight, who is always ready with an anecdote, relates how, when the Prince of Montenegro paid his visit to Vienna, the Austrian Emperor presented him, by way of an appropriate gift, with a handsome state carriage and horses. The Prince was highly gratified; but the carriage still remains at Cattaro, where his horses have been eating their heads off, pending the completion of the road, which is advancing very slowly. In the meantime nothing can be more sublimely beautiful than the views over the Adriatic from the mountain track by which travellers climb to the village capital. Once arrived at Cettinje, however, one is comparatively in clover. Formerly foreign visitors were even rarer than at present, and they were welcomed to the "palace" with primitive hospitality. But, with the increasing notoriety that has been attracting people to the place, the drain on the national treasury would be serious if old customs were kept up. So Prince Nicholas, who knows something of political economy, has turned a cause of deficit into a source of profit. A very comfortable hotel has been started; with an old servant of the palace as majordomo, though the establishment is mounted in characteristic style, and a warlike mountaineer armed to the teeth ushers the guests to the bedrooms in the place of a chambermaid. The Prince is autocratic, and has done much to reform his subjects, so far as their amiable weakness for brigandage and deeds of violence is concerned. But, though the little State is the most absolute of monarchies in miniature, the tone of manners and society is in the extreme of republican equality. Adjoining the hotel is a café fitted with a billiard-table, which is very generally patronized. And at the table, "playing together for pots of Austrian beer, were the Minister of Finance, the Prince's adjutant, the innkeeper, the postman, and the potboy." Although they treated him with extreme civility, Mr. Knight formed no very high opinion of the chivalrous Montenegrins. He hints that their high-bred courtesy of manners and their recent social reforms are owing in great measure to an abiding sense that the eyes of Europe are upon them, and that they are bound accordingly to be on their very best behaviour. They are personally brave and absolutely reckless of life, but in intellectual promise and capacity for political development Mr. Knight ranks them below their Albanian neighbours, whom they detest and affect to despise. It need hardly be said that the feelings of hatred and contempt are most cordially reciprocated by the Albanians, whether Mussulmans or Christians. Nor are the atrociously barbarous practices of their warfare by any means exploded or abandoned, although the Prince, to do him justice, has striven,

* *Albania: a Narrative of Recent Travel.* By E. F. Knight, Barrister-at-Law. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

not quite unsuccessfully, to repress them. In the last war a young Montenegrin was made prisoner; and, as he had been wounded, was sent to the Scutari hospital. Being singularly handsome and prepossessing as well, he was greatly petted by the lady nurses. But from the first an objectionable smell was remarked by his bedside, which gradually became more and more insupportable. The cause was traced to the coat which was rolled up by his side, and in which were eighteen Turkish noses, the cherished trophies of the young warrior's campaigning.

When Messrs. Knight and Brown had crossed the frontier into Albania, they found they had to rough it in earnest, and their hardships were occasionally spiced with danger. They had to fall into the country fashion of sleeping in their clothes, making their night toilet by simply removing their boots, and resigning themselves, with what serenity they could muster, as a prey to legions of hungry insects. Indeed the Albanians carry their horror of ablution so far that when Mr. Brown committed himself thoughtlessly to a bath in the river, his companions had to explain away his conduct by setting it down to an enfeebled intellect. Nevertheless the people were extremely friendly and hospitable; nor would the Englishmen have had much difficulty in exploring the country, had it not been for the existence of "the Albanian League," and for the fact that they had retraced their route so far from Scutari as to pay a flying visit to a Montenegrin camp. Considering that they had been so recently in communication with the enemy in arms, it was not unnatural that they should be regarded with suspicion, nor would it have been astonishing had they been treated as spies. Fortunately they had an excellent friend in our well-known Consul, Mr. Kirby Green, who seems to have established an extraordinary influence over the half-savage inhabitants of these mountains. At that time the League had its headquarters in the mountain fortress of Gussinje, and Messrs. Knight and Brown had set their hearts upon going thither. Though they failed, they did all that men could do to succeed; and, had they succeeded, it is improbable they would have survived to narrate these thrilling adventures. Ali Pasha commanded in the place, a man deeply compromised in the murder of Mehemet Ali at Jacova, and he had a force under him that was variously estimated at from six thousand to thirty thousand men. But, though estimates of his strength varied so widely, there was no difference of opinion as to the *morale* of his men. They were either fanatics of the most savage type, or the scum and dregs of some of the surrounding tribes. Of their bigotry, and their thirst for the blood of the infidels, the English travellers were nearly having a conclusive proof. After several futile attempts at obtaining influential escorts or satisfactory safe-conducts, they had reached a hut within two hours' march of the fortress, where they hoped by negotiation to carry out their plan. Ali Bey was frank enough—at all events he offered them impossible conditions. If they chose to come to him, they must come as hostages to answer for the withdrawal of the invading Montenegrin troops. Accepting that as his last word, they had reluctantly decided to turn back, when a couple of armed ruffians arrived at the hut, professing to come as the Bey's envoys. It proved to be the object of these scoundrels to lure the strangers into an ambush, or, failing that, to murder them where they were. The Englishmen escaped, thanks to the presence of a Franciscan missionary and the loyalty of the mountaineer at whose table they were seated; and having seen enough, as we should imagine, of the manners of the country, they made their way back through Montenegro to Dulcigno and Antivari. But, although they had an exceedingly interesting and exciting trip, which they have related in a very pleasant little volume, we may doubt whether it will become a fashion with English barristers to spend the Long Vacation in Albania.

ADAM AND EVE.*

IN *Adam and Eve* Mrs. Parr has produced a story marked by many merits, and injured, as three-volume novels too often are injured, by what we cannot but regard as a blunder committed in the third volume. The author has laid her scene in an out-of-the-way fishing-village in Cornwall, and has dated it at the time when smuggling was still a profitable if dangerous calling, regarded by its followers, honest enough in other matters, as a perfectly legitimate, if not legal, means of making money. Smuggling, it may be remembered, carried on in the same circumstances, but in a different place, played an important part in a novel of Mr. Blackmore's which we reviewed not long ago, and it is only lately that Mr. Hardy wrote for a magazine which has since vanished a telling story of a few chapters which dealt with the same subject. It is one which offers many temptations and advantages to a novelist, affording constant opportunities for picturesque description both of scenery and of a mode of life which is now practically extinct. Of these advantages Mrs. Parr has made the most. Her descriptions of nature in its varying moods, and of the dispositions and ways of the strange and interesting folk among whom she takes us, are capital. Nor, till we come to the mistake to which we have referred, is there any serious shortcoming in her treatment of the important characters. With this exception, they, like the people who have a less direct concern with the plot of the book, are well conceived, and drawn with a lifelike vigour. But, as we have said, when it becomes necessary to bring about a catastrophe, her powers fail her, and with a strange want of the dramatic instinct which is absolutely necessary to a novel with a serious plot, she makes perhaps her best-drawn character up to that point do a deed so repugnant to his whole nature that no skill or power could reconcile us to the glaring contradiction. A possibly minor fault, which however also exhibits a want of appreciation of character, [illegible] deed is led up to by a precisely similar one committed [illegible] of the hero's, under the influence of feelings which might [illegible], if they could not excuse, the offence. Reuben May's action in betraying Eve's lover with all his companions into the hands of the Excise officers is, if not very attractive, conceivable enough, especially when it is remembered that, according to his views, he was saving Eve from a terrible fate by what he did. Adam Pascal's subsequent action in turning King's evidence, under the influence of an unfounded jealousy, against the comrade who had long served under him is outrageously inconceivable, and the inevitable result is that the reader loses all interest in the book when he comes to this extraordinary incident, which, fortunately perhaps, occurs at the latter end of the third volume.

Adam and Eve opens with a vivid description of the heroine's distressed condition. Her mother, who has lately died,

> had come of a family who had seen better days, in right of which they could never overlook that their orphan cousin had thrown herself away on a common seafaring man who had nothing but his handsome face and his dare-devil stories to set before her; and although the despised husband never returned from the voyage during which Eve was born, the relations saw in this no cause to restrain their tongues, nor (*sic*) alter their judgment, and the sore-hearted widow, resenting these continual jobations, gradually withdrew herself from her family, until not only had all communication ceased between them, but their very existence was no longer known to her.

On the other hand, Mrs. Pascal knew nothing more of her husband's family than that he had "a brother and some cousins living in an out-of-the-way village in Cornwall," and, from what she had heard of them she felt "that she would sooner beg her bread in London than live at ease with those who, to use her husband's words, feared neither God nor devil." Thus the offer which came from these people to "do for her and the little maid," if they would come to Cornwall after Andrew Pascal's death, was not accepted, and it was more a feeling of respect due to Pascal's memory than anything else which made Mrs. Pascal on her deathbed command Eve to write to her Cornish relations. The orphan daughter is somewhat puzzled by the letter of invitation which comes in reply; she would like to go to Cornwall; but she does not know where to house the old furniture, which was a kind of fetish to her mother, until she thinks of her friend and admirer, Reuben May, the watchmaker. The scene which follows between the two when Eve goes to make her request to Reuben is both true and pretty, and it ends with an understanding "that, though there was no engagement on either part, each was bound, in case of change, to render an account of his or her feelings to the other." Still truer in its perception is the ensuing scene where Reuben comes to help Eve on her way to the ship which is to carry her to her unknown relatives at Polperro. She is waiting for him alone at four o'clock in the morning, full of doubt and perplexity as to her future, and as to whether she does right in going to Cornwall, instead of staying, as her mother had wished, working at her lace-mending in London. "Did it not seem as if she was forsaking that mother in thus going away from all that while they were together had grown familiar?" She is overcome by her memories and emotions, and bursts into a passion of tears, which prevents her from hearing, at first, Reuben's approach as he enters the room. Reuben, on his side, is deeply moved by the sight of her distress, and is undecided what to do. "Alas, poor Reuben! had he loved less he would have ventured more, but great love is seldom venturesome; held back by a thousand emotions, it stands trembling on the threshold over which a more selfish passion strides triumphant." Moved, then, by a purely unselfish desire to spare Eve pain, he represses his own feelings, and addresses her in a tone of commonplace surprise:—

> "Come, come, Eve; why, what are you thinking of? I thought to find you ready and waiting for me; it won't do, you know, to drive things off to the last minute, or if so——" and the rest of the sentence was drowned by the noise he made in unnecessarily dragging a box from one side of the room to the other, after which, expending a further surplus of energy in giving vigorous pulls to sundry stray pieces of rope, Reuben turned to find Eve standing up ready and waiting.
>
> At sight of her wan face all his firmness seemed to desert him, and involuntarily stretching out his hand he laid it on her shoulder.
>
> "Eve," he said, "my dear one, if you could see my heart torn in two to see you suffer!"
>
> But the sympathy had come too late, the recoil had been given; those first few words had turned the depth of feeling back upon herself, and the heart which lay cold and dull within Eve no longer felt reproach for herself, nor craved sympathy for her suffering.
>
> "I'm quite ready now," she said, with a little movement which told Reuben more effectually than words that his small show of affection was displeasing to her. "I've said good-bye to everybody, I'll take these small things down, and tell the man to come, and you'll help him with the boxes on to the truck?"
>
> "Then ain't you coming up again?"
>
> "No; I shall go slowly on, and you can overtake me;" and, without another look at him, or at the room she was leaving, Eve went downstairs and passed out of the house into the street.

Just before she goes on board the vessel which is to take her to Polperro he makes one wild appeal to her to stop, impelled by a

* *Adam and Eve.* By Mrs. Parr, Author of "Dorothy Fox," &c. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

strange presentiment of coming evil; but she answers him only that it is too late.

Eve's journey to and arrival at Polperro are given with much vividness and humour, as is the account of her surprise at the luxury of her uncle's house, in which she is received by his niece and her cousin Joan, whose character is singularly fresh and pleasant. The talk of the various village people to whom she is by degrees introduced is full of life and character, and the Cornish [illegible] well and correctly employed, without ever becoming [illegible] Eve is full of delight at the view of the sea which she [illegible] a point near the house; and, when Joan comes out to bring [illegible] in to breakfast, apologizes for her delay by saying, "It is so lovely; oh! I could spend my day looking at it!" "'Looking at it,' repeated Joan; 'looking at what? Where have 'ee been to the top to? Why the maid's mazed,' she laughed; 'there's nothin' up there to look at.'" Later on the two girls pay a visit to a house in the village, the hostess of which says of Eve's manner of speech, "Doesn't her clip her words? 'Tis a purty way o' talkin' though, and all's of a piece with her." Then she adds, with a look at Eve's black gown, "You've a lost somebody, my dear, haven't 'ee?" and, on Eve's explaining that she has lost her mother, goes into a discourse on the subject, which is worth quoting:—

"Ah, that's a sore loss, that is. I've a lost my awn mother, so I can tell. Poor old sawl! I thinks I see her now! When we childern had bin off, nobody knows how long, and her worritin' and thinkin' us was to bottom o' say, her'd come out with a girt big stick and her'd *leather* us till her couldn't stand, and call us all the raskil rogues her could lay her tongue to. I often thinks of it now, and it brings back her words to me. 'You may find another husband,' her'd say, 'or have another chield, but there's niver but the wan mother.' And some o' that chaney there was hers. Well, that very cup and saucer you'm lookin' at now belonged to she! and so you take it, my dear, and keep it. No! nonsense, but you *shall*, now!" for Eve was protesting against accepting such a present. "'Twill only get broked up into sherds here; and if her was alive, you'd a bin welcome to th' whole dresserful, her was such a free-handed woman! Chaney, tay, liquor, no matter what—so long as she'd got, she'd give."

After this we plunge deep into the strange and interesting life of the smuggling village, with its odd ideas of morality and its perfect contentment with the laws which it has made for itself. Only one person, Adam, Uncle Zebedee's son, has any doubt as to the fitness of these and the propriety of the trade by which the whole village may be said to live; and he, finding that radical reform is impossible, temporizes by taking the leadership to which his bodily and mental powers seem naturally to appoint him, and doing his best to preserve such order and controlment as is possible. This is a state of things which makes him, if feared and admired, not half so popular as one Jerrem, who, having been picked up when a child as a castaway from a wreck, has been adopted by Joan's family. His winning, facile ways had in childhood and boyhood robbed Adam of some portion of the love which should by right have been his, and the early antagonism has not disappeared when the two grow up to manhood. Jerrem, thoughtless and mischievous, takes a certain delight in flaunting his social accomplishments in the face of the stern and thoughtful Adam, and is the cause of much heartburning to Adam in respect of Eve. There is the more reason for this because Uncle Zebedee had expressed a decided wish before Eve's arrival that a match could be made between her and Jerrem. Adam, however, in a love-scene which is strong and simple, declares himself, and is accepted by Eve; and their happiness is marred only by Jerrem's foolishly continued attempts to make an impression upon her, by her consequent alarm as to the probability of a serious quarrel between the two, and the enforced absence of Adam in pursuit of his illegal calling, until the plot is thickened by the arrival of Reuben May from London. He has heard of Eve's engagement, and has come down to Polperro with the intention of dissuading her from marrying Adam, having first managed honestly to persuade himself that his personal interest in the matter from a lover's point of view is at an end. He has come, he says, "to speak to you like a friend, and ask you to tell me what sort of people these are that you're among, and how the man gets his living that you're thinking of being married to?" Eve replies that he evidently knows all about it, and he retorts by asking whether what he has been told is true. "'Oh! I daresay it's true enough,' she said; 'people ain't likely to tell you false about a thing nobody here feels ashamed to own to.' 'Not ashamed of being drunkards, law-breakers—thieves!' said Reuben, sternly." At this Eve naturally breaks out in wrath, and Reuben as naturally by his succeeding remarks irritates her more and more, until, moved by a sneer of his, she lets out in the heat of the moment a piece of information which Reuben afterwards remembers with fatal effect. Here, as may be guessed, is the beginning of the catastrophe of which we have spoken; and though in the conduct of this and the winding up of the book there is one capital flaw, it must be admitted that, in the management of the various accidents which lead up to the crisis in an unforeseen way, Mrs. Parr has displayed not a little ingenuity and talent for the weaving of an intricate, but not too intricate, plot. Any shortcomings which may exist in this we could readily consider as outweighed by the writer's manifest merit; but we cannot pardon the deliberate conversion of a high-minded man at a moment's notice into one who does not scruple to seek the very meanest means of gaining, as he thinks, his revenge. It is irritating to come upon such an incident as this at the end of a book which is so full of interest, and which contains so many striking scenes, and such pleasant, fresh, and well-drawn characters.

STEVENSON ON HOUSE ARCHITECTURE.*

WITH some books the reader's first question is, naturally, "What does he say?" and with others, "What does it say?" Those who have concerned themselves with the architectural polemics of the past decade will be apt to put the former interrogatory when they recollect that the author of these volumes was not only a fervent combatant in that onslaught of anti-restorationists and knights of Queen Anne which so sorely vexed Sir Gilbert Scott's later days, but that his artistic achievements are among the conspicuous features of Lowther Mansions and Pont Street, not to mention other quarters of London. We are glad to say that readers who may buckle to in hopes of seeing sport will be disappointed at the author's cautious peacefulness. On the other hand, genuine students will be rewarded with a well-written, painstaking, and matter-full, though sometimes diffuse, treatise on the subject-matter indicated on the title-page, composed (with now and then a slight revelation of preference) in an eclectic spirit, and utterly incapable of giving a triumph to any side in a controversy which labours under the difficulty that the assailants are always compelled to wage a Parthian warfare.

Indeed the Introduction, in its forcible insistence upon reality of planning and material, sounds like an echo of Pugin's still stinging *True Principles*. Yet, effusive as Mr. Stevenson is in his praises of Mr. Ruskin from one end to the other of his work, there is not the slightest reference to Pugin; as far as he is concerned, no Pugin might ever have existed. Not for the first time we find ourselves compelled to ask with some indignation, Why are our æsthetic lights of a younger generation so forgetful, or, it may be, so ignorant of—but under either theory so ungrateful to—Pugin's great services to artistic truth? At the time when he wrote, his unpopular belief might have been urged as an excuse, though a very poor one. Now, however, folks pretend to be tolerant, if not indifferent. Akin to this strange omission is a remarkable chronological inaccuracy in p. 23 of the first volume, where Mr. Stevenson fixes on a period between twenty and thirty years ago as the date when contempt for beauty in the streets of our provincial towns was at its climax, instead of recognizing that at about that date the tide had begun decidedly to turn in favour of architectural composition.

We shall make no attempt to digest the vast mass of historical information contained in Mr. Stevenson's first volume. Of course a treatise which ignores the existence of any ideal types of style cuts itself off from the appreciation of the highest excellence. But from his point of view Mr. Stevenson is laborious and fair, and his style is sometimes forcible, although in every portion of the work it would gain by compression. He has in one respect a clear advantage over other historians of architecture—namely, in his selection of a range of study so precisely limited as one which altogether excludes ecclesiastical structures and, to a large extent, public buildings. At the same time, the limitation must be a distinct impediment to any broad appreciation of chronological architecture, as the investigator is cut off from so many very important classes of world-famous examples. The variety of cosmopolitan sources from which Mr. Stevenson derives his examples is very praiseworthy, though we could not help being a little amused to find at last that the building on which the brightest aureole of encomium seemed to rest was the old College of Glasgow, a picturesque structure of the seventeenth century. A similar patriotism makes Mr. Stevenson repeat more than once, as something rich and rare, the presentment of a phase of *bourgeois* house, for which, as we are told, Scotland in the eighteenth century was responsible, comprising in one grim whole a central door, oblong windows stiffly matching on either side, and big goggling dormers in the roof. Few of his readers, we should think, would share in his regrets at the decadence of this offshoot of provincial ugliness.

The number and variety of the woodcuts add considerably to the attractiveness of both the volumes, while, by a refinement of consideration for the reader's trouble, several which serve to illustrate more than one passage are on each occasion repeated.

In the second volume the author, as he himself points out, travels over much the same ground as Professor Kerr did in his well-known treatise. We are unable to agree with the dislike which Mr. Stevenson expresses for the multiplication of specialized rooms. He is driven by way of argument to assert that "empty rooms make a dreary house." We ask, why so? They make an airy one, no doubt, as stuffing and cramming never can do, and so much the better, and when they are not wanted they can always be locked up. To be sure, they also make it to a certain extent an expensive house to keep up, and this to persons of moderate means would be a reasonable objection. Expense is not, however, the ground of Mr. Stevenson's exception; but, as far as we can gather, an odd sort of feeling of loving perpetually and at all hours to abide among identical objects.

Mr. Stevenson is very minute in his study of the details of comfort as it is enhanced or checked by the relative size and position of the rooms, and we willingly recognize much which is valuable in his suggestions. But what glamour came over him that he does not offer the loudest of warnings to his clients against those persecutors of all righteous house-planners, the bellhangers? Our ubiquitous and philanthropic Home Secretary ought really to turn his attention for a few moments from juvenile delinquents to those far —

* *House Architecture*. By J. J. Stevenson. 2 vols. Vol. I.—Architecture. Vol. II.—Planning. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

malignant enemies of society. We fear the ladies would frown upon Mr. Stevenson's dictum that in bed-rooms, or of course in dressing-rooms, the dressing-table should stand against the wall between two windows, so as to hide the ugliness of the back of the looking-glass. Did it never strike the writer that the exceptional darkness which specially signalizes this particular portion of every room would be hardly propitious to the use which ladies at all events are apt to make of looking-glasses? As to his reason, all we can say is that the back of a looking-glass may easily be made ornamental. Surely Mr. Morris would not faint before the labour. In his speculations upon the shape and proportions of dining-rooms the author quite forgets the probability of the judicious householder procuring a round table, and thus, like Arthur and Edward III., purchasing sociability and pleasant converse at the cost of stiff dignity. The speculations on the philosophy of the billiard-room are thoughtful, although we quite demur to Mr. Stevenson's placing it before himself as an object to make it easy to play billiards in shirt-sleeves. We have always looked on a billiard-room as the triumph of civilization, and not as a survival of savagery. A billiard-room which is not accessible and acceptable to the ladies of the family had better not form part of a private house. Let the ladies allow shirt-sleeves—we would only praise their sense and liberality. But we protest against the architect building for shirt-sleeves, and so ousting womanhood of its rights in a room of common amusement. We may remind Mr. Stevenson that the one Scotchman to whom a joke was not forbidden fruit summed up the philosophy of billiard-rooms in a single sentence. The billiard-room, according to Henry Drummond, ought to be separate from the other living-rooms, because its object was to draw away the bore after breakfast. It is inexplicable that Mr. Stevenson, who has devoted so much thought to placing his billiard-room in correspondence with the other apartments, should be quite silent upon that which, merely viewed as a constructional problem, is one which will more closely test the architect's capacity—the placing, the adjustment, and the fitting up of the domestic chapel. Yet Mr. Stevenson must be well aware in how many cases the domestic chapel has been restored in or added to an old house, or else made part of a new one. Sometimes it is an apartment fitted with all the requisites of complete worship, sometimes a simple prayer-room. In either case, however, it is an enterprise in which the house-builder may succeed or bungle; so that he has a strong claim on the apostle of house-building for guidance in that which is assuredly a branch of domestic architecture. An Agnostic would be no more compelled by Mr. Stevenson's handling the topic to garnish his house with a chapel for devotions which he despised than a Puritan who took our author as his guide would find himself under the necessity of providing a billiard-room for amusements which he condemned.

In his advice about nurseries Mr. Stevenson shows considerable good sense, while he aptly illustrates the difference between English and French social notions by the inadequacy of the nursery suggested in M. Viollet le Duc's *Histoire d'une Maison*. We sympathize with the author's protest against Professor Kerr's tendency to create too fastidious a seclusion of servants from the employers. The separation of sexes is quite another matter. The kitchen and its relations to the dining-room are well thought out, but among the uses and apparatus of the "service-room" the writer forgets a tap of fresh water, with a sink. Facilities for quickly and completely washing plates, forks, spoons, and glasses during the progress of dinner greatly economize the servants' labour and add to the comfort of the guests. Only to mention one more point, Mr. Stevenson duly appreciates that pleasant apartment found in many modern houses which is partly central hall and partly living-room. The architect, however, who plans it must be careful in his precautions that its interior is not in sight from the front door, and that the servant who confronts visitors is able to take unseen the pleasure of those inside.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

LIEUTENANT VERY'S treatise on the naval armaments of the world (1) has the merit at least of recency and completeness, bringing down our information as to the relative force of different navies to a very late period. The author does not always distinguish with sufficient clearness—or perhaps does not indicate to readers unacquainted with the technical form of official reports—what ships are actually afloat and in service, what are antiquated, and what are building, or, if built, not yet completed so as to form an actual effective part of the fighting force of the country to which they belong. Moreover, while giving in the text an elaborate, and often a very intelligible, description of each of the more powerful and more recent vessels individually, he leaves the reader to seek in the tables facts without which the description is worthless for purposes of comparison—as, for instance, the thickness of the armour. Almost every effective ship afloat finds a place in his list, and her general character is so far indicated, in terms perhaps not more technical than is necessary to distinctness and brevity, that any professional reader, at all events, can understand her nature, and form at least a general idea of the comparative strength of different Powers in each class of vessels. There is an almost equally full and careful account of the different systems of gunnery, of the guns constructed, the principles of their construction, the factories where they are cast, and the especial merit claimed for each in strength, projectile force, and facility of movement. Two points will probably strike the unprofessional reader—first, the extreme difficulty of forming an estimate of the actual effective [illegible] of any single navy, and still more the impossibility of a[illegible] distinct place to each, of estimating accurately the po[illegible] to one or another by the number and strength of the [illegible] vessels of which it can dispose. It seems utterly i[illegible]ble even to conjecture what might be the result of a naval war in which two or three Powers might be engaged on either side. One State may be enormously superior to another in the number of effective fighting ships; but the latter may have one, two, or three reckoned as superior to any that the former possesses. No person unfamiliar with the technicalities of artillery and naval construction can form any adequate notion which of the two is really the stronger; what, for example, might be the result of a contest for the supremacy of the Mediterranean between the fleet of England on the one hand and those of France and Italy on the other. How important a single vessel may be the late South American war has taught us. This is perhaps the one lesson which as yet can be with any confidence drawn from a struggle waged under very exceptional and apparently very interesting and instructive circumstances. Chili had the best of it in every other point. Her troops, her power of movement, her military policy, the strength and foresight of her Government, were all superior to those of the allies. She was considered almost equally superior in naval force. But, so long as the *Huascar* remained in Peruvian hands, it seemed, to the outer world at least, that Chili was getting the worst of it. Caught at last by the two Chilian ironclads, the *Huascar*, which formed the sole strength of the Peruvian navy, was taken, and in Lieutenant Very's list she figures as a Chilian vessel. Since her capture the allies have been uniformly worsted by sea and land, have not, we believe, achieved a single success, even a local and temporary victory. It may be that the brilliancy of the *Huascar's* exploits led the general reader greatly to over-rate their practical importance; but it seems certain that with her capture the hopes as well as the fortunes of Peru and Bolivia were utterly and instantly overcast. Perhaps no one vessel could possibly play such a part in a contest between two first-rate or even second-rate Powers; but it is at least conceivable, so far as the general public can see, that the possession of two or three impregnable, or nearly impregnable, vessels, equally well handled, might afford an almost equally important advantage to the inferior navy, and that, if that advantage were well employed, it might, at least for a time, seriously affect the balance of military success. We should like, moreover, to see the lesson of the *Huascar's* exploits treated by a competent professional authority from another point of view—to be informed how far it tells in favour of the idea still maintained by a few old-fashioned and thoughtful judges, that seamanship, skill, and naval tact will play as great a part as ever in maritime war. A very interesting portion of Lieutenant Very's book deals with the maritime engagements of the last twenty years. This period of course excludes the Crimean War. It includes that part of the American Civil War in which the ironclad, or monitor, was yet in an imperfect and inchoate state. The Confederates never had the opportunity of encountering their enemies on the open sea; even on the inland waters they never met upon anything like equal terms. But there were contests between forts and ships whose lesson may be in its way more important than any to be derived from such encounters between armoured vessels as have yet taken place. As a general rule, it may be said that earthworks seldom held their own for more than a few hours against such naval forces as the Federals were able to bring to bear; but it must be remembered that the Federal artillery was greatly superior to that of the Confederates. Even in the field the best Confederate batteries were, almost without an exception, those that had been captured by the prowess of their infantry and cavalry. This fact gives the more significance to the comparative success of Confederate forts defended by masonry, or of more regular construction. In two cases of importance the Confederate earthworks were found too strong for the rude Federal ironclads. At Fort Donaldson two out of four of these, carrying 13 guns apiece, were disabled by the loss of their steering-gear, and the other two were forced to retire, for fear of sinking, by a triple row of earthworks, the lowest of which alone, on the water level, was silenced by the fire of the squadron. On the James River two monitors of somewhat superior construction, and three wooden gunboats, were beaten off by Fort Darling, an earthwork 200 feet above the James River. Forts Moultrie and Sumter utterly baffled throughout the whole war the utmost efforts of the strongest squadron the Union could spare for the attack of the most important and most hated of the Confederate seaports; the defeat on one occasion being quite as signal as any of the successes obtained by the Federal fleets elsewhere. Fort Jackson, a masonry fort below New Orleans, held out for ten days against Farragut's squadron. In fine, out of four attacks on masonry, only one succeeded; out of fifteen attacks on earthworks, only three failed completely. It appears, also, that in nearly every case the strongest Confederate earthworks failed permanently to prevent the passage of the Federal flotilla within six hundred yards. The remarkable weakness of the American navy at the present moment is a notable

(1) *Navies of the World: giving Concise Descriptions of the Plans, Armament, and Armour of the Naval Vessels of Twenty of the Principal Nations, &c.* By Lieutenant E. W. Very, U.S.N. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

fact. There is scarcely one European naval Power of the second, or even of the third rank, against which, according to the usual estimate of effectiveness, the American armoured fleet could be expected to win a regular naval engagement on the high seas. But how far a number of small well-handled gunboats carrying one or two heavy guns apiece may hold their own against an enormously superior nominal force concentrated in a very few great ironclads, [illegible]ch [illegible] an easy mark, is a question yet to be solved.

[illegible]'s monograph on the *Footprints of Vanished [illegible] Mississippi Valley* (2) contains little absolutely new [illegible]ion, and points to no new and trustworthy conclusion [illegible]ing that most curious and interesting problem of archæology, the history of the Mound-builders. But it adds a good deal of detailed evidence to that already accumulated, and tends, we think, very strongly to sustain the author's argument that the Mound-builders could by no possibility have degenerated into anything like even the highest and most civilized tribes of Red Indians known to the earlier European settlers of North America. Whether or not before the European invasion the Indians were already degenerating or dying out, is a point on which as yet the majority of archæologists would probably hesitate to pronounce a confident opinion; but that the strongest of them were mere isolated tribes of hunters, for whom agriculture was a secondary resource, and whose fortifications were wholly rude and unscientific, appears absolutely certain. The more carefully and fully the works of the Mound-builders are studied, as they have been studied by Dr. Conant, the more distinctly does the high comparative civilization of that strange race stand out. It seems certain that they possessed a mathematical knowledge of which no Indian tribe has retained a vestige. They must have had a complicated religion, a highly organized government, and a military power far from contemptible; while only an elaborate and extensive agriculture could have furnished food, only a large and intelligent agricultural population could have afforded labourers, for such enormous non-productive works. On the purpose of these works, especially of those strange, mysterious mounds in which the form of the mammoth and numerous other animals is clearly traced, Dr. Conant can throw little new light. The question seems to have baffled all investigators, from whatever point of view they have approached it. Perhaps the most interesting speciality of the present treatise is the account of the canal works connecting lakes and river systems, which, if they do not certainly prove, at least suggest, the possession by the Mound-builders of a navy, military and mercantile, worthy of the vast inland water system available to them, and whose value they would seem to have appreciated. From the existence of such canals, whose size indicates navigation, not irrigation, as their purpose, it seems almost an inevitable inference that the empire of those who constructed them extended from the lower, or at least the middle, part of the Mississippi Valley, across the Ohio and the Missouri, as far as the great lakes from which they derived their copper, and probably far to the east—certainly, we should assume, to the Alleghanies, if not to the sea-coast. The existence of such a race would not be at all extraordinary. Their civilization is indicated by their monuments; its defects—probably consequent on the want of stone throughout the greater part of their territory—as well as its extraordinary development within special limits, are intelligible enough; and even if we admit Dr. Conant's doctrine that their earthenware is superior to that of any of the prehistoric races of the Old World, we need hardly suppose them to have been greatly superior to the founders of the Mexican and Peruvian Empires. What is extraordinary and unprecedented in their story is their utter disappearance, leaving not even a tradition behind them, before—nobody knows what or whom; hardly, we may presume, before the scattered savages whom Spanish, Dutch, French, and English explorers found in possession of their deserted territory. This is the peculiarity of the problem, and Dr. Conant's treatise does no more than accumulate some further special and detailed evidence of a kind which renders it more perplexing the more fully it is studied.

Mr. Morais's book (3) might have been at once very interesting, and not a little instructive; but we can hardly think that it is either the one or the other. His sketches are too short to afford any true insight either into the personal character of the men whose career he rather indicates than delineates even in outline, or into the effect of their creed, and their relations to one another and to the outer world, upon their character and fortunes. Moreover, a vast majority of those selected as examples of the intellectual and social eminence attained by members of the Hebrew race within the present century are hardly important enough to find a proper place in such a work. A few of Mr. Morais's characters, like Isaac D'Israeli and Achille Fould, are really among the eminent men of their time; but, on the whole, we are somewhat surprised to find how few Hebrews have attained the first rank, not only in politics, where their race or creed most tells against them, but in art, science, or literature. A dozen, or a score, of the personages enumerated in this volume might properly find a place in such a dictionary as that entitled *Men of Our Time;* but in the whole list there are hardly half a dozen names familiar to the general public, and of these some, like the Rothschilds and the Montefiores, are celebrated chiefly for their wealth and the use they have made of it. The volume bears testimony rather to the energy and intellectual vigour diffused among the race at large than to the frequency of signal or brilliant examples of worldly or intellectual success; though among those whose eminence is not the less real because their fame is limited by the nature of their pursuits we must recognize such names as those of Deutsch and Weil.

Professor Hosmer's *Short History of German Literature* (4) is, we think, well suited to what appears to be its purpose as a textbook for advanced schools. The author takes a few signal examples among the most eminent names of modern Germany, and dwells at length on the literary character of Lessing, Schiller, Goethe, and others; while in the former part of the volume he describes with equal fulness certain cycles or classes, as the Niebelungen Lied and other ballad poetry of the same type, the Minnesingers, and so forth, endeavouring to familiarize his readers with a few principal types rather than with a multitude of uninteresting names and tedious details.

Two volumes on our list possess importance and interest of a kind which does not render them suitable for detailed examination here. The Essays read before the Ministers' Institute of Providence, Rhode Island (5), deal with a variety of questions of biblical exegesis from the point of view of the most advanced Unitarians, some of them going far beyond the views even of advanced Unitarianism; one or two holding on rather, it would seem, in words than in thought, to the fundamental principles of all religion. The nature of Mr. Heilprin's elaborate volumes on the Historical Poetry of the Old Testament (6) is pretty fairly explained by its title-page.

Mr. Bryant's translation of the second part of Hegel's *Æsthetik* (7) falls under our notice in right of a very elaborate introduction by the translator, occupying nearly one-fourth of the whole volume, in which he endeavours to set forth his own view of the Hegelian system, the theory of symbolism, and its development in classical and oriental art and religion.

The Report of the Smithsonian Institution for 1878 (8) possesses, as usual, a certain special interest as a record of the progress made by the Institution itself, and also the general interest always attaching to the collection of papers appended to these reports. Of these the principal in the present case are biographical sketches of Condorcet and Agassiz; an elaborate vindication of Mr. Henry's claims in connexion with the invention and development of the telegraph; a very careful, minute, and we suppose very valuable account of the effect of irritation upon a polarized nerve; and a record of researches in sound, chiefly with relation to the effect of fogs on atmospheric vibration.

Professor Aughey's *Sketches of the Physical Geography of Nebraska* (9) are somewhat too minute and technical for the general reader. Parts, however, of the papers here collected have a bearing on general questions of geology which will no doubt be recognized by all students of that science.

Mr. Bell's little handbook on the faults of speech (10) relates, not to American dialectical peculiarities, but to organic or other difficulties of articulation, to physical or professional habits that impair clearness of pronunciation, and to similar class or personal peculiarities. To all whose speech is not readily and distinctly audible to others it may well prove practically useful, from the systematic method in which it deals with such faults and points out their cause and cure.

Messrs. Osgood have put forth a Vote Map (11) more elaborate in execution than those published by several English newspapers after the late general election, but resembling them in character, indicating the relative strength of parties in each of the Congressional districts throughout the Union. Even a cursory examination of this map enables the English reader to understand why the efforts of parties at a time like the present are concentrated so exclusively on a few States, the Democratic or Republican majorities in others being so obviously overwhelming that no change can be reasonably expected from the utmost efforts of oratory or organization. It is worthy of note also that in America as here the system of local distribution does not always tend to a real representation of public opinion. It might be quite possible that even in the House of Representatives, which is supposed to give effect to the popular as distinct from the State feeling, a great majority of Democratic electors throughout the Union should return a considerable

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(2) *Footprints of Vanished Races in the Mississippi Valley.* By A. J. Conant, A.M. St. Louis: C. R. Barns. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(3) *Eminent Israelites of the Nineteenth Century: a Series of Biographical Sketches.* By H. S. Morais. Philadelphia: Stern & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(4) *A Short History of German Literature.* By Professor James K. Hosmer. Second Edition. St. Louis: Jones & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(5) *Institute Essays.* Read before the "Ministers' Institute," Providence, R. I., Oct. 1879. With Introduction by Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D. Boston: G. H. Ellis. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(6) *The Historical Poetry of the Ancient Hebrews.* Translated and critically examined by Michael Heilprin. Vol. II. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(7) *The Philosophy of Art; being the Second Part of Hegel's Æsthetik.* Translated, and with an Introductory Essay giving outline of the entire "Æsthetik." By Wm. M. Bryant. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

(8) *Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution for the year* 1878. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(9) *Sketches of the Physical Geography and Geology of Nebraska.* By S Aughey, Ph.D., LL.D. Omaha: "Daily Republican" Book and Job Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(10) *The Faults of Speech: a Self-Corrector and Teachers' Manual.* By A. M. Bell, F.E.I.S., &c. Salem: J. P. Burbank. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(11) *Congressional District Vote Map.* Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

majority of Republican legislators, or *vice versâ*. The districts being about equal, 25,000 Democrats in a district where there are but 5,000 Republicans may be nullified by 16,000 Republicans in another where there are 15,000 Democrats, 40,000 electors being thus counterbalanced by 21,000.

Who is Your Wife? (12) is the title of a short, sharp, clever, but we hope very widely exaggerated, satire on the marriage and divorce laws of the different States; showing, or caricaturing, the facilities existing for divorce at will, and the possibility that a man may be legally married in different States to different women, may be a bachelor in one and a bigamist in another. *Mr. Bodley Abroad* (13) is a clever illustrated series of real and imaginary adventures in America and Europe. *The Stillwater Tragedy* (14) is a sensational romance on American lines; *From Madge to Margaret* (15), a domestic story; and *The Verdendorps* (16), a sketch of some of the wilder possibilities of American life, mingled with the impossibilities of which the author's imagination is fertile. Mr. E. D. Root's *Sakya Buddha* (17) might be taken for an intentional caricature of the absurdities into which the unbridled licence of American heresy has strayed. It appears, however, that we owe its extravagances, literary and doctrinal, not to the author's humour, but to his absolute lack thereof. A single half stanza may afford a fair specimen of his style and the originality of his thought:—

> Great Heaven! the good All-Father
> Will ne'er the heathen damn;
> Believe had I much rather
> All priest-wrought creeds are sham.

Among American periodicals we may notice the *Wide Awake* (18), an illustrated magazine for young people, such as may serve well enough to keep children quiet and content for more than one stray half-hour.

(12) *Who is Your Wife? a Complex Conundrum Colloquially Considered.* By W. H. Phillips, LL.B., Author of "The World to Blame," &c. New York: Hale & Son. 1880.

(13) *Mr. Bodley Abroad.* By the Author of "The Bodleys Afoot," &c. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(14) *The Stillwater Tragedy.* By T. B. Aldrich, Author of "The Queen of Sheba," &c. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(15) *From Madge to Margaret.* By Carroll Winchester. Boston: Lee & Shepard. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(16) *The Verdendorps.* A Novel. By Basil Verdendorp. Chicago: C. M. Hertig. 1880.

(17) *Sakya Buddha: a Versified, Annotated Narrative of his Life and Teachings.* By E. D. Root, an American Buddhist. New York: C. P. Somerby. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(18) *The American Wide Awake.* An Illustrated Magazine for Young People. Boston: Lothrop & Co. London: Clarke & Co.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE

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THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

THERE has been for some time little doubt of the result of the Presidential election, but the successes of the Republicans have exceeded their most sanguine expectations. They have carried all the Northern States, and they have obtained the control of both Houses of Congress. If the people of the United States care for the periodical excitement of a contest, it would seem as if they must invent a new party. It is true that at present all circumstances have been in favour of the party in power. The country has never before attained the same height of prosperity; no visible troubles impend at home or abroad; and Mr. HAYES says that the great body of citizens are as virtuous as they are fortunate. It is more certain that official and legislative morality has improved since the days of General GRANT. No Minister and no conspicuous politician has given occasion for scandal during the current Presidential term. Mr. HAYES and his advisers have carefully avoided collisions between the respective authorities of the Union and of the several States. With the growth of trade and population the financial condition has become more satisfactory by a large reduction of the interest of the debt, and by the rise of paper money to its nominal value. The SECRETARY of the TREASURY has not yet ventured on a genuine resumption of specie payments, for greenbacks still circulate with the privilege of legal tender; but no immediate inconvenience is likely to occur unless Congress insists on depreciating the currency by a substitution of silver for gold. The vicious legislation which Mr. SHERMAN has hitherto counteracted in practice was mainly promoted by the Democratic party in Congress. The attempts of some of their managers to coalesce with the Greenback or repudiating faction, for the purposes of the election, has probably been advantageous to the Republicans.

The Philadelphia Correspondent of the *Times*, himself an inveterate enemy of Free-trade, attributed, with much plausibility, the victory which he anticipated to the confidence reposed in the Republican party by the advocates of monopoly. General HANCOCK, indeed, had, in a published letter, denounced as absurd the principle of Free-trade, which he had evidently never taken the trouble to understand; but his excuse or disclaimer of sound doctrine was naturally interpreted as an admission of heretical tendencies. General HANCOCK deduced the necessity of a high tariff from the fact that a large revenue is required to pay the interest of the debt, and to meet the expenses of Government. The real Protectionists well knew that a larger revenue might be raised from lower duties, and they remembered that both the capital and the annual charge of the debt are steadily diminishing. A party seldom profits by an interested acceptance of the principles which are more consistently and more sincerely professed by opponents. The Republicans are unanimously hostile to Free-trade, and all hopes of their conversion must be abandoned during the life-time of the present generation. It is strange that a self-evident truth, affecting the interests of every community, should be rejected by all civilized countries with one accidental exception. If it had not happened that the English Protectionists were a small and aristocratic body, it is highly probable that the experiment of Free-trade would have been indefinitely postponed. Elsewhere, despotism and democracy seem equally adverse to the welfare of consumers and to the greatest prosperity of the greatest number.

Foreigners will regard the result of the election with indifference, though, through old association, the Republicans are perhaps more popular in England than the Democrats. The party which has now been long dominant was in former times opposed to the extension of slavery; and it still professes a special regard for the rights of the coloured population in the South. If General HANCOCK had been elected, his party would assuredly not have attempted to tamper with the Constitutional Amendment, and the future President and Congress will not voluntarily challenge collisions with the Governments of the Southern States; but, on the whole, the negroes and their friends at home and abroad will welcome the Republican triumph. The defeat of the disorderly classes which are to be found in some parts of the Union is not to be regretted. The rabble of the great towns, including the majority of Irish immigrants, have always been allied with the Democrats. The mob which lately dealt with the poor Chinese at Denver as if they had been Connaught landlords may be assumed to have consisted of zealous Democrats. The leaders of the party, and probably the majority of the whole body, are intelligent and respectable; but the lowest part of the populace inclines to the cause with which TWEED and KEARNEY have at different times been associated. General BUTLER, who was not many years ago the leader of the Republican party in the House of Representatives, has in the late contest supported the Democratic candidate. Some of his fellow-citizens, if they hesitated between the two parties, may probably have thought that they could not be in the wrong if they voted against General BUTLER. Another reason which has influenced many votes was the not unreasonable disposition to let well alone. The policy of the Republicans is known; and it was possible that newcomers might attempt innovation. It was certain that they would dismiss the actual holders of office, for the purpose of rewarding their own partisans. As no real political issue was raised by the contest, it may have seemed easier, and perhaps safer, to acquiesce in the existing state of things than to promote a change.

Republican partisans will exult more especially in their success in the doubtful States. The victory of the Republicans in the State elections of Maine and Indiana had not been decisive, for the result would have been different if the Greenback faction had concluded an alliance with the Democrats. The most remarkable change in the position of parties has been effected in New York. Some months ago the Republicans succeeded in electing the Governor of the State; but they admitted that their victory was only rendered possible by a schism in the ranks of their opponents. A demagogue named KELLY, who controls the Tammany organization, was determined to defeat the regular Democratic candidate on the pretext that he was a nominee of Mr. TILDEN. By detaching from the ranks of the party fifty or sixty thousand votes, KELLY secured the election of Mr. CORNELL. Before the Presidential election the feud had been temporarily or permanently abandoned, and KELLY exerted himself in the cause of HANCOCK. The Republicans scarcely thought it possible to carry the State, and they must now be astonished at their own success. It is of less importance that Connecticut, which was lately a Democratic State, has joined the winning

party. The Democrats have not been disappointed in their confidence in the unanimous support of the Southern States; but, to the general surprise, they find that the "solid "South" is encountered by a not less solid North. A quarter of a century ago thoughtful American statesmen apprehended serious danger from the possible division of parties into geographical sections; but at that time the North had not established its supremacy by arms, nor indeed had any party contemplated the enterprise of maintaining the integrity of the Union by force. It was assumed that the South could at its pleasure secede; and it seemed not improbable that the catastrophe might occur, if the Republicans succeeded in overthrowing the long-established preponderance of the Democrats. The justice of the apprehension which had been entertained was proved by the rupture which instantly followed the election of Mr. LINCOLN by a minority of the whole number of votes. The Civil War might have begun earlier if the votes of the States had at any time been distributed as at present. Two sections of the Union appear to be placed in open antagonism; but the risk of separation no longer exists. The resistance of the South to Northern supremacy has been once for all overcome; and, even if a renewal of the struggle was practicable, the Southern States have no longer any special institution to defend. The Republicans believe or assert that Southern unanimity is so far fictitious that the coloured population of South Carolina and two or three other States of the former Confederacy are only prevented by irregular means from returning Republican candidates. It had always been foreseen that white American citizens would at any cost prevent the coloured race from taking or keeping possession of the State Governments. In all probability the ex-Confederates will retain the control of the South. The discontent which many of them feel will not lead them into the desperate enterprise of another rebellion. If the incoming Republican Government is well advised, it will do its utmost to conciliate the South. On the other hand, the Southern States can scarcely fail to despair of obtaining any advantage for themselves by a continued alliance with the defeated Northern Democracy.

GARIBALDI AT MILAN.

IN a state of almost utter prostration from failing health, General GARIBALDI has again shown himself in one of the great cities of Italy. This time it is to Milan that he has come, and he has made what was only too obviously a painful effort in order that a ceremony held in honour of him and of his famous band might not be shorn of his presence. A monument has been erected at Milan to the memory of those who fell at Mentana; and it was almost impossible that anything short of death should keep GARIBALDI away when the defeat of Mentana was to be solemnly commemorated. The Italians retain in a singular degree the gift of sculpture which seems lost through so great a part of Europe; and the new monument is said to be a triumph of Italian skill. It is fortunate for the people of Italy that they have the exceptional pleasure of being able, when they set up a monument, to set up one at which no one can laugh. But, even if the work of art had been less successful, the subject of which the memory is now revived could scarcely fail to appeal vividly to their feelings. On one face of the pedestal there has been placed an inscription which states that the defeat of Mentana obscures many victories. It is not very easy to say what are the victories which are thus obscured. But it is safe to say that Mentana was one episode in the history of Italian success, and that, although it chanced to be disastrous, it was otherwise just like the other incidents of national triumph. Over and over again Italy forced the hand of France only to find that France liked to have her hand forced, or was ready to acquiesce in what was done after it was over. Mentana was merely an experiment of the kind which had succeeded so well in Tuscany and the Eastern provinces of the POPE. If there had not been a strong popular feeling in favour of running a great risk, and ascertaining, in the only practical way, what the Emperor of the FRENCH really meant when he said that Italy should not have Rome, the Italian Government would certainly not have raised a finger. But there was such a feeling, and it thought it as well that the experiment should be tried. In the last week of September 1867 the King issued a proclamation, saying that a private person like GARIBALDI could not be allowed to dictate its policy to the Italian kingdom, and GARIBALDI was arrested and sent to Caprera. Less than a month afterwards GARIBALDI left Caprera and was allowed to join his volunteers on the Roman frontier. On the same day the *Moniteur* published a notification that France did not intend to proceed with [illegible] intervention in favour of Rome, and, even w[illegible] decided to send troops, the French Governme[illegible] a Circular announcing that it would propose that [illegible]ongress should meet to settle the Roman question. This was the invariable resource of the EMPEROR in a moment of hesitation. Congresses were his trumps, and when in doubt he played them. As the EMPEROR was evidently hesitating, the Italian Government thought it would give him a lift towards making up his mind. When it learnt that French troops were coming to Civita Vecchia, the Italian Government declared that it too would send troops over the frontier. GARIBALDI, who had already obtained a small victory over the Pontifical troops, informed his followers that he should no longer proceed on his own independent account. He had got the national troops to do the work which he had set himself to attempt, and he gracefully retired, as he had done before, in favour of VICTOR EMMANUEL.

But the EMPEROR had found that France looked with very great impatience on the high-handed proceedings of the Italians. There was the strong Catholic party to reckon with, and the EMPEROR had come to find more and more that he could not do without its support; and then in the year before Italy had leagued itself with Prussia, and Prussia was so much hated and dreaded in France that there was a great jealousy of those who had chosen to profit by her successes. Whatever doubts the EMPEROR may have at one time had, they were now at an end, and he thought that the course most convenient to himself and most considerate to the Italian Government would be to give GARIBALDI a sharp lesson. He and his volunteers were made the whipping boys of Italy. A body of French troops under DE FAILLY attacked GARIBALDI on November 4th at Mentana, used their newly-invented chassepots, and found they worked wonders, wounded GARIBALDI, and killed those of his followers whose memory is now being celebrated at Milan. GARIBALDI was arrested by the Italian Government, kept for a few days in prison, and then sent once more to Caprera. Towards the end of the month there was a great debate in the French Senate, in the course of which THIERS vehemently inveighed against the folly of raising up a united Italy at the gate of France, and M. ROUHER, on behalf of the Government, declared that not only Rome itself, but every inch of the Papal territory was under the permanent protection of France. What happened three years later is a matter of notoriety. The chassepots had failed to work wonders on greater fields, and Sedan had cleared the path of Italy to Rome. After a feeble show of resistance, just enough to make it certain that he was yielding to actual force, the Pope ordered his troops to give up fighting, and General CADORNA entered Rome. He had just as much business to enter Rome as GARIBALDI had to put himself in a position to be defeated at Mentana. Italy was just as much responsible for the one act as the other, and the only difference was that there were French chassepots at Mentana and there were none at Rome in 1870. All these things are but parts of history that is already becoming old, but it is necessary to go over them once more in order that the significance of the Milan celebration may be understood, and that justice may be done, not only to those who fell at Mentana, but to GARIBALDI himself. The defeat of Mentana was not a mere event in the career of a rash adventurer. It was a part of the general history of Italy. The King, the Government, and the country were trying to repeat an experiment which they had found so often to succeed that they thought it worth while to try it again. This time the experiment failed, and most happily and conveniently for Italy all that happened was that a great adventurer was hit in the leg, and other minor adventurers revealed in their death the secret of what the chassepot could do until it was opposed to the needle-gun of a real army.

No one would think of saying that GARIBALDI is a wise man. He is full of odd notions which must seem as foolish as anything can be in the eyes of sensible people. When he was left in solitude after Mentana, he could think of nothing better than issuing an announcement to his coun-

trymen that he should never be truly happy until he saw the great shop, as he was pleased to call it, of St. Peter's turned into an asylum for the indigent. He is one of those democrats who hate not some priests or some Emperors, but all priests and all Emperors. By way of a deputation to him on behalf of France there have come to Milan M. ROCHEFORT and M. BLANQUI. The chief editor of M. GAMBETTA's paper has also appeared to testify the gratitude of M. GAMBETTA for the aid rendered, or attempted to be rendered, by GARIBALDI in 1870. But the main representatives of the country which he went to assist on the ground that it was the showing a healthy hatred of priests and Emperors, are two of the most irreconcilable of French irreconcilables. Even on the monument itself an inscription states that it has been erected by the democracy of Italy. Respectability in Italy keeps clear of Milan and the memory of Mentana. It looks askance while GARIBALDI is going through what may be the last scene of his romantic career. It could scarcely do otherwise. GARIBALDI helped to make Italy, but the Italy he helped to make could not last a day if it did what he wishes it to do. Italy has no other choice but to treat him at once as a hero and a madman. A hero whose common sense is on a par with the common sense of M. ROCHEFORT and M. BLANQUI is dead for any useful purpose to the world of homely practical politics. But nothing can be more indisputable than that GARIBALDI helped to make Italy, and his two great contributions to the making of Italy were the Sicilian expedition and the defeat of Mentana. By the one he gave VICTOR EMMANUEL a kingdom, and by the other a vicarious sufferer, and although Mentana is almost forgotten now, and, if remembered, seems a small thing by the side of the Sicilian expedition, it happened to come at the precise moment when to have a vicarious sufferer was to the King of Italy almost as great a gain as to have Sicily itself.

EASTERN AFFAIRS.

LORD NORTHBROOK said with literal truth at Birmingham that since the end of the Session the Government has taken no step with reference to the Eastern question, except in promoting or joining the naval demonstration. It was not the duty of a Cabinet Minister prematurely to let a popular audience into the secret of negotiations which are perhaps not yet concluded. The charges of undue diplomatic reserve which have been made against the Government are perhaps as unfounded as the incessant accusations of the same kind which were directed by the present Ministers against their predecessors. Vicious political practice has among other demerits the bad effect of provoking retaliation in turn. The fault of modern statesmen is rather excessive deference to popular curiosity than undue reticence. In accordance with earlier and sounder tradition, Lord NORTHBROOK regards as non-existent everything which has not appeared in an official or material form. If he has by accident read the statements and remarks of foreign journalists, or the communications of English newspaper correspondents, no ostensible impression has been left on his mind. Whether Germany, Austria, and France approve the policy of the English Government is a question which Lord NORTHBROOK has apparently not considered so far as to be prepared to answer it in public. He only knows that the European fleet is still on the coast of the Adriatic; and although, as FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY, he may have been consulted or may have received contingent instructions, he properly regards Cabinet secrets as confidential and sacred. If Lord NORTHBROOK were not by nature and habit laudably cautious, he might take warning by the inopportune garrulity of a less experienced colleague. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN a few days ago could not resist the temptation to elicit a cheer by a thoughtless assertion that the Eastern policy of the Government was accurately foreshadowed in the speeches of the Liberal leaders when they occupied a position "of greater freedom and less responsibility." It is not surprising that Austrian statesmen, having no means of estimating Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's political importance, should resent the virtual repetition by a Cabinet Minister of the insulting language for which Mr. GLADSTONE was compelled to apologize. Lord NORTHBROOK more judiciously abstained from the use of phrases which could provoke a remonstrance in any quarter.

The long and vexatious delay in the surrender of Dulcigno is not likely to serve the interests of Turkey. If the controversy had been settled two months ago, the combined fleet would have separated with little probability that it would at any time reassemble. Probably Germany and Austria might have been so far conciliated by the good faith and good will of the Turkish Government as to have used their influence to prevent any immediate employment of force by the more zealous Powers. At that time France would almost certainly have withdrawn from the prosecution of a joint enterprise; and public feeling in England might perhaps have placed a check on the policy of the Government. It is doubtful whether M. GAMBETTA has since exerted his influence on behalf of Greece; but it is more than ever certain that he controls the fate of the present and future Ministries. The neutrality of Austria and Germany would not necessarily prevent four of the Great Powers from interfering actively in aid of Greece, if they thought fit to do so. It is true that they are under no obligation by treaty to compel the surrender of Epirus and Thessaly; but all the European Powers when they took part in the Berlin Conference were content to rely either on the admissions of the Turkish Government or on their own inherent right to control territorial arrangements. A war with Turkey for a political object might or might not be morally just or politically expedient; but, according to historical precedent, it would not so much violate as supersede international law. Whether English opinion would sanction a war of conquest voluntarily undertaken by the Government is a question to be answered by experience, if the case arises. Lord NORTHBROOK at least is not likely to consult beforehand the constituencies which he advises to content themselves with the knowledge of notorious transactions without troubling themselves with rumours, even when they are probably true. His answer to Lord SALISBURY was not less carefully adapted than his narration of facts to satisfy an audience devoted to the policy of the Government. Lord SALISBURY was accused of indifference to the execution of the Berlin Treaty because he had contended that England had no special interest in enforcing the clauses relating to Montenegro. Lord NORTHBROOK would certainly not maintain that the English Government was bound to enforce all the other provisions of the treaty. He was careful not to explain the course to be followed in dealing with Greece, which is not entitled to the benefit of any formal stipulation.

The Greeks, if they were troubled with nice conscientious scruples, might reassure themselves by devolving the responsibility of a probable war on the Powers which were represented at the Conference of Berlin. The award or decree which assigned Janina and Metzovo to Greece assumed the right of the kingdom to some territorial aggrandizement, and the competency of the Great Powers to determine the extent of the annexation. The abortive negotiations between Greece and Turkey involved a similar recognition; and, after all, the Greeks are thoroughly satisfied of their inherent right to take possession of any Turkish territory which they can conquer. At present the Government seems to have resolved on war, though its policy perhaps may not be fully understood. The PRIME MINISTER is said to have informed an English newspaper correspondent that the army has reached the number of 50,000 men, with as many more in reserve. He adds the statement that the Government has not the pecuniary means of calling out the entire national force, but that it hopes to raise money by loans and by contributions from wealthy Greek residents in Europe. A later statement, made by Mr. COUMOUNDOUROS in the Chamber, seems to indicate a purpose of delay. He laments that the recruits are still not fully armed, and that many of them are imperfectly instructed. Probably the Greek Government is waiting to learn the intentions of England, and perhaps of France. The ostentatious publicity of the armaments is probably not accidental. Much less provocation than the challenge which is openly addressed to Turkey would, according to reason and precedent, justify a declaration of war. No State is bound to wait till it is invaded when a probably hostile army is gathering on the other side of the frontier. The Greek Ministers may possibly hope to provoke an attack on the part of Turkey which would enable them to assume a defensive attitude. If a few Turkish regiments were to cross the frontier, or if a Greek port were blockaded, there would

be a better chance of obtaining assistance from some of the Great Powers. There can be little doubt that a rupture is expected and intended. No Government would have been justified in incurring an almost intolerable expenditure except for some serious purpose. A simple disarmament, involving a renunciation of claims to territorial aggrandizement, would not improbably produce a revolution. A defeat would be preferable, especially as Greece incurs no risk of permanent invasion or of conquest.

The KING and his Ministers are probably convinced that, even if they commence the struggle alone, the Great Powers, or some of them, will interfere, either as allies or mediators. In the present day it will not be thought necessary to wait, as in the old Greek war, until the weaker party is threatened with destruction. The Governments which are likely to be most active will not affect impartiality between the belligerents; and there will be other interests to consult. The population of the disputed territory has some right to be considered in the determination of its future destiny. There can be no doubt that Greek administration is, with all its shortcomings, preferable to Turkish rule; and wherever the Greek language is spoken annexation to the kingdom will be unanimously desired. Only a few foreigners feel a strong interest in the conflict between two semi-civilized races on the frontier of Montenegro and Albania; but the liberation of Greeks who are still subject to Turkish dominion is a desirable object, if it can be attained without injustice, and without counterbalancing mischief. The conflict has long been understood to be inevitable, though it might in other circumstances have been postponed. There has never been a time at which the Turkish Government would willingly have ceded a large territory to an unfriendly neighbour. The claim of Greece is neither more nor less just at present than at any time during the past fifty years; but the Government and people believe that the opportunity has come at last. They are so far well advised that they have now a better chance than at any former time of securing the inaction of some Powers and the more or less active aid of others; but they will probably be disappointed if they hope the English nation will allow its Government to engage in a sentimental war.

THE JUDICIAL APPOINTMENTS.

THE transfer of Mr. Justice LUSH to the Court of Appeal was anticipated by the general expectations of the Bar and of the public. No one could be more fit to sit in a Court of Appeal, and no one could have better earned a seat in such a Court if he wished for it. Mr. Justice LUSH had been for fifteen years on the Bench, he had presided over many important trials, he had laid down much sound law, and he had worked hard to justify his nomination as one of the revisers of the Criminal Code. If his transfer is to be regarded as a promotion, he has amply deserved it. In itself, a seat in the Court of Appeal is not in any very obvious way a better thing than the post of a Puisne Judge. The pay is almost the same, and the work of a Puisne Judge is much more lively and interesting. The tedium of hearing long arguments from counsel for six hours day after day is not slight, and it would seem much more amusing to have the varied occupations of an ordinary judge, to have the excitement of Nisi Prius, the revelations of election inquiries, and the bustling from one Court to another only to find that the other is not going to sit. Our judicial arrangements are now very much like a game of puss-in-the-corner. Our judges plunge about, scamper into any Court that seems open to them, and always leave one of their number out in the cold. Then there is another plunge, another scamper, and the judge in the cold gets into a corner and is happy and useful for a moment. There is a bustle about such a life which is not without its attractions to buoyant and energetic spirits. The Judge of Appeal has to leave his home less frequently, is made a Privy Councillor, and has a little —a very little—more money. On the other hand, his occupation is more monotonous, and he enters on a life strangely devoid of fun and excitement. His real gain is the intellectual pleasure of sitting in judgment on other judges. He has to set himself to decide whether those who are his equals or superiors are wrong or right. That he should be recognized as fit for such a task is the real promotion which he wins, and has to justify. Unless he can justify it, he knows that his incapacity will be detected, and denounced or overlooked according to his personal popularity. There is not the slightest reason for saying that the Court of Appeal overrules judgments for the mere pleasure of overruling them. But it often has to overrule judges, and the judges overruled may be so eminent that there would be serious discontent if the Court that overruled were not felt to be strong. The few days during which term has now lasted have supplied more than one striking illustration. The Common Law section of the Court of Appeal has been very short-handed. Lord Justice BAGGALLAY is away on Circuit, and the death of Lord Justice THESIGER has created a vacancy. Persons no less eminent than the LORD CHANCELLOR and Lord COLERIDGE came to supply the vacant places, and sitting with Lord Justice BRETT have made a very strong Court indeed. If suitors cannot hope to get good law from such a Court, they cannot hope to get it anywhere. This Court has had occasion to overrule a judgment of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and a judgment of the late CHIEF BARON. The cases were not, from a legal point of view, very important. The judgment of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE was overruled in deference to a decision which the Judges of Appeal considered binding on them, but which two at least of their number plainly stated to be in their opinion wrong. The decision of the CHIEF BARON turned on a point of practice rather than of substantive law. But, still, there were two decisions of the heads of divisions, and, however right it may have been to overrule them, it was most desirable for the Bench and the public that the Court which overruled should be incontestably strong.

Mr. WATKIN WILLIAMS has been appointed to the seat on the Bench which Mr. Justice LUSH quits, and no one can have a word to say as to his appointment, except that it is perfectly natural and proper. There was no one as to whom the Bar felt more sure that he would be made a judge, and the elevation of Mr. WATKIN WILLIAMS to the Bench would have seemed equally inevitable whether he was in or out of Parliament. But he is in Parliament, and rendered a striking service to the Government and to his party by boldly contesting and triumphantly winning one of the seats that it was thought most difficult to wrest from the Conservatives. He was so proud of his triumph, and his constituents had so endeared themselves to him by the ardent support they had bestowed on him, that he seems to have felt some difficulty in terminating a connexion which gave him intense gratification. He first of all volunteered an engagement to them that he would not accept what he termed an ordinary seat on the Bench. There were, of course, temptations which he could not be expected to resist, but a Puisne judgeship was not one of them. But his constituents loved him too well to permit him to make any sacrifice for them. Even if it was only an ordinary seat on the Bench that was offered to him, and he did not see his way to getting anything else, they would part with him rather than let him throw away even a humble prize for their sakes. They understood that he longed to say "yes" when he stoutly said "no," and with considerate kindness they gave him the help he wanted, and pushed their coy member into a judgeship. Constituents could not have behaved more handsomely, and Mr. WATKIN WILLIAMS has repaid their considerate appreciation of the inner workings of his mind with a farewell of rapturous gratitude. He happens to be a Liberal and a member of Parliament, but his appointment can hardly be called a political one. His professional eminence was such that he was only just not made Solicitor-General; and, as his appointment as Solicitor-General would have been perfectly justifiable, he had a clear title to the offer of a judgeship. A political appointment, if it has any meaning, must mean the appointment of a man who, if he had not rendered political services, or did not command political interest, could not fairly expect what, in deference to such services or interest, is given him. Such appointments have no doubt been made from time to time, and Lord CAIRNS, of all people in the world, has been praised for not making them. Lord CAIRNS must be delighted to find that the memory of men is so short that it only goes back to the time when he found himself really free, and could make his selections out of pure consideration for the interests of the public. With the present Government the difficulty of deciding how far the claims of political support should outweigh the claims of professional eminence is not likely to arise for some time. There is a whole host of lawyers

who happen to be Liberals, and who happen to be in Parliament, but who are incontestably in the front rank of their profession, and any one of whom might take an ordinary seat on the Bench as easily and properly as he might take a Hansom-cab. It may even be doubted whether a seat in Parliament is in such circumstances any great help to the Bench. The Government may think more of a seat that must be contested and may be lost than of such services as a Liberal lawyer has been able to render by assiduously going into the right lobby. Carnarvonshire is probably safe, but it would be difficult to be equally confident about, for example, Southampton. Leading lawyers in the present day go into Parliament quite as much because they do not want to be made Judges as because they do. They make an income which is double, or perhaps nearly treble, the salary of a judge; they want to save while the power of saving still remains, and they only go into Parliament because they love to work themselves to death, and because they feel that they would not do perfect justice to themselves unless they added some sort of political distinction to the legal distinction which they unquestionably possess.

The last act of the new LORD JUSTICE as a Puisne Judge has been to pronounce judgment in the Worcester election petition. He even found himself confronted with an objection on the part of the petitioners which they would never have raised had they not felt sure they were going to lose. They intimated to Mr. Justice LUSH that they did not consider him an election judge at all. They got so far in whimsical Latinity as to pronounce him to be *defuncto officio*. Other election judges had been appointed for the year, and so, although he had heard the case, he ought not to give judgment. He swept away the airy cobweb with a firm brush, and he and Mr. Justice MANISTY proceeded to give their decision. This decision is worth noticing as bearing on the question whether it is wise to hand over election trials to two judges at an enormous inconvenience to ordinary suitors. The inconvenience was never felt more strongly than it is now. It is not merely that there are not judges enough to do the work that ought to be done, but that there are not judges enough to do half the work. Some judges are on circuit, others are trying election petitions. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE has been indisposed. Baron HUDDLESTONE has gone abroad for his health. The casual appearance of a judge at Westminster is greeted as a curious and pleasant chance, like the unexpected arrival of an old friend at Chamouni or Pontresina. Therefore, if on any special occasion we seem to be getting distinct good out of telling off two judges to go to Worcester and hear what could be said about fifty-three alleged cases of bribery and fifteen cases of treating, such an occurrence deserves notice. As it happened, the judgment which had to be pronounced at Worcester was one which could not have been pronounced with equal effect by any one but judges, nor perhaps could one judge sitting alone have given it due weight. The judgment consisted one-half of a reprimand and one-half of a nice adjudication on a point of mingled law and fact. The petitioners were severely and most justly censured for having got up a petition which they had scarcely anything to support, and for making the gravest charges on the foundation of the most idle and malignant gossip. Their counsel had to abandon three-fourths of their cases of bribery and treating as utterly worthless, and they had no evidence whatever to offer in support of the stinging charge of personal bribery which they had made against the sitting members, and in which they persisted until the last moment before coming into Court. Such petitions deserve to be reprobated not only on moral grounds, but as abuses of the machinery of justice. A different tribunal might have conveyed with equal effect a moral reproof, but judges alone could have protested with irresistible force against the abuse of a machinery over which, as the special representatives of justice, they were called to preside. The only point raised by the petition which called for serious consideration had reference to the closing of two polling-booths before the hour of the close of the poll had struck. The judges seem to have felt so much doubt as to this that they twice put off the time when their judgment was to be pronounced. After due deliberation they came to the conclusion that the polling-booths could not be said to have been technically closed before the appointed hour. Voting was interrupted, suspended, or delayed, but the returning officers never ceased to be willing and even anxious to do their duty. The legal meaning of the term closing was, under the circumstances, so difficult to determine, that it would have been unsatisfactory if the decision had been made by any but experienced and eminent lawyers.

MR. CAIRD AND THE INDIAN GOVERNMENT.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the publication of the Report of the Indian Famine Commission, there has appeared a correspondence which is on several accounts well deserving of attention. Mr. JAMES CAIRD, one of the members of the Commission, has for many years taken a prominent part in investigations into the agricultural economics of this country, and it was naturally hoped that his long experience in matters of this nature would be of service in throwing light on analogous questions as they present themselves in India. He was accordingly invited, apart from his duties as a member of the Commission, to submit in a separate memorandum any results at which he had arrived and any advice which he was in a position to offer. In compliance with this permission he laid before the SECRETARY of STATE a summary of his general views of the country and a scheme of projected reforms. We have now the opinion of the Government of India on both. Such a document might well be expected to be instructive, nor does it disappoint our expectations.

Apart from its merits or demerits in other regards, there is one aspect in which Mr. CAIRD's letter is confessedly disappointing. It deals with a great variety of topics—with almost every topic, in fact, which comes within the range of administration, except the particular topic about which Mr. CAIRD had any special qualification to speak. When Lord SALISBURY observed that advantage to the cultivator might be anticipated from Mr. CAIRD's advice, he was no doubt thinking of scientific agriculture. Scientific agriculture, however, is the one subject about which Mr. CAIRD has literally nothing to say. There is not in his whole memorandum, from first to last, a single remark which implies the more accurate observation, the greater insight, of the scientific eye. Every one has known for years past that the yield of much land in India is extremely low—as low probably as centuries of reiterated cropping, without manure, can bring it; on the other hand, the Government has satisfied itself by careful experiments that Indian soil can, by proper treatment, be made to yield a crop as good as the best tilled land in Europe. The points on which information is sought are of a less simple character. In what manner can a restorative process be brought about over the 200 millions of acres now tilled by ignorant peasants, fast bound in the traditions and prejudices of a thousand years? What are the actual components and structure of the soil on which for centuries the same crops have been raised without perceptible deterioration? How far is it possible that intense solar heat, violent atmospheric changes, the sudden downpour of tropical rainfall, the raging sandstorms charged with electricity, may supply chemical ingredients essential to vegetable growth, but unknown in cooler regions? What are the causes of that mysterious saline efflorescence which in some districts follows irrigation, in others disappears before it? How far could deep ploughing supply, in the case of the highly absorptive black soil of the central peninsula, the place of irrigation? What possible sources of chemical manures exist which might work in Indian agriculture as mighty a revolution as has been within the last fifty years effected in Europe? On all these points much has been thought and written in India, and the opinion of a scientific agriculturist would be invaluable. On not one of them has Mr. CAIRD a word to tell us. He insists on the necessity of improved agriculture, as to which every one is agreed; but as to how to set about securing it he evidently knows as little—in fact, if he will forgive us for saying so, he seems to know a good deal less—than those whom he is professing to instruct.

It is not, however, of the negative demerits of Mr. CAIRD's letter that it is worth while to speak. If he had nothing new to say, his silence might easily be condoned. Unfortunately the modest *rôle* of silence was one for which Mr. CAIRD's temperament least inclined him. He was prepared not merely to criticize, advise, or suggest improvement, but to advocate changes tantamount to nothing short of a revolution, and to justify these revolutionary proposals by an indictment of the gravest kind against all the past and present administrators of the country. The outlines of his

views may be summarized—as far as possible in his own language—as follows:—India is a country the produce of which is barely sufficient to support the existing population, leaving a small margin for years of famine. "Scarcity, deepening into famine, is thus "becoming of "more frequent occurrence"; the people may be assumed to increase at the rate of one per cent. per annum, while the soil is undergoing gradual deterioration; "of this "there can be no stronger proof than that the land "revenue is in some quarters diminishing." "The pres-"sure on the means of subsistence is rendered more "severe by the moral disorganization produced by laws, "affecting property and debt, not adapted to the condition "of the people." The people are dissatisfied with our legal system. The British officials who see this are powerless to influence a central authority far removed from them, subject to no control of public opinion, and overburdened with details. The Government has drifted away from the patriarchal method of rule common in the East, under which the village community is left to its natural rulers, the village headmen. These headmen have been discredited; while, on the other hand, British officers are becoming year by year more strange to the people. Following out our English ideas, we have substituted the system of cash payment of revenue for payment in kind—"an ancient and "common principle in all countries," specially suited to small cultivators, carrying with it a natural check on over-population, and saving the people from harassing reassessments and dependence on the money-lender. The best proof of its success is that by its means the native Governments levy a revenue twice as large as ours without distress to their subjects. The principle is so sound and so suitable to the condition of the majority of the people that it ought to be tried in various parts of India. In the next place, we have conferred on the cultivator the right of property, and thus enabled him to mortgage his land. "If he "had no power to pawn his land, he could not obtain "too much credit from his bankers; instead of the "easy mode of borrowing, the cultivator would have "to rely on his own labour, the land would be more "honestly tilled, and would yield a more generous return. "Having parted with these two sheet-anchors—the native "village organization and the self-adjusting principle of "land tenure with produce rents, Indian statecraft has "fallen upon the quicksands of legal chicanery." English ideas and details of the law affecting property and debt have been substituted for those of the East, and a large proportion of the official staff is engaged in technicalities which merely harass and impoverish the people.

It is natural that diseases so grave should necessitate searching remedies; and Mr. CAIRD's proposed reforms certainly do not fall short in this respect. The first is to suppress the Viceroy and the Government of India, substituting for it a system of six independent provinces, each in direct communication with and supervised by the Secretary of State. Each of the provinces would have its own financial system, its own public works, its own Council and Legislature, subject only to the control of the Home Government. In the next place, the Civil Service should be abolished. "Among Europeans there should be no "longer a privileged service"; all but the purely legal officers should be recruited exclusively from the army. The removal of the best men from the army has, Mr. CAIRD admits, been objected to; but when the British army becomes the only means of entrance to the higher posts in the Civil Service, there would be a double inducement to enter it. Next, the very costly department of Public Works as a general office connected with the Viceregal Government should be closed, and each province carry on its public works as it pleases, native agency being more largely employed. Having thus set the Government to rights, Mr. CAIRD descends airily to the task of economic reform. The existing right of mortgage should, "whenever the opportunity arises," be withdrawn from the cultivators; at the same time they should be invited to redeem the Land-tax by paying double rates for thirty-five years, and thus become freeholders. These measures would, by promoting agricultural prosperity, strengthen the financial position of the country; but something might be done for its immediate restoration by a moderate and reasonable impost on special crops of value. Two rupees per acre on ten million acres of such crops would yield two millions sterling, an impost greatly to be preferred to the Income-tax; while a still vaster access of wealth might be realized by employing ten millions of acres in various crops, from which 10*l.* per acre might be earned "when converted into a manufactured "product by the well-employed industry of the people." The Egyptian system of forced labour, under which a fourth at least of the adult population is kept at public works, without wages and without food, might, "with "great public advantage and economy," be reverted to in India. When the programme is complete, "we might "with confidence expect that the present cloud of peril "and distrust would gradually give place to the steady "growth of prosperity and contentment."

The Government of India, not impervious to a joke has treated this strange medley with a grave politeness that sets its absurdity in the strongest possible light. It is not, it says, "inappropriate to remark that to perhaps "every question upon which Mr. CAIRD writes the atten-"tion of the Government of India and the local Govern-"ments has been for many years very carefully directed, "and that most exhaustive discussions and reports are to "be found regarding them in our offices." This is the keynote of the reply which has to be given to Mr. CAIRD and other like critics of Indian administration, who scamper through the country for a few weeks, stop every few thousand miles to ask a question or interview an official, and then, in the plenitude of ignorance and presumption, consider themselves entitled to criticize and subvert measures which are the result of a century of patient thought and practical experience. Every one of Mr. CAIRD's so-called suggestions bears on it the stamp of this rash and ignorant folly. The Government which he so glibly proposes to suppress was planned by the greatest statesmen of the day a century ago, and has been gradually elaborated into its present form by a long series of experiments, each teaching its own especial lesson. The "decentral-"ization" which he vaguely recommends has been already carried out, and a hundred difficulties, of which he has never dreamt, have been surmounted by patience and skill. "The costly central Department of Public Works," which he wants to sweep away, is an effective machine—too effective, as many people think—for criticizing and checking provincial expenditure. The village system, which he accuses the English Government of having destroyed, was almost extinct in Bengal before our arrival in the country, and has, wherever it was susceptible of revival, been fostered and developed by British rule into more active life. The payment of revenue in kind, which he considers as one of "the two sheet-anchors" from which the British Government has drifted, and recommends us to adopt, is a prolific source of oppression and degradation wherever it exists; its removal may be said to be the first step in all social progress, so that, instead of our imitating native States by adopting it, all the more enlightened native States have followed our example by adopting cash payments. The return to it would, by the universal consent of every Indian statesman, be the greatest calamity that could befal the country.

It is vain, however, to criticize any further a mere tissue of incorrect statement, hasty inference, and rash suggestion. Otherwise it might be worth while to point out that Mr. CAIRD entirely omits all reference to, and apparently is in ignorance of, the really great economic difficulty in India—the relation of landlord and tenant—a subject which for years past has occasioned anxiety, and which is now in more than one province receiving that patient and exact consideration which is the necessary condition of wise and reasonable reform. In like manner the withdrawal of the right of mortgage would be, practically, the cancelment of all the proprietary rights which a century of progress has brought into existence; so, too, the imposition of a special rate on valuable crops would reverse the policy which was deliberately adopted in 1837, and to which the extraordinary development of the country since that period is largely owing. We commend the letter of the Government of India to all those who wish really to know what account the responsible administrators of the country can give of their own and their predecessors' work, and what views and hopes of the future of India are entertained by men who speak with authority, because with ample knowledge and ripe experience. Of Mr. CAIRD nothing more need be said than that he has, at the expense of his own reputation for sagacity, afforded the Government an opportunity of contradicting a large number of erroneous assertions, and exposing a still larger number of absurd and impossible projects.

LORD SHERBROOKE ON IRELAND.

LORD SHERBROOKE'S latest contribution to the Irish controversy has not the value which it might have been expected to possess. The greater part of his short essay is devoted to a demonstration that Irish occupiers have no rights except those which they derive from contract. If they have made improvements without securing to themselves compensation for their outlay when they leave their farms, they have, according to Lord SHERBROOKE, only themselves to thank for their loss. He rightly objects to the claim of an equitable right, because in English technical phraseology equity is only a branch of law. It would be more convenient to speak of a moral claim to the enjoyment of any real improvement or of its value. The question has often been discussed, but it no longer possesses practical importance. It is not for any such right that the Land League contends on the platform, and that its accomplices commit murders and outrages. Lord SHERBROOKE was a party to the Land Act of 1870, which overrides nearly all his general propositions. The outgoing occupier has for ten years enjoyed the right to full compensation for his improvements, and if he is evicted he is also entitled to payment for disturbance. It is interesting to learn that Lord CLARENDON, who was intimately acquainted with the condition of Ireland, only assented with hesitation to the Land Bill which was proposed by his colleagues immediately before his death. Mr. LOWE was a more active supporter of the Bill, though he admitted that it established an exception to sound general principles. He made at least one speech in its favour in the House of Commons; and, if he is disappointed at the result of an anomalous experiment, it is strange that he should have forgotten the provisions and the main purpose of the Act. He now asserts that landlords and tenants are persons who have entered into contracts with each other, and that they are nothing more. In 1870 he must have satisfied himself that in Ireland they were something more or something different. Lord SHERBROOKE's general argument is sound, but it will altogether fail of its effect, because he has not recognized the special character of the existing difficulty. It would have been better if he had confined himself to the proposition that the enforcement of the law ought to take precedence of tentative redress of supposed grievances.

The same preference of general rules to practical necessities is exhibited in Lord SHERBROOKE'S objection to exceptional legislation. He thinks that the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act and similar measures are the worst remedies which can be devised. It is perfectly true that Coercion Acts "involve the confession "that the law under which we live is not sufficient, if "patiently and firmly applied, to preserve the peace in "Ireland." There seems to be no sufficient reason for refusing to confess what is notoriously true. The English law would probably not be sufficient to preserve the peace in Khurdistan or in Zululand; and it entirely fails to preserve the peace in Ireland. "It is the remark of BLACK"STONE that, whatever disorders have arisen in England, "the common law of the land has sooner or later worn "them out." It is, or may be, the remark of any person who has attended to Irish affairs, that agrarian murder, outrage, and intimidation have sooner or later worn out the English common law. An inspector of police informs an Irish nobleman that the local assassins have resolved on his death, and the officer even knows the hired ruffian who has undertaken to execute the popular sentence; but the common law can only operate on evidence which in cases of this kind it is impossible to obtain. If the Habeas Corpus Act were suspended, the intended murderer and the principal conspirators might be locked up, and the life of an innocent victim would probably be saved. It would not be a heavy drawback to a course of common sense and ordinary justice that, according to Lord SHERBROOKE, "the common law loses its "weight and dignity when it becomes a *brutum fulmen* in "times of crisis and emergency." The evil is, that the thunderbolt is already innocuous, and not that its inefficiency is admitted.

There are perhaps few persons who differ from one another more widely in political opinion than Lord SHERBROOKE and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN; but they agree in preferring reliance on the ordinary law to measures which would prevent and repress crime as well as punish it. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN appears to doubt whether any offence has been committed; but he consoles himself with the reflection that, if the defendants in the Irish State prosecution are innocent, they will certainly be acquitted. Utterly disregarding Mr. FORSTER's repeated undertaking to apply to Parliament, if necessary, for exceptional powers, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN assures the Birmingham Radicals that the Government will in no contingency go beyond the ordinary law. To one of his partisans, who, as a former Chartist prisoner, objected to political prosecutions altogether, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN kindly explained that the proceedings of forty years ago were objectionable because the Government of the day applied undue pressure to the tribunals. The statement illustrates the falsehood of the Radical tradition which probably serves Mr. CHAMBERLAIN for history. Some of the Chartist prosecutions were instituted by Lord MELBOURNE and Lord JOHN RUSSELL, and the later cases occurred in the time of Sir ROBERT PEEL. Some or all of these Ministers must, if there were the slightest foundation for the calumny, have tampered with the integrity of Lord DENMAN, who was then Lord Chief Justice. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN of course professes a hope that Ireland will be pacified by changes in land-tenure, as Mr. GLADSTONE, in his letter to Sir GEORGE BOWYER, insinuates that the agitation is caused or aggravated by the rejection of the Disturbance Bill. Even the present Ministry will not venture to concede the demands of the Land League. The Disturbance Bill was recommended to Parliament as an exceptional and temporary measure for the relief of a distress which has now entirely ceased. Mr. PARNELL lately contrasted the circumstances of Ireland in two successive years. In 1879, he said, there was a failure of crops and the people were starving. In 1880 there was a good harvest for them to hold for the use of themselves, their wives and children. The landlords were to have no rents last year because the tenants could not afford to pay them. This year the property of the occupiers is too valuable to be handed over to others.

Mr. PARNELL, who understands his own business, constantly assures his followers that the Government will never originate measures which the Irish tenants ought to accept; but he adds that Parliament will sanction the legislation which the Land League may have already established and enforced. One concession which he announces as certain is described as the resumption by the State of the titles which it has given to land-jobbers through the Landed Estates Court. It had been thought that a Parliamentary title was indefeasible, though the State is inaccurately said to have given titles because the law sanctioned a certain kind of sales. Mr. PARNELL himself has perhaps never before attacked so audaciously the fundamental right of property. If a purchaser under an Act of Parliament expressly designed and passed to facilitate sales is liable to a resumption of his title on the demand of a seditious mob, it is difficult to understand how any owner can be safe. The Land League is consistent with itself in claiming the right to prohibit future sales. The man HEALY is reported to have warned intending purchasers that they were not, under well-known penalties, to bid for a certain piece of land which was advertised for sale. The League had determined that it should become the property of the occupying tenants at a price which would, in the absence of competition, certainly not be excessive. Mr. GLADSTONE can scarcely think that the violent interference of the Land League with private transactions would have been prevented by the Disturbance Bill. The tyranny of the conspirators is not limited to questions connected with land. One REDPATH, an American who ought long since to have been arrested, in a speech principally consisting of atrocious attacks on the memory of Lord MOUNTMORRES, announced, perhaps truly, that "MOUNTMORRES was "'hurt' because he had spoken disrespectfully of the "Fenians." He added that any one who spoke against the Fenians had better keep out of the West of Ireland. The so-called Radical Clubs in London lately passed an ironical resolution purporting to condemn agrarian outrages, whether they are committed by landlords or tenants. It would be interesting to learn whether they put Lord MOUNTMORRES and his brutal assailant on the same footing. The charge against the landlords of agrarian outrage is founded, like many other mischievous calumnies, on one of Mr. GLADSTONE's unscrupulous bursts of rhetoric. His random assertion that eviction was equivalent to a sentence

of death has been more often quoted as an incentive to violence, or as an apology for crime, than his equally reckless claim of a right to expropriate landlords, or his exposition of the advantages which resulted to Ireland from the Clerkenwell explosion.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT AND THE POPE.

THE French Government is going forth conquering and to conquer. Capuchins, Barnabites, and Marists fall before it at every step. To any one who looks at the conflict with the religious orders from the official point of view, the prospect must be exceedingly encouraging. These mighty communities, which threatened to overturn the Republic and reseat HENRY V. on the throne of his fathers, are toppling over in all directions. It needed only that the Republic should unveil its radiant countenance for its adversaries to become as weak as water. No resistance worth speaking of has been offered, because there was no one worth speaking of to offer it. Here and there doors have had to be broken open and barricades to be pulled down, but these obstacles have been evidences only of weakness. Behind them there has been nothing but a few old men or a group of angry women, with a handful or two of sympathizers in the street outside. The supposed strength of the religious orders has been proved to be a delusion. The Government has only had to show that it is in earnest in sending them about their business, and about their business they have gone.

So far as the facts are concerned this view of the case is perfectly accurate. If any persons imagined that the religious orders had that kind of hold upon the people which would make their expulsion either difficult or dangerous, they have undoubtedly been disappointed. It has been abundantly shown that no large section of Frenchmen cares about them in such a way as to provoke resistance now or reprisal hereafter. But it is this very revelation that makes the condemnation of the Government complete. The one thing that could have justified their policy would have been the discovery that it was one which needed all their strength and resolution to carry out. There is no question but that the religious orders, in common with the clergy generally, wished well to the monarchical reaction so long as they thought it possible that the monarchical reaction might come to something; and if communities not long since animated with this spirit had proved powerful enough to make their dissolution a process hardly distinguishable from civil war, it might have been argued that the Government was wise in not waiting to be again attacked. The religious orders would then have held a position somewhat resembling that which Prince BISMARCK has more than once attributed to France. They might have been simply waiting for their revenge, and, acting on Prince BISMARCK's supposed plan, the Republican Government might have thought it prudent to destroy them before they found an opportunity of obtaining it. As it is, the Republican Government has to justify itself in presence of a very different state of things. It has strained the law, and put Liberal principles behind its back, in order to dispose of an enemy who is plainly too feeble to be dangerous. In a time of profound political peace, with no danger in prospect, and no excuse for violence visible, it has chosen to break up one religious congregation after another, and to treat the simple act of association as though it was in itself a crime. A paramount necessity of self-defence is the only plea which could possibly be alleged in defence of such a policy as this, and where does any paramount necessity of self-defence present itself? Where is the danger against which it was so imperative on the Government to take precautions that they have felt themselves obliged to deal with an integral part of the ecclesiastical machinery of the country as Count MELIKOFF might deal with so many bands of Nihilists? Nothing that has happened in the process of executing the decrees has helped to answer these questions. There is no reason to suppose that the Republican Government will be in any way the stronger for what it has done. It has proved that it can win a magnificent victory over a feeble adversary; and that is all. When the sacrifices of principle and consistency which it has had to make in order to do this are taken into account, there is not much reason for congratulating it upon what has taken place.

The letter which the POPE has written to the Archbishop of PARIS puts the case of the religious orders against the French Government with very great moderation. These communities have for many years been busy in alleviating or remedying all the miseries which befall humanity. "They have been at work in hospitals, in asylums, in "ambulances, in time of peace and public security, and "amid the horrors of war and the tumult of combat." Misfortune, of whatever kind, has always been a sufficient passport to the hospitality of one or another community. The POPE then gives an account of the events which led to M. DE FREYCINET's resignation. Just when he was on the point of protesting against the dissolution of the Jesuits, it was represented to him that there was a chance of staying the execution of the decrees against the remaining orders if their members declared in writing that they stood aloof from political agitations. The POPE saw no reason why this declaration should not be made. "The "Catholic Church condemns no form of government." It holds that "the general good may prosper, whether "the management of public affairs is entrusted to the "power and justice of one man or several." In these matters the Holy See has but one object in view, "the "safeguard of Christian interests." It does not impugn the rights of sovereignty "by whomsoever exercised." It is remarkable that, even in the midst of the distress and annoyance which the execution of the decrees must have caused the POPE, he does not lose the opportunity of giving the Legitimists a rap on the knuckles. It would have been easy to minimize the significance of the declaration now that it has failed of its purpose, and to represent it as a mere statement of the commonplace that the Church accepts *de facto* Governments when it is not strong enough to overturn them. But the POPE does not care to avail himself of this loophole. He stands by the contents of the declaration, though the particular purpose it was designed to answer has not been fulfilled. He declares it to be a principle of public law among Catholics that forms of government are things indifferent, that the exercise of the rights of sovereignty by a Republic may be just as valid as their exercise by a Monarchy, and that the rule of many may be as conducive to the general good as the rule of one. Those who have condemned the declaration because it contained these principles have been blind to the interests of religion and society, and have forgotten that submission and obedience which it is the duty of good Catholics to yield to their bishops in affairs relating to the Catholic religion. It will be a somewhat difficult matter for the Ultramontane Legitimists to shift the weight of this censure from their shoulders. LEO XIII. speaks as ST. PAUL might have spoken, and as the Republic, whatever may be its sins, can hardly be a worse ruler than NERO, it cannot be urged that the POPE has not paid sufficient attention to the difference between the state of things now and the state of things then.

Probably the utterances of Popes, even when they relate to French affairs, do not find very many readers in France. But, so far as this letter does penetrate, it will certainly not put the conduct of the Republican Government in any more favourable light. The doctrine that Clericalism is the enemy cannot be preached with much assurance when the POPE, even after all the provocations connected with the suppression of the religious orders, refuses to condemn Republican institutions. For the complete acceptance of M. GAMBETTA's formula, the one thing needful is that the POPE should be got to curse the Republic. Instead of this, LEO XIII. persists in giving it his blessing. For the present it will probably make very little difference whether he blesses or curses, but in the end reasonable Frenchmen can hardly fail to ask themselves whether it is worth while for the Republic to quarrel with the Church, when the Church, in the person of its head, cannot be induced to quarrel with the Republic.

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

THE exact political importance of the municipal elections which are annually held on the 1st of November is a matter which it is not very easy to calculate offhand. In not a few cases the constituencies, municipal and Parliamentary, are not entirely identical, and in a great many cases politics only enter partially, or do not enter at all, into the conditions of the contest. Even in Parliamentary elections proper, a very great deal of non-political matter enters into these conditions; but in municipal elections

the proportion of such matter is necessarily greater still. Nevertheless it is generally true that the signs of the struggle the results of which are tabulated more or less carefully year by year in the newspapers on All Souls' Day, are of value for the determination and reading of the political barometer. Almost the only solid reason put forward after the general election by the supporters of the Government to prove that their success was not a surprise to them was the result of the municipal elections in the preceding November. Few persons who are at all intimately acquainted with any English borough or boroughs can deny that there was on that occasion something like a demonstration against the then existing Government, and that in many cases this demonstration was the forerunner of the still more decided demonstration of April. Scarcely any attempt has been made this year to discern in the elections of Monday an endorsement of Mr. GLADSTONE'S "mandate"; and although it is true that no decided leaning the other way is to be observed in the total result of the changes now made in the Town Councils, these changes are yet, on the whole, favourable to the idea of a slight disenchantment on the part of the supporters of the Ministry.

The signs of this disenchantment are to be found rather in the character of the respective successes than in their total volume. There seems to have been, on the whole, a predominance of Liberals in the Town Councils; nor, if the actual numbers on each side are counted, does it appear that this majority has been much, if at all, diminished. We should have been rather surprised if it had been. A considerable time is necessary before such a wave as that which swept the country in the spring spends all its force, and a considerable season of dead water must even then be expected before the tide begins sensibly to flow the other way. No particular shoe pinches the taxpayer at this moment; no failure of the Government, numerous as its failures have been, has been of that obvious and glaring kind which convinces even careless observers; and, even had such a failure taken place, there has not been time to drive the fact of it into the head of the average constituent. But, just as the prevailing feeling, as judged from speeches public and private, seems to be one of somewhat inarticulate dissatisfaction, so this feeling, as judged from these elections, seems to come to something very much the same. The supporters of the Government appear to have been weaker in defence, its opponents somewhat bolder in attack. The chief Liberal victories are now either in places where there was already a very large Liberal majority, or else in places where parties were so evenly balanced that success might incline one way or the other without being very decisive. The Conservative triumphs were mostly either recoveries of what had been lost last year, or extensions of previous successes, or incursions into ground formerly held entirely by the enemy. Of course there are exceptions to both these rules, but still the rule is the rule, and the exception the exception. In some cases, indeed, the advantages obtained by the Opposition candidates are remarkable. The Conservative success at Maidstone in the late Parliamentary election has been more than confirmed in the municipal contest, where every seat fought has fallen to a Tory. At the neighbouring town of Rochester, the first Conservative returned for five-and-twenty years was seated after a definitely political contest. At Southampton, where an unexpected Liberal victory last November was followed by a still more unexpected Liberal victory in April, the tables have been turned by the seating of seven Conservatives out of ten. We do not observe any parallel instances on the other side in looking through the lists. At the same time, even a very cursory inspection of these lists shows the danger of trusting too implicitly to their apparent political indications. Northampton, for instance, has long had the credit of being one of the most Radical towns in England; and, if the present Parliament were arranged in chromatic scale, a deeper red could hardly be required for any member of it than for the present representatives of the capital of shoemaking. Yet there is a Conservative majority—if only a majority of one—in the Town Council of Northampton. It is of course possible that Messrs. LABOUCHERE and BRADLAUGH may have already produced a revulsion in the minds of their constituents; but, though we cannot say that such a consummation would greatly grieve us, we do not by any means assume that it is the case. Very likely the limits of the municipal and Parliamentary boroughs differ, or else the elections to the Town Council may have been conducted on non-political grounds. On the other hand, while it is sufficiently well known that Oxford is, bribery apart, a town very equally divided in matters political, the Town Council is and has long been in the hands of the Liberals. Such facts as these must act as cautions against a too hasty construing of the results of these elections. Yet, when every caution has been observed, we think it will be found that the balance of them has gone against the Government.

It is sometimes represented as a rather mischievous thing that politics should have anything to do with municipal elections. A person of pre-eminently practical mind might content himself with replying that, as it is unavoidable, or avoidable only on the by no means desirable condition of a total decline of the general interest in politics, the discussion of its mischievousness is idle. As a matter of fact, however, we do not think that in the majority of cases politics exercise a very prejudicial influence on municipal elections. No doubt when, as in one notorious case, not merely the electoral machinery of municipal contests, but every detail of municipal life, is mixed up with party politics, the result is bad enough. But in the great majority of cases nothing of this sort happens. The annual returns are full of the statement "that the "election was not fought on political grounds," and in most boroughs attention to the interests of the town will outweigh, in almost all it will counterbalance, the mere nomination of party leaders. Hence the whole result is a decidedly healthy one, because political partisans are constrained to be something more than political partisans, and to attend to the business and the welfare of the town. The advantages which they gain by so doing are not small. In all but the very smallest and the very largest boroughs the surest, and not on the whole the most expensive, though perhaps the slowest, and certainly not the least troublesome, road to a seat in Parliament is through the Town Council. This fact has become recognized of late years, and it has in not a few cases had the very beneficial result of sending into the municipality persons of higher station than the small tradesmen who at one time threatened to monopolize the position. The Ballot, by the encouragement it has given to the worst forms of corruption, has indeed somewhat neutralized this good effect by encouraging wealthy carpet-baggers to descend on constituencies. But even so—if the money can fortunately be made equal—the local man retains a portion of his advantages, and the ingenuous voter, bribed on both sides, is most likely to vote finally for the candidate he knows. Besides, by keeping up a definite political allegiance, the system of infusing a certain amount of attention to Imperial politics into municipal contests tends to prevent what is perhaps the greatest of modern political dangers. This is the aimless swaying backwards and forwards of the majority, according to no principle or even to any clearly understood idea, but under the impression that "the other follows may as well have a turn," that "if they are going to win we may as well be on the winning side," or some other equally precious reasoning. So long, therefore, as the American abuse (at present almost confined in England to Birmingham and a very few other towns) of making the patronage of the corporation the exclusive spoil of party is not introduced, there is little to be said against municipal politics. Nor, as has already been hinted, would it be of much use to say it even if there were much more to say. The political element is there, and it is extremely unlikely that it will be dislodged, though other elements may, and should, keep their places alongside of it. For these latter allowance must always be made; but the municipal elections will certainly hold, and perhaps strengthen, their position as political indicators, if only because of the prerogative influence (in the technical sense of the adjective) which they exercise. A success in them is undoubtedly a great encouragement to the party that wins it, and in some towns, where politics run high and the limits of the boroughs are identical, is decisive. The most important contest of last Monday was that at Liverpool, where every ward was fought and the recent Conservative successes were endorsed in the most emphatic manner. Mr. WHITLEY, indeed, is one of the most signal instances (with the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE on the other side) of the road which lies open through local politics to higher things. On the whole, the municipal elections this year, if they have not given an unmistakably certain sound, have justified their claim to attention by indicating what we believe to be the actual attitude of the

majority of the nation towards the Government. This attitude may be defined as one of somewhat irresolute disapprobation, capable perhaps of being soothed by some remarkable success, but pretty certain to be changed into one of decided hostility by any decisive failure, or even by the continuance of the existing situation.

CONSOLS AT PAR.

THE rise of Consols to par shows plainly what kind of results experts look to the Savings Banks Act to produce. It has often been objected to proposals to make investment in Government Stock easier that they imply a desire on the part of the holders of small savings which has no existence in fact. The Post Office, it has been said, already renders every service which such persons care for. It takes their money, pays them interest, and is always ready to return them their principal when asked. What more is wanted by the man who puts by a few pounds now and again? To offer him Consols would be to offer him an investment, whereas what he wants is a money-box—something that will keep the coin from burning in his pocket, or being filched from the old stocking, and return to him the next rainy day a little more than what he put it in. As the Savings Bank Act has not yet come into operation, it is too soon to say positively that this theory is unfounded. All that can as yet be laid down is that those who suppose themselves to be best informed on the question hold it to be unfounded. Buyers have gone into the Consols market in numbers sufficient to send the Stock up to par, because it is believed that the effect of the Act will be to increase the demand for Consols, and consequently to increase their price. Other causes might have had the same effect in a more gradual manner, but it is this particular anticipation that has had the effect at the present moment. Consols have been bought now because they are expected to be scarcer by and by, and they are expected to be scarcer by and by because the Savings Bank Act will considerably increase the number of buyers. There is to our minds little doubt that this expectation will be justified. As we have more than once pointed out, the State has hitherto discouraged thrift among the poor by calling its results by another name than that which they bear among the well-to-do. When the rich man has found his income in excess of his expenditure he has been able to invest the difference. When the poor man has made the same discovery he has only been able to put it by. It is true the results of the two processes have been identical. In either case the money has been deposited with the Government, and the Government has paid interest for the loan of it. But the sentiment of the two processes has been quite distinct. The trail of the Savings Bank has been over the one, while it has not been over the other. To many energetic young men among the working-classes the Savings Bank is not likely to prove attractive. It is to thrift what goody-goody books are to literature, and they are about as likely to carry their savings there on a Saturday night as they are to take out *Little Henry and his Bearer* from the parish library for their Sunday reading. There is an air of paternal government about the whole business which they heartily dislike, and to have to invest your savings by a process you heartily dislike is not an encouragement to make those savings larger. Investment in Consols is another matter altogether. It is what the ROTHSCHILDS themselves are not ashamed of doing, and to be a holder of Consols will prove, we believe, an object of ambition to a very different class from that which has hitherto been eager to have money in the Savings Bank.

The only fear is that the provisions of the present Act may be found to fall so far short of what is required to make investment in Consols popular, that the effect which would have been produced by a larger measure will not be produced even approximately. In the first place, the smallest sum that can be invested is 10*l*., and it will take a working-man some time to get 10*l*. together. He can, of course, take it in small sums to the Savings Bank, and transfer it into Consols when it has reached the right amount. But then, as we look at the Act, its principal merit is that it provides a mode of investing savings which is altogether distinct from the Savings Bank. If the road to Consols lies through the Savings Bank, this severance will not have been effected, and the advantages to be looked for from it may consequently not be realized. What is wanted is the power of investing a sum which is not more than a well-to-do workman may put by in the course of a few weeks, and for this purpose the present limit is at least as large again as it ought to be. The restrictions as to the amount that may be invested in a year and that may be held by any one investor, are not open to this particular objection; but they seem to be needless restrictions, and as such they are more or less vexatious. Why, for example, should a man who has put by 250*l*., and has 100*l*. left him, be forbidden to invest the whole of his legacy in the same way as he has invested his savings; or why, if he has invested 50*l*. by October, should he be compelled to wait till after the New Year before he can add the whole of his legacy to the stock he already possesses? These, it may be said, are exceptional cases; but, if they are exceptional, it seems hardly worth while to legislate against them when, by so doing, we set up an unnecessary difference between the purchase of Consols by a working-man and by anybody else. If, on the other hand, they are cases which are likely to occur often, that fact seems to show that the Savings Bank Act will not meet the needs which it was designed to meet. The removal of all limits upon the amount of Stock that may be bought in one year or held by one investor, is not open to the objection which was justly urged against a similar removal in the case of sums held by Post Office Savings Banks. The Post Office Savings Bank is an institution which holds out special advantages to the poor, and there are very good reasons why these advantages should not be extended unduly. It is a public advantage that the poor should learn to save money, and the State for its own interest sets up Post Office Savings Banks for the purpose of teaching them to save money. If it goes beyond this end, and aims at making saving easier for the middle classes, it enters upon a field which is already well filled, and simply sets up as one trader among many. In dealing with Consols the State is simply dealing with its own debt —the one article which modern States have to sell—and there is no reason why it should not deal with it in whatever way is best calculated to meet the wishes of its customers. If a customer has already bought 300*l*. of Consols, and is still anxious to go on buying them by 10*l*. or 5*l*. at a time, why should the State refuse any longer to sell them to him? It need know nothing of his position in life; it simply knows him as a customer, to whom it is convenient to make his purchases in a particular way. Why should it allow him to make them in this way up to a certain point, and then refuse to deal with him any longer?

We have dwelt rather upon the immediate occasion of the rise of Consols to par than upon the causes which have combined to bring them to a point at which a mere expectation of coming purchasers was sufficient to send them to par. The truth is that, in the absence of a great war in which England is directly engaged, Consols will continually tend to keep up to their present high level. As the country grows richer, there are less and less of them in the market. On the one hand, as the public debt is paid off, there is a smaller quantity of the Stock in existence. On the other, the amount of money which either has to be, or is preferably, invested in Consols, is constantly becoming larger. Where the quantity of an article is diminishing and the demand for it increasing, only one result can follow. The present rise, therefore, does not really supply material for any very novel speculations on the condition of England. It coincides with a generally high level of securities, but it does not seem to be very intimately connected with it. To a great number of people the rise in other securities will be of more importance than the rise in Consols. The present state of the Stock Markets bears very heavily on all who have to live on their investments and have not much to invest. The column in the *Investor's Manual* which gives the actual yield of Stocks at their present prices is probably scanned with melancholy interest by many needy widows and many kindly trustees. There is so little wherewith to buy Stock, and, so long as Stocks fetch what they do, there is so little income to be got from them when bought. The only consolation that can be given to investors of this kind is that the price of a security represents in some degree the estimate which experts have formed of its future prospects. If you have to pay dearly for it, it is probably because it is calculated that it will be paying a larger dividend next

year than it pays this. At all events, they who buy high-priced Stocks for the most part keep what they buy; and in the time of speculation which, according to appearances, is not far distant, this is a most important consideration to bear in mind. Consols at par are, after all, a better investment than shares in an Indian gold mine, which, if they can be bought on good terms to-day, may not be saleable on any terms twelve months hence.

FAIRIES.

It seems almost impious to bring the fairies under the microscope of mythological science. These beings, kindly or malicious, hideous or beautiful, have never endured to be closely examined. The Scotch fairies were fabled to be mere shells, fair if viewed from the front, but hollow and horrible if seen with a reverted eye. Their gold turned to withered leaves if handled too greedily, and Mélusine, with the jealousy of a true fairy, would not suffer her lovers to behold her charms unveiled. Yet Science, unwarned by the fate of the fabled Count of Lusignan, insists on examining even the fairies, and on discovering, if possible, the origin of the widespread belief in these half-human spectres. Perhaps there is not anything very definite to be discovered. The fairies are only the forms in which human caprice gives itself an outward shape; fairyland, with its enchanted palaces and faithful lovers, is but the home of dreams and unsatisfied desires. An inquiry into the origin of the belief in fairies will prove little except the truism that human nature is everywhere the same, and everywhere is apt to clothe its wistful visions of a life more free and lovely and powerful than its own in the shapes of fanciful beings born, like Circe's bower-maidens, "of the wells, and of the woods, and of the holy rivers, which fleet forward into the salt sea."

We shall return to the topic of our English fairy-lore, and try to show what a quaint compound it is of divers mythologies; but it may be well first to consider a theory of fairies lately propounded by an ingenious writer in the *St. James's Gazette*. According to this essayist, the fairies "are really historical beings or races, viewed through a later superstitious medium. . . . . The peculiarity of the fairies is that they are small, though very spiteful. Now it is certain that, before the Aryan invasion of Europe, the whole continent was inhabited by an aboriginal people, short of stature and dark in complexion, who built many of the existing megalithic monuments. . . . These people were identical in blood and tongue with the modern Basques: and they used weapons of polished stone alone." To shorten this explanation, it is averred that the Celts conquered or assimilated the Euskarian aborigines, but kept up, in popular tales, the memory of the little people whom they supplanted, and who have descended to our own time as fairies. The fairies that haunt old barrows of the dead are the ghosts of the departed Euskarians. It is the Euskarian fairies that make magic weapons, and stone arrow-heads, or "elf-shots." Originally hostile, the euphemisms which call them "good neighbours," "men of peace," and so on, have led to the belief that they are often kindly. Their modern names, *fée, fay, fade, fada*, and the rest, are derived from the Latin *fata*. The writer ends by saying that mythologists of Mr. Max Müller's school would miss the import of the fairies' small stature, underground life, personal characteristics, and connexion with stone implements, if they tried to explain the whole legend by aid of the Latin word *Fatum*.

All this sounds excellently scientific, and yet at each sentence one is fain to stop the theorist with the cry "*Distinguo*." First, we are not well informed as to what happened before the Aryan invasion of Europe. But, for argument's sake, we will grant that all the account of the small dark Euskarian foes of the Aryans is true. But what follows? Are fairies all small, dark, and hostile? And here we must distinguish among fairies. In Scott's excellent essay on the subject, prefixed to the ballad of "Tamlane" in the *Border Minstrelsy*, he begins by examining the fable of the Northern dwarfs who dwell in the hollows of the hills, and are greatly skilled in metallurgy. The dwarfs forged the famous sword Tyrfing, which was never drawn without slaying a man, and which dealt the three dolorous strokes. Now the writer in the *St. James's Gazette* has to make a singular leap to connect the Euskarians, skilled only in polishing flints, with fairy beings of more than mortal craft in metallurgy. Scott himself puts forward an historical explanation. He thinks the dwarf smiths may have been a distorted memory of the Finns, a race well skilled in mining and in the working of minerals. But we imagine that the Finns, like the Lapps, have themselves the tradition of a happy, blameless, and skilful subterranean people. Whether these were Euskarians or not, it is certainly bold to connect a Neolithic people with a fabled race whose specialty is skill in forging weapons of bronze or steel. The Euskarian theory is more fortunate in the matter of the flint arrowheads. These are indeed called fairy arrows; but Scott observes that bronze celts are called fairy axes. Now the Euskarians *ex hypothesi* had no bronze; so it seems probable that the country people use "fairy" as x is used in algebra—to stand for any unknown quantity in knowledge. But the Euskarian theory grows still more dubious and risky when we look at the etymology of the words *fada* (Provençal), *fade* (*patois* of Berry), *fée*, and so on. Why should the Celtic inhabitants of Gaul use the Roman word *fata*, answering to the Greek Μοῖραι, or Fates, as a name for their own dark, skilful, subterranean elves? Here the argument divides into two currents; first, what were the Fata, and Μοῖραι; secondly, are the Fades and Fées, who correspond to our fairies, derived philologically from Fata?

Here we come to a very curious point. The Fata, or Μοῖραι, had one attribute in common with our fairies. They came to the birth of children, and gave them the gifts of destiny; they span, too, like the fairies in nursery tales. They span the web of good and evil fortune. The Μοῖραι have these duties in Homer; but long ere Homer's time the same functions were performed by the Hathors of Egyptian folk-lore. Here, then, we have female shapes in three old mythologies, which answer to our spinning fairies of the fateful birthday gifts; but they have nothing in common with the metal-forging, neolithic, spiteful, subterranean, Euskarian fairies. Then why, as we asked before, should the Celtic Gauls have borrowed the word *fata* to designate their gnomes? Again, are the words *fade, fada, fée* derived from *fata* at all? Are the fays not direct descendants, spiritual and philological, of the old Roman *Fatuæ?* The French *fées*, like a section of the Scotch fairies, are beautiful women of the woods and waters, not squat and dark-haired, like the Euskarians, but fair, and with yellow locks, like the New Zealand sea fairies, or with green tresses, like the Russian Rusalkas; beautiful always, like the Servian Vila. "The hill was her mother, the dew her mother's milk, the wild wind rocked her cradle." The love of these fays is sometimes baneful to men, as in the Breton legend of the Sieur Nan. Strangely enough, the New Caledonians, who know not Euskarians, have the same fairy-lore. A credible witness assured us that a Kaneka prophesied that his own death would follow, as it did, a few days after he had been the lover of one of the fairy women of the island. Now these women being the creatures who, in European fable, have the first right to the name of *Fades* and fays, it is plain that they have no apparent connexion with short, black, hostile Euskarians. Have they any more connexion with the word *fata?* We confess that the derivative from *fatuus* seems to us much more plausible. In Facciolati's Lexicon, *fatua* is rendered "eadem quæ bona dea." *Bona dea* has much analogy to "the good folk," "the good neighbours" of Scottish fairy lore. Lactantius has much to say about the prophetic *fatuæ*, but Mr. Coote's essay on "The Neo Latin Fay," in the second volume of the *Folk Lore Record*, contains information enough for most inquirers. We seem then to have reached these results:—*fata* need only have a remote and unessential connexion with the fays; there is no connexion at all between *fata* and metallurgic gnomes, Euskarian or Finnish; lastly, the genuine fays and fairies answer to what we know of the *fatuæ*.

It does not need much fairy lore to see how commonly the fays are women, in all respects unlike the short dark women of a hostile race. Our fairies answer to the Nereids of modern Greek superstition—airy shapes that dance on the hills, and allure young maidens to join their company. Again, our fairies are curiously connected with the ancient classical myths of Hades. They have a kingdom underground, like Hades; they are ruled by a queen, like the subjects of the dread Lady Persephone. The middle ages half consciously recognized this; thus Chaucer speaks of "Pluto that is king of fayrie," and of "Proserpine and all her faery." In the old romance of Orfeo (Orpheus) the classical hero seeks his lost Eurydice, not in Hades, but in fairyland. Fairies and beings of the fairy order are essentially a popular superstition. Nothing prevents us from supposing that, before there was a Greek literature, the Greek peasants had their stories of the under-world of Faery, which stories poets later combined with other materials into the full-grown myths of Hades. However this may be, the Scotch Kirk, when Jane Weir was tried for witchcraft, recognized that "the Fairy Queen" was but another name for the lord of the under-world, the Devil.

The result of this hasty inquiry is to prove, we think, or at least to suggest, that fairy mythology is a tissue of many threads of fancy. Fragments of history, half forgotten, may be woven into tales of skilled dwarfs, dwellers in mysterious mines. A superstition less readily accounted for supplies imagination with nymphs and Nereids, *fatuæ* and *fées*, lovers of mortal men as were Mélusine, Calypso, and the Queen of Faery who led the Rhymer into her own country, riding through rivers of slain men's blood. Yet another, but kindred, superstition supplies the Fata and Μοῖραι, the fairy godmothers, with the mystic birthday gifts, and the woven web of fortune. Once more we have the most graceful creations of man's fancy, the soulless ladies of the sea and the river, the mountains and the wells. Over the whole mass of tangled imaginations, the genius of Shakspeare, of Fletcher, of Herrick, of Homer, and Virgil has brooded, and produced Titania and Oberon, the Pixies, Calypso, and all the choir of Thetis and Cymodoce. Apart, again, from these are the wilder shapes of the woodland, *lamiæ* who steal children, and the dreadful women of the night who wash the bodies of the dead by the moonlit shores of the rivers of France. These beings start from imaginative beginnings as rude and remote as the ancestral Zulu spirits which people African thickets, and are at last formed by popular and poetic fancy into the characters of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

BESANÇON.

BESANÇON lies at present, but will not lie much longer, out of the ordinary path of the English tourist. When the new railway is completed across the department of the Doubs, from Besançon to Le Locle in Switzerland, the natural and most direct route from Paris to Neufchâtel will pass through the town. But although this circumstance is likely to give a final movement to the prosperity of Besançon, it is not needed to make the town the most flourishing on the eastern frontier of France. Commercial and political changes have combined within the last fifteen years to bring about this state of things. Since the cession of Alsace, Besançon has taken very much the position of Mulhouse as an outpost, and amasses the trade of the frontier under the immediate protection of Belfort. And, while these external advantages enlarge the wealth of the town, it possesses an internal industry which increases every year in importance. The foundation of the famous watch-making trade of Besançon is historically curious. The agitations of the Revolution, headed by Bassal and Bernard de Saintes, practically destroyed the prosperity of Besançon as it had existed under the *ancien régime*, but the same agitations, and indeed the same agitator, founded on the ruins of the old a much more important new industry; for it was Bassal himself who, in 1793, introduced into the town a colony of watchmakers from La Chaux-de-Fonds and Le Locle, exiled for their sympathy with the French Republic. Slowly the newcomers settled down and persuaded the townsfolk to adopt their trade; but it has only been since 1860 that the watchmakers of Besançon have been able to compete successfully with Switzerland. In 1861 the municipality granted the Town Granary, a handsome building dating from the earlier part of last century, to form an Ecole d'Horlogerie, and the French market in watches is now almost entirely supplied by Besançon. The old and somewhat sombre city has the character which the general adoption of a single employment somehow gives to a town—a peculiar air of uniformity and precision, which is rather difficult to define, but very easy to feel, and which is certainly appropriate in a place entirely given over to watch-making.

From the earliest times there must have been some camp or village on the site of Besançon. It is one of those points to which men crowd instinctively, led by the extraordinary geographical advantages of the position. Leaving the frontier of Switzerland, the Doubs, a broad, and at some places even majestic, river, flows south-west through the parallel folds of the northern outskirts of the Jura. In reaching Besançon, it is confronted by a rock that towers with precipitous sides above its waters. To avoid this obstacle, it turns suddenly to the north, but is pressed back again directly by the line of hills on the other bank, and, returning to the foot of the rock, pursues its south-westerly course. But, in taking this *détour*, it has formed a small horseshoe, a peninsula the narrow isthmus of which is entirely filled up by the precipitous rock, now the citadel. Such a position was not likely to be long disregarded, even by savages. Cæsar, in the *Commentaries*, is eloquent over the advantages of Vesontio, which had long been the capital of the nation of Sequania. It was not, however, till the reign of Nero that Rome became practically aware of the strength of the site. Vesontio clearly proclaimed herself in favour of Galba, closed her gates against Verginius Rufus, and gained the lively recognition of the new Emperor. Marcus Aurelius, perceiving the growing opulence of the town, made it a Roman colony, under the title of Colonia Victrix Sequanorum, and under his protection Vesontio began to make that display of architectural splendour the ruins of which still adorn her squares and her museums. Christianity was soon after this introduced into the town by two missionaries from Lyons—St. Férreol and St. Ferjeux—who were cruelly executed by the Roman prefect in the theatre of Vesontio, on June 16, 212, and who thereupon became and have remained the patron saints of the city. Of the early history which may be said to have closed with this sensational incident, many curious relics remain in the modern Besançon. The ruins of this very theatre, preserved in the public gardens, oddly but appropriately styled Square Archéologique, consist of certain elegant columns and fragments of columns, the drums of which are singularly small for those of an antique building. These were discovered lying where they now stand, and in all probability mark with exactitude the façade of the theatre where St. Férreol and St. Ferjeux were tormented and beheaded.

The Middle Ages have left but little mark of their passage upon Besançon. The Christian architecture of the town is mean, and offers no striking peculiarity. The Cathedral is a tasteless basilica of the eighteenth century, heavily decorated with marble and gilding, and taking the place of an ancient Gothic church destroyed by Vauban in 1674 to make room for his fortifications. It contains a superb picture, a Fra Bartolommeo, of which the pedigree is above suspicion. This fine work, a Madonna supported by St. Sebastian and St. Stephen, was a commission given to the great master by Ferry Carondelet, and an entry exists in the town records to the effect that the city received it from Italy in the spring of 1518. As Fra Bartolommeo died in 1516, this is probably one of the latest of his works, one even which he did not live to forward to its destination. Little, however, of interest as is presented by the Cathedral, the other churches of the town are even more insignificant examples of poor eighteenth-century work, or, still worse, of nineteenth-century eccentricity; while, from the heights to the north, a visible eyesore from all quarters of the compass, shines the hideous church of St. Claude, an experiment in modern Gothic which tends to make the English visitor resigned to much that he has left behind him at home. The military monuments of Besançon are far more interesting than the ecclesiastical. No position could be conceived more delightful to the fancy of an artist in fortification, and the greatest of all such artists had an opportunity of displaying his skill here to the utmost. In 1674, when Louis XIV. had stormed the town after a siege of twenty-seven days, it was determined that Besançon should be transformed into a fortress of the first order. Vauban, then at the height of his reputation, was invited to undertake the works; and he planned them with special enthusiasm, although they were not fully carried out until 1711. The marvellous feeling for nature which this unrivalled architect possessed is nowhere more plainly shown than at Besançon. His lines of fortification start from the facets of the cliff, and stand out against the sky with the appearance of veritable rock, so exactly has Vauban adapted and exaggerated the natural curves of the mountain. Since 1870 it has been difficult, almost impossible, to penetrate into the citadel; and the visitor is thus prevented from obtaining what must certainly be the finest view of the town, which must lie like a map at the feet of the rock girdled by the broad waters of the Doubs.

Even though this privilege be denied, it is very easy, by the exercise of a little pains, to obtain such views of Besançon as serve to prove it one of the most romantic cities in France. For the purposes of modern warfare the citadel is by no means sufficient protection to the town, and very strong forts have been constructed on the still higher hills north and south, Fort Chandane and Fort Brigilli. To the outskirts of these fortifications the visitor may climb without indiscretion, and look down, not on the town merely, but even on the citadel itself. The character of the valley is almost Scotch. Under a cloudy sky it would be easy to persuade oneself that a broad glen of Perthshire lay at one's feet, though the Tay would but poorly typify the grandeur of the Doubs. The rivers of France rarely do justice to their own volume and magnitude. The tributaries of the Seine, for instance, wind without dignity under their endless avenues of poplar-trees through a uniformly flat and inexpressive country. The Doubs is considered the finest French river, and it owes its reputation to the fact that, with undiminished volume, it flows through scenery which is almost mountainous in the grandeur of its forms. Close to Besançon there are two ruined mediæval castles, Montfaucon and Montferrand, the size and beetling height of which would have been celebrated by a hundred bards had they chanced to tower above the Rhine. But the fact is that Frenchmen themselves have scarcely waked up to the beauty and romance of the scenery of Franche-Comté.

Besançon is justly proud of the large number of distinguished men to whom it has given birth. Victor Hugo was born—as he himself says, by accident—in a little house that now looks on to the capitals and arches of the Square Archéologique. His parents were hastening northward from the Court of Madrid, when the poet just contrived to secure his Gallic birthright by being born in these very unassuming lodgings. He has many times promised to visit his natal city in state, but hitherto one accident or another has always prevented him. Two other active regenerators of an effete civilization first saw the light at Besançon; for here Fourier was born in 1772, and Proudhon in 1809. The milder and much more charming genius of Charles Nodier was awakened here in 1780, and the reader of his delightful reminiscences will retrace with pleasure and amusement many of his early ramblings. Various other celebrities are duly chronicled in the excellent guide which has just been published (*Besançon et ses environs*. Par Auguste Castan. Besançon: Marion. 1880) by the chief of the Town Library, a guide which leaves nothing to be desired either in fulness of detail or elegance of form. The name of M. Castan reminds us that the Public Library is one of the chief attractions of the town. In 1694 an abbé of Besançon left in his will to the town a very valuable collection of books, pictures, antiquities, and coins which he had principally obtained from the family of the great Cardinal de Granville, the Viceroy of Naples, and Minister of Spain. After the lapse of a century there remained enough of the matchless collections of this famous connoisseur to make the gift of the abbé extremely valuable. The library was opened to the public on the 7th of July, 1696, has constantly been enriched, and now consists of 130,000 volumes. Among the gems of the collection are a dozen books from the library of King Mathias Corvinus, the fate of whose literary treasures is one of the most famous romances of bibliography. The visitor is shown, with natural pride, the architectural studies of Pierre Adrien Paris, the architect of Louis XVI., and director of the French Academy in Rome. Paris was a younger contemporary of Piranesi, and these designs remind the student of those of the greater artist. The collection attracted much admiration during the lifetime of the architect, and he was offered 30,000 francs for its possession. The Bisontins, however, as the inhabitants of Besançon call themselves, have great pride in their native town, and the patriotic M. Paris declined this gilded bait to present his beloved collection to the Public Library of the city. This act of *vertueuse abnégation* is duly commemorated by a grateful municipality, and has done more to make Pierre Adrien Paris known to posterity than all his careful drawings. It is much to be wished that in England we had a little more of that desire to beautify and enrich our provincial towns which makes many of the departmental capitals of France so interesting.

THE HEIGHT OF DIVERSION.

We suppose that the statement that London and Paris are the chief centres of civilization is as little of a contentious statement as any that could be framed on the subject. M. Victor Hugo would no doubt be indignant at the elevation of London; severe persons of English or German nationality may think that too great a compliment is paid to Paris. But, on the admirable principle by which the merit of Themistocles was ascertained, the assertion may be almost certain of proving itself. The intelligent Japanese might stickle for Tokio, and the intelligent Borderer for Peebles, but still London and Paris are pretty sure to be placed in everybody's list. Therefore it is interesting to those who take a fond pleasure in contemplating the progress of the species to investigate the ways and manners of these two capitals, and especially their amusements. On Sunday and Monday last an excellent opportunity for this investigation presented itself. On Sunday Paris had a glorious time—which expression is not a Yankee vulgarism, as the vulgar think, but occurs in the writings of no less a person than John Dryden. A Montgolfier balloon was advertised to ascend from some place of public amusement, with Miss Lena Lisa or one of her sisters suspended from a trapeze attached thereto. Hasty readers are requested not to think that they can at once perceive the exquisite pastime promised by this advertisement. To hang from a trapeze underneath a balloon of ordinary construction is a sufficiently perilous proceeding, and when the suspended person is of the weaker sex the delicacy of the sensation is obviously much increased. But with the original or Montgolfier form of balloon, where the lifting power is simply the effect produced on ordinary air by fire underneath an open bag, the danger is of course much increased, because these balloons are liable to many more accidents than the more perfect closed apparatus filled with coal gas and regulated at pleasure by valves. But at the last moment it seems that Miss Lisa Lena, or Mlle. Albertine, either had a prior engagement, or for some other reason failed to put in an appearance. So a young athlete named Navarre volunteered to go up for the sum of two pounds sterling—an advance upon the tariff of twopence mentioned in a proverbial expression not otherwise inapplicable to the case. Further, M. Navarre, having the honour of his profession at heart like all good Frenchmen, refused to be tied on. The result hardly needs to be told. At a great height the wretched man's head or his muscles failed him, and he fell, burying himself deep in the earth, according to some accounts, while others describe the circumstances of his death with additions of even more fantastic horror. The balloon, not to be outdone, proceeded to burst (which Montgolfier balloons have rather a habit of doing) and fell on the spectators, "greatly frightening them." But they must have felt that the rare good fortune they had just experienced was cheaply purchased at the price of being bonneted by the strips and fragments of a burst balloon.

While this was going on at Paris preparations were being made in London for a spectacle not very dissimilar in kind, but varied in circumstances. It is not as yet considered proper in Sabbatarian England to amuse oneself with the spectacle of the mercenary death or torture of human beings on Sunday. We wait till Monday. On Monday last, at the usual place, the Agricultural Hall, began one of the now common exhibitions patronized by a few people who ought to know better, attended by thousands who evidently do not know better, and miscalled trials of endurance. The eminent Rowell, champion long-distance pedestrian of the world (or some part of the world, for the distinctions of athletic championships are subtle), had been challenged by the aspiring Pegram; and several other distinguished and doubtless consistent walkers had joined the contest, for the usual six days' struggle, "go as you please." As soon as the idle conventional restraints of the first day of the week were over, the men were started "with a few words of caution," which also are usual on these occasions, and which irresistibly remind the reader of a certain historic prayer about the shedding of blood. The beginnings of these contests are comparatively tame; indeed they might be mistaken for the sort of race in which uncivilised persons, vacant of the glorious gains of the latter days, still take a considerable interest. The men are fresh, in good training, and sound in wind and limb. It is gratifying, however, to know that on the present occasion the patrons of the sport had an unusually short time to wait for their favourite and expected pleasures. The record of these pleasures is not wholly agreeable to read, for the new long-distance contest differs from the old P.R. not in being any the less brutal, but in being entirely destitute of the rich *argot* which adorned the annals of the older institution. At one o'clock on Monday afternoon "the proceedings were enlivened" by the arrival of a band, but still more by the fact that Pegram, a man of colour, "seemed far from well," and had frequently to leave the track. This is what the amateur of long-distance contests can, as De Quincey would have said, recommend to a friend. To see an apparently hale and vigorous person career round a ring is monotonous; but to see a wearied and beaten wretch flinch as he puts down his bleeding feet on the ground, or stagger round the track with the half-drunken gait of one on whom the desire to sleep has come in an overpowering burst—this is truly delightful. Indeed one of the historians of the present contest has hinted that from the beginning there were peculiarly interesting features about it. Most of the competitors were very young men, and "it remains to be seen whether such very young men will be able to forego sleep with the same facility as their older opponents." There were other promising symptoms. It seems that Mr. Dobler, one of the American champions, is of so game a disposition that, according to his trainer, "if he had only one leg left he would go on." The idea of such a sight may well make the connoisseur in long-distance competitions lick his lips, though perhaps his anticipation is short-sighted. For clearly the man who has two feet in a disabled condition must feel twice as much pain himself, and therefore give twice as much pleasure to the spectators, when he puts them to the ground, as the man who has but one. Donato—does any one now remember Donato?—after the first novelty wore off, would not be a satisfactory competitor at a walking-match. However, we are omitting our history. Suffice it to say that the celebrated Blower Brown and Pegram, the coloured challenger, broke down on the very first day. This is not quite as it should be; for the object is not that a man should break down completely the first day, but that he should hobble on for four or five. Still the break-downs, when one remembers what that phrase means in the present instance, were in themselves doubtless an agreeable excitement. Besides, Littlewood, another competitor, "kept on steadily, though he suffers considerably from his feet, which are rather raw." This is the real thing for the spectators at the Agricultural Hall. For ourselves we are quite content with it, and shall not investigate the particulars of the contest any further.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the utter condemnation which we pass upon these disgraceful and idiotic exhibitions has no sort of connexion with any dislike of athletics or of pedestrianism in particular. The man who has never enjoyed the pleasure of resting at night after his own legs have carried him thirty, forty, or fifty miles from the place where he rested the night before, has missed, it may be, one of the lesser, but certainly not one of the least, pleasures of life. But it has been over and over again pointed out that these brutal proceedings have absolutely nothing to do with honest, downright walking under natural conditions. Their attraction, denied or disguised as it may be, is simply the attraction which certain vulgar natures feel in the sight of the suffering of others. We do not hesitate to pronounce them more and not less degrading than prize-fighting, which had at least a very definite reference to the practical affairs of life, and the disuse of which, though it has no doubt stopped a great source of blackguardism and rascality, has perhaps exercised in some respects an unfavourable influence on the behaviour and disposition of Englishmen. It was useful to know how to use your fists on occasion, and the use of them was not the worst way of settling quarrels. It is not useful, and cannot be useful under any conceivable circumstances, to be able to trot or stumble so many hundred miles in a given time on a prepared path, with elaborately prepared stimulants, restoratives, and appliances of all kind ready at hand. All this is as obvious and as trite as the performances themselves are discreditable, but while the facts are repeated it is necessary to repeat the comment. There is not a pin to choose between the spectators who crowded to see Navarre go to a death which, if not absolutely certain, was at any rate highly probable, and the spectators who crowded to see Littlewood going very slowly, because he suffers considerably from his feet, which are raw. We do not advocate legislative interference in these matters (except in the sense of sharp enforcement of the law of manslaughter in cases of what are facetiously called accidents), because such interference would be nearly impossible, and, if possible, not particularly wholesome. We do not suppose that any remonstrances would have the least effect upon 'Arry and his like; but we really do think that 'Arry's betters might find some worthier employment than the provision of these disgusting spectacles for their inferiors. Without such provision it is exceedingly doubtful whether they could go on. Fortunately the expenses of keeping a huge building open night and day for a week are very considerable, and now that London in the small hours is rather a dreary place, even the most devoted amateurs hardly care to sit up all night. The gate-money is therefore a decidedly variable quantity, and has, we believe, on some occasions barely sufficed to cover expenses. Another point against the pastime is that its choicest moments cannot be anticipated, and must be long waited for. The accessories or assistants, whichever word be preferred, at M. Navarre's suicide, had their pleasure hot and strong, and all in a burst. Unless an ingenious system of telegrams, giving such news as "Smith's left foot quite raw, hurry up to Islington," or, "Robinson has strained a sinew, he is moaning as he walks," could be arranged and posted all over London from time to time, these exquisite delights must necessarily be lost or wearily expected. Hence a good deal of encouragement *ab extra* is needed to keep the amusement in vogue. Unluckily that encouragement seems to have been hitherto forthcoming without any difficulty. It would be really interesting to get a well-skilled casuist—say Mr. Capes or the Prime Minister—to estimate the relative moral position of the persons who give this encouragement, and of the sportive bargee who was found guilty at Bristol the other day of promoting a contest of endurance by turning on the water into a lock in which two boys were trying to rescue a third from drowning. For it must be remembered that these long-distance contests have actually resulted in loss of life, both in this country and, we believe, in America, and that it is more or less an accident that they do not do so oftener. The bargee in question might justly have argued that if the two boys had had more endurance, and had held on tighter, the third would not have been drowned. Indeed, lock proprietors might perhaps, in these unprofitable days for canals, turn their attention to a new source of revenue.

MALTA.

MOST complaints are more or less reasonable if they are looked at from the complainant's point of view, and the address which certain inhabitants of Malta have lately presented to Lord Kimberley is no exception to this rule. The address is itself an amplification of a petition previously presented to the House of Commons, in which Parliament is asked to amend the Maltese Constitution in two important particulars. The people of the island, if this petition fairly represents their wishes, want to be governed by a civilian, not by a soldier, and to be secured against the alteration of laws affecting local interests, the imposition or alteration of taxes, and the expenditure of public revenue, "otherwise than by the vote of the majority of the people's representatives in Council assembled." The petitioners then descend to particulars, and ask that a certain vote for draining the fortified towns of Malta, which was passed by "the majority of the official members against the unanimous opposition of the elected members," may be revoked. The address to Lord Kimberley contends that the social and economical questions which have lately come before the Maltese Government are not suited to the application of military methods. They can only be wisely settled by a Governor who has had the training of a statesman. What can a soldier know about Sanitary and Building Acts, about the provision of dwellings for the labouring classes, about water supply and drainage works? Even if he takes them in hand without any bias one way or the other, he is at least as likely to go wrong as to go right, and he is far less likely than a civilian to be free from bias. It cannot be denied that this representation is in itself perfectly reasonable. No dependency likes being governed by a soldier, and, with rare exceptions, no dependency is so well governed by a soldier as it is by a civilian.

Much the same thing may be said with regard to the second request. The address pleads that, when the British Government granted the inhabitants of Malta a representative element in the Government Council, it could not have been intended that this representative element should be entirely subordinate to the official element. The object of representation is that the people represented should be able to get their own way; and if their representatives are liable to be outvoted by members who represent no one but the Government which appoints them, they might just as well not have seats in the Council. If there is any question on which the people of Malta may fairly claim to be consulted, it is the drainage of their towns; but even on this point the *ex officio* members of the Council have been too strong for them. The Government had one theory of how a town ought to be drained, the elected members of Council had another; and the Government insisted that its own plan should be adopted in preference to any other. It is not unfair, perhaps, to assume that Malta is not more anxious than other communities to spend money on sanitary improvements, and it is probably quite as alive as other communities to the imprudence of putting forward this distaste in its naked simplicity. No one nowadays is old-fashioned enough to say, "I dislike paying for the drainage of the town I live in." A surer and more efficacious way of escaping the burden is to object successively to all the schemes proposed, on the ground that the perfect plan has not yet been discovered, and that it is foolish to waste money on mere stopgaps. When, therefore, the authors of the address maintain that what they desire is a "consistent, practicable, and efficient system of drainage," and that what they object to is the system of drainage which the Government, after giving full consideration to the subject, have decided to be the best, we know pretty well what this passion for the ideal is worth. At the same time, it must be admitted that the people of Malta have a *primâ facie* case against the Government. Why, supposing them to be unanimously opposed to modern conceptions of drainage, should they have these conceptions forced upon them? We do not pass sanitary reforms in England by the vote of the Treasury Bench. Why should we adopt in the case of a dependency a plan which we should not tolerate in our own persons?

The answer is clear and conclusive, though unfortunately it is scarcely one which the people of Malta can be expected to appreciate. Malta does not stand in the position of an ordinary dependency. It has to be governed, not merely for its own good, or in accordance with its own views, but for the good and in accordance with the views of the empire of which it forms a part. Generally speaking, Great Britain can afford to consult the views of her dependencies; indeed in not a few instances she has been able to give them more self-government than they can use to their own advantage. But Malta does not enjoy this happy insignificance. The island is so important from a military point of view that it has to be regarded from that point of view only. It is unfortunate that the Maltese, who, according to the petitioners, originally "placed themselves under the protection of the British Government" because they thought it better suited than any other to satisfy their "legitimate wants and aspirations," should find that their right of administering their own affairs is still but imperfectly recognized. But this is a disadvantage which they share with the inhabitants of Gibraltar and Portsmouth, and any other fragments of British territory which have a military importance altogether out of proportion to their civil importance. It is conceivable that Gibraltar might prefer not to be troubled with a garrison, or that Portsmouth may think the condition of an unfortified town happier than that of a town which is surrounded by ramparts and earthworks. The reply to all such complaints is that a house-door might as well plead to have its surface undisfigured by locks and bolts. If there were no such things as burglars this innocent preference might be consulted; and when peace has become universal and perpetual, the people of Malta may be allowed to administer their own affairs in their own way. Until this millennial period dawns upon Europe, successive Colonial Secretaries will be compelled to say, with Lord Kimberley, that "the peculiar position of Malta as a great Imperial fortress and naval station will always render it necessary that the ultimate decision, whether local or Imperial views are to prevail, should rest with her Majesty's Government," and that for the same reason, it is expedient, in the future as in the past, to place "the supreme control of the administration in the same hands as the military command." When Malta is of no more value to the Empire than any other island of the same size, its inhabitants may be left to determine whether their towns shall be drained or undrained. The Imperial Government will then have no interest in making them more healthy than they desire to be. But, while we maintain garrisons in Maltese towns and ships in Maltese harbours, the health of the troops and the sailors must be cared for by the Imperial Government, and it can only be cared for by compelling the people of Malta to look after their own health. We may admire the yearning after sanitary independence if we choose, but from admiring it to gratifying it is a longer step than any reasonable Minister is ever likely to take.

LAURENCE TOMSON'S NEW TESTAMENT.

IN a recent article headed "The Breeches Bible" we gave some account of the remarkable three leaves of Questions and Answers on the doctrine of Predestination which were inserted between the Old and the New Testament in the edition of the Genevan Bible which was issued in quarto in 1579, and which, we stated, were reprinted in all the quartos of this version down to the year 1615 inclusive. As the chief purpose of that article was to illustrate the truth, which is now becoming more and more clear, that the English Reformation was all along conducted entirely on Zwinglian and Calvinistic principles, and had scarcely any connexion with Lutheranism proper, and that Laud destroyed Calvinism, which had become rampant in the Church of England, we omitted all notice of a much larger number of editions of a work which is known to bibliographers as the "Genevan Tomson," which must also have been suppressed by Laud's influence, as the last edition of it appeared in 1616. It was also foreign to our purpose to notice particularly the editions of the Genevan Bible which preceded that in which this Catechism was first inserted; but perhaps it may be worth while to add here that, as Archbishop Laud suppressed this Bible, so one of his predecessors in the see of Canterbury, Matthew Parker, seems to have discountenanced it, for no edition was printed in England during his primacy. Grindal succeeded him in 1576, and the successive issues of this Bible immediately began, the first London folio being dated 1576, and there being successive editions of this size every year till his death in 1583—if, at least, what Cotton states is true, that there were folios of 1580 and 1581, which seems, however, doubtful. It seems as if Grindal had encouraged the use of this Bible in churches as against the use of Parker's, or the Bishops' Bible, which was first published in 1568, and which, though frequently reprinted during Parker's primacy, was only once published in this size during the time that Grindal occupied the see of Canterbury, whilst after Grindal's death no folio Genevans were printed for nine years.

We now propose in this and a following article to supplement what we have said by giving some account of the Tomson editions of the Genevan Bible with a New Testament, revised and annotated; and we do so the rather because, in an historical point of view, this book has been almost entirely overlooked, and even bibliographers have omitted to notice some very curious points as regards the different editions of it. Before proceeding further we may correct an error in our previous article concerning the neglect to notice the Questions on the part of historians and bibliographers. It has been pointed out to us that Cotton mentions them in his "List of Editions of the Bible in English," and we have since seen that even Lewis, in his "Complete History of the Translations of the Bible," says that they appear in the Genevan folio of 1583. In this he is quite correct, and it is the only folio in which they are printed. There are a few octavo editions, and notably one of 1591, printed at Cambridge, in none of which they appear. Lest any one should be misled by an error of the press in our previous article, it may be as well to say that the date of the first edition of the Genevan Bible is 1560, not 1568 as there printed, and that when we spoke of the Bishops' Bible as having been re-issued in 1588, and perhaps later, it would have been more accurate to say that there are four editions of a later date, the last being of 1606, and that a New Testament of this version was published as late as 1619.

As we shall have occasion to mention the distinguishing marks of Tomson's editions further on, we must first say a few words more on the pure Genevans. As there are at least thirty-five editions of this version in 4to. independently of those in other sizes, we cannot profess to speak with certainty, but we believe there is no material variation in them. Speaking under correction, then, we may say that they are in black letter, with the headings of the chapters in italics, and also a few words in Roman

type at the left and right hand side at the top of every page, calling attention to what appeared most noteworthy in the page, according to the profession made in the address to the reader which, in the original edition of April 10, 1560, is addressed "To our beloved in the Lord the brethren of England, Scotland, Ireland, &c. Grace, mercie, and peace through Jesus Christ." In the course of that address its authors say that, to help the reader, "we have set over the head of every page some notable word or sentence which may greatly further aswel for memorie as for the chief point of the page." It is scarcely possible to avoid noticing here how the Puritanical views come out at every corner of the book. Amongst these headings of the pages will be found in every one of these Bibles, at the chapter which records the death of St. John Baptist, the title, "The inconvenience of dauncing," as if the dancing of the daughter of Herodias before Herod had been the principal point of the whole narrative. Probably it was thought that, as the parallel passage in St. Matthew had been headed "John Baptist beheaded," it might be well to call attention to another aspect of the story which should vindicate the strict *régime* under which Geneva was placed by Calvin's severe discipline. The rest of the headings are fair enough, and show no particular *animus*, unless the frequent notice of idols and images may be thought somewhat of an exception, and the special calling attention to doctrine in the two headings in the Acts, "Ordained to salvation" and "Predestination."

The marginal notes, of which we gave a specimen in our previous article, and which are not very numerous, are also in Roman type, as likewise are the arguments prefixed to the several books, there being what is called "an argument" prefixed to the Apocrypha expressing pretty much the same view that appears in the 6th of the Thirty-nine Articles as adopted for the first time in 1562, the Forty-two Articles of Edward's reign being silent on this subject. The translators' disparagement of the Apocrypha is further indicated by the almost entire absence of annotations, there being one notable exception—namely, on 2 Macc. xii. 40-45—where, by way of protesting against prayers for the dead, the note asserts that

From this verse to the end of the chapter the Greek text is corrupt, so that no good sense, much less certain doctrine, can be gathered thereby. Also it is evident that this place was not written by the Holy Ghost, both because it dissenteth from the rest of the Holy Scriptures, and also the author of this book, acknowledging his own infirmity, desireth pardon if he have not attained to that he should. . . And though Judas had so done, yet this particular example is not sufficient to establish a doctrine no more than Zipporah's was to prove that women might minister the Sacraments.

It was certainly unfortunate that the translators should have invented such a monstrous fiction to defend their opinions. Any scholar who will turn to the Greek will see that it is perfectly good and intelligible, and free from any corruption of the text. But, to continue our account of these editions as distinguished from the Tomsons. First, we observe that in all of them the Apocrypha appears sometimes with the paging or foliation going straight through from the beginning—*e.g.* the editions of 1594 and 1606; sometimes, as in the edition of 1579, where the Questions first appear, beginning with a new foliation and a new signature at the foot of the page, and followed by the New Testament with a title and three other leaves, containing the "Summe of the whole Scripture" and the "Certaine questions and answeres," there being printed on the back of the fourth leaf the names of all the books, including the Apocryphal, the New Testament beginning with a new foliation. We have seen a copy with these four leaves wanting; but that they were torn out, probably by some one who disliked Calvinism, is evident from a reference to the foliation, which omits folio 435-440. The later editions have in some instances a kind of concordance and index added, compiled by one Robert F. Herrey in 1578, and which may occasionally be found bound up with copies. In other respects some of the editions seem to resemble each other very closely, so that a leaf from one might be substituted for the corresponding leaf in another without the change being easily detected. This is the case especially in one of the four editions issued in 1594 and that of 1606.

And now we proceed with our account of the Tomsons. And first as regards the editor. Laurence Tomson is little known except from the account given of him in his Latin epitaph in Chertsey Church, where he was buried. He is there said to have been Professor of Hebrew at Geneva, and to have been on intimate terms with Walsingham, whose secretary he was till Walsingham's death in 1590. Amongst other things that he published were a translation of some of Calvin's sermons and a version of the New Testament with Annotations, which Antony Wood speaks of as being printed in 8vo. in 1589, and several times republished. Dr. Bliss has very properly added in his edition of Wood the dates 1576 and 1577, but quotes in his note to the passage some curious mistakes made by Kennet and Baker, apparently without knowing that they are mistakes. This is not much to be wondered at perhaps, for even Cotton, writing a few years later, seems to be in profound ignorance of the editions of this book. And it does not appear as if any writer had taken much trouble in collating the text of this edition with that of the Genevan version, or again in comparing the different issues of this work one with another. Cotton has given a few verses of two different passages in parallel columns to show how little variation there is between the Old Genevan version and the revised one in this edition—and it happens that in these instances there is only one variation in each passage—but, if he had carried his researches further, he would have found certain places where the changes are much more numerous. Thus in the Third Chapter of St. John's First Epistle there will be found at least ten variations. Dr. Westcott has called attention to the frequent alteration of *the* into *this* or *that*, and rightly attributes this to the influence of Beza's version, which frequently, though not uniformly, renders the Greek article ὁ by the Latin pronoun *ille*. The effect is, as he observes, almost grotesque, but he has somewhat overstated the case when he says that Tomson has been consistent in this. He does not always even follow Beza, who is himself far from doing this consistently. A good specimen of what is meant may be found in the first verse of St. John's Gospel, which is rendered in the Vulgate "In principio erat Verbum et Verbum erat apud Deum et Deus erat Verbum," but by Beza, "In principio erat Sermo ille et Sermo ille erat apud Deum eratque ille Sermo Deus," and by Tomson, "In the beginning was that Word, and that Word was with God, and that Word was God."

But we are somewhat anticipating matters. The first edition of this book appeared in 1576, and its original title was "The New Testament of our Lord Jesus Christ, translated Out Of Greeke by Theod. Beza: Whereunto are adjoined brief Summaries of doctrine upon the Evangelistes and Actes of the Apostles, together with the methode of the Epistles of the Apostles, by the said Theod. Beza: *And also short expositions on the phrases and hard places taken out of the large annotations of the foresaid Authour and Joach. Camerarius by P. Loseler Villerius.* Englished by L. Tomson. Imprinted at London by Christopher Barkar, dwelling in Paules Churchyeard, at the signe of the Tigre's head, 1576. *Cum privilegio.*" It is dedicated to Walsingham and Hastings, and contains a translation of Beza's Latin dedication to "Lewys of Bourbon, Prince of Condé," &c. The notes, which are partly in Roman, partly in italic type, are much more numerous than those in the Genevan New Testament, and are entirely different from them. Those which are in Roman character are for the most part translated from Beza's marginal annotations, though they have been in some few instances designedly altered from Beza's—those in italics being for the most part the author's own or selected by him. This distinction in type has, we believe, been preserved in every edition of this New Testament, which was issued separately. The notes are very numerous, and towards the end of the volume occupy more than half the page, and are printed in type which is so small as to be somewhat difficult to read. This edition was reprinted in 1577, with no other difference than the addition of a table at the end, which was continued in all subsequent editions. The book speedily became very popular, and was reprinted in various sizes of 8vo. till 1616, after which it no longer appears. There are also two issues of it in 4to. of 1583 and 1596 in black letter, all the rest being in Roman character. The editions of 1602, 1610, and 1616 have a variation which we shall notice when we come to speak of the same alteration being introduced into the Genevan Bible with this Testament annexed. But there are several editions of the text without the notes, in a very diminutive form, which have for the most part escaped the notice of bibliographers, but which we have seen in Mr. Francis Fry's magnificent collection of Bibles. These are chiefly imperfect; and, as they want both title and colophon, it is impossible to assign the year of their publication. A reference to almost any chapter is sufficient to identify them as Tomsons and not Genevans. Five of those without notes are without date, and average in size about three inches by two. But there are also three issues of this version without notes, of about the same size, dated 1578, 1592, and 1593.

One other characteristic of these Testaments is their omitting the arguments which were prefixed to the different books in the Genevan Bibles, there being only one—namely, that to the Epistle to the Hebrews, which is abridged from that in the Genevan, omitting the apology for not calling it St. Paul's Epistle on the ground that it "is not like" to be his. Here Dr. Eadie, in his work entitled the *English Bible*, has made the ridiculous mistake of accusing the writer of saying "that if it be Paul's, it is not like," quite altering the meaning, which was that, on external grounds, the Epistle is not likely to be St. Paul's, no opinion whatever being given as to internal evidence, or the likeness or unlikeness to the style of St. Paul.

It will have been seen that the description of this version on its title-page is very misleading. For, though considerably influenced by Beza's version, it was in no sense translated from Beza, any more than was the Genevan, which it closely follows, though this also was much influenced by Beza's version. Another peculiarity is the Prefix to the Revelation, which has very few marginal notes, but has the following apology for their omission, also translated from Beza:—

I have not thought good to put forth any such thing as yet upon the Revelation as I have upon the former bookes, notwithstanding I liked wel to set down in the mean season that that I wrote a few years since concerning the authoritie of this booke. And this is it.

And here follow six pages answering objections against, and giving reasons in favour of, its authenticity. Of the general character of the notes we shall have something to say in a future article, which will be devoted to the editions of the Genevan Old Testament with the Tomson version of the New Testament annexed to it, which run over the period from 1576 to 1616, after which they were no longer printed in England, though there are some editions of later date printed at Amsterdam.

THE AËRONAUTICAL SOCIETY.

THIS excellent Society has certainly no undue desire for publicity, and is in no hurry to tell the world of its proceedings. Its fourteenth annual Report, which has just appeared, is principally filled with an account of the papers read and the discussion that took place at the general meeting which was held on June 23, 1879—that is, sixteen months ago. The information thus tardily afforded has, however, lost none of its value through the lapse of time, and merits attention as relating to a peculiar and interesting branch of inquiry. In one respect it leaves unfortunately a painful impression. Scepticism penetrates everywhere in these doubting days, and it seems to have found its way into the bosoms of those confident and greatly believing men, the modern professors of the art of flying. Such, at least, is the inference to be drawn from the speech of Mr. Glaisher, who officiated as chairman at the meeting just mentioned. This gentleman is, as we need hardly say, one to whom all lovers of the air must look up with profound respect. In a heroic effort to go up higher in a balloon than any one had ever gone before, he very nearly succeeded in putting an end to his life. Greater proof of devotion no man could give, and it must be not a little depressing to those who hold that gravitation is much overrated, and yearn for wings, to find that such an enthusiast takes a mournful view of the future of flying. Mournful Mr. Glaisher's view certainly is; for at the beginning of his remarks he sadly observed, "We have always hoped that at our next meeting we should have something startling to speak about," very clearly implying that the Will-o'-the-Wisp was as far off as ever; and at the conclusion he said:—"Mr. Brearey [the Honorary Secretary of the Society] speaks more sanguinely than I can; but if a man is not sanguine he will never get on in this world, and I hope, in the paper he has prepared, he will have some information to give us in support of his views." Obviously Mr. Glaisher does not think that there is much chance of mankind being fitted with wings for some little time to come; and if such distrust is shown by the gentleman who is elected to preside over the Aëronautical Society, it is to be feared that the outside public, always sceptical about flying, will become more incredulous than ever. Happily, however, there is Mr. Brearey to rebuke unbelief, and there are other members of the Society who are far indeed from despairing, and take a very different view from that of their worthy but despondent chairman.

This was made evident in the discussion and papers which followed his melancholy preamble. The first speaker was Mr. Moy, who holds perhaps the highest rank amongst those who are striving to enable man to fly through the air. On this occasion, after informing his hearers that an experimental apparatus had been constructed which was very efficient, Mr. Moy proceeded to deliver a learned, but not over-intelligible discourse, in the course of which he gave some explanation of the action of the screw propeller. It is not a little remarkable that the action of the screw propeller is perpetually being explained afresh by learned theorists, and yet that those who fit propellers to vessels are constantly obliged to rely on simple experiment. However, Mr. Moy's hearers were doubtless much impressed by his knowledge of this subject, and by a disquisition on "aëroplanes" with which he favoured them; and it is painful to think that enthusiastic expectation must have been somewhat disappointed when the result of all this science was announced. Bringing to bear his acquaintance with shifting centres of pressure and other difficult matters, Mr. Moy constructed a small model fitted with what seems at first sight the unnecessary appendage of wheels. This, after running awhile on a smooth surface, was to rise. It was tried, and rise it did; but Mr. Moy was obliged to admit that it only "just lifted off the pavement." This certainly seems a terribly small result for so much scientific investigation; but after finishing his paper Mr. Moy seemed able for a moment to animate the drooping hopes of his audience as he announced that his model made stronger had "flown"—how far or how high he did not say. Possibly the majority of the Society were well content to accept Mr. Moy's statement without petty details; but the Chairman, whose scepticism was apparently increased rather than diminished by the reasoning he had listened to, asked some questions which appeared to indicate a doubt on his part as to whether the machine had ever risen. In this we think he unnecessarily outraged the feelings of the aëronauts round him. There is no reason for supposing that small models might not be made to rise in the air, as the problem at which Mr. Moy has been working was solved some time ago. Many of our readers may have seen an ingenious little toy which about three years since was for sale in many London shops. It somewhat resembled a gigantic dragon-fly, and, on being wound up and let loose, rose in the air and sustained itself for some time. In Mr. Moy's model, which is made on the same principle, the motive power is obtained from "indiarubber springs winding 500 turns." No doubt he can make a toy which will rise higher and remain in the air much longer than the other; but hopeful indeed must those enthusiasts be who think that out of twisted indiarubber they will get persistent strength enough to carry them about over the heads of their fellow-men. Even amongst the members of the Aëronautical Society there were some who were apparently struck by the fact that, when the models did rise in a becoming manner, there would still be a slight difficulty to be got over; for in the discussion which followed the reading of Mr. Moy's and other papers one member said, "Are you trying to get mechanical flight by screwing round indiarubber or simply by generating steam?" and another said roughly, but forcibly, "What are you driving at? I understand about making models, and I say there must be a distinction drawn between the tension of indiarubber and the obtaining of power by mechanical means through the aid of steam." These questions have a pertinent look, but they do not seem greatly to have disturbed the meeting, and there appears to have been a general impression either that indiarubber would do, or else that, if a thing could be done on a very small scale with twisted indiarubber, it could be done on a large scale with steam, which we take to be one of the most perfect and beautiful assumptions ever made.

After the conclusion of Mr. Moy's paper a short paper was read by Mr. Phillips, the well-known inventor of the Fire Annihilator. Some members of the Aëronautical Society are apparently under the impression that the Fire Annihilator is to aid in attaining flight. On what this peculiar view rests we must confess ourselves unable to state; but happily it is unnecessary to consider the question, as, in a characteristic manner, the Chairman disposed of the subject. After considerately informing Mr. Phillips that an experiment which he saw at the Exhibition of 1851 showed that the Fire Annihilator had great power, but that, when it was shown at Covent Garden Theatre, where it was to put a fire out, it nearly set the building on fire, he said, "But although it possesses great power I do not see how that power, moving in this fashion, reaches the problem we have to solve." A doubt may be felt as to the necessity for his amiable allusion to the Covent Garden incident; but the justice of his general conclusion may, we think, be fairly assumed to be indisputable. To some extent in keeping with the tone of his straightforward remark was the paper read by Mr. Brearey, the hopeful Honorary Secretary who was spoken of at the beginning of the proceedings. This gentleman, in addition to the merit of being sanguine, has that of being candid, for he was as downright with regard to his friend and fellow-labourer Mr. Moy, as the Chairman was with regard to Mr. Phillips. Mr. Moy's model, he said, did not rise when tried in his presence, and he did not seem to think that there was much chance of its ever behaving better. He further mentioned that a full-sized flying-machine contrived by Mr. Linfield absolutely refused to lift its ingenious inventor from the ground. These statements must have damped the spirits, already perhaps somewhat depressed, of the Aëronautical Society; and we fear that they cannot have found much to cheer them when Mr. Brearey went on to point out the more pleasant aspects of the case. After discoursing somewhat vaguely about flight and wave-like action, he spoke of a flying machine with all the requisite qualities but one, which would be "at the command of a man with a power on which he could depend." We trust we are not guilty of rudeness if we say that here the Honorary Secretary of the Aëronautical Society slightly reminds us of Mrs. Micawber. Speaking of her visit with her husband to the Medway, that lady observed, "My opinion of the coal trade on that river is that it may require talent; but that it certainly requires capital. Talent Mr. Micawber has; capital Mr. Micawber has not." Wings Mr. Brearey has; motive power he has not—that is all that is wanted at present. When this trifling hitch is got over man will be numbered among the flying creatures, but for the moment things are at a standstill. It is only fair to Mr. Brearey to say that in one respect he surpassed Mr. Moy, as he produced a model which would fly. He feared a full experiment on account of the danger to the pictures on the walls of the room—the obvious precaution of controlling his flying-machine by a cord not apparently occurring to him—but he finally sent off a model which he had brought there to show some ladies, and it flew "nearly across the room." This no doubt was satisfactory, but, as we have already observed, a toy was some time ago invented which would sustain itself in the air, and we do not gather that Mr. Brearey has done more than improve on this toy. Pleased as the ladies may have been to see the model fly, we cannot but imagine that there must have been a certain amount of disappointment amongst the members at nothing more being achieved. Probably not a few of them may have hoped, to use the Chairman's words, for "something startling," and may have had the fond expectation of seeing Mr. Brearey—duly tied by the leg, to prevent his injuring the pictures—rivalling the alleged feat of the famous Mr. Home and floating gently over the heads of his admirers.

No such delightful exhibition was afforded them, and it does not seem likely that the results which are so ardently desired will be achieved for some little time to come; but, with the exception of the Chairman, the leading spirits of the Aëronautical Society seem hopeful; and most sincerely do we trust that their long-continued hopefulness is well founded. Greatly is it to be desired that they may be successful in their arduous quest. Things look rather gloomy at present, it is true; but perhaps that little difficulty about the motive power will be got over, and the conflicting claims of aëroplanes and wings be settled. Possibly even in our time a winged Secretary will silence scoffers for ever, and prove the power of man to fly by rising in sight of an assembled multitude from the Crystal Palace, Primrose Hill, the Westminster Aquarium, or some such other appropriate place.

GROWTH OF WEALTH IN FRANCE.

WE have had of late years such striking proofs of the wealth of France that we are apt to disregard fresh evidence afforded from time to time of her ability to bear with comparative impunity a strain which would produce formidable consequences in most other countries. Yet, whether we look at the matter from a political or an economic point of view, it is very important that we should measure aright the strength and weakness of a nation so intimately connected with ourselves. It is little more than nine years since the close of the disastrous war which inflicted such terrible suffering upon France, and of the Communist insurrection which augmented so enormously her losses, and laid her capital in ashes. Then she had to redeem the territory left to her by the payment of an indemnity intended to crush her; and, as the result of all this, she had to make an addition to her taxation which would have oppressed the energies of any other Continental State. A few years of fleeting prosperity followed, and it almost seemed as if the very traces of her disasters had disappeared. But new visitations awaited her. The bad seasons which have tried all the rest of Western Europe have resulted in France likewise in a series of deficient harvests—the last, as with ourselves, having been probably the worst of the century. France, as is well known, is a country of peasant proprietors, who, it might be thought, would be ill able to bear a series of bad harvests; but, severe a trial as that was, it was not the only one they had to go through. One of the ideas of the First Napoleon in his war to the knife against this country was to encourage the cultivation of beetroot in France, so as to make her independent of West Indian sugar. The idea has borne such good fruit that our own sugar-refiners complain of being ruined by the French; and beetroot has become one of the principal crops of many important French districts. Last year this great crop also suffered from the incessant rain and cold. The silk crop, again, was a total failure. And—a still more serious matter—so was that of wine. The importance of the wine industry in France must be known to all our readers. Vineyards cover a larger area than wheat does in the United Kingdom, and in one shape or another the produce is estimated to give employment to seven millions of people. This vast industry has for years been smitten by an apparently incurable disease, which, in spite of all efforts to stop it, has constantly been extending its ravages, and has destroyed the vines of whole departments. Last year the injury done by disease was aggravated by an almost total failure of the grapes to ripen even in the vineyards that had escaped the *phylloxera*. And where there was seeming ripeness, the juice was found to be too sour to make wine fit for the market. Under this accumulation of misfortunes almost any agricultural population, however large might be the resources in capital and skill of the individuals composing it, might be expected to suffer distress. How much more, then, six millions of peasant proprietors? But, as a matter of fact, we have heard comparatively little of distress in France. Not only has there been nothing of the suffering witnessed in Ireland, but there has not even been any extensive inability to meet engagements, such as in England has compelled landlords to grant reductions of rent.

Is it really true, then, that there have been the failures of which we have spoken? Or are they gross exaggerations circulated for some dishonest purpose? The best way to answer this question is to examine how the foreign trade of France has been affected. Statistics of the crops might be open to doubt for one reason or another, but the returns of the Custom-house are beyond suspicion of bad faith or inaccuracy. Besides, mere statistics of crops tell little to a foreign public without much explanation. It is obvious, however, to the simplest understanding that a great and sudden increase of the imports of food must be due either to partial failure of the home supply or to a foreign competition which the home producer cannot withstand. And either interpretation means heavy loss to the peasant proprietor. On consulting the French foreign trade statistics, we find that from 1873, when the disturbance caused by the war and the Commune may be supposed to have passed away, to 1875 inclusive, the exports exceeded the imports by from 8 to 13½ millions sterling annually. In 1876, however, there was a reversal of the balance of trade, the imports in that year exceeding the exports by 16½ millions sterling. The excess of imports over exports has continued ever since. In 1878 it amounted to 43,646,680*l.*; last year it rose to 54,845,200*l.*; and in the first nine months of the current year it actually reached 51,177,520*l.* We do not belong to the economical school which views with apprehension an increase of imports. On the contrary, we fully recognize that such increase is proof of augmented purchasing power. We do not cite these figures, therefore, as evidence that France is in a desperate case. Our purpose rather is to show what has been the effect of the series of bad harvests upon her foreign trade, and how immense must be her accumulated wealth, and how widely diffused must competence be among her people, since she has met all the demands upon her without visible effort. There has not been a bread riot in any town, there has been no agitation on the part of any class for a reduction of their burdens, nor any difficulty in collecting the taxes. On the contrary, each year ends with a handsome surplus, and each session of the Chambers witnesses a remission of taxation. But we have not yet shown in what way the excess of exports over imports in the period 1873-5 has been changed into such an enormous excess of imports over exports in the years that have followed. We find, then, that in the first nine months of 1876 the food imports, including cereals, wines, and animal food, amounted to 26,842,000*l.*; in the corresponding period of 1877 to 29,112,000*l.*; in that of 1878 to 39,629,000*l.*; in 1879 to 52,452,000*l.*; and in 1880 to 60,039,000*l.* It will be seen how continuous has been the increase, and how much more rapid it has been in the two latest years. It was in 1876 that the balance of trade turned, and here we have the explanation. The harvest of 1874 was a splendid one, and the total imports of corn and flour in the following year were under four millions sterling. But since then there has not been a really good harvest, and the imports have in consequence gone on growing. Even if we take 1876, which followed a moderate harvest, as the basis of our comparisons, we see that in the first nine months alone of the following years there has been an aggregate increase in the purchases of food abroad of 83,844,000*l.* In other words, bad agricultural seasons since New Year's Day 1877 have cost France about half the amount of the indemnity to Germany. Of this vast amount corn stands for by far the largest sum. Wine does not appear as a heavy item till the current year. In the nine months ending with September last the wine imports amounted to 8,837,640*l.*, against 3,060,840*l.* in the corresponding period of last year; and only 1,661,440*l.*, in the first nine months of 1878.

There is little to be added by way of comment to the force of these figures. They are sufficiently eloquent in themselves. They prove, for one thing, that, whatever may be the cause of the stationariness of population in France, it is not poverty. The people have the means of maintaining large families, if they had the inclination. Further, they prove that social order in France rests on firmer foundations now than it ever did before. Material progress, the accumulation of wealth, the development of industry, the distribution of comfort have gone so far that the population is impatient of disorder, which depreciates property and impairs the value of thrift. In former times such seasons as have visited France of late, inflicting such heavy losses on the majority of the population, would have resulted in popular tumult and revolution. Now they have not caused so much as a ruffle on the surface of society. Even the irritations of the "Ministère de Combat" did not provoke disturbance. There is one other lesson taught by the figures, which is that, when France next engages in war, she will be found a formidable adversary even by the most powerful coalition. The greatness of her prosperity, and the command she now has of her own destinies, will prevent her from rushing into hostilities with a light heart; but, if she is once worked up to the fighting point, her vast army will be supported by wealth and credit equalled only in England and the United States. Even though she has lost Alsace and Lorraine, she now bears her enormous taxation as lightly as she bore the much smaller taxation of 1869. And, if driven to it, she could afford to spend a couple of hundred millions annually over and above her present expenditure for years together without being exhausted. We may be reminded that the large imports of which we have been speaking have caused a serious drain of gold, which has reduced the cash held by the Bank of France to less than 23 millions sterling. But what of that? The Bank of France thought so little of the drain that for months together it took no serious measures to stop it. When at last it did act, it only raised its rate of discount to 3½ per cent., and yet, apparently, it has stopped the drain. That cannot have been a very serious malady which required only such gentle treatment. Far too much has been made of this drain. It may be admitted that the French monetary system is faulty, that the Directors of the Bank of France have acted with political pusillanimity, and that the drain will probably recur at an early date. But this does not affect our argument. Rich nations, like rich individuals, can afford to commit follies; and if France chooses to nurse speculation at the expense of her gold reserve, she knows very well that she can get back the gold whenever she is willing to pay the price for it.

THE THEATRES.

PLAYGOERS who were fortunate enough to witness the admirable performance by the Dutch company of players who visited London this year of Mr. Rosier Faassen's prize national drama *Anne-Mie* must have looked forward with interest, not unmixed perhaps with doubt, to its presentation in English at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. The venture seemed to be more bold than wise; for it was obvious enough that much of the charm of the Dutch performance could not but be lost in the process of transplantation. Apart from the intrinsic attractions of the Dutch acting, the entire novelty of the manners and customs depicted, which were known to be true to the phase of life with which the play dealt, had in itself an element of success. For those who saw the piece in the original, this attraction has of course entirely vanished, and it may be doubted whether very much of it remains for playgoers to whom the piece is practically new. The sense that the thing is at best but a careful imitation can hardly be entirely got rid of, and might interfere to an appreciable extent with the success of a better constructed piece than *Anne-Mie*. It may be imagined that Mr. Rosier Faassen's object in writing the play was to introduce as many incidents and customs as possible characteristic of Zeeland life at the date which he chose, and to devise a plot in the course of which the introduction of these

should seem unforced and natural. If this was his aim, it may be said that he succeeded in a marked degree, and that, as the play was given by the Dutch company, the gloomy tone which runs through the plot was enough, or nearly enough, relieved by the brightness of some of the incidental business. There was a freshness and a *verve* about the scene of village life in the second act which was singularly attractive; and in their careful imitation of the business of this scene the English actors are not unnaturally somewhat cramped. The song seems, in spite of Mr. Forbes-Robertson's pleasant singing, to have lost its impulse, as the dance has lost its *abandon;* and the whole scene wants the spontaneity and brightness which "the phlegmatic Dutch" infused into it. It may be noted also that both in the latter part of this scene and in the other portions of the play Miss Beersman's power as an actress enabled her completely to avoid the depressing monotony into which Miss Ward falls. Miss Ward's performance is indeed a curiously disappointing one. To express the most pathetic and most varying emotions, she employs the same look, the same gestures, the same mechanical smile and hard, artificially caressing tone of voice which suited so well the entirely opposite character of Stéphanie in *Forget-Me-Not.* One situation after another with which Miss Beersman produced a striking effect fails in Miss Ward's hands to have any effect, save that of weary disappointment. For failure in the first act Miss Ward is perhaps less to be blamed than in subsequent parts of the piece. The task of an actress who has in one scene to represent a young girl, and in following ones the same young girl arrived at middle age, is exceptionally difficult. But even in this act, after all allowances have been made, Miss Ward's pathos seemed as artificial as her gaiety, and as the piece goes on this fault becomes more and more accentuated. The exit in the second act, at which Anne-Mie attempts to hide her emotion from her daughter under a light manner, was in Miss Beersman's hands a very telling and moving point; in Miss Ward's acting at the same point one sees a painful attempt on the part of a practised actress to produce an effect which is entirely out of her reach. The same may be said of the recognition by Anne-Mie of her old lover in the third act; and, on the whole, it must be regretted that an actress who appeared with so much success as Stéphanie should have followed up that success by attempting a part to which she is so eminently unsuited.

The story of *Anne-Mie* is in its main features simple enough. The first act passes in West Kapelle, at the farm of Dirksen, whose daughter, Anne-Mie, is the belle of the village. For her he desires a rich marriage; but she has been seduced by an English engineer, Herbert Russell, the Rynhoff of the original play. He is anxious to marry her; but the father, on learning what has happened, is carried away by passion, and rushing out, knife in hand, stabs the Englishman. The curtain falls on the discovery of his crime. Mr. Fernandez, who plays Dirksen, gave in this scene a good picture of the ambitious, avaricious farmer, whose violent temper overpowers him. It was not his fault, but that of the stage-management, that he missed the fine effect produced by Mr. Rosier Faassen at the first handling of his knife as a general threat to any one who might annoy Anne-Mie. Mr. Bruce plays the engineer, who is unfortunately described, before he appears, as "the young Englishman with his smart clothes and his haughty manner."

In the second act Anne-Mie, with a grown-up daughter who passes as her niece, is living with her half-crazy father (who has paid for his crime by spending three years in prison) in the village of Heer-Arendskerke. The village feast, to which reference has been made, takes place, and Koenrad Deel, the most brilliant of the young peasants, proposes to Anne-Mie for her supposed niece's hand. The proposal is declined by Anne-Mie, with of course infinite pain to herself, when she finds that the one thing demanded by Koenrad's parents in his bride is stainless birth. Mr. Forbes-Robertson plays Koenrad with much grace and intelligence, but misses the rustic flavour which Mr. W. Van Zuylen gave to the part. He misses also the effect of the contrast between Koenrad's delight, when he is carried in triumph after his victory at the ring-riding by his comrades, believing that he is to marry Lise, and his exit, carried as before in triumph, after he has learnt that his suit is rejected. Mr. Flockton plays Jan Schuif, the bad character of the piece, who, however, has little enough to do with its action. He is, as always, forcible and skilful; but his make-up is curiously unhappy. He should appear as a man of much the same age as his companions. Russell also reappears in this scene, in a long Inverness cape and an unkempt beard. The third act contains the scene of the knife stuck in the table by Jan Schuif as a challenge to whoever first touches it—an incident which, though somewhat redundant, was effective enough in the original play, but which now seems a useless excrescence. It ends with the recognition by Anne-Mie of Russell, in which Miss Ward fails to produce an adequate effect. We need not describe the exact manner in which in the last act things are brought to a satisfactory conclusion; but we must give praise to the pretty love-scene between Miss Graham and Mr. Forbes-Robertson, and to Mr. Fernandez's acting as Dirksen, especially at the point where he is relieved by finding that Russell is a living man, and not the phantom who has long haunted his half-crazed dreams. We must also, before concluding our notice, commend Mr. De Lange for his excellent performance in the earlier scenes of Kwak, the innkeeper. The writer of the English version has done his work well, though the conversion of Rynhoff into an Englishman seems needless; but the production of the play cannot, as a whole, be considered fortunate.

The present performance at the Haymarket of the *Rivals* has several points in its favour. Mr. J. S. Clarke is unquestionably funny, if he is not unquestionably like Bob Acres; Mr. Conway's Captain Absolute is an excellent performance, wanting only more freedom in attitude and gesture; and Mrs. Stirling's admirable rendering of Mrs. Malaprop has improved with time. Miss Compton and Mr. Carton achieve the difficult task of making Julia and Falkland living and not uninteresting beings, and Messrs. Dawson and Lewis Ball play well as David and Fag. Mr. Kemble's Sir Lucius O'Trigger is one of the most conscientious and oddest performances ever seen. The farce of *Toodles*, which follows the comedy, has been "slightly compressed," with the result of making it hopelessly incomprehensible; but Mr. Clarke's drunken scene is certainly amusing enough.

Marked success in a new line is generally followed by imitation, and *Billee Taylor*, "a nautical comic opera in two acts," by Messrs. Stephens and Solomon, produced at the Imperial Theatre, seems to be an attempt in the school of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan. The play is arranged as nearly as may be on the lines of Mr. Gilbert's elaborate and consistent nonsense; but the general result is a suggestion of *crambe*, not so much *repetita*, as prepared after an ingenious receipt, but by unskilful hands. The bluntness and poverty of the dialogue serve to accentuate Mr. Gilbert's polish and invention; while the music is sometimes melodious, sometimes tiresome, sometimes like a far-off echo of Mr. Sullivan's, and never of striking merit. Miss Kathleen Corri sings prettily and steadily; Mr. Rivers and Mr. Norton are unequal to such demands as are made upon them; and Mr. J. D. Stoyle is as usual excellent, singing one song especially in the first act with marked success and humour.

By the unfortunate accident which lately befell Mr. Charles Harcourt the stage has lost an able and useful actor. It is to be hoped that the event may lead to greater precautions being adopted. The wonder is perhaps not so much that this deplorable accident should have happened, as that there should be comparatively so few stage accidents of a fatal or even a serious kind. Another loss to the stage is occasioned by the death, lately recorded, of Mr. J. K. Emmett, an American actor of a singular charm, whose undoubted talent suffered in England from the wretched vehicle employed to display his many accomplishments. Nevertheless, his keen and quiet acting in some scenes of *Cousin Fritz*, his very clever assumption of the disguise of an old German charwoman, and the gaiety and grace of his song and dance, "Schneider, how you vas?" will be long remembered by those who saw his performance.

The German stage has sustained a serious loss by the death at an early age of Herr Dettmer, who had for some years occupied the place formerly filled by Herr Devrient at the Dresden Hoftheater. In various comedies and dramas of modern life, and in many Shakspearian parts—among them of course Hamlet—Herr Dettmer's performances were of the highest value. Of the parts in which we have seen him, Faust perhaps gave the fullest exposition of his powers. His depth and earnestness of thought and purpose were throughout remarkable, set off and matched as they were by the fine and grim comedy of Herr Jaffé's Mephistopheles; while the pathos of the earlier scenes, and especially of the speech ending "die Thräne quillt, die Erde hat mich wieder," could hardly have been bettered.

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.

THE Houghton Meeting began on one of the most lovely days of the autumn, and the course was in perfect condition for racing. An immense number of horses took part in the races of the opening day, more than seventy running in the seven races. Twenty-five two-year-olds ran in the Monday Nursery Handicap, eighteen horses ran for the Flying Stakes, and thirteen for the First Welter Handicap. Milan, who had won the Newmarket Derby at the Second October Meeting, beat a fairish field in the First Welter Handicap after a good race with Brotherhood. Hackthorpe was made the favourite for the Flying Stakes; but Rowlston beat him by a length. At the Second October Meeting Rowlston had been beaten by Tower and Sword; but now Tower and Sword was a long way behind him. The Monday Nursery was won by eight lengths by an outsider called Griselda, a grey filly by Strathconan, belonging to Lord Zetland; but she had only 6 st. 2 lbs. to carry, and she was receiving as much as 38 lbs. from one of her opponents. The race of the day was the Criterion Stakes, a two-year-old race which has been in existence for fifty years. It has not been very productive of Derby winners, only Thormanby and Lord Lyon having won both the Criterion and the Derby, but five Criterion winners have won the St. Leger. Nine horses came to the post. The first favourite was Brag, who had won a 100*l.* plate at the Second October Meeting by eight lengths. He was unpenalized; and, as he had galloped in for the above-mentioned race in such easy style, it was thought that Thebais could not give him sex and 5 lbs. This handsome filly was, however, a strong second favourite. After failing in her first two races, she had begun a career of unbroken success, winning eight races in succession, and it did not seem at all clear that she might not be the best two-year-old of her year. She had 8 st. 13 lbs. to carry. Instead of running Town Moor, who had

been second in the Middle Park Plate, Lord Rosebery ran Savoyard, who had won a race at the Second October Meeting. Sir Marmaduke, who had won the Prendergast and been fifth in the Middle Park Plate, was another starter. Altogether nine went to the post. A good start followed a short delay at the post. Savoyard had a little the best of it at first, but Bookmaker soon took the lead. At the Red Post, Bookmaker was beaten, when Savoyard again led, accompanied this time by Thebais, who wore him down as they came along the rails, beating him pretty easily at last by a length. Sir Marmaduke was only half a length behind Savoyard. Although no very extraordinary performance in itself, Thebais's victory in the Criterion, combined with her other running, makes her out to be one of the best fillies of her year, if not quite the best. She is engaged in the One Thousand Guineas, the Oaks, and the Grand Prix de Paris.

The promises of the weather on the Monday proved very deceptive, for the Tuesday turned out a miserable day. After breakfast a steady rain set in, and the rest of the day was wretched in the extreme. The authorities had very sensibly arranged that the racing should begin at twelve o'clock. In spite of the weather, the attendance was very large, even for a Cambridgeshire day. We described the race for the Cambridgeshire itself last week; but, independently of the great race, there were several very fine contests, although the horses which took part in them were perhaps scarcely first class. Old Grand Flaneur was the first favourite for the All-Aged Trial Stakes, and he made the running; but in the Dip, Tower and Sword and Flavius challenged him, and, after a remarkably grand race, he just won by a neck, Tower and Sword beating Flavius by a head. Then came a Maiden Plate, for which twenty-one two-year-olds started. Out of this large field the public were clever enough to select the winner in Goggles, who started first favourite at 5 to 1. This was even a better race than that which preceded it, there being only a head between each of the three leading horses at the winning-post, while the fourth horse was close up. The next race was won by half a length by a 10 to 1 outsider, as if in revenge for the success of the learned in the Maiden Plate. In another two-year-old race which followed, fifteen horses started, and again there was only a head between each of the three horses that first passed the winning-post, while the fourth was again close to the leaders. The Maiden Riders' Plate, which preceded the Cambridgeshire, was not a particularly interesting race; and after the great event there was so much excitement and so much betting about the objection which had been lodged against Lucetta, that no one seemed to care about the races which followed it, although the last race of the day was won after a very fine struggle by a head. Archer was on Great Carle, and Cannon was on Fiddler, and the pair ran together the whole way, Archer just succeeding in gaining the narrowest of victories at the winning post. Although a most unpleasant day as regards weather, it was a wonderful day's racing, and between ninety and a hundred horses ran in the course of it.

On Wednesday the weather was worse rather than better, and the course was very heavy. The ground was in a state to make people prepared for a total reversal of previous public running, and they were not disappointed. Generally speaking, races are run over hard or springy turf; when, therefore, horses who have met under ordinary conditions run against each other through mud, their former running is often completely upset. The great race of the day was the Dewhurst Plate, a two-year-old race, worth nearly 2,000*l.* Up to the time of the Middle Park Plate, Bal Gal, who was said to be a roarer, had been the best two-year-old performer of the year. In the Middle Park Plate, however, she had run only fourth to St. Louis, to whom she was giving 4 lbs., Town Moor being second and Lucy Glitters third. Now, in the Dewhurst Plate, St. Louis was to give Bal Gal 6 lbs. instead of receiving 4 lbs. from her; but as the distance was to be seven furlongs instead of six, it was believed that the roarer would not be able to make way even on 10 lbs. better terms than those on which she had met St. Louis in the Middle Park Plate. Town Moor was now to meet Bal Gal on the same terms as in the Middle Park Plate, so, on public form, he was bound to beat her, and Lucy Glitters was to run under like conditions; but, although she had beaten Bal Gal in the Middle Park Plate, it was thought that this might have been owing to Bal Gal's jockey easing her when he saw that all chance of winning the race was gone. Brag was also to run in the Dewhurst Plate, but, after his form in the Criterion, his chance was naturally regarded as hopeless. It had been generally understood that Bal Gal had lately become a worse and worse roarer; and a course, therefore, of unusual length was considered most unsuitable for her, especially when the ground was exceptionally heavy. The result falsified all these calculations. Bal Gal won. This of course seemed wrong. The disgraced Brag made a fine race with her. This, on public running, seemed more erroneous still. Lucy Glitters was close up to Brag; in fact, there was only a neck between each of the three leading horses. That Lucy Glitters should beat St. Louis, who was fourth, appeared puzzling. Then Sir Marmaduke, who had won the Prendergast and been third in the Criterion, was absolutely the last horse in the race. Altogether the Dewhurst Plate was a complete upset of previous form; but, when the state of the ground is considered, this result does not seem so wonderful. The extraordinary part of the matter is that Bal Gal should have run so well through heavy ground over a long course, if she is a roarer. If Bal Gal is not a roarer, it does not seem so inconsistent that she should beat St. Louis when meeting him on 10 lbs. better terms than in the Criterion, and the effect of St. Louis's extra weight must have been almost doubled by the condition of the course. After the fine contests of the previous day, the majority of the racing on the Wednesday was poor indeed. The most leniently weighted horse in the first race won by twenty lengths, and each of the next races was won by several lengths. Then came a hard struggle, in which victory was won by a head only; and in the Dewhurst Plate, which followed, there was, as we have already observed, a very fine race. The four succeeding races were all won with ease, the favourites being beaten in three cases out of four. Indeed, out of the nine races which were run during the day, the favourites only won in two instances. During the morning Robert the Devil was brought out for sale, but nobody offered any advance on his reserve price of 12,000*l.* This was certainly a substantial sum; but it must be remembered that Doncaster, who had not done so much to deserve it, was sold for 14,000*l.* when a couple of years older. Lord Rosebery's horses sold but badly. Moorfoot, who had cost 6,000 guineas two years ago, now went for 135 guineas. This horse is better known as Bonnie Scotland, and it may be remembered that he started second favourite for the Derby of 1878. Visconti, who ran third for the Derby last year, was knocked down for 75 guineas. It is said that both these horses were purchased to be sent abroad. Some really useful racehorses in training were sold for prices varying from 200 to 700 guineas.

The weather improved slightly on the Thursday, but it was very showery, and, if possible, more muddy than ever. The sport was not quite of the best quality, but there was a great deal of very pretty racing. There was a capital race between May Queen and Lancaster Bowman in the Coffee-Room Handicap, the former just managing to hold her own and to win by a head after a brilliant rush by Lancaster Bowman. The Subscription Stakes was a match between the Duke of Westminster's Douranee and Lord Rosebery's Myra. Douranee is a three-year-old. Last year she had been a performer of high class, winning nine races out of thirteen; but this year she had run badly. Myra is a two-year-old, and she shows a good deal of quality. The pair met at weight for age, and the two-year-old was the favourite; but Archer brought up Douranee exactly at the proper moment, and won the race by half a length. There was a good race for a two-year-old selling plate which followed. Fourteen horses started, and Jessie, the first favourite, won by a length, but only after a hard fight, and the third horse was but a head behind the second. The Bretby Nursery turned out a better race still. There were eighteen starters, and Heyday, the favourite, seemed to be winning, when he swerved, and Foxhall, who had won the Bedford Stakes at the Second October Meeting, collared him, and beat him on the post by a head. A horse called Accelerato was third, only a head behind Heyday. This was not a bad performance on the part of Foxhall, as he was giving Heyday 2 st. At the same time, it must be allowed that many good judges of racing were of opinion that the victory was accomplished entirely by good riding. The Free Handicap Sweepstakes, which ought, theoretically, to be one of the most interesting races of the year, ended in a very poor affair. The best public performer among the starters was Apollo, but, as he was giving from 14 to 20 lbs. to each of his opponents, he was quite outweighted in the heavy ground. Poulet was made the favourite, and he won, but only after a severe race with Master Waller, whom he beat by a head. A filly of Lord Hartington's, who was first favourite, won the Feather Plate by a length, after a good race. Savoyard was made first favourite for the Troy Stakes, but, when he seemed to be winning, he suddenly ran in a very cowardly manner, and Archer brought up the Duke of Westminster's Thora with one of his dangerous rushes, and won by half a length. This was the second time during the day that a horse of the Duke of Westminster's, with Archer on its back, had rushed up at the end of a race and beaten a horse of Lord Rosebery's by half a length. In the next race, again, the Duke of Westminster and Archer were successful; and again the Duke beat a lord of his own politics. Considering the indifferent running of Douranee during the summer it was much to her credit that she should win two races in one day. At the sales in the morning there was a curious instance of the vicissitudes of the turf, when a horse called The Dwarf, who in 1871 won the Great Northern Handicap and the Great Yorkshire Handicap (races worth, between them, more than 1,000*l.*), was sold as "a good hack, and quiet in single and double harness," for 25 guineas.

It was rather finer on the Friday than during the three preceding days; but again there were heavy showers, occasionally accompanied by a cold north-easterly wind. But few people came to see the races. Thebais had only Lennoxlove to beat for the Homebred Foal Post Stakes. For the Post Sweepstakes Town Moor beat St. Louis; but, as he was receiving 9 lbs. and only won by half a length, it was much the same as a beating at even weights. 3 to 1 was laid on the wrong horse for a match, and then came the All-aged Stakes. Hackthorpe and Douranee were equal favourites at 6 to 4. As much as 4 to 1 was laid against Océanie, who had not been out before this season. In these calculations a terrible mistake was made. Hackthorpe was out of form, and Douranee was tired after her two races of the previous day, so Océanie won easily. Last year Océanie won each of the three races for which she started, so she has never yet been beaten. That good horse Chippendale won the Jockey Club Cup with great ease. There was a grand race for a sweepstakes between Grand Flaneur and Tower and Sword, the former winning by a

head; but, taken as a whole, the racing was poor on the Friday, and the fields were very small compared with those on the opening day. Only nine horses ran for the first four races. In point of weather, the late Houghton Meeting was one of the most disagreeable within living memory, but there were a great many finely contested races during the week.

REVIEWS.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF CHARLES JAMES FOX.*

AFTER the lapse of more than seventy years, and the failure of several previous attempts, Fox is at last fortunate in a biographer. Mr. Trevelyan says, in a faintly complimentary tone, that he could scarcely have accomplished his task without the materials supplied by Lord Holland and Lord John Russell; yet it is difficult to account for the extraordinary badness of the compilation for which they are jointly responsible. They both possessed great ability; they had both literary aptitude and experience; and they were almost equally attached to their hero by political admiration and sympathy, and one of them by deep personal affection. All materials within the control of Fox's friends and family were at the disposal of the two writers in succession; and it is difficult to say whether the nephew or the eventual successor of Fox was more deeply imbued with the orthodox Whig tradition. Lord Holland's fragmentary anecdotes are more valuable than Lord John Russell's comments; but the barrenness of his recollections is surprising. The extracts from Fox's correspondence are in many instances so little creditable to the writer as to suggest a doubt whether the selection is to be attributed to carelessness or to candour. Mr. Trevelyan is a literary artist of a higher order, and notwithstanding the lapse of a second or third generation, his enthusiasm for the great Whig orator is more indiscriminate, if not warmer, than the devotion of Lord Holland or Lord John Russell. The present volume, which records little of Fox's life except his youthful faults and follies, teems with hints and suggestions of the future wisdom and greatness which it will be Mr. Trevelyan's business to disclose. If his work were the first instalment of a romance, the expectant reader would wonder whether the future Henry V. could possibly redeem the promises which are to procure condonation for the errors of the Prince of Wales. His biographer has undertaken to prove that in his maturer career Fox seldom made a mistake, and that he mainly contributed to the creation of a new and better political era. As the story is not a fiction, but a history, those who already know something of its course and tendency will not be the last to admire the enterprise of the daring biographer, and to applaud him if they witness his final success. His first essay will have excited and justified an interest which he will perhaps sustain to the end. Mr. Trevelyan had already shown his command of a highly attractive style. Copious, rapid, invariably clear, and on fit occasions humorous or eloquent, he is one of the most readable of modern writers. A mannerism into which he still sometimes lapses always seems to be a lingering echo of Macaulay. Mr. Trevelyan, when he is not subject to foreign influence, is too fresh and too full of life to adjust his thought and language to an artificial model. He rarely falls into careless inelegance; but he would do well to correct one or two colloquial or inaccurate phrases. The conjecture that Lord Weymouth would, in a certain contingency, have "levanted" is not expressed in English. The statement that Devonshire "marches" with Dorsetshire is Scotch.

Fox's exploits in private and in public to the age of twenty-five would scarcely have provided subject-matter for a volume of more than five hundred pages. Mr. Trevelyan has taken the opportunity to relate much of the political history of the time, and to describe with not unsympathetic sarcasm a state of society which, as he says, must have been greatly enjoyed by those who shared its advantages. No writer more fully appreciates the enviable position of the English aristocracy in the middle of the eighteenth century, when their supremacy was undisputed, and when their party struggles possessed for themselves and others a personal interest. In describing their morals, which were undoubtedly too often lax, Mr. Trevelyan tends, if not to exaggeration, at least to partiality in selection. He sometimes borrows the spirit as well as the statements of the satirists whom he quotes with too implicit a faith. Junius and Churchill are the least authentic witnesses against the characters of the many objects of their hatred. Even Sandwich may not have been so bad as his reputation; or, at least, he had redeeming qualities. It was when he was in deep distress on account of the gravest scandal and worst misfortune of his life that Fox moved an Address for his dismissal from the Royal councils. On the whole, Mr. Trevelyan's moral indignation is not undeserved; but, if the statesmen of the time practised corruption, and if some of them used their influence to acquire places and pensions, many of them were too rich to be bribed, and many were too high-minded to care for money in the contention for power. Not only Chatham, but Temple and Grenville, were exempt from the suspicion of corrupt motives and acts; and they, and many of their contemporary rivals, might be more plausibly accused of factious caprice in resigning and refusing office than of clinging unduly to its emoluments. The Duke of Newcastle, who in another relation was more immediately connected with Parliamentary corruption than any other statesman of his time, impaired his great fortune during forty-four years of office. Henry Fox, who was not without reason reputed the most grasping placeman of his time, seems not to have exceeded his legal right in profiting by the balances in the Paymaster's hands, although Pitt before him, and Burke at a later period, declined to make a questionable profit. Mr. Trevelyan's assertion that Fox and his allies purified the principles and practice of statesmen is hitherto supported by no evidence beyond the terms and effect of Burke's celebrated Act which was passed during the short Rockingham Administration. The change which undoubtedly took place between 1760 and 1810 may be at least as fairly attributed to the unsullied purity of Pitt as to Fox's denunciations of official corruption.

Candour and approximate impartiality in the estimate of historical characters are a result of time as well as of Mr. Trevelyan's genius. The partisanship of Macaulay's earlier writings was already becoming obsolete when, with a sincere desire to do justice to an opponent, he wrote the Life of Pitt. It was rather through an inveterate propensity to antithesis than in consequence of political prejudice that he extolled the first half of Pitt's career in contrast with the supposed failure of his later efforts. Mr. Trevelyan conforms to modern custom in allowing that some of Fox's political opponents may have had merits of their own. His character of George III., to whom he rightly attributes a strong and narrow understanding, is not wholly unfavourable. He appreciates the King's courage, his temperance in a dissipated age, and his untiring devotion to business. The King's attempt to assert his own power against the dominant aristocratic factions was condemned by its ultimate failure; but Shelburne, and to a certain extent, Pitt, sympathized with the experiment. It must be admitted by the King's apologists that on special issues he was, through a bad education and in the absence of sound advice, during the first ten years of his reign, almost uniformly in the wrong. For the policy of obstinately prosecuting the American war he was not exclusively responsible. In the first instance he had disapproved of George Grenville's Stamp Act, and he afterwards favoured a modification of the demand on the colonists. After the rupture he persevered in the struggle with the full assent and approval of the great majority of his subjects. There is no historical fact better attested than the approximate unanimity of the English people in deprecating the first disruption of the Empire. It would have needed a more tolerant temper and a more comprehensive intellect than that of George III. not to be irritated by the declamation in which Fox and his associates always included the King among the accomplices of the Ministers whom they daily threatened with the scaffold. Mr. Trevelyan boldly finds fault with Chatham for "declaiming against the most modest and long-suffering set of statesmen that ever did the King's business as 'the proudest connexion in the country.'" In the same sentence, Mr. Trevelyan praises the Duke of Richmond for telling Chatham "that the nobility would not be brow-beaten by an insolent Minister." It was as the most powerful section of the nobility that the Whigs under Rockingham, as under Newcastle, claimed the authority which George III. considered to be rightfully his own. On the death of Rockingham, Fox demanded the right of setting up an unknown Duke of Portland, first as the figure-head of the party, and consequently as the King's First Minister on the accession of the party to power.

Either in preparation for his present task, or perhaps in accordance with a laudable taste for one of the most amusing branches of literature, Mr. Trevelyan has saturated his mind with the memoirs, diaries, and correspondence which furnish the principal materials for the social and political history of the time. He gives just praise to the Life of Shelburne, which nevertheless Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice would do well to rearrange in a future edition. If he imperfectly appreciates the merits of Horace Walpole, he is not disposed to hold with Macaulay that the best of English letter-writers drew his inspiration from the defects of his own intellect and character. The same luminous explanation was, on the same authority, employed to account for Boswell's superiority to all ancient and modern biographers. Mr. Trevelyan, with not less critical acuteness, is less concerned than his famous kinsman to exercise and exhibit paradoxical ingenuity on irrelevant occasions. Many admirable illustrations both of the early history of Fox and of contemporary customs and modes of thought are derived from the collection of letters addressed to George Selwyn. Mr. Trevelyan, in a not unprovoked burst of virtuous indignation, declares that the Selwyn Correspondence is dreary reading. The severe moralist must disapprove the candid defiance of decency of Lord March, the scandalous proceedings of Charles Fox, and the strange complaisance of Selwyn's led captain, who unfortunately was not really a captain, but a beneficed Doctor of Divinity; but the representation of a brilliant and dissolute society is singularly vivid. It is, as Mr. Trevelyan frequently and forcibly suggests, a wonderful proof of the vigour of Fox's character that he should have attained greatness after eager participation from boyhood to middle life in the worst excesses of the age. His father succeeded by his insane indulgence in making him a gambler and a profligate; but nevertheless Fox was an industrious student before he was immersed in political adventure; and, as he said of himself when he was praised for his skill at tennis, he was always a painstaking man. More surprising than the energy which was unimpaired by his

* *The Early History of Charles James Fox.* By George Otto Trevelyan, M.P. London: Longmans & Co. 1880.

vicious habits was the simplicity of taste which enabled him during his later years to find sufficient happiness in domestic life. Few anecdotes are more touching than Lord Holland's description of the tears which trickled down Fox's cheek when he was told that an adjournment of a debate rendered it necessary that he should stay two or three nights instead of one night in town. His devotion to his wife would be a still pleasanter object of contemplation, if his indifference to her honour and to decorum had not allowed him to live with her for several years before he thought it necessary to marry. Nevertheless it is impossible to doubt the truth of Burke's celebrated and regretful saying, that, "to be sure, he was a man made to be loved." To this day, in the judgment of his admirers, of whom Mr. Trevelyan has made himself the representative and the organ,

> He bears no token of the sabler streams;
> And soars far off among the swans of Thames.

The zealous biographer takes pleasure in expatiating on the perversity of Fox's early efforts in the House of Commons. As it was one of his principles to speak every night, he could scarcely be expected always to speak wisely or to choose his side judiciously. From the first he provoked the reasonable distrust of the Minister by his neglect of party and official discipline; and he seems never to have attempted to cultivate the favour of the King. Notwithstanding his marvellous precocity, he was on his entrance into Parliament only a clever boy with a juvenile devotion to the logic which draws correct conclusions from premisses selected at random. His exaggerated violence against the reporters and publishers of debates was perhaps not altogether capricious. A young partisan might naturally accept the extremest claims of Parliamentary privilege, and draw the inference that the representatives of the nation had absolutely appropriated to themselves the powers of the constituency. In one instance where he appears to Mr. Trevelyan to have been unaccountably adroit in supporting an unjust cause, Fox was wholly in the right. For the purpose of defeating a vexatious grant to Sir James Lowther of Crown lands long enjoyed by the Dukes of Portland, an Act had been passed limiting to a period of sixty years the right of the Crown to recall a grant. By a clause in the Act grantees were allowed a twelvemonth within which they might prosecute their claims; and Sir James Lowther naturally commenced proceedings in the Court of Exchequer. In consequence a second Bill, warmly supported by Burke, was introduced to repeal the saving clause. The proposer, Sir W. Meredith, challenged the Ministers to give a reason for refusing protection to the Duke of Portland; but, as Mr. Trevelyan says, "It was never safe to challenge the Treasury Bench for a reason with regard to any question which filled a space in the mind of Charles Fox. Reasons in that luxuriant soil were plentiful as blackberries, and changed their colour at least as often." It is strange that so acute a reasoner as Mr. Trevelyan should not perceive that the Bill conferred a *privilegium* on a private litigant to the detriment of his adversary. Fox's argument was unanswerable. "If the title is taken away by Act of Parliament, why not bring in an Act to take away the estate of any landlord in the kingdom?" Yet Mr. Trevelyan observes that "St. Stephen's had never seen, and in all probability will never see again, such perversity of opinion combined with such acuteness of intellect and intensity of conviction."

It is doubtful whether Fox was right in his strong opposition to the Royal Marriage Bill; and it is certain that he was wrong in the attempt to repeal Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act, which led to his dismissal by Lord North and to his alliance with the Rockingham Whigs; but it is not worth while to revive obsolete controversies. With a fine sense of artistic fitness Mr. Trevelyan closes his present work at the moment of transition from heresy to the true Whig faith. As Pitt in Lord Macaulay's picture spent one-half of his career in light and the remainder in shadow, Fox, when he went into opposition, emerged from darkness into an after life unclouded by error, though it was never illumined by good fortune.

The first and easiest part of Mr. Trevelyan's task has been successfully accomplished:—

> *νῦν αὖτε σκόπον ἄλλον, ὃν οὔπω τὶς βάλεν ἀνὴρ*
> *εἴσομαι, αἴ κε τύχοιμι.*

If he attains his aim, he will be the first historian who has vindicated all Fox's acts. Mr. Trevelyan will easily show that Fox was a great orator and party leader, and that his impulses were patriotic and generous. He is also prepared to defend his refusal to retain office under Shelburne, his coalition with North, his opposition to Free-trade with Ireland in 1785, and to the Commercial Treaty with France in 1786, and his assertion in the same year that the Prince of Wales was Regent by right. Mr. Trevelyan has already asserted that, almost alone among Englishmen, Fox recognized the rights of the French nation after the destruction of the Crown and the aristocracy. It may be added that he excused some of the worst excesses of the rabble, as when he absurdly contended that the attack on the Tuileries in June 1792 was justified on sound Whig principles. In his private correspondence Fox repeatedly calls Pitt a villain; and he takes pleasure in a fall of stocks, not that he understands the Funds, but because he knows that it causes annoyance to Pitt. When Napoleon was at Boulogne Fox asked why he should take part in the national defence, when, tyrant for tyrant, he saw no reason for preferring George III. to Bonaparte. During the negotiations for peace he confessed that he took pleasure in every advantage obtained by France and in every humiliation inflicted on England. The best defence of offensive words and mistaken acts is that they were not exhaustive of his conduct and character. It may well be that when Mr. Trevelyan has completed his biography he will have a right to strike a balance in favour of its subject; but prudence and justice will require the admission that there is much to extenuate or to explain.

CHINESE AND CHALDEES.*

ONE of the most curious instances of the tendency of the human mind to take things for granted is seen in the views commonly entertained about the Chinese. We have accustomed ourselves to put aside a whole third of mankind, to place it in a separate pigeon-hole as far as possible out of reach and labelled "anomalous," and then tranquilly to repose in the reflection that we have done with China. It has been the universal habit to regard the Chinese as a people apart from all the rest of the world, a race distinct from all other races, as though we accepted the name "Celestials" in the sense of visitors from some other planetary body. The chief interest to most people about China has always consisted in its contrast to other countries. Chinese was a wonderful language simply because philologists could find no word in it that could be traced to the same root as any known word in any other tongue; and scholars amused themselves with discovering in the isolation of Chinese roots an obvious sign of the primitive language of mankind. Chinese civilization, again, was notable mainly in its priority; it was curious to find that many modern European discoveries had been anticipated in the Flowery Land a few thousand years before the Christian era. The same quality of singularity attracted a faint degree of interest to the Chinaman himself. His patient, unwearying labour on his own plot of ground or as a coolie in West Indian plantations formed a remarkable contrast to other agriculturists, and his cunning avarice and occasional gleams of native cruelty gave him an element of the sensational. But here inquiry ended. It was not thought necessary to find any answer to the questions, Whence comes this isolation and singularity? Why is Chinese a language apart? Where did China learn its civilization? Is there really no link between this extraordinary third part of the human race and the other two-thirds? One side of the shield had been accepted as the true metal, and the other side could not be worth seeing. It was granted that everything about China was anomalous; so why concern oneself with the impossibility that anything in common between China and other lands might be discovered? With fatal facility the absence of any answer was taken as a complete solution of all problems.

It must, however, be allowed that there were excuses for letting things rest. The Chinese language by itself interposes sufficient difficulties in the path of inquiry to daunt the boldest explorer. The common statement that there are 80,000 letters in the alphabet conveys an imperfect impression, and is, moreover, practically an exaggeration. Nevertheless, the 8,000 characters in ordinary use, augmented as they are in effect by altered values in different combinations, offer a serious mechanical impediment to the student. This, however, is a small part of the obstacles encountered by the investigator into the early stages of Chinese culture. A much more serious difficulty lies in the fact that the modern written character does not represent the original writing. It is not that it has suffered the ordinary changes and corruptions of long usage—these we are prepared for in all written characters—but that it has been modified of malice prepense by the literary meddling of successive Governments. Official improvements in the alphabet are happily rare; we have heard of a Roman Emperor who turned his hand to coining additional letters, but otherwise State interference with the alphabet is not a branch of legislation which has hitherto found much favour; though the Académie Française, to which Mr. Matthew Arnold is so devoted, has come dangerously near to something of the kind. In China, on the contrary, periodical alterations in the written character have been as much a regular part of the course of things as the renewal of the Mutiny Act in England. M. Terrien de la Couperie, a gifted young sinologue who bids fair to introduce a new era in the study of Chinese, says in the interesting and startling lecture on the "Early History of Chinese Civilization" which he has recently published:—

> The Chinese form of writing, as used in printed books, the *Kiai-shu* of the present day (allowing for certain improvements added under the *Sung* dynasty about the tenth century), dates from the fourth century of our era, but no further back. It is composed of 103 different elements or strokes, the position of which was an imitation of the more rounded and thicker writing, called *Li-shu*, modified by the rapidity of execution, which had become possible through the improvements in the apparatus of the scribe, viz., his paper and hair-pencil. The *Li-shu* had been the official text since the days of the Tsin dynasty, at which time it was devised through the necessity for a uniform system throughout the empire. This again had been preceded by the *Siao-chuen*, a character composed of meagre and monotonous strokes such as were adapted to the materials then in use, viz., a bamboo written on with a stylus. This, again, was an official modification, originating in the same desire for uniformity which had been attempted in the reign of the great Shi-Hoang of the Tsin. The *Siao-chuen* had been modified from the ancient mode of writing called *Ta-chuen*, in which great variations had developed themselves among the different States (independent, eventually, rather than feudatory) which had once been subject to the ancient dominion of the Choeu; but the amount of

* *Early History of Chinese Civilization*. By Terrien de la Couperie, M.R.A.S. de la Société Asiatique de Paris, &c. With Plate. London: Vaton. 1880.

modification had been great, and the attempt failed in its aim. Now from these successive official changes came a great number of alterations in the elements of the characters intended to make them answer more exactly to their signification as shaped by the ideas then dominant, and by the systematic interpretation more or less in vogue; the addition in compound characters of a considerable number of determinative ideographic elements without affecting the sound; all leaving their stamp on the composition of the characters in use. Now it is this stamp which for many years—I must not say for centuries—has been a clog on the steps of European students in their efforts to investigate the true nature of Chinese writing.

The most ancient of these successive forms of writing, the *Ta-chuen*, was a remarkable creation. It was made by the historiographer Shoe Choeu by order of King Shuen, one of the greatest monarchs of the Choeu dynasty. It was intended to consolidate the various feudatory States by means of a literary and linguistic unity, in the place of the confusion of tongues which was arising by dialectical variations:—

In this undertaking [says M. de la Couperie] the written character was reconstructed as one of hieroglyphics. This event in the history of writing, of which the importance is unmistakable, but which has never till now been pointed out, had no small influence on the destinies of the Celestial Empire. If it has in truth aided the spread of the Chinese power, and facilitated its maintenance over a too vast area, it has at the same time been a clog, so far as its action could go, upon its development, in the sense in which this expression is understood among the higher races to whose progress the possession of an alphabet—a thing rendered impossible by this event among the Chinese—has contributed so immensely.

This return to the hieroglyphic form in the *Ta-chuen* is M. de la Couperie's discovery, and it must be admitted to be one of the most extraordinary facts—for such he proves it to be—in the history of any language. But his researches go back beyond this. By a long and patient investigation of the various means of arriving at a knowledge of the most ancient character of Chinese writing—such as native works on phonetism, ancient rhymes and dialects, the transliteration of proper names, and the comparison of modern Chinese dialects—M. de la Couperie has arrived at the astonishing conclusion, in which he is supported by the authority of Professor Douglas, that the Chinese language, "excessively attenuated as it is now, and disguised by the influence of idioms belonging to a different morphology and ideology, is an ancient member of the great family of agglutinant languages known as Ural-Altaic"—a sister-tongue, in short, of the Akkadian.

How this remarkable conclusion is reached can hardly be adequately explained in a short space; but a few links in the chain of evidence will serve to show the soundness of M. de la Couperie's process. It is placed beyond doubt that the ancient Chinese written character, like the cuneiform, degenerated from original hieroglyphics. The marvellous similarity of the signs for a variety of common things—such as "family," "bull," "black," "region," "son," "tile," and "eye" (the last curiously *sloping* in Akkadian as in Chinese)—is clearly shown in the lithographic table prefixed to M. de la Couperie's lecture, after allowance has been made for the difference of the materials employed for the two writings, the soft clay of the Akkadians naturally requiring a different tool and a different style of writing from the hard tablets of bamboo of the Chinese. A remarkable agreement is seen in the full-face drawing of the images in China as in Chaldea, in contrast to the profile hieroglyphs of Egypt. The hieroglyphic value of these ancient Chinese characters is unfortunately not known in any large proportion; but enough are preserved to show that in sound and meaning, as well as form, they closely agree with the Akkadian. M. de la Couperie gives a list of fifty of the commonest words of the two languages which show a consistent relation. Thus "to shine" in Akkadian is *mul*, in Chinese *mut*; "to die" in Akkadian *mit*, in Chinese *mut*; "book," A. *kin*, C. *king*; "cloth," A. and C. *sik*; "right-hand," A. *zag*, C. *dzek*; "hero," A. *dun*, C. *tan*; "earth," A. *kiengi*, C. *kien kai*; "cow," A. *lu*, *lup*, C. *lub*; "brick," A. and C. *ku*, &c. It is evident that the languages as well as the characters are closely related.

That the character and language did not originally arise among the Chinese themselves is shown by the fact that they had lost most of the symbolic values of the hieroglyphs at the earliest period—that period to which they refer all their inventions, science, and arts, the legendary time of Nai Hoang-ti or Nai Konti, whose name singularly recalls that of Nakhunta, the chief of the gods, as recorded in the Susian texts; a name, moreover, which was given to all the kings of Susa, just as Nai Hoang-ti's Minister, Dum-kit, resembles Dungi, King of Ur. The coincidence is rendered still more remarkable when we are told that the Akkadian characters forming the name of Dungi mean "the man of the bamboo tablet," and that the earliest Chinese character for his name means "carver of wood." M. de la Couperie has collected a large number of instances of resemblance between the Chinese and Chaldee vocabularies. The names of the four cardinal points, the practice of divination by arrows, the duodenary arrangement of provinces, and many other things, are precisely similar in the two countries as recorded in their oldest documents. It is, however, unnecessary to recapitulate them here. The deduction from such resemblances, added to the fact that the original meanings of the hieroglyphs were already in part forgotten when they were introduced into China, is that "a certain number of families or of tribes, without any apparent generic name, but among whom the Kutta filled an important position, came to China about the year 2500 B.C. These tribes, which came from the west, were obliged to quit the neighbourhood, probably north of Susiana, and were comprised in the feudal agglomeration of that region, where they must have been influenced by the Akkado-Chaldean culture."

That such an amazing discovery as this ought to receive mature investigation before its accuracy is admitted will be demanded by every philologist; but it is difficult to read M. de la Couperie's lecture without being impressed with the conviction that he has really made one of the greatest philological discoveries of the day, and that at length the point of union so long despaired of between China and the rest of the world has been found. A practical test of the soundness of M. de la Couperie's conclusions has been tried in the paper he read before the Royal Asiatic Society on the Yh-king. This pre-eminent sacred book of China has puzzled all commentators, from Confucius downwards; but under M. de la Couperie's treatment, explained with his knowledge of the most ancient language of China, it becomes, at last intelligible. At the beginning of chapter xxx., for example, is a hieroglyph of a horned mammal, described as meaning a cow, with the sounds *dip* and *loep*; and then follow six lists of characters, of which the commentators have made no connected sense whatever. As a matter of fact, however, these characters represent a series of the meanings of the hieroglyph at the beginning expressed phonetically, some of which still exist in Chinese, though many are lost, only, however, to be recovered in the cuneiform syllabaries. This is a searching test of M. de la Couperie's work, and more examples of its results will doubtless appear in the book by the same author which is now advertised as in the press, *Le Yh-king et les Origines Asiatiques Occidentales de la Civilisation Chinoise*. But, as it stands at present, set forth in the *Early History of Chinese Civilization*, the theory seems well enough founded to challenge criticism, and marks a new departure in Chinese scholarship.

McCARTHY'S HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES.*

MR. McCARTHY has finished the laborious and difficult task which he set before him. He has written the history of England during the reign of Queen Victoria, and he carries his readers to the general election of the present year. It is a very remarkable undertaking to have really carried out. To plan such a work is not a great feat; to make some progress in it is what many literary men of ability could have managed. But to have begun at the beginning and gone on to the end, to have got through his four volumes, and to have got everything he wished to get in within the compass of four volumes, is a great success. But to have made his work complete is only a part of the success which Mr. McCarthy has achieved. The first condition which a history of our own times must fulfil is, no doubt, that it should be a history of our own times, that it should tell us all we want to know, should tell no more, and should treat everything in the right perspective, so that the due amount of space and importance may be given to each successive event, or group of events. The next condition is that it must be fair, that contemporaries should be neither puffed nor maligned, that actions should be fairly interpreted, and that the author, while letting his readers know his opinions, should do justice to the side which he does not adopt. The third condition—indispensable, but hard to fulfil—is that it should be entertaining, that the writer should have a good style and write well throughout, that he should perpetually make himself felt by his readers as being himself and no one else, and yet that he should avoid paradoxes, mere smartness, and the appearance of making epigrams to order. All these conditions Mr. McCarthy has fulfilled. His work is fairly exhaustive; but it cannot be said that it is ever prolix. There is, perhaps, a little hurrying towards the end; but, on the whole, it may be said that the right degree of importance is given to the right things. Then it is eminently fair. Of course an author could neither feel nor impart interest unless he had definite opinions which colour his judgment. Mr. McCarthy as a writer is a moderate Liberal, and he views the history of our times from the point of view which is natural to a moderate Liberal. But, if he is a Liberal, he is moderate. If he does justice to Mr. Gladstone, he does equal justice to Lord Beaconsfield. He criticizes Lord Russell and Lord Palmerston as freely as he criticizes their opponents. Outside the sphere of literature he is a member of Parliament, a Home Ruler, and has lately joined the Land League. But a book is a book, and must be criticized by what is found in its pages, and not by what is known of the author outside his work; and in his book Mr. McCarthy is temperate, reasonable, and judicious. Lastly, his History is eminently entertaining, and his power of entertaining his readers never flags. He never seems to be exhausted, and his fourth volume is perhaps the best of the set. To say that this work is as pleasant and attractive to read as a novel is to pay a great compliment to novels. Almost every page has something in it that is good because it is at once unexpected and yet not forced. The book is pervaded with a gentle spirit of subdued fun, and yet it is never frivolous or comic. Mr. McCarthy has not only the art of story-telling, but makes his narrative sparkle with happy hits, and yet these happy hits do not eclipse the more modest bulk of the story. There are so many bad books which must be criticized severely that it is refreshing to come across a book which may be freely praised; but it is difficult to see what more there is to say in praise of such a book as Mr. McCarthy has written than that it is complete, well-proportioned, temperate, and lively.

* *A History of Our Own Times; from the Accession of Queen Victoria to the General Election of 1880.* By Justin McCarthy, M.P. Vols. III. and IV. London: Chatto & Windus. 1880.

Mr. McCarthy's third volume occupies the ground between the beginning of Lord Palmerston's Chinese war and the death of Lord Palmerston. It embraces as intermediate subjects the Indian Mutiny and the American Civil War, and in Continental matters the Italian war of 1859, the Polish insurrection, and the German war against Denmark. The story of the Lorcha *Arrow* and of the war which grew out of its seizure is a subject in the treatment of which Mr. McCarthy is seen at his best. The whole thing was so absurd that a writer who has a fund of gentle ridicule at his command is sure to succeed in describing what happened. The Indian Mutiny is a much more difficult theme. The historian of our time has to tell a painful story, familiar in its outlines, but confused in its details; and, while he must dwell at length on events so numerous and important, he has to pin himself down so that what he says may be in proportion to the whole of an extensive work. Very much of the story is necessarily personal. There are tales of suffering, of heroism, of folly or wisdom, which must be told, and which are tales of the actions and fortunes of individual actors in a great drama. These tales light up the general narrative, and so far make it easier to write. But, if they enliven it, they also swell its volume, and it requires nice art to bring these individual actors into due prominence and yet to hold tight the reins of narrative. From the opening description of the Sepoy to the description of the new Government which replaced that of the Company—that is, from the first beginning to the last end of the Mutiny—there is matter which Mr. McCarthy gets into less than a hundred pages, and yet it would be hard to point out any incident that ought to have been noticed and is not noticed, any question of policy that is not adequately discussed, or any act of heroism or freak of passion which is not so introduced as to bring before the mind sufficient illustrations of the lives, the sufferings, and the conduct of Englishmen and Englishwomen in the dreadful time of trial. The fourth volume takes us from the death of Lord Palmerston to the opening of 1880, and deals with topics so varied as the Jamaica insurrection, Fenianism, the Reform Bill of Lord Beaconsfield, the startling measures of the Gladstone Government, and the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield. On each of these subjects there is so much to be said that the only difficulty is to know what to say and how to say it. That all his readers will agree with what Mr. McCarthy says on topics of such recent or present interest is impossible. Those, however, who disagree with him will admit that for literary purposes it is much better that a writer should say what he thinks than that he should be vapid and colourless; and few will fail to admire the skill with which Mr. McCarthy puts together what he wishes to say. No reader can omit to notice in what different directions Mr. McCarthy's skill is shown. The power of narration may be the same throughout, but it must be displayed in different forms. To tell the story of the Indian Mutiny is one thing, and to tell the story of the tentative measures, of the curious shiftings, of the odd devices by which Mr. Disraeli led Parliament up to his sweeping and revolutionary Reform Bill of 1867, is another thing; and, if Mr. McCarthy is equal to the former task, he is certainly equal in as high a degree to the latter. We are made to watch the changing scenes of Reform as if we were at a play. It would be useless and wearisome to go through all the topics with which Mr. McCarthy deals, and to attempt to describe how he deals with them. Those only can be noticed which show him at his best, and also show in what different ways he may be at his best; and if other examples equally good might be taken, it would perhaps not be easy to take three better examples than the story of the Chinese war, the story of the Indian Mutiny, and the story of the last Reform Bill.

Mr. McCarthy's fairness, his anxiety to be just while he is discriminating, and to maintain the respect due to great contemporaries while he is pointing the shafts of criticism or ridicule where he thinks they ought to light, are conspicuous throughout his work. Necessarily it is when he is personal, when he is speaking of the actors in the drama of our times, that this fairness is most tested. In the judgment of events or policies, the direction in which judgment leans often does not show the judge to be fair or unfair. It is quite fair in a critic to speak of the Afghan war either as an unwise departure from the safe policy of keeping within our own borders or as a wise precaution against the ambition of Russia. But when an historian judges the conduct and character of men, when he is giving a picture of Mr. Gladstone or of Lord Beaconsfield, and still more when he is painting lesser men whose portraits may be more easily twisted because the reader does not know enough about them to supply at once the necessary corrective, the historian, if he is not penetrated with the spirit of fairness, may easily be led astray by prejudice, by the wish to be brilliant, and by the desire to say what he hopes no one else has said before him. It is one of the standing merits of Mr. McCarthy that his fairness never leaves him. The two portraits on which he has bestowed most pains, and in drawing which he has evidently taken the greatest pleasure, are those of Lord Palmerston and of Lord Beaconsfield. He is free in his criticism, and not sparing of ridicule in doing this piece of work. He lets his readers know how much he objects to Lord Palmerston's escapades in foreign policy, how poorly he thinks Lord Palmerston came out of such messes as the Polish and Danish complications, how unscrupulous Lord Palmerston seems to have been on many occasions in his treatment of men and his management of Parliament. But he places in full relief the other side of Palmerston—his ardent pride in his country, his frank amiability, his vast knowledge of men and affairs. He laughs, with a hearty laugh which his readers feel to be contagious, at the wondrous oddities of Mr. Disraeli, at his oratorical flights—like that in which he described the banner of St. George as having been planted on the mountains of Rasselas—at the reproduction of the wrong edition of the Revolutionary Epic, at the strange stages in the process which Mr. Disraeli called educating his party. But he also takes care to bring to notice Mr. Disraeli's courageous advocacy of his race, his cordial readiness to welcome rising ability on either side of the House, his protest against wildness of revenge in dealing with the Indian Mutiny, his discreet silence during the American war. Lesser men have necessarily less space given them; but, in trying to hit off what ought to be said of them, Mr. McCarthy never lets bitterness or a love of depreciation get the mastery of him. Of the present Lord Derby, for example, he says:—

> He proved to be methodical, sensible, conscientious, slow. He belonged to that class of men about whom Goethe said that, if they could only once commit some extravagance, we should have greater hopes of their future wisdom. He did not commit any extravagance; he remained careful, prudent, and slow.

Or again, in speaking of Mr. Lowe in 1866, after saying that some Conservatives were heard to declare that he was not only the greatest orator, but even the greatest statesman, of the day, Mr. McCarthy adds:—

> In truth Mr. Lowe was neither orator nor statesman. He had some of the gifts which are needed to make a man an orator, but hardly any of those which make a man a statesman. He was a literary man and a scholar, who had a happy knack of saying bitter things in an epigrammatic way; he really hated the Reform Bill, towards which Mr. Disraeli probably felt no emotion whatever; and he started into prominence as an anti-Reformer just at the right moment to suit the Conservatives and embarrass and dismay the Liberal party.

There is nothing profound, new, or striking in these criticisms. They only put effectively and with terseness what would be the opinions of most men of any party as to two of the politicians in the second rank among the statesmen of the day. But, if they give us nothing more, they give us nothing less. The writer does not go out of his way to make a point where no point is to be fairly made. These criticisms do not illustrate the special ability of the writer, but they illustrate his fairness. If Mr. McCarthy were a dull writer, it would illustrate nothing to show that he kept here and there within the limits of moderation; but he is a clever and a lively writer, and it is samples of what may be termed his average performances that best show how he escapes the pitfalls into which clever and lively writers are apt to sink.

A writer who deserves to be called lively merits the epithet, not because he occasionally says lively things, but because the general texture of his writing is bright. Mr. McCarthy entertains us because he is entertaining. To say why or how he produces this effect is not easy; but there are some points in his manner of writing which are so striking that the reader must be aware that at least a portion of the pleasure he feels is due to them. In the first place, Mr. McCarthy is full of literature of all sorts, and is constantly drawing on his memory for illustrations. He is not very particular about the source from which he draws. The parallel strikes him, and he puts it down. He borrows his illustrations with equal readiness from the classics, the old dramatists, Scott, and Dickens. To give instances is in one way to be unjust to Mr. McCarthy; for half the merit of such illustrations depends on the mode in which they are brought in, whether they are so introduced as to seem natural or pedantic, real aids to the narrative or purple patches. For the most part the mode in which Mr. McCarthy introduces his illustrations is free from the reproach of literary artifice. But, although the real value of the illustrations depends greatly on the context, yet the introduction of these illustrations is so marked a feature in Mr. McCarthy's composition that it is difficult to speak of his style without giving some examples. He draws a picture of the unhappy son of Theodore pining away in the strange atmosphere of England, and dying at an early age; and he closes the paragraph by saying:—"'There is little difficulty,' says the grave leech in the *Fair Maid of Perth*, 'in blighting a flower exhausted by having been made to bloom too soon.'" In depicting the attitude of the advanced Liberals to the Whigs in 1866 he says:—"Many Liberals began to speak with more or less of contempt of the Whigs. They talked of these shadows of a mighty name as Thackeray's Barnes Newcome talks of the senior members of his family, his uncle more particularly." When the Duke of Argyll, in his youthful impetuosity, attacked Lord Derby, we are told:—"The peers were as much astonished as the spectators round the tilt-yard in *Ivanhoe* when they saw the strange young knight strike with his lance-point the shield of the formidable Templar." When Mr. Gladstone was beaten on the Irish Education Bill, the great Minister had failed. "Like the hero in Schiller's ballad, the brave swimmer had plunged once too often into the flood to bring out a prize, and had perished." When Mr. Plimsoll had forced the hand of the Government by his burst of pathetic madness in the House, and Mr. Disraeli not only brought in a Bill to satisfy him, but seemed to take credit for having provoked so salutary if unconventional a demonstration, Mr McCarthy adds, "Even if one does call them names," said Mrs. Gamp, indicating her treatment of her patients, "it's only done to rouse them." Then Mr. McCarthy is fond of bringing in a story or a *bon mot*, and good stories and *bons mots* are dear to readers. He gives, for example, the criticism of the sayer of good things who was asked by a French friend to explain who the compound householder was, and described him as the male of the *femme incomprise*. Occasionally, although rarely, Mr.

McCarthy sets himself to compose a deliberately epigrammatic phrase. Thus he says of Mr. Gathorne Hardy, "He was a powerful speaker of the rattling, declamatory kind; fluent as the sand in an hourglass is fluent, stirring as the roll of a drum is stirring; sometimes dry as the sand and empty as the drum." Lord Lyndhurst, devoting himself to the work of inflaming the public spirit of England against Louis Napoleon, is said to be "a graceful and acrid lawyer Demosthenes denouncing a Philippe of the Opéra Comique." Lord Brougham, consecrating his old age to Social Science, is described as "seeming oddly like some dethroned king who occupies his leisure in botanical studies, some once famous commander, long out of harness, who amuses himself with learning the flute." Perhaps none of these illustrations or epigrams is anything very wonderful in itself. None may deserve to be remembered apart from the context in which it appears. But they are numerous and successful enough to be noticed as giving one clue to the pleasure which Mr. McCarthy's History affords.

Mr. McCarthy concludes these volumes, as he concluded the former two, with a sketch of the literary stars of the period he is describing. We do not see that very short reviews of a number of books and criticisms on their writers form a necessary part of the history of the times, or add much to our knowledge or interest. What good, for instance, can it do any one to learn that "A word must be said of the delicate porcelain of Miss Thackeray's work in fiction—her tender, gentle, womanly stories; nor should we fail to record the fact that Mrs. Craik's *John Halifax, Gentleman*, was one of the literary successes of the day"? But we may take advantage of Mr. McCarthy's reference to his literary contemporaries to suggest where in the scale of merit he himself seems to us to deserve to be placed. What Mr. Trollope is among our novelists, Mr. McCarthy may perhaps be said to be among our historians. In both writers there is much the same facility, the same art of arrangement, the same power of analysing and presenting character, the same evenness of execution, the same power of sustaining interest. Both writers survey the life that is around them with the subtle scrutiny of an artist; but both remain always part of the world they are portraying. Mr. McCarthy has none of that power which genius alone bestows—the power of escaping from the position in which an author is placed, and regarding groups of persons and events now from the inside and now from the outside. He always lives and moves in the world of common sense. Perhaps it is only by a writer of such a cast of mind that a history of our own times can be satisfactorily written. Genius seems to require for historical purposes something of a shadowy past, in which imaginary characters can be freely created, where the impossibility of assigning indisputable motives permits any motives to be assigned, and where a brilliant philosophy can find the examples by which it is to teach, and decide on the teaching which the examples are to prove. It is hardly possible as yet to treat Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield as if they were Mary Stuart or Cromwell. Imagination may show us a history of our own times very different from that which Mr. McCarthy has given us, and altogether superior to it. But in real life what we have got is Mr. McCarthy's book, and while we do not see our way to getting anything else, we may be highly satisfied with what we have got.

THE REBECCA RIOTER.*

IN the story before us we have an interesting description of the famous Rebecca riots of nearly forty years ago. So little is commonly known of the history of the times which fall just without a man's own memory, that to many a reader, we may be sure, Miss Dillwyn's novel will open a new passage in the annals of our country. The writer of a tale does not, of course, either keep strictly to facts or aim at including everything that occurred. If Miss Dillwyn does not in her narrative ever wander far from that which really happened, nevertheless there are considerable omissions in her story. She wishes to describe the riots from the point of view of those who took part in them. Though she is, on the whole, very successful in this attempt, yet she does not make the best of her case. Her agitator, who goes about rousing the people in secret meetings, has somewhat too much of the ordinary type of the platform orator of large towns. He does not dwell enough on the undoubted and great grievances under which the people were suffering. We should be slow to believe that the frothy kind of talk of which Mr. O'Donnell is so perfect a master would have touched the simple-hearted Welshmen. We could believe that we are reading extracts from the speech of one of the silliest Home Rulers when we read of "flinging back every attempt of the English tyrant to grind her under his heel." For the most part Miss Dillwyn succeeds very well in making her style correspond with the position of the Welsh peasant who is supposed to tell the story; but apparently she could not resist altogether the temptation of being eloquent now and then on her own account, and so we find her make this same agitator ask the wild, untutored men around him, "Have we degenerated?" So big a word, accompanied as it is by one or two scarcely less big, would indeed have puzzled his hearers. How ignorant they were is in the course of this same meeting shown in a way that has a considerable touch of humour about it—a humour that is heightened by the quaintness of the Welshman's English. Ever since, by the way, we first made the acquaintance of Fluellen, we have had a liking for the dialect; and though the Captain and the Rioter do not always agree in their talk, yet we may say that their words "are all one reckoning, save the phrase is a little variations." The orator had been making an attack on the Queen and her Ministers, saying how they were "rolling in luxury and riches—eating and drinking at one meal what would keep a poor man's family in comfort for a month," and so on. He pointed out that, "if any one is fined, or put to prison, it is to please her, and her name is on every warrant that is issued." The poor Welshmen listen with humility to this lesson on the Monarchy and the Constitution:—

> Tom Davies was sitting two off from me, and he whispered to me when Beynon stopped: "I was not know for sure what be the Queen, Evan; was you?"
>
> "Well—no—not to be quite certain sure," answered I—also in a whisper. "But you can see for yourself what a wicked one she must be for to have to do with such goings on."

Now some such talk as this was likely enough used by the Chartist agitators who came into South Wales after the riots had begun, and who tried to turn the violence which had hitherto been aimed only at the turnpike tolls against property in general. But at the beginning of the disorders there was little need of agitation from without. The people were suffering, as the Commissioners who were sent down to inquire into the state of affairs acknowledged, under great and undoubted grievances. The tolls that had to be paid on the by-roads were in many cases so heavy that they rendered it almost hopeless for the small farmers, who were already greatly distressed by a succession of bad harvests, to keep their heads above water. They burned their own lime for manure; but turnpikes were set up on the way to the lime-kilns. Thus a farmer had to pay one shilling for his load of stone, another for each load of coal that he took to the kiln for fuel, and a third for the lime when he brought it back to his fields. In their first destruction of the gates they had the feelings of the magistrates with them. The riot was successful, and the trustees did not attempt to set up these particular gates again. It is by no means wonderful that the peasantry thought that what had been successful in removing one grievance might just as well succeed in removing all the others. By means of a strange interpretation of a text of Scripture—such an interpretation, however, as is common enough even among professed theologians — they found a name for their leader and their party. They went to the Book of Genesis, and there they discovered the first mention of turnpike-gates and of those who were to seize them:—"And they blessed Rebekah, and said unto her . . . Let thy seed possess the gate of those which hate them." Their leader they in each case called Rebecca, and dressed him in women's clothes, while they themselves were Rebecca's Daughters. Hundreds of gates, together with the toll-takers' houses, were burnt in 1842-43. On one occasion even the poor old woman who kept the gate was shot dead. The coroner's jury, themselves in fear of the violence of the mob, returned a verdict "that the deceased died from the effusion of blood into the chest, which occasioned suffocation. But from what cause is to this jury unknown." Before many months had passed corn-stacks were blazing, while Caermarthen workhouse was half destroyed. Arrests were at last made, and a Special Commission was sent down to try the rioters. Much indulgence was shown by the judges, as it was felt that a great and undoubted grievance was at the root of the mischief. Another Commission investigated the hardships under which the people were suffering. In accordance with their Report, a Bill for the Consolidation of Turnpike Trusts in that part of the country was carried through Parliament, and henceforth there was peace in South Wales. At the cost of a serious destruction of property, and of a still more serious breach made in the habit of obedience to the law, the complaints of the people, which had been so long urged in vain, were at last listened to.

Miss Dillwyn, as we have said, tells the story of these riots in the words of one who was supposed to be concerned in them. Her hero is such a man as Barnaby Rudge might have been, if to his simplicity insanity had not been added. He wishes to do what is right, but he had had no one to show him what was right. There were in his young days no schools, and poor lads had no better teachers than the rough and ignorant people to whom they belonged. Something indeed he had learnt from a young lady, the daughter of a neighbouring squire, whose life he had saved when—as is so common a case with heroines—it was endangered by a run-away horse. He does not, as might be at first supposed, in the end marry her. She is set so far above him that, though he worships her, it is in the same hopeless way as that in which a peasant might worship a princess. There is, indeed, no love-making in the story; at all events it is a story without a heroine. We fear that the author is somewhat rash in thus despising the aid of the god of love. However, if the reader will trust our judgment, as soon as the first shock of surprise has passed away, the absence of lovers is felt to be a very agreeable change. In all stories these young people were really becoming somewhat tedious, and were sadly wanting in originality. But to return to our hero without a heroine, Evan Williams. Just as his mind was beginning to open under Miss Gwenllian's teaching, it happened most unfortunately for him that she and her family went abroad, and were away for two or three years. All he wished to do was to please her; but, with her so far off, how was he to learn what would please her? He knew that he must do what was right, or she would be pained; but who in each case was to show him which was the right and which the

* *The Rebecca Rioter: a Story of Killay Life.* By E. A. Dillwyn. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

wrong course? When the agitator came and made his speech, and when "every one in the room gave a sort of grunt, like there always is in chapel when the preacher is very moving," he had no manner of doubt as to where his duty lay. He joined with the rioters in the fullest persuasion that Miss Gwenllian would have approved of his so doing, and "proud and pleased" he was with himself as he went home after the first night's work. When violence leads to more violence, and in a fight with the police he shoots a man dead, he is not troubled in his mind any more than if he had been a soldier and had killed an enemy in a battle. He discovers, however, to his horror that it was the old Squire, the young lady's father, whom he had shot, and then he resolves to go to her at once, tell her that he had never known who it was at whom he had aimed, and ask her forgiveness. He is utterly careless about being arrested. He manages to get to her, but he altogether fails to make her understand what was his motive in coming; and he is carried off to prison, hearing her old aunt exclaiming in her favourite phrase, which she had often before used in his hearing, "As I always have said, and shall always say, no doubt Providence settles everything for the best." In his cell these words of hers ran in his head:—

Did Providence really settle everything? Certainly it was not I, nor yet any friend of mine, who settled things; for no single thing had happened that I had wished or intended. Perhaps that was because Providence settled them—just as Miss Elizabeth said—and if so, it was very evident that Providence was no friend to me. Providence! What did the word mean? And why should Providence have such a spite against me? Well! The only comfort was that when Providence had done its worst to me and I should be dead, then there would be an end of it all. It was quite clear that what Providence had settled for me was, that I was to be misjudged and hated by Miss Gwenllian, and that I was to be hung; as Providence seemed to be stronger than me, there was no use my grumbling, and I had better think of something else.

But to think of anything else just then was quite out of my power; and I kept repeating the words again and again in a mazed way, and trying dully to understand them: No doubt Providence settles everything for the best. How could it be for the best that I should have shot Squire Tudor, and that Miss Gwenllian should hate me, and that I should be hanged? For whom was it the best? Certainly not for me, nor yet for the old Squire and his daughter. Was it for Providence, then, that it was for the best? Ah, perhaps that was it—for of course every one knew that Providence settles everything for the best!

Overcome either by the perplexity of these reflections or by the excitement which he had undergone, he falls into a brain fever. On his recovery he was tried, and sentenced, not to be hanged, but to be transported for life. He had, he says, a very clever lawyer; but in so clear a case, when he had owned himself guilty, we do not see what the cleverness of the lawyer could avail.

The story is a little spoilt by a piece of romance which the author no doubt added to it in the belief that it would make it somewhat more like the orthodox novel. If she could not provide her readers with love-making, at all events she could fall back upon a long-lost heir. Miss Gwenllian's only brother had been stolen when a baby. Some years later, when he was a lad of fourteen or fifteen, the hero had fallen in with him and taken him to his father's house, and the two youths had become bosom friends. It is a great pity that the author did not exclude this part of her story altogether. If she was bent on introducing it, the least she could do was to be consistent. She should have carried the romance through from the beginning to the end. A hero who first, at the great risk of his life, saves a heroine from death, and then rescues her long-lost brother, could never have ended by shooting her aged father. It should have been, not on his deathbed in one of our convict establishments, but in the old parish church with his bride and her bridesmaids, that we saw the last of him. However, we must be content with what Miss Dillwyn gives us, and thank her for a story of considerable power and interest.

STOUGHTON'S LIFE OF WILBERFORCE.*

DR. STOUGHTON'S little book is the first of a series of popular biographies which are to appear at intervals under the general title of *Men Worth Remembering*. The title may be thought to imply that these worthies are in danger of being forgotten; but as they are one and all, with the exception of Stephen Grellet, favourite heroes and saints of what Sydney Smith called "the Evangelical faction," and as their lives have been and are ever being told and retold over and over again in every English and American Evangelical serial, there is not the slightest likelihood of the suggested casualty. The series is evidently a sort of other-worldly imitation of the series of worldly biographies and criticisms edited by Mr. John Morley under the general title of *English Men of Letters*. The likeness between the two sets of books is outwardly exact—the cover, the size, and the type correspond; but of any internal likeness between the two there is no trace. Although bookbinders and printers may find it easy to emulate one another, no one will expect Dr. J. Stoughton's *Wilberforce* to rise to the level of Mr. John Morley's *Burke*, Dr. C. Stanford's *Doddridge* to equal Mr. J. C. Morison's *Gibbon*, or Dr. D. Fraser's *Chalmers* and Mr. E. Paxton Hood's *Robert Hall* to match with Professor Huxley's *Hume* and Professor Nichol's *Byron*. In addition to the worthies already named we are also promised biographies of Wycliffe, John Knox, Richard Baxter, Jonathan Edwards, Fletcher of Madeley, Stephen Grellet, Harry Martyn, and William Carey. The grand titles of works already published by the intending biographers of some of these worthies do not act upon us magnetically. We are not convinced that Dr. William M. Taylor of New York is signally fitted to deal with so difficult a subject as the life of John Knox because he is the author of *Limitations of Life*; nor does the authorship of *The Young Man's Safeguard in the Perils of the Age*, *Blending Lights*, *Studies in Life*, *The Romance of Biography*, and *The Disciple whom Jesus Loved*, arouse our confidence in the literary, historical, and critical genius of the writers who have undertaken the lives of Grellet, Chalmers, Robert Hall, Carey, and Jonathan Edwards. Great as the fame of all these works may be within a limited and sectarian circle, not one of them is known outside that circle. The only name of any repute in the list is that of Dr. Stoughton. He is a man of much reading; he has compiled a long, respectable, moderately tolerant, but utterly uncritical *Ecclesiastical History of England* during the latter half of the seventeenth century and the early part of the eighteenth; and he has contributed very largely to the *Tendenz-literatur* of the Independent denomination and of the Evangelical religious world. He has a facile manner, and is always readable; and, though we are bound to call him a compiler rather than a critic, we freely grant that his work shows evidence of painstaking and conscientiousness.

We conclude that Dr. Stoughton intended his book to be a critical estimate quite as much as a biography, because its arrangement is only partially chronological. He begins with a chapter on Wilberforce's "Early Days," and closes with one on his "Last Days"; in the intermediate chapters, which deal with Wilberforce as a politician, an abolitionist, a philanthropist, a religious man, an author, a kinsman, and a friend, the order of time is made subservient to the order of subject. We are not convinced by anything which we find in these chapters that there was the slightest need for rewriting the life of Wilberforce. With such plentiful matter as Dr. Stoughton had before him in the Life and the two subsequent volumes of Correspondence edited by Wilberforce's sons, in Mr. Harford's Recollections, and in Mr. J. C. Colquhoun's sketch of the philanthropist and his friends, the compilation of the present volume must have been very easy. Criticism worthy of the name is not to be expected from the writer; the occasional reflections, which Dr. Stoughton possibly supposes to be critical, are such as we should expect from a venerable, cultivated, and amiable Independent minister, who has evidently unlearned and cast off some of his traditional prejudices, but who as evidently retains many which he is not likely to unlearn. The temper of the book, except in a few places and upon one particular topic, is admirable; and its matter is usually trustworthy; but when we turn from its temper and matter to its form, we find that Dr. Stoughton lays much stress upon the adjective in the phrase "popular biography." A popular "biography" may mean one which is intended for the people—a *Volksschrift*; or it may mean one which is likely to please a specific class of book-buyers whom a publisher has in view. Dr. Stoughton's writing is "popular" in the latter sense rather than in the former. He seems to have aimed at the production of a "picturesque" book, and has paid much attention to the scenery, background, and accessories of his subjects. He is a great—or perhaps we ought to say a wide—expatiator. Monmouth reminds him of Macedon. Wilberforce's birth at Hull reminds him that Andrew Marvell was born at Hull, and the parallel which is thus started between these two utterly unlike men recurs to him at intervals during his relation of Wilberforce's life. Wilberforce went to the Grammar School at Hull—"a venerable institution, whose Elizabethan architecture still adorns the town"—as a pupil. Andrew Marvell went to the same Grammar School, more than a century earlier, as a head-master, and "drilled his own son in the rudiments of Latin." Wilberforce was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge; Marvell had been sent to Trinity College, Cambridge. Dr. Stoughton might have added that as Wilberforce went to France while he was a young man, in like manner Andrew Marvell went to France while he was a young man. Wilberforce, soon after he came of age, was elected member of Parliament for Hull. "In this respect," solemnly expatiates Dr. Stoughton, "we find our young friend walking in the steps of the seventeenth-century patriot." The patronizing expression "our young friend" is out of place in literature; it smacks of a Sunday-school address or of a goody-goody lecture on Wilberforce illustrated by the magic lantern. Two years after Wilberforce entered the school at Hull his father died, and the boy was removed to the house of his uncle at Wimbledon. This removal provides the popular biographer with a fresh starting-point for his expatiations. Closing his dictionary of geography at the word "Hull," he re-opens it at the word "Wimbledon." He not only calls upon us to observe the Roman barrows, the scene of so many duels, and the modern volunteer encampment; but he takes us to the parish church to see the monuments, one of which supplies him with a characteristic piece of conjectural biography. "If," expatiates he, "the family sometimes went to Wimbledon Church, whose chancel goes back to the time of Edward IV., the observant lad would scarcely fail to notice the black marble altar tomb of Sir Edward Cecil, who served King James and King Charles in foreign wars; 'and after so many travels,' as the epitaph touchingly expresses it, 'returned to this patient and humble mother-earth from whence he came, with assured hope in his Saviour Christ to rise again to glory everlasting.'" Dr. Stoughton tells us that "there was a good sermon for young William in these quaint and beautiful words" on Lord Wimbledon's tomb. He only gives a portion of the

* *William Wilberforce.* By John Stoughton, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1880.

very long inscription. It did not become the instrument of "young William's" conversion, which the writer attributes to the study of the famous *Rise and Progress of Religion*, by Dr. Doddridge the Independent, of whom Dr. Stoughton has also, if we mistake not, compiled a popular biography.

Another of Dr. Stoughton's expatiations has a grain of probability in it. Mrs. William Wilberforce, the boy's aunt, he tells us, "was a lady who had come under the power of the Whitefield movement, which had wonderfully revived Evangelical religion in this country." We do not exactly know what he means by the Whitefield movement. He may mean Whitefield's quarrel with Wesley; or the Calvinism of the former in contradistinction to the more liberal and catholic Arminianism of the latter; or he may mean the wonderful effects of Whitefield's preaching. But neither the one nor the other has any title to be called the only, or even the chief, element in "the revival of Evangelical religion." Wilberforce was sent to Wimbledon in 1768; Whitefield died in 1770, two years later. Hereupon Dr. Stoughton inserts the conjecture, "Therefore it is probable, whilst William was living under her roof, this aunt sometimes drove over to Tottenham Court Road or the Tabernacle to hear the celebrated preacher." His mother prudently removed him from his uncle's house; Wilberforce himself said in later life that if he had stayed there he "should probably have been a despised, bigoted Methodist." Dr. Stoughton is puzzled by the second of these adjectives, and conjectures that "this aunt of his was disposed to strict Sectarianism," and that Wilberforce's expression "must have been pointed at his aunt's ecclesiastical exclusiveness." There was no doubt a sectarian tendency in Methodism in the years 1768-70; but the Methodists were not at that time formal sectarians. But it may surprise Dr. Stoughton to learn that for the greater part of the time which Wilberforce spent at Wimbledon in his uncle's house, his aunt would not have found Whitefield at Tottenham Court Road or the Tabernacle. The famous preacher was in America, where he died in September 1770.

The chapter on Wilberforce's activity and attitude as a politician is better than that on his "Anti-Slavery Crusade." In the latter Dr. Stoughton has been justly anxious to do full honour to Thomas Clarkson; but we wonder that a writer so fond of parallels should have omitted the name of David Hartley, and the similarities betwixt him and Wilberforce. Hartley was a remarkable man, though the English dictionaries of biography take no notice of him. He was the son of the once-renowned "philosopher" of the same name. He was born in 1729, and so was thirty years the senior of Wilberforce. Like the latter, he represented Hull in the House of Commons. He was a frequent speaker, as the *Parliamentary History* shows. He opposed the war with the American Colonies, and was afterwards one of the plenipotentiaries appointed to treat with Dr. Franklin at Paris. The distinction belongs to him of being the first English legislator who moved for the abolition of the African slave-trade, "as a violation of the Laws of God and the Rights of Man." Hartley had another remarkable point in common with the later and more famous member for Hull in the singular sweetness of his voice. A contemporary said of him, "He was peculiarly distinguished above all others in the brilliant melody of his tones." Dr. Stoughton might have expatiated on the fact that, although Hartley did not resemble Wilberforce by living at Wimbledon, yet he lived at Putney, which is the next parish. Hartley was a zealous student of physical science, and a practical mechanician. His invention for extinguishing fires, which he tried upon his own house at Putney, made some stir at the time.

The chapter headed "Authorship" is almost wholly occupied with gossip about Wilberforce's *Practical View*. That once renowned book owed its wonderful success rather to the political eminence and social standing of its writer than to its contents. "Coming from such a man," wrote Thomas Scott, shortly after its first appearance, "it will probably be read by many thousands who can by no means be brought to attend to our preaching or our writings. I do sincerely think," he adds, "that such a bold stand for vital Christianity has not been made in my memory. He has come out beyond all my expectations. He testifies of the noble, and amiable, and honourable, that their works are evil; and he proves his testimony beyond all denial." Dr. Stoughton prepares the reader for what he has to say concerning Wilberforce's book by introducing a loose expatiation about early "Evangelical" literature. After telling us that "Robert Nelson published works pervaded by the tone of thought prevalent in the Anglo-Catholic school," he adds that "William Law's *Serious Call* was stamped with a different character." He could hardly have made a more egregious mistake. He has probably read that Law's latter works were mystical, and he has incontinently attributed the same character to his earlier writings, which, to say the least, were quite as "Anglo-Catholic" as the mild writings of Robert Nelson. Dr. Stoughton is right in speaking of Hannah More as the literary forerunner of Wilberforce. Her *Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great to General Society* was published in 1788, and her *Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World* in 1791; both had run through many editions before the appearance of Wilberforce's book in 1797. Dr. Stoughton has omitted to notice that Cowper originally supposed the former of Hannah More's books to have been written by Wilberforce. "Mr. Wilberforce's little book," he wrote to Lady Hesketh, "if he was the author of it, has charmed me. It must, I should imagine, engage the notice of those to whom it is addressed." A few days later he told the Rev. W. Bagot that the little book called *The Manners of the Great* "is said to have been written by Mr. Wilberforce; but, whether actually written by him or not, is undoubtedly the work of some man intimately acquainted with the subject, a gentleman and a man of letters."

Dr. Stoughton, as an Independent minister, naturally dwells at some length upon the once vexed question of Wilberforce's friendly relations with Dissenters. He adopts the absurdly unhistorical modern term, and calls them "Nonconformists." Wilberforce never fell into this error, for the title Nonconformist was rarely attributed to any and every sect of Separatists or Dissenters before the "Bicentenary" movement of 1862. Hence we find the biographer and the subject of his biography often disagreeing in their nomenclature in the very same page. Dr. Stoughton talks of "the Nonconformist bodies"; Wilberforce, as quoted by Stoughton, always speaks and writes of "the Dissenters and Methodists." Wilberforce was as unlikely to confound the two as he was to imagine that either the one or other were "Evangelical Nonconformists," as Dr. Stoughton calls them. The biographer, in his account of Wilberforce's interest in Indian missions and in the Bible Society, indirectly calls upon us to notice how superior the Dissenters and Methodists of that time were to the Churchmen of that and of later times. Reginald Heber "as a Churchman was prejudiced against Wilberforce's comprehensive fellowship and sympathies." Wilberforce's sons "had no sympathy with their venerable parent in the catholicity of temper which he manifested." Dr. Stoughton dwells at length upon each "eminent Nonconformist minister"—Robert Hall, Jay of Bath, Dr. Leifchild, Andrew Fuller, and Dr. Coke—who had any intercourse with Wilberforce. He even tells us that Dr. Coke, whom he calls "the good man," "had a great wish to be consecrated as a colonial bishop"; but he does not cite any extracts from that impudent begging letter, which has been called the most egotistical letter ever written, wherein this great Wesleyan light offered to renounce Wesleyanism and submit to the Bishops if Wilberforce would procure his consecration as Bishop for India. Carey and Thomas, the Baptist missionaries to India, were brave and heroic men; but when we read the extraordinary extracts which Sydney Smith once reprinted from the journals kept by them during their apostolical travels, we can hardly think that they were more "catholic" or more "liberal" than Bishop Wilberforce or Bishop Heber. For instance:—"1794. *Jan.* 26. *Lord's Day.* Found much pleasure in reading Edwards's Sermon on the Justice of God in the Damnation of Sinners." Again:—"*April* 6. Had some sweetness to-day, especially in reading Edwards's sermon." Both Carey and Edwards are to follow Wilberforce in the series of *Men worth Remembering*. It is very hard for us to conceive that Charles of Bala, the idol of the Bible Society platform, excelled such a man as Heber in being more "liberal," "catholic," "tolerant," or less "exclusive." We find in Morgan's *Life and Labours of the Rev. T. Charles* that about two months before the Wakes he told the teachers in his Sunday-school "to get the children to search the Bible for texts which prohibit directly or indirectly such evil practices as dancing, drunkenness, fornication, &c." When the feast-day came, "Mr. C. began to ask them questions on the points given them to learn. 'Is Dancing, my dear children, a sin?' 'Yes,' said one emphatically, 'it was owing to Dancing that the head of John the Baptist was cut off.' In this way he proceeded with them as to the other sins." The poor harper who had come to play at the feast had to go home with an empty purse and empty stomach; or, as Mr. Morgan puts it in his hagiology, Charles of Bala had "deprived him of the hire of his iniquity." A man who has written an ecclesiastical history of England ought to know that Dr. Porteous, Bishop of London, was not "the metropolitan bishop"; an Evangelical historian ought to call the author of *Theron and Aspasio* Hervey, and not Harvey; and the student of the topography of Hull and Wimbledon ought not to have placed Avignon upon the Rhine.

THE NAVAL BRIGADE IN SOUTH AFRICA.*

DR. NORBURY very frankly admits in his preface that books on South Africa have fallen upon us lately "thick as leaves in Vallombrosa," and he proceeds to add that his excuse for publishing is the familiar "request of numerous friends." But in his case there were exceptional inducements to yield to the prayer, for the friends were his brother officers of the Naval Brigade, with whom he had taken the field both in the country of the Transkei and in Zululand. As he modestly puts it, they were aware that he had kept a regular journal, and probably they had faith in his capacity as a chronicler. At all events Dr. Norbury has written a good book, and we trust it may have the success it merits. But it is undeniable that most readers have had enough of South Africa, though possibly their interest may have been revived by the new war with the Basutos. The chief fault we have to find with Dr. Norbury is that, writing with the knowledge that he had been in a great degree forestalled, he appears at the same time to have ignored the fact. His chapters on the "Kaffir Tribes" and the "Kaffir Country" are excellent in themselves, and, though slight and superficial, are almost exhaustive within their limits. For this very reason, however, they tell us necessarily much that we have heard before, although here and there we have our interest excited

* *The Naval Brigade in South Africa during the Years 1877-78-79.* By Fleet Surgeon Henry F. Norbury, C.B.R.N. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

by some startling piece of intelligence as to Kaffir customs. We hear, for instance, of atrocities in funeral rites which would be appropriate enough to the "customs" of Ashantee or Dahomey, or to Zululand under a Dingaan or a Chaka—such as the slaughter of several leading men that they may attend the soul of their chief to the spirit-land—but which we had not suspected to be of everyday occurrence among the milder-mannered Kaffir tribes in the south. Nevertheless we see every reason to believe that Dr. Norbury's information is trustworthy, since he is evidently not only a man of observation himself, but lived in familiar intercourse with missionaries who were old residents in this country. There seems to be sound state policy in the practice of giving those headmen a lively interest in preserving the life of the chief. At the same time even his favours are sometimes oppressive, and our author relates a customary measure of finance which must strike every one save the victim from the humorous point of view. Owing to the institution of polygamy, daughters are sure to be plentiful in the princely kraal; and when a chief desires to levy a forced "benevolence" on a wealthy subject, he does him the honour of sending him a daughter for wife. The recipient of the high-born lady is understood to acknowledge the courtesy by remitting so many head of cattle in return; so that young women who would otherwise be "eating off their heads" are bartered for the stock that represents a Kaffir chief's civil list. The popular superstitions, too, not only lead to a great amount of bloodshed, from the general belief in witchcraft, and the sanguinary executions which are its consequence, but they may be the cause of grave domestic inconveniences. The Kaffirs hold the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and pay the spirits of their relatives the doubtful compliment of believing that they have a special affinity for snakes and serpents. So, when some venomous reptile takes up its quarters with a family, in place of killing it they abandon the hut to its use. Dr. Norbury tells a story of a missionary who came near to paying with his life for the delicate consideration of his flock. While officiating at the communion-table, he fancied he heard a hissing sound. Bringing the service prematurely to a close, he peeped below the cloth, where he saw one of the most poisonous snakes in South Africa. His friendly parishioners had had their eyes upon it all the time, but had declined to say anything from motives of delicacy. They thought that the snake must be a relative of their clergyman, and would not interfere in a family affair.

There is of course very little that is new in Dr. Norbury's account of the war with the Gaikas and Galekas. But in that, as in the story of the subsequent campaigning beyond the Tugela, he confirms all we have learned from other sources as to the value of the services of the Naval Brigade. When the native levies were seldom to be depended upon without a strong backbone of Europeans, and when some of Her Majesty's English regiments were said to be largely recruited from immature lads, it was much to have a corps of sturdy men who might be thoroughly trusted for any contingency. Except within the unwholesome *enceinte* of the fort at Ekowe, the sailors generally kept their health; they were always cheerful, they were handy in the management of their guns, and their marching powers did them infinite credit. We are familiar by this time with the story of the game at hide-and-seek which our troops had to play with the insurgent tribes. Though the forests and broken ground which they occupied as their natural fortresses were of limited extent, it was comparatively easy for the skulking natives to elude the arrangements of their enemies for circumventing them. They had spies everywhere, and allies in unexpected quarters. Dr. Norbury attributes the prolongation of the war to two causes in particular—viz. "the complete freedom which we permitted the enemy's women to enjoy, and the liberty which we accorded to the so-called loyal Kaffirs." The women conveyed not only information, but provisions. There could be no reasonable doubt that they were victualling the fighting men; for when they were driving a brisk trade in the bundles of faggots they brought into camp they refused to accept anything but food in exchange. Our author suggests that at the beginning of a native war all the women should be compelled to assemble, and be kept safely together under a strong guard. The plan, no doubt, would be effective if practicable; but we may question whether it would be possible to enforce it under the proposed penalty—"on pain of death"; and he confesses that putting restraint on the "loyal" Kaffirs is matter of even greater difficulty, though undoubtedly the facility with which passes were granted was grossly abused. A native had only to assert his loyalty to have himself inserted on the register, and had only to surrender some old weapon in order to receive a document in exchange which left him absolute master of his movements; and the number of passes found on the bodies of enemies on the battle-fields showed how generally the system was abused. Dr. Norbury bestows great praise on the soldierlike qualities of the Fingoes as skirmishers, and adds that their most zealous exertions may be assured so long as there are cattle to reward them in the way of booty. On the other hand, considering that greed is perhaps the dominating passion of all these savages, the staunch loyalty of the Galekas to their chief seems very admirable. It was known that Kreli was hidden somewhere in the Quora Bush; 1,000*l.* was set upon his head; the Fingoes were out daily spying and reconnoitring, and still nobody came to claim the reward. Yet Kreli had several followers with him, and his subjects brought regular supplies of food to the parts of the bush where he was known to have his lurking-place.

Dr. Norbury gives no uncertain evidence as to the feelings of the colonists with regard to the Zulu war. Almost to a man they held that Sir Bartle Frere had behaved with equal spirit and sagacity in relieving them from a situation that was becoming daily more critical. They believed, with some more impartial observers in England, that it was by no means merely to play at soldiering that Cetewayo had marshalled and drilled his hordes of warlike barbarians. "They knew that any day the least word from the king would slip the leash, and that forty thousand eager savages, whose pride and profession were bloodshed, would pour into Natal and butcher man, woman, and child. There was only a river to keep them slightly in check." They dreaded a general rising of the natives in Natal in sympathy with a Zulu invasion. And some of the settlers on the frontier had heavy stakes depending on the policy the Government might pursue. Dr. Norbury visited one border farm that had been reclaimed by a man who had emigrated from England twenty-five years before, and apparently without capital. He had received a free grant of 600 acres. When he married, his wife brought him as much more by way of dowry; the rest he had gradually purchased out of his savings at 4*s.* per acre. When Dr. Norbury was shown over the place, the farmer and his sons were growing arrowroot, coffee, and indigo. They had created ranges of substantial outbuildings down to blacksmiths' forges for repairing their machinery; and they were selling their arrowroot at 40*l.* per ton, and their indigo at 8*s.* per pound, which we should say were sufficiently remunerative prices. Dr. Norbury formed a favourable impression of another adventurer, who has risen to wealth and consequence in a somewhat different way. At the meeting of the British Commissioners with the Zulu envoys he saw Mr. John Dunn for the first time—"a sunburnt, good-looking man, evidently in the prime of life, and a long residence among the Zulus has in no way detracted from his gentlemanly demeanour." Subsequently he gives a picturesque account of the exodus of Dunn and his tribe across the Tugela after the proclamation of war. On one day 2,500 cattle and about 1,000 people crossed the stream. When all had come over, the men swimming the swift current with their oxen, the encampment broke up, and the emigrants started on their march for the southward:—

> The procession reminded me strongly of the biblical pictures of Abraham and the old patriarchs. There was Mr. Dunn with his wives and concubines, his wild-looking men armed with spears, driving forward the flocks and herds—his women and children, many hundreds in number, carrying their seats and cooking utensils on their heads, and the mothers with their little ones at their backs—a pastoral people migrating from one district to another.

We have already referred to Dr. Norbury's report of the sanitary defects of the fort at Ekowe. The choice of the site had been dictated by military considerations; in other respects it could scarcely have been more unfortunate. It appears that the soil consisted of a layer of black loam two feet deep, formed by the long accumulations of rotted vegetation; beneath was a thin stratum of sand likewise impregnated with organic matter; while beneath both, and preventing the subdrainage of impurities, was a bed of clay saturated with water. It was then the height of the rainy season; the surface was soaked, and under the burning sun there was a constant and malarious exhalation. The men lived and slept, closely packed together, under the low waggon tarpaulins which prevented all ventilation; they were overworked besides, and on short rations. No wonder that they began to sicken and die, and, unfortunately, the stores of drugs were expended. Dr. Norbury did his best with some cases of horse medicine, supplemented by the bark of the water-boom tree, which he found to have powerfully astringent properties. Had the relatives of the beleaguered force known all the circumstances of the situation, their anxieties must have been very seriously aggravated; and though Dr. Norbury says little about his own services, we cannot doubt that he has strong claims on the gratitude of many of the people who may read his book.

SPORT AND PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.*

WHERE is a man to turn to who longs for wild natural sport in countries and streams contaminated neither by the "London brewer," the miner, the manufacturer, the preserver, nor the poacher? The world seems almost exhausted, and civilization has crept in everywhere with its pollutions, its snobs, and its Winchester rifles. Our old friend Hawkeye, in Cooper's novels, used to wander west when a plough was to be seen within fifty miles, or the smoke of a settler's cottage could be observed from the top of a high hill. The sight of a fence was poison to him, as to the Red Indians—a class of sportsmen who are dying as rapidly as their wapiti of the disease called civilization. Mr. Williamson, the author of the large and luxurious volume on *Sport in the Rocky Mountains* which lies before us, seems to be, as it were, the last of the Mohicans, the last European who has enjoyed, or is likely to enjoy, the shooting of big game in Northern America, under natural conditions. Mr. Williamson's Highland lease expired in 1878. He says he was "somewhat tired of stalking stags, of which not one head out of ten was worth taking home." He was also aweary of Scotch mists and Scotch midges. Perhaps other sentiments unavowed aided his resolve to seek fresh woods and a new kind of game. Deer-stalking in the Highlands seems to

* *Sport and Photography in the Rocky Mountains.* By A. Williamson. Edinburgh: D. Douglas. 1880.

us, and perhaps to Mr. Williamson, an uncommonly artificial sport. You know, or the "stalker" knows, pretty well how many head there are on the forest. You have your fixed number of killing days, just as if you were a butcher, or a farmer who slays his own pigs. It is a settled thing that so many stags, and no more, are to be shot in the course of the season. Each guest has his allotted number, or, at least, his chance at them. Again, the limitations imposed by the "marches" conflict with the freedom which is of the essence of sport on the grand scale. In the Rocky Mountains Mr. Williamson could follow his grizzly bear or his wapiti as far as he liked. He was never brought up short by a wire fence or a "march." To be sure, the local Red Indians have a theory that the game belongs to them, and, if they can surround a small party of white hunters, they sometimes exact a fine of fifteen dollars for each head. But Mr. Williamson just escaped meeting a large band of Indians when they were drunk and "on the short"; so nothing but the casual discomforts of camp life interfered with his thorough enjoyment of sport in Colorado.

We shall presently give a sketch of Mr. Williamson's triumphs over wapiti and grizzlies, count the points and criticize the heads. But first let the eager sportsman who burns to follow on our author's track, be warned, and note that he is too late. It was on the Eagle River that Mr. Williamson came across the disgusting "sign" of our civilized, enterprising, commercial, and industrial century. The river was delightfully unsophisticated, as clear and full of fish as that commemorated by St. Basil:—

> It was simply the very perfection of a trouting stream. Its waters, clear as crystal, were at this season confined to the middle of the channel, where from grand banks the angler could, free from trees, fish its swirling pools and broad stretches of water; and then its trout—what unsophisticated speckled beauties they were, running from a half to three pounds, and how greedily and fearlessly they took! . . . Here one fly was as good as another. With only a red palmer I killed in a couple of hours as many as I could comfortably carry.

But there were serpents in this Eden:—

> As I crossed a sand-bank one evening I was startled by seeing the fresh print of an American boot. At last the Eagle had been found out; the ever-advancing wave of white settlers had reached its banks. Already the pot-hunter was at work in its pools, and "placer" mining would soon do the rest, converting its pure waters into a stream of liquid mud.

Twelve months before some men had hit on a lode of silver, and in eight months Leadville sprang into being, a city with 30,000 inhabitants, waterwork companies, hotels, schools, churches, three daily newspapers, and all the rest of it. Thus "the poor child of nature," as Mr. Matthew Arnold pathetically says, is hunted from place to place by the children of Mammon. Obermann himself would now find hotels, English schoolmasters, guides, and lawn tennis, in the loveliest scenes where he wandered and maundered. It is more to the purpose that the Leadville roughs, bad stalkers, of course, fire into the brown of the wapiti herds with repeating rifles, and kill indiscriminately stags out of season, fawns, and hinds. Englishmen, who should know better, behave worse. "They simply go to the Rocky Mountains for the purpose of killing all they can, irrespective of age or sex, and then come home, and boast in the columns of the *Field* of the great bags they have made." American sportsmen justly resent this, and speak of asking the Legislature to exclude us as poachers. But meanwhile the deer are perishing, as the buffaloes have perished. Either there must be game laws, preserving, and all other artificial restrictions on sport, or American and English snobs will destroy the game altogether. Do they not drive the deer into corries in Scotland, and fire into the huddled herds at the end of the season? The love of swagger and of publishing a big bag is so strong that we gladly publish the protest of Mr. Williamson:—

> Our kind and hospitable cousins are still prepared, as they ever and ever again assured me, to accord a hearty welcome to those of our countrymen who are content to shoot only such animals as they can in some way utilize; but is it to be supposed they can with equanimity read such an account as lately appeared in the columns of the *Field*, of 400 head of big game slain in four months by one Englishman, of the numbers he must necessarily have left to rot uselessly on the mountains, and the wounded which escaped to die a painful and lingering death?

The spirit of 'Arry has infected English sport. Though we cannot absolve some Americans of similar crimes committed in Scotland, we trust that their Legislature will in future prevent the murderous slaughter of our swaggerers, and of their own pot-hunters. Mr. Williamson's own record he states thus:—

> My bag of big game comprised but thirty-two head, all told. . . . If small, I have at least the satisfaction of knowing . . . that during the whole trip I never shot a stag whose head I did not bring home as a trophy; never fired at a hind; that we only killed such black-tail as we really needed, and that, save in the case of the grizzly bear, we never lost a wounded animal.

Mr. Williamson's outfit "on this side" was not extravagantly heavy. A 500 Express rifle, ammunition, and the ordinary dress of a stalker in the Highlands were all he required. He occasionally stalked in lawn-tennis shoes, which make little noise as you walk. He found a fowling-piece a superfluity, and learned that the explosive bullets which kill a stag in the Highlands with great certainty are found to cause comparatively little inconvenience to a grizzly bear. By an ingenious method of packing Mr. Williamson carried his photographic apparatus undamaged, though donkeys laden with chemicals occasionally rolled down hill with their fragile burden. A donkey train, ponies, a guide, and several servants accompanied the sportsman. The hunting-ground was Piney Range and the mountains in the direction of the hill of the Holy Cross. As the deer are stalked just on the "timber-line" the hunters lived at a healthy altitude of from 11,000 to 12,000 feet. The stags are not free from velvet till the end of August, and the rutting season begins about the middle of September. This limits what we consider absolutely legitimate sport to little more than a fortnight. Mr. Williamson, however, shot some stags in the season when they fill the woods with the noise of their jostling horns in warlike encounter, and with a prolonged shrill whistling cry, unlike the roar of the amorous Highland deer. By the way, Mr. Williamson has solved that vexed question, What becomes of the cast horns of the red deer in Scotland? In the Lews he has seen hinds chewing the stags' antlers. The deer eat their own old horns.

We cannot follow all Mr. Williamson's stalks through a country so beautiful, crowned with snow-peaks, seamed with trout-streams which the beavers dam, rich with flowers and fruits, and free from snakes and insects, that it is justly called "the sportsman's paradise." His first stag, "as big and heavy as a sixteen-hands horse," he killed, after vainly trying to make up his mind to shoot a hind. The stag joined the hinds, and his arrival saved Mr. Williamson from the stain of an unchivalrous act. He found that a shot in the shoulder will not settle a wapiti stag, who needs a bullet in the heart. The head bore thirteen points, the antlers measured fifty-three and fifty-one inches, with a span of forty-two inches. The next head had fourteen perfect tines, and Mr. Williamson publishes a photograph of this splendid trophy. To all but enthusiasts stalking "shop" is even as golf "shop" or whist "shop." To enthusiasts we may recommend Mr. Williamson's spirited descriptions of the almost Indian skill of his guide, who followed a wounded stag for many miles by such small "signs" as a bruised twig or a drop of blood on the grass. Mr. Williamson had the luck to come on a monstrous stag which his guide had observed in the previous year. Now, monstrous stags, like monstrous trout and salmon, generally escape, and, for all we know, attain the age and size of the stag of Redynvre, and the salmon of Llyn Llyw. "The stag said, when I first came hither, there was a plain all around me, without any trees save one oak sapling, which grew up to be an oak with a hundred branches. And that oak has since perished, so that nothing remains of it but the withered stump." As for the salmon of Llyn Llyw, who had fifty salmon spears in his back, he carried Kai and Gwrhyr on his shoulders, and the tale of him is told in the story of the Twrch Trwyth. Such, and so great are the deer we miss, and the salmon that break us, and get away. But Mr. Williamson slew the great stag of the Rocky Mountains, and his antlers were inches fifty-six and fifty-nine, and their points were sixteen. To have shot this stag, and followed a grizzly trail till he faced, and slew "the coming curse," as Mr. Swinburne calls the Calydonian boar, is not to have lived or travelled to Colorado in vain. Mr. Williamson's photographs of stag, mountain sheep (*mouflons?*), dead grizzlies, and scenery at large, are worthy of a book that should be a favourite in every shooting lodge from the Lews to Braemar.

THE TRUMPET-MAJOR.*

MR. HARDY in his latest novel has produced perhaps a finer study of character in a certain sense than he has before given to his readers. His hero, John Loveday, who gives the book its name, is a man who compels admiration and sympathy, and whose simple and noble nature is set before us in the most direct and simple way, revealing itself by actions which seem to him nothing out of the way, and which are left by the writer to speak for themselves without any attempt at what is called subtle moralizing, and frequently is merely pretentious verbiage. This central character is surrounded by others, drawn for the most part with the truth and insight which have raised Mr. Hardy to the high place he occupies among novelists of our time. There is less in this book of the countrymen's talk which has been so attractive a feature in some other of the writer's works; but there is also less of the quaint phrasing, turns of thought, and unexpected similes which sometimes tended to degenerate into affectation. One of the few instances of this tendency to be found in the present work may serve to illustrate our meaning. Describing Miller Loveday's face Mr. Hardy writes that "it was capable of immense changes of expression; mobility was its essence—a roll of flesh forming a buttress to his nose on each side, and a deep ravine lying between his lower lip and the tumulus represented by his chin. These fleshy lumps moved stealthily, as if of their own accord, whenever his fancy was tickled." The overcharged and unpleasant grotesqueness of this is in curious contrast to the straightforwardness of the writer's best manner. Buttresses, a deep ravine, and a tumulus convey no real notion of any human face, and would seem out of place even if applied to such images as Gog and Magog. The miller becomes a living and pleasing character enough as we go through the book; but he is handicapped at first by a description artistically false and far from attractive in itself. To a less degree the same fault is to be observed in the description of Derriman, the miser, of whom we are told that "the edge of his skull round his eye-sockets was visible through the skin, and he had a mouth whose corners made towards the back of his head on the slightest provocation." There is surely no need for the somewhat ghastly detail about the eye-sockets, and a writer of Mr. Hardy's power should learn to avoid mannerisms which cer-

* *The Trumpet-Major.* A Tale. By Thomas Hardy. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1880.

tainly add no strength to his work. The method which is of the highest value in Mr. Hardy's descriptions of nature, and of such stirring and lively scenes as the striking of the camp at Overcombe, fails when it is applied as it is in the first description to which we have referred. Such faults as these are far outweighed by the merits of the book, but it would not be well in the case of a novelist of exceptional strength to leave them unnoticed.

The first chapter of the *Trumpet-Major*—the date of which belongs to "the days of high-waisted and muslin-gowned women, when the vast amount of soldiering going on in the country was a cause of much trembling to the sex"—introduces us to two ladies of limited means, living in a village near the Wessex coast. "The elder was Mrs. Martha Garland, a landscape-painter's widow, and the other was her only daughter Anne." They inhabit a part of an old building which from being a manor-house has become converted into a mill, kept by Miller Loveday, already spoken of, with whom they are on excellent terms. The miller has indeed a decided, if bashfully latent, admiration for the widow. The quiet of the village life is pleasantly interrupted at the time of the story's opening by the establishment hard by of a camp, which excites much curiosity and admiration. What manner of woman Mrs. Garland was is indicated by her behaviour under the influence of this agitation:—

Mrs. Garland was of a festive and sanguine turn of mind, a woman soon set up and soon set down, and the coming of the regiments quite excited her. She thought there was reason for putting on her best cap, thought that perhaps there was not; that she would hurry on the dinner and go out in the afternoon; then that she would, after all, do nothing unusual, nor show any silly excitements whatever, since they were unbecoming in a mother and a widow. Thus circumscribing her intentions till she was toned down to an ordinary person of forty, Mrs. Garland accompanied her daughter downstairs to dine, saying, "Presently we will call on Miller Loveday, and hear what he thinks of it all."

Miller Loveday, however, "the representative of an ancient family of corn-grinders whose history is lost in the mists of antiquity," forestalls this intention by paying a visit himself to his tenants, in the course of which he observes:—"You have been looking out, like the rest o' us, no doubt, Mrs. Garland, at the mampus of soldiers that have come upon the down?" and he goes on to say, "Well, one of the horse regiments is the —th Dragoons, my son John's regiment, you know." The conversation further brings out the fact that the miller has another son, Bob, a sailor, who, at the termination of his present voyage, is to settle down on shore and help his father as grinder at the mill. Finally, the miller invites the widow and her daughter to join a little supper-party which he is about to give in honour of his son the Trumpet-Major's reappearance in his native place. The description in a subsequent chapter of Mrs. Garland and Anne each making objections to joining this party, while each is secretly longing to go, is in the writer's best vein. The incidents of the party itself, which the two women finally join, are full of character and liveliness, and the experienced novel-reader may draw his own conclusions from Anne's blushing and being embarrassed when a deaf superannuated corporal reminds her, in the loud voice peculiar to deaf people, of the days when "young Bob Loveday used to lie in wait for ye." The general conversation turns upon the expected invasion of England, as to which various suggestions are offered:—

"The night-time is when they will try it, if they try it at all," said old Tullidge, in the tone of one whose watch at the beacon must, in the nature of things, have given him comprehensive views of the situation. "It is my belief that the point they will choose for making the shore is just over there," and he nodded with indifference towards a section of the coast at a hideous nearness to the house in which they were assembled, whereupon Fencible Tremlett, and Cripplestraw of the Locals, tried to show no signs of trepidation.

"When d'ye think 'twill be?" said Volunteer Comfort, the blacksmith.

"I can't answer to a day," said the corporal. "But it will certainly be in a down-channel tide; and instead of pulling hard against it, he'll let his boats drift, and that will bring 'em right into Weymouth Bay. 'Twill be a beautiful stroke of war, it so be 'tis quietly done!"

"Beautiful," said Cripplestraw, moving inside his clothes. "But how if we should be all abed, corporal? You can't expect a man to be brave in his shirt, especially we Locals, that have only got so far as shoulder fire-locks."

"He's not coming this summer. He'll never come at all," said a tall sergeant-major decisively.

Loveday, the soldier, was too much engaged in attending upon Anne and her mother to join in these surmises, bestirring himself to get the ladies some of the best liquor the house afforded, which had, as a matter of fact, crossed the channel as privately as Buonaparte wished his army to do, and had been landed on a dark night over the cliff. After this he asked Anne to sing; but though she had a very pretty voice in private performances of that nature, she declined to oblige him; turning the subject by making a hesitating inquiry about his brother Robert, whom he had mentioned just before.

The question about Robert leads to an announcement on John's part that his brother is in love. This scene further introduces young Festus Derriman, nephew of the miser already referred to—a personage whose singularly unpleasant character is drawn with much vividness and absence of exaggeration. It might not seem at first that there was much freshness to be got out of, or to be put into, the figure of a young man whose courage and virtue are in inverse proportion to his strength and his disposition to swagger. Out of these materials, however, Mr. Hardy has managed to make a living and novel character. Festus at once conceives an admiration for Anne, and proceeds to persecute her whenever and wherever he can with his attentions, much to the confusion of John Loveday, who on his side has an honest admiration for her, but suffers himself to be cut out by the bullying yeomanry man. Some of the scenes between Festus and Anne are capital, though here and there the humour is a trifle strained. Better still, perhaps, is the scene of John Loveday's first proposal to Anne, after he has received her mother's permission to try his chance with her. He has got his opportunity of being left alone with her, but is so embarrassed by his emotions that "it may be questioned whether he would ever have broached the subject at all, had not a distant church clock opportunely assisted him by striking the hour of three." At this he heaved a sigh of relief and said, "'That clock strikes in G sharp.' 'Indeed, G sharp,' said Anne civilly." Then he goes on to tell how he had a wager with the bandmaster of the North Wessex Militia about the note. "He said the note was G; I said it wasn't. When we found it was G sharp we didn't know how to settle it." From music he diverges as naturally as he can to the advantages of a Trumpet-Major's position, and finally manages to make his proposal, which is practically rejected.

Events now become complicated by the arrival of Bob Loveday, the sailor, who appears laden with presents, none of which he can persuade Anne to accept, and who, some days later, goes off to fetch home his intended bride, Miss Johnson, of whom he knows practically nothing except that he has fallen in love with her at Southampton, and that she has represented herself as being possessed of much gentility and of a rich aunt. On her arrival at the mill curious things happen. When John Loveday comes in she faints, and the next morning she disappears, leaving no clue to her whereabouts or to her reasons for flight. Bob accounts for it on the supposition that "We weren't good enough for her, and she went away in scorn." The father retorts that "She seemed glad enough to get hold of us," to which Bob replies that he who has never been out of Overcombe in his life cannot know "what delicate feelings are in a real refined woman's mind. Any little vulgar action unreaves their nerves like a marline spike. Now I wonder if you did anything to disgust her?"

"Faith! not that I know of," said Loveday, reflecting. "I didn't say a single thing that I should naturally have said, on purpose to give no offence."

"You was always very homely, you know, father."

"Yes; so I was," said the miller meekly.

"I wonder what it could have been," Bob continued, wandering about restlessly. "You didn't go drinking out of the big mug with your mouth full, or wipe your lips with your sleeve?"

"That I'll swear I didn't!" said the miller firmly. "Thinks I, there's no knowing what I may do to shock her, so I'll take my solid victuals in the bakehouse, and only a crumb and a drop in her company for manners."

"You could do no more than that, certainly," said Bob gently.

Subsequently John feels bound to explain that Miss Johnson's disappearance is due to his intervention, because "she was not a woman who could possibly be your wife." Bob, however, expresses in different language Othello's sentiments as to the blessings of ignorance, and goes so far as to start in quest of the missing Miss Johnson; but, moved by better counsels, turns back, to find that the miller, anxious that all the wedding preparations should not be wasted, has hastened his own long-intended proposal of marriage to Mrs. Garland, and has been accepted. There is a difficulty about Bob's presence at the wedding-feast; he feels that he is out of tune for mirth. "Deuce take me," cries the miller, "if I would have asked her, then, if I had known 'twas going to drive thee out of the house! Now come, Bob, I'll find a way of arranging it and sobering it down, so that it shall be as melancholy as you require—in short, just like a funeral, if thou'lt promise to stay." "Very well," replies Bob; "on that condition I'll stay."

We are by this time well in the middle of the second volume, and from this point up to the end incidents of greater or less importance follow each other in quick succession. The false alarm of an invasion leads to various developments both of the plot and of the characters, and in the latter connexion we may call special attention to a scene between the swaggering Festus Derriman and his old uncle's factotum, at a moment when all the military ought to be starting for the coast. Then come the engagement of Bob to Anne, an exciting scene of an escape from a pressgang set on Bob's track by the mean Festus, Bob's period of service under Nelson, and other matters which are so closely involved with the *dénouement* that we refrain from dwelling on them, lest we should spoil the interest of readers. The same reasons prevent us from explaining more fully the character of John Loveday, of which we have already spoken with special praise. The manner of its development, like the many merits of descriptive and perceptive power to be found in the volumes, can be more easily appreciated from reading the book itself than from any amount, however copious, of quotation.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. FORNERON, who has already made successful experiments in treating the history of the sixteenth century, has begun a work on Philip II. (1), the first two volumes of which extend to the year 1576. This period of history is one of such general importance that most European nations, in this age of patient examination of archives and documents, have contributed huge masses of documentary evidence for the historian to examine, and few save specialists can hope to estimate correctly the value of each new examination. M. Forneron seems at least determined to show that the superficiality which used to be charged against

(1) *Histoire de Philippe II.* Tomes 1, 2. Par H. Forneron. Paris: Plon.

French historians is a thing of the past. His list of authorities and his citations of them are sufficiently imposing. It must be added that M. Forneron's statements are, for the most part, strictly confined to facts, and that he is very sober in the few expressions of comment and opinion which he permits himself. A chapter on the manners of the Spaniards in the sixteenth century, and one on Don Carlos, may be specially cited in proof of this. The former is not worked up with any superabundance of picturesque detail, but it is graphic and effective enough. The latter exhibits with equal effectiveness the ghastly history of the prince's life and death, not the less ghastly because it is so totally different from the romantic stories—long ago, it is true, known to be wholly fictitious—which have obtained currency on the subject. M. Forneron's simple, but by no means jejune, narrative brings out better than any rhetoric could do the contrast between the high-minded, impassioned, and chivalrous prince of fiction and the deformed, mischievous, superstitious *crétin* of fact. He dismisses the supposition of any interference on the part of the Inquisition as baseless, but seems to have little doubt of the administration of slow poison when the physical incompetence, moral perversity, and mental alienation of the unlucky boy were ascertained.

In giving a *Histoire des mystères* (2) which is the first book on the subject pretending, or that could have pretended, to anything like completeness, M. Petit de Julleville has supplied what was very much wanted. The two volumes before us are indeed only part of a still more ambitious work, which is to include a history of French comedy in the middle ages, a history of the theatre of the Renaissance, and, we suppose, even more still. This *Histoire des mystères* is, however, in itself a considerable work. The task of disinterring old French literature has been going on so rapidly of late years that many meritorious works published in the last century have become practically obsolete, and the quantity of text now at the disposal of inquirers absolutely demands the assistance of a connected history. It is, for instance, only within the last three or four years that the three capital monuments of the *genre*, the great collection of *Miracles de la Vierge*, the huge *Mistère du viel Testament*, and the *Passion* of Gréban have been put—the first two not yet completely, the third wholly—within the reach of ordinary readers. M. Petit de Julleville's book comes, therefore, at a good time. We cannot here examine it in detail; but we may say that, though we have noticed some dubious statements in it, it seems generally correct, and is certainly comprehensive. The plan, indeed, whereby the author in the first volume gives a general sketch of the Mysteries during their five or six centuries of life, and in the second analyses them in detail, involves a certain amount of repetition; but the fault is by no means unpardonable in such a book. Indeed the form of the second volume, which consists of a *catalogue raisonné* of Mysteries and their ascertained representations, is particularly valuable, because it admits of easy supplement as fresh investigations of the rich archives and libraries of France may bring together fresh matter.

It seems that some little time ago, when all Paris was exciting itself about vitriol-throwing, M. Claretie suggested that his friend M. Alexandre Dumas was strangely behindhand in commenting on a subject so germane to his favourite studies. M. Dumas, in reply, hastens to show his friend M. Claretie that he has not deserted his post. *Les femmes qui tuent et les femmes qui votent* (3) is an interesting *plaidoyer* in favour of divorce incidentally and women's suffrage directly. These are, in M. Dumas's highly respectable opinion, the two shortest highways now open to perfectibility. It is, however, extremely interesting to learn, great as have been M. Dumas's projects and performances already, that he has some idea of undertaking a crusade even more daring and more benevolent than any that he has yet attempted. The last sentence of his book contains a promise which cannot fail to gratify all persons, human and superhuman. "Pour le moment," says he, "nous sommes en train de délivrer la femme; quand ce sera fait nous tâcherons de délivrer Dieu." And after this it is probable that people will still continue to talk of Clarkson and Wilberforce and suchlike persons as the chief of emancipators. But we must say that M. Dumas's expectations from the second and most surprising "deliverance" are a little disappointing. "Alors," he says—that is to say, when the two emancipations have been effected—"nous verrons plus clair et nous marcherons plus vite." There really would seem to be something of disproportion between the means and the end. It is fair to say that, besides the preposterous absurdities which never fail to present themselves in any work by this author, not a few flashes of sound sense and keen wit (also as usual) appear. A sort of *lutin*, more capricious even than the famous one in Corneille's case, seems to attend M. Dumas, and to take pleasure in making him devote his talents to the illustration of the most ridiculous crotchets, and occasionally of something worse.

The veteran author of what, though by no means faultless, is certainly one of the best histories of the literature of a nation ever written in a small compass, has in two volumes (4) undertaken a somewhat ambitious task. To give in a couple of hundred pages a satisfactory sketch of any one such literature as those which M. Demogeot handles—even though consideration be limited to its "relation with the literature of France"—needs no small study, and especially no small first-hand study. To give such sketches of all four is certainly a thing which *non contingit cuivis*. Such sketches must almost inevitably be, in part at least, secondhand, and second-hand literary history is foredoomed to error. M. Demogeot seems to us to have pursued the fatal course of looking to see what other critics have said about his subjects, and extracting their opinions with a kind of Livian eclecticism. What can be stranger, for instance, than that a Frenchman speaking to Frenchmen about an Italian should give them the opinion of an English (and not a specially qualified English) critic? Yet this is what M. Demogeot does with regard to Macchiavelli, and the critic he quotes is Lord Macaulay. Hence it is not surprising to find that his facts are frequently as inaccurate as his opinions are doubtful. We open the English part, and we find it stated that Dryden "vécut et mourut catholique"—an odd way of informing French readers that the poet's conversion took place when he was fifty-five. That the date of *Venice Preserved* is given as 1662 might be merely one of those errors of the pen or the press which it is almost impossible wholly to obviate, were it not that Otway is introduced among the heroic tragedians as an example of their "declamatory emphasis." It is needless to say that his great play is the masterpiece of the reaction against these persons and of the return to blank verse and nature. Obviously M. Demogeot has never opened *Venice Preserved*, though he names it. This demonstrable shortcoming makes us naturally dubious as to the authority with which he speaks on other matters, even where his want of it is not so clearly to be shown. It is a pity that the author of some excellent work should thus compromise a well-earned reputation.

M. Paul Stapfer, whose *Shakespere et l'antiquité* was noticed some time ago in these columns, has collected in a volume (5) some miscellaneous essays on detached points of French literature and history. Those on "Les industries de Beaumarchais" and on "La comtesse de Rochefort" will please people who like anecdote and the personal element in literature. The other essays are more purely literary. One of the longest papers in the book is entitled "La poésie française en 1872," and now that the efforts of several English critics have made the *Parnasse* and other modern French poetry somewhat better known in England than it was a year or two ago, this paper should be found interesting reading. M. Stapfer's judgment seems to us very generally sound both as to the merits and the defects of the school and of its opponents. As to the latter, his verdict on M. Maurice Bouchor is admirable. A shorter but equally interesting essay on "Catullus, Chénier, and Musset," deserves mention, and in a notice of M. Paul de St. Victor's *Barbares et bandits* published nearly ten years ago, a view of that brilliant writer not wholly dissimilar to one recently put forward in our columns will be found. In dealing with the late M. Flaubert's *La tentation de Saint-Antoine*, we shall own that M. Stapfer appears to us to go utterly wrong, but this is the only point of serious disagreement between us. Two papers on Mérimée emphasize very excellently a curious idiosyncrasy, and (beyond all doubt) defect in that admirable master of style—to wit, his deliberate affectation of a by no means genuine cynicism—and point out the limitations which this imposed upon his critical powers. Altogether the book is one which, though necessarily of a somewhat desultory kind, contains much interesting matter—matter all the more interesting, perhaps, because the author, though evidently well read and of sufficiently catholic tastes, is very definitely French, even to the point of an occasional prejudice.

Although all humanists, if the revival of that excellent word may be pardoned, must regret the acrimonious quarrels which have arisen over the *disjecta membra* of Saint-Simon's long buried remains, the acquisition of them under whatever circumstances must be a gain to letters. The second volume of M. Faugère's edition of the unpublished works (6) contains two memoirs on the subjects which were nearest the author's heart—the legitimization of bastards, and the peculiar privileges and virtues of the *pairie*—with several "pièces diverses," including the sketch, written in the writer's most terrible style, of the Père Tellier. Let us hope that all the Saint-Simon waifs, whether published under M. Faugère's auspices or under those of anybody else, will one day or other find a home in the admirable edition of the memoirs which M. de Boislisle has just began in the *Grands écrivains de la France*.

Two more volumes of M. Thiers's speeches (7) carry on the publication to the year 1864 That there is between Article clxx. (November 1851) and Article clxxi. (December 1863) a gap of twelve years is perhaps a fact not unworthy of mention as a striking illustration of history.

The second and last volume (8) of the supplement to M. Fétis's well-known dictionary of music and musicians has appeared.

M. Félix Pécaut (9) has compiled a volume which gives pro-

(2) *Les mystères.* Par L. Petit de Julleville. 2 tomes. Paris: L. Hachette & Co.

(3) *Les femmes qui tuent et les femmes qui votent.* Par A. Dumas fils. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *Histoire des littératures étrangères.* 1. *Italie—Espagne.* 2. *Angleterre—Allemagne.* Par J. Demogeot. Paris: L. Hachette & Co.

(5) *Études sur la littérature française.* Par Paul Stapfer. Paris: Fischbacher.

(6) *Ecrits inédits de Saint-Simon.* Par P. Faugère. Tome II. Mélanges. Paris: Hachette.

(7) *Discours parlementaires de M. Thiers.* Tomes 8, 9. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(8) *Biographie universelle des musiciens.* Par F. J. Fétis. Supplément et complément par A. Pougin. Paris: Firmin-Didot.

(9) *Deux mois de mission en Italie.* Par Félix Pécaut. Paris: L. Hachette & Co.

bably the most complete account in existence of the system of public instruction (especially of girls) actually existing in Italy. It is unfortunately necessary to say that it is very far from an amusing volume, the author being apparently eaten up by the twin zeal of mechanical educationalism and Republican politics. But the facts seem to be honestly stated, and the book, as a book of reference for persons interested in the subject, is by no means devoid of merit. Every fresh example, however, of the obsolescence in France of a certain maxim about the *genre ennuyeux* (we might go further and say the *genre bête*) is of evil augury.

Eighteen years ago, it would appear, M. Jules Barni delivered a course of lectures in Geneva on "the Victims of Free-thought," a course which certainly, considering Servetus and Rousseau, might have been delivered in a less appropriate place. M. Barni, who was probably at that time an exile, is now a French Deputy, and his lectures have been reprinted (10). They deal (besides the personages just mentioned) with some interesting figures, such as Abelard, Bruno, Campanella, Vanini, &c., but the handling, though honest and painstaking, cannot be said to be particularly adroit.

All persons who are not weary of Dantean commentary may read M. Julian Klaczko's work (11) on this and other things without fear of being inordinately bored. He has taken the form of dialogue for his work, but his characters preach in a manner which Socrates would have found scarcely tolerable.

"Un Diplomate" (12) has paid England the compliment of borrowing from her his term for a καλοκἀγαθός, and has illustrated his conception thereof at considerable length. The oddest part of the book is a list of personages who, to the author's mind, bear the name of gentleman worthily. Most of them, we confess, are persons of whom we have not previously heard, the reason of which is perhaps that the majority seem to be of Portuguese nationality. Perhaps this also accounts for the fact that the only Englishman enrolled in this list *clarorum virorum* is the present Lord Lytton, whom the author, supposing his observations of "the gentleman" to have been conducted on the banks of the Tagus, may naturally have had most opportunities of studying.

M. Léopold Lacour has put much sound sense and good criticism into his book (13) on the three chief dramatists (MM. Augier, Dumas fils, and Sardou) of the veteran battalion now living in France; and he promises us a supplement on MM. Gondinet, Labiche, Barrière, &c., to which we look forward with pleasure. The chief and principal thing is that M. Lacour has declared war to the knife against M. Zola. In this question lie the issues of life or death for French literature nowadays, and any vigorous recruit on the right side is to be welcomed.

M. Lemerre's *Petite bibliothèque littéraire* has received two accessions—the fourteenth volume (containing *Macbeth* and *Othello*) of François Victor Hugo's translation of Shakspeare (14), and the first volume (15) of an edition of Paul de Musset's sketches of the literary oddities of the seventeenth century.

The *Histoire de Bayart* (16), which Messrs. Hachette published not long ago in their *Bibliothèque des Ecoles et des familles*, has been republished with an English introduction and notes by M. Jules Bué.

The most remarkable thing in the fifth number of the *Revue des arts décoratifs* (17) is the representation (on what scale we are not told) of a cup and cover of the sixteenth century in goldsmith's work. The proportions are admirable, and the ornaments, chiefly in winged monsters of a dragonish kind, are excellently disposed.

The usual deluge of almanacs (18) has set in at Paris. The *Almanach de la bonne cuisine* will teach any misguided person who believes in it to ruin a salmon by stewing him in champagne. The veritable *Triple Liégeois* will give all sorts of learned information to whosoever can decipher its very blunt type on its very grey paper. The *Almanach-album des célébrités* explains itself. Three different publications bear the name, honoured by almanac-buyers, of Mathieu de la Drôme, and as they are of different prices and all come from the same publishers, no uncomfortable suspicion of piracy need be entertained. The *Almanach parisien* has a pleasing absence of special features. On the contrary, the *Almanach des Parisiennes* preserves some of the least edifying fancies which have inspired M. Grévin's ingenious but vagabond pencil. The *Almanach comique* really has some title to its title, though it makes an Englishman think somewhat fully of the "Comic Almanack" of the days of his youth. Good Catholics, "scientists," young mothers, dolls, feminine persons anxious for fashions not more than a year old—all have their Year-books. There is the *Almanach de France et du musée des familles*—an odd conjunction; the little national *Almanach de France*, with a ferocious Turco on the cover; the *Almanach astrologique*; the *Almanach prophétique* (which is not so amusing as the pantagrueline prognostications); and the Lunatic Almanac. The *Charivari* has its book, and indeed several; for more than one of those already mentioned draw their illustrations from that periodical. The *Almanach pour rire* may be applied to the midriffs which the *Almanach comique* has failed to move. Finally, *Le parfait Vigneron* laments the policy of a short-sighted Government, which objects to the perfect wine-grower supplementing his stock of Lafitte with raisin-wine; the *Almanach du savoir vivre* reproduces, though perhaps in a less bungling manner, the minute directions of our own well-known manuals of etiquette; and the "Illustrated Thief" gives, like the *Almanach des célébrités*, plentiful portraits of persons whose life or death has been notable in the past twelvemonth.

The novels on which we have to comment are all of fair average merit, or perhaps a little more, but offer nothing very remarkable. Three anonymous *Histoires intimes* (19) are carefully written, with a certain dash of the preposterous; as, for instance, in the first, where a widow courted by a younger man long refuses his suit for fear of becoming an object "which he can only love out of pity," but consents on learning that she has incurable heart complaint. M. Eugène Chavette (20) opens a novel with a mystery which would have made Mr. Wilkie Collins's mouth water fifteen years ago. M. Ulbach's known wealth is such that he does not incur the suspicion of poverty by adapting (21) a novel from the famous Hungarian romancer. *Le tapis vert* is of the class to which we should expect it to belong—a novel of incident, the scene being, not Hungary, but Poland and Russia. M. Henri Rochefort seems to be taking vigorously to his new function of novel-writing. *Le palefrenier* (22) is, we think, his most successful effort as yet of the kind. In it an enthusiastic Communist converts and marries the daughter of his Legitimist employer, and she goes out to join him in New Caledonia. That not wholly delightful region seems to have produced upon M. Rochefort's spirits the effect untranslatably denominated in French "obsession." He cannot keep it out of his memorials. Lastly has to be noticed a kind of dramatic romance which M. Ferdinand Fabre has written, not, as it seems to us, without some inspiration from M. Alphonse Daudet. *L'hospitalière* (23) is a sufficiently touching story of Cevenol peasant life. It is preceded, however, by a would-be playful account of the history of its composition, and of the debates between M. Fabre's "Moi de Paris" and "Moi d'Yport," at which latter place *L'hospitalière*, we are to suppose, first saw the light. This seems to presuppose a greater interest on the part of readers in the processes of the author's mind than they (to judge from ourselves) invariably feel.

(10) *Les martyrs de la libre pensée.* Par Jules Barni. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(11) *Causeries florentines.* Par Julian Klaczko. Paris: Plon.

(12) *Le gentleman.* Par un Diplomate. Paris: Plon.

(13) *Trois théâtres.* Par Léopold Lacour. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(14) *Œuvres complètes de Shakspeare.* Traduites par François Victor Hugo. Tome 14. Paris: Lemerre.

(15) *Originaux du 17ème siècle.* Par Paul de Musset. Paris: Lemerre.

(16) *Histoire de Bayart.* Par D'Aubigné. With Notes by Jules Bué. London and Paris: L. Hachette & Co.

(17) *Revue des arts décoratifs.* Septembre 1880. Paris: Quantin.

(18) *Almanach manuel de la bonne cuisine. Le véritable triple Liégeois. Almanach-album des célébrités. Annuaire Mathieu de la Drôme. Triple almanach Mathieu de la Drôme. Double almanach Mathieu de la Drôme. Almanach parisien. Almanach des Parisiennes. Almanach comique. Almanach du bon Catholique. Almanach scientifique. Almanach des jeunes mères. Mère Cigogne. Almanach de la poupée moderne. Almanach des dames et des demoiselles. Petit almanach national de la France. Almanach de France et du musée des familles. Almanach astrologique. Almanach prophétique. Almanach lunatique. Almanach du Charivari. Almanach pour rire. Almanach du savoir vivre. Le parfait Vigneron.* Paris: Dépôt Central des Almanachs, Librairie Plon. *Almanach du voleur illustré.* Paris: Bureau du "Voleur illustré."

(19) *Histoires intimes.* Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(20) *L'oncle du Monsieur de Madame.* Par Eugène Chavette. Paris: Dentu.

(21) *Le tapis vert.* Par Louis Ulbach. Imité de Maurice Jokai. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(22) *Le palefrenier.* Par Henri Rochefort. Paris: Charpentier.

(23) *L'hospitalière.* Par Ferdinand Fabre. Paris: Charpentier.

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MR. GLADSTONE AT GUILDHALL.

MR. GLADSTONE is not necessarily to be blamed if his speech at Guildhall has disappointed public curiosity. One of the most useful accomplishments of a great orator is the faculty of saying little or nothing in sonorous language, when it might be inconvenient to exercise the higher gift of lucid disclosure. The expectant audience need not have thronged Guildhall to learn that there has been a good harvest in Ireland, that the social and political condition of the country is nevertheless unsatisfactory or alarming, that Governments ought, if possible, to maintain order by means of the ordinary law, and that they are nevertheless bound, if their first efforts fail, to discharge their primary duty at any cost. When the reign of anarchy will be thought by the present Ministers to have culminated so as to require interference was a secret not revealed by Mr. GLADSTONE. He was assuredly not bound to confide the policy of his Government to a miscellaneous crowd, although Lord Mayor's Day has sometimes been selected by his predecessors as a fit occasion for announcing important resolutions to the country. It was undoubtedly prudent to confine the account of transactions in Afghanistan to the statement of two or three notorious facts which the company and the waiters at the table knew as well as the PRIME MINISTER himself. Any declaration about Candahar would have been transmitted to India in an hour, and to Cabul and Herat in a few days. It is extremely undesirable that, if the Government has resolved on retreat within the old frontier, native friends and enemies should be encouraged to profit by a premature communication. It was rather decorous than instructive to state that the Government regarded the war in South Africa with anxiety. The colonists will perhaps soon be anxious to learn whether they are to expect the aid of the Imperial forces.

Mr. GLADSTONE's vindication of his mysterious and unexplained policy in the East was, if possible, still more obscure than his language about Ireland, and it was in some respects highly characteristic. It had not been suspected that the main object of the present Ministers has been to complete in the same spirit the task which had been commenced by their predecessors. Two years ago Lord BEACONSFIELD had on a similar occasion expressed his confidence that the due execution of the Treaty of Berlin would both conduce to the welfare of the populations which it concerned and secure the peace of Europe. Mr. GLADSTONE does not blame Lord BEACONSFIELD for having been somewhat too sanguine, and he has indicated his cordial concurrence in the eulogy on the Treaty of Berlin by doing his utmost to enforce its provisions. The instrument which he has chosen for the purpose is the concert of the European Powers, for Mr. GLADSTONE is not inclined to assume on behalf of England the responsibility of separate action. He acknowledges the difficulty of reconciling independent or divergent interests; but he holds, with good reason, that the common action of the Powers is irresistible if only it can be ensured. Mr. GLADSTONE has a perfect right to claim for his Government the provisional success of having induced all the Great Powers to join in the naval demonstration to which they are still parties. He afterwards quoted, rather with contemptuous incredulity than with satisfaction, an official statement made on the highest authority that Dulcigno will be handed over to Montenegro in two or three days. There is a curious contrast between present practice and comparatively recent tradition in the transmission by the SULTAN himself of a telegraphic message to the English Government, with a request that its substance should be announced at the LORD MAYOR's dinner. In former times the Grand Turk would scarcely have condescended to know that there was such a dignitary as the Lord Mayor. If the mixture of Asiatic and municipal associations is startling, the manner in which Mr. GLADSTONE discharged the SULTAN's commission may well astonish Asiatics, to whom the forms of courtesy have almost a religious value. Having received a flattering request from a potentate who is still the hereditary chief of a widespread religion and the ruler of a vast Empire, Mr. GLADSTONE thought it becoming to treat the message as a joke. Though there was nothing ludicrous in the announcement that a tedious diplomatic difficulty was at last removed, Mr. GLADSTONE contrived, by manner or intonation, to cause, according to the reporters, "laughter," "great laughter," and "continued laughter." The stern reprover of levity, the orator who scorns a jest, could not refrain from offering an affront to a Mussulman potentate who had gone out of his way to be complimentary and courteous. The sneer which provoked the ready laughter of an idle audience probably illustrates more accurately than any language which was used Mr. GLADSTONE's disposition towards Turkey. It is true that he disclaimed ill will to the SULTAN's subjects, but in diplomatic transactions a nation is represented by its sovereign. Of the Greeks, and of European concert as applied to the satisfaction of their claims, Mr. GLADSTONE abstained from saying a single word.

If Mr. GLADSTONE's statements on Ireland are carefully examined, the choice of phrases and the selection of topics will perhaps be found more instructive than the ostensible text of his discourse. He could not be expected, when he acknowledged that Providence had vouchsafed to Ireland an abundant harvest, to admit that the same agency had conclusively set aside the only possible excuse for the anomalous Disturbance Bill. The measure was defended only on the ground that extraordinary means were needed to relieve a distress which has since disappeared. As Mr. PARNELL said the other day, last year the tenants could not pay their rent because the harvest was bad; and this year the harvest was much too good for its proceeds to be handed over to the landlords. Not having anticipated Mr. PARNELL's antithetic counsels, Mr. GLADSTONE owns that he is disappointed. While he scarcely ventures to apply to the subversive and virulent agitators the mildest terms of censure, he attributes the prevailing discontent to the vicious legislation of former times. More recently, at his own suggestion, Parliament has been wiser and more generous, inasmuch as it has passed the Land Act of 1870; and he finds that there prevails an impression, "by no means confined to agitators or like-minded "people," that the principle of the Land Act requires further development. With a boldness which might be called by a harsher name, he asserts that the Land Act conferred a benefit on the occupiers "without inflicting "injury on any other class whatever." If he had denied that the Act caused injustice, he would merely have defended it as sound in principle; but it is incredible that he should dispute the injury to the landlords of a transfer to the occupiers of a portion of

their property, amounting at the lowest estimate to many millions. If liability to compensation for disturbance was not a loss to one party, it was not a gain to the other. It may be added that, in the contemplated Land Act, the owners may be more heavily mulcted without suffering, in Mr. GLADSTONE's judgment, any injury whatever. The significant threat to the owners is followed by a reference to the Land League which almost amounts to an apology for their proceedings. "Objects, some of them perhaps legitimate, others more "questionable," have been pursued, "in our view by means "that cannot for a moment pretend to the title of being "legitimate, and that are totally incompatible with the first 'conditions of a well-constituted society." In the view of the Government, which may be mistaken, and which is subject to correction, murder, assault, threatening letters, mutilation of cattle are incompatible with the conditions of a well-constituted society; but as to the objects which are proposed by Mr. PARNELL, Mr. DILLON, and Mr. HEALY, they are at least partially legitimate. It is perhaps not legitimate to threaten with death any person who in the province of Connaught speaks disrespectfully of the Fenians; but Mr. GLADSTONE seems to regard with tolerance the main purpose of the Land League, which is openly avowed to be the abolition of property in land, except when it is vested in the occupier, or, as it is called, of landlordism. Of the cruelty and the tyranny which prevails, Mr. GLADSTONE speaks with less hesitating disapproval. As he observes, it is Ireland which suffers, and not England; and not the landlords only, whose sufferings might apparently excite less sympathy, but occupiers and would-be occupiers are exposed to persecution. The Government confesses that it is bound to protect the victims of agrarian violence; and "circumstances might compel us "to ask for increased powers, although we will never anticipate such a contingency, nor imagine it to exist until "it has been proved by the clearest demonstration." The contingency has existed for several months, and it has been proved by the clearest demonstration. Mr. GLADSTONE's undertaking to protect life and property in some imaginary state of affairs much worse than the present amounts to a distinct and formal refusal to prevent seditious meetings, to interfere with the acquisition of deadly weapons, to discourage assassination, or to secure the rights either of landlords or peaceable tenants. Such is the answer which the PRIME MINISTER gave to the urgent and unanimous demand of all loyal and peaceable Irishmen. It would seem that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had sufficient authority for making the statement that the Government would in no circumstances exceed the powers of the ordinary law. It remains to be seen whether their apathetic attitude will be changed by the recent events in Mayo.

RUSSIA.

THE Russian Government has apparently succeeded in discovering and arresting the principal agents in the Nihilist plots. Sixteen persons, of whom three are women, are on their trial before a court-martial, composed partly of permanent officials and partly of the commanding officers of different regiments of the Guards. The crimes with which the accused are charged are the murder of Prince KRAPOTKINE, attending a revolutionary Conference in the summer of last year, furnishing the funds for or working secret printing-presses, and, above all, the three attempts to assassinate the CZAR. There was first an attempt to assassinate the CZAR on the Simpheropol line in November 1879. The line was mined with dynamite, but the mine did not explode, as the wire attached to it was accidentally cut. It was only many months later, when the line was most carefully examined on the eve of a new visit of the CZAR to Livadia, that the preparations made in the preceding November were discovered. Two of the accused now acknowledge that they were concerned in laying the mine on this occasion. Then there was the attempt to blow up the CZAR in the Moscow explosion in the December of last year. The history of this attempt was revealed to the police by a Jew named GOLDENBURG, who committed suicide after revealing the names and stories of his accomplices, and who stated that he had worked at the Moscow mine with other persons, of whom one was HARTMANN, who, after having given no little trouble to the French Government, is now doing us the honour of residing in London. Lastly, there was the attempt to blow up the Winter Palace in the February of this year. The police have now caught and put on his trial the carpenter who lodged in the basement under the dining-room, and they have further traced the man who supplied the dynamite used. This prisoner, like others who are accused of the graver offences, makes no defence, and no secret of what he has done; and states that he "prepared all the dynamite for various explosions," two hundredweight in all. The murderer of Prince KRAPOTKINE had already confessed his crime, being the Jew who hanged himself after his revelations. Thus the guilt of all the most startling of the Nihilists' crimes has been traced home to persons who have acknowledged their guilt. This is so far satisfactory. It would have been a sad encouragement to atrocity if any of these daring crimes had been perpetrated without their authors having been discovered. It is too much to suppose that all those who were guilty have been brought to trial; but there is good reason to suppose that the various attempts on the life of the CZAR were contrived and executed by a very small band. One of the prisoners, for example, revealed that in November of last year he had prepared a mine on the Odessa line, over which it was supposed the CZAR would pass. When it was found that the CZAR had gone by another route, the prisoner took up his dynamite, and took it to Moscow, in order to assist in the proposed December explosion. The agents, therefore, working in very different parts of Russia, were really the same men, and one man made the dynamite for the whole gang. The brigands all belonged to one band; the band has been captured—or, at least, its leaders have been captured; and it may therefore be hoped that the danger of Nihilist assassinations is for the present at an end.

But, if we ask what is the state of Russia generally, and examine the symptoms of political disaffection, it is evident that either the most enormous injustice has been done to innocent men, or there must have been quite recently a fever of discontent on the part of persons who hated the Government, although they had no connexion with villanous attempts to commit murder. The stream of exiles to Siberia, either overland or sent by sea to Archangel, has never stopped, and is still flowing on. Figures on a point as to which all possible secresy is preserved must not be implicitly trusted; but when the number of exiles to Siberia this year is given at twelve thousand, it may be assumed that at any rate the real number is very large, and there can be no doubt that a very large proportion of these exiles belong to the educated classes. Since Count MELIKOFF has assumed the office of Minister of the Interior, some attempt has been made to allay political discontent by making some concessions and promising more. But he has clearly given it to be understood that, whatever changes are to be made, they are to be not in the character of the Russian Government, but only in the manner of its working. During the present reign no dream of a Constitution is to be thought of. A little more liberty of action is to be given to local institutions, and the press was taught to hope that it would be permitted to speak a little more freely. But no sooner was this hope held out than Count MELIKOFF summoned the leading editors to his presence, and warned them that, above all things, they must guard against illusions. They must, in short, take care that they wrote nothing with which the Government could be displeased. They soon had an illustration of what was meant. A new journal, conducted by one of the best known of Russian writers, was allowed to be started; but within a few days its sale in the streets was prohibited, because it had hinted at a variance of opinion in the Council of the Ministry. There is, however, observable something of a greater freedom in the tone of Russian journalism. The *Golos*, for example, has lately on one occasion pleaded for the restoration to their homes of some Circassians who were expatriated in 1878, and on another occasion has pleaded for the extension of a moderate amount of toleration to the sect of Old Believers. But the greatest present difficulty of Russia is not so much political as financial. The distress in large districts is terrible. In many of these districts it is calculated that there is only one-third of the ordinary crop of rye. All kinds of produce have fallen short, and the Russians, to their astonishment, find themselves importing articles which they have been accustomed to consider as grown for export, such as grain, tallow, and wool. The failure of the crops is attributed not so much to weather or the

soil as to an invasion of beetles, worms, and locusts, and it may be hoped that, as such an invasion was a novelty, it may not recur. But there can be no doubt that the Russian peasant is going through a very bad time, even if there is some exaggeration in the statement that he is keeping himself alive by eating up his capital and by selling his last stack of wood, his cattle, the straw off his roof, and even the clothes off his back.

Russia and England have one point of close resemblance. They are both great European Powers, expected to take their part in all large European questions; but, from the enormous area over which their dominion extends, they are always having minor affairs of their own to engross a large portion of their attention. We have just now troubles in Afghanistan, troubles in South Africa, troubles in Ireland. The Russians, for their part, have to concern themselves with China, with the Tekke Turkomans, and with the everlasting sore of Poland. It is Austria that now makes Russia more than usually anxious about Poland. The Poles of Galicia are now getting on such good terms with the Austrian Crown, and have lately been so charmed with the attentions of the EMPEROR, that Russia is alarmed lest Russian Poland should gravitate towards Austria if it gets a chance. The symptom of this alarm is the old familiar symptom of an attempt at renewing relations with the Vatican. Whenever Russia is frightened, it makes overtures to the spiritual head of the Poles, and it terminates negotiations as soon as it recovers its peace of mind. The Turkoman expedition is this time a very serious affair. The lesson of the failure of last year has been taken to heart, and this time everything is being done to ensure success. The country now held by the Turkomans is to be approached by a railway continued by a tramway, and several miles have already been laid from the south-eastern angle of the Caspian. The most famous, or at least the most active, of Russian commanders, General SKOBELEFF, commands, and the preparations are said to be so extensive that the General is provided with a hundred pieces of artillery. Whether there will be a Chinese war within a few months depends on the Chinese. The Russian papers are alternately instructed to alarm and to comfort their readers. One day the public is informed that the Chinese are hurriedly pressing Kalmucks into their military service, and the next day it learns that the Chinese frontier is only held by invalid Mongols armed with bows and arrows. What seems certain is that Russia will get all she wants out of China or will fight. A force has been collected which it is thought will enable the Russians to sweep the Chinese off the sea, to close the ports, and pounce on the capital. They insisted that before any negotiations were so much as begun the Chinese Government must release the Ambassador who was lying in prison for having signed a treaty with the CZAR last year. This has been done, and the door to negotiations is still open. If the Chinese like to pass through it, they can; but at present they seem unable to make up their minds, and, so far as they indicate any leaning, seem inclined to run a great risk rather than undergo what they conceive to be a great humiliation.

THE INVASION OF MAYO.

WE do not know when Englishmen have had more cause to be ashamed of the government of their country than they have had during the past week. Every morning the columns of the London newspapers have been full of rumours and of facts respecting a transaction the occurrence or the very idea of which might be thought impossible in a civilized country. Within half a day's journey of London it has been found necessary to substitute for the organized forces of authority the organized forces of a Vigilance Committee, in order to ensure the exercise of the plainest legal rights. But for this Vigilance Committee, a man against whom no crime of any kind can be charged, and whose only fault, even in the eyes of his enemies, is that he has been faithful to his employer and has endeavoured to enforce that employer's just claims, would be practically starved out of his own house, and the crops growing on his land would rot and waste for want of gathering. But private effort has stepped in, and there is at least a chance of Captain BOYCOTT being allowed to enjoy his own. The details of this private effort are those of a pioneer expedition into an uncultivated wilderness infested by savage tribes. The labourers who are to save Captain BOYCOTT's crops are girt with revolvers, and they carry with them provisions, appliances for shelter and warmth, and all the necessaries of the explorer who is at the same time a soldier. That these precautions are not uncalled for is testified in the amplest fashion by the measures simultaneously taken by what is called by courtesy the Government. Regiments of foot and squadrons of horse, and numerous bodies of Constabulary, have been drafted from all parts of Ireland, in order to "protect" the BOYCOTT expedition. That expedition, indeed, is rather distasteful to the party which the Government more especially heads. A "wrong-headed scheme," they call it; it being apparently the only right-headed proceeding to leave honest men to be hounded out of the country by rogues, and to allow the fruits of the earth, which are supposed to be all too scanty in Ireland already, to be ruined out of sheer spite to their lawful owner.

The foot and the horse, and the constables who throng the streets and barracks of Claremorris and Ballinrobe, seem to have conveyed to the minds of some persons a comfortable feeling as to the energy of the Ministry. How, indeed, can energy be shown in a more tangible form than in that of sabres and bayonets? But it seems to be forgotten that every soldier who wears the QUEEN's uniform in Mayo at this moment, as well as every good man and true who has put his life in his hand and gone down to Lough Mask to save Captain BOYCOTT's property, is a reproach to the Government, whose supineness and irresolution—it may almost be said, whose culpable dallying—with the offenders have made the presence of both necessary. That such a thing as this BOYCOTT expedition should be unavoidable, that the very notion of its being in any possibility required should be able to enter the head of a sane person, is evidence that the Government of the country has disgracefully blundered, if it has not done worse. For it must be remembered that, by the testimony of impartial observers, and, more than that, of observers whose inclinations are rather on the Land League side, the terrorism which has all but debarred Captain BOYCOTT from fire and water is terrorism, and nothing else. The labourers and the artisans, the tradesmen and the car-drivers who will now have nothing to do with him, have not the least personal grudge, or at least had not a short time ago. Their refusal to serve and supply him is simply an obedience to the orders of secret conspirators; that is to say, a silent acknowledgment that the Government is believed to be unwilling or unable to give law-abiding citizens the benefit of the law. Can any one say that this is unreasonable on their part? On the contrary, much more acute and wary persons than these Connaught peasants and shopkeepers might have been led by the policy of Mr. GLADSTONE to believe that no serious interference with the proceedings of the Land League was contemplated. The obstinate refusal of the Government to resort to the one single method of preserving or restoring order which has ever been found effectual in Ireland, the equally obstinate repetition of vague promises that something, no matter how much, should be conceded to the agitators' demand, the wild statements about each eviction being a sentence of death, the pictures held up to England and Europe of the cruelty and tyranny of the landlords—how could all these things fail of their effect? The very last step taken, salutary, and indeed necessary, in itself, wears an aspect not wholly dissimilar to these things, or at least is capable of being made to wear that aspect by artful agitators. As long as the victims of the Land League persecutions, the Captain BOYCOTTS and the Miss GARDINERS, were helpless, the Government looked on at their persecution with critical indifference. As soon as help arrives, armies pour into Mayo, to see that the helpers are protected perhaps, but also to see that they do not in any way provoke or molest the persecutors. Besides, did not Mr. GLADSTONE himself speak about civil war? Is it surprising that his words, like all such words, should tend to make themselves come true?

When Mr. GLADSTONE spoke at Guildhall on Tuesday, the facts of the BOYCOTT expedition, its necessity, its probable consequences, were all before him. He knew better than any one of his hearers could know that at the moment he spoke the same means were being taken in a province of the QUEEN's dominions, and within a few hundred miles of the capital, which might have been taken by the "Argonauts" of California to rescue comrades suddenly beset by Indian savages. Probably it was

this knowledge that stimulated him to draw cheers from his audience by the liberal promise to enforce the law as it stood. He would not even anticipate the contingency of any extraordinary measures. Anticipate the contingency! The insufficiency of the law as it stands is a "contingency" not to be "anticipated," when a company of armed volunteers have to journey from one part of the kingdom of Ireland to another in order to secure for a peaceable citizen the enjoyment of his own, and when soldiers and armed constables by the hundred and the thousand have to be drawn together in order to protect the armed volunteers. There are the plain and disgraceful facts, the writing on the wall pointing out either the insufficiency of the "law as it stands" or the hopeless incapacity of those by whom that law has been administered. But Mr. GLADSTONE dismisses it all as a contingency which he refuses even to anticipate. What may be the upshot of the business nobody can tell. The Cavan and Monaghan yeomen, supporting themselves on imported provisions—for the law as it stands does not put them in the position to buy food in Mayo—protecting themselves either by their own revolvers or by the aid of a few battalions of infantry and troops of cavalry—usual and everyday enforcers of the law as it stands—may do their work without interference or they may not. Captain BOYCOTT may be saved for the time from ruin or serious loss, and perhaps if the garrison of infantry and cavalry is permanently kept up, he may "see the flowers in spring" which his poetical persecutors have declared that he shall not see. It is possible that what is now being done in Mayo may have to be done again. The North of Ireland is full of stout labourers and wealthy public-spirited men. The brigade, or flying column, or whatever it is, can be moved to Clare or Kerry, or where not, and this remarkable fashion of demonstrating the sufficiency of the law as it stands may be, by the longsufferance of the people of England, continued indefinitely. But not the less will the invasion of Mayo remain as a blot on the scutcheon of the Ministry which made it necessary, if not on that of the country which tolerated the scandalous failure of its governors in the first duty of governing.

THE FRENCH MINISTRY.

THE Ministerial crisis which has just begun, continued, and ended in France, differs in several particulars from those that have gone before it. M. FERRY is the meekest Minister that has yet been seen, even in that country of meek Ministers. He has allowed the Chamber to dictate to him the order in which he will do his own business, and virtually the length to which he will carry his own policy. His position at present is pretty much what Mr. GLADSTONE'S would be if, in February next, the House of Commons refused to let him introduce an Irish Land Bill, on the ground that the law must first be vindicated, and insisted on his at once bringing forward a County Franchise Bill. In England this would be considered as decisive and unmistakable a defeat as it is possible to inflict on a Ministry. In France and in M. FERRY'S revised vocabulary, it would be called a misunderstanding.

When the Chambers met on Tuesday, M. FERRY read a statement of his policy. He gave no explanation of the circumstances attending M. DE FREYCINET'S resignation, but simply said that the change of Ministry had not modified the general direction of public affairs; that the mandate of the Chambers had been carried out, and that Ministers had not "deemed it possible to suspend the "exercise of the laws on account of the difficulties and "resistance excited by their application, nor held it neces- "sary to ask of Parliament a change in legislation." Up to this point M. FERRY presented himself as the thorough-going Minister in contrast to M. DE FREYCINET, who had been afraid of dealing decisively with the religious orders, and had tried to settle the question by a side-wind. It very soon appeared that the difference between the two Ministers was only one of degree. M. FERRY had had the courage to disperse the male communities; he had not the courage to disperse the female communities. Their position, he said, will be settled by another method. I am going to introduce an elementary Education Bill, and when this is passed the nuns will be no longer mischievous. While listening to this it must have been impossible not to be reminded of what M. DE FREYCINET had said about the orders generally. Their position also was to be settled by another method than that of dispersion. He was going to introduce a Bill regulating the right of association, which would incidentally determine the status of religious communities. Upon this question the Extreme Left are perfectly consistent. They make no distinction between male orders and female orders. A nun is just as hateful to them as a monk, and should be got rid of by the same summary procedure. They saw no difference between M. DE FREYCINET'S proposal to deal with all the unrecognized orders by legislating on a subject not exclusively relating to them, and M. FERRY'S proposal to deal with some of the unrecognized orders by legislating on a subject not exclusively relating to them, and as they would have voted against M. DE FREYCINET if he had given them the chance, they at once made ready to vote against M. FERRY. Two opportunities of doing so at once presented themselves. The Cabinet did not wish a motion ordering an inquiry into the conduct of General CISSEY while Minister at War to be declared urgent; the Left declared it urgent. The Cabinet proposed to take the Elementary Education Bill before the Bill for re-organizing the magistracy; the Left decided to take the Magistracy Bill first. They were supported in both cases by the Right, which cherishes an impartial dislike to all Cabinets, and is ready to make part of every Opposition, and, thus reinforced, they were able in both divisions to put the Government in a minority. The last defeat was too much even for M. FERRY'S patience—or as the event has shown, he required forty-eight hours to get up the amount of patience needed—and he and his colleagues resigned.

M. GAMBETTA was at first accused of having had a hand in the overthrow of M. FERRY, as he had in the overthrow of M. DE FREYCINET, M. WADDINGTON, and M. DUFAURE. For once, however, the charge was without foundation. M. FERRY'S defeat was simply an indication that the Chamber is passing beyond M. GAMBETTA'S control. The party which had the principal share in the division of Tuesday regards M. CLÉMENCEAU as its leader, and between M. CLÉMENCEAU and M. GAMBETTA there is open and bitter enmity. But the time has not come, even in the present Chamber, when M. CLÉMENCEAU can get the better of M. GAMBETTA when the nature of the issue is clearly understood. When, on Thursday, it appeared that M. FERRY had withdrawn his resignation at the instance of M. GRÉVY, it was divined that he had really withdrawn it at the instance of a greater than M. GRÉVY. It is one thing to vote against what are suspected to be M. GAMBETTA'S wishes and another thing to vote against what are known to be M. GAMBETTA'S wishes. If the Correspondent of the *Times* is right in saying that M. GRÉVY had announced his determination to send for M. GAMBETTA if M. FERRY persisted in his resignation, it was plainly time for M. GAMBETTA'S friends to do something to prevent such a conclusion to the play. Hitherto M. GAMBETTA has had a perfectly good answer to all accusations founded on his alleged unwillingness to take office. How shall he form a Cabinet except he be sent for by the only man who, under the Constitution, has the right of appointing a Prime Minister? But, if M. GRÉVY had made up his mind to send for M. GAMBETTA, in the event of a certain contingency coming to pass, there was no alternative left except either to prevent that contingency coming to pass or to accept office if offered. It would, to all appearance, have been impossible for M. GAMBETTA to refuse to form a Ministry if M. GRÉVY had summoned him as being the only statesman who had the authority and the capacity necessary to construct a durable Cabinet. At least, he could only have refused at very great risk to his influence in the country. At the same time, there is more to be said than is always allowed for M. GAMBETTA'S dislike of taking office. He was perfectly right when he described the existing Chamber as having been elected to decide a particular issue, and this an issue which does not help or qualify the deputies to decide any other issue. The existing Chamber was elected to answer Marshal MACMAHON'S question whether they preferred the Republic to him or him to the Republic. That was the particular work which the constituencies had given it to do, and it did it excellently well. But it was not instructed to say how the constituencies wished the Republic to be governed, and consequently its preferences for one politician over another are, so far as the country is concerned, merely accidental. While this Chamber exists M. GAMBETTA does not think he can hold office to any good purpose.

M. FERRY'S part in the transaction just completed is

less intelligible. There are many things the doing of which is expedient though it is not expedient that this or that person should do them. It may have been very desirable that M. GAMBETTA should not be offered office at this moment; but it can never be desirable that a man holding the name at least, if not the power, of Prime Minister should humiliate himself as M. FERRY humiliated himself on Thursday. He condescended to ask the Chamber to reconsider its vote, on the extraordinary plea that France would lose weight in Europe from discredited and transient Cabinets. How a Cabinet could be more discredited than by being twice beaten on the first day of its meeting the Chamber, or what chance of permanence there could be for a Cabinet which had to begin by asking the forbearance of a hostile majority, he did not explain. The Chamber showed itself placable, and gave the Cabinet something purporting to be a vote of confidence. Even with this, however, M. FERRY's position hardly differs from that of a deer which is taken home after the hunt to be uncarted again at the next meet. But, though the deputies were willing to keep M. FERRY a little longer in office, they chose to give him an additional snub even in the act of retaining him. M. FERRY had said very humbly that the priority solicited for the Education Bill was not, in the opinion of the Cabinet, a question of principle, and that to refuse it that priority through distrust, however slight, was not justifiable. The Chamber thought otherwise. In its vote of confidence it made no mention of the order of business. That remains unchanged; so that to the end the Chamber has shown that distrust which M. FERRY deprecates. The Cabinet, according to its chief, tendered its resignation through pride, and withdrew it through patriotism. As to the presence or absence of the last motive M. FERRY must be the best judge; but there can be no question whatever as to the success with which Ministers have exercised pride. They are not likely to lose the faculty of taking beatings easily through want of practice. Now that the Education Bill has been postponed, it will be very difficult for them to assign any reason for not proceeding against the remaining orders which the Left will accept as valid. That they are nuns, and not monks, is a reason which has already been rejected by anticipation; but the work of dispersing nuns will be so unpleasant that M. FERRY will probably give and withdraw several other reasons for leaving them alone before he makes up his mind to the worst.

SIR BARTLE FRERE AND SOUTH AFRICA.

THE dinner to Sir BARTLE FRERE seems to have been more interesting than ordinary festivals of the same kind. When Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, who presided, described with courageous freedom of language an ideal administrator and patriot, the justification of his eulogy was that, in applying it to the guest of the evening, he descended into no anticlimax. In accordance with a judicious understanding, the politics of South Africa were not discussed either by the Chairman or by Sir BARTLE FRERE. With good taste, if the omission was intentional, Sir RICHARD TEMPLE abstained from including in the catalogue of Sir BARTLE FRERE's merits the statement that he had never made a mistake. He justly recognized the high quality of readiness to accept responsibility, as when Sir BARTLE FRERE, in the crisis of the Mutiny, denuded a recently conquered province of troops for the purpose of strengthening the army which Sir JOHN LAWRENCE was organizing for the reconquest of Delhi. LAWRENCE himself used to declare that he had never understood the meaning of responsibility, and that he often told his subordinates that, if they would do their best, he would himself be responsible for all things. It was his business also to discharge his duty to the best of his judgment without considering whether he was answerable for his decision to his superiors or to his country. The then Lieutenant-Governor of Scinde was of the same temper with the Chief Commissioner of the Punjab; and in later times, when employed in other regions, he has not become more timid or less confident in the soundness of his own judgment. In one important measure, though it proved in the end perfectly successful, the majority of English politicians hold that Sir BARTLE FRERE was in the wrong. That he was exclusively responsible for his policy he has never hesitated to admit; but, like CORIOLANUS, he regards his accusers and opponents as a defeated party. Probably he prefers the unanimous judgment of the South African colonists to the less instructed but more disinterested conclusions of English public opinion.

The moral courage of which even Sir BARTLE FRERE's enemies will not dispute his possession was not displayed by either of the Governments which he lately served. Sir M. H. BEACH addressed to him a strong official censure [illegible]ting instructions which were given in the form [illegible] when they ought to have been absolute and [illegible]. Sir BARTLE FRERE's previous despatches had indicated his intentions with sufficient clearness, especially if they were interpreted with the aid of some knowledge of his character. When he precipitated the rupture with the Zulu KING, he might fairly consider himself authorized to take a course which had not been distinctly forbidden. The present Government was equally feeble and undecided, though its principal members had in Opposition strongly condemned the South African policy. The Governor of the Cape was retained in office till a section of the supporters of the Ministry grew clamorous; and then he was dismissed on a trivial pretext, though any error which he had committed ought to have been considered as fully condoned. One of his chief merits has perhaps not been sufficiently appreciated by his official superiors. No Governor of recent times, except perhaps Lord DUFFERIN in Canada, has done so much to revive and stimulate the loyalty of an English colony. It was not merely because he crushed a formidable and possibly hostile Power that the people of South Africa overwhelmed their late Governor on his recall with expressions of admiration and regret. He shared with Lord DUFFERIN, whose character in other respects has no marked similarity with his own, the power of sympathising heartily with the community whose affairs he temporarily administered. In his speech at the late dinner Sir BARTLE FRERE paid felicitous and sincere compliments to the different races which occupy South Africa. The Dutch were the noble descendants of the men who fought against ALVA, springing, like ourselves, from the parentage of the ancient Northern races of Europe. Other colonists trace back their ancestry to the Huguenots who left France in search of freedom; and the nearer kinsmen, the English, Scotch, and Irish, remind Sir BARTLE FRERE of the society which was typified in Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY. The colonists, when they read the speech, after making due allowance for the language of effusive courtesy, will feel that Sir BARTLE FRERE regards their right to self-government as not less expedient than legally valid. If the occasion had admitted of political discussion, Sir BARTLE FRERE would probably have dilated on the proof which the Cape Colony is now affording of its independent energy.

The late Governor, whether or not he may have approved the policy of his Ministers, necessarily left to them the exclusive responsibility of the measure which caused the present war. Mr. SPRIGG, in his Parliamentary speeches, repeatedly claimed for himself and his colleagues the credit of the Bill for the disarmament of the Basutos. The object was probably expedient, if it could have been attained by pacific means, but the result has shown that the scheme was impolitic. The Basutos not long since did good service in wars with other native tribes; and although, as Mr. SPRIGG declared, they may have had no legitimate use for arms, they regarded the possession of arms as a mark of dignity; and they may also have foreseen the possible necessity of defending themselves against the attacks of neighbouring tribes. Their chiefs plausibly represented to their followers the demand for arms as part of a scheme for destroying or degrading a population which had hitherto been loyal. Unduly nervous anxiety to provide absolute security against attack created, as in many similar instances, the danger which had been in the first instance prematurely apprehended. It was in vain that Mr. SPRIGG personally remonstrated with the malcontent chiefs, and that he employed some of their special friends to remove their suspicions. The tribe generally took up arms, and the insurgents have since been joined by allies from neighbouring districts. As usual in such cases, the extent of disaffection is imperfectly ascertained; but it may be taken for granted that any considerable success against the Colonial Government would largely increase the number of its enemies. According to a report which has not been confirmed, a conspiracy of natives had caused great alarm in Natal, where twenty thousand Europeans are surrounded by twenty times their number of natives, mostly Zulus by origin. Beyond the frontier

of Natal is Zululand, now split up into separate districts under petty chiefs; but the soldiers of Cetewayo's army must by this time have retrieved their losses; and it is possible that they may wish to resume their former military preponderance. The Basutos also are formidable enemies, and, unlike the Zulus, they seem to rely largely on their firearms, and to have acquired respectable skill as marksmen. They also differ from most of their neighbours in being a nation of horsemen, with a consequent facility of rapid motion, though their active ponies are not adapted for the use of cavalry in the field. Like other parts of South Africa, Basutoland is full of natural strongholds; and the attack and defence of colonial or native camps forms the most important part of the operations of the war.

The brief accounts of the campaign which are published by the Colonial Government are probably accurate, as they are not unduly confident or exulting. The unfamiliar names of places convey few definite impressions to those who are ignorant of the topography of Basutoland. On two or three occasions General Clarke seems to have defeated considerable numbers of Basutos; but he or his officers have also incurred occasional reverses. The natives, with greatly superior numbers, can comparatively well afford a sacrifice of life. Until the superiority of European arms and discipline is conclusively established, the insurrection is not likely to abate. The most remarkable peculiarity of the present war is that it is thus far conducted by the colony alone without the aid of the Imperial army or of any regular force. Sir Bartle Frere was justified in saying that Mr. Sprigg's Cabinet is doing much to prove the right of the colony to manage its own affairs. In the contingency of disaster, the home Government must necessarily come to the aid of the colonists, and there is therefore no doubt as to the final event of the war; but it will be far more satisfactory that it should, if possible, be brought to a successful conclusion by the arms of the Cape Colony alone. One probable consequence of such an achievement would be the annexation to the colony of some of the outlying provinces. If the same process were eventually to extend over the whole of South Africa, a sufficient substitute would have been provided for the rejected scheme of federation. If the colonists defeat the Basutos they will have established an indisputable right to regulate their own relations with the conquered native tribes. It is perhaps for the purpose of attaining this object that the Colonial Government has hitherto declined to ask for Imperial aid. Their civil and military policy ought, at least for the present, to receive a friendly construction.

THE KURDISH INSURRECTION.

PHYSICS and politics have for some time past agreed to a mutual interchange of technical terms. What would be called in the former science a zone of disturbance has long existed in Central Asia, and the latest extension of this zone presents perhaps more curious features than any of its other sections. All along the winding line which, speaking generally, separates the frontier of Asiatic Russia from the States conterminous with it, there have of late been wars, or rumours of wars, from the furthest of all Far Easts, in Mantchouria, through the shadowy regions to the north of the great Chinese desert, and the scarcely better known districts where Ferghana borders upon Kashgaria, to Afghanistan and the Turcoman wastes which stretch northwards from Khorassan. The zone is now completed almost from sea to sea by the Kurdish insurrection which has set aflame the border districts of Persia and Turkey. As far as positive information goes, neither the knowledge which we possess of the motives of the outbreak, nor the knowledge which we possess of its progress, is particularly clear or trustworthy. The intelligence received partakes somewhat of the character of a game of chess or cricket. First one side has its move or innings, then the other. On one day we hear that the Shah's troops are cooped up, that they are unable to advance, that the chief frontier towns are captured. Then we are told that the insurgents have been defeated, that the towns never have been captured at all, and that the extent and scope of the insurrection have been grossly exaggerated. So it goes on; but, on the whole, there is certainly sufficient in the matter, if not exactly to cause disquietude, at any rate to attract attention. Without falling into the very [illegible] error of those who see in Sheik Obeidullah a [illegible], or into the almost equally probable error of those who see in him a mere frontier bandit, it may be possible to give a picture of the matter which, though necessarily conjectural in parts, shall be not very far from the truth as a whole.

That there is such a thing as a Kurdish nation in the modern sense is a sufficiently certain ethnological fact. The country of the celebrated Samuel of Bulgaria has not much more historic claims to individuality than the country of Xenophon's Carduchians, except that it is considerably less venerable. From the first historical mention of the inhabitants of the hilly districts which surround the head-waters of the Tigris and Euphrates and the great salt lakes of Van and Urumiah, the Kurds have had a somewhat definite position, though they have never emerged, even for a short time, into the condition of an entirely independent nationality of any importance. But they have given sufficient trouble to Persians of the old monarchy, to Greeks, to Romans, to Turks, and now, the cycle having apparently completed itself, to Persians again. The story of the religious wars of forty years ago, when they turned on their Christian fellow-countrymen, the Nestorians, and handled them with characteristic ruthlessness, is well enough known, and needs nothing more than a brief mention. The same may be said of the final suppression of this access of ferocity by Omar Pasha, and the much later participation (in an unexpectedly small degree) of the Kurdish tribes in the late war between Russia and Turkey. The present state of affairs seems to be this. For the moment the Kurds—Turkish and Persian indifferently—seem to be under the control; not of the feudal Beys who once dominated, but of an ecclesiastical chief, Sheikh Obeidullah. As they are orthodox Mussulmans, and as the Sheikh holds a high place in the Mussulman hierarchy, their old animosity towards the Christians has, according to custom, been merged in an animosity to the heretical Mussulmans of Persia. This of itself would account for the demonstration of a war of independence being made, not against the Sultan, but against the Shah, even if there were no other reasons. There are probably several others, obvious and latent. The military strength of Persia is far weaker than that of Turkey even in its present state. But at the same time the Persian Kurds have usually been held in more direct subservience to the central authority than the tribes to the west of the frontier, who, during long periods, have enjoyed a virtual autonomy. Very likely the rectification of frontier which was one of the results of the late war is distasteful to the Kurds. At the same time that war has put them in a much better position for offence. Although they took less part in it than was expected, they must by fair means or foul have been able to appropriate no small share of the shower of Colts, Winchesters, and Martini-Peabodys which the Porte lavished alike on its regular and irregular troops, while the Persian army, despite its European staff, is anything but well armed. The trade, too, passing through the Persian province of Azerbaijan is much greater and more tempting than that passing through the Turkish provinces of Van, Sheyrzur, and Mosul. All these things explain the direction which the storm has taken, though it is by no means certain that they explain it fully.

For it must be remembered that Persia and Turkey are not the only Powers interested in the matter. The province, now Russian for half a century, of Erivan, and the new Russian acquisitions in Kars and its neighbourhood, verge, the first very closely and the last not remotely, on Kurdistan. Russia is thus once more in the historical position of a man whose neighbour's house is smoking through the roof. The sternest denouncer of Russophobia must admit that the frequency with which this historic position recurs is, to say the least, remarkable. But the interests of Russia in the matter are not to be arrived at by an off-hand calculation. She has, it may be said with some plausibility, a great deal too much on her hands to want any more. The Chinese difficulty and the Turcoman expedition together ought to be nearly enough for her, even if she thinks that she can count for the time on the inactivity of England. Troubles on the Western Persian frontier would, moreover, directly occupy the Caucasian provinces, from which General Skobeleff must draw his principal supplies. Against this has to be set the notorious fact that Russian purchases of corn, indispensable to the expedition, have recently been obstructed

as forbidden [illegible] and the fact, less notorious but [illegible] negotiations have been going on for [illegible] between the SHAH'S Government and the Turcomans, not indeed of the Akkal Tekke tribe, but of Merv. The provision of occupation for Persia elsewhere, and the setting of her in such a position that she shall be in need of Russian help, are not despicable moves in the Russian game. It has been asserted, denied, and re-asserted, that applications for such aid have actually been made; while, on the other hand, the demands naturally made by Persia on Turkey, that the latter shall check her lawless subjects from invading a friendly Power's territory, put a fresh lever within reach of the persevering diplomatists of the active Russian school. These things being so, it is certainly not necessary to see all things in Russia in order to consider the situation at least interesting. In face, not merely of the considerations just advanced, but of the positively asserted statement that Russia has both been asked and has consented to give her assistance against the invaders, she certainly must be held to have an undoubted *locus standi* in the question.

For practical Englishmen of course the important part of that question is, how does it bear on England? It bears in many ways. The strengthening of Russian influence over Persia, the further inroad on the Anatolian dominions of the Porte which even a pacification of Kurdistan by Russian troops would bring about, may be of the class of consideration which some people affect to pooh-pooh as alarmist. There is another, however, which the very soberest critic can hardly afford to slight. The mountainous district of Kurdistan has hitherto been of little importance in history, because it has at no time belonged to an aggressive Power amply provided with resources and bent on using those resources for the purpose of southward expansion. Hill tribes, left to themselves, are mischievous and predatory, but nothing more. But the possession of Kurdistan means, if Kurdistan is the outwork of a great empire, the possession of Mesopotamia; and the possession of Mesopotamia means the barring of the only possible land route from Europe to India. A great deal of nonsense has been talked on the subject of that land route. But we suppose there are but few persons conversant with the subject and with modern history who, whatever they may think of individual plans and propositions, doubt that this land route will, in one or another form, at some time become an accomplished fact. No political party, save that of the extremest Radicals and that of non-interventionists *quand même*, will affect to consider it a matter of indifference to England that the route should be practically garrisoned beforehand by another Power, and that Power Russia. There is no need to insist on any positive stipulations which might oblige us to interfere with a Russian crossing of the frontier between Turkey and Persia. The representation of the facts ought to be enough. It is said, whether truly or not it is difficult to decide, that the Kurdish SHEIKH is well disposed towards the English and eager for some sort of recognition by us. There would seem, therefore, to be every reason for the offer, and perhaps something more than the offer, of good offices in the matter. Of course, if Persia can, unassisted or with the co-operation of Turkey, defend her frontiers from invasion and put down her own unruly subjects, so much the better. But, if she cannot, one Western Power at least must surely have a word to say to the repetition of the part played by Russia in 1848, with Kurdistan, instead of Hungary, for its scene.

ELECTIONEERING ODDITIES.

THE records of the Commissioners inquiring into various corrupt elections have lately grown dull, as they have been occupied with the mere fag-end of revelations the substance of which was already known. But this week a sudden air of liveliness has swept over them. We have had Lord BRABOURNE, we have had once more the delightful Mr. CROMPTON ROBERTS, and we had a real arrest and imprisonment. Of all the witnesses who have come forward Mr. CROMPTON ROBERTS is the most amusing, and Lord BRABOURNE is the most astonishing. No one invited Lord BRABOURNE to attend, for he naturally had nothing to do with the election which followed on his vacating his seat. It was only with this election that the Commissioners had to deal, for, in their opinion, they were precluded from going behind it. The Act directs that they shall not go further back in the history of a constituency when they have once reached a pure election. The election at Sandwich, in April, was uncontested; and, therefore, pure. It was only pure because the minimum of expense in case of a Conservative opposition was put at 5,000*l.*, and no Conservative could be found to rise to so high a figure. Still, as there was no contest, the election was pure, and the Commissioners, having found a pure election, held that this bounded their inquiries. Their interpretation of the Act may be technically correct, but it is obvious that the real history of a corrupt borough which ought to be traced out before Parliament deals with the case might be shrouded in a lamentable secrecy through the casual intervention of one uncontested election. Although, however, Lord BRABOURNE had, in point of form, no title to be heard, he was burning with a fierce desire to broach a theory which he had got into his mind, and he managed to give the Commissioners the benefit of it before he retired. This theory was nothing else than the marvellous, the astounding theory that the constituency of Sandwich is absolutely pure. It really is all that the most scrupulous moralist could wish a constituency to be. Last May, indeed, a sort of wave of sin swept over its undefiled soul, and when very bad men, strangers to Sandwich and ignorant of the native virtue of the electors, came and tempted Sandwich, it fell. But this was a mere aberration from virtue, as accidental as it was unaccountable. The inhabitants of Sandwich and Deal are, in the opinion of Lord BRABOURNE, "a most honest race of men." He knows them well, and he thinks that the boatmen who clamoured to be allowed to put up poles at a fancy price, the tradesmen who announced that they must have orders before they could promise, and the scores of paupers who took money from both sides, were all in their hearts the most pure, patriotic, and high-minded of men. Lord BRABOURNE had, of course, heard of the statement that the April election had been uncontested because no Conservative would pay 5,000*l.*; but he thought that there must be some mistake about this. The real reason why there was no contest was that he had helped to get a Bill for a railway from Dover to Deal. Nothing on earth would have tempted the pure-minded boatmen to vote against a man who had got a railway to their town. All the gold in the Bank of England would not have induced them to set up a pole, the sight of which could have vexed so great a benefactor. Then, while Lord BRABOURNE was the heroic author of a railway, Mr. BRASSEY was safe from a contest because he was "so much respected." He, no doubt, enjoyed and deserved general respect; for at the two previous elections he had spent a sum which popular, though exaggerated, rumour put down at 25,000*l.* At those elections Lord BRABOURNE paid his own expenses; but in April last he entered into an agreement with Mr. BRASSEY that Mr. BRASSEY should pay everything. He could not have given a more convincing proof of the respect he himself felt for his colleague or of the foundation on which the general respect for Mr. BRASSEY was laid. Lord BRABOURNE was desirous of being returned in order to render a last service to the party that was to make him a peer; but he did not intend to retain the seat, and therefore he did not think he ought to pay for it. Mr. BRASSEY'S seat would have been possibly endangered, and would certainly have been contested, unless Lord BRABOURNE had stood with him. It therefore seemed only fair that Mr. BRASSEY should pay the whole expenses of getting and keeping his seat, and that by this judicious arrangement Lord BRABOURNE should get a peerage in reward for his services, and should not pay a farthing. All that can be said is that very odd things are done at election-time by high and low, rich and poor.

The premature death of DICKENS has robbed that curious and fanciful student of contemporary manners and the public that admired him of a subject which only he could have treated with adequate effect and humour. Mr. CROMPTON ROBERTS was made for DICKENS, and DICKENS would have revelled in a theme full of happy suggestions, of infinite possibilities and of unexpected quaintness. Whatever else he may be, Mr. CROMPTON ROBERTS is always amusing. Much as in *Great Expectations* Mr. Wemmick suddenly exclaims, "Hallo! here's a church, let's go in," Mr. CROMPTON ROBERTS seems to have suddenly heard of Sandwich, and exclaimed, "Here's a seat; let me go in and

"become a live member of Parliament." His notion of getting into Parliament was one which might be derived from a hasty perusal of works of fiction. There the rich hero is returned, as a matter of course, simply because he is rich and a peer. Mr. CROMPTON ROBERTS knew he was almost painfully rich, and hoped he was a hero. He went to Sandwich to spend money as he thought he ought to spend it. He was told that the seat might cost about 10,000l., and he considered that just the sum which such a man as he was ought to spend. How it was to be spent was a matter with which he had no concern. It was to be spent in getting into Parliament, and that was enough for him. He was prepared to do the proper thing, whatever it might be, and it was to his mind exactly the same thing to pay 10,000l. to get into Parliament as it was to pay his entrance money at a club. With this conception of his duties and position, and with the money at his command, he went off to Sandwich, summoned his boys from Eton to witness his triumph, and established himself and his family at a leading hotel. There he lived not uncomfortably, but modestly, at a cost of 50l. a day for his personal expenses. The Commissioners, a little astonished at the expenditure, asked whether Mr. ROBERTS did not think it rather high? But he explained that, for a man of his means, 50l. a day at an hotel was really nothing. He was, in fact, economizing by condescending to exist for so paltry a sum at a Sandwich hotel. But Mr. ROBERTS came to Sandwich to work and not to play, and, being in good training through frugal living, he worked hard. He understood that a candidate must not only pay money but canvass, and Mr. ROBERTS walked about canvassing as hard as a professional pedestrian could have done. While canvassing he put down notes—copious, accurate notes—of all he heard or was told. It never occurred to him that these notes were a long record of corruption. They were to him merely a part of the performance. He knew he was doing everything that it is generally understood a candidate ought to do. He was spending money; he was leading a life of enforced simplicity at a provincial inn; he was walking as hard as he could walk, and he was busy in making entries. This, from the point of view of mere deportment, was all that could be wished, and he might flatter himself that his deportment as a candidate was unexceptional. When asked by the Commissioners, what his notes meant, he could only say that they were an effort of deportment, and that they must be taken as the simple story of what he had done. Opposite the names of persons on whom he had waited in his wanderings were found such remarks as "wants a 6," and when asked whether this did not mean "wants a "bribe," he mildly replied that it looked uncommonly like it. He merely noted that the man he was visiting "wanted a 6," as he might have noted that the man had red hair. What he wanted or what he got was nothing to a canvasser who had no other idea in his head than that he was posing as a candidate, and that if he posed properly and effectually, nothing more could be expected of him.

At Boston the Commissioners have asserted their authority and maintained their dignity by sending to prison a person who had been guilty of contempt of court. It is a harsh proceeding, and one to which the Commissioners were very reluctant to resort, but which in the circumstances was, in their opinion, inevitable. They gave the offender every possible opportunity of withdrawing what he had said; but he would withdraw nothing, and he was sent to prison. After he had been there a day he grew penitent, submitted himself to the Court, and was immediately released. What he had done was this. The Commissioners directed a prosecution before the borough magistrates of a person who had, they thought, been guilty of perjury before them, and they sent their shorthand writer to give evidence. Other persons instituted a second prosecution against a different person for perjury, and required the shorthand writer to stay to give evidence in this instance also. The Commissioners sent to the magistrates, stating that they were at a standstill in the absence of their shorthand writer, and asking that he might be released from attendance and sent back to them. With this request the magistrates complied. Mr. COOKE, the editor of a local paper, published a violent comment on this occurrence, headed "Strange Conduct of the Commissioners!" The Commissioners were doubtful whether this was a contempt of court or not, and they sent for Mr. COOKE and asked for an explanation. If Mr. COOKE had chosen to hold his tongue, he would have forced the Commissioners to decide whether his article was or was not protected by the reasonable liberty of the press. But, far from holding his tongue, he read in court an elaborate statement, in which he made two positive charges against the Commissioners; the first being that they had been actuated by improper motives in directing the prosecution for which they were responsible; and the second, that the reason they had given for recalling their shorthand writer — their desire to save public time — was not true, their real motive having been a wish to burke the second prosecution. These charges were made publicly in court, and addressed directly to judges while sitting as judges. There was thus no question at all of the liberty of the press. An editor cannot come into court and insult a judge with impunity merely because out of court he happens to edit a paper. The late Dr. KENEALY could have passed his life in the Queen's Bench having flings at the Chief Justice, if this had been permitted. The Commissioners rightly judged that, if under such provocation they did not show that they would defend themselves, their authority and influence would have been at an end. As Mr. COOKE has so quickly come to his senses, all has now ended happily; but the general position of all Election Commissioners would have been seriously weakened if his offence had been treated with a want of proper spirit and firmness.

COMMUNIST ATTACKS ON LANDED PROPERTY.

TO those who are fortunate enough not to own Irish land, the extravagant doctrines of the Land League are almost less alarming than the theories which are partially accepted by the Government. The projected Land Bill will certainly not be more moderate than the abortive Disturbance Bill, and if the hints and half-promises of different Ministers and of their zealous supporters may be trusted, it will effect a further transfer of property from the owner to the occupier. In the debates of the last Session Mr. FORSTER considered it a sufficient or forcible argument that the germ of the Disturbance Bill was, as he said, contained in the Land Act. In a certain sense he was right, for the Act of 1870 involved the principle of legislative interference with vested rights; but at the time Mr. GLADSTONE earnestly disclaimed the purpose of creating a precedent by a measure which was intended to provide for an extraordinary and anomalous state of circumstances. The exceptional nature of the Act is already forgotten; and its germs seem likely to attain a luxuriant growth. Spoliation may too probably transcend the limits of place as of time. Many projectors have within the last ten years founded on the Irish Land Act a claim for new agrarian legislation in England. Mr. GLADSTONE, who only listens to what suits his policy or inclination for the moment, lately assured Sir GEORGE BOWYER that he had never heard demands on behalf of English occupiers for violent remedies of grievances which he believes to be confined to Ireland. An instructive commentary on his assertion was furnished a day or two afterwards by a letter from a member of the Farmers' Alliance, to the effect that English tenants required only compensation for improvements, abolition of the Game Laws, and, finally, tenant-right. The term, as well as the claim which it expresses, is imported from Ireland, and its meaning is perfectly clear. Tenant-right means the substitution of a beneficial or saleable lease for the occupation of land at a rent fixed by agreement according to the market value. It has nothing to do with compensation for improvements; and it involves the gratuitous acquisition by the tenant of a share in the ownership of the soil. The origin of the system in Ulster has often been more or less accurately explained; but the historical controversy has little practical importance because there is no dispute as to the legal or customary right. The creation by law of tenant-right in England would be simple robbery, without the palliation of any economical advantage.

Mr. MACFARLANE, a Scotch representative of an Irish constituency, urges the conversion of Irish tenants at will into freeholders on the ground that the tenures of the peasantry in many parts of India have been recognized by the Government as hereditary. He is not the first theorist

who has assumed that the primitive civilization of India ought to be the standard of European legislation; but, if ryots own the soil of Madras, purchasers and heirs of purchasers or of grantees own the soil of Ireland by as complete a legal right as that on which any kind of property depends. The paramount claim of the occupier, if it has any existence, applies to England as directly as to Ireland. English landowners also derive their titles from purchase or inheritance, while the possession of their tenants rests exclusively on contract. They may be excused for considering with uneasiness doctrines and proposals which, if they are once established, will by logical necessity lead to projects of confiscation. They are also assailed with references to the legislation of STEIN and HARDENBERG, and of French Assemblies and Conventions. The Prussian serfs were relieved in the beginning of the present century, not from uncertainty of tenure, but from oppressive services which burdened their hereditary possessions. The peasantry of France also had to a great extent possessed the fee-simple of their lands before the abolition of feudal rights. It may be doubted whether, even in the height of the Revolution, any landowner was deprived of his estate by legislation, except as a personal and penal measure, founded on the pretext of disaffection to the new institutions. The nobles had in many cases to choose between emigration and the guillotine; but those who remained at home, and who had the good fortune to survive, retained their landed property. Even essayists on landed property are scarcely prepared to contend that English landlords are traitors. The Irish Land League for the present stands alone in its denunciation of landlordism, which means right to receive rents, as a crime.

Mr. BAXTER, who apparently wishes to lead the assault on landed property, lately contended that no man should be allowed to possess an estate too large to be efficiently managed. It is notorious that the best-managed estates, like the best-managed factories and shops, are generally the largest; but, to the imagination of projectors, landowners are, like BURKE'S democratic Duke who was marked out into ribs and sirloins, mere victims or subjects of economical experiment. Another condition of ownership is to be the possession of capital to be expended on improvements; yet, if a man has 1,000*l.* a year of rental, and 10,000*l.* invested in stock or shares, it would be a novel experiment to compel him to lay out the whole or part of his money on his land. If his investments produce four per cent., it is highly probable that improvements would only bring him in two per cent. If, on the other hand, they would be remunerative, in the majority of cases the desired outlay would be undertaken. It is a vulgar error to assume that the community has a special interest in causing land to attain its highest capacity of production. Any alternative mode of employing capital which gives a fraction of larger profit is economically preferable to high-farming. It is possible that small freehold occupiers might obtain a larger gross return from the land than large tenant-farmers; and in the opinion of some theorists there are also social and political advantages in attaching a large part of the population to the soil. As long as the present system lasts it will be impossible, as it would be absurd, to interfere by law with the discretion of the owner in dealing with his land. One of the many offshoots of Irish agitation is the establishment in Liverpool of a so-called Association of Highlanders for the purpose of depriving Scotch proprietors of the right of turning parts of their estates into deer-forests. It would be equally just to demand that a flower-garden or a cricket-ground should be, against the will of the owner, converted into a potato-field. Demagogues insist, with constantly increasing dogmatism, that property belongs to any one rather than to the proprietor.

The weakness of the landlords consists entirely in the smallness of their number. Since the introduction of the Ballot they have little or no Parliamentary influence, and their interests are regarded by strangers with indifference, and too often with ill-natured envy. Possessors of other kinds of property commit a suicidal folly if they countenance attacks on the rights of landowners. For the moment Irish Communism and English pedantry concern themselves with only one of the forms in which wealth is invested; but in almost every part of the Continent, and even in some parts of the United States, capital is the object of a hostility not less fierce than that of the Irish demagogues against so-called landlordism. The extreme revolutionary faction in France shrinks from a conflict with the five or six millions of peasants who would appoint an Emperor to-morrow if they thought him indispensable to the protection of their property. The drones whom the Communists threaten and purpose to plunder are the shopkeepers, the manufacturers, and the fundholders. The agitators use phrases as plausible as the rhetoric of the Land League to prove that the implements of labour ought to be provided by the State, and that the whole profit of production should be received by the workman. The danger of subversive theories is not less formidable in Germany. The Socialists or Communists control the representation of some of the great towns; and it is for the purpose of keeping them in check that Berlin and Hamburg are at this moment subject to a mode of government which is known as a minor state of siege. Prince BISMARCK, though he is sometimes thought to have a certain sympathy with the Socialists, is not a man to allow life and property to be endangered in preference to adopting necessary measures of coercion. It would fare ill with any of his colleagues who should talk, like Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, of the determination of the Government to rely exclusively on the ordinary law In England possessors of a competence are happily numerous, and there are probably more wealthy families than in any other European country; but neither class ought to wrap itself in a false security when Continental agitators declaim against capital, and Irish demagogues against rent. It may or may not be possible at some indefinite future to organize society on a basis which has never yet been tried. At present civilization rests on the acknowledgment of private property as an ultimate and unquestioned principle. Those who tamper with any form of ownership disturb the sanction on which the entire system reposes. Irish anarchy, notwithstanding Mr. GLADSTONE'S confidence, threatens English order.

DR. HUNTER ON INDIA.

DR. HUNTER'S first lecture on the text, What the English have yet to do for the Indian people, might be more accurately described as a lecture on the unintentional evil which the English have already done to the people of India. He promises, indeed, in a second address to set out the remedies to which he looks for a mitigation of this unintentional evil. But, in defining the quarter whence these remedies are to come, he pretty well discredits them beforehand. "The true remedies," he says, "rest with the people themselves," and in the sense that they rest with no one else, this statement is strictly accurate. But to say that they rest with the people themselves when applied to a population like that of British India is pretty well tantamount to saying that there are no remedies. The evil is one with which we are familiar in Europe; but the motives which can be appealed to, however imperfectly, in Europe, have no existence in Asia. The population of India is a population of small husbandmen thickly planted on the land; with, in the great majority of cases, no other employment than agriculture open to them; tied by custom, which has become nature, to the district in which they were born, and where their ancestors have lived before them; bound by religious or semi-religious considerations to marry very early; and accustomed to subsist, even under favourable conditions, on little, if any, more than bare necessaries. When this has been said, the hopelessness of the case becomes at once apparent. All suggestions for the improvement of the condition of the people in European countries resolve themselves into such a rise in the standard of comfort as will lead them to prefer emigration or postponement of marriage to the privations which they must endure if they go on living and multiplying where they are. But every one of the circumstances just enumerated goes to make any such rise in the Indian standard impossible. A whole system of religion is associated with their early marriages; and a man whose salvation in a certain sense depends upon his having a son to perform the requisite sacrifices after his death is not likely to leave the provision of a son to the uncertainties of later life. He will save his soul by marrying as soon as he has the chance. He has never known, either by experience or tradition, a mode of life radically different from his own, and though, of course, he would rather have a full meal of rice or millet than a scanty one, yet the difference between the two does not seize upon

his imagination. Whether it be from climate or from an exclusively vegetable diet, even starvation does not seem to have the terrors for an Indian population that it has for us. They die almost as contentedly as they have lived, and they would at any time prefer death to any radical change in their method of life. A population endowed with such characteristics must, if it is to live in anything like comfort, be kept small in proportion to the land available for its occupation. It is difficult, even after all that has been said on the subject, to realize how great a difference the British conquest has made in this respect. "When India passed "into our hands," says Dr. HUNTER, "there was plenty of "good land for every one who wanted it." In 1789 it was ascertained that one-third of Bengal was unoccupied. A population so situated had little to fear either from landlords or usurers. If the peasant thought his rent too high, he moved a little way off, and found land which was to be had almost for the tilling. "The competition was "among the proprietors for tenants, not among the tenants "for land." It was of little use for a usurer to seize a peasant's holding in discharge of a debt, when the peasant had nothing to do but transfer himself and his implements to an adjoining plot of ground.

Unfortunately this happy state of things could not be perpetuated under English rule. To do, or even to allow, evil that good may come is not a maxim of English policy, and almost from the first the British Government set itself to put an end to the constant wars and plunder which had kept down the population under native rule. There was little fear of numbers increasing too rapidly when hardly a year passed without large districts of India being harried by invading or retreating armies, or by brigands recruited from these armies when disbanded. No record has been preserved of the multitudes who perished in this way, but some estimate can be formed of them by the extraordinary increase in the population the moment this check was withdrawn. At first it was only war that the British Government attempted to deal with. But as time went on, and communication became easier, and the scope of scientific knowledge wider, the Government was not content thus to limit its efforts. It now deals with pestilence and scarcity as well as with war. Neither epidemics nor famines are suffered to run their course. The Government has its doctors and drugs to meet the one, and its relief works to meet the other. The result of all this is simply astonishing. We know something of the destitution which a bad harvest can produce in Ireland, where there are 169 persons to each square mile. But there are thirteen districts of Northern India with an area equal, when taken together, to the area of Ireland, which have to support an average of 680 persons to the square mile, or just four times as many as the same amount of land has, on an average, to support in Ireland. The proportion of land under food crops to the population in Bengal, the North-Western Provinces, Oudh, and Madras is less than an acre per head, and in parts of Bengal it is only half an acre per head. This growing density of population has had disastrous results upon cultivation. No land off which any crops at all can be gathered can be left to go untilled when the demand for food is so great. The best lands have long since been brought under cultivation, and it is doubtful whether some of the land which has latterly been resorted to can ever yield enough to keep the labourers on it alive. Even this is not the worst feature in the case. Land that was once fertile is now fertile no longer. It cannot be suffered to lie fallow, and yet the constant cropping to which it is subjected is surely, and not always slowly, wearing out its powers. Formerly there was always wood to be had for burning; now the jungles have been cleared to such an extent that cow-dung has in many districts become the fuel most in use among the people. Manure cannot be both burnt and used as manure; and the land is thus deprived alike of the wood ashes, which are no longer forthcoming, and of the cow-dung, which is otherwise employed. Even the oxen themselves are not so serviceable as they once were, inasmuch as a large part of the village pasture lands have been brought under the plough, and the cattle are consequently worse fed and less capable of work.

Some way out of this seemingly hopeless state of things may be disclosed in the future, but it would be idle to pretend that any has yet been suggested. What can be done with people who would rather die where they are than go to live a few hundred miles off? The Government has set itself to protect the peasantry against the exactions of usurers, and against the demands for increased rent that come from the landlords. We shall not attempt to estimate the merits of the measures directed towards these ends which Dr. HUNTER enumerates. They are marked by that ardent desire to benefit the mass of the people which is rarely absent from the acts of the Government of India, and they may undoubtedly serve as a safeguard against individual acts of oppression. But so long as the main lines of the situation remain unchanged, the question how are the people to be fed will present itself with all its old urgency. Every fresh diminution of anxiety or suffering will only tend to make them more prolific, and if every landlord were shipped off from India to-morrow, the peasant proprietors who would step into their places would go on marrying and bringing up children until their poverty was just as great as before. We have, with the best intentions, applied European ideas of government to a people whose whole conception of life is opposed to the European conception of it; and we are now beginning to discover that the process, beneficial as it seemed at first to be, is attended with some terrible drawbacks. In Ireland, where prudential checks on the increase of the population were almost inoperative, there was at least the resource of emigration. When it was made plain to the people that they could not live on one side of the Atlantic, they were willing to cross to the other. In India the absence of prudential checks is immeasurably more complete; all the material checks have been removed by the action of the British Government; and there is in the people a customary and traditional dread of leaving the place they have always lived in, to which even the affection of an Irish peasant for his country is as nothing. These are the facts which it seems unhappily reserved for the rulers of India to watch without being able to alter.

THE POETRY OF SLEEP.

POPE says somewhere that he cannot sleep without a poem in his head, and elsewhere observes, with some inconsistency, that verses throng into his mind and keep him awake in spite of the drowsy influence of lettuce. It seems probable that poets, as a rule, have suffered a good deal from the infliction of thick-coming thoughts which banished slumber. Certainly many of them have propitiated sleep with song, and it may be not uninteresting to examine a few of the votive poppy-wreaths laid on the altar of slumber. For beauty and brevity of expression there is nothing in literature more remarkable than the single line of the Psalmist, "He giveth his beloved sleep." Five words contain all that Mrs. Browning has expanded into a long piece of verse, chiefly memorable for the recurrence of the ancient refrain. But if a sleepless man would propitiate the God of Rest, there is no better inscription for the altar of Morpheus than the speech of Hera in the Fourteenth Book of the Iliad:—

Ὕπνε, ἄναξ πάντων τε θεῶν πάντων τ' ἀνθρώπων,
Ἦ μὲν δή ποτ' ἐμὸν ἔπος ἔκλυες, ἠδ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν
Πείθευ· ἐγὼ δέ κέ τοι ἰδέω χάριν ἤματα πάντα.

"Sleep; King of all gods, and of all mortals, hearken now, prithee, to my word, and, if ever before thou didst listen, obey me now, and I will be grateful to thee all my days." The whole passage is one of singular grace and sweetness. Sleep is conceived of by the poet as a young god the lover of Pasithea, one of the fairest of the Graces. Hera goes to seek his aid, and meets him wandering through the dreaming town of Lemnos. By the promise of Pasithea's hand, she bribes him to lull Zeus into forgetfulness. Sleep changes himself to the shape of a bird, probably a night-bird, and conceals himself in the boughs of a great pine-tree on Ida. The clearness of Homer's vision is very remarkable; living in an age when the art of sculpture was at its rude beginnings, the poet conceives of Sleep no less distinctly than did the sculptor who, centuries later, wrought the bronze head of Hypnos now in the British Museum. The face is a beautiful one, innocent and drowsy, and the soft, noiseless wings of a night-bird are fitted to the head. There is something delicate and caressing in the epithets which Homer, and after him the other Greek poets, apply to Sleep. He is "sweet Sleep," sweetest, as Odysseus found on board the Phæacian bark, when "most like to death"; "then fell delicious Sleep upon his eyelids, Sleep unbroken, the sweetest of all, and the nearest kin of Death." Here the thought of Homer touches that of Socrates, who observes in the *Phædo* that man's happiest moments are passed in sleep so sound that consciousness is utterly lost and undisturbed even by dreams. Probably the Greeks did not suffer much from *insomnia*. Nerves had not been invented, and people lived almost entirely in the open air. A comic character in Aristophanes was kept awake, indeed, by insects which still make night hideous in modern Greece. The two old fishermen in Theocritus could not sleep soundly, because they were

half starved. We must go as far as the feverish life of imperial Rome to find, in Mæcenas, a statesman as sleepless as Prince Bismarck. The Greek poets, in general, think of sleep as the natural and pleasant occupation of freemen in the summer noons, when the citizens would leave the towns to lie on grass "more soft than slumber," within hearing of the murmur of waters and of the bees in the lime trees.

The poets of the middle ages were obliged to feign a want of sleep, whether they felt it or not. It was part of their machinery to begin a poem by pretending that, after long lying sleepless, they arose and wandered into a wood, where they met many a fairy vision. Yet Chaucer gives a very truthful description of what the late Mr. Charles Collins, in the *New Sentimental Journey*, called "the bad night candid," when you not only cannot sleep, but are well aware of the hopelessness of the effort:—

> As I lay in my bed slepe full unmete
> Was unto me, but why that I ne might
> Rest I ne wis, for there n'as erthly wight,
> As I suppose, had more of hertis ese
> Than I, for n'ad sicknesse nor disese.

Of all invocations of sleep, the most famous is probably that of the wakeful usurper, in *Henry IV.*:—

> O sleep, O gentle sleep,
> Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee.

No poet, however, has observed the phenomena of a coy and hesitating sleep more closely than the old French writer, Pontus de Tyard. He appeals to sleep as the lord of all the army of phantasms that flit before the drowsy, but not yet unconscious, brain, and appear to be dreams in the making:—

> Come, Sleep, and cast thy wings about my head,
> And thine own temples shall be garlanded
> With drowsy poppy leaves and labdanum.

The most pathetic lines on sleep are those of Scarron's self-made epitaph. The sick jester was sleepless for many nights before his death, and looked impatiently, as he says in the lines which we quote in an English version, for his dreamless repose:—

> Wayfarer, be thy footsteps light,
> I pray you that ye make no sound;
> Here, this first night of many a night,
> Poor Scarron sleeps—in holy ground.

The translation, as usual, is treacherous. Scarron says nothing about "holy ground":—

> Passant, ne fais ici de bruit,
> Garde bien que tu ne l'éveilles,
> Car voici la première nuit
> Que le pauvre Scarron sommeille.

The thought already existed in a briefer shape—

> *Hic quiescit qui nunquam quievit, tace!*

It is in modern poetry—poetry of the age of nerves, anodynes, anæsthetics—that sleep, as might have been expected, is most frequently and piteously invoked. There is something practical and like the man in Wordsworth's famous sonnet which enumerates all the spells by which, through three long nights, he has summoned sleep in vain. He has counted visionary sheep, and has thought of all monotonous and slumbrous sounds and sights, but he is wakeful as ever, and nervously watches for the moment when the birds will disturb him with their intolerable songs. A poet of the Greek anthology had the same apprehension of the swallow's shrill morning chirp:—

> No more for my Rhodanthe would I weep,
> But rest awhile with poppied lips, if ye,
> O twittering swallows, would but let me be,
> Nor dart below my eaves with maddening cheep.

So says Rufinus, as Englished by Mr. Gosse. No one has said better things about sleep than Coleridge. "Sleep, the wide blessing," a half-line from the verses on "The Pains of Sleep," has an epic breadth. In contrast with these stanzas, the Ancient Mariner's blessing on sleep seems to exhaust the subject:—

> Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
> Beloved from pole to pole!
> To Mary Queen the praise be given!
> She sent the blessed sleep from Heaven
> That slid into my soul.
>
> * * * *
>
> I moved, and could not feel my limbs;
> I was so light—almost
> I thought that I had died in sleep
> And was a blessed ghost.

Among lullabies we might praise the drowsy cadence of a modern Greek cradle-song, and this sleepy chant that lulls the peasant children in France:—

> Passez, la dormette,
> Passez par cheux nous,
> Endormir gars, fillettes,
> La nuit et le jour.

La Dormette is a mythical character, a good old fairy, who is supposed to wander in the dusk, scattering an invisible powder on the sleepy eyes of children. Blake's cradle-song is very pretty, but rather too long, and not too grammatical in the later verses:—

> Sweet dreams, form a shade,
> O'er my lovely infant's head;
> Sweet dreams of pleasant streams
> By happy, silent, moony beams.
>
> Sweet sleep, with soft down
> Weave thy brows an infant crown;
> Sweet sleep, angel mild,
> Hover o'er my happy child.

There is something of the disconnected coherence of the visions of the night in Beddoes's "Dream Pedlary," which reads like a memory of a poem heard in sleep:—

> If there were dreams to sell,
> What would you buy?
> Some cost a passing bell;
> Some a light sigh,
> That shakes from Life's fresh crown
> Only a rose-leaf down.
> If there were dreams to sell,
> Merry and sad to tell,
> And the crier rang the bell,
> What would you buy?

But a sleepier and more soothing song than this is Sydney Dobell's chief success in verse, a passage of drowsy and monotonous music that rings

> On the margin grey
> 'Twixt the soul's night and day,
> Singing awake away
> Into asleep.

Probably a wider research than we have made would discover many more lullabies and songs of sleep, which might make a charmed volume for wakeful eyes. Mr. Tennyson's cradle song in *Sea Dreams*, and the verses from the *Princess*—

> Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white—

with the languid choral music of the *Lotus Eaters*, should not be omitted. Shelley's poem, "The Magnetic Lady to Her Patient"—

> Sleep on, sleep on! Forget thy pain,
> My hand is on thy brow—

would try the force of its mesmeric spell. Shelley's poem on Night, too, might claim a place in a volume of lullabies for grown-up children by virtue of its lines—

> Thy brother Death came, and cried,
> "Wouldst thou me?"
> Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
> Murmured like a noontide bee,
> "Shall I nestle near thy side?
> Would'st thou me?" and I replied,
> "No, not thee!"

Filicaja's ode must not be forgotten, nor Cowley's, nor Denman's song in *The Sophy*. But Keats's sonnet may close the list of invocations which Homer made Hera begin:—

> O soft embalmer of the still midnight!
> Shutting, with careful fingers and benign,
> Our gloom-pleased eyes, embower'd from the light,
> Enshaded in forgetfulness divine:
> O soothest Sleep, if so it please thee, close,
> In midst of this thine hymn, my willing eyes,
> Or wait the amen, ere thy poppy throws
> Around my bed its lulling charities;
> Then save me, or the passed day will shine
> Upon my pillow, breeding many woes;
> Save me from curious conscience, that still lords
> Its strength for darkness, burrowing like a mole;
> Turn the key deftly in the oiled wards,
> And seal the hushed casket of my soul.

In spite of Keats, and of the proverb about the sleep of the just, we fancy that conscience keeps few people awake. Coffee, and overwork, and tobacco, and the noises of the night may demand chloral, but not conscience. Men have lain awake, and the night has fretted them, but not for conscience.

HOW NOT TO DISCOURAGE FRIENDS.

IT is probably seldom that an historic saying receives such frequent illustration in one day as Pym's famous dictum received at the beginning of the present week. On Monday a note in the *Pall Mall Gazette* on the subject of the impudent Irish argument that atrocities are committed on this side of St. George's Channel as well as on that; Mr. Forster's address to the press on the subject of the Boycott Rescue Expedition; and Mr. Charles Russell's letter on the subject of Irish grievances, all illustrated the sagacious principle of Strafford's enemy. Very likely all the three parties concerned may be rather indignant at having the friendship of Mr. Parnell and his crew ascribed to them. We only do this on the principle of *idem velle et idem nolle*. We do not for a moment believe or suggest that any English Radicals specially approve assassination, or that many of them are consciously anxious for the dismemberment of the Empire, and the constitution of Hibernian, Caledonian, and, for aught we know, Northumbrian and South-Humbrian republics. But the Land League is doing their work for them by attacking the principle of landlordism, which they probably hate more than they hate anything else, because it is one of the mainstays of all the other institutions they dislike. If the Irish are not Mr. Forster's friends, they ought to be; for with a Tory representation of Ireland and Scotland Mr. Forster's party might languish in opposition for ever and a day. As for Mr. Charles Russell, he is one of the scanty band who have discovered that, with a sound Liberal representation—a representation neither Tory nor Home Rule, but with just the least little taste of the latter flavour—Ireland would blossom like the rose. So all three of the authors of the expressions just quoted may be said to have good *primâ facie* reasons for not discouraging the Irish as far as they can help it. They have all certainly endeavoured, to say the least of it, to minimize their discouragement.

So long as the argument about English atrocities was confined to Mr. Parnell and his henchmen there was no need to take notice of it. People who, in face of the cheques which Sir Francis Truscott used to sign weekly or thereabouts during the whole of last winter, talk about the Irish having been fed by the contributions "of every civilized country except England," deserve no further attention than to have the reports of their speeches tossed back to them with "Mentiris impudentissime" written across. But when respectable English journals take the same line about English and Irish virtue, it seems worth while to teach them a lesson in elementary ethics. The sapient persons who argue that because half-a-dozen ruthless murders, and perhaps some scores of minor outrages, take place in a few days between Berwick and Penzance, Englishmen ought not to feel so much "savage impatience" at Irish crime, have apparently never considered that the impatience, savage or not, is felt, not so much at the crime as at the motives which induce it and the reception given to it by public opinion. So long as human nature is human nature, individual greed or ruffianism will find vent in crime; and, by the way, Irish human nature contributes a good deal of this sort to the crime-total of English towns. But the whole sympathy of the English public is thrown at once on the side of the victim. The whole sympathy of the Irish public, or at least of that portion of it which Englishmen regard with impatience, is thrown on the side of the assassin. It happens that in the group of crimes which has marked the beginning of the winter among us there are two curiously typical examples of this. When the principal actor in that singular and ghastly business at Manchester on which justice has not yet authoritatively fixed a name, asked his trusty servant to help him out of his difficulty, the answer was, "Yes, provided it's not murder." When the St. Albans murderer foregathered with a friend while the news of the crime was travelling along the road, the friend's first words when his suspicion was aroused were, "I hope you haven't anything to do with this business." Change the circumstances for those of a typical Irish crime, and the speeches would probably run (that is, if the speakers expressed their real minds), "Oh, if it's only murder, I'll help you," and "I hope it's yourself that's been doing the good work." It is this, not to mention anything else, which irritates Englishmen, and which seems to them to require displays of that "vigour" which the apologists of the mild assassin so earnestly deprecate. The lesson is, as we have said, an elementary one, and does not need to be inculcated on any one save those who have shown themselves in need of it. But, as they apparently do need it, here it is for them.

Mr. Charles Russell may be treated in a less scholastic manner. There is a fine unconscious humour—it is odd that the supporters of the present Government rarely display any humour which is not unconscious—about his letter. Mr. Russell "does not believe that insecurity is widespread." We have no doubt that it is not, as far as concerns people like Mr. Russell, who are perfectly secure. The strange thing is that the people who are insecure seem to be of a different opinion. Mr. Russell might have suggested to a poet in the days of the beast-fable a fox in a pheasant cover on the first of October. "Insecurity," says Reynard to the unlucky birds who are dropping around him, "is not widely spread. *I* feel quite safe. There are, I assure you, none of the signs of insecurity. Those signs are horrid parti-coloured dogs, and men in pink coats, and I can see none such about. There is really no harm at all in these things you call guns. My relations have, I am told, sometimes suffered from them, but I have been assured that it was the purest accident." Perhaps Mr. Austin Dobson, who has shown no small faculty in following Gay, will take up this hint of ours. But Mr. Charles Russell has plenty more to say besides assuring persons of the class of Lord Mountmorres and Mr. Boyd that there is no widespread feeling of insecurity in Ireland. He makes himself something like an accomplice of the apologists of assassination by suggesting that at least two murderous outrages may have been traceable to causes wholly different from agrarian causes. Then, scaling his climax with true professional skill, he proceeds to parody Clive's famous speech. He stands astonished at the moderation of the Irish people. What makes Mr. Russell surprised is, apparently, not that the Irish have shot so many landlords and mutilated so many cattle, and threatened or assaulted so many law-abiding persons, but that in each case the outrages have been so few. At least this is the only way in which we can construe his astonishment. The people, he says, are normally on the verge of starvation. There are a good many people in England who are normally on the verge of starvation, but it does not usually occur to them to shoot some one else as a palliative. Then Mr. Russell is very angry with the landlords. Public opinion points, says he, with remarkable directness and force to the Land-laws as the cause of Irish distress. Public opinion very frequently means the opinion of the speaker or writer, and we have certainly a right, if we cared to employ Mr. Russell's language, to say that public opinion points with remarkable directness and force to causes quite different. Then Mr. Russell notes the absence from the landowners' deputation to Mr. Forster of "representatives of the families of Devonshire, Portsmouth, Fitzwilliam, Downshire, Powerscourt, and Bessborough." Mr. Russell has a reputation as an acute lawyer, but he could hardly have used a more dangerous argument than this. Three, at least, of the persons he mentions are persons whose Irish property forms but a very small proportion of their total possessions, and who can therefore afford to put up with inconveniences which would ruin purely Irish landlords. It is certainly odd that Irish peers and squires should be rated first and robbed afterwards because they have not the docks of Barrow, the coal-mines of Elsecar, or Lord Portsmouth's broad and peaceable acres in Hampshire and Devonshire, to enable them to play the liberal landlord with their Irish tenants.

We have kept for the Irish Secretary the place of honour in processions—the last. Far be it from us to disapprove of the energetic action taken to prevent civil war in Mayo. The danger of that civil war has indeed been doubted. The skulking ruffians who stalk solitary landlords may seem unlikely to try conclusions with a numerous force of sturdy labourers, well armed, and keeping up a good watch. But, however this may be, Mr. Forster's exceeding activity, admirable as it is in itself, seems to be a little tardy. Captain Boycott was left to his couple of policemen, but the amiable Land Leaguers of Mayo require, it seems, a brigade of all arms to protect them from the ferocious invaders from the North. However, the Secretary's speech explains the attitude. It turns out that the Government have by no means regarded the cowardly persecutors of Captain Boycott with equanimity or indifference. They have been, as in another famous case, "longing to be at 'em." But it was all Captain Boycott's fault. He would not say what number of men he required for the saving of his crops. Now that Captain Boycott, or his would-be rescuers, have said what number of men are required for this purpose, a cold fit seems to have succeeded the hot one in the Chief Secretary's mind. They are far too many. Such a collection of armed men would be an illegal gathering. We should very much like to know how many armed gatherings of Land Leaguers have taken place since Captain Boycott's case was first known, and with how many of these the Government have interfered. If Mr. Forster would employ in this direction the arithmetical methods he employed once before, it would be probably easy to show that several millions of persons have illegally gathered in the manner which, when it is resorted to for the defeat of the Land League machinations, Mr. Forster proceeds against with foot and with horse. In the long run, doubtless, the presence of the troops will be a great advantage to Captain Boycott, but it is a little singular that Mr. Forster should never have thought of this fact until Captain Boycott's friends were on the very eve of giving him alternative assistance. So long as the free exercise of the just rights of property is secured, it matters little of course who secures them, or rather it is very much better that they should be secured, however late, by the proper and responsible authorities. But it is difficult not to notice a certain inequality in the attitude of the Irish Secretary towards the aggressive Land Leaguers of Connaught and the Tory rescuers of Ulster. If the only possible alternative, in the face of his Government's supineness, seems to Mr. Forster so shocking when it is on the eve of being put in force, might he not have been expected to make it needless before? But to do this would have been to discourage possible, if fractious, friends, while to frown on the Orange expedition is only to discourage avowed foes. Irresolution, therefore, in the first case was prudent, in the latter it would have been obviously idle. We are very glad that Mr. Forster has at last made up his mind that the duty of a Government is to govern, and that Mr. Gladstone has endorsed the resolution. We should have been more glad still if so long a time had not been taken about it. There is, for instance, the case of the "Land League Farms," which are either kept unoccupied, or, in defiance of all law and justice, are sown and cropped by unauthorized persons. An exceedingly illegal assemblage took place last harvest on one at least of these farms; but we do not remember that Mr. Forster protested against it or made any attempt to prevent it. Perhaps some invaders from the North might have interfered with this remarkable system of cultivation as well as with the system which has condemned Captain Boycott's potatoes to rot in the ground. But this would, no doubt, have shocked Mr. Forster again. It was not a thing requiring the interference of infantry and cavalry that hundreds of people should reap the crops which belonged to the landlord; but it was such a thing that hundreds of people should carry Captain Boycott's crops for their lawful owner. For circumstances alter cases, and it does not do to discourage friends. To do the friends justice, however, they seem not to be grateful for Mr. Forster's reluctance to discourage them. But the principle is everything; and the principle has been duly observed.

THE STRATEGY OF THE FUTURE.

THE military world has been talking tactics for years past with scarcely any intermission, and has arrived at conclusions—some definite, others very indefinite—on several important questions connected therewith. Meanwhile strategy, which is the art of combining the disposable *matériel* and *personnel* of an army or armies in such a way and at such a time as to secure tactical predominance at the decisive point, has retreated altogether into the background of discussion. The reason of this is obvious. Speaking broadly, it is time enough to consider, when occasion arises, how forces may be utilized; but there is not time when war is at the gate to create, organize, or instruct them. Strategy demands a weapon instant to its hand; without such weapon ready, polished, sharpened, it can, unless in very exceptional circumstances, accomplish little or nothing. Therefore, soldiers in all countries have been busied in devising how they may best give strategy its opportunities by fur-

nishing it with the newest and most efficient tools. If we look at the long list of patents taken out year after year for inventions, we find that the wit and ingenuity of some of the most gifted men in every European country are constantly directed to the perfecting of the mechanism of destruction. So much is this the case that a tacit assumption seems to prevail that battles, both ashore and afloat, will in a far greater degree than formerly be decided by purely mechanical agencies. There is undoubtedly a feeling amongst us that our sailors, pent up within iron prisons, will not in future have room or occasion for the exhibition of physical prowess and skill, or for the display of moral qualities. We seem to see only steel pitted against steel, and a happy-go-lucky contest between explosives, in which the ship not blown into the air, or not hewn in two and sent to the bottom, may possibly be victor. On land we find the French and the Russians lamenting that the era of bayonet tactics has passed away, and that their superiority to other nations on that score has become useless. And British soldiers of the old school, and indeed of the new, lament too that *their* superiority with the bayonet will have small chance of illustration any more. All soldiers in every nation appear to feel that, through improved appliances of war, some moral excellence peculiar to themselves is in danger of being obscured. Of what avails impetuosity which must run the gauntlet of a thousand yards of fire? The old shoulder-to-shoulder defence, sustained with unconquerable stanchness against overwhelming odds—how is the very spirit of such formation now scattered to the winds!

In our opinion it is quite possible to make both too much and too little of changes effected by mechanical improvements, and through these in the mechanism of tactics. So far as the question is one of armament only, it is abundantly clear that the best troops in the world cannot be trusted to stand up to others better armed than themselves, and knowing how to use their weapons with effect. The question, however, has lost a good deal of its importance now that the troops of every Power are virtually armed alike. Indeed they would be on the same relative terms as in the bow-and-arrow or Brown Bess days, but that skill will now command greater precision. Aptitude for arms may be said to be to some extent a heritage of certain races. But when we come to the mechanism of tactics, what we have learned through late experience is mostly of negative value. We have acquired the certainty that modern fire will dissipate all exposed formations in anything like close order. Very few authorities, however, seem agreed as to the degree and method of dispersion rendered thereby necessary. We have by us several plans for manœuvring companies, battalions, and larger bodies for attack, propounded by various officers, who are presumably of opinion that the method laid down in the drill-book will not meet all emergencies. We believe that they are quite right in this supposition, and that no formation can be the best if it is not subordinated to actual conditions of combat and features of ground which naturally vary on every occasion. It is a common delusion to suppose that the German successes against France were due principally to the virtues of a particular tactical formation. "Success," says Lord Chelmsford, "is apt to mislead, and it seems to me that superior numbers, entire disregard for loss of life, and the faults of the French, had probably much more to say to the victories of the Germans than the tactical formation by which they were won." And the Duke of Wurtemberg says:—"One must be cautious in drawing conclusions regarding the possible results of tactics in the future from what the Prussians succeeded in doing." We allow, what indeed cannot be disallowed, that, *cæteris paribus*, the best guns and rifles and the most appropriate manœuvres will win the day; but the moral and intellectual side of war is bound to play as great a part as ever it did. Prescience and genius, courage and stanchness, will make their mark, however much material conditions may shift and change. When we hear, as we have heard it said, "that Napoleon would be nowhere nowadays," we reply, If his was true genius, that genius would assuredly utilize to the same extent, though not in the same way as before, the material circumstances of its surroundings. To understand fully why the moral conditions of war will still bear as conspicuous a share as ever in its successful conduct, it must be borne in mind that in the term *moral* is comprehended the spirit animating every branch of warlike administration and every soldier with the colours. The prescience which takes account of the preparations and potential force of possible foes, which provides for the intelligent instruction of its own instruments, which recognizes the value of mechanical improvements and takes measures for securing the best armaments; the virtue, the patriotism which aim at making of honest citizens dutiful and valiant soldiers—such are the moral and intellectual arms furnished with which a nation moves into the field with bold and confident front. But, though art has not lost its importance, and though war is not at all likely to degenerate into a vulgar matter of "hammer and tongs," it must be allowed that many conditions are now exploded under which certain feats of strategy were possible. In some ways the strategical art has found greater limitations to its exercise during the last few years than in all the centuries separating the passage of the Alps by Hannibal from the "turning" of the Alps, as he himself expressed it, by Napoleon. It would be found impossible now to pursue undetected the manœuvre which led to Marengo. Again, the celebrated manœuvre of the Consul Nero, when, leaving in his lines before Hannibal a small force—a dummy army—to blind him, he marched north to forestall the succouring army of Hasdrubal, was a feat which might have been repeated with success down to the other day. It would be little likely to succeed now. Telegraphs, railroads, improved communications, ballooning, signalling, messenger-pigeons, all such means as have been devised for cheating time and distance, have, as it were, blocked some of the sources of strategy. The stream, however, is but dammed up to overflow on other lines, as we shall presently see.

The study of the art of war in its highest branch, strategy, is not a popular one; neither is it, when confused, or at any rate encompassed, by technicalities, one likely to lead to much practical edification. Strategical combinations under imaginary conditions in time of peace are rightly regarded as studies chiefly suitable for officers who are likely to be called to commands of importance, or for professors and students of military history. When war is once begun, of course everybody becomes a strategist. The one special point, however, to which we would call attention here may receive very practical application. This point has reference to the action of colossal numbers, and may be set down as one altogether new. The world has never yet seen war on a national scale. There have been, as in 1812-13-14, many armies, and those numerically as well as otherwise formidable, engaged simultaneously on one theatre. In 1870 the Germans employed several large armies; and the French, too, made considerable levies. But all the conditions of war are different from what they were in the Napoleonic era; and since 1870 several nations have turned, or are turning, almost their entire male population into soldiers. When war occurs again among the great Continental Powers there will be such a sight presented as never was seen before. There will be in the first line a chain of armies furnished with superb *matériel*; in the rear will be reserves of trained troops exceeding in number the biggest armies of former times; and these reserves will rest on a succession of strong fortresses and entrenched camps held by enormous garrisons. We are at once arrested by the thought how, in the first instance, will the time-honoured principles of strategy be affected? It has always been accepted as excellent art to contrive to concentrate at the decisive point five men to every four of the enemy; it is an axiom that a general should endeavour to operate on the communications of his foe with a view of cutting him off from his base of supplies, threatening his capital, &c. These have been the stock-in-trade devices of all good generals, though it has been given to very few to know how to execute their plans at the right time. But how must the situation be modified at starting when each side has half a dozen bases of supply, when the thrusting aside of one army may be only throwing it on the support of a second and a third, when concentrations may be liable to become so unmanageably large that each side is driven to resume its original dispersion! How could one army of, say, a hundred and fifty thousand men, having succeeded in manœuvring or beating the foe in its own front out of some position, proceed towards his capital, having armies perhaps on either flank, and a hornet's nest of reserves in front, and a fortified city lying at the end of its proposed march? Could such an army, victorious over its actual antagonist, halt beyond to undertake a siege? Could it afford to pass by an entrenched camp? It is clear that with a multiplicity of armies in the fighting line, based upon vast reserves and garrisoned fortresses belted with forts, the strategical problem becomes far more complicated than before. Those who study the statistics of armies will bear us out in the assertion that, if peace holds for only a brief period longer, the number of combatants in a war, say, between France and Germany, or between Germany and Russia, will be reckoned, not by hundreds of thousands, but by millions. What, then, may probably be the strategical result of this agglomeration of fighting power? "There are evidently limits," wrote that excellent soldier and critic the late Major Charles Adams, "to concentration in modern war." That is to say, we need not expect to see in individual armies colossal units. If in the old days even Napoleon was not seen at his best when directing some of his larger armies, where should one be found capable of utilizing far greater potential concentrations, now that every battalion holds wider ground? Huge concentrations, indeed, are as much a mistake nowadays, in the strategical sense, as "close order" is a mistake and a loss of power in the tactical sense. We are indeed driven by tactical exigencies in the direction of strategical dispersion. We shall see more of Bautzen in strategy, because there will be less of Borodino in tactics. The old objection to strategical dispersion is obviated when in the midst of dispersion we preserve connexion. Increased facilities for locomotion and transport, for subsisting armies from wider areas and more distant bases, for momentary communication between forces by whatever distance divided—and, lastly, the vast numbers to be utilized—all these point to the employment in coming wars of several smaller and more handy bodies in preference to mass concentrations. If the value of material and mechanical agencies in war has really, as some persons seem to imagine, increased to the detriment of the intellectual and moral, it is strange that in each succeeding campaign we find the skill and will of individuals contributing more and more to the general result. Before these days it was the insignificance of the individual, the powerlessness of small units, which it was sought to compensate by manœuvring men in dense formations. It had been observed that Providence was on the side of the big battalions. Henceforth numbers will still tell as before, and probably with greater effect, but utilized on different principles.

What strategical necessity would now appear to be imposed at the outset of a campaign, where both sides start equally strong and equally ready? Would it not be the obligation of having all prepared for sustained tactical action? Formerly, when the area was

wide and the combatants few, armies manœuvred strategically in order to close with tactical advantage; now it seems certain that armies will have to fight in order to manœuvre afterwards with strategical advantage. In other words, strategy must begin by compassing tactical successes; and the battle-ground must be cleared of smoke before a comprehensive scheme of campaign can be worked out even theoretically. Von Moltke ridicules the idea of foreseeing and providing for the working out in detail of an original plan of campaign beyond fields of battle that are not yet fought. The enemy must be consulted first. Everything, therefore, tends to show that a great campaign will in the first instance resolve itself into a succession—sharp, rapid, well-nigh continuous—of tactical strokes. A repetition of tactical strokes, with victorious issue, presupposes a strategy furnishing the means for delivering them. Unless supports are at hand, with ammunition and supplies, the value of an isolated success may be reduced to *nil*. The enemy has an unexhausted store of reserves; beaten battalions will promptly be replaced; and it is necessary, therefore, not only to deal a heavy blow, but blow upon blow. If, however, it is strategy which provides for the maintenance of tactical superiority through successive combats, it is the war administration which alone can make such strategy possible; and that, again, can only move in proportion to the public recognition of its requirements. If sufficient money is not given to the War Minister in time of peace to furnish what the entire service with one voice declares to be indispensable, if not for bare existence, yet certainly for efficient action in war, all the wit and will in the world will be powerless to organize any department which may be found wanting in time to influence the result of a quarrel. In future those who are ready to march will be in the field on the first alarm; the battles will be fought and the result sealed.

We have been reasoning on the supposition of a contest between tremendous adversaries of equal strength; but the argument is the same, though infinitely stronger, if we suppose one of them to be in collision with an antagonist distinctly inferior in resources. The Government of this country, under its present Premier, once took an interest in Belgium; another of our rulers took some interest in Turkey; the same or some other may exhibit renewed interest in Turkey, or Greece, or Armenia. But as we survey our skeleton battalions—regiments of weedy boys with non-commissioned officers lacking authority and experience; as we take stock of our meagre squadrons, our palpably inferior field guns, the absence of an organized transport train, the absence of a cavalry reserve—than which nothing can be more important and nothing so difficult to improvise—and the notorious inefficiency of our militia; as we see the military clubs overflowing with our best officers dismissed from the service in the prime of activity; as, lastly, we know that the Government either dare not, or will not, recognize the notorious truth of what is here advanced—it really savours of the ludicrous to talk about guaranteeing the independence of Belgium, or undertaking war of any sort in Europe. Let us be logical. If we desire to make our military power respected abroad, let us prepare accordingly; if not, we had better leave to those who have the power the redressing of grievances and the defence of treaties. Possibly the day may come when we shall wonder how we so completely missed the spirit of the lessons which Dame Europa's other pupils so eagerly drank in; and then, too late, we shall fling about our millions in grand style.

SCIENCE FOR BABES.

EVERYBODY is aware of the quarrel which is unceasingly waged between the defenders and the opponents of the present system of School Board education, though most people perhaps discreetly leave to those directly interested the task of watching the details of the fight. Everybody, too, knows that schools which now differ from Board Schools, not so much in the character of their education as in the fact that the unfortunate parents of the children educated are not enabled to put off the expense on somebody else, are being made the battle-grounds of a quarrel not wholly dissimilar. Shall all the 'ologies be taught? and, if they are taught, what shall give way to them? may be said to be the forms which the question under debate successively takes. Whether certain subjects have any business in primary education, rate-supported or not, is the first form put into other words. Whether it is worth while to displace Latin and Greek from their pride of place to make room for biology and physics, is the second, similarly treated. We have not seen any book which throws so much light on both questions, and on several others into the bargain, as a modest-looking manual, or rather series of manuals, published by a well-known firm of Glasgow booksellers. Messrs. Collins have commissioned the Senior Science Master of the Manchester Grammar School to prepare three twopenny books on Animal Physiology; and let us hasten to say that, given the conditions of his task, nobody can find any fault with the way in which the author has performed it. Nor, of course, is it the fault of the publishers if these little books deserve to be placed, as there is no doubt they do, in the most damnatory chapter of an *Index Expurgatorius* by every one who has a respect for childhood, for sound culture, or for the future of the human race. My Lords have settled that certain things shall be taught in certain standards, and the business of the professional person is simply to provide the means of obedience to this ukase. Let us see without further preface what the meat thus provided for English babes is. The books are said to be intended for Standard IV. and the Standards superior to it. We believe we are right in saying that a child sent to school betimes ought to reach Standard IV. by the age of eleven or thereabouts, if not earlier.

The new science has not so entirely thrown off the forms of the older matter called by the name as to despise definition. Accordingly, in p. 5 of the first volume (the one appointed for eleven-year-olds) we have a definition of man "zoologically":—

> Man is described by the zoologist as standing at the head of the animal kingdom. He is described as forming the only species in the order Bimana (two-handed animals), of the class Mammalia (suck-giving animals), of the sub-kingdom Vertebrata (backboned animals). He is further described as breathing atmospheric air by means of lungs; as possessing warm red blood, driven into circulation through his body by the action of a double heart, possessing two ventricles and two auricles; as producing living young, and nurturing them by means of milk secreted by the mammary glands; his skin more or less covered with hairs and scales; as possessing two hands and two feet, each five-fingered, the nails at their extremities flat and broad; and as possessing all his teeth even and close to one another, and his molar teeth equally enamelled.

This is pretty well; and we only hope that the eleven-year-olds will not be led by the metaphorical expression at the opening to conceive the idea of a groom standing at the head of a horse named Kingdom, and that no awkward mistakes will arise from the use of the masculine in describing the process of nurture. Youth is prone to such little errors when its brains are overdriven. But the sentence at least does not contain many words—only perhaps a score or two—which are meaningless to the learner. Further on we come to the real thing:—

> The transverse ligament of the atlas binds it to the odontoid process of the axis vertebra, so as to form a pivot joint on which the head rotates. The glenoid ligament helps to attach the humerus to the glenoid cavity of the scapula at the shoulder-joint. The ligamentum teres (round ligament) and the capsular ligament retain the thigh-bone in its socket, the acetabulum.

The emollient effect on the morals of eleven which must necessarily be produced by the learning by heart of this Abracadabra must be truly marvellous.

In the next Standard the author *majora canit*. He explains scientifically the things of common life. Youths of twelve are quite ignorant of what jumping means. He tells them:—

> Jumping or leaping is effected (1) by the sudden contraction of the muscles of the calf, by which the heels are suddenly raised and the body jerked off the ground; (2) by the simultaneous contraction of muscles which bend the thigh on the pelvis; (3) by the sudden extension of the legs by the contraction of the extensor muscles; this movement following immediately on the two movements first described.

Obviously this lucid explanation will be of little use unless (as an instructor of youth who anticipated the method observed) "he goes and does it." The joy of intelligent youth when for the first time it consciously contracts the muscles of its pelvis may possibly be a consolation for the trouble of learning. A young philosopher who can define himself as a person who nurtures his young, &c., and who knows that he jumps by contracting the muscles of his pelvis, is obviously ready for instruction in higher things still. Accordingly, in Standard VI. he plunges full into psychology:—

> Sensation is the process by which we become conscious through the brain of impressions received and transferred to it by the afferent or sensory nerves. When sensation is excited normally—that is, by external agency—it is called objective sensation. But when it arises without any external cause—that is, is produced by the unprompted or rather intrinsic action of the nervous system itself—it is termed subjective sensation, as in the case of the "ringing in the ears" sensation, with which most are more or less familiar, also in the seeing of ghosts as the result of indigestion.

Thirteen or fourteen ought (we speak under correction) to be the age of this future ploughboy or shoemaker. In half a dozen lines he knows all about it. Problems of brain and mind, life studies of Lockes and Humes, and such-like antiquated people, theories of the supernatural—there they are, all dried, cut, and crammed by hydraulic pressure into the smallest space for him. But he is not to be allowed to read this stuff and forget it. Not at all. His knowledge is to be tested by questions. "What do you mean" (this is a ten- or eleven-year-old "you") "by the osseous system, the muscular system, nervous system, digestive system, respiratory system, circulatory system, absorbent system, and glandular system?" "Describe" (the describer is perhaps twelve by this time) "the position, function, and structure of the lymphatic system, thoracic duct, lymphatics, lacteals, and mesenteric glands." "What do you mean" ("you" is thirteen or fourteen now "si Dieu lui a prêté vie," which seems in the circumstances at least doubtful) "by nerve-conductility and irritability?" "What effect have strong doses of alcohol on the brain?" This last is at least practical; and, if the infant be wise, he will reply, "They relieve it remarkably when it has been overtaxed by improper exercise." This, then, is the stuff for the teaching of which, in one rank of life, ratepayers are to pay, and children are to be kept from helping their parents and earning themselves pairs of boots; for which the access to the main keys of true culture is to be barred to those of another class, or vouchsafed to them only in miserably imperfect measure. The education of the future is apparently to consist of getting by rote a jargon which is for the most part meaningless, however carefully explained to the learner, which conveys to him no sort of really useful recreative or stimulant knowledge, which loads and wearies his brain at the time when it should be lightly burdened, and which, to crown all, could be mastered at another time and in another fashion without the slightest trouble by those

who have time and vocation for such studies. For the matter of these books, which must cost months of weary labour to children, would not take a couple of days for a well-educated—that is to say, humanistically educated—young man. All the jaw-breaking jargon is clear to him, not by means of dictionary definition, but because he is familiar with the languages from which it is derived, and, his faculties being tolerably mature, he can take in such small additional information as there is besides words and names without the least difficulty.

We need not offer any apology for having treated a serious subject, in part at least, seriously. But the comic side of these agglomerations of jargon is sufficiently obvious. The man who reads, even with a fair understanding of the subject, cannot help being reminded of the studies which delighted the later middle ages. Indignant "scientists" have talked about the barren technicalities of the Latin grammar, and the invaluable time lost in acquiring the knack of writing Greek iambics. But how poor and meagre are the technicalities even of the most technical grammar compared with the tropical forest of *argot* which holds the ground of these manuals. Half-a-dozen names of cases, a score of tenses and moods, a few syntactical terms, a modest bundle of names of feet and metres—these make up the easy yoke and light burden of *As in præsenti* and its fellows. Half-a-dozen pages of our manual will supply technicalities enough to outnumber the whole. And if we have to compare the time spent in adjusting cæsuras and avoiding cretic endings with the time spent in learning to identify and define the acetabulum and the sphenoid bone, why we shall pronounce unhesitatingly for the former. At worst some processes of mind other than mere rote memory are encouraged by it, and something like original effort is stimulated. The getting-up of our manuals suggests nothing so much, as we have already remarked, as the literary and scientific studies of the fifteenth century. We wonder what the scientists would say if My Lords authorized such subjects as the definition of an *empérière à triple couronne*, if in the Fourth Standard it became necessary to distinguish accurately between *rime batelée* and *rime à double queue*, if the grant depended on the abstinence of students from mistaking a *ballade balladante* for a *ballade fratrisée*. The one study would really have about as definite a reference both to the probable needs of the students and to the development of their mental powers as the other, and the terminology of Henri Decroy and Eustace Deschamps strikes us as intrinsically rather prettier than that of Professor Huxley and our present author. Or why not plunge youth once more into the ocean of the later formal logic? Familiarity with this is quite as useful for all practical purposes, save those of the professional physician or surgeon, as the proud capacity to identify a vaso-motor nerve with an excitor-nutrient nerve, or to distinguish them, for we can undertake to earn no grants for anybody in this particular subject. Modals, for instance, an admirable study ruthlessly cut off from modern logic; the various kinds of definition, the classification and terminology of the indirect moods—all these things surely deserve a place by the side of the investigation of the acetabulum and the processes requisite to fix upon the youthful mind ignorant of Latin the fact that when it raises its upper eyelid it does so by the aid of the levator palpebrarum superioris. We take this last expression most docilely from our author, and have no doubt that it is all right. The unregenerate Latinist might, however, suspect a false concord, for which he himself in days past would have run the risk of having unpleasant sensations conveyed by his afferent nerves to his brain from the neighbourhood of the os coccygis. The chief feeling, however, of the mere humanist is an ardent desire for the resurrection of Rabelais or Molière. This indeed, as the scientist will probably step in (like Lamb's Scotch friend) and remark, is impossible. Yet M. Jourdain learning that when he jumped he contracted the muscles of his pelvis would not be unpleasing. Nor would, we think, the library of Saint-Victor lack some pleasing additions entitled from the repertory of these our manuals for the instruction of youth. And let nobody tell us that Rabelais was a physician. He certainly was a physician; but he was not a fool.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT IN 1879.

THE Report of the Local Government Board for the year 1879–80 fully bears out what we have said from time to time about the great and growing importance of this particular department of the Government. In the hundred and fifty pages or so of which the Report itself consists nearly everything that properly belongs to a Ministry of the Interior presents itself for treatment. The Home Secretary retains the control of the police, and shares with the Lord Chancellor the responsibility for the administration of justice; but beyond this his connexion with home affairs, properly so called, is slight and accidental. With the relief of the poor, the raising and laying out of the poor rate, the guidance of local authorities, the care of the public health, and the supervision of local taxation withdrawn from its care, the Home Office can hardly claim more than a titular superiority over the Local Government Board.

Among the crowd of subjects touched on in this Report, three stand out before the rest. It was to be expected that pauperism should increase during such an exceptional year as 1879. What is really surprising is that the distress was so much confined to the strictly manufacturing districts. In the purely agricultural unions the pressure on the rates has been very little more than ordinary; it is only where the population have other trades to depend on that they have especially suffered. This is due probably to the great, though scarcely noticed, change which has come over English agricultural labour during the last ten years. Whether from emigration or more equal distribution of labour, agricultural wages have risen, and the supply of labour has been more strictly regulated by the demand for it. During the prosperous years which preceded the late depression, there was a great transfer of labour from agriculture to manufactures, and the causes which had led to that transfer were too well remembered to allow of a return movement, even when work in the manufacturing districts grew slack. Young men who had not forgotten the privations which they had left home to escape were not likely to be discouraged even by the discovery that their change of industry was not an absolute protection against distress. It remains, however, to be seen whether the continuance of agricultural depression will not work a change for the worse in the pauperism of the agricultural districts. There must be many small farmers who can only manage to work their farms at all by the exercise of the strictest possible economy, and the item in which they will be most tempted to economize is labour. If it is possible for them to do anything more by their own hands or the hands of their family, they will certainly do it. It is possible, of course, that the agricultural labourers have already been reduced to the lowest limit, and that even the necessary work cannot be got through by any less number than are now engaged in it. This is a question which the experience of the coming winter will go far to decide.

Of matters relating to public health, the most important is vaccination, and here the Report is much more encouraging when dealing with the country at large than when dealing with London. Of the whole number of children born in England and Wales, only about 4½ per cent. remain unaccounted for in the vaccination returns. The successful vaccinations during the year were 86 per cent., and 9 per cent. were returned as having died too young to be vaccinated. But in London something like 9,000 children are yearly added to the population of whose vaccination no proof is to be had; and if the majority of these are, as must be feared, really unvaccinated, such an addition does undoubtedly "constitute a serious danger, and widen the field of small-pox epidemics." The difficulty in London arises chiefly from the migratory character of the population. When a child goes on living in the house in which it was born, the registration of the birth is sufficient notice to the vaccination officer that there is a child waiting to be vaccinated. But, supposing the parents to have left the house before the vaccination officer calls, and to have given no address, there is a much greater chance of the child being left unvaccinated. A great deal of course depends on the degree of promptitude and energy which the vaccination officers bring to bear on their work, and on the amount of encouragement and supervision which the local authorities bring to bear on their officers. Thus in Lewisham, under an "exceptionally zealous" officer, "only a little more than two per cent. are left unaccounted for out of the children born"; whereas in districts in which the local authorities had allowed the vaccination officer to retain his post notwithstanding acute illness or infirm health, the returns were especially unsatisfactory. It is pleasant, no doubt, to see a local authority thus disposed to deal kindly by its sick officials; but this forbearance would be still more admirable if not exercised at the cost of the community. If it is thought well to pension off a vaccination officer, no one would grudge him the money; but the payment ought not to take the form of a permission to draw the salary of the office while omitting to do the work. There is really no difficulty in carrying out the law, except the occasional unwillingness of Boards of Guardians to do their duty. If, instead of introducing an absurd Bill to make disobedience less costly and less unpleasant, the Government had asked for additional powers of superseding such Guardians as those at Keighley and Dewsbury—the two Unions which are chiefly responsible for the bad figure which the great county of York makes in the returns—the percentage of unvaccinated children would already have been considerably reduced. What can be done when the local authority is in earnest is shown by cases like Leeds, where, out of 7,244 births registered in 1879, only 113 cases remained unaccounted for; Huddersfield, where, out of 5,266 births, there were only 57 unaccounted for; and Blackburn, where, out of 6,480 births, all were accounted for but 43. It is satisfactory to read that in no case where the lymph was supplied by Government was there any "suggestion of a resulting case of the disease which is alleged to be specially communicable by vaccination." Notwithstanding this, it is to be regretted that the prospect of an alternative supply of calf-lymph being made generally available should still be so remote; nor do the Local Government Board seem to be properly aware of the reason which makes it important that this alternative supply should be afforded. Now that it is admitted on the highest medical authority that a particular disease may be communicated by lymph taken from the human subject, it is always possible that a parent may honestly prefer exposing his child to the risk of small-pox to having it vaccinated in the ordinary way. Fortunately the objectors to vaccination are usually much more thoroughgoing in their opposition; but, if a few cases of this comparatively rational kind should present themselves, and be dealt with by law, the encouragement given to the resisting faction would be very great.

Another matter of considerable sanitary interest is the detec-

tion of adulteration. The percentage of adulterated samples was lower in 1879 than in 1878; but the improvement is only apparent. The standard of strength for spirits has been lowered by a recent Act of Parliament, and many samples that would formerly have been classed as adulterated now pass the analyst unscathed. Adulteration is most prevalent in milk, the percentage of adulterated samples being 19 over the whole country and 23 in London. Both in London and the country the proportion varies in the most unintelligible way. In Hackney 19 samples out of 46 were adulterated; in St. James's, Westminster, there was no adulteration in 67 samples; in Birmingham 37 samples out of 62 were adulterated; in Leeds only 2 out of 34. It is a significant fact that 45 per cent. of the samples procured by private purchasers were adulterated, but only 18 per cent. of the samples procured by the Inspectors. So long as the public will not take more pains about the examination of articles which they suspect to be adulterated, no effective check will be given to the practice; and it is certainly a matter for the consideration of the Local Government Board, whether the process of submitting samples for analysis ought not to be made easier and cheaper than it is. It seems certain that adulterating tradesmen have learnt how to cheat the Inspector by selling him better goods than they sell to the public, and, this being so, it is plainly to the interest of the local authorities to encourage the public to buy samples for themselves, instead of buying them through the Inspector. The one process is very much more likely to lead to detection than the other, and detection, after all, is the main end for which Parliament has thought fit to legislate on the subject.

THE MONASTIC REFECTORY.

THE Rule of St. Benedict, complete only in its moral and religious discipline, paid no attention to the architectural details of the monastery, which were left to adjust themselves to the demands of the regulations. Accordingly it may be found, by a contemporary plan of the great Abbey of St. Gall in Switzerland (edited by Professor Willis in the fifth volume of the *Archæological Institute Journal*), that by the ninth century the organization of a monastic house had arrived at so perfect an adaptation to the routine of its inmates and the occupations of the lay brethren and dependents, that a type was afforded for all future establishments of the kind. With the church as the consecrated head and centre of the buildings, the various offices were grouped in the order of their importance or convenience, the whole exhibiting so complete a combination of parts that it might be thought that the genius of a second St. Benedict had been employed to give effect by architectural expression to the exact religious economy embodied in the famous system of the founder of the Rule. The projector of some "Hygeia, or City of Health" might make a profitable study of the self-centred and self-contained monastic commonwealth of St. Gall, as shown in its educational, industrial, agricultural, domestic, and other arrangements, which were divided into thirty-three distinct blocks of building, besides interspaces for gardens and for recreation. Our own purpose is not to propose the outward form for a Utopia, nor even to describe the plan we have been speaking of, but to dwell more especially on monastic usages as illustrated by a general account of a single feature of a religious house—namely, the Refectory. As with St. Gall, which contained five hundred monks, so with later and smaller monasteries, while the dormitory with its undercroft branched immediately from the north or south end of the transept of the church, the refectory was always placed in connexion with the side of the cloisters furthest from and parallel with the nave, lest the operations of the kitchen, which adjoined the dining-hall, should interfere with religious services. In the Benedictine arrangement it ran east and west, and formed the enclosure of the cloister opposite the nave; but in the Cistercian houses it projected at right angles from the outer side of that cloister, and had its axis pointed north and south. The Carthusians, though dwelling in separate cells, had a refectory in common, placed according to the Benedictine plan, a position adopted by the Austin Canons and most other monastic orders.

The refectory of a great mediæval abbey was worthy to be compared in architectural magnificence with the banqueting hall of the baronial castle; and when we visit some old monastic dining chamber, such as that of Cleeve in Somerset, or of Worcester Cathedral, wherein the cowled brethren more than three centuries past had their last meal in sadness, and view the rows of deeply recessed and traceried windows, and the pointed roof with its contexture of woodwork relieved by rosettes and carved angels, we may think that so noble a room might have been suitable for a rich feast rather than for a meagre repast such as the founders of monastic discipline enjoined by their constitutions. But in place of the fierce revelry and barbaric festivity in which the knights of old are supposed to have indulged was the silence of the slender-dieted monks, who, instead of joining in the musical din of a minstrel gallery, listened to the lessons that were solemnly read from the pulpit. The refectory, indeed, was a kind of secondary church, for theological lectures gave almost as much character to the former as litanies to the latter. Perhaps at the present day it is not always remembered that the word "collation," as applied to a light repast, is a survival of monkish phraseology; though its proper meaning is unfulfilled unless readings from the *Collationes Patrum* or similar discourses are, according to the 42nd chapter of St. Benedict's Rule, delivered during the meal. By the 38th head it was ordered that every week a reader was to be chosen, who entered office on the Sunday, talking and whispering at the table being forbidden that he alone might be heard. If anything was wanted, signs were to be used, each brother helping another. Two dishes of cooked fare at dinner were allowed daily at all seasons of the year. Only two meals a day were allotted, and no flesh of four-footed animals was to be eaten, except by the sick and such as in every way were the weakest. The rule, however, seems to have been broken; for, by the Legatine Constitutions of Cardinal Otho, A.D. 1237, the abbots of the Benedictines in their General Chapter decreed that, according to the canon of their founder, the monks shall henceforth abstain altogether from eating flesh, except the weak and infirm; which order shows that there had been necessity for renewed legislation. The Cistercians and Clugniacs also ate no flesh, unless in case of sickness; and from the Ides of September till Easter they had but one meal a day, except on Sundays. The Templars had flesh but three times a week, having meals of esculents on other days. They ate in one common refectory, listening the while to a reader, like the more purely monastic orders. The Hospitallers, who took vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience, were dieted by rule on nothing but bread and water; but this meagre fare was improved by flesh being allowed each day except Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday, and during Lent. The punishment of altercation was seven days dining on the ground without table and cloth, and fasting Wednesday and Friday on bread and water, this fasting being prolonged to forty days in the case of one who struck another. With the Carmelites flesh was confined to the sick, which was also the rule with the Dominican friars, who, like the monks, held silence at table. The Franciscans when travelling were to eat whatever was set before them. The Carthusians on entering the refectory uncovered their heads, and, taking their seats, bowed to the Cross. Their eyes were not to wander round the apartment, lest matter for levity of conduct should be afforded; but, as directed by the "blessed Hugh of Lincoln, *Oculos in disco, manus in mensa, aures ad lectionem, cor ad Deum habere debemus.* No *pitancia* was to be touched until he who had placed it had returned to his seat. In drinking, the cup was to be held with both hands. No one was allowed to speak in the refectory, cloister, or the church. The Carthusians remained the most uncorrupted and incorruptible of all the monastic fraternities; but they nevertheless suffered the most of any at the Dissolution. They no more broke their rule of seasonable silence to the last than their allegiance to the Court of Rome, which was hardly the case with the Benedictines. In the regulations of the provincial Chapter of the latter, A.D. 1343, it was complained (cap. ix.) that the monks, from being allowed to speak English freely during dinner-time, became too talkative, and that when abroad they showed themselves shamefully ignorant of the Latin and French tongues. It was therefore decreed that during their meals they should address one another only in French and Latin, under penalty of deprivation of meat for two days. If they murmured at any decision of the Chapter, they were that day and the following to fast upon bread and water. If a monk insolently complained to any of his brethren against the ruling of the Chapter upon any point, he was, upon being declared guilty, to be flogged three days in the Chapter, and hold the lowest place in the choir and elsewhere during a month. If he repeated the offence, "let him for six successive days eat bread and water, sitting upon the ground with a single mess of pottage (*uno pulmento*), and for three successive days let him be publicly flogged in the Chapter-room." Incorrigible monks were to be sent to another convent, bearing a letter telling their delinquencies, and there they were to be supplied with food to the value of twopence a day.

The Benedictine repast at collation, which was the evening refection, was at first a draught of wine mingled with water, but afterwards bread or dried fruit was allowed to be added. Extra cups of wine, called *caritates* or charities, were given while the collation was being read, on festivals and anniversaries to commemorate benefactors. In analogy to this practice Pope Boniface the Saint is said to have instituted indulgences for those who should drink a cup after grace, since called St. Boniface's or the Grace Cup. It may be hence inferred that the round and shining British host of the "Sun" must look to the Church for his appellative of Boniface. One Anglo-Saxon Grace was to sign the dishes with a cross; and by the 39th Rule of St. Fulgentius, each monk, upon taking the first bread and first draught of drink, said *Benedicite* to his companions, who answered *Deus.* We cannot tell whether symbolism was carried so far as Mr. Browning suggests in his *Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister*, where Brother Lawrence's brother and ill-wisher complains of the former:—

> When he finishes refection,
> Knife and fork he never lays
> Crosswise to my recollection,
> As I do in Jesu's praise.
> I the Trinity illustrate,
> Drinking watered orange pulp;
> In three sips the Arian frustrate,
> While he drains his at one gulp.

Though St. Benedict may have had no clear foresight

> Of happy convents bosomed deep in vines,
> Where slumbered abbots, purple as their wines,

he might fairly have deduced from his own Rule the likelihood that not only wine which maketh glad the heart would not fail in

copious measure to cheer the severity of his followers' discipline, but that solid luxuries would gradually fill their tables. His Rule was not grounded on abstemious principles as regards wine, and wine itself would introduce the rest. The 40th Chapter, *De Mensura Potus*, while suggesting that one pint or even less of wine a day to each monk might be sufficient, yet added that, if on account of the nature of the place of their abode, or their labours in summer's heat, or, in fact, for any other reason, they stood in need of a larger cup, the abbot should have power to grant it. We read in the Book of Esdras that, next to woman and truth, wine is strongest, for it overcomes the king. It was too strong even for St. Benedict's control, for although he allowed that wine ought not to be the drink of monks, yet, since the monks of his day could not be taught this, "let us at least agree not to drink our fill of it, but sparingly, for wine 'maketh even the wise to fall away.'" So gentle a caution would be but gently observed, and as there appears to have been no lack in the supply of the rich liquor, so there would be no shrinking from its indulgence.

Whether in England the growth of the vine was ever so luxuriant as to supply in a considerable degree the home wine-press, was the subject of a learned discussion between the Rev. Mr. Pegge and the Hon. Daines Barrington in the 1st and 3rd vols. of the *Archæologia*. An old Latin verse affirms that London was not more famous for ships than Winton for "Bacchus," and Lambarde the Kentish antiquary tells us that when Edward II. in his 19th year was at Bockinfold, Haymo de Hethe, Bishop of Rochester, sent him thither "a present of his drinkes, and withal both wine and grapes of his own growth in his vineyard at Halley." The Abbess of Malling had also a vineyard at Halley, the Bishops of Rochester receiving from her a boar and a quantity of wax *pro decimis vinearum de Hallynges*. If we may believe the old chroniclers, the English abbeys were really "bosomed deep in vines," and the Isle of Ely, Dunstaple, St. Edmundsbury, and Canterbury are specially noted for their vineyards. Mr. Pegge argues that vine culture was first introduced into England soon after A.D. 280 by the Romans, and that it declined when better wine could be had cheaper from our French provinces. The best wine, however, was always imported, and the many royal donations of that liquor mentioned in the State records to have been presented to religious houses were certainly not of home fermentation. As an instance of these benefactions, it happens that the earliest autograph extant of an English sovereign is the signature appended to a letter of Richard II., dated from Bristol Castle (1386), requiring Micheal de la Pole, the royal Chancellor, to send annually at the "Feast of Nowel" a tun of the red wine of Gascony to the Prioress of St. Mary Magdalen, Bristol. The same sovereign also gave a hogshead of wine yearly to the monks of Hinton Charter House, near Bath. The abbots at times, indeed, seem to have had enough of wine and to spare, Thomas Pennant, Abbot of Basinwerk, among such instances, being said by the historian of the same name and of the same family to have given twice the treasure of a king in wine, which seems rather incredible. The quality, we are led to believe, was as good as the supply, and the wine of pontifical entertainments, which we are taught by Horace to have been only inferior to the wasteful heir's Cæcubian, was perhaps not more potent than the "theological wine" of the mediæval abbot's board. In keeping with its excellence were the accompaniments, and it will be found on inquiry that the original crudity of the monastic refection was only the germ of an elaborate system of good living. We are not sure that the monks first introduced into our language the word "gastronomy"; but there may be less hesitation in affirming that the illustrious science of that name owes no little to their devotion to its culture. Situated as were many of the abbeys in a rich landscape abounding with the abbot's own flocks and herds, and on the borders of a teeming fishing stream, it might be expected that the monks, who were laymen and not priests, would find some agreeable employment in the preparation of things fit to be eaten. The science of cookery was of course one of gradual improvement, and it is curious to contrast the simplicity of the fare allowed by St. Benedict with the exquisite dishes laid before the later abbots, where each course was furnished with a "subtilty," which was an allegorical device in confectionery. Of the luxurious living of certain monastics, Giraldus tells a malicious story. It happened on a time, that when Henry II. was returning from hunting he was met at Guildford by the prior and thirteen monks of St. Swithin, Winton, who with gruesome faces and tearful eyes prostrated themselves in a miry place, complaining to the King that Richard their bishop, who succeeded Henry of bountiful memory, had withdrawn from them three dishes, of which they had been accustomed to partake to support them for their religious exercises. When the King inquired how many dishes remained to them, they replied, "only ten," but that they were wont to have thirteen on feast days since the time of St. Swithin. When the King heard this he called his nobles around him. "See," he said, "these monks, I thought, *per oculos Dei*, their house with all their abbey had been consumed by fire, or that some grievous and terrible loss had happened to them, who rolled themselves in this miry place. But now they accuse their bishop of keeping back three dishes out of thirteen. May their bishop perish unless he reduces their dishes to the number of mine, who am called king, and am content with three." The author of the *Speculum Ecclesiæ*, in which we find the foregoing anecdote, has many bitter things to say against the monks, whose original humility and austerity, he argues, had gradually given way to pride and luxury. There is much to confirm his representation. We cannot encumber our columns with specimens of a monastic *menu* of the advanced type in proof of their high living, or we might perhaps show that even a Greenwich host of the present day need not be ashamed to model his whitebait dinner after the form of a great mediæval abbot's feast. Even after the overthrow of the abbeys, so excessive became the luxuries at churchmen's tables, that one of the reforms of the Reformation was the limitation of their dishes. Archbishop Cranmer, at a Convocation in 1541, procured an ordinance that the archbishop should never exceed "six divers kyndes of fleshe, or six of fishe on the fishe dayes, the Bishop not to excede five, the Deane and Archdeacon not above four, and all other under that degree not above three." The order concludes with a memorandum that the decree for a moderated fare "was kept for two or three months, tyll by the disusing of certaine wilfull persons it came to the old excess."

RACING YACHTS.

THE usual annual summary of the yacht-racing of the year was published in the *Field* of Saturday last. In it are given, according to custom, the names of all the yachts that started throughout the season, the tonnage of each, the names of the builders, the number of prizes won by each vessel and their worth, the list of the latter being subdivided so as to distinguish first from second or other prizes. Of the value of this summary to all who are interested in yacht-racing it is unnecessary to speak, and we doubt not that its accuracy can be relied on. The alphabetical arrangement, it is true, is by no means perfect, the compiler having apparently attended to the initial letters only; but there is no practical difficulty in finding any name that is wanted, and it may fairly be assumed that the figures are given with the exactness which has usually marked the treatment of all subjects connected with yachting in the *Field*. The results which are thus tabulated have more interest this year than summaries of yacht-racing have possessed for some time past. Two new vessels, presenting some striking novelties in construction, made their first appearances this season; and the famous yawl which for so long a period has held her own against all comers came forth to sail with her ballast re-arranged according to the latest ideas, and with an increased spread of canvas, and soon showed that the old proverb about letting well alone did not apply in her case. The *Miranda*, better handled perhaps than she has ever been before, was fearlessly raced against cutters and yawls with results which, as shown by the tabular statement, cannot but be extremely encouraging to those who love the schooner rig.

Of the two cutters that have been mentioned, the steel *Vanduara*, which was at work much earlier than her rival, attracted at first an amount of public attention which is rarely bestowed on racing vessels, and was the subject of a great deal of very foolish writing both by ignorant people and by those who ought to have known better. She was absurdly called the champion yacht, and was spoken of as if nothing afloat could compare with her, and as if her design showed a great stride in naval architecture. It need hardly now be said that this was ridiculous. The *Vanduara* was—at the beginning of the season at all events—a very admirable racing yacht; but there can be no doubt that she had in the early contests great good luck. She was at first opposed to the *Formosa*, and naturally gained no small *éclat* from beating very thoroughly what was supposed to be a good racing vessel. It was not then known that the *Formosa* had completely lost such powers of sailing as she once possessed, and the victories of the new cutter over her naturally seemed considerable achievements, whereas they really were but very easy victories. After these contests she for a time sailed very well, and had rare good fortune. Her two greatest successes were undoubtedly those which she achieved in the race from Ostend to Dover, when, in beating dead to windward against a strong breeze and a heavy sea, she put all the other craft well under her lee, and again in the race from Dover to Cowes, when, under very similar conditions, she vanquished over a long course the *Latona* and *Egeria*, two admirable vessels, both of which, as we need scarcely say, are much larger than she is. At this time, however, she had not been invariably successful, as she was absurdly said to have been, having been beaten in Channel matches for all rigs by the *Miranda* and *Latona*, and after the Cowes race her star seemed gradually to pale. In the Northern waters she was defeated by the *Samæna*, a vessel built in the old-fashioned way of wood, but ballasted according to the most modern ideas with a huge lead keel, and this defeat proved to be the forerunner of many others. In a long series of contests the wooden cutter, though not always victorious, had, on the whole, decidedly the best of it. Her steel rival had some successes in the matches which intervened between the Northern regattas and those of the Solent, but in the latter the *Vanduara* was most unlucky, and achieved very little. She departed before the Albert Club matches, winding up her season's racing by a singularly ignoble victory at Milford Haven, where she defeated two small local craft. The yachting world is at least as full of gossip as any other section of the community, and the rather brusque retirement of the *Vanduara*, coupled with her bad luck latterly, led to stories of her having been injured by the work she had gone through. In all probability these were utterly untrue. Racing had, to some extent, told on the vessel, as any one who looked at her topsides could see; but it would be very hasty

to assume that her sailing powers were seriously affected. Her sailing next season will doubtless excite more interest than usually belongs to yacht races, as it may be possible to gain from it considerable knowledge respecting the fitness of mild steel for small sailing vessels. Considerable doubt is now felt as to its being a suitable material for such craft; and at present certainly the evidence, so far as yachts are concerned, is very strongly in favour of wood. In one respect, no doubt, the *Vanduara* surpassed all her rivals this season. The *Field* shows that the total value of her prizes is larger than the value of those gained by any other yacht; but this does not in her case prove superiority to all her competitors. It appears from the figures given in the *Field*—the correctness of which we assume, although they differ from other figures which have been given respecting this yacht—that she started thirty-one times and gained fourteen first and three second or third prizes. In the proportion of prizes to starts she is surpassed by three wooden vessels—the *Florinda*, the *Miranda*, and the *Samœna*.

The last-named certainly achieved very remarkable success in her first season, and, judging merely from results, must be placed above her Northern rival. The statistics in the *Field* show that she started twenty-five times, and gained thirteen first and four other prizes. Her designer and her builder have good reason to be proud of her, and it may be said with regard to her that she appears to be admirable in every point of sailing except beating to windward. Unfortunately this is just the point on which a cutter is expected to excel. The *Vanduara* does very greatly excel in beating to windward, and, despite the victories of the *Samœna*, there can, we think, be little doubt that, whenever the two have to make a long beat against a strong breeze and a heavy sea, the wooden cutter will be vanquished by the steel one, unless indeed the latter has really suffered from this season's racing. It is, then, not easy to say absolutely which can rightly be considered the better vessel. At present the *Samœna* has achieved most, but then she had great good luck, while the *Vanduara* latterly had very bad luck. Perhaps next season will see a very different result. It must not, however, be forgotten that the *Vanduara* requires constant docking, which of course her rival does not, and this is no small drawback to the merits of a racing yacht.

Besides these two vessels, another first-class yacht made her first appearance in the summer of 1880. This was the *Waterwitch*, a schooner of 157 tons, which took part in three matches, and is credited with having gained one first prize. This was the prize for the Royal Yacht Squadron schooner match, which was very carelessly managed and very doubtfully timed. In it one famous vessel sailed concerning which some sad facts are revealed by the pitiless statistics of the *Field*. The *Egeria*, it seems, started eleven times, but took no first prize. Her gains were four second or third prizes, of the total value of 130*l*. This schooner, however, is now fifteen years old, and that for a racing yacht is a considerable age. Other vessels, younger than she is, but still well past their youth as racers, seemed to be sailing better than ever last season. As has been said, the *Florinda's* achievements were considerably above those of the *Vanduara*, and, even when allowance is made for the fact that the yacht which is raced very often may probably have a diminished proportion of success as compared with one which is not raced so much, she must still be held to have done better than the greatly-praised Scotch cutter. She started, it seems, eighteen times, and took ten first and three other prizes, the total value of her gains being 765*l*. As has been mentioned, she was altered during the winter, more lead being put on her keel and in her garboards, and her counter lengthened so as to enable her to carry more canvas. It required some boldness to alter anything in a yacht which had always done so well; but boldness has been amply justified by results. Never has the *Florinda* sailed more brilliantly than she did in some matches in the latter part of the season. Her most noteworthy feat was on the first day of the Albert Club races, when, in a long close-hauled stretch, she sailed away from her competitors, all of them excellent vessels, as easily as if they had been so many ponderous cruisers. On other occasions she added to her well-earned fame, and at Torquay she wound up the season's racing by taking two first prizes, one of which, however, was nearly snatched from her grasp by the *Miranda*.

The latter vessel, indeed, proved herself well worthy to struggle with the best yawl that has yet been built, and did much to justify the terror with which she has inspired the owners of other schooners. According to the *Field* she started twenty-one times, and took nine first and five second or third prizes, of the total value of 800*l*., and when it is remembered that most of them were gained in matches for all rigs, in which the best cutters and yawls took part, it will be seen how grandly the schooner must have sailed. In the beginning of the season she had, no doubt, some good fortune; but, on the other hand, she had bad luck in the latter part of the summer. Her best performances were in the beat along the back of the Goodwins in the Nore and Dover match, when she held her own with the *Latona*, and in the run from Dover to Ostend, when she led the fleet over the whole course. So far as we are aware, the *Miranda* has not been in any way altered since she was launched, and it is not a little curious to find her in her fourth season racing even better than she has ever done before. It is to be observed that, under a new captain who had previously given good proof of his skill in cutters, she was handled almost to perfection.

Of only one other first-class yacht, the *Latona*, is a favourable story told by the stern figures of the *Field*. She was not so successful as the *Florinda* and *Miranda*, having for twenty-eight starts eleven first and three other prizes, of the value of 885*l*. Of these, however, two were Queen's Cups, which, as we need hardly say, are desired beyond all other trophies by yacht owners. Throughout the season the *Latona*, commanded by the excellent seaman who was formerly in charge of the *Vol-au-Vent*, sailed admirably, and at Plymouth she saved her time well in two successive races on the *Florinda*, and again at Cowes and Weymouth she was successful against that most redoubtable antagonist. These victories, however, were very fully avenged; and we believe that, in fine weather, the chance of the smaller vessel will generally be the better one. If, however, second to the improved *Florinda*, the *Latona* is second to her only, for, judging from her performances this season and last, we believe that she may be fairly considered the best vessel of the rig afloat after the Gosport yawl. This would clearly appear to be the opinion of other yawl owners, who seem to have as much dread of these two vessels as the schooner owners have of the solitary *Miranda*.

Want of space prevents us from speaking of the winnings of the smaller yachts, which are duly set forth in the columns of the *Field*. It is impossible, however, to leave unmentioned the remarkable achievements of the *Norman*. This 40-ton cutter won 810*l*., gaining sixteen first and four other prizes. She was, we believe, like the *Florinda*, re-ballasted during the winter; and thus in two instances it has been found possible to improve admirable yachts by adopting the latest system of ballasting. This fact, combined with the success of the *Samœna* and *Vanduara*, one of which carries a great mass of lead on her keel, and the other a great mass in her keel, certainly shows how effective the present plan is, and, despite very considerable drawbacks, it will probably before long be adopted for all racing yachts. Perhaps the season of 1880 will be memorable as having been the time when the necessity for this change became apparent. It will certainly be remembered as having witnessed the first contests of two very fine cutters and the splendid sailing of older craft. Possibly also it will be remembered for other less pleasant features of which we propose to speak at a future time.

THE RAILWAY SYSTEMS OF THE WORLD.

THE French Ministry of Public Works has issued a very handsome volume, the *Album of Graphic Statistics*, which is full of curious and valuable information. The greater part of it has exclusive reference to the railways, roads, and waterways of France, and, though of great value to the economist, the statesman, the engineer, the railway manager, the investor, and the speculator, is hardly to the taste of the general reader. But there is one part which has an interest for all educated and thoughtful men. It consists of a graphic presentation of the progress and extension of railways in Europe, the United States, Canada, India, and Algeria. As the information which it contains is rare, instructive, and suggestive, we propose to reproduce some of it for the benefit of our readers.

Beginning exactly half a century ago, we find that the total length of the railways of Europe was barely 316 kilomètres, of which 279 were in England and 37 in France. We make no apology for using kilomètres instead of miles, for little or nothing turns upon the absolute length of the lines. What is of interest is the relative length, and that is shown by one measure as well as by another. We may state, however, for the benefit of any one curious enough to work out the calculations for himself, that the kilomètre is roughly three-fifths of a mile, or exactly ·621. In 1830 there were also 65 kilomètres of railways in the United States. It will be in the recollection of many of our readers that the first English railway, the Darlington and Stockton, was made in 1825, and from the above figures it will be seen that in the following five years no other countries except France and the United States availed themselves of the new invention. Moreover, both of them together had considerably less than half the mileage of England. It was with railways as it has been with steamers, with the substitution of iron for wood in naval construction, and, in short, with nearly every great mechanical invention; England was not only the first to adopt the innovation, but she distanced all competitors by the promptitude with which she carried into practice the new idea, and consequently she has preserved her foremost place in the industrial race. Passing over twenty years, we see this more clearly. In 1850 there were in Europe 23,083 kilomètres, of which 10,656 were in the United Kingdom; Germany came next with 5,822 kilomètres; and France third with no more than 3,080. In other words, the United Kingdom, which is but a mere speck in comparison with the Continent, had in the first quarter of a century of railway construction built over 46 per cent. of the whole European system. Germany, though nearly twice the size of the United Kingdom, had only half its length of railways, but in the twenty years she had passed France, which had less than one-third of our own mileage. The United States, on the contrary, had 14,433 kilomètres—absolutely a greater length than the United Kingdom, but relatively very much smaller.

Passing over another twenty years, we find Europe in 1870 with 104,120 kilomètres of railway, of which 24,999 were in the United Kingdom, or a little under one-fourth of the whole. Germany had in the interval laboured hard to develop her communications, and possessed 18,560 kilomètres. But France had

exerted herself still more, and had nearly overtaken her neighbour and political antagonist, having 17,924 kilomètres. The three countries between them had constructed three-fifths of the whole European mileage. As regards our own country, we had practically completed our network some time before 1870. We have since been adding small branches and opening up remote districts, more particularly in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales; but the main communications were then finished. The Continent, on the contrary, was little more than beginning; and even the foremost countries, Germany and France, were only in the middle of the work. The United States were still more backward, though they had achieved much, having in 1876 constructed 84,637 kilomètres, or about four-fifths of the mileage of Europe. Coming, in the last place, to 1878, we find Europe with 158,157 kilomètres, being an increase of 50 per cent. in the eight years, which confirms what we have just said—that in 1870 Europe generally was little more than beginning railway construction. In still further proof of this, we no longer find the United Kingdom ahead of the Continental countries. It had in fact added little more than 2,500 kilomètres in the interval to its system, which in 1878 consisted of 27,552 kilomètres. Germany had now the greatest length of lines in Europe, or 31,556 kilomètres. France had only 24,424 kilomètres. Russia was a close fourth, with 22,670 kilomètres. These figures bring out very clearly under another aspect the military unreadiness of France in 1870. Although so much richer than Germany, she had not, like her, perfected her communications any more than she had in other respects turned to account her resources in men and money. After all that has been said of the influence of the French Empire in promoting industry, it failed even in railway building to overtake Germany, so vastly poorer and split up into petty and mutually jealous States. With these facts before us we can better appreciate M. de Freycinet's railway policy. Of all the countries in Europe, those which have most extended their networks in the last eight years are Sweden and Austria-Hungary. Sweden in 1870 had but 1,723 kilomètres, in 1878 she had 4,563; in 1870 Austria-Hungary had 9,401 kilomètres, and in 1878 she had 18,391, or almost twice as many. In 1878 the United States had 131,682 kilomètres.

Turning from the history of railway construction to its results, we find that, in proportion to its population, Sweden is the best provided with railways of any country in Europe. For every 10,000 inhabitants she has 10·3 kilomètres; then come Switzerland, the United Kingdom, Denmark, Belgium, Germany, and France; Greece being last of all, and Turkey but just before her. For the whole of Europe the mean is 5·3 kilomètres for every 10,000 inhabitants, and the seven countries just enumerated, ending with France, have more than this mean; Holland, however, has only 5·1, and all the other countries of the Continent have less. Outside of Europe, the United States have 39·9 kilomètres per 10,000 inhabitants, or over six times the European mean; Canada has 26·7 kilomètres, Algeria only 2·4, and India no more than 0·5. But we need hardly say that this comparison with population is entirely delusive. The United States, for example, and all new communities, make railways for the express purpose of attracting population by opening up new regions in which immigrants may settle, thus reversing the ordinary European notion that railways should attend upon traffic, not go before it. In the case of such countries as Sweden and Switzerland, again, population is sparse, the industrial centres being separated by wastes. If, however, we compare the length of lines, not with the population, but with the area of each country, we find the order of precedence very different. For every 100 square kilomètres of surface, Belgium has 13·5 kilomètres of railway; the United Kingdom, 8·7; Switzerland, 6; Germany, 5·8; Holland, 5·5; France, 4·6; and both Austria-Hungary and Italy, 2·7; Denmark, Sweden, and Roumania rank together with 1·0; while Russia and Turkey follow with 0·5. The mean for Europe is 1·7. Of the countries outside Europe, the United States have exactly the European mean, India, 0·3; Algeria, 0·2; and Canada, 0·1. It will be seen that whereas, relatively to population, Belgium ranks only fifth in Europe, relatively to area she stands first; and that the United Kingdom is third in respect to population, and second in respect to area. We have here again proof that the United Kingdom is practically fully supplied with railways. Belgium is the most thickly populated country in Europe, and the most completely intersected by lines. Extensive tracts of the United Kingdom, on the contrary—the Highlands and islands of Scotland, Wales, and a large part of Ireland—are thinly populated, have few towns of any importance, and, the two former particularly, are ill adapted to railways. Yet the United Kingdom ranks next to Belgium in regard to area. The high rank of Switzerland, in spite of its mountains, is very noteworthy. But, relatively to area, Sweden stands very low, though she heads the list when the comparison is with population. The low rank of Russia, too, is remarkable, great as has been the extension of railways there since the Crimean war.

The foregoing figures and comparisons cannot fail to suggest to the reader that, vast as undoubtedly has been the expenditure of capital and labour upon railway construction, the progress yet made is really very moderate. During the late depression in trade it was argued by the eminent French political economist, M. Leroy-Beaulieu, that the fundamental cause of the distress from which all commercial communities were suffering was the practical completion of railway construction and of the other transformations of industrial equipment rendered necessary by the mechanical inventions of the century. We pointed out at the time the baselessness of that theory, and in the figures we have been citing we have abundant proof of the justness of our criticism. Take, for example, the United States. Population there is growing as rapidly as it has done at any time in the past, and wealth is accumulating even more rapidly than heretofore, while American credit stands far higher now than it has ever hitherto done. So far, therefore, as capital and labour are concerned, the United States have ample means of continuing railway construction; and, with the growth of population and traffic, they have the motive for doing so. But, relatively to the area of the country, we see that the existing system of the United States is only one-fifth as large as that of the United Kingdom. In other words, if the United States are to have as large a mileage for their extent of territory as the United Kingdom has now, the 131,000 kilomètres existing at present must be increased to 655,000. In Canada, Algeria, and India the addition must be on a still larger scale. And then we have to include in our review Mexico and the vast countries of South America, Australasia, South Africa, Turkey in Asia, Persia, Afghanistan, and Central Asia, China, Japan, the Malay Peninsula and Archipelago, Arabia, Egypt, and the whole interior of Africa. No doubt many years must elapse before several of these immense and savage regions will be opened up by railways. But we are not now concerned with the *when*. The point we wish to insist upon is that, so far from being nearly completed, the construction of railways has little more than begun. All new communities, as we have shown in the case of the United States, and as we might easily show in those of Mexico, South America, and Australia, have need of immediate and vast additions to their networks. The same is true of most European countries. Granting that for her present economic development Germany is nearly equipped, France has still scarcely more than half the British mileage relatively to her area, and she is rich enough to provide herself fully. Austria-Hungary and Italy have but half the French allowance, and a quarter of the British, while Russia is as badly provided as Turkey. Just now the bad credit of Russia prevents her from pushing on her railways as rapidly as her Government would wish; but the distress of her population, deepening into famine, is a new stimulus to extension. Lastly, in Turkey itself we may expect to see an extensive construction of railways, if peace is preserved and some kind of order established, the Austrian Government being intent upon the completion of communication with the least possible delay between Vienna and Constantinople and Vienna and Salonica. There is, then, little reason to doubt that, if peace is maintained, railway construction will shortly take a fresh start of activity, and once more give rise to a brisk demand for iron and steel.

THE THEATRES.

THE new Princess's Theatre, handsomely decorated and arranged in the face of some architectural difficulties so as to secure unusual comfort and accommodation both for audience and actors, was opened a week ago with the first of a series of performances in which the chief figure is to be Mr. Edwin Booth, an American actor of great and well-deserved reputation. Mr. Booth's first appearance has been in the part of Hamlet, and in undertaking this part he had two forces to contend against, that of his own celebrity in America, which preceded his introduction (for so it may fairly be called, although he has before appeared in England) to the English stage, and that of the striking and lasting impression produced by the performance in the same part of the distinguished actor-manager, whose Hamlet was a surprise to those who only knew him before as a melodramatic and "character" actor of mark. It may be said at once that the result justifies Mr. Booth in choosing for his first part one in which he had what an American paper has called "the Irving canon" to contend against. Hamlet is a part capable of an infinite number of interpretations, and a part so various in its emotions that it is a stage tradition that absolute failure in it is next door to impossible. A strange missing of the possible or desirable effect may be observed in one scene; and it may be atoned for by the seizing of an entirely different effect in the next. But, if complete failure is difficult to attain in the part, complete success—that kind of success which draws the town—is at least equally difficult, and the names of the players who in the last twenty years have attained this sort of success are easily numbered. It would be beside the question to speculate on the chances of Mr. Booth's Hamlet having this effect, since he has wisely determined to vary his parts during his limited stay in London; and it would, to our thinking, be equally out of place to make comparisons between his interpretation and that of other actors, English or foreign, who have more or less lately played the part of the Prince of Denmark in London. We propose, then, to give as accurate an account as we can of the impression made on us by Mr. Booth's performance without reference to any other standard.

Mr. Booth is markedly graceful, markedly perfect in elocution, and both markedly and nicely courteous in demeanour throughout the play. The fault which has been patent to most of his critics, that of want of passion, exists to some extent, but has, at any rate, been exaggerated, possibly through misunderstanding of his purpose, possibly through the nervousness which generally affects even the most practised actors on a first night in a new

theatre, and possibly in many cases through a combination of both causes. His acting in the earlier scenes of the play does no doubt seem somewhat dull and formal; and here, as throughout the play, he was apt to spoil the fine effect of certain passages by his adherence to the old trick of "taking the stage" at the end of speeches which are finished off with what the old school of acting considered "a point." But as the play goes on Mr. Booth seems to warm to new life and perception. The fault just referred to is always more or less present, but becomes less accented as the actor finds occasion for showing that his coldness in certain passages is deliberate, and not the result of an incapacity to give a passionate interpretation to passionate words. Deliberateness is, it may be said, one striking feature of the American actor's Hamlet. His conception seems to be that, after the terrible interview with his father's spirit, Hamlet is overmastered, even in the scene with Ophelia, by one thought, which gives him no rest, and which shadows his life with darkness. Yet he is not deficient in the passages of comedy which relieve this idea of the character. Into his talk with Polonius he infuses an always fine and courteous touch of comedy; and in his dialogue with the players he combines with a fine manner a sense of the freedom which he can bestow on the actors, but does not show to his uncle-father's courtiers. The somewhat sombre tone of Mr. Booth's conception of the character is marked strongly, and to a certain extent unfortunately, in his scene with Osric; but it conveys exactly the impression which the actor seems to us to desire, and is consistent with the feeling of the preceding and of the last scene. In the first part of the play Mr. Booth's performance is, as we have already hinted, somewhat dull and ineffective; and perhaps the first sign that his representation is well worth studying is found in his talk with Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo when they tell him of the appearance of the Ghost. Here there was much nature in his acting, but its good effect was injured by the habit we have already referred to, of "taking the stage." In both scenes with the Ghost his acting appeared to us to be for the most part nothing better than scholarlike, but was redeemed by one fine touch. After he has broken away from the detaining hands of his companions, he rushes after the Ghost, and then suddenly bethinking him that it may be a devil, raises the cross-hilt of his sword in front of him, and makes his exit with this talisman against evil influence held constantly before him. In the following scene Mr. Booth seemed to us to miss entirely the notion of extravagant excitement which the words suggest; but he delivered them, as always, with admirable elocution and finished emphasis. Of the fine comedy of the scene with Polonius we have already spoken, and that which follows it, with Guildenstern and Rosencrantz, leading up to the interview with the players, wants nothing in perception and courtesy, but seems to miss oddly and disappointingly the force of the great speech beginning, "I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen moult no feather." On the other hand, but for the two ridiculous readings which Mr. Booth introduces in two well-known lines, the following scene or scenes seem to us full of thought and merit. In the well-known passage "About, my brain! I have heard that guilty creatures sitting at a play," &c., Mr. Booth's interpretation appears to us to be as well founded as it is well executed. To his Hamlet the idea is not at that moment new; it has been in his mind ever since the arrival of the players, and the excitement of the previous speech has diverted him from the consideration of a plan which he has deliberately formed, and to which he now gives so much of his attention as to make Ophelia's relations to him a mere accident in the purpose of his life. This feeling is, as it seems to us, brought out in the strangely restless and graceful acting in the short and celebrated scene with Ophelia. As to the play scene, we may note first that Mr. Booth's Hamlet addresses the words, "Begin, murderer! Leave thy damnable faces, and begin," to the player-king alone, thus suggesting that the Prince is urging the actor whom he himself has trained to come straight to the business in hand, and we may then observe that throughout the scene the actor's rendering is singularly unobtrusive and singularly forcible. Mr. Booth's Hamlet waits, controlling his emotions through the play, and watches for the discomfiture and the exit of the King, and upon that his passion bursts out for a moment, after which, overcome by the reaction, he falls upon Horatio's neck. In this Mr. Booth's "business" is identical with that of Herr Dettmer, the distinguished German actor whose death we regretted to record last week. This is one of the comparatively few bursts of unrestrained passion which Mr. Booth allows to his Hamlet, and its force accentuates the somewhat cold dignity of the following scene with the recorders. At the very beginning of this Mr. Booth is passionate enough, but he seems to think the Prince should subdue his passion entirely in the presence of the two wretched creatures who come as messengers to him. His idea that Hamlet himself knows how to play the recorder is ingenious and appropriate enough, and his rendering of the speech relating to it is full of dignity, if, as we have suggested, wanting in the passion of other readings. To Polonius, as in the previous scene, he is contempt and courtesy combined; and if in the scene with the Queen he seems sometimes too measured, his burst of fire at "Nay, I know not: is it the King?" might redeem a greater amount of coldness than Mr. Booth puts into the scene. In the penultimate scenes with the Gravedigger, with Laertes, and with Osric, he preserves admirably the sense of fatefulness, which seems to us, from having seen his performance once, to be the keynote to his interpretation of the character. At the end of the last scene he gives one of the rare and valuable bursts of passion to which we have referred to before.

To sum up, Mr. Booth is, judged by his performance in *Hamlet*, a thoroughly well-graced actor. He has thought, poetic perception, and complete skill in execution. His gesture and elocution are indeed admirable, and his marked but slight American intonation gave a not unpleasing individuality to his performance. The effect of his acting is marred by the odd and old-fashioned trick of "taking the stage," to which we have before referred, and perhaps it cannot be expected that Mr. Booth will give up a habit which has presumably become a part of his method, although it might serve his immediate purpose to do so. Whatever Mr. Booth's faults may be, his performance of Hamlet is fine and interesting, and leads us to look forward with agreeable anticipation to his promised performance of other and widely different parts.

The stage management, except with regard to the Ghost scene, is both nice and effective; and we may call special attention, among other clever points, to the fact that Yorick's skull is turned up from the gravediggers' researches still clothed with the fool's cap which serves to identify it. We might dwell upon other instances of Mr. Booth's care in matters of this kind; but we have perhaps said enough to indicate our impression that Mr. Booth is an actor and stage manager of decided mark. The players who fill the other parts in the piece are already more or less familiar in their respective parts to London audiences. Mr. Leathes's Laertes and Mr. Swinbourne's King were seen not long ago at the Lyceum. Mrs. Hermann Vezin's Gertrude is in welcome contrast to most ordinary interpretations of the part. Mr. Leathes's well-known performance adds, as on many former occasions, to the effect of the last scene. In this Mr. Booth's grace and decision of gesture are especially remarkable. His fencing belongs to an exploded school; but the gross anachronism of introducing fencing of any kind into the play of *Hamlet* is more than enough excuse for Mr. Booth's return to an old-fashioned method, out of which he gets the most plausible interpretation of the impossible "scuffle" which we have ever seen. Miss Gerard's Ophelia is a performance of some promise.

The curious vitality of that odd play *The Lady of Lyons* has been brought into marked relief by the representation now given at the Sadler's Wells Theatre under Mrs. Bateman. Miss Isabel Bateman plays Pauline, Mr. Charles Warner plays Melnotte. Miss Bateman has steadily improved in her art during the last few months. Her conception of the part which she is now rendering seems to us capital, and her execution fails only in that she is occasionally too loud, and in two scenes discounts the effect of natural and pathetic sobs by too much repetition. The faults which Miss Bateman has still to correct consist in a certain monotony in voice and gesture—and of these she must rid herself before she can attain the position to which she has lately more and more exhibited her claim. Mr. Warner has as yet found the best vehicle for his powers in melodramatic acting, and Claude Melnotte is a purely melodramatic part. His direct and vigorous interpretation of passions which are simple enough, though overlaid by affected writing, is throughout admirable. His clear elocution tells finely in the stilted, but effective, speech describing the Prince of Como's imaginary palace; and while this excellence of speech accompanies his interpretation of the part throughout the piece, he makes the best use of the opportunities which Lord Lytton gave for the display of emotion. In this connexion we may mention specially his fervid and vigorous outburst at the end of the last scene, when Claude throws off his disguise and reveals himself. The other parts are well acted, and the play is well put on the stage.

The continuing success at the Gaiety of *The Mighty Dollar* marks in a curious way the excellence of the acting displayed in the piece. The same thing has happened with other pieces, and notably with *Our American Cousin*; but, compared to *The Mighty Dollar*, *Our American Cousin* is a play marked by genius. Both are bad plays; but *The Mighty Dollar* is infinitely the worse. Mr. and Mrs. Florence have done for the one piece what Mr. Sothern did for the other. Their acting is, in its kind, admirable; and the playing of the smaller parts is also good. We may call special attention to the scene between Miss Gilchrist and Mr. Andrews. It is a pity that actors of deserved reputation should be content to appear in such a play; but that fact does not affect the excellence of their performance. We look forward to Mr. Florence's promised appearance in the part of Captain Cuttle.

REVIEWS.

FAGAN'S LIFE OF PANIZZI.*

SIR ANTONIO PANIZZI was a man who in his day rendered very valuable services to the British Museum, who had a great knowledge of the bypaths of literature, and who was acquainted with and respected by a large number of eminent men in England, France, and Italy. If sufficient materials for the

* *The Life of Sir Antonio Panizzi, K.C.B., late Principal Librarian of the British Museum.* By Louis Fagan. London: Remington. 1880.

biography of such a man could be collected, it was natural that he should find a biographer, and if passionate devotion to the subject of a memoir constitutes the chief qualification of a biographer, the right man has appeared in Mr. Fagan. Connected by old family ties with Panizzi, overflowing with personal gratitude and associated with him in the working of the British Museum, he has approached his task with a rapturous fervour of admiration. It is impossible not to regard with tenderness so much affection, and that Panizzi should have inspired it is the best testimony the reader could have to the sterling merits of the subject of this biography. The work is pervaded by a spirit of almost infantine simplicity. The great Panizzi, the humorous Panizzi, the ominous far-seeing Panizzi, the Panizzi with a master mind and master spirit, exists so strongly as a reality to the writer, that he confides in the reader to see it all, even when nothing else is given as food for the imagination except a story of some quarrel between Panizzi and his numerous adversaries, an ordinary letter on an ordinary subject, or some political communication of no kind of importance. Further, in order to contribute everything of every kind within his power that may do honour to his hero, Mr. Fagan, who seems to have a turn for drawing, has thrown into the letterpress a series of the oddest little woodcuts that were ever imagined. They are pitched into the middle of the text, and are supposed to give a representation of eminent persons mentioned in the course of the narrative. The general result is to suggest that Panizzi had an extraordinarily large, distinguished, and hideous acquaintance. But, even if he had left out his superfluity of gushing and his illustrations, Mr. Fagan could hardly have written a biography of Panizzi which, merely as a biography, would have been good. He had not sufficient materials. Some of the things which Panizzi did for the British Museum can be ascertained and described, but they happen to have been things which are necessarily interesting only in their general results and not in their details. His energy as a reforming librarian was merely, however, one part of Panizzi, and one of his titles to such eminence as he reached. He had gifts, qualities, and a vast variety of knowledge, which made men of the highest distinction in different ways and in different countries court his acquaintance, consult him, respect him, and treat him with a cordial familiarity that never lapsed into condescension. But it may have been impossible for any biographer, and it certainly has not been within the power of Mr. Fagan, to give the reader any explanation of the fact that Panizzi was the confidential correspondent of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Palmerston, Lord Russell, M. Thiers, Cavour, and a host of other men scarcely inferior. Panizzi published scarcely anything beyond a few observations on Italian poetry; and while few of his letters have been preserved, few of those that have been collected by Mr. Fagan are of a kind to show what there really was to make the writer of the letters remarkable. There are, however, many letters written to Panizzi which Mr. Fagan has preserved, and although these do not much help the biography of Panizzi, they have sometimes an interest of their own. Lastly, Panizzi was an ardent lover of his native country, and worked hard and ventured something for Italy at a very critical time of Italian history; and in the Italian part of the biography there is undoubtedly something which shows his character, and is in itself worth reading.

Antonio Panizzi was born at Brescello, in the duchy of Modena, in 1797, both his parents belonging to families distinguished in the law. He was educated at the University of Parma, and took his degree in law in 1818. As a young man he was in high favour with the reigning Duke, and was made an Inspector of Public Schools while continuing with success his profession as an advocate. But he was one of the fervent patriots of his day; he joined the Carbonari, was arrested, but escaped with the connivance of a friendly official, and made his way to Lugano, where he wrote a book on some recent Modenese trials, and this book was so violent that in later life he thought it better not to speak of it. Arriving in a state of destitution at London, he was advised by Ugo Foscolo to try his fortunes at Liverpool, where a letter of recommendation to Mr. William Roscoe, the author of the Life of Leo X., secured him a cordial welcome. At Liverpool he stayed, giving lessons, delivering lectures, and making friends, until in 1828 he was appointed Professor of Italian Literature in the new University of London. During his tenure of this office he published an edition of some of the works of Italian poets, preceded by a dissertation on Italian Romantic Poetry; and in 1830 he was made, through the influence of Lord Brougham, Extra Assistant Librarian in the British Museum. Shortly after his obtaining this appointment he was invited by the Royal Society to make or help to make its catalogue. He soon quarrelled with his employers, some of whom thought they could make a catalogue better than he could. He laughed at them, stormed at them, and was dismissed. He was, however, employed to assist in making a new catalogue of the British Museum, and acquitted himself so well that a serious, but ineffectual, effort was made by friendly Trustees to procure an increase of salary. But in 1837 the post of Keeper of Printed Books fell vacant; and Panizzi, although warmly opposed on the ground of his being a foreigner, was appointed simply on his merits. As Keeper of the Printed Books Panizzi directed the making of a catalogue on his own plan; was nearly present at the breaking of the Portland Vase, and would "have been delighted to have stopped the offender if he had known what the man had been doing"; presided over the acceptance of the Grenville Library; got the Government to give an increased sum of 10,000*l.* a year for the purchase of books; enforced the provisions of the Copyright Act, by which copies of every publication were to be delivered to the Museum; and, finally, invented and executed the superb new Reading-Room. During all this time he was engaged in quarrels of the most violent character. The union of the office of Secretary and that of Keeper of Printed Books made Panizzi "master of the British Museum," and when he had entirely his own way he was tolerably pacific; but he was never quite himself unless he was quarrelling with some one. In his quarrels the side he took was generally the right one; but he was the most overbearing and dictatorial of men, and the right side gained nothing of grace, although it undoubtedly gained much of strength, from his advocacy. In 1856 Sir Henry Ellis died, and Panizzi was made Chief Librarian; and when Mr. Monckton Milnes, in the House of Commons, raised once more the objection that Panizzi was a foreigner, the appointment was warmly defended by the Speaker, Mr. Disraeli, and Lord John Russell. In 1865 he retired, with a pension of 1,400*l.* a year, and with the most ample recognition of the great services he had unquestionably rendered to the Museum. In 1868 he was made a Senator of Italy, and in 1869 a Knight Commander of the Bath. Thenceforward he lived in dignified retirement, but in broken health, and he died in April 1879, almost his last visitor having been Mr. Gladstone.

With Mr. Gladstone Panizzi maintained a warm and intimate friendship, cemented by, if not mainly originating in, Mr. Gladstone's ardent interest in Italy and Italian literature. But it was not only with politicians who, like Mr. Gladstone, were specially interested in Italy that Panizzi held relations of pleasant and confidential intercourse. He was able to make the influence of his personal character and of his vast knowledge tell in quarters where confidence would never have been inspired except by a man of very exceptional merit. During a considerable portion of the period in which the question of the Spanish Marriages was being discussed and the intrigues of Guizot were creating international difficulties, it was through Panizzi that the views of Thiers were communicated to the Whig leaders, and what they had to say was sent back to Thiers. In 1845, Lord Clarendon wrote to Panizzi, "It is quite a *bonne fortune* for Thiers, and important, moreover, to the relations between the two countries, that he should have fallen into your hands here, for there is no one so capable of properly directing his inquiries and opinions." To direct or satisfy the inquiries of Thiers was certainly not an easy task, for he wanted to know very much in a very little time. "Don't you remember," wrote Lord Clarendon in another letter, "his famous note to Ellice, who was then Secretary of the Treasury? 'Mon cher Ellice, je vieux connaitre à fond le système financier de l'Angleterre; quand pourrez-vous me donner cinq minutes?'" Perhaps no one could have told an inquirer more in five minutes than Panizzi, and when he has a statement to make on behalf of Lord Palmerston as to the history of the Spanish Marriages, he makes it clearly, briefly, and fully. Most of his correspondence—with the exception of a few letters on current English politics, in which he writes sensibly and with strong Whig views, and of letters of ordinary civility and business—relates to Italy, and is mainly addressed to Italians. There is, however, one exception. In the later years of his life Panizzi corresponded frequently with Prosper Mérimée, and several of Mérimée's letters to Panizzi are published by Mr. Fagan. Here again the exceptional position accorded to Panizzi shows itself. It is now the business of Panizzi to convey to Mérimée, for the benefit of the Imperial Court, the views of an important section of English society on political, and chiefly on Italian political, questions. It is the business of Mérimée to let Panizzi's influential friends know the views and the doings of the Imperial Court. This is the more remarkable because Panizzi's own views about Italy, about the French intervention in Italy, and about the Pope and his friends were scarcely such as to have seemed likely to recommend him to the Emperor, and still less to the Empress. Panizzi was not only a sincere patriot, but outspoken, even to the verge of rashness; and, although he had the art of pleasing when he did not concern himself to offend or to triumph, he was incapable of manœuvring himself into importance by the kind of tact which borders on pusillanimity. How real his importance was is conspicuous in this correspondence with Mérimée and in the letters that grew out of it. He writes to warn the French Court of the alienation of the leading English statesmen from the Emperor. He again writes to let the Emperor know that Mr. Gladstone, who longer than others had confided in the Emperor, was being brought round to the opinion that France was not treating Italy honestly and fairly. He writes to Cavour to tell him what the Emperor had stated to be his policy, what criticisms the writer had passed on this policy, and ends by saying that Sir James Hudson is to be informed of the contents of the letter, and that he had communicated with Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone before writing. No correct notion of what Panizzi was can be formed unless it is borne in mind that he was the chosen intermediary of such men as the Emperor, Cavour, and the leading English Ministers, and that, while acting as an intermediary, he always conveyed his own opinions, and found his opinions treated with deference and respect.

Much the most interesting part of Panizzi's Italian correspondence refers to the Neapolitan political prisoners Poerio and Settembrini. In 1851 Mr. Gladstone published his famous letters on the injustice of the sentence by which these and other honourable Neapolitans had been sentenced to imprisonment, and on the atrocious treatment they received in prison. Panizzi had, among

his other correspondents, Lord Shrewsbury, and Lord Shrewsbury refused to believe a statement so unfavourable to a good Catholic like the King of Naples, and begged that Panizzi would come to Naples and judge for himself. Panizzi was ready to comply with the suggestion, went to Naples, saw the King, obtained permission to visit the prison, and found everything as bad as Mr. Gladstone had asserted. Settembrini was subsequently transferred to a prison in the small island of San Stefano, and Panizzi conceived the idea that the escape of a prisoner from a place that could be easily approached by sea might be managed. Somehow or other Settembrini managed to communicate with his wife, and he arranged that, if a vessel was sent to take him off, and he could know exactly when it was coming, he hoped to be able to get away. It took Panizzi some time to mature his plans; but at last, chiefly through the aid of Mr. Gladstone, he collected the necessary money, and chartered a steamer which was to carry off Settembrini. The details of the proposed rescue were submitted to and fully approved of by one of the English Attachés at the Court of Naples, and everything that passed seems to have been within the cognizance of our Minister there, and to have been countenanced by him. Panizzi asked for a holiday, and went to Naples to superintend personally the operation he had set on foot. Morally, no doubt, all that was done was well done; but, from a technical point of view, it seems a curious departure from ordinary propriety that a statesman who had only just ceased to be a Minister, a public servant in a national institution, and the British Legation at Naples, should have set themselves to release by a stratagem the subject of a prince with whom we were nominally holding friendly relations. The project miscarried, as the steamer which had been hired foundered at sea on her way from England. But at the very time when Panizzi was engaged in putting the last touch to his scheme, an incident happened which indirectly led to the release not only of Settembrini but of Poerio. It was an incident which showed Lord Palmerston's very peculiar style of treating Powers which he at once despised and detested. The English Minister at Naples sent an Attaché to the Superintendent of Theatres with some trivial message about an English singer. The Superintendent was found at the San Carlo by the Attaché, and received his message with kindly civility. The Minister of Police, a man named Mazza, on this sent a messenger to the Superintendent, to reproach the Superintendent for having received a member of the British Legation in a civil manner. This message was overheard, and Mazza was also heard to say that he would not allow himself to be imposed on by England, which was now a fourth-class Power. The occurrence was repeated to the English Minister, who wrote to the Minister of Foreign Affairs to remonstrate, but no notice was taken of the remonstrance. Panizzi, when he heard of what had happened, expressed himself delighted, and felt sure that Palmerston would not overlook the affair. Panizzi was right. Palmerston did not overlook the affair. He at once announced to the British Minister at Naples what he thought ought to be done. His idea of what was necessary and right under the circumstances was that three English men-of-war should anchor off the Bay of Naples opposite to the King's palace; that then a demand should be made for the immediate dismissal of Mazza, and that two hours' law should be given. If, within that time, the King had not announced the dismissal of Mazza, then the palace was to "share the fate of Sweaborg." This terrible programme was not realized; but the King, who knew enough of what was proposed to become thoroughly frightened, dismissed Mazza. A more lenient Minister of Police was appointed, and he determined to get rid of Poerio, Settembrini, and a whole host of political prisoners, by sending them to America. This was done; but when the prisoners had got as far as Cadiz, and had been transferred to an American ship, the master was induced or compelled to take his passengers to Ireland, and in a few months after the failure of his project, Panizzi had the satisfaction of seeing his friends in London. They were really released because the Government of Naples thought it dangerous to keep any longer men about whose sufferings there was so great a stir in England. The chief creator of this stir was Panizzi, and it was therefore he, who really triumphed over the Neapolitan Court. Energetic as he was throughout life, he never displayed greater energy, or with more success, than on that occasion; and not even the construction of the new Reading-Room made his value more deeply felt by his admirers in England than this display of activity and daring.

KINGLAKE'S INVASION OF THE CRIMEA.*

THERE are but few subjects on which it would be safe for a writer—even if he were as a writer more gifted than Mr. Kinglake—to administer his shocks to the public in the intermittent fashion which has characterized the publication of the *Invasion of the Crimea*. But the author has perhaps hardly been injudicious in takings things so quietly. Even after a quarter of a century, the matters which he treats of are still personal matters to a vast number of living men and women, and the whole subject of the Crimean war is one which has not lost, and scarcely can lose, its interest with Englishmen. We have since waged wars enough, and the intrinsic interest of this struggle sinks into insignificance beside that of the Indian Mutiny. But it is still our latest European contest with arms in our hands, and it must always occupy in history the position of a turning-point in the whole attitude and behaviour of England on the question of army management, while, many as have been the popular ferments since, none has approached that which broke out when the reports, true or false, of the mismanagement of affairs in the winter of 1854-55 arrived. It is with this particular period that Mr. Kinglake deals in the present volume.

It is needless to say to any one who has read the first five volumes of the *Invasion of the Crimea*, or who has read or heard anything about them, that the book is in the main nothing more than a long exculpation of Lord Raglan from the charges brought against him, and, more than that, from the charge of being in any way responsible for the sufferings of the troops. What, however, strikes us as somewhat novel in this sixth volume of Mr. Kinglake's work, is a certain deficiency of detail which, if not wholly unexpected, is remarkable enough in comparison with the elaborate minuteness of certain earlier chapters and volumes. The book before us is a big book, but it is curious, when one reads it attentively, to find in how small a compass the facts of positive information go. The author who gave us elaborately descriptive accounts of the exact position of every man (almost) at the battle of the Alma passes over the subject of the hurricane of November 14, tempting enough to a picturesque writer, in eight pages. In much else of the work we find a certain determination to talk "about it and about it" rather than a determination to give us "it" itself. Mr. Kinglake is bitterly angry with the *Times* for its garrulous invectives, and he seems to think it is part of his duty to make up for these by equally garrulous apologies at this distance of time. A great deal of the book, too, is vitiated by his old and apparently incurable habit of endeavouring *enfoncer les portes ouvertes*. He undertakes, for instance, to give an account of the arrangements, or rather the lack of arrangements, for war administration in England, which brought about the "winter troubles." It is quite right that he should do so. But, instead of making a frank acknowledgment that, while the navy had been almost constantly in active work, and from the nature of things was worked on the principle of individual responsibility and almost autocracy, the army had only spasmodic exercise, and was so graded that the responsibility of any single act was divided among a hundred different officers and functionaries, Mr. Kinglake has drawn up an elaborate picture of a Satanic conflict between the "personal king" and the "State king"—the former being allowed to exercise a constant and fatal influence on the army, and none on the navy. There is no student of English history—we might say no reader of *Roderick Random*—but knows the argument to be worthless. There were times when the navy was in the highest disorganization; but the inexorable fact of a ship being a world to itself, and out of the reach of control for months or years, determined the general efficiency of the English fleet. Whenever a capable officer was, in relation to the land-unit, the army, in the position in which the captain was to the sea-unit, the ship, then things went well. Mr. Kinglake is indeed bound to admit the existence of Wellington, who, according to him, succeeded in baffling the baneful influence of the "personal king." We confess that we had thought that Wellington's chief difficulties were with what Mr. Kinglake calls the "State king,"—that is to say, the Ministry. But this is a detail. Wellington, we say, is taken account of, but of Marlborough, Peterborough, Wolfe, we hear nothing. Nobody who knows anything about the subject denies that the complication and rivalry of the various offices and persons having the control of the army was, under the old system, nearly as bad as it could be; but nobody who knows anything about the subject can fail to see that the reason of the inferiority of army to navy organization is to be found partly in the simple fact already mentioned, partly in the simpler fact still that Great Britain is an island. France was usually unsuccessful with her navy, generally successful with her army. Will Mr. Kinglake tell us that a personal king usually interfered with the French marine and left the French land service alone? He has given so much space to raising this bogie of personal rule, and to describing its horrid features and practices, that we have been obliged to take note of it; but it has, of course, but little to do with the real subject of the book. The simple facts are that England had not waged a European war for forty years, and that unwise economy had cut down the military establishment, which establishment had never been fully or properly organized. An immense strain was therefore suddenly thrown on hands not strong enough to bear it, and the result was inevitable.

The questions with which Mr. Kinglake deals in this volume may be said to be the responsibility of Lord Raglan for the sufferings of the army, the conduct of the *Times* in relation to those sufferings, the conduct of the Duke of Newcastle, and the conduct of Lord Panmure. Incidentally, of course, a certain narrative of facts is given, including a sketch of the condition of the French as well as of the English forces, and, in particular, an account of the accomplishments of Miss Nightingale. But the bulk of the volume is a disquisition rather than a history. All the points we have noticed are indeed of no little importance, especially the second, because it involves the famous and much-vexed question of War Correspondents and of the limits of newspaper comment. All of them, perhaps, may deserve a little attention here. With regard to Lord Raglan, Mr. Kinglake has, in the main, proved his point, if indeed it required to be proved. That Lord Raglan was untiring in asking for the supplies which never came, or came only so late

* *The Invasion of the Crimea.* By A. W. Kinglake. Vol. VI. *The Winter Troubles.* Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1880.

as to be useless, or lay at Balaklava because transport was impossible; that on his own responsibility he managed to obviate a good deal of the evil thus caused; that he was constant in his inspection of the camp and unsparing of himself in every way, Mr. Kinglake has abundantly shown. But perhaps this does not quite exhaust the matter. Mr. Kinglake makes a great, though not too great, point out of the hopeless numerical insufficiency of the English forces for the tasks they had to perform, and the unequal distribution of labour between them and their allies. He admits that an ideal commander would perhaps have said to his French colleague, "This must not go on any longer," and have stood to it at any price. But he lays great stress on the helplessness of Lord Raglan's position. When the English General threatened withdrawal, Marshal Canrobert is reported to have said, "Milord, vous ne le pouvez pas," and Mr. Kinglake thinks that this expressed the literal fact. But is not a general to blame for allowing himself to get into such a position? Mr. Kinglake is ready again. He tells us that it was the fault, partly of the French and partly of the Engineers. The latter said positively that Sebastopol would be Lord Raglan's at the end of October, and therefore he postponed the conversion of the track between Balaclava and the front into something like a traversable road. We must ask again, Is not a general to blame for taking for granted the promise of his subordinates, and for not preparing for the failure of that promise? Lastly, though Mr. Kinglake has amply cleared Lord Raglan from the charge of wilfully ignoring the state of the camp, and has proved that he did all he could to provide necessaries, has he proved that he saw that these necessaries were applied properly? We think not. When we are told that a regiment received an order for so many blankets on such a day and did not fetch them till so many days after, we cannot help asking, did Lord Raglan know this? If he did not, why did he not? If he did, why was not the colonel of that regiment reprimanded? No doubt there was a deplorable absence of hands; but Mr. Kinglake's own eulogy of Messrs. Tower and Egerton shows with how very small a number of hands an immense amount of transport work could be done, even in the slough of despond which lay between the English forces and the sea. We need not say that it is no intention of ours to get up a case against Lord Raglan. But it is possible to be too thoroughgoing in defence as well as in blame, and the result of the one excess is generally the other. Mr. Kinglake has certainly been unjust to the Duke of Newcastle in his anxiety to clear his hero. In the absence of definite evidence to the contrary, is it not, to say the least, fair to conclude that some such doubts as those which we have here expressed had crossed the Minister's mind, and that he was at least not absolutely hectored into losing some of his confidence in Lord Raglan by the furious language of the *Times*? Mr. Kinglake is also very severe on Lord Panmure, and here we have little to say against his severity. The despatch and the private letter of the 12th of February, which Mr. Kinglake gives, form perhaps, when taken together, as discreditable a document as can be found in the history of any English Minister. Indeed the phrase might be extended. We might say that, with the possible exception of the conduct of the present Government to Sir Bartle Frere, the whole conduct of Lord Palmerston's Government to Lord Raglan deserves a similar description.

One point remains, and that is one of not the least importance. Mr. Kinglake is unsparing in his denunciation of the conduct of the *Times* at this juncture. We are not disposed to approve that conduct, but we think that Mr. Kinglake has imported a good deal too much of the personal element into the matter. The personal idiosyncrasies of editors and leader-writers may possibly be suitable subjects for writers in Society papers to occupy themselves upon, but the historian would probably be well advised if he let them alone. It seems to us, moreover, that Mr. Kinglake has somewhat confused two points of very different nature, the advisableness of publishing indiscriminate news from the seat of war and the advisableness of commenting freely upon the conduct of affairs. As to the former, there can be no doubt that in the infancy of War Correspondence the opportunities of the Correspondent were (more out of thoughtlessness and inexperience than anything else) grossly abused. It is to be hoped that the very rawest tiro, promoted from reportership to the status of Correspondent, would hardly nowadays describe the exact position of a powder-magazine in a letter which was certain to be read at the enemy's head-quarters. These indiscretions have been put a stop to, partly by the greater expertness of newspaper Correspondents themselves, partly by the strong hand which generals, even English generals, have at last exerted themselves to keep upon the dangerous inmates of their camps. But this question and the question of the attacks of the *Times* on Lord Raglan and his staff are two very different questions. Those attacks were, there is no doubt, in the very worst taste. In those days good taste was something of a new comer in the rough-and-ready fights of English parties and the English press. The *Times'* articles would have been considered moderate in the days of Cobbett or of Sterling; they seem excessive in our own. But, given the supposition that the editor and conductors of the *Times* really thought that there was mismanagement at head-quarters in the Crimea (and, whether they were right or wrong, there certainly was some colour for that supposition), their conduct, if somewhat wanting in moderation and balance, certainly seems to be excusable enough. Besides, is Mr. Kinglake, who charges all the defects of our army administration on the "personal king" and the "monarchical system," in a position to sneer at those who charged these defects on the "aristocracy"? We really think it is a case of Catiline and Cethegus.

It can hardly be necessary to say that this volume is too frequently disfigured by the irritating mannerisms which Mr. Kinglake has made his own. The management of the *Times* is always "the Great Company," Miss Nightingale is the "Lady-in-Chief," her official opponents are "the males," and the phrases are repeated until we wish that "the Great Company," and the "Lady-in-Chief," and "the males," and "our people," and all the rest of it, were at the bottom of the Euxine. But, despite of this, despite of the undue prodigality of argument and scantiness of fact to which we have referred, there are not wanting traces of the old charm of *Eothen* and the old vigour of the history of the *Deux Décembre*. We sincerely pity anybody who goes to Mr. Kinglake for his opinions, and we cannot say that anybody who goes to him for his facts will find them without some trouble; but the book at any rate is sufficiently differentiated from the crowd of books to be respectfully greeted.

MRS. GROTE.*

LADY EASTLAKE rightly calls her short account of Mrs. Grote a Sketch, and not a Life. All the material parts of Mrs. Grote's history are recorded by herself in the Life of her husband. She had nevertheless considered, after his death, the question whether it was desirable that she should have a biography of her own; but she recognized the "futility of all attempts to prolong the memory of individuals . . . for more than a few years after their disappearance from the scene. Thus, while I do not absolutely forbid the effort, I repeat my persuasion of its inutility." Lady Eastlake is well advised in attempting, if not to perpetuate the memory of her friend, at least to recall her to the recollection of those who knew her in her later years, and to furnish another generation with materials for appreciating the justice of a familiar social tradition. By circumstances, by personal and intellectual sympathy, and by tried literary ability, Lady Eastlake is well qualified for the task which she has undertaken. Even if the subject of her little book had been an imaginary character, it would have been worth while to describe a personage so remarkable and so true to nature. Lady Eastlake, while she admits that Mrs. Grote had no pretension to genius, somewhat inconsistently compares her to Mme. de Sévigné and Mme. de Staël, who were both eminent and original writers. It is possible that Mrs. Grote may have been as brilliant as either of them in conversation, but one of them wrote the celebrated Letters, and the other wrote *Germany* and *Corinne*. Of the later and better known of the two famous Frenchwomen, Mme. de Staël "had literally a passion for talk, especially her own." Mrs. Grote, on the other hand, was a good listener, and, unlike Mme. de Staël, she had a strong sense of humour. "The English lady came into society as much to hearken as to be heard, and she listened to all worthy of attention, and especially to her own husband. Knowing what she could say if she would, her thoughtful silence became a compliment of the highest order." Her affectionate and sincere acknowledgment of Mr. Grote's superiority was one of the most attractive elements in her character. "I live," she once wrote, "with one so much my master, that the true feeling of conceit is effectually *stopped out*." The possession of rare practical gifts in which her husband was wholly deficient never tempted her into a false estimate of the comparative rank of their respective qualities. The subordination of the executive caste to the contemplative hierarchy was as willingly recognized by Mrs. Grote as by a disciple of Brahminical teachers or of Plato. Mrs. Grote herself had considerable literary powers and large attainments. In her earlier married life she acquired some knowledge of the logical and metaphysical studies to which her husband and his friends were at that time devoted. The strength of her attachment to him was proved by a severe test; for Mr. Grote, both during their engagement and after her marriage, "set her themes on various subjects, and gave her books to read of which he required her to send him a digest." On her part, as Lady Eastlake neatly remarks, "she fashioned, mounted, framed, and glazed him." "She would always have been deep enough and more than brilliant enough for society, but without her he would have remained socially and in a publicly literary sense almost unknown. 'Mill the elder,' she would say, 'had seized him at the most enthusiastic time of life, and narrowed him under the plea of emancipating him.' His prejudices against rank and against society were strong, and she spent her life in dissipating them." She gave Mill and his associates the expressive, though vague, nickname of "the Brangles," and she summarized their subjects as "the quantification of the predicate" and the "unconceivability of the opposite." She probably went so far as to understand the meaning of both terms, and then to satisfy herself that they did not concern her, but she was not disposed to shrink from serious studies. Among the friends of her maturer life John Mill and Tocqueville were the nearest In political economy she took a special interest, always connecting the theory of the science with her own experience of practical and rural life. While she was still comparatively young she had corresponded on the subject with Jean Baptiste Say. It may have been curious, as Lady Eastlake says, "to observe a woman in the zenith of youth and beauty analysing the process and exposing the demerits of our system of

* *Mrs. Grote.* A Sketch. By Lady Eastlake. London: John Murray. 1880.

grand juries"; but, on the whole, the judgment of the cleverest woman on judiciary arrangements cannot have been extraordinarily valuable.

As Mrs. Grote's eulogist says little or nothing of her literary taste, it may be assumed that she cared less for poetry, or even for the form of prose composition, than for other arts. Her *Life of Ary Scheffer* records her interest in painting; and it seems that her knowledge of music was still more accurate and profound. In extreme age she still practised music herself, and she always cultivated the society of musicians. She was perhaps fortunate in her indifference to literary finish, as she corrected all the proofs of the voluminous *History of Greece*. No modern work of equal importance and celebrity is so deficient in grace of expression. The experience of posterity will show whether substantive excellence is capable of preserving an instructive book in the absence of style. Mme. de Sévigné would have been incapable of writing, and perhaps of reading, a page of such a work. Fortunately a correct ear for verse or for prose is not indispensable to good conversation; and there is but one opinion among those who had the opportunity of judging as to Mrs. Grote's social brilliancy. Her intellectual activity was supported and stimulated by a temperament which in her youth displayed itself in the form of high animal spirits. There can be few, though Lady Eastlake says that there are still some, "who remember the beautiful and enthusiastic young woman, with the neat foot and ankle, who was 'up to everything'—playing, singing, drawing, dancing, riding, and driving, no less than joking, quizzing, mimicking, and flirting; though all in perfect innocence and gaiety of heart, far removed from the 'fast' freedoms that have obtained in the present day." Mr. Grote's themes and digests of abstruse books failed to subdue her happy elasticity of nature. The same vital energy explains in some degree the skill and industry with which she managed her household and her husband's affairs. "She knew how everything should be done, from the darning of a sock to the building of a house." When she removed to her latest residence in Surrey the neighbours thought "that so learned a lady would be above knowing what went on in her own establishment. 'You are much mistaken,' said one better informed. 'Mrs. Grote will know when a hoop is off a pail in her back-kitchen.'" One invaluable quality, if it ought not rather to be called freedom from one defect, contributed at the same time to her administrative efficiency and to her social success. Entirely exempt from shyness, she could deal naturally and pleasantly with her equals and with those of a humbler class. No other gift conduces more directly to ease in conversation and in business. One compensation for advancing years frequently consists in diminution of shyness, as experience teaches men or women that they are not habitual objects of critical observation. Mrs. Grote appears to have begun where less healthy constituted minds scarcely rest after long effort and reflection. Her manner was, as Lady Eastlake admits, on first acquaintance rather repelling than attractive; but an external show of hardness soon ceased to conceal her natural gentleness and generosity. Of two epithets which are etymologically akin while they have incompatible meanings, she might be called womanly, but never womanish. A little boy, eighty years younger than herself, hearing some one talk of friends, said, "I have got a friend. It's Mrs. Grote."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Grote had, as Lady Eastlake observes, the good fortune to belong to the wealthier section of the upper middle class. Her mother, of the Hertfordshire family of Hale, was married at sixteen; and "to this early marriage, and the large family which ensued, Mrs. Grote ascribes the totally uninteresting and undeveloped character of her mother." Her father, Mr. Lewin, a retired East Indian of easy fortune, had seen more of the world, having lived both in French and in English society. The tastes and morals of the time are curiously illustrated by his relations with Mme. Grand, on whom he settled an annuity, which she continued to draw when she had become Princess Talleyrand. Mr. Grote's Republican opinions, in which his wife never shared, perhaps rather facilitated than impeded her social career, and added piquancy to her success. His distinguished appearance and the courtly dignity of his manner would have well become a high-born Republican of the Commonwealth, though his doctrines were coloured by the French Revolution, and by the pedantic democracy of James Mill. In his later years he perhaps unconsciously felt the influence of his own position and of the country in which he lived. At all times he was a logical and not a sentimental politician; and consequently he inclined during the American Civil War, which caused the last great controversy of his time, to the Southern States, on the ground that secession was a constitutional right. Mrs. Grote has described with force and humour in her biography of her husband their joint enjoyment of his first election for the City of London, and the formation and gradual decline of the party of philosophical Radicals of whom he might be considered the leader. When their number was reduced to two or three, Mr. Grote retired from the House of Commons, where, notwithstanding his growing political isolation, he had always been respected. He owed to the sympathetic sagacity of his wife the impulse which urged him to substitute for political activity a new and more congenial career. The only relic of his brief Parliamentary experience which he took with him into his historical enterprise was his whimsical passion for the Ballot in Athens as in England. Many of his readers have been amused by his characteristic enthusiasm for the system which in ancient Greece was employed without special motive as a part of the ordinary machinery of elections. Mrs. Grote spent her life in dissipating his prejudices against rank and society. She was also less indifferent than her husband to money, though they had always a sufficient income. In her Life of Grote she shows that, after half a lifetime, she still felt a kindly irritation against the perverse obstinacy with which he refused to pay attention to one of her rich relations. Affection, combined with discernment of character, is always clear-sighted, though persons who are born without knowledge of human nature are blind to the faults of those whom they love. Mr. Grote, in his own case, "mistook frail reason for stoical principle." "Her *forte* was her insight into character, and she enjoyed the curious mixture of stern republicanism and shrinking fastidiousness in him. 'Burning,' she would say, 'with desire to see all his fellow-creatures equal, yet not able to exchange a word with a common vulgar man without disgust.'" Mrs. Grote "would have accepted the offered peerage without hesitation, though no one more thoroughly appreciated his refusal of it, or enjoyed the naïve reason principally given." Romantic and disinterested men ought to consider the feelings of their wives before they decline profit and honour which women are almost certain to appreciate. It is true that a peerage could not be indispensable to the happiness of a famous man and a celebrated woman living in the best society of England; but the gold suggests the fitness of the guinea stamp which officially indicates its value.

It is to be regretted that Lady Eastlake has not been able to enrich her book with letters from Mrs. Grote, or from her numerous correspondents. The less interesting part of the volume contains a few letters to M. and Mme. Léon Faucher, who, after Tocqueville, were among the most intimate of their friends in France. Discussions of bygone French politics are intrinsically tiresome; and M. Faucher's reputation is already obsolete. Both Mr. and Mrs. Grote considered France as a second country or home; and they consequently entered with cordial interest into the struggles of Republicans against the constitutional Government of Louis Philippe, and the hostility of both parties to the second Empire. It seems that they had also cultivated a feeling of enmity to the First Napoleon so vehement that they judged of others by their estimate of the great conqueror and despot. Mrs. Grote's political opinions and prejudices may conveniently be forgotten. Though not a Republican, she was a utilitarian Liberal; and her character and merits would have been little affected if she had happened to be an orthodox Tory. It was scarcely worth while to record her wish that the Turks should be expelled bag and baggage from Europe. The steady pressure which she exercised on the opinions of her husband, without interruption or relaxation of her respect and sympathy, is more characteristic and more admirable than any political dogma which she could have propounded. The truths which such women as Mrs. Grote inculcate are of less public, though not necessarily of less general, application. The propositions which Lady Eastlake has selected for quotation are not perhaps profound or original. Mrs. Grote, it seems, exhorted her younger friends to keep their engagements, and advised them to cultivate a taste for simple pleasures. Similar doctrines are illustrated by story-books, and even circulated in copy-books; but thoughtful and wise women contrive to change languid acquiescence into practical conviction. Mrs. Grote was too active in mind and too witty to confine herself to ordinary commonplaces. She also taught in the form of paradox and with the aid of humorous illustration domestic and social maxims which were worth many essays on politics and political economy. Women of equal capacity probably survive her, but they are few, and they are not easy to meet with.

ANECDOTES OF PARLIAMENT.*

AMONG the hundreds of old stories, called by courtesy anecdotes, which Mr. Jennings has strung together in the volume before us, few of his readers will fail to find something that had escaped their notice, or had, at all events, slipped their memory. Thus, for instance, we are ready to confess that, though the following incident is narrated by Walter Scott, we had not remembered its occurrence among the peculiar humours of a famous historical episode:—

> The copy of the treaty of Union between England and Scotland was registered by the Scottish Parliament on the 25th of March, 1707, and on the 22nd of April the Parliament of Scotland adjourned for ever. Seafield, the Chancellor, on an occasion which every Scotsman ought to have considered as a melancholy one, behaved himself with brutal levity, and said that "there was an end of an auld sang."

Now it is quite possible that at the time a little cynicism may not have seemed altogether out of place after the melodramatic gush of such prophetic lamentations as that of Lord Belhaven; and every one knows that there are features in Scottish Parliamentary history which in some measure excuse the contemptuous tone of this farewell. But our reason for quoting the story is the contrast suggested by it with the sentiment which pervades, and must indeed have dictated, Mr. Jennings's collection. Whatever Englishmen, Scotchmen, and even Irishmen may at the present day think or say about their Imperial Parliament, they rarely affect to despise it as an institution. We may shake our heads, or in impassioned moments even our fists, at it; we may reprobate it

* *An Anecdotical History of the British Parliament, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time.* Compiled from authentic sources by George Henry Jennings. Horace Cox. 1880.

even after we have reformed it; we may denounce its degradation, or deplore its decline; but we rarely pretend to have lost our interest in it, or are able to listen with perfect indifference to the faintest echoes of its least adequate utterances. So, too, it would be sheer affectation to deny the fascination exercised by the *Anecdotal History of Parliament* now in our hands, put together as it is by a judicious paste-brush and an experienced pair of scissors. In order to distinguish it from a successful earlier publication in which he took part, Mr. Jennings has given his present volume a rather grand name, and has prefixed to his text a rather solemn preface. Yet in truth his wine needed no bush; we all know it, and we all like it—some of us, if the truth may be told, not the less for not being watered down with too transparently educational a purpose.

Of such a purpose Mr. Jennings may on the whole be fairly acquitted, notwithstanding the intention of instruction which seems to lurk in the title of his introductory section ("Rise and Progress of Parliamentary Institutions"), and notwithstanding occasional quotations from grave authorities such as "the learned and careful work of Professor Stubbs," who will, we trust, feel duly impressed by the compliment. At the same time, even though, as the preface sententiously puts it, "anecdotes of a humorous nature" may be thought by some to "occur in the book to an extent not to have been anticipated," and though its arrangement is in certain respects still more open to criticism, Mr. Jennings is in a position to urge the sufficient counterplea that his compilation will prove useful to many and agreeable to more. Its clear headings and copious index well adapt it for furnishing prompt and pointed illustrations to students of Hallam or May; while, on the other hand, it would be idle to quarrel with the collector for having grouped the principal series of his anecdotes after the fashion which will most generally commend itself to his public. For one person who would care to trace consecutively by means of a succession of striking anecdotes, say, the progress of the relations between the Houses of Lords and Commons, there are scores who prefer to find within the compass of a few pages the best known among the wise, witty, or untender sayings of Lord Palmerston or Lord Beaconsfield. Moreover, in a third part, consisting of "Miscellaneous Anecdotes," Mr. Jennings has at least attempted a more systematic classification of his surplus materials, carrying on the "anecdotal history" of elections, for instance, from the days of Henry VI. to the year 1880—which has assuredly done its part towards furnishing further materials for a new edition. Had he only more frequently, and more precisely than he has thought necessary, referred to the sources of his quotations, his anthology would deserve a place on the reference-shelves of many public as well as private libraries. As it is, the book is one which, as a publisher's "extract" might say, no active member of a University Union, and no new member of Parliament insufficiently versed in *Hansard*, ought to be without. Mr. Jennings is a judicious as well as an accurate transcriber. He eschews all encumbering verbiage, nor have we anywhere noticed that he misses the point of a story or the gist of a quotation. The printer, we hope, is responsible for the puzzling statement, cited from the elder D'Israeli, that "as yet uncrowned, on the day on which Charles I. first addressed the Lords and Commons (June 18, 1625), he wore his crown, and *veiled* it at the opening and on the close of his speech —a circumstance to which," naturally enough, "the Parliament had not been accustomed." By a less subtle misprint elsewhere, Algernon Sidney, who was executed in 1683, is made to date the decay of Parliamentary sovereignty in Germany from Charles VI., who assumed the Imperial crown in 1711. The quotation is indeed from a reprint of 1744, but the observation as it stands is meaningless as applied to Charles VI., while it would be in a measure intelligible in the case of Charles V., or of Charles IV. With regard, by the by, to the former of the passages just referred to, one would be glad to learn whether the author is correct in apparently implying that the opening by prayer of a sitting of the Lords was regarded as a novelty in the year 1625; at the opening of the Session, prayer had of course long been used. Frequently in the course of this volume, a note would have added to the interest of a passage. Thus Mr. Jennings states that "the Long Parliament of Charles II. derived its name of 'pensionary' from the fact that many of its members were in the habit of receiving bribes from the King and the Ministers"; and that "it has also been discovered that some of them" (the "members," we presume, though the "Ministers" might also put in a claim) "were in the pay of the Court of France." Neither the fact nor the discovery admits of contradiction; but the particular origin of the nickname seems to have been the system of corruption perfected by Danby, which, as Macaulay says, grew into the bribing of every man who had a vote. According to Evelyn (under date of January 15th, 1679), "the Long Parliament, which had sat ever since the Restauration, was dissolv'd by persuasion of the Lord Treasurer, *tho' divers of them were believ'd to be his pensioners.*" Again, Mr. Jennings correctly states that "the last time on which the power to reject Bills was exercised by the sovereign was in 1707, when Queen Anne refused her assent to a Bill for settling the militia in Scotland." But it might have been added that in 1844 the St. Asaph and Bangor Diocese Bill was withdrawn from the House of Lords after an authoritative statement that the royal assent to it would be withheld.

For its main purpose, however, this collection of anecdotes is essentially complete; and instead of dwelling upon omissions such as were virtually inevitable, we prefer to regard it under what seems to us one of its most attractive aspects. Of course we must do this at the risk of betraying the more or less dislocated condition of mind likely to ensue upon the continuous perusal of a volume of about five hundred pages, which ranges from the wit of Sir Thomas More to the wit of Mr. Bernal Osborne. Inasmuch, by the by, as the last-named politician receives the distinction of being taken out of the list of "minor celebrities" to which are relegated the evanescent brilliancy of Single-Speech Hamilton and the too solid worth of Sir John Barnard, he is rather hardly treated in being cited under the not very felicitous *sobriquet* of "The Stormy Petrel of Debate," and in being allowed only a single extract. We well remember listening to the speech from which this extract was taken, and which, whether extraneously inspired or not, was indisputably one of the few luminous contributions of British Parliamentary eloquence to the now forgotten history of the Schleswig-Holstein question. But to come to more recent times. It is entertaining as well as instructive to be reminded by Mr. Jennings's anecdotes how little of novelty there is in some of the newest Parliamentary experiences. Any member of the House of Lords, for instance, who has recently been frightened by the impassioned *à priori* reasoning of Mr. W. E. Forster, may take comfort from the observation that differences between the two Houses have occurred before now, and before now have passed away. In the year 1698 (N. S.) the House of Commons expelled one of its members for making false endorsements on Exchequer Bills, and passed a Bill for seizure of his estate. Yet, though the culprit had himself acknowledged the fact, the Lords, when the Bill was sent up to them, were not satisfied of his guilt. They accordingly discharged him from the Tower, to which he was in due course recommitted by the Commons. This illustration of the traditional jealousy between the two Houses is wanting in point, in so far as the end of the story is unknown. Such is not, however, the case with regard to a more violent collision between the Lords and Commons, which was narrated by the late Speaker of the House of Commons to a Committee:—

> In 1772 Mr. Burke complained bitterly that he had been kept three hours waiting at the door of the Lords with a Bill sent up from the Commons. The Commons were so indignant at this treatment of one of their number that, shortly afterwards, when a Bill was brought down from the Lords to impose a bounty on corn, the House rejected it by a unanimous vote. The Speaker then tossed it across the table on the floor, and a number of members rushed forward and kicked it out of the House.

This was only the climax of a series of indecent conflicts described by Sir T. Erskine May, in the course of which members of the House of Commons had been hooted from the Bar of the House of Lords, and members of the latter had been driven in revenge out of the doors of the former. Students of our constitutional history hardly need to be reminded that in the essential matter of the balance of power the House of Commons had long before this established its preponderance. But, just as the spirit of the Lords survived the ascendency of their House, so the self-consciousness of the Commons had been *haud impar congressui* before it actually gained the victory. We cannot help quoting from Mr. Jennings a note of Speaker Onslow (the third of that name) as to an occurrence belonging to the official days of his uncle:—

> When the Speaker, Sir Richard Onslow, went up with the House to demand justice against Dr. Sacheverell (1710), as the mace was going into the House of Lords before the Speaker the Black Rod endeavoured to hinder it by putting his black rod across the door; on which the Speaker said, "If he did not immediately take away the black rod he would return to the House of Commons." The Black Rod desired him to stay a little, and he would acquaint the Lords. The door was shut, and Mr. Speaker and the House staid without. After a little time the door was opened, and Mr. Speaker with the mace went in. As Mr. Speaker was going to the bar, the Black Rod attempted to interpose himself between the Speaker and the mace; upon which the Speaker said aloud, "My lords, if you do not immediately order your Black Rod to go away, I will immediately return to the House of Commons." Then Lord Chancellor Cowper directed the Black Rod to go from thence. Then Mr. Speaker, with the mace, went up to the bar. The Black Rod was then ordered to bring the prisoner, and was going to put him on the right hand of Mr. Speaker, who upon that said, "If you don't order the Black Rod to go with the prisoner on the left hand of me, at some distance, I will return to the House of Commons." Upon which the Lord Chancellor directed the Black Rod so to do, and then Mr. Speaker demanded the judgment, and the Lord Chancellor accordingly pronounced sentence upon the prisoner, kneeling at the bar.

The tone and temper of the Speakers of the House of Commons, it may be observed, have naturally at different times reflected the situation of Parliamentary affairs with tolerable faithfulness. On the whole, the list of Speakers is one to which the lovers of Parliamentary government may well look with satisfaction. It is disgraced by few examples of subserviency to a despotic throne comparable to the conduct of Finch, and is polluted by no second instance of "a callous heart and brazen forehead" like those of Sir John Trevor, who put to the House the question of a vote of censure upon himself. A noticeable incident, by the way, in the history of the Speakership is the refusal of Charles II. in 1679 to accept the Speaker chosen by the House of Commons, and the ultimate submission of the House to this refusal. It should, however, be observed that the dignity of the House was saved by a short prorogation, at the close of which the Opposition themselves proposed a new name. With all his insolence, Charles II. usually contrived not to go too far in thwarting any of his Parliaments; and in this instance, as Ranke points out, it was worth the while of the new majority to break with the traditions of the old.

Mr. Jennings's specimens of Parliamentary eloquence are of course mostly taken from periods subsequent to the Stuart reigns,

though, under the circumstances of his compilation, he has distributed his extracts far more evenly than could have been expected, and has wisely abstained from swelling his volume by too copious a selection of specimens from the oratory of these latter days. A collection furnishing sufficient materials for a reasonably fair comparative estimate of the Parliamentary speaking of different periods would indeed be worth making; but the difficulties in the way of any such attempt are perhaps insurmountable. Thus we may personally feel inclined to agree with "the chief orator of the United States, Daniel Webster, that the finest bursts of Parliamentary eloquence on record are to be found in the debates of the Parliament in the reign of Charles I." But do the actual relics of those debates, and the way in which they were preserved, entitle us to form a more than conjectural estimate of the power and effectiveness of those who took part in them, or even of their leading spirit, Pym himself? Again, is there enough real evidence extant to justify the opinion of Lord Brougham and others that in Bolingbroke British Parliamentary eloquence reached its height? Even in the case of Chatham and his contemporaries it is a familiar fact that the reported speeches differed very notably from those delivered by them. Mr. Jennings has at all events done his best to take away from the vagueness and indistinctness which are too often allowed to hang round the Parliamentary heroes of the past. There were lively as well as important debates before Fox and Pitt. There were wags even in the Long Parliament, whose very Speaker Lenthal was known on one occasion to have hazarded a joke. Trifles like these do not make up history; but they are worth keeping alive all the same. Mr. Jennings deserves thanks for something besides the good things which he has brought together between his covers; yet even these, old as they mostly are, do not come amiss in the present decline of wit and humour at Westminster. We will conclude with one of the best of them—Sheridan's of course:—

Lord Eldon left an anecdote-book in manuscript, in which he noted the following:—During the debates on the India Bill, at which period John Robinson was Secretary to the Treasury, Sheridan, on one evening when Fox's majorities were decreasing, said, "Mr. Speaker, this is not at all to be wondered at, when a member is employed to corrupt everybody in order to obtain votes." Upon this there was a great outcry made by almost everybody in the House. "Who is it? Name him! Name him!" "Sir," said Sheridan to the Speaker, "I shall not name the person. It is an unpleasant and invidious thing to do so, and therefore I shall not name him. But don't suppose, sir, that I abstain because there is any difficulty in naming him; I could do that, sir, *as soon as you could say Jack Robinson.*"

JOHNNY LUDLOW.*

MRS. HENRY WOOD'S short stories are certainly a great deal better than her novels in three volumes. Were she to consult her reputation, we are confident that she would do well if she henceforth never wrote a tale that could not be read from beginning to end over a cup of tea. In giving her this advice we are acting with little regard to our own convenience. One long story gives the reviewer much less trouble than a collection of short ones. Our chief trouble with a new novel is to get into our head a fairly clear notion of the different characters. When we have succeeded in this, we look upon our task as at least half done. It is not quite so easy a matter as at first sight may appear. In the first place, our writers of fiction, having, we suppose, exhausted all the simpler combinations, are forced to seek for an appearance of novelty in the most complicated plots. The lineage of a modern hero is as puzzling to understand as even the family tree of some baronet whose father was certainly Lord Mayor of London and whose remoter ancestor has been proved to be a Plantagenet. Then the heroine is often unreasonable enough to have a lineage of her own. When the difficulties of ancestry have been at length mastered, there are the further complications produced by the old family lawyers, who have made some most unlawyerlike wills. However, patience carries us through most things. Sermons do come to an end, and plots of novels are at last understood. It is a very different matter, however, when, as in the case of the book before us, we have nineteen openings that we must go through, and nineteen sets of characters with whom we must get acquainted. Some of the tales, indeed, are easy enough to follow, but this is by no means the case with all. In the fifth story, for instance, we are almost overwhelmed by the difficulties of the first two pages. In addition to Mr. and Mrs. Todhetley, Tod, and Johnny Ludlow, with whom we are already acquainted, we are introduced to old Coney and old Coney's wife, and old Coney's son Tom, and his daughter Jane, and his married daughter, Mary West, and her husband, and her baby, and her nurse. From these we are hurried along into the Ashton family, and learn all about old Ashton, and his son Robert the farmer, and Charles the clergyman, and James the doctor, and Mrs. James, a young lady with light frizzled hair, and their daughter Lucy, who had married a wicked Captain Bird. "Now," says Mrs. Wood, having thus confused us with this fresh host of people before we had succeeded in forgetting the characters of the four earlier stories—"now I hope all that's clear; because it was needful to say it." This, indeed, added the last straw to the load. We felt much as a stranger might feel at some large dinner-party who should be introduced by an old-fashioned host to every guest in rapid succession, and then told to feel quite at home, for he now knew everybody. It happened, moreover, more than once that, when we had at last got a tolerably clear notion of the new characters, we found the story was by no means worth the trouble we had taken. Mrs. Wood herself in one instance clearly had some doubt as to whether the proper destination of her tale was—not the circulating library—but the waste-paper basket. This she modestly enough shows by the title "Hardly Worth Telling." Praiseworthy though this title is in one respect, yet it is scarcely distinctive enough. It by no means, as we try to recall the various stories, brings any one of them in particular before our mind. To at least one-third of them it might with equal propriety have been applied.

Nevertheless, many of the tales are readable, and some of them have a certain cleverness of their own. They do not, indeed, come up to the first series which we reviewed some years ago. Johnny Ludlow himself, the old Squire, Mrs. Todhetley, and Tod, have lost a good deal of their freshness. Still they form among them a very convenient kind of framework, as it were, on which to hang a variety of tales. Johnny Ludlow's experiences of life are, indeed, of the most surprising nature. Never, surely, was there a lad who had come across such a host of out-of-the-way characters, or who had been a witness of so many wonderful adventures. The part he plays is generally that of bystander—a sympathetic bystander, we should say. He always feels for the good people who are weak and suffering, and is commonly made their confidant. They do not expect that he can help them, but they know that they can count on his friendliness and his pity, and on his rendering them whatever services a lad can render. In the power he has of entering into the feelings of others he forms a good contrast to the obstinate and stupid, but good-natured, Squire, and his no less obstinate son. This contrast Mrs. Wood often sets forth with not a little skill. In the first story, for instance, where we are told of the "Life of Trouble" of a poor chemist and country postmaster, whose heart was broken by the misconduct of his son; Johnny, though a mere boy, understands fully the feelings of the unhappy father. He is even allowed to know the secret troubles that were bringing him down to the grave. The Squire is utterly puzzled, and will not allow that there can be anything that should bring him in danger of his life. When, however, he hears that the man is really dying, he seizes his hat and top-coat in a wild flurry, and hastens off to the post-office to see for himself:—

It was quite true—Thomas Rymer lay dying. Darbyshire was coming out of the house as the Squire reached it, and said so. Instead of being sorry, he flew in a passion and attacked the doctor.

"Now look you here, Darbyshire—this won't do. We can't have people dying off like this for nothing. If you don't cure him, you had better give up doctoring."

"How d'ye mean for nothing?" asked Darbyshire, who knew the Squire well.

"It can't be for much: don't be insolent. Because a man gets a bit of anxiety on his mind, is he to be let die?

"I've heard nothing about anxiety," said Darbyshire. "He caught a chill through going out that day of the snowstorm, and it settled on a vital part. That's what ails him, Squire."

"And you can't cure the chill! Don't tell me."

"Before this time to-morrow, Thomas Rymer will be where there's neither killing nor curing," was the answer.

The Squire runs up into the dying man's room and says, "Now, Rymer, my poor fellow, couldn't you—*couldn't* you make a bit of an effort to live? To please me; I knew your father, mind. It can't be right that you should die."

The pleasant simplicity that certainly forms the groundwork of these tales is sadly marred by more than one kind of folly. Mrs. Wood does not hesitate to bring in apparitions, ghosts, and dreams when she is at a loss for a subject. Nothing could be sillier than the tale that she calls "Seen in the Moonlight." It certainly has this merit, that, though it is a ghost story, it might nevertheless be read at midnight with perfect composure by even a very superstitious and timid person. It is meant to be thrilling; but it thrills nobody. It is meant to be affecting; but it affects nobody. The hero sees a spirit, just as his elder brother had seen one, and just as his father had seen one, and at once dies. Whether he dies of the spirit or of a rheumatic fever—he had been out on a boating trip, and the night before his death had slept in a tent—we do not clearly make out. At all events, his death brings us to the end of the tale, and that is enough for us. Still, much as we dislike the ghosts, we find them on the whole pleasanter company, if not indeed truer to nature, than the baronets and their ladies. Baronets, as Mrs. Wood's readers must know very well, are an order of men that are especially dear to her. They hold in her stories somewhat the same place that was held in old days by the inferior spirits of the earth, air, and water. They are above ordinary mortals; but they are not, like the Gods, so far above them as not to share easily in their fortunes. They are of two orders, for some are as benevolent as others are malignant. They either cause a vast amount of suffering, or they are ready to find a balsam for it by the timely offer of their hand and fortune. In one of the longest tales in this series we have, for instance, a most virtuous and admirable young lady named Anne. She suffers all that a daughter can suffer from a wicked stepmother and her no less wicked daughters. She is persecuted by an abandoned man of fashion, who by the most polished manners wins her heart. She discovered in time that he was married, and that his wife was living. Her father dies, and she is left a second Cinderella. The wicked stepmother and her daughters make a common drudge of her, while they waste the money that ought to have been hers. No heroine could have been in a more forlorn state. She was bent on

* *Johnny Ludlow.* Second Series. By Mrs. Henry Wood, Author of "East Lynne." 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1880.

going out as a nursery governess. The reader, however, remembers that very early in the story there had been introduced, as if by chance, a middle-aged unmarried baronet—"a fine-looking man, with greyish hair, and a face that you took to at once." He had remained in reserve like the Guards at Waterloo till the close of the day. At the right moment he is moved forward by the author in a very skilful manner, and is made to offer his hand to the heroine. She of course accepts it, though she is greatly surprised by his proposal, and they live happily ever after. A baronet of an earlier story is not quite so good a man; but then he had a very stern mother, who would not allow him to be as virtuous as he wished. If we cannot altogether admire his character, nevertheless we are struck by his appearance and his dress. He was "a well-looking gentleman, of some five-and-twenty years. His light morning coat was flung back from the snowy white waistcoat, across which a gold chain passed, its seal drooping; a blue necktie, just as blue as his blue eyes, was carelessly tied round his neck." It is almost equal to the descriptions of costumes that we find in the acting copies of a play. His mother's dress is not described with the same fulness, yet we read with satisfaction that "she gathered her mantle of purple velvet about her as she got up." Her footman, by the way, was tall; and, when he "confronted" the village doctor, had "a gold-headed cane and big white silk calves."

Much as Mrs. Wood gets out of baronets and baronets' ladies, she gets, we believe, even more out of coroners. She is fond of sudden deaths, and no less fond of the inquests which sudden deaths occasion. She has a crowner's quest law all of her own. From the delight that she would seem to take in horrors she must surely at one time of her life have made a study of the reports of inquests in the newspapers. Her ignorance, however, of the way in which they are held is almost incredible. Her coroners never hesitate, without even a word of warning, to lead a witness to criminate himself. In fact, they examine a suspected man just as if they were criminal judges in France. Her magistrates are little better than her coroners. She describes how a young farmer was arrested on a charge of murder on the day fixed for his wedding. The Squire goes to the police-court, and finds the accused man telling his tale, while another man, apparently at the same time, "was contradicting him, and swearing hard and fast that it was a case of deliberate murder." The Squire was invited by the magistrates to a seat beside them. "The first thing he did was to break into a hot tantrum, vowing Robert Ashton couldn't be guilty. How it would have terminated nobody knew, but Lucy saved him." The proceedings of the magistrates had indeed been irregular. They had begun by making the mistake—for a mistake it certainly was, though the author does not seem to notice it—of not ascertaining first that any one had been murdered. When the supposed dead man walked into court, with a big white plaster on his forehead, all that was left to do was for the whole Bench to shake hands with the prisoner and to let him go off in triumph.

We must not conclude without doing Mrs. Wood the justice to admit that she is really very successful, on the whole, in keeping her language down to the simplicity of her hero. It was no doubt a great effort to her to lay aside, though only for a time, all those fine words and phrases in which she generally delights. A few of them have, however, in spite of her, crept into these tales. Thus we read that "the girl was inaugurated as a young lady." In another place we come across "the shimmer of a white garden-bonnet." A fire that has burnt low is "in a dilapidated state," and some young boatmen are going "to do the Severn, the Wye, and the Avon with a forced interlude of canals." Perhaps, however, the most absurd misuse of a word is in a passage where the author wishes to tell her readers that one of her stories is given in its wrong place. "In point of rotation," she says, "this paper ought to have appeared first." From the rotation of even the best of Johnny Ludlow's stories may a merciful heaven protect us. If we do for our criticisms deserve the punishment of Sisyphus, let it be stones, and not stories, that we must endlessly revolve.

RECENT TRAVELS IN JAPAN.*

(Second Notice.)

It is seldom that, within the limits of so small an empire as Japan, the social condition of one part differs so widely from the others as that of the country north of Tôkiô does from the southern provinces. From the capital to Kagoshima the country is like a garden; the people are contented and prosperous; and, under the civilizing influences of Western culture, all the political and social deformities which disfigured feudal Japan are fast disappearing. There is so much to attract attention and satisfy curiosity in this part of the country that travellers arriving at Tôkiô almost invariably turn, as by instinct, their faces southward; and, as nine out of ten write books of their travels, the belief has spread abroad, not unfostered by the Japanese themselves, that such as the southern provinces of Honshin are so is the northern half of the empire. Such an inference might possibly be drawn from Sir Edward Reed's book. The island of Yezo and its strange inhabitants, the "hairy Ainos," are barely mentioned in it; and of the long stretch of country extending nearly four hundred miles northward from Tôkiô we are told next to nothing.

It was into this untravelled region that Miss Bird, disregarding the attractions of the regular Japanese round, determined in the first instance to turn her steps. Accustomed to travellers of the more conventional order, the foreign residents at Tôkiô were taken by surprise at the idea of a lady venturing by herself on such unbeaten tracks; and with kindly intent wasted much time in trying to dissuade her from her purpose, by representing the possible danger of the enterprise, and the certainty of discomforts arising from "legions of fleas and miserable horses." As soon, however, as her necessary outfit had been completed, Miss Bird started on her way in a *jinri-ki-sha* drawn by two coolies. The rapidity with which this strange conveyance, which consists of a light perambulator body on two high slim wheels, with a pair of shafts, connected by a bar at the ends, into which the coolies harness themselves, has been adopted by the Japanese is a wonderful instance of their receptive power. It was invented seven years ago, and there are now 23,000 in use in one city alone! The first night's lodging at the "miserable-looking town" of Kasukabé might well have daunted a less adventurous spirit. The inn was crowded, and the noises were bewildering. On one side of her room was a man reciting Buddhist prayers in a high key far into the night; on the other side a girl was twanging a guitar; while "the house was full of talking and splashing, and drums and tomtoms were beaten outside." Privacy there was none; for throughout the night the sliding panels which constitute the walls of Japanese rooms were drawn aside, and pairs of "dark, elongated eyes" surveyed her through the chinks. That thieves did not enter through the same apertures was due only to the honesty of the people; and it is a noteworthy circumstance to be recorded of both the Japanese and the Ainos that, instead of having a single act of dishonesty with which to charge them, she found them on several occasions even unwilling to receive the gratuities she offered them for services done her.

Dishonesty is not a Japanese vice, and Miss Bird sums up the most noticeable failings of the people in the two words "truthlessness" and "licentiousness." Lying is in no sense regarded as shameful; and not only is immorality openly practised, but even the commonest decency is disregarded. Until quite lately, in the streets and elsewhere, coolies seldom troubled themselves with clothing of any kind; and now, as Miss Bird found, in the less civilized parts of the country, unless in the immediate neighbourhood of a police-station, the same practice still exists. The men who drew her *jinri-ki-sha*, and the boatmen who ferried her across rivers, were covered only with tatooed patterns. The Japanese, however, are by no means destitute of shame; a cowardly deed, or an act which, judged by their standard, is considered disgraceful, loads its perpetrator with a sense of ruined honour which more often than not makes life insupportable; and the following scene at Kurosawa, described by Miss Bird, shows that her native servant-boy Ito, though with "but little heart or any idea of any but vicious pleasures," was yet capable of feeling burning shame:—

> Children with scald-head, *scabies*, and sore eyes swarmed. Every woman carried a baby on her back, and every child who could stagger under one carried one too. Not one woman wore anything but cotton trousers. One woman reeled about "drunk and disorderly." Ito sat on a stone hiding his face with his hands, and when I asked him if he were ill, he replied, in a most lamentable voice, "I don't know what I am to do, I'm so ashamed for you to see such things."

But while such a natural display of wounded shame throws a ray of light over a dismal picture, another characteristic of modern growth is robbing some of the most lovely scenes in Japan of half their beauty. The sudden acquaintance with European religion and philosophy which followed on the conclusion of the foreign treaties has largely had the effect of destroying what little religion there was in the country, and has not as yet succeeded in supplying its place with any higher form of faith. The consequence is that the holy places are miserably neglected, and the priests themselves destroy all religious sentiment by the contempt they show for all that used to be held sacred. Nikkô, the shrine of the celebrated Shôgun Iyeyasu, is second to no place in Japan for the beauty of its natural scenery and the artistic gorgeousness of its temples. "Within, wealth and art have created a fairyland of gold and colour; without, nature, at her stateliest, has surrounded the great Shôgun's tomb with a pomp of mournful splendour." Here in days gone by two hundred Buddhist priests ministered with all the magnificent paraphernalia of their church before the grave of the illustrious dead; now "six Shintô priests alternately attend upon it as much for the purpose of selling tickets of admission as for any priestly duties. Then, at least in outward seeming, the grand figures of their gods were objects of reverence and living worship; but now all beauty but that of external form has disappeared; and the old priest who acted as guide to Miss Bird remarked to her, with a cynical disregard for his profession, "We used to believe in these things, but we don't now." Among the more highly-educated men the same want of faith which was exhibited by the Nikkô priest in his Shintô gods is extended to the creeds of all religions. "I asked," writes Miss Bird, "a highly-educated and thoughtful young Japanese, who had just returned from a course of some years of scientific study in America, if he had ever studied religion, and his answer embodies at least the view of the educated classes—'*No, I had no time for anything that had no practical bearing.*'"

Leaving the Nikkô shrine and its degenerate infidel guardians,

* *Japan; its History, Traditions, and Religions: with the Narrative of a Visit in 1879.* By Sir Edward J. Reed, K.C.B., M.P. 2 vols. London: John Murray. 1880.

Unbeaten Tracks in Japan: an Account of Travels in the Interior, including Visits to the Aborigines of Yezo and the Shrines of Nikkô and Isé. By Isabella L. Bird. 2 vols. London: John Murray. 1880.

Miss Bird struck northwards through a country in which nature has been profuse with her favours, but which is sorely disfigured by the dirt and squalor of the people. The houses are little more than huts, in which fowls, dogs, horses, and people herd together. The rafters and walls are black with smoke and dirt, and as at night every aperture is hermetically sealed up both in summer and winter, the state of the atmosphere of the interiors may be imagined. For the most part the men wear nothing but a cloth round the loins, and the women are unclothed to the waist. Possibly in this case scantiness of attire is not an unmixed evil, since their clothes, such as they are, are never washed, and are "constantly worn night and day, as long as they will hold together." These facts are abundantly sufficient to account for the prevalence, everywhere observable, of horrible skin diseases both among children and adults.

But the goal of Miss Bird's journey was Yezo, the northernmost island of the Japanese group. Though only separated from the main island of Japan by a narrow strait, and though its most northerly point is considerably south of the Land's End, "Yezo has a climate of singular severity, a heavy snowfall, and in its northern parts a Siberian winter." It contains an area of 35,739 square miles and a population of about 123,000, of whom 12,281 are Ainos. Much of the scenery is beautiful, and the geological features of the island are interesting, but the chief centre of attraction are the "hairy Ainos." Where these people came from originally has been much discussed, though there does not seem to be any reason to doubt that they are an offshoot of the hairy aboriginal race of central China mentioned by Chinese historians. The main peculiarity attaching to them is the heavy growth of thick hair on the chest and limbs, and which very often covers also the whole body. Miss Bird mentions having seen two boys whose backs were covered with fur as fine and soft as that of a cat. In form and features they are very unlike the Japanese. Their heads are well shaped, with high and prominent foreheads, and their faces are very striking. The eyes are large and "very beautiful, the colour a rich liquid brown, the expression singularly soft, and the eyelashes long, silky, and abundant." The physique is very powerful, and, writes Miss Bird, "after the yellow skins, the stiff horsehair, the feeble eyelids, the elongated eyes, the sloping eyebrows, the flat noses, the sunken chests, the Mongolian features, the puny physique, the shaky walk of the men, the restricted tottor of the women, and the general impression of degeneracy conveyed by the appearance of the Japanese, they make a very singular impression." But they are savages, or very little removed from being savages. They have neither history nor letters, and claim descent from a dog. Their clothes are made from the bark of trees and the untanned skins of animals. They are grossly ignorant, very dirty, and their objects of worship consist of the bear, the sun, the moon, fire, water, but principally the Japanese conqueror Yoshitsuné, because, as the tradition handed down for seven centuries tells them, he was kind to them. Though there is something unheroic, there is yet something touching, in this grateful recollection of mercy, and the scene witnessed by Miss Bird at a shrine at the edge of a cliff, when the chief drew back with great solemnity the sliding panels and displayed a male figure of their conqueror, before which he and his followers poured out libations and worshipped, throws a pathetic light over their history. They are a subdued people, stupid, gentle, and good-natured. Of the Japanese Government they live in abject terror, and would only consent to give Miss Bird any information about their social and religious habits on condition that she would not tell of them at Yedo. The men occupy themselves in hunting and fishing, and the women labour ceaselessly at their household duties.

Still, though they are savages, there is a kindliness and grace about them which is very charming, and their hospitality is boundless. On arriving at a halting-place, Miss Bird had no need to search for a lodging. The chief's house, where such existed, was, as a matter of course, her home during her stay, and thither she was invariably conducted by the owner, who, with many waves of his hands inwards, and strokings of his beard after the manner of their most respectful salutation, made signs to her to indicate that all that he had was at her disposal. Many days she spent in these hospitable though dirty houses, and she was thus able both to collect much direct information about the home lives of the people, and also to compile a valuable vocabulary of their language, which appears as an appendix to the present work. So many books of Japanese travel have appeared of late years, and the ground gone over has been so invariably the same, that we seldom close such a work without a feeling of relief. This is far, however, from being the case with *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan*, which contains a record of new and varied experiences told in singularly pure and bright English.

DE AMICIS ON HOLLAND.*

IT appears to us that for a century past no books have been issued from the English press in so slovenly and disgraceful a condition as some of the cheap volumes of the present day. We grow weary of protesting against ignorant work, ignorantly revised, and teeming with the blunders of authors, printers, and readers. But the work before us is prepared in so extraordinary a manner, and with so exceptional a profusion of blunders, that it deserves to be signalized among the bad class to which it belongs. It is so full of mistakes as to be often quite unintelligible, and these mistakes are divided in a very curious way between a variety of persons. In the first place, Signor de Amicis is a lively and entertaining writer of very considerable literary merit, but not remarkable for accuracy. His book is translated by a lady who knows Italian pretty well, but is marvellously ignorant—we do not say of Dutch, for most of us are that—but of geography and history and fine art. She manages to commit a host of fresh errors on this score, and then the unfortunate book passes into the hands of compositors and readers who seem to be singular among their diabolical race for ingenuity of mischief. The result is a book that no one who cares for his library will tolerate on his shelves for a moment.

We have found it impossible to review this English version without arming ourselves with the Italian original. Amid the thousand and one mistakes, it was impossible, without collation, to distinguish between those at first hand and those at second hand. The *Olanda* of Signor Edmondo de Amicis is, like the other productions of its versatile author, light, bright, and picturesque. The author's matter is neither very new nor very deep; but his manner is easy, and wants only a little more self-respect to become distinguished. His sentences rattle on; but they are elegant and harmonious in their speed, and he rarely commits a fault against good writing. At the same time, he is essentially a journalist, and his books have the faults that attend the too exclusive practice of journalism. It is impossible not to read them, and yet the reading is attended with the minimum of ultimate satisfaction. With his faults and his merits, he approaches nearer to the late Mr. Hepworth Dixon than any other writer with whom we are acquainted. To such a man occasional error in detail is inevitable. In the fifth edition of *Olanda*, which lies before us, although specially "riveduta dall' Autore," we find the Dutch name for the Hague given as S'Gravenhage, instead of 's Gravenhage, and that for Flushing, Flessingnen, instead of Vlissingen. He finds, also, that Dutch proper names present some difficulty; and the poetess Tesselschade appears as Tesseeschave, and Mme. Bosboom as Rosboon. But these trifling errors fade into nothingness by the side of the translator's glorious determination to be wrong. When De Amicis has made a little mistake, such as writing Veenix for Weenix, she goes further, and makes Veenir of it. But most frequently she leaves him far behind, and explores new provinces of her own. She gives the name of the painter of "the famous four-candle picture"—as she clumsily translates a sprightly phrase of De Amicis—under the strange disguise of Gerard Don, a mistake which recurs on page after page. Whenever several painters are mentioned, one name or more is sure to be incorrectly spelt. Hobbema appears as Hoffema, Snyders as Luyders, Berghem as Berghun, Karel du Jardin as der Jardin. The names of famous writers are given in the same style. Vandal represents Vondel, Van Leunep is printed in every case instead of Van Lennep, Genestol instead of Genestet, and Ten Briuck for Ten Brink. Even in geography the same traps beset our footsteps everywhere. We have Wlardingen for Vlaardingen, Ratwijk for Katwijk, Zuften for Zütphen, Gonda for Gouda, and Delph for Delft. Leuwarde, repeated some dozens of times, is meant for Leeuwarden, and this is a case in which Signor de Amicis has been blindly followed; and so, we are sorry to say, is the misnomer Théophile Gauthier. An idea of the general intelligence of the translator may be given by the fact that Italian words are introduced into the text, as though to give it a local colour; and so, in an English book about Holland, we are told of Dutch gentlemen who say *Che?* of a *palazzetto* in the woods at the Hague, and of the *canzoni* of Vondel. But perhaps the skill of the translator is best shown in the treatment of that curious national conveyance, the canal-boat, which never fails to excite the interest of foreigners. De Amicis, having once learned to spell *trekschuit* correctly, glories in his acquisition, and repeats it again and again. In following him, Mrs. Tilton does not once succeed in reproducing this proper form of the word, but wavers between *trekschuyt*, *treckshuyt*, *treckschuyt*, and *treschknit*. After this, such eccentricities in English as "a tablet for *scratching* matches," and in Italian as "Mie Prigaoni," seem merely in sympathy with the general tenour of the volume. We repeat that we have never met with a piece of hack-work so badly executed as the translation before us.

It was needless to publish any version in English of this bright little book of Signor De Amicis. The Italians are not a travelling people, and the *Olanda* was well calculated to teach them for the first time things more or less known to every educated Englishman. Books on the topography and manners of modern Holland are a drug in the English publishing market, and the name of a distinguished Italian could scarcely be sufficient to float another such volume, even if the style did justice to its original. Both England and France have of late expended real study on the peculiar civilization of the wonderful little country formed, as Napoleon said in his wrath, of the washings of a few French rivers. The most penetrative studies of Dutch art existing are written in French, and the history and literature of Holland have received from several hands in England a study unrivalled for minute care among the Dutch themselves, who freely confess that our historians have mastered their history better than they themselves. To a reader who has taken the trouble to read Motley and his successors, grave and gay, the work of Signor De Amicis presents nothing new except a few anecdotes and one or two picturesque impressions. He was charmed with the country, amused with the people, and keenly observant of all that was quaint or unusual. He went intending

* *Holland.* By Edmondo de Amicis. Translated from the Italian by Caroline Tilton. London: Allen & Co.

pleased, and he thoroughly succeeded. His notes are as superior in their vivacity and colour to those of the ordinary as they are inferior to such veritable masterpieces of local ...ations as the *Sweden* of Hans Andersen or the *Constantinople* Théophile Gautier. He is unable to understand the serious of the national character; his remarks about the Lutheran ...ion and the minor morals of the Dutch are almost grotesquely inadequate; and he lapses too often into a coarseness which makes the English version occasionally offensive, although the translator has avoided the most disagreeable phrases and passages. But when he is merely vivacious his book is very pleasant reading, in spite of its lack of originality. He is not above telling a good story at his own expense. Such is the anecdote of the result of his trying to impress a grave young Frisian gentleman of Harlingen by his grandiloquence. He talked of his ancestors, and told the youth to consider him as a Roman of the days of Tiberius. The Frisian, without the least embarrassment, began quoting Tacitus in Latin, and soon brought Signor de Amicis, if we may employ so colloquial an expression, down upon his marrow-bones. But on his way to Groningen our traveller fell in with a still more surprising personage, a peasant who had never been further than Amsterdam, and who had never seen a hill in his life, but who talked French, knew what steps the Italian Parliament was taking with regard to compulsory education, and closed the interview by repeating, in laboured accents, the first lines of Dante's *Purgatorio*. Signor de Amicis, whose account of Friesland is by far the freshest and most amusing part of his volume, could never accustom himself to the mixture of remoteness and civilization which he found in that province. He was afraid, at last, of speaking lightly to workmen in the street, lest they should turn round and address him in Latin or in classic Tuscan. He gives an amusing account of a wedding at Leeuwarden, and closes it with a characteristic sentence, which the English translator renders thus:—

For myself, I looked about for some handsome Frisian woman, and when I found her, she shot me a glance full of pride and defiance, after which I entered into conversation with a bookseller, always a very agreeable thing in Holland.

We look in vain for an explanation of the closing sentence; if our readers care to turn to the passage in the Italian, they will find the difficulty vanish. But the style of Mrs. Tilton is inexhaustible in its surprises.

The notes of the Italian traveller on art are generally acute and often picturesque. In the presence of Rembrandt he "raises the key of his style," as he puts it, and is lyrical for three consecutive pages. His criticism of pictures is always too ebullient, and he distinctly belongs to the same school as the connoisseur who said that Gerhard Douw painted with the eyelash of a new-born baby. But he has given considerable attention to the subject, and may be more safely trusted in it than on the kindred topic of literature. He says a good deal about Dutch poetry, and makes one epigram which is worth quoting—"Altre letterature sono grandi pianto vestite di fiori odorosi; la letteratura olandese è un piccolo albero carico di frutti"; but this seems to be rather a happy guess than the result of independent study. He gives a long account of Vondel and his career which is full of inaccuracies. It is entirely erroneous to say that Vondel enjoyed fame as a poet at the age of fifteen. He was twenty-five, and totally obscure, when his first work, *Het Pascha*, was published in 1612. It is no less curious a blunder to say that his first tragedy was a *Destruction of Jerusalem*. The masterpiece of Dutch drama *Gijsbrecht van Aemstel* is concealed under the spelling *Gilbert d'Amstel*, and the analysis of the *Lucifer* is full and specious, but not worded as it would be by a man who had really read that tragedy. The facts of the close of Vondel's life are all misstated, and we may easily gather from such an account of the greatest of Dutch writers that Signor de Amicis is not sound on Dutch literature as a whole.

THE CROOKIT MEG.*

To write a good local novel, racy of the flavour of the soil, that shall at the same time be intelligible and acceptable to the general reader, is a feat by no means easy of achievement; but in this case we may congratulate Mr. Skelton on a success. Possibly we may have been predisposed in favour of the book, since we happen to be familiar with the district which he has faithfully and graphically described. But we have done our best to judge the story dispassionately, and we have found in it many of the qualities that make a fascinating work of fiction of its class. There are life-like pictures of society and manners; there are realistic sketches of scenery; there is an abundance of stirring incident eminently characteristic of the times, while there is enough of love-making to recommend the volume to the sympathies of sentimental votaries of the tender passion. Nor has Mr. Skelton fallen into the snare, so seductive to fervent Scotchmen, of overloading his pages with the dialect of the country, although he marks the people unmistakably for those who know them. Stories like *The Crookit Meg* are archæological as well as romantic, and should have a certain permanent value in addition to their ephemeral interest. For ancient landmarks are being swiftly effaced; the types of a half-forgotten society have been steadily dying out; and the Scottish language, as it used to be spoken by dignified and well-born provincials, is likely very soon to be a thing of the past.

Mr. Skelton's "Year One" is the first year of this present century; and when we say that the *Crookit Meg* was the name of a smuggling cutter, we give an idea at once of his plot and his subject. The thriving little town of Peelboro', in whose immediate neighbourhood the interest centres, will be easily identified with Peterhead, a seaport on the coast of Buchan, which is one of the most poverty-stricken divisions of Aberdeenshire. Peterhead or Peelboro' has for long been a famous seat of the whale fishery, and Mr. Skelton's story opens appropriately and dramatically with the arrival of the *Jan Mayen* in the harbour, amid the intense excitement of the population. The size of the *Jan Mayen*, by the way—she was a small schooner of but 100 tons—takes us back at once over three-quarters of a century. Since the Year One the whaling trade has grown, declined, and revived, till now it is carried on entirely by screw steamers. And there have been many other changes as well. Smuggling then was very much a matter of amicable and neighbourly arrangement. The "preventive men" did their duty on occasion, no doubt, seizing a cargo when they had the opportunity. But, as a rule, they were quite content to wink at the universal traffic in contraband goods; and it was notorious that each loyal citizen in the borough, and each respectable farmer within easy reach of it, was open to a bargain in tens and spirits that had never paid a shilling to the Exchequer. So the hero of this tale of *The Crookit Meg* is a certain Alister Ross, a handsome and manly young coastguardsman; while Eppie Holdfast, the coquettish and bewitching young heroine, is connected with the "fair traders" through a scapegrace brother, who has run from his home to find a berth in the smuggling cutter. That Eppie plays fast and loose with Alister, scarcely knowing whether she really cares for him or not, is a matter of course. That she compromises herself with another man of higher station and dissipated habits is not unnatural, considering her light-hearted vanity and the liberty allowed her by the manners of the country. And there is a most tragic scene, where she is brought to understand her feelings when it is too late, by circumstances that falsely convict her of treachery to the lover to whom she is on the point of relenting. As we see the pair first, they form a pretty tableau, and a very probable one. It is a Sunday afternoon, when Eppie is expecting Alister; and, in the flood of softening feelings and associations, her heart is melting to him with unfamiliar tenderness. Shy and diffident as he is, the instincts of his affection tell him that she is changed. She has been summoned from the room for a moment, and he is only waiting her return to clasp her to his bosom in the assurance of her assent, when a stone is thrown through the window, and attached to it is a scrap of writing. He picks it up and reads in a tremulous reaction of feeling. The scrawl is worded in terms of familiar endearment, and bids Eppie detain the "gauger" by hook or crook. He fancies he understands it all; yet he only understands half. No doubt Eppie's imprudence had given her disreputable correspondent some right to address her with that compromising familiarity. But, after all, she had flirted no more than many a rustic maiden of her years and standing who had afterwards married elsewhere and made an excellent wife. Now she would have given all in the world to persuade Alister that her choice has been made at last, and that she is not unworthy of his devotion. But the unhappy *contretemps* is not to be explained away, and her lover's faith is not only shaken but shivered. From that eventful meeting their paths are forced apart; and after adventures that end somewhat better than she had a right to expect, Eppie is left to repent her folly at her leisure.

The love tale in *The Crookit Meg* is pretty and pathetic; but, although the thread of it runs more or less through the book, it is nevertheless but of secondary importance. The chief charms are in the variety and truthful originality of the subordinate characters and the freshness and fidelity of the descriptions of scenery. Indeed Mr. Skelton has taken care to assure the realism of his work by blending the actual with the ideal beyond ordinary powers of discrimination. Those of his readers who know the neighbourhood best will be puzzled to say where the topography of the Ordnance surveyor "marches" with the regions of fiction. We hear of the Point of Rattray, of Lord Errol's Castle of Slaines, of the old tower of Udney, &c., all places which are to be discovered in maps and guide-books; and, for aught we know, the names of the farmsteadings and hamlets may be equally veracious. So with the notables of the borough and the lairds and farmers. More than one of these worthy gentlemen have really flourished, as we happen to be aware, and in something more than merely local notoriety; while others, if they have not actually lived in the flesh, ought to have done so, so suggestive are they of the types of which they stand as representatives. There is the Provost, Roderick Black, silent, shrewd, upright according to his lights, energetic, and much addicted to snuff; the very incarnation of a "douce" provincial magistrate, who keeps a close eye upon public affairs, but by no means objects to seasonable recreation. Indeed, when we make the acquaintance of the Provost and his cronies, they are assembled at the worthy magistrate's house to indulge in a supper, with rubbers to follow. Each of the other three is, in his way, a representative man. There is Captain Knock, commander of the Coastguard, who has reconciled the discharge of his duty with a fair amount of popularity. There is Mr. Corbie, the borough lawyer, handicapped in his calling by his weakness for "a tumbler"; but who,

* *The Crookit Meg; a Story of the Year One.* By John Skelton, Author of the "Essays of Shirley." London: Longmans & Co. 1880.

drunk or sober, is invariably sharp, and the depository of all the law secrets of the neighbourhood. And last, and the most remarkable of the sociable group, there is Dr. Caldcail, the minister of the parish. Dr. Caldcail, as his name implies to a Scotchman, is a divine who is more learned and doctrinal than soul-stirring. But, if his pulpit ministrations fall flat on his flock, on the other hand he prides himself on his successes in society. He has travelled abroad as tutor to the peer who became his patron. He has visited the France of revolutionary ideas and easy morals, and has come back with a liberal creed, a sharpened wit, and polished manners. And so the Doctor becomes a welcome guest in the houses of the greater landed proprietors, while he continually asserts his superiority to his ordinary associates, though occasionally he meets his match in repartee.

But most characteristic perhaps of all the characters is Adam Meldrum, a man who, as Mr. Skelton observes, could not have been bred out of Scotland. Adam has refined his mind and braced his quick intellectual powers in an intimate acquaintance with some of the grand lights of literature. He has steeped his soul in Shakspeare and in close communing with nature. Though no misanthrope, he lives a life of loneliness; but in his admiration of the varied handiwork of nature, he has educated himself into one of "the saints of science":—

> To Adam nature was simply the expression of that complaisant activity of which the sea was one aspect, and the Old Testament another, and Shakspeare another, and a rare fern and the skilful mechanism of a seabird's wing another and another. Throughout the whole of a universe in which each part was thus vitally related to the rest, there was nothing common or unclean; the freshness of nature never diminished; each dawn and each sunset touched him with a new joy.

There was a time when a man like the eccentric Adam might have been called to "compear" before the Kirk Session for his strange speech and "uncanny" habits. In the present day the minister of the parish would have felt almost bound to keep him at arm's length or to try to convert him to more orthodox ideas. But the Erastian and somewhat worldly Dr. Caldcail understood, sympathized, chatted, and delighted in associating with him. Between the two men there was a certain affinity of literary tastes, with common tendencies towards broad theological speculation. Their conversations, in which we recognize the promptings of the essayist Shirley, are among the best things in the volume. Mr. Skelton ingeniously makes Meldrum's sensibilities the vehicle for his own poetical appreciation of scenery that is sternly attractive rather than beautiful, although it is softened to those who have fallen in love with it by its special charms. Those "seaward" parishes, as they are called, are among the very bleakest districts in Scotland. We hear of a farmhouse standing on the summit of the lofty cliffs, where the windows in a winter storm are whitened with the drifting sea foam. "No tree can take root on that inclement seaboard; the alder bushes where they rise above the garden wall are cut across as by a knife." But, descending into the chasms that have been torn into the land, we are made to enter "a world of romance and mystery, of light and shade, of stern strength and tender beauty, where the measured beat of the wave and the sorrowful complaint of the seamew only add to the impressive solitariness of the scene." We are led along winding and break-neck paths, among boulders, bubbling springs, and banks of ferns and primroses, where "the blue sea and the white sea-birds are framed in every variety of green." And though Buchan lies beyond the ordinary beat of the tourist, and though Mr. Skelton paints it with its deformities as well as its beauties, we can imagine admirers of *The Crookit Meg* being tempted on a pilgrimage to the scenes of his adventures.

SANDYS'S *BACCHÆ* OF EURIPIDES.*

In many respects the *Bacchæ* is one of the best, as it is also one of the latest, plays of Euripides; and it is worthy of special note as being the author's recantation, at the close of his life, of the sophistic scepticism of his earlier years. It is a wonderfully pictorial play; the stage is kept constantly alive with varied action, never flagging except once where a lull precedes a stirring catastrophe; and the drama itself is entitled to high praise for its combination of those elements of action, dialogue, and surroundings which go to constitute a successful play. Of the present edition of the *Bacchæ* by Mr. Sandys we may safely say that never before has a Greek play, in England at least, had fuller justice done to its criticism, interpretation, and archæological illustration, whether for the young student or the more advanced scholar. The Cambridge Public Orator may be said to have taken the lead in issuing a complete edition of a Greek play, which is destined perhaps to gain redoubled favour now that the study of ancient monuments has been applied to its illustration. As is observed at length in the learned introduction

> The conclusions we are able to draw from historical and archæological literature with regard to the actual rites of Dionysus as practised in Greece are in many respects inconsistent with what might be deduced from the representations of the Mænads which are to be found in Mythology and Art. The latter is an imaginative picture, which is portrayed for us not in prose, but in poetry; and the finest example of its poetic treatment is the play now before us. It is this that warrants the attempt which is made in this volume to set one form of the imaginative treatment of the legend of Dionysus by the side of another, and, in this particular point, to illustrate the poetry of the Greek drama by means of the sculpture and painting of Greek art.

Not indeed that Mr. Sandys spares any pains in the literary perfecting of his work. Beginning with the earlier legends of Dionysus, he cites Pausanias in his introduction for the existence of temples and statues of that God at Athens, where "are pictures representing Pentheus and Lycurgus being punished for the wrongs they had done to Dionysus"; and he notes the clamour of the populace, discontented with the introduction of other heroes than the favourite God of Tragedy, expressed in the proverbial outcry τί ταῦτα πρὸς τὸν Διόνυσον. He also examines the tetralogy and trilogy of Æschylus as to Lycurgus and Pentheus, as far as their extant fragments allow, and shares Milman's regret for "a loss in these Æschylean tragedies to be deplored more than any of the poet's works, except perhaps his *Niobe*." A not uninteresting part of the introduction concerns "Euripides in Macedonia," where he visited first Magnesia, and was received with special distinction, and thence proceeded to the court of Archelaus. Mr. Sandys cites from the *Gorgias* Socrates's reasons for declining an invitation to that usurper's court; but it must be owned that the monarch governed well the kingdom he had won by crime, that he was a great administrator, and a distinguished patron of art and literature. In goodly company with poets, painters, and dithyrambists, Euripides here composed a play to which he gave the name of his patron, and here also he either wrote his *Bacchæ* or gave it its final touches. So at least Mr. Sandys infers from its complimentary references to the haunt of the Muses in Pieria, part of the King's dominions; to the hallowed slope of Olympus (vv. 409–15); to the swift stream of Axius (568), which eventually becomes the principal river of Macedonia itself, and finds its way into the Mediterranean, at the head of the Gulf of Therma. In terms of praise, too, is mentioned the less important "Loidias" (571), one of whose tributaries rises near the ancient Macedonian capital, Ægæ, where, as Mr. Sandys thinks, Euripides is more likely to have died than at Pella, the later capital. As is shown in a note, the evidence for Pella rests mainly on a late and anonymous epigram.

As regards the putting of this drama on the stage, we may say that never before in any edition of a Greek play were such technical details given as to costume and properties as we find in Mr. Sandys's *Bacchæ*. In the introduction we have minute directions for the disguise of Dionysus as one of his own votaries, as leader of the revel-band chorus, holding the thyrsus, ringleted in neck, and in all respects womanish or θηλύμορφος. Otherwise he is arrayed like the rest of the God's retinue, ivy-crowned, the fillet on his brow, the panther skin across his chest, a long striped tunic reaching to the ground, a loose upper robe above. When at the close of the play he reveals his godhead, it is in his conventional stage attire—a long saffron robe bound about the breast with a broad girdle of saffron hue. With like minuteness we are enabled to trace the dress of the Bacchanals, of Teiresias the soothsayer in netlike woollen robe, with the Bacchic fawn skin over it, the ivy crown having been donned instead of the prophet's chaplet, and, in place of the laurelled staff of Apollo's seer, the thyrsus swathed with ivy. This, of course, betokens that he has accepted the worship of Dionysus, as Cadmus, who is similarly dressed, has done also. To name one other character; Pentheus is represented in p. l., scene 2, with diadem and sceptre, and a purple *xystis* over a bright *chiton*. His youth is indicated by an appropriate mask, and dignity is added to it by the elevated frontlet called the ὄγκος. So much for the dresses. As for the scene throughout the play, Mr. Sandys explains that it is laid before Pentheus's palace in the Cadmeia, the citadel of Thebes, in the northern part of the town, the direction furthest removed from the Bacchic revel on Cithæron. At each extremity of the stage was the *periactos*, a mechanical contrivance—that on the spectator's left conventionally indicating the road to foreign distant parts; that on the right showing the way to the town and to Cithæron, which would be reached by going through it and leaving it by the Electran gates. For all minor stage directions the introduction will be found sufficient; and, indeed, the outline of the play and the study of its *dramatis personæ* are so careful and lucid as to obviate any perceptible difficulty. Mr. Sandys remarks (p. lxvii.) that the choral metres enhance the impression of the varied emotions of the votaries of Bacchus, and he illustrates this by a Trochaic passage, 604–41, marking a transition from the hurried excitement of the preceding scene to the quieter Iambics which follow. Many of these last have a large number of resolved feet in the poet's later manner. Another point well worked out is the close connexion of the choral odes, as in the *Iphigeneia in Aulis*, with the action of the play. Thus the references in the first stasimon to the places where Dionysus is worshipped find an echo in the reference to the God's haunts in the second. The longing for liberty in the second is in like manner caught up in the third, and the moral reflections of the first are to some extent repeated in the last. As distinct from the choruses, the two Messengers' speeches have ever been esteemed the gems of this play—passages in which the revels on Cithæron and the death of Pentheus are narrated with a brilliancy, swiftness, and vivid representation of rapid incident unsurpassed in Greek tragedy. Mr. Sandys happily remarks, in pp. lxviii.–lxx. of his introduction, on the skill with which the Second Messenger leads up, with wonderful dramatic effect, through the tranquillizing scenery of Cithæron and

* *The Bacchæ of Euripides.* With Critical and Explanatory Notes, and with numerous Illustrations from Works of Ancient Art. By John Edwin Sandys, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Public Orator of the University of Cambridge. Cambridge: University Press. 1880.

its pine groves, to the deed of horror that is soon to follow. He notes similar instances of repose in Goethe's *Faust*, and again in the dialogue between Duncan and Banquo as they near Macbeth's castle, where the quiet and easy conversation rests the mind in contrast to the horror which is to follow. We can hardly endorse Humboldt's eulogy of the whole of this speech of the Second Messenger as "a description of scenery disclosing a deep feeling for nature," as there is but a line and a half to illustrate it. The poet was necessarily limited to a few clear and vivid touches; but, as Mr. Sandys justly says, "as a vigorous and rapid narrative, displaying great powers of clear and graphic description, it would be hard to find his rival."

It is time, however, that we should speak of the critical and explanatory part of this elaborate edition. In the prologue, 24-5, where the disguised Dionysus describes his raising his revel shout at Thebes before any other place in Greece, he is careful to observe that it is after donning the fawn-skin, *νεβρίδ' ἐξάψας χρόος* (*αὐτῶν* sc., *i.e.* the Theban women); and a learned art note illustrates the mode in which the fawn-skin over one shoulder and athwart the chest marked the God and his female votaries. In the next line another attribute is signified by the placing a thyrsus in their hands, where the words in apposition, *κίσσινον βέλος*, represent almost certainly a true restoration of the original text. Mr. Tyrrell's *Κίσσινον* is "nil ad rem"; both MSS. read *μέλος*, for which H. Stephens coined what was perhaps the true reading. For *κίσσινον βέλος* is an apt instance of the class of limiting or restrictive epithets, like *πτηνὸς κύων*, in all of which the metaphorical use of the substantive is made possible by the adjective attached. Thus here the weak wand wielded by the God's votaries is described as a weapon, "not of war," but "wreathed with ivy," just as, in v. 1104 below, *ῥίζας ἀνεσπάρασσον ἀσιδήροις μοχλοῖς* means, "At last they strove by riving oaken boughs to uptear the roots with bars—but not of iron. On such epithets Mr. Sandys cites Cope on Arist. *Rhet*. III. 6, § 7. For the confusion of the characters β and μ in cursive MSS. he shows an apt parallel in v. 678. Another casual point on which he has reflected curious light is the identification of the substantive in the phrase *χλοήρει μίλακι καλλικάρπῳ* with the "smilax aspera" of Sibthorp and the Black Bryony of our own flora, which is really named from the same verb, *βρύειν*, which the chorus here uses of the *μίλαξ* (v. 107-8). The lines beginning "Burst forth, burst forth with the green bright-berried bryony" seem to call up the plant which Mr. Hotham met in the roadsides of the Riviera rather than the common bindweed or convolvulus for which Liddell and Scott took it, or than the berried yew, as conjectured by Mr. Paley, which, says Mr. Sandys, was regarded as poison by the ancients, and would not lend itself to wreath-twining so easily as bryony, or be so attractive to the merry bacchants. A little further on, at vv. 111, *στικτῶν τ' ἐνδυτὰ νεβρίδων στέφετε λευκοτρίχων πλοκάμων μαλλοῖς* is translated, "Fringe thy livery of dappled fawnskins with woolly tufts of silvery tresses"; and Mr. Sandys holds that there is no need to strain *στέφετε* so as to represent the fawnskins as studded with artificial tufts, it being enough to understand "fringing" or "trimming," *μαλλοῖς* being a metaphor for bunches of hair, and *λευκοτρίχων πλοκάμων* an ornamental phrase for the tufts of hair which the Bacchæ may have taken to trim their fawn-skins from the goats killed by them in the chase. On the famous line 367, *Πενθεὺς δ' ὅπως μὴ πένθος εἰσοίσει δόμοις τοῖς σοῖσι Κάδμε*, we have Mr. Sandys's own idea of a felicitous rendering, which is certainly preferable to Dr. Donaldson's "Penthouse"—"Beware lest Pentheus bring into thine house his namesake Sorrow"; and he multiplies from the three great dramatists similar plays on words, or rather plays on names significant of the destiny of the bearer, and therefore of tragic interest. Here, too, he uses his reading and editing of Cope's *Rhet*. ii. 23-29 to good purpose, and makes us wish that that work might come into wider use. A little below, at 394, *τό τε μὴ θνητὰ φρονεῖν βραχὺς αἰών*, Mr. Sandys adduces cogent reasons for omitting the full stop adopted by most editors at *φρονεῖν*. There is, however, annotatory matter of vital interest at every turn of this most interesting drama. It is a curious addition to the literary interest of this new edition that it has had the advantage of the marginal notes written by Milton in his copy of Euripides, published by Paul Stephens at Geneva in 1602, and bought by him in 1634, the year he wrote his *Comus*. Classical readers may with advantage con their Miltons for parallels from the *Bacchæ*, at the same time that they examine vigilantly the scholarlike emendations of the great English poet.

MINOR NOTICES.

MR. LEATHES, who has lately resumed his old part of Laertes to Mr. Edwin Booth's Hamlet, gives to his volume *An Actor Abroad* (1) the alternative and appropriate title of "Gossip, Dramatic, Narrative, and Descriptive, from the Recollections of an Actor in Australia, New Zealand, the Sandwich Islands, California, Nevada, Central America, and New York"; and it will thus be seen at once that the writer had plenty of experience to draw upon. Out of this he has given us an eminently readable book which is not the less attractive for containing less theatrical "shop" than its first title might suggest. We learn in the first page that he has relied entirely on his memory for the account he gives of the many interesting scenes and events through which he passed, and the well-told stories which he picked up in the course of his travels, and now reproduces. Among the most curious of Mr. Leathes's theatrical experiences was his appearance at Honolulu with Miss C——, a celebrated actress, in selected scenes. Four performances were given, the last being by Royal command, and on this occasion several scenes were given from *Hamlet*, Miss C—— playing the Prince, and Mr. Leathes appearing by turns as Horatio, the Ghost, Rosencrantz, and the Player. On another occasion the author appeared as Cardinal Wolsey. He happened to have with him a complete and accurate costume for the part, but a wig was wanting, and the difficulty was got over by Miss C——'s suggestion that he should arrange and wear her Lady Teazle wig. They had also strange difficulties, which are brightly and humorously described, as to the music which is considered a necessary part of most dramatic entertainments; but these and all other drawbacks were overcome, and the performances seem to have been triumphantly successful, although Mr. Leathes, with a commendable reticence which is observable throughout his work, says very little as to his own share in the success. However, the chief attraction, as may be guessed from what we have already said, of Mr. Leathes's book lies, not in what he has to tell us of the stage, but in his pleasant and unforced account of what he saw and heard as a traveller who happened to be an actor. He sometimes gives us what may seem to be superfluous details; but he has the great merit of being never dull, and it is probably because he has not hesitated to put down everything which dwelt in his memory after some years with regard to his tour, that his writing preserves a vividness which a fastidious criticism as to the relative importance of events might probably have removed. He has the power of telling a story clearly and pointedly without any fussy insistence on its points, and the life-likeness of his descriptions may be judged from his account of an earthquake shock which he felt at San Francisco. He was sitting in the wooden house inhabited by a brother actor and his wife, playing a quiet game of cassino, when he heard a noise like that of a heavily-laden waggon passing, followed by a violent shaking of the window. Mr. Mestayer, the owner of the house, who had been in a worse earthquake before, "cried, 'Earthquake—sit still!' His face turned perfectly livid (he afterwards said that mine was gamboge); his wife sat still, crying, 'Willie! oh Willie!' The cards were thrown on the table, and we sat waiting the crisis." The timbers of the house creaked, and there was a gently undulating movement of the earth, followed by the far more dangerous "shake," which the author describes as suggesting the notion that the whole house was in the grasp of a giant. The whole description is too long to quote, but it conveys an impression, the more striking from its simplicity, of the awe of utter helplessness which an earthquake produces, even more perhaps in those who know by previous experience what it means than in people to whom it is a new experience. In Virginia City and elsewhere Mr. Leathes saw some deadly "shooting affrays"; and in San Francisco he was saved from being mixed up in one himself by his presence of mind and prompt intimation of his readiness to draw his own "shooting-iron." His record of this and similar scenes is strangely and deplorably paralleled by recent reports of assize and police cases in England, where the terrible fashion of carrying loaded revolvers seems to be so much on the increase as to call for some remedy more potent even than the wise observations of a judge which were reported two days ago. *An Actor Abroad* is a bright and pleasant volume; but Mr. Leathes will do well in any future work to correct his proofs more carefully. "A famous entymologist" (p. 155) is a kind of creature as yet unaccounted for.

We have on former occasions noticed some of the tables prepared by various workers under Mr. Herbert Spencer's direction, and according to an elaborate plan of classification laid out by him, which bear the general name of *Descriptive Sociology*. A new folio has appeared this summer, dealing with Hebrew and Phœnician civilization (2). No pains appear to have been spared in collecting the materials from the best authorities; and we have no doubt that, as a collection of facts, the result is substantially trustworthy. But we cannot help entertaining great doubt whether the unwieldy size and form of the book, and the artificial and unfamiliar arrangement of the matter, will not prevent it from being of much use to anybody besides Mr. Herbert Spencer himself.

The third volume of the complete edition of Mr. Bret Harte's writings (3) contains several of his best stories, among them "Mrs. Skaggs's Husbands," "An Episode of Fiddletown," and "Roger Catron's Friend." A story, new to us, which is called "A Passage in the Life of Mr. John Oakhurst," seems to us to be below the author's usual mark. One has by this time heard a good deal of Mr. John Oakhurst and of other characters who differ from him only in name, and it is possible to have enough of a good thing. Apart from this the scope and aim of this particular sketch are not well chosen. Mrs. Decker is a character which wants life and novelty, and the story itself is at best just such a commonplace tale of adultery as might be devised by any one well up in the works of Feydeau. Among the shorter sketches

(1) *An Actor Abroad*. By Edmund Leathes. London: Hurst & Blackett.

(3) *The Complete Works of Bret Harte*. Collected and revised by the Author. Vol. III. London: Chatto & Windus.

which appear in the volume, one of the best, and also one of the best things in its line that Mr. Bret Harte has written, is "A Sleeping-Car Experience."

There is a good deal of entertainment to be got from Mr. Wale's brief autobiography (4), which is pleasantly and commendably free from any kind of affectation. Mr. Wale was in 1845 appointed a cornet in the 15th Hussars, and departed for the East Indies on board a P. and O. boat, the life on which he describes as remarkably pleasant and luxurious. "But what would you think," he adds, "if at the present day on board the steward were to come to your cabin the first thing in the morning saying, 'Brandy-and-soda, sir?'" When the author arrived at Cairo, the Pasha was building a mosque by forced labour, and he describes how he saw "men, women, and children staggering under the weight of large stones they carried on their heads, and the taskmasters urging them on with whips made of rhinoceros hide." The life in India after he had joined his regiment Mr. Wale describes as "truly delightful," in spite of various drawbacks. The treatment of native servants by their English masters which was then common would, he says, "rather astonish the present generation." He states how he has known a man send his "head boy" to a cantonment magistrate bearing a note informing the magistrate that "the bearer has given me no end of trouble lately," and asking him to "kindly give him a dozen." Mr. Wale adds that no doubt in most cases the bearer richly deserved what he got. With his own servant his experience was somewhat curious. After he had been engaged a few days he came in and informed his master that "Massa too much foolish man." He then explained that, as things were at present arranged, Mr. Wale was cheated by every one with whom he dealt, and, with admirable *naïveté*, proposed a simple way of avoiding this in future. "I tell you what, Massa. You give me all de money. I go to the bazaar, and buy Massa's things. I cheat Massa; that one person cheat Massa; then I take good care no one else cheat Massa. That good business." To this arrangement Mr. Wale consented at once, with the result that the man served him well and faithfully throughout his engagement. It is curious at this date to read the description of the regimental dress, or rather dresses, of the time with which Mr. Wale deals, recalling as it does a well-known passage in Thackeray's account of a visit to Major Ponto; but, indeed, the whole of this part of the book is full of interest as an apparently faithful description of a past state of things. Not less interesting in their way are the author's experiences in the Crimea, and, after he left the army to take holy orders, in a country parish. The book is, in short, one which contains much pleasant reading.

Mr. Thomson (5) has added one more to the volumes written in order to prove that the plays and poems usually attributed to Shakspeare were really the work of Bacon. The ingenuity and industry with which he has collated parallel passages from Bacon and Shakespeare which appear to him conclusive as to the identity of the two writers, are remarkable; and it is hardly necessary to add that so is his persistent and skilful avoidance of everything which tells against his theory. It may be convenient to take the treatment of what is probably the best known of Shakspeare's plays as an example of Mr. Thomson's method. He says of *Hamlet*:—"If the proper part of dramatic allegory be to hold a mirror up to nature, the political playwright will naturally turn his theatre reflector towards the leading good or profligate feature of the time. Hence, for example, when queen-empoisoning *Hamlet* was first heard of, all England was agog hunting or unearthing burrowing assassins hired by the agents of claimants for her crown to kill the Queen by secret poison." The letter of Bacon's which the writer presently quotes and identifies in spirit with some lines in *Hamlet* does not afford the best instance of his skill in selecting extracts which may seem to favour his view. The unprejudiced eye will indeed detect no sort of resemblance between the prose and the poetry which are thus brought together. But perhaps the oddest of many odd things in this work is the attempt to prove, from the Ghost's description of the action of the poison dropped into his ears, that the play must have been the work of Bacon. The arguments here brought forward are amazing enough, and are evidently the result of an amount of trouble which one could wish had been employed in some business with which the writer was more fitted to deal. It is not perhaps particularly unfortunate that Mr. Thomson's style is unattractive and somewhat incoherent, and that he or his printers have made strange slips in the few Latin words which he employs.

The new edition of Mr. Heath's *Peasant Life* (6) is practically more a new book than a new edition. The work has been extended from one hundred to four hundred pages, and the original matter has been entirely re-written. As before, the writer has contented himself with recording his observations and "leaving political writers to draw from the facts what conclusions they please," and most of the facts give food enough for reflection.

Mr. Langford's selections from English authors "in praise of books" (7) have been made with judgment and discretion, and the little book furnishes better reading than do most collections of extracts. It is got up with becoming simplicity, and has only the too common fault of refusing to lie open.

A new edition appears of Dyce's Shakspeare (8). No alterations have been made in the text since the third edition, but the notes are now conveniently printed at the foot of the page instead of at the end of each play.

A second edition has appeared of Mr. Hellyer's exhaustive volume (9) on internal plumbing work, which exposes ruthlessly the many dangers incident to the old-fashioned systems, and points out the proper way of avoiding them. If the author is at times too sweeping in his condemnations, that is a fault on the right side.

In writing his *Treatise on the Law concerning Libel and Slander* (10), Mr. Flood appears to have acted on the opinion, in our judgment a gravely erroneous one, that a legal text-book may be made popular by a diffuse and flippant style. Law is a technical and scientific subject, and by no literary device can it be made otherwise. Clearness in arrangement and exactness in expression, not attempts at smart writing, are the proper ornaments of a legal treatise. We greatly fear that in his endeavour "to render the book easily readable, and to present the subject dealt with—considering its gravity and importance—in a form as interesting, and as destitute of technicality as possible," Mr. Flood will find that he has fallen between two stools.

A capitally annotated edition of the latest Wild Birds Protection Act is issued from the *Field* Office (11). The remarks in the preface are terse and to the point.

The *Field* Office also issues an annotated edition of the *Ground Game Act* (12), which will of course be a great convenience to magistrates, and to all persons affected by the Act.

The experiences of such a past master in Romany as Mr. Groome are necessarily interesting to those who would learn more of the gipsies of England. His recent work, entitled *In Gipsy Tents* (13), is, however, neither a nice work nor a clever one. It is introduced by a sort of preface written in the most execrable taste, on the first page of which the "lines are spaced out widely, as there is much to be read between them." This most of his readers are fortunately unable to do. We have then a circumstantial account of the life and habits of a very unsavoury and disreputable set of people, after the manner of George Borrow, but without the earnestness and rough humour of that writer; we are also favoured with sketches of Sylvester Boswell, a Romany gentleman of great erudition, according to his own account, and of a certain Welsh musician, whose only claim to notoriety is the fact that he combines in his own person the rather opposite characters of a gipsy and a respectable man. There is a good deal of philological information scattered throughout, indicating an amount of education which might have been turned to better use. Though written by a professed apologist for the race, the book will, we fancy, prove a wholesome corrective to a great deal of sentimental nonsense which has lately been written about a much overrated set of vagabonds.

Mrs. Arnold has collected together under various headings, with great industry, a quantity of passages from Shakspeare (14), which she hopes may "be found useful to students, by showing them at a glance the mode of thought of Shakspeare upon every subject handled by him," while it will also "be interesting to the general reader, and form a collection of excellent quotations." We must confess that this is a kind of compilation which seems to us to be anything rather than useful or desirable; but we are quite ready to believe that "it differs from all other books of the kind in being much more comprehensive."

The collection in one volume of the late Charles Turner's beautiful sonnets (15) has prefixed to it some memorial lines by the Laureate and a reproduction of Mr. Spedding's admirable essay, which is full of fine criticism and perception. Some forty or more of the sonnets are now published for the first time, and from these we select for quotation the characteristic one called "The Mute Lovers on the Railway Journey":—

> They bade farewell; but neither spoke of love.
> The railway bore him off with rapid pace,
> He gazed awhile on Edith's garden grove,
> Till alien woodlands overlapp'd the place—

(4) *Sword and Surplice; or, Thirty Years' Reminiscences of the Army and the Church.* By H. J. Wale, M.A., Magdalen College, Cambridge; late Lieutenant 15th King's Hussars and Scots Greys; late Rector of Folksworth, Hunts; Curate in Charge Worcester Park Church.

(5) *On Renascence Drama; or, History Made Visible.* By William Thomson, F.R.C.S., F.L.S. Melbourne: Sands & McDougall.

(6) *Peasant Life in the West of England.* By Francis George Heath, Author of "The English Peasantry," &c. New Edition. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(7) *The Praise of Books; as Said and Sung by English Authors.* Selected, with a Preliminary Essay on Books, by John Alfred Langford, LL.D. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

(8) *The Works of William Shakspeare.* The Text revised by the Rev. Alexander Dyce. 10 vols. Vol. I. London: Bickers & Son.

(9) *The Plumber and Sanitary Houses.* By S. Stevens Hellyer. Second Edition. London: Batsford.

(10) *A Treatise on the Law concerning Libel and Slander.* By John C. H. Flood, of the Middle Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, &c. London: Maxwell & Son.

(11) *The Wild Birds Protection Act*, 1880; *with Explanatory Notes.* By Horace Cox. London: The "Field" Office.

(12) *The Ground Game Act*, 1880; *with Explanatory Notes.* London: Horace Cox, "Field" Office.

(13) *In Gipsy Tents.* By F. H. Groome. Edinburgh: Nimmo.

(14) *An Index to Shakspearian Thought: a Collection of Passages from the Plays and Poems of Shakspeare.* Classified under appropriate headings, and alphabetically arranged, by Cecil Arnold. London: Bickers & Son.

(15) *Collected Sonnets, Old and New.* By Charles Tennyson Turner. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.

Alas! he cried, how mutely did we part!
I fear'd to test the truth I seem'd to see.
Oh! that the love dream in her timid heart
Had sigh'd itself awake, and called for me!
I could have answer'd with a ready mouth,
And told a sweeter dream; but each forebore.
He saw the hedgerows fleeting to the north
On either side, whilst he looked sadly forth:
Then set himself to face the vacant south,
While fields and woods ran back to Edith More.

A seventh edition appears of Canon Hole's *Book about Roses* (16), in the course of which thirty new roses are introduced to the reader.

Messrs. Ward and Lock issue a new and complete edition at a reduced price of Cruden's Bible Concordance (17), to which is prefixed a memoir of the author.

Mr. Denison's *Orcadian Sketch-Book* (18) is, as he says, peculiar in language and aim. His main object has been to preserve the dialect of his native place from "that oblivion to which all unwritten dialects are doomed," and in carrying this out it has come in his way to preserve a good deal of curious and amusing oral lore. The introduction contains an interesting sketch of the fortunes of Orkney, and a full glossary at the end of the book will enable any one, who cares to take the trouble, to read that part of it which is written in the Orkney dialect, a dialect which, without such aid, is puzzling enough.

Mr. Davison has shown a catholic taste in his selection of the authors from whom he has collected "a thousand thoughts" (19). With a view to avoiding matter which is common to other selections of the same kind, he has omitted Shakspeare and all living authors. It is very possible that his compilation may give pleasure to people who care for such collections of snippets.

A second edition has appeared of Mr. Burdett's *Cottage Hospitals* (20), which was reviewed some three years ago in these columns. It is enlarged and written up to date, and alphabetical tables at the end give full information as to the origin, management, and progress of every cottage hospital in the country. We trust the work may fulfil the author's hope that "it may tend to improve the management, to increase the popularity, and to extend the usefulness of cottage hospitals in all parts of the world."

(16) *A Book about Roses.* By S. Reynolds Hole. Seventh Edition. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood.

(17) *A Complete Concordance to the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament.* By Alexander Cruden. To which is added a Sketch of the Life and Character of the Author. With Sixty Pages of Engravings. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

(18) *The Orcadian Sketch-Book; being Traits of Old Orkney Life, written partly in the Orkney Dialect.* By Walter Traill Denison. Kirkwall: Pearce & Son.

(19) *A Thousand Thoughts from Various Authors.* Selected and arranged by Arthur B. Davison. London: Longmans & Co.

(20) *Cottage Hospitals.* By Henry C. Burdett. Second Edition, re-written and much enlarged. London: J. & A. Churchill.

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SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

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THE CABINET AND IRELAND.

IT is understood that the Cabinet has for several days been anxiously considering the very serious question raised by the reign of lawlessness in a large part of Ireland. Opinions are said to be divided, and it is not likely that rumours of so circumstantial a kind are wholly wrong. But it is not known what are the precise points of difference, or what will be the ultimate decision of the Cabinet, if it contrives to exist without partial disruption. Meanwhile two Cabinet Ministers have stated their private opinions on the subject. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. BRIGHT have spoken at great length and with complete freedom at Birmingham, and have informed their constituents that, although coercion is possible and necessary in conceivable circumstances, the occasion for coercion has not yet arisen. The Irish have grievances, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN contends; and as, according to constitutional theory, redress of grievances comes before Supply, so, by some odd analogy, redress of grievances ought to come before locking people up in prison. Mr. BRIGHT contented himself with remarking that force was no remedy, and that the bad things said to be going on in Ireland were, he felt sure, much exaggerated. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, however, seems to have convinced himself that, after every possible deduction for exaggeration is made, enough remains to show that a considerable portion of Ireland is in a most terrible state. The plain fact is, that the question which the Government has to decide is not whether the disturbed districts shall go on under ordinary law, but whether they shall go on under no law at all. Law has no meaning unless it stops or punishes assassination, menaces of death, tyrannical dictation, violent assaults, destruction of property, the interruption of the peaceable intercourse of peaceable men. Of law in this sense there is no trace in the disturbed districts. It has been hoped that the reign of ordinary law might be restored by one or both of two means, but these hopes have been crushed altogether. The leaders of the Land League have been prosecuted, and it was considered possible that such terror might have been struck into their minds and the minds of their subordinates that the League would dwindle away for want of guidance. Nothing of the kind has happened, and a Roman Catholic ARCHBISHOP has forwarded a contribution to the PARNELL Defence Fund, on the express ground that, as the prosecution has had no political effect whatever, it must be regarded as merely starting a curious legal point, and he should like to have the side of the defence properly argued. It was also imagined that the Irish might be so touched with gratitude to the Liberal Government for its good intentions towards them that they would help their friends by behaving well. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was very earnest on this head. May we not entreat, he said, and even demand, that the Irish shall do something for us who are ready to do so much for them? Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is quite entitled to entreat and demand as much as he likes, but it is quite certain that the Liberal party has been urging this plea for months, and that the Irish wrongdoers have not paid the slightest attention to it. Ordinary law has failed, a mild prosecution has failed, the gratitude that expects favours to come has failed. What Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. BRIGHT really mean is that, in their opinion, a large portion of Ireland shall go on without any law at all until the Government has had time to frame, to propose, and to ensure the success of, a new Land Bill.

There are some objections to coercion on which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. BRIGHT did not touch, or touched very lightly, but which deserve notice. Force, Mr. BRIGHT said, is no remedy. This is only very partially true. Force does not redress grievances, and it does not cure disaffection. But it does remedy the particular evil which it is intended to remedy. It prevents the commission of crime; it puts an end to the open tyranny of lawlessness; it encourages those who are willing to abide by the law. And it also acts in another way. It counteracts the contagion of lawlessness. It prevents anarchy and impunity going hand in hand and bringing over the indifferent mass to what seems the winning side. It is with great reluctance that wise men have recourse to coercion, and it is most necessary to see that force is only used to such an extent and in such a way that the objects sought to be attained are attained, and that no more is attained. A White Terror is as bad as a Red Terror; but this is only to say that force may be abused, not that force within rigid limits cannot remedy such an evil as that which now exists in the disturbed districts—the evil of ordinary law being powerless. Then it is said that it would be a very tedious and difficult business to get a Coercion Bill through Parliament. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. BRIGHT very properly took no notice of this objection. It is not for Cabinet Ministers to say that Parliament will not do its duty, will not listen to the Government, will not put down wanton obstruction. The difficulties of Parliamentary procedure may embarrass any Government on any subject; but a Government that thinks a thing ought to be done cannot avoid asking Parliament to do it on the mere speculation that Parliament will give it some trouble; otherwise it announces that it despairs altogether of the Parliamentary system. Lastly, it is urged that in this particular instance coercion cannot possibly effect the proposed object. Mr. DILLON, for example, has busied himself with anticipating and providing against coercion, and declares that, if a hundred leading members of the Land League were arrested, there would be another hundred to take their places and keep up the existing tyranny in all its rigour. For once in a way history does really teach by examples. We do not, strictly speaking, know what would be the effect of coercion in the districts now disturbed, but we do know what were its effect in instances precisely similar. In 1871 Lord HARTINGTON brought in his Bill to put down Ribandism in Westmeath, Meath, and King's County. His Bill passed, and Ribandism was put down by its leaders being frightened away. The description which Lord HARTINGTON then gave of Ribandism was this:—"Such a state of terrorism prevails that the Society "has only to issue its edict to secure obedience; nor has "it even to issue its edict; its laws are so well known, "and an infringement of them is followed so regularly "by murderous outrage, that few can treat them with "defiance. Riband law exerts such power that no "landlord dare exercise the commonest rights of pro-"perty; no farmer or other employer dare exercise "his own judgment or discretion as to whom he "shall employ; in fact, so far does the influence of "the Society extend, that a man scarcely dare enter "into open competition in the fairs or markets with

"any one known to belong to the Society." There is nothing new in the Land League. Every word applied by Lord HARTINGTON to Westmeath is now applicable to Mayo. The evil that existed then was not merely something like that which exists now. It was absolutely identical; and the remedy that proved effectual then may be expected to prove effectual now.

The Government is preparing a new Land Bill; and Mr. BRIGHT, like Mr. GLADSTONE, is confident that the Bill, when seen, will be at once recognized as satisfying the reasonable expectations of every one. If such a Bill can be framed, there is not the slightest reason to suppose it will not receive the patient, and even indulgent, consideration of both Houses of Parliament. If grievances, real serious grievances, suffered by Irishmen, are proved, Englishmen, in spite of their disgust and horror at the prevailing anarchy, will be ready to redress them. If a case of justice is made out, justice will be done. If a plea of equity is put forward, the ear of England will be open to the plea. If money is to be found, and it can be shown that, if spent, it will do lasting and great good, and that to find it is not to do injustice to the English taxpayer and to demoralize the Irish tax-spender, the money will be forthcoming. But it must be said that at present no one has been able to give even the faintest outlines of such a measure. Every now and then an amateur offers a scheme for an Irish Land Bill, but there are two facts which may be observed as to all these schemes. Every amateur glides over the difficulties of his proposal, and no amateur agrees with another. Still, if such a Bill can be devised by the Government, there will be every disposition to welcome it. But what Parliament will demand is that the measure shall be at once equitable and efficacious. It must do justice all round; it must offer a fair promise of redressing all the mischief with which it deals; and it must avoid creating new mischiefs as bad as or worse than those it remedies. Every day shows curious and unexpected difficulties, which the framers of such a Bill will have to overcome. One of the points for which Mr. BRIGHT most earnestly contends is that a large part of the disquiet in Ireland is due to the land being held by large proprietors. Mr. CHARLES RUSSELL has been studying and writing about the LANSDOWNE estates, and he thinks the rents have been unduly raised. But what induced the tenants to acquiesce in the raising of their rents? It was the threat held out by the agent that Lord LANSDOWNE would sell his estates, and the tenants would pay anything rather than get into the hands of small men. In another case Lord LOUTH let some land to a tenant at 10*l.* 10*s.* a year. The tenant sublet it for 26*l.*, and had the audacity to ask and obtain from Lord LOUTH a reduction of his rent in consequence of bad times, and then refused any reduction to his sub-tenant. A Land Bill that prevents the rich from grinding the poor will do little for Ireland; it must prevent the poor from grinding the poor, if it is to be efficacious, and to ensure this is a very difficult task. The Bill of the Government must, to succeed, be the fruit of long, patient, wide-reaching study. No Government that ever existed could frame a good Irish Land Bill, if such a Bill is possible, without long deliberation. The Disturbance Bill of last Session failed, not because, as Mr. BRIGHT thinks, the Lords always reject every Bill they ought to pass, but because it was obviously ill considered, and was the fruit of a sudden impulse. If anarchy is to continue in the disturbed districts until the Government bring in a Land Bill, then, if the time is short, the Land Bill will be necessarily a Bill to which proper attention has not been given. If the time is long enough to permit the Bill being adequately considered, it will be so long that this continuance of unpunished lawlessness will be a standing reproach to England and a curse to Ireland, far worse than the most bitter critics of the Irish can think they ought to be permitted to endure.

EASTERN AFFAIRS.

THE SULTAN, although he has failed to keep his promise to the LORD MAYOR, has since the date of his Guildhall message assured the English and German AMBASSADORS that Dulcigno will be surrendered without delay. It would be rash to rely too implicitly on the occurrence of an event which has been so long postponed; but, on the whole, the chances seem to be in favour of compliance with the undertaking repeatedly given by Turkey. DERVISH PASHA is supposed to be more resolute and more thoroughly in earnest than his predecessor; he has a large force of regular troops; and he seems to have persuaded some of the Albanian chiefs to abandon further resistance. The most convincing argument which he could employ would be an announcement that he is authorized to use force if the commands of the SULTAN are not peaceably obeyed. The garrison of Dulcigno has hitherto been expected to retire before the Montenegrins, who declined to advance, under coercion from the combined fleet which was neither to land troops nor to bombard the town, and at the instance of a Turkish general who considered that he was not authorized to fire on loyal subjects of the SULTAN. The fleet has for some time past suspended the so-called demonstration, and nothing has been heard of the Montenegrin army; but the SULTAN seems at last to be bent on the fulfilment of the treaty, in spite of the real or pretended obstacles which were placed in the way of his Government by provincial patriotism. It is not improbable that the Albanian League, which has often furnished the dilatory diplomatists of Turkey with an excuse, may of late have caused real embarrassment. The closeness and permanence of the bond which unites the different Albanian tribes is doubtful; but, as they acquire the habit of acting together, they may probably become jealous of attacks directed against any part of their territory. As the SULTAN is likely to need the aid of the Southern Albanians against the Greeks, he is probably cautious of offending the feelings of those who border on Montenegro. If the complicated difficulties of the case are at last surmounted, the boasted concert of Europe will not have been wholly ineffective. The SULTAN will probably console himself for his final submission to a just demand by the consciousness that he has proved his capacity to be still troublesome to Europe. He has in the course of the negotiations ascertained that he will for the present be secure against naval demonstrations as soon as he has surrendered Dulcigno.

In accordance with the latest exposition of his policy, Mr. GLADSTONE will not engage in any separate adventure for the benefit of oppressed nationalities. His undoubted good will to the Greeks will probably exhibit itself in the form of advice to abstain for the present from aggression. They have a legal right to some extension of territory, inasmuch as more than one Turkish Commission has been appointed to discuss the line of a new frontier. A still stronger moral claim is founded on national and religious sympathy with the population of the border provinces; and prudent politicians are reasonably anxious to strengthen the only State in South-Eastern Europe which is likely to pursue an independent policy. Mr. GLADSTONE repeated at the Guildhall the expression of his belief that the Greek claims would be conceded by Turkey, if they were heartily supported by the Great Powers; but the condition is not at present satisfied, and the Greeks are warned that they are not to expect a separate alliance with England. They have no other foundation for reasonable hopes of success. Russia has never been enthusiastic in their cause, and the other Continental Powers care much more for the maintenance of peace than for the substitution of Orthodox for Mahometan rule. Prince BISMARCK is reported to have said that he should be glad to see the Greeks beat the Turks as their ancestors defeated the Persians; but in the present day the barbarians are more disciplined and more recently inured to war than the Greeks; and their cause is better than that of XERXES, because they have for several centuries held possession of the disputed territory. There is reason to believe that the representatives of Germany, of Austria, and of France have, in similar or identical terms, cautioned the Ministry of Athens against the adoption of an aggressive policy. Good advice becomes exceptionally impressive when it proceeds from powerful Governments. Mr. GLADSTONE has probably been disappointed by the concurrence of France in the resolutions of Germany and Austria; but the Western Powers could not in any case have prudently engaged in a diplomatic conflict with two Empires which were deeply interested in maintaining the present state of Turkey.

It is reported that the Chamber at Athens has been engaged in animated debates, but the issues on which the Government and the Opposition are contending are but imperfectly understood. The party of Mr. TRICOUPIS and the supporters of the present Government profess equal

eagerness for war; and it may be remembered that the KING's call to arms in his speech at the opening of the Session preceded in time the change of Ministry. The armaments, which seem to furnish an additional argument for the conflict which they were designed to sustain, began several months ago, and they are still far from completion. It is probable that, although both parties may use equally warlike language, one of them really desires to postpone a dangerous and doubtful struggle. Sound patriotism is sometimes tempted or compelled to disguise itself by acquiescence in popular prejudice. The resignation of the late Ministers may probably have been caused by their unwillingness to take the decisive step of declaring war; and, if so, their Parliamentary efforts will be directed to avoidance of an immediate rupture. Mr. COUMOUNDOUROS has once more assured an English newspaper Correspondent that the political and financial consequences of a retrograde policy would be more perilous than the hazards of delay. The Ministry also announces that a large loan has already been arranged; and, if the statement is true, the terms of the bargain will undoubtedly be onerous. Nevertheless, peace, however unpalatable, must be cheaper than war; and there seems to be no reason to fear any display of popular resentment, except perhaps a demand for another change of Ministry. Mr. COUMOUNDOUROS himself lately acknowledged that many of the recent recruits are as yet wholly uninstructed. It would be at the same time cruel and unwise to expose raw troops to an encounter with a formidable enemy; and defeat would produce a far deeper feeling of indignation than any temporizing policy. An acute community must well understand the reasons which may deter the Government from executing impracticable threats. A communication to the Chamber of the advice which has probably been tendered by friendly Courts could scarcely fail to have due weight with rational politicians.

The decision between peace and war may perhaps not rest absolutely with the Greek Ministry. The Turks, if they think war advisable, will be fully justified in anticipating a rupture which the enemy loudly proclaims as imminent. A belligerent is not bound to wait for the convenience of an adversary who makes no secret of his hostile purpose. Perhaps Mr. COUMOUNDOUROS may intentionally provoke an attack on the part of Turkey, in the hope of securing foreign sympathy and aid in defending his country from attack. It is also possible that the struggle may be begun, without authority from either Government, by irregular bands on the border of Thessaly and Epirus. Neither the Greek nor the Turkish Government would think itself bound to repress the zeal of undisciplined patriots, even if they were bent rather on plunder than on conquest. A local war once commenced would lead to the despatch of reinforcements, and eventually to the advance of both armies to the scene of action. It is not known whether the Turkish Government has made any considerable preparations for war, or even whether it will seriously defend those parts of its territory which it has from time to time offered to cede. A Greek force in Thessaly and in the south-east of Epirus would have the great advantage of acting in the midst of a friendly population. It is in the execution of the disputed portion of the Berlin award that insuperable difficulties will probably occur. In defending Janina, Prevesa, and Metzovo, the Turkish Government will be warmly supported by the Albanians, who are probably, even in the absence of regular troops, more than a match for a Greek invader. The local resistance of the tribes would not be hampered by the diversion which is probably anticipated to arise from insurrections in the neighbouring provinces.

M. DE FREYCINET AND THE FRENCH MINISTRY.

M. DE FREYCINET has made his explanation, and, after all, nothing has been explained. It is not given to every Minister to evince the delightful candour which characterizes Lord DERBY on leaving office; but the circumstances of this particular retirement were so exceptional that the most scrupulous reticence might be expected to give way when once M. DE FREYCINET was on his legs. M. DE FREYCINET proved himself to be possessed of a quite extraordinary faculty of defeating expectation. He first excited the curiosity of the Senate by announcing his intention to speak just when M. FERRY was making him the subject of a complimentary, but inaccurate, reference; and then, when his turn came, he delivered a speech which was quite to the purpose as a justification of the policy he had proposed to carry out, but not the least to the purpose as a justification of his own conduct in regard to that policy. M. DE FREYCINET gave the fullest and most conclusive reasons why he had refrained from dispersing the rest of the orders after he had dispersed the Jesuits. He showed why he had thought it prudent to hold his hand, and to what good advantage he had employed his time while holding it. He maintained that the distinction between the Jesuits, who were to be dispersed at a date fixed in the Decree, and the other orders, who were to be dispersed at a date to be chosen by the Government, represented a distinction in the tasks laid upon the Minister. His business was to disperse the Jesuits and to bring the other orders into subjection to the State. Dispersion was to be really applied to the Jesuits, while the remaining orders were only to be threatened with it. The only way of extorting any kind of submission from the orders was to open negotiations with the Vatican; and M. DE FREYCINET asks, with great pertinence, what is the use of having a Concordat, keeping an Ambassador at the Vatican, and receiving a Nuncio at Paris, if, when questions of common interest arise, the French Government is not to negotiate with the POPE. There is a party in France which desires the abolition of the Concordat, the suppression of the Budget of Public Worship, and the separation of Church and State. They, as M. DE FREYCINET says, are logical. But it is not logical to desire the maintenance of the Concordat, to argue against the separation of Church and State, and yet to treat the head of the Catholic Church as though he did not exist. This is a neat and well-deserved thrust at M. GAMBETTA. M. GAMBETTA has committed himself with more positiveness than he has often shown of late to the doctrine that the Church is too dangerous a power to be allowed her freedom. He desires the retention of the Concordat, because he holds that it gives the State an advantage which it would greatly miss if the Concordat were abolished. Yet the persons and journals usually supposed to express M. GAMBETTA's mind were markedly hostile to M. DE FREYCINET's negotiation with the POPE. In spite of the treaty, in spite of the Ambassador, in spite of the Nuncio, they thought it degrading to the French Government to have any dealings with the head of the Catholic Church. M. DE FREYCINET took care, however, to add that his colleagues in the Cabinet did not take this view. There was not one of them, he said, who had not wished him success in the steps he was taking. Nor did any difference arise in the course of the negotiations. The POPE was conciliatory from the first; the orders, under pressure from the Vatican, became conciliatory. The orders were to make a declaration which should give the Government an excuse for postponing further action until the meeting of the Chambers, and as soon as the Session began the Government undertook to bring in a Bill to regulate the right of association, under which the orders might apply for recognition. Upon all these points the Cabinet was, to all appearance, united, and M. DE FREYCINET hints that it would have remained united but for his speech at Montauban. After that, he says, difficulties arose. Now, as the part of this speech which referred to the religious orders was only a statement of the policy which had already been agreed to by the Cabinet, the natural inference is that the cause of these difficulties is to be sought elsewhere. M. DE FREYCINET's Cabinet was broken up from without, not from within. The dissentient Ministers did not discover that they disapproved of his policy until they had first discovered that it was disapproved of by a great personage outside. M. DE FREYCINET gave no hint of this beyond the solitary and significant reference to his Montauban speech. He was as unwilling as M. FERRY had before professed himself to gratify the lovers of anecdote, and he accordingly contented himself with the statement, as damaging to M. FERRY as anything that could well have been said, that the whole Cabinet had been acquainted with what was going on between the Government and the Vatican, and that it was only when the policy they had assented to was made public that they saw any reason for withdrawing their consent.

There is another question upon which M. DE FREYCINET must be able to say much that would be interesting,

he not upon this point also imposed on himself the rule of silence. If he had held any post but that which he did hold, his resignation would have been quite intelligible. He would simply have proposed a certain policy to the Cabinet, have secured its acceptance in the first instance, and then have failed to remove the later scruples of his colleagues. But this is not the process ordinarily followed when the proposer of a policy is the Prime Minister. In that case, if the consent which at first seemed to be that of the whole Cabinet, proves in the end to be only that of a part of the Cabinet, it is the dissentients who retire. They find themselves unable on reflection to adopt the Prime Minister's views, and they place their resignations in his hands. In the recent change of Ministry in France this process was entirely reversed. Instead of the dissentient Ministers placing their resignations in the hands of M. DE FREYCINET, M. DE FREYCINET may be said to have placed his resignation in the hands of the dissentient Ministers. There was never perhaps a Ministerial crisis in which the parts were so completely reversed. The malcontents in the Cabinet had the mastery from the first. This is the more remarkable because there is some reason to believe that M. GRÉVY was of the same way of thinking as M. DE FREYCINET, and if so he might, had he chosen, have retained M. DE FREYCINET in office, and filled up the places of M. FERRY and M. CONSTANS. It seems likely, however, that he must have given M. DE FREYCINET a hint to retire, because the PRIME MINISTER would hardly deprive the PRESIDENT of his services on no better ground than the necessity he was under of parting company with some of his colleagues. He must surely have given the PRESIDENT his choice in the matter, and have left it to him to say whether he would begin the reconstruction of the Cabinet at the top or at the bottom. If so, it must be supposed that M. GRÉVY used the opportunity of choice thus afforded, and determined that M. DE FREYCINET should go and that M. FERRY should remain. It is pretty clear, therefore, that the President of the REPUBLIC is no more his own master under the present order of things than the PRIME MINISTER. Each has to bear his burden and to receive his orders. Whether M. DE FREYCINET was willing to remain Minister in spite of M. GAMBETTA had M. GRÉVY wished it, or M. GRÉVY was willing to retain M. DE FREYCINET in spite of M. GAMBETTA had M. DE FREYCINET wished it, are points which the debate in the Senate has made no clearer than they were before.

The French Conservatives have lately heard some very plain truths from an unexpected quarter. They have certainly not been seen to much advantage during the recent conflicts between the police and the religious orders. A genuine street riot, caused by the inability of the authorities to restrain an expression of popular sympathy with the dispossessed monks, might have served the turn of the Opposition very well; but nothing was to be gained by undignified struggles with officers who were only obeying orders. An article in the *Figaro* professes to give the reason why this kind of demonstration has been so much in favour with the Right. They only care, it seems, for politics when some amusement is to be got out of them. They will go in crowds to see a scene in the Chamber, or to dinner at Chambord, or to a barricade set up in a monastery. It is the dull work of politics that they dislike—the quiet endeavours to undo the injustice wrought by the Government, which, if persevered in, would in the end do more than anything to impress the French people. The way in which M. SAINT-GENEST would have had them meet the Decrees would have been by at once providing asylums for the dispossessed monks, employment for the functionaries who had given up their places rather than be instrumental in dispossessing them, and schools for the children whom the monks are no longer there to teach. But, as in so many other instances, the men who are constantly proclaiming their resolution to endure this or that extremity, cannot endure to put their hands in their pockets. That is an operation out of which no amusement is to be got. They prefer to talk about "children without a GOD and monks without a home," and to leave both to shift for themselves. This is not the way to convince the French nation that the religious part of it is really in earnest, and unless this conviction can be created, M. SAINT-GENEST is of opinion that the religious and Conservative part of the nation is in a fair way to be eaten up by the Radicals. M. SAINT-GENEST regrets the approaching catastrophe, but he is not surprised at it, nor does he affect to think that it is undeserved. The Conservatives have become a party of mere talk, and in so severely Radical a world as France is now, a party of mere talk has no chance of living.

THE IRISH ANARCHISTS.

ALTHOUGH it is difficult to determine when fallacies are too gross for refutation, it may perhaps be desirable to expose the perverse pretence that the present Irish agitation is in any sense constitutional or legitimate. Mr. PARNELL, indeed, has on more than one occasion asserted that the organization of the Land League furnishes a substitute for agrarian murder. It would not, as he declared, have been necessary to assassinate Mr. BOYD if a branch of the League had been previously established in the district. The demagogues have sometimes compared their conspiracy with the operations of Trade-Unions, or with the proceedings of the Corn Law League of five-and-thirty years ago; but it may be doubted whether they really wish to convince their followers that they confine themselves within the limits of the law. The leaders are not careful to rebuke their accomplices who publicly threaten the landlords with "leaden pills," or announce that five hundred thousand men in America would die happy if each could first have shot a Saxon. The apologists of the League in England, addressing a different audience, seek to extend to the Land League the toleration which has been enjoyed by many more or less factious clubs and associations. A knot of fussy and obscure admirers of anarchy have instituted a little society of their own for the professed purpose of securing impunity to the promoters of the Land League. In their profession of principles they announce that organized agitation is the best security against crimes of violence. The most conspicuous member of the new Club is a lady who has often exhibited the distinctive peculiarities of the limited class to which she thinks fit to belong. The combination of feminine logic with masculine obtuseness of perception seems to constitute the political variety of the strong-minded woman. There is reason to fear that the promoters of the movement may be disappointed of the interview for which they have applied to Mr. GLADSTONE. If, through an excess of courtesy, he should grant their request, he will perhaps explain to them the meaning of constitutional agitation.

During the earlier stage of his agitation for Repeal O'CONNELL embarrassed the Government of the day by incessant repetition of the argument that petitions for the repeal of an Act of Parliament were presented in exercise of an acknowledged constitutional right. He further contended that combinations for a lawful purpose were necessarily legitimate; and, although his meetings and his speeches brought Ireland to the verge of rebellion, he provided plausible excuses for English politicians who found it convenient to excuse or vindicate his conduct. The managers of the Land League, instead of following the precedent established by O'CONNELL, pass by Parliament in their direct and avowed prosecution of their lawless purposes. They avow their intention of abolishing "landlordism," or the ownership of land demised to occupying tenants, and they urge their followers at once to withhold payment of rent, or of the excess of rent beyond a standard arbitrarily fixed. The rack-rent which they denounce is an undisputed debt; and instigation to refuse the discharge of legal obligations would be a crime even if compliance with the counsels of the agitators were intended to be exclusively voluntary. A still more fundamental doctrine of the Land League is that no member of the body, and, it may be added, no other person, shall occupy land vacated by eviction on account of non-payment of rent. The laws enacted by the multitude on the proposal of Mr. PARNELL and his associates are to be professedly enforced by the formidable machinery of social excommunication, with the well-understood supplement, in case of disobedience, of mutilation of cattle, of bodily torture, of arson, and of murder. Combination for such objects by such methods will only cease to be unlawful when all known or imaginable laws are repealed. Instead of applying to Parliament for the relief of alleged grievances, Mr. PARNELL tells the multitude that it must legislate for itself, in the assurance that Parliament must hereafter recognize and sanction a spoliation which has once

been effected. O'CONNELL's case would be analogous if, instead of expressing a belief that the Act of Union would be repealed, he had openly advised a refusal of obedience to the existing authorities, and assured his followers that Parliament would recognize a successful revolt.

The atrocious conspiracy which has been organized against an agent in Mayo merely because he has discharged his duty to his employer has so far pleased the fancy of his savage persecutors as both to furnish a precedent of oppression, and to add a new word to the jargon of anarchy. At a late meeting of one of the branches it was resolved to "BOYCOTT" fourteen persons who are thought to have offended against the legislation of the League. Some are probably landlords or agents, or tenants who have taken prohibited land. The remainder may be tradesmen, or workmen, or private enemies of some of the local agitators. All these victims of intolerable cruelty are to be excluded from all the intercourse of life like heretics in the worst part of the dark ages. On pain of sharing their sufferings, or of still worse evils, no servant or labourer is to work for them; no tradesman is to sell them the necessaries of life; no dealer is to buy their produce; and if, without an explicit sentence, any of them should meet with a violent death, they may be well assured that no witness of the crime will be forthcoming. Since the time of the French Convention and of the Jacobin Club no more abominable organization of lawless tyranny has been witnessed. Provision has been made for even the rare and improbable contingency of the apprehension of assassins. Mr. BIGGAR lately announced that the League would bear the cost of defending such prisoners, because, as he said amid the sympathetic laughter of the audience, he might perhaps be innocent. The League would never trouble itself about his peril if he were known to be innocent. Mr. PARNELL loudly complained of certain precautions which the police had taken to prevent tampering with witnesses in the case of Mr. BOYD. Any interference with the ruffians who execute the informal decrees of the League is intolerable to the virtual principals.

The prosecution of the leaders, though it may too probably be abortive, is, as might be expected, a subject of indignation and menace. Mr. DILLON, the former apologist of cattle-maiming, and one of the defendants, has the audacity to recommend that the landlords shall be held responsible for the immunity of the chief conspirators from punishment. One peculiarity of the constitutional agitation is a claim to be above the law. The accomplices outside are to take hostages from the Government, and the landlords are within easy reach. It is true that, after threatening the landlords in general terms, Mr. DILLON speaks of an attack, not on their persons, but on their pockets. If his advice is literally followed, rent is to be wholly withheld till Mr. DILLON and his confederates are acquitted. A more liberal interpretation of the proposal will suggest itself to the popular mind. The landlords who are to be robbed or murdered in retaliation for the proceedings of the Government have no control over its policy. If they had been consulted the majority of them would probably have recommended an entirely different course of action, though it may be admitted that precautionary measures and summary justice would be less acceptable to the offenders than a doubtful appeal to a jury. Mr. DILLON's speech illustrates the invariable tendency of lawlessness to become more and more violent and unscrupulous. If there is any truth in O'CONNELL's maxim that he who commits a crime gives strength to the enemy, the enemies of the Land League, or, in other words, the respectable portion of the community, ought to have accumulated a large reserve of strength which has not yet been expended on its behalf by the Government. There is some reason to believe that, in spite of malignant pedants and strong-minded women, opinion in England is rapidly becoming unanimous. The long hesitation of the Government has probably had the effect of straining the patience of those who still retain any regard for law or for liberty. Even the Birmingham Association expresses disapproval of the conduct of the Land League, though it of course thinks it necessary at the same time to protest against the law and the tenure of land. It is less surprising that Lord CORK should have expressed at Bristol the probably well-founded opinion that the Land League agitation has but little to do with any wrongs which may have been formerly inflicted on Ireland. The contrary proposition is maintained by a writer of a pamphlet who has succeeded in eliciting one of Mr. GLADSTONE's effusive expressions of gratitude. Of one slight oversight Mr. GLADSTONE mildly complains. An account in the pamphlet of the Land Act casually omitted all mention of the compensation for disturbance which was not unreasonably considered by Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues the most important provision of the Act. Germs of future legislation which were invisible in 1870 are about to expand freely, if their vegetation is not checked by the contemptuous rejection of the whole system by the Land League. In the most innocent part of his last speech Mr. DILLON declared that the Land Act is not to be extended, but to be abolished altogether.

THE LAHORE DURBAR.

THE political characteristics of Englishmen have no doubt undergone some change of late years, yet there are some which continue to show themselves with unvarying constancy. Among these perhaps almost the first place is due to a certain impatience of important questions after they have reached a given stage. "Let us "hear no more of it" is the familiar phrase which expresses this feeling, and as an illustration of the feeling itself nothing could well be more striking than the little attention which has been paid to Lord RIPON's reported utterances at the recent Durbar at Lahore. A very few months ago Afghanistan was sufficiently frequent in the mouths of men. It certainly cannot be said that the brilliant success achieved by General ROBERTS—whose arrival in England almost at the same moment that the news of Lord RIPON's speech came to us might have been thought likely to recall public attention to the subject—ended the Afghan question. On the contrary, that question is in a more difficult, if not a more actively troublesome, condition than ever. The singular combination of resolution and irresolution which made Mr. GLADSTONE's Government decide to hold Candahar during the winter without following up the advantage of the 1st of September, and without finally determining the future status of the city itself, has produced its natural fruit. AYOUB has plucked up his spirit and is recruiting his forces in Herat; ABDURRAHMAN is holding his own, and not more than holding his own, at Cabul; the tribes of the centre are once more thinking of openly avowing their allegiance to YAKOOB, the only chief whom they have really favoured. At any moment the country may be in a blaze again, and though there is no longer much danger of a repetition of the disasters of the summer, the announced retreat from the Kurum deprives us of the last chance of effectively and speedily quenching a conflagration. The policy of holding or of evacuating Afghanistan must always be a question rather for experts possessed of local knowledge than for critics at a distance. But critics at a distance are entitled to say that a policy of shilly-shally between the two can have only one result.

It is this moment that Lord RIPON has chosen for the announcement that he intends to return to the policy of Lord LAWRENCE, and that in the future internal development is to occupy the attention mainly, if not exclusively, of the Government of India. A reporter with a nice sense of distinctions has called this "virtually a manifesto"; we shall take the liberty of discarding whatever limitation may be intended by the use of the adverb. It is a manifesto, and one of the gravest import. Pointed reference was made, it seems, to a Durbar held by the late Lord LAWRENCE in 1864; and it appears to have been implied, or stated, that the last sixteen years were to be regarded as a regrettable "loop" in Indian policy. In making use of such allusions Lord RIPON must have known very well what would be inferred from his words. It does not very much matter what the policy of the late Lord LAWRENCE actually was. It matters very much what construction has been placed on that policy in recent political controversy. That construction is sufficiently well known. For a Liberal Viceroy of India to announce his return to the policy of Lord LAWRENCE means that the policy which Mr. GLADSTONE's last Government instructed Lord NORTHBROOK to carry out is to be enforced to the utmost. What happens outside the frontiers is to be a matter of no moment, or of a languid diplomatic interest only, to the Governments at home and in the peninsula. India is, if possible, to be developed—that is to say, the lamb is to be carefully fattened; but the eyes of the shepherd are to be as carefully averted from any con-

sideration of the neighbourhood of the wolf, and the state of the walls of the fold. Just before he made these remarkable utterances Lord RIPON had been reviewing an imperfectly victorious, but still a victorious, army, to which he had paid merited compliments. But his statements at the Durbar, if not exactly a slight upon that army, amount to an insinuation that it is a somewhat superfluous instrument. All that Indian statesmen have got to do is to attend to home affairs and to let foreign affairs alone. A few months, if General SKOBELEFF's calculations are not wrong, may place him within a stone's throw, metaphorically speaking, of Northern Afghanistan; and Northern Afghanistan is divided between a declared foe of England who has been allowed to escape almost scot-free after affixing a terrible disgrace upon us, and a very uncertain friend, whose good will and power are equally doubtful. Barely three months have passed since the ease with which a hostile army, heavily equipped with artillery, can pass from the frontiers of Turkestan to the immediate neighbourhood of the frontiers of India was proved to demonstration. But all these things have apparently had no effect on Lord RIPON, or on those whose mind he speaks. True, the presence of ten thousand British troops (at least, ten thousand on paper) at Candahar seems to show that internal development is somehow or other not the only thing which must occupy an Indian Government. But this is ignored. The policy of the ostrich, and something more than the policy of the ostrich, is again openly avowed. The angry political inflammation which at the present moment extends over half Asia attracts none of Lord RIPON's attention. He speaks, apparently, as if profound peace reigned in Persia, in the desert, in Afghanistan, on the frontiers of China. He has nothing to do but to cultivate his garden; and spades and navvy's gear, not swords and intrenching tools, are to be the instruments of cultivation.

And yet, as we have said, there landed in England within a few hours of this speech of Lord RIPON's a man who was fresh from the task of relieving and partly avenging a beaten Anglo-Indian army. Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS amply deserved his reception at Dover, and a good deal more too. His famous march was the subject of some absurd apprehensions before it was completed, and of some disproportionate laudation afterwards; his victory, not in the least by his own fault, was curtailed and shorn of its proper consequences and completeness. But few modern generals, perhaps no other modern general for many years, have so thoroughly performed the task set them to do, and nothing higher can possibly be said of any soldier than this. It would, however, be exceedingly interesting, if military and political etiquette permitted it, to hear Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS's opinion as to this formal announcement by Lord RIPON that the sword may now be turned into the ploughshare all over British India. General ROBERTS has himself been almost uniformly victorious. Yet he has seen, as we have said, other English generals cooped up by hostile forces; and he has himself, at no very distant time, been subjected, though under less painful circumstances and with a more satisfactory result, to the same humiliation. He knows that the power which did this still exists, that it is only divided and temporarily reduced, not finally crushed. He is not at all likely to be prejudiced in favour of a forward policy by any vulgar feelings of self-interest; for the credit which he has won ought, at least for the time, to be sufficient for a very glutton of fame and fighting. He is said to be in favour of the permanent retention of Candahar, as indeed are most military men; but that is not the point at issue. The point is whether any one acquainted with the circumstances and unbiassed by political necessities and prejudices can adopt, as Lord RIPON would seem to have adopted, the policy of blindness to the external dangers of India. No doubt there are internal dangers, too, though it is at least worthy of consideration whether over- rather than under-development may not be said to be at the bottom of most of these; but that is not the point either. Of course it is of the highest importance that the prevention and mitigation of famine, the development of manufactures, the proper distribution of taxation, and all the other cares of a wise Home Office, should occupy the attention of the Indian Government. But the question is whether the attitude which might have befitted England as to her own interior condition at the conclusion of the NAPOLEON wars befits India now. It is inconceivable that a practical soldier or a statesman unpledged to party should answer the question in the affirmative. The mere utterance of the words Persia, Merv, Herat, Cabul, Kashgar, Burmah, is sufficient to show that such an answer is utterly wrong. No doubt it is advisable that the military cares and proceedings of the Indian Government should be directed rather to defence than to offence. But defence in Eastern countries has to be of a decidedly offensive character. The mere expression of a plaintive desire to be left alone and allowed to develop oneself comfortably and at leisure is certainly not the way to secure the opportunity for such development. Distasteful as the fact may be to certain schools of politicians, we won India by the sword, and by the sword, like every one else who has ever had anything to do with the country, we must keep or lose it. The expenditure necessary for the purpose of keeping it is no doubt to be regretted; but it is the most necessary and remunerative expenditure in the whole Indian Budget, and there is no reason to believe that, if minimized by a constant maintenance of the army in a state of efficiency and by the showing of a bold front, so as to discourage attempts from without, it is more than the country can fairly bear. On the other hand, the policy, at least as that policy is construed by his own party, to which Lord RIPON announces his return, means in all human probability another Afghan war and the expenditure of an unknown number of millions, perhaps at a time when England and India may be in the severest straits.

THE FRENCH DEBATE ON THE MAGISTRACY.

MOST English readers of newspapers are aware that a measure has been introduced into the French Chamber for a reform of the magistracy, and that the principal provision of the measure is that during the period of one year magistrates belonging to Courts inferior to that of the Supreme Court of Appeal shall be removable at the discretion of the Executive. What cannot be learnt from the ordinary sources of information is how this proposal comes to be made, how it is defended, and on what grounds it is attacked. Every proposal of the Government is attacked by its avowed enemies, but this proposal is attacked by some who are the Government's warm friends. The debate has been ably conducted, and the speeches of those Republicans who support and those Republicans who attack the proposal throw much light on the past history of France, on the present state of French feeling, and on the incidents of French daily life. It is impossible to notice all the speeches that have been made during a long debate; but the speeches of M. RIBOT against the proposal, of M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU in support of it, and of M. BOYSSET, who not only contributed general arguments in its favour, but adduced specific facts to show that it was needed, may be taken as representative. M. RIBOT is a Republican of the DUFAURE school, and he naturally opposed a measure which he thought revolutionary in itself and dangerous to the Republic. But his line of argument was one which no one but a Frenchman could have invented. He maintained, in the first place, that the magistrates were covered by a sort of prescription. The Republic has now lasted for ten years, and even if a new Government has a title to purify the magistrature, the Republic is barred by time from exercising the right. Magistrates have, he admitted, given recently very perverted decisions in political cases, but that, he suggested, was the fault not of the magistrates so much as of the Legislature, which ought long before this to have referred all political questions to a jury. Magistrates have also given numerous decisions against the agents of the Government in questions arising out of the expulsion of the congregations. But the contention that the Government was wrong in point of law was supported by the authority of a large body of eminent jurisconsults, and magistrates must not be accused of perverting justice to spite the Government simply because they shared the opinion of acknowledged leaders of the Bar. The Tribunal of Conflicts has now decided the law, and decided it by a majority which was only a majority because a member of the Government exercised his right to sit as a member of the Tribunal. However the decision may have been obtained, it exists, and M. RIBOT declares that he would be ready to visit with the most terrible penalties any magistrate who did not obey a

decision which he is bound to obey. But here comes in a phase of French law which is altogether out of the sphere of English thought and experience. The decision of a Court of Appeal, however supreme, is only a "doctrine" which inferior tribunals may adopt or not. In the particular cases carried to the Court of Appeal the judgment is final; but in new cases precisely similar the magistrates may decide, if they please, in direct contravention of the Court of Appeal, and leave suitors to get redress by carrying their cases to the higher tribunal. That in practice the French judges have been irremovable, M. RIBOT avowed that it was impossible to contend. NAPOLEON I. openly declared that his judges must do what he wished, or lose their posts. The charter accepted at the time of the Restoration expressly laid down that judges should be irremovable; but the Government of the Restoration soon cleared the Bench of its opponents, under the pretext that the charter said that judges were appointed by the King, and that, therefore, all judges named before there was a King to appoint them might be dismissed. Under the Second Empire the judges were nominally irremovable, but obnoxious judges were got rid of by the simple process of carting them beyond the French frontier, and filling up their places on the ground that they were absent without leave. But all these Governments were, in M. RIBOT's eyes, bad Governments. What he maintained was, that good Governments did not remove judges. After the Revolution of 1830 the same proposal was made which is made now, that during a year judges should be removable; but this proposal was rejected, through the influence of the Government. In 1848 the Assembly refused to sanction the dismissal of judges who had been summarily relieved of their duties by the Keeper of the Seals, and among the supporters of this refusal was found M. BARTHÉLEMY ST.-HILAIRE. But the argument on which M. RIBOT most confidently insisted, and which seems to have most approved itself to his auditors, was that no Keeper of the Seals could, in the short time of a year, look personally into all the cases of magistrates said to be hostile which would be nominally brought before him. A door would be open to all kinds of enmities and calumnies, and while one obscure clerk in the provinces would settle that a magistrate should be hunted down, another obscure clerk at Paris would settle that the end of the hunt should be the destruction of the victim.

M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU is the reporter of the Commission in concert with which the Government has brought in its Bill, and it was he who replied to the attack of M. RIBOT. He set himself, in the first place, to destroy the assumption that the judges held their offices under any pledge that they would not under any circumstances be removed. What they really held was a title to permanence of office, subject to the right of every new Government to remove them on its entrance into power. No one could contend that under the First and Second Empires, and under the Restoration, this had been the nature of the tenure of judicial office. Under LOUIS PHILIPPE, the judges had not been removed, but the Government long hesitated whether it would or would not exercise its right, and only decided to abandon it when it thought it had discovered a milder equivalent. It forced all the judges to swear allegiance to LOUIS PHILIPPE, and, as sincere Legitimists would not perjure themselves, the Bench was purified, in an Orleanist sense, by the resignation of all who were hostile. In 1848, it is true, the leading Republicans decided against using the right of removal; but many other leading Republicans thought this decision wrong, and no one was so distinct in condemning the foolish piece of self-sacrifice as M. JULES SIMON. The Republic has now lasted ten years, but during the greater part of the time the Republic has been only nominal. It was not until after the 16th of May and the fall of the Ministry of MM. BUFFET and FOURTOU that a real Republican Government was established, and on no occasion was the hostility of the Bonapartist section of the magistracy displayed with so much violence and ostentatious illegality as on the eve of and during the elections which decided that France should be Republican. M. DUFAURE himself so recently as last year reminded the Chamber that he and his colleagues had attained power after a struggle which at the time of the elections had almost attained the proportions of a civil war, and that they had discovered that "under the orders of an "active and resolute Government many magistrates had "forgotten the rules of judicial impartiality, and had become mere partisans in the exercise of their functions." Many of these magistrates, indeed, make no pretence of impartiality. They were appointed under the Empire, behaved as the Empire wished, were constantly under inspection, and were regularly reported on to the EMPEROR as displaying, or failing to display, the proper degree of devotion. The Republican Government has not been in a hurry to exercise the right which accrued to it when M. DUFAURE became the first real Republican Minister. In spite of the hostility displayed by numerous judges at the time of the elections which founded the real Republic, the Government waited to see how these hostile judges would behave under a Government which wished to be liberal and indulgent. M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU affirmed that their behaviour had been such as not only to thwart and embarrass the Government, but to bring the general body of the magistracy into disrepute. Every one agreed that the majority of judges were fair and honourable men, but a minority of violent and partial men had undermined the confidence and respect which it was so desirable that the public should accord to the whole body of the magistracy. It was to recreate afresh the lost respect paid to judges, which it was said could only be secured by judges being irremovable, that the Government at last found itself obliged to do as other Governments had done, and to purify the Bench in its own sense.

Any one who had listened to the debate thus far must have longed above all things for the advent of some speaker who would descend from generals to particulars, and would give specific instances of the bad behaviour of bad judges. M. BOYSSET fulfilled, or endeavoured to fulfil, this task. He gave a series of instances, some of which broke down, but some of which were accepted as worth consideration by the opponents of the Bill. There was a case of a man who was tried for using insulting expressions in reference to President GRÉVY, and he was acquitted; but the tribunal merely decided that he had never used the alleged expressions. In another case, a Préfet had been assaulted, and the assailant was acquitted; but it was shown that the Préfet had struck the man's wife, and the Court held that this was reasonable provocation. These cases, when examined, showed nothing at all against the judges. The most rigid Republicans might have been expected to arrive at the same conclusions. In another case, which, however, M. BOYSSET treated with some confusion and indistinctness, it appeared that a large employer of labour, who had taken a part in a recent municipal election against the Republican candidate, and had been guilty of gross corruption and bribery, had been acquitted in face of the evidence. At Angers the judges, before beginning their sitting, had attended mass in a church where fleurs-de-lys were said to be ostentatiously displayed. The Bishop of ANGERS, who is a member of the Chamber, explained that the fleurs-de-lys were not the real political emblems, but were partly intended to represent the virginity of the VIRGIN, and were partly borrowed from the arms of the town of Angers. He had, however, to own that these emblems were so generally taken to be political that the Republican members of the parquet refused to be present. Then, again, in the judgment of the tribunal of Perpignan, the agent of the Government, who had carried out his instructions in expelling a congregation, was described as a malefactor and a thief, and this judgment before it was registered was communicated by the tribunal to a Bonapartist journal. This was indecent and improper, and it was not surprising that it should have irritated the local Republicans. But the general effect of M. BOYSSET's disclosures was to suggest that specific acts of bad behaviour on the part of judges are hard to find, and that the hostility of anti-Republican judges, if it actually exists on any considerable scale, is displayed in their general demeanour, and in slight acts which, to people who know a locality well, show a bias rather than an open violation of justice.

THE COLSTON SPEECHES.

THE citizens of Bristol are fortunate in possessing a local hero or patron saint who bears testimony, probably without any purpose of his own, to the great truths that there are two sides to a question, and that it is not always necessary to take either side. COLSTON's memory

is year after year simultaneously celebrated by Conservatives and Liberals, while the guests at a third or neutral dinner judiciously abstain from talking politics. The managers naturally exert themselves to secure the attendance of the most considerable members of their respective parties. In the present year the Conservatives were fortunate in obtaining the services of their leader in the House of Commons, while the Cabinet Councils in London compelled the Liberals to content themselves with a highly respectable politician of the second rank. In the peculiar circumstances it was impossible for Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN to answer Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. The "Dolphin" and the "Anchor" Societies are not within hearing of one another, and consequently the representatives of opposite opinions are in the position of hostile champions separated from one another as in an ancient tilt-yard by a longitudinal barrier which prevents a direct encounter. Although, as a general rule, the conflict of arguments may be thought conducive to the eliciting of true results, the comparison of independent statements is also a useful form of political controversy. When two competent speakers severally expound their respective doctrines, they can scarcely fail to throw light on the points at issue between them. It may be collected from the Bristol speeches that on the questions which are immediately urgent there is no violent antagonism between Conservatives and temperate Liberals. Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN did not recommend a war for the aggrandizement of Greece, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE admitted that an enlargement of Greek territory would be desirable, if it could be peaceably accomplished. The general proposition that the Government ought, to the best of its power, to carry out the Treaty of Berlin will not be denied by those who were vehemently attacked for creating the obligation which is, when convenient, to be discharged.

There is nothing inconsistent in paying a personal tribute to the merits of both the eminent personages who have for many years been the undisputed leaders of the two great parties. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE praised the courage and the skill with which Lord BEACONSFIELD organized and disciplined the followers whom he eventually led to temporary success. As he justly observed, the similar exercise of the same qualities might perhaps lead to a like result; and it was not necessary to remember that the task would require the efforts of another DISRAELI. Since the fall of the late Government the torrent of vituperation which had long been directed against Lord BEACONSFIELD has been dried up or diverted. His adversaries are appeased by the knowledge that he is not likely to head a future reaction against their present supremacy. Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN also began his speech with an enthusiastic eulogy of "that great statesman who, with a fire unquenched by "the snows of seventy winters, had answered a nation's "call, and grasped the rudder of State." He might have added that Mr. GLADSTONE himself evoked the call, and that he thrust aside all competitors for the command of the State rudder. No adverse critic will dispute the fiery energy of the PRIME MINISTER, though domestic and foreign affairs afford at present but doubtful illustrations of his wisdom. Expressions of party loyalty are always becoming, and they conveniently fill up the intervals of practical discussion. It is perhaps not inexpedient that a popular audience should from time to time be reminded of the great influence which personal qualities have exercised on the course of recent history. It is impossible to conjecture the consequences which might have followed from the uncontested predominance of either of the two great rivals; but it may be confidently affirmed that none of their contemporaries could have filled the place of either.

Neither of the COLSTON orators thought it necessary to abstain from the commonplaces which unavoidably constitute the staple of party speeches. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE reproduced at length the just comments which have been made during two or three months on the naval demonstration; and he even thought it worth while to explain, for the twentieth time, that Dulcigno was, according to the text of the Treaty of Berlin, to be surrendered, not by Turkey to Montenegro, but by Montenegro to Turkey. As Dulcigno was by a double process of negotiation substituted for another district which had been assigned to Montenegro, the provisions of the Treaty apply to the territory now in dispute; and the Turkish Government has, in fact, never denied the justice of the claim which it has so long hesitated to satisfy. After all, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE hoped that Dulcigno would be surrendered, though, in the discharge of his duty as a party politician, he implied rather than asserted that the Government was to blame. It is less unstatesmanlike to carp vaguely at the policy of a hostile Ministry than to emulate the factious violence of the late Opposition. No enemy of England will be encouraged, and no ally will be alienated, by the conventional arguments of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. On Indian policy he was wisely and patriotically silent. The difficulties of the Government are national embarrassments which can only be aggravated by premature censure and unseasonable discussion. On domestic legislation the leader of the Opposition had nothing to say. Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN referred, it may be hoped with laudable brevity, to his own triumph in the matter of the Burials Bill; and he recommended a sweeping change in the laws which regulate the tenure of land. The oddest expression of opinion at either dinner was Mr. SAMUEL MORLEY's demand of protection for sugar refiners against the effect of the perverse French bounties. There seem to have been differences of opinion among the audience; and it is certain that the present Government will not concede Mr. MORLEY's demand. It is curious and instructive to learn how lightly the true economic faith is regarded by some of its professed votaries.

Entering into the spirit of a party banquet, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE was more anxious to taunt the Government with its errors than to suggest a sound policy for Ireland. His references to the reckless language of some of the Ministers were perfectly accurate; but the quotations had been anticipated, and the mischief is done. Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN spoke even more strongly of the crimes of the Irish agitators, and of the duty which devolves on the Government. "When," he said, "they saw "murder and outrage stalking in the noonday undetected, "and, he might almost say, unreproved, when they found "that men of note and position advocated assassination "on the ground that in certain circumstances it might be "necessary, then it was high time for any Government "worthy of the name to remember that there was one "duty which was before and above that of maintaining "and upholding the law, and that was of protecting the "lives of the people, and of maintaining the integrity of "the Empire." A vigorous and distinct declaration in favour of exceptional temporary legislation may compensate for commonplaces in which in other parts of his speech Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN freely indulged. Nothing is more tiresome in ordinary Liberal speeches than the unfounded assertion that the party is too vigorous, too independent, and too original to constitute a mechanical majority. The Liberal of rhetorical fiction is a philosopher, if not a man of genius, who has investigated all political problems for himself, and who consequently finds himself not strictly in accordance with the equally spontaneous convictions of his allies. The Liberal voter or member in real life is one of the most servile of adherents to the stock propositions which are from time to time enunciated by his teachers and repeated by his associates. It is of such materials that constituencies—not to say deliberative assemblies—are necessarily formed, and both Conservatives and Liberals think and speak in flocks. It is but idle flattery to teach one of two organized bodies of partisans that it consists wholly of thoughtful inquirers after truth. It may be the right of Liberals, as Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN affirms, to think for themselves, but it is a right which they seldom exercise. The orator, indeed, proceeded to caution his party not to endanger their political orthodoxy by too much communication with the educated classes. They are not to look to Pall Mall or Piccadilly, but to the great centres of industry—to Birmingham, Manchester, and Bristol. Liverpool, which is even more Conservative than London, is of course excluded from the list of oracular shrines. Mr. GLADSTONE has often laid down the principle that he is not to be judged by his social and intellectual equals, but by blind and devoted disciples. It is probable that Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN would, if he had the choice, rather convince scholars, economists, and men of the world than even the most enlightened artisans; but the enterprise is more arduous, and political power and cultivated intelligence are in modern times effectually dissociated.

THE JEWS IN GERMANY.

It may seem strange that the English, who are not at bottom a tolerant race, should be distinctly in advance of their German relatives in their attitude towards the Jews. Even when they were doing their best to keep Baron Rothschild out of Parliament, Englishmen spoke with genuine reverence of his vast wealth. He was so very rich that he ought to have been an orthodox Christian. Surely Divine grace could not in the end be withheld from a man with such a business. It was necessary to oppose his entry into the House of Commons in the interval; but it was a necessity that gave pain, not pleasure, to those who felt its force. For many years past all that we have done in the way of persecuting the Jews has been to try to convert them; and, though a good deal of money has been spent on this excellent object, we never heard that a single Jew objected to the outlay. Nothing came of the effort, and the Jewish race have always been content to put up with it, on the familiar plea that it pleased us and did not hurt them. Unfortunately, Germany is not precisely a country in which schemes of conversion are likely to make much way. If an English Protestant is troubled at the worldly success of a Hebrew neighbour, he may hope that by the labours of the admirable Society for the Conversion of the Jews his rival may have the veil removed from his eyes and be brought to see the wickedness of underselling an equally eager, but rather less clever, Christian. Herr Stocker, the Court Chaplain who has made himself so especially conspicuous in the *Judenhetze*, has no such resource open to him. The last thing that a German thinks of doing with a Jew is to convert him. The hatred in which the race is now held in Germany is far too practical to be appeased by any such trifle as a change of religion. If the German Jews became Christians to-morrow, they would be equally unpopular, because they would be equally powerful. If they were rather stupid, and not good at making money, and altogether given to lag behind their Christian neighbours, they might be of any religion they liked. Their offence is that in all these respects they are better men than the Christians. They work harder, they earn more, they are sharper to see and seize advantages. If they became Christians, a new reason would have to be found for hating them; but it certainly would be found. At the same time it is prudent not to plume ourselves too much on the superior reasonableness of our attitude towards the Jews, because we have undoubtedly enjoyed an advantage which the Germans have lacked. We had the Roman Catholics to bait, and no one can accuse us of having let this part of our duties go unperformed. Herr Stocker recalls the late Dr. McNeile. The strongest things that have been publicly said against the Jews might be paralleled in the controversial literature of English Protestantism. Nor had Englishmen the same excuse that the Germans have. The Roman Catholics in this country, at the time when the baiting of them was carried to the greatest extent, were neither powerful nor numerous. They did not absorb the business of Protestants, or divert to their own use gains which, but for them, might have fructified in the pockets of men who could have passed an examination in every dark saying in the Apocalypse. It will be time enough to praise ourselves as unmistakably superior to the Germans when we have been exposed to similar temptations.

The *Judenhetze* has now assumed a highly concrete and practical form. According to the Berlin Correspondent of the *Times*, the position of the Jews has lately borne in some cases an unpleasant resemblance to their lot in the middle ages. They are subjected to constant indignities, and though they seem very well able to protect themseves, the fact that they are in a minority makes it difficult to have the means of protecting themselves always at hand. A Jewish volunteer has lately shot his lieutenant. A Jewish passenger in a public conveyance has caned a teacher in a gymnasium. A Jewish student at Göttingen has just killed a Christian fellow-student in a duel. A Jewish merchant has boxed an offending Christian's ears. Of course these little incidents were all preceded by some violent act on the part of the Christian antagonist. The Jews are a great deal too shrewd to quarrel with Christians when the latter give them no provocation. The presence of a Jew in a café or in a railway-carriage seems to be regarded by many persons as a sufficient excuse for turning the conversation to the degraded position and despicable character of this unfortunate race. As there are 400,000 Jews in Germany alone, and 800,000 across the frontier in German Austria, the unfortunate race is not likely to submit to ill treatment calmly. It is fair to say that, so far as the authorities are concerned, the Jews seem to be treated quite fairly. The Jew who punished a Christian in a public conveyance afterwards placed him in the hands of the police, and it is not stated that the police made any difficulties about receiving the charge. The Jewish student who killed a Christian at Göttingen has been liberated on his own recognizances. The persecution is a purely popular one, though it is not perhaps the less annoying on that account.

It usually happens nowadays that even the most irrational persecutors shrink from putting their exact demands on paper. The Germans are in this respect more logical. They know what they want, and they are quite willing that the world should know it too. They have been circulating a petition to Prince Bismarck, in which their modest requests are formulated in the simplest and most childlike fashion. They ask that foreign Jews shall not be allowed to settle in Germany, and that the race shall be excluded from the higher Civil Service, from practising as advocates, from holding judicial positions, and from acting as teachers in schools. The curious feature about this petition is that it says nothing about the career in which Jews have won their greatest successes, and consequently given the greatest offence. Why should a Jew be forbidden to be a tax-gatherer or an usher in a school when he is allowed to make a hundred times as much money in business? The explanation may be that German merchants are too shrewd to ask for impossibilities, and leave that method of opposing the Jews to Professors and Court Chaplains; or that they are afraid of the consequences that might follow if their requests were put into words without being conceded in fact. To have offended all their Jewish fellow-traders, and yet not have deprived them of any of their power of rendering mischief for mischief, would decidedly be a dangerous game. However superior the meanest Christian may feel himself in comparison with a Jew, this superiority does not in the least prevent the Christian from owing the Jew money, or the Jew from holding the Christian's securities. A creditor might not be very accommodating if he had just read a prayer that he should in future be shut out from exercising his calling, and had noticed his debtor's name appended to the petition. It is not likely that Herr Stocker or Professor Treitschke have in this sense gone to the Jews before taking up arms against them. When things have come to this pass, it is plainly time that Parliament should have something to say about them. The Government are about to be asked some question which will give them an opportunity of throwing cold water on the Anti-Jewish movement, and it can hardly be supposed that they will let the occasion slip. In these days Continental sovereigns find the Jews an exceedingly convenient class of subjects. They are of far too much importance, speaking financially, to make any Minister wish to quarrel with them. The authors of the petition will probably be slow to abandon all hope that they will gain their end; but the rejection of their demands will, it may be hoped, be sufficiently decisive to prevent any new adherents from joining them. It is not improbable that this curious wave of reaction and intolerance may be only the dash of cold water thrown on just before the pot boils, and be regarded hereafter as the prelude to a fresh Jewish advance rather than as the signal for any permanent decline.

WATER.

The deputation which waited on the President of the Local Government Board last week had a disastrous story to tell. There was at once a melancholy sameness and a melancholy variety about the statements made by the various speakers. All had to speak of heavy losses, and each district had lost that which it most cared to save. Near Bedford there are ten thousand acres practically under water, and one large farmer is paying rent for many acres which he has not seen for two years. In the valley of the Ouse enough produce to feed thirty thousand head of cattle has been made worthless, and the fertility of the soil is gradually being destroyed by constant soaking. During the past year the death-rate in the town of Huntingdon has been double the normal rate; and in the towns and villages

along the Ouse the inhabitants have again and again had to live in the top stories of their houses, and to have all their provisions brought to them in boats. In the valley of the Avon food to the value of 63,000l. has been destroyed on eighteen miles of ground within the last twelve months, and the hay crop was carried into the sea. These cases are typical of a vast number more. Small losses that make but little figure in themselves may, in the aggregate, represent as much poverty and suffering as more conspicuous calamities. No one can have travelled over the English lowlands during the last six weeks without seeing for himself something of what the floods have done. There is hardly a river which has not overflowed its banks, and wherever that overflow has come there has been loss of produce or loss of time, destruction of wealth actually harvested, or delay in the production of fresh wealth. When crops are carried away or rendered worthless, it means injury to the farmer. When the ground cannot be prepared for new crops, it means injury to the labourer. Our streams are only innocent when they are kept within their natural boundaries; and, with such seasons as we have had of late years, the natural boundaries of many streams are coming to be scarcely known except by tradition.

Mr. DODSON is not the only Minister whose life is made burdensome by the water question. The singular system which makes London a law to itself in sanitary matters commits the question of the London Water Supply to the care of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. The Vestries and district Boards of London and its suburbs have appointed delegates to consider the composition of the Water Trust which the Select Committee of last Session recommended should be appointed, and these delegates now ask for an interview with the HOME SECRETARY, at which they may acquaint him with the conclusions they have come to. As is commonly the case, the public have been made acquainted with these views in advance of the Minister. The delegates want a Water Trust, but they object to the particular Water Trust suggested by the Select Committee. They do not wish that the Water Trust should be "filtrated" from the Metropolitan Board of Works and the Corporation of London. Possibly the recollection of the very imperfect results obtained by a similar process as regards the actual water supply may unconsciously have suggested this preference for direct election. The proposal of the delegates is that the water authority should be constructed on a basis as representative as that of the London School Board, and that all the districts supplied by the London Water Companies should have members allotted to them. This Water Trust should be empowered to buy the undertakings of the existing Water Companies, if they can be had on reasonable terms, or, if that proves impossible, to introduce an independent supply. For this purpose the Trust should have full powers to raise capital, impose rates, and "control, in the "interest of the ratepayers, this essential necessary of "life." At this early stage of the proposal it may be enough to point out that life in London is in danger of being seriously embittered by the multiplication of municipal bodies of one sort or another. If the new Water Trust is constituted in the manner proposed by the delegates, Londoners will be in this singular position. One large part of their affairs, including the care of the public health, drainage only excepted, will be in the hands of the Vestries. Another large part, drainage included, will be in the hands of the Metropolitan Board of Works. About the election to these two bodies the average Londoner knows nothing whatever. He is probably ignorant of the names of the vestrymen who are supposed to represent him, of the time when they were elected, and of the time when they will be elected again. All his electioneering interest will be devoted to the periodical creation of two quite different bodies—a Board to look after the supply of water, and a Board to look after the supply of education. As the Corporation of London takes the place of some of these bodies within the City, the result will be that London will be governed by five distinct, and occasionally conflicting, authorities—a state of things which can only be agreeable to the gentlemen who compose the bodies in question.

These two subjects—the supply of water and the prevention of floods—may prove by and by to have a closer mutual connexion than that which is furnished by their being concerned with the same material, or being brought before the notice of the Government about the same time. London, though it is the largest, is not the only, consumer of water. Every other great town either is or has been dissatisfied with the water to be had in its own immediate neighbourhood, and is going, or has already gone, in search of water it likes better. The cause to which the increased prevalence of floods is generally attributed is the improved drainage of land. The water which was once allowed to soak into the soil is now carried off from it, and poured into the rivers in volumes too great for them to carry off. But it is carried off in the end, and, when carried off, is lost. If wet seasons were habitual in this country this consideration might not have much importance. But, though they have been common of late years, they are not the rule. It is quite possible that we may have a succession of droughts as marked as the succession of floods which we have recently witnessed; it is almost certain that on a large average of years the customary proportion between the two will be fairly maintained. Whether floods remain as common as they are now, or are prevented by better arrangements for carrying them away, it seems conceivable, to say the least, that any very large adoption of the practice of bringing water from a distance for the use of great towns may end in something like a water famine to the unfortunate inhabitants of the villages and small towns lying nearer to the source of the supply. Their water will be cut off from them at both ends. The gathering-ground will be drained by London or Manchester, and what little escapes will be swept into the empty channels of the rivers and carried at once into the sea. It seems imperatively necessary, if we are not in remedying one evil to lay the seeds of another, that the Water question should be taken up as a whole at the same time that it is taken up in parts. With such a population as ours even water is not inexhaustible. If we have too much of it at one time or in one place, we may easily have too little of it at another time or in another place. We have seen something already of the mischief that may be done by ill-considered draining—ill-considered, that is, in the sense that the immediate object is pursued to the neglect of more remote objects of equal importance. If, on the one hand, Parliament sets to work to improve the channels of our rivers, to remove obstructions in their course, to buy up the mills that now help to keep the water back, and generally to do all the things that the deputation pressed on Mr. DODSON's attention the other day; and if, on the other hand, it gives power to local authorities everywhere to bring water from any district where water is to be found, without regard to the drought that will be left behind, the consequences may be very much more serious than seems to be supposed. The unfortunate thing is that matters have now come to that pass that any suggestion which points to any considerable further delay is sure to be scouted. When cities like London or Manchester want water, they do not like to be put off with a Royal Commission. Nor do we know that any further evidence on these points remains to be taken. What is wanted is rather such a digest of the testimony already in hand as may give the Government a reasonable confidence that no important fact has been overlooked, and that they can meet Parliament with a full and precise statement of what it is that needs to be done. The situation and extent of our chief sources of supply, the possibility of making the inhabitants of the places in the neighbourhood of the gathering-grounds independent of any loss caused by the diversion of their contents, the extent to which river-water can any longer be safely used for drinking, the possibility of utilizing rain-water on a large scale—these are the points upon which the Government ought to have information; and we are inclined to think that, if two or three competent public servants were appointed to digest and draw inferences from the materials already brought together, the preparation of a really useful body of legislation on the subject need not be long delayed. Even the delay of a year or two would be preferable to the discovery that our whole action in relation to water supply had been a series of costly blunders.

CONTINENTAL TRAVEL.

THE palmy days of innkeeping, when in August or September travellers often had to implore shelter, and assert with the most pathetic fervour their readiness to sleep in the *salle-à-manger*, the reading-room, or indeed in any place where they would be under cover, are passed, and, except in one or two happy spots,

do not seem likely to recur; but probably the hotel-keepers on the great routes and in the districts frequented by tourists have done well during the autumn season which has just closed, and, though not proud and joyous as they were in the days when they sternly ruled submissive guests, have no reason to be discontented with the custom they have received either this or last year, and probably consider that things are, on the whole, well ordered in a respectable world. Whether travellers have much reason for content is unfortunately a different question. Those people, for the most part very young, to whom foreign travel is entirely new, of course find enjoyment everywhere, and are indifferent to discomfort; but those who have experience of the Continent, and have journeyed in the frequented countries during the last two or three seasons, must have perceived that, notwithstanding some recent improvements, travel is not becoming, on the whole, easier, and that, despite the lesson which has been read to extortionate landlords, it is likely to become more expensive. That there have of late been some alterations for the better may be freely acknowledged. Sleeping-carriages, which have long been running in Germany, have at last been fully accepted by some of the great French Companies, and though the tariff for them is in many cases exorbitant, the facilities for using them are being increased. Under a Republic the marvellous tyranny which railway officials were wont to show has been tempered. On the line which is taken by most of those who go to the South, travellers are no longer treated as if they were convicts, and the Company has actually pushed its liberality so far as to refrain from penning them up, and to allow them to walk about the platforms. It is true that the permission is given with fear and trembling, and is fenced round with precautions much resembling those which in England are addressed to little boys who are going out by themselves; but still it is, for so conservative a Company, a considerable concession. With inns, as with French railways, there has been some amelioration. Hotel accommodation has been extended, and places which formerly had to be avoided by all but those who were very hardy can now be visited in comparative comfort. Knowledge of English has, owing principally to the Americans, extended in a marvellous manner, and the traveller who is a good linguist often finds that he is scarcely allowed to speak the language of the country in which he is sojourning. There is almost everywhere some attempt at cleanliness, and some deference is now generally shown to what are regarded as the peculiar prejudices of Englishmen. The ways of British and American tourists are more thoroughly understood than they were, and the effort to please them is more intelligent.

But, if there has been a slight improvement in some respects, in others there seems to have been a change for the worse. If in France railways are a little more comfortable than they were, those in Italy, where the number of English travellers is now so very large, seem to be, if possible, worse than ever. The management of most of the lines is marked by all the faults of the French railway system, but by none of its merits. The officials are often peremptory in the extreme, the trains are now usually crowded, and the carriages are uncomfortable and sometimes filthy. These annoyances, though not inconsiderable, might be cheerfully endured if there was fair punctuality. This, however, seems scarcely to be thought of on many Italian lines. Long as are the periods allowed for the journeys, the trains are usually behind time. For some incomprehensible reason it is the delight of Italian managers to fix long stoppages at many stations where there is but little traffic. These stoppages it is the delight of station-masters and guards to protract, and they seem specially to take pleasure in prolonging them when the train is late. Who that has travelled much in Italy does not recall those long and weary halts at wayside stations? The train, which is fifty minutes or so late, slackens most gradually its very moderate speed, and at last draws up before the rickety little building in front of which a dirty official is standing. One second-class passenger with a small hand-bag gets out, and another gets in. There is no luggage to load or unload, and it is fondly hoped that the train will go on; but this does not happen. The station-master converses with the guards, the engine-driver with some local friends. One of the guards relieves his feelings at intervals by crying out "Partenza!" and then resumes the thread of his discourse. If any unfortunate people get down, they are savagely driven back again; but still the train remains stationary. When at last it makes its creaking way out, the unnecessarily long period allowed for the halt has been largely exceeded, and the probable time of arrival at the terminus made yet more painfully obscure than it was. That such dawdling is common in Italy, and that it is typical of the general spirit of unpunctuality which prevails, will hardly be denied by any one who knows much of the country. Of course with some trains more care is taken; but there is, on the whole, great carelessness, and great discomfort in consequence. In fact, it may be said that the Italian railways are to those of France and Germany as the London and South-Western is to the Northern lines; and, besides being unpunctual, Italian trains sometimes start at the most inconvenient hours. The comfort of travellers seems to be utterly disregarded, and probably those who arrange the times never give a thought to it, but consider only what will best suit the Railway Company. The discomfort caused by crowded carriages, unpunctuality, and inconvenient times of departure is not inconsiderable; but it is a small matter compared with a much graver evil which too often afflicts travellers in Italy, and which seems to have increased of late. Robbery appears now to be more frequent than ever, and thieves occasionally show an audacity which strongly argues the connivance of the officials. By no small troubles, then, is the traveller in the much-sought country now beset, and these seem lately to have grown greater rather than less.

Good hotels are even more desired by the wanderer than quick and punctual trains; and hotels, both in Italy and elsewhere, have latterly, as has been said above, improved a little in some respects, but in others they have certainly deteriorated. In the first place, there is the painful monotony of modern inns which grows more marked every year. Hotels now are built on the same plan, furnished in the same way, and have similar *menus*, similar German waiters, and similar dining and sitting rooms all over Europe. In the house in which the traveller stops there is nothing, or scarcely anything, to suggest to him the country he is sojourning in. An hotel in one great city is exactly like an hotel in another great city. This was not so formerly, when one of the pleasant things in travelling in some parts of Europe was to observe the difference in national habits as shown by the customs of good old-fashioned inns. This monotony certainly detracts from the enjoyment of travel, one of the principal objects of which is variety; but it might easily be tolerated if uniformity had brought excellence. Unfortunately this is not the case, uniformity having in some respects made things worse instead of better. It is tiresome to have to eat the same dinner all over Europe; but it is more than tiresome when that dinner is a bad one. In other days the table-d'hôte frequently offered the traveller an excellent meal. There were local dishes, often accompanied by good local wines. Now the special aim of the hotel manager seems to be to exclude anything peculiar to the national *cuisine*, and to give only those dishes which can be got anywhere. These are usually composed of very bad materials. Formerly the best food in the market was often bought by hotel-keepers, but now the cheapest is generally taken. This is disguised by those wonderful sauces which are so precisely alike everywhere as to encourage the supposition that they are made at some central factory, and thence despatched all over Europe. In nothing has there been so much falling off as in the Continental table-d'hôte, and of late this has been specially marked. Some hotels keep up their reputation; but, as a rule, the "ordinary" grows more monotonous and worse every season; and, after all, dinner is an important incident in travel. The wine which has to be drunk is also a matter of some importance to the traveller; and the more so that the water at hotels is sometimes more dangerous than British gin or Boulevard absinthe, and that death may lurk, it seems, even in the apparently harmless siphon. With regard to wine, hotel-keepers are apparently incorrigible, and, indeed, so covetous in penny-wise fashion as to be blind to their own interests. They expect to make a large profit on it, and in this perhaps they are justified; but the profit which they consider a proper one is so enormous as to make their trade in wine much smaller than it might be. They cannot grasp the very simple fact that, if the price of an article is raised beyond a certain point, the consumption is checked. The poorest and cheapest wine is generally bought, and, re-christened with high-sounding names, is offered at high prices in the extremely untruthful *carte des vins*. Travellers find that they have to pay a great deal for wretched stuff, and accordingly drink as little as possible. Not long ago a German sitting next to an Englishman at a table-d'hôte observed, "I have never been in England, sir, but I have travelled much in Europe, and I cannot imagine why your countrymen are said to be large wine-drinkers. They have always seemed to me extremely moderate. Look round this table, now." The German was quite right so far as his observation went. Generally speaking, not much wine is consumed at hotels, because it is so dear and so abominable. No doubt in one respect a good result is produced; but abroad, as at home, all but a few fanatics think good wine in moderation desirable, and at most hotels this is not to be obtained save at exorbitant prices. Very often even those who are willing to pay exorbitant prices find merely that they have been more cheated than the rest. Some time ago we spoke of the foolish covetousness of landlords in this respect, and since then their ideas of what they should supply to their guests seem to have sunk lower and lower. Just now the unfortunate traveller is being told with great emphasis that he must avoid water and aërated water. Both contain the germs of typhoid, and the latter in addition is charged with lead. His position, therefore, when he has to decide what he will drink at dinner, is not a pleasant one. He has to choose between harsh, crude stuff at huge prices, and liquids which he formerly believed to be innocuous, but now knows to be dangerous in the extreme. The badness of the wines supplied at hotels is a very unpleasant fact in modern travel, and is certainly made the more trying by painful revelations respecting the true character of what were thought to be innocent fluids.

Charges generally do not appear to have risen much during the last two or three seasons, landlords having learnt the lesson which was taught them by the significant paucity of travellers a few years ago. It seems, however, at present not unlikely that before long prices will be quietly augmented. If a gold currency is established in Italy, the practical effect will be to raise hotel charges ten or twelve per cent. The rapacity of servants constantly increases, and the unfortunate tourist suffers more and more each season from the array of expectant faces which surround him as he quits his hotel, having, it is to be observed, paid largely for service already. Apart from

hotel charges and extortions, other demands on him constantly increase. In the travelled parts of Europe a very considerable number of people, besides innkeepers and their servants, now live entirely or principally on what they make out of travellers. As these, like the rest of the world, are constantly striving to increase their earnings, the tax on the traveller is steadily raised. Of the abominable extortion which is too often practised in case of serious illness or death we will not now speak, as we do not wish to deal with the tragic part of the subject. Of petty troubles there are many, and a diminution of them seems in no way probable. Despite the marvellous facilities which are now afforded for making long journeys, and the existence everywhere of big hotels with English-speaking waiters, the much harassed tourist too often feels that travel is not a little trying, and, on the whole, is certainly not growing easier or pleasanter than it was.

POLITICAL CLUBS.

THE outside world is very much less apt to consider the occasions of vacation speeches than the speeches themselves. There are not improbably several earnest politicians in England who have read the speeches of Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain last Tuesday, or who at any rate have read articles about those speeches, and who yet would be puzzled to say what was the particular purpose which took, or was supposed to take, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Bright to Birmingham. Very matter-of-fact or very cynical persons might say that the President of the Board of Trade and the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster went down to the distinguished town which they so worthily represent for the purpose of making speeches which should console extreme Radicals for the speeches of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Selborne the week before. Perhaps, as is usually the case when matter-of-factness and cynicism coincide in their conclusions, the actual *causa causans* of the speeches would be not inaccurately indicated by this hypothesis. Ostensibly, however, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Bright went to open—we are glad to salute Mr. Bright on his protest against the silly word "inaugurate"—a Junior Liberal Club at Birmingham. It might have been thought that active persons of various nationalities and classes—from Mayors and members of Parliament down to mysterious election managers, such as the person whom Birmingham lent the other day to Oxford in order that he might show the Oxford Liberals how to conduct elections—had already resorted to every possible plan for binding down the Midland town inextricably in their toils. But the wise know that in political management there is no such thing as finality. It is not enough to have Mayors and Town Councillors at one end of the scale, and at the other end artful agents, who disguise their understrappers as ardent Tories and send them about in low public-houses to discover, and perhaps to create, treating and such misdemeanours. For, with some fifteen thousand voters ready in the blindness of their eyes and the stubbornness of their hearts to vote against the truth, it is evidently dangerous to relax. So Birmingham has set up a Junior Liberal Club, just as several other large towns have set up Junior Liberal Clubs, and, for the matter of that, Junior Conservative Clubs too. It is intended for those "who do not care or cannot afford to belong to more expensive institutions, and especially for members of the Liberal party." The last clause expresses the generous sentiments of the promoters. Access to politics and "provant," as Captain Dalgetty would put it, of exceptional purity at a cheap rate, is not to be limited to professing Liberals. The little Conservative children are to be suffered to come in, and if by any chance the comforts and advantages inseparable from adoption of the right side should happen to convert them, so much the better. A wide toleration is one of the most honourable boasts of the party, and it is gratifying to observe that the principle has been recognized by the founders of the Birmingham Junior Liberal Club.

The speakers, to do them justice, did not entirely neglect the subject. When Mr. Bright was not dancing on the Irish landowner, or demonstrating that the House of Lords is the root of all political evil, he said several things about the Liberal Club and other clubs. When Mr. Chamberlain was not descanting on the magnificent success of the naval demonstration, or horrifying his æsthetic hearers by describing an imaginary bombardment of the Parthenon, he took occasion to refer to the "great instrument that had been forged" for the purpose, among other things, of making him President of the Board of Trade, and to point out what an important part in the forging was borne by political associations. But in this and in other matters the elder politician was the chief speaker. Mr. Bright joins issue broadly and generally with those who say that clubs are not good places for young men to belong to, and we certainly have no intention of differing with him on this point. He thinks that, if clubs lead their frequenters into a danger of spending their evenings in a manner not specially profitable, the same may be said of a good many other things and institutions, which is undoubtedly true. But of course Mr. Bright, though he is not a speaker wholly proof against fallacies, knew better than to suppose that the essence of the Junior Liberal Club was conviviality. In such places society and social amusements are merely means, more or less avowed, to an end, and that end is political organization. The Junior Liberal Club of a place like Birmingham or Manchester has but a very faint resemblance to the political clubs in the neighbourhood of Pall Mall. For the most part, the members of the latter are Conservatives or Liberals before they join; the object of the Birmingham Junior Liberal Club is almost avowedly to make or keep its members Liberal. This is delicately represented by Mr. Bright as a contribution to a good object. He "knows nothing more useful to a young man than to occupy his mind at some portion of the day or week with the consideration of public questions, and to try to fill himself with a strong interest in what so much concerns himself and his countrymen." The syllogism is of course obvious, and the conclusion follows if the premisses be granted. What Mr. Bright says is useful, certainly is useful; and if the Junior Liberal Club conduces to this end, then the Junior Liberal Club is an excellent institution. But, it seems, Mr. Bright does not wish that anybody should join such a club "merely to become a more efficient member of a party, that he may partake in party fights and in the glorification of party victories." It is only that he may become a better man and a better patriot. Besides, he will not always be a young man, and it seems very important to Mr. Bright that he should be trained early in the right way. Therefore, all these things being considered, Mr. Bright seems to think that he can recommend the Junior Liberal Club to anxious mothers with some confidence.

Let us see how far these arguments will hold water. The question is one of which it can be said, with very much less than the usual hypocrisy of the remark, that it is not a party question. As soon as one party adopts means of this kind, the other is bound to follow; and we are rather inclined to think that, in Lancashire at any rate, Tory clubs of this kind were not uncommon before the opposite side perceived the necessity of going and doing likewise. Of course if a junior political club of the Birmingham type were the sort of place which Mr. Bright's words picture it as being, there would be very little to be said against it. But, as a matter of fact, it rather seems likely to develop, and, what is more, is usually intended by its promoters to do nothing else than develop, the very tendencies which Mr. Bright deprecates. It does make its members, of whatever political complexion, members of a party and partakers in the glorification of party victories. Indeed it does very little else. We may take an illustration from the speeches of that very evening. Mr. Chamberlain said, and was cheered to the echo by the young persons who, according to Mr. Bright, are to be devoted by the Junior Liberal Club's influence to the intelligent consideration of public questions, that the recent troubles on the North-West frontier of India were due to "a wanton invasion of Afghanistan." Of course when Mr. Chamberlain says this, he says it with the fullest knowledge of the facts, and expresses, possibly in somewhat strong language, a conclusion which he has the right to form. A very great many persons, also possessed of the fullest knowledge of the facts, would say, and would be equally justified in saying, that these troubles were due to the culpable inaction of Mr. Chamberlain's present chief and his then colleagues seven years ago. Does Mr. Bright think that the atmosphere of the Junior Liberal Club is favourable to the investigation of these rival views on their merits by the members? If he were in a tolerably calm mood, and if Providence mercifully permitted him to forget for a moment the existence of peers, bishops, and other cankers of the State and of his own peace of mind, he would probably admit, candidly enough, that it is likely to be very much the reverse. The wanton invasion of Afghanistan probably presents itself to the mind of the average member as an accepted fact, as unchallengeable as the multiplication table. His business is to accept all those things which the heads of the party tell him, to cheer and repeat them lustily, and to vote straight and get other people to vote straight. That is the principle of all political clubs, and we are inclined to think that a member of the Junior Liberal Club who began to examine matters for himself, and to be a political eclectic, would, unless reticence and the Ballot hid his false-brotherhood, speedily find the club a more or less uncomfortable place of resort. To politicians like Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone himself, who have an unlimited and sublime faith in the coincidence of their party views with the requirements of abstract truth and justice, this may seem immaterial. The man who votes with the party is sure to be right, the man who votes against the party wrong. But to people who cannot quite adopt this comfortable creed, political associations, and especially political clubs, are perhaps not quite such cheering signs of the times. Already a great, if not a surprising, incapacity to appreciate the value of any political fact or situation is apparent in the new constituencies. Political clubs seem best suited for organizing this incapacity, and rendering it still more formidable. Perhaps Mr. Chamberlain's phrase of "forging" was happier than he knew it to be. For the verb has a double sense, and, in the second and less favourable acceptation, a national vote procured by an immense organization of clubs may certainly be said to be forged. It is not in any way genuine or spontaneous, it does not represent the intelligence, and hardly even the desires, of the individual voter; it becomes, the more it is perfected, the expression merely of the will of wire-pullers and cliques.

Bad as the system is, however, it is one which, like a good many other bad things, can only be fought with its own weapons. There is nothing for anybody to do but, as has been said already, to go and do likewise, while it is time. With his usual frankness, Mr. Chamberlain has already pointed out that there may not be so very much time. The great forged instrument is to be used, he tells us, so as to make a recurrence of the events of 1874-9 im-

possible—that is to say, the franchise and the distribution of seats are to be so manipulated as to give Mr. Chamberlain's party a permanent lease of power. Much of this, doubtless, is mere brag, and much of it the expression of the wishes of a small section of the Government, and a still smaller section in Parliament and the nation. But these sections, if the smallest, are also the most active, and have the great advantage of knowing what they want, and of being perfectly unscrupulous as to the means by which it is to be obtained. It is all the more necessary to fight these persons with such of their own weapons as are not discreditable to handle, because there seems to be in English politics a growing spirit of mere partisanship, as distinguished from the older party spirit. The last election showed the existence of a desire to be on the winning side merely because it was the winning side, which, unpleasant feature as it is, has to be reckoned with. By and by, no doubt, as things always happen, so they will happen at Birmingham. The presiding spirits of the Radical ring will be less active or less intelligent. Discord will arise in the camp, and the enemy will carry the stronghold. But, if it be so, it will be because means to the end have not been neglected. The great constituencies which now exist, and which we may expect to see multiplied sooner or later, offer such temptations to organizers that they are certain to be organized. Whatever faults we may find with the system of organization, it is desirable for national, and not for party reasons, that it should not be all on one side.

THE LUXURIES OF ILLNESS.

MANY writers have observed that it is possible to indulge grief to such a point that it becomes a luxury; but we do not think that the luxuries of illness have met with as much attention as they deserve. Invalids may object that the very idea of comfort and pleasure in connexion with illness is a delusion and a mockery, but perhaps they may change their minds on reflection. It would, of course, be impossible to pretend that a distressing cough, a burning fever, an attack of gout, or a fit of sea-sickness is a luxury in any sense of the word, however strained; and it might, on the other hand, be urged, with a great show of reason, that any luxuries which may be enjoyed during ill-health are luxuries not of illness, but of the cessation, or at any rate the decrease, of illness. At first sight, therefore, it might appear that he who writes of the luxury of illness writes of a thing which does not exist.

We are inclined to believe that very few people really know when they are enjoying themselves. Many persons suppose themselves to be supremely happy when they are partaking of amusements which afford them little pleasure, and imagine themselves to be undergoing a sort of semi-martyrdom when they are in reality pleasing themselves according to their own tastes. Now people who have time to be ill often enjoy themselves in no mean degree without knowing it. Even if we were to allow that the only pleasures experienced during ill-health arise from the alleviation of illness, we still think we could prove our case; for the pleasurable sensation of relief from pain or fever cannot be enjoyed by those who have had neither fever nor pain, and it is something quite different from the ordinary pleasures of health. Mere absence of pain is usually unnoticed; relief from pain is sometimes ecstasy. It may be open to question whether it is worth suffering pain in order to enjoy the relief which ensues when it ceases; but when we have paid the price, it is highly desirable that we should get as much pleasure as possible in return for our suffering. The exorbitant premium which has to be given in advance for enjoyment of relief from pain does not prevent that enjoyment from being a distinct and a special pleasure, and a pleasure unobtainable in any other manner. In other ways also these are pleasures peculiar to illness. One of the highest enjoyments in life to certain temperaments is the receipt of sympathy, and we get more sympathy when suffering from illness than when enduring any other misfortune. If we lose our money, or have the ill-luck to offend a powerful patron, our friends are not usually sympathetic or attentive, although our sufferings under these circumstances may be much greater than in an illness. An invalid feels flattered by the constant messages of inquiry which are certain to arrive if he is rich. People whom he least expected to take any interest in his health call to inquire as to his progress; men whom he had hitherto supposed to regard him with dislike come frequently to hear the latest bulletin; and great ladies, who would, he thought, forget his existence unless he constantly reminded them of it, drive to his door to leave cards of inquiry. He begins to think that this is not such a wicked world after all; he forgives his enemies who have called to inquire for him, and he becomes a believer in the reality of friendship. If he is pleased with others, he is still better pleased with himself, for he reflects with satisfaction upon his evident popularity. His female belongings help to confirm him in these notions. They say, "I met So-and-so to-day, and he made a great many inquiries about you, and seemed very anxious to know when you would be well"; or "Lady —— called this afternoon, and said that everybody was talking about your illness, and that she had never heard so much sympathy expressed for any one." The wife and sisters read to the patient pretty little extracts from feminine letters, and perhaps sympathetic little paragraphs about his health from the local journals. All this can scarcely fail to give him more or less pleasure and satisfaction. He feels that everybody is a good fellow, and that he himself must be the best of good fellows, which is surely a very happy condition of mind for a man to be in. It does not in the least signify that among his friends at his clubs the mention of his illness merely excites interest in the questions of the disposal, in case of his death, of his property, his seat in Parliament, or his appointment; that the world does not care a straw about his aches and his pains, or whether he has had a good night or been able to eat his dinner; that outside his own family his death would only be regretted by the Insurance Companies; that many of the cards of inquiry are left at his house with a view to obtaining cards of invitation on his return to health, and that the most tender words of sympathy expressed by any of his male friends are "poor devil." It is enough that the invalid in his room hears of nothing but kindness, and he can hardly fail to be gratified thereby.

Under certain conditions there is something nearly allied to luxury in weakness and enforced idleness. Italians are not the only people who appreciate the pleasure of doing nothing; but in our climate a somewhat unnatural state of health is necessary for its thorough enjoyment. Inactivity is irksome when we have a restless desire to be doing something; but when neither pain nor fever torments us, we may enjoy considerable luxury in simply lying in bed with reduced energies. Nature then tells us that we require rest and repose, and we experience satisfaction in obtaining them. An illness not unfrequently follows overwork, and the consequent idleness which then becomes necessary is singularly grateful. There is a highly satisfactory feeling, under such circumstances, that to do nothing is, so to speak, to do one's highest duty. There are many people whose natural inclinations are strongly averse to activity, trouble, and even to serious thought; and to such as these there is something highly delightful in being peremptorily ordered by a physician to abstain from all exertion, to keep the mind free from cares and anxieties, and on no account to study. They are especially gratified at the reflection that the strict fulfilment of this injunction becomes a moral duty of a high order. They follow the rule of life laid down for them with saint-like obedience and religious scrupulosity. Here are their ascetic instructions. On no account to rise too early; to take a cup of tea before getting out of bed, a little fresh air after breakfast, a glass of wine and some beef tea at eleven, a drive after luncheon, a couple of hours' repose on a bed or sofa in the afternoon, plenty of good food, a rich vintage claret—no light washy Gladstone; to smoke in moderation, and to keep the mind amused. A still greater luxury enjoyed by the invalid is the privilege of never being crossed or thwarted. The doctor says that serious consequences might follow if he were to be annoyed or worried, and his family and friends have to take care accordingly. The able physician even goes so far as to say that it may be better to allow him to have or to do certain things which are not, strictly speaking, desirable for him, rather than that he should be put out of humour or get excited. He must on no consideration be bored. He had better not go to church; he might get hot when in the building, and cold when he came out, and, in his present state of health, the length of the service might weary him. Theatres of course would not be desirable, but if he sets his mind very much upon going to one, it might perhaps be better not to thwart him. He may see a few friends who are likely to amuse him, but he had better not see the clergyman until he is stronger. He must not write letters at present; another member of his family had better do this for him. He must certainly not be troubled with any business matters, but somebody ought carefully to attend to them for him during his illness and convalescence, because a complete relapse might ensue if he were to find an accumulation of business matters and letters awaiting him on partially regaining his strength. We need scarcely say that the patient is not likely to find it either difficult or unpleasant to do his duty in such a state of life. Another luxury of illness is the colourable excuse which it affords for extravagance. We may be living in a tolerably economical manner in order to provide fortunes for our younger children, to build a church, or to bring about some other good object; but when we are invalided, it becomes our pleasing duty to spend our money on ourselves and our personal luxuries, and we virtuously do this without the slightest qualm of conscience. It is our bounden duty, both to ourselves and to everybody else, to endeavour to get well, and our first efforts must be directed towards this object. It was very right and proper that we should lay by money and deny ourselves when we were in good health; but now it is incumbent upon us to treat ourselves, however unwillingly, to foreign tours, Château Lafitte, "C" springed barouches, and possibly steam-yachts. Such expenditures have even an aspect of economy about them; for are they not made with a view to prolonging our lives, and what is so valuable as life? We argue, with much reason, that it is better that we should spend our money on fruit and game even at their highest prices than on physic; we pitifully submit that it would be hard indeed if we could not have our garden made nice when we have only sufficient strength to walk within a couple of hundred yards of the hall door, or if we could not have our conservatory filled with tropical plants, when we cannot leave the house for several months during the winter. We are so reduced by ill-health that our only amusement consists in our pictures; so we have to content ourselves by covering our walls with Turners, Landseers, and Linnels, and surely a few choice water-colour drawings are an innocent amusement for the poor sick man. The invalid is too delicate to go during the winter

months to his parish church, so he builds himself a beautiful Gothic chapel, communicating with the house by means of a passage warmed with hot pipes. This lovely little edifice, with its marbles, its stained glass, its carvings in wood and stone, and its well-toned organ, is of course a pure act of piety, and goes down to "charities." It is a very pretty addition to the house all the same.

It is a merciful provision of Providence that a certain cheerfulness should often accompany serious and even fatal illnesses. Most medical men will bear us out in saying that, when consumptive patients have been informed that they must not hope to recover, they generally become cheerful and reconciled in a wonderfully short space of time. The first shock is naturally a painful one, but in most cases the patient can hardly help feeling that he will not recover before the information is formally given to him. After all, when death is not likely to come to-day or to-morrow, or this week or next week, it still seems a long way off, and it is far from impossible that the doctor who tells us our fate may even yet die before us. The cheerfulness of very old people who do not suffer from any of the unpleasant accompaniments of age has often been noticed. The probable cause of this cheerfulness consists in their freedom from the anxieties of further ambition and labour. In the same manner, invalids who are aware that their lives will probably terminate in a few months feel that they may take their ease, as the work of their life is over, and the hopes and fears of this world need no longer make them anxious. They then often yield themselves to a lethargic contentment and resignation to which luxury is not altogether a stranger. Every one around them is striving to make them happy, and sympathy, comforts, and kindnesses are showered upon them. They have no cares, no worries; the nights may be long and the cough may be distressing, but the gradually increasing weakness becomes so natural by habit, that it is almost a relief to submit to it, and at last the patient scarcely struggles against the failing of his powers.

We need not be told that there is another side of the question. We are fully aware of this fact. Most matters appear different when viewed from various aspects; but on the adverse side of the subject before us we decline to look at present.

SCHOOLMASTERS AND CRAMMERS.

AMONG the abominable devices of the late Government was the introduction of "Protection" instead of "Free-trade" principles into the examinations for the Indian Civil Service. This is the grave charge brought by Mr. Walter Wren, using language supplied by a leading article in the *Guardian*, against the innovations of Lord Salisbury. Mr. Wren had a brief chance of asserting the dignity and righteousness of Free-trade in the House of Commons; but the unfortunately venal condition of the borough of Wallingford, for which he sat, has relegated him to private life, and obliged him to defend Free-trade and his private interests in the columns of the *Guardian*. Those columns have lately been the field of a free and rather interesting scuffle between public schoolmasters and crammers. In using the technical word "crammer," we must guard ourselves against being supposed to have any invidious meaning. Very probably the gentlemen who prepare private pupils for special examinations are tutors or teachers in the noblest sense of the word. Their system may be as wide, liberal, and free from sordid regard of anything but pure education as the system on which Ponocrates trained Gargantua. But the poverty of the English language provides no name for these instructors but "crammers." "Coach," however dignified, is appropriated by a peculiar class of University teachers. "Private tutors" are not generally understood to prepare their pupils for any single special examination. If you ask a lad who has left school to be instructed specially for the Indian Civil Service or for the army what he is doing, he will reply that he is "at a crammer's." Therefore we must be understood to use the term "crammer," not as begging the question, but as the recognized title applied to a particular set of teachers called into existence by the competitive system.

Having thus cleared the ground, we may return to the war between public and private teachers. For many years previously to 1878 the first examinations for the Indian Civil Service were open to any candidate under twenty-one years of age. In 1878 the limit of age was lowered from twenty-one to nineteen years. To ourselves it seems that there are good and bad features in this change. The schoolmasters, however, see little but good in it; the private teachers see nothing but harm. The interests of both are affected; those of the schoolmasters favourably, those of the private teachers, or so Mr. Wren thinks, unfavourably. Boys do not stay at school till they are twenty-one; and, under the old system, those who desired Indian appointments went, say, at the age of eighteen, from school to the private teacher, generally resident in or near London. Now the schoolmasters would have been glad, for various reasons, most of them obvious, to keep the clever boys of eighteen for another year. It must also be said that there was among parents, and even among candidates, a very strong prejudice against the sort of life led by some pupils of some private teachers. Young men, by no means prudish, described that life as a kind of cross between the monotonous career of a mill-horse and the rowdiest existence of medical students. Mr. Scoones, a well-known and successful teacher, remarks in the *Guardian* of November 17, that, in his experience, "candidates have either resided with their parents in London, or in batches of three or four in the houses of lecturers, who exercised strict supervision over them." But the opinion prevailed that in certain notorious cases no moral supervision whatever was exercised. Public schools are not precisely the last refuges of Astræa, but, masters and parents, and boys of decent manners and tastes, had some reason to dislike the sort of "life at a crammer's" which was popularly supposed to be not absolutely unknown. Thus the schoolmasters had at least a show of right on their side when they wished boys to go straight from school to the examination. On the other hand, it is plain that nineteen is a very early age to endure the labour and anxiety of an examination on which depends a man's whole fortune and career. Yet Dr. Percival, in a letter published by the *Guardian* (November 10), remarks that, under the new system, boys will go out "younger, fresher, incomparably less jaded, than under the old system." Younger, certainly they will be; indeed, considering the nature of their duties, they may be rather too young. Mr. Scoones speaks of a boy who recently started for India "to assume junior magisterial functions long before he had attained his own majority." Still, most of the lads before they begin to govern India have attained the age at which they may lawfully enter the Legislature. As to Dr. Percival's statement that the younger candidates are "less jaded" than the elder men were, we agree with Mr. Scoones that the former system may well have been the healthier. In work, as in play, a man of twenty-one can stand more labour than a lad of nineteen. So far, then, there seem to be advantages on both sides; though, on the whole, we rather prefer the old system. Parents, if they were alarmed about their sons' morals, could seek out teachers not indifferent on the subject. But, in this affair as in others, *rien n'est sacré pour un père de famille*. If our ghostly foe had the reputation of "passing" his pupils, he would be in immense request as a crammer.

There was a necessary consequence of the alteration of the limit of age. Intellectual work that was fitted for men of twenty and twenty-one was not fitted for boys of eighteen and nineteen. The nature of the studies was altered. Here, again, Mr. Wren can raise his war-whoop of "protection." He says that the headmasters asked Lord Salisbury for "exclusion of subjects they could not teach, and 'special prominence' to the subjects they can" (*Guardian*, November 3). Who can say what a headmaster cannot teach? That august being may have "learned the art that none can name, in Padua far beyond the sea"; or he may even be conversant with "moral science," which is of little value, Mr. Scoones complains, under the new system. On the other hand, the schoolmasters obviously believe that under the old system moral science was purely theoretical, and was allowed by some crammers to have no bearing on practice. It might be more fair to say that the schoolmasters suggested studies within the reach of the faculties of boys than that they demanded "protection" for the subjects they could teach and restriction on the subjects in which they were unable to instruct. But, as Mr. Wren insists on making the question very much one of personal and pecuniary interests, we must admit that we scarcely see how he is a loser. "The reduction of the limits of age prevents any but schoolboys from competing," he says (*Guardian*, November 3). But why should not lads from seventeen to nineteen years of age enjoy the advantage of Mr. Wren's acknowledged skill in teaching? Boys as young are their own masters at the Scotch, and even in many cases at the English, Universities. And, if the topics in which lads are examined are changed, are we to suppose that Mr. Wren and his staff are incapable of tackling the new subjects? He avers that boys can read far more cheaply with him than they can at the public schools. Dr. Percival, on the other hand, says that "the schools offer cheaper education and a healthier life." But, if Mr. Wren is right, if he really can undersell his competitors, and if, as he asserts, he is so much more successful than they, of what is it that he complains? What is the meaning of these commercial lamentations about protection? The whole paper war seems to have arisen out of the removal of a boy from Clifton to Mr. Wren's establishment. There appears to be no reason, in the new system, why all the public schoolboys for whom Mr. Wren has room should not desert Rugby and Marlborough to place themselves in his hands. The only practical reason for keeping them at school is the possible superiority of school teaching in the new subjects. Does Mr. Wren doubt his ability to beat the schools at their own work? He seems to suffer from no such diffidence. "The work we are paid to do we do," he cries with honest resolution. We really think that his commercial are as fallacious as his theological reasons for opposing the new system. He appears to hold that the advocates of the new system aimed at favouring Churchmen, to the disadvantage of those suffering lambs, the Nonconformists. Of the two, we imagine that Nonconformists would be the more ready to place their offspring under Mr. Wren's moral and intellectual supervision, and, therefore, to secure appointments. Mr. Wren, at least, is not, like so many headmasters, a clergyman of the Church of England.

It is a relief to turn from what is more or less a personal question to a letter in which Mr. Scoones exposes what he believes to be the defects of the new system of examinations. Here we leave money matters and come to education. Mr. Scoones thinks that the old secured a better education than the new system. We confess that we are only partly persuaded by his arguments. Under the old rules, he says, "a broad field of choice was extended to each and every examinee, so broad that a deep knowledge of classics or mathematics was not positively essential to success."

But was there not a prevalent opinion that the "broad" was also the shallow knowledge? Was not sciolism encouraged by the demand for breadth and the disregard of "depth"? Of course, people who believe exclusively in a classical education have already made up their minds against the arguments of Mr. Scoones. Give us accuracy of scholarship, they say, and we ask no more from men of twenty-one. Now under the old system acquirements very unlike accuracy of classical scholarship had their chance of success. Sanskrit, moral science, thorough English and French, with Fifth-form Latin, might secure an appointment. But under the new system you cannot ask for this wealth of learning. Aristotle himself, who ought to know, says that young men are unapt for moral science, and Plato compares lads engaged with moral science to puppies worrying some unfortunate object. Sanskrit, too, is a "link too many" for most boys, if we may adopt an idiom from Nicholas, the regretted author of a work on Knur and Spell. Again, Mr. Scoones says that "ripe English scholarship, good average soundness in modern languages, and a branch of natural science, added to Fifth-form Latin," would sometimes win a place. But these accomplishments are no longer of service. It comes to this, Mr. Scoones says, that it is practically impossible for any lad whose bent is not to classics or mathematics to enter the Indian Civil Service. And he adds, "Only Upper Sixth-form boys need apply." We still fail to see, granting Mr. Scoones's premisses, why private teachers should not turn out boys quite as strong in classics and mathematics as the schools can produce. If the present private teachers are not masters of the classics, a new order of men who are adepts will take their places. For there must always be boys whom a private teacher can induce to be industrious, but who are tempted away from work by the social and athletic pleasures of schools. Among these boys the private teacher who is able to teach the subjects required will inevitably find his pupils.

Things become much more serious when Mr. Scoones complains that, under the new system, "every particle of real culture was made to disappear." We had supposed that the attentive reading of Homer and Thucydides was in itself no small part of a liberal education. But Mr. Scoones says that Greek and Latin are no longer to be studied in a liberal spirit. They are to be "shorn of their history, their literature, and antiquities." If this indeed be so, not only is the new system bad, but it follows that classical teaching at the public schools must be bad in spirit. We had understood that classical antiquities were no longer neglected at the schools, that gems and coins were studied, that history went along with philology; but it seems we were mistaken. English history, too, and the history of English literature, are neglected. Out of twenty-seven successful candidates in last July, twelve did not "take up" English history, and twelve declined to be examined in English literature. We doubt whether a man of twenty-one can be, as Mr. Scoones thinks, "a ripe English scholar"; but certainly a boy of nineteen should be ashamed of ignorance of English history.

It is not easy to arrive at any definite opinion upon the whole question. We confess that we prefer public to private, and classical to "general," education. We are tolerably certain that no wrong is done to the private interests of crammers by the new system, but we are by no means so sure that the public interests of India have not suffered. As to the personal topic, we admire the letter of a Crammer published in the *Guardian* (Nov. 17). This excellent tutor, when a parent asks his advice, says, "Keep him at a public school as long as you can. Still, I keep on in this line (cramming), for a man must live." As to the public interests, the experience of a very few years will show us whether the native gentry are wise in agitating, as Mr. Scoones says they are doing, "against what must appear to them an unstatesmanlike monopoly." Was the practical monopoly previously secured by the exertions of one or two private teachers more "statesmanlike"?

THE QUICK MARCH OF MILITARY REFORM.

THE British officer has fallen upon evil times. In common with his civilian fellow-creatures, he suffers from excess of paternal legislation regarding his mental improvement. The authorities will not leave him alone, and the insatiable educational demands of modern military science sit heavy on his soul. It can hardly be a matter for surprise if, during his moments of leisure, supposing him ever to have any, he now and then casts a regretful glance backward at the life led by his professional ancestors as depicted by Charles Lever and the authors of his school. It appeared to be all play and no work in those days; plenty of hard fighting in time of war and hard drinking in time of peace being the component elements of military life. Nor is there any reason to suppose that the picture was much overdrawn, for it is in keeping alike with the social and the military life of the day. At the beginning of this century an officer who had once passed his recruit's drill had completed the educational curriculum then required, and everything else was left to chance. He might or might not study his drill-book, and master the mysteries of battalion drill. If he did, he was regarded with mingled feelings of surprise and contempt by his comrades; if he did not, it did not much matter. The stock-in-trade with which he entered upon the arduous duties of active service consisted principally in a sublime ignorance of tactics in particular and of the art of war in general, and a firm trust in Providence that everything would go right when the time came. When his turn for promotion arrived no questions as to his fitness were asked, for the simple reason that there was no one able to ask them. He might not know more than his predecessor; but, on the other hand, he certainly could not know less; and thus a certain standard of proficiency, though perhaps not a very exalted one, was maintained. Such a system naturally acted as a dead weight upon brains and talents, these commodities being at a discount, while money and interest came to the front. The service was full of purchase, nepotism, favouritism, and all uncleanness; in fact, it is evident altogether that, judged by the enlightened standard of the present day, the British officer of the past was but a sorry creature; and it is also clear that no troops led by such men had any business to win victories. Yet, strange to say, they were always winning victories. The long roll of names borne on the standards of our various regiments records a series of victories and triumphs won over the best troops of Europe and the most warlike tribes of Asia. A well-known officer of the first French Empire, Marshal Bugeaud, declared his opinion that the English infantry was the finest in the world. Another General Foy, advised his countrymen never to attack them unless success was certain. The discipline of the British army has repeatedly excited the admiration of foreign critics. There yet remains another important fact to notice—namely, that, while in most other countries the army has seldom failed at some period or other to be a source of political embarrassment, our army has never caused us a moment's uneasiness on that score. We have had such things as naval mutinies, as witness Spithead and the Nore; but we have never had a military mutiny.

Now it is idle to maintain that such an army can have been badly officered. As a matter of fact, it was remarkably well officered; for the officers were exactly suited to the times in which they lived and to the men whom they commanded. It is to be observed that at the period we are speaking of—namely, the commencement of the present century—war had not attained to the dignity of a science. Here and there an officer who had risen rapidly through the lower grades might study tactics and strategy; but for the great mass who could never hope to rise high in their profession there was nothing to learn beyond the formal and cumbersome drill of the day. The weapons in use were primitive, and required no special training. Rifle drill, signalling, field-work instruction, topography, and the numerous other studies which are now considered necessary were not yet invented. The British officer of the day had nothing to do in time of peace, and he did it thoroughly and conscientiously. Nor was this of much moment when the nature of the warfare of those days is considered. Military operations were conducted with an amount of concentration which seldom allowed a subordinate to distinguish himself on detached service, and with a slowness and formality which gave ample time for deliberation in any moment of emergency or danger. A single example will suffice. Most readers of Napier's *Peninsula War* will remember his vivid description of how, in the operations preceding the battle of Salamanca, two hostile columns marched towards a common goal for upwards of ten miles within half musket-shot distance, the officers on either side saluting each other with their swords. But, as already stated, there was one thing which the British officer of the past did, and did well—he preserved most excellent discipline, and he maintained his authority and influence over his men unimpaired under circumstances which have almost invariably proved fatal to the discipline of foreign armies. We have seen it remarked by a foreign critic that the proudest boast of our troops ought to be that they have never been routed—that they have never exhibited such spectacles as those presented by the French at Rossbach and Vittoria, or by the Prussians at Jena. The bloody defeat of Fontenoy saw the British leave the field with unbroken ranks; the disastrous retreat to Corunna concluded with the orderly embarkation of every man who could reach the shore; the terrible day of Albuhera showed how they could, by sheer steadiness and discipline, convert downright defeat into decisive victory; while, to come down to more modern times, the account of their behaviour at the wreck of the *Birkenhead* was ordered to be read to every regiment in the Prussian army. On the principle that the tree should be judged by its fruits, the British officer of those days was, we repeat, in spite of his lack of learning, a good, and what is more, a successful, public servant.

So much for him in the past. Before we consider him in the present we must glance for a moment at the new conditions of his profession. Every one is aware of the changes that have taken place in modern war. We have improved our weapons to such an extent as to inspire a wholesome fear of their effects, and whereas the soldier of the past had but one object in action, namely, to kill his enemy, the soldier of the present has two—to kill his enemy and to preserve himself. Possibly we may some day arrive at a state of things which will involve the inversion of the order in which we have put them, but we must not anticipate. In the meantime this new order of things has necessitated a considerable amount of study, the object of which is to make even the most subordinate officers familiar with the nature of the weapons wielded by their men, the formations and tactics best calculated to give those weapons their proper effect, and the best means for providing cover from the enemy's fire. Moreover, operations are nowadays conducted with a rapidity which allows no time for deliberation, and thus any officer may find himself compromised in a moment of emergency from want of knowledge. Accordingly, we have been compelled, in order to keep up with the times,

to institute a regular system of military education. At first it was confined exclusively to those who had not yet obtained commissions, an entrance examination only being demanded, and later examinations in drill and interior army economy were ordered before each step in rank was attained. Here there was a pause for some years, and then the educational or extra-professional subjects began to make their appearance. First came the musketry drill, which included the theory of the flight of projectiles, the effects of rifling the barrels of small arms, and the manufacture of gunpowder; next came elementary fortification, military law, military topography, minor tactics, including the principles of employment of all three arms and the projectiles in use by artillery, military signalling, &c. At first the greater part of these were demanded only in the early stages of an officer's career, and even then on a moderate scale; but of late the educational pace has become more severe, and a recent Horse Guards' Order has created something approaching to consternation among captains in the army. It introduces a new system which is to come into force on the 1st of January next, and its leading feature is that successive examinations of increasing severity have to be passed to qualify for each rank up to that of major, when all further examination ceases. The subjects are divided into four headings, namely—(*a*) Regimental Duties, (*b*) Drill, (*c*) Military Law, and (*d*) Duties in the Field. The two former are merely what have previously been demanded, though perhaps the new test is somewhat more searching. Section *c* involves a knowledge of the history of military law, of the Army Discipline Act, of the procedure of courts-martial, and of practice in framing charges. Section *d* is by far the most formidable, embracing as it does topography and fortification. In the former we have the construction and use of the prismatic compass and the necessary drawing implements, triangulation, traversing, contouring, eye-sketching, and road reconnaisance and reports. In addition to the above, captains are required to undertake the reconnaisance and occupation of a military position. The course of fortification includes the construction and use of scales, construction of parapets, penetrative powers of artillery, nature of field-guns now in use and their projectiles, hasty entrenchments, field-works, obstacles, revetments, working parties, various kinds of field-works with their advantages and defects, defence and attack of houses, demolition of bridges, barricades, railways, &c., knotting and lashing spars and construction of spar bridges, passage of rivers and fords. In addition to these, captains must also have a knowledge of the principles to be observed in attacking and defending villages, woods, and positions. At present there is one reassuring circumstance, and that is that only half-marks are required to pass in each subject; but before long the standard will probably be raised. An examination in riding is also now made compulsory—and most properly so—before the rank of major is attained. We remark, too, that no exemption from examination is now allowed, as was formerly the case, to officers who have proved their fitness in the field. It is distinctly stated that no officer either at home or abroad will be promoted when his turn arrives unless he has fulfilled the required conditions. No doubt all this is right and necessary, but we fear that there are numbers of old captains still serving upon whom these demands will press hardly, men who entered the service under very different conditions, and who, though they may not possess a high educational status, are not the less good officers. There are other serious questions also connected with this development of military education, but these we must reserve for a future occasion.

A GUEST BOOK.

THE passion for writing oneself down may be proved by excellent authorities to have always existed, but opportunities for its gratification have never been so fully provided as in these latter days. First there were the confidences of Confession Books, which, adopting the idea of an old children's game, enabled young ladies in their salad days to extract from their unhappy friends compromising avowals as to their tastes in literature, history, food, and many other things. Then followed an avalanche of Birthday Books, which indeed cannot be said to have yet ceased to fall. Every author of importance has now been laid under contribution, for mottoes, and birthday books are getting not a little stale. So some intelligent person has hit upon the idea of a Guest Book, which lies before us at this moment; and a well-known firm of publishers, celebrated for Christmas cards and such like things, has got it up in oblong album shape on paper of the colour of iced gooseberry fool, with blue lines and letterpress. Like all great ideas the notion is a simple conversion of an old and familiar thing, the "Visitors Book," familiar to the traveller as perhaps the most fertile field for the discovery and exploration of the folly and vulgarity of British mankind. The arrangement is methodical enough. There is a quotation at the head of each page, and a quotation at the beginning of each line. On this line the guest is supposed to inscribe his name, his address, the dates of his arrival and departure, and the place of his destination, while a space is allowed him for "events, adventures, and remarks." The latter might be found a little cramping by the scribblers who cover whole pages of inn-albums with comic verse or gushing prose, for it does not much exceed an inch in height, and seven or eight in width. But a good deal may be done in it with a crowquill. Very possibly the thing may be itself intended for an inn-album, but it rather suggests itself as appealing to private hosts, and to guests who do not pay for their entertainment in coin of the realm.

This being the case, the section of "events, adventures, and remarks" seems a little awkward. Matter-of-fact persons ought not to be much puzzled by the "events," and a faithful record might be instructive to after-comers, by showing them what they have to expect. There are few houses so abundantly provided with distractions that the course of A.'s experiences will not in some way forecast B.'s, and the thoughtful person anxious to lay out his time to the best advantage might be grateful for the record. "Adventures" suggests more difficulties, but "remarks" is the *crux*. What sort of remarks is an unfortunate guest taking leave of his host expected to put down in that host's Guest Book? Is he to be guided by veracity or politeness? And, if by the latter, how far may his politeness go without introducing a dangerous confusion between the house and the hotel? For instance, would it be safe to imitate The Mulligan, and remark that the champagne is good at this house? If this be allowed, we are obviously on an inclined plane; and the distance is not so very great to "very comfortable house, great civility and attention from the worthy host and hostess"—which is not to be thought of. Uncomplimentary remarks are obviously impossible, and yet successive eulogies might be suspicious. The poetical vein which seizes persons who take their ease in their inn could hardly be indulged; and altogether it seems probable that, whenever the Guest Book is brought into actual use, the section of "events, adventures, and remarks" might as well be covered with black ink, like an English newspaper when it is delivered to the reader in Russia. Without this, however, it sinks to the level of a mere register of names and dates, such as used to be kept at most London hall-doors before the invention of visiting cards; and its positive service would not go much further than to make it tolerably certain that the visitor's letters would be sent on to the right place. The compiler, therefore, seems to have done either too much or too little. Instead of his dangerous and ambiguous heading of "events, adventures, and remarks," he should have appended a string of definite questions for the departing guest to answer to the best of his judgment—such as "What is the best wine in the cellar of this house?" "Is it safe to come down very late to breakfast?" and so forth. Such inquiries would be a little *intimes*, but they might be so put and so answered as to be full of instruction to the newcomer, and to avoid any danger of hurting the susceptibilities of the hosts. In strictness, to be sure, this part of the book ought to be in the charge of a confidential servant, who should show it to no one but a *bonâ fide* arriving or departing guest. But there might be difficulties about this. Indeed it is not particularly easy to imagine any arrangement of the Guest Book which should provide for "remarks," and which at the same time should not be exposed to difficulties.

The mottoes, or, as he himself calls them, the "appropriate quotations," of the Guest Book are apparently the feature of it on which the author most prides himself. The worst of them is that there seems to be a certain happy-go-luckiness about them, and that it is by no means sure that they would always go lucky. For instance, a whole departure page is headed, "I have not seen this year such company at once within this house as is here now," which, if complimentary to the present, is a little unkind to the absent. A man, too, who pays his first visit, and is shy, might not be best pleased to find the epigraph "Old friends are best" staring him in the face as he signs his unfamiliar name. A martyr to the gout with a snappish temper—as such martyrs frequently have—might be somewhat insulted at being requested to "Come and trip it as you go on the light fantastic toe." "Small cheer and great welcome make a merry feast," suggests Pecksniffian possibilities. Nor, though the author—or, rather, the compiler—has in some cases ventured thus on perilous ground, has he been able to fill his book. After some scores of pages the mottoes begin again and revolve in the same cycle, which seems to show either a certain poverty in English literature, or a certain indolence in the selector. It is fair, however, to remember that when he has headed his pages his labour is by no means over. He has then to devise side mottoes, one of which, as has been said, accompanies every line. Here, however, like the compilers of the birthday books already mentioned, he has given himself a really charming latitude of selection. What, in the name of the Sphinx, is an unhappy, and possibly nervous, person, to make of the statement, "I must be cruel only to be kind," against which he or she is solicited to write his or her name? It suggests the most awful possibilities, and the heroine of *Northanger Abbey* would have nearly fainted at the announcement. "A friend of solitude" may mean that the guest is to be left a good deal to himself, and this, though acceptable to some people, would be very much the reverse to others. "To me, fair friend, you never can be old," suggests a painful inference as to the probable opinion of the world in general. "I have important business, the tide whereof is now," seems rather appropriate to the holder of a little bill than to a guest. "Dearest friends, alas, must part," addressed to a guest on his arrival, is of dubious hospitality. "Farewell, Othello's occupation's gone," suggests that the compiler thought that anything that had farewell in it would do. In short, we do very much suspect that mottoes already selected for a Birthday Book or some other similar work have been re-arranged pell-mell by the sides of these pages, the effect being occasionally describable by no other word than idiotic. What in the world, for instance, can be the fitness of "Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more," in such a place as this? Re-

petition prevails here, as in the headlines, and it might be a little mortifying to somebody who had been pleased to find himself described in the flattering terms "You flavour everything; you are the *vanille* of society," to turn over the pages and discover the same text standing by the side of the name of the greatest bore of his acquaintance.

We do not suppose that the mania for mottoes will stop at Guest Books, nor is there any reason why it should. Doubtless, we shall soon have motto Cellar Books, motto Washing Books, and so forth, all "the books of the establishment," in short, with which Frank Fairlegh made his acquaintance, but adapted to cultivated tastes and nicely illuminated. Both the volumes we have suggested have great capacities for intelligent selection of quotations. The Washing Book might be made into a treatise *de re vestiaria*, almost after the heart of the Baron of Bradwardine; and the testimony of the Cellar Book to classic views of fermented liquor would make Dr. Richardson shake his head more than ever over the secular perversity of mankind. The various publications by which Messrs. Letts and other enterprising printers endeavour to lessen the toil of house-keeping all admit of similar treatment. The Rental Book, especially at the present time, suggests a neat *encadrement* of selections from the oratorical works of Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, Redpath, and other guides and friends of landlords. The Game Book might be edited by Mr. Peter Taylor from one point of view, by Mr. Chaplin from another, and by an enthusiastic naturalist from a third. Only we would suggest that in any future extension of the system the mottoes should be more liberal in number and somewhat more appropriate to the subject than is the case in the volume before us. We cannot undertake to say who was responsible in the first place for the bright idea of taking scraps from the classics and applying them anyhow to base uses of this kind; but the notion certainly seems to have "taken." To a reasonable being one would have thought that the whole charm of such a thing, if it had any charm at all, would be in the fact of its being home-made, as, to do it justice, the original album, the fount of all these plagues, was at least supposed to be. It is sufficiently absurd that a thousand Smiths or Browns should be proudly appropriating the same printed description of their character and virtues in a Birthday Book, or writing themselves down "a scholar, and a ripe and good one," or "Of high-wrought vein, fastidious" in this present Guest Book. Perhaps the machine-made air of the proceeding is not unbefitting an age of machinery. After all, the Guest Book may possibly amuse somebody in an inn parlour, which seems its natural home, and in that case the exiguity of its space for remarks will be rather a blessing than otherwise. Perhaps we should mention, in respect to its ornamentation, that, while it has duly got *Salve* and *Vale* on it, it has not got a dog, nor have we discovered any trace of *Cave canem*. The absence of these favourite embellishments is somewhat surprising. However, there are some rather pleasing swallows on the cover, which, if not so learned as the dog, are perhaps more appropriate.

THE COST OF LITIGATION.

A LETTER has lately been published, addressed by Mr. Chalmers, a barrister, to Baron Pollock, on the subject of "The Cost of Litigation." When we say that Mr. Chalmers regrets the excessive cost of legal proceedings nowadays, and strives to point out a method by which it may be reduced and minimized, the irreverent and flippant may be tempted to scoff at his laudable endeavour, and to suggest that the idea of a barrister seeking to reduce the cost of law is analogous to that of an alderman deprecating the consumption of turtle, or a thief petitioning for an increase of the police force. To such, however, Mr. Chalmers's effort may be justified on the low ground of worldly wisdom, in that he points out that there is such a thing as killing the goose that lays the golden eggs, and that law probably follows the same rules of supply and demand as other commodities. If it is good and cheap, the demand for it will rise in a corresponding ratio. We ourselves attribute to Mr. Chalmers a higher and more legitimate motive; but unquestionably Bar work has been very slack for some time past. Delay and expense combined, both of which evils seem to be on the increase, have frightened men from litigation; and there appears considerable danger of people adopting the Apostolic advice of suffering their wrongs quietly, and not going to law one with another, at any rate to the same extent that they used to do. Such a state of affairs, however, is scarcely suited to modern times, and rogues would flourish marvellously if by necessity or common accord their victims refrained from appealing to the arm of the law for protection or redress. So that it behoves lawyers, for the sake of the public no less than their own, to look around and see how they may render the Temple of Justice more accessible.

It is a sad and humiliating thing when any system introduced with a great flourish of trumpets is found wanting, when the goodly fruit crumbles like Dead Sea apples; but it is far worse to go on living in a fool's paradise, to congratulate ourselves on our system being the best possible system when in reality it is full of faults and aggravates the very evils it was designed to obviate. Seven years ago the first Judicature Act was passed, which was to introduce a new and matchless system of legal procedure; it was to redeem—tardily perhaps, but completely—the promise given at Runnymede, that "justice shall not be denied or delayed to any man," by bringing good and cheap law to every man's door. Inveigled by this flattering tale, litigants for a while flocked to the Law Courts, only to find things pretty much as they were before. But litigants are as slow as sheep to take example and warning by the fate of their precursors; and the disappointed ones were quieted by being told that the new system wanted a little time to get into working order, while those who were trembling on the brink were encouraged to take the fatal plunge by being assured that by the time their turn came everything would infallibly be in full working trim; and so the game was kept up. But now seven years have rolled by—time enough, in all conscience, for anything which was ever going to work at all to be working—with the result that there were at the beginning of the present sittings some eight hundred causes waiting for trial in Middlesex alone; which ghastly list is diminishing under the efforts of the few available judges, only because the disgusted would-be suitors do not care to pile Pelion on Ossa and begin actions to be set down possibly among the thousands; or else because some of those whose names already figure on this portentous roll, tired of waiting, have resorted, contrary to their original intention, to the expensive tribunal of the arbitrator. The number of R's and W's, denoting that a cause is referred or withdrawn respectively, now to be seen on the Middlesex list at Westminster, is a sorry sight for those who still believe in the efficacy of the Judicature Acts. Meanwhile, solicitors are engaged in making out bills for old work done instead of doing new, and barristers, returning fresh and keen for work after the Long Vacation, are compelled to eat out their hearts in chambers or loaf about Westminster with nothing to do, by reason of what is now too well known as a block in the Courts.

And is it really the lauded Judicature Acts that have brought us to this? Mr. Chalmers says it is, and he is in a position to judge. He was in the confidence of Mr. Arthur Wilson, draftsman of the original rules which constitute the working basis of the new procedure, and author of the standard work on existing practice. When Mr. Wilson was translated to a judgeship in India he bequeathed his mantle to Mr. Chalmers, who is bringing out a new edition of the aforesaid book of practice; and it is in the course of the study involved in this task that Mr. Chalmers has become convinced that the present state of affairs is attributable, in part at least, to defects in our code of procedure.

Having satisfied himself that the present system is far from perfect, Mr. Chalmers casts about for a remedy. It is obvious, as he points out, that "the deliberate policy of the Judicature Acts cannot be reversed, and that any return to the old state of things is impossible." The disturbance and confusion of a second revolution in judicial procedure occurring within a decade would be appalling, and is not to be thought of for a moment. "Any reforms in procedure must," as Mr. Chalmers justly observes, "be by way of amendment in the existing system." Before considering what appear to him the principal faults of that system, Mr. Chalmers remarks that "the cost of litigation is made up of two constituent elements, the expenditure of money out of pocket and the expenditure of time." It would, however, be bad economy to sacrifice efficiency for either expedition or mere cheapness, and therefore the two tests to which not only a system of procedure, but each individual rule of it, must in the interest of litigants be subjected are—"First, does it tend to elicit the whole of the relevant facts in a convenient form for the application of the law thereto? Second, does it seek to attain this end in the quickest possible manner, and with the least possible expenditure of time and money?" But to attain these ends a system of procedure need be very elastic. The causes which come before the Courts present every imaginable degree of complexity. Where the issues are simple, a simple method of presenting them for decision should be adopted; where the issues are multiform and involved, a more elaborate preliminary procedure may well be justified as tending to ultimate simplification and true economy. That the first of these principles was recognized by the framers of the Judicature Acts and their auxiliary rules is beyond question. With a view to meeting the very simplest cases, they did not deem it derogatory to the dignity of the High Court of Justice to undertake the lowly office of a debt collector. By the invaluable process technically known as Order 14, a plaintiff for debt may at the very earliest stage of his action call upon his adversary to show cause why he should not at once pay the sum claimed from him. If the case be a simple and plain one, the plaintiff recovers without further delay, and it is difficult to conceive a more speedy and salutary remedy, considering the number of actions which were formerly defended for the mere purpose of gaining time or bringing about a compromise. But it is only in the most transparent cases that this procedure is applicable. Judges will not try a case on an application of this sort, and the unsupported oath of the defendant that he does not owe the money, or his offer to bring it into Court, is in general sufficient to remit the plaintiff to the ordinary course of his action. Here, then, is the first of the defects Mr. Chalmers attributes to the Judicature Act system. It is, he says, a grave mistake to have no intermediate method of procedure between the bare simplicity of such debt-collecting as the above, and the elaborate, expensive, and tedious ordeal of a regular trial, with all its preliminary business of pleadings, interrogatories, discovery, &c. There are a large number of cases which are perhaps not quite simple and plain enough to be disposed of summarily amid the noise and bustle of Judges' Chambers by means of Order

14; but to apply to which the whole machinery necessarily framed and designed for the unravelling of the most complicated and multiform series of facts is as absurd and wasteful as using an hydraulic press to break a butterfly. Some intermediate process is manifestly desirable. What it should be we cannot undertake to say here, nor does Mr. Chalmers enlighten us; he only vaguely refers to "Chapter XII. of the Indian Civil Procedure Code."

The next object of Mr. Chalmers's animadversion is no less than that palladium of our liberties, the British Jury, which he states to be "by far the most expensive mode of trial that can be selected." The items of expense particularly chargeable against trial by jury are: (1) The necessity of more evidence, because of the impossibility of supplementing any oversight later on. (2) The greater uncertainty as to when the trial will come on, whereby witnesses are kept in attendance longer than they otherwise would be. (3) The necessity, or at least opportunity, for longer speeches by counsel, and a summing-up by the judge, whereby the trial is protracted. (4) The almost invariable application for a new trial, on some ground connected with the finding of the jury. All this, as Mr. Chalmers says, "unavoidably gives an advantage to the litigant with the longest purse," and he suggests two amendments. The first carries a well-known provision of the existing system a little further, and provides that "when both parties consent to a trial by jury no new trial shall be granted on the ground that the verdict was against the weight of evidence, and that where one party insists on his right to a jury against the wish of the other, the verdict shall be conclusive as regards the party so insisting." This really appears a most sensible suggestion. It is merely putting the finding of a jury on the same footing as the finding of an arbitrator, and there seems no logical reason why the decision of one man selected by the parties should be more conclusive than the decision of twelve men selected for them by the law. Moreover, as Mr. Chalmers points out, juries are now relieved from a large portion of their responsibility by knowing that if the presiding judge disagrees with their verdict, there will in all probability be a new trial; and with this pleasing assurance that justice will probably ultimately be done in any case, they are apt to disregard the extra expense which a careless or unconsidered verdict is likely to entail upon the parties; whereas, if they knew their verdict would be final, they would in all probability bestow more care and thought upon it. The lightening the work of Divisional Courts, and the consequent liberation of more judges to try causes at Nisi Prius, would not be least of the advantages to be expected from such a scheme. Mr. Chalmers even goes so far as to suggest that "except in certain specified cases, trial by jury should only be allowed after leave obtained from a judge, and that the decision of the judge on the point should be final"—thus making trial by jury the exception instead of the rule. This appears an alarming innovation, but, as Mr. Chalmers says, a good many cases have latterly been tried very satisfactorily by a judge alone which would formerly have been tried with a jury. Unsuccessful litigants are more wont to attribute partiality to a jury than to a judge; and a large number of cases which now come for trial before a jury have sooner or later in the course of the trial to be referred, to the no small disgust and expense of the parties. If, as appears demonstrable, trial by jury is in a large majority of cases an inappropriate and extravagant method of adjudication, it is certainly advisable to bring a little pressure to bear in order to wean people from that to which they would, more from force of habit than from any deliberate or intelligent choice, be prone to resort. The class of actions which Mr. Chalmers would always retain for the consideration of a jury are actions involving questions of fraud or personal character, actions involving complicated questions of mercantile usage, tried in a place where a good special jury can be got, and actions against Railway Companies for personal injuries. The retention of the latter class of actions he justifies on the ground of public policy, the exemplary damages usually given by juries in accident cases acting as a salutary incentive to caution and vigilance on the part of Companies.

The abolition of formal pleadings in favour of a simple statement of the issues of fact in simple cases is also recommended by Mr. Chalmers, and, as in the case of jury trials, he points out that a little gentle compulsion would probably be necessary to induce people to quit the beaten tracks of procedure for those which might be selected as more conducive to their welfare. Such at least was the experience derived from an optional provision of this sort which existed in the Common Law Procedure Act of 1852, but which, probably because nobody availed himself of it, was not reproduced in the Judicature Acts.

The number of appeals from an order of a Master sitting at Common Law Chambers which is open to a persistent litigant naturally calls for some remark. The Master is practically sitting as Judge, yet an appeal lies from him to the Judge, from the Judge to the Divisional Court, from the Divisional Court to the Court of Appeal, and thence to the House of Lords; and all this about a matter which may not ultimately materially affect the final decision of the cause. The Chancery practice is far more rational—an appeal from the Judge in Chambers usually going straight to the Court of Appeal, no such thing as a Divisional Court being known; and an assimilation of the two systems would be a ready and natural method of diminishing the cost and delay incident to the Common Law procedure; an almost endless chain of appeals tending, moreover, to induce that sense of comparative irresponsibility in judges and counsel which the ever-present potentiality of a new trial inspires in juries.

The constitution of Divisional Courts is also open to criticism. The judges of the Chancery Division are not *ex hypothesi* wiser than their Common Law brethren, and yet a single Chancery judge daily disposes of matters no less important or momentous than those which require the united energies of two, or sometimes three, Common Law judges. To adopt one of Mr. Chalmers's illustrations, County Court judges have unlimited jurisdiction in bankruptcy, yet a bankruptcy appeal from a County Court lies to a single Chancery judge, while the most trumpery appeal from the limited Common Law jurisdiction of the same County Court can only be dealt with by two Common Law judges sitting as a Divisional Court. An amending Judicature Act of 1876 was certainly a step in the right direction, enacting as it did that all matters should as far as possible be settled by one judge, and that, save in exceptional cases, a Divisional Court should be constituted of two, not three, judges; but the first clause of this provision has hitherto only resulted in a scanty number of "further considerations;" and it is by no means an uncommon sight at Westminster to see three judges sitting in banc, hearing cases obviously not within the far too large class directed so to be heard. Mr. Chalmers would relegate matters now heard by Divisional Courts, with but two justifiable exceptions, to a single judge sitting in open Court, thus assimilating the practice of the Divisions, and effecting a large saving of judicial power.

The next suggested amendment is that the Long Vacation should be curtailed, or, if that be found impracticable, that it should begin and end earlier, in order to fit in more with the ordinary holiday time of business men and secure the greatest amount of efficiency; the heat of a crowded court in August rendering, as Mr. Chalmers says, a day's work then inferior in quantity and quality to a day's work in October. We will not dwell here on the anachronism of a total cessation of business for more than three months at a time in this hard-working age, or on the hardship thereby inflicted alike on suitors and those members of the legal profession whose work cannot necessitate, and whose means can hardly stand, so protracted a period of idleness. The Long Vacation in its inordinate immensity is, we fondly hope, doomed; it certainly is so unless concessions are made by its upholders, and the least of such concessions is that suggested by Mr. Chalmers.

Passing over a suggestion as to the functions of the Council of Judges, which body Mr. Chalmers believes has never met since its institution, we come to a very serious blot in the existing system. The Judicature Acts expressly preserved all pre-existing procedure, save so far as it might be inconsistent with the new, and they expressly repealed nothing. The extent of the confusion thus introduced may be judged from the fact recorded by Mr. Chalmers, that when in 1877 Mr. Arthur Wilson was commissioned to draw up a list of the unrepealed statutes relating to procedure, that list contained no less than 479 Acts, to say nothing of 231 Rules of Court under the Common Law Procedure Acts and 42 Consolidated Orders of the Court of Chancery. A repealing Act passed in 1879 got rid of 104 of the above-mentioned statutes, but affected none passed since 1851; so that more than 300 Acts, together with a mass of rules and orders, still remain to complicate matters and hinder the rapidity and efficiency of the course of litigation; for, inasmuch as the Judicature Acts fail to cover the whole ground, many important remedies have still to be sought by means of the old procedure. Mr. Chalmers suggests the obvious remedy—namely, that all these statutes, rules, and orders should be swept clean away, and that such of their provisions as it appears desirable to retain should be incorporated into the Judicature Acts and rules, thus rendering these the sole repository of a self-contained and complete code of procedure.

Such is the substance of Mr. Chalmers's charge against the Judicature Acts and the system introduced by them. As will have been seen, he does not in every case attribute the enhanced cost and delay of litigation directly to the inherent vices of the new procedure. Its faults are as much those of omission as of commission. Its framers had an opportunity of really reforming all existing abuses; they allowed many of these to continue, and added a few more. But people grow wiser by experience, and though tinkering legislation is usually to be deprecated, it might be well to try the effect of the adoption of some, if not all, of Mr. Chalmers's suggestions.

GUSTAVE PLANCHE ON KEAN AND MACREADY.

IN 1835 there appeared in Paris an illustrated magazine called *Le Monde Dramatique*, which had enough success to leave its mark behind it in the shape of three well but closely printed volumes, averaging considerably over four hundred pages each. Whether it reached beyond the third volume, which is dated 1836, the first two belonging to 1835, we have never been able to find out; but the three volumes as they stand are a mine of information and criticism on the theatre of the time, which, it need hardly be said, was one of the most important in the history of the modern drama. Among the contributors were the great Dumas, Théophile Gautier, Alfred de Musset, Frédéric Soulié, Alphonse Karr, Macquet, Bouchardy, Léon Gozlan, Albéric Second, Gustave Planche, and Hector Berlioz; among the illustrators were Gavarni, Devéria, and Célestin Nanteuil. It is, however, only in the first two volumes, and especially in the first, that such distinguished names as these are to be found; and it seems not unlikely, therefore, that the interest or popularity, or both, of the

work declined by degrees, and that it practically, if not actually, disappeared in the second year of its life. Its criticisms include the German, English, Russian, Italian, Spanish, and Chinese stages, and deal with theatrical performances of every kind, from the Français to the Cirque Franconi; its illustrations and its portraits of singers and actors of the time are full of merit and interest. Besides theatrical and musical criticism, the volumes contain a great deal of fine confused reading—wild stories by Bouchardy, artistic essays of many kinds, and amongst other curious matter a biography of the real Mlle. Maupin, which shows how much material Gautier found ready to his hand, and what a skilful use he made of it, and to which, on the words, "sa vie toute bizarre, pleine d'incidens curieux, pourrait fournir la matière d'un roman plein d'intérêt," there is a foot-note:—"Un de nos collaborateurs, M. Théophile Gautier, s'occupe en effet depuis longtemps d'un roman qui porte pour titre; *Mlle. Maupin.*" The volumes are, as we have already said, full of interest for all who care about dramatic affairs, and we may have more to say of them on a future occasion. For the present it may be not uninteresting, especially in this time of Shakspearian revivals, to see what Gustave Planche had to say of the "Théâtre Anglais" in 1835. M. Planche began his essay by some remarks on the close connexion which, as he thought, always existed between the state of poetry and the state of the stage. Great poets may sometimes be interpreted by mediocre actors, and great actors may find no contemporary work worthy of their powers; but "il faut reconnaître que les grands poètes et les grands acteurs se tiennent ordinairement par la main. Pour les grandes pensées il se trouve d'éclatans interprètes; et même il n'est pas rare que le spectacle d'une pantomime admirable renouvelle et inspire des esprits qui jusque-là demeuraient engourdis." Instances of the truth of this last assertion might easily be multiplied, and readers of Macready's Reminiscences will remember a striking one which is to be found in them. "What I have just said," continues the writer, "gives the key to the present state of the stage in England. There is a want of great writers, and a consequent want of great actors." He goes on to say that since Kean's death there has been no tragedian worthy of Shakspeare. Between Shakspeare and Kean there was a complete sympathy; "chez le poète et le comédien c'était la même inspiration, la même soudaineté de génie." Shakspeare's method as a writer was matched by Kean's as an actor. Shakspeare did not, as many "docteurs ignorans" believe and assert, allow himself to be carried away by the impetus of his thought; on the contrary, "il intervient par sa volonté et même par sa patience dans les moindres parties de son œuvre. Mais il aime particulièrement les traits imprévus par lesquels se révèle le caractère d'un personnage." He had the resources of the stage completely at command, and he took his own way with a deliberate purpose. To that way Kean's way was admirably fitted. The actor could give to his interpretation the same air of spontaneity, the result of patient labour, which the poet gave to his writing. Not, says M. Planche, that I deny the inspiration which often impelled this great actor. But I know that he never trusted to inspiration as it might come on the boards at night for the interpretation of a character. He had a higher idea of his art. He did not wait till he was before the public to find the means of moving them. He came on the stage conscious of a power already tried, knowing what gestures, what intonations, he meant to use. But, like the great orators, while he commanded the crowd, he himself obeyed a higher power, and sometimes, in his complete identification of himself with the character he represented, his familiar demon gave him some new light. However, "la spontanéité apparente de ses mouvemens n'allait jamais à l'entier abandon." Kean, M. Planche ended by saying, carried his secret away with him; no one who followed him recalled his genius.

Macready, he continued, was certainly the best of Kean's successors; but how wide was the interval between them! Macready should play tragedy rather than drama. "Il est trop dédaigneux et trop sévère pour se plier aux détails de la réalité. Amoureux avant tout de la beauté linéaire, Macready représenterait dignement les héros de Sophocle." He excelled in giving by his gestures and attitudes a meaning to words which otherwise might fall flat. He has the statuesque beauty and repose which belong to the Greek drama; he has majesty and simplicity, but he wants vivacity and impulse—"on dirait qu'il a peur de troubler sa beauté par un mouvement indiscret." In short, Sophocles, Corneille, and Racine he can play admirably; Shakspeare he cannot play. It is not surprising to M. Planche that Macready has a special liking for Sheridan Knowles's plays. Since he cannot appear in Greek or French tragedy, it is natural that he should turn to those pieces which, without resembling the classical type, are yet furthest removed from Shakspeare. In works of this kind, which have in themselves mighty little value, Macready finds a free scope. He takes the play as a painter might take a blank canvas. There is nothing to prevent his indulging his love for simple and harmonious lines. As the sentiments he has to utter are of little importance, and the action is generally subordinated to the scenic effect, Macready assumes a tragedy of Sheridan Knowles's as he might assume a large flowing cloak, in which he drapes himself, loosening and tightening it round his shoulders at will. His liking for Sheridan Knowles, far from being a tribute to the playwright, is merely a proof of the actor's shrewdness. He does not devote himself to interpreting the poet; he makes use of him as a man makes use of a well-trained hack. Macready, M. Planche ends by saying, is about, it is said, to leave the stage, and become a clergyman. It would not be surprising if in this new career he obtains more fame and popularity than in his former one. "Car la prédication n'a pas les mêmes exigences que la scène; l'évangile est plus simple que Shakspeare."

All this reads oddly enough nowadays, and seems to show that Gustave Planche, having seen Macready only in Sheridan Knowles's plays, founded upon his performances the curious theories which he put forward. There may, no doubt, have been truth in some parts of his judgment; but, if it was entirely true, one can only suppose that he knew better than all the English critics whose opinions have been recorded.

Charles Kemble (M. Planche seems not to have seen the great John) brings to the parts which he plays close study and remarkable insight. But he was not any better fitted to play Shakspeare than was Macready, with his sculptural grace. He paid too much attention to the "caractère prosodique et musical d'Hamlet et de Roméo." And although, no doubt, there is grace and melody in many of Shakspeare's pages, yet M. Planche was sure that metrical beauties were the last things he considered; "ses devoirs de comédien et de directeur ne lui permettaient pas de travailler comme un poète de cour." There is a cheerful assurance about this statement which belonged naturally enough to one of the clique who had determined to "enfoncer les anciens." It would have hardly done for a devout Romanticist to admit that Shakspeare's verse was beautiful except by chance, and in "plusieurs pages." However, the effect upon M. Planche of Charles Kemble's style was that he missed all the meaning of the part. In Hamlet, for example, in "*To be or not to be*," il multiplie les pauses presque à chaque vers. On dirait qu' il craint de laisser dans l'ombre une beauté de style. Son débit ressemble volontiers à une leçon de déclamation." He seems to be reading Shakspeare to a class of young students, and pointing out to them the rhetorical beauties of the great poet. One expects to hear him diverge into comments on the text. The lecturer is thoroughly up in his work; but the author disappears. On the methodic and monotonous method which Planche attributed, justly or not, to Charles Kemble in tragic poetry, he has some good remarks to make. In ordinary life, he wrote, the uniform carrying out of one purpose may be, to some placid and unemotional natures, true happiness; but it will not do upon the stage. The perpetual repetition of the same gestures and intonation will end by giving coldness to the most perfectly conceived part. No one should be recommended to trust to the impulse of the moment; that is a senseless attempt; a mere caprice of vanity. But in every part memory and invention should have each a distinct place. "Que la trame générale du rôle soit déterminée d'avance, mais qu'il soit permis à l'acteur d'inventer pour quelques mailles de ce tissu des figures nouvelles; qu'il puisse, sans être accusé d'aventure, exercer à la fois sa mémoire et son imagination. Charles Kemble ne partage pas notre avis. Mais le public se range de notre côté; et nous croyons qu'il n'agit pas légèrement. L'art dramatique, réduit à la seule mémoire, n'a plus d'action sur la foule."

THE SCARCITY OF SOUND INVESTMENTS.

THE growing scarcity of sound investments is a phenomenon that is forcing itself upon the attention of the least observant of those who have any money to put by. Only a few years ago French Rentes yielded over 5 per cent. on the market price, and not very long since United States Government Bonds could be bought to return 7 and 8 per cent. Where now can securities such as these be found to give a like income? Consols are no longer at par, but they are so little under it that practically they may be said to yield only 3 per cent.; United States Fours yield about 3½ per cent.; French Rentes about 4 per cent.; Indian Sterling Bonds not quite 4 per cent.; and Colonial Government securities generally about the same rate. Even Russian and Hungarian bonds, great as is the risk attached to them, pay an investor only 5½ and 6½ per cent. respectively. And if we pass from the securities of States to those of private Companies we find that those in good credit give usually from 3 to 4 per cent., but seldom more. It is obvious, too, that the tendency is to reduce still lower the return to the investor. In other words, really good investments are becoming scarcer and scarcer every year, and of course their scarcity enhances their price. It is a common complaint that all Stock Exchange prices at present are extravagantly high, not alone in England, but all over the world; and though to a certain extent this is due to speculation, fostered by the abundance of capital in the short-loan market, the permanent tendency of events is to lower the interest of money. The principal cause of this is the magnitude of the annual savings in the more advanced countries of the world. In his paper on "Recent Accumulations of Capital" Mr. Giffen estimates the annual savings of the United Kingdom in the ten years from 1865 to 1875 at 240 millions. Granting that the depression in trade and the series of bad harvests have since greatly diminished the rate of accumulation, still the savings every year must have been enormous. Part of these were invested in bringing new land into cultivation—a process which went on even in 1879, perhaps the worst year of the century; part in improving land previously cultivated; part in ship-building; part in renewing and replacing the mechanical appliances used in industry; part in house-building; and part in founding new businesses or extending old ones. But there remained a large balance, which flowed to the Stock Exchange for investment.

The busy man and the idle man alike who have surplus money wish to invest it in a manner in which, if there should be need, it can be easily realized, and in which, while out of the owner's control, it will not call for his supervision, or give him any trouble. On the Stock Exchange alone can he usually find a security of the kind. And accordingly there is always an immense sum seeking employment there. It has been said—we know not upon what basis of calculation—that at the present moment there are 200 millions in this country waiting investment. Whatever may be thought of this estimate, it is certain that the amount is enormous. In France it is generally estimated that, in spite of the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, of the ravages of the *phylloxera*, and of the series of bad harvests, the annual savings are about 120 millions sterling. We are inclined to think this estimate too low. It is only half Mr. Giffen's estimate for the United Kingdom during the period 1866-75; and France, we know, is making marvellous progress in wealth, her people are among the thriftiest in the world, and the national riches are so widely distributed that very few amongst them are without the means of saving something. They invest upon the Stock Exchange far more generally than English people do, and consequently the demand for Stock Exchange securities is very great in France. It is hardly necessary to say anything of the great and rapid growth of wealth in the United States. Estimates of the rate of growth must necessarily be very conjectural, but we may safely conclude that the annual savings are not less than in the United Kingdom. Thus for these three countries alone we arrive at a grand total of about 600 millions sterling of annual savings. If this conclusion appears incredible to any of our readers, we would remind them that Russia, the poorest of the great European States, was able to defray the whole cost of the war against Turkey out of her own savings. Not having been able to raise a loan abroad, she was compelled to borrow at home - that is to say, to defray the cost of the war out of the funds in her own loan market. If the savings of Russia sufficed for this purpose, our estimate for England, France, and the United States is clearly not exaggerated.

The demand growing out of this vast saving necessarily enhances prices. And the effect is intensified by the rapid diminution of existing first-class securities, and the rare creation of new ones. Since the close of the Civil War the United States have paid off nearly 160 millions sterling of their debt, and they have converted the greater part of the remainder into a debt bearing only 4½ and 4 per cent. interest. The Sixes and the Fives still outstanding will fall due and be refunded next year. When this process is completed, nearly one-third of the United States Debt will have been swept away, and of what will be left not a single bond will bear more than 4½ per cent. interest. Moreover, the reduction in the charge of the debt will be such as to make it possible, if the people so choose, to clear it bodily away in about fifteen years or less. In other words, United States bonds will by-and-by not be obtainable in Europe. Compared with what the Americans have done, our efforts to reduce debt have been trifling. Still we have greatly diminished the funded debt during the past twenty years, and in 1885, when the Terminable Annuities fall in, it will be in the power of the Chancellor of the Exchequer of that day, provided peace is preserved, to put in operation a scheme that will rapidly reduce the debt. Further, Turkey's repudiation of her debt in 1875 destroyed at a stroke what had previously been considered a vast property. And the bankruptcy of so many other States has still further narrowed the area of investment. Against these reductions and disappearances the only great creation of first-class securities within the past ten years has been the French Indemnity Loans. It will be seen, however, if we add together the repayments by the United States, England, and Germany, and the repudiations by Turkey and Peru, that the latter greatly exceed the new issues. In fact, since 1873, new issues upon a great scale have ceased. This is true of industrial and commercial undertakings as well as of States. As we saw last week in discussing the railways of the world, the United Kingdom has practically completed its railway system. Whatever may be done in the future, there can in this country be no vast railway constructions as in the past. France, Germany, Holland, and Belgium find capital for their own lines; Russia has not credit enough to raise a loan for the present; and Hungary is obliged to be cautious. It is the same with most of the colonies. At any moment a new mania for foreign loans may no doubt spring up, and railways may be financed for all sorts of places; but we are now dealing only with the present and the immediate past, and it is unquestionable that the issues of first-class securities have not kept pace with the reductions. At the same time the new savings constantly made have been seeking for investment, and have not been met by any new creations.

The inevitable result of this double movement is the rise of prices to which we referred above, or, in other words, a fall in the rate of interest. This is the natural tendency in all advanced communities. During the past forty years it has been counteracted by the construction of railways, which, in the United Kingdom alone, have used up a capital nearly equal to the present amount of the National Debt. The tendency has further been checked by the laying down of telegraph wires all over the globe, by the replacement of sailing vessels by steamers, and the substitution of iron for wood in naval construction, by the vast development of industry and manufactures, and by the immense loans made to foreign States. But there has come a pause in the creation of all these forms of investment, and instantly the permanent tendency of events asserts itself. The prices of securities rise, money accumulates in Lombard Street, and bankers complain that they can get nothing for it. Is this state of things likely to last? Are the saving classes permanently to make up their minds to a lower return for their savings? It is always hazardous to predict; but we are not inclined to give an affirmative answer to these questions. We see no reason to conclude that the era of mechanical inventions has abruptly come to an end; and, if it has not, we cannot suppose that our present instruments of production and locomotion do not admit of improvement. To take an illustration. If the Thomas and Gilchrist process of making steel turns out as well as is now expected, it is only reasonable to infer that steel will supplant iron in naval construction, just as iron supplanted wood, and consequently that we are about to witness a revolution in shipbuilding. Further, steel rails must take the place of iron rails. Even now this latter change is in progress. But, if steel is really so much more lasting than iron and so much cheaper as is said, railway directors will soon find out that the line which is first steel-laid from end to end will get an advantage over its competitors; and when once this is realized there will be a race between the Companies. But such a race would involve a revolution in the iron industry also, and a complete reconstruction of works; and none of these transformations can be effected without an immense expenditure. This particular forecast may or may not be fulfilled, but in any case the possibility shows how a single great invention may put all vaticinations to nought. Again, as we pointed out last week, the railway systems of the world are as yet in their infancy, will certainly be extended, and must use up vast capitals. Lastly, should a great European war break out, it would rapidly absorb the world's savings. It would be out of place here to inquire into the probability of a great European war; but nobody will deny that it is among the possible contingencies of the future. In spite, then, of the permanent tendency towards a low rate of interest, it would be rash to assume hastily that the inducements to saving are about to be diminished.

REVIEWS.

FOWLER'S LOCKE.*

It is difficult to refrain from doubt as to the wisdom or necessity of the rule which has imposed an inflexible uniformity of size on this "English Men of Letters" series. The handiness and cheapness of the volumes are laudable objects in themselves; and it appears to be assumed in all enterprises of this kind that not only a certain average size and price are to be maintained, but the size and price must be invariable for each individual member of the series. Doubtless English publishers know their public; and the intrusion, say, of a three-and-sixpenny volume into a half-crown series, would import a loss in copies sold not to be made up by subsequent redress of the balance in some two-shilling successor. The singularly artificial arrangements of our book-trade seem to have brought us into a state in which nobody will buy books unless they are very dear or very cheap; and in either case a certain tickling of the imagination seems needful to make the price go down. The cost of the luxurious library edition of a work whose standing is already assured must be counted in guineas; that of the cheap student's book must be expressible by some equally familiar, though humbler, unit of account. In the name of half-a-crown there seems to be a certain fitness of things, whereby in the subjective arithmetic of the book-buyer two half-crowns are manifestly less than three shillings and two shillings. Nevertheless, uniformity has its drawbacks; and it is a Procrustean exigency that compels Goldsmith to be treated on the same scale as Milton. And Professor Fowler must have chafed a little, we should guess, at the compass allotted to him in common with his fellows for his own particular task of setting forth Locke's life and work. In the case of Hume, Professor Huxley cut the knot by giving but a slight sketch of the man's life, and throwing his whole strength on a free and popular, yet concentrated, exposition of Hume's philosophy. With Locke this was hardly possible; the manifold activity and varied interests of his life could not fairly be dealt with in a less proportion of the whole book than has been allotted to them. We cannot say but that Professor Fowler has done well, though the account of the *Essay concerning Human Understanding* for which room is thus left is perforce very slender indeed. With the execution, too, we have every reason to be content; the tale is well and pleasantly told, and told with the scholar-like composure and absence of flippancy which become the matter of it.

Nevertheless, Professor Fowler has not escaped falling into a quarrel by his useful and, as we should have said, unpretentious piece of work. Four years ago Mr. Fox Bourne brought out a Life of Locke in two volumes, a careful and meritorious performance, containing many new facts and documents—unpublished writings of Locke's and other things of considerable interest. It was duly noticed here and elsewhere, and may be said to have established itself as not only the latest, but the fullest and best, account of Locke to be had.

* *Locke.* By Thomas Fowler, Professor of Logic in the University of Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880. (In "English Men of Letters" Series.)

This being so, Professor Fowler naturally made use of Mr. Fox Bourne's work, with such acknowledgment as he thought fitting to the nature of the case. We should suppose that Mr. Fox Bourne's Life was pretty constantly before him; now and then he seems to have followed it even in the turn of a phrase, which, however, may be due to fresh but unconscious reminiscence rather than to copying. But Professor Fowler, naturally enough again, did not think it needful to make a special note every time he gave a fact or document which had been given by Mr. Fox Bourne. Even in works of a larger scale we take the rule to be this:—If A. gives something material simply on B.'s authority, he ought to cite B. for it. But if, whether guided by B. or otherwise, he goes to the ultimate authorities which B. consulted and works from them, he is not bound to cite B. specifically, though his results may be the same. A general acknowledgment of having found B.'s work useful is all that literary justice requires. And we now know from the statement made by Professor Fowler in self-defence—which, being not improbable in itself, we are bound to accept—that he has by no means used Mr. Fox Bourne's work without verification, but has constantly verified and sometimes corrected it. What Professor Fowler has actually done in the matter of acknowledgment is this; in the prefatory note he says:—

In writing the chapters on Locke's Life, I have derived much information from the biographies of Lord King and Mr. Fox Bourne, especially the latter, which contains a large amount of most interesting documents never before printed. In a work like the present, where numerous foot-notes would be out of place, I am obliged to content myself with this general acknowledgment.

Most authors, we think, would accept such an acknowledgment as sufficient to cover any fair use of their work. But this is not all. Mr. Fox Bourne's name is mentioned eight times in the body of the work (not in foot-notes, but in the text); once it is to express a not unfriendly dissent on a point of which Mr. Fowler should be a particularly competent judge; every other time it is to approve some piece of Mr. Fox Bourne's work. Taken together, these references amount to saying, as plainly as words can say it, to every reader who has a tincture of literary habits:—"If you want to study Locke's life and writings more at large, Mr. Fox Bourne's book undoubtedly is the book you should go to." So far from tending to interfere with the reputation or sale of Mr. Fox Bourne's work, we should have thought this would be the best possible advertisement for it. And we should have expected a reasonable man in Mr. Fox Bourne's position to be content for the sake of this to have his work much more freely drawn upon than it appears to have been in this case. Unfortunately Mr. Fox Bourne has taken a different view of his rights and interests. He has written to the *Athenæum* charging Professor Fowler in unmeasured language with injustice, discourtesy, and plagiarism. Professor Fowler made a very temperate reply, stating in effect that he also had been at work on Locke's life and writings for many years, and that he had used Mr. Fox Bourne's book fairly and honestly in conjunction with other material. He also pointed out, in our opinion quite rightly, that Mr. Fox Bourne was really claiming a monopoly of the whole subject; for one of Mr. Fox Bourne's chief grievances was that Professor Fowler had gone to work without consulting him. At this rate, as Professor Fowler says, "literature"—and, we may add, science—"would be reduced within a very narrow compass indeed." No teacher of history would be free to speak of the mediæval constitution of England without an *imprimatur* from Professor Stubbs, and every student of physics wishing to investigate electrical discharges in a high vacuum would have to exhibit a petition to Mr. Crookes. Mr. Fox Bourne, however, rejoined by repeating his charges in a more offensive tone, and, among other things, rashly challenging Professor Fowler to make good what he had gently hinted in his first letter, that Mr. Fox Bourne's scholarship was not of the most exact. Professor Fowler has made a final reply, in which his assertion on this point is more than sufficiently justified as regards Latin. As to Greek, there is not much occasion for it in dealing with Locke; but Mr. Fox Bourne persistently gives ἐλαιωψορία for ἐλαιοφορία, the name of an Oxford collection of verses addressed to Cromwell, to which Locke contributed. He should have been thankful to Professor Fowler for correcting the mistake in silence. Meanwhile an unexpected diversion is created by Mr. Noel Sainsbury delivering in turn an attack on Mr. Fox Bourne, who, if Mr. Sainsbury's contention be right, has a beam in his own eye as concerning divers unpublished materials communicated to him by Mr. Sainsbury. For it was Mr. Sainsbury's intention at the time, as he alleges, to use these materials himself, and Mr. Fox Bourne knew it. He did not think it needful to complain when Mr. Fox Bourne's book was published; but now that Mr. Fox Bourne brings charges against other people of using his materials without his consent, Mr. Sainsbury thinks he may be fairly called upon to justify himself on his own principles. Mr. Fox Bourne denies the correctness of Mr. Sainsbury's statement of the facts. Here we have, as it stands, a very pretty triangular duel. It may go on two or three weeks more for anything we can tell, though Professor Fowler has wisely declared that, for his part, his last shot is fired. One thing is tolerably clear, that the person who comes out of the whole matter with most credit will not be Mr. Fox Bourne. There have been other unpleasant signs lately of a tendency among authors to display morbid jealousy about their claims, and fierce resentment of trifling or imaginary wrongs. We trust that English literature is not to be disgraced by a habit of wretched disputes about originality and priority, such as have become too common in several departments of science. And now, as they say in the Sagas, Mr. Fox Bourne is out of the story.

Professor Fowler's agreeable and scholarlike sketch of Locke's life will help to bring home to Locke's countrymen the practical occupations and active citizenship that distinguished him from many speculative philosophers. A sound currency, a free press, and the system of private arbitration under judicial sanction which is so powerful an auxiliary to our civil courts of justice, all bear in their earliest history the stamp of Locke's wisdom and manly sense. Another point not less worthy of note is that the calendar might have been reformed in England, if Locke could have had his way, some years sooner than it actually was, and that by a gradual and easy remedy, instead of by the sudden jump from old to new style which raised the cry of "Give us back our eleven days." The account of Locke's philosophical work suffers from condensation, as we have already hinted. It is impossible to explain in a few sentences the conditions which made the *Essay concerning Human Understanding* a new departure in mental science. Professor Fowler's words of introduction hardly do justice, we think, to Locke's immediate predecessors. He speaks of them thus:—

The science which we now call Psychology, or the study of mind, had hitherto, amongst modern writers, been almost exclusively subordinated to the interests of other branches of speculation. Some exceptions must, indeed, be made in favour of Hobbes and Gassendi, Descartes and Spinoza; but all these authors treated the questions of psychology somewhat cursorily, while the two former seem usually to have had in view the illustration of some favourite position in physics or ethics; the two latter the ultimate establishment of some proposition relating to the nature or attributes of God.

To confine ourselves to the two latter, this sentence would certainly give anything but a just notion to a reader unacquainted with Descartes's treatise on the Passions, and the third and fourth parts of Spinoza's *Ethics*. In these we have psychological studies which cannot be fairly pronounced cursory, and which are treated, though of course not without a view to ulterior ethical purposes, yet with a great deal of pure scientific interest. Descartes, indeed, has a good title to be reckoned, saving perhaps a part for Hobbes, as the founder of mental physiology. That his explanations were commonly premature and sometimes crude cannot seriously affect his merit when we allow for the conditions under which he worked. So that when Mr. Fowler says that Locke's task was undertaken "not in the dogmatic spirit of his predecessors, but in the critical spirit which he may be said to have almost inaugurated," there is again a touch of injustice towards Descartes. But it is perfectly true that it was Locke who first brought to the front the specific problem of knowledge, who forced men to consider, before they speculated at large on the nature of the universe, what human knowledge means, and of what it is capable. Vigorously and solidly handled by Locke, dissected by Hume, renewed on a different plane and with more elaborate method by Kant, this problem has with but slight intermissions, and with no really successful attempt at a diversion, occupied philosophers for well nigh two centuries; and it may be said that it is the one branch of philosophy in which an undoubted scientific progress has been made good. When Locke touches on purely metaphysical questions, his opinions are less interesting, and indeed comparatively commonplace. His position as to the relations of mind and matter—namely, that a supreme intelligence is necessary to account for finite thought, but that, given the supreme intelligence of God, it is quite conceivable that he should make matter think, if such were his pleasure, without interposing a finite spiritual substance—is well and clearly stated by Professor Fowler. This is worth noting, not only because the position is curious in itself, but because it is easily misunderstood, and has in fact been misunderstood by at least one ingenious writer of our own time. As a suggestion of what may be called a qualified and limited materialism, it is quite consistent; but, if the point of it is missed, Locke seems to be speaking as a materialist in one place and as a spiritualist in another.

Locke's minor writings are also duly noticed. On theological ground we occasionally find him in startling coincidence with the *Tractatus Theologico-politicus* of Spinoza, to which it is at least improbable that he ever gave much attention. Take the following passage quoted by Professor Fowler from *The Reasonableness of Christianity*:—

Natural religion, in its full extent, was nowhere that I know taken care of by the force of natural reason. It should seem, by the little that has hitherto been done in it, that it is too hard a task for unassisted reason to establish morality in all its parts, upon its true foundation, with a clear and convincing light. And it is at least a surer and shorter way to the apprehensions of the vulgar and mass of mankind, that one manifestly sent from God, and coming with visible authority from him, should, as a king and law-maker, tell them their duties and require their obedience, than leave it to the long and sometimes intricate deductions of reason to be made out to them. Such trains of reasoning the greater part of mankind have neither leisure to weigh, nor, for want of education and use, skill to judge of. . . . You may as soon hope to have all the day-labourers and tradesmen, the spinsters and dairy-maids, perfect mathematicians, as to have them perfect in ethics this way. Hearing plain commands is the sure and only course to bring them to obedience and practice. The greater part cannot learn, and therefore they must believe.

This is extremely like the idea which runs all through the *Tractatus Theologico-politicus* as to the necessity of revelation; though Locke seems more in doubt than Spinoza whether unassisted reason be sufficient even for the philosopher. And in his conclusion "that the articles of saving faith are few and simple," he stands much nearer to Spinoza than to the great majority of

writers on the subject, both at that time and since. Professor Fowler gives a good summary of the "Thoughts on Education," a work wonderfully in advance of its age, of which, by the way, two reprints have lately appeared. Of the tractate on the Conduct of the Understanding he says, with the bitterness of one in University authority who sees many strange things done in the name of knowledge, that "except for the inveterate and growing custom of confining works employed in education to such as can be easily lectured on and easily examined in," one cannot understand why it is nowadays so little read. It is pointed out, as a matter of course, that the doctrine of an original contract set forth in Locke's treatise on Civil Government is now quite untenable. Perhaps it might have been well to add that the one fatal difficulty that the supposed state of nature is a mere fiction was not overlooked by Locke himself. "'Tis often asked, as a mighty objection," he says, "where are, or ever were, there any men in such a state of nature?" The reply provided by him is ingenious, though it shows that the real might of the objection could not then be perceived. In matters of speculation it is not much, after all, that we find to add to the actual arguments of our forefathers. It is the grouping, the perspective, and the bearings of them that are changed by new facts and new points of view.

BIRDWOOD'S INDIAN ARTS.*

THESE volumes, prepared by Dr. Birdwood for the Art Series of the South Kensington Museum, contain an account, not only of the old Indian collection, but also of the additions lately made from the Museum of the Indian Office. At the same time the work is not a catalogue, but is intended apparently for general reading as well as special study. The part devoted to industrial arts is about two-thirds of the whole, and is preceded by a summary of Hindoo mythology. Even a summary of such a subject is not necessarily brief, and if Dr. Birdwood had adopted the method usually pursued by Egyptian mythologists his courage must have failed him before the completion of his task. He has, however, adopted the chronological method, and is able therefore to distinguish between what is ancient and what is modern, what is of importance and what may be lightly passed over. It would indeed be well for Egyptian studies if Dr. Birdwood could be induced to turn aside for a moment and give a little of his knowledge and experience to the unravelling of the network of ignorance and guess which at present oppresses the mythological student. In his researches as to the religion of our remotest ancestors—for from the old Aryan stock in the valleys of the Himalayas must have proceeded the modern people both of Europe and India—he goes direct to the early records in the hymns of the Veda, and shows that these primitive folk, who may have lived twelve centuries before the Christian era, or during the Hyksos domination in Egypt, expressed the sentiments of admiration, gratitude, and fear awakened in them by the overwhelming powers of nature; and that "the words uttered three thousand years ago by the Vedic bards, or *rishis*, gradually became the gods of India, Greece, and Rome." There is, of course, nothing absolutely new in this, but there is something new in the simple and systematic manner in which the gradual corruption of this primitive mythology is shown to have resulted in "the most puerile superstitions and the grossest idolatry." This degradation he ascribes chiefly to the sacerdotal pretensions and unceasing efforts of the Brahmans, or priestly caste, a caste which did not exist at the first. In order to bring in the aboriginal inhabitants they permitted the engrafting of the "gods of the land" upon the old Vedic theogony; and finally, when the religious revolution of Gautama had made Buddhism almost universal, they contrived to corrupt it also, so that at the present day there is little to choose between the older and the newer form of idolatry. The Jainas, says Mr. Birdwood, made a compromise with the Brahmans; resistance to caste and to the sacerdotal claims of the Brahmans once removed, the compromise became a conquest. Provided the rules of caste and their own supremacy were acknowledged, the priests allowed the utmost latitude of religious belief and philosophical opinion. Buddhism, in its purer form, indeed in any form, has almost or quite disappeared from India. It spread into Ceylon about the end of the third century B.C. and into Tibet and China during the first century of the Christian era; and Dr. Birdwood goes on to say, it "was carried in the fifth century A.D. by Chinese missionaries into Mexico, where it flourished until the thirteenth century, when it was extirpated by the victorious Aztecs."

In a series of small plates Dr. Birdwood gives us the figures of the principal deities—figures so familiar in all our houses, yet so seldom recognized by their names. In the present work we are told all about each one, and the author gives us besides a brief description of the sacred writings or Vedas of which we have heard so much lately, and tells the story of the Mahabharata and the Ramayana. He next notices at some length the code of Manu and its influence on the development—or, to speak more exactly perhaps, the arrest of development—of the Hindoo people. It is the legal foundation of the whole social, religious, economical, and political system of Hindoo life. It failed to provide for the external defence of the country, but it has rendered it proof against internal revolution. "India is, in fact, the only Aryan country which has maintained the continuity of its marvellous social, religious, and economical life from the earliest antiquity to the present day."

The second part of Dr. Birdwood's work contains a full and systematic description of Hindoo art and the "master handicrafts of India." The village communities have been the strongholds of the traditionary arts, for, as the husbandmen of whom these communities exclusively consist could not do without manufactures, a certain number of artisans came to reside in each village. There they reside as "strangers within the gate," even after the lapse of three thousand years. The artisans in the lapse of time sought employment in the larger towns and the "great polytechnical cities," and formed trade-unions, the bonds of which in India are rendered practically indissoluble by the force of caste. Dr. Birdwood is mistaken in attributing caste to the ancient Egyptians, but in this he only follows the misleading authorities to which we have already referred. Two things have acted unfavourably on the hereditary skill of the Hindoo craftsman in recent years. The authority of the trade guilds has been relaxed under the freedom of English rule, and the importation of our goods has forced many artisans into agriculture and even domestic service. Dr. Birdwood's remarks on this subject are extremely interesting, not only archæologically as bearing on the history of our own trade guilds, but also economically. It was under the Indian guild system that the sumptuary arts were carried to a state of perfection, "until at length the whole bullion of the Western nations of antiquity and mediæval times was poured into the East in exchange for them."

The only notice of gold plate in the Rig Veda is a mention of gold cups; but the references to jewelry are so frequent that the precious metals and stones must have been familiar to the Aryan immigrants from their earliest settlement. Yet no specimen of the art of gold-working has been met with which can with any certainty be attributed to the ancient period of Indian history. The oldest example now extant was found by Mr. Masson about forty years ago in a Buddhist tope in the neighbourhood of Jellalabad. In the centre of the tope was a small apartment constructed of squares of slate. A steatite vase was found in it, containing, besides mould and the ashes of burnt pearls, a gold casket filled with similar remains. By its side were four copper coins, by which the monument is assigned to one of the dynasty of Greco-barbaric kings who ruled the North-West of India about half a century before the Christian era. The ornaments of this casket are extremely curious. The Greek feeling apparent in them is most interesting. A plate of silver of similar design was long in possession of a family, the Mirs of Badakshan, who claimed to be descendants of Alexander the Great. Dr. Birdwood sees in these relics distinct evidence of the influence of Alexander's invasion on the arts of India. The Greeks, he asserts, had conquered all this part of India, had established a monarchy, and issued a coinage. Their money is well known, and is thoroughly Greek in character. Moreover, in the travels of Apollonius of Tyana he is said to have come upon remnants of Greek civilization and language in the former kingdom of Porus. The Buddhistic sculptures in the Punjab are due, says Dr. Birdwood, to Greek rather than Byzantine influence. It is true that their exact date is unknown. They may have been carved at any time in the thousand years between the middle of the third century B.C. and the middle of the eighth of our reckoning, and those which are later than A.D. 300 may have been influenced by Constantinople. But the date of this gold casket proves that its Greek look is due to direct Greek inspiration, and many specimens of carving in stone are now recognized as betraying a similar origin.

The Punjabese artists have retained a high reputation for skill goldsmiths. Their best known manufacture is in parcel gilt water-jars, graven through the gilding to the silver below. The illustrations Dr. Birdwood gives of objects in this kind of work are very pleasing. Still more pleasing are the copper-hammered work "lotas" from Tanjore, of which Dr. Birdwood gives several engravings. "In its bold forms" the brass work of the same place "recalls the descriptions of Homer of the work of the artists of Sidon." Some are simply etched, others deeply cut in mythological designs, and others diapered all over with a leaf pattern similar to that seen in Assyrian sculpture. Those encrusted with silver are the most beautiful, and the effect is wonderfully well rendered in some of the cuts. Enamelling, which Dr. Birdwood considers the "master craft of the world," is practised in great perfection at Jaipur (Jeypore) in Rajputana. It is "champlevé." A round plate presented to the Prince of Wales is the largest specimen ever produced, and took four years in the making. There is an engraving of a native writing-case in the shape of an Indian gondola, which is of admirable workmanship; the colours of the blue and green enamel being brighter even than the natural iridescence of the peacock's tail. The canopy which covers the ink-bottle is coloured with green, blue, ruby, and coral red enamels.

Of jewelry for personal adornment Dr. Birdwood gives a great number of fine examples. An amazing effect is sometimes produced by the simplest means, as, for instance, in necklaces made up of strings of pearls and gems, graduated so as to hang in the form of a rich collar. The effect to be produced is the chief aim of the Indian jeweller. He thinks only of the dazzling variety of rich and brilliant colours. "He must have quantity, and cares nothing for commercial quality, and the flawed 'tallow drop' emeralds, and foul spinel rubies, large as walnuts, and mere splinters and scales of diamonds, which he so lavishly uses, are

* *Indian Arts.* By Dr. Birdwood, C.S.I. 2 vols. Published for the Committee of Council on Education. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited.

often valueless except as points, and sparkles and splashes of effulgent coloring."

Dr. Birdwood peppers his pages plentifully with commas, and spells some words after a fashion unusual in England, as in the passage above quoted, but on the whole even what may be called the catalogue portion of the book is pleasant reading. The art of describing objects of art is not given to every one. We can overlook peculiarities of composition when the author is able to convey a clear impression in words, and this Dr. Birdwood does. He is well helped by the large number of excellent woodcuts with which his volumes are illustrated; but in the absence of colour his descriptions, florid as they may occasionally seem, are very necessary. In his preface, by the way, he makes a complaint which will find an echo in the minds of many students of Indian history and Indian art, to say nothing of Indian language. He has been much exercised, he says, with the spelling of geographical names. On this occasion, for the first time, he has submitted to use the official system. "I have given up," he cries in despair, "Sir Charles Napier's 'Scinde'; but I have not been able to give up Moore's 'Cashmere.' Whoever heard of the vale of 'Kashmir'?" There is much reason in the complaint. The spelling fixed upon for the Indian Civil Service is not English, but French; and, as Dr. Birdwood observes, Dam-Dam is not the real English pronunciation, but Dum-Dum; and Shirpur does not represent the sound of Sherepore. "I saw Kurnool the other day rhymed to skull, simply because the writer of the poem, himself an accomplished Orientalist, had been, in a heedless moment, misled by the official spelling of the word, *Karnul*."

GILL'S SAVAGE LIFE IN POLYNESIA.*

MR. GILL'S present contribution to our stock of information respecting savage life in Polynesia is of no slight value. It is not, perhaps, so generally interesting as his previous work, the very remarkable *Myths and Songs from the South Pacific*—a collection of antiquities, to use the words of Professor Max Müller, "showing us, far better than any stone weapons or stone idols, the growth of the human mind during a period which as yet is full of the most perplexing problems to the psychologist, the historian, and the theologian." The "Historical Sketches" deal with the rough realities more than with the picturesque fictions of savage life, and the work is somewhat monotonous in its records of sacrifices to fierce gods, its legends of internecine feuds, and its chronicles of cannibalism. But the testimony it bears has the great merit of being quite trustworthy; and Mr. Gill has done very good service by placing on record the heathenish traditions which must before long fade from the memories of the Christian descendants of the fierce islanders to whom they relate. He justly regrets that the early missionaries burnt the magnificent mahogany trees of Tahiti, the growth of centuries, on account of their supposed connexion with idolatry. It would have been a still greater loss if the legendary records of heathenism had been simultaneously rooted out of the minds of the converts to Christianity.

As might be expected, much may be learnt from these sketches about the former gods of Polynesia, although their ordinary themes are events due to the mutual relations of tribes or families. Thus the legend of "The Expelled God" tells how Tanè was once worshipped in the peninsula forming the southern part of Tahiti, "but was ignominiously expelled, on account of his man-devouring propensities," which gained him the appellation of "the yellow-toothed god." His sorrowing priest "hid the unpopular god in an empty cocoanut-shell, securely plugged the tiny aperture, and threw it into the sea, adjuring Tanè to seek a new home in some distant land." The shell drifted to Mangaia, where the priest found it. "On opening it he heard a chirp; it was his long-lost god Tanè, who henceforth was known as Tanè-Kio, or Tanè the chirper." Tanè is represented in Polynesian mythology as being the fifth son of the father of gods and of men, the fish-god Vâtea, whose name means "noon" in all the dialects of eastern Polynesia, and he is supposed to be enshrined in the sun. The morning star is sometimes called the eye of Tanè, and by one tribe the thunder is considered as his voice. Few of the legends are as distinctly mythological as that of "The Expelled God"; but, even in narratives of ordinary events, there sometimes occur references to now all but forgotten deities. We are told, for instance, that when the remnants of the defeated Teipe tribe sheltered themselves for months within a cave, although they found it very difficult to obtain food, they abstained from making use of the land-crabs and pigeons which abounded within their rocky haunt. "The reason for this was that they imagined themselves to be under the special protection of these rock-gods." On sacrifices to fiercer deities many of the stories turn. Mautara, the priest of the god Motoro, having been slighted by the chiefs of his tribe, revenged himself by declaring that Motoro desired that their first-born should be slain and eaten in his honour. So "on the day appointed these children, the flower of the ruling clan, were killed, cooked, and eaten by the assembled tribe." In after years Mautara confessed that the divine command was an invention of his own. On the eve of one of the great battles a priest of Tanè determined to offer his blood as a sacrifice to Rongo, in order to secure for his clansmen the favour of that god of war. The self-devoted victim took a sad farewell of his friends, and tranquilly entered the camp of his foes. They at once speared him, and so unwittingly ensured their own discomfiture. After a like fashion, the heroic Kauate "agreed to die on behalf of his tribe. Not, however, as an altar-offering to Rongo—that were impossible; but Kauate should seek a violent death at the hand of his foes."

Cannibalism forms a prominent feature in these records of Polynesian life. It was frequently practised as a religious duty, and on such occasions it was naturally respected; but it sometimes brought into discredit private persons who were addicted to it from merely sensual and selfish motives. Thus the cave-dweller Tangaka, who lived two centuries ago on human flesh secretly devoured, has left behind him an evil reputation, which is kept alive by the constantly recurring allusions in native preaching and praying to "Satan going about, like Tangaka, seeking whom he may devour." A warrior of the cannibal tribe of Ruanae "fell violently in love with a pretty girl called Tanuau, who repelled his advances and foolishly reviled him for his ugliness." Soon afterwards she died, and her dead body was let down by her relatives into the deep chasm which formed the burying-place of her tribe. The cannibal whom she had refused had meanwhile hidden himself and two of his friends within the gloomy abyss, and they secured the body when it was lowered. After the mourners had left, the cannibals emerged, bearing the corpse, which they carried to the seaside. But to their great disappointment. "it was found impossible to eat the decomposed body," and the rejected lover could revenge himself only by burning it. It seems that "the natives are absurdly sensitive to threats of burning anything belonging to themselves." One of the narratives tells how a woman who had been captured by cannibals was obliged herself to heat the oven in which she was about to be cooked. It will be remembered that in folk-tales it is often said that a clever hero or heroine, who has been captured by an ogre or ogress, is ordered to heat the oven for a similar purpose, pleads ignorance of the proper mode of procedure, is instructed how to act, and seizes the first opportunity of baking the instructor in his or her own oven. Mr. Gill's sketches of cannibalism will prove of special value to those commentators on popular tales who recognize in these time-honoured fictions reminiscences of savage life. Vague memories of days in which men ate their captives may reasonably be supposed to account for the attribution of man-eating propensities to Ghouls, Rakshasas, Giants, Baba Yagas, and all the rest of their monstrous brood. No very great light is thrown on other obscure features of popular fiction by the customs described or the stories narrated in the present work. But here and there a personage figures or an incident occurs which is worthy of notice on account of its likeness to some being or event with which we have long been familiar in European popular romance. Thus Polyphemus finds a parallel in Ngako, the employer of Vaina, and his sister Mangaia, young people who long cooked for him the human victims which he caught by day and ate by night. At length his hunting began to prove unsuccessful, and the time was evidently drawing near when he would devour his cooks. While Ngako slept soundly one night, "Vaina felt sorely tempted to take up the cannibal's spear and drive it through one of his eyes into the brain." But, instead of doing so, he and his sister took to flight and escaped. A Polynesian variant of the "Sleeping Beauty" myth is afforded by the legend of "Tavare, the profound sleeper, so named because she was in the habit of sleeping from the month of Pipiri (July) until the bread-fruit was ripe and crabs were plentiful (February). During all these months her limbs were rigid; but at length the fervid rays of the sun relaxed her muscles and put an end to her sleep." And to the list of stories about bird-husbands may be added that which describes the birth of the first inhabitant of Atiu. A pigeon flew to that island from spirit land, and rested for awhile beside a spring in a grotto. Presently "it noticed a female shadow of great beauty in the fountain." Now the pigeon "was in reality one of the gods, and therefore readily embraced the lovely shadow, and then returned to its home in netherland. The child thus originated was named 'Atiu'—'first fruit' or 'eldest born'—and from him the island derives its name." Polynesian deities are often represented as appearing under the forms of animals. Thus, Motoro "is supposed to be enshrined in the blackbird," and Tanè of the Barringtonia tree in sprats; Tinio is "supposed to be incarnate in the eel and shark," and Teipe in the centipede.

Many of the traits of savage life contained in Mr. Gill's sketches are worthy of mention. It seems that it was an invariable custom in olden times to enjoy a feast before going to battle, as the revellers might not survive to eat again. On the eve of a fight the chieftain Arekare went with his ten wives to catch fish for the usual banquet. To one of these wives, Eiau, the beauty of her day, he was tenderly attached. So on the way back he pushed her over a precipice. She was much disfigured, though not killed, by her fall, which her husband attributed to "an accident." But "Eiau easily divined the truth; it was the clear presentiment in his mind that he would be slain tomorrow, and then the lovely Eiau would belong to one of his mortal foes. Arekare's grief was that she was not killed outright." A quaint grimness relieves the monotony of one of the stories of bloodshed. One set of warriors surprised another by night. Stealing up to the unsuspecting sleepers, the invaders proceeded to select their victims. "Each head was gently lifted up. If heavy,

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* *Historical Sketches of Savage Life in Polynesia; with Illustrative Clan Songs.* By the Rev. W. W. Gill, B.A., Author of "Myths and Songs from the South Pacific." Wellington: George Didsbury. 1880.

being clearly the head of a warrior, it was immediately clubbed; but, if the head proved to be light, the owner was permitted to sleep on until daylight, as it was evidently the head of a coward." The Christian inhabitants of Mangaia now eat their supper by lamp-light. But it was formerly the custom to sup before the setting of the sun, in order to avoid a surprise. The proverbial saying "Hasten our meal, or the Aitu will be upon us, bringing terror, chilliness, and death," keeps alive the memory of a great massacre perpetrated by the Aitu tribe, when entire families were destroyed while assembled at their evening meal. Nowadays feasts are enjoyed in all security. Mr. Gill gives a very interesting account of a sumptuous banquet celebrated in honour of three fish-nets which had been made at Tamarua. "The entire pecuniary value of the food disposed of would be about eight or ten times the worth of the nets. But then it is ever considered a mean and disgraceful thing for a chief to make and use such nets without inviting all the magnates of the island to a feast." The islanders are much addicted to singing, and Mr. Gill gives numerous specimens of their songs. Many of them are noteworthy; but perhaps the most interesting among them are the two cantatas which commemorate Captain Cook's visit to Mangaia, one of the singers declaring that

> Tangaroa has sent a ship
> Which has burst through the solid blue vault,

and the chorus exclaiming,

> A boat full of guests is here.
> What gibberish they talk.

THE REBEL OF THE FAMILY.*

THE materials of Mrs. Lynn Linton's latest story are in their essence familiar enough to novel-readers. A mother who makes a hard struggle to keep up appearances; her daughters, only one of whom—the Rebel—is a disappointment to her pride in her careful education; two or three men with whom the daughters flirt with varying results, and a hero to marry the heroine, are the chief characters in a story which has, it need hardly be said, a great deal of cleverness and has also a great deal of oddity. It may be said that some of its oddities give the book an additional interest, in that the reader's attention is roused, apart from the intrinsic merit of the story, by an ardent desire to find out whether what seems at moments the author's advocacy of strange views is serious or not, whether she means to sympathize with or to laugh at her heroine's convictions and inconvenient theories, and whether or not she thinks Perdita's example a desirable one, on the whole, to follow. On none of these points is the reader likely to get much satisfaction; for at one moment he will think that Mrs. Linton is disposed to applaud, at another to condemn, the unattractive, if conscientious, ways of the Rebel of the Family; and he may even cherish a secret doubt whether there is not a considerable touch of sarcasm in the author's eloquent approval of her heroine's marriage with a chemist and druggist, whom she exalts into a hero because he has pulled her back from the brink of the pond in Kensington. Such a marriage may no doubt be a fitting one for a well-brought-up and well-educated young woman who prefers the intimate friendship of questionable people to association with her own mother and sisters, whom she is for ever offending by her gross want of tact and even of manners. But in the matter of manners Perdita is not the only eccentric character in the book. On one point, that of the woman's rights agitation, Mrs. Linton's opinions seem to be clear enough. Her portrait of Mrs. Blount, or Bell Blount, as she preferred to be called, is as forcible as it is unsparing. In executing it with complete fidelity, the author has once or twice had to deal with somewhat risky matters, and has dealt with them with marked skill. The scenes in which Bell Blount figures cannot possibly be pleasant, in the sense in which a pretty landscape is pleasant, and some of their features are markedly unpleasing; but Mrs. Linton knows where to insist and where to touch lightly, and the whole result is what no doubt she aimed at—to exhibit in a strong light some of the absurdities, and worse than absurdities, connected with a movement which she seems to dislike. The character is, as we have said, drawn with remarkable strength, and in many of its touches there is a strong, if grim, sense of humour. A good description of Mrs. Blount's home occurs when Perdita, the Rebel, goes to pay her a second visit:—

> Never had the unlikeness between her own home and this struck her more forcibly than it did to-day. At West Hill Gardens every thing was laid out for show and kept in perfect order. Litter of any kind was a crime in Mrs. Winstanley's eyes, and work did not excuse snippets. Here in Prince Christian's Road, beauty, arrangement, order, were conspicuous by their absence, and the room had a queer hybrid look, as if tenanted by men who owned some of the furniture of women and not all of their own. The table was littered with pamphlets and reviews, old envelopes and letters, bills, journals and general waste; on the chimney-piece, among some common vases filled with half-decayed and neglected flowers, stood a box of Spanish cigarettes; one slipper, much worn and down at heel, had been flung into one corner of the room—its fellow was under the table and a pair of boots stood against the wall. The white shavings in the fire-place were strewed all over with half-burnt vestas and torn scraps of paper; and the bar of the fender was scratched and bent by the incessant wearing of feet. Bottles of beer, soda-water and brandy were on an ill-kept kind of chiffonier; a plate of water biscuits stood near; the carpet was covered with crumbs. The whole place was bare, mean, unlovely, disordered; and yet neither Mrs. Blount nor her friend looked poor. They were hideously dressed in expensive clothes, and they wore a good deal of jewellery; and though Miss Tracy was a thin, half-vitalized, vaporous little creature—one of those lean kine not to be fattened up by any amount or quality of food—Mrs. Blount's whole person bore evidence of good living—of flesh made firm by meat and blood rich by stimulants.

Another very well-drawn character is that of Mr. Brocklebank the ironmaster, who is the one hope of the Winstanley family, and who, though refused by one daughter, ends by marrying another. His father, who, from being a puddler, had risen to make a fortune, "had never been able to overcome his difficulties with the English language, nor to master the relative uses of his knife and fork." Brocklebank *fils*, however, had early enough got over these difficulties; "and, though his bearing wanted that last subtle polish of inherited good breeding, he was not actively offensive, and, as he used to say of himself, might pass in a crowd without disgrace." He scorned to say "begin," as he scorned to wear fustian; "but clung to 'commence,' as the sign of a scholar who knew his syntax and what was due to polite society and himself." His manner, "masterful, yet kind, was destitute of grace, even when wishing to be most courteous; never shaking off its clumsiness, and always traversed by a thin line of unconscious brutality." The characteristics here set forth, at greater length and with more minuteness than our quotations indicate, are preserved with striking consistency throughout the book; and the ironmaster, odd, affected, and unusual as his ways and manners are, never seems for a moment unnatural. His relations with the Winstanley family, his well-meant but dictatorial patronage, his instant recognition in Perdita of the fine qualities which her mother and sisters have overlooked, his indecision as to which of the girls he shall propose to marry, and his conduct when Perdita takes him completely aback by refusing him—all these things are managed and told with remarkable skill and truth. Bois-Duval is another personage who does credit to Mrs. Linton's talent. He seems to us, oddly enough, to be far better done than are the two young Englishmen with whom he and his friend come in violent contact. We have said above that Perdita is not alone in *The Rebel of the Family* in the singularity of her manners, and that this is so will be plain enough if reference is made to the scene between the Frenchmen and the Englishmen on the sands at Trouville, and to that between Mrs. Winstanley and Lady Kearney in Lady Kearney's own drawing-room. The days are surely past when a quarrel about Waterloo between a French and an English gentleman was a probable event; and at any rate a young man of Sir James Kearney's habits and education is not likely to begin such a quarrel in the presence of ladies. Yet more surprising, perhaps, is the little scene which ends the chapter in which this occurs. The conversation turns on the want of sunshine in England, and Sir James, turning to Eva Winstanley, who is the cause of the anger with which the Frenchmen and Englishmen view each other, says:—"If you say this is brighter, it is so, Miss Eva. But some faces in England make one forget the comparative want of sunshine."

> At which Eva laughed and said: "How nice! what a pretty speech!" while M. le Vicomte de Bois-Duval turned a shade paler than usual, as he raised his eyes with an odd impertinent look to Sir James, and said in an affected voice:
> "Well said. Ma foi! Monsieur is almost gallant enough to be a Frenchman!"
> "Do you mean that for a compliment, M. le Vicomte?" asked Sir James.
> "Surely! the highest I could pay," answered the Frenchman.
> "And I regard it as a piece of decided impudence," said Sir James angrily.
> "My dear friend!" remonstrated Mrs. Winstanley.
> "Do not insult us by having a quarrel in our presence," said Thomasina in a low voice.
> Little Eva sighed like a troubled child.
> "Oh dear, how cross you all are!" she said with a pretty pout. "You are spoiling all our fun by your ill-temper."
> "Allons! Miss Eva is right! It is bad form!" said the Vicomte gaily. "Vive la gaieté! vive la bonne humeur! à bas le spleen! and let the best man win!"
> "Win what?" asked Eva innocently.
> "Paradise!" answered Bois-Duval.

Lady Kearney's conduct to her guest is even more amazing than this. Mrs. Winstanley, whom Lady Kearney thoroughly dislikes, has been praising Sir James as "so kind to my girls—so nice that I should not know what to do without him—so amiable and friendly"; to which Lady Kearney replies, with a drawl, that when her son "has to work for his daily bread, as your daughter Perdita was so anxious to do, I shall feel justified in asking you for a character as lackey. You describe the functions admirably." Mrs. Winstanley, preserving her temper admirably, goes on, when Lady Kearney complains, with obvious intention, of the acquaintances which her son chooses to make, to offer her assistance in keeping him in order:—"The young of the present da[illegible] too independent; but I will help you with your son, [illegible] "I do not suppose, Mrs. Winstanley, that you mean to i[illegible]," cries Lady Kearney, and presently afterwards says, "When did I permit you to take this tone of intimacy?" Mrs. Winstanley, all smiles, makes a soft answer, and ends with "Your house is so delightful, dear Lady Kearney; but we must go." "'Never to be admitted again,' said Lady Kearney, even before they had gone." This, it will be admitted, is odd enough, and it is pleasant to return from it to the treatment of Bois-Duval's character. The scene between Thomasina and him strikes us as being on both sides one of the very best things in the novel. It is Mrs. Linton's merit

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* *The Rebel of the Family.* By E. Lynn Linton, Author of "Patricia Kemball," &c. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1880.

that, except in the case of the heroic chemist and druggist, she does not take a one-sided view of any of her characters. There is good even in Bois-Duval, scoundrel as he is, and there is much good in the worldly-minded and mercenary Thomasina, who has the cleverness and the courage to put herself into Bois-Duval's power in order to save her sister, the flirt who affects the *ingénue*, and whose flirting has for once gone too far. Closely veiled Thomasina goes off to pay a visit to Bois-Duval at his hotel, and to extract from him a promise to discontinue at once his making love to Eva:—

> It was a tremendous thing to do, but Thomasina had calculated closely. It was just the kind of thing that would touch the imaginative chivalry of a Frenchman; and Bois-Duval, though unscrupulous and dishonourable, had his high lights like the rest of us. And, more than this, it flattered his vanity that this frosty Venus, this impenetrable and excellent Thomasina, should thus put herself in his power, should abase herself so far before him, should trust so grandly to his generosity, to his honour as a Frenchman, to his dignity of man.

The scene is throughout capitally given. We have said as yet comparatively little of Perdita herself. Her character is drawn with great care and truth, but, we confess, interests us less than it was perhaps meant to do. We trust that she was as happy as may be with her chemist and druggist, but we do not think it unlikely that he got considerably bored with her.

JEANS'S LIFE AND LETTERS OF CICERO.

MR. JEANS seems to have been much exercised by the difficulty of choosing a suitable title for his work. On the title-page is set forth the lengthy description quoted below. A fly-leaf is more modestly inscribed, "Cicero's Letters," while golden characters on the binding boldly announce the volume to be the "Life and Letters of Cicero." The fact is that the book is nothing more or less than a good and useful translation of the selection of Cicero's letters generally accepted for the purposes of competitive examination. Mr. Watson's *Select Letters* are well known, and any one who might undertake to publish an English version of them was sure of the gratitude both of weak-kneed students who require such assistance in reading any classical work, and of those who, without possessing a knowledge of Latin, wish to have access to the original authorities on a period surpassing in interest almost any other in the whole range of ancient and modern history. But this selection does not constitute even such a Life of Cicero as might be compiled from his letters. It was made with the view of throwing light not so much upon the life and character of Cicero as upon the general history of his time; and Mr. Jeans has no more claim, on the strength of a few historical notes, to the honours of a biographer than a mender of spectacle-cases has to the title of optician.

As a translator, however, he deserves high praise. His undertaking was not an easy one. He attempted, as he tells us in the preface, "the somewhat difficult task of steering a middle course between a critical translation of Cicero's Letters for the scholar, and a Life of Cicero, told mainly by himself, for the English reader." Perhaps many scholars will be of opinion that he has approached more nearly to the latter than to the former extreme. Indeed a scholarly translation of Cicero's letters and speeches is hardly possible in the same sense in which it is possible of Homer or Virgil, of Thucydides or Tacitus, or of the philosophical treatises of Cicero himself. In such writings as these the charm of style consists in a literary excellence which appeals almost as much to any one age and nation as to any other, and the work of the translator is to reproduce in his own language every shade of meaning and every turn of expression, rendering as closely as possible each phrase, and even each word, of the original. How thoroughly this may be done without sacrificing elegance of English has been shown by recent translations of Greek poetry. But in rhetorical and epistolary composition much of the point depends upon allusions to current events of no permanent interest, and to contemporary institutions and customs which have long since passed away, and, in the case of letters, upon the use of colloquialisms bordering on slang. Hence a close and strictly "scholarly" translation would be always dull, and often unintelligible, and the translator must have frequent recourse to paraphrase if he wishes to convey to modern readers any real idea of his author's style and meaning. This Mr. Jeans does not hesitate to do wherever it seems necessary, and he has not perhaps altogether avoided the mistake, natural in such circumstances, of undue expansion for the sake of clearness. To give one instance, "my absolute confidence in your abilities" is a rather lengthy rendering of "te uno fretus." But he always writes good English, and he always gives us his meaning free from any obscurity. In rendering the Greek words and phrases scattered so plentifully through the letters, Mr. Jeans has carried out, wisely or not, Professor Tyrrell's suggestion that they should be generally translated by French equivalents. His efforts in this direction have been very successful; and it is seldom that he has failed to find French expressions corresponding with Cicero's Greek. In the seventh letter, however, he seems to us to be quite wrong in translating *μαλ' ἀριστοκρατικῶς* by "en grand seigneur." Cicero is here speaking of an harangue of Pompeius in support of the Senate, and the meaning of course is that Pompeius spoke as a firm adherent of the senatorial party, whereas the words "en grand seigneur" have a social rather than a political significance. But this is almost a solitary instance of a perversion of meaning caused by the use of French phrases.

More questionable than this whimsical device is the step which Mr. Jeans has taken in replacing Cicero's Greek quotations by corresponding passages from Latin authors, on the ground that Homer was to Cicero what Virgil and Horace are to a classically educated M.P. of the present day. His needlessly self-imposed task has here been rendered comparatively easy by the countless imitations of Homer to be found in the Æneid; but in rendering quotations from sources other than the Iliad and Odyssey he shows considerable ingenuity. In Letter 47, Cicero, speaking of Cæsar's doings, quotes from Euripides the line:—

> *τὴν θεῶν μεγίστην ὥστ' ἔχειν τυραννίδα.*

Mr. Jeans translates, "For the sake of empire,

> 'Quo nihil majus meliusve terris
> Fata donavere bonique divi.'"

An amusing feature in this rendering is the fact that Horace's lines are written in somewhat fulsome praise of the nephew and successor of the very man whom Cicero is attacking. Again, in Letter 37, "Deus ex machinâ" represents admirably the general idea of "*κωμικὸς μάρτυς*." We may remark here that neither Mr. Jeans nor Mr. Watson in their notes gives the real meaning of *κωμικὸς μάρτυς*, which is not "a comic witness," but "the witness in a comedy." The expression may be compared with "comicos stultos senes," which occurs in the treatise *De Senectute* in the sense of "the foolish old men of comedy." In the rendering of Latin words into English Mr. Jeans is often happy. "Crotchety" is an exact equivalent of "perversus" in Cicero's account of the Consul Piso, and "stump orations" well translates "Conciones"; while "the tribe that 'breed of barren metal'" aptly suggests the only derivation which can be given of the curious word "tocullionibus." Perhaps the translation of the words in Letter 38, "in quo regendo habeo negotii satis," by "I have enough to do to keep him straight," may be objected to as bordering too closely on slang; but it exactly expresses the meaning. In the Seventh Letter Mr. Jeans's anxiety to find French equivalents for Greek words has led him to overlook the English expression "blow one's own trumpet," which would translate "*ὡς ἐνεπερπερευσάμην*" even better perhaps than "Comme je me suis pavané"; and in the next sentence he has missed an excellent chance of introducing Mr. Puff's promise of "trope, metaphor, and figure as plentiful as nouns substantive," in translating the Greek list of the rhetorical figures which Cicero poured forth for the edification of Pompeius. On the whole, however, Mr. Jeans is to be congratulated on the thorough way in which he has accomplished his task. He has, of course, had the great advantage of following in the track of Mr. Watson, and he has scarcely overstated his obligations to that scholar when he says that he is indebted to him in almost every line of his work. But, after making allowance for this advantage, and for the assistance which he has received (and so very freely acknowledged in the preface) from his colleagues, his pupils, and, above all, from his college tutor, there remains a large amount of laborious and scholarly work for which in these days of short cuts to knowledge we can scarcely be too thankful.

Mr. Jeans does not in his historical notes throw any new light upon the period over which the letters extend, or upon the character and opinions of Cicero himself. His most valuable contribution to a right understanding of the latter question consists in the distinction which he justly draws between the two classes of letters represented respectively by most of those to Atticus and most of those to less intimate friends. Many of these latter are, as Mr. Jeans points out, in no real sense private documents. They were intended, no doubt, to have a wide circulation at the time and to be published afterwards; which, to quote Mr. Jeans, "does not make the letters one whit less valuable, but entirely alters the light in which they are to be regarded." But, apart from the motives with which various letters were written, Cicero's opinions of his contemporaries are in most cases utterly worthless. He was incapable of seeing the merits of any one who failed to show the highest respect to himself; he could find a good word even for Cæsar, after receiving a little personal attention from him; and his verdict generally depends upon the considerations which guided him in his estimate of Messalla, the consul for the year 61:—"Messalla consul est egregius, fortis, constans, diligens, nostri laudator, amator, imitator." It is probably Cicero's miserable vanity and littleness of mind which has made it seem to such authorities as Mommsen impossible that he could have been a real political power in such disturbed times. But, whatever may have been the causes of his influence, the efforts to gain him over which Cæsar made, both personally and through Antonius, Balbus, and Cœlius Rufus, prove that he possessed it. No doubt there were in Italy a vast number of respectable persons whose inclinations were slightly on the side of the constitutional party, but who wished, above all things, to enjoy peaceably their own possessions. Any scruples of conscience which they might entertain about transferring their allegiance to Cæsar would be at once got over if he could gain the countenance of so respected an adherent of the Optimates as Marcus Tullius Cicero. In a remarkable passage, which we may quote both as an example of Mr. Jeans's style of translation and as a striking proof of the state of public morality at the

[1] *The Life and Letters of Marcus Tullius Cicero.* Being a New Translation of the Letters included in Mr. Watson's Selection, with Historical and Critical Notes. By the Rev. G. E. Jeans, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

time, Cœlius Rufus gives, with cynical frankness, his opinion on the subject of political consistency:—

> You are not, I feel sure, blind to the fact that where parties are divided within a country we are bound, so long as the struggle is carried on with none but constitutional weapons, to support the more honourable cause, but when we come to blows and to open war, then the safer one; and to count that cause the better which is the less likely to be dangerous.

Of course many persons who privately entertained such opinions as these would hesitate to declare them in so robust a fashion, and to people of this class a precedent established by a man of Cicero's reputation would be of the highest value. It is easy to make too much of Cicero's inconsistency. We have, as Lord Macaulay pointed out, no right to blame a man excessively for not being in advance of the morality of the age in which he lives; and when we apply to Cicero's conduct a standard higher than that by which we try his contemporaries, we tacitly admit our consciousness of his superiority.

We ought not to close our notice of Mr. Jeans's book without drawing attention to the excellent index, which, so far as we have been able to test it, is complete and accurate.

MYSTERY PLAYS.*

THE extraordinary riches of early French literature, and the wide distribution of its treasures over all the libraries of Europe, have made it up to the present time a matter of no small difficulty for even accomplished scholars to draw up complete accounts of the exact contents of any one of its subdivisions. For at least half a century the work of exploration has been incessant, and yet fresh discoveries continually turn up. As we write, for instance, there lies before us a just issued reprint of a volume recently discovered in the Copenhagen Library, and containing, besides five farces already known from the famous British Museum collection and other sources, four which are entirely novel. Yet there are few divisions of early French literature which have attracted more attention than the drama. Those incessant accretions of material make the task of the literary historian difficult. Nevertheless, one by one, the divisions of this task are being attempted. The *Chansons de Geste* have already received all but exhaustive treatment at the hands of M. Léon Gautier. The theatre, sacred and profane, occupies the work of which the first division has now appeared. The author, M. Petit de Julleville, has already won his spurs in another part of the same field by a very satisfactory popular edition of the *Chanson de Roland*.

A study of the Mystery plays (it should be said that M. Petit de Julleville, like almost all good authorities nowadays, inclines to the belief that *mystère* is rightly spelt *mistère* in the old texts, and that its origin must be sought in *ministerium*, and not in *μυστήριον*), is not only important with reference to the general history of the stage, but in many other ways. No branch of mediæval literature gives us a greater insight into the character and peculiarities of the people who produced it; none illustrates more fully the immense gap which lies, hardly traversable save by laborious study aided by sympathetic imagination, between these days and those. Nor, it may be added, does any more require the assistance of a competent historian, in the case of all but very devoted students. For the most fertile period of Mystery writing was not, unfortunately, the palmy time of mediæval literature. Although we luckily have many interesting relics of earlier times, the bulk of the French Mystery plays which we now possess dates from the fifteenth century, and the god of the fifteenth-century's literary idolatry in France was length. The only appropriate adjective for most of the performances of that time is "enormous." They take days to read, they took weeks to act; heaven only knows how long they took to write. The most famous of all, the *Passion* of Arnoul Gréban, has thirty-four thousand five hundred and seventy-four lines, and fills four hundred and fifty royal octavo pages, double-columned and printed in small type, in the excellent edition of MM. Gaston, Paris, and Raynaud. The vast *Mistère du viel Testament*, which M. de Rothschild is now republishing, has some fifty thousand verses. Another *Passion* has sixty-five thousand; the *Acts of the Apostles* by the two Grébans, sixty-two thousand; the *Roi Avenir*, thirteen thousand; *Sainte-Barbe*, twenty thousand; *Saint-Christopher* (sixteenth century), twenty thousand; *Saint-Quentin*, twenty-four thousand; *Saint-Vincent*, thirteen thousand; the "profane" Mystery of *Troy*, thirty thousand; that of the *Siege of Orleans*, twenty thousand. When it is remembered that these are only the tritons scattered here and there among shoals of minnows of lengths varying from one to seven or eight thousand lines; that the conscientious reader who desires to study the whole subject at first hand must add, among many other things, a collection of fourteenth-century *Miracles de la Vierge*, which, though not long individually, give some eighty thousand verses in all; and that the great majority of the texts are only accessible in manuscript or black letter, the need there is of a judicious go-between becomes pretty evident. More especially is this the case because the Mysteries, at least those of the later period, are not cheerful reading on the whole. They are of course very different from the entirely imaginary mixtures of buffoonery and dulness which Boileau conjured up, and which the eighteenth century, with some exceptions (including, to his honour be it said, Voltaire), accepted. They do not deserve the harsh verdict of Sainte-Beuve, who was not disposed to carry his charity much beyond the sixteenth century, which he had himself re-discovered. But we can endorse M. Petit de Julleville's very honest and candid avowal that the study of the French mysteries, though they are by far the best of their kind, is, on the whole, "une entreprise ingrate au point de vue littéraire." It is very seldom that a *Chanson de Geste*, at least in its earlier forms, cannot be read with pleasure; the Arthurian cycle is, almost without exception, delightful; the rather unjustly decried *Romans d'Aventures*, despite their sameness, have the true charm indicated by the name of Romance. But the Mysteries, being intended strictly for representation, and requiring representation to unite and render comprehensible their action and story, are frequently very dreary to the mere reader, and the passages of actual poetical merit which they contain are relatively few. Nevertheless, the history of their development is one of the most interesting chapters of literary history, and the details of their representation form not one of the least interesting chapters in social history. Many able and laborious writers have made the different parts of these subjects their study, MM. Léon Gautier and Marius Sepet having put the final touch by at last thoroughly investigating the liturgic drama, while M. Paulin Paris, among the innumerable services which he has rendered to the literature of his country, may be allowed the credit of overthrowing the absurd and impossible theory of the Brothers Parfait about the mediæval stage arrangements, and substituting a better. M. Petit de Julleville has gathered all these things together and arranged them in orderly fashion, giving besides a complete methodic catalogue of all recorded representations and of all known Mysteries, with analyses, full bibliographical details, and all other apparatus, including occasional extracts.

The history of the Miracle play, as it is more commonly called in England, can be very shortly given, and is perhaps worth giving, as the various things said and written lately about the Ober-Ammergau performance show that a good deal of inaccuracy exists in the general ideas on the subject. There is no traceable connexion between the mediæval drama and that of the ancients, the former having, to all appearance, been the result of the natural dramatic propensities of the people, acting on the impulse given by the Church. The earliest form of the drama seems to have been a variation, and hardly a variation, on the Church service itself. Instead of extracts from the Scriptures or the Liturgy being simply read, they were, so to speak, acted by the clergy. This became in time the so-called liturgical drama, which was at first in Latin. Assuming proportions which were hardly consistent with the actual Church service, it began to exist independently, though still under the patronage, more or less direct, of the clergy, and for a time it may still have been acted within the sacred precincts. Every literary form in France early showed signs of the tendency to throw off the shackles of Latin, and to develop itself in the vernacular. At first French only put in a modest appearance here and there, as in the famous drama of the *Wise and Foolish Virgins*, where a few speeches and parts of others are in a dialect which is partly of the Langue d'Oc and partly of the Langue d'Oïl. This and some other similar things are certainly not later than the end of the eleventh century. Then in the twelfth we have a full-blown Mystery, that of *Adam*, entirely in Northern French, though with stage directions in Latin. The remains of the Mystery of this and the succeeding century are few but important, and sufficient to show the process of expansion. The play no longer clung closely to the words of Scripture. It was diversified by comic interludes, or at least scenes, which in their turn took root downward and blossomed into comedy, opera, and farce. The literary vigour of the thirteenth century and its inexhaustible romantic fancy seized on the legends of the saints and the Virgin and dramatized them. The fourteenth century has left us, besides two or three scattered pieces, a vast collection of miracles of the Virgin, containing forty different pieces, which include dramatic versions of many of the most famous mediæval stories—such as *Amis and Amiles*, *Robert the Devil*, *Barlaam and Josaphat*, *The King of Hungary's Daughter*, and *Bertha Broadfoot*. These plays are of moderate length, not averaging more than two thousand lines each; they are frequently very well written, and the story and characters fairly managed. The undertaking of their complete publication by the Old French Text Society (which has now reached the twenty-fourth play) gives an excellent opportunity of becoming acquainted with them, though several of the most interesting have been long in print in various publications, especially in the excellent *Ancien Théâtre Français* of MM. Monmerqué and Michel. After this period there came upon the Mysteries the curse of length, which destroyed mediæval literature. It was, as we have seen, in the fifteenth century that individual saints' legends were treated in ten and twenty thousand lines, and that the whole Bible history, from Genesis to the Acts, was thrown into three vast compositions, including some hundred and eighty thousand verses. Yet there is no doubt at all that spectators were found to sit out the acting of these huge works, and that they were immensely popular. No weariness on the part of their frequenters put an end to them; and, even after they were forbidden at Paris, they continued long to be popular in the provinces, forms of them having lingered on till within the last half-century, without counting the Basque *Pastorals*, which exist still.

The actors of the Mysteries were latterly, as has long been known, confraternities for the most part formed for the purpose.

* *Les Mystères.* Par L. Petit de Julleville. 2 vols. Paris: Librairie Hachette et Cie. 1880.

Earlier, they seem to have been miscellaneous volunteers, probably selected in the first place by the parish priest. That the dresses, properties, and general *mise en scène* of the theatre were also sufficiently elaborate has been generally recognized. But for a very long time a curious delusion as to the structure of the stage itself prevailed. It was thought, principally in consequence of the mention of heaven and hell as constant and specially separated parts of the stage, that this stage was arranged vertically in flats, presenting the appearance of a house with one side thrown off. This eccentric notion, if not entirely exploded, may be said to have given way before further study, not merely of stage directions, but of the occasional illustrations which the manuscripts afford. It seems pretty certain that the Mystery stage was arranged on a plan not very different from that which still, we believe, prevails at Ober-Ammergau. The extent of it was very great; it is thought that it may not infrequently have been forty or fifty yards wide and twenty or thirty deep. On this large area were dotted about the various palaces, fields, &c., which the subject required; "Hell," with a gaping dragon's mouth-door, being a fixture, Heaven nearly as much so, and Purgatory and Limbo not unfrequent. Occasionally, but rarely, the device of labels informing the spectators what each of these structures meant was resorted to. On a stage of this kind performances might go on, and did go on, for weeks together. The *journées* into which some of the existing Mysteries are divided are sometimes misleading. Thus the *Passion* of Gróban has but four; and it is needless to say that ten thousand verses, with stage business of all sorts, intervals for refreshment, and so forth, could not well be got through between sunrise and sunset. Besides, much shorter Mysteries are known to have taken many days in representation. The intervals for refreshment, just referred to, were not an unimportant feature in the performance. An actor used to come forward on the stage to suggest that his companions required rest, that they were going to get ready an even more fascinating entertainment than that which had been exhibited already, and that, if any one had a bottle of good wine and accompaniments, now was the time to discuss them. A passage on this subject, which M. Petit de Julleville gives from a fifteenth-century mystery of St. Louis, may be worth quoting:—

> Seigneurs et dames, qui ara
> La bouteille gente et jolye,
> Be bon vin de beaulne remplye,
> Et viande consequamment,
> S'y repaisse légièrement.
> Car les compaignons reposer
> Se vellent I peu, et aisier
> Pour boire. C'est la voie plus sure.
> Et dedans ugne demye heure
> On commencera de plus belle
> Quelque autre matière nouvelle,
> Qui vous plaira plus en verté
> Que celle qui faite à esté.
> Buvez, mangez, dejeunez vous.
> Je vous pry pour les joueurs tous,
> Car pas ne ferons grant espace.
> Et ne bouge nul de sa place
> Car vous n'attendez qu'l tantet.
> —Menétrier, jouez ung motet.

So the audience were set down to their Beaune and their motet in a good comfortable manner. But, if they obeyed the direction not to stir from their places, they must have been much more docile than their modern representatives.

M. Petit de Julleville promises to attack both the comic mediæval théatre, with its rich store of farce and morality, and the theatre of the Renaissance—a subject which gives the amplest scope. The workmanlike manner in which he has performed his present task affords good hope of his accomplishment of these new ones.

MARJORY.*

THERE is surely something very alarming in the title-page of the book before us, for there we read that *Marjory* is not a novel, but a study in three volumes. Now a study, in the sense in which the author seems to use the word, is, if we are not mistaken, a piece of work on a small scale, but wrought up with the greatest care, as a preparation for something far bigger and more important. In it the author or the artist tries his powers, and watches the effects that he produces. He at once gains in skill and in confidence; he not only sees what faults he must avoid, but he learns what he can do, and, encouraged by his knowledge, he spreads his wings for a longer and a higher flight. The study of a painter might cover but a few inches of paper; and at any rate it would never fill a large piece of canvas. In like manner, the study of a novelist should scarcely go beyond some fifty pages or so. If it filled a whole volume, we should at once feel that the name was ill applied. But here we have a study that fills not one volume but three, and three, moreover, each above the ordinary size. In fact, *Marjory* is a study in 1,025 pages. What size will the author's writings attain when she gets beyond her studies, and reaches her full proportions? To us, fresh as we are—fresh, do we say? jaded rather—from reading her dull and dreary story, the thought is most appalling. Does she intend, the next time she publishes, to come down upon her unhappy critic in a finished composition of thrice three volumes? May a merciful Heaven, before that evil day comes upon us, sweep us away when out on an Alpine holiday in an avalanche of snow, and put an end to our miseries! If we are destined to be overwhelmed, let it be by the hand of nature, and not by that of a novelist. Would that our author had had such an adviser as it was the good fortune of her heroine, Marjory Stanhope, to find! She, too, was a novelist; though we do not find that she called even her first story a study. She sent it up to a publisher, and the MS. was returned to her. She tried another, but she met with no better success. Being a heroine, she had, of course, a lover. He, Hugh Vivian by name, was at this time down in the world; and, to support himself, had taken to reviewing. We hope, by the way, that no "studies" came across him. Unhappy young man, brought up as he had been in the lap of fortune, and accustomed for more than twenty years to a life of luxurious indolence, they would have been too much for him. He did not, however, either hang or drown himself; and therefore we may assume that, in his time, studies in three volumes and 1,025 pages were as yet unknown. But to return to the heroine's novel. The hero read it through, pointed out to her the alterations that it needed, and, by his criticisms, succeeded in so improving it that he soon found a purchaser for it. Now, though we are very far indeed from being Mr. Hugh Vivian, yet we see plainly enough how *Marjory* might be improved. Nothing could make it an interesting story; but we feel sure that, had the author submitted her MS. to us, we might have rendered it somewhat less objectionable. We should have begun by insisting that her three volumes should be cut down to two, and when she had done this, we should then have required that the two volumes should be cut down to one. If her good-nature had not failed her, we should have gone still further and made her keep on pruning and pruning, till, so far as size went, her story might fairly be called a study. If she then, instead of throwing it into the waste-paper basket, chose to find a publisher, at all events the dull misery that she would occasion would be brought down to very small limits. The task that we should have set her would have been easy enough, for the book is so written that it can be understood by reading a few lines or so on every other page. No alteration would have been needed in the plot. All that the author had to do might have been done by a pen held crosswise. Not a word would have to be put in to take up the place of the thousands that ought to be struck out. All that is needed is that the book should have the same treatment applied to it as is alternately applied to a balloon. The sand must be thrown out and the gas allowed to escape. By the end of the day the bulk is found to have been prodigiously reduced, while the worth of the materials remains the same.

First of all the author should throw overboard all her descriptions of nature and art. This, we fear, she would do at the cost of a great pang, for it is clear that on these parts of her writings, like most of her fellow-novelists, she greatly prides herself. When, we may well ask, will readers get sickened with these ridiculous and wearisome accounts of the changes in the weather? The descriptions we have in *Marjory* of the effects of light and shade at the different seasons would, we verily believe, go a good way towards filling half a volume. Silly as these descriptions are in themselves, they are rendered still sillier by the author's misuse of words. She writes of "the meridian of the burning afternoon." She makes what she calls the "goldening corn" of late summer be seen at the very time when "the woods were heavy with foliage at its prime" (*sic*). She writes of "rains universalising mud and discomfort," and of grey clouds that were timid, because "the sky in which those grey clouds floated was of a still, dark blue, silent, grand." A thunderstorm, of course, is brought in. In the storm is seen a flash of lightning, which seems astonishing to the author apparently for no other reason than because it was like most other flashes. "'Did you see the form of that, Hugh?' said Lady Thorne. 'It was a complete zigzag.'" Like other writers who must needs be most minute in their accounts of the coming of spring and summer, the author blunders. Thus, she makes the syringa in flower in the second week of May. Had she said the second week in June she would even then have made it come out none too late. Her tediousness of minute description is not confined to the face of the earth and of the sky. It is to be found in every part of her story. Thus in the first chapter she introduces an elderly clergyman and his invalid wife, who, if we are not mistaken, never appear again on the scene. We are told that they had an early luncheon. This in itself was neither improbable nor important. Had nothing more been said about it we might have passed it by unnoticed. But the author thinks that it is the duty of a writer to bring the whole scene before the minds of her readers, as if they had beheld it with their own eyes. So she tells them that the table at which they lunched was square, and stood in the centre of the room. It was adorned, moreover, by a pink cotton cloth, on which was a tray. When the lunch was finished, there were to be seen on this tray "remnants of cold beef which had formed the clergyman's repast, and a bone, sole relic of a mutton chop cooked for the invalid." The reader who enjoys such an account as this might surely complain with some justice that too much is told or too little. Did the clergyman take mustard with his cold beef, he might, with a very natural curiosity, inquire? and had he any pickles? What was the invalid's drink? Was it porter or sherry that she was ordered by the family doctor? Not very many pages further on the heroine has a bath. A faithful old servant "opened a door in the wall"—a very remarkable door, by the way, seeing that it was neither in the floor nor the

* *Marjory: a Study.* In 3 vols. By the Author of "James Gordon's Wife." London: Wyman & Sons. 1880.

ceiling—"and revealed a little bath-room, with taps of hot and cold water, and every convenience for their use." What are the conveniences for the use of taps? Here again we are told too much or too little. In a third passage in the same volume we find the heroine "nervously propitiating a teapot." Of this, indeed, we can make nothing, for she gets beyond our knowledge, and possibly beyond her own. In one or two passages where she wanders from her descriptions of beef, bones, baths, and teapots, she certainly makes great blunders. Thus she makes her hero ask the heroine whether she knows "the old song," and thereupon he quotes a well-known song of Mr. Kingsley's. In another passage, when quoting some words from one of the Gospels, she says:—"Taking time as a whole, it was not so very long ago! eighteen hundred years and odd—less than twice the years since our Norman Conquest." We should be curious to know what book of chronology it is that she follows. We remember to have heard a lecturer begin his discourse by saying, "Archbishop Usher places the foundation of the world 4,004 years before Christ. I myself am inclined to place it 4,002." But his daring innovation was nothing to our author's, who certainly places the Norman Conquest more than a hundred years earlier than the ordinary historian.

As *Marjory* is written by a woman, it is almost needless to say that there is in it some very curious law. The heroine's brother is a victim to it; and, instead of living to be a famous artist, he is killed off by the lawyers in early manhood. We were, we must confess, so glad to see ourselves fairly rid of one of the author's two heroes that in our joy at our escape from him we hardly noticed the dulness of the description of his dying. He had been left an orphan, and had been brought up by a strict grandmother. The old lady died, and bequeathed him, not a fortune, but a debt. The solicitors to whom the debt was due were not, under the circumstances, too exacting. "I have signed," the brother told his sister, "an agreement with Grove and Carter; they were very kind; there will be no undue pressure." We have seen the last, we trust, of the old attorney of the novel who was ready to skin a flint. Henceforth we shall only meet with men like Messrs. Grove and Carter, who, when a grandmother bequeaths her grandson nothing but the payment of a debt, nevertheless use no undue pressure to enforce it. However, in spite of their considerate kindness, the burden is too much for the poor fellow, and he sinks beneath it and dies. The hero is not much better treated. It was from a great-grandmother he suffered. He was, when the story opens, to all appearance, the heir to a fine fortune. We first come across him when he is on a fine horse, "a thorough-bred, groomed to perfection, his coat shining, his tail of strictly orthodox proportions—the bit, stirrup-irons, and all other appointments in character." We next see him in evening dress, and in this he is equally admirable. We then see him in a towering passion with a lazy groom, but though he so far forgets himself as to swear, yet we must allow that he swears like the heir to a fine ancestral estate. Later on we see him chief butterfly among a party of butterflies, and there we learn that "he well understood the art of fitting wings to an idle hour." The metaphor seems a little mixed, but the hero is as much as ever the object of our admiration. On a sudden his father dies and ruin bursts upon the unhappy son. His great-grandmother had been a great lady, and on her his great-grandfather had been forced to make a heavy settlement. The ungrateful old woman at her death left her settlement away from the family. Her husband and her son, moreover, were extravagant men, and the estates were all mortgaged. When Hugh came into possession he was almost as badly off as the heroine's brother. However, he was fortunate in this, that, though his father had died deep in debt, he had not been cruel enough to bequeath his debt to his son. The only one who had any money was the heroine, and her fortune amounted to but fifty pounds a year. Moreover, to the will by which she inherited this property her grandmother had added a codicil to the effect that, if she gave any of her money to her brother, the legacy was to be transferred to an asylum for the orphans of British seamen.

Things take a very bad turn indeed; the heroine's brother becomes a clerk in a bank, and so does the hero. The brother, as we have said, dies, and the hero takes to reviewing. For a time he is suspected of being a forger and an atheist, but the heroine remains faithful to him. In due course both his innocence and his orthodoxy are established beyond doubt. Nevertheless it is not easy to see how the young people, if they marry, are to live, for their earnings, when added to the heroine's fifty pounds a year, do not amount to much. However, an old gentleman suddenly dies in Russia, who, it turns out, had had "a long-cherished idea; that of making Hugh Vivian his heir." The hero in a moment finds himself in possession of a fine old estate and 50,000*l.* a year. In describing him in the midst of all his joy the author forgets to add that henceforth it was not to be his unhappy lot to have to review silly novels. How happy might another critic be, as well as Hugh Vivian, if there were a second rich old gentleman in Russia, with a long-cherished idea of making some one else his heir, and lying now at the point of death. To be free from the task of reading such a "study" as *Marjory*, and from the awful apprehension of what the "study" may be leading to, would double the worth of the fortune and the estate.

FOREIGN COUNTRIES.—AUSTRIA-HUNGARY, PERU.*

THE form of compilation and publication in small volumes presenting a series of special monographs by different writers treating their allotted topics with some approach to uniformity of method, has lately come into fashion. It was first applied to subjects of critical literary history and biography, ancient and foreign "classics," and "English men of letters." There seems no objection to applying it likewise to the exposition of physical and political geography, which naturally falls into distinct local divisions. These divisions are more capable, indeed, of a certain formal regularity in the order of statement than discussions of the lives, characters, and writings of famous poets and philosophers. It is much easier to set forth the statistical conditions of a country within a given number of neat little pages, arranged in so many chapters and sectional paragraphs, than to perform a similar feat with the productions of an individual genius. Guide-books, and all manner of handbooks and compact articles in encyclopædias, can easily be supplied by diligent research and correct mechanical editorship for every recognized territory and population on the earth's surface. Their utility, too, will often seem to be more obvious and unquestionable than that of compendious handbooks to an acquaintance with the heroes, saints, and sages of past times. The series of "Foreign Countries and British Colonies" has begun very fairly under Mr. F. S. Pulling's direction. Its collective title may indeed be lacking in precision. We see that the list of volumes thus far announced as in hand does not include the British Indian dominion, which is, for instance, neither a colony nor a foreign State. But the plan is one that should not be difficult to execute, since there are many existing models in the separate divisions of works embracing the whole of terrestrial geography.

The subject of Mr. David Kay's little volume should command the attention of thoughtful and inquiring persons who really try to understand the politics of Europe. The slightest consideration will show that the condition of Austria-Hungary, its constitution, resources, and tendencies, must be of great importance to the general welfare of Europe. It may, indeed, be a matter of opinion whether so much could have been justly said a quarter of a century ago on behalf of the Austrian Empire as it then was—embarrassed by false and untenable relations to Italy, to Hungary, and to the Germanic Confederation. But even at that time it was generally admitted that an essential security for the peace of the Continent lay in the stability of the Hapsburg rule over provinces containing the dislocated and confused fragments of races prone to mutual hostility, which might otherwise be seduced by a dangerous foreign patronage. This maxim has lost none of its force since the Crimean War; and its truth is now more freely recognized, owing to the vastly improved constitution of the Austrian monarchy, its reconciliation with Magyar nationality, its release as well from burdensome German responsibilities as from a perilous and discreditable Italian position, and its display of a liberal and equitable spirit in its internal government. A manual of the affairs of the dual State reigned over by the Emperor-King Francis Joseph I. should, therefore, be profitable and agreeable reading for the sake of its subject-matter, if it were so written as to be readable. Mr. David Kay, for his part, though he expressly points out the striking contrast between the old and the new condition of Austria-Hungary, indulges in no kind of sentimental enthusiasm on the subject. In a brief historical sketch he notices the chief events that have led to the present political reorganization, first, of Austria and the Western or Cis-Leithan provinces, in 1861; and, secondly, in 1867, of the Hungarian kingdom, with its dependencies. The legislative and administrative reforms of this period are simply enumerated, and it would perhaps have taken too much space to describe them clearly. But we should have preferred a fuller treatment of this part of the subject, for which the needful space might have been conveniently saved by omitting superfluous details in the other chapters. The author seems to have an inordinate predilection for arithmetical statistics, which too often consist of mere crude masses of figures. In dealing with the census, which occupies seven pages of Chapter IV., it was surely not worth while to set forth, as the actuary of a life assurance office might do, the exact number of males and females in existence at each successive period of life. It is, however, interesting and important to know the relative proportions of the people of different races, and their local distribution in the Empire. Mr. Kay has of course not failed to give us all the desirable information of this sort; but he has likewise provided rather too much of that which is unserviceable and unattractive. His work is one that may be used in the way of reference, but that cannot be read with pleasure or intellectual profit.

Mr. Clements Markham's treatise on "Peru" we can praise with less reservation. It is a very inviting little book, and a really pleasant one to read; for it is not crammed with a congestion of non-essential facts, but exhibits, in due relief and prominence, those which are characteristic of the main features of his subject. A better performance in this line we have seldom met with. The author has, to be sure, had a less complex and involved topic to deal with than that committed to the hands of Mr. David Kay. Peru is a single country, though one of im-

* *Foreign Countries and British Colonies.* Edited by F. S. Pulling, M.A., Exeter College, Oxford. *Austria-Hungary.* By David Kay, F.R.G.S. *Peru.* By Clements R. Markham, C.B. London: Sampson Low & Co.

mense diversities in its physical conditions and in its social and historical experiences; whereas Austria-Hungary is a congeries of many diverse territorial, ethnological, and political bodies, with no common organic unity of nature. But Mr. Markham's firm and light handling of his theme deserves a good share of credit for the satisfactory result. He seems equally conversant with the physical geography, the natural history and botany, of this singular country, with its architectural antiquities, which are still more wonderful, and with its economic and administrative prospects. At least he manages with equal success to convey a pretty clear idea of all these different matters to the reader; and we are not aware of any mistake or serious defect in his account of them. It would have been premature for him to speculate on the effects that may shortly follow the issue of the recent war between Peru and Chili. But we observe that Mr. Markham advises the Peruvian Republic to assign all its guano and nitrate of soda to the bondholders, and so to get rid at once of the public endowment and the public debt, and to start afresh, like a fairly certificated bankrupt, financially free and empty-handed. This suggestion may or may not be deemed worthy of practical consideration, but it at least shows that the author does not think the actual position of that too adventurous commonwealth entirely desperate. On the whole he is of opinion that, since the era of Peruvian independence, fifty-six years ago, there has been some degree of real progress, not only in material prosperity and in works of public utility, only too hastily carried on, but also in social civilization and the enlightenment of the people. We should be glad to know that it is so; and at any rate it is pleasant to read Mr. Markham's personal commendations of several distinguished Peruvians, the scholars and authors especially. The works of the politicians and administrators must speak for themselves.

The chapter describing the natural conditions of Peru, dividing the country into three regions, the Coast, the Sierra, and the Montana, is a masterly piece of exposition. In each region separately, the mountains, plains, and valleys, the general configuration, altitude, and climate, the river-system, the flora and fauna, are precisely indicated; and the subdivisions of each region are marked with reference to these peculiar features. It is a complete little scientific essay, leaving an intelligible and consistent impression both of the whole and the parts. Mr. Markham next proceeds to give some account of the Yncas and other ancient nations who inhabited Peru before the Spanish conquest; and then follows a description of the principal remains of their big and laborious buildings, their aqueducts, tanks, and artificial terraces for cultivation. The reader may be led to seek a more ample and minute acquaintance with these marvellous constructions in the pages of Squier and Hutchinson, and of several native writers in Spanish whose works have been translated. Our curiosity is aroused, not only with regard to the Yncas, the imperial nation which inhabited the upland midland region of Cuzco, but also concerning the people of Chimu, in the northern part of the coast, about Truxillo. These are called Yuncas, and must be entirely distinguished from Yncas or Incas; but they would appear, from the architectural remains, to have been a powerful, wealthy, and ingenious nation. Mr. Markham abstains from those discussions of problematical ethnology which are so tempting upon this ground, amidst the striking proofs—monumental, linguistic, and traditional—that diverse richly-endowed nations, branches of the Quichua-Aymara race, had grown there to a high degree of independent civilization.

The modern and quite recent public works of the Republic are described by Mr. Markham as "beginning to vie with the deeds of the Yncas." He approves of all the short coast railroads which connect the seaports of Payta, Lambayeque, Pacasmayu, Truxillo and Salaverry, Callao, Pisco, Mollendo, Ilo, Arica, and Iquique with towns or productive agricultural districts, or with those yielding nitrate of soda for export trade. But the ambitious and, as he says, "stupendous" works of this kind over the western and central Cordillera ranges seem to have been prematurely undertaken by President Balta's Government ten or twelve years ago. The line from Callao and Lima to Oroya, in the lofty plain of Xauxa, ascends to a height of 15,645 feet, with sixty-three tunnels, many huge cuttings, and costly viaducts and embankments, at an expense already reaching 4,625,000*l.* The line from Arequipa to Puno, on the shore of Lake Titicaca, which has cost hitherto 4,346,000*l.*, presented fewer engineering difficulties, but is 232 miles long. It is more than doubtful whether these railroads will soon become remunerative. The total outlay for the Peruvian railway system, when completed, with a length of 2,000 miles, will be 37,500,000*l.* Such an exhibition of constructive enterprise, in proportion to the size and population of the State, is scarcely equalled by any of those British colonies the situation of which may be compared with that of Peru. It is true that British private and joint-stock undertakings, at the ports of Callao and Pisco, and in the navigation of inland rivers, leading eastward to the Amazon and the Atlantic, have much improved the facilities of commerce. With peace for ten years, and with ordinary prudence and capacity in its government—if such things were possible in Spanish America—the prosperity of Peru ought to be as great as anything that the New World has yet beheld.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

I.

THE Christmas books which have as yet reached us are more remarkable for quantity than for quality. A flock of brilliant cloth covers, a crowd of woodcuts, is the general impression left on the weary eye and brain. A fable after the manner of Æsop's boys and frogs might be written on Christmas books. They are fun to the children for whom they are manufactured, but they are a serious matter to the critic, who occupies the place of the frogs in this simple apologue. As the weeks go on, however, and as publishers bring out their really serious attempts at decorative books, the reviewer is a prey to mingled envy and regret. He regrets the good Dutch paper that is too often spoiled by bad illustrations, he covets the etchings which illustrate the more successful volumes. Messrs. Macmillan have already put forth a volume of etchings, *The Granta and the Cam, from Byron's Pool to Ely* (drawn and etched by R. Farren), which redeems the faults of many grievous Christmas books. Here is a collection of etchings which are a pure delight to every lover of river scenery, and which must be an especial joy to every Cambridge man. The plates are beautifully printed on thick rough paper, and, as a rule, they are cleverly "drawn and etched." We do not gather from these words on the title-page that Mr. Farren etched his designs on the copper from nature, as is the manner of Mr. Whistler and Mr. Seymour Haden. He seems first to have made drawings, and then to have translated these on to the copper. His attempts are not all of equal merit. In "Byron's Pool" the attempt to draw the foaming waters of the lasher results in a series of symmetrical bubbles, big and little. In "Chaucer's Mill," too, we are not satisfied with the drawing of still water; and the shore lines are coarsely indicated in "Grantchester Meadows," where the fisherman struggling with a pike or chub is armed with a rod like a weaver's beam. But in his studies of buildings Mr. Farren is far more fortunate; and we do not know how to praise him sufficiently for his beautiful and melancholy "Queen's Bridge" and his "Magdalene College." These are etchings worthy of being framed and hung where they can always be in view. Perhaps next year Mr. Farren may try to do for Isis and "the stripling Thames" what he has done for Granta and Cam. He is not unworthy to illustrate *The Scholar Gipsy*.

Messrs. Dalziel's *Bible Gallery* is bound in vellum and leatherette, and lettered in red and gold. The hinges of the binding, however, are scarcely strong enough for the work they have to do. What is leatherette? We greatly prefer leather when durability is required. The book contains sixty-nine woodcuts of Biblical subjects from designs by Sir F. Leighton, Mr. Watts, Mr. Sandys, Mr. Simeon Solomon, Mr. E. G. Dalziel, Mr. T. Dalziel, Mr. Burne Jones, and other eminent artists. In the President's "Cain and Abel," the foreshortened body of the slain brother is powerfully drawn. Cain shows a remorse out of keeping with the cool impudence which he presently exhibited. That Noah was in the "iron stage" of culture we gather from the design of his adze in Mr. Watts's "Building of the Ark." Mr. Dalziel's "Deluge" is very like a Scotch picnic on a "saft" day. The same artist rather daringly copes with "The Destruction of Sodom." Mr. Simeon Solomon's "Melchizedek Blessing Abraham" misses, in the woodcut, the artist's best gift, the rendering of textures. Indeed we seriously miss in each woodcut the peculiarities of each artist's manner. There is originality in Sir F. Leighton's "Samson at the Mill," but in scarcely any other example could we have guessed the artist from the style of the woodcut. In almost all the other designs, the individuality of the painter is lost in a kind of "Sunday" quality of work, and even Mr. Burne Jones's ladies are not recognizable. We must except from this censure the President's drawing of Samson slaying the lion, and his most powerful sketch of Samson carrying the gates of Gaza. A glance at the gates of Shalmanezer in the British Museum will show the nature of the Hebrew giant's exploit. We miss Mr. Rivière's "Daniel in the Lion's Den."

Jack and Jill: a Village Story (Louisa M. Alcott. Sampson Low and Co.)—It is hardly necessary to say much about Miss Alcott's new story. Her name is a guarantee that we shall find in it nice healthy-minded boys and girls whose virtue is often far above their grammar. As might be expected from the title, Jack and Jill are two little friends who get a terrible fall while "coasting," but undergo an immense amount of petting all the time they are getting well. English readers lay down these and similar books with the feeling that American days must be at least ten times as long as ours, and American mothers at least twenty times as long-suffering. They also have curious sensations as to the free-and-easy terms on which everybody lives; but here we tread on grave social problems, and must stop.

The long story in *Aunt Judy's Christmas Annual* (George Bell and Sons), by the author of the *Rose Garden*, is called "Princess Alethea," and belongs to what may be labelled "stepmother literature," which forms a leading feature of the Christmas books this year. Surely children will get sadly puzzled when they come fresh from the cruel stepmother of Grimm and Hans Andersen, and all the other fairy stories, to the wise and patient lady of modern tales, who is always in the right, and who submits meekly to any amount of bullying on the part of her husband's children. Apart from this, "Princess Alethea" is very natural and sensible, and worthy of taking a prominent rank among the well-chosen scraps that go to make up this Annual. There may be children,

however, who prefer *märchen* like the Irish "Black Thief," in which the stepmother is neither so good nor so fortunate.

Yellow Cap; and other Fairy Stories for Children (Julian Hawthorne. Longmans and Co.)—Mr. Julian Hawthorne has here undertaken a task beyond his power, and, as far as we know, beyond the power of any one living, for the art of writing fairy stories died with Hans Andersen. The idea of *Yellow Cap* is not a new one, being merely that of a young man who is ready to barter love for wealth and power, and who finds out his mistake in time. The story, however, would not have been the worse for that, had the conception been well worked out; but Mr. Hawthorne has tried to satirize modern manners and customs, and the result is unsuccessful. The second story of "Rumpty Dudget" is simpler and better; but in all of them there is more love-making than is desirable for children to read about.

Nimpo's Troubles (Olive Thorne Miller. Griffith and Farran).—This is a capital history of the adventures of some most troublesome children, who were left by their parents to board out for a month, while they themselves went to a distant city. The experience, though very good for the children, must have been rather an expensive one in many ways, not only on account of the number of clothes belonging to herself and her mother that Nimpo contrived to spoil, but also from the number of articles which she obtained from her father's store. Of the illustrations the less said the better, both in this and in the other stories that we have noticed. It is a pity that bad pictures should be considered necessary, if good ones cannot be had.

Two Rose Trees: the Adventures of Twin Sisters (Mrs. Minnie Douglas. Griffith and Farran).—We have always thought that it must be rather dull to be a twin, and the *Two Rose Trees* confirms this impression. Two amiable infants go about (*vide* the illustrations) with their arms round each other's very large waists; they both speak at once, saying exactly the same things, and share every thought. They have no moral infirmities of any sort, and end by being endowed with all good things.

Right and Wrong (Griffith and Farran).—This is the history of another pair of twins; only here, in order to point the necessary moral, one gives way to her little tempers, while the other resists them. Instead of the parents sending the naughty twin to school, or taking other violent measures to break her in, she is reasoned with at some length by her father and mother, a lady who tells her little girl that "the acquisition of knowledge is indeed, my dear child, one of the highest gratifications of the human mind." The twins were blest in their new companion. "Miss Simpson was a very beautiful little girl. She had conquered her faults, and therefore was very amiable. She had attended to instruction, and therefore was very clever." In spite of association with this gifted creature, Rosa does not mend her ways, but ends as untidily as she began.

Peacock Alley (The Rev. Frederick Langbridge. Hatchards).—Peacock Alley was the haunt of various low characters, and the home of a little boy and girl who are the hero and heroine of this story. They run away just as their father is on the point of being arrested for murder. The girl loses herself with her kitten, is picked up by the manager of a penny theatre, and, with three hours' preparation, makes an unexampled success on the boards. After two months of this life, which she thoroughly enjoys, it is a surprise to find her becoming a domestic character on the first opportunity.

Chryssie's Hero (Annette Lyster. S.P.C.K.)—Chryssie is the very small peg on which her "hero" hangs. He is an Irish boy, brought up by his old great-uncle, and on the death of the latter—when Frank, the hero, is sixteen—he is sent to live with his mother's brother, a most successful and most repulsive crammer. The life is a terrible one, as the only diversion the six boys have is the surreptitious one of getting out at night and going to some billiard-rooms at Woolwich. However, in one way or another, they are all released in time, when they immediately turn and rend their tutor by spreading reports of his treatment of them. Miss Lyster has broken quite new ground, for which her readers will be grateful to her.

Beatrice Melton's Discipline (Maude Jeanne Franc. Sampson Low and Co.)—*Beatrice Melton's Discipline* is not so much a story as a maunder without beginning or end, or very much middle. It contains a great many characters, all of whom, if not religious to start with, ultimately become so. The heroine and autobiographer does not seem so intimately acquainted with her relations' Christian names as she is with their spiritual prospects; for in one page her brother is spoken of as "Geoffrey" and in another as "Godfrey." Mr. Baraud appears on the scene as "Mr. Barnard"; while even Beatrice's own name is sometimes converted into "Bertie." Has Miss Franc herself quailed before the task of reading her own story in the proof-sheets?

The Girl's Own Annual ("Leisure Hour" Office).—This is a large and weighty book, containing most varied matter. There are several long stories, the two most important of which are "Zara; or, My Granddaughter's Money," and "More than Coronets," by Mrs. Linnæus Banks. There are, besides, endless shorter tales, adorned with pictures of young people in sentimental attitudes; but the most curious and instructive part of the whole is perhaps the columns devoted to recipes for enabling girls to keep their beauty, and answers to a singular race of correspondents who are ignorant how "beau" should be pronounced, and inquire if Vandyke and Rubens are poets.

Little Britain (Washington Irving. Illustrated by C. O. Murray. Sampson Low and Co.)—After the terrible pictures we have been doomed to contemplate, it is a real pleasure to meet with these illustrations which Mr. C. O. Murray has made to Washington Irving's book. They are not only clever in conception, but they are well and carefully executed, and tell their own stories with much humour. The small architectural bits are particularly good.

Captain Eva (Kathleen Knox. S. P. C. K.)—Captain Eva was the name given to herself by a very singular little girl who, after having gone through the Indian Mutiny as an infant, would obey nothing but what she called martial law, and addressed her father as "Colonel." The story is certainly original, and so is the Captain's school, which seems to have offered every luxury of the season.

Tasmanian Friends and Foes (Louisa Anne Meredith. Marcus Ward and Co.) is a sketch of the manners and customs of the principal birds, animals, and fishes of Tasmania. Its style is colloquial, as it is supposed to be compiled by a young colonial girl for the benefit of her English cousin. In this way a great deal of information is very pleasantly conveyed; but we are sorry to say that in this instance, as in many others, the illustrations are not equal to the letterpress.

Bertie and his Sister (Alfred Engelbach. S. P. C. K.)—This is not a very favourable specimen of a child's book. The moral, which lies on the surface, is that of the sin of procrastination; but the author has attempted to put too much incident into the story, and has failed to make it natural.

The Heir of Kilfinnan (W. H. G. Kingston. Sampson Low and Co.)—The "Heir of Kilfinnan" refers, of course, not to the obvious heir, who dies, but to his cousin, who appears throughout the book—first as a fisher-boy, and then as a midshipman. He is invested with his true rank just in time to save the fine feelings of the supposed heiress, his cousin Lady Nora, with whom he is in love, and who has decided views about *mésalliances*. There is plenty of excitement in the book, and when the characters are not fighting at sea, they are being besieged on land.

A Tearful Victory (Darley Dale. S. P. C. K.) is another story of a stepmother and some very well drawn but most unbearable children over whom she had to rule. Of course in the end they become devoted to her, but the preliminary process was both long and trying. The book is well written, and avoids preaching.

The Belfry of St. Jude (Esmé Stuart. S. P. C. K.)—Miss Stuart has a great gift for writing stories which are simple and yet out of the common, and interesting to children as well as to their elders. The Belfry of St. Jude was an old tower in a French town, which had become a dwelling-house, and held two families, whose lives became closely connected. There are enough incidents to preserve the tale from the tameness which is so often the blot of this kind of literature.

Pansie's Flour Bin (Author of "St. Olave's." Macmillan and Co.) *Pansie's Flour Bin* begins very well, but degenerates about the middle into a poor copy of *Alice in Wonderland*.

The House on the Bridge; and other Tales (C. E. Bowen. Griffith and Farran).—These stories are well chosen and interesting. "Scrap's Mission" is a pathetic tale about a dog, while "Mary Raymond's Promise" tells of the adventures that befell a little girl in her efforts to get back to her father. The book has no false sentiment, and is very good reading for children.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

AFTER twenty-seven years Jakob Burckhardt's survey of the age of Constantine (1) reappears, with important additions and alterations, as substantially a new work. Few eras, it need hardly be said, are more interesting for the influence they have exercised on the destinies of the world; few are less attractive with respect to the characters of those by whom these mighty issues were determined. In no period equally eventful, perhaps, has creative genius, whether of the imaginative or the practical order, been at so low an ebb. Among the crowd of mediocrities, two remarkable figures stand forth—Constantine, a prosaic Augustus, and Athanasius, the first type of the ecclesiastical statesman in the Western world. Herr Burckhardt has made hardly any attempt to depict these remarkable persons, and his work will disappoint all who expect the animation and picturesqueness of a history. It is rather an essay on a phase of culture, like the author's well-known work on the Renaissance; and from this point of view there is hardly a page that is not agreeable and instructive. The momentous revolution in the religion of the Empire is of course by far the most remarkable phenomenon of the time, and this may be approached either on the side of the progress of the new faith or of the decay of the old. Herr Burckhardt has preferred the latter. In three very interesting chapters he sketches, first, the *theocrasia*, or general mixing up of all the deities of the various constituents of the Roman Empire into one uncouth Pantheon; secondly, the remarkable reaction of the second and third centuries, quite independently of Christian influences, in the direction of the doctrine of personal immortality, and of the wild and mystical ideas, akin to modern Spiritualism, which it brought in its train; lastly, the general growth of barbarism and perversion of the standards of antique taste, even in such matters as costume and pronunciation.

(1) *Die Zeit Constantin's des Grossen.* Von Jakob Burckhardt. Zweite verbesserte und vermehrte Auflage. Leipzig: Seemann. London: Williams & Norgate.

To these causes must be added the failure of Diocletian's persecution, a step on the part of that generally wise and just ruler whose causes still remain obscure, notwithstanding the careful investigation of so many modern writers. Herr Burckhardt has devoted a special chapter to it, and is evidently, and with reason, more interested in Diocletian than in his nominal hero Constantine. The latter was indeed a warrior and a statesman, but such a one as most ages can produce. Diocletian is a problem from every point of view—in his astonishing rise, his wonderfully dramatic abdication, his military triumphs without military genius, his remarkable ascendency over fierce and cultivated natures, the contrast between his ordinary wisdom and such questionable measures as the persecution of the Christians and the attempt to fix the price of commodities; most of all, in the singular alliance of homely, practical sagacity with the far-fetched ingenuity of a political machinery far too refined to work. The last chapter sketches Constantine's almost entirely Orientalized court, administration, and army.

There was undoubtedly room for such a biography of Blücher as Dr. Wigger (2) has given us—a work complete in itself, though only enlarged from a section of his exhaustive history of Blücher's family. No independent biography of much pretension previously existed. Varnhagen's is indeed classical, like all his biographies; but it is only one member of a collection of lives, and is not based upon an adequate review of documentary evidence. Much matter of importance—as, for instance, Baron Müffling's autobiography—has been published since Varnhagen wrote, and his narrative is devoid of that authority in military matters which Dr. Wigger's has received from the express approbation of the greatest of living strategists, Marshal Von Moltke. The Marshal's imprimatur alone would denote that it is written from a strictly national point of view; but it is creditably free from the narrow patriotism and unseemly arrogance which too frequently characterize German histories of German triumphs. If there is any exception to the general impartiality and candour of the narrative, it is in the claims preferred on behalf of the Prussians to the principal share in the victory at Waterloo—a controversy in which Englishmen can well afford to imitate the proud reticence of Wellington. No one, however, can read the book without a hearty admiration for the stout old Marshal, whose faults served him almost as well as his finer qualities. A higher intellectual organization would have made him more circumspect, and would have tempered the impetuosity and impaired the tenacity to which, more than to his military abilities, he was indebted for his success. In temperament he greatly resembled Nelson, but he had scarcely more of Nelson's genius as a tactician than of Wellington's genius as an administrator.

The fifteenth volume of Dr. Georg Weber's Universal History (3) is devoted to the history of the nineteenth century, between 1830 and 1851. It is divided into two parts, the first appropriately entitled "Between Two Revolutions," the second detailing the revolutionary and reactionary movements of 1848 and the three following years. The volume is prefaced by a review of the intellectual and social condition of Europe at the opening of the eventful period delineated, and closed by a summary of the literature, science, and art of the age down to the present time. The execution is careful and conscientious throughout, allowance being made for the disproportionate prominence accorded to German affairs, and the multitude of topics inevitably treated at second hand. Thus, for instance, Anselm Feuerbach, one of many excellent German historical painters, is noticed at sixty times the length accorded to perhaps the greatest landscape painter the world has seen, who happens to be an Englishman; and the character of each notice shows that Dr. Weber has no first-hand acquaintance with the subject of either.

The ethnological affinities of the Roumanian nation (4) constitute a problem difficult in itself, and still more perplexed by reason of the strong party spirit imparted into the investigation. The Roumans themselves naturally wish to pass for the lineal descendants of the Roman colonists settled in Dacia by Trajan. It has, however, been frequently contended of late, especially by Hungarian writers, that the Latin settlers left no lineal representatives, and that the existing Roumans are immigrants from Macedonia, where a large "Vlach" population is found at this day. Herr Pic, evidently a very competent authority, is entirely adverse to this theory; but his own notion that the Roumans are in the main Romanized Slavonians will be hardly more acceptable to their patriotic vanity. In fact, from the statesman's point of view, the generally pernicious maxim "that the truth is what man troweth" is perfectly applicable to the historical side of the question of nationalities.

Christian Kunth (5), though better known on his friends' and pupils' account than his own, was nevertheless an excellent man, whose biography is well worthy of the preservation to which it is indebted for the pious care of his grandsons. He was an admirable type of the Prussian bureaucrat of the old school—conscientious, methodical, laborious, and patriotic. In his younger days he was tutor to the brothers Humboldt, whose regard he retained throughout his life; at a later period, engaged in the Prussian Civil Service, and immersed in financial and economical business, he formed a close friendship with Stein, and corresponded with him for many years. Stein's letters have, unfortunately, disappeared. He took an honourable, although a subordinate, rank among the restorers of Prussian prosperity after the overthrow Prussia received from Napoleon; but his usefulness seems to have been impaired, and his official position compromised, by misunderstandings with his superiors and by his hypochondriacal temper. An appendix contains, with other matter, an interesting report, dated 1817, on the question of Protection and Free-trade, pronouncing in favour of the latter.

Herr Hübbe-Schleiden (6) is an advocate of what would be called in England an Imperial policy. He wishes his countrymen to become a great colonizing nation. The objection is obvious that all the parts of the earth adapted for European occupation are already colonized by other nations, and that the tardy German is in the position of the poet in Schiller's ballad. Herr Schleiden replies by distinguishing between settlements and factories. He would have his countrymen establish themselves at suitable points of naturally fertile but barbarous countries, and gradually educate the natives to steady industry and improved methods of production, receiving the fruits of their labour, and supplying them with German products. This seems the only feasible method of developing the resources of regions too populous or too unhealthy for European colonization, and it is remarkable that it should be simultaneously and independently recommended by the Italian traveller D'Albertis as the best way of dealing with New Guinea. The systematic pursuit of such a policy, however, would require more concentration of purpose than can be expected from a State agitated by internal dissensions, and harassed by apprehensions of her neighbours.

Edward von Hartmann's (7) latest contribution to the philosophy of pessimism is an endeavour to provide it with a scientific basis by putting it upon the broad shoulders of Immanuel Kant. Kant was certainly not a Utopian or a highly sentimental theorist; but it is more than doubtful whether he would have assented to the proposition that existence is necessarily an evil. Even this dogma, however, which seems to be all that Hartmann contends for, is very far from amounting to a thoroughgoing pessimism. Such a view would admit of no remedy for human ills short of absolute annihilation; whereas the serenity and self-mastery which Hartmann promises on condition of accepting his lugubrious doctrines would insure a degree of felicity enough for any philosopher less exacting than Fourier, who would be satisfied with nothing short of turning the ocean into lemonade. In fact, Hartmann travels from pessimistic premisses to an optimistic conclusion; and the argument of his book is so far justified that he has himself insensibly substituted for the genuine Buddhism of Schopenhauer a modified Stoicism, highly ethical and respectable, but which would have attracted comparatively little attention if its first appearance had not been in masquerade.

Dr. Eugen von Schmidt (8) criticizes what he considers the immoderate importance attached by Professor Max Müller to forms of expression as originators of religious ideas, and to etymology as a clue to the signification of myths. His own view is substantially the old one, that primitive religion begins with the deification of natural forces and visible objects.

Theogony and Astronomy, by Anton Krichenbauer (9), is an example of the now almost exploded system of interpretation which explains all religious beliefs and all poetical allusions as astronomical symbols. To Herr Krichenbauer, the Homeric poems are a sidereal, instead of a solar, myth; the scene of the Iliad is laid in Cilicia; the Achivi are goats (αἶγες), in compliment to Capricorn. Egyptian, Assyrian, and Persian mythologies are dealt with in a similar fashion. Herr Krichenbauer is always ingenious, and his erudition is so abundant that he could well afford to exchange some of it for a little common sense.

There is erudition enough, and sense enough, in H. Steinthal's minor writings (10), but they are too abstruse to be read by any but the most accomplished philologists.

Herr Ludwig Noiré (11) has a remarkable faculty for presenting mere truisms in the guise of profound discoveries. This endowment is admirably displayed in his essay on the genesis of prehistoric tools, the matter of which is generally only open to criticism on the ground of superfluity, but whose style might have afforded a model to the author of *Typical Developments*. It is provoking to be informed at the end of a long disquisition on the question how tools *must* have been made, that recent discoveries have shown how they *were* made; and that the writer could have told us from the first, had he not considered it more dignified and becoming to resort to "the deductive method."

(2) *Feldmarschall Fürst Blücher von Wahlstatt*. Von Dr. F. Wigger. Schwerin: Stiller. London: Nutt.

(3) *Allgemeine Weltgeschichte*. Von Dr. G. Weber. Bd. 15. Abth. 2. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Kolckmann.

(4) *Ueber die Abstammung der Rumänen*. Von J. L. Pic. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Das Leben des Staatsrath Kunth*. Von F. und P. Goldschmidt. Berlin: Springer. London: Nutt.

(6) *Ueberseeische Politik. Eine culturwissenschaftliche Studie mit Zahlenbildern*. Von Hübbe-Schleiden. Hamburg: Friderichsen & Co. London: Nutt.

(7) *Zur Geschichte und Begründung des Pessimismus*. Von E. von Hartmann. Berlin: Duncker. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Die Philosophie der Mythologie und Max Müller*. Von Dr. Eugen von Schmidt. Berlin: Duncker. London: Williams & Norgate.

(9) *Theogonie und Astronomie*. Von A. Krichenbauer. Wien: Konegen. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Gesammelte Kleine Schriften*. Von H. Steinthal. Th. I. Berlin: Dümmler. London: Nutt.

(11) *Das Werkzeug und seine Bedeutung für die Entwickelungsgeschichte der Menschheit*. Von L. Noiré. Mainz: Diemer. London: Williams & Norgate.

The organization of the German book trade (12) must be complicated indeed, seeing that Herr Schürmann finds it necessary to devote three volumes to the subject. The first, the only one as yet published, is mainly historical, detailing the legislative measures adopted from time to time, the peculiarities of the great Leipsic book fair, so long the centre of the trade, the abuses with which the business was from time to time infested, and the development of copyright and of legal protection against piracy. The second part will describe the usages which regulate the transactions of booksellers *inter se*, and the third their relations to the writers of books.

Mme. von Gerold's (13) book of travel in Spain is merely the record of an ordinary tour, but is nevertheless very pleasing, from the constant good-humour of the author, who, though evidently not unaware of the besetting ills of Spain, is in ecstasies with her journey from first to last, and declines to receive or record any impressions of a less pleasurable nature.

Although not containing a word of German, a little selection of Russian poems, with an Italian translation, edited by Signor de Gubernatis (14), is perhaps entitled to mention among German books from the place of its publication, and a point may at all events be strained in favour of a collection of such genuine interest and literary merit. The versions always read agreeably, and a general affinity of spirit and sentiment, tinged with the uniform melancholy with which translations of Russian fiction have familiarized us, seems to attest their fairly representative character. The form selected may not always be the most suitable; it is easy even for those entirely unacquainted with Russian to discern that the rapid lyrical movements of Rileief's "Voinarovski" and of Pushkin's fine address to Ovid must have parted with much of their original character in passing into the stately and dignified blank verse of the Italian translator. There are altogether forty-nine pieces, the longest of which are the "Voinarovski" already mentioned and Lermontov's "Demon," one of the few Russian poems which have attained a European reputation.

Professor Sels's edition of the First Part of *Faust* (15) is unquestionably the best ever produced in this country for the purposes of the student. The concise, condensed notes explain every real difficulty with no mere ostentation of learning. Some few are perhaps superfluous, and here and there a very slight slip may be noticed; such as the employment of "contemptive" for "contemptuous"; and the rendering of *Geiste* in the satire upon Nicolai by "wits" instead of "wit," which destroys the point of the passage. The introductory chapter on the stock mistakes of English translators (many of them sufficiently pardonable) is entertaining as well as scholarly, and the history of the composition of the poem itself will be found most interesting by all genuine students. Professor Sels's profounder criticism is perhaps occasionally somewhat too profound; it seems, for instance, needless to look very far for reasons for the introduction of a witches' kitchen, or a witches' sabbath, into a drama founded on a compact with the fiend. Professor Sels also seems a little uncertain as to the moral purpose of *Faust*, which cannot indeed be properly apprehended without the Second Part. Without this sequel Goethe could not have answered as he did, when questioned respecting *Wilhelm Meister*:—"What, after all, the whole would appear to convey is that man, in spite of all his follies and aberrations, yet, led by a higher hand, attains a happy consummation at last."

Fanny Lewald's Christmas stories (16) are not remarkable in any way, but may still be recommended to readers in quest of pleasant and innocent German fiction that is not tedious. *Zünftig* (17) is a fair average circulating-library novel. "Two Years on the River Plate" (18), though but indifferently written, is redeemed from this category by the peculiar local colouring, and the author's manifest acquaintance with Monte Videan manners and politics. There is also power, though of a crude and artless sort, in the contrast between the deep and serious character of the young German immigrant, and his frivolous, yet impassioned, South American wife. "The White Lady of Greifenstein" (19) is a romantic story, readable enough, but with no literary pretensions.

The most important contribution to the *Rundschau* (20) is another of those confidential memoranda of the Russian Government whose main interest is derived, not so much from their actual contents, as from the mere fact of their being allowed to get into print in Germany. It is difficult to believe that this could happen without the connivance of Prince Bismarck, and the circumstance imparts an almost semi-official character to the editor's sturdy assertion of the inflexible determination of the German Government to resist Panslavism in the Balkan peninsula. The memorandum itself relates to the Cretan crisis of 1869, and contains ample evidence of the ill-will of Russia to Greece as well as to Austria. An article on Nordenskjöld's discoveries draws attention to the strong probability that the northernmost portion of the Old World, as of the New, will prove to consist of an archipelago of very large islands. Dr. Geffcken's review of the Prince Consort's biography will please English readers, but contains nothing new to them; and, although Bret Harte's paper on the Age of Gold in California is no doubt correctly stated not to have been published before, it must be identical with the lecture delivered by him in London under the title of "The Argonauts." The most entertaining article in the number is the second part of Hase's Parisian correspondence under the Consulate, the very romance of philology. After being nearly starved from his ignorance of French, the modest young scholar is put into the way of a livelihood through his ability to talk Arabic with one of Napoleon's Mamelukes, and confirms his position by his fluency in modern Greek, which gains him the patronage of Villoison.

(12) *Organisation und Rechtsgewohnheiten des Deutschen Buchhandels.* Von Aug. Schürmann. Th. 1. Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses. London: Williams & Norgate.

(13) *Eine Herbstfahrt nach Spanien.* Von Rosa von Gerold. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. London: Williams & Norgate.

(14) *Melodie Russe.* Prima versione Italiana col testo Russo a fronte per E. W. Foulques e D. Ciampoli; con prefazione del Prof. Angelo de Gubernatis. Lipsia: Gerhard. London: Kolckmann.

(15) *Goethe's Faust.* Part 1. The German Text, with English Notes and Introductory Remarks. By Albert M. Sels, Ph. D. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

(16) *Zu Weihnachten Drei Erzählungen.* Von Fanny Lewald. Berlin: Janke. London: Kolckmann.

(17) *Zünftig.* Roman. Von Ludovika Hesekiel. 3 Bde. Berlin: Janke. London: Kolckmann.

(18) *Zwei Jahre am Rio de la Plata.* Deutscher Original Roman von Carlos Navarro. 2 The. Berlin: Janke. London: Kolckmann.

(19) *Die Weisse Frau von Greifenstein.* Roman. Von Egon Fels. 3 Bde. Jena: Costenoble. London: Kolckmann.

(20) *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. vii. Hft. 2. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

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THE OPPOSITION.

IT has been observed with reasonable satisfaction by Conservative journalists that, although their party suffered at the late election a reverse even more overwhelming than that undergone by the Liberals in 1874, the blow has been met in a spirit very different from that which the Liberals showed in their hour of defeat. The Conservatives have not been smitten with that dismay which swept over the Liberal ranks after a general election had gone against them. On the contrary, they seem in high, if not boisterous, spirits, and appear to enjoy being in a minority, as Mr. KINGSLEY used to say he enjoyed being out in a good bitter east wind. It is also noticed that this Conservative alacrity takes the form of free invective, hard hitting, and general aggressiveness. There also seems to be less stringency of party discipline than there used to be in the Conservative ranks, and every enterprising Conservative considers himself entitled to fight his own battle in his own way. In Parliament, to draw Mr. GLADSTONE if possible, or, if not, to bait his colleagues, to denounce every Ministerial measure, and to retard the acceptance of every Ministerial proposal; out of Parliament, to sting with epigrams or overbear with declamation, and to attack violently for the mere sake of attacking—these are the arts by which the more effervescent Conservatism now seeks to conquer and to hold the world of political life. This new attitude is not very difficult to explain. It may be said to be the tardy, but necessary, result of the Reform Bill of 1867. The electoral body then created took some years to develop its strength and to form or reveal its character, and it also took some years for politicians to understand what this body was like. The secret has been disclosed that the new electors can be won over in a mass, and that they can be won over by having very strong statements and very abusive language constantly dinned into their ears. No Conservative can be blind to the fact that the electors who six years ago gave them a majority of sixty gave their opponents this year a majority twice as great, and that the most prominent instrument of success was a constant outpouring of denunciation and abuse. The throwing of oratorical dead-cats at opponents has become at once the pastime and the machinery of political opponents. The Conservatives who invented the democracy of 1867 are now disposed to fall in with its humours. They are in good spirits, for rapidity of change in opinion may tell for them as well as against them; and they abuse because they see that to have abused is to have succeeded. Conservatives of this new school consider the stately composure of Sir ROBERT PEEL, and the patient reserve, interrupted by bursts of epigram and invective, which marked the career of Lord BEACONSFIELD, alike out of date. They have become alive to the true imperative needs of every democracy—organization and exaggeration. They have learnt a lesson from their adversaries, who anticipated them in the discovery of what the democracy required; and, although they have not as yet the Parliamentary standing, the force, or the experience of their chief teachers, they take very kindly to their task, and proficiency will probably come with practice.

The creation of the new democracy coincided with a vast spread of education, with the development of the means of communication, and an increasing pressure of population, accompanied by a rising standard of comfort. Democracy may mean almost anything, and varies in character with time and country; but in modern England democracy means the possession of political power by people who can read, who can move about, and who find it equally desirable and difficult to live comfortably. Those who cannot read have children who can; and nothing is more singular in the present day than the spectacle of a generation growing up which is a stranger in its thoughts to its own parents, and there must be some relaxation of parental control when the father and mother regard their children with distant awe and admiration. Before long the whole democracy will be more or less educated, in the sense that it will be able to read, partially to understand, and unreservedly to swear by a penny paper. Those who have attained to this intellectual height will be possessed with the fixed idea that they ought to have a subsistence commensurate with their mental dignity. But this democracy will necessarily grow up under the protecting shadow of the old social life of England, and the strength of the Conservatives lies in their power to modify the character of the democracy by social influences deeply rooted in the nation and ingrained in its character and history. But in ordinary life, and as politicians, they will be impelled or tempted to try to work a democracy as they think a democracy must be worked. Every democracy loves association, and people will rather go about with drums and flags as members of a Band of Hope than not go about at all. To be grouped somehow is the natural impulse of those who feel that without grouping they are helpless units, and people love so much to be grouped somehow that they are willing to enter into a Liberal group or a Conservative group according as one or the other is the first to invite their adhesion. Before long every electoral body will have political groups enough offered to it, and it will like to find in abuse and exaggeration the equivalent of the drums and flags which gladden the proceedings of Teetotallers and Foresters. A Conservative and a Liberal organization will confront each other with solid and unsparing defiance, and a Conservative club with granite pillars up to its second story will eclipse a Liberal club that has only got granite up to its first-floor. A constituency will become at once a rigidly grouped and a reading body. It will, of course, demand speeches, for local life is apt to be dull, and men love the bustle, the glare, and the noise of a gathering; and the voice of an eloquent man who seems to mean what he says can never lose its charm for mankind. But the ground for the speaking will have been prepared by the reading, and what men read every day must affect them more than what they hear occasionally. One consequence may be that the scene of battle will be more and more transferred from Parliament to the constituencies. There is even a danger, if obstruction goes on increasing, that Parliament may be looked on as a cumbrous machinery for disappointing the electors. And as the reading of Parliamentary speeches is, for the most part, dull work, and a politician apprehends that his speech may be skipped, it is beginning to be a common practice now for leading politicians to prefer a better vehicle of publicity, and to communicate their wisdom through the medium of a magazine. Parliament thus becomes looked on

as a second-rate vehicle for imparting instruction, while, at the same time, it is looked on as a most imperfect contrivance for getting anything done.

It is by no means certain as yet whether the experience of the last election can be taken as decisive of the character of the new democracy. The general sweeping round to the Liberal side may have been a new proof of inherent fickleness, or it may have been the beginning of a movement that, with intermissions, may last for years. It is quite possible that abuse may have suited the public taste at one moment, and may lose its spell at another. Abuse, even if justified by preceding abuse from the other side, is apt to become stale and wearisome. It is difficult to guess whether this will be so or not; for, although the exaggerations of party invective on either side may seem to calmer minds wearisome and futile, it must be borne in mind that readers of penny fiction never show themselves wearied of the eternal story in which there is a wicked baronet, a ruined countess, and a dozen murders. Still, in the long run, it may be anticipated that a reading, organized democracy, desirous of rising in the world, is more likely to lean to Liberalism than to Conservatism; and it would be too much to expect that this predominating tendency, although it may be retarded in its display, can be permanently reversed by the most vigorous Conservative organization, or by the most copious Conservative invective. But, however certain it may be that the native tendencies of a democracy will sooner or later have their way, the circumstances under which these tendencies are developed will materially affect their ultimate bearing. A democracy is only a name for a great number of living persons all open to innumerable influences, and only gradually assuming any fixed novelty of character. The democracy will grow up, not only under the influence of abusive and organizing Conservatives and abusive and organizing Liberals, but also under that of moderate Conservatives and moderate Liberals. There is no reason to suppose that, within any time which it is necessary to forecast, the mild, gentlemanlike, unaspiring Conservatism of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, or the sagacious, temperate Liberalism of Lord HARTINGTON, will have become things of the past. Rank, education, and courtesy tell every hour in some subtle way on the habits and feelings of a country of which they have got a hold, perpetuated by the long traditions of countless families among the poor as well as among the rich. The tactics and the energy of the newer Conservatism will probably affect the general position of the party, because they are in harmony with some of the circumstances in which it finds itself; but it is very unlikely that they will greatly alter its character, or permanently change its relation to the country.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN.

THE death of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE has elicited many tributes to his memory, which, with due allowance for natural kindliness of feeling, produce a just impression of his character. With the possible exception of Lord MANSFIELD, none of his predecessors have excelled him in brilliancy of intellect and variety of accomplishment. As a judge he can scarcely be placed on a level with Lord ELLENBOROUGH, or with his immediate predecessor Lord CAMPBELL. Even KENYON and TENTERDEN were sounder lawyers, perhaps because they had not dissipated their energies in pursuit of any other branch of knowledge. Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN would probably have attained a still higher reputation if his promotion to the Bench had occurred some years later. There was a comparatively short interval between his advance to the front rank of his profession and his unwilling retirement from the Bar. When he was Attorney-General, he contended on equal terms with THESIGER and KELLY; but he never attained the pre-eminent position which was at that time held by BETHELL at the Equity Bar. Before he became a Law Officer, COCKBURN was compelled on the Western Circuit to acknowledge the superiority in success, if not in merit, of CROWDER, the most commonplace of advocates, and afterwards a respectable Puisne judge. When the rivals entered Parliament together, their relative position at the Bar was so well known, that the Ministerial managers applied in the first instance to Mr. CROWDER to hold a political brief for Lord PALMERSTON in the famous PACIFICO debate. It was only on Mr. CROWDER's refusal, in consequence of well-founded distrust of his own powers, that Mr. COCKBURN obtained and used the opportunity which at one step raised him to Parliamentary and professional rank. His speech was necessarily that of an advocate using materials supplied by others; but, a born orator, with his style polished by literary training, he was able at once to discard forensic mannerism and to satisfy the critical taste of the House of Commons. His graceful recognition of the "consular rank" of Sir ROBERT PEEL was not expressed in the technical phrase of a mere lawyer. When he sat down at the end of his speech his political fortune was made, though during his stay in the House of Commons he never rose above the ordinary level of party. If circumstances had not afterwards induced him to decline the offer of a peerage, he might perhaps in the House of Lords have succeeded to the mantle of LYNDHURST, though he would have been on the opposite side. If he was not so great a master of sarcasm, his eloquence was more ornate, and he would have emulated his predecessor's exemption from narrow prejudice.

Of his own contemporaries at the Bar, the competitor whom he most resembled was perhaps Lord CHELMSFORD. Both COCKBURN and THESIGER possessed singularly musical voices, and they both excelled in the luminous and suggestive statement of complicated facts. If Lord CHELMSFORD had been a Common Law judge, he would probably have exhibited on the Bench the same powers which had raised him to eminence at the Bar; but in variety of accomplishment and in range of intellect COCKBURN was greatly superior. Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN was the most persuasive of judges in summing-up to juries; and his rhetorical skill was always devoted to the purpose of securing the verdict which he deemed to be just. Defeated litigants sometimes resent too ostentatious an interference with the discretion of juries; but it is not perhaps desirable that a judge should conceal his own strong conviction. A more serious drawback to judicial perfection was a habit of inclining to one of the parties before a case was fully heard. The CHIEF JUSTICE was always ready to correct his first impression, with the result of occasionally going too far in the opposite direction. In one of the protracted trials which become every day more frequent two opposing counsel, both afterwards eminent judges, remarked to their friends, in successive stages of the case, on the bias which the CHIEF JUSTICE was showing, not against the respective parties, but in their favour. He had assumed that the plaintiff was in the right until he heard the defence; and the discovery that there was a strong plausible case on the other side seemed to take him by surprise. Both parties in turn feared that the jury might, to the detriment of their respective clients, be tempted to counteract the apparent prejudice of the judge. He had also the weakness of liking to display his remarkable gifts. In cases which attracted popular attention he was intentionally and consciously eloquent, with the result of giving his enemies an excuse for calling him a "play-actor." His copious oratory and his rapidity of perception were among many causes of the intolerable duration of some notorious trials. If he would have abstained under strong provocation from interruption, the scandalous TICHBORNE trial would not have wasted the time of three judges for a year. Lord CAMPBELL would have finished the inquiry in a month, and Lord ELLENBOROUGH in a week. Two octavo volumes devoted to the report of a summing up are not a triumph of judicial efficiency. The analysis, in the CHIEF JUSTICE's polished style and in his silver voice, of the characters and motives of the parties to the conspiracy, of their victims, and of the witnesses, reminded some of the audience of passages from *Sir Charles Grandison* delivered by an accomplished reader.

Some foibles may be pardoned in a man of rare ability whose career was on the whole signalized by generosity and by public spirit. Unlike many eminent lawyers, Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN was from his youth conspicuous and successful in general society. The son of a French mother, and of a father who as a diplomatist resided much abroad, he was an accomplished linguist, speaking three Continental languages, and he was also an elegant scholar. He wrote as fluently and gracefully as he spoke; and his occasional pamphlets displayed the same qualities with his more elaborate judgments. There was a difference of opinion as to the expediency of his published reply to the

iniquitous judgment of his colleagues in the *Alabama* arbitration; but, although it might be prudent to acquiesce in an authoritative decision, many of his countrymen felt grateful to the English arbitrator for his exposure of the monstrous perversion of justice to which, but for his protest, he might have been deemed a party. He was not less sincere, and almost equally forcible, in his attack on the Judicature Bill; but the balance of authority was against him, and experience of the working of the new system is still incomplete. His advanced age, though he had few of its infirmities, may probably account for the troublesome opposition which he offered to the introduction of the Criminal Code. His dislike of the proposed change had the negative merit of being disinterested, for simplification of the law tends to diminish the labour of judges.

The inconvenience which has arisen from the want of a sufficient staff of judges at Westminster will be greatly increased if the existing vacancies are not immediately filled. It is generally understood that the office of Chief Baron is to be suppressed; and the Government has now the opportunity of effecting a further reduction. There is no practical reason for retaining chiefs or presidents of the three Common Law divisions, which indeed might be conveniently abolished; but there are many advantages in the existence of a dignitary who may represent the whole Common Law department. If the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas is promoted to the rank of Lord Chief Justice of England, two ordinary judges may be appointed in the place of Sir FITZROY KELLY and Lord COLERIDGE. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL may probably have understood, when the Government was formed, that any customary claim attached to the office must give way to general judicial arrangements which might for public reasons be thought desirable. There is no reason to suppose that either of the Law Officers wishes to leave the Bar, and it is nearly certain that neither of them would be tempted by the offer of a Puisne judgeship. In and out of Parliament there will be found a sufficient number of competent candidates, and the LORD CHANCELLOR will not be inclined to deviate from the laudable modern custom of making promotions to the Bench without regard to politics. It is unfortunately but too probable that one or more additional vacancies may occur before long, as some of the judges are known to be in feeble health, though only one of the number is far advanced in years. Lord COLERIDGE, though he is in almost all respects unlike Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN, would do no discredit to the high office which awaits a successor. It may be inferred from the letter addressed by the LORD CHANCELLOR to the late CHIEF JUSTICE that in any changes which may be thought expedient there will be no unnecessary disruption of ancient traditions. As the Common Law Courts are to have a principal judge, it will be far better that he should be called Lord Chief Justice than that he should be designated by some arbitrary nickname.

THE JEWS IN GERMANY.

THE debate in the Prussian Chamber on the Jews, and on the fierce enmity to which they are now exposed, excited the keenest interest, offered an opportunity of everything being said for or against the Jews that came to hand, and disclosed the deep passions which the question excites, but was chiefly remarkable on account of the attitude assumed by the Government. Only one Minister spoke, and all he had to say was that the Government did not contemplate proposing any legislative changes to the prejudice of the Jews. On the social persecution to which the Jews are exposed the Government had nothing to say. Those who hate the Jews and those who accept them as inevitable must be left to fight out their quarrel. This was virtually to countenance what is known as the anti-Semitic movement. The Court and the Government give the prevailing tone to German society, and if Court and Government have nothing to say in the way of rebuke to this strange movement, every German will at once infer that they regard it, if not with complacency, at least without disapproval. What there was to say on behalf, not so much of the Jews as of ignoring that Jews are Jews, cannot have much interest for Englishmen. To us, all the arguments that Jews, like all other subjects of the Crown, are to be treated fairly and allowed to do the best for themselves in a free competition, are mere commonplaces. What Englishmen will seek to gather, if possible, from the report of the debate is the secret of this German fury against the Jews. Why should Germany so deeply resent Jewish success and Jewish power? Unhappily, the speeches of the enemies of the Jews only reveal this secret in a very imperfect manner, and we must gather it rather from hints than statements. No doubt, one main ground of the feeling entertained towards the Jews is mere jealousy of success. The Germans are mortified to find Jews everywhere, and everywhere doing well. They make more money, and are sharper in making it, than the Germans; they understand big commerce and little commerce; they manipulate State loans, and they lend money to little proprietors; and they force themselves on in the special callings of the educated classes. The chief speaker on the Anti-Jewish side, the Court Preacher, who is the principal author of the crusade, ended his speech with a lively picture of what had lately happened on the occasion of a post-mortem examination. The corpse was the corpse of a German, but all the living persons present were Jews. The physician was a Jew, the surgeon was a Jew, the lawyer was a Jew, and the attendant official was a Jew. Unless this was a mere accident, it is, no doubt, a remarkable fact. There are only 400,000 Jews in all Germany; and if, out of so small a number, there can be found men not only to dominate in big and in small commerce, but to command a preponderance in the learned professions, the Jews of Germany must be a very able set of men. But it is not only the success of the Jews that awakens jealousy; the vices or faults that accompany the success stir the flame of anger. It would be marvellous if the Jews alone of men flushed with new success were not tainted with the faults which all other men in such a position have exhibited. They have, as their leading defender allowed, the habitual defects of *parvenus*. They are arrogant, ostentatious, often vulgar, bustling, and obtrusive. And in the country districts they behave as small land-grabbers are wont to behave in all countries. They take the utmost advantage of the law, are hard creditors and bad masters, if to exact all his rights makes the master bad. The feeling of the Germans in the country districts towards the Jews appears not unlike the feeling of the Irish towards landowners who are at once small and new.

But neither jealousy of success, nor dislike of vulgar ostentation, nor harsh exercise of legal rights seems to take us to the bottom of this German hatred of the Jews. What it may, perhaps, be really compared with is the feeling of the Californians towards the Chinese. California may be taken as the place where this feeling has shown itself in the most active form; but there are many other places, American and English, where a strong dislike of the Chinese has rooted itself in a large section of the population. The Chinese are most useful in new countries; they succeed where men of European descent fail; they underbid and triumph over the ordinary labourer of the country. They are, no doubt, disliked by those whom they outbid, simply because they outbid them. But the peculiarly bitter feeling of the Californians towards the Chinese springs from causes much more profound than the trade dislike of being undersold. The Chinese are not only hated, but feared. This fear is the fear, not of the terrible, but of the uncanny. The Chinese are a nation within a nation, an isolated group living in its own world, foreigners who not only fail to assimilate themselves with the old inhabitants, but who cohere strongly among themselves. An American has no sort of objection to a foreigner as such, and no prejudice of race or religion against any one who will help him to make money. But he feels grievously put out by the presence of foreigners in his midst who not only are aliens in religion and race, but who keep apart from him and his world, and have an organized, self-sufficing, impenetrable world of their own. Wise and liberal men in the comfortable centres of American civilization often deplore this antipathy towards people who break no laws, give no cause for offence, and contribute by their indefatigable industry to the wealth of the country. But, in spite of wise and liberal words, those who have the feeling of antipathy continue to feel it. In the same way, when we ask, not how the Germans ought to feel towards the Jews, but how they actually do feel, we find them face to face with their Chinese. The little successful and arrogant Jewish world within the German world shocks and alarms them. It is not so much because the Jews do not accept the New

Testament, or because they are not Caucasians, or because they are clever and sometimes successful, that the Jews are feared and disliked in Germany; but because they form a perpetual, closely-cemented clique of foreigners, a clique into which there is no entrance for outsiders, and yet which never decays. And what moves the patriotic German to extreme wrath more than anything else is that this clique not only pushes forward its conquering hand into every sphere of German life, but actually has the audacity to tell Germans what they ought to do and to think. No charge against the Jews seems to have been thought by their opponents so telling as that they have got a great part of the German press into their hands.

In time, as ample experience proves, such faults as the Jews may now exhibit in Germany would pass away, if not entirely, yet in a tolerable measure. They would cease to be newly rich, and would grow ashamed of vulgar ostentation. They would be received among older landowners, and would adopt the tone of an old landed society. They would stick to each other, and yet mix freely and pleasantly with the German world. England is perhaps hardly a fair instance to take, for the Jews here are only about one-tenth of the German Jews. But in France the number of Jews is about equal to the number of Jews in Germany, and in France the Jews give no offence. There must be causes in the position of Germans as well as in the nature and habits of Jews to account for the German hatred of these terrible Semitic people. These causes are not, perhaps, far to seek. Germany is at once a very old country and a very new one. It is the seat of an ancient civilization, but has been so devastated by war and so enfeebled by intestine divisions that it can even now scarcely believe that it exists. There are three salient features in the Germans of the present day. They are class-ridden; they are poor in proportion to their place in Europe; and they are timid, not of course physically, but morally and socially. The rigid distinction between noble and non-noble is the product of their old and peculiar civilization. Their poverty and their timidity are the products of their calamities and their divisions. To dwell on these special characteristics of their present state would be most unjust in a general sketch, unless due prominence were also given to the other great qualities of the race—its patience, its industry, its intellectual fearlessness, its emotional vivacity, its loyalty to the Crown and devotion to the State. But, in speaking of the German hatred of the Jews, it is only necessary to dwell on peculiarities which cause or intensify this hatred. The dislike of the vulgar *parvenu* is sure to be excessively strong in a society where there is a very large, a very poor, and a very dominant nobility. The comparative poverty of the Germans opens the field for those who have got money to lay out alike on the biggest speculation or the humblest usury. The habitual timidity of the Germans makes them very much afraid of anything of which they are afraid at all. They live in an atmosphere of panic as to what the Court will do, as to when Prince BISMARCK will retire from the scene, as to what the POPE will order, as to what France or Russia may be plotting. It is extraordinary how the faintest adverse rumour will flutter a people which ten years ago performed some of the greatest military feats recorded in history, which is armed to the teeth, and is supposed to be without a rival in the arts of war. The Germans who are proudest of Germany seem always to be surprised that there is a Germany to be proud of. In time, if things go well, all this will be changed. There will be greater equality of classes; there will be increased wealth; there will be more assured confidence. But this is only saying that, if the relations of the Germans to the Jews become what they ought to be, it is the Germans, as well as the Jews, who will have undergone a change.

IRELAND.

SOME of the GRACCHI of the Liberal party, *de seditione quærentes*, have the effrontery to affect surprise and anger at Lord SALISBURY's denunciation of the Irish policy of the Government. The stump orators of last winter hold that the most lenient construction ought to be put on the acts of responsible Ministers. It is, in truth, often a doubtful question whether it is expedient to give public expression to strong feelings and positive opinions. If Lord SALISBURY had, like the majority of his late colleagues, reserved himself for discussion in Parliament, his silence would have been intelligible; but it is not surprising that he should prefer the opposite course of attempting to rally the Conservative party after its heavy disaster. In his latest speech Lord SALISBURY referred but slightly to the foreign policy of the Government, professing, by a conventional fiction, to think that Mr. GLADSTONE is ostensibly continuing the policy of his predecessors. It would be difficult to fix the attention of an English audience on the tedious affair of Dulcigno, or indeed on any other subject than the social war which has been allowed to spread over a large part of Ireland. Lord SALISBURY was fully justified in his assertion that some members of the Government sympathize with the objects, though not with the methods, of the Land League. It is also true that the whole Cabinet tolerates a state of ruinous anarchy, because the exertion of necessary vigour would cause a certain amount of party embarrassment. Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN have obtained a temporary triumph over their moderate colleagues, some of whom are, in the odd phrase of the Gladstonizing *Standard*, deficient in loyalty to their chief. It was but right that Lord SALISBURY should expose, among other fallacies, Mr. BRIGHT's reckless statement that Irish distress is to be attributed to the great extent of land which is owned by single proprietors. It is notorious that the harshest landlords are the small purchasers in the Landed Estates Court, not by their own fault, but because petty capitalists cannot afford to be profusely generous. It may be true that on some large estates the tenantry have been indirectly impoverished by the laxity of absentee proprietors in permitting undue subdivision. The same class has encouraged the clamour for fixity of tenure by demanding low rents which give the occupier a beneficial interest in the soil. Mr. BRIGHT's hatred of a landed aristocracy is one of the causes which prevent him from recognizing the grave responsibility incurred by Ministers who, for their own supposed convenience, allow for a month, a week, or a day, prolonged impunity to the worst of tyrannies. The Birmingham meeting, and the submission of the majority of the Cabinet to the extreme faction, have since received more instructive comments than even Lord SALISBURY's sarcastic speech. Two or three murders, several sentences of social excommunication, and not a few outrages have been perpetrated, all of which might perhaps have been prevented if the Ministers had not refused a fortnight ago to summon Parliament for the purpose of obtaining extraordinary powers.

A part of the case which is common to the Irish landlords and to the English nation as it is interested in the connexion with Ireland is ably expounded in a pamphlet published by the Irish Land Committee under the title of *Confiscation or Contract*. The writer, who is said to be Dr. WEBB of Trinity College, calls attention to Mr. DEASY's Land Act of 1860, which has not been sufficiently noticed in recent discussions. "By the "primary provision of that statute it is 'enacted that "'the relation of landlord and tenant shall be deemed to "'be founded on the express or implied contract of the "'parties, and not on tenure or service.' The relation "'shall be deemed to subsist in all cases in which there "'shall be an agreement by one party to hold land from "'or under another in consideration of any rent.'" The exclusive validity of contracts was partially limited by Mr. GLADSTONE's Act of 1870. So far as small tenants were in case of eviction allowed compensation for disturbance, a practical right of tenure was created. The author of the Bill repeatedly protested against the assumption that he gave the occupier any property in the land; but the fruitful germ of further encroachments on the rights of landowners was included in the new enactment. As the writer of the pamphlet forcibly contends, the institution of landlords cannot be abolished by Act of Parliament, though one proprietor may be arbitrarily substituted for another. The security enjoyed by small landlords is illustrated by the case of a man who let his property of forty acres to two or three tenants while he earned his own livelihood in another occupation. Returning at last with a small pension, he resumed possession of a part of his land, and he was immediately murdered. Mr. BRIGHT himself will scarcely refer the crime to the English Conquest, or even to the vicious consequences of primogeniture and entail. Judge LONGFIELD of the Landed

Estates Court, in a passage quoted in the pamphlet, expresses a confident opinion that the subdivision of Irish land into small freeholds would largely increase the number of agrarian murders. Nevertheless theorists and amateurs refuse to punish or to prevent crime and outrage until they have tried fanciful experiments which in their judgment might perhaps gradually diminish the temptation to kill, to torture, and to rob. It is not even thought necessary to devise a definite remedy for the supposed defects of Irish land tenure. The purport of the Birmingham speeches was that force ought not to be employed until the grievances of the Irish tenantry were redressed. Whether their assumed grievances were susceptible of cure was a secondary question.

Under the Act of 1870, as in all other schemes of legislation, the indispensable condition of occupancy was payment of rent; and it will be difficult for the most reckless projectors, except indeed the shameless demagogues of the Land League, to contrive any mode of exempting the tenant from the obligation which would be created equally by tenure or by contract. Yet it is against rent, as such, that the agitators and assassins are directing their efforts. The speakers at the meetings sometimes allow the tenants to tender the amount of GRIFFITH's valuation, though they treat a standard established for a wholly different purpose only as a *maximum*, and not as a uniform rule. The leaders have lately declared that the Land League branch in each district must fix the amount or proportion of rent, if any, which is to be paid. If, as might well have been the case, the Government valuation had been higher than the average rent, it would have been universally and rightly disregarded. It is obvious that if the debtor, or a self-appointed tribunal acting in the interest of the debtor, can repudiate the contract of tenancy and fix an arbitrary rent, he is equally entitled to reduce his present offer by one-half, or to withhold payment altogether. Fixity of tenure, accompanied by a valuation of land and a rent settled by Act of Parliament, would in no degree affect the operations or the doctrines of the Land League. If every tenant in Ireland were endowed with perpetual possession at half his former rent, he would be quite as well disposed as at present to refuse payment to the landlord, and to maltreat the person and the live stock of a neighbour more honest than himself. Even if the wild project of a State purchase of the land and of a demise to the occupier at a rent including a Sinking Fund were to be tried, the Government would be at the mercy of the seditious clubs which would not fail to dissuade the occupier from payment of tribute to an alien Government. The honour of the Irish peasant is a frail security, though he is possibly not more dishonest by nature than members of the same class in other countries. The peculiarity of his condition is that he is habitually guided by adventurers of the basest kind.

Lord SALISBURY and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE are about to deliver additional speeches; but, on the whole, the interests of the country would at present be most effectually served by leaving the Liberal majority to itself. An attack always in a certain sense facilitates defence by furnishing materials for criticism or for retaliation. Public attention may be more advantageously concentrated on the acts or on the inaction of the Government than on real or alleged defects in the reasoning of their opponents. In the Liberal party there are many men who are both intelligent and honest, and some of them have lately uttered warnings to which the Ministers would in their own interest do well to attend. Few recent speakers at public meetings have sympathized with the impenetrable bigotry of Birmingham; and it may be remembered that Mr. BRIGHT himself considers it unreasonable that a debtor should fix for himself the amount to be paid. Owners of English land must be singularly shortsighted if they fail to foresee the application to their own property of the doctrines which are propagated in Ireland; and land is not the only form of wealth which is threatened with spoliation. One of the most whimsical incidents of Irish turbulence is a threatening letter addressed to an employer in Dublin because he paid his workmen, not too little, but too much. Some rival thought that the methods of agrarian legislation would be as applicable to the promotion of his own interest as to the equally selfish purposes of tenant-farmers. Popular feeling in England is not favourable to the Land League; and there is little doubt that some of the Ministers share the general repugnance and alarm. It is nevertheless not to be supposed that they are deliberately and consciously parties to a dereliction of duty which puzzles and astonishes the non-official community.

THE FRENCH REFORM BILL.

THE French Deputies are apparently more concerned about their own irremovability than about the irremovability of the judges. They have voted almost without discussion the clause which, for the space of a year, converts the whole French magistracy into so many dependents of the Minister of Justice; but they show occasional symptoms of unwillingness to pass a Reform Bill which will probably be fatal to the re-election of a great number of their own body. The Committee of Initiative decided in the first instance by eight votes against five not to recommend the Chamber of Deputies to take into consideration the Bill re-establishing the *Scrutin de liste*. There was never, of course, any question of carrying out this recommendation in its integrity. It cannot be denied that a Reform Bill which has long been demanded by the Left has a just claim to all the thought and labour which the Chamber has to bestow on it, and as the present Session must be followed by a general election, there is plainly no time to be lost in taking it in hand. The Committee of Initiative has been greatly abused for even suggesting that the Chamber should refuse to discuss M. BARDOUX's Bill. It would have been fairer to remember that responsibility and power go together, and that, as the vote of the Committee did not really interfere with the progress of the measure thus condemned in advance, there was no reason why the members should not take this method of conveying to their colleagues their opinion that the Bill ought to be rejected. As soon, however, as the Committee had given its vote, it seems to have been terrified at its own boldness. It had actually recommended the Chamber not to take into consideration a Bill of which M. GAMBETTA is known to be an ardent supporter. No doubt the Chamber would disregard the vote, and debate the Bill just as thoroughly as though the Committee had never suggested that it should be passed over. But in that case, why should the Committee set itself up as a target for M. GAMBETTA's wrath? If their vote could have really helped on the rejection of the Bill, it might have been worth while to run some risk for so excellent an object. But, supposing the Bill should be passed after all, the eight deputies who had sounded the first note of opposition would be marked men. This consideration seems to have been conclusive in the case of five out of the eight. When the Report of the Committee came to be considered previously to its presentation to the Chamber, only three members were found to support the original recommendation.

Still, there is even now an unusual degree of uncertainty as to the decision of the Chamber of Deputies. Ordinarily, any proposal which has the support of the leader of the Left is sure of a majority. The Chamber has been capricious in its votes where the existence of Ministries has been in question; but it has been thoroughly consistent in its acceptance of Radical measures. In the present instance this agreement shows some signs of breaking up. The arguments urged against the retention of the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* are of a kind which are calculated to make a strong, but hardly a favourable, impression on the minds of the deputies. It is said, probably with a great deal of truth, that the present system, which allots one deputy to every arrondissement, and an additional deputy for every additional 100,000 inhabitants, gives undue importance to local popularity on the part of the candidates. It is the local lawyer, the local doctor, the local editor, that has the best chance of winning votes. Men of this class may be very good members of a municipal or departmental Council, but they are not good members of the Chamber of Deputies. Under a system which allotted deputies to each department in proportion to its population, and gave each elector as many votes as there were seats to be filled, these estimable but unpolitical personages would have no chance of being returned. The contest would turn entirely upon questions of national interest, and the electors of a whole department, knowing nothing about the particular concerns of the several arrondissements, would look out for men who had already made some reputation for themselves—if they

were to be had—and, at all events, for men who came to them recommended by the leaders in whom they had confidence. The more the existing Chamber considers this argument, the less likely it is to be really convinced by it. To expect the deputies to support M. BARDOUX's Bill is to expect the local lawyer, the local doctor, and the local editor to pass a self-denying ordinance. It is they who to a great extent compose the Chamber. The *Scrutin d'arrondissement* is dear to them precisely for the reason that it is abused by the advocates of the Bill. It has sent them to Paris, and invested them with whatever dignity belongs to the representatives of the nation. If it were possible to persuade them that the return to the *Scrutin de liste* would work no material change in the composition of the Chamber, and that at the next election, equally with the last, local eminence would be the best passport to the goodwill of the electors, they would have no objection to support the change. But, in all the speeches and articles which are to be found upon this side of the controversy, the exact contrary is preached. The Legislature is asked to purge itself of these unworthy elements, and to take care that they do not again make part of it. Why should the unworthy elements themselves contribute towards their own extinction? It is very doubtful, again, whether the constituencies which these unworthy elements represent would thank them for voting their extinction. The value which electors set upon the privilege of returning a member is commonly in inverse proportion to the number of those who possess it. No one cares to be swamped in a crowd of voters about whose opinions he neither knows nor cares anything. The case set up in favour of the *Scrutin de liste* over the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* is no more likely to find favour with the constituencies than with the deputies. Why is it that, under the *Scrutin d'arrondissement*, the electors so often return the local lawyer, the local doctor, the local editor? For the very good reason that they think these particular candidates the best men for the work they will be wanted to do. A small constituency cannot always be thinking of the fortunes of the Republic; it must from time to time pay some attention to its own fortunes. It wants a share in the distribution of official patronage, or to have some little job negotiated for its benefit. A candidate chosen on account of his views upon general policy, or on the recommendation of a Committee sitting in Paris, will not be nearly so useful for these purposes as a local candidate. Of course this difficulty is one that has to be got over wherever it is a question of redistributing seats in Parliament. But in other cases the advocates of redistribution have usually had two advantages which are denied them in the present case. Redistribution has for the most part been associated with extension of the suffrage, and the smaller constituencies have waived their pretensions in view of the necessity of admitting a hitherto unrepresented class into the electorate. Under universal suffrage this inducement loses its force. Every man already has a vote; and a vote is all that he can have, whether he uses it in an arrondissement or in a department. Nor does the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* furnish any of the scandals which time and change occasionally bring about in older representative systems. The arrondissement is in no case a small constituency, except in comparison with some larger one. There are no Old Sarums in France.

Against this natural unwillingness to upset the existing system must be set the facts that M. GAMBETTA wishes it upset, and that the *Scrutin de liste* has always been a shibboleth with the Extreme Left. It is just possible, however, that these two considerations may go some way towards balancing one another. It is commonly said that M. GAMBETTA's friendship for the Bill is partly due to his belief that he will be returned at the head of the poll in a great many departments at once, and will thus be designated by a sort of informal plebiscite for the supreme place in the State. It is natural enough that M. GAMBETTA, if he entertains this expectation, should wish to see the *Scrutin de liste* restored, and the sudden repentance of the Committee of Initiative is evidence how great his influence in the Chamber still is. But there must be a very large minority among the deputies of the Extreme Left who are not at all anxious to see M. GAMBETTA carried to the head of affairs by this process of simultaneous election. If, therefore, they are of the same opinion as to the effect of re-establishing the *Scrutin de liste*, they may not be above coming to some understanding with timid deputies of moderate opinions which may enable the latter to consult their convictions without neglecting their safety. In this way the Extreme Left may have the satisfaction of voting for a democratic measure, while avoiding the practical inconvenience which its adoption might cause them. Whether it is best for France to retain the *Scrutin d'arrondissement*, or to go back to the *Scrutin de liste*, is a point upon which happily it is not necessary for foreigners to have a strong opinion. The caprices of the existing Chamber certainly furnish an argument in favour of a change. If, as is alleged, the formation of a working Ministerial majority is impossible under the present distribution of seats, it is a very serious drawback to any political machinery. But the value of a working majority depends upon the accuracy with which it represents the majority in the country; and whether election by departments would secure this better than election by arrondissements is a very doubtful matter.

SOUTH AFRICA.

THE war with the Basutos can have only one result; for, if the colonial forces fail to suppress the insurrection, the Imperial Government cannot refuse to come to their aid. The late accounts of the struggle have not been encouraging, but the reinforcements which are proceeding to the seat of war may perhaps restore the superiority of the colonial forces. The Cape Government is, for intelligible reasons, anxious to finish the contest without external interference. It seems that Mr. SPRIGG was in error if he supposed that the Colonial Office had assented to his claim of exclusive control over the relations with the natives in the event of a successful termination of the war. He had, in fact, been warned that the Home Government reserved to itself entire freedom of action; but, if the colonists thoroughly defeat the Basutos, Mr. SPRIGG's anticipations will be practically realized. The Aborigines Protection Society is too late in its protest against Mr. SPRIGG's policy. It may be true that, as Mr. FROUDE stated, the Cape Administration cannot, under the terms of their Constitution, make war on an external independent Power without the QUEEN's consent; but the prohibition was evidently intended to apply to the case of civilized States, and not to inevitable conflicts with native tribes. "They professed," as Mr. FROUDE proceeded to say, "to be putting down a rebellion, and it "was by our act that they could treat the natives as "British subjects." The substance of Mr. FROUDE's contention was that the Imperial Government ought to exercise its sovereignty or protectorate over the Basutos, instead of allowing the colony to regard them as subject to its own legislation or coercion. The Cape Parliament never doubted its authority to pass an Act for disarming the Basutos; and the measure provoked no remonstrance from the SECRETARY for the COLONIES. It followed that the collision which ensued was in the nature of a civil war, and that, if the local Government suppresses the resistance of the native chiefs, it will be entitled, or at least enabled, to take such precautions as it may think fit against the renewal of the contest. It will then be useless to argue that the land occupied by the Basutos lies outside the limits of the colony. The reserved right of the Imperial Government to supervise the terms of peace will only come into operation if it becomes necessary to check any tendency to oppression. There is, as Lord KIMBERLEY said in answer to Mr. FROUDE, no danger of extermination; but it may perhaps be proper to guard against measures inconsistent with the personal liberty of the natives. It is but just to admit that, after the last border war, the Cape Government showed no tyrannical or intolerant disposition.

It is fortunate that the Colonial Office, unlike some other departments of State, has of late years been for the most part administered without respect to domestic party struggles. Lord CARDWELL, Lord CARNARVON, and Lord KIMBERLEY have promoted a consistent and continuous policy, from which the present Minister is not inclined to depart. The project of federation, which is for the present suspended, was principally designed as a step to the establishment of a common native policy and a joint system of defence. The Cape Parliament has on more than one occasion intimated its indifference to provision against dangers which principally threatened the

weaker neighbouring provinces. The suppression of the Gaika and Galeka revolts, though it was mainly effected by the regular troops, confirmed the confidence of the colonists; but they are now reminded that the native population within their own dominions is still formidable. It is possible that they may be compelled to solicit the co-operation of Natal, and they probably watch with uneasiness symptoms of a rebellious disposition in the Transvaal. The necessary result of confederation would be the final assumption by the colonies of the burden of native wars, and consequently of the regulation of native relations. The deputation from the Aborigines Protection Society virtually requested the Imperial Government to withdraw from the Cape Colony the control both of war and of peace. Mr. FROUDE's remark that the Home Government was responsible for having transferred its powers to the colonial Legislature could at most only have an historical value. The gift of qualified independence, whether or not it was prudently made, is in its nature irrevocable. Even if Lord KIMBERLEY had not retained his faith in the expediency of the measure, he would have wasted time in discussing its merits. It is true that a small section of colonial politicians holds that the concession of responsible government was premature; but the controversy is sustained rather as a form of criticism on the actual Administration than in the hope or with the wish of reversing a completed policy.

In his judicious and argumentative answer to the deputation, Lord KIMBERLEY rebuked only by contemptuous silence the flippant vulgarity of a facetious newspaper Correspondent who thought fit to intervene in the discussion with an impertinent letter. The assertion that Sir BARTLE FRERE, who has nothing to do with the matter, "sees the "finger of GOD in the trigger of the breechloader," was in the most approved form of Correspondent rhetoric. The Basutos, it seems, "were faithful, devoted, and loyal to "the core, and they murdered the Zulus with exemplary "ferocity and cruelty." In another paragraph bombast takes the place of irony; but it would be tedious to record how empires founded on the ruin of unoffending races inevitably sink beneath the maledictions and ill-will of the conquered. Unfortunately, most empires have been founded by conquest, which may probably have provoked curses, or, in finer language, malediction. The English nation has not yet succumbed to the malediction of the Britons, who, according to the best historical testimony, were either expelled or exterminated. The Basutos are not yet even conquered; and it is necessary to run the risk of their future maledictions. The suggestion that South Africa should be governed like India was not less absurd, though it was propounded in more decorous terms. The substitution of a benevolent despotism for representative government in a country inhabited by Englishmen and by Europeans who are their equals was properly dismissed by Lord KIMBERLEY with a simple expression of dissent. To the more serious proposal of the assertion of Imperial sovereignty over native territory, he replied that the colony would not surrender its claims, and that we should have no power to govern the territory if we took it under our direct control. The opposite policy has been deliberately pursued. The only Imperial troops in the colony form the garrison at Cape Town; and it is not intended, except in case of necessity, to increase their numbers. Lord KIMBERLEY reasonably thinks that, as in former times, native wars would be likely to arise if the colonies were not responsible for the consequences of collision. In New Zealand the colonists, since they have been left to themselves, have dealt more successfully with the natives than when they were supported by ten thousand English soldiers. The diminution of the numbers of the Maori race is probably not the direct result of the more complete establishment of English supremacy. No similar misfortune is to be apprehended in South Africa, where the boundless interior of the continent is still an *officina barbarorum*. Even within the English dominion, and especially in Natal, the native population constantly increases.

In the last Blue-book on South African affairs the only interesting document is the answer of Sir BARTLE FRERE to the despatch in which his recall had been announced. No public servant in modern times has been subject to greater provocation, and Sir BARTLE FRERE has not always resisted the temptation to stretch the bonds of official discipline. His answer to Lord KIMBERLEY is a virtual reprimand, scarcely disguised by the ordinary forms of deference. He reproves the Government for the assumption that the policy of confederation has become hopeless because the consideration of the subject was adjourned by the Colonial Parliament. He still believes that the project is feasible, and that it will be carried into effect at an early period. During the late debates some members of the local Opposition professed to be in close correspondence with leaders of the Liberal party in England, who had repeatedly professed their hostility to Sir BARTLE FRERE and his policy. The dispute, though it is recent, is for practical purposes obsolete, and both Sir BARTLE FRERE and his opponents must content themselves with incomplete success. There is but one opinion as to the shabbiness of the treatment which he has received from the present Government. Lord KIMBERLEY, and even Mr. GLADSTONE, may perhaps have found it expedient to yield to the clamour of their colleagues or of agitators outside. In defiance of precedent, they punished him for unpopular acts after they had condoned any offence which he might have committed by continuing to employ his services. Sir BARTLE FRERE significantly hopes that his dismissal may not increase the embarrassments which were impending at the date of his letter in Basutoland and the Transvaal. For the disarmament of the Basutos the Colonial Ministry, and not the Government, was exclusively responsible. Lord KIMBERLEY properly holds both that the measure was right in principle, and yet that it was impolitic because it was inopportune. The uncertain contest which still continues convicts Mr. SPRIGG of a grave mistake.

IMPRISONED CLERGYMEN.

OUR daily instructors display a remarkable want of foresight, knowledge, or breadth of view, in the way in which they treat the ugly sight of a self-constituted and irresponsible Society enforcing its ritual prepossessions by haling to prison clergymen devoted to their duties and blameless in their lives. The real question at issue in all its perplexing intricacies is one with which these writers decline to entangle themselves, while any expression of indignation at the savage stupidity of the Church Association might involve unpopular admissions. Consequently the only alternative left is to denounce the obstinacy and the lawlessness of men with whom—however opinionated they may be—the only possible inducement voluntarily to submit to great discomforts can be the belief that they are obeying the paramount obligation of conscience. So the poor device of personal sarcasm is the resort of writers afraid or unable to probe a deep and pressingly important question, when they might naturally ask whether this strange phenomenon of passive endurance divorced from agitation is not *primâ facie* evidence of something out of joint in the ecclesiastical commonwealth. One man encourages another in his suggestions of dead repression, till the shrieking chorus culminates in the strident note of a Diocesan Chancellor, who finds it convenient to forget his responsibilities of judge as he clamours to pitch the recalcitrant clergymen, like so many cracked bells, into the seething cauldron of deprivation.

Difficult as the effort may seem, we shall endeavour to treat the matter without respect of persons, and to regard Lord PENZANCE, prelates, and members of the Judicial Committee on one side, and Messrs. DALE, ENRAGHT, and GREEN on the other—not to mention the mixed multitude of Associationists and Unionists—as a matter-of-fact student might contemplate so many algebraical symbols. The only human weakness left to us is the self-consciousness which gives the right to claim the credit of having been true prophets at an excited period of general perversity. We never shrank from declaring our conviction that the policy of the Public Worship Act was essentially one of injustice, and we proclaimed the certain failure of tactics so unfair. In the imprisonment of these clergymen we see the verification of our prediction. It may be true that technically the *Significavit* which has turned the key upon these gentlemen is not one of the penalties of that statute. But, had it not been for the encouragement which that measure gave to persecution, this obsolete weapon never would have been furbished up for present use.

Step by step the actual complication has been reached. The appointment as judge under the Act of a man so notoriously unversed in ecclesiastical law and so conversant with very different procedures as Lord PENZANCE

surprised all impartial men and shocked many. The wrangle over that Judge's salary failed to enhance his dignity. His refusal to accept his appointment by the old traditionary forms undermined the basis of his presumable authority. . The apparent prejudice against one school of ceremonial, which confessedly lay at the bottom of the Worship Act, seemed to crop up in the RIDSDALE as it had done in the PURCHAS judgment; while the latitude given to doctrine in the BENNETT case deprived that prejudice of any logical basis, and a literary bookseller assailed the historical groundwork of the RIDSDALE judgment with considerations as yet unanswered by its authors. Finally, the Bishop of OXFORD'S triumph in the Court of Appeal covered the new jurisdiction with ridicule. The upshot is that the Church Association has abandoned the perilous ways of argument and betaken itself to fines and fetters. So, at a crisis when the Establishment is called upon to justify its existence in the eyes of jealous foes as the Church of the nation, the edifying spectacle is afforded of an internecine war between two parties, each convinced of the legality of its own type of worship, one of which claims supremacy backed by imprisonment, and the other is content to accept toleration won by endurance.

It is a natural result of this distempered condition of ecclesiastical affairs that the controversy has spread beyond the legal grievances alleged against the jurisdiction set up by the Public Worship Act, and the ritual wrongs believed to have been inflicted by the judgments of the Judicial Committee. Consequently the long-slumbering repugnance to the constitution of the latter tribunal as the Court of Ecclesiastical Appeal, of which so moderate a Churchman as Bishop BLOMFIELD, and more lately Bishop WILBERFORCE, had made himself mouthpiece, has now blazed up into a white flame of fierce opposition. It is a strong point against the retention of ecclesiastical jurisdiction in the Judicial Committee that this was taken away in Lord SELBORNE'S original scheme of judicial reform passed in 1873, and was only restored when the House was again set up as the Court of Ultimate Appeal. The peacemaker will accordingly find himself confronted by two demands from the party which believes itself to be wronged—the one for a reconstruction of the actual system of ecclesiastical appeals, and the other for a reconsideration of the decisions which claim to settle the limits of permissible ritual. The first may be abstractedly the wider-reaching and more fundamental question, but the second is the one on which practical men will be more anxious to reach an early understanding; for any sincere and searching consideration of the principles on which the Court of Appeal should be constructed must continue impossible so long as the inquiry is conducted in hope or in fear of a particular decision from the novel jurisdiction.

If both parties to the ritual contention were pledged to the suppression of the opposite opinion, all hope of peace would have to be abandoned. Happily these exclusive tactics are the watchword of only one of the two sides. It is not less undoubted that, if the controversy, as formulated by the RIDSDALE judgment, were between those accessories of worship which had always been found in the Reformed Church of England and others which had never been found there, the advocates of the last-named ceremonial might, on historical grounds, be ruled out of court. But, according to the judgment itself, things which it admitted and things which it prohibited were both of them, by the recital of that very document, in and of the Reformed Church till a certain date many years after ELIZABETH'S accession, and then were only prohibited by a presumed act of Royal authority for which, in the singular absence of direct proof, secondary and inferential evidence had to be alleged. So, then, ultimately the plea of the complaining party is narrowed to the request that the validity of ELIZABETH'S alleged prohibition should be tested by a more searching and express inquiry into the real constitutional character of the document called "the Advertisements" of that sovereign. Its existence is undoubted as a pamphlet published by Archbishop PARKER; but this pamphlet of 1566, as all who have glanced at it must own, carries no royal signature or express endorsement demonstrating that it is that Order under an Act of Parliament of 1559 which alone can claim to be endued with authority equivalent to that of a statute. No middle term exists between the Advertisements being statutable law by inference, or good advice from Archbishop PARKER equivalent in legal force to the Bishop of MANCHESTER'S late Charge. We forbear from pressing the further equitable consideration that, if the legal stringency of the Advertisements were conclusively established, it might be as politic as it would be gracious to concede a permissive and limited relaxation in favour of that which the position taken up by the other side shows to be accidentally, and not essentially, outside of the Reformed English Church. Correlative to this would be the ratification of that virtual promise which the Ritualists have in effect given, that success would not be pressed against those to whom the recovered ornaments would be distasteful, but that proved legality should be construed as merely carrying permission. The common answer to this reasonable claim has been the confident assertion that the controversy is one with only a handful of the clergy on one side and all the laity on the other. The meetings held on behalf of Mr. DALE, whether wise or unwise in their utterances, sufficiently refute this threadbare pretence. The comparative census of religious parties is of course unattainable, but the fact is as plain as the sun at noonday that Ritualism, so-called, and its Puritan opposite are, one as well as the other, the conviction of a party made up in due proportions of clergy and laity, supporting and inciting each other in their distinctive practices. Each of these parties professes its loyalty to the Church of England, and each points to salient passages in the past history of that Church in vindication of its professions. Wisdom cries in the streets that, if the Established Church is to be preserved as a national institution, each party must be taken at its own estimate, and left to find its level within certain easily defined limits. Practical arrangements are no doubt most seriously hampered by the obstacles which stand in the way of any invitation to Parliament to arbitrate in Church disputes; but it is always allowable to lay down principles. We may therefore safely assert that the criterion of permissibility might most safely take an historical shape, while it would be reasonably restricted within the narrow compass of those few editions of the Prayer-Book which have been in authorized use since the Reformation.

COLONEL GORDON ON CHINESE POLICY.

THE *St. James's Gazette* of Tuesday printed a very interesting memorandum, stated to have been drawn up by Colonel GORDON for the use of the Chinese Government. The document, which may, we presume, be accepted as genuine, at any rate bears the marks of long study and intimate knowledge of the Chinese character. It embodies a complete military policy, based on the principle that, in order to succeed in a war with a foreign Power, China must make use of the special advantages she enjoys, and not attempt to meet her enemies on their own ground. She possesses, says Colonel GORDON, "a "long-used military organization, a regular military dis-"cipline," and his advice to her is to "leave it intact." Colonel GORDON is entirely superior to the temptation to organize and discipline Chinese troops on European models. His theory evidently is that a European enemy will be more embarrassed by being encountered after the native fashion than if he had to do with a probably inferior copy of his own system. A foreign army landing on the Chinese coast or crossing the Chinese frontier must of necessity be limited in numbers. But the Chinese army may be practically unlimited. What the Chinese Government should aim at, therefore, is such a kind of military excellence as can be imparted to very large bodies of men. A foreign general will know how to defeat an army disciplined like his own, which he can induce to stand a pitched battle; but he may be utterly puzzled how to defeat an army which comes against him, like a cloud of flies, which never seem to change their place, and yet are always around him. The aim of a Chinese commander, according to Colonel GORDON, should never be to defeat his adversaries. He should always be content with worrying them. He should avoid giving battle, and use his troops entirely in cutting off the enemy's communications, in attacking his baggage, and even in keeping him awake. This last recommendation is a curious example of the shrewd minuteness to which Colonel GORDON descends. He advises the Government to have "a few small-bored, very long-range wall-pieces, "rifled and breech loaders." These are to be planted a long way off from the enemy's camp, where they will be

safe from attack. If it should turn out that they are not safe from attack, they are on no account to be defended. The advice Colonel GORDON gives to the Chinese in that event is perfectly frank. They are to run away. The loss of the piece or two that the enemy may take will matter much less than the loss of the men who might be slain in keeping them. The object of firing from a distance is not to kill or wound the enemy, but to prevent him from sleeping. "If he does not sleep, then he gets ill, "and goes into hospital, and there needs other enemies to "take care of him, and thus the enemy's numbers are "reduced." The army is, under no circumstances, to trouble itself about fortifications. If it wishes to reduce a fort, it should do it by starvation, not by assault. If a fort is attacked, the garrison ought not to stay to stand a siege, but to go out at once, and harass the enemy in the rear. The Chinese troops, properly equipped, "can move two to every "one li the enemy marches." To-day they "will be before "him; to-morrow they will be behind him; the next day "they will be on his left hand; and so on, till the enemy "gets tired and cross with such long walks, and his "soldiers quarrel with their officers, and get sick."

The arms of the Chinese troops are to be of a piece with their tactics. An abundance of fairly serviceable rifles is of more use than a smaller number of more perfect weapons, and the money which will buy a few of the one will buy a large number of the other. Even if the Chinese were armed only with swords and spears, they might hope to beat the best regular troops, provided that they outnumbered them; and if, instead of carrying swords and spears, they carry ordinary breechloaders, the victory will certainly be theirs. Ten breechloaders carrying up to 1,000 yards are more useful than five carrying up to 1,500. If the Chinese soldiers were given the latter weapons, they would not know how to use them, and only five men could be armed for the money which would arm ten men with the former. The rifles should not be very light or delicately made. Weight does not matter to a Chinaman who carries no kit. Financial exhaustion is apparently the form of defeat which Colonel GORDON most fears for China. He is more anxious to husband her money than to husband her men, and is willing to put up with moderate efficiency in military equipments, if only he can get equipments of moderate efficiency for all the men who will be ready to carry them. His advice about artillery and torpedoes runs in just the same strain. The Chinese are to get them cheap, in order to be able to have more of them. The utility of torpedoes is in direct proportion to the number there are of them. If they are only used at certain places, "then the enemy knows that "he has to look out when near those places." But when he does not know where they may not be, "he can never "feel safe; he is always anxious; he cannot sleep; he "gets ill, and dies." The misery caused by prolonged want of sleep seems to be constantly present to Colonel GORDON's imagination. To be plentiful, torpedoes must be cheap, and to be cheap, they must be simple in construction. These last have the further advantage of not easily getting out of order. It is the same with guns and ships. China should buy no more big guns to defend her coasts. Mortars will serve her turn much better. If she buys one 18-ton gun, she will find that she cannot pierce the sides of her enemy's ships; whereas she can get five hundred mortars for the same money, and the shot, if it hits the enemy's ship at all, falls on the deck, where it does a great deal of damage. A port which is defended by abundance of mortars and abundance of torpedoes is practically impregnable. In the same way, Colonel GORDON is in favour of small ships, as against large ones. Large ships are all very well in the open sea, but the open sea is not the place for China to show her strength in. It is to creeks that she ought to look as places where she may worry her enemy's ships in much the same way as that in which she worries his soldiers on land.

In one important respect, however, Colonel GORDON makes a distinction between the military and the naval policy of the Chinese. As regards the army, he is decidedly of opinion that China needs no foreigners to help her to carry out the programme he has sketched out for her. If she cannot do what he suggests for herself, no European can do it for her. The main object of the whole scheme is to bring out the peculiar military virtues of the Chinese people, and this is an object that can only be carried out properly by a native. Foreign interference would probably end in the adoption of a mixed system which would be neither European nor Chinese. As regards the fleet, however, Colonel GORDON speaks in quite a different tone. China must have European officers for her fleet, and Colonel GORDON makes two alternative suggestions as to the manner of obtaining them. Is it better, he asks, for China to get officers here and there, or to ask some one foreign Power to lend her officers? Each proposal has its disadvantages. If she gets her officers where she can, she may find herself at war with the country to which the officers of the fleet belong, and then many of them will have to leave her service just when she most wants them. If, on the other hand, she asks some one foreign Power to lend her officers, that foreign Power will be likely to interfere with her policy. It will be an ally who has the power of making its own terms for the assistance it gives. It is somewhat strange to find that Colonel GORDON decides in favour of this latter plan. The best and safest thing for China, he says, is "to think what nation there is who would "be likely to be good friends with China in good weather "and in bad weather, and then to ask that nation to lend "China the officers she wants for her fleet." The observation that naturally suggests itself at this point is that, if the Chinese Government really take Colonel GORDON's advice and determine to make some one nation their friend and to apply to it to officer their fleet, it may be a very serious consideration for this country. Such an arrangement as that here sketched out means nothing short of an alliance between China and some one European Power. If the Power chosen by China is England, it is easy to see how many things there will be to be said against such an offer being accepted. On the other hand, if the offer is made and declined, or if, in the first instance, it should be made to and accepted by some other Power than England, the position of England in the Eastern seas may be gravely affected. Of course the Chinese Government cannot be expected to trouble its head about these contingent annoyances to barbarian Powers, and Colonel GORDON has only done his duty by what may be almost called his second country in giving the advice which he honestly believes to be the best. But it is difficult not to wish either that he had read his duty differently, or that his advice were less likely to be followed by the Chinese. As it is, it seems so admirably suited to their capacity, and at the same time to their prejudices, and is so obviously disinterested on the part of Colonel GORDON, that there is a considerable chance of its being accepted. It would be interesting to know Colonel GORDON's opinion as to what answer England should give to the Chinese Government, supposing such a proposal to be made to her.

PAX GLADSTONIANA.

THREE Cabinet Councils in a week, resulting in a formal announcement to the effect that the Cabinet has not been able to make up its mind, represent a sufficiently curious state of things. It is a state, however, which cannot have been very surprising to hearers or readers of the now historical Guildhall speech. In that speech Mr. Gladstone, with many encouraging assurances as to what he would do when he and his colleagues awoke to the fact of there being something abnormal in the state of Ireland, declined very decidedly to awake at once to that fact. The Prime Minister is the sluggard of the poem dear to youth. When they told that sluggard that it was time to get up, he declined to anticipate the contingency; so does Mr. Gladstone. His slumber indeed may be said to be a restless one, for three Cabinet Councils in a week represent many turnings and tossings to and fro in bed. But, as far as definite acknowledgment of the situation goes, Mr. Gladstone and his Government are still in the attitude of the sluggard. The early summoning of Parliament is in their case the exact analogue to that terrible and shivering exchange of the warm blankets and coverlets for the chilly ambient air which many eloquent writers have described, and which millions of lazy mortals have contemplated with horror every winter. So they say "A little more sleep and a little more slumber," and refuse to anticipate the contingency which must take them out of their beds.

Meanwhile the condition of affairs in Ireland becomes every day more remarkably real when we remember that it is only a contingency, and more remarkably present when we remember that it is only an anticipation. By the time these lines are in print it is indeed possible that Captain Boycott's crops may have been got in. It is an inexpressible comfort, it seems, to Radical critics to think that the getting-in has been effected under the protection of "the law as it stands." "This," they cry—and we really are not travestying what has actually been said—"is

the country where you want the Habeas Corpus Act suspended. Is not Captain Boycott possessing his body—aye, and his soul and his crops, too—in peace, protected only by forty or fifty armed Orangemen, who are protected by some hundreds of Constabulary, who are protected by a battalion of foot and a regiment of horse?" This, it seems, is the "ordinary method" of enforcing the law in free countries. We are expressly told that policemen and soldiers are the "ordinary instruments" of the law. So they are, no doubt. But, in the first place, the metamorphoses of the Irish constable as he appears to the Radical eye are very puzzling to eyes which have not been purged with Radical euphrasy and democratic rue. At one time he is a "green soldier," a preposterous being whose rifle and revolver testify to the scandalous tyranny of England over Ireland. But at another time he is, it appears, "only a policeman," an ordinary instrument of the law, the same peaceful creature as the familiar blue-coated guardian of the London streets. It is good, too, to hear Radicals describing soldiers as the "ordinary" means for enforcing respect for the law. The ghosts of Cartwright and Paine, of Orator Hunt and Thelwall-of-the-pot-of-porter, must surely shriek and gibber somewhere in Elysium (or in the other place) at this doctrine, in the light of which Peterloo becomes as edifying a testimony to the completely satisfactory condition of England at the time as a co-operative festival or a Great Exhibition. For the times seem to have changed remarkably with Radicalism of late, and the obedient Radicals have changed with them.

However, the Boycott expedition is an old story now, and such lesson as it had to give to Mr. Gladstone and other people as to the wisdom of occasionally consenting to recognize facts, instead of refusing to anticipate contingencies, may be thought to have been exhausted long ago. The Special Correspondents have left Mayo and have journeyed to Clare. And this is what they find there, or at least what one of them finds, who is so little of a landlord-sympathizer that he once described the Boycott expedition as a "wrongheaded scheme." The Correspondent of the *Daily News* in Ireland paid a visit at the end of last week to Mr. Richard Stacpoole, of Edenvale, Clare. The condition of this Vale of Eden, in the land where the insufficiency of existing law is a contingency not to be anticipated, is remarkable. Mr. Stacpoole is a great landowner, and one of the landowners who might be thought to be the special darlings of the Irish. He lives at home and keeps up a great establishment; he hunts the county; and he races not merely at Punchestown, but on the English courses, and brings back glory and profit to Ireland. An ideal man for Galway, or for Clare either, the misguided reader may think. Not a bit of it. Before the visit which we are noticing the Irish telegrams showed that something was wrong with Mr. Stacpoole. His harriers have been interfered with; some, it was said, were poisoned, but this is not certain. Farmers have been threatened if they let the hunt ride over their lands. Of course there is nothing to account for this but the usual reason that Mr. Stacpoole (against whose conduct as a landlord we do not understand that anything is said) wishes to have his own. There is one thing of his own—his life—which, it seems, he would not have very long were it not for something else of his own—namely, his reputation for courage and presence of mind. He walks about with a big revolver, and a single, but trusty, bodyguard. The bodyguard has orders if his master is shot to leave him to die, if it must be so, but to kill the assassin at all hazards. Mr. Stacpoole himself is by no means disinclined in case of suspicious appearances to fire first. For there is a game at which the lead is of more importance even than in the game of piquet, and that is the game of shooting. The valiant tenantry of Clare have hitherto hesitated at the chance of being preliminarily shot by their landlord, and the almost certainty of being subsequently shot by his henchman. For, though the Land Leaguer is prodigal of other folks' lives, he has a great respect for his own. Mr. Stacpoole's method, therefore, though somewhat harassing, has been effective; but it is not surprising that the Correspondent of a Liberal journal should apparently accept the view that "there was no longer any law in Clare." The law as it is in Mr. Gladstone's view is sufficient. In that of eyewitnesses it is not sufficient, for the simple reason that it has, as a living and acting power, ceased to exist.

Now let us cross the island and come to Dublin. A letter in Tuesday's *Times* gives us a picture of a day's work in that capital of a peaceful land where the ordinary law is administered with such perfect efficacy that the contingency, &c. &c. &c. We presume that the Editor of the *Times* would not have inserted this letter without guarantees of its genuineness; but, as it happens, it really matters little whether it is an historic summary or only a clever collection of facts separately true. For that they are separately true there is evidence abundant and superabundant. The writer, then, who gives himself out as the Secretary apparently of an Insurance Company, informs us that in a single day his head office in London declined to advance any money on landed property in Ireland, or to allow insurance upon accidents; that insurance against fire in that country has to be underwritten by numerous offices, because no single one will take the risk; that a client had to be refused the insurance of his tenants' hay; that another applied to raise money to pay the charges on his estate, his rents having been withheld; and that a third applied for time to pay his own insurance premiums for the same cause. This is the country in which Mr. Charles Russell is cocksure that there is really no danger for landlords or anybody else; in which the sufficiency of the ordinary law for all purposes is the subject of Mr. Gladstone's continued and devoted belief; and in which Cabinet Ministers appear to be of the opinion that outrage, even if it does exist, has been grossly exaggerated. We hear a great deal of the anarchy of Macedonia and the neighbouring provinces. But it requires an acute logician to distinguish between Colonel Synge's position at Salonica a year ago and Mr. Stacpoole's in Clare to-day, nor do we think that property in Thessaly could be much more useless to its proprietor as regards the conveniences of civilized and legal arrangements than, according to this Dublin Secretary, property in Ireland is at the present moment.

The days of panoramas have rather gone by, otherwise a panorama (with real men, fire, pikes, &c. if possible) of Ireland as it is would be an instructive and exciting spectacle. Here we should have a gang of ruffians with blackened faces, waking up a publican after midnight, politely asking for "glasses round," and with equal politeness ascertaining that their host is a subscriber to the Land League before they depart. This case of the Wicklow publican Hunter is an excellent test case. In a country where the processes of ordinary law go on so smoothly as, on the best authority, we know that they do in Ireland, it is clear that Hunter committed a grave breach of that law in supplying liquor out of hours. He ought to be punished, therefore, for of course the idea of terrorism can enter into no one's head. Elsewhere we should have a mild Land Leaguer in a mask entering a house in the county of Cork by night, and wounding the sister of the occupier with a pike. This person (the Land Leaguer, not the woman) is pathetically described by his friends as being "in a most melancholy condition." In the next division of the panorama (we are only noticing cases reported in a single stretch of forty-eight hours), the patriots might be seen houghing ten cattle in Galway, and the artist (supposing the scene to be merely painted) would have an opportunity of showing his skill by depicting the sorrow which must have been expressed in the manly but blackened faces of the houghers when they found that they were "probably mistaken in the ownership of the cattle." Yet, again, a medical student proposes to "Boycott the police"—that is to say, to refuse fire and water to the energetic instruments of the ordinary law, which is nevertheless working with such admirable success. These things, with a view of the camp at Lough Mask, a sketch of Mr. Stacpoole strolling about with his revolver and his bodyguard, and a few more, would make an admirable "Adventures of Forty-eight Hours in a Country where the ordinary law is sufficient." It would be good, as we have said, as a panorama; better still perhaps as a Drury Lane spectacle. We shall charge no copyright fees to any enterprising manager who likes to embody it in his forthcoming pantomime.

How intelligent and superior persons like Mr. Boyd Kinnear are sure that it is "all the House of Lords"; how an unkind landlord of the name of Mahony has just demolished the assumptions of the more moderate friends of the Land Leaguers in England; and many other curious things relating to Ireland which have passed in the last week, we cannot stay to tell. It is sufficient for the present to point out the most striking facts which since last Saturday have shown how order reigns in Ireland, how the ordinary means of policemen and soldiers (applied, it is true, in rather large doses) are amply sufficient to secure the rights of individuals, and how the country at large is basking and sunning itself in that Peace of Mr. Gladstone which (the phrase cannot be said to savour of profanity, because it is absolutely the only one applicable) passeth all understanding.

STODDART AND TWEEDSIDE.

MR. THOMAS TOD STODDART, who died lately at Kelso, was the last of a great race of anglers. He had known the Border waters when there were but a few handmills at the now populous towns, Hawick, Peebles, Selkirk, and Galashiels, which fill the rivers with abominations literally of every dye. In Mr. Stoddart's youth trout were plentiful, and not very cautious. An angler so skilled as he was might have occasion to say, like Mr. Henderson, "the broom's in the basket"—that is, the basket was filled to the brim very early in the day. Those were years when the riparian landlords had not yet drained the hillsides with such unmerciful science that the streams run muddy white for a day after rain, and then subside in twenty-four hours to the shallow summer level. Even unskilled fishermen, angling down stream against all the directions of science, could hope to catch a few dozen yellow trout in water which was commonly of a dark porter-colour, refined to amber in the shallows. Mr. Stoddart was of the generation of Christopher North, who once walked fourteen miles to the place where he meant to begin angling, discovered that he had left his book of flies at home, walked back, returned again to the loch-side, and made his way home in the evening with two stone weight of trout in the creel on his back. In the thirties and forties of the century anglers were not numerous. Now every pool and stream has its fishers in the open Tweed water, while smaller rivers, like Ale, are systematically poached with nets. Mr. Stoddart's little book of Scottish fishing idyls (*Angling Reminiscences.* Edinburgh: 1837)) contains many pictures of the good sport that might be had forty years ago. Readers may remember his sketch of twilight-fishing in summer which it is almost irritating to read of in November weather, with some four months between us and the advent of the first March-brown. Night-fishing, when it is so dark that you cannot see the

flies, or the line, is often very successful in the Tweed. The angler is guided only by the senses of touch and hearing, as the big trout splash about his lure, and it is difficult enough, of course, to land trout in these circumstances. It is curious that Mr. Henderson, the author of one of the best modern works on fishing, *My Life as an Angler*, seems only to have tried night-fishing twice, by way of experiment. The experiment, to be sure, is not a comfortable, nor even a very safe, one, except when the angler lives by the very side of the stream, and knows every stone and bank and ledge as well as the blind fisherman of St. Boswell's. To that sportsman, of course, night is the most suitable season, for he is not vexed by the presence of rivals. It stands to reason that trout must often feed in the night, because in the daytime the most experienced anglers frequently find them sullen, and apparently surfeited. The very strangeness of night-fishing, the increased sound of the waters "deepening their voice with the deepening of the night," the shrill startling voices of night-birds, the appearance of shy animals that shun the day, make the sport worth trying in June weather, even though it has a certain air of poaching. As to the quantity of slaughter in the old times, Mr. Stoddart's account of a match between "Jack Leistor" and "Tom Otter" on one side, and "Mark Weir" and "Richard Heronbill" on the other, bears witness to something like butchery. The two former captured, with fly, in the Tweed, sixty-eight pounds of trout, the latter scored fifty-one. Except in such comparatively distant and unpoached waters as Loch Assynt or Loch Awe, in Sutherlandshire, we doubt whether such baskets of yellow trout could now be made in Northern lochs or streams. At the time when the "creeper" or undeveloped may-fly can be used as a bait, or in June with worm, in clear water, experts can still secure trout both numerous and large in Tweed, Yarrow, and the smaller waters which flow into St. Mary's Loch. But May and June, the seasons of large takes, are just the seasons when most people find it difficult to leave town. Holidays generally fall in August and September; the former is a bad month for trout-fishing; in the latter, though there are plenty of flies on the water, trout begin to fall out of condition, and the wader finds the rivers unpleasantly cold.

Mr. Stoddart was so fond of the Tweed that we may say of him what he says of his own "Tom Otter." "His attachment to Tweedside was altogether uncommon. The river seemed to him hallowed water. He revered its banks and channels, its tributaries, from their very sources, and all belonging to it." His enthusiasm took the shape of poetry which we cannot but think greatly superior to most of the verses written by anglers, a race whose love of song is out of all proportion to their skill in this accomplishment. Some of his verses are humorous, like the following piece, aimed at his enemies the landlords, who have sometimes shown an inclination to preserve the once free and public waters of Tweedside:—

> They've steekit the waters agen us, Jock,
> They've steekit the burnies and a';
> We hae na a chiel to befrien' us, Jock,
> Our laird's aye makin' the law.
> We'll neither get yellow nor grey-fin, Jock,
> Nor bull-heid, nor sawmon ava,
> The laird he's aye at the savin, Jock,
> And hauds to us weel wi' his law.

Fifty years ago the salmon pools of the lower Tweed, now let at very heavy rentals, might be fished by any one who could spare five shillings for the "tacks-man," and half-a-crown and a luncheon for the boatman. Times have altered; salmon-fishing in the Tweed is a luxury for dukes and Postmasters-General, and it is only on the tributaries that the angler without money in his purse can hope to have salmon, anything but clean run, in his basket. The lairds have usually been very generous in permitting all comers to fish for trout, but even here Mr. Stoddart must have noticed a "heavy change." The natives of the manufacturing towns are not disinclined to use nets, "rake-hooks," and other illegal instruments. Moreover, they swarm on the river-side in such crowds as to interfere with the privacy of owners of land. There is a constant political feud, too, between the Tory lairds and the manufacturing hands, so that many reasons combine to make the landlords preserve the trout-fishing, about which they used to be indifferent. Another Scotch song of Mr. Stoddart's bewails that curious phenomenon, the disappearance of the larger and lordlier trout from Yarrow. Even now, no manufactory pollutes the "silent stream that flows the dark hills under," and forty years ago scientific farming had not poisoned the fish with sheep-washing. But, for some unknown reason, perhaps because the lime of a fallen bridge had poisoned the water, the trout became scarce and poor:—

> The yellow fins o' Yarrow dale
> I kenna whar they've gane tae;
> Were ever troots in border vale
> Sae comely or sae dainty?
> Now he that angles Yarrow ower
> (Maun changes ever waken?),
> Frae our Lady's loch to Newark Tower,
> Will find the stream forsaken.

In a very different strain is this angling song, which perhaps would be best appreciated at an angling supper in the "Crook Inn," on the upper Tweed, or at "Tibby Shiels'," by Our Lady's Loch:—

> Bring the rod, the line, the reel!
> Bring, oh! bring the osier creel!
> Bring me flies of fifty kinds,
> Bring me showers, and clouds, and wind..
> All things right and tight,
> All things well and proper;
> Trailer red and bright,
> Dark and wily dropper;
> Casts of midges bring,
> Made of plover hackle,
> With a gaudy wing,
> And a cobweb tackle.

But, though the poet asks for "flies of fifty kinds," the angler knew better. Flies black, red, and dun, varying in size with the weather and state of the water, are all that one needs on the Tweed. Mr. Stoddart says as much in an excessively vernacular lyric, intended for Tweedside anglers, "*et non autres*," as Rabelais has it:—

> Wee dour-lookin huiks are the thing
> Moose body and laverock wing;
> There's mony a chield ta'en ane
> Wi mauk or wi mennin,
> But the flee answers best in the spring.

The border rivers are the ancient homes of poetry, since True Thomas left Leader Water for the streams of Fairyland, since the Bard of Rule was slain by a minstrel's sword, since the dying knight's blood reddened the Douglas burn, and Cockburn's widow bewailed her outlaw lord, and a slain lover was sought by his lady in vain, near the Dowie Dens of Yarrow. Great poets of later days, Wordsworth and Scott, have "plucked the reed and watched it floating down the Tweed," or have rhymed on the charm of Yarrow, visited or unvisited. Hogg, too, left songs that have not lost all their charm—Hogg of whom Mr. Stoddart wrote, in a sonnet on anglers—

> Ah, *one* I gaze on in the fancied band,
> Unlike the rest in years, in gait, in hue,
> Uprisen from a dim and shadowy land.
> Ask what loved phantom fixes my regard,
> Yarrow's late pride, the Angler, Shepherd, Bard.

The whole border country is haunted by echoes of song and memories of poets, yet the angler as he works his way up from Clovenfords, past Ashestiel to the Crook, while he forgets not Scott's, will remember Stoddart's verses,—

> The lonesome Tala and the Lyne,
> And Manor wi' its mountain rills,
> And Etterick, whose waters twine
> Wi' Yarrow frae the forest hills,
> And Gala too, and Teviot bright,
> And many a stream of playful speed,
> Their kindred valleys all unite
> Among the braes of bonnie Tweed.

The "Teviot bright" is now of the brightness of slightly diluted ink, thanks to the enterprise of the Hawick millowners. But the Tweed still survives, not wholly defiled by human greed, and, in spring, the angler pent in towns may say, with Mr. Stoddart,

> The voice of the city, the whisper of men,
> I hear them, and hate them, and weary again
> For the lull of the streams, the breath of the brae,
> Brought down in a morning of May.

He prophesied of his own end, and its consolations, forty years ago:—

> And I, when to breathe is a burden, and joy
> Forgets me, and life is no longer the boy,
> On the labouring staff, and the tremulous knee,
> Will wander, bright river, to thee!
>
> And the hymn of the furze, when the dew-pearls are shed,
> And the old sacred tones of thy musical bed,
> Will close, as the last mortal moments depart,
> The golden gates of the heart!

An angler's dirge, by the same angler poet, is more appropriate now:—

> Sorrow, sorrow, speed away
> To our angler's quiet mound,
> With the old pilgrim, twilight grey,
> Enter thou the holy ground;
> There he sleeps, whose heart was twined
> With wild stream and wandering burn,
> Wooer of the western wind,
> Watcher of the April morn!

THE BATTLE OF THE BELLS.

WHY is it that the subject of bells can never be introduced in public without the certainty of a fight? Matter-of-fact persons may reply that it is because campanology is one of the numerous subjects to which Sir Edmund Beckett does the honour of knowing them, and because, when Sir Edmund Beckett makes his appearance, it is a moral impossibility that there should not shortly be "wigs on the green." This is a gross and material explanation, and we decline to pledge ourselves to it. Very possibly it is the revenge of the Powers of the Air for the discomfiture which, as is well known, bells inflict upon them. Driven from the neighbourhood of those instruments, they take refuge in the heads and hearts of the persons who write and talk about bells, and provoke them to mortal combat. Yet another explanation (this time once more of the commonplace sort) is that all kinds of music have the power either to charm or to irritate the hearer in a remarkable degree, and bell music more than any others. There are some people, nervous and irritable enough in the matter of other sounds, to whom bell-ringing, unless the bells are in absolutely stunning proximity, is rather a soothing than a disturbing noise. Indeed, habit, if nothing else, must produce this result on all but

a very few unhappy persons, if they happen to have been educated at either of the English Universities, and especially at Oxford. What with chapel bells by the score in the morning, bells striking the hours and quarters with such a noble independence of Greenwich or any other arbitrary standard that not one minute of the sixty is quite silent, chapel bells again in the evening, chimes rung in honour of new Fellows or Scholars at odd times throughout the day, and the hundred booms of Tom to finish up with, a very few months' experience of Oxford makes a man as indifferent, to say no more, to the sound as a boilermaker is to the clank of hammer and rivet. But everybody has acquaintances who regard bells with an abhorrence almost equal to their abhorrence of bagpipes. They may perhaps confess that a distant peal, heard over half a league of wood and meadow, is not bad; but the admission has to be suspected of the same hypocrisy which makes a Scotchman eulogize the music of the pipes "far down the glen." The expression is poetical; the meaning seems but too suggestive of the further the better. In crowded cities especially there is a curious objection to bells, though perhaps there is nothing which takes off the hideous oppressiveness of the modern street better than what Mr. Froude has well said to be the specially mediæval music of bells. A day or two ago, while a not dissimilar controversy was going on in London, a gentleman at Manchester complained piteously in one of the local papers of the ringing of a bell, though this was on Sunday and for service. "Could any one," said this indignant person, "produce a single text of Scripture authorizing or ordaining the use of bells?" The challenge, we believe, remained unanswered; which, considering the date usually assigned to the composition of the sacred texts, and that assigned to the introduction of bells into the church service, does not surprise us.

The actual battle began on this wise. The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's have laid their heads and their purses together, and with one accord desire a big bell. They have got a peal, and they have a bell of the bigness of five tons, or thereabouts; but this is not supposed to be sufficient for the dignity of the Chapter, or the Cathedral, or the capital. Canon Gregory, who has made himself the mouthpiece of the project, aims at twelve tons. This, it is true, would still lag behind, not merely the famous Continental bells, but also Big Ben the unfortunate. But it would far outweigh the Toms of Oxford and of Lincoln (Harry of Canterbury is but an infant, though an aged one), and it would outstrip Peter of York sufficiently to correspond properly to the respective dignity of the two Lord Mayors. The inferiority to Westminster may be thought to be a graceful concession to the sister city. Besides, the unnamed bell, which is yet in the furnace of the future, must by courtesy be supposed to be without a flaw, and a flawless bell of twelve tons can certainly make more noise than a flawed one (if it be flawed) of fourteen. It was this same flaw, however, that really developed this present battle of the bells. Into this branch of the fight we absolutely decline to enter. The flaws of Big Ben are the subject of what used to be called in Scotland a "ganging plea," both in the literal and the metaphorical sense. Big Ben is the Schleswig-Holstein of matters campanological—a thing which, when the wise man hears of, he stops his ears and runs away swiftly. The main question is whether Canon Gregory's desire for a really big bell is to be gratified or not. If not, it is scarcely likely to be for want of money. Whether the resources of science are equal nowadays to the casting of a really good and large bell is one of the vexed questions (though the participle is hardly wanted, for all questions relating to bells are vexed) of the subject. But it seems that a bell of the desired bigness could be got for between two and three thousand pounds, and more than half the money is promised already. There is the tower ready; there is the peal to which a really big bell is, if not a necessary adjunct, at any rate a handsome appurtenance. As yet, however, rather cold water has been thrown on Canon Gregory and his bell. Even Sir Edmund Beckett, either out of fondness for "Ben" or from a natural desire to be in opposition, discountenances the idea. Two "Bens" summoning London to take note of the flight of time would, he thinks, be "an unnecessary competition of noises." Now it is to be noticed that in his original proposal Canon Gregory does not clearly indicate the destiny of the big bell. If it were to be merely struck mechanically with a hammer to note the hours, there would certainly be something of an unnecessary competition of noises. But if it were to be regularly rung, as Big Ben is not, the enthusiasm of the bell-lovers and the rage of the bell-haters within hearing of it would be very much increased, and it would have a *raison d'être* at once. A "Provincial Incumbent," who has written on the matter apparently with some knowledge, says that even the present five-tonner is not regularly rung, and suggests that quite enough noise could be got out of that. Here also Sir Edmund Beckett is in opposition. The five-tonner is a very bad five-tonner, he says; but, if it were recast and thickened (which it might be with the money promised), it might be made very good. So that there are three propositions before the world—the original proposition of the Chapter for a really big bell, the proposition of the "Provincial Incumbent" that more should be got out of the existing bell, and the proposition of Sir Edmund Beckett that the present bell should be recast and thickened. Perhaps we may add a fourth, which is, that things should be left as they are, though this proposition does not express any idea of our own on the subject.

We own to a very decided liking for bells. There is no sound, as has been already said, which seems so appropriate at once to the noises of the town and to the silence of the country, none which is so little of a disturbance as an accompaniment to business and so much of an assistance to dreamy idleness. It does not, like ordinary instrumental or vocal music, distract the attention of the writer; and the reader, to judge from our experience, reads all the more easily and pleasantly for it. The only occupation to which bells may be said to be something of a hindrance is conversation, and we fear that, as a general rule, the average voice of the bells is apt to be much better worth listening to than the average human cry, as the Laureate poetically calls it, or, to put it less amiably, the average human chatter. There is, moreover, a certain appropriateness in the completion of this part of the apparatus of the City Cathedral at the present time. Lord Beaconsfield has just to'd us that London is a much less dull place than he can remember it as being forty or fifty years ago; it is only fair to add that it is, on the whole, a less hideous place and perhaps a less noisy one. The improvements which have been introduced all round St. Paul's are not altogether according to knowledge, and they have swept away not a few things that are much to be regretted. But at any rate the Embankment and some other novelties approach the ideal of the ornaments of a great city somewhat nearer than the average architectural features of the same localities did half a century, or even a quarter of a century, ago. Far be it from us to speak with unmixed commendation of wood and asphalte pavement and of underground railways. But the former have at any rate reduced what was at one time the intolerable roar of the streets to a gentler key, capable of being pleasantly dominated by bell music; and the latter have so far cleared the pavements that it is possible to walk in a contemplative manner without having some one's boot on one's corns and some one's elbow in one's ribs every second. There could be worse accompaniments to the river view from the Embankment on a winter night or in an autumn sunset than the peal of the bells of St. Paul's, duly interluded with solo discourse either from Canon Gregory's big bell, or from a bell of such different bigness as the wisdom of campanologists may determine upon and the skill of bell-founders construct. But then we must agree with the "Provincial Incumbent" that the bells, and particularly the bell, must be used according to knowledge. In the words of the famous jingle, it is necessary for the *clocha clochabilis* to *clochare clochative*, and not merely to boom antagonistically to Benjamin in what Sir Edmund Beckett, whose competence in this particular department is not deniable, appropriately calls a competition of noises. Whatever Sir Edmund does or does not know, a competition of noises is a thing in which he is an expert.

Much more battle may be expected on the subject of this unborn bell, even if his unfortunate, though actually existing rival should be kept out of the memorial. His voice is obviously not anticipated with pleasure in Printing House Square, which is indeed sufficiently near his cradle. All the bell-founders will fight for the honour of ushering him into the world; and, when this fight is over, all the unsuccessful bell-founders and their literary friends will not for some time be tired of discovering his infantine defects, and of asserting how much better they could have done it. His name, as in the case of other infants, will be a matter of fierce controversy. No one knows why "Tom" should have been twice selected for great bells, despite the tremendous sentence passed by Dryden on the name. Indeed, Tom of Oxford is said to have been christened Mary, and how the metamorphosis of names and sexes was effected is a mystery. Southey's suggestion of Peter as an obvious accompaniment to Bell has been carried out at York, though the reference may be presumed to be rather to the local saint than to the author of the *Excursion*. But quite enough familiar names remain to furnish materials for the controversy. After all, the bell is at present only half subscribed for and not half decided upon, so it may be premature to consider these matters. Let us hope that, if he ever comes into existence, he will not be cracked, will not bring the tower about the ears of the women's tailors in St. Paul's Churchyard, will not drive any industrious apprentice to suicide or bad courses, owing to an incapacity of concentrating his attention on the columns of his ledger, and will keep in tune and time, and all other things which a good bell should keep in.

THE GENEVAN BIBLE WITH TOMSON'S NEW TESTAMENT.

We resume the history of Laurence Tomson's version of the New Testament (see *Saturday Review*, November 6, 1880) at the point when it was first annexed to the Genevan Old Testament. For eleven years, from 1576 to 1587 inclusive, it had been printed eight times in a separate form; and it must have been owing to its growing popularity that the idea suggested itself to the publisher to issue this translation as part of the quarto Genevan Bible in place of the older version of 1560. And here it is necessary to caution our readers against a mistake made by Lea Wilson in calling the folios of 1576 and 1577 Tomson's. This mistake has been copied in the new edition of Lowndes. We have seen these books, and they are both pure Genevans.

As we have formerly seen, the popularity of the book could scarcely have been owing to any changes introduced in the text, which were such as would scarcely have been noticed. It must, therefore, be attributed to the notes, which, as has been said, were entirely different from, and much more numerous than, those in the New Testament of the old Genevan translation. It was in the year

1587 that the first edition of this amalgamation appeared, and the same printer's name appears in all the editions which were published—and that in about equal numbers of the old and new form, the number of Tomson's being somewhat greater than that of the others, till both at once and finally ceased.

These two sets of editions, such at least as were issued in a quarto form, are easily distinguished from each other, as the Genevans pure are all of them in black letter, whereas the Tomsons are in Roman character. The pure Genevans also have no embellishments, whilst those with Tomson's New Testament have several woodcuts inserted on the pages, somewhat capriciously, as whole parts of the Old Testament are without them, and others have several inserted on a single sheet with descriptions annexed to them. The Genevan-Tomsons have also a curious table of the prohibitions of marriage arranged in two parallel columns at Levit. xviii. 6—one of consanguinity, the other of affinity—taken from the Bishops' Bible of 1568. The headings at the top of the pages seldom vary from the Genevan except by a few unimportant changes or omissions. But amongst these omissions is not *The inconvenience of dauncing*, which figures over the head of the chapter of St. Mark which describes the death of St. John Baptist. The woodcuts very nearly resemble those of the edition printed at Geneva by Crispin in 1568. Again, all the pure Genevans printed in England from 1579 forwards contain the Summary and the Questions, but these do not appear in any of the Tomsons. We speak thus positively because Mr. Francis Fry of Bristol has examined all the copies of these works, amounting to one hundred and thirty-five, which are in his possession, for the special purpose of ascertaining these points for us, and his accuracy is entirely to be relied on. In all these editions the whole text and notes of Tomson's version were incorporated, even the distinction of type between the notes which are Beza's, and those which are not selected from his Latin translation, being constantly preserved; Beza's notes being in Roman, the others, which are interspersed with them, being in italic, type. It is to these notes of Beza's in all probability that the Tomsons owed their superior popularity to the Genevans proper.

We gave in our recent article on "The Breeches Bible" a specimen of some of the notes illustrative of the general Calvinistic tone of the volume. It must not be supposed, however, that the notes were all of this character. On the contrary, the great majority of them were simply explanatory, and had no direct reference to doctrine, and even those which were doctrinal were not apparently written in a controversial spirit. They merely took for granted that their readers were Calvinists, and explanations of hard passages were made upon that hypothesis, and seem to fit naturally into their places. In Beza's Latin version, however, the notes are distinctly controversial, and so is the selection from them which was made and translated by Laurence Tomson; and the probable intention was to educate people in Calvinistic doctrine, and to supply them with answers to objections which might be urged against it. A good instance of this contrast is supplied in the respective notes of the two editions to the verse 1 Cor. ix. 27:—

> But I beate down my body and bring it into subjection, least by any meanes after that I have preached to others I myselfe should be reproved.

Here the use of the word *reproved* as a rendering of ἀδόκιμος, instead of *reprobate*, has been fairly characterized by Dr. Eadie as a cowardly version. The note appended by the translators is as follows:—

> Lest he should be reproved of men, when they should see him doe contrarie, or contemne that thing which he taught others to do.

The note in Tomson's edition is as follows:—

> The word *Reproved* is not set as contrary to the word *Elect*, but as contrary to the word *Approved* when we see one by experience not to be such an one as he ought to be.

The same unmitigated Calvinism appears throughout the whole of the volume. Thus, on Romans ix. 20, we have the following:—

> The apostle doth not answer that it is not God's will, or that God doth not either reject or elect according to his pleasure, which thing the wicked call blasphemy, but he rather granteth his adversary both the antecedents, to wit, that it is God's will and that it must of necessity so fall out, yet he denieth that God is therefore to be thought an unjust revenger of the wicked: for, seeing it appeareth by manifest proof that this is the will of God and his doing, what impudence is it for man, which is but dust and ashes, to dispute with God and as it were to call him into judgment! Now, if any man say that this doubt is not so dissolved, I answer that there is no surer demonstration in any matter, because it is grounded upon this principle—That the will of God is the rule of righteousness.

In like manner, in the same chapter, the Genevan version has only the following brief explanation of the 15th verse:—

> As the onely will and purpose of God is the chiefe cause of election and reprobation: so his free mercy in Christ is an inferior cause of salvation and the hardening of the heart an inferior cause of damnation.

Of course it would be impossible to express the doctrine intended in more definite language. It is short, but distinct; whereas the notes in this chapter, defending the same doctrine, in Tomson's edition run to a great length. We shall extract only one as a specimen; it is on verse 17:—

> Now he answereth concerning the reprobate or them whom God hateth being not yet borne, and hath appointed to destruction without any respect of unworthiness. And first of all he [illegible] testimony of God himself touching Pharao, whom he stirred up to this purpose that he might be glorified in his hardening and just punishing.

We need not quote any further specimens in illustration of this point. Any one who wishes to verify it for himself may easily find much more to the same purpose in any of the numerous editions of this Bible which were issued between 1587 and 1598. They all exactly resemble each other. But in this latter year a curious change was introduced, evidently with the view of creating in people's minds a greater abhorrence of Popery. In this year there was an edition published, of which the Old Testament is dated 1598 and the New 1597, in which, at the end of the book, between the last page of the Revelation and the "Brief Table" which usually follows, are inserted 22 pages of another translation of the Revelation, with copious annotations by Franciscus Junius. It seems to have been an afterthought, for no notice is taken of this on the title-page, and the catchword—*A Briefe*—is on the preceding page, evidently showing that the Brief Table was meant to follow immediately. Nevertheless, this version must have been printed in the form in which it appears, in order to match the Tomson quarto Bibles. This version is sometimes met with separately. It never had a title, but consists of 24 pages, the last page being vacant, and p. 23 with a colophon, "Imprinted at London by Richard Field for Robert Dexter, dwelling in Paules Churcu-yard at the signe of the Brasen serpent. 1594." It is headed, "The Revelation of Saint John the Apostle and Evangelist with a briefe and learned Commentarie, Written by *Franc. Junius*," &c. The translation varies almost in every verse from any known version, and was made with the help of Beza's Latin text, the translator using his own discretion as to variations. He appears to stick closer to Beza than either the Genevans or Tomsons do. The notes are very numerous, those of Beza and others being printed first, in italics, and followed by those of F. Junius, in Roman type, translated from those which were printed in Latin in the revision of the Bible by Tremellius and Junius. The references to the notes of Beza are by means of letters—(*a*), (*b*), (*c*), &c.—and those to F. Junius's notes are by figures—1, 2, 3, &c.—with F. Junius printed at the commencement of each chapter to distinguish them; just as in Beza's Latin version, as published by Tremellius and Junius, they are headed by the letter F. The New Testament of this Latin version was preceded by a dedication addressed to Walsingham by Junius, dated at Heidelberg, 1589, and was first published in an English translation in 1592. It is remarkable that this version was again inserted in the edition of 1601, and not, as far as we know, afterwards, though the notes were from this time forward adopted in the editions which appeared subsequently, and from 1601 onwards the title-pages of these quartos specify this addition in the words *Together with the Annotations of Fr. Junius upon the revelation of* S. JOHN. These editions contain precisely the same notes as appeared in the separate issue of Junius on the Revelation, but they are arranged in different order, those of Beza being interspersed with those of Junius, and being distinguished by the letters of reference, though not always, as they ought to have been, by the difference of type.

The notes of Junius differ entirely from those of the Genevan version, though their *animus* as against Rome is pretty much the same. If the earlier Genevans speak of the locusts in Rev. ix. 3 as representing "false teachers, heretikes, and worldly subtil prelates, with monkes, friers, cardinals, patriarkes, archbishops, bishops, doctours, bachelers, and masters which forsake Christ to mainteyne false doctrine," this edition by Tomson comments on the next verse as follows:—

> Here that power of the devils is particularly described according to their actions and the effectes of the same. Their actions are sayed to be bounded by the counsell of God, both because they hurt not all men, but onely the reprobate (for the godly and elect in whome there is any part of a better life God gardeth by his decree) whom Christ shall not have sealed in this verse; and also because they neither had all power nor at all times, &c. The time is for five monethes or for an hundred and fiftie dayes, that is, for so manie yeares in which the devils have indeed mightely perverted all things in the world, &c. Now this space is to be accounted from the end of that thousand yeares mentioned chap. xx. 3, and that is from the Popedome of that Gregorie the seventh a most monstrous Necromancer who before was called Hildebrandus Senensis; for this man being made altogether of impiety and wickednesse, as a slave of the devill whom he served was the most wicked firebrand of the world, &c.

The best idea, however, of the tone of the whole notes and paraphrase may be gained from the page prefixed to the Revelation in the editions of 1599 and subsequent issues. It professes to give "The order of time whereunto the Contents of this booke are to be referred." The following is a fair specimen:—

> The yeere of Christ 1217. The Dragon vexeth the world 150 yeeres unto Gregory the IX. who writ the Decretals and most cruelly persecuted the Emperour Frederick the second.
>
> 1295. The dragon killeth the Prophets after 1260 yeeres when Boniface the viij. was Pope who was the authour of the sixt booke of the Decretals; hee excommunicated Philip the French King.

And the minutest details are made to fit into the general exposition given. Thus the note on the word *scarlet* in Rev. xvii. 4 is as follows:—

> A skarlet colour, that is with a red and purple garment, and surely it was not without cause that the Romish clergie were so much delighted with this colour.

Another singularity in the editions of 1599 is that they omit the Apocrypha for the first time since the Bible had been printed in English. There are fourteen different editions of this date, and every one of them omits it, though it is specified in the List of Books. All the succeeding quartos have the Apocrypha, as also have the editions of the Genevan proper printed in England in folio, quarto, and octavo. We cannot explain this fact; but it looks like an

unsuccessful attempt at the end of the sixteenth century to get rid of the Apocrypha from the English Bible. And it is worth noticing that the folio edition of the Genevan Bible, published at Amsterdam in 1640, omits the Apocrypha, substituting two leaves for it which contain an admonition of the Synod of Dort explaining why it is left out.

As regards the comparative popularity of the two works, the Genevan proper and the Genevan-Tomson, it is difficult to pronounce. The quarto editions which have notes are in numbers nearly equal, running over the whole period of forty years, from 1576 to 1616. But it is remarkable that the preference seems to have been given to Tomson's revised text of the New Testament when it was printed without the notes. Thus, of twenty-eight editions, exclusive of Whittingham's of 1557, only two are Genevans proper, and about half of them are without notes; whilst of those in a folio form Tomson's altogether supplanted the other after 1592. After 1611 the Authorized Version at present in use distanced all competition, there having been as many as thirty-nine different editions of the whole Bible or of the New Testament in ten years, up to 1620 inclusive.

And now for a few words on the historical aspect of the case. During the Primacy of Matthew Parker little seems to have been done beyond attempts to enforce an outward conformity to rule, and the state of things of which the Queen complained in November 1569, that people did not go to church or receive the sacraments, was probably worse at the accession of Grindal to the see of Canterbury. The Council had said that of this state of things "no one cause was more manifest than an universal oversight and negligence of the Bishops." It is evident that Grindal was anxious to promote a revival of religion after a Puritan fashion, as is manifested by his defence of "the Exercises," which led to his suspension by the Queen. And it was quite at the beginning of his Primacy, and probably under his auspices, that two nearly simultaneous attempts were made to disseminate Calvinistic doctrines by means of the Bibles commonly used in families. Thus, in the first year of his Primacy, Tomson, under the patronage of Walsingham, that great abettor of Puritanism, sent forth his New Testament, and three years afterwards the Calvinistic Questions were added to the editions of the Genevan Bible. This was done probably with the sanction of Leicester, for in the year preceding he had paid a visit as Chancellor of the University to Oxford, and in the same year, with the first issue of the Questions, that University had ordered the works of Calvin, Bullinger, and other treatises of the same school, to be used as text-books for the extirpation of heresy. Neither is it without significance that the folio edition of the Genevan Bible of 1578 was issued with an amended Prayer-Book, which forms part of the book, as the signatures at the bottom of the page show. In this Prayer-Book the word *Priest* in the few places of the Elizabethan Prayer-Book, in which it had been left, was altered into *Minister—i.e.* seven times in the Morning Prayer and eight times at Evensong. It also omits the Office of the Private Baptism of Infants and that for Confirmation.

Another indication of what was going on may be found in the insertion in the ordinary Genevan Bibles after 1579 of Robert F. Herrey's two Indices, the latter calling attention to doctrinal texts in such words as *election, predestination, &c.*, with a Preface to the Christian reader, dated December 22, 1578, in which the writer hopes that his readers and he may "bring forth such fruits as may declare our undoubted election in Christ Jesus." In this connexion it must be remembered also that Walsingham founded a new Lectureship on Theology in 1586, for the express purpose of widening the breach between Rome and England. In speaking of this, Antony Wood complains that from henceforth, owing to the efforts of Leicester and Walsingham, Oxford theology took a new form, as if there were a second reformation of the Reformed Religion in England. It is perhaps worth while to observe that P. Loseler Villerius, who figures on the title of Tomson's editions, was presented to a Doctor's degree by the University in the same year, 1576, in which his first edition was published. His real name was L'Oyseleur, Seigneur de Villers. Leicester lived on till 1588, and Walsingham till 1590, long enough to see their efforts crowned with success, and the Church of England, apparently hopelessly buried in Calvinism, and quite prepared to adopt the Lambeth Articles of 1595, sanctioned by both Archbishops and the Bishop of London, if the Queen had not peremptorily stopped them. This was the state of things from which the strong hand of Laud recovered the Church of England, and laid the foundations of all the changes subsequently introduced by the divines of the Savoy Conference.

OYSTERS.

THERE is no doubt that Tilburina was right, and that an oyster may be crossed in love. The present generation has indeed succeeded in crossing vast numbers of oysters in love, and very lamentable has the result been. The conditions necessary for the increase of the species have been interfered with, and the pleasures of love and the hope of posterity—to borrow an expression from Macaulay—denied to many an oyster. Owing to over-dredging and disregard of close time, the best liked of shell-fish cannot breed properly on our coasts, and in consequence there has been for some time past an oyster famine, which seems to grow worse and worse. Like cigars, oysters have become enormously dearer of late; and, unlike cigars, they are appreciated and liked by all. Dr. Richardson and other wise people, and a good many excellent people, think that it would be well for mankind if the supply of tobacco were to come to an end; but no human being, at least no rational human being, could think without the deepest pain of a total cessation of the supply of oysters.

Such a cessation, however, so far as regards the coasts of this country, seems only too likely. The increasing scarcity has long attracted attention, and four years ago a Committee of the House of Commons inquired into the condition of the Oyster Fisheries, and made in their Report a series of recommendations, some of which were carried out by legislation. These have had no beneficial result whatever. In spite of paternal government, oysters continue to diminish in number, and if the present rate of diminution continues, there will, before any very huge period has elapsed, be no natives at all. The causes of the failure of legislation and of this steady diminution are not hard to ascertain, and have been very clearly stated in a pamphlet on the Deterioration of Oyster and Trawl Fisheries in England (Elliot Stock) which appeared a few weeks ago, and seems scarcely to have met with the attention it deserved. It is the work of two writers, Mr. J. P. Hore and Mr. E. Gex. With the remarks of the latter, who speaks of the trawl fisheries, we do not propose at present to deal, as we wish to confine ourselves to the question of the oyster supply. Respecting this Mr. Hore has a good deal to say that is worth attention. He begins in the orthodox fashion by giving a short history, taken from original sources, of the oyster fisheries and of the measures taken to prevent the fishermen from over-dredging the beds. Our ancestors were even fonder of these shell-fish than we are, and indeed oysters formed no inconsiderable portion of the diet of Londoners three centuries ago. Very great, therefore, must have been the consternation felt when, early in the seventeenth century, they rose from *4d.* to *1s.* a bushel, defying the edict of a Lord Mayor of London who had settled for good what their value was to be. Mr. Hore refers to a proclamation made in 1418 by one Sevenoke, then Lord Mayor, fixing the price of oysters at *4d.* per bushel, and so long as the supply was plentiful, this seems to have been the regular price. After the lapse of two centuries the supply failed in part, and, all regulations to the contrary notwithstanding, the value of oysters rose, as has been stated, and continued to rise, until in 1634 they cost *8s.* a bushel—a terrible price, according to the ideas of the time. This rise, which was naturally viewed with extreme disgust by a generation of oyster-eaters, was attributed to the large exportation of shell-fish, in which "Flemings" were principally concerned. The Admiralty, which seems to have shared with the Lord Mayor a special jurisdiction over oysters, made ordinances prohibiting this trade, and from time to time efforts were made to enforce them; and so much alarm did the scarcity create that in 1637 the Council deemed it necessary to stimulate the zeal of the Lords of the Admiralty, and, in consequence, the most stringent orders were issued to Sir Henry Marten, the Judge of the Admiralty, and others to cause ships engaged in the trade to be stopped and to commit the owners to prison. All this appears to have been of no avail. Poor fishermen, for the sake of immediate gain, took the chance of imprisonment, and in many cases means were found to elude the regulations. The King issued special licences, giving permission to export oysters for the Queen of Bohemia and the Prince of Orange. His Majesty did not of course specify how many oysters these royal personages were likely to eat; and, under pretext of supplying their very remarkable appetites, large quantities were shipped, with the exportation of which even the Admiralty had no power to interfere.

Sir Henry Marten issued in 1638 a report to the Council on the scarcity of oysters, based on information obtained from "the vice-admirals of the countries of Essex and Kent," and the jurors at certain courts which had been held to investigate the question. This document, written in the quaint fashion of the time, Mr. Hore gives in full, and very instructive reading it certainly is to those who are interested in the matter. He attributes the scarcity of oysters to the reckless manner in which the fishing has been conducted, in order to meet the constantly increasing demand for London, and to supply the foreign market represented by the Queen of Bohemia, the Prince of Orange, "and theire household." To check an evil which is growing worse and worse, he suggests that the taking of young oysters shall be strictly forbidden, and that in the Essex fishories not more than "a thousand halfe barrels" shall be "barrelled upp in any one weeke." He further suggests that some limit shall be placed on the consumption of those royal devourers, the Queen and the Prince, who were fairly eating up the oyster supplies of a nation. How far the recommendations of Sir Henry Marten were carried out it is not easy to ascertain; but the question is comparatively unimportant. An indirect consequence of the great historical events which occurred shortly after the time of his report was most effectually to maintain and increase the supply of oysters. "During the Commonwealth," says Mr. Hore, "our natural oyster-beds enjoyed in a great measure the luxury of a jubilee, as, owing to our naval wars with the Dutch, the majority of the dredgers were impressed to man the Channel Fleet. This respite produced the most salutary effects; it gave our oyster-fisheries a chance to recover; so much so that sometime prior to the Restoration, the supplies became much more plentiful, if not absolutely abundant, and prices again returned to their minimum value." Mr. Hore is indeed an enthusiast with regard to his beloved shell-

fish, for he apparently does not consider the renewal of the supply as too dearly bought by a great war. "This happy state of affairs"—to wit plenty caused by war—"did not," he pathetically observes, "last long." Over-dredging, the taking of immature oysters, and the violation of close time recommenced with peace, and oysters again became scarce and dear. The bad system of fishing which caused this seems to have lasted for some time, but late in the century effectual measures were taken to put a stop to it. Restrictions were imposed on over-dredging, a strict observance of close time was enforced, and in consequence cheapness and abundance once more prevailed, and tavern-keepers and their customers were content.

With oysters, as with mankind, history repeats itself. Now, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, we have the same visitation which afflicted our ancestors. The object of Mr. Hore's historical chapters, of which we have given a brief sketch, is to show that the oyster famine of the seventeenth century was due to precisely the same causes as have produced that which now unhappily prevails. The great demand for the fish led fishermen to over-dredge, to clear out beds without leaving a sufficient reserve, and to fish in close time. The consequence was that the fisheries became barren. A huge demand, stimulating the greed of poor men who of course think only of the moment, has led in our own time to precisely similar results. The oyster grounds have grown more and more bare, and before very long we shall probably be dependent entirely on the foreign supply. How inferior foreign oysters, including even those from America, are to natives need hardly be said, and there is assuredly no need to point out how desirable it is that measures should be taken to prevent oysters from becoming extinct on our coast. As to what those measures should be there will probably be considerable difference of opinion. Those which have been taken up to the present time have proved useless, and it is clear that other and more stringent regulations are required. According to Mr. Hore, who is evidently well acquainted with the subject, "the maintenance of a sufficient parent stock in the natural beds" is the essential precaution which must be taken if a proper supply is to be kept up; and to the neglect of this, he says, the present depletion is due. Apparently the beds can only be maintained in a satisfactory state by keeping them stocked with the indigenous shell-fish. Foreign oysters have been relaid on parts of our coasts, but the oyster has, it seems, tastes and preferences like creatures of more complex development, and—whatever his mysterious method of breeding may be—he steadily declines to follow it in strange bays, or, at least if he does breed, his progeny refuse to remain in alien waters, and, in some manner not yet understood of man, take themselves off. With natives it is very different. "There is hardly an instance on record," says Mr. Hore, "where protection has been afforded to a native bed, even though it were sparsely stocked, that it did not gradually pick up, and, after being let alone for a few years, asserted its recuperation. It is therefore obvious that the best means to adopt with a view of replenishing our natural oyster-grounds, and restoring an exhausted fishery and making it a prosperous one, is to preserve inviolate the remnants of any stock which may happen to escape the ruthless destroyer; or, if that course be unattainable, to obtain supplies from grounds as near in geological features, depth, and temperature as the one it is intended to replenish."

What constitutes a parent stock, and how its preservation is to be enforced by law, are of course difficult questions; but it is better to grapple with difficult questions than to let natives disappear altogether, and a Government which has produced a Ground Game Bill, and has certainly no undue regard for vested rights, may well be asked to preserve oysters by some heroic legislation from indiscriminate destruction. Arguments have, it is true, been brought forward in favour of that unlimited dredging which leaves the ground almost bare; but, to show what their nature is, it is only necessary to refer to one of them. It has been alleged that, unless the beds are kept "clean" by constant dredging, the five-fingers, the whelks, the tunicles, and other objectionable creatures will destroy the oysters. In other words, unless the beds are cleaned by taking out of them all the oysters and parasites, the latter will prey on the former. Oysters are to be exterminated in order to exterminate the parasites. This remarkable view certainly resembles that of the parent who cut his little boy's head off to cure him of squinting; and it would be a waste of time to refute the arguments of those who are capable of committing themselves to such nonsense. That over-dredging, and especially dredging in close time, is one of the principal causes of the present scarcity seems beyond a doubt, and though there may be considerable difficulty in putting a stop to it, some effort should be made to preserve natives for the delight of rich and poor alike. A legislative measure on the subject would be acceptable to both parties, provided it were not timidly drawn. Tories would be gratified by legislation which resembled that of our ancestors, who, as has been shown, made several attempts to put a stop to the indiscriminate destruction of oysters; and Liberals would like the proposed law, as being high-handed and despotic. Another legislative measure, of a different kind, we will venture to suggest as a corollary to this one. In one respect a beneficial result might have been expected from the oyster famine. The raw oyster is infinitely superior to the raw mussel; but, on the other hand, the cooked mussel is, as the French found out long ago, very much better than the cooked oyster; and it was not perhaps too much to expect that, when oysters became very dear, English cooks would find out the merits of the mussel; but English cooks are a stubborn race. Might they not, however, be forced to learn? Might not the legislators who have said that under no circumstances whatever shall the landlord have the ground game say that under no circumstances shall oysters be cooked, and make dressing them punishable by fine and imprisonment? How much good would be the result of such a law! Excellent food hitherto neglected would be introduced at monotonous English tables, and the destruction of oysters would be necessarily to some extent checked.

THE SCOTCH BANKS.

THE three chartered Scotch banks—the Bank of Scotland, the Royal Bank of Scotland, and the British Linen Company—have just taken a step which it is to be hoped will lead to the general adoption of the limited liability principle by the banks north of the Tweed, and ultimately by those of the whole United Kingdom. The ruin inflicted upon so many families by the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank brought home in a startling fashion to the investing public the formidable risk attaching to the holding of shares in an unlimited bank. A single share, yielding, it might be, only ten or twelve, or, at the outside, twenty or twenty-five, pounds a year, exposed a man to the risk of losing everything he possessed in the world should the bank fail. Nay, worse, a trustee, who derived no benefit at all from the investment, or an executor, who at a great expenditure of time gave his attention to the winding-up the affairs of a deceased friend, was also exposed to ruin if a share in an unlimited bank happened to form part of the trust estate. It is quite clear that no sensible man would consent to act as trustee or executor on such terms; and it is equally clear that, to the prudent investor, the risk was out of proportion to the chance of gain. A deterioration of bank proprietary bodies was, therefore, foreseen to be the inevitable result of this state of the law. To prevent it Parliament passed an Act enabling banks to register as limited liability Companies. Several of the English banks at once availed themselves of this statute, and several Irish banks followed the example; but, strange to say, not a single Scotch bank has yet done so, though it was the failure of a Scotch bank, and the consequent suffering of Scotch shareholders, which induced the passing of the Act. The explanation is simple enough. The three older Scotch banks named above were founded by Royal Charter, just as the Bank of England was, and, like it, are limited in liability to the amount of their shares. And, as these shares are fully paid up, the total risk of an investor is measured exactly by the price he pays for his shares. The shares may cease to yield income, but nothing worse can happen to him. Yet, while this was so, the banks were not obliged to write the word "limited" after their names. If, however, any of the unlimited banks register under Sir S. Northcote's Act, they must write this word after their names; and they fear that this "ticketing" would place them at a disadvantage in the fierce competition they have to sustain. Every visitor to Scotland must have been struck by the intensity of that competition. Those, for example, who were attracted to Oban last summer by the splendour of the weather and the facilities for travelling afforded by the opening of the new line from Stirling, cannot have failed to notice that even in so small a place there are no fewer than four banks; and at Rothesay, if we remember rightly, there are three. The competition, therefore, not only at the great centres of industry, but at every point throughout the country, is intense. This competition can only be maintained by means of the deposits, and if the word "limited" should inspire ever so little distrust in the minds of depositors, the banks registering under the Act would find themselves at a great disadvantage in the struggle for existence. There is much force in this consideration, yet we venture to think it has been allowed too much weight in the minds of bank managers. If any bank had cause to fear a change, it was, one would say, the National Provincial Bank of England, which has to sustain the keen competition of London by means of deposits collected at its branches scattered all over the country. The rural population of England is less educated than the rural population of Scotland, and therefore less capable of understanding the transformation; yet the National Provincial has become limited, and, we believe we are justified in saying, without suffering from the change. It may be true that the National Provincial is not exposed to the same fierce competition as the Scotch banks; but we may point to the Irish banks which have registered, and which work under conditions very similar to those under which the Scotch banks work. Nevertheless the managers of the unlimited Scotch banks were unwilling to risk the consequences, and thus Sir S. Northcote's Act seemed to have failed utterly in Scotland. The chartered banks apparently did not need to make a change, and the unlimited would not. At length, however, the chartered banks have put an end to the deadlock.

We believe it is to the guiding spirit of the Royal Bank that the credit of the move is due. This bank has all the advantages of limited liability without needing to ticket itself with the word which so frightens its unlimited competitors, and people assumed, therefore, that it would rest content with its position. But its managers recognized clearly that its position is not in reality so strong as it looks. It has a large capital, it is admirably managed, its deposits are great, and it has all the prestige of antiquity. But its capital is fully paid up, and consequently the more its business grows the wider becomes the disproportion between its deposits and the

capital which is the security for their repayment. The unlimited banks, if they have confidence in their directors, may point to the case of the City of Glasgow Bank, and say to the depositors, It is not likely that such gross and criminal mismanagement will again be seen, but even in that case every creditor of the bank was paid, however the unfortunate shareholders may have suffered. With us, therefore, they may add, you have undoubted security. But with the chartered banks, where are you if the capital should chance to be fooled away? We have above suggested a criticism on this reasoning; but, so far as it affects the chartered banks, it is unanswerable. No institution is so strong that it is proof against every misfortune, and therefore in the long run the doubt would tell with the public. The management of the Royal Bank frankly recognized this, and it has been able to carry the two other banks with it in its proposals of change. Briefly, these are to ask Parliament for power to raise additional capital, which is to be issued in the form of new shares only part of which is to be called up, the remainder constituting a reserve capital, only callable in case the banks are wound up. It has been objected to these proposals that they are clumsy, that they create two distinct kinds of shares—one fully paid up, the other involving a large liability—and that this will cause confusion. The answer to this criticism is that probably nobody is more conscious of the clumsiness than the author of the proposal, but that he could not help himself. Sir S. Northcote's Act had for its object to remedy the evil brought to light by the Glasgow Bank failure; in other words, to enable unlimited Companies to become limited. It does not apply to the three chartered Banks at all; they cannot register under it, being already limited. They have, therefore, no option but to apply for a special Act of Parliament. As for the clumsiness, it is unavoidable. The Banks could not ask Parliament to tack a liability to shares which are now fully paid up, and therefore without liability. Even a shareholders' meeting could not propose such a thing; for women, infants, and absentees generally ought not to be subjected to a liability which did not attach to their shares when they bought or inherited them. The utmost that could be done would be to enable such shareholders as wished it to exchange old shares for new at some rate of exchange which would not be very easily determined. But in truth we fail to see the force of the objection. No doubt uniformity and simplicity are good things in the abstract, but in the actual work-a-day world variety and incongruity are often preferable. We know of no serious inconvenience that arises out of the fact that Railway Companies' capital consists of Preference, Ordinary, and often, also, of Deferred shares, except that when the latter is too small in amount it affords an opportunity for gambling. But the division of shares into three classes in itself is unobjectionable. Equally so is the division of bank shares into fully and partially paid. It will probably be found that the existing shareholders will subscribe for most of the new shares; but even if they do not, the extension of its connexion will be advantageous to the bank, and will be injurious to no one.

Some doubt has been expressed as to whether the chartered banks are willing to "ticket" themselves by assuming the word "limited", as part of their name. As the Bill or Bills embodying the proposals have not been made public, it is impossible to decide this point. But we assume that the banks are intelligent enough to know that, whether they like it or not, they must do so. Much pressure was put upon Sir S. Northcote to induce him to drop the word or to substitute some other for it, but in vain. It is true that a different Ministry is now in power; but we apprehend that in such a matter Mr. Gladstone would take the same view as his predecessor at the Exchequer. At any rate, whatever may be his private opinion, it seems impossible that he should make any exception in favour of the three chartered Scotch banks. The National Provincial, the London and Westminster, the London and County, the Royal Bank of Ireland, and several others have to tack the word after their names. So will the unlimited Scotch banks if they register under Sir S. Northcote's Act. It is impossible, when the chartered banks come to Parliament for a favour, that a privilege should be continued to them which they enjoy through an accident or through Royal favour. We assume, therefore, that the three chartered banks, in deciding for reserve liability, have made up their minds to adopt the word "limited"; and, if so, there will no longer be any obstacle in the way of the unlimited banks registering under Sir S. Northcote's Act. One or two of those banks, if we remember rightly, will hold their annual meetings just before Christmas, and much curiosity will be felt as to the course the directors may adopt. They may wait to see how the chartered banks' proposal will fare in Parliament: but, if they are wise, they will accept the inevitable, and recommend their shareholders to register under the Act. Whether they do so or not, however, the general adoption of limited liability cannot now be long postponed. One after another—in England, in Ireland, and now in Scotland—the principal banks are declaring in favour of it, and the others must follow. As regards the Scotch unlimited banks, there ought to be no difficulty, for they were all in favour of the principle of Sir S. Northcote's Bill, declaring only against the "ticketing" and against certain clauses which were dropped. Apart from the limitation of liability, two great advantages would follow were all the unlimited banks to register under the Act. They would all have to submit to a proper audit, and to publish balance-sheets. There are several banks doing a large business in all parts of the United Kingdom whose accounts have never been subjected to an independent audit; and there are not a few which have never published a balance-sheet. This state of things ought not to continue, and it would be brought to an end by universal registration under Sir S. Northcote's Act. As a matter of course, Parliament will take care that the chartered banks shall submit to an independent audit. They all publish balance-sheets.

THE THEATRES.

MR. EDWIN BOOTH has followed his performance of Hamlet at the Princess's by appearing as Richelieu in Lord Lytton's well-known play. His Hamlet showed that he had some of the highest dramatic qualities; but it failed, as every Hamlet must more or less fail, to please all his critics. It is a trite saying that every one has his own pet view of Hamlet; and, besides this, Mr. Booth's version of the part was in some respects curiously at variance with the views taken by the few actors who have within recent years played the character in London with any marked success. That the coldness displayed by the actor at some points in Hamlet where his audiences might have expected passion was, as we supposed, deliberate, is amply proved by the singular power of his Richelieu. In this respect the one part is strangely complementary to the other. The tenderness which was perhaps rather suggested than shown in Hamlet is strongly accented in Richelieu's scenes with Julie de Mortemar, and in the speeches which dwell upon his love for France; and it is in admirable contrast to the more frequent passages of irony, while the power exhibited in the celebrated speech of "the curse of Rome," and at other points to be presently noticed, can hardly be surpassed. While Mr. Booth gives their full meaning to the passages which show the less heroic aspects of the Cardinal's character, he never loses the dignity suggested at his first appearance, and strongly marked in the speech ending "The King must have no goddess but the State—the State—that's Richelieu!" The scene which follows close on this with Julie is, as we have hinted, full of an attractive tenderness; and the actor's manner as he discovers, by apparently careless questioning, Julie's love for Mauprat, is admirable. In fine contrast to this is the stern seriousness of his opening address to Mauprat; and this again is capitally set off by the humour of the mock sentence which he passes upon the prisoner as he sends him out, guarded by Huguet. The subsequent speech to Mauprat and Julie—"Go, my children; even *I* loved once! Be lovers while ye may!"—is charged with pathos, and the soliloquy which ends the act is given with true feeling and complete command. The second act contains, as will be remembered, the "business" with the two-handed sword which Richelieu used at La Rochelle and now tries vainly to wield, and the well-known lines which follow it—"Beneath the rule of men entirely great, the pen is mightier than the sword." At both these points Mr. Booth's acting was marked by a complete mastery of the science of gesture, and, on the occasion on which we were present, he overcame with singular readiness a difficulty caused by the probably accidental absence of the pen which, according to the stage direction, he lifts as he speaks the words. It is noteworthy that in this scene Mr. Booth, mindful no doubt of the line "Find him the suiting garments, Marion," causes François to appear in a black soutane, which he exchanges in the next act for a soldier's dress. At the end of the act Mr. Booth makes less of the somewhat clap-trap line about the "indomitable heart of Armand Richelieu" than he does of the concluding lines in which the Cardinal shakes off his momentary depression, and makes a sly hit at Joseph's ambition as the two leave the stage. The actor's performance in the third act is full of thought and skill. The courage triumphing over the sudden surprise of Mauprat's assault is admirably indicated, and the dignity of the rebuke, "To thy knees, and crawl for pardon," is overmastering; while a number of fine touches contribute to the effect of the stratagem which displays the Cardinal's ready resource in the midst of apparently insurmountable danger. The great scene of the fourth act is of course anxiously waited for and watched, and in this the power of Mr. Booth's performance, following and combined with the striking merits upon which we have already dwelt, cannot but stamp him as an actor of the highest mark. Nothing could well be finer than the preceding scene with the King and courtiers, and a strangely daring and effective touch is found in the wolf-like snarl with which Richelieu, overpowered for once by his conflicting emotions, turns on Baradas. The skill, the passion, and the power displayed throughout the act are so remarkable that the player might well be pardoned if something of an anti-climax were found, as in Mr. Booth's case it is not found, in the succeeding and last act, in which the Cardinal suddenly wakes from utter prostration to trample on the King's enemies and take up again the reins which have been wrested from him. There is nothing in the play to show clearly how far the author intended this prostration to be feigned, but it may be supposed that it was, at any rate, not wholly assumed; and Mr. Booth's acting suggests the notion that the Cardinal is, in fact, harassed nearly to death with anxiety and the chance of utter defeat, but has a reserve of power to draw upon in case of the victory which comes.

We have tried to give an idea of some of the more striking points in Mr. Booth's admirable performance, throughout which the beauty of his diction and delivery was remarkable. It would

be difficult, however, to give an adequate idea of the many fine touches which exhibit the actor's complete resource and knowledge of his art. As in the case of *Hamlet*, the stage management was excellent. It is Mr. Booth's misfortune that he is for the most part very ill supported. The performance of Mauprat, especially, might be "recommended to a friend" as a model of what to avoid. Miss Gerard's Julie is ineffective. Mr. Ryder's Joseph stands out as a thoroughly capable performance.

The Road to Ruin has been revived at Sadler's Wells, where Mr. Charles Warner appears in the part of young Dornton, a character in which he produced a strong impression some few years ago. His performance gives us a fuller notion of his strength as an actor than any in which we have before seen him. The emotion to be depicted in what are, as far as young Dornton is concerned, the capital scenes, is more complex than in the case of Claude Melnotte. The actor has to show a man who has strung himself up by the aid of wine to do a thing against which his whole nature revolts, to save his father from the ruin with which the son's extravagances threaten him. He is convinced that his marrying the rich widow is the only method in which he can atone for his past faults, and he has made up his mind to do it against every suggestion of what is really his better nature. In the scene of the half-drunken proposal, and in the one immediately preceding it, Mr. Warner's acting was at once admirably strong and admirably restrained. The suggestion of conflicting passions, working partly in consequence of and partly underneath the excitement caused by copious draughts of Burgundy, was as good as possible. The intoxication was marked, but never exaggerated; and the player commanded the sympathies of his audience throughout the scene. The capacity for giving a simple, direct, and strong interpretation of violent emotion, which we have before noted in Mr. Warner's acting, was exhibited in a marked degree; but he showed, in addition, that he could comprehend and render fully a complicated state of feeling, and could exercise a control over himself which is especially valuable in scenes where an actor of strongly emotional temperament may easily be tempted to excess. Mr. Warner's fault in other scenes of the play is that he applies the method, which is here of the greatest value, too indiscriminately to lines and passages which are overweighted by it. The frothy and bombastic sentiments put into the mouth of the paradoxically good-hearted rake, of whom countless prototypes exist in the history of comedy, assume even more falseness than naturally belongs to them when they are delivered with the air of thorough and earnest conviction which Mr. Warner gives to them. This is a fault which is well worth correcting in a performance of great merit, and which might, one would think, be corrected without much difficulty. Miss Isabel Bateman's performance of the heroine strikes one as the more meritorious because it follows closely upon her acting of the widely different part of Pauline in the *Lady of Lyons*. In the earlier scenes Miss Bateman is at once hoydenish and graceful; and in the pathetic passages there is little to find fault with except the same constraint of gesture which we have before noted. Mr. R. Lyons plays Goldfinch, which was, if we remember rightly, the great part of the piece in its early days, with much intention and vigour, and Mr. E. Lyons may be said, to borrow Dr. Johnson's enigmatical speech to Boswell regarding his election to "The Club," to "do what a man can" in the trying part of old Dornton.

Mr. Hollingshead's peculiar vein of humour has lately been exhibited in two instances; first, in his announcing the series of "revivals" which he gives with untiring energy on Wednesday afternoons as "educational matinées"; secondly, in the amusing collocation of press criticisms which he quotes in an advertisement of *Captain Cuttle*. The jest in the latter case is perhaps hardly worthy of Mr. Hollingshead's powers; for, considering the many dramatic performances, morning and evening, now given in London, and the many criticisms necessarily written upon them, it can be no hard matter to find a certain number of points as to which the critics are more or less at variance. The practical jokes of this kind in which the manager of the Gaiety from time to time indulges are not apt to have any offence in them; and in this case his quotations have for the most part little or no bearing upon what is of course the important point in the production criticized—namely, Mr. Florence's performance of Captain Cuttle in "a dramatic sketch" founded on *Dombey and Son*. That the manager himself sees any merit in the playwright's share in this business is hardly credible. That he and the audiences who go to his theatre should see merit in Mr. Florence's acting is natural enough. The American actor showed that he was thoroughly skilful, and had a strong sense of humour, by his performance of Bardwell Slote in a bad play, and perhaps shows it still more by his performance of Captain Cuttle in an even worse play. His rendering of pathos misses the true ring, but avoids condemnation. In the general interpretation of the character he has to meet the same kind of difficulties which beset the illustrator of a familiar book, and he gets over these difficulties, as well as those which arise from his being an American, with much success. Both in Bardwell Slote and in Captain Cuttle Mr. Florence has displayed, besides the merits which belong to a clever and thoroughly practised actor, that indefinable quality by which a player is enabled to create at once a sympathetic feeling between himself and his audience.

Mr. Toole appeared for the first time last Saturday afternoon in an "utter absurdity" written for him by Mr. Byron and called *The Light Fantastic*. No one knows better than Mr. Byron how to write a piece of this kind for Mr. Toole; and no one knows better how to play a piece of this kind than Mr. Toole. The airs and grimaces, the burlesque jealousy, and the burlesque libertinism of Mr. Slithery were very funny on the first production of the piece, and may probably become even more funny on future occasions. Perhaps the least humorous part of the performance is the song which is introduced much in the same way as a dance was introduced in the melodrama adapted from the French by Nicholas Nickleby for the Crummles company.

CLOSE OF THE RACING SEASON.

THE past racing season has been a remarkable one; but it will be chiefly connected in men's memories with the names of two horses—Robert the Devil and Bend Or. These horses had four notable contests, a private arbitration, and very nearly a law-suit, before their differences were settled; and, although Robert the Devil was eventually proved to be the better of the pair, Bend Or succeeded in winning the Derby. It was certainly an event in the history of the Turf that the Duke of Westminster should win the Derby; and it is a matter of satisfaction, when we look back on the past season, to reflect that the head of a family which has given such generous support to the Turf should have won the great prize of the year. The Duke of Beaufort, who had almost given up racing, won the Two Thousand Guineas; and Lord Falmouth had immense success with his two-year-old Bal Gal. We merely mention these names to show that great noblemen still take a pride in breeding and possessing racehorses of the highest class; and, as long as they do so, there will be an interest taken in racing by many people who never bet, and by not a few who never go to races. Turning our thoughts from these great personages to trainers and betting men, it is satisfactory to remember how honourably men of these professions who owned a well-known horse behaved under somewhat trying circumstances. We do not for a moment mean to imply that a betting man or a trainer would be more likely to behave dishonestly than a peer; but, when we consider how easy it is to win money on the Turf by questionable methods without absolutely infringing racing laws, we cannot help congratulating ourselves when we see men who professedly make their incomes by racing behaving in a straightforward manner, and refusing to avail themselves of any tempting opportunities of winning money unfairly.

We wish that reflections on racing matters could be altogether agreeable; but this, we fear, will never be the case. The end of the season seems a fitting time to make a few observations on a practice which, although no infringement of the rules of racing, we think it impossible to approve. When a man has two horses in a handicap, either of which could probably win, he may declare to win with either of the pair; and, when he has made such a declaration, he is allowed to have the horse which is not running to win pulled up in order to allow the other to pass it. Now this system may be all very well if acted on in a generous spirit; but in too many instances the following is the course of proceeding adopted. The owner waits quietly while the betting public back and lay against his horses. He watches their position in the market, and sends them both to the race meeting without giving any sign or intimation of his intentions with regard to them. Betting men probably know on public form which is the better horse of the pair, and back it accordingly, until it becomes a strong favourite. Now comes the owner's opportunity. He gets a commissioner to back the non-favourite, against which of course he is able to get a long price, and at the start he declares to win with him. Sometimes he scratches the favourite altogether. If the favourite starts, he is deliberately pulled in order to allow the other horse to win, without the least secrecy or shame. So long as the owner has declared to win with the non-favourite, he has not, technically speaking, committed a fraud. It is certainly desirable that, when an owner intends to win with the less fancied of two horses, he should make a declaration to that effect before the race; but that does not at all excuse the practice of virtually withdrawing a horse from a race which he could easily win, for the simple reason that his owner could not back him at long odds. It is contended in reply that a man does not keep racehorses to amuse other people, and that it would be unfair that the public should win money by a horse instead of his owner; but even if we allow considerable scope to this theory, it seems to us unfair, to use a mild term, that an owner should deliberately wait while people are backing his best horse until he is such a strong favourite that the other horse is proportionately low in the betting, and that he should then suddenly back the non-favourite for a large sum, and declare to win with him. We dwell on this point, because not only professional betting men and turfites, but also wealthy men, and sometimes men of high social position, resort to this practice without apparent shame. We do not intend to preach a sermon on the evils of horse-racing. There are malpractices connected with the Turf, such as pulling horses surreptitiously, which are universally condemned, although frequently resorted to; but the proceeding to which we have been objecting by no means meets with general condemnation, and that is our chief reason for noticing it.

In looking back on the past season we may as well notice the finest race of the year. This was the Astley Stakes for two-year-olds, at Lewes. It was not a very important race, but few closer finishes have ever been seen. Nine horses went to the post, and they went away to a capital start. When they were running up from the distance, five horses were abreast, and as they passed the

post, three of them ran a dead heat, the other pair, who ran a dead heat for second place, being only a head behind them. The three leading horses were Scobell, Wandering Nun, and Mazurka; the two others were Cumberland and Thora.

We need not notice the extraordinary ups and downs experienced by the favourites for the Liverpool Cup before the day of the race. At the start Toastmaster was the first favourite. He had won the Select Stakes at the Houghton Meeting, when long odds were laid against him, and he had beaten Mask, Valentino, and Poulet. Prestonpans was the second favourite. This horse had won the Criterion last year, and 6,000*l.* had afterwards been given for him, with the idea that he might win the Derby, but the death of his nominator had disqualified him for that race. Petronel, the winner of the Two Thousand, was another horse that was supposed to have a good chance. The three-year-old filly Experiment, who had shown some wonderful form, was another starter; so that altogether the quality of the field was decidedly good. A dozen horses went to the post. White Poppy, who has been singularly unsuccessful since she won the Corporation Stakes both at Brighton and at Doncaster two years ago, made the running. Victor Emmanuel, the winner of the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood, followed her closely and took up the running in the straight, when White Poppy was beaten. Toastmaster then went up to him; but as they came up the straight the pair were beaten, and they resigned their places to Petronel and Philammon. But the last-named pair were not destined to have the race all to themselves, for Prestonpans came with a rush as they drew near the winning-post, and he won the race by half a length from Philammon, who was half a length in front of Petronel. Toastmaster and Victor Emmanuel were less than a length behind Petronel. It was a very pretty race.

After his victory at Liverpool it was expected that Prestonpans would be able to win the Great Shropshire Handicap at Shrewsbury. He was to carry 10 lbs. extra, and the course was very holding, but most people thought he would be able to win even under this weight. The Severn had overflowed its banks to an extent unusual even in midwinter floods, and there was snow on the Welsh hills. Still the early part of the afternoon on which the Shropshire Handicap was to be run was fine, and a great many people came to see the race. Prestonpans was looking very well, and it would have been difficult to find a fault with his make and shape. As he was led about the paddock he made the rest of the field look rather second-rate. The enormous Chirper, although too lumbering for racing, is a fine horse. Essayez, who shows some quality, is light and small. Young Duke and Velleda were the second favourites, and Essayez and Speculation were backed most after this pair; 10 to 1 was laid against The Chirper, and 20 to 1 against the queer-tempered hurdle-racer Misenus. Another runner was Sidonia, who had cost 2,000 guineas as a yearling. Although six years old, with only 7 st. 1 lb. on his back, his chance was only estimated at 20 to 1. The horses were very punctual at the post, and they were soon started. Misenus made the running, and he went as if it was one of his "going days." Young Duke was the first horse beaten, and he soon dropped into the rear. At the bend Speculation went up to Misenus, and the pair raced together on the left of the course, close to the rails. Prestonpans was on the right of the course, and as they entered the straight Fordham was sitting very still on him, as if waiting to make one of his well-known rushes. Some distance from the stand he roused his horse, but all to no purpose. The beast either would not or could not "rush," even in the hands of this scientific jockey. Meanwhile Misenus and Speculation were fighting out the race by themselves, and after a very pretty struggle, Misenus, the despised hurdle-racer, won by half a length. He ran for this race a year ago, but was unplaced. As much as 50 to 1 had been then laid against him, but a similar price had been also laid against the winner, Rosy Cross. The field on the late occasion was the smallest that ever ran for a Great Shropshire Handicap. The next morning the frost was so hard that the horses could not take their early canters. When the sun came out, however, the ground soon became soft, and the races were only delayed for about a quarter of an hour. For the Shrewsbury Cup, Rhidorroch, who had won this race last year, was made first favourite. The Star, who had been third to Robert the Devil and Cipolata for the Cesarewitch, was the second favourite. As soon as they were well away, The Star made the running for a short distance, but he was soon pulled back. Antient Pistol then took up the running, and maintained it until he was well into the straight. He now seemed to have the race at his mercy; but suddenly The Star made a tremendous rush, and, making up ground in a wonderful manner, reached Antient Pistol, and even got a trifle in front of him. A hard contest followed, in which Antient Pistol struggled with great gameness, and won by a head. Both the Great Shropshire Handicap and the Shrewsbury Cup were well-contested races, but the weather in which they were run was piercingly cold—cold enough indeed to make sensible people determine to go no more to races this year.

Once again the Middle Park Stud is to be sold, and in a fortnight breeders will have an opportunity of buying fifty mares, twenty-eight foals, and some half-dozen stallions. We have had occasion to notice the ups and down in the value of certain racehorses which have recently been sold. We may add that Maximilian, who cost 4,100 guineas as a yearling, was sold the week before last for exactly a tithe of that sum—that is to say, at a loss of 3,690 guineas. Gentlemen fond of giving large sums for horses may still, we believe, purchase Robert the Devil for 12,000 guineas. When we hear of these long prices we recall to our minds the fact that Parmesan, the sire of two successive Derby winners, was purchased for 60 guineas.

We may dismiss the subject of racing for this year by observing that St. Louis, the winner of the Middle Park Plate, has been established as first favourite for the ensuing Derby.

REVIEWS.

WALLACE'S ISLAND LIFE.*

In his recently published *Island Life* Mr. Wallace has given us a valuable supplement to his *Geographical Distribution of Animals*. Four years' additional thought and research upon the lines laid down in that suggestive work have brought to a completion the general scheme of inquiry which he from the first proposed to himself, and he now propounds, as a clear and definite theory, the results of investigations which might at first sight appear fragmentary and disconnected. Mr. Wallace has entitled himself to be called the father of the new science of zoological geography, showing that we have in the present distribution of living things over the earth's surface a key to the problem of the most ancient relations of land and water. The aggregation of existing faunas and floras in definite assemblages within certain areas is proved to be the direct result of a complex set of causes which may be grouped or classified as partly physical, partly biological. Starting from the general law of evolution, and regarding all the main types of animals and plants as having diverged from certain common centres, the author proceeds to trace the changes and modifications which they exhibit to the operation of the same causes through long ranges of time, and he points to these changes as in themselves an index to the primary laws which make up the constitution of nature. There may be laid down upon the globe, he remarks, certain well-defined zoological regions or provinces which indicate far more truly than the old geographical divisions the range and the history of animal existence upon the earth. The main divisions of land and water which constitute the great continental masses have undergone no essential change. The continents and oceans as they now exist have had throughout all geological time much the same general outline. There have been local changes here and there; elevations and depressions have taken place, altering coast lines, isolating portions of land, and drying up areas of water; but the general contour of the continents has remained the same. Great changes of climate have occurred in various regions, not due to any shifting of the earth's axis, or to extra-telluric influences of any kind, but, as Sir C. Lyell and all sober geologists have maintained, to local derangements of the surface, especially to changes in the distribution of land and water about the Polar regions. These altered conditions have largely influenced the dispersal of living organisms, and to them are to be traced the divisions or varieties of distribution exhibited by the animals and plants of our day. The first part of Mr. Wallace's book is occupied with this world-wide dispersal of organisms, its phenomena, laws, and causes. Of these agencies the most important have doubtless been such changes of climate as marked the extension of the ice-cap far beyond the present boundaries of the Arctic regions, and the contrary phenomenon of a milder range of temperatures prevailing towards the Pole. Our author discusses anew, with the aid of the latest evidence, the causes of glacial epochs, illustrating his arguments by the analogy of the planet Mars as most akin to our globe in relation to the sun. He is able to correct Mr. Croll's calculations of the effects of high excentricity, showing how far more influential have been geographical changes of the earth's surface. The last glacial epoch was the climax of a great process of continental development which had been going on throughout long geological ages. It was the direct consequence of the North Temperate and Polar land having attained a great extension and a considerable altitude just at a time when a phase of very high excentricity was coming on. Taking this period to coincide with the change from the Miocene to the Pliocene period, Mr. Wallace assigns to it a date of about 200,000 years before our era, the next preceding cycle of high excentricity and consequent ice-age, still falling within the Miocene, going back to 850,000 years. The present condition of the earth, beginning with the Pliocene, he looks upon as one of exceptional stability, and within it have been brought about those changes in the earth's flora and fauna which it is the object of the present work to bring under review. Enormous ranges of time, as well as vast and stupendous cataclysms or terrestrial convulsions, may be banished from the consideration of science.

With the physical proofs of the general permanence of continents and oceans Mr. Wallace combines the interesting evidence supplied by the distribution of living forms. He is able to map out six primary zoological provinces or divisions of the earth, which correspond in the main with the received continental boundaries, though exhibiting modifications in detail owing to

* *Island Life; or, the Phenomena and Causes of Insular Faunas and Floras, including a Revision and Attempted Solution of the Problem of Geological Climates.* By Alfred Russel Wallace, Author of the "Malay Archipelago," "Tropical Nature," &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

local geographical changes. The animal forms of Southern Africa, for instance, differ so widely from those of the Northern extremity of the continent, whilst those of the North approximate to those of Southern Europe, as to make it probable that a wide area of sea held at no distant geological period the place of the Sahara; Southern Africa thus forming a great separate island or geological province, with a flora and fauna of its own. Six such zoological divisions are to be traced out, Mr. Wallace considers, by comparative study of the living forms inhabiting them. 1. The Palæarctic, equivalent to Europe, with North Temperate Africa and Asia. 2. The Ethiopian, comprising Africa south of the Sahara, with Madagascar. 3. The Oriental—*i.e.* tropical Asia to the Philippines and Java. 4. The Australian, including the Pacific Islands, Moluccas, &c., New Zealand remaining doubtful. 5. The Nearctic, North America to Northern Mexico; and 6. The Neotropical, *i.e.* South America, with tropical North America and the West Indies. A map on Mercator's projection makes clear at a glance these zoological divisions, with their relation to the ordinary geographical regions. There are of course overlapping areas in which the flora and fauna have a partial community of character, and others which are discontinuous or isolated, wide gaps separating them from those of the neighbouring region. Of the higher animals, as the author shows, there are not many that have a world-wide distribution. Among the mammalia there is no such thing as a truly cosmopolitan genus. All the higher orders, for instance, except the mice, are absent from Australia, while the genus Mus, which occurs there, is represented by a distinct group, Hesperomys, in America. If the dingo of Australia be taken as a native animal, the genus Canis might be classed as cosmopolitan, but that the wild dogs of South America form, with some naturalists, a genus apart. Many genera, however, range over three or more continents, as Felis (the cat genus), absent only from Australia; Ursus (the bear genus), absent from Australia and tropical Africa; Cervus (the deer genus), with nearly the same range; and Sciurus (the squirrel genus), found in all the continents save Australia. The superior locomotive power of birds gives them scope for a wider range. Still there are among perching birds only Turdus, the thrush, and Hirundo, the swallow, which are truly cosmopolitan, though there are many genera of hawks, owls, wading and swimming birds, which have a world-wide range. Of isolated orders, the insectivora among the mammalia offer the most conspicuous example, several of their families inhabiting areas more or less apart from the rest, while the Marsupialia have six families in Australia, and one, the opossums, far off in America. Still more marked is the limitation of some entire orders to certain well-defined regions. Thus the Proboscidea, comprising the single family and genus of the elephants, and the Hyracoidea, that of the Hyrax or Syrian coney, are confined to parts of Africa and Asia; the marsupials to Australia and America; and the Monotremata, the lowest of all mammals, comprising the duck-billed Platypus and the spiny Echidna, to Australia. The Struthiones, or ostrich tribe of birds, are well-nigh limited to the three Southern continents—South America, Africa, and Australia; and among Amphibia, the tailed Batrachia—the newts and salamanders—are in like manner restricted to the Northern hemisphere.

From a wide range of observations of this kind Mr. Wallace works out the great lessons of his book. It is especially from the study of the oceanic and continental islands, treated in the second portion of the work, that the great problem of the distribution of life is made in his hands to receive its solution. For this study islands possess, as he points out, special advantages, since they have a restricted area and definite boundaries, and their geographical and geological limits as a rule coincide. The number of genera and species they contain is always much smaller than those of continents, and their peculiar species and groups are in general well defined and strictly limited in range. Islands have had two distinct modes of origin. They have either been broken off by some cause or other from continents, or have risen from the ocean by volcanic upheaval or coralline formation. The latter class are wholly without indigenous mammalia or amphibia, though abounding in birds and insects, with occasional reptiles. It has been very generally maintained that the Azores once formed part of the submerged continent Atlantis. But, were this so, the plants and animals of those islands would assuredly follow the type of those existing on the mainland of which they formed a part. Such, however, is by no means the case. There is no mammalian or amphibian form, and no lizard, snake-lizard, frog, or fresh-water fish. Flying creatures, birds, and insects abound; and there is also one flying mammal, a small European bat. Rabbits, weasels, rats and mice are believed to have been imported. Birds and insects have been borne thither either by their own wings or those of the wind. Land shells may have been easily transported by birds or floating wood, or their tiny eggs wafted over the sea by storms. Of the 69 known species, 37 are common to Europe, 32 being peculiar. Though allied to European types, many of them date back to beyond the Glacial epoch. The evidence brought together by Mr. Wallace, coupled with Mr. Darwin's interesting experiments, amply verifies the presumption that the seeds of plants of continental type here found may have been ferried over by ocean currents and winds. Now these islands are wholly of volcanic origin, with the exception of a single small one, Santa Maria, which exhibits some marine deposits of Upper Miocene age—a fact indicating some change of level, or wider extension of the land in earlier times, but not any connexion with the mainland, or former union with the rest of the group. It proves, moreover, the antiquity of the islands, and is of great weight in considering the origin and peculiar features of their fauna and flora. The other North Atlantic islands—Madeira, the Canaries, and the Cape de Verdes—present analogous phenomena, modified by their more southern position, their richer vegetation, and perhaps their greater antiquity. The Bermudas, a coralline group, stand in much the same relation to the American Continent as the Azores do to Europe. Here are no indigenous mammals, frogs, or snakes. Migratory birds flock hither in vast numbers, upwards of 180 species having been recorded. The Galapagos Islands, volcanic like the Azores, and equally destitute of indigenous mammalia and amphibia, differ from that group in many important respects. They lie not more than 600 miles from the west coast of South America, and some 700 from Veragua, within the belt of equinoxial calms. They are traversed, however, by strong and constant ocean currents, setting north-westwards from the coast of Peru. Without any indigenous mammals, they have a very peculiar series of birds and insects, including two species of large land tortoises which are wonderful swimmers and quite competent to have made their way from the mainland of South America. Two species of snakes may equally have made the passage by swimming, or by the aid of drift-wood. The Sandwich Islands, separated from the great continents by more than two thousand miles, and by ocean depths of three thousand fathoms, are connected in a measure with the other Pacific Islands by countless coral reefs and atolls. Volcanic mountains rise to a height of 14,000 feet. Indigenous mammals are here altogether unknown. The birds, which are fairly numerous and highly peculiar, exhibit on the whole affinities with Australian and Pacific types. Their marked specialty is suggestive of extreme antiquity, or of connexion with some very ancient land now submerged.

Coming to the British Isles, Mr. Wallace dwells upon the features which characterize continental as distinct from oceanic islands. To the same class belong Japan, Formosa, and the larger Malay Islands, especially Borneo, Java, and Celebes. As they are one of the most recently formed island groups, we have still amongst us, he shows, the material for highly instructive study of geographical distribution. The biological identity of Great Britain with continental Europe is by no means so distinct as is commonly supposed. Among birds, our author points to at least three undoubted peculiarities. Peculiar fishes are five times as numerous. Of mosses and Hepaticæ there are peculiar British forms. Many insects common with us have never been found on the Continent. The Shetland Islands, on the other hand, the Isle of Man, and the little Lundy Island, possess forms unknown to our principal island. Islands, the author remarks, form in all parts of the world a refuge for species or groups which have become extinct elsewhere. On the whole, however, the fauna and flora of Great Britain follow closely the Continental type, the special points of divergence supplying a fair approximate test of the interval of time that has elapsed since their separation. In Borneo and Java, which may be, Mr. Wallace thinks, not much more ancient than Great Britain, there is a considerable amount of specialty. The channel which parts these two islands is not more than fifty fathoms deep; while to the east they are separated from Celebes by a strait varying from 1,690 to 2,500 fathoms in depth. In geological structure Borneo is thoroughly continental, a character entirely in accordance with its fauna and flora. Of the ninety-six species of mammals discovered in the island, nearly two-thirds are identical with those of the surrounding countries, and nearly one-half with those of the mainland. Java, with many peculiarities, presents unmistakable relations with the Asiatic continent. A comprehensive survey of the whole Malayan group leads our author to the conclusion that the Philippines were the first to separate, then at a considerably later period Java, somewhat later Sumatra and Borneo, and finally the islands south of Singapore to Banca and Biliton.

The Japanese islands hold a position on the eastern shore of the great Euro-Asiatic continent very like that of the British Isles on the western; but their separation dates probably much further back, probably to the early portion of the Pliocene period. The fauna and flora of Japan and Formosa correspond in their diversity with the comparative antiquity hereby indicated. The richness which won for the latter island from its Portuguese discoverers the name of "the beautiful" gives abundant scope for the study of naturalists, of whom Mr. Swinhoe has made himself the chief. Above most continental islands it is shown by Mr. Wallace to throw light upon the obscure subject of the decay and extinction of species, whilst yielding an overwhelming mass of evidence in favour of the theory of descent with modification. In Madagascar we see a continental island of much more ancient date, and showing animal and vegetable types far more dissimilar from those of the mainland. Of mammals the most important are the lemurs, forming an entire half of the mammalian population of the island. This group of lowly-organized and very ancient creatures ranges from Western Africa to India, Ceylon, and the Malay Archipelago. Mr. Wallace, however, is justified by his latest researches in his rejection of the popular hypothesis of a submerged Lemuria, in which are held to lie buried the bones that should have made good the missing link between ourselves and our supposed anthropoid ancestors. The Atlantis having received its deathblow from the chapter on oceanic islands in the *Origin of Species*, it may be thought that the lost continent of the Southern hemisphere may henceforth be relegated to the region of scientific fable.

In the great island of Australia the primitive forms of animal

life correspond strikingly with the immense antiquity of its separation from the continental masses of the southern half of the globe. Nor in the case of New Zealand is there a less strongly marked correspondence between the zoological character of its fauna and the physical features of that isolated group. Mr. Wallace's survey of the widely separated island systems of the globe sets upon a solid basis his views of the wonderful powers of dispersion and modification existing in the organic world. In his theory of local geographical changes modifying the general stability of continents, we have perhaps a key to the most difficult and complex problems involved in the phenomena of the variation and distribution of living forms.

PICTURES FROM IRELAND.*

ARISTOTLE'S celebrated definition of laughter could hardly be better illustrated than by this book. There must be no pain, said the old philosopher, if we are to laugh at what is ridiculous, ugly, or out of place. These times are almost too serious for such a humorous sketch of Irish life as the one before us. Irishmen and Irish manners have ceased for the present to afford material for novels on the model of the late Charles Lever. Murder, sedition, anarchy, and outrages on unoffending men and cattle may be read of with a passing shudder in some history of a district in the Indian Mutiny, of an Italian city divided against itself in the Middle Ages, or in some Assyrian tablet just deciphered by the indomitable perseverance of Oriental scholars. They are sufficiently remote, and, as the typical old woman remarked, they happened so long ago that perhaps they may not be true. But the Ireland of to-day is too near us and too tragical to be any laughing matter. And yet this volume is written in an excellent spirit, without rhetorical exaggeration, and evidently from an intimate knowledge of Irish social life. The author says nothing about himself, and gives no reasons for his publication. There is neither dedication, nor preface, nor explanation of any kind which could give us a clue to the author's identity or occupation. For aught we know, Terence M'Grath may be a *nom de plume*, adopted from obvious motives of prudence. It is not every one in these days who would wish to have land in Ireland, as Mr. Bright would lead the electors of Birmingham to think was the main desire of his heart. And it is quite possible that the favourite remedy of a bullet may be reserved for those who, living in Galway, speak the truth about that county, equally with those who have the audacity to ask for their rents.

This volume is made up of eighteen sketches nearly all descriptive of persons in some way or other connected with the land. In a good many we observe a strong family likeness, such as one sharp practitioner bears to another. The unscrupulous attorney of the Glossin type; the howling agitator; the so-styled tenant's friend; the pugnacious and dictatorial priest; the defaulting cottier, are all united together by links in a chain of scarcely concealed craftiness, and all exhibit the same artless wish to live as much as possible at the expense of their neighbours. There are no scenes of horror, and no laboured attempt to create a sensation or to arouse false sentiment. Our nerves are not tried by some heartrending picture of an eviction, followed by the death of the unrighteous landlord at the hand of an assassin crouching under a dyke. One little girl, it is just hinted, dies of a fever produced by dirt and squalor; and there is a grim allusion to the death of a herdsman whom the brave boys only intended to beat because he succeeded a dismissed "brother," but who died unluckily from sheer accident, as he happened "to have a weak skull, and it broke sooner than could have been reasonably expected." But the prevalent tone of the writing is a humorous exposure of impudence, evasiveness, and falsehood, and, as we observed at first, at any other time but the present, one might read the tale with no deeper feeling than is aroused by the account of the ducking of a gauger and a duel in *Charles O'Malley*, or of the pursuit and capture of a poacher in Maxwell's *Wild Sports of the West*. These two hundred pages may be easily got through in a morning, and we are not called on to analyse each story, or do more than give a few outlines of what are clever pen-and-ink sketches, and not full-length portraits in oil. But they have all the appearance of reality. Mr. Kirkland, for instance, is a landlord of the old school. He has enjoyed his property, as his ancestors had done for 300 years. His rents, fixed at about 35 per cent. below the letting value of the land, have hitherto been punctually paid. But his fences are not better repaired, nor are his tenants' houses neater or more comfortable than those on the property of a neighbouring speculator who has increased his rental by 15 per cent. The explanation is that the latter enlisted the parish priest on his side by building him a new house. The priest, in another chapter, is one educated at Maynooth, an institution which has only served to confirm the prejudices of his boyhood and to turn him out with a profound ignorance of the world and of politics, as well as with an implied belief in the infallibility of the Church. He hunts and courses without much regard to boundaries, knows to a fraction the earnings of every one of his parishioners, and lectures and harangues them from the altar at the Easter and Christmas collections in a style not very different from that of the negro preacher in Marryatt's *Peter Simple*. In contrast to this Father is the Orangeman, born fifty miles north of the Boyne, who is prepared to vote for tenant-right, fixity of tenure, freedom of sale, and the ballot; but is dead against Popery, and averse to the lowering of the franchise and denominational education. One of the best hits is perhaps that of Mr. O'Hara, of Garrauns Castle. His ineffectual attempts to marry the daughter of a Manchester merchant, a far-off cousin it would seem of Thackeray's Miss Higg; his estate, nominally one of 600*l*. a year, but cut down by a jointure, interest on a loan, agent's fees, and other outgoings, to something less than 200*l*.; his gentlemanly indolence and remissness in his dealings with the tenants, which they requite by demanding a reduction coupled with a threat of no payment at all, are happily described. On the other hand, Mr. Casey began as an attorney, slid into the business of a land-agent, and hopes to end by buying a property which is the despair of a ruined absentee proprietor. Not very dissimilar in character and sharpness is Mr. O'Dowd, the successful shopkeeper. He combines the business of a draper and the sale of spirits with the purchase of small properties when they happen to come into the market. His opinion of his poorer countrymen is that they will cultivate just up to their necessities and no further. His position as a dealer enables him to supply worthless seed to his tenantry, and to compel their wives to purchase expensive finery over the counter at his shop in the town. And he very prudently declines to become a Poor-law Guardian, as in that office he would lose the chance of getting the contracts for supplying the workhouse. But in the famine he actually condescended to become a member of the Relief Committee, and was loud in proclaiming and supplying the necessities of his own tenants. As regards the agitator Mr. O'Dooly and the Home Ruler Mr. O'Carroll, it is only necessary to say that in specimens of truculent language, unscrupulous devices, and mendacious impudence, they are left far behind by the real agitators, who have succeeded, to the understandings of most people, in making government by the ordinary processes a sheer impossibility.

Lord Beaconsfield once said in the House of Commons that Irish members were too much in the habit of clanking their chains on rising to speak. The wrongs of Ireland, the woes of the lovely Emerald Isle, the injustice to the brave sons of Erin, have furnished ample material for frothy declamation to orators and journalists; and even sober-minded statesmen seem to have got into a trick of declaiming about the heavy debt under which England lies to that most innocent and most injured country. How is it, we may ask, that we never hear this sort of language applied to Scotland? For every high-handed act committed in Ireland by Strongbow, or Cromwell, or Pitt, in the period of their ascendency, it would not be very difficult to find a parallel in Scottish history. The annals of that country are for centuries taken up with invasions and battles, in which Scotchmen, fighting for their nationality, poorly armed and scarcely disciplined, almost invariably got the worst. The persecutions of Whigs by Claverhouse and his men, the scant justice done to Scotch interests at the Union of 1707, the vengeance exacted on Scotch rebels in the Fifteen and the Forty-Five, and divers other episodes, might surely form a fertile subject for impassioned oratory if influential and clever Scotchmen were not generally men of strong sense. But no one, except an inebriated Scotch apprentice or a clerk at a St. Andrew's dinner, ever thinks of dwelling on the injustice practised generations back by Tory Ministers or High Church prelates. Even Professor Blackie only gives an occasional vent to his national feelings, and though the member for the Kirkaldy Burghs may please his constituents by lamenting that sufficient priority is not allotted to Scotch affairs, we know no grievance to which Scotchmen are in the habit of calling attention or which ought to afford matter for complaint, unless it be that their Lord Advocate is unable to find a seat in the House. Of course, it may be replied to this unfavourable comparison that the Irish are a more excitable and difficult people to deal with; that the real offence of the Protestant Church has only recently been taken away; and that the tenure of land is of that exceptional, peculiar, and complicated character which demands special study and unusual remedies. But we should like to know how long any Government would put up with one quarter of this agitation if shown by Lowland farmers who had objected to the old law of hypothec, or elders of the Established Scotch Church who had new views about the exercise of ecclesiastical patronage. The real fact is that Ireland has of late years been treated not like the naughty boy, but like the spoiled child of the family, though to assert and act on this maxim may require no little audacity. A writer in the *Times* who, we understand, has had some practical experience of Zemindars and Ryots in India, lately endeavoured to make out that there was a strong analogy between the condition of the Irish tenant and the *jotedar* of Bengal. The remedial legislation contemplated by the Government should, he argued, follow the course taken by those who passed what, under various titles, are known as the Rent Laws of Bengal. This gentleman forgot one essential difference in the position and rights of the two communities. The Indian Government has of late years endeavoured to secure to the Ryot that definite position which had been contemplated for him in the Regulations of 1793, which was based on the immemorial custom and the common law of the country, and which neglect of rulers or oppression of Zemindars had failed to obliterate. The Land League are in reality clamorous for an independence utterly incompatible with the acknowledged position of a superior owner, with the law of contract, and with the history of Irish occu-

* *Pictures from Ireland.* By Terence M'Grath. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1880.

pancy, agriculture, and proprietorship. To quote an Indian precedent as applicable to Ireland without bearing in mind the marked distinction between a Zemindar in Nuddea and Lord Erne or Lord Lansdowne, and without a clear idea of the meaning of a Revenue Settlement and its ample definitions of every one's rights and privileges in the soil, is to trade on the ignorance of Englishmen and to argue on misleading analogies.

The last chapters in Mr. M'Grath's book are devoted to the Irish famine, or rather are written to prove that for purely selfish purposes a famine was evolved out of scarcity and not very severe pressure. According to the author, the effect of the Duchess of Marlborough's kind appeal was mainly to create a competition in mendicancy. While money was pouring in, "the markets were thronged with well-dressed people; the shops were filled with customers; the pawn offices showed empty shelves"; and tradesmen, mechanics, and farmers, with stores in their cupboards, were not ashamed to beg for meal at the rooms of each committee. It was, however, not to be expected that Englishmen and colonists in Australia and elsewhere would not respond to a call on behalf of a poor community alleged to be in danger of starvation for, at that time, no fault of their own. Our regret is, not that charity should have been misapplied, or habits of self-dependence been impaired, or tons of potatoes imported into a district which was sending off cartloads of the same produce. The sad moral of the famine is the absence of gratitude and the revival of lawlessness and ferocity in the mass of the people. In truth, either the real character of the Irish has only been known to a few experts, or else the amiable and humorous features which lent attractiveness to former stories have worn off and have disclosed something like Asiatic turpitude. The good understanding which once existed between easy-going landlords and sharp-witted peasants, and even mitigated religious antipathy between Papist and Protestant, seems gone for ever. In the *Wild Sports of the West* there is a good story of a Protestant clergyman who preached to empty benches, and was reported to his Bishop as a vicar without a congregation. Hearing that his superior was coming down to visit the empty church, he applied in his dilemma to his Roman Catholic brother to "lend him a congregation." This strange loan was actually granted, and when the Bishop arrived he saw a church crowded with a well-dressed and orderly set of Roman Catholics sent there at the bidding of their pastor to do duty as Protestants and throw dust in the episcopal eyes. This really occurred some three generations ago in the West of Ireland. We need hardly add that it would be impossible now. Nor shall we be surprised to find that, as one violent deed begets another, the national reputation for pleasantry will die away, and that in the next *Pictures from Ireland* worse tales of barbarism and savagery will make us wonder how Irishmen could ever have been noted for happy repartees, excusable frolics, and genial fun.

THE CHALLENGE OF BARLETTA.*

We owe some gratitude to Lady Louisa Magenis for having led us to read *Ettore Fieramosca* again. For the benefit of those unacquainted with that romance, we had better explain at once that Massimo d'Azeglio's work bears a double title, *Ettore Fieramosca, o La Disfida di Barletta*, and that Lady Louisa Magenis has, we think unwisely, chosen to drop the first and familiar name in favour of the second and more descriptive title. Having begun by expressing our gratitude to the translator, we will next say, to prevent disappointment, that we do not recommend *Ettore Fieramosca* to any but the young, or those who have preserved a healthy youthful taste for romance of the school of the Waverley Novels. We remember when the wickedness of the Borgia, as therein depicted, made our hair stand on end, and when the wrongs of Ginevra troubled our dreams. We remember with what interest we followed all the bull-fighting and lance-breaking business, of which, to say the truth, there is rather more than enough. If the characters were, as we now more than suspect, conventional, we did not then find it out. And that there is real power in the story we cannot doubt, since we knew a learned and staid professor and his wife, neither of them by any means in their first youth, who made a pilgrimage to Barletta, expressly to see the spot consecrated by the valour, the patriotism, and the ill-starred love of Ettore Fieramosca. By their account Barletta then—it was some years ago, so we make no imputations against the present character of the town—had not, in the matter of creature comforts, much advanced since the days when the Borgia and his *âme damnée* got so bad and so dear a supper at the hostelry of the Sun; but nevertheless our couple did not repent of their visit. This, we think, proves incontestably that there is genius in D'Azeglio's novel, though it does not equal his later Florentine romance, *Niccolò de' Lapi*, which has, we believe, the further merit, recognizable by Italian critics, of being written in a purer Tuscan style.

The historical incident upon which the plot of *Fieramosca* turns is of the slightest, though it is true that to an Italian the "Challenge of Barletta" has an importance which it can hardly possess in the eyes of a foreigner. In 1503 the Spanish under Gonzalo de Cordova, with their Italian auxiliaries under Prospero and Fabrizio Colonna, were blockaded in Barletta by the French under the Duke of Nemours. As D'Azeglio tells the story, some French gentlemen taken prisoners by a foraging party from Barletta were supping amicably with their Spanish captors, when one of the Frenchmen, De la Mothe—"suopte ingenio ferox et forsan frequentibus poculis incalescens," says Paolo Giovio—let fall expressions of contempt for the Italian men-at-arms, at last averring that a French gendarme (we must remember that the gendarme of those days was not a mounted policeman in a cocked hat and a swallow-tailed coat, but a fully-armed cavalier) would think shame to have even for horseboys such poltroons as the Italians. The words were taken up; low as Italy was sinking, subordinate as was the part which the Italians played in their own land, their national pride awoke at these insults. A combat between thirteen Italians and thirteen Frenchmen was arranged; the event, in sporting parlance, came off near Barletta, between Andria and Quarato, on the 16th of February, 1503, and proved a victory for the despised Italians. So sure, it is said, had the Frenchmen made of success that they had omitted to deposit with the umpires the sum stipulated for ransom in case of defeat. This affair, unimportant as it may seem according to modern ideas, was glorified as a great national triumph. The victors were hailed as *restitutori della gloria Italiana*, and their captain, whose name of Hector lent itself well to classic strains, was poetically eulogized by Pietro Summonte as *Ausoniæ splendor*: an eyewitness, Damiani, narrated the particulars in a book published at Naples the same year; Vida sang the combat in Latin hexameters; and Paolo Giovio and Guicciardini—though the latter so far mistook the cause of quarrel as to represent the French as the insulted party—recorded the prowess and the names of the patriots, whom Guicciardini introduces as "degni che ogni Italiano procuri quanto è in se, che i nomi loro trapassino alla posterità." One Italian, a Piedmontese, figured among the French combatants—a curious inconsistency, if the issue of the combat was to prove anything as to the merits of the Italians generally. That man alone, according to the account followed by D'Azeglio, was left dead on the field, justly punished for his treason to his country.

Round the names of Ettore Fieramosca, the captain of the Italian thirteen, and Claudio Grajano of Asti, the Piedmontese renegade, Massimo d'Azeglio—himself a Piedmontese, and therefore, as he said, the better able, without offence to provincial feelings, to brand the memory of the traitor—wove his tale. So slight an incident as the Challenge of Barletta demanded some tragic interest to give it dignity, and accordingly D'Azeglio's imagination founded upon it a romance tragic enough in all conscience. Ettore Fieramosca, young, pale, and chestnut-haired—memory recalls a hundred heads by Italian masters, of which any one might serve as a portrait of D'Azeglio's hero—appears from the first as a man consumed by an unhappy love. The object of his adoration, Ginevra di Monreale, had in his absence been constrained by untoward circumstances to give her hand to the adventurer and future traitor, Claudio Grajano, who valued her only for her dowry. When married, she had been pursued by the hateful love of *il Valentino*, better known to English readers as Cæsar Borgia, and had died, it was supposed, of poison administered by him in revenge for her coldness. But we all know that Italian heroines have a way of coming to life again. Like the lover in the *Golden Supper*, Fieramosca stole at night to look once more upon his beloved as she lay coffined in the church of St. Cecilia, and, arriving in time to forestall Cesare Borgia, whose poison was only a sleeping-draught, he found her living. As her husband had disappeared on the Borgia's service, the resuscitated heroine was persuaded by Fieramosca to trust herself to his honour; and thus, some two or three years later, we find her lodged in the nunnery on the island between Monte Gargano and Barletta, and receiving visits from Ettore under the title of her brother. With her she has, as chaperon and companion, a mysterious Saracen maiden, who has likewise been thrown by fate on the gallant Fieramosca's hands. It is somewhat trying to the imagination to conceive a young soldier of the *cinquecento* thus leading about two ladies who stand to him in the relationship of sisters; but such is the story. At last comes the unlucky day when Ettore, being despatched with the all-important challenge to the French camp, finds himself face to face with Ginevra's husband. The temptation to keep silence is too strong for him; he leaves Ginevra in her ignorance, and though he is bound by a vow not to lift his hand against her husband, one can hardly suppose that he does not build some hopes upon the chances of the approaching combat. But the reader, who knows that Cesare Borgia and his satellite Don Michele are prowling in disguise about Barletta, feels that the doom of the lovers is inevitable. A stroke of a poisoned poniard lays Ettore temporarily prostrate; while chance, rather than contrivance, throws Ginevra into the hands of the Borgia. It must be owned that D'Azeglio was merciless in accumulating horrors on the head of his unhappy heroine, who has nothing left but to die—in peace, it is true, tended by Vittoria Colonna, and with the consolations of religion, but believing by a cruel error that Ettore has deserted her for the fresher charms of Gonzalo's daughter, Doña Elvira. Ettore himself, miraculously healed by the Saracen maid on the very eve of the combat, is deceived in another way, and that by his especial friend and confidant, Brancaleone. In order that he may go to battle with a good heart, he is assured that Ginevra is alive and well. For once all seems to prosper; the honour of his country is triumphantly vindicated in the lists; the insulter, La Mothe, surrenders to him; Grajano lies dead on the field, his skull cloven by Brancaleone's axe. Fieramosca has

* *The Challenge of Barletta.* By Massimo d'Azeglio. Rendered into English by Lady Louisa Magenis. 2 vols. London: Allen & Co. 1880.

now done his work for Italy, and the friends who had taken such cruel care to spare his feelings forget to look after him any longer. He is left to ride off to his Ginevra, and to find her a corpse. Maddened by the shock, he spurs his wearied charger into a gallop, and is seen no more. Only some charcoal-burners of Gargano tell of a strange vision of an armed and mounted knight on the summit of cliffs supposed to be inaccessible; and a century later, the sea having receded, a mass of rusted iron and the bones of a man and horse are found below.

The present version is, on the whole, more easy and spirited than the general run of translations, but it is in many places sadly open to criticism. We do not approve of the silent omission of D'Azeglio's concluding remarks, which, though unnecessary to the story, are interesting as showing the patriotic purpose with which it was written. We have also a suspicion that the titles and mottoes to the chapters are unauthorized additions—at least they do not appear in the edition of *Ettore Fieramosca* published at Paris in 1833; and the fact that the mottoes are all quotations from English authors looks as if they were of English choosing. In the translation itself the chief faults that strike us are, first, a tendency to drag in French expressions, such as *fracas*, *tête-à-tête*, *confrères*, which do not appear in the original, and which therefore give a false notion of D'Azeglio's style. Thus in a single sentence Fieramosca is made to say *à propos* and *hors de combat*, though the original Italian could easily have been rendered into good English. *Bataille à l'outrance* (for *battaglia a tutte armi ed a tutto sangue*) is a well-known stock phrase of English historical novelists—we say English because French usage only acknowledges *à outrance*. Few English writers remember that the phrase had an English form, "to the utterance," or "at utterance," which is employed in the *Mort Darthur* and by Shakspeare. There is no excuse for giving the result of a duel thus, "He forced him to make the *amende honorable*," when the original is simply "Gli fece confessar il suo torto." These remarks do not of course apply to the cases in which D'Azeglio himself has put into the mouths of his characters scraps of French and Spanish. In one instance the translator has turned "con mezzo parole" into "with *sotto voces*," which is neither English nor Italian. Our second ground of offence is the introduction of modern slang, which sounds incongruous from the lips of sixteenth-century cavaliers. It would perhaps be pedantic to object to "pluck;" but "I certainly shall expect a tip in return from you" and "It will be a regular jollification," are too unromantic. When Jacques de Guignes says, in dignified and chivalrous phraseology, "Pure un uomo d' arme si crederebbe disonorato se ad armi e a numero pari la sua spada cadesse sul cavallo del nemico," why should his words be rendered into the slang of the Turf and the "Society" papers—"However, a good man-at-arms, if equally matched, would, even now, consider it *very low form* to let his sword fall on his enemy's horse"? Or why should Prospero Colonna, in a moment of grave anxiety and displeasure, be made to ask, "Pray where is Fieramosca that he has not shown up?" "Che non compare"—"that he does not appear"—are the plain words of the original. So when Grajano says, in the simplest possible words, "Son d'Asti," the translator must needs render it, "I hail from Asti." And when we find "ove accaddero i fatti" rendered as "where the events *transpired*," we can only remark that it would be well if the translator would give some attention to the study of her own language. We also note one or two positive errors. A *destriero morello* is a black, not, as here translated, a "mulberry-coloured steed." The origin of the epithet must be looked for in *maurus* in its primary sense of black, not in its secondary form *morum*, a mulberry. In an official proclamation offenders are threatened with the penalty of "two cuts with a rope"—a moderate degree of personal chastisement, to use the dignified language of the present Home Secretary. But in the original the penalty is something more serious—"due tratti di fune"—two hauls of the rope, *i.e.* two inflictions of a kind of torture identical with or resembling what we know by the Spanish term of the strappado. A few lines further on, the translator, constant to her first idea, renders "per timor della corda" as "from fear of the lash," though in so well-known a work as Baretti's Dictionary she could have found "Corda, the strappado." Fieramosca is made to describe himself as "one of Signor Prospero's free lances," which is equivalent to styling himself a mercenary; whereas in the original he calls himself simply a *lancia* or lance, the ordinary term for the man-at-arms. *Free lance* is again made to do duty as a translation of *lancia spezzata*, a technical military term, which in France and England took the form of *lancespessade*.

WATSON'S WAZAN.*

MR. WATSON went to Morocco in general, because, though it is only six days' voyage from us, hardly anybody ever goes there, and he visited Wazan in particular, because no Englishmen and only one European had ever ventured within its sacred precincts. Mr. Watson had no previous knowledge of the country, was ignorant of all the languages and dialects spoken there, derived all his oral information from a dragoman, his ocular impressions from a hurried trip of three weeks in the country, his historical, geographical, and archæological learning from subsequent study. Out of this unpromising apparatus he has constructed a readable, if not an authoritative, book. His very decided statements must not be accepted as undeniable facts, for a European eye unaccustomed to Mohammedan manners is apt to be deceived, and a clear proof received through a dragoman's interpretation may turn out to be no evidence at all when traced to its original source. Beyond a certain quickness of observation Mr. Watson had none of the qualities which are required in one who will draw a true picture of a country, such a picture as Klunzinger has drawn of Egypt, and Malcolm of Persia as it was. He cannot even boast an alluring style, for his language has but the one merit of simplicity, and is neither choice of phrase nor graphic in description. The same ideas and words are constantly recurring, and we gave up the attempt to count the number of times the word "greenery" was used. Nevertheless, though loosely made up, founded on scanty knowledge, and expressed without that "curious care" which Mr. Stopford Brooke includes among the essentials of prose writing, the book has its value.

This value does not lie in the fact that Morocco is a little-known country. All Mr. Watson's very just eulogies of the golden days of Moorish art and science do not make the descendants of the banished Moors who took refuge in Morocco one whit more interesting. The very greatness of the mediæval Moors is an argument for the littleness of the modern Moors, because most nations have their times of prosperity and progress, and of relapse and decay. It is not necessary to criticize what Mr. Watson says about the past history of Morocco, because it is obviously book-making, and the errors he repeats are very probably not his own. All that he need have concerned himself with was the present state of the country and the description of its aspect as a resort for seekers of the picturesque. When he does arrive at this point, the reason why Morocco is little visited becomes apparent. "The land," he says, "though rich, is not productive; the great desert plains are more strange than beautiful; the country in summer and autumn has a dead played-out effect; the towns present hardly any features of architectural interest. There is a certain suggestion of decay over the whole land; the gilding is rubbed. The only motto truly appropriate to the Moorish crown is *laissez faire*." Throughout the book the deadness and dulness of the country strike cold upon the reader, and whenever there is any "greenery" to be enthusiastic about, the same terms of ecstasy are employed about precisely the same things. But "the chief attraction of Morocco for the traveller lies in its people and its government; a people of surpassing picturesqueness and interest—a government which possesses none of the ordinary attributes of direction, but exists for the one purpose of taxing the people." Neither of these attractions will strike the student of Mohammedan nations as peculiar, and it would perhaps be more pleasant to combine them with the attraction of scenery, as may be done in other Moslem lands. Mr. Watson's delight in the ways of the people is natural enough, however. There is nothing more delightful to a busy man than to forget his anxieties and bustle in the calm torpidity of Oriental society. Apart from the charms of novelty and varied colour and a sunny climate, there is something about the East (and Morocco is socially as truly "Eastern" as Persia) that brings to the excited Northerner a wonderful sense of rest and subdued enjoyment. Still, however new and charming all this may be, it is too well written about to need a fresh description unless by a very able pen. Mr. Watson's views about Morocco and the Moors are not authoritative or particularly suggestive. His account of the Jews of Tangier is a contribution to the literature of a subject to which the efforts of Sir Moses Montefiore and the decisions of the Madrid Conference have given some importance; and his general appreciation of the Moors, though based on a short acquaintance, is a set-off against the unfavourable reports of some other travellers who knew little more of this hospitable kindly race than he does.

The value of Mr. Watson's book, however, lies in the seventy or eighty pages in the middle of it which treat of the subject which gives it a title. His journey to and from Wazan, although possessing something of the interest which a description of unfamiliar scenes generally affords, was uneventful, and, from an artistic or any other point of view, apparently unproductive. The arrangements with the dragoman, the management of stirrup-leathers, the encounters with various hostile insects, and the other commonplaces of travel, would read excellently well in a guide-book, and will doubtless be useful to those who may follow in Mr. Watson's steps; but they cannot be said to excite much surprise or interest. The only remarkable fact is, that there were no more serious enemies than vermin, which is certainly not what might have been expected in an unsettled country like Morocco; but Mr. Watson's unusually powerful introduction doubtless protected him where others might have been attacked. The general conclusion to be drawn from the journey is that Mr. Watson understands the art of being comfortable, and that he does not "rough it" when there is no occasion. The account of Wazan itself, however, is curious, and speaks to a singular political condition in the country.

The northern provinces of Africa have always been famous for heterodoxy. The native races, whom the Arabs, following the example of the Greeks and Romans, called Berbers or barbarians, because they could not understand their tongues, proved the hardest of conversion of all the peoples over whom the armies of Islam rolled in their great tide of conquest; and when Mohammedanism at last obtained a foothold among them

* *A Visit to Wazan, the Sacred City of Morocco.* By Robert Spence Watson. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

it forthwith developed a heresy. Thus the heterodox Fatimite sect was fostered in Barbary, till it grew into an empire, and subdued Egypt and Syria. So did Morocco bring forth the Almohade sect, and many other heresies found their cradle or their refuge among the credulous Berbers. One prophet or saint after another has led this superstitious people to conquest or destruction, and they have always been ready to believe in the next comer. In the present day the old feeling is as strong as ever, and the Moors have precisely the same abject reverence for their saints as they had in the days of the many Mahdis who from time to time imposed upon them. Every saintly family in Moslem countries naturally traces its descent from the prophet Mohammed, and as such assumes the title of Shereef or Cherif. We know these descendants of "the Seal of the Creation" all over the East by their green turbans, and marvel at the reproductive powers of one family. We have also heard of the Shereef of Morocco; indeed there have been two dynasties of these Shereefs, who have governed the country for the last three centuries and a half. But the present representative of this line, better known as Emperor or Sultan of Morocco than as Shereef, has lost most of his sacred attributes, and is become merely the tax-collector of his people. The real Shereef does not live at the capital nor holds any nominal power, but contents himself with the actual sovereignty involved in the absolute submission and enthusiastic devotion of the whole nation, and the homage of even far-distant lands:—

No duties, either political or religious, are involved in the dignity; it does not carry with it any distinguishing name or title [?]; and it does not immediately confer any authority. But the power which the great Cherif wields is substantial enough; the Emperor receives him, alone among men, as his equal, and appeals to him for assistance in times of difficulty; in cases of serious rebellion he has accomplished what an army of soldiers could not, the mere fact of his presence sufficing to put the insurgents to rout; and upon more than one occasion he has undertaken long and difficult journeys even to the Sahara itself to obtain the submission of some border chieftain who has been occasioning trouble to the reigning house. He is the object of pilgrimage from all parts of Northern Africa; Mohammedans have even travelled from India to obtain his blessing; and when the present bearer of the name made the journey to Mecca, he was even there the object of marked respect and veneration, the worshippers actually leaving the Kaaba to prostrate themselves before him."—Pp. 21–2.

The present great Shereef has done what his ancestor the Prophet would certainly have disowned him for doing—he has married an English lady. Mr. Watson is full of hope as to the influence of a refined Englishwoman on the future of Morocco, and no one can doubt at least the temporary importance of the Shereef's alliance. To Mr. Watson himself it had a peculiar value; for, after a charming visit to the great man and his English wife at their beautiful villa on the hills near Tangier, he received from the Shereef a letter of introduction, in which (as was discovered when the journey was over) the holy man, regardless of truth, had condescended to state that Mr. Watson was his wife's brother. The reputation of being brother-in-law to the Great Shereef would account for Mr. Watson's hospitable welcome among all classes, without presupposing any unusual kindness on the part of his entertainers. The Shereef, it must be observed, was not himself living at Wazan, but allowed his second son to act as his deputy; whilst he himself enjoyed his villas near Tangiers, and wore trousers, and sat upon chairs, and behaved generally as no respectable Moslem used to do in the golden prime of good Harun Alrashid.

Wazan itself is a modern creation. It does not rank among the famous cities of mediæval Morocco, but was established, or enlarged from villagedom, by the founder of the modern house of Shereefs, Abdallah, who died in 1675. He came of the old stock of the Edrisites, who were the leading family of Morocco in the earlier centuries after the Hegira. Mr. Watson was received at Wazan with great cordiality by the son of the Shereef, who acted for his absent father. The very first experiences were charming:—

A manly young fellow, with a kindly, open countenance, richly but simply dressed, apparently of about twenty-five years of age, came forward and shook hands with me warmly, and gave me a right hearty welcome. He led me at once to my room, filled with vases of sweet-smelling flowers; showed me the bath-room and other offices, which were admirably appointed; and, whilst my things were being carried in, called a slave, who brought us excellent coffee in exquisite china. My men were presented to him one by one, each kneeling and kissing his knees with much devotion. He then asked me at what hour I liked to dine, and left me to rest. But rest was out of the question. . . . My room was so charming and so curious —another of those long, narrow, windowless rooms, forty feet by fourteen, and very high, carpeted with layers of thick Moorish rugs, each of which was a marvel of art, and none of which belonged to the melancholy aniline-dye period; a low divan ran all round it, a divan of luxurious cushions, covered with delicate shawls; at one end was a low Moorish table of wonderful beauty, loaded with all manner of fragrant waters in silver flasks, pomades, and other toilet appliances; near it stood a great musical-box, and a kind of harmonium and organ combined—an instrument which could be played upon or which could be worked by a handle; at the other end, in a lovely Moorish recess, was the bed, with marvellous coverlids and pillows, almost too fairy-like for actual use; close to this stood a pedestal with admirable washing appliances, and a constantly-renewed supply of orange-flower water. On the floor lay a kind of mattrass for the noonday siesta. In the centre of the room there was a fine Moorish cushion, with an exquisite brass tray upon it, and a silver candlestick, with candle and matches, and a pretty bell. Above the divan the sides of the room were tiled for a couple of feet, and against the walls hung some of the most interesting specimens of firearms, swords, daggers, &c., which I have ever seen. The wooden roof or ceiling was specially beautiful—the groundwork a rich chocolate-brown, two beams sober olive-green, then one dull red, then the fourth light green, the fifth dull red, and so on. The doorway of the room was a fine horseshoe arch, richly tiled, over which three layers of curtains fell, or from which they were looped back, as you chose. The door itself was a good specimen of the best Moorish woodwork. You passed down one broad easy step into an alcove, twelve feet square, and carpeted with thick rugs. In it stood two chairs and a little table, which always held clear fresh water, olives, nuts, grapes, biscuits, scent, a gem of a bell, and a large bowl of lovely flowers. From this alcove four steps led down to a narrow terrace, which extends from the gate to the bath-room.—P. 179.

Beyond was the garden, richly laid out with flower-beds, and watered by a natural stream; and, further off, the view ranged over "a wide rich valley, with fine hills on either side, to the distant mountains, range rising over range, and with fine outlines, and an ever-changing play of colour which was simply fascinating."

Whatever we may think of bells and matches in a Moslem house, there can be no doubt that the reputed brother-in-law of the great Shereef had fallen on his feet. He passed three days of bliss in this paradise. He dressed for dinner in English black cloth to please his host, and pleased himself by admiring the picturesque attire of the young Shereef and his elder brother, and not least his secretary, who was something of a dandy. Great conversations were carried on between the Moors and their guest, and the young Shereef and his brother proved themselves to be men of intelligence and perception. The Shereef sang songs and played the organ, and then when "one or two saints dropped in" (as Mr. Watson puts it) the great operation of the day began. Slaves approached bearing a teapot and accessories. "The secretary first put in a quantity of green tea, and then filled the pot with loaf-sugar, afterwards letting the boiling water soak through it and fill up the interstices. When the sugar had melted he put a handful of sweet-scented geranium into the pot, and poured the tea into small Venetian-glass tumblers. The custom is to drink it with considerable noise, and to take three tumblers at each brewing." Mr. Watson went on a picnic one of these days, and lived to record that he got through fifteen tumblers of green tea in one wood, without counting coffee; another day he managed three cups of coffee and twelve tumblers of tea; and meanwhile was urged by his hospitable friends to eat beyond his ordinary capabilities of peculiarly rich food "cooked in argan oil," and such dishes as "a kind of ginger-bread floating in eggs, oil, and butter, and a delicious cake of forty-eight diamond-shaped macaroons, each with some kind of jelly inside." It is not recorded whether all the forty-eight disappeared, but enough is told to make it no matter for surprise that Mr. Watson was taken seriously ill on his return journey. The wonder is that he returned at all. During his stay with the Shereef he preserved his health marvellously, and contributed to the amusement of the party by such European novelties as magnesium wire, coloured fires, and the like. One of his presents was a stroke of genius, and had its reward:—

I had with me a number of children's india-rubber squeakers, and I armed each child, the secretary, Sûuci, all of the servants, and myself, with these, and we soon brought papa [the young Shereef] and all his suite to see whatever was going on, and thoroughly did they all enter into and enjoy the fun. Those squeakers proved quite irresistible. In the night I heard a loud squeal, and slipping out discovered behind a corner a solemn Moor half frightened and half ashamed. He had retired to enjoy his squeak all to himself in private, but had quite forgotten that it would not be a quiet squeak, and was trying in vain to stop it.—P. 240.

Mr. Watson's three days' stay at Wazan is an experience worth relating, and he has given a very good picture of the place and its courteous chief. It is not stated what the young Shereef remarked when he found out, after Mr. Watson's return to Tangier, that he was not the brother-in-law of the great Shereef after all. But probably Mr. Watson would have received much the same courtesy and hospitality without the deception, for which he was not responsible; and one reason for it would have been the fact that he treated the people of all classes as Christians and fellow-countrymen, not as dogs of Turks. One thing, at least, which his unpretending little story might teach, if it has not much else to impart, is the sorely needed lesson of commonly considerate behaviour on the part of travellers *in partibus infidelium*.

THE POET AND THE MUSE.*

IT is not necessarily untrue because it is trite, that the value of a book is not always to be ascertained by the use of a pair of scales. Mr. Pollock's little book presents itself in the form of a pamphlet only. Perhaps with a little attention to what Mr. Carlyle would call the Coarse Arts of book-making, it need not have done so. Most experienced reviewers of minor poetry can remember dozens of volumes of "Musings" and "Evening Rambles," and so forth, which, by dint of stout cloth boards, thick paper, bold type, and plentiful half-titles, have assumed a tolerably portly appearance without containing more matter than the pamphlet before us. In any case, however, *The Poet and the Muse* could hardly rest its case on bulk. But it is, in the first place, a remarkably adventurous and a remarkably successful attempt to give letters of English naturalization to a poet who has, especially of late years, had scant justice done to him in England. And, in the second place, it seems well suited for the purpose of filling a gap which exists at present among us, and which seems to demand that it should be filled. As a version of Alfred de Musset it is very good; as a specimen of English dramatic versification adapted

* *The Poet and the Muse.* Being a Version of Alfred de Musset's "La Nuit de Mai," "La Nuit d'Août," and "La Nuit d'Octobre. With an Introduction. By Walter Herries Pollock. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1880.

to the purpose of exercising aspirants to the poetical drama, it is perhaps better still. No one who is at all interested either in matters dramatic or in matters literary is ignorant that there have been lately great searchings of heart for this said poetical drama. We have a few—a very few—writers who can write it; we have a certain number of spectators who would go to see and hear it; but have we actors to act it? The question is rather a ticklish one, and, instead of attempting to answer it directly, perhaps we had better say that, if we are to have actors who are to speak blank verse properly, there must be blank verse by which they can be educated to speak it. Entire plays are practically useless for such a purpose; excerpted scenes are not much better, and have the drawback of being excerpts, and therefore in a manner mutilated; single *tirades* encourage monotonous declamation instead of acting. These versions, the originals of which it need hardly be said often receive stage interpretation in France, seem to be excellently fitted for the purpose, and we scarcely know anything else lately written that is so fitted.

The peculiar dramatic "virtue" of Alfred de Musset is indeed one of the most remarkable things in recent French literature. Not merely did he actually produce dramas which, small as is their scale, are probably the best dramatic compositions of the time, but even his non-dramatic work is saturated with the dramatic spirit. His narrative poetry constantly turns and twists itself into dramatic forms, such, for instance, as the famous and magnificent *tirade* in *Rolla* beginning

> Et que nous reste-t-il à nous, les déicides?

The narrative itself is couched (as in the lines of this very *Nuit d'Octobre*, "C'était, il me souvient . . .") in the consecrated forms of recital employed on the French stage ever since Jodelle and Garnier borrowed them from Euripides and Seneca. Had the temperament and circumstances of the poet been somewhat different, he might have attempted the poetical drama on a great scale, and could hardly have failed to produce masterpieces. For, if he falls short, as he certainly does, of Corneille and Hugo in the great and terrible, he has corresponding advantages. The sense of humour, for instance—necessary perhaps to the tragedian, more even than to the writer of comedies—must be acknowledged not to be the strong point of either of the great dramatists just mentioned; but Musset has it. His evident tendency, too, to break through the fatal stays and padding which had encased the French drama, joined to his extraordinary facility and fluency in half-pedestrian versification, might have had full scope given to it in the romantic drama. This was not to be; but at any rate we have the *Comédies*, and the *Proverbes*, and the *Nuits* to tell us what might have been.

We shall not apologize for keeping Mr. Pollock waiting during this preliminary disquisition, because the importance and interest of his "Specimens of Poetical Dialogue," as we feel rather inclined to call them, are intimately connected therewith. Mr. Pollock has taken the first, the third, and the fourth of the four *Nuits*, omitting the second, the *Nuit de Décembre*. This, as he says, justly enough, is cast "in a method entirely different from that of the other three." The fact is that the *Décembre*, though perhaps the most beautiful of the series, is not only not dramatic in form, but is purely poetical, and not in the least dramatic either in conception or execution. Its identity of title with the others can only be regarded as an accident. By way of striking the keynote of the three pieces intelligibly to those who know little of Musset, Mr. Pollock has prefixed a poetical introduction of a couple of pages, which gives a very good "character" of the poet in the seventeenth-century acceptation of the word, and may be said to have something of the features of the Euripidean introductory speech. This is in blank verse, and so are the versions themselves. Mr. Pollock apologizes for this on the ground that he "found he could, to his thinking, catch more of the spirit of the original" in blank verse than in an exact reproduction of the rhymes and of the actual metres of the French. There is little doubt that he is right—at least if the contention which we have advanced, that the *Nuits* are essentially, if not entirely, dramatic in execution as well as in spirit be sustainable. For that blank verse, and blank verse only, is the medium of dramatic writing in English is a question settled long since by the amplest and most patient combination of argument and experience. In French, from the orthoepic peculiarities of the language, blank verse is an impossibility, and more or less varied rhyme is the only alternative to the descent into actual prose. In translating the *Nuits* into blank verse, therefore, Mr. Pollock has sacrificed the accidental letter to the essential spirit. And his blank verse is very good blank verse, as the following specimen will show:—

THE POET.

> How dark the valley lies! Methought I saw
> A veiled form leave the meadow, and flit forth
> Among the trees, and with a lightsome step
> Disturb the grass. It was a fantasy
> That dream-like passed and vanished into air.

THE MUSE.

> Take thy lute, Poet. Night upon the lawn
> Rocks in its perfumed veil the zephyr's breath;
> The maiden rose shuts on the burnished drone
> Drunk with her sweets, and dies upon a kiss.
> Silence is lord. Think, Poet, of thy love.
> To-night beneath the lime-trees' darkling arms
> The dying sun's farewell is passing sweet;
> To-night immortal nature brings again
> Her dearest perfumes for the whispered love
> That waits upon the bridals of the spring.

This is not merely of the right dramatic stamp, but it avoids the fault which some writers who have mastered certain of Shakspeare's cadences often fall into—the fault of ringing too few changes. Here is another of a different kind:—

> How shouldst thou value life's delights, if thou
> Hadst never known the pain that is their price?
> How shouldst thou love the garden-scented breeze,
> The birds' rejoicing anthem, and the arts
> That lend a grace to Nature, if through all
> Thou didst not hear the echo of past sighs?
> The heaven's illimitable harmony,
> The silence of the night, the murmuring flood—
> How shouldst thou love all these, unless thy pain
> Had made thee long for an eternal rest?
> What, then, is thy lament? Immortal hope
> Should spring in thee from sorrow. Wherefore hate
> Thy young experience, or deplore an ill
> From which is born thy better, wiser self?
> My child, keep pity for that faithless one
> Whose beauty caused thy tears—for she it was
> Who showed thee Sorrow's road to happiness.
> She loved thee; but the Fates had chosen her
> To bring thee face to face with life's intent.

A glance at the original of either of these will show that Mr. Pollock has not aimed at anything like a literal rendering; that he has, in his own words, endeavoured to produce "a version rather than a translation." We are not sure that we should not call it a paraphrase rather than a version. In the speech of the *Nuit d'Octobre*, for instance, from which our last specimen is taken, there are in the original seventy-two verses; Mr. Pollock has contented himself with forty. Much of the difference, it is true, may be accounted for by simple, deliberate omission in which we think the translator was fully justified; for in this particular poem there is a certain amount of base metal mingled with the gold. But, even where Mr. Pollock has not actually struck out passages, he has often taken the license of compressing, expanding, and correcting. He has justified himself in so doing by translating faithfully when he chooses, and thereby clearing himself from the charge of incapacity so to translate. For instance, here is the French of the first seven lines of the Muse's speech in our first quotation:—

> Poëte, prends ton luth; la nuit sur la pelouse
> Balance le zéphyr dans son voile odorant.
> La rose, vierge encore, se referme jalouse
> Sur le frelon nacré qu'elle enivre en mourant.
> Ecoute! tout se tait; songe à ta bien-aimée.
> Ce soir, sous les tilleuls, à la sombre ramée
> Le rayon du couchant laisse un adieu plus doux.

Here the sternest literalist can hardly propose any alteration, except perhaps the substitution of "Listen! all's still," for the loose and somewhat conventional "Silence is lord." Elsewhere the alterations show care rather than indolence, as where Mr. Pollock has substituted "her new-born calf" for Musset's "ses faons sont nouveau-nés," and where he has drawn his pen through "Titarèse" and "Oloossone" and the other frippery of the original allusion to Greece in the same poem (the *Nuit de Mai*). We believe, indeed, that the hind does, in rare cases, drop doublets; but Musset is much more likely to have been ignorant of the rule than aware of the exception. But, in his attempt to follow Hugo in loading his verse with sounding proper names, Mr. Pollock has very wisely declined to follow him. Within that circle none can walk without stumbling save the wizard who drew it.

We have said that we are especially glad to welcome this little book as a tribute to the excellence of a poet who has been somewhat ill-treated in England. When Musset lived and wrote, it was chiefly an article of faith with us that there were no French poets, save perhaps Lamartine and Béranger. We have changed all that in the last twenty years; but most of those who have helped to bring the change about have not been well disposed to Musset. They have for the most part been "sealed of the tribe of Hugo," and the tribe of Hugo have never been friendly to the poet for whom others, if not himself, would lay claim to a position alongside of their idol. It is very noteworthy that Mr. Swinburne, whose poetical charity is generally wide, has spoken of Musset, and perhaps of Musset alone among poets of distinctly high rank, with contempt and injustice. Moreover, if there had not been this personal element in the matter there have been other reasons for depreciation. Musset's Byronism is undeniable, and Byronism has not been popular in England lately. Moreover, the pupil imitates the master not merely in certain silly and irritating affectations of manner, but also in wilful disregard of the niceties of poetical form. His exquisite ear and his admirable lyrical talent save him indeed from Byron's worst faults. But still no expert in French prosody, or in the French poetical lexicon, would attempt to deny that Musset's verse frequently seems limp and shapeless beside the bronze of Hugo and the alabaster of Gautier. Nevertheless, no sound and catholic criticism can attempt or desire to depreciate his merits. Putting aside the extraordinary dramatic faculty of which enough has been said, he had yet qualities enough to furnish forth a poet of any but the very first class. Nothing of the kind excels the throbbing passion of "L'Andalouse" or the half-inarticulate melody of "A Saint-Blaise, à la Zuecca." No one, except Heine only, has better mixed playfulness and pathos. Above all, no one has a better right to use his own words:—"Je veux quand on m'a lu qu'on puisse me relire." This is exactly what can be done with Musset. His pages can be turned over night and day with pleasure when the higher and more sculpturesque poetry would

be something of an oppression, and perhaps, though it be blasphemy to say it, something of a bore. With much that is absurd, there is also something that is sound, in M. Taine's famous parallel criticism of Musset and Mr. Tennyson, and the soundness is perhaps best expressed in the concluding words of it—"J'aime mieux Alfred de Musset." We do not lay stress on the comparative, but only on the verb. A certain feeling of affection for the poet and the poetry is unavoidable; and this, if it be not the highest (and it probably is not), is a very high claim to a great poetical position. As a tribute to this position, and an effort to get it recognized in England, these versions deserve a hearty welcome, and worthily complete Mr. Pollock's capital lecture on Musset delivered and published a year or two ago.

ATKINSON'S ART IN GERMANY.*

MR. ATKINSON tells us, in a short preface to his work, that he does not "attempt more than a broad sketch of the varied phases assumed by German art during the present century." He has aimed, he says, not at an exhaustive compilation, but rather at a simple record of his own observations during a period of more than thirty years; and in his book he fulfils consistently the promise thus given. He speaks throughout from personal and careful examination of the things he writes about, and completely avoids the tone of dogmatism which is, and it is to be hoped will remain, the special property of the affected school. Mr. Atkinson tells us what he thinks, but he does not tell us that we are all to think exactly as he does if we do not wish to write ourselves down asses, and though he constantly uses the first person, he uses it simply and naturally. It is possible to disagree with him on many points, as it necessarily must be in the case of a book which covers so much ground; but it is not likely that any one who reads his pages will feel that irritation which a certain class of contemporary writing on art is apt to cause to people who have not thrown in their lot with the lilies and languors of æstheticism.

Mr. Atkinson's opening chapter, or introduction, aims at taking "a general view of the wide and discursive subject, which will be treated in the sequel in detail." His following chapters deal with special localities and with the artists who in each case are associated with them. Each chapter is complete in itself, and instead of seeking some means of making an artificial connexion between them, the author has made it his business in the prefatory chapter to bring "materials somewhat scattered into a collective whole." He traces, that is, the various forms of art which he afterwards describes, to the common origins which observation and reflection have led him to assign to them. He begins by pointing out the fallacy of the argument by which "certain races are tacitly assumed to be æsthetic, and therefore to have given birth to art; and then, again, when certain arts are found to exist, it is inferred that the resident races must be eminently artistic." This, he points out justly enough, amounts to arguing in a circle. It might evidently, Mr. Atkinson continues, "be more to the purpose to consider whether there had not been operative anterior circumstances and causes which made the races what they are; whether, in fact, favouring climate, beauty in outward nature, and ease and luxury of life, had not been, indeed, the primary and generating source of art." In several instances which occur far later on in the book, Mr. Atkinson is, as it seems to us, led away into making somewhat strained applications of this theory, and notably so in the case of the change which he traces in the style of M. Munkacsy; but the main position which he takes up in the chapter from which we quote is certainly sensible and consistent enough. He goes on to say that

> the whole question, in fact, of the relation between ethnology and art is beset, as already said, with doubt and difficulty; so fundamental a point, for instance, as whether the collective art of the whole world, civilized and uncivilized, can have come from one source and can claim a common parentage, or whether it sprang from distinct races and was evolved at distant centres, Germany being one, will perhaps never be determined. The inquiry, as before remarked, becomes in Central Europe the more complex and confused because circumstances have formed the races, and the races in turn have determined the circumstances, and neither alone, but both conjoined, have conspired to fashion what is termed the national art.

Mr. Atkinson goes on to give an account of the many and various causes which he thinks have been at work in producing the phases of art with which his volume deals. His views as to this are in some points open to question, and his stay in Germany seems here and there to have affected his style in writing English; but his closing observations on the connexion between pictorial art and literature strike us as being sound and good.

The author's second chapter, headed "The Rise in Rome," deals with the movement begun "some sixty years ago by a small company of German painters, of whom Cornelius and Overbeck were guiding spirits," and with its antecedents and sequel. Mr. Atkinson divides "the German manifestation," as he calls it, into three periods—the first, or classic period, identified with Raphael Mengs, who went to Rome in 1741; the second beginning with the arrival in Rome of Cornelius, Overbeck, and others; and the third beginning about 1830 and coming down to the present day. "This," says the author, "came as a reaction, and even as a revenge, on what had gone before. Cornelius and Overbeck had flown into the sky; hence the desire was felt for a return to a firm footing on mother earth." Of the German colony at Rome in the time of Overbeck Mr. Atkinson gives an interesting account, and he draws a curious parallel between German and English pre-Raffaellitism. The chapter comes down to the present day, and the chief illustration chosen for it is from Mr. Heilbuth's admirable picture "At the Villa Borghese." The second chapter, headed "Munich," contains, amongst other things, an interesting account of a visit to the late Herr Kaulbach's studio, and deals at considerable length with the system of Herr Piloty, the present Director of the Munich Academy. The author sums up his practice and teaching as follows:—"First, the choice of a subject noble in thought; second, the theme selected to be suited to pictorial treatment." Here, Mr. Atkinson justly observes, is a blow aimed at a mistake which is still too common, despite the teaching of the "Laocoon," that "what is good in poetry must be equally good in painting, whereas the two sister arts come into the world under different conditions. Lastly, the theme having been suitably selected, it remains for the artist, by means of form, by effect of light and shade, and by all possible power of *technique* and *éclat* of colour, to exalt its import to the uttermost." To this Mr. Atkinson adds some remarks upon Herr Piloty's own work, in the course of which he describes the startling effect produced by the diamond in the finger ring of the dead Wallenstein—an effect gained by "the laying on of white in absolute alto-relievo"—but seems to avoid committing himself to any decided opinion as to the value of this method, as employed here and in another picture of which he gives a description. Later on the writer has some remarks which strike us as particularly valuable on a recent development of art fancies, of which he speaks with special reference to Munich, but which is not confined by any means to the Munich school. He quotes from a letter of Mr. Compton's, who says that in 1869, when he first went to Munich, "there was much more of the classicist school in the upper walks of art," and goes on to observe the present preponderance of "technical tricks and pictorial peculiarities" in historic pictures, and the tendency to servile literalism in what are called *genre* pictures. Mr. Compton believes that "the universal recourse to photography by landscape and *genre* artists is at the bottom of a great deal of the heartless realism so much in vogue." Perhaps Mr. Atkinson is a trifle imprudent in quoting, as if it were an undeniable fact, a statement made by his correspondent as to M. Meissonier's and M. Pasini's (mis-spelt Passini's) method of working; but this does not affect the general question of the mania for microscopic pictures which Mr. Atkinson is, to our thinking, right enough in condemning. An instance of the extravagant lengths to which this has gone is given in a letter from another correspondent, Mr. Folingsby, who writes that "nearly all the young artists here paint very small pictures" (to supply the demand created by the passion for Meissoniers), "and to make their work pay, as prices are very low, they generally steal the composition from some old engraving or modern photograph, trusting that it may pass without detection through the difference of handling and colour." One may perhaps allow for the case being a little overstated, but the illustrations which follow are striking and deplorable enough. Mr. Folingsby relates how a clever and distinguished artist in Munich, accustomed to paint on large canvases, satirized the mania for tiny ones by painting and heavily framing a picture exactly the size of a lucifer-match box, which was exhibited, and at once bought by a dealer. This story is, however, surpassed by that of a rich collector in Berlin, who "has sent orders to nearly all the painters of name here in Munich to paint him a picture for the frame which he sends with his order." This frame was one of the silver-gilt buckles formerly worn as hat-bands by the peasants of Bavaria. Comment, as the writer of the letter observes, is needless. This is, of course, only one aspect of the school in connexion with which it happens to be mentioned, and, equally of course, it is not peculiar to one city more than to another. Nor can we quite agree with what seems to be the opinion of Mr. Atkinson's correspondent, that the master is to be held accountable for the excesses of his unsought disciples. "Decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile." M. Meissonier, Señor Domingo, and other painters of mark who have shown that they can paint microscopic figures on microscopic canvases and yet retain their breadth and power of touch, are surely not more to blame than are poets, actors, or musicians, whose success is closely associated with their own bent of genius, and whose unwholesome imitators strive to copy the outward peculiarities of their model, but cannot come near the spirit which has given these their only value. Their case is indeed precisely that of the false herald in *Quentin Durward*, and it is perhaps not an unmixed blessing that our present customs prevent their sharing the fate which overtook him.

The Munich School occupies two chapters in Mr. Atkinson's volume, and he gives the two following ones to Düsseldorf, in the course of which he makes a curious reference to "the relation which I conceive exists between the spiritual phases of German art and the teachings of Swedenborg." What Mr. Atkinson advances here is, we think, fantastic, if ingenious, and is perhaps somewhat out of keeping with the generally plain-sailing plan of his work. But it is contained in a few lines only, and is put forward with the same absence of dogmatism or tiresome insistance of which we have already spoken. In the succeeding chapter on Berlin, Mr. Atkinson recurs to a subject which has been dwelt upon in a preceding chapter, that of the "Wasserglas" process for frescoes;

* *The Schools of Modern Art in Germany.* By J. Beavington Atkinson, Author of "An Art Tour to Northern Capitals," &c. With numerous Illustrations. London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.

and it may be convenient to take his observations together. In one of his Munich chapters he gives the result of Herr Piloty's experiments in this matter. The Director of the Munich Academy has never painted in fresco, believing *Wasserglas* to be much better, especially as regards permanence; he thinks it will resist all influences of climate, and gives the case of a *Wasserglas* picture at the top of the Munich Academy remaining exposed to all weathers without injury for six years. He himself finds the process easy and agreeable. He does not use the silica on the palette, but mixes his colours with distilled water. When the picture is finished, it is rendered impervious and imperishable by having the "liquid flint" squirted over its surface. Herr Piloty believes that in the case of the Maclise wall-paintings at Westminster too much of this liquid was thrown on, so that, "instead of being absorbed into the cement, it came out as a cloud, which did not reveal, but obscured, Nelson and Wellington." Further, he mentions vaguely certain recent improvements, and "is convinced that a great future is opening for these new processes." At Berlin Mr. Atkinson again found the *Wasserglas* process in use, in rivalry with the older fresco method. He sums up the question at this point by saying, "I have never seen in Germany either in fresco, water-glass, tempera, or encaustic, a picture comparable in quality to a pure and simple Italian fresco of the good old time. Kaulbach's water-glass pictures have proved enduring; I have never detected the slightest traces of decay; and when I saw them the other day the composition first completed was as fresh as the last." The writer goes on to point out the indubitable importance of a close and careful inquiry into the relative merits of the various processes.

Mr. Atkinson's volume covers, as may have been guessed from what we have said of it, a great deal of ground, and it is impossible in a review to follow him over more than a limited amount of it. Its value as a book of reference is enhanced by the index given at the end, and its illustrations have been selected with good and catholic taste.

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.*

MR. PAYN'S fertility of invention and freshness of style are wonderful. There are writers equally industrious, who are coming continually before the public with no very conspicuous deterioration in the quality of their work. But, though occasionally they show sparks of the ancient fire, they have nevertheless settled down to the steady paces of the hack who sets himself seriously to grinding through a regular routine. Everybody knows the style, of course. You can give a shrewd guess at the cast of a plot which repeats itself with slight and immaterial variations, and possibly you admire the practised art with which your old acquaintance makes familiar ideas assume agreeable airs of originality. We are far from asserting that Mr. Payn is invariably equal to himself at his best. This would be asking too much of any man who writes so much and writes so readily. But we always take up one of his novels with the assurance that it will contain light and lively or exciting reading. He understands the judicious use of strong sensation; and, indeed, he seems sometimes inclined to abuse sensation, in the conviction that he can make improbabilities appear plausible to his readers. For he is a man who is well acquainted with the world, and accordingly he avoids those grotesque extravagances which enliven the fictions of Ouida and her imitators. His books must be rapidly written, yet they are always carefully thought out; and, although the piecing together of his incidents may be strained here and there, the workmanship has more than a show of solidity. Sometimes he has a genuinely brilliant conception, as in *By Proxy*, which is decidedly the best of his recent novels; and the same story exhibits that gift of an active imagination which can give shape and realistic colouring to the phantoms he has conjured up. For, while we have no reason to believe that Mr. Payn has ever gone on an exploring expedition in the interior of China, yet in *By Proxy* he has depicted the Celestials and their country with the well-informed confidence of a leisurely traveller. But perhaps what is most pleasing in his books is their sparkle. He is continually making somebody say a good thing, and somebody else tell a capital story, while he has the knack of turning even commonplace sentences in a manner that carries one easily along from incident to incident. So that professional critics have reason to be grateful to a writer who turns what is too often a drudgery into relief and recreation.

As for this story of the *Confidential Agent*, without vying in brilliancy or originality with *By Proxy*, it is nevertheless above the author's average handiwork. It is thrilling enough in all conscience, though it must be confessed that it draws somewhat freely on our credulity. But we can recall very few of Mr. Payn's books in which there are happier sketches of character in more agreeable variety. There is a little household in a modest little suburban residence at No. 7 Cavendish Grove, which, in the judicious blending of its ingredients, has the piquancy of a well-compounded salad. The master is Mr. Durham, affectionately known as "Uncle Stephen," an elderly gentleman of easy means and extensive and very miscellaneous erudition. He can talk on most subjects, and talk well; and the more recondite the subjects, the more he shines. And, remembering that it is Mr. Payn who is speaking through Mr. Durham's mouth, we are reminded of the stores of promiscuous reading on which the novelist can draw. At home under Uncle Stephen's roof is his nephew, Matthew Helston, the hero of the startling adventure which is to hold us in suspense to the last. Helston is scarcely formed to shine in general society, and he is more likely to go to the wall in the struggle of life than to push his way to position and a fortune. Yet he has genius of a kind, and intense self-conviction of it; and, in spite of his reserve and self-concentration, he is the sort of man to whom we can understand a woman being devotedly attached. The author takes considerable trouble in analysing Helston's temperament, and in bringing out some of the less salient features of his character, with an eye to the trials he is destined to undergo. Subsequently we discern that each of these seemingly trivial touches has its special object, and is intended to explain the different circumstances that deepen the mystery which the novel is to clear up. Helston is a dreamer, a thinker, and an enthusiast; in his obstinate determination to follow the bent of his inclinations he has chosen to quarrel with his bread and butter; and he is possessed with a passion for mechanical invention which even his love for his wife cannot altogether exorcise. Like the abstracted Warner in Lord Lytton's *Last of the Barons*, he has put his whole soul and something more than his spare capital into a marvellous piece of mechanism which is to make the fortune of its master. And having hitherto wasted time, money, and opportunities, and been balked of his most cherished aspirations, and reduced to accept a situation which he considers humiliating, he is naturally embittered. Consequently in his moods of irritation and depression he indulges in language which is remembered to his disadvantage under circumstances of suspicion. Yet, if Matthew Helston had fully realized his domestic blessings, he must have known himself to be one of the most fortunate of men. Mrs. Helston—"Sabey," as she is called in the family—is perfectly charming. Or at least we should have been ready to pronounce her perfect, had it not been for the presence of a sister, who is also a member of Mr. Durham's family. Amy Thurlow, in the sweetness and light of her disposition, sets off her sister's graver, if not more sterling, qualities. Amy earns her bread as a day governess, and so far we are inclined to be prejudiced against her. For we generally suspect the governess of fiction of being strong-minded and something of a feminine prig; showing more than a glimpse of a pair of blue stockings between an aggressively looped-up petticoat and a pair of double-soled walking boots. But Amy Thurlow is nothing of the sort. She is pretty, of course, with a graceful figure; she is thoroughly feminine in every word and thought and gesture; she is ready of wit, and full of playfulness; and yet, as she has afterwards many opportunities of showing, she has extraordinary capacity for action and endurance. We fancy at first that Amy is rather throwing herself away on the young lawyer living next door, to whom she has plighted her hand and troth, and with whom she has arranged to communicate by a code of floral signals. In this private edition of the "Language of Flowers," a rose thrown over the garden-wall is tantamount to asking, "May I drop in to supper?" while keeping the flower, instead of tossing it back again, is the silence that eloquently infers assent. But the shrewd and undemonstrative Mr. Barlow grows upon us as the story develops. He not merely displays the intelligence which should ensure success in his profession, but also shows a generous appreciation of uncongenial character which argues a latent chivalry in his own disposition.

All these good people are set in violent agitation by the incident which turns the paradise of No. 7 into a purgatory, under prolonged tortures of anxiety and suspense. Matthew Helston suddenly disappears, leaving not a trace behind him, or at least nothing but those "clues" which prove delusive to the most experienced detectives. In fact, this reserved, quiet-mannered man had been discharging duties which exposed him periodically to great danger, and which might gravely compromise his character at any time. He is the confidential agent of the great firm of Messrs. Star and Signet, the famous jewellers, and it was his business to have the occasional custody of the diamonds of some of the firm's wealthy clients; for there are ladies, as we learn, like Lady Pargiter of Moor Street, Mayfair, who never can go to bed with easy minds with their precious *parures* in their own repositories. So, when Lady Pargiter came home from fluttering through a round of entertainments, Mr. Matthew Helston was understood to be in waiting to relieve her of her diamonds in exchange for a receipt. These visits were of frequent recurrence; generally they took place towards three o'clock in the morning; and it was not unnatural that the "agent" should become an object of attention to the gangs of watchful confederates who get a living by swindling and robbery. In expectation of an attack which he had always apprehended, Matthew Helston went armed with a revolver; and, by way of further safeguard, was driven by a cabman whom he knew, and believed to be trustworthy. One night Helston actually did disappear, the honest cabman coming back to tell a story which was flatly contradicted by Lady Pargiter, whom it concerned. When a gentleman vanishes with 25,000*l.* worth of jewelry which does not belong to him, the natural inference must be that his honesty has succumbed to temptation. It is one of those cases where *les absents ont toujours tort*, and suspicions gather thickly round Matthew Helston. Damning circumstances, too, conspire to blast his character. A young woman in whom he has been mysteriously and secretly interested is traced to the Continent, in the company

* *A Confidential Agent.* By James Payn, Author of "By Proxy," &c. London: Chatto & Windus. 1880.

of a man who answers precisely to Helston's description, and has been seen endeavouring to dispose of valuable diamonds which in all respects resemble the missing gems. Even worthy Uncle Stephen, though in distress and self-reproach, is driven over to the side of the majority who have made up their minds as to Helston's guilt. In fact, Helston has but two believers left who refuse to hear a syllable to his disadvantage, and these are his wife and his loving sister-in-law. That his wife should cling to her firm faith in him in the face of apparently inexorable facts is natural enough; but Amy Thurlow's affectionate trustfulness rises to sublimity. She does not blink the facts that form the chain of circumstantial evidence; she admits their seeming cogency to dispassionate judges; she even sorrowfully does Uncle Stephen the justice of acknowledging that he could hardly help himself in abandoning faith in his nephew. Nevertheless, for her all that evidence goes for nothing when set against her knowledge of the missing man. He is simply incapable of breach of trust and robbery; he could not have the heart to play his wife false; he may be dead, and Amy will always honour his memory; but, if he is alive, he must be confined somewhere in durance. In either case, the elucidation of the truth can only be for the benefit of the missing man, and so she continues with unflagging zeal to animate the amateur and professional detectives. In a trying and highly-wrought scene she breaks with her lover, though feeling all the time that she is wrecking her prospects of happiness. Of course her self-sacrificing constancy has its reward, and the novel ends as happily as it began. But we shall not forestall the interest of the story by telling how and where Helston was discovered; or by clearing up those mysteries attending his disappearance which seemed to blast his character beyond possibility of rehabilitation.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

II.

AMONG the large illustrated books which contain panoramas of foreign countries, *Switzerland; its Scenery and People* (Blackie and Sons, London) seems one of the most commendable. The text is translated and adapted by Mr. Chisholm from the German of Dr. Gsell-Fels. The designs, by German artists, represent landscapes, groups of peasantry, street scenes, and historical events. Portraits of eminent natives of Switzerland are also given, and the majority of the drawings are simple in style and carefully engraved. The tinted woodcuts have a livid and unpleasant colour in some cases; but the smaller woodcuts, plainly printed, are almost models of what this kind of work should be. The view of the Federal Council Hall, Bern, is stiff and has the cold, harsh tones of a pictorial advertisement. On the other hand, many of the vignettes of architecture and of mountain forms, with the sketches of the industries and amusements of the Swiss, are accurate, and completely succeed in attaining their modest purpose. The letterpress is replete with information, and the book would be very readable if it were not a "tablebook."

The Magazine of Art (Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.) is a very varied miscellany. With pretty taste, the obituary notices of dead artists are called "bundles of rue." Short biographies of living artists are illustrated with portraits, drawn on wood. "Pictures of the year" are criticized, and here we have slight sketches like those in Mr. Blackburn's Catalogues. Mr. Soden Smith contributes papers on a pleasant topic, the "Vicissitudes of Art Treasures." It is always pleasant to read about *trouvailles* of buried gold, and here are pictures of the articles recovered, such as the crown of King Rescesvinthus, found by moonlight in the bed of a Spanish mountain torrent. The story recalls the scene in the *Idyls of the King* where Arthur finds the coronet of diamonds on the skull of a king slain long ago. The crown, with others found in the same hoard, is in the Maison Cluny. There are other interesting papers on Needlework, on the Art of Illuminating, on the Ruskin Museum, and similar topics. The book is full of pleasant reading and respectable en-

Mr. Caldecott has chosen this year to adorn the *Song of Six-* ith his humorous and charming designs (Routledge and Sons). Nothing can exceed the enthusiasm of the huntsmen as they start in pink from a pink Georgian mansion. They all blow big horns in the avenue; and, in short, are so obstreperous that they never find a fox. They have adventures with scarecrows, children, and young lovers, whom they misconceive in the manner of Don Quixote:—

> They hunted and they hollo'd, and the first thing they did find,
> Was a tatter't boggart, in a field, and that they left behind,
> Look ye there!
> One said it was a boggart, and another he said "Nay;
> It's just a ge'man farmer, that has gone and lost his way."
> Look ye there!

The *Song of Sixpence* is more familiar; and the children, the old labourer, the royal household, the childish King and Queen, the pretty maid, and the gallant grenadier are all drawn with much humour and originality. The prettiest scene represents a boy and a little girl catching blackbirds in a trap on a snowy day.

A readable introduction to Norse mythology is very much needed. Yet *Asgard and the Gods* (Adapted from Wagner by M. W. Macdowall. Swan Sonnenschein and Allen) is scarcely the book we desire. It is meant for boys and girls, apparently, but the language is too stilted. "According to Germanic intuition, Life and Nature formed the basis of the existence and action of these divinities." What does a child know about "Germanic intuition"? The author cannot tell the good old tales in a plain, straightforward style, but must drag in his moral reflections and the facile commonplaces about "the beneficent god of summer conquering the destructive tempest with his own weapons." There is nothing more tedious than the eternal repetition of these explanations, which we believe to be entirely erroneous. Our knowledge of Norse mythology, of its component parts, and of the processes by which ideas, possibly Christian, got blended with older and even with savage myths, is at present very imperfect. For children, the stories should be told as stories simply, without "oppositions of science, falsely so-called," without the introduction of hypotheses which are beginning to be tried and found wanting. It is only by agile skipping that a boy or girl will get pleasure out of *Asgard and the Gods*.

Men of Mark (Photographed from life by Lock and Whitfield. Sampson Low).—The "Men of Mark" seem to be chosen in a very haphazard fashion; but, such as they are, their portraits are startlingly faithful, though few among them seem to have troubled themselves to make an agreeable impression. Canon Liddon, however, is at his very pleasantest; an amusing recollection at the critical moment has proved too much for Sir Julius Benedict; while Mr. Alma-Tadema is gazing with incredulous horror at something which, could we see it, would doubtless prove to be an introduction of Gothic details into a Roman interior. A careful observer of character will easily read between the lines, and discover from the sit of the coat and the way the whiskers are trimmed to whom the admiration of society is dear, and who is content with merely being comfortable. Mr. Browning is far more recognizable than in the fine painting of him now exhibited by Mr. Watts in the Hanover Gallery, and we shall all welcome with pleasure the excellent portrait of Mr. Tom Taylor.

Elfin Hollow (F. Scarlett Potter. S.P.C.K.)—The art of the country stands a bad chance when children are brought up on such terrific pictures as are scattered freely through *Elfin Hollow*; and of all branches of art the drawing of the figure is in most danger. Animals are sometimes decently drawn, and landscapes are occasionally tolerable; but the unfortunate specimens of humanity have their arms and legs distorted in such a manner as to make them only fit for a Cripples' Home, while the expression of their faces would be considered vacant in an Asylum for Idiots. The unhappy reader is never allowed to forget or ignore these monstrosities, for his attention is constantly being called to them in the letterpress. "In the picture you see a lady who has been caught in a thunderstorm, galloping across a common"—we should have said it was a Burmese jungle. "Look at the picture opposite" is again remarked, and, lacking the strength of mind to divert our eyes, we behold an infant in a cradle which is surrounded by rolling clouds of fire and smoke, like what we generally associate with painted windows and the apotheosis of Elijah. "You may look at Peter's wife in the picture on the preceding page, and see whether she is a person into whose hands you would like to fall." She is not indeed. The story, which is a mixture of childish adventures and talk about beasts, is not much more entertaining than the art.

His Father; or, a Mother's Legacy (S. K. Hocking, F.R.H.S. Warne and Co.)—This book has many peculiarities, among which may be reckoned the title. The hero, Harry Thorne, is the son of a worthless and drunken father, who has deserted him, and on her death-bed his mother begs the boy to look after the parent if they ever meet. This they do in Wales, where Harry is living with his grandfather in peace. He is kidnapped, and made to lead a wandering wretched life for many years, though he never yields to the temptations around him. Then the father has an accident, and Harry takes advantage of this to induce his grandfather to receive them both. In the course of time we are told "all misunderstanding" between Owen Thorne and his father-in-law "had been smoothed away"; which, considering that the former had robbed and twice tried to murder the latter, says a good deal for the old gentleman. Harry becomes an artist; and one day, hanging about his own picture at the Academy—as artists so invariably do in novels, and never in real life—he comes across the object of his early affections, and all are happy for ever after. The illustrations to this book are almost worse than any we have seen yet. In p. 147 there is one called "Harry rescues Douglas," in which a tall boy is standing in a shallow pond, with the water not up to his knees, holding up a yet taller lad. In the letterpress this act is described at much length. We are told that the heroic rescuer "struck out," and contrived to get the drowning boy to the bank, "how he never knew." *Solvitur ambulando.* They walked ashore.

Tim Trumble's Little Mother (C. L. Mateaux. Cassell).—It seems odd that in writing this pretty little story the author should have thought it necessary to interpolate, chapter by chapter, the account of a nest of small birds, which has little or no connexion with the human part of the tale. It lengthens the book in an undesirable way, and distracts the minds of the children. The sentences are often hopelessly long and involved, but we are glad to say that the pictures are a great improvement on most of the illustrations that we have been looking at.

The Fireside Annual (The Rev. C. Bullock. "Hand and Heart" Publishing Office) contains an immense deal of varied matter and many portraits of extraordinarily plain old gentlemen.

Miss Giberne's story of "A Nameless Shadow" is the history of a family who, thinking they have a forger for an uncle, ultimately discover that it is their father who is the felon.

Frank Powderhorn (J. Sands. Nelson) was a boy whose soul was set upon colonizing in Buenos Ayres. It is needless to say that he and the rest of the crew were wrecked on the passage thither, but nevertheless get safely to land, where we find them shortly after singing ditties of twenty verses. Much information may be gained as to the country and natural history of the Pampas, where the author tells us that he spent some time. The small illustrations are good, but we cannot say so much for the more pretentious ones.

Gems of National Poetry (Compiled by Mrs. Valentine. Warne and Co.)—This is a well-chosen selection of poems suitable for children, and containing pieces from the less known and more modern poets.

The Eastern Archipelago (Described and illustrated by W. Davenport Adams. Nelson).—Those who are acquainted with the works of Mr. Davenport Adams will know exactly how much he means when he says that his book is "largely indebted to the labours of Wallace and Bickmore."

Familiar Garden Flowers (Figured by Edward Hulme, and described by Shirley Hibberd. Cassell, Petter, and Co.)—The pictures are carefully drawn and generally well coloured; but Mr. Hulme has not always been successful in his red and purple flowers, and his greens are often painfully vivid. The letterpress will be useful to amateur gardeners.

Sunday Reading for Young and Old (Wells, Gardner, and Darton).—The old people who find entertainment in this book must be very simple-minded, but it may please children, though the illustrations will appal any who have the most rudimentary taste for art.

Grandmother's Recollections (Grandmamma Parker. Sonnenschein).—These are very short stories with excellent morals. They may improve small children, but will hardly interest large ones.

Home Words (Edited by the Rev. Charles Bullock. "Hand and Heart" Publishing Office) contains the usual sort of Sunday reading supposed to be meant for poor people. We should like to know how far this kind of literature is really read and appreciated by the class for whom it is intended. For our part, we should feel shy of reading out these tales in cottages or workhouses, as they have an air of "talking down" about them, and a touch of "I am holier than thou" which the hearers might resent.

Fabled Stories from the Zoo (Albert Albery. Sonnenschein) are autobiographies of various animals and birds, and are useful as suggesting to children that animals have lives and feelings of their own.

Voyages and Travels of Count Funnibos and Baron Stilkin (W. H. G. Kingston. S.P.C.K.)—In plain words, this is an account of travels in Holland; but it would have been not the worse had the travellers been called by more commonplace names.

Not Quite a Peck of P's (Sator. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.) is a mild little tale about two sisters, who, after living in poverty, become affluent through the arrival of their father from Australia. The "P's" are such virtues as piety, prudence, propriety, and the rest. Hence the expression "Mind your p's and q's."

Messrs. Griffith and Farran send us a number of little volumes—the "Tiny Natural History Series"—stories about clever animals, told in easy words and copiously illustrated. These little books will tempt children to read, and teach them, by the awful warning of "Johnny's fall," not to rob the nests of birds, except, of course, birds who build on the ground, where there is no danger that the nest-robber may break his leg.

The Princess Myra is rather a didactic fairy tale, by Mr. Scarlett Potter (S.P.C.K.) It promotes Christian knowledge rather than a sound theory of fairies, who, we regret to say, have no morals at all, and a religion the reverse of theistic. Among the "good folks," Princess Myra had adventures very unlike those of Thomas of Ercildoune, and she became serious and contented, whereas he was consumed with longing for the arrival of the mystic white deer that led him back to fairyland. Christian knowledge is an excellent thing in itself, but piety might leave the fairies to their own pagan devices. We seem to have seen the pictures before, and they look like old *clichés*.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE debts that science and literature owe to the Government at Washington and to the Engineering Department of the Federal War Office are great and well known, if only for the publications that have recorded for the public benefit the various surveys undertaken and carried out with unsparing diligence and marvellous completeness at the national cost. No year has passed in which we have not had to acknowledge more than one such obligation, especially on the part of geographers and geologists, often for researches which hardly could, and certainly which would not, have been undertaken, at any rate for a generation to come, by private persons or even by scientific societies. There is nothing limited or petty in the views of the Federal Government or in the work of its officers; the labours of the latter and the liberality of the former might serve as an example to the most diligent of scientific enthusiasts or the wealthiest of societies. How much both have done for geographical science in general, and for all the studies connected with geography, only specialists are fully aware. The work immediately before us (1) is a signal specimen of the thorough-going way in which the work is done, and shows how completely the most eager and enthusiastic specialists in the service of the Union can rely on the willingness of their Government to incur any expense necessary to render available to the world at large even the most purely technical of their labours. That the Naval Department at Washington should publish in the completest form, and with every aid that the art of the printer, the photographer, and the engraver could lend to render the researches of the explorer intelligible even to unscientific readers, all the results of their dredging and sounding expeditions in the Gulf of Mexico and elsewhere, is only what those who know the usual practice of the American Government would have expected. But even from that Government we should hardly have looked for this elaborate and beautifully illustrated memoir intended only to explain, for the benefit of those engaged in the same pursuits, the methods and instruments employed, the difficulties that have been encountered, and the manner in which they have been overcome. All the details of the machinery, from the sinkers attached to the sounding-lines to the ship herself, her general and special fittings, are not merely explained minutely in the text, which occupies some two hundred quarto pages, but are delineated in innumerable plates and in several beautiful photographs. The book is hardly a contribution even to the general literature of the subject. It tells nothing of the results of the patient dredging and sounding work performed by its author and his comrades or subordinates. That has been done elsewhere. It is far too elaborate and technical to be read by those who are most interested in the discoveries made by such expeditions as those of the *Challenger* and her foreign co-operators. Even specialists care rather for results than for the means by which they have been accomplished, and are satisfied with a comparatively brief and simple account of the latter. This book can interest only those who have been or may be actually concerned in the work, or in fitting out past or future expeditions; and how limited the number of such readers must be it is easy to understand. It is vain, we suppose, to hope that for long years to come even the most advanced and most enlightened of European Powers will take a tithe of the pains that America has taken at once to encourage her scientific servants to do their very best, and to render the fruit of their labours and researches useful to others. But at least it behoves us, however shamed we may be by an example so very far ahead of us, worthily to acknowledge it; and if, as we fear, diplomacy takes little care suitably to recognize such international courtesies, it is the more incumbent on the representatives of science and literature to speak of them as they deserve. This must be our excuse, if excuse be needed, for dwelling so often and so fully on the subject.

It so happens that two works on the American stage, of very similar scope and purpose, though widely different in execution and interest, reach us at the same time—the only books of anything like equally ambitious and elaborate character on the subject that we remember to have seen. One (2) records with extreme minuteness, and with a patience on the part of the author that may seem to deserve, but is perhaps hardly likely to receive, equal patience on the part of the reader, all the experiences of an actor and manager in the course of something like forty years. Mr. Ludlow has acted in nearly every part of the United States, has managed theatres in nearly all their principal cities, and necessarily under the most varied conditions, from a barn in Vicksburg to a first-rate theatre in New Orleans, from an embryo wooden structure in a village of wooden huts in the Far West to a building whose magnificence has seemed even to civic pride worthy of the same place when it had become a great commercial emporium. All his experiences, professional and personal, as manager and actor; all his business difficulties; all his encounters with over-ingenious builders, landlords, money-lenders, and rival managers, with over-sensitive and over-exacting actors and actresses, are set forth with a fulness which seems to imply that in the midst of unceasing labours the author must have kept a minute diary with a view to some such publication as the present. Almost any page of this large and closely-printed volume is worth reading and readable; but the whole, unfortunately, is almost beyond the perseverance and diligence of a reader, however deeply interested in the details of theatrical management and in the history of the American stage. Such minuteness of detail, such prolixity of narration, is, as we have often remarked, a common characteristic of American works on special topics. Even actors and actresses must, we should think, find the perusal of Mr. Ludlow's volume somewhat tedious before they have got through a third of his elaborate narrative, interspersed though it is with curious experiences and lively personal criticisms. This cannot be said of Mr. Murdoch's less weighty and less coherent, but much more readable, and, we think, not less instructive work (3). Even of this, however, one-

(1) *Deep-Sea Sounding and Dredging: a Description and Discussion of the Methods and Appliances used on board the Survey Steamer "Blake."* By Charles D. Sigsbee, Lieutenant-Commander, United States Navy. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(2) *Dramatic Life as I Found It.* By N. M. Ludlow, Actor and Manager for Thirty-eight Years. St. Louis: Jones & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(3) *The Stage; or, Recollections of Actors and Acting, from an Experience of Fifty Years: a Series of Dramatic Sketches.* By James E. Murdoch. Philadelphia: Stoddart & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

half might perhaps be cut out with advantage, at least as regards an English public. American readers may possibly take a greater interest in names with which even the most devoted theatre-goers on this side of the Atlantic are unfamiliar. But Mr. Murdoch, who knows the English stage, and has enjoyed opportunities of making in his own country the acquaintance of many leading English performers, devotes almost as much space to them as to his own countrymen; and not a little that he has to tell of the Kembles, the Keans, and the Mathewses, as well as of living celebrities, will be as interesting to the English as to the Transatlantic public. The book is one that can be taken up and laid down, opened at almost any point and closed almost anywhere, read through by instalments and at leisure in the library, or turned over to amuse a few waste minutes on a drawing-room table, with equal, if moderate, enjoyment in either case.

It will be a matter of some little surprise to persons unfamiliar with American law to learn on American authority that the position of the insane, or rather of those alleged to be insane, is worse in the United States than in Great Britain. How dangerously lax is our own law, how completely we owe what few imperfect securities have been introduced into it to recent statutes, all persons familiar with the subject are well aware. On this, as on other points, the older States of the Union have inherited our common law, which, in regard to insanity, hardly deserves the name of law at all, being simply a chaotic collection of decisions and traditions derived from a period of utter ignorance and barbarism. The older States have not, as have many of the newer, codified their system, and it appears that even in Massachusetts there exists no such provision for State control and supervision of private asylums as forms the only check on the most scandalous abuses here. That, under such circumstances, humane and public-spirited men should find it necessary to establish an association for the protection of those whom the worst of human misfortunes has rendered unable to protect themselves will surprise no one. Judging by the terse practical prospectus it has published (4) we should say that the Society just started in Massachusetts for this purpose is likely to proceed in a sensible, prudent, and effective manner, and we wish it all success in its efforts to inform and enlighten the public.

Mr. Oswald has given a somewhat meaningless and affected title to a readable book (5). The scene of his adventures and rambles is one of the least known parts of the semi-civilized world. There is little in the character, however much there may be in the scenery and climate, of inland Mexico and Central America to attract travellers, and there is very much to deter them. The coast country and seaport towns, which are better known to foreigners, and especially to citizens of the United States, are, as the author found, too much infested by malarial disorders, and especially by the worst of all such diseases, yellow-fever, to be safe or agreeable resorts. Few persons choose to remain there except those whom official duty or special commercial opportunities have drawn thither; and those who may chance to visit them in the course of extensive travel are little disposed to prolong their stay, while few of them are adventurous or inquisitive enough to follow Mr. Oswald's course, and take refuge from the pestilential atmosphere and intolerable climate of the lowlands in the mountainous wilds of the interior. Whether the latter are so well worth visiting as the author would fain represent them—still more, whether any traveller will be disposed to imitate his example, and spend months or years there—we may doubt. There is no doubt that a country so little trodden, a people so little known, must afford matter worth writing and reading about. The book might have been made more instructive and not less entertaining with a little more of pains and taste; but, on the whole, it is worthy of the opportunity which the author has enjoyed—a somewhat rare one nowadays—of describing to the public a region and a people almost unknown, and at any rate unfamiliar.

The same cannot be said of Colorado (6), than which no part of the United States has been during the last ten years more often or more fully described. In the previous decade its population had, on the whole, considerably declined, the superficial gold having been in great measure used up, while the deeper mines had hardly been brought into working order. At present the latter have been extensively explored, and are largely and profitably worked. Silver and other minerals contribute very greatly to the wealth of one of the richest of the new States of the Union. Cultivation, especially stock-raising, has been widely spread, and is constantly extending; and the high and dry climate presents attractions to invalids and others which even such alarming reports of lawlessness and crime as, since the publication of this book, have more than once been received from Denver and other cities do not appear seriously to countervail.

Mr. Abbott's *Hints for Home Reading* (7), a series of essays by different writers, are of very various value. One or two chapters are thoroughly sound, substantial, and practical; one, at least, is so much the reverse that we were at first puzzled to know whether its recommendations were or were not to be taken seriously. Perhaps the best in the collection is that which deals with the actual rather than the possible use of literature, pointing out how very small, compared with the enormous multitude of nominal readers, is the circulation of those books which "everybody reads," and suggesting, we fear with too much truth, the inference that nine in ten of those who can, and think they do, read, read little or nothing but the newspapers, and chiefly the worst parts of those. Another sensible critic hardly vindicates the title of his chapter. He fails fully to explain *why* young people read trash, or at least why they read little else. But he shows what a tremendous provision of trash, always worthless, generally pestilent, and often morally poisonous, is provided for their reading, and, since it presumably pays, must find purchasers by the thousand and the million in American homes. The case is bad enough in this country; in the United States, where parental control is much more limited by fashion and opinion, and does not appear to extend to a careful supervision of the reading even of young ladies, it is, if we may trust Mr. Abbott's statistics, very grave indeed.

Mr. Hopkins's *Comic History of the United States* (8) contains as little material for laughter as most other laboured comedies or farces of the kind. It is very far below even those comic histories of Rome and England which were not the best of the earlier productions of *Punch*.

Mr. Stedman's little sketch of the literary character of *Edgar Allan Poe* (9) is tasteful and sensible, and has the rare merit of brevity. We are not quite sure that its accuracy can be in all respects relied on. Mr. Scudder's *Stories and Romances* (10) will fulfil what seems to be their modest purpose, that of amusing the leisure hours of adult railway travellers. Miss Alden's *Stories and Ballads* (11) may do the same for their junior companions. The lady's prose is better than her verse, but both have at any rate the merit of innocence. The authors' names dispense us from the duty of criticism in an article like the present on Mr. O. W. Holmes's *Iron Gate* (12) and Mr. Longfellow's *Ultima Thule* (13). The same may be said of Mr. Aldrich's Lyrics and Sonnets (14), taken from works which have already fixed the writer's position among American poets. Mr. Snider undertakes in two solid volumes, including some nine hundred closely-printed pages, to "unfold the system of the Shakespearian Drama" (15); to show each play as a whole, to group cognate plays into a higher whole, and, finally, to "sum up Shakespeare." An aim so ambitious will, "if successful," as the author says, place him at once at the head of that enormously long list of Shakspearian commentators of which at present, in time at any rate, if not in diligence or elaboration, he is the last.

Mr. Ferris's treatise on Artificial Incubation (16) is interesting to the general public as showing the extent to which poultry farming is being carried in America, and as indicating an extensive and decided, if not general, preference of the artificial to natural incubation.

The Buckeye manual of Cookery and Housekeeping (17) has passed beyond the stage at which criticism can be required, at least so far as the public for which it was primarily intended is concerned. But there is very much in American cookery that English housekeepers would do well to borrow; and we know no volume that contains a better account of the peculiarities of Transatlantic cookery, of the merits and materials of hundreds of national dishes with which even travellers make but a limited acquaintance, but which on the whole seem to deserve their popularity, and of the practical expedients by which labour is saved and success secured in Transatlantic kitchens. Such a work is the more likely to be generally useful because American households are for the most part small, economy is nearly always a matter of moment, and service is by no means either cheap or good. On the other hand it may well be that what can be easily and thoroughly accomplished where the mistress of the house superintends the cooking herself is beyond the capacity or the ambition of cooks not personally interested in the results of new and troublesome experiments.

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(4) *National Association for the Protection of the Insane and the Prevention of Insanity.* Boston: Tolman & White. 1880.

(5) *Summerland Sketches; or, Rambles in the Backwoods of Mexico and Central America.* By F. L. Oswald. Illustrated. Philadelphia and London: Lippincott & Co. 1880.

(6) *Colorado; its Gold and Silver Mines, Farms and Stock Ranges, Health and Pleasure Resorts.* By Frank Fossett. Second Edition. New York: C. G. Crawford. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(7) *Hints for Home Reading: a Series of Chapters on Books and their Use.* By C. Dudley Warner and other Authors. Edited by Lyman Abbott. New York: Putnam's Sons. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(8) *A Comic History of the United States.* By Livingstone Hopkins. Illustrated by the Author. New York: American Book Exchange. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(9) *Edgar Allan Poe.* By E. C. Stedman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(10) *Stories and Romances.* By H. E. Scudder. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(11) *Stories and Ballads for Young Folks.* By Ellen Tracey Alden. New York: American Book Exchange. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(12) *The Iron Gate; and other Poems.* By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(13) *Ultima Thule.* By Henry W. Longfellow. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(14) *Thirty-six Lyrics and Twelve Sonnets, from the "Cloth of Gold" and "Flower and Thorn."* By T. B. Aldrich. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(15) *System of Shakespeare's Dramas.* By Denton J. Snider. 2 vols. Vol. I. St. Louis: Jones & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

(16) *Practical Artificial Incubation.* By J. F. Ferris. Illustrated. Albany: Ferris Publishing Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(17) *Buckeye Cookery and Practical Housekeeping.* Revised and enlarged. Minneapolis: Buckeye Publishing Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

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IRELAND.

LORD GRANVILLE'S speech at Hanley contained a promise that on the meeting of Parliament the Government will introduce a Bill which he slightingly describes as a rough-and-ready measure. It is much to be regretted that Lord GRANVILLE should have taken the opportunity of extenuating the shameful anarchy which the Government has unaccountably tolerated in Ireland. There are, according to Lord GRANVILLE, fewer murders, in proportion to the population, in Ireland than in England; and he also boasts that the number of Irish murders is at present somewhat smaller than in former years. It is not expedient to confuse the distinction between isolated crimes and the deliberate and concerted wickedness of large communities. When Mr. BOYLE was murdered, the demagogues of the Land League, including their leader, virtually apologized for the outrage by declaring that the assassination would not have been necessary if a branch of their revolutionary [illegible] had been previously established in the neighbourhood. Mr. PARNELL tacitly, and probably with sufficient reason, assumed that the audience which he addressed consisted of accessories before or after the fact to a brutal murder. The popular exultation at the unprovoked assassination of Lord MOUNTMORRES amounted to a confession of common guilt. Even if Lord GRANVILLE is correct in his assertion that there are fewer persons murdered in Ireland than in England, the number of Irish murderers is beyond comparison greater. For the purpose of judicial or criminal inquiries it is proper to ascertain the statistics of actual murders, but the moralist, and perhaps the statesman, would be more seriously interested in the enumeration of direct and indirect accomplices. In order to support a paradoxical contention Lord GRANVILLE confined his comparison to murders. Threatening letters, brutal assaults, torture of contumacious tenants or purchasers, and maimings of cattle, are reported with increasing frequency from Ireland, while such crimes are almost unknown in England. As Lord SALISBURY pointed out in his speech at Woodstock, every day brings news from Ireland of new districts and new counties being brought under the dominion of an occult or, as Mr. GIBSON preferred to call it, an open and daring, society, which defies Government, and does not hesitate to seek its ends by assassination when torment fails. Lord SALISBURY hardly overrated the dangers created by the success which has attended this society's reign of terror, when he said that, if "the "philanthropic dawdling" of Ministers continued, "it "may well be that the English people will be placed "face to face with the alternative that they must either "subjugate Ireland or separate from her." The production of remedial measures for discontent without a previous insistence on restoring order in Ireland could not but serve to encourage violence and oppression. Even in the case of murder Lord GRANVILLE'S argument had been anticipated and conclusively answered by Mr. GIBSON. The conspirators have no need to use their favourite means of oppression when they have already accomplished their ends. Having established a reign of terror, and having effectually prohibited over large districts the payment of rent, they might afford to discontinue carding and mutilation of cattle, as they have partially suspended the practice of assassination. The measure which Lord GRANVILLE contemptuously promises will be a partial and hasty performance of a paramount duty which has hitherto been neglected in deference to Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and perhaps to Mr. GLADSTONE himself. The Decalogue, and the criminal codes of all ages and countries, are in the same sense rough-and-ready measures.

Although the Ministers are probably indifferent both to the remonstrances of competent observers and to the attacks of their political opponents, they can scarcely fail to observe the disapproval of their policy which is expressed by some of their most zealous supporters. The resolution to introduce a rough-and-ready measure may not improbably have been determined by the reports of speeches delivered in different provincial towns. Mr. LEATHAM, who during his long and able [illegible] of Liberal doctrines has certainly [illegible] erred [illegible] of excessive moderation, lately [illegible] to [illegible] his astonishment at the [illegible] which [illegible] allowed to crime in Ireland, and his [illegible] that it was necessary to [illegible] and protect the rights of property. Lord ARTHUR RUSSELL, a thoughtful and consistent member of the party to which he hereditarily belongs, in answer to Mr. BRIGHT'S bold statement that force was no remedy for political and social disorders, remarked that force was the proper and only remedy of anarchy. Mr. COURTNEY, one of the most thoroughgoing Radicals [illegible] House of Commons, lately delivered a highly [illegible] on the condition of Ireland. Referring to the [illegible] speeches of Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, [illegible] their subsequent pressure on the Cabinet, Mr. COURTNEY declined to submit his judgment to "one or two persons "of eminence" who, "sitting at ease in England," may have registered a vow that under no circumstances will they consent to exceptional methods of maintaining order in Ireland. No recent speaker has described with greater force the frightful tyranny which the Government has hitherto refused to interrupt or discountenance. Mr. COURTNEY fails to understand why the sale of arms should be openly allowed, and why notorious criminals and other assassins should pursue their vocation in perfect security, although their persons may be known to the police. It would be little matter if a measure for protecting life and liberty were rough, if only it were ready. The Government will carry any Bill which it may propose for the preservation of the peace; but in its dread of popular clamour it is straining the allegiance of its most loyal supporters.

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S speech at Brecon was not remarkable for vigour, and it is difficult to understand why he should have paid an enthusiastic tribute to Mr. PARNELL'S energy and eloquence. Mr. PARNELL undoubtedly possesses considerable ability, but his moral peculiarities qualify him for his present task more conspicuously than his intellectual gifts. Renunciation of all scruples and restraints has been as successful in the promotion of Irish anarchy as formerly in the prevention of free Parliamentary debate. It was scarcely consistent with Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S usual prudence to announce that the so-called "three F.'s" are to be interpreted as "force, "fraud, and folly." It is still proper to assume that the Government, notwithstanding its unpardonable and selfish neglect of duty, may propose a Bill on Irish land tenure which, if not strictly just, may nevertheless, on a balance of considerations, be deemed expedient. The leader of the Opposition would do well to reserve himself for a dispas-

sionate and impartial consideration of proposals which he will at last be at liberty to reject. It is impossible to deny that arbitrated rents, permanency of tenure, and tenant right are, notwithstanding obvious and possibly fatal objections, recommended by Irishmen of undoubted knowledge and undisputed probity. A short pamphlet published by a body of gentlemen who have adopted the title of the Land Reform Tenure Committee consists principally of a recommendation in favour of the questionable "three Fs." The Irish Land Committee arrives at exactly opposite conclusions, which are explained and defended in Dr. WEBB's argumentative pamphlet. There is no doubt that the recognition of a saleable value in an occupancy is theoretically inconsistent both with the complaint of exorbitant rents and with the demand for an arbitrated rent to be fixed without injustice to the landlord; but, in so complicated and difficult a controversy, it is judicious to attach considerable weight to authority. The list of the General Irish Land Committee includes the names of many of the principal proprietors in Ireland, and it is not confined to one political party. The Land Tenure Committee consists of three or four and twenty members, some of them highly qualified by capacity and experience to form a sound judgment on the questions which they discuss. Lord MONCK, formerly Governor-General of Canada, has for ten years administered as Chief Commissioner the estates of the disestablished Irish Church; Lord EMLY and Sir W. GREGORY are resident landlords and have held office at home or abroad; Lord POWERSCOURT is a large landowner; Judge LONGFIELD has perhaps, as Judge of the Landed Estates Court, greater knowledge than any other living person of the relations of Irish landlords and tenants. His opinion that peasant-proprietorship would render agrarian murders more frequent and more brutal is quoted in Dr. WEBB's pamphlet. It is not a little perplexing to find Mr. LONGFIELD's name among the Land Tenure Reform Committee, and to observe that Lord MONCK, Lord EMLY, and Lord POWERSCOURT belong to both the rival Committees. Sir W. GREGORY is one of the Land Tenure Reform Committee, but his name does not appear on the Irish Land Committee. The objects of the Irish Land Committee are principally defensive. The Tenure Committee proposes the institution of a Court of Tenures, which is to have power to give tenants fixity of tenure at rents to be determined by the Court, and the right of selling their interest. Whatever plan may be proposed, the rights which must in any case be established or recognized will be worthless if they are not enforced. There will be no security against the continuance or revival of the Land League, against interference with the payment of rent, or against the threats and outrages by which the demagogues and their followers enforce their decrees. Least of all will it be possible to ensure the performance by the Government for the time being of its most sacred duties if they seem incompatible with its political interests.

JOSEPH II.

THE centenary of the Emperor JOSEPH II. has just been celebrated at Vienna. It is now a hundred years since he succeeded his mother MARIA THERESA, and ten years later he died, leaving, as he said, behind him the memory of one who, with the best intentions, had accomplished nothing. It was natural that he should take this desponding view of a life which had been one long struggle to do something great, and which had ended in doing nothing at all. He had been a reformer, and his reforms had vanished, or had seemed to vanish, into air. Still he was a reformer, and although he had to own that he himself had failed, he seems to have comforted himself with the dream that the day would come when his aims would be realized. When he was asked to sanction the erection at Buda of a statue in his honour, he replied that the time to erect such a statue would only have come when law and religion worked together and the people had been made happy. Instead of a statue, he has a centenary festival; and, could he see what is now going on, he might be content to own that the time he anticipated had arrived, and that Austria had in a hundred years got most of the good things which he had tried to force on her in ten. He himself had found that the way in which he went to work was the wrong one; but he was only working after the fashion of his time. It was the day of autocratic reform. There was a stir throughout Europe, a newborn sense that things were wrong; and men who felt the impulse of the movement, and happened to have great or supreme power, set themselves to the task of ordering a new and better state of things, with the light-heartedness with which they might have ordered a new coat. JOSEPH II. is known as the type of the over-hasty autocratic reformer of the eighteenth century, because his high position made him the easiest example of the character to observe and to remember. But he had abundance of companions in what was supposed to be beneficent violence. STRUENSEE in Denmark, and GUSTAVUS III. in Sweden, went to work in exactly the same way and with much the same result. If JOSEPH confiscated the possessions of religious corporations, CATHARINE of Russia did exactly the same thing. JOSEPH's brother LEOPOLD nearly came to an open rupture with the Papacy by the reforms he wished to introduce in Tuscany, and he alike used his supreme powers and gratified the humanitarian spirit of the age by inventing the Leopoldine Code, which was the first beginning of the reform of criminal law in Europe, and actually survived its author. Even a new Sultan began his reign by going about disguised among the common people that he might make himself acquainted with their wants, their sufferings, and their aspirations. The freaks of beneficent sovereignty degenerated occasionally into the most ridiculous shams, and when JOSEPH accompanied CATHARINE on her journey to the Crimea, improvised villages, surrounded by flocks and herds driven there for a day, welcomed the travellers at every halt in what was ordinarily a desert, only to disappear when they had gone. Crowned heads, or Ministers who had supplanted them, everywhere thought they had a mission to create instantaneous prosperity, even if it were only created by way of a practical joke.

This reforming movement from above came to very little. As FREDERICK the GREAT said of JOSEPH, he always took the second step without having taken the first. This is a fault to which men with missions are always prone, and it was inevitable that an autocratic reformer should fall into it. No man can be at once in a hurry and wait. Then, again, all these autocratic reformers had other things in their heads. They had their schemes of national or private aggrandisement. JOSEPH himself, who was the most sincere and single-hearted reformer of them all, was busy during his mother's lifetime in partitioning Poland, and after her death in trying to snap up Bavaria and plunder Turkey. A sovereign of that day who had a mission to reform had also a mission to get hold of any inch of Europe that he could acquire by force or fraud. From the cradle to the grave he was inspired by the persuasion that he was bound, if he meant to be a sovereign at all, to prove himself able to get hold of something that belonged to somebody else. FREDERICK the GREAT showed that he was great by the strength with which he held this persuasion, and by the tenacity with which he carried it into effect. JOSEPH and his reforming brothers were the precursors of the French Revolution, not only in the sense that they started the system of violent abolition of abuses, but also in the sense that they always wanted to get hold of the largest area possible in which to apply their notions of what was good. The essential aims of that great movement of the last century which spread through Europe, has never ceased to spread, and is still spreading, and which, for the sake of brevity, we couple with the name of the French Revolution, were three. They were the assertion of the supremacy in temporal matters of the State over the Church, the abolition of the legal privileges of the aristocracy as a caste, and the creation of a systematic and intelligible body of laws. In the prosecution of the first two of these aims, the impulse came to Europe from England; in the prosecution of the third it came from France. JOSEPH issued a series of inoperative edicts, some obviously foolish, many obviously harsh. But his aims were substantially those which were subsequently embodied in the general movement of Europe. And the time may now be said to have come when he can have a statue set up in his honour or a centenary festival instituted to recall his memory, because the reforms of which he dreamt, and which he conceived in a singularly crude form, have been realized in Austria. Prince BISMARCK is always complaining that laws regulating the position of the

clergy more stringent than any he has imagined to be possible in Germany prevail in Austria without a murmur from the Vatican. The middle classes of Austria hold their own against the nobles, and although Austria has a great, an old, and a rich nobility, this nobility, like the English nobility, has no legal privileges. Lastly, Austria has a body of law which contents the people, and is supposed to be framed on the most scientific principles; and Austrian jurists have established so high a reputation that the Austrian Judge of Appeal in Egypt has been elected and re-elected by the voice of his colleagues to preside over the supreme tribunal.

As things have turned out, it is not a statue that is being set up in Buda in honour of JOSEPH, but a centenary festival that has been celebrated at Vienna. The Viennese have much more reason to cherish the memory of JOSEPH than the Hungarians can have. JOSEPH, in addition to introducing reforms and grabbing territory, set himself to a third task—that of Germanizing the possessions of the Austrian Crown. In his younger days he visited France, and he was struck, above all things, with the compactness of France, and with the completeness with which France was French. With him to admire was always to imitate. He, too, would have a compact territory, and that compact territory, as he was a German, should be German. He was quite ready, directly he thought he had a chance, to give up the remote Austrian Netherlands, provided he could get Bavaria in exchange. It seemed so pleasant to him to round off his dominions, and to round them off by enclosing in the ring a fine piece of contiguous land inhabited by Germans. He would not hear of the independence of Hungary. He would not be crowned as King, and audaciously sent for the sacred iron crown to Vienna, and kept it there. He divided Hungary into ten circles, and ordered that all public business should be carried on in German. So far as Hungary went, his efforts have, in the long run, proved unsuccessful. At the date of his centenary Hungary is independent, controls all its own territory, and not only is Hungarian the only language recognized officially, but the Hungarians now treat German as the Germans in JOSEPH'S day used to treat Hungarian; and the German theatres in Hungary have lately been closed, lest the delicate ears of Magyars should be exposed to alien and obnoxious sounds. But in Austria Proper the battle of the languages is still being waged; and Austria forces German on the Bohemians as JOSEPH forced it on the Hungarians. The same people in Austria who really and sincerely support the reforms which JOSEPH foreshadowed in his rude and grotesque way are also the ardent supporters of this Germanization of the non-German provinces. They support it partly, perhaps, from the love of domineering which is inherent in human nature, but also because they honestly believe that Germany and everything German are the sole and the indispensable elements of civilization. By civilization they mean, practically, the spirit to imbibe and the will to adopt the reforms with which JOSEPH was in some imperfect way connected. They are thus, consciously or unconsciously, his disciples not only in that which is to be taught, but in the choice of the instruments by which it is to be taught. Whether they are right or wrong need not be discussed; but at any rate, as they are, in however indirect a manner, his disciples, it is not surprising that they should have taken the trouble to commemorate their master's reign by the modest tribute of a centenary festival.

DULCIGNO.

DERVISH PASHA has done good service to his sovereign by placing Dulcigno in the hands of the Montenegrins. It is uncertain whether the termination of a troublesome and tedious business was principally owing to the energy of the Turkish commander, or to the tardy acquiescence of the SULTAN in the conclusion that further delay would be detrimental to his interest. It is evident that RIZA PASHA might have occupied the place and handed it over several weeks ago; but perhaps he was expressly forbidden to use force, and it was not to be expected that the Albanians would submit to verbal orders. They have some reason to complain of the vacillation which tempted them ultimately to resist the occupation with considerable loss to themselves. The Turkish troops also have had to suffer for the uncertainty which was produced by long hesitation and delay. As soon as DERVISH PASHA had taken possession of the town, he was naturally anxious to hand it over to its new owners; and fortunately the Montenegrin general was authorized to accept the transfer at once. The Turkish Government is not bound to guarantee to Montenegro the peaceable possession of Dulcigno, but it is highly improbable that the Albanians should make any serious effort to resume possession. The Montenegrins conquered Dulcigno during the war; and they only evacuated it in deference to the decision of the Congress of Berlin. It has since appeared that there were strong objections to the cession by Turkey of other districts which were substituted for Dulcigno; and the Turks themselves consented to the restoration of the place. It is possible that, in declining for a long time to perform his promise, the SULTAN may have been influenced by the repugnance of the neighbouring Albanian tribes to the rule of hostile foreigners; but there is reason to believe that he stimulated the resistance which he has at last thought fit to suppress. The Prince of MONTENEGRO has shown much good sense in abstaining from any attempt to obtain the cession of the territory by force. When the Great Powers undertook to coerce the SULTAN, it was not the business of a petty potentate to anticipate the performance of that self-imposed task. It may be hoped that a minor danger to the general peace has been finally removed.

It has never been disputed that the English Government obtained a preliminary success when it induced the other Powers to concur in the naval demonstration. Mr. GLADSTONE proved the truth of his repeated assertion that the concert of Europe was possible, and it remained for him to sustain the additional proposition that it was also irresistible. It was hardly necessary for Lord GRANVILLE to contradict the statement that he had undertaken not to fire a single gun. A late French Minister, probably through imperfect acquaintance with the English language, had misinterpreted the declaration that the measure would probably effect its purpose so as to render the firing of a single gun unnecessary. Lord GRANVILLE had indeed recommended the more active operation of placing a flotilla of gunboats on some internal waters; but the Austrians objected that the gunboats might perhaps be left aground if the season proved to be dry. The fleet, or at least the English contingent, would have used its guns if they could have been of any service to the Montenegrins in a possible conflict with Albanians or Turks; but, as it was not intended to land any troops, the practicability of naval co-operation would have been more than doubtful. The moral influence of the combination was likely to be greater than its material result. The junction of the squadrons was a more authentic and more forcible substitute for the joint and several remonstrances which the Ambassadors had repeatedly preferred at Constantinople. On the other hand, there was some inconvenience in the possible contingency of the SULTAN'S declining to yield. For some time it seemed probable that the ships would have to leave the Albanian coast without having attained the object of the demonstration. It is impossible to say whether, during the long course of the negotiations, the SULTAN intended ultimately to yield. According to one conjectural theory, he cared comparatively little for the surrender of Dulcigno, but he wished, in anticipation of the controversy on the Greek frontier, to impress on the Powers a conviction of the difficulty of enforcing concession. The elaborate Note which purported to exhaust all the matters in dispute amounted to a defiance of the European concert; yet immediately afterwards the SULTAN promised, as the result has shown in good faith, to perform his engagements with respect to Dulcigno.

The causes of the sudden change are not positively known. Lord GRANVILLE attributes the success of the negotiation to the proposal of his Government that the combined fleet should execute or support a distraint on the Customs revenues of Smyrna. The process would, as he said, have been simple and effective; and it would have had the great advantage of requiring only the employment of a naval force. It is difficult to understand the additional statement that it would not have interfered either with foreign or with Turkish trade. The Porte would have refused to recognize the receipts for dues which might have been given by the officers of the fleet or by the agents of the allied Governments; and traders would have been compelled to pay a second time at some inland station appointed for the purpose. As no declara-

tion of war was to be made, the proceeding would have been abnormal, if not unprecedented; but it would have exhibited the boasted concert of Europe even more distinctly than the demonstration in the Adriatic. If Lord GRANVILLE has been accurately reported, the mere suggestion of the scheme prevailed over the obstinacy of the Turkish Government, which must therefore have taken alarm at an imaginary concert of Europe. It seems more probable that, even if the SULTAN had in the first instance been frightened by Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE, he would have retreated to his original position when he ascertained that Smyrna was safe from foreign interference. The English Government prudently determined not to act alone or in concert with only one or two of the Powers. Austria kindly recommended certain methods of making the seizure of the revenues more stringent, but at the same time wholly declined to take part in the execution. France declared that the refusal of Austria altered the circumstances of the case so fundamentally that French co-operation must also be withheld. Germany followed the example of France; and therefore there only remained England, Russia, and Italy. Lord GRANVILLE's admirable illustration of concerted movements applies with remarkable force to the whole transaction. When in his youth he joined the Staffordshire Yeomanry he was told that he must not charge at a pace too fast for the heaviest farmer or the slowest horse. At Smyrna he could not move at all, because three of the rank and file out of six stood stock still when the charge was sounded. As the refusal of Austria and the rest must have been immediately known to the Porte, it seems to follow that the cession of Dulcigno was not caused by the Smyrna proposal.

Lord GRANVILLE took no notice of another explanation of the pliancy of the Turkish Government which has been positively given and generally believed. There must be some foundation for the statement that the German and Austrian Ambassadors impressed on the SULTAN the expediency or necessity of satisfying the demand of the united Powers. They are supposed at the same time to have given assurances that compliance in the matter of Dulcigno would be rewarded by the withdrawal of Germany and Austria from any further share in the naval demonstration. The same Powers, supported, according to general rumour, by France, have since strongly urged the Greek Government to suspend its warlike preparations; and they have intimated that, if Greece precipitates a conflict, it will stand alone. It was, if plausible report may be trusted, in consequence of the representations of the Ambassadors that the SULTAN prematurely announced the impending surrender of Dulcigno in a telegraphic message which was read at the LORD MAYOR's dinner. Immediately afterwards DERVISH PASHA was appointed to the command of the neighbouring district, with, as the result has shown, positive instructions to occupy Dulcigno and transfer it to Montenegro. It is of course possible that the six Powers may once more unite for the purpose of enforcing the decrees of the Berlin Conference. Even if this agreement is at present improbable, Lord GRANVILLE may be well advised in expressing sanguine views. There is no doubt that the Great Powers suffer a certain humiliation as long as they are unable or unwilling to enforce their own award; but for the present they are not prepared to agree on active measures. Holding a more responsible position than Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and having also much experience of foreign affairs, Lord GRANVILLE abstained from offering the Greeks compliments on their national bravery; and he took care not to intimate, like his colleague, that, if the Greeks went to war, they would not stand alone. In defending the Cabinet from the charge of reticence, Lord GRANVILLE disclaimed a quality which in his position resembles a virtue. It is a much more serious fault to be too communicative; and Lord GRANVILLE was well advised in saying nothing of the intentions of the Government with respect to Greece.

JUDICIAL REFORMS.

THE Council of Judges has decided by a large majority to recommend that the divisions of the Common Law Bench of the Supreme Court shall be abolished, and that there shall be no more Chief Barons or Chief Justices of the Common Pleas. Lord COLERIDGE has been made Lord Chief Justice of England, and is, we presume, to be the President of the Supreme Court. No one can doubt that a Supreme Court must have a President, and Lord Chief Justice of England is not in itself a bad name for such a President, and has the advantage of keeping up an historical association. This could not be said of the offices of Chief Baron and Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. There are no Barons to have a Chief; there is no Court of Common Pleas to have a Chief Justice. The things having perished, the names necessarily perish with them. One of the ordinary judges of the Chancery Division is still called Master of the Rolls, and it may be reasonably thought unnecessary that the title should disappear. The Master of the Rolls is Master of the Rolls. In addition to holding the office of a judge, he holds the office of Keeper of Records, and the name describes a fact. It is true that he also has certain advantages over an ordinary judge. He receives a larger salary, he escapes going circuit, and he takes his place when wanted in the Court of Appeal. In like manner the Admiralty Judge and the President of the Divorce and Probate Courts, while they have advantage in point of salary over their colleagues, and do not sit as Judges of Appeal, have the privilege of not going circuit. If in the division of the work of the Common Law Bench it was found possible to give particular judges more honourable or pleasant work, such as that of always sitting in London, and of filling up places in the Court of Appeal when temporary assistance was wanted, there would be nothing inconsistent with the general scheme of judicature in giving such men an extra 1,000*l.* a year and investing them with a dignified title descriptive of their peculiar functions. But to call them Chief Baron or Chief Justice of the Common Pleas would be absurd. It would be a mere piece of wanton misdescription. On the other hand, the abolition of the names when the offices are gone has not only the merit of being in accordance with the facts, but it draws attention to the reason why the offices have come to an end. Divisions of the Common Law Bench have been suppressed for two reasons. In the first place, they impede the working of the machinery of justice. To have, so far as possible, a judge ready to do what is wanted at the moment is the aim, hitherto most imperfectly attained, of the new system; and the judges, to use intelligible language, cannot be so readily and quickly shuffled and bustled about if they are under the orders, not only of the President, but of divisional chiefs. In the next place, these divisions tend to introduce an intermediate tribunal foreign to the general scheme between the Judge of First Instance and the Court of Appeal. There is one spoke too many in the wheel. It is, perhaps, desirable that some questions should be heard before two judges. But nothing is easier than for the President to tell off two judges to deal specially with such cases, just as two judges on the Election Rota are told off to try a petition. The tendency of the divisions was to tell off two or more judges, not only when they were wanted, but when they were not. This led to a waste of judicial strength, and our present judicial strength is so limited that we cannot afford to have an atom of it wasted.

The possibility of doing away with these two great historical offices by one sweeping blow is due to a curious combination of circumstances. Death happened to create, almost at the same time, two vacancies in the three chiefships, and the survivor was of all men the most fit to be promoted to that chiefship which has always ranked as the highest. And it also happened that the Attorney-General of the day, who has a traditional claim to promotion to a chiefship, did not wish to change his position at the Bar, and in the House, for a seat on the Bench. There was, therefore, such an easy opportunity of suppressing the two chiefships as might not occur again for a quarter of a century, and the Government and the Council of Judges have hastened to take advantage of it. The only objection that has been raised to the change—and it is an objection very well worth considering — is that the Government, by sacrificing two well-paid and honourable places, will have fewer attractions to offer to those whom it may think it desirable to appoint as judges. It is said, and truly said, to be a very bad thing to make the best and ablest lawyers think a judgeship something that it is not worth their while to accept. But there are many things to be said about this. It must not be forgotten how very largely the number of high judicial posts have increased in late years. The Government has double, if not treble, the number of places above the rank of Puisne Judgeships to give away which were at its command a few years ago. There are the paid Life Peers in

the House of Lords. There are the paid members of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. There are six Lords Justices. If it is said that, in some of these cases, the pay is not in proportion to the dignity, there is an obvious remedy, and that is to raise the pay. The Exchequer will save a little by the abolition of the two chiefships, and it could not apply the money it gains better than by raising the inadequate salaries of the Lords Justices. There are no signs that competent men will not take judgeships. No member of the Bar can go back in memory to the time when it was not currently said as an obvious truth of some men that they would not take Puisne Judgeships. There have even been some men, like Lord CAIRNS and Lord SELBORNE, to whose pretensions it was generally felt from the outset that anything below the Chancellorship would be inadequate. There are others, again, like Lord Justice COTTON, who it is recognized cannot take anything under a Lord Justiceship. But in every generation there will be men who could, if they wanted, get something higher, but who do not like to refuse a Puisne Judgeship when it is offered them. They are determined by various influences—by considerations of health, by the consciousness of aptitude for judicial work, and very often by the wish to please their families. There are of course exceptions, for there will always be some leading barristers who have a great Parliamentary position, or are within the range of the very highest promotions; but in a general way it is found that there are very few leaders, however much money they may be making, who would not take a Puisne Judgeship at forty-five or a Lord Justiceship at fifty. No one who knows the Bar can seriously say that, if an ordinary judgeship or a Lord Justiceship fell vacant, there would not be found three men at least perfectly competent, according to the respective standards, to hold the post, or that if the post was offered to all three in turn, they would all refuse it. Occasionally, too, it happens—and the contingency must be taken into account—that there are men who are not leaders of the Bar in the sense that they make a large professional income, and who are calculated to make excellent judges; and when these men are added to the leaders who would not really refuse a judgeship, it seems very improbable that the Government will ever be crippled in its choice of judges.

But, although the abolition of the two chiefships is not at all likely to stop the flow of competent judges, it must be admitted that it will accelerate a change that has gradually been going on for some time. The Attorney-General, if he is a strong man, has been gaining, and will now gain, more evidently and fully a new position. Whatever might be his titular rank, he has always stood above the Puisne Judges, and he now stands above the Lords Justices. But he did not stand above the Chief Baron or the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, for they were the holders of the offices at which he was, if a common lawyer, supposed to be aiming, and for a great number of years the Law Officers have been common lawyers. As there are now fewer officials on the Bench who are above him in position, the position of the Attorney-General is magnified. As he is less of a judicial expectant, he is more of a political leader. It so happens that at the same time the Chancellor has become less of a judge and more of a political officer. The Chancellor now scarcely ever sits as a judge except in the House of Lords, and his principal duty is to act as the supreme legal adviser of the Government. We have thus got an irregular and informal Ministry of Justice, composed of the Chancellor and the Attorney-General, with the Solicitor-General as a sort of Parliamentary Under-Secretary. These Ministers may be expected to share the fate of other Ministers. They will go in and out with their party, and when they are out will try to come in again. In every Ministry there are Ministers who must be in the Lords or who must be in the Commons. The Lord Privy Seal must be a peer, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer must be in the Commons. In the same way, one of the heads of the legal department of the Government must be, as Chancellor, in the one House, and the other, as Attorney-General, must be in the other House. They will thus be in the position of other Ministers, with one advantageous exception. When they are out of office the Chancellor will have his reduced salary and the Attorney-General will have his private practice. Looked at in this light, the Attorney-General is a Minister among Ministers; and, if he is not of the highest rank in the list, has the compensating privilege of making much more money. While, therefore, the abolition of the chiefships will not check the flow of judicial promotion, it will undoubtedly check the flow of promotion to the Attorney-Generalship. This flow will be checked just as it may be said that the flow of promotion to any high office of State is checked when such a man as Lord GRANVILLE is made Foreign Secretary. So long as his party are in, and he is not Prime Minister, Lord GRANVILLE must have the seals of the Foreign Office. As long as the Liberals are in and he can keep his seat, Sir HENRY JAMES must be Attorney-General. Whether the Bar will consider that they lose or gain by all this may be uncertain. Fewer men can hope to become Attorney-Generals; but then there will be a great political office which must be held by a leading barrister, and those who are not Attorney-Generals may console themselves, if they please, with the reflected lustre they will thus enjoy.

OBSTRUCTION AND PARLIAMENTARY PARTIES.

MR. RAIKES, who speaks with authority on questions of Parliamentary procedure, controverts in the *Nineteenth Century* the proposals made by Lord SHERBROOKE in a former number of the same periodical. Both writers regard with equal indignation and repugnance the modern practice of obstruction; but Lord SHERBROOKE weakened his protest by diverging from his censure of the real offenders to the earlier and wholly dissimilar practice of his Conservative adversaries. There is a wide difference between pertinacious, or even factious, opposition to a particular measure and deliberate attempts to prevent general debate and legislation. Both modes of procedure are objectionable; but they require wholly dissimilar remedies. Lord SHERBROOKE, after assailing some of the opponents of the last Liberal Ministry, thought fit to make the paradoxical suggestion that Lord BEACONSFIELD's colleagues connived at obstruction because they were themselves disposed to do nothing. There are nevertheless some compensating advantages in an honestly irritable temper. Having indulged his spleen against a section of the Conservative party, Lord SHERBROOKE admitted that the conduct of the late Opposition in dealing with the Mutiny Bill of 1879 was not less vexatious. He might have added that the same politicians afterwards transferred their energies from the House of Commons to the constituencies. Among the arguments addressed to an enlightened populace not the least successful were embodied in placards and pictures, describing the tortures which the inhuman Tories were supposed to inflict on the unhappy soldier. Lord SHERBROOKE unwillingly arrived at the conclusion that it might become necessary to resort to the French method of *clôture*, or summary termination of the debate. Some part of his argument was founded on assumptions which, if not exaggerated, are not likely to be generally admitted. Every speaker is, according to Lord SHERBROOKE, "*in posse*, if not *in esse*, the enemy of the trans-" action of business"; yet Parliament surely derives much of its purpose, as it takes its name, from the obnoxious process of speaking. Several years ago Mr. LOWE, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, with characteristic indifference to the susceptibilities of his audience, informed the great body of private members that their motions and debates were altogether useless, and that the only business which deserved attention was that which was managed by the Government. It was impossible to express the truth in a more unpalatable form. Since that time Lord SHERBROOKE's proposals for preventing obstruction are likely to be regarded with jealous suspicion.

Mr. RAIKES strongly objects to the introduction of the *clôture*, amongst other reasons because the power might be abused by an intolerant majority. The party which is at present dominant has on many occasions shown a disposition to disparage the supremacy of Parliament. It is supposed to be the chief duty of the Liberal party to obey its leader, not by reason of its own confidence in his discretion, but because he is a popular favourite. As the power of terminating a debate would necessarily be exercised by the majority, it is possible that it might be unjustly used to the detriment of the present Opposition. Mr. RAIKES prefers a modification of the standing order which was passed shortly before the dissolution. The initiative, according to the present rule, belongs to the Speaker or the Chairman of Committees, who, in Mr. RAIKES's judgment, ought not to be exposed to collision with disturbers of order. He accord-

ingly suggests that the presiding officer should only act at the instance of any two members who might invoke his authority. Mr. RAIKES also recommends a curtailment of the license of multiplying speeches in Committee, while he would not alter the rules of debate in the House. There is too much reason to fear that, in diminishing opportunities of obstruction, the House of Commons would still leave open too many points of attack. Even if a single member can be silenced, his accomplices can always come to the rescue by repeating his offence. It is still doubtful how far the House will be able to suppress disorders which until two or three years ago had never been contemplated as possible. Every association of men depends on the agreement of its members to pursue their common object in good faith. According to an instructive though doubtful legend, even the *liberum veto* of the anarchic Polish Diet was sometimes rendered harmless by the simple process of knocking the objector on the head. Mr. GLADSTONE's motion that a perverse orator should not be heard involved, among other difficulties, the objection that any other member was entitled to speak on the question.

The opinions both of Lord SHERBROOKE and of Mr. RAIKES will receive the attention which is due to Parliamentary and official experience; but the House of Commons, and especially the Opposition, will require in the approaching Session all its patriotism, its prudence, and its self-command. Above all things it is necessary that the wilful disturbers should not be kept in countenance by the example of any other section of the House. The indiscipline of a few members of one of the regular parties might furnish an excuse for disloyal eccentricities. On two occasions within living memory a defeated party has been restored to popularity and power by steady and concerted action. In both cases success was obtained by systematic obedience to a chosen leader. Sir ROBERT PEEL and Mr. DISRAELI had scarcely a quality in common, except resolution, definite purpose, and the faculty of commanding obedience; but neither had, in the process of rebuilding a party, reason to fear mutineers or rivals. The present Opposition, if it has no DISRAELI at its head, may nevertheless profit by the prudence, the moderation, and the popularity of its actual leader. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE will not be in a hurry to condemn by anticipation the Irish policy of the Government, though it may in the end probably not receive his approval. He and his party will unanimously desire the re-establishment in Ireland of the social security and freedom which have been scandalously sacrificed by the Government; but the Irish populace ought not to have an excuse for believing that coercion is a Tory measure. Those who are officially responsible for the restoration of order ought to encounter any odium which may follow from the discharge of their duty.

The measures which will be proposed as remedial ought also to be awaited in patience, and to be dispassionately considered. It is nearly certain that they will involve violations of the strict rights of property, especially as some members of the Cabinet have long cultivated a prejudice against landowners. English proprietors, not only of land, but of other kinds of wealth, have much reason to fear the establishment of a precedent which will hereafter be cited against them; but, if Irish owners think it expedient to sacrifice a portion of their interests to preserve the remainder, their opinions will be entitled to considerable weight. Some of them would naturally welcome any measure which might enable them to dispose of their land, although they might know too much of Ireland and of agriculture to believe that the purchase of proprietary rights would tend to diminish rural poverty. It will scarcely be proposed that the taxpayers of the United Kingdom should bear the cost of a doubtful experiment. On the other hand, the Irish peasantry would probably repudiate on the first occasion a debt which they might have incurred in the acquisition of the fee simple of their lands. In all these matters the members of the Opposition may properly exercise the function of criticism; but it may be assumed that the economists of the Liberal party must sooner or later resist the schemes of demagogues, and they will vindicate their principles the more effectually because they will not be exposed to the imputation of party motives. At the beginning of the Session there will perhaps be little occasion for Conservative activity. It is now known that some kind of Coercion Bill will be proposed by the Government, and Mr. PARNELL has already announced his intention of meeting any attempt of the kind by systematic obstruction. It will be the business of the Ministers, and especially of Mr. GLADSTONE, to devise and execute methods by which the independence and efficiency of the House of Commons may be asserted. They ought not to have the excuse of impediments placed in their way by the legitimate Opposition, or even of officious interference which might furnish an excuse for slackness and timidity.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT AND THE COMMUNISTS.

THERE is very little probability, whatever there may be of truth, in the statement in yesterday's *Standard* that France and Germany have come to a mutual understanding to "crush Communistic aspirations." A better means could hardly be found of making these aspirations formidable. To associate the Commune with the national antagonism to Germany has always been the aim of its defenders, and they would have some colour for their contention if they could point to an arrangement with Germany to suppress a movement which is at all events essentially domestic. Nor, unless the relations of the French Government to the Extreme Left or of the Extreme Left to the Communists undergo a very speedy change, is there much chance that a Ministry which made such an engagement would be left in office to carry it out. So far as can be guessed from the straws which float about on the surface of Paris politics, the Communists are again on the road to becoming a power. They are exceedingly audacious, and where the friends of order are frightened, as they are in France, audacity counts for something. They command or influence a considerable number of votes, and when the ordinary method of showing disapproval of an agitation is to abstain from voting, even a few votes may do a good deal. The scheme of a petition to the municipality of Paris to fix a place in which a monument may be set up to the Republicans illegally slaughtered in 1871 may prove nothing more than the impudence of its authors; but it is never safe to say what impudence may not do in Paris, and even the proposal of such a petition shows how largely the fear of being identified with the Commune has died out. According to some accounts one object of the Bill which the Government has brought in for the redistribution of Paris into five vast districts, each returning from ten to twenty representatives, is the effacement of the Communist element from the Municipal Council. In each of these large districts men of all opinions will be mixed together, and the moderate Republicans will then vindicate their superiority alike over reactionaries and extreme Radicals. It will not be surprising if the real effect of this measure should be the exact opposite of that expected from it. That the reactionaries will lose the few seats they now hold in the Municipal Council is likely enough; but, as regards the Communists, it may turn out that the moderate Republican element in a Paris constituency, like the same element in the Chamber of Deputies and elsewhere, will be completely controlled by the extreme element. A moderate party cannot live on its name alone. It must have a policy and an organization, and the moderate Republicans in France have neither. In every critical division the Left Centre, which may be taken as the typically moderate group, goes half with the Government and half against it—half, that is to say, supporting the Government because it is Republican, and half opposing the Government because it is Radical. This is not a state of things which promises many electioneering successes.

The recent trial of the libellers of General DE CISSEY was made the occasion of rival manifestations on the part of the Communists and the anti-Communists. The attacks upon the GENERAL had at all events so much foundation as was supplied by the very compromising letters which he had written on behalf of Mme. JUNG. But the GENERAL might have done much more than this, and no one would have troubled their heads about it, if he had not also put down the Commune in a very merciless way. It was the commander who had cleared the streets and houses of Communists, not the Minister suspected of having made an improper use of his official influence, who was the real object of attack. His counsel was not slow to see and take advantage of this. He defended General DE CISSEY against certain specific charges brought against him, but he reserved all his eloquence for an outburst against the Commune. The

effect of this passage made it clear that, if the party of order is weak in resolution, it is not weak in lung. The greater part of the audience—especially of the professional audience—shrieked applause at M. ROBINET DE CLÉRY's speech, and could only be checked by a suspension of the sitting. The incidents which accompanied the suppression of the Commune are not of a kind to be looked back to with much satisfaction when once the passions that provoked them have died out, and when it appears that they can still be referred to as constituting a soldier's best claim to the admiration of good citizens, it is safe to infer that these passions have not died out. The men who cheered M. ROBINET DE CLÉRY would probably not scruple to have recourse a second time to General DE CISSEY's method, if they had but the army at their command. Outbursts of this kind help to keep up an uneasy feeling in Paris, and go to rehabilitate the Communists in their own estimation. It is a very great change from the state in which the amnesty found them to that in which they now are—from being the objects of a pity which tried to appear contemptuous to being the objects of ill-disguised alarm. It is impossible not to feel some doubt as to what would be the action of the Government if the mob which escorted M. ROCHEFORT home after his condemnation by the Correctional Tribunal should take it into its head to present a petition to the Chamber with a similar display of external support. They would do their best, no doubt, to dissuade the presentation of a petition in this fashion, but whether they would have the courage to forbid the electors free access to their representatives is less certain. Some of the deputies who voted for the return of the Chamber to Paris may not now feel quite so easy as to the wisdom of their vote. The force of the argument that, if the Government is not able to control Paris, it is not fit to have the conduct of affairs, is not diminished, but the evidence that it is able to control Paris is not growing stronger.

It is possible, no doubt, that when M. GAMBETTA himself takes office or becomes President a new vigour may be found to animate the Government. He is, at all events, a man of resolution, and the possession of apparent as well as real power may bring these qualities to the front. If he is re-elected for Belleville next year, he will have avoided an open quarrel with the party which originally sent him to the Chamber, and has up till now kept him there, and he will in all probability have a choice of safer seats open to him. Unwillingness to kick down the ladder before you are safe at the top is no evidence of unwillingness to kick it down when the top has been reached, and though M. GAMBETTA is a long way up, he probably does not feel that he can yet afford to throw over the party by whose help he has risen. When he needs their help no longer, he may pursue a bolder policy. It is strange that the chances of the moderate Republic should seem to depend upon the degree of favour with which M. GAMBETTA is likely to regard it hereafter. But, unless the next election should disclose a greatly changed state of feeling in France, this is very little more than the truth. There are several politicians of more or less mark, but one and all seem wanting in that individual force which qualifies a man to be a leader. M. DE FREYCINET has shown that he can stick to his opinions, and suffer for them; but there are no signs that a FREYCINET party is growing up in France. M. JULES SIMON is an excellent speaker and occasionally succeeds in defeating the Government by means of a coalition with the Right in the Senate; but M. JULES SIMON counts for very little in the country and a party which accepted his leadership would by that very fact shut itself out indefinitely from office. The Left Centre contains some politicians of considerable repute, but they are like the dry bones waiting for a wind to revive them. The Right Centre has so compromised itself by its association with reactionary intrigues that men like the Duke DE BROGLIE and M. BUFFET have scarcely more concern with practical politics than the Count DE CHAMBORD himself. It is a great piece of good fortune for the Republic, that the moment when all sections of its supporters, except the most extreme, seem struck with political paralysis, should also be the moment when a new schism has disclosed itself in the Bonapartist party. If there were any real agreement among the Imperialists, they might find much to rejoice at in the present state of affairs. At bottom France is neither Radical nor Royalist, but it is her misfortune that her only choice seems to lie in being either one or the other. The politicians who set themselves to oppose Radicalism are all suspected of Royalist leanings. The politicians who undertake the defence and guidance of the Republic seem unable to conceive a Republic which is not Radical. The Bonapartists, under a competent leader, might steer a middle course between these extremes; but, though the competent leader is forthcoming, the Bonapartists refuse to be led by him. The group which goes by the name of the Appeal to the People is breaking up under the dissolving influence of Prince NAPOLEON's presence in the front of the party. With all his undoubted ability and force of character, he has not succeeded in reconciling the two elements which make up modern Bonapartism. Though he is anti-clerical possibly rather by antecedents than by conviction, he is still anti-clerical; and the section of the Imperialists which regards M. DE CASSAGNAC as its apostle is shocked at the mere suspicion of impiety. Apart from his antecedents, Prince NAPOLEON might have got over their dislike; but a leader who was one of the guests at the too-famous Good Friday dinner is expected to manifest contrition for the past, as well as to promise amendment for the future.

RECIPROCITY.

WHEN people are in distress it is useless to expect them to be reasonable, and it is well to bear this in mind when dealing with the irrepressible appeal for Reciprocity. The demand is sometimes treated as though it were merely the gratuitous expression of a perverse economical heresy. What it might be under happier circumstances it is of course impossible to say. There are such things as theoretical bimetallists, and in the face of that wonderful fact it would be rash to set any limits to human originality. But the appeal for reciprocity, as it is actually met with, is more commonplace and more melancholy. It comes from men who are hit hard by foreign tariffs, and who use their natural liberty of crying out when they are hurt. Perhaps some of our best political economists might not be superior to the same temptation if their income was derived from sugar or iron. Unhappily, though the complaint is perfectly natural, there is very little hope that it will make the case of those who utter it any better. In point of fact, so far as it has any effect at all, it has a direct tendency to make their case worse. The more lamentations are heard from this country on the subject of protective tariffs, the more joy there will be in the countries which impose them. Even the foreign consumer, who can ordinarily derive but a vicarious pleasure from a process which makes everything he buys dearer, may feel a patriotic glow when he reads of the pain he is helping to inflict upon England. He is a long-suffering person, this foreign consumer, and, with this drop of economical cold water vouchsafed to him, he may hold out for years. If he could be convinced that the protective tariff which he bears so uncomplainingly did foreign nations no harm, he might be led to ask himself whether his love for this or that industry was really strong enough to make even high prices sweet to him. While he is able to think that the additional profits secured by the tariff to the favoured trader come in part out of English pockets, he is far more likely to forget that the lion's share comes out of his own. When Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE warns English miners not to take up an attitude which would give foreigners the impression that they have got the best of the bargain now, and that the ruined and despairing Englishmen are trying to turn the scale against them, he suggests a very useful caution. There is an indisputable danger in the assumption of such an attitude, and an equally indisputable tendency on the part of some Englishmen to assume it.

It might be of some use in convincing suffering traders in this country that no remedy is to be found in the direction in which they are anxious to persuade the Government to look for it, if they would draw out a detailed statement of the duties they would like to see imposed, and of the effect which they think would follow upon their imposition. They would then see that the necessary result of the policy they wish to see adopted would be to deprive them of the one counterbalancing benefit which they at present enjoy. When, for example, a miners' representative suggests that the true way to get foreign countries to take off the duties levied upon British goods is to impose corresponding duties upon foreign goods, he can

hardly have considered how such a scheme would work out. It would plainly be useless to impose reciprocal duties upon the precise articles on which they are levied in other countries. The complaint of the English trader is that he is shut out from foreign markets, not that he has a rival in his own; and he would not be in the least helped by a tariff which made his command of his own market more undisputed. It is undisputed enough already, or he would not be so anxious to send his goods abroad. He wants to send them out of the country because he has more than is wanted to supply the demand in the country. In this respect the cry for reciprocity generally differs from the special cry for reciprocal duty on goods the import of which into England is stimulated by foreign bounties. There are other objections to this latter demand, but it is not open to the precise objection which has just been stated. If reciprocal duties are to help the English trader, they must be placed upon some things which foreign countries export largely to Great Britain. If they are placed upon goods which foreign countries do not largely import to Great Britain, those countries will not feel their imposition. A duty which hurts nobody abroad is a duty which, even on the retaliatory theory, can benefit nobody here. The first step, therefore, in the direction of reciprocity must be to fix upon articles which are imported into this country in sufficiently large quantities to make any considerable diminution in their supply a matter of real concern to the exporting country. No doubt it would be easy to find such articles. Corn would answer to the description in America; wine, if the phylloxera leaves any, would answer to it in France. Let it be supposed that the hard condition of the iron miners has moved Parliament to compassion, that a war of tariffs has begun, and that a heavy duty has been levied upon American corn and upon French wines; what will be the benefit to the English miner? He will admit, of course, that, in the first instance, and as regards his particular grievance, it will be none at all. A duty on American corn and on French wines will leave the sale of English iron in French or American markets precisely what it was. The miner will reply that these retaliatory duties are only meant to help him indirectly. He wants to make it the interest of the Americans and the French to take off the duty they now levy on English iron, and in order to bring this about he makes it their interest to get the English to take off the duty they levy by way of retaliation upon American corn and French wine. But what if the Americans and the French take a similar course, and at once look about for additional articles upon which they can levy duties with a view of punishing England for imposing duties on their staple produce? Such a method of action would be very much more consonant with the ordinary tendencies of human nature. The interests injured by the new English policy would be exceedingly indignant at what we were doing, and yet, on the theory of reciprocity, they would be sufficiently calm and reasonable to see that the real sinners were not the English who taxed their corn or their wine, but their own miners who had previously taxed English iron. To expect this is to suppose that all concerned in these great industries are at once sound economists and unimpassioned philosophers—sound economists inasmuch as they see at once where the fault lies, unimpassioned philosophers inasmuch as they are not prevented from acting on what they see by any irritation against the immediate cause of their sufferings. That, at some stage or other of a war of tariffs, either or both combatants might find out their error by experience is highly probable. But it would be exceedingly rash to say at what stage this discovery would be made, or even that it might not be delayed until both nations were hopelessly ruined. In the meantime the position of the English miner would be doubly altered for the worse. His already limited market would be still further narrowed. He now sells some iron to his own countrymen; but with the price of corn and wine raised by the retaliatory duties there would be less money left to spend on other things, and things made of iron would not be exempt from this general law. Side by side with this further diminution of profits there would be the need of paying more for the corn and the wine he used himself, and though under a system of reciprocal duties he would have very little to spare for the latter, he would hardly be able to reduce his expenditure upon bread. Nor would he be the only sufferer. The English consumer would in effect be taxed to improve the prospects of the miner. Everybody eats bread, and a good many of us drink wine, and neither process could go on under a system of retaliatory duties except at greatly increased cost. If the prospects of the miner were really improved by the sacrifice, it is conceivable that he might think it good discipline for the consumer; but there would be no comfort in injuring his fellow-countrymen while gaining nothing for himself in return.

If the advocates of reciprocal duties had the courage of their opinions, there is a plan that they might urge which would not injure the consumer any more while it would be a real advantage to the producers in whose behalf the imposition of these duties is demanded. It has been shown that a duty on corn and wine would not induce the Americans or the French to take off the duty on iron, and so would not directly benefit the English miner; that it would increase the price of corn and wine, and so injure him alike directly and indirectly; and that it would at the same time directly injure the English consumer. If, instead of this, an additional Income-tax were levied and paid over to the miners, they would benefit by the full amount of the sacrifice made by the consumers, while the consumers themselves would suffer no more than they would under a system of reciprocity. The only objection that can be urged against this proposal from the miners' point of view is that it would make the real incidence of the subsidy voted to the miners disagreeably apparent. But it is no real argument against a financial scheme that it shows facts as they are. If the English consumer is to be taxed for the benefit of the English producer, he had much better be taxed *eo nomine.*

THE POLICE AND THE PUBLIC.

THERE are two sets of persons with whom no reasonable critic ever wants to finds fault—the police and the magistrates. Both have very difficult duties to perform, and if both do not perform them ideally well, the police usually perform them a good deal better, and the magistrates a very great deal better, than might have been expected. The two are, moreover, something of a check upon each other—at least the magistrates are certainly a check on the police—and, on the whole, there is not much to complain of in the manner in which order is preserved in a city where, considering its population and the character of that population, order is by no means easy to preserve. During this week, however, two cases have occurred at different police courts, the decisions in which are by no means easy to reconcile. Both of them bear witness to a temper on the part of the police which we should be very sorry to see on the increase. But, on the other hand, the model policeman, who may be supposed to spend his time in studying the decisions of magistrates for his guidance and improvement whenever he is not drilling, or writing reports, or conducting malefactors to durance, or discharging the other duties of his responsible office, must be a good deal puzzled by these two decisions. It would appear from them that excess of duty in Lambeth is model conduct in Southwark; and that the lieges of Bermondsey had better beware of looking over the least little wall, while those of Walworth may steal horses with impunity. This certainly should not be, and the two cases deserve a little attention.

On the 13th of last October certain men of Walworth seem to have felt the necessity of hearing and echoing the chimes at midnight. No evidence is produced to show that they were actually disorderly, but they presented a rollicking and festive appearance, which revolted the orderly soul of Police-constable COLLARD. COLLARD accordingly went up to them, and made the usual remark that they were to move on, to which it was replied, also as usual, but apparently with more than usual truth, that they were doing no harm. Thereupon, COLLARD acted up to his name with respect to one of them, a scuffle took place, both men fell, and the police-constable fractured his ankle-bone. The culprit came before the magistrate on Wednesday, the constable not having been able to give evidence before. On the face of it, to disable a constable in the execution of his duty is a very serious offence. But unluckily there

was no evidence at all to show that the constable was engaged in the execution of his duty, and there was some evidence to show that he was engaged in overstepping it, and in interfering unnecessarily with peaceable citizens, Mr. Saunders seems to have been quite right in discharging the prisoner, and in cautioning the officer to let his mishap be a warning to him in future. But, if the Lambeth magistrate was justified in thus acting, there certainly was something odd about the proceedings of his brother of Southwark earlier in the week. A shopkeeper of Bermondsey was summoned for being drunk and disorderly, and for breaking through the ranks of the police while proceeding to their beats. Now it may be that some people have noticed the manner of the police in proceeding to their beats, and have observed a certain tendency to keep "eyes right" in a severely military manner, and to preserve the uniformity of the line at the cost of pushing the profane vulgar into the gutter. Such things have certainly been seen, and CHRISTOPHER WOOD, the Bermondsey culprit, alleges that something of the kind happened to him on this occasion. According to WOOD's story, he had his back turned to the advancing file of police, and, turning round sharply, came into collision with one of them, by whom, in spite of his apology, he was so roughly pushed back that he fell through a shop window. The police, it is to be observed, drew a distinction about this part of the matter which would do honour to Mr. GLADSTONE. WOOD, they said, was not pushed into the window, but he "fell through when the constable put him "on one side." This extraordinary conduct on his part was, according to a very general theory of the Force, set down to intoxication, and WOOD was arraigned on the double charge of drunkenness and breaking through the ranks of the police. The charge of drunkenness was amply refuted, and the magistrate made the curious remark that he believed the case would never have come before him if the defendant had not (after being upset through the window) gone up to the sergeant of police to take his number. "Many constables," said Mr. BRIDGE, "took offence because people asked for their number. "It was a very foolish thing." We should have hoped that Mr. BRIDGE meant that it was a very foolish thing for the constables to take offence; and then, though we might have thought the adjective hardly strong enough, there would have been no particular necessity to comment on the remark. But the magistrate's decision seems to indicate that, in his opinion, the folly rested with the troublesome public. For, though he dismissed the summons on the plea that WOOD was not drunk, he expressly said that "he had no reason to complain "of the police." Now if, the charge of drunkenness being put aside, Mr. BRIDGE has no reason to complain of the police, it must be because he thinks it quite a natural thing for a policeman to send any one who casually touches him spinning into a shop-window, and to charge him with being drunk and disorderly because he has the insolence to ask for the officer's number.

It is perfectly right that, when there is a doubt about the matter, magistrates should support the police, because, if the police are not supported, their authority, especially in the rougher parts of the town, would be very much weakened. We could even understand—though we should not wholly have approved the decision—that in the Walworth case Mr. SAUNDERS, looking to the serious injury inflicted on the policeman, and to the fact that this injury could not have been inflicted without a rather obstinate resistance on the part of the captured person, might have thought it right to caution this latter that it would be better in such a case to submit quietly and seek ordinary legal remedy. Discipline must be maintained, as great authorities have it. But, if Mr. SAUNDERS seems to have gone a very little bit out of his way to maintain the liberty of the subject, Mr. BRIDGE seems to have fetched an altogether enormous compass for the purpose of curtailing it. For it is obvious that in WOOD's case the failure of the charge of drunkenness made the whole charge against him collapse. A drunken man might possibly have been imprudent enough to add insult to injury by first interfering with the admirable order of the police and then asking their numbers; a sober one, having fallen foul of them, would have taken pretty good care not to expose himself to their clutches. Besides, the police explanation of the falling through the window depended on the supposition of WOOD's drunkenness. This being the case, we should have thought that a sharp reprimand to the sergeant, and a hint that the preservation of a correct line in marching is altogether a less important matter than the preservation of a correct demeanour towards "civilians" (as police slang has it), were the least that could have been given. We should have thought, too, that such a thing as an objection on the part of constables to have their number taken deserved the very severest words that a magistrate can with propriety employ. A more preposterous notion we have seldom heard of. And if it be that any such objection exists, Sir EDMUND HENDERSON had better put it out of the heads of his men by a general order, or whatever may be the term employed, as soon as possible. There are several alterations, no doubt, that might be made with advantage in the police arrangements of this capital. But there is one alteration which we certainly do not want. We do not want a policeman to fancy himself (and still less do we want to have the fancy sanctioned by magisterial authority) an infallible being any insult or injury to whom, whether he be in the right or in the wrong, is *ipso facto* an insult and an injury to the majesty of the law, to be visited with condign punishment. That is the theory of several Continental countries, notably of two which do not otherwise often agree, of France and of Germany. In either country the hair of all magistrates, judges, and public prosecutors would stand on end with one consent at the idea of such an outrage as the fracture of a policeman's ankle being passed over, not merely without punishment, but with a reprimand, or something like it, to the officer. But the theory of England and of Englishmen is very different. When a policeman is acting within his duty all sensible people among us agree that hardly any punishment can be too severe for molestation or resistance offered to him. But the moment he outsteps his duty he not only loses this right to additional protection, but becomes more guilty than an ordinary person, inasmuch as his responsibility is greater, and the danger of an abuse of his power greater likewise. This wholesome doctrine Mr. SAUNDERS seems to have fully recognized; Mr. BRIDGE seems to have ignored it in a manner which we shall mildly call surprising.

INSURANCE AND THE EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY ACT.

WHEN the Employers' Liability Act was under discussion, no point in connexion with it was more stoutly debated than the relative merits of insurance against accident and compensation for accident. Strictly speaking, the two methods could not be weighed against one another. The ideas on which they severally rest are distinct, and even opposite. The one aims at minimizing the mischief done by an accident which has already happened, the other at minimizing the chances of an accident's happening. The one is a matter of prudence on the side of the workmen who are liable to injury, and of benevolence on the part of the employer in whose service the injury may be inflicted. The other is a question of law—of what, that is to say, the law ought to enact in the absence of any special contract overriding it. As soon as this difference was clearly realized, it was evident that provisions about insurance could not properly be introduced into a Bill dealing with compensation. Nor was it possible to set up any general standard to which the contributions of employers must conform in order to exempt them from liability to make compensation. The amount contributed must vary according to a number of circumstances which might not be precisely alike in any two cases. What would be a handsome payment from one employer might be only a colourable payment from another. Yet, if anything had been said about insurance, some rate of contribution must have been prescribed, by conforming to which employers might escape the operation of the Act. The effect of this would have been that some would have been let off too easily, while others would have been made to pay too much. In the first case, workmen would have been made to contract themselves out of the Act at the sacrifice of a material part of the benefits which the Act was designed to give them. In the other case, employers would have been precluded from contracting themselves out of the Act except at an unnecessarily high cost.

Although, however, the two ideas have really nothing in common, it is quite possible that, in particular cases,

one may be substituted for the other, to the very great advantage of both parties. An instance in point is the proposal lately made to their servants by the London and Brighton Railway Company. This Company, it seems, has always been a liberal contributor to the fund by which the men in its employ have insured themselves against accident; and, by means of this additional payment, the servants of the Company have received, for premiums of 6*d.*, 4½*d.*, or 3*d.* a week respectively, according to their position in the service, payments of 100*l.*, 75*l.*, or 50*l.* in the event of death by accident, together with 20*s.*, 15*s.* or 10*s.* a week for twenty-five weeks in the event of injury. It is now proposed to double the payments received by the men without making any change in the payments made by them. A first-class servant subscribing 6*d.* a week to the fund will receive, as now, 20*s.* a week in the event of his being injured; but he will receive it for fifty weeks instead of for twenty-five. In the event of his being killed, his representatives will receive 200*l.* instead of 100*l.* A second-class man will receive 150*l.* instead of 75*l.*, and a third-class man 100*l.* instead of 50*l.*, each also receiving the same allowance as now in case of injury, but for fifty weeks instead of for twenty-five. The Company have left it to their servants to determine whether they will accept these new conditions of insurance or take their chance under the Act. Apparently the men will have no difficulty in coming to a decision, since the maximum compensation recoverable under the Act would, taking the average wages of the staff, be not more than 180*l.* This sum, moreover, would only be payable when the accident had been traced to the negligence of the Company or of those to whom it had delegated authority, whereas under the insurance scheme the compensation will be payable in all cases of death, whether caused by the fault of the Company or not. The advantage to the Company from the proposed arrangement lies in the maintenance of friendly relations with their servants. If they do not contract themselves out of the Act there can hardly fail to be a considerable number of lawsuits arising out of the new liability of employers. This does not mean that the men would put forward claims which they knew to be unreasonable, or that the Company would resist claims which they know to be reasonable. But there would naturally and almost necessarily be a certain number of accidents as to which it would be a very doubtful question whether they were or were not fairly traceable to the negligence of the Company's responsible agents. The men could not afford to withdraw every claim which the Company resisted; the Company could not afford to acknowledge every claim which the men put forward; and the only way out of the difficulty would be to go to law. Unfortunately, whatever is lost or gained by the parties to a lawsuit, there is one thing which is invariably lost, and that is temper. It is certain that before a dozen claims for compensation had been refused and taken into court a great deal of ill-feeling would have grown up between the Company and its servants. Some claim would have been put forward or contested on imperfect knowledge; and then, when the facts came out, what was really due to ignorance in the first instance, and to obstinacy afterwards, would have been set down to malice. All this will be avoided by the expedient proposed by the London and Brighton Railway Company. The men will get as much as the law would give them, and get it with more certainty, and without the risk of having to fight for it. The Company will pay at least as much as the law could make them pay, but they will be saved the expense of litigation and the many ill consequences of discontent among their servants.

The action of this Company is of itself an answer to those who argued last Session that the Employers' Liability Bill, if passed, would be of no advantage to the workman. It has doubled the benefits which he enjoys in the service of a particular employer, and, if it has this effect in the case of an employer who dealt with him liberally before the Act was passed, it is fair to assume that it would have that effect still more markedly in the case of an employer who was disposed to do the least he could. The Company have shown their appreciation of the force of the new Act by the sacrifice they have made to contract themselves out of it. Their servants would be exceedingly ill-advised if they declined the offer, because it is in all respects a liberal one. But there will be a very large number of employers who will not offer anything like such good terms, and then their workmen would be equally ill-advised if they accepted them. Liberality of this kind finds its reward in the command of the best men in the particular market from which labour is drawn. Prudent and hardworking men will find an inducement to go into the service of the London and Brighton Company in the fact that they will enjoy benefits which elsewhere they could only enjoy with the not improbable drawback of having to fight for them. Of course less far-sighted employers will not be equally alive to the advantage of a liberal insurance. But the working of the Act will tend by degrees to convince them of it. A man who sees that his neighbour contributes as much to his men's insurance fund as the law could make him pay if he contributed nothing may be inclined at first to save his money now on the chance that he may not have to spend it by and by. But by degrees, as he sees that this neighbour gets the best workmen, never has any disputes with them, and has no such item as defence of compensation suits in his solicitor's bill, he will come—if he is not proof against teaching—to take a different view of his interest. The change which the Employers' Liability Act has made in the workman's position is simply this—it has enabled him to hold out for an effectual provision in the way of insurance, in the knowledge that if no arrangement is made the law will see that he is not a loser. It may be objected that, in some cases, workmen will practically be compelled to accept a quite inadequate contribution to their insurance fund as consideration for contracting themselves out of the Act. That is to say, in certain trades, or in certain conditions of trade, workmen may be too weak to make good terms for themselves. That, no doubt, is true; but against such a state of things as this no statute can be a complete protection. If it were made illegal for workmen to contract themselves out of the Act, some mode of evading the law would be discovered, supposing that master and men were alike anxious to find it. If no such other mode could be discovered, the cost of compensation would somehow be deducted from wages, and though the workman might be richer by the law in the event of his being killed or disabled, he would be poorer by the law so long as he remained uninjured in life and limb. A statute which makes it the interest of masters to deal handsomely by their men in the article of insurance, and gives the men the right in the absence of insurance to enforce compensation, except in cases where they are accidentally too weak to hold their own, seems to be as good a settlement of the question as it is possible to arrive at.

UNDERGRADUATE POETRY.

THE Universities have always been the home of young poets. If a man does not write verses between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two, it is probable that he will for ever abstain from song. Everything encourages poetry at Oxford and Cambridge. The scenery, the historical associations, the visits of young ladies at Commemoration, the prize founded by Sir Roger Newdigate, the passions and the inexperience of youth—all combine to make men versify. Thus Pembroke was "a nest of singing-birds" in Dr. Johnson's time, and thus Creech found about thirty brethren in Apollo to whom he could dedicate each of his translations of the Idyls of Theocritus. Men who do not usually show much academical ambition compete for the Newdigate at Oxford and the English verse prize at Cambridge; and a terrible time the examiners have, with the copy of hundreds—literally hundreds—of amateur bards. Some men write, to be sure, in a cynical spirit, like the author of a well-known fragment on Nebuchadnezzar. The poet remarks that the monarch was "turned out to grass,"

> And murmured, as he scan'd the unwonted food,
> It may be wholesome, but it is not good.

A composition on Venice may be discarded after the author is found to aver that

> Passengers for Venice get out here,

which is all very well in Baedeker, but unsuited to the dignity of song. An Ode on Paris under the Commune thus described the condition of the city:—

> There's many a corpse across the threshold laid,
> That, yesterday, with smiling children played.

In the same unsuccessful essay a hero of the Commune was observed

> To scowl defiance at the hissing balls—

a very bold figure. Yet authors afterwards distinguished have gained prize poems, as Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Matthew Arnold, Dean Stanley, and a singer who does the verses for the Christmas cards.

Next to the examiners for the Newdigate, the editors of magazines suffer most from undergraduate poets. No man knows on what principle magazine editors select their verses. It is almost impossible to suppose that the majority of the countless effusions they receive are not better than the rubbish they print. Probably they prefer to insert the lays of their nieces, and their cousins, and their aunts; at all events, they very rarely accept the ditties of the undergraduate. The consequence is that the Universities maintain little miscellanies of verse of their own, to which only the academic songster may contribute. We have two of these tiny volumes before us—*Mensae Secundae* and *Waifs and Strays* (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.) *Mensae Secundae* were, originally chanted, it seems, in the groves of Balliol; but *Waifs and Strays* is a little magazine open to all the University. There is something remarkable in the appearance of these volumes. In old times, ten years ago, Oxford had a small yellow periodical, named *College Rhymes*, which appeared to be entirely supported by the subscriptions of contributors to its pages. *College Rhymes* was a commonplace-looking magazine, with an ugly but unpretending yellow cover. Undergraduate taste has advanced with the age, and *Mensae Secundae*, like Mr. Whistler's pamphlet about Mr. Ruskin, is bound in coarse brown paper. *Waifs and Strays* has an elegant wrapper of *papier vergé*, and no immortal work ever had rougher edges. It may be worth while to examine the verses in both collections, for great poets, before now, have written undergraduate rhymes. Mr. Tennyson had not left college, it is said, before he had composed *Ulysses*, and spoken, to Mr. Thackeray's surprise, of "the great Achilles whom we knew." And even in the earliest verses published in *Poems, chiefly Lyrical* (1830), there may easily be heard the unmistakable accent of an original poet. There is a "chorus," written long before 1830, in which there are lines about the mountains riven

> By secret fire and midnight storms
> *That wander round their windy cones*—

in which it is impossible not to recognize the peculiar music of Mr. Tennyson. Many of Keats's best poems, too, were written before he was of an age to put on the bachelor's gown, and there are other encouraging examples. Is there any trace of originality in the verse of this generation of undergraduates, and, when they are not original, who are the poets that they imitate?

We cannot pretend to have discovered any new voice among these beginners. Neither Balliol nor the University at large contributes anything but echoes. Some of the echoes, however, are pretty enough. In *Mensae Secundae* there is a sentimental poem on Nausicaa's emotions after she has seen the last of Odysseus. Granting that it is fair to make Nausicaa seem a love-lorn modern maiden, which we doubt, these verses, in a metre improved by Mr. Swinburne from the translation of Omar Khaiyyam, are sufficiently pleasing. Here are the latest words of Nausicaa, who longs for rest in Hades, among the renowned queens of ancient days:—

> Why should I live where everything goes wrong,
> Where hope is dead and only grief lasts long!
> I will have rest among the asphodel;
> For death is stronger, though my love be strong.
>
> There will I see the women he did see,
> Leda and Tyro and Antiope
> And Ariadne, queens that loved too well
> Of old, and ask them if they loved like me.
>
> The last white stars grow fainter one by one;
> The folding mists rise up to meet the sun;
> Birds twitter on our dewy orchard trees;
> Day comes: alas, my day is nearly done.
>
> (He is on land in Ithaca by this.)
> Come now, I pray thee, and with one soft kiss
> Draw the life out of me and give me ease,
> Queen golden-shafted, maiden Artemis.

Here is considerable command over a by no means easy metre, and the language is picturesque, if not in a very original manner. But the next piece, "Tricolor," is a laughably successful imitation of an affected style played out long ago. We must quote "Tricolor," as it is probably the last waif thrown up by the receding tide of a futile mannerism:—

> Blue her kirtle was, I ween
> (*doce amie*),
> Red and white her face was seen:
> White as lily in a mere
> (*flors de lis*)
> Floating on the wan water,
> Red as apples in a croft
> (*el tans d'esté*)
> Which her maiden plucketh oft;
> Blue her eyes as blue steel bright;
> (*les eus vairets*)
> They have made my red heart white.

In a later poem, "Qvinetiam Nox Venit," Love, of course with a large L, asks riddles which we cannot pretend to answer:—

> Child, are the lilies whiter than the rose?

and so forth. A piece styled "Tyrus" is an accurate imitation of a certain production of Mr. Swinburne's. No doubt unconsciously, the author of the following lines has burlesqued Mrs. Browning's "Great God Pan":—

> For the great god Pan had look'd with a frown
> On the reeds that laugh'd as he sat by the mere,
> They laugh'd, "he is mad to sit low down
> In the evening here."

"Great Pan is dead," as we know, and possibly he died of the cold he caught when he was so mad as to sit low down in a damp spot after sunset. The great god Pan should have been more careful. The poem ends by assuring us that, though "the lake is dry" (having probably been drained by the enterprise of modern Greece), "the reeds stand now where the reeds then stood." This looks as if the draining had been scamped, like that of Cowley Marsh, where the reeds have, or had lately, a tendency to grow on the Balliol cricket-ground. A very sad poem follows, in the metre of *In Memoriam*, almost the only trace, if it be a trace, of the influence of Mr. Tennyson. Mr. Rossetti and Mr. Swinburne seem to have it all their own way at Balliol. "Strange smiles," especially in Lionardo's pictures, are dear to the young men who cry

> O virginal soft mouth of girl or boy!

as if Lionardo had not succeeded in making it manifest whether he meant to draw a man or a woman. Here we certainly are very remote from the influence of the Laureate, but that of Maudle and Postlethwaite is manifest enough. The last thing worth notice in the volume is a very clever sonnet on Botticelli's picture of Venus rising from the sea. There may be some sweet enthusiasts who will scarcely recognize Botticelli in the "Alexander Filipepius" of the title of the sonnet.

Waifs and Strays are scarcely so characteristic of the present taste as *Mensae Secundae*. The poet who makes "roses" rhyme to "garden closes" and "colder than the snow's is," has been reading Mr. Swinburne. We quote "Love Unreturned," both because of its cleverness and of its debts to Mr. Rossetti:—

> My soul, where is the fruit of thy long pain
> To render to the husbandmen above?
> Thou hast been watered by my tears of love
> For that pure spirit whose serene disdain
> Pierced like a ploughshare thro' thee, leaving plain
> Forgotten depths wind-sown, whereout I strove
> Unceasingly to gather what might prove,
> In time of harvest, tares instead of grain.
>
> "Alas," my soul said, "had but Love passed by
> And cast into the furrows, as he went
> Sowing beside all waters, in the spring;
> Methinks I had borne fruit abundantly
> For God to garner, as He sits intent
> Above the angels at their winnowing."

The last line contains an image that might naturally occur to an early Italian painter, but not to a modern undergraduate. The "Sea Maiden" is a very near relation of Mr. Arnold's "Forsaken Merman":—

> Where her deathless days are led,
> Sitting she combs her golden head,
> Under the noisy querulous
> Waste waters of the wan sea's house.
> Often she goes at dead midnight
> Far up the shimmering starlight,

and so forth. In "Last May-day" there is a queer chryselephantine blossom,

> O gold and ivory flower of perfect face!

Also here are alliterations about meadows

> Made multitudinous with marsh-marigold;

which is a funny line in all conscience. Though there are good lines even in this poem, and though *Waifs and Strays* contains a pretty musical madrigal "Amoret," we fear the critic must cry, with one of the poets of the collection, "Unreal! unreal!" The translator of an epigram of Theocritus has been very successful, save for one unlucky line; but the verses of most of his companions are indeed unreal. They are echoes of voices which we scarcely thought had still the strength to produce an echo. The future of English poetry would be blank if imitations like these were all that the youngest versifiers have to offer. Here there is scarcely any emotion displayed but that of a voluptuous melancholy; here there are scarcely any traces of thought, and the writers are content to reply faintly to the faint and mournful music of older men. An excuse for imitation is given in the motto from the "Poetics" prefixed to *Mensae Secundae*:—τὸ γὰρ μιμεῖσθαι σύμφυτον τοῖς ἀνθρώποις ἐκ παίδων ἐστίν. But, as youth is almost always imitative, we wish the Oxford poets would now and then choose manlier models and express moods more buoyant and joyous.

THE ASCENT OF CHIMBORAZO.

An account by Mr. Whymper of his first exploration in the Andes, and of the ascent of Chimborazo, gives unusual interest to the number of the *Alpine Journal* which has just appeared. The account is, it is true, of the briefest, consisting merely of the rough notes made by him while travelling and climbing; but some idea may be gained from it of the difficulties which had to be encountered, and probably not a few readers who have been wearied by the terrible prolixity of most Alpine stories will be little inclined to complain of a narrative which is marked by the opposite fault. It appears from his curt statement that Mr. Whymper left England in the beginning of November last year, and gained his first experience of the pleasures of travel in semi-civilized countries by being detained nine days at Colon in consequence of the Panama Railway having been partially obliterated by heavy rains. From Colon he went to Panama and Guayaquil, and thence up the river Guayas to a place bearing the name of Bodegas, so pleasantly suggestive of sound

sherry. Not far from the village thus agreeably designated the ascent of the outer chain of the Andes begins, and during two days the traveller advanced up the slopes of this range, which he crossed at the height of 10,365 feet. A considerable descent and a short ascent took him to Guaranda, which stands at an elevation of 8,870 feet. At this place his operations against Chimborazo began, and his first proceeding will certainly seem strange to those who are accustomed to read of ascents and descents made in sixteen or seventeen hours. To use his own words, he "hired a house and decided to make this a base for attack on Chimborazo." It gives one a vivid idea alike of the difficulties of the undertaking, and of the resolute spirit in which Mr. Whymper set to work, to find that he took a mansion as preliminary to attempting the ascent of a great peak. Subsequently he learnt to make short work of the high summits of the Andes; but at first he seems to have shown the greatest deliberation, and to have advanced on his mountain as an engineer might explore a country. Small, indeed, was the chance of Chimborazo when such a master in the art of mountaineering as Mr. Whymper set to work in this fashion. On the day after he had acquired the residence which has been mentioned, Mr. Whymper ascended to the highest part of the "Arenal," a sandy plain lying south of Chimborazo, and, after attaining an elevation of 14,000 feet, returned to Guaranda. Strange to say, during the return he suffered greatly from the rarity of the air, and it seems, could hardly walk. Having thus inspected part of the route himself, he next sent the two Piedmontese guides he had brought with him to look at it; and, after being away two days, they came back much fatigued, and said that they had selected a camping place at a height of over sixteen thousand feet, but that getting there would be very hard work. There had certainly now been inspection enough, and all was ready for a start; but a delay was caused by Christmas Day, which seems to be as great an affliction in Ecuador as it is in England. On December 26th, however, Mr. Whymper got off, and, preliminary trials being over, began the ascent of the mountain.

His party was a large one. He had brought with him, as has just been said, two Piedmontese guides. These were Louis Carrel and the well-known J. A. Carrel, a very admirable mountaineer. He was also accompanied by a Mr. Perring, who acted as interpreter, and by three arrieros or couriers, and two Indians, and the baggage was carried by no less than fourteen mules. Most unpleasant for a time were the incidents of travel. On the first day the party encamped on the highest part of the Arenal, and in the morning it was found that the two Indians and five mules had disappeared during the night. When the second camp—*i.e.* the one selected by the Carrels—was reached, both those guides and Mr. Whymper suffered from extreme exhaustion, and for a whole day they were scarcely able to move. After this the Piedmontese got a little better and were sent off to explore, but they foolishly made a push for the summit, which was as unsuccessful as it deserved to be, and came back utterly exhausted, and with eyes so badly inflamed that another idle day had to be passed. Their failure to get near the summit apparently convinced Mr. Whymper that his camp was not high enough, and as soon as the Carrels had recovered, another was selected at a height of 17,400 feet. No less than three days were occupied in getting this ready, but the time cannot have seemed long, as there was pleasing relief to the monotony of labour. Mr. Whymper learnt that some of the boxes left at the resting-place on the Arenal had been broken open and rifled; and after the excitement caused by this news had subsided, three Indians, who were sent up from Guaranda to replace those who had deserted, duly deserted in their turn when carrying wood for firing. Wood must have been much wanted by the travellers, as on New Year's Day a bitter wind caused them great inconvenience. On the succeeding day the third camp was at last ready, and there Mr. Whymper and his guides passed the night, prepared to grapple with the final difficulties of the mountain. On January 3 they started, but were driven back by a bitter wind. Nothing daunted, next day they went forth again, this time to victory, and, with better weather, they made at first, not indeed rapid, but fair progress, ascending 2,600 feet in a little more than five hours. How they accomplished the remainder of the ascent had better be told in Mr. Whymper's own words. He says:—

At 11 A.M. we were nearly 20,000 feet high, and up to that time had experienced fine weather, with a good deal of sunshine. The sky now became clouded all over, the wind rose, and we entered upon a large tract of exceedingly soft snow, which could not be traversed in the ordinary way, and it was found necessary to flog every yard of it down and then to crawl over it on all fours. The ascent of the last 1,000 feet occupied more than five hours, and it was 5 P.M. before we reached the summit of the higher of the two domes of Chimborazo (21,424 feet). On the immediate summit the snow was not so extremely soft, and it was possible to stand up upon it. The wind, however, was furious, and the temperature fell to 21° Fahr. We remained only long enough to read the barometers, and left at 5.20 P.M.; by great exertions succeeding in crossing the most difficult rocks, which had to be passed over just as the last gleam of daylight disappeared; but we were then benighted, and took more than two hours in descending the last 1,000 feet—arriving at the camp about 9 P.M.

The ascent had occupied altogether nine days, Mr. Whymper having left Guaranda on December 26 and arrived at the summit on January 4. He was not, however, in the very least tired of his mountain, and, considering apparently his exposed camp at a height of 17,400 feet to be just the place for literary composition, he occupied himself during January 5 in writing letters and notes. Next day very bad weather gave him a mild hint to retreat, and he descended to the second camp; but he had not done with Chimborazo by any means. On January 7 he went up to the highest resting-place with the Carrels, and quietly proposed to them to "explore for another ascent." They declined, and, it must be said, had good cause for so doing. Louis Carrel's feet were badly frostbitten, and, "in the course of discussion," says Mr. Whymper gravely, "it came out that this was one reason for declining to make another ascent." How many other reasons Carrel may have given does not appear; but it certainly seems to us that their enumeration must have been rather superfluous, and that the worthy guide resembled that famous governor who, after stating that there was no powder, desired to set forth the other causes which prevented him from firing a salute. Satisfied no doubt to the full extent of all logical requirements, Mr. Whymper descended to the second camp, where he spent three days. On the second Mr. Perring, who had apparently been sent for the mules, arrived in charge of them, and, after loading them with the baggage, he and the Carrels descended with them to a place bearing the charming name of Chuquipoquio. Mr. Whymper remained alone to make observations, and two days passed before he at last tore himself away from Chimborazo and went down to the village just mentioned. He found Louis Carrel suffering greatly, and it was necessary to remove him to a town named Ambato, where some kind of medical aid could be obtained. "More than three weeks elapsed, says Mr. Whymper, "before he was able to walk, and more than five weeks before he made another ascent. We thus lost an entire month in the finest part of our season." With this statement his narrative closes for the present.

The ascent which Mr. Whymper has recorded is certainly in some respects more remarkable than any mountain climb which has yet been described, and in his brief story facts of peculiar interest are mentioned. What will probably first strike the reader is the extraordinary time occupied in making the expedition. As has been shown, it was not until the ninth day after quitting Guaranda that Mr. Whymper stood on the summit of Chimborazo. With most travellers such slow work might be attributed to indolence and dawdling, but in Mr. Whymper's case the supposition is not permissible. His indefatigable energy is well known, and, indeed, his soberly written notes give ample evidence of it. It may perhaps be thought that he had too many followers on the mountain-side, and that he had an unnecessary amount of stores; but the fact of his having been thus encumbered does not alone account for the slowness of the ascent. Probably this was in great part due to the rarity of the air, which enervated the whole party from the beginning, and it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the effect of the rarity of the air was increased by peculiar atmospheric conditions. It will have been observed that when he first explored the route between Guaranda and the Arenal Mr. Whymper suffered greatly. To use his own words, he was, whilst going back, "severely affected by diminished barometric pressure, and had to be supported for a large part of the way." Now the greatest height attained on this occasion was 14,000 feet, and for so practised a mountaineer this was nothing. The Breithorn is only some three hundred feet short of this elevation, and the ascent of the Breithorn is, we believe, looked upon by members of the Alpine Club as an agreeable promenade. Scores of times must Mr. Whymper have been at a height of 14,000 feet in the Alps, and yet, when he attained it in the Andes, it utterly prostrated him. What happened afterwards was equally remarkable. Mr. Whymper and his guides rode up the whole way to the second camp, and yet, when they got there, they were completely exhausted, and next day they lay "panting in the tent." They were, it is true, at a considerable elevation, being about 800 feet higher than the summit of Mont Blanc; but when the ease with which practised men walk up Mont Blanc is remembered, it is difficult to understand why Mr. Whymper, a man thoroughly accustomed to mountains, and the two Carrels, men belonging to an Alpine district, should after their ride on Chimborazo have been so prostrated. May there not be reasons for supposing that the rarity of the air is at times specially trying, owing to causes not at present known? Of course the density at the same heights must always be the same, but other conditions may vary, and, in some manner not yet understood, affect respiration. Cases which support this view are not wanting; but we will content ourselves with citing one. Some years ago, in a balloon ascent from Paris, death was caused by the rarity of the air, although the elevation attained was far below that which had previously been reached. In Mr. Whymper's case, the exhaustion produced by the thin air, first felt at a moderate altitude, was probably, as has been suggested, the main cause of the long time occupied in making the ascent. His narrative shows, however, as has been shown before, that a rarefied atmosphere produces little effect on certain peculiar constitutions, and his letter to the *Times*, written some time after the date of the notes now published, showed how soon men can get accustomed to it. Perring the interpreter, who ascended to the third camp on Chimborazo, seems to have been little affected, and in no very long space of time Mr. Whymper and his guides became so acclimatized as to be quite comfortable at a height of 20,000 ft. or thereabouts. How he attained that delightful result, and how he climbed the many peaks which, after his very deliberate work on Chimborazo, he "polished off" with such astonishing

lity, has yet to be told. His notes leave him with a disabled side at Ampato. The remainder of them, describing the wonderful series of ascents which he made in the Andes, will be looked for with no common interest.

THE RELATIONS OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

UNDER the above title, Mr. W. St. John Brodrick, M.P., has contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* for December an article which deserves the attention of all thoughtful and moderate politicians. The intemperate folly with which a large number of persons of very different degrees of importance, from Mr. Forster to Mr. Boyd Kinnear, have spoken of the House of Lords in the last few months, and the attempts which have been made to saddle upon that House the responsibility of those Irish troubles which the Compensation for Disturbance Bill would, if passed, certainly have intensified, will have done some good if it leads men of sense to consider the relations in which the two Houses stand, not so much to each other as to the nation and to the business of the nation. It is notorious enough that at the present time the public business has pretty well got the better of the persons and institutions who are charged with it. The characteristics of those institutions are sufficiently different. For the moment, we need not insist on the distinction which Lord Salisbury has recently drawn between the House of Commons as the representative of the passing, and the House of Lords as the representative of the permanent, sense of the nation. This, whether well founded or ill founded (and much history, at least, is in its favour), only goes to the respective value of their decisions on points of actual politics. It is needless to say that the vast majority of the matters brought before both Houses of Parliament are not—certainly they ought not to be—matters of politics, at least of party politics, at all. They may be, and too frequently are, made such by the competition of different parties for the favour of the public; but, intrinsically, they are pure matters of business. Such as they are, they are submitted to two assemblies, one of which is essentially political, the other essentially businesslike. But, as a matter of fact, the mass of the duty is assigned to the political assembly, and the smallest part of it, with the smallest allowance of time to do it in, to the businesslike.

It may scandalize some people that we should have adopted such a distinction as this; but it would be difficult to find many persons of sense who in private would gainsay it. Mr. Brodrick has given some figures to prove that the majority of the members of the House of Lords are not even the dumb dogs which Radical opinion assumes them to be. But it is hardly necessary to enter into this part of the question. It is plain on the face of it that the House of Commons is the very worst place in the world for the preliminary shaping and fashioning of complicated measures involving much business detail. Mr. Brodrick's sketch of the ordinary fate of such a measure is not in the least exaggerated. It is brought in, and, being fought as a party question, is carried on the second reading by a party majority. Very likely the discussion of many of its vital points is postponed for Committee, and, as a matter of certainty, a mass of heterogeneous amendments, involving all sorts of particular interests, is introduced. Fresh fights take place, really on the principle of the Bill which is supposed to be settled. Amendments, practical and appropriate enough, get no real hearing; and very likely their movers, disgusted at this, revenge themselves by mere obstruction. If such a Bill were introduced in the first place in the House of Lords, experience shows that at least its technical defects would be removed, and the points vital or not vital to the measure distinguished with despatch and sureness. For, as has been said already, the Lords are nothing if not businesslike. Most of them have had a good deal of business experience in one way or another; they are not hampered by duties to constituents, or by deference to an imperious public opinion; and the placid atmosphere of their [illegible]

[illegible] my vote would make no difference," is only too exact and historical an account of the conduct of many a member of the Lower House. It is in the nature of things impossible as a description of the conduct of a member of the Upper. It is of course true that factious or frivolous members in the Lower House might still persist in proposing irrelevant amendments even to schemes which had already been most thoroughly licked into shape. But there is a great difference between such conduct and the adroit—sometimes perhaps the almost unintentional—seizing on weak points in the original scheme, which weak points the fighting of the second reading as a party battle in a party assemblage is sure to leave. Mr. Brodrick very pertinently selects as an instance of what he means, the unlucky Army Discipline Bill, which was one of the scandals of the last Parliament. It is true (which he does not mention) that in the temper in which Opposition critics then were, the Bill of Rights, and the original Mutiny Act, and Magna Charta, for aught we know, would almost certainly have been trotted out at the suggestion of submitting such a measure in the first place to the House of Lords. But it is equally certain that, had it been so submitted, it would have come down to the Commons in such a shape that an immense amount of time would have been spared, and, what is more, that the reputation of the Government for leadership, and of the Opposition leader for consistency, would have escaped considerable damage.

In the course of his argument Mr. Brodrick makes some statements which may well seem dubious. Thus he grants that "there has been a steady progress of late years in the diffusion of political knowledge." We doubt it very much. There has been a steady progress no doubt in the diffusion of talk about things political; but political knowledge, in any real and valuable sense of the word, seems to have been steadily disappearing. In particular, the objections constantly made to this plan of throwing more work on the House of Lords (for, of course, the proposal is a sufficiently old one) show a really marvellous absence of this same political knowledge. We are told that the most important Ministers sit in the House of Commons; that the House of Commons is the voice of the nation; that the pursestrings are in the hands of the House of Commons; and many other things having as much (and as little) to do with the question as these. That question is whether, having a vast superfluity of business to be done, and an excellent engine not at present half-worked to do the business, we choose to recognize the two facts or do not choose. Of course the real objection to the plan is a hidden one. The professed enemies of the principle of a Second Chamber, or of an hereditary Second Chamber, do not like to give the House of Lords an opportunity of proving its real value. It might be thought that against this not very creditable consideration they might set another which is obvious enough. The popular Chamber, being at present set to manage work too hard for it, incurs constant and, in a way, unmerited disgrace for the manner in which it does or does not do this work. It may be put to a reasonable Radical (if there is such a being) whether he does not think it likely that a repetition of the scenes of the present and the last Parliament may before long seriously injure the reputation of the House of Commons. One House struggling in vain to be allowed to be doing some business; another House putting its head down and forcing measures through by mere brute strength, irrespectively of argument, are not examples of the excellence of representative government convincing to the typical modern person who believes in the general openness of all questions. If such government enjoys a just prestige, it is simply because it has hitherto worked well; and if it works badly, its prestige may be lost. Divine right in the House of Commons is as awkward a thing to trust to as some other kinds of divine right.

No doubt considerable practical difficulties have hitherto been experienced in carrying out Mr. Brodrick's plan, and those difficulties have not been lessened by the nonsense talked about the action of the Lords in reference to the Disturbance Bill. A Government which does not want to conciliate the House of Lords, which indeed would rather not conciliate the House of Lords, which cares nothing for any but definitely party measures, and which feels confident in its strength to hustle through the Lower House those of such measures which it cares most about, and hopes to force the Upper House into passing them without discussion, is not likely to adopt such a plan if it can help it. On the other hand, cool-headed persons see that there would be considerable danger in the principle which Lord Redesdale rather rashly announced the other day—that of flinging measures neck and crop out of the House of Lords on the plea that there is no time to consider them. The plea was just, but not wise. Nor, in all probability, was Lord Beaconsfield well advised in his opposition—to which Mr. Brodrick refers—to the suggestion that the Lords should begin their work earlier in the day. The reason of that opposition very probably was a fear lest the Upper House, finding its time on its hands, should begin to indulge in the *ventosa et enormis loquacitas* which has long characterized the Lower. There are peers enough in the Government, if they chose to stand up for their order, to secure that at least a larger proportion of measures than at present should be initiated in the Lords. Next Session seems to be an unusually suitable opportunity for making a beginning. For it may be safely assumed that the promised, or almost promised, Land Bill will occupy the time of the House for the greater part of the period before Easter; and, unless Mr. Gladstone means habitually to sit into September, or to abandon all but blazing legislation altogether, he can hardly avoid, little as he may like it, giving the Lords something more like their fair share of early work. It is needless to say that, if this be done, a considerable responsibility will rest on the Upper House, and that the Peers will be, or ought to be, on their mettle to show that their business capacities have not been overrated by Mr. Brodrick and others of their eulogists. Their present champion protests against the supposition that he considers the House "an assembly of the most highly developed legislative capacity." It would certainly be a bold man who should advance any such claim either for Lords or Commons. All that is necessary is to show that the House of Lords probably contains as many men of average business capacity as any House of Commons—certainly contains as many, if not more, of average business experience—and from the nature of its composition is exempt from many of the difficulties and disqualifications of the sister institution. Now this, except by mere spouting demagogues or partisans smarting from a recent defeat, is undeniable. To say that there is not plenty of work suitable, in the first place, for submission to such an assembly, argues either a deplorable ignorance of the actual state of the national business, or a want of confidence equally, though in another sense, deplorable, in the powers of managing and arranging that business possessed by the nation's Government. Mr. Gladstone himself must see that, paradox as it seems at first sight, the best way to prevent the Lords from grumbling at having too much work thrown on them at the end of the Session is to pro-

vide them with plenty at the beginning. We have had as yet no intimation that the three thoughts have been thought, and the sternest of Radicals, if he be only honest, will admit that what you do not abolish you may just as well utilize.

JOSEPHISMUS.

OUR readers may perhaps be rather puzzled by the heading of this article, nor are we prepared to vouch for its Ciceronian correctness. But Josephism, like the cognate and still more cumbrous terms Febronianism and Hermesianism, which are indeed closely connected with it, has, we believe, found a place in recent Latin text-books of theology or canon law, as the description of a modern variety of heresy or something very like it. And there can be no doubt that Joseph II., whose centenary has just been celebrated at Vienna, has managed, justly or unjustly, to secure the permanent detestation of the great majority of the Roman Catholic world. The contenary, we may observe in passing, is dated, not from his formal accession to the Imperial throne, which occurred in 1765, but from the death of his mother Maria Theresa, the darling of the clergy, in 1780, for up to that time, under her imperious control, he "reigned but did not govern." The duration of his actual rule therefore was comprised in the ten years from 1780 to 1790—a short period for the vast designs he desired to accomplish. Mr. Bryce has not inaptly described him in his *Holy Roman Empire* as "a sort of philosopher king, than whom few have more narrowly missed greatness;" nor can the substantial accuracy be disputed of what has been called his aptest epitaph, "Here lies the man who, with the best intentions, never carried a single project into execution." With his general career, however, which was at best a splendid failure, we are not now concerned. His ecclesiastical policy, which proved also a failure, though hardly perhaps a splendid one, was one of the most marked and characteristic features of his brief but energetic government, and will afford abundant materials for our exclusive consideration in this place. It is "a far cry" from the Emperor Joseph to the Ferry Bill, but perhaps it may not be inopportune to observe that there is a certain analogy between the religious controversies in Austria which vexed the soul of Pius VI. a century ago and those which are agitating the French Church at this moment. In both cases alike the alleged assault on the liberties of the Church falls under the comprehensive designation of Erastianism, though much else also was involved in the abortive scheme of ecclesiastical reform projected by the Emperor Joseph. When he visited Rome—though he was not crowned there—he was greeted with cries which had not for three centuries been heard in the streets of the Papal metropolis, "Evviva il nostro Imperatore! Siete a casa vostra; siete il padrone." And it was significant that when the Pope undertook a journey to Vienna, in the vain hope of arresting the course of the Imperial reformer, the Minister Kaunitz, to whom his Holiness offered his hand to kiss, took it and shook it instead. Liberal as were his aims in one sense, and deeply coloured as was his mind with the teaching of the French Encyclopædists, it was still the ruling idea of Joseph, as Ranke points out, to unite all the powers of the monarchy, without check or limitation, in his own person, and therefore, *inter alia*, to suffer no religious authority over his subjects not subordinate to his own. Ranke thinks it doubtful whether he was more surrounded by infidels or by Jansenists, but adds that here, as in the attack on the Jesuits a few years earlier, they combined their forces for the common end of waging a destructive warfare against all institutions calculated to uphold the external unity of the Church. That was indeed the natural tendency of Joseph's ecclesiastical policy taken as a whole, but it may be doubted whether he was himself a conscious disbeliever in the doctrines of his Church or intended to precipitate a schism, though a not unreasonable apprehension of this result may have prompted the journey of Pius VI., the *peregrinus apostolicus* of St. Malachy's prophecy, to Vienna.

Joseph II., like other and greater potentates who have left their mark on the world's history, was yet after all the creature of his age. His religious theories were the product of the movement of thought in the eighteenth century, which under the diverse aspects of scepticism and Jansenism had exercised so considerable an influence in France and ultimately culminated in the French Revolution, itself the starting-point of the later "Catholic reaction," which was the breakwater of the advancing tide. These theories had already penetrated to Germany, and had found significant expression in the writings of John von Hontheim, Suffragan Bishop of Trèves, better known under his assumed name of Febronius, who in 1763 published a work against the lofty pretensions of Papal supremacy, which he treated as a creation of the Church rather than a divine prerogative. He also directly advocated the independent reform of national Churches, and the restriction of their intercourse with Rome. His book was of course condemned, but it produced a wide and lasting effect on the public opinion even of Catholic Germany. "Imbued," says an English Ultramontanist writer, after denouncing the principles of Febronius, "with the maxims of this insidious Jansenism, as well as with many of the false principles of Illuminism; vain, frivolous, and egotistical, yet not devoid of benevolent feelings, the perverted philanthropy of the Emperor Joseph was the curse of his subjects." He carried out the counsels of Febronius in making the royal *placet* a necessary condition of the reception of all Papal bulls, whether doctrinal or disciplinary, and transferring the right of dispensation in matrimonial causes from the Holy See to his own bishops. Of more than 2,000 monasteries he suppressed all but 700, including all the contemplative orders, male or female, and only allowing those societies of nuns to survive which could show themselves to be employed in works of active usefulness, while those which survived were cut off from all intercourse with their superiors at Rome; the very convent where he took solemn leave of the Pope was immediately afterwards suppressed. That, here at least, he was in fact "an unconscious instrument in the hands of a high retributive Justice for the chastisement of declining piety and zeal," is allowed by one of the most uncompromising of his assailants. He withdrew the training of clerical students from episcopal control, and abolished all religious confraternities and pilgrimages, and the bishops with difficulty dissuaded him from abolishing clerical celibacy. He even condescended to regulate the minutest details of liturgical worship—prescribing, *e.g.* how many candles should be lighted at mass—whence Frederick the Great used to call him "my brother the Sacristan." The influence of his Church policy was widely felt, both at the time and afterwards, as well in Germany as beyond its borders. The great ecclesiastical Electors, who had hitherto been closely united with Rome, began to revolt from her authority, and in a declaration signed at Ems in 1786 by the Electors of Cologne, Trèves, and Mayence and the Archbishop of Salzburg, the rights of the episcopate as against the Papacy were roundly asserted, in the matter of dispensations, appeals and the like, and the Pope was bidden to content himself for the future with the rights assigned to him in the early Church. A Roman prelate bitterly stigmatized this document as "written with a pen dipped in the gall of Paolo Sarpi." This declaration was no doubt afterwards formally retracted, but its principles continued to leaven the minds of the German bishops and clergy, and have now again borne fruit in the Old Catholic movement of our own day. Earlier in the present century there was an active and powerful party in the German Catholic Church who agitated for the abolition of enforced celibacy, a vernacular liturgy and other kindred measures, while Hermes, a professor in the Catholic Faculty at Bonn, propounded a philosophy which was condemned at Rome as subversive of all faith in divine revelation.

The influence of the Emperor Joseph's ecclesiastical reforms made itself more immediately felt at the time in Italy. At Naples the last traces of feudal subjection to Rome were abolished. In Tuscany the Grand Duke Leopold undertook the reform of the local Church without any reference to Rome, by summoning the famous Synod of Pistoia, whose decrees have been commonly described by opposite schools as an admirable programme of ecclesiastical reform or as supplying "an excellent summary of the belief and practice of a bad Catholic." There is probably a good deal of truth in both views. That those who took a leading part in the Synod of Pistoia were sincerely desirous of reforming practical abuses in the Church no impartial student of history can doubt, but there was in the proceedings a deep taint of what can only be called worldliness and Erastianism, which alienated religious sympathies. And hence, when the Court of Rome interfered to quash the whole concern, there was no effective moral resistance to its claims. And a very similar judgment must be pronounced on the Josephist scheme of ecclesiastical policy altogether. Even assuming his good intentions throughout, which would perhaps be rather a large assumption from a religious point of view, his reforms were in many cases vexatious, or indiscreet, or frivolous, or premature. Cardinal Newman has somewhere remarked that a people's religion is always a corrupt religion, and it requires very delicate handling to reform parasitical corruptions without rooting up the religion which they have at once enfeebled and enshrined in popular belief. And, whatever may have been the personal aims and convictions of the Emperor, there was undoubtedly a large admixture of religious scepticism or indifference in the agents and admirers of his policy. There is a story told of one of the Archbishop Electors of Mayence towards the close of the last century which may serve to illustrate the tone of feeling prevalent among the higher ecclesiastics in Germany. He was driving one day in his carriage through the streets of his episcopal city, when he passed a poor man who through some sudden accident was at the point of death. He was shocked at the idea of the man dying without the sacraments, and sent one of his servants to look for a priest; that he was himself qualified to render spiritual assistance seemed never for a moment to occur to him. Meanwhile a restless desire for change and distrust of existing institutions and principles had seized clergy and laity alike. As Ranke puts it, the inferior clergy were opposed to their bishops, the bishops were at strife with the archbishops, and they in their turn were at variance with the Pope. The most prominent point however in the reforming programme of the Emperor Joseph, and that on which he was himself most intent, was the complete subjection of the spiritual to the civil power. That such a design was in fact incompatible with the first principle of the Roman Catholic Church could hardly have escaped a less acute intellect than his. But later experience has proved that, in proportion as religious earnestness is awakened, all communions, Catholic or Protestant—as in the notable instance of the Free Kirk of Scotland—will refuse to surrender their independence to an external power. In these days however the problem, if it is in one sense more complicated, may prove less difficult of adjustment. The only question in the mind of the Emperor Joseph was as to

the relations of the Established Church to the Government; Church and State alike would have been unable to conceive of the modern alternative of disestablishment, which would at once suggest itself to a reformer of the type of Joseph II. now. That this is a complete solution of the difficulty we are very far from meaning to imply. After a century's experience of "Free Churches" in America, the scheme has yet to be produced—not on paper simply but in practice—which shall put an end to the chronic conflict between the rival pretensions of civil and ecclesiastical jurisdictions. So much however is pretty certain, that no statesman in the present day would be likely to attempt a revival of the drastic but abortive methods of Church policy which have immortalized for good or for evil the memory of the royal "Sacristan."

THE CATS OF COUNTY LOUTH.

IT has always seemed to us unjust that Kilkenny should have its traditional monopoly as the habitat of a certain variety of cat. The headquarters of the Butlers has had its praises celebrated sweetly in song, but there is not the least reason for believing that in pluck and bottom its cats are superior, when the fancy for "mutual suicide," as a great debater once called it in the House of Commons, takes them, to the cats of other places in Ireland. The recent libel case in which Mr. Sullivan, M.P., and Mr. Callan, M.P., were prosecutor and defendant, illustrates the fact quite sufficiently. Neither of these gentlemen, so far as we know, has the least connexion with Kilkenny; yet the result of their battle, morally, if not legally, must be allowed to be of a very Kilkennyish type. The brutal Saxon, in his cold-blooded sneering manner, has frequently remarked on the amiability of Irish members of Parliament in giving full information beforehand of the sort of thing that would go on in a Parliament House on College Green. This latest exhibition cannot be said to fall short of any former one. It was a pretty quarrel—a very pretty quarrel indeed. Why it should have been fought out in the Central Criminal Court of the capital whence the Saxon tyrannizes over Ireland by telegraph, instead of on the banks of the Liffey, nobody knows; but so it pleased the prosecutor, and so it was. It cannot be said that the defendant was equally pleased, or that he seemed to be so. Mr. Callan was for a long time rather coy in presenting himself on the ground; but at last, on Monday, things were arranged nicely and comfortably, and the legal equivalents for coffee and pistols were duly provided. Theoretically Mr. Callan must be allowed to have got the worst of it, inasmuch as the jury found him guilty; but the Judge put off the question of sentencing him in the hope that some arrangement might still be made. The interest for Englishmen, however, who have thus been obliged to make a ring for the decision of an Irish row, lies not in the result, but in the row itself. This, it has already been said, was a very pretty row indeed, calculated to exalt the character of Irish members of Parliament all over the civilized world, and to enable the lowly shamrock to hold up its head more than ever in the face of the insolent rose.

It is needless to say that the combatants of Monday had at no very distant period been the dearest and most intimate of friends. Most combatants—and most Irish combatants more particularly—have usually passed through this stage. There was a time when Mr. Callan cashed bills for Mr. Sullivan, and when Mr. Sullivan, with a beautiful mixture of the affectionately homely and the elaborately eloquent, described Mr. Callan as the "sublimated quintessence of a brick." If there was one thing, moreover, of which Mr. Sullivan was thoroughly convinced in reference to Mr. Callan as an electioneering person, it was of the manliness and straightforwardness of his conduct. But *tout passe, tout casse*. There came a time when Mr. Sullivan no longer regarded Mr. Callan as a polished corner-stone (at least, corner brick) in the temple of the Kingdom of Quintessence, and when he entertained the most serious doubts of his manliness and straightforwardness. For some considerable period, says his counsel, who ought to know, he simply and quietly withdrew his friendship from the man who had so sadly (but unexplainedly) disappointed him. The election of last spring, however, put an end, possibly to the simplicity, and certainly to the quietness, of Mr. Sullivan's relations to his old friend. Mr. Callan happens to be an exceedingly popular man in his own district, so popular that Election Judges, if we remember rightly, are of opinion that treating in his interest is scarcely a corrupt practice because the persons treated are pretty sure to vote for him without it. In the borough of Dundalk Mr. Callan was defeated by an English intruder. The county election coming off later, he, following a course of conduct not unknown either in England or Ireland, thought he would stand there. This upset Mr. Sullivan's plans, and his rage boiled over when, though he himself was elected, Mr. Callan was above him on the poll, and his own chosen colleague, Mr. Kirk, was at the bottom thereof. He accused the sublimated quintessence of a brick, the manly and straightforward friend of 1874, of black-hearted treachery; he declared before high heaven that nothing should induce him to sit with Mr. Callan, and he rated the electors of Louth in the finest Hibernian style for their conduct. Mr. Waddy says that Mr. Callan opposed Mr. Sullivan and his colleague "by means which he would not detail." The phrase is suggestive of terrible things, but the means, if we rightly remember the Blue-book on the subject, were Mr. Callan's own popularity, and a barrel of porter mixed with water in equal proportions—for such is the moderation of the men of Louth in the matter of fermented liquors. However, Mr. Sullivan told these thirsty and faithful persons that they had inflicted a black disgrace—perhaps in reference to the porter—on their gallant county. The distinction of the county and its inhabitants is, it may be noted, one of those things which a mere Saxon finds it hard to apprehend. "A shout of shame"—mark the alliteration—would, Mr. Sullivan thought, "resound all over Ireland." Finally, the result of the election was simply and quietly described as "a foul and unmanly blow levelled at Mr. Kirk." Now Mr. Callan was not pleased at this, which was natural; and, unluckily for him, he seems to have thought that the best retort for mud is mud of a muddier description. He telegraphed to a Dublin newspaper a paragraph insinuating rather than affirming that Mr. Sullivan had been supplied with money for election expenses by a Tory; and that in return for this accommodation he had omitted to organize a Home-rule opposition in the borough which his creditor represented. This was the libel complained of.

The evidence given at the trial, though Mr. Justice Hawkins strove manfully to keep it down to moderate dimensions, was of the finely discursive character usual in an Irish row—an opprobrious expression which is not our invention, but is suggested by the remarks of Mr. Callan's own counsel. The principal witness was Mr. Sullivan himself, Mr. Callan being, by the form of proceeding which his antagonist had chosen, prevented from giving his own version of the matter. Perhaps this was no very great loss; for it would be somewhat difficult for Mr. Callan or any one else to justify anonymous insinuations of the kind in which he had indulged. Such as it was, however, the evidence disclosed a state of things which, though doubtless harmless enough, is a little odd. The House of Commons has, we trust, not yet reached the condition of that Irish regiment extolled in one of Lever's novels as the perfection of friendliness and consummate financial arrangement, in which the colonel habitually drew on the major, the major on the senior captain, and so down to the junior ensign, who in his turn drew on the colonel. This consummation is probably reserved for the Parliament on College Green itself. But it seems that Mr. Sullivan, having, it is said, some money lying to his credit in America, obtained it by a bill or a note of hand given to Mr. Puleston, M.P., who in his turn handed on the document to Mr. Orrell Lever, M.P., who gave it to a wine merchant. The wine merchant seems to have escaped the attention of intelligent constituencies last April, and therefore the magic circle is not quite complete. However, the bill was duly met when it fell due, and that is all which anybody has a right to demand. That Mr. Puleston is a Conservative member is a fact, and so far Mr. Callan's telegraphic libel, as it is now decided to be, was true. It is also true that Devonport, the constituency which Mr. Puleston represents, does not rejoice in a Home Rule organization. But this, it seems, is because there are no Home Rulers to organize. There are not out of barracks a dozen Irishmen in Devonport, that happy, if not beautiful, town. So, though Mr. Callan's main facts were true, his insinuation was unproven and libellous, and he waits his sentence accordingly. The explanation suggested by Mr. Callan's counsel for the trying of the case in London, and not in Dublin, is so injurious that, but for the privileges of advocacy, Mr. Moloney would probably draw down Mr. Sullivan's wrath upon his own head. It is said, whether truly or not we cannot say, that on some former occasion when Mr. Sullivan felt himself libelled, his cruel countrymen, though they admitted the fact, assessed at sixpence the damages which he had himself estimated at three thousand pounds. The story is but too illustrative of the ancient saying about prophets and their compatriots.

We can easily understand that Mr. Justice Hawkins—painfully conscious of the fact that half the Judges are dead, or ill, or trying election petitions, or otherwise incapacitated—may have felt it a little hard that two days of his valuable time should have been taken up in witnessing the conclusion of this stramash. But we really do not know that it is wise to discourage Irish gentlemen, when they are inclined, to have recourse to the law. It is certainly not their most prominent or most troublesome failing at the present moment; and it would almost pay England to establish a separate division of the High Court of Justice, with a complete establishment of judges, to let them fight out their battles of all kinds in an orderly manner without Boycotting, or carding, or cutting off the tails of animals, or any of the other incidents of existing Irish dissensions. Besides, the favourable light which judicial investigations cast upon the character of the patriots engaged in them cannot fail to have the best effect. The consistency, the courtesy, the manly straightforwardness which have been disclosed in this present investigation are among the finest qualities desirable in legislators. The pure love of country which burns in the Irish breast, and which is the true excuse for certain boisterous exhibitions of feeling (such as the tail business just referred to) which are misunderstood by the sluggish Saxon mind, could hardly be better exhibited than by Mr. Sullivan's declaration that the gallant men of Louth had inflicted a black disgrace on their country by electing, not a Whig or a Tory, but a Home Ruler as decided as himself. Or perhaps, it will be said that this pure love of country is better illustrated still by Mr. Callan's eagerness to transfer the charge of using English gold to one of the most active propagators of the system upon which he himself is supposed to have set his heart as the only panacea for Ireland. There really is not much

left of these two gentlemen after their battle, though the verdict may perhaps justify us in assigning to Mr. Sullivan the "tail" of the original Kilkenny legend. The case as it stands is not quite satisfactory to vulgar curiosity, because it might have been interesting to hear Mr. Puleston's version of the story. But to aim at the too much is an acknowledged mistake, and the occurrence is quite rich enough in matter for meditation as it is.

PROSPECTS OF THE IRON TRADE.

THE course of the iron trade during the past twelve months has not been quite in accordance with the expectations cherished towards the close of last year. The large American purchases of iron had then given rise to a wild speculation which ran up prices extravagantly. But this rise of prices brought about a reaction, which put an end to the speculation and caused a fall almost as rapid, though not as great, as the preceding rise. During the fever of the speculation sanguine people persuaded themselves that we were immediately to witness once again an inflation like that of 1872-3; when the reaction came, despondent people concluded that the revival was only a spurt, and that the trade would speedily fall back into a state of depression. Both expectations have been falsified. There has been steady, but gradual and healthy, improvement. This improvement has been mainly due, of course, to a continued demand for consumption; but to a large extent also it is attributable to the moderation of the working classes. If the workpeople, when the wild speculation of last winter sent up prices so suddenly and extravagantly, had insisted upon sharing in the profits in the form of increased wages, they would have made it impossible for their employers, without a general cessation of production, to reduce prices the instant the speculation collapsed. Happily they showed better judgment, and the result has been that, between the lowness of wages and the economies introduced during the long depression, the employers have been able to adjust prices to the demand, and to go on producing on an ever-increasing scale, realizing at the same time a handsome profit. This moderation on the part of the working men has of course been beneficial to themselves as well as to the whole community. Furnace after furnace, previously blown out, has been relighted, and mills have been worked to the full extent of their power. Men out of employment have, in consequence, been taken on. The benefit to them and their families is evident enough; but it extends very much further. The men are now able to clear off the debts they had run up with tradesmen, and besides have more money to spend with the butcher and baker, the draper and bootmaker. These various tradespeople in turn, finding the money due to them coming in and the demand for their goods steadily augmenting, are in a position to lay in better stocks, and, moreover, to increase their own family expenditure. The wholesale dealers feel the effect, and give larger orders to the manufacturers. Thus the first improvement is transmitted from trade to trade and from class to class, the several steps in the process acting and reacting upon one another.

The magnitude of the improvement in the iron trade can be shown by a few statistics. According to Messrs. J. E. Swan and Brothers, there were in blast in Scotland at the end of last week 120 furnaces, against 99 in the corresponding week of last year. This is an increase in Scotland of over 20 per cent. According to the Cleveland Ironmasters' Association there are 118 furnaces in blast in the Cleveland district, against 93 at this time last year, being an increase of nearly 27 per cent. Thus, in spite of the collapse of speculation in the spring, and the consequent fall of prices, we have in these two important districts an increase of producing power ranging from 20 to 27 per cent. Again, according to the same authorities, we find the actual production in Scotland last week 481,000 tons, against 389,000 tons in the corresponding week of last year—an increase of nearly 24 per cent. In Cleveland the proportionate increase in October was about the same. These figures establish conclusively what we said above, that the trade all through the current year has been profitable, that more and more of the capital lying idle has been beneficially employed, and that large numbers of additional hands have been set to work. Yet prices are considerably lower than they were twelve months ago. Thus the price of Scotch pig iron at the end of last week was only 52*s.* 7*d.*, against 59*s.* 9*d.* at the corresponding date last year—a fall of 7*s.* 2*d.*, or 12 per cent. At Middlesborough the October price was 39*s.*, against 41*s.*—a fall of 2*s.*, or nearly 5 per cent. It is to be borne in mind that the speculation was in full swing at this time last year, and that prices then were much above those that ruled in the spring. Since the spring, in fact, there has been a recovery, although there has been a fall as compared with twelve months ago. As there has been an advance since the spring contemporaneous with a great increase of production, it seems to follow that consumption has increased more rapidly than production. But many persons deny that this is the case, and allege, on the contrary, that speculation has again sprung up, and now, as last autumn, is the real cause of the advance in prices. In support of this contention there is the indisputable fact that the exports of iron have greatly fallen off. The shipments to foreign ports and coastwise from Cleveland and the Clyde during September and October appear indeed to have decreased nearly 19 per cent., compared with the corresponding months of last year. Thus we have this very curious state of things—a rapidly increasing production, prices not so high as twelve months ago, but higher than in the spring, and steady, a general feeling in the trade that we are on the eve of a period of extraordinary prosperity, causing a demand on the part of workmen for an advance of wages and a disposition on the part of employers to give it, and yet a marked decrease in shipments, showing a falling off in the foreign demand. Some persons, as we have already said, explain the facts by the prevalence of speculation. Others, admitting the speculation and the support it affords to prices, allege that it rests on a solid basis of increased consumption, just as the speculation of last winter was called into being by the American purchases, and they contend further that the increase is in the home consumption. It is quite clear that if, as we have shown to be the case, the production has increased about 24 per cent. compared with a year ago, while the consumption has decreased 19 per cent., the stock on hand ought to have augmented 43 per cent. But, as a matter of fact, the increased stock in the public stores in Cleveland is only about 8½ per cent., and on the Clyde the increase is quite insignificant. It may be, of course, that the stock in the hands of makers has increased enormously. On that point, unfortunately, we have no statistics. But, if it be not so—and we know of no reason why it should be so—the home consumption must have increased immensely. Theoretically we should look for such an increase. We pointed out just now how a revival in any one great trade is transmitted through every other trade. As each of these improves, each person engaged in it finds himself better off than he was before; he looks upon everything with more hope, and every one he meets is equally cheerful. He is thus encouraged to enter upon an expenditure which perhaps he had long been meditating, but did not feel justified in incurring. He improves his machinery, enlarges his premises, and so on. Now it was in the iron trade that the revival began last year, and naturally it took some time for that revival to act upon other trades, and for these in turn to react upon iron. As regards the foreign demand, which, as we have seen, has greatly fallen off, there are symptoms of a large increase in the near future. A fortnight ago, when writing about the railways of the world, we remarked that railway building in most countries is yet in its infancy, and that we might expect another period of active construction. Short as is the time that has since elapsed, we have already had something to confirm the accuracy of our forecast. To go no further than the American continent, a Syndicate has just undertaken to advance within the next three years eight millions sterling to complete the Northern Pacific Railroad—the line which ruined Mr. Jay Cooke, whose failure in 1873 began the great New York panic. Then we have plans on foot for opening up Mexico by means of railways. And, lastly, there are rumours of an Argentine Railway Loan. All these projects mean a largely augmented consumption of iron and steel.

With the improvement in the iron trade there has been a marked enhancement in the value of iron Companies' shares. The writer of an article in the *Statist* of November 20 has been at the pains to work out in detail and tabulate the movement in the prices of the shares of fifty-two iron and coal Companies dealt in upon the Stock Exchanges of the country. It would be out of place here to follow him in his classification, or to note the effect of additions to or reductions of the capital of some of the Companies. But the broad results which he brings out are very striking. Taking the par value—that is, the nominal amount of the capital—to be represented by the index number 100, the writer shows that in December 1877 the market value was only 68; in other words, the depreciation was then 32 per cent., or very nearly one-third. In May 1878 the market value had fallen to 63·1, a depreciation of almost 37 per cent. In August 1879 the market value had actually fallen as low as 47·7; that is to say, the depreciation had reached 52·3 per cent., or, in other words, more than half the value of the shares was lost. This was the extreme limit of the depreciation, and it speaks eloquently of the depression which had fallen upon the iron and coal trades, and of the deep discredit into which the properties had fallen. Just then the American demand set in, and the value of the properties began to rise steadily. In October last the market value was represented by 78·4; in other words, it was 10 per cent. higher than at the end of 1877, the depreciation being, in fact, only 21·6 per cent. Compared with August of last year, the rise is from 47·7 to 78·4, or 30·7, being over 64 per cent. from the point of starting. Or, to put the matter differently, whereas a holder of one of those shares in August of last year would have got on sale only 9*s.* 6½*d.* in the pound on the nominal capital, in October last he would have got 15*s.* 8*d.*; and the upward tendency still continues. Assuming that the rise has been in the same proportion in iron and coal property not dealt in on the Stock Exchange, it will be seen how immense is the increase in the wealth and resources of all who are engaged in those two vast industries.

PICTURE EXHIBITIONS.

THE Winter Exhibition at the French Gallery is as usual distinguished by the possession of one large picture of undoubted merit, which is in this instance M. Luminais's "Les Enervés de Jumièges," a work in which a somewhat ghastly subject is treated with great power and skill. Some people may wish that the painter's art had fixed on a more agreeable theme,

just as there are some people who dislike or resent the representation of any suffering either on the stage or in fiction. In M. Luminais's work there is none of the vulgar obtrusion of physical pain which may be justly reprobated, and which is, as a rule, not reprobated by the class of people which we have indicated. The same mind which is bored by a fine tragedy or a finely tragic picture will be delighted with reading every vulgar detail and looking at every vulgar woodcut of a horrible accident. In the one case, a certain call is made upon thought and emotion; in the other, no appeal is made to anything above the lowest feelings, which are, it is to be feared, more or less common to humanity. The question might be a not uninteresting one to pursue, but further consideration of it at present would take us too far from M. Luminais's picture. The motive of this is explained by the words given in French on the frame of the picture itself, and translated into English in the Catalogue:—"Clovis II., having conquered his rebellious sons, crippled them by destroying the sinows of their legs, placed them in a barge, and abandoned them to the current of the Seine. The unfortunate princes were, however, rescued by some monks from the Monastery of Jumièges, who perceived their helpless condition." In M. Luminais's work there is no hint conveyed of the succour which finally came; we are shown only the barge drifting down the stream, and carrying the two princes at the caprice of the river. The colouring, both in the landscape and in the figures and their surroundings, is cast in a low tone. The dull yellows and greys of the drapery are relieved only by the dull red of the cushions against which the heads of Clovis's sons lean, and which are supported on an upright board covered with a black cloth. The painter's strength is apparent enough in all these details, but is more fully shown in the expression which he has given both to the hands and the faces of the wretched young men, whom one simple-hearted critic, deceived apparently by the sound of the French word, has described as looking "enervated." The expression in each case is entirely different and terribly true. The picture is instinct with force and feeling, and is of course all the finer for being painted with complete restraint and avoidance of anything approaching to clap-trap.

Many of the smaller pictures illustrate in a curious way the remarks which we quoted last week from Mr. Atkinson's *Art in Germany* as to the mania for tiny pictures. M. Sell, for instance, sends three or four works of this kind, all of them dealing with the somewhat well-worn subject of the Franco-German war, and all of them executed with a vigour and dash which might, one would think, be advantageously employed on larger canvases. The best of them perhaps is "Surprised" (197), which has a remarkable air of life and movement; but we doubt with Mr. Atkinson whether the encouragement of pictures which have to be looked at through a magnifying glass is desirable in the interests of art. Another and an admirable work, dealing on a larger scale with the same subject, will be found in M. Médard's "I' th' Imminent Deadly Breach" (77), which is a sombre and powerful picture. M. Seifert has on the first wall two somewhat curious pictures, both remarkably smooth and careful in execution, both wanting in solidity and life, but yet having a certain attraction. The second, "I Know a Maiden Fair to See" (5), is painted on a gold background. Among the landscapes three or four are exhibited by M. Heffner, and one of these, "A Flitting Gleam before the Storm" (59), has much beauty and originality. A fine and striking effect is produced by a heavy mass of cloud which seems to be rolling up to the spectator from the background, and which contrasts well with the excellently managed light in the foreground. In other pictures of M. Heffner's (9, 75) the treatment is less skilful, and the one last named suggests a not altogether happy reminiscence of M. Munthe, who is well represented in the Gallery, especially by "Ice-bound" (125), which is in his happiest vein. Whatever faults may be found with M. Heffner's work, it is in pleasing contrast to the specimens of native art contributed by Mr. B. W. Leader, whose radically vicious method certainly does not improve by constant repetition. His "Making Hay while the Sun Shines" (70) presents a really startling resemblance to the tin images of trees and men with which most of us have been delighted in our childhood, and the same curiously angular, metallic, false, and flickering touch runs in perhaps a somewhat less degree through all the work which Mr. Leader shows. From the fact that Mr. Leader continues year after year to produce work of this quality, it may be supposed that it commands a certain measure of success; and that this should be so is not an altogether happy reflection, so far as the true interests of art are concerned. Mr. W. H. Bartlett contributes a work which has much promise in "Netting Eels on the River Loire, near Fontainebleau" (109). With some faults, among which are a certain hardness of quality and a conventional rendering of the water surface, the work yet has a work and spirit which are distinctive and attractive. Another and a smaller truth by the same painter, "Happy Childhood" (50), is also marked by much excellence of feeling; but the drawing in the lower part of the picture is unhappy. Just above the "Netting Eels" are two remarkably fine pictures painted on the miniature scale, to which we have before referred, by M. Wenglein, "Sportsmen in Bavaria" (101) and "A Good Day's Sport" (111). The quality of light and the sense of movement in these two works are very striking. The place opposite to M. Luminais's large picture, already described, is occupied by M. Priou's "A Satyr Family" (162), a work which contrives to give freshness to a subject which is old-fashioned enough. The attitudes of the group, and notably of the father, are full of spirit, and the effect of the picture is decidedly attractive. Among other works in the Gallery we may specially mention two excellent landscapes (192, 194) by Herr von Bochmann, a view of Venice, something after the manner of Guardi, by Signor Pinazio (196), and "The Dream" (195), by M. Benlliure, a very odd work with a good deal of grotesque power.

There is a considerable amount of interesting work to be seen at the Fourteenth Winter Exhibition at the Dudley Gallery. As far as well-known painters are concerned, perhaps the most remarkable pictures to be found there are those contributed by Mr. Henry Moore. One of these, "A Shower Clearing off at Sunset" (218), is a work of the highest merit. The beauty of the composition and the colouring have much attraction; but, as an artistic feat, the extraordinary skill with which a transient effect has been seized is yet more remarkable. Another picture, a sea-piece, is an unusually fine specimen of the artist's work, but it is perhaps less striking than the picture just described. Mr. MacWhirter sends two pictures which are, it is to be feared, more daring than successful. One, "Thunderstorm on the Grand Prairie" (167), with a train crossing through the storm, inevitably suggests comparison with Turner's well-known picture, and the comparison is not altogether favourable to Mr. MacWhirter. The other, "A Summer Storm, Venice" (255), is far more successful, but is disfigured like the first picture by the curious method adopted to indicate lightning. Mr. Macbeth's "A Brittany Waitress" (30) is a disappointing work, unpleasing in colour, and devoid of any attraction in expression or in technical skill. Mr. John O'Connor's "Paul's Wharf" (84), is a very bright and attractive work, which might serve as a good practical answer to people who complain that London has no beauty and no sunlight. Another picture which deals with the river, and a picture of remarkable merit, is Mr. Arthur Severn's "Westminster at Sunset" (76), which has much dignity and tenderness. The painting is good throughout, and especially so in the treatment of the dying light falling on the water. Mr. G. D. Leslie sends two pictures (150, 162), which, it is to be hoped, no one but Mr. Leslie could have painted. Two works by French artists are particularly striking, "Le Calvaire de Mont St. Père" (190), by M. Léon Lhermitte, and the "Vue de Rouen" (367) by M. Jules Lessore. The combined breadth and minuteness of the last-named work are admirable. Mr. Heywood Hardy has a fine dashing riding picture, "The Old Squire's Favourite" (157), and an excellent "Study of Foxhounds" (96). On the same wall as this hangs a curiously daring and, it may be added, successful work, "The Scarlet Ibis" (128), by Mr. Matthew Hale. Almost every conceivable hue and variety of red has been brought into the picture, with an audacity which is, however, excused by the harmonious result. Another curious and clever work is "My Wood-Engraver's Bench at the *Graphic*—Gaslight" (167), by Mr. E. H. Godard. Among the sea-pieces Mr. Joseph Henderson's bright and pleasant "A Fresh Breeze" (204), and Mr. Napier Hemy's admirable "Over the Bar" (258), attract special attention. Several small pictures of merit have been "floored." Among them we may mention Mr. H. T. Vernède's "Foris, Ischia" (323), Mrs. Gosse's "Fort Beauregard, Besançon" (285), and Mr. Bevan Collier's "Medmenham" (289). Just above these last hangs a very pleasing work by Mr. C. E. Holloway, "Low Tide—Ravenglass" (292). On the screen are two admirable pictures by Mr. Clem Lambert, "Eel Spearers" (424) and "Low Tide" (441). Mr. T. M. Rooke's panel of "Lucretia" (421) is a little disappointing. On the wall, close to the screen, is a capital study of "Leopards" (371), by Mr. G. E. Lodge. The show of sculpture is not particularly brilliant or extensive; but Mr. Lawson's "Jeannie Deans" (456), and Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's "Study of a Head" (461), are both works of merit.

At the Hanover Gallery in New Bond Street there is an exhibition of oil-paintings by British artists, and of original drawings and sketches made for *Punch* by various artists. The largest picture exhibited is Mr. R. B. Browning's "The Delivery to the Secular Arm—a Scene during the existence of the Spanish Inquisition at Autwerp, 1570." The painting is careful, hard, and for the most part uninteresting. The girl who is the victim, and the soldiers who guard her, are curiously wooden, and the colour is not pleasing. The best thing in the work is perhaps the air of fanatical conviction given to the face and figure of the presiding judge. The pictures are, for the most part, from well-known hands. The President of the Royal Academy sends two charming landscape sketches and a study of a head (31, 60, 61). Mr. Alma-Tadema's "A Mirror" (103), and his water-colour, "Watching the Passers-by" (74), are in his best manner, and Mrs. Alma-Tadema's "Helping the Gardener" (111) is a very pretty and real study of child life. Mr. John O'Connor's "Verona from the Ponte Nuovo" (99) is admirable for its brightness and breadth without carelessness of execution. Of Mr. E. J. Gregory's contributions, "At the Welsh Harp" (102) is the best; and of Mr. Collier's works we prefer "Streatley" (75), and "From my Window at Lucerne" (37). Mr. Watts sends his admirable portrait of Mr. Robert Browning, and "The Temptation" (98), a work of much beauty. The *Punch* drawings are of course full of interest.

THE OPERA.

WHEN last we noticed the opera at low prices, we ventured to hope that there might be an improvement in the representations as the season grew older; but we are sorry to say that the hope has not been realized. With all the promises made at the commencement of the season, we cannot but feel that there has been "great cry but little wool." Whether it is remunerative to present to the public a series of well-worn operas with decidedly inefficient castes is a question we have nothing to do with. What we have to do with is that a number of second-rate, or worse than second-rate, artists have filled first-rate parts, and that, with few exceptions, we have to record a series of at best poor performances of most of the favourite operas. Mr. Carl Rosa has shown what *ensemble* without "stars" can accomplish. Some of the present performances have shown fully what can be reached by the absence both of particular and general excellence.

Since we last wrote we have had several new performers presented to us in leading parts in well-known operas. Mme. Giovannoni-Zacchi as Valentina in the *Huguenots*, Signor Aldighieri in *Rigoletto*, and Mme. Amadi as Maffio Orsini in *Lucrezia Borgia*, have been successively presented to the public, but to none of them is it possible to give the honour of the first rank among operatic artists. Added to this, there have been introduced a number of persons to perform important parts whom the management itself considers unworthy to appear in print, as their names are conspicuous by their absence in the programme.

At the first production of *Les Huguenots* Mme. Giovannoni-Zacchi made her *début* before a London audience as Valentina. A dramatic soprano, as it is called, of considerable experience, she is yet the least pleasing singer that we have seen in the part. To begin with, she is hampered with a tremolo which on our stage is fortunately considered anything but an accomplishment worthy of praise; and it may be remarked that nearly every one of the *prime donne* which Mr. Armit has presented to us is more or less tainted with this fault. Mlle. Rosina Isidor, Mlle. Lorenzini-Gianoli, and now Mme. Zacchi, all indulge in the artificial trick, and are proportionately irritating. The consequence is that many people are led to think that the *sostenuto* style of singing is not in favour on the Continent, which is very far from the truth. As to the other parts in this opera, Signor Vizzani as Raoul was passable, Signor Bonetti as Nevers tolerable, but Signor Quintilli-Leoni as St. Bris was hardly, we think, in his natural element. Signor Antonucci's Marcello was a remarkable performance. The weakness of this singer's memory gave the conductor an opportunity of displaying his vocal powers. We may perhaps arrive at a time when the conductor will be expected to take a prominent place in the vocal parts of an opera, but we think that the period has scarcely yet been reached when the audience will look with favour upon the feat. The one redeeming feature in the performance was, of course, the Urbano of Mme. Trebelli. It is unnecessary to speak of it further than to say that for grace and dramatic power it was unequalled, and made that part of the performance in which she appeared really enjoyable to the audience.

Signor Aldighieri, in *Rigoletto*, was another novelty. A six-foot hunchback is rather an anomaly; but, nevertheless, Signor Aldighieri acted the part with a great deal of vigour and with much feeling. In the ghastly scene where he appears before the courtiers with the knowledge that he has been the agent in the destruction of his own daughter's honour, in fulfilment of the curse of Monterone, and also in the subsequent scene with Gilda, he showed that he was an actor of considerable merit. Signor Runcio's Duke was a careful, albeit a somewhat colourless, rendering, and in the one song that he is expected to shine in—namely, "La donna è mobile"—he failed to give the effect with which Giuglini was formerly accustomed to entrance the audience. Signor Antonucci again compelled unwilling attention to his performance. He is not the first Sparafucile whom we have heard attempt the part with insufficient knowledge, and he is far from being the best among the singers whose failure in the character we remember. The part of Gilda was taken by Mlle. Giulia Bressolles (who appeared in *Les Huguenots* as Mlle. de Bressolles) "at a moment's notice and without rehearsal," and in consideration of that fact we refrain from criticism.

The new singer in *Lucrezia Borgia* was Mme. Amadi, as Maffio Orsini. Rather a mezzo-soprano than a contralto, Mme. Amadi combines a sympathetic voice with considerable stage experience, and altogether presents us with a very creditable representation of the character she undertakes. Signor Runcio played Gennaro, and Signor Ordinas Alfonso. The latter, in the opening of the first act, not only sang painfully flat, but in the aria "Vieni la mia vendetta" again indulged in the offensively "yapping" utterance which we had occasion to notice before in his rendering of "Dio dell' or" in *Faust*. Mme. Zacchi's Lucrezia presented no startlingly new features, and her persistent tremolo was as irritating as formerly. With the notice of these four singers we have exhausted the printed caste, and as to who Gubetta, Rustighello, and other of the eleven *dramatis personæ* are, we are totally left in the dark. It is a pity, for we might have said something in their favour had we known their names; but it is hardly worth while to waste praise upon nameless personages. The management consider them unworthy of notice, and that must be enough for us.

Last Thursday week Signor Tito Mattei's opera of *Maria de Gand* was produced. The libretto is the work of the Italian novelist and dramatist, Signor G. T. Cimino, and the English words, which have the advantage of being really a translation of the Italian, are by Mr. Henry Hersee. This work was, we understand, first produced in private at St. George's Hall, in 1878. Since then, however, the greater part of it has been remodelled and made to suit the exigencies of the larger stage of Her Majesty's Theatre. The applause which greeted the composer at his entrance into the orchestra was continued throughout the piece, and if that be any criterion of success, Signor Tito Mattei may be said to have attained a triumph.

The action of the opera takes place in Brussels just at the time when Alva has been sent to enforce the laws against heresy by Philip II. The first act opens with a bal masqué at the house of Giorgio di Gand. Giorgio enters reading a letter which informs him that Riccardo Orley, a great friend of his and a former lover of his wife, is coming. He is much disturbed, for he knows that Riccardo is watched as a suspected conspirator. At this moment his hears his wife Maria singing a love song which arouses his suspicions that she is in love with Riccardo, and in a scene of some power strives to believe that his suspicions are false. Maria enters, and on learning that Riccardo is coming, begs her husband not to harbour him. Giorgio, assured, says that he will never refuse asylum to a faithful friend. The festivities continue, when Riccardo appears masked and is recognized by Maria. Giorgio warns Riccardo of his danger, and he determines to fly away to an old castle of his at Laeken. At this juncture a certain Andrea van Heysen appears, rather the worse for drink, and after insulting one of the guests, proceeds to fight him, but is interrupted by Giorgio, and the curtain falls. The second act shows us Riccardo Orley's ruined castle. After apostrophizing the ruins, he is joined by some fellow-conspirators, who swear allegiance to his cause. As they are going off the stage Maria and her attendant Anna enter, and Riccardo is overjoyed to find who the masked lady is. She comes to beg him to fly the country, as he is watched by the Spaniards; but he, confident in the success of his conspiracy, at first refuses; when, however, he finds that she is really in love with him, he relents and is about to go off with her. Just at that moment the advance of the Spaniards is announced, and he determines to remain and carry out his plot. As the Spaniards approach he leads Maria away by a secret passage to her castle. The square in front of the Hôtel de Ville in Brussels is the scene of the third act, which opens with the entry of Alva into the town amidst much martial music. The fatal edict against heresy is displayed in the centre of the stage, guarded by two soldiers in armour. Riccardo and his friend Giorgio enter and read it. Alva, in his speech to the people, reminds them that there are some amongst the Flemings who accuse the King of tyranny. Giorgio, upon this, rashly comes forward and declares that he is amongst these, and delivers himself of a diatribe against foreign soldiers, war, and broken faith. Riccardo, seeing his friend in danger, with all the foolhardiness of a conspirator comes to his assistance, and, after calling Alva a villainous bandit, proceeds to tear down the edict with his sword, and calls on the Flemings to rise. Of course he is arrested, much to Maria's grief, who is present all the time. At this point one Marco, a captain of Alva's guard, enters, and states that all Riccardo's fellow-conspirators have been arrested except one, a lady, who came out of Giorgio's house at break of day; and the act ends in an *ensemble* depicting the misery of Riccardo and Maria, the jealousy of Giorgio, whose suspicions are again aroused, and the exultation of the captain of the guard. Just as the curtain is about to fall, however, Anna, Maria's attendant, declares that she was the lady who went out to meet Riccardo, and is accordingly arrested. The fourth and last act is taken up with the misery of Maria at her lover's fate, and her determination, when she learns that Anna is to be executed, to deliver herself up as the culprit. To effect this she writes a letter to Alva, which she entrusts to the drunken Andrea. He, however, is surprised in an inebriate state by Captain Marco and Alva's soldiers, and brought back to Giorgio, who reads Maria's letter. In a wild fit of jealousy he determines to kill her himself. This he proposes to do by poison, and having poured it from a ring which he wears into a glass of wine, he meets Maria, who now enters, and asks her to drink to his departure for England, whither he intends to go to lay the matter of the suffering Flemings at the feet of Elizabeth. She agrees, and is about to drink, when a sudden impulse seizes him, and he exchanges glasses with her and drinks. He then begins to upbraid her for her unfaithfulness to him, and she, sinking on her knees, begs him to kill her. He tells her it is too late, that he himself is a dead man. Just then Marco enters to say that Anna is free, and she is in time to be present at Giorgio's death, which ends the opera.

Of Signor Mattei's music it is sufficient to say that it is pretty and pleasing without any evidence of originality or vigour. He has doubtless studied the best of the great Italian operatic writers, and has profited by them. Certainly, nothing that we could see justified the triumph that was accorded him, and the march in the third act, which was redemanded, is, to our thinking, the least worthy part of the work. The history of this encore is perhaps unique in the annals of Italian opera. At the end of the march much enthusiasm was displayed by the audience; but, instead of waiting till the applause had died away, to the astonishment of every one the whole of the crowded stage seemed to have been seized with a sudden panic, and scuttled away (there is no other word to express the flight) in disorder. This was through no alarm of fire, as we at first thought, but on account of the applause, and

the whole pageant was repeated. We shall soon be having whole acts repeated if this is to be encouraged, and an opera will last for a week at least. The best pieces in the opera seemed to us on a first hearing to be the "Reca un suono" of Giorgio, in the first act; Andrea's rather humorous song; Riccardo's song, "Al sospirato termine," in the second act; and Maria's *scena*, in the fourth act, beginning "Non giova fuggir!" Some of the choruses are also effective, and the ballet music is pretty. Much credit must be given to Mme. Katti Lanner for her very tasteful arrangement of the ballets. Mme. Giovannoni-Zacchi appeared as Maria, and sang her part with great credit, and acted with power. She was, however, to our mind, guilty of strange want of taste when, in the first act, she appeared on the stage in answer to applause for a song that she sang behind the scenes. Signor Aldighieri sang Giorgio, and Signor Ordinas, who was evidently in very poor voice, took the part of Marco. Signor Runcio was Riccardo Orley, and sang his part like an artist, whilst Signor Pro made a passable but very undignified Alva, and Mlle. Barnadelli was Anna.

It is pleasant to turn from such performances as we have spoken of to the consideration of the rendering of Berlioz's *Faust*, lately given at St. James's Hall. We can only regret that its author did not think fit to frame the dramatic legend of Faust for the stage, for if ever there was a musical composition fitted for dramatic representation, it is this one of Hector Berlioz. It was otherwise decreed however; and certainly Mr. Hallé's well-trained band and chorus worked under their able conductor with a determination to do honour to the piece worthy of all praise. Berlioz treats the story of Faust much in the same way that others who have most evidently learned much from him have done, with the exception that his Faust signs the bond with the fiend in order to save Marguerite if possible. Unlike those who followed him, and even Goethe who preceded him, Berlioz has softened the selfish element in Faust's character, in giving him a purpose in sacrificing himself for his love. It is true that he is deceived by Mephistopheles, but not the less does this add to Faust's heroism in selling his soul to save Marguerite. Of the performance nothing but praise can be spoken. Under the direction of such a consummate musician and so masterly a conductor as Mr. Hallé, and with the assistance of such artists as Miss Davies, Messrs. Lloyd, Santley, and Pyatt, only a fine performance was to be expected and realized. The "Hungarian March" and the beautiful ballet of Sylphs, amongst other pieces, were redemanded, and the weird Serenade received the applause that the singing of Mr. Santley deserved. The last-mentioned piece, the parent of all *Faust* Serenades, seems to us one of the most dramatic portions of the work, the "ah!" of the chorus at the end of the stanzas being almost electrifying. The want of action alone was felt, and this, although supplied to a certain degree by Mr. Santley's admirable delivery of his part, made us long all the more that the work had been written for the stage. We may take another opportunity of speaking of this great work.

REVIEWS.

ENDYMION.*

THE wiseacre who discovered that Lord Beaconsfield's novels are profoundly immoral will be confirmed in his opinion by the study of *Endymion*. There is no trace in it of the enthusiasm of humanity, or of deep interest in social progress; and, if the author's tastes and sympathies are not worldly, he confines himself to the delineation of worldly characters. In the same sense the *Arabian Nights* are not less immoral, and yet they have amused many generations in the East, and five or six in the West. Endymion, the hero or subject of the present story, bears some resemblance to Aladdin, who began his career as a naughty boy, and, without merit and almost without exertion of his own, became son-in-law and prospective successor of the Sultan. It is the nature of the hero of a novel to be passive, colourless, and uninteresting. He must be good-looking, courageous, and, if his historian may be trusted, spirited and able; but his qualities are taken for granted, instead of being displayed in speech or action. Scott sometimes attempted to escape from a necessity which seems to be imposed by the laws of fiction; but Waverley, Ivanhoe, Henry Morton, and Roland Graeme are the same lay-figure adapted to each immediate purpose by the assumption of different costumes. The person to whom everything happens cannot without inconvenience determine the course of events. For the purpose of a cheerful story, such as Lord Beaconsfield likes to tell, it is principally important that the hero should be naturally and habitually fortunate. Aladdin had early in his life the good luck of acquiring the rusty lamp to which were attached the services of the all-powerful genie; and when he was for a time deprived of his principal talisman, he had at his command the less marvellous powers of the slave of the ring. Endymion was provided with not less potent auxiliaries in the form of three beautiful countesses, who occupied themselves wholly with the care of his fortunes. Lady Montfort, the wife of an Epicurean magnate, once familiar to Lord Beaconsfield's readers as the Marquess of Monmouth, ultimately bestows her wealth on Endymion as her second husband. Lady Beaumaris, with whom he had been half in love while he was wholly in love with Lady Montfort, induces her husband at a critical period in Endymion's career to provide him with a seat in Parliament, though they belonged to opposite parties. Endymion's twin sister, Lady Roehampton, was wife of a statesman undistinguishable from Lord Palmerston, and ultimately she became Queen of an unnamed kingdom, or rather Empress of the French. There was also a genie of the ring to intervene when Endymion's ordinary protectors were powerless. Adriana Neuchatel, the greatest heiress in England, made Endymion an anonymous present of 20,000*l.* without raising a suspicion as to the donor. When, after his marriage with Lady Montfort, the secret was disclosed by the Empress, Endymion or his sister repaid Adriana by an equally anonymous wedding present of suitable value. Aladdin, on the eve of his marriage, sent to the palace a procession of forty black slaves dressed in silver stuffs embroidered with flowers of gold. Each bore a basin on his head full of pearls, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, the largest and finest that had ever been seen. On the day on which she became Viscountess Waldershare, Adriana received from a foreign land a casket of crimson velvet, which caused some excitement. "But when it was opened! There was a coronet of brilliants; a necklace of brilliants and emeralds, and one of sapphires and brilliants; and dazzling bracelets, and all the stones more than precious; gems of Golconda no longer attainable, and lustrous companions which only could have been created in the hot earth of Asia." Perhaps they were Aladdin's jewels dug up, after the lapse of ages, in the ruins of his palace. "When the revolution comes," said Adriana's father, Lord Hainault, "Lord Waldershare and my daughter must turn jewellers. Their stock in trade is ready." Lothair's famous ropes of pearls must have been comparatively insignificant in value.

At the beginning of the story, the twin children, Endymion and Myra, are living in the luxurious home of parents whose private fortune had without their knowledge disappeared, while the father, Mr. Ferrars, had on several occasions been disappointed in the hope of retrieving his position by obtaining high office. On the retirement of Lord Liverpool, he attached himself to the Duke of Wellington, while his more sagacious friend, Mr. Sidney Wilton, enlisted himself among the followers of Canning. The hopes which had been suddenly checked by the great change of 1830 revived for a moment when the Duke of Wellington undertook to form a Cabinet in 1832, and offered Mr. Ferrars the place of Secretary of State, and leader of the House of Commons. Excited by a summons from the Duke, he called at Apsley House, to be courteously and calmly informed that the acceptance by a large majority of the House of Commons of Lord Ebrington's resolution had compelled the Duke to abandon his attempt to form a Ministry. About this time Mr. Ferrars's father died, having both dissipated his own fortune and fraudulently tampered with the property of his son's wife. The family retired to a remote country house which was let on cheap terms, and the father employed himself in the education of his children. One more gleam of hope on Peel's accession to office in 1834 soon faded away, with no result except the nomination of Endymion to a clerkship at Somerset House. Mrs. Ferrars died; Mr. Ferrars committed suicide; and Myra began her self-appointed task of restoring the family to wealth and affluence by becoming the companion and friend of Adriana Neuchatel. At this time Endymion was sixteen; and it took him, notwithstanding the efforts of the genie of the lamp, nine or ten years to rise from his humble desk in Somerset House to be Prime Minister of England. Aladdin perhaps enjoyed less his still more miraculous ascent to the height of prosperity and power. A successful adventurer, pushed upwards by unseen and irresistible agencies, is a more interesting object than a helpless Lothair born and destined to die in the purple. The biographer bears witness that Endymion was industrious and practical, and that he had a native faculty of speech. In two first essays, at a debating society and in the House of Commons, the young orator was at first overwhelmed with nervousness; but on both occasions he recovered the thread of his argument, and received deserved applause. Sir Robert Peel himself condescended to answer his maiden speech, with the result of causing just and lasting offence to his own Under Secretary. As Lord Beaconsfield gravely remarks, the Minister would have done better to give his subordinate an opportunity, reserving to himself the correction of any error or oversight which might have been committed. Endymion attracts not only the love of all women, but the favour and confidence of all men who can serve him, including the husbands of the ladies with whom he has sentimental relations. With a dispassionate regard to Endymion's interests, Lord Beaconsfield makes him a Liberal and a leading member of the Opposition when "a dozen men without the slightest experience of official life had to be sworn in as Privy Councillors" in 1852. "One of this band, a gentleman without any official experience whatever, was not only placed in the Cabinet, but was absolutely required to become leader of the House of Commons, which had never occurred before, except in the instance of Mr. Pitt in 1782." Lord Beaconsfield takes the opportunity of defending himself and his colleagues from the charge of rashness. If, he says, they had not "dared these ventures," they never could have acquired sufficient official experience to form a Ministry, and "the result has rather proved that they were right." The hero of the present story, when he faced the Treasury Bench, little suspected that the inexperienced gentleman who was Chancellor of the Exchequer would occupy his leisure when he ceased to be Prime Minister by writing the history of Endymion.

* *Endymion.* By the Author of "Lothair." London: Longmans & Co. 1880.

Lord Beaconsfield is no believer in the speculations on tendencies and inevitable changes which are sometimes called the science or philosophy of history. Almost the only general proposition which he affirms, and frequently repeats, is that political forces are principally personal. It was through a knowledge of the statesmen of Europe that Lord Roehampton, who is Lord Palmerston, was a great Foreign Minister. Political economy and similar studies are the resource of politicians who are not in society, and who cannot talk French. As on many former occasions, Lord Beaconsfield persists in attributing the triumphs of democracy to the imaginary fact that Europe is "honeycombed by secret societies." Like the old Greek mythologists, or like a modern divine who attributed rain to watering-pots used by angels, Lord Beaconsfield ascribes all political results to individual agency. The machinery is at least indispensable to his romances of adventure. The characters which he describes are not solar myths, or impersonations of natural forces, but men and women connected with each other by love, friendship, or enmity, and for the most part moved by an ambition which is not always ungenerous or ignoble. For the purposes of fiction Lord Beaconsfield forgets his own transfer of political power from the aristocratic society in which Endymion moves to the capricious multitude which raised his biographer to power in 1874, and overthrew him in 1880. Lady Montfort and Lady Roehampton can now do little to promote the fortunes of their lovers and their brothers. The old aristocratic Constitution which long survived the Reform Bill has, by successive changes, been almost wholly abolished. It will live some years longer in Lord Beaconsfield's novels.

In none of his former works has he indulged so largely and with so little disguise in his favourite reproduction of real personages in a more or less transparent mask. The founder of the Ferrars family is identical in character and circumstances with Pitt's faithful follower and confidential assistant George Rose. Mr. Sidney Wilton bears no special resemblance to Mr. Sidney Herbert of Wilton, except that he holds a political and official position one degree below the highest. Mr. Job Thornberry represents Mr. Cobden, whose eloquence is felicitously described in an account of a Corn-law meeting at Manchester. The circumstances of Mr. Thornberry's later life would have perplexed and annoyed his living prototype. Mrs. Thornberry, who is first introduced as a zealous devotee of a Unitarian preacher, joins the Roman communion; and his son, John Hampden Thornberry, puts up portraits of Laud and Strafford over his mantelpiece, and, "embossed in golden letters on a purple ground, the magical word THOROUGH." The same whimsical young gentleman always addresses his father as "Squire," and cultivates an extraordinary passion for game-preserving. Job Thornberry's "intelligence was as clear as ever, and his views on all subjects unchanged; but he was, like many other men, governed at home by his affections. He preferred the new arrangement, if his wife and family were contented, to a domestic system founded on his own principles, accompanied by a sullen or shrewish partner of his life, and rebellious offspring." The son's name "Hampden" is perhaps unconsciously suggested by the residence of the Thornberrys at Hurtley, which is identified by description with Great Hampden, an historical house and small hamlet not far from Hughenden. Job's domestic philosophy is an additional illustration of the doctrine of the supremacy of personal motives and influence. From the same village of Hurtley comes the Rev. Nigel Penruddock, who afterwards, as Cardinal Penruddock, perpetrates the notorious Papal Aggression. It was perhaps hardly worth while to execute an inferior copy of the Cardinal Grandison of *Lothair*. Scarcely any attempt is made to distinguish Lord Roehampton from Lord Palmerston except in the details of private life. In the Ministry of Lord Melbourne Lord Roehampton is Foreign Secretary, and in that capacity he projects and executes the Syrian Expedition of 1840. Lord Beaconsfield regards with admiration, and almost with tenderness, the statesman whom he long opposed with untiring energy, but always with chivalrous courtesy. In accordance with his uniform practice, he disregards political differences which were, in fact, purely conventional. It pleases him to imagine the influence of such a character over a wife much younger than himself, who had originally accepted his hand for reasons of convenience, and especially in the hope of serving her twin brother Endymion. After mourning the death of Lord Roehampton, Myra, for the same reason, consents to marry the crowned adventurer who had, as Prince Florestan, long admired her during his exile in England. The character of Louis Napoleon's counterpart is carefully and skilfully drawn. He first appears as a boy entrusted to the care of Mr. Sidney Wilton by his mother, Queen Hortense, who is introduced under the ill-omened name of Agrippina. His English guardian renounces his acquaintance when he breaks his parole in a second attempt to recover his throne. His final attainment of his object is accomplished after the fashion, not of the third, but of the first Napoleon. His ambiguous position in England, his real or professed belief in destiny, and his resolute use of opportunities, are happily described. Those whose consciences are perverted or troubled by Lord Beaconsfield's animated pictures of social and political life must be easily demoralized. To amuse and interest thousands of readers by fanciful traits and ostensible revelations of a varied experience is not a mischievous or immoral achievement. It is pleasant to find that a statesman driven from the highest position in England has had at an advanced age sufficient elasticity of spirit and freshness of mind to write the most popular book of the year. Sir Robert Walpole in similar circumstances lamented that he had never learned to amuse himself by reading. It never occurred to him to regret the want of the more interesting occupation of writing. It is hardly worth while to discuss the question whether *Endymion* displays the literary power of *Tancred*. The work fully maintains the level of *Lothair*. Lord Beaconsfield's gift of delicate satire is well illustrated in his appreciation of the prejudiced dogmatism of political fine ladies. Zenobia, who is the Lady Jersey of fifty years ago, is firmly convinced that the Whigs have no chance of success in their contest with the King and the Duke. If she had been born in a lower rank half a century later, she might without modification of character have made speeches on platforms as a strong-minded woman. The Count of Ferrol, who is identified with a living statesman only by his use of the phrase "blood and iron," has little or nothing of Zenobia's dramatic truth of character.

MR. TENNYSON'S NEW VOLUME.*

MR. TENNYSON'S latest volume has the advantage of containing in a small compass food for widely varied tastes. There are two poems in the style of *The Northern Farmer*, one of which, "The Northern Cobbler," strikes us as admirable; there is, besides the republished "Revenge" and "Defence of Lucknow," a singularly stirring and ringing poem called "The Voyage of Maeldune," founded on an old legend of St. Brandan's Isle; and, to pass over other pieces to be presently noticed in detail, there are four sonnets, one of which sums up in terse and beautiful style the leading characteristics which endeared the late Mr. Brookfield to all who had the privilege of knowing him.

The volume opens with "The First Quarrel," a story told by a woman in the Isle of Wight to the doctor who is attending her sick boy. There is an odd touch in the first few lines:—

> "Wait a little," you say, "you are sure it'll all come right."
> But the boy was born i' trouble, an' looks so wan an' so white:
> Wait! an' once I ha' waited—I hadn't to wait for long.
> Now I wait, wait, wait for Harry.—No, no, you are doing me wrong!
> Harry and I were married; the boy can hold up his head,
> The boy was born in wedlock, but after my man was dead;
>
> I ha' worked for him fifteen years, an' I work an' I wait to the end.
> I am all alone in the world, an' you are my only friend.

The Doctor's groundless suspicion seems to want some further explanation than is to be found in the fact that wrong rhymes to long, especially as it has no kind of bearing on what follows. Nelly, the widow, goes on to tell with much simplicity and tenderness the story of Harry's early courtship, of how he went away for years, bound to a farmer in Dorsetshire, where, unfortunately, "there was a girl, a hussy, that worked with him up at the farm," of how Nelly waited faithfully and lovingly for his return, and of how they were married on Christmas Day, and

> Those were the pleasant times, my house an' my man were my pride,
> We seem'd like ships i' the Channel a-sailing with wind an' tide.

But, work being scant in the Island, Harry went over the Solent, and wrote to his wife that he had taken a six weeks' engagement, and would cross again to say good-by to her. On this she puts the house in order, and in clearing out an old deal box comes upon a letter written to Harry when he was in Dorsetshire by "the hussy up at the farm." The scene which follows between the two is described with admirable truth, and the husband's character is capitally brought out in the few speeches, every word of which the widow remembers. The end of it is that she refuses to kiss him before he goes, and that she gets a letter from him saying that he has got six weeks' work in Jersey, and is going over in the boat:—

> An' the wind began to rise, an' I thought of him out at sea,
> An' I felt I had been to blame; he was always kind to me.
> "Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it 'll all come right"—
> An' the boat went down that night—the boat went down that night.

"Rizpah," the following piece, written in the same metre, has a yet more tragic theme, and it may be doubted whether the form in which it is cast is in the nature of things particularly well fitted to the matter. It is, however, full of fine touches of feeling and character, and leaves a strong impression. A dying woman tells a lady who is visiting her how her son Willy, being dared to the feat by his wild mates, robbed the mail, took one purse, with the contents of which he refused to meddle, and was hanged for the deed. There are great pathos and power in the description of her last meeting with him, and in her tale of her subsequent insanity, and of her secretly burying his bones in holy ground. It would be impossible to do full justice to the fine qualities of the work except by copious quotation, and even this would be difficult, since each passage is closely connected with what goes before and follows it. In "The Northern Cobbler," which follows this, both the idea and the execution seem to us as good as they can be. The cobbler is a reformed drunkard, who has hit upon an original method of overcoming his enemy by buying a large bottle of gin and keeping it with the cork undrawn constantly in his window, and the return of his sailor brother-in-law is made the occasion for his telling the story of his courtship and marriage, of his decline into habits of drunkenness, and of his final victory. There is hardly a line in the poem which has not some strong or happy turn of expression, and both the narrator and the events he narrates are brought

* *Ballads and other Poems.* By Alfred Tennyson. London: C. Kegan Paul. 1880.

before us with singular vividness. There is an admirable passage which relates how one night he came home worse than usual, "like a bull gotten loose at a faäir," how he "knaw'd naw moor what I did nor a mortal beäst o' the feäld," and how, waking in the morning, and seeing the hideous disorder he had caused, he remembered the days of his courtship, and the first kiss he gave his wife, as they looked after a lark that was "singin' 'is best of a Sunday at murn."

> "Doesn't tha see 'im," she axes, "fur I can see 'im?" an' I
> Seeäd nobbut the smile o' the sun as danced in 'er pratty blue eye;
> An' I says "I mun gie tha a kiss," an' Sally says "Noä, thou moänt,"
> But I gied 'er a kiss, an' then anoother, an' Sally says "doänt!"
> An' when we coom'd into Meeätin', at fust she wur all in a tew,
> But, arter, we sing'd the 'ymn togither like birds on a beugh;
> An' Muggins 'e preäch'd o' Hell-fire an' the loov o' God fur men,
> An' then upo' coomin' awaäy Sally gied me a kiss ov 'ersen.

"The Village Wife; or, the Entail," another piece written—far less happily, as it seems to us—in the same dialect and metre, is judiciously separated from "The Northern Cobbler" in the volume by "The Revenge" and "The Sisters." Of the splendid swing and spirit of the already familiar "Revenge" it is perhaps hardly necessary to speak. The magnificent directness of the story, the martial power of the lines, the daring in their management which only a master of metre can employ with success, and the indefinable spirit of the whole thing, will not have been easily forgotten by readers who have already become acquainted with the work. It is followed by one which is, to our thinking, with one notable exception, the weakest production in the volume. "The Sisters" strikes us as a story which is at once commonplace and disagreeable, and it is related in verse that never rises above the level of smoothness and carefulness, or, in other words, above a level which any verse-writer possessed of practice and of a good ear can attain. There is, it is to be feared, nothing very out of the way in the supposition that a young man may propose, for all practical purposes, to marry a young woman, and may afterwards fall in love with, propose to marry, and actually marry, this young woman's sister. We have, indeed, seen this simple and not very attractive plot form the substance of a decently written magazine story. The least that could be expected of Mr. Tennyson, if he chooses to take up so barren and ungrateful a theme, is that he should give it some touch of exaltation. Possibly by some of his readers he may be judged to have done this. For our own part, we must confess that "The Sisters" seems to bring out in strong, if undesigned, relief the odious character of the man who is at once the chief figure in, and the narrator of, an unpleasant tale, and fails to give due weight and interest to the character of the girl who has sacrificed herself to this poor creature's meanness. It may be added that in this case Mr. Tennyson's vehicle for his story is not particularly happy. The man who was capable of the gross act of jilting, the story of which is the substance of the poem, might also be capable of the strange indiscretion of relating his own fault to a youth whose affections hover between the two sisters born of the narrator's unpraiseworthy marriage. We were about to add that the tale would not prepossess the youth in favour of his possible father-in-law. But perhaps Mr. Tennyson has intended to extend the old proverb to "Like father-in-law, like son-in-law." If so, we cannot think it fortunate from any point of view that the intention has been executed.

Of "The Village Wife," which follows "The Sisters," we need say no more than we have already said; and of "In the Children's Hospital" we can only say that it is written with Mr. Tennyson's accustomed command of language and metre, and that, while some people will no doubt find its sentiments charming, others may possibly think them a trifle maudlin. One passage in it, however, ought to live. It may be based on a too hasty generalization, but experience goes to show that abuses of the kind aimed at can be met only by what in other cases might be called illegitimate warfare. The speaker is a hospital nurse, who thinks, from her cursory view of a new doctor, that he is one who could "mangle the living dog that had loved him and fawned at his knee—Drench'd with the hellish oorali—that ever such things should be!" This is not a fit occasion for dwelling on the terribly difficult question of vivisection; but it may be said that no one possessing any human, which generally includes "animal," sympathy is likely to think the epithet which the Laureate has applied to a particular phase of the matter one whit too strong.

The piece just dwelt on is followed by the beautiful "Dedicatory Poem to the Princess Alice," and by the "Defence of Lucknow," which seems to us only second, if second, in fire and splendour of verse to "The Revenge." For these two poems we have nothing but admiration. Passing over two pieces—"Sir John Oldcastle" and "Columbus," which appear to us comparatively uninteresting—we come to "The Voyage of the Maeldune," a work already referred to, and one which shows, more than any other new publication in the volume, except perhaps "The Northern Cobbler," the continuing freshness of the poet's fancy and power of expression. In this it seems to us that Mr. Tennyson has caught and rendered with complete success both the simplicity and the strength demanded by the subject. The swing of the verse alone carries the reader away, but when he reads, as he is sure to read, the poem again, he finds that what seems the over-mastering spontaneousness of the writing, is in fact the result of the completest art. Each one of the fabulous isles at which the mariners touch is described with extraordinary vividness and beauty, and the metre is admirably suited to the subject. As Mr. Tennyson has managed it, it helps in a marked degree that sense of whirling and constant change of scene and adventure with which the poem is instinct, and the whole result of which is arrived at by innumerable touches that readers will discover for themselves. The end of the work is, as it seems to us, altogether admirable, both in conception and in form.

After reading and commenting upon this fine work, it is matter for regret to us, as it probably will be to all who are not absolutely indiscriminate admirers of anything to which Mr. Tennyson chooses to put his name, to have to record the fact that he has included in this volume the extraordinarily incoherent and meaningless stuff to which he has given the names of "De Profundis" and "The Human Cry." "De Profundis" is unpleasant and dull; "The Human Cry" is a collection of "words, words, words," which it is astonishing that any one should have set down in print. We may close our notice of a volume of curiously mixed merit by a reference to the singularly touching and pretty dedication prefixed to the book.

BURKE'S HISTORICAL PORTRAITS.*

WE owe it to Mr. Hubert Burke, a few hours with whose new volume have affected us something like a journey in a springless waggon over a clay soil in the month of November, to make mention of an encomium of his book which must have fully compensated him for the superficial judgments of the indolent or shallow reviewers to whom, more in sorrow than in anger, his preface refers. No less a personage than Mr. Gladstone has written to the author to state that he has "read every page of the work with great interest," and that he "subscribes without hesitation to the eulogy passed on it by the *Daily Chronicle*, as marking, *as far as he knows*"—the italics are, we suppose, the publisher's—"*a distinct and valuable addition to our knowledge of a remarkable period.*" After this, anything we can say becomes indeed of vanishing importance; but we must say it nevertheless. Instead of taking warning by the comments which the first volume of these so-called "Historical Portraits" inevitably elicited, even from those who like ourselves were willing to acknowledge in Mr. Burke a love of truth such as happily may at times coexist with a grievous habit of blundering, he has put forth another large volume not less pretentious, and, if anything, more grotesque, than its predecessor. So incorrigible an offender—for the present work does not represent the first-fruits of its author's studies—needs to be reminded once more that a book of this kind is an indignity to historical literature. The best-intentioned actor, though he might have formed a highly ingenious and perfectly novel conception of Hamlet, would be hissed off the stage if the audience, to use a vulgar phrase, could not make head or tail of his delivery of the speeches set down for him. Mr. Burke seems to write with the fixed purpose of illustrating by a *reductio ad absurdum* the profound discovery recently announced to the world, that the science of history has nothing to do with the art of composition.

A few quotations must, we fear, be given from what Mr. Burke might call a "sadly ample" collection, in order to exemplify the kind of pabulum which it would appear some digestive systems are strong enough to assimilate. Mr. Burke's vagaries of style are of many kinds and of many degrees, and it is not perhaps so very often that he passes the line which distinguishes the distressingly from the utterly obscure. Mr. Froude may, for instance, guess at the meaning of the following challenge, though his engagements may prevent him from repairing to the literary Canossa to which it invites him:—

> How and when arose the startling changes from light to darkness? Where is the record of that universal corruption which, even on the fringe of the Middle Ages, was alleged against those sacred houses? Even Mr. Froude must acknowledge that the Catholic Church, chiefly through the monastic houses, had been the sole focus of intelligence; and he owes it to his credulous and much-abused following to point out the era of change from the sanctity and devotion he here so eloquently depicts to the dire wickedness which so shocked the hearts of the Inquisitors he has so much bepraised.

On the other hand, in whatever spirit the following expression of homage may be received by Mr. Freeman—"one of the most researchful and conscientious historians of the present day—one who has sought for truth, without capricious breaks of oblivious spleen, in his reliable writings" (Mr. Freeman's *reliable* writings!)—its significance must remain doubtful to the warmest of his admirers:—

> To do justice to a bishop or monk, adds Mr. Freeman, is just what Mr. Froude can never bring himself to do. Yet Mr. Freeman is said to belong (I know not otherwise) to a belief more hostile to the olden worship of England than that professed by the autocratic object of his criticism. But Mr. Freeman *will* have history, not rhetoric or imagery. And thus should history be written. Will the equity of all future hearts respond? It is a sacred duty to do so.

But neither Mr. Freeman, nor Mr. Froude, nor any other person versed in the study of English history, could perform the part of Œdipus to the enigma of the following sentence, apparently intended to impress upon the reader the fact, previously stated, that in the Tudor days an iron discipline prevailed in the Tower of London:—

> Over the Thames for many a long year could have been heard the sounds of mourning and sorrow to rival those which were borne over the lagunes

* *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty and the Reformation Period.* By S. Hubert Burke. Vol. II. London: John Hodges. 1880.

of Venice, and the Lion of England was as dangerous a recipient of accusations as the Lion of St. Mark, though he opened not his literary jaws so widely to the gaze of apprehensive citizens.

The defectiveness of Mr. Burke's grammar our readers will, we imagine, be content to take on trust; nor need we dwell on the carelessness of an orthography in which the well-known diplomatist appears as Wutton, the celebrated divine as Œcolompadius, and the great poet as Spencer. Even Mr. Pettie, R.A., becomes "the eminent painter, Bettie," which, considering the praise bestowed upon his telling of a "grim prose story in painted verse," is rather hard upon "one of the greatest of English painters." Lord Seymour of *Sudbury* we are inclined to regard as merely an ingenious misprint.

To such small vexations as these Mr. Burke had done his best to accustom us in the first volume of his "Historical Portraits," and he maintains a similar self-consistency in his practice with regard to quotations. In order, perhaps, to diminish the number of inverted commas which stud his text as the silver nails studded the sword of Agamemnon, he occasionally begins a sentence as a quotation, and finishes it, to all appearance, as an original remark. On the other hand, he reserves to himself a general liberty of modernizing the language of the anecdotes which he owes to his research. Thus, for instance, Henry VIII. is made to say to Archbishop Cranmer, on his promising "King Hal" a dish of jack for supper, "That will do nicely." Elsewhere we are overwhelmed by a mass of authorities such as would almost suffice to establish as a fact the most startling paradox, in confirmation of two queer, though very possibly not groundless, bits of scandal about the Princess Elizabeth and Sir Thomas Seymour, to the recital of one of which Mr. Burke appends a reference to

> Haynes' State Papers; Ellis's Royal Letters; Tytler's Edward and Mary; Miss Strickland's Queens of England, Vol. V.; Lingard, Vol. V.

"Fuller, Collier, Heylin, and Ranke" are summoned to support a few lines in a previous note concerning Cranmer's office of "Penitentiary-General of England"; though to be sure, in a passage in the text, "Leopold Rancke" is quoted by himself. We might have thought the familiarity implied in the use of the Christian name a mark of confidence similar to that bestowed upon "Henry Hallam," though unfortunately the latter is elsewhere appealed to, with *Anthony Wood* and other writers "of high repute," in testimony of the correctness of a statement of detail. But, inasmuch as "Gilbert Burnet" is mentioned with the utmost scorn, it is clear that the introduction of the Christian name may serve a double purpose, such as we believe it is wont to serve in cheap fiction. Much uncertainty seems to surround a reference to "Macaulay's Essays on the English Reformation"; the passage is, however, taken from the essay on Hallam's *Constitutional History*, not from that on the Life of Burleigh by Dr. Nares (whom Mr. Burke of course calls Dr. Naro). While on the subject of quotations, we may point out a curious discovery which, to use a phrase of Mr. Burke's, "speaks volumes" for the wickedness of "the men of the time," and also for the sterility of their inventiveness in the matter of death-bed rhetoric. Dr. Layton, or Leyton, well known as an unscrupulous (though perhaps not the most utterly ruthless) member of Cromwell's Commission for the visitation of the monasteries, came to a bad end:—

> Thorndale, who was well acquainted with Layton, saw him two hours before his death, when he addressed him in these words:—"Beware of my fate—you now see the death-bed of a bad priest; I served my King truly, but not my God." *All is lost* were his last words.

If Leyton in his last moments thus conveyed the famous words which, according to Cavendish, were used by Wolsey to the judges sent down to him at Esher, King Henry VIII. himself borrowed the dying words of the repentant Inquisitor:—

> A death-bed has been described as the altar of forgiveness, where charity and tears commingle as the spirit of prayer communes. These attributes were absent from the dying couch of Henry Tudor, whose last despairing words, chronicled by Anthony Denny, "All is lost!" express an awful consciousness of the retribution due to a wicked and truculent career.

"And yet," as the ballad about the burning of the Globe Theatre on the occasion of the performance of *Henry VIII.* had it, "all this is true"; for the narrative given by Mr. Burke of the last moments of the bloodthirsty King is corroborated by a comprehensive reference to "Leti, Thenet, Harpsfield, Godwin, Burnet, Rapin, Macintosh, Tytler, and Lingard."

We wish we could have added that Mr. Burke, who handles his materials after a fashion which we have by this time sufficiently exemplified, at least displayed that modesty which would so well become an author who writes like a novice. Not only, however, does he criticize earlier and more generally appreciated historians with a freedom which perhaps he could not always have avoided; but he goes out of his way to venture on the following critical note, which he must excuse us for designating as, in more senses than one, impertinent:—

> The present Poet-Laureate, in one of those hard-wrought operations of the brain which tax equally the performer and peruser, has familiarized the few who can understand him with his notions on "the holy grail. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico.*"

Even more gratuitously silly is the sneer implied in the observations, *à propos* of the unlucky Mrs. Cranmer, that "even a German girl of seventeen might have, in more recent times, hesitated to become the clandestine wife of a man nearly fifty years of age"; but that since, according to Dr. Hook, Mrs. Cranmer was not a woman of "much refinement," we must suppose her to have adopted the situation, "which, in Teutonic notions, may have been passably satisfactory." Clearly Mr. Burke's own "notions" about things Teutonic are in the last degree uncertain; for, after speaking of Anne of Cleves as a "Dutch princess," he complacently repeats, at intervals of two or three pages, the statements that "she could read no language but Plats-Deutsch or Flemish," and that her own language was an "involved Walloon." As Mr. Burke appears to subscribe to both these pieces of linguistic information, he should have traced to its origin the verbal form employed by Anne in a saying of hers which he likewise cites:—"There is no place like this England for fodein righte well."

We do not think that we have been guilty of an injustice either to Mr. Burke or to the cause which we claim to have at heart as much as he has, when we demur to his pleadings on a very different issue from that on which he tries conclusions with the historians whom he criticizes. We believe him to be an honest as well as an industrious student; and it is pleasant to find a writer to whom John Knox is a "fanatic, perhaps lunatic agitator," and who makes no secret of the bias which inclines him, coming so near to the mark as he seems to us to do in his estimate of the Catholic party in Queen Mary's reign. Indeed Mr. Burke's impartiality is of the broadest kind; the Peers and Commons of Queen Mary's reign in general were, in his opinion, as dishonest and corrupt as those who preceded them under her brother and her father. As for the populace in those sad times, nothing, as he holds, could exceed its dishonesty and inconsistency; though a portion of it might stand excused by circumstances. This seems to result from his description of certain old women who were punished for railing against Queen Mary. They were (like John Knox) "either fanatics or lunatics, for the religious frenzy had created many boisterous idiots." If we cannot always accept Mr. Burke's judgment of the leading Reformers, "many" of whom he rather rashly supposes to be included in the censure of Queen Catharine Parr, it is at least never the judgment of an uninstructed partisan. His sarcasms occasionally suggest the preliminary query—*Quis provocavit?* What "writers of the present day," for instance, are in the habit of describing Henry VIII. as "gentle and merciful," "a model of married life," &c.? Is it only students of the numerous and more or less recondite authorities cited in this book who have some idea of the tyranny of "Lord Crumwell" (as Mr. Burke has "elected" to call him)? or is a sufficiently distinct picture drawn of his system in a history which is in every one's hands like that of Mr. J. R. Green? If Mr. Burke had occasionally asked himself such questions as these, he might have considerably lightened his "congeries of arguments, supplemented by eloquence"—to apply his description of Gardiner's sermon before King Edward. He might thus have gained time for arranging more skilfully his attack upon Cranmer, the idol on whose behalf Mr. Froude "entered the field, assegai in hand"; and for giving effectiveness to his chapters concerning Somerset, whose historical portrait was really worth repainting.

ARMY LIFE IN RUSSIA.*

JUDGING by his books, we should say that Mr. Greene is one of the best specimens of that modern school of officers who are at once enthusiastic and highly educated. His former volume on the Russo-Turkish war commanded general approval by the brilliancy and lucidity of its style, as well as by the value of the information which it conveyed with the precision of scientific knowledge. His present work is in a measure supplementary to the previous one, but it is not less interesting, and scarcely less valuable. It gives sparkling sketches, not merely of life in the army, as its title professes, but of the various orders of Russian society, from the Czar himself down to the humblest of his subjects. And the author returns to the seat of the war, describing some of the most momentous and stirring events of the campaign—such as Gourko's passage of the Balkans, the sanguinary assaults on the works at Plevna, and the three days' hard fighting in front of Sophia, when the Turks were making their last stand against odds that became at last overwhelming. Mr. Greene is no holiday correspondent who got up his picturesque facts at secondhand, compiling his narrative in the rear of the columns by the help of telegrams and a lively imagination. When it was in any waypossible, he was always at the front, and frequently exposed himself under the hottest fire, without the hope of either glory or substantial advantage. He tells a straightforward, soldier-like story, and it is only by incidental notices of his confidential intercourse with the Russian leaders that we appreciate the consideration in which he was held by them. That he is predisposed in favour of the Russians is but natural, after all the toils and dangers he had shared with them; and the generous hospitality they showed him on all occasions must have awakened a warmer sentiment than mere gratitude. Yet he does not hesitate to exhibit the frankness of a friend in showing the weak points in their military system; and even in the lifelike portraits of their most conspicuous generals he gives proof of courage as well as of candour.

The volume opens appropriately with a chapter on the Czar. In the beginning of August 1877 Mr. Greene had reached the little Bulgarian village of Biela. He drew bridle before the temporary

* *Sketches of Army Life in Russia.* By F. O. Greene, Lieutenant of Engineers, U. S. Army, Author of "The Russian Army and its Campaigns in Turkey in 1877–78." London: Allen & Co. 1880.

field-quarters where the Emperor was housed in a couple of officers' tents joined together. The American arrived just in time for dinner, and would gladly have brushed himself and washed off the dust before the ceremony of formal presentation to the autocrat. But the aide-de-camp who received him assured him that that was quite unnecessary. The arrival of staff messengers in even less presentable case than himself was a matter of everyday occurrence. The dinner was substantial, though simple; but it was served upon silver-plate by richly-liveried servants, and about eighty guests had been invited to the party. Distinguished statesmen and officers were present; but Mr. Greene's attention was naturally attracted to his Imperial host, who sat almost immediately opposite to him. The Czar assumed a cheerful manner, conversing freely with those near him; but "even a casual observer could detect the weight of care and responsibility which seemed to rest so heavily upon him." He felt the misfortunes he could not avert and the sufferings he could not alleviate. "The expression of his face grew still sadder as the summer and autumn wore on, and Plevna held fast, and he gradually lost flesh—more than thirty pounds—giving him a gaunt look." Mr. Greene believes thoroughly in the Czar's good intentions; but, indeed, he goes so far as to persevere in the theory that Russia entered the campaign of liberation from philanthropic rather than ambitious motives. He pities the Czar as a man who has been the lifelong victim of his own irrepressible benevolence and exceptionally advanced ideas. Alexander has undertaken a series of labours almost beyond the strength of even an autocrat like himself. He began his reign by liberating the serfs, and consequently alienating the nobles; nor has the injury he did to vested rights and to the landed proprietors been ever forgiven him by those whom it impoverished. And now, placed high above classes who do not sympathize with him, he is "attempting the Herculean task of dragging eighty millions of people forward, rather against their will than with their assistance." No wonder that the strain of sustained effort has proved too much for a man whose motives and purposes are systematically misconstrued. And, moreover, he lives in the perpetual apprehension of assassination by the people he has been striving to benefit. Still, serious though the danger from secret conspirators may be, Mr. Greene insists that the leaven of disloyalty has diffused itself through but an infinitesimal portion of the nation. The rank and file of the army who represent the masses of the nation believe in the divinity of the Czar as reverently as ever. However much they may have to endure in the field, they take it patiently, believing that he would feel for them and help them were their sufferings brought to his notice. Nothing impressed Mr. Greene more than a scene he witnessed after the disastrous engagement of Gorni-Dubnik, when the Emperor had ridden over to General Gourko's headquarters to pass the *corps d'armée* in review. He rode down the lines, exchanging words with some of the officers, and distributing crosses in the ranks:—

Studying their intent expressions, one got some insight into the thoughts of these simple, faithful-minded creatures, and saw that it still was possible in this sceptical age for men to look up to another man with personal adoration. In a moment they seemed to forget every one else but the Czar who actually was before them in the flesh. Their expression was not so much one of joy as of wondering veneration.

Mr. Greene confirms the generally received idea of the Russian soldier both as to his good qualities and defects. He "is strong in the staying qualities and weak in the vivacious ones." He has great tenacity and endurance, but very little *élan*. He has neither capacity of initiative nor self-reliance. It is but slowly and by deadly experience that he learns the elementary principles of his business, such as taking advantage of any point of shelter when moving forward against the enemy in open order. But he goes into battle with genuine enthusiasm, and is slow to realize when he is beaten and must retreat. There is nothing more vividly painful in the volume than the account of one of the unsuccessful attempts at storming the Plevna works, as witnessed by the author. It was the bloody assault of September 11th. It had been undertaken rashly and precipitately; for, after three days of incessant bombardment, no material damage had been done. Nothing could be more depressing than the weather. A cold rain had been falling incessantly for hours before, drenching the troops to the skin, and turning the slopes of grass into morasses. Nevertheless, as all the arrangements had been made, it was resolved that they should be carried out. What Mr. Greene witnessed was a front attack, over a broad extent of ground broken by one ravine. The column consisted of five thousand men. When the assailants were within twelve hundred yards of the enemy's redoubts the defenders began to open fire. Thenceforward the volleys from the earthworks were incessant. The Russians kept moving forward, steadily, but terribly slowly as it seemed to the onlookers, till the Russian batteries had to cease firing, in the apprehension of sending the shot among their friends. "Finally the line of Russians seemed to be within only one hundred or two hundred yards of the redoubt; the line could be seen to break into a run, and then all was lost in a confused mass of smoke, through which the fire from the muzzles leaped back and forth from end to end of the parapet, like flashes of lightning." Nothing could be distinguished through the smoke, and the onlookers held their breaths in painful suspense. Next black dots were seen to emerge, to be followed by the whole line scattering in confusion, and falling back towards the rear. "Now the fire of the Turks seemed to increase with the fury of hell itself"; and then the Turks made a dash to follow up their victory, till the Russians, throwing themselves in line upon the ground, repulsed them in turn with their volleys. Nothing could show more conclusively the steadiness of the soldiery, but no troops are more absolutely dependent on good leading. And Mr. Greene shows his frankness in the opinion he pronounces on the officers. Those of the regiments of the Guards and the crack corps usually in garrison in St. Petersburg are men of birth and breeding, and of showy, though superficial, education. But among the rest of the 25,000 who are taken from the middle classes of a population whose education has been unusually backward, it is "difficult to find enough men possessing what we are accustomed to look upon as the necessary qualifications." In unfamiliar situations they are all abroad, and nothing demonstrated this more painfully than the want of all preparations when the long-expected surrender of Plevna had come off. Forty thousand miserable prisoners were thrown upon their hands in the depth of winter; and "no better expedient presents itself than to herd them out in the snow in great flocks like sheep, and let three days pass before they get anything to eat." There had been no intention of deliberate cruelty, but the suffering among the victims was intense and the mortality enormous.

The best of Mr. Greene's portraits of Russian generals is that of Skobeleff, perhaps because the subject of it is the most striking. Skobeleff, though well connected and born wealthy, is in many respects a self-made man, and something more. In an Empire where good appointments go by favour, and where subserviency to superiors and general toleration of abuses are the secret of rising quickly, whether in the army or the civil service, he showed himself aggressively independent. He made himself influential enemies among all classes, and when he had been calumniated by charges of gross corruption, he actually ventured to treat with disrespect the Court official entrusted with the inquiry. He established his innocence by irrefragable proofs, but characteristically he was made to pay the penalty of the sins of which he had been falsely accused. When the war broke out he was under a cloud, and, though a major-general, had with difficulty obtained permission to serve as a volunteer in the quality of aide-de-camp to an officer of rank scarcely superior to his own. By almost harebrained gallantry, and by promptly improving each opportunity that offered, he forced his way to the front. At Lovtcha he distinguished himself so brilliantly as to be named by the Grand Duke Nicholas, in his telegram, as the hero of the day. Before Plevna he received the command of the troops forming the left attack; and, though in one of the bloody repulses from the redoubts he lost 8,000 out of his 18,000 men, he received credit for having done his utmost, where failure, as it proved, was a foregone conclusion. The next day he was gazetted Lieutenant-General, and appointed to a division, being only thirty-two years of age. Yet in that high command he made it a point of honour to expose his life as recklessly as when a subaltern. He rode a white horse and wore a white uniform; and would cross the most formidable country at a gallop, leaving his staff to follow over the fences as they could. "It was intended to impress his men, and it did so." They came to believe him invulnerable; while he, on his side, never hesitated to order them to run the hazards which he was perpetually risking himself. These are the qualities that might make a dashing leader of irregulars; but Mr. Greene, after familiar acquaintance, with many opportunities of observing him in the field, deliberately credits Skobeleff with "stupendous military genius." "I firmly believe that, should he live twenty years more, he will be commander-in-chief in the next war about the Eastern question, and history will then speak of him as one of the five great soldiers of the century, side by side with Napoleon, Wellington, Grant, and Moltke." It may be said that, with Skobeleff's practice of risking his life, the odds are against his surviving, should he continue to see much service in the field. In the meantime we may anticipate that his talents, with his energy, will go far towards deciding in favour of Russia his coming campaign against the Tekké-Turkomans.

GOIRAND ON FRENCH COMMERCIAL LAW.*

WHENEVER the question of codification is discussed there are some people who talk so glibly of the French Codes that one might suppose they were matter of common knowledge in this country; whereas, in fact, save for information gleaned on the rare occasions when it becomes necessary to look up special provisions bearing on some case partly of French origin, or as furnishing illustrations of some principle of abstract jurisprudence, they are practically sealed books to the majority of English lawyers. M. Goirand has, however, put it within our power to verify the truth of the propositions in which he has embodied the French Commercial Code, by annexing to each proposition a reference to the particular article of the Code on which it is based, and by giving the complete text of the Code in the second portion of his work. Such would appear to be the fidelity with which he has expounded the Code that we have been unable to detect any discrepancies between its provisions and his commentary thereon; so that, beyond a general notice of the scheme of the book, our attention must chiefly be directed to the consideration of the more important points wherein the French system of commercial law differs from the English, and the comparison of their

* *The French Code of Commerce; with a Theoretical and Practical Commentary.* By Léopold Goirand, Licencié en Droit, Avoué au Tribunal Civil du Département de la Seine. London: Stevens & Sons. 1880.

respective merits. One cannot help being prepossessed in favour of M. Goirand's work by the modesty and diffidence with which in his preface he craves the indulgence of his English readers "for the Gallicisms in which it abounds"; adding, "It would have been presumption on my part to have attempted to write literary English. I shall be contented if, in spite of the French construction of its sentences, my work should turn out to be adequately intelligible." We are honestly able to reassure M. Goirand on this point. Whether it be owing to the supervision of the two English solicitors in Paris whose assistance he gratefully acknowledges, or whether it be that M. Goirand has formed too low an estimate of his capacities as a writer of English, it is certain that the Gallicisms in question are very few and slight, and that an Englishman, not previously informed to the contrary, might well read the whole book through and suppose it to be the work of a fellow-countryman.

M. Goirand begins his book with a short sketch of judicial organization in France, the machinery for civil procedure consisting of juges de paix, civil tribunals of first instance, courts of appeal, and the Court of Cassation or final appeal, with their attendant functionaries. Ancillary to these tribunals, there exist in many districts of France Tribunals of Commerce, elected from the members of the trading community and exercising jurisdiction in purely commercial matters; and also, but in fewer localities, "conseils de prud'hommes," or Arbitration Boards for the settlement of grievances between employers and employed. Incidentally we notice that in no case can imprisonment be awarded in France for non-payment of money, save where such payment is enjoined by way of damages in distinctly criminal proceedings.

The short treatise on procedure which M. Goirand embodies in his introductory chapter is perhaps too technical for much discussion here; it is, however, exceedingly interesting to persons conversant with the method prevailing in our own courts, affording many points of contrast as to which the advantage appears not to be all on one side. Such, for instance, are the varying and elastic rules as to limitation of actions according to their subject-matter, the admission of documentary evidence only in civil cases as distinguished from commercial suits, the absence of any power to compel a foreign plaintiff to give security for costs, the rule by which each party has, whatever be the result of the litigation, to bear the expense of his own counsel's fees, and so forth. In dealing with these preliminary matters M. Goirand occupies nearly fifty pages, and it is not till then that we fairly embark on the Code de Commerce, arranged, as he tells us, "in logical order and not in that adopted by the Legislature." M. Goirand's commentary being confessedly a paraphrase, it may be as well, however, to give some idea of what the Code of Commerce itself is, as reproduced textually in his book. It consists of 648 articles or sections, and, with some few supplementary enactments, embodies the whole of the law by which commercial transactions in France must be regulated and judged. It occupies, in fact, the same ground as that covered in this country by commercial common law, the equitable doctrines modifying that common law, the various statutes relating to partnerships, companies, negotiable instruments, merchant shipping, and a host of cognate subjects, to say nothing of customs of trade, and the crowd of judicial decisions which are constantly building up additions to the law-merchant. Decisions are of course recognized in French law, but they are all purely questions of interpretation, and the number which M. Goirand finds it necessary to cite is infinitely smaller than would be the case in an English text-book.

The first few articles of the Code, and likewise of M. Goirand's commentary, treat of the status, privileges, and liabilities of the trader; and we are here at once brought face to face with certain provisions unknown to the English law, and leading up to that French system of bankruptcy which is immeasurably superior to our own. As M. Goirand tells us at p. 52, "Traders are compelled by law to keep books. A trader who does not keep books, or who keeps them irregularly, cannot produce them in evidence, and renders himself liable to the penalties attaching to fraudulent bankruptcy." Three books are obligatory—the journal, the press copy letter-book, and the stock-book. All these books have to be kept in order of date, without blanks or additions, all the pages must be numbered and initialled, and the journal and stock-book are officially inspected and initialled once every year, so that fraud is well-nigh impossible. When we come to consider the French system of bankruptcy we shall see how important a part these obligatory books play in it; but, even apart from this, the provision we have mentioned is a salutary, if a somewhat officious, regulation, tending to promote order and care in commercial undertakings, and the use of the books in evidence which is thereby rendered possible must effect an appreciable saving of judicial time. From trades the transition is natural to partnerships and companies, both included in French law under the common term "sociétés"—the distinction being marked by the addition of descriptive words, such as "sociétés en nom collectif," or ordinary partnerships; "sociétés en commandite simple," or partnerships including sleeping partners liable only to the extent of their interests, which are non-transferable and evidenced by the partnership deed; "sociétés en commandite par actions," wherein the rights of the sleeping partners are established or evidenced by transferable shares; and "sociétés anonymes," which precisely correspond to our joint-stock Companies, limited. With regard to the last-named and most important class, divers wholesome restrictions exist, the counterpart of which might with advantage be introduced into English law. Thus, in order to protect small investors, always the most gullible class, it is provided that no share shall be less than 100 francs where the capital does not exceed 200,000 francs, or less than 500 francs in any other case. Then Companies divided into shares are not definitively constituted or recognized until the whole of the capital has been subscribed, and one-fourth must be paid up at once by every shareholder on taking up his shares. Further, if promoters or other members bring in an equivalent in kind for shares in lieu of full money payment, such arrangement must be approved at the first general meeting of shareholders. The issuing of fraudulent prospectuses and the declaration of fictitious dividends are provided against by enactments at least as stringent as those of our own law. At p. 91 M. Goirand gives us a synopsis of the French law as to Co-operative Societies, or "sociétés à capital variable," the organization of which is regulated by a law passed in 1867. From what he says, we gather that Co-operative Societies, including Stores, Benefit and Loan Societies, have not met with the same favour and acceptance in France that they have in England. At p. 112 we come upon a short chapter relating to "the judicial separation of property between husband and wife," as to which it is not very clear what place it has in a Code of Commerce. As, however, the text of the Code includes provisions on this head, we do not see how M. Goirand could have omitted it.

Chapter V. treats of the Bourse, stockbrokers, and bankers, and contains much valuable information as to these important members of the French commercial community. It is somewhat surprising to learn that there are only sixty stockbrokers in Paris, who enjoy a monopoly of carrying out negotiations in public and other securities and dealing in commercial paper. These favoured few are, however, subject to liabilities commensurate with their privileges. For instance, a French stockbroker is theoretically liable to imprisonment for a term varying from one to twelve months, and a fine of from 500 to 10,000 francs, if he lends his services for speculations in any securities whatsoever; but, as might be expected, and as M. Goirand takes care to inform us in a note (p. 125), "this provision of the law is never applied by the Courts." Time-bargains seem to be definitely recognized on the French Stock Exchange, unless they assume the character of purely gambling transactions, so that the law would appear to be practically the same as in this country. The French law as to carriers appears pretty nearly identical with the English, with this important exception that, according to M. Goirand (p. 167), the carrier cannot free himself in advance by a formal stipulation from the responsibility which the law casts on him. However much the freedom of contract on the part of carriers in this country has been restricted by the Canal and Railway Traffic Act, and the judicial interpretation which has been put thereon, English carriers are in a far more favourable position.

Bills of exchange and promissory notes constitute too large a part of any legal commercial system to allow of our here treating in detail of the French law relating to them as expounded by M. Goirand. Moreover, negotiable securities have so international a circulation that the systems of various countries have to a certain extent become conformed to one another. Certain distinctive provisions, however, exist in French law which seem to call for a passing notice. Such, for instance, are those by which bills of exchange must be drawn in a place other than that in which they are payable; by which the holder of a dishonoured bill may, with the leave of a judge, provisionally seize the property of persons liable thereon; by which a bill at sight must be presented within three months; by which the consideration for each endorsement must appear on the bill; by which a promissory note can only be made payable to order, and so forth.

The law of merchant shipping, which is fully treated by M. Goirand, we pass over without mention, in order to come to the very important topic of bankruptcy. The contemplation of well-nigh any foreign system of bankruptcy leaves one wrapped in astonishment at the supineness which has for eleven years permitted this country to labour under the mass of blunders which passes muster with us as a code of bankruptcy law. Of its faults we have spoken on different occasions until we are fairly tired; we will now only draw attention to a few of the points in which the merit of the French system is conspicuous. In the first place, only traders can be bankrupts in France. There may be arguments against this restriction; but, on the whole, it would seem to be an advisable one. Persons not traders who become bankrupt usually become so through extravagance or speculation, and it is not a bad thing to check the tendency to those follies by leaving persons who indulge in them to the tender mercies of their creditors. A French trader who suspends payment may be adjudicated bankrupt on his own petition, or on that of a creditor, or by the Court itself *proprio motu*. The pseudo-respectable device of a petition for liquidation is happily unknown in France. Simultaneously with the adjudication of bankruptcy, the whole administration of the bankrupt's estate is entrusted to certain syndics or trustees appointed by the court. The creditors may at a general meeting appoint new syndics, but the court is in no way bound by the selection, unless it meets with its approval. A juge-commissaire is also appointed, who is to adjudicate on any complaints lodged against the syndics, with an appeal to the Tribunal de Commerce. The Ministère public takes cognizance of all bankruptcy proceedings, and the final supervision rests with the Tribunal de Commerce itself. Immediately on bankruptcy the bankrupt may be imprisoned as a precautionary measure, bankruptcy being thus

viewed in its right light as *primâ facie* a criminal, or at least a moral, offence. All his property is at once got in and realized, and the proceeds deposited in the "Caisse de Dépôts et Consignations," where it bears interest at 3 per cent. for the benefit of the estate. Syndics have to pay over within three days all sums received by them, under heavy penalties. Compositions and liquidations can only be resorted to with consent of the creditors after proceedings have been commenced in bankruptcy. The criminal part of the French bankruptcy law, under the two heads of "Banqueroute simple" and "Banqueroute frauduleuse" is admirable in its wisdom; for, while the latter includes all the fraudulent acts recognized as criminal offences by English bankruptcy law, the former comprises all those reckless and pernicious speculations and sham tradings which lie at the root of so many bankruptcies in this country, and which our law practically ignores. Prominently among these figure the omission to keep the books before referred to, and the raising fictitious capital by means of bills or loans. Finally, the rehabilitation of a French bankrupt is guarded by a variety of precautionary measures, which render "whitewashing" a far more difficult process in France than it is in England. If M. Goirand's book gives the slightest stimulus to the reform of our bankruptcy law by thus displaying "a picture of what it might be," its author will have conferred no small benefit on this country. Apart from this, we have to thank him for affording English lawyers an opportunity of extending their studies beyond the beaten tracks of every-day practice. The lawyer who makes himself familiar with the law of other countries is far more likely to form a liberal and enlightened conception of the science of law than he who confines himself merely to that by which he has to make his living.

A LADY'S TOUR IN CORSICA.*

THERE can be, we should imagine, but few travellers to the Riviera who have not looked with longing towards the island of Corsica. It is not every day that from Mentone, or Bordighera, or San Remo, across the hundred miles of blue sea, its mountains can be seen rising up as if they were a vast reef of rocks. Sometimes for a week or two not a glimpse can be caught of the island. At other times it may be seen at sunrise and at sunset for some days together. It is a matter of common talk among the strangers along the Riviera. No one forgets to tell his neighbour that that day he has had a fine view of Corsica. Every one looks at it, and all who have imagination enough to raise them above the level of an oyster long, as we have said, to visit it, and even plan some future trip. These trips remain for the most part like the island itself—in the far distance, and fade away beneath the sober light of day. Some people are discouraged by the reports they receive of the hotels, while others dread the sea-voyage. From Marseilles to Ajaccio the steamboat takes sixteen hours. From Leghorn to Bastia the voyage is of only half that time; but Bastia is on the wrong side of the island for winter residence. A long journey by diligence must be encountered by the traveller before he can reach a climate which does not yield to that of Mentone itself. He will no doubt be repaid by seeing some very fine scenery, but he must be ready to face the rudest accommodation at the inns on his way. There are, moreover, those who are kept away by the fear of brigands, and who imagine that behind every tree and rock may be discovered the gleaming barrel of a rifle pointed towards the traveller's head.

The two volumes before us will do something towards smoothing the way for the traveller, and will show him what he must expect if he ventures to roam over the island, and where he can find the best accommodation. They will dispel, at all events, one fear. Where three English ladies have travelled alone there can be little fear of robbers. In fact, Miss Forde fully confirms what we had often heard before, that brigandage has ceased in Corsica. Even of old the Corsican brigands were not like the robbers of Sicily and Italy. It was against the Government or some powerful neighbour that they had lifted their hand, and they took to the mountains for safety, and not for the plunder of passers-by. A stranger might have travelled through the island with almost as much security as he might now through the most disturbed districts of the West of Ireland. In both one country and the other his chief danger would have lain in his being mistaken for some inhabitant of the place who had been long marked out for assassination. Corsica has one great advantage over Ireland—it is not disgraced by swarms of beggars. There is an honest pride about the people which, if it were found in the other isle, would quickly put a stop to most of their miseries. During her long tour Miss Forde and her companions only encountered two beggars. In the famous pass that leads to the head of Killarney the traveller might count himself happy who had not to run the gauntlet of two hundred. Antonio, our tourists' driver, "had been very eager in his dignified way" to insist upon the absence of beggars. "Mademoiselle," said he solemnly, "there are no beggars in Corsica. No man begs, unless he has lost the use of his limbs, and cannot work." In fact, the only two people who asked for alms belonged, in Miss Forde's somewhat fine language, "to the category of cripples." One had lost a leg, and the other had not yet recovered from the amputation of an arm. But, though the Corsicans are too proud to beg, they are unhappily very little given to work. We trust, however, that Miss Forde greatly exaggerates when she says "Toil and beggary are equally obnoxious and degrading in their eyes." As they do not beg, so neither will they cheat. All the English, she says, are looked upon without exception as wealthy. "'How can you say you are not wealthy when you have come all this way to amuse yourselves?' was frequently said to us in a tone of conviction." Nevertheless, she adds, "imposition and overcharging to strangers is almost unknown." Only once did these three unprotected females meet with the slightest rudeness from a grown-up person. "One could," the author writes, "scarcely say as much for many more frequented countries, after incessant travelling for several weeks in their loneliest and wildest regions." It is not, however, so far as our experience goes, in the out-of-the-way parts of civilized countries that strangers meet with rudeness. It is in the suburbs of great towns that the manners of the natives are, for the most part, seen at their worst. While the grown-up Corsicans are the model of politeness, as much cannot be everywhere said of the children. At Corte, the capital of the island, they are, it would seem, a dreadful plague. They bar the path of a stranger by stretching a piece of stout cord across the road, and shouting out, "Sou, sou, Inglese." Our three travellers were one Sunday evening beset by a troop of urchins. "I have noticed," says Miss Forde, "that a demoniac phase often comes over naughty children on a Sunday evening." The rope that was stretched across the path of the three ladies happily broke; but "two youthful fiends" used the broken remains to wind the travellers up and hopelessly confuse their footsteps. "Human endurance could bear no more, and No. 3"—the ladies are numbered by the author as if they were so many convicts—"brought down her umbrella upon their degenerate backs with as much force as nature had supplied to her." Instantly the Corsican youth turned from sport to serious warfare. They opened fire with a volley of sharp stones. But the honour of the island was to be saved. From a cottage hard by dashed out three big boys, who put the persecutors to flight. "Two of them, boys of about fourteen or fifteen, had pipes in their mouths; and one of them, a young man a year or two older, remarked sagely that it was always thus with visitors, 'Les enfants de Corte étaient terriblement méchants.'" They dragged back to the injured ladies one of the criminals for punishment. As the travellers were coming back on their return to their inn the same big boys overtook them. "Quietly remarking that they would see us safe home, they escorted us to the door of our hotel with much polite conversation, and then made off, raising their caps":—

> These boys were in the lower ranks of life, although decently dressed; but it would have been an insult to offer them any recompense. Their action proceeded from chivalry *pur et simple*, and they had no notion of any reward.
>
> Weeks afterwards, when two of us returned to Corte, a smiling face suddenly attracted our attention in the streets one day, and we recognized one of our boyish defenders. Of course we greeted him, and he lifted his cap, remarking, "I have seen *you* for the last half hour."

In one respect Corsica would seem to be far ahead of England. According to Miss Forde, it has a telegraphic service which might excite our envy. "You pay," she says, "a penny a word for telegraphic messages; and there is scarcely a village in the country without its office." The travellers arrived one day at a hopelessly dirty village under Monte d'Oro. Its hotel—for it boasted one—was a filthy-looking broken-down tenement, with a ruinous staircase and two stuffy bedrooms. They hoped to get better accommodation at the next town, and they hastened off to hunt for the telegraph-office, "which exists in every little village in Corsica." It was on the first story of a house, and it was only reached by climbing up a ladder. Those who live in country villages in our own country may with good reason regard with envy the facilities that are thus afforded to the Corsicans. A few years ago, ten shillings was the extra charge—and, for all we know, still is—on a telegram sent to a spot so much frequented by tourists as the village of Buttermere.

The civility of the inhabitants and the excellence of the telegraphic service are, unfortunately, counterbalanced by the miseries of the wretched hotels. There is, says Miss Forde, but one really excellent hotel in the whole island, and that is at Ajaccio. When, however, she takes us to that town we find that there is also a second hotel which, if not excellent, at all events was reported to be comfortable and well managed. But what are two hotels to a whole island? Our three travellers were certainly not given to grumbling, and they took whatever came across them with a patience that was not shown by Seneca in his banishment to Corsica, with the aid of all his philosophy. Nevertheless, their fate was at times too hard for them, and they gave way to lamentations and complaints. In one inn they were told that they could only have two chambers, as the third was at that time "occupied by *les vers*." They peeped in and found "a mass of sleepy silkworms, hard at work absorbing cabbage-leaves." To any one, by the way, who has watched a silkworm eating, *absorbing* will seem a somewhat absurd term. This was not the only place where the travellers found that to these animals had been given up the best bedroom in the inn. The food was for the most part of a very poor quality. "In inland Corsica," Miss Forde says, "neither butter nor honey can be found." That she should not have been able to get honey is indeed very strange. Its quality, indeed, was by no means highly

* *A Lady's Tour in Corsica.* By Gertrude Forde. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1880.

esteemed by the ancients, as the well-known line in Virgil shows; but, so far as quantity went, there was abundance. "There is," wrote Boswell, "a vast quantity of honey produced in Corsica," and he describes how the Franciscan fathers at Corte had thirty or forty beehives, and how, when they wanted to get honey, they drove away the bees by the smoke of burning juniper-wood. One good meal a day can be got, our author says, even in the tiniest village—namely, a dinner at sunset; but for breakfast the traveller can get nothing but sour bread and coffee, and for lunch sour bread and cheese. Neither tea-spoons nor saucers are supplied; but, on the other hand, in the poorest inns there are perfectly clean napkins. We wish the same could be said of every London eating-house. When dinner is finished it is always the custom in the smaller inns for the guest to have a friendly chat with the landlord and his wife. "The reserved Briton who would decline the after-dinner chat with his host or hostess would be considered a very churlish individual."

While there certainly is a good deal of lively reading in these volumes, it is a great pity that they should be overladen with fine descriptions and big words. We might have stood one or two accounts of the scenery; but the author returns to it again and again, till we begin to grow weary of it. A Corsican gentleman whom she fell in with as he was returning home after a thirty years' residence in France, described the island to her as "un beaux (*sic*) pays." The French, no doubt, is not in accordance with the rules of grammar, but, at all events, it has the merit of extreme simplicity. It pleased us better than some of the author's own accounts. Thus, six pages further on, we read that it is "a country grandly prolific of beautiful flowers." In another passage we are told of some flowers that, "with a host of other gorgeous floral dainties, massed and tangled themselves together in a blaze of beauty." Next we learn that from Corsica could be seen Elba, "majestically grand in the dappled sunlight." Later on we come to "blue clouds," filling up some gaps made, if we understand the passage rightly, by the sun peeping through dark rifts. Now in blue clouds we have no belief whatever. Pigs and dogs are called "porcine and canine companions," and we read of a drum that was "made to exert itself to the fullest extent of its parchment lungs," while a village "looked greyly down." The First Napoleon is called a compatriot of Corsica. On one occasion we read that our tourists just escaped rolling down a hill "with concentrated force of the action of gravitation."

Like most travellers who take to writing their tours, Miss Forde falls into the mistake of thinking that, because she has travelled in a country, she is for that reason competent to write its history. A man might, with as good a show of reason, think that he has become competent to describe the method of brewing, because he has lately taken to drinking beer. The account she gives of that strange but impudent Pretender, King Theodore, is utterly absurd. She writes of his great talent, his great genius and enthusiasm, and his untiring exertions for the good of his country. By "his country" Miss Forde means Corsica, in which the Pretender stayed about eight months in all. Yet in this brief time, if we are to believe her account, "he established manufactures and promoted with all his power art and commerce." The ship in which he arrived was, she says, well furnished with gold. He had certainly raised some money in Tunis under pretence of conquering the island for that Power; and he got some more by selling as soon as he landed, like a knave that he was, the vessel which the Bey had lent him. But his treasure did not amount to much. He scattered a few coins in a debased currency among the people, and, as Voltaire says, "il donna des souliers de bon cuir, magnificence ignorée en Corse." The tomb of this great genius, Miss Forde says, may be seen in Westminster Abbey. When last heard of, it was, we can assure her, in St. Ann's Churchyard, Soho. Can she have confused him with "Theodore Phaliologus," who, as we learn by Dean Stanley's Memorials, lies buried in the Chapel of St. Andrew, in the Abbey. We may certainly forgive her mistake when she says that the bones of Paoli lie in St. Pancras Churchyard. They lay there for sixty years, but in 1867 they were removed to Corsica. Miss Forde has had one merit, not very common in amateur historians. She has kept her history to a chapter of its own at the very close of her book. All, therefore, that the reader has to do is to take warning, and to stop in time. If he does this he will, we believe, agree with us that these two volumes, though they are too carelessly and too finely written, yet have in them many passages that are both lively and interesting.

RECENT CLASSICAL PUBLICATIONS.*

MR. COOPER has done well in reproducing the labours of earlier workers on the field of Horace as well as of some comparatively late ones, the line being drawn at the date of Mitford, Wrangham, Leigh Hunt, and Thomas Hood, and excluding more modern translations or imitations. What makes his volume still more welcome is the inclusion, in the second part of it, of burlesques, parodies, and similar compositions in imitation of Horace, ranging from Andrew Marvel to Hood. Although we can do little more than draw attention to the volume, we may cite an ode or two from either part of Mr. Cooper's selections. A quotable ode, for instance, offers itself in Archdeacon Wrangham's version of i. 20. "Vile potabis modicis Sabinum":—

> In sober cups, Mæcenas dear,
> Partaker of my humble cheer,
> Thin Sabine draughts you'll taste,
> Which I in modest Grecian jar
> Stored on that happy day, when
> In playful echoes cast,
>
> The crowded Theatre's acclaim
> So hailed you that old Tibur's stream
> From your paternal shore,
> And Vatican's green hill around,
> Catching the high triumphant sound,
> Threw back the joyous roar.
>
> At home bright Cæcuban your lip
> And Cales' luscious growth shall sip
> Campania's costly wines;
> Alas! the slope of Formiæ's hills
> For me no generous juice distils,
> Nor rich Falernian vines.

In the last line we have ventured to correct an obvious misprint, for "wines" would neither match with the counterpart Latin "vites" nor form a permissible rhyme with the third line of the stanza. We are reminded of one or two similar misprints, *e.g.* in p. 27, Ode 17, *Usticus* is misread for Ustica's; and in p. 83, in the noble close of the 5th Ode of the Third Book, we find the pleader turning "to some Venaran (it should of course be Venafran) dome." In the second part of the volume we find a happy imitation of the ode given above by George Daniel, author of the *Modern Dunciad*. It is headed "A Poet's Invitation":—

> If you come to dine with me,
> Dainties must not be your care.
> Harmless pleasure, social glee,
> And the poet's frugal fare—
> These I give; and, should my lord
> Me to visit humbly deign,
> Port is all I can afford;
> He must bring the bright champagne.
> Cool beneath a spreading vine
> Jovial Horace, thirsty chap, he
> Quaffed his rich Falernian wine
> With Mæcenas, snug and happy.
> We in lodgings near the skies,
> Of Apollo humbler scions,
> Banquet amidst London cries
> And the bray of Kent Street lions.

The allusion in the last line, if we mistake not, is to the Surrey Zoological Gardens, a memory of the past, not far from the "Elephant and Castle." The editor has revived many similar imitations, such as that of Ode 4, Book I., in James and Horace Smith's *Brighton*; *Cupid's Invitation*, Ode 23, Book I.; and several others from the same prolific pair of poets and wits. Other examples are supplied by Lord Morpeth, by George Canning, and the poets of the *Anti-Jacobin Review*. We will only further mention Andrew Marvel's two inimitable parodies—"An Horatian Ode on Cromwell's Return from Ireland," and his translation of a parody of "Jam satis terris," 1 Od. II., "ad regem Carolum." This book deserves a place in every scholar's study.

We have to thank Sir George Cox for his scholarly reading, after the text of Orelli, of what the editor regards as a series of continuous treatises on poetry. Of the very useful introductions, we may especially point to that on Ep. II. as fixing approximately the relative dates of Horace's writings, and furnishing a summary of the critical matter with which the poet sought to deal in the Epistles and the *Art of Poetry*. It is excellently adapted, like the two that succeed it, to supply the circumstantial data required for understanding the subject-matter of each poem in its order. When we proceed to the notes, we find them particularly sound and succinct on critical and textual questions, lucid in their dealing with Greek and Roman mythology, and generally sufficient as a commentary for elder pupils. For instance, on v. 5, "Romulus et Liber pater," &c., Orelli is cited for the story given from Dion Cassius that Octavius wanted to be called "Romulus," but contented himself with the title of Augustus (*h.e.* σεβαστός); and the note on the number of twin gods and heroes in the mythologies of the Aryan nations is very germane to the subject in hand. So, too, in illustration of "Afrani toga," ii. 1, 57, the note on the divisions of the Comœdia Togata is opportune. In reference to 96, "Marmoris aut eboris fabros," Sir G. Cox aptly calls attention to the famous workers in bronze, ivory, and marble, the remains of whose genius are in the present day being unearthed in elucidation and illustration of ancient poetry and literature. We should say, too, that his notes are always to the point, as regards faithful exposition of the best commentators, in dealing with such proverbial expressions as, i. 31., "Nil intra est oleam," &c.; 105, "Cautos nominibus rectis expendere nummos"; 176, "Recto talo," with its parallels from Pindar and Euripides, and so forth.

Although there is certainly no lack of classical reading-books made up of books or selected passages of Cæsar, more or less accommodated with notes, maps, vocabularies, and other like

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* *Horace's Odes, Englished and Imitated by Various Hands.* Selected and arranged by Charles W. F. Cooper. London: George Bell & Sons. 1880.

Horace.—Epistles, Book II., and Epistola ad Pisones. With English Commentary and Notes. By the Rev. Sir G. W. Cox, Bart., M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1880.

Selections from Cæsar.—Gallic War. By G. L. Bennett, M.A. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1880.

Unseen Papers, in Latin Prose and Verse. With Examination Questions. By T. Collins, M.A., late Scholar of Christ Coll., Cambridge. London: George Bell & Sons. 1880.

The Persæ of Æschylus. With brief English Notes, by F. A. Paley, M.A., Classical Examiner in the University of London. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. London: Whittaker & Co.; George Bell & Sons. 1880.

helps, and one might wish Mr. Bennett had handled a less trite subject, yet we agree with him as to the value of Cæsar as "the best author for boys to attempt after they have learnt some grammar and done some little translation in an easy reading-book." The student of these Selections is indebted to Mr. Bennett for concise explanatory notes, a biographical and geographical index, a handy map of Gaul, and a very serviceable though short, sketch of Cæsar's life. In studying by this text the chapters comprising Cæsar's account of Britain and its inhabitants, and his first and second invasions, we have noted as helpful the care taken to match each military functionary with his modern parallel. Thus a "legatus" was over each legion as a "staff officer," whilst one quæstor (or quarter-master-general) was above all these, himself acting immediately under Cæsar. Archæological notes, adapted for young readers, are represented by that on *ædificia* in vi. 43, where we are simply told that these "were probably in the shape of a bee-hive." A sufficient light is thrown on Latin idioms as regards dates where, in § 54, we are told that "post diem quartum quam = die quarto postquam," as the 2nd of January, expressed in Latin, would be "ante diem quartum Nonas Januarias," equivalent to "die quarto ante nonas Januarias. Everywhere we have found the notes well-judged and easily intelligible.

A very useful book, in small compass, is the *Unseen Papers* of Mr. T. Collins, M.A., Head-master of Newport School, Salop. It is easy, but not too easy; each piece is measured out in a length of which none but a dunce would complain; and at the foot of every passage are given three or four simple and pertinent questions. A cursory survey leads us to credit a good many of the poetical pieces to Ovid and Virgil and the Latin Elegists, of the prose to Cæsar and Livy. The *Fasti* have been largely taxed and made to yield such critical questions as the distinction between *simulo* and *dissimulo*, *jacio* and *jaceo*, *oblitus* and *oblitus*, whilst a line or two of Cæsar's about Dumnorix the Æduan opens a field for ascertaining a pupil's capacity to derive "sponte" and "injuriâ," to give the meanings of "Legatus," and to distinguish between "Duco" and "Nubo." Mr. Collins seems to have availed himself of a tradition of "unseen papers" which we clearly recollect in vogue at Christ's College, Cambridge, more than a quarter of a century ago, and which undeniably tended to form habits of accuracy in scholarship.

The *Persæ* of Æschylus, briefly annotated by Mr. F. A. Paley, is valuable, even in its condensed form, because Mr. Paley's δεύτεραι φροντίδες are always thoughtful, and throw the light of a subtle criticism on dubious passages. He also compresses so much varied and sound matter into his introduction as affords the best help to the understanding of the play both as a whole and part by part. We may refer to his lucid explanation of the famous ψυχαγωγία of Darius, v. 683 (*cf.* Eumenides), as well as of the rites that lead to it (compare Soph. *Electr.* 896). When evoked from the shades, the departed monarch gives much sage counsel to his trusty councillors and contemporary elders, and paves the way for the entrance of the crestfallen king his successor, by denouncing the covetousness and sacrilege of the Persian army as the causes of the late disasters and of others yet in store. In the part of the drama which contains these scenes no note has been omitted that could serve to elucidate action or language. For instance, on 527, where Atossa says of her propitiatory offering to Darius,

ἐπίσταμαι μὲν ὡς ἐπ' ἐξειργασμένοις
ἀλλ' ἐς τὸ λοιπὸν εἴ τι δὴ λῷον πέλοι,

"I well know that it is all too late; but it is with the hope that for the future better things may happen," Mr. Paley points out that ἐς τὸ λοιπὸν is taken by the scholiast to mean "for the survivors," ἐπὶ τοῖς ζῶσιν ἀνθρώποις, whilst in προσθῆται, at 533, she seems to forefend her son's suicide. In 557 *seq.* the drift of the passage, as we are told, is "Why was Darius a general who inflicted no losses by land on the citizens, while Xerxes has met such losses with his navy?" But Mr. Paley opportunely reminds us that this laudation of Darius is inconsistent with fact and with v. 246, *q. v.*; whilst, a little further on, he comments on the true Greek irony which Æschylus practises at 585 *seq.* in making the Persian chorus lament that they will no more have the privilege of paying tribute to their own masters; and in the next clause, hitting, in the same spirit, at the license of speech henceforth allowed to the plebs. We hold in high value these handy "Cambridge Texts with Notes."

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

III.

THE publishers of Christmas books seem scarcely to have got into their stride as yet this season. Perhaps they are keeping the best books for the last, and it is certain that one or two splendid pieces of printing and illustration have appeared which deserve fuller notice than they can receive in this column. We can find nothing more imposing to head the list than *Little Buttercup's Picture Book* (Routledge and Sons). Here is a very big book for very little girls. Yellow buttercups, and a gilt figure of a child, occupy a deep blue field on the cover. The contents are chiefly large woodcuts and moral verses. The frontispiece, "a basket of mischief," is a clever rendering of a picture of an open hamper full of kittens. Then a didactic poem introduces the infant mind to Little Ann who was discontented because she had not a carriage; and to her mother who pointed out that, if Ann had no carriage, another little girl was still worse off, and had no boots. Language fails to convey much idea of the imbecility of the features and expression of Little Ann's parent. The poor little girl in the garret, on the other hand, is prettily drawn, and may tempt a youthful reasoner to prefer picturesque poverty to the comfort of the *bourgeoisie*. There is a tolerable sketch of a watchdog watching over an edifice rather like the Albert Hall. In "Jack and the Bean Stalk" the sleeping giant is pretty well done, but we cannot praise many of the smaller engravings, in which buffoonery does duty for humour. An ugly female centaur, in a hat and habit, is called "the centaur of attraction," and several other sketches look like old blocks from some third-rate comic paper.

Schoolboys all the World Over (Routledge and Sons) is adapted from the French by Mr. Henry Frith. It is rather French to name a schoolboy hero "Adam Smith." One might as soon expect to meet John Stuart Mill disporting himself in the backwoods with a Winchester repeating rifle. There is a splendid picture of Adam Smith shooting an Indian spy. The Indian, a very dandified brave, holds his left hand to his face, with a coquettish smile; in his right is his tomahawk, very unlike the pattern to which we are accustomed. Adam Smith is firing at him with only about five yards "rise," and, of course, is likely to bring him down. By the way, the story says, "In the hand of the savage was an ensanguined object which I could not mistake." This was the scalp of William, the boyish friend of Adam Smith. The artist has omitted to draw the ensanguined object, and, if William is scalped at all, in the picture, his scalp must have grown over his right temple. The memoir of "Wooly Head, the little Australian," is interesting; but though Wooly Head tells us that it is disagreeable to be tattooed, he omits to say how he liked having his front teeth knocked out, a ceremony which, among the blacks, occurs about the period when English boys are confirmed. There is a very exciting passage in this tale. Wooly Head's father, tired of having nothing to eat but black serpents, and very little of them, proposes to make a meal of his eldest son and heir. The conclusion of the adventure must be sought in the book itself.

The Boys' Own Annual contains stories about "boy captains," boy foxhunters, boy campaigners, and the "Revenge of the Red Man," in some thirty thrilling chapters; but the gem of the volume is the work on "Cricket, and How to Excel in it," by the renowned Dr. W. G. Grace. "W. G.", if we may call him so, begins with the history of the sport, at which Edward II. seems to have been a respectable performer. He then rapidly passes to the last century, and gives a copy of one of the old pictures at Lord's. We think Dr. Grace is hasty when he avers that "a high hitter is invariably a low scorer." Mr. Thornton and Mr. Fowler are not invariably low scorers, and Mr. E. M. Grace is not invariably a low hitter. He is afraid that bowling is not unlikely to degenerate into throwing, and certainly some fast amateur bowlers do seem to many spectators to be throwing rather than bowling. On the whole subject of bowling Dr. Grace's words would be written in letters of gold on a ground of purple if we lived in the days of good Haroun Alraschid. We regret deeply to learn, on this indisputable authority, that "short leg is the place where the greatest duffer is usually put." Dr. Grace adds, however, with perfect truth, that "short leg is not so easy as it looks." It is, indeed, the post for what an accomplished author calls a "mature cove"—not a mere boy, but a steady man, with real knowledge of the game.

Pizarro; his Adventures and Conquests (George M. Towle. Routledge and Sons).—The most determined hater of history cannot but read with absorbing interest the account of the conquest of the New World by the Old. The splendours of the Empires of Babylon and Assyria, even the gorgeous hues of Lord Beaconsfield's later works, pale before the sumptuousness of the palaces of Montezuma and Atahualpa, and grow dim beside the brilliancy of the Temple of the Sun. All our amazement at the daring and success of Cortes and Pizarro is swallowed up in regret for the feather-work destroyed, for the emeralds broken, for the gold vessels melted down in order to make a fairer division of the spoil. Mr. Prescott has made these things real to us, and we could almost draw from his descriptions the fair cities gathering round the lakes or clustering up the mountain-sides, and the people whose lives seem all laughter and love, but who possessed laws and a civilization of their own. To those who have not the good fortune to be acquainted with Mr. Prescott, Mr. Towle's book will be a boon. He sketches the life of Pizarro from the time when he ran away from the wretched hovel that was his home in Truxillo, and sought his fortune under the banner of the great Captain. Over this period, however, Mr. Towle passes lightly, and the real interest of course attaches to the time when he went out to Panama, and began to dream of the El Dorado that lay to the south. In these days, when everything is cut and dried, it is hardly possible for us to conceive the state of mind of a man like Pizarro, or the difficulties he had to surmount before even beginning his enterprise. There was the jealousy of the supreme Governor, who very reluctantly granted ships, men, and money; there was the ignorance and superstition of the sailors to overcome; and when they at last set sail, there were the perils of the unknown seas, and the dangers from the Indians. At first he met with endless disasters, but his spirit rose above them all, and after returning to Spain, and obtaining the personal sanction of Charles V., he set forth once more to complete his conquest. In the tragedy that ensued, we have less pity for the fate of the traitor and murdered Atahualpa than for that of the gentle Montezuma; though, on the whole, the

behaviour of Cortes was less treacherous and bloodthirsty than that of Pizarro. But this is a nice question, and it would be better not to enter into it. The closing scenes of the drama are described with simplicity and force, and to others besides the "boys and girls," for whom it is professedly written, the book will be full of excitement and interest.

Reedyford; or, Creed and Character (Silas K. Hocking. Ward, Lock, and Co.)—Mr. Hocking cannot be considered a successful writer of stories. Although he piles one sensational incident on the top of another, they have all a curiously domestic air, and do not for one moment excite or alarm us. It is to no purpose that he hints that the betrothed of his heroine is really a burglar, that he has his hero thrown down a shaft by the said burglar and his accomplices, or that another estimable young man is apparently drowned at sea. The reader absolutely refuses to be moved. He cannot even be touched by the immense amount of theological talk scattered up and down the book, or by the fact that the valetudinarian sister is always mentioned as "dear Amy," between inverted commas. He is glad when his task is done, and looks eagerly for a book with less pretension and more interest.

The Fisherman of Rhava (C. E. Bourne. Sonnenschein).—This story, which is really an allegory, has all the charm of the Northern legends of the mighty men of old. The prize to be won is the entrance into the distant island of which the hero, Djalmah, gets a glimpse, but into which he may not enter till he has learned to put aside himself, and to do great deeds. He begins at once, and, after performing many brave actions, ends with the bravest of all—forgiveness of a friend who has betrayed him. So he wins an entrance into the Island of Ettau.

We thought Mr. Wills had taken sufficient liberties with history when, in his tragedy of *Charles I.*, he makes the monarch say "Remember!" to Henrietta Maria, instead of to Bishop Juxon; but we hardly expected to see the mistake repeated in a little book called *A Silver Key to a Golden Palace*, by Alton Leslie (Routledge and Co.) It is about a child who is locked by accident into the Crystal Palace, and at night the statues of the kings and queens began to dance, and Charles I. was stooping over his "young" wife (they had been married twenty-four years) murmuring "Mary—remember." Then Shakspeare and Anne Hathaway appear on the scene, and, finally, sketches from the plays. It is a pity to confuse children's minds with nonsense like this.

The Mountain Sprite's Kingdom (Stories by the Right Hon. E. Knatchbull-Hugessen, Lord Brabourne. Routledge and Sons).—These tales are very dull indeed. The author has fallen into the mistake of thinking that to minutely describe details is to make an interesting story, but the result in this case is unutterable dreariness. There is the usual mixture of things ancient and modern which is an invariable part of latter-day fairy tales, and is another element in their failure. To be successful, fairy stories should belong to all time and to no time, and should certainly have no local habitation. How can elves be expected to care for a family called Newton, travelling in Switzerland for pleasure?

Adventures in the Far West (The late W. H. G. Kingston. Routledge).—The world itself seems hardly able to contain the books of the late Mr. Kingston. It is really astounding to contemplate the amount of manuscript he must have left behind him, for his works keep pouring in as persistently as of old. That they have not fallen off in excitement may be gathered from the list of illustrations at the beginning—"An Encounter with Wolves," "The Prairie on Fire," "Indians Scalping the Slain and Wounded" —and so on. In the illustrations themselves the human figure, as usual, fares badly, but the animals are comparatively good.

The leading story in *The Day of Days* ("Hand and Heart" Publishing Office) is "The Web Ismene Wove," by Emily Holt. It is the history of a Greek family in Jerusalem, and their names are rather hard for the probable readers of *The Day of Days*. It also seems strange to find a Jewess called "Glaphyra." The rest of the matter is of a religious kind.

Meyrick's Promise (E. C. Phillips. Routledge).—This tells how some children lost their parents in the Jamaica insurrection in 1865, and how a little boy of seven fulfilled his promise of looking after his sister. Except for a tendency to give the past histories of all the characters, the book is pleasant and natural, though the style is often clumsy. For instance, the expression that it is bad to indulge "a wilful or any dispositioned child" is hardly English.

With the Colours (R. Mountney Jephson. With Illustrations by R. Simkin. Routledge).—As its name implies, this is a military story of the adventures of a young ensign. They are neither very exciting in themselves nor particularly well told.

Kate Greenaway's Birthday Book (Routledge).—The old-fashioned children in mob-caps and poke bonnets are as charming as ever, and, we regret to say, the verses are as weak.

We have received Messrs. De La Rue's Christmas Cards, decorated with much variety of art. Here, for example, is an agricultural maiden of ravishing beauty, sitting on a stile, and about to drink some beer; a little Greek maiden, with gold-fishes in the foreground, and in the distance the violet hills of Hellas, is charming. People of the last century pelting each other with roses, and other designs on silk, are agreeable tokens of the approach of midwinter.

Messrs. Bemrose's convenient Diaries, with proverbs for every day of the year, recommend themselves to the practical man of business rather than to the æsthetic dilettante.

Mr. Poulton finds his ideal of Christmas Cards in coloured photographs of flowers, which present a spectacle of tropical gorgeousness. Flowers, pug-dogs, and pictures of the revelries of Yule occupy the accomplished artists of Messrs. Hildersheimer and Faulkner. "We know not which is sweetest, no, not we," to modify a line of Mr. Tennyson's; but all these cards seem likely to gratify the proper sort of recipients.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE book of the last month in France is unquestionably M. Renan's *Eau de Jouvence* (1). Conceived on something like the plan of *Caliban*, and professedly a sequel to it, it is much more complex than that curious production, and deals with a much wider range of subjects. In some sort, indeed, it is a kind of recantation or counterblast, the follies and faults of the Legitimist party being shown up nearly as glaringly as the follies and faults of the Democrats were in *Caliban*. The political scope of the book also includes a terrible attack on Germany, which, from a purely literary point of view, is one of the best things the author has done, a rather unkind side-blow at the promoters of international and unlimited copyright, and a good many other things beside. The way in which these various topics are brought within the compass of a short dramatic romance of a hundred and twenty loosely printed pages is, to say the least, ingenious. The "eau de Jouvence" of the title is not the famous fountain which was such a favourite dream of the Renaissance that its invention has sometimes been ascribed to that period, though, as a matter of fact, it is to be found in the twelfth-century *Roman d'Alixandre*. It is rather the *elixir vitæ* than the fountain of youth, and is represented as being the result of Prospero's chemical researches, which have enabled him to discover alcohol and ether. At the beginning of the play the deposed Duke is once more visited by a body of his faithful Milanese nobles, anxious to obtain his consent to head them in an attempt to overthrow the Republic. Prospero, however, does not at all like the means (stock-jobbing crises and discreditable squabbles in the Assembly) which the faithful nobles regard as the most effective weapons in their crusade, and he gives them, to their great disgust, something like a flat refusal. Hereupon they shake the dust from their feet and renounce him. He in his turn changes his name, calls himself Arnold of Villeneuve, and devotes himself to chemical researches with more ardour than ever, so that he soon acquires the fame of a magician and of having raised some from the dead and restored others to youth with his "eau de Jouvence." After the first act the scene is chiefly at Avignon. The aged Pope is very anxious to regain his youth, and a little afraid of what may happen to him after death. He is thus doubly desirous of the elixir, though his favourite, Brunissende de Talleyrand, discourages the idea of artificial rejuvenescence in a manner which would perhaps be more philosophical if she herself were not in her first bloom. However, Arnold is summoned, and comes. But the Pope is soon in a great difficulty about him. The Sorbonne, the Inquisition, the Emperor, the rancorous nobles of Milan, the Milanese commonwealth, all publicly or privately demand his death or surrender. The embassy in which the demand of the Empire is signified gives occasion for the onslaught on Germany already mentioned. "Siffroi, Seigneur Palatin"—the month of November has been fertile in aliases for Prince Bismarck—arrives, and delivers blood-and-iron opinions in the most outrageous manner. As a matter of curiosity, however, he attends one of Arnold's distillations, and, snatching the elixir as it issues from the alembic, drinks it off, only a small part of it being wrested from him and quaffed by Sir Leoline, an Irish knight-errant. Both become entranced, and the dreams of both are given. Leoline's are all love and beauty, but they are mere reminiscences; Siffroi's, all blood and ravage—reminiscences too. The elixir puts into the heart and brain nothing that was not there before. Finally, after much else—for the thing, short as it is, is full of matter—Arnold finding himself *de trop* in the world, seeks euthanasia by means of ether, surrounded by all the good characters of the story, including Ariel, who revisits his master at the closing scene. Among the numerous episodic passages may be mentioned a really fine masque of the Guillotine, which supernaturally takes place on the bridge of Avignon at night. The book has plenty of M. Renan's usual faults; but, as a literary work, it deserves a good deal of praise.

M. Caro's work (2) is always solid and thorough, and to say this is to say a good deal. To brilliancy of style or great depth of insight he can hardly pretend; but the latter is so uncommon that no one can be surprised at its absence, and the former is, in Frenchmen at least, so common, that its absence may without much paradox be said to be rather a relief. These studies of the later eighteenth century consist of republished essays, of which the most important are a set of seven on the Assézat edition of Diderot, a set of five on M. Gabriel de Chénier's edition of André Chénier, and a set of three on Mme. de Staël. Detached essays on Montesquieu, Horace Walpole, Mme. Roland, and several other persons of interest, complete two volumes which for sober good sense and accurate information far exceed most volumes of republished essays.

With M. Caro's work M. Barbey d'Aurevilly's is naturally taken. It displays every fault from which the volumes just mentioned are free. An exaggerated and *baroque* style, violent abuse of all and sundry, complete blindness to the merits of the things

(1) *L'eau de Jouvence*. Par Ernest Renan. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(2) *La fin du 18 siècle*. Par E. Caro. 2 vols. Paris: Hachette.

persons that the author does not like, insufficient information, prejudice underlying and overlaying every judgment—these are the main characteristics of *Goethe et Diderot* (3). Certainly we are far from saying that there is not room for a good deal of iconoclasm in the case of Goethe. As to Diderot, the idol has hardly yet been set up, and the most active of his setters-up have been the foremost to recognize his feet of clay. But neither one nor the other, certainly not the first, is a person to be appropriately treated with mere brick-and-dead-cat-throwing. M. Barbey d'Aurevilly prides himself, we believe, on his style. What kind of style this is a few quotations may serve to show. "Il [Goethe] était badaud depuis l'axe de son être jusqu'à l'épiderme." Here is a fine collocation of metaphors truly. "Ce qui fait que M. Genin, dédrisé, comme une blanchisseuse mystifiée, peut se retourner au lavoir avec sa brosse et sa cuvette;" "l'homme qui a le plus roulé de fatras dans le fracas de ses œuvres." Cacophonous as is this last expression, it is not a bad description of M. Barbey d'Aurevilly's own style. There is vigour and occasional brilliancy in him; but a man who talks such jargon as he does, and who tells us that Goethe is a "gélatine figée," and that *Manon Lescaut* is a "chef-d'œuvre de bassesse dans la pensée et de platitude dans l'expression," almost shuts himself out from serious consideration.

We have yet another book (4) dealing with the eighteenth century. Most of the figures are familiar ones, and the author's treatment of them has no very great distinction. The morality of the book is excellent, but sometimes M. de Lescure has allowed his indignation to get the better of his justice. St. Lambert, for instance, was a good deal more than a "fat de garnison."

MM. Paul Lacroix (5) and L. de Ronchaud (6) have chosen for their volumes two women of unequal fame, but both notable enough in their way. The author of *Valérie*, and the instructress in mysticism of the Emperor Alexander I., is a person remarkable rather than interesting; but any one who takes an interest in her will find full satisfaction here. Mme. d'Agoult, or Daniel Stern, as she was pleased to call herself, holds a certain rank among the second, or perhaps the third-rate authors of the century. Some re-published thoughts and moral sketches of hers are tolerably well worth reading.

Le roman expérimental (7), a volume of criticisms chiefly, has been already noticed in these columns as far as concerns its most curious feature, the information given as to the actual wages of literature in France. Most of it, however, is purely critical, and the value of the criticism may be judged from the fact that M. Zola thinks Charles de Bernard a mere "lavure de Balzac," and holds up the brothers De Goncourt as models of style.

The French edition (8) of M. Kossuth's recollections of the Italian war, which have already appeared in English, contains a very striking portrait by Herr Unger.

The fourth and last volume (9) of M. Chéruel's exhaustive history of the minority of Louis XIV. is occupied with the last seven months of the year 1650, and with the nine months of 1651 which passed before the attainment by the young King of his nominal majority.

The fifth volume of M. Perrens's History of Florence (10) is of particular interest to English readers, because in its account of the Pisan wars it deals much with the English Free Companions, and especially with Sir John Hawkwood. The period covered is from 1359 to 1381.

It would be thought very odd in England if a publisher were to write a preface to the book he publishes, pointing out what an excellent book it is, and how capitally the author has done it. The thing, however, is not unknown, hardly even unusual, in France, and M. Lemerre, who is very frequently editor in the English as well as éditeur in the French sense of the books he publishes, has perhaps as much right to do it as most people. His new venture is a sufficiently bold one, both on the part of author and publisher. M. Lemerre, it seems, thinks that the time has come for a new *Histoire universelle*, which shall work up into readable form and manageable size the results of the enormous energy spent in special investigations during the past century. Not only does M. Lemerre think this, but he, bolder still, assures his readers that "cette histoire universelle ne vieillira pas." It may require additions, but not alteration or supersession. We should ourselves consider it a little rash to say if anything that it "ne vieillira pas," and especially to say it of even the most meritorious compilation of other people's researches. However, it is good that a publisher should have *de l'audace*. In this case the author seems to have, and to need, a good deal of the same quality. There are to be sixteen volumes of the new *Histoire universelle*, dealing respectively with the India of the Vedas, with old Persia, Egypt, Les Asiatiques (which may mean several things), Greece, Rome, Christianity, the Barbarians, Mahomet, the Papacy, Europe, the Crusades, the Renaissance, the Reformation, the Revolution, and the Nineteenth Century. Each of these vast subjects is to be treated in an octavo volume of four or five hundred pages, and each of them by the same author, M. Marius Fontane, who thus announces, Baconically, that he has taken all history to be his province. To use an irresistible piece of American slang, this is "a large order," and it rather takes one's breath away. M. Fontane, moreover, conceives history in the largest sense; flora, fauna, physical geography, comparative mythology, and the encyclopædia only knows what else, come within the extensive view of his observations. The volume which has appeared (11) deals with a subject the goodness or badness of the treatment of which only specialists are qualified to decide. We can only say that the text is written in a clear and interesting manner, and that the index contains abundant references to original authorities. As for the get-up of the book, the fact of M. Lemerre being the publisher is sufficient indication that there is nothing wanting in this respect.

M. de Tchihatcheff (12) has written a large and, in its way, a somewhat valuable, book on Algeria and neighbouring countries. Its value consists chiefly in the abundance of statistical information furnished and in the pains which the author seems to have taken to obtain that information. Painstaking observation, indeed, seems to be more M. de Tchihatcheff's forte than intelligent comment. Thus he is greatly disturbed at finding that the streets of Gibraltar have English names, and wofully disappointed because, when he goes to the races at the same place, he does not find a "fête hippique des représentants des célèbres races de l'Arabie, de l'Andalousie et de l'Angleterre." Despite his scientific inquisitiveness, too, he had a long interview with Lord Napier of Magdala without discovering that that gallant officer's name is insufficiently represented in typography by the form "Neaper." When he gets to the Alhambra he is wroth at the "goût si souvent barbare du moyen âge," because "Charles Quint eut l'audace d'accoler son disgracieux palais aux murs mêmes de l'incomparable cour des lions." It really seems hard that the poor middle ages should bear the blame of Charles V.'s crimes. On all points relating to politics and to national vanity, M. de Tchihatcheff seems, like many other *metoeci*, to be *ipsis Francis francior*. However, as we have said, he is an instructive traveller when he confines himself to fact.

M. Leclercq's *Voyage aux Iles Fortunées* (13) is rather an example of book-making than of anything else. The only island which the traveller really explored was Teneriffe. Grand Canary and Lanzerote were touched on his way home, but only touched, and the remaining members of the group not visited at all. Of Teneriffe itself the account is readable enough, but very much spun out, and devoid of any sign that the writer possesses the true knack of geographical description.

The volume of the excellent *Année géographique* (14) for 1878 has appeared. Its digest of works published relating to the subject is very good, and could only be improved by adding the prices. There could be no difficulty in obtaining this additional information, and it would frequently be of great convenience.

Of school books we have received several. *Picciola* (15) cannot be too often edited. M. Henri Bué's *Idioms* (16) will doubtless be useful, though many expressions are admitted which are in no sense idiomatic or peculiar to French, and though the English translations are not always exact. For instance, "la clef des champs" has a curious and interesting English variant, "the key of the street," which M. Bué does not give. "La critique est aisée et l'art est difficile" is in no sense an idiom. Yet, again, under "ours" we do not find "lécher l'ours," over which we have known grave translators to blunder ludicrously. But a thoroughly satisfactory book of this sort is, it must be admitted, not an easy thing to turn out.

M. Van den Berg's school history of Greece (17) has one advantage which is often noticeable in French school-books over English ones, the abundance of excellent maps and illustrations of places, coins, &c.

M. Roulier's *Second Book of French Composition* (18) seems carefully done and likely to be useful.

M. le colonel Paris, commandant le regiment des sapeurs-pompiers de Paris—Captain Shaw must feel quite humiliated at his French parallel's dignified style and title—has given in a little volume (19) a sketch of the Paris Fire Brigade system as compared with the American. That of London is not mentioned; and the Colonel is patriotically anxious to get rid of what he, with national exactitude, calls "les pompes Merry-Wather."

An anonymous tract (20) on the position of bondholders in the

(3) *Goethe et Diderot.* Par J. Barbey d'Aurevilly. Paris: Dentu.

(4) *Les femmes philosophes.* Par M. de Lescure. Paris: Dentu.

(5) *Madame de Krudener.* Par P. L. Jacob. Paris: Ollendorff.

(6) *Daniel Stern: esquisses morales.* Par L. de Ronchaud. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(7) *Le roman expérimental.* Par E. Zola. Paris: Charpentier.

(8) *Souvenirs et écrits de mon exil.* Par Kossuth. Paris: Plon.

(9) *Histoire de France pendant la minorité de Louis XIV.* Par A. Chéruel. Tome 4. Paris: Hachette.

(10) *Histoire de Florence.* Par F. T. Perrens. Tome 5. Paris: Hachette.

(11) *Histoire universelle.* Inde védique. Par M. Fontane. Paris: Lemerre.

(12) *Espagne, Algérie, Tunisie.* Par P. de Tchihatcheff. Paris: J. B. Baillière.

(13) *Voyage aux Iles Fortunées.* Par J. Leclercq. Paris: Plon.

(14) *L'année géographique.* 1878. Paris: Hachette.

(15) *Picciola.* Book I. Par X. B. Saintine. Edited by P. Baume. London and Paris: Hachette.

(16) *First Steps in French Idioms.* Par H. Bué. London and Paris: Hachette.

(17) *Petite histoire des Grecs.* Par Van den Berg. Paris: Hachette.

(18) *Second Book of French Composition.* By A. Roulier. London and Paris: Hachette.

(19) *Le feu à Paris et en Amérique.* Par le colonel Paris. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(20) *L'emprunt Don Miguel* (1832). Deuxième édition. Paris: Chaix.

Mutual Loan of 1832 is chiefly of interest to private persons rather than to the general public. It contains, however, some historical passages of importance.

M. Emile de Girardin has taken up the cudgels against M. Alexandre Dumas to show that killing is not the best road to voting (21). M. Emile Girardin is deliberately of opinion that "le plus grand devoir de la femme c'est la maternité," and he kicks at this open door with great pluck, resolution, and energy.

Some fairly lively satires (22) and a really remarkable play (23) represent French poetry on our list. M. Chantavoine is at any rate on the side of the angels, and rallies M. Zola and the rest of the naturalists not altogether unpleasantly. He wishes for one hour of Boileau, and, without entertaining any very great admiration for that censor, it must be granted that it would be pleasant to see him at work with his ferule among *Nana* and *La fille Elisa*, and the rest of the brood. We could promise MM. Zola and de Goncourt "des sensations," as M. Veuillot once put it. Elsewhere M. Chantavoine rallies the Parnassiens, also not without some success. *La Moabite*, however, is a very different piece of work. After reading it, it is scarcely to be wondered at that M. Ferry prohibited it, for it is a direct plea for the Conservative Republic, Liberty *plus* Christianity, and other things for which the author of Article 7 cannot be supposed to be enthusiastic. The prohibition, however, which has, we believe, not prevented the production of the play elsewhere than at the Français, is a curious additional commentary on the actual liberty which France enjoys at the moment. *La Moabite* is full of the movement and colour of *drame*, but its versification, though vigorous enough, is in some respects of the older and pre-Hugonic stamp. The plot is simple, but effective. A Moabite girl, Kozby, falls in love with Misael, the son of the high priest Shamgar, and encourages him to disregard his mother's and father's reproaches at his union with a heathen, by preaching to him the doctrine of "follow your instincts." He embraces this only too fully, throws himself into a movement of revolt, murders the Prophet Elias, that he may himself assume the direction of it, is false to Kozby, ambition having supplanted love in his unmuzzled spirit. Kozby, furious at this, denounces the plot. The murder of Elias and the divulging of Misael's despotic projects cause a schism in his supporters. Finally, challenging his father to enter the Holy of Holies with him as a test of the truth or falsity of belief in Jehovah, he is struck dead. The subject, of course, would in England be considered quite out of the range of stage representation; but the religious drama, often as it has changed its form, has never lost its hold on the French theatre.

We do not find in this month's novels any trace of that coming man who is very urgently required in this department of French literature. M. Valery Vernier's book (24) is a good piece of journey work, but not much more. *L'amour au Pays Bleu* (25) is one of the essays in local colour—very local colour and a great deal of it—which have become fashionable in France, and for which Algeria offers abundant material. M. de Létorière's stories (26) are tolerable—of their kind. *Jeunesse* (27) is one of those not infrequent studies of French provincial manners which make humble readers of Mr. Matthew Arnold lose themselves in complicated problems of mental arithmetic as to the respective advantages of Philistinism accompanied by morality, and of immorality accompanied by rather greater Philistinism. *Le capitaine Bric-à-brac* (28) would probably not have been written if *La cousine Bette* had never existed; but the author deserves some credit for careful arrangement of his scenery and accessories. *Serge Panine* (29) is to be fathered rather on M. Feuillet than on Balzac, though some not inconsiderable tinge of the latter is also observable in it. It is rather curious that, though the mere workmanship is often better in the average French novel than in the English one, it follows certain accepted types even more slavishly than is the case with English fiction.

(21) *L'égale de l'homme*. Par Emile de Girardin. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(22) *Satires contemporaines*. Par H. Chantavoine. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(23) *La Moabite*. Par Paul Déroulède. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(24) *La passion d'André*. Par Valery Vernier. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(25) *L'amour au Pays Bleu*. Par H. France. Paris: Lemerre.

(26) *Amours et amitiés parisiennes*. Par le vicomte G. de Létorière. Paris: Ollendorff.

(27) *Jeunesse*. Par Albert Cim. Paris: Charpentier.

(28) *Le capitaine Bric-à-brac*. Par René Maizeroy. Paris: Charpentier.

(29) *Serge Panine*. Par Georges Ohnet. Paris: Ollendorff.

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IRELAND.

NO charge can be more unfounded than the complaint that Mr. PARNELL's demands are too vague to be readily accepted or rejected. The affectation of treating revolution as a variety of reform is a result of mere timidity. In his speech at Waterford Mr. PARNELL advanced beyond the position which he had previously occupied. The claim of occupying tenants to retain the land in perpetuity, on payment or promise of a rent to be fixed by themselves, was sufficiently bold. The rule according to which the rent is to be assessed has been frequently announced by Mr. PARNELL or his associates. GRIFFITH's valuation has only been proposed as a standard because it is in most cases far below the stipulated rent and the market price of the land. Wherever it happens that the valuation is equal to the agreed rent, the tenants have refused to pay it. The demagogues tell the people that out of the produce of the land they must in the first instance maintain themselves and their families in comfort. The second charge is to be the payment of debts to the shopkeepers, who might perhaps otherwise withhold credit. Finally, if any margin is left, the occupier may allow to the landlord any part of the surplus which he may think just or convenient. While such doctrines are preached, English partisans still prattle about the rejection of the Disturbance Bill which purported to provide for temporary distress; although Mr. A. W. PEEL candidly acknowledges, with a frankness that may be inconvenient to some of his colleagues, that, "even if the House "of Lords had not rejected it, the outrages that have since "happened would still have occurred." There is now no distress in Ireland; and the Bill in which the Disturbance measure was originally included as a clause would not have been introduced if the present condition of the country had been foreseen. It is probable that the Government will propose to give fixity of tenure to the actual occupiers of land; but Mr. PARNELL has already proposed a much more ambitious scheme. For his own purposes he now admits that population is too dense in Connaught to be effectually secured against distress even by ownership of land. He accordingly agrees with the advocates of emigration; but not to the colonies—of which, indeed, he declines to recognize the existence—nor even to the United States. Professing to know America well, Mr. PARNELL boldly asserts that there are no parts of the New World so well adapted to settlement as the pasture lands of Ireland. He therefore announces that the owners or lessees of grazing lands must make room for small cultivators, who will grow potatoes instead of rearing or feeding cattle. Fixity of tenure is in this case to include a transfer of property to absolute strangers. The machinery of the Land League, which is sometimes hypocritically described as constitutional agitation, will be equally applicable to a new project of robbery. Mr. PARNELL announces that during the ensuing year neither owners nor tenants will be allowed to graze cattle on their pastures, in the expectation that the proprietors will be compelled to let or sell their lands to cottage occupiers.

In another part of his speech Mr. PARNELL quoted Mr. GIBSON's statement that there are now few outrages in Mayo and in Galway. Here, said Mr. PARNELL, was an admission that the organization of the Land League supersedes the practice of assault, of mutilation of cattle, and of murder. Mr. GIBSON had explained that the establishment of an anarchic despotism was now complete. If the landlords of Mayo are deprived of their property, if farmers and labourers are compelled to obey the dictates of the League, it is not to be supposed that threats or violence will be ordinarily used to compel a submission which has already been fully enforced. If all the houses in Belgravia and South Kensington were in the possession of burglars, and if the police were not allowed to interfere, there would in those districts be no need for the use of jemmies or revolvers. Triumphant crime can afford to disregard the use of the instruments by which success was achieved. Elsewhere there is no abatement of cruelty and oppression. At Waterford itself the opponents of the grant of the freedom of the city to Mr. PARNELL were coerced by threats, and the windows of those who declined to illuminate their houses in his honour were broken. Agrarian outrages in other counties, if not in Mayo and Galway, have never been more rife. One ordinary occurrence, described by a correspondent of the *Daily News* who had personally investigated the circumstances, produces perhaps a stronger impression than a general enumeration of many similar crimes. A poor man whose ears had been mutilated minutely described the proceeding to the English stranger, though he kept up the fiction of pretending not to have recognized the perpetrators of the outrage. In Dublin, and even in London, Irishmen who have committed no offence except in owning land are now living under the protection of the police. The agents or accomplices of the Land League audaciously extend their machinations to the country which also submits the choice of several representatives to its professed enemies. In this state of affairs Irish agitators, some of them members of Parliament, have the impudence to assert that the reports of outrages have been invented by English newspaper correspondents. The apologists of crime scarcely condescend to explain away the reign of terror which, according to their statements, has neither motive nor foundation.

The Radical party still contends that remedial measures alone are calculated to suppress disorder by abolishing its causes; yet it might be supposed that the establishment of security for life and property would be prior in time, as in logical sequence, to any tentative project of law. There is no reason to fear that any English Government will by Act of Parliament transfer the ownership of land to the occupier, except on the condition of paying either purchase-money or rent. It is also for economical reasons impossible to buy up the fee-simple of the land, even if the owners were willing to sell. A fair rent, however it may be ascertained, must after all be a rent; but, if the principles and practice of the Land League are allowed to prevail, there can be no security for the payment of even the smallest rent. Mr. PARNELL, as long as there is neither law nor government in Ireland, will proceed without impediment to the attainment of his avowed objects. There are, as he calculates, 500,000 persons in Ireland anxious to maintain the English connexion because they are directly or indirectly interested in the ownership of land. All the respectable classes, including a large part of the population of Ulster, might be added to the list; but the statistics are for the present purpose comparatively unimportant. If the proceedings of the Land League are not checked, the friends of England will be beggared; and if the conspiracy will be susceptible of

suppression when a Land Bill is introduced, it might much more easily have been crushed before it attained its present dimensions. The enemies of order have been deliberately, and for reasons of party convenience, allowed to organize, to arm, and to reduce large districts of the country to panic-stricken obedience. Any measure which may tend to repair the mischief which has been done might much more effectually have prevented it. The tardy and futile Circular which Mr. FORSTER has just issued to the Irish magistracy, enumerating the legal powers which they have no longer the means of seriously exercising, comes too late to serve any useful purpose.

There is some force in the representation of Liberal apologists that it is not for the interest of the country that the dissensions which exist in the party and in the Cabinet should issue in open rupture. The result would be the accession to office of a purely Radical Government, which might probably afterwards provoke its own defeat by the extravagance of its projects. A coalition in office of Conservatives and moderate Liberals would then be encountered by an unscrupulous Opposition, acting probably in close alliance with the Irish demagogues. The continuance of the present Ministry in office is preferable to the probable consequences of a change. It seems indeed incredible that there should not be some explanation of conduct which, in default of fuller knowledge, seems to all reasonable politicians equally criminal and insane. COLERIDGE propounded a rule of criticism to the effect that till a man understands an author's ignorance, he should presume himself ignorant of his understanding. No outside observer can understand why even Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN should have laid down as the condition of their retaining office the toleration for several months of barbarous cruelty, of terror, and of spoliation. It is true that Mr. PARNELL rewards them by the generous admission that there are two good Cabinet Ministers; but both of them are undoubtedly indifferent to his questionable compliment. Mr. FORSTER, notwithstanding the passionate weakness of his conduct during the last Session, is an honest and an able man. Mr. GLADSTONE himself does what he thinks right, though he unfortunately is too prone to believe that whatever he is inclined to do is right. The Ministers, as a body, are men of ability and high character; and nearly all of them must be averse to anarchy. Their passive complicity with the worst offenders must be founded on some kind of cause or motive. They probably, and perhaps rightly, think that their continuance in office is for the interest of the State. Any competitors who wish for personal reasons to take their places must be not only selfish, but crazy.

MARSHAL MANTEUFFEL.

MARSHAL MANTEUFFEL has given a summary of the aims he has in view, the difficulties he has to encounter, and the progress he has made, as Governor of Alsace-Lorraine. He has got together a Provincial Assembly, which is no doubt respectable, but which is regarded with cold disapproval by the chief men in the country, and to which Strasburg refuses to send any representatives. He constantly impresses on every Alsatian or every Lorrainer with whom he has to deal that they must look on the cession of their territory to Germany as irreversible. The beginning of everything is that the inhabitants of the provinces should look on themselves as once for all Germans. But, if they will but be good Germans, then, so far as depends on him, they shall be happy Germans. He finds that they wish, so far as they condescend to wish for anything from him, that their local constitution should be made more definite and more comprehensive. With this wish he is quite ready to comply to the utmost of his power. If he can but achieve what he and they want, he will return home with a good conscience. And, whatever else he may have done, or failed to do, he has inspired the inhabitants with a belief that he personally is their friend, that he is at once kind and just, that he has large powers accorded him, and that anything he recommends will probably be given them. He has personally gone all over the territory confided to his charge, has conversed freely with men of all parties, has listened to all complaints, and has received with respectful attention the statement of opinions entirely adverse to his own policy. Nor does he deceive himself as to the impression he has made. Those who have agreed to join in the creation of a local constitution have done so wringing their hands with tears in their eyes, so painful has it been to them to separate themselves from old traditions and to work with those whom they still look on as conquerors. To his regret he also found that he came in contact with people whom no arguments could convince and no persuasions soothe, and whose only reply is that in their hearts they still feel themselves to be Frenchmen. He is sometimes a little encouraged, more frequently disappointed, and owns that he has always to be going uphill and very slowly. But there are two things to which he trusts for obtaining by degrees a better result. These are his own good intentions, and his intentions, he declares, are the intentions of the EMPEROR. He has been expressly directed to show that he can appreciate and respect the sentiments of a people which has been unduly and suddenly forced to break away from a nation with which it has been for two centuries connected. He has none of the illusions so widely spread through Germany at the time of the war, and based on the belief that the Alsatians looked on these two centuries as a painful episode in their real history, and were panting for the day when they would be restored to the Fatherland. Then there is the general mode in which Alsace-Lorraine is regarded by the heads of Germany. What they wish, above all things, is that the provinces should not be held as a conquered country. What they wish them to be is a territory held for military purposes. The first thing is to see that they are held so that these military purposes are properly carried out. Then, a territory so held must belong to some one. It cannot be independent. It must have the coinage, the laws, and the liability to military conscription of those who are using it for what they consider necessary and just objects. But, when once these objects are attained, when the provinces have been made to offer an unassailable frontier, when in certain large matters the provincials have been marked as belonging to Germany, then the Germans are quite willing to leave them to themselves, and let them still be Alsace-Lorrainers, and not copies of Badeners or Bavarians.

It is not difficult to plan such a programme, but the man who has to put it in execution finds at every turn how hard it is in politics to descend from the general to the particular. Whatever he does is sure to be attacked from some quarter. There is, according to German ideas, a large liberty of the press allowed in Alsace-Lorraine, and the press criticizes with bitterness everything the MARSHAL does. But the main current of adverse criticism comes from German sources. He is not nearly German enough to please the hard and bitter spirit which many of the conquering race display. The German newcomers into Alsace-Lorraine think him far too indulgent to the provincials. They accuse him of being at enmity with the German local officials. The MARSHAL says that this accusation is totally untrue. He has no differences with his subordinates. And in one sense, no doubt, this is a perfectly correct statement. German subordinates are far too well drilled and far too anxious to keep their posts to rebel against a Marshal and a Governor. They do what they are told to do; but they nurse secret grievances, and naturally resent an order so distasteful to the German official mind as the order to be courteous and conciliatory. What they cannot say, their friends in the press say for them. Then the terror of the great BISMARCK is held over the MARSHAL's head. It is alleged that his policy is on the face of it not a Bismarckian policy. There is nothing violent, high-handed, or frankly brutal about it. On general grounds the critics of the MARSHAL are sure that the CHANCELLOR must disapprove of any one who goes on in a way which he would never adopt himself. The MARSHAL flatly contradicts the allegation. He is on excellent terms with Prince BISMARCK, and works in harmony with the chief of Germany. But here again, although it may be very true that Prince BISMARCK acquiesces in a policy of leniency towards Alsace-Lorraine, and is wise enough to see that, in special circumstances, there must be a departure from his ordinary policy, the fact remains that it is a departure from his ordinary policy to be kind and patient, and to foster local independence. Ardent Germans may be excused for calculating that a good day will come to them before long, and that their BISMARCK will show himself to be the same everywhere. Marshal MANTEUFFEL has won over the Bishop of STRASBURG, from whom he derives very valuable support,

and whom he treats with affection and respect. His German critics ask whether this is in the proper spirit of the struggle for culture; and whether it is decent in a high German official to be friendly with an ecclesiastic? The MARSHAL replies that he yields to no German in the determination that the Church shall not encroach on the State, but that he is proud to be, and intends to remain, on the best possible terms with any ecclesiastic who will work with him. Lastly, the Germans complain that the MARSHAL listens to applications for redress and help made by those who openly declare they are not reconciled to Germany. Here the MARSHAL puts down his foot, and puts it down firmly. When it is justice that is asked for, he has not stopped, and never will stop, to inquire what are the personal opinions of the applicant. If there are good grounds for treating the applicant well, the MARSHAL will treat him well, although he may be disaffected to German rule.

It is not surprising that, so far as the provincials are becoming reconciled to this rule, the process should go on very slowly. Men and women cannot change the feelings and habits of a lifetime; and the higher they are in society the greater is their pride in not changing. Then it must strike the provincials that all this German criticism on the MARSHAL may indicate that the governorship of this good Governor is, after all, a happy accident. The MARSHAL will go, but the Germans will remain, and those who remain will be the people who will persistently say that an honest Bismarckian policy is the right thing, that disaffected persons ought not to expect justice, and that it is painful, and almost revolting, to see a German official on friendly terms with a Bishop. And then the Alsatians find it hard to begin at the beginning, and to allow that they must be for ever Germans. They may secretly nourish the dreams or previsions to which M. GAMBETTA gave expression at Cherbourg. The generation of to-day can only do its duty in the circumstances in which it is placed, but there is a larger and higher justice behind the scenes which will play its part on behalf of those who wait. This speech was received in Germany with far too much of panic and exaggerated timidity. But it unquestionably tended to make the position of Marshal MANTEUFFEL more difficult. It cannot have been easy for an Alsatian to read it without thinking that what M. GAMBETTA had dreamt he also might dream. And a local incident has occurred which must point the thoughts of Alsatians in the same direction. A French revenue officer, who acted as the agent of an Insurance office, who moved in the best local society, and was on a footing of intimate acquaintance with many German officers, has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment for having communicated to the French Government plans of the fortress of Diedenhofen. There is nothing extraordinary in a neighbouring Government wishing to obtain details as to the military strength of Germany; and it is notorious that for years before war broke out in 1870 Germans had been employed in every part of France to furnish every information that could by any possibility be of use to an invading army. But it must stir the hearts of the disaffected in Alsace-Lorraine to learn that there are Frenchmen willing to run a great risk in order to communicate information about the fortresses which overshadow the provinces, and that the French Government thinks it worth while to procure and to pay for such information. The real difficulty which the MARSHAL has to encounter is that of making his provincials believe, what neither Frenchmen nor Germans really believe, that the ownership of the provinces has been decided once for all; and this is a difficulty which must create a serious obstacle in the way of that good and honest and generous work to which he personally is devoting himself.

END OF THE NAVAL DEMONSTRATION.

THE naval demonstration now at an end will continue to be a subject of controversy till a party dispute is superseded by newer and more interesting subjects of discussion. When it was first devised, Turkish diplomacy had succeeded in imposing on all the Powers. The Albanians were supposed to offer a serious obstacle to the cession of Dulcigno, especially as the SULTAN was thought to be afraid of his own Albanian bodyguards. The combined squadron was intended at the same time to impress the Turkish Government with respect for the concert of Europe, and to intimidate the local chiefs who might perhaps not be aware that some of the Powers had resolved not to fire a gun, and that none of them thought of landing troops. The commander of the Turkish troops in the neighbourhood felt, or affected, invincible repugnance to any collision with faithful subjects of his sovereign; and at last a Note was published at Constantinople which contained a scarcely veiled rejection of all the demands of the Powers. Immediately afterwards the policy of defiance was suddenly abandoned in consequence, according to Lord GRANVILLE, of his proposal to intercept the revenues of Smyrna, or, if the unanimous statement of German and Austrian writers may be believed, in deference to representations made by Prince BISMARCK through the Ambassador, Count HATZFELDT. The question whether the English or the German version is correct still possesses practical importance. If the Turkish Government yielded to a threat of violence, the menace may be repeated with effect for the purpose of obtaining other concessions. The alleged intervention of Germany, on the other hand, purports to have been friendly; and it is thought to have been accompanied by assurances that no further coercion would be applied. The abnormal measure of occupying the port of Smyrna would have involved the dissolution of the European concert, for Germany and Austria, and probably France, would have withheld their co-operation. It is possible that a disagreement among his formidable advisers might have been regarded by the SULTAN as an equivalent for hostile proceedings on the part of England and Russia. It is admitted by all the disputants that the cruise of the combined squadron in the Adriatic contributed but indirectly to the trivial result of the late negotiations. It has at most illustrated the possibility of European concert, and also its fragility. The Turkish diplomatists have scarcely received the credit which they deserve for their ingenious fiction of Albanian patriotism. As soon as they finally determined to comply with the demands of the Powers, a capable commander was ordered to suppress local opposition; and he accomplished his task without serious opposition. It is to be regretted that some loss of life was caused by the belief of the local chiefs that they had at any time been intended to resist in earnest; but, on the whole, all parties, including the Albanians, seem to be well satisfied. The Prince of MONTENEGRO has with prudent laxity released some Mahometans who were in custody on the charge of a plot to deliver Podgoritza to the Albanians or the Turks. The feuds in that disturbed region have seldom been less active than now.

As something has been done, though the result was ludicrously small in proportion to the machinery employed, the English Government endeavoured to induce its late allies to solve by the same method a more important question. All the other Powers, with the exception of Russia, refused to concur in the project of transferring the operations of the fleet to the Ægean. The contingent squadrons have already sailed in various directions, and there is no reason to believe that they will at any future time reunite. Nearly all the Governments have lately urged on the Greeks the expediency of deferring the conflict for which they have been actively preparing. Official refusals to comply with their advice must not be understood as necessarily final. The KING of the HELLENES and his Ministers must be aware that they use a dangerous and undignified argument when they assert that revolution at home would be the alternative of aggressive war. A nation, like a private litigant, is estopped from taking advantage of its own wrong, or, as in this instance, of its own alleged weakness or anarchy. An intelligent population cannot but be sensible of its inferiority in military resources to an enemy who may perhaps not wait to be attacked. It is improbable, though not impossible, that a Greek army might succeed in acquiring forcible possession of the territory in dispute. A disastrous repulse would be as perilous to the Government of Athens as a judicious hesitation which would be rightly attributed to prudent regard for friendly counsels. It is true that Greece has the exceptional advantage of security from retaliation. No Turkish army will be allowed to reconquer, or perhaps to invade, the territory which was liberated in the War of Independence, nor is there reason to fear a bombardment of the Piræus; but a crushing defeat incurred in Thessaly or Epirus might indefinitely postpone the aggrandizement which the nation confidently expects. If Greek patriots examine the published statements of

their friends in London, they will find that the Greek Committee, while it excuses their impatience, virtually advises them to acquiesce in their present helplessness. Lord ROSEBERY is a clever and versatile speaker, and he is a devoted follower of Mr. GLADSTONE; but he could suggest no ground of confidence to the Greeks, except that the present English Ministry included many friends of their cause. No weight can be attached to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's vague assertion that, if the Greeks went to war, they would not stand alone. New comers into high office sometimes forget that they have left situations of "greater freedom and less responsibility."

Unfriendly critics of Mr. GLADSTONE's novel policy point out with perfect accuracy the distinction between the demand for the cession of Dulcigno, which was founded on the Treaty of Berlin, and the claim to Janina, which was recommended by a subsequent Conference in accordance with a protocol annexed to the treaty. The Turks were parties to the treaty; but they were in no way bound either by the protocol or by the decrees of the Conference. If international jurisprudence resembled municipal law, the case of Greece would be absolutely untenable; but the nominal equality of independence of sovereign States affords no security against the dictation of Governments which are armed with irresistible force. For many years after the Congress of Vienna, the Five Great Powers exercised an undisputed control over the affairs of Europe when they were agreed, and some of them often interfered in alien contentions without the assent, but also in default of the opposition, of the remainder. If the late parties to the naval demonstration were agreed in a determination to give Janina to Greece, it would be useless to prove that no treaty gave them a right to interfere. The protocol of Berlin, though it was really appended to the treaty in compliment to M. WADDINGTON, virtually assumed the right of the Great Powers to dispose of Turkish territory at their pleasure. The same pretension was more distinctly advanced when the Berlin Conference of the present year defined a frontier for the benefit of Greece without any commission from the Turkish Government, and in disregard of its protest. If Germany, Austria, and France had acceded to Mr. GLADSTONE's recent proposals, they would have acted in strict consistency with their participation in the Conference of Berlin. Whether they had or had not a right to arbitrate, they would have committed no further usurpation by executing their award.

The precedents for intervention are numerous, though many of them have not been generally approved. The despotic sovereigns who were popularly believed to form a Holy Alliance supported or sanctioned the suppression of the Neapolitan revolution by Austria in 1821, and the restoration of absolute government in Spain by the Duke of ANGOULÊME's army in 1824. At a later period France, with the concurrence of England, made war on Holland for the purpose of establishing the independence of Belgium, although both Governments were parties to the treaty which guaranteed the Kingdom of the United Netherlands. Lord PALMERSTON's Quadruple Alliance for the maintenance of constitutional government in Spain and Portugal had no justification except the assumed right of powerful States to regulate for professedly benevolent purposes the affairs of their weaker neighbours. NAPOLEON III., with his semi-official maps of a reconstructed Europe, and with his more disastrous Mexican expedition, carried the practice of officious dictation to an extreme. Mr. GLADSTONE's project of liberating a considerable Greek population from Turkish sovereignty is perhaps as judiciously benevolent as any of the analogous schemes of his predecessors at home and abroad. If he could have induced his allies to co-operate in the execution of his plans as well as in the approval of his objects, he would have been enabled to use the conclusive argument of irresistible force. On the other hand, it may be doubted whether even Mr. GLADSTONE's popularity would be proof against the dissatisfaction which might be caused by an unprovoked attack upon Turkey in concert with Russia alone. Adventures which were readily tolerated in Lord PALMERSTON's time would be scarcely compatible with the virtuous and pacific sentiments of Liberals in the present day.

ENGLISH FARMERS.

MR. READ, who was for many years member for East Norfolk, who has large personal experience as a farmer, and who lately visited the United States to report to the English Government on American agriculture, has this week addressed to his brother farmers a lively and pleasant discourse which is in many ways worth the consideration, not only of farmers themselves, but of the very many persons who are interested in the present and future of English agriculture. The main conclusions which he wished to enforce are short and simple. The English grower of grain and cattle has no competition to fear except that of the United States. Continental States, with their heavy taxation, their ruinous armies, and their exhausted soil, cannot undersell the English farmer. But the American can compete successfully, first, because he has a very large amount of virgin soil at his command, and secondly, because he is a wonderfully sharp, industrious, and practical man. There are, however, limits to his power of competition. Do what he may, he cannot grow wheat under 24*s*. a quarter, if he is to get a profit for himself. The cost of transit from the Western States to Liverpool cannot be put below 16*s*. a quarter. Therefore wheat must fetch 40*s*. a quarter when landed at Liverpool if it is to pay the American grower. Further, although the amount of virgin wheat land in the States is very large, it is not boundless, and the American farmer soon exhausts the land he occupies with his four wheat crops running and his habit of never manuring. Mr. READ gives the American farmer twenty-five years to exhaust the soil available for wheat, after which time he will be obliged to use some kind of dressing, and his expenses will increase. It is impossible to examine how far Mr. READ is right in his conclusions. We must take them for what they are—the conclusions of an experienced and practical man, having exceptionally good opportunities of inquiry. For twenty-five years, then, the English farmer will see wheat kept down by American competition to a point which may exceed, but cannot long fall below, 40*s*. a quarter. There is, again, and will be, American competition in cheese, butter, and bacon. But the American articles of this description are not good of their kind. American bacon is pretty good, American cheese is not good, and American butter is so bad that it can hardly be called butter at all. In beef the American competition will, according to Mr. READ, be most serious and most permanent. The Americans cannot compete in mutton; but when sufficient ingenuity has been applied to conveying and storing the meat, they will be able to give us fine beef in Liverpool at sixpence a pound. Mr. READ did not explain what he exactly meant by fine beef. He probably does not mean that the best American beef will ever be equal to the best home-grown beef. There will always be a fancy article in the way of beef for which Englishmen will pay a fancy price. But the English farmer will have to meet a competition which will give beef of all but the best kind at 6*d*. a pound. American wheat at 40*s*., and good American beef at 6*d*. a pound, is the best and the worst that the English farmer has to face.

But the point on which Mr. READ insisted most strongly was that the American competition is successful not only because the natural resources of the States are very great, but also because the American farmer is a different sort of man from the English farmer, and leads a very different sort of life. He is much more alive, he has received a better education of a modest kind, he is not overshadowed by living in the midst of a luxurious, indolent, and refined society. He is always brooding over what novelties he can invent or adopt. And then he leads a very hard life. He gets up at some unearthly hour which Mr. READ does not specify, but which enables him to breakfast at five o'clock. He never sports; he drinks nothing but what Mr. READ calls "filthy tea"; he dresses in the meanest way; and his only relaxation is to read. If Englishmen are to compete with him, Mr. READ tells them that they must go and do likewise. Let us suppose that this is true, and it is easy to see what a revolution in English farming is contemplated. The present race of farmers must disappear and make way for a new race. It has been supposed to be a reproach to English farmers that they have hunted and shot and had pianos for their daughters. Why should they not have gratified their tastes and attained this humble

degree of refinement? They were for the most part men of capital, who embarked that capital in a channel which promised to give them a fair return, a country life, country pleasures, and a home which, according to the standard of their class, was very comfortable and somewhat refined. They are now told that their capital will no longer give them these things, and they will obviously not put their capital into the channel of farming. Why should a man with 10,000*l.* choose to invest in an enterprise which will force him to rise in winter many hours before the sun, never look at the hounds, drink filthy tea, and go about dressed like the Irishman of comedy? None but men inured to the discomforts of humble homes and possessed of very moderate means would go through such a life, with nothing to tempt them but the chance of just holding their own against American competition. Then all this attention to details, all this personal self-sacrifice, all this minute unflagging supervision can only be profitably exercised if the sphere of operations is limited. The farms which such men can make pay must be small farms, and they will be worked by men of small capital, for men of means will not take up so distasteful a calling. The farmer of the future will therefore be very unlike the farmer of the present. He will be a man a little above a day labourer, who has saved, or can borrow, a few hundred pounds, and who will be willing to lead a hard, dull, penurious life in order that he may earn a moderate competence.

Whether the farmers of the future will be of this type it is impossible as yet to say. We are in a period of transition, and we do not know, and cannot know at present, in what direction we are moving. But there are some general propositions as to the future of English land which may be considered as indisputable. English land will always be cultivated, and will, in the long run, be cultivated at a profit. Whatever may be the conditions under which it is practically found to be cultivated at a profit, those conditions will ultimately be accepted. Legislation can only smooth the path of an irresistible process. It may quicken the flow of land into the market by enlarging the selling powers of tenants for life. It may cheapen conveyancing; and Liberal speakers at agricultural meetings seem to ignore the fact that Lord CAIRNS before he left office brought in very sweeping Bills for the accomplishment of those objects. Legislation may lighten the burden of agricultural taxation, or may secure the farmer in his claim for improvements. But the end of all these things will be independent of legislation. Natural selection will determine what kind of farmer is fittest to survive. Experience will show what are the products to which cultivation can be most successfully directed. If, as some people think, it would pay to grow square miles of cauliflowers, square miles of cauliflowers will be grown. If the farmer who gets up before dawn, and drinks filthy tea, will only embark on his enterprise with a long lease and favourable covenants, he will get his lease and his covenants. If the sense of ownership could spur a cultivator to get up still earlier and to drink a still more repulsive drink, the poor man will buy land. Otherwise he will not buy or will not keep what he has bought. The rent that will be paid will be that which the tenant can afford to pay, neither less nor more. It is obvious, however, that as all transition brings suffering to some one, the landlords will be the first and the chief sufferers. The rent is the easiest thing into which to cut when a farmer considers whether in the new state of things it will answer to take a farm. While the old style of farmer is being extruded, and the new style has not come into existence, the land will be left on the owners' hands. The selling value of land will temporarily fall, for, as no one exactly knows what is to be the future of land, the buyer is buying a risk. The political importance, too, of great landowners has been lessened by the Ballot, although their social importance remains, and there is perhaps less temptation to great landowners to rival each other in the purchase of land. But in time, when things have settled into a new shape, and when it has been discovered how English land can be made to yield a profit in the face of foreign competition, both rents and the selling value of land will probably rise. Competition at home will lower the margin of profit at which the new kind of farmer will be content to work, and what the farmer yields the landlord will gain. Not improbably the wish to own land may be increased by the necessity of leading a hard life which ownership would sweeten, and by the desire men would feel to have the liberty which ownership would give them of adapting cultivation to the most profitable uses. Landowners would thus have to sell what many people would be anxious to buy, and the selling value of their property would rise. It may be added that the rate of interest on secure investments is visibly falling; and, directly the future of land is ascertained, there is every prospect of landlords being able materially to lessen the burden of their incumbrances.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

IF the people of the United States were engaged in any political controversy, the Message of an outgoing President to a moribund Congress would be as ineffective a document as a manifesto by an English Minister in a similar condition. It is nevertheless proper that customary forms should be observed; and it matters little whether the annual summary of events and prospects is composed by the actual President or by his equally respectable successor. Mr. HAYES has reason to look back with complacency on his tranquil term of office. As the opposite party has controlled the Legislature, he has not had the opportunity which he seems to have desired of reforming the Civil Service. The elaborate scheme of competitive examinations which Mr. HAYES now recommends to Congress will be quietly laid aside. The party managers who have lately elected his successor retain the old theory that the spoils belong to the victors. In time, perhaps, the frequent repetition of sound doctrine by eminent citizens may induce professional politicians to modify their practice; but whenever office ceases to depend on party claims, it will be difficult to excite interest even in a Presidential election. Even the funds for the contest are in a great measure derived from taxes imposed on the occupants of office, and voluntary contributions from their expectant successors. One or two vicious measures relating to the currency have been carried over the PRESIDENT'S veto; but he has witnessed the steady reduction of the public debt, and during the last year general prosperity has revived throughout all parts of the States. It is not a little to Mr. HAYES'S credit that during his term of office there have been none of the official scandals which disgraced the administration of his predecessor. The direct interference of the PRESIDENT has probably not been required because he had taken the obvious, though novel, precaution of surrounding himself with honest men. His Ministers have, on the whole, commanded general confidence; and Mr. SHERMAN, if he has not returned to specie payments, has seen greenbacks at par, and has conducted with skill and success the operation of discharging large amounts of debt and of reborrowing at a reduced rate of interest. To the PRESIDENT'S Message Mr. SHERMAN contributes the questionable recommendation of a bi-metallic currency. At the instance of owners of silver mines in Nevada, Congress passed an Act requiring a constant coinage of silver, with an arbitrary and inaccurate value in reference to gold. The SECRETARY of the TREASURY now suggests that the relation of the two precious metals shall be readjusted; but he proposes that not only both kinds of coins, but the outstanding greenbacks, shall retain the character of a legal tender. The operation of riding three horses at the same time requires both skill and good fortune. Mr. SHERMAN has been lucky in the price of greenbacks, and he has hitherto, by an ingenious contrivance, kept out of circulation the silver money which he was legally compelled to coin. According to English notions, the PRESIDENT would have pursued a more dignified course in remaining neutral during the election of his successor; but the Americans are the sole judges of the question whether the chief of the Executive Government should be considered the representative of the nation or the head of a party. The experience of a President must, to compare great things with small, in some degree resemble that of a Lord Mayor. He has for the most part lived in comparative obscurity till his accession to office; and when he retires his political career is over. Two or three of Mr. HAYES'S predecessors have attempted to escape from forced inaction by returning to the House of Representatives; but a dethroned sovereign more fitly remains in dignified retirement.

In former times the President's Message was expected

with excitement, if not with curiosity. The Democratic holders of the office before the Civil War not only did their utmost to inflame the jealousy of the Southern States, but also propounded questionable plans for the extension of the national territory into regions adapted to slave cultivation. After the dismemberment of Mexico, the President for the time being generally directed the cupidity of the dominant party to the acquisition of Cuba. It was also customary to insert in every Message one or more passages of defiance to England, even when there was no ostensible cause of quarrel between the two countries. Although the tradition lingers in the office of the Secretary of State, recent Messages have seldom included any irritating matter. The PRESIDENT professes to be satisfied with the present language of the English FOREIGN SECRETARY on the only question in dispute. It is not yet known whether his impression is fully justified by the state of the negotiation. In dealing with domestic topics, Mr. HAYES assumes, as is natural, a cheerful tone. He cannot but exult in the universal prosperity, and his SECRETARY of the TREASURY takes occasion to hold out the hope of a still further reduction in the interest of the Debt. Mr. BRIGHT, with characteristic party prejudice, lately explained the perversity of the United States tariff by the alleged necessity of raising a large revenue to pay the interest of the Debt, and gradually to discharge the principal. It would have been within his knowledge, if it had been his custom to know anything inconsistent with his own prepossessions, that revenue is designedly sacrificed for the sake of protection, and that the administrators who are engaged in the reduction of the Debt are inveterately hostile to the doctrine and practice of Free-trade. Mr. HAYES, as a member of the Republican party, is pledged to the cause of monopoly, and his successor professes the same opinion. The Democratic candidate for the Presidency was eager to guard himself against the charge of holding sound principles, though in his confusion he blundered into language which in some degree resembled Mr. BRIGHT's apology for American delusions.

The only contributions of the SECRETARY of STATE to the Message relate to the Chinese immigration treaty, which has not yet been received, and to the controversy with England arising out of the clause in the Washington Treaty which admitted America to the fishery of Newfoundland. It seems that Lord GRANVILLE's language is deemed more conciliatory than Lord SALISBURY's, but it is improbable that the main contention of the English Government can be abandoned. Lord GRANVILLE is not likely to imitate Mr. EVARTS in the peremptory tone and language which he has inherited from a long series of official predecessors; but he will not be disposed to inflict gross injustice on the fishermen of Newfoundland. It is highly probable that, in protecting themselves against the encroachments of foreigners whom they regard as intruders, they may have been guilty of excess for which compensation will be due. In the so-called Fountain Bay disturbances the tackle of some American fishermen was destroyed, and perhaps some of them may have suffered personal injury. No English Minister will vindicate violence against foreigners who were at the worst asserting a disputed claim; but the protest of the Newfoundland fishermen, though it may have been made in irregular form, seems to have been essentially just. The Washington Treaty gave American fishermen unrestricted access to the waters of Newfoundland; but by a local law the natives were prevented from fishing on Sundays. The Americans refused to be bound by the restriction, and consequently, if their claim had been allowed, they would have enjoyed for one day in the week a monopoly which could never have been contemplated when the treaty was made. In this as in other instances the English negotiators seem never to have thought of guarding any national right or interest; but they were perhaps controlled by peremptory instructions from home. Both parties must have intended that American and Newfoundland fishermen should be placed on an equal footing; but when Lord SALISBURY insisted on the obvious construction of the treaty, Mr. EVARTS thought fit to repel an imaginary pretension to the power of overriding an international engagement by municipal law. If the Colonial Act had been passed after the date of the treaty, Mr. EVARTS would have been in the right; but in that case Lord SALISBURY would not have relied on an untenable argument. If by some old law Frenchmen had been prohibited from killing game in England, and if a recent treaty had conceded to them the privilege, they would, according to Mr. EVARTS's contention, have a right to kill partridges in August and pheasants in September; yet the innovation would be intolerably oppressive to English sportsmen. The PRESIDENT professes satisfaction at the admission of the English Minister that treaty rights are independent of municipal law. He will probably find that Lord GRANVILLE and Lord SALISBURY hold the same opinion, though they may have expressed it in different language. It remains to be seen whether Mr. EVARTS, or his successor, will insist on a wholly unreasonable demand. If the fishery can without inconvenience be suspended for one day in the week, there seems to be no reason why foreigners should not acquiesce in the limitation which the natives of the islands have, for reasons which they deem sufficient, imposed on themselves. It is not in human nature, or in the nature of a seafaring population, to stand by in peace and good-humour while competitors from a distance exercise privileges refused to themselves. It is true that the colonial Legislature can at pleasure remove the restriction; but, if it was in the first instance expedient, it ought to be retained.

SECULAR EDUCATION IN FRANCE.

THE French Chambers are debating by instalments an Education Bill which, in its original form, embraced Universities and schools of every grade. The Government not unnaturally thought that this tremendous meal would be more easily disposed of if it were broken up into courses, and the various Education Bills which have done so much to make M. FERRY famous are parts of the vast whole which a Committee originally proposed to submit to the Chamber of Deputies all at once. During the present Session the Bill making elementary education gratuitous has been voted by the Chamber of Deputies, and is now waiting its turn in the Senate. The constitution of the Second Chamber makes its opinion on this particular proposal unusually important. From the method in which it is elected the Senate specially represents the communes, and the communes are more directly interested in this particular Bill than in any other of the series. Free education, however it is worked, must be a costly business, and the Bill throws the privilege of finding the money upon the communes. Hitherto they have had only the right to tax themselves for educational purposes; in future, if this Bill passes, the right will be transformed into a duty. Inasmuch as only a very small fraction of the communes have used the right accorded to them, it is natural to suppose that they did not greatly value the permission; and this fact suggests a doubt whether they will be altogether pleased with the pressure now to be applied to them. While the Bill was before the Chamber of Deputies an attempt was made to transfer half the burden about to be created to the State, and the Chamber was so far favour of this plan that it consented to take into consideration the amendment embodying it; but, under strong pressure from the Government, the Deputies in the end rejected it, though why they did so is not quite clear. It is easy enough, of course, to understand the objection which the Cabinet had to the proposal. Its members would, indeed, have had no bowels for a colleague's woes if they had not tried to spare the FINANCE MINISTER so serious an addition to the expenditure he is called upon to meet. It is not quite so obvious how they contrived to carry the Chamber along with them. There must be a great number of communes which would very much rather see the burden thrown—to use English equivalents—upon the Consolidated Fund than upon the rates; and when every arrondissement returns a member, local opinion upon local taxation might have been expected to have had greater weight with the Deputies. The Chamber is independent of the Cabinet when it would seem more natural for it to be submissive, and submissive when it would seem more natural for it to be independent. In the Senate, where a large proportion of the members are actually elected by the representatives of the communes, the divisions will be a better indication of local opinion on the subject. The success of the Bill will be a testimony of some value to the real feeling of Frenchmen towards the Church. One of the incidental results of making elementary education free will be to place voluntary schools, where they exist, at a very great disadvantage. We know something in Eng-

land of the competition to which these schools are exposed by the lower fees sometimes charged in Board schools; but a mere occasional reduction of fees is a flea-bite compared with an entire abolition of them. If the French peasantry are really willing to lay an additional tax upon themselves in order to banish the Church from the field of elementary education, it will indicate a nearer approach to active hostility than they have generally been credited with.

The Government are not content with making elementary education free. They further propose that it shall be compulsory and secular. The Bill by which this latter object is to be attained is now before the Chamber of Deputies, though the discussion of it has been suspended in order to make room for the Budget. It was introduced by M. PAUL BERT, in a speech the moderation of which would have seemed less studied if his name had not been associated with an attack of singular violence upon the Jesuits in connexion with the unfortunate 7th Clause. The gist of his argument was that, if education is to be compulsory, it must be secular. How can Protestants or Jews be forced to send their children to Catholic schools? Even the reactionary law of 1850 recognized this necessity in some measure. It made the teaching of religion obligatory, but it contemplated the provision of denominational schools in every commune where there was a non-Catholic place of worship. There are, however, over a thousand communes in which there is a Protestant "temple" but no Protestant school, besides the cases in which the non-Catholic population is too small to enable them to maintain a temple. Even if the law of 1850 gave sufficient protection to the consciences of parents, it would still be shocking to patriotism. Where there are denominational schools children must learn that they are Catholics, or Protestants, or Jews before they learn that they are Frenchmen. Even now the sins of the law of 1850 are not exhausted. As religion must be taught in communal schools, the teachers must be Catholics, and, what is worse, by the interpretation which successive Governments have placed upon the law, they must be good Catholics. Consequently religious questions have been introduced into the examinations which teachers have to pass, and it has even been required that the candidate should know both the letter and the spirit of the catechism. The consequence is that the training schools for teachers have been transformed into seminaries and convents, and the teacher has become the servant of the curé. More than this. M. BERT maintains that in Catholic schools—that is, in the great majority of communal schools—Protestant and Jewish children have been forced to attend Catholic instruction. When many religions are professed in the same country, and it is not possible to provide them all with separate schools, one of two things must happen. The children of the several minorities must be taught the religion of the majority, or religious teaching must be shut out from the school. Catholics themselves recognize this when they are in a minority. In Holland they demand that the elementary teachers shall be silent about religion; whereas the Protestants protest against the exclusion of religion, and maintain—just as the Catholics do in France—that not to teach religion is to teach atheism.

The force of M. BERT's reasoning is beyond dispute; but no one imagines that it is upon arguments of this kind that the controversy really turns. French Catholics are firmly persuaded that the introduction of compulsory and secular education is part of the general attack upon the Church with which the Republican policy has of late been identified. They maintain that, though the Bill leaves the parent free to have his children taught at home, or to send them to a denominational school, these permissions are altogether illusory. Peasants and artisans have neither the time nor the knowledge to teach their children themselves, nor the money to provide them with tutors. They will be obliged to send them to school as the only means of obeying the law. Even if they make an effort to teach them themselves, or accept the offer of some benevolent and Catholic neighbour to teach them, it is doubtful whether they will earn the desired exemption. The Bill provides that every child taught at home shall be annually examined by a Board, which, if it is not satisfied with his progress, will send him to the communal school. The value of the permission to send children to denominational schools is shown by the fact that, out of some 36,000 communes, there are at least 30,000 in which there is only the communal school. Even as regards the remaining 6,000, the Bill gives the Departmental Council power to declare that, in consequence of the insufficiency of the teaching, attendance at a denominational school will not reckon as obedience to the law. The educational position of France is entirely different from that of England, where denominational schools are to be found everywhere, and the balance between them and rate-supported schools is held by an impartial authority. With us the managers of voluntary schools are just as eager in their advocacy of compulsion as the School Boards themselves; but if only one parish in six had a Church school a very different note would perhaps be sounded. It is the same with the proposal to make elementary schools entirely secular. Even in form it goes beyond the English system, while in practice there can be little doubt that it would be very nearly its direct contrary. There are a great number of Board schools in which the religious teaching is not to be distinguished, except in a very few particulars which the children are not likely to notice, from that given in the neighbouring Church school. In France it is proposed to forbid any religious teaching whatever in the communal schools. To use M. BERT's own example, the teacher will not be allowed to say that lying is displeasing to GOD; he must only say that lying is degrading. More than this, the lay teachers will, at all events under the present Republican Government, be for the most part men who have a very bitter hatred of the clergy, and will consequently be disposed to prejudice the children against them. If the Government had only been prompted by zeal for liberty of conscience, they might have borrowed the principle of a Conscience Clause, and have taken some effectual means to protect non-Catholic children against Catholic teaching. A Government with such antecedents as theirs cannot expect not to have its ecclesiastical legislation very closely scrutinized. It is difficult to look at the new educational project without a suspicion that it is the indirect injury it will inflict on Catholicism rather than the direct service it will render to Protestantism that makes it dear to its authors.

THE YOUNG LION OF THE GOVERNMENT.

THE constituency of the Border Burghs is no doubt a highly respectable constituency, but perhaps a very keen sense of the ludicrous would not be attributed to its members by their warmest admirer. "For pleasure, give me Peebles," is a local adage; but even local patriotism has not arrived at the pitch of saying, "For humour, give "me Hawick." Therefore, the speech in which Mr. G. O. TREVELYAN announced to his constituents the important fact that he had accepted "an office of business" in the Ministry that now governs the country probably did not strike the men of Hawick in quite the same light as that in which it strikes some other people. There is a legend of a youthful German student who thus wrote to his friends:—"MATILDA loves me, and I love MATILDA; there-"fore, all is well." Mr. TREVELYAN's utterances on Monday reduce themselves to a similar formula with the greatest ease. Mr. GLADSTONE has invited Mr. TREVELYAN to accept an office of business, and Mr. TREVELYAN has consented to do so; therefore, all is well. Hawick and England may sleep peacefully and calmly, secure of the fact that Mr. TREVELYAN is there. As for Mr. TREVELYAN himself, to do him justice, he seems quite as happy as he thinks the country ought to be, and breaks out into phrases of delight which recall rather the author of *Horace at Athens* than the severe reformer of the present day. To serve under Lord NORTHBROOK, to be Mr. BRASSEY's colleague, to hear the clocks of the department strike as they struck in his youth, all this is almost too much for Mr. TREVELYAN, and he thinks that these delights go to make up "a lot than which it would not be easy to "draw a better in the wheel of fortune." Indeed some of his constituents might have cautioned Mr. TREVELYAN against the well-known danger of being "fey." But it is for his country rather than for himself alone that the member for the Border Burghs rejoices. His entrance into the Ministry—let us put it as complimentarily as we can—is the sign and symbol of many great things. The severe moralist who ten years ago quitted office on a possibly Quixotic scruple would not, the men of Hawick may feel assured, return except under the most solemn pledges of "thorough" from the entire Cabinet. We gather, in-

deed, from Mr. TREVELYAN's fashion of speech, that in all probability he holds a bond signed and countersigned by everybody, from Mr. GLADSTONE down to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and promising unlimited reform.

It is of course of considerable importance to the country to understand the import of this document, concerning the contents of which Mr. TREVELYAN was at once encouragingly suggestive and prudently reticent. He had his hand full of the most important truths, but he chose only to open his little finger. Yet even this opening disclosed much matter. The higher ranks of the army may regard their reorganization as a settled thing, for is not Mr. TREVELYAN (we must apologize for the apparent bull) at the Admiralty? As for the county franchise, that is settled, too, by Mr. TREVELYAN's promotion. His own chief, said Mr. TREVELYAN significantly, was pledged to this, and it is evident that he means to keep his own chief up to the mark. He is on the spot, and able to do it; and Lord NORTHBROOK must, we should imagine, have felt a slight shudder steal over him as he read the words the next morning. Even in a wide, though scattered, house like the Admiralty, the perpetual presence of Mr. TREVELYAN keeping one up to the mark must be a little disturbing. Lord GRANVILLE, too, had sworn that the Cabinet would never dissolve till the county householder had his due. We can only suppose from this that Mr. GLADSTONE intends *en cas échéant* to disregard the Septennial Act, and to discover that the ideal Parliament ought to sit for life. Such are the promises, artfully disguised by references to Lord NORTHBROOK and Lord GRANVILLE, which Mr. TREVELYAN holds out to the country; such the benefits which he has obtained by placing his services at the disposal of Ministers. For ten years, he said, he had devoted zeal and time to certain special questions which require somebody to watch them, to undertake the labour of mastering their details, and to force them on the attention of the House of Commons. That time is over; Mr. TREVELYAN's task is done. The wicked and obstructive general is as good as abolished, and the virtuous county householder as good as enfranchised. It must be admitted that the statement conveys a remarkable and almost alarming idea of the powers which are going to be let loose upon us after this ten years' labour. We really hope that Mr. TREVELYAN will not prove himself as troublesome to the Government as familiars have been to MICHAEL SCOTT and other persons famous in story. A man who alone and unaided, without the prestige of office or the assistance of official colleagues, watches two great questions, masters their details, forces them on the attention of the public and the House of Commons, and then magnanimously retires, leaving his nominal superiors to wind the horn of triumph and deal the deathblow to the helpless quarry, is an invaluable, but also a rather terrible, servant. Mr. TREVELYAN has done all this, for he says so. Surely the pleasure of serving Lord NORTHBROOK, the intense delights of Mr. BRASSEY's society, the joy of seeing those officials who taught his infant feet to move in official ways, cannot be expected to occupy and content such a genius as this? No, we may depend upon it that Mr. TREVELYAN will still be doing. Certainly Mr. GLADSTONE has plenty of jobs on hand which for a short time might quiet even this perturbed spirit. Suppose Mr. TREVELYAN were made Irish Secretary, or Ambassador to Constantinople, or Commissioner at the Cape, or Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in India? He would not be so happy as in the society of Mr. BRASSEY, but he would be more useful; and the *mot d'ordre* of the present Ministry, a Ministry of stern probity, is understood to be the tools to the workman. Indeed, it is not quite clear why Mr. TREVELYAN should not unite in his own person two or three of these responsible and difficult offices. He has, by his own confession, driven abreast for ten years the wild horses of Army Reform and Franchise Extension. Surely, then, he might manage, say, Ireland and India, or the Eastern question and the South African question together.

Long association with the electors of Hawick may possibly have dulled Mr. TREVELYAN's once tolerably lively faculties, or it may be that certain inherited peculiarities are making themselves unduly prominent, and that the avuncular "cocksureness" has eaten up the rest. But it is curious that any man accustomed to mix in the world, and to find, if only half-consciously, his level therein, should be able to make such an exhibition of himself as Mr. TREVELYAN made in this remarkable oration. There was more in it, naturally, than the interesting autobiographic revelations on which we have chiefly commented. But it was not a very interesting more. Of course Mr. TREVELYAN gravely rebuked the Opposition critics for their bad language and unchivalrous opposition. Of course he made no reference to the peculiarly handsome language and the peculiarly chivalrous opposition which had characterized his own side a few months ago. Equally of course, he accused the late Ministry of getting us into difficulties in South Africa, as well as in Afghanistan and elsewhere. But these things are the necessary commonplaces of every Government speech. It was more interesting that Mr. TREVELYAN should gravely complain of the levity of his opponents, for, on this head at least, a *tu quoque* is impossible. Few people would have accused Mr. TREVELYAN of levity before Monday last; certainly no one will do so now. He has "made his "proofs," and is entitled to the order and insignia of whatever saint is the patron of those who are hopelessly insensible to the ludicrous figure they cut. A Ministerial vacancy occurs at a time when the Ministry are very anxious to have none but safe seats vacated, and to admit to their body none but adherents who can be depended on in reference to the Irish question. A youngish man, of good ability and position, and of that convenient temper which can be made by a little adroit management to do work that other people do not care to do, is to be had very cheap. By this last expression we need hardly say that we mean nothing more than that Mr. TREVELYAN's place in the Admiralty is not exactly a Secretaryship of State. The place is offered and accepted, and the happy placeman forthwith announces *saturnia regna*, descants on his own unbounded felicity, and gravely publishes the record of his exertions during the past ten years, insinuating that the edifice of these exertions is now going to be crowned by the Cabinet, and that therefore without them the Cabinet would have no edifice to crown. Mr. TREVELYAN is the latest and one of the most pleasing *mouches du coche* that the political entomologist has met with. We are very sorry for Lord NORTHBROOK and Mr. BRASSEY, as well as for the *servum pecus* of officials with whom Mr. TREVELYAN longs to renew his acquaintance. These latter, however, will very likely find means to occupy their young friend, and, as our rude fathers used to say, to stay his stomach for work. But to persons who have no official connexion with the Admiralty Mr. TREVELYAN will be almost an unmixed boon if he goes on in this way. He will be amusing, which he has not been for some dozen years or more, and which but few of his colleagues (we must not say superiors) in the Government have the faculty of being at any time.

SIR RUTHERFORD ALCOCK ON CHINA.

THE Memorandum by Colonel GORDON on the military policy of China is criticized by a highly competent authority, Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, in the current number of the *Contemporary Review*. The point of the comment is that Colonel GORDON's advice is very good, but that it has very little chance of being adopted, and the reason why it will not be adopted is that, to make the defensive policy contemplated by Colonel GORDON practicable, there must be a change of capital. "Nothing will avail the "Chinese, neither their unlimited command of men, the "vastness of the area to be covered or traversed by in-"vaders, nor even ironclads able to engage the fleet of a "foreign Power," while Pekin remains the seat of government. A capital which cannot hope to escape attack, and is at the same time incapable of defence, is a constant source of weakness. The first condition of safety is the removal of the capital to Nankin, "the heart of the "Empire and its true centre"; and this is, apparently, too great a change to be at all likely to be adopted. In any country a transfer of the capital would be a work of immense difficulty, and the difficulty is not likely to be less when the nation which has to surmount it is so conservative in its instincts as the Chinese. Of course, under a sovereign, or even a Minister, of extraordinary force of character, this and every other obstacle might be surmounted. But then the sovereign or the Minister has yet to be found, and it is on the cards, according to Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, that sufficient time may not be left for bringing him to the front. At this moment the Chinese Empire would, he says, be utterly helpless before the attack

of a single European Power. Now it is far from impossible that a European Power may shortly be found to attack her. The relations between China and Russia have for some time back been exceedingly unfriendly, and where the relations of Russia with her Asiatic neighbours are unfriendly, war is seldom very far off. Russia might even be tempted to do more than she intended by the success of her first measures. Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK seems to think that at the first shock of a Russian invasion the Chinese Empire might fall to pieces, and a national convulsion follow, "to which nothing in Europe can supply a "parallel." Whether Russia is inclined towards such an invasion is difficult to say, but it is easy to conceive circumstances in which the temptation to undertake it would be very great. China affords a more promising field for superfluous Russian energy than either Southern Europe or Central Asia. Nearly everything that can be supposed to make India attractive is equally possessed by China, with the very great additional recommendation that there is no English army stationed on the other side of the frontier. If Russia finds her European ambition likely to yield no fruit, and any dreams she may have of a descent upon India dashed by the thought of the resistance with which it will be met, she may come, by a very natural process, to give the invasion of China a very prominent place in her thoughts. On the morrow of a great victory all the eighteen provinces of China might lie at the mercy of the conqueror, and though even Russia might hesitate before adding three hundred millions of human beings to her Empire, she might not be unwilling to begin a process of absorption which might be followed up by degrees as opportunity and leisure should offer.

This is not, however, the way in which Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK looks to see the aggrandizement of Russia in this direction brought about. China may cede territory before defeat, instead of after it. Her rulers may be so well satisfied of the result of an invasion that their one idea may be to avert it. There are two ways, according to Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, in which Russia may conceivably be propitiated. One is by the cession of Corea, the other is by the entire surrender of the Chinese claims upon Kuldja. Whatever may be the precise value of this province to Russia, there can be little question that a cession of it, made in order to avoid an invasion, would give Russia a preponderating influence at the Court of Pekin. When territory has once changed hands under these conditions, the threat and the mode of averting it are pretty sure to be resorted to again. Indeed the mere consciousness that they can be resorted to may easily answer every purpose. When once the relative strength of the two neighbours has been mutually appreciated, the one may abstain from taking possession of territory which he knows may be his whenever he likes to seize it, while the other is careful not to offer resistance which he knows will have to be atoned for by solid sacrifices. In this way the influence of the stronger Power over the weaker may be completely established without any startling rearrangement of frontier. The tribute is exacted in the shape of control, and paid in the shape of submission. A new consideration has lately come into play to which at present it is impossible, from want of information, to assign its just value. The Chinese Government has apparently consented to allow the United States to treat the question of Chinese emigration as one of mere municipal administration. Consequently the United States Government will not have to answer to China for the expulsion of Chinese settlers. When they are driven from America, they will come back to their own country, and find no one to take up their cause or vindicate their right to live in America with as little molestation as Americans encounter in the Treaty ports of China. There are two aspects of this arrangement which may affect the relations of Russia and China. One is the consideration given for this concession. The Chinese Government can hardly have surrendered a treaty right without receiving something in exchange. The other is the fact that the shutting up of the Chinese within their own frontier may affect in quite unforeseen ways their relations with Russia. Supposing, for example, that they swarm over into the disputed provinces, they may make it less easy for Russia to hold them without some unmistakable show of strength. The choice between protection and conquest—terms so far removed in their apparent, so near allied in their real, meaning—might easily be determined by the treatment accorded to a band of settlers who, but for Californian hostility to cheap labour, would have lived and died under the flag of the United States.

Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK justly remarks that the possible interest of these contingencies to England is very great. The annexation of Corea would bring Russia very near to the southern end of Japan, "with its unfrozen harbours of "admirable capacities." The direct extension of Russian influence over China, whether in the shape of territorial extension or of a protectorate, might have serious consequences as regards India. In either case Russia would command the aid of the vast Chinese army, which, though not formidable in its present, undisciplined and unorganized condition, is nevertheless capable of being turned to excellent account in European hands. China includes among her tributary States Nepaul, Bhootan, and Burmah; and Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK has certainly some ground for saying that, "if, instead of the Manchu "Emperor in Pekin, we had a Great White Khan acting "the part of suzerain over all these semi-barbarous "tributaries of China, such a revolution might render our "position in India more precarious than it has ever yet "been." Nepaul is admirably placed for the purposes of an invader who is able to use it as his base, since, once there, he would have nothing between him and Calcutta but a level plain and unfortified towns. The fact that the Russian army in these regions was composed of Chinese, and not of Russians, would only make it more dreaded. In Asia, east of the Caspian, China has "an unbroken "tradition of a thousand years." The perennial flow, the devastating march, the terrible persistency, the endless numbers of the Chinese armies are "indelibly written on "the tablets of the Asiatic mind."

Of course these contingencies, even if not entirely unreal, are remote; but after the remarkable progress that Russia has made in Central Asia, it seems idle to suppose that she can be blind to the far greater advantages which she might derive from establishing a protectorate over China. She would then be virtually conterminous with India in a more real sense than she could ever be further to the west, and the motives, whatever they are, which have prompted her advance in the direction which ultimately leads to Afghanistan, would equally point to an advance in the direction which ultimately leads to Nepaul. The southward march presents the same temptations to the Asiatic Russian that it does to the European Russian. A more genial climate and a more fertile soil are before him in each case, and, as regards China, no obstacle is interposed in the jealousy of foreign Powers. The quarrel between Russia and China can at any moment be revived, and each time that it is revived it will be appeased with some further cession of territory or some further acceptance of control.

THE SUGAR BOUNTIES AND THE BOARD OF TRADE.

THE author, whoever he may be, of the letter which Mr. EVELYN ASHLEY has addressed to the Committee for the Abolition of the Bounties on Sugar, has not cared to add persuasion to argument. Oddly enough, he has not even been at the pains to put the two letters on the subject which were sent off from the Board of Trade on the same day into decent agreement with one another. In writing to the Workmen's Committee, Mr. ASHLEY observes that a boon to the English consumer of from two to two a half millions a year is one not lightly to be rejected. In writing to the West India Committee, he describes the Board of Trade as disinterestedly anxious to reject it. They have proposed, it seems, to make inquiries of the Governments of the sugar-producing countries, whether they are willing to enter into negotiations for the removal of their bounties on the export of sugar; and they have done this in sublime disregard of the fact that "the immediate effect of the bounties is to benefit this "country at the expense of other nations." If we accept the premisses of the letter to the Workmen's Committee, it seems impossible to accept the conclusion of the letter to the West India Committee. In the former the Board of Trade rejects with horror the imputation of regarding "the imme- "diate interest of a special and limited class of producers "rather than that of the people in general." The people in general pocket from two to two and a half millions per annum in the shape of cheap sugar, and they ought not

to be mulcted of this to please a few sugar-refiners and their workmen. But though the Board of Trade will not themselves do anything to deprive the people in general of this inestimable benefit, they are perfectly ready to ask the nations who confer the benefit to withdraw it. Either the sugar bounties are a benefit to the English consumer or they are not. If they are, why should the English Government persuade other Governments to take away that benefit? It is of no avail to say that it does so for the sake of the producer. That is Protection over again, and Protection in the shape of a conference called together to get rid of the bounties which make sugar cheap is just as much Protection as when it takes the shape of a countervailing duty imposed for the same end. There is no possibility of defending both the Government reasoning and the Government action. If the reasoning is sound, the action is mistaken. If the action is beneficial, there must be a flaw in the reasoning.

We have more than once pointed out that it is the reasoning that is defective and the action that is right. The Government are well advised in doing what lies in their power to get the bounties on foreign sugar removed, because, if the sugar industry comes to an end in England, the cause that keeps down the price of sugar will cease to operate. The foreign Governments who give the bounty are not carried away by a disinterested passion for the English consumer. If it would equally benefit the foreign producer, they would be content to see the English consumer driven to give up sugar altogether, in consequence of the prohibitive prices charged for it. Consequently, when the English sugar trade had come to an end, foreign Governments would no longer have any motive for maintaining the bounties. They are as well aware as the Board of Trade can be that a Government which gives such a bounty does in effect pay "out of the "taxes levied on its own subjects generally a part of the price "which the English public would otherwise have to pay "for the bounty fed article." It commits this economical blunder for a specific purpose—the fostering of the sugar industry in its own dominions. But supposing that this industry ceased to need fostering, inasmuch as it had the undisputed command of the English market as well as of its own, the Government would at once return to economical orthodoxy. What would then be the position of the English consumer? He would have nothing to protect him against increased prices except the possible competition of foreign countries among themselves. No doubt this might have the desired effect, but it is equally conceivable that it might not. France and Holland might combine to keep up the price of the sugar they export into England, and, in the absence of any English sugar to draw prices in the opposite direction, the foreign producers would only have to stop short of the prohibitive level to make an exceedingly good thing of it. When, therefore, the Board of Trade opens negotiations with foreign Governments to induce them to take off the bounties, it is simply consulting the ultimate interest of the consumer at the expense of his immediate interest, and this in theory is a perfectly legitimate step to take.

This is not the only error which marks these letters. They go quite unnecessarily into certain disputed questions of fact which it was not in the least needful to raise. Nothing is gained by telling complainants that they are very few in number, and can have no difficulty in finding other employment in other businesses if their present occupation is taken away from them. The statement that there are only from 4,000 to 5,000 workmen employed in the sugar trade has been stoutly contested, and, even if there are no more of them, 4,000 or 5,000 men will not be easily persuaded that when they are deprived of their visible means of subsistence some other means will at once present themselves. Since the Board of Trade were so confident on this subject, it is a pity that they did not indicate the precise employment which they had in view. Such a strength of assurance could hardly be founded on anything less than actual knowledge. Men may not resent being told that there is no remedy for their grievances; they will even put up with a demonstration that the particular remedy they ask for is, for one reason or the other, out of the question. But they do very much dislike being told that they have no grievance at all, or that the remedy lies in their own hands. They feel, naturally enough, that upon these points they are the best judges. The best shoemaker cannot tell where the shoe pinches so well as the man who is wearing it. The migration of four or five thousand men from one industry to another is not accomplished without a large amount of individual suffering. None of them may be left in the sugar trade, but a good many of them may find their way to the workhouse in the course of the passage to another trade.

In the present instance the Board of Trade were not in the least called upon to go into these details. The argument against the imposition of countervailing duties is quite conclusive enough without any such addition. When the English Government negotiates for the removal of bounties on foreign sugar it knows, or may know, that the consumer will be protected against a probable, if not certain, danger by the same measure which deprives him of an immediate advantage. But, suppose it were to seek to effect the same aid by the imposition of a countervailing duty on some other article, how will it be able to measure the gain against the loss? In the one case cheap sugar in the present is weighed against dear sugar in the future. The consumer loses his two or two and a half millions now, but he is secured against a corresponding loss hereafter. If a countervailing duty were imposed on some other article than sugar, there would be no means of ascertaining whether the consumers would gain or lose by the change. How, for example, would it be possible to assess a duty on corn or silk which should cause the consumer just as much inconvenience as would be inflicted on him by the eventual dearness of sugar if no such duty is levied? It may be answered that there is no need to impose it on any other article; that, on the contrary, the end will be best answered by imposingit on foreign sugar. We feel very considerable doubt whether this last expedient would answer the purpose. It would be regarded in France and Holland as a distinct challenge to the Government which had imposed the bounty, and a Government met in this way is much more likely to pick up the glove than to leave it on the ground. In the case of France it would be open to the special objection that it would follow upon a considerable reduction of the French sugar duties, and would consequently be used by the foreign refiners as the clearest possible testimony to the uselessness of attempting to meet Free-traders half way. When the bounty was high, they would argue, England saw that France was not to be trifled with. As soon as it was lowered, England thought that France had begun to distrust her own policy, and that, under the pressure of a countervailing duty, she would altogether put an end to it. The French Chamber would almost certainly see in this state of things an argument for restoring the bounty to its former level. The conclusive objection to the prayer of the sugar trade is that any step whatever taken by England in the direction of protective duties would be fraught with infinite risk to the interests of Free-trade throughout the world. England is the only consistent advocate that the cause has, and if England were even in appearance to desert it, it would at once be accepted as the most conclusive of all conceivable intimations that she had at last become convinced of her error. The imposition by England of a duty for other than revenue purposes would be the signal for the resolute maintenance of protective tariffs where they exist, and for an immediate return to them where they have been abolished. The sugar trade might derive from this result the questionable comfort which is given by the sense of having companions in misfortune; but, with this exception, it would be in all respects as badly off as it is now.

TOM BROWN IN TENNESSEE.

If Mr. Hughes's new colony of Rugby in Tennessee succeeds, as we hope it will, and as the excellent intentions of its promoter deserve, Mr. Hughes will have conferred a great benefit on his country. What is to be done with young men who possess more muscles than brains or capital? That is the problem which Mr. Hughes's colony will solve, if the new Rugby proves a success. The world of England is wide enough still, we think, for men with brains; and capital, if judiciously invested, can take care of itself. But lads of twenty-two who cannot get appointments in the Civil Service, who are discomfited by army examinations, who justly distrust their chances at the Bar, and who have no turn for literature, are certainly in a difficult position. Every one knows plenty

of these young fellows—capital companions, good-humoured, kindly, but not very energetic, except when sport is in hand. They generally have a vague idea of "doing something" in the colonies; and from the colonies they usually return with beards, tanned faces, and a store of anecdotes which make their society sought after in smoking-rooms. We do not suppose that Mr. Hughes's Rugby is meant for settlers of this class only, and it will not suit them at all unless they mean hard work. But if the possession of land has really a great moral effect, as is believed by people who wish to turn all Irish cottiers into peasant proprietors and so convert them to civilization, then there is a chance at New Rugby for young men who seem unlikely to succeed elsewhere. Land is cheap enough. The great moral difficulty of the scheme we have already hinted at. Youths who cannot do anything at home often lack character, and want the power of working steadily at any disagreeable task. However, the task of agriculture in Tennessee, among rhododendron bushes fifteen feet high, should not be nearly so disagreeable as teaching small boys, or adding up rows of figures, or waiting for briefs, in England. It is tolerably certain that many young men of real energy, and justly fond of life out of doors, will be tempted by the prospectus of the Rugby "Board of Aid to Land Ownership."

No one can accuse Mr. Hughes of telling these young men a flattering tale. In his speech at the "opening of the town site," he remarked that other Companies published "pamphlets full of figures and statements showing the rapidity with which enormous gains will be made." As to figures and statements about the probability of gain at Rugby, he observed, "we have nothing to say." Let people who think of settling at Rugby remember this frankness, and not blame Mr. Hughes if they are disappointed. The settlers, according to a telegram in the English papers, were "very much disappointed at finding the land covered with trees." Now we do not wonder that the young men were disappointed, if they started from England with the idea that the ground was as clear as it is in Iowa and as ready for the plough. Cutting down trees is laborious work; grubbing up the stumps requires still more expenditure of force and capital. If you run a fire through the stumps you will still, we believe, have to wait some seven years before the ground is fit for the long unbroken furrows of good wheat-land. Thus intending settlers must remember distinctly that Mr. Hughes has "nothing to say" about "enormous gains." "Vacuus Viator," in the *Spectator*, does indeed speak of "visions already so bright of splendid crops"; but people who think of trying Rugby must keep "Vacuus Viator's" visions and Mr. Hughes's statements entirely apart. He "looks with distrust rather than with hope on very rapid pecuniary returns." We do not observe in the pamphlet already quoted, or in Mr. Hughes's address at the Working Men's College, any hard cold facts about results, except these:—A man has been placed in charge of some cleared land, and has grown water melons, cantalupes, tomatoes, Lima beans, cabbages, beets, squashes, and sweet potatoes. It is also stated that some one who has been in the Himalayas intends to try tea and coffee. The Store, also, has made what appear to us most rapid pecuniary returns. "The fertile bottoms," it is observed, "give good crops of maize and wheat." In what proportion are the fertile bottoms to the whole estate? As to the objects which an emigrant should set before him, we own that we are puzzled. It needs time and experience to grow fruit trees. We have a foreboding that, even in fertile bottoms which suit wheat and maize, settlers will find that the process of clearing is less rapid than they could wish. If the colony were established as a purely commercial affair, which it is not, we might doubt whether it could successfully compete with the ready-cleared wheat lands of the West. The difficulty of agriculture in the West has been the expense of transport. That difficulty is ceasing to exist. The cost of transport, we are informed, has been diminished by a half in ten years. The export of Indian corn has increased in seven years from 7,000,000 to 80,000,000 bushels, and Europe is only beginning to use Indian corn. Thus the West is a very dangerous competitor with Rugby, especially as Mr. Hughes's settlement is somewhat south, and out of the way of the great American belt of cultivated land, populous cities, and eager markets. These are commercial considerations. But Mr. Hughes's colony does not aim at mere commercial success. "Our aim and hope are to plant on these highlands a community of gentlemen and ladies; not that artificial class which goes by those grand names both in Europe and here, the joint produce of feudalism and wealth, but a society in which the humblest members who live (as we hope most, if not all, of them will to some extent) by the labour of their own hands will be of such strain and culture that they will be able to meet princes in the gate without embarrassment and without self-assertion, should any such strange persons ever present themselves before the gate-tower of Rugby in the New World." These are admirable sentiments. But it is necessary—Mr. Hughes, we are sure, will agree with us—to warn the intending settler that he must have a definite idea in his mind about what he means to do when he gets to New Rugby. Will he clear his ground himself, or pay to have it cleared for him? What sort of labourers will he find—negroes, or "mean whites," or what—in that "lovely corner of God's earth"? Is the soil likely to be very rich, seeing that it was only "in hard times" that the Boston Board contracted for the land, which, at the end of the bad times, "passed into the hands of the present London Board, who took up the enterprise as a business matter, but in conjunction with the original members of the Boston Board"? Supposing the land good, and cleared, what does the settler mean to do with it? Will he grow wheat, or Indian corn, or try tobacco, or attempt grazing, or go in for fruit trees, or live the higher life on Lima beans and squashes? These are anxious questions, but an agriculturist will have to answer them. As Rugby in Tennessee is distant only about a fortnight's journey, would it not be prudent in young men to go and see the place, and learn all about its capabilities from personal inspection, before removing their capital, and possibly their sisters, to the new community, in which, by the way, "the sale of intoxicating liquors will be strictly prohibited." It must be observed that settlers will find some one on the spot to aid their researches. The garden manager who grows the squashes will give all necessary advice. With these cautions, we recommend Rugby to sons of gentlemen with small means, ready to work with their hands in the open air; to gardeners, small farmers, or stock-raisers, with capital to pay down one-fourth of the purchase-money of their land, stock it, and carry them over the first year; and, lastly, to persons whose health requires a mild climate. These are they whom New Rugby is "likely to suit," says the prospectus.

New Rugby is nothing if not athletic. The early English settlers laid down lawn-tennis courts before building log huts. But New Rugby is not the only athletic English settlement in America. Messrs. J. B. and W. B. Close, and Mr. Constantine Benson of the Cambridge University Boat in its palmiest days, have been the founders of an English colony in Iowa. The colony is a good deal senior to New Rugby, and its prospectus has therefore much to say about the cold facts of practical results and pecuniary gains. The pamphlet lies before us, and, taken with Mr. Hughes's, is not uninstructive. As in New Rugby, the principle of co-operation is acknowledged. We hear nothing of lawn tennis, nor even of a church, both of which institutions are very prominent in the prospectus of New Rugby. It does not appear that the sale of intoxicating drinks is forbidden, but Mr. Close says, "Unless a man will keep from drink he had better stay in England, where he can get the drink he is used to, for a drunkard will no more succeed in Iowa than in England." Mr. Close says nothing about princes in the gate, but observes, "The object of our firm is to establish a colony of English people of the better class, and thus combine Western farming with some English society." The farmers in the district will board and lodge visitors at fourteen shillings a week, till the inquirer finds out whether the country will suit him. The firm examines titles (too often encumbered, it seems), and generally instructs the inexperienced farmer in "breaking" the land. Clearing is not needed. Neither trees nor stumps nor rocks break the prairie, the soil of which is most fertile. Successive crops of grasses "have accumulated organic matter on the surface soil to such an extent that the most exhausting crops, in long succession, will not materially impoverish it." This sounds better than the fertile bottoms of the uncleared forest lands in Tennessee, where, says Mr Hughes's book, "the light sandy soil requires manure to make it productive." Mr. Close takes a very serious view of the difficulties of clearing. Mr. Hughes said at the Working Men's College "It can be easily done." Mr. Close says the advantage of Iowa is that "a newcomer has not to spend the best part of his life in cutting down trees, uprooting stumps, and clearing away heavy logs from his farm, as he would have to do in a timber country." The most certain of all crops is maize; wheat has occasionally suffered from blight. Barley and oats do well. Flax suits the ground when first broken, and leaves it cleaner for next year. Potatoes flourish, and naturally the "boundless prairie" is fitted for cattle raising. Chicago is the market, a sufficiently large and eager emporium. Labour is said to be cheap, and labourers are not advised to emigrate. There is scarcely any big game; but, on the other hand, "bowie-knives are not wanted." As to capital, a man unaccustomed to roughing it should not try Iowa with less than 1,000*l*. "It takes time for him to learn to work as a labourer." As to pecuniary results, Mr. Hughes's plan is the best for us to follow. We say nothing about them; but we may suggest to intending emigrants that fertile lands ready cleared in the great wheat and maize country offer at least as promising a home to the English colony already settled, as visitors can hope to find in the uncleared "close" of New Rugby.

THE REIGN OF LAW IN IRELAND.

A FORMIDABLE triumvir has joined the duumvirate which, composed of the dead Dr. Johnson and the living Mr. Carlyle, has so long been exhorting the English people to clear their minds of cant. This new preacher is Mr. Jacob Bright, M.P., and the particular variety of cant to which Mr. Jacob Bright has devoted his destructive energies has something to do with Ireland. Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world, that which is most tormenting to Mr. Jacob Bright is the cant of "teaching the Irish to respect the sacredness of the law." He is, he informs us, tired of these cant phrases, and he proceeds to tell the world, with an ingenuous frankness which his brother would hardly have shown, why he is tired of it. The Legislature some years ago robbed him, Mr. Jacob Bright, and his brother manufacturers of their right to work their factories (and their factory hands) twelve hours a day, and cut them down to nine hours and a half. What can be fairer, therefore, than that the Irish landlords should be robbed likewise? Mr. Jacob Bright is quite tired of the cant which says that it is not fair, and indeed of the cant

which talks about the sacredness of the law at all. It is to be feared that among the many gifts of the member for Manchester the perception of analogies is not the most remarkable. But, as it happens, the case does supply an analogy which is strikingly appropriate. Suppose Mr. Jacob Bright's workmen were to come and say to him, "Sir, your present system of pocketing the profit after giving us fixed wages is in the last degree unfair. We will, if you please, relieve you of the trouble of the division. We will take enough of your profits to enable us to live comfortably, to dress well, to pay our tradesmen and the publican, to put something by for a rainy day, and, as all Lancashire lads and lasses are fond of music, to go over to Manchester now and then, and to hear Mr. Hallé's very improving concerts. When these things are comfortably arranged for, leaving us a margin in case of accidents, we shall be very happy to hand you over the balance, if any." This is exactly the proposition which the extreme Land Leaguers make to the landlords, and to which the canting persons of whom Mr. Jacob Bright is so tired object as infringing the sacredness of law. What is more, Mr. Bright must know perfectly well that there are plenty of operatives in Lancashire who are very firmly convinced already that this is the right thing to be done with him and his like. So perhaps it is a little imprudent, in one sense, of him to announce himself as tired of the cant about teaching the Irish to respect the law, just as it is very imprudent in another sense to revive the memory of the attitude of his political friends in the matter of the Factory Acts.

Mr. Jacob Bright, indeed, is not a person of great importance. He is only Ursa Minor, and not Ursa Major, among the *lucida sidera* of the Radical party. But it is curious to observe that the action of the Government is encouraging a good many other members of that party to talk in the same way. The serious political student might say that nothing is more indicative of the degradation in the morale of the average member of the present Parliament than the way in which many of the carpet-baggers who were elected last April on the Government side have expressed themselves on this Irish question. But the phenomenon, as well as other phenomena, makes us feel considerable respect for Mr. Gladstone's political wisdom. Indeed we can hardly remember feeling so much respect at any previous time for that sometimes vanishing quantity. The determination not to call Parliament together has already justified itself in several ways, and only persons whose heretical pravity is proof against the clearest demonstration can now doubt it. In the first place, the delay is strictly fair. The Irish are engaged in endeavouring to bring the public opinion of England round by the means which Mr. Gladstone himself indicated to them a year ago as those best calculated to attain the end. Could anything be more iniquitous than, after giving the prescription, to refuse time for the cure? All great inventions, from penny postage to Boycotting, demand a certain time to mature them, and to interfere with the process is in the highest degree unjust. Besides, the longer the present state of things in Ireland continues the stronger becomes the position of the advocates of confiscation. More landlords can be shot and starved and made bankrupt and driven out of the country in a month than in a week; that is evident. The more intolerable the position becomes, the more waverers will every day be induced to support the Government Bill, whatever it may be, in company with which protection is promised them. More Radical members will be encouraged by the parrot cry of their party organs to declare that the cant of enforcing the law is quite disgusting. More districts will be reduced to that admirable state of outward peace which Mr. Parnell, with great truth, pronounces to be the result of perfect Land League organization, and in which no outrages are committed for the simple reason that everybody is in such mortal terror that no occasion or excuse for outrage is ventured upon. A clearer demonstration than this cannot possibly be required, and were it not for the dogged malignity which, as we know, always misrepresents Mr. Gladstone's conduct, it would have forced itself long ago upon the minds of all reasoning people.

Still this consummation is not yet arrived at either in England or in Ireland, and there are still persons whose conduct and utterances deserve the disgusted indignation of Mr. Jacob Bright. Judges (not always, it must be confessed, with discretion) continue to express the absurd idea that the law ought to be enforced; infatuated policemen, process-servers, and other instruments of cant persist in now and then doing their (cantingly so-called) duty, and receive the just reward of their deeds at the hands of a majestic people. The Reign of Law in Ireland at the moment is a singular one, and perhaps the Duke of Argyll (who, as an unprotesting member of the Government which maintains it, must be held responsible for its continuance) will oblige us with a new edition, altered in subject and corrected to date, of his admirable scientific treatise. It seems well now and then, during the ripening of Mr. Gladstone's plan, to invite those persons who have not wholly cleared their minds of cant to consider what is actually going on across St. George's Channel. This week there is no need to collect materials, for we have them already collected for us by Mr. Justice Fitzgerald. That learned judge opened the Winter Assizes for the province of Munster on Tuesday last, and charged the Grand Jury as usual. Mr. Justice Fitzgerald's charge is a very interesting document, and may be expressly commended to the attention of those optimists who, forgetful of certain statistics in connexion with the Disturbance Bill, have been making themselves happy for a week or two over the Government statement that crime has not increased in Ireland. Cookery is an admirable thing, and "civilized man cannot live without cooks," but we venture to think that after Mr. Justice Fitzgerald's charge the Government would be well advised to exclude statistics from the list of materials on which they exercise the culinary art. The Judge began by an observation which was partly cheerful and partly gloomy. The Grand Jury, he said, must not think from the gravity of his tone that there was a technically "heavy" calendar before them. It was quite the contrary—in nine-tenths of the cases of reported criminality there was nobody made amenable. This is highly satisfactory for the Grand Jury of the Munster Assizes, who will not be long detained from the happy homes where they may pursue their ordinary vocations and be shot at and Boycotted. But, according to the method of arithmetic which Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Forster prefer, it is quite clear that the thermometer of Irish crime runs up to a startling number of degrees in virtue of this observation. For every offence that comes within the regular and complete cognizance of the law there are ten which do not so come, for the simple reason that nobody is made amenable for them. Perhaps we may add, though it was no part of Mr. Justice Fitzgerald's duty to do so, that for every ten offences the commission of which is known, a hundred at least, in the shape of threats enforcing compliance with illegal demands, may safely be added to the list. In certain districts in the province of Munster, says Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, everybody of a certain class has a rifle and a revolver —usual ornaments of the person, of course, under the Reign of Law. Here is a list, for the county of Clare only, of extraordinary offences—offences, that is to say, which in a country of canting law-abiders like England do not occur at all, or only once in a moonshine:—Forty-three letters threatening murder or violence, three cases of firing into dwelling-houses by armed and disguised parties, two of cattle-maiming, eight of arson, three of forcible possession. Now that Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen is a peer, and half in Opposition, nursery tales and nursery rhymes are probably beneath the attention of any member of the Government; but we really should like to see a version of "The Mulberry Bush," descriptive of the way they keep the law—the ordinary law, which reigns so securely that the very contingency of its having to be supplemented cannot enter Mr. Gladstone's head—in county Clare. "This is the way we fire our guns; this is the way we blacken our mugs" (the necessities of metre must excuse slang), and so forth, would make, with the appropriate business, a most spirited game; and the finish, "And this is the way we keep the law," would be most effective. But we must go back to Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, though we cannot hope to do justice to all the articles of the singular programme he had to set before the Grand Jury at Cork. Limerick beats Clare hollow, and Kerry can match the two put together. Mr. Justice Fitzgerald referred specially to a case of ear-slitting. If anybody wishes for minute, but slightly sickening, details as to this particular amusement of the amiable persons whom a certain party among us desire to estate and endow at the expense of their landlords, we have the pleasure to refer him to the *Daily News* of Tuesday, where will be found a full and authentic account of the process as carried out in the case of a man named Griffin only last week. In this case our Radical friends can hardly say that they like not the security; for Bardolph is one of themselves.

Ear-slitting, arson, cattle-maiming, murder and threats to murder, interdiction of fire and water—by the way the last person Boycotted is a lady, Miss Gardner, and only her revolver and the police protected her from the chivalrous folk of the West on Tuesday last at Ballina—these are the things which people tire Mr. Jacob Bright so terribly by objecting to. To say that the Irish must be taught by the sharpest and speediest means not to earslit, not to maim, not to threaten, not to murder, not to Boycott —this is cant. No law is sacred, says Mr. Jacob Bright with much eloquence but some obscurity, which destroys a people. The destroyed people seem to be curiously capable of active destruction in their turn. But, as we have said, reflections of this kind are cant. The only Reign of Law which is agreeable to Mr. Jacob Bright is, it would seem, the reign of lynch law, arranged in a truly Irish fashion, so that the wrong-doers are the judges and the sufferer is the person punished. The state of affairs is a little odd when it is compared with the words of Lord Selborne (who is also still a member of the Government) only a month ago. But that was after dinner, and after dinner a great deal of allowance must be made, even for noble and learned lords. The heart of man is tender then, and generous sentiments flow freely from his lips. Cooler reflection shows that such sentiments are only cant, and that the actual Reign of Law in Ireland is perfect.

THE *TIMES* ON ARMY REFORM.

THE *Times* has lately been busily engaged in preparing men's minds for coming military reforms of a thorough and comprehensive nature. Once more we are called upon to listen to the old familiar words set to a different tune. Once more we are told that a few finishing touches are necessary to complete the reorganization of our military system, or, to quote the words of our contemporary, "Mr. Childers will unfold a plan containing many important reforms, and giving general cohesion and shape to the organization begun some ten years ago." The first announcement which follows is of a somewhat startling nature. Public opinion in general,

and military opinion in particular, has been much exercised of late with regard to the proposed abolition of our present regimental titles and numbers, and the substitution of territorial designations applied to the two linked battalions belonging to each brigade depôt. The *Times*, however, goes a step further, and wishes for groups of four battalions instead of two. "Regarding the territorial regiments in which the present Line battalions are to become merged, there is, we believe, a prevalent opinion in favour of an establishment of four battalions instead of two in each case." Our experience in this respect is certainly at variance with that of the *Times*, for, while we have never heard the four-battalion system advocated, we have seen a considerable amount of opposition offered even to the two-battalion system. According to the *Times*, however, "Two of our present corps—the 60th and the Rifle Brigade—consist of four battalions each; and the experience of the working of the Localization scheme for the last few years would seem to show an adaptability to all contingencies more complete in their case than in that of the double-battalion system upon which the twenty-five senior regiments of the Line are constituted." Why only the twenty-five senior regiments? Are not all our regiments now linked in pairs which are, to all intents and purposes, double battalions? The advantages to be derived from this proposed quadruple alliance of battalions strike us as somewhat doubtful. "There would be more local consolidation, a greater interchangeability of officers and men, a larger depôt to draw upon, and generally an increased capacity for meeting sudden and extraordinary pressure." "More local consolidation," we presume, means a few large recruiting centres in preference to a greater number of smaller ones dispersed over the country. As the recruiting sergeant generally has to seek his recruits instead of their coming to seek him, we suspect that the latter plan is the better of the two. With regard to "a greater interchangeability of officers and men," we can only say that we have hitherto been under the impression that the more officers were acquainted with their men and the men with their officers the better. Nor can we see the force of the argument that there would be "a larger depôt to draw upon." We fail altogether to perceive that a depôt of given size which has to supply four battalions is relatively any larger than one half that size which has to supply two battalions. There is some force in the statement that there would be an increased capacity for meeting sudden or extraordinary pressure; for it is undoubtedly true that, in the event of an urgent demand for troops, the battalions to be despatched to the scene of operations would each have their own depôts as well as those of the three other battalions to draw from. But meanwhile the said three battalions must go without recruits; so, after all, it is merely robbing Peter to pay Paul. It is certainly, however, one degree better than volunteering from other corps, and that is about all that can be said in favour of the four-battalion scheme. We are next informed that "care will be taken that the corps standing highest on the roster for foreign service are kept in readiness"; and this is undoubtedly a step in the right direction. We are aware at this moment of a regiment which is on the eve of foreign service, and which cannot muster five hundred bayonets. But the succeeding sentence somewhat dashes our newly raised hopes:—"In fact, a battalion at home while, as at present, sustaining its link abroad for the first half of its stay in the United Kingdom, will, during the other half, be *solely* engaged" (the italics are ours) "in working up its own strength with a view to embarkation, in its turn, in a thoroughly efficient state." What then is to become of its linked battalion abroad during the last five years of its foreign service, possibly in an unhealthy climate, or on active service? If we could be perfectly certain that it would be allowed to spend the said five years in peace and quietness, well and good; but such an hypothesis is out of the question.

It is the old story once more, which, put into plain English, is simply this. We want a certain number of recruits annually; if we can get them, the present system, or for that matter any other system, will do well enough; if we cannot get them, no amount of manipulation, reorganization, reform, or by whatever other name it may be called, will enable one man to do the work of two, or to be in two places at once. It is wonderful to see how the practical and business-like Briton will allow himself to be amused and diverted with subordinate and subsidiary questions like these, while the real point at issue—how to obtain a regular and sufficient supply of recruits—is conveniently ignored. We are next informed that "discriminating, and we hope effective, steps will be taken to obtain a due supply of good non-commissioned officers. The sinecure colonelcies will disappear. The present enormous list of generals, many of whom are generals only by age, will be replaced by a number proportioned to our requirements, all of whom will be generals by proved fitness for the duties of the position." We have nothing to say against any of these measures, which are alike salutary and economical. They are, however, matters of detail, and we pass them over to proceed to another proposed reform of a much more important nature, and one to which the greater portion of the article before us is devoted—namely, promotion by pure selection for the ranks of major and lieutenant-colonel. This drastic change, for that is what it really is, is strongly advocated by the *Times*, and supported by a number of arguments of a decidedly plausible and specious nature. We are told a great deal that we knew before about the advisableness of having the fittest man to command, and the importance and responsibility of the duties attaching to the command of a regiment. We also hear certain things that we did not know before—for instance, that "all (officers) are equally eligible for promotion, and all equally liable to supersession, without regard to merit or demerit. Mere seniority settles the question." We unhesitatingly challenge this last statement as being utterly opposed to fact. Every year scores of officers disappear from the Army List as they approach the upper regimental grades, not of their own free will, but because they have been privately given to understand that, in consequence of unfavourable reports, they cannot be permitted to hold the command of a regiment. All this is done so quietly that it is not noticed, and this fact alone is sufficient to make the present system unpalatable to the Radical mind, which prefers ostentatious publicity.

According to the *Times*, "Some ten years ago we paid largely for the abolition of a system of promotion that was based upon seniority tempered by money; but we certainly did not make this sacrifice merely in order that we might substitute seniority pure and simple. And yet this is about the only result we have attained." We entirely deny this, and assert that the present system in our army is seniority tempered by rejection, and tempered too to a much greater extent than is generally known, or even supposed, for the reasons above given. We have no wish to be misunderstood in this matter, and we are by no means among those who maintain that our present system is perfect. That the Commander-in-Chief occasionally errs on the side of leniency and from excess of consideration for the private feelings of officers, may be true; but, before we join in the cry for pure selection, we shall need some more convincing arguments than the *Times* has yet adduced. These arguments are directed to prove—first, that the best man ought to succeed to the command of a regiment, which we do not deny; and, secondly, that it is easy to ascertain who is the best man, which we strongly doubt. So long as men hold different ideas and different opinions, they will report in various terms of the same person, and any officer may be warmly commended by one authority and disparaged by another. In a recent speech at Galashiels Mr. Trevelyan accused the Duke of Cambridge of "having given evidence before a Royal Commission which was one long denunciation of promotion by selection." It is within the bounds of possibility that the Duke of Cambridge, with his experience of a quarter of a century in command of the army, may be better qualified to give an opinion on this point than the member for the Border Burghs; but this is, of course, a matter of opinion. The objections of the Commander-in-Chief to the proposed system are based upon the widely conflicting nature of the confidential reports he receives upon various officers, and we only wish he could be put into the witness-box to give evidence upon this point. Finally, the *Times* gives us this curious piece of advice as to how to obtain true information:—"If the military authorities are unwilling to undertake altogether the invidious task, they might institute such a system as prevails in the French army, where, by a close inspection by different generals, and a comparison of reports independently made, a fair estimate of the comparative merits of officers is arrived at by the War Minister." We cannot too strongly denounce this servile imitation of foreign models, regardless alike of their intrinsic value or their applicability to our own system. Let the tree be judged by its fruit. Has not the discipline of the French troops been for years a byword in Europe? Is it not notorious that it collapses under the smallest reverse? Given a consummate general to command, an inferior one to encounter, and all goes well; reverse, or even alter, these conditions, and immediately the cry of "treason" is heard, and the regiments fall to pieces. Could any one who had the interest of our army at heart recommend the adoption of such a system after reading General Trochu's pamphlet on the campaign of 1859? Is it not true that French officers, themselves of high rank, advised us after the Crimean War to reform our general system, but on no account to touch our regimental system, for it was perfect?

We are quite aware that would-be army reformers make great use of the argument that there has never been any military reform attempted which was not violently opposed by military men. There is force in this; for it must be admitted that military men, as a rule, are highly conservative, and it is no doubt fortunate that they have not had things all their own way. But what has been the result of all our reforming? Has it always been good? It seems to us that so long as we confine ourselves to matters of detail—such as education, hygiene, equipment, barrack accommodation, &c.—we succeed, but whenever we attempt any reform on a grand scale, we fail miserably. We abolished purchase, and removed the grievances of a few to supply grievances to the many; also for the purpose of buying back our army in order to manage it ourselves, which, as we may perhaps show on another occasion, we have failed to do. We spend seven millions in barracks for the depots of our newly-formed linked battalions, and find that we might just as well have thrown the money into the sea. We institute short service and a reserve, to find that we have a splendid second line which we cannot use, while we have ruined our first line, which is in daily requisition for colonial wars. Regarding short service, we would also call attention to Sir F. Roberts's speech at Woolwich, in which he stated that, when offered his selection of regiments for the march to Candahar, he chose those which contained most old soldiers, and the result was that at the completion of the march he had only three per cent. of the whole force sick. We also hear that of one battalion in General Phayre's column, which was chiefly composed of young soldiers, nearly fifty per cent. were on the sick list. With such experiences before us, it must be admitted that there is some justification for those who begin to distrust drastic changes in our military system,

and though we would never oppose a reform merely because it involved change, we cannot see sufficient grounds at present for instituting promotion by pure selection. Let rejection be more largely practised, if a change is needful, but we cannot see that it would be advisable to go further at present.

LA DONNA NON È MOBILE.

ON Wednesday last the Manchester National Society for Promoting Women's Suffrage held its annual meeting in the classical locality of the Free-trade Hall. Many things combined to exalt the spirits of the champions. A Parliament of crotcheteers is offering premiums to anybody who will cry loudest the old cry of *Fatras à la douzaine!* The Isle of Man has passed, by a tremendous majority of its House of Keys—there were sixteen enlightened Manxmen on one side of the House and only three on the other—a Bill admitting women to the suffrage. A crowded meeting has been held in Bristol in favour of the movement. A census has been taken in Newnham Hall, the result of which went to show that some ninety-four per cent. of the young ladies there educated conceal advanced Liberal opinions under their talented foreheads. Mr. Gladstone, it is true, has been a persistent opponent of the movement; but then Mr. Gladstone, as Miss Becker pointed out amidst the ringing cheers of the Free-Trade Hall, has been notorious all through his career for coming round to the side of which he has been the persistent opponent. There always is a devil's advocate on these occasions, and the function was discharged on this occasion by Mr. Alderman Bennett. This father of the city of Manchester is a sound women's suffrage man; but he took a nasty manly pleasure, it would seem, in damping the hopes of his enthusiastic companions. Not only did he make the remark about Mr. Gladstone which was, as we have seen, successfully countered by Miss Lydia Becker, but he made unpleasant remarks about the House of Bright. The voice of Jacob, he pointed out, was in favour of women's suffrage, but the hands of John were against it. And it would appear that Mr. Alderman Bennett has more confidence in the hands of John than in the voice of Jacob. The Alderman went further, and indulged in some horribly common-sense remarks about the Parliament from which Miss Lydia Becker and her friends hope so much. "They talked about a Reform Bill," he said, but he requested them "not to believe it." Members, said this cold-blooded Alderman, had had much too much money to pay to sign their own death-warrant so soon. They would want, he thought, to "try their saddles" before they committed political suicide. This was altogether like a man; but, even independently of Miss Becker's spirited rally, the majority of the persons present were in far too good humour to be dashed by the skeleton obtruded so needlessly by Mr. Alderman Bennett. Had they not the House of Keys on their side, and is not the House of Keys probably the most ancient representative body in Her Majesty's dominions? The lock of the voting-booth is already picked by those keys, and the women-voters are only waiting for a few formal preliminaries to rush in and possess it. Besides, a greater than Mr. Alderman Bennett had preceded that depressing magistrate, and had cheered them on to the goal. Mr. Courtney had spoken as, for the matter of that, Mr. Courtney has spoken on the subject many times before. His function, unless we mistake, has usually been to talk out the annual proposals on the subject, so that ignominious defeat should not discourage his clientesses. The dulcet tones of Mr. Courtney on a Wednesday afternoon have before now anticipated the harsh notes of Ben, and have announced six o'clock, and a drawn battle. But on this occasion the member for Liskeard was on his mettle. The Mayor of Manchester had resorted to the arithmetical argument, and had laboured to prove that the more voters the better. Portarlington had about a three-hundredth part of the voters of Lambeth, with one-half the representation. Could anything be more unfair? The bearing of the remark on the question is, to the male mind, vague, being confined apparently to the contention that anything which adds to the constituency is a gain. Women voters would add to the constituency; therefore, &c. But Mr. Courtney, with a frankness which did him honour, and which must have covered the Mayor of Manchester with shame, pointed out that he individually was the representative of a small constituency. It became him, therefore, to make a bold stroke for the purpose of showing his fitness to be a member of Parliament, and a bold stroke he made. It might have been thought that it was impossible for anybody to say anything new on this subject. But "Todgers's can do it when it chooses." Mr. Courtney—let us admit it with a frankness equal to his own—achieved this miraculous feat.

The member for Liskeard, it seems, is troubled, as indeed many other persons who study politics are troubled, by the thought that an increasing instability is being manifested by the constituencies. "Every man," he thinks, "who takes an adequate view of public affairs must feel some anxiety, must experience occasionally some little apprehension, when he sees the too great facility of change of public opinion. When they saw that the verdict of to-day was reversed by the verdict of to-morrow, they could have no faith in the abiding nature of that second verdict, they could not but feel that something was wanted to give greater stability to the public mind." Mr. Courtney has discovered this something. Add to the constituencies a class whose stability is proverbial, whose insensibility to change is one of the axioms of the human race, and the thing is done. The announcement seems to have taken the breath of the Free-trade Hall away, and well it might. Probably the audience thought at first that Mr. Courtney was poking his fun at them, that fun for which he is so deservedly famous. Time was when womankind cherished its right of changing its mind as the dearest jewel of its crown, and now Mr. Courtney tells it to abandon at once the foolish fancy. Woman is not a changeable creature; the only reason why she has been so represented is because the lions have never hitherto been the painters. As for *varium et mutabile semper*, it is a vile calumny. Woman is a creature of rigid consistency, founding all her likes, all her beliefs, all her wishes, on a clear and logical basis, and pursuing her conclusions—there is no doubt about this at any rate—to the very end with unflinching effort. Mr. Courtney *locutus est*, and there is no more to be said in the matter. We must instantly set to work to re-write the shameful texts in which the characteristics of the sex are maligned and misrepresented. The difficulties are indeed great. Will any Girtoness undertake to adjust to a reasonable alcaic scansion the words *justam et tenacem propositi mulierem?* We cannot undertake this, but after all it does not matter. If the alcaics cannot be got into shape, so much the worse for the alcaics. Alcæus was only a man, and did he not receive an admirable castigation from Sappho? Besides, there is precedent for the neglect of metre. When the Jesuits found lines of the classics which justly revolted their notions of morality, they altered them with a noble indifference to results. "Galateam" did duty for "Alexim," and why not "mulierem" for "virum"? Surely a member of the Manchester Society for the Promotion of Women's Suffrage is not to be deprived of privileges accorded to the followers of Loyola? The matter may be considered settled, and an enterprising publisher cannot too soon get ready an edition of the literature of the world, altered *in usum fidelium*. Besides, did not Mr. Cobden make a famous statement about these very classics? What do they matter? It is a case of authority against truth, and, in the end, the great (feminine) truth will undoubtedly prevail. The really inconsistent being is man; indeed his wife frequently tells him so, and she must know. When we have feminine voters there will be no more see-sawing of the constituencies. They will all vote straight, and will abide in that straightness according to the dictates of pure reason. No variableness will there be in them, neither shadow of turning, and the member who is once happy enough to receive their suffrages will retain them with a security known at present only to the fortunate holders of University seats.

But Mr. Courtney had not done with his audience even when he had delivered unto them this remarkable paradox. The injurious remarks of the Mayor of Manchester had spurred him up to yet another effort. Indeed the experienced frequenter of the circus knows that when the daring professional has taken four hoops, he or she is almost certain to take five; for art is long, and the ambition of the true artist is insatiable. Before the astonished audience in the Free-Trade Hall had recovered their breath and made up their minds whether they were being flattered or insulted, the encouraging *houp-la* was once more heard, and Paillasse had executed a still more daring feat. "Were the reasoning powers of women intended by the Creator to remain inactive?" asked Mr. Courtney triumphantly; and, as Mr. Justice Manle was not there to make the appropriate answer, he obtained his success unopposed. "Without the assistance of the reasoning powers of women," Mr. Courtney thinks, "men fight the battle of life with one hand tied behind them." Whether Miss Becker felt herself complimented at the notion of her reasoning powers being as yet undeveloped, and requiring the franchise to develop them, we do not know. But Miss Becker is an exception. She is, as a speaker at the Bristol meeting told her audience (with perhaps some forgetfulness of a certain anti-climax about a "great god of war" and a "lieutenant-colonel to the Earl of Mar"), "the great leader of the cause and a four-times-elected member of the School Board of Manchester." To her, therefore, Mr. Courtney's perilous argument cannot be supposed to apply. But in other directions his hint is fully worth working out. It is clear that, in order to carry out the intentions of the Creator in reference to the reasoning powers of women, we must have means; we must keep our precious powder dry. Somebody (Mr. Courtney himself would do it admirably), should write an "Artis logicæ rudimenta in usum feminarum." We must apologize for giving an academic tone to this article, but Mr. Courtney himself is nothing if not academic, and our hand is necessarily subdued to what it works in. The treatise, which would be at once welcomed at Girton and Newnham, would be a most instructive comparative study with Aldrich, or, as we believe the newer curriculum has it, with Professors Jevons and Fowler. As a hint to Mr. Courtney, though it is absurd to suppose that the member for Liskeard wants hints from us, we suggest, as a specimen attempt more particularly, the doctrine of conversion. Hitherto no male being has ever been able to impress on the feminine mind the fact that, if all A is B, all B is not necessarily A. To give an instance, the undoubted fact that all persons who ill-treat their wives are husbands is but too apt to be construed by the reasoning faculties with which the Creator has endowed women as equivalent to the statement that all husbands are persons who ill-treat their wives. Now this of itself opens up a wide prospect for the formal logician of the future. Sir William Hamilton is dead and Professor Mansel is dead. *Morts sont Ogier et Charlemagne;*

But we trust that there are good logical men—and of course women—left in this realm. Will nobody set about the new Prolegomena Logica? It is clearly a work of urgency, and should, if possible, precede the arguing out of the thesis that women are certain to add a character of stability to the constituencies and to things in general when they obtain the franchise. For it cannot be doubted that the new principles of argument will render the proving of this point far easier than it would be at present under the foolish rules derived from the study of Aristotle—Aristotle, who, as the famous *Lai* shows, had himself to acknowledge the supremacy of the most charming, most reasonable, and most consistent of sexes. The prentice hand of logic was tried on man—"And then it formed the lasses, O!" But this is ribaldry, and we beg Mr. Courtney's and Miss Becker's pardon for quoting it.

TORPEDOES.

THE art of destroying life makes steady, and sometimes rapid, progress in our days. It is true that in this, as in all other arts, ideal perfection seems unattainable, and that unforeseen difficulties occur to check and harass enthusiastic inventors; but, on the whole, there has been a great advance within a comparatively short space, and no reason can be found for supposing that this advance will not continue. Wonderful, indeed, has been the energy shown in developing what we will venture to call the destructive side of civilization. All methods of taking life have been largely improved, and in nothing perhaps has so much skill and inventiveness been shown by those who labour to produce many deaths as in the construction of torpedoes. Small-arms are made more certain, but ingenious tactics are devised to diminish their deadly effect. Artillerists largely increase the power of great guns, but naval architects meet them by increasing the strength of the plates which cover their ships' sides. With respect to torpedoes, however, the progress seems to be all one way. They have apparently been made so formidable that all means of defence are overcome; at least, if any are known, there is certainly the most praiseworthy silence respecting them.

An interesting sketch of the history of these wonderful engines of destruction, and of some of the methods of using them, is given in the current number of the *Nautical Magazine*. What will most strike readers of that article is the wonderfully short space of time within which torpedoes and torpedo boats have been brought to their present state of destructive excellence. The idea of destroying vessels by submerged cans of powder did indeed occur to an inventive mind long ago, as in 1805 Robert Fenton blew up a brig in this way off Walmer Castle; and during the Russian war an attempt was made to use torpedoes against our fleet in the Baltic; but nothing resulted from the experiment, and the attempt was a futile one. We owe these engines, as we owe so many things good and bad, to the Americans; for it was not until the American war that torpedoes were, to borrow a phrase from Mr. Gladstone, brought within the range of practical warfare. The writer in the *Nautical Magazine* briefly describes the destruction of the sloop *Housatonic* and the ram *Albemarle*, which first showed what torpedoes could accomplish. In both these cases, however, the attacking boats were lost, and the first serious efforts to use torpedoes were crude, as first efforts must be even in America. Had hostilities lasted longer more science and skill would have come into play. As the writer pathetically observes:—"Towards the close of the war, arrangements were made on both sides which doubtless would have resulted in a much more extensive use of boats built for the purpose, and with better arrangements for fighting the torpedoes."

Unfortunately peace came and prevented the very interesting experiments which were contemplated from taking place. During the interval between the American Civil War and the Russian contest with Turkey, torpedoes were much improved by painstaking men, and torpedo boats, properly so called, were invented and constructed with marvellous skill. Nevertheless, when that war came, these engines scarcely did as much harm as had been expected; but it seems clear that this was in no way the fault of the patient thinkers who had devoted themselves to improving the means of drowning their fellow-creatures. The implements provided were good enough, but the workmen did not know how to use them. There was, indeed, a happy exception, as in one case great success was achieved. As must still be well remembered, a large Turkish monitor was blown up on a branch of the Danube by torpedoes. One was exploded under her stern, and another subsequently amidships, and the monitor sank forthwith. In this affair, however, though marvellous courage was displayed by the assailants, they were greatly aided by the almost incredible folly and carelessness of the Turks, who kept so bad a watch that they did not observe the torpedo boats until they were close at hand. It can hardly be supposed that the officers and seamen of any other navy would be so purblind, and the destruction of the Turkish vessel cannot, therefore, be considered to give an example of the manner in which an assailant may hope to use torpedoes in naval warfare. On the other hand, the unsuccessful attempts to use torpedoes made by the Russians during the war cannot be said to prove anything against the fitness of these engines for causing destruction. The writer in the *Nautical Magazine* says:—"Several unsuccessful attacks were on other occasions made, both by means of torpedoes attached to spars and by fish torpedoes. They appear not to have been very skilfully managed, and the circumstances connected with them do not point to any conclusions adverse to the general efficiency of the weapon." We may add that, in the opinion of those who ought to be best able to judge, the unsuccessful attacks in no way proved that torpedoes are likely to be other than formidable. As is well known, the Russian Government has caused a large number of torpedo-boats to be constructed, and it is clear that great faith is felt, by those who are best informed, in the efficacy of the last engine of destruction which the wit of man has devised. In all probability their faith is well justified, for, if the difficulties of managing the terrible fish torpedo have been overcome, and if it is now possible to launch it from a considerable distance against a vessel with a fair likelihood of hitting her, it is hard to see what chance war-ships will have in an attack on a harbour or in an engagement in smooth water. This and the other two kinds of torpedoes which are likely to be formidable in aggressive operations are briefly but clearly described in the *Nautical Magazine*. Besides the elaborate engine named above, there are spar and towing torpedoes. The first is so well known that it is scarcely necessary to give any account of it. The torpedo is placed at the end of a spar projecting from the bows of a boat, and is rammed against the ship's side, which it shatters by its explosion. Although attacks with this weapon have, as has been shown, been successful, it is doubtful whether it is likely to be of much use in future warfare. The danger to those who man the boat which carries it is beyond all other dangers even in a naval engagement, and the most perfect coolness and steadiness are necessary in directing the attack. Dare-devils are generally to be found, but men who unite utter recklessness of life with perfectly calm judgment are, in all armies and navies, sufficiently rare. It is further to be observed, that the Nordenfelt gun will probably be found extremely efficacious against spar torpedo-boats, and probably achievements with these weapons will not be numerous in any future war. Of the towing torpedo not much appears to be known at present, and from what is known it seems doubtful whether it is likely to be formidable except when handled with very great skill. It is to the fish torpedo that scientific sailors look for the defence of harbours and the destruction of fleets. The best kind of fish torpedo is the Whitehead, as need hardly be said, and, though this has often been described, we will give the account of it which appears in the *Nautical Magazine*, as it sums up very tersely but very clearly what is known respecting the terrible engine of destruction. It is as follows:—

> The Whitehead torpedo is cigar-shaped, its shell being made of steel. It is divided into three compartments; the foremost one contains the charge of gun-cotton, which is put in just before it is used. The bulk of the cotton is wet, but is fired by means of a portion of dry gun-cotton, which is ignited by a detonating fuse when the torpedo strikes the enemy. The tail part is filled with compressed air, which furnishes the motive force, and the middle compartment contains the engine, by means of which the motive power is supplied to the two screw propellers which work in opposite directions, and thus secure the "fish" travelling in a direct line. The pressure of the air is as much as 1,000 lbs. per square inch, and the quantity carried in the full-sized torpedoes will propel them 1,000 yards at a speed equal to 16 knots per hour. . . . Good practice has been made with the Whitehead, up to and in some cases beyond a range of 600 yards. Its reliable range, however, may be put down as about 450 yards. The average weight of the Whitehead torpedo is about 520 lbs., and each one costs 350*l*.

What a tremendous weapon this is need not be pointed out. But the most powerful weapon may be of little avail unless there are fit means for using it, and with regard to torpedoes this fact seems to have been thoroughly appreciated, as the highest skill has been devoted to the design and construction of the vessels which are to carry them. Nine years ago the well-known launch-builders, Messrs. Thornycroft of Chiswick, showed what speed could be attained by small vessels, and in 1873, according to the *Nautical Magazine*, they constructed the first high-speed torpedo-launch. Her pace was fourteen knots, which seemed marvellous at the time, but, as we need hardly say, has been far surpassed since. After building this boat, Messrs. Thornycroft constructed others for the Swedish, Danish, Austrian, and French Governments, constructing for the last-named two admirable vessels which had a speed of over eighteen knots an hour, and were good enough as sea boats to steam from Dover to Cherbourg. In 1877, four years after the first torpedo launch had been set afloat, our Government awoke to the fact that these marvellous little craft were likely to be of some service in warfare, and the *Lightning* was built for the Admiralty. By a misprint apparently, she is described in the *Nautical Magazine* as having a speed of ten knots. Unless we are mistaken, she can steam at nearly twice this pace; but her speed has been surpassed by vessels more recently built. Altogether twelve torpedo launches have been constructed by Messrs. Thornycroft for the Admiralty, and it is stated that "in the latest a speed of twenty-two knots per hour has been obtained, with about 450 indicated horse-power, on a displacement of thirty tons." How extraordinary such a speed is need scarcely be said. Nothing in the annals of modern naval architecture is more remarkable than the rapid development of this type of vessel. If a few years ago any shipbuilder had talked of constructing a launch of thirty tons which would steam at the rate of more than twenty-five miles an hour, he would have been looked upon as a lunatic.

With one exception, all the large torpedo boats belonging to the English navy are fitted to carry the Whitehead torpedo, and very deadly antagonists will such vessels be to ironclads in smooth water. As has been shown, the Whitehead is supposed to be effective within a range of 450, and sometimes of 600, yards. At these distances the torpedo boat will present but a very small mark to the ironclad, and the marvellous rapidity of her move-

ments will make the hitting her a matter of extreme difficulty. Naval gunners in these days can achieve a great deal, but—at night, at all events—it will tax their highest skill to hit a tiny vessel which is rushing through the water at the pace of a locomotive. If the Whitehead can be trusted to travel straight, it seems clear that an ironclad attacked in calm weather by several torpedo-boats will very possibly be sunk, in spite of watertight bulkheads innumerable in her hold. Whether the Whitehead can with certainty be sent absolutely straight does not seem to be quite clear; but, if all difficulties have not been surmounted, they will probably be surmounted before long, and very possibly the range will be increased. In rough weather torpedo-boats may not be of much use; but in smooth water they will be terrible enemies to a fleet attacking a port, or even perhaps to a blockading squadron.

Considering how much damage these viperous little craft are likely to do in war, it is decidedly unsatisfactory to find that we possess but a small number of them as compared with other nations. Of what the writer in the *Nautical Magazine* calls first-class torpedo boats—*i.e.* torpedo boats not carried on board ships of war—England possesses but nineteen. Russia is said to have a hundred, and France has fifty; so that we lag very far behind; and this is greatly to be regretted, as, in the event of a war, a fleet of torpedo boats could not be improvised. Of smaller torpedo boats, on the other hand, we have a fair number, as it is intended that most of our large vessels shall carry one or more of them. Some of these vessels can indeed use torpedoes without the aid of boats, as they are fitted with ports for the Whitehead; and one ship, the *Hecla*, is to fight entirely with these weapons. The extraordinary *Polyphemus*, intended to act as a torpedo ship and ram, and differing from any other war vessel yet built, will shortly be afloat. If, then, in one respect we are behind, on the whole we are fairly prepared with the means of using the remarkable weapon which modern science has devised.

That one of the principal results of modern science should be the production of marvellous implements of destruction is certainly not a very agreeable fact. A Government must of course accept powerful weapons of offence and defence which are offered to it, and when these are invented by soldiers or sailors whose duty it is to add in every way to the means of defence their country possesses, there is nothing to which even a humanitarian can object. They are indeed to be respected for the performance of an obvious duty. It is difficult to admire too highly such a man as Sir George Sartorius, who fought at Trafalgar and now suggests the *Polyphemus*. But the case seems different when civilians of great ability set to work to perfect elaborate engines of destruction, not for the purpose of defending their own country, but in order to sell them to any Government which likes to buy them. This may be a perfectly legitimate result of scientific knowledge and commercial principles, but nevertheless the spectacle of men thus engaged is not a pleasant one.

COPYRIGHT.

WE took occasion more than two years ago to call attention to the Report of the Copyright Commission appointed in 1876 by the late Government, which has not however as yet been made the basis of any fresh legislation. The subject is one of permanent and not inconsiderable interest, not only to the large and growing class of authors of all kinds but also to the general public, and we need make no apology for returning to it, even though under existing circumstances there may seem to be no immediate prospect of Parliamentary action being taken. This is just one of the cases where the public mind requires to be educated, and a juster and more general appreciation of the defects and inequalities of the existing law must eventually lead to the reform which is so urgently needed. As regards the abstract question, the extremest view on the one side was represented by Sir Louis Mallet, who dissented from the judgment of his fellow Commissioners, and maintained in a separate Report of his own the somewhat startling paradox that the claim to copyright rests on no solid foundation at all, that it is conceded solely in the interests of a class, and, by tending to restrict the supply of literature, is in direct conflict with the interests of society. He even considered the objection to taking away an author's copyright during his lifetime "a purely sentimental" one. We pointed out at the time that Sir L. Mallet was at fault alike in his facts and in his reasonings, and it is not necessary to repeat the refutation here. A writer in the current number of *Macmillan* maintains the opposite theory—for which he claims the support of such high authorities as Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. W. Longman, Professor Huxley, and Professor Tyndall—that there is no more ground either in justice or public policy for limiting property in literary production than for limiting any other kind of property, and that copyright should accordingly be universal both in time and place; that it should, *i.e.* be perpetual in time and should extend to all civilized countries throughout the world. This view is at least more plausible than the opposite one; there can indeed be little doubt that Mr. Grant Allen is right in principle on the latter point, and the Report accordingly insisted on the possibility and propriety of establishing an International Copyright Convention with America. That however is a part of the matter the settlement of which does not lie entirely within our own control. The Commissioners, with the exception of Sir Louis Mallet, took for granted the wisdom and necessity of legal security for copyright, and concerned themselves only with considering the imperfections of the existing law and the best methods of amending them. The actual law, though it is scattered over fourteen Acts of Parliament, was thrown into its present shape in 1842, and guarantees to an author the copyright in his works for forty-two years after the date of publication, or for seven years after his death, whichever period happens to expire last. It may be worth while briefly to recall the proceedings which resulted in this decision.

In 1814 the term of copyright had been fixed at twenty-eight years from the date of publication, so that it might easily expire during an author's lifetime, and the copyright of *Waverley*—as Miss Martineau pointed out—was in fact just about to expire at a time when its writer's family stood most in need of the honourable provision which his splendid array of works would have supplied to them. Wordsworth wrote poetry for fifty years with hardly any pecuniary remuneration. At the end of that time the sale of his works, under the amended law of 1842, began to bring him in about 300*l.* a year, and it is reckoned that it would now bring in about 1,000*l.* a year; but, with the exception of his latest composition, the *Prelude*, the copyright of all his writings has expired. Southey had given it to be understood that in the then state of the law he should undertake no more important works. Mr. Carlyle took a stronger step. He presented a petition to the House of Commons, setting forth his literary labours, from which he had as yet received no pecuniary recompense, and adding that such recompense would probably come, if at all, after his own death, but when those dear to him were still in need of it, and he therefore petitioned the House "to forbid extraneous persons, entirely unconcerned in this adventure of his, to steal from him his small winnings, for a space of sixty years after his death at the shortest. After sixty years, unless your Honourable House provide otherwise, they may begin to steal." If there was one member of Parliament rather than another who might have been expected to recognize the force of such an appeal it was Macaulay. But when in 1841 Sergeant Talfourd introduced a bill in accordance with Mr. Carlyle's wishes, Macaulay induced the House of Commons to reject it, and the mover not unnaturally complained that "literature's own familiar friend, in whom she trusted, and who had eaten of her bread, had lifted up his heel against her." Next year Lord Mahon introduced a Bill extending the time, not to 60, but to 25 years after an author's death. This modified proposal Macaulay again opposed, partly on the abstract and very questionable ground that all property is a creation of law, instead of being merely guaranteed and protected by it, partly on the strength of an ingenious but arbitrary hypothesis—for which he cited various detailed examples, chiefly from Shakspeare, Milton, and Dryden—that an author's latest works are almost invariably his best, and it is therefore for the public interest that the time of copyright should date from the publication of a work, not from the death of the writer. His enormous memory might readily have supplied him with an at least equally copious list of authors —like Charles Dickens—whose earliest works were confessedly among their best, not to add that many critics would dispute some of his literary judgments, *e.g.* on Milton's works; but he had taken up a theory, capable in his hands of brilliant and plausible advocacy, and unfortunately the House adopted it too, and fixed the existing law according to his suggestions. And whether or not we argue with Mr. Herbert Spencer for perpetuity of copyright, there can be no doubt that the guarantee of the existing law is a most inadequate one. It may be quite intelligibly argued that "the family of Milton or of Locke deserve as much from us as the family of Marlborough," whereas in fact the former derive no benefit from the labours of their ancestors and the latter enjoy in perpetuity a national pension of 4,000*l.* But at all events, when Mr. H. Spencer pointed out to the Commission of 1876 that after fifteen years' labour in philosophical writings he has been an actual loser to the extent of 1,500*l.* and at the end of twenty-four years had only just retrieved his position, he made out a strong case against a system which, had he died ten years ago, might have deprived his representatives of any profit from his extensive literary labours.

It is certainly mere matter of common justice that a man who devotes himself to authorship should be allowed to reap the pecuniary fruit of his labours rather than mere strangers. In France, Russia, Spain, and Portugal, the term of copyright is fixed at fifty years after the author's death; the Bill defeated by Lord Macaulay in 1841 would have fixed it, in accordance with Mr. Carlyle's petition, at sixty years; the Commissioners of 1876 suggest thirty years as the limit. That the only ground for limiting it at all, and therefore for the due measure of its limitation, must be sought in the real or supposed interests of the public is obvious enough. And it is by no means clear that in this matter the interests of authors and readers are so sharply opposed as is often apt to be assumed. Experience shows that it generally pays the author or owner of a successful work to publish cheap editions of it while his copyright still survives, and moreover it is well worth bearing in mind that, when once the copyright has expired the public has no security whatever for well edited editions of a book. Thus *e.g.* the first edition of Hallam's *Constitutional History*—a very defective and erroneous one—on the expiry of the copyright was at once reprinted by an adventurous publisher and sold to unwary customers as the genuine work. Or, to take an example cited before the Royal

Commission, editions of Wordsworth's Poetical Works are now on sale, as though complete, with the *Prelude* omitted, of which his heirs still retain the copyright. Macaulay argued with a somewhat far-fetched ingenuity that if copyright was permanent, the *Pilgrim's Progress* might become the property of a High Churchman who would feel bound to suppress it altogether. Under the existing law however the *Pilgrim's Progress* has actually been, not suppressed but "adapted" in his own sense by a High Church editor, whose procedure might perhaps have proved even more displeasing to John Bunyan than suppression. Similar mutilations of other works, especially of popular hymns, whether on some fixed principle or from mere carelessness or caprice, are notoriously common enough. Complaints, for instance, have already been made of the *Christian Year* being tampered with in editions published during the last few years since the copyright expired, and in ways affecting not merely the rhythm but the doctrinal sense of the original. As regards the commercial side of the question, Mr. Herbert Spencer has shown it to be fairly arguable that with a permanent and international copyright books would become cheaper than at present, nor should it be forgotten that whatever tends to improve the condition of authors must conduce in the long run to the advancement of literature. We are not however dogmatizing here on the permanence or the precise duration of copyright; we are simply insisting that the present term is at all events much too short a one and ought to be extended in the interest alike of the author and of the public. And this construction is distinctly borne out by the verdict of the Royal Commission of 1876, whether or not their proposal for extension be deemed a sufficient one.

There are two special applications of the principle, noticed in separate sections of the Report, on which we have not left ourselves space to dwell at length here. But it must be acknowledged that, if the existing system of copyright is altogether inadequate and unsatisfactory, the grievance presses with exceptional severity on dramatic authors and on artists, as well from the confusion and uncertainty of the law as from its positive injustice. As regards dramatic works and the dramatization of novels the author's rights are either ignored or are involved in hopeless perplexity, while artists have no rights at all—unless by express stipulation—over pictures or statues they have once sold. The remedy, however, suggested by the Commissioners in this last case would be almost worse than the disease. Sir James Stephen argues oddly enough that there ought to be no copyright in pictures or statues; and the Report, while recognizing the necessity of some definite settlement and admitting that artists are unanimous in desiring to have the copyright reserved to themselves, nevertheless advises, with a strange perversity, that it should be vested not in the author but in the purchaser. This recommendation is the more surprising as the Commissioners propose to remedy the anomalies and injustice of the present law in its bearing on dramatic works and dramatized novels by securing the rights of the authors. It is much to be desired that the whole question should be brought at the earliest date practicable under the notice of the Legislature with a view to the thorough revision of the existing law.

THE CATTLE SHOW.

The Cattle Show which has been held at Islington this week differs from its predecessors in one very important particular; it is to a much larger extent an exhibition of young stock. There are classes for all the precocious breeds, and those breeds are beyond all precedent well represented. It is probable that consumers, being every year more and more collected together in towns, and consequently living less in the open air and taking less violent exercise, may have lost the taste for very fat meat. If this be so, it would be natural that feeders should accommodate themselves to the altered taste, and should produce for the market younger, juicier, and less obese animals. But, though we do not deny the possible influence of this new fashion, we are inclined to think that the real operating cause of the change is different. For a long time after the adoption of free trade, grazing farmers were under the impression that they were safe from foreign competition. A certain number of fat oxen, indeed, were imported into London, principally from Holland, Holstein, and Jutland; but these were only just sufficient to prevent any formidable attempt at competition. At length, however, the construction of cheap railways abroad, more particularly in America, the multiplication of steam shipping, the progress of mechanical invention, the accumulation of wealth, making it possible for new communities to improve the breeds of their flocks and herds, the steady growth of demand at home, and the stationariness of the native supply, made competition possible in this branch of agriculture as in others. We have seen the dead meat trade from the United States within the past few years assuming considerable proportions, and we have also seen a large importation of live cattle. Those who have studied the subject on the spot are of opinion that the trade is only in its infancy, that it is capable of very great development, and that men of enterprise and ingenuity, with any amount of capital that may be required ready to be placed at their disposal, are devoting their attention to that development. Where the United States lead the way there are countless imitators prepared to follow. Thus the grazing farmers now find themselves threatened with the same fierce competition to which the tillage farmers have long been exposed. Obviously, if they are to hold their own, they must rouse themselves out of the routine they have hitherto followed. While the population of the country has been growing so fast, while wealth has been accumulating, and wages rising so rapidly that classes which formerly never touched meat are now good customers of the butcher, the farmers have not altogether kept pace with the times. In consequence, the supply of meat, even though supplemented from abroad, has fallen short of the demand, with the result that prices have steadily risen until checked by the recent severe depression. Evidently, if this state of things continues, a premium is offered to the foreign importer. So long as wealth and population increase in this country, stimulating the consumption of meat, the only check that can be imposed upon importation must proceed from the British farmers themselves. They must not only make it their business to provide the requisite supply, but they must furnish it at a price lower than will pay the foreign importer. If they cannot do that, they in effect offer a premium to the foreign importer. And the higher the price rises above the point that will pay the importer, the greater the premium. The real problem before the British farmer, then, is to reduce the cost of production, or, in other words, to cheapen the rearing and fattening of cattle. There are various ways in which this may be done, and one of them is to shorten the period over which the process extends. Just as every year that wine is kept augments its cost, so the older a beast is when brought to the shambles the more it costs. The direct outlay upon it is larger, and so is the interest of the money expended. The change which is passing over British cattle-farming, of which we have had visible demonstration this week at Islington in the precocity of the breeds and the youth of the beasts exhibited, shows that our farmers are coming to recognize the new conditions under which their business must be carried on. It remains to be proved by experience whether precocity is in actual fact as economical as in theory it appears to be. It may be, for instance, that animals which fatten while they are yet immature are more delicate than the slower-growing breeds and more liable to disease, and that, if the system were adopted generally, they would suffer from so much higher a rate of mortality as to neutralize the advantage which precocity undoubtedly gives. It will probably be found that the new fashion, if it prevails, will involve an abandonment of much of the old unscientific system of cattle-farming; that is to say, the land of the country will not be laid down in grass upon which the cattle will be turned out to feed as if we were still in the nomad state, but cattle will be scientifically fed under cover that will protect them from the inclemencies of the weather.

However things may ultimately turn out in this respect, the Show at Islington this week has given no reason to doubt the wisdom of the change that is going on. There were no monsters of fat, but the beasts exhibited were highly fed and of excellent quality. In this latter point the Show leaves nothing to be desired. In another respect it was less satisfactory. It was very scanty. There were, for example, only 207 entries of cattle, against 239 last year; and only 138 pens of sheep, against 150 last year; but there were 52 pens of pigs, against 50 last year. The falling-off is not due to want of encouragement, for the prizes offered exceeded 3,000*l.* Partly it was caused by the limit of age imposed, partly by renewed apprehensions of disease; but chiefly, we are afraid, by the widespread agricultural distress. Grazing counties, it is true, have not generally suffered as much as the tillage counties, although it is to be borne in mind that the excessive wet, the absence of sunshine, and the dreary cold of 1879 bred an epidemic among sheep which caused disastrous losses, and fully accounts for the decrease in the numbers exhibited. Cattle farmers, no doubt, have not suffered so much either as flockmasters or as tillage farmers; yet even they have felt the bad times, and their landlords have had to complain of vacant farms and of the abatements they have had to make to tenants. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the number of persons willing to undergo the cost of rearing and feeding animals for exhibition should be growing less and less. Nor is this perhaps so unsatisfactory a symptom as at first sight it may appear. Practically, an exhibitor must begin to prepare the animals he intends to exhibit from their very birth, and must relax none of his attention while they are being reared and fed. The animals must be of good breed, or the whole thing is waste of time and money; and they must be absolutely without blemish. It certainly is no cause for wonder that the experience of the past two years has damped the courage of farmers who otherwise might have exhibited. It is rather a matter for congratulation that so many have persevered to the end. Fluctuations of this kind would be of little permanent significance if the flocks and herds of the country were increasing; but, unfortunately, that is not so. The agricultural returns noticed by us two months ago prove, indeed, a decrease in milch cows, and only a slight increase in cattle for feeding. And, if we go back ten years, we find the increase inconsiderable, especially when we bear in mind the great addition made in the interval to the land laid down in permanent pasture. This is the really unwholesome symptom of our agriculture. Except when extreme depression of trade and foreign competition combined to break down the market, prices have been very high during the past ten years, and there was thus a strong inducement to augment production. At the same time a

large increase was made in the acreage of permanent pasture, and yet the addition to our herds is trifling. We admit, of course, that breeds were improved, but certainly not to the extent to which they were improved in the United States. It would seem to follow, therefore, that, in spite of the inducement held out in the form of high prices for the past quarter of a century—inducement which has proved strong enough to stimulate American feeders to devise means of supplying the English market—the requisite amount of new capital has not been invested in cattle-farming at home to turn to account the addition made to the grazing land, or, if the new capital was invested, it has not been directed by adequate skill. We have in England such a superabundance of loanable capital seeking investment, that for many years past capitalists have been complaining that they knew not what to do with the funds at their disposal. Why is it that some part of these funds has not gone into cattle-farming, if there really has been a deficiency of capital? And if it is skill that has been lacking, how is it that of all English industries farming alone should be deficient in skill? These questions are well deserving the careful consideration of the landed interest.

The Scotch cattle exhibited at Islington were less numerous than those at the Birmingham Show, where they formed almost half of the entries, and carried off nearly all the prizes open to them; but in proportion to their numbers they were scarcely less successful. The fact is another proof of the good seasons with which Scotland has been favoured during the past two years, and of the consequent prosperity of her agriculture. While in England sheep were dying last winter by hundreds of thousands from "fluke," induced by excessive wet, in Scotland there was no such disease, and the crops, too, were fairly good. This year, again, has been one of the best, north of the Tweed, that have been known for a generation. The only fault that could be found with it, indeed, was that there was not enough of rain. The result has been that Scotch agriculture has not been tried as English agriculture has, and that Scotch farmers have had the courage to send their cattle to English shows, and have been rewarded by a large measure of success. That dependence upon the weather of which we have here again an illustration is, no doubt, a peculiar difficulty of agriculture. The manufacturer has to some small extent the same difficulty to contend with, as he usually gets his raw material from agriculture; but even when this is so, he is generally able to recoup himself by raising the price of his goods. As a rule, too, the markets of the world being open to him, and the raw material constituting but a small portion of his cost, he is no worse off than his foreign competitors. But under free trade the farmer has to bear the greater part, if not the whole, of the loss caused by bad seasons. There is not, therefore, the same scope for foresight, calculation, and skill in farming as in trade. Do what he will, the agriculturist is far more helpless in face of the elements than the merchant and trader.

THE THEATRES.

THE welcome return of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft to the Haymarket Theatre has not been marked by any new production. The late Mr. Robertson's play *School* was successful in their last season and is successful still. It is not the best of the author's plays in constructive skill, having been grafted from a German to an English soil, with the result of the process involving some incongruities in spite of the dramatist's skill. It would be easy enough to hold up a great deal of the piece to the ridicule of readers; more easy perhaps than to explain exactly its influence upon spectators. The play has some capital faults, the worst of which artistically is perhaps the cruel suspense in which old Farintosh is kept in the last scene in consequence of his nephew, Lord Beaufoy's, resentment of the unjust, but thoroughly natural, suspicion with which he finds himself regarded. But it must be remembered that, on a first hearing at least, Farintosh's suspense is shared by the audience, and that to keep an audience in interested suspense is one of a dramatist's most legitimate and most useful expedients. Probably the simplest and the truest explanation of the success of this and others of Mr. Robertson's comedies is that he knew the stage thoroughly. He had gauged the capabilities of his interpreters and of his listeners; he knew what effects would be, on the one hand best given, on the other best received; and he knew how to lead up to these effects without making them seem hurried or thrust in merely for the sake of effect. Above all, he managed to give a human interest to his work, which will, to our thinking, save it from the extinction which some critics have foreseen for it. He dealt with a particular period and phase of manners, and in putting this on the stage, he sometimes exaggerated, sometimes misrepresented, and sometimes made blunders; but his personages had, for the most part, a real likeness to humanity underlying, and being of more import than, the trappings, whether of dress or manner, which they happened to wear. Take, for instance, the love scene between Lord Beaufoy and Bella in *School*. Its delicious inanity is closely connected, in the form of words which it takes, with a particular habitude of manner; but the feeling of the scene is not more true to one period than to another; and when well acted, as it now is, it pleases just as much on the third or fourth repetition as it did when first produced. The contention that real emotion, struggling bashfully with habitual restraint and assumption of indifference, can be confined to any particular period, does not, on the face of it, carry conviction. The well-known amateur of the drama who a few years since published a monograph on Robertson hit a truth which was perhaps obscured by the startling comparisons in which in the course of his work he indulged. The success of Robertson's plays is surely due to the fact that he knew what sentiments would be recognized as true to nature by the whole of his audience; and that, being a practised playwright, he knew how to express these sentiments in the best way both for his actors and for his audiences. As the writer to whom we have referred said, "The theoretical critic who believes in nothing but physical action and anecdotic plot is puzzled when he encounters a piece like *School*, absolutely without story, which had one of the greatest runs on record, and has to confess that there may be more things in art than are dreamt of in his philosophy." The same writer goes on to observe that in Robertson's social life comedies what was remarkable was, "not that he failed in exactly depicting its usages, but that he so far succeeded—and when he fails, it is often in compliance with some stage effect." Probably most of our readers are tolerably well acquainted with the play of *School*, and we need not add any detailed account of the particular piece to these general remarks on the author's method.

As at present performed at the Haymarket the piece goes, if possible, better than before. Mrs. Bancroft's delightful rendering of Naomi Tighe seems, if anything, to have gained in brightness. Mr. Bancroft's Jack Poyntz, Mr. Conway's Beaufoy, and Mr. Kemble's Dr. Sutcliffe have all their old attractions; and in Mr. Kemble's case there is, it seems to us, here and there a decided improvement. Mrs. Canninge and Miss Marion Terry play as well as formerly the parts of Mrs. Sutcliffe and Bella, and Miss Terry's graceful and interesting performance suffers only from an occasional excess of slowness. A new and markedly successful feature in the cast is Mr. Brookfield's acting of Krux. In Mr. Brookfield's hands Krux becomes for the first time a personage who seems at once life-like in himself and not out of keeping with the rest of the play. The notion of meanness and cruelty suggested insensibly by the actor's original and very ingenious make-up and costume is never lost sight of and never unduly obtruded throughout the course of the play. It is conveyed in every intonation, look, and gesture. Mr. Brookfield has now got rid of the constraint of action which on former occasions sometimes stood in his way, and he seems to have learnt completely the difficult art of standing still while he listens to the conversations of other people with an air of naturalness. His walk is throughout characteristic, and his run up the steps at sight of the indignant Doctor's uplifted stick is irresistibly comic without being overdone. We have kept to the last a renewed expression of our admiration for Mr. Arthur Cecil's acting throughout the piece, and especially in the last act, where the old man, having thrown off his foppish assumption of youth, bursts into a storm of conflicting emotion which is the more pathetic by reason of its helplessness.

School is preceded by *The Vicarage*, a piece adapted from, or rather founded on, M. Feuillet's *Le Village*, by Mr. Clement Scott. The piece has some obvious faults, which we pointed out when it was first produced, and need not now recur to. It is remarkable as giving the three principal actors concerned in it an opportunity of displaying a versatility which is not too common an accomplishment. There are few actresses capable of performing the feat performed by Mrs. Bancroft of appearing in this piece as an old country vicar's wife, quiet and gentle in nature and manner, who is happy in having no interest beyond the joys and woes of the people immediately around her; of appearing in the next piece as a light-hearted, pert, and charming school-girl, and of playing both parts as well as one can imagine their being played. Mr. Bancroft, who appears for the first time as George Clarke, the vicar's travelled friend, has an unusually difficult part to play. It is not only that Clarke is an entirely different personage from Jack Poyntz, but that the good traits which he displays at the end of the piece are heavily discounted by the extraordinary ill-breeding attributed to him at the beginning. In dealing with this part Mr. Bancroft shows, as he has shown on other occasions, that he has a distinct power of impersonation, and he manages to make the amazing remarks put into the traveller's mouth concerning his host's entertainment as little startling as may be. Mr. Cecil's Noel Haygarth is a very delicate and life-like performance, and Mr. Stewart Dawson's quiet and clever acting as the old butler is highly commendable.

At the St. James's Theatre a version by Mr. Coghlan of M. Octave Feuillet's *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre* has been produced under the not very appropriate title of *Good Fortune*. Two former versions of the French play have been put upon the London stage, as to one only of which, *A Hero of Romance*, we can speak from experience. This was arranged by Dr. Westland Marston for Mr. Sothern, whose talent was not perhaps seen at its best in the part of the hero. But, although there was not so much "smart" writing in Dr. Westland Marston's version as in Mr. Coghlan's, it was, to our thinking, at once better written and better adapted to stage purposes. In Mr. Coghlan's piece the old man upon whose tardy repentance the hero's restoration to his lost fortune turns, is a personage who is a good deal talked about, but never seen, and the adapter has provided a new catastrophe which is not particularly fortunate. The virtue of the hero's flinging into the fire the letter in which his employer confesses that, if right were done, his estate would belong to the hero, is unhappily discounted by the fact that the document has

not, for anything that we could discover in the dialogue, one shred of legal value. If Lord Neath, masquerading as Mr. Denis, had, after reading the letter, followed up his not unnatural desire to claim, and belief that he could claim, the estate, the people to whom he applied might have met him with an acknowledgment that the letter seemed on the face of it to be genuine, but also with a question as to what kind of use he proposed to make of it. No doubt the feeling which prompted Mr. Denis to destroy the letter was chivalrous enough in all conscience; but, for all practical purposes, what he threw into the fire might as well have been an unpaid bill. As there is a want of purpose and motive here, so is there at other important points of the piece. The brief reference given by Isabel Ransome to hints which have been heard by her, but scarcely, if at all, heard by the audience, cannot make her suspicion of the hero's conduct seem anything but gross and unnatural. Her jumping to the conclusion that Denis has purposely contrived their being left alone together, locked up in a ruined castle at nightfall, is, as presented in the play, utterly unaccountable, and serves to accentuate the unpleasant qualities of a part which has but too little relief in the first act. The same want of skilful arrangement militates against the notion sought to be conveyed in the first act that Mr. Denis is a person of Crichton-like accomplishments. His sketches are dragged in by the head and shoulders, and his offer to play the piano seems a trifle forced. The suggestion of his riding and vanquishing a nasty-tempered horse is managed much as it was in the play in which Mr. Sothern appeared, but seems to miss the sense of excitement which was then imparted to it. Again, the strong scene in the second act in which the governess makes love to the hero, is modified in a way which is more ingenious than successful. The lines are in their way admirably written; the suggestion is made quite plainly enough for those who already know the story, but not, we think, plainly enough for any playgoer who has still to find out what is the exact course of the play. As to the "smart" writing to which reference has been made, it is less fortunate than might have been anticipated from Mr. Coghlan's experience. There are, no doubt, stupid, soltish, and heartless young men of all ranks of life in the world; but it is simply ridiculous to represent one young man saying to another who has been his friend, and who, as he knows, is ruined, "I should like to do something for you. Have a weed? It's a good 'un, and there are only two left, so you can't say I'm mean." This sentence, the words of which we quote from memory, is uttered by Mr. Tom Bolger; but the whole part of Sir George Fallow is made up of sentences, if possible, yet more astonishing. His manners resemble closely those of the fellow-commoner who figures in the ridiculous book called *Julian Home*. The acting of the piece makes one wish all the more that the play were better. Mrs. Kendal, heavily weighted as she is with an unnatural and unattractive character, makes the very most that can be made of the lighter passages, and acts admirably in the more emotional parts. Mr. Kendal's character is at least consistent in its impossibility, and he plays it with grace and fire. Mr. Clayton seems to have been not unnaturally puzzled by the outrageous part provided for him, and has taken possibly the best course that he could take in strongly accenting its peculiarities. Mrs. Stephens is as usual inimitably funny as Lady Banks, Miss Linda Dietz plays Miss Somers with considerable skill, and Miss B. Buckstone and Master McConnell act two children's parts capitally. But the whole effect of the piece is neither exciting nor pleasing.

The run upon Mr. Booth's performance of Richelieu has for the present interfered with his original intention of not appearing in any one part for more than a fortnight together; but it is greatly to be hoped that it will not prevent him from exhibiting his powers in a varied range of parts before he leaves us.

REVIEWS.

YOUNG IRELAND.*

THE original proprietor and editor of the *Nation*, which was the organ of the party once known as "Young Ireland," records, with an enthusiasm unabated by years or variety of political experience, the early efforts of himself and his associates. Sir Charles Duffy has many qualifications for his task. With great ability and much literary experience he combines an earnest belief in the justice of his cause; and it may be added that he always writes in the language and the spirit of a gentleman. His invective is seldom personal, and he never condescends to coarseness or buffoonery. Although it is impossible that any loyal Englishman should accept his conclusions, his statements are never wilfully inaccurate, and his arguments are often forcible. That Ireland has often been treated with injustice is undeniable; but that it should be constituted into an independent and probably hostile State is not an admissible inference. The issue which Sir C. Duffy raises must ultimately be decided by a comparison, though not necessarily by a conflict, of forces. One part of the book may be read even by opponents with almost unmixed pleasure. The contributors to the *Nation* were at the commencement of their enterprise all under the age of thirty; and congenial dispositions, still further harmonized by a common task, united them in warm youthful friendship. Like all other societies of the same age and character, they by common consent elected one of themselves to be their leader and hero. Their historian believes as implicitly in his later age as in his youth, that Thomas Davis was a man of genius; and perhaps he may be right. His zealous loyalty to the memory of his friend finds repeated and eloquent expression in all parts of his work, and especially when he recalls his own profound sorrow for his death. It can scarcely be admitted that Davis's character and achievements entitled him to the attribute of greatness. At most, he was one of "the inheritors of unfulfilled renown"; and his early death saved him from participation in the ignominious failure of a mischievous and hopeless enterprise. If he had lived three or four years longer, he would have engaged in the rebellion which he had from his entrance into political life done his utmost to promote. It is impossible not to sympathize with Sir Charles Duffy's personal attachment; and it is an open question whether disinterested enthusiasm redeems from censure a fundamental mistake in a political career. There is no reason to doubt the justice of Sir C. Duffy's tribute to the moral elevation of the young confederates. "The passion for liberty had burned up the trivialities of youth, and cleared their lives of foppery and licentiousness." A whimsical protest against the charge that they were a "mutual admiration society" cannot be unconditionally admitted. All similar bodies are liable to the imputation; and the Young Irelanders might be excused for overrating one another's contributions to the common enterprise. Knots of clever young men are always sanguine of a success which seems to be due to the merits of themselves and their friends; but they seldom have the opportunity of believing on plausible grounds that they are the principal agents of national regeneration. The extracts from their occasional private correspondence on personal topics are fresh and natural, but in no way remarkable. The still fewer quotations from the verses of the *Nation* bear little trace of poetical faculty. The temporary and partial success which was achieved by the Tyrtæuses of Repeal might be described in the words of a perhaps invidious criticism on a German poet and patriot. Körner, it was said, hobbled on to immortality like a lame duck, on one leg and one wing, as a versifier and a soldier. Some members of the body might perhaps have become great if they had been favoured by fortune; and all Sir C. Duffy's early assistants in the conduct of the *Nation* appear to have been unselfish and sincere. The present volume ends with the death of Davis, on the eve of the collapse of the Repeal Association, and of the succession of the Young Ireland party to the conduct of the agitation on the retirement of its founder and leader. There had for some time been strong feelings of irritation between the two sections of Repealers; and Davis had on more than one occasion come into direct collision with O'Connell. The Irish leader had, according to Sir C. Duffy, fallen under the influence of his son, John O'Connell, who hoped, like Garibaldi's sons, to succeed to the position of his father. The tendency of the profession of agitator to become hereditary is a curious illustration of the natural family ambition which is denounced by democrats and socialists. The remaining volume is to record the conspiracy and the abortive insurrection which were the consequences of the teaching of the *Nation*. Smith O'Brien, Mitchell, and Meagher will probably occupy in its pages the position which had been vacated by Davis. It is to be hoped that Sir C. Duffy will provide his readers with an index, and that he will condescend to the ignorance of readers by supplying dates. In a volume of 700 pages, it is almost impossible to discover, except by independent recollection or research, the year in which any event after 1841 happened. That the Maynooth Act was passed in 1845 may be deeply impressed on Sir C. Duffy's mind; but after five-and-thirty years his contemporaries may imperfectly remember a fact which is probably unknown to the younger generation.

Mr. Duffy, with Mr. Dillon and Mr. Davis, founded the *Nation* in 1841. From the first the literary associates devoted themselves to the cultivation of national Irish sentiment; and the popular sympathy with their objects, combined with their own energy and ability, procured for their journal considerable circulation and influence. In the laudable task of teaching Irish history to their countrymen, it may be conjectured that they were not minutely critical. Sir C. Duffy's fourth chapter, which is called "A Bird's-eye View of Irish History," begins with the statement that, fourteen centuries before the Christian era, "an expedition of Celts from Spain, led by a chief whose name in its Latinized form is Milesius, landed on the island, and after some fierce fighting, obtained possession of it." It would perhaps be safer to assert that Milesius came to Ireland in the same year in which Brutus, the son of Æneas, gave his name to Britain, and Scota, the daughter of Pharaoh, to Scotland. As Sir C. Duffy in the next sentence jumps over 2,500 years to the arrival of the Normans, no practical consequences follow from the Milesian conquest. The *Nation* seems, as might have been expected, to have accepted the historical doctrines of Thierry, whose authority has not increased in recent times. If the antagonism of subject races to their conquerors is the origin of modern revolutions, it is difficult to understand why Davis, whose father, descended, as the name implies, from a Welsh family, himself belonged to Buckinghamshire, should have been an Irish rebel. His maternal grandfather, of good Yorkshire descent, had happened to settle at Mallow, where Davis was born.

The Young Irish party, though as writers they pursued an independent course, took part in O'Connell's Repeal Association,

* *Young Ireland; a Fragment of Irish History*, 1840-1850. By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.G. London: Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co.

which became more and more formidable. In and out of the press they and their associates had talked sedition or treason for two or three years, when, in 1849, Sir Robert Peel, in answer to a question in the House of Commons, repeated a former declaration of Lord Althorp, that he would resist the Repeal of the Union even if the alternative were civil war. O'Connell and his allies of course expressed surprise and indignation at a menace of force directed, as they said, against a constitutional agitation for the repeal of a simple Act of Parliament. Sir Robert Peel may perhaps have committed a verbal indiscretion in denouncing their obvious purpose, rather than their ostensible method of proceeding. It was perfectly natural that both O'Connell and the writers in the *Nation* should attribute to the Minister the first appeal to force; but it is strange that Sir C. Duffy should, after a long interval, blame Sir Robert Peel for his acceptance of a challenge which he and his friends had again and again openly offered. Their efforts had been directed, not to the repeal of an Act of Parliament, except, perhaps, as a preliminary measure, but to separation from the Crown of England and to the establishment of an independent State. Sir C. Duffy more than once complacently quotes the doctrine of the *Nation* that Ireland should have a foreign policy, which, as he explains, meant alliance with France or America, or with both, against England. Mr. Seward, Mr. Greeley, and other conspicuous American politicians, had insolently offered assistance to Ireland in rebellion against the Imperial Government; and Mr. Tyler, then President of the United States, had with gross indecency expressed his sympathy with the cause of Irish independence. The sweet singers of the *Nation*, among many effusions of similar tenor, had composed lyric strains in honour of Akbar Khan, solely on the ground of his treacherous massacre of English officers and soldiers. If any other criminal had committed an atrocity injurious to England, his exploit would have been applauded in the columns of the *Nation*. It was absurd to express angry astonishment at the defiance of their threats by a Minister who paid them the undeserved compliment of assuming that they were in earnest.

A similar criticism may be applied to Sir C. Duffy's elaborate discussion of the proceedings for conspiracy against the leaders of the Repeal Association, of whom he was one. Few readers will be deeply impressed by the contention, overruled by the majority of English judges, that the judgment was vitiated by errors of procedure, or by want of correspondence between the judgment and the record. The law of conspiracy is undoubtedly cumbrous, as the traversers found to their advantage; but martyrs, though they may have a right to profit by legal quibbles devised by special pleaders, ought not to be too indignant when they are accused of the acts on which their reputation depends. If the jury panel was wrongly struck, if Mr. Peacock's objections to the record were well founded, it was still true that the speakers in the Association and the writers in the Repeal press had devoted all their energies to the prosecution of rebellion and civil war. Even if it were held that they were morally justified in their efforts by the condition of Ireland, it is unreasonable to blame an established Government for asserting its own existence. The prosecution, though the judgment was reversed by the House of Lords, had the effect of silencing O'Connell. He was nearly seventy, his health was perhaps already breaking, and Sir C. Duffy mentions for the first time the curious fact that O'Connell was at the time deeply in love with a young lady who afterwards declined to marry him. Sir C. Duffy and his friends had been deeply disappointed by O'Connell's submission to the mandate of the Government by which the Clontarf meeting was prohibited. It was true that he had repeatedly announced his determination to resist; but his error consisted, not in practical recognition of superior force, but in previous bluster. The patriots of the *Nation* knew as well as O'Connell that no preparations had been made for the rebellion which had so long been threatened. It would have been a folly and a crime to provoke a collision between the troops and the multitude which would have crowded a monster meeting.

Sir C. Duffy does justice to Sir Robert Peel's bold and wise policy of conciliation, which was unfortunately interrupted by the famine and by his own retirement from office. He also remarks on the grudging support and the factious criticism of the leaders of Opposition, especially of Lord John Russell and Mr. Macaulay. The endowment of Maynooth, while it excited clamour in England, was gratefully accepted by the Roman Catholic prelates and priesthood, and even by the Repeal Association. The foundation of the Colleges which were afterwards affiliated to the Queen's University widened the difference between the Young Ireland party and the followers of O'Connell. Sir C. Duffy and his friends were anxious to secure the opportunity of liberal education for the Irish middle class; and, although they objected to some provisions in the Bill, they saw the possibility of effecting a compromise. O'Connell and his son, on the other hand, borrowed from Sir Robert Inglis the foolish nickname of "godless colleges"; and, although they failed in their attempts to defeat the measure, they did their utmost to create the noxious prejudice which has deprived a later generation of academical training. This controversy gave occasion to the conflicts between Davis and O'Connell which ended, after the death of the Young Ireland leader, in the disruption of the Repeal Association. The more upright and zealous section of agitators had been consistent in their desire to qualify their countrymen for the independence with which they hoped to endow them. They established reading-rooms; they published and circulated books in which their version of patriotism was inculcated; and they even hoped to achieve the desperate task of detaching the upper and middle classes from their attachment to the English connexion. Their story is well told by their surviving colleague. His eloquence will perhaps revive the memory of Young Ireland among the disaffected portion of his countrymen, but it will scarcely win an English proselyte. When Sir C. Duffy asks why there are no manufactures in three out of four Irish provinces, when he complains that the Irish seas teem with fish which are not caught, and that the harbours are empty of merchandise, he virtually condemns, not the legislation or government which give every facility to industrial enterprise, but the incurable turbulence which drives away capital and confidence from Ireland.

LIFE OF SIR ROWLAND HILL.*

(*First Notice.*)

IT is very easy to understand the difficulties which must have beset Dr. Hill in the editing or writing of this book—difficulties which indeed he indicates in his preface. Biography is always a very difficult task. If the biographer and his subject have been strangers, the writer sets to his work with one hand tied. If they have been friends, and still more relations, he is frequently hampered with a knowledge of the wishes of the deceased which prevents him from putting himself quite at the standpoint of the ordinary reader, and he is likely to lay most stress on things which are not of the most general interest. But Dr. Hill's case was worse than this. He was not even left free to write such a biography as might seem best to him, nor had he, on the other hand, the comparatively light duty of merely editing an already written autobiography. Sir Rowland Hill had in his lifetime written, and it seems printed, a voluminous History of Penny Postage, which, it need hardly be said, was an autobiography in all but the name. But, in the first place, this narrative passed over the first, and by no means the least remarkable, half of his life. For, though the present generation only thinks of him in connexion with his Post Office reforms, it must be remembered that, years before, it seemed at least possible that he would go down to posterity as the reformer, not of English postal arrangements, but of English schools, while even this great addition does not exhaust the list of the results of his untiring inventiveness. Moreover, absorbed as he was in the work which had been the delight and torment of his manhood, he had, as we can very readily believe, and can indeed see from this book, allotted far too much space to the mere technical details of his fight with the Post Office authorities, to the exclusion of matters of more personal and general interest. It is only a generation which has actually fought at the Alma, or has had friends fighting there, that can endure the recital of that battle in several hundred pages. Sir Rowland had apparently recorded his successive Almas very much in this way, and his nephew has had, in accordance with counsel which he tells us he gave his uncle in his lifetime, to retrench the record very considerably. Even as it is, we are inclined to feel a doubt whether he has gone quite far enough in this direction. A thousand large and closely printed pages make a somewhat dangerously bulky monument to lay on the grave of a man whose life, though probably of greater importance to the country than that of all but a very few of his contemporaries, had but little of moving incident in it. But, on the whole, Dr. Hill has probably done well to make this first edition of his uncle's life complete enough to be a book of reference for all who are interested in the subject. He may very likely have an opportunity of preparing a more popular edition, and then he would be well advised to abandon the division into history and autobiography altogether, to include only a few extracts from Sir Rowland's own work, and, giving his own share of the book intact as it now is, to refashion the rest in the same style and form.

If the actual national importance of the second half of Rowland Hill's life surpassed that of the first half, we are inclined to think that the history of the first half is, from the purely biographical point of view, the more interesting of the two; and in this first notice we shall confine ourselves to it, reserving the active official life for another occasion. The family in which Rowland Hill was the third son was as remarkable for the longevity of its members as for their intellectual distinction. A singular proof of the former family characteristic is given by Dr. Hill in the remark that his great-uncle volunteered against the Pretender; that is to say, men now living familiarly knew a man who had arrived at full age a hundred and thirty-five years ago. As to the second, it is sufficient to say that, of a large family, assisted in no way by birth or connexion, and in their early days positively poor, almost every member made his way to considerable eminence in his profession, or in official station. Sir Rowland Hill's father was at first a tradesman on a small scale. But in the early years of the century he opened a school, and this school, when his sons grew up and took a share in it, rapidly became famous. Mr. Hill the elder was a stanch Liberal of the old doctrinaire school, believing implicitly that Toryism had made the world a desert, and that Parliamentary Reform, Free-trade, cheap books, and instruction, &c. &c., would it make it a paradise. There is something touching enough (when we look back at the thing through what has happened since) in the *Nunc dimittis* of joy which, as his grand-

* *Life of Sir Rowland Hill, K.C.B., and History of Penny Postage.* By Sir Rowland Hill and George Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L. 2 vols. London: De La Rue & Co. 1880.

son tells us, the old man uttered at the Great Exhibition of 1851, which was opened a few months before his death. He was, however, by no means a mere politician; he was also a fervent student of natural science. But, though he was in many ways well fitted for a schoolmaster, he seems to have lacked the firmness of hand and the spirit of discipline which are above all things requisite. These, however, were amply supplied by his sons when they came to take the reins, and the school at Hazelwood (whither it had been moved from Hill Top, its first abode) soon, as we have said, became famous. Rowland Hill and one of his brothers published a pamphlet explaining the singular system of education which they had perfected, and which long continued to be carried out. Everything was done by code, and the code was administered by a constitutional government elected by the boys themselves. Even the judicial department was in the hands of delegates of the probable culprits. These things naturally rejoiced the souls of Bentham, Mill, Brougham, and others of the straitest sect of the utilitarian and useful-knowledge perfectionists. But there came a time when they thought of showing their joy in a manner very dubiously gratifying to the Hills. These latter, by almost superhuman labours, had made a position for themselves, and had at last reached the possibility of affluence. Time had been when the young Rowland, to get money for his studies and experiments, had had to sell herbs out of the garden and to resort to other similar expedients. Now they had a school with over a hundred pupils, and more were being constantly pressed on them. It was evident, however, that if, as the leading London Radicals had some idea of doing, a school on the same plan were set up close to the capital, the prestige, and with it the profit, of Hazelwood would be in not a little danger. In the Hill family everything was settled on constitutional principles by a family council; indeed the very expenses seem long to have been conducted on the budget plan, and so much, we suppose, was voted to each brother as he required it. The family council now determined to anticipate the danger by themselves establishing a metropolitan Hazelwood. The site chosen was Bruce Castle, at Tottenham; and Rowland Hill, with his system and one of his brothers, migrated to this new home.

A great deal of interesting information as to this curious system of education is to be found in Dr. Hill's pages. One naturally asks, How did it succeed? Dr. Hill does not in so many words answer this question; but he very fairly gives quotations from which the reader can draw his own conclusions. The personal force and energy of the able men who worked it no doubt got far better results out of it than might have been expected, and prevented the catastrophe which must have occurred had one or two clever and ill-disposed boys made use of the opportunities of revolt against a weak or incompetent master which the Hazelwood "constitution" provided. But Mr. Lucas Sargant, himself a pupil, gives his testimony that the boys did not look back with pleasure on the system; that it made them prematurely old; that the thoughtlessness, the spring, the elation of childhood were taken from them. "The school was, in truth, a moral hotbed, which forced us into a precocious imitation of maturity." On the other hand, a very competent observer, Captain Basil Hall, as quoted in the *Edinburgh Review* for January 1825, arrived at an exactly opposite conclusion after a "most careful inspection" of the whole establishment. However one may strike the balance between these conflicting authorities, there can be no doubt whatever of the immense advantages which the self-reliance, the equal justice, the hard work, and the fair play of Hazelwood gave it over such dens of bullying, idleness, and bad practices of all kinds as English schools too often were sixty years ago.

At Tottenham, Rowland Hill worked pretty nearly as hard as he had done at Hazelwood; but the neighbourhood of the capital gave him pleasant society, and, what was more precious still, plentiful opportunities of exercising his talents for invention and organization. He had been a mechanical inventor as well as a deviser of systems from his earliest boyhood. He had made cunning electrical apparatus, and had demonstrated therewith at lectures which his father gave; he had thought of improvements in astronomical instruments, and had carried out not a few; he had devised a cylinder press for printing continuously, which was, at any rate in general principles, a forerunner of the machines upon which every important daily paper in the kingdom is now produced. In a memorandum dated just after the Reform Bill, Dr. Hill found this formidable list of mechanical devices which were then occupying his uncle's thoughts:—"Pendulous mechanism as applied to steamboats. Propelling steamboats by a screw. Improvements in Bramah's Press. Plan for checking the speed of stage-coaches. Weighing letters. Assorting letters in coach. Telegraphs by pressure of air. Gas for distant places compressed along small pipes. Road-making by machinery." It is curious that two of these should indirectly concern the subject which was destined to make him famous, though he does not seem to have as yet turned his thoughts to Post Office reform from the financial point of view. What might have seemed more visionary schemes were, however, formed by himself and his brothers, one of them being for a so-called "social community," a sort of unecclesiastical monachism, uniting co-operation, as now understood, with social life. This scheme seems to have been seriously considered by a large number of persons. All this time, however, Rowland Hill was anxious to give up school-keeping, and a chance meeting with Edward Gibbon Wakefield resulted in his being appointed Secretary to the South Australian Colonization Commission, after being connected in power for his future work. Indeed his acceptance of this colonial business must properly be regarded as the turning-point in his career. It was not, however, until 1837 that he really entered upon the campaign which was to occupy him for the remainder of his life of health and strength. At that date he was forty-two years old, and had for some five or six years had abundance of that mixture with the world at large which is frequently wanting to provincial-bred men even of the greatest natural force. He was still an ardent and convinced Liberal, though his zeal took the form rather of eagerness for practical improvements in the condition of the people than of political doctrinairism. But, as we have said, the history of his performances in reference to postal reform had better be left for another occasion.

GALLENGA'S SOUTH AMERICA.*

MR. GALLENGA tells us that a traveller to South America has choice of two routes. He can go from Europe to any one of the ports of Brazil south of Para, and when he has fairly "done" that Empire, he can go through the Straits of Magalhaens to Chili, Peru, and Ecuador, and return by Panama. Or, he may reverse this order of things, and take the West Indian islands on his way to the isthmus, and then come down the whole coast of South America in magnificent steamers, and finish his tour by visiting Buenos Ayres, Monte Video, and Rio Janeiro. The author wisely chose the latter route, and gradually exchanged the stifling, steamy, oppressive atmosphere of the tropics for the delicious and pure air of Chili and the unrivalled climate of the Pampas. It was unlikely that a writer of such experience and intelligence would not have a good deal to tell us about republican institutions, commerce, physical comforts, social and moral progress, and population. His style, though a little too redundant and overflowing at times, is animated, expressive, and clear. He has that eye for the natural features of a strange country which is always descrying resemblances to well-known places in the Old World. The largest street in Buenos Ayres "hardly comes up to the width of the Corso at Rome." The railways on the tops of the Andes eclipse the Soemmering Pass. Another panorama reminds him of the Superga at Turin; and the glaciers of Norway and Switzerland sink into utter insignificance before the masses of ice, sometimes fifteen and twenty miles in length, which amaze the traveller who threads the narrow channels of the Straits of Magalhaens, instead of, as in former days, rounding Cape Horn. Mr. Gallenga generally kept close to the beaten track, except during one or two occasions in his visit to Chili. He went wherever railways or comfortable ocean steamers tempted him, or rude mail coaches could jolt him over execrable roads. He encountered sundry discomforts, but never positive hardships. He never cut his way through the jungle like Mr. Bigg-Wither; or sailed for hundreds of miles up the tributaries of the Amazon, camping on the beach at night, like Mr. Smith. It is true that he once thought of crossing the Andes from Santiago to the Argentine Republic, in preference to taking the long sea route, and he was once sufficiently near to the Araucanian Indians to hear terrible stories of their predatory habits and to find the Chilians panic-struck at an expected foray. But, as a general rule, he seems to have been satisfied with the main lines of traffic, and his work is naturally coloured by what he saw and heard in civilized centres and outposts. We impute no blame to him when we say that on certain points his pages are a blank. Of fauna he has nothing, and of flora he has very little, to say. Inquirers who write to the papers to know how in foreign lands sport can be combined with sight-seeing or with a livelihood, need not refer to Mr. Gallenga. Once, when in Chili, he crossed torrents on alarming suspension bridges, and enjoyed such moderate sport as "the birds in the bush and the trout in the stream" could yield. Alligators, he says, can be shot, or shot at, from the deck of a steamer, as they bask on the mud of the Paraguay and Parana rivers. And young men may possibly be tempted to colonize the Argentine Republic by glowing descriptions of life in the saddle, and extensive flats either covered with lowing herds or sheltering winged and ground game in which native Indians have "concurrent rights." Neither, again, does the author afford very much information as to the security of life and property, the efficiency of the police, the administration of justice, or similar topics. Incidentally, we gather that in these important departments there is yet a good deal to be done. We should also say that the author commenced his travels with a predisposition to view recent events and probable changes with rather Liberal eyes, and that, as he proceeded on his tour, repeated stories of the venality and the recklessness of political adventurers caused him to modify his opinions. Though Chili undoubtedly owes a good deal of its quiet life to an aristocracy, its prosperity is "factitious and ephemeral," and may have to be succeeded by something more in keeping "with the stern exigencies of a democratic community"—words which, in the mouth of one so experienced, are almost as mysterious as were the sentences of Dickens's "regular Down Easter" in the *American Notes*. Then, in the Valley of the Rio

* *South America*. By A. Gallenga, Author of the "Pearl of the Antilles," "Country Life in Piedmont," &c. London: Chapman & Hall. 1880.

Chillan, not very far from San Rosendo, he gave vent to the reflection that the oaks and elms of the proudest duke in England were quite contemptible "by the side of the glorious timber of God's own Park"—a sort of phrase which strikes us as culled from the vocabulary of the "thoughtful," but excitable Radical. But a little further on it would appear as if a longer acquaintance with South American communities had disabused the author of any "unreasoning partiality to the mere name of a republic"; and when he denounces Presidential changes, "rabid politicians, and a blatant fire-and-brimstone press," we begin to feel that we have done Mr. Gallenga an injustice; that he has ceased to believe in the supremacy of riff-raff; and we heartily endorse his advice to the Brazilians to recognize the heavy debt which they owe to their sovereign for at least half a century of social order and constitutional rule.

In truth, the chapters on Peru, Ecuador, and Paraguay are powerful exposures of the madness of universal suffrage, with its series of shifting Presidents and its scrambles for power and place. It is quite certain that, whatever may be the future of South America—and Mr. Gallenga is convinced that it has a fine future—aristocratic Chili and monarchical Brazil are far ahead of the numerous republics in which good Presidents are ruthlessly murdered and unscrupulous despots rule for years by alternate corruption and force. But we shall now run down the coast with the author, sympathizing with him in the length of time it took the *Nile* steamboat to go from Southampton to Colon on the Isthmus of Panama. Twenty-one days were required to get over about 5,500 miles. Colon is a wretched nest of hideous negroes, built on a marshy island and reeking with fever. It is named after the discoverer of America and adorned by his statue, the gift of the Empress Eugénie. From this place to Panama there is a railway, forty-seven miles in length, constructed, at an outlay of two and a half millions, through a mass of tangled vegetation, which at times threatens to strangle the very line in its grasp. Panama is little better than Colon—a miserable town with a splendid site. Naturally Mr. Gallenga has something to say about the ambitious project of Sir F. Lesseps. He is inclined to think that the cost of the canal may double the present estimate of money and time, and may require eighty millions sterling and twenty years of work. The estimated difference in the tides of the Pacific and Atlantic, something like twenty-six feet, reminds us of a very clever story, the "Junction of the Oceans," in a series of sketches published under the title of *Bole Ponjis*, by the late Henry Meredith Parker. That humorous and ingenious writer imagined the successful cutting of this very canal; dwelt on the complacent verdict of the best engineers of the day on the scheme, and the demonstrable absurdity of thinking that any difference in the levels of the oceans could cause the slightest anxiety; described the expectant multitudes assembled at Panama, and the magnificent spectacle of letting in the water, in the presence of the Federation of the World, in the year 2098. But, when the last barrier had been removed in the story, the opening let in, not the peaceful waters of the Pacific, but a raging ocean, tossed up into peaks and mountains high as the Alps, to descend in a cataract, to overwhelm the universe, and to reduce mankind for the second time to Deucalion and Pyrrha. Vague apprehensions about the difference of levels may not hinder the completion of the work; but want of funds and political complications and rival schemes may prolong the date when the Suez Canal shall be eclipsed.

Leaving an unhealthy climate and a corrupt community, Mr. Gallenga went down the coast in one of the splendid steamers of the South Pacific Mail Company, and touched at Guayaquil, which he oddly describes as a thriving but shabby seaport of Ecuador. Of this republic he has little to say, except that, like most other States in the Southern hemisphere, it murders its Presidents and, till lately, sent St. Peter's pence to Rome. A longer stay in Peru enabled him to go from Callao to Lima, or, as it is still called, Los Reyes, "the city of the kings." The site is magnificent and unrivalled; but the climate, though equable and temperate, is one of the most dispiriting in the world. There is no violent tropical rain, but only a dreary Scotch mist which for six months obscures the sun. The Andes are very rarely seen, and the nights are always cold. There is nothing in the country to compensate for this bad climate. Roads are mere tracks, ankle-deep in sand. Railroads, intended to span the Andes and to reach the great tributaries of the Amazon, are at a standstill for want of money, though at some places they have been carried to heights which were thought impossible; some of the gold mines are worked out, while the silver mines are either badly managed or are now possessed by Bolivia; stores of guano, which was to have taken the place of minerals, are coming to an end; and the senseless struggle of Peru with Chili has disturbed the finances of the former State and impoverished the country. Yet the account of Mr. Gallenga's trip to the Oroya Pass, of the Montana or eastern slope of the Andes, and of the difficulties already surmounted, leads to the conclusion that the Transandean railways, if completed, would not only be splendid monuments of engineering skill, but important elements in that future of boundless wealth and restored credit in which Mr. Gallenga would have us to believe.

The author stayed rather longer in Chili, and his account, while it disparages aristocratic government, confirms all that we have ever read or heard of that country. In the first place, the atmosphere is pure and salubrious, the only drawback being the continued drought and the frequency of earthquakes. Valparaiso, or the Vale of Paradise, is remarkable for cleanliness and order. Santiago, on a noble site, has broad streets, groves and fountains, fine public edifices, wealthy private mansions, a promenade, a museum, a model farm, and everything that becomes a political capital. An Anglo-Indian might be led to think that it combines all the merits of Simla and of Calcutta. Here the landed aristocracy spend the revenues of their vast estates, monopolize public offices, and raise the prices of foreign articles, from Letts's Diaries to German dolls. Mr. Bright would be glad to know that, owing to a change in the law of succession, estates are now being divided; but the condition of the labouring population is said to be one of misery. They emigrate to Bolivia, when they cannot live on their Chilian allotments of a few acres, supplemented by wages for extra work. While Northern and Central Chili both suffer from drought, owing to Polar winds, the Southern tract has continuous rain for weeks. Here we are in the region of primæval forest and luxuriant vegetation. There are lovely islands fringing the coast; land-locked bays disclosing at every turn scenes of exquisite beauty; and thrifty German colonists, who, though looked on with some slight suspicion, settle, drink beer, establish singing clubs, and grow almost as fat as the obese Chilians. The conduct of Chili in the recent war with Peru deserves more favourable notice than it has received at the hands of Mr. Gallenga. Those who have watched the origin and progress of the campaign can scarcely doubt that the righteous cause has hitherto triumphed. Whether success in war will be a source of ruin or of prosperity, whether the acquisition of nitrate and guano will corrupt the sober-minded and industrious population of Chili, are questions which may admit of controversy. But it is certain that hitherto Chili stands first among the republican States of South America for public credit and political capacity. It is not specially favoured by nature. One of its chief wants, water, no amount of development will ever supply. Its population is little more than two millions, and the want of any fertile land on the eastern slope of the Andes is scarcely compensated by some sixty harbours on its long narrow strip of coast. The revenue is about three millions and a quarter, and the public debt is not much more than three times the revenue. The mineral produce is equal to the agricultural wealth. If there is any one State which may look forward to its "future," it is this narrow, thirsty, aristocratic State, and to this conclusion all Mr. Gallenga's facts and arguments really point, in spite of his adverse opinions.

As a contrast let us just look at the picture drawn of Paraguay by this experienced writer, who talks, as we have said, about the "stern exigencies of a democratic community." Though on the borders of the tropics, it lies between two large and fertilizing rivers, the Paraguay and the Parana, the former of which is navigable throughout the whole length of this republic, and, indeed, up into the very heart of Brazil. The soil is fitted for the cultivation of tea, coffee, tobacco, and sugar. The number of its cattle might easily be doubled or trebled; and stock and meat could be exported to a large extent. Three-fourths of the land belong to the State. The want of a seaboard is half compensated by those two navigable rivers, and railways would easily open a communication with Brazil. Yet the whole revenue is only 121,000*l.*, or about the average of a single district under the Perpetual Settlement of Bengal. The expenditure, it is almost needless to add, exceeds the revenue, and there is a public debt of a million and a half. Its history, since 1811, is made up of struggles for power, imprisonments, confiscations, proscriptions, a wicked war with Brazil and the republics of the Plate, and the rule of a ferocious despot, Lopez II., who took advantage of a popular form of government first to master and then to ruin his country. Asuncion, the capital, is like a city of the dead, with wildernesses for its squares and streets; it is almost a misnomer to talk of the labouring population, where every one is incorrigibly indolent and vicious; the priests openly outrage morality, and cock-fighting, racing, and card-playing form the serious business of life. Paraguay might be a compact and model Republic. It now merely represents a good-sized tract in South America covering nearly sixty thousand square miles, without the rudiments of civil Government at home or the slightest credit abroad.

Uruguay is a State with a fine capital and fair prospects; but, in point of size and capacity for development, the Argentine Republic is probably at the head of the list of similar South American States. It is true that Buenos Ayres as a port is surpassed by Monte Video; but the extent of country open to emigrants and settlers in the Plate is enormous. As Mr. Gallenga pointedly observes, the question is not whether abundance of land can be had at a moderate price, but whether a residence any where in the neighbourhood of Cordova or Rosario is not burdened with conditions to which few Englishmen would submit. The climate is salubrious, regular, and enjoyable; life in an *estancia* enables a proprietor to be in the saddle half the day; and the isolation is not more than is experienced by many a tea-planter in Assam or Cachar. But we confess to some doubt about the development of agriculture when we read of long flats covered with stunted brushwood and saline efflorescence; want of water; a horrible grass, termed the Flechilla, which works its way into the clothes of men, the wool of the living sheep, and the joints of mutton; plagues of locusts; and alternate exposure to plunder by marauding Indians and Gauchos, and to requisitions for valuable cattle and favourite horses by the virtuous partisans of rival candidates for place. Doubtless the account of a visit to a comfortable country house not a hundred miles from Buenos Ayres, or to a *saladero* where cattle are

slaughtered, skinned, and salted for exportation with more than the celerity of Chicago, sounds attractive. But it is surely ironical in Mr. Gallenga to say that a young man with 10,000*l.* or 20,000*l.* of his own, "might do worse than settle on the broad lands of the Plate." Those who command this capital will employ or invest it elsewhere. What is wanted is that the Argentine rulers should make life and property as safe as laws and Governments can make them, and give fair scope for the energies of younger sons with healthy constitutions, good education, and some fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds.

We have so recently noticed Mr. Smith's excellent work on Brazil that we must pass over Mr. Gallenga's chapter on this vast Empire. If any State in South America can look to the future, it is surely a country which has a revenue of fourteen millions slightly in excess of its expenditure, splendid rivers, several fine seaports, and every kind of tropical produce. Here, as elsewhere, the question of labour will be a crucial test when slavery comes to an end a few years hence. This example of a successful trip may possibly induce those who now multiply knowledge and run to and fro on the earth, to visit South America, and form a judgment for themselves on the multitude of topics started and discussed in this volume; but it must not be hastily assumed that every traveller with an eye for scenery and an ear and pen for statistics will be able to turn out as instructive, agreeable, and interesting a volume.

BLACKIE'S *FAUST.**

In a general way we are of opinion that there are too many translations of *Faust* in the world already. Not that among these good ones are wanting; but, on the contrary, two or three are so good that there seems to be no reasonable prospect of improving on them. One, Bayard Taylor's, is more than good; it is a masterpiece in its way, and it would hardly be rash, considering the difficulties of the undertaking and the completeness of the performance, to call it the best verse translation in the English language. It shares with Miss Swanwick's version, and one or two others at most, the honour of having gone through with the Second Part of *Faust* as well as the First. Of Miss Swanwick's work we had occasion to speak not quite two years ago. Along with Mr. Kegan Paul's translation (which, however, is of the First Part only) it may take a place as near Bayard Taylor's as any. Close on these comes Sir Theodore Martin's, which, if it does not everywhere attain the modern standard of exactness, has great occasional felicities. Anster's work must be named because it is familiar; but nowadays we can hardly count it as a translation at all. Besides these we have the multitude, too many to be remembered by name; some of them, no doubt, meritorious enough to have won distinction if their authors had chosen to ride in less crowded lists. In this state of things we confess that we look but coldly on fresh additions to the number.

But Professor Blackie is not a new adventurer. He came into the field as much as forty years ago, before translations of *Faust* were abundant, and when the German language and literature were still comparatively unknown among us. He has now revised and in some measure recast his work, encouraged, he tells us, by approval of it in its earlier form received from both English and German scholars at various times. To dispute its right to exist under such circumstances would be pedantic; and, being there, it can afford to stand well enough on its own merits. The earlier edition we do not know. As Professor Blackie's translation now stands, it is a vigorous, careful, and faithful piece of work. It is chiefly wanting, we should say, in subtlety and finish. It has a kind of bustling air in which the full and delicate harmonies of Goethe too often disappear. After all, this defect is in some measure unavoidably incident to the nature of the work. Every translation of poetry, save in the few cases of wonderful success, must have to a reader who knows the original something of the effect of hearing a song through a telephone. And Professor Blackie has certainly not fallen behind the average success of good translators in the extent to which he reproduces the effects of his original. But in this case the standard of criticism is exceptionally severe; for we cannot help comparing Professor Blackie with a translator who, as we have said, is more than good.

In his preliminary essay Professor Blackie considers the question of Dr. Faust's historical existence. One or two modern scholars have sought to resolve him, like other personages of fabulous reputation, into a mere myth. But there is quite sufficient and credible evidence that in the early part of the sixteenth century one John Faust was travelling about Germany, "making his name known to everybody, and making great show of his skill, not in medicine only, but in chiromancy, necromancy, physiognomy, visions in crystals, and such like," as a contemporary describes him. From another account we learn that at the time of his death he was supposed to have been slain by the devil, and that besides his undoubted magical arts he "was also a great boaster, and pretended that all the victories of the Imperial armies in Italy were gained by the help of his magic." Here we have already some of the elements of the Faust legend which was not slow to grow up; and it is not immaterial to remark that these accounts are the more worthy of credit as coming from persons to whom the legend in its later form was evidently unknown. There is no difficulty whatever in supposing a real person to become the centre of a supernatural legend or group of legends within a moderate time of his death, or even before it, if he chooses to excite, instead of rebuking, credulity. Such cases are less uncommon in history than is generally supposed; and such things have happened in the East even within living memory. Bayard Taylor sets forth the same evidence as Professor Blackie, or rather more, and comes to the same conclusion. The only question remaining unsettled is whether more than one real Faust may not have been involved in the legend. It seems possible that when John Faust's vogue was at its height, the name was of set purpose assumed by travelling charlatans. All this would be so much additional facility for the formation of wild and confused stories.

Professor Blackie goes on to add to his introduction an account of the Second Part of Goethe's *Faust*, which "somewhat detailed panoramic view of that remarkable production" he states to be for the benefit of such as have not read and are not likely to read it. But for this declaration, we should have supposed some intention of apology for not translating it—we mean apology in its older sense, as an explanatory justification. Professor Blackie makes it evident that for himself such a task would have been much against the grain, and the tendency of his remarks is to suggest that it is not worth doing by anybody. He has read the Second Part of *Faust* manfully through, but it was mostly pain and grief to him. He treats the whole thing as a "magnificent failure," and lets us perceive, indeed, that he thinks it much more a failure than magnificent. "There may be some few great things, and some wonderful things, and not a few wise things (as who could expect otherwise from Goethe) in the Second Part of *Faust*; but it is certainly neither a great drama nor the just sequence of a great drama." Over the episode of Helena Professor Blackie almost loses his temper. Euphorion is altogether too much for him. "Of such a strange jumble we may say truly, as Jeffrey said falsely of Wordsworth's 'Excursion,' *This will never do.*" Confidence is one of Professor Blackie's particular and, one may say, favourite qualities; and far be it from us to disparage it in a generation when people are apt to think twice and thrice of possible criticism for once of the thing they have got to say. But this is going rather far in the face of Mr. Carlyle's judgment. Fifty years ago or more, when *Helena* made its appearance as a detached instalment of the second part of *Faust*, Mr. Carlyle said of it by no means "This will never do," but something very different, which may now be read in his collected essays. To Mr. Carlyle rather than to Professor Blackie we must direct those who would be put on the road to rightly enjoying one of the most curious and splendid productions of Goethe's imagination. Fortified by Mr. Carlyle's authority, we may here briefly say that what to Professor Blackie appears a "strange jumble" appears to us to sum up with a power unrivalled in modern poetry the ideals of Greek art and their influence on the modern mind, as the wonderful last scene in heaven—to which Schumann's music is the only fitting commentary—presents in quite another way the best side of mediæval and Catholic exaltation. But the *Mater gloriosa* fares yet worse at Professor Blackie's hands than Helen. Will it be believed that the closing words—

> Das Unbeschreibliche,
> Hier ist es gethan;
> Das Ewig-Weibliche
> Zieht uns hinan—

are presented by him to the English reader thus?—

> Beauty immortal
> The rapt spirit hails,
> Where the eternally-
> Female prevails.

Of course translation is baffled here; but only total want of sympathy could enable a scholar of Professor Blackie's ability to turn out such a caricature, even by way of incidental illustration. Bayard Taylor's—

> The Indescribable,
> Here it is done;
> The Woman-Soul leadeth us
> Upward and on!—

is at least in the right direction towards the movement and spirit of the original. And it is just the finer spirit and movement that, even where he is in sympathy with his author, Professor Blackie does not always preserve.

But we have one word yet to say of the Second Part of *Faust* in general. Before we complain of it for not being dramatic in the ordinary sense we must be satisfied of our right to expect it to be dramatic. No such right can be discovered in the conditions or the professions of Goethe's work. If we conceive him as starting with the general intention of building up a great poem in dramatic form on the lines of the Faust legend, two things are at once plain. The first is that, as a matter of fact, there is much more of the legend in the Second Part than in the First. The Emperor's court, the phantom of Helen (converted by Goethe to uses all his own), Faust's coming to aid the Emperor by magic—all these belong to the old story. The next point is that a work following these lines could not in the nature of things have a continuous interest of the properly dramatic kind. It is a strange involuntary tribute to Goethe's power that to most readers the whole of *Faust*

* *Faust: a Tragedy.* By Goethe. Translated into English Verse, with Notes and Preliminary Remarks, by John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. Second Edition, carefully revised and largely re-written. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

is just that part which Goethe put into it without reference to the legend—namely, the episode of Gretchen. On the popular view of *Faust*, which is faithfully enough embodied in Gounod's opera, not only the Second Part, but the First, is inexplicable. For there is a great deal in the First Part which is quite irrelevant to the action, considered from this point of view; nay, in the Walpurgis Night there is full as much extravagance in the way of jests and allusions of transitory and even merely personal interest as anywhere in the Second Part. If the Second Part as a whole, and the close in heaven, are a failure, we see no escape from the conclusion that the Prologue in Heaven is a "magnificent failure" too. To put it shortly, *Faust* contains, among other things, a drama of powerful human interest; how powerful perhaps only those know who have had the good fortune to see it on the German stage. But that is surely no reason why it should not contain and be a great deal more. And, therefore, we feel that in his introduction Professor Blackie strikes a wrong note, and, so far as in him lies, misleads the English reader as to the significance of the First Part, which alone is to be presented to him in an English dress.

We have not offered to criticize Professor Blackie's translation in detail, and such a process cannot indeed be satisfactory unless performed on a scale that would exhaust both critic's and reader's patience. The reader will perhaps prefer to take our word for it that the work is solid and honest work. We have not disguised our opinion that better has been done; but this is good notwithstanding. As a fair specimen, we give in part Faust's soliloquy in the third scene of the fourth act:—

> Spirit Supreme! thou gav'st me—gav'st me all,
> For which I asked thee. Not in vain hast thou
> Turned toward me thy countenance in fire.
> Thou gavest me wide Nature for my kingdom,
> And power to feel it, to enjoy it. Not
> Cold gaze of wonder gav'st thou me alone,
> But even into her bosom's depth to look,
> As it might be the bosom of a friend.
> The grand array of living things thou mad'st
> To pass before me, mad'st me know my brothers
> In silent bush, in water, and in air.
> And when the straining storm loud roars, and raves
> Through the dark forest, and the giant pine,
> Root-wrenched, tears all the neighbouring branches down
> And neighbouring stems, and strews the ground with wreck,
> And to their fall the hollow mountain thunders;
> Then dost thou guide me to the cave, where safe
> I learn to know myself, and from my breast
> Deep and mysterious wonders are unfolded.
> Then mounts the pure white moon before mine eye
> With mellow ray, and in her softening light,
> From rocky wall, from humid brake, upfloat
> The silvery shapes of times by-gone, and soothe
> The painful pleasure of deep-brooding thought.

THE LEADEN CASKET.*

It is Mrs. Hunt's misfortune that the title she has chosen for her novel will alienate that large class of readers to whom "not to know the end" of a book is the only inducement to read the beginning. If Mrs. Hunt had followed the example of some of her contemporaries, and called it "Only a Girl," or "He was but a Landscape Painter," or something of that kind, the reader would have been left in peace to conjecture which of the three eligible gentlemen and two charming young ladies ultimately become united, and which of them prefer to die of consumption in foreign parts. But, with the *Merchant of Venice* fresh in the minds of us all, the dullest and most ignorant cannot help knowing that he has only to lay his finger on the poorest and humblest person in the book, and behold! he has discovered the leaden casket—the successful wooer. And yet, in spite of the foregone conclusion, we doubt if the most ingenious will be able to guess the plot of the story; for, notwithstanding appearances, there is a plot. Those who do not care about guessing, and are content to take and enjoy the events as they come, will find ample repayment.

Olive Brooke, the heroine, is a little girl whose father and stepmother are in India, and who is in consequence living with her uncle and aunt, in Harley Street. By casual references in the book we find that Dr. and Mrs. Brooke had five children, but as they never make their appearance, the reader is apt to forget them, as their parents seem to have done, and, as far as we are concerned with her, Olive was the only child of the house. She was left pretty much at her own disposal, for her uncle was away all day, and her aunt, whose intentions were excellent, was too much engaged in novel-writing to be able to put them into practice. We fell in love with Olive from the moment she confessed her inability to do sums—"They seem as if they cracked me all over somehow"—and she retains her hold till the very end of the book. Left alone as she was, her reading was somewhat miscellaneous, and included more novels than are usually contained in the libraries of young ladies of her years. To remove her from these studies, she is sent for a while to her grandfather at Austerfield, in Yorkshire, where she meets little Willie Morrison, son of a London clerk, and nephew of the village butcher, in whom the polite reader will at once recognize with a shudder the Leaden Casket. The infant idyl of Olive and Willie is charmingly told. Olive at once falls desperately in love with her playmate, not unconsciously, as would be the case with most children, but from a feeling, born of her novel-reading, that it was the proper thing to do. The author has here undertaken a very difficult task, but she has managed it most delicately; and, instead of being disgusted with the precocity of the child, we are only amused and interested. Before they part, she sketches out the speech with which, in years to come, the boy is to demand her hand from her uncle:—

> "And when they say to you, as I am afraid they will some day, Willie—for you see, unfortunately, my relations are of a superior rank to yours—'We cannot suffer our daughter to make this misalliance—your station, young sir, is an insuperable bar to any union with our house,' you are to lay your hand on your heart, and flash defiance with your lustrous brown eyes, and say, 'Measure not my rank by my birth, but have regard to my achievements.'"
>
> "I say, Olive! But you are going it! Achievements! What do you mean?"
>
> "Nay, that's what they say in all the books that I read; and, besides, you must have some achievements—do something very grand and distinguished, I mean; you must be a soldier, or a sailor, or win a battle all by yourself, or write a book that the whole world will go mad about. I don't want to fix exactly what you are to do, Willie; but you must do something."

This passage is the keynote to the whole story. When next we meet Willie he has studied painting abroad, and is already showing great promise as an artist. He has never forgotten the days he passed with Olive, who opened a new world of literature and poetry to him, of which he then took very little heed, but which now he is beginning to value. Olive meanwhile has grown up into a beautiful girl, to whom her childhood is a very living memory, and books as dear as ever. It suddenly dawns on her aunts that she is grown up, and that it would be as well to take her into society. These aunts are all very well drawn, and very different. There is the fashionable, fast, and unscrupulous Aunt Raymond, the novel-writing Aunt Selina, and the stingy and morose Aunt Ullathorne, whose chief pastime and extravagance consists in buying pieces of ground in spots that she thinks eligible for her interment. A rather doubtful adventure into which Olive has been dragged by Aunt Raymond opens Dr. Brooke's eyes, and he at once tells his wife that she must go into society, and take Olive with her. After having led the life of a novel-writing eremite for so many years, it is a little surprising that Mrs. Brooke should continue to have "numbers of invitations" for dinners and evening parties; but, however this may be, she picked and chose those which would afford her literary, artistic, and musical society. Then follows a most delightful description of a party given by two young poets, "at which no one was allowed to be present who was not either already distinguished or certain to be so. There were poets and novelists and artists and musicians, and ladies who looked as if they had walked out of pictures (of a certain school, be it well understood). The room was provided with divans, to which each lady was led as she entered; and when she was seated, a heavy-headed flower was placed in her hand, which she graciously held. Heavy-headed, too, were the fair ladies who thus came in with hair frizzed and rolled, and twisted and filletted with gold or silver, or parti-coloured bands under which a few flowers were naïvely stuck, in frank confidence in their own powers of either arranging themselves or lending themselves to adornment without any arrangement. Most of these fair guests were clad in soft white, or faint blue, or amber dresses, freakishly made; tight where other people would have had them loose, and loose where it might have seemed more convenient to have had them tight." Brilliant indeed must have been the scene, and when the water-lilies, which were the "first course," as it were, faded, they were cast on the floor, and were succeeded by tulips, carnations, and roses, in their turn to die and be trodden underfoot.

As might be expected, Mrs. Brooke's whole nature was touched by these wonders, and with the promptitude of a truly great mind she at once began to transform her household, including herself and Olive. The description is amusing, but is too long to quote, and we must refer the reader to the original. Into this world entered Lady Brooke, Olive's stepmother, a woman of conventional ideas and utter indifference to the claims of others. With her usual insincerity she tried to flatter her sister-in-law into believing that she was most interested in her novels, and paid the penalty in having to undergo many hours of MSS. reading, and an evening at the "Millennium," in which we recognize without difficulty the soirées of a peculiar club. Here, however, she has unexpected luck in meeting with the Golden Casket in the person of the worthy, stupid Sir John Ellerton, who has fallen desperately in love with Olive. The next volume is occupied with the progress of this love affair. Olive, taken away from her uncle and aunt, turned loose into the fashionable world, imposed on and cajoled by Lady Brooke, at last consents to accompany her mother to Scotland, on a visit to Sir John and his mother. The result is that, after some weeks, she is talked into accepting him, though the very next day she is overcome with remorse, and entreats him to set her free.

It is in this Scotch visit that we become intimate with Mr. Ardrossan, the sketch of whose character is a masterpiece. It is rare, indeed, either in real life or in fiction to meet with a man who, to quote the words of a modern novelist, makes all others appear like half-ripened plums, which are only good on the side that has had a glimpse of the sun. Of course we know that he is the Silver Casket, and resent bitterly what is in store for him, as well as the cool way in which Mrs. Brooke sums him up, as "pale, refined, learned, but already falling into the ranks of

* *The Leaden Casket.* By Mrs. Alfred Hunt, Author of "Thornicroft's Model," &c. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

veterans." He was only forty-five, and any woman might have been thankful to marry him. With Olive he promptly falls in love; but of this she is quite unconscious, and only regards him as a friend. She sees a good deal of him in Scotland, but of course, after her confession to Sir John, she has to leave at once with her mother. They have a terrible journey, during the first part of which Lady Brooke, in order to force her into the marriage, tells her that she is only her stepmother, that Olive's own mother disgraced herself and was divorced, and that she herself has come to England for the sole purpose of getting Olive off her father's hands. While Olive is still writhing with agony from this announcement, the train comes to a standstill in a snowdrift. Scotch trains generally do stop in snowdrifts; but we have never before known one do so in a novel. We are truly grateful to Mrs. Hunt for having introduced a new incident into fiction, and for the admirable way in which she has managed it. It is here that Willie Morrison and Olive meet again and fall into conversation. She soon recognizes him, but is too shy to introduce herself, especially as he only knows her by repute as a fashionable beauty, and says some hard things on the contrast between the woman of the present and the child of the past. A little later in London he meets Mr. Ardrossan at the house of Mr. Ambergreen, an eccentric artist, and is allowed to go and make his apologies to Olive in person. She is, however, far too miserable in thinking over what she has lately heard, and in trying to circumvent Lady Brooke, who is still bent on the marriage with Sir John, to be very encouraging to Willie. He shortly afterwards goes to St. Hilda or Whitby, and here makes acquaintance with Miss Rosamond Keithley, to whom he becomes engaged after his first rejection by Olive. This episode seems a little unnecessary and inadequate, and so does the explanation given to Olive as to the innocence of her mother, who is at last discovered on her death-bed; but the author has given us so very little to find fault with that we must make the most of any weakness. The scene in which Lady Brooke tries to explain away her conduct to Olive is very powerful, and the meeting with Willie at the Water Colour private view, when the misunderstandings are cleared away, is charmingly told. Olive is standing there dressed in dusky red (would she not have been in mourning for her mother?) when Mr. Ardrossan appears, and knowing that his own case is hopeless, gives her some good news about Morrison's pictures which she is to report to the artist himself. She is very proud and pleased, and in her annoyance at the calm way in which Morrison takes it, tells him that "it is quite an achievement." Then she remembers, and tries to recover herself, but the mischief is done.

How every one is made happy without behaving badly to anyone else shall be left to the imagination of the reader. For ourselves, the characters have become our friends, and we take leave of their history with regret. It will always be the greatest of pleasures to meet Mr. Ardrossan. Kensington Square will have a new attraction as being the residence of Aunt Ullathorne, and we shall never again walk through Kensington without wondering which is the highly-favoured house that contains Mr. Ambergreen. Mrs. Hunt may perhaps write another novel as good as this, but we doubt if she will ever do better.

GORDON ON ELECTRICITY AND MAGNETISM.*

WE may safely say that at the present time the subject of electricity and magnetism occupies the attention of physicists more than any other branch of study. Heat, light, and sound are each provided with a clear physical theory which explains all that is known and serves as a guide to other discoveries; but it is not too much to say that as yet electricity is quite without any such theory. The ingenious hypotheses from time to time propounded by mathematical physicists are beautiful and interesting from a mathematical point of view, and some one of them may perhaps be the true explanation of the phenomena; but the instinct of physicists leads them to regard these hypotheses with distrust, and to look for some simpler theory, and one which can be grasped by the mind without the aid of the mechanical mode of thought used by mathematicians. Of course the mathematical method must be used in all higher investigations; but the basis, or starting-point, for mathematical calculations on physical subjects is usually so simple that its outlines may be easily grasped by any one, however ignorant of mathematics. All astronomy is based on one or two laws so simple that a child can remember them; and the conception of ether and vibrations of different periods across the line of transmission, which is the foundation of the undulatory theory of light and heat, is of the utmost simplicity; and so, again, is the physical basis of the theory of sound. None of this clearness can be found in any theory as yet put forward for electricity; so that even down to the present time electricians are obliged to use the old "two-fluid" theory as a *memoria technica* by which to hold their knowledge together, although it has long been discarded as a trustworthy theory of the phenomena. We have learned to tolerate the conception of ether, and modern research tends rather to increase than diminish the probability of its actual physical existence; yet the mind recoils from the hypothesis of two fluids which are each perfectly elastic and unaffected by gravitation, and, further, which destroy each other when equal volumes meet.

Perhaps we ought not to hope that the true theory of electricity can approach the simplicity of heat, light, and sound, for in the case of electricity we require an hypothesis to explain and connect certainly one mode of motion, and perhaps two or three, and one or more states of strain; and, further, we have already reason to believe that we have to deal with motions and strains of both matter and ether. As yet we only know that we can measure the motion of a current and the strain of charge, or of a magnetic field in certain units, and that they have exact equivalents in other forms of energy; but the instant that energy, whether in the form of heat, mechanical motion, or chemical affinity, is transformed into electricity of any form, we lose sight of the machinery, and may even be said to lose sight of the energy itself, until it be reproduced in some better understood form.

The enormous practical development of electricity which has been seen in the last few years has not been without its influence on scientific investigation, and we shall probably owe as much to the telegraph in its various forms and to the electric light in the clearing up of the problem of the physical nature of electricity as we now owe to the steam-engine in the investigation of the mechanical equivalent of heat which forms the foundation-stone of those stupendous and fruitful modern generalizations, the conservation and dissipation of energy. But at present all that can be done is to watch every electrical phenomenon closely, varying the conditions as widely as possible, and noting every result, however insignificant it may seem. This is being patiently and actively done by a vast body of able experimenters all over the civilized world, and their results appear from time to time in the form of books, but more often as contributions to scientific journals and the Transactions of different learned bodies—a form in which they are not easily accessible to scientific men who are not actually engaged in research. It is, of course, of the utmost importance that all workers should know what is being done by others, and that students should have the means of informing themselves of the actual state of knowledge on the subject; but hitherto this information could only be obtained by the constant study of many periodicals and constant intercourse with the scientific world. Mr. Gordon's valuable book comes now to serve as a guide both to the student and to those men of science who have not leisure to keep themselves posted up in the more modern work in this branch of physics. The book is carried down almost to the day of publication, and hardly any point of importance has been omitted. Each branch is discussed and explained in the text, and in many cases abstracts of original papers are given, including those of the author on specific and inductive capacity, which have won him his high place among physicists. But the great value of the book will be found in the full references given in footnotes to other works, and, above all, to periodicals, so that it serves as a *catalogue raisonné* to the literature of electricity, at all events up to the beginning of this year.

A great deal of space has been devoted to the modern observations on the discharge *in vacuo*, and excellent abstracts are given of papers by Mr. Warren De la Rue, Mr. Crookes, and Messrs. Spottiswoode and Moulton. At present many physicists seem to look upon this form of discharge as one of the weak places in the barrier of mystery which surrounds electricity, so that the space given to its consideration cannot be regarded as thrown away; though perhaps, as these observations are so fresh in the minds of physicists, the author would have been better advised had he treated of them at less length, and devoted a little more space to the discussion of some other branches of the subject. This leads us to the consideration of one great fault of the book: many points of deep scientific interest are passed over with the very slightest information; the whole theory of batteries and electro-chemistry, for instance, is dismissed in the shortest possible space, and no information is given as to modern investigations in this part of the subject. As all practical electricians are in want of a cheap battery of good electro-motive force and low internal resistance, which shall give a constant current on a circuit of low resistance, much must have been done by experimentalists to provide for this want. But Mr. Gordon gives no reference to any papers on the subject, and only mentions one book of importance. Again, although this is a treatise on the science of electricity, and not on its practical application, and we may therefore excuse the author for not describing telegraph instruments, yet we think that many of the methods of testing used in practical work are of sufficient scientific interest to be worth mention and explanation, and that, without departing from the physical and non-mathematical character of the book, the whole subject of complicated branch circuits would have been made clearer had Kirchhoff's laws been enunciated, which require no more mathematical knowledge for their comprehension and application than Ohm's law, from which they are really derived. The task of finding faults in so valuable a book is not pleasant, so we hasten to make all our objections at once, and pass on to a curious example of the way in which Mr. Gordon's desire for absolute accuracy and his occasional want of power to express himself lead him into great confusion. In his first page he gives a definition of an electrified body, and says that, if certain properties are exhibited by a body, it is said to be electrified, and he adds, in a foot-note, "not being iron or steel." Now, if iron or steel be electrified, they do exhibit these properties, and magnets do not; so that Mr. Gordon, in his desire to mark the difference between magnetism and the properties of electrified bodies, appears to say

* *A Physical Treatise on Electricity and Magnetism.* By J. E. H. Gordon, B.A. Cambridge, Assistant Secretary of the British Association. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880

that iron and steel when electrified behave in a different manner from other substances, and to imply that magnets exhibit properties which they do not really possess. The author, in describing M. Planté's experiments, has also fallen into the common error of translating *fil métallique* by "metallic thread," instead of wire.

Were this a book of only ordinary merit and average usefulness, these faults would be not worth remarking on; but, as it is one of great research and of almost priceless value to all who are interested in the scientific aspect of electricity, they force themselves on our notice. The author, indeed, has only his own merits to blame for any adverse criticisms which we have felt called upon to bestow on his work. There is only one greater service which he could render to busy scientific men, and that is to publish a fresh edition of the book every year, with all the year's work added to the original matter. The only objection to this plan being carried out (except the certainty of illness and early death for the author and ruin for the publisher) is that in a very few years the book would be somewhat larger than the *Post Office Directory*. It is evident from the arrangement of the work that Mr. Gordon has suffered in early years from the "unhandiness" (there is no other word to describe the quality) of the older scientific text-books, in which the authors seemed to take a malicious pleasure in strewing the paths of their readers with mechanical pitfalls, figures a page or two distant from the text which refers to them, plates at the end of the book, incorrect lettering of diagrams—and numerous other devices freely used by the older scientific writers to worry and fatigue the student. But in Mr. Gordon's work all is made smooth. The plates are in the body of the book, and can be referred to without needless turning over of leaves; and, above all, the *Errata* are printed on separate slips, and bound up with the pages to which they refer. The plates themselves deserve notice, as they are quite the best drawn and the clearest illustrations which have been published in any English physical text-book. Unfortunately our English draughtsmen are not very successful in this class of work, so that the highest praise we can bestow on these plates is that they contrast favourably with those in French scientific books. Although we should hesitate to recommend this work as an elementary text-book for students, on account of the small blemishes we have pointed out, which would be very embarrassing to those as yet unacquainted with the subject, yet we can unhesitatingly say that all advanced students, and all electricians, will find it of the greatest value, and that any one who possesses a copy of this work and the Catalogue of the Roland's Library will be, in physical language, in a "position of advantage" for all purposes of book-work research.

OLD FRENCH PLATE.*

MR. CRIPPS calls his work "a Handbook for the Collector." It is well understood that a "collector," in this sense of the word, is a person who prefers catalogues to all other kinds of literature; museum and gallery catalogues for serious study, and sale catalogues for light reading and the romantic food of day-dreams. To this class Mr. Cripps appeals in the thin volume before us. In his former book on Old English Plate the mission of the collector was not made so prominent. There was, as we pointed out at the time, a considerable amount of reading provided for the general public. In this, the supplementary volume, Mr. Cripps has stuck so closely to his text that even a thorough-paced catalogue-reader will pause at the beginning, deterred from proceeding by the *chevaux de frise* with which, in a preliminary chapter on the standards of gold and silver in France, Mr. Cripps has guarded his outworks. Nor does the book become much livelier as we go on. We make our way through many paragraphs which give us such important, but dry, information as this—that "in 1554 the standard was raised to 22 carats, with a remedy of a quarter of a carat or eight grains"; or this—that "from 1578, 22-carat gold, or, given in millièmes, gold of millesimal fineness ·916·66, has been the English standard for plate, and from 12 Charles II. for coin also." No doubt these and other facts of the same kind are very valuable; and, if collecting is in the future to be elevated from a mere pursuit into a science, Mr. Cripps will be looked upon as a man who was in advance of his age. Meanwhile, however, it may be doubted whether many collectors will be able, without a yawn, to wade through the array of decimals and fractions, of carats and millièmes, here marshalled. To authors who have quantities of dry facts to lay before the public an occasional perusal of the *Loves of the Triangles* might be recommended as a lesson in the art of putting things. French standards, handled by a master, might possibly have been made interesting, and might certainly have been made readable; but the only thing we can quote from the first chapter is an extract from the inventory of the goods of King Charles V., by which it appears that "sterling" silver is not an exclusively English term; it describes "un hanap d'or, plain, à couvercle, de la façon d'un calice, et a un fruitelet d'une roze, pesant ij marcs vi onces v esterlins." Mr. Cripps might well have added a translation of this and other old French notes. Few of his quotations are so easy as this. It will require some knowledge, not only of ancient French, but also of technical terms of art, to make out the meaning of the following:—"Il est à Paris orfèvres qui veut et qui faire le set pour qu'il oevre ad us et as coustumes du mestier qui tex sunt." This is very old French, and, moreover, very bad old French; and it surely behoved the writer even of a scientific book to offer the ordinary "collector," if not the ordinary reader, some kind of clue to the explication of such phrases as "set," "ad us," and "qui tex sunt." Nor is it always quite easy to make out Mr. Cripps's own English. This example relates to the effects of the regulations of the goldsmiths' guild:—"Hampered, as they must have been all this time, by the stringent regulations of a sumptuary kind which were prompted by the necessities of Philippe le Bel, and are said by Lacroix not only to have diminished the size of the articles they were allowed to make," &c. If this means anything, it is that "the regulations of a sumptuary kind", were allowed to make articles in the precious metals; if this is not Mr. Cripps's meaning, he has changed his nominative somewhere, feeling possibly that it might be tired before it reached the end of so long a sentence. There are too many such sentences. In a work of such care and accuracy of detail it would surely have been worth while to spend a little time on literary embellishment.

As it is, Mr. Cripps has written, perhaps we should say compiled, a book on which the lazy crowd of literary pirates who never do original work for themselves will pounce with avidity. They will write out and full stop his English sentences. They will translate his old French. They will use all his facts, taking care to acknowledge a few here and there when a doubt may be thrown on their authenticity; and Mr. Cripps can only blame himself, though he may perhaps, if his benevolence is equal to his industry, derive some consolation from the thought that, without the dry bones of himself and other investigators like him, a certain number of his fellow literary men would not have wherewithal to make their bread. The tables of old Paris date letters and the facsimiles of the marks of the Farmers General are now first published, having been compiled by the author for his own use. The destruction of French records in revolutionary times, and that strange love of obliterating historical evidences which every now and then sweeps like a wind over the country, have made the materials from which these lists were gathered extremely rare. On the other hand, many of these old French works are very beautiful, and a worthy addition to the most exclusive collections. The oldest piece here noticed is a bowl or deep plate with a pattern of beaten work. It has the fleur-de-lis in a lozenge which is the mark of Paris, and was found with a coin of 1330, thus giving it an approximate date. It is now at South Kensington. The oldest piece described as bearing a date letter is a beaker or cup which belongs to Oriel College. It is diapered with chains of SS and the letter E crowned; and though it is called the Founder's Cup, it really must have been the property of Prince Edward, the unfortunate son of Henry VI. The date letter answers to 1462–3, and, as Mr. Cripps observes, the Queen, Margaret of Anjou, was in France in 1462 seeking the aid of the French King after Towton. From that date the letters are continuous, but do not differ in alphabets, like the English letters, being confined to capitals, crowned. From 1784 the letter P alone was used, the last two figures of the date being placed beside it. This new system only lasted till the Revolution. The maker's mark was probably in use long before it was prescribed by statute. It was perhaps in 1493 that the two small points or dots which are commonly observed in the maker's mark came into use. From 1672 the Farmers General marked plate, and their marks, which varied considerably from time to time, are of importance as fixing a date. As an example of what may be called "the Turkish system" of taxation which prevailed for the benefit of the French nobles, we may cite the existence of a special *poinçon de décharge* for objects marked gratis. It was put on articles belonging to or made for such royal, official, and noble personages as were exempt.

The mediæval period seems to Mr. Cripps the most interesting, and he gives us many extracts from the early regulations of the craft. But a later ordinance, made in 1612, is the only one which might with advantage be imitated at the present day. It required "the goldsmith to sell the metal of their (*sic*) works separately," distinguishing, that is, in the bills what was to be paid for mere gold or silver, and what for the art of the workman. Such a rule, or one on such a principle, with the grammar corrected, might have a reviving effect on the dying art of the silversmith in England. A good many people advocate the abolition of marks, and would carry out various other reforms; but a regulation like this, which would, so to speak, individualize art and art workmanship, might, by establishing a value for good design and execution as well as for mere metal, raise up a spirit of competition among artificers and of criticism among buyers, both of which are at present sadly wanting. We have, it is probable, good artists in the precious metals, but we do not give them much encouragement at present; and, what is worse, our great silver trade is said to be leaving us. The troublesome restrictions we put upon workmanship, and the various ceremonies through which an artist who had produced a fine piece would have to go before he could sell it, have their influence upon the artist and the buyer alike.

A considerable space is devoted to an account of provincial marks. Most of the ordinances which applied to the goldsmiths of Paris applied also to those of the local manufactories in such places as Montpellier, Marseilles, Cambray, Toulouse, and Rouen, among others, some of which could trace the history of their craft to the thirteenth century. The King, in 1275, ordered goldsmiths everywhere to mark their work with the "seign" of the town in which they dwelt. This sign was generally the coat of

* *Old French Plate; with Tables of the Paris Date Letters, and Facsimiles of other Marks.* By Wilfrid Joseph Cripps, M.A., F.S.A. London: John Murray. 1880.

arms. But in some places the first two letters of the name of the town, or the first letters of each syllable of it, or the first and last letters were in use. Whether arms or letters were used, the date letter was commonly added after the fifteenth century. A great number of different alphabets were in use, and much confusion ensued; but in 1783 all letters were abolished, and a new and peculiar mark introduced, to which the date was added. This new mark unfortunately affords the collector little or no clue to the older one; and Mr. Cripps gives, in addition to a list of the marks used after 1783, another of the arms of the chief towns in which the manufacture of articles in gold and silver was carried on. The ordinances of 1783 were only in force from 1784 to 1789, and the marks are therefore of little importance. Some of them, however, are amusing in their quaintness, and form examples of a kind of "canting" heraldry, in which some local allusion is often made. Thus, Meaux very appropriately marked its plate with a cat. A rising star denoted L'Orient, and a castle Chatillon. A wing stood for Alais, and a wineglass for Beaune. Perhaps the bee of Abbeville was a pun on the word *abbeille*; but the ancient coat of arms of the town contained no bees, unless the fleur-de-lis which decorated its upper portion had originally been bees, as some have imagined. The old arms of Alais, however, contained a wing, and those of Chatillon, a tower. But the arms of Meaux contained no cat, but a letter M. Letters are also found in many other French shields, as in that of Montargis, which showed an M between L and F, or that of Lons, which bore an N, and Riom, which bore an R. Nîmes goes beyond them all in this particular, for her shield is thus described:—"A palm tree on a terrace with a crocodile in fess chained, and the words Col. Nem." Even Sir Izaak Heard could hardly have exceeded this; though letters are not in themselves bad heraldry, and we remember the shield of a German abbey of some antiquity, which bore this cheerful coat—"a black cross between the letters M, O, R, and S." The meaning of some of the French marks is not very clear. It is intelligible, however, why Falaise should bear a lancet, and there is no doubt an equally reasonable explanation of the scalpel of Landrécy and the knife of Langres. The least dignified of all the marks is that of Narbonne, which should surely have borne a hive, but had a tobacco-pipe assigned to it; or that of Nevers, which had a wine-bottle. Mr. Cripps concludes with an account of the French marks adopted in 1797, of which he says that they are of comparatively little value to the amateur, and of none to the antiquary.

A SAILOR'S SWEETHEART.*

MR. RUSSELL has been troubled in his mind by certain critics—"critics," he says, "whose knowledge of the sea I have the best possible reasons for suspecting." This is not his first story of sea life. Some few years ago he wrote the *Wreck of the Grosvenor*. Now these ignorant critics, we learn, "determined that various incidents narrated in that book were impossible." They can now learn that these impossibilities were "all of them *facts*" (the italics are Mr. Russell's) "within the experience of twenty out of every hundred seafaring men." He is aware, he goes on to say, of his numerous shortcomings; but the more he is sensible of them, the more is he "anxious to emphasize the one virtue which"—we again quote his own words—"I honestly know my sea stories possess—I mean their truth." How a man can be said either honestly or dishonestly to know the quality of his own work we altogether fail to understand. But, as we shall presently show, Mr. Russell does not always attach any very strict meaning to words. He is a sailor, and, with a sailor's readiness, he takes, no doubt, the first word that comes to hand, and makes it serves his purpose as best it may. His new story, he assures us, is as trustworthy as his former one. In fact, "there is not an incident in *A Sailor's Sweetheart* that is not true." This may certainly be the case, and yet the story itself may be as grossly improbable as any that was ever written. In the claim that he makes for credibility he acts much as would a cook who should mix up in one dish a hundred ingredients, and then maintain that the whole mess must be wholesome, as there was nothing unwholesome in a single article that she had used. We do not deny that, highly improbable as appear to us many of the details of this story, yet for each some parallel instance might possibly be found. We maintain, however, that the book, taken as a whole, in spite of the author's assurance of his honest knowledge, is as monstrous in its improbability as any novel could be. Its absurdities in this respect might perhaps have escaped our notice had not Mr. Russell by his direct challenge called our attention to them. Credibility is the last quality that we look for in a story of the present day, and some other of his "numerous shortcomings" might have caught our attention even more strongly than the utter extravagance of his plot. But he asks that his story shall be judged by his truthfulness, and by its truthfulness our readers shall presently have a chance of judging it.

We could wish that not only Mr. Russell's facts, but also his words, were within the experience of twenty out of every hundred seafaring men—of four out of five we should prefer to say. He does, indeed, now and then give us a little of the "avast there" and "shiver my timbers" style of writing which was so dear to us when we were young. Quite early, for instance, in the narrative, the hero, who had been wandering somewhat widely from his tale, exclaims, "Let me clap on a bit of extra canvas and claw off this shore, for I am afraid I'm too much of a sailor to feel happy in land togs." One of his sailors "belays eating," and the hero himself at his wedding-breakfast, overcome by his emotions, "belays his eloquence for a spell." Over the waistcoat of an elderly gentleman "lay the bight of a stout gold chain." This is certainly satisfactory so far as it goes, but there is far too little of it. No one, so far as we can find, hitches up his trousers, or makes a profane reference to his mate's lee scuppers. Davy Jones's locker is never so much as heard of. There is plenty of sea talk, but it is no longer of the good old kind. Perhaps the explanation may lie in the fact that the merchant service has followed the Royal Navy, and, like it, has gone to the devil. At all events, it seems uncommonly dull. We certainly did not understand all the sea lingo—to use the correct term—of Smollett and Marryat. Somehow or other, nevertheless, we enjoyed it, in spite of our ignorance. There was a rollicking heartiness about it which was very dear to us. But out of Mr. Russell's nautical terms we can get nothing. Let him not in some future preface class us among those critics whose knowledge of the sea he merely suspects. We have no wish to hide our ignorance, and we frankly own that there are a great many passages in his book which, for all we know, are utter nonsense. At all events, such experience as we have gained in crossing from Dover to Calais and from Folkestone to Boulogne throws no light upon them. We do not pretend for one moment to know what may, after all, be the very ABC of the sailor's art. No sense is conveyed to our minds by such terms as "we lay boxing the yards about to the catspaws," or "rousing everything taut with the jigger," or "the warp rang out as we tautened the bight of it," or "we boused the leech taut and hauled out the bowline." Once indeed—but only once—Mr. Russell condescends to give an explanation for the benefit of readers as ignorant as ourselves. In a foot-note he explains the term *ratching*. *Ratching*, it seems, is "reaching, or fore-reaching—that is, forging ahead when close-hauled." We are reminded how Johnson, perhaps on the only occasion on which he was on board, asked what was the use of a certain part of the ship, and received as answer that it was the place where the lop-lollyman kept his lop-lolly. Perhaps, however, we should scarcely be justified in complaining that the language of a story of sea life is often beyond our comprehension. There are many who can understand, if not all, at least most of Mr. Russell's terms. There are also many others who, by a long course of novel-reading, have utterly lost the habit of thinking that words ought to bear some meaning. For these two classes perhaps Mr. Russell may write. At all events we may justly complain of the strange mixture which he gives us of nautical terms and of what we can only call novelists' slang. His sailor's language we might have stood, but when it is jumbled up with all the silly writing that we look for in an ordinary story, the effect that is produced is as absurd as it is offensive. If we remember rightly, we drew attention to this failing in our review of the *Wreck of the Grosvenor*, but our criticism has been without any good result. Commodore Trunnion or Hatchway alone could supply that vigorous language which would fitly express the reader's sense of the absurdities into which this literary sailor falls. He is great at that vilest invention of these latter days—the art of word-painting. His sunsets and his sunrises and his moonlight nights are more wearisome and more monotonous than even the longest of sea-voyages or the dullest of land stories. He will never let the unfortunate sun alone, but keeps it always setting; unless, indeed, when he makes it rise. He opens his story with his hero on land. He describes at length a summer evening "when the sun has waxed (*sic*) low." The moon at the same time ought surely to have waned high. In page 20 the sun thus waxed, but in page 33 it was up again, and "the sunshine was broad and searching." In page 47 it was again ready for setting—this time over Gravesend. "It filled the air," we read, "with a purple haze, amid which every rope glanced with the glint of a spider's web." A sailor who has got to *glint* was not, we felt sure, far off *sheen*, and so presently we came to "the sheen of the brass compasses." From Gravesend the ship gets down beyond Herne Bay, and "into the devil's own weather for a running-down job." This little bit of nautical language was most refreshing to us. But a fog had come on, and through it "the riding-light merely glimmered like a glowworm, with threads of lustre sticking into the fog like spikes of gold." We pass through description after description with as much labour as a ship would pass through that part of the Atlantic which for miles and miles is covered with sea-weed. At last we arrive in the Tropics, and there the author brings upon his readers a deluge of words which surpasses, we are sure, the deluge of rain which he brings upon his ship. We have a horizontal swell that ran in outlines, the red light of the sun shattered into fragments of lurid crimson by the sea, the skirts of the clouds graduating from slate into a lurid gloom, the tops of a heavy swell lucent with the red western glare, pealing (*sic*) canvas, languid stars, a desperate flash of lightning, and the whole surface of the ocean glancing in the horrid glare like a spectral world issuing out of chaos. At last the author owns that it would be useless for him to attempt to express the character of the sky. Yet he goes on in the next line to say what it most resembled. In this description he gives us not only

* *A Sailor's Sweetheart.* By W. Clark Russell, Author of "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," &c. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

a nebulous haze, and the tail of a comet, but a hue that was extremely ghastly, and a wall of spume and a long high reach of foam. How spume differs from foam we are not told. However, the lumps of foam presently winked like glow-worms. Perhaps this was more than spume could do.

We are leaving ourselves but the smallest space in which to set forth the plot. The briefer, however, that our analysis is, the more easily will the credibility, or incredibility, of the story be seen. The hero is the second mate of a ship bound to Peru. At the opening of the story he is engaged to Nelly Williams, the heroine. He takes a sad farewell of her; but, after they have set sail, finds that she has taken her passage in his ship. A storm comes on, and the man at the wheel is struck dead by lightning. He remains, however, in "an erect posture" till his fingers are loosened. The next day a boat is picked up, in which are found the captain and the mate of a ship who had been turned adrift by their own men. The ship, though it was out of sight, is pursued and caught. Soon after the hero's captain goes mad and hangs himself. Next, the wreck of a brig is seen. The hero and two sailors go to it in a boat. He climbs on board, and finds it almost full of water and abandoned. At that moment the boat gets adrift with the two men in it. One of them breaks his oar, and so they cannot regain the brig. A breeze rises, night comes on, and the unfortunate hero is carried out of sight both of the boat and his own ship. Some days afterwards he is awakened from a deep sleep by the heroine, the faithful boatswain, and a couple of sailors. Their ship had been wrecked, and all had been drowned but these four. Happily they had come across the brig when they were almost dead with hunger and thirst. The faithful boatswain of course dies, for faithful boatswains never live to see the end of the story. An island is discovered where no island had ever been known up to that time. The brig is run aground, and is put into some kind of repair. But a sudden breeze rises, and she is blown off the shore, while the two sailors are left on land. The hero and heroine have now to manage the vessel as best they may. But there was still one too many to satisfy the author, and so the hero tumbles overboard. Happily the heroine has presence of mind first to throw him a plank, and then to let the boat drop into the water. We could almost have wished that she had in doing this tumbled over herself, so that, for a brief space at least, all the crew and passengers might have, to all appearance, been got rid of. He gets back to the ship, and regains the island. In his absence one of the sailors had gone mad, and, failing in his attempt to murder the other, had jumped into the sea. His body could be seen lying at the bottom of the creek. "The water was so bright and clear that every detail of the corpse was as brilliantly defined as though we examined it under a concave glass." There is something not a little offensive in such a piece of writing as this. To our mind it is indeed more offensive than the grossness of Smollett, which the present age, rightly enough, so strongly condemns. But to return to the story. An English gunboat comes in sight, and the wonderful adventures are brought to an end. The ship is carried into Valparaiso, where the hero and heroine are married. Such are Mr. Russell's facts. We must leave it to our readers to decide how far he has made good his right "to emphasize the one virtue"—how, by the way, is a virtue emphasized?—which he honestly knows that his sea stories possess.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

IV.

TO-DAY we have no cause to complain of the want of splendour of the Christmas books. Rather we might give Messrs. Strahan a friendly rebuke for the *luxe effréné* of their most illustrious volume, *A Picturesque Tour in Picturesque Lands*. The cover is of white vellum, inlaid in mosaic with red and green. The top edge is gilt, and the leaves are of Dutch paper uncut. The very pretty vignettes are printed on China paper let into the text, and, as only three hundred copies are printed for the English market, the book is not only splendid but will soon be very scarce. The Picturesque Tour begins in France, and among the sketches is a capital one of Mont St. Michel. On the whole, however, the smaller vignettes, such as the initial letters and a drawing of a stable-yard, are more pleasing in style than the full-page illustrations. French artists contribute some of the designs; for example, the picturesque "Vision of the Commune." "Fishing in the Seine" is an amusing sketch, though not so humorous as Leech's drawing of the same sport. When Mr. Seguin, the author of the letterpress (very lively and interesting it is), complains that French boys "kick each other's shins," we are reminded that the same unmanly habit has crept into some large English schools. Boxing has almost gone out, and "hacking," an atrocious practice derived from football, has taken the place of the art of self-defence. The portrait of the young German mother (p. 96) is so like a man, and a very ugly man, that one is tempted to ask whether the *couvade* is still practised across the Rhine. However, the young Suabian girl praying at "the woodland shrine" makes amends, for she is prettier than the majority of Teutonic lasses. Switzerland, the Tyrol, Italy, and Scandinavia all receive their share of big woodcuts. Now we must end by warning Messrs. Strahan that, sumptuous as this book is, it is not the sort of book that an amateur can praise without reserve. The woodcuts, when all is said, are commonplace, and just what we get in thousands from the illustrated papers. The letterpress is very good in its way, but it wants distinction. What publisher will bring out a Christmas book, not of huge dimensions, in which the letterpress is literature, while the designs are as delicate and permanently beautiful as those of Gravelot and Eisen? Our gift-books are too big; they sprawl over the table clumsily; they never would tempt the amateur with the charm of a cheap octavo or duodecimo of Jouaust's or Lemerre's. Our English classics might be reprinted, and that in form by no means expensive, with a simplicity and elegance which would make them gift-books always acceptable, and of permanent value. At present much care and money are expended on books which are no more works of art than penny valentines are, books which no man of taste would care to keep, and which are doomed to grow dingy on round drawing-room tables, amidst gorgeous mirrors, and in a wilderness of ormolu. The *Golden Treasury*, or Mr. Arnold's *Selected Poems*, are really more beautiful books in every sense, and more acceptable gifts, than the largest and most copiously illustrated records of summer tours. We venture to speak seriously on the subject, because the fashion of Christmas books is running in a wrong direction.

Here is a little book for children—Miss de Morgan's *Necklace of Prince Fiorimonde*, illustrated by Walter Crane (Macmillan and Co.)—which is not without its faults, but which is in a certain way a work of art. The delicate stamped cloth cover, with its grotesque designs, cannot possibly last; it must soon grow dingy, and then be worn to pieces, in the hands of children. So long as it is unusual to bind books in England, we must expect to have covers of very evanescent prettiness. Of the designs, we prefer the quaint frontispiece with children like those of Andrea della Robbia, supporting on their shoulders the beaded necklace of the Princess Fiorimonde. The little designs at the heads of chapters are also original and graceful. Among the larger sketches, we prefer that of the donkey and the pedlar. Some of the pictures are too "mimsey," if we may borrow a hard word from the "Song of the Slaying of the Jabberwock." Miss de Morgan's stories are perhaps the best modern *märchen* we have seen for some years. She has greatly improved as a storyteller, and the fate of the wicked Princess is as appropriate as that of Gruffanuf in the *Rose and the Ring*.

Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. send us Keats's *Eve of St. Agnes*, a very handsome volume, illustrated with etchings by Mr. C. O. Murray, whose drawings on wood we have already had occasion to praise. The frontispiece represents the lovers but ill-accoutred for fleeing forth into the storm. The owl, that "for all his feathers was acold," is a delightful drowsy creature, cowering among the ivy leaves. We do not care for the "holy man" (Stanza 2). He is too like the Hermit "symbolifixed by a picture of an old cove, none too well dressed, and rather down on his luck," if we may quote the immortal prophet of the Turf, Nicholas of ancient days. The pretty girl (Stanza 7), with the angel overhead, is terribly commonplace. The heroine, with her rich attire "rustling to her knees," is picturesque, but too like an Ophelia. The last etching of all is graceful; but the magic of Keats's poem has escaped Mr. Murray, and, indeed, we doubt whether any artist could render it with a point and some printer's ink.

Among the Christmas numbers the *Belgravia Annual* (Chatto and Windus) seems much the most diverting. Mr. Payn's story of the "Reduced Dinner-party" alone is enough to convert a cenobite to Pantagruelism, while persons naturally cheerful can scarcely hope to read it without serious injury to that part of the inner machinery which we use when we laugh. Every sentence provokes mirth; but the Colonel's walk in the fog, from the Duke of York's column to St. James's, is the most explosive passage. How, by the way, did the gallant colonel "smell the Devonshire Club" twenty years ago, the date of the legend? Mr. Lucy, Mr. Grenville Murray, and Mr. Dutton Cook contribute other papers, and Mr. Henley vies with a *poeta ignotus*, Mr. Libbel, in singing tuneful *ballades*.

The Green Room (Edited by Mr. Clement Scott. George Routledge and Sons) has every element of popularity. The public, which does not care for mere literary men, loves the writings of actors, who contribute freely to this annual. Mr. Irving's little tale, "The Neighbour's Bairn," is almost too sad. We doubt about the correctness of the negro dialect in Mr. Florence's "Tennessee Tom." Mr. Burnand's "Traveller's Tale" is very impressive. Mr. Byron contributes anecdotes of Charles Kean, and there are a number of other short amusing papers.

High Water Mark (Richard Dooling. Tinsley's Christmas Number) is a very wonderful story with some very wonderful pictures, which are almost as good as riddles, and, by a curious mischance, are never placed opposite the events they are meant to illustrate, but appear several pages afterwards. The tale has all the elements of a comedy. We have a lovely widow, a young man nearly frozen to death, an unjust will, accompanied with the whimsical condition that the heir was to be present in a certain room, at a certain hour, one year from that date. After spending the intervening time in idleness, though the young man believes himself not only penniless, but to be subsisting on charity, he gives a party in the appointed room, and at the mystic hour panels roll back, and an iron safe is disclosed, containing the property of the disinherited youth. The safe has been constructed on such peculiar principles that it is wound up daily by the action of the tide on every day except this one, on which alone it is possible to open it. The very confidential lawyer who on this occasion literally acts the *deus ex machinâ* then expounds the intentions of the testator, and so the tale ends. People's thirst for the marvellous

must be unusually keen at Christmas if they find amusement in such stories as this.

The very large class of people who are interested in African explorations will read with deep interest Mr. Geddie's *Lake Regions of Central Africa* (Nelson), containing accounts of the scenery and inhabitants of the upper part of the Nile, Congo, and Zambesi rivers. Though apparently not himself a traveller, Mr. Geddie has digested most carefully the works of those who have penetrated far into the interior, and has compiled a short and, as far as we can judge, a very accurate sketch of the investigations and their results. To this are added some maps, and a preface stating the earliest attempts at exploring. It is rather amusing to find Mr. Stanley seriously considered from the point of view of a missionary, and to read of King Mtesa being induced to adopt Christianity on his representations. Precept must be singularly severed from practice in the mind of the King of Uganda.

The new edition of the *Vicar of Wakefield* (Bickers) is only noticeable on account of the twelve photographs from modern pictures with which it is illustrated. Of these the most pleasing and unconventional are the Vicar taking leave of his eldest son, by Stothard, and the two sisters preparing Moses for the fair, by Maclise. In this, however, as in Newton's "Return of Olivia," poor little Dick and Bill fare very badly, having much more the air of babies just able to walk than of the sturdy young people they really were.

A Christmas Child (Mrs. Molesworth. With Illustrations by Walter Crane. Macmillan and Co.)—Mrs. Molesworth's books, charming as they often are, are sometimes very puzzling. One never quite knows for what particular age they are most suitable, and though they are generally about very little children, they would probably not be understood by them. *A Christmas Child* is, however, an exception to this rule. It is a pretty story about a tiny boy, and would only interest little people a very few years older. The illustrations are extremely graceful, and are a great addition to the book.

The matter in *Peter Parley's Annual* (George and Sons) is less varied than usual, but will not receive a colder welcome on account of the greater length of its stories. There is a tale of a runaway boy, an episode in Byron's boyish life, and a sketch from the Crusades, in which Richard I. is made to talk in the peculiar style that our mediæval ancestors are supposed to affect. In reality he probably swore a good deal. The pictures, both coloured and otherwise, could well have been omitted.

Between her inexhaustible invention and her endless travels, material never runs short in Lady Barker's stories. *The White Rat* (Macmillan and Co.) and Jemmy the Monkey came from very different parts of the world, but, like most of their fellow-creatures, they each had a history, while, as for Kaspar, the bear, his virtues and courage are worthy of all imitation.

The History of Good Dog Fanny; and other Stories (Mrs. Gaskell. Nelson and Sons).—Mrs. Gaskell's name is of itself sufficient guarantee that these tales will be simple and interesting and suited to the children for whom they are written. We think that the adventures of the monkeys will prove the favourite.

Family Fortunes (Edward Garrett. Nelson and Sons) is what it purports to be—a domestic story of the Scotch middle classes. It gives a tolerably fair idea of the life they lead, and of the privations that Scotch parents will undergo in order to obtain a good education for their children. The book is, however, unnecessarily drawn out.

Tuscan Fairy Tales; taken down from the mouths of the People (With Sixteen Illustrations by J. Stanley, engraved by Edmund Evans. Satchell).—The amount of "local colouring" in these stories is just sufficient to lend the old tales a new charm. The "Little Convent of Cats" is merely the story of the good girl who did her work and was rewarded for it, and her ill-conditioned sister who wants the reward without performing the work. "The Woman of Paste" is the history of a remarkably sagacious Prince who refused to have a wife that could not laugh; and the "Three Cauliflowers" is a Tuscan version of "Blue Beard," in which Fatima gets the better of the monster. Here and there Italian rhymes are scattered, which, once read, take pleasant hold on the mind. The illustrations and the letterpress are printed in sepia, which has a curious, but not unpleasing, effect.

Shakspeare's Stories Simply Told (Mary Seamer. Nelson).—It seems a pity to take any roundabout ways of introducing Shakspeare to children, particularly as children who could understand and appreciate these stories would be quite capable of reading the original. Miss Seamer says in her preface that "care has been taken to omit any expression which might be deemed unsuited to young readers;" but it may be doubted whether children who begin at an early age to read Shakspeare ever get the slightest harm from any of the plays, as they merely pass over what they do not understand, and are quite content to leave it alone. Still, granted that a prose rendering is preferable, Miss Seamer has done her work very well. The illustrations, which are in outline, vary considerably in merit, but for the most part are tolerably good.

Warne's Illustrated International Annual (Edited by Joseph Hatton. Warne and Co.)—The best story in this Annual is "Waldemar's Violin," by Lady Lindsay. It is full of pretty pictures, and the mysticism, if one may call it so, is not overdone. "Along the Sea Walk," by Barnet Phillips, is a rather unreal American sketch with no particular merit. The rest of the tales are of a more sensational character.

Under Slieve Baw (R. E. Francillon. Grant and Co.'s Christmas Number for 1880) is a well-told tale of Ireland in '98. This is a complicated Enoch Ardenish sort of story, and contains many sensational incidents, but unlike *Enoch Arden* every one is ultimately made happy.

The Leisure Hour (56 Paternoster Row) has a more brilliant exterior than usual; but its long story, "Nine-Tenths of the Law," is hardly up to the usual mark. Some readers may prefer Miss Beale's "Idonea," which has its scene laid among the rivers and castles of Northumberland.

As might be expected from its name, the *Sunday at Home* (Religious Tract Society) contains more distinctively religious matter which will take the conscientious reader many months to get through. The stories are of the usual sort, quite harmless and sufficiently entertaining.

The Fortune-telling Birthday Book (C. A. M. Burdett. Routledge and Sons).—The prophecies here only differ from those in other birthday books from being less known. Of course the more definite they are, the less likely they are to hit the mark.

Christian Herald Annual, 1881.—These stories are lively and pleasant reading, and have the happy endings suitable for Christmas stories.

With true German taste, the *Birthday Book of German Literature* (J. W. L. Nelson) is printed in light blue, and has a red and gold cover. Surely the world has had enough birthday books.

The Following of the Flowers (Marcus Ward and Co.) is sufficiently pretty to make us regret the coarse colouring of the illustrations. The letterpress tells of different famous gardens, and then goes on to speak in detail of the flowers themselves. Woven in with this are songs gathered from various poets in praise of the flowers.

The Fisherman's Boy (Nelson) is an old-fashioned tale of the kind known as "Sunday books," with the phraseology peculiar to works of this class.

We have left ourselves scant space this week for notices of Christmas Cards, but must say a word in praise of those published by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode. Here we have "folding *menus*" in the style of ancient Hellas, of India, and of the United Kingdom, rose, thistle, and the prickly shamrock being all represented. Happy thought for a poem by Miss Parnell—"Touch not the shamrock, lest it may sting thee!" A combination of *menu* and "name-card" is particularly ingenious. Floral almanacs, floral Christmas cards, designs representing the happy inmates of well-regulated *aquaria*, all appeal to the genial tastes and frolic fancy of the delightful and long-desired season of Yule.

We should have mentioned in our last notice of Christmas Books that the *Boy's Own Annual* is published at the office of the *Leisure Hour*.

MINOR NOTICES.

MR. WEDMORE has chosen to prefix what his peculiar taste leads him to call a "prologue" to a second series of *Studies in English Art* (1); and in this prologue there is much matter of the utmost importance to the world at large. What can be more interesting and desirable than to learn that, if Mr. Wedmore had dedicated his book to anybody, which he has not done, he would have dedicated it to a friend who "joins to a particularly sensitive and learned appreciation of art the wisdom of never having written anything about it"? Whether Mr. Wedmore shares this mysterious friend's appreciation or not is perhaps an open question; but it is surely a pity that he does not share his wisdom. But it is not so much to exhibit his friend's wisdom as in order to come, by a somewhat tortuous way, to an explanation of his own that Mr. Wedmore brings in the subject. He pictures this friend asking him "awkward questions." "Why, for instance, he may say, do I include this chapter on Romney, in which I have placed first in my volume so sterile a bit of work?" The ridiculously affected answer to this purely imaginary question need hardly be quoted; but it may be worth while to point out that, for reasons which will be plain to people well up in contemporary art literature, the chapter on Romney is certainly not the worst in the book. "Again," says Mr. Wedmore, convinced apparently that his book will give rise to discussion, "it may be objected that, in a volume of *Studies in English Art*, there is included a study of Méryon, a wild but engaging personality, known to some chiefly as a French bastard, who was the etcher of Paris." Whether it is probable or not that any one will be at the trouble of making objections of the kind which Mr. Wedmore has foreseen, it is tolerably certain that a good many people will "object" to art matters being handled by a writer capable of so execrable a piece of bad taste as is contained in the lines just quoted. It seemed as if in the "study" of Méryon's works which we had the disagreeable task of reviewing in these columns some time ago, and which is here reprinted, the author had gone as far as he well could in the direction of the mingled bluntness of perception and affectation of manner which recall memories of "Janus Weathercock;" but it must be admitted that in the sentence about Méryon in his "prologue" he has outdone all former efforts. Then, to paraphrase a sentence of the author's own, "then, Mr. Wedmore's style."

(1) *Studies in English Art*. Second Series. By Frederick Wedmore. London: Bentley & Son.

Here are two specimens of it taken from the "study" of Cruikshank:—"As Time went on apace, neither the passage of Time itself, nor the hard work which crowded the days of his maturity in art; nor the comparative neglect of the later years, when Cruikshank, no longer quite in the movement of the day, was solaced by visits in the Hampstead Road, chiefly of a very few who were collectors of his work, or of some stray humourist still faithful and confident in the achievements of so many years ago—as Time went on, Cruikshank wore well and slowly, so that it was truly said of him that he looked as if he had once been very old and then had forgotten it." Here, amongst other choice beauties, there is, it will be observed, not even one halfpenny-worth of verb to an intolerable deal of nominative. Another sentence not less remarkable, in another way, is this description of Cruikshank's illustration, in *Oliver Twist*, of Sykes on the house-roof:—"An ugly corner of one forgets what obscure quarter, the squalid house, the chimney with rope tied round it by the escaping and hunted man now staggering on the broken-tiled roof, the evil and worn face, the energy of action—that is the main subject." Mr. Wedmore should surely have italicized "*one* forgets" to show that he meant the word to stand not for the generality of people, but for "the immense critic." What, again, does Mr. Wedmore think he or any one else gains by his beginning a paragraph as he begins the very next one, in a style which reminds one of nothing but Pumblechook's hurling arithmetical questions in a jerky way at Pip, "And *Miss Eske*"? If Mr. Wedmore's affectations and pedantries and pieces of bad taste were a trifle less glaring and repellent than they are, one might hope for his shaking them off; since sometimes, and especially in his chapter on Mr. Burne Jones, what he has to say is in the main true and sensible enough. But even wiser thoughts than his would be ruined by so horrible a fashion of utterance, and there is an air of elaborateness and satisfaction about Mr. Wedmore's worst pieces of literary composition which leaves no room for believing that he will cease to admire his own method.

Mr. Gunn has prepared a new, revised, and enlarged edition of Mr. Timbs's *Abbeys and Castles of England and Wales* (2). The work is handsomely and carefully got up, and is well suited for a gift-book.

Mr. Eden's volume about Africa (3) is skilfully compiled and arranged from the narratives of "a few travellers," concerning the principal divisions of the continent, and has been produced with the hope of awakening interest in the subject, and inducing the reader to consult larger works. This it is pretty certain to do. The general account of the country with which the book opens is clearly and attractively written, and Mr. Eden has taken in his subsequent chapters exactly the points which are best suited for his purpose.

There is much matter of interest and importance to be found in Mr. Kinsey's Report, with its appendix, of the Proceedings of the International Congress on the Education of the Deaf (4). He himself, like the other contributors to the volume, is strongly *in* favour of the "German" system, and we confess that we cannot see what arguments there are to be brought forward on the other side. A brief extract from a contribution by Mrs. Hall, the principal of a private school for the deaf, may give some general notion of the points at issue, which we cannot within our present limits notice, as it might be interesting to do, in detail:—

> The belief that the voice of the deaf must be harsh and unnatural is one of the greatest obstacles we have to overcome in arguing for the "German" system. In England many people have known or heard of deaf persons educated under the method introduced by Wallis and Braidwood, whose voices are most harsh and disagreeable, and erroneously supposing this to be the same as the "German" system, they blame the "German" for a failure which is, in truth, the natural result of a degenerated "Combined" system into which signs and finger-talking have been introduced. As I originally taught them, my pupils were examples of this. Those who heard them speak condemned their voices as harsh and unnatural. Taught now by the "German" system, the same people say they are not unpleasant and are easy to be understood. This I attribute to the constant use of the voice, together with my own increased skill and watchfulness in teaching.

As to the question of signs and finger-talking alone being used, there are some remarks later on on the importance to the general health of exercise being afforded to the lungs, and this seems indeed a sufficiently obvious consideration. Apart from this a person who, although stone deaf is not dumb, is of course in a better position than a deaf mute. The book is one which should be examined by all who have any interest in a question which is of high importance.

The second volume of Mr. Miles's *Pugilistica* (5) affords no less curious and entertaining reading than did the first. No one could be better fitted than Mr. Miles for the task which he has undertaken, and his pictures of the strange doings of the times when "The Ring" was in its glory are very vivid. He writes, not unnaturally, with a strong bias in favour of an exploded practice, and his remarks on the conduct of magistrates who did or did not interfere to prevent prize-fights are amusing; but, when he has to record occasions on which, as at the famous fight which is to be described in his last volume, the ring was broken, and a scene of turbulent disorder took place, he extenuates nothing, but writes of what occurred with severe indignation. There are many instances of the extreme good-nature and even affection displayed to each other by rival pugilists before and after their contests; and in this respect the practice of "The Ring" contrasted advantageously with that which prevails in the only surviving form of prize-fight, the German students' schläger-duel, on which Mr. Miles made some inaccurate but not altogether unjust comments in his former volume. For the member of one corps to have any social relations with the member of another with whom he may be told off any day by his captain to fight would be a startling breach of etiquette. Of the lives included in Mr. Miles's present volume, those of Tom Spring and of Langan are perhaps the most interesting, and both men seem to have been peculiarly distinguished by chivalry towards their antagonists.

The present issue of the *Cambridge University General Almanack and Register* (6) is remarkable for one passage the full absurdity of which can only be realized by University men. Early in the book comes a long list of "Officers of the University," beginning with the Chancellor and ending with the Distributors of Crane's Charity. Then there is a head-line "University Officers," surmounting this extraordinarily heterogeneous catalogue:—

> *Organist.* G. M. Garrett, Mus.D., St. John's. *Clerk.* Henry Smith. *Marshals.* Henry Boning and J. Sheldrick. *Curator of the Botanic Garden.* R. Irwin Lynch. *Curator of the Fitzwilliam Museum.* Prof. S. Colvin, M.A., Trinity.

A new and revised edition has appeared of Messrs. Warne's *Model Cookery-Book* (7), with many illustrations in colours, prepared by Messrs. Kronheim "from the objects themselves."

We remember a work by the author of *Party-giving* (8) which was called *Society Small-Talk*, and in the course of which the writer gave us some entirely new, original, and hopelessly blundering views as to the proper pronunciation of the French language in singing. With this remembrance we are not surprised to hear in the present work of such dishes as *Langues de Bœuf-decorée* and *Dinde farce aux truffes*. Nor is it strange to come upon this passage, "An æsthetic lady had decorated her dinner-table with a profusion of beautiful flowers, and had arranged the *menu* on the like ethereal principles. Her husband's satirical comment on the florid feast was 'une autrefois (*sic*) mon ami (*sic*), moins de fleurs et plus de nourriture.'" We regret to find that the author speaks with approbation of adhering to the conventional arrangement of *entrées* and *relevés* at an English dinner; but this too is not surprising. It is only fair to add that the book is full of carefully compiled statistics as to the probable cost of various kinds of entertainments, and that the author gives perfectly sound advice on the question of champagne at balls, &c.

A Nest of Sparrows (9) is a succession of scenes, partly imagined, but chiefly drawn from life, among poor children in a large city. The tone of the book is thoroughly good, but not goody; the children are like real children; and the squalid scenes amidst which they pass much of their lives are, it is to be feared, very like real scenes. Some of the incidents are singularly touching; and the writing, which is quite free from affectation, is relieved by pleasant bits of child humour.

The translation by Mrs. or Miss Corey of Daudet's *Lettres de mon Moulin* (10) is, on the whole, spirited and commendable; but the translator fails at times, as most translators will fail, in giving any equivalent for French idiom. Here is an instance of such a failure. "The sea, the wind, they had not their natural voices; at every instant it seemed as though some one were calling me from the staircase; with that a fever and a thirst . . . I put my comrade on his bed, and a sheet over him; *the end of a prayer*" (the italics are ours), "and quick to the alarm-signal."

Miss Buckley's *Life and her Children* (11) is another of the many books which she has made on the subject of natural history. Its title, we learn from the preface, "is intended to express the family bond uniting all living things." To treat of this in a small volume of some three hundred pages, is what may be termed, in common parlance, "a large order." The work may, no doubt, be of use in awakening an interest in young minds as to the subjects with which it deals; and probably that is all that was really intended, although the expression in the preface of some such intention is somewhat marred by the statement that the author has

(2) *Abbeys, Castles, and Ancient Halls of England and Wales; their Legendary Lore and Popular History.* By John Timbs. Re-edited, revised, and enlarged by Alexander Gunn. With Illustrations. 3 vols. North, South, and Midland. London: Warne & Co.

(3) *Africa seen through its Explorers.* By Charles H. Eden, F.R.G.S. London: S. P. C. K. New York: Potts, Young, & Co.

(4) *Report of the Proceedings of the International Congress on the Education of the Deaf.* Held at Milan, September 6–11, 1880. Taken from the English Official Minutes read by A. A. Kinsey, Secretary of the English-speaking Section of the Congress, and Principal of the Training College for Teaching of the Deaf on the "German" System at Ealing. With an Appendix. London: Allen & Co.

(5) *Pugilistica; being One Hundred and Forty-four Years of the History of British Boxing.* By Henry Downes Miles. 3 vols. Vol. 2. London: Weldon & Co.

(6) *The Cambridge University General Almanack and Register for the year 1881.* Cambridge and London: Macmillan & Co.

(7) *Warne's Model Cookery.* Compiled and edited by Mary Jewry. Fiftieth Edition. London: Warne & Co.

(8) *Party-giving on every scale.* By the Author of "Manners and Tone of Good Society," &c. London: Warne & Co.

(9) *A Nest of Sparrows.* By M. E. Winchester. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

(10) *Letters from my Mill.* By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by Mary Corey. London: Trübner & Co.

(11) *Life and her Children: Glimpses of Animal Life from the Amœba to the Insects.* By Arabella B. Buckley, Author of "Fairyland of Science," &c. London: Stanford.

hoped to employ "a more systematic way than is usual in ordinary works on Natural History."

Dr. Fothergill's little work on *Food for the Invalid* (12), which is humorously dedicated "To the shade of Edward Gibbon the historian, whose gastronomic proclivities have preserved for us the feasts of Ancient Rome," is not the less a useful book, the receipts given in which may be consulted with advantage, even by people who do not answer to the mystic letters I. C. D. G., which appended to them signify Invalid, Convalescent, Dyspepsia, and Gouty.

"Amung the uther erli reporterz woz Wiliam Wudward, ov the *Morning Kronikel*, who eust to komit u debate to memori, and made sekretli a memorandum ov important passajez. When the 'Hous' roze, he went home, and rote out the hole of the speechez, trusting a litel to hiz memoranda, but chiefli tu hiz memori." The foregoing quotation from *The Literary Ladder* (13) is a specimen of the way in which the whole work is composed, chosen not quite at random, for we have avoided the necessity of quoting any words in which Mr. Reade's or Mr. Pitman's new letters appear. The fact of new letters being employed at all is in itself strong enough evidence against the "Fonetic" system, which may be useful enough for shorthand, but can only, from the specimens hitherto before us, make the learning of spelling from longhand even more difficult than it now is.

Mrs. Gray's volume consists of a series of brightly written sketches (14) of lives of remarkable women, some of which have already appeared in a shorter form in *Good Words* and in *The Sunday Magazine*. The subjects are well chosen and well treated.

The Bishop of Carlisle, as he tells us in his Preface to the new edition of Smith's *Voyage of St. Paul* (15), asked for a copy of the work last year, and was told by his bookseller that it was out of print. He pointed out to the publishers that this was a pity, and they replied by undertaking to produce the present edition, if the Bishop would write a preface to it. The preface, after giving this explanation, points out the qualities which rendered Mr. Smith peculiarly fit to write such a work, and dwells upon the fact that the book is one which should be not merely read, but studied. The Bishop relates how he once complained to the late Dr. Whewell that he had been looking in vain for a copy in the University Library, to which Whewell replied, "Serves you right; every one ought to buy that book." The present edition itself is a corrected reprint of the last published by the author, with certain alterations and additions by the editor.

A second edition has appeared of Mr. Leslie Stephen's well-known work on *English Thought in the Eighteenth Century* (16).

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(12) *Food for the Invalid.* By J. Milner Fothergill, M.D. London: Macmillan & Co.

(13) *The Literary Ladder.* By A. Arthur Reade. London: F. Pitman. Bath: Isaac Pitman, Phonetic Institute.

(14) *Wise Words and Loving Deeds.* A Book of Biographies for Girls. By E. Conder Gray. London: Marshall, Japp, & Co.

(15) *The Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul.* By James Smith, Esq., of Jordan Hill. Fourth Edition. Revised and corrected by Walter E. Smith. With a Preface by the Lord Bishop of Carlisle, and a Memoir of the Author. London: Longmans & Co.

16) *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century.* By Leslie Stephen. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

THE IRON TRADE.—*We find from our correspondence that there has been some misapprehension of a reference, in our last week's article on this subject, to a circular issued by Messrs. Swan and Brothers. In the comparison between the week before last and the corresponding week of last year, the reference intended was not to the outturn in a single week, which would have had no bearing on our argument, but to the stock then actually in the public stores.*

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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IRELAND AND THE CABINET.

THE papers which report from time to time the alleged results of the deliberations of the Cabinet can scarcely be furnished with official information. Their statements are often probable, and they may be true; but Ministers are not in the habit of publishing their decisions, except on rare occasions by common consent. It may also be observed that no similar communications appear to have been made to the steadiest supporters of the Government. For the present, it will be prudent to judge the Ministers only by their public acts. It is certain that they have not altered the day on which Parliament is summoned to meet, and it appears that the War Office and the Horse Guards are actively employed in providing reinforcements for Ireland. The general impression that a Coercion Bill is at once to be introduced on the meeting of Parliament may be accepted as correct. It seems impossible that any Government can miss the opportunity of checking Irish anarchy, or, in the last resort, of throwing upon Parliament the responsibility of refusing the means of restoring peace and order. According to one probable rumour, the project of land legislation is in the first instance to be embodied in resolutions. The suspension of the Habeas Corpus and the other necessary measures of coercion can only take the form of a Bill. It would appear that Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, after another six weeks of dominant crime, for which they are largely responsible, must have consented to the mode of action which was indicated by Mr. GLADSTONE in his Guildhall speech. If he was not misunderstood, and if he still retains the same opinion, his colleagues probably now agree with him that life and property ought to be protected, even by exceptional methods, when the necessity of intervention is clearly demonstrated. Mr. GLADSTONE would perhaps have been satisfied with evidence which was as conclusive in November as it is at Christmas, if he had not thought the presence in the Cabinet of the two Birmingham members more indispensable to the public interest than any restriction of the operations of the Land League; but, according to some rumours, Mr. GLADSTONE himself has been the last to be convinced. The levity with which secondary members of the Government, such as Mr. MUNDELLA, speak of the Irish difficulty and of the policy by which it is to be encountered, may probably be explained by their necessary ignorance of the intentions of the Cabinet. It is their business to support and applaud any measure which may be officially proposed; and they are careful not to commit themselves to the expression of opinions which they might soon be compelled to retract. Coercion or no coercion, Mr. MUNDELLA will, as becomes him, defend the decision of Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr. ARTHUR PEEL, with less caution, lately gave expression to the opinion which ordinary non-official persons hold with increasing confidence and with corresponding feelings of indignation.

The extreme democratic section of the Liberal party, ably represented by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, still cling desperately to their original protest against any Coercion Bill. Mr. PARNELL has rendered impossible the continuance of the direct support which was not long since afforded to his agitation; but the revolutionary party in England still deprecates the passing of any law which could seriously hamper the movements of its former ally. Mr. BRIGHT's doctrine that lawful force is no remedy for lawless force may perhaps be peculiar to himself; but there are fanatics who imagine that to check by legislation new forms of crime is unconstitutional. The authority of the supreme power to correct the proved deficiencies of the law is a part of every constitution. Since DARIUS thought himself bound to throw DANIEL into the den of lions, there has been no more conspicuous example of wilful and stupid impotence. It may be added that the law of the Irish has, unlike the law of the Medes and Persians, been repeatedly altered under pressure of necessity. It is sometimes contended that a Coercion Act would be not only illegitimate, but ineffective. To ordinary minds it seems that the power of detaining offenders without the necessity of relying on legal evidence would of itself go far to the repression of crime. A Land League member of Parliament, called HEALY, was the other day acquitted on a charge of intimidation, because the prosecutor, who had complained of being forced to evacuate his farm by threats uttered by HEALY and another defendant, swore before the Court that his statement to the magistrate had been wilfully false. The use of terror to prevent prosecutions for terrifying is perfectly intelligible. If a rational remedy were applied, justice would not be so easily defeated. When it is asked why ringleaders in outrages are not prosecuted under the existing law, it is a sufficient answer that in the present state of Ireland they cannot be convicted. It may be added that the Land League now intimidate or punish solicitors who conduct prosecutions against their agents and accomplices; that the magistrates are in danger of their lives; and that the League itself is recruited by force. Respectable Protestant clergymen have been compelled by local Leagues to subscribe to the PARNELL Defence Fund; and many persons have enrolled themselves in the League under a threat of the form of excommunication which is known as "Boycotting." Of one outrage the leaders of the Land League may be acquitted, except as far as they have for their own purposes roused the criminal passions of the populace. In wrecking the Protestant church of Ballynahinch, the local patriots have prematurely disclosed the ultimate tendency of the present social rebellion.

When Parliament meets the explanations of Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues will be awaited with curiosity, and received in a spirit which, it is to be feared, may be rather critical than benevolent. Unless he can produce a justification of his long-continued inaction, the Government will be convicted of a neglect of duty which, notwithstanding the best intentions, will have been little less than criminal. If it appears that Mr. FORSTER was, in deference to Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, refused the powers for which he asked, he at least will not be able to excuse the conduct of the Cabinet. It is not worth while to inquire what may happen, if, after all that has passed, the Government still refuse to introduce a Coercion Bill. It must be assumed for the purpose of argument that they will insist on the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, on authority to disarm districts, and on the prohibition of seditious meetings. Other provisions taken from former Peace Preservation Acts may perhaps be included in the Bill. The great majority of the House of Commons will cordially support the measure, though it will amount to an acknowledgment of the justice of the charges which have been brought against the Government. If such a Bill is required in February, it ought to have been passed in

November. The Land League has in the interval extended its despotism over a large portion of Ireland, but it has invented only one or two novel forms of cruelty and oppression. With the obstruction which will undoubtedly be offered by the Irish members and a small and sympathetic English contingent the House of Commons must deal. The regular Opposition will not commit so gross a blunder as to fail to support the Government in the maintenance of Parliamentary freedom. There is no room for petty sectional divisions in a House which can only assert its dignity by the union of all well-affected members.

The Cabinet is so far unanimous that it continues to exist. It must, therefore, have agreed on the two great questions of coercion and of legislation on the tenure of land in Ireland. Whether the Ministerial project takes the shape of a Bill or of resolutions, Mr. GLADSTONE has probably induced or compelled his colleagues to assent to the simultaneous introduction of repression and of a permanent agrarian measure. Before the beginning of the Session the Report of the BESSBOROUGH Commission will have been completed, and the Ministers are already in possession of its main recommendations. If there were any advantage in discussing a mode of proceeding which will be selected by the Government at its discretion, plausible objections might be raised to the implied doctrine that life and property are not to be secured except at the price of concession to those by whom they are threatened. It would be necessary to strengthen the executive power if no sophist had ever selected the tenure of land as the subject-matter of his paradoxical lucubrations. A more serious objection to the ostentatious association of the two measures consists in the wholly experimental character of any law which can be devised for the regulation of the tenure of land. There is respectable authority for the opinion that the extension of ownership by small occupiers will greatly aggravate both the frequency and severity of distress, and the very evils which the advocates of the scheme desire to remove. The objections to peasant proprietorship are perhaps not insuperable, and they will certainly be disregarded by a Government of which Mr. BRIGHT is one of the most resolute members, and which will be advised by Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE. The objections to fixity of tenure, with arbitrated rents and saleable tenant right, are economically conclusive; but, if the scheme is recommended by Lord BESSBOROUGH and his colleagues, it will probably be adopted. There is no want of experts who predict the failure of the plan; and neither fixity of tenure nor purchase of their holdings by the occupiers will conciliate the Land League. It is easy to imagine the repugnance with which a section of the Cabinet will acquiesce in the decisions of colleagues with whom they have not a feeling nor an opinion in common; but the weaker party, which may perhaps not be a minority, judges wisely in postponing as long as possible the inevitable disruption. It is desirable that the whole Liberal party should be responsible for the approaching legislation. The influence of the moderate section will have been more effectively exerted within the Cabinet than in Parliament or out-of-doors. The remarkable suspension of all reports of resignation of individual members perhaps represents a comparatively moderate scheme of legislation.

THE BONAPARTIST REVIVAL.

BONAPARTISM has unexpectedly shown that it is still alive and still vigorous. Prince NAPOLEON has started a halfpenny newspaper of his own in which he repudiates the compromising alliances which have done the party so much mischief, and proclaims a policy which shall avoid the two extremes of reaction and revolution. Bonapartism, on the PRINCE's theory, can never be either clerical or destructive. It will know how to defend the State against extravagant pretensions on both sides. It will truckle neither to the Church nor to the Commune. It is not so very long ago that this programme would have had no attractions for the French people. They would have pleaded that they had already in the Republic all that Prince NAPOLEON could possibly offer them. So long as this could be said with any truth Bonapartism had no chance. It tried to make one by associating itself with the reactionists, but in doing so it only did additional injury to itself. But of late the Republic has opened fire upon the Conservatives from all points at once. They are not even treated as belligerents to be fought and beaten, but as rebels to be disarmed by way of precaution. If all the measures that are now in the air are adopted, it is hard to say what means of action they will retain, and if any prove to have been left to them by inadvertence, the mistake will promptly be set right. In order to estimate the prospects of the Bonapartist revival, it is essential to give full weight to the extraordinary change which has come over the character and policy of the existing Republic.

The dispersion of the great teaching orders was intended to deprive the middle classes of the bringing up of their own children. Wealthy men to whom the cost of education is immaterial, and who do not want to start their sons in an official or professional career, can still choose teachers for them. They can send them to the schools which the dispersed orders will set up in England, or they can keep them at home and employ the members of these dispersed orders as tutors. But the middle-class Frenchman will be in a different position. He has not the money to do either of these things; and, even if he had, he cannot afford to endanger his son's prospects. A foreign education, or a home education, is a bad preparation for competition in State examinations with young men who have been brought up in State schools. Still, in a country in which every man has a vote, the education of the middle classes is not as determining an element of policy as it is in countries where the suffrage is restricted; and, if the Church can retain the education of the poor, she may hope to survive the alienation of the class above them. The Education Bills now before the Legislature show that the Republican Government is quite as much alive to this as the Church can be. The Chamber of Deputies has already determined that elementary education shall be free, secular, and compulsory. If this arrangement is really carried out, the peasantry will no longer be allowed to leave their children untaught, and, as they will not be able to teach them at home, they will be forced to send them to school. In theory they will be at liberty to choose to what school they will send them. As a matter of fact, there will usually be but one school, and, even if there be more than one, education at the communal school will be free, while at any other school there must, with rare exceptions, be a charge made. The cases in which a French peasant will pay money for his child's schooling when he can have it for nothing will probably be few. When the Church is thus headed as regards the training of the young, she may be inclined to try her hand upon grown men. If she can no longer get at the children, it becomes all the more important to get at the parents. Something, indeed, has already been done in this direction. In nearly a hundred French towns there are Catholic Working Men's Societies, including several in Paris itself. What success these Societies have had is not very clear; but it has been enough to justify the holding of a "Congress" last September, and to recommend them to the attention of the Government. Their existence is at best precarious, since they are only authorized by a prefect's decree, which may be revoked at any moment. The Republican journals have been greatly shocked that Associations which are simply so many instruments of propagating anti-Republican doctrines should continue to exist under a Republic which has the power to suppress them. The prefects have at last realized their duty in the matter, and the offending Societies are being everywhere dissolved. In mere pity for the poor misguided workmen who might otherwise be seduced into joining them the Government could not do less. The active diffusion of Catholic ideas is inconvenient to the Republic; and, as the state of the law with regard to Associations gives the Government the power of checking it, their supporters are not inclined to allow them to leave this power unused. To men in this humour no weapon comes amiss. The Royal and the Imperial armouries are alike made to give up their dead. When the Church is the object of attack every precedent is good, whether it breathes the spirit of LOUIS XIV. or the spirit of NAPOLEON I.

A remarkable instance of this has lately been furnished by the *République Française*. The Government and the POPE were for some time unable to agree as to the filling up of certain vacant bishoprics, and as the Concordat, while it assigns the nomination of bishops to the State, reserves to the POPE the right of conferring

canonical institution, it has commonly been supposed that the State would have to go on making nominations until it found some one whom the Pope would accept. The *République Française* insists that this is altogether a mistake. The Fourth Article of the Concordat does, it is true, make this division of powers, and if there were no further legislation on the subject, the refusal of canonical institution by the Pope would be a case not provided for. But there has been further legislation. In 1811 a National Council of more than a hundred bishops assembled at Paris, and decreed that, if the Pope did not confer canonical institution on the bishops nominated by the State within six months from his appointment, the Metropolitan, or, if he refused, the senior bishop, of the province should confer it instead of the Pope. This decree was presented to the Pope by a deputation of bishops, and confirmed by him in a brief given at Savona on the 20th of September, 1811. All therefore that the Minister of Public Worship has to do is to nominate what bishops he pleases, and, if the Pope refuses to give them canonical institution, to let the six months allowed by law to run out, and then to call upon the Metropolitan to give it. It is hard to say whether the impudence or the rashness of this suggestion is the more remarkable. Its impudence appears in the mention of the place at which the Papal Brief was signed. Why is it dated from Savona, and not from Rome? Because Pius VII. was then a prisoner in the hands of Napoleon I. The Brief was issued under duress, and even then did not satisfy the Emperor, because it was not in all particulars a reproduction of the decree on which it was professedly founded. Nor does the decree itself deserve any more respect. The so-called Council at first declared itself incompetent to entertain the question of canonical institution, and it did not find out that it was competent to entertain it until violent pressure had been brought to bear by the Emperor upon the bishops. Even if the decree and the Brief were not alike nullified by the circumstances under which they were obtained, what could be more insane than to set up, nearly a century after the Revolution, a fresh succession of "constitutional" bishops and priests? Even Prince Bismarck kept clear of this last blunder. He refused to recognize the Pope's bishops, but he did not try to force a Catholic population to accept his bishops instead of the Pope's. Such a proposal is all the more irritating that it is made by a journal which is constantly proclaiming that the separation of Church and State is a thing not to be permitted. The Church is not told to choose between accepting the disabilities and resigning the advantages of her position. She is plainly warned that she will have to keep both.

A French Conservative who sees that he is to be practically prevented from propagating his opinions, or a French Churchman who sees that he is not to be allowed to have bishops such as he can accept, might heretofore have comforted himself with two reflections. There was a chance that the new Chamber might be less revolutionary than the existing Chamber, and the chance that, under a process of judicial interpretation, the new legislation might prove insufficient to produce all the results which its authors expect from it. It is plainly intended that the victims shall no longer enjoy either of these consolations. The present constituencies are not sufficiently under the control of a central organization to vote the party ticket with becoming certainty and completeness. Too many reactionaries still creep into seats, and delay, though they cannot prevent, the adoption of salutary laws. Under the *Scrutin de liste* the number of the constituencies will be reduced and the number of members for each constituency increased; and it is hoped that in this way the Conservative minority in each department will everywhere be an unrepresented minority. It is another question whether in the long run extreme Republican views will gain by the change; but there can be no doubt that the opinion of extreme Republicans is that they will gain; and certainly it is only in a somewhat dim future that any indication of a contrary result can be discerned. The next Chamber, in all probability, will be more Radical than the present. In that case the only refuge left to the Conservatives or the Church will be the Courts of Law, and of this the Magistracy Bill now before the Senate proposes to deprive them. What does it matter that an old law turns out to be inapplicable to the case to which it is sought to apply it, or that a loophole has been discovered in a new law which [illegible] a way of escape from it? Such discoveries are [illegible] valuable when there are independent judges to whom the question can be referred. In France for many a year to come there will be no independent judges. They will all be at the mercy of the Government for a year after the Bill becomes law, and a Government which has sacrificed so much to obtain the right of dismissing them may be trusted not to let the right go unused. Thus the Republic is, to all appearance, determined to convince the Conservatives that they have nothing to gain by submission. They are to be executed anyhow; the only choice left them has reference to the position in which they will await the final stroke. It has yet to be seen whether the Republic has been wise in thus driving its enemies to bay. Prince Napoleon evidently thinks that it has not been wise. He sees a new opportunity opening out before him, and at once reaches forward to seize it. He does so, no doubt, in a way special to himself. He does not present himself in the character of a Conservative, because to do this would be to dissociate himself from the active forces of French politics; but he offers the Conservatives the choice between a reasonable democracy and a democracy filled to overflowing with theoretical and fanatical enthusiasms—between a democracy which will leave them alone and a democracy which will eat them up. It will not be surprising if in this aspect Prince Napoleon should more and more come to be regarded as the protector the Conservatives have vainly tried to find among their own party.

IRISH ANARCHY.

THE obstinate resistance of the extreme Radical party to the employment of vigorous methods of repression in Ireland is probably not to be attributed to any direct sympathy with the projects of Mr. Parnell. Mr. Bright, Mr. Chamberlain, and the evening journal which expresses, with some additional bitterness of its own, the opinions of the ultra-democratic party, tolerate seditious anarchy not for its own sake, but in the belief that the existing reign of terror will induce the Government to propose a sweeping measure for the readjustment of property in land. It is not surprising that Radical writers should have at the same time welcomed and ridiculed the remarkable document in which Mr. Forster calls the attention of local authorities to the nominal provisions of the actual law. The Irish Government itself does not escape the censure of its friends, although they willingly accept the apparent admission that exceptional securities for life and property are comparatively superfluous. Their attacks on the magistrates and police are more unqualified; and yet the Irish Constabulary have throughout the disturbances exhibited all the courage, the discipline, and the unsuspected loyalty for which they are justly renowned. There may be some pretext for the complaint that they are not remarkably successful in detecting crime; but they have not a fair opportunity of displaying their sagacity. In many cases they know the criminals who, as ringleaders or as hired assassins, have executed the mandates of the Land League; but it is useless to arrest or prosecute offenders against whom no evidence will be forthcoming in a community consisting of their accomplices. The magistrates are still more powerless, because they are themselves exposed to threats and violence. If the police had been three months ago authorized to arrest in every district a dozen or a score of the paid agents of the Land League, and if the demagogues had been restrained from making inflammatory speeches, tranquillity would perhaps have been re-established as under the Westmeath Act of 1870. Even now the peaceable part of the population would be encouraged by decided action on the part of the Government to refuse obedience to the League. The shameful and selfish negligence which has supplied the disaffected population with arms will hereafter perhaps bear its fruit in the form of civil war. The immediate wants of Ireland are the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, the prohibition of seditious meetings, and the prevention of the further acquisition of arms. No plausible excuse has been given by the apologists of the Government for its refusal to discharge the plainest of duties. The condition of Ireland has become week by week more dangerous and more intolerable, although Mr. Davitt lately asserted that the

Land League had never encouraged the perpetration of outrages. The victims are in some cases landlords who have spent their lives in correcting the evils arising from Irish land tenure. Lord KENMARE has spent vast sums and a large portion of his life in improving the condition of his dependents. Mr. BENCE JONES was surrounded by a thriving tenantry, who owed their prosperity entirely to himself; yet, under the direction of the Land League, he is excluded from intercourse with his neighbours. His servants leave him; his neighbours will not buy or sell with him; his cattle cannot be driven through the streets of Dublin or shipped in a steamer for England. Such tyranny and cruelty have not been known since the French Reign of Terror. The English Ministers will hardly acquit themselves of a share in the guilt.

The opponents of so-called coercion, and the theorists who propose the modification or abolition of property in land, are naturally anxious to use the abnormal condition of Ireland as an occasion for creating a precedent which may be applicable to other communities. A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, while he prudently deprecated simultaneous agitation against landowners in England and in Ireland, quoted with unconcealed exultation a recent attempt to transfer Irish communism to England. Mr. GLADSTONE lately stated that he was not aware of any proposal for dealing with the relations of English landlords and tenants on the principles which in exceptional circumstances might be deemed necessary for Ireland. He will perhaps be surprised at a demand which a Sussex farmer appears to have preferred at a meeting of an agricultural association or committee. In requiring fixity of tenure for occupiers who had deliberately agreed to rent land for a limited time, the Sussex Land-leaguer only followed the example of Mr. BARCLAY, who is both a tenant-farmer and a member of Parliament. He also proposed that the amount of rent, notwithstanding the stipulation of any lease or agreement, should be regulated by an independent tribunal; and finally, warming to his subject, he insisted that the tenant ought to be allowed to acquire the freehold by compulsory sale at a price to be similarly determined. The sympathetic journalist chuckles over the sordid impudence of the covetous farmer as an indication of the fate which impends over English landowners. It is possible that the Sussex farmer, or any one of his neighbours, may in the ordinary course of business have borrowed money from his banker. A loan of 1,000*l.* for three months at 5 per cent. would be a not unusual transaction. If the debtor is consistent in dealing with the different persons with whom he may have made contracts, he might propose that the three months should be extended to a perpetual term; that the rate of interest should, at the discretion of a Court, be reduced to three and a half or three per cent.; and finally, that he should be allowed to compound with his creditors on conditions to be settled by arbitration. There is not the smallest difference between the two kinds of contract or the resulting obligations. The lessor of the Sussex farmer must have acquired his land by some process of purchase or inheritance as lawfully as if it had been the capital or credit of a banker. The only distinction between the cases is that the cupidity of the Sussex farmer has been stimulated by pedants and agitators who have selected land as the subject-matter of revolutionary experiment. If the Sussex farmer had studied Continental literature of the same class, he would have found that in other countries capital is denounced by communists as more invidious and more justly liable to confiscation than property in land.

The enemies of landowners are ill advised in dwelling on the undoubted analogy which applies to all schemes of partial or total expropriation. They would be more likely to obtain the united support of the Liberal party for sweeping Irish measures if they could reassure them as to the security of property in Great Britain. The use which theorists have made of the Act of 1870 in their attacks on landed property elsewhere are fresh in the recollection of all who are interested. Prudent agitators will for the moment dwell on the necessity of appeasing Irish discontent, and on the admitted fact that a large portion of Irish occupiers are exclusively dependent on the cultivation of the soil. It might even be judicious to call attention to the wide difference between large farms occupied by capitalists, and small holdings in which it is difficult to maintain a family by hard labour. It is perhaps useless to recommend any form of moderation to politicians who are ready to fish in troubled waters. The same advice may be more urgently impressed on the opponents of the Government. Even if they had a chance of defeating any moderate measure which may possibly be proposed, it would not be for the interest of the Conservative party to undertake the responsibility of legislation. It will be difficult or impossible to reconcile with economic principles any scheme which may be devised to benefit the Irish tenant at the expense of the landlord; but it is certain that something must be done; and those who are fortunate in not having to do it themselves would be ungenerous and unjust if they objected captiously to the proposals of the responsible Government. It would be absurd for English Conservatives to reject schemes which may possibly find favour with the unhappy landlords of Ireland; and it would be suicidal to form an unnatural alliance with the Land League which will assuredly denounce as futile the Ministerial Land Bill. The remonstrances which have been addressed to the Government for its toleration of anarchy are essentially fair and expedient; and it follows that practical support should be afforded to the measures of coercion which will probably be introduced at the beginning of the Session. No sensible member of the Opposition can at present wish to cause a rupture in the Cabinet; nor is it desirable to weaken the Executive Government in the presence of assailants who are also public enemies. Any form of Parliamentary obstruction would be acceptable to Mr. PARNELL.

TURKEY AND GREECE.

THE Note addressed by the Porte to the Hellenic Government, and since communicated to all the Powers, admits of more than one interpretation. It is impossible to deny the right of a State which is publicly threatened with war to anticipate the attack. The excuse of internal difficulties which has been offered to the European Powers would be summarily and rightly disregarded by Turkey. A Government which confesses or affects inability to restrain the aggressive propensities of its subjects invites a rupture with any neighbour who may find himself threatened. The Greeks are now warned that a continuance of their preparations will be followed by a suspension of friendly relations; and it is plainly indicated that the diplomatic rupture will lead to war. Unless the weaker party can confidently reckon on external aid, a deliberate collision with the forces which will occupy the disputed districts would be suicidal. A crushing defeat would be more dangerous to the Government and dynasty than any minor cause of discontent. The cession of Dulcigno has set at liberty a large body of regular troops who have already been withdrawn from Upper Albania. It is estimated that within a few weeks a hundred thousand men may without difficulty be concentrated in Epirus and Thessaly. The Greeks will scarcely be able during the ensuing spring to bring one-half of the number into the field; and it may be said, without disparagement of the military qualities of the nation, that in discipline and solidity the Turkish veterans would have an overwhelming superiority. In Thessaly the assistance of a friendly population might do something to redress the balance, unless indeed the reported antagonism of the Vlaques to Greek supremacy introduces an unforeseen element of confusion. The Northern parts of Epirus are within reach of the Albanian tribes, who, notwithstanding their occasional demand of independence, would probably be faithful to the SULTAN in a contest with a foreign enemy. The inclination of the inhabitants of Epirus is at present doubtful. A recent visitor to the country is of opinion that they are not ready for annexation to Greece, although he thinks that they may hereafter be gradually conciliated. Other authorities may probably arrive at a different conclusion; but it would not be prudent to declare war against a superior adversary in reliance on conjecture.

There seems to be reason to believe that the warlike language of King GEORGE and his Ministers was founded on communications which the KING believed himself to have received during his recent visit to Europe. It is probable that the English Government may have undertaken to co-operate with France; and it is said that M. GAMBETTA, who has always favoured the Greek cause, gave the KING satisfactory assurances. Reports of informal negotiations are not to be implicitly trusted. It is difficult

to believe that M. GAMBETTA would avow to a foreign potentate, however friendly, his possession of the paramount influence which he is popularly believed to exercise. The French Ministry have not confirmed the supposed promises of the PRESIDENT of the CHAMBER, unless M. DE MORNY has been authorized to give fresh assurances of support in his recent conversation with the KING. M. GRÉVY has on more than one occasion shown his unwillingness to tolerate usurpation of his prerogative. There must probably be some foundation for the story of M. GAMBETTA's assurances, for it is difficult to account for the language addressed to the Greek Chamber, if the Government relied exclusively on its own forces. It is impossible to say whether additional encouragement has been derived from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's unwarrantable declaration that the Greeks, if they went to war, would not be left alone. Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE have a sufficiently arduous task without the additional embarrassment which may be caused by indiscreet colleagues. If the questionable measure of intercepting the Turkish customs duties at Smyrna was communicated to King GEORGE, he must at the same time have been informed that the execution of the plan was conditional on the participation of some of the other Powers, and especially of France. The English Ministers have since plainly stated that they are not disposed to act alone. By forcing on a rupture with Turkey the Greek Government would thwart the policy of its best friends; and it would probably incur the serious displeasure of Austria and Germany. There is no reason to believe that Russia is disposed to assist in an enterprise which is scarcely consistent with the extension of Slavonic influence. Public declarations are always to be received with suspicion when they conflict with obvious expediency. The KING and his Ministers may perhaps threaten immediate war in the hope of extorting concessions.

A similar interpretation has been placed by serious commentators on the Turkish Note. The Porte might perhaps have made the Greek preparations for war an excuse for refusing all territorial concessions; and there can be little doubt that they would have peremptorily defied their adversary if the Great Powers had not been in a certain sense parties to the controversy. The decision of the Berlin Conference was perhaps hasty, as the award was published without the assent of one of the principals to the arbitration; but when all Europe has concurred in a solemn judgment, it cannot be lightly set aside. The Turks may perhaps have reason to believe that some of the parties to the Berlin Conference are not unwilling to modify a claim which may have partly resulted from misapprehension. In the recent Note the Turkish Government prudently recognizes the principle of a cession of territory, and even refers to its own previous professions of willingness to negotiate. It is true that the Turkish Commissioners caused perpetual delays, and that they would never agree to any proposal of their Greek colleagues; but they and their Government consistently allowed that something must be done. The Note expresses a desire to renew the negotiations; and, if the Greeks are well advised, they will profit by the occasion of delay. The statesmen who have lately applied diplomatic pressure both at Athens and at Constantinople may perhaps have induced both parties to take into consideration some modification of the frontiers which were respectively proposed by the Turks and by the plenipotentiaries at Berlin. The warlike language, the financial sacrifices, and the considerable armaments of Greece may possibly have suggested to the Turkish Government the expediency of settling a dangerous question. On the whole, the tendency of the so-called ultimatum seems to be pacific.

It is unknown how far the Greek Government may have trusted to unavowed auxiliaries as well as to its real or supposed patrons; but both Turkey and Greece are well aware that an invasion of Thessaly and Epirus might probably provoke insurrections in Macedonia and East Roumelia. The apprehension of such a result and of the further complications which might ensue has probably induced Austria, and therefore Germany, to promote a peaceable settlement of the dispute. Russia also is perhaps not disinclined to adjourn for the present an inevitable conflict. Even if the present interests of the enemies of Turkey may coincide, far-seeing Greek politicians will scarcely be inclined to extend and consolidate the power of formidable rivals. They are more likely to inherit portions of Turkish territory which remain for the present under the dominion of the SULTAN than provinces which may acquire nominal independence under a Russian protectorate. Judicious Western politicians, though they are less inclined to indulge in vague speculation, regard with goodwill the prospect of the future aggrandizement of Greece. No other race in South-Eastern Europe possesses the same political and commercial capacity; and a considerable Greek kingdom would be more independent than any minor Slavonic State. It is probably not true that any Government has lately suggested as a compromise the substitution of Crete for Epirus. The incomplete title which is founded on the decisions of the Congress and of the Conference could not extend to an alternative acquisition. It also happens that Crete has for some time past been comparatively tranquil under an endurable Constitution. The Mahometan population would justly remonstrate against a diplomatic transaction which would transfer their allegiance to an alien Government, and it would not be easy to defend an arbitrary arrangement. Hereafter the Greeks may not improbably succeed in annexing Crete and other islands which are now subject to Turkish sovereignty; but Europe cannot afford to allow the disturbance of peace by the premature prosecution of ambitious schemes. It is obvious that the cession of Crete would leave open the claim of Thessaly and Epirus to liberation, even if it were accepted in discharge of its claims by the Government of Athens. If the Greek Ministers studied the report of the late meeting of their friends in London, they will have come to the conclusion that in England there is for the moment little enthusiasm on their behalf. They will do well, notwithstanding the encouragement which may be derived from Sir CHARLES DILKE's speech, to accept the overtures to negotiate which are made in the Turkish Note.

JUDGE AND RECTOR.

LORD PENZANCE will, at all events when he sums up the events of his conspicuous career, be able to enjoy the legitimate satisfaction of having been both actively and passively successful in displaying in no common measure, and in many striking and unexpected lights, that love of law which is happily characteristic of the English as compared with the Irish character. He was active in the good work when he signed the significavits which have consigned Mr. DALE and Mr. ENRAGHT to prison. Again he promoted the good cause passively on the day when Mr. CHARLES addressed the Queen's Bench, and was successful in obtaining the Habeas Corpus and the rules *nisi* which threw upon the learned Judge the interesting and profitable task, not only of disproving that, in contributing to this imprisonment of ritualistic law-breakers, he had made himself (not to mention the Bishop of EXETER) a breaker and not a guardian of the law, but even of rebutting allegations which went the length of impugning his claim to be the Dean of Arches at all. After a few days' suspense he has come out successful on all points; but, thanks to the energy with which prosecution has been pushed in the spirit of persecution, even a formal success can be damaging if it involves any *primâ facie* possibility of the ridiculous conclusion being reached that the real law-breaker was not the man who went to prison, but the man who had sent him there. There are law-breakers and there are law-breakers. But in this case the choice was confined to breaking law in reference to a religious ceremony or breaking it in reference to a legal ceremony. Either Lord PENZANCE in Court or Mr DALE in prison had merely done wrong in a matter of rites and forms; and the action of the Judge, like that of the priest, contains no element of violence, dishonesty, or immorality.

The final decision of the Judges of the Queen's Bench did not, we confess, much surprise us. Had the result been otherwise, it would not have touched the real merits of the question, which lie very much deeper than mere flaws of technical procedure. Lord COLERIDGE and Justices FIELD and MANISTY overruled all the subtle objections raised in the case. Mr. DALE accordingly is remanded to Holloway Gaol, and the application in behalf of Mr. ENRAGHT is refused. But one very notable point, and pregnant, it may be, with consequences of very great importance, was established by the judgment. The claim of Lord PENZANCE to be Dean of the Arches is de-

clared to rest upon his Parliamentary title to the office. Parliament is omnipotent, and it has made Lord PENZANCE Dean of Arches. The one proviso, that he is to profess himself a member of the Church of England, supersedes all other conditions, qualifications, and safeguards imposed either by usage or the Canons Ecclesiastical. It is not to be expected that this settlement of the question will satisfy the scruples of those who deny, and are ready to go to prison for denying, that Lord PENZANCE, however truly he may be by Act of Parliament an ecclesiastical judge, has any spiritual authority whatever. Few people, when the matter is clearly put before them, will contend that spiritual authority, such as can touch men's consciences as well as their purses and persons, can be conferred by the civil power. We have most certainly not yet seen the end of this controversy.

Meanwhile, the real value of the bold policy of which Mr. CHARLES was the mouthpiece in attempting to effect Mr. DALE's release must be measured far more by its effect upon public opinion than by its immediate effect upon the status either of Judge or of rector. The root of the matter is how to indemnify the Church for a distracted past by a satisfactory future. We have no sympathy for law-breaking by judge, prelate, or parson, while that general wrongheadedness, which all through the ritual struggle has been the one touch of nature which has made all sides akin, reduces us to silence on the special wrongheadedness of any particular party on any given occasion. The inquiry, more metaphysical than legal, whether Mr. DALE was justified in his method of testing judge-made law—a method, by the way, borrowed from a certain old squire of Bucks named HAMPDEN—can only be met by the equally metaphysical inquiry how far Lord PENZANCE vindicated his character of a large-minded and forbearing guide in days of difficulty and distress when he took up the office of Dean of Arches by the risky way, when he might have taken the safe one. These considerations may provoke exciting contests of wit for debating societies, but men of practical sense will prefer to ask what can be done to make it impossible hereafter for judges to find themselves in the position in which Lord PENZANCE has been placed by fate, or for clergymen to take the line which Mr. DALE has thought it his duty to adopt, or, least of all, for Unions and Associations to shake their fists in each other's faces in the name of the peace of our Church and of the prosperity of our useful and venerable Establishment.

The immediate failure of Mr. DALE's friends to procure his release is of course a present rebuff to all who suffer under the tyranny of the Church Association. But the movement is not without moral advantage in the suspicion which a contention of so unprecedented a character has thrown upon the whole machinery of persecution in which the Church Association and its allies the Churchwardens of St. Vedast's have hitherto revelled with shameless impunity. If, as we must do, we grant that religious persecution is an anachronism, it follows that its roots are struck in very shallow ground. Persecutors have before now discovered to their cost that their formal victory was after all a moral defeat; and such a disgraceful one as that which has been gained over the hapless Mr. DALE will prove to be really the first in a series of blows which will surely, though perhaps slowly, overturn the dead weight of the exclusive and unsympathetic Puritanism which lies so heavy upon all the functions of the Church of England. Two centuries back the ultra-Protestants were the "law-breakers," and JOHN BUNYAN went to prison. It is now the turn of the Ritualists, and Puritanism, in its rival organizations of the Church Association and the Liberation Society, has shown its capacity for improving on its own sharp, clear lesson in persecution. It is much to be hoped that counsels of wisdom and moderation may prevail, and some *modus vivendi* be discovered by which the two diverging schools of thought in the Church of England may continue to dwell side by side with mutual toleration. England, and the Church of England, can spare neither of them. We should be very sorry to anticipate that Puritanism, or, as it pleases in modern times to call itself, Evangelicalism, would ever be driven out from the confines of one tolerant Establishment. With all its shortcomings, that method of thought has noble qualities, and assimilates itself to the English character in some of its most sturdy attributes. A warning example against such a mistake may be found in the history of the later Roman Church, which forgot its usual prudence when it extirpated the outward manifestations of Jansenism. Since that unfortunate period, the moral fibre of Romanism has visibly weakened, and the area of its intellectual supremacy proportionately contracted. But Puritanism must be taught how to content itself with abiding within the English Church on the terms which it now arrogantly refuses to concede to its rival co-religionists. "Live and let live" is the sum total of the plea of the ceremonial party. "Yes," answers the Puritan, "we are "going to live, and we do not object to your living too, "only your life is to be spent in prison." Whatever may be the faults of the Ritualists, they never have been, and we believe they are never likely to be, guilty of volunteering to act as the amateur gaolers of brother Churchmen. But, long-suffering in this respect as they may be, they have resolved upon retaliating by forcing their antagonists to endure their co-existence as free men within a common Church.

The only possible alternative to this issue is one which no thoughtful man can wish to face. It is disruption, to be surely followed, if not preceded, by disestablishment. No mistake can be greater, on the part of our civil or ecclesiastical rulers, than to suppose that only a few extreme men, who might with advantage be spared, are affected by these measures of persecution. The action of the Church Association is a standing menace to the whole phalanx, compact and formidable as it is, of the old-fashioned moderate High Churchmen. And the unhappy Public Worship Regulation Act, as to the satisfactory working of which its archiepiscopal author can scarcely, we think, continue to boast, is a weapon ready for anybody's hand wherewith to smite his neighbour. If this Act were impartially put in action all round, there are none, "bishops "or curates," who might not be its victims. Happily it is only likely to be used against those for whom it was ungenerously devised, the unpopular party of the day. That party, however, which is fast absorbing the energy and zeal of the growing generation, is likely to be vastly strengthened by the accession of multitudes of quiet men who are, with some reason, alarmed at the present aspect of affairs. How deeply people's minds are moved by the discovery, no longer to be ignored, that the action of the Legislature, as expounded and enforced (we do not say wrongly enforced) by the Courts of Law, has altered, without the assent and consent of the Church, the ancient relations between the Church and the State, may be seen in the important letter in which the eminent and respected Dean of ST. PAUL's goes at once to the root of the matter, and declares that "a State Church "deriving all its rights, duties, and powers from Parlia- "ment" would be rejected by three-fourths of the English clergy. If this be true, disestablishment must before long come within the range of practical politics. We do not wonder that the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, addressing some of the clergy of his diocese, has urgently counselled present moderation in speech and action, and has even held out some hope of relief to the present strained state of affairs from the possible action of Convocation. It may thus be that the reimprisonment of Mr. DALE may prove to be a Pyrrhic victory to his persecutors, and that from the failure to effect his release by mere legal technicalities may date the growth of a sounder public opinion as to the true relations of Church and State.

MADAME THIERS.

It is not often that the wife of a statesman, however eminent, has so wide a celebrity that her death is regarded as a matter of European interest. And yet Mme. THIERS was, except to her own circle, nothing more than the wife of M. THIERS. She had intellectual vivacity, much decision of character, and many gifts of form and fortune. But many wives of great men have had equal merits and advantages, without attracting more attention than awaits every woman whose husband occupies a great position. What gave Mme. THIERS a unique celebrity was her worship of her husband. She was married at fifteen and M. THIERS was then Minister of the Interior. To the husband who had won such distinction at the age of thirty-six with nothing to help him but his keen wit, his irrepressible energy, and his tenacious grasp of a few political principles sensible rather than wide or original, she devoted herself with an ardour that carried its jealous watchfulness into every detail of daily life. Whatever he did, she thought

admirable; whatever he said, she thought sublime; whatever he wrote, she thought perfect. He got up at five in the morning, so she got up at five; he had a fancy for works in bronze, so she adored works in bronze; he thought green suited his eyes, so she made her rooms gorgeous with the colour that he loved. She was a clever woman, but she only valued her Latin because it enabled her to read the classics with him; and she used her knowledge of foreign languages merely to read to him useful extracts from foreign journals. She had wealth and official position, but she was entirely indifferent to social success. Her reception rooms were to her merely the place where those who had the privilege of entering might find M. Thiers. A man who was a friend of M. Thiers was once for all great and good; a man who was not did not exist for her at all; an enemy of M. Thiers was an enemy of the human race. The loss of such a husband to such a wife was necessarily overwhelming, and her only consolation was to prolong by strange and tender devices the worship of the loved one she had lost. She filled his room with every statue, bust, picture, engraving, and photograph of him that she could procure, and reverently piled up on this altar of her affections every journal that spoke well of him. Journals that criticized him could have no place in the sanctuary. There she could be alone with him, and it was not so much with his memory as with his actual presence that she was alone. Devotion so passionate and so sustained was no doubt a high tribute to the character of M. Thiers. However blind a woman may be to faults, she can hardly go on worshipping a man for half a century unless he has much in him that justifies enthusiasm in those who know him best. But what makes love of this kind rare is not that it is difficult to deserve it so much as that it is difficult to feel it. Only exceptional natures can love in this way, and it is perhaps as well that they are exceptional. But when they exist and find a fitting outlet for their powers, and this outlet takes the form of a husband whose acts and thoughts affect the fortunes of nations, they naturally attract the wondering, and perhaps admiring, attention of mankind.

The year in which M. Thiers died was the greatest, if the saddest, in the life of his wife. No homage ever rendered to him was so marked, because none was so spontaneous and sincere, as that which he received from the Chamber when it reassembled, in June 1877, after the change of Ministry which Marshal MacMahon had so suddenly brought about. The Chamber had been prorogued, and was brought together in order to hear that it was to be dissolved. M. de Fourtou gave his account of the reasons that had prompted the stroke of May 16 and of the views of those who had contrived or profited by it. There was, he said, no reason to distrust them, as they had been members of the Assembly of 1871, which had liberated the country. As if by a magical impulse, the whole House, with the exception of the Right, which was awed into silence, started to its feet, and, turning to M. Thiers, shouted with one voice, "Voilà le libéra-"teur du pays." This was the last time M. Thiers appeared in public. For Mme. Thiers this was the crowning tribute of the living to the living. The next which she was to welcome with pride amidst her grief was that of the living to the dead. M. Thiers died on September 3, and on the occasion of his funeral Mme. Thiers showed that, in case of necessity, she could be much more than the shadow of her husband. She acted with courage and firmness, and her resolution was crowned with success. Public feeling pronounced so strongly that the greatest possible honour should be paid to the statesman whom France was mourning, that the Ministry offered to make the funeral a public one at the national expense. Mme. Thiers replied that it was quite right that the State should pay every possible honour to the departed, but that in the procession the first place must be given to the friends of M. Thiers. This was thoroughly in accordance with the views of her lifetime. To have been a friend of M. Thiers was the only title to eminence that she recognized. But the Ministry could not take the honourable part in the ceremony which she left for them, and the funeral was nominally private. But it was the private funeral of Paris and of France. The people seemed absorbed in the one thought of showing how profoundly they felt that the man they mourned was their man, and not the man of the clique that had vaulted into power. The friends of M. Thiers, whom Mme. Thiers had that day to recognise were numbered by hundreds of thousands. Later on she had the delight of dealing, with a weapon of which her husband had left her the possession, a telling stroke against the foes who were trying to undo everything he had done. A few days after the funeral was over the Marshal issued to the electors a manifesto, in which he used in the strongest form the language which his reckless advisers had taught him to utter as his own. It seemed as if there was one thing from which this language must be safe, and that was the criticism of M. Thiers. But the Marshal's manifesto had scarcely had time to circulate through the country when Mme. Thiers had the satisfaction of replying to it in the shape of an address to the electors of his arrondissement which M. Thiers had prepared before his death. This address covered all the ground traversed by the Marshal's manifesto. It showed what a wise and really Conservative statesman would have said in the position of the Marshal. The effect was very great, and nothing helped the Republicans more effectually. It seemed for the moment as if M. Thiers was still as much alive for France as he always was for the woman who lived for him.

It is said that in the three years that it remained for her to live, Mme. Thiers had to undergo a grief almost more poignant than that occasioned by her loss, and to see that this great hero of the State, this liberator of the country, this wise teacher of a listening people, could be forgotten. Nothing to her could be so shocking and so inhuman as that, while she thought of nothing else but of the man she had lost, the world had found so many other things to think of that it hardly thought of him at all. A statue in his memory was not long ago ready for erection at St. Germain, where he died, and the ceremony of unveiling this new image of the precious features seemed to her one to which France would flock with earnest and pressing thankfulness. The day came, and the ceremony was not so much flat as nonexistent. No one came to do official honour, except one or two minor members of the Ministry, who had evidently been told off on what they thought an idle duty. There was no crowd, no throng of eager admirers. A little bit of local business was decently transacted, and that was all. There was nothing wonderful in this. It did not show any strange ingratitude on the part of the French people. It was merely that so much had happened since the death of M. Thiers. New men, new ideas, new quarrels, had come to the front. He was a man as completely of the past as if he had died many years before. No doubt, if it had so happened that a powerful party had been formed which based itself on ideas with which the name of Thiers had been intimately associated, the enthusiasm of the party would have kept alive the memory of its deceased chief. But there was no such party, and it is difficult to see how there could have been. The one main idea of M. Thiers was to do the best thing that could be done at the moment. This is, in itself, an excellent idea; but it is not an idea which can give life to a party. At the same time, it was impossible that Mme. Thiers should see this. To her M. Thiers, living or dead, was an oracle of wisdom, and she fled from a world to which this oracle seemed mute.

SIR R. TEMPLE ON THE CONDITION OF INDIA.

OUR Indian Empire is an admirable topic alike for eulogy or disparagement. It is so vast, so vague, so picturesque that the artist can always find abundant material for whatever kind of picture he is disposed to draw. If he is in search of gloomy scenes, he can find them in abundance in the long list of woes and tragedies to which a vast agricultural population is exposed in a tropical climate; the scourge of great epidemics, the lifelong and hopeless struggles of pauperized masses, the resistless march of drought and famine with slaughtered millions in their wake. If, on the other hand, he is disposed, by position or temperament, to fill his canvas with cheerful scenes and brilliant colours, there is an equally plentiful supply of congenial topics. The very position of the English Government as the maintainer of order, the champion of the weak, the great instrument of civilization and progress to many millions who would otherwise be the prey of conquest or the victims of local tyranny, is in itself a fruitful theme for language of encouragement and hope; and the figures which the Indian Government can array in

support of its claim to administrative success require no adroit handling to render them cogent to the reason, and impressive to the imagination, of all but the most uncompromising pessimists. The consequence is that the condition of India, and the character of the work which the English Government is carrying on in that country, are for the most part expounded to the British public in a series of antagonistic and apparently contradictory statements. The wail of lamentation over a bankrupt Government and a suffering people has hardly died away before the jubilant notes of triumph break upon the ear. Mr. HYNDMAN and the school of writers who adopt his method have scarcely ceased assuming that India, under the hands of its English executioners, is fast bleeding to death, before some cheerful apologist steps boldly into the arena, armed *cap-a-pie* with unanswerable statistics, and prepared to do battle with any one who calls in question the sagacity of the Indian Government, the soundness of Indian finance, and the increasing prosperity of the Indian population.

Among such champions of the administration, Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, it is needless to say, occupies a most distinguished position. He is the very type of the most vigorous, most hopeful, most successful civilian. He has been employed everywhere in the most varied offices, and in all of them his energy, his courage, his untiring force of body and mind, have made a deep impression alike on his superiors, his colleagues, and his subordinates. A long career of hard work under an Eastern sun left him as buoyant, as resourceful, as indefatigable as ever. He knows India as only those few officers whose fortunes carry them into different parts of the country can ever know it. He has compared the peasant of Behar with his counterpart in the well-watered deltas of East Bengal, the rice-fields of Orissa, the dry uplands of Bellary, the barren heights of the Bombay Deccan. He knows the intricacies of finance and taxation with the familiarity of long and responsible experience; he was in charge, at one time, of the most successfully managed, at another of one of the most destructive, famines that India has ever known. Marked, early in his career, by the judicious eye of Lord LAWRENCE, he took a foremost part in the difficult task of introducing order and civilization to the warlike races of the Panjab. In the Central Provinces, in Bengal, at the Court of the Nizam, as a Minister at Calcutta, and a Governor at Bombay—in all alike he has watched with the carefulness of a responsible observer the results of British administration, the evils to which the Indian peasant is heir, and the problems which the English ruler is called by the practical duties of official life to solve. As far as experience goes, no weightier or more competent witness could be adduced. If his testimony breathes somewhat too much of the official tone; if he sees somewhat too clearly the good which the Government has effected, and ignores the mistakes of which it has occasionally been guilty, we are safe, at any rate, with him from the crude inaccuracies of inexperience, the rash and hasty inferences, the dangerous impatience, the ill-considered suggestions which too often characterize amateur criticism of Indian affairs. Sir R. TEMPLE, whatever his other disqualifications, speaks with all the authority of long and varied personal observation. His facts are, to use his own trenchant phrase, "irrefragable, indisputable, demonstrable, unquestion-"able."

The general view which he supports is one which has repeatedly been enforced in these columns. It may be summed up in the statements that the financial position is assured; that taxation is, after every allowance is made for the poverty of the people, extremely light; that a commercial development on an extraordinary scale is in progress; and that the prospects of the country can be best promoted by judicious assistance, on the part of the State, to the various industries and enterprises on which that development depends. As to the finances, the opinion of the best judges has been recently expressed in a practical form which admits of no dispute. The public creditor in England is ready to lend the Indian Government sums vastly in excess of any possible requirements at 3½ per cent. The facts of the case amply justify the confidence which such a rate attests; a substantial margin of revenue over ordinary expenditure has been established; liberal provision for occasional outlay on famine relief has been made; the 163 millions embarked in productive public works are earning a net profit in excess of their interest, and are certain to improve; trade is rapidly, and to all appearance irrepressibly, progressive. At the beginning of the century it was completely insignificant—"of little more importance," to use the language of Mr. McCULLOCH, "than that between England and "Jersey or the Isle of Man"; in 1834 the foreign trade had risen to 18½ millions; in 1879 it stood at 122 millions; and in the present year it is likely to be higher than ever. On the other hand, the measures initiated under Lord MAYO and carried out by Sir JOHN STRACHEY, for imposing financial responsibility on the local Governments, have led to great economies; the cost of civil administration has been reduced; while the interest charge on the public debt, other than that incurred for public works, is 1½ million lower now than it was ten years ago. So long as the profits on opium continue as good as at present, and the loss by exchange becomes no greater, the Indian Exchequer need occasion no anxiety.

A more difficult and anxious problem is involved in the question how the Government can most effectually assist the growth of industrial enterprises and the continued development of trade. India, it has frequently been observed, is rich in almost every raw material with which the manufactures of the world are concerned. Its climate and soil are highly favourable to agriculture; its supply of coal is one of the largest in the world; iron ore is in many parts of the country abundant; its fibres are of infinite variety and amount. On the other hand, all these treasures are to a large extent lost, owing to the want of intelligent enterprise and the necessary capital. The food crop out-turn is, owing to inferior culture, some seventeen bushels per acre lower than that of England, a loss which has to be calculated upon the 160 millions of acres devoted to food crops. Industries of the higher order, with the exception of the infant cotton manufacture, there are scarcely any; of the entire exports only 6½ per cent. are manufactures. Here is the field to which Sir R. TEMPLE is anxious to direct the enterprise of his countrymen. Young Englishmen, he says, ought to be in India buying up the native products, and studying what are the best articles to send to Europe. But then, in order to do this profitably, the young Englishmen must be specially trained, and technical education is the branch of study in which England is most behindhand. We are happy to observe that the Famine Commission has drawn attention to the necessity of agricultural and technical education in the ranks of the Civil Service, and has suggested arrangements by which a certain proportion of officials may be encouraged to devote themselves principally to these subjects. It is in this direction, we believe, that reform is most required, and that the judicious introduction of new men and a new system would be rewarded with the happiest results.

POST OFFICE IMPROVEMENTS.

MR. FAWCETT had an encouraging account to give to his constituents of his administration of the Post-Office. His scheme in particular for the encouragement of small savings has been extraordinarily successful. It is only a month since the plan was extended to the whole country, and in that short time more than a million stamps have been deposited with the Post Office. These stamps have been paid in by means of nearly 84,000 forms, and of these more than 58,000 have been new accounts. It is plain, therefore, that, in providing for these very small savings, Mr. FAWCETT has discerned a genuine want. The proposal to make the putting by of pennies an easier process than when it had to be carried on at home rests on the belief that the desire to have a little money laid up against a day when it will be wanted goes down to the very lowest strata of the working community; and the accuracy of this belief seems to have been vindicated by the result. Mr. FAWCETT appears, however, to be unduly confident that the plan in its present form will not lead to theft. There has not, he says, been a single complaint of a theft having been committed. This can only mean that no such complaint has reached the Post Office; but there is no particular reason why complaints should be carried there. Young servants have many opportunities of stealing a few stamps at a time, and even a single stamp has its value in this new form of Savings Bank account. If a mistress suspects that her stamps occasionally disappear in this way, she may be more careful about looking them up, but she is not likely to communicate her supposed loss to the

Post Office authorities. It may surprise some excellent people that stealing and the wish to provide for the future should go together; but there is reason to fear that the virtue of thrift is not necessarily associated with honesty, and that the desire to save admits, like most other desires, of being gratified at other people's expense. Nor is all saving for the future of a kind which is even conventionally associated with honesty. Men have been known to pay in money weekly to the landlord of a public-house in order to have a debauch of unusual dimensions when their deposits have grown to a sufficient figure, and the veriest drudge may open an account in stamps with the Post Office Savings Bank in order to buy herself a new bonnet at Easter. Mr. FAWCETT says that all danger of theft would be avoided if people would always use stamps perforated with their initials. For a sum, he says, which is almost nominal, sheets of perforated stamps may be purchased, and, under the instructions given to the postmasters, no form will be accepted on which these stamps have been placed. But the class of persons who are most likely to suffer by the pilfering of stamps seldom buy them by a sheet at a time. It is not easy to see why the tables should not be turned, and postmasters forbidden to receive any forms which contain stamps which have not been perforated. If the Post Office authorities preferred it, a distinct Savings Bank stamp might be issued. All that is wanted is some distinctive mark that shall ensure that the stamps which the depositor affixes to the Post Office form have been given to him or bought by him. If only a particular stamp is accepted for this purpose, and if postmasters are forbidden to give the Savings Bank stamps in exchange for ordinary stamps, the necessary protection against theft would virtually be obtained.

It is satisfactory to learn that the number of new accounts which are being opened with the Post Office Savings Banks is increasing faster than it has ever increased before. This is especially significant at this season of the year, since Christmas is usually the time at which deposits are most largely withdrawn. It may be hoped that this increase shows that the working classes have learnt the lesson of the recent depression of trade. There is no question that they had learnt it to some extent even before the recent depression, since, had they not done so, they could not have undergone so severe a trial without appealing more largely either to the Poor-Law or to private charity. If the first use they make of returning prosperity is to repair the losses which their Savings Banks' books have sustained, there will be some reason to hope that habits of thrift are spreading over the country generally. Mr. FAWCETT might with advantage have been either less positive or more explanatory in his criticism of the scheme for compulsory assurance which is associated with the names of Mr. BLACKLEY and Lord CARNARVON. "I, for one," he says, "would never con-" sent to see thrift compulsorily enforced." There are difficulties enough in the way of compulsory insurance, and it is very likely that they would be found practically insuperable; but supposing that it were possible to levy it at an age when the working-man is usually better off than he is at any other time of his life, it is hard to see what theoretical objection Mr. FAWCETT can entertain towards the plan. At all events, the case against it is not so self-evident that it does not need even to be stated. The plan by which Consols to the amount of 10*l*. and upwards may be bought at some 6,000 post offices in all parts of the country has not been long enough in operation to allow of its success being determined. Many hundreds of people, Mr. FAWCETT tells us, have already made investments through this agency, and in no instance has there been the slightest difficulty. If this continues to be the case, it is to be hoped that Mr. FAWCETT will see his way to reducing the minimum amount of investment. It is probable that the number of purchases which would be made if 5*l*. could be disposed of in this way would be very much larger. 10*l*. is more than a working-man—even than a well-paid working-man—can be expected to put by at a time, and the longer the interval between the beginning of the process of laying by and its accomplishment in the shape of a purchase of Consols, the greater is the chance that something may come in to interrupt it.

Two further Post Office improvements are foreshadowed in Mr. FAWCETT's address. One is a reduction in the charge for telegrams, the other is the establishment of a parcel post. On the present year the net profit on the telegraph service will be 500,000*l*., which gives 5*l*. per cent. on the capital actually spent in the purchase, and 7*l*. per cent. on the capital which ought to have been spent on it. Mr. FAWCETT thinks that, by a sacrifice of about 170,000*l*., it would be possible to substitute for the present shilling rate a rate of a halfpenny per word, including addresses, with a minimum charge of sixpence. The service would still yield a profit of something over 3*l*. per cent.; and the immense increase in the number of telegrams that would almost certainly follow would very soon bring the profits up to their present level. Mr. FAWCETT does not mention one very considerable difficulty to which a great cheapening of telegrams might give rise. Telegrams, unlike letters, must be delivered immediately upon their arrival. If they are kept back till a stated hour, half the use of sending them disappears. In London, for example, where there are hourly deliveries of letters, there would be no advantage in sending telegrams if they were only sent out at fixed intervals. It is possible that in London the reduction of the charge to sixpence might increase the number beyond any calculable proportion to the present number; and in that case, both as regards cost and convenience, the question of delivery would become really serious. The community would be in a fair way to being divided into those to whom telegrams were addressed and those by whom they were being delivered. The negotiations for a parcel post were begun under Lord JOHN MANNERS, the parties to them being the Post Office on the one side and the Railway Companies on the other. Each possesses advantages which the other cannot hope to rival, and consequently a parcel post will obviously be best set on foot by a cordial co-operation between the two. Under any system the Railway Companies must carry the parcels from place to place, and that part of the labour will be left to them under the new arrangements. But, if the Railway Companies were to organize a staff of their own for the delivery of parcels at the houses of those to whom they are addressed, they could only do so at a great expense to themselves and by altogether ignoring the existing staff of the Post Office. It is now proposed that the Railway Companies shall undertake the carriage of parcels, and the Post Office their delivery, and, to a certain extent, their collection. The cost of carriage is to be prepaid by a stamp, and a fixed proportion of the receipts is to be paid over to the Railway Companies. In this way the Companies will be the gainers by the money they receive from the Post Office and the money they save upon the maintenance of a staff of servants for delivering parcels. The Post Office will gain by the immense development which the service is likely to undergo. The public will gain by the additional facilities for sending parcels, with a perfect knowledge of how much there is to pay, and full assurance that nothing will remain to be paid at the other end.

HELLENIC STUDIES IN ENGLAND.

IN spite of the invaluable services which Englishmen like Colonel Leake and Mr. Newton have lent to archæology, it must be admitted that the study of classical life, as illustrated by the material relics of old times, has long been neglected in England. The Universities for two or three generations have been ruled by scholars who seemed almost to despise archæology. Statues they were uninterested in, gems seemed to them mere curious toys of the dilettante, the evidence of coins they never cared to study, even manuscripts were thrown on one side. Classical scholarship was made to consist in an accurate acquaintance with the printed texts of a very few poets, dramatists, orators, and historians. It was usual to pooh-pooh all attempts to illustrate Greek history and Greek art by the Comparative method. Everything but steady attention to certain grammars, to the making of Greek verse, and to the "books" taken up in the Schools, was discouraged and discountenanced. Ten years ago a man might take first classes in the classical schools at Oxford, and never be reminded by tutors or professors that Greece had left any remains, anything to speak of her habits in common life and her achievements in art, except the narrow list of books required by examiners. It appeared to be the orthodox idea that these books had been brought down by a priest of the Muses from the summit of Helicon, and that all the rest of ancient Greece—statues, buildings, inscriptions, coins, utensils, weapons—had been swept away by a deluge. Thus men acquired a singularly narrow and purblind scholarship. What was worse, they were apt to be infected with the orthodox contempt for the study of the material relics of Greece. England had a curious period of unintelligent and narrow-minded scepticism, when students seemed to disbelieve in any results obtained by archæological methods. They would not listen to accounts of success in translating the inscriptions of Egypt and Assyria. They appeared to

hold that science was powerless to assign dates to ancient weapons or works of art. Of museums they said, as Clough said of Rome, "rubbishy seems the word that most exactly would suit them."

The English Universities and English students in general have awakened out of this sceptical lethargy. It has been acknowledged that there is as much and as authentic history in inscriptions and artistic remains as in written books. It is perceived that the Greek spirit was not a thing which existed for three or four centuries and inspired about a score of orators, philosophers, and poets, but an influence of immense antiquity, of perennial and still living force. "Hellenic Studies" are acknowledged to include in their range objects older than Homer, Byzantine historians, and Romaic popular minstrelsy. The Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies has therefore been founded in England, and seems to be fairly prosperous. The names of the members fill nearly ten closely printed pages. The learned Bishop of Durham is President of the Society; among the Vice-presidents we note the names of Mr. Newton, the Dean of St. Paul's, and the Master of Trinity, Cambridge; while not only Mr. Oscar Browning, but also Mr. Oscar Wilde, lend their assistance to the Council. The *Journal* of the Society is, as far as we are aware, the only English periodical exclusively devoted to classical archæology. Greece, Italy, Russia, France have their archæological journals, popular or scientific, cheap or expensive and elaborate. England has only to-day started a serial of this sort; but the attempt seems in many ways promising, if not absolutely satisfactory. We do not propose to review all its contents, but a short account of them will show the width of range, the variety, and, generally speaking, the spirit of the collection. The literary matter is presented in a large octavo *format* of more than three hundred pages. The illustrations, of which we shall have more to say, are printed in a separate folio. This plan has its advantages and its disadvantages. The inconveniently wide page of journals like the *Gazette Archéologique* and the *Portfolio* is avoided. On the other hand, it is not always pleasant to have to turn from the printed volume and hunt through the folio for the illustrations. On the whole, the Society has probably chosen the smaller of two evils. An ideal publication would perhaps be in folio *format*, the illustrations stitched with the letterpress, which should meander, in lines of the present length, through a vast snowy expanse of margin. Text and pictures would thus be presented together, and yet the text would not have the tediously long lines of the *Portfolio*.

The first article is by Mr. Newton, and to this we propose to return, as it contains a brief and sufficient statement of the purposes and prospects of the Society. Professor Jebb follows with an exhaustive and most interesting paper on the holy Isle of Delos, where the huge fetish stone in the primitive shrine of Apollo has not long ago been discovered. Mr. Jebb thinks that the grotto on Mount Cynthus was a primitive temple, whoever the people may have been that worshipped there, "It shows the very genesis of the early temple from step to step. First an altar in the open air; then a roof to shelter the altar; next, a door to keep out the profane; lastly, a precinct added to the house of the god." Mr. Jebb's article is not less remarkable for the pleasant quality of its style than for the industry of its research and the systematic arrangement of the results of recent French inquiries. Mr. Ramsay, the newly elected travelling scholar in archæology, contributes learned papers on Smyrnæan remains and on Pamphylian inscriptions. Mr. Ramsay's work is the first-fruits of a scholarship of recent creation, and he is the accomplished leader of many young Englishmen who, as the years go by, will follow him into Greece and the Levant. Professor Sayce gives some notes of travel in Lycia and the Troad, where he kept a sharp look-out for Hittite and other figures remarkable for wearing boots turned up at the toes. Mr. Murray's paper on the Erechtheum, a very business-like article, is as much too short as Mr. Verrall's philological remarks on "Ionic Elements in Attic Tragedy" are, we fear, too long; and Mr. Verrall's paper is to be continued. Modern Greek life is illustrated by ballads, commented on by Mr. Tozer and Mr. Ramsay. Mr. Percy Gardiner, in a masterly article on the "Tombs of Mycenæ," puts to rout the remarkably flimsy and illogical theories of M. Stephani, who wants to attribute to the Mycenæian tombs a Herulian origin, and the date of the third century of our era. One of the most important papers is that in which Professor Colvin discusses the myths about the Centaurs, and the mention of his long and learned essay brings us to the illustrations. These are of very various qualities. The best of all (Plate IV.) is a delicate copy in colours of a very beautiful vase in the British Museum. Chiron, the old Centaur, is receiving the child Achilles as a pupil. The Centaur's dog runs forward to meet the man carrying the infant. A more archaic representation of Centaurs fighting, armed with boughs of trees, is curious and comic in effect. The Society does a service to Greek study by publishing at very considerable cost vases which would otherwise only be known to visitors of our Museum. Many of the little woodcuts in the text, especially the copies of very archaic gems, have a curious interest as illustrations of early Greek notions of the grotesque.

Enough has been said to show the nature and range of the studies of the Society. Vase-painting, sculpture, history, popular poetry, architecture, philology, all receive the attention of capable contributors. We must now turn to Mr. Newton's account of the prospects and purposes of the Society. He refers to "that great hope which has inspired so many generations of scholars—the hope that all the missing literature of Hellas is not lost for ever. It is known that the plays of Menander were in existence down to the time of the Renaissance; and, before the Turks seized the library of the King of Hungary, Brassicanus saw in that place of Paradise (as it seemed to him) the works of Hyperides. The Turks are no lovers of books, and what they stole may have gone the way of the Squire's library, as described by the village wife in Mr. Tennyson's new poem. But Mr. Newton says that "the monasteries of the Levant are full of Greek MSS. which as yet have been very imperfectly restored. Who shall say what interesting matter may be found in these repositories, on which the dust of many centuries has gathered undisturbed?" Mr. Newton has no sanguine hopes of unearthing Greek classics; but "Greek lexicons and scholiasts, full of instruction to the scholar," are not to be despaired of. M. Piron thought he had discovered a wonderful Homer not long ago, but the veteran and short-sighted scholar was mistaken. Biblical and Patristic MSS. are also, Mr. Newton thinks, in the monasteries. The eminent Latinist who, on hearing of a fresh MS. of the New Testament, said, "Ah! if it had only been something important—Catullus, for example!" will be little rejoiced, we fear, by the appearance of a wilderness of Patristic literature. The history of the Frank domination of the Levant is almost certain to be illustrated by records in the libraries of the monasteries. The pursuit of unpublished Greek inscriptions will probably be found less difficult by the Society than the gaining of an entrance into the monasteries of the Levant. At present, any remarks which the traveller may make about MSS. awaken more or less distrust. But Mr. Newton holds that "many doors of monastic libraries, at which ordinary travellers might knock in vain, would open readily if a pressure, a very gentle pressure, were applied by a Greek patriarch." The object of the Society, then, should be to "get at" a patriarch, and then organize a scheme of thorough search in the homes of the monks of the Levant. A thorough search in our college libraries in England would reveal some curious facts about collegiate indifference to books. We can hardly expect the Eastern brethren to know more about their own old libraries than do the Fellows of St. Boniface. When found, the new MSS. will be made a note of, if possible, and published by the Society. It is a non-political body, and many of its members are, no doubt, sympathizers with the gallant but unfortunate Turk. This may render it less easy for the Society to make friends with Greek patriarchs, and so to pursue its labours among the dusty dungeons in which manuscripts lie blue-moulded for want of a publisher. But it is doubtless well, considering the ferocity of temper which everything at all connected with the Eastern question provokes, that the Society for encouraging Hellenic Studies is not a Society for aiding and abetting Hellenic patriots. The Greek Committee and Mr. Arthur Arnold, M.P., suffice for that end. Indeed the good Society is the steady friend of peace, and would rather send Mr. Oscar Browning out to make a pacific naval demonstration in an outrigger than encourage the firing of a gun within range of the Parthenon and of the Athenian Museum. Thus we may wish all good fortune to a learned and energetic body which has not been founded at all too soon. If we might address a warning to the Society it is to implore it not to spend too many of its guineas in illustrations, while it should by no means contemplate the idea of purchasing and fitting out an æsthetic steam-yacht for the amusement of its idler members.

RES HIBERNICÆ.

ONE of the four Irish Judges who have just drawn up such terrible articles of impeachment against Her Majesty's Ministers observed the other day that the English people were slow to rouse, but that, when they were roused, they were not to be trifled with. It is to be hoped that the latter part of the statement is true; the former certainly is. We do not say that the scandalous condition of things in Ireland is regarded in England with apathy, but it must be obvious that it has hitherto produced far less effect than might have been anticipated. Most of the more important organs of public opinion have indeed, on the whole, spoken as it became them to speak; and, at least in educated and respectable society, difference of political principle is no bar to the existence of an almost entire unanimity of opinion on this point. But, as if to give us another proof that educated and respectable society no longer counts for what it used to count for in England, the general tone of the public meetings of the Liberal party on the subject has been by no means what could be wished. Few speakers, indeed, have equalled the harebrained folly of Sir Wilfrid Lawson in declaring for "separation" in preference to "subjugation," and few audiences have had the opportunity of even pretending approval of this sort of nonsense. But it is remarkable that, with certain honourable exceptions, the unwise and immoral motto of "concession hand in hand with coercion" has been generally propounded, and has generally been received, if not with enthusiasm, at any rate without immediate disapproval. The irresponsible adventurers who have in so many instances taken in the present Parliament the place of better men have thus been encouraged to profess and to adhere to their agreement with it. This being the case, it can be hardly superfluous to state once more a few of the points involved in the matter, and there are two points which at the present moment seem specially to invite such treatment. It is indeed sometimes said by persons whose judgment and opportunities of observation are not contemptible, and who have no party

reasons for depreciating the character of the majority which returned Mr. Gladstone to power, that the English working classes are rather pleased than otherwise at the misfortunes of the Irish landlords, and have no desire to discourage friends. This, however, serious as it is if true, is hardly a matter for discussion. There are two points which do seem to be matters for discussion. The one is the common fallacy, entertained, it is believed, or at least professedly entertained, by members of the Government themselves, and constantly inculcated by Radical organs, that the present anarchy and misrule of Ireland are largely the fault of the orderly classes, or of the magistracy, or of the police. The other is the already mentioned idea, as startling in its immorality as amazing in its want of common political prudence, that coercion and concession must go hand in hand.

The argument as to the supineness of the partisans or officers of the law takes various forms, ranging from not unplausible fallacy to contentions which can only be the result of the extremest dulness or of deliberate sophistry. It is quite true that there is something at first surprising in the readiness with which persons, some of whom at least must be well-meaning and inoffensive enough, render themselves accessories to the most atrocious crimes. The tenants who rob their landlords at the dictate of an association composed, in the first place at any rate, of a riff-raff of political adventurers, Irish-American rowdies, and priests who wish to recover in this agitation the influence their order lost by its opposition to Fenianism, do not present a very pleasing spectacle. The shopkeepers who refuse to supply, and the labourers who refuse to assist, those who are under the ban of this maleficent but, in its origin at least, insignificant, power do not cut a heroic figure. It may even be said by persons who sit comfortably at English firesides, and sink peacefully to rest at night, prepared to be indignant with the police if they should find in the morning that a flower or two has been stolen out of their front gardens, that the landlords themselves have waited for their fate with a somewhat remarkable passivity. They have, it is said by their foes, attempted no counter-organization; though how counter-organization could stop short of Vigilance Committees —or, indeed, of the full proposal by which poor Mr. Kane drew down such vials of wrath on his head—it is not easy to see. Everybody is indignant, and justly so, at the conduct of the great Steamship Companies, who refused Mr. Bence Jones's cattle, and whose opposition to the embarking of Boycotted beasts was clearly induced by the most selfish and, what is more, shortsighted, cowardice. All this is very well to say. But, in the first place, it seems a little cool to demand from the inhabitants of a professedly civilized country the same rough virtues which are needed in a squatter or trapper of the wilds. Civilized men are trained not to take the law into their own hands, and, as has been already remarked, the proposed activity and counter-organization mean nothing but taking the law into their own hands. At present the Irish loyalist, whatever his rank, is between the devil and the deep sea. If he opposes the commands of the Land League, he will probably be shot, and almost certainly ruined; if he in his turn shoots a Land Leaguer, he will probably be hanged. The recent trials at the Assizes have shown beyond doubt—what indeed every one knew before—that convictions cannot be depended upon against the Land Leaguers, even when the evidence is perfectly clear. Such a case as that of the fellow Manning, who went into the witness-box and denied on his oath that he was intimidated by undoubted intimidation, may be said to render further argument about the sufficiency of the ordinary law unnecessary and childish. The force of terrorism can go no further.

In the face of such things as these, and of the actual outrages which occur from time to time, when every one in Ireland out of the large towns, and even in them if he be obnoxious to the Land League, lies down at night in terror of his life and wakes in the morning (to use the national idiom) astonished that his throat is not cut, it is sheer nonsense to talk about passivity and absence of organization. The victims are simply terrorized and fascinated. In the case of the half-unwilling participators terrorism accounts for much, self-interest for more. Heroic virtue may induce a man to pay his debts at the risk of his life and fortune, but nothing short of heroic virtue. As to the supposed remissness of the police and the magistrates, it is here that dulness or dishonesty alone can explain the charge. To begin with, what with witnesses who will not give evidence, and juries who will not convict, policemen and magistrates are simply powerless. All the constabulary in Ireland would, moreover, not suffice for the work which the fanatical devotees of the ordinary law would have them to do. But, finally, it must be sun-clear to any one who does not wilfully shut his eyes that the obstinate reluctance of the Government to interfere has paralysed their subordinates. In the United Kingdom the public service is a body corporate, in which influences run very rapidly from the nerve-centre to the extremities. The magistrate or the policeman who acted vigorously with the fact before him that the Castle, and the Castle's masters in London, minimize, disbelieve, pooh-pooh, temporize with the agitation, would be either a hero or a fool. We are ourselves perfectly certain that the ordinary law is not sufficient—that nothing but extraordinary measures will give to witnesses and to juries, and to the great mass of the easily-swayed Irish people, the courage to be on the side of the law instead of on the side of the League. But let us admit for argument's sake that the ordinary law method was worth trying. In that case a really vigorous Government, desirous to put down and not to nurse the evil, would have done twenty things that Mr. Gladstone's Government has not done. Every sheriff's officer, process-server, and the like would have been accompanied by detachments of armed men, with a promise of indemnity to the commander whatever should happen; every illegally-built house for evicted tenants or League care-takers would have been at once demolished; every attempt to carry crops would have been dispersed by force. Boycotted houses would have had communication opened with the nearest police or military barrack, rations sent in, with soldiers, if necessary, to do pressing work, and an ample escort guaranteed for imported labour—not, as in Captain Boycott's case, as a damper to the enterprise, but as an encouragement to it. A troopship would be sent to take up Boycotted cattle and produce at the ports. In short, a plan which any senior clerk of moderate ability in the Secretary's office could elaborate in a morning, which could be corrected in an afternoon, and set to work next day, would be arranged. Has anything of this sort been done? Clearly, then, the police are simply paralysed by the Government, and the Government alone is to blame.

If, however, this argument about the passivity of the well-meaning classes is untenable and absurd, it is at least not open to the charge of positive immorality. To this the Government plan, as openly avowed by themselves and approved by their authors, is most certainly open. That "concession must accompany coercion" means, in plain language, that the Government is going to sell justice. It will protect the Irish landlords and well-meaning Irishmen of all classes from murder, from outrage, from robbery, if they will pay for it. Otherwise it will not protect them. "We will deny to all men, and delay to all men justice, so long as it suits our purposes," say the Ministers of the Crown; "we will sell it to them when it suits us at the price of a portion of their goods and of the popularity we shall win with the extreme men of our party." This new Magna Charta is not the distorted invention of an opponent; it is the plain, unmistakable meaning of the Government programme. To put upon the same footing the safeguarding of the ordinary rights of citizenship—the right to live unmolested, to enjoy one's own, to buy and sell freely—and the settlement of such a question as the present controversy about the policy or impolicy of the prevalent tenure of land in Ireland, is a moral obliquity so enormous that probably cynics would say none but a Ministry who rode to power on a moral high horse could be guilty of it. Let us again, for the sake of argument, admit that everything which commends itself to respectable English or Irish opinion on the side adverse to the landlords is the fact. Let us go further, and admit that the three F's *e cœlo descendunt*; that absenteeism is not merely a moral wrong, but a civil delinquency, deserving fine; that "duty-work" comes from the devil, and that Griffith's Valuation is a law of nature. There would still remain the unalterable fact that, if any Irishman does not like the land laws, nothing obliges him to take land, and that the matter is a mere matter of freedom of contract or interference with contract. Either may be very desirable, very expedient, but neither can possibly be placed on the same level as the right to life and liberty, the maintenance of which is the final cause of all government—the one sole fact that distinguishes civilization from barbarism, the life of a man from the life of a beast. It is in the confounding of two things so infinitely different that the great error—we do not know why we should not speak plainly and call it the great crime—of the Government policy consists. This conclusion can only need to be clearly and distinctly put before the English people in order to convince them of that crime, unless moral sense and respect for law have taken leave of the nation at once and together.

M. ROCHEFORT AND M. GAMBETTA.

M. ROCHEFORT has learnt, perhaps too late, that it is never safe to stay away from a funeral. Probably he thought that, in neglecting to pay the last honours to M. Joly, he was running no risk to himself. What should the Apostle of the Irreconcilables do at a ceremony where he would necessarily be effaced before M. Gambetta? M. Joly was in favour with the Extreme Left, and to be in favour with the Extreme Left is the worst of all passports to the good will of the Communists. The nearer they seem to be to one another in the eyes of a careless world, the greater is the hostility that really divides them. To the Extreme Left the Communists are the fanatics who frighten people into disliking Radical measures. To the Communists the Extreme Left are the moderate Revolutionists who persuade people that they can get Radical measures without entirely upsetting the existing social order. If M. Rochefort had gone to M. Joly's funeral, he would either have had to remain silent, or to appear at a disadvantage by presenting himself in an arena in which his followers would have been few and M. Gambetta's many. These were excellent reasons for staying away if, unluckily for M. Rochefort, there had not been a still better reason for going. M. Joly had been his counsel at his trial, and as in 1871 to be M. Rochefort's counsel was but a doubtful road to popularity, it might seem that some gratitude was due for the service rendered. Very possibly M. Rochefort did not look at the matter in this light. A man of his temperament is not unlikely to think that, in accepting help, he really confers a favour, and, as it turned out, M. Joly lost nothing by his courage. Probably if M. Gambetta had not had a long-standing

debt to M. Rochefort, which he was only waiting his opportunity to discharge with interest, M. Rochefort's absence from M. Joly's funeral would have passed unnoticed. But M. Gambetta saw his occasion, and a happy inspiration, or an ingenious contributor, supplied the sleeping partner in the *République Française* with a phrase which hit M. Rochefort hard. The article which noticed his ingratitude towards M. Joly described it as *intransigeance du cœur*, and it would have been difficult to find words which were better suited to seize the French fancy. Men of M. Rochefort's peculiar gifts can hardly avoid making enemies, even among their reputed friends; and, when once his conduct in regard to M. Joly had been noticed and criticized, it was to be expected that the Communists, who secretly dislike him, would not readily allow M. Gambetta's contribution to the controversy to drop out of recollection. M. Rochefort saw the danger, and attempted to meet it after his accustomed manner. Unluckily for him, M. Gambetta knew more about his relations with M. Joly than M. Rochefort had cared to keep in mind. It did not suit the dignity of the *République Française* to go into all the particulars; but a less important journal stood ready to take up the running. The *Voltaire* has displayed a terrible familiarity with M. Rochefort's acts in 1871; and M. Rochefort's acts in 1871 show plainly that his principal anxiety was that the light of the Commune should not be quenched in his person. No doubt he had very good cause at that time to think that it might be quenched. The unlucky thing is that what seemed natural enough when M. Rochefort was quaking for his life, has quite another air when he is again at the head of a party and is a power to be reckoned with. His emotions in 1871 might have done him little discredit if they had been made public at the time. It is not given to every man to be dignified when he is confidently expecting to be shot. But it is exceedingly unpleasant to have all the palpitations he then underwent revealed to a public before which he has of late been playing the part of the indomitable popular tribune. The orator of the village tavern is sometimes disturbed by his wife's unexpected disclosure of some domestic trait which hardly seems to square with the majesty of his public pretensions, and this is precisely what has happened to M. Rochefort. He seems to have been a little too deferential to M. Joly; but his sins in this respect have been effaced by the more tremendous guilt of his prostration before M. Gambetta. The *Voltaire* followed up its attack by the publication of a letter which M. Rochefort wrote to M. Gambetta in July 1871.

It must be admitted that in this document M. Rochefort is presented as a very much milder person than he has of late wished to appear. In describing himself as a Communist, he has really been laying claim to honours which do not rightly belong to him. He assures M. Gambetta, not only that he took no part in the excesses of the Commune, but that from the first day to the last he never ceased to protest against them. Five or six prisoners owed their lives to his intervention, and the only reason why he did not save more was that his humanity had become too well known to allow of his intercession being listened to. Indeed, his own life was very far from being safe. The propriety of arresting him was continually under discussion among the members of the Commune, and his remonstrance against the "shocking decree" to which the hostages owed their death was very nearly fatal to him. As to the charge that he suggested the destruction of M. Thiers's house, it is the very opposite of the truth. All he did was to beseech the Communists not to destroy it. In point of fact, he was an unrecognized agent of the Versailles Government, doing his unnoticed best to see that things did not go from bad to worse. He tells all this to "Mon cher Gambetta" in order to show that he may intercede for him with a clear conscience. He has great influence with M. Thiers; will he not use it to get M. Rochefort's sentence watered down to perpetual banishment? He never wishes to trouble himself about politics again; a peaceful literary retreat in England or Italy is all that he cares for. There he will devote himself to the completion of a History of the Second Empire, which is already bespoken, and France shall hear no more of him.

Just before the publication of this letter M. Rochefort had gone to the office of the *Voltaire*, and had insisted on clearing himself of the charge of ingratitude towards M. Joly. In the course of his interview with the editor, M. Rochefort had taken a line which showed that he must have completely forgotten that he had ever committed such compromising revelations to paper. It was not true, he said, that he had made any efforts to get his sentence commuted. On the contrary, he had expressly forbidden his sisters to make any such efforts. If they did make them, it would be under the penalty of never seeing their brother again. As to M. Joly's part in his defence he had been amply paid for it in money, and overpaid for it in reputation. He did not manage the case at all well, and it was the foundation of his political fortune. Still, M. Rochefort bore him no malice, and would even have gone to his funeral had he not been afraid that it would injure the circulation of his paper. As to the omission from this paper of any word of regret for M. Joly's death, M. Rochefort accounts for it by his being kept away from the office for two days, during which his contributors, being all of them returned convicts, could not bring themselves to be civil to a man who had twice voted against the amnesty. If M. Rochefort had known of the document which was then in type somewhere in the *Voltaire* office, he might have spared himself this interview. All he had been accused of as regards M. Joly was an exaggerated love of life. The letter to M. Gambetta proved that, in order to gratify this passion, M. Rochefort was quite willing to throw his companions overboard. Now that he is once more in the same boat with them this is a which they are not likely to admire, and M. Rochefort is tionately anxious to clear himself of the reproach. He denies that the letter expressed his real mind, or that it was ever sent to M. Gambetta. It was simply the offspring of M. Joly's ill-regulated zeal for his client's safety. The advocate had come one day into the prisoner's cell, and had bidden him write a letter from his dictation. M. Rochefort obeyed, but as soon as it was furnished he pointed out to M. Joly that *le fou furieux* was the worst possible person to apply to when M. Thiers was in question. Indeed, it was only M. Joly's youth and inexperience that made such a suggestion possible. "All that Gambetta could do for me," said M. Rochefort, "would be to get me executed a fortnight earlier." M. Joly was convinced by this reasoning, but oddly enough did not destroy the letter. That remained in his bag, and was there, M. Rochefort says, a fortnight later. Even then, however, it was not destroyed; and from that time it has gone wandering about the property of no one until it is now published in the *Voltaire*. It must have taken all M. Rochefort's childlike innocence to have allowed a document which, if seen, would give so false a notion of his position towards the Commune to pass out of his possession. Even if he had carried out his intention of giving up politics, and playing the part of the peaceful historian in a foreign land, it would have been rash to leave a letter of this kind in his own handwriting entirely to the mercy of fortune. M. Rochefort would never have been quite without enemies, even if he had exchanged journalism for literature; and, in the hands of an enemy, such a letter would constitute an incalculable advantage. M. Gambetta, however, who ought to know something about it, says positively that the letter in question was sent to him in July 1871, and that he immediately used his influence with M. Thiers in M. Rochefort's favour. The *République Française* further mentions that when M. Rochefort made his escape in 1874, M. Gambetta raised 25,000 francs for his support and transmitted it to Sydney. These statements have been borne out by the discovery of another compromising letter from M. Rochefort—this time addressed to General Trochu—and the general impression in Paris is that M. Rochefort is hopelessly beaten. Whether this will prove to be correct it is difficult to say. The Communists can hardly trust him any longer; but, then, the peculiar influence which he exercises is not one into which trust largely enters. If the Commune were again trying its fortunes in open fight, younger men than M. Rochefort would come to the front. The Commune does not want his sword; but, as yet, it has not been able to dispense with his pen. His writing may not be all that it once was, and though M. Gambetta has supplied him with material for some happy observations, the general order of things under the Republic is less favourable to his peculiar skill than the general order of things under the Empire. But M. Rochefort's articles have become historical, and a certain portion of the Paris public would hardly feel happy without them. If this affair with M. Gambetta is likely to leave M. Rochefort without followers, it may not decrease his subscribers, and from some points of view a subscription is the best test of devotion.

THE VALUE OF SIGNBOARDS.

THE story of Dick Tinto, who defrays his hotel bills by painting [illegible] a new signboard for mine host, has been a commonplace [illegible]ture for a sufficient time. But we do not know that it [illegible]r occurred to anybody to supplement it by a legend to the e[illegible] that, Dick's works having gone up in the market, a fierce [illegible]tition for his signboards took place. The truth is that the m[illegible] characteristics of signboards are scarcely calculated to dis-p[illegible] the powers of St. Luke's followers, and that the works of art in question are ordinarily subjected to such severe atmospheric trials that whatever merit they possess is not, under ordinary circumstances, likely to last out the period necessary to turn an unknown painter into a hero of Christie's. The curious case of the Bettws-y-Coed signboard, however, which has now occupied two courts of law—a County Court and the Court of Bankruptcy—shows, among other things, that it is quite possible to entertain artistic angels unawares. It is true that the example in question was not obtained in barter for subsistence, nor was it in any way extorted from the necessities of the painter by the pressure of the *mauvais quart d'heure*. Still there are plenty of ways of obtaining sketches of which a wily landlord, and still more a landlady, could avail him or herself; and, considering the whole matter, it may be laid down that any Boniface of sense who inhabits a picturesque neighbourhood will do well to coax signboards out of his visitors as frequently as he can.

Law and art do not seem to have much to do with one another; yet they not unfrequently combine to supply interesting incidents, and still more interesting problems, to the observant mind. Putting aside the great and famous doctrine of copyright in ideas, there is the very intricate and pleasing question whether a painter, jealous of his reputation, is justified in impounding and destroying forged works attributed to him; the question whether Berlin woolwork is a sufficiently artful method of imitation to make its patterns an infringement of the rights of authorship; and several others, all of recent mooting. But this signboard case is perhaps the most dramatic of all, if not the most appetizing in its provision of legal

[illegible]. The board in question was not a Blue Lion or a Pig and Whistle, nor even the well-known "collection of fabulous animals," the latter of which indeed, offers some temptation to an artist who should treat it in the Byzantine manner. It was a Royal Oak, an obviously suggestive subject, and the painter was no less a person than David Cox. It was painted in 1847, and as the port-wine of that year was to other port wine, so apparently were its signboards to other signboards. Cox appears to have painted the thing merely out of friendship for the then tenant of the hotel. It is needless to say that in 1847 three thousand pounds had not yet been paid for any picture of his, and that he was still a member of what may be called the pre-silver-fork school. The landlord at the time of painting was a certain Edwin Roberts, and the signboard was undoubtedly painted for him. Nevertheless, he seems, or his heirs seem, to have attached no particular value to it, and it was left, though the tenancy of the hotel changed, to announce the building to which it was attached as one that provided good entertainment for man and beast. Twenty years of outside life in this climate would not as a rule conduce to the beauty of a painting; but it would appear that the sign was not one of the swinging variety, but was fastened against the wall by holdfasts, and may therefore be presumed to have been sheltered from the weather by the eaves of the house. At any rate, in 1866 certain artists who then lodged in the house, which was being altered, suggested that the thing was too precious to be left in this condition. It was accordingly brought in, framed, and screwed to the wall of the entrance hall of the hotel. How many tenants entered upon the enjoyment of it during the thirty and three years which have passed since its execution we cannot say, but certainly more than one; and no out-going tenant seems to have thought himself entitled, or considered it worth his while, to remove it. At last misfortune came upon the "Royal Oak," and its late tenant became bankrupt. The scent of creditors, liquidators, assignees, trustees, and such-like folk after valuable property is proverbial, and the bankrupt's representatives claimed the picture as a chattel divisible (let us hope not in the literal sense) among the creditors. The tenant may be presumed to be indifferent about the matter, but the tenant's landlord (the feminine is in this sense *verbum insuitatum*), Lady Willoughby d'Eresby, did not contemplate the abstraction of the chief ornament of her property with such calmness. The picture could not of course be claimed as a fixture, because the holdfasts with which it was originally attached to the outer wall, and the screws with which it was subsequently attached to the inner, fall under the head of those fastenings which, in its infinite wisdom and care for small things as well as great, English law decides to be usable without constituting fixtures. The only claim, therefore, that could be set up was that the picture was a sort of heirloom; that it was painted for the hotel; had been assumed and given up with the hotel by successive tenants; and was, in fact, part and parcel of the essence of the "Royal Oak." The County Court Judge decided in this sense; but Sir J. Bacon, the Chief Judge in Bankruptcy, has reversed the decision, and has decided that David Cox's signboard was "as much Roberts's property as the coat on his back." If he left an old coat in a cupboard in his room—we presume the Judge argued in this way—it would not have become Lady Willoughby d'Eresby's property; neither did the picture.

The mysteries of bankruptcy in all its arrangements and appurtenances are acknowledged to be things which even the legal mind cannot understand though it loves, and which the layman can neither love nor understand. The latter person in the present case would probably have felt inclined to decide in favour of Lady Willoughby d'Eresby. For, as the tenancy had changed without, as far as was shown, any claim being made by the outgoing tenant for the picture, or any sum being paid by the incoming one for the enjoyment thereof, it certainly would seem as if the signboard were generally understood to be an appurtenance of the hotel, and, as such, subject to be transferred *en bloc* with it to whomsoever, and from whomsoever, might be the occupier. Sir J. Bacon remarked with great truth that signs were going out. They are, and more's the pity. There are few persons who would not exchange the things of which the signless hotel is significant—the over-decorated coffee-room, and the German waiters, and the electric bells which won't ring, and all the rest of it—for the things which the signboard used to promise, and very frequently to perform. However, though signboards are going out, there are still plenty of them left. It would have been interesting to have had fuller information on the subject of them than appears to have been laid either before Sir J. Bacon or before the County Court Judge. What is the usual status of a "Red Lion"? Is he the exclusive property of the tenant or of the landlord? Might an unsuccessful or sated publican take his Lion away with him, unhooking it from its perch to comfort him on his retirement to private life? According to Sir J. Bacon he might. But, whatever be the abstract rights of the case, it would, we say, be interesting to know the usual practice. Besides, there seems to be a point of great subtlety, which was entirely overlooked. According to the witnesses, David Cox painted his "Royal Oak" on the existing signboard of the hotel. We ought, therefore, to be informed what the position of that signboard itself was, whether it was let to Roberts, or was his property, and whether, if he had been inclined to take the same views of his rights as Sir J. Bacon, he would have had to perform the perilous, though possible, process of removing the Coxian layer from the substratum that was not Coxian. However all these things may be, it is quite clear that Sir J. Bacon's decision is a godsend for tenants. All sorts of unconsidered trifles left kicking about in a house should be carefully treasured, inasmuch as it appears they do not become the absolute property of the landlord nor remain that of the outgoing tenant, but belong to the fortunate incomer. This is a doctrine of tenant-right which ought to put to silence and shame the importunate persons who complain that in England all things are done in the interest of the freeholder. And it may be admitted that the creditors of the late landlord of the "Royal Oak" are very lucky people.

The transformation of a thing so valueless that nobody seems to have cared to determine to whom it belonged into one so valuable that it is worth going through costly processes of law to decide its ownership is only a fresh illustration of an old peculiarity of the painter's lot. Mr. Ruskin has inveighed, after his manner, against those who give thousands of pounds for dead men's work and won't give hundreds or tens for the work of men living. Of course the answer is easy enough. The value of a thing, in money at least, is what it will fetch, and what it will fetch is determined by conditions which neither buyer nor seller can fix arbitrarily, or at his own pleasure. The problem what the "Royal Oak" was worth in 1847 is one which political economy is unable to solve. Nor does the rival science of æsthetics help us much. Æsthetically, the value of a picture, or anything else, is to be found in the pleasure it gives the owner. Who will construct a hedonometer for us which shall give the exact values in coin of the realm of a '47 signboard and a bottle of '47 port? Certainly none such has been hitherto constructed. In default of it, there seems nothing to be done but to take things as we find them, which is indeed the general conclusion of the philosopher. This, however, does not prevent the philosopher from wishing that some such stroke of good luck would fall to his lot as that which has befallen in this case nobody in particular, except, as has been said, the creditors of the late landlord of the "Royal Oak." Lady Willoughby d'Eresby is to be pitied; but it cannot be doubted that all sensible solicitors who draw up leases between landlords in one sense of the word and landlords in the other will insert henceforward a special covenant relating to signboards. As for the "Royal Oak," it may be suggested that it be called the "Late Royal Oak," or have its name changed altogether, in memory of the catastrophe. Of a signboard it is probably in no need, and therefore a successor to Cox need not apply. The whole thing, at any rate, will add a chapter to any future "Anecdotes of Painting" that may be compiled, as well as a useful clause to the "Cabinet Lawyer" and other manuals intended for the use of those members of the profession who have fools for their clients. Considering the usual habits and peculiarities of the British tourist, it would be by no means surprising if it also added, at least during next season, to the number of visitors at the "Royal Oak." To go and see the place where this remarkable signboard is no longer would be exactly the sort of thing in which such a tourist takes a pious and intelligent pleasure. In this way the incoming tenant, though no doubt disappointed, will be in a way consoled for the loss of David Cox's much-disputed work of art.

THE JUDENHETZE.

WE took occasion not long ago to comment on the present "anti-Semitic" agitation in Germany, which is no doubt mainly due to other, and less respectable, considerations than religious antipathy; though there is probably a certain admixture of *odium theologicum*, at least in South Germany, where the influence of Jews on the newspaper press is supposed to be exerted in an anti-Christian or anti-Catholic direction, and is in some quarters bitterly resented. Herr Stöcker indeed the other day, addressing a meeting of working-men at Berlin on the subject, called the press "a Satanic power." The *Judenhetze* however, under whatever variety of forms, is a phenomenon as old as Christianity, though it might seem at first sight hardly in harmony with the spirit of the Gospel. And it is fair to remember that in the darkest times of persecution Popes and Saints have stood forward to shelter the hated race from popular ferocity. Thus *e.g.* in the crusade of 1146, when a frightful massacre of Jews broke out in Cologne, Mentz, Spires, Worms, and Strasburg, St. Bernard threw the whole of his vast influence into the breach, though it required the full weight even of his sanctity and eloquence to stem the tide of popular passion. "God," he told the fanatics, "had punished the Jews by dispersion, and it was not for man to punish them by murder." When again, amid the horrors of the Black Death in Germany two centuries later, the plague was ascribed to the Jews and great numbers of them were put to death, Clement VI. made a noble effort to dispel the illusion. Several other Popes, before and since, have interfered in their favour, and his kindness to the Jews is a redeeming feature even in the career of Alexander VI. It has of late been the fashion with a certain class of religionists to rush into the very opposite extreme, and represent "the chosen people" as still the peculiar favourites of heaven; there was something of this sentiment, we fancy, mixed up with the working of the abortive Jerusalem bishopric scheme. And at this very moment the Jews are the subject of two opposite crazes, not equally innocuous, but almost equally irrational. While they are denounced and almost persecuted in Germany they are petted in England by a clique of harmless fanatics, who, with strange disregard to the most

obvious indications of character and physiognomy, are pleased to identify the English people with the lost Ten Tribes of Israel. It has even been elaborately argued that "the stone which was Jacob's pillar"—after a marvellous series of transmigrations, to which "the Flitting of the Holy House of Loretto" scarcely offers any adequate parallel—was conveyed first to Scone, and then by Edward I. to Westminster Abbey, and is the identical stone on which Queen Victoria was crowned, and moreover that Her Majesty is "a lineal descendant and inheritor of the throne of David." Moreover Lord Beaconsfield is shown, by an application of Messianic passages in Isaiah and elsewhere which we should hardly care to obtrude on our readers, to have held and to be destined to hold again a special place in prophecy as Prime Minister of England. But over these curious fancies we cannot linger now; those who care to learn any further particulars of the "Anglo-Israelite" controversy will find it ably discussed in a pamphlet by Mr. Wray Savile on *Anglo-Israelism and the Great Pyramid*. Our present object is rather to indicate the way in which the Jews have been habitually regarded from a very early period of Christian history. There is a familiar story of a sailor who was found unmercifully beating a Jew on a Good Friday, and who met the remonstrances of his astonished victim by observing that "the Jews had crucified his Saviour." "But that," replied the other, "was eighteen hundred years ago." "Possibly," said the Christian, without desisting from his cudgelling, "but I have only just heard of it." And Christians during many centuries seem to have acted on the assumption that the Jews of their own day were somehow personally responsible for the Crucifixion.

On the conversion of the Emperor Constantine, when the civil power, hitherto employed against the Church, was first turned against her enemies, the Jews were among the earliest victims of persecution. There had been a Judaizing heretical movement in the Church, and the Jews moreover were accused of stoning Christian converts from their own body. The penalty of death by fire was decreed against this crime, and apostacy of Christians to Judaism was to be punished by confiscation of goods. It must be borne in mind that under the Pagan Empire the Christians had been regarded as a Jewish sect, and had thus incurred all the odium which the Jews, not altogether without cause, had drawn on themselves at Rome, in addition to their unpopularity as Christians, while at the same time a much larger measure of toleration was in fact accorded to the Jews, by whom they were themselves hated with a bitter hatred as traitors and apostates. Justin Martyr complains that the Jews laboured with unwearied assiduity to stir up the passions of the Pagan multitude against them. All this helps to explain, though not to excuse, the bitterness of Christians against their old assailants when the tables were turned. In Spain, where the course of events which identified Catholic orthodoxy with national sentiment made the Inquisition exceptionally popular, there were also special historical reasons for the detestation of Judaism, and the burning of Jews became a cherished public spectacle. There is still extant a striking picture by Francesco Rizzi of a grand *auto da fé* of Jews and Jewesses at Madrid, as late as 1680, during the marriage festivities of Charles II., in presence of the whole Court and clergy of the capital. The Jews however were not simply the victims of an unreasoning prejudice. They were very early noted as slave dealers, and one of the first, and most justifiable, measures directed against them was the emancipation of their Christian slaves, which is enjoined by the Theodosian Code. In the ninth century however Agobard still complained of the number of Christian slaves bought up by the Jews. The dislike to them was aggravated by the fact of their being during the earlier part of the middle ages almost the only usurers—a profession which they embraced partly of course for the enormous profits they derived from it, but partly also because it was the only one open to them. When however in consequence of the Crusades, Latin Christians were brought into closer and friendly relations with Greeks and Mahometans, and the rise and growth of a commercial class followed, this new experience led them gradually to look with more toleration on their old enemies, the Jews. But the legislation against them was for centuries terribly severe, the great object being to cut them off from all intercourse with Christians. The Council of Elvira in Constantine's reign forbade all communication between the two classes; the Lateran Council ordered Jews to wear a distinctive dress; they were not to eat, or bathe, or enter into any partnership—still less of course to intermarry—with Christians; any Christian who took a Jewess for his mistress was by the legislation of the thirteenth century condemned to be burnt alive; Jewish criminals till the fourteenth century were hung between two dogs with their heads downwards. It was held that their property might at any time be lawfully confiscated, as being gained by usury, and the permission, first tacitly and then expressly accorded to them, to practise usury was only justified on the ground that their salvation was already hopeless. Their final expulsion from Spain was due to the influence of Torquemada. They offered 30,000 ducats for permission to remain, but he overcame Queen Isabella's hesitation by reminding her that "Judas sold his God for thirty pieces of silver, and she was about to sell Him for thirty thousand." But the national detestation for them which had again and again found expression in wholesale massacres, in various Spanish cities made it practically impossible for them to remain. Numbers, who had been converted against their will, relapsed into Judaism and were burnt alive. The number of exiles is variously estimated, by Mariana at 800,000, by Cardoso at only 120,000; prob[ably those] who place it at about 400,000 are nearer the mark. A [consider]able number escaped banishment by a feigned conversion.

A yet harder trial awaited the hated race. The exiles had been promised a refuge in Portugal, and some 80,000 accordingly settled there, but the King was persuaded to break his word, and all the adults were expelled, while children under fourteen were seized to be brought up as Christians. It was only indeed through the intervention of Rome that any were eventually allowed to escape, for by a disgraceful fraud those who had been ordered to quit the country were detained and reduced to slavery. We have spoken already of the industrial activity of the Jews, which made them almost indispensable to the Christian community, and secured them a fair share of toleration in the Italian Republics, where they were suffered to practise usury and medicine unmolested. But they were not only the ablest physicians and financiers of the day; they also took the lead in literature and natural science. That a large portion of their literature was controversial and directed against Christianity did not of course make them more acceptable to their Christian fellow citizens; but the position of influence they contrived to maintain throughout against such fearful odds was due as well to the literary as to the commercial capacity which distinguished them above their Christian contemporaries. Spain to this day has never recovered the effects of their expulsion. The widespread animosity felt against them in Germany at this moment is quite as much a proof of their unabated energy as of their still being apt to use their successes not wisely but too well. Nor can we forget that it is only within very recent memory, and against strenuous opposition from many different quarters, that they have attained political emancipation in England, and that there are probably still very many Englishmen who think—even if they hesitate openly to assert—that their emancipation was a mistake. We are certainly not going to endorse the startling and somewhat unintelligible theories of the future of Judaism broached in *Tancred* or in the closing chapters of George Eliot's *Theophrastus*. But it can hardly be denied that the distinct and persistent vitality of the Jewish people, maintained through some fifteen centuries of unexampled obloquy and oppression, is a phenomenon at least as singular as the antipathy which in some shape or other they appear always to have attracted to themselves from the days of Suetonius and Juvenal to our own.

LONG-RANGE INFANTRY FIRE.

A CONTROVERSY of very great importance has proceeded now for some time, both at home and abroad, between advocates of what is known as "long-range infantry fire" and others who would restrict the employment of the rifle to ranges where ordinary eyesight is better able to distinguish the mark, and the weapon itself more likely to attain it. The former would utilize the long reach of the arm to the utmost; the latter would rather reserve fire—or, at any rate, intensity of fire—till the moment when the power of the arm can be expended with, as they allege, greater immediate, as also greater ultimate, results. The question is not altogether so simple as may at first sight appear. Some may perhaps be ready to exclaim, "By all means fire away as soon as the enemy is within reach, and continue shooting at him; the more shots you fire the greater the chance of hitting; the longer he is under fire the more loss he will suffer." The question is, however, complicated by certain considerations, physical and moral, which demand examination. We are not concerned here to advocate either view, but rather desire to ascertain, after a balancing of arguments, if it may not be possible to reconcile opposing convictions on intermediate ground. We had occasion to remark incidentally in a recent article that British infantry having from mediæval times, as history attests, known better perhaps than any other how to use their weapons on a field of battle, whether those weapons have been long-bow or cross-bow, sword or lance, musket or rifle, there is *à priori* reason for believing that no mechanical improvement in arms can be otherwise than advantageous to them. It must certainly be allowed that a stage has been reached when it is incumbent on us to examine carefully what new opportunities perfected arms afford us, and what obligations they impose upon us. There is only one reservation to be made, which is that we are not logically bound to come to the same conclusions that other nations do; tactics which may suit others are not therefore necessarily the best for ourselves.

Advocates of long-range infantry fire have found an able exponent and champion of their theory in Captain W. H. James, R.E., in an article which appeared in the May number of the *Journal of the United Service Institution*. It is there laid down that the two important lessons taught by late wars, and "which have been deeply taken to heart by all European military leaders," are:—1. "The value of long-range infantry fire, by which alone the true advantages of the modern rifle are gained." 2. "The necessity for increased power and accuracy in our guns, and the need of a powerful shrapnel." We are then told that in the next war there will be seen the systematic use of wide-sweeping infantry fire, and that the modern battlefield will be more or less under bullet fire from rifles and shrapnel shell up to a range of 3,000 yards. In other words, men will begin to ply their fire at the very furthest point where a bullet will kill, maim, or frighten. Our readers are aware that all

military rifles are provided with graduating sights up to a certain definite distance, which differs with particular arms. Thus the Austrian *Werndl* is sighted up to 1,100 yards, the Prussian *Mauser* to 1 mile, the French *Gras* to 1½ mile. Beyond those ranges the soldier, in default of a flying-sight attached to the fixed one, must trust to his eye and judgment—guides, all will allow, very liable to err, and peculiarly so in the heat of battle. At the very long distances, to enable the bullet to travel so far, the rifle must be pointed high up into the sky, and the missile describes in its course a vast curve. The greater the curve the nearer to the vertical is the fall of the bullet, and therefore the smaller the area of its potential destructiveness. The flatter a trajectory—that is, the less the arc described by a bullet, and the straighter its course—the greater the danger for all in the direction of its flight. At the longer ranges, then, the zone of danger is limited to a length of a few feet, and it is within this zone the soldier must make his bullet take effect. But the eye and judgment of the shooter cannot unfortunately do much in assisting the missile. Even at 1,000 yards a company begins to look, for all who have not keen sight, much like a kind of low hedge or bank, though at that distance ordinary marksmen would account for it in a very short time; but even at less than a mile a battalion in quarter column looks no more than a company at the former range; and even then, we are not arrived at what some of the advocates of long-range fire mean by the term. At 1,800 yards a company appears as a dot, and at 2,200 yards a battalion in quarter column not much larger, though a great deal depends on the kind of light and the nature of the country. But, even if the eye, by clearly discerning the mark, could give that assistance which it certainly does not, what of the judgment which is to estimate the correct distance? Even at the comparatively small range of 800 yards, an error of only some 25 yards too much or too little will cause the marksman to miss an infantry soldier standing up. Those who have been present with companies when judging distance know how poor is the general result after 500 or 600 yards, if the instructor is adroit in placing the object in different lights and continually shifting its position. At present our men have not one-quarter the practice they ought to be given in this extremely important exercise. So little confidence have they in their own capacity for judging accurately, that they are always found looking for some landmarks, whose distance has been ascertained, to serve as a guide. If a small error entails a miss at 800 yards, how much more when that range is doubled and trebled! And, if it is not easy to judge closely on known ground and oft-trodden ranges, it will be vastly more difficult to do so in broken country, on a new theatre, across dips in ground, over long slopes, when the object is ever so far away and perhaps constantly in motion. But, allowing that, by frequent practice, the aid of acoustic telemeters, and scientific range-finders, a fair estimate is obtainable even at the further distances, there still remains the adjusting of an imaginary sight; and those who may have seen the curious practice the French made at Châlons some years ago when using a broad thumb for backsight at ranges over 500 yards, will not put too much faith in what can be done in battle at four times five hundred yards with no sight at all, even with the best existing rifle.

Before going further we will briefly refer to the chief instances where long-range infantry fire unquestionably did great execution. When the Prussian Guard commenced their movement at the battle of Gravelotte against St. Privat, they were distant from this village about 2,500 yards. The advance being plainly made out by the French infantry in possession, the latter began to fire, and so murderous was the execution that the enemy were brought to a halt when scarcely within replying distance of their own arm. The severest loss was experienced in the interval between 1,700 and 700 yards. In the Russian attack upon the Turks at Gorni-Dubniak their advancing columns began to feel the effects of infantry fire when still a mile and a half away. When they got a quarter of a mile nearer, bullets swept the columns like a hailstorm, more or less partial, and between three-quarters of a mile and half the fire became inconceivably violent, causing enormous losses. In every action the Turks began to fire away as fast as they could the moment the enemy came within the extreme reach of their weapon, and the Russian columns lost severely in consequence. The French in their war were somewhat more sparing of ammunition; nevertheless the tactics they pursued with such success at St. Privat were repeated in subsequent actions, and it was remarked by the Prussians that they suffered sensibly more at the longer than at the shorter ranges. At first sight it would seem, then, that the best course for infantry to pursue in the future is to imitate these tactics, to open fire at the furthest possible reach, and to continue the fire regardless of expenditure in ammunition. That arm must be procured which, having due regard to lowness of trajectory, can carry furthest, be discharged and reloaded quickest; and it will be the first care of a general to provide for instant and constant use an unlimited supply of cartridges. The Turks carried on their persons, or had at hand, cartridges enough to allow of each man firing all through a battle as much as he pleased. The Russian soldier has on or by him 120 cartridges, which is more than any other European soldier has; but it is plain that, if battles are to be fought on the above conditions, 120 cartridges per man are insufficient for the necessities of the case.

Now let us make an observation on the circumstances of the engagements referred to. At St. Privat the Prussians advanced in two brigades, offering each a magnificent mark; their inferior weapon did not admit of return fire. The attack of the French Cuirassiers at Wörth has often been spoken of as "magnificent, but not war"; the Prussian attack of St. Privat was not one whit less contrary to every sane principle of modern war. It is, indeed, necessary that we British should be careful how we imitate others without due consideration. Here we see the most scientific generals in Europe, leading the most instructed troops, conducting an action in such a way that we should assuredly have tried, and deservedly tried, one of our own chiefs by court-martial had he gone to work in the same way, and led the Brigade of Guards to certain destruction. No wonder the French saw their opportunity; no wonder they launched bullets to their extreme reach! To our mind, the results of the action at St. Privat convey no new lesson, and the same may be said of that at Gorni-Dubniak, where the Turks, descrying huge columns of the enemy advancing as if to parade, naturally set to work as hard as they could to destroy them. In this case also the attacking troops had an inferior weapon, with which reply was impossible till they drew near.

The fact is, at present there is little but theory to go upon. And what we want theory to tell us is not what effects were wrought under conditions which will not be repeated, but what will be the probable results when battles are fought on new principles. No war has yet been seen where the combatants were equally well armed. There has been no fight where both combatants could give the rein to long-range fire. It has yet to be seen how, under the hitherto unexperienced pressure of powerful guns using most formidable shrapnel up to 4,000 yards, attacking tactics will undergo modification. We shall see, if one, then both sides playing at long-range with rifles, and shrapnel taking effect beyond any possible rifle reach. Is it probable that battles will ever be decided even by shrapnel at long ranges? If not, how should the result be brought about by the missile which at those distances is, as it were, held within the grasp of the other? We agree with Colonel C. B. Brackenbury when he says, "By the French chassepôt men were killed at 1,600, 1,800, and 2,000 yards; but no battle has been, or ever can be, decided by such shooting as this." It is quite another question, however, when we come to consider the *utility* of employing long-range fire by infantry.

And here it may be well to set out the principal objections urged against it. We borrow their form from a paper by Captain James on the subject of musketry, published in 1878. Objection 1. Long-range fire is not so effective as is supposed, the proportion of hits to misses being very great; and it follows, therefore, that it is better to reserve fire for ranges where the proportion is more favourable. 2. It would be impossible to keep up the necessary supply of ammunition, and, consequently, there would very likely be a dearth of cartridges at the decisive moment of the struggle. 3. The employment of long-range fire would be the death of the spirit of the offensive. 4. The large columns and other widely spread-out objects against which this species of fire is thought to be so very effective, are less and less seen on the battle-field.

Space will only allow of our observing generally upon the above arguments. The chief point in the question turns upon the deduction from Objection 1—That, on account of the alleged disproportion between shots and hits at long ranges, it is better to reserve fire. A point might be reached at which it would be absurd to employ rifle-fire. We presume that not even the most extreme advocates would have British infantry blazing away in Turkish fashion. The French *Gras* may be made, by giving the rifle its highest elevation, to send a bullet a little over 2½ miles; but their Regulations lay down that, in preparing an attack, skirmishers may begin to reply to an enemy's fire at about 900 yards; the French do not appear very sanguine as to results obtainable much further off. "It is possible," they say, "*under certain circumstances*, to obtain a *useful* effect up to the furthest limits of the sight—*i.e.* 1½ mile, or even to the extreme range of the rifle, about 2½ miles." Again, "large masses of troops or a battery may be fired at *up to 1,100 yards*." In Austria it is laid down that the "*decisive stage* of an infantry fight lies within a distance of 500 yards from the enemy, within which range an effective fire can be obtained. Nevertheless, circumstances will often permit considerable results to be obtained up to ranges of 1,200 yards." But "fire at long range is nevertheless to be regarded as *exceptional*, and to be employed only against extensive objects." In Prussia it is laid down that "to get a good effect against objects more than 770 yards distant requires a large expenditure of ammunition, and if it is to be quickly attained, a proportionately large number of men must be employed. *Under certain circumstances*, however, a good effect against large objects such as batteries and closed bodies of troops may be obtained *up to 1,320 yards*." In neither of the above quotations do we find a sanguine estimate expressed of great results ordinarily attainable at very far ranges. Rather, in all the Regulations it is sought to impress upon men the necessity of accurate shooting at moderate distances, where alone the ultimate issue can be decided.

But Captain James says:—"The bloody fields around St. Privat and Plevna have taught the lesson that it is the mass-fire of troops, and not that of individuals, that is to be dreaded. Once this is admitted, it follows that *the oftener men fire the more deadly will the result be*, and hence long-range infantry fire, which is the natural expression of the fact that, although at long ranges one man may not hit the man he fires at, still he may hit another, and that, when a certain number of men fire at a given object, some are perfectly sure to

hit the mark." We confess to being unable to make these deductions from the premisses. That mass-firing, controlled volley-firing by companies, battalions, or brigades, would be attended on occasion with excellent effects, even at extreme ranges, is not to be denied; and in some of the Regulations it is expressly stated that good results can only be expected at much more moderate ranges when volley-firing by numbers *is* employed; but we quite fail to see why "the oftener men fire the more deadly will be the result." It does not follow at all. If it did, we are wrong in not getting the Soper rifle at once, "from which 43 well-aimed shots have been fired in a minute." But all experience goes to prove that better results, unless exceptionally as at St. Privat, follow upon moderate expenditure of ammunition, well directed, than upon excessive intensity of fire at extreme ranges. In a certain degree it may be true that, "though a man may not hit the man he fires at, still he may hit another," and that when many shoot at a given object some will hit it. But no man, unless gifted with eagle sight, can aim at another at the ranges we are supposing, simply because he cannot see him. It is ludicrous to talk of aiming at a person a mile off. Even with fair glasses, a line of skirmishers in a field looks like scattered crows. And a man aiming at a company column aims at what to his appreciation is one single dot, which is entirely missed if there be but a hair's breadth of latitudinal error in aim, not to speak of the immense margin open to vertical error. The chances are, of course, that, if five hundred men aim a volley at a mark, some will hit it at whatever distance; but the number of hits must largely depend on exact knowledge of the range. In some armies volleys at the same object are delivered with different sights, so that if one lot of shots falls short and another passes beyond, the centrally-sighted aim may tell. No doubt by this method a deep space of ground is covered, and we are far from denying that occasional circumstances of battle may not only justify but demand mass-fire, with all the waste of ammunition it must entail. This is, however, scarcely the point in question; rather we are concerned to ascertain which is the truer position, that "the oftener men fire the more deadly the result will be," or that it is better to reserve fire for decisive distances. Again we may inquire if it is not possible to hit a happy medium? That the steadiness, the *morale*, of troops—of all troops—is shaken by shooting wildly at uncertain and excessive ranges has been repeatedly proved. The explanation is mainly this—that they get to believe that the issue is being decided far away, that a decisive moment has arrived before it really does arrive; so that when the real encounter comes off, and the enemy is perceived to be only beginning, there is a feeling that, having failed to beat him with their best, they are not likely to fare better with what is left. When the Prussians, profiting by the earlier lessons, became more wary in their method of approach and were able to get near the enemy, they found their losses diminish just where they should have proportionately increased. The French by that time had got completely out of hand; it seemed as though they were beginning a new battle against fresh foes; they had become thoroughly unsteadied and fiercely excited by constant rapid shooting; like the Turks, when they did not fire from the hip without putting the piece to the shoulder, they literally pitched up the musket to some angle more or less than 45° and let fly; in the smoke, confusion, noise, excitement, uncertainty, it was all the same to which angle, so long as shot after shot could be sent somewhere in the direction of the plains, forests, mountains, whence Prussians were coming, or were supposed to be coming. Of course there were many good, self-collected marksmen among the French soldiers who knew better than to follow the wild lead of their comrades; but we are speaking of the conduct of the troops generally, and especially at a later period of the struggle when the armies were little more than an aggregation of half-trained conscripts. In war it is necessary to consider not only the effect produced on the enemy by any action or disposition of ours, but also the effect on our own troops; and in this instance we have seen an army unsteadied, almost demoralized, by abuse of its own initiative, before even the enemy, with their rifles at least, had seriously engaged. Extravagant firing was not a peculiar feature of the late wars; a hundred years ago the French firing tactics were notorious; ours had as much reputation in an opposite direction, and history has preserved striking instances of the results when these tactics were opposed to each other. These results were identical in 1870 and in the old wars; wild shooting found no compensation in increased expenditure of powder; it only induced unsteadiness and unwholesome excitement. That we can now shoot eight times as far as in former wars, and twenty times as rapidly, does not materially affect the principle.

As regards Objection 2—That "it would be impossible to keep up a necessary supply of ammunition"—the obvious reply is that, as the Turks managed it, so can we; if the expenditure is necessary, the supply must be forthcoming—*coûte que coûte*. Then "the employment of long-range fire would be the death of the spirit of the offensive." There is apparent force in this objection. Many troops are capable of gallant efforts, concentrated in a brief struggle, who would not fancy a prolonged advance under intense fire. It would be more agreeable to many men to lie behind a stone and fire away at enemies a mile off, than to have to get over that mile while being constantly potted at. But, if neither side took the offensive, wars would come to an end. The Prussians and Russians in their several wars, having generally taken the offensive, were compelled to come in close, or their weapons could not have replied to any purpose. The Turks and French, however, were neither of them loth to attack, although in doing so they threw away the superiority of their arm by voluntarily entering the range of an inferior arm. When all is said, it is the province of guns to open a path for the small-arms. They have greater range, and, what is more important, their shells have a lower trajectory than rifle bullets. Woe betide that army in the next war whose artillery is below the modern mark! Some may have doubts as to the practicability of guns advancing very near their object, even if, as has been suggested, the gunners are protected by iron shields. There can be no manner of hesitation in affirming that the future in long-range fire belongs to powerful guns with their capacity for lodging a terrible shrapnel shell beyond extreme rifle reach—we allow for possible improvements in small-arms—to perfected mitrailleuses, able to send their 600 shots a minute to at least 3,000 yards, and to revolver-cannon. Considering the matter but from one side—a very important one when treating of ranges where unassisted sight fails to distinguish all but mountainous marks—guns can be laid for those ranges, while the elevation to be given to the rifle must at present be guessed at; gunners may be directly assisted, riflemen only indirectly, by "aids to vision," unless we put the latter into spectacles, or affix a telescope to their pieces. It will probably be thought that, having reference to the development of power in the guns which is promised in the near future, Objection 3 cannot be discussed without bringing in the question of artillery. Speaking broadly, if our guns open a path for the rifles, well; no infantry not destitute of "the spirit of the offensive" would hesitate to advance when their opportunity had been cut out for them. If the enemy's guns palpably overbear our own, the introduction of infantry on the scene gives an addition of one factor more on either side, of presumably equal strength, "and the remainders are unequal."

Objection 4—"That troops will not move henceforth in such formations as to allow of long-range infantry fire taking due effect"—has been incidentally touched upon. It is not probable after late experiences that battalions and squadrons will stand grouped like blades of grass in a field waiting for the rain. When an object is tangible, be it half a troop, half a company, half a battery, one gun with its gunners, such object is worthy all the attention—the measured attention—which men with rifles in their hands can give to it. This is something very different from what those intend who would "rain projectiles" upon every inch of ground where an enemy might or might not plant a foot. If any potential foe is likely to play this sort of game, we should advise the insertion of a new paragraph in our Musketry Regulations, which is suggested by what people do when they go abroad having left behind their umbrellas and waterproofs, and are overtaken by a hail-storm or heavy shower—they take shelter till the storm has blown over.

We have perhaps sufficiently indicated in the foregoing remarks the lines upon which, in our view, a compromise is possible between opposing schools. We cannot agree with Captain James when he says that by long-range infantry fire alone the true advantages of the modern rifle are gained. Neither does it follow that, because long-range fire is often attended with expenditure of ammunition disproportionate to the results obtained, that *therefore* it is better to reserve all firing, or heavy firing, for ranges where the proportion is more favourable. The question is, in one sense, one of degree and opportunity; in another, one of fire-discipline, trained skill, and constant practice in judging distance. By all means let the soldier be taught to utilize the far reach of his arm, but not with a view to training him to believe that the tug of war will be decided by even the very best shooting he can make at extreme distances. When the soldier realizes, as he only will after a course of much more practical training than he now gets, how much better results he obtains from his weapon used with discrimination and coolness and disciplined steadiness and self-restraint, than when it is merely made a vehicle for emptying his pouch with the utmost despatch, he will be prone to think twice before he throws away a shot, more especially at ranges which his eye can barely fathom. When we reach this desirable state of things we shall have advanced further than can be said to be the case at present towards determining accurately the distances where, the occasions when, and the degree in which, infantry fire-power may be turned to the best account.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

A FEW years ago, probably, the annual performance of a Latin comedy by the Westminster scholars was generally regarded as nothing more than a curious and interesting survival of an old institution which had elsewhere fallen into disuse. The educational advantages of the custom, though no doubt they were present to the minds of the authorities and had much to do with the maintenance of the tradition, were little thought of by people at large, and the play was generally regarded as occupying a position similar to that held by the cricket match between the School Eleven and the two Houses of Parliament—as a custom, that is, which existed in Westminster School and nowhere else, and was worthy on that account of being kept up. Of late however, there has been a revival of interest in Latin and Greek plays regarded as plays, and not merely as literary compositions, and there is a growing disposition among the teachers of youth to treat Latin and Greek generally as languages which once were

living, rather than as being now certainly dead. A notable sign of this revival was the performance last spring of the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, which took place in Balliol College, and is now being repeated at St. George's Hall. Such performances as this may be given again, but there are too many difficulties in the way for them to become frequent, and it is perhaps impossible for any adequate representation of a Greek play to be given by schoolboys. Latin comedies, however, from their simpler construction and more limited range of thought, and, above all, from the absence of a Chorus, are far less exacting in the demand which they make upon their interpreters; and their occasional performance would do much to give boys a lively interest in their classical studies, though any newly established custom would necessarily lack the charm of association and tradition which gives peculiar interest to the Westminster Play.

The choice of the works of Terence for these performances in preference to those of Plautus has often been criticized, but, as we think, very unjustly. No doubt Terence is inferior in dramatic power to his older rival, and this inferiority is suggested or expressed by such critics as Cicero and Cæsar in the lines quoted by Suetonius in his life of the poet. Cicero speaks of him as follows:—

> Tu quoque, qui solus lecto sermone, Terenti,
> Conversum expressumque Latina voce Menandrum
> In medium nobis sedatis vocibus ecfers
> Quicquid come loquens atque omnia dulcia dicens.

Cæsar's verses bring out more clearly the relation of Terence to his competitors:—

> Tu quoque, tu in summis, o dimidiate Menander,
> Poneris et merito, puri sermonis amator.
> Lenibus atque utinam scriptis adjuncta foret vis,
> Comica ut æquato virtus polleret honore
> Cum Græcis, neque in hac despectus parte jaceres.

In fact, Gifford's lines, used by the authors of *Rejected Addresses* as the motto for Laura Matilda's *Dirge*, exactly express the estimate formed of Terence by Roman critics of a later generation:—

> You praise our sires; but, though they wrote with force,
> Their rhymes were vicious and their diction coarse:
> We want their strength, agreed; but we atone
> For that, and more, by sweetness all our own.

The poet who is praised as "puri sermonis amator" and "omnia dulcia dicens" is perhaps a more suitable study for the young than Plautus, whose Latinity is not nearly so perfect, and who, moreover, with all his vigorous humour, certainly did not write *virginibus puerisque*. Terence himself is not altogether free from this reproach, but in the *Andria*, as it is acted at Westminster, there is nothing which can offend the most sensitive. The leading characters are the familiar figures which appear every year in Christmas pantomimes as harlequin, columbine, clown, and pantaloon—the two lovers, the comic servant, and the "comicus stultus senex," as Cicero rather unkindly describes the deluded father of Latin comedy. The heroine in this instance does not, indeed, appear on the stage at all; but her fate and fortunes are, with rare art, made a subject of the liveliest interest to the spectators. The tenderness of feeling which Pamphilus shows towards his outcast wife and her infant son forms one of the great charms of the play for modern readers. We may doubt, however, whether it did much to enlist the sympathies of a Roman audience, who would be far more delighted with the plots of Davus, and the way in which Simo is finally outwitted, than with questions of conjugal affection. We can scarcely doubt that the broadly farcical portions of the play were displeasing to Terence himself, and that he only introduced them because stage tradition and the taste of his audience demanded something of the kind. The dragging off of Davus to the treadmill in the last act is so clumsily contrived, and so unworthy of the delicate humour of the rest of the play, that we may well imagine the poet to have inserted it in contemptuous acquiescence in the tastes of his hearers. In no way, perhaps, can we more fully appreciate the superior comic power of Plautus than by comparing this episode with the punishment of Gripus in the *Rudens*. There the avaricious knave is foiled again and again in the use of his familiar weapons, and is appropriately punished by the ridicule of honest men and a keen sense of his own utter discomfiture, without the employment of any such pantomimic devices as the one to which we have referred. Another, and perhaps a still more serious, defect in the play is the falling off of interest in the last act. When Chremes has, in the fourth act, discovered the child of Glycerium exposed before Simo's door, and has overheard the conversation which Davus forces upon Mysis for the purpose of revealing the truth, it is quite clear that the marriage between Pamphilus and Philumena will be broken off. The arrival immediately afterwards of the Stranger from Andros, and his inquiries about Chrysis and Glycerium, make it equally certain that he comes to clear up the mystery of Glycerium's birth and parentage. The fifth act, therefore, is tedious and unnecessary, and is only enlivened by the violent recriminations of Simo and Crito, and by the fragment of pantomime to which we have already referred. But the exquisitely written dialogue would atone for defects of construction far more serious than these. Many lines and phrases in the play are among the best known of the commonplaces of classical quotation, and those of the spectators who were nurtured upon the old Eton Latin Grammar always recognize and applaud such lines as "Omnes omnia bona dicere et laudare fortunas meas, qui natum haberem tali ingenio præditum"; and the still more familiar "Amantium iræ amoris integratio est."

The acting of the play is good throughout. We are inclined, though not without some hesitation, to place the Davus of Mr. Bain first in order of merit. The suppressed impudence which underlies his deferential bearing towards Simo was always happily suggested, and never made too prominent, and his whole manner when in the presence of his master was well contrasted with his frank familiarity with his master's son, and his contemptuous insolence to the melancholy Charinus. His relation of the "fabula," as he supposes it, by which Glycerium is made out to be a freeborn Athenian, was excellent; and his acting in the dialogue with Mysis, which he intends Chremes to overhear, could scarcely have been better. Here he was well supported by Mr. Waterfield, as Mysis, who throughout played a rather awkward part very well. The part of Pamphilus is of course by far the most difficult in the whole play, and Mr. Brandon deserves the greatest credit for his rendering of a character which would severely tax the powers of the most accomplished actor. It would be ridiculous to expect a perfect performance of such a part as this from a young amateur, and it speaks well for Mr. Brandon's acting that he achieved his greatest success in the touching passage at the end of the second act, where Pamphilus relates to Mysis how Chrysis on his death-bed had committed Glycerium to his care. Throughout the speech he showed the utmost feeling, and made a strong impression upon his audience, and the concluding words, "Accepi; acceptam servabo," were greeted with loud and well-deserved applause. The part of Simo, important as it is, gives the actor far fewer opportunities than those of Davus and Pamphilus. Mr. James's rendering left little to be desired. In the matter of elocution he was perhaps the best of all the performers. He recited the rather lengthy speeches in the first act very well indeed, and altogether invested the character with a good deal of quiet dignity. The stage management was very good, and there were no hitches in the performance. One word of criticism may perhaps be allowed to us. In the absence of the "modi" which "Flaccus, Claudii filius, fecit tibiis paribus" for the first representation of the comedy in the ædileship of Marcus Fulvius and Manius Glabrio, surely music more appropriate than very modern waltzes and selections from opéra bouffe might be played between the acts. Some simple airs from the old Italian masters, to whom Handel himself is often indebted, would be far more in keeping with classical comedy than such stuff as may be heard outside the sacred precincts of Dean's Yard played on any piano-organ.

The chief feature of the Prologue was a warm and hearty recognition of the long services of the second master, who is now retiring after, we believe, more than twenty years of valuable work done for the school. The vigorous applause from all parts of the house with which the allusions to him were received shows how fully his worth is appreciated both by his present pupils and by old Westminsters. The Epilogue consisted of an amusing parody of the proceedings of a Bribery Commission. The three Commissioners summoned as witnesses various of the characters in the play. Pamphilus, made up in close imitation of Mr. Bancroft in *Money*, represented the guileless candidate, who knew nothing except that he had specially forbidden anything approaching to corrupt practices. He was followed by Davus, whose astonishing light suit, bright green tie, and black wig and whiskers suggested one of Mr. Toole's favourite characters. This figure was, of course, the energetic and not very scrupulous agent. Mysis appeared gorgeous in a new dress, the reward of the judicious influence which she had exercised over her husband. She explained the method of persuasion adopted by Davus, which resembled that recommended by Mr. Perker on the occasion of the Eatanswill election, and her evidence drew from the Commissioners an expression of surprise that a woman should meddle with those things "propria quæ maribus." Perhaps the loudest expression of merriment was called forth by Crito, who appeared as a shabbily dressed old man, and, when pressed on the subject of the person who had bribed him, pointed with a disreputable umbrella to the sky, and asserted that the mysterious stranger came "de luna." All these witnesses duly received their certificates, but Byrrhia, as a half-drunken rough, was less fortunate. In spite of his magnanimous assertion, "vilius argentum est auro, virtutibus aurum," his "teetotalian" vows, and his statement that he could not write, he was proved to have received bribes and refreshment, and to have demanded "sacchara" from the agent in a letter which was produced in court. In the inquiry as to his Bacchanalian propensities, the temptation to introduce the now venerable joke from *H.M.S. Pinafore*, was too strong for the composer of the Epilogue, and the question "Quid, nunquam?" with its appropriate answer "vix umquam!" provoked no less laughter than if the idea were as new as the language in which it was expressed. Finally Byrrhia is condemned to six months' hard labour in the "pistrinum," and, when he expostulates, is addressed as "contemptor juris," and dragged out by a policeman with his sentence doubled. A few lines from the President, reminding the audience of the school elections where a purer morality reigns, bring an excellent performance to a close.

MR. SHERMAN'S NEW REFUNDING SCHEME.

THE Report of the United States Secretary of the Treasury, transmitted to Congress as usual at the beginning of the Session by President Hayes, sketches out a very remarkable plan for dealing with that part of the Federal Debt which falls due in the coming year. But before we enter upon the consideration of this plan, it may be worth while to recall to mind what has already been done with the United States Debt since the close of the Civil War. At the beginning of the financial year 1866-7, when all the accounts had been got in and the whole expenditure of the war made up, the principal of the debt amounted in round numbers to 555 millions sterling. European observers in general were of opinion that the wisest course for the restored Union then to pursue was to reduce expenditure as far as practicable, and to repeal all taxes not required to cover indispensable outlay. In the heat of the struggle there had been no time to select taxes, and as the proportions of the conflict grew larger it had become necessary to put on impost after impost with little regard to the effect upon trade. Moreover, the contest had been fought out to the bitter end. The South was literally exhausted, its social system revolutionized and its industry disorganized; while the North and West, though triumphant, had had to strain their resources most severely. Nevertheless, the American people decided otherwise. They would bear their burden of taxation until they had wiped off the debt, and would teach Europe the lesson that the generation which mortgages the resources of a country is bound to redeem them. How they have fulfilled this resolution is shown by the usual monthly statement issued at the beginning of December. According to this statement, the principal of the debt, not setting off the cash in the Treasury, amounted on December 1 to 419 millions sterling; setting off the cash in the Treasury, to 381 millions sterling. Between July 1, 1866, and December 1, 1880—a period of fourteen years and five months—the debt was reduced 136 millions sterling, if we take no account of the cash in the Treasury; if we do take the cash into account, the reduction was as much as 174 millions sterling. In the first case, the redemption of debt has averaged a little over nine millions a year; in the second, it has been at the rate of twelve millions annually. But this is not all. In 1870 the refunding of the debt in bonds bearing a lower rate of interest was taken in hand; and, though the success at first was very slow, the operation has been carried through. Partly owing to this reduction of interest, and partly to the redemption of the principal, the interest on the debt has been cut down from about 29 millions sterling per annum to about 16 millions. In other words, when the growth of wealth and population in the meantime is taken into consideration, it will be seen that the charge is now hardly felt. It ought to be added that the above statement of the principal of the debt on the 1st of the current month includes 81 millions sterling of various liabilities which bear no interest, the legal tender notes amounting to nearly 70 of the 81 millions. The debt actually bearing interest amounts to 337,304,080*l.* No such feat as this which we have described has ever been accomplished by any other nation. But it does not necessarily follow that the opinion expressed by European observers fifteen years ago was mistaken. The limitless extent of unsettled land possessed by the United States, the immensity and variety of their resources, the increasing flow of immigration from Europe, and the constant influx of European capital seeking investment, enable them to commit imprudences with comparative impunity which would jeopardize the future of less favoured countries. Yet it cannot be doubted that, even in the United States, unwise taxation, more particularly in the form of protective duties, has retarded material and intellectual development.

Of the 337½ millions sterling of interest-bearing debt still existing, 137½ millions fall due in the coming year, and it is of the mode of dealing with this latter sum that Mr. Sherman treats in the Report just transmitted to Congress. He asks for authority to issue, in place of 80 millions sterling of the amount, Treasury notes bearing interest not exceeding 4 per cent. He expects to place the notes at a lower rate; but even at 4 per cent. he would save 1 or 2 per cent., some of the bonds about to fall due bearing 6 per cent. interest, and the remainder 5 per cent. He wishes to be empowered, therefore, to give as much as 4 per cent. in case of need rather than risk the success of his experiment. For it is an experiment which he is about to try in respect to this particular issue. The Treasury notes are to be so dated that they will fall due in annual series during the next ten years, each series being calculated not to exceed the amount of the Sinking Fund in the year in which it reaches maturity. The result would be the extinction of the whole 80 millions within the ten years, being at the rate of 8 millions per annum, which, as we saw above, is less than the average rate of redemption during the past fourteen years. Supposing he can get these notes taken by the public, Mr. Sherman insures the maintenance of the existing Sinking Fund for another ten years, which is probably one of his reasons for advocating this system of Treasury notes. The Sinking Fund, in fact, is mortgaged by it for ten years to come. But another object, doubtless, is to save the loss incurred by buying bonds in the open market. At present, for example, the Four per Cents. are at nearly 14 premium in New York; and every year that the reduction of the debt continues the premium will go on growing. Thus the United States, which originally borrowed at a very great discount, would have to redeem at a very great premium. For the 80 millions of notes included in the proposal we are now considering this second loss would be avoided, inasmuch as they would be redeemed at par in annual instalments. But this form of investment is very inconvenient. An ordinary person having money to put into securities likes to choose an investment which, besides being safe, easily realizable, and yielding a tolerably good interest, will be permanent. It is an anxious and troublesome thing to make a selection; and, when he has made it, he hates to have the trouble all over again in a few years. These notes will, therefore, be unsuitable for the ordinary investor. But they will be extremely convenient for bankers. They will also serve admirably for purposes of remittance. The credit of the United States stands so high, and the market for United States bonds is so universal, that the notes will doubtless be largely taken by financial firms all over Europe. Still 80 millions is an immense sum, and it is open to question whether it all can be placed. Mr. Sherman himself is not without doubts on the point, and in his second proposal he provides for the contingency.

If the 80 millions of Treasury notes are all placed, there will remain of the amount about to fall due only 57½ millions. But Mr. Sherman has funds to pay off ten millions immediately, so that the residue which he will have to refund is only 47½ millions sterling. Yet he asks for authority to issue bonds for 80 millions sterling. Of course he does not mean actually to issue the whole 160 millions of new debt which he asks to be empowered to create. His real purpose is to place the 80 millions of Treasury notes, if he can, and fund 47½ millions in bonds. But should he be unable to float the whole amount of Treasury notes, he prudently takes power to issue what may remain on his hands in the form of bonds. The bonds are to be redeemable at the end of fifteen years, and Mr. Sherman proposes that they shall bear interest not exceeding 3·65 per cent. The Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives, which has more power over financial legislation than the Secretary of the Treasury, because the latter has no seat in Congress, is of opinion that the interest ought not to exceed 3 per cent., and has amended Mr. Sherman's Bill to that effect. How Congress will decide remains to be seen. But if it were more anxious for the success of the refunding operation than to annoy a political opponent, it would unquestionably reject the Committee's amendment. Assuming, for the sake of argument, that the Committee proves to be right, it is not to be supposed for a moment that Mr. Sherman will agree to pay a higher interest than he will find to be necessary. A Secretary of the Treasury has every motive for endeavouring to place his loans at the lowest possible rate of interest. In Mr. Sherman's case the motives are peculiarly strong. He has won a great reputation by his former success in refunding, and by the way in which he has carried through the resumption of specie payments. If now he can borrow at par at 3 per cent., and thus place the credit of the United States on a level with that of England, he will secure a reputation such as no Secretary of the Treasury, not even excepting Hamilton, has ever yet had. Mr. Sherman may therefore be safely trusted to screw down the rate of interest to the lowest possible, and, as a matter of fact, his tendency is to screw it down rather too much. It would consequently be wise on the part of Congress to give him the discretion he asks for.

Mr. Sherman estimates that his scheme will effect a reduction in the interest on the debt of about 2,400,000*l.*, and he recommends therefore that taxes be remitted to the amount of 2,200,000*l.* He is careful, however, not to raise protectionist prejudice against his proposals, for the taxes he selects for remission are all levied on home products. He is, moreover, careful not to interfere with the Sinking Fund. His recommendation keeps well within the saving to be effected in interest; but the rapid extinction of debt can hardly fail to reinforce powerfully the party that desires a reduction in the Customs duties. During the financial year which ended with last June, the actual realized surplus amounted to 13,176,730*l.* In the current financial year, of which five months had elapsed when his Report was presented to Congress, Mr. Sherman estimates the surplus at 18 millions sterling; and in the financial year that will begin with July next he anticipates a still larger surplus, notwithstanding the recommended remission of taxation. This surplus, it is to be understood, is over and above the Sinking Fund. But it is to be supposed that Mr. Sherman recommends a remission of taxation only because he finds the demand for it too strong to be prudently disregarded. If so, it seems only reasonable to assume that people will think an annual surplus of 18 millions too large, and will clamour for a further remission of taxation. The demand, too, is likely to be encouraged by the result of the first remission. All experience proves that a lightening of taxation stimulates consumption, and makes the remaining taxes more productive. It seems scarcely possible, therefore, that the present protective tariff can be maintained for many more years. It must be relaxed for want of an object on which to expend the proceeds. But it is at the same time evident that the tariff will not be touched as long as the Republican party can prevent it. They will prefer, as Mr. Sherman now does, to deal first with the Inland Revenue.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THIS winter's exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours does not strike us as being particularly fortunate. The gallery contains no doubt a considerable number of works of merit, as well as a not inconsiderable number of works of demerit; but there is, to our thinking, a certain absence of interest in the whole affair. Mr. Alma-Tadema, whose name heads the list of members and associates, contributes nothing; Mr. Boyce's works are conspicuous by their absence; and some other members, whom we need not name, seem to have been bent on proving that, whatever faults may be laid to their charge, they cannot at least be accused of spending too much time on any one work.

A place of honour on the wall at which the patient picture-plodder will naturally look first is occupied, and deservedly occupied, by the Princess Louise's portrait of Lieutenant-Colonel F. de Winton (23), which is a careful and strong piece of painting, and has so lifelike an air that one cannot be far wrong in taking it to be a good portrait. Another important picture on the same wall is Mr. Marks's "The Two Dromios" (35), to which is appended the motto from *The Comedy of Errors*, "Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother." The information thus given in the catalogue would hardly lead any person who studied the catalogue without going to the gallery to suppose that the subject of the picture is a pair of penguins, exquisitely drawn and coloured, and strongly marked with that fine sense of humour of which Mr. Marks is a master, whether he deals with human beings or with creatures whose extent and variety of character only a few artists, painters or poets, are capable of both appreciating and conveying. Mr. Marks is perhaps the only living painter whose humour is at once perfectly fine and simple and perfectly unmistakable. In this work it is particularly unassertive; what he has done is simply a piece of portraiture; but it is portraiture executed by a hand which cannot help catching every trait of the subject, and combining these traits in the happiest and most direct way. It is not uncommon, though it might be well if it were more common, to find a delicate sense of humour allied with an equally delicate sense of poetical beauty; and in this connexion visitors to the old Water Colour Exhibition who have admired Mr. Marks's penguins will do well to turn to two little landscapes which the same painter exhibits (308, 392). The last named is possibly the better work of the two; but both are instinct with a natural appreciation of what is fine in nature, and with the artistic science that gives that appreciation its best expression. Among younger painters, Mr. W. M. Hale comes out remarkably well. A week or two ago we noticed a work of his at the Dudley Gallery, in which various hues of a strong colour were employed and blended with great audacity and success; and in this exhibition we find several works of his which prove that he is as much at home in dealing with low tones as in executing a *tour de force* of a somewhat opposite kind. Mr. Hale sends several specimens of his work, amongst which "Old Houses, St. Philip's, Bristol" (61), and "Monte Salvadore, Lugano" (199), seem to us to be the best. The first named of these is studiously and truthfully low in tone, and is painted with great delicacy; the second is perhaps more striking in subject, and has much strength without any suspicion of over-emphasizing. The painting of the reflection in the water is particularly good. Mr. Herbert M. Marshall contributes several pictures, all of which have merit, but the best of which perhaps are "November's Hail-Cloud" (1) and "Between Newcastle and Tynemouth" (277). The last of these is marked by a pleasing combination of breadth and delicacy. The detail is amply given or suggested without any loss of due proportion, and the general effect is caught and rendered with much skill. The power of marking, subordinating, and harmonizing each part of a subject in this way is not too common, and it is a power which Mr. Marshall seems to possess. Mr. Brewtnall sends five works, of which the largest and probably the most looked at is "The Frog Prince" (124), which illustrates a subject dear to lovers of Grimm. "The Princess looked around to see whither the voice came, and saw a frog stretching out his thick ugly head. 'Ah! Is it you, old water-paddler?' said she. 'I am crying for my golden ball, which has fallen into the water.'" The surroundings which Mr. Brewtnall has given to this engaging incident are pretty and well painted enough, but beyond that we cannot give him any praise. His Princess's figure seems like a caricature of the figures familiar in a school of painting which it is only too easy to caricature, so easy, indeed, that the caricatures sometimes defeat their own object, and his Frog-Prince is, to our thinking, greatly wanting in character and importance. But perhaps no brush but Mr. Marks's could adequately realize the characteristics of a prince who is also a frog. Mr. J. D. Watson is well represented by "Sweethearts and Wives" (117), a soldier in last-century costume drinking a solitary toast. The figure is full of life and feeling. The title suggests once again the notion already suggested by Mr. Marks's "Two Dromios," of the curiously incorrect impressions which might be received by a person who, unable to visit picture-galleries, had a love for collecting picture-gallery catalogues. Such a person would probably entertain an unduly high estimate of a picture which is called "Silvia" (95), and to which are appended in the catalogue the first two lines of the well-known quotation. The work is hung in a particularly good position, is the production of Mr. W. C. T. Dobson, R.A., and is, if not the worst picture, certainly one of the worst pictures in the Gallery. To say this is, as visitors will find out for themselves, to say a good deal; but (also as visitors will find out for themselves) it is not to say too much. Mrs. Allingham sends a good many contributions, all of which have a certain grace and prettiness, and among the best of which perhaps we may rank "Resting" (320). But they all have a certain monotony, both of subject and method, and it might be better to see fewer of them at a time. Mr. North's "Autumn" (72) is markedly distinguished by his exquisite touch and sense of colour in the foreground, and there is a strength in the misty background which has not always been found in his work. The picture is complete; there is in it no sacrifice of general effect to a particular and charming piece of *technique*; and yet the *technique* has not been allowed to lose any of its charm. It is, in a word, admirably composed as well as admirably painted. Out of Mr. Albert Goodwin's pictures we select for special praise "The English Cemetery at Rome" (240), which is admirably painted, and has a good deal of originality. The sky full of "mare's tails" is especially good and striking. Mr. H. Moore's works are, as might be expected, capital. One of the most attractive among them is "Landing a Yarmouth Hawse-Boat" (109), in which the tumbling waves have a great deal of "go" and movement. Mr. Wallis's "In the Uffizi Gallery, Florence" (237), is a pleasing and attractive work, in which the representation of the stained and weather-beaten marble of the statue which is the principal object of the picture strikes us as being particularly happy. The figures of the spectators are less fortunate, but that perhaps is a matter of minor importance. Mr. Thorne White's "Parham Park; Outdoor Sketch" (231) is a curiously sprawling work, in which a little group of figures seems oddly put in, possibly, of course, because they happened to be there. Mrs. Angel's pictures of still life are, as usual, charming, and we may call special attention to her "Roses" (66) and "Spring Gatherings" (213). Miss Clara Montalba sends twelve pictures, none of which seem to us to be in her happiest vein. Mr. Paul Naftel's "Morning" (70) is in his best manner. A special feature in the present exhibition is the "Dodgson Loan Collection" shown on some of the screens. The works exhibited afford an interesting study, but happily do not lead one to despair of the present state of water-colour art. What is remarkable in most of the pictures is a fine sense of light and atmosphere, which is too often allied with a conventional and meaningless arrangement of figures. In some cases, also, it will be observed that the painter aimed, boldly enough, at more than it was given to him to accomplish.

We have spoken of this exhibition as being in some ways unsatisfactory, and it seems desirable to point to a few glaring instances of pictures which ought not to have been shown. What could have induced Mr. J. D. Watson to paint so hideous and repellent a picture as "A Bather" (312) is perhaps not a more difficult question to answer than "What could have induced anybody, when it was painted, to hang it?" It is hardly more easy to imagine what models, human or feline, Mr. Smallfield can have had for his "Dame Wiggins" (228), and how, giving him every chance in the direction of bad models, he can have "imitated them so abominably." With these two works we must, we fear, class Mr. Walter Duncan's "With Stream and Wind" (209), in which we have the old, old pair of lovers in an impossible boat, drifting down an impossible stream, bordered by (most happily) impossible rushes.

REVIEWS.

GÜNTHER'S INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF FISHES.*

DR. GÜNTHER'S recently published *Introduction to the Study of Fishes* fully sustains the high reputation of the author. To the exceptional opportunities of research which he has had as Keeper of the Zoological Department of our great national collection, Dr. Günther adds the indispensable qualities of a philosophic habit of generalizing from facts, and a logical method in drawing out and stating his conclusions. No one is entitled to speak with higher authority in this special department of natural history. Invited to revise or rewrite the article on Ichthyology for the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, he felt impelled at the same time to undertake a Handbook of Ichthyology, in which he could allow himself wider scope and greater amplitude of technical treatment than was compatible with an abstract condensed for the wants of the general reader. There has long been a call for some concise and systematic treatise dealing with the structure, classification, and life-history of fishes. The only publication which Dr. Günther could point to as in part satisfying these requirements was the article on the same subject prepared by the late Sir J. Richardson for the last edition of the *Encyclopædia*. The mass of material scattered up and down in the pages of special memoirs, notices, and Transactions have been laid under contribution for the purpose of the present work, combined with the larger and more methodical class of writings which form the bulk of the literature of ichthyology. The great work of Cuvier and Valenciennes, left incomplete by those masters of the science, has been supplemented by the labours of later naturalists, who have given detailed accounts of orders omitted in the *Histoire*

* *An Introduction to the Study of Fishes.* By Albert C. L. G. Günther, M.A., M.D., Ph.D., F.R.S. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1880.

naturelle. The Plagiostomes have been described by Müller and Henle, and the Murænidæ and Lophobranchii by Kaup. M. A. Duméril's splendid *Histoire naturelle des Poissons ou Ichthyologie générale* has got as yet no further than two volumes, the first containing a complete account of the Plagiostomes (Paris, 1865), and the second treating of the Ganoids and Lophobranchs (Paris, 1870). Dr. Günther's valuable *Catalogue of Fishes*, published by the Trustees of the British Museum in eight volumes (London, 1869-70), did much towards bringing together in one comprehensive work the results of the manifold researches carried on by independent inquirers in every department of ichthyology during this interval of unexampled activity. Besides the species previously described, many new forms were added, bringing up the total number of species referred to in those volumes to 8,525. In the systematic arrangement of families and orders Müller's system was followed in the main, with some modification in point of definition. The work now before us may be regarded as giving in a condensed form, adapted to the needs of the student, a survey of the science of ichthyology in its latest stage of progress. Besides meeting the requirements of those who would systematically master the elements of the science, it is fitted to serve as a book of reference for zoologists in general, or as a manual for the use of travellers or followers of sport who wish for ready information on matters relating to fish life.

The opening chapter on the history and literature of the subject gives a valuable summary of the progress of research from the days of Aristotle, who shows a perfect knowledge of the general structure of fishes, clearly discriminating them from the aquatic animals which have lungs and mammæ—*i.e.* cetaceans—as well as from the various groups of aquatic invertebrates. From the time of this gifted and accurate observer, with the exception of a small poem in which Ausonius describes from his own observations the fishes of the Mosel, Dr. Günther finds either total silence or no more than vague or fabulous notices among classical writers or their successors in literature until far on in the sixteenth century. In the elder Pliny, at least, he might have met with some evidences of a better kind of knowledge, the section on fishes having really a worth beyond most of that garrulous naturalist's history. The culinary gossip of Paulus Jovius has rightly been passed over in silence. It was with Belon, Rondelet, and Salviani that ichthyology entered upon the stage of really scientific existence. For a century or so their authority continued to hold rule among naturalists, though much was done by the exertions of investigators in foreign countries, especially in the Spanish and Dutch settlements in the New World. Piso and Margrav made known the fishes of Brazil, adding one hundred species to those previously catalogued. In Europe at the same time anatomical schools and academies led to the careful investigation of the internal anatomy of the most prominent native forms. Foremost at this time were the names of Borelli, Malpighi, Duverney, and the famous anatomist Swammerdam. A new era began with our own countrymen, Willughby and Ray, who were the first to recognize the true principles whereby the natural affinities of animals were to be determined. Amongst the primary and essential points of their method was the determination of species as the base upon which all sound zoological knowledge must be built up. Upon the lines laid down by them Artedi of Sweden worked out the system which entitled him to be called the father of ichthyology. Drowned by accident in 1784, when but twenty-nine years old, Artedi left MSS. of the highest value, which were edited by his fellow-pupil Linnæus. So perfect was Artedi's method that even Linnæus, Dr. Günther says, could but modify and add to it, doing little more than apply binominal terms to the species properly described and classified by Artedi. The works of Artedi and Linnæus gave a new impulse to the study of the aquatic fauna, not only in Scandinavia, but in Holland, Germany, and England. Naturalists attached themselves to the expeditions of adventurous voyagers—among them the two Forsters, father and son, Solander, who accompanied Cook, and Commerson, who travelled with Bougainville. The researches of Bloch and Lacépède carried on the systematic study of the anatomy and physiology of fishes to the time of Cuvier, who from the year 1820 set himself to the pursuit of ichthyology, not merely as a part of the *Règne animal*, but from a particular predilection for the study. He was assisted by one of his pupils, Valenciennes, who, after Cuvier's death in 1832, carried on the work at intervals, leaving it, however, still unfinished with the twenty-second volume (1848), which treats of the Salmonoids.

A short but clear analysis of Cuvier's system is given by Dr. Günther, who, pointing out its occasional defects and inconsistencies, dwells upon the immense stride which ichthyology had made in the seventy years that had elapsed since the time of Linnæus. Extending his researches into the field of palæontology, Cuvier was the first to make good the points of resemblance between large classes of existing fishes and their fossil representatives or ancestors, thus laying a foundation upon which has been largely built up the modern theory of the continuity of life from its earliest vestiges until now. An undue absorption in the study of fossil forms was the cause of Louis Agassiz losing in part the vantage-ground gained by Cuvier. Whilst opening up a whole new sub-class of fishes in the Ganoidei, he failed to see how artificial was the classification of fishes which he based on the mere structure of their scales. The distinctions between cycloid and ctenoid scales, between the Placoid and Ganoid orders are, as Dr. Günther points out, extremely vague, and hardly to be maintained. This system has shared the fate of every classification based simply upon the modifications of a single organ. To the discoverer of the Ganoidei succeeded their explorer, Johannes Müller, whose system, if not absolutely natural in all its arrangements, requires no more than modifications in detail and more exact definition to suit itself to the order of nature which it is the task of every true biologist to subserve. The comparative outlines of the systems of these two great men, given by our author, show in how many points the families established by Cuvier were re-examined and better defined by Müller. His own discussion, modestly referred to here, of the recovery (in the year 1871) in the Ceratodus of a genus long thought extinct—allied in form, as he showed, to Lepidosiren, though, on the other hand, not to be separated from the Ganoid fishes, Lepidosiren being proved thereby a Ganoid—led to a further modification of Müller's sub-classes, and the result is the thoroughly natural system followed in the present work. A list of all the more important books or monographs illustrative of this special branch of zoology which have appeared subsequently to the labours of Cuvier enables the student to lay his hand readily upon the best authority and guide in whatever direction his research may take. These works are for convenience arranged under three heads. 1. Voyages, containing general accounts of zoological collections in French, English, and German. 2. Faunæ, or standard works on the natural history of the marine and fresh-water fishes of various geographical zones and of both hemispheres, special mention being made of Bleeker's *Atlas Ichthyologique des Indes Orientales Néerlandaises* (Amsterd. fol. 1862), interrupted by the author's death, in 1878—a splendid work, yet defective in system, and limited to the external characteristics of each specimen, omitting the anatomy, physiology, and habits of fishes. 3. Anatomical works, too numerous for an exhaustive catalogue; the most prominent and instructive being commended to the student's choice, while his inquiries are directed to the general arrangement or special organs of fishes, their osteology, histology, or embryology, their electric organs, or their metamorphosis, as in the case of the lamperns. Besides the works of Owen and Huxley, the *Zootomie der Fische* of H. Stannius is recommended as the most comprehensive manual of the anatomy of fishes.

As the general result of so many ages of labour, the views of ichthyologists have at length converged to the definition of fishes as that class of vertebrate animals which, living in water, breathe by means of gills or branchiæ; whose heart consists of a single ventricle and single atrium; whose limbs, if present, are modified into fins, supplemented by unpaired, median fins; and whose skin is either naked or covered with scales, or osseous plates or bucklers. Not that the lines of this definition are to be taken as absolutely sharp and clear. There are, our author admits, not a few members of the class of fishes in which a modification of one or more of those characteristics may be seen, but which, notwithstanding, cannot be separated from it. Moreover, the distinction between the class of fishes and that of Batrachians is very slight. The first half of Dr. Günther's work treats with great minuteness on those points of the internal and external structure of fishes which are to be taken as indices for establishing these points of difference. By the aid of admirable woodcuts he makes clear the anatomy and the homologies of the skeleton, the muscular and electric organs, the nervous system, with its relation to the spinal cord and brain and the sensory system, with critical remarks upon the sense of hearing in fishes, which in many families, as in the Percoids and Clupeoids, has a peculiar relation with the air-bladder. The organs of nutrition and digestion, respiration, circulation, and reproduction, having been amply discussed, a chapter is given to the phenomena of the growth and variation of fishes, the changes dependent upon sexual development, with the secondary differences peculiar to certain families, the classification of mixogamous, polygamous, and monogamous fishes, and the changes traceable to domestication and acclimatization. The distribution of fishes in point of time opens up an interesting chapter on palæontology. Can the existing types be shown to be identical with those which first peopled our seas, rivers, and lakes? and has the stream of life come down in an unbroken line from the earliest dawn of geological time? In the Upper Silurian rocks the first undeniable evidence of a fish—spines and scales, apparently, of a plagiostome—our author believes is to be found. What appears to be the jaw of a fish may possibly find a place among the Ganoids. In the Devonian or Old Red sandstone there are fish remains distinctive enough to be referred to several genera; the Ganoids in particular being so well preserved that their general aspects and habits may be very clearly made out, such especially as were provided with hard carapaces, solid scales, and ordinary or bony fin rays. Of the Devonian Ganoids Dr. Günther instances one which approaches the still living Polypterus, and a second in which the principal characters of the Dipnoi are so strongly manifest as to admit no more than a family separation between them. The continuity of form is traceable through the Carboniferous and Permian series, and may be seen to grow in distinctness as we pass on towards the existing fauna. It is interesting to mark the falling out of genera by the way. In the Cretaceous group the Palæichthyes are already in a minority, whilst many Teleosteans have appeared for the first time in numerous genera, many of them identical with still existing fishes. In the Tertiary epoch the Teleosteans have all but superseded the Ganoids, of which the few remaining species are closely allied to existing forms, such as Lepidosteus, Amia, Hypamia, and Acipenser. In geographical distribution the fishes of earlier epochs differed widely from those of our day, owing in part to climatic changes, in part to modifications of

the earth's surface whereby the waters have become by turns fresh and salt or brackish. In the changes of species constantly going on between the fresh-water and marine faunæ, and the consequent difficulty in drawing sharp dividing lines of families and groups, is involved many a problem for the ichthyologist. The division into three principal zones, with sub-regions characterized by their attendant families, wherewith our author closes this part of his work, will be found of immense assistance to the student.

In the systematic and descriptive part which forms the latter half of the volume the reader obtains a clear view of the natural system of classification of fishes. Each of the sub-classes—Palæichthyes, Teleostei, Cyclostomata, and Leptocardii—has its distinctive characteristics laid down, with the modifications which determine the secondary division into orders, sub-orders, and families. Of the method herein employed, or the amount of special knowledge brought to bear upon this masterly compilation, at once a catalogue and an analysis of the whole phenomena of fish-life, our limits do not allow us to give any adequate idea. The student is to be envied who, with this manual in hand, will shortly enjoy free access to the great collection of specimens now being gathered together for his use in the spacious galleries of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.

THE PERSONAL LIFE OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE.*

THE title that Dr. Blaikie has given to this book shows that he was well aware of the difficulties that lay in his path. Livingstone, in his books of travels and in the journal which was published after his death, had given so full an account of the great work of his life that not much might seem at first sight to be left for a biographer. Dr. Blaikie, therefore, professes to write, not so much his Life, as his Personal Life. He chiefly aims, we assume, at showing, not what the man did, but what he was. The two subjects however cannot, of course, be kept separate, though a writer can dwell more on the one part than on the other. He can, moreover, in a way that would be unbecoming in one who describes his own doings, enter into personal details which are often of the highest interest. He can show how the character of his hero was slowly trained, till at last it became fit for the grand task of his life. He can add many touches from letters and journals to prove that that almost childlike simplicity which is so commonly found in the greatest men was not in this case wanting. Lastly, he can quote the testimony of others, and let us see the way in which the conduct of his hero was regarded by those who were most about him. This is what Dr. Blaikie has chiefly aimed at doing, though, to make his narrative complete, he has given at the same time a tolerably full account of Livingstone's travels. Though we cannot look upon the narrative as altogether worthy of its subject, yet we feel that, on the whole, we ought to be satisfied. The author has certainly surpassed the average of biographers, and has given us a book which, if here and there it affords matter for censure, at all events can be read with much interest. If, according to the immortal criticism given in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, it might have been better had the author taken more pains, on the other hand it might very easily have been a great deal worse had less pains been taken.

The story of Livingstone's early days will be read with by no means the least interest. He belonged, as he always remembered with pride, to "the honest poor." "My own order, the honest poor," he wrote when he was at the height of his fame. When he was a child he had learnt from his grandfather the history of his family for six generations back. The old man had never heard of any of its members who had ever been guilty of dishonesty. In the inscription that Livingstone wrote for the tombstone which he set up over his parents' grave, he showed his pride in his birth:—

TO SHOW THE RESTING-PLACE OF
NEIL LIVINGSTONE,
AND AGNES HUNTER, HIS WIFE,
AND TO EXPRESS THE THANKFULNESS TO GOD
OF THEIR CHILDREN,
JOHN, DAVID, JANET, CHARLES, AND AGNES,
FOR POOR AND PIOUS PARENTS.

It is well known how laboriously his youth was spent; how he worked in a factory from six in the morning till eight in the evening, and how, when his body could at length rest, he toiled each evening over his books. Even during the daytime he had kept his book on a portion of the spinning-jenny, and had devoured it by snatches. His, indeed, was a hard youth, but it was not an unhappy one. He looked back upon it with pleasure, and, so far from regretting it, he believed that it had been an admirable training for the great work of his after life. Had it been possible, he said, he would have liked "to begin life over again in the same lowly style, and to pass through the same hardy training." Dr. Blaikie tells us that "he ridiculed Mrs. Beecher Stowe's notion that factory-workers were slaves." Well indeed he might, for he was a countryman of Burns, and had never thought of hanging his head for honest poverty. It is interesting, by the way, to know that, as he roamed alone through the wilds of Africa, even in the midst of the horrors of the slave-trade, he kept up his heart by thinking of the good time coming, and by humming to himself:—

When man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

When he was spending on fresh explorations the money which he had so hardly earned by his first book, he wrote to Sir Roderick Murchison, "People who are born rich sometimes become miserable from a fear of becoming poor; but I have the advantage, you see, in not being afraid to die poor." When he heard that the Boers in his absence had wrecked his house, had torn up his books, scattering the leaves all about, and had carried off everything that they did not break, he wrote to his wife, "Well, they cannot have taken away all the stones. We shall have a seat in spite of them, and that too with a merry heart which doeth good like medicine." He had always been used to make the best of everything. His father had been in the habit of locking the door of his house at dusk, by which time all the children were expected to be in. "One evening David had infringed this rule, and when he reached the door it was barred. He made no cry nor disturbance, but, having procured a piece of bread, sat down contentedly to pass the night on the doorstep. There, on looking out, his mother found him."

As Dr. Blaikie justly says, "the fellow-feeling he acquired for the children of labour was invaluable for enabling him to gain influence with the same class, whether in Scotland or in Africa." It was not only that he was a thoroughly good craftsman himself. It was not only that he was a good hand at "building, gardening, cobbling, doctoring, tinkering, carpentering, gun-mending, farriering, and wagon-mending," though this was much. It was not only that he was always ready to do things that would have been intolerable, to use his own words, to a man of clerical dignity. He had, besides, that thorough sympathy with those who get their living by the sweat of their brow, and that complete understanding of the way in which they look on the world, which is at once so hard for a man born among the rich to acquire, and at the same time so needful for those whose work lies among the poor. He knew the power of gentleness and kindness. "Depend upon it," he wrote in the instructions which he gave to those who were under him in his expedition to the Zambesi, "Depend upon it, a kind word or deed is never lost." At another time he stated, as the result of his long experience, that "the polite, respectful way of speaking, and behaviour of what we call 'a thorough gentleman,' almost always secures the friendship and good-will of the Africans." He was never troubled by that feeling of condescension which troubles even good men when they mix with those who have been born in much poorer circumstances than themselves. What he did, he did quite naturally. A lady had written to reproach him that he seemed to have forgotten the chief part of a missionary's duties. He thus wrote back in reply:—

Nowhere have I ever appeared as anything else but a servant of God, who has simply followed the leadings of His hand. My views of what is *missionary* duty are not so contracted as those whose ideal is a dumpy sort of man with a Bible under his arm. I have laboured in bricks and mortar, at the forge and carpenter's bench, as well as in preaching and medical practice. I feel that I am "not my own." I am serving Christ when shooting a buffalo for my men, or taking an astronomical observation, or writing to one of His children who forget, during the little moment of penning a note, that charity which is eulogized as "thinking no evil."

It was in patient continuance in well-doing, as he often used to say, that the true road to influence lay. It was by following this road, without turning for one moment to the right hand or the left, that he was able to pass nearly twenty years in Africa without having once to lift his hand against a fellow-man. It was in 1841 that he landed at the Cape and went up far among the wild tribes. It was not till 1861 that he was attacked by the natives and was forced to repel the attack with violence. "I'll do anything for peace, except fighting for it," he had at one time said. But at last the time came when even he was forced to fight, and to fight for peace. He had got into the midst of a savage tribe which, in the hunt after slaves, had been wasting all the country round with fire and sword. Livingstone and Bishop Mackenzie had gone up in the hope of turning the chief from his murderous ways, and had been attacked by him with the utmost violence. Next to his gentleness it was his truthfulness which won over to him the hearts of men. His return from England to Loanda, so that he might, in accordance with his promise, lead back his faithful Makololo their year's journey through the wilderness home was never forgotten. It is interesting to compare with this act of faithfulness on his part a striking note in his journal. He wrote it on the evening of a day when he was in the greatest peril. His passage across the Zambesi was threatened by a hostile tribe, and he had but little hope that he should escape with his life:—

Evening.—Felt much turmoil of spirit in view of having all my plans for the welfare of this great region and teeming population knocked on the head by savages to-morrow. But I read that Jesus came and said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations—and lo, *I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.*" It is the word of a gentleman of the most sacred and strictest honour, and there is an end on't. I will not cross furtively by night as I intended. It would appear as flight, and should such a man as I flee? Nay, verily, I shall take observations for latitude and longitude to-night, though they may be the last. I feel quite calm now, thank God.

When he wrote "It is the word of a gentleman of the most sacred

* *The Personal Life of David Livingstone, LL.D., D.C.L., chiefly from his Unpublished Journals and Correspondence in the possession of his Family.* By William Garden Blaikie, D.D., LL.D., New College, Edinburgh. With Portrait and Map. London: John Murray. 1880.

and strictest honour," he might have had in mind Decker's lines, but it is scarcely likely that he knew them:—

> The best of men
> That e'er wore earth about him, was a sufferer;
> A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
> The first true gentleman that ever breathed.

Livingstone, according to Dr. Blaikie, owed his gentleness to his mother. "She was," our author writes, "a delicate little women, with a wonderful flow of good spirits . . . Her love had no crust to penetrate, but came beaming out freely like the light of the sun. . . . It was the genial, gentle influences that had moved him under his mother's training that enabled him to move the savages of Africa." His great strength and persistence of character were due in part to that severe training in the school of poverty which we have already mentioned, and in part to the religious teaching of his puritanic home. His father, as he himself has said, was of that high type of character portrayed in the *Cotter's Saturday Night*. In this training, with much that was good there was usually much of narrowness. Happily Neil Livingstone, while he was fond of old Scottish theology, was also deeply interested "in the progress of the world," as he called it. Yet he had a fear of books of science, deeming them unfriendly to Christianity. As for novels, he would never allow one to enter his house. While we remember the many great men who have been raised up under the severe training of those Northern homes, we ought at the same time never to forget how many have been utterly ruined by its unnatural severity. The Scottish Sabbath, when it claims its heroes, must not be allowed to pass over in silence its worse than failures. Happily Livingstone had a natural greatness of mind which enabled him, each year that he lived, to shake himself free of the burdens that men had laid on his back. In his travels in Africa he freed himself, as well as others, from the shackles of slavery. When he had arrived at the mouth of the Zambesi, and was detained in the fever-breeding region of mangrove swamps, at a time when he himself was suffering from illness, he did not hesitate to work hard one Sunday in getting disembarked the sections of his river steamboat. He not only wanted to save time, but also he had found that active exercise every day was one of the best preventives of fever. "Some of his friends," writes Dr. Blaikie, "were troubled, and many reflections were thrown on him." We should like to sentence such precisians as these to only one Sabbath in a mangrove-swamp. It might possibly enlarge their hearts as well as their understandings. It is very rarely that we discover any narrowness in Livingstone. On one occasion, however, he certainly shows that he had not mastered the lesson that was taught by the fall of the Tower of Siloam. He is describing how the Boers, at the time when they sacked his house, had ruthlessly murdered the natives amongst whom he had been living and labouring. He writes to one of his friends, "The Boers kill the blacks without compunction, and without provocation, because they believe they have no soul . . . Viewing the dispensation apart from the extreme wickedness of the Boers, it seemed a judgment on the blacks for their rejection of the Gospel. They have verily done despite unto the spirit of grace." In his later years he could never have written such words as these. By that time he had shaken himself wholly free from the bondage of bigotry. On one of his visits to Scotland he was asked to speak in the chapel where he had been a worshipper in his youth. He spoke of the divisions in the Church, and "of the broadening process that had been going on in his own mind while in Africa, which made him feel himself more than ever the brother of all." He went on to say, "I am sure I look on all the different denominations in Hamilton and in Britain with feelings of affection. I cannot say which I love most. Really, perhaps, I may be considered a little heterodox; if I were living in this part of the country, I could not pass one Evangelical church in order to go to my own denomination beyond it."

It is by no means surprising that his real greatness of character was not discovered in his early days. After three months' trial he was almost rejected as a missionary by the London Missionary Society. Little did the reverend gentleman who sent in an unfavourable report of him think that the only chance he himself had of being remembered was as the man who lived in the same house with Livingstone for three months, and failed to find out that his was a great mind. "None of his friends," writes Dr. Blaikie, "seems to have had any foresight of the eminence he was destined to attain. The Directors of the Society did not even rank him among their ablest men." Many years later, when he had given undoubted proofs of his strong and noble character, his Directors were still blind to the transcendent merits of their famous missionary. He was bent on "passing on." He had no thought of settling down in a comfortable home, as so many others did. To one of his friends he wrote, "If you meet me down in the colony before eight years are expired, you may shoot me." He told his Directors that he was at their disposal, "to go anywhere—provided it be forward." "Can the love of Christ," on another occasion he wrote, "not carry the missionary where the slave-trade carries the trader?" But his proposals were not accepted, for they lay out of the beaten path which is so dear to men of ordinary minds. To the Society's agent he made a noble defence of his plan for opening up a path for the teeming population of the interior. "I have been," he said, "seven times in peril of my life from savage men while laboriously and without swerving pursuing that plan, and never doubting that I was in the path of duty."

Even when he had happily freed himself from the control of the Society, he still did not always meet with the treatment which he deserved. So late as 1865, when he was setting out on his last journey, the Foreign Office "propounded a scheme that he should have a commission," giving him certain authority. When a formal proposal was submitted to him it contained "the additional proviso that he was to be entitled to no pension." As for a pension, he had never asked for it. "When Earl Russell was appealed to, he would only promise a salary when Dr. Livingstone should have settled somewhere." The Geographical Society did not treat him with much more respect in the agreement that it made with him. "For mere board and no lodgings," he indignantly wrote, "I was to work for years and hand over the results to them." But nothing could repress the noble ardour which inspired him. "I don't know," he at one time wrote to one of his friends, "whether I am to go on the shelf or not. If I do, I make Africa the shelf." When he seemed to be lost to us then was his great worth seen, and then no efforts were spared to recover him from "the dark continent," whence for so long a time no tidings of him came. In Westminster Abbey such honour was done to him as can be done to the dead; but we know not whether he would not have better found his last resting-place where he had once wished that it might be. "I have often wished," he wrote, "that it might be in some far-off, still, deep forest, where I may sleep sweetly till the resurrection morn, when the trump of God will make all start up into the glorious and active second existence."

SPINOZA.*

SPINOZA is one of those thinkers who are destined to be not without honour save in their own age. From the very interesting sketch of the history of Spinoza's reputation which Mr. Pollock gives us in his concluding chapter we can see that the causes of the temporary neglect are also those of the subsequent appreciation. Spinoza was a man clearly in advance of his age, and he had to suffer the penalties attaching to all inconvenient precocity. He broke too completely with the reigning scholastic and theological modes of thought in his views on nature, man, and the objects of human life, to escape the full intensity of the *odium theologicum*. But, in thus parting company with contemporary ideas, he was moving towards modern modes of conception. His was a mind in many ways touched by the modern spirit. Consequently there has naturally arisen a reactionary movement of admiring appreciation. And this movement has been sustained by the powerful attractions belonging to Spinoza's personality. The picture of the learned and meditative Jew quietly plying his humble craft, undismayed by social persecution, and not disturbed by vain social ambitions, but just content with ennobling his meagre surroundings and homely activities with lofty thoughts into which others could not enter, and with a high moral ideal—this picture which Mr. Pollock paints for us with a fine artistic touch is one which could not fail to have a charm for those, of whom the first was Lessing, who may be said to have discovered Spinoza for our century. It may be added that even those whose principles obliged them to reject Spinoza's teaching have confessed to the charm of his character. Thus Voltaire writes of "le sophiste géométrique Spinosa, dont la modération, le désintéressement et la générosité ont été dignes d'Epictète."

The first thing that strikes one is that the modern appreciation of Spinoza has begun and has been most extensive among those who stand outside the philosophic circle. This is at first sight surprising; for, if ever there was a thinker who, by the difficulties of many of his conceptions—which were fully exposed by contemporary critics, and more particularly by Tschirnhausen—and the severity of his method, might antecedently be supposed to address himself specially to the philosophic caste, it is surely Spinoza. To read him even with the aid of Mr. Pollock's able exposition, with its simple language and its familiar conceptions, is often sufficiently difficult; and in the original he seems to us, in the external manner of his philosophizing, quite as repellent to the ordinary literary mind as Kant himself. Yet men so little given to a special study of philosophy as Lessing and Herder, Goethe, Heine, Auerbach the novelist, and, in our own country, Shelley and Mr. Matthew Arnold, have been powerfully attracted to Spinoza, and have acknowledged his profound influence on their mental development. And while the literary and poetic mind has thus been impressed by Spinoza's teaching, the modern scientific intellect is, according to Mr. Pollock, turning more and more towards him. To account for this far-reaching and growing influence of Spinoza without as well as within the philosophic circle may be said to be one object of Mr. Pollock's volume. To understand this we must go below the surface of his philosophy, though it is possible that there may be something in its geometric exactness and symmetry of form which has exerted a charm on some minds. The power of Spinoza resides partly in his speculative theories, but much more in the ethical teaching for which these are the preparation. In spite of its scholastic dress, Spinoza's system is a great simplification of previous philosophy, and in many ways an approach to a positive scientific conception of the world and man. Moreover, it is made to yield a moral doctrine which has a singular beauty and grandeur, and

* *Spinoza: his Life and Philosophy.* By Frederick Pollock, Barrister-at-Law, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, &c. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1880.

which may compare favourably with the highest ethical constructions of ancient and modern times.

The philosophy of Spinoza has its ancestry in the teaching of Descartes on one side, and on the other in that of the Arabic and Jewish schools. The question of the amount of influence due to each of these two sources, as also to Neo-Platonism working through Giordano Bruno, is ably discussed by Mr. Pollock in the full light of recent research. He points out that too much has been attributed to the influence of Descartes, who supplied him with little if anything beyond his physics. Yet his own view seems perhaps to err slightly in the other direction. The influence of Descartes appears to be discernible not only in Spinoza's whole method, which is simply Descartes's mathematical conception of philosophy more fully elaborated, but also in many of the details of his teaching; for example, in the peculiar use of the term objective, p. 131, in the account of the emotions, which is by no means so different from that given by Descartes as Spinoza would have us believe. But, while thus fettered by the shreds of scholastic forms, Spinoza was, according to our author, feeling his way towards a scientific *Welt-anschauung.* The mythical element derived from Jewish tradition became less and less prominent as he developed his system, while the scientific element came more clearly into sight. Mr. Pollock avowedly looks at Spinoza from the point of view of modern science, and seeks to emphasize those aspects of Spinoza's system which approach modern forms of thought. It seems probable that, with all the care which the author has taken to mark the interval between the age of Spinoza and our own—as when, for example, he rightly distinguishes between Spinoza's impulse of self-preservation (*conatus*) and the same idea in the hands of Mr. Darwin (p. 117)—he tends, on the whole, to exaggerate the amount of affinity. It is always difficult not to import our own way of thinking into the words of a remote writer whom we are strongly desirous of understanding; and when there is a conscious attempt to connect such a thinker with the present, the illusion of a too great propinquity is almost certain to arise. There is no doubt that, as compared with Descartes, Spinoza is scientific. His sweeping away of the dualisms left by Descartes—namely, that between God and the world as a whole, between the two substances mind and matter, and between man and human life and nature—all this is clearly a simplification of our conception of the universe which exactly answers to the scientific spirit. And this all-embracing unity is doubtless that which has attracted men like Goethe, who thus describes the effect of Spinoza on his mind:—"I found here that which stilled the emotions; a wide and free prospect over the physical and moral world disclosed itself before me" (p. 395). More than this, it is obvious that by his elimination of final causes, his denial of free will, and the naturalistic view of the world and human life resulting from those negations, Spinoza approached the positive standpoint of modern science. But when we have said this we have said all, so far as the speculative part of Spinoza's teaching is concerned. To say, as Mr. Pollock does, that the monistic view of Spinoza—namely, that every physical process has its mental correlate, conscious or unconscious, and that both are but two aspects of one process—is the modern scientific view, appears to us somewhat to confuse the boundaries of science and metaphysics. So far as M. Taine and G. H. Lewes, or any other modern writers, hold this view, they do so much more *quâ* metaphysicians than *quâ* scientists. One may concede that at more than one point Spinoza's doctrine touches the results of modern physiological psychology. In his conception of the psychical and the physical chain of events as each complete in itself, he undoubtedly made a brilliant anticipation of modern teaching. And, more than this, it may be allowed that this later teaching fits in very well with the metaphysical view of Spinoza. Yet there is clearly no necessary relation between them, and a man may accept all the teaching of modern science and remain in the end a pure idealist, equally opposed to every theory of absolute substance or things-in-themselves. Whether or not science leads a man on to philosophic monism is largely a matter of individual mental organization. We suspect that this is substantially Mr. Pollock's own view; yet his words easily seem to imply more. To identify Spinoza's philosophy and modern scientific thought overmuch appears to us to leave the effect of this philosophy on men like Goethe and Heine unexplained. To them it was surely the final unity of the "world-all," the vision of the phenomenal world of individual things playing like surface waves upon the vast and deep ocean of real existence, which appeared so fascinating an element in Spinoza's teaching. One may perhaps go further, and doubt whether, even supposing that modern men of science must have a seventeenth-century metaphysic, Spinoza's system is the most modern. Mr. Pollock touches on the objection brought against Spinoza's philosophy by Schelling and Hegel that it is "lifeless, rigid, motionless," but appears to regard it as hardly intelligible (p. 398). Yet an evolutionist must certainly miss much in Spinoza, the want of which he might describe very well in the words here used. Spinoza's system gives us nothing but the statics of existence, determines the relation of individual things to the underlying attributes, and of these again to the uniting substance, conceived as co-existent one with another. While he gains a glimpse of the truth of a gradation of being, he makes no use of this in explaining the development of things. In truth, it is evident from his general disregard of the category of time in looking at the world—which category, to judge from his peculiar doctrine of the eternity of intellectual existence, he appears to think altogether unreal—as well as from his incapacity to conceive social and political institutions as a process of growth and adaptation, that he had no glimmering of those ideas of progress and development which were to fill the air at the close of the following century, and to which Schelling and Hegel, each in his own way, tried to give philosophic expression. Looked at on this side, Spinoza's system seems to be far less modern than that of Leibnitz, which not only comes much nearer to recent scientific ideas of matter in its conception of monads, but in which the idea of development plays so conspicuous a part. And, as a matter of fact, we suspect that in Germany at least—to judge, among other signs, by a curious essay on the relation of the ideas of Leibnitz to modern scientific conceptions not long since published by Du-Bois Reymond—the influence of Spinoza's successor on the modern scientific mind is far greater than his own. If we add to this the truth, fully admitted by Mr. Pollock, that Spinoza does not draw the obvious distinction between the relation of mind and matter as coexistent events on one side, and as aspects of cognition (subject and object) on the other; that, in point of fact, he has no theory of knowledge, and so cannot render an account of those mental processes which all science assumes, as the system of Hume or of Kant can do, it seems vain to expect, as Mr. Pollock's words appear to imply (p. 399), that Spinoza is to become *the* philosopher of men of science.

That Spinoza will still attract men of science as well as others we can readily believe; but he will do this, we suspect, much more on the practical than on the theoretical side. It is pretty certain that, even with a mind like Lessing's or Goethe's, it was much more the ethical unity which Spinoza brought into human life than any theoretic unity which he brought into the universe that drew and fascinated. Goethe, indeed, says in the passage already referred to, "What chiefly drew me to Spinoza was the boundless unselfishness that shone forth in every sentence." And the same may perhaps be said of Mr. Pollock himself. Kant, in working out his ethical system, had to reintroduce hyper-empirical ideas, such as freedom and immortality, which he professed to have rejected in his speculative system. Spinoza does nothing of the sort. In spite of the decided flavour of mysticism about the curious doctrine of the intellectual love of God, the difficulties of which tax all Mr. Pollock's resources (p. 289), the practical teaching of Spinoza is, as a whole, thoroughly human and naturalistic. As Mr. Pollock more than once points out, it has marked affinities with the Stoical doctrine; though it is highly improbable that Spinoza was intimately acquainted with this or indeed with any of the classical systems of philosophy.

The full and interesting account of Spinoza's ethical teaching here given us may be read with profit by men of all views. One could hardly find a finer moral idea than this, with its equal insistence on the obligations of the social state and on the demands of individual liberty, and its curious Greek elevation of the intellectual life—which, however, though free from passionate agitation, has its own pleasurable enthusiasm—into the first place. And then this ideal is based on a thoroughly scientific view of man's nature, and does not depend on any transcendental ideas. For, whatever ideas we may have to attach to such terms as God, *natura naturans*, and so on, in the speculative part, there is no doubt that in the practical part, what Spinoza means by the intellectual love of God is, as Mr. Pollock shows, hardly distinguishable from that modern "Cosmic emotion" which is said to be inspired by a view of the order of the world as a whole. Mr. Pollock appears to think that this emotion is destined to take the place of the older religious sentiment with modern minds. This point we cannot discuss here. Yet it may be well to remark that the conditions of our busy modern life probably leave less room for any such habitual quietism as Spinoza preaches, and which his state of tranquil isolation so highly favoured. To this it may be added that quietism can hardly be demonstrated on strictly natural grounds. Spinoza's argument that to know the cause of a misery is to become indifferent to it is certainly open to criticism; for the example given (p. 284) goes to show, not that we bear what we understand, but that we bear what we got used to.

Too much praise can hardly be given to Mr. Pollock for the thoroughness with which he has carried out his difficult work. The critical sifting of authorities, the painstaking in getting at Spinoza's meaning, including the careful illustration of the system by the correspondence, the method of setting forth Spinoza's doctrine, first by a brief statement in the expounder's own words, followed by a fuller detailed statement in which Spinoza is made to speak for himself in idiomatic English, the combination of admiring appreciation with independence of judgment, all this is highly meritorious. If there is anything to complain of here, it is the omission of illustration by historical allusion, as, for example, the pointing out of the direct relation of what Spinoza says about the emotion of wonder to the curious account of this emotion contained in the *Passions* of Descartes. We may add that Mr. Pollock throughout shows the results of a culture at once wide and deep. His scientific knowledge, and more especially perhaps his acquaintance with certain tendencies in modern psychology, everywhere stands him in good stead; and sometimes, as in a remarkable passage on determinism (p. 203), he gives us some very pregnant independent hints on the best solution of the questions touched on. In addition to this he shows the advantages of a legally trained mind, both generally in the judicial attitude which he takes up with respect to controverted points, and specially in

weighing matters of evidence. And this training bears yet more palpable fruit when the writer is dealing with Spinoza's ethical and political conceptions. Last, and not least, Mr. Pollock writes in a clear and forcible style, which can on occasion be unstinting and generous in its eloquence.

ERRANT.*

IN his new novel Mr. Percy Greg has come down from the zodiac, and has confined himself to the ways and circumstances of middle earth. We do not think that he has lost thereby. Whatever may once have been the case, an eccentric setting is rather against than in favour of the currency of a story nowadays. But, in descending from the neighbourhood of the Scorpion and the Sagittary, Mr. Greg has by no means abandoned his fancy for discharging arrows and directing stings at the weak points of his fellow-mortals. We happen to be among the mortals whom these stings and arrows do not gall, and therefore we can read *Errant* with equanimity, and occasionally with much satisfaction. But it is probable that a considerable number of readers will resort to that manœuvre which Mr. Thomas Hughes once deprecated in his own case, and "pitch the book to the other end of the room." Mr. Percy Greg would, we have no doubt, contemplate this proceeding with feelings rather of pleasure than of annoyance, so there is no harm done by the indication of its exceeding probability.

Errant differs from the majority of novels in one important point. Its beginning is very much its weakest point. And it is not until the book is half over that it thoroughly interests, and, so to speak, enlists the reader. There have been authors who ostentatiously wrote novels without a hero; Mr. Greg's novel consists of a hero and hardly anything else. All the other characters are merely foils or adjuncts to Lionel Darcy, Marquis d'Ultramar, a gentleman who combines the bluest of English with the bluest of French blood, and who bears, except that his biographer can write English and does not misquote either the French or the Latin or the Greek language, a rather parlous semblance to the heroes of the late George Lawrence and the living Ouida. We say that Mr. Greg can write English, and he undoubtedly can. But there is one irritating solecism which he perpetually puts in the mouths of his choicest characters, and which we heartily wish away. This is the use of the plural contraction "don't" for the singular contraction "doesn't." There was once, we believe, a vague notion, founded on little warranty of Scripture or conversation, that persons of otherwise irreproachable speech indulged in this hideously ugly fault. But as for the last thirty years—and Mr. Greg's story is entirely comprised in the last five-and-twenty—no one above the rank of a grocer has attempted it. We really don't know why Mr. Greg should sully the lips of his descendant of a hundred marquises therewith. This, however, is by the way. Lionel Darcy, to return to our story, is introduced to us on the eve of the Indian Mutiny at a station in India. He is only just a man as years go, but his general conduct is that of a seasoned *preux* of five-and-thirty. If he does not turn up the lip, curl the nose, and flash the eye quite so much as his brethren of the clans of Livingstone and Chandos, he makes up for it by the most outrageous *outrecuidance* of speech and behaviour, and by deeds which are worthy of Amadis or Almansor. He chooses to patronize (quite harmlessly) a Eurasian girl named Zela Manton, and this patronage exposes him to several unpleasant remarks from his seniors, to which he replies with something more than controlment for controlment. At this time he is introduced to a travelling American, a Southerner, who has with him two pretty, but very young, daughters. The Mutiny, which of course Darcy has fully foreseen, breaks out, and he distinguishes himself brilliantly, enlists a wavering native prince in the service of the English, helps him to defend his fastness against the mutineers, rescues many English ladies, and is finally invalided home with an immense fame, a certainty of the Victoria Cross, and other good things, besides the tolerably evident love of one of those whom he has rescued, Helen Kavanagh, who nurses him on the way back. On arriving in England he finds his father dead, and the severity of his wounds seems to deprive him of much chance of success in his profession. But he is as all-accomplished as the wise man of old, though by no means of a stoical turn. A journalist whom he has known in India is editor of a London newspaper, and Darcy, youthful as he is, is soon engaged in writing political articles of the usual effective kind. Friends and enemies of his family, too, begin to interest themselves in him, and his career, either military or civil, seems to be assured. At the very time, however, when all seems to go well, Zela Manton appears upon the scene, and everything goes wrong. It is in vain that Darcy is restored to health, and that his sister marries a nobleman of influence and of a romantic history, the uncle of Helen Kavanagh, whose inclination for Darcy is not hidden. Zela, suddenly deprived of her mother (an Indian Ranee, who dies chagrined at the failure of a suit she has against the Government), flings herself on Darcy's protection, with the alternative only of suicide, which she actually tries. His family pride forbids marriage, and the renewal of the old scandals leads him after her sudden death to assault an old Indian enemy so ferociously, that a duel with a fatal termination results. His commission is forfeited, and his career closed.

We have analysed the book up to this point, because we think that a good many readers would be well advised if they began in the middle of the second volume. Up to this, there is a good deal of what Thackeray used to call topsy-turvification in Major Lionel Darcy, of Ulswater, Marquis d'Ultramar. As he is represented as a Roman Catholic, it is probable that he had missed the wholesome discipline of a public school, and, as he seems to have entered the army early, he must doubtless also have missed the perhaps still more wholesome discipline of the Universities. He is, in truth, in the first volume and part of the second, a very ill-conditioned young man, childishly intoxicated with family pride, and apparently unaware that English gentlemen do not, as a rule, ram their crests and pedigrees down the throats of their associates, or behave as if they themselves had those crests and pedigrees packed into their own backbones. There are passages in the life of Lionel Marquis d'Ultramar at which the firmest believer in blue blood and the staunchest of Tories must feel inclined to ejaculate, with my Lord Egham, "Oh, come, I say, sink the heraldry!" But when the Marquis, or Major Darcy (whichever the reader prefers), has killed his man, and has come into a large fortune, and, though unable to revisit England, has all the world free to him save these islands, then Mr. Percy Greg warms to his work. Lionel finds his way to Louisiana, and from the point where he does so we shall leave the reader to follow his fortunes for himself. They are worth following. Mr. Percy Greg, like the enormous majority of English gentlemen fifteen years ago, was apparently a strong partisan of the Confederacy, and, unlike some at least of those who answer to that designation, he has not changed his creed in deference to the insolent game of fortune. Darcy reaches his future home in time to rescue his old acquaintances in India, the Miss Duponts, from the horrible fate which, as a possibility, was the great reproach capable of being brought against the old *régime* of the Southern States; and soon afterwards the war breaks out, and he enters heart and soul into the Confederate service. The battle-scenes of the first volume (which is occupied with the Indian Mutiny) do not lack vigour; but those in the third, where the Secession War is dealt with, are beyond doubt among the most vigorous and stirring things of the kind which have found a place in prose fiction for some years. Sympathizers with the North may possibly read them with a wry face; but even they should allow that a man must take a side, and that, if he takes it, he may as well take it heartily. We shall, moreover, go so far as to say that no one who is acquainted with the actual facts of the war can honestly attempt to charge Mr. Greg with exaggerating the deeds of the Northern troops under Generals Sherman, Butler, and others. It was interesting the other day to see that there was a plan of bringing over the conqueror of New Orleans to defend Mr. Parnell and his friends. Difficulties as to *locus standi* are believed to have deterred Mr. Attorney-General Butler, and perhaps, too, there may have been other difficulties. But, since it has been proposed to import into Her Majesty's dominions persons of this kind, we can only regard Mr. Greg's book as exceedingly timely.

This timeliness, however, is only an accident, and *Errant* must repose its claims on its actual pathos and its actual vigour. In neither of these, we think, especially if the reader's attention be, as we have recommended, concentrated on the last half or two-thirds of the book, is it likely to be found wanting. Although, as we have said, the subsidiary characters are purposely subordinated to the overshadowing figure of the hero, there are several which, if Mr. Greg had taken a little more pains with them, would have come out very well. Of exciting incident, moreover, even beyond the limits of the two great struggles with which the plot is chiefly busied, there is enough and to spare. But there is no doubt that the author has wished to concentrate himself on the drawing of a knightly character, wrecked in consequence of his obstinate and intemperate clinging to his own ideals, and of the incompatibility of modern circumstances with his temperament and character. We have said that at first the presentment is only very partially successful. Darcy, when we first make his acquaintance, is rather, as far as age and position goes, a page than a knight, and, despite his remarkable pistol practice with a tiger in the first twenty or thirty pages, one feels that his chief characteristic is, on the whole, what is called in modern days "cheek." He should have been younger, so that more excuse might have been made for him, or older, so that there might have been less need for excuse in order to secure that sympathy which is so necessary for a hero. As it is, it is not till he bids his ten thousand dollars for Florence Dupont that the reader consents to regard him as other than a valiant cub. Thenceforward, though his conduct will be terribly shocking to the Peace Society and the Aborigines Protection Society, and a great many other Societies besides, one really does not see what else he could have done than that which he actually did, considering the network of difficulty which his good deeds and his bad together had woven around him. Of the bad deeds, though perhaps the adjective is on the whole harsh, his action in regard to Zela Manton is certainly the worst, and it is also the worst thing about Mr. Greg's book from the point of view of art. Darcy's conduct, combined with his motives, is not by any means impossible in itself, but Mr. Greg has not altogether made its possibility, let alone its probability, as clear from the account he gives of it as a novelist should do. In this, and in the obstinate bloodthirstiness of the quarrel which he fixes upon his victim, Colonel Thomson, are to be found the ethical reasons of the hero's melancholy end, for it is no revealing of secrets to say that it is melancholy. Upon these

* *Errant*. By Percy Greg. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

two things, therefore, the novelist was bound to expend his skill to make them as natural and as excusable as possible. Mr. Greg has not quite succeeded in doing this, and here, as well as in his Lawrencisms and Ouidaisms already mentioned, lies the weakness of his book. It is, however, by no means alone in such weaknesses, while it has but few companions in the peculiar strength and blood-stirringness of the battle scenes of which it is full.

TO CABUL WITH THE CAVALRY BRIGADE.*

If amateur authors like Major Mitford did not enter the fields of literature by choice, they would have a strong personal grievance against Special Correspondents. It must be difficult for them to set down their feet on ground that has not been repeatedly covered by the tracks of writers whose business is observation; and, unless they have an exceptional talent for effective narrative, their descriptions are sure to be eclipsed in point of picturesqueness. Of course, sooner or later, the historians must follow the Correspondents, when a comparison of the various hasty sketches by the latter will furnish the materials to be utilized by the former. But in the meantime, the reading public has had its curiosity gratified, and perhaps satiated. Events tread fast upon events, and one excitement is rapidly effaced by another. From an army standing on its defence behind the entrenchments of Sherpur people's eyes are turned upon squadrons at their moorings in the Adriatic; and Afghanistan is forgotten for South Africa, or for the still nearer and more thrilling sensations of Ireland. So writers like Major Mitford are apt to slip down between two stools, and can hardly hope for any great popularity. Not that Major Mitford has pitched his hopes very high, judging by the modesty of his brief preface. His book professes to be nothing more than a sketch of personal experiences. He disclaims all intention of being technically critical, confining himself merely to accurate reporting. And, although naturally desirous that his volume may be made generally welcome, he addresses it chiefly as a memorial of the campaign to his commander and his brother officers. So far we may give it honest praise. It is the straightforward story of a spirited soldier, who saw a good deal of exciting service. As a cavalry officer, frequently detached with small parties of horse upon special duties, Major Mitford experienced a greater variety of personal incidents than would have fallen to the lot of his brethren of the line; and some circumstances came under his personal observation which, so far as we know, have hitherto escaped notice. His few illustrations are excellent, and give a vivid idea of the general character of the country, while every here and there he depicts some scene, such as the bazaars of Cabul or the fruit markets of the city, so as to show that he can use the pen to as good purpose as the pencil.

In the summer of 1879, after the massacre of Cavagnari and his companions, the 14th Bengal Lancers received their orders for Afghanistan. For three months the regiment, being quartered at Koorum, had been suffering from heat, malaria, and ennui. The change to active service was eagerly welcomed, and it was a good sign of the *morale* of the men that invalids entreated to be passed by the doctor. The doctor declined to be lenient; and, as the event proved, he acted wisely. The duties imposed on the men were severe; and they had to face the winter temperature of the Afghan highlands with insufficient clothing and a meagre commissariat. The horses that carried them on incessant scouting service were often underfed; and, thanks apparently to the influence of routine on the authorities, attention to the most ordinary comforts was often almost wantonly neglected. There was a striking example of this when they were ordered to keep under arms through the night when an attack on the entrenchments of Sherpur was expected. There was forage in comparative abundance within the lines; and had trusses of straw been given out for the men to spread upon the snow, they would have been just as palatable for their horses afterwards. The gentlemen of the commissariat department seem to have thought differently. Men recruited from the hot provinces of Lower Bengal bivouacked as best as they could on the frozen ground and *à la belle étoile*. To begin with, their start from the Koorum cantonments was made in the very lightest marching order. This no doubt was indispensable, considering the exigencies of the case; and it certainly seems a satisfactory contrast to the old-fashioned manner of campaigning, when each regiment on the march, whether of infantry or cavalry, was encumbered by an interminable train of baggage animals and swamped in the mixed multitude of its camp followers. The kit of each officer was strictly limited to 160 lbs.; and the half of that was taken up by his tiny double-roofed tent; while the other half comprised his personal luggage. To each camp follower twenty-five pounds was allotted, and as much to each charger. Naturally these unfortunate followers, between impecuniosity, parsimony, and improvidence, neglected to make the most simple arrangements for their own comfort; and of course they suffered accordingly when winter caught them in all its severity on the exposed *plateaux* of Cabul. Major Mitford afterwards mentions casually how he purchased ample supplies of warm over-clothing for his personal attendants, which spared them the diseases that proved so deadly to others. But Major Mitford was a kind master and a man of means; and at that time he happened to be within easy reach of the extortionate merchants in the bazaars of the capital. The men of the 14th had stripped for active service. They cast their gay uniforms of blue, scarlet, and gold, replacing them with unsightly and coloured casings; while the jackboots were exchanged for more useful highlows, and the lower limbs were swathed in bandages of woollen. The troopers had orders to march out on foot; and the horses were loaded with canvas bags, containing five days' forage and provender. Considering that the men had been born and bred for the most part on the plains of Hindostan, the climbing the sides of the Kotul was rough and trying work. Major Mitford's sketches give an impressive idea of the forbidding and formidable aspect of the mountains. When we remember the inaccessibility of these natural fastnesses, which must often have neutralized our superiority in cavalry and guns, officers and men seem to deserve the greatest credit for the results of a desultory and irregular warfare. The Afghans speedily learned to make the most of these natural advantages. Major Mitford repeatedly describes how the masses of wild mountaineers would scatter from their already broken formation when they came within range of our artillery. Nevertheless they would still press forward, though in excessively loose and open order, taking advantage of each rock and stone that offered a chance of cover. Each village, also, was more or less of a fortress. The villages were enclosed in high walls of tenacious clay, and secured by formidable gates, which were duly barred and bolted. Then the mud walls that bordered the roads and bridle-tracks offered continual opportunities for ambushes, which not unfrequently proved fatal to one party or the other. Major Mitford relates one *ruse de guerre* where he took an opportunity of turning the tables on a skulking enemy. Riding as usual at the head of the squadron in a narrow lane, an Afghan popped up over a wall and took a shot at him point-blank. Happily the bullet miscarried, and the *franc tireur* dropped down again like a Jack-in-the-box. Major Mitford, guessing his tactics, ordered the troop to ride ahead; while, drawing back himself, he quietly waited. The Afghan, hearing the receding troop, rose again to enfilade the rear of the detachment; when a shot at short range from the Major's revolver anticipated his friendly intention.

After the treachery that had brought our embassy to its untimely end, and dealing as we had to do with a nation that never practised the chivalrous refinements of warfare, retribution of course was often summary. Some of the most exciting of the incidents in Major Mitford's volume relate the arrest or execution of spies or guerillas who had sought to play their captors false, and suffered accordingly. Among other events of the kind, Major Mitford, when in the company of General Roberts, chanced to witness the execution of the Kotul, or chief magistrate of Cabul, condemned for his complicity in the murder of Cavagnari. The Kotul, whatever his guilt, met his fate like a man, and died with the dignified stoicism of a genuine Mussulman. He had dressed for the closing scene in a garb of green, as became one who may have claimed descent from the Prophet. He moved forward to the scaffold with a firm step, calmly testing the strength of the drop before setting his foot upon it; and, finally resigning himself to the indignity of being pinioned, died without a sign of flinching. There was a hot chase, too, after several of the "generals" who had commanded the Herat regiments and the Cabul populace in that unhappy *émeute*. Major Mitford had the good fortune to capture one of them, under rather peculiar circumstances. He was guided by a Kizil Bash who had returned to his old loyalty to the English after taking service with the Afghans. The general they had gone in search of was believed to be in hiding in one of several villages. Major Mitford had searched a village in vain, paying special attention to the dwelling of the head-man. It occurred to him that the fugitive must still be there; and that, if he were there, he had probably taken refuge in the last sanctuary of the zenana. Giving the ladies warning to veil themselves, he insisted on having admission. And the General was dragged from his hiding-place accordingly, to be brought in due course before the military tribunals, where execution followed summarily on conviction. In one case he was baffled, and had the joke against him, when in pursuit of the Löinâb, or "Chief Commissioner" of Kokistan. That functionary was reported to have gone away towards the north-east, carrying with him an immense amount of valuable loot and a considerable quantity of specie. Following up the chase, Major Mitford nearly ran into the runaway at a certain village. All the able-bodied men and women had been pressed as carriers of luggage, and they had left nobody behind except a few rather intelligent children. The fugitive had so unsatisfactory a start that it was idle to carry the pursuit further. Major Mitford had to console himself with the discovery of a large quantity of valuable plunder that had been left behind, and accordingly he despatched messengers to Cabul for the requisite baggage animals. What excited him the most was one ponderous case firmly shut down by screw nails. He hardly doubted that it contained the coveted specie. But when the case was opened on the following day in the English camp in the centre of a circle of excited spectators, the contents proved to be only a mirror, and a very indifferent one. We should have fancied that Major Mitford might have been sooner undeceived by the difference in weight between plate-

* *To Caubul with the Cavalry Brigade: a Narrative of Personal Experiences with the Force under General Sir F. S. Roberts, G.C.B.* By Major R. C. W. Mitford, 14th Bengal Lancers. London: Allen & Co. 1881.

glass and bullion. But in any case, the story is a good one, and the volume abounds in lively writing of the kind. As a familiar tale freshly told, with additions and revisions, *To Caubul with the Cavalry Brigade* is quite worth reading.

HEROES OF HISTORY AND LEGEND.*

WE are told in the preface to this volume that the translation has been undertaken at the request of the Chairman of the British and Foreign Blind Association, "in order to provide in a popular form a brief outline of European history, to be embossed for the use of the blind"; and that it is also published in ordinary type "to bring the book within the reach of a wider circle of readers." In judging of a work thus designed for two classes of readers the claims of the blind must surely be first taken into account. The responsibility of those who provide information on any subject is increased in proportion to the pupil's power or lack of power to test the statements put before him. The historian who has to write a narrative without notes or references is bound to be doubly careful, not merely as to the exactness of his story, but as to the clearness with which he states the amount and the quality of the evidence adducible for it. He must be even more thoroughly on his guard if he is writing for those whom a terrible affliction has left comparatively helpless for the task of sifting or scrutinizing the materials brought before them. If this volume had been translated simply for those who can see, we should have had no difficulty in speaking of its merits or its shortcomings; but when the literature specially prepared for the blind is so scanty, it becomes our duty to see whether and how far it is likely to answer its purpose, which can only be that of imparting sound knowledge, and withholding from them anything which they would have to unlearn. We are not told that Dr. Grube wrote his book for the special benefit of the blind; nor have we any right to conclude that he designed it as an outline of European history. If he did so design it, he has failed. It is not an outline of European history, even if we confine the narrative to what is called modern history. If we are to have an account of the origin of Christian monachism, it is not easy to see why we should dwell on the lives of Egyptian ascetics to the exclusion of those who laid its foundation in the West; or why, in a chapter on religious movements in the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries, the greater part of the space should be given to the rise and growth of Islam. We can scarcely be said to have an outline of English history when we have three or four pages about Alfred the Great, one or two about Edmund Ironside and Cnut, and one or two more about William the Conqueror, while of subsequent ages we are told nothing.

But the materials of the volume are not all of one kind; and it is on this point that a book prepared for the blind must be most rigidly tested. It may perhaps be urged that the twofold character of its contents is sufficiently indicated by the title, which professes to treat of heroes of history and legend. But, even in the case of those who can use their eyes and are so far able to compare the statements of one book with the statements of another, we should have to ask what help is given them in the task of distinguishing between the two kinds of matter. We have seemingly some which is historical and some which is not historical; but, if the two are often thrust or huddled together in a single chapter or a single page, how is the reader to know when he passes from one to the other? The life of Woden or Odin immediately precedes that of Arminius, the destroyer of the legends of Varus. To the latter a date is given; for the former there is, we were going to say, none; but we remembered that there are histories, not very ancient even now, which set down the precise year in which Jupiter entered on active life in Crete. In another chapter Siegfried and Roland, Pope Urban II. and Godfrey of Bouillon, the lion-hearted Richard and Philip Augustus, are brought on the stage together. If there is nothing to show that our information about Siegfried is wholly different in kind from that which we have for the age of the Council of Clermont, it is hard enough on the average of readers who can see; it is most unjust for the blind.

But the preface further tells us that the original text has not always been adhered to. Changes have been made in some instances "where names, dates, or facts were obviously inaccurate." The translated volume claims, therefore, to speak with more authority than the German of Dr. Grube. We can but put it to the proof; and we may take certain points which none will wish to banish to the region of legend, whatever meaning we may assign to this last rather ambiguous word. If it is necessary for the reader to know anything about our tithings and hundreds, our shires and counties, it is surely of the first importance that he should know the order of their growth. In the present volume their origin is accounted for in the following fashion:—Alfred the Great was most anxious, it seems, to put down robbery and violence of every kind; this result he felt that he could bring about only by "making the English themselves responsible"; and he could make them responsible only by a systematic subdivision of the country. Accordingly, "he divided England into shires, the shire into hundreds, and the hundred again into tithings." If this means anything, it means that the original unit was the shire, that the tithing was a secondary notion, and therefore that the idea of the families, into which the tithing was divided, came last of all. If the real growth was precisely the reverse of this, then this version of Dr. Grube's work can scarcely be a book which may be placed with advantage in the hands of the blind. If any changes were to be made in the author's text, it is unfortunate that the reader could not be told here that the shire must not be looked on as a division of the kingdom, or the mark as a division of the shire, and that all the shires of England could not have been formed or named by Alfred, for the simple reason that they were in existence before he was born. With the same lofty disregard of accuracy the reader is assured that "as the battle of Xeres gave all Spain to the Arabs, so the single battle of Hastings subjected all England to the Normans." It is unfortunate that historians tell a very different tale.

It matters little to what part of the volume we turn. We may take the chapter which treats of Mahomet and the faith preached by the apostle of the sword. This, to be sure, is not immediately a portion of the history of Europe; but, if anything is to be said about it, the reader should most carefully be warned that, along with genuine historical evidence, and with testimony much of which is indubitably contemporary, there has sprung up a mass of tradition, none of which can be taken on its own authority. But in this chapter the story which makes Gabriel take the heart of Mahomet from his body and wipe away the black drops of original sin, and the more elaborate tale which describes the journey on Al Borak to Jerusalem and the ascent of the prophet on the golden staircase to the heaven of heavens, are given as proceeding in their present form from Mahomet himself. Not a hint is given that neither narrative has any countenance from the Koran, beyond a phrase or a single sentence; still less are we told that the fiction of the physical cleansing of the heart exhibits a miracle in the very process of manufacture, from the simple confession of Mahomet that while he was still in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity God had touched his heart. It would be well that the blind reader were made aware that the night journey and the ascent to heaven, the description of which here fills more than a page, may be referred to in the verse of the Sura, which praises God for carrying His servant by night from the Sacred Temple to the further Temple that He might show him some of His signs, but is certainly not referred to anywhere in the Koran. The passage which pronounces judgment on the teaching of Mahomet and its results is not more happy. We are told, indeed, that "this religion appears as the handmaid of sensuality"; that "it represses the spirit of freedom and encourages superstition"; but the conclusion of the matter is that "it has reclaimed the heathen nations, whom it has converted from rude idolatry to the worship of One God; it has diffused reverence for the Creator, obedience to the Ruler, and trust in the Judge of the world, and enjoined many of the virtues which adorn and sanctify life. Justly, therefore, with all the faults inherent in it, may it be regarded as a beneficent dispensation for uncivilized races." We have nothing here which is positively untrue; yet the general impression left on the mind can scarcely fail to be inadequate and misleading. It would be, indeed, impossible for the reader to gather from this volume that the system of Islam has for the most part been forced upon nations and peoples which were not uncivilized at all; that in many cases it has destroyed higher and better systems, and left an intellectual waste or wilderness where it found a well-cultivated garden; and that this fact alone must determine the balance in which the system is weighed. Still more important is the point that it has deliberately sanctioned evils which are acknowledged to be evils, in order to check evils supposed to be yet more deadly. By reforming these partially it has perpetuated them, and has furnished for polygamy, slavery, and despotism a justification of which they can be deprived only by the destruction of the religion itself. The reader is told that the fundamental principle of the religion is that there is one God only, and that Mahomet is his prophet; but he is not told that the revelation which imparted this truth deprived those who refused to accept it of all title to life, and therefore also of all claim to justice, the believer having of course a clear right to treat as he pleases the man whom he might or ought to have slain, and who lives only by his sufferance and mercy.

We have the same fault to find with the chapter on the Hohenstaufen dynasty. Indeed, unless the fact stated be true, a special injustice is done not merely to the reader, but to the great ruler of whom the author speaks, when he tells us that Frederick I., the Redbeard, burnt Arnold of Brescia simply "to please the Pope" (p. 221). If we can believe that Frederick took part in a deed which he knew to be iniquitous merely because he was asked to do so, we place him amongst the worst both of sovereigns and of men; but it is as easy to give the true facts in a history which must be short as in a longer one. Not many words are needed to tell the reader that the teaching of Arnold swept away the whole feudal system, both imperial and pontifical; and that, if he spoke of the temporal sovereign as the sole fountain of honour, power, and wealth, yet this sovereign was with him a popular assembly, and therefore, as Dean Milman puts it, "the alliance of the imperial and pontifical power, which in the end was so fatal to Arnold, was grounded on no idle fear or wanton tyranny, but was an alliance to crush a common enemy." Frederick thus burnt Arnold quite as much to please, or rather to protect, himself as to please or protect the Pope.

Nor is Dr. Grube less wide of the mark when speaking of the oath extorted by the Norman duke William from Harold over the

* *Heroes of History and Legend.* By A. W. Grube. Translated from the German by John Lancelot Shadwell. London: Griffith & Farran. 1880.

chest of relics. He says that, although Harold took the oath, "he did not think himself bound to keep it. His ambition revolted against it; perhaps, also, his patriotism, to which it might seem intolerable that England should fall under foreign domination." Two things are implied in these words—the one being that Harold made the promise with the full intention at the time of breaking it; the other, that Harold was the only person to be consulted in the matter. In full agreement with this implied notion, Dr. Grube goes on to say that, on the Confessor's death, "Harold, with the approval of the English people, immediately ascended the throne." Here, again, the assertion is that the act was that of Harold alone, that he had an inherent right to the throne, and that he asked from the people nothing more than an acknowledgment of that right. It is scarcely necessary to say that the picture is deceptive from beginning to end. No oath of Harold, or of any one else, could bind the English people in things which affected their freedom; Harold had no right to the throne until he was elected by the people, and he never pretended that he had any. The nation had a right to choose whom they would, and they chose Harold. Harold might perhaps have refused to obey their call, but he could scarcely have done so as a good citizen or patriot; and if he obeyed it, he had nothing to do with any promises which the nation had not sanctioned, far less with promises which were forced from him by a constraint equal to that which the armed highwayman exercises on a defenceless victim.

The tenth chapter of the book treats of "the Austrian Emperors," and these, we suppose, are to be regarded as heroes of history rather than of legend. But the story of the life of Albert I. has been mingled by the tradition of a later age with the story of Gessler and Tell. There would, of course, be no harm in introducing this story as a tale which has been thrust into a narrative with which it has nothing whatever to do; but, instead of doing this, Dr. Grube tells his readers that "Gessler determined to test the feelings of those who were most disaffected towards his government and the House of Austria." Then follow the incidents of the cap stuck on the pole, and of Tell's refusal to do obeisance to it, and of the famous ordeal in which he showed his power as an unerring marksman. "With God's help," Dr. Grube adds, "Tell resigned himself to the arduous task, and succeeded in hitting the apple without harming his little son's head." Having given the sequel of the marvellous narrative, he goes on to speak of the battle of Morgarten. All this is utterly misleading. It is, indeed, just possible that a reader closely scrutinizing these pages might see in some of Dr. Grube's remarks grounds for doubting the truth of this wonderful story. He might think it strange that the confederates at Rutli, while they declared that "they would manfully defend their freedom," should declare also "that they would not molest the people or the territories of the house of Hapsburg." The Tell story would not only make such a declaration incomprehensible; it would have furnished to the Emperor a constraining motive for putting down what to him would have been the insolent rebellion of a rude peasantry. It would be no more difficult to give, as Rilliet gives in his work on the origin of the Swiss Confederacy, the true narrative of the time, than to exhibit in its proper light the cause which brought about the death of the Brescian Arnold.

We have taken a few only of many passages on which, if we spoke of them at all, we should be compelled to make similar remarks; but we have perhaps said enough to show that for blind readers this volume is but a questionable boon. This is the more to be regretted as Dr. Grube writes vigorously, and many of the pictures which he draws are vivid and effective. But in such a work as this the duty of distinguishing fact from fiction is paramount; and we cannot say that the author and the translator have adequately discharged it.

HARTLEIGH TOWERS.*

THE short stories of which the names are given on Mrs. Milne Rae's title-page, with another of more recent date which we had lately occasion to notice, have appeared anonymously, their authorship being now for the first time acknowledged under the shelter of what lawyers describe as "coverture." *Hartleigh Towers* is an experiment on a larger scale, and, as the first attempt of its author to occupy the position of the novelist, is entitled to consideration from the writer's, and not merely from the critic's point of view. It may be necessary to point out some defects of workmanship which practice and experience will perhaps remedy; but the motive and aim which are evident throughout this story will go far to compensate for any artistic shortcomings which may be apparent in it. The customary transition from the child's story-book to the "library" novel is very much of the same nature as the corresponding step in poetical literature described in the early years of the present century:—

> With thee our nursery damsels shed their tears
> Ere Miss, as yet, completes her infant years;
> But in her teens thy whining powers are vain—
> She quits poor Bowles for Little's purer strain.

We make the quotation from *English Bards* without change, though "whining" may perhaps be an epithet little deserved by the child's story-book of the present day, while not a few of the modern novels which are offered to our "choir of virgins" in the morning room or on the seashore might have startled even the "young Catullus" of the days before the Regency. But even where the novelist's art has strictly limited itself within the bounds of purity, it may yet produce a result which is, or is reasonably considered to be, unsuitable for young girls; and the problem of creating a fiction which shall be sufficiently interesting without being unduly exciting is one which in many domestic circles is regarded as well worth the trouble of solving. The attempt at its solution is analogous in literature to the coffee-tavern movement, in relation to other kinds of "entertainment;" and such an experiment has been made by the author of *Hartleigh Towers*, whose work in its present form is meant to reach a class of readers who are not likely either to take in, or to take up, the successive numbers of a magazine.

The framework of *Hartleigh Towers* is so simple that the story can hardly be described as having any plot whatever. Such plot as was requisite to account for the only and very transparent mystery which exists involves the assumption by the reader of a series of impossibilities; not the least remarkable of which is that the daughter of a gambler, brought up with the understanding that her face was her fortune and her future dependent on her marriage, should know so little of the world and of the law as to suppose that any agreement for separation from a mad husband could deprive her of her name and rights as a married woman. Her son, Hugh Hartleigh, the hero of the book, enters into possession of his father's estates as a matter of course; while such a succession could only in actual life have accrued through one of the methods known to the law, all of which are barred by the hypothesis presented to the reader. If he succeeded under a marriage settlement or an intestacy, his descent must have been formally established, and he must have known his mother's name; while his individual succession as legatee under a will is rendered impossible by the insanity of the elder Hartleigh. But the author has plainly overlooked the preliminary conditions of the situation which she proposed to create, and in which the mother, working for the benefit of her son's forsaken tenants, was to remain unrecognized by the son, who believed her to have died shortly after his birth. The incidents of the story gather round a neglected mining population which had grown up on the property of an absentee landowner. No one had been found to care for the miners, either in body or soul, except the village doctor, with whose sudden death the scene opens, and whose daughter takes the position of principal heroine among the characters of the novel. But the author has avoided the commonplace device of making the conversion of the hero from his misguided ways due to the influence of love and the heroine, and has been careful instead to trace it to the work and counsel of his unknown mother, and to the example and labours of Dr. Carew, surviving in the character of the miners themselves, or at least of some of them. The main course of the story is connected only in the most incidental way with the subsidiary action, which appears to be introduced chiefly for the purpose of giving the author opportunity for character-drawing, in a series of more or less independent pictures. Like many other lady writers, she has succeeded admirably in her sketches of women, while many of her men are either dummies or failures. Men do not talk as women make them talk in books; and Hoskin's Club is as evidently unreal as the pictures of Mrs. Carew, Louisa Morgan, and that young lady's mother, who sits complacent in a green dress on a blue chair with pink ribbons in her cap, and who talks accordingly, are the reverse. But the best of Mrs. Rae's sketches of character is that of the faithful old Scotchwoman, a family servant who watches over the second heroine in the grim London square where dwells an old miser something, but only something, of the type of Arthur Gride. This old man, Josiah Morgan, is the most lifelike of the male characters outside the principal stream of the story; Caleb Bartlett, the miner, on his own side being nearly as good as Betty Skinner the Scotchwoman. But the real Josiah Morgan would have lent his gold instead of hoarding it; he would have robbed Muriel of her five sovereigns as he did, and cheated the doctor, but he would have turned the contents of his black cabinet into fructifying paper after the manner of his kind. In the future work which we shall hope to see from this author's pen, she will do well, after forming her idea of scenery or character, to test its congruity with the circumstances with which she surrounds it. Even in such minor details as the names of places this point deserves attention. "An old fashioned, ivy-clad house" may have been "known to the inhabitants of St. Oswald's as Mulberry Park, having taken its name from some fine old trees which still flourished on the lawn," although we should more naturally connect such an address with a villa in the suburbs of Birmingham, or with an imposing mansion erected by some prosperous and self-made manufacturer, whose next neighbour had forestalled him in the more impressive designation of "Court," in happy ignorance of, or contempt for, the manorial rights implied by that name. Still, "Mulberry Park" may pass, on the principle laid down by Mr. Squeers; but "Greenwood Gate," as the ancient name of a street or road giving entrance to an historical city or borough, is entirely inadmissible. "Mrs. Carew's new abode at Greenwood Gate was not situated, as its name might imply, on the borders of a leafy forest. All traces of the gate, as well as of the forest, had been long since swept away." Without touching on the disputed question whether "gate" is equivalent to "*porta*," as seems to be the case in London, or to "*via*," as is certainly the case in the North, we must object to the "Greenwood" under all

* *Hartleigh Towers: a Story of English Life.* By Mrs. Milne Rae, Author of "Morag," "Geordie's Tryst," "Andrew Gray's Story," &c. 3 vols. London: W. Isbister. 1880.

circumstances. It is true, no doubt, that "'tis merry in good green wood, when the mavis and merle are singing"; but it by no means follows that the "canonized founder" of St. Oswald's or any of his unbeatified contemporaries would have used the term as equivalent to "forest." The "green wood," which is more correctly written in two words, is the wood in its early summer foliage, and is not used as a term for the forest generally, which it does not describe either in its autumnal hues or in its winter nakedness.

It is, however, in the author's conception of the "mines," in which the chief interest of *Hartleigh Towers* centres, that this want of care for circumstances is most singularly observable. They are mines in the abstract, or rather they have an independent and dream-like existence, and are entirely self-contained. There is a public-house frequented by the miners, which passes by the unusual name of "The Coal and Iron," and from this, as well as in other ways, it appears that both coal and iron are obtained on the estate. But there is certainly no railway by which the produce of the miners' industry can be conveyed to the outside world. The railway is no nearer than St. Oswald's, twelve miles from Chadsthorpe, and the village is served by the Highflyer coach; while the negative evidence is conclusive against the existence of a canal. The miners, again, are utterly ignored by the original villagers, who apparently refuse even to become their local customers, and who burn "beech-logs" instead. There are no works connected with the mines, so far as the reader can learn, no foreman, no managers, and no trade. The mines themselves were a standing grievance with the original villagers of Chadsthorpe. They occupied "an undulating tract of moorland" which "had been given by a lord of the manor long ago to the villagers as a place where they might unmolested feed their cows and pigs, and disport themselves generally. This privilege had, however, been rather suddenly taken from them during the lifetime of the last Squire Hartleigh." This was the mad Squire, who, after passing the whole of his earlier life abroad, came back, or was brought back with his boy, in middle age to Hartleigh Towers as a convenient asylum, in the charge of one Dr. Rushworth, who combined the offices of keeper, physician, steward, and agent to the Squire in his single person. "One of Dr. Rushworth's first acts was that of wresting the common from the villagers and establishing the mines under cover of the Squire's authority"; "the opening of a mine in the heart of the furzy common" being, it would seem, a process as simple and easy as the digging of a gravel-pit under ordinary conditions. But Dr. Rushworth in time was "obliged to beat rather a hasty retreat from Chadsthorpe, his connexion with the mines having been a very close, and not altogether a creditable, one." He was succeeded, as a temporary arrangement at first, but, as it happened, permanently, by Walter Carew, a student from St. Bartholomew's Hospital; and, by a close comparison of dates, we find that the change took place during the lifetime of the mad Squire. To what extent, however, the newly arrived doctor succeeded to the functions of his predecessor we are not able to ascertain; and Hugh Hartleigh himself, although some years of his boyhood must have been passed at Hartleigh Towers subsequently to Walter Carew's settlement in the village, is represented as having known nothing about him. "'Tis strange!" is the heir's comment, after he has accidentally been present at the doctor's funeral; "he must surely have been a very different man from his predecessor"; and this while Hugh's childish memories, and especially that of his first home-coming with his father and Dr. Rushworth, are described as being sufficiently clear.

It is not in any spirit of unfriendly criticism that we have pointed out these constructive defects in what is, after all, a very attractive story. Mrs. Milne Rae has shown herself to be possessed of considerable descriptive power and of much insight into character. She has succeeded, too, in one or two scenes in which we may confess that we expected her to break down; a fight, for instance, between two bull-dogs in a miners' public-house being a subject manifestly not within her experience, but yet one which she has treated skilfully and with effect. The point of sympathy between the young miner in his affection for his dog and the young landlord in his affection for his horse is worked out with no little care, and the incident of the burial of the dog in the Chadsthorpe wood is very happily conceived. The faults of detail in *Hartleigh Towers* appear to be only such as greater leisure for revision might have enabled the author to remove in preparing for publication in a completed form a work which had originally appeared in parts, and subject therefore to the usual disadvantages of a serial issue.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

V.

MRS. FREDERICK LOCKER has succeeded to admiration in identifying herself with what Mr. Herbert Spencer would call the "subjectivity" of a blackbird. She describes in *What the Blackbird Said* (George Routledge and Sons) the emotion of natural and not inexcusable disgust with which a young blackbird wakened to find the world wrapped in snow, the most uncomfortable of the works of nature. The complacent confidence and scientific assurance of an elderly cock robin, who has been told all about "the beautiful crystals" in snow-flakes, make a pleasing foil to the discomfiture of the blackbird. When the robin takes to theology and final causes, when he, like François Villon, "commence à entrer en matière pleine d'érudition et de bon sçavoir," we sympathize with the blackbird's petulance. But Mrs. Locker, we fear, has a veiled didactic intention; and, as Mr. Disraeli was "on the side of the angels," she is of the party of the robin. In spring the detestable robin came out in the line of Mr. Barlow, in *Sandford and Merton*. "'You are surprised at all these changes, my young friends,' he said; 'did I not tell you that the seasons never fail?'" This robin must have been a member of a School Board in Pythagoras's time. We cannot help wishing that a small boy and a catapult would cut short his sermon. But children will probably see the erudite robin with more genial and friendly eyes, and cannot but derive much knowledge from his remarks. Of Mr. Caldecott's capital pictures we prefer the first, the Blackbird in the Snow, which is worthy of Bewick. The sketches of the rook are amusing; the bird has much the air of "Captain Rook" in Thackeray's sketch.

The Boy's King Arthur (Edited for Boys, with an Introduction, by Sidney Lanier. Sampson Low and Co.)—We do not see the necessity for a specially boyish *King Arthur*. Malory's book, in the little cheap reprint called *Prince Arthur*, or in Southey's edition, has always been and always will be a favourite volume, not only with boys of some literary turn, but with boys in general. The charming language of Malory, the constant and bloody battles, the mystic legend of the Grail, the splendid and stately rhetoric of the concluding chapters, make Malory's book the English classic of boyhood. Perhaps a very careful editor might cut out a few pages, not ten in all, which are "touched with the adulterous finger" of the age of Edward IV. Mr. Lanier prints many passages in brackets when he cuts a story short, and the practice is tedious enough. Other italicized words in brackets give the meaning of such rare and difficult terms as "assay" and "purvey." In Sir Ector's speech over the dead body of Launcelot, Mr. Lanier prints "thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among press [*crowd*] of knights." Is this irritating arrangement necessary? We do not remember finding any difficulty in boyhood in the English of Malory. However, even a severely edited edition of Malory's book is better than no copy at all; and for this reason we think that Mr. Lanier's version is infinitely the best of all the Christmas books for boys which have appeared this season. If there be no full and complete edition of the *Morte d'Arthur* available, Mr. Lanier's book will not inadequately supply its place.

The Story of Prince Hildebrand and the Princess Ida (Major T. S. Seccombe. Illustrated by the Author. De La Rue and Co.) Major Seccombe is a minstrel who, with military audacity, makes "four" rhyme to "war." His story—in which a pastrycook's boy, after carrying off the prize at a tournament, proves to be no confectioner, but a prince in disguise—is a sufficiently amusing narrative. That the Prince, armed with a rapier, should have fought a giant armed with an axe demonstrates his possession of truly royal courage and cunning in fence. The pictures are uncommonly spirited. Major Seccombe has also compiled, and illustrated in colours, *Military Misreadings of Shakspere* (Same Publishers). The waggishness of these designs will probably win a smile from officers who have finished the *Field* and have no other literature worthy of their attention on a wet Sunday.

The Cruise of Ulysses and his Men (C. M. Bell. Griffith and Farran).—Perhaps the children who are represented as objecting to the introduction to these well-told stories from Homer were not mistaken critics. Homer's men justify themselves, and so, as a rule, does Homer's morality. Perhaps Christianity has little to do in the *galère* of Odysseus. Mrs. Bell has thought otherwise; but her introduction is very short, and she soon comes to business. Mr. Hannibal Chollop was justly annoyed when some Western archæologist maintained that "the ancient Spartans went ahead of the present Locofoco ticket." We feel the same patriotic resentment when Mrs. Bell says, in speaking of the Phæacian sports, "No light-blue of Cambridge, nor dark-blue of Oxford, ever pulled oars against each other as these young Greeks in the far-off ages ran the race, or aimed the bow, or threw the massive quoit." Mr. Winthrop could probably out-throw the Phæacian sportsmen as easily as did Odysseus, when, in the words of the goddess, "even a blind man might have discerned his token by groping for it, so far it stood beyond all the others." This is enough of fault-finding. Mrs. Bell's stories seem to us to possess much of the merit of Charles Lamb's version of the Adventures of Ulysses. They make a most interesting and desirable gift-book of the best sort, and even very young children may learn from this little work to love Homer and to look forward to the time when they may understand the music of his hexameters. It seems odd that both Mrs. Bell and Charles Lamb translate Διὸς αἰγιόχου as if it meant "goat-nursed Jupiter," or "Jupiter whom they fable to have been nursed by a goat." Have they both preferred the picturesqueness of Chapman to the real sense of the words?

Mr. Moyr Smith calls his *Wooing of the Water Witch* "a Northern oddity" (Chatto and Windus). Odd enough it certainly is, the style being a medley of Mr. Morris's manner, when he translates Sagas, with the slang of the music-hall and the penny comic paper. The smaller engravings are very clever, but the Runic character of the wit is likely to prevent it from being understanded of the people.

Miss Rosina Emmet's *Pretty Peggy, and other Ballads* (Sampson Low and Co.) is illustrated in colours, somewhat in the style of Mr. Caldecott. Poor forlorn Peggy is very pretty, and so is the song of her melancholy adventure. The coarse commonplace

"brother John" of the legend is drawn with a great deal of humour. Another set of drawings illustrate the feelings of an elderly father and a pretty daughter when the time comes for leaving a ball. The other ballads are not so good, and Miss Emmet has still much to learn before she can be a dangerous rival of Mr. Caldecott.

A Six Years' Darling; or, Trix in Town (Ismay Thorn. Illustrated by T. Pym. J. F. Shaw) is a little book about children, which, if the dignity of criticism permitted, we would fain call "jolly." The adventures of infants who have never been in London before, but who explore the Baker Street Bazaar with wonderful intrepidity, become expert in the artillery of squirts, and long for that really fascinating object a pink lamp-shade, are recounted with animated sympathy. The sketches are quite worthy of the stories, and the book is likely to amuse, not only children, but every one who likes children.

Stories of Long Ago (Retold by Ascott Hope. With a Hundred Illustrations by C. O. Murray. Walker).—Mr. Ascott Hope has struck into a new vein of storytelling, which is a welcome variation from his usual wild Indian tales. "The Dog of Montargis" is always one of the most interesting and romantic of quadrupeds, but unluckily he looks of a different breed in Mr. Murray's centre picture from what he does in the other two. We are sorry for Queen Guinevere, who fares so very badly in "Sir Lanval," and prefer to think of her as she appears in the *Idyls of the King*, and not as the sort of person she seems to have been at this period of her history. Children will be terribly puzzled by the story of "Havelock," and will look in vain among the lists of the Queens of England for one named Goldborough, and they are certain to mix her husband up with the hero of the Mutiny. This, however, cannot be helped. The stories, which are gathered from all sources, are very well told, and the illustrations are admirable.

Drifting (T. Buchanan Reed. With Designs by Miss L. B. Humphrey. Sonnenschein).—*Drifting* is a short and not very wise poem about a soul who takes a mental voyage to the Bay of Naples, and gives a sketch of the scenery and produce of the country. The illustrations are mostly pretty enough, but we are at a loss to understand one that refers to Vesuvius. The mountain looks soft and pulpy; and, from a suggestion in the accompanying view about the "volcanic lands," we at first imagined that Vesuvius was supposed still to be in a semi-liquid state. But, as the mainland shows distinct traces of an inhabited city, this supposition must be erroneous.

Our Next-door Neighbour (Stella Austin. Master and Co.) is a capital story of some amusing and mischievous little children and their temporary next-door neighbour, a delicate boy, with whom they make friends. Molly and Sibyl are very talkative, curious young ladies; and, when they have in vain tried to coax their grandmamma to call on the people who have taken the big house next to them, they leave her card themselves, with their names written underneath. Their conversations on points of decorum are always most diverting.

Holiday Times (H. F. Hamilton. Hatchards).—It is refreshing to meet with a book like *Holiday Times*, where the children are natural and well-behaved, but not by any means goody. They have adventures and get into scrapes, like their elders and betters, but they manage to scramble out of them without any harm. The children have a grown-up cousin whom they are all very fond of, whose name of Robert Thomas has been shortened into Bobbie-Tom.

Flora Symbolica; including Floral Poetry, Original and Selected (John Ingram. Warne and Co.)—This is one of those terrible gift-books that every Christmas depress our minds by their tedious efforts after something appropriate to the season. The colouring of the illustrations is coarse and hard, and in some cases, notably that of the maidenhair (p. 36), the pictures are absolutely unrecognizable. The letterpress is about on a par with the illustrations. Not content with lengthy quotations, mostly well-known, from the poets, Mr. Ingram does not spare us long poems written by himself and his family, dragged in by the head and shoulders, as the following remark appended to a paper on the Mezereon (coquetry) implies. "Alas! how many have lived to find that loving means something more than jesting! Ladies fair, take heed in time; as for male coquettes, although they have been heard of in song, let us hope that such despicable creatures as they would be are only the offspring of fiction. How many have been no more fortunate in their wooing when wasting their time on a heartless coquette than the hero of these lines!" What Mr. Ingram's criticism is worth may be judged from his enthusiastic admiration of a poem of Eliza Cook's, two verses of which begin as follows:—

> My own land! my own land, where freedom finds her throne land;

and

> My brave land, my brave land! Oh, may'st thou be my grave land!

Afternoon Tea (J. G. Sowerby and H. H. Emmerson. Warne and Co.)—This is a very pretty book, with pictures after the fashion of Kate Greenaway's, but with much better rhymes. We particularly like the drawing of the two little Quakers coming from meeting, and of the five uncompromising pansies. Children are learning now what puzzled their fathers and mothers in *their* childhood, how it was possible to play in the quaint, old-fashioned dresses of the beginning of the century.

Jenny and the Insects (Illustrated by Giacomelli. Nelson and Sons).—In this book a great deal of information on the manners and customs of insects is conveyed through the conversations of a little girl with some of these tiny creatures. Children who are fond of natural history may learn much from its pages, but those who are not—a large class, it is to be feared—will throw it aside for lighter literature.

There is always the grave objection to such books as *A Popular History of Science* (Robert Routledge, F.C.S. Routledge) that people who are capable of reading and understanding this would also be capable of reading and understanding the standard works on the subject. Setting this objection aside, the book is valuable for containing an immense deal of matter, not only on astronomy, with its kindred sciences of electricity and optics, but on zoology, botany, and geology. Indeed the chief fault of the book appears to be that it has dealt with too many things with too great detail for a "popular history."

California (Rev. John Todd, D.D. Nelson).—This is an excellent account of California and its productions, told clearly, simply, and briefly. The drawings with which it is furnished give a good notion of the country.

Messrs. Marcus Ward seem to bear off the prize for the prettiest Christmas Cards. Little songs, with music, are neatly printed on the inside of tablets, charmingly decorated. Flowers, cats, collie dogs, jars, Japanese fans, and similar objects, are designed with care, and coloured with sumptuous indifference to expense. A very original card represents day dawning on the fleet of Hengist and Horsa as it approaches the shores of Albion.

Messrs. De La Rue's Diaries, pocket-books, and purses have reached us. These objects of art and usefulness scarcely need our praise, as their good repute has been won after the general experience of many years. While we admire the neatness of the waistcoat pocket-book, a kind of peaceful derringer among pocket-books, we cannot praise the blind-tooling or the cover of a larger article. The internal arrangements make up for the error of an artist who is not quite a Bauzonnet.

FRENCH CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

I.

THE French Christmas Books of this year seem to be thus far a good deal less interesting and amusing than those of last year. Since M. Bertall's series of volumes, which were alike interesting in letterpress and illustrations, has ceased to be continued so as to come in handily for the *étrennes* of the New Year, one naturally turns first to the books which the untiring M. Jules Verne continues to produce. An author who writes so much and so much in one style cannot be always at his best, and it is in M. Verne's case unfortunate for this year's book that last year's seemed a triumphant answer to the charge that its writer's invention was in danger of being worn out. *Les Cinq Cents Millions de la Bégum* was as good as anything that M. Verne had ever written. It bristled with exciting situations and impossibilities which the writer made possible, and was so artfully constructed that the interest of the reader never flagged until the end was reached. The characters had about them a pleasant melodramatic flavour, and the work was full of vigour and freshness when one had once got over the necessarily unexciting explanation which began it. From this *La Maison à Vapeur* (Hetzel et Cie) is a distinct falling off. The notion of a gigantic mimic elephant in which is contained a steam-engine, capable of dragging two huge cars or movable houses over the roads of India, is ingenious enough, and gives plenty of opportunities for exciting scenes; but these opportunities are employed with something less than M. Verne's accustomed skill. Nor can it be said that the situation upon which these scenes depend is an attractive one. The elephant-engine with its cars, or, as it is constantly called, "Steam-House," originally constructed to gratify the whim of a rajah, is bought by a certain Colonel Munro, between whom and the Nana Sahib there exists, for good reasons, on both sides a deadly feud. In his "matter of inducement" to this state of things, M. Verne has gone out of his way to say every ill-tempered and disagreeable thing that he can about the behaviour of the English troops to whom was confided the task of suppressing the Indian Mutiny. Indeed M. Verne's treatment of the matter recalls unpleasantly the times when no Frenchman spoke of England and Englishmen without more or less open detestation. This is, to say the least of it, impolite and injudicious. M. Verne is a clever writer of a kind of literature which he did not perhaps invent, but which he has certainly made popular, and in many cases deservedly popular, though it is doubtful whether the quackery mixed up with his scientific smatterings may not do some harm. However that may be, M. Verne is not, and never will be, an historian, and in future he will do well either to leave such great themes as he has here chosen to tamper with entirely alone, or to get some better instruction before he ventures on touching them. When M. Verne gets upon his own ground, he is generally amusing, if nothing else; but it must be confessed that in this book he is too often terribly dull. The adventures with savages, wild beasts, and so on, are, to speak familiarly, not a patch upon the adventures which Captain Mayne Reid would have made out of the same materials. It may be granted that they are as extravagant as, and even more extravagant than, the things which happened to the many persons young and old whom Captain Mayne Reid made dear to our boyhood; but their extravagance is a dry and deliberate extravagance which carries no conviction with it. The attempt at humour in the character of Mathias Van Guitt is a very poor attempt, depending as it does on an un-

successful imitation of a character devised by M. Alphonse Daudet. The secret of the madwoman known as *La flamme errante* is from the first an open secret; the scene in which her husband recognizes her misses great opportunities in the same way in which it contains great faults, and the end of the book is both dull and perfunctory. Altogether, M. Verne's performance of this year is both poor and disagreeable. It has, however, one remarkable merit. Many French writers would do well to copy and paste up in their studies this footnote:—"Une femme non titrée, qui épouse un baronet ou un chevalier, prend le titre de 'lady' devant le nom de son mari. Mais cette qualification de 'lady' ne peut précéder le nom de baptême, car dans ce cas elle est uniquement réservée aux filles de pairs."

In a less degree, but in the same kind, the merit of M. Biart's production this year is below that of last year. *La frontière indienne* (Hetzel et Cie) is full enough of incident of various kinds, but there is nothing in it to approach the excitement which he provided for his readers last year, and there is a certain pedantic air about the instruction thrown in which curiously illustrates some remarks made some time ago in these columns concerning some works of a different calibre. M. Biart's book, in short, gives new colour to the impression that "goodboyism" is a dangerously catching disease.

M. Dequet's *Histoire de mon oncle et de ma tante* (Hetzel et Cie) is, as to this matter, in pleasing contrast to the work just mentioned. Here we come again upon the good old-fashioned flavour of children's books. The hero of the book recounts his own mischief-making, as well as his better deeds, with an engaging and refreshing simplicity, and there is an air of reality about the whole story which is decidedly pleasing. "Mon oncle," "ma tante," the Cavalier François, M. Oscar, the terrifying Saint-Cyprien, and the hero of the narrative are all personages with whom we are glad to have become acquainted, and whose acquaintance we can safely advise young readers to make. The pictures are spirited, and correspond well with the text.

The *Histoire d'une montagne* (Par Elisée Reclus. Hetzel et Cie) is a work something after the manner of the late M. Viollet-le-Duc, the nature of which is sufficiently explained by its title. The style is good and clear, and the illustrations by M. Benett, who also illustrates M. Verne's book above spoken of, are capital.

The edition of *Les chroniques de J. Froissart* (Hachette et Cie), which is described as "édition abrégée, avec texte rapproché du français moderne, par Mme de Witt, née Guizot," is among the very best books of the season. The printing is as good as it can possibly be, and the illustration of the work, which comprises "11 planches en chromolithographie, 12 lettres et titres imprimés en couleur, 2 cartes, 33 grandes compositions tirées en noir et 252 gravures d'après les monuments et les manuscrits de l'époque," is a triumph of skill and care. Some of the "gravures d'après les manuscrits de l'époque" are delicious.

The two volumes for 1880 of *Le journal de la jeunesse* (Hachette et Cie) are well up to the mark, and are, as usual, full of artfully varied matter, calculated to attract boy and girl readers. People who want their children to learn to read French in a pleasant way might do well to take in this magazine.

In the *Aventures du prince Chènevis* (Hetzel et Cie) we recognize an old friend whom we knew and loved long ago in an English dress, under the title of *Prince Hempseed*. It is a confession of ignorance, but we must confess to having learnt with surprise that the book is by M. Léon Gozlan. The surprise was not one of an unmixedly pleasant character, for we learnt at the same time that M. Gozlan had written not only the book, which is charming, but also a preface to it, the pedantic and didactic character of which is very far from charming, and which in the English version was wisely suppressed. However, no one is obliged to read prefaces, and this particular preface had better be skipped by lovers of fairy stories. However M. Gozlan may prate, like the Counsellor in Hans Andersen, about "putting stuff into a child's head," the *Prince Chènevis* will rank as a fairy story, and by its excellence in that line will excuse the detestable preface to which we have referred. The wonderful feats which the little Prince and his troop of animals perform do not belong one bit less to the region of enchantment than do the "souris blanches qui se métamorphosent en chevaux," at which M. Gozlan was pleased to sneer in a high and mighty fashion. But, as we have said, the fact that, in spite of his sermonizing against fairy stories, he could not help writing what is in its essence a fairy story, and a very delightful one, condones his *lèse-féerie*. M. Bertall's illustrations to the story have lost nothing of their old charm.

In *Bébés et joujoux* (Hetzel et Cie) M. Lemonnier tells us of the curiously exciting dream of a wooden soldier, of various things which happened on a Christmas night, of the adventures of a toy commissionnaire, and of other pleasant matters, for which pleasant illustrations have been provided by MM. Geoffroy and Becker.

M. Laurie's adaptation from Captain Mayne Reid, called *Le chef au bracelet d'or* (Hetzel et Cie), is well done, and is capitally illustrated by M. Benett.

La pie de Marguerite (Texte par P. J. Stahl, dessins de Pirodon) is a bird of a most attractive character, whose tricks, friendships, enmities, and adventures will interest every right-minded child.

The facts that Charles Nodier wrote and Tony Johannot illustrated *Trésor des fèves et fleurs des pois* (Hetzel et Cie) are warrant enough for the excellence of the work to which M. P. J. Stahl has prefixed a well-considered and well-written little preface, at the end of which he says truly enough:—"*Trésor des fèves et fleurs des pois, Le génie Bonhomme, L'histoire du chien de Brisquet*, devaient trouver place à tous titres et avant tous autres dans une collection où l'on s'est proposé d'offrir aux enfants des livres qui, après avoir amusé leur jeune âge, pussent laisser dans leur souvenir d'autres traces que ces ouvrages médiocres qu'on met d'ordinaire entre leurs mains, et qui ne répondent qu'au besoin frivole du moment sans rien réserver pour l'avenir."

Une leçon d'équitation (Hetzel) relates and exhibits in coloured plates what happened to the Vicomte de ——, who was unfortunate enough to win a celebrated trick horse in a tombola got up at the Cirque Américain.

Mademoiselle Suzon (Hetzel) is well enough so far as the text goes; but the illustrations are among the most hideous things ever seen.

M. Stahl's *L'école buissonnière et ses suites*, with M. Jundt's drawings (Hetzel), can be safely recommended to our young friends as an amusing work.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE brothers Grimm (1) undoubtedly deserve to be regarded as the Dioscuri of German philology; and the appropriateness of the comparison is enhanced by the fact that, intellectually, one was immortal and the other mortal. If less eminent than Jacob Grimm, however, Wilhelm Grimm was in no respect less amiable, or a less honourable representative of the character of the scholar in its fairest development. Nor was he in any way inferior to his brother as a letter-writer, and their mutual correspondence during their occasional separations in their youth forms as creditable and agreeable a volume of the kind as has often been given to the world. It extends from 1805 to 1815, and falls into six sections, four comprising Jacob's absences from home, and two Wilhelm's. Three of Jacob's journeys were made to Paris, a place which he abhorred. From January to September 1805 he was there on a visit to Savigny; he accompanied the Allied troops thither in 1814, and was there again from September to December 1815. He was also at Vienna from September 1814 to June 1815. Wilhelm's visits were made to Halle from April to September 1809, and to Berlin from September to December in the same year. The subjects of the letters are usually the brothers' philological studies and undertakings, interspersed with family affairs, notices of recent books, and occasionally anecdotes of Brentano, Arnim, and other members of their literary circle. They give a most lively picture of their zeal in collecting materials for their works, of their manly patriotism and truly fraternal spirit, of their general simplicity, dignity, and devotedness. The only letters which diverge very far from the tranquil paths of scholarship are those from Jacob during the campaign of 1814, which record his observations on the behaviour of the conquerors, and the feelings of the French, but add little to our previous knowledge of the subject. Of the Vienna Congress he speaks with the usual aversion of patriotic Germans. Wilhelm's letters are in general the more entertaining and full of news. His deference to the senior and more celebrated brother is very marked and touching, and his affection is amply returned. On the whole, domestic, even more than literary, interest is the leading feature of this charming volume.

Biographies are so commonly unsatisfactory that he who deems himself entitled to one can hardly be blamed for taking the matter into his own hands during his lifetime. Such would seem to have been the illustrious Franz Liszt's course of action; for, although the work before us (2) bears the name, and is no doubt the *bonâ fide* composition, of L. Ramann, it is very evidently an inspired composition, in the sense in which inspiration is allowed to be no guarantee for infallibility. Herr Ramann condescends to no statement of the sources of his information, except in so far as concerns purely musical matters; and internal evidence demonstrates that, for all biographical, critical, and psychological details, resort has been made to the fountain-head. In Liszt's own hands, his biography assumes as much the guise of an *Apologia* as Cardinal Newman's, with the distinction that, whereas Newman's apology tended to show that no apology was necessary, Liszt is perpetually purging himself of his own sins by the easy expedient of confessing the sins of others. Anything irregular in music and morals is held to be as satisfactorily explained by a residence in Paris as a wet coat by a tumble into the Thames. We will not inquire too curiously whether Liszt would ever have been anything without the residence which brought him into contact with Chopin and Paganini, Meyerbeer and Berlioz, George Sand and the Countess d'Agoult. Thus much at least is clear, that without it Herr Ramann's biography would have possessed little interest or value except for musicians. The picture of the brilliant, but feverish, society of the first decade of Louis Philippe's reign is, however, highly attractive, absurd as is the attempt to represent it as the corrupter of one in whom all its failings were innate. The treatment of Mme. d'Agoult, in particular, must effectually dispose of

(1) *Briefwechsel zwischen Jacob und Wilhelm Grimm aus der Jugendzeit.* Herausgegeben von H. Grimm und G. Hinrichs. Weimar: Böhlau. London: Williams & Norgate.

(2) *Franz Liszt.* Von L. Ramann. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Breitkopf und Härtel. London: Williams & Norgate.

the notion that every Hungarian is *ipso facto* a high-minded cavalier.

Dr. Schliemann's sumptuous work on Troy (3), appearing simultaneously in an English version, will receive fuller and fitter notice in another place. Here we may draw attention to it as a magnificent example of what may be characterized as the English school of research, the method which makes it its first business to collect facts from which generalizations may be subsequently deduced. This implies no ignorant disdain of theory. Had Dr. Schliemann formed no theory respecting the site of Homeric Troy, he would have taken no practical steps; had he been a theorist and nothing more, his pen would never have been justified by his pickaxe. The simple putting of a spade into the ground has dispelled delusions which threatened not merely to unsettle the foundations of Greek history, but to confuse and pervert Greek mythology, and through it all other mythologies. Whatever may be thought of Dr. Schliemann's views on such comparatively minor matters as the identification of Priam's very palace and Agamemnon's actual tomb, he has at all events placed the historical groundwork of Homeric fiction, and the personality of Homer himself, among the rank of indisputable truths. Like most great things, the secret of this great success is exceeding simple; it is merely Dr. Schliemann's readiness to give Homer credit for knowing his own subject.

The correspondence of two such men as Gauss and Bessel (4) is naturally of the highest interest to astronomers and mathematicians. It commences in 1804 with Gauss's request to Bessel for assistance in calculating the geocentric positions of the newly discovered asteroids, and terminates in 1844. During the greater part of this period the number of letters exchanged annually is six or eight, and they relate, almost without exception, to important objects of research occupying the attention of the philosophers at the time. The more strictly astronomical portion of the correspondence commonly proceeds from Bessel, the mathematical from Gauss; and its lofty and disinterested tone is equally honourable to each.

The history of Herr Loehnis's (5) correspondence is a curious one. The letters were addressed by him to his son when placed at an Antwerp boarding-school, and are printed by the young gentleman as a testimonial to his schoolmaster. It does not precisely appear why their publication should be deemed a compliment to the latter; it is more obvious that the superhuman patience of the inditing father and the perusing son redound greatly to the credit of the house of Loehnis. They are really very excellent letters of advice and instruction, liberally garnished with judicious citations from approved authors; but it would be rash to guarantee them a much larger public in print than they have already enjoyed in MS.

A history of comparative philology would be a very useful work, and Herr Delbrück's (6) introduction is not devoid of merit as a contribution to the subject. The writer, however, has cramped himself by too exclusive an attention to the mere theory of philology. There must be something wrong in a method which, while Bopp and Grimm and Schleicher are mentioned with due honour, altogether obscures such landmarks in the history of philology as Rawlinson's decipherment of the Behistan inscriptions, or Prichard's demonstration of the Aryan affinities of the Celtic nations. Herr Delbrück has written a chapter in the story well enough to encourage him to attempt writing the remainder.

An introduction to Anglo-Saxon, by K. Körner (7), and a Gothic grammar by W. Braune (8), appear very useful introductions to their respective languages. The former is particularly recommended by a copious chrestomathy, with a vocabulary and copious notes.

Dr. Lotz's translation of the inscriptions of Tiglath-Pileser I. (9), the earliest of the Assyrian kings who have bequeathed any important inscriptions to posterity, is accompanied by a transliteration of the original according to the system of Dr. Schrader, and has enjoyed the advantage of a thorough revision by Dr. Delitzsch. It may therefore be assumed to present the ripest fruits of German scholarship in a department which, after an unaccountable delay, it is beginning to appropriate in good earnest. The inscriptions offer the usual monotonous chronicle of victories, sieges, submissions of enemies and the leading away of captives, interspersed with *Te Deums* to one or other of the seven principal deities invoked at the beginning of the whole. Some minor details, if only the translation is correct, possess special interest, such as the occurrence of elephants in Harran so late as Tiglath-Pileser's time; and the transplantation of useful trees and fruits from the territory of the conquered nations to Assyria.

The "Epiphanies" in the life of Christ (10) are his Baptism, Temptation, and Transfiguration. Herr Steinmeyer asserts the "reality" of them all, though it is not quite clear whether he understands their objective reality. A second volume will deal with the "Theophanies."

Kant's philosophy is investigated in two of its principal aspects by Herr Pfleiderer (11) and Herr Rehmke (12), whose works, though not professedly commentaries, are substantially based upon his. The former endeavours to show that the pursuit of individual happiness does not necessarily involve egotism; the latter propounds a theory of cognition only intelligible to trained metaphysicians.

Herr Thiessen investigates the origin of the Buddhist legend in the "Dhammapada" (13), where Buddha promises to restore the poor woman's son to life if only she will find a person who has never known sorrow. Similar stories exist in Western literature, and attempts have been made to show that the Buddhist version was derived from a Greek source. Herr Thiessen, however, seems to establish its independent origin very satisfactorily; and, in so doing, indirectly proves that the Greek version was borrowed—a conclusion all the more plausible when it is considered that the course of legend, like the course of empire, is commonly westward. It does nevertheless appear somewhat extraordinary that its beauty should have remained invisible until viewed through a Sanskrit medium, and that nobody should have recognized it while it was accessible to all scholars in Lucian's Life of the philosopher Demonax.

Edward Grisebach's well-known taste for the quaint and *recherché* in literature has found a legitimate gratification in his very elegant rendering of three Chinese novelettes (14) from the English. Two of these were originally translated by Dr. Birch, the third by R. Thom, with Dr. Birch's corrections. Herr Grisebach is perfectly justified in claiming for these tales more emotion, more variety, and in general a closer approximation to the European standard than is usually admitted. Their construction is irreproachable, and their frequent use of the supernatural is effective. Their defect is the want of any accurate or subtle discrimination of character; but this is a recent development, even in European novels. We should recommend Herr Grisebach to extend his researches to Mr. Giles's *Stories from a Chinese Studio*, where he will find abundance of tales more picturesque and imaginative than those he has rendered here, and, from their brevity, affording less ground for criticism on the score of imperfect portrayal of character.

Omar Khayyam (15), of whose name ten years ago hardly any Englishman had heard, may now be almost regarded as a naturalized English author, thanks to the masterly version of Mr. Fitzgerald. Our literature affords few examples of so successful a transplantation from one language into another; but the result could not have been attained in English without an extremely free treatment of the Persian text. How free this has often been appears from the more accurate rendering of Herr Bodenstedt, which may win for Omar the same general estimation among poetical readers in Germany as he already enjoys in England. While, however, Herr Bodenstedt's translation is far closer than Mr. Fitzgerald's both in verbal fidelity and closeness to the spirit of the original, Mr. Fitzgerald has greatly the advantage in point of form. The metre he invariably adopts is a fair representative of Omar's, and bears a Persian stamp; but every distinctive trace of Orientalism frequently seems to have disappeared from the variety of lyrical measures employed by Bodenstedt. With this reservation the translation of the latter may be heartily commended on the grounds of elegance, poetical feeling, and completeness, presenting the thought of Omar in its entirety, and not a single phase of it only, as Mr. Fitzgerald has done. It is true that the unity of impression is thus impaired, and that the reader feels the difficulty of harmonizing the poet's apparently contradictory utterances. Herr Bodenstedt rejects both the mysticism attributed to Omar by M. Nicolas and the scepticism imputed to him by Mr. Fitzgerald. The key to Omar's mood has, he thinks, been found by an English lady, the author of a valuable essay upon him in *Fraser's Magazine* for May 1879. Omar's sceptical sallies, Mrs. Cadell points out, are generally confined to the anthropomorphic creed of Islam, with its singular mixture of inexorable fatalism and uncontrolled caprice. When not thus indirectly polemical, Omar is reverent, and many of his finest strophes are animated by deep religious feeling. In a poetical point of view, Bodenstedt's translation is an advance even upon his renowned *Mirza Schaffy*; and it is impossible to speak too highly of the exquisite taste displayed in its typography and general ornamentation. The pieces are arranged

(3) *Ilios: Stadt und Land der Trojaner.* Von Dr. H. Schliemann. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

(4) *Briefwechsel zwischen Gauss und Bessel.* Herausgegeben auf Veranlassung der Königlich Preussischen Akademie der Wissenschaften. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Briefe meines Vaters.* Herausgegeben von C. A. Loehnis. London: Trübner & Co.

(6) *Einleitung in das Sprachstudium; ein Beitrag zur Geschichte und Methodik der vergleichenden Sprachforschung.* Von B. Delbrück. Leipzig: Breitkopf und Härtel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *Einleitung in das Studium der Angelsächsischen Grammatik, Text, Uebersetzung, Anmerkungen, Glossar.* Von K. Körner. 2 Thle. Heilbronn: Henninger. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Gothische Grammatik; mit einigen Lesestücken und Wortverzeichniss.* Von W. Braune. Halle: Niemeyer. London: Williams & Norgate.

(9) *Die Inschriften Tiglathpilesers I. in transskribierten Assyrischem Grundtext, mit Uebersetzung und Kommentar.* Von Dr. Lotz. Leipzig: Hinrichs. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Die Epiphanien im Leben des Herrn.* Von F. L. Steinmeyer. Berlin: Wiegandt und Grieben. London: Williams & Norgate.

(11) *Eudämonismus und Egoismus.* Eine Ehrenrettung des Wohlprinzips. Von E. Pfleiderer. Leipzig: Barth. London: Williams & Norgate.

(12) *Die Welt als Wahrnehmung und Begriff.* Eine Erkenntnisstheorie. Von J. Rehmke. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

(13) *Die Legende von Kisâgotami: eine literarhistorische Untersuchung.* Von J. H. Thiessen. Breslau: Köbner. London: Williams & Norgate.

(14) *Kin-ku-ki-kuan: neue und alte Novellen der Chinesischen 1001 Nacht.* Deutsch von E. Grisebach. Stuttgart: Kroner. London: Nutt.

(15) *Die Lieder und Sprüche des Omar Chajjam.* Verdeutscht von F. Bodenstedt. Breslau: Schletter. London: Trübner & Co.

in ten books, according to subject—an excellent plan, which contributes greatly to the correct apprehension of the poet's thought. No one, for example, will believe that the writer of the pieces brought together in the first book, or Book of Religion, can have been a Persian Lucretius in anything but the exceptional character of his genius, however sceptical or sensuous may appear some of the other moods of his varied and impressionable nature. Bodenstedt justly compares some of these beautiful and large-minded utterances to Goethe. This translation is in no respect a critical edition, and, after all M. Nicolas's labours, much, no doubt, remains to be done for the settlement of the text and weeding out of the questionable *Rubaiyat* frequently attributed by MSS. to Omar Khayyam.

"Italian Plaster Figures" (16) is a collection of lively tourist sketches from the South of Italy, chiefly remarkable for the unfavourable view taken of Italian economical and educational prospects. Some critical papers are appended, the most remarkable of which is an account of the attempts of the Italians to translate *Faust*.

"Odin's Comfort," by Felix Dahn (17), is a romance of the eleventh century, intended to depict the feelings of the adherents of the expiring Norse mythology in the same manner as Ibsen and Rydberg have painted the classical romanticism of the age of Julian. With some eccentricity and affectation, and a great deal too much of "apt alliteration's artful aid," it is nevertheless a vigorous story, enlivened with many imaginative legends from the Scandinavian mythology.

The subject of Adolf Stern's "Last Humanists" (18) affords much scope for picturesque situations, of which the author has skilfully availed himself. The contrast between the last wrecks of Italian culture after the Papal and Jesuitical reaction and the wild surroundings of the Baltic island where fate had flung them is powerful and suggestive; and, although Giordano Bruno himself speedily disappears from the scene, the strife between humanity and barbarism, of which he is one of the chief representatives, continues to form the animating motive of the story. The collision of these conflicting principles is powerfully depicted, and the reader's sympathy is ably enlisted on the side of the children of light.

"The Poetess of Carcassonne," Paul Heyse's contribution to the December number of the *Rundschau* (19), is a carefully written story of serious interest, full of incident and variety, laid in Provence in the period of the Troubadours, but with no especial pretensions to accuracy of local colouring. Catharine II.'s correspondence with Baron Grimm is reviewed by Karl Hillebrand, who draws a flattering picture of the great Empress, whose cheerful and kindly letters, devoid of reference either to the ruthlessness of her policy or the disorders of her private conduct, represent her in a much more favourable light than State cares and Court etiquette allow to most sovereigns. *Mutatis mutandis*, they are very much such letters as Augustus may be supposed to have written to Mæcenas and his circle. The most interesting of the other papers is one treating of the ethnological changes undergone, and to be undergone, by Asia Minor.

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(16) *Italienische Gyps-Figuren.* Von W. Kaden. Oldenburg: Schulze. London: Nutt.

(17) *Odhin's Trost: ein nordischer Roman aus den elften Jahrhundert.* Von Felix Dahn. Leipzig: Breitkopf und Härtel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(18) *Die letzten Humanisten: historischer Roman.* Von Adolf Stern. Leipzig: Schlickt. London: Williams & Norgate.

(19) *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. vii. Hft. 3. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

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THE

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THE STATE OF IRELAND.

ONE of the oddest commentaries which have yet been published on the miserable condition of Ireland was contained in a speech lately delivered by no less a person than the SPEAKER. Mr. BRAND seems to have considered that his exalted and neutral position imposed upon him the duty of serene impartiality between right and wrong; or perhaps he has really persuaded himself that the assassin and conspirator who executes the mandates of the Land League is the comic and sentimental Irishman of farce and melodrama. Mr. BOUCICAULT would probably agree with the SPEAKER that the race has many high qualities; and he would admit that the generous, brave, and impulsive Irishman is too ready to listen to injudicious advisers. Agitators take advantage of his venial weakness to lead him into courses which may perhaps ultimately prove injurious to himself. The SPEAKER forgot that systematic robbery and cruelty are injurious to their victims as well as to their agents. The labourers who have been persuaded by their priest to abandon well-paid employment may possibly suffer inconvenience; but ordinary Englishmen are more ready to sympathize with Mr. BENCE JONES than with the ungrateful dependents who were indebted to him for security and comfort. There is no doubt that Irishmen possess a fair share of the common virtue of physical courage; but the SPEAKER might have reserved his compliments on their bravery for a time at which they were not exhibiting abject submission to lawless despotism and practising habitual oppression of the weak. The rabble to which the French Convention truckled during the Reign of Terror exacted and received similar adulation. It would have better become a grave dignitary who will soon have to deal with the Irish demagogues in another capacity either to keep silence or to express the indignation which he must be supposed to feel. Nonsense for nonsense, the theory that the faults of Irishmen are due to the neighbourhood of a melancholy ocean is less offensive than the explanation of sordid cupidity, combined with malignant turbulence, by an amiable susceptibility to sudden impressions.

Mr. BRAND's constituents would have been satisfied if he had declined to address them on a subject with which it would have been improper for him to deal freely. He could not be expected to discuss the administrative questions which are much more urgent than any curious investigation of the peculiarities of Irish character. The Government, as a whole, has neglected its duty; but the motives of some of its members are probably patriotic and unselfish. The Liberals, as distinguished from the Radicals, may reasonably believe that they are not at liberty to abandon their posts as long as there is a hope that they may exercise either a stimulating or a restraining influence on their colleagues. All but the most bigoted democrats may perhaps gradually be shamed into the performance of a plain duty, and their revolutionary projects of legislation may be modified; yet Mr. JACOB BRIGHT publicly exults in the outrages which may, as he thinks, promote his objects. It is not known whether at the last Council the Cabinet agreed either on a Peace Preservation Bill, or on a scheme for the readjustment of land tenure; but it is certain, as long as the Cabinet holds together, that the policy of coercion has not been definitively renounced, and that property in land has not been finally doomed to confiscation. The guilt of tolerating anarchic tyranny up to the present time rests with Mr. BRIGHT, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and perhaps with two or three other members of the Government, including its chief. The cant of constitutional scruples furnishes no apology for deliberate complicity with crime. The functionaries who would have had to execute a temporary law for securing property and life cannot be allowed to express their fears that they might themselves have misused exceptional powers.

The contrary affectation of professing to believe that coercion would be ineffective is generally accompanied by a pretended confidence in the sufficiency of the ordinary law. The sympathizing apologists of the Government have lately exerted themselves to prove that threats, outrages, interference with freedom of action, and riotous excesses, are misdemeanours punishable with fine and imprisonment. They accordingly censure the magistrates, the police, the permanent staff of the Irish Government, and by implication Mr. FORSTER himself, for allowing the regular weapons of the law to rust while new armaments are loudly demanded. Some zealous philanthropists even taunt the peaceable classes in Ireland with cowardice in not defending themselves. A few landlords and one spirited lady, who have hitherto intimidated assassins by their gallant demeanour, are contrasted with the great body of victims who meanly ask for the protection of the law. A state of private warfare is approved as preferable to a vigorous and summary repression of crime by the constituted authorities. In one of his writings Sir JAMES STEPHEN contrasts the irresistible force of the law in civilized society with the violence of predatory barons and moss-troopers as it is picturesquely described in the *Fair Maid of Perth*. Honour is due to gallant Irishmen who, like the hero of the romance, fight for their own hand when they are deserted by their natural protectors. Corresponding dishonour attaches to those who render self-defence necessary by a base abdication of their duty. It is true that the most effective Peace Preservation Act would leave too many opportunities for crime; but former measures of the kind have done much to repress disorder; and it must be remembered that the opponents of exceptional legislation object, not to the supposed inutility, but to the efficiency, of coercive legislation.

The latest proceedings of the club which governs Ireland furnish an additional, though superfluous, reason for immediate and energetic interference. The tardy fulfilment of Mr. GLADSTONE's broken promise would even now have the effect of resolving the Land League into two of its uncongenial elements. Of late its nominal adherents have been recruited, not merely from malcontents and covetous aspirants to the property of others, but from peaceable traders, and even from loyal subjects who have no kind of sympathy with the conspiracy or its promoters. A member of a Manchester firm writes to the papers to say that their representative in a town in Ireland has consulted his principals whether he shall subscribe to the Land League or incur the penalty of a total suspension of business. He has been instructed to recognize the only existing authority. The leaders of the League have on some occasions hypocritically deprecated the practice of forcing unwilling persons to subscribe to their funds, but they receive the money without inquiring into the mode by which it has been procured. The barbarous process which takes its name from its earliest victim has been found

applicable to universal coercion, and especially to the extortion of money. There is no doubt that in every instance in which a subscription is obtained by threats an indictable crime has been committed; but after the acquittal of HEALY and WALSH it is as useless to prosecute the offenders as it would have been to impeach FOUQUIER-TINVILLE and his accomplices, the official jurymen, during the reign of ROBESPIERRE. The demagogues and some of their wellwishers at Birmingham and elsewhere describe "Boycotting" as a legitimate mode of employing moral force, analogous to the extremely questionable methods sometimes employed by Trade-Unions. It would not suit their purpose to admit that behind the sentence of social excommunication physical violence lies in the background. Labourers would not refuse remunerative wages, tradesmen would not reject profitable custom, if they were not well aware that their refusal to obey the commands of the League would be punished by torture, by mutilation, or by death. The cowardly steamboat agents who refused to convey Mr. BENCE JONES's cattle to England apprehended either incendiary plots or explosions, or perhaps the compulsory desertion of their men. If they had performed their duty and suffered the possible consequences, the owners might perhaps have asked the Ministers for compensation; but they would, like Captain BOYCOTT, have been informed in answer that the Government was preparing beneficent legislative measures.

The LORD-LIEUTENANT, or the IRISH SECRETARY in his name, has prohibited one meeting of the Land League. A sufficient military force was ordered to the spot to suppress resistance, and the populace consequently submitted. The interference of the Executive, though laudable in itself, suggests the question why seditious and formidable assemblages have for several months been allowed to propagate disorder with impunity. At every Land League meeting it is certain that menaces will be uttered against peaceable subjects, and that the threatened consequences will result to those who refuse compliance. The contemptible scruples of Ministers who shrink from coercion are answered by a universal system of compulsion. When the Government, after long acquiescence in triumphant wickedness, at last appeals to Parliament for additional powers, it will be difficult to abstain from calling attention to a practical confession of its own criminal weakness. It is even possible that unforeseen consequences may result from a paltry and selfish policy. The ultra-Radical faction still cordially supports Mr. GLADSTONE, but he may perhaps find that he has alienated a sufficiently large proportion of his late supporters to destroy the majority which raised him to office. Within living memory no Minister has caused indignation so general and so profound among the orderly classes of society. It remains to be seen whether he will be compensated for the disapproval of moderate and patriotic Englishmen by the zealous support of those who, like Sir WILFRID LAWSON, would rather dismember the Empire than restore order in Ireland by force.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

THE dying year must always leave bad legacies as well as good to the new. There is sure to be trouble and confusion, perhaps present, and certainly prospective, somewhere. And in most years there is naturally a pause in action at the time when the old year is giving place to the new. It is winter, and military operations are postponed. The English Parliament has not met, and although Continental Parliaments meet in the late autumn, the greater questions are generally reserved for the spring of the year. As a rule, therefore, at this season, what most interests us lies in the near future rather than in the present. What is peculiar in the state of affairs at the close of this year is that, while there is nothing very alarming anywhere, and in the economical and financial position of the leading countries of the world there is much to inspire confidence, yet it so happens that in almost every one of these countries, except the United States, there is some one or more question or questions which we know must be solved somehow very soon, and of which the solution is at present quite undetermined. It is the distinctness of the issues to be decided, coupled with the extreme indistinctness of the mode in which they will be decided, that makes the peculiarity of the present crisis. We do not say, as we usually do, that in the new year something may happen; but we say that something must happen, only we do not know what this something will be. At the same time there is, amid all this uncertainty, a feeling that, if there is much to alarm, there is much to reassure us. We need not take a black or pessimist view of any of our troubles or of the troubles of our neighbours. Things in the new year may turn out very badly, as they may in any new year, but there is now no very clear reason why we should necessarily conclude that they will turn out very badly. The most conspicuous instance is naturally that which interests all Europe alike. The Greek question, we know, must be solved somehow in the new year. This certainly is a distinct and peculiar legacy of the old year to the new. We are not, as at the end of ordinary years, merely able to say that something unpleasant may before long grow up in Eastern Europe to tax the skill and resources of statesmen and nations. There is something unpleasant in Eastern Europe actually going on; and it must have some final form given it before many months are over. Unless diplomacy can settle the Greek question before the spring there will be war. It is quite possible that there may be war; but what is to some extent reassuring is that diplomacy is evidently very much in earnest in its endeavour to prevent war by arranging a settlement. The Great Powers, however much they may differ in other respects, are cordially united in the desire not to let things drift; and experience shows that most wars arise precisely because things are allowed to drift.

At home there are several distinct questions which we know must be settled one way or the other in the new year. For example, we must either keep Candahar or retire from it; or, even if a middle course were taken and we kept Candahar, but kept it only for a time, we should have to state clearly in what way or on what terms and with what objects we meant to keep it temporarily. The present curious state of things, in which we hold Candahar neither on our own account nor on that of any one else, cannot continue. In South Africa we do not know what will be the end of the war between the Cape Colonists and the natives, how far the resistance of the Boers may be serious, or whether new troubles may not arise in districts directly under the government of the Crown. But we know that, whatever turn events may take, the relations of the Home Government to the Colonial Government of South Africa must be much more accurately defined than they are now. What is reassuring as to Candahar and South Africa is that responsible Ministers will have had every opportunity of coming to a right decision. They may make great blunders, but at any rate they ought not to make them so far as plenty of opportunity for thought and study and consultation can save them from making blunders. Again, nothing can be more deplorable than the state of Ireland. Every day the new Government edges the old Government out of something that seemed still to belong to it. What used to be called Irish anarchy, but may now be fairly called a well-organized reign of terror in Ireland, is a very bitter legacy for the old year to leave to the new. But here, again, we know that in the new year there must be a solution of some sort. There must be a serious effort to make Ireland possibly contented and certainly orderly. This effort may be successful or unsuccessful, but we are sure that it will be made, and that it will be begun to be made in a very few weeks. It may be thought very difficult to find anything reassuring as to the future of Ireland. The law has collapsed, and even worse perhaps than the actual collapse itself is the poisonous experience that law can be made to collapse. But, even with regard to Ireland, there are some things to be noticed which, if they do not inspire confidence, tend in some small way to mitigate anxiety. In the first place, sorely tried as Englishmen are by the intolerable tyranny prevalent in Ireland, they do not go back from their wish to treat Ireland fairly. If any measure that would make the Irish happier could be shown to be at once practicable, just, and reasonable, Englishmen would still be pleased to welcome it; and the persecution to which the landlords have been subjected will dispose Englishmen to be more compassionate to these victims of oppression, and more ready to see that any indemnity to which they can fairly lay claim shall be given them. Then it is something that a great opportunity should be given to any one man in a very difficult crisis. There is, to all appearance, no wavering in the constituencies in their feelings towards Mr. GLADSTONE. They are puzzled by

what the Ministry does, or rather by what it leaves undone; but they still cling to the belief that Mr. GLADSTONE is a sort of magician, and that he has some secret power of settling the Irish or any other question. This belief may be utterly unfounded, but at least it gives a chance for a Ministerial success which would not exist without it. Lastly, we may hope that we have now got rid of Home Rule for many years to come. Formerly we could only speak theoretically, and say that if the Irish were allowed to set up a government of their own under the nominal supremacy of England, they would be sure to set up a very bad government. Now we can speak practically. The Irish have set up a government of their own under the nominal supremacy of England, and it is a government of petty, remorseless tyranny. We now know what we previously could only deduce from history or from general study of circumstances and characters—that the elementary duty of England towards Ireland is to save the Irish from themselves.

In France there are so many burning questions all flaming at once that it may seem difficult to say what it is specially that the old year leaves to the new. But all these questions may be gathered into one great question. What will be the issues on which the country will be asked to pronounce its judgment when the time for the general election comes round? The Republican party wishes, or, at any rate, its more advanced members wish, to get certain things done, some of a sufficiently startling character, and then to ask the electors to ratify them. If we translate Republican opinions into action, they say, there must be certain consequences, and we wish to point out to the country what these consequences are. If the country likes them, it has only to say so; but the great thing is that the country should know what is meant. In Germany the question that has to be decided next year is of a very different kind. But to Germany itself it is a question of very great moment. It is the question whether the Government in its war with Socialism shall or shall not commit itself to a counter movement, in which it would parade a Socialism of its own contrivance. Prince BISMARCK has for some time past allowed it to be known that he is meditating a plan for a new organization of labour. What is the exact form his plan is likely to assume is not known, and perhaps he hardly knows himself. But its basis is the basis of Socialism, or at least of that form of Socialism which purposes to use the State as its instrument, and may be shortly described as the protection by the Government of the workmen against competition, bad times, and the misdirection of capital. Prince BISMARCK must be supposed to know Germany well, and he is evidently not satisfied with the results of the laws by which he has endeavoured to repress Socialism. The inhabitants of considerable towns no longer talk Socialism in beer-gardens, or enjoy an uninterrupted flow of Socialist journalism; but, when they get an opportunity of voting, they are not to be kept from voting for Socialist candidates. As Prince BISMARCK has given the public a vague sketch of his new ideas, he must either give effect to them when the German Parliament meets, and suggest changes affecting the whole character of German society, or drop them, and thus reveal that he does not think it possible to combat Socialism by outbidding it. Either way the world will learn something in which it will be much interested as to the attitude which the master of Germany intends to assume on what, in his eyes, is the one great question of the day for Germans after that of the existence of the Germany into which he has shaped the Fatherland.

SOUTH AFRICA.

THE accounts of the war in South Africa continue to be scanty and, with few exceptions, unsatisfactory; but thus far the Colonial Government adheres to its resolution of conducting the struggle itself without resorting to the aid of Imperial troops. A part of the not inconsiderable force at Cape Town might probably be employed with decisive effect; and if the colonists are at any time hard pressed, the reserves of the garrison may perhaps be required. But it would be unwise to urge on the Colonial Government the acceptance of military aid; and the unfortunate rebellion which has at length broken out in the Transvaal may too probably require the employment in that province of all the available British troops in South Africa. The Boers have evidently taken the opportunity of the Basuto war to embarrass the English Government. Their countrymen in the Orange Free State had been more considerate and more prudent. The motives of an offer of Imperial help in the Basuto war would be regarded with suspicion, and no gratitude would be felt for benefits which would be attributed to a desire of retaining control over the colonial policy. In the Gaika war of two or three years ago, though the rebellion was mainly suppressed by the Imperial troops, Mr. MOLTENO and his colleagues affected to act independently of the Commander-in-Chief of the regular forces. Mr. MOLTENO's successor has professed a more friendly feeling to the mother-country; but he evidently regards with jealousy any measure which might interfere with independent local action. If Mr. SPRIGG accurately represents the general feeling, the determination of the colonists to bear the whole burden of the war is highly respectable. As none of the native levies can be trusted, the settlers must bear the danger and hardship as well as the cost of the war. The number of volunteers in the field is already considerable, and large reinforcements seem to be expected. It is too late to discuss the policy of disarmament, which has been sufficiently condemned by its results. The loyalty of the Basutos, though it has been easily disturbed, might perhaps have continued but for the injudicious exhibition of distrust. It is now known that the possession of firearms is regarded by the whole native population as the most valuable of privileges. The demand for the surrender of arms was probably regarded as an act, not only of oppression, but of bad faith. The native labourer in the diamond fields had in almost all cases, with the knowledge of the authorities, received guns and ammunition in lieu of wages. Mr. SPRIGG's Bill, though it was perhaps defensible in theory, has proved to be rash and mischievous; but war, especially when the combatants are respectively civilized and savage, supersedes the merits of the original quarrel. Whether the Basutos were right or wrong in rebellion, it has become necessary to suppress their resistance. It is to be hoped that the difficulty will not be seriously aggravated by the very unfortunate insurrection in the Transvaal.

In a late number of the *Nineteenth Century*, Lord GREY published a forcible argument against the policy which the Colonial Office has for many years pursued in South Africa. No living statesman has an ampler knowledge of colonial questions, though Lord GREY's official career ended many years ago. The concession by his successors of legislative independence to the larger colonies has never met with his cordial approval. The experiment has not yet disclosed its ultimate results, and it is in some respects anomalous; but in Canada, and probably in the Australian colonies, the grant of responsible government was the only alternative of separation. It is possible that the catastrophe may, even by unlimited concession, not have been finally averted; but the Imperial Government was fully justified in postponing disruption, with a reasonable prospect of maintaining for an indefinite time a bond of union too elastic to be oppressive. On the present occasion Lord GREY abstains from reopening the general controversy on responsible government. He is only concerned to prove that the system was inapplicable to South Africa, which contains both a European population and a much larger number of natives. He might have added that the English inhabitants of the colony were by no means unanimous in wishing for practical independence. They found themselves left face to face not only with the coloured tribes, but with a majority of Dutch descent, which is by no means completely amalgamated with the English portion of the community. If the question were still open much might be said on both sides; but Lord GREY underrates the difficulty of revoking an organic concession, even though it may have been premature. His strongest objection to the measure is founded on the withdrawal of the protection of the Crown from the natives settled in the colony, and from the neighbouring tribes, who may, as in the present instance, be provoked to war. It may be readily admitted that a so-called constitutional government secures but a precarious protection to an inferior race. It would, as Lord GREY candidly allows, be impossible to place the control of a representative Government at the Cape in the hands of a native majority. The arrangement which has actually been made is in itself just and reasonable. The natives are legally competent to vote, and some of them exercise

the privilege; but the franchise is designedly fixed so high as to exclude the great mass from participation in the suffrage. The precautions against the preponderance of uncivilized voters must be incidentally advantageous in protecting the white community from the baneful system of universal suffrage. The Government of a Crown Colony is undoubtedly more impartial than a Parliament and Ministry representing the superior race; but, in fact, the natives at the Cape have not been oppressed; and it is doubtful whether border wars would under any system of administration have been more infrequent. The Caffre wars of the last generation were fought long before the establishment of responsible government.

Lord Grey's object in discussing South African policy is not mainly critical or retrospective. Concurring in this respect with the deputations which have remonstrated with Lord Kimberley, he proposes active interference with the conduct and results of the war on the part of the Imperial Government, and he even holds that it will be neither impossible nor difficult to obtain the consent of the colonists to a surrender of their constitutional privileges. In the absence of positive evidence to the contrary, it may be confidently assumed that the people of the Cape would resist and resent any proposal of the kind. If there really were any desire to resume the former relations with the Crown, the movement ought to begin and proceed within the colony itself; but it is scarcely worth while to consider so improbable a contingency. Lord Kimberley can have known nothing of any colonial opposition to responsible government when he assured the last deputation which waited upon him that a restoration of the direct authority of the Crown was wholly out of the question. No stronger proof can be given of the disposition of the colonists than their present determination to undertake all the efforts and sacrifices required by the Basuto war. In common with Lord Grey they foresee that, if their own exertions are successful, they will be able to determine at their pleasure their future relations with the conquered enemy. Lord Kimberley properly declined to give the Colonial Ministry any promise that the Crown would not interfere in any future settlement; but the power of the victorious colonists to act for themselves will include the right which might in another contingency be disputed. It is natural that Lord Grey, and many younger philanthropists, should regret and disapprove the abandonment of a duty and right which was formerly vested in the Crown; but experience shows that European immigrants in uncivilized countries will always settle their own quarrels with the indigenous population. The North American colonies fought and negotiated with the Indian tribes without consulting the Government at home; and, indeed, they enjoyed many elements of practical independence long before the name of responsible government was invented.

The course of modern colonization has been determined by natural causes. Private adventurers first settle on shores only occupied by uncivilized tribes; and then it becomes necessary for the Government to which they owe allegiance to follow them with control and protection. As long as the colony is weak, especially when it is exposed to the attack of hostile neighbours, the rule of the mother-country is willingly accepted. When conflicts of interest or feeling arise the distant subjects become mutinous, if their aspiration to the management of their own affairs is violently thwarted. Since the success of the American rebellion, England at least has virtually abandoned the pretension of retaining possession of colonies by force. Even if Lord Grey is right in his opinion that responsible government was extended too hastily to South Africa, the concession must have been made at no distant period. Many years before, a troublesome collision had occurred when the colonists refused to receive convicts transported to the Cape. It was then found necessary to surrender a legal right which had been up to that time exercised without dispute by the Imperial Government. The claim of a Crown protectorate over the native tribes in South Africa may be plausible, but it cannot be asserted in practice. The situation may perhaps be in some degree modified if the Government of Natal, which is still a Crown colony, is forced to take part in the war; but for the present the Cape is conducting the struggle without assistance. Basutoland is theoretically included in the limits of the colony, for the unfortunate Disarmament Act was a measure of domestic legislation. If the natives are forced to submit, they will have one security against oppression in the proof which they have given of their formidable military qualities.

THE CRUSADE AGAINST RELIGIOUS EMBLEMS.

THE French Senate is evidently disposed to resent the extremely Radical policy which M. Ferry's Cabinet has thought it necessary to pursue. Whether it will give effect to its disposition when really important questions come before it is a point upon which it is difficult to form an opinion; but upon minor questions, or what it supposes to be minor questions, and upon the early stages of great questions, it has lately been markedly restive. The Committee appointed to examine the Bill making judges removable at the pleasure of the Executive is decidedly opposed to the change; and on Tuesday the Government were defeated, by a large majority, on an incident arising out of the Bill abolishing religious teaching in schools. If that Bill passes, every communal school will be strictly neutral as regards religion. The priest will be allowed, for the present, to teach the children religion on Sundays, but the rest of the week will be given up entirely to more important matters. The banishment of religious teaching will naturally involve the banishment of religious emblems. If the history of the Crucifixion may not be told to the children by the teachers, it would merely suggest inconvenient inquiries to leave the crucifix hanging on the wall. As yet the Bill making this change has not passed the Chamber of Deputies, and when the Chamber has voted it, it will still have to pass the Senate. These delays are naturally irksome to the burning zeal of the neo-atheists who govern Paris, and the Prefect of the Seine has accordingly availed himself of a regulation lately made by the Superior Council of Public Instruction, by which the local authorities are left free to deal with religious emblems as they think best. In the case of Paris there could not be much doubt what the action of the local authorities under this permission would be. It is probable that M. Hérold would have been satisfied with the simple removal of religious emblems from the schools, but it would have needed very special pains on the part of the Prefect to ensure that they were removed decently. The opportunity of insulting religion under cover of carrying out an administrative decree was too precious to be lost, and, after every allowance has been made for exaggeration, it seems to have been made full use of. The removal of the crucifixes was effected during school hours, and in the presence of the children. They were detached from the wall with poles and hooks, many of them being broken in the operation, and then thrown into a furniture van and carried off. The feeling which this outrage upon their religion has excited in French Catholics may be compared to that which would be produced in England if the Metropolitan Board of Works, under the guidance of Mr. Bradlaugh, were to collect all the Bibles to be found in Board schools and cart them away. The feeling in Paris is more keen than this, in proportion as a statue is a more striking object than a book. French officials are not always very gentle in their behaviour, and when, as here, the execution of their orders was a labour of love, there is little doubt that their words and acts were designed to be, and succeeded in being, extremely offensive. M. Hérold had no reply to make to his opponents on Tuesday, beyond the statement, which was not disputed, that the Prefect had a technical right to do what he did. The Republican Senators can stand a good deal in the way of Radicalism, but this latest exhibition of it was too much for a large number of them. Some boldly voted against the Government; others, less courageous, abstained from voting at all; and in the end the Government was beaten on a division by 159 votes to 85. For a few hours it was thought that the vote would bring on a Ministerial crisis, and M. Hérold even went so far as to place his resignation in M. Ferry's hands. On reflection, however, the Government seem to have thought that the Senate would be most effectually snubbed by taking no notice of its vote. The Prefect of the Seine has, therefore, been told that he must contrive to put up with the censure of the Second Chamber, and as life under such a condition entails no physical discomfort, and some additional popularity, he has found no difficulty in obeying the order.

M. Ferry, in defending the action of the Prefect, made

the usual remark that the neutralization of the communal schools involved no attack upon religion. In theory, no doubt, this is true. According to the view favoured by the Government, the school and the Church are in future to be distinct. In the Church there will be religious teaching, crucifixes, and statues of the Virgin. In the school there will be secular teaching, maps, and botanical and zoological diagrams. But M. Ferry takes no account of the effect which the absolute banishment of religion from communal schools may be expected to have upon the children attending them. If these schools had been founded in the first instance upon the principle of religious neutrality, it would have been different. The children would never have learned to associate religion with school; but they would not have regarded the two as in any way antagonistic. When, however, a sudden divorce is effected between them; when the teachers from whom the children have hitherto received their religious instruction are forbidden to give it them any longer; when the crucifix, which has till now hung over the teacher's desk, now hangs there no more; when, in short, religion is not merely excluded from the school, but ostentatiously turned out of doors, the impression conveyed will be much more serious. So far as the children are concerned, the removal of the crucifixes from the walls of the school is almost as startling as their removal from the walls of the church would be to their parents. Their religious impressions are suddenly uprooted, and they are left to ask, as some of them did on the occasion of M. Hérold's recent proceedings, What is to come in the place of the *bon Dieu* who has been taken away? In face of a law of this kind, it is impossible to contend any longer that the Republic is not hostile to the Church. The acts of the Government in regard to education are the acts of an enemy, not of a ruler who, while determined to give the Church no favour, still wishes to leave it a fair field. If the end which those Education Bills have in view had been simply protection for non-Catholic children, it might have been attained without any of the inconveniences which are likely to attend the execution of the new laws. Due care might have been taken that instruction in the Catholic religion was not forced upon non-Catholic children; but, provided that these precautions were sufficiently stringent, the religious emblems might have been allowed to remain. It is highly unlikely that in a country like France, where crucifixes are to be seen so frequently, the presence of one on the wall of the school can have any proselytising influence on the mind of a non-Catholic scholar.

No doubt a moderate measure of this sort would have had no attractions for the present Government. It is not unfair to suppose that what really delights them in the Education Bill is the prospect of making short work with all the signs that go to show that Catholicism is still the religion of a great number of Frenchmen. If this were not their motive, they would have contented themselves with one of those convenient compromises which secure all that is of practical moment while giving the minimum of offence to those at whose expense it is secured. In M. Ferry's ideas of government compromise has no place. With him manner is more important than matter, and the protection of non-Catholic children against proselytism is subordinate to the supreme end of humiliating Catholics. There is a certain coarse common sense about this line of action, inasmuch as it tends to some extent to win the support of the Extreme Left. They despise M. Ferry as sincerely as they have despised all the other Prime Ministers who have held office by permission of M. Gambetta, but they do not seem so eager to put him in a minority. A President of the Council who justifies the removal of crucifixes in a furniture van, that the minds of the children in communal schools may not be prejudiced in favour of Catholicism, is still somewhat of a rare bird in France, and it is well not to dispose of him too hastily. M. Hérold seems to have pushed M. Ferry's policy a little further than M. Ferry himself, and M. Hérold's subordinates have gone a little further than M. Hérold. But, considering how near the Christmas holidays were, and that, if the removal of the crucifixes had been postponed till then, no one but the officials would have been present at the operation, and consequently no needless offence would have been given, it is difficult to believe that M. Hérold was greatly shocked at the too iconoclastic zeal of his agents. If he could not wait a fortnight before stripping the Paris schools of their religious emblems, he must have been remarkably eager to set about the work; and eagerness to pull down is seldom found compatible with much show of respect to the thing pulled down. The removal of the crucifixes was probably kept quite as a holiday among the Communists and quasi-Communists of Paris, and the Prefect of the Seine would doubtless have been unfeignedly sorry to have deprived a class with which his official relations are necessarily a little strained of one of the few pleasures it is in his power to give them. The furniture van which carried away the crucifixes was probably followed by a rejoicing rabble who felt that at last there was some reason to hope that the long-expected destruction of religion was about to be accomplished. It is pleasant, of course, for a ruler to be able to give enjoyment to his subjects; but it is possible that in this case M. Hérold has shown a too exclusive regard for one section of his subjects. When 85 Senators are all that can be found to support the Government on a critical division, it is plain that there must be great searchings of heart among the moderate Republicans. There has been no instance of such a division since the last senatorial elections. It is not to be expected that the Government will be in any way deterred from the course which it has marked out for itself by any uneasiness on the part of its more moderate supporters. M. Gambetta has declared to win with the advanced, not with the moderate, Left, and the politicians who represent him in the various departments cannot take a different line from their chief. But these first symptoms of Republican disaffection are worth a passing notice.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE ANARCHISTS.

It is not surprising that the most instructive speeches on the state of Ireland should have been delivered by Irishmen. It is natural that English members of the Opposition should expatiate on the inexhaustible topic of Ministerial incapacity or complicity. They can scarcely exaggerate the misgovernment which they denounce, but the severest strictures proceed from those who are more intimately familiar with the causes and details of the progress of anarchy. Even Mr. Stansfeld, who, as a zealous supporter of the Government and an ardent Liberal, said as much as possible on the comparatively irrelevant subject of land tenure, while he passed lightly over the abdication of the constitutional authorities, was enabled, in consequence of a recent visit to Ireland on the business of Lord Beaconsfield's Land Commission, to throw some light on the rapid advance of moral and social deterioration. Early in October he heard of no Irish demand for any larger concession than "the "three F's," which were condemned a few years ago by Lord Hartington and Mr. Gladstone. Five weeks later the Land League had taught the peasantry to insist at first on fixing the amount of their own rent, and ultimately on depriving the landlords of their undisputed property. Mr. Stansfeld faintly admits the necessity of coercion; but he seems scarcely to recognize the proof which he has himself given that the most urgent need of Ireland is the protection of life and property, and not the readjustment of the relations of landlords and tenants. The question is better understood by loyal Irishmen, among whom two members of Parliament, both formerly Law Officers of the Crown, have eminently distinguished themselves. Mr. Gibson has both in and out of Parliament taken a principal part in the vindication of law and justice. Mr. Plunket lately delivered at Chesterfield an admirable speech on the causes of the present disturbance, and on the grossly neglected duties of the Government. He had spent a considerable part of the autumn in the most disturbed part of Connaught, near the scene of the murder of Lord Mountmorres, and the farm lately occupied by Captain Boycott. Mr. Plunket confirms the statement, which has more than once been made, that the social rebellion was organized, and in the first instance conducted, by a few men unconnected with the land, who assembled the meetings and procured agents who perpetrated murders and other outrages. Two prominent agitators had been Fenian convicts, and one of them might probably, without any change in the law, have been arrested for violation of the conditions of his ticket-of-leave. It cannot be doubted that the names of the ringleaders were known to the Government; and if due powers had been obtained from

Parliament, they might have been placed in confinement before their machinations had produced any formidable result. Mr. STANSFELD's five weeks' experience is fully explained by the immunity deliberately conceded to the conspirators by the Government.

Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE, speaking about the same time, quoted with approval the statement of Mr. GIBSON, that the absence of outrage was only a proof that in certain districts the power of the Land League was fully established. As an expert in agrarian projects, Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE dwelt at length on the alleged expediency of encouraging the system of ownership by occupiers; but he distinctly stated, and it must be supposed on official authority, that the first measure submitted by the Government to Parliament would be a Bill for restoring order. "Every one," he said, "must admit "that the time had come for some exceptional treatment "of the question." As Mr. PLUNKET conclusively showed, the time for legislation came three months ago. The evil is now incomparably greater, and the remedy will be more difficult and less effective; but as late as November the two Birmingham members of the Cabinet laid down "the sage "maxim," as Mr. PLUNKET calls it, that force is no remedy for lawlessness. The impending Coercion Bill will involve a confession that there has been unwarrantable delay. It will appear that, in spite of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. BRIGHT, force is deemed a remedy for lawlessness; but some Ministers thought that the maintenance of their own consistency was a more important object than the protection of the peaceable community; and they perhaps also thought that the Land Bill would be made more comprehensive or more revolutionary by the prolongation of the reign of terror. Mr. GLADSTONE's determining motive has probably been his pronounced determination to introduce a Land Bill simultaneously with a measure of coercion. It has been truly said that the project involves the theory of selling justice; but there are still more conclusive objections to wanton connivance with cruel oppression. Any land law which can be devised will necessarily be tentative and doubtful in result; and, if Mr. GLADSTONE agrees with his apologists that the Act of 1870 has proved a failure, he can scarcely demand implicit confidence in his latest contrivance. Mr. PLUNKET has not facilitated his task by giving renewed publicity to the vigorous language in which Lord HARTINGTON and the present ATTORNEY-GENERAL for IRELAND declared their invincible repugnance to the scheme which the Government will now probably recommend to Parliament. It is of course possible that altered circumstances may justify or cause a change of policy; but retractations necessarily compromise the authority of legislators; and it is not well that the urgent and almost unquestioned need of a Coercion Bill should be placed on the same footing with the doubtful expediency of fixity of tenure. English Conservatives will do well to observe the caution with which Mr. PLUNKET spoke of the proposals which may be submitted to Parliament. He had no hesitation in condemning the past and present conduct of the Government, but on possible modifications of land tenure he expressed no opinion.

Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has done good service to his party by removing a doubt which had been entertained, whether Lord BEACONSFIELD's Government, if it had remained in office, would have asked for a prolongation of the Peace Preservation Act. It appears from Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's statement that Mr. FORSTER must have found in his office the draft of a renewed Act, and also the opinions of nearly all the permanent officials that the measure was necessary. Some of them thought, probably with justice, that the mild form of coercion which had lately been in force was insufficient for its purpose. The new Government overruled the judgment of its most competent advisers on the grounds stated in Mr. GLADSTONE's speech on the 31st of March. It was then his pleasure to assert that Ireland was more peaceable and contented than at any former time; and he even forgot that he was by implication attributing no inconsiderable merit to the Government which in an administration of six years had produced results so admirable. Liberal speakers are in the habit of taunting Lord BEACONSFIELD's Government with disregard of the feelings of Irishmen; but it appears that that long-suffering community, if it had been habitually affronted, was unconscious of the wrong. Mr. STANSFELD, with a certain candour, declared that the causes of Irish discontent were more remote than any political action of either party. The proposition may be true of the *causa causans*, or original reasons of discontent; but the *causa sine qua non*, the condition which has rendered the present state of Ireland intolerable, is the acquiescence of the Government in the foolish and frivolous maxim that force is no remedy for lawlessness. If Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL should have been misinformed, the Ministry will have the opportunity of proving that their predecessors, in the height of Mr. GLADSTONE's millennium, committed the error of trusting in the continuance of the existing tranquillity. It is impossible to say that, if they had been in power when the Land League began its noxious agitation, they would have been guilty of criminal neglect.

It is a comparatively trifling evil that foreigners should take the opportunity of inflicting gratuitous insults on England. The opinion which the Americans have formed of the Government which negotiated the Treaty of Washington is illustrated by the motion which a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee has submitted to the House of Representatives. After reciting with offensive accuracy the apparent inability of HER MAJESTY's Government to afford protection to life and property, the member for Louisiana proposes that the SECRETARY of STATE should recommend the adoption of measures for the pacification of Ireland. It is in vain that the *Alabama* claims were referred under humiliating conditions to a tribunal which cannot be mentioned with respect. Since the date of the arbitration Mr. GLADSTONE in one of his publications thought fit to assert that commercial supremacy was about to pass from England to the United States, and that he for one did not regret the reduction of his own country to a secondary rank. Officious efforts at conciliation are perhaps justly rewarded by contempt; but it may be proper to protest against voluntary acquiescence in an ill-bred reproof. If Congress adopts the motion, and if the PRESIDENT and the SECRETARY of STATE think fit to transmit the message, it may be hoped that even Mr. GLADSTONE's Government will know how to give a dignified answer; yet it is to be regretted, not so much that such things should be rudely said, as that they should be undeniably true. No man who respects himself would wantonly criticize the disorders of his neighbour's household; but the evils which he observes may nevertheless be patent and notorious. American politeness will not even permit the humblest domestic operations to be performed in secret.

M. GAMBETTA'S SPEECHES.

THE first volume has just been published of the collected speeches of M. GAMBETTA, and many will turn to it hoping to find in its pages some clue to the secret of the author's fame. Most people know vaguely that M. GAMBETTA is, and has for some time been, the most powerful man in France. And not only is he for the moment the most powerful man in France, but his power is of a unique kind. He makes and unmakes Ministries; he gives the keynote to the speeches of those who lead the reigning party; and it may even be said that France waits to know what she wishes and thinks until M. GAMBETTA has told her. How does it happen that M. GAMBETTA has this power? What has he done or said more than other men so that he should stand on a pinnacle above every one? He was an eager member of the Parliamentary Opposition for some months before the Empire fell; then he was a member of the Government of National Defence; then he escaped from Paris in a balloon, and was the head and soul of the movement of despair in which regiment after regiment of raw recruits was hurled against the disciplined ranks of the conquerors. When fighting had at last to cease, M. GAMBETTA would not own that it could ever cease, and had to be superseded by M. JULES SIMON. M. THIERS set him down as a mere *fou furieux*, and it seemed as if his game, brilliant as it had been, was played out. But soon he somehow made a position for himself in the National Assembly, which was on the whole very ill-disposed towards him. There was a feeling, which his enemies disclaimed sharing, but did share, that, somehow, amid a thousand blunders, with no kind of show of [illegible] ity, he still had been the one man who, above all others, had given expression to the voice of France that she would not lightly accept her shame, and that she would fight madly rather than not fight at all. M. GAMBETTA spoke in the Assembly [illegible] [illegible] always [illegible]; and he spoke outside the Assembly to such purpose and with [illegible]

EVERY year must bring with it much that is unexpected; but at the beginning of this year it was out of the region, not only of expectation, but of dreams, that at its end Mr. Gladstone would be Prime Minister, that he would have been for months Prime Minister with an overwhelming majority, and that he would be engaged in a most serious and hitherto unsuccessful conflict with Irish anarchy. When Parliament was opened in February, it seemed that it had a quiet life before it, and would be chiefly occupied with measures of legal reform, very useful but not very exciting. Mr. Cross provoked hostile criticism by his Water Bill; but he had no reason to suppose that the chief reason for the failure of his Bill would be that he would not be in office to support it. The elections, moreover, of Liverpool and Southwark filled the Conservative leaders with the erroneous notion that the country was in so propitious a mood that it would be a mistake not to take advantage of the preponderance of a deep and sound Conservative feeling. Lord Beaconsfield was so entirely off his guard that he announced the dissolution in a manifesto marked with many blunders of taste and style; but, even if the dissolution had been delayed, and if Lord Beaconsfield had remembered that it was the English people to whom he was appealing, there was evidently an irresistible tide of Liberal opinion running through the country, which would have made a Conservative defeat inevitable. Success begets success, and the Liberals won many seats because they had won others; but there can be no doubt that a large majority of electors meant to put Lord Beaconsfield out of office and to put Mr. Gladstone in. The new Parliament consisted of, in round numbers, 350 Liberals, 240 Conservatives, and 60 Home Rulers; and Mr. Gladstone, who was at once seen to be the only possible Prime Minister, formed a Cabinet strong in ability, the most striking features of which were that Mr. Chamberlain was added to Mr. Bright as a representative of the Radical wing, and that Mr. Forster chose the comparatively humble post of Irish Secretary. All the Ministers were re-elected without opposition except Sir William Harcourt, and he soon found an asylum at Derby.

The Session began, and had it not been for the Budget, in which Mr. Gladstone showed his unrivalled financial ability, and got the hardly treated payers of Income-tax to pay on behalf of the nation the cost of changing the duty on malt into a duty on beer, the first part of the Session would have been altogether disappointing and not very creditable to the Ministry. Incident after incident showed how thin is the ice on which even the most triumphant of politicians tread. There was the Bradlaugh incident, and a very disagreeable incident it was. Mr. Bradlaugh, on the express ground that he did not believe in the sanction of an oath, asked to be allowed to affirm. A Committee decided that he could not affirm. He then asked to be allowed to take the oath. Another Committee decided that he could not take the oath. Then the House, in opposition to Mr. Gladstone, who was left in a minority of 35, came to the distinct resolution that he should be allowed neither to affirm nor to take the oath. Mr. Bradlaugh made his way into the House, and as Mr. Gladstone divested himself of all responsibility, Sir Stafford Northcote had to move that Mr. Bradlaugh should be removed in custody, and the next day that he should be discharged. Then, in order to avoid further scandal and close the controversy, Mr. Gladstone got a resolution passed that any member might affirm in lieu of taking the oath; and as this was made retrospective, Mr. Bradlaugh was allowed to creep in, the House leaving it to the Law Courts to decide whether he had crept in legally. Then there was the Challemel-Lacour incident. Mr. O'Donnell persisted, in spite of warning and strong marks of disapprobation, in making an elaborate attack on a Foreign Ambassador. The Speaker put it to the House whether such a scandal should go on, but stated that he could not pronounce Mr. O'Donnell to be technically out of order. Mr. Gladstone rose, and, reviving an obsolete weapon in the Parliamentary armoury—a weapon so unused that, if ever used, it had not been used for two and a half centuries—moved that Mr. O'Donnell be no longer heard. The remedy was worse than the disease, for, if any member might move that any other member be no longer heard, debate would be at an end. A compromise was effected, and no more was heard of Mr. Gladstone's device; but the new Parliament viewed with dismay the spectacle of its leader coming forward with a sudden and strange proposal of which he had evidently not considered the consequences. Lastly came the Irish Disturbance Bill, which was nothing but a freak of rash philanthropy. The Government from the outset showed that it did not know what it wished to propose, or why it proposed it. Mr. Forster had very properly said that the Government would not make any proposal with regard to Irish Land until it had time to consider the question; and yet the Ministry chose to raise by a side wind, and, as a matter of no importance, a question that was intimately connected with the greatest difficulties of the Land question. He got his Bill through the Commons by a majority small beside that which it was supposed Mr. Gladstone could command. But in the Lords more Liberal peers voted against it than voted for it, and the overwhelming majority of Conservatives was not needed, although it helped, to reject the Bill. All these things had brought Parliament to the time when it is ordinarily prorogued; but the Ministry was determined that the Session should not end until it could show a record of hard work to the credit of a powerful and earnest Government. The Burials Bill was passed, the Hares and Rabbits Bill was passed, and the Employers' Liability Bill was passed, b[illegible] some useful minor measures. The House of Lords made some changes of a trifling kind in the Ministerial measures; but, on the whole, it showed itself sincerely anxious not to refuse the measures of a Liberal Government on account of the source from which they came, or the time or mode in which they were presented. Some ill feeling towards the Lords had been betrayed by those who were enthusiastic for the Irish Disturbance Bill, and Mr. Forster had not sufficiently guarded himself against what seemed to be very indiscreet language; but, now that the Session is a thing of the past, it may safely be said that the Ministry did, after all, get through a great deal of work; that the Lords did not treat the Ministry badly; and that both Houses bore, with considerable good temper, the stress of a Session prolonged much beyond the usual limits.

The Session was not marked by any very serious amount of obstruction. The Irish party received with disdain the well-meant measures for the relief of distress adopted by the successive Governments. Mr. Parnell looked very coldly on the Disturbance Bill, although he did not exactly oppose it, as he preferred, to use his own language, to leave the Lords to do his dirty work for him; and, on the vote for the Irish Constabulary, the national taste for an unprofitable squabble received the gratification of keeping the House sitting for twenty-two hours. But Mr. Parnell and his followers did not throw any life or force into their opposition in Parliament to the English Government. They were, in fact, occupied with a very different range of thought. They hoped to bring about a state of things in which they themselves would be the real rulers of Ireland. The project would have seemed to be a mere boast or whim of fools or dreamers, only that it happens to have succeeded. At the close of this year the larger part of Ireland is not under the rule of the nominal Government. It is under the undisputed sway of another Government, which has not so much rebelled against the nominal Government as superseded it. The movement which has in the end produced this wonderful result began last year, and was not originally started by Mr. Parnell or by any of the leaders of the Parliamentary Home Rule party. But in June of last year Mr. Parnell gave in his adhesion to it, and thenceforward placed himself at its head. The Land League was formed, and its main doctrines were formulated—namely, that tenants should pay no more rent than they could pay conveniently to themselves, and that those who opposed this view of things should be overborne by violence, or threats of violence, and by the terrible penalty of being shut out from every form of social intercourse with their neighbours. The new system was applied last year in Mayo, with some success, but not elsewhere, and nothing that has been said to the present hour can exceed the seditious violence of language used by the humbler leaders of the Land League last year. Some of them were arrested, but the Government was afraid to act firmly, and the prosecutions were dropped. In the winter Mr. Parnell went to the United States, where he tried to appeal, without any success, to the old American feeling of antagonism to England, but where he succeeded in obtaining some funds for carrying on the struggle. His appeal was so much mixed up with harrowing descriptions of Irish distress caused by two or three years of defective crops, that it was erroneously supposed in England that with the good harvest of the present year the whole movement would disappear. The present Government declined to continue the Peace Preservation Act, which the late Government would probably have continued. The ordinary law gives the powe[r] of quartering extra police at the expense of the district to which they are sent; but the Peace Preservation Act also stopped th[e] introduction of arms into proclaimed districts, and there can be no doubt that the wide diffusion of arms which has taken place since the Act expired has been a great stimulant to lawlessness. There were signs of increasing violence even while Parliament was sitting. Mr. Boyd was murdered; Mr. Dillon used language to an excited crowd which it seemed could have only the one meaning of an incitement to the most repulsive of all Irish crimes, the habit of maiming cattle. Lord Mountmorres was shot very soon after the Session was ended. It was obvious that the real issue was not what Parliament would say or do, but whether, when the good harvest had been gathered in, the tenants would or would not obey the dictates of those who told them to keep what they had got in their own pockets. If they would be firm and not pay, or would only pay something much less than they had bargained to pay, and would pay it not as being allowed a reduction, but as having fulfilled the whole of their duties, then they were promised not only the present gain of having a few more pounds in their pockets, but the enormous future gain of having no landlords at all. There can be no doubt that these wild promises produced a considerable effect; but the effect would have been passing and slight un[illegible] reign of terror had been established which first made it impo[illegible] for landlords to exercise their rights, and then made it imp[illegible] for tenants to pay who might honestly wish to pay. Th[illegible] thing was to paralyse the arm of the law, to reinstate[illegible] who ha[d] been evicted, to build houses for those whose [illegible] had been taken down so as to clear the holding, and to [illegible] and, if necessary, shoot process-servers. Then those wh[illegible] advantage of the law were to be personally terrified[illegible] tenant who had taken the holding of another was to be punished, himself carded, or his ears sliced, his cattle maimed, his hay destroyed. Lastly, those who could not be openly attacked were to be tabooed. No one was to speak to them, work for them, buy anything from them, or sell anything to

them. In a notorious instance Captain Boycott had been sentenced to this isolation, and was living in fear and misery, looking on at his valuable crops rotting in the ground. The heart of the men of the North was stirred, and they volunteered to go and do his harvest work. They went, and, under the protection of seven hundred soldiers, they cut and carried off his crops. But it was evident that this instance itself showed how impossible it was to cope in this way with the deadly invention of tabooing. The tabooers had triumphed, and by way of memorializing their triumph they no longer talked of tabooing, but of "Boycotting" their victims. It only remained to apply the process on a scale of increasing magnitude. The tenant who pays the rent due, the tenant who does not within a certain date join the League, the member of the League who does not pay up his fixed contribution, are "Boycotted." Even in the North the League begins to hold its own against the Government. Threatening letters, crimes of violence, outrages of all kinds abound, but not one in ten of the offenders is even sent to trial, men fear to sit on juries, solicitors may not give legal assistance unless permitted, the judgments of Courts cannot be executed. On the other hand, the Land League has set up courts of its own, where offenders appear, are indicted and tried, and receive sentences that are sure to be executed. All that has hitherto been done to combat this terrible and successful social revolution is to put Mr. Parnell and some of the leaders of the Land League on their trial. It will be interesting to know whether the offence of exhorting men to do acts which prostrate government and break up society is legally a crime, and whether an Irish jury will convict. But, as things now stand, it is impossible that a remedy so slow and gentle, even if applicable at all, can do much to put down the new Irish revolution; and the English public wait with anxiety and interest to know what are the more efficacious weapons on which the Government will now rely, and with which it has been so very tardy in arming itself.

The foreign policy of the new Government has consisted entirely in using the concert of Europe as a means of forcing Turkey to make such concessions and changes as the Powers think it necessary it should make. Relations of decent friendliness with Austria were restored after explanations had been exchanged as to the accusations made by Mr. Gladstone during the elections, and England then began to work with persistence, and, amid much discouragement and some success, the machinery of the European concert. A Conference met at Berlin and laid down a frontier for Greece. The Sultan was told to surrender Dulcigno to Montenegro, and when he shuffled and delayed there was a naval demonstration. The Sultan hardened his heart, and said that he should do as he pleased as to the demands of Europe; but that, in course of time, he would surrender Dulcigno provided the Powers sent away their ships and promised never to send them back again. England replied by organizing a plan for seizing on the customs of Smyrna. This so frightened the Sultan, or so frightened those who could frighten him, that he entirely changed round and said Dulcigno should be surrendered at once. It was surrendered, not at once, but at the end of two months, after various vexatious delays, but happily after only a very slight struggle between the Turks and the Albanians, whom the Turks showed they could overawe if they chose. Thus much the European concert has incontestably achieved, and the next thing it has to achieve, if it can, is the settlement of the Greek question. Here the difficulty of its operations is strikingly illustrated by the curious manner in which France has backed out of its special championship of Greece. It was France that proposed the frontier accepted at the Conference, and France only joined in the naval demonstration on the understanding that it was to be applied in favour of Greece as well as of Montenegro. King George made the round of Europe in the summer; and, though he was received well everywhere, he was received nowhere so well as in France, and by no one so well as by M. Gambetta. Later on there came over France a terror of being mixed up in unknown and incalculable difficulties if it meddled in the Greek business. The mission of General Thomassin, who was to aid in the organization of the Greek army, was suddenly stopped; and M. Barthélemy de St. Hilaire did everything in his power to mark his opinion that France had greater things to think of than its interests in the Levant. Meantime, Greece has been getting ready the biggest army it can collect, and a much bigger army than it can afford; and, although there has been a change of Ministry, there has been no change of policy; and King, Chamber, and people are all pledged to go to war in the spring, unless the European concert can be made to do its second piece of work, and make Turkey yield. Lord Granville and Sir Charles Dilke tell us that the European concert is as much of a reality as it ever was; and the opinion of the Bourses of Europe is evidently that the Greek question will be peaceably settled. Time, and not a very long time, will show what these assurances and opinions are worth. Sir Henry Layard, who ended his residence in Constantinople by a formal wholesale denunciation of the abuses of the Turkish Government, was temporarily replaced by Mr. Goschen, who has hard and unpleasant work, but who appears to be so well satisfied with what he has been able to do that he intends to return early in the year. In minor matters, however, the Powers seem unable to overcome the obstinacy of the Sultan; and their efforts have not succeeded in getting him to carry out the sentence of a court-martial on a fanatic who killed a Russian colonel in broad daylight, and who is spared nominally on the ground that he may possibly be insane, but really on the ground that a Caliph cannot admit that it is very wrong for a Mussulman to kill a Christian. In one part, however, of the Turkish Empire, where the Sultan has no authority, the concert of the Powers has produced the most salutary effects. The financial situation of Egypt has been finally cleared by the successful labours of the Commission of Liquidation, the representatives of the Powers are sitting to reform the Code, capital is attracted to the country, taxes are fairly levied, and at last it may be almost said that Egypt is happy.

At the beginning of the year General Roberts held Cabul after the dispersion of the tribes who had unsuccessfully attacked the cantonment of Sherpur; the leader of the tribes, Mahomed Jan, had fled with Musa Khan, the infant child of the late Ameer, to Ghazni; General Stewart held Candahar in security, keeping open his communications with Khelat-i-Ghilzai; and at Herat Ayoob was tossed about by the contending factions of the Heratis and Cabulis. During the winter months General Roberts strengthened his position at Cabul, where he appointed a native governor, and the English Government appears to have considered, but without any definite result, the advisableness of handing over Herat to Persia. In March it was announced that Abdurrahman, long a fugitive in Russian territory, had come to Balkh and had been well received there. In April Shere Ali was appointed Wali of Candahar, and Sir Donald Stewart set out to reduce Ghazni and join General Roberts at Cabul. Outside Ghazni he was encountered by a large Afghan force, which attacked him with the utmost determination, and it was only by the resolution of the General and the superior arms of the infantry that what was almost a defeat was converted into a victory. Ghazni was surrendered without a struggle and the road to Cabul lay open; but almost at the same time General Ross, who was marching to assist General Stewart, received a severe check, and the Kohistanees to the north of Cabul became so dangerous that General Roberts thought it prudent to give increased strength to his positions. For many weeks negotiations went on between the Indian Government and Abdurrahman, one chief point of difference being that the Government would not recognize Abdurrahman's claim to have Candahar handed over to him. At length all was arranged, and on July 22 he was formally recognized as Ameer at a durbar held near Cabul. Sir Donald Stewart, who took the command at Cabul, retired with the British forces under him, and left the city to its new ruler; but the startling events which had meanwhile taken place near Candahar called General Roberts with the flower of the Cabul army to retrieve the disaster of Maiwand, and to relieve the panic-stricken forces of General Primrose.

Ayoob Khan, having composed the differences which divided his followers, was known to be marching on Candahar, and the troops of the Wali, with a British force under General Burrows, were sent to meet him. The troops of the Wali mutinied, and, although the mutineers were to some extent punished by General Burrows, the greater part succeeded in joining Ayoob. It was uncertain whether Ayoob would attack Candahar or make direct for Cabul, and General Burrows received orders to intercept his advance in either direction. It was some time before General Burrows could learn where Ayoob was; but at length he received intelligence that Ayoob was at Maiwand. General Burrows set out in haste from his encampment at Kushk-i-Nakhud, and, on the 27th of July, found himself in face of the Afghan army. Without any endeavour to ascertain the strength of the enemy in men or artillery, General Burrows determined with his tiny force of a little over 2,000 men to attack. His mode of attack was to put his troops under the fire of the enemy's guns, and to wait to see what happened. For hours the cavalry as well as infantry were exposed to wholesale slaughter, and when a party of Afghans came up an unguarded ravine into the British centre, the native infantry gave way, the cavalry were already so crippled that they could not be got to charge, and a disastrous rout began. In spite of the heroism of the 66th, of the artillery, and of some native officers and soldiers, all that was left of the British army made in utter confusion for Candahar. They were not pursued, but many died of thirst and fatigue, and many were killed in the villages through which they passed. General Primrose, who was in command at Candahar, lost his nerve. He telegraphed that the force of General Burrows was annihilated, although half of the force succeeded in joining him; and he evacuated the city of Candahar and shut himself up in the citadel. During five weeks he was shut in a close prisoner, and could do nothing more than make one sortie, in which he sacrificed many valuable lives, without any apparent object, but which he said was intended to accustom his men to the idea that they really dare face the Afghans. General Phayre was sent to relieve him, with troops pushed rapidly through the Bolan Pass; but he was so seriously hampered by deficiencies of transport that he was anticipated by Sir Frederick Roberts. The feat by which this general relieved Candahar is one of the most brilliant in British military history. He gave up all reliance on a base of operations, set off with a force somewhat under ten thousand men, as it were in the air, and marched three hundred and eighteen miles in twenty-three days. Military critics in England loudly criticized the temerity of the undertaking, but the Government replied that they believed in their general, that the general believed in his troops, and that the country must wait to see what such a general with such troops could do. On August 31 Sir Frederick Roberts reached Candahar, and on September 1 he attacked Ayoob outside the walls. Everything was done that military art could do to insure success, and Ayoob was utterly defeated. An active

pursuit was judged to be impracticable or unwise, and Ayoob reached Herat, where he has since remained, but without appearing to have any authority, or power of gathering another force to attack Candahar. During the winter this town is to be strongly held, and the Government has not as yet announced its final intentions regarding it. The Wali has resigned his thankless office, and the great difficulty of abandoning Candahar, if it is to be abandoned, is to find any one in whose favour there may be a decent excuse for abandoning it. Cabul has been evacuated, there is no thought of having another British Resident, and even the passes leading to Cabul have been one after another given up. But it does not appear that Abdurrahman can do more than hold his own, and his authority, such as it is, does not certainly extend beyond Ghazni. In spite of the disaster of Maiwand and the panic of General Primrose, the general history of the year in Afghanistan has been in the highest degree creditable to the British army; but we are still far from the realization of the hope that when we leave Afghanistan we shall leave behind us a strong and a friendly Power.

In India Lord Lytton has been replaced by Lord Ripon, and although, when the appointment of Lord Ripon was first announced, there was some idle clamour against him on account of his religious belief, this soon died away, and a fair field lies before him, in which, when he is restored to health, as it may be trusted he soon will be, he may show what is in him. The extraordinary error into which the Indian Government had allowed itself to fall under Lord Lytton, as to the cost of the Afghan war, has thrown a shade over Lord Lytton's administration. Nothing can be said in defence of so deplorable a laxity of attention to the business part of the war; but the result of a very free criticism has been to show that the financial administration of India under Lord Lytton was successful, and that, in spite of the depreciation of silver, India was able to provide, without any apparent strain, large sums towards a most costly war. If England pays a share of the cost, it will be rather as an assertion of what is supposed to be a right general principle than a contribution to a poor and distressed nation. The real danger of India, that under our beneficent rule its population is growing much faster than its wealth, is a cause of future rather than of present embarrassment. The lessons of the Afghan war may be taken to have proved or confirmed the necessity of making considerable changes in the organization of the Indian army, and in time Lord Ripon may so far reverse the policy of his predecessor as to furnish the natives with repeating rifles to shoot snakes with, and to restore its freedom or its license to the vernacular press. But as yet no changes have been made, and everything in India seems to be fairly tranquil. There appeared at one time to be danger of an attack from Burmah; but, however mad or drunk King Theebaw may be, he is under sufficient restraint to abstain from courting certain destruction. In more distant parts of Asia there have been signs of trouble. The Russians, under General Skobeleff, the most brilliant Russian commander of the younger generation, have spent all the portion of the year which the inclemency of the climate makes available for operations in organizing an expedition so strong in artillery, so protected by forts, and so helped by railways and roads, that the power of the Tekke Turkomans will, it is expected, be finally broken. In Persia there has been an outbreak of the Kurds, who have poured in from Turkey to join their Persian kinsmen. As Persia was totally unprepared, the Kurds had at first considerable play for their inveterate propensity to murder and plunder. But they were defeated by a Persian force under Austrian officers, and, as Turkey has at last found the means of guarding her frontier, and as Russia has a force on her border ready to assist Persia if necessary, it is not probable that the Kurds will do much more harm. Whether a much larger and more formidable struggle is destined to disturb Asia is still uncertain. During the whole year negotiations have been dragging on between Russia and China. Russia has succeeded in obtaining the release of the Ambassador who was imprisoned on his return from St. Petersburg for having made a treaty which the Chinese Government repudiated. But whether the negotiations will end in peace or war will evidently depend on whether the Chinese can at the last moment screw up their courage to fight. Russia has accumulated an imposing force at Vladivistock, and for a time the war party in China overcame the party in favour of peace. But Colonel Gordon, who went out to India as Lord Ripon's Secretary, but immediately resigned when he found what being a Secretary meant, and who started suddenly for China, took the opportunity of his visit to undeceive the Chinese, so far as he could, as to the efficiency of their military and naval strength; and the recent order given by the Chinese Government for the construction in Germany of an ironclad, which must take some time to build, and which would be detained in case of war, points to the conclusion that China may nurse ambitious views for the future, but will give way for the present.

In the colonial world Victoria has attracted some little attention, for Mr. Berry has gone in and out of office in a mysterious manner; while the colony seems, on the whole, to have come to its senses, the constitutional contest having burnt itself out, and a compromise having established itself, which recognizes that the Council may interfere in financial matters, but ought to interfere seldom, and only on special occasions. Otherwise, South Africa alone has made itself conspicuous. The Government adopted towards Sir Bartle Frere the most unhappy course it could have chosen. It did not recall him; but it docked his salary, and left him to carry out the scheme of confederation if he could. The Cape Ministry raised a discussion on the subject, but found opinion so equally divided in Parliament that it abandoned for the moment any intention of proceeding with the scheme. Thereupon the Government informed Sir Bartle Frere that he was of no further use, and recalled him. The Cape Government itself made a gigantic blunder, which has latterly plunged the colony in bloodshed and confusion. Sir Garnet Wolseley, before he left, seemingly pacified the Transvaal—partly by arresting the ex-President, and partly by proclaiming that the annexation, once made, was irreversible; but he cast his eye over South African affairs generally, and uttered a solemn warning that, if the Cape Government persisted in its design of summarily disarming the natives within its borders, it would provoke a serious rebellion. The Cape Government would listen to no warning, and ordered the natives to give up their arms. Tribe after tribe refused, and a desultory struggle commenced, in which hitherto the natives have, on the whole, had the advantage. We hear of this native post being taken and that British post being relieved; but wherever the colonial forces may be the native forces close around them, and work done has to be done over again. The colonists, who went into their rash enterprise in defiance of the advice of the mother-country, have made most gallant efforts to show that they can rely entirely on themselves; and their forces, under the able leadership of Colonel Clarke, now amount to at least 12,000 men. But these forces are necessarily scattered, and the natives are not only numerous, but are so far formidable that they not only rush gallantly to die, but manage to carry off their dead. If the colonists are too hard pressed, or if the rebellion spreads beyond the Cape Colony, the mother-country will have to interfere, and Lord Kimberley has properly scouted beforehand the notion that England would ask as the price of aid the forfeiture of the Cape's Parliamentary independence. There is no objection in principle to a disarming Act. In the Crown colony of Natal there has been a disarming Act on the statute book for five years; but in Natal the Act has been wisely allowed to slumber. The blunder of the Cape was a blunder of policy only; and if it was guilty of this blunder in defiance of so high an authority as Sir Garnet Wolseley, it has at least done its best to redeem its blunder by the lavish expenditure of its blood and its money. The possibility that the Boers of the Transvaal may now make a serious effort to regain their independence adds a new and important difficulty to the many difficulties already threatening in South Africa.

In France the De Freycinet Ministry came into existence with the New Year. The Cabinet of M. Waddington had fallen because its leading members would not pledge themselves to the changes which its supporters demanded, more especially as to the amnesty of the Communists and the reform of the magistracy. M. de Freycinet brought General Farre, M. Cazot, and M. Magnin into his Cabinet —all men of pronounced views, and more or less associated with the Government of National Defence. General Farre succeeded in carrying a repeal of the Bill of 1874 providing the army with chaplains. But the Government did its utmost to preserve a character for moderation and peacefulness, and was greeted with a patronizing welcome on the part of Germany. M. de Freycinet in February procured the rejection of M. Louis Blanc's Bill for a plenary amnesty, on the ground that the concession asked for must be given by a Government that had shown itself to be strong, and could not be accorded by a new Government that would have the appearance of having had its hands forced. A difficulty presented itself in the case of the Russian Hartmann, who was accused of having attempted to assassinate the Czar, and whose extradition the Russian Government demanded. The French Government at length took refuge in the plea that the evidence furnished was not sufficient, and sent Hartmann over to England, the Russian Government marking its displeasure by ordering Prince Orloff to quit Paris for a time. In March the long looked-for struggle in the Senate over the Seventh Clause of M. Ferry's Education Bill began. By this clause non-authorized religious orders were forbidden to take part in French education; and, when the Senate rejected the clause, the Ministry replied by announcing that it would put in force the existing laws against these orders. The Jesuits were expelled from their residences, force being used where they resisted, and those who were foreigners were made to leave France. But the members of other orders were not touched, the Government hoping that they would be induced to ask for authorization. M. Léon Say was named as Ambassador at London, but soon left to become President of the Senate, and his influence was looked on to give strength to the Government, and to increase its character for moderation. It was in some ways inclined to tread so closely in the familiar paths of French Governments that, in a Bill for regulating public meetings, it inserted a clause permitting an agent of the Government to disperse them. As the Chamber showed an unwillingness to adopt this clause, M. Gambetta suggested that it should be referred back to the Committee, so as to save the Government from a defeat. This was accepted by M. Lepère, the Minister of the Interior; but M. de Freycinet stated that he should have persisted, and M. Lepère resigned, to be replaced by M. Constans. There was only a shade of difference, but the difference was in the direction of more pronounced opinions. The Government decided to keep the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille as a great Republican *fête*, and as a prelude announced that it was now strong enough to accord a complete amnesty, and got a Bill passed by both Chambers granting an amnesty to all whom the Government might pardon before a given date. The *fête* came off with great brilliancy and success; and in the August

elections for the Councils-General the tide of Republican feeling ran so high that nearly half of those who favoured monarchical opinions lost their seats. The decaying strength of the monarchical parties was further marked by the contemptuous tolerance extended by the Government to the Legitimists, who openly kept their King's birthday, and by the disruption of the Bonapartist party consequent on the approval bestowed by Prince Jerome on the March decrees. But the internal dissensions of the triumphant Republicans soon began to reveal themselves. M. Gambetta made a speech at Cherbourg in which he spoke of France being for the present content to keep intact what remained to her, but as relying on the working of inevitable justice in the future. M. de Freycinet made a counter speech at Montauban breathing of peace and nothing but peace. M. de Freycinet, when he found that the non-authorized orders would not apply for authorization, entered into negotiations with the Vatican, the basis of arrangement being that the highest authorities of the Church should repudiate any necessary connexion between religion and hostility to the Republic, and that the Government should allow the decrees to sleep until a judicial question as to their legality had been decided. M. Gambetta objected to this arrangement. His immediate friends in the Cabinet were instructed to resign; and M. de Freycinet, finding himself deserted, himself resigned, and was replaced by M. Jules Ferry.

The new Ministry seemed so completely the creation of the great and irresponsible wire-puller that it was treated from the outset with something like contempt, and, on the first day of the meeting of the Chamber, it was twice defeated, first on the question whether the conduct of General de Cissey, who had been removed from his command for using improper interference in private matters when he was Minister of War, and who was accused of worse things from which the judgment of a court of law has since cleared him, should form the subject of Parliamentary investigation; and, secondly, on the question whether a Bill dealing with primary education or one reforming the magistracy should come first. M. Ferry wished to resign; but there was a general feeling that the Republic was making itself ridiculous by these incessant changes of Ministry, and he was induced to remain, and the Chamber was induced to pass a vote of confidence in him. But the Chamber had its way. It insisted that a Parliamentary inquiry into General de Cissey's conduct should be made, and it insisted that before the Bill for giving a free and obligatory primary education was considered, a Bill should be passed by which for twelve months the Government should be at liberty to purge the magistracy of enemies of the Republic. Before the Chamber met, the Government had put the decrees of March in operation against several of the unauthorized orders, and a decision of the Tribunal of Conflicts pronounced that the laws against the orders, many of which were of remote date, were in force, and that the ordinary tribunals could not protect those who came under these laws from acts of the Administration. The Government was attacked violently in both Houses for what it had done, and M. Buffet was called to order in the Senate and M. Baudry d'Asson, after a scene most discreditable to him and his Legitimist friends, had to be removed by force from the Chamber. But the Government escaped anything like effective censure. It may be added that a Bill understood to be the creation of M. Gambetta has been introduced for conducting future elections by the *Scrutin de liste*, in order that the next Chamber may be more manageable, because less pervaded by the spirit of local independence. Outside the Chamber M. Rochefort has taken advantage of the amnesty to attack every one who has a shred of respectability; and inside the Chamber M. Clemenceau is succeeding in creating a party hostile to M. Gambetta as a timid opportunist. On the whole, France has in the year shown itself more and more Republican, while its Republicanism has become of a more pronounced and violent character; and the strength of the Republic seems to lie not so much in the wisdom with which its affairs are managed as in the utter discredit into which all the parties opposed to it have fallen.

The history of Germany still remains almost entirely the history of Prince Bismarck. He began the year by pointing out the permanent dangers to which Germany is exposed from Russia and France, and not only got the Army Bill renewed for seven years, but secured an increase which will, in time of war, amount to 60,000 men. He has renewed the Bill against the Socialists, and has placed Hamburg in a state of siege. Of course he has resigned, for he always resigns when he wants anything done quickly; and this time he resigned in order to mark his displeasure at the checks to which he was exposed on the part of the Representatives of the minor States in the Federal Council. They had refused to vote a tax on Post-Office remittances, which he supported. Their vanity must have been flattered by the discovery that the elaborate machinery of a resignation had to be put in operation in order to bring them to obedience, and now they are not likely to give him further trouble. At one moment he took it into his head that, if he could get power to put the Falk Laws in operation or not as he pleased, he might secure the support of the Central party by doling out favours in proportion to their obedience. The Parliament voted the Bill after cutting down some of its leading provisions, but the quarrel with the Vatican has not been appeased, the Centre has not been tamed, and the great national ceremony celebrating the completion of Cologne Cathedral was shorn of its intended splendour by the refusal of leading Catholics to take part in it. One measure which Prince Bismarck favoured, although he was probably not much interested in its success, the object of which was to create a German colony in the Samoan Islands, was rejected, and he has not as yet quite, although he has almost, succeeded in persuading Hamburg, Lübeck, and Bremen to acquiesce in the loss of their position as free ports. He has accepted the post of Prussian Minister of Commerce, and has announced that his object was to associate his name and influence with a grand scheme for the creation of an equivalent to the mediæval Guilds. With the discreditable outburst of hatred of the Jews which has lately disturbed the political and social life of Germany he has had nothing to do; but, on the other hand, he has not used his great authority to enforce toleration; and it must be owned that there is a fine flavour of autocracy and mediævalism about bullying the Jews which may have its sweetness for him. He has maintained his policy of cordiality with Austria, although the settlement of the tariff relations of the two nations seems as far off as ever. In Austria itself, although natural catastrophes like floods and earthquakes have caused alarm and distress, the year has been one of general prosperity. Some little progress has been made in settling the long-pending question of railways and tariffs with Servia, and that of the control of the navigation of the Danube. The pacification of Bosnia has been accomplished, and the only sign of apprehension has been the demand of the Government for money to fortify its Russian and its Italian frontiers. The Government of Count Taaffe, which is essentially a Government of compromise, has at least escaped destruction; and the Emperor has been heartily welcomed in his tour through Bohemia and Galicia. The standing feud, however, between the Autonomists and the Constitutionals; or, in other words, between those who dislike and those who desire the Germanization of the non-German provinces, grows, if anything, more intense. A monster meeting of Germanizers has been held at Vienna, and they have celebrated the centenary festival of Joseph II., not only as a quaint harbinger of reform, but as an exponent of the system of forcing German culture on barbarians. In Italy the Cairoli Ministry has held its ground, although incessantly threatened with combinations of the Right and the Extreme Left. It was forced to dissolve in the spring by the opposition of the Senate to the repeal of the Grist-tax, but secured a decent majority. The arrival of Garibaldi at Genoa, where his son-in-law had been imprisoned, and his presence at the ceremony held at Milan in honour of those who fell at Mentana, renewed the interest of Italians in their hero, but gave rise to no manifestations of opinion which could alarm the Government. The whole domestic and foreign policy of the Ministry was reviewed and severely criticized when the Chambers met in the autumn; and it was natural that vent should be given to the irritation with which Italians have had to endure the veto placed by France on Italian enterprise in Tunis; and every Government is easily exposed to the accusation that it has not done the right thing in the East. But the Government pleaded that it had done its best; it was not obvious that any successors that might be given it would do better; and the Ministry was left free to take up the momentous question with which it is now busying itself—the redemption of its paper currency.

The attempt in February to blow up with dynamite the Winter Palace of the Czar showed the persistency and the savage cruelty of the band that was determined to take the life of the sovereign. The Imperial family escaped, but several of the Finland Guards were sacrificed. The course taken by the Emperor after the attempt was to appoint a substitute, and to centre all authority in the hands of General Loris Melikoff. The scheme was successful. One attempt on Count Melikoff was made, but he himself seized the assassin, and by a mixture of moderation and firmness he restored safety and confidence in St. Petersburg, and set himself earnestly to inquire into the state of the rural districts, and to lessen the pressure of despotic authority. At a later period he exchanged his abnormal powers for the functions of the Minister of the Interior, but he retained that supremacy over the police which was his chief source of strength. He announced that greater latitude and efficiency would be given to local institutions, but made it quite clear that nothing like a Constitution for Russia could be considered possible; and although some relaxation of the laws on the press was promised, and one or two new papers actually appeared, the newspaper world was plainly informed by Count Melikoff that it must not think of straying beyond the bounds in which he might think proper to confine it. By the autumn he had been so successful in hunting up the band of conspirators and assassins who had spread a panic through Russia that he was able to bring them before a special military court at St. Petersburg. It then appeared that there had really been but a very few persons engaged in the worst of the plots, and among them there was a strangely large admixture of Jews and women. To the other calamities of Russia is unfortunately to be added a dearth which in many districts has reached the proportions of a famine, and to relieve the distress the duty on salt has been suddenly taken off; a measure wise in itself, but adding to the overwhelming difficulties of Russian finance. Of the minor countries of Europe which as usual pursue an uneventful, if happy, life, it is perhaps only necessary to notice Belgium, where the year has been signalized by the rupture of relations with the Vatican, on account of an alleged inconsistency between the Pope's pacific language to the Government and his exciting instructions to the bishops. But, if we wish to find a really striking contrast to the state of Russia, we have only to look to the Power that is so close a neighbour to her in the far East. In the United States there has been nothing to record but peace and prosperity, growing wealth, and growing numbers. General Garfield was easily elected by the Republican party to replace President Hayes,

after the dislike of the nation to a third term had shown itself to be strong enough to make the re-election of General Grant impossible. The disgraceful reign of Kelly in New York has been shaken, if not ended; and the Chinese difficulty has in one sense been made lighter by the Chinese Government having agreed to recognise that the general right of Chinese to enter and stay in the States shall be subject to such modifications as the local laws of each State may impose. The long-pending fishery question with England has perhaps been pushed one stage nearer to a settlement, as Lord Granville has expressed the willingness of England to pay an indemnity for the personal wrongs of the fishermen who were assaulted, although he firmly adheres to Lord Salisbury's main proposition, that local regulations made to protect the fisheries must apply to American as well as British subjects. Although no move has been made towards abandoning Protection, the national credit is now so high that it is thought possible to borrow money at three per cent.; and a golden vision of what will some day be the trade between the Old World and the New has been opened by the extraordinary energy and success with which M. de Lesseps has launched his gigantic project for cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Panama. No portion of the globe would benefit more by this canal, if it is ever really made, than the Western States of South America, and it is to be hoped that long before that time comes they will have settled down into something like tranquillity and an honest attention to business. The lingering war between Chili and Peru still goes on, and although Peru has had no successes to boast of, the mediation of the United States failed because Peru refused peace at the price of a cession of territory, and Chili is now girding herself up to making that grand attack on Lima by which she hopes to be able to dictate peace on her own terms. In the Argentine Confederation there was, on the occasion of a Presidential election, a struggle between Buenos Ayres and the inland States, which at one time seemed likely to have serious consequences, but which has ultimately settled into an arrangement which, it is said, ensures permanent peace. Everything no doubt is possible, even permanent peace in a Spanish Republic; and Mexico has got so far on the road towards this happy goal, that a Presidential election has passed by without any disturbance, and the people seem really inclined to welcome the visions of prosperity which the recent introduction of American capital waves before their eyes.

At home we have had a harvest not very splendid, but good after the wretched harvest of last year; a slow but steady revival of trade; and a rise in the price of safe investments, which at one time carried Consols above par. The Risca and Pen-y-craig Colliery explosions have again brought home the frightful dangers to which, in spite of all that science or care can do or have as yet done, our mining population is liable; and the accidents to the Flying Scotchman near Berwick and to the Midland train near Lancaster remind us that there is inevitable danger even on lines which are managed with the most zealous regard for the safety of the public. How men of long experience in taking charge of the lives of others make what seem unaccountable mistakes was curiously illustrated by the accident at Kibworth, where a driver of old standing and perfectly sober actually took his train for a mile or so backwards instead of forwards without being conscious of his mistake. The loss of the *Atalanta* training ship has never been exactly explained, but painful doubts were aroused as to her fitness for the purpose to which she was applied. For the greater part of the year a perplexing controversy has cast a shade over the management of one of our greatest hospitals, and the wide and serious question has been raised whether, under modern arrangements, nurses have not been invested with a degree of independence of doctors which makes it impossible for doctors to treat their hospital patients properly. Sir William Harcourt has signalized his tenure of office by instituting inquiries and ordering remissions of sentences, which, although at first causing some excitement, as he did not appear to be perfectly acquainted with the provisions of the existing law, have had the ultimate effect of guiding public opinion to the conclusion that indiscriminate imprisonment is not the proper punishment for young children. Mr. Fawcett has shown exceptional ability in the management of the Post Office, has imagined and carried out a new kind of thrift in the form of saving a shilling's worth of stamps, and has enabled very small investors to hold a share of the Public Debt. The disclosures of the Election Commissions have revealed how thoroughly corrupt, in spite (or perhaps to some extent in consequence) of the Ballot, English constituencies even of an important kind may be, what demoralizing waste and prodigality an election brings with it, and with what absolute indifference from a moral point of view corrupt practices are regarded, even by persons of the highest local respectability.

Church questions during the greater part of the year were happily quiescent. The first stone of a cathedral church of the first class was laid by the Heir-Apparent at Truro, for the use of the new Cornish diocese. By nominating an extreme party man to the new diocese of Liverpool Lord Beaconsfield irritated far more people than he pleased. Diocesan synods—an excellent, and even necessary, preparation for some sort of Church representation—have been held by several more bishops, and the Church Congress at Peterborough, under the vigorous Bishop of that see, was more than usually successful. But the year ends under much less hopeful circumstances. Two clerical victims of the persecution of the so-called Church Association have been committed to prison for disobeying the orders of a Court before which they would not even appear, because they denied it any spiritual jurisdiction. An appeal urged in their behalf before the Queen's Bench failed to effect their release. But the judgments of Lord Coleridge and his colleagues actually established the position for which Mr. Dale and Mr. Enraght were contending—namely, that Lord Penzance's claim to be Dean of Arches rested wholly on the Parliamentary authority of the Public Worship Regulation Act. Notice of further appeal has been given. Meanwhile a most serious controversy has sprung up as to the right of Parliament to legislate for anything beyond the temporal accidents of the Church without some previous consultation of the Church itself by representation. These internal dissensions, forced on by one intolerant party, and fomented, rather than allayed, by the short-sighted policy of the bishops, pave the way for Disestablishment, and must be hailed by the Liberationists with delight. On the whole, the working of that bungling piece of legislation, the Public Worship Regulation Act, has been conspicuously shown to be a failure; and the Ridsdale judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, upon which all these ritual suits depend, is more and more discredited, as having been dictated by policy rather than by strict laws of legal interpretation, and founded upon an imperfect acquaintance with historical facts.

In the death-roll of the year the losses sustained by the Bench are by far the most conspicuous. Two chiefs of what used to be independent Courts died within a very short interval; Chief Baron Kelly leaving the memory of an excellent lawyer who rose through the usual party channels to high promotion, and Lord Chief Justice Cockburn the memory of a great judge, a great president of a tribunal, a great speaker, and a man of wonderfully varied knowledge and acquirements. The brilliant and promising career of Lord Justice Thesiger was cut short at the age of forty-two, after he had been three years a Judge of Appeal, and had begun to show how much there was in him to justify the extraordinary rapidity of his advancement. Sir William Erle had for some time retired from the Bench, and the sphere of Sir James Colvile's judicial labours was not one that attracted much public attention; but those acquainted with the history of the Bench know what admirable services each rendered in his day. The death of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe in the extreme days of an honoured old age recalled to men of this generation how great he had seemed to the generation of their fathers; and the deaths of Lord Hampton and Mr. Cave brought up the record of long and honourable, if not brilliant, political work. Dr. Kenealy ended a career which showed how a man may attain a notoriety very great and very unenviable, and then be utterly forgotten. Literature lost in Mr. Tom Taylor one of the brightest and most versatile of its representatives, and in Mr. Wills one of those valuable writers whose gift it is to work usefully with others. Dramatic art lost in Miss Neilson an artist charming, anxious at once to please and to soar high; and modern music of the lighter and gayer kind has lost in M. Offenbach one of its most prolific and popular masters. Mr. Frank Buckland has at least lived long enough to effect the great object of his life, and to bring his unrivalled knowledge of one branch of natural history to bear on the preservation of fish in our home-rivers. Abroad, two statesmen who in different ways and in different wars were once famous, Baron Ricasoli and M. Jules Favre, brought back to the recollection of their countrymen and the world the great days when Italy was made into a nation, and the sad days when France was trampled on by her conqueror. The Empress of Russia reached the end of a life which had borne witness to the amount of sorrow and suffering which there may be in an existence on which fortune seems to pour its foremost gifts; and very recently Mme. Thiers has followed to the grave the beloved husband whom she lost three years ago in the fulness of his powers, and whom for nearly half a century she tended with the devotion, not only of a wife, but of a worshipper.

CHRISTMAS CARDS FROM IRELAND.

THE invention of Christmas Cards has been vigorously taken up by not a few publishers of the United Kingdom, and, in this respect at least, it cannot be said that "no Irish need apply." But Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co., though they have this year quite maintained their old renown in the matter, cannot be said to have exhausted the possibilities which the greenest of islands offers to the inventive mind. A whole series of most effective devices, with equally effective legends, suggests itself to the student of contemporary events as capable of receiving appropriate embodiment at this extremely festive season. "Ils ne m'ont pas encore parlé," said Gavarni to the inquiring visitor in his studio who was puzzled by rows of lithographic stones ranged against the wall. The stones of Ireland are more eloquent; they speak to the deafest of ears. Mr. Plunket's speech at Chesterfield suggests a few dozen of such drawings; but we are afraid that the subjects might be dismissed as "sensational" by the robust moralists of our evening organs of Radicalism in England. Mr. Bence Jones has been prodigal of hints for the same purpose; but it has been already pointed out by one of our weekly contemporaries that Mr. Bence Jones, though "a man of great pith" a few days ago, has become a mere alarmist since he was himself subjected to what Mr. T. P. O'Connor has discovered to be "the grandest word ever added to the vocabulary of a people"—that is to say, Boycotting. Boycotting naturally suggests Captain

Boycott and some striking scenes at Lough Mask, but here again we are met by a redoubtable authority. Mr. Gladstone has found out that the complaint of Captain Boycott as to his exclusion from kirk and market is in the highest degree impudent, not to say preposterous. Nevertheless, in spite of these great authorities, we shall, after the custom of the ancients, persevere in our advice to a painter, or rather—as we have no fancy for what Mr. Allingham was once inspired to denominate in the case of one of Campbell's masterpieces, "a superabundance of blood in the picture"—we shall give a few hints for letterpress to accompany the delineations.

The form of diary has always been a favourite one for political comment on passing events, and the form of diary is peculiarly appropriate to the present subject. The Christmas Day of an Irish landlord, an Irish parish priest, an Irish tenant, an Irish tradesman, an Irish magistrate or judge in this present year of grace, offers surprising capabilities. As thus of the landlord:—"Rose at seven; found a grave dug at my front door as a symbol of peace and goodwill. Breakfasted, interrupted only by one shot, which smashed the window and upset the coffee-pot. Having been warned by the police that they could not be answerable for my safety if I went to church, decided not to go; but, before the time, news came that the sacred building had been gutted the night before, and the clergyman had been met on the highway and upset into a ditch. He is an old man, and his constitution must be rather shaken by this; but it is generally believed that he was mistaken for me, and a handsome apology is expected from the local leaders of the Land League. To employ the morning, walked into the paddock, where I found the two horses recently turned out to grass houghed; and, in a meadow near, my best cow prostrate on the ground. Examined her, and discovered a stick covered with nails in her inside. On returning to the house, was fired at twice; but these fellows are not good marksmen. The post came in, and I had half a dozen letters from my tenants saying that they were very sorry, but to pay rent was as much as their lives were worth. At the same time received lawyer's letter from the dealer who had supplied meal and seed potatoes for relief last winter, for which, having had no rents, I gave my bill at twelve months. He begins proceedings immediately. At dinner-time the cook (an Englishwoman who has not been frightened away) remarked that all the turkeys had been poisoned, and that the grocer refused to supply necessaries for the pudding." Then we might have the parish priest:—"Rose early, and, to avoid observation (though in truth this is an idle form), visited Thady O'Callaghan. Pointed out to him that, if he did not wish to be damned, he had better not pay his rent. Service. Preached a sermon (I hope of a sufficient strength) on the text 'Owe no man anything,' pointing out that, if it was wrong to owe, paying must be doubly wrong; for, if there was no need to pay, there could be no such thing as owing. Called in to Bridget O'Rourke, accidentally hurt by the patriots, who were justly indignant at her brother's conduct, and had wounded her in the breast with a pike. Comforted her as best I could, but hinted how much more fortunate was the lot of those who died in defence of their country. Remembered that I had been used to dine with ———, and that he gave me a very good dinner; but, as he is not likely to have any dinner to-day except what he cooks himself, forgave him for not asking me. Went to a Land League meeting in the afternoon, and forgot to point out that Queen Victoria's dominions were almost the only country in Europe where the true Church is wholly unmolested. In the press of business, allowance must be made for accidental omissions. Heard some shots as I went home; they were probably in celebration of the day." Or, again, let us take the Land League Committee-man:—"Went, after breakfast, to Dennis Hoggarty's, and took him a volume of the History of England turned down at the reign of Edward II. Pointed out that the best way of retaliating on the tyrants was to serve their cattle as they had themselves served their King. Read the *Freeman's Journal*, and went to the meeting. Expatiated on the grandeur of the verb 'to Boycott'; but deprecated threatening letters. (N.B. Had received one or two myself, with Northern postmarks; and, though they are probably sent by our own fellows, think it a dangerous thing.) So-and-So called in, and told me that Lord ——— had been shot. A most valuable example. The English papers will make a fuss, but it will do wonders for Griffith's valuation, and the Government won't dare move. Dinner and bed. That scoundrel ——— hasn't sent in the whisky, pretending that I have not yet paid my last Christmas bill. Must have him Boycotted." Yet, again, let us take the shopkeeper:—"Colonel ——— has written ordering groceries; but I have received a letter from the Land League threatening to Boycott me if I supply him. He is my best customer, and indeed advanced me considerable sums to set me up in business when I married, but it will never do to be Boycotted. Besides, luckily, he is my landlord, and the League promises houses as well as land free. Macdermott called and paid me the fifteen per cent. on his loan; luckily the League have not interfered with that sort of thing yet. Like to see them do it." These artless tales, for which, it need hardly be said, chapter and verse can be supplied from Ireland in any quantities, all offer the finest opportunities (save perhaps the last) to the illustrator. There is, however, one more to be noticed which also speaks more forcibly by the aid of the pen than of the pencil. The scene this time is wholly historical. It is laid in the city of Cork. The chief actor is Mr. Justice Fitzgerald. A culprit is brought up on the charge of posting placards threatening magistrates for the performance of lawful acts. The evidence is as clear as daylight, and the jury disagree. They are sent back to no purpose, and the despairing Judge remarks that "with the present panel of the city of Cork it would be a solemn mockery to try the case again." Whether trying the case at all was not a solemn mockery is a point on which Themis gives no overt opinion.

We shall take the liberty to add to this list two more Christmas Cards of a very striking nature, which have been delivered not indeed from Ireland, but in reference to that pleasing country. One comes from America, and is directed to Downing Street; the other comes from Downing Street, and is directed to Captain Boycott. They are both of a character calculated to convey the most exquisite satisfaction to Englishmen. Whether the statement that a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the United States Congress is going to propose a Resolution regretting the state of lawlessness now existing in Ireland, and suggesting to Her Majesty's Government what it should do, be a fact or a clever hoax, the sting of it remains the same. The case is as Mr. King puts it, and no impertinence or want of *locus standi* on the part of the reductor can deprive the message redacted of its pertinence and relevancy. We, the Pharisaic people who thrust our maintenance of combined freedom and order in the face of the world, are at this moment displaying to that world the spectacle of a third of Her Majesty's home dominions in which freedom has become a thing non-existent, and order has given way to a dance of all the fiends—to use a phrase used once upon a time by a Liberal and something more in the days when Liberalism did not necessarily mean sympathy with murder and mutilation, with refusal to pay debts, and refusal to obey oaths solemnly sworn in a court of justice. More authentic perhaps, and more interesting certainly, is the Boycott-Gladstone correspondence already referred to. The letter to which Mr. Horace Seymour's signature is appended (we present to him our heartiest commiseration for the duties which occasionally weigh upon an amanuensis) is a Christmas Card of the most picturesque, and, at the same time, of the most historically valuable kind. A man who has been prevented by the *laches* of Mr. Gladstone's Government from carrying out his lawful business respectfully appeals to that Government for compensation. In reply he is snubbed and upbraided—upbraided for the trouble he has already given to the Government, snubbed for his preposterous demand on that Government. Not one single word of sympathy has Mr. Gladstone's large heart — that is the correct term, is it not?—for this Englishman, harried and ruined by lawless rebels. The heart, large as it is, is quite taken up by Montenegrins and Greeks, by Bulgarians and Thessalians, so that there is no room for the inhabitants of this petty little island, as the owner of the heart likes to consider and to call it. Captain Boycott is simply an impertinent intruder, whose existence has troubled and bothered the best of Governments. In all his long career Mr. Gladstone has never indited or dictated a letter so completely indicative of his own character as this. An unfortunate commentator, struggling with modern rationalism on the subject of the Prophet, the Children, and the Bears, once remarked that after all they were "only the children of unbelievers." This is the attitude of Mr. Gladstone to a T. Captain Boycott is only a troublesome person, only the agent of the father of a Tory member of Parliament, only a *trouble-fête*, who has brought to a practical test the noble language of eloquent Prime Ministers at Guildhall banquets. After this specimen, the sort of Christmas Card which Mr. Gladstone might charge his secretaries to write to Mr. Bence Jones is too awful to think of. A gentleman who has roughly remarked—a horrid faculty of invariably hitting the right nail on the head is probably the source of all Mr. Bence Jones's troubles with a nation which usually hits the wrong one—that the reason of his troubles is that "Government had it in its head that it was possible to get its projected measure of confiscation through Parliament by keeping the country in a disturbed state," must be to Mr. Gladstone a very incarnation of wickedness. Still we are satisfied with what we have got. The letter to Captain Boycott is a Christmas Card which cannot be too much studied by all who wish to appreciate the present Government and its chief. "Peace on earth"—that is to say, civil war in Ireland; "good will to men"—that is to say, ruin and death to landlords and everybody inconvenient here—is Mr. Gladstone's Christmas gospel of good tidings, his allocution *urbi et orbi*.

LEO XIII. AND THE EASTERN CHURCH.

THE Allocution delivered the other day by Leo XIII., on raising Mgr. Hassoun, Latin Patriarch of Constantinople, to the cardinalate, was an eminently characteristic one. The event was noteworthy, as well from the antecedents of the new Cardinal, as from his being the first Eastern prelate invested with the sacred purple for many centuries; and the Pope took both points in succession as the text of his discourse. This is not indeed by any means the first sign of interest his Holiness has shown in the condition of the Christian East since his accession to the Papal throne. The memorandum which he directed Cardinal Franchi, when Secretary of State, to address to the plenipotentiaries in Berlin on the position of Latin Christians in Turkey, his subsequent Encyclical on the Church in the Balkan peninsula, and the negotiations more

recently carried on between Cardinal Jacobini and the Austrian Government on the liberty of the Church in Bosnia and Herzegovina, are all examples of his desire to re-assert the influence of the Roman See over the Eastern Churches, and his belief that a great future lies before them. But in the elevation of Cardinal Hassoun to the Sacred College, he gave more distinct expression to this feeling both in act and word than on any previous occasion. We will speak first of the later and directly personal part of the Allocution, which deals with the special claims of the new Cardinal, and come afterwards to the wider question of the relations of the Eastern and Western Churches which forms its principal theme. In the panegyric pronounced on Mgr. Hassoun there is a curious, and evidently not undesigned, omission, which will at once strike every reader who is at all familiar with the circumstances and immediate results of the Vatican Council. We are told in glowing terms how those Armenians who of late—that is, in consequence of the Council—rebelled against the Apostolic See, afterwards repented and were by the mercy of God restored to their obedience, and how "in this great work of pacification, our venerable brother, Antony Hassoun, gave endless proof of sagacity, of zeal, and of prudence." A little sketch is added of his past career, informing us how, after completing his educational course in Rome he returned to the East, where he has passed forty years in discharging the duties of his ministry, and became first Archbishop and then Patriarch, and how, "when a most deplorable schism broke out among his people, he signalized himself for the forbearance and incomparable fortitude with which he defended the rights and maintained the teaching of the Church." Conspicuous indeed among his many virtues is "not merely the constant loyalty but the ardent love and singular devotion he nourishes towards this Apostolic See." And the Pope goes on to observe that he has therefore restored to the Eastern Churches in his person the honour of the Roman purple, of which they had been deprived "ever since the time of Bessarion."

This reference to Bessarion, the last Eastern Cardinal, is in one sense more appropriate than perhaps his Holiness intended it to be. The name will recall to those familiar with the history of the Council of Florence an analogy between the two cases which the wording of the Allocution would certainly not have led anybody to suspect. All the praises bestowed so lavishly on Cardinal Hassoun may from a Roman point of view be well deserved, but the Pope omits to mention that his signal services in bringing back the revolted Armenians to their obedience were all the more warmly welcomed at Rome because he had himself, in spite of the "constant loyalty" ascribed to him, been the leader of their revolt after the Vatican Council. "The courtly Bessarion," as Milman calls him, was not, indeed, exactly like Mgr. Hassoun, a returned prodigal, but he was an Eastern prelate who, to say the least, "might seem by his temper and moderation not to have been without some prophetic foresight of the Cardinalate and the quiet ease of a Western bishopric"; while he was regarded by such sturdy champions of the independent rights of the Eastern Church as Mark of Ephesus—if we may credit Syropulus—as little better than a traitor. Bessarion himself described Mark as "a man possessed with an evil spirit," and Mark in return denounced him as "a bastard and an apostate." It may be feared that the separated Greeks and Armenians, who have not yet been "reduced to obedience," entertain a not very dissimilar opinion of Cardinal Hassoun. His case so far recalls that of the late Bishop Haneberg, formerly Abbot of St. Boniface at Munich, and a close personal friend and ally of Dr. Döllinger's. Some years before the Vatican Council Pius IX., on account of his reputation for Liberal views, put a veto on his appointment to a Prussian see, and sent a message to him that he would never allow him to be made a bishop. When, however, after many heartsearchings and under strong pressure from his colleagues in the Benedictine Order, Haneberg had at last given in his tardy and reluctant adhesion to the Vatican decrees, the Pope was more than willing to sanction his appointment to the see of Spires, which he occupied for the last year or two of his life. We do not at all mean to imply that Haneberg's submission, unwilling and constrained as it notoriously was, had anything to do with the hope of a mitre—he was far too upright and unworldly a man for that—or that Leo XIII.'s Church policy runs in the same narrow grooves as that of his predecessor. He has no doubt done a wise thing, as well as achieved a clever stroke of policy, in raising Cardinal Hassoun, the returned renegade, to the purple, and the tone of this Allocution, no less than the general tenor of his public acts and utterances, indicates wider aims than the mere vulgar ambition of securing the devotion of an active and zealous proselyte. The new Cardinal is really, we believe, a man of some mark, and in praying that "the high dignity conferred on him may prove advantageous to the Catholic Church, and especially to the East," with the pointed reference to the last great attempt at reconciliation, at the Council of Florence, the Pope was evidently directing his thoughts beyond the mere handful of Uniates, or Christians in communion with Rome, scattered over the East. It might perhaps be objected by an unfriendly critic that "the honour of the Roman purple" is not likely to be very highly appreciated there. For, although the Suburbicarian Bishops of the third century have been not improperly called, by a kind of proleptic anachronism, "the initiatory College of Cardinals," that body cannot be said to have had any assured and substantive corporate existence before the famous decree by which Nicholas II. at the Lateran Synod of 1059 constituted it for all time, and to the exclusion of all other claimants lay or clerical, the supreme Electoral Council for supplying vacancies in the headship of the Church. And exactly four years before the Cardinals thus received what has been justly termed the Magna Charta of their Order, the Latin and Greek Churches had finally, and with many mutual anathemas, sealed their formal separation. But still it is only natural that any public attempt to reconcile the estranged communions should be signalized now, as at the ill-starred Council of Florence, by conferring on Eastern prelates the highest honours Rome has it in her power to bestow, though it is certainly not by the prospect of any such decorative trappings that the schism of a thousand years, touching as it does to the quick the very roots alike of national and religious life, is likely to be healed. And no one understands this better than Leo XIII., who would fain, if he knew how, recall the anathemas, bitterly conceived, and yet more bitterly resented, of his predecessor Leo IX.

And now let us turn to that wider aspect of the question with which the opening portion of the Allocution deals. The Pope first tells us how from the deplorable spectacle of religious conflict, iniquitous laws, and the progress of evil by which Christianity and the Church are everywhere assailed throughout Western Christendom, he turns for consolation to the Churches and peoples of the East, which have indeed ever since the beginning of his pontificate attracted his special interest, as well from their great necessities as because Divine Providence seemed to be inclining men's minds to submit to the centre of Catholic unity. What are the particular signs which at this time give his Holiness "reason to hope that the Orientals, touched by Divine grace, will at no distant day reconcile themselves to the Roman Church, from whose authority they long ago departed," he does not explain. But he proceeds in eloquent language—which in a man of his culture and character must be taken to intimate a genuine and generous appreciation of a mighty past—to dwell on the ancient glories of the Eastern Church:—

> So far as we are concerned, in truth nothing is sweeter than the recollection of the old glories and the incomparable merits claimed by the East. There, in fact, lay the cradle of human resurrection and the birth of Christendom; it was from those regions that, like unto a regal river, there were diffused in the West the inestimable treasures of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Nor will it be possible ever to efface the renown of those illustrious of the East who, being led and inspired by the genius of Catholicism, were able to rise to greatness, and, thanks to their holiness, their doctrine, and the splendour of their enterprises, recommended to posterity the glory of their names; which things calling to mind, venerable brothers, we feel animated by the liveliest desire to engage with all our might in order to behold the East boast again the virtue and the greatness of old days.

Such language, true as it is to history, has not of late years been commonly heard from Roman, least of all from Papal, lips. That in the East must be sought the *incunabula* of Christian theology and of the Christian Church, and that thence it was diffused over the West, there can be no doubt. It is even remarkable that, with three or four exceptions only, all the recorded names of early Popes are Greek. And that for many centuries, during the period of all those Ecumenical Councils universally recognized as such, and the formation of the Creeds still received alike by East and West, the course of theological development was almost exclusively Eastern, is beyond dispute. Those opposite tendencies of the Eastern and Western minds which made ancient Greece the mistress of speculative philosophy and Rome the fountain of law, even for modern Europe, reappeared, as was only natural, in the history of the Church. Christian theology may be said to have taken its rise in the third century at Alexandria, and it was partly with the aid of Greek philosophy, partly in conflict with it, that the central doctrines of the Trinity and Incarnation which occupied the first six great Councils—all of them held in the East and composed almost entirely of Eastern bishops—were gradually evolved and fixed. The Latin Church during all those early centuries did little more, as Neander points out, than accept from the Eastern a dogmatic heritage to which she had contributed next to nothing of her own. But this speculative energy by slow degrees died out, and in practical power the West had always shown a decided superiority. "At the extinction of Paganism," it has been said, "Eastern Christianity had almost ceased to be aggressive or creative," and it was losing its internal coherence. The contrast of Eastern and Western monasticism aptly illustrates the leading distinction of Eastern and Latin Christianity. No two institutions of common name and type could well differ more widely than the busy life of a Benedictine Abbey of the sixth century differed from the peopled solitude of Mount Athos or the Egyptian Laura. If Western monasticism, as Milman puts it, "rent from the world the most powerful minds, it sent them back trained by its stern discipline to rule the world"; but the Eastern monks—except when they formed themselves into fierce political or polemical factions—scarcely exercised any influence on the general condition of society. And the estrangement of the Eastern Churches from the advancing civilization of Western Christendom inevitably served to deepen the stagnation of their intellectual and moral energies. It was not till the middle of the eleventh century that the separation can be considered as finally clenched by the excommunication laid by the legates of Leo IX. on the high altar of St. Sophia; and in the middle of the thirteenth "the [second] Council of Lyons witnessed," to cite Milman's words, "a reunion unhappily but of few years of the Church of Basil, the Gregories, and Chrysostom, with that of Leo and Gregory the Great." The next attempt, two centuries later

at Florence, proved a still more deplorable failure. The Greeks on both occasions were willing to admit in words a kind of vague supremacy, or primacy, in the Pope, but were jealous of their national independence. And with a shadowy supremacy the Popes were not willing to be content. It was here, rather than in the controversies on the *Filioque* and the one or two other doctrinal points about which Latin and Greek theologians sometimes profess to differ fundamentally, but do not, when so disposed, find it very difficult to agree, that the original quarrel took its rise, and the insistence on this obnoxious claim has hitherto rendered abortive every fresh attempt at reconciliation. If Leo XIII. really desires to see the Eastern Churches, in union with the West, "boast again the virtues and the greatness of old days," he will do well first carefully to inquire what amount of "obedience to Roman authority" was required of them in those ancient and more peaceful times before the publication of the Isidorian Decretals and the age of Hildebrand.

MR. KEENE'S DRAWINGS.

MR. DU MAURIER named his collected sketches pictures of "English Society." Mr. Keene has chosen to call his volume *Our People*, and the two names sufficiently mark the distinction between the work of the two artists. Mr. Du Maurier's favourite characters are aquiline duchesses, bearded and conceited musicians, distinguished foreigners, pretty women of fashion, pretty children, coarse *nouveaux riches*, parasites, and æsthetic foplings. His style is minutely finished; his figures, and the fashions that clothe them, are drawn with the delicacy and grace of Gravelot. Mr. Keene's favourite subjects are members of the middle and lower classes. He delights in the humours of drunken men, and can indicate with amusing certainty the exact stage of mental bewilderment and bodily incapacity in which his bemused people find themselves. The historian of the future, with Mr. Keene's book before him, will agree with the Home Secretary in holding that "Our People" were a very intoxicated people. Our servants, especially our gardeners and butlers, were only "shlightly shober," as Mr. Keene's English gardener says; "offen sober," as his Irish butler apologetically observes; and not at all ashamed of themselves like the Pharisaic, but hopelessly fuddled, Scotch gardener of another sketch. "Gentlemen," the grave researcher of the future will add, were not a whit more temperate in their tastes, and he will point triumphantly to Mr. Keene's design of a four-wheeled cab, crammed with chaotic shapes of men who live in different quarters, one of them in the "Halbany," and who have got so mixed that the cabman is unable to convey them to their separate homes. The excuses of drunkards and their bemuddled humour supply Mr. Keene with very many topics, and his appreciation of this sort of fun is probably akin to his love of Scotch wut.

"Our People" is used by Mr. Keene in its widest domestic sense. He is not an Imperial caricaturist (though perhaps there is room for such an artist), and he does not draw the humours of our Hindoo, Mahommedan, and African subjects, while he leaves the colonists to colonial draughtsmen. His range is confined to the three kingdoms—England, Ireland, and Scotland—and he shows wonderful discrimination in his caricatures of national foibles. His Irishmen are inspired by the Celtic indifference to the laws of man, of thought, and of the universe. An Irishman in politics, in philosophy, in common life, presents himself to Mr. Keene as an "unconditioned" kind of creature. He "does not feel the bonds of time, nor know the manacles of space." In his mind contradictory propositions repose together with perfect harmony, like the good and evil spirits who, according to Swedenborg, inhabit the heart of man, each unconscious of the other's existence. In the logic of the Irishman the general does not include the particular. As examples of those "Irish ideas," which make the country so difficult to govern, take the sketch named "Quite Another Thing." Two of the finest peasantry in the world are belabouring each other at a fair. They have quarrelled about a wager, and the loser refuses to pay, even at Griffith's valuation. Like other Irishmen, he has a capital reason for declining to fulfil a mere contract. "I said I'd lay you foive to wan, but I wasn't goin' to bet my halfcrown agin your tath'rin little sixpence!" This gentleman's mind accepted with readiness the general and abstract idea of five to one, but indignantly revolted from the baseness of supposing that the general and abstract "five" included the particular and concrete halfcrown. This ineradicable Irish logic is the core of Irish grievances, and no "remedial" plasters of legislation can heal it. On the same page the question of eviction is treated with a subtlety that will gratify Mr. Jacob Bright. That profound reasoner has just been cheered at Manchester for saying that the history of Ireland has long been sad, but that a great change has taken place. "The landlord no longer evicts the tenant, but the tenant evicts the landlord." And that is the policy Mr. Keene's drunken Paddy wished to attempt. "Turn me out," he yells to a barman; "is it turn me out? Thin, bedad, come outside, and turn me out!" The Irish tenants who refuse to pay their debts, and ask their landlords to "come outside," are, we trust, likely to fare, in the long run, as Mr. Keene's drunken kerne fares at the hands of his athletic barman. A hint on Irish policy is given by one of Mr. Keene's Irish cab-drivers. When the mare has jibbed for the fourth time in a mile, the "fare" threatens to get out. "Ah thin," whispers the driver, "never mind her! Sit still. Don't give her the satisfaction of thinking she has got rid on ye!" We cannot afford to let Mr. Parnell and Mr. McCarthy think they are to have the satisfaction of getting rid of us, let them jib as they will. The "unconditioned" Irish logic shows itself in the Irish waiter's answer to the tourist who wants to know when the first train leaves for Clonmel. "The noine train up used to leave at ha'f-past noine, but faix it goes at tin now, and there's no furrst train now at all, at all. But I'll ask at the bar, sorr." Mr. Keene has not illustrated the story of the Englishman who went to see an Irish friend, knocked at the street door, and asked, "Does Mr. M'Guire live here?" "He does, sorr, but he's dead!" "When did he die?" "If he'd lived till to-morrow, he'd have been dead a fortnight." Very appropriate is the sketch of the pretty colleen consoling a friend who has committed a "clean" crime; that is, shot an intrusive widow, from behind a wall, or filed off the legs of a horse obnoxious to the Land League. "Never fear, Pat," says Biddy, "sure ye're got an upright judge to try you." "Ah Biddy," replies this "wild but engaging personality," as Mr. Wedmore would call Pat, "the divel an upright judge I want! 'Tis wone that'll lane a little!" But really, with witnesses who dare not give evidence, and with frankly perjured juries, Patrick need not have troubled himself to do more than send his judge a blasphemous threatening letter. The peculiarities of the Irish are not very amiable at present; but Mr. Keene seems to think them, as Mr. Clough thought the Italians, "with all their faults, a nice and natural people." Mr. Keene, who, in many ways, continues the tradition of Leech, is not usually so successful in his landscapes as was that great artist. His best sketch of scenery is an Irish one, a view of the river behind the Distillery at Sligo. A small, dirty fisherman is wading, and a friend, also very dirty, hails him from the embankment. "Dominick, did you get e'er a bite at all?" "Sorra wan, Pat. Only wan small wan." "Lave it there, then, an' come home. Shure you'll get more than that in bed."

Leaving the most distressful and distressing portion of "Our People," let us see how Mr. Keene treats the dwellers north of the Tweed, who are often subjects of his pencil. He is fond of sketching examples of their well-known virtues—economy, caution, strength of will, self-esteem, piety, and argumentativeness. As to their piety, can there be a more touching instance than that of the shepherd who asks his friend to whistle to his dog? "I daurna mysel', it's fast-day in our parish." On fast-days the Scotch do not indeed abstain from meat, as Mr. Buckle supposed, still less from drink; but they engage in no secular pursuits. Mr. Keene's Presbyterian minister who tells a boy-angler that it is "wicked to catch fish on the Sawbath," is met by the crushing retort, "Wha's catching fesh?" Indeed the water in the drawing is unhopefully low and clear. The Celtic indifference to truth is indicated in a drawing of a salmon-fisher, busy in a most unpromising burn, very narrow, and overgrown with trees. "Deuced odd, Donald, I can't get a fish over seven pounds, when they say Major Grant, above us, killed half-a-dozen last week that turned twenty pound apiece." "Aweel, sir, it's no that mickle odds in the sawmon, but those fowk up the watter is bigger lears than we are down here." Mr. Keene, of course, has made use of the story of the "Peebles body" who had not been in London above two hours when "bang went saxpence." By way of a digression, we may remark that the tale about "Peebles, the place for pleesure," has been corrupted in the Southron version. The Peebles man is represented as saying that, despite the rival claims of Paris, "Peebles is the place for pleesure." On this statement it might seem that the child of Peebles preferred a contemplative and idyllic form of enjoyment, and liked to saunter by the Tweed better than to tread the noisy Parisian asphalte. But what the man really said was, "For real pleesure *and devilment* give me Peebles," thus showing that he loved violent and dissipated delights, which, in his opinion, the capital of pleasure could only offer in a secondary degree. As a shining combination of thrift and piety, Mr. Keene offers us the Greenock boatman who "canna break the Sawbath day for less than fifteen shillings." Much more characteristic is the economical drover who bargains with the clerk at the railway-station for a ticket to Falkirk. Five and ninepence is demanded. "A'll gie ye five shillings," says the economist, and when that offer is declined refuses to raise his bid above five shillings and threepence.

In his studies of English life Mr. Keene, as we have said, does his best to continue the manner of Leech. He shuns gilded saloons, though he does introduce one haughty maiden, who "only knows the county people, and weeds *them*." He is more at home in the bar-room, on the top of the omnibus, in the railway carriage, at the students' supper, with the boy who sweeps the crossing, with the cabman, and the "fat, foolish scullion." Many of these were favourite studies of Leech's. Like him, Mr. Keene occasionally draws the "languid swell" (old school), but we have observed no æsthetic Osric in his collection. He revels in the humours of the husband of the middle classes, that weary beast of burden, who is expected to carry huge parcels from the stores, and to make himself generally useful. Mr. Keene has also found a vein of humour in our modern educational system, and his little schoolboys, when asked, "Who signed 'Magna Charta,'" exclaim tearfully that "*they* didn't." Another theological critic, asked by a teacher (whom Mr. Keene calls "pretty") to define a miracle, replies, "Mother says if you dun't marry new parson, 'twull be a murracle." This young lady reminds us that Mr. Keene seldom draws pretty women; he leaves

that grace to Mr. Du Maurier. Probably the prettiest girl in this volume is the Irish girl whose "landskip" has been taken by a wandering artist, and is "wonderfully like." This young person might stand for "Peg of Limavaddy," and would move the heart even of the "coronetted ghouls" and "ferocious beasts," who were Irish landlords before the days of Mr. Parnell and Mr. Jacob Bright.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON ON HISTORY.

MANY distinguished persons of the last two generations have intimated their opinion that the world is becoming very disagreeable. Lord Lansdowne's famous complaint that "everybody was bent on examining everybody else, and that for his part he felt sure of being plucked," expresses the general tenor of these bewailings excellently; while perhaps the other side of the matter has never been put better than in a pleasing French poem of M. Théodore de Banville's, the burden of which is, *Mais à présent c'est bien fini de rire*. But, at any rate, if the amusements of life are terribly cut down, and if such of them as are left are such as to render life rather less tolerable than it might otherwise be, it might have been supposed that such consolations as we could find in grave and studious occupations would be left to us. Art for art's sake, science for science's sake, and philosophy for the sake of philosophy were still left. Above all, there was the great domain of history which offered cunning easements to the disinherited. Never have historians been more industrious, and never have they been more audacious, than during the last fifty years. What with diligent searching of records and bold generalization in pursuance of the great idea of the philosophy of history, there was something in the dominions of the Historic Muse to satisfy everybody. She no longer confined herself to the great and terrible events of history; she came down into the streets and the houses (sometimes into very queer streets and very queer houses indeed), and busied herself with the doings of their occupants. Even frivolous persons, therefore, could delight themselves in her company; while on the other hand the eager mind, bent on large theories, found plenty to satisfy itself in demonstrations that the characters of Lucretia and Messalina had somehow or other got mixed by a base collusion between Livy and Tacitus, that the sole true patriots in English history were Gaveston, Empson, and Judge Jeffreys. There was plenty for everybody; and everybody, as he took the share which pleased him best, comforted himself with the thought that the proper study of mankind was man; that he was improving his mind as well as passing the time pleasantly; and, in short, that Clio was worth nearly as much as all her sisters put together, not merely for example of life and instruction of manners, but for the provision of amusement as well.

All this is over. The Positivist Church, or one of its very numerous sects, has evidently been fired by a new ambition to rival her elder sister, the Roman branch of the Church Catholic. It is a favourite idea of some persons—an idea which makes mere students of things mediæval rub their eyes a little, it is true—that the Catholic Church was the great killjoy of the Middle Ages. "It made a wilderness of the world," says a late writer, who is evidently quite convinced of the truth of his remarkable proposition. So the Church Positive has girded up her loins for this long time past to make a wilderness of the world of the nineteenth, or rather, as we are getting on, of the twentieth century. Each apostle, orthodox or heretical, takes a corner of the field to his own private share, and proceeds to devastate it; and to Mr. Frederic Harrison has fallen the district of history. On Saturday night last Mr. Harrison delivered a lecture at the Working Men's College, in Great Ormond Street, on the place of history in education. He began by some praises of the study in general, with which we certainly do not intend to quarrel. Of the fact that knowledge of the laws of human nature and of the course of man's past is the completion and essential object of a good education Mr. Harrison cannot possibly be more fully persuaded than we are; nor of the other fact, that historical study is one of the surest means to this desirable end. It is true that Mr. Harrison's examples of the importance of historical study from actual politics do not seem to us quite so happily chosen as they might have been. "What was it," said the lecturer, "that made the problem of Ireland so menacing and terrible?" This is one of those oratorical questions which are, to say the least, dangerous, for some working-man might have been rude enough to reply, "The recklessness of Mr. Gladstone's electioneering speeches, and the subservience and party spirit of his Government." However, nobody did this, and Mr. Harrison was able to set it down to "a habit of misunderstanding" which was historical. Then, again, he wanted to know "what made the condition of things in the East of Europe so full of horror and gloom?" And here, too, we can imagine an inopportune reply being returned. However, nobody will doubt that it is very desirable both in regard to Ireland and to Turkey that people should know history; and this, after all, was Mr. Harrison's point. So he got on swimmingly, and drew out a charming course of fireside historical reading for the working-men, in which they were to take four great periods—the Stationary Theocracies and the Græco-Roman world, and the Middle Ages and Modern History—and were to study the whole or portions of a few great contemporary authors, together with certain manuals and summaries, to show them the historical place of men and movements. This is very nice, and the working-men might certainly do a great deal worse. Herodotus and Froissart, Livy and Villehardouin, with scores of others whom it is not necessary to mention, make as pleasant and as instructive reading for both working-men and idlers as can well be picked out of the biggest library.

But Mr. Harrison's sting was in his tail. It is all very well for the working-man to read these great authors, but he is to read them in the sternest spirit of an expurgator or selector. Mr. Harrison tells him what to avoid. He is to avoid, it seems, "the dry-as-dust trivialities in Mr. Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*"—that is to say, the antiquities of the House of Hohenzollern, and the eccentricities of the Tabagie, and the unimproving details about Mollwitz and Kunersdorff and a hundred other fights, and the story of that innocent invader of Berlin whose money the police confiscated, and whom the King comforted in a manner at least friendly and liberal if not Imperial and *Arabian-Nights*-like. He is to avoid "the amusing scandal in Macaulay's *History of the Stuarts*"—that is to say, all that differentiates Macaulay's *History of England* (which we suppose Mr. Harrison means) from an inaccurate and one-sided party pamphlet. He is not to read "the piles of memoirs of the unmemorable"; so that Brantôme and Pepys and Walpole and Saint-Simon and a hundred more writers of the first merit and interest are cut off at a blow. "The lives of the supreme rascals, fops, and idiots in human story" are to be shut books to him. Now, as it is to be feared that a good many among the supreme as among the *infimes* (English has not, like French, had the good sense and logic to borrow this necessary correlative) persons in the world have answered to one or other of these three terms, the working-man's historic studies will have very considerable gaps in them. He is further to shun "tomes on the secret intrigues of ten years," and "memoirs of a distinguished and utterly useless family," and "gossip of courts, and curious episodes and plots and conspiracies, and diamond necklaces and men in iron masks, and dynastic wars and military histories and royal histories and Parliamentary histories."

When anybody has recovered breath after this enumeration, he may well say, "Bless thee, history, bless thee, thou art translated." What Mr. Harrison has left at all we require very much stronger spectacles than we care to put on to discover; what he has left that is of interest to any human soul we are afraid that no optician in the world could put us or anybody else in a position to see. A certain *caput mortuum* of statistics and theories and unsupported statements might possibly be discoverable, but most assuredly nothing else. We have heard, of course, this nonsense about kings and battles before. But the people who are most vigorous in the denunciation of kings and battles usually tell us to turn to things which are equally excluded by Mr. Harrison's index. Constitutional history is felled by one of his swashing blows, and what is called the history of the people by another. Everything that makes history alive, that gives it its personal and human interest, vanishes; and the oddest thing of all is that nothing can possibly be more inconsistent with Mr. Harrison's highly philosophical prologue than this highly unphilosophical epilogue of his. He had just told the obedient working-man, and had told him very sensibly, how important it was that an adequate comprehension should be obtained of what the past course of man's life has been. Now, however disgusting it may seem to Mr. Harrison that all these things which he taboos should ever have had an influence on the course of man's life, it is quite certain that they had such an influence, that the influence taken together was immense, and that it practically determined the course of man's life itself. We are wise, we have changed all that, and what somebody calls, in the delightful slang of the day, the "wise adult conscience" of the individual voter (when the individual voter is not too much engaged in voting by ballot for the side which bribed him last) determines the course of history. But this happy state of things was not always; it has been even in England but for a very short time, and there are still, sad to say, places and countries where it is not in existence. So that perhaps, on the whole, putting amusement entirely out of sight, the student of history, according to this latest view of it, is likely to get a remarkably false view of history after all. That, however, is a minor point. The pleasantest suggestion conveyed to the imagination by Mr. Harrison's cautious is the vision of a series of historical classics adjusted to the Positivist standard. It is woful to think of the dimensions to which some of the luckless authors mentioned above will be reduced. Herodotus will go into a shilling pamphlet, and many a book of Livy will have to join its lost companions. As to the poor mediæval historians, they may as well be struck out of the list *en bloc*, for, until the time of Comines at least, they have nothing to offer to Mr. Harrison's student. An awful man that student will be. "Take away this bauble!" will be his constant cry to abashed librarians who have brought him gossip, or curious episodes, or Royal histories or Parliamentary histories, or what not, instead of the thrice-bolted bran for which alone his soul craves. Only it may be delicately suggested to Mr. Harrison, Is there not some slight danger of disgusting the lambs of the flock? Might not a working-man suddenly confronted with the ideal history *sans* gossip, *sans* king, *sans* Parliaments, *sans* curious episodes, despair and give himself up to wretchlessness of most unclean reading in novels and poetry, and the other frivolities of so-called literature? There is but too much reason to fear that such might be the case. Mr. Harrison, indeed, tells us that he has been five-and-twenty years impressing on the working-man the importance of history, and of course it is possible that in that time he may have screwed him

up to the heroic height of discipline required. But we cannot but think it most aristocratic and anti-popular conduct. Mr. Harrison himself has read all the frivolous histories, no doubt; and also no doubt has enjoyed them. But now he grudges them to the working-man. The working-man learns French in Great Ormond Street, and doubtless will be able to reply *Pas si bête*. With Macaulay, Carlyle, Gibbon (for Gibbon must certainly go), Froissart, Livy, Herodotus, and all their likes cut off, and a beggarly assortment of Blue-books and histories of prices put in to fill up the vacancies, the future student of history, according to Mr. Harrison, seems to us even a more lamentable object than the man of the future in general did to Lord Lansdowne. For even in the most universal examination some candidates might, indeed must, get through. But in Mr. Harrison's proposed historical school the preparation for examination would be so terrible that most human beings would expire or go into a lunatic asylum before they had read their books.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE TELEPHONE.

THERE is an air of historical anachronism in the juxtaposition of a question of Government monopoly and the latest development of electrical science. The first idea seems to pertain exclusively to the past, the second to the present and to the future. The subject of the recent suit of "The Attorney-General *v.* The Edison Telephone Company of London, Limited," was nothing less than the claim of a Government monopoly to prevent the utilization by a private corporation of the discovery that spoken language may be transmitted to a practically unlimited distance by means of electricity. True, the monopoly was not claimed on any exploded theory of the divine right of the Crown, it was not asserted by any court favourite as a royal grant; on the contrary, it was contended for practically on behalf of the public at large, of the revenue of the country rather than of the Sovereign; and the claim was based on divers Acts of Parliament and a money payment of some ten millions expended during the last twelve years on the purchase of then existing systems of telegraphs.

Legislation on the subject of telegraphs commences with the year 1863, when powers were conferred on Telegraph Companies similar to those enjoyed by railway and other Companies formed for the benefit of the public as well as of their promoters. The Act enabled the Companies to prosecute their undertakings in the face of private opposition by empowering them to take or utilize private property on making due compensation. It defines a telegraph as "a wire or wires used for the purpose of telegraphic communication, with any casing, coating, tube, or pipe enclosing the same, and any apparatus connected therewith for the purpose of telegraphic communication." Five years working of the private Companies showed the desirableness of bringing the whole telegraphic system of the country under State control; and by an Act of 1868 the Postmaster-General was empowered to acquire by purchase the "undertaking" of any Company, corporation, or person then engaged in the United Kingdom in transmitting, or authorized to transmit, messages by means of electric or other telegraphs or mechanical agencies; the "undertaking" of such Company, corporation, or person being defined to mean the whole of their or his "electric or other telegraphs, wires, posts, pipes, tubes, and other works, instruments, materials, lands, tenements, hereditaments," &c.

In the following year fresh powers were conferred on the Postmaster-General, enabling him to deal more arbitrarily with recalcitrant Companies or persons who were disinclined to part with their business; and the Act further provided that, from and after its passing, the Postmaster-General should have the exclusive right of transmitting public telegraphic messages within the United Kingdom, similar to that which he already possessed with regard to the carriage of letters, a penalty of 5*l.* being enforceable for every act of infringement. To this sweeping monopoly, however, certain exceptions were recognized, the most important among which were "messages sent under the leave and license of the Postmaster-General; telegrams in respect of which no charge is made, transmitted by a telegraph maintained or used solely for private use, and relating to the business or private affairs of the owner thereof"; and "telegrams transmitted by a telegraph maintained for the private use of a corporation, Company, or person, and in respect of which, or of the collection, receipt, and transmission or delivery of which, no money or valuable consideration shall be or promised to be made or given." By this Act also the term "telegraph" received, in addition to the meaning assigned to it by the Act of 1863, an interpretation including "any apparatus for transmitting messages or other communications by means of electric signals"; and the word "telegram," which first appears in this Act, is defined to mean "any message or communication transmitted or intended for transmission by a telegraph." In 1878 another Telegraph Act was passed for the better enabling the Postmaster-General to carry out his task of maintaining efficient telegraphic communication for the country; and the expression "telegraphic line" occurring therein is explained to mean "telegraph posts and any work within the meaning of the Telegraph Act 1863, and also any cables, apparatus, pneumatic, or other tube, pipe, or thing whatsoever, used for the purpose of transmitting telegraphic messages, or maintaining telegraphic communication." It might well be a question, however, as to whether this Act, passed *alio intuitu*, and after an interval of nearly ten years, could operate to enlarge the limits of the monopoly created by the Act of 1869, and the point was not pressed on the late trial. Into this Act the Postmaster-General sought to introduce a clause directly aimed at securing the monopoly in this country of telephonic communication, which was then just becoming known, by providing that "in the construction of the Telegraph Act 1869, the term telegraph shall, in addition to the meaning assigned to it by that Act, include any apparatus for transmitting messages or other communications with the aid of electricity, magnetism, or any other like agency." This clause, however, did not find favour in the eyes of Parliament, and was abandoned. This fact was adduced on behalf of the defendants at the trial, and the counsel for the Crown were reduced to averring that the clause was only designed *ex majore cautelâ*, the existing enactments being of themselves sufficient to include the instruments and processes in question.

Under these Acts successive Postmasters-General have acquired the interests of practically all Telegraph Companies in the United Kingdom, together with certain rights over the wires of the different railways, at the cost, as before stated, of over ten millions. The yearly revenue from the transmission of messages is stated to amount to about 1,250,000*l.*, of which about 200,000*l.* is clear profit. The defendant Company was constituted in 1879 for the purpose of working two patents of Mr. Edison's, the subjects of which are hereinafter described. The specifications relating to Mr. Edison's inventions are somewhat unfortunate in their language so far as the defendants' case is concerned, inasmuch as they use the terms "the acoustic or speaking telegraph," "an electric instrument actuated by sound," "a telegraph operated by sound," "an instrument for transmitting sounds by electricity," "a telegraph instrument or apparatus operated by sound," and so forth. Substantially, however, the question is not what the thing is called, but what it is.

Telephones have been constructed by various inventors, presenting certain distinctive characteristics, but their action is practically based on the same principle. The simplest form is thus described by Mr. Prescott, the latest writer on the subject:—

> It consists of a steel cylindrical magnet, about five inches long and three-eighths of an inch in diameter, encircled at one extremity by a short bobbin of wood or ebonite, on which is wound a quantity of very fine insulated copper wire. The magnet and coil are contained in a wooden cylindrical case. The two ends of the coil are soldered to thicker pieces of copper wire, which traverse the wooden envelope from one end to the other, and terminate in the binding screws at its extremity. Immediately in front of the magnet is a thin circular plate, which is kept in its place by being jammed between the main portion of the case and a wooden cap carrying the mouth or ear-trumpet. These two parts are screwed together. The latter is cut away at the centre, so as to expose a portion of the iron plate about half an inch in diameter.

The plate, being vibrated by the waves of sound produced by a voice projected into the trumpet, becomes magnetic by approach and retreat to and from the magnet, and thus engenders intermittent electro-magnetic currents in the coil of wire which are transmitted through connecting wires attached to the binding screws to the corresponding apparatus at the extremity of those wires. These currents produce precisely similar vibrations in the receiving diaphragm, and thus the words spoken at one end are reproduced at the other, and conversation may be carried on, each instrument being both a transmitter and receiver. This simple form of telephone has received marvellous development at the hands of Mr. Edison in the shape of the carbon telephone and the loud-speaking telephone, the subjects of the two patents acquired by the defendant Company, and used by them sometimes, if not always, in combination. With these instruments increased clearness and force of articulation is procured by the employment of a continuous battery current instead of the intermittent electro-magnetic current of the above-described original form of telephone. But, in either case, the voice alone is the direct origin of the communication. In the carbon telephone, each separate instrument of which, like the simple telephone, can be used interchangeably as a transmitting or receiving apparatus, the impact of the voice on a piece of carbon interposed in the electric current produces changes in the intensity of the current which are communicated to the corresponding instrument at the other end of the wire, and so reproduce the sounds. The loud-speaking telephone is a receiving instrument only, each pair thus requiring a pair of transmitting instruments. The transmitting instrument is the carbon telephone; the loud-speaking telephone is a complex and most beautiful piece of mechanism. Roughly speaking, it consists of a small chalk cylinder, mounted on a metallic axis, capable of being rotated by hand or clockwork, and kept continually moist by a wet roller. Against the circumference of this cylinder a spring presses a thin strip of metal having one of its ends attached to a mica disc. A small induction coil completes the apparatus. The current from the battery passes through the primary wire of the induction coil, through the carbon telephone at the same end, and then along the intervening wire to the transmitting apparatus at its other extremity, and through that to the other receiving apparatus, the circuit being completed in each case in the ground. In the receiving apparatus one end of the secondary wire of the induction coil is connected with the metal spindle of the chalk cylinder, the other with the strip of metal pressed against its circumference. When the instrument is at rest no impression is produced upon the chalk cylinder. But when a message is to be received the chalk cylinder is revolved in such a direction as by its friction against the strip of metal to draw the mica disc towards itself; the variations set up by the vibrations of the voice in the transmitting

instrument affect the current in the primary wire of the induction coil and produce corresponding inductive currents in the secondary wire. Each current produces at the point of contact of the cylinder and the metal strip chemical decomposition of the moistened chalk, the nature of which is as yet obscure: the amount of such decomposition being exactly proportionate to the strength and duration of the induced current. In the process of decomposition a gas or fluid is disengaged and acts as a lubricant in reducing the friction between the cylinder and the metal strip, which accordingly slips back owing to the tension of the mica plate, and is, so to speak, picked up again by the rotating cylinder, as soon as the induced current ceases and the friction becomes stronger again. The vibrations of the voice may thus be reproduced in the mica diaphragm with enhanced effect, and the result is clear and articulate speech. This somewhat lengthy description of the loud-speaking telephone as used by the Company appears necessary in order that the merits of the case may be appreciated, more especially as the account thereof given in the judgment of the Court is not strictly accurate, omitting as it does all mention of the induced current, a most important element in its working.

But to return to the origin of the strife. In September 1879 the defendants set up an office in the City and began to advertise their business. Besides offering to set up and lease private sets of telephonic apparatus, they enunciated a scheme to which the Postmaster-General takes special exception. This was what was designated the exchange system. Branch or district stations were established or projected, with one of which each subscriber was to be put in telephonic communication. A central station was also established with which each district station was connected. At each district and at the central station electric switches, or points like those employed at railway junctions, afforded means for connecting any two wires converging thither, and thus on notifying his desire to his branch station, any subscriber could be put in direct communication with any other subscriber either through a single district station, or through two district stations and the central one. When the intercommunication was concluded the wires could be disconnected again. As soon as this plan was developed, the Post Office authorities wrote to the defendant Company, intimating that the Postmaster-General was advised that the contemplated operations would constitute an infringement of his rights, and asking whether the Company intended to take out a licence. The Company, in reply, disputed the suggested infringement, assigning the "advice of eminent counsel" as their authority, and declined to avail themselves of the proffered licence, adopting as a second line of defence the exceptions specified in the Act of 1869. They permitted inspection of their premises and plant by the Government officials, who, on their side, when the action was, after some further correspondence, commenced, waived all claim to the penalties given by the Act of 1869, suing merely for a declaration of their rights, an injunction restraining the defendants from any further infringement, and an account and payment over of all moneys already received. The contest has thus been conducted with great urbanity on both sides, and the main points of issue may be briefly summarized thus:—

The Crown says, Any communication made by a wire and apparatus connected therewith through the medium of electricity, or even by electric apparatus without the intervention of wire, if such were possible, is the transmission of a telegram within the meaning of the Telegraph Acts 1863, 1868, and 1869; and by receiving money for such communications, either in the form of direct payment or of rent, you have infringed the Postmaster-General's monopoly, unless you can bring yourself within one of the specified exceptions. Your exchange system, at any rate, is outside those exceptions. The defendants say, In the first place a telephone is not a telegraph; true, it is a wire and apparatus connected therewith, and we utilize electricity, but it is not used for telegraphic communication, or for transmitting messages or other communications by means of electric signals. Telephones were not dreamt of at the time your Acts were passed, and you have not prophetically included them therein; that you know this is so is proved by your futile attempt to include them in the Act of 1878; next, we transmit no message or communication whatever; our instruments merely project the voice like a speaking-tube, and enable persons at a distance to carry on conversation with one another—where is the message, where are the electric signals? Even if we admit everything on these points, we are still within the exceptions. Our exchange system is nothing more than an aggregation of private wires; once communication established, the whole wire between the two subscribers is to all intents and purposes a private wire.

The arguments were very long and very learned, and many affidavits were read from scientific men, who, as scientific men are wont to do in courts of law, differed diametrically from one another, and a good deal of irrelevant matter was introduced touching the novelty of the invention which could not affect the question, inasmuch as no one can doubt that if Parliament chooses to confer a prospective monopoly, it can do so. Despite, however, the plausibility of some of the arguments on behalf of the defendants, Mr. Baron Pollock and Mr. Justice Stephen have given judgment for the Crown on all points. Summarizing fairly enough the extent of the Postmaster-General's monopoly, as deducible from the different Acts, to be "the exclusive privilege of transmitting messages or other communications by any wire and apparatus connected therewith used for telegraphic communication, or by any other apparatus for transmitting messages or other communications by means of electric signals," they proceeded to show how, in their opinion, the defendant's instruments and business fell within this exclusive privilege. In the first place they dispose of the argument that a telephone is not an apparatus for telegraphic communication. "The whole apparatus," say they, transmitter, wire, and receiver taken together, form "a wire used for the purpose of telegraphic communication, with apparatus connected therewith, for the purpose of telegraphic communication"; that is, they are a telegraph within the definition of the Act of 1863, which is embodied by reference in the Act of 1869. "The wire is a wire, the transmitting and receiving instruments are apparatus connected therewith for the purpose of conveying information by electricity, and this, as it seems to us, is telegraphic communication." They then proceed to justify by reference to dictionaries, and to the unfortunate words in Mr. Edison's specifications before referred to, the position that the word "telegraph" does not absolutely involve the necessity of any outward and visible sign at the receiving end. Its main idea is simply the speedy communication of information at a distance. Strictly, of course, a telegraph ought to write its information for itself, but though some telegraphs do so, it would be pedantry to deny the name to others that do not. Then, next, conversation by telephone is the transmission of a message, or at all events a communication. It is a communication, and when a man speaks it through a wire some miles long he sends what he says through the wire, or transmits it. Then, as to the exceptions, "the wires of the Company are neither owned nor maintained by the subscribers, nor are they used solely by the owners. The switchboard and the trunk-wires at the stations are the property of the defendant Company, and are essential to the system of communication adopted; while a charge, in the shape of rent, is made for the transmission of messages, and from this the Company derives a profit."

It was at once intimated, on behalf of the defendants, that they would appeal; and so the whole question will be fought again. The present judgment is, no doubt, strong in some points; but it does not strike us as inexpugnable. Put it as one will, it is hard to consider telephones as strictly *ejusdem generis* with telegraphs, or telegraph and telephone as interchangeable terms. The transmission of sound is an entirely new element in any electric communication. Sound may have been incidentally produced at the receiving end, but has never been transmitted before—certainly the voice never has; and the balance of scientific opinion seemed to point to its being perfectly correct in language to say that the voice, and nothing but the voice, was transmitted by the Company's apparatus, though the action of the induced current in the loud-speaking telephone seems to interpose an additional stage, as it were, between the words spoken and the words heard, which did not exist in the earlier forms of instrument. Then the question as to a message or communication being transmitted seems still quite arguable. It seems straining terms to say that conversation carried on at any distance is the transmission of anything, and on this, as on the former point, an Act which it is contended gives a prospective monopoly should be construed very strictly indeed. On the private wire question, the Court are probably right with respect to the exchange system. Certain passages in the judgment seem open to criticism as proceeding on what the Court conceived would be the absurd results of a decision in favour of the defendants. An invention like the telephone in its now perfected condition may well engraft ridiculous results on the arrangements and conditions of a less enlightened period, and the argument is one which has been applied to every great invention.

With the policy and probable effects of the judgment we have not here to do. From the Postmaster-General's announcement on Tuesday we gather that the immediate interests of the public are not likely to suffer; but how about the Company, how about the inventor, whose patents the Crown may assume and work without any compensation whatever, while the recent judgment enables the Postmaster-General to preclude him from deriving benefit from private enterprise? Above all, how about the future prospects of scientific invention and inventors in this country, if this is the encouragement they are to receive?

INVESTORS' GUARDIAN ANGELS.

IN spite of raids against betting-houses and other hindrances and discouragements, the passion for gambling is still rampant amongst us. The innocency of early boyhood is tainted, as of yore, with a wicked delight in pitch-and-toss; and the temptation to have a shy in a sweepstakes is sometimes too much even for the most discreet. In after life our more sobered taste may save us from the Scylla of horse-racing, but who amongst us is ever safe from the Charybdis of the Stock Exchange? Every man of spirit revolts against the tameness of a fixed return for his money; and there are persons who feel they might as well be on the treadmill as eke out a modest income derived from the Three per Cents., or be subjected to the galling prudence of trustees. Conscious of our weakness, a paternal Government has removed temptation as much as possible out of our way. Crockford's and other similar establishments are no more, and the police keep a watchful eye even on the copper ventures of boys in the gutter. Nothing, however, is so certain as that a demand creates a supply. Persons craving to gamble away their fortunes are provided, even in these respectable

days, with ample opportunities of doing so, without having recourse to the gaming-table method of other times. The most remote country parson and the most helpless of unprotected ladies have every possible convenience afforded them for casting their little properties into the lap of fortune. It is only necessary that their names should appear in some list of shareholders in order to secure a complete deluge of financial schemes, calculated to enrich them in the shortest possible time. With the morning paper and the morning roll will punctually arrive the morning prospectus. They will find that railways are running, or are about to run, in remote countries that *must* yield immense profits, and the golden opportunity of investing in which is known only to a favoured few. By the rarest good fortune the secret of their prosperity is not yet public, and the only thing is to secure the chance of investing at once before the inevitable rise in the shares takes place. If, however, there should happen to be a dearth of these remarkably profitable lines of rail, the intending investor need at least never be at a loss for a little venture in mines. Here he will have the advantage of a wide selection in the nature of his investment. Indeed, in mining concerns every variety of means of flinging away his money is provided for him. Though he may shrink from the trifling risk involved in the chance of realizing an immense fortune, he may yet feel disposed to seek what is termed "a steady investment" in some established undertaking, in which the shareholders are said to hold their money "only for investment," and in which, indeed, "there are usually more buyers than sellers" according to the prospectus; while, nevertheless, the future bids fair to be immensely profitable. Small capitalists, however prudent, can hardly be expected to be proof against the fascinations of a steady investment with a profitable future, more especially when a preponderance of buyers will always enable a shareholder to sell his shares. It would be culpable folly to rest content with mere railway debentures or real property at 4 per cent. when such chances are going in the market. The very abundance of the possibilities open to him, however, involves the investor in a difficulty. He is bewildered in making his selection, and he knows not of whom to seek discreet advice and assistance. The steady-going family man of business is, he feels, a shade too steady for his purpose, and would certainly deprecate anything in the least tainted with speculation. His views are narrowed to the consideration only of the most absolutely secure of investments, and he has no sympathy with dreams of a very profitable future. There are plenty of men no doubt in the City who would be ready enough to advise, but the amateur in speculation is quick to distrust the City, and feels that his guileless nature would be no match for the wiles of the Stock Exchange.

We cannot be too grateful that a distinct class of journal is now current, intended to meet precisely such cases as that we have described. There are, happily, philanthropic editors, who have made it their special province not only to shield their readers from the devices of unprincipled swindlers and promoters who would prey upon the simplicity of confiding capitalists, but even to guide them into the paths of fortune. Nothing can be more admirable than the disinterested way in which these financial journals exercise their almost parental function. They vie in numbers with the various schemes presented for the outlay of our capital, and appear as an antidote on our breakfast-table *pari passu* with the poison of the tempting prospectus. In an otherwise evil and grasping world it is reassuring to find that there are yet persons of sufficient integrity and public spirit to act as mothers to innocent investors. If wiles beset us in laying out our money, it is comforting to know that every effort is made to expose them. The function of these organs, however, is not limited to a mere croaking over improvident speculations. To deprecate all ventures would be idle. The foibles of human nature are too familiar to these editors to allow them to suppose such a thing possible. Their province is not to stem the tide, but to direct it. In one of these journals, for instance, selected haphazard, we find nearly three columns devoted to the recital of a series of maxims admirably adapted to the copybook of the sucking investor. If guileless readers of the "Mining Monograph" trip in their investments, it is certainly not for want of a warning voice. In that prudent sheet they may read under the heading "Saws" such sentences as the following:—"Obtain advice from an experienced and trustworthy broker BEFORE buying; don't place too many eggs in one basket. Secure a reasonable profit on your investment when it can be obtained; remember that LEAD mines are much less liable to sudden adverse fluctuations than those yielding either copper or tin." And further on, "Be cautious as to 'tips,' they are seldom disinterested. People do not give tips without having an ulterior motive; valuable information is seldom imparted gratis." "It is better to invest chiefly in mines worked under the Limited Liability Act, because when once the shares have been paid for, all further liability and anxiety are at an end." Nothing can be nicer than all this, and ordinarily grateful persons will hardly read these sage paragraphs without a sense of obligation to their framer. The thirst for gambling is not quenched, it is true, by their perusal; but a praiseworthy effort is made to temper our wilfulness with the wisdom of experience. Even if the rash desire to place too many eggs in one basket should be successfully stifled, it is yet felt that nothing would be nicer than to "secure a reasonable profit," if that may be done, and, with the most rigid determination to be proof against "tips," the ignorant investor is only too willing to accept "good advice." "Investors in mines," he is told, in the same paper, "should act systematically and with caution. A few simple rules should be observed, and profitable results are almost a certainty." The appetite must, indeed, be dead which is not whetted to master these "few simple rules," when profitable results are almost a certainty.

It is easy to understand how to a country clergyman, labouring to maintain a growing family on some few hundreds a year, such a paper as the "Mining Monograph" must come as a refreshing shower on a long-parched earth. His income is not elastic, and there is no way open to him of supplementing it by other labour of his own. His wife's forty pounds a year are doled out to the family through the cautious medium of three vigilant trustees, and his own modest fortune brings him a few hundreds from the Three per Cents. Hitherto he has been taught to regard all speculation as inevitable ruin, and the only venture he ever makes is to put a half-crown into the lottery for the embroidered banner-screen at the parochial fancy bazaar. When, however, the "Mining Monograph" is brought to his notice, he recognizes in it a guide, philosopher, and friend. The tone of the little journal is so temperate and prudent that it invites his confidence at once; whilst there is a dash of learning in its style which appeals to his dormant culture. "From the day," he reads, "when the Phœnicians came across the sea to get the metals from the rich mines of Wales and Cornwall, and even back to the time when Tubal Cain's hammer woke the echoes of the primeval forests, the value of the mineral products of the earth has been fully recognized." Under the guidance of such a mentor he cannot go far astray, and since ever so small a "profitable result" will be of importance to him, it is no wonder if he is tempted ere long to have a little flutter in the mining market, at all events in the "LEAD, that is less fluctuating than copper or tin." It appears from the "Mining Monograph" that "It should never be forgotten that there is a time to buy and a time to sell," and, further, that "Now (under proper advice) is the time to BUY." Aspiring speculators might perhaps be perplexed as to where to seek for "proper advice"; but the "Mining Monograph," aware of the existence of possible harpies who might trade upon the innocence of its readers, even goes so far as to show where proper advice may be obtained by those who really seek it. It appears that if these will only consult "us," all danger and difficulty will be avoided. If the mere perusal of the "Monograph" has brought hope and comfort to the struggling, how infinitely better will be a personal consultation with "us." Only then will they adequately realize the full extent of their folly in submitting to live on a small fixed income, when untold treasures were lying ready to their hand. The risks they had hitherto supposed to beset all ventures they now find ("under proper advice") to be absurdly over-rated. The subtle knavery which they had felt themselves unequal to cope with will have no chance under the all-protecting guidance of "us." The treasures of Aladdin's cave, meantime, are unfolded before their astonished eyes, and the cares of the butcher's book and of the children's boots dissolve like a mist. "The outlay upon Welsh lead mines" is found to be "insignificant as compared with the astounding profits they yield." "Shares in what are termed 'progressive mines'—*i.e.* properties which, although not arrived at the dividend-paying point yet, are 'progressing' towards it—can usually be bought (*under experienced guidance*) at a very moderate price, and they frequently double, treble, or even quadruple their value in a few months." Deeply grateful to the philanthropic "us," the confiding investor returns radiant to the rectory with a new bonnet for his wife, purchased in anticipation of the progressing dividend. A joyful experience treads swiftly on the heels of budding hope. The prudent speculator who has invested under "proper advice" is ere long gratified with a glowing report, and perhaps is enriched with an interim dividend. Things begin to look up at the rectory under the influence of such well-grounded promise. The girls all have new frocks, and another little sum is committed to the "experienced guidance." Perhaps the interim dividend is not followed by any further distribution of interest at the regular half-yearly meeting of the mine proprietors; but this temporary lapse appears from the report to be due to some quite unprecedented and purely temporary cause, and the directors confidently look for a division of immense profits ere long. Unfortunately, this temporary depression, however, has some effect on the price of the shares, and, for a time at all events, there is not found to be "a preponderance of buyers over sellers." Nor, indeed, though the shares have been paid for, can it be said that "all anxiety is at an end." A short interview with "us," however, no doubt dispels much of this anxiety, and it is remembered that the property is not supposed as yet to have arrived at the "dividend-paying stage," but only to be "progressing" towards it. By-and-by another report comes, confident as ever, that the concern is "going to pay," but giving no immediate prospect of dividend, and by degrees the pleasures of hope become to the doubting investor a tolerably familiar experience. Meantime, the wife and family, who are not buoyed up by the occasional reassuring words of "us," begin to have grave misgivings as to the prudence of the head of the family. The cost of constant journeyings to and from town on business begin to make a perceptible inroad on the little income, and as yet no solid return seems either to be realized or to be expected for the sums invested. The whole demeanour, meantime, of the rector changes, and his very conversation becomes imbued with strange terms. Even the building of the Dissenting meeting-house in the parish causes him no such concern as the mysterious announcement that "things are flat." As time goes on he becomes more than ever aware that "all anxiety is *not* at an end"; but he will be

fortunate at all events if his liability is limited to the extent of his holding. Large sums have no doubt been made in mines, and to men of capital they present a very legitimate field for enterprise. But the risks of loss are great, and to meet them larger resources are required than are usually at the disposal of venturous persons of modest means. Just as, however, there are always embarrassed young simpletons eager to avail themselves of the benevolent offers of assistance tendered to them by advertising money-lenders, so, we suppose, will weak-minded people always be found ready to believe that Golconda is open to them through the "experienced guidance" of "us."

YACHT-RACING.

At the conclusion of an article on Racing Yachts which appeared in the *Saturday Review* of November 13 last, we referred to certain disagreeable features of the season of 1880, in some respects so brilliant, and stated that we should speak of them on a future occasion. We now propose to deal with this unpleasant part of a pleasant subject. Unfortunately it cannot be ignored, as in the system now followed by several of the clubs which are supposed to be most anxious to encourage yacht-racing, that there are evils which, if allowed to continue and to increase, as evils are apt to do, may seriously injure, so far as large vessels are concerned, the one national sport in which even the sourest critics can find nothing to condemn. In spite of the great number of prizes which are offered, men will not go on spending huge sums of money in building and maintaining vessels for racing, if they find that palpable mistakes which occasionally endanger their craft are made, and that the views of those who know most about yacht-racing are steadily disregarded. It is not easy to suppose that owners will always be willing to risk yachts worth from eight to twelve thousand pounds in contests rendered dangerous by the neglect of obvious precautions, or will care to attend regattas governed by rules which the best authorities condemn. The totally unnecessary danger to which we allude is that caused by the careless manner in which the boats that mark the winning line, or the winning and starting line as the case may be, are sometimes placed. It seems incredible that there should be carelessness in such a matter, or that the persons chosen for the not very arduous task of mooring mark-boats should be so little competent as to disregard the most patent facts; but, unfortunately, carelessness and incompetence are occasionally shown, and the unfortunate yacht-owners have to bear the needless risk which is caused. Sometimes Sailing Committees will not even take the trouble to find men fit for work which ought not to present the slightest difficulty to any one with a moderate knowledge of seamanship. A singular instance of this kind of negligence occurred in one of the early matches of the season. In the race from Harwich to Southend the yachts had to finish across an imaginary line drawn from the end of Southend pier to a mark-boat moored south of it. The fleet consisted of thirteen vessels, and included such large craft as the *Australia*, the *Pantomime*, and the *Latona*. The ingenious person, however, who had to moor the mark-boat was either ignorant of the nature of the race, and thought that it was for little boats, or else made up his mind (if the expression may be allowed) that the wind would be fair, and that the yachts would come in one after the other, in a straight line. Accordingly, he moored the mark-boat near the pier. Unfortunately the wind, which is very unaccommodating, was foul for the latter part of the course on the day of the race, and the yachts had to tack round the mark-boat. In order to make sure of weathering it, the *Australia* was obliged to stand close inshore before going about, and scraped the ground heavily; and shortly afterwards, owing to the same cause, the *Pantomime* struck. The captains of the two schooners were not in the very least to blame for these mishaps, which were entirely due to the position of the mark-boat, which was much too near the pier. There was no conceivable reason against placing it further off; but the very simple and obvious precaution of giving sufficient room for large vessels was disregarded, and the accidents mentioned were the result.

It may seem almost incredible that there should be such carelessness, but unfortunately this case of magnificent recklessness about other people's property does not stand alone. At a later regatta the mark-boats were placed in the midst of a lot of shipping, and it was only owing to the remarkable skill shown by the captains that serious accidents were avoided. As it was, some damage was done. On another occasion the mark-boats were moored so near the shore that the large yachts were much hampered while inside the line before the start, and were in danger of getting aground or of fouling each other. Further instances could be given of carelessness which is absolutely without excuse. Some Committees appear to be under the impression that racing yachts are built, not only to sail, but also, like Dundee whalers, to be knocked about. A little of such instruction as any builder making out his trifling account for repairs could easily afford them would, we believe, convince them that this view is not altogether correct. Owing, however, to good fortune and to skill in handling, the serious accidents which might have been expected from the misplacing of mark-boats did not, except in the case which has been mentioned, occur. No skill in handling, however, could do away with the effect of bad management of races; and of bad management in several respects yacht-owners had last season some reason to complain. They were vexed by old grievances which seem now to be felt more strongly than ever. We do not wish to enter at length into the much-disputed question of flying starts as against anchor starts. It seems clear that those who are most interested in the matter and most competent to decide are in favour of flying starts. The recommendation of the Yacht Racing Association is clear enough on this point, and it is much to be regretted that leading clubs should set at naught the well-known wishes of racing yacht-owners. No doubt there are some objections to a flying start, and over-eagerness for the lead occasionally puts vessels in peril, as was made very manifest this year at Dover and Plymouth; but, on the whole, this method of beginning a race seems to be preferred by those best qualified to judge, and should be universally adopted. Besides the retention of this rule, there is another ancient grievance which seems likely to cause every year more and more annoyance. We refer to the rule—if such a happy-go-lucky method of settling matters can be called a rule—which governs some of the early contests. It is an old regulation, and is, like the old system of time allowance, as bad as anything can be. We refer, of course, to the rule according to which the rig of the first vessel in determines the rig of the winner. The evils of such a law seem obvious, and it is astonishing that Committees should persist in ignoring them. A very simple instance will show how badly it may work, and indeed must work. Let it be supposed that a yawl of 150 or 160 tons and a cutter of 80 or 90 come in close together, the yawl leading. With full allowance for the slight superiority of rig, it is abundantly clear, unless time allowance is altogether an absurdity, that the cutter has thoroughly defeated her antagonist. Nevertheless the yawl, if she has saved her time on the other yawls, takes the first prize, while the real victor only gets the second. Still stronger is the case if the yawl be closely followed by a schooner beneath her in tonnage. This would be a very remarkable success for the latter; but, under the present rule, she would, though of smaller size and inferior rig, receive no allowance from the other, and the vessel which had been in fact completely beaten would be the winner of the first prize. It seems strange that so barbarous a system should be adhered to, and stranger still when it is remembered that there is a method, happily followed at many regattas, of conducting mixed races which makes them perfectly fair. We need hardly say that we refer to the plan according to which schooners and yawls sail at the reduced tonnage as suggested by the Y.R.A., and the first vessel that passes the mark-boat within her time takes the first prize.

That the rules of the Y.R.A. are, though not free from faults, the best that now exist, scarcely admits of dispute. Some clubs still reject them altogether; and we shall presently show how far this rejection is justified by describing the manner in which the principal of these clubs conducts matches. A large number of clubs now accept the Y.R.A. rules; but, unfortunately, these, with the honourable exceptions of the Royal Cinque Ports, the Royal London, and one or two others, do not accept them in their entirety. Sailing Committees at various places insist on making little alterations and excisions. One rule of the Y.R.A. seems to be specially distasteful to them. This is No. 8, which declares that a yacht "duly entered may claim to sail over the course, and shall be entitled to the prize," subject to the power of the Committee to postpone the race if the weather be unfavourable. This regulation certainly seems fair enough. If a man brings his yacht to the starting-boats ready to do battle, and no one ventures to meet him, it seems only right that he should take the prize. This, however, is not the view of Committees, who, offering with one hand and taking back with the other, usually reject Rule 8, and refuse to allow a sail over. Frequently in matches for all rigs they enact that no second prize shall be given unless three or more vessels start, and no third prize unless five or more vessels start. Considering the enormous expense of racing vessels, and the trouble which has to be taken to bring them to the ports for the various regattas, this seems somewhat shabby; but such a rule, though rather suggestive of stinginess, is far better than that adopted this year by a considerable club, which, borrowing one of the most objectionable of the old regulations, laid down that no vessel which was the only one of her rig in the field should be allowed to start. A more unfair ordinance could hardly be devised, and it is scarcely necessary to point out how it may operate. When it is enforced, an owner, after giving himself considerable trouble and perhaps incurring some expense in order to reach a port, finds on the morning of the race that he cannot compete. It is much to be hoped that there will be no more borrowing of this singularly unjust rule from the codes of the ultra-conservative clubs.

How far those clubs are entitled to despise the excellent code and recommendations of the Y.R.A., and to treat with contempt the opinions of the great majority of racing yacht-owners, we now propose to show by giving the example alluded to above of the manner in which the principal of them conducts its matches. The Royal Yacht Squadron stands first on the yacht list, and, alone amongst all clubs, has the privilege of flying the white ensign. Its regatta is, as every one knows, more numerously attended and attracts more attention than any other. It might certainly be expected that the Cowes matches would be

well managed, and that all courtesy would be shown to the stranger yachts which came to take part in them. How far the Royal Yacht Squadron shows any courtesy, or shines as a host, may be gathered from what happened three seasons ago. On the morning of the day fixed for the schooner match of 1878 there was an absolute calm, and a strong westerly tide was running. At the time appointed for the start, three yachts belonging to the Squadron were in excellent berths close to the line, having been towed there by the club steamer, but other vessels were in what appeared hopeless positions. It might naturally have been expected that the beginning of the race would be postponed until all the yachts were towed up, but if any such expectations were entertained, they were certainly frustrated, for postponement there was none, and the starting-gun was fired at the hour named. This year the Royal Yacht Squadron seemed determined to show that their capacity for conducting matches was on a level with their genial hospitality. For the schooner match two cards were issued, one giving the course and the racing flags, the other the time allowances. In the first card the day of the race was stated as Friday, August 6, in the other as Friday, August 7, while in one the tonnage of the *Waterwitch*, which took the prize in the race, was given as 160, in the other as 157. The authorities of the Squadron could not apparently look at the almanac, or discover the tonnage of the yachts engaged in the race. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that they could not calculate the time allowance right. They were apparently under the impression that the course round the Isle of Wight is about fifty miles long, and calculated the times accordingly. It need hardly be said that the course is considerably longer than this, and the time allowance was therefore far from being the true one; and as the yacht pronounced to be the winner only saved her time on a smaller vessel by a quarter of a minute or thereabouts, it seems clear that the prize was not awarded to the yacht which really won. Into this question, however, we do not desire to enter. Our object in referring to this marvellously ill-managed race has been to show how matches are conducted by a club which is far too proud to give any heed to the Y.R.A. It is much to be hoped that this sadly mistaken vanity will not long continue, and that those who have everything to learn will be willing to learn from those who are well able to teach. Other clubs which ignore the Y.R.A. may not stand quite so much in need of elementary instruction as the Squadron, but still they would do well to profit by the best regulations for yacht-racing which have yet been devised.

THE THEATRES.

MME. MODJESKA'S appearance at the Court Theatre in a versi

fortunately suffers from the facts that the version is very far from being a good one and that the principal actress is but indifferently supported. The play has in the original many marks of that curious playwright's instinct which Scribe possessed to an unusual degree, and which caused it to be said of him that, if he looked at a sunset effect, it would at once suggest to him the whole plot of a drama. Compression, which is no doubt from some points of view necessary, and want of skill, which is from every point of view unnecessary, have robbed the piece of much of its attraction in this kind; and, unfortunately, the players who fill the other parts, and most of whom have in other plays deserved and gained applause, seem curiously out of place. This is the more to be regretted since the authors of the play gave to each character an importance of its own. The play is in a sense a "star" play, as most good plays are—that is, it has a predominant part of so much importance that, if that part is ill performed, hardly any amount of excellence in the representation of the other parts can save the play from failure. This is the case with most of Shakspeare's acting plays, and yet there is no character in them which has not an individuality which ought to be seized and skilfully rendered by its exponent. The same thing may be observed—*magnis componere parva*—in almost all of the many pieces of many kinds which Scribe produced. It is a comparatively modern development of the playwright's art, or want of art, which has made it possible for a piece to depend absolutely and entirely upon the exertions of one performer, who is so constantly upon the stage that it matters little what is done, or how it is done, in the brief intervals of his or her absence. Much of the charm of *Adrienne Lecouvreur* depends upon the brilliant and natural writing of the scenes in which Adrienne herself does not appear, and, from the causes which we have indicated, this charm is wanting in the version of the play in which Mme. Modjeska appears.

The outlines of the piece are probably more or less familiar to most of our readers. It turns upon the love of Maurice de Saxe for Adrienne, who at first knows him only as an officer without fame or rank, whom she loves for himself alone. She has a terrible rival in the Princesse de Bouillon, a woman who stops at nothing to gain her own ends, and who finally poisons Adrienne by means of a bouquet, which is made to appear a present from Maurice de Saxe. This outline is filled in with a quantity of characteristic dialogue and of striking situations, among which the recital by Adrienne of some lines from Phèdre in the Princess's *salon* is perhaps the most striking, as well as the best known. The great actress has just discovered, in a way which illustrates curiously the artistic simplicity of Scribe's workmanship, that her rival is the Princesse de Bouillon, the woman whom she has just saved from a terrible scandal, and she selects for recital the lines ending

> . . . je sais ses perfidies,
> Œnone! . . . et ne suis point de ces femmes hardies
> [*Hors d'elle-même et s'avançant vers la princesse.*]
> Qui, goûtant dans le crime une honteuse paix,
> Ont su se faire un front qui ne rougit jamais!
> [*Elle a continué de s'avancer vers la princesse, qu'elle désigne du doigt, et reste quelque temps dans cette attitude, pendant que les dames et seigneurs, qui ont suivi tous ses mouvements, se lèvent comme effrayés de cette scène.*]

We have set out the stage directions as well as the text in the foregoing quotation for a simple and sufficient reason, which is, that Mme. Modjeska, like some other actresses who have played this part, has been blamed for not adopting a method completely opposite to that which the stage directions inculcate, by remaining on the same spot throughout the speech, and indicating only by intonation and facial expression the special meaning which Adrienne means the words to bear. This method may have something or may have much to recommend it; but an author, even of a play, has perhaps some right to be heard as to the manner in which his work should be interpreted. It is not likely that the stage directions of *Adrienne Lecouvreur* were printed without Scribe's sanction in the first instance, or that they have been interpolated since his death; and it is certain that Scribe knew remarkably well what he was about in everything connected with the playwright's craft. It "leaps to the eyes" that in this scene he wanted to contrast the impulsive actress's nature with the impassiveness which the Princess's training enables her to preserve. Both women are swayed by the same passion; the one cannot refrain from giving it some expression; the other conceals it with complete success and skill. Mme. Modjeska at this point followed exactly the stage directions which we have quoted, and gave the passage with much force and intention. In the rest of her performance there is much grace, and, especially in the scenes with Michonnet, the devoted old prompter, considerable tenderness; but she has in this part the same faults of gesture and the same want, as it seems to us, of the truest passion which we observed in her former representations. It was especially curious that the speech to the Princess in the scene of the "petite maison"—

> LA PRINCESSE. Je vous perdrai.
> ADRIENNE (*avec hauteur*). Et moi—je vous protège!

went for absolutely nothing. In Mme. Favart's hands it became, as it should be, one of the finest points in the part.

It is impossible to express any satisfaction with the support given to Mme. Modjeska in her difficult task, which of course becomes more difficult from the fact that she plays it in a language which is not her own. Mr. Anson's Michonnet and Mr. Lin Rayne's Abbé are alike inadequate. Mr. Forbes-Robertson's Maurice de Saxe is disappointingly wanting in grace, in dignity, and in fire. Mrs. Bernard Beere as the Princess, and Mr. Beveridge as the Prince de Bouillon, were not happily placed.

Mr. Coghlan's appearance at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in his own adaptation of *La Morte Civile* is an experiment the venturesomeness of which is not wholly excused by its success. *A New Trial* (as Mr. Coghlan's version of Signor Giacometti's play is called) is a tragedy of the gloomiest kind in four acts. Its motive, told briefly, is that a certain Corrado has escaped after thirteen years from the galleys, to which he was sentenced for life for the unpremeditated killing of his wife's brother under great provocation. He comes back longing to find a refuge with his wife and his daughter, and he is rejected by both of them. The daughter, not knowing who he is, recoils from him in terror; the wife, who, "like a well-conducted person," has kept up a steady and platonic affection for another man during the thirteen years, shrinks from him at first, and finally offers to follow his fortunes, or misfortunes, if he will leave the girl in safe keeping, but lets him see plainly enough that a tardy sense of duty has more to do with her proposal than any relic of the love which presumably she once felt for him. Indeed almost in the same breath with this proposition, she confesses, on Corrado's demand for the truth, that she loves Dr. Palmieri, the man who has, chivalrously enough, found a home for her and her daughter during Corrado's slavery. Corrado, learning this, resolves to drink some poison which he has managed to conceal ever since his sentence, and, acting upon this resolution, dies as the curtain falls, leaving his wife much in the position of Rowena in Thackeray's charming continuation of *Ivanhoe*. "Came the good lord Athelstane, When her ladyship married again." There is, indeed, something curiously revolting in the general tone of this play, which is moreover in the worst sense of the word, not in that of Scribe and greater play-writers, a "star" play. Everything has been sacrificed evidently enough in the first instance to the desire of providing a particular actor with a part in which he could make a display of his favourite accomplishments. Mr. Coghlan has been unable to dispel all traces of this special intention from his version of the play, and he does not succeed in giving an excuse for it in his rendering of the principal part. He is too much given to substitute violence for strength, and too apt to monotony both in his gesture and his facial expression. His performance of a terribly trying part always commands respect, but seldom approaches the passion which alone can make such a performance admirable. He has fine moments, but they come too seldom. For one point, his death scene, we have nothing but praise. Here, in the prologue to the event, he

displays real passion, and the actual rendering of his death is given with complete discretion and great impressiveness. It has no touch of the "scène d'hôpital" business which an eminent French critic has justly condemned, and it carries with it the sense of misery and awe which in the earlier acts Mr. Coghlan too often misses. Miss Amy Roselle plays the part of Corrado's extremely disagreeable wife with much skill, and perhaps with as much feeling as the character admits; Mr. Fernandez is excellent as Palmieri, and Mr. Flockton gives an admirable representation of the Abbé, who for some unexplained reason is constantly addressed as "Monsignor."

On the last three days of last week playgoers had an opportunity of witnessing at St. George's Hall a performance of the *Agamemnon* in Greek by undergraduates of the University of Oxford. The success of a performance of the same play at Balliol College last summer, with essentially the same cast, had no doubt excited a good deal of interest in London society; but it cannot but be regarded as remarkable that crowded audiences could be found to watch the representation of a tragedy in Greek by amateurs. The taste and ability of the company justified the interest of the public. From an antiquarian point of view, the performance reached the extreme limit to which modern scholarship and archæology could accompany it. As a purely dramatic spectacle, the main interest centred around Mr. F. R. Benson, whose personation of Clytemnestra was marked by singular force and originality. His figure and appearance lend themselves to a remarkable degree to a severe and archaic dignity of representation, but he did not rely on these alone; his actions were varied, rapid, and full of tragical force. Clytemnestra's coaxing Agamemnon to tread on the tapestries, and emerging from the curtain with the axe in her hand, are two extreme points which were rendered by Mr. Benson, on the one hand, with high intelligence and humour; on the other, with remarkable power. Cassandra was performed with care and refinement by Mr. G. P. Lawrence, whose first appearance on the stage, in the chariot of Agamemnon, was one of the most picturesque incidents of the performance. Cassandra, however, flagged in her long speech, and acting with fire and intelligence at the beginning and end of her part, allowed herself to be a little wearisome in the middle of it. Mr. H. A. C. Dunn, whose performance of Ægisthus has so much delighted some of our contemporaries, seemed to us to look the part extremely well but to act with insufficient vivacity. The part of Ægisthus is brief; but it offers considerable scope for acting, and the movement with which the indignant Chorus is repulsed requires an audacity and rapidity of movement which we missed in Mr. Dunn. Great praise is due to the Chorus, who not merely recited their strophes with clearness and propriety, but delivered the musical part of their performance with great taste. They acted with care; but, if the experiment is ever repeated, they might be recommended not to encumber the stage. At one point, when Cassandra had a very curious passage to deliver, the Chorus so filled the front of the stage that she was entirely concealed from more than half the audience. On the whole, we have to chronicle the remarkable success of a very perilous experiment.

REVIEWS.

ETIENNE DOLET.*

THE "sacred rust" of age endears to the more curious student many memories of the past for which the common crowd of readers have little interest or none at all to spare; and the Renaissance period in particular, resplendent to contemporary eyes with a galaxy of stars such as fills a midsummer night, lives for most of us only in a few representative names. Yet, in devoting to the biography of a scholar who is all but forgotten and a martyr left unmentioned by Foxe an amount of assiduous research which only a few experts will be able fully to appreciate, Mr. Christie has, we think, neither wasted his toil nor mischosen his theme. And this we say without any desire of being reckoned either among the select few to whom the recovery of any fact in the earlier history of the "divine art" followed by Etienne Dolet is a source of special joy, or among "the faithful" whose delight in any name connected with Rabelais resembles that of the Papimaniac islanders in the presence of a person who had seen the Pope. Indeed we may go further, and confess that it seems to us difficult to entertain any but a very limited sentiment of admiration for the character of Etienne Dolet himself. There is a heroic element, beyond doubt, in the high mettle of the persecuted man of letters who, unfriended and alone, defied the danger of death and told the truth to a king. In some other points, however, his character is repulsive, while there is much in his life that remains obscure. If, notwithstanding this, there is something fascinating in Mr. Christie's narrative, the reason must lie in the fact that the career of the unfortunate Lyons printer illustrates with extraordinary distinctness one of the most remarkable phases of the movement to which he may truly be said to have borne witness in his life and in his death. In the labours and aspirations of Etienne Dolet we plainly recognize some of the shortcomings as well as some of the nobler impulses of the later Renaissance, and his life reflects too faithfully, together with their ambition and their triumphs, what Pierio Valeriano lamented as the *infelicitas literatorum*. To this it must be added that no trouble has been spared by the author to render this biography as complete for its purposes as the circumstances of the case permitted. The book clearly deserves to be called a labour of love, though the passion indulged by Mr. Christie cannot have been either the hero-worship proverbial in biographers, or even the dislike of the Church of Rome which becomes the Chancellor of an English diocese. His wish has evidently been to furnish a solid contribution to the history of learning and letters; and as such his volume seems to us likely to survive, even apart from the value it will possess for the fraternity of bibliographers and bibliophiles, towards which the author, himself no alien in Arcadia, casts many a tender glance by the way.

The scholarly care with which Mr. Christie has investigated every part of his subject accessible to research, going over it as closely as, in company with M. Baudrier, he went over the path taken by Dolet on the day of his futile escape from custody, has naturally rendered him impatient of the *lâches* of less conscientious biographers. In the Renaissance age itself luxuriant vituperation would probably have taken the place of the sarcasms with which Mr. Christie punctures the "usual accuracy" of the *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*, the fallibility of his predecessor M. Boulmier, and the imaginativeness of the "most spiritual of the critics and biographers of Rabelais, M. Eugène Noël." Mr. Christie's own slips are of a different kind—chiefly eccentricities of style and grammar which, in a book about printing, one hardly dares to ascribe to ill-corrected proofs. The same explanation most readily suggests itself for enormities of detail, such as "*partie prêtre*," "in his *Poetices*," "the Hunniades" (as a plural), perhaps also for the inadmissible hybrid "Philip the Hardy." It is a pity that such disfigurements should not have been removed from a work of which the informing spirit is that of a scholarship indefatigable in perfecting a task undertaken for learning's sake. As to the proper names of scholars, which in this volume appear sometimes in their original modern, and sometimes in their Latinized form, Mr. Christie has generally (in accordance with the statement in his preface) followed the sensible plan of using the native names except where the Latinized were the usual style of the persons in question; "and it has sometimes happened that, for the sake of harmony, other writers are with them referred to by their Latinized names." No sense of harmony, however, can reconcile us to the form "Bombus"; nor do we see why Beza, because he is coupled with Charles de Ste.-Marthe, should be exceptionally disguised under his real name of Théodore de Bèze.

We suppose that it is natural for a scholar who has spent much time, examined many books, and visited many cities for the purposes of a monograph like that before us, to address himself occasionally, with a well-warranted consciousness of increased certainty of judgment, to the wider aspects of the theme of which his own forms part. More especially at the opening—and again towards the close—of his book Mr. Christie accordingly gives expression to views which it would lead us too far to attempt to criticize more closely here; but which, in part at least, seem to open the door to very grave controversy. Thus, in an early page, we have the statement, limited by no restrictions except those which the words contain, "that (except in Sadolet and perhaps in Erasmus) there was not in any of the men of the Renaissance either any recognition of Christianity, or even any consciousness of the need of religion as an element in human happiness or human goodness." It might prove difficult to establish the consistency of all the utterances of the several Italian and German humanists whose names might be pleaded in arrest of so sweeping a judgment; but self-consistency is not the note of this or of any analogous period of intellectual progress with which we are acquainted. We touch on even more dangerous ground when, in the same page, we read that "the Church generally at the era of the Renaissance, and the French Church from that time to the Revolution, present absolutely no points for the approval of those of us who are in harmony with the spirit of the nineteenth century, and have no sympathy with the so-called Catholic revival." We are not sufficiently familiar with the precise nature of the spirit in question to know whether it could reconcile itself to a recognition of much that is beautiful in the relations between Church and learning in the pre-Reformation days of the Northern Renaissance; but as to the French Church, was there not in its history, before the disastrous reaction for which no terms of horror are too strong, a period full of hopes and aspirations to which it is impossible for the advocates of a truly national Church to refuse their sympathy? We ask pardon for cavils which may seem almost as vague as the statements to which they refer seem sweeping; and, without noticing one or two other passages which have similarly suggested to us a query of hesitation, we turn to the special subject of this interesting book. Even the bare outline of its story may help to show what opportunities it offers for a literary and historical study of the highest interest; how successfully Mr. Christie has availed himself of these opportunities, it is only in our power here and there to indicate.

Etienne Dolet was born at Orleans in the year 1509, "in how honourable and indeed distinguished a position among my fellow-citizens, I leave those to speak of who place virtue below birth." This Ciceronian flourish of Dolet's has no reference to the legend of much later growth, according to which he was the natural son of King Francis I. This fable (except for a little difficulty in the

* *Etienne Dolet, the Martyr of the Renaissance.* A Biography. By Richard Copley Christie. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

matter of dates and ages) cannot be described as ill-invented, though it has probably never been better shown than by Mr. Christie what was the real nature of the relations between Francis I. and the Renaissance, and of the claims to grateful remembrance by literary men of a sovereign who in the year 1535 prohibited all printing in France under pain of death, and ordered all booksellers' shops to be closed under the same penalty. At twelve years of age Dolet became a student at the University of Paris, where he remained for five years, and was imbued with that belief in the plenary inspiration of Cicero which, says Mr. Christie, was held by him and others "as absolutely as is a similar doctrine applied to other writings in our own day held by men whose learning and virtue entitle their opinions to the highest respect." From Paris he passed to Padua, where Bembo was then residing, "a Pagan of the Pagans," of whom in his pleasant, unregenerate, because still unhatted, days Mr. Christie gives one more charming sketch. The chief Professor of Latin at the University was the "Belgian" Simon Villanovanus, to whose instruction Dolet largely owed his Latin style, and from whose papers Dolet's enemies afterwards accused him of having stolen much of his chief work as a scholar, the *Commentaries on the Latin Tongue.* After the death of Villanovanus Dolet would have returned to France had he not been persuaded by Jean de Langeac, Bishop of Limoges, who was on his way as French Ambassador to Venice, to accompany him thither in the capacity of secretary. Although at Venice he eagerly attended the lectures on Cicero of the public Professor of Eloquence, Egnazio, he adopted the advice of his friend and patron, who urged him to devote himself to the study of the law, with a view to future official employment. Whatever hopes he may afterwards have entertained of appointment to a legal office were, as will be seen, frustrated by the consequences of his own conduct; and the bent of his genius was certainly towards the career in which he actually engaged. But it is not a little instructive to find that this French classical scholar—like the German humanist Eobanus Hessus, who, poor man, called himself the king of his literary world—would have adopted a profession lucrative as well as learned, if circumstances had allowed.

It was, then, as a student of law that Dolet in 1532 entered at the University of Toulouse. Mr. Christie's account of this University, and of the city in which it was placed, is so full of interest, and in many respects of novelty, that we would gladly have dwelt upon it at length. Toulouse was at that time, as it had been for three centuries, the most bigoted city in France; here the Inquisitor-General of France, whose authority in Languedoc only was undisputed, held his court, nor might either the Governor of Languedoc or the King himself enter the walls of the city without first taking an oath before the Inquisitor to preserve the faith and the Holy Inquisition. It was in the very year of Dolet's arrival at Toulouse that Jean de Caturce, Licentiate of Laws of the University (who so death, unlike Dolet's, is duly recorded in the *Book of Martyrs*), was executed for heresy, a general raid upon heretics having been decreed by the Parliament of Toulouse in consequence of some preachers of Lutheranism having made their appearance there. Among the other persons arrested was Jean de Boyssonne, a jurist and scholar of high eminence, whose name Mr. Christie is specially anxious to reclaim from oblivion. He consented publicly to abjure his errors; but, though many complaints were heard against the leniency shown to him, we are told that anger and grief filled many who witnessed the humiliation of one of the most learned and popular teachers in the University. After his recantation De Boyssonne withdrew for some months into Italy; on his return he is already found on terms of great intimacy with Dolet.

For, while still a student at Toulouse, Dolet had found an opportunity, to use the phrase of a previous biographer quoted by Mr. Christie, of "laying the first faggot of the terrible pile on which, fourteen years later, he was to be consumed." Of the "nations" into which, as in other mediæval Universities, the students at Toulouse were divided, the most numerous and important were that of the French and that of the Aquitains or Gascons. As the chosen "orator" of the French nation, Etienne Dolet delivered an harangue in which he vehemently abused the Parliament and magistrates of Toulouse for certain censures and (probably) restrictions which they had found it necessary to lay upon the proceedings of the "nations." The Gascon "orator" having replied in a tone of servility towards the authorities, and, as in duty bound, of insult towards the French nation and its orator—"a Ciceronian, a Lutheran, and a heretic"—Dolet replied in a second oration. On this occasion, with a courage not altogether to be ascribed to the hot-headedness of youth, he delivered himself of a set invective against the religious bigotry of Toulouse—a city which he declared to have not yet acquired even the rudiments of Christianity, but to be given over to superstitions worthy only of the Turks. Having, in addition, insulted the Lieutenant-General of the Seneschalty by a series of odes in ridicule of his attempts at poetry, and altogether contrived to make himself as offensive as possible in all influential quarters, Dolet can hardly have been astonished at the consequence which ensued. Early in 1534 he underwent his first experience of prison, which one of his enemies afterwards called *patria Doleti*; for, says Mr. Christie, "during the remainder of his short life (thirteen years only) he suffered no less than five imprisonments, occupying in the whole about five years, in addition to this at Toulouse," which only lasted a few days.

After his liberation he soon found it necessary to withdraw from the "barbarous" city in order to avoid a second arrest; and a sentence of perpetual banishment from Toulouse and the district within its jurisdiction followed him into his retreat. He took refuge in a town which may claim for itself no small part of his fame, as indeed of the glories of the French Renaissance in general. Mr. Christie shows in different parts of his work, how Lyons, where, between the years 1530 and 1540, Rabelais, Marot, Servetus, and other illustrious men of learning or letters passed several years, and where many others were frequent visitors, must have contrasted with Paris in the freedom, and surpassed all other French towns in the activity, of its intellectual life; and how in the Lyons press, whence had issued the first French books ever printed in France, and which in the sixteenth century largely extended its operations, this activity and freedom most significantly reflected themselves. Lyons was Etienne Dolet's home for twelve years, during the last seven of which he was himself the owner of one of the most productive printing presses of the city. He thereby, as it is perhaps needless to state, by no means forfeited his position as a man of letters; indeed, the functions of printers such as Dolet or the Stephani were primarily those of scholars, and his setting up of a press of his own represents rather the consummation than the termination of his literary career. That career is in many respects typical of the lives of the humanists in general, though few of these were the equals of Dolet in productive energy, and none can have surpassed him in quarrelsomeness. He by no means belonged to that species of humanists which is the least interesting to posterity, and which Erasmus condemned several centuries ago, though its shortcomings are occasionally proclaimed as a matter of recent discovery. He was a student of matter as well as of form. His great lexicographical work on the Latin tongue only missed a more enduring fame by reason (as we think Mr. Christie satisfactorily shows) of a method of arrangement which the public was too indolent to accept. In several other works he showed himself a scholar and a poet of mark; and as a translator from Latin into French he achieved an enduring success with so difficult an original as the *Epistles of Cicero to his Friends.* But his strongest bent seems to have been towards historical composition; though of the history of his own times, which was to have been the *opus magnum* of his life, he was destined only to accomplish a fragment. On the other hand, he unfortunately lived long enough to quarrel with nearly all the friends with whose name his own is linked in the remembrance of posterity, besides incurring the contempt of Erasmus, the grave censure of Melanchthon, and the furious wrath of Scaliger. The raking together of the dust and ashes of these dead quarrels is not the most attractive part of the task of the literary biographer; and Mr. Christie has had a more than ordinary share of such labour to undergo in narrating, with a candour which is too inevitably damaging to his hero, Dolet's quarrel with Sussaneau, his quarrel with Voulté, and his quarrel with Rabelais. That with Marot remains open to question; and if in the days of his final troubles Dolet was abandoned by his old correspondent Boyssonne, those troubles and not himself may have been the determining cause of the desertion. Perhaps it should be added that in his purely domestic relations, of which the *Genethliacum* remains as a pleasing monument, he seems to have been far happier than in his dealings with most of his literary friends and acquaintances.

As to the troubles aforesaid, it is at least manifest that they were not of sudden growth. We are reluctant to express an opinion upon two interpretations of facts differing so widely as those of Mr. Christie and M. Baudrier, who happen to be in all probability the two authorities best acquainted with the subject. At all events, however, it seems clear that the proceedings against Dolet represent accumulations of wrath to which many sources had on many occasions contributed, and that he did his utmost to have a place among the numerous printers and booksellers whose names, as Mr. Christie reminds us, are recorded in the grand Martyrology. Unfortunately, one of the bitterest animosities which he had aroused against him was that of his own follow-traders, the printers of Lyons, whose jealousy he had provoked by a royal privilege secured by his pertinacious efforts, and whose fears he had excited by siding with the workmen against the masters in one of those trade disputes indigenous to the Lyons soil. His patrons were dead; his friends he had alienated or lost; whatever offence he gave, there seemed no kindly shield left to cover it. And from his youth up it had been his habit to give offence, where the strongest considerations to the contrary had not intervened. There is no reason to suppose that he had any serious Lutheran leanings; and, as Mr. Christie shows, not only were the suspicions of atheism against him groundless, but there is no reason to think of him even as what might be vaguely termed an irreligious man. But he was *suspect* nevertheless, and though a member of a profession in which, even in the relatively free atmosphere of Lyons, caution was the first law of existence, he was clearly unable to restrain his tongue even before he gave his enemies the chance of a printed scandal. When at last he laid himself open in this way, his offences were of so slight a nature (though they included the wittiest of his productions cited by Mr. Christie, an epigram on "the dead to the world"—to wit, the monks), that the burning of the books which contained them was deemed a sufficient sentence. Soon afterwards, however, a new prosecution followed; and this time the charge against him was a capital one, and the tribunal before which it was brought was the Inquisition. Condemned by this tribunal, and handed over to the secular arm, he appealed to the Parliament of Paris,

and meanwhile resolved to avail himself of the chivalrous advocacy of the King's reader, the famous Duchâtel (now Bishop of Tulle), in order to obtain a pardon from the sovereign.

The narrative acquires a powerful interest, sustained by various unexpected turns, as it draws towards its catastrophe. From his prison Dolet had loudly impugned both the wisdom and the lawfulness of his condemnation; yet with King Francis I. the pleading of Duchâtel and the remembrance of his own better self had nevertheless prevailed over the growing influences of bigotry. A pardon was granted, and an attempt to detain the prisoner on an earlier criminal charge of a totally different character was promptly defeated by the issue of further letters patent. Dolet returned a free man to his Lyons printing-office. Soon, however, another prosecution was upon him, and he was in prison once more, charged (probably quite falsely) with having introduced into Paris a number of prohibited books, including translations of Holy Scripture into the vulgar tongue. He very cleverly contrived to escape, and found a refuge in the mountains of Piedmont, where he occupied himself in the composition of a series of poems which—in part allusion to the poetical designation given by Clément Marot to his imprisonment for heresy—he entitled *Le Second Enfer*. These verses prove not only that Dolet was possessed of true courage, but also that he had in him a vein of true poetry. As regards his courage, we quote half a dozen lines from a poem addressed to King Francis I.:—

> Il n'est pas temps, ores, que tu t'endormes,
> Roy nompareil, des vertueux le père :
> Entends tu point, au vray, quel vitupère
> Ces ennemys de virtue te pourchassent,
> Quand les sçavants de ton royaume ils chassent,
> Ou les chasser à tout le moins prétendent ?

These poems, in a spirit of touching confidence in the justice of the cause of which he manifestly looked upon himself as the champion, Dolet proposed to present to the King, after having had them printed at Lyons in a volume also containing two Platonic (or rather pseudo-Platonic) dialogues translated by himself. One of them, the *Axiochus*, contains, as part of an argument cited by Socrates from Prodicus, the following words descriptive of the state of a man after death:—σὺ γὰρ οὐκ ἔσει. These words the translator had amplified into "Attendu que tu ne seras plus *rien du tout*." Poems and translations were boldly brought across the frontier by Dolet and committed to the press at Lyons. But probably before their publication there, the daring author was himself arrested—as Mr. Christie thinks, at Troyes in Champagne, when on his way to the King. The prisoner was immediately taken to Paris, where, after nearly two years, on August 2nd, 1546, sentence was pronounced against him by the First President of the Parliament. The passage in his translation of the *Axiochus*, with the heterodoxy involved in it, certainly constituted one of the charges against him; for it is known to have been submitted in November 1544 to the censure of the Sorbonne. But was the persecution mainly based upon this ridiculous charge, or upon the sale of the prohibited books, or upon something further? Is there any special significance in the fact that he was ordered to be put to the torture before his execution, in order that he might inform of his companions; or in the further addition to the sentence that, if he should cause any scandal or utter any blasphemy, his tongue should be cut out, and he should be burnt alive? At any rate, the verses which he wrote in the Conciergerie, shortly before he was burnt to death on the Place Maubert, are worthy to be remembered as not less noble, while better authenticated, than the famous lines supposed to have been written under similar circumstances by Sir Walter Ralegh. And, even more strikingly, the fine epitaph in which a contemporary commemorated the death of the martyr of the Renaissance, recalls in its concluding lines the often-quoted noble conceit of Fuller concerning the ashes of the father of the Reformation:—

> "Mort est Dolet, et par feu consommé.
> Oh ! quel malheur ! oh que la perte est grande ;
> Mais quoy ! en France on a accoustumé
> Toujours donner à tel saint tel offrande.
> Bref, mourir faut ; car l'esprit ne demande,
> Qu' issir du corps, et tost estre délivre,
> Pour en répos ailleurs s'en aller vivre."
> C'est ce qu'il dit, sur le point de brusler
> Pendant en haut, tenant ses yeux en l'air :
> "Va-t-en, esprit, droit au ciel pur et munde,
> Et toy, mon corps, au gré de vent voler,
> Comme mon nom voloit parmy le monde !"

LIFE OF SIR ROWLAND HILL.*

(*Second Notice.*)

VARIOUS circumstances had turned Rowland Hill's attention to postal matters tolerably early; but it does not appear that any regular scheme of general reform, as distinguished from mere mechanical improvements of detail, suggested itself to him until he had begun his work as Secretary to the South Australian Colonization Commission. As a devout Free-trader, he had long had a general confidence in the elasticity of the revenue; and the notorious inconveniences, inequalities, and hardships of the existing postal system soon drew his attention to this tax, if it may be so called, as one which might be lowered with the greatest amount of advantage to the people. The idea of penny postage, however, was not reached at once, or in any haphazard manner, but simply by a laborious process of calculation of the actual expenses of collection, transmission, and delivery, the data being obtained by much study of Blue-books. In these studies Mr. Hill was a good deal assisted by Mr. Wallace, member for Greenock, who himself succeeded in getting a good many details of reform introduced into the Post Office. All this, however, was merely preliminary to the issue of the pamphlet on postal reform which Rowland Hill, duly encouraged by a family council, at last laid before the Government and then before the public. It seems really remarkable that only three years should have elapsed before penny postage became an accomplished fact. Considering the usual slowness of such things, considering the certainty of a diminution of revenue for the time, it is rather more remarkable that it ever got a chance of being tried. But at the present day the most curious thing is the opposition with which what are now the most familiar parts of the scheme, the use of envelopes and the use of adhesive stamps, were received. Only the very youngest reader can fail, however, to remember a time when it was still no very uncommon thing to find on the breakfast-table a letter folded up and directed on the same piece of paper, instead of being enclosed in one of the "little bags called envelopes." Stamps themselves were confessedly an afterthought, the inventor having originally limited his plan to stamped envelopes or wrappers. This is the way in which the now familiar thing is described laboriously by the father of it:—"A small stamped detached label—say about an inch square—which, if prepared with a glutinous wash on the back, may be affixed." When the Bill for establishing penny postage became law, it was natural that some position should be assigned to the inventor which might enable him to supervise the carrying out of his plan, to which the actual authorities of the Post Office were avowedly hostile. The question how this was to be done was of course a difficult one; but it was certainly solved in the worst possible way—a way which put the inventor himself in a position as false as it was precarious, and which was undoubtedly the origin of the annoyances which he afterwards underwent, as well as of a certain amount of general unpopularity which, as in the case of other public benefactors, attended him. He was appointed for two years only to a post in the Treasury, created for the purpose and incapable of being designated by any very exact title. To say that he was a kind of Treasury watcher over the Post Office would be rather invidious than inaccurate. It was not likely that such a position would conciliate the actual Post Office authorities to him, and its creation was utterly illogical. If those authorities could be trusted to carry out the reforms, he was superfluous; if they could not, they should have been removed, and he should have been put in their position. The precariousness of his appointment, moreover, was obviously a mistake; and it is only fair, when we see the very natural irritation with which Sir Rowland speaks of the Tories who removed him, to remember that their Whig predecessors had deliberately and obstinately refused to make the appointment other than temporary. However, awkward as was the position to which he was appointed, he made the most of it to further the object he had at heart. The covers and stamps were at last issued to the public; both being greeted with a good deal of ridicule. It is indeed difficult to imagine what evil spirit could have induced any one to fix on the preposterous device which Mulready drew for the covers, and of which a representation is given here. But an article of comment, also given, supplies a pleasant notion of the amenities of the British newspaper only forty years ago. The unlucky design just mentioned is not abused much more than it deserves; but Mr. Hill himself is elegantly described as "obtaining 1,500*l*. a year for strutting about the Post Office with his hands in his pockets and nothing to do, like a fish out of water."

The History of Penny Postage enters minutely into all the difficulties and vicissitudes of the years in which the scheme was launched, and in which, as indeed at later times, the author's mechanical inventiveness and that of his family were nearly as frequently called into requisition as his powers of organization. But, awkward as was the manner in which he had to apply leverage to the Post Office, even that awkward position at length gave way under him. The Whigs went out, the Tories came in; and the Tory Chancellor of the Exchequer, never very favourable to the scheme, naturally looked first of all at the diminution of the revenue. This, though transient and much exaggerated, was of course a fact, and an unavoidable fact. Penny postage could not be got rid of, but its author could, and at the end of three years Rowland Hill was cut adrift. His repute for organizing energy was, however, so high that, pecuniarily speaking, the loss was a gain to him. Various public Companies, and in particular the London and Brighton Railway, gladly claimed him, and during the years in which he was out of office his income frequently reached an amount equal to four times his official salary; while a testimonial amounting to more than thirteen thousand pounds was collected to make up to him for the unhandsome treatment which he had certainly received, though, it must be repeated, that treatment was in effect Mr. Baring's fault, and not Mr. Goulburn's. This testimonial was regarded, as one of his friends happily told him, as a retainer to keep him ready to accept service in the Post Office when the opportunity came and his political friends returned to office. They did return, and Rowland Hill was reinstated, though in the same awkward way in which he had been originally

* *Life of Sir Rowland Hill, K.C.B., and History of Penny Postage.* By Sir Rowland Hill and George Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L. 2 vols. London: De La Rue & Co. 1880.

installed by the same persons. He was not, indeed, replaced at the Treasury, and the ridiculous nominal separation from the department in which he was really engaged was done away with. But an arrangement almost more certain to produce friction was resorted to. The Secretary to the Post Office was retained in his position, and Rowland Hill was made Secretary to the Postmaster-General. The relation of these two high functionaries was very ill defined. The older and more highly-paid functionary naturally declined to acknowledge the equality of his supplanter. The new-comer as naturally asserted it, and the result was what Lord Hardwicke, their chief, not inappropriately defined as two Kings of Brentford, though, unluckily, the Post Office sovereigns were not so amicable in their relations as their prototypes. However, at the cost of much friction and unpleasantness, and of a most improper call on Mr. Hill's energies, things went on somehow, and at last, after many years, he became sole Secretary, and held the post until a period which most of the readers of this book can remember well enough. He could then carry out his plans, or such of them as he had not previously succeeded, in spite of opposition, in carrying out, and reforms and administrative improvements of all sorts were rapidly introduced. Mechanically, perhaps the most interesting of these was the ingenious device for automatically delivering and collecting bags from the night mail trains, which was perfected by his son, Mr. Pearson Hill. Economically, the palm must be given to the plan of Post Office Savings Banks. The credit of this suggestion is here fully and fairly ascribed to Mr. Sikes, of Huddersfield, who, we believe, is still living, and whose part in the matter is scarcely so generally recognized as it should be. In 1864 Sir Rowland resigned, and outlived his resignation fifteen years, enjoying during that time the Parliamentary grant of 20,000*l.* which had been made him in lieu of the very inadequate pension to which, owing to the lateness of his entry into the public service, he was formally entitled. His life was thus, despite its labours, an unusually prolonged one. But it must not be thought that he got off scot-free. If the good fortune of his outward circumstances and the family affection which he enjoyed prevented the last fifth of his life from being mere labour and sorrow, the record of his physical weakness is painful to read. His over-wrought brain could not bear the slightest noise or any irritating motion, and regular exercise was impossible except to a very limited extent. Fortunately his eyesight did not fail him, and he was a reader almost to the last.

In reading this life of one who, in his way, was "ever a fighter," and who was not unfrequently made to undergo some severe reverses, one naturally asks oneself the question whether these reverses were altogether unmerited. Frequently they were, as, for instance, in the famous "Lord's Day Observance" scare, during which Rowland Hill was actually persecuted and vilipended as a Sabbath-breaker for instituting reforms which gave the servants of the Post Office a very large increase of rest on Sundays. But there is no doubt that he had become, by the time of his second entrance into the public service, almost a man of one idea, and that to that idea he made some sacrifices which a perfectly discreet person might not have made. A very curious story is told here of his meeting Garibaldi at dinner and interrogating him on the state of the Italian Post Office, which made his brother Matthew, the Recorder of Birmingham, suggest that when he got to Heaven he would probably stop to cross-question St. Peter on the number of deliveries per day in the celestial regions. This devotion to his ideal may sometimes have induced an appearance of ungraciousness. In his almost ferocious determination to keep down the expenses of the Post Office, so that the prophesied recovery of the revenue might take place, he did things which must have made him very unpopular. Thus he found that a custom had existed in the Office of construing a fortnight's holiday to mean leave of absence for fourteen working days. Technically, no doubt, this was an abuse, and must have resulted in a certain increase of expenditure. But when one thinks of the great gain to a hard-worked clerk of being able to start on Saturday and return on Monday, especially in days when Sunday locomotion was even more difficult than at present, and of the disproportionate irritation which the retrenchment of small privileges always causes, it is difficult not to think that it would have been wiser to let things alone. Again, the perpetual efforts which he made to put an end to the doubtless mischievous friction at the Office by getting his rival, Colonel Maberly, shelved, were beyond all question disinterested, and intended only to further the public service. But they must have had, to say the least, a disagreeable appearance to successive Postmasters-General and successive Chancellors of the Exchequer.

The present arrangement of the book, according to Sir Rowland's own desire, necessarily exhibits all these *tracasseries* at somewhat inordinate length, while it keeps out of sight the merits and attractions of the author's private character. Probably no man ever went less out of his way to represent himself in a favourable light, or to allure the reader by anecdote or gossiping detail, than Sir Rowland Hill in this History of Penny Postage. He must have been constantly in contact with men whose words and actions would be interesting to the public; but he rarely condescends to an anecdote. It is certain that this was not from want of material, and a few rare exceptions make it equally certain that it was not from want of faculty to work that material up. A page of the first volume contains as characteristic a sketch of Lord Melbourne, and two as pithy apophthegms ("I can understand your physical force men, but as for your moral force men I'm d——d if I know what they mean," and "I can't think why a man can't talk of penny postage without going into a passion"), as any lover of personal gossip can demand. But, as a rule, and unless the idol was directly concerned, Sir Rowland is very chary of such things, while he spares hardly a letter of complaint against Colonel Maberly the obstructive Secretary, or a minute of expostulation with backsliding Chancellors of the Exchequer. Dr. Hill has wisely struck out much of this, and relegated much more to the appendix; but of the three "books" of which the two volumes consist, his own—the first and third—so much exceed the second in interest and merit, that it is impossible not to ask for the refashioning of the whole on the same plan, now that the *droits d'auteur* have been duly acknowledged by the appearance of the History. We cannot better conclude this review than with a pleasant anecdote which Dr. Hill tells of his grandfather and grandmother:—"I know not whether my grandfather had any rivals. But a story that is told of his old age leads me to think that he must have had at least one. . . . . His wife, when they had been married close on fifty years, one day called him, with a Birmingham plainness of speech, an old fool. A child who was staying in the house overheard him as he left the room, and slowly went up the stairs, muttering to himself, 'Humph! she called me an old fool! An old fool!' Then he stopped, and was silent for a few moments, till suddenly rubbing his hands together, he exclaimed, 'A lucky dog I was to get her though!'" These little things are the salt of biography, and we have no doubt that Dr. Hill, if left to himself, could have seasoned the record of his uncle's combatant period with plenty of them.

FAR OUT, OR ROVINGS RETOLD.*

THAT Colonel Butler could cleverly describe the savage men and savage manners of North America we already knew from his *Great Lone Land.* The present volume, which is chiefly composed of reprints of magazine articles, reminds us that he has seen a good deal of natives besides the Red Indian. He is familiar with Zulus and Basutos, and with Greek sufferers from Turkish misrule in Cyprus. And, though his diction is occasionally exuberant and his stories of life in camp and at new settlements in the far West have a tinge of sameness, he can claim to be a keen observer and a fearless critic. Not in the least blind to the failings of uncivilized races, he is severe on the treatment they have received from white men; and unscrupulous Yankees come in for condemnation equally with the pugnacious colonists of Natal. It is quite impossible to make out the smallest connexion between the various chapters of this work, or even to do more than guess at the dates or periods of each visit. But every chapter is marked by a thirst for adventure, by the enjoyment of natural scenery, and by a love of fair play. Perhaps we have a little too much of glowing sunsets, odorous pine forests, skies intensely blue, peaks of eternal snow, weird sounds and whispering trees. But these pages are full of life, and the observations are epigrammatic and pithy, and several of the anecdotes are racy, if not wholly new. An American informed the owner of a dog that he had never "druv" those animals, but that the language "that had most *cussing* in it" was the best for that purpose. A Britisher in primitive Californian society is described as a man who is "put out," because, in his travels, his club has not been sent on just one day ahead of him. English travellers generally are requested to bear in mind that America is only a "semi-tropical England, minus the Norman Conquest." In the same vein British Columbia, despite its vast area, is only one "long waggon road, with a gold mine at one end and a seaport at the other"; and "the highest extreme of American snobbishness is but Anglo-Saxon vulgarity run to seed."

The civilization which fights hard to win a victory over wastes and wildernesses, and which is represented by a group of log huts and an occasional "store," has been often described; and there is nothing very striking in what is intended for a ghost story connected with the burial of a fur-hunter, but is really explicable, like scores of these tales, by the natural cries of animals acting on an excitable Canadian and a nervous Scotch clerk, who were conveying the dead body to its resting-place at Fort Simpson. We prefer to hear Colonel Butler on the Territory of Oregon and the Yosemite Valley. He scarcely finds language strong enough to express the fatal mistake which England made in abandoning to America the wealth of forest, sea, and mountain comprised in the former territory. Splendid rivers, lofty timber, broad lands waving with corn, orchards heavy with fruit, a bright sun and a blue sky, make it all that any emigrant could desire. Locomotion is of course still in its early stages of development, but a journey of sixteen hours on a rough coach, ending in a roadside inn with its damp bread and greasy meat, were in a measure compensated by views of snow-capped peaks and by an exhilarating climate. If we are to credit Colonel Butler, the winter is not too cold nor the summer too hot. The peaks remind him of Switzerland, and the plains and pastures of Somersetshire. Yet mountains and forests, and some three thousand miles of shore, fanned by the soft breezes of the Pacific, sound tame by the side of the Valley of Marvels. The discovery of this secluded spot is due, we are reminded, to certain farmers, harried by the repeated forays of a tribe of Indians whom the most practised trackers could not follow to

* *Far Out: Rovings Retold.* By Lieutenant-Colonel W. F. Butler, C.B., Author of "The Great Lone Land," "The Wild North Land," &c. London: W. Isbister. 1880.

their lair. Baffled in successive attempts, a party of these farmers at last swore they would stick to the next track of their enemies till they ran them to earth. After days of pursuit they came on that vast depression which, like the fabled Valley of Diamonds in the *Arabian Nights*, had kept out the civilized world by a sheer wall of rock more than 2,500 feet in height. Colonel Butler laments over cockneys and innkeepers who profane this wonderland; but we gather from his description that it has features which are proof against the jaunty impertinence of tourists. Cascades which take leaps of five hundred feet and more at a time; green meadows watered by a pellucid stream; trees, of which the summits, like those described by Virgil, are beyond the flight of an arrow, and are of an age which mocks at ordinary dates; forests of magnificent pines without any undergrowth of jungle; and one celebrated rock which rises out of the very centre of the valley, on a level with the top of the wall from which the traveller looks down—all combine to produce a picture which no vulgarity can well degrade or spoil. And the sharp American who boasted that he would build an hotel and make his fortune at the very foot of one of these gigantic waterfalls was only anticipating the peremptory requirements of civilization on its travels. There is no reason why pilgrimages to what the author terms a "vast cathedral" designed by Nature should not be associated with that ordinary amount of comfort which Captain Absolute tells Lydia Languish may, after all, be endured.

A chapter on Afghanistan is a curious sequel to the Yosemite Valley; and we regret to say that neither by skilful treatment nor condensed information does Colonel Butler throw any new light on a difficult and disputed subject. Indeed he confines himself to a very brief description of its physical features and its early history, and to the campaign which ended with the triumphs of Pollock and Nott. Moreover, he describes the invasion and occupation of 1838–9, and our departure in 1842, as the results of "three years' wanderings in search of a scientific frontier." Lord Auckland and Lord Broughton had a good deal to answer for, but they are not responsible for a clever phrase invented three years ago, and of no application to British India while the Sikh empire was still unconquered. In this chapter Colonel Butler informs us that, "where the great range of the Hindu Kosh sinks down to meet the Valley of the Oxus, a vast mountain cavern is called, in Sanskrit lore, the Cave of Prometheus." We should like to know the book or the Pundit responsible for this amazing piece of information. There is, we believe, a fanciful connexion between the Greek Prometheus and the Sanskrit *Pramathana*, "one who obtains fire by rubbing together two pieces of wood"; but we must regard the statement about this cave as "haphazard" and not "scientific."

With the Zulus and the Basutos the author is much more at home. In his account of the formation of Colonies, Republics, and Free States he is governed by one dominant idea. The native is down-trodden, injured, and driven into war. The English settler holds that the black man was created to labour for the white. Out of this theory arise all the expeditions, invasions, seizures of territory, and arbitrary determinations of boundaries which are familiar to those who study South African politics. Settlers are energetic, high-handed, and imperious. Natives fiercely retaliate, or resort to that fraud and evasion which are the proverbial resource of the weak. Military expeditions are easily got up, or, what is worse, a sort of foray called a "commando" is undertaken "to gratify the cupidity or vengeance of an English or Dutch farmer," and, if not properly controlled by the leaders, may extend to a night surprise, the destruction of crops and cattle, and other outrages with which Irish newspapers have just made every one familiar. Experience of the difficulties which arise between the English and the Oriental or the dark-coloured races may lead men to endorse several of Colonel Butler's remarks; but, unfortunately, he gives us but little help towards a settlement of such problems. Nor are we quite prepared to agree in his axiom that the negro becomes more dishonest from mere contact with civilization. A similar argument has been used by some reformers who contend that, but for British officials and barristers, Hindus would be the models of candour and fair-dealing which they are vaguely supposed to have been under the administration of Akbar or Jehangir. The author's remarks on the climate of Natal and the neighbouring States are more pertinent than his judgments on national character. But even here we are perplexed by seeming contradictions. Natal has three or four varieties of climate. It is semi-tropical at the coast, and is exposed to frosts fifty miles from the sea. Coffee and sugar-cane flourish in one zone, and imported pines and oaks grow to the height of forty feet in another. The great staple is Indian corn; and there are rumours of South African mineral wealth—gold, coal, iron, and copper—hardly tapped and practically inexhaustible. But, when speculating whether all this natural wealth might not attract emigrants, we are reminded of useless rivers, shallow harbours, imperfect communications, and a railroad system quite in its infancy. The only thing about which there can be no dispute or doubt is the enormous area wanting a population. For the present, however, we suspect that Natal and the other colonies are places where Englishmen can only achieve independence and live in tolerable comfort; they will not make their fortunes, and they may have to fight for what they have. We recollect an anecdote of the late Sir Harry Smith, not mentioned by the author in his account of the native chief Moshesh, about whom we are told a good deal. The conqueror of Aliwal, at a conference with this potentate, addressed him in the following terms:—"If you, Moshesh, obey these orders, your oxen will get fat, and you will go to heaven." We much fear that native rulers have been used to different language of late, and that, money-making apart, English settlers will not now find much to tempt them in Natal, or anywhere in the neighbourhood of Zulus and Basutos.

It is rather difficult to know the precise object of the author in publishing the chapter entitled "A Plea for the Peasant." It is made up of complaints about the youth and rawness of recruits, the depopulation of Highland glens, the misgovernment of Ireland, what sort of advice Cromwell gave to Hampden, and what was said by a clerical magistrate to a Methodist preacher who had been pressed into the army somewhere about the date of Dettingen or Fontenoy. As far as we can make out, Colonel Butler inclines to the opinion that in order to recruit an army equal to the task of protecting our own shores from invasion and of marching right through Asia, if necessary, it would be expedient to give the peasant some sort of proprietary or permanent right in the soil. But we are not going to be tempted into a disquisition on this tremendous subject by a few vague hints thrown out in a survey which ranges from Jemappes and Jena to Inkerman and the Redan.

On the whole, after the papers on Oregon and the Far West, we find most to attract us in the trip to Cyprus. We do not agree with the author in thinking that in popular estimation the cession of Cyprus ever stood very high. No trustworthy writer ever described it as anything beyond an island of fair capabilities. Liberal speakers never ceased to talk of it as a hotbed of fever and a political mistake. It was, almost from the date of its cession, reported on as dusty, barren of trees, and well calculated to send soldiers and sailors to the hospital. Nor are we surprised to learn that both Larnaca and Nicosia appeared dirty and squalid, in spite of minarets and mosques. A week's acquaintance with the Delta of the Nile, or with a single city in Asia Minor, should have prepared Colonel Butler for what he saw when one of those fresh mornings, which he so loves to describe, revealed to him a succession of swamps reeking with malaria, watercourses without water, flat mud roofs, fields covered with thistles, and telegraph posts only serving to point the contrast between English civilization and Turkish misrule. However, matters improved on a visit to Kyrenia, and to a monastery which the author calls Bellapays. The beauty of the place was enhanced by the hospitality of a Greek, who treated Colonel Butler to coffee in small cups, preserves of fruits, oranges, pure water, and a glass of mastic. Similar hospitality was afforded him at the monastery of Kiku, high up in the mountains. A monk appeared with a gun and an empty game-bag, but the traveller was welcomed in warm and comfortable quarters four thousand feet above the level of the sea, and was refreshed with coffee and sweetmeats and Commanderia wine. At another place the repast, though plentiful, was not quite so inviting; and it is recorded for the benefit of future tourists that, of all indigestible compounds, nothing equals a preparation of walnuts steeped in honey. Of the administration of the island Colonel Butler tells us little; but we gather that, between corrupt Turks and unskilled Englishmen ignorant of the language and the habits of the people, the benefits of British administration have not been sensibly brought home to the people. But, if we were to propound reforms for the assessment and collection of the Cyprian revenue, we should stray almost as far from the duty of a critic as Oregon and the Frazer River are from Famagosta and Troados.

HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY.*

IN the present tale Mrs. Oliphant illustrates a proverb which falls in very aptly with her habitual tone of thought and opinion. The story may be said to have a didactic purpose; and it addresses itself to readers whose views of life are unformed and still need the check of experience, and who are also uncritical enough to be indifferent how a groundwork is laid, so long as it furnishes a foundation for a plot. Thus she expects them to accept as probable, or at least as possible, the position that a wise statesman of European celebrity, and in the full vigour of his intellect, should practically forget, never in all his plans take into account, the fact that he has a son and heir living no farther off than Barbadoes, and should treat a son by a second marriage as the inheritor of his wealth and title. For readers of this tractable order the author can trust her facile pen to run on by its own impetus on any congenial topic, and such is the scope and moral of the present story. When her line is to show that, whatever people profess, they are all guided by some form of self-interest more or less respectable; when the tone taken is one of gentle depreciation of the pretensions to self-sacrifice which a high profession or large views always involve, she has not far to seek for the appropriate language and actions which betray this human weakness—a weakness absolutely universal in her estimation. Some principles are more congenial to her than others, but the heroic standard is never reached in her delineations, and it would be out of her way to attempt it. This is a pity, for though we none of us know many heroes, yet it is one of the higher provinces of fiction to set them before us. Not that the hero of a novel need be perfect in order to fulfil his proper office; but there should be a truth and consistency in his course; he should

* *He that Will Not when he May.* 3 vols. By Mrs. Oliphant. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

at least be able to make a sacrifice, and to stand his ground. In the present instance, the motive for self-sacrifice does not fall in with the reader's sympathies. The mere vanity and emptiness of high profession, the collapse of opinion before the respectable temptations of life, and the revelations of character which a new state of things brings about, find a happy illustration, and he is ready to believe with the writer in the probable admixture of very inferior elements, as well as mere illusions of conceit and ignorance, in many a case which has the air of noble self-renunciation. In the present story the mere attempt at self-sacrifice is demoralizing. Deliberate devotion to a public cause involving personal ill consequences is apt, no doubt, to interfere with a graceful performance of the social duties; but seldom has fiction shown such a havoc of them as follows when the hero offers himself a victim to the cause of equality and the rights of man. We are disposed to think that the author, amused with her task, and in full swing of illustration, has overstepped her intention, and miscalculated the effect of the portrait upon the reader. She has drawn a disagreeable character with some truth, but apparently she does not know how disagreeable the fellow is whom she draws, how utterly beyond the most indulgent toleration. She thinks she is describing the mere wilfulness of youth throwing itself into new ideas, and expects her readers to see a good side which he never shows. While he is constantly surly, bearish, selfish, undutiful, even to brutality, he is the idol of his mother and sister, and of Dolly, the young lady who presumes to be in love with him, and we are expected to see with their eyes as well as our own. But an aristocratic air which seems to give the lie to his political convictions does not really atone for the savagery of his manners. Paul is not a gentleman living in an illusion and playing with Chartism; he is not a gentleman at all, nor a man in any proper sense.

The scene of his first appearance is in the author's bright and pleasant, though somewhat conventional, manner. As usual with her, a careful description of house, room, and surroundings introduces us to a cheerful family group. A beautiful mother, a pretty daughter and children, complete a picture made up of life, light, warmth, grace of motion, and general domestic comfort; upon which the hero breaks as the disturbing element—also an arrangement of effects with which this writer makes us familiar. The father, Sir William Markham, is absent in London on his official duties. Paul, who has been professedly staying up in Oxford during the Long Vacation to read, does not appear alone. With him comes a strange figure, a being of a description altogether out of the range of general experience. The little girls see in him a likeness, in appearance and get-up, to the man who comes periodically to wind up the clocks. The boys have darker suspicions. Paul introduces him to his mother abruptly. "This is Spears, mamma. This is a man to whom I owe more than to all the dons put together. You ought to be proud to see him in your house." This Spears is a popular agitator, of such strong convictions that he might seem at first sight to contradict what we have been saying. He is clearly a favourite with the author, but not the less does she expose the self-deception which puts his sacrifices to a cause on another basis than that assumed by himself. The adoring mother cannot be otherwise than gracious to her son's friend thus commended, but she is altogether in a maze. Easily bewildered, like so many of our author's fair women, she is very sweet and unassuming, but ignorant of any class except her own, in which she is a leader. She is giving directions about his room, which Spears hears and interposes:—

"A small room is no matter to me. I'm not used to anything different. In such a career as mine we're glad to get shelter anywhere." He laughed as he spoke of his career. What was his career? He looked as if he expected her to know. Lady Markham concealed her perplexity by a little bow.

She tenderly reproaches her son for having written so little lately, "You boys are so unsatisfactory." His last letter had been from Yorkshire. What friends had he seen there?

"I was nowhere that you know of, at least," said Paul; "I was with Spears, holding meetings. We went from one end of the county to another. I can't tell you where we went; it would be harder to say where we did not go." . . "We saw a great many Yorkshire people; but I go where I am called," said the stranger, "not only where there are people I know." Seen in the full light, there was nothing repulsive or disagreeable about the man . . . . he sat a little uneasily upon the sofa where he had placed himself. His speech was unembarrassed, but nothing else about him. He was out of place. To see him there in the midst of this family it was as if he had dropped from another planet; he did not seem to belong to the same species. But his speech was easy enough, though nothing else; he had a fine melodious voice, and he seemed to like to use it.

"I hope we did good work there," he said; "not, perhaps, of a kind that you would admire, my lady, but from my point of view excellent work; and Markham, though he is a young aristocrat, was of great use. An enthusiast is always a valuable auxiliary. I do not know when I have made a more successful round. It has taken me just a week."

Paul has brought this Trade-Union delegate to his home in the absence of his father. When Sir William comes to hear of it he is naturally indignant, and angrily reproves his son for bringing a notorious paid agitator to his house. A stormy scene follows. Paul defends his friend in stilted language, and defies his father, whose last words are, "This must be put a stop to. When the house is his he can dishonour it if he likes, but in the meantime the house is mine." Then Paul acts out the first part of the proverb:—

"Certainly the house is yours, sir," cried his son. "I make no claim on it. I feel no right to it. Let me alone, Alice! Do I want the house or the land, or the money, which we steal from the poor to make ourselves splendid while our fellow-creatures are starving? I am ready to give it up at a moment's notice. It wounds my conscience, restrains my action. I want nothing with your house, sir. If I may not bring an honest man into it, you may hand it over to any one you please. It is no home for me."

Now, of course, is the time for the son in Barbadoes to turn up. He is heralded by a military couple, husband and wife, who are very much like a good many other instruments of fate in Mrs. Oliphant's novels. The lady, who strikes the first note of disturbance on Sir William—who, strange to say, had hitherto had "no skeleton in his closet"—appears upon the scene in the "old and lumbering" village fly, having come from London in the same train with him. It illustrates the headlong speed of our author's pen that although Sir William is drawn by ponies that, we are told, fly like the wind, and is driven with impetuous energy by his daughter, yet he never outstrips the old and lumbering fly. Whenever Alice's head turns there is the woman in the pink bonnet that first excited her curiosity, within sight, and driving in at the park gates after them. The truth is, the author has characteristic epithets ever ready to enrich and give point to her style; but they are not really composed for the occasion. We find the difference where thought is really present, and the scene has its proper grasp of eye and mind. The most original character in the story is the Barbadoes son, the real heir, in whom of course nobody believes, but who holds his own with an amiable stolidity and imperturbableness which are amusing and not unnatural under the circumstances. The scenes of the death and funeral of his father, in which he plays the leading part, are the best in the book. The writer here gathers herself together, and makes a successful effort.

Paul keeps his character to the last. He had steadily resisted all his mother's and sister's imploring appeals to come to his father's deathbed, choosing not to believe in the urgency. We are to suppose some qualms of compunction when he finds his father dying; but the author, true to her idea, takes care not to make his remorse too poignant. On the day of the funeral he had so far outlived regrets for not having been as good a son as he ought to have been that he could console himself for having at least done his duty at the last by arriving in time, while "his heart, filled with a languid yet intense consciousness, beat softly with a sense of unbounded opening and expansion to new possibilities," upon realizing the sense of possession of a fine estate:—

He was no longer the same being; the moody, viewy, rebellious young man, who was about to emigrate with Spears, to join a little rude community of colonists and work with his hands for his daily bread, and sacrifice all his better knowledge, all the culture of a higher social caste, to rough equality and primitive justice, had died with Sir William. All that seemed to be years behind him. . . . This was how Paul felt. He was not glad; but there was in his veins a curious elation, expansion, a rising tide of new life.

While the author paints with what might seem cynical touches a character thus centred in self, she is nevertheless indulgent. Paul merely personates the high-flying wilfulness of youth and the vanity of committing oneself to a line of high profession. She is careful to break his fall, and the reader is left quite at ease about his future. He is rid of Spears and Spears's daughter, engaged to Dolly, and with a good hope of title and estates in the end, as Sir Augustus resigns himself to a single life, and takes himself off to Barbadoes.

On one thing our author is to be complimented; she allows to her own sex a higher capacity for self-devotion than to man, as well as a more constant and natural demand upon it. It is indeed tempered by a large infusion of helplessness and folly; but we may observe that reflections on human nature tending to contemptuous disparagement belong necessarily to haste. It is the readiest way for an author to show familiarity with his subject. An impression, for example, of old age can be more readily produced by making an old man "mumble and cackle" and run his words one into another, than by tenderer indications; but it strikes us that there is a want of reverence in the method when recourse is often had to it, as in these volumes. When a statesman is shown by his weaknesses alone, and a mother by her unreasonable endurance and indulgence, the same effect is produced.

COBBETT'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR.*

When this reprint of Cobbett's *English Grammar* came into our hands, we at once turned to the end to see if it included that prospectus, so delightful in its complacent self-confidence, in which Cobbett set forth the merits of his own works. "When I am asked," he begins, "what books a young man or young woman ought to read, I always answer, Let him or her read *all* the books that I have written. This does, it will doubtless be said, *smell of the shop*. No matter. It is what I recommended; and experience has taught me that it is my duty to give the recommendation." We fear this inimitable production is becoming scarce. Out of nine editions of the *English Grammar* in the Library of the British Museum, one only—that of 1840—contains it. We ourselves were once the possessors of a copy, appended to Anne Cobbett's edition of 1836; but in an evil hour

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* *A Grammar of the English Language, in a Series of Letters; intended for the use of Schools and of Young Persons in general, but more especially for the use of Soldiers, Sailors, Apprentices, and Plough-boys.* By William Cobbett. *To which are added, Six Lessons, intended to prevent Statesmen from using False Grammar, and from Writing in an Awkward Manner.* New Edition, carefully Annotated. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

we lent our Grammar to a friend, and when it came back the prospectus had disappeared. Whether it was stolen by some collector, or whether the book had passed through the hands of some ignorant repairer of bindings who had taken the advertisements out as surplusage, we never could discover.

We cannot make it seriously a ground of complaint that the publishers have not reproduced this puff of Cobbett's. For aught we know, the law of copyright may stand in the way; and moreover, other people besides the late M.P. for Oldham have shops, and the space is now occupied by Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co.'s own catalogue. The inferiority of the type of the reprint to that used by Anne Cobbett must be held to be to some extent compensated for by the lowness of the price, this being, we believe, a shilling volume, whereas the old editions were published at three shillings. But we really think that the crowded type used for the quotations in the "Six Lessons"—quotations which must be read with minute attention if the pupil is to derive any benefit from the remarks upon them—is unworthy of a house which has published a treatise on "Eyesight, and how to care for it."

The Grammar, as our readers probably know, is in the form of letters addressed to "My dear little James"—Cobbett's third son, then fourteen. "I made him," says the fond parent and proud author, "*copy the whole of it* before it went to press; and that made him *a grammarian at once*; and how able an one it made him will be seen by his own Grammar of the ITALIAN LANGUAGE, his RIDE IN FRANCE, and his TOUR IN ITALY." We must own that we have never examined the works of Mr. James Paul Cobbett to see how far they bear out the assertions of his parent. Critical research has discovered that Cobbett's own writings will by no means always stand the tests which he applied to those of other people. Nevertheless we think that, despite its many faults and shortcomings, the Grammar was not so much overpraised by its author. The great fault which runs through it—the entire absence of any historical or philological knowledge of our language—was doubtless in its author's eyes no fault. Of the latter subject, indeed, he proclaimed his scorn:—"I will not, my dear James, in imitation of the learned doctors, pester you with a philological examination into the origin and properties of words." To inquire into the composition of words was "for monks and for Fellows of English Colleges, who live by the sweat of other people's brows." Deficiencies in historical and philological knowledge were probably not so glaringly visible to people early in this century as they are to us now; but the Grammar had another defect, manifest to the most simple-minded. Cobbett complained, or rather vaunted, that both this and his French Grammar were

> kept out of *schools*, owing to the *fear* that the masters and mistresses have of being looked upon as COBBETTITES. So much the worse for the children of the stupid brutes who are the *cause* of this fear, which *sensible* people laugh at, and avail themselves of the advantages tendered to them in the books.

Looking over the Grammar, it is not hard to understand the feelings of the masters and mistresses, nay, even of the stupid brutes of parents. The edition of 1819 was dedicated to "Mr. Benbow, Shoemaker, of Manchester," whose especial merit was that he had been "shut up in an English Dungeon by order of Lord Sidmouth." After 1820 this was replaced by a flaming dedication to the popular heroine, Queen Caroline, "who, amongst all the Royal Personages of the present age, is the only one that appears to have justly estimated the value of The People." Borough-tyrants, dungeons, axes, seat-sellers, seat-buyers—more mysterious still, the Tyrant and the Spy—are made to do duty in illustrating the objective case or the subjunctive mood. Of one faulty sentence Cobbett says, "This is House-of-Commons language. Avoid it as you would avoid all the rest of their doings." When he falls foul of the anomalous Latinized idiom of "than whom," for which Milton seems to be originally answerable, he remarks, "It is a very common parliament-house phrase, and therefore presumptively *corrupt*." When he gives examples of nouns of multitude, he maliciously strings them together thus:—"Such as *Mob, Parliament, Rabble, House of Commons, Regiment, Court of King's Bench, Den of Thieves*, and the like." "Poh!" he elsewhere remarks, "never think a man either learned or good, merely on account of his being called a Doctor." "These are your *college* and *university* bred men!" he exclaims, after having convicted Bishop Tomline of the offence of wrong placing of words. Lord Castlereagh is dismissed with "What do you say, what can you say, of such a man, but that nature might have made him for a valet, for a strolling player, and possibly for an auctioneer; but never for a Secretary of State? Yet this man was *educated* at the *University of Cambridge!*" Worse even than "the nonsense of Castlereagh" is "the miserable stuff" of the Duke of Wellington, in which "all is vulgar, all clumsy, all dull, all torpid inanity." Apart, moreover, from these political amenities, the Grammar, as indeed is admitted in the preface which "J. M." has supplied to this edition, can never have been suitable for a class-book. Though Cobbett placed on the title-page "Intended for the use of schools," the addition, "but more especially for the use of soldiers, sailors, apprentices, and plough-boys" shows that he had in his eye young men who might be educating themselves, as he had educated himself when he was a private soldier at sixpence a day, when he studied by firelight, and stinted himself of food to save a few pence for pen, ink, and paper. And by thus teaching himself, Cobbett learned how to teach others. His teaching, whatever its value, was of the sort to stick by the pupil for ever. "Thousands upon thousands of young men," he boasts, "have been made correct writers by it. . . . It is a book of *principles*, clearly laid down; and when once these are got into the mind they never quit it." It is not easy to see that Cobbett's Grammar was more than any other "a book of principles"; he took the rules as he found them, and his superiority lies simply in the clearness of his explanations and examples; but, allowing for a little exaggeration in the "thousands upon thousands," there is no difficulty in believing the rest. Even the irreverence with which he drew his "awful examples" from the august productions of princes and statesmen was not without its use. We have nowadays become resigned to bad grammar in a Royal Speech, and we consider diplomatists as entitled to the use of a mysterious jargon peculiar to their craft. But in Cobbett's days criticism of one's betters had still something audacious and startling in it; and the pupil probably remembered it longer than he would if the victim had been some shadowy Caius or Balbus.

As, however, Cobbett is as decided and impressive when he is in the wrong as when he is in the right, his work, if it is to be useful to learners of the present day, should be annotated by a grammarian of the modern school. The frequency of its political allusions demands in addition an historical commentator. In the present edition an attempt is made to supply the latter need; and, considering the size and style of the reprint, perhaps as much has been done in elucidating the political allusions as we could expect. An index, which was much wanted, has also been appended. The historical notes seem good as far as they go; some information has been given about Cobbett himself, about the statesmen whom he so savagely attacked, and the authors whom he criticized; the names, dates of publication, and so forth, of the books quoted have been supplied. "Oliver, the spy," is, however, left in his obscurity, and no explanation is offered as to the nature of a "borough-tyrant," a creature with whom young readers of the present day are not likely to be familiar. "The cruel dungeon-bill," too, might with advantage have had a note. In the preface the editor does not profess to have undertaken more than the clearing up of references which time has rendered obscure; but we find that in a few instances he has offered a little criticism upon his author. He has set him right as to the number of Falstaff's men in buckram; he has pointed out that Cobbett was not the only man who had discovered that Lindley Murray fell short of perfection; and he has given some examples from Shakspeare of the application of the relative *which* to persons, where we should now use *who*. It is characteristic of Cobbett that, though he himself cited the example in the Lord's Prayer, and though he admitted that the present restriction of *which* is modern, he still could not help treating the ancient usage as something actually erroneous. "In the American Liturgy this error has been corrected." So, when he condemned *correspondencies* and *conveniencies* as erroneously formed plurals, it never seems to have occurred to him that there had once been such words as *correspondency* and *conveniency*, of which the plural had lingered on after the singular had given way to *correspondence* and *convenience*. On this passage the editor has made no comment; but, in reference to Cobbett's fashion of writing "blowed" for "blown," he remarks that "in the use of language . . . . we must go with the stream." The remark is reasonable; but he does not point out the fallacy which lay at the root of Cobbett's preference for "blowed"—the notion that the so-called "regular" verbs were the normal type to which all, as far as possible, should be made to conform. Cobbett actually thought that such "strong" forms as *hung, swung*, were to be accounted for by the "mischievous habit" of abbreviation. "Many of these verbs, by being very difficult to contract, have, as in the case of *to hang, to swing*, and the like, reduced the shorteners to the necessity of changing almost all the letters of the words." It is curious that Cobbett's ear should not have appreciated the beauty and force of the vowel-change in a "strong verb"; but, independent-minded as he was, he was enthralled by the terms "regular" and "irregular." Had the regular verbs been presented to him under their modern epithet of "weak," he would probably have turned from them with scorn, and have transferred his affections to the strong forms. It is in this matter of regular and irregular verbs that the Grammar most urgently needs a commentator acquainted with the growth of the English language and with the modern theory of strong and weak verbs; and here the editor has not attempted to do anything. While on this subject we cannot resist the temptation of recording a tradition which lingers in a Northern seaport concerning one of its mayors, who in his early days had been actively engaged in the whaling trade. The worthy man was once beguiled to recount among his experiences a thrilling tale of a boat pursued by a white bear. Firearms the crew had none; but at the agonizing moment when the bear was grappling the boat's side with his mighty paws, a valiant man snatched up a harpoon and drove it into the monster, "He squoke and he dove." Strong verbs not having then become the admiration of grammarians, this climax caused the Mayor thenceforth to be an object of ridicule to the more genteel of his townsmen. Modern philologists, who consider with Grimm that the strong præterites are "eine Haupt-schönheit" of the Teutonic languages, will, we trust, better appreciate him.

Had we the task of advising "a young man or young wo[illegible] we should recommend him or her not to take Cobbett f[illegible] sole guide, but to correct him by the light of some mo[illegible] With authority, such as Dr. Morris's *Primer of English Gram*[illegible]rivalled such precaution, Cobbett may safely be studied, as [illegible]ve all, as in the power of clear and simple exposition, ar[illegible]es, common-teaching both by precept and example a plain, [illegible]

sense style, too rare in these days of fine writing. Especially worthy of attention are his remarks as to wrong placing of words, a fault which is as common now as it was then, and which indeed is so hard to be avoided that a man who can get through so much as a column of print without being guilty of it may—to use a phrase of Dr. Blair's at which Cobbett scoffed—"esteem himself happy."

THE TWO DREAMERS.*

THOSE readers who are willing to put probability entirely on one side, and who are contented if only the plot of a story is striking and new, may perhaps be much interested in Mr. Saunders's novel. If, however, they ask in addition that the action shall be rapid, and that they shall not be kept needlessly waiting by the fineness of the author's language, we can readily believe that they will not get even into the second volume. Our author is, we must admit, free from one of the worst faults of his fellow-novelists. Though he delights in a somewhat stilted style, nevertheless he is well aware that words do still bear a certain meaning of their own. He does not pick them up at random, and thrust them by chance into his sentences, as the diver for pearls snatches at the oysters at the bottom of the sea, and thrusts them into his bag without knowing whether they are worthless or not. Once, indeed, he falls into a blunder which we cannot pass over. He represents a young solicitor about the year 1862 talking of a London merchant who had "gone deeply into the blockade-breaking business." He makes him say, "The British merchant ought to be ashamed of descending to the level of the British smuggler. But, if he isn't, I am not going to attempt his reformation in an æsthetical point of view." What is here meant we do not in the least understand. Had, however, the author put these words into the mouth of any young man, whether a solicitor or not, who was speaking at this present time, we should have passed them over in silence. They would have been in keeping, for young men certainly often do speak of "an æsthetical point of view" when they have no point of view at all. But eighteen years ago "æsthetical" had not got down to the solicitors. It was not even used by the barristers, while in society, had it ever ventured to intrude itself there, it would have been looked upon with great suspicion. It had about it a strong flavour of Bohemia, and, like a short pipe and long hair and a threadbare coat, was considered to be a mark of a struggling poet or painter. We might also say that neither in St. Paul's Churchyard, nor in Regent Street, nor even in the pages of any female novelist, was in the year 1862 "the shimmering silk" to be seen in which the heroine is introduced to us. A little more true perhaps to nature as it was in those days is the bridal dress of white silk in all its lustrous beauty which we read of in the third volume. It will be admitted, however, that a writer has indeed been moderate in his treatment of language against whom no rougher usage can be adduced than this. Whether this moderate and fair conduct in dealing with words, above all in dealing with adjectives, will be any recommendation to those who frequent our circulating libraries we greatly doubt. Mr. Saunders must fall back on his plot and on his scenes. If the one is dragged out and the others are put on the stage rather slowly, at all events they afford a certain novelty and—to use a word of the theatrical critic of a past age—not a little bustle.

The story opens at a somewhat remote period. In the first chapter we are introduced to the hero's mother when she was a little girl. The heroine's mother is, happily, of no importance. Of her we are merely told, and that quite incidentally, that, when on earth, she had been fond of white violets. The hero's maternal grandfather was a judge in India. His only daughter, a lovely girl of seventeen, he had sent over to Scotland under the care of a Mrs. Elphinstone. The young lady fell in love with a poor painter and secretly married him. Shortly afterwards her father wrote to say that he himself was on the point of returning to England, and that a peerage was at his disposal, if he chose to accept it. "The title," he said in words that would well befit a judge on the stage, "has been long in abeyance among certain ladies, my relatives; but, it seems, can now be determined in my behalf." For his own sake he would, he adds, refuse the bauble, but he has a daughter and she may marry. "When she is once happily settled in marriage I may," he writes, "in hope of a grandson, try whether I like the coronet as well as a hat for occasional use." The daughter is at first delighted with the prospect before her; "her face coloured with pleasure and became like scarlet as she understood about the peerage." Mrs. Elphinstone at once cut her joy short by reminding her that she had married without her father's consent. As soon as he should learn what she had done, he was sure, they both knew only too well, to refuse the peerage and to disown her. It was, indeed, a hard case—the certainty [illegible] a future peerage lost, and nothing but a husband—a marvel-[illegible] poor one too—gained. It seems, by the way, to be all [illegible] assumed by the author and his characters that a peerage [illegible] has been long in abeyance among ladies, when it is at dea[illegible] "determined in behalf" of a man, will, on his death, appear[illegible] his daughter. Matters have certainly a very gloomy [illegible] the lovely girl. Most fortunately her marriage was only known to two people, who could be trusted, and her husband fell ill. She neglected him, and he, being of a poor constitution and, moreover, greatly in the way, died of grief. Even now she was not out of danger, for she gave birth to a son. She induced Mrs. Elphinstone to adopt the child, and to take it to Australia. "Magnificent steamers," by the way, as the author ought surely to know, did not run to Australia forty years ago. They add, no doubt, something to the dignity of an heroic baby when setting out on his travels; but the facts of history must not be so violently outraged even for a hero. But to return to the unnatural mother. Her father had no suspicion of what had happened, and on his arrival he at once introduced her to the society that befitted the daughter of one in whose behalf a peerage was so soon to be determined. He had inherited a house in Eccleston Square. His fortune was, he supposed, about a hundred and forty or a hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and "the interest and rents accruing amounted to above eight thousand a year." It is not easy to reconcile the amount of his fortune with the income it produced. The one seems too small or the other too great. Be that as it may, his wealth and her good looks attracted a great deal of attention. He accompanied her everywhere; "his fine chivalric figure and stern look contrasting with the daughter's superb beauty." As they passed in the Row, "there was a low buzz of voices from the loungers at the rail, which indicated their consciousness of a new sensation." She was presented at Court, and became the cynosure of all eyes. Rich heirs began to seek introductions to her. No duke, we are told, offered; but a gentleman, who might become a marquess, seemed a good deal fascinated by her. Suddenly he withdrew. Next came a gallant soldier of high rank. Age was, indeed, against him, for, though he looked little more than forty, he was not much short of fifty. Nevertheless no objection was made to him on the score of age. He, however, withdrew as suddenly as the gentleman who might become a marquess. The Judge was puzzled. At length he learnt from a friend that "there was floating about some vague idea that Miss Keith and her late companion had not been quite circumspect in their conduct." Nothing "tangible," however, was known. The Judge at once lowered his pretensions, and accepted as a husband for his daughter Mr. Senguin, a young London merchant. At the same time he refused the offer of the peerage, so that, for all we know, it still continues in abeyance among his lady relatives. He drew up his will and settled the whole of his property upon his daughter, in trust for her eldest son born in wedlock, when of age. With no small consideration for all the purposes of an interesting plot, he refused to mention in his will his daughter's married name or her husband's. Shortly afterwards he died. She, to guard herself against any future discovery, had told Mr. Senguin of her first marriage, but had assured him that her child was dead.

Here, then, as the reader will at once see, we have the materials provided for some most interesting scenes. Nothing, however, can be done till the hero is of age; and so the author most considerately carries us in a few pages over the next twenty-one years. The child had found a good friend in Australia, who had adopted him, giving him his name, and had left him a large fortune. We are introduced to the young hero, whom we had taken leave of as a baby, under the name of John Claude Hamilton. Mrs. Elphinstone, whom he had looked upon as his mother, had meanwhile died, but she had left him in writing a full account of his birth. She had ended the narrative by saying:—"This I know, that your father's wrongs cry to you from the grave—that you will not listen to them in silence." It was to avenge these wrongs, and at the same time to reform his mother, that the young man returned to England. Without any difficulty he managed to get invited to Mr. Senguin's house, and there was soon established as a permanent guest. His unnatural mother half suspected who he was, and tried to persuade her husband to send him away. It was in vain, for he had borrowed ten thousand pounds of his young friend, and was by no means able to return the loan. He had been a widower when he had married the Judge's daughter, and the child of his former marriage was at home when Hamilton paid his visit. With her he at once falls in love; but his duty to his dead father somehow or other forces him to conceal his passion. He even consents that his bosom friend Mr. Shand, the solicitor who looks at matters in an æsthetical point of view, shall fall in love with her. The solicitor on one occasion fixes on her "a respectful gaze," but it is all to no purpose. She will not have him. The hero is once cruel enough, when she reminds him that she is not his sister, to exclaim, "No; would you were!" It is not at all surprising to find her later on engaged to an elderly baronet for whom she has no affection. But what could the poor girl do? The man she loves wishes she were his sister; at least he says he does. Her father, the eminent London merchant, had become so involved in his speculations that, unless he could raise more money, he must fail; while the elderly baronet was ready to advance him a hundred thousand pounds on the day his daughter gave him her hand. The unnatural mother was, if it were possible, in even a worse plight. She has discovered in the hero her son. She believes that he is implacable, and that his aim is to prove his legitimacy and to claim his grandfather's property. To add to the confusion, she had had a most easy set of trustees, who had allowed her and her husband to draw on the trust property to the amount of seventy-seven thousand pounds. This was certainly somewhat imprudent in these gentlemen, considering that at this time she was only forty-one years of age, and that, if she

* *The Two* [illegible]*ers.* A Novel. By John Saunders, Author of "Abel Drake's [illegible]" "Hirell," "Israel Mort, Overman," &c. 3 vols. London: Chapman [illegible] 1880.

had a son, the property was to pass to him. In her embarrassment "she became a victim to that strangest, but most real, of mental diseases—the one-thought disease." Her one thought at this time was to poison her son. She suddenly repents as she is on the point of giving him the draught, and tries to drink it herself. He knocks the glass out of her hands; and, in a sort of hissing whisper, asks whether the water was poisoned. She throws herself at his feet, and he clasps her as she kneels. However, this scene is found only in the second volume; and there is a great deal more for both of them to go through. She was by no means brought to a proper degree of penitence. His identity had meanwhile been established beyond a doubt, for his old Scotch nurse had found the strawberry-mark—no, it was two little moles—on his right arm.

Matters begin to advance rapidly. The hero gets his leg crushed; and, at a certain period of a story, a crushed leg is very conducive to action. Mr. Senguin's embarrassments increase at a prodigious rate; so that, while his liabilities were above seven hundred thousand pounds, his assets were below three hundred thousand. The Baronet is accepted; and the hero, whose leg was healed, starts for the Continent. The night before the day fixed for the marriage had come, and there was a party given in the bride's house. It was honoured by the presence of a stately dowager Countess. On a sudden two uninvited guests appear. They were not even in evening dress, and their boots were splashed with mud. Mrs. Senguin gave a low scream, and even the stately dowager Countess rose in alarm. The new comers were Hamilton and the æsthetical solicitor. The hero made a speech that fills some pages. When he claimed Mrs. Senguin as his mother, "people started, began to murmur to each other, and to gesticulate violently." Other speeches are made, and at last the scene is brought to an end by a very graceful one from the Baronet. Whether the lustrous white silk dress was worn the next morning, whether the heroine became Lady Arncliffe, whether the wicked mother at last really repented, wheth er the hero and the æsthetical solicitor both remained single for the rest of their lives, that can be learnt from the third volume of Mr. Saunders's novel. Whatever merit his story has lies in its plot, and we must leave part of it untold, so that there may be something left to excite the reader's curiosity.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

VI.

IN spite of Miss Greenaway and of her imitators, we think that the prettiest of all child's books is still *Child's Play, Old and New* (E. V. B. Sampson Low and Co.) The first edition of *Child's Play* is an old book now, and probably clean untorn copies are rare enough. The drawings "have all been reduced to a much smaller size," says the author, "by a wonderful process of electrotyping." E. V. B. has added other little sketches, and, though we have no great love for processes of electrotyping, we think that the poetical character of E. V. B.'s drawings puts her volume beyond the reach of rivalry. Since Stothard and Blake, we do not know that any one has reproduced with so certain a pencil the poetry of childhood. The drawing may not always be absolutely correct, but the sentiment, the feeling are true and strong, devoid of small prettinesses and feeble ecstasies. Tony, the "ten o'clock scholar" (p. 8), trudging on his little bare feet to school, is pleasantly humorous, and Thackeray, who drew children with great enjoyment, would have been proud of the sketch of "Annie and Minnie and Sam," with their breakfast of raspberry jam. There is a pretty group of children reading in "Cuckoo, Cherry-tree" (p. 19); but we could wish the lover of "Curly-locks" (p. 22) a more winsome lady. The design called "My Lady's Daughter," with the queen beside the well and the old château in the distance, is full of the spirit of romance, and there is much innocent and pious imagination in the vision of "Five Angels round my Bed." The "Beggars coming to Town" is a page torn from the life of long ago. The gipsy-like beggars drive their asses across the bridge where children watch the running water. The gate-tower interrupts a view of distant hills, and just within the arch there is a glimpse of a steep-roofed house of the good town. There is another pleasant drawing, full of the air of Italy, called "Here we come a piping"; but, indeed, every page has its little masterpiece, and we can only spare space to praise an old friend, the sketch of the home-sick girl, and the deer-hound, her comforter, that illustrates "Oh that I were where I would be." The verses in the book, being chiefly old nursery rhymes, are better than the trash of some modern nursery rhymesters. There is also a pretty adaptation of the "Swallow Song" of Rhodes.

The Sculptor caught Napping (Designs by Jane E. Cook. Autotype Fine Art Company) is the second edition of a graceful book. Mrs. Cook is unrivalled in black silhouettes of little Loves, playing with Pompeian grace, with flowers and toys. A romantic shepherd, dressed like Mr. Irving in the *Corsican Brothers*, leans piping against a tree, and the lambs dance as in the Theocritean idyl. The fable of the Queen of Hearts is illustrated in this style, but "Jack and Jill" are too artificial young people. The pretty maid who went a milking is very graceful, and so is her rural swain. On the whole, this Christmas book deserves its popularity.

Some Drawings of Ancient Embroidery (Mrs. Mary Barker. Sotheran and Co.) deserves a more learned notice than it can at present receive. The coloured designs are chiefly from old English ecclesiastical needlework. As the author observes, "These examples should be studied by persons who wish to . . . revive church embroidery." The earliest work seems to be the finest and best; but in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries floss silk and gold give much splendour to the fabrics. Great ingenuity is shown in the filling up of spaces with decorative scrolls and sprays, and angels, *fleurs-de-lis*, double-headed eagles, and conventional flowers are the most usual ornaments. Mrs. Barker holds that modern embroiderers are not likely to effect much by attempting to invent many new ornaments. The examples she has copied are from collections at Cirencester, Corby Castle, Buckland Church in Gloucestershire, and other places. The first plate represents a very Byzantine crucifixion. Angels catch in silver chalices the blood from the hands of our Lord. The design of the First Person of the Trinity is a hideous and, if revived to-day, would be justly deemed a blasphemous, caricature. In the third plate, the angel carrying the soul of a departed saint shows how art declines, and the angel is a strange degeneration from the Harpies of the Harpy tomb. The purely conventional designs, such as the flowers (plate 4) are beautiful enough, as are the little blossoms springing at the foot of the cross (plate 5). In decadent as in nascent art, the human figure is excessively ill-drawn. We see no reason why modern embroiderers should imitate the faults of their mediæval predecessors. Mrs. Barker's work as a copyist deserves high praise; colour and texture are wonderfully well rendered in her plates, and the book is a beautiful one, of unusual historical and artistic value. Still, we hope that enthusiasts into whose hands it may fall will not decorate churches with repetitions of the blunders of the old pious artists.

The Great Historic Galleries of England (Edited by Lord Ronald Gower. Sampson Low and Co.) charms us at at once with a photograph of Holbein's beautiful lady, Christina of Denmark. No one who has fallen in love with her at the Exhibition of Old Masters is likely to have forgotten this excellent portrait. Sir Joshua's "Caroline, Countess of Carlisle," with a rose in her hand fading as the picture fades, is a dim but beautiful reproduction of the original. Gainsborough's "Housemaid" must have caused pangs of jealousy in the hearts of Gainsborough's plain daughters. The girl, as Lord Ronald Gower says, must be "a princess in disguise, or a Cinderella waiting for her glass slipper." Lord Ronald does not say whether the painting has been engraved; if it has not, we trust that it soon may be. Holbein's "Duke of Norfolk" and Hals's "Portrait of a Cavalier," with Rembrandt's "Portrait of a Lady" in her pearls and lace, are all excellent, and prove that photography is better adapted to the reproduction of portraits than of pictures crowded with figures. Lord Ronald Gower's remarks are brief and to the point.

The Golden Queen: a Tale of Love, War, and Magic (Edward A. Sloane. Griffith and Farran) is "inscribed, by permission, to the Right Hon. William E. Gladstone, M.P., Premier of England, A Man that as an Orator, Patriot, and Scholar, is the pride of his own Countrymen, and the admiration of the World, by his most Humble Servant, the Author." Poor Mr. Gladstone! 'twere better to be Boycotted than dedicated to in this style by Mr. Sloane. In his preface he avers that the most courageous people of the world have undoubtedly been the Indian warriors of North America. We thought the Montenegrins were the most heroic race known to history. The *Golden Queen* is a poem about these North American statesmen and patriots. The verse is often vigorous and musical, and though there are signs of the work of an inexperienced hand, the story "marches" better than do the narratives of some more famous minstrels.

The Little Blue Lady; and other Tales (Elizabeth Harcourt Mitchell. Masters and Co.)—We are glad to be able to say that Mrs. Mitchell has made an immense advance on her last book, so much so that it is difficult to believe that both are the work of one hand. These stories are all interesting in their various ways, and are told well. The one which gives its name to the book is the history of a little Norman girl who is living in Paris in the stormy years before the Revolution, and, being unable to pay the rent of the dwelling-room of herself and her mother, is much tempted by finding a purse containing a large sum, which had been dropped by a young noble riding through the streets. Honesty, however, prevails, and the reader follows Adèle through many adventures till she succeeds in discovering the owner at a *fête* for the poor at Versailles. The other tales are good and original.

Industrial Curiosities (Written and edited by Alexander Hay Japp, LL.D., &c. Marshall and Japp).—Mr. Japp has found out quite a new field, and given a great deal of information which will prove new to most of his readers. He has devoted many pages to tracing out the history of leather, its uses, and the method of its preparation. Not content with treating of leather in general, he examines the various kinds taken from different animals, with the special processes employed in every case. Some of the subjects, such as the Hop Garden and the Post Office, have been treated of many times before, yet even here Mr. Japp has managed to infuse much originality. It cannot be said that the woodcuts materially help the explanations, but these are so clear that they can quite well stand alone.

Great Britain for Little Britons (Eleanor Bulley. Gardner, Darton, and Co.)—Mrs. Bulley calls her book "[illegible] children to read to themselves," but we should be extremely surprised to see any child devote much time to it unless [illegible] to do so as a lesson. The counties are described [illegible] in a scrappy kind of manner, without any syste[illegible]

sort of information being given, and sometimes another. The whole is interspersed with interjectional remarks by the children which are printed in italics. We jump from Cambridgeshire to Gloucestershire, from Somerset to Lincoln; and while we have a fairly sensible account of Bedfordshire and its produce, nearly all the chapter on Surrey is devoted to the story of Essex and the ring. If a few children require to be taught in this way, the greater number are the better for learning their lessons in a serious fashion, and will certainly not profit by the printed remarks of their fellows, real or imaginary.

The Story of the Last Days of Jerusalem (From Josephus. By the Rev. Alfred Church, M.A. Seeley, Jackson, and Co.)—There is always something irresistibly fascinating in any contemplation of the fall of Jerusalem. This partly arises from the way in which we are taught our Bible history, and the consequent feeling, so difficult wholly to get rid of, that the Jews were indeed an isolated nation, living under quite peculiar conditions of time and space. When, therefore, we approach near to the terrible event with which prophecy has made us familiar, it is hard to repress an awe-struck sensation, as if we were indeed standing upon holy ground. Mr. Church's new volume has all the charm of his former ones. It tells the story of this troublous period clearly and plainly, yet in words that bear with them a faint echo of the Scripture prophecy. He follows the account given by that wonderful young doctor who in his learning, statesmanship, and calculation was such a typical Jew; who was ready to fight as long as victory was possible, and, when hope was past, to surrender. We are made to understand the state of the city divided against itself, of the strife of parties which really was the cause of the rapid success of the Romans; and a vivid picture is drawn of the miseries of the famine, not forgetting that most horrible story of the woman who was found eating her own child. Many illustrations are scattered through the book; but these, though good in design, are much disfigured by the deep pink of the men's arms and legs.

Queer Pets and their Doings (Olive Thorne Miller. Shaw).—Miss Miller has shown us how well she can deal with human children, and she seems equally at home with those of a furred and feathered race. She does not disdain anything in the way of information, and tells her stories as if the animals were all personal friends, as perhaps they were. The pictures by Mr. Beard are admirably drawn, and very much to the point.

The Girls of Fairylee (Lettice Lee Oliphant. Anderson and Ferrier) is a moral little tale of no particular merit. It is on the same lines as Miss Edgeworth's stories; but it needs a Miss Edgeworth to keep stories of this kind from lapsing into dulness.

The Guests of Flowers (C. E. Meetkerke. Griffith and Farran).—If the rising generation make use of all the books that are written for them, they will be perfectly informed about natural history. They may learn a great deal from the one before us, which not only deals with plants, but also with insects in relation to plants.

The Yearly Album of *Vanity Fair* ("Vanity Fair" Office) contains a number of portraits, many of them excellent, and some not at all caricatured. All the persons represented are not exactly famous, but probably they were being talked of when their portraits appeared. Jehu Junior is still patting dukes on the back, snubbing Dissenters, giving certificates of gentility, and, in short, behaving as showman in his well-known manner.

Mr. Keene's "Our People" drawings from *Punch* (Bradbury, Agnew, and Co.) are too important for hasty mention in this place, and are noticed elsewhere in our columns.

The *Graphic* Christmas Number is a miracle of cheapness and chromolithography. We cannot agree with critics who think Mr. Millais's picture of a little girl, "Cherry Ripe," a rival of Sir Joshua's "Penelope Boothby." "Cherry Ripe" is, at least, a healthy child. The big coloured picture of the Christmas Number of the *Illustrated London News* (also wonderfully cheap and abundant in works of art) represents a little child who is not healthy. This is atoned for by Miss Greenaway's charming infant armed with a branch of holly. Here, as in the *Graphic*, are stories and verses by eminent hands.

The *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, in its number called the "Ingle Nook," is more illustrated than sporting or dramatic, which is quite right at Christmas-time.

For *The Corsican Brothers*, which appears to be as attractive as ever at the Lyceum Theatre, Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. have designed with great skill a handsomely illustrated "Story of the Play," containing coloured plates of the principal scenes. The little work is capitally turned out, and does great credit to its designers.

Here we take leave of cards, crackers, and Christmas books, with the hope that all who write, publish, illustrate, give, or receive them, may enjoy a merry, Christmas, and have skating or hunting, as their tastes may prefer, in abundance. To all reviewers of Christmas books we wish, what the end of the season ought at least to bring, respite from hard labour. Might not convict de[illegible]r, by the way, be utilized in reviewing Christmas books? appear.

FRENCH CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

II.

Les deux mousses (Louis Rousselet. Hachette et Cie), whose adventures M. Rousselet relates are interesting boys to whom "Sahib," who illustrates the book, has done very much less than justice. The book opens with a smuggling adventure, into which the young Daniel Riva of Cette is beguiled by the ruffianly Mateo Puig, and which, being as it is the sequel of other escapades, draws down upon him his father's accumulated wrath, which, however, is diminished by Daniel's gallant conduct at a wreck. Here he rescues a passenger who, in spite of all that is done for him, only lives long enough to confide to Daniel a secret, and to entrust him with a commission, the discharging of which thenceforward becomes the one object of his life. His falling in with a certain Dominique, a kind of honest Iago in low life, leads, by a course of events which young readers will like to find out for themselves, to his finding it necessary to make his way as best he can to Australia, and to this end he engages himself to Captain Goulard of the *Jackson*, "navire américain." On board he finds his brother-*mousse* Pingouin, an exceedingly intelligent and good-humoured boy. The two make friends at once. "Sahib" has given us a picture of their first meeting, in which they eye each other with evil and hideous countenances. Pingouin is evidently only waiting for the captain's back to be turned in order to begin to "make it hot" for the newcomer. This is the only possible interpretation of the picture; but, according to the author, when the boys were left alone together, "le jeune Roussillonnais questionnait Pingouin, qui le mit au courant avec bonne humeur." Captain Goulard is, in his way, quite as charming a person as are the two *mousses*; but curious things happen on board his ship which appear natural enough when the hero and the reader discover at the same time that the captain is really the commander of a celebrated S[illegible] American privateer—the story is laid in the time of the American war—and that the *Jackson* is only carrying its crew out to Cape Bojador in order to meet the swift steamer with which they propose to deal destruction to any Northern ships they may come across. Many exciting incidents and scenes are got, as may be guessed, out of this state of affairs, not the least exciting of which is the end of Captain Goulard and of his swift cruiser. How the "deux mousses" happen to survive and to get carried to Australia; how the infamous Dominique turns up again; how his scheme for their ruin leads to his own; and what is the happy chance that brings everything right at the end, had better be left for readers to find out for themselves. The book is full of hair-breadth 'scapes and of hard-won triumphs of ingenuity and virtue over vice and low cunning. It is, indeed, among the very best of its kind, and is infinitely better than the volume which M. Verne has turned out. It is, perhaps, unlucky that the merit of the drawings is so far inferior to that of the letterpress.

For *Prisonniers dans les glaces* (E. Plon et Cie) M. Georges Fath has provided both the letterpress and the drawings, and both are capital. The book opens at a breakfast which is the occasion for the annual meeting of four school friends, who thus keep up their boyish intimacy in later life. One of them, a rich and adventurous young Russian, proposes to the others to accompany him in his yacht to the Arctic regions, and their acting upon the proposal gives M. Fath an opportunity for employing his pen and pencil upon a never-flagging succession of interesting and stirring scenes. There are storms at sea and on land, moments of agonizing suspense when one longs to skip a few pages, and see if the adventurers got safely out of their trouble, exciting bear-hunts in which sometimes, as in *The Golden Butterfly*, the usual position of bear and hunter is reversed, feats of prowess and endurance of every kind, and, in short, everything that such a book ought to contain. One of the very best told adventures is one which occurs soon after the party have got to their first destination, and in which the invention of the scientific member gets them out of an awkward difficulty caused by four bears who select an inconvenient moment for besieging them in a hut.

M. Lesbazeilles, in *Les merveilles du monde polaire* (Ouvrage illustré de 38 gravures dessinées sur bois par Riou, Grandsire, etc. Hachette et Cie), has produced a volume which may be read advantageously either before or after the one of which we have just spoken. The book is written in an attractive style, is full of interesting matter, and is capitally illustrated. One of the cuts, which represents a floating iceberg, is particularly good. In another, "Navire se défendant contre des ours blancs," it is a little unfortunate that the bears appear to be coal black.

Le pays du soleil (Ch. Deslys et R. Cortambert. Hachette et Cie) takes us straight from the North Pole to the Tropics, where things quite as surprising take place as those which happened to the Arctic voyagers in *Prisonniers dans les glaces*. Some of the scenes towards the end of the book are needlessly painful.

De Paris à Samarkand (Impression de voyage d'une Parisienne. Par Mme. de Ujfalvy-Bourdon. Ouvrage contenant 273 gravures sur bois et cinq cartes. Hachette et Cie) is a wonderfully handsome book, beautifully printed and illustrated, and admirably fitted for a present. How it came into existence is explained by the first few lines:—"C'en est fait! Mon mari, M. de Ujfalvy, chargé par le ministre de l'instruction publique d'une mission en Russie et dans l'Asie centrale, quittera Paris le 10 août 1876. Je suis résolue à le suivre." A foot-note affords instruction as to the proper pronunciation of M. de Ujfalvy's name—

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

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THE NEW YEAR.

TWO high authorities—the German EMPEROR and Lord DERBY—have just made their forecast for the New Year, and their forecast comes to much the same as the forecast of ordinary people, and is to the effect that things look bad, but not very bad. Both the EMPEROR and the EARL start with the comfortable conviction that his country is on the right road if it will only stick to it. The EMPEROR notices with genuine satisfaction the working of the system of repression which has been adopted in Germany. There has already been much wholesome repression exercised, enough to make him proud and grateful, but much more is wanted, and the EMPEROR has a just confidence that what is wanting will be supplied. It is, indeed, an article of which a Government such as that of which he is the head is not likely to run short. The only danger is that the country, which undoubtedly is not seriously averse to it at present, may get tired of it, and so the EMPEROR says a strong word or two to encourage the halting and stimulate the languid. In the same way Lord DERBY speaks of Free-trade. It is by Free-trade that we have become rich; and it is by Free-trade alone that we can remain rich; and all sensible Englishmen must join in constantly suppressing those who are inclined through the [illegible]ness of the times to favour Protection under its new [illegible] of reciprocity. Everything that Lord DERBY said on [illegible] head was [illegible] by his usual good sense; and it [illegible]ld be difficult to add to his review of the causes of [illegible] or alarm [illegible] our general trade. There is no reason [illegible] suppose that, if our trade is conducted on sound principles, England can be beaten in the open competition of the world; but at present our trade is languishing from [illegible] concurrence of causes, such as the investment of too much capital in particular forms of business, adulteration of exported goods, the waste of capital by investment in rotten foreign securities, and the superabundance of labour. For [illegible] of these evils there is an available remedy. The [illegible] of capital invested in business will in times like these soon prove to have been lost, and so there will be a natural end of it. We need not lose our foreign markets by the most disgraceful forms of adulteration unless we please; the public is heartily tired of rotten foreign loans; and a new tide of emigration can take off our surplus labour. Some, again, of the causes of distress are purely accidental calamities. Famines in China and India have impoverished millions of our distant customers, and, as Lord DERBY put it, many an English child has gone supperless to bed because the inhabitants of a remote province in China were perishing from starvation. Special causes like those go as they come, and [illegible] may reasonably hope that they will be conspicuous by [illegible]ir absence in the year that is just beginning.

On two points, however, Lord DERBY's remarks seem [illegible] need a little emendation to make them quite correct; [illegible] they are points closely connected with the prospects [illegible] the year. In order to get back to really good times we [illegible]st have peace, and we must have more self-restraint in [illegible] working classes. Lord DERBY did not say a word [illegible]ut the foreign policy of the Government he has [illegible]ted, but he pointed out in a very strong and marked [illegible]ner the dangerous influence of certain classes of [illegible]ty in the direction of a war, simply that there [illegible] [illegible]ohow be a war. There are, he said, in the first [illegible] military men flushed with the excellence of [illegible] system, anxious to test it practically and growing accustomed to write up their views through the press, and these military men have not only the influence which they themselves possess, but also that which their families command, and the social influence of these families is, in many cases, very considerable. Then there are those, army contractors and so forth, who hope to make private fortunes through a war. Lastly, there are all those who apprehend that their special interests would be endangered if Parliament gave itself to domestic reforms, and who are glad to find the attention of Parliament and of the nation distracted by questions of foreign policy. There can be little doubt that influences in the direction of a war exist in England. There never was a great nation in which they did not exist, and Lord DERBY is perfectly well able to form an estimate of the tone and tendency of high English society, and has been so often and so long Minister, that he cannot be under a delusion as to the pressure to which he has been exposed. But then, if it is assumed, as it must be assumed, that there is such a thing as a just and necessary war, there are other classes who have an undue leaning against all war. Many persons hate all military operations as much as soldiers love them. There is a very much larger number of persons who would suffer in their private fortunes through war than of persons who would gain by it; and if those who fear Parliamentary reforms are glad that the attention of the public should be directed abroad, those who are eager for these reforms detest being baulked of their aims by war, or the rumour of war. Of the two sets of influences, those working for any war that can be got, and those working against all war, the latter are, we think, the more permanently powerful. But the nation as a whole is not guided by either set of influences. It is sometimes in a flurry, and sometimes supine; but as a rule it is averse from war unless it thinks it cannot avoid fighting, and then it will fight. For the New Year good ground for hoping that peace will be maintained is furnished by observing that all other nations happen from various causes to be just now of the same mind as England.

Lord DERBY also discoursed on the thrift, or rather want of thrift, and drunkenness of the lower classes in England, and he went over the old familiar argument that the English people pay to their Government forty millions sterling for duties on intoxicating liquors and tobacco, and that, if they only drank and smoked half as much, they would pay only half as much in the form of taxation. As an arithmetical computation such a statement is beyond criticism. Half the consumption means half the yield of the taxes on what is consumed. But the arithmetical computation is remote from real life. England is a very drunken nation, but if it ceased to be a very drunken nation it would contribute much more than twenty millions to the Exchequer for liquors and tobacco. There is no great good in putting before the working classes an ideal that cannot be attained. If, at the end of a long and useful life, Lord DERBY found that he and others had preached the cause of temperance so well that the revenue from liquors and tobacco had decreased by a fifth instead of a half, much more would have been accomplished than there is at [illegible] reason for expecting. Working men like those [illegible] Lord DERBY addressed at Rochdale are still, [illegible], will continue to be, exceptions to the

rule. But, nevertheless, in estimating our prospects we must take cognizance of the existence of such men, and we must allow that the stern lessons of hard times may make such men more numerous. That they should become more numerous is of much more consequence than that the question which naturally and properly occupied the attention of Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH as to the issue of the next general election should be this way or that. Political parties are a part of our political life, and there can be no objection to a Conservative saying that the Conservatives are sure to win, or to a Liberal saying exactly the contrary. But if ever the day comes when the working classes are better educated, more thrifty, and more abstemious, a party will, it may be guessed, be gradually formed which will not fit precisely into the Conservative or the Liberal groove. On such a party no English statesman is so likely to have a firm hold as Lord DERBY. This is certainly not saying much for his chances of power, but it is saying much for the peculiar turn and temper of his mind.

THE AFGHAN WAR.

WHILE Liberal writers and orators busily prosecute the controversy on the origin of the Afghan war, the actual campaign seems to be almost suspended, probably in consequence of the weather. A part of Sir S. BROWNE'S force is probably by this time in winter quarters at the further end of the Khyber Pass. No explanation has been given of the false report that YAKOOB KHAN had arrived at Jellalabad. The contradiction of the story caused some disappointment; though, if it had been true, the question would still have remained whether he was a ruler anxious to make peace or a fugitive in need of protection. It is strange that nothing is known of SHERE ALI'S relations to his son, of his present place of abode, or of the causes of his departure from Cabul. The most probable conjecture is that YAKOOB KHAN has succeeded to power against the wish of the AMEER; but it is still possible that he may exercise authority in his name. It is of great importance that there should be a settled Government in Afghanistan with which it may be possible to treat. On the other hand, it would be rash hastily to recognize a temporary occupant of the throne, who may at any time relapse into the condition of a pretender. There is nothing improbable in the rumour that SHERE ALI left the capital in company with the members of the Russian Mission. If he claimed the personal protection of the officer in command of the escort, his request could scarcely be refused. If he has left his own dominions, he has probably chosen one of the protected States for his residence in preference to nominally Russian territory. There is no reason to suppose that the last has been heard of a vigorous and ambitious Prince. If YAKOOB KHAN proves or professes to be friendly to England, it may eventually be expedient to recognize him as his father's successor.

The reported definitive annexation by General ROBERTS of the Kuram district requires explanation. It is impossible to suppose that a military officer would perform so grave a political act except under the express orders of the Government; yet the VICEROY has not, as far as is yet known, issued any proclamation on the subject. If the report is confirmed, it must be assumed that the Indian Government had before the beginning of the campaign considered that the annexed district was indispensable in the delineation of a scientific frontier; yet the object might have been attained for the purposes of the present war by military occupation, while questions of territorial acquisition might have been postponed till after the conclusion of peace. Whenever negotiations commence, the ruler of Afghanistan for the time being will endeavour to retain all the dominions which SHERE ALI possessed before the rupture. The partial or total restoration of conquests would be a proper subject of diplomacy; and the Indian Government might at least reject any claim for restitution to which there were sufficient objections. The formal and immediate annexation of the Kuram district, if it has really taken place, ties the hands of the Government, and it can scarcely fail to irritate the Afghan chiefs on whose support YAKOOB KHAN must depend. Still graver irritation will be caused if the Government determines not only to occupy but to keep Candahar. There are conflicting accounts of the strength of the garrison; but there is little doubt that the place can be taken at the recommencement of the campaign, or perhaps even before the army goes into winter quarters. The possession would probably be burdensome, and it would be a serious obstacle to a permanent friendly understanding with the Afghan Government. The late Parliamentary debates and the course of public discussion have proved that the country has no wish to acquire additional territory. Statesmen of all parties have agreed that it is expedient to preserve in Afghanistan a strong and friendly State. It is true that Candahar has been sometimes independent of Cabul; but a division of territory among chiefs belonging to the reigning family is not so inco[illegible]patible with the maintenance of national unity as the [illegible] transfer of a province to English rule. The frontier [illegible]trict which is said to have been already annexed [illegible] possibly not owe undisputed allegiance to the Amee[illegible] CABUL; but it will undoubtedly be claimed as Afghan territory. The explanation of the measure, if it has really been taken, will be awaited with anxiety.

The Government ought to bear in mind that the object of the war has been partially attained. The vigour with which the winter campaign has been conducted indicates the forethought of the Government, and consequently furnishes an answer to the doubts which had been expresse[d] whether Lord LYTTON had chosen the most convenie[nt] time for beginning the war. The successes of the troop[s], and still more the practical proof that the Indian Government was not unprepared for war, had probably some influence over the direct negotiations between England and Russia. Not being ready, or not being inclined to risk a rupture, the Russian Government has of late, as far as it appears, neither urged untenable pretensions nor refused compliance with reasonable demands. The real cause of the war was the ostentatious mission to Cabul, although, as several Ministers lately explained, the technical reason was the refusal to receive an English Envoy. It is certain that, if Sir NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN had been received at Cabul, his first demand would have been that the Russian Envoy should be dismissed. The presence of the rival mission would have been a continual affront to the representative of England. The use of force was unavoidable if no other means could be found of convincing both the AMEER and the Indian subjects of England that the establishment of Russian influence at Cabul, or even an attempt at Russian interference, would not be endured. The advance of English columns into different portions of Afghan territory has formed the necessary demonstration, and the withdrawal of the Russian Mission serves as a notice that the undertaking made with England a few years ago will henceforth be observed. Mr. GLADSTONE and some other assailants of the Ministry have rashly complained that the assurances of the Russian Government as to the complimentary character of General KAUFMANN'S correspondence were too readily accepted by Lord SALISBURY. Prince GORTCHAKOFF, if he desired to maintain the extreme pretensions of his Government, would probably have preferred the course which Mr. GLA[illegible] recommends to the policy actually pursued by the Government. A profession of disbelief in the Russian Minister's statements, combined with practical acquiescence in the continued residence of the mission at Cabul, would have been at the same time offensive and weak. It is generally a rule of diplomacy to accord ostensible belief to every assertion, but to act on the best judgment which can be formed as to the real facts of the case. It matters little whether Lord SALISBURY, when he was told that the Russian Envoy had left Cabul, was misled into a belief that the mission was withdrawn. The Russian Minister probably intended to convey the impression, although Mr. GLADSTONE, with instinctive love of a quibble, contends that the distinction between an Envoy and a mission ought to have been clearly apprehended. It is more to the purpose to know that the Russian assurance has now become substantially as well as literally true.

The apparent good faith with which Russia is now executing the Treaty of Berlin in Europe affords some security against the renewal of dangerous complications on the Indian frontier. Some time since, when an opposite policy was in favour, Russian journalists were never tired of explaining the necessity of embarrassing England at Cabul for the purpose of extorting concessions in Bulgaria or Roumelia. The abandonment of schemes for disturbing the settlement of Berlin coincides with the re-

sumption of a neutral position in Central Asia. Russian statesmen may perhaps smile at Mr. GLADSTONE'S assertion that an impassable obstacle in the way of their advance to the Indian frontier is created by the establishment of Persian authority at Merv; but the subjects of a despotism scarcely understand the excitement which is produced in a constitutional country by political controversy. There is every reason to believe that, if the Persians occupy Merv, they only hold it for their powerful allies. Englishmen who are not vehement partisans who have no desire to quarrel with Russia, and who are anxious for peace, will at present abstain from blaming the Government for any courtesy which it may have displayed to Russia. They will also watch eagerly for the first opportunity of coming to terms with the Afghans, now that the most serious cause of quarrel is removed. It may be hoped that Lord LYTTON will not insist on the acceptance of an English Resident at Cabul, and also that he will not run the risk of annexing Candahar, or any other important part of the Afghan territory. An early peace concluded after the attainment of the main objects of the war would be more popular than any other act which the Government could perform.

EUROPEAN FINANCE.

THE quarterly return of the English revenue just published may be susceptible of different interpretations. It may be taken to show that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has been justified in his anticipations, or that he has been too sanguine. But the limits of the variation of opinion are narrow. The return cannot possibly be taken to show that there is anything like embarrassment in the present condition of English finance. There is distress in England, and there has been some small extra military expenditure. It is impossible that this distress and this extra military expenditure should not have impaired the financial position of the country. All distress and all increase of taxation for unproductive purposes must in some ways, more or less indirect, and more or less perceptible, make a country worse off. The country may be able to endure them, and even to endure them easily; but all political economy would be wrong unless they were things to be endured, and not things to which a nation could be altogether indifferent. What is clear is that England has been able to endure such an amount of distress as has hitherto prevailed, and such extra military expenditure as has been incurred, with that amount of ease which is indicated by the absence of any serious falling off in any of the main sources of revenue. The same may be said of France. There is much distress in some parts of France; not so much as in England, partly because the manufacturing industries of France are smaller, and partly because French workmen are not quite so prone to quarrel with their bread and butter as English workmen are. In one sense, indeed, the poverty of those who refuse to work at the wages which are all their employers can afford to give them ought to be deducted from the sum of national distress. In England it is the result of a choice as to the mode of living, and expresses a preference for living on a less sum from the poor-rates over living on a greater sum from industry. It is not distress in the sense in which distress is produced by uncontrollable calamity. But for revenue purposes it may be spoken of as distress, since the production of the nation is lessened and the rates are increased. In France, however, the burden of the late war is incomparably greater than the burden imposed by any extra military expenditure that England may now be supporting. That France has to raise at least thirty millions sterling more in taxes to pay for the cost of the war must be a burden the weight of which should not be overlooked simply because it is borne without any great difficulty. That it is so borne may be inferred from the increase under almost all the heads of indirect taxation which the French revenue returns show for the last quarter. Two, therefore, of the great nations of Europe may be said to be in this position—they are going through bad times, but not so that the national revenue is sensibly affected. Unfortunately it is only of two nations that this can be said.

Italy, Austria, and Germany may be classed together in a group, as all being in some kind of financial embarrassment, as all seeking to provide a remedy by the increase of import duties of a protective kind, and as all owing their embarrassment partly to bad times, principally to a military expenditure disproportionate to their resources. How the protective duties work in Italy has been explained in an interesting letter from Mr. WEDGWOOD, in which he shows that the export trade of English earthenware to Italy has been checked, until at last it has been killed off, and the Italians are left to use their own rude crockery. Austria in the recent augmentation of its tariff is seeking three objects—to balance the Budget, to enrich its producers, and to secure a larger portion, if not the whole, of the Levant trade in those articles which are to be produced under the stimulus of Protection. The protectionist proposals of Prince BISMARCK, the chief of which is the imposition of a prohibitory duty on iron, have been referred to the Tariff Committee by the Federal Council, and will soon have to be discussed by the German Parliament. It is impossible to contend on behalf of Free-trade that increased taxes, even if of a protective character, do not answer the immediate purpose for which they are imposed. They bring in money. They enable a Government to meet or to mitigate present embarrassment. The German Government wants more money than it has now for military purposes. If it puts on new taxes it will get more money, and will be able to provide for the vast army it thinks necessary. It was by imposing enormous import duties, some of which were highly protective, that the United States was able to pay off a large part of the debt incurred in the civil war. What is true is that a nation by imposing protective duties mortgages its future. It abandons wealth which it might possess. The ability of Germany to keep up its army will in time be diminished. The nation ought to grow richer with greater speed than will be attained, and it is possible that it may grow actually poorer. Even if the new taxes which must be voted in order to maintain a vast military force were raised from the least objectionable sources that could be devised, they must make the nation poorer; but, if this amount of military force is necessary to the nation, then the amount of increased poverty is also necessary. What Germany will voluntarily add to the loss, if Prince BISMARCK'S proposals are adopted, is the extra diminution of wealth caused by impairing the purchasing powers of the consumer. Prince BISMARCK has, however, recently defended his proposals on a special ground. England can trade with the world, but Germany must trade chiefly with her neighbours. She is surrounded by protectionist neighbours—France, Italy, Austria, and Russia. The nearest approach to Free-trade which she can make with such neighbours is through Treaties of Commerce. But, as these treaties are bargains, a good bargainer must have something to give up. Prince BISMARCK is putting on duties in order to have something to give up when he bargains with his neighbours. This argument is not without force so far as it goes. All Treaties of Commerce are departures from the strict principles of Free-trade. They are at best only modes of getting the idea of Free-trade into heads which would otherwise be impervious to it. If they are looked at as in themselves good and valuable bargains, the bargainer must have something to start with. It is useless to haggle over the exchange of a calf for a donkey, unless the one haggler has got a calf and the other a donkey to haggle about.

Lastly, there is among the Great Powers Russia. Probably, of all the chief nations of Europe, Russia has least felt the prevailing commercial distress, for its commerce is too young to be much hurt. But then its abnormal military expenditure presses on it with extreme weight. What the cost of the war will ultimately prove to have been no one, not even probably the Russian Minister of Finance, can pretend to guess. The estimated cost for 1877, as publicly declared, is somewhat over forty millions sterling. This may or may not be the real cost for that year; but, supposing it is correct, the total cost of the whole war, reckoned to the period when all the Russian troops are brought home and the army is put once more on a peace footing, cannot be taken at less than a hundred millions sterling. This will have to be paid for, and in face of this payment the ordinary revenue is decreasing. The deficit is not easy to express, for it is given in roubles, and the rouble has been so depreciated by paper issues that the proper equivalent in pounds sterling is a matter of guesswork. It may probably be put down at something like four millions. To balance the ordinary Budget new taxes must be imposed. Taxation is already so heavy in Russia, and the Custom duties are so nearly

prohibitive, that the Finance Minister has apparently no other resource but to increase the duty on spirits. The army, it is calculated, when it comes back, will drink handsomely, and the Russian peasant would sell the shirt, if he had one, off his back to get drink, and so the revenue may flourish. It must be owned that, if all that Russia had to think of was to make up a deficit occurring in bad times of four millions, it would be idle to talk of her insolvency. But, then, there is the war expenditure. This will have taken the shape, partly of internal loans, partly of an increased inconvertible currency. Until we know the amount of the two together, and of each separately, it is premature to speculate on their consequences. But it is also premature to speak as if Russia must have to proclaim herself insolvent. She will have to pay the bill she has run up; but, considering her recovery from the Crimean war, it may be taken as possible that she should pay it. The interest on the internal loans will not be a very heavy charge, and an increase of the inconvertible currency causes much misery and deranges dealings with foreign nations, but it need not involve national ruin. Its effects all depend on its quantity, and on the probability that no further increase will be made. The issue of caimés has brought Turkey into the most woful insolvency, but these caimés have been issued almost at random, and no one believes that the supply of them will cease. The issue of a given number of millions of inconvertible currency in Russia must ruin many individuals, cause much distress, and severely hamper commerce; but it may be that Russia can carry the load she has taken on her shoulders. The foreign bonds of Russia still maintain a high price, and they maintain it principally because the Dutch and the Germans do not believe in the insolvency of Russia. They do not buy Russian bonds because they love Russia, but because they think Russian finance is in a state far from hopeless; and their opinion, even if it is erroneous, is well worth studying as that of men who are very keen judges of finance.

MR. GLADSTONE'S NEW PAMPHLET.

THE object of Mr. GLADSTONE's latest party pamphlet is sufficiently indicated by the title of "The Friends "and Foes of Russia." As, rightly or wrongly, Russian policy is regarded in England with jealousy, it is rather a transparent than a subtle device of faction to suggest that the popular judgment of the respective relations of the Government and Opposition to Russia is founded on mistake. Two years ago Mr. GLADSTONE and his supporters were earnestly invoking the Russian intervention in Turkey which Lord BEACONSFIELD regarded with unconcealed suspicion. At that time there could be no doubt which were the friends and which were the foes of the famous "Divine "figure from the North." From that time to the present the English Government has been engaged in checking by menace or action the progress of Russian aggression. Antagonism is not generally regarded as a proof of friendship, although ill-judged resistance sometimes promotes the interests which it is intended to injure. Lord BEACONSFIELD may or may not have been well informed when he expressed a belief that, if the Russian invasion of Turkey had been resolutely opposed, there would have been no war. Mr. GLADSTONE and his friends rendered the trial of the experiment impossible, and, although there is some reason to believe that the Emperor of RUSSIA resented the pressure which was placed on his policy by the English agitation, the Opposition, and not the Government, wished for the success of his enterprise. Friendship as well as enmity is generally reciprocal, and Mr. GLADSTONE himself will not carry paradox so far as to assert that Lord BEACONSFIELD's alleged services to Russia are rewarded by gratitude or good-will. The scolding language which he applies to the Russian resumption of Bessarabia will hardly provoke the indignation of Russia. It is too evident that he denounces the transaction only because it was tolerated by the English Government, which had neither opportunity nor motive for preventing it.

While Mr. GLADSTONE still attributes the Russian attack on Turkey to the most laudable and disinterested sympathy, he nevertheless, for the purpose of his latest argument, dilates on the territorial acquisitions which were the reward, if not the object, of a successful war. He insinuates that the conquest of Kars and Batoum, and the annexation of Bessarabia, were benefits conferred in some mysterious manner on Russia by the policy of the English Government. The conquering belligerent not unfrequently obtains material advantages; but those who remonstrated against the original enterprise are not usually held responsible for its results. When the French, during the administration of CANNING, who has lately become the object of Mr. GLADSTONE's admiration, invaded Spain in 1823, the English Government, as in 1877, used all its influence to prevent a wrongful war, although then as now it was not disposed to resist the aggression by force. If there had been a Mr. GLADSTONE in the Opposition of that day, he would have complained that the Ministers were the friends of France because they had allowed the Duke of ANGOULÊME to obtain an easy victory. Sophisms and paradoxes contribute nothing to the solution of a political controversy. If Mr. GLADSTONE could convert a figure of speech into a serious argument by proving that the present Ministers are the friends of Russia, it would still be necessary to inquire whether their policy was just and expedient. It is assuredly not condemned by the fact that, having maintained neutrality in a war between two foreign States, they have been unable to prevent the victor from obtaining solid advantage. Mr. GLADSTONE, except by occasional and feeble vituperation, scarcely attempts to support his converse proposition that the Liberals are the foes of Russia. If he had, until within the last two or three years, taken any interest in foreign policy or in diplomatic history, he would have known that, as Lord ABERDEEN once said when Mr. GLADSTONE sat in his Cabinet the foreign politics of England are the same, whether Conservatives or Liberals are in power. The feelings of the Duke of WELLINGTON and of Lord PALMERSTON to Russia were exactly the same; and neither of them could be regarded as friends of a Power to which they nevertheless professed no enmity. A still more striking illustration of Lord ABERDEEN's proposition is furnished by later experience. Mr. GLADSTONE's Government, as far as is known, pursued exactly the same Eastern policy which it inherited from Lord PALMERSTON and transmitted to Lord BEACONSFIELD. The sudden revulsion which found a cause or pretext in the Bosnian insurrection and the Bulgarian massacres affected only an Opposition. Lord ABERDEEN's statement was confined to successive Governments.

In a summary of the arguments contained in the earlier part of his article Mr. GLADSTONE declares that he has established the following propositions:—"1. The British "Tories are the traditional and natural allies of Russia in "the policy of absolutism which she commonly has fol- "lowed in Continental affairs. 2. They only depart from "her when, as in the case of Turkish oppression, she de- "parts from herself, and is found fighting on the side of "humanity. 3. In thus departing, they have so managed "their resistance that they have played her game, fortified "her position, and humbled their country before her." The object of these questionable propositions is explained in the graceful sentence which follows:—"When our "roystering politicians begin their preparations for the "coming election, these propositions may afford them some "instruction." There is no doubt that the pamphlet is published for an electioneering purpose, in the hope that constituencies may be induced to reject candidates of a party which can be represented as friendly to Russia. A more flagrant appeal to a prejudice of which Mr. GLADSTONE at other times disapproves could hardly have been devised. It is not creditable to a statesman who has belonged to both parties in turn to attempt to exaggerate party differences and to extend them to matters with which they have no connexion. Mr. GLADSTONE ought to know that many thoughtful politicians, who are in no sense partisans, are nevertheless anxious to form a sound judgment on questions of national concern. To such persons a demonstration that certain opinions on foreign politics have been formerly held by Whigs and Tories would be wholly uninteresting and irrelevant, even if it had been given in the most conclusive form. Mr. GLADSTONE shows that his acquaintance with the foreign policy of the present and past generation is utterly imperfect and inaccurate.

Mr. GLADSTONE asserts that "the partition of Europe, "effected at Vienna without reference to the feelings of "the people, was agreeable to the ideas of both (Russia "and the English Tories), and had a kind of sanctity in "their eyes." Yet, as he will perhaps be surprised to learn, the pretensions of Russia were so strongly opposed by England that, immediately before NAPOLEON'S escape from Elba, Lord CASTLEREAGH, Prince TALLEYRAND, and

Prince METTERNICH, concluded a Tripartite Treaty, by which England, France, and Austria bound themselves to resist the claims of Russia and Prussia, even at the cost of war. Russia, he proceeds to say, supported METTERNICH; and yet METTERNICH and ALEXANDER I. were constant and bitter enemies. "Russia eyed askance, "and the Tories abhorred, the foreign policy of "Mr. CANNING." It is strange that Prince and Princess LIEVEN, who then represented Russia in England, should, as the Duke of WELLINGTON frequently with a lofty contempt notices, have incessantly intrigued against him, and that they should also have reconciled GEORGE IV. to Mr. CANNING, and have prepared the way for his elevation to the office of Prime Minister. From the time of his own mission to St. Petersburg the Duke of WELLINGTON entertained to the Emperor NICHOLAS the same distrust which he had long felt for ALEXANDER. He utterly disapproved of the Russian war against Turkey in 1828 and 1829, though he was powerless to prevent it. At a later time the Tories were wholly innocent of the Russian interference in Hungary, which was never opposed by the Liberal Government. It may be true that the late Lord DERBY was hostile to all European parties which he regarded as revolutionary; but in 1858 and 1859, when Mr. GLADSTONE had already for a time allied himself with the Liberal party, he became a supporter of Lord DERBY, and it is nearly certain that he would have become the Conservative leader in the House of Commons, if an intrigue for shelving Mr. DISRAELI as Viceroy of India had not been defeated. It is still more strange that Mr. GLADSTONE should sneer at the supposed sympathy of absolute Governments with Sir ROBERT PEEL when he took office in 1834. It was at that time that Mr. GLADSTONE himself first entered the public service. The article on "The "Friends and Foes of Russia" is vigorous with the energy of passion, and it reproduces the arguments which have been used on the same side during a long controversy. From first to last its merits and demerits are those of a party pamphlet. The spirit in which Mr. GLADSTONE writes is illustrated by his suggestion that the present distress is wholly or partly caused by the policy of Government. Only a few days ago he publicly assured a correspondent that he had no means of estimating the relation between foreign policy and commercial depression.

THE SENATORIAL ELECTIONS.

THE elections which take place to-morrow in France can hardly be said to be interesting as regards their event. That they will return a considerable majority of Liberal Senators is assumed on all sides. But, though the event may be taken as known, the effect which that event will have upon French politics is not known, or at all events not known with anything like the same precision. For example, the real value of a Second Chamber is about to be tested for the first time. The Senate, as it has hitherto been constituted, was the offspring of an accident. It did not represent the constituency which returned it; it spoke the words and thought the thoughts of the late National Assembly. Thus the French Republic began its constitutional life with one of its two Chambers a mere survival. This fact both ensured continual conflicts with the Chamber of Deputies and at the same time prevented these conflicts from being really serious. If a reactionary Senate had really expressed the feelings of the senatorial electors, universal suffrage would have been divided against itself; and it is hard to say how so internecine a strife would have ended. As it was, it was known that the Republicans had only to wait till the date at which the first periodical renewal of the Senate should take place to be secure of a majority in general agreement with the Chamber of Deputies. There could be no inducement to violence when it was well known that all that violence could hope to attain in 1878 would be attained by peaceable means in 1879. In the future the Senate, whatever be its political complexion, will represent the country in the same sense, though not in the same degree, as the Chamber of Deputies. The representation in the one case will be indirect instead of direct, and two-thirds of the Senators may represent a somewhat earlier state of feeling than that expressed by a Chamber which is renewed by general, not by periodical, election. But these are only trifling distinctions. In its general character the Senate will be as much a popular Chamber as the Chamber of Deputies. The hopes of the Conservatives that the municipalities would choose their delegates on local rather than on political grounds have been signally disappointed. When politics find their way into municipal elections even by accident, they usually absorb the whole thoughts of the electors, and it was not to be expected that they should have a less powerful effect when they have been introduced not by accident but by design. It will be interesting to notice whether the antagonism natural to any two bodies which have to consider and pass judgment upon each other's proceedings will make the Liberal Senate different in any marked respect from the Liberal Chamber of Deputies. But for this it might be supposed that for the future the only function of the Senate will be to register the decrees of the other half of the Legislature. The duty of making its measures consistent and intelligible—a service which in this country is occasionally rendered by the House of Lords to the House of Commons—devolves in France upon the Council of State. Whether a Chamber which possesses legal independence will always forego the exercise of it because it does not differ on fundamental questions from the Chamber with which it is nominally equal affords interesting matter for speculation.

A more practical question is the effect of the change in the character of the Senate upon the composition of the Cabinet. It has always been recognized that the creation of a Liberal majority in both Chambers would place M. DUFAURE in a different position from that which he has hitherto held. So long as the Senate was reactionary, there was a possibility that, if Marshal MACMAHON were driven too hard, he might again risk a quarrel with the Chamber of Deputies; and it was consequently important that the Prime Minister should be a politician who possessed, among his other gifts, the faculty of not exciting the PRESIDENT's fears. M. DUFAURE has this faculty in a very high degree. Probably the MARSHAL feels scarcely less safe with him than he felt with M. DE BROGLIE. To secure this end it was obviously worth the while of the Left to postpone the advent of a Ministry more completely in unison with their own views. M. DUFAURE is a genuine Republican; and, so long as he remains at the head of affairs, there is an absolute certainty that the Chief of the State will not be led astray by his reactionary friends; and, when these reactionary friends actually commanded one branch of the Legislature, this was an important consideration. The first question that suggests itself in connexion with to-morrow's elections is whether it will remain an important consideration. Will there be any danger of Marshal MACMAHON trying without the co-operation of either Chamber the experiment which he tried unsuccessfully when he had one Chamber on his side? All the probabilities of the case point to the absence for the time to come of any such danger. Without the Senate at his back, Marshal MACMAHON could not possibly set up any constitutional pretensions; he must come forward simply as a Saviour of Society. Upon this head it seems enough to say that he is not of the stuff of which Saviours of Society are made. There must be some inducement for a man to play such a part, and in this case the only inducement would be the satisfaction of keeping a place warm for HENRY V. or NAPOLEON IV. The MARSHAL is not so devoted to either pretender as to be ready to run the immense risks of a *coup d'état* for no more interesting purpose than to put a King or an Emperor in the seat which he himself now occupies as President. Nor does there seem to be much ground for fearing the consequences of his resignation. The Liberal party have had time enough to prepare for that contingency, and M. GAMBETTA long ago said that the candidate had already been selected. Besides this, the MARSHAL has no obvious inducement to resign. If he cares about retaining the good opinion of the Conservatives, he should have resigned on the 13th of December, 1877. The months that have passed since that day have probably made the ill opinion of his former friends less terrible to him, while they have taught him that office has some charms left even when it is shorn of its personal attributes.

As the particular reason which has always been assigned for M. DUFAURE's remaining in office seems to be no longer operative, the question that will have to be decided after the senatorial elections is whether, in the interests of the country generally, the Left ought to be content with the Ministry as at present constituted, or to insist on a more

adequate representation in the Cabinet of their own views. M. DUFAURE stands to the Liberal party of to-day in France much as Lord RUSSELL stood to the Liberal party in England after the election of 1868. It may be argued, therefore, with great show of reason, that, as Mr. GLADSTONE was the proper leader for English Liberals at the last-named date, so M. GAMBETTA is the proper leader for the French Liberals at the present moment. It would have been plainly unsatisfactory to all parties if Mr. GLADSTONE had refused to take office, and had contented himself with acting as dictator to a Ministry led by Lord RUSSELL. A politician who is the acknowledged head of the most powerful party in the country and in the Legislature ought not, it may be said, to stand aside and only exert his paramount influence behind the scenes. As a general rule this is undoubtedly true. The proper place for a man of M. GAMBETTA's pretensions is at the head of the Ministry—unless, indeed, it be rather at the head of the State. This is the main reason which leads us to doubt whether it would not be better for France that M. DUFAURE should remain in office. The Constitution of the Republic cannot be regarded as finally settled in all particulars. Since 1871 both theories of the President's functions have been tested by experiment, and there is nothing to show that the one which has prevailed since Marshal MACMAHON has been in office is preferable to that which prevailed when M. THIERS was in office. It is exceedingly doubtful whether a succession of really qualified men will be found to accept the office if it remains entirely devoid of real power. What manner of men are they to be? If they are members of one or other of the dethroned families, they will, for a long time to come at all events, be considered as placed there to bring about a restoration. If they are successful generals, they will be suspected of intriguing with the army. If they are eminent statesmen, they will inevitably grow weary of a dignity which leaves them for all the real purposes of politics the puppet of their own Ministers. If none of these classes of men seem to serve the purpose, in what direction is the search to be further prosecuted? These considerations suggest themselves so inevitably that they cannot possibly have escaped the notice of the Liberal leaders in France, and the result may be to make the maintenance of the present Ministry desirable for some time longer.

SIR WILLIAM HAYTER.

THE regret which has been felt on the death of Sir WILLIAM HAYTER at a great age, after a retirement of twenty years, is at the same time a tribute to his personal merit and a proof of the importance of the remarkable employment in which he gained his reputation. The political Secretary of the Treasury, if he performs his duty efficiently, is doubly entitled to the gratitude of his party, because he is expected gratuitously to discharge in Opposition nearly the same duties as in office. The adjutant of the party is sometimes only second in influence to the leader, and even his chief depends in some degree on his practical advice. It is not the business of the Whip to recommend any policy as in itself beneficial, but to feel the pulse of the House of Commons, and to communicate to his superiors the result of his observations. He is also bound by his activity and tact to maintain discipline in the ranks, even when he may perhaps personally sympathize with mutinous tendencies. When a Prime Minister or party leader of Opposition has himself a natural aptitude for party management, the Whip becomes his principal agent. At other times the humbler functionary supplies the deficiencies of his official chief. Sir W. HAYTER served Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Lord PALMERSTON; but he was never supposed to be responsible for their more flagrant mistakes. He would certainly, if he had been consulted, not have advised Lord JOHN RUSSELL to publish the Durham Letter, or a year afterwards, at the instigation of the Court, to dismiss Lord PALMERSTON from office. At the next general election Sir W. HAYTER is said to have given an impartial support to the respective adherents of the rival Liberal leaders. He perhaps foresaw that the party would reunite, and it was not his business to determine whether Lord JOHN RUSSELL or Lord PALMERSTON had the better claim to its allegiance. Though he did his duty loyally to the Coalition Government of Lord ABERDEEN, he must have found his place more congenial to his tastes and habits when the former followers of Sir ROBERT PEEL retired from power. It is not known whether he afterwards warned Lord PALMERSTON that his offhand demeanour and his exclusive regard for aristocratic connexion in the choice of his colleagues were rapidly alienating the favour of a House of Commons returned almost expressly to support him. When, in his second Administration, Lord PALMERSTON showed that he had taken warning by the lesson of 1858, Sir W. HAYTER had retired from office. In his eight years' service he saw two Liberal majorities frittered away; and he may perhaps have envied his opponents the skill of their leader. It was not his fault that one of his chiefs was unduly self-confident, and that the other was, for the first and last time in his life, temporarily intoxicated by success.

In most cases the leader of the Government or Opposition is well advised in preferring the judgment of his Secretary or ex-Secretary of the Treasury to his own on matters within his department. A sagacious and practised observer who spends his life in watching the temper of the House of Commons can form a sounder judgment of its probable action than a statesman who ought to think more of the public interest than of his own fortunes. The same functionary is in constant communication with the local managers of the constituencies; and he has therefore special opportunities of judging whether any policy will be generally popular. If it is true that the last Parliament was suddenly dissolved by the advice of a former Secretary of the Treasury, the supporter of the measure must share with its author the blame of a flagrant miscalculation. A failure to understand the disposition of the House of Commons is less excusable; but in such cases it is sometimes impossible to distribute the responsibility between the leader and the Whip. In the Session of 1877 Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE accepted a proposal of a new system of county government after a Treasury Circular had been issued to announce a division on the Bill, and even when a member of the Government had delivered an able speech against it. Only the other day the motion for the Rhodope grant was withdrawn after notice, because it was found that it could not be carried. In both instances a check had been wantonly incurred, either because the advice of the Secretary of the Treasury had not been asked in time, or because he had failed to discern the feeling of the House. In neither case was the subject-matter of primary importance; but a miscarriage which might have been avoided by the exercise of due foresight weakens the authority of a Government. A leader of Opposition can incur risks with comparative impunity; yet Lord HARTINGTON's imprudent suggestion of the disestablishment of the Scotch Church is generally attributed to the influence of his official adviser. It remains to be seen whether Mr. ADAM miscalculated the comparative strength of the Established Church and the nonconforming Presbyterian sects. A statesman might perhaps prudently resolve to be only negatively guided by the real or supposed opinion of Parliament or of the country. It is undesirable to introduce measures not in themselves expedient only because they may perhaps be popular.

The duties of the Secretary of the Treasury have become much less irksome since the introduction of competitive examinations. It was extremely troublesome to apportion the number of petty posts in the public service to the claims of every supporter of the Government, or perhaps to the exigencies of his constituents. At present there is little opportunity of choosing between enmity and ingratitude, except in the higher kinds of patronage which affect members rather than electors. The Whip of a party has great facilities for introducing candidates to constituencies, though local pretensions become at every successive election more effective. The late Mr. ELLICE, who was Secretary of the Treasury to Lord GREY, had probably some share in the return of half the majority which carried the Reform Bill. Sir W. HAYTER must, twenty years later, have performed similar services to many Parliamentary aspirants. Another duty of his office was to listen to the requests of members of the party who thought that they had earned baronetcies or other titular distinctions. A Prime Minister probably reserves to himself the distribution of peerages. As all these things have to be done, it is as well that they should be managed by upright and prudent men; but the conditions of Parliamentary government are sometimes not a little surprising. It seems inevitable

that the members of a sovereign assembly should divide themselves into parties which both respectively support different political opinions, and compete with one another for the control of the Executive Government. Having once come into existence, parties, like many other organizations, acquire a substantial character, and struggle for political supremacy, not as an instrument, but as an object. It then becomes necessary that they should be recruited, regulated, and guided, and Secretaries of Treasury are invented for the purpose. On one hand they must persuade a majority to pass even an Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, and on the other they ought to prevail on their chiefs to try as few experiments of the kind as possible.

Party Whips are generally popular and successful, because they are almost always chosen on account of their special qualifications. A Minister who appoints an incapable favourite to such a place must be disinterested as well as rash. The requisite qualities are such as can be appreciated by the world in general; and when a vacancy occurs one or more candidates for the place are designated by general consent. Pedants, projectors, and members of strong and narrow convictions are necessarily excluded from competition. The Whip must be a man of the world, and he must know how to deal with men; while it is wholly unnecessary that he should care for political theories. The doctrine that the Liberal or Conservative party, as the case may be, ought to be in power forms the essential article of his creed. In advising his chief he prefers the policy which will command the largest support, and it is his business to reconcile the party to the decisions of the leaders. At the same time he must not, at least in outward bearing, be a bitter or intolerant partisan. He has, to a certain extent, to keep the other party, as well as his own, in good humour, and to cause necessary business to be transacted without unnecessary friction. In dealing with opponents his functions in some degree resemble those of an advocate or diplomatist. Contests of all kinds are most quietly and most conveniently conducted by dispassionate agents who represent the interests, but not the passions, of their principals. The House of Commons could scarcely get through its work if the Whips on either side could not implicitly rely on the good faith of their hostile colleagues. Members of Parliament of the generation which is now passing away regarded Sir W. Hayter as one of the ablest incumbents of the office which he held for several years. He was heartily loyal to his party; but he was not apparently enthusiastic for any policy which it might adopt, rightly preferring success to the affirmation of abstract principles. His pleasant manner rendered him popular with opponents as with friends, and his chiefs had, within the range of his department, no more sagacious advisor.

HOME RULE AND IRISH EDUCATION.

It seems not unlikely that the character and aims of the so-called Home Rule movement have been somewhat misunderstood on this side of St. George's Channel. The cry of legislative independence has been so loudly raised that Englishmen have been led to regard legislative independence as the one thing which a large number of Irishmen desire. It would be a pleasant surprise to learn that Home Rule had only been asked for as the surest and shortest means of obtaining a variety of other ends; for, if this could be assumed as possible, the difficulty of dealing with Irish demands would be very much lessened. A claim which is quite inadmissible in degree may be so far admissible in kind as at least to deserve attention; but the vice of Home Rule is that, in any form or degree that can fairly be called Home Rule, it is and must remain inadmissible. As we have said more than once lately, an independent Ireland would on all grounds be preferable to an Ireland united to England by a merely dynastic or federal tie. Mr. Dease's letter to Mr. Adam gives some hope that Irishmen are beginning to see this for themselves. It is a gain to have the relations of Irish members to political parties discussed with reference not to the substitution of a local for an Imperial Legislature, but to the action of the Imperial Legislature on Irish questions. No reasonable man would question the right of Irish members to withhold their support from any political party which did not admit Ireland to her fair share of the improvements which that party may think proper to include in its programme. Whether Mr. Dease has made good his particular charge against the Liberal leaders is a point into which it is needless to enter here. The plain fact is that English members have been made so angry by the obstructive tactics of certain Home Rulers that it is quite impossible to bring them up to vote for any Irish proposal so long as those tactics are persevered in. If they are really abandoned, the competitive willingness of both parties to stand well with Ireland on the eve of a general election may probably be relied on to secure for Irish questions at least as much attention as their relative importance demands. The Liberal party in England is not likely to repeat the blunder it made in 1873, though it is less certain that, if the Irish Roman Catholics had another such offer made to them as that contained in the Irish University Bill of the late Government, they would deal with it any more wisely. But Mr. Butt himself has told us that, so long as Mr. Parnell and his fit though few supporters make the despatch of business impossible for days together, no Irish question will have a chance of being considered on its merits. If the alliance between English and Irish Liberals is to be renewed, or a fresh alliance cemented with the Conservatives, the first step towards such a consummation will be the excision of Home Rule from the list of Irish demands. When that has been effected, English and Irish members on both sides of the House will once more be able to approach Irish questions with some hope of agreement.

There is not much apparent reason, however, for the Liberals to anticipate that the result of the competition will be to their advantage. The Irish vote is easily detached from the Liberal side by the hope of favours to come; and there are very few of these favours which they may not look for from the Conservatives with quite as good reason as from the Liberals. The Church question is out of the way. The Land question is still open; but as the Act which is complained of was the work of a Liberal Cabinet, Conservatives are in the convenient position of benefiting by its unpopularity without being bound, unless they think fit, to propose remedial legislation. On the third of the great issues which constituted the Irish element in Mr. Gladstone's policy the two parties stand, for different reasons, in very similar positions. In dealing with University Education in Ireland the Conservatives have to reckon with Irish Protestant feeling; while the Liberals have to reckon with English Dissenting feeling. Probably the leaders on both sides entertain an impartial contempt for the prejudices which stand in the way of any lasting and satisfactory settlement of the question. But as yet they have shown no power of overriding these prejudices. The Conservatives are afraid of the outcry that would rise up against a Government which proposed to endow Antichrist. The Liberals are afraid of the outcry that would rise up against a Government which proposed to endow religion. What with the anti-Papal enthusiasm of some Conservatives, and the anti-denominational enthusiasm of some Liberals, neither party is likely to have a very easy time of it when the attempt to improve the higher education of Ireland is actually made.

Certain students and ex-students of the Catholic University in Dublin have lately contributed their share to the confusion which exists on this question. They have heard—it does not appear from whom—that the Government intend next Session to bring in a Bill which shall settle the Irish University question and give Irish Catholics equality in the matter of University education, by setting up in Ireland an examining Board which would examine students and confer upon them prizes, exhibitions, and degrees, no matter where they may have studied. That something of this sort is in contemplation is probable enough. It would be a natural corollary from the legislation with regard to secondary education last year. In that case the difficulty about endowments was got over by the expedient of separating examination from study, and making the prizes depend entirely upon the number of marks the candidate might have gained. This measure was a remarkable success, and we might naturally expect that, if the present Government take up the subject at all, they will follow the lines of their previous success. If, however, the students' address is to be taken as indicative of Irish Catholic feeling, the Government may spare themselves the trouble of framing an Irish University Bill on this plan. Such a Bill, say the students, will not confer educational equality on Irish Catholics, and consequently

will not settle the Irish University question. It is bad enough that Trinity College should hold large endowments while the Catholic University remains absolutely unendowed. But it is worse that, while the revenues of Trinity College are left untouched, the very existence of the Catholic University should be rendered impossible. That this would be the result of setting up a mere examining body in Ireland follows, the students say, from the fact that, if the prizes of the State University were attainable by all, no matter where they had studied, the attractions of superior cheapness would tempt Catholic parents to "keep their sons in provincial "schools, or to commit them to the care of 'grinders.'" Thus the only institution which offers University teaching combined with University residence in a shape in which Roman Catholics can accept it would come to an end from want of support. "If Irish Catholics hope "ever to qualify themselves to take their proper place in "this country, the first essential is the existence of a great "Catholic educational centre," and the provision of an adequate endowment. We wish we could see the slightest likelihood of this view finding acceptance with either Liberals or Conservatives. It is to be feared, however, that, no matter which of the two parties brought in such a measure, the whole strength of the other party would be devoted to defeating the scheme, in the hope that it would involve the Government in its fall. A proposal for the direct and specific endowment of Popery would supply a temptation to an Opposition which neither of them would be able to resist. Mr. ARNOLD took us to task some time ago for admitting this; but to admit it is not to justify it, and we can scarcely believe that any one who is acquainted with the ordinary behaviour of political parties when in opposition would hazard a contrary prediction. The question is, therefore, whether there may not be some modification of the plan attributed to the Government which would make the continued existence of the Catholic University possible as one element out of many in a larger scheme of University education. The address of the students draws a distinction between a measure which would offend against educational equality by withholding endowments from the Catholic educational centre, and one which would offend against it by destroying that educational centre. It would at all events be an interesting experiment to introduce a Bill which should have only one of these disadvantages instead of both. At the same time it must be remembered that Governments are apt to be shy of political experiments, curious as these might be to the impartial bystander, when their popularity or their existence is at stake.

REMEDIES FOR THE DISTRESS.

IT seems likely that the severe weather which broke up at the end of last week gave an unduly threatening air to the distress which is so generally felt. The cold put an end to outdoor labour of all kinds, and, while it lasted, skilled and unskilled workmen—workmen who know only one trade, and workmen who turn their hands to any trade that offers itself—were equally without employment. Part, however, of the distress thus caused was of a strictly passing character; while there was nothing to be done it lasted, but as soon as work became once more possible it disappeared. It was a distress that had nothing in the least peculiar or distinctive about it. That it has become in any degree unfamiliar to us is due to the fact that the last two or three winters have been exceptionally mild, and consequently have allowed a number of occupations which have lately been at a stand to go on without intermission. People soon become accustomed to good or bad fortune, and if we have a succession of hard winters the presence of the distress they cause will come to seem as natural as its absence has seemed of late years. It is not until we have learnt to distinguish between the two kinds of distress which were contemporaneous during the frost, that we learn how severe the kind which is not caused by the weather has lately become. No change in the sky or the temperature will affect the future of the iron trade or of the cotton trade. The absence of work in these great industries depends upon more remote and more lasting causes. It will be well therefore to be on our guard against the tendency which already seems observable to under-estimate the trouble ahead. The apparently brighter accounts that have appeared this week are either the corrections of previous exaggerations which still leave the truth sufficiently serious, or they relate to districts in which no serious or exceptional distress exists.

The letters which have appeared in the *Times*, or were read at the meeting of the Charity Organization Council on Monday, point out a danger which has to be carefully guarded against. There is always enough distress in the East of London to simulate exceptional distress. The population is very poor and very shiftless, living mostly from hand to mouth and by work which, though it may be regular on the average, is intermittent and uncertain in each particular case. If benevolent persons who have no knowledge of the poor go down into Whitechapel or Bethnal Green, they are sure to see a great deal which will excite their commiseration. If their heads are full of what they have been reading about the exceptional distress in various parts of the country, they will easily persuade themselves that in East London also it is exceptional. From that it is an easy step to the formation of Relief Committees, central and local. When once these are started abundance of money comes in, and it becomes almost a point of honour with the Committees to find claimants for it. Nor, indeed, have they any difficulty in doing so. East London in such times becomes a very carcase round which the vultures of professional beggary and that thriftlessness which has just wit enough to know where charity will maintain it in idleness are at once gathered together. The fact that in the last great period of distress and relief in East London the rents of the poorest class of houses positively went up is a striking testimony to the nature of the process that was going on there. The alms which were then dispensed were regarded as so many privileges appertaining to residence in that favoured district, for participation in which it was only reasonable that a fair price should be paid. If further evidence were wanting, the letters of Mr. WALROND, Mr. BARNETT, and Mr. HANSARD would furnish it. They all testify to the horror with which their writers view the creation of a special relief organization. There are quite enough agencies at work, they say, already. If the public want to relieve the distress which undoubtedly does exist in East London let them give their money through one of these. Exceptional needs call for exceptional machinery to meet them; but in East London the needs are not exceptional. There is no large population out of work and requiring to be supported by means of work extemporized for them to do. There are merely the isolated though numerous cases of individual distress which can be best dealt with by the agencies which are already well acquainted with them. To hand them over to newly enlisted volunteers would be simply to tempt imposition.

In districts where really exceptional distress exists a different course has necessarily to be pursued. The ordinary relief agencies are competent to deal with the kinds of poverty to which those who administer relief are accustomed, and so long as the difference between this winter and other winters is only that there is more poverty than usual of the usual type, there is no need to supplement them by any exceptional organization. But when the poverty is not of the usual type, when, on the contrary, it has little or nothing in common with the usual type, when it lays hold of a class which is commonly exempt from it and which has only been involved in it because of the unusual length and severity of the present depression of trade, the ordinary agencies are necessarily powerless. For one thing, there is need, not necessarily of larger funds, but certainly of larger powers, than any charitable society can command. The distress, so far as it is really formidable, affects a population which in other years is, even in winter, in pretty constant work. Now it is, and in many cases has for a long time been, out of work. This difference suggests, and even necessitates, a corresponding difference of treatment. When a man is out of work for a few weeks at a time he ought to be able to maintain himself out of his savings, and if he has saved nothing he may fairly be left to the Poor-law. In cases where there has been an unusual amount of sickness, or unusual claims of any kind to be met out of his wages, he may be a proper object for private charity. But it is not expedient to spare him the disgrace or annoyance, such as it is, of applying for one or the other. In a period of distress like the present the savings have all gone; they were used probably in the first instance to equalise the weekly income when wages began to fall, and when it was hoped that the dull time would be of short duration. A

large proportion therefore of the sufferers at present are men whom it is not desirable to send either to the Poor-law or to private charity—in the sense in which that term is commonly understood. They are starving, not by their own fault, and consequently there is no need that starvation should bring any further punishment with it. Indeed there is every reason why it should not. Nothing but demoralization can come of reducing large bodies of people to the condition of conscious paupers or conscious beggars. The superiority of one scheme over another will be largely determined by the success with which it avoids this danger.

What is wanted, therefore, is a plan of public works which shall enable the local authorities in the distressed districts to turn all this unemployed labour to useful account. So long as there are roads to be made, or land to be laid out, or any kind of local improvements to be effected, nothing can be gained by setting applicants for relief to break stones, or to do any of the tasks usually associated with pauper labour. Inasmuch as the money paid for this labour is provided by private subscription, the work should not be of a kind which, but for the occurrence of the distress, would have been undertaken by the local authorities at the cost of the ratepayers. But in every centre of industry there is abundance of work to be done, which, though not useful in the sense in which work paid for by a compulsory rate ought to be useful, would yet be highly useful in the sense of benefiting the inhabitants. Inasmuch as this work would never have been taken in hand in ordinary times, ordinary labourers would never have been employed on it. No objection could therefore be raised on the score of interference with the labour market. It is not meant of course that the full wages paid at other times for such labour should be paid now. The fact that the works are intended to stave off destitution should be kept in view, and only such pay given as is required to keep the labourers and their families in fair health. Nor, of course, would work be given to any man who had other means of support. If, for example, there were men in the district who had chosen to add to the distress by taking this opportunity for striking, they should be rigidly excluded from work so long as they were in receipt of any strike pay. Under the careful supervision which local knowledge would supply, it would not be difficult to limit the benefit of the works to men who were at once earning nothing and willing to earn anything that they could.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER.

NOW that the prospect opens before us of a termination of the military operations in Afghanistan, the settlement which is to follow will become the question of the day. A wise adjustment of the conditions of peace with Afghanistan is far more important than even a vigorous prosecution of the war; for it is not too much to say that the course of our whole future policy in Central Asia will turn on the decision to be taken so soon as actual hostilities are ended. Upon this must depend whether it will be possible to revert to our former condition of tranquillity, or whether we are to enter on a new era of political unrest and excitement and financial difficulty; and towards a right solution of the problem two contributions have lately been furnished of the highest value—the address delivered by General E. B. Hamley at the United Service Institution, and the article by Sir Henry Norman published in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*. General Hamley discusses the question solely from a strategic point of view, and no higher authority on such a point can be found; General Norman regards it with the experience gained by a lifetime spent in Indian service—first on the frontier, and afterwards in a variety of high and responsible offices; and it is very noteworthy that these two distinguished officers arrive at conclusions in many important respects identical, but which are opposed to what is apparently the current of opinion on the subject at the present moment.

General Hamley is strongly against the permanent occupation of any position in advance of the Khyber Pass. It is not by that line, he thinks, that an invasion of India is to be feared, while an outpost at Jellalabad or any other point beyond the Khyber would be in an essentially false military position, a source of danger instead of strength, useless for offensive purposes, and always liable to have its communications cut off. On the other hand, while an enemy advancing by way of the Khyber would emerge into the Peshawur valley under most unfavourable circumstances for his attack, the head of his column being exposed to be crushed by the defender awaiting it while the rest of his army was still struggling through the rugged defiles in rear, his whole force spread over a distance of several days' march, an advance by way of the Bolan would offer much greater chance of success. An army coming by that route would, on issuing from the mountains, have room to deploy upon the plains of the Indus, and would have at this point a certain degree of choice of routes, along any of which it could advance to the attack on a compact front. And, although General Hamley considers that, with our communications properly completed along the Indus line, between the sea on the one hand and the Punjab on the other, we ought to be able to give a very good account of any adversary on the ground between that river and the mountains to the west of it, still he would much prefer to meet him on the further side of those mountains. In this view General Hamley considers the occupation of Quetta the most valuable strategic move that has been made. He would extend this so far as to occupy Candahar also, pushing on an advanced post to Girishk on the Helmund. An army in this position, with its rear supported by a fortress at Quetta, while securely covering its communications with India, would have military command of the whole of Afghanistan. It would intercept the communication between Herat and Cabul, and effectually prevent any movement from the latter place on India by way of the Khyber. All along the line of the Punjab, therefore, General Hamley would keep to our present frontier, merely strengthening our position by defensive works at the entrances of the different passes. It is only on the lower Indus, westward of Sind, that he would throw a flank forward.

Sir Henry Norman, on the other hand, while entirely agreeing with General Hamley as regards the policy to be adopted on the Peshawur and Kohat frontier, would have us withdraw, on the conclusion of the war, even from Quetta, which we have held since 1876, and keep strictly within the frontier which we have held ever since the annexation of the Punjab in 1849. In reality, however, there does not appear to be so much disagreement between the two writers, even as to the occupation of Quetta. General Hamley is throughout discussing the question on the supposition that we have to encounter a powerful enemy, wielding great resources and occupying Afghanistan in force. Sir Henry Norman is dealing with Afghanistan as it is. Every one is agreed that Russia must be kept out of that country; but is it necessary for this end that we should be always there ourselves in occupation? Disguise it how we may, the permanent retention of Jellalabad means the occupation, before long, first of Cabul, and eventually of the whole country. There is nothing impracticable about this, but it would be enormously expensive; the troops there would be so much added to the permanent garrison of India, and, far from being a source of strength, would be a source of continual anxiety. Not a man could be brought from Afghanistan to assist in dealing with any difficulty arising in India itself; on the contrary, an outbreak of disturbances elsewhere would be the signal for risings of the turbulent inhabitants of those regions, and among the troubles incidental to such a time would be included the additional strain involved by the need of reinforcing these distant outposts. For no one, it may be presumed, seriously contemplates maintaining a force in Afghanistan of thirty or forty thousand men, a self-contained body which would be able to hold its own without aid from India. The most that the advocates of a "forward" policy would probably admit that they contemplate at present is the occupation of Jellalabad and Candahar and Quetta by strong brigades, with such indefinite support in rear as might suffice to accomplish the hitherto insoluble problem of keeping communications open with India through the passes behind them, inhabited as they are by the lawless and treacherous tribes of whom we have lately been hearing so much. But clearly, if it is to be a question of meeting Russia in Afghanistan, these isolated garrisons will not suffice; it would be a sufficient task to hold a magnified Switzerland with three or four brigades when the people of the country alone have to be dealt with; but supposing we have to encounter a civilized Power wielding a large army, we must evidently send forward a force on a scale of strength compared with which the original garrison which it is now proposed to place there would be quite insignificant. Why, then, place that small garrison there in the first instance, with all the risks and inconveniences attending that measure? Many will answer, To give us the means of entering the country in force whenever the occasion arises for doing so. This, however, is just the question at issue; and the importance of coming to a right judgment upon it can hardly be over-rated. Which course will be the least troublesome and expensive, and in all respects the least objectionable—to keep within our frontier, holding ourselves, however, in readiness to advance in strength whenever the occasion may arise, but meanwhile abstaining from any occupation of Afghanistan; or to push forward garrisons which shall be neither outposts nor armies, the presence of which will make us detested by the people of the country, and which will have to be largely reinforced whenever either India or Afghanistan is seriously threatened from the west? The former is the policy advocated by Sir Henry Norman, and, as we understand it, it is altogether different from that which Lord Lawrence proposed, and which was so justly reprobated in all quarters. Lord Lawrence would be for awaiting Russia quietly in the plains of the Indus, permitting her to mature all her arrangements undisturbed, and trusting to be able to defeat her armies as they issued from the mountains—a policy so fatuous that it is due to Lord Lawrence to suppose that he was led to put it forward only by the heat of controversy. Sir Henry Norman would be for meeting Russia or any other threatening enemy in advance, going to meet her before she comes to us; but he contends that the time has not yet come for making this forward movement. It is not as if

the objective point at issue were a bridge-head, or even a fortified position which the two sides were each racing to get to first. Russia is still a long way off, and her influence in Afghanistan, we may hope, is now to be effaced for some time to come. If she tries to re-establish it, we are bound to destroy it again; and long before the time came when Russia could find herself holding any part of Afghanistan in strength, those who share the opinions advocated by Sir Henry Norman would be for taking up the strategical position at Candahar, dominating the whole country, so ably sketched out by General Hamley. What they maintain is that the time for doing this has not yet come, and that when it does come the precedent of the present war, equally with that of the last, shows that it is in our power to enter and occupy the country whenever we please; and that therefore it is far wiser to husband our resources in the meanwhile by saving the expense which a partial occupation of the country would involve, accompanied as it would be by the certain alienation of its people.

What, no doubt, must be insisted on at any cost is that English influence should be paramount throughout Afghanistan, and that we should have the means of getting trustworthy information at all times about what is passing on the frontier. But it does not at all follow that the occupation of Jellalabad or Candahar would make it any safer for a British officer to live at Herat. On the contrary, we may expect that the extreme unpopularity of such an occupation would dangerously manifest itself wherever our countrymen were isolated or unprotected. On the other hand, there is now an opportunity for establishing friendly relations with the people and rulers of the country, such as we have never had before, and such as may never occur again. Insist on perfect freedom of access to the country for British subjects of all classes, and that Russian influence in every form, direct or indirect, shall be excluded; and be prepared to advance at any time into the country, if necessary, to enforce these terms; but do not keep a soldier beyond the frontier after peace is proclaimed; do not annex any territory, and at the same time respect the independence of its internal government. In this way it may be possible, by proving both our disinterestedness and our determination to avenge affronts, to establish friendly relations with the country, based on a feeling of mutual respect and self-interest. It would be far less troublesome, and less costly, in the opinion of those who take this view, to make an expedition into Afghanistan occasionally to enforce our demands, always returning again as soon as we had effected this object, than to embark in all the difficulties and dangers of permanent occupation; the least of which are that we may find ourselves drawn into a much larger and more expensive scheme than was at first contemplated, and also that a time for retrenchment may come, with the inevitable policy of reaction; and that then the outlying garrisons may be cut down to a dangerously low point, to be followed, not indeed by disasters like that of the last occupation, but which might yet be serious and discreditable.

Looked at from every point of view, the course now to be adopted, one way or the other, is of deep import to the future both of India and of this country. We may at least hope that, if there is to be annexation, the sagacious reasoning of General Hamley will avail to prevent such a military blunder being made as the occupation of Jellalabad; while the forcible remonstrance of Sir Henry Norman may at least make us pause to ask whether the strategic combinations drawn out by the former, however intrinsically admirable, ought not to be for a time deferred, as being applicable to a condition of things which has not yet come to pass.

HOUSE-HUNTING.

AMONG the various conditions of life in which one feels more or less like a fish out of water is that of a man wandering about London armed with "orders to view." His powers are, for the time being, both extraordinary and embarrassing. He rings at the door-bells of people whom he does not know, provided with search warrants enabling him to inspect their homes from top to bottom. He has only to call upon a house-agent in any quarter of the metropolis, and express a wish to find a house with a certain number of rooms at a reasonable rent, and he will be immediately presented with slips of paper, not unlike cheques, empowering him to invade the privacy of several of the neighbouring houses. One might imagine a being endowed with such plenary powers to be an object of dread; but, in reality, he himself usually feels rather embarrassed and uncomfortable. He is to be observed at street corners, shyly looking over the agent's lists, and sorting his orders to view, with an unhappy and perplexed countenance. Having selected the scene of his attack, he nervously rings the bell and knocks timorously at the door. He then is placed in this dilemma—that if the family is at home he feels he is an intruder, and if the family is away he has to wait about ten minutes at the door until the "party in charge" chooses to present herself, after a tedious unlocking, unbolting, and unchaining of doors; eventually enduring a long delay in all the reception rooms while the shutters are being opened. He is lucky if, when the owner of the house and his family are absent, a seedy-looking man in black attire does not open the door and say that the housekeeper has "stepped out" for half an hour, concluding by observing that he is her uncle or cousin. On the other hand, when the master is at home, it is not unusual for the servant who answers the door-bell to assume an air of injured innocence at the very imputation that the house is to be let at all, and to treat the would-be "viewer" as if he were a bailiff. When we ring the bell of a house with closed shutters and "To Be Let Furnished" posted in the windows, every passer-by seems to regard us with looks of pity. A baker's boy, with a basket on his back, wears an expression which we interpret to mean, "That is the house where they had the scarlet fever." A professional-looking man, probably a doctor, seems as though he would say, "I could tell you something about the drains at that house"; and when the confidential servant of the family opens the door, she is clothed in deep mourning.

The physical act of house inspection closely resembles the punishment of the treadmill. The climb from the cellars to the garrets of a large London house is beyond a jest; and the thorough examination of half-a-dozen houses between breakfast and luncheon is a matter of considerable bodily fatigue. After all his trouble, too, the amateur is often mistaken in fancying that he has made a thorough examination. Perhaps he returns to his hotel imagining that he has investigated everything, and carrying in his pocket copious notes; but a few questions from his wife soon enlighten him as to the true value of his labours. He is asked whether there are fireplaces in all the rooms in the highest story of one house, and whether hot water is carried up to the second-floor of another; he is also cross-questioned about various matters relating to the sculleries and offices. The probability is that he fails completely in his examination, and may even be called stupid, after all his trouble. This is a poor reward for unselfishly exposing himself to the suspicion of being a possible burglar in disguise at every house which he has inspected. The hours which he spends at his hotel are devoted to studying the map of London, on which he measures the distances from the houses which he fancies to certain objects of personal interest, such as his Club, the Park, the Opera, &c. Anxious examinations are made as to the whereabouts of the Underground Railway, as there are generally some most eligible mansions to be let immediately over the greater part of the South Kensington portion of that line. The house-hunter often imagines that he has found exactly the house that he wished for, when the rumbling of the trains, or the coloured line on the map, dash his hopes to the ground. The two great bugbears, however, of house-hunters are (or should be) defective sanitary arrangements and smoky chimneys. As regards the former, it is always desirable to send an independent and trustworthy agent, who has no interest in the letting of the house, to make a thorough examination, accompanied by a competent workman, who will climb on leads and handle waste pipes and traps. This only costs a small fee, and saves much after-trouble. But what shall we say of smoky chimneys? We remember taking a charming house for an interesting occasion. It was prettily furnished and the rooms were airy. The best bed and dressing room seemed all that could be desired. When, however, there was an addition to the family the wind changed, and the chimneys of the two chambers in question proceeded to smoke in the most vicious and determined manner; and we soon learned that smoky chimneys and a scolding wife are a trifle compared with smoking chimneys and Mrs. Gamp. We will not dwell on such horrors; but we may observe that servants appear to consider their masters personally responsible when a chimney smokes. They probably argue in some such manner as this—"Why did master take a house with smoky chimneys?" or, if the house is his own, "Why does he not have contrivances adjusted to them to prevent their smoking?" When the wretched man is summoned into a room in which the smoke is descending in volumes, no excuse that he can urge will be tolerated, and his domestics look at him as if they thought it was all his fault, and that the least he could do would be to stuff himself up the chimney, like a straw bag, in order to abate the nuisance.

Among the minor annoyances on taking possession of a house is the disappearance of everything which tended to make it look pretty and habitable when we first went over it. The nice pieces of old china are gone, and so are the Persian carpets and the handsome portières. The rich cretonnes are replaced by faded covers, and the stair carpet which we had so much admired has given place to a green drugget. We are horrified to find that one bedroom has been locked up, thus making us a room short of our calculations, and all the pretty things which we miss have been securely secreted in this chamber. But these are rather the future troubles in store for the house-hunter than his experiences when engaged in the actual pursuit, and it is with the latter that we have now to deal. One of the first of these is surprise at the variety of taste exhibited by the British householder. It is true that there is not much variety in houses which are habitually let. Houses of this class, like habitual drunkards, soon seem to lose self-respect; but there are many houses which are only occasionally let, and these do not acquire that "by the week" or "by the season" appearance which seems to claim for them a relationship to a four-wheeled cab. In the better-furnished houses of the "occasional" type there is plenty of variety to be met with. There is the black-and-gold style, the carved foreign oak style, and the "very respectable" style. There are houses in which Queen Anne reigns supreme, and houses in which the owners' leading idea seems to be crimson velvet. The upholsterers have decorated one house in a style which they are pleased to call Early English, and another in that of the later French Kings. Here we find the heavy mahogany furniture which was the fashion thirty years ago, and there are

comfortless chairs and sofas supposed to be made by the Chippendales. Occasionally we are sent to see a house whose inhabitants are victims to Tudor-mania or a devotion to dingy old tapestry; but worst of all is the house whose owner has filled it with treasures from remote parts of Asia, Africa, or South America. Now and then the house-hunter enters a mansion containing some pretensions to high art. To the ordinary caller this may be rather imposing; but it soon loses its effect upon the man armed with an order to view, as he almost always finds that the high art stops at the first floor, and if the lower stories savour of Christie and Manson, the upper ones are devoted to the productions of the cheaper shops in Tottenham Court Road. Some evil-disposed letters of houses have had the sagacity to discover that there is a style of decoration, much in favour at present, in which dark papers and dark fabrics are leading features, and the use of these affords them opportunities of making an affectation of artistic display, and at the same time concealing dirt. It is little consolation to a tenant to pass his days among æsthetic surroundings, if his nights are to be disturbed by those visitors which landlords of hotels and lodgings always declare that the victim has brought in his own portmanteau. Indeed with regard to the nights it is a pity that house-hunters cannot try the beds before taking a house, as in many mansions which house-agents term "noble" they are extremely uncomfortable.

Although the occupation of inspecting houses when their inmates are at home is far from being agreeable, it affords a certain amount of interest to the observer of manners and customs. He never sees life under exactly the same conditions at other times. Even in his own house he would be unlikely to go into and examine every room, whether occupied by friend or servant. Of course in the houses of his most intimate London acquaintances he usually sees only the reception rooms; but now he enters the homes of utter strangers, and invades them from attic to basement, going into every chamber as if he were a foreign police agent authorized to make a domiciliary visit. Although he is not, like a police official, in search of evidences of crime, he often sees things which are not altogether edifying. He observes ladies in their boudoirs, dressed in uncertain attire, reminding him of the child who had, as her nurse observed, neither washed her face, brushed her hair, nor said her prayers. We have, when on house-hunting expeditions, on more than one occasion, found ladies in fine houses in an untidy and unkempt condition unworthy of their maids; sometimes they were drawing in water-colours with more mess and confusion than would have been necessary if they had been painting in oils; and sometimes they were helping to make *réchauffés* of smart dresses, which afforded a striking contrast to the dowdy and faded attire which they were wearing at the time. In bedrooms we have been much struck by the extraordinary quantity of bottles often crowded upon chimney-pieces, washstands, and chests of drawers, a quantity sometimes rivalled by that of the wretched little pictures with which the walls have been unevenly dotted. In many cases the bed and dressing-room tables have been littered with a curious assortment of little books of devotion and two-shilling novels, and plaster angels have jostled boxes of face-powder.

It would be an endless task to dwell on half the incidents of a week's house-hunting. We should never have done if, for instance, we attempted to describe the varieties of house-agents, from the grand man, who scouts the idea of getting any house fit to live in under eight hundred guineas for the Parliamentary season, to the fatherly old humbug who hopes that we will, if possible, select out of his long list a house which belongs to a widow who has lost money in a bank; or if we entered into the peculiarities of the elderly females who are to be found in charge of London houses, or those of the "house-maids left." As to the vicissitudes of tenants in their after experiences, it would be easy to fill a book with them; but it is unpleasant to treat of painful subjects, and most people can recall unpleasant recollections of "furnished houses." There are, however, in our opinion, people who are even more to be pitied than house-hunters. The occupation of the latter may sometimes be wearying; but they may console themselves with the reflection that in a great many ways it is far preferable to that of tenant-hunting.

COUNT ARNIM ON THE FALK LAWS.

FROM his asylum in Austria Count Henry Arnim has issued a second pamphlet on the Falk Laws. The tone of the former one, *Der Nuntius Kommt*, was rather destructive than constructive. It criticized sharply the existing Bismarckian legislation, but the writer was in turn charged with having failed to suggest any alternative policy. That something must be done to meet the new pretensions of Rome he fully admitted, but how this was to be accomplished without the *Culturkampf*, as it is termed, he did not explain. He still thinks the *Culturkampf* a blunder, and a blunder which sooner or later will inevitably bring its retribution, and in that belief he is of course, as he reminds his readers, far from being singular. We have ourselves often pointed out that it is a common error of statesmen—and especially statesmen of the "blood and iron" stamp—to miscalculate the strength and intensity of moral forces. "A Pope in jack-boots," as Mr. Frederic Harrison once called Prince Bismarck, is apt to be beaten in the long run, though he be the master of twenty legions, and Prince Bismarck himself has so far manifested a consciousness of the danger that he has not refused to enter on negotiations, which are reported still to be pending, with the new occupant of the Papal throne. That he should openly confess himself mistaken in his original policy is more than can be expected even from "the brutal frankness" of so very outspoken a revealer of his own opinions as he has shown himself to be; but such a confession is tacitly implied in the willingness to modify it. Count Arnim however shall be left to state his view of the results of that policy for himself:—

> No one can be more convinced than I am that the Culturkampf must come to an end. It could never be doubted that Liberalism, on entering the combat sure of victory, had once more embarked in the well-known Ship of Fools of the time, which, driven by the winds and wanting a compass, must be wrecked on the rocks of the Church. We were to behold a conflict of heroes, and we have merely seen the scuffling and scratching of cats (*Katzbalgerei*), in which all authority and dignity have been lost. Instead of securing the supremacy of the Emperor over the Church, theory, by the paper majesty of its laws, has sought to establish its governing presence (*Mitregierung*) in the Church. I do not stand alone in this opinion. There is no European country whose soil I have not trod in late years, but I cannot remember anywhere having found a statesman, to whatever party belonging, who recognized the necessary fitness (*Zweckmässigkeit*) of the Culturkampf. To take only one example, Adolphe Thiers to wit:—"I am quite willing to admit," said he shortly before his fall, "that M. de Bismarck is a remarkable man. But what I cannot comprehend from any point of view is his religious policy. He will smart for it; he will smart for it. Write him on my part—no, do not write, but tell him when you see him that he is on the wrong track. And I may here tell you a story. Towards the end of the battle of Waterloo Napoleon was in despair. It was then that a great wag, M. Ouvrard, the contractor, went up to the Emperor and said:—'Sire, the English have lost an enormous number of men.' 'Yes,' replied the Emperor, 'but I have lost the battle.' It is thus that M. Bismarck will have one day to exclaim, 'The Church has lost enormously, but I have lost the battle.' He will smart for it; he will indeed."

It is always easy for a bystander to note the mistakes of the chess-players; it is not equally easy to say how the game should have been played. That is the point dealt with by Count Arnim in his present pamphlet, and there can be no doubt that he makes out, on paper at least, a very plausible case. It will surprise nobody acquainted with his previous career to find him taking, like Mr. Gladstone with us, what may be called a more theological view of the Vatican Council—which he regards as the *fons et origo mali*—than might suggest itself to a man who is a statesman and nothing more. But on that view he bases an elaborate superstructure of political action towards the existing Roman Catholic Church. First, however, he disposes of the suggestions already made by others for putting an end to the conflict. It seems that Herr Reichensperger had suggested three courses by which the *Culturkampf* might be brought to an end. There might be a new Concordat with the Holy See; or there might be simply a return to the *status quo ante;* or the Cavourian principle might be adopted of "a free Church in a free State." To the first of these proposals Count Arnim replies that, apart from the fact that Prince Bismarck would never for a moment entertain such an idea, many of the Catholics themselves would object to it. A return to the *status quo* is rendered impossible by the new aggression of Rome in the Vatican decrees, "which has completely transformed the long-established constitution of the hierarchy." Moreover, simply to abrogate the Falk Laws now would be at once a humiliation for the Empire, and an abandonment of their legitimate object in counteracting the dangerous influence of the Roman Curia on European politics. As to the third method suggested, Count Arnim asks—what is indeed a very pertinent question—whether any one understands what the application of Cavour's famous maxim would practically mean? He says that he himself once observed to Prince Bismarck that it might be translated by "a free Conspiracy in a disarmed State," and if the expression was exaggerated, he still considers that the experience of the English Government in Ireland, since Rome has gained a more complete and direct influence there, goes far to justify his estimate. At the same time he quite admits that the condition of things contemplated by Cavour might become inevitable, and have to be chosen as the less of two evils; and he adds that this is also the opinion of Prince Bismarck himself, who said to him, when the struggle with the Vatican was already in full swing, that the state of things which existed in England and Belgium appeared to him desirable. Count Arnim adds, not unreasonably, that many would find it difficult to build the bridge by which the Imperial Chancellor could pass the gulf between the *Culturkampf* and a free Church in a free State, but meanwhile his statement "affords a conclusive proof that he would not be surprised to find the extreme consequences of his policy lead to an intolerable state of things."

So much for the possible remedies of the actual difficulty. But Count Arnim's main object is to show how the difficulty might have been avoided. And here he goes back at once to the Vatican Council, and repeats the proposal made at the time in Prince Hohenlohe's despatch but rejected by those to whom it was addressed, that the European Governments should have insisted on their right to send ambassadors to the Council. It was abundantly clear that Pius IX. had long made up his mind to give battle to the ideas on which the existing order of States, including Prussia, rests, and they ought to have accepted the challenge. The gain would have been immense if the Pope had lost the battle, and such a result was by no means impossible. But even if the Pope had refused to admit ambassadors, a great point would have been gained, for the King might fairly have forbidden his bishops to

attend an assembly sure to concern itself—as in fact it did—with political questions, while closing its doors against his own emissaries. And Count Arnim thinks that the Prussian bishops would have obeyed such an order. But supposing the Pope had consented to receive ambassadors, they might have told the bishops plainly that, if by their votes or their silence they allowed the constitution of the Church to be changed, their cathedral doors would be shut in their faces on their return home. This would probably have balked the scheme of the Curia. But if the worst came to the worst, and the Vatican decrees had actually been voted, Count Arnim is still prepared with a policy which he thinks would have averted the existing complications. He would have declared that by the new position given to the Pope, "the Catholic Church," with which the State had entered into contracts, "no longer existed," and therefore all ecclesiastical property reverted to the State. And he enters into an ingenious argument, which we cannot stay to examine here, to show that by the canon law and feudal law of the middle ages the *dominium directum* of Church property belonged to the Emperor. But he would have left the present owners undisturbed in the use of it on certain conditions which are thus summed up:—

1. The heretofore Roman Catholic Church, in consequence of the *Pater æternus* Vatican Constitution decreed by the Pope, and accepted by the Prussian Bishops, has ceased to exist. The *Rechtssubject* for the rights of the ancient Church fails. All ecclesiastical property reverts to the State. 2. The State recognizes the Church ruled over by the Bishop of Rome as a legally existing religious society, and assures it the usufruct and management of the means and moneys due and appertaining to the ancient Church. 3. The Cathedral Chapter must choose no one for Bishop without having become assured that he is a *persona grata*. With respect to Cathedral offices and prelacies the existing laws will remain in force. 4. If a Chapter chooses a *persona ingrata* for Bishop, it will be presumed of the Cathedral dignitaries who have assisted in his election that they no longer desire to belong to the recognized Church and that they have relinquished the enjoyment of the incomes appertaining to their posts. The Bishop thus elected will likewise be refused admission into the episcopal residence, and will in every respect be regarded as having of his own accord seceded from the recognized Church. 5. The Bishops are bound to name to the President-Superior every clergyman whom they have to appoint, and to assure themselves that he is a *persona grata*. The aforesaid President shall reject candidates who are not German, and who have not passed the final examination at a national high school. 6. If a Bishop appoints a clergyman without (previously) naming him to the President-Superior, the Bishop as well as the clergyman will be held to have relinquished the enjoyment of the income and the dwellings appertaining to their posts. 7. The stipulations contained in Article 5 also apply to professors and teachers in ecclesiastical colleges (*Seminarien*). These and other educational establishments for the clergy will be subject to State supervision with respect to discipline, domestic order, &c. Those ecclesiastical superiors who resist the agents of the Government in regard hereto will lose their right to draw stipends from the Church. An establishment may ultimately be closed by the President-Superior. 8. Decrees of ecclesiastical discipline carried out by other than German authorities are not valid. Sentences of the same which injuriously affect the fortune of the condemned or restrict his freedom, cannot be executed against the will of the latter. The person in question will be protected by the civil authorities. Prosynodal tribunals will not be regarded as non-German authorities. 9. The *recursus ab abuso* is permitted. The Council of State is the competent authority to deal with the *recursus*. 10. From the retained temporalities a religious fund will be formed, as to the use of which special provisions will be made.

Whatever weight may be attached to the theological or canonical arguments by which this scheme of policy is supported, there can be no doubt that it possesses some obvious advantages over the Falk legislation, while it appears to provide equal security for the rights of the State. It avoids all direct interference with the internal affairs of the Church, while it offers protection to her ministers against tyrannical superiors, in all matters concerning "the man" as distinct from "the priest." And it avoids those punishments for conscience sake which have made the Falk Laws odious, and drawn on them the charge of persecution; for the withholding of temporalities from those ministers of the Church who refused to comply with the civil regulations would not be inflicted as a punishment; it would be simply the consequence of acts disqualifying them for membership of the State Church as such. Count Arnim of course fully allows that Pius IX. would have had no patience with a law which began with denying his rights as the legitimate successor of St. Peter, but he thinks that even he would have eventually come to terms, and adds—what is no doubt true—that there were times when Pius was inclined to yield. One such time is said to have been just before he delivered the Allocution in which Prince Bismarck was compared to Nero or Attila, and Count Arnim, speaking apparently from some private sources of knowledge, says that "the Prince would be greatly surprised to learn how and by whom that Allocution was occasioned." It may be added that the scheme suggested would perhaps not have provoked so much ill will and resistance as the Falk Laws among the Catholics generally, for it would not have had the same appearance of persecution, and would not in fact have made so many martyrs, nor would the martyrdom suffered have been of so serious a kind. There are no doubt those among the Ultramontane party who for this very reason prefer the existing law, the severity of which, and its interference with conscientious convictions will, they think, lead to its eventual overthrow. But Count Arnim is probably right in believing that the pressure on the great body of Prussian Catholics would have been less heavy under the system he advocates, and the danger of ultimate failure proportionately diminished. At the same time the detailed application of his plan would be beset with many practical difficulties. It comes in fact to something very like Cavour's, and thus shares what is shown by experience to be the inherent weakness of all theories of the separation of Church and State. They look smooth and symmetrical enough on paper, and are capable of the most irrefragable logical defence. But somehow or other the attempt to reduce them to working order has never yet met with anything like complete success. And a problem which is found so difficult of solution on the virgin soil of America would certainly not be more easily solved amid the bureaucratic traditions of German imperialism.

DINNERS.

IN the famous scene in *Le Misanthrope* where so many unfortunates are dissected, the pitiless Célimène is specially incisive about a man who has some reputation as a dinner-giver. Clitandre says to her:—

> Mais le jeune Cléon chez qui vont aujourd'hui
> Nos plus honnêtes gens, que dites-vous de lui?
>
> CÉLIMÈNE.
>
> Que de son cuisinier il s'est fait un mérite,
> Et que c'est à sa table à qui l'on rend visite.
>
> ÉLIANTE.
>
> Il prend soin d'y servir des mets fort délicats.
>
> CÉLIMÈNE.
>
> Oui; mais je voudrois bien qu'il ne s'y servît pas.
> C'est un fort méchant plat que sa sotte personne.
> Et qui gâte, à mon goût, tous les repas qu'il donne.

Even if the condemnation was deserved, Cléon's case was not hopeless. If told of the criticism, he could have replied that it was not his fault that he was stupid, but that it certainly would be his fault if his table were otherwise than well served; and he might have added that at all events he did what he could to give pleasure to his friends. Gastronomes in our own time are sometimes made the subjects of criticism much resembling that of Célimène, if not quite so neatly expressed, by people who may be supposed to have come to the conclusion—doubtless on good grounds—that meetings at their houses have intellectual charms which are a quite sufficient boon for their friends, and that it is unnecessary to devote serious attention to the vulgar question of food. The *gourmet* who is thus condemned may make the modest defence which has been suggested, and may possibly say that, judging from a good many of the dinners which are offered him when he goes out, he must have a very fair proportion of brilliant people amongst his acquaintance. Perhaps even he may go so far as to argue that contempt for material pleasures, however worthy a feeling, may be carried too far, and that, without being devoted to gluttony, the masters and mistresses of houses might surely so far consider the arrangement of their tables as to abandon a custom invented in a time of ignorance, and not have their dinners served upside down; for upside down English dinners, when not of a simple kind, almost invariably are.

This may easily be shown to be the fact by comparing them with the French originals of which they are supposed to be a copy. No doubt it may be objected that Englishmen have as much right to arrange how they will eat as Frenchmen have, and that, if they choose to depart in some respects from the French custom, it is not to be assumed that they are necessarily wrong. Certainly people are entitled to take their food in the way that seems best to them, and if a man chose to begin his dinner with apricot tart, no one could blame him provided he really liked such an arrangement; but if it was found that he did this under the impression that he was following an orthodox course, he might be thought rather foolish. Englishmen, when they adopted the French dinner for feasting days, altered it in the point wherein it most closely resembled the English meal, and apparently did not make this change from any original ideas, but because they did not understand the system followed by the French cooks, or the difference in a staple article of diet in France and England which made it to some extent unfit there for the kind of cooking which produced the best results here. The change, then, was certainly not likely to be an improvement; but as the manner of serving a dinner into which it was introduced is still adhered to, it may be well to point out somewhat fully how the alteration was made, and how much it is opposed not merely to gastronomy, but to common sense and to due regard for digestion. The error which the Englishman makes in ordering his dinner has indeed been already very clearly pointed out in one of the most amusing works ever written about cookery, *Kettner's Book of the Table*, and we have spoken of it previously; but there can be no harm in reverting to the subject, as a great deal of expostulation will be necessary before men can be induced to depart from what, according to a tradition now of some standing, is the proper mode of arranging a feast.

The rule of the French kitchen, which for a long time past has been invariably followed in France, is that the most substantial kind of food should be given first at dinner, so that people may eat it while their appetites are vigorous, and that the lighter kinds should follow. It is also a rule of the French kitchen—not now unfortunately followed as strictly as formerly—that the simple flavours should come first and the more marked ones afterwards. In a French banquet, then, just as in the excellent old-fashioned English dinner, the soup was succeeded by large fish and by joints or big pieces of meat, or by substantial birds. These were called *relevés*, because they were put in the place of soup-tureens which were taken

away. "Un nouveau service ou un nouveau plat qui en remplace un autre" is one of the definitions of the word *relevé* in M. Littré's Dictionary, and in old French bills such expressions occur as "grandes entrées pour relever les poissons," "entremets pour relever les salades." For a long time past, however, the term has usually been applied only to the dishes that come next to the soup; and the French *relevés*, sometimes subdivided into *relevé de poisson* and *grosse pièce* are therefore the exact equivalent of the fish and joint of the English dinner. In the cooking, however, there is one important difference. Although the *relevé* may consist of roast, it far more frequently consists of braised, meat, the simple reason for the fact being that French meat, inferior to the English, is much better adapted for braising than roasting. M. Urbain Dubois, in the preface to the English translation of the elaborate work on Cookery written by himself and M. Bernard, explains the reason, while claiming, like a patriotic *chef*, as much merit as he can for the meat of his own country. He points out that in France bullocks are not slaughtered until they are four or five years old, and have gone through a certain amount of work, while in England bullocks are fattened to be slaughtered "as soon as they have attained the requisite qualities." French beef is therefore unfit—is in fact too tough and fibrous, though M. Dubois does not like to say so—for roasting, and requires to be softened by the long process of braising. English beef, on the other hand, being much more tender, is admirably suited for roasting. French mutton is also far inferior to English, and, though more often roasted than beef, is, generally speaking, better when braised. The method of dressing which was found most suited for these two kinds of meat has been followed with others, and naturally enough the practice of the French kitchen has been to braise the joints or large pieces of meat which constitute the first and most solid part of dinner. Naturally enough, also, the same kind of food has in England been roasted, but, subject to this difference, made necessary by the different qualities of what had to be prepared, the old-fashioned English dinner was in one respect similar to the French one. Substantial food was given early in the meal, when people were likely to be able to enjoy it and, we may add, to digest it. This rule, however, which is clearly founded on good sense, and not on any fanciful gastronomic theory, English dinner-givers thought fit to reject when they partly adopted the French system. The fish they retained, but they seem to have been not a little puzzled by the other *relevé* which preceded the made dishes. Rightly enough, they changed the braised meat of France for the roast meat so dear to Englishmen, without which a dinner would have been regarded as contemptible; but, having done this, their good sense appears to have been exhausted, and they wisely proceeded, for some inscrutable reason, to put the meat *relevé*, or *grosse pièce*, some distance on in the dinner, placing it after the *entrées*. By this sensible arrangement the whole scheme of the French dinner was upset, and the advantages of the simple and excellent English repast were also sacrificed. With singular happiness the arrangement of the dishes was made equally objectionable for those who liked dining in the French way and for those who cared only for plain fare. A further merit of this brilliant plan was that a roast immediately followed a roast, in opposition to the fundamental rule of French cookery.

The mistake was probably due to the difficulty which was felt, when dinners after the French fashion were first given, in disposing of the great piece of beef or mutton, accompanied by a mass of vegetables, which had to make its appearance somewhere in the feast. People did not the least understand that French joints were braised because that was the best way of cooking them, and could not see where the proper place for their own big dish was. They saw, however, that there was a *rôt* amongst the French *plats*, and, not knowing that this was a very different feature in a French dinner from what a roast was in an English one, concluded that the sirloin or saddle had better come close to the *rôt*, thus cleverly hitting on exactly the wrong place. This arrangement, caused apparently by pure ignorance, became the fixed rule of English dinners, and it has now been followed for so long, and is regarded as so imperative, that few even of the dinner givers who know better dare depart from it. Yet it is thoroughly absurd, both from the point of view of those who have studied the intricacies of the French system and of those who despise them. The result, as seen at any ordinary dinner-party, is sufficient to prove this. A man who has eaten of two or perhaps three *entrées* has placed before him a great slice of mutton, and immediately afterwards finds proffered at his side a sort of small chaldron, with divisions, from which three kinds of vegetables steam. When, in order to get rid of it for good, he has helped himself, a stern attendant very likely thrusts some salad on him at the point of the bayonet, and this trifling plateful—a meal in itself—he is expected to get through when he has more than half finished dinner. Close to him is perhaps a luckless guest who detests made dishes, and would have liked to have dined off fish and roast meat; but he has had to wait so long for the latter that, when it comes, he has no appetite for it. There is certainly singular felicity in the arrangement so well calculated for every one's discomfort. Will no gastronomic reformer arise sufficiently eloquent to gain the ear of the many hospitable and clever people who give dinners, and to persuade them not altogether to despise the science of the kitchen, and to direct a little of their overflowing wit to the manner in which those feasts are served to which they bid their friends?

If it be asked whether the principal feature in an English dinner can really be introduced into a French one without producing a ridiculous and incongruous meal, the answer is that this was done long ago by the greatest of all French cooks. Carême worked a good deal for Englishmen, and on several occasions took no small trouble to modify the French system to English tastes. To most people who have heard of this cook, his name probably suggests nothing but vanity and the most silly grandiloquence. Very vain and grandiloquent he certainly was, but perhaps this was not unnatural in a man who, springing from the dregs of the people, found himself sought by kings and emperors. Despite the nonsense which he frequently talked, he was a person of considerable intelligence and of most remarkable energy. Beginning his career at a wretched *cabaret*, he rose to be the first cook in France, and contrived, while slaving hard in the kitchen and mastering his business in the most thorough manner, to educate himself and to learn how to draw. He devoted immense attention to the best way of arranging dinners, and sometimes when he cooked for Englishmen he showed the versatility of a really great *chef* by introducing the mighty English roast, with its accompaniments, into the French dinner. But he did not put it near the end of the meal, after the absurd fashion now followed. He simply substituted it for the braised *relevé*. The following, for instance, are the beginnings of four of the dinners which Carême cooked for English patrons:—1. *Purée* of pearl barley, sturgeon stuffed in a peculiar manner and served with *maître d'hôtel* sauce, and saddle of mutton served with a *purée* of potatoes. 2. Very light green-pea soup, fish with Dutch sauce, and roast beef. 3. Turtle soup, trout served in a manner of his own, and fillet steaks with a full brown sauce. 4. Light white soup flavoured with celery, pike with brown sauce, and roast beef. Such were the first portions of some of the repasts devised by Carême for Englishmen, to whom he offered after their fish either roast meat or else the one other thing equally liked by them, broiled steaks. Of course in each of these dinners *entrées*, *rôts*, and *entremets* followed in due course; but we have not given them, as our intention has been merely to show how Carême met the difficulty of introducing the principal feature of an English dinner into a French one. This very skilful and intensely conceited French cook would never have sent in the English joint as a *relevé* or *grosse pièce*, if he had thought that doing so was contrary to the principles of what he looked on as a beautiful art; and in such a matter his authority may fairly be looked upon as indisputable. The severest principles of gastronomy and common sense are therefore at one, and there is no conceivable reason why the English national dish should not be restored to the place at feasts from which it has been wrongly degraded.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

PROFESSOR NICHOL is a bold man. In a little book, so cheap that every one can find money to buy it, so short that every one can find time to read it, and so clear that every one can find brains to understand it, he makes a daring attempt to destroy one of our best-established industries. He aims at teaching people to write briefly and clearly. Since the days of the Clerk of Chatham we doubt whether a scholar has been caught who has more deserved to be hanged with his pen and ink-horn about his neck than this Glasgow Professor. It is true enough that he can plead that he is not the first who has been guilty of the same attempt. Others, we admit, have attempted to teach the art of brief and clear composition. But he will not find his plea of any avail. The whole circumstances of the case are changed since their time. Had he lived a hundred years ago, or even fifty, he could have done little harm. Men could write briefly and clearly then without the risk of bringing whole industries to utter ruin. We beg him for one moment to consider what would be the sure result should his teaching be followed. He aims at imparting, among other things, simplicity, brevity, and precision. He would do away with roundabout, inflated, or pedantic words or phrases, with tautology, pleonasm, and verbosity, with ambiguity and obscurity. Good heavens! we exclaimed, has the man no heart? What will become of our novelists, our special correspondents, our leading-article writers, our poets, and our penny-a-liners? How are sermons to be composed, parables to be expanded, speeches to be made in Parliament, and letters to be written to the *Times*? How many printers, and printers' devils, and paper-makers, and ink-makers, and newsagents would be starved to death in a month by his simplicity, brevity, and precision. Let him follow in his mind the almost countless trades besides those we have mentioned which are connected with printing, and let him reflect what a blow he wishes to strike at these honest industries. Let him consider how many honest workmen would have their livelihood taken from them should one of our popular novelists—Miss Braddon, for instance, or Mrs. Henry Wood—give up the use of inflated phrases, pedantic words, verbosity, and the rest. At once their three volumes would be cut down to one. They have between them produced, at the very least, a hundred and twenty volumes. It is certain that, had they written under Professor Nichol's guidance, they could have said all they had to say in just one-third of the space. And how hard would have been the fate of those who have made a living by printing these eighty superfluous volumes! When we consider the great demand there is for

these ladies' writings, and the thousands of copies that are printed of each of their novels, we ought surely to hesitate before we strike a blow at so vast an industry. Johnson, in criticizing the style of a bad writer of earlier days, said that, "were a man to write so now, the boys would throw stones at him." Were we all to begin to write as Professor Nichol tells us, then, as the master-printers for want of business turned off their men, there would, we fear, be plenty of stone-throwing. Let us hope that it will not be our heads, but the Professor's, as the real source of all the mischief, that the young printers' devils will take as their mark. He has never, we feel sure, had to edit a daily newspaper, for he would have learnt by experience how true to nature is Fielding when he likens a newspaper to a stage-coach which has to travel the same journey whether it is full or empty. Now it is by verbosity that the columns are always kept full, and that a naked look is avoided. When there is an over-abundance of news, what can be easier for the editor than to give notice to his subordinates to strike out every second substantive and two adjectives in every three? Everything is told that needs telling, and no piece of news of any importance is left out in the cold. On the other hand, when a slack time comes, when no mail has arrived from the Special Correspondents in India, when criminals have been quiet, and neither trains nor steamers have come into collision, then the opposite order goes forth. Substantives that day run in pairs, and adjectives are yoked together like the horses in the tramway-cars.

It is a pity, however, that the necessities of modern life do not allow us generally to follow the advice given in this little *Primer of English Composition*. Were it not for the blow that it strikes, as we have shown, at one of our most important trades we could heartily recommend it to young writers. To recommend it to old writers would be useless. The more they read it the less they will be likely to turn it to use. We should like, indeed, not from any belief that it would do them any good, but from a desire for a mild revenge, to have the power to sentence our female novelists to learn it by heart. They have so worried us by their bad English that we should be glad in turn to worry them by making them study good English. But, after all, the end of punishment, as some philanthropists tell us, is not vengeance, but reformation, and reformation we feel in their case is hopeless. There are, however, not a few by whom this Primer might be studied with great advantage. For instance, were it used as a text-book in our schools it might possibly teach the masters to speak with some approach to correctness. It has been noticed that ever since these gentlemen shook off that awful pomposity which was once as much the mark of a schoolmaster as the gold-headed cane was of a physician, they have fallen in their talk into the use of the most slovenly English. They seem to have entered into a kind of compact with their pupils that, in return for teaching them Latin and Greek, they should themselves be taught slang. We see that a warning is given by Professor Nichol against using some of the common English vulgarisms, among others "exam." It is but a few weeks since we heard of a father writing to his son at school to ask him whether he was so hard worked that he had not time to write "examinations," but cut it down to "exams." The lad modestly enough answered that the master always spoke of the "exams," and so he thought it was the proper word to use. "Awfully nice" is another of the expressions which the young reader is warned against. We fear that nothing can drive awfully, and terribly, and tremendously and frightfully back to their proper uses. We were present a week or two ago when a fond mother lamented that her child would say "awfully jolly." "It is," she pathetically said, "so tremendously exaggerated." We are surprised, by the way, to find included among these vulgarisms such phrases as "currying favour," and "they fell out." To "curry favour," is not, we admit, an expression which we much like. It can, however, as we see by Johnson, plead the authority of Hooker and L'Estrange, while "to fall out," in the sense of "to quarrel," is so good a piece of English that it needs no dictionary authority to uphold it, though plenty could be produced. Neither has it, we hope, become one of those obsolete terms which, as Professor Nichol points out, it is so much the fashion to attempt to drag back into life. Among the most frequent sources of barbarism which he notices, he does not give, by the way, the use of what we may perhaps call pet words. Most writers, as has been often noticed, have certain words to which they give an unfair preference. But beyond this, each age also has its favourites. Thus "factor" and "outcome" have shot up in a most wonderful way within these half-dozen years; and the barbarous affectation of "cultured" has grown to the dimensions of a common nuisance. Again, a hundred years ago, those whom we now call clever were all "ingenious," while "respectable" held a position far above those who keep a gig. It was very widely applied, and was in fact in high favour. Madrid was described as a respectable city, the aged Lord Mansfield as a respectable visitor, while Chesterfield in writing of the hour of death said, "That moment is at least a very respectable one, let people who boast of not fearing it say what they please." A writer of the present day would perhaps contrive to make "notable" supply most of the senses in which respectable was used by our forefathers. He would write of a notable city, a notable visitor, and the notable moment of death. This word and its adverbial form, notably, have indeed shot up into favour in the last few years with astonishing rapidity. The rise of "tender" has been sudden, but it is chiefly confined to people who criticize art and poetry, while notable and notably are favourites of all who write. [illegible] in the spoken language. Notable had once fallen so much out of fashion that Johnson in his Dictionary says that it is now scarcely used but in irony. In Northcote's Life of Reynolds there is an amusing instance of the double signification of the word. He had, he said, long wished to see Goldsmith. Sir Joshua suddenly introduced him to the great writer, saying, "This is Dr. Goldsmith; pray why did you wish to see him?" "I was much confused," writes Northcote, "by the suddenness of the question, and answered in my hurry, 'Because he is a notable man.' This, in one sense of the word, was so very contrary to the character and conduct of Goldsmith that Sir Joshua burst into a hearty laugh, and said that Goldsmith should in future always be called the notable man." In fact, to any one who is at all familiar with the writers of last century the present use of "notable" often has a somewhat comical appearance. He remembers how Mrs. Primrose "was a good-natured notable woman. She could read any English book without much spelling; but for pickling, preserving, and cookery none could excel her."

Useful is the warning—would that it were likely to be followed—that Professor Nichol gives against the use of foreign words. "Coleridge," he writes, "and others are wont to use Germanisms, as *Vernunft* and *Verstand*, to veil a confusion of thought. They think that certain distinctions cannot be expressed in English; being imaginary, they cannot be expressed at all." It is not, we feel sure, to any wish to veil a confusion of thought that the use of foreign words is due among most of our writers. Like savages who have managed to pick up a few articles of foreign finery, they are merely anxious to make a very harmless display, and to dazzle the eyes of their less fortunate countrymen. If the truth were once generally recognized that the more a man knows of a foreign language the less he is likely to mix it up with his own, we should soon be free from the jargon in which the novelists and special correspondents above all so much delight. For his instances of incorrect sentences Professor Nichol has searched far and wide. Not a few writers of some renown will, we fancy, find in his little book some of their careless sentences carefully corrected. In no case, however, is the author's name given. We do not know whether, among the examples of mixed metaphors that he has selected, there is any one quite equal to the following, which was last autumn brought before our notice:—"The harvest season is now near, and it is time to unleash the dormant sickle." The following, however, has a humorous touch about it which is irresistible:—"When even an archbishop began to *hold his nose*, and to complain of the air being poisoned in the vicinity of his palace, the *pressure* became irresistible." The ambiguity of the following phrase is amusing enough:—"A self-made man arrived in California with only one shirt to his back, and since, he has contrived to accumulate over ten millions." It is a great pity that grammars, whether English or foreign, are not enlivened by such touches as these. If the hard terms of the Public School Primer—those learned absurdities, if we may so term them—were turned out, and a few of these unlearned absurdities were put in, how much easier would be the task both of pupil and teacher. Grammars would cease to be dull, and would be studied to some effect. But then, in that case, all those injuries would most certainly be done to trade which, as we have already pointed out, in some degree threaten us from the publication of even so unpretending a little work as this *Primer of English Composition*. It is better surely to have pedantry, tautology, and verbosity in our language than half-starved printers and paper-makers in our streets. We can with greater patience see the Queen's English misused than the Queen's subjects brought to ruin.

NATAL AND THE ZULUS.

SINCE the suppression of the Caffre outbreak in the Cape Colony, Natal has become the centre of political and military activity in South Africa. Owing to the recent absorption of the country of the Pondo Caffres, which intervenes between the Cape and Natal, the British dominions now extend continuously from Table Bay to the Tugela River, the frontier of Zululand. Natal thus at present becomes the outpost of civilization in contact with the Zulu power, the bulwark of barbarism. Military head-quarters and all the available regular troops have in consequence been transferred thither, leaving the Cape Colony to provide in a larger measure than heretofore for its own internal security. This movement was inevitable, since, whatever the projects conceived by the Zulu King, it would be manifestly imprudent to confide in the constancy of his feelings and intentions. Sir Bartle Frere, as Her Majesty's High Commissioner, has recently taken up his residence at Pietermaritzburg; and during his stay he will doubtless adjudicate on the various questions pending between our Government and the King. He may subsequently proceed to the Transvaal to regulate the affairs of that recent and costly acquisition of the British Crown, where not only civil discord is rampant, but the Caffres of Secoceni have once more flown to arms. Ensconced in their inaccessible strongholds about the Olifant River, and powerfully aided by prevalent drought and disease, they have hitherto held their own. It is matter for serious reflection that the services of two entire British battalions should be engrossed in operations against this insignificant foe.

The ordinary reader who takes a cursory interest in news from distant provinces of the Empire can form but a faint idea of the nature of the crisis through which South Africa is now passing. At the conclusion of the war in the eastern districts of the Cape Colony, it was perhaps hastily assumed that the fires of rebellion had been extinguished. On the contrary, recent disturbances appear to have been but the prelude to more formidable difficulties. Vast masses of natives are seething under the influence of a vague impression that the hour long foretold has sounded when the white intruder shall be chased into the sea. The powerful Zulu King, with his forty thousand warriors, is naturally looked up to as the champion of the national cause. These again, never having as yet experienced defeat at the hands of Europeans, are deeply imbued with the sense of their own strength which is due to uninjured morale and formidable numbers. It is to be apprehended that the strength of Her Majesty's troops now present in Natal is barely adequate to cope with this emergency, since the population is so scanty that volunteers cannot be obtained in any great numbers, as in the Cape Colony. The occurrence of even a trifling mishap to our troops would be inevitably magnified by native report, and might possibly result in Caffre risings on an extended scale. It is to be hoped that no considerations of false economy will be allowed to lead to such destructive consequences.

Within a very short time the question of peace or war with the Zulus must be decided. The King, having concentrated all his available forces, has rendered corresponding movements for the protection of our frontier indispensable. An accident may in this, as in all similar cases, precipitate the final rupture. Our demands on him will, moreover, no longer be confined to the acceptance of the award of the Commission of Arbitration in the disputed territory about the Blood River. Various acts of outrage proceeding from the King or his subjects, with or without his cognizance, have been committed during the last few months. On one occasion two women, who fled across the border to seek asylum on British territory, were pursued thither and brutally murdered. On another, a surveyor was seized near the border by a band of armed Zulus; and, though ultimately released, did not escape without rough treatment. Outrages of this description demand prompt and condign retribution; and, unless amply repaired, constitute a case of war legitimate enough to satisfy the most determined stickler for principles that are totally inapplicable to existing circumstances. The great natural abilities and craft of King Cetewayo are unquestionable, and, were his actions unfettered, he would doubtless be loth to engage in a struggle with the English. Yet, like more renowned potentates in Europe, he may be forced into war in order to save himself from the more pressing perils of internal revolution. There is said to be a powerful party in Zululand which supports the pretensions of the King's brother, Uhamu, to the crown, and it is considered probable that, in the event of war, this body would separate itself from the royal cause. It is, on the other hand, conceivable that, by appealing to the national sentiment, the King may unite his various chiefs in a common effort against the foreigner. A variety of motives, difficult of appreciation to all but persons intimately versed in Zulu politics, will thus influence his decision. But, even were he to accept the award of the Commission of Arbitration, and also to grant ample reparation for the insults offered to British territory, it has now become a question whether the Government would not act prudently in proceeding a step further in the interests of the peace and security of South Africa. The forty thousand warriors of the Zulu King constitute a standing menace to our dominions in that quarter of the globe. Even in Europe the maintenance by a neighbouring Power of an army of corresponding strength would lead to diplomatic explanations and perhaps eventual hostilities. A summons to disarm would, under these circumstances, not be opposed to the principles of international law, while it would tend to promote civilization amongst the Zulus themselves, and would accomplish an indispensable stage in the consolidation of our South African dominions by removing a constant menace to their peace and security. Should the requisite authority and means be conceded by the Home Government, measures will doubtless be taken to place the prosperity of Natal upon a permanent basis. In any case, a strong garrison of regular troops must be maintained for many years to come in the colony, to guard involuntary conquests, and coerce populations indisposed at the outset to accept the benefits of British rule.

Adverting to the Transvaal—so intimately connected with Natal that the two colonies may for most purposes be considered as one—we see the administration hampered by civil discord and commotion, as well as annoyed by Caffre aggression. It is asserted, and not without show of probability, that the natives have been incited by discontented Boers to take arms against the British Government. The tribes subject to Secocoeni occupy a most difficult country, and appear to imitate the dilatory tactics of the deceased Sandilli when established in his fastnesses in the vicinity of King Williamstown. Our troops have been compelled to retire from the chief town of the tribe, owing to dearth of water and the ravages of a pestilence which attacks horses with extreme severity. Thus active operations have been suspended until the arrival of a more favourable season and sufficiently copious falls of rain. All over South Africa the severity of the drought has multiplied indefinitely the difficulties usually attendant on supplying bodies of troops at a distance from their base. The land is literally baked up, and a uniform brown tinges the country, which should now be clad in the green of spring. The grass is withered, the springs are dried up, and oxen, the draught animals of the country, can find no sustenance. The movement of troops has thus become a difficult operation everywhere. Meantime the obstacles encountered in the civil administration of the province by Sir Theophilus Shepstone have been considerable. If it may be conceded that the policy he carried into effect was somewhat high-handed, it is nevertheless certain that in this matter he received the countenance of a large section of the population, including its most respectable citizens. Many of these were Englishmen who, having acquired property in a distant land, were desirous that the British flag should guarantee to them its undisturbed enjoyment. Others, with fortunes still to make, hoped that the establishment of British rule signified increased expenditure and an extension of trade and commerce. But the most troublesome of the friends of the new order of things were adventurers actuated by delusive hopes of lucrative employment, and filled with exaggerated notions of their own capabilities. From such unpromising material nothing could in the long run be looked for, as the event has proved, but annoyance, covert intrigue, and unmerited abuse. Sir Theophilus Shepstone, having educed comparative order out of this chaos, and secured some respect for the law, may justly claim admiration for his administrative talents.

It may fairly be urged that considerable progress has been made during the past eighteen months in laying the foundations of the future South African Confederation. Time, as in all such cases, is requisite, and indiscreet haste might prove ruinous to the whole scheme. Still more indispensable is it that the needful support should be accorded by the Government to those engaged in its execution. British interests in remote corners of the Empire are apt to be neglected till some striking disaster startles the public mind; nevertheless, as we are an Imperial people, we must pay ungrudgingly the price of empire. Though the outlook is clouded, so far as foreign affairs are concerned, internal politics are in a satisfactory state in the leading colony of South Africa. The Sprigg Administration has proved equal to its duties, the Cape Town Parliament has been dissolved, and Confederation will be avowedly the test question at the approaching elections.

TRADE PROSPECTS.

At the beginning of a New Year it is natural to try to forecast the immediate future. The depression of trade has now lasted nearly five years and a half. In the beginning it was little more than a slackening of the too rapid pace which had been kept up for some time previously; but things have gone from bad to worse until at last a portion of the working-classes are involved in actual distress. Is the depression likely to continue much longer, or may we expect an early revival? It is in itself a favourable omen that the majority of those who venture to give an opinion on the subject are inclined to take a reassuring view, and that the most competent are certainly not the most despondent. Nor is it difficult to find grounds for hopefulness. We have just passed through a financial crisis of extreme intensity, which gave a shock to credit such as has rarely been experienced. Last week we pointed out the effect of this crisis in aggravating the depression, yet outside the banking circles immediately affected by it there has been only one failure of real magnitude. We do not wish to draw from this circumstance a wider inference than the facts justify. The crisis was financial from first to last, and, except in the indirect ways which we explained last week, did not at all affect trade proper. Besides, it is always rash to conclude that everything is safe merely because unsoundness has not been brought to light by occurrences which may have seemed calculated to detect it. Still it is a fact of some significance that, in a period of protracted depression, an extreme shock to banking credit, resulting in an extraordinary and sudden restriction of the accommodation upon which business always reckons, has thus far produced no commercial bankruptcies worth speaking of. The presumption is that trade generally is sound, and is being conducted on prudent principles. If this presumption be well founded, there only needs a revival of confidence and an increase of consumption to bring back more prosperous days. As regards the first condition, it is in the way of being rapidly fulfilled. The banks are relaxing their rigour, the rates of money are easier, and if we have no more failures like those witnessed during the past few months, we may fairly hope to see credit re-established in a very short time. All this of course depends upon contingencies which may or may not happen, but, at any rate, the apprehensions which of late prevailed so strongly are allayed.

As regards the increase of consumption, likewise, there are several encouraging symptoms. To begin with the Revenue Returns published on Wednesday, we find at last an increase in the yield from Excise. The Excise revenue was the first to feel the depression; it has been decreasing for a couple of years, and it continued to decline through the summer and autumn. The last two months, however, show an improvement, as compared with the corresponding period of last year. It is true that the Returns, taken as a whole, are at the best neutral; that Customs, the other great index of consumption, do not show a favourable result; and that Stamps are decidedly unfavourable. But Stamps are the index to the amount of business done, whereas we are now inquiring into

consumption and the fact that even one of the great branches of revenue dependent on the consumption of dutiable goods gives evidence of recovery is, so far as it goes, encouraging. The inference suggested by the Excise figures of the past two months points to improvement in the condition of some part of the population, and the late harvest tells us where to look for that improvement. The past year was favourable to agriculture. The grain harvest, as a whole, was good; the green crops, hay and grass, were excellent. A single year does not make up for three bad ones; but, in spite of many adverse appearances, the agricultural classes are better off than they were, and there is a more hopeful feeling amongst farmers. Even a slight improvement in our greatest industry—for such agriculture is beyond all comparison—would be calculated to produce a great result. No small part of the existing depression is due to the poverty of the agricultural classes in consequence of three years of deficient harvests, bad hay and root crops, and serious cattle disease. They are now better able to support manufacturers by their purchases. But perhaps the most influential of all the forces working towards a revival of trade is the almost unprecedented cheapness of bread. According to the *Gazette*, the average price of wheat throughout England last week was only 39*s.* 9*d.* the quarter. The present generation has never before seen the price below two pounds. The importance of this extraordinary cheapness can hardly be overrated. Wages which only twelve months since would have barely sufficed to provide a family with bread now furnish a surplus of about one-third for other outlay. In other words, two shillings go very nearly as far in buying bread as three shillings went a year ago. Considerable as has been the fall of wages, in the interval, it has not been in anything like this proportion. The working classes, therefore, are better off than they were twelve months ago, when they are in employment. That is to say, they have a greater command over the necessaries and comforts of life; or, to put the matter more correctly, after providing themselves with their staple food, they have a larger surplus to lay out upon other things. Notwithstanding all that we hear about distress, there is no reason to believe that, outside a few trades, such as the iron and cotton, any more than the surplus labourers have been discharged—namely, those who are taken on in active and dismissed in stagnant times. Assuming these to form a tenth of the whole working population, the remaining nine-tenths have the means of spending more largely than before with the grocer, the beerseller, the shoemaker, and the butcher. All these tradespeople benefit by the increased expenditure as well as by their own reduced bread bills, and in turn become better customers of the dressmaker and the tailor. Thus the current of increased outlay is diffused through every branch of trade.

The very depression itself has been slowly preparing the way for the revival which we are all so anxiously awaiting. In the period of inflation that followed the close of the Franco-German war prices were run up to an exorbitant height. Everybody believed that he was rapidly becoming rich, and that every one else was in the same enviable road. Everybody, therefore, was ready to trust everybody else; and loan after loan was floated for all sorts of adventures—public, corporate, and private. By means of these loans and by the reckless use of credit prices were inflated beyond all reasonable limits. The crash came and prices fell. Naturally it was in manufactured articles that the fall first occurred, but gradually the raw material followed. Then came the struggle to readjust wages. In the inflation period they had gone up, like everything else; very naturally the workpeople were unwilling to lose what they had gained, and they foolishly attempted to prevent the inevitable. Strikes followed in great numbers, inflicting unavailing suffering on the workpeople, adding to the losses of the country, and deepening the depression. They were unsuccessful, of course, and now the necessary readjustment of wages is nearly completed. When it is fully effected, our manufacturers will be in a position once more to take their old place in the world. The prices of manufactured goods are as low as is needful; those of the raw material also seem not to admit of further reduction; and when wages and hours of labour are readjusted so that the cost of production will allow of profitable sales at existing prices, the main difficulty under which our manufacturers have laboured will be removed. It has often been contended by the Trade-Union leaders that cheapness does not stimulate consumption, that the public wants only a certain quantity of a given article, and that it will not be tempted into buying more by a halfpenny or a penny being taken off in the yard or the pound. The recent experience of the Eastern trade refutes this argument. All the world knows that India and China have suffered grievously from famines which have lessened the purchasing power of the populations. Nevertheless the export of cotton goods has gone on from this country, prices have been reduced below the cost incurred, and a larger quantity has been disposed of in the past three years than at any former period. This has been accomplished at a loss, but the material point in our present contention is that cheapness did in fact stimulate consumption. The problem for the manufacturers is to reduce the cost of production until the loss disappears; and then they will be able to push the trade to advantage. There are many signs that the problem is advancing towards solution.

One other favourable circumstance remains to be noted. For nearly four years the Eastern question has kept Europe in anxiety and apprehension. Traders were afraid that a general war might break out, and they did not dare to embark their capital in any enterprise that would extend over much time. They lived, therefore, from hand to mouth. Besides, if war had broken out, apart altogether from blockades and risks at sea and loss of markets, all national energies would have been diverted into what we may call the belligerent arts—shipbuilding, cannon-founding, riflemaking, and the like. Lastly, financiers foresaw vast loans opening prospects of indefinite fortunes. While the fear of war lasted, therefore, any real revival of trade was impossible. But the improved political prospect alters the situation. If the Treaty of Berlin is carried into execution, a period of repose may reasonably be calculated upon, and enterprise will be stimulated. The prolonged suspense has given time for stocks generally to run down, and there is probably, therefore, a void to fill. In any case the newly-felt relief will be a spur to activity. When the Berlin Treaty was concluded its influence upon commerce was very distinctly felt, though it was soon checked by the political suspicions which sprang up, and by the bank failures that occurred in more than one country. Should these suspicions be eventually proved to be unfounded, we may reasonably trust to see the hopes of last July realized in the New Year. The decided improvement already manifest in the United States cannot fail to cooperate towards this result. The bountiful harvest with which they were last year blessed, the vast European demand for the produce of their soil, the enforced thrift of recent years, the greater industry necessitated by adversity, and the reduction in the cost of production brought about by the lowering of wages, have at last terminated the distress from which the Americans have so long been suffering, and they are now to all appearances entering upon a fresh period of prosperity. This will naturally react upon ourselves, and the resumption of specie payments which is now a fact will make the trade between the two countries less speculative and more sound.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

IT was to be expected that the subsequent winter exhibitions at the Grosvenor Gallery should not quite come up to the exceptional excellence of the first, but as yet there are hardly any signs of falling off. The old mines are still yielding apparently inexhaustible supplies of art treasures, whilst new ones are discovered of scarcely inferior richness. Although there is nothing to equal the unrivalled series of Lionardo drawings lent last year by the Queen, yet an almost unknown collection, belonging to Christ Church, Oxford, has been laid under contribution for examples of that master and of others, with results of the highest interest; whilst the Earl of Warwick, Mr. Malcolm of Poltalloch, Mr. William Russell, and other former contributors, are amongst the most prominent supporters of the present exhibition. With the exception of Raffaelle and Holbein, all the great masters are well represented—the Dutch school in particular; and to show, we suppose, that the old painters had not a monopoly of good drawing, a whole room is devoted to the studies of M. Ingres—a somewhat cruel kindness. When we add to all this a carefully selected and really representative collection of water-colour drawings by living English artists, it will be seen how much the Grosvenor Gallery has done for the lovers of art.

Without wasting our time on productions fancifully ascribed to Cimabue and Margaritone, we will begin our review of the Italian schools with that earliest of the great masters of the Renaissance, Masaccio—a man who was so much in advance of his age that we can very well believe him to be the author of the "Figure of a Youth" (40), which, in the case of its attitude and the perfection of its drawing, would seem to belong to the greatest period of art. This, and another study of a "Young Man Reading" (59), may in their unaffected truth to nature be instructively compared with the pseudo-classicism of Mantegna, who joined to great powers of design and composition a total inability to draw living people. Of this master there are many very interesting examples; perhaps the finest is a "Design for a Chalice" (35), which, for delicacy of execution and richness of invention, could scarcely be surpassed, although his imperfect drawing is revealed in the surprising badness of the perspective. "Hercules Slaying the Lion" (14) is a specimen of his most vigorous drawing and design; and "The Entombment" (28) is an important example of his ordinary style, a style in which the figures look like old statues suddenly galvanized into violent movement, and which, in spite of his imitation of antiquity, is deficient in the simple grace and harmonious proportion that distinguished all Greek art. A fine series of prophets and sibyls, lent by Mr. Malcolm, are certainly not by the master himself, but are excellent works of his school.

Verocchio was another artist who made a diligent study of the antique. In No. 642 we have various studies of proportion (mostly drawings of old statues) which he is said to have made for the benefit of his pupil, Lionardo da Vinci. He appears to have adopted two standards—one the length of the hand, ten of which made up the figure, which was also divided into eight parts, each the length of the foot. What sort of progress his pupil made may be seen in the drawings unearthed from the gloomy recesses of the Christ Church portfolios, where they have remained ever since General Guise bequeathed them in the last century, and into which we trust they will never again return. The finest of these is certainly the Portrait Study (88), the sex of which the Catalogue has cautiously left undecided, but which, in spite of the somewhat feminine features, we believe to be male, the form of the cap alone being sufficient to decide this. Nothing more refined and, at the same time, firm and vigorous has ever been done

in portraiture, the only fault to be found with this magnificent drawing being a certain over-blackness of the pupils, probably retouched. The large cartoon (64) has apparently been much injured. The heads are beautiful, and undoubtedly by the master's hand; but there is something hopelessly wrong about the figure of the Virgin. No. 90 is a study of drapery less elaborate than the famous one at the Louvre, but quite as exquisite in its finish and delicacy. The "Study of a Head" (92) is very lovely, but scarcely powerful enough for Lionardo. It may perhaps be ascribed to Luini. After these drawings, it is cruel to turn to the mannered grace and facile execution of Correggio, who is, however, very well represented. Nos. 106, 113, and 117 are studies for the famous cupola at Parma. Perhaps the best of his work is a very beautiful, but rather faded, sketch of three Amorini (120). No. 124 is a good study of a sleeping child.

Turning to the Venetian school, we get some admirable examples of that rare master Giorgione. Nos. 136 and 140 are both landscapes with figures, executed with the point of the brush, and not with the pen, as was Titian's custom. Perhaps it is partly owing to this that they have a softness and refinement to which the latter master never attained, the distance—especially in 140—being of an almost inconceivable delicacy. As compositions they are both of them admirable, the figures appearing in perfect keeping with the landscape, which again has more an air of nature than one ever finds in Titian's studies. No. 132, which is ascribed to Giorgione, may perhaps be the work of some other great Venetian—perhaps Palma Vecchio—but it is in any case a most delightful drawing, with the air of richness and sumptuousness that is typical of the school. Of Titian himself we have nothing quite worthy of the greatest painter (though not the greatest draughtsman) that the world has seen. No. 130, evidently the head of the woman called Titian's daughter in the picture at Madrid, is probably by a pupil, though a fine bold work, but 133 is undoubtedly a genuine specimen of Titian's freest and most spirited manner. The Venus has a sort of healthy robust grace, very characteristic of the master. No. 138, "A Study for the Peter Martyr," is merely a coarse piece of effect, quite unlike Titian's execution, and 131 is a rather commonplace example of his ordinary landscape work.

Before we leave the Italian pictures we must go back to a very curious sheet of studies of men hanging by Andrea del Castagno (403); they are supposed to represent the Pazzi conspirators, whom, according to Vasari, Andrea painted outside the old palace in the very places where they were hanged. But Von Reumont entirely disposes of this story, declaring that Andrea was dead long before the conspiracy, and that the frescoes were really painted by Botticelli. These drawings, however, are certainly not by Botticelli, and may very well be by Castagno. Vasari says that the Pazzi conspirators were hanged by the heels. The drawings represent men hanging by the neck, so we should doubt their referring to this celebrated conspiracy.

We have already said that the Dutch school is very well represented. Of Rembrandt there are numberless examples—many of them very fine. Among the most interesting are two sketches of "Christ Walking on the Sea" (292 and 299), in the latter of which the composition is immensely improved; the figure of the man getting out of the boat being singularly natural in its unaffected awkwardness. There is a sheet of heads (309) which show to perfection Rembrandt's powers of vigorous and subtle portraiture. No. 302 is a very characteristic study of the nude; whilst 305, a roughly-sketched female figure, has a certain charm in the face and limbs that one does not generally look for in Rembrandt. There are also many excellent examples of his landscape work—amongst others a charming sketch in water-colours (209). Rubens is seen at his best in his masterly portrait of his wife (158). She has a sort of exuberant dignity which was the nearest approach to feminine beauty that Rubens ever made. Very fine and bold is his "Portrait of the Earl of Arundel" (163); whilst his "Studies of Venus and Cupid" (165) show how refined his execution (though not his outline) could be when he liked. No. 176 is a very interesting drawing of his after a Bacchus of Mantegna. It is curious how human Mantegna's figure has become, and also how vulgar. Vandyke is fairly well represented. No. 181 is a study in red chalk for a celebrated etching in the "Icones." No. 187 is a good portrait, but the best of his drawings here is undoubtedly the life-sized head of "The Duke of York when a Child" (269). Frans Hals and Terburg have each a good portrait study (236 and 250). The one is excellent in its bold freedom, the other in its refinement and precision. The landscape-painters Cuyp, Berghem, Ruysdael, Van der Velde, are numerously represented; but we can do no more than refer to them.

Passing from the East Gallery to the Vestibule, we come again to the Italian school in the person of perhaps its greatest representative. There is a life-sized cartoon by Michael Angelo (490) at the end of the room, very dark and much injured, but still grand and powerful. The figure on the left especially is in his best manner—the one representing "Charity" appears less happy, but it is very difficult to make out properly. Of the smaller drawings there is one of the highest excellence. The studies for the Dead Christ (495) have a beauty of line such as Raffaelle never attained. In these drawings there is no exaggeration, no straining after effect, but simply the beauty of consummate draughtsmanship, with a tenderness of feeling very unusual in Michael Angelo. A Holy Family (496) is a fine example of his most elaborate drawing, but it looks a little retouched. The rest of the Vestibule is filled with the works of the French school. The Claudes are very fine, but there is nothing else of much interest, save some portraits by Dumoustier, and these are very unequal.

In the sculpture gallery we come to the Raffaelle drawings. These are few and of no great merit; the best being a Deposition from the Cross (522), and a bacchanalian scene (573), both good examples of his free and facile manner. No. 535 is an interesting study in his early manner for the frescoes at Siena that were painted by Pinturicchio from his designs.

On the other side are some fine Albert Dürers. Nos. 583, 589, and 599 are life-sized heads, the latter especially good. No. 601, "Design for a Tomb," shows his free yet careful execution at its best. No. 600 is rather puzzling; it is a copy with variations of a well-known engraving. It was never the artist's practice to make such elaborate pen-and-ink studies for his engravings; at the same time the workmanship is so wonderful that it is difficult to assign it to any one but the master himself. We must call attention to a marvellous head by John Van Eyck (629), and then pass on to the room which is devoted to the works of M. Ingres.

There has been so much controversy as to the merits of this artist, that it may be as well to devote a little space to a critical examination of them. By his admirers (amongst whom there are artists and art critics of all schools) he is called the finest draughtsman since Raffaelle, with whom he is supposed to have a remarkable affinity. His detractors assert that, not only he cannot paint (which is undeniable), but also that he cannot draw; that his figures are mostly out of proportion, and always feeble; that his compositions are poor and conventional; and that his success lay, not in striving after the ideal beauty of Raffaelle, but in painstaking realism in the portraiture of vulgar people. Now we will say at once that, in our opinion, his works at the Grosvenor Gallery go far to confirm the latter view. Let us take the large and ambitious composition called "The Apotheosis of Homer." Was anything more commonplace ever invented? Homer sits awkwardly in the middle of the picture, with numerous figures of ancient writers and artists standing in conventional attitudes on each side of him. On a lower level, and much too small to be consistent with perspective, the study of which Ingres always despised, stand more modern heroes, the grouping and attitude of whom seem to have depended chiefly on prints and portraits from which they are copied with almost slavish fidelity. The drawing is throughout feeble, all the illustrious Greeks and Romans being much too short in the leg. This peculiarity comes out well in the studies made for the separate figures, such as Nos. 662, 664, and 665, all of which dwindle curiously as they go downwards. That Ingres had no eye for proportion can be seen in most of his studies, notably in 635, where the hand is much too big; 633, where the forearm is too long; 643, which is wrong all through; and 652, which is as thoroughly bad a study of a female figure as one could see anywhere. What his feeling for grace of line and poetry of attribute was may be well seen in the picture of "The Odalisque" (696), which is neither more nor less than disgusting. On the other hand, when he confined himself to accurate and careful portraiture of the men and women around him, he reached a very remarkable degree of realism, though one may regret that so much care and pains was bestowed generally on such very unfortunate subjects; where he endeavours to idealize a portrait, as in No. 693, the result is merely ridiculous.

We can but mention the excellent collection of modern drawings which so worthily complete the historical retrospect of English water-colours which was begun last year. The collection appears to be truly representative, and shows a richness and variety which prove that, in some directions at least, a great stride has been made since the days of the founders of the art.

HAMLET AT THE LYCEUM.

PROBABLY never in the recent history of the English theatre has any event been so eagerly expected as the opening of the Lyceum Theatre under Mr. Irving's management, which took place on Monday last. It was known that the actor's object in taking upon himself the conduct of the theatre was not so much to display his own great powers as to do honour to his art by securing as near an approach as possible to the combined excellence and smoothness of the best Continental theatres. In the general arrangement and mounting of *Hamlet* much was expected from Mr. Irving's study of the poet, and his keen eye for picturesque effect. It was to be supposed that his fine taste would hit the right point between a mean or shabby illustration of the drama's action and an over-elaboration of gorgeous or so-called realistic scenery. It may be at once said that in none of these matters has expectation been disappointed. What was even more important and aroused a deeper excitement was the announcement that Miss Ellen Terry was to appear as Ophelia. We have often expressed our conviction, founded heretofore on what may have seemed insufficient grounds, that there is scarcely any character in the poetic drama beyond the reach of this actress; and her performance of Ophelia, which is to our thinking more difficult than many parts which are considered greater, has confirmed us in this belief and proved her to possess distinct genius.

Before going into detailed criticism of the acting of the play, it may be convenient to say something of the alterations and improvements made in the scenic arrangement, an account of which

is given in an interesting preface, signed "F. A. M.," to Mr. Irving's acting edition. "In Act I.," to quote from this, "the first scene has been so constructed as to allow of the ghost appearing to Marcellus, Bernardo, and Horatio on the battlements of the Castle, and not, as generally arranged, merely crossing over the front portion of the stage." It is shown by various passages in the dialogue that this scene is supposed to take place between midnight and the first approach of dawn, and accordingly this has been indicated by the painter, while "in the sky may be seen the star of which Bernardo speaks (line 35), 'When yond same star that's westward from the pole.'" In the last scene of this act an alteration from the usual plan of placing it in another part of the platform has been suggested by the lines, "What if it tempt you towards the flood, my lord, or to the dreadful summit of the cliff," &c., and by Hamlet's exclamation, "I'll go no further." Such a speech is certainly more natural in the circumstances shown in the present performance than it would be if the old direction, *another part of the platform*— supported, as the writer of the preface says, by no particular reason or authority— were followed. Besides, if it was only to another part of the platform that the Ghost led Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus would hardly have had to spend much time or trouble in finding him. It is of course probable enough that not one of these considerations occupied Shakspeare when he wrote the play; but what is worth doing at all is worth doing well; and, as scenery is in these days universally preferred to the use of placards, it is well that it should be made to serve, as Mr. Irving makes it, its true purpose of illustrating, consistently and picturesquely, the action of the play. In former representations of *Hamlet* at the Lyceum the effect of this scene was undoubtedly marred to some extent by the unhappy arrangement which made the Ghost deliver his speech from a kind of pulpit in a tree, which had apparently been specially established for his use. As it is now managed, the battlements of the platform disappearing reveal a wild spot on a rock-bound shore. The Ghost is discovered standing in the moonlight on a commanding eminence of the rocks, through and down which he sinks when he is summoned back to his torments. In the last scene of Act III., represented, as usual, as an antechamber to the Queen's bedroom, the Ghost is made to enter, not in armour, but "in a kind of dressing robe (the *night gowne* of the stage direction in the first quarto)," which, though it is a comparatively small matter, we conceive to be a decided improvement. In the churchyard scene, "the church is supposed to be built on the hill above the royal palace, and the procession is seen coming slowly up the ascent just as evening is changing into night;" and the scene in which Osric appears is placed out of doors, instead of in a hall in the palace as has been customary. The reason of this change, on which the writer of the preface has some pertinent remarks, is to be found in Hamlet's request to Osric to put on his hat, and in what he says about the weather. Finally, the last scene shows a vestibule in the palace, with arches at the back of the stage, through which is seen the orchard, referred to by the Ghost. The grouping and arrangement of colour in this scene, about which there is a curiously pre-Raffaellite air, are admirable. In the text of the play Mr. Irving has indulged in what seems to us a needless love of emendation in various slight alterations, for all of which some authority is to be found. An instance of this is to be found in Act I. sc. 2, where "whilst they *bestil'd* almost to jelly with the act of fear" is given instead of *distilled*. The more usual reading is as graphic and natural as a thing can well be, and the alteration appears to us to be singularly far from being wise or advisable. The association of a jelly—a tremulous substance—with the act of fear is perfectly easy; not so its conjunction with the word *bestil'd*. To bestil is, according to Richardson, "to tranquillize, to calm"; and to bestil to a jelly is to tranquillize to shakiness, which is plainly absurd. Again, in Act II. scene 2, Mr. Irving reads "For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a *good* kissing carrion," for *god*, which we like no better than the previous alteration. We had a strong impression, which we are glad to find is not borne out by the published edition, that in the last act Mr. Irving, in the line "The cat will mew, the dog will have his day," changed *day* to *bay*— an alteration about as valuable as that of "The child is father to the man" to "The man is father to the child." One other point, which is not new, strikes us as not completely satisfactory. In Mr. Irving's version Hamlet's speech to the King before he kills him runs thus:—

> Here, thou incestuous murderous damned Dane,
> Drink off this potion.
> Follow my mother. (*Stabs the King.*)

In the original text Hamlet stabs the King at the words, "Then venom to thy work," and after the King has exclaimed, "O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt," come the lines, "Drink off this potion, is thy union here? Follow my mother." Some actors have illustrated this line by the somewhat clumsy process of forcing the contents of the poisoned goblet down the King's throat, as if he were an animal being dosed. There can be no reasonable objection to Mr. Irving's being content, for stage purposes, with killing his enemy once; but we may, we think, fairly object to his retaining the words, "drink off this potion," which, according to his arrangement, are either superfluous, or must bear a meaning that hardly belongs to them. As to the actor's view of the passage in the scene with Gertrude, "Look here upon this picture and on this," &c., that is, it appears to us, a matter upon which every one must judge for himself according to his taste and feeling.

In criticizing such a performance as that of last Monday it is generally fair to remember its exceptional nature, and the nervousness probably experienced by the people upon whom the chief share of the work falls, however great may be the encouragement given to them. Certainly no actor or manager could wish for a more enthusiastic welcome than that which was given to Mr. Irving; and the only point in his performance for which it was necessary to find any excuse was a tendency to too great slowness in the earlier scenes. In the Ghost scene, in which he has restored the "wild and whirling words" concerning the "old mole" and the "fellow in the cellarage," the actor appeared to us to catch more nearly than he has ever done before, in spite of this slowness, the reaction of wild excitement which possesses Hamlet; but we still find him too lachrymose, too little carried away by an unnatural mirth. From this point onwards Mr. Irving's performance seemed to improve. Throughout the rest of the play he rendered, with even greater force and fineness than before, by turns the bitter irony, the rage, the abandonment to grief, and the lighter moods of the Prince. In the scene at the grave his acting seemed to have assumed more meaning and to be more perfectly under just control; and, as on former occasions, in the dialogue with Horatio just after Osric's exit, he conveyed in a few words a whole history of tragedy. In the scene with Ophelia Mr. Irving's acting has always been marked by strikingly poetical perception and delicate execution. On Monday last he reached in this a height of passion and tenderness which before he has scarcely approached. Something of this effect may no doubt be due to the fresh inspiration derived from the singularly beautiful acting of Miss Ellen Terry.

Throughout *Hamlet* Miss Terry's Ophelia is the essence of grace, simplicity, and tenderness. There is a remarkable charm about her acting of the lighter passages in the early scenes, and her mad scene was exquisite in its thought, its power, its complete unconventionality and its natural pathos. A striking instance of her hold over her audience was found in the deep impression produced by her delivery of the words, "To have seen what I have seen, see what I see." Miss Ellen Terry's performance is one that dwells upon and haunts the memory.

Mr. F. Cooper appears as Laertes. He speaks and moves well, and at times his acting has real merit; at others it seemed ineffective; but, as has been said, we are now speaking of a representation in which probably every one had more or less nervousness to contend with. Mr. Cooper fenced extremely well in the last scene, as, in a less practised method, did Mr. Irving. The exchange of foils was managed probably as well as so strange an affair can be managed. The movements just before it might perhaps be improved. As far as we could see they consisted of rapid thrusts and parries in *seconde*, a guard sparingly used by experienced fencers. It was probably by inadvertence that Mr. Irving wore his hat during the salute and the first part of the assault. Mr. Mead and Mr. Chippendale retain and played excellently their old parts of the Ghost and Polonius. Mr. Swinbourne appeared as Horatio, and Mr. Forrester gave to Mr. Swinbourne's old part of the King a plausible air which it too often wants. Miss Pauncefort seems to us to have improved her performance of Gertrude. The grave-diggers were played with commendably quiet humour by Mr. Johnson and Mr. Andrews; and the minor characters, notably that of Osric, by Mr. Hellew, and the small but important part of Marcellus, by Mr. Gibson, were well filled. The new manager may be warmly congratulated on the success in every direction of his first production. If we might venture on a suggestion, it would be that, having done so much for the drama, he should take one more step forward, and refuse to subject himself to the fatigue of playing such a part as Hamlet every night in the week.

REVIEWS.

BAGEHOT'S LITERARY STUDIES.*

MR. BAGEHOT'S critical Essays are well worth preserving. Mr. Hutton in his graceful and instructive Prefatory Notice expresses a kind of regretful irritation at the praise which had been deservedly, but too exclusively, bestowed on his friend's political and economical writings. Nothing could be more natural than the selection by eulogistic critics of the qualities for which Mr. Bagehot was most generally known; but Mr. Hutton's feeling will be understood by those who have mourned over the premature extinction of intellectual gifts which were only appreciated by a few. That the Editor of the *Economist* discharged with great ability an important public function was known to many who had no means of appreciating the varied gifts which Mr. Hutton lovingly enumerates. Mr. Bagehot's literary criticisms in some degree justify the assertion that in his "buoyant, subtle, and speculative nature the imaginative qualities were even more remarkable than the judgment." His reputation for "the gay and dashing humour which was the life of every conversation in which he joined" must rest on the testimony of his friend. The boldness, approaching to paradox, of some of his literary judgments renders it probable that he was, as Mr. Hutton says, lively

* *Literary Studies.* By the late Walter Bagehot. With a Prefatory Notice, edited by Richard Holt Hutton. London: Longmans & Co. 1879.

and humorous in conversation. In ordinary society he appeared exempt from the desire to startle or surprise, and indeed from every form of eccentricity. He may probably have reserved his gayer moods and his more subtle play of thought for a narrower circle. One characteristic attributed to him by Mr. Hutton was a deliberate sympathy with what he called stupidity, which was, in truth, commonplace opinion. No competent observer of social and political life will underrate the power and the probable soundness of common judgment and established custom; but habitual tolerance of prejudice, and even of dulness, is easier when it is accompanied by a feeling of amusement. A greater humourist than Mr. Bagehot considers it an admirable quality in the English nature that it yields slowly or not at all to logical demonstration. Mr. Carlyle even found something to admire in the pertinacity with which men believed in the Corn-laws after they had been conclusively proved to be foolish and mischievous. When nothing more could be said in their defence, people still doubted whether there might not be something on that side which could not be said. Mr. Bagehot founded a political theory on a predilection for popular tenacity. In some letters on the *Coup d'état* of 1851 which caused some scandal to his Liberal friends, Mr. Bagehot maintained that the French were too clever for freedom. On maturer experience he modified his admiration of the Bonapartist system, though he still regarded the Empire as the best Government for material purposes which the French had yet enjoyed. It is not known whether he would have shared the admiring confidence which the French Republic now excites in England. If he had believed that the experiment would ultimately succeed he might perhaps have reconciled the fact with his own principle by reference to the obstinacy, ignorance, and indifference to freedom of the rural population which has now become a principal power in the State. In time, perhaps, the French may acquire the wholesome English instinct of taking things for granted and letting well alone.

It would seem that Mr. Bagehot himself was, notwithstanding his party associations, inclined to be a Conservative of the utilitarian and sceptical type. It is to be regretted that, by a curious inconsistency, he ran counter to history and to the national character by renouncing all the Imperial traditions and associations of England. He would, if he could, both have abandoned India and the colonies, and have accepted for his country the position of a fourth- or fifth-rate European Power. It would be unreasonable, except as far as the doctrine seems to involve personal inconsistency, to discuss a heresy which is not shared by his present editor. It was not in general Mr. Bagehot's habit to struggle against the unforeseen results of natural causes. If India or the colonies had been acquired in pursuance of a theory, the proof that they were pecuniarily unprofitable might suggest a doubt of the expediency of creating an Empire. Mr. Bagehot might have been expected to infer, from the long-continued and triumphant exertion of past energies, the disadvantage of depriving them of their accustomed field. In modern times the government of the colonies requires good sense and good temper in dealing with practically independent communities rather than courage or genius; but the responsibility of keeping and ruling India is in itself a liberal education to Englishmen. An interesting biographical notice of Mr. James Wilson by his son-in-law and successor explains the principle on which both conducted the *Economist*. In knowledge of the details of commercial business Mr. Wilson was probably superior, though as a banker Mr. Bagehot had, like the founder of the journal, the advantage of practical experience of trade. His wider intellectual sympathies never diverted him from the consideration of financial and economical expediency. In his time the principles of political economy had almost ceased to be subjects of controversy, though the practice of taxation and currency still requires all the care and knowledge of statesmen and their skilled advisers. According to his biographer, Mr. Bagehot attached only secondary importance to the reduction of public expenditure. On his economical policy in general it is not Mr. Hutton's present purpose to dwell. He only touches in passing on a fundamental difference of political opinion or temper between himself and his friend. Mr. Bagehot held, in common with the great majority of his educated contemporaries, that government ought to be in the hands of the refined and cultivated classes. Mr. Hutton reserves his own well-known preference for a democracy which will, as he thinks, most adequately consult the interests of the bulk of the population. No mention is made in the Prefatory Notice of the excellent work on the English Constitution which will probably be better remembered than any other of Mr. Bagehot's writings. The imaginative power which is ascribed to him by Mr. Hutton is exemplified in his faculty of distinguishing the real forces of government from constitutional fictions. Imagination, indeed, may be defined to be the faculty of seeing things as they are. The history and theory of English institutions may be conveniently studied in Blackstone. Mr. Bagehot performed the further service of explaining the actual results of a complicated series of causes.

Nearly all the critical Essays which are now republished have the advantage of interesting subjects. Mr. Bagehot had something original to say on Shelley, on Cowper, on Scott, on Milton, and even on Shakspeare. No writer has more clearly apprehended Shelley's incapacity to create or understand a complicated character. As he happily observes, the extravagant wickedness of Cenci is conceived in the spirit of a child who thinks that anybody who is bad is very bad. It is also true, as Mr. Bagehot says, that Cenci belonged to a class which was always hateful to Shelley. "In most of Shelley's poems—he died under thirty—there is an extreme suspicion of aged persons. In actual life he had plainly encountered many old gentlemen who had no belief in the complete and philosophic reformation of mankind." It was perhaps from his excessive dislike of his own father that Shelley formed his generalization of the odiousness of age; but, even when he was less deeply prejudiced, he had no power of representing human nature. Mr. Bagehot acutely remarks that, while the unearthly beings of other poets are generally failures, "in Shelley such singing solitary beings are almost uniformly successful; while writing, his mind really for the moment was in the state in which theirs is supposed always to be. He loved attenuated ideas and abstracted excitement. In expressing their nature he had but to set free his own." Mr. Bagehot agrees with other capable critics in recognizing the perfection of Shelley's style. He has not left any special notice of Wordsworth, whom he preferred to all modern English poets. Like other admirers of Wordsworth, of Shelley, and of Keats, he would probably have relegated Byron to the second rank of poets. In his review of the *Waverley Novels*, Mr. Bagehot cordially appreciates, not only the creative genius, but the manly cheerfulness and the penetrating sagacity of Scott. No better vindication has been written of the admirable romance of *Ivanhoe* against the one-sided criticisms of antiquaries. It is undoubtedly true that no such characters or events could have been found either in the reign of Richard I. or at any other historical period; and it also must be admitted that Scott borrowed without inquiry from Thierry a false conception of the relation between the descendants of the Norman conquerors and the general English population. Yet, as Mr. Bagehot says, Scott has produced a picture of the ideal middle age which would only have been spoiled by minuter accuracy. The compositions of the great Italian painters diverge as widely from the scenes which they profess to reproduce; but their successors of the present day have not advanced religious art by copying the features of Jewish beggars or Arab vagabonds, or even by studying the geologic formation of Mount Sinai. Mr. Bagehot more than once recognizes the value, not of Scott's abstract opinions on political economy, but of the materials which he supplies for economic investigation. No critic was better qualified than Mr. Bagehot to appreciate the admirable and instructive narrative of the innovations by which the Laird of Ellangowan lost his popularity and embarrassed his fortune. It is the highest praise of Scott that he alone among English writers may at a distance be said to resemble Shakspeare. The same vigorous and joyous temperament enabled both to enter heartily into the life of imaginary characters. After quoting from *Venus and Adonis* a minute description of the windings of a hunted hare, Mr. Bagehot says that of Shakspeare we at least know this, that he had seen hares hunted with keen perception of the nature of the sport. The music of the cry of hounds is also described with sympathetic interest in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and in the prologue to the *Taming of a Shrew;* but some careful student has rightly observed that the affection of dogs for man is the only familiar relation which Shakspeare has nowhere recorded. The Essay on Shakspeare may be read with profit and pleasure after a thousand lucubrations on the same inexhaustible topic. Mr. Bagehot's criticism on Milton contains the result of intellectual conviction rather than of simple enthusiasm. With the harsh austerity of Milton's character he had evidently little sympathy; and he denounces with just severity the preposterous fiction on which the plot of *Paradise Lost* is ostensibly founded. Such a story was scarcely a performance of the undertaking "to justify the ways of God to man"; but, like a poet even greater than himself, Milton redeemed by consummate execution the faults of a vicious plan. The *Paradise Lost* is much less monstrous than Dante's Hell and Purgatory and Paradise, and it almost equally defies all but fragmentary criticism.

Essays on Gibbon and on Bishop Butler, written between twenty and thirty, display in some passages a levity which, if not consistent with perfect taste, may easily be pardoned in a young writer. At a maturer age Mr. Bagehot would have dwelt less on the foibles of Gibbon and attached greater importance to the conscientious accuracy which has astonished all his followers in the obscure region of Byzantine history. The metaphysical acuteness of the argument against Butler's famous doctrine perhaps belongs to youth. The zeal and freshness which inspire philosophic subtlety naturally precede full and tolerant knowledge of human life. Mr. Bagehot's reviews of Macaulay and Dickens are more valuable than his earlier criticisms. In both instances he had the courage to point out in the height of their popularity some defects which are now generally acknowledged. No writer has denounced with stronger or more merited contempt the absurd pretension of Dickens to the character of a social and political reformer. Mr. Bagehot also felt an extreme distaste for the coarse and histrionic pathos to which Dickens owed the vulgar popularity of his worst and latest works. An essay on Sterne does more justice to one of the first of humourists than the carping criticism of Thackeray; but Mr. Bagehot himself scarcely appreciated Sterne's astonishing power of creating living characters. For Thackeray himself Mr. Bagehot entertained a warm admiration which was not incompatible with a perception of the elements of weakness which belonged alike to his genius and his character. Criticisms on critical books are open to the

objection which in former legal procedure forbade a demurrer on a demurrer. It is more desirable to call attention to the literary remains of a man of extraordinary ability than to inquire whether his judgments were uniformly correct.

GORE'S ART OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.*

THAT an art of scientific discovery exists may be taken as sufficiently proved by the fact that discoveries in science are made, and those who make them do not work at random. The real question is whether, by what means, and to what extent, this art can be taught; εἰ διδακτὸν ἡ ἀρετὴ in this special class of applications. While philosophers were discussing theories of method, the common sense of mankind has long ago settled that the only sure way to learn an art practically is to work under the masters of it. In this way schools and traditions of every craft have been established, quite irrespectively of the capacity of those who practise it for giving a systematic account of their procedure. When they do try to give one, it is mostly inadequate, and to outsiders often unintelligible. To begin with an example from an art both homely and necessary, but admitting of much refinement; who could ever learn to make an omelette from any of the numberless cookery-books that have been written? The only way to improve the dulness and wastefulness of English cooks is, as Mr. Buckmaster and others have justly seen, to teach by example and found a practical tradition. Again, every parish in England was a school of archery till the musket finally prevailed over the long-bow. The art is not very difficult in its elements, but there are many niceties about it. The descriptions and precepts which have come down to us in Ascham's *Toxophilus* and other works are, however, imperfect on many points and perplexing on some; and we really have no distinct knowledge of the power or accuracy of our ancient national weapon in its best days. It is familiar to classical scholars how the souls of commentators have been vexed by the technical passages of Greek and Latin authors in which building, engineering, and the like matters are discussed; and this although the places in question may profess to give full and minute descriptions. When we come to the fine arts proper, it is still more evident how imperfect are the best efforts of language to render their methods. The mechanical operations of painting or sculpture can be prescribed, warning can be given against obvious faults, and certain necessary conditions of success can be enumerated. But no one has ever been able to determine what conditions are sufficient for the production of an excellent work of art; and, even as to those which appear necessary, it is every now and then found that genius triumphs over rules and defeats all expectation. And it is in the fine arts, perhaps, that we most clearly perceive the advantages of the continuous teaching by actual work and example which forms, as we say, a school. The disadvantages of its absence have been too long and too much exhibited in our own country; and it is certainly not by the speculative study of æsthetics that we shall repair them. The most consummate masters of art who ever lived would have been unable to lay down anything like a complete theory on the subject. We are apt to forget that language is only one instrument of human thought and action, and by no means the most delicate. Man can do, feel, and perceive many things which his words are inadequate to measure. This is true of the use of language itself, considered as a special art. Such an art has been deliberately cultivated in various ways in ancient and modern systems of education. Rhetoric, whose name is now almost a term of disparagement, was once esteemed an indispensable branch of learning. Here, again, grammatical errors and obvious blemishes of composition may be corrected; and assiduous criticism working under favourable conditions may even produce, as in modern France, a national school of style. But the charm of good writing is something that defies analysis; it cannot be prescribed by rule; it is more subtle than any measurable balance of clauses or harmony of cadences; it is a power felt but imponderable.

Now the process of scientific discovery is peculiar in the range and diversity of its operations. It is both mechanical and artistic. It demands the strenuous industry of the handicraftsman for its foundations, the most delicate skill of manipulation for its critical moments, and something of a poet's genius for its consummation. No great discovery was ever made without a great exercise of imaginative understanding. The constructive effort that goes to frame scientific conceptions may be partially measured by the effort which the learner must put forth to grasp them, even when they are fully explained and illustrated. Some of the great advances, and those in the exact sciences, have been made in a kind of obscurity which the discoverers themselves did not remove. Results have been proclaimed and accepted long before formal proof of them was given; and posterity has been left to verify the methods used, or even to supply whole demonstrations. This being the nature of the art, is it to be expected that its methods should be more plain and more easily reducible to set terms than those of any common handicraft? Surely not. One may describe, just as in other arts, up to a certain point. But there remain the indescribable elements, the judgment in choice of means, the trained insight, and the tact of experience, which can be found only in the practice itself. And this essentially practical side of the art, being in a general way important in proportion to the complexity of the matter in hand, is in the case of scientific discovery, at least in its higher regions, of an importance hardly estimable.

It is a curious and interesting question how the contrary impression ever came to prevail. We suspect that it was in great measure due to the formality and apparent exactness of the mental discipline to which the generations immediately preceding the revival of science had been submitted. The scholastic logic provided an elaborate system of rules for the comparison and combination of statements, which, although modern logicians have shown it to be by no means complete, was exact as far as it went. It is now not difficult for us to perceive that the rules of the syllogism are infallible simply because they are concerned not with things but with names. But this was not perceived by mediæval students, nor was it possible that it should be. In things spiritual and temporal alike men's minds were wholly possessed by the dream of absolute knowledge. And when they awoke to see new fields of inquiry opening before them, the spirit of their dream still followed them. Knowing that in logic and mathematics they had certain artificial methods which led them with certainty to the desired results, they assumed that there must be such a method also in natural science; that, were it once found, the secrets of nature would be rapidly and easily mastered; and that the search for it was the great preliminary task of all scientific inquiry. Bacon is the most familiar representative of this mode of thought; and, in consequence of the strength and spread of it in his time being overlooked, he has been much misapprehended both for praise and for blame. He has been praised as if he had been the sole and first inventor of modern natural philosophy, and blamed as a pretender who, on the strength of rhetoric and confused learning, set up for having an infallible method such as nobody had ever heard of, and has deceived many even to this day. But the notion of an infallible scientific method was none of Bacon's inventing. It was already in the air; people had been brought up in an atmosphere of infallibility and beaten roads to certainty, and they had yet to learn by long experience that every man must make his own road for himself. What is yet more curious is that the expectation lingered on long after Bacon's generation, and after it was evident that his method had been powerless in his own hands. Men did not conclude that the great secret was a chimera, but that it remained to be found. Descartes believed in an infallible scientific method; so did Spinoza, though we do not fully possess his mind on that subject; so did the later Cartesians, of whom one of the most brilliant, Walter von Tschirnhausen, had his ardour mildly rebuked by the warier Huygens. And in the very same breath Huygens, while pointing out the delays and difficulties incidental to experimental research, mentions Bacon's method with considerable respect. After these, again, Leibnitz cherished the conception of a sort of philosophical calculus by which morals and metaphysics could be settled on a footing of demonstrative certainty within a couple of years, and the remaining sciences completed in the same manner in no long time.

It must not be supposed that the ambition of Bacon or Descartes was confined to giving an analysis of the operations of inductive reasoning. They expected to lay down working rules by which great discoveries might certainly be reached in a moderate time, if only experiments were undertaken on a sufficient scale. Descartes commits himself to the opinion that the whole system of natural philosophy might thus be completed in a generation or two. This was partly due to the actual complexity of the problems of science being enormously underrated, as may be well seen in the *Principia Philosophiæ* of Descartes. But it cannot be fully explained without taking into account some such more subtle causes as we have ventured to assign. The world appeared as a vast collection of tangible and visible premisses already to hand, and whoever could hit upon the right scheme of moods and figures would be able to work out any number of conclusions. A real art of discovery was a thing earnestly believed in for a century at least.

Modern writers have expressly or tacitly renounced attempts of this kind. The general theory of Proof given by J. S. Mill is not an art of discovery, but a scientific account of the processes employed in the art, for the most part without reflection. It applies quite as much to judicial evidence as to any other branch of inquiry for truth, and has been used for the special purposes of the theory of evidence by Sir James Stephen. And, conversely, it is not much more likely to give any direct practical guidance in discovering a new element than in cross-examining a witness. It shows the logical bearings of observed agreements and differences, but it does not and cannot show how vital resemblances may be detected underlying apparent discord; how the mind's eye may seize the tokens of wide-reaching uniformity in the seeming confusion of particulars. Methods of proof may serve to test ideas, but they cannot create them. But if scientific genius did not bring forth ideas, there would be nothing but disjointed facts to work upon. You cannot even collect facts to any purpose without an idea to guide you. The truth is that in all but the simplest inquiries the preliminary task is to make sure of your materials, and also to bestow your labour on getting the right materials. This is often the hardest part of the business; and here there is no master-key but the tact and resources of trained common sense. But one of the ways in which common sense is trained to deal with a special class of problems is the exhibition of the methods by which problems of the same or an allied class have already been successfully attacked. Therefore writers of eminence,

* *The Art of Scientific Discovery; or, the General Conditions and Methods of Research in Physics and Chemistry.* By G. Gore, LL.D. F.R.S. London: Longmans & Co. 1878.

as Dr. Whewell, Professor Jevons, and the various authors who have treated science historically, have given systematic accounts of the means and processes actually employed by scientific workers in their different branches. It is unquestionable that such accounts, if brought together with judgment and accuracy, may be of the greatest use; and it appears to us that they are the best and the only possible literature of the art of discovery.

We should be glad to welcome Mr. Gore's book, if we could, as a satisfactory addition to the number of such works. But we cannot honestly do so. It has very good intentions, but fails in literary power and arrangement. The result is a mixture of anecdotes about particular scientific discoveries and discoverers, often interesting enough in themselves, with generalities about scientific truth and the conditions of inquiry too often verging on platitude. There are too many quotations from other books, and not enough expenditure of work on organizing the miscellaneous mass of facts. Much useful matter is to be found up and down the volume, and there are doubtless parts of it which students of the natural sciences, especially chemistry, might read with advantage. But we must here take the book as a whole; and, so taking it, we are unable to pronounce it a successful piece of literature.

SOME RECENT POETS.*

THERE was once silence in heaven for the space of half an hour, and there has been a quiet even more prolonged in the garden of the Muses. Several months have passed since M. Victor Hugo published an epic, or Mr. Browning "a poem in verse," to adopt the language of an indiscreet announcement. Between the songs of the nightingale and the lark there is often in summer such an interval of silence, broken only by the occasional pipe of the early blackbird, or, in America, by the familiar bobolink. The works of the poets whose verse we now propose to examine may be compared, in volume at least, to the music of the less lusty-voiced fowls of the air. M. Joseph Boulmier's *Villanelles*, for example, are easily contained in a beautifully printed little book of one hundred and forty pages. Miss Robinson's *Handful of Honeysuckles* has but eighty-eight pages; and the æsthetic Vampire who is the heroine of Mr. Payne's *Lautrec* manages in fifty-nine pages to display all her store of unusual experiences. Without introducing that "invidious distinction" between major and minor poets which the undergraduate refused to draw in the case of the prophets, it must be admitted that our three authors present themselves modestly, and do not seem to ask for very extensive comment.

M. Boulmier's *Villanelles* make as charming a little casket full of enamelled ornaments in the style of the Renaissance as the amateur of jewelry in words can desire to possess. The writer is a perfect master of the peculiar form of verse into which he chooses to fix moods of gaiety, melancholy, pity, and enjoyment. He knows exactly what he intends to do, and he intends to make no very deep or solemn impression. His are the tempered sentiments which writers like Praed and like Thackeray in his verse never permit to grow up or to degenerate into passions. The author of courtly verse has equally to avoid earnestness and flippancy. His pleasure and pain, unlike those of the severer poets, must be the pleasure and pain of a man who takes Montaigne's advice and "makes no great marvel of his own fortunes." Poetry which submits to these limitations has a distinct place of its own, and a province in which M. Boulmier is a master. He preludes to his verse by a treatise in prose on that form of verse which the French call the *villanelle*. Unlike the *ballade* and the *rondeau*, the *villanelle* had originally no strict rules. To be somewhat gay, with a rustic or pastoral mirth, and to possess a refrain, were all the qualities needed to make a short piece of verse a *villanelle*. Thus most collections of French lyrics contain the poem of Philippe Desportes:—

> Nous verrons, volage bergère,
> Qui premier s'en repentira.

That poem was a *villanelle* before modern writers introduced the stricter rules of the game. Just as the rules of epic composition were deduced from the Iliad and Odyssey, so M. Boulmier has restricted his *villanelles* to the form used by Passerat (1534–1602) in the line "J'ay perdu ma tourterelle." This *villanelle* is composed of five "tercets," followed by a "quatrain," or nineteen lines in all, of which seven are the mere repetition of the two refrains. M. Boulmier thinks that nineteen lines of this kind of thing are quite enough at a time, and English readers will agree with him. According to ordinary French practice, a *villanelle* "may stretch from here to Mesopotamy," or, at least, may go on as long as the villanellist can find rhymes. So much for the form of the *villanelle*, which will be illustrated by M. Boulmier's own examples. As for the topics and style, the poet must speak for himself:—

> En fait de style, ce qu'il faut avant tout à la villanelle, c'est du tendre et du naïf. Les souvenirs aimés, les mirages du cœur, les divins enfantillages de l'amour, voilà son meilleur domaine. . . . Mais ce qu'elle abhorre, et à juste titre—en raison de son origine paysanne—c'est l'emphase, la sonorité banale, la mièvrerie prétentieuse, la jonglerie des mots.

Here, then, is an example of a *villanelle* engaged with *les souvenirs aimés*:—

Primavera.

> Elle avait quinze ans à peine,
> J'en avais dix-huit au plus;
> Souvenir, qui te ramène?
>
> Combien de fois dans la plaine
> Nos pas se sont-ils perdus!
> Elle avait quinze ans à peine.
>
> Nous poursuivions, hors d'haleine,
> Les papillons éperdus;
> Souvenir, qui te ramène?
>
> Puis, un jour, sous le vieux chêne
> Nos cœurs se sont entendus;
> Elle avait quinze ans à peine.
>
> Bref, on la fit châtelaine,
> Et loin d'elle je vécus;
> Souvenir, qui te ramène?
>
> C'est une histoire lointaine,
> Tous regrets sont superflus.
> Elle avait quinze ans à peine,
> Souvenir, qui te ramène?

Does not this melancholy little lyric remember its dancing-days—the old days when all these peasant measures were sung as the music of the dances? The refrains cross, and take hands, and cross again; the poem is like a disappointed little rustic beauty at a fair, tearful and half-consoled. *Le Quatorze Mai* is in the same style, but sadder. The poet writes almost as much about his cats, Gaspard and Coquette, as about his memories. Coquette and Gaspard inhabit his rooms and make them less lonely, till poor Gaspard dies. "Il n'est plus, mon vieux Gaspard," and Coquette easily consoles herself. The whole philosophy of the moody bachelor is summed up in the poem "Je tisonne." But perhaps what one likes best in M. Boulmier's book is his extremely frank epilogue:—

> Soyons franc, à bas la frime!
> Ce n'est pas pour toi, lecteur,
> C'est pour moi que l'on m'imprime.

For others as well as for himself, they have printed M. Boulmier very prettily, with neat rubrics, on paper which is "a separate ecstasy." If all the world took to writing *villanelles*, life would be made hideous; but there is room surely for those of a reforming poet who has docked the endless amplitude which some of his predecessors permitted to these exercises.

Miss Robinson, with her *Handful of Honeysuckles*, has been kept waiting too long. The critic might easily find fault with this bouquet. He might say that some of the flowers have a false old-fashioned air, and, to be done with this botanical metaphor, might hint that when a lady introduces Greek names into verse she should be careful of her quantities. These things are of very little importance; to avoid them the author only needs a little of M. Boulmier's determination to be honest, and to be himself, "et je dis 'zut' à la phrase." Turning from faults of manner to real merits, the reader will find in Miss Robinson's book signs of an unusual command of metrical language, much sense of the music of words, a power of making a scene visible, with plenty of colour and light on it. Here, for example, is the verse which describes the arrival of Constance (who has set forth in a little boat to find her lost lover alive or dead) on the coast of Barbary, where of course her Martuccio welcomed her:—

> First, a thick cloak of faded red,
> Then a light dress of laurel-green,
> Then a belov'd brown rippled head,
> With sleep-flushed face the curls between,
> "Constance," he cried, "Constance awake!
> How came you hither—for my sake?
> Or has our year-long parting never been?"

Here, again, is a little pastoral which is very freshly and daintily conceived:

A Dialogue.

> SHE. The dandelions in the grass
> Are blown to fairies' clocks,
> On this green bank I pluckt (alas!)
> The last of lady-smocks,
> HE. Let them die,
> What care I?
> Roses come when field flowers pass.
>
> SHE. But these sun-sated, sultry hours
> Will make your roses fall,
> Their large, wide-open, crimson flowers
> Must die like daisies small.
> HE. Sweet as yet!
> I'll forget
> (When they die) they lived at all!

Is there not, too, an accent, a memory of the musical age of Elizabeth, here:—

> What can heal a broken heart?
> Death alone I fear me,
> Thou that dost true lovers part,
> What can heal a broken heart?
> Death alone that made the smart,
> Death that will not hear me.
> What can heal a broken heart?
> Death alone I fear me.

Miss Robinson's talent is undeniable; her danger perhaps is that of artistic affectation which is often adopted out of mere humorousness for the fun of teasing the grave, but is apt to become habitual.

It is not agreeable to a reviewer to have to confess himself puzzled. *Lautrec*, however, by Mr. Payne, is very puzzling. Is

* *Villanelles.* Par Joseph Boulmier. Paris: Liseux. 1878.

A Handful of Honeysuckles. By A. Mary F. Robinson. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1878.

Lautrec. A Poem. By John Payne. London: Pickering & Co. 1878.

it a daring skit, in the style of *Firmilian*, on the poetry of graves and ghouls, or is it a serious effort? By dedicating his lines "au noble poète Leconte de Lisle" Mr. Payne seems to hint that he is not joking. No poet is less humorous than M. de Lisle. The author of *Lautrec* prepares us for what is coming by a brief natural history of the common vampire, which "fearsomely feeds on the blood of sleeping folk." He then introduces us to a grave in which a lady vampire is waiting for the moon to rise and set her free to go and feed fearsomely. Meanwhile she is talking to herself, for want of company:—

> The moon comes strangely late to-night,
> And yet meseems the dusk has laid
> On all its woven hands of shade;
> Spent is the tall wan altar-light,
> And the last vesper prayer is pray'd.

The vampire's talk is all in this style. Occasionally she uses old-fashioned terms like "meseems," "upleapt," "treen," "dreariment," and anon she quoth "the thaumaturgic splendour shone," which sounds a little more modern. Though naturally impatient, she feels that her holiday in coming:—

> The signs begin to thicken fast,
> A noise of horns, as if there blew
> The clarions of all storms that brew
> Within the world-womb for the blast
> That bids the earth and sea renew.

Renew what? asks the reader, and marvels how the storms, as they brew in the womb, dispose of their clarions. Meanwhile "unto the hush I cry aloud, in tones that only sprights can hear." Thank heaven for that; it would be dreadful if people who are not sprights could hear our heroine cry aloud. To divert her leisure the vampire now tells herself the story of her first love for "a simple knight," named Lautrec:—

> the fire did pass
> Of mutual love betwixt us twain;
> Then with a sob of fear and bliss,
> My senses failed me, and (ywis) (*sic*)
> I knew no more, until again
> He roused me with a burning kiss.

"The splendid passion of his kiss," as the vampire calls it, never left her, but all men bent "their way towards the Orient," and Lautrec too rode off to bring the Turk to reason. He was "a slave or slain," and the heroine, after a long interval of dreamy disease, was laid on her bier. The moonlight fell on her, and "a passion of strange hunger burned within her entrails." Her heart also "did burn and bleed with longings tiger-like." She yearned, in short, "upon some fearful thing to feed"; and had a fearful vision, from which, and from her catalepsy, she wakened to find Lautrec standing by her. They were married. And on their wedding night it occurred to the heroine to kiss a scar on his throat. As Mr. Macdonald says in *Phantastes*:—

> Alas! how easily things go wrong,
> A sigh too deep or a kiss too long.

This was a kiss much too long. Immediately the stress

> Of that hell's hunger I had known

seized the lady. She kissed Lautrec's scar, and

> So fiercely delved, that, like a wave,
> The bright blood spouted fast and far.

After this adventure she became a vampire:—

> At dugs of death my soul was weaned,
> Under the magic midnight star.

The poem ends with the rising of the moon, when the vampire starts on her usual professional stroll. There are many very eloquent passages in *Lautrec*, but neither the language nor the choice of subject seems to us to deserve high praise. This, however, is of course a question of taste. Our own has led us to form a rather strong opinion about *Lautrec*.

SIX MONTHS IN ASCENSION.*

IN the summer of 1877 Mr. Gill undertook an expedition to Ascension by the aid of the Royal Astronomical Society, to avail himself of an unusually favourable opportunity of observing "the opposition of Mars." He was accompanied by his wife, to whom we are now indebted for a lively and most agreeable book about the island. Mr. Gill has prefaced her little volume with an exceedingly lucid and interesting introduction, giving a succinct account of the successive methods by which philosophers have arrived at calculations as to our distance from the sun. In the first of Mrs. Gill's chapters, scientific explanations likewise preponderate; but they are given so easily and pleasantly, and are so necessary to the intelligent comprehension of what is to follow, that we cannot recommend anybody to accept the alternative she offers them—namely, to pass them over, "and read about our six months in Ascension, without the reasons that took us there." Moreover, one of the most sensational incidents in the whole narrative of the search for the solar parallax is related in that opening chapter, and took place before they had started from London. A heliometer was indispensable. Setting considerations of cost aside, so delicate and complicated an instrument could not have been constructed after they had decided on undertaking the expedition; and it appears that there was only one instrument in England that was at once suitable and available. It belonged to Lord Lindsay, who very liberally placed it at Mr. Gill's disposal. Fortunately, it occurred to them to have it set up and tested in the room of the Astronomical Society in Burlington House. Fortunately, we say, for the trials literally broke down in an accident which must have proved irremediable had it taken place in Ascension. While Mr. Gill was anxiously superintending the final adjustment of the screw, it suddenly gave out, the heliometer toppled over, and the mass of several hundredweight came with a crash to the ground, tearing, twisting, and smashing the delicate rods and tubes. The astronomer stood paralysed over the pitiable wreck, and hardly dared to stoop for a closer inspection. Happily, however, as it turned out, the mischief was less serious than it had seemed to be. The flaw that had so nearly proved fatal was discovered; and several sets of opticians, working industriously in concert, repaired the damage in something less than a week.

Ascension was certainly worth describing by any intelligent unfortunate who happened to be stranded there; though it would hardly repay the most enthusiastic of explorers to make it the special object of a pleasure tour. In the first place the island is singularly difficult of access; and in the next there are extraordinary difficulties in supporting existence when you get there. None of the outward-bound steamers touch at it. You must take your passage to St. Helena, and wait there for a homeward steamer from the Cape. But, as a preliminary, you must obtain the permission of the Admiralty to land at all; for the island is under the command of a naval officer, precisely as if it were one of Her Majesty's ships. "Indeed in the *Naval Gazette* the population of Ascension will be found under the heading, 'Crew of the *Flora* Tender,' and service here does not mean half-pay to the naval officer, but counts for active service afloat." And when you have got your permission to land, and found a steamer to bring you into the offing, disembarkation is seldom easy to effect, and must very frequently be altogether impossible. It is only in certain conditions of the weather that the surf-boats can force the lines of "rollers" which break upon the shelving beach or dash against the perpendicular cliffs. And there is an excellent reason for the Admiralty authorities being chary of what the French call a *permis de séjour*, although it is a privilege which is by no means likely to be abused. For, having once obtained a footing on the island, you find it far from easy to get anything to eat, while fresh water for anything beyond bare necessities is an absolutely unattainable luxury. The population, which consists of some two hundred souls—seamen, marines, and Kroomen, many of them invalided from the West Coast of Africa—is strictly rationed. On that sultry and shadeless rock sweltering in the middle of the ocean, the allowance of water for all purposes was a single gallon a day. Apparently the unfortunate quadrupeds had to shift for their living among the clinker in the lava beds, so that the quality of the fresh beef and mutton left as much to be desired as the condition of the riding mules. "Not even a Rothschild could buy a juicy leg of mutton here, nor enjoy the luxury of a fresh salad with his cheese." But one delicacy was in comparative abundance. The turtle-breeding ponds of Ascension have long been famous. Men are told off to turn the female turtles when they come ashore to deposit their eggs on the beach, and it is a very remarkable circumstance that the males are never seen. The ponds are two great rocky basins, into which the sea is admitted by sluices; and they have long afforded every opportunity for studying the habits and longevity of the animals. The largest of them weigh from five to six hundredweight; they are never killed till they are tolerably bulky; and the heaviest of them are supposed to be one hundred years old.

The first sight of Ascension was eminently disenchanting; nor did it at all improve on more intimate acquaintance. Timber there may be said to be none; a solitary misshapen palm-tree was a sight of joy and wonder, and natural vegetation of any kind is only to be found in a few exceptionally favoured situations. In one or two places, and notably up on the Green Mountain—so called we should suppose on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle—the taste and industry of the settlers have formed a little oasis, where the visitor may revel in a yard or two of turf, within sight of some beds of cabbages and turnips. But it might have been supposed that that arid jumble of rock would have been singularly favourable to astronomical observation. If you had scorching days and an utter absence of shelter, at least one might have counted on cloudless nights. And so, in excellent spirits, Mr. Gill and his wife set up their observatory on the level concrete pavement behind their cottage, which was facetiously known as the croquet-lawn. But no sooner had a few preliminary observations been made than the heavens malignantly darkened. Nightly, after a gorgeous sunset, a tiny cloud would rise out of the sea and gradually spread itself over the azure canopy. For any gain that was likely to accrue to science, it seemed that Mr. Gill might as well have remained in England. But it occurred to them that, after all, the eclipse might be local; and there is an amusing and exciting account of a daring exploration undertaken by Mrs. Gill, under the escort of a gallant old corporal, to see whether they might not mend matters by shifting their quarters; the upshot being, that they decided on removing bodily with the heliometer and all their other belongings to the opposite side of the island. No one can say, after reading Mrs. Gill's account of the desolate encampment at "Mars Bay," which they occupied for many weeks, that science has not its heroes and its martyrs. There was a choice of routes to the bay—one by circumnavigating the island, on the chance of somehow effecting a landing, the other over the trackless wastes of clinker. All their supplies and their drinking water had to be for-

* *Six Months in Ascension. An Unscientific Account of a Scientific Expedition.* By Mrs. Gill. London: John Murray. 1878.

warded to them from "Garrison," the headquarters of the tiny settlement. Their fare was rough; the floor of their tents something like rough slag; their domestic arrangements most comfortless; the climate all that was abominable; and by night and day they were exposed, of course, to a plague of insect pests. Moreover the devoted wife, who had caught the sacred fire from her husband's scientific enthusiasm, had to keep alternate watches with him and the drowsy servant over the aspects of the heavens. No opportunity was neglected by these indefatigable observers. Mr. Gill was worn out by hard work and privations, and at one time his health threatened to give way; but we are happy to say that his perseverance had its reward. "Then the work was done—that is, apart of course from the laborious calculations which must ensue. As I write now these are still unfinished; but the reductions are sufficiently advanced for me to say, almost with certainty, that our six months of anxiety have been crowned with success."

We shall be glad if his very successful researches lead Mr. Gill to undertake similar expeditions, as we are sure that his sympathetic wife will accompany him. For we have every reason to congratulate her on the happy thought which made her write a popular account of the visit to Ascension. We are not giving the book too high praise when we say that it is nearly all that such a book ought to be. There is just enough of astronomy and science in it to interest our intelligence and give it the appropriate colouring. Mrs. Gill has the pleasant habit of looking on the bright side of things; although, perhaps, one might say that she could hardly help that where sunshine was a curse and shadow a luxury. She has an engaging style and graceful powers of description, with a cheerful humour that helped her to make the best of things. The variety to be found in her chapters is extraordinary, considering the circumscribed space, the very limited society, and the unpicturesque monotony of the scenery. Now we have a serio-comic narrative of the sorrows and surprises that awaited her in her housekeeping; of her feelings on discovering that there were neither butchers nor greengrocers, and that the baker only baked three times in the week, when unfortunately she had applied to him on the morrow of the baking; and that the milk on the island was reserved for the sick, who were always reduced to short allowance. We hear how she was left at Mars Bay without a cook; while, bending over the saucepans on the galley fire, with the thermometer marking a fabulous temperature, she began her practical education in cookery; how a drunken servant disappointed them of their Christmas dinner, and they had to fall back on the bacon and eggs which was all they obtained by industrious foraging. On the other hand, she is equally at home in dilating on the glorious splendour of the tropical nights, where the watchers kept their gaze riveted on the heavens; or in describing those magnificent and mysterious rollers which upheave themselves from an apparently tranquil ocean to dash and break against the precipices in trembling cascades of foam. She is the liveliest of companions in such excursions as were to be made, whether to the turtle-ponds, or the water-tanks, or the craters of extinct volcanoes; and we trust that her book may have half the success it merits, in which case, as times go, she will have little reason to complain.

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.*

THE question is perpetually suggesting itself nowadays whether it is better for a novel-writer to be clever or entertaining. Personally we have no doubt on the matter, but then the feelings of even a professional critic are apt to get the better of his principles. Possibly, in the interests of the highest art, we ought to hold up to the discriminating admiration of our readers the talent which we are compelled to recognize, although it has impressed more than delighted us. But we fear that if we took that sublime view of our vocation we should fail to carry our readers along with us; and, on the whole, it may be more advisable to be absolutely frank and speak out all we have upon our minds. We may appreciate the depth and brilliancy of George Eliot's later writings; but somehow we cannot fall into the same kindly and familiar companionship with *Middlemarch* and *Daniel Deronda* as with *Adam Bede* or the *Mill on the Floss*; and there is a rising school of novelists, of which Mr. Hardy is one of the ablest members, who seem to construct their fictions for themselves rather than for other people. It would be scarcely fair to say that they are dull; and they give us the fullest persuasion of a latent power which would enable them, as our ideas go, to write infinitely more agreeably if it pleased them. In one respect they resemble those fashionable and self-opinionated artists who embody their personal conceptions of art in forms that scandalize traditional opinions. In another respect, as we are glad to think, they differ from them very widely. For, whatever may be our estimate of their manner in the main, there is no denying the care they bestow upon their workmanship, and this is a thing to be grateful for in these days of slovenly writing. After all, however, we are brought round again to the point we started from. We maintain that the primary object of a story is to amuse; and in the attempt to amuse us Mr. Hardy, in our opinion, breaks down. In his case it has not been always so; but he would seem to be steadily subordinating interest to the rules by which he regulates his art. His *Under the Greenwood Tree* and *Pair of Blue Eyes*, partly perhaps because of rather unpromising names, were books that received less attention than they deserved. But his *Far from the Madding Crowd* was launched under favourable circumstances in a leading magazine, and—with reason—it won him a host of admirers. There may have been too much of the recurrence of marked mannerisms in it, with a good deal of what was hardly to be distinguished from affectation. But its characters were made living and breathing realities; there was a powerful love tale ingeniously worked out; the author showed a most intimate knowledge of the rural scenes he sympathetically described; and, above all, as is almost invariably his habit, he was quaintly humorous in the talk which he put into the mouths of his rustics. In this *Return of the Native* he has been less happy. The faults of *Far from the Madding Crowd* are exaggerated, and in the rugged and studied simplicity of its subject the story strikes us as intensely artificial. We are in England all the time, but in a world of which we seem to be absolutely ignorant; even a vague uncertainty hangs over the chronology. Every one of the people we meet is worked in as more or less of "a character"; and such a coincidence of "originals," under conditions more or less fantastic, must inevitably be repugnant to our sense of the probable. Originality may very easily be overdone, especially when it is often more apparent than genuine. We need not say that Mr. Hardy's descriptions are always vivid and often most picturesque. But he weakens rather than increases their force by going out of his way for eccentric forms of expression which are far less suggestive of his meanings than the everyday words he carefully avoids. His similes and metaphors are often strained and far-fetched; and his style gives one the idea of a literary gymnast who is always striving after sensation in the form of some *tour de force*. In his very names he is unreal and unlifelike; so much so that we doubt whether nine in ten of them are to be met with in the pages of the London Directory. It is true that they may possibly be local for all we know to the contrary; and, if so, we may praise them as being in happy harmony with the theatrically local colouring of his fiction.

At the same time, having decided to write a story which should be out of the common, Mr. Hardy has shown both discretion and self-knowledge in the choice of its scene. It gives him ample opportunity for the display of his peculiar gifts and for the gratification of his very pronounced inclinations. Egdon Heath is one of the wildest spots in all England, and is situated among some of the most sequestered of parishes. The people seem to know nothing of high-roads or stage-coaches; there is nothing of a market-town in the immediate vicinity where the men might brush up their bucolical brains by weekly gossip on a market day; there is not a good-sized village, and hardly even a hamlet. The inhabitants live chiefly in lonely dwellings, where the snow heaps itself round the doors in the dreary winter-time, and where they lie listening in their tempestuous weather to the melancholy howling of the winds. The very public-house stands by itself, and bears the quaint sign of "The Quiet Woman," who is a lady carrying her head under her arm. So that naturally we have the unadorned simplicity of nature in every shape. There must have been landed proprietors, we presume, and yet we hear nothing of a squire; while there is only incidental notice of a parson when some of the natives are joined together in matrimony. The people above the class of labourers or paupers are still in very humble stations, and for the most part extremely eccentric in their habits. There is a veteran captain of the merchant service who has come to moorings in his old age in a solitary cottage in the middle of those desolate wastes, which give every convenient facility for assignations to his beautiful granddaughter, who is one of a pair of heroines. There is a Mrs. Yeobright, who is tolerably well-to-do and the mother of "the Native" whose return is chronicled; and there is the innkeeper, Mr. Wildeve, who is comparatively rich, and who figures relatively as a man of the world and a gay and fascinating Lothario. It is of those somewhat unpromising materials that Mr. Hardy has undertaken to weave his romance, and he has so far overcome the initial difficulties by making his hero, "the Native," with his leading heroine, superior by their natures to their situation and surroundings. It was their lot to be born into "a wale," as Mrs. Gamp says, and they have to take the consequences. But we are given to understand that, had their circumstances been different, or if fortune and ambition had served them better, they might have played a very different part in the grand drama of the world:—

> Eustacia Vye was the raw material of a divinity. On Olympus she would have done well with a little preparation. She had the passions and instincts which make a model goddess—that is, those which make not quite a model woman. Had it been possible for the earth and mankind to be entirely in her grasp for a while, had she handled the distaff, the spindle, and the shears at her own free will, few in the world would have noticed the change of government.

Again, "in Olym Yeobright's face could be dimly seen the typical countenance of the future. Should there be a divine period to art hereafter, its Phidias may produce such faces." Those natures of *élite* tend towards each other instinctively. And when the lovers have one of their meetings, after three short months of acquaintance, "they remained long without a single utterance, for no language could reach the level of their condition. Words were as the rusty implements of a barbarous bygone epoch, and only to be occasionally tolerated." The harmony of ill-tutored minds so highly pitched could hardly fail in a sensational novel to end in discord and tragedy. Clym prevails on Eustacia to marry him; he loses money and health, and sees his dreams of good fortune gradually dissipated, while the brooding shadows of despondency fall thickly on his domestic horizon. For Eustacia is equally disenchanted of her expectations. She had given ad-

* *The Return of the Native.* By Thomas Hardy, Author of "Far from the Madding Crowd," &c. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1878.

miring devotion to her husband, contrasting him with the boors about him; she had recognized the superiority of his manners, acquirements, and intellect; but she had looked, above all, to being introduced by him to some of the wonders of the world, and to the dazzling delights of Parisian society. For before Clym Yeobright is presented to us as "the Native" returning to his native wilds he had been serving an apprenticeship as a shopman in Paris. But when Eustacia sees herself shut up with him in a lonely cottage on that Egdon Heath of which she has grown so heartily sick; when she sees him labouring to keep their bodies and souls together by cutting furze and sods like a common day labourer; when she sees him covering up his expressive eyes with spectacles; and, in short, when she is settling down to the monotony of penury, feeling at the same time that she might have done far better for herself, then she decides to take leave of the world. With "her soul in an abyss of desolation seldom plumbed by one so young," she quits her home to strike across the moors, "occasionally stumbling over twisted furze-roots, tufts of rushes, or oozing lumps of fleshy fungi, which at this season lay scattered about the heath like the rotting liver and lungs of some colossal animal," and seeks a refuge from her troubles in a deed of desperation. She and her husband, and her admirer, Damon Wildeve, all have a meeting at last in the gloomy waters; and the crowning horror of a succession of sombre descriptions is in the search for the senseless bodies in Shadwater Weir. Unfortunately, our sympathies have never been strongly enlisted in any of the three. Even the style of Eustacia's beauty is so vaguely and transcendentally described that it neither wins our heart nor takes our fancy. For the rest she is a wayward and impulsive woman, essentially commonplace in her feelings and wishes, who compromises herself by vulgar indiscretions. Thus she bribes a country lad to help her to carry out a whim of hers by permitting him to hold her hand for fifteen minutes, although she knows that he exacts those terms because he has fallen hopelessly in love with her. Damon Wildeve, the innkeeper, although in a measure idealized in a doubtful atmosphere of romance, is in reality an underbred country clodhopper who plumes himself on his substance and gentility, and an education superior to that of his neighbours; while Clym Yeobright is a moon-struck dreamer, who seems singularly out of place among the eminently practical population of Egdon.

Still we would not be misunderstood, nor would we wish to do Mr. Hardy injustice. We think he has been injudicious in his invention of characters, and that he has deliberately prepared disappointment for us in his method of treatment, if he aimed at making his story in any degree realistic. But, as usual, there are dialogues of true and quaint humour, which have never been rivalled by any writer of the present day, and which remind one of Dogberry and Verges; and there are many *tableaux* of wild and powerful picturesqueness. Take, for example, the opening scene, where the whole of the barren country on a dreary November night is kindling to the blaze of the roaring bonfires; when we are introduced to the old-fashioned parishioners of Egdon, crowding round the pyramid of furze, thirty feet in circumference, that crowns the summit of the tumulus of Blackbarrow; and there, in his description of the excited little mob, we have some of Mr. Hardy's most distinctive touches:—

> All was unstable: quivering as leaves, evanescent as lightning. Shadowy eye-sockets, deep as those of a death's head, suddenly turned into pits of lustre; a lantern jaw was cavernous, then it was shining; wrinkles were emphasized to ravines, or obliterated entirely by a changed ray. Nostrils were dark wells; sinews in old necks were gilt mouldings; things with no particular polish in them were glazed; bright objects—such as the tip of a furze-hook one of the men carried—were as glass; eye-balls glowed like little lanterns. Those whom Nature had depicted as merely quaint became grotesque, the grotesque became preternatural—for all was in extremity.

Or, again, when the fair and stately Eustacia Vye steals through the darkness of the night into the glowing reflection of the balefire to keep an appointment with Wildeve, who was then paying his court to her; or when Wildeve, in his wretchedness and recklessness, later in the story, sits down to gamble by lantern-light on the lonely moors with an enemy and rival, who has thrown himself into the game with all the rancour of inveterate hatred. They are scared by spectral shadows falling across the stone table and the dice, which turn out to come from a gang of moorland ponies. When the lantern is extinguished by a great death's-head moth, they replace it with the handful of glowworms that they gather, and the wild game goes on, in its alternations of triumph and despair, till Wildeve loses his last sovereign. This scene has striking vividness and power. There can be no doubt that Mr. Hardy has no ordinary talent; and we regret the more that he should not condescend to human frivolity, and exert his unquestionable powers in trying to be more natural and entertaining. We dare say the effort would soon come easily to him, and then our gratitude might give him less stinted praise.

DOBSON'S CLASSIC POETS.*

THIS book is a singular instance of the follies that well-meaning authors and respectable publishers can perpetrate between them. So far as we can gather both from the book itself and from its bewildered and bewildering preface, Mr. Dobson's object seems to have been to make the great epics of the world (this is what he means by classic poems) intelligible and accessible to the many and the busy. The plan is not a bad one; but, like most other plans, it depends for praise or blame on the mode of its execution. Even admitting that few people do, as a matter of fact, read their Ariosto and their Milton, it remains to be seen whether more will read a dull hash of them, and, if so, whether they will be any the better for the achievement. Mr. Dobson says with truth that "a complete and intimate knowledge of these [epics] could only be obtained with little loss [why little less?] than the labour of years"; and it is to persons who cannot give that labour that he hopes his work will prove acceptable. But surely there is a *tertium quid* between a complete and intimate knowledge and Mr. Dobson. Pope's Homer and Fairfax's Tasso, and even *Paradise Lost* itself, might be "perused," as Mr. Dobson would say, with something less than "the labour of years." The only justification of a book like Mr. Dobson's, as of so many more of these short cuts to literary knowledge that are now so much in fashion, is that it should be true as far as it goes, and should stimulate the reader to make himself acquainted with the masterpieces it is describing. It should in fact be really, and not only in name, an Introduction. But, for the writing of such a book, certain qualifications are desirable which seem to have been overlooked in the present instance. The author should have read, and should be able to write. He should not suppose that he is the first person that ever handled his theme, and he should consequently pay some little regard to what others have said on the subject. He should have some faint powers of distinguishing between the real and the imaginary; if he deals with the Iliad he should not only have heard of the Homeric question, but should know what it means, and one or two of the most probable solutions of it. He should know what to say and what to leave unsaid in his biographies. More important still, he should be able to select his poems, and not publish a book on *The Classic Poets* (even allowing the title to stand as denoting only the great *epic* poets) and make no mention whatever of the Æneid, the poem which for sixteen centuries was universally regarded as the chief poem of the world.

The epics on which Mr. Dobson discourses are the Iliad, the Nibelungenlied, a poem which he curiously calls "Cid Campeador," the *Divine Comedy*, the *Orlando*, the *Jerusalem*, the *Lusiad*, the *Faërie Queene*, the *Paradise Lost* and *Regained*. Except for the extraordinary omission we have mentioned, there is not much fault to be found with the list, though to be sure neither the *Poem of the Cid* nor the *Faërie Queene* is strictly an epic. It is when we come to see what Mr. Dobson has to say that our astonishment begins. His treatment of Homer is his masterpiece. The title-page promises us a description of "the life and times" of each poet; and it will be admitted that a full account of the life and times of Homer is a work that it would be easier to undertake than to perform. Accordingly Mr. Dobson leaves out "the times," but in revenge he gives us a "life" which even Mr. Gladstone's astonishing Primer can hardly rival. He has the grace to say that the account given by Herodotus "is considered of doubtful authenticity by some critics." We confess that this phrase for the moment took us in. We thought that Mr. Dobson referred to the remarks made by Herodotus in his history on the date of the Homeric poem; or, as Herodotus of course put it, of Homer. This may fairly be described as "of doubtful authenticity." But, unfortunately, it is not this that Mr. Dobson means. He means the *Vita Homeri* by the pseudo-Herodotus; and by "authenticity" he means "genuineness." However, doubts and critics do not move Mr. Dobson; and accordingly we have a *Vita Homeri* of his own "for English readers"—with the whole story of Tychius the leather-dresser and Thestorides the schoolmaster, and the blindness of the bard, and the unkindness of the people of Cumæ, and all the rest of it. After this it is not surprising that Mr. Dobson's account of the poem and his reasonings from the poet's statements are delightfully precise and matter of fact. For example:—

> According to various Greek legends, the army consisted of upwards of one thousand ships [imagine an army "consisting of ships"!], and as the largest of these contained about two hundred and the smallest fifty men, *it is believed* that nearly one hundred thousand allied Greeks and Achæans were engaged in the expedition.

There is a positiveness about this which will at all events delight those who are tired of the "Solar-myth" theory. We, who claim to be among the number, can only lament that Mr. Dobson has not argued a little more strongly for his position; or, at least, has not convinced us by his general accuracy that he is likely to be right. Alas! where we are able to test him, we find him sadly wanting. Andromache's father and seven brethren are slain, not in Thebe the city of the Cilicians, but in *Thebes*—whether the Egyptian or the Bœotian, Mr. Dobson does not say. Priam goes to the tent of Achilles "by stealth," though we seem to remember that Homer describes him as "followed by all his friends, who wept as though he were going to death." But it is needless to dwell on these flaws in a building whose foundations are shifting and whose structure is rotten. We will leave Mr. Dobson's treatment of Homer with his concluding passage, a specimen of platitude and indecision which it would not be easy to match:—

> The attractive nature of Homer's Iliad is shown in more modern days by the extraordinary number of translations which have appeared—a mere enumeration of these would be a difficult task—many displaying so much spirit and scholarship as fairly to entitle them to a place in the library of all lovers of poetry and classical learning. The numerous authors of these would no doubt find profit in their study of the original and the work of translation; though it is to be feared there is some degree of inutility in their number, as well as in the many discussions and controversies regard-

* *The Classic Poets; their Lives and their Times, with the Epics epitomized.* By W. T. Dobson. London: Smith & Elder. 1879.

ing the site of Troy, the reality of Homer's existence, and his reputed authorship of the poems with which his name has been for many centuries associated.

One of the oddest of Mr. Dobson's peculiarities is that, although about a third of his book is composed of extracts from poetical translations of his epics, it is by the merest chance that he lets his readers know where the translations come from. In his account of the Iliad he falls, quite by accident apparently, into a passage of Pope, and again, quite by accident, into one of Chapman, without letting the unlearned reader even know that each is not an example of Mr. Dobson's own versatile talent. No name of Pope or Chapman appears in his pages; nor in the chapter on the *Cid* does any note indicate that the versions are Frere's or any one else's. Mickle and Wright do receive honourable mention in the chapters on the *Divine Comedy* and the *Lusiads*, but more, we imagine, by good luck than of set purpose. We can hardly suppose that Mr. Dobson intended to pass off Pope's and Chapman's work as his own, just as his Herodotus tells us Thestorides did with Homer's poetry. And yet the book is *ex hypothesi* intended for the ignorant, for those who have not only not read the poems in the original, but who have not even read translations of them, and who therefore may not be supposed to know the difference between Chapman and Pope, or, for the matter of that, between either of them and Mr. Dobson. A short note here and there, to point out the different translators, would have added to the artistic perfection of the volume.

Of the accounts of mediæval poems, that of the *Divine Comedy* is perhaps the best; and indeed it is a testimony to Dante's greatness that the very feeblest hand becomes strengthened in dealing with him. We must not be supposed to mean that Mr. Dobson's account of him is good, but only that it is less bad than his account of other poets and poems; better than that of "Cid Campeador," for instance (what has become of the "El"?), and that of the poor misspelt, mal-introduced, and mangled *Faërie Queene*. Mr. Dobson's acquaintance with Spanish literature and history is on a par with his knowledge of the Homeric question, as may be seen from his remarkable statements that in the thirteenth century the "Spanish, or rather Castilian, poetry *became assimilated in spirit and form with the Arabic*" (a wild and altogether unfounded assertion), and that Castile was "a city." The life of Ariosto is told in an utterly unsympathetic way, without a single one of those characteristic anecdotes of the man in which his biographies abound, or a single reference to the nature of burlesque poetry. Nor is Mr. Dobson any better in dealing with his own countrymen. Spenser's life is told in a style that robs it of blood and sinew—in the baldest, most inconsequent, feeblest manner. Why did not Mr. Dobson go to Mr. Hales's excellent biography in the Globe edition of Spenser, or to Mr. Kitchin's in the Clarendon Press edition? Neither book is inaccessible, and each would have shown him what to say and what not. Each would have suggested to him the distinction between history and legend in biography, and would have taught a better mode of dealing with the friendship between Spenser and Raleigh than that which describes it as "originating at first from congeniality of soul and similarity of taste in the polite arts." We must leave it indeed to Mr. Dobson and his readers to decide what is gained by taking a poem like the *Faërie Queene*, the whole value of which consists in its poetry, stripping it of its poetry, and presenting it in the form of a long and rambling story. Without its dress of gorgeous poetry the *Faërie Queene* is nothing; every one admits that it is nothing. Its heroes and monsters and their wanderings and adventures are only endowed with individuality when the poet has clothed them in the garment of his verse. In Mr. Dobson's version the "palace full of echoing corridors," to use an expression that he quotes, becomes a museum of skeletons—of skeletons, too, inaccurately classed and named. For example, Prince Arthur—the shadowy presence which, as it were, towers behind the whole action of the poem—is hardly referred to in this rendering of it; and, still worse, no mention whatever is made of the double nature of Spenser's allegory—its philosophical and its historical meanings—without an understanding of which the whole poem is meaningless. Lastly, Milton fares no better. To read the pages which Mr. Dobson devotes to his life one would imagine that, except for the *Paradise Lost* and the *Paradise Regained*, he wrote nothing but pamphlets; not a word is said of *Comus*, or *Lycidas*, or the sonnets. As to criticism, all that Mr. Dobson ventures to do is to pitchfork into his text a passage of Campbell—very good as far as it goes—about Milton's use of pagan images, the reader being left to infer that this is a summary of all that has been or could be said of Milton's genius; while of remarks of his own, Mr. Dobson gives us half a page of protest against the title of *Paradise Regained*, which, as he says, "is not realized in the work." It has never occurred to him that there is a theological and artistic correspondence between the two poems; and that if the one describes the loss of Paradise by the triumph of the Tempter, the other describes its recovery by his defeat. But our readers are by this time tired of Mr. Dobson, as we are. We will leave him with one more utterance of our never-ceasing wonder what it can be which makes a man write a book of this kind—which makes a man who has nothing in the world to say that has not a hundred times been said better, take the trouble which even these pages must have cost, to say it?

KINAHAN'S MANUAL OF THE GEOLOGY OF IRELAND.*

WHATEVER may be her other grievances, Ireland has no reason to complain of her geology having been neglected. In the course of the past year three works of high value have appeared, dealing with the geological structure and resources of the island with a degree of fulness and accuracy which leaves little to be desired. The handsome quarto of Professor Dr. von Lasaulx, of Breslau, published at Bonn, gave a picturesque as well as scientific narrative of a vacation tour undertaken by himself and his colleague, Dr. Ferdinand Römer, for the purpose of exploring the natural features of Ireland. Shortly before the meeting of the British Association in Dublin a most excellent introduction to the study of the island was put forth by Professor Hull, the Director of the Geological Survey, in *The Physical Geology and Geography of Ireland*, to the merit of which we drew attention at the time (*Saturday Review*, April 27, 1878). Ample, and even exhaustive, as it seemed to be in its treatment both of the external aspect and the internal stratification of the island, this admirable little manual for the scientific tourist or geologist was far from rendering superfluous the work with which Mr. Kinahan has recently presented us in his *Geology of Ireland.* Based, on the whole, upon the same foundations of scientific data, and arriving in the main at the same conclusions, Mr. Kinahan approaches his subject from a point of view entirely independent, and maintains throughout an individuality of his own. Officially connected, like Professor Hull, with the Geological Survey of Ireland, he has had the advantage of access to the store of observations and researches, as well as of material specimens, accumulated by that department, in addition to his personal investigations or the aid of private memoirs. And, if less picturesque or artistic in style and mode of handling than that of his colleague, his treatise is beyond comparison more comprehensive in scope as well as more systematic in arrangement and method. That he was led to undertake the task was, he informs us, owing to the original and veteran director of the Survey, Sir Richard Griffiths, having been incapacitated by stress of official work from carrying into effect his intention of publishing a Geology of Ireland. It is to the "father of Irish geology"—carried off by death, we regret to add, in the short interval before publication—that he dedicates the volume with which he proposed filling up the gap thus left, aided as he has been by the personal counsel and experience no less than by the maps and writings of that distinguished master of the subject. Of Professor Jukes's maps and written notices Mr. Kinahan has largely availed himself, and to private friends without number, including the official staff of the Survey, he is forward in acknowledging obligations. Amongst their ranks another grievous blank has been since made by the death of Dr. Oldham, whose name will be perpetuated by its having been stamped, so to say, upon the oldest recognizable fossil relic of organic life from the Irish rocks, *Oldhamia antiqua*.

Mr. Kinahan pursues in the building up of his treatise the natural order of superposition, beginning from the lowest or earliest strata. Rocks older than the Cambrian formation are unknown in Ireland, though Jukes ventured the suggestion that some of the highly metamorphosed beds of the North of Ireland might possibly be pre-Cambrian. No equivalent to the *eozoon* of the Laurentian series heralds the dawn of life in Palæozoic Irish seas. Nor has the subjection of the Cambrians of Ireland to natural groups been found hitherto a feasible task, especially towards the eastern districts; whilst to the west it is greatly complicated by the rocks being metamorphosed and the fossil evidence destroyed. Rocks of the Cambrian series are distinctly traceable in Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford, and are shown by their Longmynd fossils to belong to Sedgwick's Lower Cambrians. In no case, however, have they yielded Upper Cambrian fossils. An excursion to Howth during the recent British Association meeting gave students of geology the opportunity of verifying the metamorphism of the rocks on the south side of that promontory, consisting, as they do in the main, of argillates (clay-schist), and incipient quartzites (quartz-schist), whilst on the north side they remain unaltered. On the latter side, in greenish shales, *Oldhamia antiqua* has been sparingly met with. South of the Liffey the Bray Head group carries on this series, extending along the coast to within a few miles of Wicklow, and displaying a thickness which, estimated by the succession of alternate synclinal and anticlinal curves, has been set down by Jukes and Noyes at between three and four thousand feet. Associated with the Cambrian rocks of this group are great reefs and protrusions of quartz rock, most probably intrusive. Those of the Wexford group lie more regularly than the rest. They have been partially metamorphosed, yet not to such an extent as to obliterate their fossiliferous character. Their depth is calculated at fourteen thousand feet, the lower strata consisting of schists graduating through gneiss into granite. Mr. Kinahan's sections, though drawn, we may say, with ideal lines needlessly rectangular, show well the faults and intrusions to which these beds have been subjected upon the Bannow coast of Wexford. In West Galway and Mayo, between Clew and Galway Bays, there is a vast thickness of metamorphic and submetamorphic rocks, the lower groups of which have been sufficiently established as Cambrian by Griffiths and King. These rocks have a thickness of eleven thousand feet at the least, the

* *Manual of the Geology of Ireland.* By G. Henry Kinahan, M.R.I.A., &c., of H.M. Geological Survey. With Illustrations and Map. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1878.

upper two or three thousand feet being recognized as Llandeilo, or newer age. There is a known difficulty in drawing the line between the Cambrian and Cambro-Silurian rocks, as is the case with the red and green grits, shales, and slates to the east of Granard, County Longford, which were considered by Foot to be of Cambrian age, overlaid unconformably by the Cambro-Silurian rocks; but, for lack of proof of this unconformability, as well as of fossil remains, they have been referred by Jukes to the Cambro-Silurians, the term introduced by Professor Phillips as a distinction from the Upper Silurian. Prior to the Silurian age, the Cambro-Silurian rocks of Ireland were uplifted, metamorphosed, and denuded, there being everywhere a marked break, indicating a vast interval of time, during which Mr. Kinahan brings forward evidence of two periods of vulcanicity—one, the pouring out of the interbedded eruptive rocks; the other, the time of the metamorphism of the Cambro-Silurian rocks and the intrusion of the masses of granite.

Our author thus traces back what we may call the infancy of the sister island, its baptism by flood and fire, and its earliest manifestations of organized life. With the Silurian period a more varied range of fossil fauna comes into view, with types in which the evolutionist has no difficulty in recognizing species continuous with those of the present day. The Silurians to the west of County Cork, first worked out by Griffiths, have no defined upper boundary, but form part of a continuous sequence extending up through the Lower Carboniferous into the Upper Carboniferous or coal measures. In Kerry, Galway, and Mayo they were upturned and denuded prior to the deposition of Carboniferous beds. In classifying with the Carboniferous series the Old Red Sandstone our author prepares himself for much opposition. It is, however, a point on which he has armed himself with arguments of unquestionable force, and on which his close personal investigations entitle him to speak with exceptional authority. It was in dealing with the Cork rocks—the most typical of the series—that Jukes was led to embrace the conclusions originally arrived at by Griffiths. He had in the first instance come to Ireland with a full belief in the Devonian system as that to which those formations were to be referred. After working out similar groups of rocks on the continent of Europe as well as in England, he at length satisfied himself that one portion of the rocks of the Carboniferous formation may be principally calcareous accumulations, whilst another portion on exactly the same horizon may be composed entirely of arenaceous or argillaceous materials. Nowhere in Ireland has the Old Red a defined upper boundary, one group graduating into the other, though usually the lowest grey and blue beds of grits and shales of the Carboniferous formation are taken as its upper limits. The floor of the Carboniferous sea or lagoon being very uneven, and the sea in places studded with islands or having promontories jutting out into it, shore beds are met with on very different horizons, which nevertheless, from the conditions under which they were formed, are, both in aspect and in regard to the fossils they contain, very similar to the oldest rocks. They partake, as Portlock writes, of a double position, lying geologically at the base of the Carboniferous formation, while mineralogically they occupy a higher level on different horizons in the upper rocks of the formation. These shore accumulations are the cause of much confusion, graduating for the most part horizontally into beds like the Lower Limestone shale, their real geological position being at the same time much above that group. A section of our author's (fig. 5) shows well the changes from the shore-beds into the Carboniferous limestone, the former beds (to the left of the diagram) being margined by the Fenestella limestone characteristic of the lower group of that formation, while the true position of the shore-beds is in the Burren or Upper Limestone represented to the right, where successive groups form a regular sequence upwards from the Old Red Sandstone. All attempts to correlate the Irish coal measures (Upper Carboniferous) with those of England, either lithologically or stratigraphically, have failed. If the fossil fauna alone be considered, and the flora ignored, a forced correlation with our own Lower Coal Measures may, as Baily has pointed out, be established; or, if the flora alone be taken into account, with the Upper Coal Measures of England. But, in fact, the Irish coal deposits, which are neither abundant nor of high bituminous quality, have a type of their own, approaching in some cases, Mr. Kinahan remarks, to the culm measures of Devonshire. They are divided by him into the Upper, Middle, and Lower beds, and their respective thicknesses are shown in a carefully prepared table. The greatest depth, 2,050 feet, is attained by the Upper Measures of West Munster. In Clare, Foot was of opinion that there were measures between three thousand and four thousand feet thick, and Mr. Hull has expressed his belief that extensive coal deposits once covered a large part of the central plain of Ireland, but that this potential element of wealth has since been swept away by the Jurassic flood, which heaped up the *débris* to cover from atmospheric waste the vast carboniferous stores of her more fortunate sister.

The Carboniferous period in Ireland is followed by a vast gap, which our author does much to fill up by his classification of the Permian and Triassic rocks, the two series being intimately connected together, though forming rather a group of beds at the base of the Jurassic than a separate formation. The Irish Permians are classed by him as mesozoic. Previously to the deposit of the Mesozoic series, the Palæozoic rocks were ruptured, upturned, and extensively denuded, a process which was again repeated after the Cretaceous period; the flint, gravels, or shingles of the North of Ireland, with the fossils found in the interstratified shale-beds, bearing proof of Miocene age. The Cainozoic age which followed has left its traces chiefly in the products of vulcanicity, great fissure eruptions succeeding one another at short intervals, and pouring forth the vast sheets of molten matter which are now seen in Staffa and the Giant's Causeway. From this period when the constructive forces which went to make up the geological history may be said to have culminated, our author passes to the stage of displacement and denudation, when the basis of the valley system of Ireland was laid down. Here he finds occasion to urge with great force the distinctive views upon the origin of rivers and watercourses which he propounded not many years back in a special work upon the subject, into which we entered fully at the time (*Saturday Review*, March 6, 1875). In contending that rivers are due to the valleys, not valleys to the rivers, he is supported by many arguments drawn from the lines of fissure determined by breaks or shrinkage in the ruling strata of various districts, the natural drainage following upon and deepening the channels thus marked out. The phenomenon of the great ice sheet, with the accompanying drift and erratic blocks, the formation of raised beaches, and the submergence of the land, which has greatly affected the aspect of the country, are treated of in an admirable chapter, as are also the cooms or corries which have always formed a perplexing feature in the scenery of hill-sides. The geological history of Ireland is brought down to the introduction of man upon the scene, and amongst the most attractive parts of the book are those which treat of the prehistoric remains of the island, the "cash" or wooden road submerged beneath the peat in Antrim and elsewhere, the bog huts, the crannogs with their rude implements, deposits, and remains of food, clothing, and household stuff, the methers or barrels of fossil butter or lard. The discussion of mines and minerals, including the gold finds of ancient and modern days, brings Mr. Kinahan down to the Ireland of the present and the future, her resources and prospects, including a most valuable classified list of the minerals and metals, with the localities over which they are distributed. As a practical ending to this instructive book an account is given of the native manures or mineral substances that may be used as fertilizers of the land, and an estimate of the water supply, in which the scientific survey of the sources and the distribution of this prime necessary in relation to the geological strata is made to subserve the economical forecast of what may be done for the future wealth of the country. The admirable geological map appended to the volume should be kept before the eye as an interpreter and illustrator of the contents throughout.

THE INDIA OF MEGASTHENES AND ARRIAN.*

THIS little work is of German origin. More than thirty years ago Dr. Schwanbeck of Bonn collected all the remains of the writings of Megasthenes, and they have now been rendered into English by Mr. McCrindle, Principal of the Government College at Patna. To these the translator has added the first part of the *Indika* of Arrian, and he intends to follow it up hereafter with a translation of the narratives of Alexander's invasion of India, as given by Arrian and Quintus Curtius. To Greek writers we are indebted for the very corner-stone of Indian history and chronology. The identification of their Sandracottus with the Indian Chandragupta has supplied a date by which all our limited knowledge of Ancient Hindu chronology is regulated and tested. Without this guiding star we should be lost in myriads of years and the long succession of reigns of miraculous duration. For chronology and for history the Hindu mind had no taste. Its acute analytical and logical powers were devoted to philosophy, grammar, and criticism. In history and chronology its imagination ran wild, and the result is that, out of all the immense mass of Hindu literature, there is only one work, and that not an early one, which has any pretensions to the character of a history. It is not much better with geography. When Hindu writers get beyond the limits of their own country all their views are vague and imaginative, though they are laid down with a great show of authority and precision. It is admitted on all hands that there are gleams of truth in the Hindu writings, historic facts and heroic stories mixed up with a vast amount of fabulous and puerile matter. The difficulty is to distinguish the true from the false, and to assign some probable age for the apparent facts. Greek and Latin writers have, therefore, been diligently searched for references and allusions to Indian matters, in the hope of establishing synchronisms and identifications, or of verifying the statements of Hindu authors. No identification so important as that of Sandracottus has rewarded the researches of later enquirers; but their labours have not been barren.

Of the two writers before us Megasthenes was the traveller and observer who wrote from actual experience. Arrian was the literary man who worked up the observations of others. The work of Megasthenes, his "Indika,' as it appears to have been called, has been lost as a whole; but it was diligently used and quoted by writers like Arrian and Strabo, and so some very considerable parts of his writings remain, probably the most important and interesting parts. These passages, scattered through the pages of many writers, Dr. Schwanbeck collected, and we have them now in a complete form in English. It is right and convenient so to possess them for purposes of reference, but they are not likely to

* *Ancient India, as described by Megasthenes and Arrian.* Being a Translation of the Fragments of the Indika of Megasthenes, collected by Dr. Schwanbeck; and of the First Part of the Indika of Arrian, by J. W. McCrindle, M.A., Principal of the Government College, Patna. Calcutta: Thacker & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

throw much new light upon the subject. They have been diligently examined at first hand by historians, and Elphinstone gave a tolerably exhaustive summary of the Greek accounts of India in his well-known history. We may, however, take a brief survey of the travels and observations of Megasthenes. He was not the first Greek who wrote about India. Hekataios of Miletos (B.C. 549–486) referred distinctly to that country, and Herodotus and Ctesias followed. But all the Greek writers laboured under a great disadvantage. They were acquainted with Ethiopia, and, according to their notions, India was only a more distant part of Ethiopia. So they found in India what they were prepared to find, and Ethiopia was made to interpret India. They carried with them also their own mythology and heroic history, so they speak of the conquests of India by Herakles and Dionysos; but there can be no doubt that in one instance at least Megasthenes has mistaken Siva, the Hindu god, for Herakles, and the probability is that the unknown was often appropriated to and explained by the known. The natural result of such preconceptions was a frequent distortion or entire perversion of facts. Later writers were aware of these results, and spoke of their predecessors in very plain terms. Dr. Schwanbeck quotes the following from Strabo:—

> Generally speaking the men who have hitherto written on the affairs of India were a set of liars. Deimachos holds the first place in the list; Megasthenes comes next; while Onesikritos and Nearchos, with others of the same class, manage to stammer out a few words (of truth).

But Strabo has been kinder to Megasthenes in deed than in word. He has quoted passages from his writings which would otherwise have fallen into oblivion. Alexander's invasion of India brought forth quite a crop of memoirs. But they have all shared a common fate, and are known only by the quotations and abstracts of later writers. Next after these comes Megasthenes. He was sent by Seleucus Nicator, monarch of the Greek kingdom of Bactria, on an embassy to Sandracottus or Chandragupta, ruler of the Prasii or Prâchyas, whose capital was Palibothra, identified with the Sanskrit Pâtaliputra and the modern Patna. Megasthenes went on this embassy at a very interesting period. There had been a revolution. The old line of the Nandas had been overthrown, and Chandragupta had won the crown. But a greater revolution was imminent, or rather already in progress. Brahmanism was the prevailing religion, but Chandragupta's grandson Asoka was a Buddhist, and in his time Buddhism had more or less supplanted Brahmanism. Buddhist writings recognize Asoka as the great monarch and champion of their faith. But his religious inscriptions which have been found in widely distant places prove his Buddhism to have been of a very mild character. It has even been denied that they contain anything essentially Buddhist, and they certainly have more of the spirit than of the form of Buddhism. Were similar inscriptions found in Christendom, they might be described at Rome as Christian, not Catholic. So Megasthenes refers distinctly to *Βούτα*, or Buddha; and in his remarks upon the philosophers and the religious orders it is sometimes hard to say whether he refers to Buddhists or not, but in general he is distinct enough about the Brahmans. In the time of Megasthenes the caste system was in full vogue, so Brahmanism must have been in the ascendant; but the fact that Chandragupta married a daughter of Seleucus Nicator, shows that caste rules had become relaxed, or, what is more likely, that the monarch favoured the rising faith of Buddha. Instead of four castes, Megasthenes makes the number seven. He does not call them by their Hindu names, and his division seems to be of a professional character. Herodotus had found seven classes in Egypt, and perhaps Megasthenes had this fact in mind when he wrote of the Indians. His description of the life and manners of the Hindus applies in many respects to the people of the present day; in their simple food, their abstinence from strong drinks, their mode of dress, and their love of peace, they continue unchanged. Their laws are described as very simple, the people knew nothing of borrowing or usury, good faith governed their dealings, their property was left unguarded, and law-suits were rare. If this happy state of things ever existed it has long since passed away. It would be difficult to find a more suspicious and litigious being than the modern Hindu. The King, Chandragupta, is represented as living in a large palace with a body guard of women, and these women fully accoutred accompanied him in his hunting expeditions. His camp, when he took the field for war, contained 400,000 men. The capital, Palibothra, stretched ten miles along the bank of the Ganges, and was two miles wide. It was thus a very considerable city, but it probably contained many large gardens and groves, and, like its modern representative, it must have been built of frail materials, for no remains of the ancient city have been discovered. The fragments of Megasthenes describe the extent and climate of India, and give many details as to the number and size of the rivers. Its climate and its natural productions are also noticed, and, if the observer was correct in his statements, India was a much more happy country in his day than in later times. After describing its cereal productions, and its great crops of millet and rice, he goes on to say:—

> The soil yields, moreover, not a few other edible products fit for the subsistence of animals, about which it would be tedious to write. It is accordingly affirmed that famine has never visited India, and there has never been a general scarcity in the supply of nourishing food. For since there is a double rainfall in the course of each year—one in the winter season, when the sowing of wheat takes place as in other countries, and the second at the time of the summer solstice, which is the proper season for sowing rice and *bosporum*, as well as sesamum and millet—the inhabitants of India almost always gather in two harvests annually; and even should one of the sowings prove more or less abortive, they are always sure of the other crop.

He is careful to record many notices of the different tribes and animals of India, and it is upon these points that his veracity has been particularly impugned. "Travellers," says the adage, "see strange sights"; it might have added "and hear strange stories." Megasthenes guards himself occasionally with a cautious "It is said"; and, as it is not sure that we have his exact words, we cannot in fairness blame him for not having discriminated between what he saw and what he heard. India, according to its own books, was a land of marvellous creations. It had its "horse-headed men," "men who wrapped themselves in their ears," "crow-faced people," and "one-footed people." All these monstrosities are mentioned in Hindu books of the highest repute and sanctity; a foreigner therefore cannot well be blamed for recording such well-supported wonders. He states distinctly that he was told of these by the philosophers, and in several instances the terms he employs are either transliterations or exact translations of the original names, as Okupedes for Ekapâda (one-footed), and ὀπισθοδάκτυλοι for the *paschâd angulajas*, whose feet were reversed, and had their toes where the heels should be. These wild men "could not be brought to the King," nor could those who had no mouths, nor those who had only orifices for nostrils, nor those who had "the ears of a dog and one eye set in the middle of their foreheads." The two orifices for nostrils may only be an exaggerated description of the flat-nosed Tartar face. Strabo's ire is especially raised against Megasthenes for saying that there were men whose ears reached to their feet, but legends of such people are not wanting in the present day, and it is certain that the ears are sometimes stretched to an inordinate length by their being used for carrying heavy articles. It is impossible to understand the story of the ants as big as foxes that burrowed for gold. Lassen's supposition that they were Tibetan miners is hardly tenable. Probably they and the pigmies spoken of by Megasthenes are Hindu creations and known to him only by report. He speaks very fully about elephants, of which he had full opportunity of personal observation, and he is very correct. We are, therefore, disposed to agree with Schwanbeck, "that the relative veracity of Megasthenes is not to be questioned, for he related truthfully both what he actually saw, and what was told him by others."

A HERO OF THE PEN.*

THE people who talk Johnsonian English in the pages of *A Hero of the Pen* are called, some Americans, others Germans. They might as well be called Choctaws, or Chinese, or even Jovians or Martians, for any likeness they bear to the ordinary men and women who wander up and down the earth in this latter half of the nineteenth century. Turning from a careful, clear, and subtle sketch of the American woman as she lives and flirts in the works say of Mr. Henry James, to this indescribable farrago of impossibility and folly, is like turning from the perfect finish of a Dutch picture to the chance combinations of a painter's palette. There is very little intelligible story in this silly book, and still less of intelligible character-drawing. The author harps on the old string of misunderstanding going before love, which once did such good service, but which is now worn out and rusty; and no one can feel the smallest interest in the puppets which are set up to dance to the feeble melody. The heroine, Miss Forest, is strained and unnatural; a creature too entirely unsympathetic to make her fictitious history other than wearisome, even if it were possible. For what interest can any reader feel in a woman whose great ambition seems to have been to make herself as much like a mummy as is possible to living humanity, and one whose coldness is only equalled by her pride, and her pride only equalled by her insolence? From the first, one feels that she is only a jointed doll, and that when the author drew her it was without any clear consciousness of her personality.

A girl of "eighteen summers," perfectly beautiful, but wanting in "that expression of cheerfulness and *insouciance* which youth and beauty so rarely lack—that under-current of diffidence, and, above all, that touch of softness which a woman's face can rarely dispense with, and never without loss"; a girl whose "whole appearance betokened cold gravity of disposition, stern, calm, and undeniable self-consciousness"; a girl who says to the man about to make her an offer, while "a passing blush o'erspreads for an instant her features," "Speak, Mr. Alison"—strikes the false note at the beginning which the whole story repeats. Anything more unnatural and less American than this opening scene of the proposal can scarcely be imagined. "Truly a fertile year lies before you," says Miss Forest, when her lover tells her of his intention to go to Europe for a year. She would probably have said in real life—"My! but you'll have an elegant time out there!" Her farewell greeting—"Pray accept from me my best wishes for a pleasant journey and a safe return"—would have been:—"Well, I hope you'll have a good time anyhow, and I'll be real glad to see you back again." And instead of the stately "Speak, Mr. Alison," which answers the young man's "Miss Forest, may I address a question to you?" Jane Forest, born a German but bred an American, would have tilted herself further back in her rocking-chair, perhaps would have bitten her nails—many of them do—and then would have called out shrilly: "Well, I guess you can if you want to." When Mr. Alison, the young gentleman in question, and as

* *A Hero of the Pen.* A Novel. By E. Werner, Author of "Under a Charm," "Success, and How he Won it," &c. Translated by Sarah Phillips. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington. 1878.

stiff and unlike humanity as she is herself, makes her the offer of his hand and heart, she accepts him in the same queer, stilted manner. "You have put a question to me candidly, Mr. Alison," she says, "firmly and clearly, without the slightest hesitation or reserve," "and my answer shall be perfectly straightforward. I am aware of the feeling you profess towards me, and reciprocate it; when you return, I will place my hand in yours with the greatest confidence in our united future." Her acceptance, measured as it was, evidently rather astonished Henry Alison, as well as pleased him; for "a joyful expression lighted up through the coldness of Alison's features, but he immediately resumed the measured calm of his manner, as though he were ashamed of his involuntary exhilaration."

The story is complicated by the fact that Jane Forest has a long-lost brother. Her father, who dies immediately after this not too burning love scene between the young people, confides to his daughter as a sacred charge, first, the fact that she has a brother somewhere about Germany, but where, under what name, or in what circumstances he does not know; and then urges on her the immediate search for that brother, with whom she will divide her fortune. Consequently the beautiful young heiress goes off to Europe in the footsteps of her betrothed, carrying with her as her protector the family lawyer and man of business, one Mr. Atkins, but evidently, rich as she is, with neither a maid nor a courier. Her arrival at B., where her father's brother, Dr. Stephan, lives, is as melodramatic as it must have been uncomfortable. Her carriage breaks down when she is still at some distance from the town; but, instead of waiting quietly by the road-side, where at least she might have been sheltered from the wet until another carriage could be sent, she walks off with the first stranger who passes by, and who proves to be no other than a certain Professor Fernow, who lives in the very house to which she is bound. The antagonism which is to develop into love, and which the author is now using with such wearisome reiteration, begins as soon as the two meet. The Herr Professor, young, blue-eyed, sensitive, absorbed, marches on at speed; forgetting that he has a young lady in his charge, and ignorant that it is raining heavily, and that the roads are one mass of mud. When recalled to a knowledge of these facts by her expression of anger and fatigue, he takes off his heavy woollen plaid, places it on the ground, and makes her sit on it; and then, in spite of all her insolence and sarcasm, when they come to a pool of water a foot deep, catches her up in his arms and carries her safely through. After this they do nothing but flash, and writhe, and grow red and pale, and bite their lips; while sometimes the chest of one heaves, and sometimes the other stamps her feet when she is alone; and both "carry on" in the approved manner of two simpletons who are falling in love with each other, and playing at enmity by way of prelude. But why should they fall in love with each other? There is nothing to soften the one or attract the other. The Professor is reserved, sensitive, uncomfortable. Miss Forest is insolent to the extent of forcing him to tell her that, were she a man, he would answer her differently. There are none of those delicate little episodes which made the charm of *Success, and How he Won it;* no sentiment of gradual growth, of sweet young tenderness born of this gentle trait, or that noble action, but as yet afraid to confess itself. All is harsh, angular, abrupt, forbidding; and to give these quarrelsome approaches as the intuitive self-masking of love is to make the caterwauling of two angry cats the model on which to found an opera. The involuntary betrayal of the parting comes *à propos* of nothing. The two have fought bitterly ever since Jane Forest came to B., and in the only two interviews recorded; but why, save for the spite of a proud, ill-tempered young minx, who has been withstood by the man she insulted and strove to humiliate, why there should be the scene as it is given, when the Professor goes off to the wars, would puzzle the acutest critic to determine.

The story, slight as it is, takes one little line of complication when Jane Forest believes that Professor Fernow may turn out to be her long-lost brother. The evidence is something after the pattern of that famous "Have you a strawberry on your left arm?" —"No!"—"Then come to my arms, my long-lost child!" But novelists serve up terribly poor fare at times, and readers have to be content. However, it turns out that not he, but his big servant Friederich, is this brother; and Jane, who finds it all out in time, helps him when he is dying, after having treated him worse than the traditional dog while he was alive. He loses his life, however, in saving hers, something after the manner of "Banty Tim"; so that he deserves a reward; but, as the poor fellow very sensibly says, she would have been ashamed of him if he had lived, in spite of his devotion, the most sensible thing he could do was to die.

There is a great deal of folly bound up in Jane's promise to Henry Alison. As she had never loved him, and sincerely believed that he had asked her to marry him only because she was rich, one cannot see why she had engaged herself at all; or why, when she wanted her freedom, she did not take things with a high hand, and say in her vernacular:—"Now, you just look here. I don't feel like wanting to be married to you, and I shouldn't think you'd care to either when I didn't want to. I should think you'd be pretty glad to give me up right away if I asked you to." Instead of which, she has to go down on her knees and beseech Henry for her release, which at first she tries to buy by the offer of all her fortune. This is being lavish. An action for breach of promise would have left her at least something. But Henry Alison, in spite of his uncomfortable ways, does really love this cold, proud, disagreeable young woman; so he tears up the deed of gift, and flings the fragments on the floor; but when she kneels to him and cries, he gives way, and the two snarling lovers come to peace and harmony and the marriage service, as they desire. So end these two silly and uninteresting volumes, of which we cannot find one qualifying word of praise to say. The translation may be exact—we have not compared it with the original—but the style is lamentable; and with stilted language, unnatural characters, and a thoroughly unlikely story, we feel as if we had been looking at a toy forest made of painted tin and dyed calico, with wooden dolls set about to represent the human beings who live therein.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

NOTHING meets our view just now in publishers' shops but books in sumptuous bindings, evidently destined for Christmas presents, and whose glory is for the most part confined to the drawing-room table. Amongst these productions, however, there are some possessing real intrinsic merit, and not depending for their reputation upon morocco and gilt edges. Such is, for instance, M. Duruy's Roman History (1), the first volume of which is just out, and which was hardly completed when an illustrated reprint of it was begun. The present instalment, bringing us down to the end of the Second Punic War, is accompanied by eleven maps, and the pictorial illustrations are taken, not from fancy, but from the monuments of sculpture, architecture, and numismatics. The fourth volume of the large geographical work of M. Élisée Reclus (2) belongs to the same category of publications; it fully maintains the character of the previous instalments, and deals with England and the other countries of Northern Europe.

Under the title *Posthumes et Revenants* (3) M. Cuvillier-Fleury has recently published one of those collections of literary portraits which he gives us, we are sorry to say, at such long intervals. We have Mme. de Boufflers and Count de Sabran, Mme. Récamier and M. Ampère, Mme. Geoffrin and the King of Poland. Critics have often been reproached for their severity, but it is only just to remember that they have been not infrequently helped in their task by the indiscretions of those whom they had to judge. Take, as an instance, M. de Chateaubriand's *Mémoires d'outre Tombe*, or M. Mérimée's *Lettres à une inconnue.* Revelations of this kind are very damaging to the persons concerned; but at the same time they have the advantage of letting us know the truth. Mme. Geoffrin is one of the most interesting figures in M. Cuvillier-Fleury's gallery of portraits. Thanks to M. de Moüy, we know her a great deal better than we did ten years ago; but her entire correspondence has not yet been published, and when it is printed, as we hope it may be one day, it will be amusing to find the reputed friend of the philosophers, the hostess who entertained at her weekly dinner parties the whole staff of the *Encyclopédie*, cutting her guests to pieces in private, and speaking of Voltaire, D'Alembert, Diderot, and their friends with an amount of bitterness which Joseph de Maistre himself never surpassed. M. Cuvillier-Fleury's new volume is completed by two speeches delivered before the Académie Française on the occasion of the reception of MM. Autran and John Lemoinne.

The memoirs and letters of Cardinal de Bernis (4), edited by M. Frédéric Masson, will take by surprise those readers who were acquainted with the statesman's life and character only through the correspondence of Voltaire and Anquetil's History of France. No one would ever have suspected that there was in "Babet-la-Bouquetière" the stuff of a patriot, a diplomatist, and an honourable man; but M. Masson is of opinion that in the Cardinal's case calumny has hitherto had too much scope; and, as he asserts nothing which cannot be proved, we must confess that the world really knew nothing about Bernis before the publication of these two interesting volumes. If we may believe M. Masson, the whole French eighteenth century has been sadly misrepresented; legend has taken the place of history; and the time has come for a thorough revision of the indictment so elaborately made out against the reign of Louis XV. Persons who had hitherto undertaken the study of that period with the *à priori* intention of seeing in it nothing but the annals of corruption, materialism, and *mœurs faciles*, will find their theories completely upset; and an honest investigation of the memoirs and State papers belonging to the epoch extending from 1715 to 1776 will conclusively show that, together with a certain amount of vice which it would be absurd to deny, France could then boast of many instances of virtue, self-sacrifice, and fidelity to all the duties of social and domestic life. M. Masson's long and exhaustive preface explains the principal events related in the Cardinal's memoirs, and forms, so to say, a commentary on the work. We have, besides, a series of letters from the Abbé-Count de Bernis, an appendix of documents, and abundant help in the shape of notes, indices, &c. The responsible position which the editor, M. Frédéric Masson, holds as Librarian to the French Foreign Office, has enabled him to illustrate in the most curious manner an important epoch in the diplomatic history of the last century.

M. de Rochambeau had collected, annotated, and published for the Société de l'Histoire de France the correspondence of Jeanne

(1) *Histoire romaine.* Par V. Duruy. Edition illustrée. Vol. 1. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

(2) *Géographie universelle.* Par E. Reclus. Vol. IV.—*Le Nord de l'Europe.* Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

(3) Cuvillier-Fleury.—*Posthumes et Revenants.* Paris: Lévy.

(4) *Mémoires et lettres du cardinal de Bernis.* Publiées par F. Masson. Paris: Plon.

d'Albret and Antoine de Bourbon. Baron de Ruble, already known by his excellent edition of Blaise de Monluc, now undertakes to write the history of Jeanne d'Albret herself, and gives us, as a preliminary instalment, an account of her marriage (5). We need not say that the Princess was the daughter of Marguerite d'Angoulême, and therefore the niece of King Francis I., *le roi chevalier*, as he is popularly called. Documents respecting Marguerite abound; every circumstance in her life has been dragged to light, and the insinuations of the late M. Génin, unfounded as they seem to us, have given a somewhat undesirable reputation to the author of the *Heptameron*. In the case of her daughter, the ground is still new, and with the exception of a biographical notice in Messrs. Haag's *France Protestante* and two works written by M. Théodore Muret and Mrs. Freer, we had nothing worth mentioning in the way of authentic and trustworthy details. As Baron de Ruble remarks, everything is new both for the writer who attempts to relate the life of Jeanne d'Albret and for the reader who wishes to inquire into it; facts and documents alike are entirely and absolutely *inédits*. Even the date of the Princess d'Albret's first marriage was still a mystery; and the episode of her union with Antoine de Bourbon had never yet been accurately described. Some persons will perhaps be induced to find fault with the present volume for dealing too much with the anecdotal side of history. But matrimonial negotiations, as Baron de Ruble observes, always in the middle ages, and even during the sixteenth century, formed an important element in political complications; and, to quote only one instance, we see by Cardinal de Granville's State papers, and by Ribier's Memoirs, that dynastic ambition had as great a share in the quarrels between Francis I. and the Emperor Charles V. as the passion for conquest. Baron de Ruble's monograph is divided into four chapters, and substantiated by a goodly array of *pièces justificatives*. An engraved portrait of Jeanne d'Albret faces the title-page.

The fourth volume of Molière's works, published in Messrs. Hachette's "Grandes écrivains" (6), reminds us of the mutability of human affairs. Since this admirable collection was begun death has already removed a large number of the original editors. MM. de Monmerqué, Adolphe Régnier *fils*, and Despois, to name only these, are no more; and M. Mesnard, after having contributed the Racine, now finds himself entrusted with the care of editing the Molière, together with MM. Desfeuilles and Henri Régnier. The volume before us contains *Le mariage forcé*, *Les plaisirs de l'île enchanté*, *La princesse d'Elide*, and *Le Tartufe*. Besides Voltaire's summaries, the editors have added from contemporary sources all the documents which could illustrate the composition and performance of Molière's plays, and in the case of *Tartufe* it is curious to know the history of the efforts made at various times to prevent the success of that masterpiece. The grammatical notes are all that could be wished, and we may also notice the musical arrangement of Moron's songs in the *Princesse d'Elide*.

Molière is so closely connected with the Comédie Française that we find here a natural opportunity for mentioning M. René Delorme's interesting work (7). Foreigners are well acquainted with the museum of curiosities preserved at the theatre of the Rue Richelieu, which is constantly receiving fresh additions. But Frenchmen in general, and even Parisians, know next to nothing about it. Yet this collection boasts of portraits by Mignard, Largilière, David, Gros, and Gérard; with busts by Lemoyne, Houdon, Dantan, and David d'Angers. There are to be found most of Beaumarchais's MSS., Molière's own arm-chair, the bell which sounded for the massacre of the Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's day from the belfry of St.-Germain l'Auxerrois, &c., &c. All these curiosities are certainly worth a visit, and M. Delorme's *catalogue raisonné* will be an excellent guide for those who would wish to become acquainted with them.

M. Victor Pierre's second volume (8) completes his history of the Revolution of 1848. Louis Napoléon had been elected to the Presidency, and the new Republic was thus entering upon a fresh career; universal suffrage had transferred the power from the Assembly to a single individual, and, in spite of the fond illusions entertained by a few unpractical men, it was evident that the restoration of the Empire was only a question of time. M. Victor Pierre's narrative of the political events which gradually led to the *coup d'état* is clear and interesting; the only defect of the volume being the almost absolute want of notes and references. The account of the catastrophe of December 2 confirms amply what M. Victor Hugo and other eye-witnesses had already told us. M. Pierre explains very well, we think, the principal characteristics of the crisis which then took place. He shows that the moderate Republicans made a signal mistake when they allowed themselves to be identified with the Socialists; and he points out the curious fact of the Socialists recruiting their ranks, not chiefly, as before, from the population of the cities and large manufacturing countries, but from the peasants and agricultural labourers. This fact may be considered as having ruined for a time the cause of the Revolution. When it was seen that the rural districts, till then supposed to be inaccessible to Utopian doctrines, not only allowed themselves to be led astray, but even deliberately accepted the wildest schemes, it seemed indeed as if society was on the verge of destruction, and it is hardly surprising that the rule of the sword was enthusiastically welcomed. M. Victor Pierre dwells over and over again upon the shrewdness of Proudhon, whom he considers the most clear-sighted of all the innovators of the time.

M. Clovis Lamarre has treated a subject which, to French readers at any rate, is almost entirely unknown, and he has done so with a fulness leaving nothing to be wished for (9). In the first place, we have a biographical sketch of Camoens taken from the best authorities; a notice of *Os Lusiadas* comes next, supplemented by critical remarks on the subject of the poem, the composition, style, &c. The numerous allusions contained in the work could not be thoroughly understood without some knowledge of Portuguese history; the *Lusiads* indeed may be regarded as a kind of *Fasti Lusitanici*; and M. Lamarre accordingly furnishes us with a summary which will be found extremely useful. Finally, a prose translation, written upwards of fifty years ago, by M. Millié, and enriched with critical and literary notes, enables Frenchmen ignorant of the Portuguese language to appreciate, if not the style, at least the ideas, of Camoens.

We do not imagine that the uncomfortable views of pessimists will ever penetrate beyond the circle of intellectual society; but the existence of such a literary school is a fact worth studying, and we are glad that M. Caro (10) has devoted to it a series of brilliant and interesting sketches. Leopardi in Italy, Schopenhauer and Von Hartmann in Germany, may be regarded as the leaders of this strange sect. M. Caro examines them successively, and comes to the conclusion that the very extravagance of pessimism must prevent it from ever obtaining any popularity; its influence is essentially artificial, and mankind will not readily be satisfied with the hypothesis that existence is a curse, and that even science is a delusion and a snare.

M. Benoît Brunswik has contributed an excellent volume to the history of diplomacy by his commentary on the Treaty of Berlin (11). Geographical delimitations, international relations, political and financial problems, guarantees for the future, and temporary arrangements for the present—all these topics are discussed in a set of chapters written with evident care, and followed by the text of the treaties of Paris (1856), London (1871), San Stefano (1878), and Berlin (1878), together with the supplemental conventions resulting from these important documents.

The work of M. Alfred Michiels (12) on the Austrian Empire has reached a fourth edition, and we are not surprised at the success which it has met. Originally published in the journal *Le Siècle*, it is composed with the help of documents hitherto entirely uninvestigated, and which the Court of Vienna had done its best to keep under lock and key. Baron Hormayr, who presided for twenty-five years at the Imperial Record Office, openly acknowledged that the history of Austria, such as it was generally accepted towards the beginning of this century, consisted of nothing but a bundle of fictions written and compiled by the Jesuits. It is from the revelations given by him, from Cardinal Caraffa's *Germania sacra restaurata*, and from other sources equally trustworthy, that M. Michiels has drawn up his bill of indictment against the Government of Austria, which he considers as, even more than that of Russia, the representative of despotism, corruption, and cruelty.

The spirit which has dictated M. Jean Wallon's new work (13) is to be found in the following sentence:—"*Libéral* et *Athée* sont deux mots que l'on s'efforce de rendre synonymes." If our author hates Jesuitism, it is because he is attached to Christianity; and he has no difficulty in demonstrating that our modern Liberals, when they attempt to solve the religious problem of the day, signally fail because their fanaticism is equalled only by their ignorance. M. Wallon is equally suspected by free-thinkers and by Ultramontanists; he nevertheless persists, as M. Reveillaud does, in separating the cause of religion from that of the Jesuits; and he tells the advanced Liberals that they are much mistaken if they suppose that atheism is the only sound substratum for Republican institutions. His volume is all the more valuable as it contains no trace of the violence and exaggeration which unfortunately damaged the arguments put forward thirty years ago by MM. Michelet, Quinet, and Génin.

The important work composed by the late M. de Loménie (14) is not entirely new, as the readers of the *Correspondant* can bear witness; but one-third of it now appears for the first time, and we have thus another noteworthy addition to the curious studies of the French eighteenth century given by M. Frédéric Masson (*Le Cardinal de Bernis*), and the Duke de Broglie (*Le Secret du Roi*). Whilst collecting, during the space of twenty years, the materials for the present monograph, M. de Loménie enjoyed the advantage of intimate acquaintance with Mirabeau's adopted son, M. Lucas de Montigny. This gentleman, it is well known, naturally anxious to justify the great orator from the

(5) *Le mariage de Jeanne d'Albret.* Par le baron Alphonse de Ruble. Paris: Lafitte.

(6) *Œuvres de Molière.* Vol. IV. (Collection des grandes écrivains.) Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

(7) *Le Musée de la comédie française.* Par René Delorme. Paris: Ollendorff.

(8) *Histoire de la république de* 1848. Par Victor Pierre. Vol. II. Paris: Plon.

(9) *Camoens et les Lusiades.* Par Clovis Lamarre. Paris: Didier.

(10) *Le Pessimisme.* Par E. Caro. London and Paris: L. Hachette & Co.

(11) *Le Traité de Berlin annoté et commenté.* Par Benoît Brunswik. Paris: Plon.

(12) *Histoire secrète du gouvernement autrichien.* Par Alfred Michiels. Paris: Charpentier.

(13) *Jésus et les Jésuites.* Par Jean Wallon. Paris: Charpentier.

(14) *Les Mirabeau: nouvelles études sur la société française au XVIIIe siècle.* Par M. de Loménie. Paris: Dentu.

accusations directed against him and to rehabilitate his memory, had composed a work entitled *Mémoires de Mirabeau*, although the designation was not strictly accurate. At the same time, he freely communicated to M. de Loménie all the documents he possessed, with full permission to make of them whatever use he deemed best; and the result is now before us in the shape of two octavos containing a history, not only of Mirabeau, but of *the Mirabeaus*. Indeed it would be more correct to say that the celebrated politician occupies in the present work a merely incidental place, his life being destined to form the subject of two further volumes, the materials of which have been left by M. de Loménie. As the author of the *avant-propos* justly remarks, the history of the Mirabeau family surpasses by its stormy and scandalous character all that can be imagined, and the great difficulty in dealing with it was to avoid the temptation of dragging into publicity circumstances which ought to be buried in oblivion. M. de Loménie has been successful in this respect; he maintains throughout his narrative the dignity of an historian, and if the public has been invited to feed upon scandal in the case of a family which the great orator himself designated as *la famille d'Atrée et de Thyeste*, it is mainly due to the indiscretion of the Marquis and Marchioness de Mirabeau.

The sketches published by M. Henri Houssaye (15) treat of antiquity and modern times; and the circumstance of their having been written in the places of which he speaks increases their value and adds much to their interest. Without aiming at scientific treatment or at archæological minuteness, M. Houssaye shows a real knowledge of classical antiquity when he examines the social condition of women at Athens, the state of the Roman provinces under the Empire, and the characters of Augustus, Tiberius, and Nero. The account of the first siege of Paris, B.C. 52, excited much attention when it was published separately in the form of a pamphlet, and a competent judge, M. de Saulcy, drew to it the attention of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-lettres, as being a sketch "full of erudition and of interest." Readers fond of contrasts will be amused by the article on the Parisian ladies of the last century, if they turn to it immediately after seeing what M. Henri Houssaye has to tell us about the heroines of Aristophanes, Lysistrata, and Praxagora. The decay of French dramatic literature and the invasion of the stage by the authors of ignoble buffooneries form the subject of a few eloquent pages.

Bernadille's second series of *Croquis parisiens* (16) equals the former one in point of variety and of *entrain*. The *feuilletons* are thirty-six in number. They reproduce some of the incidents which, from the 4th of January, 1876, to the 26th of March, 1878, have occupied the curiosity of the *badaud*-world; and there is abundant good sense, taste, and clever satire in this amusing and unpretending little volume. Bernadille is every inch a journalist; he thoroughly knows the *argot* of journalism; and we can well imagine that, if La Bruyère could once more visit Paris and saunter along the boulevards, note-book in hand, he would write much as Bernadille does. One of the most amusing chapters is devoted to the sayings of a French Mrs. Malaprop, whose medicine-chest contains *ordure* of potassium, *surface* of magnesia, and salt of *mitre*. The supposed *discours de réception* of M. Émile Zola at the Académie Française, made up of expressions taken from the *Assommoir*, is a good illustration of what we suppose is to be the literature of the future; and the *Lettre de l'Archéologue Perrichon* will be pronounced scandalous by Dr. Schliemann's admirers.

M. Léon Rousset discourses about China (17) with the accuracy of a man who well knows the country, the inhabitants, the laws, and the institutions. He regrets that his fellow-citizens are so careless about their political standing in the far East; and that, through their apathy, they should consent to re-echo merely what England, America, and Russia are pleased to decide about the Celestial Empire. Two centuries ago French influence was all-powerful in China; now it has almost entirely vanished, and M. Rousset's object in composing his entertaining volume, after seven years' residence abroad, is chiefly to prove the necessity of recovering that influence and to explain the best way of doing so.

Thanks to the artistic perfection of the Chiswick press, M. Glady, the London publisher, challenges comparison with MM. Lemerre, Techener, and Plon, for the beauty of his editions. A few months ago we had to notice his elegant reprint of *Manon Lescaut*; he now presents us with a delightful little volume containing Amyot's well-known translation of Daphnis and Chloe (18). As an additional attraction, M. Glady has obtained from M. Alexandre Dumas a preface, in which the author of *La Dame aux Camélias* cleverly reproduces the style of the sixteenth-century French.

(15) *Athènes, Rome et Paris.* Par Henri Houssaye. Paris: Lévy.
(16) *Esquisses et croquis parisiens.* Par Bernadille. Paris: Plon.
(17) *A travers la Chine.* Par Léon Rousset. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.
(18) *Amyot—Daphnis et Chloé.* Préface par Alex. Dumas. London: Glady.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE

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MR. FORSTER AT BRADFORD.

MR. FORSTER'S speech at Bradford was divided into two parts, of which it may be said without disrespect that the former was the more important. In addressing his constituents on the foreign policy of the Government he could not have said anything new; and it may be added that, like other members of the same party, he omitted to answer the arguments by which the Afghan war has been defended. There is no reason to suppose that the AMEER could have been detached from the Russian alliance by any means short of the employment of force; and Mr. FORSTER'S colleagues and political allies have on many occasions confessed that it was impossible to acquiesce in the substitution of Russian for English influence at Cabul. It was scarcely consistent with Mr. FORSTER'S usual fairness to found an argument on Lord BEACONSFIELD'S admission that the Russians were morally justified in disregarding, at a time when war was imminent, their undertaking to abstain from interference in Afghanistan. Whether Lord BEACONSFIELD was right or wrong, he assumed that the despatch of the Russian Mission to Cabul was a hostile measure, only to be excused as a preparation for a rupture with England. The AMEER was therefore, in the opinion of Lord BEACONSFIELD, and for the present purpose according to Mr. FORSTER'S contention, a party to a proceeding which was all but an act of war. As the Mission remained after the signature of the Treaty of Berlin, the Indian Government could not but remonstrate in peremptory terms against the unfriendly conduct of SHERE ALI. The repulse of the English Mission at Ali Masjid amounted to a refusal either to give satisfaction or to negotiate; and it only remained to enforce the attention of a contumacious neighbour. Fresh evidence has lately been furnished of the real cause of the AMEER'S alienation. He entertained the most friendly feeling to the English Government for some time after the Conference of Umballa, but he deeply resented the answer to his proposals in 1873, though Lord NORTHBROOK had verbally exceeded the Duke of ARGYLL'S instructions, which amounted to an absolute refusal. From that time SHERE ALI'S relations with the Russian Governor of Turkestan became more and more intimate; and he was fully aware that in his case friendship with Russia involved enmity to England. There is of course another mode of reciting and interpreting the transactions which have resulted in the Afghan war; and Mr. FORSTER is content to argue the case as an advocate bent on making the strongest possible case against the Government.

A much more urgent question than any inquiry into the past policy of Secretaries of State and Viceroys could not perhaps have been raised with advantage at a meeting of the Liberal party at Bradford. The war has, as in all similar cases, superseded in practical importance the merits of the quarrel which produced it. There is no doubt that it is the right and duty of the Indian Government to make the most of any military advantages which may be obtained. The expediency of different provisions for future security must be determined almost wholly by professional considerations; and at present three or more distinct courses are severally recommended on high military authority. Sir HENRY NORMAN thinks it will be desirable to remain content with the former frontier on the right bank of the Indus, opposite to the eastern outlets of the mountain passes. General HAMLEY attaches great importance to the retention of the Bolan Pass and of Quetta, and he proposes also to keep Candahar, which may perhaps in a few days be occupied by General STEWART. Another eminent writer agrees with General HAMLEY as to the advantage of holding Candahar if at any future time it should be necessary to engage in direct conflict with Russia. In the meantime he regards the power of advancing beyond the passes as a sufficient security for the observance by the rulers of Afghanistan of reasonable terms of peace. All the military writers unanimously deprecate the retention of Jellalabad, which would involve a permanent liability to protect the Khyber Pass. According to one authority, it would be an error to advance simultaneously from the Khyber and from Candahar against Cabul; but the Indian Government will have to provide the most defensible frontier long after the present campaign is concluded. It is not yet known whether General ROBERTS has really announced to the tribes in the Kuram district the annexation of their territory to the Indian Empire. It seems premature and unnecessary to pledge the Government to any alteration of the frontier before the conclusion of the war. That peace may be concluded on the earliest possible opportunity is the wish of all reasonable persons, whether or not they belong to either of the regular political parties. There is no reason to suppose that the Ministers in any respect dissent from the general feeling and opinion. It is their interest to retire from the struggle at a time when the success of their operations is complete and undisputed. Their opponents will after the conclusion of peace be reduced to assert, what cannot be proved, that English supremacy in Afghanistan might have been established or retained without expense or risk.

The foreign policy of the Government both in India and in Europe, though it may be defended by forcible arguments, has undoubtedly furnished the Opposition with opportunities of denunciation. The extraordinary vehemence of party feeling has, amongst other effects, directed attention to the next election; and it has facilitated the progress of the organization which had previously been established at Birmingham. In the fable, factious animosity against the stag was at the highest when the horse invoked against his adversary the aid of man, to whom his race has ever since been subject. The Liberals were thoroughly beaten five years ago; they hope to retrieve their defeat upon the next dissolution; and they have worked themselves up to the belief that the Conservative Ministers have committed flagrant political misdemeanours. It is not surprising that schemes for creating and establishing the permanent supremacy of the Liberal party should find much acceptance. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S ingenious method of packing political and municipal elections has attracted both attention and imitation. Zealous Liberals who think that they see their way to a monopoly of place and power have no leisure to inquire whether the new machinery is consistent with the spirit of representative institutions; yet the introduction of a system of secondary or indirect elections is a novelty which, if it had been enacted by Parliament, would have provoked general remonstrance. It is fortunate that the factious intolerance which the Birmingham plan is calculated to encourage found early vent in an attack on the independence of one of the most highly respected leaders of the Liberal party. Mr. FORSTER some time since rejected the insolent demand that he should make his candidature at Bradford

contingent on the nomination of the Liberal Club of Three Hundred or Four Hundred. The temptation of an almost definite promise that he should be selected by the managers failed to overcome his repugnance to a condition which was intended both to confirm the authority of the Club and to inflict a rebuke on Mr. FORSTER for a former display of public spirit which was distasteful to a section of his supporters.

The satisfaction caused by Mr. FORSTER's manly conduct was in some degree tempered by his apparent reliance on a casual argument which left the merits of the question untouched. Mr. FORSTER contended that, as an actual member, he had a right to become a candidate without the sanction of any section of his constituents. It might therefore have been supposed that he recognized the right of Mr. ILLINGWORTH and his associates to control the candidature of any new comer. In his late speech Mr. FORSTER took higher ground. His repudiation of the pretensions of the Liberal Club applies to every constituency and to every candidate. As he clearly showed, the organization imported into Birmingham from America substitutes for the electors at large a body which may or may not represent their opinions. The Three Hundred are chosen by those who happen to take part in an unauthorized and irregular election. It is nothing to the purpose to say that any Liberal may, if he thinks fit, concur in an act of which he may perhaps disapprove, and which he is not legally or constitutionally bound to perform. Those who abstain on principle, or for any reason, from the preliminary election are injured by the usurped power of nomination of candidates. Even if the American contrivance were established by law, it would conflict with the spirit of the Constitution. It may well happen that a constituency differs in its estimate of the qualifications of a candidate from its own delegates, who nevertheless claim an absolute right of returning a member if their party is in a majority. As Mr. FORSTER said, the Committee of the Club would exercise nearly the same control over a member which formerly belonged to the owner of a nomination borough. He would feel himself bound either to concur with his patrons or to resign his seat. Mr. ILLINGWORTH's letters sufficiently illustrate the tone and temper in which local manipulators of elections would address recalcitrant nominees. There is fortunately no reason for doubting that the Liberal electors of Bradford will vote for Mr. FORSTER, and when their purpose is ascertained, the baffled managers will find some excuse for acquiescing in the decision of the party. The ridiculous collapse of the Peterborough Club threw wholesome ridicule on a vicious system which is exposed to serious disapproval in Mr. FORSTER's speech. It is his misfortune to differ from Mr. GLADSTONE on the expediency of sacrificing all other considerations to the triumph of faction.

ESPARTERO.

ESPARTERO has died in extreme old age, and in the enjoyment of peace and honour. For many years he had remained in a voluntary retreat; but visits of respect have been paid to him from time to time by all that is most illustrious in Spain; and his countrymen could never lose the wonder and admiration awakened by the thought that, at Logrono, there really was a Spanish General who had done more good than harm to his country. ESPARTERO belonged to the age of military adventurers. He rose and he fell as they did; but he was abler, more successful, and more honest than his rivals. It is easy to remember the issue of the first Carlist war, and to forget how this issue was brought about. The Carlists were reduced to sign the Convention of Bergara, and that is a simple fact easy to bear in mind. The strength of the Carlists, the weakness of the QUEEN's forces, the skill and courage with which ESPARTERO managed to beat a good army with a bad one, and even the large share which English co-operation had in his success are almost forgotten by this generation. Spanish politics and Spanish civil wars form the most dreary and the most confusing chapter in modern European history, and the ordinary reader turns away from its perusal in despair. So far, however, as it has any interest or attraction, its best features are connected with the career of ESPARTERO. He was so far unlike other Spanish generals of his time that when he commanded in person he always won and that he stood aloof from Palace intrigues. Englishmen, too, will think it to his credit that he retained without wavering or change a persistent admiration and affection for England. He afforded the rare example of a Spaniard who felt grateful to Englishmen for helping his country in its hour of need. His sympathy with the institutions of England was too far in advance of his generation for his own prosperity, and he was driven from power because he was too liberal, and was suspected, perhaps not without reason, of the dark design of extending the foreign trade of Spain. When banished he made England his home; and it was while he was thus safe and powerless that the unhappy marriages were concocted which sacrificed the happiness of a woman and the peace of a nation to the petty triumphs and treacherous manœuvring of the French Court. Had ESPARTERO been in Spain and in a position to be consulted in 1846, he might have been unable, and possibly might have been unwilling, to carry the candidate favoured by Lord PALMERSTON; but he certainly would have striven hard to prevent the Sovereign from being the victim of a bargain which in the eyes of a soldier and a man of honour would have seemed inexpressibly revolting. After his return he was on more than one occasion appealed to by the QUEEN for his advice and assistance, and as he grew older, the memory of his ancient deeds was encircled with a brighter halo, his name was invested with the charm of long abstention from current politics, and when the throne became vacant, there was even a proposal made that he should mount it. The proposal was so remote from the regions of common sense, that it can only have been regarded as a testimonial to his merits. It was a sort of cumbrous mode of giving him the Garter. ESPARTERO himself was only anxious to see Spain get something like a settled Government before he died. He welcomed the Italian PRINCE who was willing to consecrate the best resolutions and many noble qualities to the performance of an ungrateful and perhaps impossible task; and he lived to see another Carlist war surmounted, and the son of the Sovereign whose throne he had once established, reigning over a tranquil and tolerably united country.

The origin of ESPARTERO was humble. He was the son of a wheelwright of La Mancha, and was being educated for the priesthood when the opening of the war against NAPOLEON called him, as it did all the youths of spirit in the country, to arms. The war, however, was finished before he had completed his preliminary studies; but he had conceived so strong a liking for his calling that he applied for permission to serve with the forces sent out to subdue the revolted dependencies of Venezuela and New Granada. There he distinguished himself by reckless personal courage and by never despairing of success even when success seemed most hopeless. At length the Spaniards had to evacuate the country, and ESPARTERO came home to receive the rewards of incontestable services. He was acting as Governor of Palma when FERDINAND died, and he immediately tendered his sword to the acceptance of FERDINAND's widow and daughter. He was sent to Biscay, and took a part as a subordinate General in the Carlist war until in 1830 he was made Commander-in-Chief of the army of the North. The relief of Bilbao and the capture of Hernani, with the assistance of Sir DE LACY EVANS, broke for the first time the power of the Carlists, and when they determined to change the scene of operations, and had at one time got within a very few miles of Madrid, the prompt arrival and the skilful strategy of ESPARTERO drove the enemy once more in confused flight towards the North. But the struggle was not over. Mountain warfare, when the combatants have no great inequality of resources or valour, lasts a long time, and it needed a series of operations—some brilliant, some depending on skill—before ESPARTERO, three years after he had become Commander-in-Chief, brought the war to a close at Bergara. All the honours that the prodigal ingenuity of Spaniards could devise were lavished on him. But he was launched, or chose to launch himself, on the usual career of a Spanish General. He became the hero of a pronunciamento and at the head of an irresistible army drove Queen CHRISTINA out of the country and was in due course proclaimed by an obedient Cortes sole Regent of the kingdom. He succeeded in putting down two of the inevitable revolu-

tions that beset this sort of career, but succumbed to the third, and had to fly to England for refuge. In 1848 he was recalled; but he was so heartily welcomed by the populace of Madrid that his friends feared that his enemies would find a pretext for arresting him, and he retired for seven years to his home at Logrono. From his retreat he once more emerged and associated himself with O'Donnell in the government of the country. But he was no match for the intrigues of his confederate, and so far as he had any consistent political ideas, his views were too liberal both for the Court and for the nation. In 1856 he retired permanently and lived for nearly a quarter of a century in honourable obscurity. No one would think of calling him a great man, but both in his achievements and in his character he sufficiently surpassed his contemporaries to be deservedly eminent. Nor did he ever lose his popularity. His countrymen are only too glad to recognize a national hero if they can find one, and it was something for the Spaniards of the days of Queen Isabella to find one Spaniard of whom they could be reasonably proud.

Espartero was nothing more than a Spanish general and a Spanish politician, although his generalship was better and his politics were no worse than those of the other generals and politicians of his time. He had no more scruple in using his army to get himself into power than was felt by the rest of his class; but it may be fairly said that his aims were not so exclusively selfish as those of most of his rivals. It may be added that as he got older he got wiser and better. He would have nothing to do with the insurrection which broke out in his honour when he was driven from power by O'Donnell. He had nothing to do with the downfall of Isabella, and he was quite ready to give his support to any Government that promised to be able to replace effectually that which had been superseded. He lived in the era of pronunciamentos, but he also outlived it. These revolts of generals were probably inevitable in such societies as those of Spain and her colonies, and Spanish colonies may be now divided into those which have got tired of military revolutions, and those which have been ruined by them. Spain itself is thoroughly sick of them; but it is sick of them because in spite of them it has so far advanced in wealth, coherence, and moderation that it has taught itself to wish for something better. The present state of things in Spain leaves much to be desired, but it presents the most wonderful contrast to the Spain which Espartero found when he returned from the New World. It is like a different country. The successive Ministers of Queen Isabella were in many respects very worthless people, but somehow the country throve under them. Roads were not only made but guarded, and railways did much to unite provinces that had been separated for ages. The country has since then had many experiments in Government, and has come to the conclusion that the Government of Alfonso is as good as it can get, and, perhaps, as good as it wishes for. It may be more reactionary and clerical than would be acceptable in more advanced countries; but it is not tyrannical or aggressive, and the nation is able to develop under it the great national resources of Spain with a fair amount of security for its present and hope for its future. If Espartero, in his old age, asked himself whether such a result was worth working for he may have honestly answered that it was. No one person had done so much to render it possible as he had, for unless he had put down the Carlists when no one else could manage to beat them, Spain would have been utterly wasted with an interminable civil war. He probably saw something around him very different from the ideal which he had set before him when he first set to work to shape the history of Spain; but, at any rate, the present is so much better than the past, that he could not persuade himself that he had laboured in vain.

TURKISH REFORMS.

Lord Salisbury has been blamed, with a bitterness to which he must by this time have become accustomed, both for the projects of reform which he urged upon the attention of the Porte and for his provisional acceptance of the instalment of concession which the Turkish Ministers offer in reply. If he had asked for less, and had insisted on any demand which he had preferred, a prejudiced and unfriendly critic would perhaps have denounced his despatches as at the same time incomplete and peremptory. No prudent Minister, it might have been said, would have expected an independent and jealous Government servilely to submit to his dictation. It would therefore have been wiser to propose a comprehensive scheme of reform, and at the same time to foresee that it would not be adopted in bulk. Lord Salisbury has, with one exception, not withdrawn any part of the advice which he had a right by treaty, as well as in virtue of better knowledge and civilized experience, to tender to the Sultan. On the recommendation of Sir Henry Layard, he has acknowledged that the Turkish proposal of employing European inspectors of tribunals is better than his own plan of appointing European judges of appeal. He still thinks, with good reason, that European officers ought to hold commands in the new police; but he assents to a compromise by which Europeans are for the present only to aid in the organization of the force. The gradual introduction of fixed revenue settlements, in place of tithes let to contractors, is a recognition of the soundness of Lord Salisbury's principle. It is unlikely that a statesman who has much experience of Turkish procedure should have been surprised or disappointed either by some delay in answering his despatch, or by the rejection or postponement of some of his proposals.

Although Lord Salisbury's instructions were communicated by the Ambassador to the Grand Vizier in perfectly courteous and inoffensive language, it seemed more than probable that an unfavourable answer would be returned. The Turkish official class habitually dislikes foreign interference, unless indeed it assumes an indirect and sometimes a personally profitable form. For many years the representatives of England have met with resistance and ill-will in their efforts to preserve Turkish rule by improving the administration. The influence of a rival Power was systematically exerted for the opposite purpose of maintaining abuses and encouraging misgovernment. It would seem that the policy of General Ignatieff is not abandoned at Constantinople. Sir H. Layard reports that a strong party in the Ministry and the country looked upon Lord Salisbury's recommendations as a violation of the sovereign rights of the Sultan and the independence of Turkey; and he adds that he has reason to believe that foreign influence has been employed very energetically, and not without some effect, to encourage and support this opposition. At one time a majority of the Council of Ministers agreed to return an answer which would have been wholly unsatisfactory; but the Sultan and Safvet Pasha, then Grand Vizier, were sincerely desirous to comply with the recommendations of the English Government. It would seem that the Sultan has the good sense to listen to the counsels of Sir H. Layard, whose energy has, during a long and difficult series of negotiations, never for a moment relaxed. In the able and faithful discharge of his duty to his own Government the Ambassador has always, to the utmost of his power, promoted the welfare of Turkey. It appears that the Sultan, and perhaps some of his Ministers, have at last discovered that a friend is a safer counsellor than an enemy.

The answer which had been at first approved was remitted to the Council for reconsideration, and the final draft expresses the readiness of the Sultan to follow to a great extent Lord Salisbury's advice. Rules for the organization and government of the police force have been compiled on the advice of Baker Pasha, who seems to concur in Sir H. Layard's opinion that the appointment of foreign officers might at present raise difficulties which are likely to be hereafter overcome. The new revenue system is at once to be applied to one province in the north of Asia Minor; the tenure of office of local governors is to be fixed at a period of five years, and preparations have been made for the establishment of the new judicial system. It is not improbable that delays will occur in the execution of the Sultan's decrees. Changes in Turkey are always slow and difficult; and the Government is unable to raise money for the most necessary purposes. The menacing attitude of the Russian army since the conclusion of peace has rendered costly armaments indispensable, and the abortive revolution which is now suppressed in Macedonia has caused great expense. Sir H. Layard admits the validity of the plea of insufficient means; and he attaches just importance to the establishment of sound principles even when reforms in administration are likely to be fragmentary and slow. It is highly

unreasonable to blame Lord SALISBURY for his assent to a compromise which is in its nature only temporary. If he remains in office, he will not fail on all convenient occasions to renew and enforce his original demands. It would not have been expedient by a more exacting tone to have offended the Turkish Ministers and to have alienated the SULTAN. To a master of the literary style which befits diplomacy no task could be easier than to compose a logical demonstration of the right of England to insist on administrative reforms in Turkey. The Convention which at the same time imposed greater reciprocal burdens on England conferred ample right of interference in domestic concerns; but, as the interest of the SULTAN happens to coincide with the discharge of the liabilities which he has undertaken, an appeal to his good sense and patriotism is likely to be more persuasive than a formal demand of the performance of his promises. It is possible that when Lord SALISBURY was Plenipotentiary at Constantinople two years ago he might with advantage have disguised feelings, in themselves natural, of contempt and moral indignation. Nothing in his late despatches justifies similar imputations.

Turkish Administrations are so ephemeral that it is impossible to rely on the qualities of those who are temporarily invested with power. The present Cabinet seems to have been chosen by the SULTAN with due regard to ability and honesty. KAIREDDIN PASHA, now Grand Vizier, is in some sense a stranger, as he is an Arab from Tunis, and he is said, in common with some of his colleagues, to possess literary ability. One of his works is devoted to proof of the proposition that Mahometanism is the most liberal of religions. Whether or not the doctrine is orthodox, it may be conjectured that the author will be disposed to furnish evidence in support of his own theory. The other Ministers appear to enjoy a good reputation, and some of them are known to be capable. A more important event than the change of Ministers is the dismissal and exile of the palace favourite, who since the beginning of the present reign has exercised a deleterious influence over the SULTAN. MAHMOUD DAMAD was believed to be largely responsible for the disasters of the war, nor has he enjoyed a reputation for loyalty, although he contrived to convince the SULTAN of his personal devotion. For a country in the state of civilization of Turkey a vigorous despotism is perhaps the only efficient form of government; but a timid ruler easily learns to separate his own personal security from the interest of the State. It is not surprising that the present SULTAN, who ascended the throne after two rapid dynastic changes, should constantly apprehend conspiracies which are perhaps not always imaginary. In other respects he seems personally superior to his immediate predecessors. Sir H. LAYARD frequently in his correspondence attributes judicious measures to the personal intervention of the sovereign. Neither the Turkish Government nor its advisers have thought of renewing the singular experiment of representative institutions, although the short-lived Parliament displayed unexpected independence and spirit in the form of remonstrance against administrative abuses. In his first despatch Lord SALISBURY asserts that government by elected Assemblies is impracticable in Asiatic Turkey. It may at least be said that, if the Porte proceeds to introduce the proposed reforms, it is better that the action of the Government should not be impeded by an Opposition. Able and honest governors will succeed better when they have nothing to do with parties. It happens that MIDHAT PASHA, who instituted the first Turkish Parliament, now governs one of the most important provinces of the Empire. If he is duly supported by the Government of Constantinople, he will probably exhibit in his new post the same qualities by which he gained distinction at Bagdad and on the Danube.

BANKING.

THE failure of a private bank so long established and so highly respected as that of Messrs. TWEEDY of Truro has caused great local distress and may bring ruin to many honest and innocent persons, but it has not aggravated or revived the panic in the banking world. The failure was no sooner announced than its causes were understood. The bank had been in existence for more than a century; it had a small note issue, its notes were hoarded as if they had been coin, and the partners were highly esteemed in their neighbourhood. Such an institution rests on a solid foundation, for it enjoys an ancestral credit. But when attention is drawn at an unfavourable moment to the actual position of such a bank, its credit may be shaken with startling rapidity. However long a bank may have lasted, and however much its proprietors may be respected, its real strength must in the moment of trial depend on its amount of available capital, and on the nature of its operations. Very little is really known as to the amount of capital which a private bank can command. It gives no information on the subject, and the amount is therefore a matter of estimate or gossip. One of the partners in the Truro Bank lately died, and his executrix asked that his share in the partnership funds should be paid over to her. This set the Cornish world calculating how much capital would remain in the concern, and as the deceased partner had been reported to have made some unprofitable investments, the further question began to suggest itself whether even their recourse against his private estate would do the creditors much good. Then, again, the partners in a private bank are under the temptation to do business in a rather easy way. Their neighbours respect and esteem them, and address them as personal friends and as known friends of the district. They give back kindness for kindness, and do not frown when applications for advances are made. Messrs. TWEEDY's bank was, it is stated, known as being peculiarly the bank of overdrawn accounts. Then Truro is the centre of a mining district, and to support the district Messrs. TWEEDY had to support mines. At present Cornish mining is in a very low state, and its prospects are specially bad. The coal and iron trades of England may revive any day if the world once more wants our coal and iron; but the Cornish mining industry is depressed from a cause which cannot easily cease to operate. Copper and tin can be found much nearer the surface in the new mines of other countries than in the old mines of Cornwall; and the difference in the cost of labour eclipses the additional cost of freight. The money, therefore, lent to the neighbouring mines by Messrs. TWEEDY was looked on as lost, and there was a notion prevalent that their general style of banking had been too easy. Local confidence had made them prosperous, and local suspicion caused their downfall.

It is for this reason that, deeply as the depositors and customers and noteholders of this bank are to be pitied, its failure has not produced any great impression on the public. A private bank that conducts its business on the principles of neighbourly feeling, and the capital of which is determined by family events, seems too special a case to cause general alarm. What is important to know is, whether there has been much bad banking generally; and, still more, whether the state of trade is such that even well-conducted banks are in danger. On the first head it is as yet too early to speak. We must wait to see how, not only our home, but our distant banking business has been conducted. But on the second head there is much that is reassuring. To begin with, it must be borne in mind that as yet no bank has failed in which there has not been distinctly bad banking brought to light, although in the case of the Caledonian the bad banking consisted in one solitary act of imprudence. Then, again, it is ascertained that at least some well-conducted banks are in a very strong position. Every day some well-known bank declares a dividend at its usual rate. This does not show much, for every one knows that dividends may be paid without real profits, and when capital has been lost. But it shows something, for it is not probable that any great number of Boards would run the risk of making delusive statements at a moment when the responsibility of Directors for making such statements has been forced on the attention of every one. In some instances we know in detail how sound banks have been conducted. The report of the Union Bank of London furnishes a conspicuous example. It has in round numbers a capital, including the reserve fund, of two millions; it owes twelve millions to its customers and depositors, and it has given acceptances to the amount of nearly five millions. On the other hand, while it has lent seven millions to customers, it has seven millions in cash and Government securities, and holds upwards of eight millions of special securities as cover for its acceptances. Its business in acceptances is unusually large in proportion to the other business, and no part of banking business requires so much vigilance. But, with vigilance and with a large

reserve in cash, it may be conducted, as the Chairman of the Union said it had been conducted by his bank for many years, with much profit and with no loss. As to bad debts, the Chairman was able to make the very satisfactory statement that they did not amount to 300*l.* for the half-year. This is most creditable to all who have managed the institution, and it may be comforting to the public. After all allowance is made for the Union having the pick of business, this absence of bad debts may be held to be confirmatory of the opinion, which every day grows more and more established, that there is plenty of sound business in the country, and that trade generally is by no means in a desperate state.

Changes in our system of banking, legislative or other, cannot at present fail to occupy the attention of the numerous classes concerned. Whether unlimited banks should become limited is the most important of these changes, and here there is no need of the intervention of the Legislature. The Chairman of the Union observed that, with the strong position of their bank, he thought the question did not much concern the shareholders whom he was addressing. Nor perhaps would it if good management was perpetual; but the memory of the Union shareholders may suggest that there has been an improvement, and their fears may suggest that there may be a relapse. The Chairman, however, added that, if other banks on an equality with the Union would adopt limitation at the same time, he and his colleagues would recommend the Union to concur. This is very sensible. It cannot be expected that a bank so well protected as the Union against the dangers of unlimited liability should consent to see its business taken away from it by rivals. The sound Scotch banks are in a similar position, and they must all act together if at all. In the same way the Chairman said that he had not the slightest objection to an extended system of audit and compulsory frequency of returns, as long as it was made incumbent on all banks to observe the same rule. It may be very much doubted whether the Government will introduce any change in this direction. It would be equally difficult to include or to omit private banks when the details of the change were considered, and it is not easy to see how to make any change which would ensure publicity and yet avoid hampering the conduct of business. The Government, however, appears to have determined to make some proposals with regard to banking. Mr. CROSS, during his stay at Edinburgh, intimated that something would be done to relieve trustees from the anxiety of their position. A new problem has also risen through the action of the liquidators of the City of Glasgow Bank in regard to bankruptcy. They claim that, if a shareholder is made a bankrupt, they may prove for any amount that in a conceivable case the shareholder, if the only shareholder remaining solvent, would have to pay. This is no doubt theoretically the limit of his liability; but the consequence is that this sweeping claim wipes out all the other creditors of the bankrupt from anything more than a fractional share in the assets, so that a creditor may lose all his money because his debtor held a single share in a bank. The hardship on the creditor is at least as great as the hardship of which trustees complain, and Mr. CROSS may be reasonably expected to extend his tender consideration in favour of the former class of sufferers as much as in favour of the latter.

TRADE DISPUTES AND STRIKES.

THE unhappy condition of the country seems likely to be aggravated by additional misfortunes. It is one of the evils attending on trade disputes that they are never more frequent than in seasons of commercial depression. Employers who find that their capital becomes more and more unproductive naturally seek to reduce their working expenses; and workmen almost always resent, and frequently resist, attempts to make them share the losses of trade. A few years ago wages in some branches of industry rose to an unprecedented level; and at the same time the hours of labour were in many instances curtailed. Experience showed that the efficiency of labour too often varied inversely with the rate of wages; and the predictions of philanthropic theorists that short hours would find compensation in increased energy and activity were wholly falsified by the result. To the manufacturers the abbreviation of the time of work was much more distasteful than the rise in wages. Engines which need no rest are necessarily stopped when the men leave their work, and the interest of the capital invested in plant remains the same when the works are idle. There is no more remarkable proof of the superiority of English labour than the maintenance of competition with foreign countries under extraordinary disadvantages. An English employer sometimes pays larger weekly wages for fifty-four hours' work than his German rival for seventy-two; but as the skill and capital of foreign producers increase, the struggle becomes more and more unequal. English travellers in Germany, in Switzerland, and in Italy have of late not unfrequently inquired in vain for English commodities which were formerly sold at every shop, and which have been displaced by cheaper fabrics.

The strike of the men employed in the goods traffic of the Midland Railway will attract general attention, both by reason of its importance and through the public inconvenience which it will cause, especially if the signalmen should take part in it. There can be little doubt that the measures which have led to the strike have been concerted with other Railway Boards; and it is therefore possible that the struggle may attain vast dimensions. It was on the Midland that a great capitalist induced the men employed to demand higher wages and a reduction of the hours of labour. Mr. BASS has again interfered on behalf of the men in the present dispute. As the Chairman of the Midland Company reminds him, the member for a borough in which railway servants form a large section of the constituency is scarcely an impartial arbitrator. Mr. BASS would perhaps object to the intervention of a volunteer in any dispute between his firm and the large number of persons in their employment. In his former effort to promote the interest of his constituents Mr. BASS was partially successful. In a time of unusual prosperity the agitation could not be resisted, and the change extended over all parts of the kingdom. At the same time coal and iron reached their highest price, and the additional burden of working expenses absorbed the whole of the profit which would otherwise have been derived from increased traffic. If the cost of working had remained stationary during the last ten or twelve years, several of the principal Companies would have earned dividends of eight, or even ten, per cent. Although both coal and iron are now extraordinarily cheap, the item of wages alone causes the working expenses to exceed the former ratio to earnings by four or five per cent. In this business, as in other trades, short hours are found more injurious to the employers than high wages. The Midland Directors have, probably after full consideration, given notice to the men engaged in goods traffic of a reduction of wages by a shilling a week, and of an increase in the number of hours. The men, after an interview with the Chairman, have thus far refused to acquiesce in the change; yet there is some reason to expect an early termination of the struggle. The labour of railway guards is not highly skilled; and it is therefore possible to supply in some degree the place of experienced men who have thought fit to leave their employment. When the strike began great numbers of trucks were accumulated on the line and on the sidings, and it must have been difficult to conduct even the passenger traffic; but after a few hours the number of trains at night was multiplied threefold, and the sidings at Toton, which are many miles in length, were effectually cleared. The administration of the Midland Railway has long been remarkable for ability and vigour, and probably those in authority had accurately calculated their resources before they announced to the men a resolution which was necessarily unpalatable. At present it seems likely that the victory will rest with the Board; but any confident anticipation of the result would be premature. The reluctance of the men to submit to additional labour and to lower pay is perfectly intelligible; nor would it be reasonable or generous to undervalue the sacrifices which they are required to make. The strike, like other enterprises of the kind, will only be justified by success; and at present the chances seem not to be on the side of the malcontents. The hardship of a reduction of wages in various trades is greatly mitigated by the low price of necessary articles of consumption. Bread has not for many years been so low in price as at the present moment, and fuel is also unusually cheap. If the inclement weather would change, the working classes in general would not have to complain of extraordinary hard-

ships. In the recent strikes the men as well as the masters care more for the question of time than for the rate of wages.

The strike or lock-out which is expected in the iron trade may too probably attain formidable dimensions. The Northern employers have determined to re-establish the hours of labour which were curtailed in consequence of successful strikes some years ago. There is also a dispute on the rate of wages, which seems on both sides to possess only secondary importance. The trade is probably at present less remunerative than any other considerable branch of industry; and perhaps the masters may feel that they have comparatively little to lose by the discontinuance of an unprofitable enterprise. It is well known that, notwithstanding the low price of all articles made of iron, the competition of France and Belgium, even in the English market, has caused reasonable alarm. The manufacturers have for the most part refused to listen to the quack remedy of Protection under the name of Reciprocity; and they are undoubtedly right in their belief that they can only defeat their rivals by superior cheapness and quality. If the dispute is not amicably settled by concessions on one side or the other, all the advantages in the contest seem to be on the side of the masters. During the present season of depression the workmen have almost uniformly been forced in the end to submit to the terms of their employers. The ironworkers perhaps rely on the strength of their organization; and the Amalgamated Engineers' Society, which is probably the richest Trade-Union, will give them all the support in its power; but any funds which can be applicable to the maintenance in idleness of a large population must be ultimately exhausted. It is not even certain that some of the employers may not wish to teach their men a lesson. There are general complaints of the indifference of the workmen to the interests of their masters, as, for instance, in deliberate delay in the execution of work for the purpose of making it last as long as possible. Several cases have been mentioned in which the workmen have, with short-sighted selfishness, refused to comply with the conditions on which alone it was possible to accept a foreign order. It is not impossible that in difficult circumstances all parties may have committed errors; but master manufacturers have both means and motives for studying the economic conditions of their business, while the workmen and their leaders seem always to confine themselves to the single issue which is raised by a natural reluctance to do more work or to accept lower wages. The Lancashire cotton-spinners, indeed, a few months ago propounded a theory of their own, to the effect that the supply of goods ought to be artificially restricted in the hope of encouraging a demand. The precedent is not recommended either by the soundness of the doctrine or by the methods which were used to enforce it. No similar proposal has hitherto been made by the workmen in the iron trade. If arbitration is suggested as an alternative for suspension of work, the masters will scarcely consent to a mode of settlement which, as far as it is found practicable, is better adapted to disputes on wages than to the regulation of the hours of labour. A trade arbitrator on the rate of wages can rely on certain rules and traditions to determine the relation which the price of labour ought to bear to the profits of the employer. In some instances one or both of the parties may find it convenient to disguise a voluntary compromise by reference to an external authority. The expediency of increasing or limiting the duration of work can only be ascertained by experience; and, if the employers are convinced that a change is necessary, and therefore justifiable, they are not likely to abdicate their own control over the decision.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

THE elections to the French Senate have, after all, contained a surprise. The result has been all that was expected, but it has also been a great deal more than was expected. The Republicans have not only secured their majority, but they have made that majority 56 votes instead of 25; and, though some of them probably hoped that this latter figure would be exceeded, it is not likely that even the most sanguine expectations suggested that it would be more than doubled. Perhaps the explanation of this under-estimate of their strength is to be found in their inability to believe that the Republican feeling of the electors would triumph, not only over adverse political opinions, but over strong personal and local claims. It is one thing to defeat a Conservative candidate of much about the same mark as the Liberal candidate, and another thing to defeat a Conservative landowner, or a Conservative duke, or a Conservative ex-Minister. It was quite conceivable that the feeling of the electors might be in the direction of sending as many eminent men as possible to the Senate, irrespectively of political considerations, and in this case several of the successful candidates would undoubtedly have had to give place to their competitors. Of course this fact is made the most of by the reactionary journals. They profess, for example, to be shocked at the want of discrimination and at the disregard for noble names and well-won honours which have been shown in the rejection of the senior Marshal of France. It will be time enough to consider how far it is the duty of an elector to subordinate political principles to military or social eminence, when some of those who thus preach have themselves set the example. General FAIDHERBE is one of the successful Republicans; but it may be doubted whether he owes his election to Conservative votes. Yet, if military qualities are to be taken into account, he unquestionably ought to have received the united support of the electors. In the melancholy record of the later months of 1871 his name is one of the very few which stand out with any distinction.

The Conservative defeat has been so crushing that it seems hardly necessary to apportion it accurately between the several sections of the party. Still, where all have been unfortunate, two sections have been more unfortunate than the third. The Bonapartists have returned only two Senators, although the departments in which the vacancies occurred included some in which Imperialism was supposed to be especially strong; and the Right Centre—the Constitutional Conservatives who look to the Duke of BROGLIE as their leader—are not much better represented. Wherever the reactionists have lifted their heads at all it has been to return a Legitimist. There can no longer be any question that, if France wants a Royalty at all, she wants a real thing and not a pretence. Neither the democratic sovereignty of the Imperialists, nor the constitutional sovereignty of the Orleanists, has placed those who profess these doctrines in any better position. The defeat was probably the result of different causes in the two cases. The Bonapartists have been guilty of the common mistake of crying wolf a little too often. They have founded their pretensions not so much on their own ability to maintain order and do all other things that it behoves a Government to do, as on the inability of the Republic to do any of them. In the first instance these confident predictions were not without their effect. A good many elections have probably been determined by the conviction of the electors that, if force had ever to be used in defence of public tranquillity, it was more likely to be used by the Bonapartists than by the Republicans. At last they have evidently become assured that the danger against which they have been so often implored to protect themselves does not really exist. The Republic has been in being a good many years, and the expected outbreak has not come. If the reactionary parties had been uniformly in power this immunity from revolutionary excesses might have been placed to their credit. But they have not been uniformly in power. There have been intervals in which the fulfilment of their predictions might be looked for, and, unluckily for their reputation, no fulfilment has come. This is an especial blow to the Bonapartists, because, if the Empire is not wanted to keep order, it is hard to say what it is wanted for. Its partisans may preach that the democratic idea is imperfect except where the Government rests on a plebiscite, but the average French voter feels that, imperfect as the Republic may be from the point of view of the democratic idea, it is democratic enough for him.

The defeat of the Orleanists has been due to a different cause. If they had been moderately true to their professed principles, it is probable that they would have remained an influential section of the Senate. The character of the candidates who have now been returned shows plainly enough that the Senatorial electors at all events are not of a very Radical type. They support the Republic because it exists and because it works fairly well, not because they have an enthusiastic preference for the Republican over any other idea. They want the substance of

constitutional government, and there was a time when, so long as they had this, they might not have much cared whether it came to them as a constitutional Monarchy or as a constitutional Republic. This temper of mind was one which would have very much strengthened the Orleanist party if they had played their cards properly. According to their professed principles, they too were bound to think the substance of constitutional government of infinitely more importance than the form. Instead of this, they showed themselves more recklessly indifferent than any other section of the Right to substance as compared with form. Provided only that they could assure the restoration of the Monarchy, they seemed willing to take their chance what sort of a Monarchy it would be. The Legitimists were consistent; they wanted to bring back HENRY V. The Bonapartists were consistent; they wanted to bring back NAPOLEON IV. But the Orleanists had no pretender of their own, and they could not support either HENRY V. or NAPOLEON IV. without throwing overboard all the principles which they had contended for, either when they were in power under the Monarchy of July, or when they were in opposition under the Second Empire. In this dilemma they tried the experiment of a coalition, and the result has shown that France does not love coalitions any more than England. One of the organs of the Right Centre finds consolation in the discovery that the elections, by placing the party which calls itself Constitutional in an unmistakable minority, gives it at the same time complete liberty of action. So long as this party formed part of a composite majority, it met with nothing but embarrassment. There were concessions to be made here and advances to be made there which prevented it from having, or at all events from pursuing, any distinct policy of its own. Now it is once more mistress of its own action, and set free from every alliance which can by possibility cause it embarrassment. The Orleanists who thus celebrate their escape from the snare of the reactionary fowler seem to forget that it was of their own free choice that they ever went into the toils. Nobody compelled them to join the most immoral political combination of modern times. They joined it because they hoped to fish something out of the general confusion which would have followed on the overthrow of the Republic. In doing so they sacrificed a singularly good opportunity of furthering the principles they professed to have at heart. They might have been the founders of the Conservative Republic. They were in no way pledged to the monarchical idea. Given that the proper constitutional checks were provided, they ought, on their own theory, to have been entirely satisfied. And at one time it pretty much rested with themselves to say what shape these constitutional checks should assume. If they had placed themselves before the country as the leaders of a united Centre, honestly adhering to Republican institutions, and determined to inspire those institutions with a thoroughly Conservative spirit, there is no reason why the millions of electors who desired nothing better than a Conservative Republic should not have followed them as readily as they have followed M. GAMBETTA. In the hope that the Republic would find no one to make it Conservative, they have stood to win by its fall. They will now have leisure in which to calculate how much they have lost by its victory.

GENERAL GRANT IN IRELAND.

GENERAL GRANT is making a tour of unusual length, and, as the movements of a man in his position are always attributed to political motives, it is not surprising to learn from America that he has been ordered by the Republican managers to keep out of the way until they have arranged for his acceptance by the party as their candidate in the next Presidential election. It is the arrival of these directions, we are told, that has determined General GRANT to go home by way of India and China, instead of by way of Liverpool. During the early stages of a canvass a candidate cannot be in a worse place than at home. If he makes speeches he is sure to give offence to some one; if he keeps silent he gives offence to every one. What is best for him and his party is that for the time he should be forgotten, without its being possible to say that he has been forgotten by reason of his own insignificance. A tour in Europe and Asia is just the sort of occupation which a candidate wants. In these days even a very moderately distinguished foreigner is sure of getting "receptions" somewhere or other, and in the case of General GRANT they are quite certain to accompany him wherever he goes. His countrymen cannot but be pleased with the compliment to the United States which is thus implied, and the accounts of General GRANT's doings in foreign parts, which reach them by every mail, are the best kind of preparation for interest in his doings at home a year or so hence. Were it not for political considerations, it is probable that when General GRANT gave up the idea of going home by way of Liverpool, he would also have given up the idea of visiting Ireland. But a possible candidate for the American Presidency must find Ireland in his way to every country under heaven. It does not matter that his destination is India, and his line of route the Mediterranean. The Irish vote has to be thought of, and how is the Irish vote to be secured by a traveller who did not think Ireland worth visiting? General GRANT has not been fortunate in his choice of a time for going there, and it may be hoped that he has had few such uncomfortable journeys during his stay in Europe. According to one of the Correspondents who has travelled with him, the chief thing he takes an interest in is a field of wheat, and in January a field of wheat is an object which appeals to the imagination rather than to the eye. Even the bogs which he is said to have inquired about are hardly distinguishable under a covering of snow.

Any interest that is taken in General GRANT's movements in this country will be due rather to the efforts of Special Correspondents than to anything that he himself has been able to accomplish. To go from place to place receiving addresses and being entertained at luncheon or dinner is not a process calculated to draw out his powers either as a soldier or as a statesman. No future historian will go back to General GRANT's Irish speeches to discover in them the first indication of a future policy. In Dublin he confined himself to the statement that there were more Irishmen in America than in Ireland. As he also said that trade was very depressed, it seemed possible that he might mean that he did not wish to see any more Irishmen in America. This might have had an injurious effect on the Irish vote, and it is possible that he was warned to speak in an opposite sense a day later. At all events at Londonderry he took pains to say that there was room for more Irishmen yet, though even here he felt compelled to add, "after a while." These two sentiments, coupled with a few commonplaces about his pleasure in seeing Ireland, make up the sum of General GRANT's contributions to the narrative of his journey. But what he has refused to do for himself the energy of journalism has been able to do for him. Every incident in each day has been carefully chronicled, and some of them really help us to form a mental picture of this great historical event. It is satisfactory to observe that General GRANT, who seems himself to have been in a sober and even stern mood throughout the visit, was attended by a friend who had evidently studied the early works of Mr. LEVER, and drawn from thence a very clear idea of what an Irish woman expects of a stranger. At Portadown, it seems, the GENERAL had to wait half an hour in a refreshment-room, and here he was asked by a waiting-maid whether he would "handsell" her. Some one undertook to explain that to "handsell" meant "to give something for luck," and that this was a custom specially appropriated to the first Monday of the New Year, which happened to be the day of the GENERAL's visit. General GRANT, it is stated, "did not give this winsome edition of Mr. THACKERAY's "'PEG of Lunavaddy' anything for luck; but one of his "staff offered to kiss her, an honour she declined with "playful blushes." With this exception, the humours of the journey seem to have depended rather on the bystanders than on the travellers. There is certainly something odd in the idea of a solitary Ulsterman coming up to the carriage window, while the engine was stopping for water, and, after calling for "Three cheers "for General GRANT," proceeding to give them all by himself. So there is, too, in the inquiry overheard by a correspondent "Who is this GRANT any how?" and in the answer, true if inadequate, "I believe he fought in "the American war." For once General GRANT must be grateful to religious intolerance. In this weather he may be excused for wishing to get into a warmer climate as speedily as possible, and the action of the Cork Corporation spared him the necessity of going to the South before

leaving Ireland. When an announcement of the GENERAL'S intention to visit Cork was received from the American Consul it was moved that the Corporation should give him a proper reception. One of the Catholic members at once protested against this on the ground that when President General GRANT had insulted the Irish people in America and got up a "No Popery" cry there. Another member declared that it would be highly unbecoming in the Corporation of Cork to pay any mark of respect to General GRANT, and another, prefacing his remarks by the anxious assurance that he was no bigot, declared that the ex-PRESIDENT had gone out of his way to insult the Catholic religion. Under these circumstances the Consul's letter was simply entered as "read," and nothing further was done in the matter. It must be an occasion of just pride to the Corporation of Cork that they should have been the only public body in Ireland who remembered their duty at a very critical time. It is so seldom that an American President has an opportunity of doing anything for or against a religious creed, that other Catholic bodies in Ireland never seem to have bethought themselves of hunting up General GRANT'S record on the subject. In one case, indeed, even a Roman Catholic Bishop was present at a dinner given in his honour; so that the Aldermen of Cork may now feel, like M. VEUILLOT, that they are more Catholic than the Episcopate itself. To have made General GRANT alter his plans, and leave the South of Ireland unassailed and unconquered, is a very high honour for the city. To spite your neighbour for religious motives is a commonplace virtue; but the people of Cork have by their representatives succeeded in spiting themselves.

Throughout General GRANT'S journey there is one point, and one only, of any serious interest. Wherever he was shown any Irish manufactures, he invariably remarked that the Americans would soon do that kind of thing for themselves. General GRANT'S idea of encouraging American manufactures is probably an entirely wrong one—wrong, that is, in the sense that he will go the wrong way to work to accomplish his object. But the GENERAL is in matters other than military a very fair type of the average shrewd American; and it may be useful to notice how large a part the coming manufacturing greatness of America seems to play in his thoughts. American competition stands on a wholly different footing from the competition of any European country. European countries have usually to bring the raw materials the same distance that we ourselves have; and if they rival us it must be simply in workmanship. The Americans have the raw material of many industries and the means of working them lying close together; and they can therefore save the cost of carriage as regards the supply of their own country, and reduce it as regards countries lying nearer to themselves than to us. There can be no doubt that their attention promises to be more and more turned in this direction, or that the consequences are likely to exercise a considerable influence on the future of English industry.

THE ACCIDENT ON BOARD THE *THUNDERER*.

ONE result of the bursting on board H.M.S. *Thunderer* of the most powerful gun at present used in the navy cannot be contemplated without grave apprehension. It may give rise to a feeling amongst seamen which will do great harm and will be eradicated with much difficulty. The impression which the disaster has produced is now general, and it has attracted universal attention; but in the constant excitement of modern life misfortunes which at first seem appalling are soon forgotten, and before very long this calamity will be as little thought of as others which have happened during the past twelve months. With the sailors of the fleet the case will, it may be feared, be very different. Liable to be killed as the unfortunate men who were in or near the turret of the *Thunderer* were killed, they will long retain a vivid memory of the catastrophe, and this cannot but produce an evil effect. The courage of English seamen is proverbial; yet after all they are but men, and the boldest men may be daunted by the thought that they may suddenly be destroyed by the guns which they have to serve. Before this accident, if any one had said on board the *Thunderer* that there was a likelihood of the 38-ton gun bursting, his forebodings would probably have received about as much attention as is given to the terrors of an old woman who is afraid of an unloaded fowling-piece. Now such an anticipation of disaster might rouse very different feelings; and it is difficult to exaggerate the gravity of the fact that, unless sailors are not only brave but above all human weakness, a certain amount of apprehension with regard to the use of the big guns is almost inevitable. During the great war it was well known that the bursting of a gun on board a ship in action discouraged the men more than the most severe execution by the enemy's fire. A naval engagement now seems, indeed, sufficiently improbable; but unfortunately this new danger, where it exists, is quite as great in ordinary practice as in action. Courageous as men can be, English seamen can hardly help feeling for some time to come a certain distrust of the ordnance employed on board men-of-war.

That the authorities will do all in their power to dispel this feeling is to be hoped, and clearly the only course open to them is to ascertain, if possible, the cause of the disaster, and to make widely known the means by which a recurrence of it may be prevented. At present there certainly seems to have been no neglect in this respect, for a preliminary inquiry has apparently been already held on board the *Thunderer*. There is not as yet any intelligence which can be relied on as to the conclusions arrived at, although a statement respecting them has been published. It has been announced that information has been received at the War Office to the effect that the inquiry has left no doubt that the cause of the explosion was imperfect loading. Naval officers who had conducted an inquiry on board a man-of-war would report, not to the War Office, but to the Admiralty, and this announcement cannot therefore be considered as trustworthy, though very possibly the true reason of the disaster is indicated. A further investigation—which certainly should be of the most thorough character—is to be made, and when this is over the gun, or rather what remains of it, is to be brought to England, in order that the most highly qualified men may examine it. As the chase or muzzle of the gun—probably with the shot in it—is at the bottom of the Sea of Marmora, it may prove no easy matter to decide with certainty on the cause of the accident; but assuredly no effort should be spared. That the catastrophe will, if an explanation of it can be obtained, be found to have been due to preventable causes may safely be predicted; but some apprehension may be felt as to what those preventable causes may prove to be. A wrong system of rifling, for instance, is a cause of accident which may be prevented by adopting a right one; but to remodel all the guns in the British navy would be a tremendous task and would require a great length of time. Fortunately, however, there is good reason to hope that the accident may be clearly shown to have been due, not to a radical defect of this kind, but to a faulty system of loading, which can be improved; or to haste and neglect of necessary precautions.

Such, at least, are the views which—judging from the information which has hitherto been given—seem most likely to be right respecting this disaster. The opinion which appears to be most generally held and to prevail amongst the officers of the fleet is that the projectile was, at the time of firing, some distance from the chamber; and that, in consequence, the gases generated by the explosion of the gunpowder were suddenly checked in their expansion and burst the gun. Too great haste in loading has been thought to be the reason why the shot was left separated from the powder; but Lord CHARLES BERESFORD, who, having been for a time Commander of the *Thunderer*, is entitled to speak with some authority, attributes this to a different cause. In his letter to the *Times* on the subject he points out that the guns of the *Thunderer*, when being loaded, have to be considerably depressed, and he says:—"It is perfectly "possible, though not probable, in withdrawing the "rammer, to pull the papier-mâché wad which is held in "the rammer-head by means of a small projection on the "wad out a little way; this is aided by the weight of the "projectile pressing behind it (the wad). It is almost "impossible for the men and officers working the gun to "know if what I have suggested has occurred, as the "'tell-tale' on the rammer has shown the shot as being "home; but there is nothing to show that the shot may "not get 'started' and follow the rammer out a short "way afterwards." He therefore advocates the use of wedge wads which would not slip in the manner described.

Lord CHARLES BERESFORD'S suggestion certainly seems to offer an explanation of the catastrophe; but his opinion

differs apparently from that of other artillerists, who think that the accident was caused by the shot being impeded by the wad. This, a disk of papier-mâché, keeps the projectile in its place, and, when the gun is fired, ought to be blown out by the windage—*i.e.* by the gas which escapes round the projectile. To prevent excessive windage, there is a gas-check, which consists of a disk of soft metal, placed at the base of the shot, and fitting the rifled barrel very closely. It is thought that, in the case of the *Thunderer's* gun, the gas-check may have done its work too well, and that there may have been no windage to drive out the wad. Even papier-mâché cannot be compressed beyond a certain point, and the wad may therefore have jammed or stopped the shot. It is also thought that the gas-check itself may have been jammed, or that the studs round the projectile, which fit the grooves of the barrel, may have worked out of the grooves along which they should have travelled, and have arrested the progress of the shot. That this may have caused the accident, and that it is not utterly unlikely to happen with other of the guns, is the opinion of Mr. Merrifield, late Principal of the Royal School of Naval Architecture, who, like Lord Charles Beresford, has written to the *Times* on the subject, and who argues that the system of rifling which has for long been followed at Woolwich is altogether wrong. According to this plan, the twist of the grooves in the rifled barrel is not a uniform one, but increases from breech to muzzle, the object of thus giving a varying twist sharper near the muzzle than near the breech having been to prevent the great strain which would be put on the shot at starting if it had to take up considerable velocity at once. Mr. Merrifield considers that the advantages thus gained are very small, and that this system has the great defect of making it impossible that the shot should fit the rifled barrel, and of rendering it necessary that there should be on the shot studs of soft metal to travel in the grooves. In order that the gun may be loaded, these studs have to be made so as to fit loosely, and Mr. Merrifield maintains that there is danger, "partly due to the softness of the "studs, but greatly enhanced by the loose fit, of the studs "overriding the rifling, and jamming the shot in the "chase of the gun," and that there is "the further danger "of one of the studs getting adrift, and so jamming the "shot."

It is greatly to be hoped that he is in error in supposing that there is any appreciable likelihood of such accidents, for if he is right, a large proportion of the guns in the service are dangerous to those who have to work them. His condemnation of the Woolwich system is, however, in all probability greatly exaggerated, for his argument has the fault of proving too much. If the method of rifling followed at Woolwich is as bad as he states it to be, accidents like that on board the *Thunderer* would not be uncommon. It is well known that during the trials of guns they are frequently fired a great number of times with huge charges of powder, and if the plan of rifling them had the radical defects which Mr. Merrifield attributes to it, there can be little doubt that a certain number of these guns would be shattered just as the 38-ton gun was shattered. This does not happen, and it may fairly be assumed that there is no such radical defect in existing naval ordnance as to make it necessary that the whole of it should be reconstructed. So far as can be gathered from the scant information which has hitherto been given respecting the bursting of the gun on board the *Thunderer*, it seems most probable either that the shot was some distance from the chamber at the time of firing, or that it was jammed by the wad. According to the ambiguous statement which has appeared, the catastrophe was due to the first of these causes. Should it be clearly shown to be due either to this or to the other, it will probably be found practicable to make the recurrence of a similar misfortune impossible, or at all events to show that it can only be brought about by great negligence. What is now all-important is that the most earnest efforts should be made to discover with certainty the cause of the accident. This done, measures for preventing its recurrence will doubtless be promptly taken; but, if the disaster on board the *Thunderer* remains in any way unexplained, sailors will inevitably feel a mistrust as to the guns they have to fight which may have very grave consequences.

THE STUDY OF GREEK.

A DISCURSIVE controversy involving matters of some importance has been raised by the memorial addressed to the University of Cambridge by a number of persons entitled on various grounds to speak with some authority on education. The object of their memorial is to procure the abrogation of Greek as a compulsory subject in the examination commonly known as the Little-go. Two questions are raised by this proposal, or a question with two distinct branches—Whether the study of Greek ought to be kept up as a normal and integral part of the higher education in England? and whether, if that is accepted as a desirable object, the best way to promote it is to require a certain beggarly minimum of Greek in the least important and interesting of University examinations? The second branch appears to us of little importance in comparison with the first, except so far as it may be mixed up with it in public estimation. But this last qualification is not without importance for the practical view of the matter. The general public knows next to nothing of the machinery of education; even most of those who go through the University course themselves never have a very clear notion of it, and retain but a confused one by the time they have to think of educating their sons. And the public notion of the work and the requirements of the Universities is founded, not on the most that they encourage scholars to aim at, but on the least that they compel idle men to perform in order to obtain a degree. The general course of instruction in our schools is also very sensitive—in our opinion much too sensitive—to every change in the subjects, schemes, and regulations of University examinations; and the general character of the instruction must be determined by the aims and capacities of ordinary rather than exceptional pupils. Considering all these things, it appears to us that compliance with the prayer of the present memorial would almost certainly be taken by the English public as an official manifesto against the study of Greek, and would practically be taken in the same sense by a good many schoolmasters. Nor would this effect be compensated by anything that might be done at the same time or afterwards for archæology and the higher branches of scholarship. It would still go forth to the world that Cambridge had officially decided Greek to be a speciality, like Arabic or Sanskrit, having no peculiar or necessary connexion with liberal education as such. And the effect of an impression of this kind would, we believe, be most disastrous. We are not prepared to see such a risk incurred without very grave cause being shown, or without being satisfied that the risk has been duly weighed, and that the means of diminishing it have been carefully considered. Whether the majority of men who take an ordinary degree at either University under the present system can be said to get much good from their compulsory minimum of Greek is another matter. But it seems to us that the remedy which should be tried first is not to leave off teaching Greek, but to teach it better.

Our own opinion is that, so far from having too much Greek in English education, we have not nearly enough of it. Greek and Latin enjoy a just prerogative in the elements of a liberal education, not only because of the value of their grammar as a mental discipline, or because of the merits of their literature, but for much wider reasons. The arts and letters of the civilized world are Greek, as its laws and history are Roman. This is in brief the ground on which the unique interest of Latin and Greek is based, and on which it will remain established as long as the continuity of civilization endures. In this point of view the two languages have a co-ordinate and inseparable claim upon us. We cannot follow the argument of one or two enthusiastic champions who strive to draw a distinction in favour of Greek. To maintain that, if one of the two languages must go, it should be Latin, is possible only as a controversial exercise. "Greek," we are told, "is in every respect more valuable"; surely not in respect of its importance as an instrument by which the affairs of mankind have actually been conducted. Greek was the common language of the world that lived under the Roman Empire, but Latin has been the common language of a world much nearer to us and more closely affecting our own thoughts and business. The Greek language is richer; it is very true. "Its literature is incomparably superior"; be it so, though we might possibly object to so strong an expression. But these are not the only things we have to consider. We cannot assume that the ornaments of life, however beautiful and priceless, are more needful to be understood than its solid framework. And the frame of modern society, the ground-plan of modern history and politics, is largely Roman, the work of men imbued with Greek ideas, but of Romans nevertheless. Latin is an instrument of most needful daily use for every one who means to get below the surface in law, philosophy, antiquities—in short, in any branch of knowledge which requires us to take account of even a moderately recent past. Pure science can be mastered, no doubt, without Latin; but not the history of scientific ideas, the possession of which may give great value to an amount of scientific knowledge which by itself would be worth little. Whoever does not know Latin is at the mercy of second-hand information with regard to a vast number of subjects, with more than one of which every educated man is likely to have somewhat to do in the course of his life, if not of his ordinary work. We do not think the same can be said of Greek. It is rash to make large assertions on a matter which must in each case be of personal experience; but we conceive it must be the common experience of men who have left the Universities with a fair reputation for scholarship and betaken themselves to other than strictly scholastic pursuits

that they have occasion to read or consult Latin books and documents, ancient or modern, half-a-dozen times for once that they refer to a Greek author. Latin is a tool constantly in hand, a possession of necessity for a man whose pursuits and tastes are in any degree scholarly. Greek is an inestimable delight, a treasure for whose loss no price could make amends; but, as concerning the uses of life, it must be admitted to be a luxury. For the practical needs of a scholar French and German stand before Greek, though hardly before Latin; for the needs of common affairs French and German are of course more important than either of the classical languages. We shall hardly begin to think Latin a luxury till we have already pronounced Greek a superfluity.

We deprecate, therefore, any serious attempt to sever the cause of Greek from the cause of Latin. We see no reason why either should go, and we stand for both together, one of our reasons being that neither of them can be adequately known without the other. Roman literature is formed upon Greek models; Roman laws, institutions, and society have caught the quickening fire of the Greek mind, and so have carried it on, often dimmed but never quenched, until it shone forth again with its own light. There is no mutual debt of the same kind from Greek to Latin; but Latin was the medium through which modern scholarship and teaching long worked upon Greek; and the Romanized Greek world of the Renaissance has in fact been, until our own time, the Greek world of all modern literature. And the custom of writing critical notes and essays in Latin, though decaying, is not by any means extinct. We do not mean for one moment to defend the practice of learning the elements of Greek from grammars written in Latin, which flourished in this country almost in our own time. There is no solid reason why Latin should come first; and the opinion expressed by Mr. Oscar Browning, that "in a well-ordered education the study of Greek should precede that of Latin," was held and acted upon by the late Bishop Blomfield, a scholar of no mean renown, in the education of his own family.

It is possible to point to men who have attained eminence in the most refined branches of art and literature with very little classical knowledge. Not only could Goldsmith's Professor in the *Vicar of Wakefield* earn four thousand florins a year without any Greek, but Keats could write poetry as Greek in spirit as Shelley's. But this is the old story of native genius doing great things with imperfect means, which confronts us in every walk of life. It is no warrant for persons who have not the genius which is a law to itself to neglect the means within their reach. If we have had great poets who knew no Greek, we have also philosophers who know no German, and successful men of business who know no language but their own, no history, no science, in short, nothing but the practice of their own trade. There is hardly any argument for treating Greek or Latin as a mere speciality which cannot be urged with equal force as to every sort of knowledge and accomplishment beyond the bare rudiments of reading, writing, and ciphering. It may be said that scientific training is even more important for modern liberal education than languages, and that room must be made for science at any cost. As to the importance of science we agree, but the natural sciences are not the whole of science, and we should aim, not at the separation of letters and science into distinct camps, but at their alliance and combination. The study of languages ought to be as scientific as any other, and our students should as early as possible be shown that scientific method is essentially the same in all branches of knowledge. If more time is required for the teaching of natural science, as we believe it is, it should be gained, not by starving the classics, but by economizing the hours now wasted by the use of obsolete and irrational methods. So far from opposing the scientific bent of modern thought, our directors of classical education should welcome it as a help to making the teaching of the classical languages more vigorous and thorough

What, then, can we practically do to put new life into the study of Greek and Latin, and to make it a real interest to average students, instead of a dry and irksome discipline? Much is to be done, we believe, by using classical art along with the classical languages as an instrument of education. On this subject we said a word or two on a former occasion; and we further suggested, though not with much hope of any one receiving it seriously, that it might be well to take up the modern pronunciation of Greek, not as being identical with that of the age of Pericles, but as being descended from it by an unbroken process. Englishmen would thus learn from the very first the continuity of Greek life and language, a fact which is not only of historical importance, but may become of immediate political importance for England within a generation or two. We now repeat our suggestion, and carry it a step further. Any scheme that may be devised by the Universities to promote the study of classical art and archæology must by the nature of the case include provisions for travelling scholarships or the like, whereby students will be encouraged to go to Rome and Athens and see the monuments of the ancient world with their own eyes. When we have once got our travelling students, why not encourage them to acquire such a knowledge of Greek in its own land as will enable them to teach it as a living language when they come back? We believe that on this plan a competent knowledge of both the ancient and the modern tongue might be imparted in the time that is now consumed in painfully and barely attaining the standard of the Little-go. Nor is the proposal altogether new. For years past the same principle has been maintained and, if we mistake not, acted upon with success by Professor Blackie of Edinburgh.

The introduction of such a system would naturally be a work of time, as it could be carried into effect only by a generation of teachers trained for it; thus there would be ample opportunities to settle points of detail by experiment. Only two objections present themselves, as far as we can see; that the thing is a novelty in itself, and that it would call for more trouble and special preparation on the part of the teachers. But these objections are common to all reforms in education. Improved methods demand greater skill to work them. Teaching is already recognized as an arduous and honourable profession; we must not be afraid of some increase in the difficulties, and we must be prepared to increase the honours in proportion.

DIDACTIC FLIRTS.

MANY readers of *Daniel Deronda* may remember—if thick-coming novels have not obliterated all recollection of the subject—their surprise at Daniel's popularity with women. Why should two charming girls bow down and worship this preaching prig? people probably said to themselves, and doubted whether the author of his being had not made a mistake. But there really was no mistake, and George Eliot only gave a proof of her knowledge of the mind of modern girls. Daniel was, to put it in two words, an educational flirt. Hence his success with the fair.

That a young gentleman who was nothing if not scientific, reflective, and didactic should win women's fancies with a word, or, even without a word, with a glance, would have seemed strange to Fielding, absurd to Scott, improbable to Thackeray. Yet so rapid a change has passed over a small minority of young women that the educational flirt, the worldly college Don, has his day, like those old favourites, the officers of the army and the clergy. Perhaps there is nothing to be regretted in this. We cannot all be cornets and curates, and the heroines of fiction must sometimes come down to inferior beings, and bestow their affections otherwise than on martialists and divines. They will find educational young men less easy to fix, more volatile and faithless than their old friends. As time goes on, however, they will begin to understand their educational young man, and to gauge beforehand his lack of "satisfactoriness," as it is called. They will learn by the experience of generations that his charms are not sterling, and that he is certain to flutter off, like a learned butterfly from the full-blown flower, to aid some fresh blossom to expand.

To assist blossoms to unfold themselves is the mission of the educational flirt. It is the buds that he cares for; the mature rose can take care of herself. The buds of an intellectual turn enjoy the process while it lasts, and it is fortunate for the educational flirt that the minds of many modern girls are intent on the "things of the intellect." As maidens once used to admire manly valour and revel in the fluent talk of "the military," so maidens now pine for everything that can be called "higher"—from the higher culture to the higher curves. Yet it is often, if not always, the fate of the aspiring to be born into an essentially commonplace family. They have brothers in offices or at public schools, and sisters who potter about the parish and set their hearts on the distribution of red flannel, tracts, coal, and soup. To the girl in a family of this kind who has unawakened faculties and a dormant taste for culture the educational flirt appears like a sober specimen of the fabled fairy prince. He is not "lighter footed than the fox," but he is an examiner in many examinations, a reader of the *Esoteric Review*, and he knows a man who once met Mr. Whistler at dinner. It is the joy of his life to pose as a master in the midst of fair disciples, and he is never so happy as when he is lecturing to ladies. What satirists have so often said in their original way about curates might be said with equal truth about the educational flirt. Like the curate of the past, he is "most interesting," and his very scepticism makes him an object of tender anxiety. He has "seen so much of the world" (from rooms in college); and here he has a pull over the old favourite, who is distanced for the moment, but may come again when culture grows a weariness and the educational flirt has sought another district. Meanwhile it will be allowed that this accomplished man, who knows all about the growth of the English Constitution and about Campanian wall-paintings, who is equally ready to look over essays on Anglo-Saxon literature or copies of Greek prose ("ladies' Greek, without the accents") is a fortunate person. He supplies a modern want; he is the guide and moralist of dozens of girls; the harmless Abelard of many "staid" Heloisas.

The educational flirt is a kind of Admirable Crichton in a small way, and can speak instructively and impressively about almost everything of interest. He likes to guide the taste and mould the mind, and the minds of many ladies are eager for nothing so much as to be guided and moulded. It is easy to see how an educational correspondence about Political Economy may glide into an interchange of views about the meaning of the world and about the mission of women and men. Instruction in English composition may be illustrated on both sides by examples of original verse. The sympathy which narrow-minded sisters and brothers whose thoughts are straitened by commerce cannot give is readily imparted by the educational flirt. He is a student of humanity and of character, and character unfolds very rapidly in the sunshine of æsthetic discussion. When it has quite unfolded, when Heloisa knows all about "sociology" and spectrum analysis, about the theory of rent and the influence of Greek art on Italian sculpture, about Biblical criticism and the origin of language, it is time for Abelard to go and plant the standard of culture in some other

quarter. Heloisa is now able to go about doing good on her own account. Poor Heloisa! she cannot possibly carry the war into Africa, she cannot march to and fro converting young men as her Abelard converts young women. It is a very remarkable fact that men, unlike girls, do not enjoy being proselytized in this way. If the male educational flirt meets the proper sort of young lady, he can lay down the law with much acceptance. The learned and talkative lady, on the other hand, never meets the right sort of convertible young man. If she introduces political economy, or metaphysics, or geology, or primitive man, to the youth who sits next her at dinner, or to her partner in the dance, she finds that he is not interested. If he is a stupid young man, of course his dulness needs no explanation. If he is known to be a clever young man, yet he is not responsive. If Heloisa could see into his heart, she would find that he is grumbling at having "shop" talked to him. His college friends, Smith or Brown, will entertain him with "the Notion," with "categories," with neolithic talk, with discourse about everything that is "high" or "higher," in walks round the place called Mesopotamia or on the Trumpington Road. It is to help him to forget that kind of thing for a while that he is conversing with Heloisa. Now this is a hard thing, and difficult to be borne. It is hard for both sides; hard for the man, who is bored; and for the woman, who thinks herself snubbed. Nay, there are some young men so lost to a sense of the respect they owe to women that they will draw their learned companion out, as they say. The worst of an education conducted on the principles we have described, the worst of the "culture" imparted by the educational flirt, is its wordiness, its shallowness. The pupils have misunderstood almost all the "tips" (as they are technically called) of their teacher. They know many things, like Margites, but they know them all wrong. To young men with more humour than courtesy it seems not unamusing to listen to a flow of pretty blunders from the lips of ladies who are happy in the belief that they are displaying an intimate acquaintance with the philosophy of Kant or the theory of Noiré. But the joke is one which soon palls, and it is difficult indeed for the modern Diotima to find a Socrates, a humble-minded man who will sit at her feet and be her pupil. Thus education by flirtation is a very one-sided game. To play at it one should be able to move about freely, and choose new partners every three months.

Cynics have asked whether the ardent desire of woman to be educated has produced that new variety of man, the educational flirt, or whether the existence of educational flirts has produced the novel wish to be educated. It is impossible to give a direct answer to this question. Flirtation and education, the study of mathematics and political economy by ladies, the study of ladies and of their "character" by men, have advanced together. They act and react on each other; their influences cannot be disentangled. If we are very earnest believers in the higher education of women, we may look on the educational flirt as an unconscious instrument in the spread of learning. He flits about like the bee to amuse himself and gather honey; but he scatters a good deal of learned dust as he flits. He is not always a very candid person; he may not always know his own intentions very clearly; but, on the whole, his influence is not all bad. This is not a very high compliment, to be sure, for the influence of war, pestilence, and famine seems to many philosophers to be beneficial in the long run. When education has become a recognized and organized thing, when all women who care for it are instructed like men, as a matter of course, the occupation of the didactic flirt will be gone. He will no longer have the charm of rarity and mystery. He will turn out to be no wiser than his brethren. He will cease to seem to possess strange secrets and hidden lore. No one will believe in him; he will be found out and will be reduced to the rank of other unprivileged men. While he is as dear to the fair as "the officers" were to Miss Austen's Liddy and Kitty, his fellow-men speak harshly of him, and "cannot see what women see in him." Soon he will have to discover some new way of being interesting, for the class of "dons of the world" has no permanent qualities. Meantime its members, if we may judge by ladies' novels, have temporarily succeeded to the old heroic hero, the brutally rude hero, the tenderly religious hero, and the ordinary pleasant young man. One drawback in their characters is certain to prove fatal to them with the novelist. They are too apt to shake their light wings and flit on, leaving a novel and a flirtation to end not well.

A SCEPTIC'S APOLOGY FOR PERSECUTION.

In the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. Mallock concludes a series of papers which he has been contributing to that magazine with an article on the "Logic of Toleration," and in doing so he takes occasion to remind his readers of what indeed was already well known but had apparently been forgotten by some of them, that his "criticisms of Catholicism are not the criticisms of a Catholic but of a complete outsider—a literal *sceptic*"—who however desires to estimate fairly the character and prospects of "the one existing religion which seems still capable of either appealing to or appeasing the religious condition of our time." This does not of course make his criticisms less, but in one sense more, deserving of notice. With the earlier part of the paper, which discusses Dr. Tyndall's "Agnosticism," and contains, like the author's former articles, much that is well deserving of attention, we shall not deal here. The argument of the latter part against "the practical agnosticism which we call toleration" will sufficiently occupy our present space. Mr. Mallock insists that, whatever individual Catholics may say or think to the contrary, "Catholicism is justly charged with a fundamental intolerance." And he is careful to explain that by intolerance he means not only a conviction of the exclusive truth and importance of the one faith, which is of course necessarily held by all dogmatic believers, but "potential persecution"—that is, persecution whenever circumstances render it feasible and expedient; and by persecution he means "the use of coercive measures to restrain a man, if not from holding, at all events from communicating his (heterodox) opinions to others." This is implied, he thinks, in the acceptance of any dogmatic creed, is in fact "but one facet of all certain beliefs that have any practical import." And the practical importance of the creed is twofold. The assent to it is salutary in itself, and is also valuable in its results on conduct. As regards this last point we may observe in passing that Mr. Mallock does no more than justice to the dogmatic position; but it does not follow that he is justified in deducing from it the principle of persecution. Before coming to his argument it may be well to repeat a caution of his own, which may help to disentangle the discussion from the embarrassments of religious prejudice or bias, namely that what he says of Catholicism would apply equally to any religion—Christian or non-Christian—claiming a special truth and saving value for its doctrines. We shall speak throughout, as he does, for convenience sake, of Catholicism and heresy, but our readers must bear in mind that for all purposes of the argument the terms stand for any positive and exclusive religion, true or false, and the denial of it; and in fact both Protestants and Pagans have often persecuted, when they had the opportunity, on much the same grounds as are alleged in defence of Catholic persecution.

Mr. Mallock, while modestly confessing that his arguments are not new, is far too skilful a disputant not to present them in the most plausible form. He opens his apology in the following vigorous passage, where we have italicized a few words for reasons that will appear in the sequel:—

> This being the case, let us suppose for a moment that *an entire nation is unanimous in its assent to a single creed*, and that on this creed the whole value of their lives depends for them. Considering it to be certainly true, they consider it necessarily to be the one legitimate conclusion of their moral and intellectual faculties; and any denial of it can therefore arise only from either moral obliquity or from intellectual imbecility. Suppose then that in such a nation, a man arises who does deny this creed, and who cannot be convinced that he is wrong in doing so. If he be not an immoral man, nor an advocate of immorality, the nation will regard him but in one light—that of a man suffering from a kind of mental ophthalmia: *as such*, he will be nothing but an object of pity, and if his case be evidently incurable, he will simply be left alone. But, if it should appear that his disease not only afflicted him, but was in a high degree contagious, it is evident that the only possible course will be to prevent any further intercourse between him and his fellows. He must be placed in a kind of perpetual quarantine.

A nation, he adds, thoroughly persuaded of the truth and importance of its creed—"be it Mahometanism, Catholicism, or dogmatic Atheism"—will punish heresy as surely as it will punish theft; which, by the way, is not quite the same question as whether it ought to do so. The case may be viewed as strictly analogous to the enforcement of sanitary restrictions or criminal punishments, and it does not much matter which view we adopt, as the result in either case will be the same. The "leper," whether voluntary or involuntary, must be secluded to prevent his spreading his leprosy. Persecution may be regarded as corrective, retributive, or preventive, but it is sufficient for all practical purposes to confine ourselves to the latter view of it. Persecution which fails to be prevention defeats its proper end. It is only justifiable when it is sure to succeed, but whenever it is justifiable, it is a duty. If there are but three or four heretics in an orthodox nation, success is certain; as their number increases it ceases to be certain, and soon becomes hopeless, and then persecution is wrong because it is sure to fail. Mr. Mallock will not listen to the plea of Mr. Mivart "among modern English Catholics," that if there be only one heretic in an orthodox nation, his conscience has a claim to be respected. He rejects it on the not very intelligible ground that, "when it is a duty for the majority to persecute, it is a privilege for the minority to be persecuted; and if they are not enough in earnest to accept the pain as a privilege, they very certainly deserve it as a punishment." A punishment for what? for their pusillanimity or their heresy? If the former, it seems rather hard to punish men for not being heroes; if the latter, that is begging the very point in dispute. Mr. Mallock, however, adds certain considerations to mitigate the apparent harshness and illiberality of his conclusion. The persecutors must represent the entire moral and intellectual force of the nation, and they ought to deal as tenderly as they can with the suppressed dissentients:—

> It is forgotten that to persecute with success, and therefore with justice, the religion that persecutes must embody the entire force, moral and intellectual, of the nation. Its ascendency must represent the fact that a national decision has been come to; and that the national thought, whose freedom was for a long time anarchy, has at last arrived at more perfect freedom, which is order. It is forgotten, further, that persecution is not essentially a cruel or barbarous thing. It has been peculiar hitherto to barbarous ages; and it was conducted, naturally, in a barbarous manner. But this is only an accident of it; it is not the essence. How distorted the conception of it is in the popular mind, may be seen in the fact that a common synonym for it is *the stake*.

In former ages of persecution torture and barbarous methods of punishment were the general practice in the administration of civil as well as ecclesiastical law, and the salutary change

which has come over the one would of course apply equally to the other. Moreover "the moral sense of the Church," enlarged by a wider experience, has learnt to regard heresy and atheism as usually rather misfortunes than crimes. It must also be remembered that the laws of every Christian country, and our own among them, are based on certain views of morality, and so far as those views are enforced, the law "acts strictly as a religious persecutor." There is *e.g.* a certain censorship of the press and the theatre, and certain kinds of vice are treated as crimes of the gravest kind. Nor would the most tolerant of men be willing to allow a temple of Priapus to be opened in Piccadilly or a course of public lectures delivered in his honour. And Protestant parents who keep Jesuits out of their homes and licentious books out of the hands of their children are so far claiming a right to religious persecution on the child's behalf.

Mr. Mallock has a plausible case, and he has argued it with exceptional plausibility. He will find many of his fellow "sceptics" more than ready to agree with him, and plenty of "Catholics" eager to accept the questionable apology he has put into their mouths. The chief weakness of his plea lies in his so completely passing over some of the most important considerations, moral and historical, bearing on the question, as to appear absolutely unaware of their existence. But first we may say a word on his concluding *argumentum ad hominem* from the English law. So far as any forms of *vice*—we purposely italicize the word—are criminally punished as such, it is difficult certainly to explain the procedure except as a survival from the period when the law professed to deal with heresy and other sins condemned by the Church, as sins. But there are very few cases of the kind—only one occurs to our memory at this moment—and those specified by Mr. Mallock fall under a different principle. The outward exhibition of gross obscenity or blasphemy is punished, not as being sinful, though no doubt most Englishmen so regard it, but as an outrage on the public taste and conscience—in other words, a public nuisance; and the case is not analogous to the suppression of heterodox teaching, for no sane man affects to feel a conscientious obligation to preach "the practical worship of Priapus," however ready he may be to do so from mercenary or baser motives. The case of children again is so obviously peculiar and irrelevant that we rather wonder at so acute a reasoner introducing it. No parent, out of Bedlam, however strong a Liberal or sceptic, would think it right or practicable to conduct their education on the principle of letting them do just as they pleased. But these are the mere fringes of the argument. Does it properly follow from a conviction of the exclusive truth and importance of Catholicism—as we have already explained the term—that it is justifiable and therefore obligatory to suppress all open attacks upon it, whenever there is a good prospect of such policy proving successful. That is the point at issue; and our first comment is one which concerns the case of Christian persecutors only, which however falls directly within Mr. Mallock's plea: the rest will apply equally to the general principle. Mr. Mallock says that a nation unanimous and really convinced of the truth and importance of its creed—"be it Mahometanism, Catholicism, or dogmatic Atheism"—will "persecute heresy as surely as it will prosecute for theft." But the question, we must repeat, is not whether it will persecute, but whether it ought to do so, and that is perhaps rather a difficult question to answer, or even to discuss, on the Atheist hypothesis. As to a Mahometan nation, there can be no doubt that it ought to persecute, for that is expressly enjoined in the Koran. But Catholicism cannot afford to ignore the teaching of the New Testament, and it is almost a truism to say that, so far from being sanctioned or enjoined, persecution appears to an ordinary reader to be (to say the least) discouraged by both the letter and spirit of the New Testament. Mr. Mallock says not a syllable on this subject. Of course he may have an answer ready, but he does not give it, and he has thus left wholly unnoticed one strong *primâ facie* objection to his conclusion. Nor can he plead that the infallible Church has decided against such an interpretation of the New Testament; for in the first place there is no consent among Catholics, as his own paper shows, that it has so decided, and in the next place, his argument is meant to apply just as much to the obligation of dogmatic Protestants to persecute as of dogmatic Catholics, and they would at once raise this objection. And now it is time to pass to the general argument.

We have seen that Mr. Mallock limits the cases where persecution is expedient, and therefore right, to those where an entire nation is morally unanimous in its assent to a single creed. Wherever this is so, it is bound to persecute, and the only objection that can be consistently urged is "that on religious matters there is no certainty attainable." This assumes, to begin with, that when the whole nation is thus unanimous persecution must necessarily succeed; "success," Mr. Mallock says, "will be certain." Will it? The nearest approach we know of to a persecution based on this sort of national unanimity may be found in the forcible suppression of Protestantism in Italy and Spain during the sixteenth century. We do not instance the complete and suicidal failure of the Marian persecution in England, though the overwhelming majority of the nation was unquestionably Catholic in its beliefs at the time of Mary's accession; because it may be replied that if her career had not been cut short by an early death, her policy would have succeeded. But what of Italy and Spain? There persecution succeeded, if it ever did; Protestantism was stamped out in the blood or the expulsion of all its votaries; yet the success was rather temporary and apparent than real. The result has proved very like that of driving a fever or a rash into the system instead of allowing it to come out on the surface. Protestantism was stamped out for the time in Spain and Italy, but it will hardly be denied—the spiritual descendants of the persecutors are indeed vehement in asserting—that both countries are now honeycombed with atheism. The Spanish Inquisition again, to do it justice, made vigorous efforts to suppress immoral as well as heterodox literature, and what is the present moral condition of Spain? What was it in Blanco White's day, when the Inquisition still survived? Taking it as a mere question of expediency and probable success, to suppress heresy in one nation, while it is rife elsewhere, is like driving doubt out of the door to let it come in again through the windows. And if this holds good of the sixteenth century, it applies with tenfold force to an age of steamboats, railroads, and telegraph wires. In one place indeed at the end of his article Mr. Mallock speaks as though he recognized this difficulty, when he says that the only religion that can legitimately persecute in the future "will be the deliberate and solemn conviction of every one worth considering *in the world*;" but he had throughout the paper spoken of national unanimity only. And if we are to wait till the whole world is agreed in its dogmatic belief, we may perhaps safely postpone the question how to deal with the foolish and fractional remnant of heretics still left, till it requires a practical solution. They must be very sturdy heretics indeed if, under the circumstances, they are worth troubling ourselves about at all.

There are other *lacunæ* in Mr. Mallock's reasoning which might be noticed if our space allowed, but we must content ourselves here with calling attention to one important consideration which he has entirely omitted; and even that must be treated more cursorily than its importance deserves. The omission is the stranger because Mill has dwelt at some length on the point in his essay *On Liberty*, when he argues that one of the worst consequences of the suppression of free discussion, assuming the truth of the protected creed, is the injury done, not to the heretics, but to the faith of the true believers themselves. "Not only the grounds of the [true] opinion are forgotten in the absence of discussion, *but too often the meaning of the opinion itself*. The words which convey it cease to suggest ideas, or suggest only a small portion of those they were originally employed to communicate." Mill proceeds to illustrate this from the moral teachings of Christianity, but it could be quite as easily illustrated from the history of Christian doctrine. Heretical opinions, as he observes—and as all Church history testifies—are often partial truths, or at least partial and neglected aspects of the truth, and to suppress the open avowal of them would tend fatally to obscure the apprehension of that truth. It is no answer to say that Catholicism is the sole and exclusive truth, and the Church its infallible exponent. We are assuming this throughout for argument's sake; but how has the Church all along carried out her infallible exposition of doctrine? By the method of "progression by antagonism." The merest tiro in theological or ecclesiastical lore could have told Mr. Mallock that the history of creeds and definitions from the Nicene creed downwards is the history of heresies. As Dr. Newman puts it, "No doctrine is defined till it is violated;" and therefore if the violation had been rendered impossible there would have been no definition of doctrine at all. No doubt, as Mill goes on to admit, it would be better in itself that all mankind should be united in a true belief; but, even so, it does not follow that every consequence of this unanimous agreement would be beneficial, and he holds reasonably enough that, with our minds constituted as they are, the loss of so important an aid to the intelligent and living apprehension of truth as is supplied by the necessity of restating and defending it from time to time against opponents, "though not sufficient to outweigh, is no trifling drawback from, the benefit of its universal recognition." Meanwhile, we repeat, the actual progress of Catholicism in the world would have been cut short almost at its commencement if the policy of persecution or suppression advocated by Mr. Mallock could have been consistently applied. To cite again an authority that he will respect, "Every exercise of Infallibility," says Dr. Newman, "is brought out into act by an intense and varied operation of the Reason, both as its ally, and *as its opponent*, and provokes again, when it has done its work, a reaction of Reason against it." What is this but to state in other words, and from a different point of view, the same principle which Mill has so powerfully urged against forcible suppression of error in the interests of truth? Indeed the closing words of Mr. Mallock's own paper contain—though he does not perceive it—an implicit condemnation of his thesis. The Church, he tells us, "knows that it must needs be that offences come; but she knows, too, that these offences may work together for good; *nor does she refuse to profit by many that do not follow after her*"—by whom she could not profit if they were silenced or put out of the way. "Whatever is good outside herself"—which successful persecution would put out of existence altogether—"she is capable of taking into herself and assimilating." And therefore, waiving all considerations of justice or mercy towards the heretic, and on the strictest dogmatic principle, persecution stands self-condemned as a treason and injury to the truth it professes to protect.

MR. WHISTLER ON CRITICISM.

A SHORT time ago it was our by no means pleasant task to make some comments on the case of Whistler v. Ruskin, a case the bringing of which into court was for very many reasons to be deplored. Opinions as to its result were naturally more or less divided, and our own has already been recorded; but probably every one who had the least love or care for art was distressed, if not astonished, by the strange want of knowledge, even of the most elementary kind, of the subject displayed by the people chiefly engaged in deciding what ought not to have been, but was allowed to become, the point at issue. As we hinted on the occasion of the trial, neither Judge, counsel, nor jury ought to have been concerned with the artistic value of Mr. Whistler's, or anybody else's, paintings. With that, however, they did concern themselves, and gave their decision upon it according to their lights, or, as some people might say, their darknesses. The trial was brought to a conclusion which cannot have been eminently satisfactory to any one interested in it, and it might have been hoped that the last had been heard of it. Its after effects, however, were soon shown in Mr. Ruskin's resignation of his Oxford Professorship, a proceeding which seems to savour somewhat of cutting off one's nose to spite one's face, and in a subscription got up by his most devoted admirers to defray his costs in the action—a proceeding which was perhaps somewhat unnecessary. These circumstances may possibly have had something to do with urging Mr. Whistler to an ill-advised attempt at correcting in public estimation the impression which might have been produced by the verdict of the jury. Twelve men who, as far as one could judge, knew nothing whatever of art had said by implication that Mr. Whistler's productions deserved all the abuse that Mr. Ruskin had poured upon them, although Mr. Ruskin might with advantage have expressed himself in more moderate terms; and enough men to form a subscription list had thought that Mr. Ruskin was an injured person, because some kind of limitation was applied to the violence of his invective. Mr. Whistler, unmindful of the old proverb μὴ κινεῖ Καμαρίναν, was so disturbed by this condition of things that he laid aside his brush, and took up his pen to produce a pamphlet which he calls *Art and Art Critics*.

We objected when we treated of this subject before to the tone which Mr. Ruskin thought himself privileged to assume with regard to Mr. Whistler. We find ourselves compelled to object as strongly to that which Mr. Whistler has thought fit to take in his pamphlet. It is true that in Mr. Ruskin's case the deviation from ordinary paths was a matter of some moment, because Mr. Ruskin, whatever may be thought of his views, is undoubtedly a considerable writer; whereas Mr. Whistler's performance can scarcely be called a deviation at all, as Mr. Whistler is no writer at all. But Mr. Whistler has, in his own way, done his best to rival Mr. Ruskin.

Mr. Whistler, filled no doubt with a due sense of the importance of his subject, plunges at once into the very middle of it with this startling sentence:—"The *fin mot* and spirit of this matter seems to have been utterly missed, or perhaps willingly winked at, by the journals in their comments." Pausing merely for a moment to inquire how a *fin mot* can possibly be winked at by the comment of a journal, we may at once congratulate Mr. Whistler upon the extraordinary linguistic skill which his work displays. In the limit of sixteen pages of wide print, with about twenty-two lines to a page, he has managed to give us no less than forty-three words of the French and one of the Latin tongue. What the author means by his complaint that the journals in their comments winked at the *fin mot* of his action against Mr. Ruskin is explained by the following sentence. The writers, it seems, "not unnaturally," Mr. Whistler generously and vaguely admits, "as writers," saw nothing beyond the immediate case—" namely, the difference between Mr. Ruskin and myself, culminating in the libel with a verdict for the plaintiff." We do not quite see how a difference can culminate in a libel with a verdict; but that perhaps does not matter very much. Precisely what was complained of at the time of trial was the fact that everybody engaged in the case did see "beyond the immediate case in law," and imported into it a quantity of extraneous matter. With this quantity, however, Mr. Whistler was dissatisfied. He regards the trial, which, as he says with exact truth, ended "with a verdict for the plaintiff," as merely the opening skirmish of a great war between "the Brush and the Pen," which "involves literally, as the Attorney-General himself hinted, the absolute *raison d'être* of the critic." Mr. Whistler goes on to say that the Attorney-General over and over again in the course of the trial cried out, "What is to become of painting if the critics withhold their lash?" and on this not very wise utterance he makes the equally unwise comment, "As well might he ask what is to become of mathematics under similar conditions—were they possible. I maintain that two and two the mathematician would continue to make four, in spite of the whine of the amateur for three, or the cry of the critic for five." We can believe, without Mr. Whistler's maintenance of the fact, that "the mathematician" and everybody else will always find two and two make four under present conditions; but we do not believe, however much Mr. Whistler may maintain it, the proposition inferred by his simile, that painting is to be ranked as an exact science. If it were, Mr. Whistler's own paintings would perhaps have less chance of success than they have now. The writer goes on to observe that one result of Mr. Ruskin's having devoted his long life to art was his being Slade Professor at Oxford, and by this reflection he is inspired to make some remarks which are curious enough to be worth quoting in full, and to which we would call special attention:—"It suffices not, Messieurs; a life passed among pictures makes not a painter"—as far as we know, no one ever said that it did—"else the policeman in the National Gallery might assert himself. As well allege that he who lives in a library must needs die a poet. Let not Mr. Ruskin flatter himself that more education makes the difference between himself and the policeman when both stand gazing in the same gallery! There they might remain till the end of time; the one decently, the other saying, in good English, many high-sounding empty things, like the crackling of thorns under a pot—undismayed by the presence of the Masters, with whose names he is sacrilegiously familiar; whose intentions he interprets, whose vices he discovers with the facility of the incapable, and whose virtues he descants upon with a verbosity and flow of language that would, could he hear it, give Titian the same shock of surprise that was Balaam's when the first great critic proffered his opinion."

The taste of this wonderful passage speaks for itself, and fully bears out our assertion that Mr. Whistler has done his best to rival his opponent in the use of hard words. Little less strange is its meaning when unravelled. Stripped of its sprouts and flourishes, what the writer has said amounts to this. Mr. Ruskin is not to suppose, because he has devoted his life to the study of pictures, and a policeman in the National Gallery has, for the purpose of the argument, not done so, that he is capable of appreciating the pictures in the Gallery one whit better than the policeman. If the truth both of this and of Mr. Whistler's previous argument is admitted, it must be manifest that Professor Sylvester is not to suppose, because he has devoted his life to the study of mathematics, that he knows any more about space of four dimensions than does the porter of his lecture-room. Probably Mr. Whistler would not wish to push his comparison of painting to mathematics so far as this. In the second part of the passage which we have quoted we learn that it is sacrilegious for Mr. Ruskin to be familiar with the names of the great masters; that, although he writes good English, his verbosity would shock Titian; and that, by inference, Mr. Ruskin may be written down an ass. In some twenty lines Mr. Whistler has managed to compress as much nonsense as most people would get into a whole pamphlet.

The critic, we are further informed, is a creature of modern growth. He is best developed in Paris. The English critic has a "horror of *ennuyer*'ing the world"; he has not "the *savoir plaire* and *finesse*" of the Frenchman, and he is lacking in various other qualities, which are indicated in a perfect shower of French words picked up and thrown down again at haphazard. With the same exquisite taste that belongs to the extract we have given, the writer goes on to refer to a well-known critic by the name of "Tough Old Tom," and then, after several more lines of verbiage, tells us at length what the object—the *fin mot*, we suppose he would call it—of his pamphlet is; and it must be admitted that it has at least the unexpected merit of being simple and easily understood. Mr. Whistler would abolish all art criticism. No notice whatever should be taken of painters by writers. "No!" cries the author in a burst of eloquence, "let there be no critics! they are not a necessary evil, but an evil quite unnecessary, though an evil certainly. Harm they do, and not good. Furnished as they are with the means of furthering their foolishness, they spread prejudice abroad; and through the papers at their service thousands are warned against the work they have yet to look upon." Mr. Whistler conveniently forgets that there is another side to the question; that but for this "furthering of foolishness," which so exercises him, his own works might have failed to get the attention they have; and that but for the existence of such people as those whom he chooses to call "Ruskin" and "Colvin," numbers of persons who have learnt to enjoy works of art might still see no difference between a village signboard and a Titian. But that, of course, would be a matter of small importance so long as Mr. Whistler's works ran no risk of being condemned by a person whom he thought incompetent to judge them. To painters, it appears, and to painters only upon the "who drives fat oxen" principle, he would allow some voice in deciding upon the merit of other painters' works; but as what they said would never be published, it would do but little harm or good. The public would, if the world were ordered according to Mr. Whistler's fancy, wander through picture galleries without any aid from the friendly sign-posts which critics have been accustomed to set up; and each member of it would form his own opinion, unaided and untrammelled by any advice or information save that which a painter might be disposed to give concerning his own or his rivals' performances. No one except painters would any longer affect to possess taste, and the Slade Professorships at Oxford and Cambridge would be taken away from people whose only claim to them rests upon their deep and laborious study of art; and would be given, it is to be presumed, to Mr. Whistler or some equally deserving painter.

We have now, we think, given the cream of Mr. Whistler's work, and our readers can judge of its value for themselves. For our own part, we would not be rash enough to say of any pamphlet that it was the silliest ever produced, but Mr. Whistler's certainly is not the wisest we have seen. As to his scheme of reform, we would suggest that, as all great undertakings must have small

beginnings, Mr. Whistler might in the first instance make an experiment on himself. Let him open a gallery for the exhibition of his own paintings, send special requests to all art-critics to "receive his work in silence," and remain in constant readiness himself to instruct the crowds who will doubtless throng to visit him.

LOTTERIES.

IN a few days the great Paris lottery will probably be drawn. There will be for some people an end of a period of much anxiety, and the unfortunate Commissioners will feel that they are their own men again. They have lived a weary life for these many days, and have had no reward, not even that of an approving conscience. The position of a gentleman who should be sentenced for some unusual crime to three months' confinement in the Civil Service Stores would be comparatively endurable. The Commissioners have had to ponder over the laws of chance, and over the distribution of jars of pickles; they have assorted into lots, tallow, sardines, pianos, vases, stoves, bicycles, steel pens, diamonds, patent manures, fly-hooks, billiard cues, paving-stones, mangles, and so forth. Their experience has been a prolonged nightmare of Industrialism, and they must almost wish to revert to the state of nature. All the merchants, manufacturers, journalists, artisans, gossips, charlatans, and gamblers of the round world have offered them raw material, swimming lessons by way of prizes, machinery, advice, sermons, expostulation, ridicule, and pity. They have been the centre of the thoughts of every speculative rascal in Christendom. Dozens of plans for circumventing them have been considered, of which the simplest is to forge copies of all the tickets of all the series, and send in those which correspond to the winning numbers. The expense of this operation would be almost infinitesimal compared with the pleasure and profit of success. If many persons have tried it, the labours of the Commissioners may last for years. Each ticket will have to be compared with its torn half in the possession of the Commissioners. The plan of "getting at" the wheel and its manipulators is less enticing; and even the big prize of diamonds would scarcely make the game worth the risking.

While the gentlemen who work the lottery for their country's good are thus driven and distracted, they do not escape the attacks of British and foreign moralists. These persons have spied the obvious prey, and have darted on the poor lottery with much alacrity. "What! a Republic, and encouraging gambling!" they have screamed; and have quoted the opinions of Montesquieu, M. Thiers, and other ascetics. It is certain that many knaves are likely to try to turn a dishonest penny by aid of the lottery; but then, the more genial critic may say, if the knaves were not "operating" in lottery tickets, they would be busy on 'Change or practising *chantage* in the "society" journals, English and French, to which they have access, or in some other manner waging war on their fellow-creatures. The lottery is only a big tombola, with which France, like her own strolling players and singers, winds up her show. The great performance is over, there are a number of objects left on hand which no sensible person would care to purchase, or greatly delight to receive as a gift; but he will risk his franc for the fun of the thing, and smile alike over a blank or a prize of the order of the White Elephant. That is scarcely too indulgent a view of the matter, if we leave out of sight the impulse which the lottery may possibly give to gambling in general. Now the French are by nature a somewhat gamblesome people. The State has suppressed all the public houses of roulette, save that at Monte Carlo, which it cannot touch. The genius of the nation consoles itself with the fascinating *baccarat*, in private houses and in clubs. The superstition of the gambler is unchecked, and bits of the rope with which a suicide has ended his days, are eagerly competed for. *Baccarat* probably causes as many misfortunes in France as racing does in England, and *baccarat* does not improve the breed of horses. But no one surely would therefore wish to fine or imprison the grinning Spanish pedlars who set up their little wheels of fortune in the street, and offer the spirited public a chance of winning twenty bad cigars for a sou. If you stake on the anchor, and the mystic needle pauses over the anchor, you may win quite a pocketful of weeds. The French lottery, with the low-priced tickets and the vast proportion of absurd and useless, not to say inconvenient, prizes, might be as harmless as the wheel of fortune at the street corner. How can people back their luck more cheaply? There is a redeeming humour in the proportion of prizes that are worse than blanks. Society is set to play at a huge round game, where surely no one misses the trifling stake. A duchess may draw the mangle, a washerwoman the diamonds, an archbishop the twenty-four lessons in the art of swimming. Provided people would not argue, "If the Republic has a lottery, I may set up a bank at roulette in the back-shop," there would be little harm done.

The moralists who denounce lotteries—and lotteries of the evil old financial sort they denounce with justice—are always eager to prove that the purchasers of tickets make a bad bargain. A very ingenious writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* shows that instead of fifteen times his stake (let us say), the lucky speculator should receive eighteen times his stake. If there were a competition among lotteries of the Geneva sort, no doubt people would flock to the managers who gave the longest odds. There is, happily, no competition, and people pay a larger price for their excitement. It is for excitement they pay, far more than for the bare chance of winning. A sane man may hold that three months' day-dreams about winning a large set of diamonds are worth tenpence. Really the thing seems inordinately cheap. Of course when it comes to a whole populace spending all its time and most of its money in dreams, that is the hour for morality to step in. "This mental opium-eating of the Romans," the British moralist might have said to His Holiness the Pope, when Rome was mad about lotteries, "is a very disastrous state of mind." The wily ecclesiastic might have referred, in reply, to a flourishing branch of our own trade with China; but that would be a mere *argumentum ad hominem*. Certainly a life like that led by the small speculators who used to look on every phenomenon of existence as a guide to lucky numbers was too empty, useless, and fantastic. Eternal hope gilded their idleness, but we do not propose to defend State lotteries. We are merely anxious to show what people pay their money for—namely, for the power of indulging in dreams not absolutely outside the possibility of becoming realities. To people in this humour a greater or less percentage of certain loss is unimportant. According to the writer in the *Cornhill*, the Russian Government once invented a scheme that went too far even for the credulity of a semi-barbarous people. No one would play at the Czar's little game. That, at least, is the way in which we prefer to view the failure of the Russian lottery, though the writer has a scientific explanation. Instead of drawing numbers from a wheel, the great White Czar proposed to his people the pastime of pitch-and-toss. "The tossing of a coin was to decide the prize to be paid, and there were to be no blanks." If "head" came up on the first toss, the Czar handed over 2*l.*; if it did not come till second toss, 4*l.*; if tails came up three times running, 8*l.*, and so on. The diversion never passed beyond the region of dreams. No historical painter can ever design, in the frescoes of a Muscovite St. Sophia, a divine figure from the North in a halo and jack-boots, tossing up with a mougik. The mathematicians who had to calculate the price to be paid for tickets decided that the price would be—infinite. "The just value of a chance is greater than any sum which can be named." The truth of this statement may be demonstrated by mathematics, but it seems an uncommonly unlikely story, not to say absurd. The autocrat probably found, as a matter of fact, that the untutored mougik, though not a very suspicious character, knew rather better than to toss. The mougik had been at the Nijni Novgorod fair, no doubt, and had examined the practical problem of the thimbles and the pea. He had broken his wits on the three-card trick, and had learned that some kopecks have heads on both sides, while others are no less bountifully provided with tails. Thus we may assume that even the ruder denizens of Russia, as the Tshuvash, the Tsheremis, the Patzinak, the Yatshving, the Mordvian, and the rest, were too expert in the world and its ways to toss with the Czar. An autocrat who offers you a handful of roubles whether you win or lose is an autocrat who puts himself in a suspicious position. He would do better to imitate the stratagem of William Rufus, who once called the forces of the kingdom together, as if for war, and then took their pocket-money and let them go. With a militia of seven hundred thousand men that plan might not be a bad one for a Muscovite financier to try—just once. As things stood the great lottery swindle failed, for obvious reasons, and then the Government gave out that their offer was too good, that mathematicians declared the value of their tickets to be "infinite." Even the writer in the *Cornhill*, who presents his readers with some hopelessly elaborate and plausible calculations, admits that "the result of the mathematical inquiry seems, on the face of it, absurd."

The real attraction of lotteries, next to their power of producing the dreamy, delicious state of mind we have described (a state of mind in which the idea of labour seems ridiculous), is their connexion with the mysteries of chance. We are almost all mathematicians, as far as these laws go, though the truly popular mode of approaching the problems is doubtless simpler than the methods of De Morgan or D'Alembert. These men of genius would patiently calculate the chances against a quintuple event, a *quine determiné* coming off. The odds, then, that you do not name five numbers out of ninety, in the order in which they will be drawn, are 5274772160. The popular speculator's method is simple; he counts the number, say, in five successive droves of pigs that he meets on the road, and they make 8, 21, 19, 31, 15. At once he goes off and stakes a couple of sous on this arrangement. He bets that out of ninety possible numbers the five drawn, and the order of their drawing will be as the numbers of the five droves of pigs. He does not win, he never has won, but a player who staked two sous did once select all the five numbers, though not in due order. He only won about 5,000*l.* for his two coppers. The pleasure of staking in lotteries, then, and of roulette, combines something like the sensuous joy of opium-smoking with something like a short cut to the pastime of the higher mathematics. On the whole, it is as well that the natives of this country seldom have a good chance of revelling in these luxuries. The friends of the City of Glasgow shareholders are ill-advised when they propose to raise money for them by a lottery. Charity goes ill with these speculations, and the quality of pity is transmuted into the baser metal of greed or the indolence of day-dreaming.

BIBLIOMANIA IN 1878.

EXCEPT perhaps doctors and dentists, no class seems to be so little affected by general commercial depression as the persons who minister to what are commonly called "tastes." Let the money market be ever so tight, trade ever so bad, the Stock Exchange barometer ever so low, there is never any "dulness" at a bric-a-brac sale. Old china, especially if it is cracked, is always "firm," and "liveliness" seems to be the unfailing characteristic of autographs, fans, Cremona fiddles, Louis Quatorze snuff-boxes, and the like, however sluggish pig-iron and madapolams may be. The explanation is of course a very simple one. A taste is a visitation, as Pope describes it, or, as our modern rationalistic phraseology puts it, a mania, and, being in the nature of a disease, is despotic. If your liver is congested, whatever reasons you may have for economizing, you must fee the doctor; if your tooth gives you no rest you must have it out or stopped, no matter how unsatisfactory the state of your banker's book may be; and it is apparently the same with a taste. If old Worcester or Wedgwood, or anything else that excites it comes into the market, the sufferer has no choice. The irritation must be allayed at any cost. We have no right, therefore, to be astonished at that disproportion between the prices paid and the intrinsic value of the articles sold which is often such a striking feature at a collector's sale. With half-a-dozen competitors, all labouring under the same ailment, there is really nothing short of insolvency to limit the sum which any object may fetch. There are few finer fields for gambling than the traffic in objects of taste. A thing may bring many hundreds per cent. on its original cost, or be worth nothing, just as it chances to attract the current taste or not. And this suggests a question which is well worth considering—namely, whether tastes may be artificially propagated; for, if so, a very profitable industry is open to practitioners possessed of the requisite enterprise and patience. What is there to prevent two or three smart speculators from buying up all the available specimens of some particular article—old toothpicks, let us say, for example; and then adroitly creating a toothpick taste? They would thus form a kind of toothpick "ring," and infallibly turn into their own pockets the property of the unfortunate victims of the toothpick taste, who would be completely at their mercy. We trust that any respectable psychologist, discovering the process by which this might be effected, would be humane enough to keep the secret to himself.

A pamphlet published lately in Brussels gives some facts and figures which might be of use in an attempt to measure the force of taste. It is called "*La Bibliomanie en* 1878, par Philomneste Junior," and it passes in review the more notable transactions in choice books, and some three or four of the most remarkable book-sales of the past year. Of all the manias there is none that has so much to say for itself as bibliomania. The rational bibliomaniac—if the phrase may be used without perpetrating a bull—is a useful man in his generation. It is to him that scholars are indebted for the preservation of the materials they work with. It is his dearly-bought knowledge that saves many a piece of literature from perdition, rescues many an old author on the brink of oblivion, and enriches national libraries with their most precious treasures. But the varieties of the bibliomaniac are as many and diverse as those of the dog. There is the first-edition man, whose craze is by no means the useless and frivolous one which the outer world is apt to consider it. There is the choice-edition man; and the early-press man, to whom the printer is an infinitely more important personage than the author; and the rarity man, in whose estimation a unique spelling-book ranks above a first folio Shakspeare. And then there is the whole category of specialists; and probably there is no class of books, from bibles to almanacs, that has not its special devotees. Of late years, however, a new variety of bibliomaniac has come into existence. The protection and external ornamentation of books have always been matters of importance in the eyes of the bibliophile; though of course there have been, and are, those who take a rigidly utilitarian view of binding, and profess something like a Spartan contempt for the luxury of decoration. But in these latter days binding, from being a secondary consideration, has contrived to push itself into the first place; and, to judge by the records of sales and the catalogues of booksellers, the first question—in France, at least—about any volume is, "Who was the binder, and how has he bound it?"; next, "What is the book?" but this latter only when the former has been satisfactorily answered. To say that the value of a book is raised a hundredfold by the fact that its binding is the work of some recognized artist gives no idea of the part which binding plays in the bibliomania of this new sect. A better illustration is furnished by the fact of a book, which as a book is valueless, selling for about 25*l.* because it has been bound by Padeloup, as in the case of the *Réflexions des Saints Pères*, sold to MM. Morgand et Fatout at the Payne sale in April last. Indeed there is no reason why it should be a book at all; provided it is splendidly dressed, it may be a dummy—like Horace's actor—

> Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nil sane. Quid placet ergo?
> Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.

It somewhat justifies the apprehensions expressed just now about the artificial production of manias to find that, according to "Philomneste, Junior," M. Brunet, the author of the *Manuel du Libraire*, had at least a great deal to do with the first outbreak of this "douce manie," as the pamphlet tenderly calls it. Whether he wilfully inoculated himself, or took it naturally, there seems to be little doubt that the virus first showed itself in a pronounced form in his case at the Parison sale in 1853, when, after what Philomneste calls a "lutte acharnée," he carried off a *Télémaque* at the price of 1,700 francs—and that not even an original or choice edition of that thrilling romance, but simply a copy distinguished by the Longepierre stamp, now nearly as great an object of worship as the Grolier. Fifteen years later the same copy fetched 500 francs more, and when last observed it was quoted in one of M. Fontaine's catalogues at 4,000 francs; for it must be remembered books of this sort are watched, and each reappearance in public is noted with the same care as astronomers bestow upon Halley's or Donati's comet. Its original cost to M. Parison was 36 francs. Another example of what the Longepierre "insignes" can do for a book is a 1669 Montaigne, an edition of no special value in any way, either as an original, or a rarity, or an authority, which we have seen put at a guinea in the catalogue of a great London dealer, but which in this instance is rated at 6,000 francs by MM. Morgand et Fatout because of the *toison d'or* impressed on the back and sides. In these cases the charm of the binding lies partly in its pedigree, so to speak. As an instance of the power of binding, pure and simple, we may take M. Brunet's copy of the "Fermiers généraux" edition of the *Contes* of La Fontaine, bound by Derome, and by some held to be his *chef d'œuvre*. It cost M. Brunet 675 francs; it fetched 7,100 at his sale, 10,000 shortly afterwards, and finally reached 13,000 francs. "Sera-ce le dernier mot? nous ne le croyons pas," says "Philomneste Junior"; and indeed he would be a bold man who, with such examples before him, would fix any limit to the extravagance of this bibliomania, or, to be more correct, this pegimania, for, in truth, the *book* has nothing to do with it. The part which the book plays in the transaction is very clearly shown in the last-mentioned instance. The "Fermiers généraux" edition of the *Contes* is a very well-known book in bibliography, and commands a high and of course rapidly increasing price. Twenty years ago it might have been had in fair condition, and with its proper complement of improper plates, for two or three guineas in this country; nowadays good copies would fetch about ten times as much (a "*superbe exemplaire*," also in a Derome binding, is put at 1,200 francs in MM. Morgand et Fatout's Catalogue for 1878); so that at the last sale of the Brunet copy above-mentioned the purchaser paid something like 500*l.* for a special example of Derome's binding on two little duodecimo volumes. The book is of course a valuable one, or it would not have had Derome's best skill exerted upon it; but its value bears just about the same proportion to the price as the value of the rough block of pure marble bears to the sum paid to Gibson or Story for the finished statue. Jonathan Oldbuck would find his favourite story about Caxton's "Game of the Chesse" fall very flat if he lived in these days.

Derome is by no means the only one of the older bookbinders whose work is sought for with this frenzied eagerness. There are many other names, such as Le Gascon, Du Seuil, Thouvenin, Padeloup, Boyet, any one of which is sufficient to raise wild biddings in the Rue Drouot. But Derome seems, on the whole, to have the call; and, seeing what any bit of his workmanship brings now, one feels almost awe-stricken at the idea of the sum which a library, like that of Mr. Paris, mainly bound by him, would fetch by auction at present. This collection, which was sold in 1791, comprised 636 articles, and brought 7,095*l.*—an enormous sum in those days. To think of what it would bring now is like trying to contemplate the number of the constituents of the Milky Way, or to calculate the progeny of a pair of healthy herrings at the end of ten years, or to work any other problem in which mental arithmetic is confounded in the attempt to grapple with immensity. One slight clue we have, but it is not much to trust to. At the Paris sale a copy of Pine's Horace, London, 1733, the "right" edition—that which has the wrong spelling of the word "potest"—sold for 6*l.* 10*s.*, while at the Turner sale, in March last, a copy in a very similar binding brought 5,000 francs; but the latter does not appear to have been a Derome.

Among the bindings of the present day the Trautz-Bauzonnet work holds somewhat the same place that is held by Derome's among those of the past. There are plenty of first-class artists—Lortic, Thibaron, Hardy, Chambolle, and many others—whose workmanship outside a book will make it ten or twenty times as desirable as it would have been in some ordinary, obscure binding. But for stirring up a veritable *lutte acharnée* about a book, or giving it a catalogue appraisement which seems to have come from Bedlam or the Bicêtre, there is nothing like what Philomneste calls the "nom magique" of Trautz-Bauzonnet. Scarcity, always a potent influence in manias, will in a great measure account for this, for it is said that about two hundred volumes per annum is the maximum produce of the artists' *atelier*; but no one with any taste or judgment in the matter of bookbinding will deny the great merits of M. Trautz-Bauzonnet's work. In all that is included in the term "finish" it is perfect, and of its efficiency as regards what should be the main end of binding there can be no doubt. The sturdy bindings of Roger Payne are not better adapted to insure the life of a volume than the elegant *reliures* of Trautz-Bauzonnet. If they have a fault it is one common to the whole school of modern French binding, which, as is pointed out in a pamphlet on the "Decoration of Books" just issued by MM. Marius Michel, "relieurs-doreurs," is too much given to servile reproduction of the work of the seventeenth and eighteenth century binders, and too regardless of the pro-

prieties of binding. "On voit avec étonnement le Roy Arthus ou Tristan de Leonnois dans le pourpoint de Louis XIV, et Rabelais ou Ronsard dans la jupe à fleurs de Madame Deshoulières"—which is very much what was said about modern French binding in these columns some time back. This is only what might be expected from the position which the Parisian bookbinders have been encouraged of late to assume. With them evidently the *raison d'être* of a book is to be bound by their hands, and if its age, style, or character does not harmonize with the binding they choose to give it—why, *tant pis pour le livre*. One consequence of this craze is beginning to manifest itself already. "Libraries" or "collections" of books are becoming rarer every day in France. In the first place, none but a millionnaire could put together anything deserving the name of even a collection on the terms which the new fashion dictates; and then, as the books are for show, not for use, their numbers and their arrangement must be considered with a view to that end alone. Consequently at the Hôtel des Commissaires-Priseurs in the Rue Drouot one never hears now of a library being put up for sale. It is always the "cabinet" of M. So-and-So; indeed MM. Morgand et Fatout go a step further and speak of the "musée" of an eminent bibliophile. The tendency is thus to rob the insanity of the bibliomaniac of its one redeeming feature. His function in the economy of society is to act as a feeder to our national and public libraries, and it is to this end that he has been endowed with his peculiar acquisitive instincts. He may not be a scholar or a student, but his perseverance in collecting and preserving the things which scholars and students require make him in his way a useful servant to literature and learning. Let these valuable instincts of his be directed into such a channel as the binding mania, and he becomes a less estimable, because a more extravagant, maniac than the cracked-china-man or the postage-stamp collector.

It is not to be supposed, of course, that French bibliomania spends its whole force on binding. The early or original editions of the French classics, but above all of the dramatists, are pursued with an ardour which, if excessive, is at least more intelligible to the outer world. Thus at the Didot sale in June the six volumes of Corneille, 1664-6, brought 14,400 francs. The same copy at the Bertin sale sold for 140 francs. Racine, the first collective edition of 1676, fetched only 2,000 francs; but M. Fontaine rates a copy at 5,000 francs, and MM. Morgand et Fatout ask 6,000 francs for a copy of the corresponding edition of Molière published in 1666. Single plays of Molière in original editions go at proportionate prices. At the Didot sale the *Plaisirs de l'Isle enchantée* fetched 4,500 francs, and, judging by catalogues, it would seem that 100*l*. is "a cheap pennyworth," as Swift would have said, for the first editions, one with another. Not less eager is the pursuit of books illustrated by the dapper eighteenth-century artists, Eisen, Gravelot, Moreau, &c. In these, as Philomneste says, "les gravures son tout, le texte ne compte pas"; and what the engravings can do is shown by the 10,000 francs paid lately for the *Temple de Gnide* with the Moreau plates. Books, too, with a *blason authentique*, like the Longepierre *Télémaque* already mentioned, tracing a descent from famous collectors, Grolier, de Thou, d'Hoym, or, better still, from "reines de la main gauche," like Mme. de Pompadour or Mme. du Barry—these, nowadays, "valent leur poids en or." But book-madness in France is anything but catholic in its leanings just now. It runs in two or three grooves only, and those very narrow ones. Nothing that is not in some way French seems to have any attraction for it, nor does it appear to have any kind of literary sympathy with books. A very significant fact is that the Greek and Latin classics in the choicest editions, unless indeed they have the good luck to be in Derome or Trautz-Bauzonnet bindings, are not looked at by the bibliomanes of the period. Thus at the Payne sale Mr. Quaritch was able to carry off for about 20*l*. the famous Elzevir Cæsar of 1635—of course the "right" edition, the one which is wrong in the numbering of pages 149 and 335; a book which many connoisseurs hold to be the *chef d'œuvre* of the Elzevirs, and at any rate a very beautiful and very rare volume; and no ordinary copy either, but Renouard's own exemplar, the second finest known, and barely a millimètre less "tall" than the illustrious copy in the Bibliothèque Nationale.

In the preface to their catalogue, already more than once quoted —in itself, by the way, a bibliographical treasure—MM. Morgand et Fatout venture some speculations on the future of bibliomania in France. Of course they do not say in so many words that the present rage for binding and illustration is a mere evanescent fashion. As bibliopoles, they must go with the tide of fashion, and it will not do to depreciate a fashionable stock; but they plainly have no faith in its permanence. They think, however, that the early editions of the Greek and Latin classics have had their day, and will be in demand only with the "savants de profession." On the other hand, in their opinion, the original editions of the French classics, more especially the moralists, the poets, and the dramatists—Montaigne, Pascal, Malherbe, Regnier, Boileau, Corneille, Molière, Racine, and the like—are certain to rise in value every year, and these, they think, are the game that amateurs, ambitious of forming a valuable collection, should pursue. But they must look sharp about it, *il faut se hâter*; fine copies are growing scarcer every day. Ten years ago the pursuit, entered upon with due knowledge and judgment, was by no means a bad speculation commercially. The small collection of M. Quentin Bauchard, the formation of which cost 30,000 francs, and occupied barely eight years, sold for no less than 154,569 francs, a tolerably remunerative rate of interest on the capital invested. But those days have gone by. The holders of choice books know their value too well. There is no cheap market now to buy in, no bargains to be made, and "le temps des bonnes fortunes est passé pour les libraires."

DIFFICULTIES OF FREE-TRADE.

THERE can be no doubt that the present is a critical time for the principles of Free-trade. The powerful wave of Free-trade feeling in England which at once caused the abolition of the Corn-laws and derived irresistible force from that abolition has met the strong normal Protectionist tendencies of foreign States and of our own colonies, and is recoiling from the impact. That Free-trade will ultimately prevail, as being indisputably the right course, is a belief which we certainly cannot permit ourselves to hold to be doubtful. But prevail easily it will not; and if under the present commercial distress the action of England can be kept sound, it is perhaps as much as can be looked forward to with any confidence. Protection is the last straw at which a body of merchants or manufacturers who see their trade slipping away from them can catch; and catch at it they certainly will sooner than run the risk of bankruptcy, however clearly it may be demonstrated that the course they advocate would be detrimental to the country at large. While, then, there is probably not much need to be afraid of a return to Protection in any degree, as far as England is concerned, the case is one in which an accurate statement of arguments can by no means be considered lost labour. And while the beneficial results of Free-trade may be more or less shown from several points of view, the chief aim of believers in Free-trade ought to be to seize the Protectionist argument as it is urged by its adherents, and meet them on their own ground. The more general grounds are, however, to be stated in the first instance.

Free-trade, as regarded by persons who, being unconnected practically with trade, occupy an impartial position towards the question, recommends itself by its evident equity. Why should any man be prevented from buying the article he has a fancy for from any man who undertakes to supply it? If the article is dangerous to the life or well-being of others, good; the ground for interference is real. If a Government is in need of money, then again the welfare of society may require that it should obtain the money by means of an import duty. But what reason can be given beside these two? How is it equitable that Robinson, an American citizen, should be compelled by his Government to pay thirty-five per cent. more for the iron which he wants for his own purposes, simply in order that Jones, another American citizen, may be enabled to sell his iron at a profit? Is this not robbing Peter in order to give to Paul? This is essentially the ground on which the Corn-laws were overthrown in England. But, strong though it is as an argumentative ground, it would have been of no avail had it not been for one further circumstance, too little noticed by Free-traders. The consumers of corn were, for once, so deeply and injuriously affected by the Protectionist laws that a common feeling united them in opposition to those laws; and against such united opposition the imagined interests of the producers of corn had no chance whatever. The Protectionist cause, in such a crisis, was like a sea-wall prostrated by one huge storm-wave. The same amount of force might have been brought to bear against it by a thousand lesser waves without any result being produced; it was the momentum of the single impact that did the work. The reasonableness of the argument against Protection grounded on the interests of the consumers would not have moved the Legislature to abolish the Corn-laws, had not the consumers lent an impulsive force towards the abolition such as no Legislature could withstand.

But this union on the part of the consumers, which was accomplished in England at that particular time, is a condition which can never be depended upon in general. The strength of Protection lies in this fact—that producers in any line can combine with the greatest ease for any interest which they have in common; whereas the consumers seldom can do so. The consumers are scattered, and are unable even to know each other's whereabouts; there is no obvious mark or token by which they can recognize one another. The producers have not the smallest difficulty in communicating with each other. Thus the producers, as against the consumers, have the advantage which a small European army has against a host of Asiatics. It is perfectly useless for a single buyer of iron or cloth to appeal to his Government on the score of the dearness of the things for which he has to pay; but, if fifty ironmasters or cloth manufacturers combine to represent the distress which will fall on them and their workmen should their business fail, the effect produced is not small. Equity, as seen by the impartial political economist, becomes blurred and dim when the two sides are so unequally represented as is the case here. Nor should the imposing sound of the pretension to foster the trade of a country be thought of no account. A statesman would generally better like to have it said of him that he had increased the value of the trade of the country than that he had abolished taxes. There is something more positive about the former performance. Cheap goods is not so animating a cry as the enlargement of commerce.

Further, while the union of consumers is the greatest force that can be brought to bear in favour of Free-trade, and should therefore by all means be sought for, it is by no means clear that

the superiority of the claims of the consumers to the claims of the producers is capable of being demonstrated in a legislative assembly in such a way as to insure general conviction. It is true that the consumers have a claim not to be dispossessed of their just right of buying where they please, which in equity is absolute. But in the heat of popular discussion this claim runs a great chance of not being heard against the representation that it is for the national interest that the consumer should buy of his own countrymen. The thesis is plausible that the Legislature has to guard neither cosmopolitan nor individual interests, but national interests. More especially is this the case at an era of distress like the present. And the most direct way of meeting the Protectionist case is, not by weighing the balance of advantages, but by disproving the very point of their contention—namely, that Protection is really for the interests of the producers of a country taken altogether.

The ordinary disproof of this—the core of the Protectionist position—in works on political economy is by showing that, as the capital of the country is limited, it will be employed with less efficiency on any branch of production which is so intrinsically weak as not to be able to stand without special extraneous assistance than it would be if trade were free. This is a perfectly sound argument; but an additional point has been put on it by Professor Bonamy Price in his recent work, *Practical Political Economy*, in a passage of much force, which it will be worth while to quote (the italics are our own):—

> All trade is an exchange of equivalent values or services. This is the very essence of trade. Trade always exacts as much as it gives away. . . . To buy is to give away your property in exchange for the goods bought; and to give away property for other property is precisely the act of selling. Every nation, therefore, which buys sells also, and sells to the full value of what it buys. . . . The truth stands out in clear sunshine. Free-trade cannot and does not injure domestic industry. *Under Free-trade foreign countries give in every case as much employment to English workmen and English capitalists as if nothing had been bought abroad.* English goods of the same value must be purchased by the foreigner, or the trade comes to an end. There must be an equal amount of English goods made and sent away, or England will never obtain the foreign commodities. Free-trade never does harm to the country which practises it; and that mighty fact alone kills Protection. Let those who are backsliding into Protection be asked for a categorical answer to the question—*Can and will the foreigner give away his goods to any country without insisting on receiving back, directly or indirectly, an equal quantity of that country's goods?* Let the question be pushed home, and all talk about injury to domestic industry must cease.

The very heart of the Protectionist position is pierced by this passage. But one observation must be made upon it. Protection fosters certain industries, and, as we see, necessarily discourages other industries, and discourages them in a greater degree than it fosters the favoured trades. But there is this great difference between the trades which are favoured and those which are disfavoured by Protection; the trades which are favoured are known, and can be pointed out; the trades which are disfavoured cannot by any means be so easily pointed out. If laws are passed in America for the protection of the American ironmasters, every one knows that the American iron trade has received a certain stimulus by this action of their Government; but what goods they are that would have been sent from America to purchase English iron, had the American iron trade not been protected—which goods cannot now be made for want of a market in England—this is altogether uncertain. Here, again, the practical advantage which the Protectionists derive from their position is apparent. It can be shown by irresistible abstract reasoning that the whole body of producers in a country are not benefited by Protection; but, in the attempt to exemplify this reasoning by actual instances, the injury which is done cannot, from the nature of the case, be fixed accurately.

If these reasonings are correct, the line which Free-traders ought to take in showing the evils of Protection is twofold. The pretended advantage of Protection can be shown to be null; the producers of a country reap no benefit from Protection, but the reverse. The proof of this can be clearly given; at the same time it has this inconvenience, that it can only in part be illustrated; the argument is therefore one that has more clearness than practical compulsion. On the other hand, the injury done to consumers by Protection, if somewhat less clear argumentatively (as overbalancing, we mean, the supposed advantages to producers), has this advantage, that it can be illustrated practically. The injured consumers are in many cases to the fore, and can be seen and give evidence *in propriâ personâ*. The American farmer, for instance, can and does loudly complain of the expense to which he is put in constructing his farmbuildings, through the restriction laid upon him against getting his materials where they are cheapest. And so far as the consumer is a producer as well, such an example supplies the deficiency indicated in the former line of argument.

But, however skilfully such arguments as these may be urged, we must end as we began, by saying that the times are bad for Free-traders, and for the reason we have assigned; that drowning men catch at straws, and there are many drowning men in the world of commerce just now. There is a blind stretching out after security which will not listen to reason. And there are many loopholes in which fallacy can work, even after truth has nominally been admitted. It is very characteristic of the powerful crude common sense of a man like Prince Bismarck, who is apt to act energetically upon half insight, that he should think that the evil effects of Protection can be annulled by protecting all trades alike, as if the unfairness of it could easily be remedied by an artificial proportioning of duties, or as if there were no other evil in Protection but this. Prince Bismarck expects that, in consequence of a tariff system "favouring the united national production," "the total amount of wealth created at home" will "be increased, and thereby the wellbeing of the people in general be raised." Whether the united national production is likely to be favoured by shutting out the greater part of those materials which can be obtained from foreign countries is a point which we hope will not in the end be beyond the common sense of Germany. In fine, those who trust to solid reason are seldom deceived in the end; and on this ground of confidence Free-traders may very well rely.

SOUND COMMON SENSE.

THERE are many forms of priggishness, and there are many false applications of terms that are sufficiently odious, but one of the most objectionable is the reckless misuse of "sound common sense." So often is this excellent trait of character assigned to those in whom it is conspicuous by its absence, and so frequently are high-handed proceedings taken in its name, that, if we were to endeavour to picture to ourselves the personification of sound common sense, we should imagine an obstinate bully, if not an obstinate fool. Certain persons are said to possess common sense whose claim to this distinction can only be maintained by paraphrasing "common sense" as "vulgar feeling"—a quality with which they are richly endowed. A famous novelist once said that an Englishman would rather have his morality impugned than his horsemanship; and we believe it might have been safely added—and his piety rather than his common sense. The latter quality represents the average Briton's mental rendering of the word "virtue," and it is a safe assertion that common sense is estimated more highly than valour in this latter half of the nineteenth century. The popular religion appears to be, "There is but one God, his name is Common Sense, and the *Times* is his prophet. There is also a demon, who goeth about seeking whom he may devour, and his name is Humbug."

It would be hard to define common sense in its best meaning, but it is not so difficult to discover its popular acceptation. Roughly speaking, of course, most people's idea of the common-sense view of any matter is their own view; but this definition is but a poor one to offer to the would-be Solons. Here is a more practical one—Try to find out the opinion which will grate least on the feelings of the greater number. It is certain that you cannot please everybody, and it is equally certain that, if you entirely please some, you will entirely displease others; but if you displease all as little as you possibly can, although you may not acquire a reputation for great talent, you will probably be credited with common sense, and you may likely enough, in course of time, attain the high honour of becoming an arbiter and referee. In fact, you will probably prove a useful machine for the striking of mean averages. The man is universally honoured who is so unenthusiastic, so unimpressionable, so unimpassioned, that he may safely be trusted, by all sides and parties, to deliver on any given subject one of those inconsistent and compromised opinions known as impartial judgments. Such a one enjoys much respect, and an excellent digestion during life, and he is certain of an honourable name after death. Blessed are the moderate! Blessed are the thick-headed! Many people fall into the mistake of confusing first impressions with common sense, fancying that when a question is laid before them a rapid exercise of the mental faculties is most to be trusted. They imagine that in a more mature consideration of the various bearings of a case the mind is apt to dwell from predilection on certain points to the neglect of others; but they forget that in a cursory view essential features are often missed, or, if observed, are in a great measure misunderstood. When the most general opinion is taken as the definition of common sense, we too often find the anomaly of popular prejudice disporting itself in the prophet's mantle. It is amazing to observe how extremely sensible and wise people are often considered who are saturated with vulgar prejudices and invincible ignorance. Perhaps when pigheadedness is combined with an utter absence of enthusiasm, the very acme of the popular notion of prudent judgment has been attained. The man who has the reputation of sound common sense, whatever may be his nominal politics, is generally a reveller in the conservatism of the present, while he equally shirks the toryism of the past and the radicalism of the future. He is prone to apply the same unvarying rules and tests to all cases and to all persons, overstraining the proverb that "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," to the neglect of the adage "that what is one man's meat is another man's poison"; and this in some measure probably proceeds from a want of appreciation of the strength and weaknesses of others, of human enthusiasm, and of human foibles. Convinced of the infallibility of his own opinion, he rapidly seizes and draws his conclusions from the more apparent, to the neglect of the less apparent, but often most important, bearings of the matter in hand. A very usual interpretation of the term under notice is a good lay opinion, untrammelled by the technicalities and precedents of experts and professionals; and although in certain instances, such as small magisterial courts, for example, unprofessional administration is on the whole wonderfully successful, the more usual result is signal failure. Principles are excellent things, if they are good; but principles alone, without experience and professional knowledge, will not always enable a man to give a just opinion in certain cases. These paragons of sound common sense, however, seem to think that their principles, unassisted, will

carry them through all difficulties. So thoroughly *ad nauseam* do they parade their principles, that we are sometimes tempted to wish we could confront them with the bore mentioned by Byron in a letter to Moore. "And why, sir," said he, "did the P——e cut *you*?" "Because," was the reply (interlarded with a heavy oath of the period), "I stuck to my principles." "And *why* did you stick to your principles?"

Far be it from us to deny that the exercise of ordinary but well-balanced faculties is most useful in its proper province. It often acts as a valuable drag upon fanaticism and monomania; it serves as a counterpoise to professional cliquism, and helps to restore the equilibrium so often overbalanced in highly cultivated minds. Used judiciously, common sense is a valuable intellectual sedative, but in excess it becomes an overpowering soporific. In the thousand and one little questions which occur so frequently in rural matters and county business it is beyond price; and, whatever may be its deficiencies, it is vastly preferable to a "little knowledge." Its value depends to a great extent upon its owner's knowledge of its exact worth, and his delicate appreciation of the point at which its province ceases. Nor must we omit to insist upon the importance of its accurate recognition in others. Comparatively few people seem to have the power of distinguishing the true metal from its alloy, and many, in consequence, obtain the credit of its possession who are utterly devoid of it. This cheap reputation once acquired is as easily retained as a bad name by a dog, and with the mischievous result that the opinions of the pseudo-oracle on all kinds of subjects are adopted by his admirers with a simple faith which might be envied by a *religieuse*. On the other hand, it is easy to fall into the opposite danger of unjustly imputing a want of common sense to others. It is a plausible, if not a clinching, argument to condemn your adversary as utterly destitute of common sense; but, at the same time, a bold assertion that such or such is the common-sense view of a matter is apt to excite a prejudice against it. If a man simply says that such is his private opinion, we may respect it, and be disposed to give it every fair consideration; but when he adds that his opinion is based on sound common sense, he virtually implies, "because when I define faith and morals, I am infallible." We have no doubt that the Eastern ecclesiastic who said that those who sang Alleluia twice sang to their own damnation considered his view of the question to be sensible and moderate, and it is possible that the stoning of the first Christian martyr would have been considered as dictated by sound common sense, by many gentlemen now enjoying the highest reputation for the gift of this virtue, had they lived in apostolic times.

Common sense may also be considered in its more comprehensive acceptation, as meaning the general consensus of opinion of the most sensible men. Here again its fallibility is at once apparent. The Solons of one age disagree with those of another. Public opinion changes, and has to be gradually educated. Therefore the common sense of one year may be the folly of another, and the fool of this decade may become the wise man of the next. But what a consolation it would be if the prig who claims sound common sense could be made to eat his folly at once and in our presence, without waiting for time and events to prove his errors. Few things are more irritating than to hear him holding forth upon subjects which he does not understand, uttering truisms which are inapplicable, and using arguments which may not be immediately controvertible, but against which human reason tacitly and instinctively rebels. How devoutly do his hearers wish that he would reserve his common sense for home use, instead of "bringing it to bear," as he calls it, in season and out of season. Have we not many instances of this in a certain legislative assembly where old Indian officials, chairmen of quarter sessions, City magnates, and directors of Companies, all of whom may enjoy reputations for excellent common sense, omit to exercise it by holding their tongues during debates upon questions concerning which they are essentially and profoundly ignorant? So accustomed have they been, in their own little spheres, to have their opinions consulted on all occasions, that they fondly imagine that their dicta will always be welcomed, and every assembly, whether Parliamentary or other, represents to them a body of men anxiously awaiting their dictatorial advice. In short, much as we dislike the artistic, the religious, and the political prig, we have almost a greater horror of the incarnation of what is called sound common sense. He is a bore of the first water, and although a useful machine for certain purposes, he should be carefully kept out of sight, unless specially wanted for some piece of perfectly commonplace work.

GOLD AND SILVER.

According to a telegram from the Philadelphia Correspondent of the *Times*, the production of gold and silver in the Pacific States and Territories of the United States last year showed a falling-off, compared with the previous year, of a little over two and a quarter millions sterling The yield of gold was 7,791,246*l.*; that of silver, 7,749,278*l.*; together, 15,540,524*l.* It does not clearly appear whether the figures relating to silver represent the net value of the metal extracted, or only the total out-turn of ore from the so-called silver mines. The distinction is material. All the American silver mines contain a large proportion of both gold and lead. In the Comstock Lode, for example, the proportion of gold is estimated as high as 45 per cent., and for the whole Pacific seaboard it is said to be 37 per cent. The proportion of lead is about 5 per cent. If, then, the above figures give only the gross production of the silver mines, the net yield of silver would be about 4,650,000*l.*, which would not quite suffice for the minimum coinage required in the twelve months by the Bland Act. It is probable that the necessary allowance for the presence of other metals in the ore has been made, and that the figures above given relate to the net yield of silver. Even so, however, they prove that the present depreciation of silver is greatly exaggerated, and that as soon as the German Government has disposed of its surplus stock of the metal, the price may be expected to rise. The Committee presided over by Mr. Goschen estimated the production of the American mines at a minimum of nine millions sterling per annum. The agent of Messrs. Rothschild put the estimate as high as ten millions, and the American officials favoured a still higher figure. According to all these authorities, the world was about to be flooded by immense quantities of the metal at the very time when Germany and the Scandinavian countries were abolishing its use as money, and the increase of the India Council bills was diminishing the demand for the East. Nor was this the most serious feature of the case. The cost of mining was said to be so small that one famous Company divided among its shareholders as net profit more than two-thirds of the whole value of the ore raised. If this was really true, and was not accidental, it is evident that production might go on at the same rate, even if the price fell one-half; and the shareholders would still have over one-sixth of the gross yield for their share. That is to say, the cost of bringing the metal to market, even if the depreciation were to go from its present stage 20 per cent. to 50 per cent., would still not quite reach 83 per cent. Thus there seemed to be no end to the possible depreciation. It is now manifest that the statements relative to those mines laid before the Committee were either greatly exaggerated or were entirely exceptional. The out-turn has never reached the Committee's estimate, and last year it fell short of it by 1¼ millions sterling. Either, therefore, the ore was never as abundant as was supposed, and the mines are already giving signs of exhaustion; or the cost of working was so much greater than was represented that the existing depreciation has checked the production. In either case the decline in value is excessive. It is to be borne in mind that the mines of Mexico and Peru have long been showing signs of exhaustion, and that the fall of price has probably already made the working of some of them unprofitable. Sooner or later, therefore, an upward movement seems inevitable, if the Latin Union, Austria-Hungary, and Holland preserve their expectant attitude. But Germany must get rid of her surplus stock of the metal, and some change must be made in the present system of India Council drawings before the prevailing panic can be entirely allayed.

While the falling-off in the production of silver is an unmixed good to all but the mine-owners, promising to put an end to one of the principal causes of disturbance in the Eastern trade, the decrease in the yield of gold is of a different character. In the three years ending with 1855 the average out-turn of gold from all the mines of the world was, according to the best authorities, about 28 millions sterling per annum; ten years later the average had fallen to about 21 millions; and ten years later still it was as low as 19 millions. In twenty years, that is, the decrease of the annual production was about nine millions sterling. Owing to the discovery of the silver mines in Nevada and California, there was for a brief space an increase of the yield of gold in America, which has, however, again ceased, without a compensating augmentation elsewhere. The present position is thus a falling-off, to the extent of almost one-third, in the world's yield of gold since the time of the Crimean War. But in the interval there has been a very great increase in the consumption of gold. The Western States of the American Union, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, have been opened up and settled, Japan has been brought into communication with the rest of the world, the isolation of China has been further broken down, the suppression of the Indian Mutiny has been followed by a policy of material development, the civilized part of the globe has been equipped with railways and telegraphs, navigation has been revolutionized by the application of steam and the employment of iron in shipbuilding, and the Suez Canal has brought the East into close proximity to Europe. In consequence of all this there has been an unprecedented development of industry, expansion of trade, and accumulation of wealth, requiring a vast increase in the gold circulation. Within the past ten years, for instance, it has been calculated by an eminent statistician that the principal banks of Europe increased their stock of gold by 83 millions sterling, or, on an average, more than eight millions annually. The active circulation has also been largely augmented, notwithstanding constant improvements in the organization of credit. The metallic currency of France, for example, is now mainly composed of gold. Thus there has been an extraordinary increase of consumption in the old gold-using countries. And, further, gold has been adopted as the sole standard, instead of silver, by more than one great nation. The import of gold into Germany since the close of the war is estimated at nearly 60 millions sterling, or almost 7½ millions per annum. In preparation for resumption during the past three years the United States Treasury has accumulated almost 24 millions sterling in gold, or 8 millions per annum, to which ought to be added the accumulations of the banks. And there still remains to be taken into account the gold used by the Scandinavian kingdoms in following the example of Germany. Without reckoning these, however, we have found during the past ten years an extraordinary demand by the

principal European banks, by Germany, and by the United States; amounting to 167 millions sterling, or, on an average, 16⅔ millions per annum, the whole yearly production being, if we take the mean between that of 1865 and that of 1875, only 20 millions. The surplus available for making good the inevitable wear and tear in the old gold-using countries, for providing the banks of the United States, and the treasuries of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, and for supplying the arts, has thus been only 3⅓ millions a year. As this surplus is palpably insufficient, the new demand must have been partly satisfied by withdrawals from previously-existing stores in the gold-using countries. The conclusion to which we are thus led is that we need be in no haste to see the universal adoption of the single gold standard. During the past ten years the world's production of the metal has been inadequate to satisfy the demand; and if the demand is still further increased, while the production is decreasing, the struggle between the old gold-using countries and the new will be prolonged and embittered. As the stock of the metal held by the former diminishes, the need for protecting what remains will grow more and more urgent. The great banks will adopt the usual course—that is, raise the rate of discount—and, in the general conflict that will ensue, industry, trade, and credit must necessarily suffer.

It is a very nice question, and one exceedingly difficult of solution, whether the gold scarcity which we have been tracing has yet made itself felt in trade. A scarcity of the metal which forms the standard of value means, of course, that it is dear, that a smaller quantity of it than before will buy the same quantity of other things; in other words, that there is a fall in the prices of commodities generally. As everybody knows, there has been a continuous and very heavy fall of prices during the past five years. But then those years have been years of protracted depression in trade. Owing to causes which we have often investigated in these columns, there was in 1873 a sudden and great diminution of the purchasing power of nearly all countries; and it was inevitable that producers, finding their wares unsaleable on their hands, should try to stimulate consumption by reducing prices, and should repeat the process again and again. A portion of the fall, at any rate, is thus quite independent of the decrease in the production of gold. But it is the opinion of many thoughtful observers that the depression in trade does not account for the whole of the facts; in other words, that the fall of prices has been increased by the scarcity of gold; that, consequently, unless the production of the metal is augmented, the recovery in prices expected from a revival of trade will not reach the level of ten, much less of twenty, years ago; and that, in short, wages and prices will in future be permanently lower than they have been since the great gold discoveries in California and Australia. In support of this opinion they cite the fact that the prices of the principal commodities are now lower than they were during the periods of depression that followed the panics of 1857 and 1866, though not quite so low as after the great railway mania of 1847. The argument is deserving of attention; but it is palpably inconclusive. It assumes that the present depression is not more intense than that experienced on the two last occasions, which it is obviously impossible to prove. On the face of it there is a marked difference between the state of trade now and its state after 1857 and 1866. On both those occasions the crisis began with a panic, and was consequently sharp and comparatively short. The present depression, on the contrary, was at first little more than a slackening of extraordinary prosperity; it has been protracted beyond precedent, and only of late has reached the acute stage. Like an obstinate disease in which the constitution refuses to throw off the humours from which it is suffering, the unsound business that was weighing upon the trade of the country has maintained itself in spite of falling markets. This circumstance alone renders of little value the comparison to which we have referred. Another point which must be taken into consideration is the great multiplication of banking facilities. To what extent has the note circulation of Europe been increased during the past ten years? Through the trials of the German war and the Commune the notes of the Bank of France, though inconvertible, remained at par, or nearly so—a convincing proof of the education of the French people in the credit system. To what extent have the notes permanently supplanted coin? And the same question may be asked of other European countries. Here at home the use of cheques is every day becoming more and more general; so much so, indeed, that, in London at least, people never keep by them more than a very few sovereigns or notes. A mere decrease, then, in the production of gold proves nothing as to the future range of prices, unless it can be shown that there has not been a proportionate increase of credit facilities, and also that the fall of prices is greater than the depression of trade will account for. Yet we are not prepared to deny that the scarcity of gold is deepening the depression of prices. In our opinion, there is not as yet a sufficient basis of ascertained fact to warrant a definite conclusion either way. It is quite clear, however, that, should the scarcity continue and the demand for gold increase, there must be a permanently lower range of prices.

SOUP KITCHENS.

It would be difficult to explain how the soup-kitchen first became introduced and naturalized in this country as the popular institution for distributing charitable doles of food to the poor, since soup is not a customary or favourite dish, or indeed a barely tolerated one, in the homes of the English labourer and artisan. It may have reached us from across the border, where broth is a national institution, or from across the Channel, where soup is considered a necessary part of daily sustenance by all classes of society. Or, what is more probable, it may have originated *de novo* from the simplicity of the form of cookery, and its fitness to meet the temporary and urgent demands for food which our rapidly changing climate and the varying sources of distress necessitate. Whatever may have been its origin, the soup-kitchen as a mere soup-producing institution is ill adapted to meet the exigencies of the present state of distress in this country. With our increased knowledge of the physiological use of different kinds of food, and the increased skill in their cheap and simple preparation which the School of Cookery should have taught by this time, the soup-kitchen should be superseded by the public kitchen; or, if it is more convenient to retain the old name, it should extend its operations over a much wider field of cookery, if it is to contend successfully with the famishing crowds which now beset its doors. Soup contains very little nourishment in the ordinary meaning of the word; it is made from coarse meats, the nutritious parts of which are imperfectly soluble in boiling water; and the constituents which are extracted, such as the gelatin and the salts, afford little support to the body of healthy persons. Soup is, moreover, quickly digested, and, as people know who are accustomed to follow their course of soup at dinner with two or three courses of more substantial food, it is ill adapted to satisfy the cravings of an empty stomach. To meet effectually the needs of people in the districts where the distress prevails, who lack work but retain their healthy appetites, we ought to consider before all things how we can best allay the pangs of hunger and keep the body warm and healthy. The maintenance of the muscular strength and the gratification of the palate are considerations beyond the scope of charity, and lie outside its chief purpose, which is to relieve pain and suffering and preserve life.

Whatever may be the physiological explanation of hunger—and doctors differ about this, as they differ about so many other subjects—it is evident to all of us who have felt its urgent calls at one time or another that the articles of diet which possess considerable bulk are best fitted to satisfy it. "A full belly loathes the honeycomb" should be the motto of all soup-kitchens which undertake to deal with healthy appetites; and fortunately the kinds of food which most effectually and speedily remove the cravings of hunger are equally suitable for keeping up the temperature and the health of the body, and are moreover the cheapest, and demand little skill in cooking. The combination of starch, sugar, and fat, as exemplified by the common suet-pudding, containing a few raisins and sweetened with treacle, or rice or Yorkshire puddings, common and favourite dishes with the labouring classes, are types of this kind of food which the managers of soup-kitchens should keep before their eyes. The preparations of peas, haricot beans, oatmeal, whole wheat in the shape of the North-country dish of fermenty, are valuable forms of food which contribute largely to the strength as well as to fill the empty stomach. It is "stodging things" of this sort—if we may be excused using a schoolboy's expressive phrase—which the famishing labourers and mill-hands require, and not basons of soup consisting of much hot water, flavoured with a little meat, vegetables, and salt, which serve rather to whet the appetite than to dull its edge.

For the proper preservation of health vegetables are required in much larger quantities than they are to be found in soups. From a Report of the Local Government Board on the Health, &c., of Factory Children, published in 1873—a year of great prosperity in the manufacturing districts—we learn that a very large number of the children were suffering from a state of health bordering on scurvy, as was evinced by the existence of a spongy state of the gums and other indications of a disposition to that disease. Potatoes, carrots, cabbages, and other green vegetables should form a constant and liberal portion of the diet distributed by soup-kitchens, and to ensure their consumption they should as far as possible be incorporated with other kinds of food in stews, &c., that they may not be refused or thrown away by the recipients, who are generally lamentably ignorant of the value and necessity of the use of vegetables as articles of everyday consumption. The dried apples which come to us in casks from America are cheap and agreeable anti-scorbutics, and could be combined with the starchy foods, with the additional advantage of making them more palatable, especially for children. Of the more highly nitrogenous articles of food, fresh or tinned milk for children, and cheese for adults, are the cheapest and most suitable for charitable purposes. Herrings, which are cheap and savoury, are the most nutritious of fishes, and pork, though not the most digestible, is one of the most satisfying, heat-giving, and savoury of meats. Both herrings and pork have the further recommendation of being favourite dishes with the labouring classes. It is very doubtful, we think, from both a social and pecuniary point of view, whether the managers of soup-kitchens and similar temporary charities would be justified in spending their funds on beef, mutton, and other expensive luxuries for persons suffering from distress due to want of employment. The pauperization of the lower classes is a very easy process at times like the present. The benevolent are easily imposed on by undeserving persons, and many men and women learn—perhaps for the first time in their lives—to be content to live on charity. Probably the cheapest and most healthy dietary which could be adopted by any organization for the relief of distress is the one which exists in the borough or county prison situated nearest to the suffering district. Mr. Chadwick's glowing

account, at the meeting of the Sanitary Institute at Stafford, of the remarkable sanitary state of prisoners, and the experience of magistrates and others who have taken part in the management of prisons, will bear out this assertion.

For the young children who, alas! must form a very large portion of the sufferers, more kindness and consideration will be needed than for their parents. For them good soup, tea, milk, and sugar, with plenty of bread and treacle, dripping or bacon-fat, rice and apples, &c., are necessary, and should be freely distributed, as it must be borne in mind that they have their growth to support as well as their hunger to appease. Tea is the best of all drinks for half-starving people. Not only does it cheer the drooping spirits without exhausting the nervous energy, but it restrains the general waste of the tissues of the body—a matter of much importance when the food is deficient either in quantity or quality. The few general hints we have thrown out will, we trust, be useful alike to the managers of soup-kitchens, and to private persons who prefer to dispense to deserving persons their own charitable gifts rather than throw them into a common fund. Those persons also who are struggling to make both ends meet without appealing to public charity may find comfort in the knowledge that many of the expensive luxuries which they have been accustomed to consider necessaries of life are not absolutely indispensable to keep the body in good health until better times return. Our remarks do not of course apply to the sick, who are the proper subjects for hospitals and workhouses and the medical care which those institutions provide.

REVIEWS.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF DEAN HOOK.*

IT is scarcely necessary to recall the well-known outward facts of Dean Hook's career. No man's life was ever more open to the world, or at least to that part of the world to which the fate of the Church of England is a matter of daily concern. Indeed he was continually thrusting himself upon its notice, and telling men exactly where he stood, although not for his own but for his Church's sake. If he had fulfilled that early dream-sketch of future pastoral life which he sent to his brother in 1813, when he did "not want to be more learned," and intended to have an artificial "Parnassus" in his parsonage garden, and to recommend all his poor parishioners to study Milton; or if he had remained for life at his beloved Whippingham—Whippingham remaining what it then was—or at Moseley (Birmingham), or even at Holy Trinity, in Coventry, the world would probably have known little about him. A pastor often owes at least as much to his flock as his flock owes to him. Leeds made Dr. Hook. It brought him into the fullest possible contact with those forces, both attractive and repulsive, which alone could develop all that lay in him as a born pastor. Hence the central point of interest in his biography begins and ends with his amazing and successful activity as Vicar of Leeds; it was in this post that he was able to attain the repute of being, in Mr. Gladstone's words, "the foremost parish priest of the age." That he was not only the man for that people, but that they were the very people for such a man, is a truth which comes out in every detail of his biographer's excellent chapters on his election and parochial work at Leeds—a subject which occupies seven out of the twelve chapters into which Mr. Stephens has arranged his book. The story of his boyhood and youth, which is supplemented by Lord Hatherley's interesting contribution, contains a great deal which will be new to most readers, and surprising to not a few. We may point, for instance, to his fervid idolatry of Shakspeare and Milton, his comparative indifference toward classical study at Winchester and Oxford, his strange zeal for the renovation of the English stage, his despairing conviction that distinction in life was rendered for ever impossible through his failure to win the Newdigate prize for English verse, and the apparent indecision and defect of fixity of aim which led him to desire his father and mother to decide for him what vocation he should follow—although, indeed, he chose at last for himself. "It is not my least ambition," he wrote from Oxford to his mother in 1819, only two years before his ordination, "to be able some day to acquire money enough to become a manager of some great theatre, as Sheridan was." It is characteristic, however, of the innate force of self-reliance which all along lay beneath the desultory and uncentred mental movement of his younger days, that he conceived "it would be a national benefit" if he ever became a theatrical manager.

In addition to his unparalleled success as a parish priest, in which province he was no man's imitator, and may almost be ranked amongst inventors and discoverers, Dean Hook has a second title to remembrance, as the foremost practical expounder of the Anglican *Via Media*. Although he was born and educated in the densest atmosphere of political party, and for the greater part of his active life was chiefly regarded by the world outside his parish as an extreme ecclesiastical partisan, he was always incapable at heart of being a party man. As the grandson of Sir Walter Farquhar, physician to the Prince Regent, and as the nephew of Theodore Hook, he inherited that peculiar form of Toryism which could or would see nothing but grace, intellect, and sublime moral dignity in King George IV. The personal kindness of the King to Hook's pluralist father, who died Dean of Worcester, as well as to his grandfather, caused him to regard that monarch, as he afterwards said, "with something like family affection." At Winchester and at Oxford, Hook's Toryism was not merely extravagant, but even ferocious, and was usually manifested in strong assertions of the immaculate character of "our good King." It was strange that his life-long friend should be a son of Alderman Wood, and consequently an inheritor of that equally remarkable form of Radicalism which used chivalrously to write the name of Queen Caroline upon its flag. All direct personal intercourse between these two young men was rigorously stopped by Hook's father in 1820, just as Mr. Wood had arrived in England after an absence of two years at Geneva, and when the friends were counting eagerly upon their reunion. The old clergyman forbade his son to meet the son of a man who was so prominent an advocate of the Queen's cause. Hook obeyed the letter of the command, just as throughout life he obeyed law coming from lawful authority, but he resisted it in spirit; and, writing to his mother from Oxford, he declared that he felt bound to sacrifice the claims of party to the claims of friendship. "I love my friend," he wrote, "ten thousand times better than I love my King." Rather than "desert him who has ever been faithful to me," he said, "I freely confess I would much, much sooner see the King hurled headlong from his throne—which God forbid."

This was an early indication of his readiness to sacrifice party to something which he counted far more precious. Later in life he manifested the same mental attitude in matters of larger concern. There was a moral *Via Media* in the man himself anterior to that intellectual *Via Media* in which he found rest and power, and on which he took so firm a stand in ecclesiastical doctrine and ritual. The intellectual middle way may be assumed by the merest "Neuter," "Trimmer," or "Mr. Facing-both-ways"; but the moral middle way lay at the root of Hook's masculine steadfastness throughout the dire succession of ecclesiastical frights which agitated the English clergy during his tenure of the vicarage of Leeds. The natural tendency of his "old Adam" was towards extremes, for he was a man of impulse, frolic, and humour, all of which, unless kept in check, urge a man into unsteadiness of thought and action. In his attitude towards the Ten Hours Bill, and the burning question of popular education, he showed how completely he worked himself free from the chains of party whenever a higher obligation, as he supposed, was demanding his allegiance. In his speech at a great meeting at Leeds in favour of the Ten Hours Bill, in March 1844, the Vicar said:—

> If I thought you working-men were in error on this subject, I should still sympathize with you, though I should not be here to-night. But believing and knowing you to be in the right, I should be unworthy of the post which I occupy in this parish were I to permit any reluctance on my part to oppose her Majesty's Government to prevent my being present. Yes, I will go further, and say that I come here to tell you that I am ready in this righteous cause to press forward with you to the last gasp; and that if a collision should occur between your interests and the interests of a higher social class, you may depend upon finding me upon your side. And I trust that our friends in London, when the question is put to them, whether they will support the cause of the poor or the cause of party, will fling party to the dogs, and support humanity.

When his impulsive tendency, however, carried him thus far, and he was interrupted by the vociferous cheering of his audience, he was too steadfast and fair a thinker to forsake his *Via Media* standpoint; he did not allow himself to be swung from one party to the other, but went on to observe that much was to be said on the manufacturers' side. In his celebrated pamphlet on Education, which produced a greater stir than anything else from his pen, his Letter to the Bishop of St. David's, entitled *How to render more efficient the Education of the People*, he made a similar stand. He drew down upon himself by his remarkably daring propositions—for such they were at such a time—a storm of reproaches from Churchmen and Dissenters alike. The moral pith of the pamphlet, which was really an extension of the *Via Media* principle to a new province, lay in his appeal to all "Englishmen" to "cast aside party feeling, and unite as one man to repel the enemy."

> In our warfare against ignorance and immorality, casting aside all minor considerations, not involving principle, may we be united in one common cause, doing not what, abstractedly considered, we should deem to be the best, but the best in those circumstances under which the Providence of our God has placed us.

It is significant that Dr. Hook wrote this pamphlet, in which he stood upon the *Via Media* betwixt Churchmen and Dissenters, while he was in the heat of the most bitter conflict of his pastoral life, that which was brought upon him by the early experiment of the second school of Tractarians at St. Saviour's Church in Leeds, from which priest after priest emigrated to the Roman communion. "The Vicar was worried," as Mr. Stephens puts it, "by the vituperation of extreme Protestants on the one hand, and by the remonstrances of extreme Puseyites on the other." That which was most provoking to his strong and steady character was naturally the feeble "onesidedness," as he often said, of the Romeward movement. The theorists were safe in their retreat behind Oxford walls; they were secured from the need of the struggle for daily bread; they knew English Dissent only as a name in newspapers; they came into no actual contact with the powerful forces opposed to the English Church. Before they had worked out the theory of the Anglican *Via Media* upon paper, or pieced it together from a comparative study of

* *The Life and Letters of Walter Farquhar Hook, D.D., F.R.S.* By his Son-in-law, W. R. W. Stephens, Prebendary of Chichester, and Rector of Woolbeding. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1878.

Andrewes, Hooker, and the Caroline divines, Dr. Hook was exhibiting in Leeds "a parish well worked on the Church of England system." "My desire was," as he wrote in 1847 to Mr. Wood, "to show that the *Via Media* could be carried out." He was elected Vicar of Leeds in 1837, and in that same year Dr. Newman wrote, in his *Lectures on Romanism and Popular Protestantism*, "There certainly is a call upon us to exhibit our principles in action, and until we can produce a diocese, or place of education, or populous town, or colonial department, or the like, administered on our distinctive principles, doubtless we have not so much to urge on our behalf as we might have." It was no doubt unfortunate alike for Dr. Hook's own principles and for St. Saviour's that he allowed himself to be thus worried. Those outside of Leeds who were working that early experiment of a mission Church, with numerous services and a hard-living clergy, were as much disappointed as he could have been at the Romeward tendencies of their nominees. Their mistake lay in their choice of instruments, and a fuller recognition by the Vicar of Leeds that the "worry" was not all on one side might have led to some pacific arrangement. This seemed at one time possible while a really large-minded and able man, A. P. Forbes, held the vicarage of St. Saviour's. But after a few months' incumbency he was called away to the Bishopric of Brechin, and things fell back into their old unlucky groove.

Plentiful materials are supplied by Mr. Stephens for the exact orientation of the relation of Dr. Hook to the original Tractarians, and also to "the young clergy of the new school," whom he described in 1842 as tyrants toward congregations and rebels towards bishops. At the beginning of 1850, when taunted with desertion from the ranks of the High Church party, he declared:—

> I am not conscious of having changed a single principle for the last thirty years. I have not left any old party, and certainly I have not united myself to any new party. I am where I was found by many of those who are now severe in their censures of me, and where I intend by God's grace to remain.

He found the reasons for his position in the excesses of word and deed of the Romanizers of that period:—

> When they changed their Ultra-Protestant principles, and accepted the English Reformation, defending it, as they did, in the earlier volumes of the *Tracts for the Times*; when they walked in the middle way, and in escaping from Ultra-Protestantism protested against the errors of Romanism, I rejoiced in their alliance, and did not shrink from my share of the obloquy they incurred. But when I now find them calumniators of the Church of England, and vindicators of the Church of Rome, palliating the vices of the Romish system, and magnifying the deficiencies of the Church of England, sneering at everything Anglican, and admiring everything Romish—when they who were in the pit on the one side of the wall have now tumbled over on the other side, and have fallen into a lower deep still gaping to devour them, I conceive that I am bound as a High Churchman to remain stationary, and not to follow them in their downfalling.

He constantly referred to Bishop Jebb, whom he calls "My dear Gamaliel," as his original leader into the *Via Media*. His confidence in the inherent *vis medicatrix naturæ* in the English Church was so firm as to make him opposed to all attempts to crush the "Tractarian Rump," as he called the extreme Ritualists in later years, by the sledge-hammer of repressive legislation. He termed them, besides other uncomplimentary epithets, "an insignificant set." Yet he had, like other thinking men, grown with his times. Of this growth in his last years he gave a remarkable proof which Mr. Stephens has forgotten to notice. When the declaration of the clergy provoked by the Purchas Judgment was ready for presentation, the Archbishops and Bishops, and other leading signers found reasons for declining to take the prominent position of presenters. Dr. Hook fearlessly undertook the task. This act on the Dean of Chichester's part was the more courageous as his lifelong friend Lord Hatherley was one of the authors of the impugned judgment. It is a significant fact that Hook finally made his way, before leaving Leeds, to a political as well as an ecclesiastical *Via Media*. He discovered by his practical intercourse with men that a nation and a National Church, as such, are of no party.

> In the Church [he wrote to Lord Hatherley in 1849], among the clergy as well as the laity, there is the large portion leaning now to one side then to the other. It is so in politics. The bulk of the people are neither Whigs nor Tories, but sometimes of one party and sometimes of the other, as either party seems best qualified to meet existing difficulties. I am one of these. The noise is made by strong partisans; but the strength of a partisan lies in his ability to persuade those who are (though not professedly, yet in fact) of no party.

Hence Hook's *Via Media*, both in Church and State—although in the former province he thought it half inherited and half taught him by Bishop Jebb—was the product of his own personal character, and it was incapable in him of being turned into an excuse for sluggishness in action or stagnation in thought. The happiest estimate of the combined fixity and mobility of the man was struck out by that keen observer Bishop Wilberforce, who once observed:—"Hook is like a ship at anchor, which, without moving from its anchorage, always swings round to turn its breast to the tide."

Throughout Dr. Hook's ceaseless activity as an author he preserved the same masculine and mediatory temper which characterized him as an ecclesiastic. During the busiest period of his pastoral life he never made business an excuse for the neglect of study. In winter as well as summer he was in the midst of his books at those early hours of the day in which many a hard-working pastor is in bed. We believe that he wrote the greater part of his controversial pamphlets, and even his popular lexicons, the Church Dictionary and the Ecclesiastical Biography, between five and nine in the morning. The growth in grasp and in freedom which is evident in his later writings was due not merely to his unremitting energy in historical reading, and to the inherent fairness and courage which made him as ready to unlearn as to learn, but also to that clearer and sharper appreciation of his own position, as the champion of the Anglican *Via Media*, which he derived from the study of the national Church history as a whole. Apart from the Anglican theory, the history of the Church of England or of English Christianity can scarcely be said to possess historical unity. The Romish historian must place all good in the *Ecclesia Anglicana* on the further side of the break with Rome, while the Puritan historian must place all good on this side of it; the Anglican alone is sufficiently free to see the good and evil on both sides of it. The *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*, the greatest and most enduring of Hook's literary works, the result of his lifelong studies, was happily not begun until he had the leisure to devote himself entirely to its elaboration, and when his mind had become singularly ripe for the treatment of such a subject by his manifold experience of men and things ecclesiastical. His history, for such it is, owes much of its charm and power to the fact that it is the work of a man who had spent life in helping to make the ecclesiastical history of the present before he sat down to write the ecclesiastical history of the past. When we look for the centre from which Dean Hook worked as the historian of the Archbishops, we find that he had two strong prepossessions—the bias of a thorough Englishman and the bias of an Anglican ecclesiastic. The two are not always found in the same man; in Hook the one acted as the corrective of the other. In reading the earlier volumes, we feel that the writer is no mere bookworm or bibliographer; an Archbishop Theodore or Archbishop Boniface was realized by him as a living person, the Archbishop Howley or Archbishop Tait of an earlier time. The most difficult and delicate of all the archiepiscopal portraits, those of Cranmer and Laud, were painted by Dr. Hook with a fairness and truth which no previous historian, ecclesiastical or secular, had attained. Those who admire Cranmer are almost certain to hate Laud; while those who are ready to condone Laud's faults are not likely to have much mercy for Cranmer. It takes a strong man, who has planted both feet upon a very firm *Via Media*, to be at once fair towards both and severe towards both.

It is not too much to say that Mr. Stephens has added a permanent contribution to English ecclesiastical biography. This is due, no doubt, in the first place to the prominence of his subject; but Hook's important position in the evolution of the practical side of a great movement in English Church history makes rather for the hiding than for the revealing of the singular merits of his biographer. His work is by no means free from literary flaws, and we can conceive that it might have turned out a heavy and dull performance but for the assistance which he has received from Dean Hook's life-long friend, Lord Hatherley, not only through the long and interesting chapter of early reminiscences contributed by the latter, but still more through the rich mass of autobiographical memorials which he has supplied in the shape of Hook's letters to himself. In one of those Hook calls the friend of his boyhood his "father-confessor"; and it is evident that no secret of his inmost heart and no trouble of his active outward life was ever withheld from this confidant of half a century. Indeed Lord Hatherley may almost be said to have been the recipient of his friend's private journal; and Dr. Hook, for the whole period of his life, was unconsciously constructing a full, though not a formal, autobiography in the letters so regularly despatched to his old Winchester schoolfellow. Some of the reasons of the charm which these volumes owe to the writer are not unlikely to escape the recognition of the reader. There is a quiet self-suppression and a comparative absence of private opiniohativeness in the biographer's treatment of a most difficult and delicate part of his work, the contemporaneous setting of his subject. Mr. Stephens has resisted the temptation of endeavouring to compile a *Zeitgeschichte* or *Tendenzgeschichte* around the central figure of his hero. That he is not wanting in the gifts or in the natural inclination for such a method is evident in his own *Life and Times of St. John Chrysostom*. The author has also steered clear of the shoals upon which many a hopeful biography has been spoiled; although he is the son-in-law of Dean Hook, he has not obtruded upon the reader that family bias which is so often the cause of disproportion in biographies, and which ought to have no place in a life whose only claim to be published to the world is that it already belongs to the world. At the same time the world has a right to know how much of the character and activity of its best servants is due to hidden influences, and in whom those influences had their spring; and in the delightful glimpses which Mr. Stephens affords us of the mother and the wife of Dean Hook we acknowledge another illustration of one of the oldest recognized laws of comparative biography. Without such a mother as he had, Hook would scarcely have been fitted for his great work; without such a wife as he had, he must have broken down under it. The last sixteen years of Dr. Hook's life, while he was Dean of Chichester, are more briefly sketched by Mr. Stephens than his most active years at Leeds. But his biographer brings out with a few picturesque touches the great event of the downfall and rebuilding of the Cathedral spire; while the extracts which he gives from the correspondence paint the brave old man spurning the delights of a comparatively easy post to undertake the protracted labour of the great work of which we have already spoken. That the Dean, advanced as he was in life when he buckled to his *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*, should have dreamt of following it up with Lives of the Archbishops of York and of Armagh, is eminently characteristic of the man.

The summaries of the ecclesiastical, political, or educational

environment of his subject, which Mr. Stephens is bound here and there to supply, are almost invariably concise, judicial, and lucid. It is only at rare intervals that we are inclined to protest against an attempt on the biographer's part to "improve the occasion." Thus, in his sketch of the dark condition of the Church of England and its clergy at the epoch of Hook's ordination, he appears to us to confound respectability with righteousness when he invites us to be horrified at the spectacle of "parish priests, especially in country places, smoking their clay pipes with village gossips outside the alehouse." Does he think that their morality would have been higher if their pipes had been made of wood or meerschaum instead of clay? Or does he think that Charles Kingsley was a low type of village parson? We do not consider it a part of the biographer's business to supply a moral application to the sermons preached by his hero, especially where the preacher is so self-asserting and so clear as Hook invariably is. We are impatient when Mr. Stephens interrupts his narrative with such useless predications as the following:—

> The wise words [cited from Hook's sermon at the Consecration of Dr. Luscombe] might well be weighed by those Dissenters, on the one hand, who seek to upset the Church of England as at present established, and on the other by those members of the Church who dally and coquet with Nonconformists, whether Protestant or Romanist.

Neither is Mr. Stephens always scrupulously careful to see that his historical judgments are grounded upon historical fact. Thus, after a glorification of "that great Apostle of Christ, John Wesley," he tells us, with a view of blackening as deeply as possible the background upon which Hook's figure is to be painted, that "the Religious Societies, which lasted from the Restoration to the reign (*sic*) of the Georges," "were stifled soon after the commencement of the Hanoverian rule." A sermon was annually preached to these "Societies for Promoting a Reformation of Manners," usually by one of the bishops, at St. Mary-le-Bow, as early as possible in the New Year, and "An Account of the Progress made by the Societies" was printed as an appendix to the sermon. "The Three-and-thirtieth Account" follows a sermon preached by the Bishop of St. David's in January 1728, and it reports considerable activity and progress. If any one can be charged with "stifling" these societies, it is Wesley himself, who sought converts amongst them, and who turned the thought of their members from practical morality to religious speculation, and from care for the public good to a more self-centred care for their own souls. These societies, instead of beginning at the Restoration, began after the Revolution, and they were so far from being stifled under the reign of the first George that they survived far into the reign of the second. We are not inclined to quarrel, however, with a writer to whom we owe so much. Mr. Stephens has alike the skill and the feeling to know when to stand aside and let the fascinating and self-asserting figure of his hero speak for itself.

DIXON'S ROYAL WINDSOR.*

As, according to political economists, demand creates supply, we presume that in some quarter or other there is a demand for Mr. Hepworth Dixon's peculiar style of writing. It must, we suppose, find admirers somewhere, else why should the author continue to supply it? To such admirers it will doubtless be a pleasure to learn that Mr. Dixon is fully himself in these two volumes of *Royal Windsor*. In the very first sentence they will recognize his manner of dashing into his subject:—

> A steep chalk bluff, starting from a river margin with the heave and dominance of a tidal wave is Castle Hill, now crowned and mantled by the Norman keep, the royal house, the chapel of St. George, and the depending gardens, terraces, and slopes.

Castle Hill, we believe, has not within the memory of man been in a condition of volcanic activity, so that we are at a loss to account for its starting with the heave of a tidal wave. Nature, however, plays strange pranks at Windsor. In his favourite singsong, Mr. Dixon goes on:—

> Trees beard the slope and tuft the ridge. Live waters curl and murmur at the base. In front, low-lying meadows curtsey to the royal hill.

Sir Artegall, we may remember, rebuked the Socialists of his day by pointing out that

> The hils doe not the lowly dales disdaine;
> The dales doe not the lofty hils envy.

But it was reserved for Mr. Dixon to represent the dales as gracefully acknowledging their social inferiority by curtseying to the hills. The whole first chapter, indeed, is pitched in a high poetic key, and is struggling, not always unsuccessfully, to form itself into blank verse. If we desired to make a collection of elegant extracts, these first few pages alone would offer a host of charming passages. The only difficulty is to choose from the lavish supply. We come upon "aged oaks, hoary with time and rich in legend: patriarchs of the forest, wedded to the readers of all nations by immortal verse." We hear how "the stream curves softly past your feet, unconscious of the capital, unruffled by the tide"; and we are invited to gaze on

> the pinnacles of Eton College, the Plantagenet school and cloister, whence for twenty-one reigns the youth of England have been trained for court and camp, the staff, the mitre, and the marble chair. Free from these pinnacles, the eye is caught by darksome clump, and antique tower, and distant height; each darksome clump a haunted wood, each antique tower an elegy in stone, each distant height a storied and romantic hill.

A little further on, we are told that "the heights all round the Norman keep are capped with fame—one hallowed by a saint, another crowned with song." In plain prose, this means that one is St. Leonard's Hill and another Cooper's Hill. In his description of the "Saxon hunting-lodge" in Windsor Mr. Dixon has unconsciously introduced a line of blank verse which sounds quite good enough to become a stock quotation among hunting men of a sentimental turn:—

> Free to the chase, yet severed from the world.

We recommend it to the attention of those writers whose business it is to chronicle, in an easy mixture of slang and poetry, the doings of the Blankshire hounds, and whose quotations are apt to be worn distressingly threadbare.

From the "Saxon hunting-lodge" Mr. Dixon passes on to the "Norman keep," and gives us an account of the part taken by various sovereigns in building, enlarging, or altering Windsor Castle. Coming down to the present reign, we find that "Her Majesty has cleared off slum and tenement from the slopes." After noting this happy reformation, we enter upon the second chapter, and with it upon the detailed history of Windsor, or rather of everybody who has had any connexion with the place, down to the marriage of Henry VII., at which point the second of the two volumes ends. First in order comes Robert of Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland, whose connexion with Windsor consists in his having there dragged out some twenty or thirty years of prison life. The hopeless nature of his captivity is shown by the fact of his wife having been allowed by a Papal dispensation to marry again in his lifetime—an incident which, however, is not mentioned by Mr. Dixon. Robert's earlier history is told at length, including his dealings with King Malcolm of Scotland. The legendary story of Malcolm's death by a treacherous thrust of the lance on which the keys of Alnwick were being offered to him in feigned submission is given as if it was undoubted history. Mr. Dixon speaks of Alnwick castle, unaware seemingly that the critical scepticism of the present age doubts whether there was a castle at Alnwick as early as the date of Malcolm's death. Earl Robert's subsequent revolt against his own sovereign is made to arise out of this slaying of Malcolm. Rufus, we are told, "sent for Mowbray to appear at court and answer for his awful deed." For this connexion between Malcolm's death and Earl Robert's fall Mr. Dixon may have authority; but Orderic, whose version has been followed by most modern historians, represents Robert of Mowbray as being "sent for," not on account of "his awful deed" in procuring the death of the King of Scots, but to answer for having plundered some Norwegian merchant-vessels. From the reign of Rufus we pass to that of "Beauclerc," as Mr. Dixon commonly calls Henry I. "Beauclerc cast his eyes on Lady Edith, otherwise Madame Maud, a daughter of the murdered Malcolm and his Saxon Queen, St. Margaret, and a little niece of Edward the Confessor." What relationship is implied by the term "little niece"? According to the genealogies, Edith was a great-great-niece, if the term be permissible, of the Confessor. In his account of Henry's courtship Mr. Dixon, following Sir Francis Palgrave, adopts the story that Edith's heart, like that of Sir Galahad, was "drawn above," and that she married only out of a sense of public duty—a story which, in Mr. Freeman's opinion, "sounds like a romance of the convent." We should prefer to put our faith in Edith's own statement, as reported by Eadmer, that, so far from aspiring to be the bride of Heaven, she was in the habit, when her aunt's back was turned, of tearing off her nun's veil and trampling upon it. It is at any rate the less commonplace story of the two. We should like also to know if Mr. Dixon has any good evidence to support the theory that when Henry, under episcopal pressure, allowed his hair and beard to be clipped, it was done "as an act of separation from the English race." As Orderic tells the story, it was rather a return to respectability, a renunciation of the wicked ways of the fashionable world. Long hair had been one of the distinctive marks of the dissolute companions of Rufus, who were not likely to have adopted the fashion out of any English sympathies. A converted Cavalier sacrificing his lovelocks would be the nearest historic parallel to Henry submitting to the shears of Bishop Serlo, who, like the Puritans of later days, appealed to the authority of St. Paul in support of his denunciations. As for long beards, the Norman Bishop took exception to them, not as being an English fashion, but, amongst other reasons, because they made their wearers resemble Saracens rather than Christians. Even before Bishop Serlo had so successfully exerted his eloquence, we doubt whether the good people of Windsor would have seen Henry "ride away, his Saxon locks about his ears, his yellow beard about his breast," because, according to William of Malmesbury, Henry's hair was black.

Mr. Dixon is much given to these personal descriptions, which in their precision of detail and glow of colour betray the practised hand of the novelist. Henry of Bolingbroke, we are interested in learning, "was a tall and handsome fellow, with a blue and laughing eye, made brighter by the bronze of his manly cheek." Philippa of Hainault is set before us as "a tall fair girl, with flesh all creamy white, and cheeks all rosy red." Good Queen Anne of Bohemia fares but ill, being unflatteringly portrayed as "fat and pink, with light blue eye and heavy flaps of cheek." In fact, as Mr. Dixon sums up, "this sister of Augustus was extremely plain." Mentally, the poor lady was, we regret to add, "limp and watery." Her husband, King Richard II., was,

* *Royal Windsor.* By William Hepworth Dixon. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1879.

it appears, as "limp" as herself. To quote Mr. Dixon's unconscious blank verse:—

> Like the fair dame, his mother, he was gay
> And indolent, perverse and bountiful.
> . . . .
> Some courage and some talent he possessed,
> But, like an infant of the south, he had
> No staying power. Once he had made his dash—
> And that with either sword or tongue—he fell
> Into his listless mood.

His father, the Black Prince, on the other hand, seems to have been tough both in body and soul—especially in body, for even "as an infant, he was huge in size, his flesh like wire." The description of Prince Hal is as pretty a bit of writing as any in the book:—

> A sunburnt man, with hair about his head
> Like raven plumes; a face of oblong shape,
> Brow arched and domed, complexion tawny red;
> Teeth white and large; eyes lion-hazel, mild
> When quiet, but of flashing fire when roused.
> . . . .
> The young man seemed an image of St. George;
> One capable of fighting like a god.

Richard Cœur de Lion, "in face and figure," "recalled the Saxon hero; for, like Alfred, he was tall and sparo, with rosy cheeks, blue eyes, and flaxen curls." The latter part of the description, we own, recalls to us not so much "the Saxon hero" as "the sweet little doll" of Kingsley's lyric:—

> Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
> And her hair was so charmingly curled.

Professor Stubbs, however—and who should know what the Angevin Kings were like, if Professor Stubbs does not?—avers that Richard's hair was brown, and that at the time of his accession he was struggling against an unheroic tendency to fat. We may reconcile our conflicting authorities by supposing that, like Napoleon, Richard was thin at one time of his life and stout at another. As to shades of hair, the cautious historian knows that absolute agreement on such points is not attainable. Pope held that women were "best distinguished by black, brown, or fair"; and the most advanced ethnologists, committing themselves to even fewer details, roughly divide the population of Western Europe into Melanochroi and Xanthochroi.

Albeit Mr. Dixon has given "Lion Heart" the outward semblance of a hero of romance, he resists any temptation to take a romantic view of his character, and indeed pronounces him to have "had nearly every fault of a bad man, in addition to almost every vice of a bad king." The chapters describing the struggle against Richard's Chancellor, William of Longchamp, are among the best in the book. For, despite its manifold absurdities, the work has a certain merit. It is at any rate not dull. When Mr. Dixon has good authorities to guide him, and good material out of which to construct his narrative, he can tell a story in a dashing, slashing, historical-novelist manner which is not without its attractions. His art at the best is that of the scene-painter; but, like scene-painting, it is effective, though often tricky and exaggerated. Even if we believe that William of Longchamp was as hideous and deformed as his enemies made him out to be, we get tired of having him perpetually styled "the dwarf," "the pigmy," "the mannikin." The affectation of calling Margaret of Anjou "the Daisy Queen" mars the account of the struggle of York and Somerset, which otherwise is written in a comparatively quiet and reasonable manner. In the heartrending picture of Henry VI.'s childhood some of the details are, we trust, due only to Mr. Dixon's love of exaggeration:—

> The infant king was left at Windsor Castle in the charge of Alice Boteler, while his restless mother, and his lawless godmother, were racketing about the world. Alice was allowed to slap the child; and Warwick, now his governor, was allowed to flog him. Nurse and governor both exercised their powers on the deserted boy. That side of the young monarch's life was genuine; all other sides were empty show and meaningless play. Chancellors knelt to him, but Alice slapt his hands; ambassadors parleyed to him, but Warwick broke the cane on his back.

We should like to be quite sure of the evidence for this last statement before we consent thus to regard Warwick as the Squeers of English history. That poor little King Henry, by one of the quaintest exertions of monarchical power on record, did give first to Dame Alice, and then to Earl Richard, authority "reasonably to chastise us," is undoubtedly true; but, if Mr. Dixon's information be correct, the Earl at least had rather stern ideas of reasonableness. The charge of undue severity has been before now brought against Warwick, though not with Mr. Dixon's particularity, and seems mainly to be founded on the meek and subdued disposition of Henry in after-life, and upon Warwick's well-known application to the Council for increased powers. As, however, in that document fear is expressed lest the Royal pupil "wol conceive ayeins the said Erle, or eny other that wol take upon him to chastise him for his defaultes, displesir, or indignacion therfore, the whiche, without due assistence, is not easy to be born," it is evident that Warwick was aware that severity on his part might thereafter have injurious consequences to himself, and thus had a strong inducement not to exceed the bounds of what was considered reasonable and necessary discipline. At any rate the general impression which Mr. Dixon conveys of a "deserted" and roughly-treated child is inaccurate. Henry may have been, as Professor Stubbs supposes, over-taught and over-worked, and, after the fashion of the age, the rod may have been unsparingly employed to hasten the development of his precocious but short-lived intelligence; but it is plain that there was no lack of care and good intentions on the part of his guardians. The difficulty of shaking off the trammels of Shakspearian tradition must be Mr. Dixon's excuse for saying that Cardinal Beaufort "died in misery and despair." It is now generally acknowledged that the Cardinal died in the most decorous and dignified manner, after hearing his own funeral service and requiem mass, having his will read out, and bidding farewell to all his household.

We have not space left to do more than mention the chapters in which Mr. Dixon traces the origin of the cult paid to St. George. They are interesting, but would be improved by compression. Much pains have been spent upon the history of the Order of the Garter, and we remark with satisfaction that though in some other parts of his work Mr. Dixon betrays a hankering after unnecessary scandal, he sternly rejects the tales about Lady Salisbury. On the whole, we lay down *Royal Windsor* with the reflection that if Mr. Dixon would eschew halting blank verse, would write in a moderately calm and rational manner—which he can do now and then, though he is continually relapsing—and would abstain from exaggeration and flights of imagination, he might attain to a fair position among the lighter order of historical writers. But to ask him to do all this would perhaps be to ask him to be no longer himself.

CHURCH'S ESSAY ON DANTE.*

All lovers of the study of Dante will be gratified by the publication in a separate and independent form of Dr. Church's well-known essay, which first appeared more than twenty-five years ago in the pages of the *Christian Remembrancer*, and was subsequently reprinted in a volume of collected essays and reviews. Those who are about to enter upon that study may commence it under the best auspices by making themselves acquainted with the very full, learned, and eloquent treatise now rendered accessible to them. It omits nothing necessary for the completion of its design, and affords a summary of the public and private life of the great Italian whose place in literature is so singular. It explains the circumstances of the time in which he lived, and their influence upon his thoughts and character; giving also an admirable account of his works, and of the way in which they stand related to each other and to their author. No attempt to relate the inner life of Dante as boy and man, no version of his unhappy connexion with the bitter politics of the city and of the country which he loved so well, no criticism of his writings in prose or verse, could be intelligible in which each of these matters should be treated singly and apart from the others. The esoteric life, the political life, and the literary life must be taken together, as three strands constituting one united cord; they must never be parted; and, if any one of them were to be relied upon as the clue to hold by in endeavouring to find a path through the complicated maze of Dante's existence, it would snap in the hand, and leave the inquirer perplexed and helpless. He would soon discover himself to be "in a dark wood, where the straight way was lost"; a jungle of Aristotelian and scholastic philosophy, of mediæval theology and history, of Guelf and Ghibelline politics, of local and personal feuds and hatreds, of scriptural and classical learning, to be understood frequently in a sense far removed from the modern one, and the whole tangled with allegorical allusions, and full of peculiar personal recollections and experiences.

Dr. Church has fully understood the right mode of conducting a new comer among all the difficulties which encompass the journey through the life and writings of Dante, and his leadership may be securely adopted. He never loses sight of the inseparable connexion between the individual man and what he wrote and did. He does not allow himself to be led astray by false and fanciful interpretations, but follows Dante's own explanation of the way in which the consecutive evolution of his writings took place. The passion of the tender and impressionable boy for the young Beatrice was the origin of the *Vita Nuova*, as true a love story as ever was written, strange as some of its fancies are, and mystical as some of its meanings may be. Through its wonderful prose and verse, the little girl first seen in her crimson frock grows into the beautiful woman, dies, and becomes the beatified guide who is to save Dante from destruction at the beginning of the *Divina Commedia*, and is afterwards to be his guide through Paradise. The *Convito* is a work of later years, written by the man to whom the boy of the *Vita Nuova* was father, a man who had read, and had battled with the troubles of the world; who had become a politician and a soldier, who was an exile from his country, and who had experienced the disappointment of discovering how far the life of action in which he had to move, and the associates with whom he was thrown, differed from his own high ideal of right and duty. It is in this work that Dante lays down rules for the due interpretation of his writings—rules which some of his commentators have so entirely ignored and transgressed. He points out the distinct existences of literal, allegorical, moral, and spiritual meanings; but enforces the importance of the literal meaning, which must always lie under any allegorical interpretation. He refers to the *Vita Nuova*, and

* *Dante: an Essay.* By R. W. Church, M.A., D.C.L., Dean of St. Paul's. To which is added a Translation of the "De Monarchia," by F. C. Church. London: Macmillan & Co.

maintains his continued love for Beatrice, whose praises and whose memory are always in his thoughts. On her death he found his chief consolation in study, and he dwells upon the pleasure he derived from it, in soothing his grief and in extending his knowledge. In this manner the recollections of his lost love became naturally entwined with the subjects of his studies, and she assumes gradually a new existence as the intellectual mistress of his soul. He distinctly mentions the allegorical or double form in which she is thus made to appear. Then in the *Commedia* a further and higher change takes place. In the great poem Beatrice becomes a personification of spiritual knowledge or theology, and her image in Dante's heart receives its most exalted phase of glorification. The *De Monarchiâ* lies somewhat out of the direct line in which the *Commedia* proceeded through the *Convito* from the *Vita Nuova*, but when rightly considered its connexion with the other works becomes clear. The treatise *De Vulgari Eloquio* is almost purely literary; but it was a fitting thing to be written by the man who broke the sort of spell which compelled the use of Latin for serious composition, and who had himself intended to employ it as the language of his great poem; the first to resort to the tongue of the common people for the purposes of an important literary work, and who wrote so that the *Commedia* should be understood by them.

Dr. Church opens his fine essay with the *Divina Commedia*, as one who should give the first sight of a rich country or a noble city from its highest eminence or loftiest tower; and he speaks in a manner worthy of its transcendent supremacy. He rightly calls it one of the landmarks of history, and adds:—

> More than a magnificent poem, more than the beginning of a language and the opening of a national literature, more than the inspirer of art and the glory of a great people, it is one of those rare and solemn monuments of the mind's power, which measure and test what it can reach to, which rise up ineffaceably and for ever as time goes on, marking out its advance by grander divisions than its centuries, and adopted as epochs by the consent of all who come after.

Dr. Church traces the progress of Dante's early life, his studies, and his capacity for literary distinction; and points out how it was the enforced and painful activity of his life which brought out the greatest faculties of the poet, saving him perhaps from a dream of inglorious contemplation:—

> It was the factions of Florence which made Dante a great poet. But for them he might have been a modern critic and essayist born before his time, and have held a high place among the writers of fugitive verses, in Italy a graceful, but trifling and idle, tribe. . . . He might have thrown into the shade the Guidos and Cinos of his day, to be eclipsed by Petrarch. But he learned in the bitter feuds of Italy not to trifle; they opened to his view, and he had an eye to see, the true springs and abysses of this mortal life—motives and passions stronger than lovers' sentiments, evils beyond the consolations of Boethius and Cicero; and from that fiery trial which without searing his heart annealed his strength and purpose, he drew that great gift and power by which he stands pre-eminent even among his high compeers, the gift of being real. And the idea of the *Commedia* took shape, and expanded into its endless forms of terror and beauty, not under the roof-tree of the literary citizen, but when the exile had been driven out to the highways of the world, to study nature on the sea or by the river, or on the mountain track, and to study men in the courts of Verona and Ravenna, and in the schools of Bologna and Paris—perhaps of Oxford.

Then begins a full and fervent exposition of the events and feelings of the time, and of the story of Dante's fitful life. We are told how he was born in the year of the decisive battle of Benevento, which established French influence in Italy, set up the Papal power, excluded that of the Emperor, and drove the Ghibelline party from Florence. There is an excellent analysis of the claims and constitution of the two great factions which then divided Italy, and in picturesque language it is told with what a frightful spirit of extermination the ascendent Guelfs pursued their advantage in the city of Dante's birth. The famous split of the Guelfs into Blacks and Whites followed, and the fortunes of Dante became involved in the general civil strife, ending with his banishment, and subsequent wanderings in exile for the rest of his days. Dr. Church then returns to the great poem:—

> The *Commedia*, at the first glance, shows the traces of its author's life. It is the work of a wanderer. The very form in which it is cast is that of a journey, difficult, toilsome, perilous, and full of change. It is more than a working out of that touching phraseology of the middle ages, in which "the way" was the technical theological expression for this mortal life; and "*viator*" meant man in his state of trial, as "*comprehensor*" meant man made perfect, having attained to his heavenly country. The writer's mind is full of the recollections and definite images of his various journeys. The permanent scenery of the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio*, very variously and distinctly marked, is that of travel. The descent down the sides of the Pit, and the ascent of the Sacred Mountain, show one familiar with such scenes—one who had climbed painfully in perilous passes, and grown dizzy on the brink of narrow ledges over sea or torrent.

Several of the most striking of these local reminiscences are mentioned, as well as passages in which Dante dwells upon local names and images, and brings into use the observations of a practised voyager. Dr. Church's pages, in which he shows his readers how to appreciate the wonders and beauties of the *Commedia*, entitle him to rank among the ablest of the critics who have devoted themselves to the study of Dante. He remarks the vast comprehensiveness of the design, and the novelty of combining so many objects in a single poem. The main character and scope of the poem are obvious enough, as a vindication of divine justice; but this purpose does not proceed without interruptions and many passages which to modern feelings seem singularly inappropriate in so serious a composition. There are allegories, but their meaning must not be strained too far; and there are bits of history and personal anecdotes which it would be impossible to find in a work of such high and important design in the present world, whose writings are supervised by incessant criticisms and an established code of conventionalities. But to understand and appreciate the *Commedia* it must be taken and read as a whole. Many readers do not get beyond the first five cantos of the *Inferno*; some may get as far as the end of the first part, but go no further. These have not done wisely or well; the beauty of the poem increases through the *Purgatory* and *Paradise*, and those who persevere to the end, and for the third time read the word "*stelle*" in its appointed place at the end of each canticle, will find that they have their reward, and have added to their intellectual happiness. They have acquired a higher faculty of perceiving and enjoying expressions of the grandest thought, the most marvellous descriptions, and the choicest language. To have mastered the *Divina Commedia* is an event in a lifetime, as the production of it was an event in the history of literature; and those who have taken the trouble to do so look back to it as a thing to be remembered with pride and gratitude, and rejoice in the possession of an abiding advantage and a treasury of knowledge and recollections of which nothing can deprive them. Those who enter the portals of the great poem with the intention of passing through all its circles, and rising through the heavenly spheres, will find that they have not to abandon hope, but will find their hope realized beyond their highest expectations.

The translation of the *De Monarchiâ* into English, now done for the first time by Mr. F. C. Church, is a valuable addition to the essay on Dante. It is a work so strongly and strangely illustrative of the age which produced it that it ought to attract the attention of the larger circle of readers to whom it is now presented. It is in form something between an abstract treatise on government and a pamphlet or one of those political articles in the modern periodical which now come, not singly, but in battalions. The first book treats of the subject generally, and explains how a temporal sovereignty is essential for the well-being of the world, and that it must be administered with peace and justice and well-ordered liberty for its ends, and by a single, duly qualified, and universal power. And when these conditions were fulfilled, when Augustus was Emperor, a sole ruler, at the head of a perfect monarchy, and in a time of general peace, the world was ripe for the appearance in it of the Son of God. The second book shows in detail that the Roman Empire was divinely established as being in its origin and through its founders the fittest power to rule over all the peoples. For the Roman nation was the noblest, and most worthy to be preferred before all others; and the rise of its power by a succession of miracles proved its sacred right to the possession of supreme dominion. And this is confirmed by the manner in which the struggle for ascendency took place with rival nations, in which the ultimate victory of the Romans proved their title to be the legitimate heirs of the universal sovereignty. The book ends with another appeal to the birth and death of Christ—to the first as showing that the authority of the Roman Empire was just, and to his death under a Roman official as confirming the jurisdiction of the Roman Empire over all mankind. The third book deals with the pretensions of the Papacy to confine and to control the temporal power, which has previously been proved to subsist upon grounds as sacred as those upon which it founds its own claims to supremacy. Each of the two divinely ordained powers should perform its own functions—"the supreme Pontiff to lead mankind to eternal life, according to the things revealed to us; and the Emperor to guide mankind to happiness in this world, according to the teaching of philosophy." Mr. Bryce has given a short summary of this treatise in his *History of the Holy Roman Empire*, which so admirably expounds the mediæval ideas on the subject; and has pointed out the strange nature of the arguments which then passed current, and the childish faith in which the supposed endowment of the Church by Constantine is accepted, as well as the belief that the Emperor Henry VII., although a German, was the lawful successor to the power exercised by Augustus and Justinian.

The relation of the authorship of the *De Monarchiâ* to that of the *Commedia* is best shown by recollecting the part played by Virgil in the latter as the representative of Roman government and literature, and by referring to the end of the *Inferno*, where Brutus and Cassius, the assassins of Julius Cæsar, are made to occupy the lowest and most infamous place of punishment along with Judas Iscariot, where they jointly suffer as being guilty of the greatest treasons in the religious and civil history of the world. Reference should also be made to the magnificent lines of the *Paradiso* in which Justinian, as the great lawgiver, is made to recount the rise and progress of the power of Rome. This is one of the grandest and most elaborated passages in the whole poem, and it may perhaps have been unconsciously present in the recollection of a great living poet when he wrote his stirring narrative of the successive triumphs of the British arms under Wellington. There is in both the same sense of an impetuous rush of continued successes, and in both the same truth and precision of description in few words; the same union of the highest imaginative power with the closest adherence to reality which here, as throughout his poems, constitutes a remarkable point of resemblance between Tennyson and Dante. Further, too, may be noted the similarity of the lines

> Dove sentia la Pompeiana tuba,

and in the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington":—

> Last, the Prussian trumpet blew.

It will not be out of place here to notice the latest contribution of the Italian press to the honour of Dante. It is a minute edition of the *Divina Commedia*, printed in 1878 at Milan in

microscopic type. The little volume contains 499 pages; it is two inches and two-tenths long, an inch and a half broad, and eight-tenths of an inch thick, and weighs one ounce and a quarter. It is the smallest edition of a great work that has been ever produced, and is a marvel of typography.

YACOOB BEG KHUSHBEGI.*

MR. BOULGER has made a praiseworthy attempt to treat a subject which lies under peculiar disadvantages. The country described has been hitherto removed from the sphere of European politics, and only indirectly can influence the course of events on our Indian frontier. The materials for the compilation of the work are not always trustworthy, and they occasionally fail altogether. And, while a good deal of past history is obscure and contradictory, the future is wholly conjectural. Still any book which tends to throw light on the Central Asian problem is entitled to a hearing; and the author deserves credit for research, pains, and general accuracy. The effect of the narrative is occasionally marred by abrupt transitions from one subject to another; and several of the chapters tell us but little about Yacoob Beg himself, but are occupied with internal revolutions, Chinese conquests, and Russian intrigues. The style, like the subject, is unequal. Now and then the author is animated, and almost rises to eloquence; but in other places the diction is rather wanting in precision and point. "Retrocede," in the sense of giving back, is a novelty. Whatever may be the issue of the Anglo-Turkish Convention, it is to be hoped that no member of the Opposition or the Ministry will gravely propose to "retrocede" Cyprus. The following is a curious sentence:—"Twenty years' experience had placed every muscle at his complete command." This does not mean that Yacoob Beg had universal control over all the thews and sinews of enterprising adventurers in Kashgar. The sense as shown by the context is, that familiarity with intrigues had enabled Yacoob to command his own countenance and to dissemble his ambition. Habitulla Munshi is a misprint, we apprehend, for Habibulla. But, on the whole, there are much fewer errors than might have been looked for in a work which deals almost exclusively with strange localities and unfamiliar names.

There seems almost as much difficulty in defining the ethnological features of Kashgar as there is in tracing its historical revolutions. According to Mr. Boulger, in Kashgaria and the adjacent countries the Aryan and the Turanian meet. Besides the great tribes of the Kirghiz and the Kipchak who are Usbegs, there are the Tunganis or Dungans, and it is still a moot point whether they are a distinct race or Calmucks who at some time have become converts to Mahommedanism. Then we hear of Tajiks or Persians, who have become Tartars without absolutely losing their Aryan characteristics. Out of these mixed and jarring elements, and from disjointed episodes of wars, subjections, invasions, and risings, Mr. Boulger compiles a history which we may epitomize somewhat as follows. Nearly ten centuries ago the rule of China extended beyond Kashgar to the very borders of Khokand and Cashmere. As its ascendency waned the country was convulsed by factions and anarchy, until the Arab conquerors made their appearance and swept everything before them in Asia and Europe. How discordant fragments and wild tribes were consolidated and welded together for a time by Jenghiz Khan can never be told more effectively than in the pages of Gibbon; and Mr. Boulger, who does justice to the great historian as an authority in Central Asian matters, will forgive us if we say that his readers might have been referred to the *Decline and Fall* for this part of his narrative. But—after the usual convulsions of Oriental kingdoms whenever the inheritance of a single strong ruler is claimed by half-a-dozen successors and rivals—the Chinese again appear on the scene. This was in the beginning of the last century. They were invited as allies or protectors, and they naturally remained as conquerors. About the year 1760 these foreigners had occupied the principal cities, had put down rebellion, had massacred a large number of innocent inhabitants, and had filled their places by importing settlers from Chinese provinces. The sketch given of the framework of Chinese administration suggests to us the parallel of our Anglo-Indian dominion. There was a Viceroy at Ili or Kuldja, with a Lieutenant-Governor at Yarkand. There were military commanders in the chief cities, and the higher judicial and executive offices were reserved to men of the conquering race. The lesser appointments were open to Mahommedans, and by them revenue was collected, customs levied, and justice dispensed. Mr. Boulger draws a seductive picture of the benefits of Khitay rule. The Chinese raised dykes and canals, constructed roads, manufactured carpets, explored mines, consumed coal, encouraged trade, and filled crowded bazaars with produce and the open country with works of engineering skill. In fact, we are asked to believe that the run of prosperity was prolonged till it became tame and monotonous. We have no doubt that Mr. Boulger writes with perfect sincerity, and that he can produce some fair authorities for his preference of a foreign over an indigenous rule. But somehow, about fifty years ago, Khans and Aksakals, or the heads of the Mahommedan community, revolted, and after some successes chequered by savage reprisals, Khudayar Khan rose to power in Khokand, and a greater triumph was achieved in Kashgaria by Yacoob himself as the Lieutenant of Buzurg Khan.

This is the man who has become known as the Khushbegi and the Atalik Ghazi. The former term means the lord of the family, and the latter signifies literally "the guardian who has slain infidels in battle." A large portion of the work is from this time devoted to the birth, rise, and character of the Khushbegi, and it furnishes us with the most interesting chapters. Mr. Boulger, premising that Yacoob was born near Samarcand, calls him a Tajik, implying that his origin is Persian. Vambéry certainly says he was a Persian Sart. In a biography written by one of his generals he is described as a descendant of Timur. But it is also certain that, while the Tajiks have prominent features and long flowing beards, Yacoob struck the members of the embassy to Kashgar as having the round features of the Usbek. Whatever may be his lineage and race, he furnishes another example of those who, when destined for a religious and peaceful life, take naturally to the profession of a soldier. He became successively chamberlain to Khudayar Khan, a commander of five hundred soldiers, and the governor of the Ak Musjid or the White Mosque on the Jaxartes. Here in 1853 he distinguished himself by offering a stubborn resistance to General Perovsky. We next find him as Governor of Kurama under Khudayar Khan, and at this stage of his career he seems to have acquired the character of a gallant soldier, an orthodox Mahommedan, and a strict disciplinarian. But his talents only received their full development in the recovery of Kashgaria after the year 1864. His success here was doubtless much favoured by the previous risings of the Tungani Mahommedans against their Chinese oppressors; and Mr. Boulger, who is strongly prepossessed in favour of the latter, narrates with pride how a Chinese Amban blew himself up with all his family and servants rather than fall into the hands of some beleaguering Mahommedans. But it is not less remarkable that Yacoob had to found his dominion on the defeat first of the Chinese, and next of his own fellow-religionists. His success against the former was probably facilitated by a marriage with a Chinese wife. The latter gave way to his dash, readiness, and energy, aided as he was by the priesthood; and after cities and fortresses had fallen before his vigorous attacks, his rule seems to have been established over the greater part of the country by the end of 1867. In all these operations we hear very little of Buzurg Khan. He was the familiar type of an incapable sovereign eclipsed by a subordinate with rare talents for military and civil affairs. It is a consolation to think that Buzurg Khan was not put to death by his own general, but, after a short imprisonment, was banished the country, and is now, we believe, residing with his family somewhere in Khokand.

For a period of about twelve years Yacoob Beg was enabled to give to a large portion of Central Asia the benefits of a settled though strict and rigorous rule. No one will say that Mr. Boulger has unduly exalted the subject of his biography. Indeed he more than once draws an unfavourable contrast between the severity of the Mahommedan administration and the humanizing and expanding tendencies of the Chinese Ambans. But though we are inclined to think that he over-estimates the Chinese as a governing race, his chapter on Yacoob Beg's administration does justice to that ruler's capacity for the work of organization and progress. Yacoob drilled and disciplined a large civil staff. He presented to his subjects the spectacle about which Indian administrators now and then dream, of a monarch who held a public durbar to which the meanest had access, who received all kinds of petitions, who passed orders by a sort of instinct on piles of reports, who punished delinquent officials for malpractices, who whipped vagrants and beggars, drove idlers to say their prayers at mosques, checked sedition, and forced women to go about in modest veils. In his foreign policy he displayed consummate tact. Russia, we may be quite sure, had her eye on Kashgaria, and readers of the Central Asian Blue-book will not be surprised at hearing that Russian officials were instructed to demand the surrender of Kirghiz marauders and free access for Russian goods to Kashgar. The answer of Yacoob, quoted at p. 185, reminds us more of that given by Van Beuning to the Minister of Louis XIV. than of the shifts and circumlocutions of Oriental diplomacy:—"J'ignore ce que veut le roi; je considère ce qu'il peut." On another occasion Yacoob allowed a Russian merchant to reach Kashgar in perfect safety with a consignment of merchandise. The clerk in charge was honourably treated but carefully watched, very much as Sir D. Forsyth was during his first visit. But when it came to disposing of the goods, the whole cargo was quietly bought up by Yacoob himself, the seller being paid in a depreciated Chinese currency. The Atalik at once saw through the Russian proposals—their pretences of commerce, their honeyed phrases, and their cool demands for consular agents; and he showed that he could be by times civil and defiant, candid and ironical, determined in resistance and yet fair of speech. Very different was the treatment experienced by the English Envoy on his second appearance. Nothing could have been more princely than the hospitality lavished on our Embassy. The members were comfortably lodged, were fed at the expense of their host, and were allowed to take long rides and excursions in all directions. The result of Sir D. Forsyth's last visit, it is well known, was a treaty which provided for the development of mercantile enterprise between India and Kashgar and Yarkand, for the appointment of our own commercial agents in suitable places, and even for the trial of civil and criminal cases in which British subjects might become involved. Whether the Atalik could have maintained his ascendency, and have transmitted his rule to a successor in the face of Russian aggression or Chinese revenge, may be doubted. But his life was cut

* *The Life of Yacoob Beg, Ameer of Kashgar.* By Demetrius Charles Boulger, Member of the Royal Asiatic Society. London: Allen & Co. 1878.

short, like that of many a Khan or Beg, by assassination in the spring of 1877. The assassin is credibly reported to have been Hakim Khan Torah, the son of Yacoob's old master, Buzurg Khan. We prefer this version to a story which says that he died of fever. His interment was characterized by one of those horrible tragedies which seem to belong to the dark ages or to Asiatic successions. The elder son of the deceased met his father's coffin, knelt down by it, and then shooting his own brother dead with a pistol, proceeded to put his escort to the sword.

Those who from personal intercourse seem best qualified to judge of Yacoob's character, would, we suspect, assign him a higher place than the author has done. But the Chinese generals had already entered on their career of reconquest before Yacoob's fall; and after his death it became comparatively easy for them to overrun the whole country. Rivals fought instead of uniting against the common invader. Tso Tsung Tang, the Chinese Viceroy and Commander-in-Chief, showed himself a man of capacity, and Kin Shun, otherwise known as Liu Kin Tang, pressed forward with great energy and rapidity, and taking one town after another, enabled Tso Tang to retake Aksu. We much fear that the Chinese reconquest was disfigured by the massacre of captured garrisons. But these details, and worse stories, rest on the reports of refugees, and all we can be certain of is that the subjugation of Yacoob's principality is complete and final. Against skilful generals and troops armed with weapons of precision, the fabric erected by the Atalik Ghazi at once crumbled away; and whether the Indian Government will renew its commercial intercourse with the present rulers of Kashgaria depends on a variety of contingencies which it would be vain at present to forecast.

China is, however, now brought face to face with Russia, and Mr. Boulger seems to think that the Government of Pekin may make a serious attempt to recover Ili or Kuldja north of the Tian Shan mountains. Russia, we are reminded, obtained possession of this State in 1871, by conquering a certain Abu Oghlan, who had set up for himself and maintained his rule there for about five years, encouraging the Kirghiz tribes to revolt against Russia, keeping Russian merchants at a distance, and enslaving more than seventy thousand of his own subjects. Long before the above-mentioned date, or in 1851, the Emperor of Russia had been party to a treaty which allowed him to appoint a Consul, and to send merchants to trade at the cities of Ili and Tarbatagai at certain times of the year. Mr. Boulger talks of a flaw in the title of Russia. For anything that appears to the contrary, Russia's title to Kuldja is that familiar to Anglo-Indian officials in the early days of the Punjab administration. Settlement officers, when asking for title-deeds to lands, were repeatedly told that the owner acquired his acres, *ba zor-i-shamshir;* and the "Power of the Sword" seems to be the only parchment deed which Russia can exhibit for Kuldja, as well as for Khokand and Khiva. We repeat, in conclusion, that the author deserves credit for his compilation, and think that readers may derive pleasure from the laborious career of the principal figure in the book, who to borrow Mr. Tennyson's diction, rose suddenly through a little arc of heaven, and without having wandered far, shot quite as suddenly into darkness.

ROBERT DICK OF THURSO.*

HAPPY as he is in the handling of self-made men, Mr. Smiles could hardly expect to find another Scotch naturalist whose biography would captivate readers like that of Thomas Edward, shoemaker of Banff. He could not but admit that there is a stronger fascination in the branch of natural science which tells of animals in their everyday life than in that which deals with their fossilized state or their contribution to the formation of strata. Animal life replete with instinct and sagacity will always attract, and it needs not a Landseer to depict nor a Buckland to narrate, for the popularity of the subject never flags; but it is quite a different affair to treat of dead matter, and to theorize on the crust of the earth, its antiquity, growth, and assimilation. Mr. Smiles has done all he could, and no one else could have done more, for the honour and glory of Robert Dick, baker of Thurso, geologist and botanist; but we are disposed to think he has somewhat fallen between two stools. Not that it was his fault; but there was not sufficient variety or amusement in the material at his disposal to satisfy the requirements of general readers, whilst scientific folk will be disappointed at the lack of scientific lore and the mere glimmer of serious information. It does not necessarily follow that because Robert Dick worked hard, as most enthusiasts do, in a cause he loved, and devoted all his leisure to riding his hobby, science was therefore a gainer to any great extent. It is clear, however, that he was a man of genius and intelligence, and it is also clear that by his own careful researches he was able to correct errors which had been allowed to stand for some time in the works of recognized authorities. He would accept no statements about geology on trust, or until he had read them, as he said, with his own spectacles. Indeed he considered geology had not yet attained the dignity of a science, so little was there known, and that imperfectly, of the earth's surface, to say nothing of its depths. A bare list of his discoveries in a book of this sort would have conveyed little idea of their value; so, in the final chapter, Mr. Smiles has introduced the more important of them amongst the personal characteristics and reminiscences of the discoverer, and in language as non-technical as possible.

Robert Dick was born at Tullibody in 1811, and was the son of an officer of excise. He lost his mother when he was quite young. There are no boyish incidents recorded of his school or home life, such as those which enlivened young Edward's early years; no adventures with snakes, polecats, or "beasties"; no feats or perils of any sort. At school he was an apt pupil; when verses were given him to learn by heart as a punishment, he mastered them so rapidly that they were useless for the purpose; whilst he showed such promise in the study of languages that his father was advised to send him to college. Out of school, though he read everything he came across, he was fond of fun and sport, and was strong and active for his age. When he was ten years old, his father married again; and, as he married the daughter of a brewer, he had to change his place of residence, since he could not, being an exciseman, inspect his father-in-law's brewery. So the family moved, and young Dick went to a school kept by a one-armed master, who had taken to teaching because he was physically disabled for any other business, and whose chief accomplishment seemed to be mending pens, which he held under the stump that did duty for a second arm. As soon as his stepmother had children of her own, she began to ill-use the others to such an extent that they had to quit the house, and Robert Dick, instead of going to college, was apprenticed at the age of thirteen to a baker at Tullibody. So far he had learnt reading, writing, arithmetic, and a little Latin; all other knowledge that he picked up during life was of his own seeking and acquiring.

A baker's life was not an intellectual one, nor did it offer much variety or interest from day to day; still on those afternoons when he had to deliver bread in the neighbouring villages he was able to cultivate a boyish taste for observing the growth of plants. His apprenticeship lasted three years and a half, during which time he received no wages from his employer, but only board and lodging. In 1828 he went to Leith as a journeyman baker, thence to Glasgow, and then to Greenock, and so three more years passed. Wages were so low and the labour so arduous that his father advised him to start a shop on his own account at Thurso, there being at that time but three bakers' shops in the whole county of Caithness. Here then, at the age of twenty, and in the northernmost town of Great Britain, Robert Dick settled for life. Up to this point nothing had occurred to suggest the probability of his becoming a man of mark; he had always been fond of reading, and he gratified his taste for botany whenever an opportunity offered; but there is not a single incident or saying recorded during the whole of his youthful career from which any promise could be drawn for the future. In one respect he certainly was not disadvantageously placed. Few can command such a view as Robert Dick enjoyed from his shop in Wilson Lane. Directly across Thurso Bay the Orkney Islands were visible in the distance, while to the right and left respectively rose the precipitous rocks of Holborn Head and the lofty cliffs of Dunnet Head. There was nothing but sea between Thurso and the coast of Labrador, and in his rambles he used to find strewn upon the beach logs of mahogany from Mexico, or tropical seaweed from the West Indies, brought thither by the Gulf Stream and ocean currents. Here he lived for the next thirty years the life well-nigh of a recluse. He made no companions, and his natural taste for roaming about the country by himself had been encouraged by his experience of home life, for his social feelings had become so blunted by his stepmother's unjust treatment that he once remarked long afterwards to a friend, "All my naturally buoyant youthful spirits were broken. To this day I feel the effects. I cannot shake them off. It is this that still makes me shrink from the world." He never married. Three or four years after he had settled in Thurso Mr. Aikman, his old employer, wrote to him, "Mrs. Aikman sends her kind respects to you. She is happy to think you are still a bachelor, as her family is mostly girls." But he was not to be tempted. It is said that he once made an offer to a young lady and was refused. He would not be refused again, and became more companionless and given to solitude than before. He engaged a thrifty Scotchwoman as his housekeeper, and she remained with him until his death, and is living now to testify to "the maister's" good points. He said of her that "she neither smoked, snuffed, nor drank; she was just as tough as a rigwoodie, and could almost do without sleep."

The early part of his life at Thurso was divided between conchology and botany; he was either collecting shells and molluscs on the shore or busy with what books he could afford to get in his silent household. It was then, too, that he first gave his attention to entomology. In nine months he collected 256 specimens of beetles, 220 of bees, and 240 of butterflies, and a strange figure he must have presented on these excursions in his chimney-pot hat, swallow-tailed coat, and jean trousers. Sometimes he got the village boys to help him, and paid them well when they brought him fine specimens; they regarded him as rather mad, but they got to like him, and by degrees he acquired a local reputation for his knowledge of insects. His baker's life allowed him plenty of leisure time, for, after baking the bread early in the morning and leaving his housekeeper to sell it, he had the day before him free to pursue his tastes by the seashore until the hour for the "setting of the sponge" in the evening for the next day's batch. Later on, and when, we presume, he had taught his housekeeper to look

* *Robert Dick, Baker, of Thurso, Geologist and Botanist.* By Samuel Smiles, LL.D. London: John Murray. 1878.

after the baking, he used to take walks of forty or fifty miles during the summer nights for the purpose of gathering some favourite plant; for in that latitude it is light nearly all through the night during the summer. In course of time he had mastered the botany of Caithness, having thoroughly mapped out the county and studied its plants in detail. Amongst them he discovered the Hierochloë borealis, or Northern Holy Grass, so called because in Norway and Sweden the people used to strew the churches with it. It had been supposed by botanists then living that the plant was not a native of Great Britain, and it was not without hesitation that the authorities gave credence to Dick's discovery. For this and for the specimen of the plant he sent to the Botanical Gardens he received the thanks of the Royal Society.

On one of his night expeditions he was taken for a salmon poacher. A gentleman had gone out to see that his keepers were at their posts, and to try to detect the poachers of whom he was in search:—

> Just at the break of day, an hour or more before sunrise, the watcher saw the figure of a man on the horizon, some hundred yards distant. He shrank down, and crept forward, watching the man's movements in the grey dawn of morn. He was seen close by the river's side, prowling up and down the banks. Surely this must be a poacher. The man moved on. When he appeared on some high bank, the watcher hid himself so that he might not be seen between him and the horizon. He crawled forward on all fours, stalking the poacher as he would a deer. At last, after nearly two hours' stalking and dodging, the man suddenly disappeared in some low crevices in the rocks, just below Dirlot Bridge. The sun was just rising; the watcher saw him crouching down, as if hiding something amongst the ferns. Of course it must be a salmon! With beating heart, he suddenly rushed up to the man, and shouted, "Now I have caught you poaching!" The man's back was towards him. He was intently gazing on some object before him. He turned round in a composed manner and said, "No, sir, I am not poaching; I am only gathering some specimens of plants!"

After spending many years in studying shells, grasses, mosses, and ferns, he took up geology. Here, too, all his knowledge was gained by personal observation. He would not accept the statements of writers who, he was fond of saying, had acquired their information when driving across the country in gigs, or who, having started theories of their own, were wont to fit their so-called facts into them. As for geological maps, he "handed them over to the devil, as the most detestable pieces of imposture ever obtruded on a discerning public. 'Discerning indeed!'" Sir Charles Lyell had said, in his *Elements of Geology*, that very few organic remains had been found in the boulder clay throughout Scotland; but the result of Dick's own examination was that marine shells existed in nearly all the sections he had met with. To be certain, however, that these organisms were not confined to his own immediate neighbourhood, he set out to walk to Freswick and back, a distance of forty-eight miles, having only fifteen hours to allow for the whole expedition. But he had his reward. Section after section was found to be crowded with marine shells, and he was able to send Hugh Miller a list of twenty-four that he had found in this Caithness clay, notwithstanding the assertions of high authorities that there were none.

Towards the end of his life he had many reverses. His health gave way, and he suffered severely from rheumatism, aggravated, no doubt, by exposure to sea and rain when hammering for fossils; and his eyesight also failed him. Nor did his business prosper; bakers had increased and multiplied in Thurso until there were six masters and thirteen apprentices in the place, and their enterprise drew away his customers, whilst the loss of a cargo of flour at sea brought him to the verge of despondency and poverty. During his last illness his housekeeper urged him to send for the doctor; but he said, "No. If it has taken me a lifetime to ascertain the nature of plants and animals, is it likely that a four years' curriculum can fit any man to comprehend the mysterious processes of the living human body?"

We sincerely thank Mr. Smiles for this book. Though it lacks the anecdote and adventure so abundant in his *Life of a Scotch Naturalist*, it is free from the prolixity of his later work, the *Life of George Moore*, and is written in his usual easy and pleasant style. There is perhaps too much sameness about Robert Dick's long walks and his enthusiastic admiration for nature, and now and then the author is guilty of repetitions. The account, for instance, of the interview between Sir R. Murchison and Robert Dick in the bakehouse, when with a few handfuls of flour he moulded a geological map of Caithness, is given three or four times. The tone of the book is thoroughly fresh and healthy, though we must hesitate to admit the great gain to geological science through Dick's researches that Mr. Smiles would claim on his behalf. The portrait of Dick, etched by Rajon, is worthy both of the artist and the subject; the landscapes are little gems of engraving, executed with a care and finish seldom bestowed in these days of universal photography on book-plates, and the delicate rendering of light and distance does the engraver much credit.

GAUR.*

THERE are few remains of man's art so impressive as the cities of old time which the forest has covered or the sand has drifted over. The ruinous towns of Yucatan or of the Chaldean plain are not only melancholy but mysterious. History holds no record, and imagination can hardly make a guess, about the causes which wrought the absolute overthrow of so much strength, about the events which ended in such prodigious waste of wealth and labour. The forsaken mosques and palaces of Gaur in Bengal are not, indeed, enigmas of decay, for we know something of the changes of affairs which drove away the rulers and the subjects, the Mussulman and the Hindoo, the saint and his worshippers. The spectacle of vast desolation, half covered by the work of nature, by flowers, palms, and ferns, is still one of the most remarkable that India has to show. In a deep jungle, about eight miles from the English station of Maldah, and on the banks of a stream which joins the Ganges, are the monumental relics of a vanished civilization. The jungle is seamed in every direction by strong embankments and deep trenches, by the fragments of old fortifications, and by roads which are scarcely trodden save by wild beasts. The piles of bridges and of viaducts stand out in the midst of the waste like those which, arrayed on the Roman Campagna, have been compared to lines of mourners following a nation's funeral. Here and there among the tangled branches are fragments of carved marble or of hornblende, which have been torn from their places by the cupidity, and left to moulder unseen by the indolence, of Calcutta tradesmen. The forest is full of lagoons, where the people of the city once drew water, and where the alligator now splashes through the rank grass and weeds. "In the month of December the whole country is golden with a profusion of mustard-blossom, relieved by creepers and wild flowers. As the cold season advances, the scene varies, but is still attractive, for the country abounds in simul, or silk-cotton trees (*Bombax malabaricum*), and in January their leafless branches burst into bloom with brilliant crimson flowers, the glare of which is softened by the delicious green of the tamarind trees. A month later the simul flowers fade, and the pods shed their silky fibre, which, falling on the ground, covers it, as it were, with a coating of snow. Such is Gaur of the present day; a lamentable wreck of its former elegance and grandeur."

What Gaur was seven hundred years ago, and what was its history before it fell into the hands of Muhammadan conquerors (A.D. 1198), is not accurately known. The victors naturally defaced, as well as they might, all remains of Hindoo art. The temples were sacked, the images broken, the peace of the imperturbable gods was shattered with blows of battle-axes and maces. Yet the materials were not wasted, and the Muhammadan invaders were more gentle than the Puritan mobs of England or the Protestant roughs of the Scottish Reformation. The marble facings of the temples were reversed, and carved in the taste of the new masters of Gaur, so that one side of a fallen stone may now show delicate ornamental tracery, while the other preserves the image of some Hindoo deity. The second period of the prosperity of Gaur lasted till about the date of the fall of Constantinople. In quarters of the world far remote, the great towns of races who were unknown to each other, even by report, suffered the same ruin. Gaur, according to the Portuguese historian Faria y Souza, contained twelve hundred thousand inhabitants, and was so crowded that at the season of religious festivals many people were trodden to death in the streets. Yet the streets were "broad and straight," and were lined on both sides with trees to protect men from the heat of the sun. After the rapine and ruin of the Abyssinian dynasty of usurpers (1487) Gaur flourished again under Husain Shah and his descendants (1494-1537). In the latter year it was sacked by the officers of Sher Khan, and in 1575 it was depopulated by the plague. Probably causes like these, which in the instance of Gaur can be historically ascertained, account also for the total decay of the empires that built the cities which perished before history began. On the people, for example, who dwelt luxuriously in the wonderful towns of Yucatan and of Peru a wave of nomad warriors may have swept, like an invasion of Tartars, ruining everything, and passing on in its course. From the general neglect produced by despair a plague would be bred that completed the desolation begun by war, and at last, as in some of the old towns of Italy at this day, a fever-stricken family or two would be left alone in a hut beneath the walls of what was once an imperial capital. Thus since 1575 Gaur has been "the abode only of tigers and beasts of prey," and has only been visited by a few travellers and artists.

This account of Gaur is derived from the papers of the late Mr. Ravenshaw, of the Bengal Civil Service, and from the notes of Mrs. Ravenshaw, Mr. Grote, and Mr. Blochmann. These are published with the very beautiful photographs of the ruins taken by Mr. Ravenshaw, who was for some years magistrate and collector at Maldah. Mr. Blochmann has added to a sumptuous and valuable volume a chapter on the inscriptions of Gaur, examples of which are printed with his translations. It is with the photographs that we are chiefly concerned. The first plate represents the Great Sághar Dighi, "a piece of artificial water nearly one mile long by half a mile broad." The length of this lake, as it may almost be called, runs from north to south, which is taken to be a proof that it is a Hindoo work, and therefore older than the middle of the twelfth century. The remains of some of the six landing-places are still to be traced, but in the photograph we seem to look on a natural mere, fringed with feathery reeds, ferns, and underwood. On the north-west side is a dense bamboo jungle, and a foundation in honour of a saint, Makdum Shah, whose tomb is standing. The trees have almost grown over it, and the branches fleck with a tracery of light and shade the fine low decorative carving of the arches. The mosque built in 1534 by a lady named Jan Jan Miyan is in perhaps better preservation. Here again, as in almost

* *Gaur; its Ruins and Inscriptions.* By the late J. H. Ravenshaw, B.C.S. Edited by his Widow. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1878.

all the remains photographed in this book, the ornament has that elegance which lacks individual character, and is uniform without being monotonous. The general effect produced by these arrangements of conventional patterns never wearies the eye, though it never interests as the carvings of Greek or Gothic or other artists who introduce forms of men and animals interest and allure. The general effect is so invariably pleasing, the colour of the white and blue porcelain tiles and of the other arrangements of colour is so harmonious, the shapes of the airy towers are so graceful, the carpeting, tapestry, and ceiling of natural trees and ferns are so fresh and beautiful, that the taste does not miss the grotesque or graceful forms of Western architecture. In Gaur the Islamite prohibition justifies itself, and though there is scarcely even a conventional representation of anything in heaven, or earth, or the waters under the earth, yet art asserts herself, and attains a standard of perfection.

Something is contributed to the charm of these buildings by the beauty of the inscriptions. Writing was one of the arts; a piece of writing, like a picture, had a loveliness apart from its meaning. The prince of the *Arabian Nights* who, even when transformed into an ape by magic, was the finest writer in the world, might have sketched these inscriptions for the stonecutter. The Greek or the Roman character could never be made like these Arabic characters, an elaborate form of decoration. The letters seem to have been devised that they might be scrolled on the blades of Damascus swords, or inlaid in gold or turquoise, or made to supply the place of representations of plants and beasts on the lintels of temples. One of Mr. Ravenshaw's most interesting photographs is (plate iv.) a picture of the Sadulapúr Ghát. On the sacred steps that lead to the sacred river, and among the broken balustrades and pillars, a crowd of Hindoos are squatting. Half-naked boys stand up to their waists in the water, men and women have spread their carpets on the stairs. Here the local god is worshipped, and here are burned the ashes of the dead. The forest closes round behind, and throws the white staircase into relief. Of the other photographs, that of the "Corridor of the Golden Mosque," with its long perspective of pointed arches, is perhaps the most interesting. The picture of the "Dakhil Gate," with its towers and delicate traceries, also testifies to the ancient importance of the town, which is even better illustrated by the massive Bais Gají wall. As a composition nothing can be finer than (plate xv.) the "East Gate of a Fort." The strong gateway still looks fresh and new, the steps are not overgrown with underwood, the trunks of the palm-trees cast graceful shadows on the roadway and on the battlemented walls. In these scenes (especially in plate xvii.) the modern natives seem to squat or glide in the sunshine like degenerate creatures. They are little better than the lizards that bask among the relics of a greater people. The occasional figure of an Englishman, in his rough shooting-coat and riding-boots, is unmistakably that of a member of a ruling race. He could not be more manifestly the master if he wore the jewelled helmet-crown and chain-armour of the Moslem invaders. To artists the painted mosque (plate xviii.), with its blue, white, green, and yellow tiling, is doubtless the most interesting of the ruins, though perhaps it has suffered most from time, robbers, and the advance of the jungle. The inscriptions, monotonous enough to the general reader (they all contain the same text about the merit of mosque-building), are valuable to the antiquary, and the whole book is a worthy monument of the taste of an English official. Unfortunately the reflection will occur that we, unlike former lords of India, leave no beautiful edifices as marks of our dominion. It will be difficult indeed for a remote posterity to believe that ours was the strongest of the civilizations of India. Our railway cuttings cannot compete with the ancient roads in stability, our tanks are dwarfed by the Sághar Dight, our monuments are perishable if not flimsy. Modern civilization, in fact, "takes short views," has learned that empires are not imperishable, and builds for the day, not for eternity.

EVANS ON THE LAW OF AGENCY.*

TO the non-legal mind it may appear somewhat surprising that the law relating to Principals and Agents should afford material for a work of over five hundred pages such as Mr. Evans's; but the mutual obligations of principal and agent are recognized by the law as subsisting between many persons who are neither principals nor agents in the ordinary acceptation of the terms. Trustees, directors of Companies, masters and servants, ship-captains, brokers, and persons occupying an infinity of other positions are more or less within the scope of Mr. Evans's treatise, as being in some respects amenable to the laws relating to principals and agents. Manifestly, however, the application of general rules to a variety of instances does not afford a satisfactory system of classification, and Mr. Evans has adopted a different method of arrangement. He discusses, first, the contract of agency generally, its origin and dissolution; secondly, the authority conferred, its nature, extent, and execution; and thirdly, the rights, duties, and liabilities arising out of the contract.

It is of little use in dealing with a book of the size of Mr. Evans's to endeavour to follow out the whole plan of the work, and treat separately of every part of it; the more practical method of judging of its merits is to select certain disputed and difficult points, and see how the author disposes of them. We may, however, say generally that the book shows signs of the greatest care and clearness in the arrangement of the matter, and in the selection and statement of the cases. It is no easy task to condense a long reported case so as to incorporate it into a text-book and afford a lucid and concise exposition of the facts, the arguments, and the judgment, with the scope and bearing of the last on previously decided cases. Mr. Evans shows remarkable capacity for this class of work, never overloading his extracts with unnecessary detail, and never omitting important particulars. We have only detected one flaw in his reported cases, and that is at p. 323, where, in relating the case of Bolton *v.* Puller, a mysterious person entitled J. S. appears, who is not otherwise mentioned, and who is presumably identical with the plaintiff, whose initials certainly were not J. S. For the plan of his work Mr. Evans has adopted the method which, in law books at least, ought never to be departed from—namely, of stating a proposition first and proving it afterwards by cases or arguments. There is nothing more bewildering than to have to plod through a series of cases without any very distinct idea what they are all intended to show, information on this point being reserved to the very end of the whole disquisition, on arriving at which it is at once necessary to turn back to the cases in order to see what they really have to do with it. Nothing of this sort offends one's sense of order and fitness in Mr. Evans's book; the development of the subject runs in natural and logical sequence, and the perspicuous and timely statement of the propositions which the cases are adduced to support renders one perusal of the latter sufficient for all practical purposes. Another point which we wish to notice with approval in Mr. Evans's work is that he says what he has to say honestly and fairly in the body of the book, and utilizes footnotes only for the purpose of giving the references to the cases quoted in the text. Some law books which we could mention consist pretty well of equal portions of text and notes, and in one notable instance two concurrent sets of notes are kept going as well as the text. This is slovenly and irritating; one has to keep dodging about from the top of the page to the bottom, a process involving loss of time and temper, and wholly incompatible with a due appreciation of the subject-matter. Mr. Evans has shown that it is possible to construct a law book on more rational principles, and, even if this were its only merit, we should hail his work as introducing a desirable, if a minor, legal reform.

Following out the idea we indicated above, we now proceed to consider how Mr. Evans deals with those abstruse points of the law of agency with respect to which a text-writer is compelled to use his own ingenuity and judgment in reconciling and collating the conflicting or ambiguous dicta of the Courts. The first point of this nature which appears to call for notice is the difficult question of the possibility of ratification by a Company of contracts entered into, ostensibly on its behalf, by its promoters while the Company itself was still *in nubibus*. The obvious and usual rule in such instances is that laid down by Chief Justice Erle in a case quoted by Mr. Evans at p. 57, that "where a contract is signed by one who professes to be signing as agent, but who has no principal existing at the time, and the contract would be wholly inoperative unless binding on the person who signed it, he is bound thereby, and a stranger cannot by a subsequent ratification relieve him from that responsibility." In a subsequent case the same doctrine was applied, even though the preliminary contracts had been referred to in the articles of association of the Company. But, contemporaneously with these cases, the question was being settled the other way in Chancery, on the good old principle which obtained before the Judicature Acts, and but for the passing of those Acts the battle might still be in progress. Mr. Evans does not sum up the result of the contest quite so distinctly as one might expect him to do; perhaps he considers that the standard rule of the new practice, that where law and equity conflict the latter shall prevail, is too well known and of too obvious application in this instance to require comment, or even reference, and contents himself with noticing this settlement of the question when recapitulating the material doctrines respecting ratification to be deduced from the authorities.

When Mr. Evans comes to treat of the implied authority of agents, he has for the first time to go into the peculiar attributes of the persons filling various positions describable as agencies; and the way in which he briefly but sufficiently formulates the quantity and nature of the powers entrusted under ordinary circumstances to such agents as brokers, factors, auctioneers, shipmasters, and solicitors, in pp. 121 to 135, and the manner in which he supports each of his propositions by some standard case, is deserving of the highest commendation. The implied authority of a ship-captain is a peculiarly difficult subject with which to deal, inasmuch as it depends on a great variety of circumstances, and the captain occupies the double position of agent both to the ship-owner and the owners of the cargo; but Mr. Evans has succeeded in concisely and accurately setting forth the whole of the law on the point deducible from the decided cases.

In Book II., part ii., chapter iii., Mr. Evans has to deal with one of the phases of the law of agency which has been the source of much difficulty in the Courts—namely, as to how the fact of agency must be expressed on the face of an instrument in order to exempt the agent signing it from personal liability. Up to a recent date the legal decisions appear to have proceeded strictly on the principle of complicating rather than elucidating the matter. A doctrine was

* *A Treatise upon the Law of Principal and Agent in Contract and Tort.* By William Evans, B.A., Oxon., and of the Inner Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: William Maxwell & Son. 1878.

started and sedulously maintained to the effect that mercantile instruments were to be construed on an entirely different basis from ordinary documents; distinctions were drawn between such formulas as "per proc.," "for," and "as agents for"; and in the result directors, agents, and others were held personally responsible upon bills of exchange, promissory and bought and sold notes, couched in forms which to the unbiassed mind suggested nothing but the plainest indications that the person signing acted in legal phrase "as the mere scribe of another." The matter has at last been put on a rational footing by the Court of Appeal within the last two years, that tribunal having decided that the rules of ordinary grammatical construction and interpretation are as applicable to mercantile instruments as to any other class of documents, and that, where a man plainly says he contracts for another, he is not to be taken to mean that he contracts for himself. All this Mr. Evans duly sets forth, following the cases from the chaos of the earlier decisions to the light of the more recent ones, although he does not appear to us to give quite full weight and prominence to the crowning judgment of the Court of Appeal to which we have above referred.

A very interesting portion of the book is that devoted to the disabilities imposed by law on persons filling fiduciary positions, whereby they are practically incapacitated from dealing with or even accepting benefits from those whose interests they are supposed to protect, so long as the fiduciary relation continues. This is the point at which the legal conception of an agent occupies, according to Mr. Evans, its widest range, including trustees, directors, medical men, and many others. So large indeed is the class which Mr. Evans collects under this head that we are disposed to differ with him as to some of the cases he adduces having anything at all to do with the theory of agency. They are rather referable to the equitable doctrine that a man shall not be allowed to retain any benefit which he has acquired by the existence of a relation between himself and the donor from which undue influence on his part may be implied. Directors of a Company may, however, be fairly considered as agents for the Company, and such persons have recently been taught some rather sharp lessons on their duty to their shareholders. But at p. 367 Mr. Evans introduces the subject of innkeepers, apparently for the purpose of stating that such persons have no right to sell the goods of a guest detained as security for his bill; a proposition, by the way, which is no longer law, such power of sale having been given by an Act passed since Mr. Evans's book was written.

The complicated group of enactments commonly known as the Factors' Acts, which regulate the extent to which an agent entrusted with goods, or the documents of title to them, is to be treated as the disposing owner thereof, is carefully expounded by Mr. Evans; but we are bound to notice what looks very like a slip in pp. 428 and 429, where the Act of 1877 is twice analysed in a manner which might engender some confusion in the mind of the reader as to whether it is the same Act that is treated of in both places. The summary, however, of all the Acts and of so much of the Common Law as still remains unaffected thereby is very explicit and useful. The omission of the important word "not" in the first line of p. 464 seriously affects the sense of the case which is there reported, and the following sentence, extracted from p. 472, leaves one somewhat in doubt as to what was the ultimate effect of the decisions:—"The doctrine laid down in Barwick v. English Joint-Stock Bank was subsequently followed by the Court of Queen's Bench, which was reversed on appeal, on the ground that the signature of the manager was not the signature of the Company within 9 Geo. IV. c. 14, s. 6, and adopted by the Privy Council in Mackay v. Commercial Bank of New Brunswick." These, however, are trifling inaccuracies, and cannot materially detract from the standard merit of the book, though it is certainly annoying to have to refer to the reports in order to discover what a text-writer means to say.

We have to speak in high praise of the last portion of the book, which passes in review the cases which have led up to the present very artificial state of the law respecting the liability of employers for the acts or negligence of their servants—first, where such acts or negligence injuriously affect strangers; secondly, where fellow-servants are the victims. Many of the cases seem hardly referable to any definite rule, and the doctrines of common employment and foreseen risks, which laid the foundation of the exemption of masters in many cases of injury to their servants, have been so strained of late years as to call for consideration by a Select Committee with a view to legislation. These cases Mr. Evans has carefully collected and classified, so far as their contradictory nature will permit, thus forming a most useful manual of reference on the subject.

To conclude our notice of this book, we would say that Mr. Evans has chosen an ambitious topic and has certainly not shrunk from following it into its numerous ramifications. If the book fails to be pleasant or easy reading, it is because the author having, as he states in his preface, the idea of a digest before his mind, has confined himself to the baldest possible statement of the law and the cases, indulging in explanation only where it is absolutely necessary, and in comment scarcely ever. Such self-control is rare among legal authors, and if it takes away from the attractiveness of a book, it unquestionably adds to its usefulness, by enabling a large mass of absolutely trustworthy information to be compressed within a small space so as to be readily accessible for use.

MRS. CARDIGAN?*

We fear we shall fail in the attempt to bring before our readers Mrs. Cardigan, the heroine of Mrs. Pender Cudlip's latest novel; for, to tell the truth, we have not fully succeeded in bringing her before ourselves. We will, however, do our best to enable them to picture to themselves that remarkable creature. Her maiden name was Jones—Gladys Jones. She is introduced to the reader as Mrs. Cardigan, a widow; but early in the story she marries Archibald Saltoun, and becomes at once a graceful châtelaine. A châtelaine, as all novel-readers are doubtless aware, is the wife of a man who is the owner of a big country house. Now Mr. Saltoun's house was not only big—it was "great, grand, sombre." She does not remain a châtelaine for any great length of time, for her first husband turns up, and she disappears from the scene till the last chapter of the story. She was a bewitchingly slippery creature—a perfect combination of Cleopatra and the snake. It was owing no doubt to the snake-like part of her character that, when her lover puts his arms round her, she writhes out of his embrace and stands radiant with fury before him. And yet at other times she was magnificently quiescent. Now she bent with loving tenderness and lissome ease over her favourite dog, and now she had a look of sunny ferocity. Her figure was graceful and gloriously rounded. It was pliant and splendidly outlined, and at least on one occasion it was undulating. At times there was in her pose a weary grace that was superbly beautiful and superbly sorrowful. Her head was lovely, well-bred, and beautifully poised; and she had a small, oval, dark-complexioned, winsome, wistful face. So dark indeed was her complexion that her face is described in another passage as being dusky. She was blessed with a voice full of tender inflections, and with a rich store of language whence to draw the words she deemed the aptest for the subjugation of the man who was to be subjugated at the moment. Her store of language was certainly peculiar. We find her, for instance, talking of "the human furniture of the neighbourhood." But we must do the author the justice to admit that she scarcely seems to approve of such language in her heroine. "What a way," she exclaims, "for this unknown, unauthenticated 'creature' to speak about the magnificent stocks that have been firmly and honourably rooted in Somersetshire for generations!" But a few lines further down the heroine falls again into the same style of conversation. "In fact," she says to her future sister-in-law, "you are giving me a preliminary caution to look to my shining." It is a doubtful consolation to the reader who has some little regard for English and some little respect for women to know that when she said this she had "a dozen devils dancing in her eyes." The old schoolmen used, we are told, to discuss how many angels could sit at one time on the point of a needle. The modern female novelist apparently can tell us how many devils can dance at one time in a heroine's eye.

But we must not be led away by such curious investigations, however interesting, from that description of the heroine which we have undertaken to give our readers. When she was going to be married she was bent upon decking her beauty in the most becoming guise that could be devised by the most subtly skilful Parisian taste. When she was married she had diamonds for which a peer might have wept, rubies for which loyal hearts might have bled, and pearls fit to grace the brow of that peerless queen of romance and song, Mary of Scotland. In her new home she soon established a sort of poetic and picturesque ascendency over the minds of the household; and did not, moreover, get on amiss with the honourably-rooted magnificent stocks that were so firmly settled all round her. In her second husband she was most happy, for he was all that a hero should be. His physique was large, grand, generous. He was sunburnt, blue-eyed, stalwart-framed. He was generally admitted to stand at the head of the lot (*sic*) of local potentates by right of his ancient lineage and large possessions. "He's like," said the heroine, this time certainly forgetting to draw, not merely on her rich store of language, but also on her Lindley Murray, "he's like the Prince of Wales would be if he were not the Prince of Wales, but merely an athletic country gentleman." But, in spite of all these blessings, before the end of the second volume this pleasure-loving, wealth-pampered, fierce, fickle, uncontrollable woman is supremely miserable and almost crushed. In marrying her her husband had entered into a union with distress, doubt, and dishonour. Happy would it have been for her had she remained Miss Jones! But she was ambitious. She was, in fact, to quote our author's words, one of those "who are poising themselves in peril and fear on the lowermost round of the ladder." We do not, indeed, pretend to understand how any one who is on the lowest round of a ladder either poises himself or is in peril or fear. But the metaphors used by ladies, more especially when in search of them they go to the trades, are not to be examined too closely. All we mean to say is this, that Miss Jones got into great peril and misfortunes by venturing to mount the social ladder. She did succeed, indeed, in being presented at Court. She had the royal hand given to her with a royal smile, and for a few hours she was simply beaming, balmy, and happy; but her glory was of brief duration, for the same day her presentation was cancelled.

Her fortunes we can follow no longer, for we have not a few great persons on our hands waiting to be described. Among them is H.R.H. the Duke of ———. To such a great personage the

* *Mrs. Cardigan?* A Novel. By Annie Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cudlip). 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1879.

reader cannot expect to be introduced at once. We shall ushe him into his presence by means of an earl and two countesses. The Earl of Ellerdale was a tall, magnificently-made, heroic-looking man, with the rich golden hair, fair florid complexion, and large, steady, well-opened blue eyes of his race. He was sprung from the Royal White Rose of York, who was as lavish with his lucre as with his love. His stables were full of curveting, historical-looking horses. Once upon a time the heroine herself nearly came into collision with a big gentleman on the burly, historic-looking horse, who swept his hat off in low obeisance, and she thus caught her first sight of the earl. Everything about this great man was magnificent. Most magnificent of all were his family jewels. They were carefully catalogued and fully described on vellum leaves, which were themselves bound in a cover of much worth and magnificence, enriched with precious stones. No wonder that his first wife—his countess, we should say—had an unlimited faith in that magnificent tiger whom she imagined she had tamed. Unhappily for her the heroine had a friend, the brilliant histrionic (*sic*) Miss Gascoigne. A common player might have been called an actress. One who is to marry an earl and become a countess is, no doubt, more properly, if less grammatically, styled "a histrionic." Miss Gascoigne, when on a visit to her friend, is invited to the earl's huge, square, rather rigid white stone mansion in the adjoining parish. The countess falls ill and dies. Whether she was poisoned by "the histrionic" or not the author forgets to tell. She raises our suspicions and then does not return to the subject. We should be inclined to blame her for her carelessness did we not remember that our lady novelists always have such a number of crimes to deal with that a mere case of poisoning may very easily slip the memory. However, the countess dies, and before the "histrionic" a shadow rises that grows more substantial every day, and wears a coronet on its brow and is a woman! She too becomes a Châtelaine—a Châtelaine and a Countess. She is presented at Court to the fairest and sweetest representative that reigning Royalty ever had by an art-loving and æsthetic-minded Duchess, and her sylvan shades are presently honoured by the presence for twenty-four hours of a Prince of the Blood Royal. She spares neither trouble nor expense to do honour to the occasion. In her palatial grounds there are perfect groves of the queen of flowers under glass in bloom all the year round, so that floral trophies were easily raised. The Prince shows the punctuality for which his house is famed. "Being expected, of course (being H.R.H.) he comes." It is she, however, the Châtelaine, and not the Royal Duke, who is the cynosure of all eyes. How she bends and curves herself about, the author observes, in a variety of attitudes expressive of graceful recognition of the plaudits of the multitude! In the dance in the evening the Royal Duke is on the point of "steering" her through the mazes of a waltz, when a servant comes up to say that a person wants to speak to her at once. She sends off the messenger with a stare that is almost a glare, but he returns. It may cost him his place to arrest his mistress in her triumphal progress, but he has received orders which he does not dare to dream of disobeying. He brings a sealed envelope. She tries to laugh, and explains to her Royal partner that it is an apology from some local potentate. The sender of the letter was the villain of the piece, Captain Cardigan, who had married both of the ladies who had subsequently become Châtelaines, and was supposed, by Gladys at least, to be dead. Here the reader has a delightful complication. But this is not enough to satisfy the author. Gladys, finding that her first husband is alive, disappears, and spreads about a report that she is dead. Her second husband, Mr. Saltoun, thereupon marries again, and by a wonderful chance marries Gladys's younger sister, another Miss Jones. It is not till long after his marriage that the relationship between his first and second wife is discovered. When, towards the end of the story, Gladys appears again on the scene the confusion is most bewildering. Both the Miss Joneses had been married to Mr. Saltoun. Captain Cardigan had been married to the elder Miss Jones and also to Miss Gascoigne. Miss Gascoigne was married to the Earl of Ellerdale. Under such circumstances it was not possible for every one to repent and be happy. But the author does the best she can for them all round, and there is as little of what she somewhere calls "lachrymose weeping" as can well be.

Familiar as our author seems to be with grand people and grand houses, we cannot congratulate her on her acquaintance with her own language. The critical reader has doubtless noticed from the extracts we have already given that in her use of words she commonly seems to take that which comes readiest to hand, without much regard to its meaning. We doubt, however, whether she anywhere makes an absurder blunder than in the learned term she applies to the following speech:—"'I'm not selfish in this,' Mrs. Dumorest says to herself, assoiling her own conscience, 'only no one knows better than I do how exceedingly unpleasant it would be for Arch if his wife were at variance with me.'" Mrs. Cudlip calls this an aphorism. From such aphorisms, from such short pithy sentences, may heaven in its mercy deliver us.

KENNEDY'S AGAMEMNON OF ÆSCHYLUS.*

IT was fitting that the two tentative versions of the *Agamemnon* given to the world little more than a year ago by a prominent English poet and a promising classical scholar—the one professing to be a rough yet truthful transcript, the other aiming to unite approximate faithfulness with a large amount of poetic grace, even at the cost of occasional point—should be followed by the publication, on the part of our perhaps most eminent and certainly most experienced Greek scholar, of his own ideal of how this great drama should be translated. Both Mr. Browning and Mr. Morshead can afford to sit at the feet of this veteran scholar and teacher of scholars, to learn, the former how the probable drift of Æschylean iambics or chorus may be reproduced without the necessity of ruggedness or obscurity, the latter how point and force may be preserved with the sacrifice of scarcely an atom of the Greek sense. Dr. Kennedy comes forward not a whit too soon to place in the hands of Greek students a compact but thorough edition of the *Agamemnon*, based on the best editions, commentaries, and lexicons, and supplemented with a translation which he modestly characterizes as "not an attempt to poetize Æschylus in English, but merely to supply students with a close rendering, somewhat more agreeable than a prose version. The dialogue metre is that of the Greek original which in the English is called Alexandrine. The lyric lines do not imitate Greek rhythm, but the antistrophic verses correspond to those in the strophe." Great pains have been bestowed on the text of this edition, and the editor has not disdained to append some half dozen pages of "addenda" in amendment or supplement of earlier notes. As regards the translation, although he does not so much covet the fame of a verse translator as of an interpreter, it will be found, we believe, that through his clear and well-considered treatment of difficulties, his shrewd insight into meaning, his poetic manner and style, he comes little short of the best English translators of the play, amongst whom he would count Miss Anna Swanwick, and we might add Professor Conington. It is worthy of one so eminent in Greek scholarship not to forget a tribute to the recent memory of a friend who, in his Lexicon, did such good service to Æschylus as the late Mr. Linwood; and all will sympathize with his note "in memoriam" of the late Mr. W. G. Clark, the editor of Shakspeare and the brilliant Aristophanic scholar.

That which in truth makes Dr. Kennedy so completely at home in interpreting and rendering Æschylus is the combination in his own person of the ancient and modern learning of these two scholars. This is observable in such criticisms of the Introduction as where he notes that the comparison of the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus with Shakspeare's *Macbeth* will not hold unless we take the *Choephoræ* with the former, because *Macbeth* contains the retribution as well as the crime, while in Æschylus these are distributed between the first two dramas of the Oresteian Trilogy. We must refer to the xivth and xvth pages of the Introduction for Dr. Kennedy's masterly criticism as to where the parallel between the Greek and English dramas holds and fails; as well as for a seeming confusion of Argos with Mycenæ as the scene of the *Agamemnon*. Mr. W. G. Clark justly held that rigorous exactness is quite alien from the spirit of Æschylus, and indeed of all the old poets—a hint that can never be too much borne in mind; but we must beg young students to lay to heart the Professor's remarks as to the kinship in this dramatist between the Furies, as avengers of crime, and the Fates, which plays an important part in the play, and in connexion with which subject the most pregnant word is *ἄτη*. Nowhere, he says, does *ἄτη* mean a crime (*ἁμαρτία*) or wickedness in the abstract (*δυσσέβεια* or *ὕβρις*), but rather the madness attending on crime, the curse consequent on and propagating crime, or the deified avenger of it. A good sample of Dr. Kennedy's version may be cited in a passage illustrative of this—namely, the third antistrophe of the 3rd chorus:—

> From ancient lore among mankind
> Is framed an aged maxim,
> That, grown to fulness, a man's wealth
> Begets, and does not childless die:
> But from good fortune sprouteth
> Woe to the race, unsated.
> But I from others differing
> Am lone in my opinion.
> An impious deed engenders more
> Succeeding, and their stock resembling:
> But righteous families at all times have
> A happy fate in children.
> And Insolence when old is wont to bear
> A youthful Insolence,
> In evil men displayed at this or that time,
> Whene'er the destined season comes.
> The young one genders Arrogance,
> And that uncombated, unwarred,
> Unholy fiend Audacity,
> Black curses both for dwellings, like their parents.

But we must endeavour to give some idea of how far the translator and the critic are combined in Dr. Kennedy in the progress of the play. A famous passage from the First Chorus tells of one of Agamemnon's first sins and temptings of *ἄτη*, the sacrifice of Iphigenia:

> So when the harness of necessity
> He donned, an impious wind-change blowing,
> Impure, unholy, from that moment
> He chose a new all daring purpose.
> For mortals, by its base monitions,
> The wretched madness of first sin emboldens.
> And so he had the hardihood
> To be a daughter's sacrificer,
> Auxiliar to a woman-venging warfare,
> And to the sailing ships
> A rite inaugurating their departure.
> Her prayers and invocations of her sire,

* *The Agamemnon of Æschylus; with a Metrical Translation, and Notes, Critical and Illustrative.* By Benjamin Hall Kennedy, D.D., Regius Professor of Greek, Cambridge, and Canon of Ely. Cambridge University Press. 1878.

Her maiden age, as nought they counted,
Those war-enamoured arbitrators.
And when the litany was ended
The father told the priestly servants,
As lay she prostrate with her robes about her,
With all their heart to lift her high
Prone, as a kid, above the altar,
And watching o'er her lovely mouth to stifle
With voiceless strength of gags
Her shriek of execration on the houses.
But to the earth down-dropping
Her saffron-tinctured veil, each sacrificer
She smote with piteous arrow from her eye,
As though 'twere in a picture, seeming
Desirous to address them; since full often
In the large-tabled guest-hall of her sire
She sang, and virgin with pure voice did honour
Fondly to her fond father's pæan,
That ushered in
With happy fate the third libation.

Our editor here points out that in vv. 203–4 *γυναικοποίνων πολέμων ἀρωγὰν καὶ προτέλεια ναῶν* are in apposition to the clause *θυτὴρ γενέσθαι θυγατρός*; and he goes back to v. 65, *διακναιομένης ἐν προτελείοις κάμακος*, "And snaps the spear in the onsets," for illustration of the sense of *προτέλεια*, which, meaning primarily "prenuptial sacrifices," comes to signify metaphorically, at one time, a skirmish before a battle, at another a sacrifice before a voyage. At vv. 211–12, *στόματός τε καλλιπρῴρου φυλακὰν κατασχεῖν κ.τ.λ.*, Dr. Kennedy observes that *φυλακᾷ* for *φυλακὰν* would render the construction simple; but this, as every scholar knows, is a *primâ facie* argument that it would not therefore make it more like Æschylus. For the same reason we should doubt Mr. Paley's solution making *φυλακὰν* the subject of *κατασχεῖν*, "that a watch should restrain." Better is it to adopt the sense and construction which Dr. Kennedy has preferred, and take *φυλακὰν* for a contained accusative depending on *κατασχεῖν*, which also governs *φθόγγον* as the object.

Another difficult passage, which Dr. Kennedy himself only attempts to correct according to the requirements of the sense, without seeking to divine the lost words of the original, is where, in the second chorus and second strophe, occur lines which different interpreters have held to apply—some to Helen, others to Menelaus; and as to which Dr. Kennedy shows, we think, strong cause for attributing them to the latter. It is where the results of the elopement of Paris are pictured:—

ἰὼ ἰὼ δῶμα, δῶμα καὶ πρόμοι,
ἰὼ λέχος καὶ στίβοι φιλάνορες.
πάρεστι σῖγ' ἄτιμος ὡς ἀλοίδορος δ'
ἄδιστ' ἀφαιρεθεὶς ἰδεῖν.

It is not so certain to our apprehension as to Dr. Kennedy's that Helen cannot be the subject here; though we have to record Miss Swanwick's and Mr. Morshead's versions as in favour of his view, while Mr. Browning clings to what is perhaps the more poetic interpretation:—

There she stands silent! meets no honour—no
Shame—sweetest still to see of things gone long ago.

One assuredly happy thought of the Regius Professor is to reject *ἰδεῖν*, which has no necessary connexion with the sense as a gloss; and then, for *ἄδιστ' ἀφαιρεθεὶς . . . .* to read *ἄδιστ' ὅσ' ἦν ἀφειμένος*, "after parting with all that was sweetest." The sense will then be:—

O palace, palace, and ye chiefs!
Alas! O bed and all ye traces
Of husband loving kindness!
Silent as one disgraced, but unupbraiding,
He stands to view, bereft of all that's sweetest.

There is no denying that the sequel or context makes for Dr. Kennedy's solution.

It is time, however, to turn to two or three passages we have noted as indicative of Professor Kennedy's critical acumen, a quality without which no poetic gift will enable a translator to do justice to his original. In the famous speech of Clytemnestra describing the succession of beacons conveying the courier fire to Argos, the fourth stage is from Mount Athos to Mount Makistus in Eubœa. The MS. reading is

ὑπερτελής τε πόντον ὥστε νωτίσαι
ἰσχὺς πορευτοῦ λαμπάδος πρὸς ἡδονὴν
πεύκη τὸ χρυσοφεγγές, ὥς τις ἥλιος
σέλας παραγγείλασα Μακίστου σκοπαῖς.

Here Dr. Kennedy suggests in the third verse the very probable *προὔκειτο* as a manifest and plausible improvement. The passage, as it stood, lacks a finite verb, and is cumbered by a superfluous noun. Instead of the latter, Dr. Kennedy hits upon *προυκεῖτο*, to elucidate the sense, and to be strengthened by the adverbial phrase *πρὸς ἡδονήν*. These two words may be only a neutral rendering of the suggested verb, or they may be coupled with *Μακίστου σκοπαῖς*, and mean in either case "at its own sweet will," or "to the delight of beholders," especially the watchers of Makistus. Anyhow, a transparent sense is lent to the whole four lines in the interpretation, "High reaching, so as to skim the sea, the strength of the travelling torch lay forth to full delight, and transmitted, like some sun, a blaze of golden light to the watchmen of Makistus."

In a remarkable line of a chorus from which we have already quoted, the MS. reading is

ἐκ θεοῦ δ' ἱερεύς τις ἄτας δόμοις προσεθρέφθη (681),

and our editor here expresses his conviction on metrical grounds that Æschylus never wrote *ἐκ θεοῦ*, and suggests that he might not improbably have written *θείας ὧδε θεία ἄτα*, which would be as Æschylean as *θεῖον ψύθος* in 488. Further on, in v. 861, Agamemnon's speech to Clytemnestra ends with the line

εἰ πάντα δ' ὡς πράσσοιμεν εὐθαρσὴς ἐγώ.
If thus in all things I shall fare, my cheer is strong.

Dr. Kennedy dissents, apparently with reason, from Mr. Paley's unnecessary taking of *πράσσοιμι* in the sense of "acting." As he rightly argues, such a feeling of confidence would be more telling in its dramatic effect at a moment when Agamemnon's death was immediately to ensue. In numberless places in this part of the drama the language of the interlocutors is ambiguous, ominous, and secretly illustrative of the covert irony of fate.

But it is needless to multiply proofs of the value of this volume alike to the poetical translator, the critical scholar, and the ethical student. We must be contented to thank Professor Kennedy for his admirable execution of a great undertaking and to await his appearance in fresh fields of ancient literature and criticism.

MINOR NOTICES.

MR. ELLACOMBE, under a double enthusiasm for Shakspeare and for his garden, has produced a very readable and graceful volume on the Plant-Lore of Shakspeare (1), in which a dictionary of every plant or tree named in the plays and poems is illustrated by the passages in which it occurs, with literary, botanical, and gardening illustrations. In turning over the leaves it is impossible not to be struck with the poverty of the Elizabethan garden, compared with the riches at the disposal of the modern horticulturist, and at the same time with the reflection that in the hands of a gardener of genius even the repertory of that time gave infinite material for his art. The "upright" cedar of the dramatist was the creation of imaginative forecast, as that horizontal-growing tree was not introduced into England until 1676, and was actually a stranger when Evelyn first published the "Sylva." On the other hand, that supplanter of native roots and greens, the potato, had reached this country just in time to be commemorated by Shakspeare. Mr. Ellacombe, like some other critics, makes much unnecessary difficulty over Shallow's pippin "with a dish of caraways," which he believes to be "the apples so named," and not, like "many of the commentators," either a dish of caraway seeds, "or cakes flavoured with caraway seeds." The fact is that a pippin with a dish of caraways means a pippin with a dish of caraways—the pippin, however, being roasted. This comestible is still a traditionary luxury in the Combination Room of Trinity College, Cambridge. Formerly it was served up on every "Feast day," and it still makes its appearance upon the annual audit day, when every guest has set before him a roasted apple, with a portion of caraway seeds in another saucer. No doubt the caraway apple was so named because it was a favourite sort for roasting.

Dr. Wild's handsome and entertaining volume (2) grew out of what was intended at first merely as a record of personal impressions for the use of relatives and friends. Books produced in this manner are generally apt to give rise to a wish that the impressions had been kept for the use of relatives and friends; but, if this is a rule, Dr. Wild's work is a very distinct exception to it. There is scarcely a dull line in the volume; and the author's skill in description enables one, with the exercise of a very little imagination, to visit all the curious places and see all the interesting sights of which he tells us. The vividness of the letterpress is helped by the author's extremely clear and accurate etchings. For the lithographed coloured illustrations we cannot find much praise; but that scarcely detracts from the merit of the work, which has a greater value than that which will perhaps make it most popular—of being exactly the kind of book to lie on a country-house table.

Mr. Pritchett has produced, under the appropriate title of *Gamle Norge* (3), an interesting and amusing account of some weeks which he spent in "that grand, yet simple country, Norway." He travelled in what we conceive to be the right spirit of a traveller, determined to observe men and manners, and to regard no detail as beneath notice. The result of his observations is a narrative which runs pleasantly on, gives one a good idea of what the author saw, and yet avoids the danger of dealing in tiresome trivialities. Archæologists will find special interest in the chapter on Bergen. Many of the illustrations have considerable merit. The only possible objection that could be made to the book is that it may tend to increase the stream of tourists who threaten to make Norway as vulgar as Switzerland.

The present volume (4)—apparently the third, though there is

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(1) *The Plant-Lore and Garden-Craft of Shakespeare.* By Rev. Henry N. Ellacombe, M.A. For the Author, by William Pollard. Exeter.

(2) *At Anchor: a Narrative of Experiences Afloat and Ashore during the Voyage of H.M.S. "Challenger" from 1872 to 1876.* By John James Wild, Ph.D., Author of "Thalassa." With Illustrations by the Author. London: Marcus Ward & Co.

(3) *Gamle Norge: Rambles and Scrambles in Norway.* By Robert Taylor Pritchett. With more than One Hundred and Twenty Illustrations. London: Virtue & Co.

(4) *Cassell's Library of English Literature.—English Plays.* Selected, Edited, and Arranged by Henry Morley, Professor of English Literature at University College, London. With Illustrations. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

no indication of that on the title-page—of Messrs. Cassell's *Library of English Literature*, is devoted to plays, the editing and arrangement of which has been entrusted to Mr. Henry Morley. The volume opens with plays earlier than *Ralph Roister Doister* and *Gorboduc* and comes down to Mr. Tennyson's *Harold*, which Mr. Morley describes, somewhat rashly, as being "actable whenever the time shall come, as it will come, when Englishmen again are asked to wear their best minds in the theatre." In the opening of his work Mr. Morley gives an excellent definition, as concise as may be, of what a play is. It is "the story of one human action, shown throughout by imagined words and deeds of the persons concerned in it, artfully developing a problem in human life, and ingeniously solving it after having excited strong natural interest and curiosity as to the manner of solution. It must not be too long to be presented to spectators at a single sitting." The writer goes on to point out, with perfect justice, that a work falling short in any of these requirements is either no play at all or a bad play, and to say that a play must be a story of action, not a recital of thought in the form of dialogue. Then, expanding his first definition, which might seem to exclude all idea of underplot, he remarks that "when two stories are interwoven, they must be necessary to each other, and so blended as to become one to the understanding." Mr. Morley goes on to give a short sketch of the gradual development of the drama up to the time of the Mysteries, from one of which, the *Shepherd's Play* in the "Wakefield Mysteries," he gives, with appropriate notes, a long extract, the first lines of which it may be not uninteresting to quote:—

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Lord, what these weathers are cold, and I am ill happid;
I am near hand and old, so long have I nappid;
My legs they fold, my fingers are chappid,
It is not as I would, for I am all lappid
In sorrow.
In storms and tempést
Now in the east, now in the west,
Woe is him has ne'er rest
Mid day nor morrow.
But we silly shepherds that walks on the moor,
In faith we are near hands out of the door;
No wonder as it stands if we be poor,
For the tilth of our land lies fallow as the floor,
As ye ken.
We are so hamid
For-taxid and ramid,
We are made hand-tamid
With these gentlery men.

From this it would appear that the complaints of agricultural labourers are of very old standing. Shortly after this play we come upon the well-known *Ralph Roister Doister* and *Gorboduc*, and the possibly less well-known *Cambyses*, by Thomas Preston, which is supposed to have been acted as early as 1561, and to be referred to in the words uttered by Falstaff in *Henry IV.* Part I.:—"Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red, that it might be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein." The printed black-letter copy of the play is curious as showing that every actor took several parts—one man playing, amongst other things, Lord Smirdis, Ruff, and Venus. Later on Mr. Morley gives us an extract from Sir Philip Sidney, which contains the remarkable passage which shows that the quarrel between the classical and romantic schools was very far from being new when *Hernani* was first produced:—"But besides these gross absurdities, how all their plays be neither right tragedies nor right comedies, mingling kings and clowns, not because the matter so carrieth it, but thrust in the clown by head and shoulders to play a part in majestical matters, with neither decency nor discretion; so as neither the admiration and commiseration, nor the right sportfulness is by their mongrel tragi-comedy obtained. I know Apuleius did somewhat so, but that is a thing recounted with space of time, not represented in one moment; and I know the ancients have one or two examples of tragi-comedies as Plautus hath Amphytrio. But, if we mark them well, we shall find that they never, or very daintily, match hornpipes and funerals." Sir Philip Sidney pinned his faith on Aristotle's canons as devoutly as did the critics of the eighteenth century, and he would doubtless have thought Garrick right in presenting *Hamlet* with the grave-diggers cut out. Another passion, or fashion, of the eighteenth century, that for the German school of drama which Canning ridiculed in *The Rovers*, is most justly condemned by Mr. Morley, the only part of whose work which we do not like is found in his last page. We have quoted what he there says about *Harold;* and his remarks upon *Queen Mary* seem to us even more needless and injudicious. Furthermore, he seems to think that Mr. Browning's *Return of the Druses* is a good acting play. All this is strangely at variance with the knowledge which he displays in his prefatory words of what a good play should be; but it does not materially injure a work which can be safely recommended to all who take an interest in the subject.

The Oxford University Press has issued a very handsome Bible (5), containing notes, a Biblical index, a concordance, a dictionary of Scripture proper names, maps, and a compendium of Scripture natural history. The list of "words obsolete or ambiguous" contains a great many which we are much surprised to find there. "Abjects," "bewray," "cleave," "bosses," and many other words which are so set down are surely neither obsolete nor ambiguous. We see no kind of use in including them under these titles, nor are we satisfied with the derivations appended to some of the words. For the general arrangement, printing, and binding of the volume we have nothing but praise.

We find the same fault and the same merits repeated in the volume of *Helps to the Study of the Bible* (6), which is issued also by the Oxford Press.

Mr. Pascoe, in a preface to the exceedingly useful volume (7) which he has compiled, observes that, "in point of fact, the volume does not assume to be complete," but that in future editions he hopes to be able to remedy its present deficiencies. It will be well that this should be done, although it is impossible not to accept the excuses which the compiler makes for his few shortcomings. One or two of them strike us as odd; for instance, there is no mention in the book of Mr. G. W. Anson, and under Mr. Arthur Cecil's name we find not a word about his marvellous performance of Tourbillon; but, on the whole, the work is excellently done, and will in its perfected shape be of the greatest value as a book of reference.

Dr. Leo, in a preface to the singularly interesting volume (8) which he has brought out, gives a courteous, if needless, explanation of his motive in taking afresh some of the ground which Mr. Skeat occupied in his *Shakespeare's Plutarch*. To the value of Mr. Skeat's work Dr. Leo gives full recognition; but points out that his reprint was not absolutely free from typographical errors—an assertion which Mr. Skeat very oddly spoke of in print as "wholly unfair and ungenerous"—and that in Mr. Skeat's production the post-Shakspearian editions of North are collated, which for Dr. Leo's purpose is clearly needless. The chief merits of Dr. Leo's edition are its absolute correctness as a reproduction, and the fact that, "as a means to facilitate the finding out of lines in Plutarch, there is added an indicator of lines, printed on diaphanous cloth, which it is only necessary to place in the fold of the book between two leaves, so that the line marked I covers the first line of the page. The indicator gives you the number of lines without covering the print or interfering with the reading." Dr. Leo's labour has evidently been one of love, and his work will be valued by all who are interested in the study of Shakspeare.

We have before us *Dod's Parliamentary Companion* (9), for 1879, a work which it has long since become unnecessary to praise, and towards the improvement and perfection of which no pains have been spared by the editor.

We confess to a certain dislike of the affectation of old-fashioned printing which modern "æstheticism" has encouraged; but we must admit that the practice is seen at its best in the volume on Flower Lore (10) produced at Belfast, which treats in a pleasant spirit of love for flowers, of their "teachings, historical, legendary, poetical, and symbolical." The book is one which will be prized both by flower-lovers and by book-collectors.

It is tolerably certain that no amount of written advice and information as to the performance of physical feats can in any way make up for the want of practical instruction, and this rule applies as much to "Captain Crawley's" handbooks (11) on various physical arts as it does to all other handbooks on similar subjects—past, present, and to come.

Miss Butt's story, which appears in the pleasant *Blue Bell Series* (12), is a pretty, if somewhat dolorous, little love tale.

Mrs. Chetwynd's prettily-written little story (13) is exceedingly moral, but manages to be completely inoffensive, and is certain to be liked by children.

A new edition has appeared of one of the most delightful books ever written, Waterton's *Wanderings* (14). No better editor could be found for such a work than Mr. Wood, whose own work on natural history is well known. The biography is exceedingly interesting; and the editing of the whole book is excellent. A special word of praise is due to the illustrations.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall open a new and promising series of scientific literature with a translation of M. Véron's work on

(5) *The Holy Bible; containing the Old and New Testaments.* Oxford: Printed at the University Press. London: Henry Froude.

(6) *Helps to the Study of the Bible; containing Analytical Notes and Summaries of the several Books, Historical, Chronological, and Geographical Tables, &c.* Oxford: Printed at the University Press. London: Henry Frowde.

(7) *The Dramatic List: a Record of the Principal Performances of Living Actors and Actresses of the British Stage, with Criticisms from Contemporary Journals.* Compiled and Edited by Charles Eyre Pascoe. London: Hardwicke & Bogue. Boston, U.S.: Roberts Brothers.

(8) *Four Chapters of North's Plutarch.* Containing the Lives of Caius Marcius Coriolanus, Julius Cæsar, Marcus Antonius, and Marcus Brutus, as Sources for Shakespeare's Tragedies, "Coriolanus," "Julius Cæsar," "Antony and Cleopatra," and partly to "Hamlet" and "Timon of Athens." Edited by F. A. Leo. London: Trübner & Co. Strassburg: Karl Trübner.

(9) *Dod's Parliamentary Companion.* Forty-seventh Year. London: Whittaker & Co.

(10) *Flower Lore.* Belfast: McCaw, Stevenson, & Orr. London: Bell & Sons.

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(13) *The Crystal Heart, and its Lights and Shadows: a Little New Year's Story for Children.* By the Hon. Mrs. Henry Chetwynd. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood.

(14) *Wanderings in South America.* By Charles Waterton. New edition. Edited, with Biographical Introduction and Explanatory Index, by the Rev. J. G. Wood. London: Macmillan.

Æsthetics (15), which was reviewed at length in these columns in the original.

We have before us the sixteenth edition of that most useful work, the *Dictionary of Dates* (16), edited with all the care that we are accustomed to find in Mr. Vincent's work.

From Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. we have received some most excellent specimens of Pocket Diaries, which are arranged so that when the record of onequarter is done with, it can be displaced to make room for that of the next—a method which, of course, makes the diary itself more portable than is usual.

Mr. Wyld sends us some opportune and serviceable maps of Central Asia and Afghanistan, accompanied by an excellent little volume of notes.

(15) *The Library of Contemporary Science.—Æsthetics.* By Eugène L. Véron. Translated by W. H. Armstrong. London: Chapman & Hall.

(16) *Haydn's Dictionary of Dates.* Sixteenth Edition. Containing the History of the World to the Autumn of 1878. By Benjamin Vincent, Librarian of the Royal Institution of Great Britain.

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[illegible] ling t[illegible]
be sent to me not later than February 20, 1879.
The Head-Master will be required to enter upon his duties on March 25, 1879.
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EXECUTION OF THE TREATY OF BERLIN.

ALTHOUGH accuracy of statement and justness of prediction are not Lord BEACONSFIELD'S most characteristic accomplishments, many assailants have been disappointed by the fulfilment of the prophecies or announcements which he lately made at the Guildhall and in the House of Lords. In answer to the exulting assertion that the Treaty of Berlin had already proved abortive, Lord BEACONSFIELD declared that all parties were prepared to discharge their liabilities, and that his Government would insist on strict compliance with the terms of the arrangement. It may be admitted that, in the later summer and autumn, the language and conduct of Russian civil and military officers furnished some ground for alarm. The Governor of Bulgaria, especially, threatened without disguise the annexation of Eastern Roumelia, and publicly denounced the treaty by which he ought to have regulated his conduct as impracticable and absurd. At the same time the Russian newspapers were allowed to represent the establishment of the Mission at Cabul as a deliberate contrivance for the purpose of extorting from England concessions in Europe. Liberal orators might be excused for believing that the Government had received a serious check, although only factious blindness could account for the satisfaction which they expressed in the humiliation which seemed to have been imposed on the country. The Government was better informed, and during two or three years it has learned by repeated experience the safest mode of dealing with Russian menaces and encroachments. A firm refusal either to modify the Berlin Treaty or to allow European questions to be mixed up with Indian complications resulted in the final determination of the Emperor ALEXANDER to execute a treaty by which he had obtained great advantages. It was at the same time necessary to obtain the practical completion by the Turkish Government of sacrifices in which it had been already forced to acquiesce. The English AMBASSADOR had fortunately, by his untiring energy and transparent loyalty, acquired great and well-deserved influence at Constantinople; and, in spite of domestic and foreign intrigues, his advice has in all important cases been ultimately followed. The French MINISTER for FOREIGN AFFAIRS took the most active part in urging on the Porte the unpalatable rectification of the Greek frontier which he had caused to be inserted, though not in an obligatory form, in the treaty. There is now reason to believe that peace will be effectually secured by the common action of the principals in the war, and of the dependents of Russia and the clients of France.

Although it is said that the Russian Governor of Bulgaria was received on his late visit to the EMPEROR with extraordinary honours, it is evident that peremptory orders were given to him which may probably not have coincided with his previous instructions. When he threatened and blustered and promoted insurrections against the Turkish Government, he may perhaps have been acting as an obedient servant of his sovereign. He has since shown himself capable of carrying out a policy which may be less congenial with his own feelings. The International Commission which is charged with the organization of East Roumelia [illegible] meets with opposition from Russian officers; the Macedonian insurrection has collapsed in the absence of foreign aid, and the Governor seems to confine his activity to the province which it regularly entrusted to his charge. The negotiations at Constantinople have proceeded more smoothly, and it is hoped that the definitive treaty may be signed in a few days. The new Turkish Ministers have at last issued peremptory orders for the evacuation of the Albanian districts which are to be ceded to Montenegro; and although the inhabitants threaten armed resistance to an unwelcome transfer of their allegiance, the annexation may not improbably be completed without bloodshed. On the cession of the frontier district, and after the signature of the treaty, the return to Russia of the army of which the headquarters are now at Adrianople will immediately begin. The troops which occupy East Roumelia will, according to the stipulations of the treaty, not be withdrawn before the beginning of May; but the most effectual security for peace will consist in the removal from the neighbourhood of Constantinople of the army which, but for the presence of the English fleet, would perhaps have entered the capital nearly a year ago. A long time must elapse before the next invasion of Turkey. The exhaustion caused by a successful war has perhaps not been as great as that which followed the struggle with England and France in the Crimea; but the chronic policy of aggression will scarcely be resumed for many years to come.

The untoward and unavowed opposition of the Porte to the Austrian occupation of Bosnia collapsed long ago; and there is reason to suppose that the relations of the two Governments are now friendly, as their main interests are identical. It is improbable that the province will at any future time be restored to Turkish rule, nor is it certain that the loss of territory will be an unmixed disadvantage. The more vigorous administration of Austria will probably prevent the recurrence of the disorders which furnished the first pretext for the Russian invasion. There is too much reason to fear that, after a longer or shorter interval, East Roumelia, and perhaps the European provinces which are still directly subject to the SULTAN, may, in accordance with former precedent, be disturbed by foreign intrigues; but it will no longer be practicable to send Russian agents and supplies of arms into Bosnia and Herzegovina. The Austrians will also relieve the Porte from a standing embarrassment by keeping the Montenegrin freebooters in order. The Turkish Government will perhaps find less difficulty than before the war in cultivating friendly relations with Servia and Roumania. Both States have had recent and painful experience of Russian alliance and protection. A new Servian war, such as that promoted by Russia in 1876, would be discouraged by Austria; and possibly the Servians themselves are partially satisfied by their territorial acquisitions, and by the formal recognition of the independence which they had long practically enjoyed. The antipathy of the Roumanians of all classes to their overbearing patrons probably equals that of the Turks themselves. In future invasions of Turkey the Roumanian army will perhaps not join the aggressor.

The determination of the Greek frontier may be attended with difficulties of detail and with consequent delay, but an episode in the general settlement of South-Eastern Europe will not be allowed to defeat the general scheme. The Turks can scarcely be expected to sympathize with the motives which induce France and England to promote the interests of Greece. The French Government may perhaps be in some degree ac-

tuated by a not unnatural desire to resume the interrupted tradition of an active policy. A French army liberated the Morea, after a French fleet had taken part in the questionable exploit of Navarino. Although the Greeks have repeatedly expressed their desire for a special connexion with England, they have on some occasions found greater sympathy for their more ambitious aspirations in France. NAPOLEON III., with characteristic vacillation, alternately encouraged the Cretan insurrection which was promoted by the Government of Athens, and acquiesced in the more prudent and pacific policy of England. M. WADDINGTON found and seized the opportunity presented by the negotiations of Berlin of making himself a conspicuous advocate of the claims of Greece. The English Cabinet has since been less urgent in applying pressure to the Porte at a time when Turkey was involved in complicated embarrassments; but England as well as France wishes to encourage the most energetic of Eastern races, foreseeing the not impossible contingency in which the Greeks may be required to supply the place of the decaying nation which has for centuries been dominant between the Adriatic and the Egean. Another reason for cordial co-operation is furnished by the expediency of cultivating good-will between the two great Western Powers. It may be hoped that the jealousy which was caused by the annexation of Cyprus has by this time abated; but French politicians will be better satisfied with the result of recent transactions if their Government has contributed its share to the general pacification. By the end of the coming spring there is every reason to believe that peace will be securely established. The English Government will then have the opportunity of trying under favourable conditions the singular experiment with which it charged itself by the Anglo-Turkish Convention. The advantages of the imperfect annexation of Cyprus, and of the engagement to reform the administration of Asiatic Turkey, have not yet been disclosed to the world at large in an intelligible form; but some confidence may fairly be reposed in a Government which, in extraordinarily difficult circumstances, has maintained peace without dishonour.

GERMANY.

THE measure for the repression of Socialism has been supplemented by a proposal for restraining and punishing license of speech in the German Parliament. The proposal is stated to have come from the EMPEROR himself, and Prince BISMARCK only appears as the mouthpiece of his master. It is, however, so much in accordance with opinions which Prince BISMARCK has repeatedly expressed, that he may be glad to have so excellent an opportunity of allowing the EMPEROR to have his way. The object of the new Bill is to make members of the German Parliament afraid to give utterance to sentiments which the Government would regard as injurious to itself or as subversive of order, and perhaps still more to prevent sentiments of this kind gaining publicity under the shelter of Parliamentary reports. The Bill begins by declaring that the Parliament is to have the power of punishing its members; and punishment is to be inflicted by a Committee specially chosen at the beginning of each Session, consisting of the President and the two Vice-Presidents of the Parliament and ten other members; and one of the three Parliamentary officials with six other members is the smallest number that can act at any one time. No intimation is given of the nature of the expressions which are to call forth the action of the Committee; but, if the Committee disapproves of anything a member has said, it can proceed to punish him. It may simply reprimand him, or it may require him to apologize before the assembled Parliament, or it can fix on a time during which he shall be excluded from Parliament. It can, if it pleases, exclude him during the whole of the remainder of the term during which the then Parliament lasts; but, if it goes as far as this, then the member may appeal to the Reichstag from the decision of the Committee. If he does not so appeal, or if on his appeal the decision of the Committee is confirmed, then an additional punishment may be inflicted, and the Committee, being moved so to act by twenty members outside of its own number, may decree that he shall not be eligible for any future Parliament. If, again, what is said would constitute an offence against the criminal code if not uttered in Parliament, then the Parliament, on the motion of the Committee, may hand him over to the ordinary tribunals to be dealt with according to law. Such are the provisions for restraining and punishing license of speech. There is nothing more than is reasonable and necessary in declaring that a Parliament shall have jurisdiction over its members, and up to a certain point it may be said that the House of Commons has the jurisdiction which is now to be given to the German Parliament. It can reprimand, it can require an apology, it can suspend an offending member from attendance in Parliament for a limited time. It can even do two things which it is not proposed that the German Parliament shall be able to do; for it can expel a member, and it can commit him to the custody of its own officers. What is special in the German proposal is the delegation of the power of Parliament to a small Committee, the possibility of declaring the offender ineligible for the future, and the power of handing him over to the courts of law. There is something to be said in favour of the delegation of authority. A Committee can consider the alleged offence with more calmness than might be found in the Assembly itself in a time of excitement; if the Committee inflicted punishment where the Parliament itself would not have inflicted it, its members would be certain not to be re-elected; and, as there is to be a fresh election every Session, an erring Committee would soon find its power gone. The declaration of perpetual ineligibility appears to be far too serious an interference with the freedom of election. That twenty members should be required to concur offers no security against abuse. If the Government happened to have got a Committee that would do its bidding, it would be sure to have twenty members at its command, and then a member whom the Government disliked or feared might be prevented for the rest of his life from sitting in Parliament, and his constituents would never return the man they specially wished to represent them.

Far the most serious part of the measure is the power given to hand over an offender to the ordinary courts of law. It is true that here the Parliament itself must concur, and it may be said that Parliament itself would never concur unless the offence was of a very glaring kind. But the Government would always be able to put a very strong pressure on members, and would treat as disloyal all who protected an offender who had transgressed the ordinary law. The mischief of the device is that, by adopting it, the legal standard would become the Parliamentary standard. If it was once discussed whether an expression came within the terms of a section of the Code, the inevitable tendency would be to judge of what was said in Parliament by what was punishable in a court of law. Those who thought Parliament should not interfere would be stigmatized as wishing to protect a criminal. And, if the legal standard were once adopted, the German Parliament might as well cease to exist. There could be nothing like debating, no expression of honest opinion, nothing of the check on misgovernment which is secured by Ministerial acts being submitted to Parliamentary criticism. It must be remembered what are offences under the German Code. One German has recently been condemned for stating in August, when the Bill for the repression of Socialism was sufficiently sketched for the public to be aware of its contents, that it was a measure which ought not to have been brought forward. Another German is now being prosecuted for professing that he found it difficult to believe the story that the EMPRESS had sent the present of a sacred picture to a bishop who has been suspended for refusing to obey the law. It is a criminal offence in Germany to turn Prince BISMARCK into ridicule, or in any way to attack his dignity. At the present moment the few journals of respectability that are not under the control of the Government are at their wits' end to find phrases not punishable by law in which to convey to their readers the opinion that a measure emanating from the EMPEROR and countenanced by Prince BISMARCK is a bad measure and fatal to Parliamentary liberty. If members of Parliament were to be bound by the same rules, they could never venture to differ from the Government except in the mildest and gentlest way. It is not that many members would actually be handed over to the courts of law. That is not the evil to be feared. What is to be apprehended is that the whole spirit and life of Parliament would evaporate. Speakers would be expected, and would gradually learn, to obey the law—that is, to say nothing in Parliament which ordinary men would not venture to say in a beer-house when they

knew a policeman was present. If the Parliament passes this clause, it will simply commit suicide.

The provisions as to preventing publication of objectionable expressions used in Parliament are as follows:—The President is empowered to inhibit the temporary appearance of all improper expressions in the shorthand report. This inhibition is to last for not more than three days; but if before that time has expired the Committee takes up the matter and punishes the offender even by merely reprimanding him, it may also order that all notice of the expressions for which punishment shall be awarded shall be permanently excluded from the Parliamentary report, and no journal or other publication is to be allowed to reproduce them. If the temporary inhibition of the President or the permanent inhibition of the Committee is disregarded, an offender is to be punishable by imprisonment, which may extend to three months, or may be dealt with more severely if the expressions are in themselves unfit to print. Here, again, it must be admitted that there is something reasonable in the Government proposal. It is not going beyond the proper scope of Parliamentary jurisdiction to say that Parliament shall have some control over what is reported of its debates. The publication of the debates of the House of Commons is quite a modern practice. Parliamentary reporters have no claim to be present; the House of Commons still occasionally exercises the privilege of stopping all reporting, by ordering strangers to retire; and until very lately this was a privilege which any single member could exercise. In practice, no doubt, it is the acknowledged rule that the nation shall know what is said in Parliament; and in countries where, as in Germany, there is an official shorthand report, the claim of the nation to have proper information on the subject cannot be disputed. But it is going very far to say that a nation has a right to know all that is said in Parliament, whether what is said is against the rules of Parliament or not. The speech made in the German Parliament by a Socialist deputy named HASSELMANN, in which he told Prince BISMARCK that he and his friends were ready, if pushed to extremities, to fight and die for their cause, was an utterance as to the propriety of reporting which the Parliament might have fairly exercised its judgment. Here, again, we come back to the main question, What expressions are to be considered unparliamentary? If Parliament does not have its own standard, but adopts such a standard as is furnished by the German Code, the question as to what ought to be reported may slumber, for nothing will be said in Parliament worth reporting. But, if there is the due latitude of free, fearless Parliamentary debate, and a legitimate amount of abuse may be poured on bad Ministers and bad measures, expressions obviously going beyond this latitude need not be published in order that Parliament may be independent and the country made acquainted with what Parliament is doing and saying. If the German Parliament has now none of the powers which the Bill proposes to confer on it, a Bill conferring some proper powers appears to be expedient; and when this is once admitted all the details of the Bill become matter of fair discussion, except the clause adopting the legal standard of propriety of speech as the Parliamentary one.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT AT OXFORD.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S brilliant speech at Oxford was admirably adapted to its immediate purpose. The pleasant excitement of effervescent party feeling, the encouragement offered to the prejudices of local supporters, were legitimately rewarded by enthusiastic applause. To find a match for the most effective combatant of the Opposition the Conservatives must satisfy the impossible condition of restoring Lord BEACONSFIELD to the House of Commons in the full vigour of his prime as when he assailed Sir ROBERT PEEL. It is not too much to say that the political prospects of the party would have been perceptibly brighter if they had enjoyed the good fortune of enrolling Sir W. HARCOURT in their ranks. There is reason to suspect that the divisions and jealousies of the Liberals and their miscalculations of national feeling, and even the perilous eccentricities of Mr. GLADSTONE, may escape notice or be forgotten because there is no sparkling rhetorician on the Government benches to denounce with unqualified and epigrammatic severity the shortcomings of his opponents. Sometimes the most effective advocate errs by excess of vehemence. When the Oxford Liberals returned home, and when the fumes of eloquence had evaporated, some of the cooler heads may perhaps have reflected that their accomplished representative had proved too much. Although he had not repeated the mistake of gloating with undisguised satisfaction over the failures of English policy, his admirers may, on calmer consideration, have thought it strange that the Government which has for several years commanded a large majority in Parliament should never by accident have blundered into a just or prudent policy. If Sir W. HARCOURT'S speech were examined in an equally hostile spirit, it would perhaps be open to charges of inconsistency and unfairness; but an orator is often well advised in taking the offensive without fear of retaliatory criticism. The audience recognized the moderation with which, at the beginning of his speech, Sir W. HARCOURT disclaimed the purpose of attributing commercial distress to the Government, and the boldness with which, in the following sentence, he deduced the depression of trade exclusively from the alleged apprehension of war which, as he said, was wholly caused by the Ministerial policy. Controversial artifices of this kind are so familiar that they are perhaps morally excusable; but they have no influence on the deliberate judgment of serious politicians. There is a fallacy in the implied assumption that a foreign policy is necessarily erroneous because it may involve a risk of war. If war is in any case justifiable, measures which tend to war admit of the same defence, although war, whether necessary or injudicious, is likely to produce commercial distrust. When Sir W. HARCOURT last spoke at Oxford, he thought himself entitled to exult in the prospect that the Treaty of Berlin would prove abortive. The execution of all its main provisions has since been assured; and yet trade has shown no symptom of revival. The only circumstance which is common to both periods is that Sir W. HARCOURT attacked the Government then and that he attacks the Government now.

The liberties which may be taken by an able orator with a popular audience are illustrated in the bold assertion that the Government has for three years defended Turkey, and that Turkey has nevertheless in that time lost a large portion of territory. It is of course notorious that, partly by its own choice and also through the efforts of the Opposition, the Government allowed the Russian armies to invade, and partially to conquer, Turkey without attempting to defend it. Lord BEACONSFIELD has since expressed the probable opinion that a firm resistance would have prevented the war; but the correctness of a hypothetical proposition is scarcely worth the trouble of examination. The defence of Turkey by England is only imagined for the purpose of antithesis; and there is not much advantage in contrasting the fact of the conquest of Turkish provinces with the fiction of an armed defence which was never attempted. The English Government never undertook any task of the kind until, against the vehement protest of Sir W. HARCOURT'S political allies, the fleet entered the Sea of Marmora to protect Gallipoli and Constantinople. The object was at once fully attained; the Russian army suspended its further advance; and there were not even materials provided for another rhetorical antithesis. Confident prophecies are so far safer than apocryphal history that they cannot be confuted at the moment; but the arguments which Sir W. HARCOURT founds on his own anticipations of the prospective disasters of Turkey will only be valid if after several years they are confirmed by experience. It is characteristic of his controversial method that, in criticizing the Berlin arrangements for the government of Eastern Roumelia, he carefully abstains from noticing the principal reason for detaching the province from Eastern Bulgaria. The SULTAN is empowered by the treaty to occupy the defensible position of the Balkans, instead of admitting an independent, and perhaps hostile, neighbour into the vicinity of C[illegible]inople. The modifications which were introduced [illegible] Berlin negotiations into the provisions of the treaty of San Stefano were approved by France, by Austria, by Italy, and by large majorities in England. Sir W. HARCOURT has a right to hold and express a contrary opinion; but, while he accomplishes the immediate purpose of eliciting a ready cheer, he weakens his own contention by representing the conduct of the Government as transparently absurd.

Even the description of Cyprus, though it was highly amusing and approximately just, lost some of its effect by exaggeration. The supposed return of VENUS to the lawful embraces of VULCAN was a happy illustration, though the conveniences of a coaling station are not to be despised. If Cyprus is as useful as Gibraltar for the supply of coals to the fleet, some compensation will be found for the cost and risks of an annexation which has never been intelligibly explained. The part of the Anglo-Turkish Convention which applies to the administration of Asiatic Turkey was equally open to damaging criticism; but in this part of his speech, as in the remainder, Sir W. HARCOURT was not content with the facts of the case. There is too much reason to fear that the reforms proposed by Lord SALISBURY will be subject to delay and to possible failure; but the Porte has verbally accepted the most important recommendations; and it is not certain that gradual improvements may not be introduced. Speakers who positively denounce the Turks as destined to ruin and extinction forget, as Sir W. HARCOURT forgot, that in the Asiatic provinces they form the bulk of the population, and that they number several millions. There is no reason to expect that they will be speedily exterminated; and it is not evidently criminal to attempt, even with the chance of failure, some permanent improvement in their condition. It is at least conceivable that the influence of England may produce beneficial results, if Sir W. HARCOURT and his friends, when they come into power, are not prepared at once to renounce the duties and responsibilities which have perhaps been imprudently undertaken. The policy which was devised by Lord BEACONSFIELD and Lord SALISBURY, and which Sir H. LAYARD strives with indefatigable zeal to execute, is at least more generous than the prudent abstinence which is preferred by Sir W. HARCOURT.

It is not to be regretted that little room was left at the end of the speech for the expression of party feeling in the matter of the Afghan war. The complete and unforeseen success of the winter campaign may have greatly disappointed the Liberal party, but it ought to receive notice in their speeches against the Government. If the report is true that SHERE ALI has offered to acknowledge the sovereignty of the Emperor of RUSSIA, the war has ample retrospective justification. The withdrawal of the Russian Government from interference in Afghan affairs has followed the advance of the English columns through the passes; and there is no reason to suppose that the result could have been attained by other means. Notwithstanding the denunciations which are addressed to an imaginary representative of a braggart and turbulent policy under a cant nickname, the recent devotees of the "Divine Figure from the "North" have lately thought it expedient to affect a competitive jealousy of Russian ambition. Mr. GLADSTONE has, with singular simplicity, attempted to describe the Ministers as the friends of Russia, and his own faction as her foes. The country will on the whole incline to the belief that hostility is indicated by resistance. It was not an act of friendship to exclude the Russian army from Constantinople, or to compel the withdrawal of the Russian Mission from Cabul. On the whole, it may be admitted that Sir W. HARCOURT deserved the applause of his constituents; but eloquent invective and ingenious satire only convince while the presence of the orator still controls the imagination and feelings of the audience.

THE FRENCH MINISTRY.

THE indications already given of the probable action of the French Left have taken most Englishmen by surprise. To some extent this may be explained by the fact that they have taken the Paris Correspondent of the *Times* by surprise. A few days ago he was confident that the Left were not going to make the mistake of turning out the present Cabinet, while yesterday, in describing the reception accorded to the Ministerial declaration, he writes as though the Left had taken leave of their senses, and he had no hope of their ever returning to them. We shall hardly be far wrong in making allowance for some exaggeration in both these estimates of the state of affairs. It was never quite safe to assume as confidently as many Englishmen did that when once the Senate had been brought into harmony with the Chamber of Deputies the troubles of the French Republic were over; and it may be equally unsafe now to assume that because the Left have grown excited over their victory, they are prepared at once to scuttle the ship in a kind of drunken glee at finding themselves masters of it. If this last prediction is fulfilled, the apparent evidence of facts must have been strangely misleading. It has been said at one election after another that the country was more and more coming round to the Republic, and that the secret of its conversion was the steady growth of a conviction that, taking all circumstances into account, the Republic is the most genuinely Conservative Government that can be set up in France. If this is so, there can be no real desire on the part of the electors to see revolutionary changes proposed in the Chambers.

Against this view, it may be said there is the unmistakable evidence that the Left are hostile to the existing Cabinet, and the ground of this hostility can only be the unwillingness of M. DUFAURE to introduce revolutionary measures. Two things, however, may be said in qualification of this conclusion. In the first place, the coldness of the Left in the Chamber of Deputies may to some extent have been calculated. They may have argued that there is still time and opportunity for Ministers to give backbone to their programme. At present it is little more than a list of subjects with which the Cabinet proposes to deal. Commiseration is to be extended to a certain number of the condemned Communists. The Government will watch over the observance of the laws which regulate the relations between the Church and the State. They will show themselves inexorable against officials who attack or calumniate the Republic. Elementary education is to be made compulsory, and all teachers must be certificated after an interval for preparation has been allowed to them. It will be seen that upon all these points it is left uncertain how far the Government are prepared to go. They have yet to determine how many Communists are to be pardoned, how strictly the laws which regulate the relations between the Church and the State shall be executed, what degree of hostility shall be included in the words "attack or calumniate the Re-"public," under what conditions elementary education is to be made compulsory, how short may be the interval granted to teachers belonging to religious communities to qualify themselves for a certificate. The declarations made by Ministers in the course of the debate which is to begin on Monday may make an immense difference in the signification of the programme read on Thursday, and the coldness of the Left may only be intended as a warning to the Cabinet that the gloss that will then be put upon their text is of more importance than the text itself. Standing by itself, the Left may be supposed to say—There is nothing in the programme to excite our enthusiasm. If you wish us to support you, you must be careful to put some life and colour into these cold generalities. In the second place, the Left in the Chamber of Deputies may be hostile to the existing Cabinet, and yet the country may not be hostile to it. It is the misfortune of France that none of the elections since 1870 have turned on questions of policy. The form of Government has never been sufficiently secure to allow of the electors' minds being directed to what they would wish a secure Government to do. Even the elections to the Senate were not uninfluenced by the knowledge that the return of a Conservative majority would threaten the existence of the Republic, while the present Chamber of Deputies was elected in answer to a direct invitation from the enemies of the Republic to accept the personal rule of Marshal MACMAHON as a stepping-stone to some kind of restoration. Consequently the genuinely Conservative instincts attributed to the electors have never had any proper occasion of manifesting themselves. The one object of the constituencies has been to return Republican candidates, and they have consequently taken Republican candidates pretty much as they came. Very often probably they have accepted a candidate of more extreme opinions than their own, because to put forward one with whom they agreed more closely would be to divide the Republican voters, and perhaps let in a partisan of the reaction. The National Assembly lay throughout its life under the disadvantage of having been elected for one specific purpose, that of concluding peace; and the present Chamber of Deputies lies under a similar disadvantage. It, too, was elected for one specific purpose, that of upholding the Republic against the men of the 16th of May; and, just as the National

Assembly proved not to represent its constituents on the form of government, so the Chamber of Deputies may prove not to represent its constituents on the composition of the Cabinet.

It must be admitted, however, that there are great difficulties in the way of giving effect to the views of the electors, supposing them to be of this Conservative type. The Chamber of Deputies has nearly four years more to live, and though it may be dissolved by the President, with the consent of the Senate, it is very doubtful whether this consent could be obtained. It is true the Senate did not receive the Ministerial statement with the same coldness as the Chamber of Deputies; but, as the Correspondent of the *Daily News* points out, against this must be set the fact that the Senate has elected M. Martel as its President over the head of M. Jules Simon. And the recommendation of M. Martel is the one which, as the *République Française* naïvely said, the new Minister of War does not possess, that of being M. Gambetta's nominee. If M. Gambetta has really inspired the hostility which the Left apparently feels towards the Cabinet, it is scarcely probable that he will wish to exchange a Chamber which is prepared to give effect to that hostility for one which may possibly show itself friendly to M. Dufaure; and on the assumption that he is supreme in the Senate as well as in the Chamber of Deputies, there can be no dissolution without his consent. If, on the contrary, the hostility of the Left to the Cabinet is not shared by M. Gambetta, that would seem to show that his power in the Legislature is less than has been supposed, and in that case he might not be able to induce the majority to pass so self-denying an ordinance as on this hypothesis a dissolution would be to it. The prospect is further complicated by the fact that 1880 is the year appointed for the revision of the Constitution, and with this in view it is by no means certain that it would be possible to obtain a Chamber of Deputies elected with exclusive reference to the maintenance or overthrow of a particular Ministry. A Chamber of Deputies elected in 1879 would probably be the Chamber upon which, in conjunction with the Senate, the work of revision would fall; and for this reason the same considerations which have influenced the Republican electors hitherto might be expected to influence them again. Once more they might feel that they had the fate of the Republic in their hands, and that, with a revision of the Constitution impending, it was more important to elect a Republican than to elect any particular kind of Republican. When such a feeling as this is in the air, it is always the most extreme party that profits by it. An extreme party is usually careless about consequences, and if it cannot elect a candidate of its own way of thinking, it will often prefer the candidate most opposed to itself to a candidate who goes half-way with it and then stops short. The result is, that the only way of making sure of a Republican victory is to take the most extreme candidate. How to obtain an election which shall treat the form of Government as finally decided, and busy itself with nothing except the policy to be pursued by the Cabinet, seems for Frenchmen to be an almost insoluble problem. Until it is solved, however, the course of French affairs can never settle down into the humdrum regularity of countries which are content to leave their institutions alone.

TRADE DISPUTES.

Now that the strike on the Midland Railway has collapsed it is easy to see that it never had a chance of success. The men who left their work, much to their credit made no attempt to molest or intimidate the substitutes who took their vacant places. After a day or two it was ascertained that any number of new hands was forthcoming, and the Directors were latterly able to select competent persons as guards of the goods trains. It would be unfair to criticize harshly the misleading language which was used by the leaders of the strike. Probably their followers may understand that assurances of success are not to be implicitly believed; but, if any men have been permanently deprived of employment through their reliance on false or inaccurate statements, they have much reason to complain of misrepresentations which cannot have been always unintentional. The signalmen, who had the good sense to allow an opportunity for negotiation, have obtained some relaxation of the terms originally offered by the Board. A classification, for the purpose of fixing wages, of more or less laborious signal stations, seems so reasonable as to cause some surprise that the arrangement had not been made earlier. It appears that some misapprehension has prevailed among the goods guards as to the operation of the "trip" system to which they objected; but perhaps, like many other working-men, they dislike piece-work, or payment in proportion to the results of labour. It seems equitable, as it is obviously conducive to public safety, that payment for working a goods train between two points should be made according to the time which ought, in default of exceptional circumstances, to be occupied on the journey. More than half of the accidents on railways are caused by want of punctuality; and when the guards were paid by time, instead of by distance, they had no motive for exerting themselves to maintain proper speed. The manager of the line has stated that they are entitled to allowance in the not unfrequent case of unavoidable delay. The "trip" system will be maintained; and it is worth notice that, although it formed one of the pretexts for the strike, it had been established some time before the late reduction of wages. The increase in the number of hours during which the men are required to work affects the payment for overtime rather than the duration of labour. The additional allowance will begin later than before the change; and the receipts of the men will be proportionally reduced. It is satisfactory to know that the necessaries of life are now unusually cheap, so that a diminution of income will be more tolerable than in ordinary times. The Midland Board will probably take care to provide employment for as many of its old servants as possible; and it may be hoped that those who are by their own act displaced will be able to transfer their services to other railways. Although some of the speakers at the meetings unwisely boasted of the inconvenience caused to passengers and freighters, the men made no concerted attempt to profit by the dependence of the community at large on their services. The great majority of the persons employed by the Company submitted without resistance to a reduction which must have been unwelcome to all. In the course of the discussion it has been stated that the reduced wages on the Midland line are equal to those which are paid on other railways. There has been a simultaneous reduction on the Great Northern line, which has happily not produced a strike. The ordinary wages of railway servants are certainly not extravagant; but there are great advantages in an employment which provides more than average chances of promotion, and which is never suspended in the worst of times. The cessation of the strike, while it removes the risk of serious public inconvenience, is also for the interest of the men. They have little reason to be grateful to the great capitalist who strangely volunteered to subsidize the strike.

There is reason to hope that some other trade disputes which seemed to be imminent have been abandoned or adjourned. Intelligent workmen not under the immediate influence of agitators cannot fail to understand that a time of extraordinary depression is unfavourable to their chances of success in a struggle with their employers. The masters are comparatively indifferent to the interruption of their business; and there is little or no competition for labour. A surrender is occasionally disguised in the form of submission to arbitration; and in some cases it is possible to frame and apply rules by which wages may be adjusted; but when the masters have ascertained that they must either reduce the rate of payment or work at a loss, they will seldom bind themselves to take the chance of an award. Arbitration is still more unsuitable to the more serious disputes which relate to the hours of labour. It was not as the result of judicial decisions, but under the pressure of strikes in prosperous seasons, that employers in the iron trade some years ago consented to reduce the working day to nine hours. The result of the change has been so injurious to trade that great efforts are now made to restore the former time of working. No arbitrator can deny that the master suffers by the reduction of the hours of labour while the charge for plant remains the same. On the other hand, the workmen naturally value the concession which they believed that they had permanently secured; and their opinions are not likely to be altered by some of the arguments which have been used on behalf of the employers. Reasonable irritation must be caused by statements, whether true or false, that much of the

time which is no longer devoted to work is spent in idleness or dissipation. Inquisition into the private habits or tastes of any part of the community is inconsistent with modern notions of social freedom. It is more to the purpose to prove that high wages and short hours encourage the foreign competition which equally affects the interests of masters and of men. In some instances workmen have exhibited a cynical and suicidal indifference to warnings of the inevitable effect of their obstinacy in making it impossible for the employers to accept contracts offered on certain terms; but, in the long run, even members of Trade-Unions must be convinced that the discouragement of English industry must be ruinous to themselves. A contractor whose statement has been recently published quotes a declaration of certain Birmingham workmen, that, if an order went from their own town to Belgium, they would follow it and enjoy an outing. He adds that the men who refused employment are now suffering extreme want, and that the maintenance of their families devolves on the manufacturer whose proposal they rejected.

The same writer dilates on the superiority of Americans to Englishmen in the manufacture of certain articles; but the comments and contradictions which his letter has elicited illustrate the difficulty of ascertaining the most rudimentary industrial facts. It seems that Mr. Hill as a contractor supplies to his customers locks of a certain pattern which he can, as he says, procure more cheaply from the United States than in his own immediate neighbourhood at Willenhall. The angry tone in which he writes of English workmen suggests a suspicion that he is not exempt from prejudice; but a trader seldom allows his feelings or passions to interfere with the conduct of business. Mr. Hill would probably not import locks from America if he could buy them cheaper at home. There is much probability in his assertion that locks, like many other articles, can be made more cheaply by machinery than by hand; and it would appear from his letter that the Willenhall manufacture is in the hands of small independent makers. A local critic declares that Mr. Hill finds it expedient to use the Willenhall trade-mark for his American goods; and he adds the statement that the small manufacturers have now generally become journeymen in larger establishments. The real question is whether foreign producers are successfully competing in English markets.

THE BLOCK IN THE COURTS OF LAW.

THE experiment is now being tried of having a Winter Circuit for the delivery of gaols, making a fourth circuit in the year, and of combining with it a clearance of local civil business. The civil business in the provinces, of a nature beyond the jurisdiction of County Court judges, used to be despatched in the spring and in the summer, that is in March and July, and it was only at these times that the judges cleared the gaols. The first innovation was to have a third gaol delivery in December for places where there was enough business to make one seem necessary. A short time ago the House of Commons insisted on a further change. It thought the detention of prisoners waiting their trial for months together a scandal to English justice, and the Government, in compliance with the wish of Parliament, ordered that there should be not three, but four, gaol deliveries in the year, and that this rule should apply throughout England and not merely in populous centres. These deliveries will now be held in January, April, July, and October; and as there was to be a gaol delivery in January it was thought it would be more convenient that the first half-yearly despatch of civil business should be made at the same time, instead of a little later in the year. The judges are therefore now engaged in making a new delivery, and in anticipating the period at which they were accustomed to despatch civil business. They do not, or at least some of them do not, at all like the change, and they are grumbling loudly at its consequences. Although so many judges are necessarily absent an attempt is still made to carry on London business. The Lord Chief Justice is staying in town, and has openly complained that the conduct of London business at such a time is a farce. He told counsel that he really had not the smallest notion what could or could not be done by the tiny handful of judges left in town, and he pointed out that there were nearly a thousand cases waiting trial, and the courts were so blocked with business that suitors were defrauded of justice. The right remedy was, he hinted, to increase the number of judges. Nor can there be any doubt that the new system produces great inconvenience, both to suitors and to the judges themselves. One day this week the Chief Baron had to rush up from Maidstone and leave the suitors of Kent waiting in the cold, because there was business in the Exchequer which required his instant attention; and if new judges are really wanted, they ought to be created, and the present House of Commons is not at all like to grudge the cost. But it is by no means clear at present that new judges are wanted. It must be remembered that under recent changes three extra judges have been provided for circuit purposes. Three out of the justices of appeal are told off for circuit work. Lord Justice Brett is now on the North-Eastern Circuit, and Lord Justice Cotton has just been trying a great murder case at Maidstone. Lord Justice Thesiger is ill, but his place on circuit is supplied by a Commissioner. Then that the judges are just now peculiarly shorthanded is the effect of a temporary accident. For so great a purpose as that of consolidating the criminal law, Mr. Justice Lush and Sir James Stephen have been taken away from judicial duties, and when they have done this piece of special work they will be immediately added to the judicial force. Lastly, the Londoners may be said to be suffering now what in former years they had to suffer in March. The judges, not being in London, cannot attend to their business; but when March comes the judges will now be in London instead of away as formerly, and the Londoners will gain then what they lose now.

The preliminary question, whether there should be four gaol deliveries in the year, although settled in the mind of Parliament, appears to be by no means settled in the minds of the judges. So far, indeed, as they have come to a conclusion, they seem to be strongly of opinion that four gaol deliveries are not only a nuisance to all concerned, but a totally unnecessary nuisance. It seems to them a great pity and a great hardship that judges and counsel and grand jurors and ordinary jurors and witnesses should all be summoned to some remote little country town in the depth of winter, in order that a slender list of petty crimes may be got through, and a few humble prisoners released or condemned a little sooner than they otherwise would be. This, in the view of some of the judges, is to pet the wicked and to afflict the good. Extreme consideration is shown for the few vicious, and no consideration is shown for the many virtuous. The grand jurors naturally feel the inconvenience of being torn from their homes at this season, and chat the matter over in the most friendly manner with any judge who happens to be specially sympathetic. And no grand jury could wish for a judge more sympathetic than Mr. Justice Denman. He really is a judge after a suffering grand juror's heart. For he is ready to cut away the ground on which the promoters of the change felt themselves unassailable, and denies, not only that consideration ought to be shown to prisoners, but that consideration is shown them under the present system. The way in which he looks at the matter is this. If a prisoner is tried, he is condemned or acquitted. If he is condemned, the longer he has been kept waiting in prison before trial the better for him, as the treatment of prisoners before trial is much milder and pleasanter than that which they receive after condemnation. The earlier arrival of the judges is for them simply the earlier substitution of hard labour for simple detention. If a prisoner is acquitted, Mr. Justice Denman's experience enables him to assert that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he escapes, not because he is not really guilty, but because the law cannot punish him for want of proof. Detention in prison is, therefore, a very trivial punishment for his actual, though not provable, guilt; and, although this punishment must be sadly inadequate, yet the more of this inadequate punishment he gets the more a virtuous society ought to be pleased; and nothing can be more disheartening than that this term of just suffering should be abridged by summoning good comfortable people like judges and grand jurors, at a preposterously early and most inconvenient time, to set him free, as it is called, or, as it would be more accurate to say, to let him off a portion of the only punishment society can inflict on him. There is, however, the conceivable case of the one white sheep, the hundredth man who is acquitted, and here it might be thought that Mr. Justice Denman would have to

own that it is nothing more than proper consideration for such a man to secure his release from prison as soon as possible. Not in the least. Mr. Justice DENMAN utterly denies that it is any kindness to release a man from prison. Most prisoners are poor men, and to poor men it is a positive advantage to be in prison. They are sheltered, warmed, clothed, and fed. They are the true lilies of the English field. They do nothing, and yet are very comfortable. They have not to share the rough lot of those who have not had the great good fortune to be falsely accused. They need not shiver in the wintry weather, seeking in vain for employment, begging a crust here and a faggot there. They have drawn a prize in the lottery of pauper life, and now a cruel Government robs them of their prize, and makes judges and grand jurors reluctant accomplices in their cruelty.

Every now and then, when a question is under the consideration of Parliament or the public, some one manages to relieve every one from the trouble of further controversy by putting a point with so much felicity and force that all feel that nothing more need be said. When a judge has once placed the objection to frequent gaol delivery on the grounds that accused persons may be presumed to be guilty, and that it is cruel to a poor man to wrench him from the comforts of prison and to restore him to the miseries of freedom and his family, the House of Commons will feel that it wants no more to confirm it in its resolution. If it was ever doubtful, it is now certain beyond all question that there will be four gaol deliveries in a year. If, therefore, the institution of so many gaol deliveries makes an increase in the number of judges necessary, their number must be increased. But the Government feels a very proper reluctance to increase the number of judges, unless the increase must be made if the judicial business of the country is to go on. There has in recent years been a very large increase in the number of judges. There are the new Law Lords, the paid members of the Privy Council, the four new Justices of Appeal, the new Vice-Chancellor. There is a natural fear lest, if the Bar is called on to supply more judges than it now supplies, the quality of the Bench may deteriorate. It has been argued, and apparently in humble earnest and not in the spirit of covert irony, that there can be no difficulty in finding good judges, as any plain man with good sense and decent manners and a little knowledge of law will be as good a judge as there is any real occasion to have. If so, of course the whole difficulty vanishes; as, no doubt, the Bar could supply the Government with at least a hundred good judges every year. But it is not strange that a Chancellor should have a more exalted notion of what is required in a judge. He may have, and probably must have, occasionally to adopt this cynical view of the requisite qualities of a judge in order to reconcile himself to rewarding political supporters by a judgeship. But, on the whole, each Chancellor in turn likes to make good judges. Lord CAIRNS has, for example, just given himself the satisfaction of disregarding political ties altogether, and of looking only to the eminence of qualifications. Sir JAMES STEPHEN has rendered the nation, and more lately the Ministry, a great service by making the Criminal Code possible, and if a judgeship is to be looked on as a reward, there could not be a reward better merited. But it is something much more than a reward. It implies, or ought to imply, an effort to benefit the country by the selection of the best man for the place that can be got. In Sir JAMES STEPHEN the CHANCELLOR has found a judge who may be confidently expected to make a really strong judge. It is difficult to say how such expectations can be better warranted than by the union of varied knowledge, a practised art of putting things intelligibly, an acquaintance with law as it is administered not only in England, but in India, the grasp of principles implied in the construction of a Code, a strong will, indefatigable industry, and perfect independence.

THE BANK LOTTERIES.

THE lotteries which it is proposed to set up in aid of the liquidation of the City of Glasgow and the West of England Banks will certainly deserve to be recorded among the curiosities of human inconsistency. The second and smaller of the two may be dismissed without further comment. The project has obviously been started in imitation of the more important scheme in the North, and will, in the event of that larger scheme coming to nothing, not be persevered with. Even if the idea had first been started in Devonshire, it would have been less remarkable than the same idea coming from Glasgow. If the mischiefs of the proposal were less serious, the notion that a project for reviving lotteries should owe its existence to Scotchmen would be full of humour. It is not often that we find such a strange series of contradictions between character and action. The spectacle of a cautious people encouraging the most dangerous form of speculation, of a people supposed to reverence law setting an Act of Parliament at defiance, of a religious people mixing up charity and gambling, and doing and encouraging evil in order that good, in the shape of money, may come to certain unfortunate bankrupts, is really almost without a parallel. The only explanation that can be suggested is that much loss of money has turned their heads. If they have not lost it themselves they have seen others lose it, and the prospect is too melancholy, they think, not to make anything permissible which promises, in however slight a degree, to take it out of their sight.

The first fallacy that needs to be got rid of in connexion with this subject is the supposed sanctification of the project by the goodness of the object to which the profits are to be devoted. This theory is at once disposed of by the fact that the profits of the Government lotteries which were made illegal in 1826 were devoted to a most excellent object. If there are to be lotteries at all, there can be no reason why the country at large should not have the benefit of them. If 3,000,000*l.* can be raised by a lottery to pay the debts of the shareholders in the City of Glasgow Bank, why should not a similar sum be raised, if possible, every year to pay off the National Debt, or to increase the national revenue? There is absolutely no answer to this question. If charity is a good reason for holding a lottery, patriotism is an equally good one. If the poor shareholder is a legitimate object of pity, and, being such, may legitimately be helped by a lottery, the poor taxpayer has precisely the same claim. It is impossible logically to defend the Glasgow project and yet approve of the Act of 1826. If lotteries are only bad when they are held for bad objects, they should only be prohibited when they are held for bad objects. Probably the authors of the scheme are not prepared to go this length. They would like to claim exemption from the law for themselves, and for themselves only. But if a lottery be permitted for one charitable object, it will be exceedingly invidious to forbid it for another. There are always abundance of schemes sorely in want of money, and every ticket which is bought for the Glasgow lottery will be an incentive to the supporters of these schemes to copy the Glasgow example. In this way we shall arrive at a state of things which would reproduce all the evils of the prohibited State lotteries without any compensation to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Charity not unfrequently flags for want of some interest beside and beyond itself, and the news that the charm of a little speculation was to be had, in addition to the pleasure of relieving distress, would have an irresistible attraction for bored benevolence. In this way the disasters arising from the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank would go on multiplying themselves in continually wider circles.

The truth probably is that the long disuse of lotteries has made Englishmen forget the evils of them. One of the first questions which would be addressed to an objector by the authors of this present scheme would probably be whether he never played a game of cards, or had never risked a napoleon at a foreign gaming-table? Those who reason in this way forget that there may be many acts which are quite harmless in the particular case and yet exceedingly injurious to the community if the particular cases become numerous. To buy a ticket in a lottery is just as innocent in itself as to play a game of loo or to bet on a racehorse. Provided that a man has the money to lose, and that the man who will have to pay him if he wins has also the money to lose, the question whether they shall lose it in this particular way must be decided on the principles which ordinarily govern the spending of money in amusement. But there is no doubt whatever that, in proportion as playing at loo or betting on racehorses became general in a community, the morals of the community would suffer, and consequently the State does wisely in forbidding these amusements in public places. The same rule applies

to lotteries. Why should the law prevent a man from spending 1*l.* or 5*l.* in a ticket half the proceeds of which will go to a charitable object and half to the creation of prizes, which he will have a chance of winning? Simply because it is known that, if one man is allowed to spend his money in this way, other men must equally be allowed to do it; and for one man who can do it without injury to himself or to others, there will be ten or twenty who will do themselves and others very great injury. The originators of this Glasgow lottery may be, and probably are, altogether free from the temptation to spend all the money they can scrape together in the purchase of lottery tickets; but they will not be the only or even the principal purchasers. The tickets, if they are publicly sold, will be taken by numbers of men and women to whom 5*l.* or even 1*l.* is a serious matter. They cannot lose it without some one who is dependent on them being the worse for it, and for every one who saves his stake there must of course be numbers who will lose it. The law can hardly be turned to better purpose than in discouraging enterprises of this mischievous kind. If the Glasgow lottery is allowed to go on, it will certainly not remain a solitary case. Lotteries will become the most popular form of charity, because no other will so well minister alike to the sentimental and the speculative tendencies of the time.

It may even be said that, of all forms of speculation, lotteries are the most dangerous. They are so because the risk of loss is strictly limited. If a man could be sure that in a Stock Exchange speculation he would lose only the particular sum he arranged to lose, while having the chance of gaining very much more, the number of speculative transactions would be immeasurably increased. What deters him is the difficulty of calculating his loss; the uncertainty whether he may not in a week or two's time find himself poorer, not by 10*l.*, or 20*l.*, or 50*l.*, but by ten or twenty times these sums. A lottery provides precisely the kind and amount of certainty which is wanting on the Stock Exchange. Each ticket costs a specified sum, and though a man may have a hundred tickets, he cannot lose more than what he has paid for them. On the other hand, with every fresh ticket bought the chance of winning a considerable, perhaps an enormous, prize increases. The purchaser does not consider that even if he holds a hundred tickets his chance of winning one of the exceptional prizes is still infinitesimal; he only remembers that it is greater than it was when he held fewer. In this way the possession of one lottery-ticket becomes an infallible incentive to the purchase of others. And upon whom does this incentive tell with the greatest force? Upon those, of course, to whom the making of money, except by a piece of pure luck, is most impossible. The man who sees no chance of ever getting more than 200*l.* a year is the predestined victim of a lottery. If the members of the Glasgow lottery had only remembered how large a section of the community is covered by this description, they would hardly have cared to have such a scheme upon their consciences. The harm that would be done in the effort to abate the consequences of the Bank failure might be infinitely greater than the harm wrought by the failure itself. The latter at all events does not involve the shareholders in crime. If they lose all that they have, they can at least remain honest. But a lottery on the gigantic scale now proposed is almost certain to involve some of those who take part of it in crime. Here and there the temptation to buy a ticket which may put the lucky purchaser above the reach of poverty for the rest of his life will be irresistible, and the only means of yielding to it may lie through theft in some one of the many forms in which the thief calculates upon being able to put back the money before it is missed. If Glasgow benevolence must encourage gambling, it would on the whole be less mischievous to open a public gaming-table.

PROTECTION FOR RETAIL INDUSTRY.

THE correspondence which has filled so many columns of the *Daily Telegraph* on the question of Co-operative Stores is an extremely curious one. Some of the tradesmen who carry it on profess the most unabashed protectionism, without apparently in the least suspecting it. No man perhaps can be expected to realize the fact that he is of no use to the community, and there are large numbers of shopkeepers to whom it evidently has never occurred that, if there were rather fewer of them, there would be more business and larger profits for those who remained. The fallacy that a country is the richer because a class which would otherwise be producing something else is aided by the Government in producing that which can be produced at less cost elsewhere is at least plausible. But the fallacy that a country would be richer if the distributing class were kept unnaturally large is so transparent, that it is strange it should have imposed upon even the most ignorant contributor to this correspondence. For shopkeepers to ask Parliament to put down Co-operative Stores is just as reasonable as though horsedealers should ask for the suppression of all shops which employed men instead of horses to carry out their goods. The less money is spent in the mere distribution of goods the better for society. Distributors add nothing to the wealth of the community. They are nothing more than a charge submitted to in consideration of the convenience which the payment of it secures. Nor can there be any doubt, except in the minds of shopkeepers driven to fury by the spectacle of successful co-operation, that the limits of this convenience have long ago been overstepped. Indeed in their calmer moments the shopkeepers themselves are quite willing to raise the complaint that there are too many of them. It is only the public by which these unnecessary dealers have to be supported that is not allowed to dispense with services which it does not think worth the cost. The writers of some of these letters might profitably employ their next holiday in counting the number of grocers or haberdashers in a single London street, and then considering how all of them can possibly live. If the question is honestly put, the answer must be that they cannot live except by charging exorbitant prices. Not that their prices are necessarily exorbitant if compared with their profits. It is the vice of having a superabundance of distributors that the public is fleeced to enable a number of unnecessary shopkeepers just to make two ends meet. If a thousand pounds of tea or a thousand yards of ribbon are to be sold, and there are three grocers or haberdashers instead of one to sell them, it is plain that the prices charged by the three must be higher than those which any one of them could afford to charge if he had no competitors.

It is this fact that enables large shops to undersell small ones. For it is not the Co-operative Stores only that are making war upon the retail tradesmen. They have foes in their own household. The number of large London shops which do business by correspondence in various parts of the country has greatly increased of late years, and it is plain that, assuming these to be driving a profitable trade in the first instance, the cost of thus extending it bears a very small proportion to the additional profits. In point of fact, many of the complaining shopkeepers are guilty of the very same offence which they charge against the Co-operative Stores. Those of them who live out of town are often to be seen carrying home a basket containing fish bought at a shop near Cannon Street or London Bridge. If they were told that in the suburb in which they live there is a struggling fishmonger who makes a poor livelihood by carrying fish round in a cart, they would say that by buying it at a large London shop they got it better and cheaper. And if they were further asked why they get it better and cheaper, they would answer that, in calculating his prices, the local fishmonger has to include the additional cost of distribution. If there were no other way of getting fish in this particular suburb the inhabitants would have to pay the higher price. But when the master of the house goes to London every day, and can bring fish home, this additional cost is a purely unnecessary cost. The case of the retail shopkeeper and the Stores is an exact parallel to this. The man who subscribes to a Store does not get what he wants at the neighbouring shop because the shopkeeper has to live, and because, where there are hundreds doing work which could very well be done by tens, he can only live by making his customers pay the cost of his livelihood in the shape of higher prices. If time is an object, it may be cheaper in the long run to pay these higher prices; but though time may be an object to the subscriber himself, it probably is no object to his wife. The care of the household stands to her in the place of a profession, and there is consequently no reason why she should not go to the Stores as often as she has to give an order. Besides this, orders

to tradesmen are largely given by letter. In theory, this way of buying may be less economical than ordering in person. But in practice, ordering in person has very much come to mean ordering in the person of the cook, which is not always an economical method. If a letter has to be written, distance makes little difference as regards the execution of the order. If the retail shopkeepers could possibly succeed in putting down Co-operative Stores, they would undoubtedly find that they had been benefiting a small minority of their own body. There would be joy in Mincing Lane, but things would be no better at Camberwell or Notting Hill.

The discussion in the daily newspapers has largely turned on the possibility of the retail shopkeepers making head against the competition of the Co-operative Stores. It is contended, on the one side, that, provided that they will lower their prices, give no credit, and be particular as to the quality of the articles they sell, tradesmen will naturally beat amateurs. People have wandered away to Co-operative Stores because the ordinary shopkeeper does not give a sufficient discount for ready money, and sometimes makes almost a favour of taking it; and because he is not always above selling adulterated goods. Let the shopkeeper mend his ways in these respects; let him refuse credit altogether, or at all events give the customer the full benefit of his prompt payment, and let him set his face against adulteration, and he will soon find that he can beat the Stores. On the other side, it is maintained that the conductors of a Co-operative Store can be content with just covering working expenses, because they derive their own incomes from other sources, whereas the tradesman has no other means of living, and must therefore make profit enough to keep his wife and family over and above the working expenses. Of course, if it is true that the number of distributors in England is altogether disproportionate to the real need for them, those who cheer the tradesman in this way are only doing him harm. Unpleasant truths do not become pleasanter by being kept back from those whom they concern. But, supposing the number of distributors to have been reduced within reasonable limits, this kind of consolation is perfectly in place. It is not true that the shareholders in a Co-operative Store are satisfied if the expenses of the Store are just covered. They always expect five per cent. for their money, and in some cases they have divided a good deal more. No doubt the shopkeeper may object that he cannot afford to be content with five per cent. on his capital, because, besides finding the money, he finds skill and supervision, and even actual work in the shop. This argument, however, leaves out of sight the fact that skill and supervision and actual work in the shop cannot be dispensed with in a Co-operative Store. Much of what the shopkeeper regards as profit is really payment for time, labour, and skill, and the only difference between the shop and the Store is that the purchase of time, labour, and skill is included among the working expenses. The conductors of a Store may only make five per cent. on their capital; but the reason why they need make no more is that, instead of themselves contributing the knowledge and industry required to make the concern prosper, they pay others to contribute it. The shopkeeper is spared this expense. Being himself an expert, he is the less obliged to employ experts, and the money which goes to pay this and similar items in the expenses of a Co-operative Store comes to the shopkeeper as profits over and above the interest on his capital. In reason, then, there is still abundance of room left for retail traders. If, instead of calling upon Parliament to work impossibilities on their behalf, they will frankly set themselves to give the public what they think they get at the Stores, the more energetic among them will certainly find that there is no want of customers capable of being tempted by the undoubtedly superior conveniences which shops have to offer.

EBB AND FLOW.

We have all been taught from our cradles that there is a tide in our affairs, and that it is our wisdom to take it at the flow. But we are not, in our youth at least, encouraged to look equally for the flowing of the tide in ourselves, or to take advantage of it. Doing things by fits and starts is severely discouraged by teachers. And very naturally; for it would be exceedingly inconvenient to them to have to wait for the rising tides of their pupils' inclinations, the laws of which would be harder to calculate than those by which any of the earth's waters rise and fall. But when we have become our own governors we are soon forced to recognize the fact that our nature is subject in almost all directions to fluctuations, more or less periodical, and not by any means easily controlled by the will. What we cannot control we must study, and make allowance for.

Temperaments seem to differ very widely in the degree in which they require intervals of intermission from labour. Not to speak of the familiar varieties of constitution with regard to sleep, there is no doubt a similar variety with regard to the power of continuing any one kind of effort for months or years. We have all heard accounts, which sound almost fabulous to ordinary minds, of writers of fiction who, as one novel is ended, begin another with no more ceremony than their neighbours make of taking a fresh sheet of paper. We see constantly before our eyes the manufacture of some kinds of intellectual tissue which proceeds as uninterruptedly as if by machinery. If the product in such cases is not generally of the very highest type, the facility of unintermitting production is almost as wonderful a thing in its way as the power of occasional soaring which belongs to a different order of minds. The minds which produce great works at long intervals may, however, possess, for aught we know, as great a power of continuous labour as those which turn out mental shoddy by the yard. Only the power is more complex; and if we may hazard a guess about such matters, we should suppose that its flow even when steadiest was likely to be composed, as it were, of many currents, which so give place to each other as to afford intervals of relaxation for each. In any great work of imagination, for instance, the creative effort must be much more rapid and transient than the labour of working out details, so that the imagination may fold its wings for a long rest while the hand is carrying out its orders. A highly-organized mind is like a great ship which pursues its appointed course without pause, though the officers sleep by turns. Smaller craft may have to lie to altogether while the fishermen take their rest.

Without attempting to judge how far the highest powers are likely to be intermittent, we will be content with the safer and more practical statement that powers which are naturally intermittent will not yield their best fruit if urged to too continuous exertion. There are few more delicate points to be observed in cultivating our own or our children's minds than the right allowance to be made for fluctuations of energy. We are right in discouraging capricious intermissions, but no sensible parent fails to provide sufficient intermissions of a regular kind. Later in life the question of how to deal with fluctuations becomes much more difficult, and not less important. Our powers fluctuate, and our feelings fluctuate, and not only in our affairs, but in our relations with each other, there are tides of which the ebb often fills us with unnecessary dismay. Much discouragement and misunderstanding might be prevented if the laws of these tides of the moral and intellectual world were better understood. A familiar instance, though some of us are loth to recognize its existence, is the fluctuating nature of most friendships. Such is the crudeness of our idea of constancy that many people fancy themselves guilty of some degree of unkindness if they find their appetite for some dear friend's society occasionally failing them. As reasonably might we blame our digestions for a similar failure of appetite recurring daily after dinner. The trouble is that in friendship the ebb-tides do not generally keep time on both shores; nor do they even occur with sufficient regularity to be announced beforehand. All that can be done by people whose disposition is markedly tidal is to recognize once for all the fact that their feelings will vary, and that such variations need not in the slightest degree depend upon any change in the source from which they spring, or even in their permanent average amount. Mere ebb and flow is a phenomenon which depends upon complicated relations with a system in which our own individual life, and therefore *à fortiori* our affection for any one person, is but a minute feature. Some people are much more open to these influences from the universe than others. It is idle to attempt to treat such susceptibility as matter for either praise or blame, though all susceptibilities doubtless call for the exercise of firm self-control, and call too often in vain.

People whose feelings are liable to wide and rapid oscillations have a troublesome task, not only in regulating them, but in giving any account of themselves. Those who are naturally given, not only to oscillation, but to introspection and self-expression, probably find much amusement in framing their reports of their experiences and laying them before the outer world. They may occasionally be troubled with twinges of misgiving as to the perfect compatibility of the various "sides of truth" which at different times they are called upon to exhibit. They are thus furnished with a key to many of the apparent inconsistencies of others, who, not being perhaps blessed with any great self-registering faculties, can do justice to their variations of feeling only by a series of contradictory utterances. Nothing is more comfortable in a fit of reaction against one's most cherished ties than to fall in with a friend who not only knows what it is to blow hot and cold, but has a cheerful conviction that an occasional change of partners in the dance of life brings refreshment to all concerned, and rather helps than hinders fidelity in the long run. In truth, it is for the sake of steadiness, of constancy, of perseverance in everything good, that we would encourage the giving free play to those variations of feeling which, like the tides, are really subject to laws as constant, and doubtless as beneficent, as those which produce cohesion. The mere use of these obvious metaphors reminds us that it is the same force of attraction which

keeps the stone in its place and draws the waters upwards in their season. It would be the height of presumption for us to fix the degree of fluidity which is allowable or desirable in human character. But to attempt to restrain a naturally fluid and fluctuating nature within the limits proper to a more rigid one is a mistake so easily made, so common, and so disastrous that we wonder that it is not more distinctly recognized by moralists. Somebody said it was a pity the devil should have all the best tunes, and surely it is a pity that the path downhill should have all the variety.

If our mental changes were, like the ebb and flow of the sea, only a perpetual alternation of different phases of almost equal beauty and interest, there would perhaps be little need to plead for their acceptance as inevitable. But our fluctuations distress and discourage us because unfortunately they are too often more like those of a tidal river, leaving bare unsightly margins on either side of the shrunken stream. Too often the stream of life and of activity seems not to change its place, but to contract its volume. We long not for a change of society, but for solitude. Our pleasure not only in one particular friend, but in friendship, seems to fail us. The objects of our endeavour and hope seem to dwindle in size or to move further off, and their hold upon us relaxes accordingly, leaving the burden of progress to press too heavily for our strength. It would be idle to pretend that there are not real, as well as apparent, failures of the very springs of life. The dwindling of our stream may be caused, not by a mere tidal fluctuation, but by the ebbing away of the fountain itself. All that can be said is that we ought never to be hasty, and that we are continually tempted to be hasty, in concluding that this is so. A mere lessening of power or of pleasure in any pursuit ought not to discourage us until we have given ourselves abundance of time for the ebb and flow to take place. It is one of the great advantages of experience that it enables us confidently to look for the return of the tide.

It may not be the case that steady powers are always, or even generally, of a lower order than those which are comparatively intermittent; but it must, we think, almost necessarily be the case that the most intense feeling comes only in waves. Human nature could not bear the strain of feeling at once very highly wrought and quite continuous. Most of us are familiar with the unexpected intervals of insensibility which come to relieve the pressure of acute sorrow. Grief which retained its hold of the mind without any such intermissions would, if severe, partake of the nature of madness; or, at any rate, would soon produce it. And either grief or joy, if intense, tends in most minds to bring about some degree of reaction. Religious biography abundantly shows how inevitably those natures which are capable of rising to heights of rapture sink back at intervals into corresponding depths of gloom. A moderate amount of self-knowledge leads people of this temperament to tremble at any unusual elevation of spirit, knowing well that it is the prelude to days of darkness. And the days of darkness are apt to last longer than the bright visions which usher them in. Perhaps also a certain natural instinct of self-preservation warns people of very emotional temperament to be on their guard against any violent fluctuations of feeling. Some degree of variation and intermission may be natural and wholesome, but instinctively we all feel that equanimity is a great good. It is only in so far as feeling can be made to yield a steady light that we can trust it as a guide for action. If it persists in fluctuating we must learn to strike an average for practical purposes.

Perhaps no human being is quite without tidal fluctuations of some kind, however they may be hidden under a uniform crust of manner and habits. We all admire the stubborn determination which pursues its course without regard to any failure of inclination; but some admiration is also due to the skill which makes every fluctuation serve its turn. Self-command is a fine thing, and so is versatility. It is useless to ignore the forces which we cannot control. And if there is danger and inconvenience in the fluctuations of feeling which belong to certain temperaments, it is undeniable that much of the picturesqueness of human nature depends upon its ebb and flow. People so self-controlled or so evenly balanced by nature that they always appear to be at a uniform level of feeling lose as much in impressiveness as does the Mediterranean sea for want of tides. They never rise to the pitch of eloquence either in words or action which belongs to the more impulsive type; and their even tenor leaves no room for the witchery of uncertain expectation by which some natures hold us spell-bound. As the dropping of water will wear away stones, so the rising and falling of spirits tends, up to a certain point, to deepen sympathy by repeated impressions. Beyond that point, it is true, it may wear it out.

THE PYRAMIDS REVISITED.

IT is only after repeated inspection that an adequate idea is obtained of the so-called Pyramid-field. Familiarity brings the most wonderful sights into their proper perspective. After a third or fourth visit, the bigness of the Pyramid of Shoofoo no longer weighs upon the mind, the height of the Pyramid of Chafra no longer overshadows it. The whole platform begins to assume its true aspect. It is the Kensal Green of Memphis. The traveller who comes to Egypt with a preformed theory about the Great Pyramid and its purpose, and who canters out from Cairo on a glaring day, is dragged up to the top, hustled through passages of the diameter of a gas-pipe, alternately exposed to the brightest sunshine and the blackest darkness, who is next hurried down across the hot sand to stare at the Sphinx, and finally chased through the dust by a yelling donkey-boy the long seven miles back to Cairo, supposes he has thoroughly "done" the whole thing. He fondly imagines that in all his after life he will be an authority on Pyramids, and will be capable in the home circle, if not in a wider sphere, of giving a valuable opinion on the theory of Mr. Taylor and Mr. Smyth. We need not be surprised if he pronounces strongly in its favour. The performance he has gone through is calculated alike to fatigue his body and confuse his mind. His attention has been wholly concentrated on the Great Pyramid. Its height, its rugged stones, the vociferations of the Arab guides, the giddiness which the steep slope or the sun's rays induced when he was on the summit, the broken shin acquired in the exploration of the interior, the temporary blindness after he came out, the grand chorus of backsheesh which signalized his departure, and a thousand other impressions equally vivid, mingle admirably with the ignorance or prejudice he brought out, and conduce to the formation of what he boasts is a cool and unwarped opinion. He has certainly seen something, superficially, of one Pyramid; but what did he see of the nine or ten which are near it, of the fifty-nine which are further off? He has not read, supposing he could read, a single hieroglyph. He has not the vaguest knowledge of early Egyptian history. He is perfectly certain that the world was created B.C. 4004, and believes that the odd four years were part of the original revelation. He has probably never heard of Justus Lepsius, certainly never of M. Lieblein. He is not acquainted with the name of a single Pyramid, and has no more knowledge of the table of Sakkara or the table of Abydus than of the Turin papyrus. He considers it best to keep his mind free and unfettered, and is all the more positive as to what he imagines he does know. The man who, after a personal visit to the cemetery of Ghizeh, can continue in the nurture and admonition of those who believe in the Sacred Cubit, the Time-passage theory, the meteorological theory, or any other tenet of the sect of which Mr. Smyth is presumably the prophet, must have been convinced on evidence very different from the evidence of the senses. We should be sorry to disturb a faith which is so wholly ethereal that it is independent of facts, and whose votaries are as much beyond the influence of argument as of plain proof.

Rightly understood, a Pyramid is neither more nor less than a cairn. It grew up from a cairn, and it was resolved into a cairn again. When it first emerges on the stage of history it is sufficiently rude and incomplete. If antiquaries are right in ascribing the Pyramid in steps at Sakkara to Ouenephes, a king of the first dynasty, this is by far the oldest building in the world; but, in spite of some recent assertions to the effect that his name has been found in it, the point is more than doubtful. Ouenephes lived at least as long before Shoofoo as William the Conqueror lived before Queen Anne. It is certainly recorded by Manetho that he built Pyramids; and, further, that they were situated at a place called Kochome, which M. Brugsch identifies with the northern part of the cemetery of Sakkara. Many heaps, more or less well defined, exist here, and any of them may be the Pyramids of Ouenephes as well as the Pyramid in steps. There is an irreconcilable discrepancy between the two passages of Manetho in which, under the name of Ouenephes, he speaks of the first Pyramids, and under Kaiechos, more than a century later, of the first setting-up of the sacred bulls, if this Pyramid was built, as has sometimes been supposed, for an Apis mausoleum. In fact it differs so much, with its four entrances, its thirty chambers, but chiefly in its not facing the points of the compass, from all the seventy Pyramids found here and elsewhere, that it must be looked upon as belonging to a wholly different class from the ordinary funeral monuments of kings. If the votaries of the Pyramid religion want a building which may perhaps not be a tomb, and which may have been built with a theological object, or as a record of faith for the benefit of posterity, let them turn to this remarkable and anomalous heap of stones. It will answer their purposes far better than one among a well-defined class of unquestionably sepulchral cairns. All the Pyramids except this one face the four cardinal points of the compass. All have but one entrance, and that on the north side. All contain provision for a single king's burial. Many are identified with the names of kings of whom it is recorded that they did build Pyramids in various places; and the Great Pyramid is, without any doubt which a reasonable man can entertain, the burial mound of one of a long line of kings who all erected similar mounds. In the lists it is not even distinguished by a name differing in character from the others. If we identify it, as we may very safely do, with Shoofoo, the second king of the fourth dynasty, and therefore the third king, possibly the fourth, who built a Pyramid or Pyramids, we find that it was only called the "Splendid," while to the Pyramid of Chafra is given the name of the "Great." To make more of it than a mausoleum, a royal "folly," involves making something at least of the Pyramids which succeeded it, and a great deal of those which preceded it. It happens to be the broadest, if not the highest, of those in the same group; it is by far the most conspicuous, owing to its situation on a corner of the plateau and in advance of its companions, so that the visitor from Cairo sees it before he sees any other. Travellers who have penetrated to the much more remote Maydoum report that the great building in stages which the Arabs name "Haram el Kedab" is even more imposing, no doubt

on account of its lonely situation and the absence of smaller monuments by which to measure it. Though it stands on no such elevated platform as that of Gheezeh, and though it rises but 122 feet above the heap of *débris* which surrounds it, yet it is only by actual measurement that one is convinced that it does not surpass, nay does not equal, in dimensions the Pyramid of Menkaura. The tomb of Shoofoo has, therefore, an adventitious advantage enjoyed by few of its neighbours in being the first we see, as well as really the largest. To this fact, almost as much as to its actual size, we must attribute the effect it produces on the minds of people who have never seen a Pyramid before. In truth, to the superficial observer it appears to hide all other Pyramids, and it is not until a second or third visit that he perceives that it is at present only a foot higher in actual masonry, and considerably lower in real height above the level of the river, than the adjoining Pyramid of Chafra. Had Chafra's Pyramid been at the edge of the platform, had it been the first seen by the visitor, and had the true relative proportions of the two been unknown, it may safely be questioned whether the Pyramid of Shoofoo would have become a subject of so much industrious, if futile, speculation. In the researches of early investigators this is very apparent. Champollion, for example, only examined one tomb in the whole necropolis, and Rosellini the same. All attention was engrossed by the monument of Shoofoo. It was reserved for Herr Lepsius to examine eighty tombs here, and to find the remains of no less than sixty-seven Pyramids.

The word "Pyramid" has been a matter of considerable questioning among antiquaries. A great authority derives it from the ancient Egyptian form *Abumer*, a great tomb, of which the Greeks transposed the syllables, just as they turned *Hor-em-Khoo*, the title of the Sphinx, into Armachis, and *Sestura* into Sesostris. This is more than plausible; but the name has also been derived from *Pi-Rama*, the mountain, and, as if to give Mr. Smyth the shadow of an excuse, from *puros*, wheat, and *metron*, a measure. So, too, *pur*, fire, and *puramis*, a pointed cake, have been suggested, and a hieroglyphic expression has been read, or attempted to be read, as *br—br*. We cannot so far, however, say for certain whether the Egyptians of the ancient Empire had any general name for such buildings, though every king's tomb had its own title, and in the picture writing a triangle represented, as determinative, all kinds of royal burial places, whether, like the grave of Unas, they were merely square platforms, or, like the southernmost monument at Dashoor, were almost dome-shaped. Upwards of twenty of these titles are found in the printed list of M. Lieblein, a Norwegian antiquary. They all betray the unbounded admiration in which each king held his own last resting place, and illustrate remarkably the real nature of the Egyptian faith in a life, not beyond, so much as actually in, the grave. Snoferoo called his Pyramid "the Crown"; that of Assekef is "Refreshment"; that of Pepi, the "Lovely Place," a name identical with the name of Memphis itself. Teta, perhaps playing on his own name, called his Pyramid *Tetsetu*, "the Most Abiding of Places." Others are the "Rising of the Soul," the "Most Holy Place," the "Good Rising," the "Beautiful," the "Great and Fair," the "Pure Place," the "Place of Rest"; while the monument, already mentioned, of Unas, which the Arabs call the Mastabat el Pharoon, is described as the "Best Place"; and the unidentified tomb of Noferkara as the "Abode of Life." Such are the evidences, among others, that to the men of that remote time—a time variously estimated as seven, six, and five thousand years ago—death was not looked upon with the horror which in later ages invested the grave with ideas of gloom, and recorded rather the despair of mourners than the rest of the departed. Near each Pyramid was the temple consecrated to the worship, or at least the honour, of the sleeping divinity of the Pharaoh. The foundations are still visible of such temples near the Pyramids of Chafra, Menkaura, and Raenuser. Even in the days of the Ptolemies the endowments which some of the oldest kings had conferred upon the priests of their shrines continued to enrich officials who after the lapse of some four thousand years perhaps enjoyed sinecures. In these temples, no doubt, once existed the name, and perhaps a record, of the glorious deeds of the monarch buried near; but, though the nameless tomb remains in so many cases, the temple has everywhere disappeared, and writings to which Manetho probably had access have been lost for ever. No inscriptions remain on any Pyramid. Herodotus tells us of the hieroglyphs on the Pyramid of Shoofoo. He curiously observes that they give the sum expended in supplying the workmen with onions and garlic; a statement from which we may hazard the conjecture, more than probable in itself, that the king's titles, as lord of Upper and Lower Egypt, were engraved with the lotus, the papyrus, and the bulbous plant, which in other places enter so largely into similar inscriptions.

Historically speaking, the Pyramids, apart from their antiquity, are of the highest interest. They represent a time of profound peace. They point to the existence of a dominant race, and of a race which could be called on for unlimited labour. They tell us little of the finer arts, in sculpture and painting, which even then flourished, but much of skill in engineering, quarrying, building as distinguished from architecture, and all that could be done by mere multitudes working together and bringing brute force to bear on stubborn materials. Whatever of higher art those early kings lavished on their "fair resting-places," whatever of portraiture and painting, of gold and jewels, of carving and ornament, of epitaphs and funeral odes they could command, were bestowed on the temple; the tomb itself was vast, solid, enduring, but nothing more. In the aftertime, when the kings of the twelfth dynasty fought against the Northern strangers, when Aahmes led his people against the Shepherds, when Seti I. subdued the Hittites and his grandson pursued Israel, when fortresses and treasure cities, Pi-Tum and Rameses, had to be built on the border, we no longer hear of such great cairns as the Pyramids. The tombs in the Valley of the Kings at Thebes, great as they are, required rather skilled labour than mere force. No vast multitude was needed to decorate them. The peaceful artist and his staff worked quietly in the dark corridors, while the people whose ancestors had heaped up the tombs of the older Pharaohs now followed the later Pharaohs to the battle-field. A smaller waste of human life than that by which Bonaparte ruined France would have built him a Pyramid greater than Shoofoo's. But the Pyramid-builders had neither enemies abroad nor rivals at home. A comparison of the different Pyramid-fields, and a little research into documentary evidence about them, bring out one fact very clearly in opposition to many recent theorists. The dynasties under which they were erected were successive, not contemporaneous. It was not as their rivals, but as their successors, that the kings of the fourth dynasty made their tombs beside those of the third, and the kings of the sixth dynasty beside those of the fifth. The last Mentuhotep of the eleventh dynasty was probably descended from Snoferoo, or possibly from Ouenephes, with as much directness as Queen Victoria from our Angevin Kings or the early Athelings of Wessex.

FANCY BALLS.

FANCY balls are institutions which probably owe their existence to the vanity of men and to the hideousness of men's modern dress. Mr. Darwin and others have proved that, among the less highly developed animals, the male is the more conceited, and has the gaudier coat. Even among those inhabitants of sunny islands who have not yet seen the need of clothing, the men are much more conscientiously and elaborately tattooed than the women, who have only a few decorative cuts about the corners of their mouths. The civilization of the nineteenth century has changed this, and the dress of man, especially the dress which he wears in the evening, causes him poignant but secret sorrow. He makes many feeble efforts to console himself, and in the gaudy cricketing and boating costumes of the clerk, the undergraduate, and the subaltern, the natural vanity and the crude barbaric taste of man may easily be recognized by the philosopher. It is a pleasant thing to go to the Lillie Bridge running grounds when the young gentlemen of some one of the monstrous shops are holding their yearly athletic contest. They gleam in bright blue; they flash past you on the rapid bicycle, in purple and green, before the eyes of their lady friends and of reporters. In the country, too, men can venture to be themselves. In *Lothair*, Lord Beaconsfield describes with sympathy and admiration the costumes of noble guests. They array themselves in velvet knickerbockers, with purple stockings, and scarlet neckties, fastened with rings of gold. Every one remembers the Persian apparatus, the Oriental magnificence of the dressing-gowns and smoking-coats worn by Guy Livingstone's men. They were alone by themselves in the smoking-room; for in those innocent old days, when Mr. Lawrence was thought a daring writer, ladies had not invaded that sacred place. Alone they were, yet they peacocked it and flaunted for their common delight in garments so fanciful and gay that it is a pleasure to read about them. A man thinks of them with inward comfort on a foggy day, when he is dressed in drab and black, as he thinks of some hours of sunshine, the gift of a departed summer.

What men would like is manifest enough; they would like to vie with women in colours and stuffs, in velvet and silk and cloth of gold. We flatter ourselves we could know what are the best sorts of lace if we gave our minds to it, and that the taste of men in this matter is not dead, but dormant. Oliver Goldsmith and La Fontaine, the most careless and not the cleanest of mortals, ruined themselves for peach-coloured coats and for Venice point. The loveliest dirty ruffles fell over those inky fingers of La Fontaine, and his dubious shirt had the most exquisite collar, which duchesses envied. Men are not degenerate; they are as vain as ever, as anxious to display their charms in what they think a proper setting. It is the way of the world and a commercial civilization that is against them. Lace ruffles would interfere with business; the mud and dust and smoke and soot of London would ruin the velvets and satins and the embroideries of silver. Men are compelled to wear the cloth of frieze instead of the cloth of gold; but they do not relish the necessity. Hence come Fancy Balls, which are mere luxuries to women, who, in a harlequin age of imitations, can wear almost any dress they please. If a lady likes, she may buy three stout pieces of merino, whirl herself into them, and appear in the costume of one of those maidens of Tanagra in Bœotia whose terra-cotta effigies are so beautiful and so expensive. The experiment perhaps has its risks, and nothing can exceed the anxiety of the spectators, who cannot imagine how the Tanagra dress is held together. The Dictionary of Classical Antiquities gives the vaguest directions; but feminine ingenuity can triumph over learned vagueness. A lady may dress in what she believes to be the manner of Watteau's models, or like a Princess in a fairy tale, or after the pre-Raffaellite manner of Mr. Rossetti's many Beatrices; in fact, if she is the spoiled child of clever eccentricity, she can do just as

she pleases. Her lord, unluckily, cannot well go to an ordinary dinner party in the becoming attire of the age of Edward IV. or in the kilt of a member of the Albanian League. Thus Fancy Balls are found by men to be a social necessity, and when once they have determined to dress themselves up, they of course do not know how to set about it. It is for them, we presume, far more than for women, that Mr. (or Mrs.) Ardern Holt has compiled a kind of dictionary of *Fancy Dresses Described* (the *Queen* Office), which the puzzled will find useful.

Perhaps there are not very many fresh and original costumes in the author's list, though the dress of a Stockbroker would excite remark on 'Change:—

STOCKBROKER.—Short pink silk skirt bordered with white satin, on which are printed the several kinds of stocks and gold coins; low bodice of pink silk, over it a low polonaise of star-spangled gauze, caught up with roses, the top of the bodice trimmed with gold coins and fringe; gold belt at the waist, gold net on the head with coins; a cornucopia carried in the hand, out of which stocks, money, and roses seem to spring; high-heeled pink shoes, black mittens.

When we have exhausted the Stockbroker, we find a good many pretty, but few novel, dresses for men. Arabs and Astrologers at once occur to the most ordinary mind. If a gentleman may appear as a Rat-catcher, with three dead rats slung on a stick, why should he not go as a Powwow or Choctaw magician, when he could adorn his person with a bear's head to cover his face, and with any number of defunct adders, asps, toads, and leeches? If you would be a Beast (in "Beauty and the Beast"), try "ruby velvet doublet, grey satin tights, ruby shoes, a leopard's skin, with claws attached to shoulder with jewels; small round ruby cap and feathers." If the Beast be so gracious, what must Beauty appear? No; to dress thus is to palter with nursery tales. The true model for the costume of a Beast should be sought in Catlin's work on the Red Indians, where there is a figure which would have the same sort of grisly success that Cholera once enjoyed at a masqued ball in Paris. Perhaps, however, Beasts, and even dead rats, would do well to abstain from attending fancy balls.

Bluebeard and Beefeater are decidedly commonplace. To go to a ball as the Earl of Bothwell (Mary Stuart's Bothwell) a guest must have no contemptible bodily presence. This is not a point about which people trouble themselves much, and the most ordinary young men will make-up as the Master of Ravenswood, or Aramis, or Richelieu, the conqueror of hearts, or the Duke of Buckingham, in his "slouch hat with plumes." Clowns, Christy Minstrels, and Cœur de Lion scarcely satisfy a "masker bold" who pines for novelty. A suit of chain-armour, too, is not well adapted to the movement of the dance, though it is interesting to learn that some people suppose Crusaders to have worn "helmets and mail coifs" at domestic entertainments. Darnley, David Garrick, and Débardeurs, with Fra Diavolo, and Dick Turpin in "high jack-boots" (how delightful it must be to dance in high jack-boots!) are not more novel than the characters whose names begin with C. Monks, postilions, and Sir Roger de Coverley mean monotony and routine. Literally there seem to be no new dresses for men, nothing at once fresh and suitable. The effective dress of the old German students described in *Spiridion* might be recommended. Men must shoulder their three dead rats, pull on their jack-boots, powder their wigs, wear "black shirts and white coats," "don" their coifs of mail, and make the best of a bad business. It is hard on them, and rather hard on their partners. Singular to say, though fancy balls exist for the sake of men, as we have shown, there are about twelve possible dresses for ladies to one possible dress for gentlemen. "Among the costumes best suited to BRUNES," we read, "are Africa, Arab Lady, Arrah-na-Pogue, Asia, Autumn, Bee, the Bride of Abydos, Diana, Druidess, Cleopatra," and so forth. We might have fancied that Africa was rather suited to a *noire* than a *brune*, but of course there are degrees of brownness. A mulatto girl might do Africa pretty well at a pinch. But consider the injustice of the whole arrangement. There are no male counterparts to these female characters. The attire of Cleopatra is described, but not that of Mark Antony. We have the details of the dress of the Bride of Abydos, but nothing is said about the young married man of that city or district. There is a Druidess, who is specially warned to wear "no tucker," a very necessary precaution. We do not think of Druidesses in tuckers. But there is no description of the costume of a Druid, which, in pictures, chiefly consists of a white beard and a sickle. We have Penelope, but not Odysseus, only Obadiahs (two). This is an absurd omission, as we happen to know precisely what the hero wore, whereas our information about Penelope is limited to a minute account of her necklace and earrings.

The general rule for ladies' dress is, "There is safety in tulle." "Air" is "to be carried out in white tulle, tarlatan, or gauze," and of the two Babes in the Wood, the girl, rather thoughtlessly, "wears an evening dress of white or green tulle." Aurora appears in the same accommodating material. Aurora, of course, without Tithonus, a capital character for an elderly man. Diana, if she would be classical, has to wear a "white cashmere skirt, and a loose low bodice." Nothing is said about the length of the skirt, which the goddess wore uncommonly short. The public, like Mr. Potts in *Pickwick*, "won't stand the tunic." As far as we understand the directions for the dress of an ancient Greek lady, that character must present herself in the very simplest and most elementary attire. The *chitonion* which she is told to wear may be a "Greek scarf," but Liddell and Scott think it was "a shirt, worn under the ordinary chiton." Probably neither Liddell nor Scott really applied their minds to the practical question. Perhaps the most curious character is that of the "Musée de la Poésie." Most ladies would as soon think of dressing as the National Gallery or the British Museum. We do not recommend a gentleman, even if he can provide himself with a Man Friday, to go to a dance as Robinson Crusoe. He has to carry too much weight—namely, "green parrot on shoulder, fowling-piece, pistols, hatchet, and umbrella." Is it not almost ridiculous to suppose that, if Crusoe had taken part in a "corroboree" of friendly natives (the only form of dissipation within his reach) he would have jigged with a hatchet, umbrella, and fowling-piece in his hands? We should think of the fitness of things when we go to a ball, and not handicap ourselves quite out of the slowest of quadrilles by carrying a small armoury. The best chance for a man seems to be to wear the costume of the *incroyables*, or of Watteau's date, and to give up the hope of seeming an historical character. If he must give himself a name, Eugène Beauharnais, or the chevalier who loved Manon Lescaut, will serve his turn. Ladies are, not wisely, of opinion that their sex, or the other, wore the same costume under Louis XV. as under Louis XIV. The dress of the earlier years of the Grand Monarque was far more simple and beautiful than that of the later reign. When all is said, ladies will find it difficult to avoid looking well, while men need to take great pains to shun silliness, anachronisms, jack-boots, and two-handed swords.

THE BIRMINGHAM FREE LIBRARY.

THE public Library at Birmingham, the most precious contents of which were burnt last Saturday, stands in the middle of the town, opposite to the new College—now nearly finished—on one side, and to the noble Town-hall on another. The group of buildings to which it belongs are among the few in Birmingham that possess any architectural merit, and form a grateful relief to the dingy monotony by which the town, like most of our other great seats of industry, is characterized. The regret with which all lovers of books will have read of the loss of a collection in several respects unique may be tempered to some extent by the consideration that a still wider calamity, the destruction of the adjoining buildings as well, has been avoided. At one time, indeed, in the course of the fire, the new College was threatened, but the danger happily passed away. However, consolations of this kind are rather such as comfort the minds of well-wishing bystanders than tend to soothe the pain of those who are smarting under a personal misfortune. It is greatly to the credit of the town that this public loss should be felt so keenly as a personal one. Of all the public institutions in Birmingham, the Library was the one most prized and vaunted. No reasonable expense has been spared to make it as complete as possible. Books have been not merely amassed, but selected with great care and discrimination. Though their number has been largely increased by private generosity, still the library has been paid for mainly, and the building entirely, out of the local rates. Week-days and Sundays alike it has been open to all, rich and poor, and has been freely used by all classes. It was one of the sights of the town which all strangers were taken to see. It was pointed to with pride as evidence that manufacturers and artisans can care for mental culture. The little room in which the Shakspeare collection stood was regarded as a sort of shrine. But, though the building will be made as good as new, and the main part of the books will in due time be replaced, many are burnt that no money can now buy. The Shakspeare library, the Staunton collection, and the Cervantes library—collections unique in their several ways, and which were felt to confer a literary distinction upon the town—have perished in the flames.

The Library was divided into two departments—the Lending Library and the Reference Library—the former of which was opened in the autumn of 1865, and the latter a year afterwards. In the Reference Library the number of books in the year 1867 amounted to over 18,000, and the issues to readers for the same year were above 44,000. In the year 1877 the number of volumes had risen to 44,500, not including 4,000 volumes of patent specifications, and the issues to readers amounted to 281,000. In other words, not only had the number of books been multiplied two and a half times in the course of ten years, but this increased number was used more than twice as much as when the Library was founded. Though the returns for last year have not been published, it is probable that at the time of the fire the Reference Library contained 48,000 volumes. The issues from the Lending Library in the year 1877 amounted to over 187,000, making a total of issues from the two of more than 468,000—an average of considerably more than a volume for every inhabitant of the borough. When one reflects how seldom an artisan can possibly have any library, however small, of his own, the good done by such an institution appears incalculable. The bulk of the readers are young men under thirty-five years of age (the age of each applicant is inserted in the form of application for books), in other words, men whose tastes have been formed by the Library. The older men, whose tastes were fixed before it was founded, are more scantily represented. The books were chosen for the Library with excellent judgment, and, apart from the special collections, included many valuable works which even persons with good private libraries of their own were glad to consult. But the reputation of the Library outside the town itself rested on the three specialties above mentioned.

The Shakspeare Memorial Library contained nearly seven thousand volumes, including 336 complete English editions, 17 complete French editions, 58 in German, 3 in Danish, 1 in Dutch, 1 in Bohemian, 3 in Italian, 4 in Polish, 2 in Russian, 1 in Spanish, 1 in Swedish, besides separate plays in Frisian, Icelandic, Hebrew, Greek, Servian, Wallachian, Welsh, and Tamil. Besides all this, there was a large mass of literature in many languages bearing on Shakspeare. It is to be hoped that some at least of these treasures may be found in a tolerable state among the ruins, but so far the fragments saved have been few. The Cervantes Collection is gone too. Nearly all the editions and translations of Don Quixote and the other works of Cervantes, many of them exceedingly rare, and most of them in the best condition, the gift of a gentleman, Mr. William Bragge, who had made the collection a principal aim of his life, were stored in the same building and have shared the same fate. And the Staunton Warwickshire Collection, the combined work of various antiquaries of the district in past and present times—which contained, in addition to a large number of books to be found elsewhere, a great quantity of original manuscripts, and of drawings and engravings of which no other copies are known—leaves behind it a gap which can never be filled up. One relic only—the manuscript record of the Gilde of St. Anne at Knowle—appears to have been saved. The loss in these special departments is of course irreparable. In the general branches of literature there is no doubt that the energy and public spirit in which the town has never been wanting will in a couple of years make the library all that it was a week ago; and the recent disaster will probably have at least the good result of causing the more valuable treasures of the collection to be more jealously guarded in the future.

It was at first reported that the steam fire-engine did not arrive till more than half an hour after it had been summoned, and that, when it did come, it was for some time useless, owing to the water-mains being frozen. It is satisfactory to learn that this is not the case. The steam-engine came as soon as it was sent for, and found plenty of water to pump up. But it appears nevertheless from the local papers that it was not sent for at all till nearly half an hour after the fire had broken out, "and not until the men of the brigade found that the fire was of such serious magnitude that they could not successfully combat it with the stand-pipes." Had the disaster, which arose from a wood-shaving catching fire as a gas-worker was thawing the frozen pipes, been dealt with at once, it would have been a simple matter enough. Fourteen persons were reading in the library when the smoke was first perceived, and a single bucket of water, we are told, would have then sufficed to put it out. It seems that a number of buckets were hanging up in the passage, but they were too high to be reached, and were only at last got at by hoisting a man up on the shoulder of another. And by the time the buckets had been handed down, and a tub of water found, the flames had gone too far. But it still remains unexplained why, when the chief treasure of the town was on fire, none but hand-engines were used for half an hour. That people should trifle in this way with a perilous conflagration, and see with how small an expenditure of water and labour it can be got under, seems inconceivable. It is the way to get a whole city burned down. Possibly some explanation may be forthcoming. An explanation is certainly needed. Imagine the National Gallery on fire, three or four hand-engines sent for, and the firemen waiting till they were fully satisfied by experiment that the flames were too strong for them before the steam extinguishers were brought on the scene. It will add not a little to the regret caused by the calamity if it should prove that it was not stopped at the outset only for want of a little common-sense and self-possession. Is it possible that Birmingham, Mr. Chamberlain's Birmingham, the Birmingham of the intelligent working-man, is the victim of red-tape and "How not to do it"?

Only those who are familiar with the curious local patriotism which distinguishes Birmingham can understand the intensity of the grief which this misfortune has called forth. The same public spirit which created the lost library will no doubt replace it on more than the old handsome scale. The building will be restored. All the standard works will be seen again on the shelves. Other special collections will take the place of those which are gone. But to many of the inhabitants of the town the disaster will be a personal trouble which they will never forget. No man of scholarly tastes can help respecting this feeling, and wishing that the new Library may be watched over by a kinder fate than that which attended the old.

SNOW-DRIFTS AND THAWS.

When dwellers in the mild latitudes of the Land's End are grumbling at "the hardest winter they have ever known," and marvelling at the phenomenon of Michael's Mount enveloped in a shroud of snow, it is no wonder that the inhabitants of the Northern parts of these islands are having an unusually severe time of it. Use goes for a great deal, no doubt; and it is nothing unusual for the latter to be lost to sight, though they may be left dear to memory, for a brief space in the course of the winter. But during the present season even their well-proved patience must have been sorely taxed; and those of us in the South who are happy enough to have food and fires, sufficient clothing and a solid roof-tree, have good reason to raise our voices in gratitude and thank Providence that we are not as many of our neighbours. Snow is pretty sure to be pronounced a nuisance by any one who has passed the age for snowballing and ceased to find an agreeable excitement in discomfort. When you say that on a bright sunshiny day its unsullied purity lends lustrous picturesqueness to the wintry landscape, you have said the very utmost that can be urged, even from the poetic point of view. And we suspect that the poetic soul itself prefers, on the whole, to contemplate the spectacle from the windows of a well-warmed apartment. There is pleasure in a brisk walk in a bright, though biting, frost, when you have firm foothold on the iron ground, though it may leave something to desire in the matter of elasticity. But snow is at the best treacherous and irritating. If the day is dull and raw, any sort of exercise is an aggravated effort; while, if the sun is cheerful and has any power, the snowy surface is in a state of smudgy solution. You slip painfully when going up hill; you slip perpetually and more dangerously in going down; and even stumbling about on the level is a heavy trial to the back sinews. Then snow-water is proverbially insidious. Even if you are, as a rule, absolutely indifferent to damp feet, still there is a very sensible discomfort in the insinuating rawness that seems to penetrate between the thickest sole and the toughest porpoise-leather; and, unless the country is in such a condition as to make sledging enjoyable, you are worse off in a carriage or on horseback than on foot. For, after all has been done in the way of "roughing," there is always a chance of the most sure-footed animal coming to grief; and at best, when the snow is balling beneath his hoofs, he may slip and strain himself awkwardly or dangerously. In fact, the only people who, as we believe, welcome a snowfall are the writers of our Christmas literature and their admirers. By the more prosaic world in town or country, it is only endured with more or less of resignation.

Yet, after all, to us in the South snow is seldom or never anything worse than a nuisance. In the North it may be nothing short of a calamity, and not unfrequently it may be even ruinous in its consequences. We do not know that there is much heavy mercantile business transacted at John-o'-Groat's House, but Caithness is a flourishing county in its way, and we hear of the unfortunate dwellers there being cut off from the world for thirteen consecutive days. Imagine what it must be to have no letters or newspapers for thirteen days, and doubtless the telegraphic communications broken. In these anxious and agitated times, when we are daily hearing of failures and panics, a tradesman or banker might be brought to a bad way indeed if his credit chanced to be impeached when he had no means of correspondence. It is to be hoped that, knowing what is possibly on the cards, prudent men of business take all due precautions in consequence. But with the inhabitants of isolated country houses, with the lonely farmers and the solitary shepherds, the most far-sighted precautions can only mitigate the misfortunes which they have to expect. It strikes us that in some ways they are even less favoured than the natives of Labrador. For the Esquimaux are at any rate always prepared for the worst, and indeed "the worst" is with them but the regular dispensation of their deities. They secure their sledges and kayaks, and, having laid in their winter supplies and established permanent communications with their storehouses, they burrow in their hovels through the long winter night, luxuriating in a paradise of blubber and train-oil. The snow may fall or drift; a foot or two more or less is not of the slightest consequence, save in so far as it may raise the temperature within doors. There is no danger of their being reduced to short commons, and they have no property exposed that can possibly suffer. With the Scotch moorland farmer things are very different. The sky has been growing murkier and more lowering through the darkening afternoon, till the "lift," as he would say, seems to be lying on the hillside. Though there seems to be no wind to speak of, there is a sighing and a moaning among the leafless boughs; and, though his heart be stout enough, still it is inclined to sink when he turns his eyes upon the falling weather-glass. Towards dusk he has fresh cause for his fears. The great white flakes come feathering thickly downwards, settling silently on the windward side of each outstack and gable-end about his premises. As he takes his last turn round his folds and "byres" before retiring for the night, the nip of the rising blast makes him draw his plaid more tightly round him. Well as he knows his way about, he has to grope in a grey darkness that may be felt; nor can he see his hand before him when he stretches it out to undo a latch. Probably he has a quiet conscience and a good digestion, and so may sleep soundly in spite of his cares. But in the morning, when he has risen long before the late dawn, he pays but small attention to his toilet before making his way to the door. Above and beneath is darkness visible; but it does not need the shower of snowflakes that the draught drives in his face to confirm his worst prognostications as to the prospects of the weather. For a bank of snow already a couple of feet high has been heaped across the threshold of his doorway. As soon as there is the first faint glimmering of dawn, he kicks his way through the yielding barrier and plunges knee deep across the yard. The snow is coming down as densely as ever, and likely enough to continue to come down for a day or two. Yet already it has been drifting everywhere, coiling itself in twisted wreaths behind the dikes, and piling itself over the pigstyes and about the low entrances to the cattle-sheds. It gives him no great concern to know that his communications with the nearest villages are being stopped. His little garrison is fairly well victualled for a long blockade, and there is no risk whatever of starvation. But he shakes his head sadly as he thinks of the sheep on the moors.

Meanwhile, though the storm may be only beginning, there is work to be done by active arms. Passages must be cut from the house to the various outbuildings, and those passages must be kept open by incessant shovelling, while the snow-plough is pushed along the neighbouring road. Of course the snow walls on either side rise higher and higher, while the drift is ceaselessly heaping up hillocks all around, till the usually level surface of the farmyard begins to look like a miniature Savoy, which promises in the day of the inevitable thaw to be turned into a country of rivulets and cascades. Notwithstanding the wild drift and snowfall, the farmer's first care is to make his way to the hill to seek an interview with his shepherd and hear some news of the flock. Though he may have been born or brought up from a boy on "the land," he will be sorely put to it to find the well-known road. It is all pretty straight steering, so long as the road runs between the dikes; though every now and again he may step aside into the ditch, and find himself floundering up to the middle in the snow wreaths. But out on the open moor it is a very different thing. The air is so thick with blinding drift that all but the nearest outlines are absolutely effaced. What he can distinguish immediately around him is a scene of desolation and utter confusion, where the familiar inequalities have been smoothed away and the hollows filled up. It is vain to try to guide himself by feeling the air upon his cheek; for the wind twists at all times in those upland glens, and now it seems to be whirling the snow about in a multitude of tiny cyclones. If the master is to hit off his shepherd's shealing, it must be by his intimate acquaintance with the hill slopes and the watershed. And, when they do come together, both master and man wear very rueful faces, nor has either of them much consolation for the other. Such of the sheep as are not in the pens must shift for themselves as best they can, and what may be the ultimate fate of the flocks must depend chiefly on the duration of the tempest, and a good deal on the lie of the ground. It is wonderful how instinct will often serve and save them. Doubtless they were aware of the coming storm some time before their anxious proprietor, and had shifted away instinctively to the shelter of the glens and the corries. But if there should be little broken ground on the grazing, they can do nothing but huddle themselves together on the least exposed of the slopes; and in any case, if the snow gets heaped higher and higher, they may find it impossible to shape their way to the herbage or the heather. Then, when the long-looked-for thaw has come at last, dismal discoveries may be made; and though "braxy" (the mutton of sheep that have died in place of being slaughtered) may be plentiful enough in the larder of his cottage, that will hardly comfort the shepherd for losses which may possibly have gone far towards ruining his master. The hill-farmer, however, has seen the worst of it when the thaw sets in, though even he looks out from his windows like Noah from the ark, on the waste of muddy water that has submerged the "haughs" by the stream. But with the melting of the snow comes the turn of the dwellers in the valleys, who see the rivers swelling and overflowing their banks, spreading destruction all round, and leaving stagnant lakes behind them when they have receded. If we were given a choice of plagues, we might perhaps be inclined to vote for the floods, and yet these are apt to bring diseases in their train, which the hill people escape in the most terrible snowstorms. Destruction of one's stock may be thought preferable, on the whole, to mortality or sickness in the family.

THE BEACONSFIELD, BRIGHT, AND GLADSTONE CARTOONS.

THE Professor at the Breakfast-table says that each of us contains three persons. There is the real man, as he is known only to his Maker; there is the man's ideal self, as it appears to him; and there is the self as conceived of by his neighbours. The cartoons from *Punch* in which the careers of three statesmen are illustrated display the third—the conventional—view of Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. John Bright. It is the business of *Punch* to see these politicians, not as partisans see them, but as the British public regards them in its *mollia tempora*, in those genial hours when it lets its vexed consciousness play freely. If *Punch* were a partisan print, each of these distinguished persons would in turn have been drawn with horns and a tail. Mr. Gladstone, to a very large and respectable section of his fellow-countrymen, has long seemed no better than an unchained power of evil, "a wind," to quote a prolific Scotch poet, "that shrieks on the waste places of the Lord," and that shrieks disloyal, traitorous, unconstitutional, unpatriotic, cosmopolitan nonsense. As to Lord Beaconsfield, we know that Mephistopheles is the mildest term of reproach which many Dissenting ministers can find for him; while Mr. Bright was at one time regarded as a kind of cross between the hypocrite and the blatant demagogue, as a man at once smug and boisterous, at once canting and revolutionary. These are, or were, the judgments of angry partisans; and we are not certain that faint refractions of these fanciful shapes have not now and then been reflected in the cartoons of *Punch*. Mr. Bright was certainly designed as a "wind-bag" and foil to the silent wisdom of Mr. Carlyle. The fiercer cartoons have not been reprinted in the collections now republished, though some of the unkinder cuts at the Mr. Disraeli of the past have been retained.

Speaking generally, on the testimony of these cartoons, we may say that the English people have from the beginning suspected, liked, and laughed with Lord Beaconsfield; have respected, disliked, and doubted Mr. Gladstone; and have found it difficult to make up their minds about Mr. Bright. About Mr. Disraeli one thing alone was from the first absolutely certain. He was not dull. In the waste of Parliamentary dulness, in the "Babel of our sterile politics," one voice was sure to be heard that was clear and trenchant, *vox clamantis in deserto*. Hence the sympathy of *Punch*—which aims at being the perfect representative of the absolutely ordinary mind in its lighter moods—with Mr. Disraeli. He may be drawn as a faded ballet-dancer, with a superannuated smile; as a rouged and sardonic Peri, at last admitted to Paradise; as a Cheap Jack at a fair; as a serpent, gnawing that respectable old file Sir Robert Peel; as a sham country gentleman in boots, hat, and broadcloth coat from Nathan's; and yet the laugh and the sympathy are with him. Thus, in an early picture of the Gladstone series, John Bull is entrusting his carpet-bag (labelled Budget) to a sour, small boy, with the features of Mr. Gladstone, while he refuses to have anything to say to Mr. Disraeli, a merry, roguish little crossing-sweeper. Here the favoured Mr. Gladstone has the squint of the bitterest religious hatred. You feel that he will put the shilling he receives from Mr. Bull in the savings-bank, and you fear that he will end a career of pious respectability as a fraudulent and exposed director of a bank. The grinning boy with the brush is equally certain to drop the bag in the mud and to lose his shilling at pitch-and-toss and not to care. The balance of the nature of Englishmen leans heavily towards stupidity and respectability. Hence, by way of reaction, the national sympathy with characters that are clever, and not overburdened with the sense of responsibility, or duty, or anything else. The great heart of the people is on the side of Mr. Disraeli when, as Topsy (1852), he breaks the windows, throws open the cupboards, dances on the measures of his party, and "specs nobody can do nothing with him." In the admirable vignette on the frontispiece of the Gladstone series Mr. Sambourne has illustrated the last stage of the long opposition between solemn earnestness and satiric earnestness. Mr. Gladstone is tearing his hair and thundering invective from a pulpit shaped in the likeness of the clock-tower of St. Stephen's, while Lord Beaconsfield is sitting smiling below, and tickling the orator with a long curly feather.

The general sympathy has been, on the whole, against Mr. Gladstone, not because he is earnest, but because he has always put his earnestness forward. The world has always recognized, not without pleasure, the earnestness which Mr. Disraeli avowed from the first in a manner at once frank and ironical. He was clearly quite as determined as Mr. Gladstone, but then he was determined to have his own way, and what that way was he declared almost as openly as Prince Bismarck could do. In spite of the "mysteries" and "surprises" of which his opponents have talked a good deal, the secret of this Sphinx has always been so far an open secret. People have been captivated in spite of themselves by the clear-sighted resolve, by the gay courage, by the knowledge that a plan was being worked out from first to last, by the indifference to discomfiture which marked Mr. Disraeli. They have disapproved, they have stormed, scolded, preached, and ended by laughing, forgiving, and even—forgetting. The old assailants, the Catos of Conservatism, are indignant when their ancient woes and those pranks which so outraged them are recalled by the viperous Radical. Meanwhile the puzzled public, which the cartoons so often represent as hesitating between the attractions of seriousness and mirth, has decided to take part with the latter, and with success. Looking at these designs, one sees how Mr. Disraeli's career has increased the democratic tendency to look at politics ὥσπερ θεαταὶ ἐν ἀγῶνι, like spectators at a play, where the applause is given and the crowns are thrown to the cleverest mime. It is rarely that the educator of his party is so hardly used as in the cartoon in which he plays the part of Fagin at the thief's school, and shows his young friends how to pilfer Liberal measures. His last appearance is in a *Scène de Triomphe*, where he wears the garter and laughs at his luck, at the spectators, and at his grave and decorated companion.

The Gladstone cartoons begin in 1855, ten years later than the earliest drawing of Mr. Disraeli as "young Gulliver" (young Gulliver was in his fortieth year) "and the Brobdingnag Ministry." Mr. Gladstone first appears, not as a small but courageous creature, undaunted by the great, but as a footman who "wishes to leave at once." With Sir James Graham and Sidney Herbert, Mr. Gladstone "seceded from Lord Palmerston's Cabinet in disapproval of the demand for an inquiry into the Crimean mismanagement." This was not a very popular line; and, on the whole, these drawings rarely display Mr. Gladstone as a truly popular character. He may be successful, but, even as "the boy for our money," he is not amiable. Even when he "takes a penny from the Income-tax" (1861), he appears as a dentist who has made his patient cry. Mr. Disraeli, on the other hand, would have been facetiously represented as extracting the money by the "confidence," or other trick, from a puzzled but pleased John Bull. When Mr. Gladstone is represented as a jockey, he is too good a starter, and is off before the fall of the flag. His supreme feat is to present Mr. and Mrs. Bull with a packet of tea. As a manager, he is jealous of his company, and says, "Mind, no starring in the provinces." The beginning of the end of a career of stormy successes is indicated in the cartoon which shows the

Ghost of Lord Palmerston remonstrating with Mr. Gladstone for "his pacific attitude on the high-handed abrogation by Russia of the Black Sea clauses of the Treaty of Paris." Through the whole set of cartoons Mr. Gladstone has only twice a smile on his face. We miss the admirable drawing of the peaceful peasant and the dissembling earl, and the sketch of Mr. Gladstone's failure to clear the Irish stone wall.

Punch has always taken the same view of Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Bright is apparently a more difficult subject. At first he is a smug Quaker bagman, who tries to make a convert of the Duke of Wellington. He and Mr. Cobden give the Czar Nicholas a toy Turk to pull to pieces, though Mr. Bright appears to be remonstrating a little with his passionate and imperial friend. He lights the fire under the kettle of Reform, and "hopes it will soon boil," and he laboriously climbs the greasy pole of popularity for the reward of the leg of mutton. His strength is recognized (1858) in a design which represents him in the act of knocking down a number of timid Liberals who do not go far enough to please him. His timidity, the timidity of an employer of labour and a capitalist, is illustrated (1866) in a very humorous cartoon. Walking under the shadow of a gigantic "proletarian," Mr. Bright says, with every sign of alarm, "I have no fe-fe-fear of ma-manhood suffrage!" His logic (1863) is, that "the masses of the people are so illiterate that sound statesmanship requires that they shall be admitted to political power." The funniest of all the cartoons represents him as a stout, middle-aged lady, in all the conscious and sulky dignity of "a political wall-flower." In many cartoons he is violent, in some he assumes the command, while he is only a lieutenant. His buxom content with himself in his court-dress regains for him the public favour. People only laugh when, as a lacquey, he forgets his place, loses his temper, and bids the coachman of the Upper House, "Pull out of the way there with that infatuated old machine of yours, can't yer?" Mr. Bright, after all, seems somehow the most human of these distinguished characters. He is neither too awfully virtuous nor too whimsically clever; neither a mixture of Puck and Ariel on the one side, nor a compound of Tartufe and "Roland the Just" on the other. It is easy to guess what he will do and say, what he will like and dislike; though he will do everything "with the strength of ten," and will be inconsistent with a splendid honesty of unconsciousness which is one of his most human and pleasing characteristics.

The technical merits of these caricatures need hardly be discussed. Mr. Tenniel naturally shows himself as the supreme political caricaturist, while Mr. Leech and, still more, Mr. Doyle had, as manifestly, their true province elsewhere—in social and in fantastic art.

MORE ABOUT ALCOHOL.

WE are not aware whether it is intended to continue any further the discussion respecting alcohol which has been carried on in three numbers of the *Contemporary Review*; but it certainly does not appear that anything will be gained by doing so, for the question which was raised seems now to be decided so far as such a question can be decided. There is, it is true, some difference of opinion respecting it amongst experts, but unanimity could hardly be expected in a matter of so much difficulty; and that the opinions of the majority have been the best supported there can be little doubt. The first contribution on the subject was, as will be remembered, by Sir James Paget, whose lucid arguments in favour of the moderate consumption of alcohol as against total abstinence have certainly not been refuted. He was followed by several physicians, two of whom held views similar to his, while two were opposed to alcohol, and others spoke with so vague an utterance as to make it impossible to predicate anything positively of their opinions. In the last issue of the *Review* are articles by five well-known medical men, who, though differing on some points, all appear to look with favour on temperance—*i.e.* strictly moderate wine-drinking—as against total abstinence. The preponderance of opinion is therefore on one side, and it may fairly be said that the best arguments are brought forward on that side; so that, unless there is to be interminable contention on the subject, the cause of those who think that wine is good for man may be held to have triumphed. It must not be thought, however, that the very smallest encouragement is given to self-indulgence. There is an important qualification to the victory, for it seems clear that the temperance which physicians advocate requires, in many cases, more real self-control than total abstinence.

Before, however, we consider what temperance really is, it is necessary to point out what are the views held by the doctors who have most recently written on this subject. Their remarks, it should be said, apply only to men who have work to do, and who feel the constant pressure of modern life; and some of them are less decidedly in favour of wine—under which word, to avoid verbiage, we include all kinds of alcoholic liquors—than others. Thus Dr. Risdon Bennett would apparently only allow wine to persons who are past middle life; and Dr. Kidd thinks it necessary only for those who are not in perfect health. The latter, however, adds that "in the ordinary wear and tear of civilization" few people can be called perfectly healthy; and, on the whole, both doctors appear to take a favourable view of the effects of small quantities of alcohol. More decided are the opinions of Dr. Garrod, a very great authority on the disease commonly supposed to be specially due to wine, and of Dr. Radcliffe, a very great authority on diseases of the nervous system. The first lays down as an absolute axiom that "the majority of adults can take alcohol in some form or other, not only with impunity, but often with advantage"; and says emphatically that "as yet there are no trustworthy statistics to show that abstinence from the moderate use of alcohol is attended with unusual length of life or improvement in health." The second, whose contribution consists of an account of a conversation in which he argued a patient out of a belief in total abstinence, states "that alcohol, when properly used, is, what it is abundantly proved to be, a natural and potent means of comfort." Dr. Brudenell Carter, the other physician who has contributed to the last number of the *Contemporary Review*, says:—"We may assure ourselves by common observation that the moderate consumption of alcohol is useful to many persons, and that it does not produce, at least necessarily, or in any but exceptional cases, the dire effects which have been ascribed to it."

These certainly are definite views, and in support of them the results of much observation and experience are given, to which unfortunately we can only very briefly refer. One of the most important facts adduced is that to which attention is drawn by Dr. Radcliffe, who points out that "alcohol properly used is of great service, partly in keeping up the animal heat, by supplying easily kindled *fuel* to the respiratory fire, partly in producing nerve power by furnishing easily assimilable *food* to the nerve tissue, and partly in *lessening the necessity for ordinary food by diminishing the waste of the system* which has to be repaired by food." The italics are Dr. Radcliffe's, and he goes on to show how a man of hearty appetite who is a water-drinker may very likely habitually eat such quantities of food as ultimately to injure his digestion. Wine will be invaluable to him because, in consequence of taking it, he will require less food, and because the wine itself will, by supplying fuel and food in the manner just described, "augment vital warmth and nerve power, and in that way promote the activity of digestion and assimilation, and every other vital function." It is an obvious inference that such a man would have been better if he had always drunk wine. Dr. Radcliffe's views are shared by Dr. Brudenell Carter, who states that total abstainers are generally very large eaters; and that, in particular, they have an especial craving for sugar; and it need hardly be said that, of persons who live in cities, few can continue for long to eat very largely and to take a considerable proportion of sugar in their food. The digestion almost inevitably fails. Here, then, is a very tangible fact in favour of wine, and other valuable evidence, which want of space does not allow us to notice, is brought forward by the writers who have been mentioned. On the whole, their articles and those of Sir James Paget and of others who have written on the same side seem to show almost conclusively that, for the majority of those who have hard work to do and are subject to the wear and tear of modern life, drinking wine in moderation is not only good, but is often absolutely necessary.

This granted, however, another question immediately arises. What is moderation in drinking wine? What is the amount which a man ought not to exceed in his daily consumption? Sir James Paget declined to answer the question; but his reticence has not been copied by two of the medical men who have lately written on this subject. They do attempt to answer the question, and it is to be feared that the reply they give will be not a little disappointing to many who, without being given to excess, are fond of sound claret or ancient hock. The amount of wine allowed is so small that it will seem almost worse than none at all; at least it is to be feared that this will be the feeling of a considerable number of those who learn the very small quantity which Dr. Kidd and Dr. Garrod, who speak definitely on this point, allow. The former refers to the scientific experiments on the use of alcoholic fluids made by the late Dr. Anstie and by Dr. Dupré. These showed that about one ounce and a half of absolute alcohol was "the limit to the food use of that substance." Up to that point the alcohol had no injurious effect upon any organ or upon the blood. This quantity of absolute alcohol corresponds, according to Dr. Kidd, to nearly six table-spoonfuls of brandy, to four small glasses of port or sherry, or nearly twice as much of claret, hock, or chablis. A man must not, however, think that he is to be allowed to drink this quantity of spirit or of any one of these wines, although certainly it is not large. Dr. Kidd says that half of it is the "dose" to be advised, and therefore he who wishes to adhere to a rule based on scientific knowledge must not apparently take more than this amount in the twenty-four hours. We say apparently, because Dr. Kidd does not make it perfectly clear that a man might not take this amount twice in the day with impunity, if the meals at which it was taken were separated by a very wide interval. Dr. Garrod, whose opinion in these matters must carry the greatest weight, allows rather more than Dr. Kidd, although he apparently considers that one ounce of alcohol is the limit of the food use. According to him, "the quantity of alcohol taken in the twenty-four hours should seldom exceed that contained in half a bottle of claret of good quality." There would be about the same amount of alcohol in half an imperial pint of Champagne or Burgundy, in a quarter of a pint of port, sherry, or Madeira, and in three-quarters of a pint of pale ale or stout. Such are the quantities which—subject of course to departures from the rule occasioned by the varying strengths of liquors of the same name—should never be exceeded. Not the slightest excuse for indulgence, even of the

most gentle kind, is therefore offered, but rather a strict discipline is enforced. Very many men would find it easier to forego wine altogether than to confine themselves strictly to such small measures, and temperance would thus demand more steady and persistent self-control than abstinence. There is indeed one ground for thinking that such severe restriction may not prove to be absolutely necessary, as Dr. Garrod, like Dr. Kidd, does not make it perfectly evident that there would be any harm in drinking the quantities he mentions twice during the twenty-four hours. If alcohol is within certain limits really food, can it not be consumed in the system in less time than a day and a night?

It need hardly be said that, while advocating the moderate consumption of alcohol, the doctors who have been mentioned most energetically denounce excess. Few men indeed feel more strongly on this subject than physicians, on account of their exact knowledge of the physical evils produced by intemperance. A good deal is said about these in the papers on which we have now commented, though perhaps this was scarcely necessary in essays likely to be read only by educated men, who are well aware that drunkenness must do irreparable harm. It is much to be wished that others could be addressed, and that means could be found to bring the information contained in such writings as these before uneducated men; for probably there is nothing to which intemperance is so much to be attributed as to the profound ignorance of the working classes respecting the effects of alcohol. If they could be disabused of their absurd superstitions about it, and if the proofs of its injurious effects could be brought clearly and exactly before them, it is not impossible that a great change might be in time effected. The same alteration that there has been in the habits of the upper classes might be brought about in other classes by the same cause. Men are now moderate as compared with their forefathers, not merely because drunkenness is considered disgraceful, but also because they know the immense injury that may be caused by excess in wine, which their forefathers did not know. If the same lesson could be taught to the poorer classes a like result might in time follow; but to teach this lesson very different efforts would be required from those of the Temperance orators—or rather, as they should be called, the Abstinence orators—who are always ready for frothy declamation, but who cannot explain what they have never really learnt. To put before very dull and obstinate people some of the facts ascertained by medical science respecting the action of alcohol, in such a manner that they could understand them, would be much harder work than making florid speeches; but it would have much greater results, for if it could be clearly and thoroughly demonstrated to men how they were poisoning themselves, their attention would be much more effectually roused than it ever could be by flimsy rhetoric concerning the iniquity of drinking.

WILLIAM WYRCESTRE.

JOHN LELAND is called the father of English antiquaries, but William Wyrcestre is the forefather. Nearly a century before Leland went by royal commission over the kingdom to report upon historic buildings and their archives, Wyrcestre had gone at his own pleasure on a similar exploration, and had offered candles at the shrines which the later traveller found wasted and deserted, or on the eve of being so. It is unfortunate that both these worthies wrote the narratives of their wanderings in language so dry and lifeless. It might be thought that the aspect of mediæval England, the final purpose of whose every towered city and village homestead seemed to have been picturesqueness of form and colour at least as much as convenient habitation, would have been reflected in the delineations of men who evidently felt the interest of their own surroundings; but Wyrcestre and Leland have offered the results of their topographical studies in a manner as unimpassioned as a merchant's ledger; which, in fact, their works much resemble through the frequent numerals that appear in every page. But, notwithstanding meagreness of treatment, these works are as valuable to the English antiquary as Pausanias is to the topographer of Greece; and by the mere accumulation of patiently gathered facts Wyrcestre and Leland have erected to themselves monuments, if not more durable than brass, at least as lasting as many brasses, for the tombstone of Wyrcestre himself has disappeared, and the place of his burial is unknown. The inquirer might also look in vain into Chalmers or similar collections for an account of Wyrcestre's life, for he is almost as little indebted to the biographer as to the statuary for commemoration to his grateful followers. Bishop Tanner, who overlooked no Englishman who had written a book or left a manuscript, has included him in his *Scriptores*, but gives little more than a list of his writings—a remark which also applies to the mention of him by Bale and similar compilers. Wyrcestre's limited biography must be gleaned from his *Itinerary* and from his correspondence in the *Paston Letters*. He was the son of a Bristol burgess of the same name as his own; but, instead of the modern fashion of two Christian names, he adopted two surnames, frequently signing himself "Botaner," as well as by his patronymic. This double cognomen has caused Bale to divide his personality and to assign certain works to Botaner and others to Wyrcestre; which former name he assumed, not, according to the conjecture of Lewis in his Life of Caxton, because he was fond of botany, but by reason of its being the maiden name of his mother, who was of a wealthy Coventry family, some of whom were founders of the famous church of St. Michael in that city.

"In the second year of Henry IV.," he says, "William Wyrcestre, my father, took on rental the house of John Sutton upon the Bec, in the parish of St. James (Bristol), in which house I was born" (A.D. 1415). From a contemporary deed we find that this dwelling stood nearly at the south-east end of the street. Until within the last few months St. James's Bec or Back retained the name it had held for five centuries; but, with intelligent disregard for idle historical sentiment, it has been changed by the authorities into "Silver Street," hardly for its brightness, or because silver is plentiful there, for it has degenerated into one of the dingiest and poorest districts of the city. Wyrcestre says that he went to Oxford about the month of June 1432, when the general eclipse on the day of St. Botolph happened. He remained four years a student at Hart Hall, now Balliol College. Though his Latin style was open to no more praise than his English, he was in spirit a true scholar of Oxford, who would rather have at his bed's head Aristotle's *Philosophy* than "richest robes, fiddle, or psaltery." He was instructed in poetry and French by a Lombard named Karoll Giles, and we are assured by his friend Henry Wyndsor that he would "as fain have a book of French or Poetry as Master Fastolf would a fair manor." To the Master Fastolf here referred to, Wyrcestre upon leaving the University became secretary and pursuivant, attending him, according to Wood, "with his coat when he went upon any encounter." Wyrcestre's son seems to verify this by saying, in the dedication of a book to Edward IV., that his "pore fadyr William Wyrcestre sometime servaunte and soget with his Reverend master John Fastolf chevalier exercised in the werres continually above XL years." We join with Anstis, who cites this passage, in regretting, as he does in his register of the Knights of the Garter, that the *Acta Domini Johannis Fastolf*, which Bale had seen and quotes, should have been lost. Wyrcestre, as an eye-witness of the knight's career, might have shown in that work the difference between the dramatic Falstaff and the historical Fastolf. His letters supply characteristics from which to prove Fastolf's unlikeness to the Falstaff of *Henry IV.* and the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and his identity with the Sir John Fastolfe of *Henry VI.* The vapouring knight of the first two of these dramas belongs to a quite different type of character from the real hero. It is as certain that the Fastolfe of *Henry VI.* was Wyrcestre's master as that the Falstaff of *Henry IV.* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was not. In spite of Schlegel's opinion of the unity of the character through the three separate plays, two distinct persons are portrayed. It is admitted by critics that the Sir John Falstaff of *Henry IV.* is identical with the Sir John Oldcastle of the older drama, on which Shakspeare founded his own—the original name, according to Mr. Halliwell, having been retained in the earlier representations of *Henry IV.* on the stage. Whether the character was imaginary or a distortion of that of the martyr is perhaps a question; but the mere change of name did not touch its identity. Wyrcestre himself speaks of "John Oldcastle" as a "heretic," which sufficiently proves his distinctness from Fastolf, which is only a different way of spelling Falstaff. The Sir John Fastolfe of *Henry VI.* is drawn from history, though not with fairness. His actions in the French wars have been well vindicated from the cowardice with which Shakspeare makes Sir John Talbot charge him, but his manners at home were such as to give ample scope for Wyrcestre's capacity for sufferance. He was proud and petulant, and by no means lavish in recompense for services. Of the merry humour of the ideal Falstaff he had none; but, as Mr. Gairdner remarks, of bad humour he had abundance, and there is rich exemplification of it in the *Paston Letters*. "At reverence with God," says Wyrcestre, in a letter to John Paston, A.D. 1456, "be as soon as ye may with my master to ease his sprites. He questioneth and disputeth with his servants here and will not be answered nor satisfied, some time, but after his wilfulness, for it suffisith not our simple wits to appease his soul"; and the writer wishes that Paston, or some other of more influence than himself, might "hang at his (master's) girdle daily" to answer his complaints. He tells Paston to drop the name of "Mastre Wyrcestre," for his "five shilling a year wages," besides maintenance, hardly kept him in "bonnets," and did not entitle him to the distinction of "master." Fastolf died in 1459 at Caistor Castle, Wyrcestre being at his death-bed. The letter of Friar Brackley summoning John Paston to the dying knight is almost as realistic as Dame Quickly's narrative of the departure of his namesake to "Arthur's bosom." "Ryte reverent master, as soon as ye may goodly come to Cayster. It is high time; he draweth fast homeward, and is right low brought, and sore weakened and feebled. Every day this five days he said, God send me soon my good cousin Paston, for I hold him a faithful man and ever one man" (I. 444). Whatever moroseness was in the temper of Fastolf, it did not alienate the affection of his tried servant William Wyrcestre, who resolved to have "no master but his old master," for whose sake he had gone many a "shrewd journey." Wyrcestre was appointed one of the executors of Fastolf's testament, with Waynflete Bishop of Winchester and others. The administration of the will was the occasion of litigation in the spiritual courts, Wyrcestre being involved in controversy with Sir John Paston and Thomas Howes, Fastolf's chaplain, in the cause. A correspondent advised Paston, for "our Lord's love," to become reconciled with William Wyrcestre, "for it is a common proverb, 'A man must sometimes set a candle before

the devil'"; and Lord Beauchamp, without the application of any such complimentary adage, recommended the like policy, saying that Wyrcestre wanted to return to his own country. The dispute continued till December 7, 1472, when Bishop Waynflete paid 100*l.* to Wyrcestre in quittance for his claim upon Fastolf's estate.

In August 1473 Wyrcestre presented his friend Waynflete with a copy of an English version which he had made of Cicero *De Senectute*, but he complains that he received nothing in return; which Chandler, the prelate's biographer, suggests was about the worth of the translation. It was, however, published by the father of English printers. Copies of the "*Boke* of *Tulle* of *Old Age*, &c., emprynted by me symple person William Caxton into Englysshe at the playsir solace and reverence of men growing into olde age the xii day of Aug. the yere of our lord M CCCC lxxxj," were exhibited at the Caxton celebration, but Caxton does not mention who was the author of the version.

Next to Wyrcestre's love of literature was his fondness for architecture; but his enthusiasm on this subject chiefly spent itself in ascertaining the dimensions of the numerous buildings he visited. To know distances seems hardly less a matter of instinctive curiosity than to find out causes. Wyrcestre took as much interest in numbering the paces between the east and west end of an abbey church, and guessing the altitude of its tower, as the astronomer finds in settling the distance between the sun and the moon. The *Anabasis* does not more teem with parasangs than his Itinerary with *gressus* and *virgæ*. His method was rude, but it may be ascertained from his own representation that his *gressus*, or pace, is about two feet. For instance, he tells us that the length of St. Paul's, London, was 180 *gradus*, and of the choir, with St. Mary's Chapel, 130 *gradus*, which dimensions nearly correspond with Mr. Ferrey's computations, with which Mr. Longman agrees, who gives 596 feet as the entire length of the building; the breadth, according to the same modern authority, being 104 feet, and by Wyrcestre's paces 48 *gradus*, or 96 feet. The length of St. Mary, Redcliff, by the latter's reckoning, is 242 feet, and by later measurement 239. Many are the buildings of which only Wyrcestre's dimensions are left. The chapel of St. Anne-in-the-Wood, at Brislington, near Bristol, in his time a favourite place of pilgrimage, is one of these; which we specially mention because it has been forgotten in the *Quarterly Review* article and other general accounts of mediæval English shrines. Dr. Powell (*temp.* Henry VIII.) classed St. Anne's with Walsingham, as one that ensured the almsgiving devotee a hundred times the value of his offering in the present world, and everlasting life beyond. When Henry VII., Elizabeth of York, and Bounteous Buckingham in their days made oblations there, the scene was picturesque enough to captivate a Cistercian abbot. It is picturesque now. The wooded valley on the border of the Avon which gave name to the spot exists, though rarely visited; but the Gothic chapel that was strengthened by nineteen buttresses has as completely vanished as the summer clouds that floated over it. Wyrcestre's fondest attention was given to his native city, and there is no mediæval delineation of any English borough so exhaustive as his survey of Bristol. By a careful study of his Itinerary a painter might throw upon canvas a picture of a fifteenth-century walled city that would form a typical example of what such a city was. It may be gathered from his description that there were seventy towers crowning its walls, or embraced by their circuit.

It must have been an enviable journey that Wyrcestre drily narrates that he made to St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall. Even the fragments of many of the noble buildings he saw in their grandeur are enough now to set archæological minds aglow. On Monday, 17th August, 1453, he tells us that he left Norwich; and, having delayed some days in London, he rode on to Winchester, where he dined with his friend Bishop Waynflete. After staying at Romsey and Salisbury, he attended on Sunday the Mass of St. Edith at Wilton Abbey, of which hardly a trace now remains. Passing Stanley Abbey, which has likewise disappeared, he came to Castlecomb, and on to Bristol. Crossing the Severn to Chepstow, he lodged at Tintern Abbey, where he made extracts from the register, carefully numbered the windows and pillars, took the dimensions of every part, and gathered the information which he supplies concerning the neighbourhood. On the 7th September we find him at Westbury-on-Trym, where he heard divine service in the beautiful church, yet standing, of the monastery founded before A.D. 892, and destroyed by Prince Rupert in 1645. The next day he slept at Wells, and on Thursday he was at Glastonbury. He kindles into no rapture at the sight of the mother-church of England, then in the height of its architectural and ritual splendour; but he atones for want of enthusiasm by the useful information he gives. On Monday, 14th September, he rode from Launceston Priory across the moor, where his horse fell, on his way to Bodmin. From the Calendar of the Minor Friars of that place he extracts mention of a plague which visited the town about Christmas 1351, and destroyed 1,500 persons. On Wednesday, September 16, he was at Truro looking over the Friars Preachers' Martyrology, and the next day he heard mass at the "vision-guarded Mount," the four famous apparitions of which are carefully recorded. On his return journey from St. Michael's he lodged at Tavistock Abbey, of which he gives many particulars. At Weston he conversed with the Abbot of Glastonbury, and at Muchelney Abbey he had an interview with the abbot of that Benedictine house. The subjects of his conversation with these dignitaries are not recorded, but on many occasions he gives notes of the information he drew from less important persons whom he met; for, like his measurements and extracts from monastic registers, his facts were gathered on the spot. From "Celere," an esquire of the household of Thomas Beaufort, Duke of Exeter, he learns that there were 140 gentlemen servitors in that nobleman's house, the names of 30 of whom he gives, receiving each 5 marks yearly. Every day from 200 to 300 poor people were fed at the duke's expense, who also gave each of his almsmen a gown twice a year. On the same authority he gives the names of certain of the company who were with John Duke of Norfolk when returning in his barge from dining, perhaps too freely, at the table of the Cardinal of England, and were submerged at London Bridge, sixteen of the Duke's household being drowned. From "Master John Smythe," Bishop of Llandaff, he receives some account of the saints of Wales, among these being *S. Imael Episcopus*, who, under the form of S. Ishmael in the dedication of several churches, has caused confusion by being mistaken for the son of Abraham, who is as yet uncanonized. From an ancient calendar belonging to George Heyyrston of Norwich, A.D. 1478, he supplies the names of twenty Premonstratensian abbeys of England and Scotland. Among his personal recollections he mentions that he saw the murdered body of Thomas Lord Scales lying naked for some hours in the churchyard near the porch of St. Mary Overy in Southwark. Sir Bernard Burke, in his *Extinct Peerages*, seems in doubt whether to decide with Story that Lord Scales died by violence, or with Dugdale, who says that "he departed this life"; but Wyrcestre states that he was killed (25 July, 1460) in a scuffle with some sailors under the wall of the Bishop of Winton's palace on the bank of the Thames. The commentator on Shakespeare's *Richard II.* may, in connexion with the note in the Clarendon Press edition of that play, get a hint (*Annales*, 517) concerning the identity of Barcloughly Castle, in sight of which the poet represents the King as landing when he returned from Ireland to meet the invasion of Bolingbroke. The numerous waifs and strays of hagiology, biography, and folk-lore, as well as of topography and contemporary history, that are to be found only in Wyrcestre, commend his unpretending books to more attention from the student of mediæval history than they have received. We hope the edition of the *Itineraria*, by Nasmith, 1778, and of the *Annales Rerum Anglicarum* (1324-1468), by Hearne, 1771, will be re-edited in the Rolls Series, and supplemented from his inedited MSS.

Wyrcestre retired in his old age to his native city; and, under the battlements of the castle, devoted his time to practising physic and to the cultivation of medicinal herbs, finding, like Friar Laurence, that

> Mickle is the powerful grace that lies
> In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities.

He is believed to have died about A.D. 1479.

THE THREATENED WAR OF TARIFFS.

THE prospects of Protectionism at the present moment strongly remind one of the extraordinary recovery of the Chinese Empire. A quarter of a century ago China seemed to be falling to pieces. Yunnan, Kashgar, and other outlying provinces had shaken off the Emperor's authority, a victorious rebellion was ravaging the heart of the empire, and a British Colonial Governor was confident that he could effect the conquest of the whole country with fifty thousand men. All at once there was a change. The Taepings were extirpated. Yunnan, Kashgar, and the other insurgent provinces were reconquered, and now a struggle seems about to begin with Russia for the last town to be recovered. A little while ago Protection seemed to be in as desperate a case as China herself in her darkest hour, and at this instant it is displaying an equally unexpected vigour. When the Emperor Napoleon concluded the famous Anglo-French Commercial Treaty, he was at the zenith of his influence. The world regarded him with awe and admiration, and surrounding nations humbly imitated his policy. Commercial treaties became the fashion, and in a very short time there was scarcely a European State which had not bound itself to admit the goods of its neighbours on easier terms than formerly. Enthusiastic economists saw in all this the beginnings of a millennium when custom-houses would be kept up only for revenue purposes, and every nation would devote itself to the production of those commodities alone for which it was best fitted. For a while events seemed to favour the expectations of the enthusiasts. The world increased rapidly in wealth, the condition of the masses of the population was greatly improved, and, if men would only be guided by their reason in business matters, the victory of Free-trade was assured. Unfortunately the growth of the military spirit was even more rapid than that of the commercial. Louis Napoleon had risen by means of the army, and upon its support he was obliged to lean. His armaments alarmed his neighbours, and led to counter-armaments. War followed war, armies expanded until at last they included the whole male population, and military budgets swelled until they oppressed industry. Reckless speculation in railways, banks, and joint-stock enterprise of every kind, wild borrowing ending in extensive repudiation, bad harvests, cattle disease, famines, over-production, and the political uncertainties caused by the reopening of the Eastern question, aggravated the situation, and resulted in panic, crisis, and universal depression of trade. Here was the opportunity for the Protectionists, and they seized it. The condition of trade was bad in all countries alike; yet in this age of

newspapers and universal enlightenment it was found an easy task to persuade each people in particular that its sufferings were singular and were due to Free-trade. Naturally the most ignorant and most backward populations were the most easily convinced. Spain led the way, loading English and French goods with heavy duties. Italy followed next. And now it is the turn of Austria-Hungary. Germany is treading close upon the heels of her southern neighbours. And it has been feared that France would bring up the rear. The negotiations between France and Austria-Hungary for the renewal of the commercial treaty between them were continued up to the very end of the past year, and were then abruptly broken off. With whom the fault rests we are unable to say. In France M. Waddington is severely censured, and the fact that he at the same time gave notice to terminate the treaties into which France had entered with other countries has been regarded as a strong point in the case of his accusers. On the other hand, Austria-Hungary had just failed to renew the treaty with Germany, and Prince Bismarck's letter to the Federal Council informed her statesmen that he was about to arm himself with the means of coercing those with whom he might have to negotiate in the future. The knowledge of this no doubt determined the Austro-Hungarian Government not to tie its hands by premature engagements with France. Probably, indeed, we shall not be far wrong in assuming that Prince Bismarck's letter was the immediate cause of both the French and the Austro-Hungarian decisions. His influence is now hardly inferior to that exercised by Napoleon III. in 1860, and can scarcely fail to have equally far-reaching consequences.

However this may be, the end of the Austro-French Treaty has had consequences for which the English public was not prepared. That treaty was concluded six years later than the Anglo-French Treaty, and also later than the conventions between France and most other States. It was consequently more liberal than any of these, and in great measure made their stipulations obsolete. All these several States, however, had an agreement with France that she should extend to them the treatment of the most favoured nation; and by virtue of this clause they at once participated in all the advantages of the treaty with Austria-Hungary. Thus, when that treaty was abruptly terminated a fortnight ago, the subjects of those States found tariffs applied to them, without notice, of the existence of which many of them were ignorant. The hardship was very real. As between France and Austria-Hungary, the respective general tariffs were applied; and it is said that the increase of duties upon Austrian goods in France is so great that the Vienna Government has it in contemplation to make use of a clause in last year's Tariff Act which authorizes the imposition of an additional ten per cent. upon all goods coming from a country which does not extend to Austria-Hungary the treatment of the most favoured nation. If this report proves correct, France will not be slow to retaliate; and the war of tariffs which is the logical result of universal Protection will have been begun upon the Continent. Should Prince Bismarck be successful in his protectionist projects, he will speedily join in the hostilities. Already, a couple of years ago, he asked for power to impose retaliatory duties upon France, on the ground that by her system of bounties she handicaps German industry. It is understood that he is about to renew the proposal. In any case, he will, if he can, restore the protective *régime* in Germany. In the meantime the French Foreign Office has denounced the still subsisting treaties - that with this country amongst others. It is difficult to understand the motives of this proceeding. M. Léon Say, the Minister of Finance, is a distinguished economist and an hereditary Free-trader. M. Gambetta, too, the leader of the Republicans, is an avowed Free-trader. It seems incredible, therefore, that a return to Protection can be contemplated. In spite of the activity of the Protectionist party, the replies given to the circulars addressed by successive Ministers of Commerce to the Chambers of Commerce throughout the country prove that public sentiment is in favour of more liberal commercial treaties. To return to Protection, therefore, would be not only to act contrary to the declared opinions of the Republican leaders, but to fail to carry out the wishes of the people, and to leave to the Bonapartists the defence of Free-trade. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the denunciation of the treaties was not required in order to hasten their renewal. So far, at least, as our own country is concerned, we have been ready to proceed with the work for several years past; indeed we had been engaged in it when a change of Ministry in France disturbed the negotiations. Now, however, that the supremacy of the Republicans is assured, there is nothing to prevent the negotiations from being resumed at any moment. Nor, again, was the denunciation necessary to facilitate the consideration of the general tariff. We are therefore driven to the conclusion that the measure was taken in consequence of Prince Bismarck's letter. The very suddenness with which the notices were given supports this conclusion. And it was natural that, in view of the new situation about to be created in Germany, the French Government should think precautions expedient, and, above all, should desire to recover full liberty of action. Such, in fact, is the explanation given by the French Government itself, which explicitly declares that "France will use her freedom of action without deviating from the principles which for some years have given so great an extension to business."

In this state of things the prospects of European trade are not encouraging. Whatever may be the case in France, the success of Protection is almost certain elsewhere on the Continent. Duties which were already nearly prohibitive were raised fifteen per cent. in Russia two years ago by the requirement that they should be paid in gold. They have just been again increased on the desperate chance of furnishing the means to pay the interest on the newly accumulated debt. Austria-Hungary has just put in force a tariff which very greatly increases the duties all round, and then enhances them still further by insisting that they shall be paid in gold. Of Italy and Spain we need not speak, any more than of the United States. There is no reason to doubt that Prince Bismarck will succeed in his plans; and Switzerland seems resolved to follow in the same course. Thus we seem likely to see the whole Continent, except perhaps France, Belgium, Holland, and Turkey, closed against us. The loss will fall chiefly upon the countries which adopt this false and mischievous policy, though of course we shall be sufferers also. Their energies will to a great extent be wasted in producing commodities badly and dearly which are produced cheaper and better elsewhere. In his turn the consumer will have to pay extravagantly for what he buys, and consequently there will be less margin for saving. Some new industries may possibly be created that will be a permanent source of wealth, just as the beet-root industry was fostered by the Continental blockade. But, taking a broad view, it is certain that capital will to a large extent be misdirected, that force will be wasted, and that great trades will be nursed into sickly life, which will perish whenever they are again exposed to competition. Thus the general result of this movement will be to check the growth of wealth upon the Continent, and to make industrial progress slower than it is with ourselves. From a political point of view the reaction which is going on before our eyes is interesting, as showing the instability of reforms originated from above. The Governments of Europe generally were economically more enlightened than their subjects, and they entered into agreements with one another to facilitate international intercourse. The experiment succeeded admirably, but it did not convert the populations. They regarded Free-trade as good for fair weather, but when stormy times set in they cried out once more for Protection. It may be argued, therefore, that commercial treaties are useless, and that it is better to let people learn the evils of Protection from experience; but this would be an over-hasty conclusion to draw. In France we have the example of at least one great country which, there is reason to hope, has been effectually converted to sound principles by experimental proof of their success; and had the treaties been longer continued, other countries also might have taken the lesson to heart. In any case it is the duty of Governments, without troubling themselves with theoretical doubts, to insure for their subjects all the practical advantages they can obtain.

OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE new President of the Royal Academy has every reason to be satisfied with the first exhibition given under his rule. There is not among the paintings any such speciality as was found on a former occasion in the collection of Raeburn's portraits, and last year in that of pictures of the Norfolk school; but while the paintings exhibited are fully up to the mark of past years, there is added to them a marvellously fine collection of drawings. In the paintings, which alone we propose to consider in this article, the English school is in some respects less well represented than it has been of late at this exhibition. The Gainsboroughs, for instance, with the notable exception of one exquisite picture which the Catalogue assigns to Gainsborough, but which people best qualified to decide on such a matter do not recognize as his work, are certainly as a rule inferior to those of the last two years. The exception of which we speak is No. 5 in the first room, a portrait of a girl, "supposed to be a daughter of Lyttelton Poyntz Meynell, Esq.," in a straw hat. The treatment of the picture, which is singularly fine and striking, is certainly unlike that which we are accustomed to find in Gainsborough's work, but has a considerable resemblance to that of Hoppner. We may turn to some undoubted Gainsboroughs in this room as instances of what we have said as to the comparative inferiority of the works of this painter which are shown this year. In the "Portrait of Lady Whichcote" (13) the dog who holds his paw in the lady's lap is wonderfully true and life-like, but there is a strange feebleness and untruth in the drawing of the lady's figure. Again, "The Pink Boy" (39), which by its title challenges comparison with the celebrated "Blue Boy," has a curiously unpleasant effect running all through the colouring of the figure. To make up for this the background is singularly fine, and in the painter's best manner. The examples of Reynolds in this room are far more fortunate than those of Gainsborough. The portrait of Charles James Fox (17) is very striking, as is also that of "William, second Duke of Leinster" (44), in which the hands might be advantageously studied by all young portrait-painters; while the next picture—"Prince William Frederick of Gloucester" (45)—which is one of the treasures of Trinity College, Cambridge, is perhaps as beautiful an example of Sir Joshua's work as can be anywhere seen. Romney is represented by a fine "Lady Hamilton" (35) and by portraits of Mr. Lee Acton and his two wives (41, 20, 42). In the women's portraits (20, 42) one may discern, especially in the pose of the arms, the trick, as well as the true sense of beauty, which gives a charm to Romney's work. Mr. Lee Acton's portrait (41) shows a strength and perception of character on which the painter comparatively seldom relied. From the Fitzwilliam

Museum at Cambridge come two fine Hogarths, "Portrait of Dr. Arnold" (32) and "Portrait of Miss Arnold" (36). Among the figure pictures "The Return from Shooting" (14), by Wheatley, is attractive by its complete simplicity, being merely a faithful rendering of such a scene as, allowing for difference of costume, may be seen any day in the shooting season, without any idea of "making a picture." Such a thing cannot of course take any high rank as a work of art; but it is perhaps to be preferred to some so-called high art of the present day. Zoffany—whose two little figures of "Garrick and his Wife" (34), standing in front of a formal little villa, have a decided pleasantness about them—is also represented by a marvellously odd picture of "A Musical Party on the Thames; Portraits of the Family of William Sharp" (27). How the thirteen people who are crowded higgledy-piggledy together on the canvas managed to retain their various positions without upsetting either themselves or the boat must remain unexplained. There is no kind of artistic idea in the grouping and arrangement of the work, but each figure is full of character, and painted with extreme care, while there is a decided charm about the landscape background. Close to this hang two fine examples (25, 28) of Chardin, a painter whose work is comparatively little seen in England. Among the landscapes we may direct attention to "A Surrey Lane" (7), painted by Nasmyth, very much in the manner of Hobbema, to a landscape with figures by Morland (21), in which there is a wonderful sense of bright open air, and to a fine Constable (22) which hangs next to it, and in which the effect of a storm looming in the distance is particularly fine.

The Second Gallery has several fine portraits, among them two of a Dutch lady, and of a Dutch gentleman holding a glove (64, 68), by Bartholomew van der Helst. The second of those is extremely fine and powerful in pose and execution, and reminds one in one point of Titian's well-known "L'Homme au Gant" in the Louvre. The glove is in each case of the same kind, and a comparison of the masterly painting of the hands in both pictures might be of interest. In Van der Helst's portrait of the man there is a certain hardness in the contrast between the perhaps obtrusively white ruff and the black dress, which is avoided in the portrait of the lady, where a soft yellowish tinge is given to the ruff. Near the second of these portraits hangs one of a man by Frank Hals (71), which, if a little rough, is a fine specimen of this master's strength and discernment. Two landscapes, from the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, to which they were presented by Mr. Vansittart, a Ruysdael (79) and a Hobbema (84), are extremely good examples. Mr. Sandars sends two or three exquisite little works from his collection. Among them is a Van der Heyde, a "Street Scene in Utrecht" (92), which is certainly one of the most beautiful specimens of this painter's work in existence. The impression of daylight is marvellous, as is the extraordinarily minute, but never niggling, work bestowed on the architectural part of the picture. Such work as this should be a lesson to the people whose unhappy ideas as to the right way of catching a particular effect of light have led to the mischievous tenets of the "impressionist" school, or rather nursery. Another picture from the same collection, an "Italian Landscape," by Karel du Jardin (73), has perfect appreciation and rendering of natural beauty. The room contains several pictures by Teniers, one of which (75) is notable from the extraordinary and humorous aspect given to it by the insertion of mythological figures by another hand in the foreground. Van de Velde is also well represented, especially by "The Evening Gun" (72), in which the treatment of the light is even unusually fine. There are three Jan Steens (54, 57, 99). The first of these, which is called "Saying Grace," has a curious ugly tenderness, if we may use such an expression; the last, "A Dutch Festival," exhibits the painter's merits in a marked degree, but is oddly disfigured by the manner in which the central figure, by no means an attractive one, seems to come out of the picture, a defect which may be in some measure due to the efforts of cleaners.

The third and largest Gallery contains some very fine works, although it is not filled as it has been on some former occasions of these exhibitions. The "Sketch for the Ceiling at Whitehall Chapel," by Rubens (122), is interesting, and is one of the many things which show how much pains was taken by the so-called Old Masters in the execution of their work. Of three Murillos (117, 121, and 132), the last is the most remarkable; but cannot compare in excellence with the well-known similar subject by the same master in the Salon Carré at the Louvre. "The Rinaldo and Armida" (126) bearing the name of Vandyck is a magnificent specimen of the Flemish school attempting, and not unsuccessfully, to emulate the colouring of the Venetians. It is a fine composition, full of good drawing, and altogether a considerable performance. The Portrait of a Lady, ascribed to Lionardo (125), is at any rate a fine work of his school, and the companion picture (127), ascribed to Andrea Salaino, is well worth attention, as affording an early example of the sort of background much affected by some modern artists. It is a most beautiful study of foliage, while the figure is much out of drawing. The study for the heads of the infant children of Charles I.—the little Princess Elizabeth and Duke of Gloucester—by Vandyck (131), is very charming. The "Rape of Proserpine" (136), whatever may be thought as to its complete authenticity, but which seems entirely worthy of the hand, that of Titian, to which it is attributed, is a strong and grandly coloured picture. The horses are very powerful, and seem quite capable of forcing their way through the bed of a river, or even of bursting through the solid earth. It is a work of which the possession may be envied. The mention of No. 139, as a portrait of Vittoria Colonna, is enough to give it interest; but it is a fine picture, well painted and exhibiting a countenance full of meaning. This lady died at the age of fifty-seven, and the features may not be those of an older woman, although the general aspect would seem to suggest a more advanced age. Of the two Tintorettos in the room, one (144) is terribly injured, and the other, a very large canvas (141), is a noble specimen of the school to which it belongs, and in it the costumes of the ladies and gentlemen introduced, certainly not beautiful in themselves, and which to the artist must have been modern, have been made eminently picturesque. A so-called Giorgione (145) can hardly be the work of that painter. It is remarkably clumsy and awkward in its figures, but may be looked into with advantage for the sake of its colour. No. 150, ascribed to Veronese, does not seem to be his work, but from internal evidence may be supposed to be that of Bassano. The portrait of Henriotta Maria gives a faded version of her early beauty, and asserts itself as a likeness, whether painted by the French artist mentioned in the Catalogue, or by the Flemish one named upon the frame. The Cuyp (164) is a beautiful picture, exhibiting the artist at his best in his well-known powers, but also revealing a grace in the treatment of child and animal life which will have novelty for most of us. Vandyck's "Doge of Genoa" (168) is wonderful for its treatment of such a mass of crimson drapery, as well as for its impressive portraiture. The Fourth Gallery is devoted to early oil-paintings of the Italian, Flemish, and German schools. Mr. Graham's "John Bellini" (203) is the finest thing in this room, and is in splendid preservation. Albert Dürer's "Virgin and Child" (217) is a very remarkable little picture, uniting a surprising effect of air and space with the most minute elaboration of details. It is a perfect gem of execution. The portrait of a man and woman in No. 219 may probably have come from a greater hand and from a different school than that to which Quentin Matsys belonged—perhaps indeed they may be justly ascribed to the greatest portrait-painter of the period. The last Gallery of those devoted to oil-paintings contains some fine specimens of Snyders, and of the great English animal-painters, Stubbs and Ward, and has in it a most beautiful small Canaletto (236). We propose on another occasion to return to the Royal Academy and dwell upon the marvellous collections of miniatures and drawings by the Old Masters now exhibited.

REVIEWS.

THE HIBBERT LECTURES.*

It may be doubted whether we yet know so much about religion that we can discuss its origin with profit. About its origin, however, people are always anxious to hear and to talk; and many so-called springs of religion have been discovered, from a primæval instinct to the custom of tattooing. Lecturing at the Chapter House, Westminster Abbey, Professor Max Müller declined to admit either of these extreme hypotheses. He did not hold that the first men who believed and worshipped had received any sudden revelation, and he did not hold that they started with what is vaguely called "fetichism." What he did not believe he made clear enough; what he did hold to be true was less manifest. He averred that the "growth of the religion of the ancient Aryans of India was very different from the growth of other religions" (p. 50); but he held apparently that all religions were so far at least evolved in the same way that they did not spring from "fetichism." "We are bound to look elsewhere if we wish to discover what were the sensuous impressions that first filled the human mind with a suspicion of the supersensuous, the infinite, and the divine" (p. 127). Mr. Max Müller tells us very plainly what those sensuous impressions were in the case of the Aryans of India. If he distinguishes between "growth" and "origin," we may perhaps conclude that he supposes the same sensuous impressions (those produced by rivers, mountains, the sky, the rain, the dawn, the sun) to have first led the minds of Hottentots and Weddahs to the thought of the divine, or of whatever working substitute for that thought they may possess.

In the evolution of religion there are, in Professor Max Müller's theory, two elements. There is something in man, and something in the external world. What is in man the "seed" of all religions is "the perception of the infinite from which no one can escape who does not wilfully shut his eyes. From the first flutter of human consciousness that perception underlies all the other perceptions of our senses, all our imaginings, all our concepts, and every argument of our reason." Now what does Mr. Max Müller mean by the infinite? We may misunderstand him, but he appears to us only to mean the knowledge that there is *something* beyond what the eye sees, what the hand touches, what the mind has acquired as the result of actual experience. This knowledge, the result of every conscious action, is not, as Mr. Max Müller admits, definitely and explicitly presented to himself by untutored man. Children, savages, untaught people, know that there are expanses beyond their knowledge; but of "the infinite" they do not think or speak. "Everything of which his

* *Lectures on the Growth and Origin of Religion, as Illustrated by the Religions of India.* By F. Max Müller, M.A. London: Longmans & Co.; Williams & Norgate. 1878.

senses cannot perceive a limit is, to a primitive savage, or to any man in an early stage of intellectual activity, unlimited or infinite. Man sees, he sees to a certain point; and there his eyesight breaks down. But exactly where his sight breaks down there presses upon him, whether he likes it or not, the perception of the unlimited or the infinite" (p. 37). We would prefer to say that "experience shows him there is something beyond"; but, however we state it, this perception of the lack of definite bounds, of the existence of somewhat outside the ken of mind and body, is, if we understand Mr. Müller, the seed from which religions spring. As Mr. Müller has made the first cellule, so to speak, of this seed—namely, the invariable physical experience of a somewhat beyond—so plain, it is not clear why he postulates, "besides the sensuous and the rational, a third function of the conscious self, for apprehending the infinite" (p. 26). He does postulate this third function of the conscious self, and he declares, not only that it is the seed of all religions, but that it is the subjective side of religion. He wrote in 1873, and he only slightly modifies the statement of his opinion, "Religion is a mental faculty which, independent of, nay, in spite of, sense and reason, enables man to apprehend the infinite under different names and under varying disguises" (p. 23). Mr. Müller is ready, if any one prefers the terms, to say that "the subjective side of religion is not a faculty, but a potential energy, which enables man to apprehend the infinite." In his earlier definitions, too, Mr. Müller meant by religion only the "subjective side of it"; but to begin a paragraph with the assertion that "Religion is a mental faculty" is not unlikely to mislead, and indeed did for the moment bewilder us.

The "subjective element," then, in religion—the element in man and given by man—is the apprehension of the infinite, and the infinite is apprehended by a separate function of the conscious self. No one is very likely to admit the need of a separate function for the apprehension of the infinite who knows that his senses continually fail to give him the full extent of a view and never present an unlimited tangible object; while his reason is capable of erecting this failure of sense into a general rule that sense always will fail to reach a definite limit beyond which is nothingness. Again, even if we have a third function which apprehends the infinite, that function is as busy in creating the rest of our knowledge as in producing religion. Our knowledge depends for its very existence on the contrast and combination of the πέρας and the ἄπειρον. Men wander over the mountain to see what is beyond (which is "infinite," as Mr. Müller says, to them—p. 37). They fashion tales to explain astronomical or terrestrial facts of which the causes are beyond their knowledge; and thus early science and early religion are so far alike that they both spring from the perception of the infinite. Thus Mr. Müller's definition seems to cover too much. The untutored man does not knowingly look for what we now call the infinite in his religion, his science, or his geographical explorations. For his own "infinite"—namely, the nearest portion of

> that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
> For ever and for ever when he moves,

he seeks as much in science and in physics as in religion. Thus Mr. Müller's "third function" seems needless, and the function, if it exists, or the knowledge of the absence of limit, however obtained by man, works not in the production of religion alone, but in all the conduct of life. It is not our business to suggest a better definition; but we cannot think Mr. Müller's statement of the "subjective side of religion" is entirely satisfactory, unless indeed by infinite he means something which we do not suppose him to mean.

Let us grant that the subjective side somehow exists, as of course we must, if we admit the existence of religion at all. Man is certainly capable, however he comes to be so, of building the fetish huts, the temples, the altars, the shrines of faith. What objects in the outer world or in the world of dreams first awake in him the belief of a power or powers higher than himself? Mr. Max Müller devotes his second lecture to disproving the theory that these objects are the rubbish that the "fetichist" treasures—stones, weeds, and so forth. We do not know that any people whose opinion is worth notice any longer look on "fetichism" as the sole origin of religion. Mr. Max Müller easily explodes the obsolete ideas of inquirers who confused the worship paid to imposing hills or streams, the cult offered to animals, and the veneration for mere scraps and odds and ends, in their sweeping use of the word fetichism. He easily proves, too, that many races that adore rubbish have in the background of their minds loftier ideas of divinity. He shows that numbers of Christian races, or of races given over to the most refined paganism, have practised fetichistic rites, and he asks why, if Russians and Romans, who were in the first place Christians or worshippers of the Olympians, practised fetichism, a savage who practises fetichism should not be, in the first place, a theist of some comparatively noble sort. The superstitious reverence for rubbish is universal, and Mr. Max Müller maintains that "it is a corruption of religion." One answer to all this is only too obvious. It is only Mr. Müller who chooses to say that "all that can be called fetish in the religions the history of which is known to us is *secondary*." The history of the Christianity of converted Finns and summarily baptized Russians is known to us, and we know that they were fetichists *before* they were Christians, and that they continue to be fetichists after their christening. In the religions of Greece and Rome we find fetichistic and magical practices like those which exist in Africa, Iceland, and Kamtschatka. These things are secondary in importance, not in order of development. These practices are in the background of Greek myths and religion. Why may not the Greeks and Latins, like the Russians before Christianity, have employed fetichistic charms before they knew of the Olympian gods, and kept them up afterwards? Nothing in the State religions of the old world discouraged the fetichisms and taboos of the superstitious man in Theophrastus's "Characters." Men could retain the rites which are now known to savages under Zeus, or Isis, or Dionysus, and could moreover invent new fetichisms of their own unrebuked. The ubiquity of an institution is in favour of its being primary, not secondary. The most ancient images of the Greek gods were rude, unhewn stones, or half-animal figures. What process of corruption or degradation acted alike on the Zulus, on the wild races of Peru before the Incas, on the Samoyeds, on the Portuguese, the Russians, the Romans, and the Greeks? That is what Mr. Max Müller has to show, if he wishes to establish his opinion. What was the more sweet and reasonable religion which Greece knew before the people of Phigalia worshipped the horse-headed Demeter, before the votaries of Artemis danced the bear-dance? what was the better faith of the Maoris before fetish stones were held in honour? what sublimer creed inspired the Samoyeds before they made sacrifice to blood-bedabbled dolls? and what similar process of corruption ruined the purer cults of Greeks, Maoris, and Siberians, and made them adore rubbish, and dance, in the guise of beasts, in face of bestial deities? The sad results are the same everywhere, as Mr. Max Müller admits. Corruption of religion ended in the same fetichism. The difficulty is to recover in fancy that happier time before fetichism, and to imagine causes so wide in their range, so identical in their result—causes which affected in precisely the same way the ancestors of the most civilized and of the most besotted peoples. On the hypothesis that, of the two, fetichism is earlier than nobler creeds, or at least is not later in development, the difficulty disappears. Men, as they advance in culture, advance—as a rule, and speaking very widely—in grandeur and purity of religious ideas; but they do not therefore wholly lay aside, nay, they often hug with superstitious eagerness, the old grotesque absurdities; even if they abandon them, they return to them. As to Mr. Müller's argument that the fetichist explains his fetiches by calling them "gods," and that therefore the idea of "god" is prior to the ideas which produce fetich-worship, it scarcely needs to be answered. How the fetichist now explains the practice which he inherits is not to the purpose. He explains all he does and all the world in one way or other. By this time the idea of "god" has been made familiar to perhaps every race, but who can argue thence that it was familiar to the first fetich worshippers? The conception of some such power as a fetich worshipper may now call "god," in some low sense or other, might even be evolved out of the contemplation of the magical attributes assigned to various separate fetiches. As to the basis of the magical attributes, that is to be found in the simple metaphysics and natural philosophy of savages. From this, that, and the other example of magical power, the notion of such power in the abstract could be evolved, and that notion again could be heightened into savage godhead, and that godhead conceived to animate individual fetiches. From missionaries, too, and Mahommedans the idea of "god" might be derived, and used to explain the adoration paid to fetiches, which may have been honoured before the explanation was dreamed of. Granting to Mr. Müller that no race is now exclusively fetichistic, his argument about the application of the term "god" to the fetich is answered at once. The higher conception (however attained, whether a result of teaching from without or of reflection on ghosts, shadows, dreams, and on the life ascribed to stars and to the sun) is now used to explain the lower practice. It does not follow that men had the idea of God when they first treasured fetiches—a statement which a remark of Mr. Müller's about the technically godless Aryans of India seems to force him to admit to be true (p. 197).

We have now examined Mr. Müller's definition of the subjective germ of religion, and his account of what the objective element in religion was *not*. The definition fails to satisfy, and the destructive arguments against the theory that fetichism was one of the earliest traceable elements in religion, not a corruption of religion, really seem rather to prove the opposite of what the lecturer intended to demonstrate. We have now to see what the sensuous outward objects were that did for the Aryans what fetiches did *not* do, that first awoke religion in them. Mr. Müller's third lecture is a masterly abstract of information about the ancient religious literature of India. It is from that literature that he derives his opinion as to the "sensuous impressions that first filled the human mind with a suspicion of the supersensuous, the infinite, and the divine." Yet Mr. Müller admits that "one can nowhere watch the first vital movements of a nascent religion" (p. 129). This being so, it is not for our present purpose of much importance that he does not find fetichism in the Rig Veda. "Tangible objects [which the fetichist adores] are hardly represented at all among the so-called deities of the Rig Veda. Stones, bones, shells, herbs, and all the other so-called fetiches are simply absent in the old hymns, though they appear in more modern hymns, particularly those of the Atharva Veda." We fear that other eyes might see other things in the Rig Veda; but, granting Mr. Miller's position, how are we any further advanced? The Rig Veda represents the highest religious ideas of a comparatively advanced civilization. Long before its hymns were chanted, before the Aryan race separated, the race was, comparatively

speaking, civilized. Its members were perhaps as far advanced as the Kirghis Tartars of to-day. Thus the Rig Veda only shows us what was the religion of a highly-gifted people, at a time when it had all the necessary appliances of civilised life. It cannot possibly show us what the remote ancestors of that people believed or practised. Again, it is necessary to ask, how did the charmed stones, bones, shells, herbs, and so forth, get into the later Atharva Veda and into modern Indian practice? How did the vast wave of "corruption," of fetichism sweep from Behring's Straits to Peru, from China to Ceylon, across the whole surface of the world, reaching India at a time which Mr. Max Müller must think comparatively definite, at a time between the date of the Rig Veda and of the Atharva Veda?

The recrudescence of fetichism in religion may be explained in several ways. On the hypothesis of inquirers who give it a place among the earliest germs of the sense of the supernatural, it never dies out, but clings to the ritual of even the Olympian gods, and is ever apt to become prominent, as religion, in one of the fluctuations of the human spirit, gives place to superstition. The history of unrevealed religion is one of ebb and flow; the ebb leaves bare the old desolate shores of faith, and men fall back on adoration of the "stones and shells" that the "moving waters in their priest-like task" had covered. Indeed the character of the priesthoods and temple fraternities of many an old religion was to cling to the savage mysteries that the lay world had outgrown, and, when a chance came, to reinstate them in a prominent place. It is by some such ebb in the "sea of faith" that people who hold the opposite opinion to that entertained by Mr. Max Müller explain the degradation of Aryan religion in India. They think that fetichism, with many other beliefs and practices, filled the countless years before the Rig Veda, that fetichism was almost hidden by the purer faith of the early Vedic times, and came to importance again, as various causes promoted superstition to the prejudice of religion. They cannot possibly say with Mr. Müller that there is no room for fetichism in the earliest documents of religious thought in India, "as little as there is room for lias *before* or within the granite." *Before* the Vedas, there is room at least for the change from a savage to a civilized society; and how can Mr. Müller hold that there is not room for the change from the rudest superstition to a cultivated religion?

We have treated the Hibbert Lectures controversially, because they naturally stimulate discussion, as indeed it is apparently the intention of their promoters that they should do. We must confess that Professor Max Müller's arguments do not carry us with them, that they raise more questions than they settle, and leave the "Origin of Religion" still unexplained. Their value as a popular exposition of the views of one of the most learned, accomplished, and genial of modern scholars, has been and will be widely, not to say universally, acknowledged.

SMITH'S LIFE OF COBBETT.*

It may be fairly said that the life of Cobbett was worth writing, and perhaps it is not going too far to say that Mr. Smith's Life of Cobbett is worth reading. But there is a good deal of hard work to be faced by the reader who sets himself to get through these two volumes. Mr. Smith found that he had selected a dreary piece of work, and thought he might console himself by adopting the style of a sensational novelist. What there really is to be said about Cobbett might be said within a very moderate space. The main events of his queer, adventurous life are soon run through, and were not inadequately summarized by Lord Dalling in his *Historical Characters*; but it is undeniable that a short story can be made long if the author knows how to manage his business. Sensational headings, ironical comments, notes of admiration, and comic digressions make a book long; and if Mr. Smith thinks they make it lively, he is not without the example of more elaborate writers to justify him. And in some respects he is a very suitable biographer for Cobbett. He honestly and thoroughly believes in the greatness and usefulness of Cobbett's work. He heartily admires Cobbett's character. He sees Cobbett's very eccentric mode of conducting himself in the best possible light. Unless it had been a labour of love it is hard to understand how any one could have persuaded himself to undergo the labour of collecting all the materials of a Life of Cobbett and of putting them together. On the other hand, he can see some spots in the sun. Cobbett is occasionally too absurd even for Mr. Smith; and so the narrative has not the wearisome character of an unbroken panegyric.

When it is said that Cobbett had the command of a style forcible, picturesque, and all his own, that he was never afraid of any one, and that he bearded the Government in bad times, and made a wonderfully good fight against oppression and corruption, all is said that can be said. He was very ignorant, very obstinate, very prejudiced, and very quarrelsome. In fact, he had the virtues and defects of a self-made man. The son of an agricultural labourer, and for seven years a private soldier, he toiled through English grammar until he not only mastered it, but lived to write the best grammar of its day. He acquired a fair knowledge of French, and had the honour of giving English lessons to Talleyrand when they were both in America. He attained a sufficient acquaintance with English history to compose a partisan account of the Reformation. All this is meritorious; but other self-made men have done more. What he had to distinguish him was the felicity of his style and the peculiar direction of his energy. In spite of its force and beauty, his style, however, has not sufficed to keep his books alive. The number of the readers of Mr. Smith's biography who have read, or ever will read, a page of Cobbett's voluminous writings must be very small. They are dead with the politics that begot them; and, if it were not for a few exquisite passages describing English rural life and scenery, Cobbett would not be known even by extracts from his works. The main direction of his energies was to plead the cause of the English poor. This was only the main direction; for, as he quarrelled with every one, he was nearly swamped in the floods of his gushing vituperation. But his chief work was to maintain that much ought to be done for the poor, and that the poor ought to do much for themselves. In carrying out this work he showed real originality. He was always trying schemes which he thought would make the nation richer and therefore the poor better off. He strove hard to introduce the planting of the locust-tree and the culture of maize. His *Political Register* was a perfectly novel kind of literature, designed to give the poor an education, and to let them know what was happening among the great, as well as to denounce those who, as he thought, were wronging them. He published his *Register*, with only one interruption for a few months in 1817, for more than thirty years, and he made at least one side of politics intelligible to thousands who would otherwise have known nothing of politics. In this sense it may be said, without exaggeration, that he gave an impetus to the progress of the nation. Among the elements of the change which led to the Reform Bill the influence of Cobbett's writings holds an undeniable place. His history, so far, makes part of the history of England; and no one can pretend to understand the condition of English society in the period from the Peace to the triumph of Lord Grey's Ministry who has not studied the career and the writings of Cobbett. In spite of all his absurdities and fallacies, there was something in what he was and in what he did which cannot be overlooked.

Cobbett was a socialist, although perhaps no other socialist has been exactly of the same type. Still socialists generally may be divided into those who look backward to an ideal past and those who look forward to an ideal future; and Cobbett belonged to the former general division. He had not a sufficient smattering of philosophy to appeal to that imaginary state of human society when the original contract by which the rulers and the ruled are bound together was at once understood and maintained. He lived long before the time when the study of ancient institutions had so far advanced that writers like M. de Laveleye can think they see the best hope for Europe in a revival of the system of tribal community. His ideal past was the past of the people of England. He claimed for the suffering labourers that they should have given back to them that of which they had been robbed. He inveighed against the odious spoliation by which the vast estates which the Church once held for the poor were cast into the lap of courtly adventurers. He maintained that the tithes originally belonged to the poor as well as to the parson. He insisted that Parliament was once intended to represent, and in point of fact did represent, all classes. Wherever he looked he found abuses, but he contended that they were the abuses of a good system. Corruption, pensions, military tyranny, Government persecutions, rotten boroughs, filled him with deep indignation, and afforded endless material for his facile pen; but all these bad things had come upon the country because bad men had got hold of power. England had been not only ruined, but changed, by an evil-minded oligarchy. To repair the ruin it was only necessary to sweep away the change, and to restore England to what England once was. He was always in profession, and probably in his real feelings, a steady loyalist. He had no jealousy of the Crown, and he held to the last that government by King, Lords, and Commons was the best government in the world. He was enthusiastic for the great war, and hated Napoleon with his whole heart. He never dreamt of attacking the Corn-laws, and was too much engaged in farming himself to object to the price of food being enhanced by protection. But he made up for this by opinions on the currency which were in those days what protection became to a later generation. He wanted a sufficiency of bank-notes to make things go smoothly, and actually, when he got into the House of Commons, proposed that Sir Robert Peel should be struck out of the list of the Privy Council for having proposed the resumption of cash payments. Naturally, with these opinions, he detested above all men the Whigs. They were worse than all; for they played with Reform, and so managed Reform, when they were forced to take it up seriously, as to do the poor no good, and give them nothing of what was their due. They seemed indeed to Cobbett to be of all his enemies the most pernicious, for they copied his ideas only to spoil them.

When the general outline of Cobbett's opinions is before us, it is difficult not to be struck with the substantial resemblance which they bear to the opinions shadowed forth in Lord Beaconsfield's novels. *Sybil* and *Coningsby* are a reproduction of the *Political Register*, touched with the hand of genius, and so given that it is impossible to say how far the new Cobbett believes in his Cobbettism. But, so far as Mr. Disraeli wrote to teach as well as to amuse, he was sitting at the feet of Gamaliel, and his Gamaliel was the vituperative farmer who had just passed away from Parliamentary circles before he himself entered them. The Venetian oligarchy, the beauty of monasteries, the affinity of the Crown and the

* *William Cobbett: a Biography*. By Edward Smith. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1878.

people, the existence of two nations in one country, the foundation of an aristocracy on spoliation, the magnitude of the rural interest, even our famous friend the Conservative working-man, are all to be found in the pages of Cobbett, although clothed in the coarse and humble garb with which alone Cobbett was able to invest them. Cobbett set himself to attain practical ends, while Mr. Disraeli set himself to change the spirit of the governing classes. Both had something really to teach, and both managed to inculcate useful lessons. Most of the abuses which Cobbett attacked have been swept away, if not altogether by the detested Whigs, yet under their guidance. The spirit of the governing classes has been changed, and Mr. Disraeli has contributed in an appreciable way to the change. To both very much has been forgiven in consideration of the services they have rendered. There was even something of similarity in their lives and their characters. Each started under enormous disadvantages, and yet even in those disadvantages there was something advantageous to them. Cobbett gained his knowledge of the poor in his own early home, and Mr. Disrael sucked in literature from the cradle. Both rose by audacity and sheer force of character. Both leapt into notoriety by vituperation, and made themselves feared in order to get a hearing. Mr. Disraeli, however, was so enormously superior in sense and knowledge of the world that the parallel cannot be pushed very far. Cobbett could never surmount the misfortune of being a self-made man. He had no perception of the ridiculous, and he had not the slightest notion of the profundity of his ignorance. But still Cobbett was the one original socialist of his day, just as Mr. Disraeli was the one Tory who could educate his party. It may perhaps be added that both have been more admired and listened to than trusted. Just as there used to be a feeling that no one could guess what the next number of the *Political Register* would contain, so even now there is a feeling that no one can guess what Lord Beaconsfield will do in the next Session. The comparison is of course only true within certain limits; but that the comparison is possible gives an interest to the career of Cobbett which may be pleaded as a justification, if any is needed, for giving a new biography of him to the world.

BEERBOHM'S WANDERINGS IN PATAGONIA.*

WE are not a little puzzled by the map with which Mr. Beerbohm illustrates his journey in Patagonia. When we measure the distance he travelled by the scale of miles that he gives, we find that he went at least one thousand miles. But when we estimate it by the degrees of latitude we find that he went at the very outside four hundred. According to his scale, one degree of latitude is equal to about two hundred miles. The blunder, however, may not be Mr. Beerbohm's. It is nevertheless certainly surprising that when he inspected the map—for we may assume that he did inspect it before the book was published—he failed to discover the mistake that had been made by the designer. A man who went through all the hardships that Mr. Beerbohm encountered as, partly on horseback and partly on foot, he made his way from Port St. Julian to Sandy Point, would have had, we should expect, a sharp eye to the distances. Every one who has made a walking tour even in our own country knows how carefully he calculates by his map the distances he has travelled, and how alive he would be to any very gross blunder. But what are the hardships that a pedestrian can meet with in England when compared with the dreadful risks and the sufferings to which for many days Mr. Beerbohm was exposed? It is difficult to account for the mistake, though likely enough a satisfactory explanation can be furnished. We are also scarcely less puzzled by the length of the summer night in these latitudes. The author happened to arrive at Sandy Point on the Straits of Magellan the day before the revolt of the Chilian convicts. He describes the events of the night of November 11th, which we may take as corresponding to that of May 11th in England. Sandy Point is nearly two degrees further from the equator than London, so that its night in summer would be rather longer than ours. He describes himself as waking about midnight, getting up and looking out at the weather, and then lying down again for an hour. This would take him to one o'clock. He was then roused by some fugitives who were seeking shelter and rest. He received them, heard an account of their adventures, provided them with tea, and managed to make up some beds for them. They retired to rest, while he and his comrade sat up consulting as to their plan of action. In the midst of their discussion two other fugitives came in, who sat down and joined a Scotchman who was present in drinking whisky. We can scarcely assign less than an hour to these occurrences, which brings us to two o'clock. Next, a body of drunken soldiers, who had mutinied and joined the convicts, burst into the house, and for two hours kept the author in the greatest anxiety lest they should discover the fugitives. At last they left. This takes us to four o'clock. He at once ran to the fugitives, and told them that they had better leave the house and fly to the woods. When they went out they found that "it was raining, and the night was as dark as could be." Now on May 11th the sun rises at London at about a quarter-past four. On November 11th in the latitude of Sandy Hook it would rise rather earlier. But, even if we allow that the author was an hour wrong in his calculations, yet, even at three, the night certainly was not as dark as could be, for the would have appeared. Mr. Beerbohm may probably answer that it is unreasonable to expect that a man who has encountered such risks as he went through should be accurate in the account he gives of the time. We are willing to admit that there is some force in the excuse, and will therefore, without any further delay, give a short account of his journey.

His narrative is, on the whole, lively and interesting. His style is at times too high flown, and now and then is disfigured by errors in the use of words. He uses lay down for lie down, and reliable for trustworthy. We much doubt whether a horse can be properly described as impervious to fatigue, and we do not see why sea-captains and rude Indians elect to take a certain course, instead of making up their minds or choosing. Elect sounds well enough in a novel, but in a coasting-voyage or in a scamper over the Pampas the simpler word seems more natural. The same may be said of "the caloric of our bodies." Warmth would surely have expressed everything that the author wished to say. If, however, when he is telling how he heaped up a fire to keep himself warm, he wishes to use so learned a term as caloric, we would advise him to have the whole expression in keeping. He must surely elect—to use one of his favourite words—between warmth of the body and corporal caloric. We now and then doubt whether he attaches any very precise meaning to the term that he uses. For instance, in describing the current of a river he says, that "it darted about capriciously without apparently depending on any topographical influences." It is difficult to see how the current of any river can depend on influences that are descriptive of a place, whatever they may be. However, happily for our author, the readers of the present day are so used to a constant interchange in the uses of words that they are not likely to be troubled by such trifling inaccuracies as these. So long as a word is evidently derived from the Greek, it is always in good credit in whatever company it may be found. In spite, therefore, of these little drawbacks, Mr. Beerbohm's narrative will, we have little doubt, be found interesting. He was one of a party that started in the month of August in last year to survey a portion of the coast of Patagonia. They landed at the desolate harbour of St. Julian, which remains in just the same state as it was found by Magellan, and later on by Drake. Drake indeed had discovered one mark of civilization, for there was still standing a gallows which Magellan had set up more than fifty years earlier. But even this one trace of civilized life had no doubt long disappeared before the surveying party from Buenos Ayres arrived. Mr. Beerbohm did not remain many weeks with them, for he received letters which required his immediate return. There was no chance of a vessel calling at St. Julian, and he therefore resolved to go overland southwards to Sandy Point, on the Straits of Magellan, where the steamers from the Pacific touch. He joined a party of ostrich-hunters who were making for that port. The chief of the party was an Argentine Guacho, with a dash of Indian blood in his veins. His life had been a strange one. He had served in the Argentine army, had deserted and run away with a tribe of Indians, had lived among them for a time, and at length had left them and had taken up his present life. He owned no less than thirty horses, which he drove along with him wherever he went, and, though he had no house of any kind, yet was looked upon as a rich man. The second was a man whose "yellow beard and blue eyes seemed to betoken a Saxon rather than a Spanish descent." He also had been a soldier in the Argentine army, and had taken part in many a fight with the Indians. The third was a Frenchman who had been a blacksmith, and who had formed part of the garrison of Belfort when it was besieged by the Germans. His appetite was enormous. "I have known him," says the author, "eat six ostriches' eggs in the space of eight hours, independent of his ordinary meals." The fourth and last was a young Austrian sailor who had been wrecked on the shores of Patagonia. He was as distinguished by his learning as the Frenchman was by his appetite; for he was "an accomplished linguist, and spoke Spanish, Italian, French, German, and English with tolerable fluency." What was the language that, as being his own, he spoke with considerable fluency we are nowhere told. There have been those who imagine that there is an Austrian language, but it is most improbable that our author is one of these.

Such was the party with which he started on his long journey. They had about fifty horses and a pack of dogs. Each morning they chose a fresh horse, catching him by means of the lasso. As they rode along they were always on the look-out for ostriches, which supplied them both with food and with feathers to trade with. They had no adventures of any great moment till they reached the banks of the river Gallegos. This they found so swollen by the floods that it was hopeless to venture to cross it. Their provisions were almost exhausted, and, though they could always procure meat, yet it was so lean that by itself it was scarcely sufficient to support life. They had no tent with them, and there was not even a bush to afford them shelter. Hour after hour they sat exposed to a cold rain-storm trying to warm themselves at a fire which gave out little heat but a great deal of smoke. They rode up the river and down it to try different fords, but all to no purpose. One night there was a heavy fall of snow, and they woke up to find themselves covered by it. At length their provisions were exhausted and they had nothing to depend on but what they caught by hunting. Weary of the delay Mr. Beerbohm and the Frenchman resolved, in spite of the warnings of the others, to try to cross the river on their horses. They made

* *Wanderings in Patagonia; or, Life among the Ostrich Hunters.* By Julius Beerbohm. With Map and Illustrations. London: Chatto & Windus. 1879.

more than one trial, but without success. They were both nearly drowned. Mr. Beerbohm, in fact, was swept from his horse and was saved by catching hold of a valise which was strapped to its back. They then parted company with the others and rode sixty miles off to another ford, which "for topographical reasons" they thought more favourable for their purposes. They resolved to make another attempt by driving their horses before them, and then swimming over themselves. They took off their clothes, and wrapped them up with all the rest of their goods in their cloaks. These they strapped on the horses' backs. If the horses reached the opposite shore their masters would be forced to follow, as, stripped of their clothes and exposed to a strong wind that brought hail and snow, they could not have lived many hours. The rashness of the attempt almost passes belief. Mr. Beerbohm was, he says, most anxious to catch the next steamer, and was utterly weary of his diet. These reasons, strong though they may have been, were scarcely sufficient to justify two men, worn out with exposure and poor food, in running such risks. Their first attempt failed, as the horses were carried back by the force of the current. They passed some more days in this miserable state, and got still weaker. At length they made a second attempt. The horses crossed over and so did the Frenchman. Mr. Beerbohm was swept back to the shore whence he had started. He managed to get to the fire which they had left, and there warmed himself up for another trial. This time he got over safely. But their dangers were by no means over. The next night they lost their horses and had to make their way through the wilderness on foot. Happily in a day or two, when their strength was almost spent, they fell in with Indians, and got food and horses to continue their journey. They might well have thought they had gone through dangers enough, but fate had not yet done her worst. The very night of their arrival at Sandy Point the convicts rose, burning the town and murdering the inhabitants. Our author had a narrow escape, and only saved himself by hiding in the depths of a forest till a steamer arrived and took him off. After such adventures as these it is scarcely surprising that, when a friend asked him whether he would care to go again to Patagonia, he answered, shuddering, "By Jove; no!" He must remember, however, that neither rivers nor convicts are always rising, and that, if he were to make a second journey, he might likely enough not even have a chance of getting drowned, frozen to death, or murdered. In that case, however, his narrative would be wanting in those exciting scenes which will recommend the present volume to not a few readers.

KERNER'S FLOWERS AND THEIR UNBIDDEN GUESTS.*

A NEW and inviting field was opened to botanical research by the publication, in the year 1862, of Mr. Darwin's book on the fertilization of orchids. The striking and suggestive series of facts and generalizations brought together in that work assigned to flowers a sphere of operations in nature hardly dreamt of before, and capable of boundless expansion. Not only are flowers fitted to administer delight to the senses through their beauty and fragrance, but they are shown to fulfil a function of direct and vital utility in the vegetable kingdom of which they are the ornament. Assuming the primary design or tendency of all organic life to be that of self-perpetuation, we must needs attach the utmost importance to all those processes or appliances in nature which concur towards that end. The maximum of fecundation may be said to be the ideal goal towards which nature seems to strive, whilst no less varied and boundless are the agencies she seeks to press into her service. Among the main conditions of progress is found to be the more or less frequent intercrossing with fresh and independent forms of life. A mass of observations has made good Mr. Darwin's broad generalization that nature abhors perpetual self-fertilization. This principle holds no less in regard to plant-life than does that of a new strain in the experience of the breeder of animal stock. What can there be, then, of more importance or interest in the eyes of a physiological botanist than to trace out those appliances which can be shown to exist in the vast majority of flowering plants for securing a more or less varied intercross among them, and for excluding as far as may be the possibility of self-fecundation? Such is the aim proposed to himself by Dr. A. Kerner in the admirable little work lately issued here in an English form by Dr. W. Ogle, prefaced by a commendatory letter from Mr. Darwin, who, while thinking it possible that some of Kerner's generalizations may hereafter require to be modified, expresses a high conviction of the value of his work. Dr. Ogle, who has brought to the task of editor a sympathetic feeling for the same pursuits, makes mention of a kind of anticipation on his own part of the leading principle of Dr. Kerner's researches. Nearly three years ago he had been impressed with the fact that the stem of Lychnis Viscaria was encircled with a ring of sticky secretion, which he at first thought might serve as a trap for small insects, to be digested and absorbed as food. The insects failing to be thus disposed of, he was led to the inference that the end subserved was to keep off such insects, especially ants, as were too small and weak to effect cross-fertilization. Propounding this hypothesis to Mr. Darwin, he was told that the evidence was not yet sufficient for proof. Before he had time for the accumulation of further evidence, Dr. Kerner's essay made its appearance, which verified on a wider scale the theory he had presaged, and of which he set himself to give the benefit to the English public. The thesis, though new, is, he truly allows, a branch of the tree planted by Mr. Darwin, yet foreshadowed curiously enough in the *Loves of the Plants*. The grandfather of our great naturalist, while ignorant of the true relation between insects and flowers, had noted the function of one of the appliances described by Dr. Kerner—water-cups formed by the connate leaves of the teasel for the protection of its nectar. Still more decided is the reference by Mr. Belt, in his delightful work on Nicaragua, to the contrivances possessed by many flowers for preventing useless insects from obtaining access to their nectaries, admitting those alone which subserve the purposes of cross-fertilization by means of the pollen they introduce. In these anticipations we see so many special lines of thought radiating from the central idea of natural selection, illustrative of the preservation of advantageous varieties in nature. To work out this principle as it seems to explain a large class of provisions for the fecundation of plants is the task which Dr. Kerner has set himself in his interesting essay.

Such terms as "self-fertilization" are, as the author premises, to be avoided for their extreme indefiniteness. He would substitute "autogamy," to express the fecundation of a flower by the pollen from the androecium of the same flower; "geitonogamy" for the fecundation of a flower by pollen from other flowers on the same plant, and "xenogamy"—coming with the last-named class under the common title of "allogamy"—for the fecundation of a flower by pollen from other plants. He goes on to show the functional significance of the various parts in relation to these several processes, pointing to the accumulation of functions in parts morphologically identical which may determine the endless multiplicity of their forms. Not that he would pretend fully to explain hereby how that multiplicity originated, or what was its primary state. That question, with the further one—why plants in general produce flowers and fruit, instead of remaining limited to the vegetative mode of reproduction?—he considers outside the present inquiry. He starts with the assumption that the sexual mode of reproduction by periodic flowers and fruit is advantageous to every plant, finding as it does a possibility for the origination of new individuals differing in external character from the parent plant, and thus giving rise to new specific differences, advancing in type. It will be found, he contends, that the position, direction, and shape of the leaf, perianth, or other parts of the plant, are of no less significance for the preservation or advancement of a species than the form, colour, or smell of a flower; and that no hair or bristle is meaningless, whether found on the cotyledon or the leaf, on the stem, or the blossom. Enough has been done to establish the relation which subsists between the parts of the flower and the insects which visit it, as well as the manifold ways in which the pollen is distributed by these visitors in the course of their flying or creeping elsewhere, and the means whereby the pollen is protected from premature disposal through waste or frost or wet. But there are many peculiarities of shape presented by flowers which are not to be explained by reference to this formation. There are visitors whose invasion would be injurious in manifold ways, and it is to the means devised by nature for the exclusion of these unbidden and unwelcome guests that our author draws attention. A simple group of bristles or prickles in any part of a leaf or stem that has to be traversed by a snail, caterpillar, or other soft-bodied insect will put an effectual stop to its getting into the flower. The wingless aphides, which, if placed upon the perianth or other part of the flower, greedily thrust their rostrum into the rich juicy tissue, are hopelessly disconcerted by bristly or prickly leaves and stems, over which chitinous insects in their horny armour march with perfect ease. Now it is precisely among these chitinous insects, Dr. Kerner remarks, that many species are to be found whose visits would interfere very prejudicially with the functions of some or other of the parts of the flower:—

> For in most cases the bodily dimensions of such creatures are not adapted to the general conformation of the flower; that is, their dimensions are so small that, in diving into the recesses of the flower for the nectar there secreted, they would touch neither the anthers nor the stigma. The result therefore of their visits would be that not only would the allurement, that is, the nectar, be taken away from those insects which possess bodies of a suitable size, and thus the advantage be lost which attaches to the visits of such invited guests, but that a further evil would ensue, inasmuch as these little unbidden guests would fill up the bottom of the flower, and so cause a mechanical hindrance, which would prevent the larger and welcome insects from pushing their trunks to the bottom of the nectaries.

Most insects that are armed with mail of chitin are winged, and, if vegetable feeders, reach the flowers by flying. Some of them, however, are wingless; and these, like the snails, have to crawl over the axis and leaves to the flower. Now the visits of these wingless insects are disadvantageous, even if they possess such size of body that, in pushing to the bottom of the flower, they would rub in due succession against the pollen and the stigma. For, even when they leave a flower laden with pollen, such insects have a long journey before they can climb up to another flower of the same species, during which the pollen may be rubbed off by leaves or stems or hairs, or be washed off by weather. Nor is it likely that the flower which it reaches with difficulty will be in most cases exactly suitable for its reception; whereas the winged insect flits

* *Flowers and their Unbidden Guests.* By Dr. A. Kerner, Professor of Botany in the University of Innsbruck. With a Prefatory Letter, by Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S. The Translation Revised and Edited by W. Ogle, M.A., M.D., sometime Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. With Illustrations. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1878.

readily from flower to flower with its load of pollen fresh upon it, generally carrying on its visits to a succession of flowers of the same species. This latter propensity, Dr. Ogle remarks in a note, has been observed by Aristotle in the case of bees, which are wont to restrict themselves during one expedition to a single species of flower, such as the violet. The editor has himself during his Alpine rambles been struck by seeing Bombus montanus visiting only the inconspicuous flowers of Anthyllis alpestris, passing over the numerous and far more conspicuous nectar-bearing flowers of Pedicularis Jacquini and P. incarnata. It may well be to keep off such insects as are wingless, and to allow access to those only which fly, that flowers of very small size—flowers, *i.e.* in which very tiny insects, in pressing forward to the nectariferous recesses, would necessarily come into contact with the anthers and the stigma (such as many Compositæ, Cruciferæ, Caryophyllaceæ, Saxifragæ, Asperifoliæ, &c.)—are provided with defensive appliances in the way of bristles and hairs. Of all the wingless insects, the most unwelcome guests to flowers are the widely dispersed ants, which yet are the very ones with the greatest appetite for nectar. Curious experiments, on the part both of the author and editor, attest and illustrate the fact of ants smelling saccharine fluids at considerable distances. When deprived of protection, either by accident or artificial means, nectariferous flowers, such as Melianthus, will be found swarming with ants, though in their natural state or position they are effectually protected from these inroads during the critical period of inflorescence. In Phygelius capensis all access is rendered impossible to ants during the period of flowering; but no sooner has the corolla detached itself from the torus than the nectar, of which there is still an abundant store, is accessible to the greedy insects. The flowers falling off, their nectar is useless, being no longer needed to attract such flying insects as cause intercrossing.

In the description accompanying the admirable plates at the end of his book, Dr. Kerner explains succinctly and clearly the contrivances of nature in the instances named, and in innumerable others scarcely less marked or interesting, for compassing an end so essential to the perpetuation of vegetable life. In some cases, as in Knautia dipsacifolia, the stem is seen beset with bristly hairs, which effectually keep crawling guests away; in others, as in Linnæa borealis, the calyx and bracts are covered with glandular trichomes, of which ten rows highly viscid are set on the calyx of Plumbago europæa. In Gentiana verna the aperture of the flower is seen to be closed by eight fringed epiblastemes. Symphytum officinale shows a pair of stamens alternating with two prickly epiblastemes. Several gentians and campanulas, which our author somewhat fancifully terms revolving flowers, have nectaries with their throats so contracted and so deep that only a slender and lengthy proboscis can effectually penetrate them, which implies an insect of superior size. Nigella is closed with a lid which he has observed ants strive in vain to lift up, but which bees can raise with perfect ease. In the snapdragons and allied plants a swelling of the lower lip of the corolla so closes the entrance to the flower that it requires a muscular insect to force a passage. Through these and other instances without number Dr. Kerner traces the operation of a beneficent law or provision whereby nature keeps guard over her treasures, and works in furtherance of that end of progressive fecundity which all observation shows to underlie her efforts.

PAUL FABER, SURGEON.*

Of all kinds of novels the religious novel is apt to be the least desirable. There are a certain class of people who will read it and no other kind, much as they will go to see a play performed at the Crystal Palace by the same actors whose representations they would refuse to witness in a London theatre. Fiction in a general way is to them a thing to be avoided; but a book which combines the pleasure of invention with the flavour of a sermon may surely be read with a clear conscience. When such books, written, as no doubt some of them are, with sincerely good intentions, contain nothing absolutely offensive, people who think them mistaken in point of taste will not be inclined to blame their authors with great severity. We do not presume to inquire with what precise intentions Mr. MacDonald may have written *Paul Faber, Surgeon*, but we do presume to say without hesitation that there is much offence in it.

To criticize such a production as being a work of art in any sense would be hopeless, if not ridiculous, and it is a matter of comparatively small importance that Mr. MacDonald's style is of the most irritating kind, especially when, as in his opening chapter, he indulges in what he probably regards as a vein of gentle humour. In this chapter "Paul Faber, Surgeon," is introduced to us as making a reckless leap on a big horse into a road, where he meets the carriage of Mr. Bevis, Rector of Glaston. The rector upbraids him for his foolhardiness, and "'It is but fair to give my patients a chance now and then,' returned the surgeon, who never met the rector but there was a merry passage between them." This merry jest is capped by the rector, who timidly makes a feeble joke about Death in the Revelation, and finishes his speech with this pleasant sarcasm:—"How many have you bagged this week?" We feel inclined to say with Dr. Johnson—"This merriment of parsons is mighty offensive." Mr. Faber, however, is just such another gay wit as the rector, and, by way of being revenged, presently says that, if he did get killed, it would be "but a knock on the head and a longish snooze." It may be noted that the surgeon, who is represented as being the soul of honour, although an infidel, prefaces this saying by telling what afterwards turns out to be something not unlike a deliberate falsehood. Presently we hear of a mysterious patient of the doctor's (he is called indifferently doctor and surgeon throughout the book)—a beautiful woman who has lately settled in Glaston, and about whom nobody knows anything; and we are then introduced to an "old minister," Mr. Drake, whom Faber, anxious to prescribe for him, goes to visit, but who refuses to accept any advice or help from an infidel. He puts his refusal in this way:—"Do not take it ill. You prize honesty; so do I. Ten times rather would I cease to live than accept life at the hand of any enemy to my Lord and Master." Faber is not the only man upon whom some of the pious people of Glaston look with disfavour. Some members of the Church of England regard Mr. Wingfold, the curate, with almost equal horror on account of the tone of his sermons. Mr. Wingfold is a person remarkable enough to deserve some special notice. He had the odious habit of scribbling verses of appalling balderdash on the leaves of his favourite books. On a blank leaf of *Othello* he wrote:—

> In the hot hell o'
> Jealousy shines Othello,
> Love in despair,
> An angel in flames.
> While pure Desdemona
> Waits him alone, a
> Ghost in the air,
> White with his blames.

With a better purpose he was accustomed to write verses as soon as he had delivered a sermon, in order that he might forget it. He spent the morning in his study on the day when we first see him, and when his wife knocked at the door, after three times coming to it and finding it locked, he

> came to her pale-eyed, but his face almost luminous, and a smile hovering about his lips; she knew then that either a battle had been fought amongst the hills, and he had won, or a thought-storm had been raging, through which at length had descended the meek-eyed Peace. She looked in his face for a moment with silent reverence, then offered her lips, took him by the hand, and, without a word, led him down the stair to their mid-day meal.

When that was over, this excellent woman devoted herself to reading him to sleep, and, when he woke up, to "extemporizing and interweaving" on the piano while he got the germ of his sermon, which, with playful humour, he called his germon, "ready for its growth in the pulpit." But this was not the limit of Mrs. Wingfold's devotion. Mr. MacDonald tells us that he was once present when, having ventured to make a perfectly just criticism on some remark of her husband's, she crept to his knees, and implored his pardon. "I will not tell any more of it," he observes, with touching *naïveté*. "Perhaps it is silly of me to tell any, but it moved me strangely." Mr. Wingfold's sermons, of which three are quoted at length, were not less remarkable than Mr. Wingfold himself. Upon the first one of his congregation makes what seems to us the perfectly just comment:—"Not content with talking about himself in the pulpit, he must even talk about his wife!" The rector, however, who had heard his curate preach for the first time, was moved, to begin with, to pour himself out a large glass of sherry, which he drank in three mouthfuls; afterwards, to reflect that "he had not behaved like an honourable gentleman to Jesus Christ"; and, thirdly, to offer to change places with his curate.

However, any detailed consideration of Mr. Wingfold's eccentricities—among which were an objection to the consecration of churches and a belief in "what they so absurdly call spontaneous generation"—would lead us too far away from the main plot, if plot it can be called, of Mr. MacDonald's production, which depends on the fortunes of Paul Faber and his mysterious patient Miss Meredith. He thought it well to bleed her to relieve an attack of pleurisy; and although, when he saw her arm, he "felt his heart rise in his throat at the necessity of breaking that exquisite surface," the operation was perfectly successful; and, when it was over, "'Thank God,' he said involuntarily, and stood up. What all that meant, God only knows." In the night, however—which, by the way, seemed to Faber to have "lost the blood he had caused to flow"—the bandage slipped off, and he found his patient in a dying state from loss of blood. Upon this, with singular ingenuity, he performed the operation of transfusion from his arm to hers with the aid of a syringe and some hot water, and so brought Miss Meredith back to life. He sat watching her during the night, and she, waking for a few moments, took him for a divine vision. Then he went away, and "presently Mrs. Puckridge brought her some beef-tea." Before very long Faber was desperately in love with his patient, about whom he was in some ways puzzled. "For one thing, while he had observed that her under-clothing was peculiarly dainty, he had once or twice caught a glimpse of such an incongruity as he was compelled to set down to poverty." They talk feebly together about poetry and religion, and at last he declares that he loves her. "As a man may," she rejoined with scorn. "No! such love as you can give is too poor even for me." Not the less for this does Faber go on dancing attendance on her, until, to quote his own words, "I mistake symptoms, forget cases, confound medicines, fall into incredible blunders," a state of things which must have been decidedly annoying to his patients. Before Miss Meredith finally consents

* *Paul Faber, Surgeon.* By George MacDonald, LL.D., Author of "David Elginbrod," "Robert Falconer," "Alec Forbes of Howglen," &c. &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1879.

to marry Faber various things take place. Among them is a scene of violence between Faber and an assistant of his who has been practising vivisection on his own account. How it happened that the assistant was able to secure his victim and operate upon it without Faber's finding it out until it was too late to stop it—whether, as one might think from the quotation just given, from Faber's gross carelessness or from his own diabolical cunning—Mr. Mac Donald does not condescend to tell us. However, Faber kicks his assistant downstairs, and turns him out of doors. This he was perhaps justified in doing, but Mr. Mac Donald has not strengthened the character of the puppet which he holds up for our admiration by putting the most horrible language into its mouth, and making it in the heat of passion talk the most vulgar English. Nor has the incident any result, except to serve as an excuse for introducing the second of the three sermons which Mr. Mac Donald includes in the pages of his novel.

It is time, however, to get to the chief point of Mr. Mac Donald's work. After Miss Meredith had become Mrs. Faber, she was not wholly contented with her life. Her grand piano had not yet arrived, and she wished her husband would buy a yellow gig and take her with him in it on his rounds. She borrowed a pair of goloshes and went to hear Mr. Wingfold preach a sermon in which he announced his belief that some day a strength of physical light would be found that would make gold or marble transparent, and one night she confessed to her husband that she had been no better than she should be before her marriage. Upon this ensues a scene which, whatever else it may be, is certainly unparalleled in the pages of modern, or for that matter ancient, fiction. Faber not unnaturally rushes away from her "with a great quick stride," and takes refuge in his dressing-room. Thither she followed him, and "sank on her knees before him, hurriedly slipped her night-gown from her shoulders to her waist, and over her head, bent towards the floor, held up to him a riding-whip." "They were baleful stars that looked down upon that naked world beneath them," says Mr. Mac Donald, and, going on to say that nothing is to him "so utterly pathetic as the back," he indulges in a burst of disgusting nonsense which it is as well not to quote. Mrs. Faber implores her husband to whip her, and so, as she puts it, make her clean. He is so far overcome by her entreaties that he takes the whip from her hand; but he does not use it. Mr. Mac Donald says, with bitter irony:—

> Of course a man cannot strike a woman! He may tread her in the mire; he may clasp her and then scorn her; he may kiss her close, and then dash her from him into a dunghean, but he must not strike her—that would be unmanly! Oh, grace itself is the rage of the pitiful Othello to the forbearance of many a self-contained, cold-blooded, self-careful slave, that thinks himself a gentleman! Had not Faber been even then full of his own precious self, had he yielded to her prayer or to his own wrath, how many hours of agony would have been saved them both!—"What! would you have had him really strike her?" I would have had him do *anything* rather than choose himself and reject his wife: make of it what you will.

What follows is even more nauseous than what has been quoted. In the end "the devil and the gentleman had conquered," and Faber left his wife and the whip. Many of the absurdities and even vulgarities contained in Mr. Mac Donald's novel offer themselves as fair marks for ridicule; but so gross and defiant an outrage as this upon the common laws of literary decency must be driven, not laughed, out of court. To serve this purpose it is probably enough that we have given our readers a sketch of the scene, leaving unquoted some of its "realistic" details. The story of subsequent reconciliation can hardly interest them.

DIGBY'S FAMINE CAMPAIGN IN SOUTHERN INDIA.*

IT was said by at least one eminent lawyer that Lord Campbell's habit of writing legal biographies had given a new terror to death. In like manner we may say that Indian famines are in themselves terrible things, but that, if described on Mr. Digby's scale, they will be invested with a yet deeper horror. The author of these two volumes has devoted more than a thousand pages to what he terms the campaign against the famine, and he has been aided in his task by endless reports and orders made public at the time, and by copies of private and trustworthy documents. He has had experience as an editor of a local journal. He acted for some time as Honorary Secretary to the Indian Famine Relief. He has the advantage of knowing exactly how men thought and acted at a very trying crisis. And we do not lose sight of the fact that his object is not so much to write a history of the famine as to put records into such shape that some future writer may found on them a trustworthy judgment. We do not expect to find, and we do not here find, errors in geography or politics, or in the spelling of Oriental names; nor do we complain of any general ignorance of the framework and machinery of the Indian Government. On the contrary, it is not often our lot to read a work in which, if we once admit the propriety of its proportions, there is so little to correct or revise. What we object to is that Mr. Digby has allowed himself to be swamped by his own materials. He has attempted to analyse them, but they have fairly mastered him. The art of condensation, of picking out startling facts, of eliminating what is ephemeral and retaining what is permanently useful, and of forming sound conclusions, seems to have been lost. We light on long controversies, which leave the matter all but undecided; telegrams relating to purely passing and unimportant topics; lists of names that no one wanted; minutes and arguments set out in all but their original bulk; a reprint of a piece of mock legislation, intended for satire, but neither witty nor amusing; and, in short, to borrow a phrase from one of Mr. Ruskin's earlier writings, we miss the skill that brings materials to point and accumulation into structure.

Still it would be unfair not to recognize the extreme pains bestowed on the work; the amplitude of the stores which throw light on the past as well as suggest thought for the future; the general fairness of the statements, with one or two exceptions to be noticed; the arrangement of copious statistical tables about rations, areas, population, and death-rates, and the moral earnestness and humane sentiments of the writer. All we say is, that compression and subtraction would have reduced the matter by one-third, and might have given the book a much wider circulation. There can be no question that the famine of 1877 distanced all others with which we have been made practically familiar. During other similar visitations within the last forty years, our attention has been directed exclusively to the North-West Provinces; or to the Rajpoot States; or to the Province of Orissa; or to Tirhoot and a few other districts in Behar and Bengal. But here we had a failure of crops which affected from fourteen to sixteen districts and sixteen millions of people in the Madras Presidency, which devastated a part of the kingdom of Mysore, and which spread dismay in the city of Bombay and misery over a large tract under that Government. At this very same time there was also distress in Rajpootana, and temporary but severe suffering in several parts of the North-West Provinces. Mr. Digby is not guilty of exaggeration in saying that the Viceroy, during his politic and humane journey from Simla to Madras in August 1877, passed through "a region almost entirely famine-stricken." Never, perhaps, has the Indian Government had to grapple with such a problem, and those who write with a vivid recollection of Afghan disasters, Sikh campaigns, and mutinies of Sepoys, must admit that to meet such an enemy with success would have severely taxed the forethought and sagacity of Lord Dalhousie and the serene and stately intellect of Lord Canning.

It is to be hoped that certain definite canons will be adopted and laid down for future guidance from the treatment followed in Madras. At the commencement of the campaign, administrators in spite of previous lessons seemed to be yet discussing the first principles of strategy. Mr. Digby enters at length into these controversies, and his narrative tends to establish the following conclusions. The problem which the Madras Government had to solve, and which other administrations may at any time have to encounter, was "how to feed an uncertain number of people on imported food for half a year at least." To this end it was proposed to employ and pay labourers on public works of utility; to establish vast camps under regular supervision where the sick could be treated medically, and those who could work at all might find occupation; and to administer relief in the villages to such as would not or could not travel to find it. But it very soon became apparent that petty works, carried out under the ordinary civil agency of the country, were both impolitic and unproductive. It was difficult to get a fair day's work out of the ordinary labourer; peculation and rascality were rife; and, worst of all, the works themselves were fragmentary, disjointed, and often unfinished. They were liable, when the famine was over, to remain as records of spasmodic action and wasted funds. The true policy is to begin a series of comprehensive or connected undertakings of permanent utility, and to entrust their construction to professional engineers, who shall take care that none but the able be employed, and that they be paid regularly in money for a fair day's work. But it is obvious that even such well-planned schemes afford no help to the sick, to the weak, to women and children, to that large class which during such calamities is given to wander all over the country, and to that still larger class which from ignorance, fatalism, or prejudices of caste prefers to remain till death overtakes them at their own homes. It was determined to provide for all such cases by the establishment of relief camps and by house-to-house visitation in the villages. The best idea of a model relief camp is to consider it as a workhouse and a hospital combined. The sick are tended; those able to do some work are set to tasks commensurate with their strength; sanitary measures are enforced, and cooked food is given instead of wages. In such a camp, furnished with kitchens, store sheds, hospitals, and all conveniences, and with a proper establishment of cooks, scavengers, policemen, carts, and a superintendent, relief can be given daily to several thousand people. But it is also quite clear that, without the strictest supervision, abuses creep in of all kinds in the reception of improper people and in the spending of money; and that it requires firmness and method to form a model camp. There remains the system of village relief. Nothing, at first sight, seems more humane and proper than this plan of visiting the homes of people too sickly to work or to go to a camp at a distance; and yet nothing has been productive of more heart-breaking waste. The curse of Indian administration, the untrustworthiness of native instruments, was never more clearly shown. Englishmen could not be had in sufficient numbers for such duties, and every Anglo-Indian of any experience knows what he has to expect when considerable sums of money must pass through sub-Inspectors, village Headmen, highly respectable householders, and venerable and orthodox Brahmans. Mr. Digby gives plenty of instances of the tricks and subterfuges resorted to by native agents. Money was

* *The Famine Campaign in Southern India*, 1876–1878. By William Digby, Honorary Secretary Indian Famine Relief Fund. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1878.

given to friends and relatives, and was withheld from the starving and the sick. Fictitious names were entered on the register. Some who were dying were left to die, while others who ought to have been sent to relief works or to an organized camp were comfortably supported at their own homes. Professional and religious mendicants came in for an undue share. In short, it has been abundantly proved that village relief, unless it is combined with rules that cannot be evaded or administered by people above suspicion, is another name for profligate waste of money.

It is to the credit of the Viceroy that he discerned the true principles on which the famine was to be fought; that he removed incapable and obstructive Anglo-Indians, and replaced them, in more than one instance, by men of tact, experience, and firmness; and that he strengthened the hands of the local Government by directing that all operations should be carried on by the Governor without the aid or interference of his Council. When correct principles have once been settled, execution is best entrusted to one man. Some little soreness seems to have been created by an apparent reluctance of the Government of India to admit that private charity was needed. But, after some correspondence, the proper sphere of individual and unofficial benevolence was seen, at first in Mysore and afterwards elsewhere. To compare small agencies with great, the distinction was exactly that which the members of the Charity Organization Society have drawn between their own sphere of action and the Poor Law. It has been a sore puzzle to many well-meaning English gentlemen and ladies, but it is essentially sound. It would be as absurd for the Committees of the Charity Organization to compete with the Guardians of the Poor in relieving destitution and pauperism as it would have been for the Indian Famine Relief Committee to vie with the Government in feeding the poor in camps or keeping them alive in their villages. It was the object of the Government to save life. That of the Relief Fund was to mitigate suffering, to repair losses, and to promote self-dependence. When it is remembered that more than half a million was contributed by the Mansion House Fund, and that other large sums were contributed elsewhere, making in all 800,000*l.*, it must be admitted that the distribution of such sums demanded as much forethought, principle, and method as the expenditure on the part of the State. Money was accordingly given by local Committees for seed grain, for clothing, and for the hire of bullocks. In some instances children and orphans were fed, as were also persons who did not, for some good reasons, come within the sphere of official relief. Houses were rebuilt, day nurseries and feeding-kitchens for children were established, and cultivators were enabled to bear up morally as well as physically, and were rendered fit to plough and sow when the rain came at last. Noble contributions were made to this same fund by the Viceroy and the whole Anglo-Indian agency, as was the case in the Orissa and other famines, and the Committees were composed of all classes, missionaries of divers denominations, independent Englishmen, and collectors and judges.

Famines, like other serious events, have their humorous and absurd as well as their pathetic side. We were, however, hardly prepared to find from an anecdote of a little English boy recorded at p. 91 of the second volume, that Dickens's Mrs. Pardiggle and the Infant Bonds of Joy were not wholly imaginary creations of the novelist. The saying current in Northern Wales, "If it please God and Sir Watkin" found a counterpart in the case of a native schoolmaster and his wife in the district of Chingleput. They asked how they "could commit suicide without offending the Deity or the Rev. J. Davies Thomas"; this gentleman having obtained a paramount influence over the minds of the people. We have no wish to impugn the motives of the Sanitary Commissioner, who went about camps and relief works to test the physical condition of the ryots; but he seems once or twice to have doubted the evidence of his own senses, and even where natives continued to put on some flesh, he discovered reasons for refusing to admit this as an evidence of sufficient nutriment. Molière, we may remember, made one of his typical doctors tell a patient, "cette trop grande santé est nuisible. Voilà un œil que je me ferais crever si j'étais vous." It was often a struggle to preserve a compassionate feeling in the teeth of impudent frauds, or dogged refusal to comply with the most sensible and reasonable conditions. Native Committees thought this a good opportunity to do a little usury with funds entrusted to them. Owners refused to lend bullocks on hire to starving ryots who had lost their own. A nursery was emptied because a rumour had got abroad that the children were to be entrapped into Christianity; and ten thousand people deserted on one day for fear they should be carried off to forced labour in the hills. One native official persisted in returning all deaths as from cholera, or dysentery, or some usual disease, and ignoring the famine altogether. Another refused to feel the arm of a lad to ascertain his physical condition, on the ground that he could not touch a Pariah. A cow sold for a cake of coarse grain. A woman who died in the last stage of emaciation was found to have sixty rupees in cash tied up in her bundle. And, worse still, a man convicted of dashing out the brains of his children because he could not feed them, had enough money to keep his family for nearly a year.

The selection of these instances, calling up smiles or indignation by turns, must not lead us away from more affecting disclosures made by Mr. Digby. His pages attest in a hundred instances the generally patient attitude of the people, their trust and dependence on the beneficent English magistrates, their uncomplaining submissiveness to the Divine will. Nor have we any wish to pass lightly over the frightful incidents of the visitation which, to do Mr. Digby and his informants justice, are simply and truthfully described, without any desire to gratify a morbid excitement or a craving for sensational food. We remember an old Bengali crone who had far outlived all her contemporaries and who died some twenty years ago, fixing the date of her birth by saying to us that she was nine years old when one man ate another, *i.e.* in one of the famines of the last century. We fear that in several Madras villages dates will be fixed for a long time to come by these or similar horrors. It was impudently said after the Behar famine that the whole thing was got up between Sir Richard Temple and the Government of Bengal. No one will say this of Madras. Whatever difficulty there may be in ascertaining the exact number of deaths in Southern India—and the estimates vary from half a million to three millions—there can be no doubt that, in spite of active efforts and unstinted benevolence, the native population have passed through one of the severest ordeals on record. Apart from direct relief, various suggestions were tried and adopted, but they were mere palliatives. It occurred to a distinguished colonist to suggest emigration on a large scale. The Chief Commissioner of British Burma accordingly reported that he had plenty of waste land. The climate was not unfamiliar; rice could be cultivated; emigrants could be received and cared for in large depôts on arrival; houses could be built, bullocks and employment be supplied. It was thought that twenty thousand labouring men could be drafted off in this way; but, whether from the ignorance or from the extremely conservative habits of the Hindu, nothing was done. And, after all, what are a few thousand more or less where the reckoning is of millions? It is remarkable, however, that from the southern districts of Madras a natural stream of emigration yearly sets towards Ceylon. Where men were dying it was difficult to keep cattle alive, and a part of the second volume is occupied with the details of an experiment by which bullocks were fed with the leaves of the prickly pear. The prickles must be removed, and the cattle educated to eat this aliment, just as in Iceland ponies and cows are taught in winter to live on fish; but, owing to the cost and trouble of preparation, we do not gather that the cactus obtained more than a moderate success.

We have no space for the tremendous controversy which raged between Sir R. Temple, the *legatus à latere* of the Viceroy, and Dr. Cornish, the Sanitary Commissioner of Madras. The main point at issue was whether, in a time of famine, people could live properly on one pound of grain a day, and a small money payment to procure condiments. Sir Richard thought it could be done. Dr. Cornish thought it could not; and Mr. Digby, though evidently not favourable to the former, fails to sum up the evidence and decide the point. The benevolent reader may perhaps think that one pound and a half of grain would have been more advisable; but it is undeniable that the lower rate sufficed to keep people alive in Bombay, and we cannot blame an administrator of the humane character and extensive experience possessed by the present Governor of Bombay because he used all his endeavours to prevent needless extravagance when the Government was losing the mainspring of its revenues on one hand, and was disbursing millions on the other. Many other points are brought into relief by Mr. Digby's analysis. For instance, the difference between acute and chronic starvation is worth noting. Acute starvation is when men are cast adrift at sea, or lost in a jungle, or immured in a coal-pit for five or six days. Such are soon restored by judicious treatment and food. But chronic starvation—that is, insufficiency of nourishment for weeks or months—destroys the vital and assimilating power, and saps life slowly and surely. Even good food fails to restore men whose organs have degenerated from bad or insufficient aliments; and a lowered system, we know, invites cholera, dysentery, marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence. It is impossible that Mr. Digby's compilation should not attract the notice of the Famine Commission, who for him will be as good as Plato, should other readers fail. We do not pretend to forecast all the recommendations of the Commissioners; but we are certain that their attention will be drawn to the improvement of agriculture and the conservancy of trees on permanently settled estates, while no Indian administration ought ever henceforth to be unprepared with well-planned schemes of public works for seasons of scarcity, and with a competent agency for organizing relief and regulating disbursements on a large scale, as Railway Companies keep up regularly a "breakdown" for collisions.

CHESTER'S LOVE'S MARTYR.*

It is not a little extraordinary that, in these days of reckless reprinting, a book of so great intrinsic interest as the *Love's Martyr* of Robert Chester should have waited until now, not only for an editor, but even for a commentator. A publication to which Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, and Chapman supplied original contributions has surely a very special claim upon critical attention, and it is another proof of the waste of ingenuity by English annotators of Shakspeare that, while so much matchless folly about the authorship and versification of the plays is annually foisted upon us, no one should have preceded Dr. Grosart in attempting to fathom the mystery connected with the Phœnix and the Turtle. We are not fully convinced that he has absolutely solved all the problems contained in a singularly knotty literary question; but at all events he has approached them from the

* *The Poems of Robert Chester (1601–1611), with Verse Contributions by Shakspeare and Others.* Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. A. B. Grosart. Printed for Fifty Subscribers. 1878.

right point of view, and his conjectures, in some cases manifestly correct, are at least plausible in all.

The full title of the book here reprinted has the prolixity and verbose effusion of the Elizabethan age. It runs as follows:—

> Love's Martyr, or Rosalin's Complaint. Allegorically shadowing the truth of Love in the constant fate of the Phœnix and the Turtle. A poem enterlaced with much variety and rarity, now first translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato Cœliano, by Robert Chester. With the true legend of King Arthur, the last of the nine worthies, being the first essay of a new British poet, collected out of divers authentical records. To these are added some new compositions of several modern writers, whose names are subscribed to their several works upon the first subject—viz., the Phœnix and Turtle. Mutare dominum non potest liber notus. London. Imprinted for E. B. 1601.

The first thing we have to note is that the professed translation out of the Italian is a mere blind. No such poet as Torquato Cœliano exists. There was a certain Livio Coliano, whose *rime* were published at Bergamo in 1587, in the same volume with those of Torquato Tasso, and it seems likely that the English poet forged his original by combining those names. We have, therefore, to expect an original allegory of the martyrdom in love of two persons darkly spoken of as the Phœnix and the Turtle, followed by a version of the legend of King Arthur, and by certain "new," or hitherto unpublished, compositions on the same subject of the fate of Phœnix and Turtle from the pen of "several modern writers"—namely, Shakspeare, Marston, Chapman, Ben Jonson, and the poet calling himself "Ignoto." It is evident from the mere title-page that a dangerous, or at least a mysterious, theme, deeply interesting to highly distinguished persons, is here treated under a veil of allegory. The poem of Robert Chester, which occupies the first hundred and ninety-seven pages of the volume, is written partly in *rhyme royal* and partly in the six-line heroic stanza, and opens by describing how the gods met upon a solemn day in parliament, and how the various deities had each some sad tale to tell of outrage or misfortune. Last of all Nature comes, and reports that the fairest thing on her earth, the Phœnix, has suffered grievous sorrow. She then describes the person of the Phœnix at great length, with all the curious catalogue of charms in which the Elizabethan poets delighted to portray their loves. Some of this description is very pretty:—

> When the least whistling wind begins to sing,
> And gently blows her hair about her neck,
> Like to a chime of bells it soft doth ring
> And with the pretty noise the wind doth check,
> Able to lull asleep a pensive heart
> That of the round world's sorrows bears a part.

After a categorical eulogy, in which eyes, chin, neck, teeth, and so on each receive a special stanza, we learn that the real cause of grief is that this Phœnix, who is described as a woman and as a queen, has no descendant:—

> This Phœnix I do fear me will decay,
> And from her ashes never will arise
> Another bird her wings for to display,
> And her rich beauty for to equalise;
> The Arabian fires are too dull and base
> To make another spring within her place.

The gods are struck with consternation; but Jove, recovering from his astonishment, refuses to believe this story of Nature's until she shows him the portrait of the Phœnix. This done, the god acknowledges that Britain possesses no fire that can kindle a second Phœnix to be heir to this, but bids Nature go seek in the neighbouring Isle of Paphos, a delightful country where no poisonous reptiles lurk, for a turtle worthy of this royal bird. These are the stanzas, and they are well worthy of attention, in which this illustrious creature is described:—

> Hard by a running stream or crystal fountain,
> Wherein rich orient pearl is often found,
> Environed with a high and steepy mountain,
> A fertile soil and fruitful plot of ground,
> There shalt thou find true honour's lovely squire,
> That for this Phœnix keeps Promethean fire.
>
> His bower wherein he lodgeth all the night
> Is framed of cedars and high lofty pine.
> I made his house to chastise thence despite,
> And framed it like this heavenly roof of mine.
> His name is *Liberal Honor*, and his heart
> Aims at true faithful service and desart.
>
> Look on his face, and in his brows doth sit
> Blood and sweet mercy hand in hand united;
> Blood to his foes, a president most fit
> For such as have his gentle humour spited.
> His hair is curled by nature mild and meek,
> Hangs careless down to shroud a blushing cheek.
>
> Give him this ointment to anoint his head,
> This precious balm to lay unto his feet;
> These shall direct him to this Phœnix' bed,
> Where on a high hill he this bird shall meet,
> And of their ashes by my doom shall rise
> Another Phœnix her to equalise.

What result follows from this introduction of the Turtle to the Phœnix, or whether it actually comes off, is not told. There follows a prayer for the prosperity of the latter, and this gives place to a lengthy dialogue between the Phœnix, Nature, and the Turtle. No hint is given of martyrdom, or of the ominous sacrifice stated in the title; the poet carefully refrains from this, as too difficult or dangerous a theme for him to dwell upon.

Dr. Grosart has conjectured, and with every appearance of truth, that the subject so lovingly treated, so cautiously veiled in *Love's Martyr* was no less than the relation existing between Queen Elizabeth and Robert Devereux, second Earl of Essex. That the Queen should be described as a paragon of physical beauty so late as 1601 is by no means as paradoxical as it seems. A belief in the loveliness of Elizabeth, and in the freshness and dewiness of her virgin charms, was an axiom of courtly etiquette to the last. No matter how grim, how bald, how wrinkled the imperial vixen became, she was still the golden-haired rosy Gloriana of the dreams of the poets of her youth. One year later than the publication of *Love's Martyr*, in 1602, Sir Walter Raleigh, addressing a letter to the Queen, thought it not unadvisable to speak of her "celestial beauty." As to the term "Phœnix," that also was not unprecedented. As early as 1593 Churchyard, in his rare poem of "Churchyard's Challenge," which has been reprinted by Dr. Grosart, addresses the Queen under the title of "only Phœnix of the World." It is not quite so easy to identify Essex with the Turtle; but the long passage we have quoted above is full of striking points of resemblance. In the first place, "Paphos Isle" would plainly seem to be Ireland, whither Essex had gone, constant still, in spite of his reckless conduct, to the memory of his great mistress. This description is thoroughly in keeping with the contemporary view of him whose function it was "to keep the grim wolf from Eliza's gate"; and in Peele's *Eclogue Gratulatory*, addressed to Essex on his return from Portugal in 1589, Dr. Grosart has discovered some parallel passages which seem to give a strong colour of probability to his conjecture. If so, the *Love's Martyr* celebrates, in dark and muffled phrase, the unfortunate loves of Elizabeth and that great man whom she wished to marry, but dared not, and illustrates in a very curious way a singular point in English history.

The Robert Chester who wrote this poem is supposed to be the same person who was born in June 1566, was sheriff of the county of Herts in 1599, and received the honour of a Royal visit soon after James I. ascended the throne. On the 23rd of July, 1603, he was knighted at Whitehall, and he died on the 3rd of May, 1640. That he received such attentions and favours from the hand of the King is an additional proof which we offer to Dr. Grosart in support of his thesis, since it is well known that James I. made it part of his policy to reward such partisans of Essex as the author of *Love's Martyr* had, not without personal risk, proved himself to be. But of more interest to us by far than the original verses of Robert Chester are those lyrics which he induced his most eminent dramatic contemporaries to contribute to his venture. Of these the most prominent must always be the elegy and the *threnos* signed William Shake-speare. These melodious and beautiful verses, which foreshadow in their measure the inspired elegy of friendship in our own day, have hitherto been entirely unintelligible to students of Shakspeare:—

> Let the bird of loudest lay,
> On the sole Arabian tree,
> Herald sad and trumpet be
> To whose sound chaste wings obey.
>
> Let the Priest in surplice white,
> That defunctive music can,
> Be the death-divining Swan,
> Lest the requiem lack his right.

These lovely cadences have represented nothing to the mind that was intimate or characteristic; but, if we accept Dr. Grosart's theory, they take at once a clear though concealed and allegorical meaning. So it is with

> Death is now the Phœnix' nest,
> And the Turtle's loyal breast
> To eternity doth rest.
>
> Truth may seem but cannot be,
> Beauty brag but 'tis not she,
> Truth and beauty buried be.

In other words, this is the requiem, not precisely of the Phœnix, since the Queen was still alive, but of the love that united Phœnix and Turtle, Beauty and Truth, Elizabeth and Essex. That Shakspeare was a partisan of Essex is well known; the panegyric in the fifth act of *Henry V.* is but one eminent proof of this. But even a more curious testimony to it is the persistent silence of Shakspeare when, on the Queen's death, all the poets broke out into a chorus of elegiac eulogy. He was not disposed to laud the murderers of Essex, even when Henry Chettle, in his *England's Mourning Garment*, in 1603, called upon him almost by name to do so:—

> Nor doth the silver-tonguèd Melicert
> Drop from his honied Muse one sable tear,
> To mourn her death that gracèd his desert,
> And to his lays opened her royal ear.
> Shepherd, remember our Elizabeth,
> And sing her rape, done by that Tarquin death.

It is certainly more than a mere coincidence that Marston and Chapman, who were also among the "modern writers" who contributed to *Love's Martyr*, are associated with Shakspeare as equally blameworthy by Chettle. Chapman signs only one of these pieces, a strain of grave and gnomic verse not very easy of comprehension. Perhaps, however, he indited the invocation to Apollo and the Muses, and the address to Sir John Salisbury, which are both signed *Vatum Chorus*, and which we cannot agree with Dr. Grosart in attributing to Ben Jonson. John Marston, the dramatist and satirist, follows Shakspeare with four poems, all very wide of the mark, and full of perfunctory commendation of some vague feminine perfection. But his hyperbolical tropes afford us one atom of evidence, where he says that the beauty he praises has long grown into maturity. For the rest, we must suppose that Marston thought it well

to be extremely cautious in such perilous times. Ben Jonson closes the book with several contributions, couched in his manly style, but with a little more of his pedantry than we admire nowadays. Here, as everywhere else, Shakspeare transcends his illustrious compeers with the most perfect ease, and while they are enveloped in mists of ingenuity and an exploded philosophy, he rises at once into a clear air of harmony and tender music. His little Threnos, in five stanzas, is one of the lyrical gems of that age, and we can only congratulate ourselves that Mr. Robert Chester's ponderous poem was the cause of its composition. How Chester became intimate with so many of the greatest poets of his time, what his actual connexion with them was, why, after moving in so brilliant a circle, he slipped out of it, and died, as he had lived, obscure, so late as 1640, all this is unfortunately matter of vain conjecture. All we know is that in 1611 he brought out a second edition of *Love's Martyr* under a new title. Dr. Grosart has taken extraordinary pains in editing this important volume, and the fulness of the notes and of the critical introduction does credit to his scholarship. He may not have proved his point to the satisfaction of all students of Shakspeare, but at least he has propounded a very ingenious and a very poetical theory.

NEW SCHOOL BOOKS.*

THE making of many books is certainly no nearer its end now than it was in the days of Solomon; and, if there is one branch of the tree of knowledge more luxuriantly flourishing than its fellows, it surely is that one which bears "educational works." The mania for writing school-books which has attacked the whole literary world still rages undiminished, and affects authors great and small, professional and amateur alike. Every publishing firm of any repute is putting forth its "primers," "manuals," or "educational courses," warranted to excel and supersede all other class-books, no matter how long they may have enjoyed fame and favour. The only effect that this *embarras de choix* among school-books has yet had upon teachers is to raise a sect among them who denounce the use of school-books altogether, and preach the doctrine that lessons given *vivâ voce* are the only lessons that make any impression on the brains of their scholars. As for the scholars themselves, the effect produced upon their minds by familiarity with so many conflicting authorities was naïvely expressed by a shrewd child, who described two persons remarkable for diversity of opinion as "exactly like two histories, for the one contradicts whatever the other one says." Happily the two histories in the batch of school-books which we have now under review treat of subjects too widely sundered to give occasion for any such clashing of opinions. One merit, however, they have in common, and that no small one. They are written in the spirit that looks upon history as a record of such of the events of times gone by as stirred the spirits of men at the time they happened, or have produced results affecting the welfare of society in the present day. This mode of treatment is in direct opposition to those historians who maintain that history as an instrument of education is only useful when it acts on the emotions by enlisting the sympathies of the young in some one or other of the actors in its scenes. This, they maintain, can only be done by bringing children as nearly as possible into personal contact with the characters thus held up for their admiration or reprobation, or, in other words, by tickling their ears with gossiping details that are generally useless and very often untrue.

To be sure, the period of English history which Mr. Browning has taken in hand does not afford scope for many romantic stories, for it is our own matter-of-fact and prosaic nineteenth century. Mr. Browning rightly estimates it as a period of great intellectual progress, displayed chiefly in vigorous Parliamentary reform, the extension of religious toleration, and the diffusion of education. But we think he is going rather too far when he compares the political changes wrought in the last half-century to the effects produced in France when the First Revolution overturned the throne and dashed feudalism to the ground. Far from being revolutionary, most of the reforms of the last fifty years have been in the truest sense of the word conservative—that is, true to the traditions and the spirit of our Constitution. That spirit has always shown itself ready to change the machinery of government to suit the temper of the times, and to discard any part of that machinery as soon as it is proved to be worn out and cumbersome. Mr. Browning's little book is the last of a series edited by Mr. Creighton, under the title of *Epochs of Modern History*. This last epoch, its biographer tells us, "opens dark and gloomily"; however, it improves wonderfully as it goes on. He is very hopeful about its close, which finds England "ready with renewed strength to run a fresh career of prosperity and honour." The last chapter is especially comforting just at present, when there is so much croaking about the dangers which threaten our manufactures, our commerce, and even our territory, and when a voice here and there may even be heard advocating a relapse to the suicidal selfishness of a policy of Protection. In that chapter Mr. Browning compares England as it was and as it is, and proves by arguments, supported by statistics, that if increase of population, increase of wealth, increase of territory, and increase of commerce going hand in hand with decrease of pauperism and of crime, may be accepted as signs of the welfare and prosperity of any nation, then the English of the present day are tenfold more wealthy and more prosperous than were the English under the Regency. The chief steps or stages that mark the progress which has wrought such wondrous changes are, Mr. Browning considers, five—to wit, the Emancipation of the Catholics; the passing of the first Reform Bill; the Repeal of the Corn Laws; the International Exhibitions; the passing of the last Reform Bill. Now, to class the opening of an International Exhibition, even though it were the first of its kind, with the repeal of an oppressive law and the extension of the franchise, is too much like accepting the first Bonaparte's valuation of our countrymen and writing ourselves down a nation of shopkeepers; and to say that "all thoughts were concentrated on the Great Exhibition" is, we hope, an exaggerated view of the sensation which it produced. Nor can we pass without protest Mr. Browning's estimate of the originator of the Exhibition scheme; for, though no one can fail to admire the discretion with which Prince Albert filled a difficult position, that position was not one of such vast importance as to justify the assertion that "the prince's virtues formed the real foundation of the prosperity of the reign." For the rest, Mr. Browning gives a clear and concise account of the state of parties at the time when measures of Reform were first mooted, of the various stages of the struggle which resulted in the triumph of the Whigs, of the passing of the Reform Bill, and of the agitation throughout the country which accompanied the discussion of Parliamentary Reform and the repeal of the Corn Laws. And, although political changes, as being of the greatest importance, naturally claim the largest share of his space and of his attention, Mr. Browning has not failed to bring under notice every event of any moment either at home or abroad which has occurred within the scope of his period. But, among the causes which have brought about the immense social progress of the last half-century, he seems to have overlooked the important changes which the introduction of steam traffic has wrought, not only by the extension of commerce, but also by the effect which increased facilities for travelling have had in spreading education and religious toleration. Although Mr. Browning looks at history from a Liberal point of view, his book is moderate and impartial. It is an accurate and sensible compendium of a puzzling period of English history, and may be read with profit both by old and young. The simplicity of the plan on which it is written, and the absence of all superfluous details, make this little history of modern England as suitable for refreshing the memory of those who have lived through the times which it describes as for impressing the memory of the schoolboy, to whom all times alike are history.

The other history on our list is an elementary History of France. It is divided into two parts, each of which contains the whole history of the Gauls and Franks, from the burning of Rome by Brennus to the death of M. Thiers. The first part is a mere skeleton; the second puts a little more flesh on the bones. Now the value or worthlessness of such a little book must of course depend on whether its writer has or has not the knowledge and skill needed to pick out the real bones of history from the mass of less important matter underneath which they are hidden. Mr. Taylor has shown this knowledge in compiling this little manual; for the events for which he has found room in his very limited space are all really noteworthy, either from their immediate effect or from the results that followed them. Each division of the book is preceded by a list of names and dates to be committed to memory. We have no fault to find with such of these as commemorate deaths or marriages, battles lost or won, the passing of laws, the conclusion of treaties, or any such transactions of necessarily limited duration; but we think it unwise and misleading to class among such definite facts a condition of the State which came about gradually, such as "The Monarchy Absolute," "The Monarchy Victorious." Especially we must take exception to ticketing the date 1317 as "The Salic Law Adopted," as if in that year the Salic Law had been formally accepted as the Code Napoléon was in later times. For though the dispute about the succession brought the question of the law under discussion, the decision in favour of the male heir was no adoption of a new law, but only a declaration of the fact that the law of the Salian Franks still was, as it had always been, the law of the nation. In other respects the book so far as it goes is good. The explanations of the feudal system and of the States-General are clear and simple. Mr. Taylor has had the advantage of twenty years' experience in teaching. That experience has given him an insight into the tastes and powers of children, and has enabled him to write quite the best elementary History of France which has yet come under our notice.

The *First Principles of English Grammar*, by the same author, is also an admirable little book. Its object is to make the study of English grammar attractive rather than repulsive. This object it is well calculated to achieve from the clearness of the explanations, the simplicity of the style, and the absence of all technical terms. The opinion of the teaching world is at present pretty nearly equally divided on the question whether children are or are not capable of learning grammar. Probably the correct answer to this

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* *Modern England.* By Oscar Browning, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1878.

First Principles of French History. By T. S. Taylor. London: Relfe Brothers.

First Principles of English Grammar. By T. S. Taylor. London: Relfe Brothers.

The Advanced English Grammar. London: Central School Depôt.

French Accidence. By Léon Delbos, M.A. London: Williams & Norgate.

A Class-Book of Geography. By C. B. Clarke, F.L.S., F.G.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1878.

question is, that some are and some are not. Mr. Taylor thinks that children not only can learn grammar, but that it is the science best adapted for attaining the real end of all education—the drawing out of their faculties—because it is the only science which treats of material with which all are familiar. Unfortunately the familiarity makes the difficulty, and many teachers find it much more easy to bring home to the understanding of their pupils the rules of grammar by teaching them hand in hand with a foreign language than by attempting to apply them to their own. For intelligent English children who can learn the grammar of their own language, Mr. Taylor's book ought to prove very attractive; for, instead of giving a collection of perplexing rules to be learned by heart, he explains the reason and origin of all the mysterious changes which affect the several parts of speech and their relation to one another, and illustrates his explanations from time to time by comparison with divers foreign languages. Mr. Taylor has taken his philology from good authorities. His explanation of the relationship of the different Aryan languages is very good and clear, and he turns the attention of the children to the origin of the words they use and to the poetry which these words contain, thus awakening in their minds an interest in the study of philology. He concludes by commending to them Mr. Earle's book on the English tongue, should they wish to continue this study further.

As for the *Advanced English Grammar*, it is very much less advanced than the unpretending little primer that we have just noticed. In compiling it the author seems to have followed the example of certain young musicians whose great desire is to make their compositions look as difficult as possible. The number of rules relating to each part of speech that have to be mastered by the learner before he can parse a simple exercise are very formidable, and the examples of "Tabular Analysis" and "Branch Analysis," given him as models for the dissection of sentences, must fill his heart with dismay and doubt. As far as the mere grammatical rules go, however, though there are more of them and they are more involved than is at all needful, the book is correct enough; but so much cannot be said for the "Sketch of the History of the English Language" which forms the concluding chapter. The author of this *Advanced English Grammar* has not himself advanced beyond that stage of philology which speaks of the Aryan languages as "Indo-European;" and the so-called "tree" which he has drawn out to exhibit the "descent and relations of the English language" is full of faults. The root of this tree is the "one speech" from which all languages are derived. As he immediately divides this "one speech" into the "Semitic," the "Japhetic," and "Hammic," it would have been more consistent to call it the Noahic. Of the languages which he derives from the Japhetic stem two have been hitherto unknown to philologers—the "Indic," father of Sanscrit, the "Classic," father of Greek and Latin. We had hitherto supposed that any language might be "classic," even our own mixed tongue. Among the brethren of the "Indic" and the "Classic" is the "Gothic," and it again is the father of the "Teutonic" and the "Scandinavian," from the first of these High and Low German, Dutch, and English are derived, from the second Icelandic, Swedish, and Danish. Of course this is all wrong, as these last are all cognate tongues; and to trace the one from the other in this way is like saying that the dialect of Norfolk is derived from the dialect of Somerset. Nor was there ever a spoken tongue that bore the name "Teutonic." Another error into which the author has fallen is that of dividing the growth of the language into five periods or stages, and assigning dates for the beginning and end of each. This is just about as sensible as fixing a day on which a young cat ceases to be a kitten and becomes a cat. Among these periods crops up again that ridiculous hybrid the semi-Saxon, which comes in like a comet with the Norman Conquest in 1066. It would be hard to show how the English of that year differed from the English that had preceded it by many years, or from that which was spoken for many years after it. Modern English begins in 1558 and is still going on. We only hope that much of the English which is spoken and written nowadays may not become the English of the future.

Of the *French Accidence and Minor Syntax* of Professor Léon Delbos there is little to be said. It is, as its name implies, a mere compendium of the rules of French grammar. It is intended to fill up the void which is left by the so-called Conversational Methods of teaching French now so much in favour. These are merely books of exercises which, though they give expertness in stringing sentences together and familiarity with the French idioms, leave the student without any systematic knowledge of the grammar. The book is written for the use of English learners, and in that language the rules are given. They are simply expressed and well arranged; the tables of the regular and irregular verbs are carefully drawn up, and those stumbling-blocks to the English student—the use of the subjunctive and past participle—are simplified as much as explanation can simplify them. It might be used with advantage as a companion to a larger grammar, and from its compact form is a convenient little book for impressing upon the memory rules the use of which has become familiar by practice in conversation and exercises.

Unlike the other books on our list, the *Class Book of Geography* is without prefatory notice or advertisement of any sort, so that we may take it for granted that its author merely intended it to be used like any other geography-book, and that it does not lay claim to any originality of aim or method. The only novel feature that we notice in its arrangement is that the chief *routes* of railroad in each country are carefully indicated, and that the towns are arranged in connexion with the lines of rail, instead of being merely catalogued according to their populations, as in most books of the kind. This is certainly a step in the right direction, for it is surely much more useful to know what railway you must travel by to arrive at any given town than to know on what river it stands or what is its size in proportion to the other towns in the same country. The aim of every teacher of geography ought to be to teach his pupils all that it is most useful for them to know concerning the surface of the globe in its actual conditions and divisions. Therefore it seems unwise to enumerate the provinces of France and to leave out of sight the departments, as Mr. Clarke has done. The departments are, to all intents and purposes, the only existing divisions of France, and no one can pretend to a knowledge of the country who is ignorant of them. Nor are they difficult to remember if the connexion between their names and the physical features of the land be borne in mind. It is a pity that it is not yet acknowledged that class-books of geography ought to confine themselves to describing the surface of the earth and its productions, and should not crowd and confuse their pages with scraps of history and philology, especially as the information which they contain is generally either antiquated or inaccurate. Mr. Clarke's book sins in this respect. It is certainly a little astonishing in a book published this year to find the Tell saga treated as authentic history, and to be told that "William Tell shot the apple from his son's head at Altorf in Uri." Mr. Clarke is, as we expected to find him, somewhat confused as to the titles and rights of the Emperors, but we did not expect to find him writing such nonsense as that:—

> Belgium formed the northern part of the ancient Kingdom of Burgundy. After the break-up of that kingdom, Duke Philip retained Belgium and married the heiress of Spain.

We suppose that by "Duke Philip" is meant the son of Maxmilian and husband of Juana, and that by Belgium he means the Netherlands; but surely the Kingdom of Burgundy had been broken up long before Philip's time; even the Duchy had ceased to be a separate State on the death of Charles the Bold. Turning to philology, we beg leave to tell Mr. Clarke for the benefit of his next edition that Turkish cannot be, as he asserts, a "largely corrupted dialect of Arabic," since it is a Turanian, and not a Semitic, language. Further, that when he wrote

> The inhabitants of South Tyrol and South Illyria speak *Romance*; a language descended from the Latin and closely allied to it. It is from their likeness to this language that the other languages descended from the Latin (as French and Spanish) are classed as Romance languages—

he fell into a very absurd error. All these languages are alike called Romance, because they are the living representatives of the Lingua Romana, or spoken language of Rome. From the writings of the poets and troubadours of Southern Gaul the word "Romance" passed into English and had taken root there while Tyrol and Illyria were still almost unknown countries, at least to Englishmen. In conclusion, we must protest against the statement that the Church of England is "Protestant-Lutheran"; and we should be glad to know why Mr. Clarke has distinguished the Scottish nation as "Protestant-Christian," while their fellow-protesters on the Continent are described as simply "Protestant."

THE GARDEN AT MONKHOLME.*

CRITICS who measure their words, and do not care to seem carried away without good cause, use the word "power" with a sense of venture and responsibility; nor would it occur to the reader, from the quiet tenor of the early part of the story, that it could be applied to *The Garden at Monkholme*; but with the third volume there comes a situation which needs power, and the author shows herself equal to it. In reading the opening chapters, where children are described as keenly alive to the doctrine of future rewards and punishments, we had a momentary misgiving that we were committed to a dogmatic novel; but the fear passed off as the attention and interest became engaged upon moralities more within the sphere of fiction. The author shows herself a student and close observer of human nature, as seen in temper, manners, and conduct. These supply her motives, and to show these she has devised and regulated her plot. It is not story first and characters to work it out, but a scheme of circumstances and events somewhat elaborately contrived to illustrate certain qualities and errors which have keenly occupied her sympathy and observation. The usual attributes of hero and heroine are not had recourse to. No extraordinary qualities separate them from commonplace humanity. Nobody is superlatively clever or beautiful. They are people of every day, except as manners, and especially as temper, distinguish them.

The heroine may be supposed to represent the author's ideal of womanly manner and character; she has sweetness, tenderness, and grace, all guarded by courage, firmness, and self-respect when rare occasions demand them. It is something in these days to have a woman made interesting through simply feminine qualities; because she is gentle, amiable, conscientious, innocently solicitous to please, and free from self-consciousness in doing so; with no gifts or charms that demand a distinct sphere for themselves, whose charm indeed is harmony of being; who is occupied with others, and with making

* *The Garden at Monkholme.* By Annie Armitt. Samuel Tinsley & Co. 1878.

their life as far as she can cheerful and happy: who receives the good things about her in simple thankfulness, not intent on divesting herself of them for the sake of others, but endeavouring to make everybody who comes within her influence the better for them. Violet is perfectly content with her position as woman, and has no aspirations beyond, either for herself or for woman in the abstract, using the distinctive weapons of her sex with a full reliance on their efficiency. As a child among boys she is fearless, relying on the sanctity of the argument, "I'm a girl, you daren't touch me"; and the same confidence gives authority and dignity to her manner in after years. But it also belongs to womanhood to test this privilege to the utmost, to be tempted by difficulties in the longing to surmount them. The rudeness of the boy was not quelled by her defiance, yet when he comes within the range of her influence in youthful manhood she is attracted by the same resistance; the fact that he is the only person she has found it hard to please and satisfy is an attraction as presenting an obstacle to surmount. The relations of these two—of Violet, the sweet woman, and the harsh-tempered but high-minded Redfern—constitute the interest and give occasion to the most stirring scenes of the story.

In order to make temper the motive power of the story the persons in it are saved from the commonplace class of temptations. The leading characters are represented as having certain respectable qualities as a common heritage. They bear the same name; Violet, her grandfather, and her three second cousins, are all Hilboroughs. All the Hilboroughs, we are told, are intensely just, and so can act towards one another in difficult circumstances in a way that persons not so distinguished would find neither possible nor wise. This cousinship has the additional advantage of bringing the young people into easy terms convenient for the plot, and rendering the frank tone of all parties natural. They are alike in certain main points, and understand one another; but acting on one another through their tempers and temperaments they arrive at extreme divergence. Redfern Hilborough is a study in a very true and careful sense; every reader's experience must furnish an example parallel at least in some leading feature. He is a favourite with the author. She may be supposed to have seen the consequences of temper on some fine natures. She understands the impulses and temptations which make some good people scarcely endurable. Redfern's home circumstances are not such as to correct a bad temper neglected in childhood. High-principled, and in a sense self-denying, he learns how to master his temper under trying or irritating circumstances; but it needs such circumstances to call forth his powers of self-control. His temper unfits him for ease and prosperity. Violet's sweetness provokes it. Though he is drawn towards her, the serenity and harmony of her being form a continual incentive to outrage; her general benevolence is matter for reproach; he tells her that he is not like her, a person easily pleased; her readiness to take blame on herself is a personal wrong; her accomplishments, he pronounces, are "the right sort of thing for people who like to feel pleasant sensations." While she endures his attacks, and seeks for something in herself to justify them, he pursues the same conduct; it is only when she turns again that he is recalled to his senses; for the selfishness and want of generosity that belongs to all ill temper characterize his, and "as usual he began to behave better as soon as he was not treated so well." Violet, while attracted by this character so opposite to her own, is not without discernment. In the following scene the cousins are together. Redfern had been showing what he called his bearishness in the morning. It is now evening. There is something in the refinement and comfort of the drawing-room life at Monkholme, where Violet is the presiding genius, that is particularly trying to him.

Redfern's bad temper had by no means exhausted itself, however. He was moody all the evening, and sat with a book in his hand while the others talked. "Violet," he said suddenly, after he had been indulging in a long and somewhat bitter meditation, "I shan't stay till Monday, after all." "Oh! Redfern, why not?" "I have decided to go with Gerald on Saturday." "I thought you said you could manage to stay?" "So I fancied. It will be best to go, however." Violet was silent.

"Is it your business?" she asked, after a moment's pause. "Not exactly; the fact is, this sort of thing does not suit me. I will go back to my work. It is the only thing I am good for." "Wait till to-morrow; you will think differently then," suggested Alfred. "Why should you go?" asked Violet, earnestly; "don't you really like being here?" "How should I like showing myself such a cross uncivilized animal?" "Never mind; if we are satisfied, you may be." "Thank you; you are generous; but I decline to be satisfied."

There was a long pause. Gerald had gone out of the room; Alfred and Violet were playing chess together. They went on silently; but Violet played abstractedly, giving no thought to the game. "I believe, Redfern," she said after some time, speaking very gravely and gently, "you think too much about yourself." "Probably," answered Redfern, curtly. "I am obliged to you for reminding me of it." "I don't mean selfishly," said Letty, looking anxiously at him, trying to meet his eyes, that he might see all the sympathy in hers; "but you think about your faults; and it is a mistake to do that too much, though it may be only to blame yourself." "No doubt," Redfern answered coldly, not looking at her, "I only make them more evident." "You give them more importance than they really have, and make them come between you and your friends more than they need do. Don't you think so?" She got up and turned towards him. She wanted to reach his thoughts and make him feel her sympathy, but she did not know how. He persistently avoided meeting her eyes, and he answered:—"You may be quite right; there is a simple way of avoiding such misunderstandings in future." He rose and closed his book. Letty looked at him with a troubled face. Alfred put his hand on his arm, and spoke impatiently. "Don't be absurd, Ref; and don't imagine because you are a little cross yourself that your friends want to quarrel with you." "I don't imagine so," answered Redfern less coldly than he had spoken to Violet; "I know they don't. Violet would be kind to a dog or a cat, much more to me. The fact is I don't belong to you all; we are not of the same sort, and can't agree. I have no business among you, and I'll go."

It is of course true that bad temper implies first and foremost thinking too much of self; but that is not always the impression it produces on the sufferer from it. And, disagreeable as Redfern makes himself, he is interesting to the reader. His way of making his offer, or rather declaration, is original. His beginning is so unpromising that Violet stops him. "If you are going to say something disagreeable, please don't; I would rather not quarrel before you go." "I am not," Redfern answered, with a harsh tone in his voice; "you think it impossible, I suppose, that I can say anything that is not unpleasant." "You very often do say unpleasant things," said Violet, in a low voice. "I know I do, and to you especially, and it is all because I like you better than anything else in the world."

In contrast to Redfern is his cousin Alfred, perfectly amiable, and yet, because described with understanding and sympathy for the placid temperament, by no means insipid. We are shown it under various forms of trial; thus under the infliction of two chattering young ladies, "Alfred gazed calmly and blankly before him into the distance, till the little gush of words should be over; he was always polite, and never in a hurry; he was also incapable of being bored; he seemed able to suspend his existence till it was again required, and to be troubled with no sensations in the interval." Again, "Alfred rarely lost his self-possession in any circumstances however difficult"; so he was able to talk to his host and hostess over dinner on an occasion calculated to test this power to the utmost. They go to a dance, where Redfern feels out of his element; but Alfred "went out to dances, as he did everything else, in a calm, business-like way, as if he knew exactly what came next, and what to do under all circumstances. It had always, even in his childhood, been easy for him to behave perfectly."

It is through the manners of her personages that the author shows what is in them, and therefore these are described with great nicety. At this same dance Redfern is puzzled by Violet; he felt he did not know her yet, and this because her manner always naturally adapted itself to the scene and occasion:—

Amid the crowd of women there, many were better dressed or prettier than herself, she took her own place quite naturally; she never seemed the one too many in any party, her place there always seemed to have been just made to suit her, she filled it so well. Under the simplicity and unreserve of her daily manners, he would never have guessed that so much self-possession existed; she seemed equally at home everywhere, and though in her own house she demanded no ceremony, and waited on every one as if she was the last to be considered, here she appeared as naturally to take all the attention and consideration that were given to her, as if the attitude of calmly ignoring everything but her own wishes, and letting herself be waited upon, was habitual to her. Either she thought so little or so much of herself—Redfern could not tell precisely which—perhaps it was something of both, that, so long as her own identity was unaltered, no change of position seemed to disturb her.

Manner such as this is not formed, though cultivation has some share in it; it is the natural expression of a sweet and strong nature, where there is no counteracting element, no inner jars to make the outer manifestation belie the inner promptings. The truthfulness of Violet's manner is elsewhere dwelt upon. It was always curious to Redfern to notice how truthfully "she conveyed her ideas of persons to themselves, through the most deceptive manners; she rarely, with all her habitual courtesy and kindness, made any one fancy she liked him when she did not."

We have not touched on the passion and tragic elements of the story. Violet has trials that perfect manners, however equal to every strain upon them, have nothing to do with. Such lovers as Redfern bring trouble with them. It is borne, according to sex and nature. As the writer observes, "A woman may sob away her grief in bitter tears; there is nothing a man can do to express his, except to abuse somebody." Violet overcomes her trial in a way scarcely to be recommended as a general resource, but we will not deprive the reader of the interest of scenes delineated with real power. One parting commendation we must give to the author's style, which is clear, simple, and correct. Words well chosen always give weight to thought, and are themselves a voucher for seriousness and truth of intention.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

PROFESSOR STERN'S Life of Milton is entitled to rank among the most successful biographies of a great Englishman written by a foreigner (1). The achievement is the more creditable from the great amount of historical knowledge, and the power of entering into the spirit of an era distant in time and dissimilar in feeling, which the satisfactory treatment of such a subject demands. Professor Stern has made himself master of the entire mass of contemporary literature bearing upon his theme, and shows an acquaintance with the slightest allusions and the most obscure pamphlets which would be astonishing if we did not consider how thoroughly the way has been prepared for him by his predecessor, Professor Masson. Professor Masson's work, though not likely to be superseded or rivalled here, is nevertheless too bulky for circulation abroad, and requires much more careful and prolonged study than can be reasonably expected from a reader whose literary interest in the subject is not reinforced by patriotic feeling. Professor Stern's work is quite the model of a Continental version of such a subject, discarding minutiæ, and insisting on nothing that is not of universal human interest. At the same time it is sufficiently apparent that

(1) *Milton und seine Zeit.* Von Alfred Stern. Th. 2, Bch. 3 and 4. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

he has taken nothing upon trust, and that all his statements have been verified by his own independent research. The first of these two final volumes deals with the Milton of the Commonwealth, the second with the Milton of the Restoration. The former, therefore, is chiefly occupied with the politics of the period, the latter with literary criticism. The author's candour and good taste are equally conspicuous in both. In the political department of his work he abstains from siding with either party. His narrative is unimpassioned, and his expressions of opinion are such as would generally be acquiesced in by historians of every school. The poetical criticism is equally judicious. Little of novelty, indeed, remains to be advanced respecting the general characteristics of Milton's style and thought; but Professor Stern has found interesting subjects for discussion in a parallel between him and Dante, who are justly placed on a level, in an application of *Samson Agonistes* to the poet's own circumstances, and in a comparison of *Paradise Regained* with Milton's long-lost theological treatise. Both these works receive fuller attention and more justice than has often been their lot; and, in general, Professor Stern's picture of Milton's latter days conveys more agreeable and acceptable impressions than we have been accustomed to receive. He shows himself everywhere deeply impressed with the moral purity and dignity of his hero, the most indispensable of all qualifications for a biographer of Milton.

The second volume of Professor Hüffer's (2) contribution to the diplomatic history of the French Revolution is occupied by the first part of his narrative of the Congress of Rastadt. Its materials are derived from an attentive study of documents in the principal European archives, and will be found highly interesting by those who care to investigate the devious byways of diplomacy. For general readers it is not adapted, nor does the subject admit of the display of any conspicuous literary power. That Professor Hüffer can write effectively on occasion, however, is shown by his review at the end of the volume of the motives and consequences of Bonaparte's Egyptian expedition, which gave a new turn to the negotiations, and revived the coalition against France.

Old Marshal Blücher (3) is a very good subject for a popular biography, such as that attempted by Dr. Wiggers. Few captains of equal mark have been so emphatically mere soldiers, so utterly devoid of culture, enlarged views, or any ideas beyond the meridian of the camp. These defects in no way disqualify the stout old warrior for a popular hero; and Dr. Wiggers has made the most of him in that capacity, toning down the asperities of his character, and rather insinuating than affirming that his rank is not after all so much lower than that of Napoleon, Wellington, and other contemporary masters of the art of war.

The principal object of Herr Carl Sachs's (4) expedition to Venezuela was the capture of electrical eels, which, relying on the testimony of Humboldt, he expected to accomplish by the instrumentality of mules and wild horses. Great was his consternation to find on arriving at the scene of action that the *modus operandi* so circumstantially and picturesquely described by Humboldt was unknown to the natives, and that, if ever resorted to, it could only have been for the purpose of disturbing the fish from their haunts at the bottom of the water. Herr Sachs accomplished his object by the more prosaic method of enclosing the eels between two capacious nets, the fisherman's hands being protected by gloves of india-rubber. He captured and dissected numerous fine specimens; but the five he brought alive to Europe only escaped the perils of the voyage to perish by the jolting of the train between Hamburg and Berlin, to the infinite regret of their captor, who seems not to have heard of the magnificent gymnoti now or lately flourishing at the Brighton Aquarium. His dissections, however, will furnish material for a work on a large scale, which we are bidden to expect in due season. His other observations on Venezuelan natural history, though not affecting scientific precision, are copious and interesting. They offer a vivid picture of the animal and vegetable life of that magnificent but neglected country, the tropical splendour of its forests, the impressive expanse of its boundless savannahs. Herr Sachs brings to notice many of the imperfectly known animal and vegetable productions of the country, one of the most remarkable of which is the *guachamacá*, a deadly poison which it is thought may be made useful in medicine. The people possess the customary virtues and failings of tropical Creoles; on the one hand, simple, hospitable, and naturally intelligent; on the other, idle, ignorant, and passionately addicted to gambling. At the time of Herr Sachs's visit the country was under the control of General Guzman Blanco, one of those beneficent despots who arise from time to time in Spanish America to govern with absolute power under Republican forms. Guzman did much for the country, and was compared by his countrymen to Moses, Napoleon, and Washington so long as his term of office lasted. Having further attempted to imitate Sulla by retiring to a private station, he soon found it necessary to fly for his life.

Dr. Chavanne's popular but circumstantial account of the Sahara (5) is completed. The last eight parts comprise the journey through the southern region of the desert from Tafilet to Timbuctoo, and the description of the Ammonian oasis, with other spots of similar fertility. Most of these contain abundant traces of Roman occupation and of an advanced condition of prosperity. Even now the majority are represented as exceedingly beautiful. An adjacent district is the subject of the third volume of Drs. Schneider and Haas's (6) account of Algeria, which treats principally of Oran and Tlemcen. Both these cities are fully described; the most important part of the book, however, is the appendix on the prospects of Algeria as a colony. The writers are of opinion that the Arab is unable to maintain his ground as an agriculturist, and that the only chance of averting the decay of the race is to remove it to the desert. The Kabyle, on the contrary, makes a good peasant, and is likely to form the staple of the future population, outliving the Arab, as he has outlived the Phœnician and the Roman.

Arthur von Studnitz's account of the present condition of the industrial classes in the United States (7) is a valuable contribution to the literature of the social question. The author visited America with a commission from the Prussian Minister of Commerce which procured him ready assistance from the various official bureaus and other agencies for the collection of statistics. The materials amassed by personal inquiry and by circular are arranged under a number of heads, conveying information respecting the centres of industry in the United States and the geographical distribution of special manufactures; the wages, food, and lodging of the workmen; the provisions adopted for their comfort and protection by their employers or by State legislation; their own trade and benefit societies; strikes, lock-outs, communistic and paper-money agitations, female labour, Chinese labour, the attitude of the press on moral questions, and other points connected with the general subject. The picture is on the whole not unfavourable, especially when it is considered that Herr von Studnitz's inquiries were made during a period of severe temporary depression. There is great poverty and suffering in some of the crowded cities on the Atlantic seaboard; but the Western workman is, on the whole, well paid and lodged, and exceedingly well fed. The American workman himself, when of English race, stands well in Herr von Studnitz's opinion; he is more steady, industrious, and trustworthy than the German; and even his disinclination to rough manual work has been serviceable by stimulating his ingenuity in the invention of machinery.

Dr. Kleinwächter's history of the English labour agitation in 1873 and 1874 (8) relates almost exclusively to the coal and iron trades, and is chiefly based upon reports and communications to the *Times*. It is therefore not very complete, but nevertheless offers a considerable amount of carefully and lucidly digested information. The writer's sympathies are apparently with the workmen, but he is little of a partisan.

The Russian and Polish languages are as yet little known to the rest of Europe. Herr Kohn and Dr. Mehlis (9) have consequently performed an acceptable service by abstracting, and reproducing in substance the numerous valuable contributions made by Slavonian scholars of late years to the pre-historic archæology of Eastern Europe. The sepulchral and other sites hitherto examined seem to belong principally to Poland, Lithuania, and the Ukraine. They are divided by the authors into five classes—caves, pile-buildings, megalithic structures, ordinary tombs, and the "Kurgans," or gigantic mounds, which are an especial feature of the country. The traces of cave-dwellings are scanty, and no human remains have been discovered there. There is, however, sufficient evidence that man in Poland was contemporary with the mammoth, as well as with the arctic fox and other animals no longer existing in the country. Vestiges of pile-dwellings are more frequent, the marshy nature of this country being favourable to them. Their inhabitants possessed domestic animals and could make pottery. No trace of either is found in the caves. A buried coin affords an unexpected proof that cromlechs were constructed as late as the time of Theodosius. Many of the earthen vessels, however, both of the smaller and the larger type, are of much earlier date, though few perhaps much older than the Christian era. The human remains discovered exhibit in general a physical type corresponding to that of the present inhabitants of the country. The explorations have afforded a very great number of interesting objects. A pair of iron earrings seems to bespeak a period when iron was still so scarce as to be deemed ornamental. At a later period gilded glass beads of great beauty frequently occur, and in Lithuania small glass lachrymatories to collect the tears of the mourners. On the whole, there seems sufficient evidence that the Sarmatians had attained to a certain civilization and a considerable degree of rude luxury before the introduction of Christianity. A second volume is to follow, and will be accompanied by a chart of the researches hitherto made.

T. Seemann's history of the fine arts (10) is a useful popular manual, accompanied by numerous and well-chosen illustrations.

In endeavouring to define "the fundamental law of intelligence

(2) *Der Rastatter Congress und die zweite Coalition.* Von H. Hüffer, Th. 2. Bonn: Marcus. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Feldmarschall Fürst Blücher von Wahlstatt.* Von Dr. F. Wiggers. Schwerin: Stiller. London: Williams & Norgate.

(4) *Aus den Llanos. Schilderung einer naturwissenschaftlichen Reise nach Venezuela.* Von Carl Sachs. Leipzig: Veit & Co. London: Nutt.

(5) *Die Sahara, oder, von Oase zu Oase.* Von Dr. Josef Chavanne. Wien: Hartleben. London: Nutt.

(6) *Von Algier nach Oran und Tlemcen.* Von O. Schneider und H. Haas. Dresden: Schenfeld. London: Nutt.

(7) *Nordamerikanische Arbeiterverhältnisse.* Von Arthur von Studnitz. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Zur Geschichte der Englischen Arbeiterbewegung in den Jahren 1873 und 1874.* Von Dr. F. Kleinwächter. Jena: Fischer. London: Nutt.

(9) *Materialien zur Vorgeschichte des Menschen im östlichen Europa.* Nach polnischen und russischen Quellen bearbeitet und herausgegeben von A. Kohn und C. Mehlis. Bd. 1. Jena: Costenoble. London: Kolckmann.

(10) *Geschichte der bildenden Kunst.* Von Theodor Seemann. 2 Th. Jena: Costenoble. London: Kolckmann.

in the animal kingdom" Professor Vignoli (11) has got hold of a hazy subject, which he does not seem able to make clearer. It is evident that he is an evolutionist, that he holds the mind to have been developed *pari passu* with the physical organs, and that he thinks himself able, or almost able, to answer his own question, When and how did man become an intellectual being? We are sensible in reading, however, of a want alike of distinct conceptions and distinct expressions, and close the book with an uneasy feeling of having been put off with mere words.

The "historical basis" of Dr. Pfleiderer's (12) treatise on the philosophy of religion may probably be considered more valuable than the superstructure. It is only fair to say that it forms no inconsiderable portion of the edifice, the foundations having been laid broad and deep by a circumstantial, yet by no means tedious, analysis of the views entertained by the thinkers who since Kant's time have principally moulded German opinion on the subject. Even the speculative part of the volume is *quasi*-historical from the prominence given to the exposition of the views of other writers. Dr. Pfleiderer's own position is conservative as regards what he considers the essential spirit of religion; with the letter he allows himself considerable liberties. The chief defect of his work is the absence of any adequate recognition of physical science —in our day a most important element in the problem.

Dr. F. von Baerenbach (13) appears desirous of following a middle way in philosophical controversy; on the one hand, putting forth anthropology, or the science of human nature, as deduced from actual observation, as the sole foundation for philosophy; on the other hand, while accepting the theory of evolution, contending for teleology against scientific materialists.

Words have such influence on ideas, especially in subjects of speculative research, that the history of the formation of the terms used to express abstract conceptions or intellectual operations has a most important bearing on philosophical inquiry. It is agreeably as well as fully investigated by Professor Eucken (14), who, following an historical method, examines the state of philosophical terminology at the most important periods of intellectual history, noticing the introduction of new terms, the modifications in force and significance undergone by old ones, and the general action and reaction of speech and thought upon each other.

Herr Bücheler (15) seems to restrict the term philology to that textual criticism of the classics of which he is an admitted master. In his inaugural address on assuming the rectorate of the University of Bonn he reviews the present condition of this department of research, and, while claiming an authority approximating to certainty for its conclusions when attained by legitimate methods, severely condemns the ultra-scepticism which finds more interpolation than genuine matter in Horace and Juvenal. He indicates lexicography and syntactical grammar as the most defective departments of classical philology at present, and dwells on the great philological value of the inscriptions now so abundantly coming to light.

Some of the points of principal interest connected with the Italian Renaissance (16) are ably illustrated by Herr Janitschek, whose lectures, were they but more systematic, might rank as an excellent compendium of the elaborate works recently published on this subject. They are especially to be recommended for their numerous references to authorities. The author has paid particular attention to the position of women under the Renaissance, and has collected a number of authorities bearing on both sides of the question.

In his latest work, *Landolin von Reutershöfen*, Berthold Auerbach (17) has returned to the manner of his early *Dorfgeschichten*. It is an interesting and highly readable story, but too uncomfortable to be pleasing. Landolin, a man of violent and despotic temper, is impelled by passion into an act of homicide, committed certainly under very extenuating circumstances. He is acquitted by the jury, but condemned by public opinion; his neighbours shun him, his servants treat him with contumely, his daughter is estranged from him, his worthless son takes advantage of his condition, and his wife dies of grief. This event brings about a reconciliation with his daughter, and Landolin is conveniently drowned while on his way to reconcile the latter to her lover, whom she has renounced on his account.

The new volume of Freytag's great historical romance, "The Ancestors," (18) is one of the best of the series. It consists of two stories—the first illustrative of the condition of Germany during the Thirty Years' War; the second of the germ of Prussian military organization under the father of Frederick the Great. Both accordingly are military in subject—a peculiarity falling in well with the present aspect of the times in Germany, and with the author's attachment to the present Imperial system, which is indirectly represented as the ideal to which the previous course of German history has led up. The stories form the contrast and complement of each other—the first representing in lively colours the misery and weakness of the nation when destitute of military resources, and dependent for its very existence on the French and Swedes; the second showing forth the strength and security that spring from a rigid military organization, even when deformed by such eccentricities as Frederick William's passion for gigantic soldiers. The lesson is accentuated by a forcible contrast between the self-denying Prussian monarch and the dissolute Augustus of Saxony. The plots and personages of both tales are interesting, and they may be pronounced attractive, in spite of the author's stiffness of manner and almost pedantic allegiance to his patriotic design.

The most interesting article in the *Rundschau* (19), to English readers at least, is a review of Lord Beaconsfield's early career as a man of letters, by Professor Brandes. It displays a discriminating perception of the elements of Lord Beaconsfield's genius, and a less discriminating sympathy which carries the writer to the length of admiring *Contarini Fleming*. Another very interesting contribution details, for the first time with complete accuracy, the adventurer Bollmann's unsuccessful attempt to deliver Lafayette from his captivity at Olmütz. Lafayette's conduct on the occasion was less chivalrous than he subsequently strove to make it appear; but he showed himself grateful. The remaining contents include the last of Professor Max Müller's Hibbert Lectures; and a review of the Paris Exhibition, with especial reference to mechanical and electrical inventions.

The "German Theatrical Annual" (20) is an exceedingly complete and useful chronicle of the German stage for the past year, including a register of all the new pieces, acted or unacted, in many instances accompanied with critical appreciations; notices of all recent critical and other publications illustrative of the drama; a chronicle; a necrology; an account of commemorations and other remarkable performances during the year, and of the principal dramatic institutions of every kind, with much other matter. The total number of new pieces performed or published during the twelvemonth was not less than 656.

(11) *Über das Fundamentalgesetz der Intelligenz im Thierreiche. Versuch einer vergleichenden Psychologie.* Von Tito Vignoli. Leipzig: Brockhaus London: Kolckmann.

(12) *Religionsphilosophie auf geschichtlicher Grundlage.* Von Dr. Otto Pfleiderer. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

(13) *Prolegomena zu einer anthropologischen Philosophie.* Von Dr. F. von Baerenbach. Leipzig: Barth. London: Williams & Norgate.

(14) *Geschichte der philosophischen Terminologie.* Von Rudolf Eucken. Leipzig: Veit. London: Williams & Norgate.

(15) *Philologische Kritik.* Von F. Bücheler. Bonn: Cohen. London: Williams & Norgate.

(16) *Die Gesellschaft der Renaissance in Italien und die Kunst.* Vier Vorträge von Hubert Janitschek. Stuttgart: Spemann. London: Williams & Norgate.

(17) *Landolin von Reutershöfen. Erzählung.* Von Berthold Auerbach. Berlin: Paetel. London: Kolckmann.

(18) *Die Ahnen.* Von Gustav Freytag. Abth. 5. Die Geschwister. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Kolckmann.

(19) *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. v. Hft. 4. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner.

(20) *Jahrbuch für das deutsche Theater.* Von Joseph Kürschner. Jahrg. I. Leipzig: Foltz. London: Nutt.

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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CURRENT POLITICS.

THE North Norfolk election has greatly disappointed the rising hopes of Liberals. Mr. FORSTER during his canvass had stated that the Liberals were in this comfortable position, that if they won they would win a great and important victory, while if they lost they would only be as they were. The event has shown that there was a third possibility which Mr. FORSTER had overlooked, and this was that the Conservatives should not only win, but should win by a majority so decisive as to show that their hold on the constituency had increased. The Liberals had not only retained their seat at Bristol, but they had a much larger majority than on previous occasions, and they made the most of this, and accepted it as a clear indication that the country was coming round to them. North Norfolk is the Conservative reply to Bristol; and whatever arguments may be founded on Bristol the one way may be founded on North Norfolk the other. Whether Bristol or North Norfolk furnishes the more trustworthy hints as to the result of a general election, no one can pretend to say. That Scotland and perhaps Wales and the large Liberal towns are more decidedly Liberal than they were is probably true. On the other hand, the control of the Conservatives over the counties is evidently not impaired. What makes the result of the next general election uncertain is that no one, not even local agents, can be sure which way the tide of opinion will run in the smaller English boroughs. In many of these boroughs the successful candidates have been returned by very narrow majorities, and a slight defection of these supporters might suffice to oust them at the next election. It may be fairly said that, if the permanent leanings of these minor boroughs are regarded apart from the questions of the hour, the Conservatives now hold a larger proportion of such seats than they are entitled to, and in the nature of things it is likely that some of these boroughs will, when an appeal is made to them, come back to their old fold. There are no symptoms of anything like a general revolt of the country against the Ministry. After all that it has done and left undone, the present Government occupies much the same position as when it entered on office. It rules the country after a mild Liberal fashion, and its great merit in the eyes of its supporters is that it keeps the Liberal leaders out of office. Its general character has not been changed, and its main merit is, in the eyes of Conservatives, and of that large neutral section which leans to Conservatism, as much a merit as it was five years ago. The Ministry is viewed by this neutral section very much as a shelter in the middle of the street is regarded by foot travellers. There is nothing very beautiful or attractive in the combination of a big gas-lamp and an array of iron posts round it, but it affords the momentary certainty of safety. The political [illegible] have got over the dangerous old Tory part of the [illegible], and they like to take breath before they try to [illegible] the dangerous new Liberal part. But even the most timid get tired at last of staying in a street shelter, and it may be that some of the more impetuous of the minor boroughs may be disposed to venture a little, and to see whether, either by shutting their eyes and rushing [illegible] daintily picking their way, they cannot get over the dreadful Liberal crossing without being knocked down.

That all the fierce disputes which have taken place over the foreign policy of the Government will not have any influence on the constituencies is improbable. But it is very easy to overrate this influence. The details of the controversy are soon forgotten, and they are sooner forgotten because a large number of people wish to forget them. They review in a very general manner what has happened, and they think that, if they do not much admire the Ministerial policy, they need not so far blame it as to withdraw the support they would otherwise give. They may agree more or less with Liberal criticisms. They may acknowledge that the Ministry so guided events, or that events so guided the Ministry, that Russia in the end gained enormously by the war, and that, with the Armenian fortresses made over to her, the D[illegible]ubian fortresses dismantled, the Persian trade secu[illegible] to Batoum, Bessarabia recovered, and her independ[illegible], and semi-independent Bulgarias, Russia has made as [illegible]ood a thing out of the war as she ever made out of [illegible] war. They may also be inclined to confess that the [illegible] of Cyprus exist as yet merely in the imagination, [illegible] that the chances of Turkey reforming itself are infin[illegible]imally small. But, on the other hand, they have a fe[illegible]g that England opposed Russia when no other P[illegible]r was willing to bell the cat; that she forced Rus[illegible]o yield points at Berlin which, whether important o[illegible] Russia was unwilling to yield; and that in Afghanis[illegible] she made Russia openly desert the ally who had been [illegible] on by Russia to destruction. We were saved at once [illegible] and from open humiliation, and for this there may [illegible]ly be a vague feeling of gratitude, even if Ministerial [illegible] are looked at in the blackest light, and Ministerial exag[illegible]rations of success are discounted to the utmost. It is this mode of looking at the whole matter which so far prevails that in many constituencies elections may be decided without any real reference to foreign politics, and not only the general leanings of the constituency, but peculiar local influences, may come into play. There were probably many more electors in North Norfolk who thought over the great fact that the new Lord HASTINGS is a Conservative than there were electors who troubled themselves with the problem whether the introduction of the gum-tree will or will not some day make Cyprus habitable. The very warmth, too, with which leading Liberals force foreign politics on the constituencies, although this warmth may proceed from sincere conviction and may not be without a legitimate basis, repels some voters, if it attracts others. The staunch Conservative will, of course, vote one way anyhow, as the staunch Liberal will vote the other; but the moderate or the wavering may be inclined to see in these acrimonious and personal discussions too evident a struggle for power; and it can hardly escape the notice of any one that Liberal leaders, by directing all eyes abroad, find a convenient mode of diverting attention from that question so easy to ask and so hard to answer—What are the Liberal measures on which Liberals generally are ready to combine and which they seek to recommend to the country?

When Parliament reopens, it will be informed what are the measures with which the Ministry will endeavour to occupy its attention as profitably as its dilatory habits of business will allow. There are three legal measures which can scarcely fail to form part of the programme, and which excite more than ordinary interest. There is the Criminal Code as revised by the three judges who will have done all that can be done to make a great conception perfect. If its details are to be debated it can never become law, and the Ministry must call on the House to take it nearly as it stands or to leave it

altogether. Not improbably it may be introduced first in the Lords, and the House of Commons will only have to pronounce on it after it has passed through the ordeal of the criticism of the Law Lords. Then there must almost inevitably be a real Bankruptcy Bill, not one of those dummy Bills which the CHANCELLOR, for the sake of his own private amusement, is always introducing; but a Bill which the Ministry takes under its charge and means to pass. Lastly the Government has let it be known that it will propose some measure for regulating joint-stock banks. It may prove to be little more than a measure for giving new facilities for escaping from the burden of unlimited liability, and for ensuring the accuracy and fulness of the accounts which the banks publish. But bankruptcy and banks are two subjects which now engross much attention, and any measures which deal with them are sure to be keenly and ardently debated. They cannot, in any sense, be called party measures; and Conservatives will feel at liberty to be as critical over their clauses as Liberals can be; but, at the same time, it will redound greatly to the credit of the Ministry if they can frame and pass well-conceived and effectual measures on subjects which vitally touch so many private interests. On two subjects alone the Government will have to encounter serious difficulties—the Budget and Ireland. It will be very fortunate if it can escape the disagreeable duty of imposing fresh taxation; and the rapid growth of the Floating Debt calls imperatively for some remedy. Ireland presents the Government with the embarrassing choice of doing nothing, and so bringing about the renewal of the alliance between the Irish party and the Liberals, or of proposing something which either will not conciliate the Irish priests or will alarm the sensitive Protestantism of England. It may be conjectured from its antecedent history that the result of the deliberations of the Ministry will be that in so critical a state of things it had better do something to please Ireland, but that it had better do as little as possible.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN ON CLUB GOVERNMENT.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN presided a few days ago at a meeting of the branches of the political Club which calls itself the National Liberal Association. It was not to be expected that he should answer the arguments which have been urged against the new organization for packing Parliamentary and municipal elections, and for excluding the greater part of the upper and middle classes from participation in public life. No unanimous assemblage wishes to be reminded that the soundness of its principles and the legitimacy of its objects are called in question. It was easier for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to dispose of his opponents by dividing them into two classes whose opinions are of course equally unworthy of attention. It could not be expected that Conservatives would admire a system for depriving them of political power; and, if any Liberals disapprove of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's purposes and methods, he is prepared to use an argument as simple as that of LORD PETER in the *Tale of a Tub*. "I say that it is a good "organization; I swear it is a good organization; "and if any Liberal doubts it, I tell him that his "Liberalism is only skin-deep, and that he has as little "regard for the principle of popular self-government as "Prince BISMARCK himself." If popular self-government has any meaning, it includes the right of taxpayers to be represented in the body which receives and spends their contributions; but in Birmingham, and probably in other towns which are controlled by clubs formed on the American model, no ratepayer has a chance of a seat in the Town Council for himself, or for the representative whom he would prefer, unless he disapproves of the Treaty of Berlin and the Afghan war. Having established in his own town the absolute dominion of a single faction, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN desires to acquire similar ascendency in the country by a further extension of the suffrage. He dwelt at Leeds on the notorious fact that, after all the changes of late years, the numerical majority is still not wholly supreme in England. Constituencies vary, he says, and the votes which are possessed by more than half the population are so distributed as to give the minority some share of the representation. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, therefore, thinks "that they might have in con-"nexion with this federation something to justify the "right of public agitation to which they owed most of the "priceless liberties which they enjoyed."

The legal right of public agitation exists without dispute, nor is it likely to lapse into desuetude as long as ambitious and turbulent politicians can attract popular attention. The process of political disturbance now contemplated is indirect, and not a little complicated. The managers first assume that at Birmingham or elsewhere it is expedient to concentrate the power of a party already united by similarity of opinion. A Committee is therefore elected to choose candidates and to manage elections in the interest of the faction. Having discharged its primary functions, the Committee is, in concert with other bodies of the same kind, to promote agitation for any object which may seem desirable to the leaders. One object of attack is to be the prerogative of the Crown, which, according to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his friends, has been unduly strained by the responsible Minister and by his accomplices, who form the majority in both Houses of Parliament. The only charge at present brought against the House of Lords is that the necessity of obtaining its concurrence tends to modify the character of measures when they are introduced into the House of Commons. The great object of a Second Chamber seems therefore to be effectually attained in the English Constitution. The threatened agitation will apparently be directed in the first instance against the system of representation which was established in 1867. Alarmists have often foretold the tendency of each successive extension of the suffrage to promote further changes in the same direction. It is not until universal suffrage and equal electoral districts are instituted that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. GLADSTONE will be satisfied. Experience will show whether the revival of agitation after a lapse of twelve years is premature. It is at least possible that the managers of the Liberal Association may alienate some of their supporters by disclosing their projects too early. Though the QUEEN, the Lords, and the Commons are not, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN supposes, the three Estates of the Realm, it may not be prudent to attack them all at once.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN may take a useful hint from some judicious omissions in the version of his speech in the *Daily News*. The only London morning paper which shares the opinions of the federated Liberal Association has thought it prudent to suppress all intimations of division in the ranks of the party. By far the most significant part of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's speech as President was his intimation that Lord HARTINGTON must be prepared to make concessions to his more advanced followers. In the report which may be deemed official Lord HARTINGTON's name is suppressed, and some vague platitudes about concession in general are substituted for a definite warning. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN professed himself unable to distinguish between the Liberalism of Lord HARTINGTON and the Conservatism of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE; and it is indeed probable that the two adverse leaders of the House of Commons would, if they were left to themselves, pursue nearly the same objects by nearly the same means. Nevertheless Lord HARTINGTON has not shown undue backwardness in recognizing the claims of party. The least prudent of his acts since he held his present position have been large concessions to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's section of the Opposition. In the Session of 1877 Lord HARTINGTON induced the entire party, with two important exceptions, to pledge itself to the extension of household suffrage to counties. The formation of a Liberal Ministry may perhaps be seriously impeded by the wise and patriotic refusal of Mr. LOWE and Mr. GOSCHEN to concur in the proposed deterioration of the suffrage; nor could any measure tend so directly to dissatisfy the farmers, who understand that they would be practically disfranchised by the substitution of the household franchise for the present qualification. A more gratuitous mistake consisted in Lord HARTINGTON's invitation to the Scotch Liberals to begin an agitation for the disestablishment of their Church. The overture was at the same time virtually addressed to the English Nonconformists, although Lord HARTINGTON abstained from announcing a positive opinion. The Liberal party in Scotland is strong enough to bear some defections without losing the supremacy which it has enjoyed since the first Reform Bill; but those who are skilled in such matters assert that Lord HARTINGTON alienated a certain fraction of his supporters without conciliating a single new adherent. He now finds that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN demands a further concession or sacri-

fice." It happened that on the same day on which HARTINGTON threatened the Scotch Establishment, CHAMBERLAIN was engaged at Birmingham in denouncing the laws which facilitate the accumulation of large landed estates. It is not perhaps on this point that he will expect Lord HARTINGTON to join in his agitation.

In a second speech at Leeds Mr. CHAMBERLAIN thought it worth while once more to deliver the stock phrases about Turkey, Russia, and Afghanistan which have worn out the general patience. Paying a just compliment to Sir W. HARCOURT's eloquent speech at Oxford, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said, with perfect truth, that Sir M. HICKS-BEACH had not answered it when he made a speech some days later. Sir M. HICKS-BEACH may not be a match for Sir W. HARCOURT as a debater, and yet he may be right as to the matter in dispute. Sir W. HARCOURT expounded with great effect opinions which derived their sole novelty from his mode of treatment. The answer, whether good or bad, has been repeatedly stated, in speech and writing; and Sir M. HICKS-BEACH would have done his colleagues and his party no service by repeating familiar arguments. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was not afraid of exhausting the patience of a friendly audience by a long enumeration of charges which have become thoroughly commonplace. It is a waste of time to assert or to deny that, if Lord BEACONSFIELD had not been checked by opposition, England would now have been at war with Russia in defence of Turkey. Lord BEACONSFIELD himself expressed the opposite opinion, that firm resistance on the part of England would have prevented the occurrence of any war. Neither the Minister nor his implacable assailant knows what would have happened if circumstances and acts had been other than they were. Peace has, in fact, been preserved in Europe; and it is a matter of secondary interest whether the credit of the result belongs to the Government or to the Opposition. On the whole, it is perhaps as safe to refer effects to actual causes as to speculate on hypothetical tendencies. The Afghan war may probably cause political complications, and it will certainly cost considerable sums of money. On the other hand, peace would have involved acquiescence in the transfer of Afghanistan from English to Russian influence. It is probable that future wars and internal difficulties may be averted by the conviction which now prevails in India and throughout Asia, that the English Government is both able and willing to maintain its power by arms. Indian princes are fortunately not likely to read the arguments by which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN convicts Lord BEACONSFIELD and his colleagues of continuous folly and crime.

ROUMANIA AND THE JEWS.

AMONG the numerous liabilities which the English nation has assumed, either alone or in concert with other States, is the establishment of religious equality between Jews and Christians in Roumania. It happens that in England itself the Jews are still subject to one contingent disability. When a few years ago their claim to sit in Parliament was conceded by a compromise, both Houses severally reserved to themselves the right of admitting or rejecting Jewish members by resolution. The House of Commons exercised its discretion in their favour; and it was found that several constituencies were willing to return Jews, although Roman Catholics are still practically excluded from the representation of England and Scotland. It is not until a Jew shall have been raised to the peerage that the House of Lords will be called upon to decide whether he shall be allowed to take his seat. The present leader of the House would cordially support the Jewish claim; but his predecessor in the lead of the Conservative party was one of the most obstinate opponents of the admission of Jews to either House of Parliament. Lord BEACONSFIELD may be supposed to have approved the clause in the Treaty of Berlin which imposed on Roumania as a condition of recognized independence the grant of equal civil and political rights to religious dissidents, or, in other words, to the Jews. All Jewish disabilities have been abolished in France since the great Revolution, and the French Government consistently takes an active part in the extension of the same rights to the Roumanian Jews. The stipulations of the treaty would probably be disregarded by the Roumanian Government, if England and France had not retained an instrument of diplomatic pressure. Neither Power has yet appointed a representative at Bucharest, and it is understood that the measure is postponed until the Roumanians have admitted the Jews to equality. In the meantime a Government not yet formally recognized finds it impossible to borrow money, especially as the quarrel concerns the Jewish capitalists of Europe. The same powerful body has had much to do with the novel enthusiasm of statesmen for the establishment of Liberal principles in foreign States of secondary rank. Catholic Emancipation, while it was still in dispute, was not made a subject of diplomatic representations; nor at the present day would any foreign Government venture to urge on Russia the expediency of tolerating Polish Roman Catholics or native dissenters from the orthodox faith.

As the late war had been undertaken, among other pretexts, on professed grounds of religious sympathy, it was perhaps natural that the Plenipotentiaries of Berlin should listen to the grievances of the Roumanian Jews. If frequent and concurrent reports could be trusted, the persecution to which they were subject had extended far beyond refusal of political equality. It was said, and it is believed, that they have been the victims of lawless and unpunished violence; and on one occasion some of them were drowned in the Danube in an attempt to reach the tolerant dominions of Turkey. A more endurable hardship consisted in their exclusion from the right of possessing landed property, as well as from admission to Parliament. It may have been thought that a share in political power would furnish them with the most effectual security against oppression. It seems that the Roumanian newspapers of the party which calls itself Liberal now assert that, in the interest of the Jews themselves, it is not desirable that they should attain political freedom. The Secretary of the Anglo-Jewish Association complains that even Jews whose families have been settled in the country for centuries are described as foreigners. On this pretext the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies have passed a resolution that the whole question shall be submitted to the electors. The friends of the oppressed minority apprehend that the result of a popular vote would be adverse; and it is in any case the duty of the Legislature to decide for itself whether it will comply with the demands of the Great Powers. No objection could be made to a decision that aliens should only be admitted to equal rights with the natives after regular naturalization; but, if the electors or the Parliament begin by defining Jews, whether indigenous or immigrant, as foreigners, a religious disability will be imposed under colour of a national distinction. It may or may not have been the business of the European Governments to require from the Roumanians the establishment in their country of religious equality. As full consideration was given for the concession demanded, in the form of recognition of independence, it will be necessary to insist on the performance of the obligations created by the Congress.

Mr. JON GHIĆA, a Senator and a member of one of the first Roumanian families, has published an apology for the conduct of his countrymen which deserves notice on account both of its substance and of its tone. In the first place, he distinguishes between the old Jewish inhabitants of the Principality, who are of Spanish origin and language, and whose ancestors must have come from Turkey. From the earliest times, according to Mr. GHIĆA, these respectable Jews enjoyed perfect freedom; and he has now no objection to admit them to full political equality. If they bought no land, it was because they preferred investments which produced them eighteen or twenty per cent. It would seem that they practised the national occupation of money-lending without incurring the unpopularity which generally attends usury. The Spanish Jews had, above all other claims to consideration, the merit of being few in number. Fifty years ago there were only ten thousand of them in Moldavia and Wallachia, and there were no Jews of any other stock. The objects of dislike, and indeed of persecution, are Jews of an entirely different type, who have swarmed across the frontier from Austria and Russia. Though they are mostly Polish Jews, they oddly speak a German dialect; "they are full of prejudice and fanaticism, they gain their living by low "means or by extortion, live in the greatest filth, "and have nothing whatever in common with the "customs, feelings, or aspirations of the Roumanians." In another passage Mr. GHIĆA asserts that all the Jews enjoy excellent health, so that their filthy mode of living appears to be wholesome. The fanaticism of an unpopular minor-

ity concerns themselves more than their neighbours; but it must be provoking, after leaving a virtuous and happy Roumanian village, "to visit the same place after a "year's interval, to see the tremendous increase of the "Jewish element, and to watch its encroachment on the "native population; to see whole streets and shops that "were once peopled with Roumanians turned into Jewish "quarters, and counters stocked with adulterated goods "and false merchandize; to see how a Christian can "hardly pass in the street without being insulted by "Jewish children, and to see them muttering their prayers "in the open streets and impeding all circulation; lastly, "to see the desolation of a Moldavian town on a Saturday, "when nothing absolutely can be had for love or "money."

The persecution of adult Christians by Jewish children ought to be checked by the police; and it is not easy to see how the pious practice of muttering prayers can impede circulation. A Moldavian Saturday seems to excite among the indigenous population the melancholy feelings with which Frenchmen regard a London Sunday. None of Mr. Ghica's charges seem to bear on the emancipation of the Jews. If some of them sat in Parliament, or voted for members, their children could not be more ill-behaved; their prayers would still impede circulation; and, above all, it would be impossible to get anything on Saturday for love or money, unless, indeed, some enterprising Christian shopkeeper were to take the opportunity of bidding for Sabbatical custom. In a more serious spirit Mr. Ghica asks, with perfect fairness, how Englishmen would relish the society of three or four millions of foreigners who neither spoke English nor felt like Englishmen. The objection which would undoubtedly be felt to the presence of a large alien population would be greatly aggravated if they came with foreign passports and claimed foreign protection. If any of the Roumanian Jews affect to be Russian or Austrian subjects, entitled to the protection of foreign Governments, Mr. Ghica's case is unanswerable; but as the immigration began, according to his statement, in 1835, a large portion of the obnoxious community has, so far as they are concerned, probably been born in the country. Neither France nor England will demand Roumanian citizenship for Russian subjects. It would probably be advantageous to the Roumanian Government to give immigrants a motive for disclaiming foreign protection. Mr. Ghica proposes to admit to civil rights Jews born in Roumania who have served in the army, or have taken a University degree, who exercise a liberal profession, or who possess or work any factory; "but to oblige the "Roumanians to accept at once all the Jews in the country "as their equals would be an injustice unparalleled in "the annals of nations, and one fraught with much danger "to the future of this country." It may be readily believed that a measure unpalatable in itself becomes still more distasteful when it is imposed by foreign Governments; but, notwithstanding Mr. Ghica's temperate and plausible argument, the Roumanians would do well to submit to the decision of the Congress. Though the Jews are numerous, the Christians can outvote them by nine to one, and they need not elect Jewish members to their Legislature. It will be well to detach a wealthy and powerful body from the patronage of neighbouring Governments, and to give them an additional stake in the country. If the Jews are theoretically allowed to purchase land, they will probably, like their Spanish co-religionists, prefer investments which return twenty per cent.

M. GAMBETTA AND THE REPUBLICAN MAJORITY.

THE Ministerial crisis in France has been at once more and less serious than it promised to be last week. There was a deliberate assault upon the Government—an assault in which M. Gambetta took part, though only as a private soldier, and yet this assault came to nothing. Both these circumstances give food for wonder. Down to the appearance of the Ministerial programme it seemed probable that M. Gambetta had determined that M. Dufaure was to be left in peace. He was not in all respects the Minister whom the country wanted or whom it suited M. Gambetta to have in office; but the disadvantages of removing him were many, and on the whole they weighed down the advantages. The first surprise was the discovery that M. Gambetta had suddenly changed his mind on this point. The moment that the programme had been read to the Chambers the *République Française* opened fire upon it. It was utterly inadequate as a statement of Ministerial intentions, and it was impossible that a Ministry which had put out such an inadequate statement should be allowed to remain in office. Yet that M. Gambetta should seriously desire to upset the Ministry seemed altogether unintelligible. No man had shown a more complete appreciation of the importance of not frightening the country by any sudden identification of Republican institutions with the ideas of advanced Liberalism. The form of government is one thing, and the laws passed under a particular form of government are another. Before M. Gambetta, Republican politicians had always confounded the two. They valued the Republic not for itself, but for what it proposed to do. It was this feeling that paved the way for the establishment of the Second Empire. One reason why the *Coup d'état* excited so little emotion in France was the conviction of a large number of the class from which the Republican party was then mostly recruited that the Prince-President would give them more of the things they wanted than the National Assembly. M. Gambetta, on the other hand, has always declared that the first and essential thing was to get the Republic firmly set on its legs. After that, it would of course be desirable to see that it walked in the right direction, but the first thing was to put it in a position to walk. The benefit of this policy has been seen in a wonderful change of feeling towards the Republic in the rural districts. The old distinction between the townspeople and the peasantry no longer exists. The Republic has been established by the very class which used to be regarded as most certainly and obstinately opposed to it. Nor has this been one of those sudden changes which are likely to lose their effect as soon as the particular circumstances which called them forth have ceased to operate. It has been slow and promises to be lasting, because it has not been called forth by any particular set of circumstances. The peasantry have accepted the Republic not because it was identified as in former times with this or that sensational and exceptional piece of legislation, but because for the first time it was not so identified. They liked it because it was different from the Republics they had known or heard of. Now if M. Dufaure had been overthrown as soon as the change in the composition of the Senate left the Chamber of Deputies free to go its own way, sober Republicans throughout the country might have begun to doubt whether, after all, they were as secure against revolutionary changes as they had supposed themselves to be. They had been so well content with M. Dufaure, or rather they had been told so persistently that the question at issue in every election was not whether the Republic should be administered by this or that Minister, but whether the Republic should continue to exist or be replaced by some other form of government, that they had never seriously considered what effect the return of a Republican majority in both Chambers would have upon the composition of the Cabinet. Yet, after all, as soon as this majority found itself firm in its seat it proceeded to turn out the men under whom its power had been gained and consolidated. Too little is known about the modes of thought of the French country people to say how far this use of power on the part of the Republicans would have alienated or alarmed them, but what little is known certainly suggests that it might have done both. M. Gambetta knew all this, and he knew also that, considering M. Dufaure's age and the near approach of the period at which the Constitution may be revised, the life of the present Cabinet was certain not to be a long one, even if it were left completely unmolested. Apparently, however, this knowledge had no effect on him. Unless he is to be entirely separated from his newspaper —which seems improbable, since in that case why have a newspaper?—he did all he could to bring about M. Dufaure's overthrow. No doubt explanations can be suggested which go some way to account for a fact in itself so strange. M. Gambetta was afraid of the influence of the men who still hold the great military commands; he was afraid of the concealed hostility of the local magistrates; he was irritated at the choice of General Gresley to be Minister of War; he was afraid of losing his hold over his party if he disregarded these things. It cannot be said, however, that any one of these considerations, or all of them together, constituted a sufficient reason for upsetting the Ministry without taking into

account the effect which such a step was likely to produce in the country; and it consequently remains true that M. GAMBETTA has shown less statesmanship at this critical moment than might fairly have been expected of him.

The second surprise comes as a corrective to the first. Any deficiency in statesmanship on the part of M. GAMBETTA is undoubtedly a serious calamity to France. To all appearance the future of the Republic—of the only stable government that there is any present possibility of establishing in France—rests in a very great degree upon his self-command and upon his power to control the more excited members of his party. No other politician on the Republican side combines the necessary qualifications for exercising this moderating influence. It is not enough for a man to be himself reasonable and cautious; it is necessary that he should have the faculty of recommending reason and caution to those who by nature and previous training have very little of either. Until last Monday there was a further reason why it appeared all important that M. GAMBETTA should not depart from the prudent course he has hitherto marked out for himself. His power over the Republican majority seemed so absolute that there was no chance of its refusing to follow him wherever he might choose to lead it. But on Monday there came the second surprise. M. GAMBETTA's power over the Republican majority proved to be less absolute than had been thought. When it came to the point that majority was willing to follow him a long way, but it was not willing to follow him as far as he wished. It seems plain that, had M. GAMBETTA been prepared to take office, the DUFAURE Ministry would have been defeated. So far the majority is homogeneous. It recognizes M. GAMBETTA as the leader, and it feels that it cannot refuse to place its leader in office provided that it has the power of placing him there, and that he wishes to be placed there. But M. GAMBETTA wanted more than this. He desired M. DUFAURE to be succeeded, not by himself, but by a Minister who would occupy a position of nominal independence and real subjection. His dislike to taking office under Marshal MACMAHON is insuperable, and the only result of M. DUFAURE's overthrow would have been the appointment of some more advanced Liberal to the Presidency of the Council, with M. GAMBETTA still remaining in the background as adviser-general to the Ministry, with the right of determining without appeal when it should be sent about its business. This state of things would shortly have become intolerable, but the marvel is that, though M. GAMBETTA did not recognize this fact, it was recognized and acted upon by a majority of his party. This is a gain to the prospects of the Republic, which goes a long way towards compensating the injury it has sustained by the discovery that M. GAMBETTA is less removed than he appeared to be from the temptation to commit great imprudences. After all, no better evidence can be given of the success of a system of teaching than the fact that it enables the scholar to detect an error on the part of the teacher. This credit M. GAMBETTA may fairly claim for the education which he has given the Republican majority. He has constantly preached to them the need of keeping their tempers under control; of being content with Republican institutions, even though they might not at first bear all the fruit that was expected of them; in short, of practising patience when things were going well with them, just as resolutely as when they were going ill. Suddenly M. GAMBETTA forgets for the time his own counsels, and his great influence over his followers makes it more than probable that they will forget them too. But when the decisive moment comes, it turns out that the principles of opportunism have taken such root in their minds that they cannot be pulled up again, even by the teacher who has planted them. Though M. GAMBETTA has ceased to be opportunist, a majority of the Republican party remains opportunist. It is an unmistakable mark of progress in the Republican party that it has been found able to choose the right path alone.

MR. FORSTER ON RECIPROCITY.

MR. FORSTER was better employed at Bradford than in Norfolk, though there is no reason why he should not make a party speech for the purposes of an election. To be commonplace and one-sided on proper occasions is not discreditable; but the vulgar work of faction ought, if possible, to be done by obscure partisans. Mr. FORSTER is too good for an employment which he nevertheless pursues with considerable zest. He undertook to persuade any electors of North Norfolk who had not already made up their minds that the Government was greatly to blame for attending rather to foreign than to domestic affairs; but, as it was possible that the audience might share the error of the Ministers, Mr. FORSTER also devoted two-thirds of his speech to Turkey and Afghanistan. The only result of his interference is to give additional significance to the triumph which has been achieved by the Conservative party. A day or two afterwards Mr. FORSTER probably felt relief in turning from party declamation to the more intellectual and useful process of instructive reasoning. It is satisfactory to find that a large assembly of his principal constituents cordially welcomed a representative who has, by his defiance of dictation, lately established an additional claim to their confidence. The local faction which had hoped to compel his submission now finds it prudent to attempt a compromise by some such device as an ostensible negotiation between a committee of the Liberal Club and an equal number of Mr. FORSTER's friends. Their overtures will probably be favourably received; but the blow which has been inflicted on the managers of the new American system will be severely felt, not at Bradford alone. Mr. FORSTER is much too important a member of the Liberal party to be excluded from Parliament because he may have failed to conciliate a set of would-be borough-mongers. His speech or lecture delivered before the Chamber of Commerce furnishes perhaps superfluous proof of his fitness to represent an industrial constituency. Criticism to the effect that his arguments were not sufficiently scientific and abstract seems to be misplaced. The Bradford manufacturers are likely to be more strongly impressed by objections to any specific increase of duties which could be proposed.

It appears that the heretical doctrine of reciprocity has made some progress at Bradford as well as in other places. The President of the Chamber of Commerce opened the proceedings by a speech in which he contended that high duties ought to be imposed on the produce of countries which exclude or discourage English goods. There is no doubt that in former times such measures as those which are recorded in CANNING's well-known rhymes were sometimes effectual in securing concessions from foreign Governments. To punish an obstinate neighbour by an additional charge of twenty per cent. on ships or merchandise would now involve a disturbance of settled commercial policy. It is true that commercial treaties are negotiated on the assumption that a country which declines to tax the articles of its own consumption confers a benefit on the producer which ought to be acknowledged by similar treatment. Mr. COBDEN in 1860 wavered between his genuine convictions and his legitimate solicitude to obtain from the French Government reasonable terms of exchange. His treaty has produced much practical good, and perhaps some indirect mischief. The commercial treaties which were afterwards concluded with one another by nearly all the European States were preceded by negotiations in which every party struggled to impose on itself the highest possible rate of charge on foreign imports. The principle of protection was recognized at the same time that its operation was partially abated. Now that the treaties are for the most part expiring, nearly every country proposes to secede some steps further from freedom of trade. Prince BISMARCK designs, for political reasons, as Mr. FORSTER thinks, rather than through economical error, to re-establish in Germany the protective system which was first shaken by the institution of the Zollverein sixty years ago. The French Government has, in imitation of M. THIERS, denounced the English treaty, certainly not with the intention of substituting a more liberal arrangement.

Mr. FORSTER exposed the fallacy of reciprocity with his usual good sense and clearness. If he seemed to admit that something of the kind might be attempted in negotiating a Treaty of Commerce, he only recognized the inconsistency which attends all bargains of the kind when one of the parties is devoted to Free-trade. Even among Continental Governments commercial treaties are not made without frequent embarrassment. Austria and Germany and Austria and France have lately found grave impediments to negotiation, although their respective Governments all adhere more or less firmly to the obsolete doctrine of the balance of trade. Some mention was made at Bradford of a possible treaty with the United States, for

which there are but scanty materials. It is difficult to understand why Congress should stipulate for the free admission of produce which is already free; or for the maintenance of Navigation-laws founded on the opposite principle to that which prevails in the United States. Mr. FORSTER, in the sanguine mood which becomes a public speaker, expresses a belief that Free-trade doctrines are advancing in strength both in America and Europe. There is no harm in hoping for the best; and it is true that thoughtful men in all countries understand the fundamental principles of political economy; but it is not less certain that manufacturers prefer their own profit to the general benefit, and that in almost every country but England the multitude blindly pursues a policy diametrically opposed to its own interests. Even here a zealous advocate of extension of the suffrage may do service by vindicating the doctrines which are most likely to be repudiated by his clients. It is convenient to expose the fallacy of reciprocity, which is the most plausible form of protection.

Mr. C. S. READ has the merit of having been the first to suggest one insurmountable objection to the proposal of reciprocal protection or exclusion. The farmers, in whose name Mr. READ has some right to speak, will never submit to pay taxes into the pockets of manufacturers while they know that they will not be allowed to levy a correspondent tribute on the community. It was because England is divided into large farms forming part of large estates, that popular jealousy of a privileged class took the form of passionate interest in dry demonstrations of the justice and expediency of Free-trade. The Corn-laws might perhaps have survived to the present day if they had been defended from selfish motives by two or three millions of small freeholders. The landlords and tenants, though they failed to maintain an indefensible anomaly, are strong enough to hold the manufacturers to the bargain which was made at the instance of their predecessors in the last generation. Mr. COBDEN's disciples must take the consequences of his having proved their case by unanswerable arguments. Iron and cotton goods are not so absolutely indispensable as bread; but the reasons against artificial dearth apply equally to all commodities. If the agitation for reciprocity should at any time become serious, the farmers will have no difficulty in showing that at the present time they are especially entitled to consideration. The injury to the landed interest which was apprehended during the controversy on the Corn-laws was, through the operation of various causes, long suspended. But the improvement of communications and the cultivation of fresh lands have now almost wholly justified the anticipation that the growth of wheat in England would in default of protection become unprofitable. At the same time the trade in fresh meat is assuming large dimensions, and infringes the apparently natural monopoly of English breeders and graziers. To ask Parliament to admit untaxed grain and meat, and at the same time to tax English producers of food for the benefit of manufacturers, would require great audacity.

Another reason for refusing to impose retaliatory duties is that they would not serve their ostensible purpose. The Protectionists of Germany, of France, and of the United States are comparatively indifferent to the export trade with England, while they are bent on depriving their respective countrymen of the opportunity of importing English goods. When Prince BISMARCK proposes to enforce on all the inhabitants of Germany the use of home-made iron, he is well aware that the produce of which the quality will probably be deteriorated is not likely to find an English market. M. POUYER-QUERTIER and the Rouen cotton-spinners would regard a proposed increase on the duties on Bordeaux and Burgundy wines with the same indifference with which the Irish landlord in the story heard the threat that his agent would be murdered. In almost all cases reciprocal duties would affect a different class of producers from those who gave the excuse for retaliation. English reciprocal duties would especially strengthen the hands of the American Protectionists, who have always played on the patriotic prejudices of their simpler fellow-citizens. The amount of American cotton and iron goods which is now imported into England is comparatively small, though even the commencement of competition may cause some reasonable anxiety. A monopoly given to Sheffield cutlery or to Lancashire calico would discourage the American advocates of Free-trade, while it would do little or no harm to Pennsylvania and New England. It is quite certain that the more valuable imports of food and of raw cotton will not be taxed by an English House of Commons. In all countries, including the English colonies, protection is supported by manufacturers and artisans who with few exceptions neither expect nor wish access to an English market. There are no means of applying to them direct pressure, and they will not be affected by the sufferings of their neighbours.

THE BANK MEETINGS.

SO large a number of the leading joint-stock banks have now held their half-yearly meetings that it is possible to estimate with tolerable accuracy both the general position of these institutions and also the questions with regard to banking as to which there is a reasonable difference of opinion. Almost all, if not all, the banks agreed in not altering the form of their accounts, and in explaining that they adhere to their former custom, not because they have anything to conceal or think greater detail undesirable, but because they are waiting to see whether the Government will not itself prescribe a form for banking as for railway and insurance accounts. In addressing the shareholders, however, the respective chairmen have given a much more minute and exhaustive account of the operations of the last half-year than has been usual. They understood what the shareholders and the public wanted to know, and they supplied the information desired. The general result was in almost all cases the same. There has been a drain to meet the withdrawal of deposits and drafts; but the banks have met this drain with ease. They hold in hand an amount of cash larger than usual in order to be ready for an excessive demand on the part of their customers. Their investments are in Government securities and first-class stocks. They have no large lock-ups. They distribute their business as much as they can. They exercise great vigilance in writing off bad and doubtful debts. They rigidly examine all securities offered them. Even if it is supposed that it is in human nature to err more than bank directors will admit that they err, yet it cannot be doubted that London banking is, on the whole, sound and admirably conducted. The scare as to banks has already died away in a great measure, and the reports of the meetings not only of the large, but also of smaller, banks will do much to remove it. The prevailing distress and slackness of trade have not jeopardized the position of any bank which has been properly managed. But it must not be supposed that the diminution of the liabilities of a bank, or, in other words, the having to find cash to meet the withdrawal of the funds belonging to customers, is solely due to a sudden apprehension as to the stability of the institution with which the customers dealt. This has been one great cause, and it has told most heavily on some institutions with which adverse rumour chose to busy itself. But a still more powerful cause is that small people really want their money. They are using their balances and deposits to tide over bad times. They are, to some extent, living on their savings. Banks flourish by using profitably the savings of other people; and, when these other people withdraw their savings, banks are necessarily crippled. Their money goes out, not quickly, as in a panic, but slowly; and, until the tide turns, banks may have escaped dangers, but they have not escaped anxiety.

The banking questions which recent events and the recent reports and speeches of directors have forced into prominence range themselves under two heads. There are questions that regard the administration of a bank, and there are questions that regard the character of its business and the dealing with its funds. Under the first head fall such questions as how ought directors to be selected? how ought directors to perform their duties? ought directors to be allowed to receive advances? and what check ought auditors to be expected or allowed to exercise over the directors? The shareholders of more than one institution have complained that the Board always really elects the newcomers, and that they become a packed body; and they have freely pointed to the history of the Glasgow Bank to illustrate the evils of this, and explain that the wire-pullers of a Board where mismanagement is going on can always contrive in this way to secure the co-operation either of a rogue or a dummy. The answer to this is that, if the

institution is supposed to be mismanaged, the appointment of directors of whom the Board knew nothing until they were appointed would act as a powerful check on contemplated misdoing. But, if the institution is supposed to be well managed, all it needs is that a new director should contribute to the goodness of the management. This is much better secured by the Board electing, subject to the ratification of the shareholders, than by the haphazard nomination of an irresponsible knot of shareholders. How directors should conduct their business may be known by reading such a statement as that made by the Chairman of the London Joint-Stock Bank, when he described how his Board managed the bank. The essence of the system is that every director shall be so employed in rotation that he must become acquainted with the past history and present business of the bank. There are to be no dummies, and every director is to watch every other. There are two weak points in this system. Directors are to be found who are admirable adepts in the art of going through business without either understanding or criticizing what they are invited to do; and as all that happens if a director does not take his turn is that he loses his fees, and the fees given to bank directors are often extremely small, the indolence of a dummy may prevail over his wish to pocket a few guineas. But if directors are both competent and zealous, the system described is perfectly effectual, and anything like gross mismanagement is impossible. It is, again, a great mistake to suppose that the shareholders or the customers would gain by subjecting the operations of such a Board to the perpetual control of auditors. The business of auditors is to see that the statement made by directors as to the periodical results of their operations is a true statement. Shareholders have first to determine, or let the Government determine for them, what directors are to state, then to see that the required statements are made, and, lastly, to see that auditors competent to perform the duty certify to the truth of the statements; and one auditor at least should always be a professional accountant.

As to the propriety of allowing directors to receive advances from the bank they govern there has been a great difference of opinion manifested at the recent meetings. One of the heads of the indictment against some of the Directors of the Glasgow Bank is that they exhausted the funds of the bank by procuring advances to be made to themselves, which, if the bank had been properly conducted, the Board would have denied to ordinary customers. That advances to directors may be so made as to taint the advances with embezzlement is obvious, and no one can for a moment defend such advances. But are advances to directors altogether wrong? Some banks appear altogether to prohibit such advances. Others lend to firms of which directors are partners. Others lend to directors, but exact security more ample than would be required from outsiders. Others appear to treat directors as ordinary customers, but to limit the amount advanced. To guard against abuses, and still more against the suspicion of abuses, far the best thing for the bank and far the pleasantest thing for the Board is that no advances should be made to directors. But there is nothing morally or legally wrong in taking the business which directors bring to their bank, provided that it is really sound business; and loans and discounts may form not only a legitimate, but a necessary, part of such business. To ensure that they are guided simply by the soundness of the business, and not by favour or tenderness, the rest of the Board may wisely require that extra precautions shall be taken when a colleague is applying for an advance; but there is nothing dishonourable or improper in allowing a director to have that accommodation from his own bank which he could obtain without the slightest difficulty from any other bank. To deny him this accommodation altogether is to lay down that a trader shall not bring the best business and connexion which he can command to the bank which he is not only governing, but striving to make prosperous and powerful.

An equally wide variance of opinion seems to exist as to whether giving its acceptances is a proper part of the business of a bank. The Chairman of the London and Westminster laid down that it could scarcely be called a proper part, and announced that, although his bank did some business of the kind, it only did it on a limited scale, and that, in his opinion, the giving of acceptances was the business of a merchant, not of a banker. On the other hand, the Chairman of the Union described the giving of acceptances as the largest, safest, and most lucrative part of the business of his bank; and the Chairman of the London Joint-Stock not only gloried in this part of his business, but took special credit for his Board in that it had been the first to discover the excellences of this sphere of operations, but had been very reticent about it, lest others should discover the lucrative secret. Many banks seem, as a rule, to think the secret which has now long been disclosed is a lucrative one, and they use it in proportion to their means and to their ability to get bills of a proper kind offered to them for acceptance. It may be observed that what is meant by the acceptance of a bill by a bank is to a certain extent a different thing from the acceptance of a bill by a merchant. The bill tendered to the bank has already gone through the process in which the merchant plays his proper part. The bill is already a legitimate trade bill, and is drawn against value, or the bank would not look at it. What the bank does is to guarantee that it shall be paid. In a very large number of cases it is another bank that forwards the bills to the guaranteeing bank. The operation is, in fact, very much as if on the back of a note of a country bank having the right of issue there were written the words "guaranteed "by the Union Bank." The object of purchasing the guarantee is to make the document worth cash in any part of the world; and in order to procure this advantage those who apply for it are ready not only to pay a proper commission, but to lodge with the guaranteeing bank the most ample security. All the banks that sell this sort of guarantee unite in asserting that, so far from being a risky business, it is exceptionally safe, and that they have never lost anything by it. There are of course merchants who can go through the same process, and whose guarantee, in the form of an acceptance, will make a bill at once marketable anywhere. Their names are so good that they can do what the Union or the Joint-Stock can do. But, when they go through the process and are paid for it, they seem to be acting, not as merchants, but as capitalists. It is because they are known to be very rich and very prudent that their names have this value. Either a merchant or a banker might so abuse the practice as to make it the cover of a network of accommodation bills. But eminent merchants and sound banks do not so abuse it; and when they use it cautiously and properly, there not only appears to be very little risk in it, but the capacity in which they adopt it is the same. They are equally capitalists turning the reputation of possessing great capital into a profit.

THE BELGIAN EDUCATION BILL.

It has long been plain that, whenever the Liberal party gained a majority in the Belgian Chamber of Deputies, an attack would be made on the existing system of primary education. That system has the fatal fault, in the eyes of a Belgian Liberal, that it allows the Church a very considerable share in the management of elementary schools. Partly by the system of clerical inspection, and partly by the permission accorded to the communes of adopting schools taught by members of religious congregations, the clergy, in districts where the Catholics are in a majority, have been able to make education an important instrument in maintaining their hold upon the population. To a Belgian, and indeed to a Continental, Liberal this appears a horrible perversion of state influence. Whether he is or is not in favour of the entire separation of Church and State, he is almost certain to be in favour of that partial separation which is involved in the complete secularization of education. The opportunity has at last come, and on Tuesday the new Education Bill was laid on the table of the Chamber of Deputies. It must not be supposed, however, that it represents at all an extreme phase of secularist policy. It is one of the unfortunate results of the position which the Roman Catholic Church has recently taken up in Belgium that she has turned many who might have been her friends into declared adversaries. The present Belgian Ministry, though it has come into power on distinctly anti-clerical principles, is composed of men who in any other country would be regarded as moderate politicians. It may be doubted, for example, whether the Liberal Cabinet in Belgium is really more anti-clerical

than the Left Centre Cabinet in France. The consequence is that the new Bill, though it will be studiously represented as designed to break the power of the clergy, is really a compromise somewhat of the English type. If indeed the clergy set themselves strongly against it, as it is probable they will do, it will admit of being administered in a way that may be very injurious to the Church. Whether, however, it will be so administered, except in a few towns where religious passion runs unusually high, and where the Liberals happen to be in a majority, is more doubtful. Even if it is, there is always a great chance that where parties are so equally balanced as they are in Belgium, the first symptom of persecution sends over to the side against which it is directed sufficient votes to get the law modified, or its application controlled. Where there is no desire to provoke a quarrel, neither side will be in the least compelled to rush into one. Only a little sense and a little forbearance are required in order to make the new Bill a very harmless measure. It must be admitted, however, that neither sense nor forbearance are at all common qualities in such quarrels as that in which every Belgian seems bound to take a part.

That the Bill is not a very formidable piece of legislation will appear when we say that its principal provision is unconsciously modelled on a suggestion made many years ago by Dr. HOOK. After enacting that there shall be in every commune at least one primary school, and that the actual number shall be fixed by the Government after hearing the representations of the Communal Council, it goes on to say that religious instruction is in future to be left to the care of families and of ministers of religion, and that in each school a room is to be placed at the disposal of the ministers of various religions in order that they may give religious instruction to the children of their communion who attend the school either before or after the hours devoted to secular instruction. This provision will no doubt excite immense hostility on the part of the clergy. They will see in it a double insult—first, that they are excluded from teaching the children, as heretofore, in the school and during school hours; and, secondly, that in the permission extended to them to use the school before or after school hours, ministers of all denominations are included. It is quite possible that, in communes where the authorities are of an aggressive disposition, the regulations may be made as inconvenient as possible to the clergy; and that, where a Protestant minister has to have an hour assigned him, he may be made to take precedence of the priest, though one may have six children to teach and the other a hundred. The clergy may have a difficulty also in getting their scholars together. It may make a great difference to the number of children attending religious instruction, whether the parents are required to take measures to prevent them from remaining at school after the secular lessons are over, or to take measures to see that they do remain. In the former case a child, unless the priest is extremely popular, will naturally go home as soon as it can; in the latter it will stay on unless the parent has given express notice to the teacher of the school that he does not wish his children to attend the religious lesson. It will probably rest very much with the communal authorities to determine which of these courses shall be taken. If they give notice that a room will be reserved in which the parish priest may give religious instruction to all children whose parents have signified their desire that he shall teach them, a large number of lukewarm or indifferent parents may take no notice of the permission. If, on the other hand, the notice runs that religious instruction will be given after school hours by the parish priest to those children whose parents have not signified their desire that their children should be taught by a Protestant minister, or not be taught religion at all, lukewarm or indifferent parents will have to take some positive step to withdraw their children from religious instruction, and this they will probably be too careless or too indolent to do. On the whole, it would seem that the policy of the Church in Belgium is to accept this provision, not of course as so good an arrangement as that which now gives the clergy so much power in schools, but as a more favourable one than might have been expected from an avowedly anti-clerical Ministry. It is more probable, however, that the clergy, having been accustomed for some five-and-thirty years to larger rights, will interpret the compromise proposed by the MINISTER of PUBLIC INSTRUCTION simply as a challenge which they may not be able to meet with the proper defiance now, but must not sit quiet under a moment longer than they can help.

In that case it is plain that the more extreme Liberals will not consider the present Education Bill as in any sense a final measure. Indeed they are already greatly exercised about the right given to the clergy to use the school buildings for religious instruction. They do not like to oppose the Bill, because they admit that it is an immense improvement on the present state of things. It is much to have the priest shut out from the school during school hours, to have the system of ecclesiastical inspection and the censorship of school books by the bishop altogether abolished, to have religion no more taught in training schools, and to have the communal authorities forbidden to adopt a Church school as the school of the commune. But these gains have not been secured without a melancholy amount of concession. That the priest should have the right of entering the school building after the secular lessons are over, and giving religious instruction to such children as stay to be instructed, seems to a Belgian Liberal a tremendous imprudence. "We fear," says the *Indépendance Belge*, "that the priest once admitted to "teach in the school building will soon recover all the "authority with which the law formerly invested him." The true spirit of Continental Liberalism speaks in this sentence. In theory Continental Liberals are all for freedom of conscience and the concession of equal rights to all religions. In fact, they usually shrink from applying their formula to the religion with which they have most to do. The inconsistency between their preaching and their practice has usually been concealed by the fact that the Roman Catholic Church has demanded much more than the Liberals are bound by their theory to give her. She has not been content with a fair field and no favour; she has asked that her rivals should be kept out of the field, and she alone allowed to occupy it. But as soon as circumstances allow the Liberals to apply their doctrine the inconsistency is revealed. They are afraid to give the Roman Catholic clergy the liberties which they are bound by their professions to extend to all mankind. However convenient it may be that the priest should come to the school to give religious instruction to the children of his own creed, he must be kept away lest his teaching should be too popular and too influential. Freedom of thought is at present so tender a plant in Belgium that it must be protected by prohibitive legislation. There is far more real difference between the Belgian Education Bill as the Government have drawn it and the wishes of the extreme Liberals than there is between the Bill and the state of things which it proposes to abolish.

NOXIOUS VAPOURS.

WE do not know how many years the Manchester Association for controlling the escape of noxious vapours and fluids from manufactories has been in existence, but, judging from its subscriptions, it has not yet passed beyond the day of small things. The receipts for the past year have been 165*l.* 1*s.* 5*d.*; and, considering the wealth and resolution of the interests against which the Association has to wage war, this must be regarded as a somewhat slender equipment for the contest. Yet, though its operations must necessarily be on a very small scale—supposing, that is, that it cuts its coat according to its cloth—it is at any rate an advantage to have an association of the kind at work in Manchester. If the inhabitants of the districts injured by noxious vapours show no sense of their own miserable condition, and no effective desire to escape from it, they can hardly look for help to those who are not themselves sufferers. Occasionally, when some district of peculiar natural attractiveness is spoiled by trade nuisances, something like a general protest is raised, though usually with but little result. But, generally speaking, there must be evidence of suffering felt as well as of suffering inflicted before people at a distance feel any keen interest in the subject. The ordinary idea is that, if no one cries out, no one can be hurt; and that, if no one is hurt, there can be no pressing need for interference. The notion is an incorrect one, because there can hardly be a greater proof of the injury which results from living in unwholesome conditions than the loss of the power to realize that they are unwholesome. Acclimatization is a benefit in

one sense, inasmuch as, if a man has to spend his days in an atmosphere which the sun rarely penetrates and amid stenches which turn a new comer sick, it is well that he should cease to be sensitive to them. But, if it is a good thing for the individual, it is a bad thing for the race. It is bad because the race gradually deteriorates under these noxious influences; and the effect of acclimatization is to conceal this deterioration from those exposed to it. The keenness of sense which realizes the fact that they are noxious gets deadened; the energy which resents the injury and sets the sufferer to work to get them removed grows weaker. Any evidence, therefore, that use has not lessened that indignation against noxious vapours which it is at once so important and so difficult to retain in its original vigour is to be warmly welcomed. From this point of view the proceedings of the Manchester Association deserve commendation. During the year 1878 the Association has been in conference with similar Associations in Warrington and Liverpool; and their deliberations have resulted in an agreement upon the principal points on which the recommendations of the Royal Commission stand in need of amendment or addition. These proposals are valuable as showing what steps ought to be taken in the opinion of those who have suffered most from noxious vapours, and who may therefore be supposed to be most familiar with the causes which have hitherto availed to prevent their suppression. They may be wrong in their estimate of the remedy, but they at least know what it is to suffer from the disease.

The first request of these combined Associations is that the liability of manufacturers should be made collective. It is obvious indeed that, unless this is done, compensation for injury will very rarely be obtained. Vegetation is destroyed by a wave of noxious gases which may come from one factory or may be contributed to by twenty. Of course, if it can be shown that only one was really in fault, one only ought to make compensation. But suppose it is impossible to prove that only one was in fault—supposing, that is, there is more than one factory from which gas is known to have escaped about the time when the injury was inflicted or in which the appliances for preventing the escape are defective, it is plainly unfair that the owners should escape simply by reason of their multitude A law which made the liability of manufacturers collective, and, in the absence of proof that the damage actually done, and which might have been done by all or any of the works lying within a certain range of the property injured, had been done by any one or more, made all the owners of works within that range liable to pay their share of the compensation, would have the advantage of creating a strong professional feeling against the man who by going on with defective works, or by employing incompetent workmen, had brought his neighbours as well as himself into trouble. Carelessness in either of these respects would thus imply indifference, not merely to the injury done to strangers by the discharge of noxious gases, but to the injury done to a brother manufacturer. Another point touched on in these joint resolutions is the imposition of a check upon the further multiplication of offensive industries. The Committees propose that no new works should be established, and no additions made to works already established, without the license of the Local Government Board. So long as the discharge of noxious vapours cannot be certainly prevented, this is a perfectly reasonable request. A factory which may at any moment destroy vegetation for a considerable distance round it, and make life extremely uncomfortable, is, to say the least, a potential nuisance. When it has once been set up, it cannot be closed without doing harm to the vested interests which have grown up around it, and the utmost that the law can then do beneficially is to enforce the observance of the best appliances for rendering the discharge innocuous. But when the question to be considered is not whether an old factory shall be closed, but whether a new factory shall be opened, the case is different. No individual suffering will be caused by the new factory not being opened. The only result will be a possible loss to the wealth of the country from the non-extension of a particular industry. It is a balance of considerations. On the one side there is the advantage that results from the development of trade; on the other there is the injury done to the health of the district by the form which it is proposed that this development of trade shall take. We will concede that it may be hard to say in any given case to which side the scales should incline; all we wish to insist on is that they do not, as a matter of course, incline to the side of setting up the factory. The district may already be so crowded with nuisance-causing industries that the addition of another would be the last straw laid on the backs of the unfortunate inhabitants; or the district may be so entirely free from any disfigurements of the kind, and so beautiful in itself, that it is of the utmost importance to the whole country that it should be kept in its present state. In one case the density of the population may be a reason for not setting up a factory likely to discharge noxious vapours; in another the reason may be the solitude of the district which it is proposed to invade. A question of this kind, involving as it does the careful weighing of advantage against advantage and of injury against injury, is precisely the sort of question which ought to be left to the decision of the Government. It is impossible for the persons immediately interested on either side to approach it with a sufficiently unbiassed judgment.

The Royal Commission, it will be remembered, found it impossible to arrive at any conclusion as to the relative merits of central and local inspection. The resolutions of the joint Associations suggest a compromise between the two systems which has many recommendations. If the Inspectors are appointed by the Local Government Board, they must be paid out of the Imperial Exchequer; and against this may be urged the natural objection that the inhabitants of districts in which there are no works emitting noxious vapours ought not to be taxed for the protection of districts in which there are such works. As the benefit of inspection is local, the cost of it ought also to be local. On the other hand, if the Inspectors are appointed by the local Sanitary Authority, they will often be appointed by the representatives of the very men whose works they are to inspect. If central inspection distributes the charge unfairly, local inspection makes the process a sham, and so renders it useless to impose the charge at all. The proposal of the Associations is that the appointment of the Inspectors of noxious works should be vested in a County Board, or, where it happens to be more convenient, in the County Boards of two or three adjoining counties, with the sanction of the Local Government Board, and that the expenses of such inspection should be defrayed partly by a county rate and partly by a grant from the Treasury. By this means they think that the number of Inspectors may be so far increased as to allow of their residing within a short distance of the works under their care, and being thereby enabled to see or smell for themselves any unusual discharge of vapours, and to visit the works by night as well as by day. It is plain that, without some importation of the local element into the system of inspection, it would be impossible to invest it with proportions like these. The House of Commons would never consent to charge the whole body of its constituents with the entire cost of protecting a minority of them against local injuries. In counties where works discharging noxious vapours exist, a County Board will be sufficiently interested in the subject not to mind defraying the cost of inspection by which certain inhabitants of the country benefit, while at the same time too many interests will be represented in it to make it the mere creature of the manufacturers whose management of their works is impugned. These two facts point to this as, on the whole, the best way out of the difficulty that is likely to present itself.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL ON THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

If the crowd of seekers for admittance to the evening lecture at the Royal Institution on Friday last were a safe indication of the interest taken by English people in science, it would augur good things for the future of science in England. No sooner were the doors opened (though more than an hour before the time fixed for the lecture to begin) than the whole space available for the public was filled, and the lucky possessors of places thought that their good fortune was cheaply purchased at the price of an hour's patient waiting in a room whose ventilation even yet exists rather in the realm of scientific imagination than of reality. But there were other causes at work to produce this sudden enthusiasm than the mere love of science. The lecture was to be given by one who is certainly first favourite in England as a scientific lecturer, and the subject was one which has suddenly been invested with surpassing interest, not so much among scientific circles as in the world at large. The case of the electric light is similar to that of the telephone, in which the general public is suddenly brought face to face with a scientific discovery brilliant with mingled promise and performance, and learns, with something

between delight and terror, that science has still in store surprises which may transform the apparently so firmly fixed lines of our daily life and lead to widespread modifications of the habits of our existing civilization. It is not to be wondered at that, under such circumstances, there should be a general rush to the accredited authorities in science to learn what all this may mean, and to get some guidance which may serve to distinguish the true from the false in the prophecies which are so rife, all of which seem to the uninstructed equally impossible or equally probable according to the disposition of the hearer. So that it will surprise no one that the number of persons who, though members of the Institution, were unable to obtain seats was so great that the lecture had to be repeated on Monday last.

Professor Tyndall has earned well the position he occupies as a scientific teacher. His life has witnessed the discovery of all the great generalizations which have in modern times revolutionized physics and given to the scientific mind of to-day an appreciation of the unity of nature which would have been impossible in past times, and could only have been even suggested by the most superficial thinkers who owed the breadth of their views to their lack of depth and want of acquaintance with the difficulties of the subjects of which they treated. And during all this time he has been in the thick of the battle, and has probably done more than any other man to spread the knowledge of these great physical laws, and to make their nature and supremacy a part of the lore of every educated man. From this has arisen in him a passionate enthusiasm for these great fundamental truths, and a strong distaste for regarding scientific subjects from any other point of view than their relation to them. It is this quality, combined with his real genius for exposition, which makes him so skilful in devising experiments to illustrate his lectures. No one is more conscientious in refusing to shirk, or to allow his hearers to shirk, any of the real difficulties that beset the thorough comprehension of a subject; but, on the other hand, no one knows so well how to distinguish between such difficulties and questions which after all relate only to subsidiary details, and which, if brought into prominence, would only serve to distract the not-too-well-informed hearer and divert his mind from the main principles. This leads him to choose as illustrations of his lectures experiments which, as it were, exemplify the principles of his subject nakedly and in a form which is as little complicated as possible with secondary and subsidiary actions, so that the experiment itself is eloquent, even to the dullest brain, of the truth it is intended to tell. And in all that he does it is easy to see the effect of his training under Faraday, who to his genius for divining great laws added a power peculiar to himself of presenting them to the mind in a way which seemed to give to them a physical embodiment, to clothe the naked abstractions and turn them into actual physical existences. The reflex of this is seen in all Professor Tyndall's lectures on physical subjects. There is a vividness in the pictures drawn by him which makes all his audiences recognize the forces of which he is speaking as actual living realities, and thus to follow out their effects as they would never have been able to do had they received them merely as abstractions deduced from observation of the concomitant variations of certain natural phenomena. Hence, if any one cannot understand science as expounded by Professor Tyndall, he need go to no other teacher, but had better give the matter up.

It was quite necessary that the lecturer should be one gifted with rare powers of exposition. For, in the consideration of the question of the electric light as it has recently come before the public, we are brought face to face with a phenomenon which involves all the difficulties and mysteries which surround electric action. And there is no way to avoid them. No doubt to the scientific thinker there are difficulties almost as great in the theory of the galvanic battery or even in frictional electricity. But such difficulties as these are deep-seated, and do not trouble the ordinary mind, which has grown to feel no surprise that two different metals immersed in an acid solution should set up a current in a wire joining them, or that friction should electrify glass. But in this question the difficulties of action at a distance and the mysterious kinship between the galvanic current and magnetism are so palpably involved that they cannot be avoided, and there is at present no established formula which is a sufficiently accredited explanation to induce people to imagine that they understand it when they do not; so that persons of ordinary intelligence have no other alternative than either comprehending the matter or being conscious that they do not. These remarks apply to the new methods of generating electricity, and not to the electric light properly so called, which is of course a matter wholly independent of the source from which the electricity is derived; but the peculiarity of the present crisis is that it is not in the least due to discoveries relating to the electric light. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that nothing new has been done with respect to it for the last twenty years, and there can be no doubt that most of the recent patents relating to it will be found to be worthless, from having been long ago anticipated. All that we now know of it we have known for a long time. The rush of inventors to it is similar to the rush of miners to claims in some long-ago-discovered field which had been abandoned from its having been found not to repay working, but which has been opened up by subsequent changes in the facilities of transport. The real interest of the present crisis is concentrated in the generators that are used to supply the electric lights, and nothing is more interesting from a scientific and industrial point of view than the extraordinary developments in dynamo-electric machines which have suddenly placed electricity in the foremost rank of the economic agencies of the world, rivalling even the giant steam and its less known, but not less interesting, coadjutor, modern hydraulics.

The character of Professor Tyndall's lecture faithfully reflected this state of facts. Singularly complete as was his summary of all the competitors for the fame and profit of rendering the electric light applicable to the ordinary needs of civilized communities, it resembled nothing so little as an expert's discourse upon the comparative advantages and disadvantages of the various kinds of electric lights or the relative merit of their inventors. Not that the importance to the world at large of such practical applications of the knowledge which we possess of the properties of electricity was at all undervalued by the lecturer, or the merit of the authors of such applications treated lightly. On the contrary, the lecturer's admiration both for the inventors and their works showed itself perpetually throughout the whole lecture. But the praise they received from him must have sounded strange to those of his audience who shared the vague ideas relative to the electric light which are rife among the general public—namely, that it is something which was first discovered some nine months ago, and that gas shares fell greatly in consequence of this discovery. The whole question of the rival systems of electric light was dismissed in a rapid review which just glanced at the special contrivances which characterized each, and his criticism consisted of a good deal of general and very little special commendation. The lecturer could not and did not even desire to leave the position of the *savant* and take up that of the mechanical engineer. The greater or less ingenuity displayed by the various inventors in minimizing the evil consequences of the many troublesome peculiarities of electricity when used as a light-generator, however interesting to him as a proof of human skill, were, after all, well-nigh as foreign to the point of view from which he regarded the subject as would have been the artistic merits of the fittings of their lamps. So soon as he came to some new scientific principle it was at once brought into prominence and received due honour. But mere mechanical arrangements, whose sole merit consisted in the skill with which they utilized well-known forces, won from him little more than the briefest word of commendation. And thus the whole question of electric lamps received such scant notice that, if we were to find any fault with the lecture, it would be that the lecturer declined completely to humour the audience by dwelling at more length on the part of the subject which would have the greatest attractions for the majority of them. But the fact is that, in addition to its not possessing much novelty, the question of the lamp in the electric light is not an interesting one from a scientific point of view. It is a mere detail in the theory of producing light from electricity, and although future discoveries as to the nature and properties of the electric arc may wholly alter the matter, the present state both of knowledge and practice makes it impossible to impart any scientific interest to an examination of this part of the subject.

The theory of the electric light is capable of being expressed in a few words. Thanks to the mutual interchangeability of all forms of force, we are able to transfer force from one place to another in one shape, and at the end of its journey to use it in another shape, just as we can send money by post in the form of notes and get it changed into gold at its destination. But, whatever be the form in which we seek to effect the transference, some portion is lost or dissipated on the road; and, moreover, the transformation at the end is not usually effected without further cost. If we transmit the force in the shape of heat, there is the loss by conduction or radiation; if by motion, there is the loss from friction. Again, if, at the end of its path, we wish to use our force in the shape of heat, it is obviously disadvantageous to transfer it in the form of motion, as there is no easy method of transforming motion into heat, especially if a high temperature is desired. To solve all these difficulties, we turn to the electric current, which is beyond all comparison the form of force which offers the greatest facilities for transmission (if we except such forms as combustible or explosive substances), just as heat is probably the worst in this respect. It is true that there is a definite loss during the transmission. However large in section be the conductor through which the electric current passes, it offers some resistance to the electric current; and the amount of force which is taken from the current and changed into heat and thus dissipated is exactly proportional to this resistance; and herein resides the whole history and mystery of the electric light. Not only does this property enable us to diminish without practical limit the loss during transmission by the simple means of providing substantial copper wires to convey the current, but it enables us to turn exactly as much or as little of the force contained in the current into heat at the precise point or points we desire. If the materials would stand the heat it would be a simple question in proportion to decide on the dimensions of a platinum wire which, when placed in a given circuit, would be raised to any given temperature up to the intensest solar heat; it would merely be necessary to ensure that it should be of dimensions small enough, and have sufficient resistance to force the electric current to give up the heat requisite to effect the desired increase of temperature. By no other means and in no other form can we convey force to a small body, and, by changing it suddenly into heat, raise the small body alone to an intense and constant heat without its being in the neighbourhood of other hot bodies. All electric lighting consists in the application of this principle to practice, and the different systems differ only in the means by which the requisite resistance is produced. Of the three types of lamp at present in use, one (to which it is supposed that

the alleged inventions of Mr. Edison belong) produces the required localized resistance by means of fine wire of some refractory metal, which is a very bad conductor, such as platinum or iridium, or a mixture of the two. Another produces that resistance by forcing the current to pass along a fine piece of charcoal, either (as in the Sawyer and Mann lamp) in the form of a thin needle placed in an atmosphere of nitrogen to prevent combustion, or (as in the Regnier and Werdermann lamps) by passing it through a finely-pointed pencil of carbon, which touches a larger piece, and in which the effect of combustion is neutralized by the gradual advance of the thinner carbon. The third type, to which all the more important forms belong, produces the required resistance by compelling the electricity to pass from one carbon point to another over a very short interval of space, which is bridged, no doubt, by incandescent particles of carbon torn from the carbon points by the electric current, and carried with it in its course. The resistance afforded by such an interval, and consequently the degree of heat generated within it, is enormous, and thus the particles of carbon are raised to a heat which makes them give out light of the intensest whiteness. Unfortunately the resistance, though always enormous, is subject to great fluctuations, due to minute impurities or inequalities in the carbon, and this may increase the resistance so much as to stop the current altogether, and thus extinguish the lights; or, on the other hand, may diminish the resistance so greatly as to cause the light to sink; and thus it is of the greatest importance to remove or minimize these fluctuations, and each of the different systems that fall under this head has a different device for effecting it. But, as we have said above, the whole matter consists in producing a sufficiently great and constant resistance in a sufficiently small space; and it is not surprising that Professor Tyndall did not seem to linger lovingly on the trifling peculiarities of the *modus operandi* chosen by the several inventors for the purpose of attaining this desired result, however great the practical importance of their success.

When we turn to the question of the generators of the electric current which supplies the electric light, we find a very different state of things. Nothing can exceed the scientific interest of the gradual development of dynamo-electric machines, from the little roughly-made instrument which was exhibited on Friday night, from which Faraday got his first magneto-electric spark, to the enormously powerful machines of Gramme and Siemens which produce torrents of electricity capable of sustaining a light of many thousand candles. The history exemplifies in the most perfect manner how gradually the human intellect learns to grasp the full meaning of the truths at which it has arrived, and how slowly it feels its way to the full appreciation of the new powers that it has acquired. Without any theoretical addition to the discoveries of Faraday, every step in advance taken by Wilde, Holmes, Siemens, or Gramme was a new revelation of the meaning of these discoveries; and, though logically they were strictly deductive in their character, and necessarily rank far below the great inductions upon which they were founded, they are worthy of, and have always received, the highest scientific honour. The lecturer both felt and showed this. He carefully followed out in his best manner this development in all its detail, illustrating the progress made during each epoch by references to his own experiences as adviser to the Trinity House, in which capacity he had better opportunities of studying the earlier attempts to render the electric light practically useful on a large scale than any other person, and in connexion with which the first application of dynamo-electric machines to electric lighting took place. And not only the lecturer, but his audience, must have felt the charm of mystery that attends this subject. The most ignorant cannot suppress a kind of awe at the invisible agency that will make a powerful steam-engine groan and labour over turning a bobbin of wire that a child would seem to be able to spin round, and that a child could actually spin round if a small incision were first made in it. On seeing an engine whirling round the armature of a dynamo-electric machine with the greatest ease when the machine is not in electrical connexion, and then suddenly brought up and made to labour and strain as though an immense load had been flung on to it by unseen hands, and knowing that this change has been wrought by the mere gentle contact of a slip of copper with the axle, one is reminded of the fairy-tales where the Brownies, to punish some waggoner who has offended them, make his horses strain in vain to pull the waggons that should be but trifling loads to them, or suddenly root him fast to the ground, without his being able to feel his bonds. While dwelling on this marvellous result of the work of Faraday, which in its earlier stages seemed so little likely ever to be of interest to any but the purely scientific world, it was not in human nature to resist the temptation of a fling at the Comtists, who would let a hierarchy decide on what scientific studies should be prohibited, on the ground that the student's time belongs to humanity, and must be spent only on subjects that will be profitable to it. It would scarcely be worth while to show up the absurdity of our scientific studies being directed by a "bench" of bishops, Comtist or other, were it not that, thanks partly to a happy ignorance that prevails in England as to the true tenets of the sect, and partly to the lofty intellectual position, high above all such "bugbears of a weak mind" as consistency, which is assumed by their writers, they have frequently been taken to be a portion of the advanced scientific school, and men of really liberal views have been held responsible for their absurdities. But with this exception there were no polemics in the lecture, though a strongly accented abstention from the discussion of the rumoured inventions of Mr. Edison might well be taken as a sufficient indication of the lecturer's feelings on the propriety of discounting the merit of unperfected inventions for the fame procurable by sensational telegrams. This must have been some solace to aggrieved holders of gas shares, if any such were present; but the enlightened amongst them might have derived much more substantial comfort from the fact that the electricity that was working the lamps before them was generated by a large gas-engine, and they might have reflected with not unpleasurable feelings that the night upon which by far the largest quantity of gas was consumed at the Royal Institution since its foundation was the one which was devoted to the glorification of the electric light.

THE BEST FELLOW IN THE WORLD.

WHEN mothers of large families contemplate the futures of their sons, mentally deciding that one shall be a Prime Minister, another an Archbishop, and so on, they are apt to forget one of the highest of the liberal professions. Surely even politicians and ecclesiastics of the highest rank cannot claim precedence of the Best Fellow in the World. Men sometimes attain to the two first-named positions without any natural qualifications for them; but Best Fellows in the World—like poets and Two-Headed Nightingales—must, as the phrase goes, be born so. In their cradles they may, or they may not, exhibit any marked symptoms of sociability, but at an early period of their boyhood they are pretty certain to show an anxiety as to the enlargement of their acquaintance, rapidly acquiring the art of self-introduction, and converting speaking acquaintanceships into friendships. At the seaside they soon embarrass their parents by the number of their intimate companions, and still more by their familiarity with the adult belongings of their little friends. When sent to school they are completely in their element. If there is a club, they manage to get into it; if there is no club, they found one. They are not naughty boys, although rather idle, as the act of sinning in itself offers no attraction to them; but they will commit iniquity with others for the sake of good-fellowship, after which they will bear a flogging with the greatest good-humour, feeling neither a sense of shame nor ill-will towards the operator. If a boy of this type is happy at school, he is still happier at the University. There his taste for clubs becomes even more developed. Before his second term is over, he contrives to be elected to the most select of those institutions at his college, and his third term most likely finds him its treasurer or secretary. He reorganizes the club dinners, and puts the accounts on a better footing. Eventually he becomes president, and then it is necessary that every young man coming up to his college, who wants to "get on," should be placed under his special patronage, and he becomes a sort of collegiate foster-father to half-a-dozen young noblemen. Young men of large fortune are indebted to him for many benefits, such as election to the clubs, and introduction to the best sets. So many favours of this kind has he to bestow that it is needless for him to put himself to the expense of extravagant entertainments. Indeed at the club dinners, college balls, and reunions of old public schoolmen he always seems to act as host; therefore he has little occasion for the exercise of private hospitality. Most of his fellow-undergraduates would consider it a greater honour to eat a mutton chop in the select privacy of his quietly furnished rooms than to feast at a gorgeous supper table in any other quarter of the college. When the peerage and baronetage are guilty of some midnight escapade which has been discovered by the authorities, he is selected as champion to beard the Dean. His gentlemanlike apology, combined with the recollection of the rank of his clients, easily mollifies that functionary, and "best fellow in the world" scarcely seems a high enough title for him when he announces their pardon to his impeached comrades. It is needless to say that he has plenty of invitations to the homes of his companions. He is dubbed a "good fellow" at great country houses, and is found to be an adept at making things "go off well." He thus gets splendid opportunities of making the intimate acquaintance of the most desirable young ladies—an advantage which, sooner or later, he is pretty certain to turn to profitable account. When he goes into the army, he is good-natured in taking duty for any young swells who want extra leave, and he is indefatigable in doing the troublesome work of getting up balls, theatricals, or pic-nics. He reforms the mess and the cellar, and manages the regimental steeplechases. Being very smart and soldierlike in appearance, he is selected as aide-de-camp to a general, and spends most of his time in accompanying that official in his rounds of reviews. If he remains long enough in the army, he becomes a popular colonel, and fathers are anxious to get their sons into his regiment. When he happens to be an eldest son, and the heir to a large property, his accession is quite an event. His country house soon becomes famous for its pleasant parties. Only "nice people" are to be met there, and the men and women are sorted and arranged in the most judicious and diplomatic manner. Of course he is chosen by his political party to stand for his county, and he not only gets in with flying colours, but shows such an aptitude for canvassing that his services are sought by candidates in other constituencies. In the House of Commons it is soon discovered that he is the very man to make a good "Whip," and, although he never obtains a seat in the Cabinet, nor even speaks, he is a good deal behind the scenes in the management of his party, and has a

finger in many elections. He makes a popular master of hounds and is steward of half-a-dozen race-meetings. This kind of thing goes on until he gradually relapses into the "dearest of old gentlemen," when he becomes almost more popular than ever. The most beautiful girls and the gayest of young men vie with each other in petting and spoiling the old "evergreen."

This is one side of the picture. It represents its subject as immensely popular and universally successful, and it is little, if at all, overdrawn; but the halo of virtue which surrounds his head is, morally speaking, of rather a lime-light order. All his generosity is reflective, and his very unselfishness is lent out on interest. He is good-natured, but his good-nature is strictly professional, and he expects his fee for its practice, as much as a doctor or lawyer, and if as a philanthropist he is a fine operator, he expects to be paid accordingly. He looks upon humanity simply as a box of tools, and estimates every man only so far as he is likely to prove of service to himself. Early in life he takes good care to make his reputation for kindness and good-nature so secure that he can afford to drop a friend without danger to himself whenever it may be convenient to do so. If it is reported that he has cut an old companion to whom he is indebted for past favours, plenty of people are ready to say that he is much too good-hearted a man to have done such a thing without very good cause. With the peerage and baronetage he makes it his special business to keep on excellent terms; but he is too shrewd to incur the odium of being a tuft-hunter. He therefore fraternizes ostentatiously with a large number of commoners, and he takes good care to choose these entirely from among successful toadies. As he well knows, friendship with the latter is the surest way of being on good terms with their patrons; much on the same principle on which care of the pence is said to insure the pounds taking care of themselves. The world declares him to be a good-hearted fellow. His heart may be good—in the sense that a picture, a statue, or a machine may be good—but it is equally artificial. He has made and fashioned it, out of a piece of raw material, into the design approved by good society. What more, he might fairly ask, could society require? Natural-heartedness is a luxury that he never allows himself. Education in the world's ways he considers as necessary for the heart as for the head, and his heart is educated to the highest standard of conventional virtue. He even visits the fatherless and the widow in their affliction—when they have twenty thousand a year; he stands by his friend when the world turns against him—if he is a duke or a marquess; and he lends money without expecting to be paid back again—when he thinks it is to his own interest so to do. He contributes to the pet charities of great ladies, knowing that the money thus cast, as it were, upon the waters shall return unto him, in some form or other, before many days; but he is too high-principled to assist the poor, as such a proceeding might have a tendency to pauperize. He worships one god, and his name is Society. Sometimes the Best Fellow in the World is a parson; but he does not find himself much hampered by his calling. Have not many members of the best families been "in the Church?" so why should he object? He is the model of "a nice clergyman." His very existence is a spiritual consolation to many miserable sinners. They argue that the Best Fellow is a good clergyman, and will therefore go to heaven. They themselves live in the same society and in much the same manner as the Best Fellow—therefore &c., Q.E.D. His sermons are severe, but at the same time comforting. He denounces drunkenness and the other vices of the poor, and this greatly edifies the rich. After scolding the lower orders, he lectures good society and gently deprecates its want of charity. His idea of want of charity quite meets its views. When a young man is fast, it is uncharitable to exclude him from our drawing-rooms. When a married man flirts with other people's wives, it is uncharitable to shun his society, and when it is reported that a certain lady is unfaithful to her husband, it is uncharitable to believe it. If the worst comes to the worst, he preaches the duty of forgiveness. He recommends the charitable to bear in mind the many and great temptations to which the rich are exposed. With them, too, dissipation is but the fulfilment of their duties, and they must live according to that position in life in which they find themselves placed. Children must not be treated with strictness, lest they should become deceitful, and they must be allowed plenty of gaiety when they are in the schoolroom, lest they should become over-frivolous from mere reaction when they grow up. Expenditure is much to be encouraged, as it is good for trade, and hunting or shooting six days a week prevents young men from doing many things which are worse. Such is the general drift of this excellent cleric's doctrine, both in the pulpit and in the drawing-room. He encourages good music and floral decorations when they please the wealthier portion of his congregation; but he carefully avoids extremes. When questioned as to his views, he complacently observes that, although there may be cases of extreme practices in either direction, he feels convinced that the main body of the clergy of the Church of England is "sound." His stories are excellent, being pungent, but never naughty, and he is quick at repartee without being severe.

Even as a younger son, the Best Fellow in the World manages to assert himself. As a boy he is of course on an equality with elder sons, and at school and college he makes friends with those who have been born with what nurses call silver spoons in their mouths. When grown up, he is too faithful to desert these friends of his childhood; and he will put himself to great inconvenience, and even go through the unpleasant process known as "swallowing dirt," in order to keep on good terms with them. In one sense he works hard for his bread. He has to be able to sit up all night, and then appear early at breakfast, full of fun and vigour. His head must never ache, and he must never have letters to write, unless he perceives that his presence is not required. At any moment he must be prepared to tell a good story, sing a comic song, or act in private theatricals, and he must be equally ready to listen patiently for days and nights together to the most confirmed of bores. At country houses he must revive the flagging spirits of the party whenever required, and he is expected to "get things up," and make them "go off well." In fact, he must be a sort of social Impresario. Unfortunately, too, he is generally obliged to acquire the art of borrowing money gracefully; and, when greatly harassed in his mind as to the ways and means of meeting a bill, he must be the life and soul of the party at some dull country house, and seem overflowing with joviality and merriment.

Most people must be acquainted with specimens of the Best Fellow in the World. We have only dwelt upon two or three varieties of the species. We leave people to estimate their worth by their own experience. To the great and the wealthy they prove useful and afford amusement, just as a good horse or a good gun might be useful or amusing; but to their poor or less known acquaintances they are of little service. "Scratch the Russian," said Napoleon, "and you will find the Tartar." Scratch the Best Fellow in the World, and you will generally find what the Americans call "a pretty considerable humbug."

THE POPE'S ENCYCLICAL.

THE recent Encyclical of Leo XIII. has for some reason not been thought worth a place in the *Times*, either in full or even in a brief summary, though it was unfavourably noticed in a not very appreciative leader. The Roman Correspondent of the *Standard*, who is usually well informed, is both more accurate in his account of it and more felicitous in his comments; and elsewhere also, alike in English and foreign journals, the true significance of this last Papal manifesto has been better understood. It is called in one of them "a very sensible sort of document," written in a "thoughtful style," though "rather conservative," as it no doubt is. A clerical correspondent of the same paper is more unreserved in his commendation, and declares the argument "throughout Scriptural and sound in the main," though he observes—without any note of censure however—that His Holiness "ignores the Latin errors and excesses which have called forth, by way of reaction, the hard secularism he deplores." In other words Leo XIII. does not take occasion in his last Encyclical to pronounce a public condemnation on the policy of his predecessor. It would have been rather strange, and not perhaps very prudent, if he had. The more important question is whether he is practically endorsing and carrying on that policy, or quietly substituting another in its place. And it is hardly necessary to read between the lines of the present document, to say nothing now of earlier utterances to the same effect, to be able to answer that question with tolerable confidence. There was a report in last Wednesday's *Times* of a meeting of the "League of St. Sebastian," a society founded for the restoration of the temporal power, which affords contributory evidence from an unexpected quarter in the same direction. It is true that Sir George Bowyer, who occupied the chair, began by congratulating the members on the improved prospects of the League; but they must have found, we fear, very cold comfort in the only proofs he ventured to suggest of this improvement. "They had not given up all hope that the temporal power *might* be restored in some form or other. . . . Events *might* happen in Europe which would lead to the restoration of the temporal power, and if restored in a moderate form (?) it would develop itself and become before long, all that they could wish." Does "a moderate form" mean the Leonine City, or a secular Parliament, or what? The speaker went on to remark that "it would be heresy, of course," to say that the temporal power was necessary; it was merely a means to an end. Another speaker urged the duty of subscribing to the "Peter's Pence" fund, which was established as a substitute for the Civil List. A third thought that with greater energy much might be done to promote the object in view. This is a very milk and water style of rhetoric compared to what used to be in vogue under the late pontificate. There is of course no limit to what "might happen" in Europe or any other part of the world. That the Leaguers are not very sanguine as to what will happen is a natural inference from the tone of their speeches, and there can be little doubt that so far they reflect the deliberate judgment of the reigning pontiff. A different style of oratory was adopted and encouraged by Pius IX.

But to return to the Encyclical. We have referred to its reception in some English journals. The Roman Correspondent of the *Guardian* speaks of its being received with admiration and approval, or with "querulous criticism" by the European press generally, and of the elevation of language and noble sentiments which characterize it. What is most remarkable is to observe the tone of the Italian and especially the Government organs. Thus the *Italia* contrasts the "useless regrets and impotent anathemas" of Pius IX. with Leo XIII.'s manner of resolutely facing and discussing the problems of modern society, and considers his treatment of Socialist doctrines as fully justified in the main by the principles of philosophy and social science; and the writer proceeds to remark on the import-

ance of finding the principle of obedience to the laws of the State so unequivocally laid down in an Encyclical. "We have been so long accustomed to hear the furious cries of the clerical demagogues that we turn with real gratitude to this calm, elevated, truly Christian language; and any reserves we may feel called on to make as to certain statements of the Encyclical disappear before the importance of an act destined to exercise a great influence in Europe." And Signor Tajani, Minister of Public Worship, has spoken in the same sense in the Senate of the "calm and elevated language of the Pope." The article goes on to speak of the Encyclical as tending to promote the formation of a new Catholic Conservative party according to the programme of Signor Sclopis and Signor Masino, and virtually bidding Catholics resume their part in the active life of the nation. This is of course not matter of unmixed satisfaction to Italian Liberals, who naturally think the Church will be far more powerful when it enters the field of battle than while it pursued a policy of sullen and unfruitful isolation. But in any case they regard the Encyclical as indicating a momentous change of front on the part of the Papacy, and therefore as "one of the greatest events of our time." Masino is a Liberal Catholic, who is prepared to organize a Catholic party in Italy on the basis of accepting existing facts. And there seems to be no doubt that he has the sympathy and approval of the Pope in his design. His Holiness has shown his vigour and consistency in smaller matters by a stern reform of the manifold internal abuses of the Vatican which only throve and multiplied under the easy rule of his predecessor. The tribe of idle and sufficiently mundane *monsignori* who swarm at Rome are reputed to be already feeling the force of his heavy hand. The Canons of St. Peter's have been ordered to pay 25,000 francs a year to the Peter's Pence fund; and the various traditional but senseless extravagances, not to say impositions, allowed formerly among the functionaries of the Curia have been curtailed.

The original text of the Encyclical is not before us, but the French version which appeared in the *Italia*, and has probably been the one most often copied or translated in journals of northern Europe, is said to be very inaccurate as compared with the Italian version. The *Tablet* gives in full but in very stilted English what we presume is a translation from the original, but does not give the Latin text. By all accounts the Latin style differs almost as widely as the substance of the document from the precedents of the last pontificate. The Encyclical is understood to have been entirely composed by the Pope himself and corrected by his own hand. It is also said to have been privately submitted to those whom it was especially desired to conciliate—in particular to the authorities at Berlin—before it was published, and to have gained their approval. There is indeed a report that it was intended to be first published abroad, but in consequence of the contents oozing out it was at once sent to the Roman newspapers. The Pope begins by reminding the faithful that in his first Encyclical he had called attention to "the deadly pestilence pervading the whole framework of society, and bringing it to the brink of ruin"; but this does not refer to the downfall of the temporal power, for he immediately adds that "the evils we then deplored have of late so rapidly increased that we are constrained to address you again, in the words of the Prophet, 'Cry aloud and spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet.'" This increasing pestilence is explained to be the sect of Socialists, Communists, or Nihilists, who are seeking to overthrow the foundations of civil society. And the rest of the Encyclical is accordingly occupied in drawing out the irreconcilable difference between Socialism and the teaching of the Gospel, both as regards political matters and "that domestic relation based on Christian marriage which is the foundation of all society and government." But the significance of the document lies quite as much in what it omits as in what it contains. There is not from beginning to end one word about the temporal power or the quarrel between the Holy See and Italy. It does not certainly follow from this that Leo XIII. does not look upon the deprivation of the temporal power as a misfortune to the Church, or the manner in which it was brought about as wrongful and unjust. Most likely he does so view the case, and it is only fair to remember that there are many, who are not Ultramontanes or even Roman Catholics, who would so far to a great extent agree with him. But whatever personal convictions he may cherish on these points, it is clear that he does not attach to them anything like the transcendent importance they occupied in the mind of his predecessor. In his view the loss of the temporal sovereignty, so to speak, stopped the way to all and any dealings with modern society, till it was repaired. Nothing can be more unlike the pessimist *Non possumus* of Pius IX., than the earnest exhortations of his successor to "the nations and princes exposed to the fury of the tempest" of Socialism, not to restore the temporal power, but "to hearken to the voice of the Church, reminding them that the principles of religion and government are so closely identified that whatever injures religion must needs affect the loyalty of the subject and the majesty of government." There follows, indeed, an exhortation "to restore the Church to that position of liberty in which she may best exercise her salutary influence for the benefit of human society"; but there can be no doubt that these words refer, mainly, if not exclusively, to the negociations still pending between the Holy See and the German Government, in which it appears to be generally allowed that the former has maintained throughout a dignified and conciliatory attitude.

The fact is, as we have before now had occasion to observe, that Leo XIII. regards the state of the world not simply from the standpoint of an ecclesiastic, but of a statesman—a Christian and Conservative statesman no doubt, but there he will find a large following among Protestants as well as among his own spiritual subjects. As the *Diritto* expresses it, "Leo XIII. understands that the interests of the Catholic Church are not bound up with the violent possession of a few square miles of territory, and he has not hesitated to place himself at the head of a European Conservative party, tracing out an explicit programme for the Italian Conservatives. Under this aspect," adds the *Diritto*, "the Encyclical creates a new and most grave situation, which imposes on the Liberal party new and important duties." It is obvious indeed, as we intimated just now, that to the extreme Radical and anti-Church party in Italy the attitude assumed by Leo XIII. is far more embarrassing than that of his predecessor. But it is equally obvious that no Pope, or rather no chief pastor of any Christian communion, could in reason or conscience accept such a programme as would meet their wishes. A Pope can hardly be blamed for desiring that the social and civil life of Christian nations—in which category it is clear from his language towards the German Emperor that he includes Protestant nations—should be regulated on Christian principles. That is quite another thing from insisting that the Church can never come to terms with them at all until they have restored to her chief pastor the civil sovereignty over an Italian State. That the organs of the Jesuit party are much puzzled to know how to deal with the utterances of the present Pontiff we can readily believe, and that he has all along had to contend with the most violent, though secret, opposition of that party, is generally understood. According to one report, indeed, claiming high authority, he credits the Jesuits with "a pious desire" to poison him, which is only held in check by their conviction that "his successor would pay his debts to them." The wonder under the circumstances is, not that he should fail to condemn more openly a policy he has abandoned, but that he should already have spoken so plainly as he has done. The difficulties of a reforming Pope are in any case sufficiently serious, and they are certainly not diminished when he happens to be the successor of Pius IX.

PRINCE BISMARCK ON SWELLS, SNOBS, AND COCKNEYS.

At Versailles on the evening of the 8th of December, 1870, Prince Bismarck consoled his impatience at the delay in the bombardment of Paris with a repast consisting, among other delicacies, of pancakes with mushrooms and pheasant with *Sauerkraut*, cooked, as the man of blood and iron loves it, in champagne. After uttering the sound observation that of Forster and Deidesheimer (wines, it is needless to say, of the Palatinate) the preference is to be given to the former, and the more questionable doctrine that *Sauerkraut*, when corrected by a little neat brandy, is far from being unwholesome, and discussing the case of a young diplomatist at Vienna who collected and bound in two elegant volumes all the bills of fare of the Ambassador under whom he served—among which, we are told, are some deeply interesting combinations—the Chancellor proceeded, by transitions not recorded in the valuable work of Herr Busch, to analyse the ideas (*Begriffe*) of Swell, Snob, and Cockney. Prince Bismarck knows England, if he does not love it, and the judgment of his acute and powerful mind upon us cannot fail to be interesting, even if it be at times not greatly flattering to our vanity.

A few words suffice for the Swell. The Prince began by characterizing a brother diplomatist as such. It is to be regretted that the name of the diplomatist in question is not recorded, since in such matters an example is of more value than a definition. "It is a capital word," said Prince Bismarck, "for which we have no equivalent in German." Then, correcting himself, he quoted the word *Stutzer*, or dandy, adding that the English word contains, over and above what is connoted by *Stutzer*, the notion of a prominent chest and of an air of lordly self-importance. Here, on the whole, Prince Bismarck must be admitted to have hit the mark. But the characteristics of a swell are obvious and external; those of the Snob, which the Chancellor went on to discuss, are much more recondite, manifold, and subtle. And here his analysis is less successful. "The snob," he says, "is something quite different from the swell; and, as in the case of the swell, there is no word which gives the idea in German. The word denotes various facts and qualities, but more especially one-sidedness, narrowness, the inability to escape from local or class prejudices, Philistinism. A snob is a kind of *Pfahlbürger*. But this is not exactly it. You must add the inability to rise out of the interests of one's family, a narrow horizon in judging of political matters, the being imprisoned in inbred ways and fancies. There are snobs of the feminine sex and of high social position. You may also speak of party snobs, of men who in great public affairs cannot escape from the trammels of private right—advanced Liberal snobs." Now it may be admitted that there are female snobs and advanced Liberal snobs; though politeness forbids one to give instances of the former, and discretion of the latter; but Prince Bismarck's description is not that of a snob at all, but it is an excellent description of the Philistine. For "snob" read "Philistine" in the foregoing account, and it is all right. It is the more curious that Prince Bismarck should have failed to seize the characteristics of the snob, because the animal, though not confined to England, flourishes here in a rank abundance which can hardly have escaped his notice. Both the outward and inward marks of the type—the

pushing vulgarity, the pretentious loudness, the underbred familiarity which belong to one sort of snob, as well as the qualities which characterize snobs of better birth—the social unscrupulousness, the coarseness of spirit that measures others by their worldly place, the want of inner dignity and self-respect that drives people to cling to those a peg or two above them on the ladder of society—must have been noticed by Prince Bismarck, as they are noticed constantly by other foreigners. The snob, indeed, is a natural growth in a society passing from an aristocratic into a democratic stage.

"A Cockney," then pursued the Prince, "is again something different. It is applied to Londoners in particular. There are people in London who have never come out from among their walls and lanes, their brick and mortar, who have never seen anything green, who know no other life than that of these lanes, and have always lived within hearing of Bow Bells. There are people at Berlin, too, who have never been outside of it. But Berlin is a little place by the side of London or even of Paris, where there are cockneys, too, but called by another name. In these great cities ways of looking at things are formed, which grow and spread and become fixed as prejudices in the minds of the inhabitants. In such great centres of population, where people have no experience and therefore no just conception, or no conception at all, of what lies outside, arise this narrowness and simplicity (*Einfaltigkeit*). Simplicity without conceit can be put up with. But for a man to be a simpleton, unpractical, and conceited into the bargain, is more than can be borne." This may be allowed to pass. But a little later on the Chancellor comes back again to the snob. "There are snobs," he says, "in the country. Take, for instance"—turning to Prince Putbus—"a good sportsman who is satisfied that he is the first man in the world, that sport is the only thing in the world of any consequence, and that people who don't understand sporting matters amount to nothing." It is quite plain from these examples that Prince Bismarck does not know what a snob is, or, if he does, that he knows him by the wrong name.

It is very seldom that the Chancellor has a good word to say about the English. When he has, it is to point out some Teutonic virtue which they possess to a less degree than the Germans. In drawing the hackneyed contrast—containing less than half a truth—between the superficial politeness of the French and the genuine politeness of heart which he claims for his own people, he finds occasion to throw in a little diluted commendation of the English character. Perhaps his experiences on landing one Sunday at Hull gave him a twist the wrong way. "The keeping of the Sunday," said the Prince, who is himself, for a German, a strict observer of the day, to his company—"what a horrible tyranny! I remember the first time I came to England landing at Hull and whistling in the street. An Englishman, whose acquaintance I had made on board, said to me, 'Pray, sir, don't whistle.' 'Why not?' said I; 'is it against the law?' 'No, sir,' said he; 'but it is the Sabbath.' This vexed me so that I went at once and took a ticket for another steamer which was going to Edinburgh, as it did not suit me to be hindered from whistling when I pleased. But before this happened we had been in an inn, and there I got hold for the first time of something good—toasted cheese—Welsh rabbit." One can almost hear the smack of the lips with which these words were accompanied. Elsewhere, after speaking in high terms of Lord Odo Russell, he went on to say:—"One thing only made me at first doubtful about him. I have always heard and found by my own experience that all Englishmen who talk French well are dubious sort of people (*bedenklich*), and he speaks French admirably. Still he can express himself well enough in German too." The Prince says little about English politics, home or foreign, but the little that he does say is characteristic. When the Russian Government declared its intention to disregard the part of the Treaty of Paris relating to the Black Sea, public opinion in England, as all remember, was greatly excited. A statement of Lord Granville's in the House of Lords that England could not for fear of future complications tolerate any one-sided solution of the question being telegraphed to the German Chancellor, he smiled, and said, "*Future* complications! Parliamentary orators! Don't believe a word of it! The accent is laid on the word 'future.' That's the way people talk when they don't mean to do anything." "The Russians," said the Prince another time, in speaking of the same matter, "ought not to have put forward their claim so modestly; they should have asked for more; and then they would have carried their point about the Black Sea without any trouble."

The toasted cheese deserved a better recompense than all this. It was an argument addressed to that part of the Chancellor's nature where his conversation shows him to be peculiarly sensitive. Nowhere, out of the *Almanach des Gourmets*, is so much to be read about eating and drinking as in these volumes of Herr Busch. The Prince's wit, audacity, piety, and cunning sink into insignificance when compared with the range and voracity of his truly princely appetite. On the day when he delivered himself of the above utterance on the Black Sea question, he was recovering from an attack of indisposition, and his meals would presumably be lighter than usual. But beer, champagne, turtle-soup, boar's-head, and a mess of mustard and raspberry-jelly ("which was very good," says Herr Busch) formed only a part, on that day, of his repast. He could at one time dispose of eleven hard-boiled eggs at a sitting. He is fond of middle-sized trout, weighing not over half a pound, but can eat *Maräne* all day long. Carp and sand eel, on the contrary, are not grateful to his palate. Besides his favourite drink of porter mixed with champagne, he strongly recommends another compound, said to be the invention of Field-Marshal Moltke, consisting of hot tea, sherry, and champagne. He enjoys good mutton, but is less addicted to filets of beef or to roast beef in general. He even suggests playfully that a plump child or a fresh young girl would be anything but bad eating; and once when an unpleasant onion-like smell greeted his olfactories as he was driving near the smoking village of Bazeilles, he pronounced it to be the odour of burnt Frenchman. His bill of fare of Friday, the 23rd of December, 1870, has fortunately been rescued from oblivion. We are told that it is only a sample of the rest. First came onion-soup with port wine; then a saddle of wild-boar together with beer; upon this, Irish stew, turkey, and chestnuts, all washed down with champagne and red wine at discretion; finally dessert, in which the quality of the pears is especially noted. "The German people," says the Prince, "are resolved to have a fat Chancellor." Hampers from Berlin conspired with the native produce of France to bring about this happy result. But though a great eater, the Chancellor cannot be called a delicate or a scientific diner. In this respect he is evidently surpassed by the young diplomatist mentioned above, whose arrival on our shores with his two precious volumes will mark an epoch in the development of gastronomy in this country.

M. SARCEY'S CRITICISMS.

M. SARCEY has continued the series of notices concerning the members of the Comédie Française which we have from time to time criticized in these columns, and which in view of the approaching visit of the Comédie to the Gaiety Theatre have acquired a special interest. M. Sarcey is supposed by many French people, and perhaps not least by M. Sarcey himself, to be the greatest critic of the day; and as it is a common belief or superstition that in all matters of taste the French nation is far ahead of our own, it might seem not a little curious that his work should be disfigured by those grave sins against good taste which we have often commented on, and of which one of his latest issues of *Comédiens et Comédiennes* contains an almost unusually glaring example. The truth is, however, that in the matter of their amusements the Parisians are not unlike spoilt and somewhat heartless children, and that the brutality with which M. Sarcey has often spoken of the unavoidable failings of players whose names ought at least to command a decent respect is not peculiar to him, but is characteristic of the class to which he belongs. We in England are perhaps too apt to err in the opposite direction, and to be too chary of saying anything that can hurt the feelings of a person who has long worked successfully to amuse us, and who does not accurately hit the right time for leaving off a pursuit which has become laborious to both parties interested in it. An excess of indulgence, however, is far to be preferred to such offensive fault-finding as M. Sarcey chose to apply to M. Bressant during his last appearances on the scene of his well-won successes. No English critic, it may be hoped, would dream of dwelling contemptuously on the ravages made by illness in a favourite actor's appearance. But it is not only of the living that M. Sarcey speaks in this manner. In the last number but one of his first series of *Comédiens et Comédiennes* he has or makes occasion to refer to Mlle. Emilie Dubois, an actress whom frequenters of the Français will remember as a successful *ingénue*, and he does it in this way:—"Pour Emilie Dubois! She disappeared at the right moment for her fame! Already one could just perceive beneath the brightness of her skin, tightened by cold cream, the network of those little wrinkles that the contraction of a perpetual smile silently marks around the mouth and eyes of the theatrical *ingénue*, the perpetual *ingénue*." Nothing passing under the name of criticism could well be more offensive to English ideas than this, and it is pleasant to turn from it to M. Sarcey's account of M. Mounet-Sully, which has much interest.

At the end of the war of 1870 M. Perrin, who had been appointed Director of the Comédie Française, was on the look-out for some new blood to infuse into his troop. He felt that the public taste was coming round to the classical tragedy, and he wanted some new actor to play such parts as Hippolytus and Orestes. He asked all his actors to help him, and M. Bressant responded to his appeal by saying that he remembered having had in his class a strange fellow, whom his comrades had nick-named "*Midi à quatorze heures*, parce qu'en effet il était possédé de je ne sais quel goût du singulier qui allait jusqu'à l'extravagance. Il a obtenu dans le temps un prix de tragédie. Il y avait quelque chose dans cette cervelle à l'envers; c'était un tempérament d'artiste." M. Bressant had lost sight of his pupil, but after some little time he was found in a state of wretchedness and despair, debating with himself whether he had not better throw up the theatrical profession altogether. In his early youth he had felt an irresistible vocation for the stage, and had with some difficulty obtained his parents' permission to gain his entrance at the Conservatoire. There he studied for two years, won a prize for tragedy, and was engaged in 1868 at the Odéon, where he played various parts without attracting any attention, and, as has been said, he had come to doubt if he would ever make his way when his old master came to take him to M. Perrin. He recited some verses before the committee of the theatre, was at once engaged, and made his appearance as Orestes in July 1872. His first entrance commanded the admiration and

attention of the audience; he had given a new stamp to the part, in which he looked, says M. Sarcey, like one of "ces Arabes ardents et farouches que Regnault se plaisait à nous peindre. C'était une manière nouvelle de comprendre le rôle et de rendre le personnage." It was not, however, till the third act that he completed this impression. Then he spoke the lines,

> Tout lui rirait, Pylade, et moi, pour mon partage,
> Je n'emporterais donc qu'une inutile rage!
> J'irais loin d'elle encor tâcher de l'oublier!
> Non, non, à mes tourments je veux l'associer,

with such depth of feeling that the audience, which is not apt to be too demonstrative at the Français, gave him three rounds of applause. Then, says the writer, occurred a thing which he had never before witnessed:—"Acteur et public s'emballèrent de compagnie et prirent le mors aux dents." He was entirely carried away by the passion of the part, and carried the public away with him, so that not one of his faults was noticed, and the next day nothing but Mounet-Sully was talked of on the Boulevards. M. Sarcey, however, who, whether his powers are sometimes overrated or not, is undoubtedly a fine critic, had already noted the faults to which we have often directed attention. "For my part," he wrote, "I believe he has a fine future before him; but let him beware of people who urge him to those bursts to which he is but too prone. He will always have plenty of vehemence and fire; what he wants is correctness and repose. Now everything is permitted to him because he is sowing his wild oats. Later on," continued M. Sarcey with some *naïveté*, "we shall be severe in proportion to the great hopes he has given us."

The prophecy was justified on the actor's second appearance in *Le Cid*, when he reproduced more or less the sombre and fatal air which had been successful in Orestes, missing altogether the bright and chivalrous side of the part, and refusing, as he always has done, to listen to advice or criticism. Upon this M. Sarcey makes a remark which is very well worth attention. What is one to do, he asks, with a player who to every observation replies with obstinate courtesy, "I feel the part like that"? "Eh! misérable! Il ne s'agit pas de le sentir, mais de le comprendre!" Here in a few words is the essence of the theory of acting which Diderot developed at length in his brilliant dialogue, a theory as to the truth of which we entertain no doubt. A player who trusts to inspiration, who relies mainly upon his feelings, may arrive at splendid bursts of passion, but they will only be appropriate when his part fits his own nature, and even so his fire may any night burn low and leave him tame and ineffective. The experience of great actors has proved, over and over again, that study is the first thing needful to success. The player must think out his part, forgetting his own temper and inclinations, and form a consistent theory of how the person created by the author would look, move, and speak under the circumstances presented. He must know accurately what tone, what gesture, and what expression he means to employ at each point to carry out this theory, as much for his own sake as for that of his companions on the stage. When all this has become, so to speak, crystallized in his mind, he may without danger lose himself in his part to a certain extent. The prearranged business will after a time become a kind of reflex action of mind and body, and if any sudden inspiration occurs to him, there will be no danger of its disturbing the harmony of the whole performance. Such sudden ideas, and even mere accidents of the moment, have often been highly successful in the case of actors who rely upon study; and such actors have always carefully noted and repeated the effect thus unexpectedly produced. Under the deplorable system of long runs which prevails in London one may, by witnessing several times the performance of a distinguished actor in an important part, get some practical proof of the value of Diderot's and M. Sarcey's theory. On different nights the actor will be more or less powerful in certain passages, according to his mood or his bodily condition. He may be, as it were, inspired in a burst of passion or tenderness to an unusual extent; or he may, feeling fatigued, tend to extravagance in the effort to whip up his sinking spirits; but he will never sink below a certain level of excellence in the general meaning and expression of the performance. It is M. Mounet-Sully's misfortune to disagree with Diderot in practice, if not in theory, and to trust so much to the inspiration of the moment that he has, we believe, frequently upset the arranged business of the stage and amazed his fellow-actors by assuming at the performance of a play positions entirely different from those which he has taken at rehearsal. Of his peculiarities M. Sarcey gives more than one striking instance. With reference to M. Augier's *Jean de Thommeray*, and the criticisms offered to M. Mounet-Sully before his appearance as the hero of that piece, he writes:—"Ce qu'il y a de plus étrange, c'est que Mounet-Sully souffre tout le premier de cette impuissance à profiter des conseils, qui semble être chez lui une maladie congénitale. Il se prend la tête dans les mains, il tombe dans de profonds désespoirs qui vont jusqu'aux larmes; mais quoi! ce n'est pas sa faute; il a une case du cerveau bouchée, à moins que ce ne soit un malin farfadet qui se joue de ses bons vouloirs et qui se plaise à les déconcerter." This, though it is put in a way for which we have no liking, is no doubt true. Again, speaking of *Hernani*, M. Sarcey draws a comparison between the methods adopted by M. Mounet-Sully and M. Worms at rehearsals. While the one made steady progress with his part, adding touches here and there to it every day, the other took a new point of departure at each rehearsal. If he had spoken some line particularly well on one day, he was sure on the next to give it in an entirely different and probably less successful manner. The performance of this actor, to which the French critic gives the greatest praise (which he supports, according to his custom, by quotation from his own writing), is that of Orosmane in *Zaïre*. We should venture to differ from M. Sarcey on this point, but that M. Mounet-Sully is quite capable of interpreting the same part on different occasions in entirely different ways. It is not very long since we gave some account of his performance in *Hernani*, and in June London playgoers will have an opportunity of forming their own judgment upon it. M. Sarcey's remark upon it is that it leaves critics in doubt whether he is an erratic genius or an "irrémédiable toqué, avec des éclairs de génie."

Together with M. Mounet-Sully, M. Sarcey considers M. Laroche, who, he justly says, has precisely the faults and the merits which M. Mounet-Sully has not. First-rate in secondary characters, he has not yet made his mark in any great part. His admirable performance of Ragenhardt in *La Fille de Roland* is selected for special praise by M. Sarcey, who observes that the enrolment of M. Worms among the sociétaires of the Comédie is likely to diminish M. Laroche's chance of playing any parts but such as those in which hitherto he has been "tout à fait supérieur," and which are, especially at such a theatre as the Français, really as important as the more brilliant characters. But he adds, and in this we quite agree with him, that M. Laroche may very likely find some day a part of the first order which will exactly suit him, and the performance of which will add to his already enviable reputation.

M. Worms, whose return to the Français has deprived M. Laroche of certain chances which but for that would have fallen to him, was engaged at the Comédie in 1858, but left it in 1864 to take a profitable engagement at St. Petersburg, in consequence of being very badly treated by the Minister of the day, who had his own reasons for refusing to appoint M. Worms a sociétaire. He remained in Russia for ten years, and then made his reappearance in Paris at the Gymnase as Armand Duval in the sickly and tedious *Dame aux Camélias*. M. Sarcey says that the part was not suited to him, and we can easily believe it. His performance in it was certainly far from being first-rate, and yet he is undoubtedly an actor of first-rate talent. But it is difficult to imagine any actor or actress making a mark in so idle and repulsive a piece as the *Dame aux Camélias*. Since M. Worms's return to the Français, which took place two years ago, he has had uninterrupted success. In *Le Marquis de Villemer* he divided the honours with M. Delaunay, and as Don Carlos in *Hernani* he has succeeded in the difficult task of replacing M. Bressant. His delivery of the famous monologue is said by competent judges to be of the most masterly order. During many performances of *Hernani*, when M. Worms was ill, the part was filled by M. Laroche, who seemed to us to interpret it with rare skill and science; but we look forward to comparing his performance with that of M. Worms when the Comédie comes to London.

CO-OPERATIVE DRESS STORES.

We do not know that the present generation of retail tradesmen are offenders beyond all that have gone before them, but certainly they have fallen upon troublous times. The shrewdest of them could scarcely have read the signs of the coming storm when the little cloud no bigger than a man's hand loomed upon the horizon in the shape of the first Co-operative Store. Nor probably had the Civil Servants who started that enterprise in the hope of eking out too narrow incomes any notion of the revolution they were about to originate. The beginnings of the Store system were modest and unpretending enough. A meagre assortment of mixed goods was laid out in a set of upper chambers in a side street, which were furnished with the strictest regard to economy. The customers might be gratified with unfamiliar bargains, but otherwise they had considerable cause for complaint. If their shopping was cheap, it was decidedly uncomfortable. The overworked victims behind the counters showed unmistakable dislike and contempt; and a civil word or a smile was a thing to be positively thankful for. Gradually, however, matters began to mend; and the hard times and prolonged commercial depression undoubtedly gave a strong impulse to a movement which could hardly have failed to succeed in any case. We can imagine the feelings of the old-fashioned shopkeeper who saw himself gradually deserted by the friendly patrons in whom he had come to believe that he had a vested interest. Long-standing accounts were closed, and orders from extravagant households fell off in a deplorable manner. Those who remained faithful to him among the faithless were chiefly the improvident and impecunious who took unlimited credit, and against whom he had been in the habit of guaranteeing himself by taxing more punctual paymasters. It must have been shocking to him to gaze on the files of carriages drawn up during the fashionable shopping hours before the portals of the mushroom miscellaneous establishments. The shopping at the Stores was becoming tolerably easy to those who set little value on their time. The salesman and saleswoman had been drilled into something like affability; and, though it was undoubtedly a drawback having to make out one's own bills, to present them for verification, and to tender payment through a wicket, yet there could be no mistake about the pecuniary saving. It was not only that one got satisfactory articles at a most moderate advance upon the wholesale cost,

but the habit of paying ready money encouraged the practice of frugality. There may be generous-minded and self-sacrificing persons who feel a benevolent sympathy with the unlucky retail dealers; and there are people whose time is precious, or who are absolutely indifferent to their expenditure, who cannot endure the slightest inconvenience or delay; but it is certain that the custom of the Stores is extending with extraordinary rapidity. As the question of this competition is a very vital one with many anxious citizens whose incomes are ominously shrinking till they threaten to shrivel up altogether, it is freely ventilated in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*. What chiefly strikes us in the very miscellaneous correspondence which fills the pages of our contemporary is the fond and absurd delusions to which so many of the retailers cling. We recognize a certain force in the argument that an expert who has been born and bred in his calling has many advantages as regards the quality of his goods, though sufficient salaries are pretty certain to provide capable managers and buyers. It is incontrovertible, as we have remarked already, that it is more agreeable to give your orders without a system of checks, and to have your purchases promptly delivered at your door. But it is idle to hope that a man who has but a few thousands to turn over, and who has to keep himself and a houseful of children on the proceeds, can possibly compete both in cheapness and quality with a Company whose means are practically unlimited, and which gets enormous reductions from importers and wholesale houses by giving extensive orders. And we fear that hope tells a flattering tale when it predicts the day of an inevitable reaction when experience will triumph over presumptuous ignorance, and the public will come back to their senses and the tradesmen. The building of sumptuous new establishments with pillars and cornices of polished granite does not look by any means like approaching insolvency, more especially when this calculated outlay is confirmed by flourishing balance-sheets.

We can hardly say that the movement is merely in its infancy; but it is safe, at all events, to predict that it is far indeed from maturity. Tradesmen in all departments may lay their account with this, and they will do well to take their measures accordingly. Hitherto the grocers have been loudest in their complaints, and with most immediate reason. A pound of tea or of sugar carries no trade-brand upon it; should it meet your approval you may send it to your friends, and they will never inquire the name of your grocer; while in buying such proprietary articles as pickles and sauces you obtain a reduction of thirty or forty per cent. at the Stores, with the manufacturers' labels thrown in. With clocks and guns and coats and jewelry it is another matter. Those who turn out these articles must be more or less of artists, and even when fashionable makers charge exorbitantly for a name, there are many people who think they have value for the money. Many a man with more cash or credit than self-reliance would be ashamed to show himself at a battue with a weapon which had not been bought somewhere in Bond Street or St. James's; and in giving a present of jewels it is half the battle to show the imprint of some famous West-End firm on the casket. But even the great gunmakers and goldsmiths must begin to find that this is a world of wild innovation, and that radicalism is getting rampant in the highest circles. When peers of strong common sense and frugal minds come to pride themselves on the good shooting and general excellence of plain and cheap country-made pieces; when peeresses and ladies of indisputable authority have learned that there are simple working jewellers whose taste may be safely trusted, should one be fortunate enough to light upon them—then people of less pretension, and even the lavish and vulgar *nouveaux riches*, may be trusted sooner or later to follow suit. The butchers, too, have assuredly reason to tremble, and still more those overbearing autocrats, the fishmongers, whose monopoly makes them almost as detested as the farmers-general of old France. But, if there was one set of tradesfolk whom we should have believed to be comparatively safe, it was the fashionable tailors, and still more the fashionable milliners. Poor people must get their clothes as they can, and be thankful if they can anyhow make a decent appearance by London light. Most men past middle age get fairly philosophical in this matter, and when they marry or lose the personal advantages on which they prided themselves, they cease to be fastidious about the cut of their garments. Women who are oppressed beneath the burden of their household bills, or who have to do the best they can on a grudgingly given allowance, must, we presume, find milliners' charges almost prohibitory, and do their dressmaking at home by themselves or their servants. But every one knows that, if you aspire to take a place in society, you must pay studious attention to costume, and have your purse perpetually in your hand. It is not merely that your personal appearance must be irreproachable; that your coat must sit to the figure with the easy suppleness of a kid glove, and your pantaloons fall in waving beauty lines on boots that mask or embellish the deficiencies of the feet. But you must be prepared on occasion to give the name of your tailor, and to launch out in a critical and comparative discussion of his capabilities. It is understood that there is nothing impertinent in a question on this interesting subject; it should even be received as a delicate compliment, though sometimes you may suspect a sarcasm. And if a man deals with one of the cheap advertising tailors, or, on the other hand, at an establishment which is disreputably nameless, he is forced into a disagreeable dilemma. He must either tell a bare-faced lie or betray himself by losing his presence of mind; or else, if he avows the simple truth, he must be prepared to see his companions shrink from him. It takes some nerve for a promising aspirant in fashionable society when sitting in a smoking-room towards the small hours, even although men are most disposed at those times to be genially large-minded, to make a bold avowal of this kind. As for the ladies, they have even less choice in the matter. If they attempt to do justice to their attractions or to hold their own with their rivals, they must be lavish to recklessness in the way of expenditure and must frequent none but establishments of the loftiest pretensions. Unless they have an unimpeachable position to fall back upon, and are careless of considerations of personal vanity, they must place themselves in the hands of some eminent artist, and leave all thought of the bill to their husbands or fathers. The material of their dresses may be inexpensive enough; fashion occasionally plays strange pranks in that respect. But the maker manages to redress the balance in her own favour when it comes to the question of trimmings; and, at all events, the talent of dazzling by simplicity is doubly entitled to the remuneration it demands.

So the ordinary Co-operative Store could have no chance in competing for this high-soaring sort of custom, and the Wörths of Paris and their brethren in London must hitherto have felt themselves tolerably secure. Theirs was a grand profession, in every sense of the term. They smoothed the way to social successes which might lead to splendid triumphs, matrimonial or political; and, knowing their own value better than anybody else, their charges were only limited by their consciences. Moreover, thanks to the quick changes of fashion, their orders were multiplied indefinitely. The brocades and velvets which used to be handed down as heirlooms, and which still survive in family wardrobes to be dragged forth and dusted for Christmas charades, had become relics of a primitive and prehistoric age. The more striking and conspicuous was a costume, the briefer was its existence, so far at least as the original wearer was concerned; and American belles, when preparing for a campaign in New York or Saratoga, laid in the most costly dresses by the gross, just as cadets sailing for India round the Cape used to buy their linen for the voyage. No wonder that fabulous fortunes were amassed. Yet it would almost seem that if some daring speculator, confident in his own talents, had just bought the goodwill of one of these brilliant businesses, he might possibly have good reason to repent it. Rivals are coming into the field who may perhaps run those monopolists hard. In the advertising columns of the papers we find a couple of prospectuses which must have sent a chill to the hearts of many prosperous and fashionable traders on the vanity of man and womankind. One prospectus advertises the Millinery and Dress Association, Limited; another sets forth the pretensions of the Gentleman's Dress and General Outfitting Association, Limited. We can hardly suppose that this simultaneous appearance is a bare coincidence, though the two concerns have distinct Boards of Directors and different officers. But whether the movement be concerted or not, they appear to be going to work most astutely and judiciously to cut the ground from under the feet of their predecessors. In the first place, they address themselves to those frugal instincts which are likely perhaps to be most strongly predominant in the spendthrifts who have been running deepest into embarrassment and debt. Of course, however, this economical line would be simply suicidal were the Companies promoted by Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson, or the prospectuses dated from the purlieus of the Stock Exchange. But the Associations have established their temporary headquarters in fashionable West-end thoroughfares. The Millinery Association is launched under the auspices of a long list of aristocratic lady patronesses, and on the Boards of each Company we recognize more than one well-known name which should be a voucher for the consideration of the very best society. It seems a grand chance for the public, and, with fairly good management, one does not see why the experiment should not have a triumphant success. Place to the ladies in the first instance. The start of their Association ought to be assured. For if the patronesses give it their own patronage, and make a whip among their numerous friends and connexions, any ordinary working staff will have its hands full from the first, and there may more probably be some hitch in the execution of the orders. No one need be ashamed to mention the name of her dressmaker when she finds herself in such eminently good company. It is possible even that the Association may become the rage among wealthy strugglers for admission into society; since, by being profusely generous of their custom, they may lay illustrious ladies under personal obligations. After the first start, all will depend upon the style of the execution; but that need only be a question of money. For if funds flow in freely, first-class talent may be as freely engaged. The Association may make liberal profits and still find an ample margin to retrench upon. So with the Gentleman's Outfitting Company. And this not only offers to supply you with clothes, but to provide everything that man can possibly need in the way of outfit for the drawing-room or the moors, India, the colonies, or the hunting-field. You may buy a bell-tent or a tooth-brush, a dressing-case, a pair of rifles, or a box of cigars. Should the Association execute orders according to promise, it will soon be the "correct thing" to drop in there; and, by way of securing the patronage of idle men who may be trusted to make purchases when they are listless and tempted, it offers them a commodious suite of rooms for writing,

smoking, lounging, and beautifying themselves. It seems to us that these Companies are at any rate being brought out with a creditable preliminary expenditure of worldly wisdom, and, considering the growing tendency to co-operation, there is no visible reason why they should not be financial successes.

THE FALL IN PRICES.

AT the meeting of the Statistical Society on Tuesday evening, Mr. Giffen read a paper on the recent fall of prices which was characterized by the breadth of view and depth of research that mark all his productions, and brings out very strikingly the greatness of the depression of the markets. The first point to which he addressed himself was to give precision to the vague popular impression on the subject, by determining as nearly as may be the extent of the fall. For this purpose he made use of four distinct sets of statistics prepared by three different inquirers. The first set was collected by Mr. Giffen himself. In 1874, when the reaction from the preceding inflation first showed itself, he began a series of articles on the movement of prices, which he continued for several years, and as a basis for them he kept a record of the prices of certain leading wholesale commodities, representative of the general trade of the country. From the tables thus compiled it appears that the fall between January 1873 and the present time ranges from 10 to 66 per cent., and with three exceptions the variation is as much as from 26 to 66 per cent. The second set of statistics is by the author of the "Commercial History and Review" published annually by the *Economist*. From this the average fall appears to be about 21 per cent. The third set was drawn up by Mr. Arthur Ellis, and published as a supplement to the *Statist* in June last. It stops short at the end of the first quarter of last year; but, so far as raw materials are concerned, it shows even then a decline of about 21 per cent., which has since proceeded much further. "Foods" were then dear, whereas there has since been established an extraordinary cheapness. The last set is again by Mr. Giffen himself, having been prepared for the Board of Trade. It deals only with the exports, and is brought down no later than 1877, but it confirms the general purport of the foregoing. The net result of the whole is that the fall in the past six years has been quite as great as the popular language implies; that, on the average, it has not been less than 21 per cent.; that when allowance is made for the principle upon which the *Economist* table is drawn up, and comparison is instituted with the three other sets of figures, we have reason for concluding that the percentage is still higher, but that in any case the fall amounts to between a fifth and a fourth of the prices of January 1873. In other words, where a manufacturer obtained six years ago a pound for his goods, he now gets between fifteen and sixteen shillings. It must not be hastily inferred that this depreciation of four or five shillings in the pound is all pure loss to the producer. When he produces at a higher cost, and has to sell in a declining market, there is no question that he is a loser; and hence times of sinking prices are generally times of widespread embarrassment and numerous bankruptcies. But the present fall is not confined to any one class of commodities; it is universal, including wages. A decrease in the cost of production, therefore, accompanies the decrease in price. Besides, the sudden awakening of the manufacturer to the fact that he is not so rich as he thought himself leads him to discover and enforce a variety of economies which not seldom more than make up for the diminution in price. Continuous cheapening of commodities, then, is not necessarily disadvantageous to the producer, and may even result in benefit to him. To the consumer, of course, it is an unmixed good.

Having determined approximately the extent of the fall, the next question to decide is whether it is greater than in previous and recent times of depression. The point is of importance, since, if resolved in the affirmative, it tends to show that there is a permanent cause at work; and an affirmative answer is suggested by Mr. Giffen's and Mr. Ellis's tables, though a negative by that of the "Commercial History and Review." The latter shows that the range of prices was higher in 1865 than in 1873, and that the drop after the Overend failure was greater than at present; but that the level of price now reached is lower than that of ten years ago, and, in fact, nearer the range of prices that prevailed immediately before the gold discoveries in California and Australia than that of any intermediate period. On this latter point there is no doubt, but on the conflict as to whether the fall is more extreme, it is perhaps possible to reconcile all the authorities. As Mr. Giffen pointed out, the *Economist* table does not include the metals, and gives unusual weight to the textile trades. But in consequence of the American Civil War cotton ruled exceptionally high in 1865. The average of prices in that year is therefore made to appear much above what it would be if the metals were taken into account, and as a consequence the succeeding depression is probably exaggerated. However this may be, the fact at any rate is indisputable, that the present fall is very great, and that the level of prices now reached is nearer that of 1848–50 than has been known at any former time during the interval. This conclusion has a bearing on the gold question to which we shall by and by refer.

What are the causes of this state of things? Mr. Giffen enumerates four. The list might have been extended, but the object of his paper was not to trace all the circumstances which have combined to bring about the prevailing depression. It had a narrower and more limited purpose; and under the first head Mr. Giffen doubtless intended to group together all the causes which contributed to the crisis of 1873. Following his example, we may say that in the period of inflated trade a point was reached at which the supply of commodities outstripped the demand, and a decline of prices was the necessary consequence. Persons who were deeply committed had to realize at any cost, and their forced sales depressed the market still more. The alarm grew, and men endeavoured to recoup themselves for losses in some directions by selling in markets where the downward movement had not set in. This action extended the fall until it became general. The failures of 1875 aggravated the situation. The repudiations by foreign Governments diminished very greatly the incomes—that is, the purchasing power—of the middle classes. And the crisis of the past year gave a new impetus to the depreciation. Thus discredit and over-production stand foremost among the causes of the fall. Next to these is to be ranked the influence of three successive bad harvests. In the discussion which followed the reading of the paper doubt was expressed as to the correctness of this statement, or, at all events, as to the importance of the influence exercised by bad harvests at home. It was said that the home food supply does not amount to half the consumption; that a ten per cent. deficiency of the harvests at home, which is Mr. Caird's calculation of the deficiency of the three years 1875–6–7, is only five per cent. of the consumption, and therefore has little practical consequence. But this objection misses Mr. Giffen's real contention, which is that the embarrassment of the greatest of British industries—which agriculture unquestionably still is—continued for three years, exercises a prejudicial effect upon the whole trade of the country. A loss of ten per cent. must make away with the whole profits of the business, and the agriculturist therefore is driven to curtail his expenditure of every kind. His wife and daughters cannot have as many silk dresses or bonnets as usual. His sons, also, are kept short of money; and he himself puts off till more prosperous times outlay which he knows to be desirable but cannot afford. Thus the demand of the rural districts for the goods produced in the towns declines, and prices necessarily fall. Under Free-trade we do not suffer as we once did from scarce bread; but even now good or bad harvests occasionally make a considerable difference to the consumer. The blockade of the Russian ports, coinciding with a bad yield at home, made wheat dear two years ago. And, if there happened to be a short harvest in America, a deficiency at home would be a serious matter.

The third cause enumerated by Mr. Giffen is the gold scarcity caused by the demand for the metal by Germany and the Scandinavian countries for coinage purposes, and by the United States for resumption. We have recently discussed this subject, and have little to add to what we then said. The point of view from which Mr. Giffen considered the matter is, however, somewhat different from that which we took in the article referred to, and deserves to be carefully discriminated. Apart altogether from the question of a permanent appreciation of gold, it is plain that the metal may be made temporarily scarce and dear by exceptional and temporary demands, and this temporary scarcity may for a while depress prices. We quite agree with Mr. Giffen that the coinage operations in Germany and the Scandinavian kingdoms, and the American preparations for resumption, have had this effect. As we stated recently, the annual yield of gold is now under 20,000,000*l.*, while Germany has coined within the last eight years over 80,000,000*l.* The exact amount of recoinage is disputed. Some have put it as high as 30,000,000*l.*, and others as low as half that sum. Let us say that the new gold used up was 60,000,000*l.* The United States have taken over 30,000,000*l.* And Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Holland have also taken a certain quantity. Mr. Giffen estimates the whole amount withdrawn somewhat higher than we lately did, or at 120,000,000*l.*, being at the rate of 15,000,000*l.* annually for eight years. A million per annum one way or other does not, however, affect the argument. The conclusion is irresistible that the extraordinary demand for gold of late has not left enough for current exigences, and that the scarcity thus created has helped to lower prices.

So far we have been dealing only with temporary and passing causes of a temporary and passing phenomenon. But Mr. Giffen intimates an opinion—or rather, perhaps, we ought to say an impression, for he shows the diffidence to be expected from so careful an investigator—that there is also going on a permanent fall of prices due to a permanent appreciation of gold. As we lately explained, the gold production of the world has fallen from nearly 30 millions to under 20 millions per annum, and at the same time the consumption has permanently increased. Germany, the United States, the Scandinavian kingdoms, and France are now gold-using countries. That is to say, besides their exceptional accumulation spoken of above, they have to keep up large gold currencies. The population and wealth of the old gold-using countries have likewise vastly increased, while their trade has augmented in a still greater ratio; and consequently they need a larger metallic circulation. There being thus a falling supply together with a greatly enhanced demand, the inference seems inevitable that the article in question must become scarce. It was objected during the discussion which followed the reading of the paper that various economies of the metal have been of late introduced or extended, but the assertion was contested by Mr. Giffen. The point thus raised is the most obscure and difficult of the whole controversy, and we are not aware of any data by which it can be settled. In the meantime it is perfectly certain that, if the gold

production continues to decrease, there must be a permanent fall of prices, unless means are found of further economizing the use of the metal. But, while this is clear, we are by no means satisfied that the scarcity of gold has yet reached the point at which, apart from the exceptional action of Germany and the United States, it would affect prices. The point is, however, hardly worth discussing when it has to be added that, unless new mines are discovered, or new means of largely economizing the metal are devised, the effect must very soon be experienced. This, strictly speaking, is all that Mr. Giffen positively asserts, and we do not see how any economist can dispute the position.

A STUPID SPORT.

FEW things are more irritating than to see other people rejoicing in what we feel to be a bore. Thus the very numerous satirical writers who have no taste for art, who think sculpture low, and unconsciously agree with Dr. Johnson in their inability to see any meaning in a picture, are always violent in their attacks on *dilettanti*. Persons who have a sense which their critic does not possess annoy him in a variety of ways. He thinks they pretend to be "superior"; he thinks that because they are not even as he is they must be affected. We confess that we are, for the moment, in the position of the censor of modern society who has no taste for some forms of enjoyment. We do not see the fun of "long-distance walking." Now long-distance walking, as the *Times* says, "has become very popular in this country." Persons who do not like it cannot but feel that they are outsiders. They hear of the performances of Mr. O'Leary and Mr. Weston, and the narrative leaves them cold. They are like the man who has no sense of colour, and who is asked to admire Titian, or Turner, or the works of Mr. Albert Moore. They have not even his naïve consolation in the face of artistic enthusiasm. He can say and believe that his tormentors are effeminate humbugs. He knows he has the sturdy sense of the middle classes with him; he is strong in the sympathy of the multitudes of men, women, and children who like chromo-lithographs of sacred subjects. But the man who cannot for the life of him see the sport of watching an Irishman stagger round the Agricultural Hall, day and night, for a week at a time, has no such comfort. He cannot say, even to his own heart, that the sporting gents who read eagerly about the dreary exercises of O'Leary and Weston are affected. He knows in his conscience that they have a sense which all the world does not possess; they can extract enjoyment from a spectacle which is either dreary or distressing.

Long-distance walking was imported from the United States of America, where it seems to have come into existence about the time when negro slavery was abolished. Perhaps in viewing the agonies of a half-dead man staggering along a track to the music of a band, and much to the anxiety of a doctor, the public found some compensation for the loss of the privilege of thrashing its own nigger. Or, again, as prize-fighting decayed, long-distance walking may naturally have taken its place. Two men who have walked four hundred miles in a week are almost as agreeable to look upon as two men who have been pounding each other's faces for three hours with their fists. In the latter case, to be sure, there is the fierce delight of battle, which every one can enjoy if he hardens his heart. Long walking, on the other hand, is scarcely more diverting than the slower tortures of the Inquisition, which only began to afford the spectator entertainment after the victim had suffered for some considerable time. As long as a long-distance walker is tolerably fresh, and going within himself, there is little excitement in watching him. It is about the fifth day that sleeplessness and fatigue tell on him, and the sport begins. He limps along, suffering torments from a festering heel. His brain is bemused with exceeding toil; and, as he staggers mechanically round, it is said that curious visions beguile him. He does not see the crowd, which stares, smokes, and drinks. He does not hear the music, which mixes in a dream of his past life. He thinks that he is working in some country place that he knew long ago before he was a long-distance walker, and a mirage floats before him, like that which cheats wanderers in the desert. When his hour is up, he staggers into his bedroom, and there, let us hope, has the good fortune to become quite senseless and indifferent. As the last day of the competition approaches the softer-hearted lookers-on wish to have some of the walkers removed; but their backers will not permit this. Men are compelled to subject themselves to this voluntary torture, which equals those to which Red Indian braves expose themselves.

The Americans have contrived to add a new interest to long-distance walking by encouraging women to appear on the track. A Madame Anderson has for some time been pleasing the public of New York by exhibiting the double prowess of the old athletes. Milo, as we know, could not only knock down an ox with his fist, but eat it after he had knocked it down. Ægon, too, the boxer in Theocritus, devoured eighty cakes to his own share. Madame Anderson's feats of eating and walking are recounted at great length in the New York papers. She has eggs and port, and port and chowder, and kidneys with a little drop of Bourbon whisky, and more eggs, and tripe, and so forth, every half-hour. A statistical inquirer has reckoned that she "partakes of refreshment" about sixty times in the course of the day. Meanwhile a friend, known to the American press as "the festive Harry," walks beside her, encouraging her to repeated exertions. As this worthy woman walks all night as well as all day, the public have invented a kind of myth to account for her prowess. No one woman, they say, could stumble on for so many miles, or dispose of so many meals. Therefore there must be two women in the affair, one of whom comes forth, like the moon, during the watches of the night, while the other rejoices to walk her course in the garish day. Madame Anderson has done her best to demolish this myth by singing and speaking to her friendly observers. The voice is the same by day and night, and it is consoling to learn that Madame Anderson has any voice left, especially as, when not a professional walker, she is a professional singer.

Some writers have objected that long-distance walking, though it gains a sort of utilitarian respectability by adding to the greatest happiness of the greatest number, is of no practical use. Though it is a noble thing to walk across Africa, or round the Gulf of Carpentaria, it is less worthy to totter round the Agricultural Hall. It is observed that neither Mr. Eyre nor Mr. Cameron in his pedestrian explorations was accompanied by "the festive Harry" or by a brass band. When these gallant travellers were tired they could not relieve themselves by pushing a roller (as the professional walkers do), nor were they presented with bouquets of flowers, which is the graceful and stimulating custom in America. Again, they got no port, chowder, beaten-up eggs, beefsteak, tripe, nor any other luxuries. They were often glad to dine on the inside of a camel's foot, which is about as savoury and nourishing as the sole of a lawn-tennis shoe. The sun, the rain, the wind beat on them; in fact, they walked for a worthy object, under natural conditions, while the O'Learys and Madame Andersons walk for money, under artificial conditions.

It is to meet and triumph over these objections, we presume, that Weston has started on a long walk in the open air. The papers report the matter at such length that we presume it is highly important. We still miss the details given so freely by the American press. We do not know what Weston had for dinner before he "set himself," as the *Times* says, "to a task which has all the charm of novelty." This charming task is to walk two thousand miles in eight hundred and fifty-six hours, and to deliver fifty lectures on walking, in the towns by the way. Three judges accompany Weston in an omnibus, and see that he takes no cross cuts, and that his lectures are up to the mark. The lecturer started at midnight on Friday last, and was lost in the darkness in the neighbourhood of Greenwich. When he got to Canterbury he had some beef tea, and he lectured at Folkestone to an enthusiastic audience. At Hastings there was "little cheering, but great curiosity." In the small villages "the one sentiment is unmitigated astonishment," with which we respectfully sympathize. "The majority of the spectators come to their cottage doors, and stand with their mouths open till he has passed by." After all, then, people who do not see the fun of long walking have the rural vote on their side. It appears that at a later stage, at Winchester, the populace took offence at Weston's wishing to avoid them on account of fatigue, and instead of plaudits greeted him with stones.

Weston, who is no doubt a powerful man, with great force of endurance, is still pretty fresh, and therefore the newspaper reports are uninteresting. The time to read them, or to go by excursion train to see the walker, will be at the end of his fifth week. Then, if ever, he will be nearly dead of exhaustion. Then the match will grow exciting. Time, against whom Weston walks and talks, will begin to creep up close to the athlete and will give him many an hour of agony. These hours will be the topic of elaborate descriptive reports. We shall see, in fancy, Weston limp and reel; we shall hear him gasp; we shall perhaps witness more than one moment of interesting collapse. The American's condition will be not more enviable than that of the Benician youth in the last round with Sayers. There will be no breaking the ring; the solitary combatant will have to continue his struggle against unwearying Time and Space that are never distressed. The last lectures will be very gratifying, especially as we learn that O'Leary in his last long walking match entirely lost his voice. O'Leary, to be sure, had not wagered that he would lecture, so the loss of his voice was of less importance.

It is possible, of course, that Weston may accomplish his task without difficulty. He is certainly a fine specimen of strength and "pluck," and he is allowed to rest on Sundays. He may come in as fresh as the rower in Gautier's story, who outstripped the galley of Cleopatra without showing one bead of sweat on his marble brow. If the walker has that measure of success, one good result will follow. Long-distance walking will lose some of its popularity. People are only excited by the closeness of the struggle between Time and men's power of breathing and moving. It is the agony of the last efforts that interests the sporting public. Perhaps it may be said that the spectators are edified by an example of fortitude. The fast shopboy, the photographer's young man, the sporting apothecary will try, in their humble way, to rival the courage of the long-distance walker. This may be so. The same excuse has been made for cock-fighting, which certainly appears to us a much more generous and exhilarating sport than long-distance walking. Providence, as one of George Eliot's parsons remarks, has provided cocks with spurs, and with the instinctive love of combat, and it may be a pity to balk them. Providence, happily, has not gifted women with Madame Anderson's powers of eating and drinking, nor with an instinctive love of walking round halls by day and night. The taste for long-distance walking is an acquired one; and we shall all have to acquire it, or else to suffer daily from long, unreadable reports of deeds and sufferings in which we can take no interest. Really if newspapers must

have sporting news at a season when there is no sport, they would do better to fall back on a game of skill, like skittles. Why have we no champion skittleist, and no "international matches"? Anything would be better than long walking matches.

REVIEWS.

MR. GRANT DUFF'S MISCELLANIES.*

MR. GRANT DUFF has proved himself by speech and writing to be the best-informed public man in England since the death of Sir George Lewis. Though he makes no pretension to the character of a profound scholar, he is familiar with the literature of Greece, Rome, England, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain. He has travelled through nearly all parts of the civilised or semi-civilised world, and he is personally acquainted with all the eminent men of Europe. He is himself a botanist, and he has sufficient scientific knowledge to enable him to profit by the society of geologists, chemists, and physiologists; and, in spite of vast and varied attainments which might seem to require the exclusive labour of a lifetime, he has long been one of the most active members of the House of Commons, and for several years he held an important office. Of political subjects as they successively become prominent he generally knows too much to be a mere partisan; but, as the Admirable Crichton used to challenge all comers either to fence or to dispute on the Aristotelian philosophy, Mr. Grant Duff possesses the pugnacious instincts and aptitudes of a Parliamentary combatant. A certain intellectual tendency to intolerance supplies the place of ignorant prejudice by giving point to sarcasm and supplying due acrimony to invective. Encyclopædic learning perhaps multiplies points of hostile contact by providing an extended field for the association and collision of ideas. In a biography of the Spanish orator Castelar, Mr. Grant Duff takes occasion to draw a parallel between a notorious ringleader of the Parisian Communists and Lord Beaconsfield, who has never murdered any hostages. The habitual laxity of the least accurate of statesmen is naturally distasteful to an omniscient adversary. Although Mr. Grant Duff never violates the laws of party discipline, he must sometimes have found his loyalty strained by obedience to a leader who, when he was Prime Minister, expressed in the House of Commons a doubt whether the German Emperor had ceased to be King of Prussia. Mr. Grant Duff understands better than Goldsmith the conditions of English public life. The philosophic orator

> Who, fraught with all learning, kept straining his throat
> To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote,

knew that a vote which might perhaps shake a Ministry was a more valuable commodity than the barren admiration of scholars. It is satisfactory to find that profound study leads to the same preference of practical results to theories which ordinary Englishmen learn almost unconsciously by tradition. If Mr. Grant Duff's opinions seem, from some passages in this volume, to incline to republicanism, he habitually prefers moderation and compromise to more summary political methods. For implicit confidence in the wisdom of the dominant multitude he substitutes a consoling belief in the supposed indisposition of voters to meddle with matters which they do not understand. "It is wholly impossible," he said in 1874, "that the average elector could interfere in the details of either foreign or Indian questions, if he wished to do so." In 1876 the average elector, at the instigation of Mr. Gladstone, interfered in the details of the Turkish question so effectually as to cause, or to facilitate, the Russian invasion. In 1879 Mr. Grant Duff's political friends are, with fair prospect of success, appealing to the average elector to reverse in all details the Indian policy of the Government and of both Houses of Parliament. The fleas, to use Mr. Grant Duff's happy illustration, did not pull Curran out of bed, because they were not unanimous. Unfortunately human fleas have a tendency to become unanimous. The qualified apology for popular suffrage is part of an answer to Mr. Greg's well-known "Prophecy of Cassandra." Both the pessimist and the optimist can urge plausible reasons for their opposite anticipations. It is pleasanter to hope than to fear, especially when it is too late to escape from the current which may or may not end in a cataract. Mr. Grant Duff ingeniously undertakes to reassure English alarmists by placing a Cassandra-like forecast of evil in the mouth of an imaginary Russian. One of the discouraging propositions advanced by the Russian patriot is that the dream of encroachment on the European dominions of Turkey is entirely baseless. "The time is passed in which Russia might well have appeared a Heaven-sent deliverer to Greeks, Bulgarians, Roumanians, and Servians alike." The controversy with Mr. Greg ended immediately before Russia stimulated an insurrection in Bulgaria and a war in Servia, and led Roumania into a wholly unprovoked invasion of Turkey. Much candour is shown in the republication of sagacious prophecies which have no defect except that they have been falsified by results. In no part of his reply to Mr. Greg is Mr. Grant Duff so deeply in earnest as in his contention that "the religious sentiment itself, as seen in the highest forms of Christian life and practice," is neither impaired nor endangered by the modern progress of thought. "Religion," he says, "is decidedly widening the area of its sway in the domain of human conduct." As a proof of the safety of Christianity, Mr. Grant Duff quotes with approval the dying language of Strauss, and he contemptuously denounces the "bungling sophists" who "yelp at our modern masters of those who know, our Darwins, Huxleys, and Tyndalls." It is difficult to understand how he differs from those who, without criticizing the conclusions of the Strausses or the rest, merely suggest that the transition to their opinions from dogmatic belief may perhaps produce social disturbance and political danger. No superstition is more baseless than the delusion that religion can survive dogma. It is but an idle misuse of speech to give the name of religion to something else.

One of the most ambitious essays in the present collection begs the question to which it relates in its title of "A Plea for a Rational Education." Of the two absolutely irreconcilable theories of education, Mr. Grant Duff is the uncompromising advocate of accumulated knowledge as compared with cultivation of the faculty of learning. Partisans of the conflicting doctrines assume with more or less truth that their respective methods indirectly produce the same results which are immediately promoted by their adversaries. Mr. Grant Duff holds that multifarious instruction affords the best training for the intellect; while the supporters of severer studies, and especially of education by means of Latin and Greek, maintain that their pupils will easily outstrip, in the acquisition of any knowledge which they may need in after life, competitors less scientifically trained. To classical education in its ordinary meaning Mr. Grant Duff has a singular antipathy. He even recommends the study of Homer and of Thucydides in good translations as a substitute for the original texts. It must be admitted that he is uniformly consistent. "I utterly abhor," he says, "that doctrine and position that difficulty is a good in itself." He would nevertheless tolerate the Greek of modern Athens, because it may possibly be useful to travellers or diplomatists. That it bears the same relation to pure Greek which the jargon of Hans Breitmann bears to the English Version of the Bible is an accident which Mr. Grant Duff would for purposes of education disregard. To one test which he proposes his adversaries would not object. He thinks that "a well brought up girl of eighteen in an English house is generally, I should say, better educated than her brother who has been at one of our great schools, and who is just going up to Oxford." The girl would not agree with Mr. Grant Duff. Part, though not the whole, of her deference to her brother is founded on the consciousness that while he perhaps knows even less than herself, he knows it incomparably better. A generation of boys brought up, as Mr. Grant Duff proposes, on a diet of "cribs" and cheap manuals will perhaps have to establish their supremacy in the younger domestic circle by other methods. Mr. Grant Duff cherishes all the hatred which might be expected for the exercises which are known at schools as "composition." He would have been shocked at the declaration of an eminent head-master to the gratified father of one of his best pupils, that "the boy has that love of perfection for its own sake which is only to be acquired by the composition of Latin verses." To the objection that Latin verses are not very useful in after life, the experienced teacher would perhaps have replied that in after life the same faculties would be otherwise employed. Lord Wellesley wrote good Latin verses at Eton, but when he was in India he occupied himself not in writing Latin verses but in conquering kingdoms. Mr. Grant Duff is entirely mistaken in thinking that the system which he stigmatizes as old "trained those with whom it succeeded chiefly to be accurate in nonsense." The laws of language, including to a great extent the laws of thought, as illustrated by Thucydides, Sophocles, or Plato, are much the reverse of nonsense. If Mr. Grant Duff had not learned Latin and Greek when he was a boy, he would probably still have been a prodigy of knowledge; but for ordinary students an accumulation of miscellaneous "cram" is almost wholly worthless. An exception may be made in favour of learning to speak French, or at least to pronounce it. The knack is more difficult to acquire in maturity than the arts of riding, swimming, or dancing, which ought for similar reasons to be taught as early as possible. Volumes have been written on both sides of the controversy, and the series will be indefinitely continued. Mr. Grant Duff cannot be summarily confuted; but it is the duty of those who think that he is fundamentally in the wrong to protest against the sanction given on his high authority to one of the most plausible and popular of errors.

Mr. Grant Duff has selected a less hackneyed topic in an elaborate account of the life and writings of Emilio Castelar. Unfortunately few Englishmen habitually read Spanish, and there is probably only one who has had the industry to make himself acquainted with the writings of the most voluminous of authors. Among many other accomplishments Mr. Grant Duff possesses the gift of accurate and idiomatic translation. His quotations from the speeches confirm the general impression that Castelar is a great orator, and his numerous extracts from publications otherwise unknown illustrate his own patient industry. Mr. Grant Duff will scarcely impress upon his readers his own opinion that his hero, though "a democrat of the democrats, the mortal enemy of kings, aristocracies, and priests," is nevertheless "extremely unlike most of the distinguished republicans of whom they have heard; so unlike as almost to mark the end of an old and the commencement of a new era." A declaimer about "the immaculate banner of William Tell and of Washington" strongly resembles the

* *Miscellanies, Political and Literary.* By Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, M.P. Macmillan. 1878.

numerous rhetoricians who since the days of the Gironde and the Mountain have served the cause of liberty by jumbling up fabulous legends with the prose of history. "Señor Castelar will wait long and patiently; he will rely only upon the written and spoken word; but *Delenda est Carthago* is his message to all that is not republican." The monarchical Carthage will be glad to learn that since the ignominious collapse of his early agitation Señor Castelar will be content to talk, instead of promoting popular insurrections and military conspiracies. In one of his early works, called the *Formula of Progress*, Señor Castelar drew up a string of twenty so-called ideas, which might as well have been ten in number, or fifty, or a hundred. The fifth in order is universal suffrage, which supersedes all the rest. The sovereignty of numbers, once legally established, is intrinsically absolute. If it overrules the other nineteen ideas, some of which are not irrational, the champions of free trade, of direct taxation, or of liberty of the press or person, have only the choice of submission or rebellion. The simultaneous consecration of personal despotism and of the rights of man would be equally consistent and equally secure. It matters little or nothing whether Mr. Gladstone and Señor Castelar would in their respective countries tolerate or reject an ornamental sovereign as an appendage to universal suffrage. The experiment which has been frequently tried in Spain with comparative impunity might prove fatal to a higher organization. When Señor Castelar was for a few months at the head of affairs in Spain, he had the good sense to suspend the operation of universal suffrage, by dispensing with the services of the Cortes. On the reassembling of the Legislature universal suffrage revenged itself by dismissing Señor Castelar; and a day or two afterwards the Cortes themselves were, amid universal satisfaction and in defiance of universal suffrage, turned out of doors by a judicious military commander. Mr. Grant Duff's list of Castelar's literary productions suggests a feeling of surprise that he should have found time to succeed as a demagogue, and to fail, in spite of laudable inconsistency, as a ruler. One of his later works is described by his eulogist as a pamphlet of five thousand pages; and, from the specimens which are given, his other writings appear to be equally diffuse, declamatory, and tedious. His master and model, both in literature and in politics, was Mazzini, and modern Spanish is as florid and as verbose as modern Italian. One composition has been too much for Mr. Grant Duff himself. "I have only read snatches of *La Redencion del Esclavo*, a prose drama; and, if I had, my readers would hardly thank me for dwelling much upon it when I tell them that it is in four volumes and that the Almighty, the Angels, Adam, Eve, Brahma, Siva, Jupiter, Antony, Cleopatra, Spartacus, Hermes, Asoka, Nala, Damayanti, Saul, Samuel, and Jephthah are only a few of the interlocutors." There are also novels to form additional proofs of an inexhaustible and inflated garrulity which is only redeemed by its combination with a great and undoubted gift of oral eloquence. If it is almost incredible that so great an abundance of verbiage should be compatible with wisdom, Señor Castelar has shown that he has both honesty and practical vigour. Having done his best to render government impossible in Spain, he finally, in concert with other Federal Republicans, succeeded in disgusting King Amadeo with the throne which he had shortly before been solicited to accept. On the abdication of the King, the minority of the Cortes, of whom Castelar was a leader, proclaimed a Republic; and a new election, in which according to Spanish custom only the dominant faction took part, returned a Republican Assembly. By previous intrigues the demagogues had effectually demoralized the army, and the establishment of a Republic was consequently accompanied by a Carlist war in the North and an ultra-Republican rebellion instituted on the purest principles of Federalism at Carthagena. After the overthrow of two or three Ministers, each more dishonest and more incapable than the other, Castelar, on assuming office, had the courage to repudiate all the principles to which his life of empty talk had been devoted. Having made himself dictator, he did his best to restore the discipline of the army, and if he had remained in power he would perhaps have suppressed the rebellion at Carthagena. Since that time he has never relapsed into the heresy of the Federal Republic, which is the Spanish equivalent of the French Commune. His eloquence and his personal integrity command respect from a hostile majority in the Cortes; and, as he is still in the prime of life, he may perhaps compensate by future service to his country for the mischief which he caused when he was the loudest of the blatant herd of "intransigent" Republicans. Mr. Grant Duff, admiring Castelar's early career, is naturally not less sanguine in his anticipations of his future triumphs. It may almost be thought strange that a politician and man of letters who is as remarkable for minute accuracy as for universality of acquirement should cordially sympathize with the most wordy and superficial of cosmopolitan theorists.

OLD PARIS.*

THE utility of books of this kind is, we suppose, to familiarize people with the names and with some of the characteristics of historical personages when they have not time or inclination to study them in history itself. If the reader stops short there, he will have gained something, but something of doubtful value; for the effort to make the book always amusing effectually prevents the writer from going much beneath the surface, and history so treated resembles a superficial kind of *genre* painting in which costume is the main thing, and a visible peculiarity of little or no importance attracts attention at once, while those characteristics which are not visible are passed over as unsuited to the purposes of art. To say that Lady Jackson's book is superficial does not necessarily imply censure, for we suppose she intended it to be superficial, and purposely treated her materials in such a manner as to render them acceptable to a novel-reading public. The way in which a book of this kind may be concocted is familiar to all who understand the art of book-making. You read or skim a quantity of memoirs, you even dip a little into the pages of the graver historians, and then, after taking notes, you set to work with facile pen to tell the story over again as your readers may have the patience to receive it; in other words, you eliminate as much as possible everything that might require an effort in the reader, and try to make him pass a pleasant and an idle hour. The result in the present instance is more than seven hundred pages of downright gossip, which is not the less gossip because the people who furnish the subjects of it are all dead and buried long ago.

It seems a pity that, as Lady Jackson has selected French history as the field of her literary enterprise, she should not have fully realized the desirableness of an acquaintance with the French language. The book is "dedicated to Mrs. M. Franks, by her affectionate friend, Catherine Charlotte Jackson; in remembrance of a pleasant reucontre, some years ago, in the gay city of Paris"; and the reader is hereby informed that Lady Jackson has been in Paris, and has learned French enough to spoil her English, for she uses "reucontre" instead of *meeting*, which an unsophisticated Englishwoman might have been satisfied with. Unfortunately, a single word does not constitute a language, and Lady Jackson has a perilous habit of introducing French in such a manner as to betray her ignorance repeatedly. A sound French scholar always puts his accents right, for the simple reason that, even if his memory failed him, his ear, from the mere habit of correct pronunciation, would tell him what accent to use or not to use. Lady Jackson rises superior to these matters of detail, and gives us due notice what to expect so early as the fifth page of the first volume:—

> The ladies of a literary bent composed "dévises d'amour," as posies for rings and other jewels, or, when ambitious of higher flights, wrote licentious verses and tales after the manner of those of Marguérite de Valois, the King's sister.

We suppose it must be a morbid anxiety not to omit an accent which makes English people, especially ladies, so ready to put them where they do not exist, but really Lady Jackson ought to know two such familiar words as *devise* and *Marguerite*. Nor is this only a momentary oversight. She goes on adorning Marguerite with an acute accent all through her two volumes. And these are not the only instances. She turns *menace* into *ménace* in page 21. What is still worse, Lady Jackson cannot even quote or copy. She makes Boileau talk of "caractères bien suivés," as if Boileau ever wrote such school-girl French as that; and she says we are told of Madeleine de Scudéry, "qu'elle possédait *toutes* les charmes, sauf *celle* de la beauté physique." On page 162 (Vol. I.) she says, "Voiture and young Pisani often amused themselves by guessing who and what the people were who occasionally passed the Hotel. A grave-looking personage in a coach was guessed one day by Voiture to be '*un homme de la robe.*'" The expression is possible, but the usual form, *un homme de robe*, is more probable. The proof that Lady Jackson does not always quote Voiture correctly will be found in the third line of the following impromptu:—

> Je pensais si le cardinal—
> J'entends celui de la Valette—
> *Pouvais* voir l'éclat sans égal
> Dans lequel maintenant vous êtes;

and again, in the following bit of prose, also from Voiture:—

> Je découvris des pays que je n'avais jamais vu et des mers que je *n'avoit* point imaginées.

Most of our readers will remember the incomparably proud motto of the Rohans:—

> Roi ne puis,
> Prince ne daigne,
> Rohan suis.

Lady Jackson spoils this grand laconic *devise* by introducing four improvements of her own. She puts a pronoun into each line and alters prince to duke. This is her version:—

> Roi, je ne puis,
> Duc, je ne daigne,
> Rohan je suis.

The wonder is that Lady Jackson, whose book abounds in errors, should have had just sufficient consciousness of them to put two short tables of errata at the beginning of each volume. For example, she has discovered between the printing and the binding of her book that the plural of *chef-d'œuvre* is not *chef-d'œuvres* (as she has given it all along), but *chefs-d'œuvre*, and she is good enough to give us the benefit of this discovery. She also confesses that *il y a* should not be written *il y à*. We take note of these signs of amendment, but complain of the unmerited ill-usage of poor Ste. Geneviève. Lady Jackson, having already inflicted one accent too many on this unoffending saint, thinks to mend matters in her table of errata by adding yet another. Why not complete the improvement by accenting the final *e* as well? Généviève is very near perfection; Génévièvé would fully attain it.

The reader is not to infer from Lady Jackson's wonderful French that she has not been able to get together a rich medley of mate-

* *Old Paris; its Court and Literary Salons.* By Catherine Charlotte, Lady Jackson. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1878.

rials. Her volumes remind us of the Scotchman's apology for the haggis, a dish which at first sight is seldom very attractive to Southern taste. He said that whatever might be said against it, "there was a deal o' fine confused feedin' aboot it." So it is with Lady Jackson's book, and we acknowledge with alacrity that she has quite mastered the art, more difficult than some critics may imagine, of patching a vast quantity of materials together without showing the joints. Her style is light and readable, though it would be infinitely improved by the omission of French phrases, and if she is not a profound social critic, she does not often attempt what is far beyond the limits of her powers. The effect of literature of this kind on the public, so far as it may succeed in substituting itself for thoughtful history, will be to encourage the English habit of seeing only the light and trifling side of French affairs. The note is struck in the dedication itself, where Lady Jackson calls Paris "the gay city." Yes; no doubt it is the gay city for foreigners or French provincials who go to amuse themselves there, and the general aspect of the place is cheerful and enlivening; but for those who have to earn their living in Paris, and they are the large majority, life is just as serious a business there as it is in London. This is what foreigners, bent on amusing themselves, never seem to understand. The real difference between Paris and London is that Paris lays itself out to please and amuse visitors, whereas London is arranged for the convenience of its own inhabitants, and does not apparently very much care for the pleasures and comforts of people who do not belong to it. The first impression of London is generally disagreeable; the first impression of Paris is (especially since the improvements) generally delightful. After knowing both cities intimately for twenty years, and the seriously occupied inhabitants of both, we are likely to arrive at the conclusion that most lives are serious and that some are frivolous in both capitals.

Lady Jackson's book begins with the 14th of May, 1610, and she characteristically opens with a State pageant. The style of treatment adopted throughout the work, which has the merit of a perfect unity of style and manner, will be at once understood from the opening. The experienced reader will see that Lady Jackson strikes her first note boldly and without hesitation, and that she throws herself at once into the intended measure. She goes rattling on in the same style to the end of her seven hundred and fifty pages, always treating the materials of history as lightly as it is possible to treat them.

> It was the 14th of May, 1610. Workmen to the number of eight hundred, or more, were employed in decorating the old city of Paris for a grand state pageant, arranged to take place on the 16th. Marie de Médicis, the second wife of Henry IV., was then to make her public entry into the capital as the newly-crowned Queen of France. Her coronation, so long earnestly desired, so long delayed, she had prevailed on the King, after ten years of scolding and coaxing, threatening and entreating, to consent to. The cherished wish of her heart was obtained, and she had been crowned with the utmost pomp and solemnity, on the previous day, at St. Denis, by Cardinal Joyeuse.
>
> Little or no sympathy or affection existed between Marie de Médicis and her husband. His mistresses—less by their beauty than by gaiety and good-humour—held an influence over him which probably she herself might have acquired could she have curbed her violent temper. But not only did she rave, and rage, and assail him with angry words, it was even sometimes necessary to restrain her from the free use of her hands. And her blows were far from being light ones, for, as Henry once justly said, she was "terribly robust." From time to time whispers had reached her of the King's intention to seek a divorce, on the ground that a promise of marriage given in years gone by to the Marquise de Verneuil invalidated any subsequent union contracted by him. Henry had not a very scrupulous conscience, but these whispered reports originated solely with the intriguing Marquise. He entertained, at least, a kindly feeling towards Marie, notwithstanding her attacks upon him, and publicly paid her the respect due to the mother of the daughter of France.
>
> But her brow had cleared since it had been graced by a crown. She was radiant with delight; for she had achieved a real triumph—one especially gratifying to the feelings of a woman of her violent and vindictive character—the Marquise de Verneuil, the King's mistress, and the Princess Marguérite de France, his divorced wife, having both been compelled to witness that triumph, and even to enhance it, by joining the train of ladies appointed by Henry to form her *cortége*. Her dark Italian eyes, which so often flashed with angry indignation on her faithless spouse, were then lighted up with a gleam of proud satisfaction that but few had observed in them before—Henry, never.
>
> The King had taken no part in the ceremony; he was present merely as a spectator. But when the royal procession passed up the nave of the old cathedral, preceded by archbishops and bishops in their richest vestments; the Queen, surrounded by the noblest and fairest ladies of her Court, and arrayed in splendid robes and sparkling gems that well became her florid complexion and portly figure (she was in her thirty-seventh year), and wearing with dignity the royal mantle—which, heavily embroidered in fleurs-de-lis of gold and pearls, was borne by pages of honour—Henry, turning towards his Minister and friend De Sully, exclaimed, in an animated tone, "Ventre Saint Gris!—Qu'elle est belle!"

There really is a great deal of *go* in this style of narration, as the reader perceives; and we are of opinion that no writer of the male sex could keep up the pace without flagging, as Lady Jackson does. Another quality in which she easily distances all possible masculine rivalry is in the attention she gives to the details of dress. Whenever little facts about costume are attainable she gives them with that minute interest which astonishes us in ladies who observe their living rivals. For some time we vaguely thought that Lady Jackson reminded us of some other writer, and at last we remembered our old friend the writer of the Court Circular. We are told that Marie de Médicis appeared on the 15th of May in the flowing black robes of a royal widow with a veil of gauze taffetas reaching to her feet, and a full-plaited ruche of white gauze encircling her throat, the ends fastening in front like a scarf, with bows of black riband. The little king Louis XIII. wore a violet velvet dress and a plumed hat of the same colour. The day before, when Henri IV. had been to visit Angélique Paulet, that young lady wore a morning dress of blue silk. Part of her hair, which was of a deep golden colour, was twisted with a string of pearls and a blue riband, and part fell in long curls on her shoulders. The dress was made high, but open at the throat, displaying a necklace of diamonds set in gold, with a border of black enamel. Her sleeves were looped back with blue ribands, and her bracelets were of the same pattern as the necklace.

Lady Jackson consistently devotes almost as much attention to upholstery as to dress. She is careful to describe interiors when she has authentic materials. Here, for example, is an interesting description of the *salon bleu* at the Hôtel de Rambouillet:—

> The marquise is said to have been the first to innovate on the custom of colouring or painting the rooms of a red tint or a tawny dark yellow. Hence the admiration bestowed on the "*salon bleu*," apart from its being the principal *salle de réunion*. Its walls were hung with blue velvet, impanelled in borders of gold. The furniture was of the same material, relieved by gold fringes and lace. "The air was perfumed with the odour of flowers arranged in beautiful vases and baskets, and in such profusion that eternal spring seemed to reign there." In the evening the *salons* were lighted with lamps of Venetian glass, also first seen at Rambouillet; and there were splendid Italian cabinets, filled with the choicest and rarest specimens of delicate sculpture, scarce enamels, gems, and other articles of *vertu*. Amongst the many treasures of the *salon bleu* was a spinet, a marvel of its kind, brought by the marquise from Italy. It was exquisitely painted with flowers and birds, and inlaid with turquoise, gold, and pearl.

Here is a description of the Place Royale, in the same style:—

> La Place Royale was considered La Perle du Marais, and that new faubourg (Paris was not then divided into its twenty *quartiers*) became renowned later on in the seventeenth century. Rank and fashion, wealth and beauty dwelt there, and *une société spirituelle* assembled in the noble *salons* of its spacious mansions. Delicate carvings, exquisite paintings enriched the cornices, doors, and ceilings; Venetian mirrors, Florentine tapestry adorned the walls; silks, damasks, and rich brocatelle covered the gilded *fauteuils* and *canapés*.

There are very many descriptions of this kind in the two volumes, but the above may serve as specimens. The more difficult task of describing the minds of the people who frequented these fine rooms has not been evaded by Lady Jackson; but here we feel the insufficiency of such light and general sketching. We want to know the people better, more individually; and, instead of close and powerful character-painting, we get generalities like the following, which are in part simply conjectural:—

> The *salons* of Rambouillet afforded, no doubt, many examples of high-flown sentimentality and affectation as well as of over-strained or stilted politeness. And it has been suspected that before the period of its greatest vogue and importance (from 1635 to 1645) there existed amongst the society that frequented the hotel, composed as it was of persons of such different social grades, a carefully suppressed undercurrent of mutual disdain. The pride of birth, the pride of intellect, the pride of purse, each received a shock from the presence of the others, and could not immediately amalgamate, though represented there only by the *élite* of each class. It argues in the hostess the possession of a high degree of tact and social *savoir faire* to have succeeded so happily in soothing the ruffled spirits of her high and mighty guests, and bringing the discordant elements in her circle to act so favourably on each other as to produce that general tone of good breeding, that courtesy of manner, that suavity of expression—indicating respect for others as well as self-respect—which characterized those who had mixed with the *société polie* of Rambouillet.

The intellectual value of Lady Jackson's book is very small, but she has skimmed an immense mass of materials, and given the result in a form which may be acceptable to many readers, especially of her own sex. Lady Jackson is far more at home in describing the dress of a woman than in analysing the mind of a man. The attempts at portraiture when famous men have to be talked about are feeble in the extreme; for example, the short accounts of La Rochefoucauld and Pascal, which are nothing but repetitions of old commonplaces, the commonplaces of people who did not and could not understand either the one or the other. The real merits of the book are, first, its sufficiently clever dealing with the external life of frivolous people, especially women, and, secondly, a considerable literary skill in the treatment of overwhelmingly abundant materials. Lady Jackson deals with the outside of Parisian life and French history from the assassination of Henri IV. to the death of Louis XIV. Notwithstanding her surprising inaccuracy as a French scholar, she has been an industrious reader, and it is likely that her volumes may be of use to many ladies as a dose of history in its lightest possible form.

PREJEVALSKY'S LOB-NOR.*

COLONEL PREJEVALSKY is a most indefatigable explorer. During the last six years he has made as many expeditions into the almost unknown portions of Central and Eastern Asia. He has travelled in Mongolia; he has visited the Chinese Province of Kansuh; he has passed several months in the Lob-nor district; and he is now about to try to make his way into the forbidden land of Tibet. Such enterprise is deserving of all praise; and we who, through the medium of Mr. Delmar Morgan's translation, enjoy some of the fruits of his labours, should be most grateful to him. It is, however, somewhat amusing to find him naïvely expressing surprise that the officials and natives of the districts through which he passed should have imagined for a moment that he had any other object in visiting their inhospitable territory than that of "seeing a new country, and

* *From Kulja, across the Tian-shan to Lob-nor.* By Colonel N. Prejevalsky. Translated by E. Delmar Morgan. With Introduction by Sir T. Douglas Forsyth, C.B., K.C.S.I. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1879.

collecting plants and skins, &c." We fear that we also shall excite his astonishment when we say that, while fully recognizing his zeal in the cause of science, we cannot help thinking that the "new country" would not have had the same attractions for him had it not lain in the direction of the gold-fields of South-eastern Asia.

As Sir Douglas Forsyth points out in his introduction to the present work, the Russians have long regarded the gold-fields of Tibet, Khoten, and Yarkand as romantic El Dorados, where wealth and ease are to be easily bought in exchange for trifling labour. More than a hundred and fifty years ago Prince Gagarin, who was then Governor of Siberia, proposed that steps should at once be taken to annex Little Bukharia, and suggested that a series of forts should be pushed along the Irtish as far as Yarkand. At the same time he sent to St. Petersburg specimens of gold-dust which had been procured from the coveted region. In conformity with this advice Ivan Bukholz was despatched, with a force of two thousand or three thousand men, with orders to build a fort near the lake Yamish, and then, if possible, to make his way to Yarkand. The persistent opposition of the Kalmucks defeated the object of this expedition; but in 1718 the fort of Semipalatinsk was built, and two years later the Russians had reached Lake Zaisan. At the present time they occupy Kulja, and have extended their frontier southwards to within 110 miles of Kashgar. It is also reported, though the rumour wants confirmation, that a few weeks since a force of seven thousand Russians was within seven days' march of Yarkand. The Russians have thus pushed steadily onwards towards their goal along the western side of the Desert of Gobi, and the main object of Colonel Prejevalsky's journey of last year to the Lob-nor district and of his proposed expedition to Tibet was and is the thorough exploration of the route to the gold-fields of Khoten and Tibet on the eastern side of the same desert region.

Colonel Prejevalsky, with two companions, six Cossacks and an interpreter, started from Kulja on the 12th of August, 1876. His route lay at first up the fertile valley of the Ili, which is at present occupied by Russia, in spite of the protests of the rightful owners, the Chinese. Here, he tells us, "clean, pretty villages with gardens, shaded by lofty silver poplars, followed each other in quick succession. In the intervals are cornfields irrigated by numerous watercourses, whilst on the meadows along the river's bank large herds of sheep, oxen, and horses are grazing. The population is everywhere apparently prospering." From the valley of the Ili he passed into that of the Kunges, which is equally fertile but wholly uncultivated. Still pursuing his journey eastward he reached the foot of the Narat range, "which, with its eastern prolongations, forms the northern buttress of an extensive and lofty plateau, situated in the very heart of the Tian-shan, and known by the name of the Yulduz."

After traversing the Lesser and Greater Yulduz, Colonel Prejevalsky entered the Kaidu Valley and camped at Kara-moto, where he was well received by the first Tungute inhabitants he had met with. But by "the whole Mohammedan population of the neighbourhood" his arrival was viewed with unmixed alarm. The shots fired by his shooting parties in pursuit of game gave rise to the rumour that a Russian force had appeared on the Kaidu, which no sooner gained currency than a panic ensued among the Mohammedans living near Kara-moto, who one and all left their homes and fled to Kara-shahr. To that place also the Colonel sent notice of his arrival, which was acknowledged three days later by the appearance of six envoys from Korla, who refused to allow the travellers to proceed further until instructions were received from Yakub Beg. After a delay of seven days at Kara-moto the Colonel was allowed to go on to the suburbs of Korla, through which town lies the road to Lob-nor. Here the same annoying restrictions were enforced on the travellers that fettered the action of Mr. Shaw and Sir Douglas Forsyth on their expeditions to Kashgar. A guard was placed over his party under the plea of giving them protection, and they were forbidden to enter the town or to converse with the inhabitants. "To all our questions," writes the Colonel, "as to the town of Korla, the number of its inhabitants, their trade, the features of the surrounding country, &c., we received the curtest replies, or absolute falsehoods; and this continued during the whole of our six months stay in the dominions of Yakub Beg."

The prospect of a war with China at this time made Yakub Beg unwilling to do anything which would throw the weight of Russia on the side of his enemy, and he therefore placed no positive obstacle in the way of the Colonel's advance; but at the same time he employed every artifice to limit his means of gathering information, and he took care to be well supplied with reports as to his movements by attaching a spy in the person of an ex-Russian subject, one Zaman Beg, to the expedition. Much to the annoyance of the Colonel, this man proved himself to be a most loyal servant to his master. At first, starting from their camp outside Korla, he led the travellers by a circuitous path across the fields in order to prevent them seeing the town, and throughout their journey he watched their every movement and thwarted as often as he was able all attempts to see more than was visible from the road on which they travelled. He kept up a regular correspondence with Yakub Beg, and not a week elapsed without a courier arriving "either from Badaulat (Yakub Beg) or the Tokhsabai 'to inquire after our well-being,' as Zaman Beg naïvely expressed it."

True to his instructions, Zaman Beg led the Colonel to the valley of the Tarim by the most difficult route, obliging him most unnecessarily to swim two large and deep streams. Here the travellers entered upon the Lob-nor desert, "which," writes Colonel Prejevalsky, "is indeed the wildest and most barren of all the deserts I have seen, surpassing in this respect even that of Alashan." Reeds growing in the marshes bordering on the river are the only signs of pasture in this cheerless region, and the presence of these is due only to the ingenuity of the natives and the violence of the winds:—

> Fine sand and dust [we are told], driven by the wind-storms prevalent in the spring, are caught and retained by the trees, bushes, and cane-brake growing on the banks, so as gradually to raise their level above that of the adjacent land, which is constantly diminishing under the influence of the same causes. Hence it becomes only necessary to bore through the bank for the water to pour out of the river and inundate a more or less extensive tract of plain. With the water come fish, and in a little while reeds begin to grow. After a time the channel gets silted up, the lake grows shallower, the fish are easily taken, and the recently submerged land affords pasturage for sheep. When the reeds are all fed off the operation is repeated, and a fresh supply of fish and pasturage obtained.

The natives are fit inhabitants of such a desolate district. The men are remarkable for the pallor of their complexions, their hollow cheeks, and weak frames, and the women for their ugliness. Their dwellings are reed huts, with square holes in the roofs to serve the purpose of chimneys; mats are the only articles of furniture which adorn the interiors; fish form their staple food; and their misery is made complete by repeated visitations of small-pox. Wheat and barley are sown in small quantities by the more enterprising squatters, but the saline nature of the soil destroys the prospect of more than the most meagre harvests. Such are the people and such is the Tarim Valley, down which Colonel Prejevalsky journeyed in search of Lob-nor. The whole of November and part of December were occupied in travelling through this district, and when at the end of that time the goal of his journey was within easy reach, Zaman Beg led him past it to the village of Chargalyk, where he was minded to winter. In the beginning of February, however, this obstructive guide consented again to start for the lake, the shores of which were reached without much difficulty.

Thus Colonel Prejevalsky believed himself to have solved the difficulty as to the position of Lob-nor, which has perplexed geographers from the time of Marco Polo downwards. But instead of one lake the Colonel found two, known respectively by the natives as Kara-burau and Kara-koshun. The Tarim enters the former at its western extremity, and, after flowing through it in an easterly direction, "appears as a river of some importance, but it soon rapidly diminishes, owing to the numerous canals by means of which the inhabitants draw off the water for fishing purposes. On the opposite bank the neighbouring desert continually encroaches upon the land capable of cultivation, scorching with its fiery breath every spare drop of moisture, and finally arresting the further progress of the river eastward. The struggle is over, the desert has gained the mastery over the river, life is swallowed up in death. But, before finally disappearing, the Tarim forms, by the overflow of its last waters, an extensive reedy marsh known from ancient times as Lob-nor." The lake is shallow throughout, and the water, except round the shores, is clear and sweet. Saline marshes surround the lake and on the south side extend to from eight to ten versts, beyond which a pebbly plain rises gradually to the foot of the Altyn-tagh range.

In many essential points this account of Lob-nor is at variance both with the best Chinese maps and with the evidence of Oriental travellers who have visited the lake. According to Chinese geographers, the Tarim takes throughout a north-easterly course, and, after meeting with the Koncheh-daria, which runs into it from the north, it pursues its undeviating way until it loses itself in the waters of Lob-nor, in about latitude 40°40', and longitude 88°30'. The main lake, which is also known as the Salt Lake, from the brackishness of the water, is, they say, surrounded on the north and south by a series of smaller lakes, known on the north as the "Grass Lakes," and on the south by special names; while a more extensive plain than that which separates its northern shore from the Kuruk-tagh range stretches from its southern border to the Altyn-tagh. The comparative accuracy with which they have laid down the positions of Karashahr, Korla, and the Bostang-nor renders them entitled to some confidence on the subject of Lob-nor; added to which their description of the lake is fully borne out by the accounts given of it by Chinese and other Eastern travellers.

But the fact remains that Colonel Prejevalsky followed the course of the Tarim, after its junction with a river he calls the Ugen-daria, in a south-easterly direction until finally it disappeared in two fresh-water lakes lying near the foot of the Altyn-tagh range, in 39½° N. lat. and 89° E. long, the largest of which he declares to be Lob-nor. On the publication of the Report of Colonel Prejevalsky's journey these discrepancies at once attracted the attention of Baron Richthofen, who suggested an explanation which will probably be found to be correct. The ease with which in such regions rivers change their courses is well known; and the facility with which, as we have seen, the natives are able to divert some of the waters of the Tarim for their own purposes, is sufficient to show that that river is no exception to the rule. It is by no means improbable, therefore, that the force of the Ugen-daria running into the Tarim from the north may have created a channel southwards for some of its waters, while the main stream still pursues its way eastward into the true Lob-nor. As Colonel Prejevalsky's route lay southwards between two separate arms of the Tarim, and subsequently along its western bank, he would very possibly be unable to trace an outlet to the eastward such as Baron Richthofen believes to exist. Further, on the Chinese maps is laid down a small lake close to Colonel

Prejevalsky's Lob-nor, and if we may suppose this to have received the waters of the southern branch of the Tarim, we may readily imagine that it might perfectly answer the description here given of Kara-Buran and Kara-koshun.

If this be so, then the professed object of Colonel Prejevalsky's journey remains unfulfilled. But his labours have not been in vain. His description of the physical features of the Yulduz valleys, the Kuruk-tagh range, the valley of the Tarim, and especially of the Altyn-tagh range, are additions of great importance to our knowledge of the geography of Central Asia. The enforced brevity of Colonel Prejevalsky's notes on these and other subjects of interest is much to be regretted, more especially since, as we are told in the preface, the conciseness of the narrative is due to the great physical prostration under which the author has been suffering from the effects of "hardship and exposure in desert and swamp."

MISS SWANWICK'S *FAUST*.*

OF translating *Faust*, as of translating Homer, there seems to be no visible end; but this is true only of the First Part of Goethe's great work. The Second Part is comparatively little read and little known even in the home of its own language; and the translators who have grappled with its difficulties may easily be counted on one's fingers. It is singular how much alike it has fared with Goethe and with Dante in this respect. The Second Part of *Faust* contains passages and scenes at least equal for poetical power and beauty to anything in the First, and the First Part is evidently incomplete without it. The same thing may be said with equal truth of the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso* as compared with the *Inferno*, and in this case it will probably command more general assent. As regards difficulty also, the parallel holds in a considerable measure. The philosophical and theological expositions which have given abundant exercise to commentators in the latter parts of the *Divina Commedia*, more especially the *Paradiso*, may be compared to the digressions, discussions, and obscure allusions to modern persons, events, and controversies which puzzle readers of the Second Part of *Faust*. In both cases the difficulties have acquired, in our opinion, an exaggerated reputation, and many persons, vaguely conceiving them as more formidable than they are, do not even attempt to take the measure of them for themselves. Great is their loss, if they are capable of enjoying the thoughts of great poets. For the *Purgatorio* and the *Paradiso* have a serene and lofty splendour which, as it would be out of place in the *Inferno*, so we should vainly seek there; and in the Second Part of *Faust* the episode of Helena, and the vision of the concluding scene, are achievements not only unsurpassed but unique in the whole range of modern poetry. It would seem that the aid of the translator is peculiarly called for to support and encourage English readers in making themselves acquainted with these less known beauties. The greater the difficulties of an important original, the more a good translation is wanted. Translators, however, have mostly been content to follow the timidity of the reading public instead of correcting it; and therefore fragmentary versions of the masterpieces of Dante and Goethe, the greatest poems of the middle ages and of the new time, are to be found in abundance, while complete ones are but few.

The disproportion is more conspicuous in the case of *Faust* than in that of the *Divine Comedy*; and a greater meed of thanks is accordingly due to those who come forward to redress it. Miss Swanwick, whose translation of the First Part has long been before the public, is now added to the list of the few strenuous workers who have taken on themselves the higher and more perfect task. And the work is hard, not only in respect of its own nature, but by reason of that which it has to emulate, the competitors, though weak in number, being of illustrious quality. First to be mentioned is Mr. Carlyle, whose admirable essay on Goethe's Helena contains the version almost of whole scenes from the episode that now stands as the third act of the Second Part; not professing indeed to be finished work, but introduced only to make the text of the reviewer's commentary intelligible to English readers, yet clothed in every line with the power which Mr. Carlyle's hand could not help laying upon it. Then Mr. Bayard Taylor, in whose premature death literature has just suffered heavy loss, has rendered the whole poem in English wonderfully close and wonderfully free from strain and harshness. Line for line and metre for metre he followed Goethe's way, flinching before no difficulties, and seldom otherwise than victorious; a labour so great that no man could have hoped for success who had not in himself enough of the poetic spirit to undertake it as a labour of love. Bayard Taylor's *Faust* is altogether, to our mind, one of the most remarkable feats of translation achieved in any modern language; and some years ago we had occasion to speak of it as holding a place of supremacy among its rivals from which it would not easily be dispossessed. And, with Miss Swanwick's older and newer work now before us, we are still of the same mind. For power and flexibility of language, for faithful embodiment of the spirit and form and tone of the original, for the nameless refinements and shades of sympathy in which a translator hangs between despair and triumph, Miss Swanwick's version must, on the whole, yield to Bayard Taylor's. But the victory is none of those that miss the life and eagerness of a real contest; the race is well and fairly run, and to be second in such a race is better than to have been first in many others. Miss Swanwick may await with confidence, if our memory of other attempts rightly serves us, the comparison of her work with any of its fellows except that which we have placed first. Even as to this, our preference of Bayard Taylor's work as a whole depends more on a general impression of the power of the two versions than on a minute consideration of their respective success in detail. Many passages may be found, and those of the best, where there is really little or nothing to choose. It is only under the stress of the severer difficulties that the inequality of strength becomes marked. There is, indeed, one deficiency peculiar to Miss Swanwick's version, but it is of a kind that English readers will hardly perceive at all. A strain of mocking, ironical, fanciful, but always essentially masculine humour recurs now and again in both parts of the poem; and in these passages, probably not so much from any actual falling off in power as from a very natural absence of sympathy, Miss Swanwick's touch is certainly less happy. Such is the case in that extraordinary episode of the production of Homunculus which has caused infinite shedding of ink and bewilderment of mind to the critics who must needs have a complete explanation for everything. Far be it from us to add to their number; our words shall be few, and, as we hope, discreet. Much of the obscurity which has been found in the Second Part of *Faust* arises from people refusing to face the simple fact that the poem is not the development of any single plan, but a procession of ideas and fancies innumerable, loosely marshalled on the lines which Goethe found ready to hand in the old Faust legend. The vision of Helena, indeed, is a work of art complete in itself, and embodies ideas of sufficient distinctness, which have been explained by Mr. Carlyle with true critical genius, just enough and not too much. When the poet, being in possession of a theme which lends itself only to history and criticism for direct intellectual handling, commands his imagination to dwell upon it, to play around it with varied lights, to clothe it with the richest imagery and glorify it with every form of beauty and stateliness, his purpose is that much should be suggested and little positively revealed. To thrust an over-curious interpretation upon every detail of the work is to misunderstand and thwart this high purpose, and to deal with the poet as if he were a commonplace writer of allegories, in which whatever art the allegorist may have is but the vehicle for a moral. It is only one degree more rational than looking for a train of reasoning in a symphony. Whoever cannot enjoy Goethe's Helena as a thing of exquisite beauty, without defining that which Goethe chose not to define, will surely never enjoy it the more for all the definitions wherewith critics have striven to tie down Goethe's free and invincible genius.

Our little friend Homunculus, who has led us into this path of digression, belongs to the dramatic construction of the poem (though it cannot be called dramatic in the common sense), as a needful harbinger of Helena's restoration to Faust. The manner of his appearance is likewise fitting enough. For that Wagner, left in sole charge of Faust's laboratory, should busy himself with experiments on *generatio æquivoca*, is precisely what one would expect of him; and that his efforts, but for the appearance of Mephistopheles in the nick of time, should be like to have no better issue than those of his forerunners, is what we should expect also. But it is beyond Mephistopheles to finish the work thoroughly. The nature of Homunculus is unfulfilled desire, driving him forth, with Faust as an eager follower and Mephistopheles much puzzled and something vexed at the whole business, to those apparently chaotic dissolving views of the Classical Walpurgis Night, where we lose sight of him and his luminous bottle. Wagner is evidently a type of the mediæval philosophy, which with all its apparatus could make nothing of the spirit of man but a cramped and stunted abortion, fit for nothing but to be corked and labelled out of harm's way in a phial. But negation and discontent come for once to the rescue as life-giving principles; they cannot satisfy, but they can impel man to seek satisfaction elsewhere. With a prescient instinct he flies to the long-neglected wealth of the old Hellenic world; bewildered at first with multitude of shapes and visions, he grows into familiarity and wins clearer sight, until the crystalline walls within which he has imprisoned his own soul expand and lighten, and the magic of art and science breaks them for ever. Is this, then, our interpretation of Homunculus? No; but one possible aspect of the interpretation for those who may be minded to accept it. One thing, however, is free from doubt—that Goethe believed in art, not merely as a recreation and ornament of humanity, but as a very material part of life, not without actual and practical bearing on conduct. As he elsewhere says, "Wer Wissenschaft und Kunst besitzt, Der hat Religion." And one must be able to enter into this belief, at any rate for the time being, in order to understand either *Faust* or any other considerable piece of Goethe's work.

Miss Swanwick has wholly abstained from commentary; a proceeding which has its laudable side, but savours of rashness. *Faust* needs annotation quite as much as the *Divine Comedy*: and those who think this does not apply even to many things in the First Part must have skipped a good deal. The English reader who plunges into a translation of *Faust* without notes of any kind will hardly escape confusion. And in this case the publishers have contrived to increase his troubles by omitting large portions of the text. After informing us that "the unusual degree of popularity accorded to Miss Swanwick's version of the First Part of *Faust* has induced her to complete the work by a translation of the Second Part," they

* *Goethe's Faust.* In Two Parts. Translated by Anna Swanwick. London: George Bell & Sons. 1879.

further tell us that, "in consideration of the length of the Second Part, some portions have been omitted, but care has been taken that the progressive development of the drama should not be interfered with." The omissions are considerable both in quantity and importance; for example, the lament of the Chorus over Euphorion in the third act is struck out. One may guess what manner of welcome Goethe would have given to the proposal to leave "the progressive development of the drama" to such tender mercies as it might get from the scissors of publishers making up a Christmas book. For this, however, Miss Swanwick is obviously not responsible; we can only regret that we have not the full materials for doing justice to her work, and hope that ere long it may appear complete. Neither can we agree with the publishers that the effect of Retzsch's designs is in any way improved by reducing the scale. The reduction was unavoidable to bring them into the book, but it is a poor device to make a merit of it.

We must not omit to give a specimen or two of Miss Swanwick's version, though it is not really possible to judge a performance of this magnitude by samples. The following stanzas are from the monologue uttered by Faust on his first awaking in the opening scene of the Second Part:—

Life's pulses reawakened freshly bound,
The mild ethereal twilight fain to greet,
Thou, Earth, this night wast also constant found,
And, newly-quickened, breathing at my feet,
Beginnest now to gird me with delight;
A strong resolve dost rouse, with noble heat
Aye to press on to being's sovereign height.
The world in glimmering dawn still folded lies;
With thousand voices life the woods resound;
Mist-wreaths the valley shroud; yet from the skies
Sinks heaven's clear radiance to the depths profound;
And bough and branch from dewy chasms rise,
Where they had drooped erewhile in slumber furled;
Earth is enamelled with unnumber'd dyes,
Leaflet and flower with dew-drops are impearled;
Around me everywhere is paradise.

Our other extracts shall be from the Helena; we must repeat our disappointment and surprise that this act at least was not fully given. If space was really so important, it might easily have been gained by a little more cutting short of the Classical Walpurgis Night, which one cannot be expected to read steadily through even in the original. Miss Swanwick has been particularly successful in the unrhymed choruses, from one of which we take a fragment:—

Much have I lived through, although my tresses
Youthfully waver still round my temples;
Manifold horrors have mine eyes witnessed;
Warfare's dire anguish, Ilion's night,
When it fell;
Through the o'erclouded, dust over-shadow'd
Tumult of war, to gods have I hearken'd,
Fearfully shouting; hearken'd while discord's
Brazen voices clang through the field
Rampart-wards.
Ah, yet standing were Ilion's
Ramparts; nathless the glowing flames
Shot from neighbour to neighbour roof,
Ever spreading from here and there,
With their tempest's fiery blast,
Over the night-darkened city.—
Flying, saw I through smoke and glare,
And the flash of the tongued flames,
Dreadful, threatening Gods draw near;
Wondrous figures, of giant mould,
Onward striding through the weird
Gloom of fire-luminous vapour.

As a contrast to this let us turn to the lines addressed by Faust to the leaders of his host:—

With bridled rage and silent power,
Which victory must crown at length,
Ye of the north, the youthful flower,
Ye of the east, the blooming strength!
Steel-clad, with sunbeams round them breaking,
Empires they shatter with their spear;
They march—beneath them earth is shaking;—
They pass—it thunders in their rear.

* * * *

I hail you dukes, for so ordaineth
Sparta's fair queen; before her lay
Mountain and valley; while she reigneth
Ye too shall profit by her sway.

* * * *

Then shall each one, at home abiding,
Prowess and strength abroad make known;
Yet Sparta shall, o'er all presiding,
Be still our queen's ancestral throne.
Rejoicing in their lands, each nation
She sees, with every blessing crown'd;
Justice and light and confirmation,
Seek at her feet with trust profound.

We should be glad to have an excuse for going on to the wonderful last scene of Faust's salvation; but common justice to translators makes this forbidden ground. The obstacles to translation are as desperate at the end of the Second Part as in the Prologue in Heaven which opens the First. Even in the face of Goethe's encouraging words, fit to be remembered and meditated on all occasions of high enterprise, we must think the task all but impossible; yet those words will not suffer us to discourage any who may in earnest attack it:—

Dem Klugen, Weitumsicht'gen zeigt fürwahr sich oft
Unmögliches noch als möglich.

STEVENSON'S EDINBURGH.*

"EDINBURGH," said a visitor, "would be a charming place—if it were not Edinburgh." It is rare to find a Scotchman, nay, an "Edinburgh body," so detached from local prejudices that he can give a verdict not quite unlike that of the paradoxical stranger. Mr. Stevenson can see Edinburgh as she is; he seems to have suffered from the adorers of Burns, and even appears to take a mischievous pleasure in telling his countrymen the result of a dispassionate inspection of their capital. It is not that he is a false Scot who dislikes his "own romantic town." Heine says that the German loves liberty as he loves his old grandmother, with a quiet, undemonstrative affection. Mr. Stevenson likes Edinburgh as a Scotchman likes that peculiarly Scotch kinswoman, an ancient maiden aunt, with features peaked, but not unkind, with frosty hair. He has a keen sense of her bitter moods:—

Edinburgh is beaten upon by all the winds that blow, drenched with rain, buried in cold sea fogs out of the east, and powdered with the snow as it comes flying southward from the Highland hills. The weather is raw and boisterous in winter, shifty and ungenial in summer, and a downright meteorological purgatory in spring. . . . The Scotch dialect is singularly rich in terms of reproach against the winter wind. *Snell, blae, nirly,* and *scowthering* are four of these significant vocables; they are all words that carry a shiver with them.

Edinburgh is not only chilly and nipping, but intensely respectable; and, like the maiden aunt, she keeps hoarded fragments of old brocade, queer examples of *rococo* jewelry, rings with topaz stones beneath flimsy coronets, a hundred treasured keepsakes of her youth, when there was a Court in the town and kings danced at Holyrood. The old glories are taken out now and then, counted over, and displayed to a younger generation:—

The Lord Commissioner, a kind of stage sovereign, sits among stage courtiers; a coach and six and clattering escort come and go before the gate; at night the windows are lighted up, and its near neighbours, the workmen, may dance in their own houses to the palace music. And in this the palace is typical. There is a spark among the embers; from time to time the old volcano smokes. Edinburgh has but partly abdicated, and still wears, in parody, her metropolitan trappings. Half a capital and half a country town, the whole city leads a double existence; it has long trances of the one and flashes of the other; like the king of the Black Isles, it is half alive and half a monumental marble. There are armed men and cannon in the citadel overhead; you may see the troops marshalled on the high parade; and at night after the early winter evenfall, and in the morning before the laggard winter dawn, the wind carries abroad over Edinburgh the sound of drums and bugles. Grave judges sit bewigged in what was once the scene of imperial deliberations. Close by in the High Street perhaps the trumpets may sound about the stroke of noon; and you see a troop of citizens in tawdry masquerade; tabard above, heather-mixture trowser below, and the men themselves trudging in the mud among unsympathetic bystanders. The grooms of a well-appointed circus tread the streets with a better presence.

In the midst of this city of mingled new and old, this ancient fossil, like a mediæval Italian town, perched on its heights, confronting the modern buildings of gentility, the citizens who move about are not, Mr. Stevenson thinks, sufficiently romantic. They do not dress or look the part. "To see them thronging by in their neat clothes and conscious moral rectitude, and with a little air of possession that verges on the absurd, is not the least striking feature of the place." At this sentence it seems the natives of Glasgow rejoice, for the inhabitants of the two chief Scotch towns are a jealous race. The Edinburgh people had their victory in the return match, when Mr. Matthew Arnold touched in a popular lecture on civilization as it exists in Glasgow.

The Old Town is, of course, the part of Edinburgh that it is most pleasant and easy to describe. Mr. Stevenson, with a sudden awakening of local patriotism, is almost angry with men who say "the old is better." He thinks it is the contrast of ancient and modern that makes the charm; "the two react in a picturesque sense, and the one is the making of the other." This is all very well; but the New Town by itself would find few admirers. It would be like the "Telemachiad" of learned German fancy, deprived of the rest of the Odyssey. The Old Town has been written about by poets, novelists, and sanitary reformers; but Mr. Stevenson finds something fresh to say, something new, personal, and effective:—

One night I went along the Cowgate after every one was a-bed but the policeman, and stopped by hazard before a tall *land*. The moon touched upon its chimneys, and shone blankly on the upper windows; there was no light anywhere in the great bulk of building; but as I stood there it seemed to me that I could hear quite a body of quiet sounds from the interior; doubtless there were many clocks ticking, and people snoring on their backs. And thus, as I fancied, the dense life within made itself faintly audible in my ears, family after family contributing its quota to the general hum, and the whole pile beating in tune to its timepieces, like a great disordered heart. Perhaps it was little more than a fancy altogether, but it was strangely impressive at the time, and gave me an imaginative measure of the disproportion between the quantity of living flesh and the trifling walls that separated and contained it.

To this Old Town, up that steep "Mound," drift "all disastrous things," all the ruined strays of the life of the new city. It runs uphill, the slope of this social Avernus, but the ascent is easy. In a city so tiny as Edinburgh, as in towns of the size of Nottingham and Lincoln, every one knows his neighbours by sight. Mr. Stevenson describes the gradual worsening of a man's face and dress, his disappearance from prosperous Princes Street and George Street, his appearance in the "closes" of the Old Town to which he flees "like a wounded animal to the woods." To the Old Town belongs

* *Edinburgh: Picturesque Notes.* By Robert Louis Stevenson. With Etchings by A. Brunet-Debaines; Vignettes, &c. London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday. 1879.

the Parliament House, a woful place, which Mr. Stevenson describes, as it seems to us, with cruel realism:—

A pair of swing doors gives admittance to a hall with a carved roof, hung with legal portraits, adorned with legal statuary, lighted by windows of painted glass, and warmed by three vast fires. This is the *Salle des pas perdus* of the Scottish Bar. Here, by a ferocious custom, idle youths must promenade from ten till two. From end to end, singly or in pairs or trios, the gowns and wigs go back and forward. Through a hum of talk and footfalls, the piping tones of a Macer announce a fresh cause and call upon the names of those concerned. Intelligent men have been walking here daily for ten or twenty years without a rag of business or a shilling of reward. In process of time, they may perhaps be made the Sheriff-Substitute and Fountain of Justice at Lerwick or Tobermory. There is nothing required, you would say, but a little patience and a taste for exercise and bad air. To breathe dust and bombazine, to feed the mind on cackling gossip, to hear three parts of a case and drink a glass of sherry, to long with indescribable longings for the hour when a man may slip out of his travesty and devote himself to golf for the rest of the afternoon, and to do this day by day and year after year, may seem so small a thing to the inexperienced! But those who have made the experiment are of a different way of thinking, and count it the most arduous form of idleness.

Edinburgh is one of the last places where legends linger. Legends really seem to exist only in novels where every ancient castle has its ghost, and not only its ghost, but what is far more rare, its old man who knows the story of the spectre. Peasants have become too stupid, or too highly educated, too shy, or too uninterested, to remember and relate the traditions of their birth-places. In towns modern men live, not as in an abiding city, but as sojourners; respectable Arabs who are constantly shifting their goods and pitching, if they prosper, in a more fashionable square; if they are unfortunate, in a more squalid court. Their houses are not family houses; generations of people of the same blood have not lived and died in them, and peopled them with shadowy memories. The streets are all too uniform, the identity changes with each change in the number, and an intelligent ghost would find it necessary to leave his old house, when the Local Board shifts the ciphers, as the Northumbrian Brownie followed the farmer's flitting. In Edinburgh people perhaps move about less; at all events the baronial houses of the Old Town stand out bravely against time and sanitary reform. These "lands" are peopled with legends; Mr. Stevenson quotes a few of those which are still most commonly told to Edinburgh children. "The fame of Deacon Brodie is kept piously fresh"—Deacon Brodie who was a prosperous tradesman, and an accomplished burglar. The story of his misdeeds is likely to be a favourite one with children who hear it early, and who feel, ever after, with secret joy, that the carpenter may be a cracksman in disguise, the chimney-sweep a brigand (he looks like one), and the man who tunes the piano the chief of a gang of malefactors. The legend of Major Weir has, we think, been rather spoiled by a modern touch. It is hard to believe that "the devil's coach, drawn by six coal black steeds with fiery eyes, would drive at night into the West Bow." This is a nursery touch, and the Major, with many other malefactors, is better to read about in those dark records, the reports of old Scotch criminal trials. There, we presume, may be found the dreadful story of the murder of Johnston of Warristoun, a dreary house on the outskirts of Edinburgh, standing above a deep and dismal tarn, as stood the unhappy mansion in the *Fall of the House of Usher*. Johnston of Warristoun was the husband of a young wife, whom he so cruelly maltreated, to the extent of biting her arm, that in despair she sent her old nurse with a bag of money to the Canongate to speak secretly with a man who had been her father's servant. This man was brought furtively into the house, and concealed in the cellar, the lady of Warristoun knowing well what business he had on hand, and what was to be the end of her lord's supper on that night. The wretched husband seems to have drunk freely, while the wife sat alone, not fearing his ruffianly violence as usual, but listening for something worse than his brutal shouts. Presently the dreaded sound came, the shrieks and screams of the domestic tyrant as the old serving-man strangled him with his hands. The wretched wife could not endure to hear this horrible noise, and even when the screams were silent they rang so loudly in her ears that she gave herself up to justice, which for once was comparatively merciful, and put her to death with no superfluous torture. In place of this story, the Scotch counterpart of the legend of the Cenci, with a vile husband instead of a vile father, Mr. Stevenson tells the legend of the Two Sisters:—

This pair inhabited a single room; from the facts, it must have been double-bedded; and it may have been of some dimensions: but when all is said, it was a single room. Here our two spinsters fell out—on some point of controversial divinity belike: but fell out so bitterly that there was never a word spoken between them, black or white, from that day forward. You would have thought they would separate: but no; whether from lack of means, or the Scottish fear of scandal, they continued to keep house together where they were. A chalk line drawn upon the floor separated their two domains; it bisected the doorway and the fireplace, so that each could go out and in, and do her cooking, without violating the territory of the other. So, for years, they coexisted in a hateful silence; their meals, their ablutions, their friendly visitors, exposed to an unfriendly scrutiny; and at night, in the dark watches, each could hear the breathing of her enemy. Never did four walls look down upon an uglier spectacle than these sisters rivalling in unsisterliness. Here is a canvas for Hawthorne to have turned into a cabinet picture—he had a Puritanic vein, which would have fitted him to treat this Puritanic horror; he could have shown them to us in their sicknesses and at their hideous twin devotions, thumbing a pair of great Bibles, or praying aloud for each other's penitence with marrowy emphasis; now each, with kilted petticoat, at her own corner of the fire on some tempestuous evening; now sitting each at her window, looking out upon the summer landscape sloping far below them towards the firth, and the field-paths where they had wandered hand in hand; or, as age and infirmity grew upon them and prolonged their toilettes, and their hands began to tremble and their heads to nod involuntarily, growing only the more steeled in enmity with years; until one fine day, at a word, a look, a visit, or the approach of death, their hearts would melt and the chalk boundary be overstepped for ever.

Mr. Stevenson thinks these unloving sisters a type of the sectarian spirit in Scotland. Perhaps a more hopeful critic would hold that, though the "chalk lines" still exist and separate "the Churches," the spirit of hatred is dying rapidly. Giant Bigotry *a son tans trespassé*, as the old French novel says; he has seen his best days, he has lost his best teeth, and only mumbles "damnatory prayers" now and then on Sundays.

Mr. Stevenson's later chapters are notes on the Pentland Hills, those delectable mountains so fortunately near the town; on the little villages round which Edinburgh has grown without destroying them; on the Scottish custom of drinking in the New Year. "A Scot of poetic temperament, and without religious exaltation (we should have said 'with or without'), drops, as if by nature, into the public-house. The picture may not be pleasing, but what else is a man to do in this dog's weather?" What else, indeed, unless he drops into his club and plays whist! Fergusson, the Edinburgh poet—whose name, Mr. Stevenson thinks, the votaries of Burns keep rather dark—has stated in half-a-dozen lines the old theory in life in Edinburgh:—

When big as burns the gutters rin,
If ye hae caught a drookit skin,
To Luckie Middlemass' loup in,
There sit fu' snug,
O'er oysters, and a dram o' gin,
And haddock lug!

We quote from memory, but the last line must be right, because it is so meaningless. No one could invent "haddock lug."

Our quotations from Mr. Stevenson's notes make it needless to say anything about his style. It speaks for itself; it is captivating and irritating; it keeps the attention awake; it sketches a picture; in two words, it is never commonplace; it retains an accent of the quaintness of a time of leisure.

The etchings by M. Brunet-Debaines, from drawings by Messrs. Lockhart and Bough, are of less equal merit than the humble woodcuts. The view of Edinburgh from the Calton Hill, the sketch of Grey Friars Churchyard, and the delightful picture of a "close" in the Old Town, are, we think, decidedly the best of the illustrations. The "Queen's Entry into Edinburgh" is clever, but not clever enough to supply the interest in which the subject is deficient. Mr. Stevenson has unkindly left the artist to cope unaided with this incident in the history of modern Scotland.

RICHARD BRATHWAITE.*

MR. ROBERTS is an enthusiast of a kind rare in England, an enthusiast for the production of finely-printed books. It would not seem to have much antecedent probability that the place where these volumes of Brathwaite, and the Apophthegmes of Erasmus, and Mr. Pickering's lately-published Coleridge should see the light would be the Strait Bargate in Boston, the narrow street of the dull Lincolnshire town whose existence seems to be summed up in two things, its church and its corn-wharves. But there is no law in these matters, and nothing appears to prevent good things from coming out of Boston. The question that such books as these suggest, after one's admiration for type and paper has cooled down, is the question whether they are intrinsically valuable enough to reprint. Fashion has its follies as certainly in the domain of books as elsewhere, and it is inevitable that in an antiquarian age like the present much literary rubbish will be raked out from the lumber-heaps of the past that would better have been allowed to lie still. Publishers themselves feel this keenly when it begins to be borne in upon them—as it has lately been both in London and in Paris—that they have overstocked the market, and that the demand for old rhymers and playwrights has its limits. Editors are less open to conviction, and it is for the critics to remind them of what has lately been so well said by Mr. Stephen, in his paper on Landor, that the natural selection of time is for the most part to be trusted; that what survives *vi propria* is generally what ought to survive, and that it is a proceeding of doubtful wisdom to try to resuscitate the dead. Of course there is no hard and fast line to be drawn. An immense boon was conferred on English letters and on the English mind when Lamb and Coleridge and a few hard workers of less genius set themselves, at the beginning of this century, to revive the fame of the Elizabethans. The "Romantic" fever in France after 1830 both recalled into existence many great but forgotten names—such as Louise Labé and Jean Schelandre—but set new ideals before the actual generation which none can deny it did well to follow. If it were merely an affair of the reader's pleasure, perhaps nothing should be said against the practice of revivals and reproductions. With Lamb's *Old Dramatists* and kindred volumes in one's mind, it might seem ungracious to refuse any new gifts which the patience of the antiquaries may bestow on us. But there is nowadays no danger that a cool reception of one reprint will make another, if a really valuable one, less likely to be made. All

* *A Strappado for the Divell.* By Richard Brathwaite. With an Introduction by the Rev. J. W. Ebsworth, M.A. Boston (Lincolnshire): Robert Roberts. 1878.
Nature's Embassie, Divine and Morall Satyres, &c. By Richard Brathwaite. Boston: Roberts. 1877.

that we demand, in the interests of a literature which is every day becoming more overwhelming in its mass, is that no poet should be reprinted who has not either some real poetical merit, or some light to throw upon the history or the social features of his time.

If it is asked whether Brathwaite satisfies either of these tests, a calm criticism must pronounce that he scarcely does so. Mr. Ebsworth, who writes a rather overstrained introduction to the present edition of the *Strappado*, sees in Brathwaite "an illustrator of rural customs and of transitory habits in the busy city-life"; a writer indispensable to our study of the Jacobean drama; a humourist, a poet, "a bold and genial Englishman"; and then protests that he has given Brathwaite "not a tenth part of his due." A reader less committed to the theory that everything old must be good would probably confess that he found in these volumes singularly little help to the understanding of the time; that Brathwaite's moralizing poetry was poor and commonplace, not to be compared with that of many of his contemporaries; that his satire was too involved to be pungent, and his pastorals both coarse and tedious. His worst vice is long-windedness, as might be guessed from an inspection of the titles of his works given in the well-constructed memoir that is prefixed to *Nature's Embassie*. The editor counts thirty-seven of his publications—all, or almost all, issued with the absurdly emblematic and roundabout titles in fashion during the seventeenth century—the subjects varying from *Art asleep Husband? a Boulster Lecture* to *A collection of the chiefe of the Ancient Heretikes*. Indeed, his mind was a farrago; and he did nothing that was not miscellaneous. There is as little unity in the *Strappado* as in the list of Brathwaite's works as a whole.

The "discoverer" of Brathwaite was that careful student Joseph Haslewood, who edited the anonymous and, till then, wrongly attributed *Barnabæ Itinerarium* in 1818, and re-edited it in a more perfect form for subscribers in 1820. "Of his life and works," says the editor of *Nature's Embassie*, "all that it is now desirable or possible to know has been told by Haslewood with such copiousness of detail, that the writer of any new matter has rather to sift and winnow what has been already gathered and gleaned than to glean anything new of his own." It all comes to very little—namely, that Brathwaite was of a good Northern family; that he lived from about 1588 to 1673; that, after an education at Oriel College and a short time in London, he retired to the North, was twice married, lived at Burneshead or Burneside near Kendal, and at Catterick; that he was "a subject sworn to loyalty," and suffered in purse from the exactions of both sides during the civil wars; and that he published nearly forty volumes of verse and prose, satirical, historical, didactic, descriptive, and religious, of which the best-known volumes are the two before us and the famous "Barnabee's Journal." Of those which we are now noticing the *Strappado* is the earlier in date, having been published in 1615, when the author was about twenty-seven years of age; the other—which, as Mr. Ebsworth says, may well be regarded as a continuation of it—having appeared six years later. The titles reveal even less than usual of the contents of the volumes, which, as we have said, are of the most miscellaneous kind. What Brathwaite seems to have meant by "the Devill" is, not Detraction (which in this volume is not "lashed" at all) but evil in general—the literary crimes of the poetasters, the blandishments of the courtesan, the fawning of the courtier, the hypocrisy of the Puritan, the secret vices of the great, the cruelty of the landlord, the insubordination of the tenant. Again, *Nature's Embassie* denotes the message sent by Nature "to this Age for her Reformation"—by Nature before she was degenerate and "adorned with unnaturalized ornaments, which nature never apparelled her with":—

> Doth not thy habite shew thy wanton mind,
> Forward to all things but to vertuous life;
> Passing those bounds which Nature hath assign'd,
> 'Twixt Art and Nature by commencing strife?
> I tell thee, Nature sends me to represse
> Thy foolish toyes, thy inbred wantonnesse.

It is strange to find a Jacobean Englishman thus anticipating Jean Jacques. But when Brathwaite had got his idea, he could not work it out; or rather he seems to have first versified the commonplaces which make up his "twelve satyres," and then to have cast about for an idea with which to label them and give them a kind of factitious unity. Pleasure, Ambition, Vainglorie, Crueltie, &c., are each of them attacked; but little use is made of the formula of "Nature," and the satires are mere sermons in verse, with historical examples to serve as text. Brathwaite was too heedless and rapid a writer to care for the rules of art. Of the satires themselves it is curious to note how much the best are those in which the writer has real examples before his eyes or a pointed story to tell. Clytemnestra, Tereus, and Polynices are chronicled in the dreariest fashion: but it is a different thing when we come to Hypocrisie and Brathwaite's pet aversion, the Puritan:—

> Claudius is pure, abjuring prophane things,
> Nor will he companie with wickednesse;
> He hates the source whence lewd affection springs,
> He'll not consent with deeds of naughtinesse;
> Yet he will deale, so none do see his sinne,
> Yea though heavens eyes he cares not looke on him.
>
> He will not speake unto a maid in th' streete,
> Lest his repute should fall into decay;
> Yet if they two in private chance to meete
> He in a pure embrace will bid her stay,
> Saying: I will instruct thee prettie Nan,
> How thou shalt be a formal Puritan.

And so on, in lines of which the vigour is evidently the fruit of strong feeling. The other vice which moves him (we must remember that his hospitality nearly ruined him) is Miserie, *i.e.* Miserliness. Taurus in *Nature's Embassie* and the reclaimed miser in the *Strappado* (pp. 35, *sqq.*) are an excellent pair; and there is force in the lines which draw the miser's portrait:—

> Here shalt thou see th' picture of Avarice,
> Thin-check'd, raw-bon'd, faint-breath and hollow-eyes,
> Nose-dropping, rhewme-destilling, driveling mouth,
> Hand-shaking, haire down-falling, th' miser's cough,
> Legs goutie, knees unweldy, hand on cruch,
> Eyes in his bosome, gasing on his pouch,
> His labour torment, rest he cannot take,
> When all are sleeping, he is forc't to wake;
> His eyes are ever ope, for riches keepe
> His eyes unclosed; the miser cannot sleepe.

Each of these volumes contains a varied collection of Brathwaite's different styles; each in fact is made up of two separate volumes, the slow sale of some of the author's works at their first appearance having made the original publisher bind up old with new. *Nature's Embassie* comes out enlivened with a set of *Shepheardes Tales*; the *Strappado* with *Love's Labyrinth*, one of many versions of the tale of Pyramus and Thisbe. Thus any one who wishes to understand Brathwaite need go no further than these books; and indeed we venture to hope that Mr. Ebsworth was saying what he wished rather than what he intended when he wrote, "The first duty now is to reprint Brathwaite's various works with scrupulous fidelity." Surely these two, with Mr. Hazlitt's re-issue of Haslewood's edition of *Barnabee*, are enough. A writer who exercised no restraint on himself, who "never blotted a line," when there was so much to blot, must suffer the natural action of time, and eager editors must be sparing in their attempts to reverse it. One of Brathwaite's best poems, and one that really could not be spared on account of its references to his contemporaries, Wither, Browne, Ben Jonson, and others, is his *Epistle to the Poetasters of Brittaine*. We will leave him with a quotation from it, not without its application to himself:—

> Many we have here
> That can compose their Verse, but in a sphere
> So different to the time, as they descry
> Their want of braines to each judicious eye.
> Yea some I know are Poets in this time
> Who write of swains, might write as well of swine,
> For th' profit of their labours is so small
> As 'twere far better not to write at all,
> Then to consume such pretious time in vaine,
> About a fruitlesse and desertlesse straine.

There is something in his work that is worth preserving, but he was entirely free from self-criticism, and hence the value of his writing is indefinitely less than it might have been.

WITHERED LEAVES.*

IT is no easy matter to judge of the merits of a novel when we read it in a translation. The plot of the story and the incidents of course remain the same, but the style is changed, and in almost every case is changed for the worst. The plot may be absurd, the incidents may be extravagant, and yet the author may so please us by his style that we scarcely detect either the absurdity or the extravagance. It is a pleasing style, moreover, that most reconciles us to length of narrative. Charmed by it we forget to notice how many pages there are to each volume, and how many volumes to the whole book. It is very likely, for instance, that any one who should read this story of *Withered Leaves* in the German would not be overcome with dismay, as we were very soon overcome, by the intolerable length to which it is dragged out. That which in the translation seemed to us heavy and tedious might, as it was told by the author, have appeared light and lively. Most certainly, whatever charm there may be in Herr Rudolf von Gottschall's compositions, there is not even a trace of it left in the version of his story that is now before us. We have before this drawn attention to the courage, we might say the audacity, that foreigners—Germans above all—are so constantly showing in translating books into English. Surely, if they are willing to undertake the useful drudgery of translating, it is in their own language, and not in ours, that they should write. It is not from his own language, but into his own language, that each writer should translate. The most convenient arrangement, no doubt, would be for translators to work in couples. Perhaps the best version which this age has seen is *The Story of Grettir;* and here Mr. William Morris, though he is no mean Icelandic scholar, worked with Mr. Magnusson; and, we may add, Mr. Magnusson, though he is no mean English scholar, worked with Mr. Morris. It might be objected, and we fear with some reason, that at present so much indifference is clearly shown by our novel-readers to elegance, or even correctness of style, that it matters very little in what kind of language the tale is told, provided that the plot be exciting, the incidents startling, and the characters unnatural. It might also be said that there are certain tricks of language in which novelists delight which can be picked up with the greatest ease by the translator. Miss Bertha Ness, for instance, in this version of *Withered Leaves*, as we shall presently show, has evidently made a careful and a successful study of some of our worst writers. But these pleas are not of much avail. In the first place, we are naturally inclined to be indulgent towards our own countrymen—countrywomen we should more properly say—and to allow them to make themselves absurd where we should show no tolerance

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* *Withered Leaves.* A Novel. By Rudolf von Gottschall. From the German, by Bertha Ness. 3 vols. London: Remington & Co. 1879.

towards a foreigner. In the second place, with all their faults, they are free from that stiffness of composition which is the mark of any one writing in a foreign language, and which, carried on through three long volumes, becomes intolerably wearisome. Translators—at all events, translators of novels—would do well not to be over-conscientious. They should remember that they have first of all to produce a work that shall be readable; and, should they happen to come across a sentence which they cannot successfully render, they had better pass it over.

Withered Leaves, for instance, opens with a description of a moonlight scene on the southern shores of the Baltic Sea. The author plunges at once into what we may well call poetical prose, than which we know few kinds of writing that are more difficult to translate. There is some satisfaction, however, in the thought that, even in the original, it is generally worth very little. But whatever may be the value of Herr Rudolf von Gottschall's description, surely Miss Ness would have done better had she cut it down to the brevity of the stage directions in a play-book. "Moonlight and Starlight Scene on the Baltic" would have brought the place far more clearly before the reader than such a sentence as the following:—"The primordiate blocks of granite which kept watch at the estuary of the streamlet gained a venerable appearance in the light of the planets." This is not even novelists' English. Miss Braddon would disown it. We are rather better pleased with the translator where, on the sixth line of the book, she writes that, "here and there quivered a ray of the woodland stream." Here is a proof of that diligent study of the style of our worst writers for which we have already praised her. So, too, we must praise her when she makes eyes and precious stones scintillate instead of sparkle, and when she writes of the shimmer of a summer dress, and the flashing shimmer of a piece of gold, and red shimmering flowers, and a Southern shimmer, and shimmering structure of clouds. She is not quite so successful when she comes to that shivering in which modern novelists delight. Heroes and heroines very commonly shiver, but they do not, at all events in England, shiver uncomfortably. Still less do they cough annoyedly. We have less fault to find with her when she represents a man as looking at the caligraphy of the addresses of some letters. All that she means to say is that he looked at the handwriting in order to see from whom the letters came. But, though caligraphy does not mean handwriting, yet it comes sufficiently near it to more than justify a novelist in giving it that preference which so properly belongs to it as being derived from the Greek. We must not be too critical moreover when we find an architect described as being talented. Talented is not, to be sure, English, but the number of English writers who know this is growing less and less. We must protest, however, when we are told that the charm of nature presciently awakes gloomy feelings in the heart, and when we read that Eva pressed herself deprecatingly against her mother, whose gigantic form towered above the slender girl. Any one would imagine that Eva's mother, who was quietly enjoying the moonlight scene, was some giantess travelling in a show, who was allowed out only after dark when she could not be noticed. She was merely "a fine woman," according to the description given of her. What, we may next ask, is a newspaper's crevice? We read of "the most unfavourable critic, the most venomous monster that lurks in any newspaper's crevice." Scarcely less are we perplexed when we read that "Eva felt as in a dream where, wandering through subterranean passages, one door is shut noisily after another, and the sneck closes clatteringly." If we might venture to give translators a hint, we would advise them to follow a method which we found years ago in our college days to be very advantageous in writing our exercises. The venerable tutor who examined our translations looked only at the Latin, and troubled himself very little about the English of which it professed to be a translation. Were we puzzled by some sentence in Addison which we could in no wise twist into Latin, we passed it over, and, drawing on our memory, filled up the gap with a few lines out of Cicero. The result generally was no small praise for the excellence of that one sentence. Surely it would be better in like manner to bring in a paragraph even from Miss Braddon than to write such a sentence as the following:—"In spite of this cooling element, he was obliged to wipe the perspiration from his forehead, because it was a toilsome labour to obtain an equal temperature of disposition in all the coadjutors, and similarity of views about the pieces of music to be performed." There are one or two other passages which we have noted for the oddness of the writing. The hero, who was taking a friend to see his breed of sheep, is said to have "showed this living inventory not without contented pride." The billows of the sea surged uneasily; a man addressed a warm speech to another. A driver would not be deprived of guiding the foaming team. Intoxicated idealism lent a poet most infectious enthusiasm. This poet and the hero were in love with the same girl, but when the hero looked more closely at his rival he did not displease him at all.

Readers, however, who are indifferent to style provided only that they can get excitement, will certainly find in this story a great variety of incidents. The hero, Herr von Blanden, a Prussian noble, at the beginning of the story falls in love with Eva, a charming young lady, who was brought up by her aunt, the giantess, who had adopted her. On the night of the betrothal he meets her mother, and discovers in her a woman who years before, when they both belonged to the same peculiar religious community, had by a decision in council of the Superiors been destined for his spiritual bride. The match is at once broken off, and Eva goes out in a boat with a half-crazed girl, and drowns herself. She leaves behind a paper on which she had written, "I do not desire to live any longer—love my mother." Even had the hero been able thus to transfer his affections, it was not in this case possible, for the mother also died. Here we have quite early in the second volume a hero left without a heroine. The half-crazed girl, indeed, was in love with him, but as she could not speak, or at best could only say a few words, she was by no means well fitted for taking Eva's place. Some years earlier in the story, Blanden had fallen in love with a celebrated Italian opera-singer, Giulia Bellini. He had lost sight of her, but she had never forgotten him. Her husband is the villain of the story, and as good a villain as one could desire. He moves about in disguise, and with a stealthy step, and always turns up when he is least looked for. He had behaved to his wife with the greatest cruelty and plundered her of her earnings. He had been, as she discovered after marriage, a convict, and bore the prison brand on his shoulder. He was a gambler, a *croupier* at Monaco, a Russian smuggler, and, in fact, was one of those dreadful ruffians who can never get killed off till the last chapter but one of a novel. She had long lived apart from him, though he still preyed upon her and plundered her of her earnings. Blanden, who had no suspicion that she had a husband living, on meeting her a second time proposed to marry her. She refused, but he fought a duel for her sake and got shot in the chest. She nursed him through his illness, and at last consented to be his wife. The villain discovered an ancient secret passage into Blanden's castle, and coming through it into the room of the newly-married lady, who was the wife of both of them, surprised her at her toilet, and robbed her of some of the finest of the jewels that her new husband had just given her. He then disappears. Then the half-crazed girl comes also into the secret passage, sets fire to the castle, and nearly burns the newly-married people to death. The villain soon after gets shot in a smuggling fray, but lives long enough to tell Blanden how he has been deceived in his wife. She, hearing of this, disappears. Blanden can learn nothing of her. Next the Sleswick-Holstein war breaks out. Blanden gets again shot, this time in his leg. Giulia suddenly appears on the field of battle, and a second time nurses him. He forgives her, and she comes back to him as a wife. He sells all his estates in Prussia and starts with her "into the kingdom of Buddha, into the dream-world of the East." Such exciting scenes as these, combined with not a little by-play in love-making on the part of the minor characters, ought surely to cover, in the eyes of all novel-readers, even greater faults on the part of the translator than those which we have had to point out.

CHURCH'S STORIES FROM VIRGIL.*

A SUPERFICIAL reader might imagine that it was a far easier task to construct a series of stories on the basis of Virgil's epic than to translate the Æneid into English verse; yet a careful perusal of this new work of Mr. Church's might correct such a misconception. There are so many qualifications—thorough appreciation of phraseology, nice insight into the poet's mind, and just perception of the dignity required for the adequate expression of his drift and meaning—in the absence of any one of which the attempt would be a failure, that it were quite a mistake to suppose the office of a Virgilian storyteller could be safely ventured on by an ordinary *raconteur*, or even that it was one in which success was guaranteed by a previous success in dealing with the Iliad. Homer may be the grander poet of the two, but his far-away imitator has the more subtle art, which it is as much the storyteller's function as the translator's to perceive and represent, and which, if he understands his business, he may even treat with more effect. Our readers may be presumed to have read and enjoyed Mr. Church's admirable *Stories from Homer*, and are therefore aware that in the construction of them, as in his parallel work on Virgil, he relies wholly on his text, without a vestige of note or comment, to tell a tale which is intensely skilful and full of delicate artistic touches. We promised some weeks ago a fuller notice of the *Stories from Virgil* than they could receive amongst a group of Christmas books, though amongst these, by the way, they claim a high place; and it may not be inopportune to examine the evidences of aptitude for his task, constructive skill, and conservative fidelity to his model, which, though Mr. Church distinctly renounces the pretensions of a translator, these "Stories" nevertheless present. Although in his preface he frankly pleads guilty to sins of omission, we must say that his practice scarcely bears out his admission, unless indeed it be in the case of the fine rhetorical outbursts in the speeches of the Fourth Book; and yet even here, if it does seem that Dido's frenzied utterances to Æneas as well as his rejoinders are somewhat curtly rendered, it may justly be pleaded that there was an object in husbanding space to give full effect to the Queen's funeral speech, and the terrific curse which she therein launches at the head of the truant hero. At any rate, he is careful to represent adequately his author's personification of Rumour, "a marvellous creature, moving very swiftly, with feet and wings, and having many feathers upon her, and under every feather an eye and a tongue and a mouth and an ear; and she loveth that which is false, even as she loveth that which is true"; whilst, further on, in illus-

* *Stories from Virgil.* With Twenty-four Illustrations from Pinelli's Designs. By the Rev. A. J. Church, M.A., Head-Master of King Edward's School, Retford. London. Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday. 1879.

tration of Rumour's mendacity, he judiciously blends in a sentence of direct narrative the speech which in the original Dido's despised suitor Iarbas is made to address to Jupiter, with Rumour's whisperings in his ear. Comparing Æn. IV. 189-196 with the lines 215-217—

> Et nunc ille Paris cum semiviro comitatu
> Mæonia mentum mitra crinemque madentem
> Subnexus rapto potitur—

we could not desire a more efficient yet succinct representation of the gist of the whole than Mr. Church's paragraph, which is as follows:—"And Iarbas was very wroth when he heard it, and coming to the temple of Jupiter, spread his grief before the God, how that he had given place on his coasts to this Dido, and would have taken her to wife but that she had married a stranger from Phrygia, another Paris, whose dress and adornments were of a woman rather than of a man." We may note, too, the minute care with which our storyteller keeps his threads in hand where, as in this story of "Dido's Love and Death," he preserves the trait of her fond remembrance of her lost Sichæus when as yet only tempted by the charms of the Trojan hero, and her resolution so soon to be broken:—

> Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, amores
> Abstulit: ille habeat secum servetque sepulchro.

"The Husband of my youth hath carried with him my love, and he shall keep it in his grave." Nor does he forget, in his description, in chapter xiv., of the "Dwellings of the Dead," and in his selection of the personages there met by Æneas, to represent the poet's delicate recognition of this first love revived in the shades below, for, after indignant repulse of the faithless adventurer's rather lame apologies, Dido's shade retreats—

> In nemus umbriferum; conjux ubi pristinus illi
> Respondet curis, æquatque Sichæus amorem.

As Mr. Church's story runs:—"She departed into a grove that was hard by, wherein was her first husband, Sichæus, *who loved her even as he was loved.*"

We observe a like scrupulous fidelity in the striking passages which set out the utterance and fulfilment of the Harpies' prophecy in the Third Book and elsewhere. A less vigilant storyteller might have got himself into difficulties by omitting, say, the incident of the inroad of the Harpies on the Trojans' meal on one of the Strophades isles, and then finding himself a defaulter when he came to summarize Helenus's counsel to Æneas in the fifth chapter, and met allusions to which his antecedent account contained no reference. Here, however, we have, in the first instance, both the graphic incident and the troublous prophecy of Celæno; in due sequence, a hint of a softening of the burden of the prediction in the cheering words of the Seer, whose kindly disposition towards the wandering Trojans Æneas realized in the "recidiva Pergama" which he saw in the now kindred realm of Epirus, "where all things were ordered and named even as they had been at Troy—only the things there had been great, and these were very small"; and, further on, when the wanderers reached the land of Italy and Latinus, a full detail of the harmless issue, where "it so chanced that Æneas and Iulus his son and others of the princes sat down to eat under a tree, and they had platters of dough whereon to eat their meat. And, when they had ended and were not satisfied, they ate their platters also, not thinking what they did. Then said Iulus in sport, 'What! do we eat even our *tables?*' And Æneas was right glad to hear that thing, and embraced the boy and said, 'Now know I that we are come to the land which the Gods have promised to me and to my people that they would give us. For my father Anchises spake to me saying, "My son, when thou shalt come to a land that thou knowest not and hunger shall constrain thee to eat thy tables, then know that thou has found thee a home."'" Critics who have regarded the incident as beneath epic dignity might have some ground for their carping but that, as Conington notes, there is a fitness in the pleasantry which consists in a play of words anent *platters* and *tables* proceeding from the lips of the boy Ascanius.

Of no little help to the wide acceptance of these Stories will be the quaint bibliolatry of the dress in which they are conveyed, and which Mr. Matthew Arnold long ago discerned to be a fitting vehicle for translating Homer. It is certain that the adoption of the language of the Jacobean translators of the Bible, so dignified and yet so sweetly rhythmical, is the surest passport to the hearts of the majority, whether of scholarly or of lay readers, as being that with which they have been familiar from early years, and of which, we trust, no ill-advised changes are likely to rob them. Examples of this are not far to seek—as, *e.g.* where, in the Sack of Troy, when Hecuba dissuades the aged Priam from going forth to the fray, having girded on his armour, long laid aside, she addresses him in the words (II. 519, *seq.*):—

> Quæ mens tam dira, miserrime conjux,
> Impulit his cingi telis? aut quo ruis? inquit.
> Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis
> Tempus eget: non si ipse meus nunc adforet Hector.

How welcome here is the reminiscence of our English version of the Psalms, which is suggested by the counterpart presentment of Mr. Church:—"What hath bewitched thee that thou girdest thyself with armour? *It is not thy sword that shall help us* this day; no, not though my own Hector were here, but rather the Gods and their altars." In like manner, in the story of the Third Book where Andromache tearfully welcomes long-parted friends and kinsfolk, her queries as to the young Ascanius—"Ecquid in antiquam virtutem animosque viriles Et Pater Æneas et avunculus excitat Hector?"—fall easily and naturally into such phraseology as, "And is he *stout and of a good courage*, as befits the son of Æneas and sister's son of Hector?" On all occasions, too, when Virgil's heroes or heroines invoke the Gods to visit men's good or evil deeds upon them, such scriptural phrases as "The Lord do so to thee and more also," and the like, are well brought in to match and represent the language of the original. It can scarcely be doubted that the introduction of such phrases as we have instanced tends to leaven the lump with a fitting element of dignity; and such is the pervading characteristic of the "Stories" in point of style. Mr. Church evidently feels that anything bordering on vulgarity, bathos, or even commonplace, would be alien to the genius of the original.

It is not uninstructive to observe how the storyteller's skill enables him to manipulate the Virgilian epic for his own purposes. Opening with the fine matter of the Second Book for his first three chapters, and making the Third Book the foundation of the next two, his sixth chapter carries the reader to the shipwreck which in Virgil occupies the First Book. The chapters about Carthage and Dido follow in narrative sequence and order of events; and in the tenth chapter we find ourselves occupied with the funeral games of Anchises, when the Trojans, in stress of weather in their hurried flight from Carthage, put into Sicily. When, after the visit to the Shades below, Æneas is at last landed in Italy and enters on a new scene of interest, "optato Thybridis alveo Securi pelagi atque mei," Mr. Church luxuriates, though temperately and discreetly, in a variety of pictorial effects, amidst which we commend especially the spirit and effectiveness of the *casus belli* in the slaughter of Silvia's pet stag (Æn. VII. 480 *seq.*) and the consequent gathering of the Italian chiefs. No noteworthy feature of Virgil's enumeration is passed over, and the seventeenth chapter closes with a lively glimpse of the Volscian Camilla—"A mighty runner was she, for she would run over the harvest-field nor harm the corn, and when she sped across the waves of the sea she wetted not her foot therein." In the next chapter (King Evander) the archæologic details, after the account of the slaughter of Cacus, about Argiletum, the Lupercal, and so forth, from the Eighth Book, are wisely retrenched; whilst in that about the Arms of Æneas our author skilfully pieces from different parts of the Eighth Book a description of the Artificer's forge at Lipari and a sketch of the shield made for Æneas at Venus's instance, which enables him to introduce, as from the compartments of the shield, the tableaux of old Rome as they presented themselves to the Augustan bard, A graphic sketch of the battle of Actium is a chief feature here, as in Anchises's prevision of the future of his descendants, vouchsafed to his son in the dwellings of the dead, is the fine passage about Marcellus and his too-early lost emulator. The din of war and clash of arms in the later chapters are relieved by the episode of Nisus and Euryalus; and readers of an older generation, who remember what it was to pick out some sort of interest in their Virgil with much help of dictionary and grammar, will envy the fortunate youths who live in a time when scholars have devised this happy method of making the poet popular and familiar. Verily, the suffrages of those to whom the Æneid is nowadays made easy ought to avail in finding Mr. Church a place where Virgil in his Sixth Book images those "holy priests and poets who had uttered nothing base and such as had found out witty inventions, or had done great good to men."

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

In no department of literature is American authorship more prolific or more lavish of labour, with apparent indifference to pecuniary return, than in the history of individual settlements or institutions with which the writer happens to be connected. The local patriotism of England is liberal enough of labour, and not merely of unremunerative labour, but of expense never likely to be repaid. But in England the local magnates with whom it is a duty incumbent on their rank and position to purchase, if not to read, such works, are numerous and wealthy, whereas in America this class of customers scarcely exists; and we can hardly suppose that elaborate records of the comparatively uninteresting fortunes of a town, a college, or a church find readers among a people who are generally busy, and most of whom are as indifferent to the story of strange institutions or distant places as they are enthusiastic about their own. Yet the volume before us (1), which contains not merely a narrative of all that has befallen Dartmouth College in New Hampshire, from its foundation to the present time, but memoirs of all its principal benefactors, presidents, and professors, and a great collection of papers which may be valuable in their way but are not exactly interesting to the general reader, filling 450 closely printed pages of the largest octavo size, is but one among hundreds of similar works. In every country there are not merely books, but whole classes of books, the motive of whose publication it is somewhat difficult to apprehend, as they certainly cannot bring profit to the publisher, and can hardly repay the author even in reputation, while they require that he should give much time and trouble to his task. It is easy to understand the existence of a numerous class of enthusiasts for special topics in countries like those of Western Europe, where there is a large

(1) *The History of Dartmouth College.* By Baxter Perry Smith. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

…ly of well-educated men with means of their own and with no very urgent or absorbing occupation. But in America, where such a class is scarcely to be found, the great number of books of this kind is certainly creditable, as proving how many busy men are earnestly interested in one kind or another of more or less useless knowledge for its own sake. Mr. Smith must have spent no little time in collecting his materials; and if he has rather collected than adjusted them, and if some extra trouble on his part might have saved a great deal of wearisome work to his readers and perhaps enlarged their number, this fault should probably be attributed less to indolence than to the author's inability to understand how little his enthusiasm is shared even by those who have, like himself, a special interest in the College. Zeal for education distinguished the early settlers of New England from the very first almost as much as it distinguishes the entire American people at the present day. But education, especially secular education, was with the founder of Dartmouth College, as with many of his contemporaries, a secondary object. Even so late as in 1766, but a few years before the outbreak of the great revolutionary struggle, when colonial politics were becoming more and more exciting, when a national ambition was stirring in the breasts of a growing people, and when the single-minded religious fervour of earlier generations had given way to a more cool and practical temper, the spread of Christianity among the Indian tribes, as well as the maintenance of ancestral strictness of doctrine and life among the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, was a paramount object with numbers of estimable, earnest, and practical men. Of these, Eleazar Wheelock, the first founder of the College, deserves honourable mention. His original purpose was not to establish a new place of higher education for the rough, scattered, unlettered youth of New Hampshire, but to provide missionaries to the Indian tribes on the southern shores of the great lakes, many of whom still lingered in close proximity to the North-Eastern settlements. He considered that the best material for his purpose would be found in Indian youths taken at an early age, and trained to look forward to this as their appropriate career; and the original institution, which has grown into one of the best secondary colleges of New England, was both in name and in fact an Indian charity school. In this character it was that the infant College received liberal assistance from Lord Dartmouth and other Englishmen deeply interested in the progress of the rising English empire beyond the Atlantic. But, from the first, white scholars were willingly received; and even during the life of the founder the College gradually lost something of its exclusive and special character, a change which proceeded very rapidly under the direction of those who succeeded the founder and first President. The subsequent history of a second-rate college is matter of no great interest, the principal event in its annals being the ejection or enforced resignation of President Lord in 1863, on the ground that his views on the subject of slavery were inconsistent with the changed tone of opinion and feeling of the day—a step which savoured not a little of both religious and political persecution.

Mr. H. C. Lea has chosen an unfortunate title for a really valuable book. *Superstition and Force* (2) is a name that suggests the idea rather of theological controversy than of antiquarian study; and it is not under such a heading that the reader would look for an elaborate account of some of the most important forms of the ordeal, and of the various phases which the principle of an appeal to Divine interposition for the decision of human quarrels assumed in the development of mediæval jurisprudence. The work is much more thorough and careful than the majority of American researches into those recesses of the history of the so-called dark ages wherein lie the roots of most modern institutions, and wherein may be found the explanation of many curious survivals recently, or even now, embedded in modern law. The oldest form of the ordeal, or that which is plausibly regarded as such by the author, is one of which it is difficult at first to see the analogy to such extravagances as torture, the wager of battle, and the ordeal proper, or ecclesiastical; and, curiously enough, it is that which at first sight seems most akin to modern ideas, and which survives its younger rivals in the most cherished of English liberties—the principle of trial by jury. The so-called wager of law is probably as old as the Aryan migration into Europe; for in various phases and under different disguises it is found at once in the earliest law of Rome and in the primitive usages of the Teutonic forests and Scandinavian mountains. The practice of compurgation was probably in its origin a form of ordeal, an appeal by oath to the judgment or the vengeance of Heaven. The compurgators were neither witnesses nor jurymen. Their nearest analogue in modern jurisprudence is apparently the calling of witnesses to character. It was not pretended that they had themselves seen or known the event upon which the dispute turned and which their oaths were to decide. The rules regulating their selection in different cases exclude any such idea, and on these rules Mr. Lea has much information to give. In some countries at least it was expressly required that a certain proportion, generally a large majority, of the compurgators should, if possible, be kinsmen of the parties whose oath was to be confirmed by others; and probably at the root of the institution lay the idea that they appealed to the Powers who heard them to visit not merely the alleged offender, but his race, with their vengeance if the oath were false. It would be the duty of the clan to atone for the crime, if committed, or to give up the offender to the law; and by supporting him on oath they declared their conviction of his innocence, and their own consequent immunity. Between the wager of battle and the ordeal proper there was a contest as long and persistent as that between the Church and the feudal system. The wager of battle was of course a favourite privilege of free-born warriors, as afterwards of knights and nobles. The ordeal by ploughshare or hot iron, by water, cold or boiling, was under the control of the priesthood; and probably the shrewder members of the laity were not ignorant that the priests had means of deciding the issue at their pleasure. The gradual development and degeneracy of both forms of appeal to Heaven is worked out with much care and skill in the two essays which deal with the military and sacerdotal ordeals respectively. Torture was an inheritance of Roman law applicable under that law in its older form only to slaves. But as the power of princes and their tribunals increased, as the latter fell under the direction of the clergy, the only lettered class of the age, and as true faith in the direct interposition of Heaven in the judicial combat disappeared, torture was enforced even against nobles of high rank. This, the most cruel of all the methods by which jurisprudence attempted to supply the want of evidence or of judicial skill, survived the longest, and can scarcely be said even now to have entirely disappeared from the practice of nations which at least pretend to civilization.

Mr. Clark's work on European Turkey (3) is characterized by that strong prejudice which the unthinking American, whether educated or not, entertains against all European rulers and aristocracies, and in favour of all inferior or subject races and classes, whatever their origin, quality, and character, and however obvious may be their unfitness for any higher position than that which they actually occupy. As, however, many of those European writers who have a close personal acquaintance with the East display a marked bias in the opposite direction, the mere fact of partisanship cannot be taken to render this book undeserving of attention. An impartial estimate of facts is scarcely to be found in any recent publication upon this bitterly controverted topic; and it is only by balancing the statements of advocates against one another that untravelled Englishmen can form anything deserving the name of an opinion upon the state of things in the Levant and the future prospects of the country. Mr. Clark has at any rate the sense to see that a necessary preliminary to any intelligible estimate of the existing races in the East and their relations to one another is an account of the events which brought about those relations—the fall of the Lower Empire, the Turkish conquest, and the Greek revolution. That the story of the first and last could hardly be told in such a manner as to conceal the degeneracy of the self-styled descendants of the Hellenes the author has failed to perceive. Fortunately, when he enters into details bearing upon the comparative value and character of different sections of the subject population of Turkey, he is frank enough to make admissions which materially qualify his general statements.

The last series of *Boston Monday Lectures* (4) which we have received is remarkable for a curious inversion of the ordinary evolutionary theories of ethics. The lecturer takes many of the dogmas of materialism and one or two of the crudest ideas of comparative mythology, jumbles them up with some misconceived principles of physical science and some familiar metaphors, and constructs out of the whole a theory of conscience which has at least the merit of originality, if not of distinctness or plausibility. Not having fully grasped the truth that in physics there is no reality corresponding to the words "up" and "down," he devises a doctrine of moral gravitation according to which the metaphors drawn from physical weight and human gestures under moral influences are made the basis, not exactly of a materialistic explanation of ethics, but rather of a materialization of the spiritual theory. The doctrine is odd rather than interesting; and the illustrations rather than the argument have occasional attraction for a reader patient of the more grotesque forms of individual speculation.

Dr. Matthews's work on Oratory (5) is characteristically Amercan, both in its appreciation of the art and in that deficiency of acquaintance with its highest models which is common to French and American eloquence. A thorough study of Demosthenes is the remedy which nearly all scholars, and probably every English statesman and public speaker who has the good fortune to have read Demosthenes in the original, would recommend to the rising generation of both countries as a corrective of that glittering empty rhetoric which Americans as well as Frenchmen mistake for oratorical brilliancy. Fine phrases, tall talk, or "spread-eagleism," to use the terms in which American common sense satirizes American bombast, appear as thoroughly congenial to our practical kinsmen as to our volatile neighbours. This resemblance between the orators of two nations which have only this political characteristic in common, that both are passionately addicted to public declamation, and both very impressible thereby, but which in race, in temper, in hereditary training, and in historical antecedents

(2) *Superstition and Force: Essays on the Wager of Law—the Wager of Battle—the Ordeal—Torture.* By Henry C. Lea. Third Edition, Revised. Philadelphia: Henry C. Lea. London: B. Quaritch. 1878.

(3) *The Races of European Turkey; their History, Condition, and Prospects.* By Edson L. Clark, Author of "The Arabs and the Turks." New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1878.

(4) *Boston Monday Lectures.—Conscience; with Preludes on Current Events.* By Joseph Cook. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(5) *Oratory and Orators.* By William Matthews, LL.D., Author of "The Great Conversers," &c. &c. Chicago: Griggs & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

differ as widely as any two sections of the great Aryan family, might well be made the subject of a much more detailed examination than would here be in place. The lack of true classical scholarship which is certainly a notable feature of even the best American education, and which also characterizes the training of the better class of Frenchmen as compared with that of Englishmen and Germans, may have something to do with the matter, but more probably it may be traced to the common democratic institutions and ideas of the two countries. Democracy, whatever its other virtues, does not tend to raise the standard of taste, and has always as yet done more to corrupt the literary and oratorical ideas of the higher classes than to diffuse sound notions of good writing and correct speaking among the multitude. Dr. Matthews seems to have studied little oratory, save that which belongs to the common treasures of the English tongue; and his favourites among English speakers are men whose skill was shown in their influence over uneducated mobs and half-educated jurymen, or others whose most brilliant performances never made a real and deep impression upon Parliament or the public. These, as most resembling the masters of rhetoric in his own country, he most admires and best understands. That the purpose of oratory is persuasion, and that therefore the standard of excellence in speech must vary according to the character of the people to be persuaded; that the rhetoric which may suit an assembly of *sans-culottes*, or an untrained State Legislature in the West, would be a miserable failure in the House of Commons, or even in the Common Council of London; that the speaker who wishes to influence the most intelligent audience will, as a rule, use the plainest speech and the fewest ornaments—these are principles of which, like most writers upon rhetoric as an art, Dr. Matthews has a very imperfect idea. Of the great American speakers of the last generation, none would have ranked very high in the English Parliament, and perhaps the most successful within the bounds to which he chiefly confined himself as an advocate would have been the one least known to Englishmen, Rufus Choate. The choicest specimens of Webster's or Calhoun's eloquence would have been the least suited to the cultivated taste of English politicians. But, after all, Webster and Calhoun were men thoroughly in earnest, dealing with questions of vast practical and moral importance; and such men in their most earnest and passionate moods, addressing fellow-citizens who felt that their deepest interests were at stake, could not fail often to speak with a plain, simple lucidity which went home to the sense of their hearers, and would have gone home to that of Englishmen with equal directness. To young writers the advice has often been given to strike out all the sentences they most admire in their own productions; and in like manner an English speaker of the highest order, as, for example, Mr. Bright, would probably advise the pupils of Dr. Matthews and the admirers of his favourite orators to regard every choice specimen of Transatlantic eloquence as an example of the style most carefully to be avoided. The most interesting passages in this volume relate rather to the personal experiences than to the professional achievements of its heroes.

A much more practical ambition is that of the lady who undertakes to advise the youth of America how to read and what to read (6), to select for them the books on every subject best deserving their study. Unhappily the writer's knowledge of so wide a subject is limited, and limited in almost every department. It is perhaps enough to say that on the list of historical works of all ages recommended to her credulous pupils, Rollin, Figuier, and Sewell find prominent places; while Thucydides, Tacitus, Mommsen, and Grote, are unmentioned; that on questions of taste and criticism Margaret Fuller is coupled with Pope, and apparently preferred to Addison; while Mr. Bagehot and Alexander Smith are similarly ranked together.

Among the minor works of this month we have another modest manual on china-painting (7); and a key to the cookery-books (8), explaining, or intended to explain, those practical details which the latter take for granted, and which are generally the vital points on which the value of their recipes depends. Also, in the series of *Artist Biographies*, we have a Memoir of Fra Angelico (9) containing some interesting notes of his time and contemporaries. *On the Road to Riches* (10) is one of those books of practical advice which endeavour to give the young aspirant entering on life the benefits without the price of experience—an effort most benevolent and meritorious, but one which in the nature of things can very seldom succeed.

Among fictions, *The Leavenworth Case* (11), though marked here and there by signs of a lady's imperfect acquaintance even with criminal law, the simplest part of the science most perplexing to her sex, is exciting, and as good as the sensational style and purpose permit. It is preferable, we think, to five out of six of Miss Braddon's tales of murder and bigamy. *Play Days* (12) is a collection of lively stories of and for children.

Of poetry we have several volumes of various merit. Mr. Piatt (13) has at least one qualification denied to and hardly desired by a considerable number of modern verse-writers—he means something, small or great, and can express his meaning in good English. Mrs. Whitman (14) belongs to the opposite school, which finds in obscurity a substitute for care and labour, and mistakes vagueness for sublimity and darkness for depth. Mr. Washburn's verse (15) is for the most part light and not ungraceful; and the same may be said of Miss Celia Thaxter's *Drift-Weed* (16). *Genevieve of Brabant* (17) is a long romance in verse, elaborately got up and illustrated. Mr. Wendell Holmes's *Schoolboy* (18), read at the centennial celebration of Phillips's Academy, Massachusetts, 1878, is got up with equal elaboration, and with superior taste and skill. For the merits and quality of the verse the name of an author so familiar to most English readers is a sufficient voucher. *Iris* (19) is another romance, in this case of domestic life and true love. *Mother Goose's Melodies* (20), a collection of nursery rhymes familiar and recondite, is executed in the average style of Christmas gift-books, with illustrations whose defects of artistic merit will be compensated in the eyes of the young readers for whom the work is intended by their brilliancy of colour and comic expression. Some of them look as if intended to caricature Mr. Whistler's "symphonies" and the artistic furniture so popular at the present day.

(6) *How to Read, and Hints in Choosing the Best Books; with Classified Lists of Works on various Subjects.* By Amelia V. Petit. New York: Wells & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1878.

(7) *A Practical Treatise on China painting in America.* By Camille Piton. With Folio Album of Plates. New York: Wiley & Sons. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

(8) *Just How: a Key to the Cook-Books.* By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Author of "Real Folks," &c. &c. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(9) *Artist Biographies: Fra Angelico.* Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(10) *On the Road to Riches: Hints to Clerks and Business Young Men.* By William H. Maher. Chicago: Waggoner. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1878.

(11) *The Leavenworth Case: a Lawyer's Story.* By Anna Katharine Green. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1878.

(12) *Play Days: a Book of Stories for Children.* By Sarah O. Jewett, Author of "Deephaven." Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

(13) *Poems of House and Home.* By John James Piatt. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(14) *Poems.* By Sarah Helen Whitman. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(15) *Poems.* By W. T. Washburn. New York: Haney & Co. 1878.

(16) *Drift-Weed.* By Celia Thaxter. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(17) *Genevieve of Brabant: a Legend in Verse.* By Mrs. Charles Willing. Philadelphia and London: Lippincott & Co. 1879.

(18) *The Schoolboy.* By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(19) *Iris: the Romance of an Opal Ring.* By M. B. M. Toland. Illustrated. Philadelphia and London: Lippincott & Co. 1879.

(20) *Mother Goose's Melodies; or, Songs for the Nursery.* With Illustrations in Colour. By Alfred Kappes. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1879.

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MARSHAL MACMAHON'S RESIGNATION.

PERHAPS the most remarkable fact about Marshal MACMAHON's resignation is the calmness with which the news has been received in France. There was a time when the announcement would have caused a panic on every Exchange in Europe, and made French stock an almost unsaleable security. It cannot even be said that the catastrophe was known so long beforehand that there was time to discount its significance. The news came upon all, except the few who were in the secret, with remarkable and startling suddenness. M. DUFAURE's resignation had taken up so much attention that few persons had troubled themselves about the MARSHAL's. At the utmost it was supposed that he would go if M. DUFAURE went, though even this had lately come to be disbelieved, and the latest theory of the MARSHAL's attitude attributed to him a philosophical readiness to accept any Ministry which the Chamber might give him, and any policy which his Ministers might give him. The public feeling, now that he has really resigned, resembles what we may suppose to have been entertained by the relatives of the often-quoted boy when he was eaten by the wolf. Their surprise that he should at last have had a real cause for crying out must have been mingled with satisfaction that he was not there to cry out any more. Marshal MACMAHON's resignation has been so often hinted at that it had finally come to be accepted as certain that he would stay in office till 1880. The real wonder is, not that he should have gone now, but that he should not have gone earlier. He was not elected to fill any such commonplace post as that of a Constitutional President, and his taste for the work did not grow greater as he became more familiar with it. The MARSHAL's ideas of duty are perfectly genuine, but they are also exceedingly limited; and it was only natural that they should carry him no further than the conviction that he had been made President to do a particular piece of work, and that, as soon as it became clear to him that it was beyond his power to do that work, his business was to resign office. We shall know some day why he did not take this straightforward course on the 13th of December, 1877; but, whatever may have been the motive which stood in the way, the events of this week show plainly that he has never really accommodated himself to the new order of things.

The particular matter on which the MARSHAL has finally parted company from the majority of his countrymen is precisely one of those technical questions which no doubt have always worn an exaggerated importance in his eyes. About principles the MARSHAL has never greatly troubled himself; but about persons he has always been ready to take sudden alarm. Probably if the whole administrative staff of the Government had genuinely accepted the Republic, Marshal MACMAHON would have been perfectly willing to accept it also. But when the administrative staff had to be changed, and the names with which he was familiar had to be replaced by new ones, his constitutionalism was subjected to a much harder trial than it had yet undergone. If the majority could have omitted the army from their programme, it seems that the MARSHAL would once more have yielded. But the more opposition the MARSHAL offered to the proposed changes in the great military commands, the more the majority were bent on effecting them. In part this determination was possibly due to the fear that, if the troops were left under the command of generals known to be hostile to the Republic, they might at some time or other be employed to its detriment. A simpler explanation, however, is that the majority felt that, so long as the MARSHAL was allowed to reserve to himself any powers independent of his Ministers, his constitutional principles had not been properly tested. It did not matter how limited the sphere of his reserve might be; the essence of a constitutional President was that there should be no reserve at all. It is highly likely that one reason why M. DUFAURE offered so stout a resistance to the demand for sweeping dismissals in all branches of the public service was his conviction that the limit of the MARSHAL's pliability would be reached the moment that the MINISTER of WAR came in with his contribution to the list. So long as the event of Thursday was still in the future, this was a very reasonable view to take. M. DUFAURE may naturally have thought that no serious harm could now come of having concealed Royalists or concealed Imperialists in the public service, whereas very great harm might conceivably come of the MARSHAL's resignation. Holding this opinion, it was natural for him to dismiss as few officials as possible, and to be as long as he decently could about dismissing those whom he had no hope of retaining. The attitude of the majority a fortnight ago convinced him that it was no longer open to him to maintain this attitude. There were some dismissals which the Left were prepared to exact at any cost, and M. DUFAURE rightly held that a popular demand which was not unreasonable in its own nature could not be permanently resisted merely because it was opposed to the wishes of the PRESIDENT. After accepting the order of the day expressing confidence in the determination of the Cabinet to get rid of officials who had compromised themselves by using their position under the Republic to advance interests which were not those of the Republic, M. DUFAURE had but one thing to do, and in doing it he very soon discovered that, though the MARSHAL had swallowed more than one camel, he was as ready as ever to strain at a gnat. Though he had abandoned his advisers of the 16th of May, and had consented to remain President under the most opposite conditions possible to those under which he had originally accepted the office, he would not sign the decree relieving of their functions some half-dozen commanders who had already held their positions for more than the statutable period. There is nothing really surprising in this apparent inconsistency, for the MARSHAL's virtues have always been those of a soldier rather than of a statesman. At last, however, the time had come when the country demanded civil as well as military excellence in its chief magistrate. The PRESIDENT had refused to be guided by a vote of the Chamber or by the advice of the Cabinet, and M. DUFAURE was consequently compelled to point out to him that, under these circumstances, neither he nor his colleagues could any longer retain office. Whether at this critical moment any one was found to advise the MARSHAL to accept the resignation of his Ministers and to leave the Chambers to find their own way out of the dilemma which would thus be created does not appear; at all events the MARSHAL had the good sense not to listen to any such counsels. In a straightforward and dignified Message he conveyed to the Chambers his resolution not to remain President when to do so involved consenting to measures which he deems contrary to the interests of the army, and consequently to those of the country. The predictions of evil which have

been so freely hazarded with regard to the consequences of the MARSHAL's resignation have as yet been signally falsified. In little more than three hours from the reading of the MARSHAL's message the two Chambers had met in Congress, and had elected M. GRÉVY President of the Republic.

The calmness with which this great crisis has been passed through is the most striking evidence that has yet been given of the stability of the new institutions in France. For some time after Marshal MACMAHON became President, it used to be considered that the election of his successor would plunge the country into the most disastrous confusion. The MARSHAL was the sole breakwater that could withstand the conflicting tides of personal ambition and party passion. If any section of the French public still cherish this view, the incidents of Thursday must have gone some way to disabuse them of it. Nowhere could the election of a chief magistrate have been more quietly conducted. The Left were for once conscious how much depended on their calmness. It is not, however, to the immediate crisis that the need for calmness will be restricted. It has been proved that the transfer of power from one President to another is no necessary occasion of disturbance; it has still to be proved that the sense of triumph natural to men who have just gained so great a victory is equally consistent with the moderation and self-restraint without which the fruits of victory cannot be harvested. These qualities will very shortly be put to a decisive test. All that the party against whom the attempt of the 16th of May was directed can reasonably desire has now been obtained. It has been shown how completely the authors of that movement mistook the feeling of the country, and how capable the country was of asserting its real wishes in contradistinction to those which were falsely attributed to it. The last survivor of that misguided attempt has now passed from the official stage, and with his retirement the animosities with which the 16th of May is associated may well be buried. The prosecution or the abandonment of the impeachment of the Duke of BROGLIE and his colleagues are the alternatives between which the Left have now to make their choice; and it would be difficult to overrate the gravity of the issues which hang upon the result.

THE ZULU WAR.

THE Zulu war which has probably by this time begun is a not inconsiderable addition to the many troubles of the present time. There is no reason to doubt of ultimate success. Lord CHELMSFORD, who is believed to be a skilful and vigorous commander, disposes of 20,000 men, including a considerable regular force. Some anxiety is expressed as to the efficiency and fidelity of the native levies; but it must be assumed that those who are best qualified to judge have reason for trusting them. The QUEEN's troops alone could easily dispose of the Zulu army if they could meet it in the open field; but CETEWAYO will probably take advantage of superior knowledge of the country to harass the invading force by guerilla warfare. The operations against his insubordinate chief SECOCOENI have not been brilliantly successful; and native enemies probably derive confidence from the defeat of the Transvaal burghers immediately before the English annexation of the territory of the Republic. It would not be safe to rely on the energetic co-operation of the Government of the Cape, although it is wholly for the sake of the South African colonies that the Imperial Government undergoes a certain risk and a considerable expense. Natal is more immediately interested in breaking the Zulu power, especially because the native inhabitants of the colony are of the same race and language. The people of the Transvaal, who are in a sense principals in the contest, are probably not yet reconciled to English sovereignty. They have never fully acknowledged their own inability to resist the Zulus, and some of them are naturally dissatisfied with the impartiality of Sir BARTLE FRERE's boundary award. The brunt of the war will be borne by the regular troops, but there is reason to hope that the native auxiliaries will be serviceable, and among the colonial volunteers some will probably distinguish themselves by intelligence and enterprise. The best proof of the necessity of the war is the determination of Sir BARTLE FRERE to reduce the Zulu KING to submission. The HIGH COMMISSIONER probably satisfied himself that a collision was inevitable, and he determined to begin the struggle when his own force was unusually large.

One of the main causes of the war is the annexation of the Transvaal. CETEWAYO, on succeeding a few years ago to his father PANDA, thought it expedient to acquire military reputation by war with some of his neighbours; and constant frontier quarrels with the Dutch settlers seemed likely to furnish him with a pretext for hostilities. At the same time he courted the friendship of the Government of Natal, which had, at the request of the Zulu chiefs, concurred in his elevation to the throne. He probably relied on the jealousy of one another which may have been entertained by the English and the Dutch; and he may perhaps not have appreciated the sympathy which nevertheless unites the white races when any of them are threatened by savages. The influence of his English allies had, down to the time of the war between SECOCOENI and the Transvaal, restrained CETEWAYO from an open rupture with the Republic, and he was even induced to refer the delimitation of the frontier to the arbitration of the Lieutenant-Governor of NATAL; but there can be little doubt that he would by this time have invaded the Transvaal if it had retained its independence. Although by the annexation the Colonial Government became to a certain extent a party to the dispute, the arbitration proceeded; and the award lately published by the LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR forms one of the grounds of war, although, if it stood alone, it might perhaps not be unsatisfactory to the Zulu KING. He has never relinquished his scheme of acquiring for himself military reputation; but he has hesitated to commit himself to a struggle with the English power. The military organization which forms the Zulu constitution is exclusively adapted to purposes of war and conquest. It was by turning all his subjects into soldiers that PANDA formed an independent and conquering State; and his son perhaps dimly understands that it will be difficult to reign in peace over a tribe which is only disciplined for war. Other dominant military castes have ruled over subject races. The Spartans were served by Laconians and Helots; and the Mamelukes of Egypt were a garrison posted in the midst of an industrious population. The Zulus appear to be the inhabitants of the country in arms. Their system of government, if it deserves the name, has neither meaning nor purpose as long as they remain at peace. It is to dissipate the cloud which incessantly threatens a storm that Sir BARTLE FRERE insists on a sweeping Zulu revolution. The ultimatum which CETEWAYO was to accept or reject by the 11th of January involved his abdication of the character of a military sovereign and his virtual submission to English supremacy.

The voluminous document which bears the signature of Sir HENRY BULWER has been composed or fully approved by Sir BARTLE FRERE. It was probably issued in the name of the LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, because it was his duty to make the territorial award which is now published at the same time with the proclamation. Although some of the claims of the Zulus to land are allowed, the districts which are ceded to the tribe will for many purposes remain, like the rest of the country, under English control. If CETEWAYO were once reduced to the rank of a protected chief, English or Dutch settlers might live with comparative safety in his dominions. It is perfectly certain that he will not submit if he has any hope of successful resistance. At the date of the latest accounts he was endeavouring to temporize; but Sir BARTLE FRERE has determined to bring the dispute to a crisis, and the KING has by this time almost certainly turned to bay. The demands which are preferred by the HIGH COMMISSIONER, and the alleged grounds of the war, are more fully understood by the potentate to whom they are addressed than by political amateurs in England. Perhaps Sir BARTLE FRERE might advantageously have provided against the adverse criticism to which his State paper will be exposed in newspapers and at public meetings. Indignant philanthropists will perhaps protest that a savage African chief as well as an Asiatic despot is entitled to the full benefit of the supposed rules of international law. The HIGH COMMISSIONER will scarcely be able to prove that he has scrupulously respected the rights of CETEWAYO as an independent sovereign. Thinking perhaps too exclusively of his public duty and of the interests confided to his charge, Sir BARTLE FRERE has not digressed

into a personal vindication of his motives and conduct. His true apology is that he must provide for the safety of the colonies, even though it may be necessary to assume a right of acting beyond the frontier. The Zulu army can choose its own time for the war which is the only intelligible purpose of its institution. Sir BARTLE FRERE has resolved to take into his own hands the choice of time and place, and he also determines to disarm his adversary instead of merely parrying his attack.

The offences actually committed by the Zulu KING and his subjects are not much more serious than the outrage which, according to ARISTOPHANES, aroused the thunder and lightning of the Olympian PERICLES at the outset of the Peloponnesian war. Two girls had then been carried off from Megara. Two refugee Zulu women have in like manner been seized by an armed band within English territory; and, after being grossly ill used, they are supposed to have been killed. The HIGH COMMISSIONER demands in satisfaction the surrender of the culprits, and a fine of several hundred oxen. Another outrage is estimated, liberally enough, as equivalent to a penalty of one hundred oxen. It seems that two white men were stopped by fifteen Zulus, and detained for an hour and a half. It is not easy to understand why reasons so trivial should be alleged for grave measures which are founded on entirely different considerations. In the serious part of the ultimatum the LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR reminds the Zulu KING of the circumstances of his accession. On the death of PANDA the principal chiefs expressed a desire that his successor should be "a son of the English Government." In complying with their request the Governor of NATAL stipulated for a promise equivalent to a coronation oath on the part of CETEWAYO, that he would practise some of the elementary rules of civilized justice, and especially that accused persons should be tried before they were executed. It was easy to foresee that the pledge would not be redeemed. CETEWAYO is in the habit of destroying villages against which he thinks that he has any cause of complaint, without inquiring too elaborately into the guilt or innocence of the inhabitants. As far as he has violated engagements with the English Government he gives occasion for remonstrance, but scarcely for war. His real crime consists in maintaining for wholly offensive purposes an army of 40,000 men, which apparently includes all his male subjects. It would seem that there is no hope of escape from military service, for some of his regiments are composed of men of fifty or even sixty years old. No man is allowed to marry without express permission from the KING, who ordinarily withholds the boon till the applicant is past forty. An astute neighbour who might desire the extinction of a troublesome clan would rather encourage than discountenance forced celibacy. The HIGH COMMISSIONER nevertheless demands freedom of marriage for the Zulus, and the immediate disbandment of the army. Independent savages cannot be allowed to be a standing nuisance to their neighbours. CETEWAYO is informed that he must admit an English Resident, that he must administer rational justice to his own people, and, generally, that he must cease to be a bloodthirsty barbarian. All these demands are morally justifiable, and even laudable, though they may have few precedents in international jurisprudence.

BANKRUPTCY LAW.

THE memorial to the PRIME MINISTER urging the enactment of some new law of bankruptcy free from the glaring defects of the present system shows an imposing array of names. The leading banks and the leading mercantile firms of the City concur in the memorial, which is couched in very strong terms. On the eve of a Session, and at a time when the Government is known to be meditating one more of the numerous, but hitherto abortive, attempts to deal with this very difficult subject, this will have two very useful effects. It will justify the Government, if any justification was needed, in making a Bankruptcy Bill one of the principal measures of the Session, and in allotting the time necessary for its full discussion; and it will also stimulate those who have to frame the Bill to make it as good a Bill as they can devise. The CHANCELLOR, and those whom he may summon to consult with him, now know that what they may propose is eagerly expected, and that, if their proposal is sound and practical, they will gain the great credit they deserve. Hitherto the bankruptcy projects of the CHANCELLOR have been treated with almost equal indifference by himself, by Parliament, and by the public. From public motives, and prompted by the sad experience of the working of the present system which he has acquired in the discharge of his judicial duties, he has tried for three years running to pass a measure which may be adequate or not, but which has never had to stand the test of criticism. No one would look at or think of a Bankruptcy Bill. It is indeed one of the most wearisome and uninviting subjects that can be discussed, and probably, even if the CHANCELLOR had passed his Bill, he would have got little thanks or credit for it. Now the state of things in which a Bankruptcy Bill which the Government really means to pass will be presented is totally different. Recent events have made the topic of commercial frauds and commercial failures not only a matter of public interest, but a matter of ordinary everyday conversation. A discussion of a Bankruptcy Bill has come to seem as natural as a discussion on the French political crisis. The general assurance that the subject is one of national importance is greatly strengthened by the fact that its importance has been solemnly pressed on the Government by the very highest City firms. It has hitherto been considered rather beneath the level of such firms to seem to take any interest in such a poor, humble, shabby thing as insolvency. No one can now pretend to look down on a matter which appears to have kindled Messrs. GLYN and Messrs. BARING into a strain of indignant eloquence. The Government will be sure that, if it presses a Bankruptcy Bill forward, Parliament and the country will wish to see it pressed forward, and thus the resistance of indifference, which is the strongest of the adverse influences which the promoters of a Bankruptcy Bill have to fear, will have been removed.

But no memorials from eminent merchants and no earnest expectation of the public can diminish the very great difficulties which the conception and drafting of a good Bankruptcy Bill inevitably present. There are three lines on which a Bankruptcy Bill may be framed. The State may take all the proceedings into its hands, or it may leave them to the creditors, or it may divide them between itself and the creditors. But before an attempt is made to decide on which of these three lines a Bill is to be framed, it must be kept in view that proceedings in bankruptcy fall under two quite distinct heads. There is the treatment of the bankrupt, and there is the realization of his assets. The offer of the State to the bankrupt is that he shall be cleared from past liabilities if he does certain things in the present, and has not done certain things in the past. He must make such disclosures and supply such information as will ensure his creditors getting all that can be got for them, and will also ensure that none but valid claims are satisfied. In the past he must not have acted very recklessly or fraudulently. He must not have obtained goods for which he knew he had no hopes of paying, and he must not have made away with property which he knew really belonged to his creditors and not to himself. If he is evasive in the present, or has been deceitful in the past, not only is he not to have the benefit of escape from liabilities, but he is to be punished for disobedience to the law. Here the difficulty is not to determine his duties, to define offences, and to award punishment. What a bankrupt ought to do, and what he ought not to have done, has been determined with sufficient accuracy. If the law needs any emendation in this respect, it can easily be amended. The difficulty to be faced is the difficulty which besets so large a portion of English criminal law—who is to set it in motion? who is to unmask a bankrupt, or see that he is properly punished? Justice, again, has to be done to the creditors, not only in getting in money for them, but in seeing that no creditor gets more than he ought to get, that there are no fictitious claims admitted, and that the tendency in human nature to state claims at double their real amount is repressed. Here, again, it is easy to lay down the principles on which the law will be administered, and to create a court for its due administration. But who is to set the court in motion? Who will trouble himself to contest fictitious claims, or to cut down real claims? The first task of the legislator is therefore to lay down the law with regard to bankrupts and their creditors, and to provide for the law,

when necessary, being set in motion. His second task is to secure the realization of the assets, and the prompt distribution of what comes to the creditors. That the money should be got in quickly, that it should be divided immediately, and that the process should be attended with as little expense as possible, is the aim of the legislator, But it is a very difficult aim to secure. Whoever may have the task of the realization and distribution of the assets confided to them must necessarily start with two disadvantages. The affairs of a bankrupt are apt to be of a perplexing and intricate character—for a man who is getting into difficulties generally quits the region of clear and simple transactions—and they start knowing nothing of these affairs, and have their lesson to learn painfully and by degrees. They, too, and those whom they employ must take a great amount of trouble, and some one is sure to ask to be paid for this trouble. Bankruptcy proceedings cannot therefore be made to go on very quickly or very cheaply. The utmost that can be secured is that they shall go forward as quickly and at as slight a cost as an experienced person would pronounce reasonable.

It is the peculiarity of the present bankruptcy law that it does not fulfil any one of the purposes which a good law would fulfil. It does not set the law in motion against the fraudulent bankrupt; it does not ensure in the slightest degree that fictitious claims shall be rejected or real claims cut down. The assets are got in at the greatest possible expense and with the greatest possible delay, and years may pass away before the money that is got in is distributed among the creditors. The State leaves the whole proceedings to the creditors. The creditors and the bankrupt arrange everything between themselves. It can do the creditors no good to hurt the bankrupt. He may go unpunished, and may start again in life as soon as he likes, for all they care. So for him everything is made pleasant, and for many men an occasional bankruptcy is nothing more than an ordinary, innoxious, and very temporary interruption of their career. The realization of the assets is managed by a firm of solicitors and by trustees appointed by the creditors. If the trustees happen to be zealous, competent, and vigilant, they get in the assets as quickly as they can, and divide the money when they get it. But it is a nuisance to be a trustee, and trustees are apt to be indolent. They therefore leave everything to the solicitors, and the estate is eaten up with costs. If the trustees are also unscrupulous, they retain in their hands the sums which they might divide. The creditors are, as a rule, indifferent to what they consider a bad debt; they have no means of acting together; and they are content to put the bankrupt and his estate out of their thoughts, and to leave the solicitors and the trustees to manage matters as they please. The bankruptcy laws, which were originally intended to punish the bankrupt if he deserved punishment, and to divide his assets among all his creditors, have now become a machinery for whitewashing the bankrupt without inquiry, and for dividing his assets among those who have the conduct of the proceedings. Of course this statement must not be taken too generally. There are occasions when some one is roused to just indignation by the conduct of the bankrupt, and insists on his being punished. There are such people as honourable solicitors, and also such people as vigilant trustees. But these are exceptions to the rule; and the rule is that bankrupts slide through bankruptcy like eels, and that the assets are wasted. Experience shows that the plan of leaving everything to the creditors will not do. Experience also has shown that to leave everything to the State will not do, at least in the shape in which the interference of the State used to be applied. But, as the State must take a part in the proceedings—for nothing but the intervention of the State can set the law in motion against the bankrupt—the real question is how far this intervention shall extend. Let us assume that the first object of a bankruptcy law has been secured, and that the State supplies a machinery for setting the law in motion. It has then to be asked how the assets are to be realized? The creditors, acting through their solicitors or trustees, cannot be trusted or cannot manage to do this with the certainty, the promptitude, and the cheapness which the mercantile community has a right to expect. Therefore the State must again intervene; and it may intervene in one of two ways. Either it may supply a special machinery of its own, a machinery of a totally different character from that which it offers as a guarantee that the law will be set in motion, a machinery efficacious for the peculiar purpose of dealing with assets. Or else it may supervise the proceedings of the representatives of the creditors, leaving solicitors and trustees to manage, but cutting down costs, watching what is done, ordering promptitude, and removing those who do not do their duty. The new Bill must proceed in one of these two directions. The memorial of the merchants leans to the former alternative. The CHANCELLOR is understood to lean to the latter. When his new Bill is submitted to Parliament the respective advantages of the two systems will be sure to be fully discussed, and the public will be able to judge between them, and at any rate will have an opportunity of understanding the very great practical difficulties which beset the adoption of either one or the other.

MR. GLADSTONE'S LATEST CONFESSIONS.

THE editor who lately induced Mr. GLADSTONE to promote the sale of a new periodical by answering a string of questions about his career and his feelings was impertinent only in the sense in which Lord BEACONSFIELD has been accused of unconstitutional conduct. The House of Commons ratified the acts of the Minister, and Mr. GLADSTONE has fully condoned an extraordinary intrusion by acknowledging the right of a stranger to extort from him an autobiographical communication. It is said, indeed, by an Irish journal which professes to be well informed, that Mr. GLADSTONE'S answers were not intended for publication, and have been used without authority. The assertion, if true, only varies the form of the indiscretion which has been committed; and it is not stated that Mr. GLADSTONE had taken any steps to prevent his very frank communication from being put to a use which was announced some weeks beforehand in the most public and circumstantial manner. When the Duke of WELLINGTON, thirty years ago, was the principal recipient of promiscuous applications, his correspondents had to content themselves with the shortest and most direct rebuffs. It seems never to occur to Mr. GLADSTONE that there is any limit to the right of interference with his privacy. It cannot be said that the last instalment of his personal confessions adds much to popular knowledge except as an illustration of one peculiarity of character. The most significant part of Mr. GLADSTONE'S answer is the fact that he thought it necessary to answer at all. The inquisitor is referred to a speech delivered some months ago at Oxford in which Mr. GLADSTONE offered to explain his transition from Conservative to subversive doctrines. The intelligent editor may probably have read the Oxford speech; but his magazine would not have sold better because it contained a quotation from the newspapers. The same statement furnished by Mr. GLADSTONE himself was a valuable commodity. On the subject of the Irish University Bill Mr. GLADSTONE is more indulgent to curiosity. It seems that, perhaps alone among politicians of either party, he seriously believed that his Bill would be carried. Whether he would, in the event of success, have offered further boons to Ireland must remain a mystery. The land, the Established Church, and University education had been during the election of 1868 the three branches of the Irish Upas-tree. If the third stroke had been as effective as the measures of 1869 and 1870, Mr. GLADSTONE would probably have turned his attention for the time to the destruction of some English or Scotch institution. On the delicate subject of his feelings towards his old antagonist, Mr. GLADSTONE confines himself to a repudiation of the charge of antipathy. He would perhaps admit that he cherishes little sympathy towards Lord BEACONSFIELD; but it is not necessary to convert a negative into an opposite. Many years ago a humorous writer, after propounding the question whether Mr. X. hates Mr. Z., himself supplied the answer, that "Mr. X. does not hate Mr. Z., but he dislikes "him as much as so good a man can." There are indeed certain kinds of goodness which often coincide with strong feelings of dislike. There are fewer precedents for Mr. GLADSTONE'S amiable readiness to explain to an intrusive stranger his most delicate private feelings. Perhaps Mr. GLADSTONE means to say that the adverse feeling which is not to be called antipathy is unimpassioned moral disapprobation. An apology for himself which should inflict a stigma on his adversary would be happy and ingenious.

Mr. GLADSTONE's explanation of the total revolution which has taken place in his political opinions is without doubt sincere; but he is perhaps not the best judge of his own feelings and motives. It seems that, when he was at Oxford fifty years ago, he, in common with the University in general, was not absorbed by unqualified enthusiasm for human freedom. He has since that time repaired the defects of his education, and he now looks with cheerful confidence to the establishment of universal suffrage. It seems that Conservatives fear the people, and that Liberals trust the people. If the multitude is formidable and liable to error, the Conservatives are in the right. There are those who think that the absolute supremacy of numbers will not conduce to the enjoyment of freedom by the helpless minority; but Mr. GLADSTONE is apparently unconscious that there is any distinction between liberty and popular despotism. Mr. GLADSTONE left Oxford about 1832, and he entered Parliament in 1834. His first avowal of his desire for a wide extension of the suffrage was made thirty years later. In 1858 he was a supporter of Lord DERBY, for whom he voted in the decisive division of 1859. If Mr. DISRAELI had at that time gone to India, there is little doubt that Mr. GLADSTONE would have taken office under Lord DERBY as leader of the House of Commons. It is impossible to know whether he would in that case have finally identified himself with the Conservative party. For the present purpose it is enough to say that Mr. GLADSTONE retained his early political sympathies long after the time when they could be explained by the circumstances of his education. In another form Oxford still exercised an influence over the eminent member for the University. Perhaps still longer endurance of Mr. GLADSTONE's deviations from his youthful creed might have enabled his constituents to restrain his zeal. An unconscious motive for his conversion to the cause of extreme democracy has probably been the discovery that his genius is better adapted to elicit popular enthusiasm than to control deliberative assemblies. For many years Mr. GLADSTONE has been the most powerful debater in the House of Commons, and, with perhaps the exception of Mr. BRIGHT, he has been the most eloquent orator; but he has never been an effective or favourite party leader. His vehemence of temper, his impetuous devotion to objects which are constantly changing, his singular want of humour and deficiency in knowledge of human nature, have often irritated and alienated his followers and colleagues, while they have in no degree impaired his popularity out of doors. The multitude likes the blind enthusiasm which it shares far better than the reticent caution of a statesman. Foibles by which equals are offended and repelled are invisible at a distance. The Liberal party in the House of Commons is perfectly satisfied with its present titular leader; but public meetings seem scarcely to be aware of the existence of Lord HARTINGTON, while they invariably applaud the mention of Mr. GLADSTONE's name. In all human societies ambitious men incline to those by whom they find themselves appreciated. Male adults who are swayed at will by the eloquent champion of flesh and blood seem to him on their part to represent the general opinion of the community. Freedom has no necessary connexion with flesh and blood, or with the whole body of male adults.

Mr. GLADSTONE has the good fortune to be able to persuade himself that the change of the English Constitution into a pure democracy is consistent with the preservation of his youthful pride in the great achievements of the English nation; but on other occasions his patriotism has assumed strange and unintelligible forms. In an article published in an American periodical he lately expressed perfect contentment with the prospect of a transfer of commercial supremacy from England to the United States. It is not surprising that he should be still more indifferent to the effect of organic changes which will, if they are accomplished, wholly alter the character and reverse the tendency of the ancient institutions of England. The ease with which Mr. GLADSTONE can reconcile his own successive phases of opinion will not remove the distrust which his many recent eccentricities are calculated to provoke; but the mass of his admirers will not even discover the oddity of his submission to the importunity of his latest catechist. One of his answers appears to have caused a certain feeling of surprise. Mr. GLADSTONE says that for political guidance and administrative information he was chiefly indebted to Sir ROBERT PEEL and Sir JAMES GRAHAM. Sir ROBERT PEEL had always been regarded as Mr. GLADSTONE's political teacher; and the disciple has carried out with fidelity and vigour the financial changes which were begun by his master; but no two statesmen of the first rank were ever more unlike one another in character. Sir ROBERT PEEL was wholly incapable of a passionate devotion to the cause of democratic government, though it was his destiny to abandon in turn many of the doctrines of his party. No statesman of the last generation was so fully recognized as the undisputed leader of the House of Commons; but Sir ROBERT PEEL was never thoroughly popular with the multitude. Mr. GLADSTONE's mention of Sir JAMES GRAHAM was probably suggested by recollection of his great administrative powers. As a politician Sir JAMES GRAHAM was almost as versatile as his younger colleague; but his frequent changes were the result of a real indifference to all political opinions. Having first risen to eminence as a Radical, Sir JAMES GRAHAM seceded from the Whigs in company with the late Lord DERBY, and he was afterwards the most confidential colleague of Sir ROBERT PEEL. In his later years he returned to the professions of his youth, and in his last addresses to the electors of Carlisle he affected to pass over all the changes which he had undergone since he first represented the borough in Parliament. In the power of commanding popular sympathy Sir JAMES GRAHAM was remarkably deficient. Either Sir JAMES GRAHAM or Sir ROBERT PEEL would have been surprised to learn that it had become the fashion for statesmen to publish fragments of autobiography in answer to uninvited inquiry.

RUSSIAN FINANCE.

THE Russian Government has now furnished materials with sufficient detail and definiteness to permit something like an estimate to be made of the financial position of the country. These materials only consist of the statements and estimates of the Government, and in a country governed as Russia is governed there can never be a perfect assurance that the statements made by the Government are not only accurate but complete, and that the estimates made by the Government are not framed with the desire of giving hopes to outsiders of better times coming than the officials themselves expect. But it must be owned that the Government materials now furnished are not of a vague kind. They tell us with seeming accuracy what has happened, and they show from what special sources the Government expects an increase of revenue. We have given to us for our inspection the actual receipts and expenditure of 1876 and 1877, exclusive of the extraordinary outlay for the war, the estimated receipts and expenditure for 1878, and the estimated, or perhaps it should be said, conjectural Budget for 1879. In 1876 Russia received fifty-six millions, and paid a little over fifty-seven. In 1877 Russia received nearly fifty-five millions, and paid fifty-eight and a half. Thus there was in 1876 an admitted deficit of more than a million, and in 1877 an admitted deficit of three millions and a half. This increase of deficit was produced by a falling off in the revenue of one million, principally under the head of customs, and by the interest on the war expenditure having begun to tell, half a million being needed for the service of the public debt, and another half-million for the growing exigencies of the Ministry of Finance. We now come from facts to estimates. For 1878 the estimated revenue is fifty-seven millions and a quarter, and the estimated expenditure is sixty millions; so that there is an anticipated deficit of three millions. The revenue, however, is taken as showing an increase of a little more than two millions over that of 1877, so that the expenditure of 1878 is five millions greater than that of 1877. But from this must be deducted apparently a sum of about two millions, which is merely a bookkeeping entry, made in 1878, but not in 1877. We are thus half in doubt whether the actual deficits in 1877 and in 1878 were not greater than appears in the statement But it is more important to ascertain what is stated to be the present position of Russian finance than to go into its past history, and the main fact to be borne in mind is that there is an acknowledged deficit for 1878 of three millions. This year is, however, to be a year of marvels. The Budget is to be

balanced, Russia is to receive close on sixty-three millions, and to pay away within a few thousand pounds exactly what it receives. This is most cheering, and we may add unexpected; and the English investor, and the English politician, who perceives the important bearing of Russian finance on the peace of the world, will anxiously scrutinize the figures by which this wonderful result is supposed to be obtained.

When we examine the figures of 1878 we find that there is an increase of two millions for the service of the public debt, as compared with 1877, and for the first time there is an allowance of 200,000*l.* made for irrecoverable taxes. But then on the other items of the Budget there is an equal reduction. Less is to be spent on the War Department; the Ministry of Finance requires less, the debt having been consolidated; the allowance for the expenses of the Court is considerably reduced, and so is the outlay on the State domains and on roads; while the only item that exhibits an increase—and that a slight one—is education. From the figures on the revenue side, we find that there is an anticipated total increase of about two millions. Alcoholic liquors are to yield 300,000*l.* more, and salt and tobacco as much. The main increase is, however, in the receipts from railways, which appear in the Budget of 1878 as giving almost exactly double what they gave in 1877, and spring from 1,700,000*l.* to about 3,400,000*l.* This cannot be supposed to come from increased traffic, but may be conjectured to be the result of an arrangement said to have been made some months ago between the Government and the shareholders of some of the Russian lines. It did not affect the railway bonds and guaranteed shares held abroad, and therefore little was heard of it outside; but until it is explained how there comes to be this enormous anticipated increase in the yield of railways, it is impossible to treat the financial position of Russia with any pretension to accuracy. It must be understood that in the whole of the figures we are now dealing with the rouble is converted at two shillings, whereas in English calculations of former years it used to be converted at 2*s.* 8*d.*, and therefore the figures both of receipts and expenditure seem less than they used to be. But there is no substantial difference in the general result, and if it is once understood that for complete accuracy all the computations ought to be made in roubles and not in pounds, we may take as the general result that Russia was spending two millions more in 1878 than in 1877, and reducing expenditure by the same amount, that it was receiving two millions more, and that nevertheless there was a deficit of three millions. In 1879 there is a further increase of two millions in the charge for the public debt, so that to balance the Budget five millions more are required. They are supposed to be obtained in the following way—two millions more from alcoholic liquors, two millions more from customs, and a million principally from a new tax on railway and steamboat traffic. There are minor alterations, such as a slight increase in the expenses of the Court, a further increase in the outlay on education, and in the cost of the administration of the Transcaucasian provinces; but these alterations do not affect the general total in any serious degree. What we have principally got to keep in view is that the Russian Government, having had acknowledged deficits in previous years, and having to provide five millions more, or about thirty per cent. additional, for the service of the public debt, calculates that everything will be put right by the end of the present year, if only the people will drink enough to supply two millions more, if merchants can afford to import so as to pay two millions more for duties, and if the new tax on traffic gives the anticipated yield.

Whether these agreeable anticipations will be fulfilled depends on a variety of causes on which it is very difficult to offer any opinion. If the Russian peasant drinks the same quantity of liquor, but pays more for it, he must either be making more money than he used to make, or he must spend on liquor money which he used to spend on something else. It is extremely hard to believe that he is likely to be making more money. As a rule, agricultural distress is a sequence of war, and there seems to be no reason why there should be an exception in the case of Russia. That under the greatest severity of distress the Russian peasant will still somehow get his alcohol may be probable; but obviously he must give up something to get his alcohol, and his first resource will be to starve his wife and family, and then himself. This must tell on the well-being of the agricultural population and make it a readier prey to disease. It may still be hoped that Russia generally will escape the fearful calamity of the plague; but there are ordinary diseases which are apt to seize on a population underfed and given to drink, and anything like wide-spread sickness must affect the revenue adversely. Thus the Customs are supposed to yield two millions more, and this is an enormous increase. It means an increase from five and a half millions to seven and a half millions, or thirty per cent. The only proposed increase in the duties of which particulars are given is one on raw cotton, which it is calculated will yield 200,000*l.* Where the other nine-tenths of the extra two millions are to come from, it is not easy to imagine. Still it must not be hastily pronounced impossible that the anticipated increase should be secured. The consumption of imported articles will necessarily be checked, but there are imported articles which the rich will have and others which the poor must have; and, if it can but prevent smuggling, a Government can get a revenue from customs duties which seems out of proportion to the wealth of the country. In the same way there is not any good ground for supposing that the next tax on traffic will do more than check travelling and the transport of goods. There may be enough travellers and a sufficiency of goods sent from one part of the Empire to another to furnish the Government with the amount it expects from the tax. That the Budget should be even approximately balanced it is absolutely necessary that Russia should accept sincerely and without reservation a policy of peace; but if this is done, the immediate financial prospects of Russia cannot be said to be altogether gloomy. The Budget of 1879, when it is finally settled, will show in all probability a deficit, but it may also show that, disturbing causes apart, Russia is on the way to a balanced Budget. If this is shown, and the figures given are accepted as true, the credit of Russia will not have been very seriously impaired.

MR. SULLIVAN ON THE IRISH VOTE.

MR. SULLIVAN lately made a speech at a London Home Rule Club which was apparently intended as an apology for the most anomalous of past or present forms of agitation. The statistics which he quoted may be admitted for the purpose of argument, though the estimate of two million Irish living in Great Britain is probably excessive, even if it includes all persons of recent Irish descent. Mr. SULLIVAN, though he is a man of ability and cultivation, apparently sees no absurdity in the maintenance for generations of a separate and partially hostile nation in the midst of the general English community. For an indefinite time the great-grandchildren of Irish immigrants are to enjoy all the advantages of English birth, and not only to disclaim the corresponding responsibilities, but to cultivate an exclusively Irish patriotism. In the United States the Irish, though they may be regarded with mixed feelings by their fellow-citizens, profess extreme devotion to the country of their choice, and illustrate their enthusiasm by a cordial support of one of the indigenous factions. In England they have rights but no duties, except to the country which they have left, probably without any purpose of return. Mr. SULLIVAN is kind enough to suggest to Irishmen settled in England that they have three courses among which they may choose. The first, and it might be thought the simplest, is that they should fuse with the English about them, as they do with the Americans in the United States. If agitators would let them alone they might perhaps follow the dictates of nature and common sense; but Mr. SULLIVAN says that the change is as impossible as that of a beech into an elm. The second plan, habitually recommended by blatant demagogues, is to be Irish in the sense of being anti-English and hostile to the people among whom they are living. Mr. SULLIVAN has too much self-respect to approve publicly of the criminal folly which is usually inculcated at Home Rule meetings; but chronic spite and sedition are more intelligible than his doctrine that, "placed as they were in the heart of the Empire, "they were just in the spot where they could best work "for and serve Ireland, and at the same time prove them-"selves the best friends of England."

The benefit to be conferred on England is of course the establishment of a separate State in Ireland, at first con-

nected with the rest of the disunited kingdom by some tie of nominal allegiance to the Crown, with the ulterior and speedy certainty of total separation. It is to this end that the Irish in England are to devote their energies in a spirit which would be strangely disinterested if they anticipated success. When Home Rule or Repeal was once attained, the Irish in England would no longer have any political object to pursue, unless indeed the beech, separated from its stem, became an elm. An independent Ireland could scarcely allow non-residents to share in its Government, and in Great Britain there would be no longer any Irish politics to occupy disengaged patriots. It is difficult to attach any meaning to Mr. SULLIVAN's declaration that the Irish in England should exercise a mediatory influence on the international quarrel which he, like other Irish orators, supposes to exist between Great Britain and Ireland. If Home Rulers in Ireland are parties to the dispute and not arbitrators or mediators, Home Rulers in England are in exactly the same position. Mr. SULLIVAN well knows that the whole project or pretence of Home Rule has virtually collapsed from the time when Mr. PARNELL discovered that separation was more popular than Mr. BUTT's illusory pretences of compromise. From their vantage ground in the heart of Great Britain the Irish immigrants and their descendants to the remotest generation are to employ themselves in promoting the disruption of the Empire. At the same time they will complacently regard themselves both as impartial mediators and as the best friends of England. Perhaps an orator must share the prejudices and affect the ignorance of the mob which he addresses; but some intellectual consciences would shrink from Mr. SULLIVAN's avowal of preposterous designs. The Irish residents in England are allowed to vote on the tacit assumption that they will use the franchise for the promotion of the welfare of the State. Mr. SULLIVAN advises them to disregard the implied terms of the bargain by attending exclusively to Irish interests. If English and Scotch elections were to be decided on Irish grounds, Parliament would be justified in withholding the franchise from unfriendly aliens; but in politics, as in commerce, the enemies of England rely with confidence on her tenacious adherence to liberality and justice.

Having defined the object of the war, Mr. SULLIVAN proceeds to draw the plan of the campaign and to muster his forces. It is not known whether he is well informed when he asserts that within a week or a fortnight "stock "had been taken of the Irish political power in England, "by some of the highest men in the land for their own "purposes," in connexion with the approaching general election. It may be hoped that Mr. SULLIVAN has attributed in mistake to the Liberal leaders an investigation which is very likely to have been undertaken by election managers of humbler rank. Statesmen cannot but know that an open alliance with the promoters of Home Rule would be fatal to the prospects of any party. Several unscrupulous candidates, after buying the Home Rule vote by unworthy concessions, have found it necessary to inform the rest of their constituents that they have only promised to vote for a barren and fictitious inquiry. In future the Home Rule electors will drive a harder bargain; and complaisant politicians will only pause in their progress of subserviency when they find that more is to be lost by alienating the English than they can gain by trusting to the Irish. As an encouragement to purchasers, Mr. SULLIVAN makes the most of the bulk and value of the commodity which Irish voters in English boroughs have to sell. The next election will show whether Mr. SULLIVAN is too sanguine. He professes to have ascertained that in four English constituencies the Irish voters can return a member. It is odd that not one English constituency returns a Roman Catholic, though the Irish electors almost always belong to the unpopular Church. There is no use in guessing at the towns in which Mr. SULLIVAN finds an Irish majority. He proceeds to state that in thirty constituencies the Irish electors have the absolute decision of contested elections in their hands, and that in sixteen other boroughs they have a considerable, though not a decisive, influence. The estimate of the number of cases in the second class cannot be tested until the comparative strength of the two English parties is known.

One of the many advantages of dealing with a cultivated and thoughtful opponent is that, in his advocacy of the most questionable doctrines, he cannot afford to be heartily cynical. Mr. SULLIVAN is evidently embarrassed by an indistinct consciousness that the Irish voters can only hold the balance between English factions by giving their support to the highest bidder. Though he would certainly not apologize for pecuniary corruption, the whole gist of his speech consists in the recommendation to barter borough votes for political concessions. The customers who are to be tempted have the less hesitation in giving the requisite promises because, like the unjust steward, they are paying their benefactors out of the property of their employer. At Manchester, at Newcastle-under-Lyme, and at Bristol, the buyer and seller have struck a bargain which perhaps appears to Mr. SULLIVAN, as to more disinterested observers, to be not a little immoral. He therefore salves the consciences of himself and his audience by asserting that at the general election "there will be no political huckstering. "Their vote would never be given unless there was "a principle behind the act of giving it. That vote "would not be the chattel or the property of any "British party, Whig or Tory. No person in the country "would again be able to calculate on the Irish vote as "a thing in his pocket." Inconsistency amounting to self-contradiction is sometimes creditable to the character, if not to the understanding. The earlier part of Mr. SULLIVAN's speech is devoted to an exposition of the duty and possibility of deciding the balance of parties by disposing of the Irish vote without reference to the merits of any political question. If there is to be a principle behind the act of voting, the vote is no longer a negotiable security, and the four boroughs, the thirty boroughs, and the sixteen supplementary boroughs will return their own members without reference to Home Rule pledges. It is not surprising that Mr. SULLIVAN should shrink from the theory and practice which he recommends. In the majority of recent transactions the Irish electors may complain that they have been deceived by obsequious candidates who hasten to explain away discreditable pledges.

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION AT SOUTHWARK.

MR. WATKIN WILLIAMS has learnt by this time the folly of the inquiry which Scripture puts into the mouth of HAZAEL. His correspondence with Mr. BRODRICK was little more than an amplification of the exclamation, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this?" He was shocked and pained at being suspected of approving of competitive examination for Parliamentary candidates. It was "degrading to the individuals," "injurious to the "State," and would "reduce the whole proceedings to an "absolute absurdity." The accounts which have been given of the meetings of the Southwark "Two Hundred" on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings completely bear out Mr. WATKIN WILLIAMS's observations. That they were "degrading to the individuals" is, one would think, self-evident. There cannot be much pride about a man who binds himself not to solicit election at the hands of a large constituency if he fails to make himself acceptable to two hundred men about whom he knows nothing, except that they call themselves a Liberal Committee and claim to have been chosen by some unascertained fraction of the Liberal electors in the borough. It is not wonderful that these Associations should lay so much stress upon the acceptance of this rule by the candidates who present themselves for selection. It is probably their only chance of concealing the fact that they do not represent anything like a majority of the party in whose name they professedly speak. If they can keep all rival Liberals out of the field, the choice lies between their candidate and a Conservative; and upon an issue thus stated the Liberal elector knows how to vote. If it were open to the rejected candidates to present themselves before the Southwark constituency at the general election, it might easily happen that the decision of last Wednesday would be reversed. Considering that the absurd farce which was acted at the Bridge House Hotel on Tuesday and Wednesday may have some influence on the election of a member for Southwark, Mr. WATKIN WILLIAMS's second charge against competitive examinations for candidates may be taken as proved. Anything which "degrades individuals" who may hereafter help to compose the House of Commons must so far be "injurious to the State." That the proceedings

on these two nights were reduced to absurdity from some cause or other is indisputable, and Mr. WATKIN WILLIAMS may fairly boast that each several part of his prophecy has now been justified by the event.

The most remarkable feature, however, in the whole affair was that the author of this lifelike description was himself one of the candidates who presented themselves for examination. So far from objecting to a competition among candidates, he declines to enter Parliament on any easier terms. He will not consent to be the Liberal candidate as a matter of favour, or even as an expression of confidence in his past achievements. He insists upon being put through his paces afresh. No matter how eager the Two Hundred had been to have him, he would still "have "required as a condition that he should state his opinions "and answer questions." This passion for being examined is at all times rare, and its occurrence in a gentleman who only a week or two before "disclaimed in the strongest "way" any application of the process to Parliamentary elections is peculiarly remarkable. It is plain that Mr. WATKIN WILLIAMS knew perfectly well what the process was to which he submitted himself. It would be difficult to describe the process of examination more accurately than by making it consist of stating opinions and answering questions. This is precisely what every man who goes in for an examination prepares himself to do if he can. Nor can Mr. WATKIN WILLIAMS plead that he supposed the design of the examination to be simply to test his competence for the post of candidate. His own words make it quite clear that he realized with entire accuracy the competitive character of the trial. The business of the evening he said was the "selection" of a candidate, and if after the Two Hundred had compared his speech with the other speeches they had heard, "they thought "another better able to fight the Liberal battle than "himself, he should cheerfully acquiesce in their "decision." We do not see what more Mr. WATKIN WILLIAMS could have said if he had been standing for a fellowship. To make the resemblance perfect, he was not content with doing his *vivâ voce* to the best of ability, he also left his paper work on the table for the benefit of the examiners in the shape of a volume of *Hansard*. Mr. WATKIN WILLIAMS has certainly displayed one faculty which often leads its possessors to political success. He can change his convictions with remarkable rapidity. He has found the interval between the talk of his standing for Guildford and the talk of his standing for Southwark long enough for an entire revolution of opinion upon a question which he must constantly have argued out with himself.

The details of this interesting experiment will not repay any long inspection. It is plain that as between Mr. WATKIN WILLIAMS and the successful candidate, Mr. THOROLD ROGERS, the choice of the Two Hundred was determined by the degree of amusement that could be got out of each. One of the Two Hundred asked Mr. ROGERS whether, if elected, he would pledge himself to "show his sweet face to the electors every six months at "least;" and there can be no doubt that any one condemned to listen twice a year to Mr. ROGERS or to Mr. WATKIN WILLIAMS would do well to choose the former. Mr. ROGERS has more fun in him and more repartee. He can tell a good story, and sprinkle his speech pretty liberally with epigrams which are decidedly above the electioneering average. By the side of these qualifications Mr. WATKIN WILLIAMS's rather laboured explanations must have seemed decidedly dull. This cannot be said either of Sir JOHN BENNETT or of Mr. LEICESTER. But the Southwark Two Hundred do dimly understand that they want in a member something beyond the power of amusing them for half-an-hour together. They could not swallow Mr. LEICESTER's offer to make himself Prime Minister in five years if the preliminary difficulty of getting into Parliament were surmounted by their aid; and Sir JOHN BENNETT's political career hardly admits of being taken seriously. If the proceedings of the Southwark Two Hundred are an example of the inner working of caucuses, it is plain that Sir WILFRID LAWSON will be the type on which intending candidates will do well to model themselves. The popular combination will be a certain amount of Radical shrewdness combined with some homely humour of expression. That it is possible to conceive a lower variety of statesmanship than this we do not deny; but a House of Commons mainly composed of Sir WILFRID LAWSONS and their humble imitators would not tend to raise the standard of legislation or government. Yet the system of competitive examination will make this a necessity. When some hundreds of men, mostly unfamiliar with politics except in their most local and concrete form, are brought together to choose a candidate by a process of unassisted inspection, they can only be guided by the qualities which admit of being displayed in the course of half-an-hour's speech and half-an-hour's baiting with questions. Readiness and a certain rough fun are indispensable qualities in a man who means to come through this ordeal successfully; and, as qualities for which there is a popular demand can usually be multiplied in a short time, it is these that will chiefly characterize the legislators of the future. This is not so charming a prospect as to make it incumbent upon every consistent Liberal to put no obstacle in the way of its realization. So long as the candidate of the Southwark Two Hundred is understood to represent the Southwark Two Hundred only, and to have no claim on Liberal support beyond such as is involved in having the promise of two hundred votes out of twenty thousand, no great harm will come of this particular essay at "organization." With a system of really secret voting, it may be doubted whether any one who is at all disposed to come forward for Southwark will be deterred from doing so by the grand electoral pantomime exhibited at the Bridge House Hotel.

RECRUITING.

THE convenient practice of presenting papers to Parliament is now supplemented by a practice of presenting papers to the *Times*. The column headed "Recruiting in "1878" which appeared in that journal a week ago was avowedly founded, not on an early copy of the Inspector-General's Report, but on the returns which are the basis of that Report. So long as the Government and the *Times* are satisfied with this arrangement, we do not know that the public need find fault with it. They at all events get the information sooner, and in a form in which they are more likely to read it, than in the traditional shape of either a Blue-book or a white paper.

The figures which show the total number of recruits enlisted in 1878 appear to be satisfactory. In 1876 there were 29,370 enlistments, and in 1877, 28,728. The figures for 1878 will probably come between these two numbers, but they will represent a more active flow of recruits, inasmuch as in the later months of 1878 the standard of height was raised, and other steps taken to ensure an improvement in the physical qualifications of the troops. It is a good sign that the flow was most rapid when the need for increasing the army was greatest. During the three months which the Reserve spent with the colours the recruits were nearly half as many again as during the other months of the year. In April they amounted to 1,998; in May, when there was most talk of war, they rose to 2,900; and in the following month they were not fifty short of the latter number. It is easy, however, to overrate the importance of this fact. It shows, no doubt, that the spirit of the nation has not grown so poor that there will not be men enough to come forward whenever there is any serious prospect of war. But the best intentions and the most gallant temper will not make a recruit an effective soldier until he has gone through the necessary training; and, though it is pleasant to know that we can always count upon getting hold of young soldiers whenever we want them, it would be pleasanter still to know that we can lay our hands upon trained soldiers whenever we want them. Happily for us, our Reserve system has never been tested in one most important point —the rapidity with which it can be brought to reasonable completeness. Short service and a small army make up an excellent method of forming a large Reserve, provided that there need be no hurry about getting it together. But, supposing that the Reserve had been wanted in any of the years between 1870 and 1875, it would have been an almost infinitesimal element in any calculation of our strength. The true way of creating a Reserve would have been to raise in the first instance an army considerably in excess of our ordinary requirements, and thus to pass a large number through the military mill in the same space of time which has now been spent in passing a small number through it. As things have turned out, it may no doubt be contended that this would

have been an unnecessary outlay; but where should we have been if events had moved a little quicker and the Reserves had been called out in 1874 instead of in 1878? In this instance Russia and Turkey were good enough to postpone the acute stage of their quarrel until we had made some appreciable progress towards being prepared; but risks of this kind have been run too often in the last half-century to make it excusable that they should have been run again. When Lord CARDWELL framed the scheme which has turned out so well the Government had no business to feel confident that England would remain eight years at peace. They had seen how quickly the sky had become overclouded in 1870, and they must have known what elements of disturbance the Franco-German war had left behind it. Under these circumstances the estimate of the cost of carrying out Lord CARDWELL's scheme should have included a provision for the maintenance of the army on an increased footing until such time as the Reserve was ready.

There would be no object in going over these forgotten errors, or in showing how dangers which, as it is, have been escaped ought by rights to have been guarded against, were it not for the occasional rumours that the Government contemplate repeating the blunder during the present year. The strength of the army in 1878 was greater by some ten thousand men than its ordinary strength. In 1877 it was about 182,000 men; in 1878 it was not less than 192,000, not reckoning the mobilized Reserve. If the hints that are let fall from time to time in well-informed quarters mean anything, they point to a desire on the part of the Government to reduce their military expenditure. After preaching that the recent increase in the Estimates is due to the parsimony of the late Government, which allowed the army to fall below the proper standard of efficiency, and throw upon the present Government the ungrateful burden of strengthening the unnoticed weak places which their predecessors had allowed to go uncared for, they are now, it is said, contemplating a retaliation in kind. The army is once again to be neglected, in order to convince the country that a Conservative Government can be as short-sighted and as reckless in the matter of retrenchment as any Liberal Government. It will of course be said that the preparations of 1878 were made to meet a specific danger, and that, now that this specific danger is over, there is no need to continue the preparations. We will concede for the sake of argument that the danger is really over, and simply ask whether it was not commonly said last year that the six millions voted by Parliament for the needs of the two services were spent, so far as the army was concerned, in making good defects which ought never to have existed. If this is true as regards defects in stores and equipment it is also true as regards men. The proportion of Reserve to men with the colours cannot be called satisfactory so long as it is necessary, whenever a war breaks out in Europe, to increase the regular army openly or secretly by ten or twenty thousand men. We ought always to be so far forearmed that we can watch the progress of a Continental conflict in well-grounded reliance on our ability to dispense with precautions the hasty adoption of which is, in fact, an admission that they ought never to have been neglected. The maintenance of the army at its present strength—unless indeed it has already been reduced in preparation for the Estimates—is one of these precautions. The addition of ten thousand men to the force with the colours means in time a proportionate addition to the Reserve. That addition ought to have been made long ago; but, as it was not made then, it had better be made now. There ought to be no reduction in the numbers of the army until the Secretary of State is able to assure Parliament that the Reserve has reached the strength at which it is desired permanently to maintain it. In our judgment the army ought to be increased so as to bring the Reserve to this point at the earliest period possible. But if this is a counsel of perfection too hard for these commonplace times, it is not too much to ask that the army should not be reduced until this modest conception has been realized.

Desertion seems coming to be accepted as an inseparable accident of military life. At least it is stated, almost as legitimate ground for congratulation, that the net loss from this cause during 1878 has been "about what it was "in 1876, and but a trifle over the figures of 1877." It is a little difficult fully to share the complacency which is called out by the fact that things are no worse than they were. When desertion first came to be talked about, it was usually assumed that the permanent loss from this cause alone of some 2,700 men a year was a state of things that required the prompt application of an effectual remedy. Either the remedy has not yet been discovered, or there has been an unaccountable remissness in applying it. It was supposed that the institution of deferred pay would have the desired effect; but the deserter does not seem to be in the least restrained by the knowledge that he will forfeit any claims he may have of this kind. Perhaps desertion is a temptation to which young soldiers are especially subject, and they are naturally little impressed by the forfeiture of an advantage the enjoyment of which is so distant, and which has to be purchased by continuance in an employment which they find more irksome than they expected. If desertion is to be effectually checked, it must be done in one or both of two ways. The service must be provided with additional attractions, or the process of identifying those who leave it without permission must be made easier. As regards the latter point, it may be doubted whether anything quite effectual will be done until the military authorities insist that every man in the army shall bear a distinguishing and ineffaceable mark. If there are prejudices which make the adoption of this system impossible, there is nothing to be said but that we must submit to the comparative failure of any alternative method that may be devised.

TERCENTENARY OF THE UNION OF UTRECHT.

EVERY ONE—having been so recently reminded of the facts —doubtless is aware that the Union of Utrecht laid the foundation of the famous Commonwealth of the United Provinces of the Netherlands, which we commonly call by the name of one province out of the seven, Holland; and that the three-hundredth anniversary, or "tercentenary," as the fashionable term is, of that event came round on the 23rd of the present month. On that day, which is regarded as the birthday of Dutch independence, in the year 1579, the deputies of five Netherland provinces, with Count John of Nassau, Stadholder of Gelderland and Zutphen, at their head, signed the Treaty of Union, which six days later was published from the Town House of Utrecht. In dramatic fitness, the first hand to be set to the treaty should have been that of the principal director of the movement, the great hero, soon to be the martyr, of the Netherland revolt against Spain—William the Silent. But the Silent One, ever cautious, ever anxious to avoid the charge of personal ambition, chose to keep in the background, and to put his less famous brother Count John forward as the ostensible leader. Not until the following May did William of Orange append his signature to the document. Philip of Spain, however, did not need to be told who had been the moving spirit. When in the course of the next year the King issued the famous ban which forbade food, water, fire, and shelter to William of Nassau, which gave the Prince's property to whosoever could seize it, and set a price upon his head, the creation of the Union of Utrecht was set forth as one of the crimes which justified these merciless penalties. Yet the Union of Utrecht, though afterwards regarded as the origin of Dutch independence, was not intended to be a renunciation of allegiance to Philip of Spain, or to establish an independent Republic. On the contrary, the framers of the document expressed their intention to strengthen the Ghent Pacification of 1576, which acknowledged the sovereignty of Philip. It is true that the confederates of Utrecht, like those of Ghent before them, recognized Philip's authority much in the fashion of our own Presbyterians who levied troops in the King's name to fight against the King. The United Provinces bound themselves to defend each other "with life, goods, and blood" against all forces brought against them in Philip's name. Two years after the Union the lingering hope of compromise and reconciliation with their lawful sovereign, which in 1579 still seemed within the bounds of possibility, was finally abandoned, and the revolted provinces by a solemn Act of abjuration cast off their Spanish tyrant.

Few nations have passed through a more terrible birth-struggle, and undergone a more complete baptism of blood, than the Dutch. In many of its incidents the struggle, especially in its earlier stages, reminds us of our own constitutional battles. The patriotic Netherlander, like the patriotic Englishman, put his trust, not in new-fangled rights of man, but in his ancient charters, his undoubted privileges and liberties. Every fresh stretch of tyranny was met with an appeal to some national or provincial chartered rights. Respect for precedent, belief in ancestral and immemorial freedom, the sentiment of conservatism and loyalty existing side by side with that of liberty, characterize the Netherlander as strongly as they do the Englishman. But our sufferings and our triumphs in the cause of liberty must yield in tragic and high-wrought interest to those of the Netherlands. History has no

more stirring pages than those which record how Holland and her sister provinces burst the bonds of Spain; none which can display deeds of more heroic valour, of more stubborn tenacity, and, it must be owned, of blacker cruelty on both sides—for if the Spaniard was a fiend incarnate, the Dutchman was often no angel. Special Correspondents were not as yet, and International Commissions never sat to inquire into atrocities; but, without their aid, the revolt of the Netherlands shows us quite enough of the uglier side of human nature. Like the Turk of old, the Spanish soldier of the sixteenth century might boast that where he set his foot the grass ceased to grow. Nay, in the eyes of the wild "Sea-beggars" of Zeeland who followed Admiral Boisot to the relief of Leyden, the Turk, with whom, it is true, they had not such familiar acquaintance as they had with the Spaniard, would have been better. The crescent, with the motto "Liever Turk than Pope," was the badge of these fierce patriots, one of whom, attempting to put in action that which was only the thought of Achilles—

αἲ γάρ πως αὐτόν με μένος καὶ θυμὸς ἀνήῃ
ὤμ' ἀποταμνόμενον κρέα ἔδμεναι—

was once seen to fasten his teeth in a Spaniard's heart, and, exclaiming "It is too bitter," throw it to a dog. Historians of civil wars are fond of using the grand phrase of "fratricidal strife." It was literally applicable to warfare as conducted in the island of Walcheren, where on more than one occasion men were seen helping to hang their own brothers who had been taken prisoners in the enemy's ranks. Yet, when we turn over page after page of horrors inflicted by the Spanish soldiery often upon unresisting victims, we cease to marvel at any retaliation, however atrocious. Diabolical cruelty to women seems to have been peculiarly characteristic of the most chivalrous nation of Europe. One wonders whether Cervantes, had his fate led him to serve under Alva in the Netherlands instead of under Don John of Austria against the Turks, would have engaged joyfully in the good work of butchering heretics, and have said Amen to Alva's pious comments upon the sack of Naarden. Can we fancy our beloved Don Quixote smiling approval as the soldiers' shouts of "Santiago! á sangre, á carne, á fuego, á sacco!" fell on his ear, or our equally beloved Sancho Panza enlivening with wise saws and quaint moralizings the monotonous labours of plundering and torturing the conquered?

Leaving these flights of imagination, we may note that in *Don Quixote* we do get one distant glimpse of the Netherland troubles. The captain who relates his adventures to the guests at the inn where Don Quixote made the famous onslaught on the wine-skins, tells his hearers that he began his military career by following "the great Duke of Alva" into Flanders, and was present at the death of the Counts "de Eguemon y de Hornos." In these we recognize the executed patriots Egmont and Horn, whom M. Gallait's pictures have made familiar to many of the British public who otherwise would never have troubled their heads about Netherland history. The names of Counts Egmont and Horn take us back to the preliminaries of the contest, when the Union of Utrecht and the Dutch Republic yet lay hidden in the future. Their names are inseparably connected with the resistance to Philip's first efforts to reduce the free-spirited Netherlands to that state of prostration under royal and spiritual absolutism which was his political ideal. Nevertheless we may fairly say that the cause of the Netherlands gained more by the deaths of Egmont and Horn than it would ever have gained by their continued lives. Neither of the two was a statesman, and the gloomy and unsociable Count of Horn had so little power of winning personal sympathy that even martyrdom in his country's cause could not gain him the honours of popularity. While weeping crowds flocked to the convent of St. Clara to kiss the coffin of the gallant and brilliant Egmont, as if it had been the shrine of a saint, the body of Horn lay almost deserted in St. Gudule's. Yet Egmont had already withdrawn from his position as a champion of freedom when Philip chose to re-elevate him to it by putting him to death. Disgusted by the excesses of the iconoclastic Protestants, the Count had given himself up to his feelings of Catholicism and loyalty; and any other king than Philip, any other governor than Alva, would have perceived that in the long run the worst use they could put him to was to behead him. As far as his historic fame went, Egmont was fortunate in his death. The loss to freedom and the world would have been far greater could the Blood-Council have laid its grasp on William of Orange. "Astutus Gulielmus," as Peter Titelmann the inquisitor styled him, had been wise enough to place himself beyond its reach. The common version of the farewell dialogue between Egmont and Orange—"Adieu, landless Prince," "Adieu, headless Count"—is probably apocryphal. The words really uttered by Orange to his friend were more tender and more solemn. After vainly trying to shake Egmont's infatuated trust in the Royal clemency, he wound up with the prediction, "I foresee too clearly that you are to be the bridge which the Spaniards will destroy as soon as they have passed over it to invade our country." Egmont stayed, to meet the doom foretold by his wiser friend; Orange escaped, to be the virtual founder of the Dutch Republic. Whether, if his life had not been cut short by the assassin's hand, he could have averted the permanent separation of Holland from Belgium—to use our modern nomenclature—and have established a Republic of Seventeen instead of Seven Provinces, remains a question; but at any rate his fall removed the only man who might have brought about such a union. It was in the period of doubt and despondency which followed upon his death that the medal was struck which represented a dismasted hulk driving before the storm, with the dreary legend, "Incertum quo fata ferant." But the author of this device hardly did his countrymen justice. The Hollanders did not abandon the vessel of the State to the chances of wind and wave; they stuck to her like good seamen, and worked her triumphantly into port at last.

For Englishmen the tale of the struggle of the Dutch for independence should have a special interest. Their enemy was our enemy; their cause was, in the eyes of all good Protestant Englishmen of the days of Elizabeth, our cause. In later times, indeed, this sympathy gave place to something very like antipathy. The Dutch, free, rich, and enterprising, were our rivals in trade, and bitter are the hatreds of two rival shopkeepers. The typical Dutchman of English imagination took the form of a rough skipper, eating red herrings, drinking deep of the best Hollands, swearing after the fashion of Dirk Hatteraick, massacring Englishmen in Amboyna, and trampling on the crucifix in Japan. We may remember how Gulliver, when passing as a Dutch merchant, petitioned to be excused from performing this ceremony, and how the Emperor of Japan, in Swift's malicious words, "seemed a little surprised, and said he believed I was the first of my countrymen who ever made any scruple on this point, and that he began to doubt whether I was a real Hollander or not; but rather suspected I must be a Christian." The nearest approach to a hero of romance that Holland was known to have produced was the Flying Dutchman, who can hardly be called a virtuous character. And has not poetry recorded in imperishable strains that

> In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch
> Is giving too little and asking too much.

But let us forget the ill blood, the bitter gibes of our days of commercial rivalry, and cast our eyes backward to the time when the interests of England and the United Provinces were felt to be one, and the Dutch were recognized as our brethren in the great fight for religion and national existence. To subjugate England, to reconquer the Netherlands, were parts of one vast scheme in Philip's plotting brain; and the conquest of either country would have paved his way to the reduction of the one still unsubdued. "The freehold of England will be worth but little if this action quail," were the words used by an English captain in reference to the defence of the Netherlands. In this "action" Philip Sidney sacrificed his life, and "the brave Lord Willoughby" displayed that "courage fierce and fell" which has caused him to be immortalized in song as a hero

> Who would not give one inch of way
> For all the devils in hell.

The three-hundredth anniversary of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, we may remind our readers, will come round in nine years' time, and as our antiquarian and historical tastes are nowadays assiduously cultivated, it is not improbable that we may rouse ourselves to celebrate the "tercentenary" of that great national deliverance with due patriotic fervour. If so, let us then give a thought to the debt of gratitude we owe to those stout sailors of Holland and Zeeland who kept Alexander of Parma blockaded in the Flemish ports and barred his junction with Medina-Sidonia. In serving their country they served England.

WINTERING ABROAD.

WINTERING abroad has become almost as essential a part of the order of the fashionable world as summering in town. Not so very long ago it was deemed that banishment from England at Christmas time was a penance only to be encountered where life and death were at stake; but now crowds of voluntary exiles are fast taking possession of the shores of the Mediterranean and, like all Saxon colonists, displacing the natives of those shores as surely as the sun does the snow. Truth to tell, the cause of their flight is not seldom the desire to escape the hospitable rites of an English Christmas. The bachelor flies from the necessity of eating Christmas dinners, or of feigning a mirth he cannot feel at Christmas parties. The householder turns his back on the awful duty entailed upon him as head of the family, that of crowding his house with relations whom he does not want to see, and who all quarrel among themselves. But it is by no means so easy for the householder to effect his escape as it is for the bachelor. If no plea of health can be established, it is difficult to find a sufficiently plausible pretext for the apparently incomprehensible whim of shirking a six months' residence in an out-of-the-way part of the country in the dullest, darkest, dreariest time of the whole year. His flight has to be furtive if he would escape the upbraidings of the whole clan of kindred who look on this dereliction of duty in refusing to keep open house at Christmas as an infringement of their just rights pretty nearly as dangerous, and quite as unjustifiable, as a readjusting of the land laws or the tampering with an entail. Perhaps, if the stayers at home knew a little better the sort of thing that the winterer abroad has to go through, the asperity with which they think of his good fortune might be a little softened. Their excited fancy sees him free from all cares, domestic and social, wandering at will by the shore of a bright blue sea, beneath an equally bright blue sky; through olive

yards and orange gardens where the ripe golden fruit hangs temptingly within his grasp. But this fancy picture is quite as far from the truth as fancy pictures generally are. The rash man who has decided on wintering abroad finds to his cost that his life is only transplanted, not transmuted, and that, by escaping from one set of difficulties, he has only tumbled headlong into another.

First of all, the momentous question of where to go to has to be settled; and this is no easy matter. One place is too relaxing, another too exposed, this too large and noisy, that too dull and quiet. At last, after weighing all the pros and cons, a favourite English colony is chosen. It is credited with all the advantages of scenery, climate, accommodation, and variety that the much-vaunted Riviera has to offer. On first arrival the weather is fine, and everything seems delightful. In a few days, however, it begins to rain with true Provençal determination. The natives, who are always praying for rain, themselves seem to stand aghast at the violence of the blessing when it comes. The newly arrived visitors gaze piteously from the windows of the hotel, wondering whether anything will ever be dry again. Within doors there is little to console them. The hotel is like an ark separated from the rest of the world by a waste of water, and the other inmates of the ark are not lively company. They are all either ill or devoted to the nurture of their health in order to avoid becoming so. Nearly all the *habitués* of the *table-d'hôte* and *salon* have a cough of some sort, except one or two patients suffering from St. Vitus's dance, and they are as unpleasant to look at as the others are to listen to. Then, too, all the meal hours are adjusted to suit the invalids. Dinner must be eaten at six, and after nine o'clock not a mouse may be heard stirring. The gifted youth who fancies himself a second Chopin and dares to break through established precedent by improvising till midnight on the piano in the *salon*, expecting thereby to earn the gratitude of the poor sufferers for whom he has been creating a lullaby, is astonished to find himself next morning treated as a malefactor, and can scarcely believe his ears when he is told that he must either give up such dissipation or go elsewhere. But more disquieting than the pianist or the invalids is the intelligent stranger who is so determined not to fall ill that he makes his health a matter of scientific study. He confides to each newcomer that there was fever last year in every hotel in the town, this one included; that the drainage is in a shocking state; and the water not above suspicion. Nor is it possible to forget his warnings. A strong smell of disinfectants gushes out upon you every time you pass his door. At every meal he ostentatiously brings in his private supply of distilled water, and assures his friends that it may be death to them to drink any other. He makes inroads into the kitchen to see that the cook scours his coppers carefully, and is not content with paying a visit of inspection to see how, when, and where the cows are fed, but sets off to the chemist with a bottle of the milk to have it analysed before he can drink it in comfort. In spite of his better judgment the winterer abroad is affected by this nervous neighbour, and is haunted by the dread of fever or diphtheria wherever he turns. But even worse things than these are in store for him. He finds out that the hostel in which he is will shortly be invaded by a personally conducted band of Cook's Tourists; and worse even than the distant prospect of the tourists is the immediate presence of the greatest bore in his county, who also has taken into his head to winter abroad, and has put up at the selfsame hostel. Life in an hotel having thus become a burden, our wanderer decides on taking a villa.

No sooner does his intention get wind than he is overwhelmed with offers of eligible houses by those persons who are interested in letting them, and awful warnings against the said houses by others who have no such interest. "Whatever you do, keep out of the mistral," say all these friendly advisers; but then no two of them are agreed as to which quarter the mistral blows from, some averring that it sweeps down from the snow mountains, another sect averring that the said mountains are the best screen from it, and that the wind to be dreaded is the one which blows in the contrary direction. Then come cautions against "getting on the clay," as that is sure to give you rheumatism; against one side of the town, as bad for the nerves and sure to give neuralgia; against another, as equally dangerous to the chest and liver; against them all, in the matter of drains and water; until the unhappy stranger feels as if it is all a dream that he has come to a favourite health resort, and thinks he must really be in one of the most unhealthy spots of Africa or South America, or some other of the places where the greatest care is required to preserve life, to say nothing of health. He is quite thankful at last to fall in with a cheerfully-minded agent, who alone of all the inhabitants takes a hopeful view of the sanitary conditions of the land in which he has come to sojourn. This man is a genius in his way, and has moreover the fairy gift of turning straw into gold by the power of persuasion. The houses that you have heard slightingly spoken of he soon convinces you are the most eligible to let in the place and quite faultless. He can tell you where to get everything of the best quality. All the tradesmen he recommends are immaculate, all the servants treasures. Under his auspices you are soon happily installed in a villa that seems all that heart can wish for. Having been at some pains to take your villa at a great distance from church and market on purpose to be out of the town, you find that your next care must be to provide a carriage to take your cook daily into the town unless you are content to trust to the chance of a very precarious supply of victuals. Now residents in villas take rank at once as members of the colony and are expected to do their duty in that state of life. Mere dwellers in hotels, being birds of passage only, are left more at liberty to follow the bent of their own inclinations. But the tenant of the villa no sooner enters on possession than he becomes the butt of endless volleys of circulars from the followers of every imaginable calling. He might almost fancy himself to be as destitute of clothing and as sorely afflicted as Job himself, so many are the offers which assail him for renewing his wardrobe in every different item at an easy rate, so constant are the entreaties that he will allow one doctor to examine his chest, another to draw his teeth, or try the remedies of a third for every several disorder to which humanity is a prey. He is supposed to be anxious to learn how to play on every known instrument, and how to speak every Aryan language, and professors of them all are at his gate ready to teach him. The rival incumbents of the High Church, of the Low Church, and of the Slow Church—for the colony is blessed with representatives of all three parties of the Church of England—each in turn tries to allure him to his respective fold. The worst of it is that he cannot favour one without offending the other two. Other enemies, too, he is doomed to make. The tradespeople whom he does not employ write indignant letters demanding the reason why they are to be deprived of his custom, just as if his forefathers had dealt with them for generations; and servants out of place feel aggrieved that he will not at once add wet nurses and grooms to his establishment, simply because they are ready to serve in that capacity and can produce unimpeachable characters. For some days after entering on possession the newcomer is left to the uninterrupted contemplation of as much of the interior of his villa as he can see through the atmosphere of wood-smoke which has resulted from his endeavours at keeping up cheerful fires. For the rainy days, which he was assured were to usher in fine weather, are wondrous slow at going out of office. The much-vaunted view from his windows is one unbroken stretch of leaden grey, in which sea and sky are scarcely distinguishable. The palm-trees, the boast of the garden, flap the ragged tatters of their dripping branches drearily to and fro; the olives shiver eerily in the hollows; while the gum-trees look like poles draped with seaweed by some abnormally high tide. Sallying out in a pause in the deluge, the new tenant finds that the greater part of the garden has suddenly been seized with a desire to come down the stair of which it forms the uppermost step. The rain has divorced the earth from the rock. The garden has come slithering down, bearing the wall before it, and in the earthy avalanche lies buried the winter stock of vegetables, save only a few cabbages which have escaped the general wreck, and hang like acrobats over the edge of the precipice, holding on only by the slenderest fibres of their upturned roots. The natives, all unconscious of Swift's axiom that a "lie is quite too good a thing to be lavished about," are ready to tell any number of them with regard to the present, past, and probable future of the weather. But the visitor, drawing his own conclusions from personal observation, decides that it always rains unless when there blows a violent and piercing mistral, and that this happens three days out of seven.

When a fine afternoon at length comes, it brings with it the painful revelation that the neighbours intend to call, and that the new comer is expected to devote many more afternoons to returning these calls. From a visitor he has passed into a member of a colony, half the units of which claim kindred with his kinsfolk at home. They are eager to welcome him to their midst, but then in return he must be altogether such as they are, or he will be reported as a very black sheep at home in England. And unless he minds his Ps and Qs he will very soon find that he has left undone those things which he ought to have done and done those things which he ought not to have done. Mrs. Grundy, too, is wintering abroad, and her eye is upon him. She nods to him in church, or notes his absence from it, spies him out in his solitary walks, and pulls him up as a recusant if he prefers these excursions to at-homes in over-heated and over-crowded drawing-rooms. She bids him disport himself on lawn-tennis grounds instead of roaming in the pine woods. She goads him into attendance at all the social gaieties by which the little knot of exiles try to cheat themselves into forgetfulness of their banishment from merry England. The better to carry out the delusion, by one consent every interest beyond the boundaries of the octroi is ignored. Conversation is rigidly restricted to the discussion of the doings of all the members of the colony, each according to his or her rank. If Providence should send a prince that way, he of course takes first rank as a subject for study and a text for conversation. But, in default of some one greater, even a duke will be accepted with thankfulness. His house becomes the "cynosure of neighbouring eyes." His family affairs are canvassed; his comings and goings, and those of his household, reported and commented on as if so delightful a topic could never be worn threadbare. Should our wanderer be a Gallio who cares for none of these things, should he be one of those eccentric mortals who like foreign ways in foreign parts, then he would do wisely to seek safety in flight before the season requires him to send Christmas cards and to lend a helping hand at Christmas decorations. Not improbably, as he turns his back upon the smart villas that hold this miniature society, and passes by the quaint old town crowding up round the sentry-like *campanile* that crowns the crest of the hill, the thought may cross his mind that the great man who first brought the place into fashion conferred on it a very questionable benefit. He comes home a wiser, if a sadder, man, more than ever convinced that nothing can be

taken on hearsay, least of all the delights of winter on the Riviera. In all likelihood he has made up his mind that wintering abroad is a mistake, and that, unless you can go far enough to escape wild weather and gossiping society, you may just as well stay at home.

THE *SPECTATOR* ON THE AFGHAN CAMPAIGN.

THE article in last week's *Spectator* on the campaign in Afghanistan is an amusing illustration of the sort of writing for which our respectable contemporary has gained a special reputation. The first point insisted on is the remarkable fact that the Indian Government has not publicly announced the nature and extent of the further operations to be undertaken by the advancing columns, as if this reticence were unprecedented and discreditable. We have occupied Jellalabad and the Koorum Valley in the North and Candahar in the South; but "no one appears to know, or even to guess, how far" the present Government "is going in Afghanistan, what sort of treaty, if any, it proposes to make, or what it intends to do with the positions it has acquired." The public has ceased to take any interest in the campaign, because the slaughter has been so small, "and the Government is therefore left free; but it takes no advantage of its freedom to clear up the haze in which it has enveloped its designs," and so on; from which artless statement the simple readers who receive their weekly dose of inspiration from the *Spectator* are apparently to infer that it is the proper and customary procedure in war for each combatant to formulate beforehand exactly what his plan of operations will be under every possible contingency, taking both the public and the enemy into his confidence. This was no doubt the course we followed in the wars with Napoleon. After Waterloo, for example, we halted on the field while the Government at home called a meeting of the Opposition and objectors generally to invite suggestions upon the situation and discuss the next move. In like manner the Prussians, after Sadowa, stopped the movement of their victorious columns, to give the Austrians time to say what they thought about the matter. Of all the unwarrantable complaints which have been brought against the Government, this of reticence about the plans of its army in the field is surely the most absurd; there now only remains one more charge to bring against them, and that is to hold them responsible for the present frost.

But it is not only the Government which is acting so unaccountably in the present war. The proceedings of the generals are equally opposed to precedent. For example, Jellalabad "is treated by the military authorities rather as a 'station' of the British army than as a mere outpost temporarily occupied." Considering that Jellalabad now holds the headquarters of a division, and a couple of brigades, the general might fairly plead, in excuse for this treatment, that it is in effect at this moment actually a "station" of the British army. But, except that one does not usually go to the *Spectator* for information on such matters, it might be asked in what respect the treatment of a place as a "station" differs from that accorded to an outpost. Possibly the *Spectator*, which favoured us not long ago with a circumstantial diagnosis of Shere Ali's mental condition and his private opinions on a variety of matters, may possess sources of intelligence not available to the rest of the world; but, so far as the reports from the scene of operations may be relied on, the only special treatment Jellalabad has received as yet appears to consist in an attempt to purge the town of some of its accumulated filth and to prepare lodgings for the garrison. Perhaps we are to infer that, if the campaign had been directed by a Liberal Government, the temporary nature of our occupation would have been formulated by keeping the troops under canvas through the winter. If the *Spectator* means anything at all by its remarks, it must mean this.

But if the troops in the north are going all wrong, by treating their posts as if they were stations, equally unsatisfactory is the line of action pursued in the south. "Not a word is revealed of the Government designs, or of the objects with which British armies are marching through territories in the depth of winter, of which a staff officer writes, that all maps are useless. There is not so much as a show of resistance to the invaders, far less a serious effort to contest any point or defend any fortress. There never was a war so strange"; and, moreover, it presents the further irregular feature of being carried on when Parliament is not sitting. As to the exceptional character of the advance, it does not appear to have occurred to the *Spectator* that the war which is "so strange" offers a singular resemblance in many points to the first Afghan war. Then, too, our armies met with scarcely any resistance; then too, as now, the ruler of the country made no sign while one place after another fell into our hands. As for the difficulty of finding our way, it has to be observed that if, as the *Spectator's* staff officer informs it, the maps of the country are useless, our army is moving along precisely the same line as was taken in the first invasion, and the places which the *Spectator* speaks of with a mysterious awe, much as a Roman in the Augustan age might write of Parthia, were in our occupation for four years, there being officers still in the army who are as familiar with Candahar and Ghuzni as the *Spectator* is with the Strand. The object of the advance "in the depth of winter," which appears so mysterious to that authority, to simple folk appears obvious enough. We hear little now of Russian action in Afghanistan, but if, under the dictate of a "safe" policy, our advance had been deferred till the spring, things might have taken a very different complexion. Any hesitation on our part would have put the Ameer in heart, and might have encouraged the Russian authorities on the frontier to play a bold game, and to give him an active support in preparing the means of resistance. If so, the positions which now have offered merely the resistance of nature and the elements might have been found almost impregnable, or would at best have been carried only at a great loss of life. The Indian Government has therefore shown a foresight as prudent as it was bold in pushing on at once, regardless of difficulties, and although incompletely prepared, and its wise policy has been most ably carried out by its officers. We are glad to be in accord with the *Spectator* on one point, in admiration of the courage and determination shown by General Stewart and his army. The advance on Candahar this winter has in fact been one of the most creditable performances ever recorded of British troops. It would have been easy to find excellent reasons for delay, while it must have required the exercise of an unusual amount of determination on the part of the General, and of endurance on the part of his troops, to carry out the campaign under a stress of cold and hard work which it is difficult to realize. After all, it does not require so much courage to stand up to be shot at in battle, when you are one among a great number, and moreover cannot run away, as to assume the responsibility for such an operation as that which Stewart has just accomplished, of the passage of the mountains which dominate the plain of Candahar, while the continued forward movement, after that objective point has been reached, is a stroke of true generalship. The loss of life among the unfortunate camp-followers, hastily and imperfectly supplied with clothing, must have been very great, and piteous to witness; but it has saved a much greater loss which would probably have taken place among the fighting men if the advance had been deferred till the spring. In war a general has to make a choice of evils, and Stewart has rightly chosen the lesser of the two presented. The loss of camels seems also to have been enormous, and one which will be more difficult to replace than the other, while unfortunately we do not hear that any adequate steps are being taken to make good the deficiency by pressing on the construction of roads for wheel carriage. Had General Stewart consulted his own fame, he would have no doubt preferred to distinguish himself by a bloody victory, for it is unfortunately true that our countrymen are prone to estimate the merits of their generals by the extent of the butcher's bill, which too often represents the result of blundering quite as much as skill. And the great merits of General Stewart's advance do not seem as yet to be properly understood; but we may hope that in the end they will come to be adequately appreciated. Certainly nothing will more tend to bring the war to a successful conclusion than this rapid over-running of the enemy's country, taking away all hope of successful resistance. Had the Germans been satisfied after Gravelotte with holding Metz, the war of 1870 might be going on still.

Equally wise as its criticisms on the conduct of the war are the *Spectator's* croakings about the supposed dangerous position of our troops. "The thirty-five thousand soldiers engaged . . . in the war are scattered over six points, separated from each other by wide stretches of mountainous country." Two of the points mentioned as being thus separated are Dakka and Jellalabad; two others, Candahar and Khelat-i-Ghilzi. Evidently the *Spectator* must have been using a very large-scale map indeed. Dakka is, in fact, a strong support to Jellalabad, just as Aldershot would be to Portsmouth, the places in question being respectively at about the same distance apart; and there are no mountains between them; while, so long as Khelat-i-Ghilzi is held in force, Candahar is as safe from attack as Calcutta. The three armies under Browne, Roberts, and Stewart are no doubt operating independently, and from separate bases; but each comprises a strong force of Europeans, and should be more than able to take care of itself. But indeed to suppose that a rabble which has not been able to make a respectable defence at a single strong point should be able to assume offensive war, is surely to carry croaking to the last extremity. Of course you cannot prove that there may not be danger. You cannot prove that the palanquin bearers of Calcutta will not rise tomorrow on the British. But if an army that overruns a country almost without opposition, and holds all the strong places with a complete chain of posts to the base, is in danger, what army is safe? Individual officers may no doubt be liable to assassination, but this is not a liability peculiar to the occupation of Afghanistan. The First Commissioner of Peshawur was murdered by a fanatic while sitting in his own house; another was cut down while riding through the street; since the occupation of the Punjab many other officers have shared the same fate within our own territory. The real danger of our position will not arise at the present time, but will come, if it comes at all, after permanent occupation, when the excitement has worn off, and our native troops begin to realize the discomfort of a tour of service in that country, and when perhaps, under a policy of retrenchment and reaction, the garrison may be reduced to an unreasonably low strength. But as for present danger, the army now in Afghanistan is very much stronger, especially in Europeans, and better found in every way, than that of 1839, which also overran and held the country with ease; it has strong reserves in support, which did not exist on the former occasion; and it is much nearer its base.

During the Abyssinian war, a foolish person, who signed himself "Nobody," kept on writing to the *Times*, predicting every

possible calamity to the expeditionary force; and the *Times*, with its usual sagacity, published the letters, which most editors would have thrown into the fire, in a conspicuous form. However, when the expedition was brought to a successful termination, everybody forgot all about "Nobody" and his false prophecies; and the best thing for the *Spectator* is that its ravings about the present war should also be forgotten as soon as possible.

THE RAILWAY COMMISSIONERS' REPORT.

FROM this recently published Report it appears that during the twelve months which ended in August last only fourteen cases came before the Commissioners for decision, and seven of these were such as before 1873 and 1874 were settled without any difficulty by arbitration. As we pointed out when speaking of the Report for the previous twelve months, during which nineteen cases were heard, this tribunal costs taxpayers about 10,000*l.* a year; and, unless clear proof can be given that the complaints of the very few suitors who resort to it could not be properly dealt with in any other court, it certainly seems strange, to say the least, that at a time when the expense of increasing the judicial staff is supposed to be one of the reasons why additional judges, who are greatly needed, are not appointed, so large a sum should be spent annually in maintaining a tribunal which has less work to do in two years than one of the Chancery Judges gets through in three months. An examination of the few judgments which the Commissioners have had to pronounce will certainly not leave the impression that their jurisdiction ought to continue because without them one class of litigants could not obtain justice. Putting aside questions of through rates, which, if any trust is to be placed in a Parliamentary guarantee, the Commissioners should never have been allowed to fix, there has been nothing in the cases on which they have had to adjudicate to take them out of the category of those which can be decided by ordinary courts or by arbitrators. It is true that a court might find it difficult to exercise one of the powers which, owing to the careless wording of a statute, the Commissioners are able to claim; but it has not yet been determined whether they legally possess this power; and it is perfectly clear that, according to the simplest rules of justice, they ought not to possess it. In considering, therefore, whether a tribunal to which plaintiffs so rarely come should be continued, this doubtful claim must be dismissed.

It may perhaps be thought that one reason why the Commissioners are so seldom appealed to is that they are not able to do much, and that if their jurisdiction were extended there would be plenty of work for them; but this can hardly be the opinion of those who have given attention to this matter and who are not carried away by prejudice. The Commissioners have—leaving out of consideration all disputed questions—very great powers, of which they have made the most unsparing use in favour of plaintiffs against Railway Companies; but nevertheless plaintiffs have only come forward in ridiculously small numbers. That there is not the slightest occasion to tempt people to litigation by increasing these powers can be shown from a recommendation made by the Commissioners themselves. They are painfully conscious of the solitude of their court, and have clamoured for further jurisdiction in a manner not a little remarkable for a quasi-judicial body. The principal suggestion made by them of late was that contained in their Report of last year, on which we commented at the time of its appearance. Being empowered in defiance of Parliamentary good faith to fix through rates on the application of Railway Companies, they demanded that this power should be enlarged, and that they should be enabled to fix those rates on the application of any private complainant; or, in other words, that any trader might apply to them to order a Railway Company to carry his goods at rates lower than those which by Act of Parliament the Company was entitled to charge. Railways have been constructed at enormous cost; a vast amount of capital has been advanced to Companies on the faith of the Parliamentary guarantees which have thus been given; and what the Commissioners proposed was that these guarantees should be deliberately broken, that the country, in fact, should not keep its word, and that they, three irresponsible persons, should be allowed to diminish the earnings which belonged to shareholders and creditors. A proposal that a Commission should be empowered to diminish the sums receivable by those who have purchased annuities would not be more opposed to all principles of justice, and it may clearly be inferred that there must be but little chance of legitimate work for a tribunal when its members are driven to suggest confiscation on a large scale as a means of attracting suitors.

In their last Report the Commissioners do not repeat this monstrous proposition, nor, strange to say, do they ask for any substantial increase of jurisdiction. They content themselves with giving an account of the fourteen cases which came before them, and with passing, so far as is possible in an official document, a handsome eulogium on themselves. Indeed parts of the Report read not unlike a statement by a clever attorney to a considerable client whose work he is afraid of losing. With respect to one matter they are able to claim some credit for themselves, and they do so with much emphasis. They have usually refused to allow appeals from their decisions, but in a few cases they have granted them, and in others it has been found possible to obtain the judgment of the Superior Courts on the Commissioners' decisions without the permission of the latter. In some of the cases which have thus come before the courts the decisions of the Commissioners have been confirmed, and they dwell on this fact with as much unction as though it was surprising that they should be right in their law. Indeed, so carried away are they by their delight at not having been wrong on some points that they utterly fail to perceive that, in the principal case mentioned by them, the decision, although given against a Railway Company, must have the practical result of aiding monopoly and discouraging competition, and must thus augment the evil against which the Commissioners are supposed specially to guard. The case referred to is that of Thompson, Evershed, and Others *v.* The London and North-Western Railway Company, in which, to use the words of the Commissioners, "the complaint was that the applicants, brewers at Burton-on-Trent, were not charged the same rates as some other brewers at Burton, although the services the Company performed were the same, and, with one exception, all the circumstances also were the same, the point of difference being that the brewers whose traffic was favoured were in a good situation locally to use the railway of another Company, in consequence of which the respondents, the North-Western Railway Company, could not attract a traffic which was competitive except by lowering their charges *quoad* such traffic to the level of the charges of the other Company." This the Commissioners held to be an undue preference; and subsequently, when a similar question arose out of an action to recover overcharges, the same view was taken by the House of Lords, the judges holding that the wording of sec. 90 of the 8 & 9 Vict. cap. 20 was too clear to admit of doubt. There can be no dispute, therefore, as to the law on this subject; but it is obvious that the effect of the ruling must be to diminish competition. Henceforth traders who are "in a good situation locally"—as the Commissioners, with slight tautology, say—for using one railway will find themselves practically confined to that railway, as another Company, with a more distant station, will not be able to compete except by lowering charges all round, which in most cases would not be found advisable. Some traders will therefore lose the many advantages of competition without any corresponding benefit being conferred on others. It can hardly be denied that grave doubt must be felt as to whether an enactment which produces this result is not too absolute, and the judges in the House of Lords carefully guarded themselves against expressing any opinion as to the expediency of such a rule. Singularly enough, however, no perception of the very obvious fact which has been mentioned seems to have dawned on the Commissioners. Of course they had to decide according to law; but it is certainly curious to find that, in their exultation at having been able to pronounce against a Railway Company and having had their law confirmed, they should fail to see what the effect of their decision must be.

In the other cases in which the rulings of the Commissioners have been held to be right there is little to call for remark; but two of those on which judgment has not yet been given by the Superior Courts merit attention—the first on account of the singular manner in which it seems to have aggrieved the Commissioners, and the second on account of the great importance of the question involved. In the case of the Warwick canals the Commissioners made an order granting a through rate along certain canals, and a motion was afterwards made for a prohibition against them on the ground that they had not statutory power to give the rate. The court granted a rule *nisi*, and stayed proceedings under the order until the question should be decided. That a court should be able to take this course—which had been followed in other cases—the Commissioners apparently consider very unreasonable. Their opinion appears to be that the operation of an order made by them should never be stayed except by themselves, pending the decision of a superior court on it, although it may prove to be altogether beyond their statutory powers. According to their view seemingly, if they were to order the North-Western Railway Company to pull down Euston Square Station, the Company would have to begin at once, and it would be very improper for a court to interfere, and to say that the station was to remain standing until the legality of the order was determined. It is to be regretted that such pretensions should be put forward in an official document, and indeed the Commissioners seem to have had some trouble in asserting them, for, in speaking of the Warwick canals case, they become almost incoherent, one of their sentences being so worded as to express—so far as it has any meaning—the opposite of what the Commissioners intend to say. Of the other case referred to we can only speak briefly now, owing to want of space, though we hope to treat it more fully at a future time, when we shall draw attention to some of the decisions of the Commissioners. In this instance they hold that, under sec. 2 of the Railway Traffic Act of 1854, which enacts that proper "facilities" shall be afforded for traffic, it was competent to them to order, on application being made, such alterations in and enlargement of any railway stations as might seem good to them. We have spoken before of the extraordinary nature of the power thus claimed. If it is rightly claimed, three irresponsible persons, from whose decision there will be in these matters no appeal, will be able to spend the money of shareholders almost as they please. It is scarcely possible to believe that the Legislature can have intended to give such an absolute power of arbitrary taxation to any official or judicial body; but at present no positive statement can be made respecting the law on this sub-

ject as the case has not yet come before any of the Superior Courts for decision. Perhaps indeed it will never be decided by them. The powers of the Railway Commissioners, which expire this year, are, it seems, from an answer given during the late sittings of Parliament, to be continued, and probably if this is done some attempt will be made in the Act which will have to be passed to define clearly the jurisdiction of the Commissioners.

It may well be thought, however, that the better course would be not to continue this anomalous court, of which the proceedings have been so singular. It is true, no doubt, that if the present Commissioners, who, though actuated by a sincere desire for the public good, have certainly shown no judicial capacity, and have taken a very one-sided view of their duties, were replaced by able and unprejudiced men, the work would be differently done, and that there would not be the painful spectacle of a tribunal begging for increased jurisdiction, and asking that Parliamentary guarantees should be broken. But still it seems clear that, however constituted, the Commission would generally be without work; and there can be little doubt that the grievances of the few suitors likely to come before it can be redressed without maintaining a court on purpose for them. There is nothing whatever in the questions which at long intervals are submitted to the Commissioners to make them unfit for being decided by the judges or settled by arbitration. It is difficult to see why a costly experiment which has failed should be repeated.

GRANDMOTHERLY ADVICE.

THE folly of teaching one's grandmother an easily acquired art is insisted on by the proverb. Perhaps the grandmother is no better advised when she, in her turn, gives the world lessons in the very simplest matters. Thus the lectures on "Health and Recreation" which Dr. Richardson has been reading at the London Institution may extort the smile of the worldling, but can only win the sympathy of those who are caution itself. It is never quite fair to judge a lecture by printed reports, which merely preserve the remarks that most impressed the mind of the shorthand writer. Very probably Dr. Richardson's advice was not so anxiously maternal as it reads in the newspapers. Without losing sight of this, we must confess that no one but Memnon, the hero of Voltaire's romance *La Sagesse Humaine*, ever equalled Dr. Richardson in extreme discretion. "To be truly happy," said Voltaire's Oriental sage, "is the simplest thing in the world. I must never love a woman, never eat and drink too much, never go to Court." When he had constructed his little theory of prudence in his own room, Memnon looked out of the window—he saw two ladies——. We all know the conclusion. "They brought the sagacious Memnon back from Court drunk, penniless, deceived, and with one eye knocked out." Voltaire probably meant to ridicule the famous maxim of Pascal:—"J'ai dit souvent que tout le malheur des hommes vient d'une seule chose, qui est de ne savoir pas demeurer en repos dans une chambre. . . . . On ne recherche les divertissements des jeux que parce qu'on ne peut demeurer chez soi avec plaisir."

Dr. Richardson protests that he is no ascetic, not one of the people who would be for ever moping at home; and it is a pity that he tries to convert his audience into a sort of self-conscious hypochondriacs. Hypochondria, in the long run, must be the result of constant thought about the golden mean in amusement. Dr. Richardson divides all civilized mankind into six classes, the composition of which we do not quite understand. First, there is "the learned, governing, and defending," next "the domestic," then "the commercial," fourth, the "agricultural," fifth, the "industrial," last, the "indefinite, non-productive, scholars and children." Which of these classes gets the most fun out of life at the least cost? that is the question. Which enjoys the greatest amount of diversion that does not end like the diversions of Memnon? To answer this, we must first glance with admiration at the divisions of humanity which Dr. Richardson borrows, he says, from the Registrar-General. Is it by way of fine irony that "the learned" and "scholars" are put so far apart? We know that there are some who think no man a "scholar" that cannot turn *Fifine at the Fair* into one of the metres of Pindar. In that sense, many learned men are not scholars, and it is perhaps fair to class scholars, as the Scotch class "fules" with "bairns," in the unproductive category. But why is the "domestic" division made? are commercial men not domestic? have the governing and industrial classes no wives and children? It seems likely that by the domestic class servants are hinted at. Still the division is rather a cross division.

Dr. Richardson says that five out of these six sets of people are all in the wrong about amusement. "They suffer from the course which they pursue." It is a most depressing thought. Infinitely more than five-sixths of the people on the globe are blindly running terrible risks in the hunt after pleasure. The one just class among the six is a very tiny one, composed of—whom does the reader suppose? Who does he think deserve the proud title, conferred by Dr. Richardson, of "the Greeks of modern life"? They are the "brain-workers." Now, if there is one set of persons more unlike the Hellenes of antiquity than another it is the conventional "brain-worker." Did Dr. Richardson ever cast a glance on him in the Reading-Room of the British Museum? Did the Greeks make those extraordinary noises which are uttered by the brain-worker? Did they live in an atmosphere of dust and in the smell of mouldy leather, with shoulders bowed from the constant stooping over desks, with eyes dimmed with weary poring over manuscripts? Plato has left us a cruel picture of a Greek brain-worker, a man who had prolonged the life which he spent in philosophizing by rigid attention to health and exercise. "A noble sort of life, forsooth," says the Athenian with a sneer, and he more than hints that a nurse like Mr. Matthew Arnold's "Wragge" would have been found very convenient "on the banks of the Ilissus" when the careful philosopher was a baby. Lord Beaconsfield has detected a much closer resemblance to the Greeks in the excellent young men of good family who spend their lives in the open air, know no language but their own, and never read a book. Even Dr. Richardson, we think, will admit that four undergraduates starting, with scarcely any clothes on their backs and never a thought in their heads, for a quarter-of-a-mile race are rather more like Greeks in personal appearance than is the most distinguished brain-worker. "The rising men of genius," says the young dandy of Mr. Du Maurier's drawing, "seem rather a grubby lot." Delphis and Eudamnippus, when they "left the bright toil of the palæstra," were certainly not grubby. It may be true, however, that "the brain-worker, divested of worry, is the happiest and healthiest of mankind, a man constantly re-created, and therefore of longest life." One thinks of Goethe, and admits that there have been brain-workers who were also "the Greeks of modern life." The compliment, however, is too sweeping; and even brain-workers themselves will grant, unlike the American in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, that they do not come up to the ancient Spartan ticket.

Dr. Richardson goes on to criticize the classes who are not brain-workers. The first group—that is, apparently, "the learned, governing, and defending"—"is able to command true recreation, but there is little attempt to use the privilege wisely." Dr. Richardson cannot really have meant that the learned and the governing classes (even when the "stupid party" is in) are not "brain-workers." If by the defending class he distantly alludes to the Volunteers, and their motto, "Defence not Defiance," it may be allowed that they are not always reading men. Perhaps, however, he means the army, navy, marines, and police; and indeed it is often said that the military are not clever. This is supposed to be one cause of their popularity with a sex which does not, as a rule, take very strongly to brain-workers. The first group, then, whoever may be included in the first group, "are subject to automatism of recreation." This is a very excellent description of the pleasures of the world. The giddy creatures of fashion (the remark is not original) spin round in ceaseless vortex, like the painted flies that dance through their summer day. The flies are not bored by the monotonous and mechanical nature of the fun, and we doubt if young men and women, while they are really young, are more bored than the ephemeral insects. Let it be granted, however, that their circle of pastimes does seem monotonous to the mature, the indolent, the brain-working, and generally to those persons who are not invited to join the dance. A philosopher, we think, should remember that it takes all sorts to make a world, and should leave girls and boys their possibly automatic delights. When they get tired of the usual round, they can go into sisterhoods, or marry, or take to brain-working. The fate, of course, of the gay whose heart never wearies of pleasure is melancholy enough. It is true, also, that "thousands of persons in London are wearing themselves out twice as much in the pursuit of recreative pleasures as in the labour of earning their daily bread." In fact, the majority of persons who pursue pleasure do not earn their daily bread at all. They are beyond the voice of wisdom, be it the wisdom of Memnon, or Pascal, or Dr. Richardson.

The physician's rather narrow view of life is particularly conspicuous in his criticism of the Volunteer movement. "When it was begun he was an enthusiast in its favour, but he now looked upon his enthusiasm as evidence of inexperience. It was not good for a man who had lost the elasticity of youth, and who felt himself becoming prematurely fat, to compete in the same exercises and fatigues as young men underwent in their training and drill . . . . it was drawing an over-draft on the bank of life." How shocking! the Volunteer movement was not invented as part of the regimen of persons who feel themselves becoming prematurely fat! It is the fault of Dr. Richardson to look at the universe—life, recreations, everything—from the point of view of this kind of sufferer. The Volunteers do not want the sort of recruit whom, according to Mr. Arnold, the old Celtic military code punished severely—the man "who stood out too much in front." The unbought defence of nations, the cheap protection of our hearths and homes, is not, and never was meant to be, a portion of the system of Mr. Banting. Let the prematurely fat take, like Lord Byron, to hard biscuits, salad, and soda-water. No one wants these corpulent targets in the Volunteers. If any one is still enthusiastic about the Volunteers, he is not likely to be chilled, as Dr. Richardson was chilled, by the thought that drill is not good for men who are adipose before their day. Dr. Richardson denies that he is a "man of one idea," as a critic has unkindly described him. The remarks about corpulence and enthusiasm might certainly mislead one into holding with the petulant critic.

In regard to the sports of youth Dr. Richardson spoke "like a printed book." "There must be discrimination in this matter (Volunteer drill), and also in football and rowing." So far, every one will agree with the lecturer, especially the captains of boats and the Presidents of the O. U. B. C. and

O. U. B. C. They are at present giving their whole minds to the discriminating search for men who can stay the long course. In his second lecture Dr. Richardson seems to have changed his opinions about football. We ourselves, like the authors of the Rugby Rules, are all for discrimination. "Scratching and biting are entirely out of harmony with the true spirit of the game," or words to that effect, have always commanded the assent of football players. We will grant, too, that the practice called "hinding" is tedious, and the player cannot be too severely reproved who hacks a man when he is not on the ball. It may be admitted also that the usage of Eton is more graceful, more truly of the nature of football, and better suited to men above sixteen, than the practice of Rugby. In his second lecture, however, Dr. Richardson throws "discrimination" to the winds. If the reporter may be trusted, "football he denounced, without qualification, as a brutal, savage, and insane pastime." Probably Dr. Richardson has not played for years and years, and some time may even have passed since he was a spectator of a good football match. At the risk of being thought brutal, savage, and insane, we must admit that football played with temper, fairness, and forbearancce—football like what we see when England encounters Scotland at the Oval or at Raeburn Place—is one of the most pleasant spectacles that our sports can show. We have never heard of a single severe accident at these great matches, where the flower of the lads of both countries meet in a pastime which certainly offers occasion for ill-temper.

There are, however, plenty of games which Dr. Richardson does not forbid, but rather encourages. He has a good word for bowls, cricket, croquet, dancing, swimming, skating, and lawn-tennis. He added, it is true, that "a craving for the repetition of any gratification was a sign of evil"; and this really is alarming. Most persons who like dancing—perhaps all—have a craving for the repetition of that gratification. Let them beware; it is a sign of evil. The man who has just hit Alfred Shaw into the tennis-court has a craving for the repetition of the enjoyment. It is hardly necessary to tell *him* to beware, for he knows that his innings depends on his not yielding to the temptation. Not twice will he receive the exquisite half-volley. But these are purely technical considerations. Morally, and as regards health, we must curb our inclination to have another set at lawn-tennis. In the case of croquet, the temptation is now almost invariably overcome, which is consoling.

Of all sports and pastimes, that which we should have thought most tedious and least attractive proves to be the most perilous. One hears occasionally of "heady debate," but it has been left for Dr. Richardson to pronounce that the exercises of debating societies are dangerously intoxicating. They might make a boy a bore; he might develop into that unparalleled nuisance, a Union orator; and, as the practice tightened its baneful grasp, might become an intelligent M.P., with a special subject, say the Regulation of Playgrounds for the members of Infant Schools. Dr. Richardson avers that "debating on difficult and great subjects by the young and inexperienced is one of the causes of injury peculiar to modern times, and is often extremely hurtful, both to the present and future of the debater." He seems to mean physically hurtful, and he has perhaps forgotten his Greeks, and the Socratic censure of the young men who debated on difficult and great subjects. Let school societies choose topics not too exciting, such as the propriety of substituting a soft ball for that now in use at cricket, and the desirableness of wearing great-coats in paper-chases.

Dr. Richardson might very fairly have said that athletics are overdone, and might have given plain practical rules and cautions. His lectures will not make boys muffs, because no one will attend to an adviser so much too cautious that he "severely reprobates the practice of mountain-climbing by the middle-aged."

AUTHORSHIP OF THE *ICON BASILIKE.*

IT is strange, and at first sight perplexing, to observe the hold which, in spite of all their faults, the Stuart family, and especially the leading members of it, still retain over the sympathies if not the reverence of Englishmen. There is some truth perhaps in the common saying that Jacobite songs began to become fashionable when Jacobite principles had ceased to be practical, and therefore ceased to be dangerous—after the rising of 1745 had been suppressed. No doubt many young ladies have rapturously sung "Charlie's my darling" to admiring audiences, who knew little and cared less about the religious and political issues at stake in the Revolution of 1688. Something of his sentimental popularity Charles I. may owe to Vandyke; something perhaps, as Macaulay suggests, to the wonderful Service for January 30, which has only within our own memory been expunged from the Prayer-book, and which throughout taught the worshippers to associate, almost to identify, the sufferings of the "Royal Martyr" with the Passion of Christ. But even Macaulay does not deny that Charles possessed "rare qualities which insensibly call forth the admiration and love of mankind," and which shone out so conspicuously in the closing scene that "from that day began a reaction which never ceased till the throne had been again set up in all its old dignity." In a subordinate degree that reaction was probably due to the appearance of the remarkable book the title of which stands at the head of this article, which was published immediately after the King's death, and professed to come from his own hand. The claim was indeed from the first disputed, and of late years has been generally assumed to be disproved. It is only incidentally noticed in Macaulay's History, in connexion with the indignation roused against Fraser, the new Whig censor of the press under William III., who in 1692 allowed a book to be printed by "an honest old clergyman named Walker" which, adds the historian, "convinced all sensible and dispassionate readers that Gauden, and not Charles I., was the author of the *Icon Basilike.*" Walker had at one time been curate to Gauden, afterwards Bishop of Exeter, and there can be little doubt that, if the *Icon* was not written by the King, it was written by Gauden. There is in fact no other claimant in the field. But any one who takes the trouble to examine the carefully drawn argument of a paper in the current number of the *Church Quarterly Review* on the subject will see that the evidence, both negative and positive, on the other side is very strong. That Gauden claimed the authorship is of course admitted on all hands, and it must also in fairness be admitted that such a claim would not in those days have been held so discreditable as in our own. The standard of literary honesty was less strict, and to a man of only average moral principle—and Gauden was certainly rather below than above the average—a pious fraud of this kind would hardly have seemed culpable when there was an adequate motive for it. And to wreathe a fresh aureole for the Royal Martyr's brow would naturally appear to a Tory Churchman of the period a very adequate and excellent motive. Still it is difficult to believe that Charles himself would have consented, as *ex hypothesi* he did, to so gross an imposture, and quite impossible to believe that Archbishop Juxon would have done so. We are not left however to inference and conjecture. There is a large amount of evidence available on the subject, of which space will only permit us to give a rapid summary here.

The influence of the *Icon* on its first appearance was so great that Cromwell and his Council found it expedient to do their best to discredit it. Milton accepted their brief, and wrote a book called the *Image-breaker*, one passage in which suggests an authorship other than the King's, but elsewhere it is throughout spoken of as his. Milton's book however was followed up by a pamphlet directly fixing the authorship of the *Icon* on either Dr. Hammond or Dr. Harris, which called forth so conclusive an answer that this theory has not been heard of since. Royston, the King's printer, and William Levett his page, were examined by Cromwell's Council, and both bore witness to the book being the King's, whereupon Bradshaw observed, "Who could think that so wicked a man could write so good a book?" Cromwell himself is recorded to have assured Lady Winwood that it was "Charles Stuart's book," and on her asking if he felt sure of it to have replied, "Yes, most certainly, for he was the greatest hypocrite in the world." And it is mentioned in two Orders in Council in 1634 and 1652, as "the late King's book." Milton also refers to it, as such, in his *Defensio Populi Anglicani* and *Ready Way to Establish a Commonwealth*. So matters continued to the Restoration, when royal letters patent were at once granted to Royston (Nov. 29, 1660), assigning him the sole privilege of printing the works of Charles I. "as a reward for his fidelity in publishing many messages and papers of our said blessed father, especially those most excellent discourses and soliloquies by the name of *Icon Basilike.*"

But at that very time there started up a rival claimant to the authorship, the only one whose pretensions need in any way concern us now, in the person of Dr. Gauden, Rector of Bocking, who was made Bishop of Exeter, December 2, 1660. In six successive letters to Lord Chancellor Clarendon Gauden urges his claim to better preferment, the see of Exeter being a very poor one, on account of his "signal services to the royal family," which are set forth at length in the third letter. Clarendon having professed his ignorance of these services, they were explained to consist in the composition of the *Icon* in the late King's name and with his approval and admiration. He wrote also to the King and the Duke of York, telling them what was evidently untrue—that he had communicated the secret to no one else. Clarendon merely replied that "nobody but Mr. Milton" would be glad to hear his news, when the matter became public, and neither the King nor the Chancellor attended to his request. In 1662 he wrote seven more letters to the Earl of Bristol, referring again to his "*arcanum*" and begging for the see of Winchester, the occupant of which, Bishop Duppa, was dying. He was appointed in July, not to Winchester but to Worcester, from which Morley had been translated to Winchester, and in the following September he died. His widow then appealed to Lord Bristol, on the same grounds, for the remission of certain claims in respect of her late husband's tenure of the see of Worcester, but her letter does not appear to have been answered, and the request was certainly not complied with. She also wrote a long narrative describing how her husband had composed the *Icon*, but her story supplies no fresh evidence except that she speaks of Archbishop Sheldon and Lord Capel as privy to the forgery. But there is no shred of independent testimony that Archbishop Sheldon knew anything about it; Lord Capel was a close prisoner at the time she says he was consulted about it; and both of them were dead when her narrative was published. There is on the other hand direct evidence that Archbishop Juxon asserted the book to have been entirely written by the King himself. Wagstaffe says that in a Life of her husband written by Mrs. Gauden, but which was destroyed after her death by her own order, there is not a word of his composing the *Icon*; Dr. Hollingworth vouches for the statement

that she expressed to a lady friend her fears for her husband's salvation because he had falsely pretended to be the author of the book; and whereas, according to another story, she assured the Bishop of Gloucester (Nicholson) that her husband was the author and that several of her relations could testify to it, the only evidence of any of her relations on record tells just the other way:—

A.D. 1694. The English and Dutch fleet being in Torbay, one Mr. Gauden, a nephew of Bishop Gauden's and Muster Master of the Blue Squadron, made a visit to the Rev. Walter Getsius, rector of Brixham. Mr. Getsius, on hearing his name, inquired of him whether he knew anything of what was then newly published by Dr. Walker and others concerning his uncle's writing the King's book. The gentleman seemed much troubled at the question, and said he was sorry such a false report was spread abroad. For, said he, "such I know it is. *My uncle was not the author.*" He promised Mr. Getsius to tell him another time how he came to be so reputed, deeming it not convenient to make the discovery in the company then present. The fleet soon after sailing out of the bay, Mr. Getsius saw him no more. But the truth of what is here related I have attested under his hand, in a letter dated June 23, 1699.

This brings us to Dr. Walker's *True Account of the Author of a Book entitled Icon Basilike*, which according to Macaulay has settled the question in the judgment of all sensible and dispassionate persons. It was not published till 1692, forty years after the appearance of the *Icon*, and when most of the persons concerned were dead. And it directly contradicts Bishop Gauden's own account of the matter and his wife's in several important particulars. Thus *e.g.* Dr. Duppa is said to have written two chapters of the book, whereas Gauden expressly asserted that it was exclusively his own composition. Dr. Walker says that, when he asked Gauden if Charles I. had seen the book in the Isle of Wight, he replied that he did not know, whereas Mrs. Gauden says that Dr. Duppa read several chapters to the King. Gauden again is made to say that he did not know whether Charles II. was aware of his authorship, though we hear that he himself wrote to tell the King of it. Dr. Walker speaks of Mr. Gifford helping to transcribe the book, but the story already quoted of Mrs. Gauden expressing her fears about her husband's salvation on account of his falsehood about the book rests on the authority of this very Mr. Gifford, and moreover a January 30 Sermon of his is cited in which he speaks of the *Icon* as "one of the most divine books ever written next to Holy Scripture." And Dr. Walker ceased to be Gauden's curate, and entered the service of the Earl of Warwick in 1647, the very year in which Gauden himself tells us that he began writing the *Icon*, during the composition of which Walker professes to have been with him, though he avoids giving dates.

But it may still be asked whether Clarendon and Charles II. believed Gauden's story. As to Clarendon, it is clear that he refrained from making any inquiries at the time, not unnaturally, for, had the matter become public, it would inevitably have discredited either the late King or one of the newly appointed Bishops; but there is no sign of his attaching any credence to Gauden's statement, and he evidently neither cared to reward his alleged services nor to buy his silence. Gauden speaks of Bishop Morley having told him he could have any preferment he wished for on account of his services to the Royal Family. But if Morley did say so, he cannot have referred to the *Icon*, for on his deathbed he sent a message to Clarendon, who was then in exile, to the effect that "the King had very ill persons about him, who endeavoured to persuade him that his father was not the author of the book which goes by his name." And Clarendon, on hearing this message, exclaimed, "Good God! I thought the Marquis of Hertford had satisfied the King in that matter." Lord Hertford is reported to have had in his possession a MS. of the *Icon* confided to him by Charles I. himself. It is clear enough then what Clarendon thought of the matter at that time. It is not equally clear what the King believed about it. Lord Anglesey's memorandum, stating that the King and the Duke of York assured him the book was written by Gauden and not by their father, is declared by his own son, Lord Altham, to be a forgery. Burnet however mentions that on his "talking very freely about religion to the Duke of York, and urging somewhat out of his father's book, the Duke affirmed it was not his father's writing," but Gauden's, and added that Gauden had brought the Duke of Somerset with him to the King to confirm his story. But that is impossible, for the Duke of Somerset died some weeks before Gauden first preferred his claim. All that can be said therefore is that the Duke of York at one time believed or professed to believe that the book was Gauden's, and that perhaps Charles II. did also. But it was obviously convenient to them to be able to keep such a reply in reserve when pressed with arguments out of the *Icon* in favour of the Church of England, which they had deserted or intended to desert for the Church of Rome. And the King at least betrayed no sign of believing Gauden's story at the time in his conduct. There is moreover, not to dwell on internal evidence, a great deal of direct external testimony which we have no room to go through in detail here, for the King's authorship of the book. There is evidence of his having begun writing it in 1641; of his losing the MSS. at the battle of Naseby in 1645, two years before the time when Gauden professes to have begun composing it, and of its being restored to him; also of its being seen by various persons during the three years between that date and his death. And there is evidence of Gauden's borrowing the MS. from Mr. Symmons, to whom it had been entrusted to give to Royston the printer at Christmas 1648, and sitting up all night to transcribe it. To sum up the case in the words of the writer in the *Church Quarterly*:—

Such is a rapid sketch of the origin and history of the *Icon Basilikè*, supported by the testimony of living witnesses whose eyes had seen the ink of the royal handwriting not yet dry upon the page, whose ears had heard the King speak many of the paragraphs as they now appear in the book. They are the links which form an unbroken chain of evidence from the moment when the King first conceived the idea of the book to the day of his murder, when it was published and placed in the hands of the people. These testimonies, though numerous, from all parts of the kingdom, agree together; they are direct and certain; most of them are attested by the hand and seal of one or two witnesses. They do not spring only from the Royalist side; those which bear most directly upon the case are supplied by the King's enemies—the officer who routed his cavalry at Naseby, the major of Cromwell's own regiment of horse, the commissioner appointed by the Parliament to examine the royal papers, the governor of Carisbrook Castle while the King was a captive within its walls. The only direct evidence upon which Gauden's claim may be said to rest is that of his wife and curate, Dr. Walker, testimonies which, it has been seen, conflict with each other and are full of inconsistencies and contradictions. Not one of the witnesses on whom they rely to support this claim can be proved to have ever opened their lips upon the subject. Two of these—Lord Hertford and Bishop Morley—give direct evidence on the opposite side. To Lord Hertford's keeping the original manuscript, in the King's own hand, was entrusted; Bishop Morley with his dying breath sends an emphatic message to Lord Clarendon that the book was written by the King, and by him alone. A third—Lord Capel—is proved to have been in strict imprisonment at the time, and could, therefore, not have been communicated with at all. Lastly, Gifford, the curate cited by Dr. Walker, delivers his opinion on a most solemn occasion that the book was written by the King, and his name suggests a saying of Mrs. Gauden condemning in the strongest terms the fraud practised by her husband in the matter.

On the internal evidence, which is also considerable, we have no room to enter here. But, unless some fresh testimony is forthcoming on the other side, the argument may be said at least to throw the burden of proof on those who dispute the professed royal authorship of the book. And the character of Gauden as known from other sources is not such as to give any independent weight to assertions of his which can be explained by an obviously interested motive.

LORD BEACONSFIELD AND THE YORK CHAPTER.

THE controversy between Lord Beaconsfield and the Dean and Chapter of York affords a fine illustration of the old saying that it takes two to make a quarrel, and the Premier's eagerness to entice his opponents into the legal arena irresistibly brings to mind the conduct of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg on the memorable occasion when these astute practitioners invited Mr. Pickwick to apply vituperative epithets to them jointly or to assault them severally. If the prerogative of the Crown is being impugned or obstructed by the conduct of the Dean and Chapter in relation to Canon Fleming, the Crown's First Minister ought not to be at a loss for means of coercion; but if not, there is something, to say the least of it, undignified in the spectacle of Lord Beaconsfield, so to speak, sparring up to the Cathedral body of York and begging them just to hit him first, in order that they may see what will happen. That this view of the position, though figurative, is not exaggerated, a short quotation from Mr. Algernon Turnor's letter of December 13 last will suffice to show. "Singularly enough," Mr. Turnor says, writing to the Dean and Chapter, "notwithstanding every effort, the solicitor for the Crown has failed to obtain from your solicitors any such refusal to admit Canon Fleming to his rights and privileges as a member of your Chapter as would enable the Crown to apply a mandamus." "Gentlemen of the Guards, please to fire first," is what this comes to, but the invitation, though couched in courteous terms, is possibly not prompted by the same chivalrous spirit. The Premier is, to use a vulgar expression, nonplussed by the passive attitude of the Dean and Chapter; all his stirring with a long pole is of no effect, and, feeling himself bound in loyalty to Canon Fleming to do something, he is not very clear what to do in order to relieve the Canon from his present somewhat anomalous position. Lord Beaconsfield's precise difficulty is this. The remedy which, presumably under the advice of the law officers of the Crown, he conceives to be applicable to the case of Canon Fleming is that by mandamus. Now, in order to found proceedings for a mandamus, there must be an absolute and unqualified refusal to do the act which it is the object of the mandamus to enforce the doing of, and it is just this refusal which the Dean and Chapter of York decline to give, confining themselves to an otiose dissent with regard to Canon Fleming's presence among them. Matters must come to a climax sooner or later. Some question will have to be decided by the capitular body in which Canon Fleming's vote would turn the balance one way or the other, and the point will then be raised as to whether he has a vote or not. Still, if the Dean and Chapter arrange their business well, they may succeed for a considerable time in avoiding this contingency, and preserving that masterly inactivity which has hitherto baulked the ingenuity of the Premier. Mr. Turnor writes as though it were a great hardship that the Dean and Chapter will not concede the opening desired by Lord Beaconsfield. We cannot at all see that this is the case. The very fact that the law prescribes certain remedies against the doing of certain acts affords at least a justification of

the conduct of persons who refrain from those acts; and Mr. Turnor, as representing the head of the State, should address the Cathedral body of York in the language of praise rather than of blame for "the absence of any illegal act of omission or commission on the part of your body." No man has any right to expect another to put himself out in order to afford facilities for legal proceedings. If A is not sure about the title to his land and asks his neighbour B just to walk on to it in order that he may sue him for trespass and settle the question, he has no ground for being surprised or offended if B politely, but firmly, declines to accept the responsibility. It is all very well to say the suit would be a friendly one; but friendly suits are apt to develop into hostile ones, just as sparring matches occasionally end in prize fights; and even if the suit continues on a professedly friendly footing to the close, the legal gentlemen who have to be employed in the course of it do not usually give their services in the same friendly and gratuitous manner.

Matters being thus at a deadlock, and no legal proceedings pending, we are at liberty to discuss the question, as to the settlement of which Lord Beaconsfield is so anxious and the Cathedral authorities of York so indifferent. The facts lie in a nutshell. Dr. Thorold, the present Bishop of Rochester, was, at the time of his elevation to the episcopal bench, Vicar of St. Pancras, a Canon Residentiary of York, and Prebendary of Holme. On his accession to his new dignity Dr. Thorold of course vacated all his previous preferments, and the Archbishop of York presented another clergyman to the prebend of Holme, who was allotted the stall lately held by Dr. Thorold and accepted as a member of the chapter. The Crown then appointed Mr. Fleming Canon Residentiary of York, thus splitting the dignities previously combined in the person of Dr. Thorold. The apparent result of this was to bring a supernumerary into the Chapter of York, who have aroused the wrath of the Premier by declining to accord to his nominee a vote in their deliberations. The right exercised by the Crown is derived from an assumption of the Royal prerogative attributed to Henry VIII., by which, when any spiritual person is made an English bishop, the preferments of which he was possessed at the time of his elevation fall to the sovereign, who may present to them by virtue of such prerogative. The claim of the Archbishop to present to the prebend rests on a statute of 1841, but sec. 25 of another Act, the 3 & 4 Vic. c. 113, vests the patronage of all canonries in York Cathedral in the Archbishop of the province. Section 93 of this Act, however, limits the operation of sec. 25 to residentiary canonries, the reason whereof would appear to be that up to that time the Dean had enjoyed the power of appointing the residentiary canons from among the non-residentiary. Any way Dr. Thorold was a Canon Residentiary, and but for the Royal prerogative, which overrides the Archbishop's privilege under the last-mentioned Act, the Archbishop might have appointed to the vacant residentiaryship. Whether he could have appointed a person other than a prebendary or non-residentiary canon, is another question altogether. The Act simply provides that he "shall collate thereto a spiritual person who shall therefrom be entitled to installation as a canon of the church to which he shall be so collated." At first sight one would think that any clergyman might be included under the definition of "a spiritual person," but a correspondent of the *Times* ingeniously points out that where precisely similar words have been used in the previous section, with regard to deaneries and to the three then existing canonries of St. Paul's, it is specially provided by the Act of 1841 that the holding of a prebend or other cathedral office shall not be an essential qualification for appointment to one of such deaneries or residentiary canonries. On this it is sought to base an argument that as no similar explanatory clause has been superadded to the section giving the Archbishop power to appoint to the vacant residentiary canonries at York, his Grace's choice must still be governed by the rules previously binding the Dean, and which the Act has tacitly recognized The point is distinctly arguable, though we are still inclined to believe that the words "spiritual person" must have the broader meaning accorded to them; that the Act does practically set aside the statutes of the Chapter of York in so far as they require the canon residentiary to be selected from among the non-residentiaries; and that the section in the later Act relating to St. Paul's was merely added *ex majore cauteld*. But in the present instance another point has to be considered. The Crown has not acquired the Archbishop's right to present; it has merely got a vacant place to fill up, and the Archbishop has to stand aside for this turn. The Crown cannot assume to itself a freedom of choice which the statute reserves only and personally to the Archbishop, but must fill up the vacancy in accordance with those statutes of the Chapter which, as Canon Jones points out, are still in force in Cathedrals of the old foundation such as York, save so far as they may have been modified or overruled by specific enactments. Though the Archbishop might, by his personal statutory power, present a person not a prebendary, it does not follow that the Crown can; inasmuch as even the prerogative must be exercised within the limits imposed on each act of its exercise. No one would assert that the Crown could present a person not in holy orders to a living rendered vacant by the elevation of its late owner to a bishopric; and, in a minor degree, this is the objection which may fairly be urged against Lord Beaconsfield's appointment of Canon Fleming.

But, assuming that the Premier had a right to appoint to the canonry residentiary, what is the position of his appointee with regard to the Chapter of York? It is difficult to conceive on what possible ground, save from a desire to create a difficulty, Lord Beaconsfield abstained from following the ordinary course of bestowing the residentiaryship and the prebend on one and the same man, or by what right the Archbishop put in a claim to the prebend apart from the residentiaryship. The Act of 1841, which gives the Archbishop or Bishop the right to present to vacant and unendowed prebends, is just as subject to the Royal prerogative as is the Act of 1840; and when Dr. Thorold was elected bishop, all his preferment, the prebend included, went to the Crown. It is specially laid down in the text-books on ecclesiastical law that, if a prebendary is made a bishop, the King presents to his prebend. Why, unless he was actuated by the motive above referred to, the Premier permitted the Archbishop to present to the prebend, as he is stated to have done with the acquiescence of the Crown, is beyond our comprehension. Still, that is how matters stand, and the two reverend gentlemen are now in the position of rival Popes. Which is to vote in Chapter? The Crown has handed over its nomination to the prebend, so to speak, to the Archbishop, and the Chapter, acting on the rule established in 1868 that non-residentiary prebendaries have not by reason of the changes introduced into their status by the Act of 1840 lost their right to a vote in Chapter, have accepted the Archbishop's nominee. But what is the status of Canon Fleming. The Chapter boast the assistance of "six or seven counsel," past or present, "of the highest professional eminence," and the Crown is not deficient in legal advisers; and, as these learned persons appear to differ diametrically, it is only with the deepest submission that we venture to hazard a conjecture.

The Chapter admit that Canon Fleming may be a canon residentiary; but, say they, he cannot vote because he is not a prebendary, and not therefore a member of the Chapter. Now nobody is a prebendary nowadays, the title having been changed for that of canon by the Act of 1840. But, whether as canons or prebendaries, the test of membership of a Cathedral body has always been the possession of a prebend or endowment in land or money originally given to a cathedral or conventual church *in prebendam*—that is, for the maintenance of a secular priest or regular canon. When monastic institutions vanished from this country, the corporate idea of the Prior and Brothers was perpetuated by the Dean and Chapter to whom the endowments of their monastic precursors were transferred, and the statutes of all cathedrals agree in limiting the governing body to the persons possessed of prebends, whatever differences may exist as to the relative duties of residentiary and non-residentiary members of the body. Much was done in the way of disendowing and otherwise altering the condition of non-residentiary prebends or canonries by the Act of 1840; but the constitution of the governing bodies of cathedrals remained untouched, unless the sections before referred to are taken to have wrought a change in the particular instances to which they apply. Up to that time a prebend was as necessary to constitute a member of Chapter as a constituency to entitle a man to a vote in Parliament, or a fellowship to give a voice at a College meeting; and this is the proposition still maintained by the Chapter of York. But the Acts of 1840 and 1841 conjointly introduced persons not prebendaries into the Chapter of St. Paul's, and it seems very possible that sec. 25 of the Act of 1840 has afforded opportunity for a similar innovation with regard to York. That section says that the person appointed by virtue of it is to be installed as a canon of the church to which he is collated, while sect. 1 of the same Act provides that all members of Chapter, except the dean, in any cathedral and collegiate church in England shall be styled canons. Is not then a canon so appointed and installed a full member of the Chapter by implication, even although he do not possess a prebend? Subject to the doubt expressed before as to the Crown's right to stand in the Archbishop's shoes, this may possibly be the key to Canon Fleming's difficulty. Still the question is a very difficult one, and is mainly due to the vagueness of the Act in merely describing the person eligible to one of the specified residentiary canonries as a spiritual person, and saying nothing about the prebend. In any case, Lord Beaconsfield has raised a perfectly unnecessary difficulty by the arbitrary exercise of only a portion of a prerogative which in itself is little in keeping with the spirit of the times. The Crown has relaxed its prerogative in spiritual matters so far as practically to give up its claim to the custody of the temporalities of a bishopric pending appointment, and also the old-fashioned rights attributed by Sir E. Coke to the Crown on the death of a bishop—namely, to his best horse or palfrey, his cloak or gown and tippet, his cup and cover, his gold ring, and last and most strange, his *muta canum* or kennel of hounds. Surely some concession might be made in the claim now enforced to all the preferment of any one who is made a bishop. It is poor encouragement to a patron to present the best possible man to his living if he knows that he runs the risk of losing his next presentation in case the Crown should approve his choice by bidding his nominee go up higher. At least the prerogative should be exercised rationally, the failure to do which has produced the present very uncomfortable state of things at York.

THE FLOATING DEBT.

THE magnitude which the Floating Debt has been allowed to attain has been the subject of much comment of late, and will probably occupy the attention of Parliament on an early day. Respecting the principle of a floating debt there is no controversy. Every Government has occasion to borrow now and then. Events may happen which render it expedient to incur a sudden and unexpected outlay; or an expenditure may be sanctioned against which ample security is taken for eventual repayment; or there may be demands upon the Treasury at times when it would be very inconvenient to the taxpayer to be compelled to meet the calls upon him, and when, therefore, it is advisable to anticipate the revenue. In any or all of these cases it is possible to avoid debt only by framing the estimates of each year so high above the probable outgoings as to allow a sufficient margin for contingencies. This would be to take out of the pockets of the people a larger sum than ordinarily would be required; and in a constitutional country such a course is liable to the further objection that practically it would be a nullification of the control of Parliament over the expenditure. But, if the Government is to borrow at all, it had better, when its requirements are comparatively small, avoid adding to the permanent debt, and get for itself the advantage to be procured by borrowing in the short-loan market. Usually the rates in that market are very low; and, as the credit of the Government is better than that of any possible competitor, it will secure those advantages in the fullest measure, its paper being eagerly sought after by banks and by those capitalists who desire certainty of repayment at a fixed date rather than high interest. But this, as we have said, is on condition that its requirements are moderate. Even the London market for short loans, vast as it is, may be seriously disturbed by a Government which takes up very large amounts. As such absorption leaves little for other borrowers, and may cause them grave inconvenience, they will of course bid high for the accommodation they want, and may thus raise the rates against the Government, which in this way is made to feel in its turn the inconvenience it has caused to private persons. During the late crisis we had an instance in point. On one occasion the Government was unable to get all the money it required, and for what it did obtain it had to pay four per cent. This is a strait to which a Government disposing of such enormous resources as ours ought never to reduce itself. Our national influence and standing depend largely on the common knowledge that, if need were, we could treble and even quadruple our present expenditure, and keep up the strain for an indefinite number of years. But, if we are often made to pay four per cent. for a temporary advance, we shall do our best to weaken the belief of other countries in the inexhaustibility of our resources. And it was only a chance that we paid as little as four per cent. It fortunately happened that during the crisis money was plentiful and cheap in Paris; otherwise we should have had greater difficulty in supplying our wants. As for private traders who were looking for accommodation at the same time, it is easy to see how they must have suffered from the competition of a borrower with such large requirements that, in spite of its irreproachable credit, it could not get all the money it asked for. We have here an illustration of some of the disadvantages of a very large floating debt, and others could be added. When a Government is constantly going into the market and absorbing a considerable proportion of the available loan fund, it is infallibly frittering away its credit. Much of the money it raises in this way would otherwise have been invested in Consols, and would have raised their price, which is only another way of saying that it would have improved the credit of the Government. Moreover, it is to be borne in mind that it is in the short-loan market that the funds are found for taking loans when first brought out, and holding them till the genuine investors are ready to buy. The largeness of the sum absorbed from that market would consequently have told against the loan which must have been issued had war broken out.

What we have been saying is on the assumption that the floating debt is exceptionally large at the present moment. That this is the case may easily be shown. At the end of the last financial year the floating debt amounted to 20,603,000*l.*; and from the Revenue Returns issued on Tuesday evening it appears that there have since been raised Exchequer Bonds, and Temporary Advances in aid of ways and means and for deficiency, amounting to 5,725,000*l.*, while 1,148,200*l.* has been paid off, leaving the net addition during the year 4,576,800*l.*, which raises the floating debt at the present time to 25,179,800*l.* As the taxes come in this liability will be reduced. Within the past fortnight, in fact, the advances on account of deficiency have been diminished about three millions, and before the end of the financial year they will be cleared off altogether. This will bring the floating debt to a little under twenty-four millions. We have to go back as far as the year 1858 to find it at an equally high figure. Since then it had never reached twenty millions until last year; since 1865 it had never been as large as ten millions; and, when the present Ministers came into office, it was under four and a half millions. The existing state of things is thus contrary to all recent practice, as well as prejudicial to the Government and inconvenient to the money market. This rapid growth of the debt is due partly to the purchase of the Suez Canal shares and to the naval and military preparations of last year, and partly to the system of making advances to local authorities. The Suez purchase and the naval and military preparations, however, were isolated and exceptional events, and they are responsible for the addition only of about eight or ten millions. It is the advances to local authorities that are seriously swelling the debt, and they must continue to do so as long as the system is persisted in. When introducing the Budget last April, the Chancellor of the Exchequer called attention to this effect of the local loans, but he proposed no remedy. It is to be hoped that in the coming Session he will not again content himself with calling attention to it; for it is a matter that requires practical action. The argument for these local advances is that Parliament throws upon the local authorities a great number of very costly duties, such as providing education, enforcing sanitary regulations, and the like, and that it is bound to enable them to comply with the law at the least burden to themselves. It is added that the Government can do so to its own pecuniary advantage. The credit of the State is so good that it can borrow at 3¼ per cent., and, by lending again at a slightly higher rate, can benefit the localities while realizing a profit. We have just seen the fallacy of the latter part of this argument. So long as the floating debt is small, the money market quiet, and trade dull, the Government can borrow in the short-loan market on easier terms even than those stated, but when these conditions are no longer fulfilled, the terms become onerous, as was the case five or six weeks ago. We have further to bear in mind that local authorities are inclined to extravagance, and by and by some of them may perhaps be found ill able to repay the advances. Lastly, the fact is not to be lost sight of that this system lends itself to corruption, and, if allowed to grow indefinitely may become the seed-bed of intrigue and demoralization. The contention, then, that the system is profitable to the State must be dismissed. The plea that the localities need help will just as little stand examination. It is absurd to pretend that such places as Birmingham cannot borrow all the money they require. And the smaller towns also would have no difficulty in getting credit to any reasonable extent. In truth, there is no better security than the rates, and all the help that is needed by the local authorities is an amendment of the law, extending the principle which prevails in London. The Metropolitan Board of Works is authorized to lend to the Vestries, the Asylum Board, and the School Board, and it raises the money it needs on terms almost as easy as those which the Government itself has to pay.

The first thing to be done, then, is to put an end to this system of local advances, or at any rate to reduce it within safe limits. The present Government is not responsible for the introduction of the system, and is therefore not committed to its defence. Nor need it fear the opposition of the localities. When the matter is clearly explained to the country, it is impossible to doubt that public opinion will support a measure for improving and sustaining the national credit. The growth of the debt would thus be stopped, and, if the existing taxation is maintained long enough, it would gradually be brought within manageable dimensions. Assuming that the official estimates of revenue are realized this year, and that no fresh extraordinary expenditure is incurred, the debt caused by the naval and military preparations will be cleared away in about two years, and in two more such a reduction might be made in the remainder as would render it manageable. If this course is thought too slow, there remain but two alternatives—either to issue Consols for the amount by which it is proposed to reduce the floating debt, or to divert to its liquidation the new Sinking Fund. Either alternative is objectionable. To increase the permanent debt of the country for the sake of enabling local authorities to save one-half per cent. in the interest they pay is a course that no statesman would propose beforehand, and it is not more palatable when recommended as a remedy for a blunder. To divert the Sinking Fund is really neither more nor less than to increase the permanent debt, though it would probably be better received by the public than an issue of Consols. But, however objectionable in themselves these alternatives may be, one or other of them must be adopted if the floating debt is to be speedily reduced. If the system of making advances to local authorities is to be continued, there will be no escape from them, unless taxation is increased sufficiently to provide the funds for making the advances. It is unnecessary to say that the country would never submit to additional taxation for the sake of accommodating local authorities, and therefore, if the system of advances is to go on, there must either be an issue of Consols or a diversion of the new Sinking Fund. Altogether, the matter is one that calls for the serious and practical consideration both of the Government and of men of business.

DRAWINGS BY THE OLD MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

IN the very interesting collection of drawings now displayed at Burlington House the art of Michael Angelo, Raffaelle, and Holbein is magnificently represented. To these names might indeed be added that of Lionardo da Vinci; but the studies from his hand, contributed from the ample store at Windsor, do little more than complete the impression left by the larger and more important series of his drawings exhibited last year at the Grosvenor Gallery. This remark does not, of course, apply to the large cartoon of the Virgin and St. Anne, which is without doubt one of the most important and beautiful works of the master in existence. The property of the Royal Academy, it has been hitherto so little known, even to professed students, that the composition has

sometimes been confused with that of the picture in the Louvre. The two works are in reality entirely distinct. The disposition of the principal figures has nothing in common, while in the picture the figure of the little St. John is omitted. There is, however, some little difficulty in identifying the cartoon with the description given by Vasari, who speaks of the Virgin as holding the infant Christ in her arms, and looking down upon the figure of St. John, who is sporting with a lamb. It is to be observed that the lamb has not been introduced into the cartoon possessed by the Academy; and we can only conjecture that Vasari was writing from recollection, and that he confused this part of the design with that of the picture in the Louvre, where we see that the infant Christ is sporting with the lamb. We may note, in connexion with this subject, that in the Print-room of the British Museum is to be found a first sketch, by Lionardo, for the design of the cartoon, and that this same design has been embodied in a painting, ascribed to Luini, in the Ambrosian Library at Milan. The smaller drawings by Lionardo here exhibited are specially instructive, as affording evidence of the many experiments in design which he made in preparation for the equestrian statue in honour of Francesco Sforza.

The drawings by Raffaelle offer a very complete record of the growth of his genius. They refer to nearly every stage of his career and to nearly all the great works upon which he was engaged. The studies in preparation for one of the frescoes at Siena (123) prove with what extraordinary rapidity the student became a master. Raffaelle had scarcely quitted the workshop of Perugino when he was summoned to assist Pinturicchio in the decorations of the Piccolomini Library. There has been considerable difference of opinion among competent authorities as to Raffaelle's share in the work, and attempts have been made to discredit Vasari's statement to the effect that all the designs were by the younger painter's hand. The evidence of such drawings as we possess, however, is decidedly in Vasari's favour. All those studies which are indubitably the work of Raffaelle—and to this class the present example belongs—tend to confirm the impression that he and not Pinturicchio gave the final shape to the composition. The important design belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, which was exhibited last year at the Grosvenor Gallery, exactly corresponds with the arrangement adopted in the fresco to which it refers; while the numerous studies connected with these paintings which are obviously not by Raffaelle, and may therefore with some show of probability be ascribed to Pinturicchio, nearly always reveal a marked divergence from the frescoes. But while the young Raffaelle was helping Pinturicchio he was also at work for himself. In 1503 he executed at Perugia a picture of the "Coronation of the Virgin," and we find two drawings from the University Galleries made in preparation for this work. The first (117) presents two figures from the principal composition, the second (134) is a sketch for the design of one of the compartments of the predella illustrating the Presentation in the Temple. It is very interesting to compare these two drawings, made, as we may suppose, about the same time, and yet so entirely distinct not only in the material but in the manner of execution. The two figures are most carefully finished with the silver point, but the sketch, drawn with the pen, already contains the suggestion of that extraordinary freedom and facility of style which afterwards became Raffaelle's special characteristic. No artist has ever lived who could with a few significant lines so completely embody a dramatic idea. He could record the shapes of an intellectual invention with all the ease that an artist like Rembrandt displays in registering the facts of nature, and when he had thus secured his impression, he could turn again to imitate with the utmost delicacy all the refinements of living form. This is perhaps the rarest quality in Raffaelle's genius. The fertility of his imagination never tempted him to grow insensible to the claims of reality, and we have evidence enough to warrant the conclusion that, if he had chosen to abandon the illustration of ideal themes, he might at any moment have taken the highest place as a master of portrait. One of the most celebrated works of Raffaelle's earlier time is the "Entombment" of the Borghese Palace. Numerous sketches for this composition are in existence, some of which are to be found in the present collection. About this time Raffaelle seems also to have been engaged on a design of a Deposition, afterwards engraved by Marc Antonio. From the University Galleries we have a complete sketch of this subject (155), while in the Grosvenor Gallery may be found a larger drawing for one of the principal groups, lent by Mr. Sacville Bale. These studies may be referred to the year 1507, and in the following year Raffaelle went to Rome and began the series of decorative paintings in the Vatican. It would be impossible within the space at our disposal to notice all the drawings in the present collection which are associated with these magnificent frescoes. For the School of Athens, certainly one of the most beautiful of the set, there are drawings of exquisite quality. Here, again, as we trace the progress of these paintings, we are able to contrast the delicate work in silver-point with the freer handling of the pen, and to observe how the finely finished chalk drawings seem to hold a place midway between the two—less elaborate than the one and more complete than the other. The figure of Poetry for the ceiling of the Stanza della Segnatura (111) may be chosen as an admirable specimen of the master's work in chalk; while the slighter sketch for a part of the Transfiguration (137), executed in the same material, records the manner of his design in connexion with the last great work upon which he was employed. Altogether this superb series of drawings, in which we have only been able to distinguish here and there a prominent example, offers a higher tribute to the strength of Raffaelle's genius than his paintings, taken alone, are able to afford. His artistic nature was so harmonious and complete, and his invention so fresh and spontaneous, that in his first thoughts we get often the best that he had to give. He could not acquire by any amount of consideration that peculiar intensity of style which belongs to Lionardo da Vinci and to Michael Angelo, and what he added in the later stages of his work not uncommonly bore a conventional character which tended rather to impair the impression of his own individuality and to obscure that relation with nature which his drawings always reveal.

The collection of drawings by Michael Angelo is scarcely inferior to the Raffaelle series. Here the most important examples are nearly all from Windsor, and it would indeed be hard to find anywhere finer specimens of the master's style than "The Christ Rising from the Sepulchre" (262), "The Shooters at the Mark" (302), and the "Prometheus Devoured by a Vulture" (301). Some admirable drawings by the master are also contributed by Mr. Vaughan and from the University galleries at Oxford. The latter contribution, it may be said, is by no means of uniform value throughout, but it contains many celebrated designs of the highest interest, some of which are already well known by means of photographic reproductions. Photography, it must be allowed, has done much to vindicate Michael Angelo's reputation. Braun's excellent series of autotypes after the frescoes in the Sistine chapel have availed to dissipate the too-prevalent notion that Michael Angelo's fame rested upon the display of violent and exaggerated gesture. The careful study of his drawings will be no less instructive in helping us to form a truer judgment as to the real sources of his greatness. They prove to us that his strength was associated with the utmost refinement both of idea and workmanship. Endowed with a temperament that may in the truest sense of the word be described as religious, he created for the purposes of his art a type of face and form fit to express all the deeper emotions of humanity. But while he did not neglect the intellectual element of art he was, as the drawings amply demonstrate, equally mindful of the truths of nature and of the claims of beauty. His studies of the human figure have all the modesty of the most careful studentship. The mastery with which they are executed is never carelessly or wantonly displayed, and where there is need of sentiment, it is always expressed with a tenderness that does not exclude the impression of force. How much patient labour went to the perfecting of his great imaginative compositions is very clearly shown by a reference to the series of drawings referring to the subject of the Resurrection. It is worthy of remark that this subject was never painted either by Raffaelle or Michael Angelo, and yet both have left to the world a number of experimental drawings for different versions of the composition. Here we find from the Windsor collection a complete design with numerous figures (268), besides separate studies for the figure of Christ. The British Museum possesses other examples belonging to this series, and a very beautiful rendering of the principal figure belongs to Mr. Malcolm. The Crucifixion was another subject upon which Michael Angelo bestowed a vast amount of thought and labour, as we may see by reference to several sketches in the present exhibition. It is not a little surprising, considering the years of work which he expended upon it, that we do not possess a greater number of designs in preparation for the tomb of Pope Julius II. There is, however, a very interesting sheet of sketches for some of the sculptured figures that were to be placed around the monument (248); and it may be worthy of remark that one of these sketches corresponds with the motive of a larger figure on the reverse of a drawing from the Windsor collection (249).

The magnificent series of portraits by Holbein scarcely require criticism or description. The perfection of workmanship displayed in them almost defies analysis; and, on the other hand, they present no intellectual problems calling for solution. The art of rendering individual character had never before been carried so far, and, we may add, has never since been carried further. It is the peculiar secret of Holbein's power that he could give to all his work a sufficient sense of beauty without at all compromising the impression of absolute veracity. The faces that he has undertaken to preserve for us are not always beautiful, but they are always drawn with such incomparable dignity and simplicity of style that we are sure of a certain beauty in the result. Besides the series of examples from Windsor, the Royal Academy has been fortunate in securing the large cartoon belonging to the Duke of Devonshire.

REVIEWS.

SEELEY'S LIFE AND TIMES OF STEIN.*

MR. SEELEY, the Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, has made a valuable contribution to English knowledge of German history and German politics in

* *Life and Times of Stein; or, Germany and Prussia in the Napoleonic Age.* By J. R. Seeley, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. Cambridge: University Press. 1878.

a very elaborate sketch of the Life and Times of Stein. It is impossible to understand the present history of Germany without a previous acquaintance with the history of Germany, external and internal, in the Napoleonic era, with the labours of Stein and Hardenberg, and the preparations for Prussian strength and Prussian ascendency. This field of historical research, so rich in instruction, was almost entirely untouched by English writers; and Mr. Seeley may be congratulated on having found a sphere for his labours which thoroughly deserved the patient industry, the exhaustive inquiry, and the discriminating impartiality with which he has approached his task. He has chosen, and fairly chosen, Stein as the protagonist of his drama, and has combined a minute biography of one statesman of the epoch with sketches of a great number who clustered round him or came in contact with him, and with disquisitions on the leading events and political complications of the period. His work has all the merits and the defects of this plan. It furnishes at once a complete biography, a repertory of information, and a manual of sensible discussion. No one, not even a German, could possibly wish to know more about Stein than Mr. Seeley tells us. Inside the biography of Stein there are biographies of Hardenberg, Niebuhr, Arndt, Blücher, Gneisenau, Scharnhorst, and many other less illustrious persons. The book answers the purpose of a biographical encyclopædia of all the eminent Germans who played a part in the political history of the early years of the present century. There are also interesting and detailed accounts of such subjects as Prussian finance, the Prussian army, and the Prussian bureaucracy, and many remarks sound and sensible, if not very novel or original, on the career and projects of Napoleon. A reader who did not own that the book had taught him much would only proclaim his incapacity for learning. On the other hand, a work so planned has inherent defects. We never know where we are in it. We are swept away into a tide of general reflections and subordinate sketches, and then whirled back into a little eddy of Stein's peculiarities and opinions and anecdotes of his family history. The difference of scale on which Stein and his surroundings are respectively treated is always puzzling us. It is like reading an essay on the reasons and consequences of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes interlarded with a catalogue of Louis XIV.'s snuffboxes. This defect, however, is perhaps inherent in the plan of the work, and we gain so much from the plan of the work in other ways that we may be content to take that which jars on us along with that which pleases and instructs us. But the work has also defects which do not arise from its plan. The first of these defects is its enormous prolixity. There is a prolixity which is necessary to a large subject, and the life and times of Stein could not be described very briefly. But there is also a prolixity which comes only from the writer. Mr. Seeley is always speculating about something in Stein's life which needs no speculation. He can never rest satisfied without at each point of his career discussing Stein's hidden motives; nor does he merely indicate what he thinks were these hidden motives, but shows that other guesses than his own must be wrong. All these wearisome pages are really written not for any Englishman, but at some more or less obscure German. They are like the footnotes to editions of the classics in which the commentator not only shows what an expression means, but also shows that it does not mean what twenty other commentators have thought it meant. The second defect of the book is a certain flabbiness of style. Mr. Seeley too often writes like a sweet young authoress. He is continually bursting out into notes of admiration at his own remarks. He tickles our interest by keeping us waiting, and mystifies us with arts of infantine simplicity. In order to tell us where Stein's old home was, he invents an imaginary tourist taking a walk from the railway station. The tourist sees a tower. Is this the Burg Stein? Oh no! It is the Tower of Nassau. The tourist sees another erection. Is this the Burg Stein? Oh no! It is the covering of a statue. This is in the style of the Scotch preacher who kept his congregation on tenterhooks while he laboriously asked whether the fish that swallowed Jonah was a cod, a minnow, or a salmon? Mr. Seeley tells us that Stein studied German history in order to instruct his eldest daughter. Subsequently Stein is discovered to be reading more German history. What is this for? The secret shall be told, but not yet. The reader must be patient. He shall know in good time. Ultimately he ascertains that Stein's object is to instruct his second daughter, and Mr. Seeley adds the profound remark that this daughter was not a son, but a daughter—a daughter! with a note of admiration. This is, surely, but poor fooling.

Heinrich Friederich Karl Freiherr vom and zum Stein was born October 26, 1757; and Mr. Seeley points out that it was a great advantage to him through life to have started with this "vom" and "zum," instead of the ordinary "von," as it showed that he was an Imperial Knight—that is, that he belonged to a body which held directly of the Emperor, and had its own small judicial power and a peculiar system of representation. Stein thus started in life free from any ties to any particular German State; and it was only after having considered whether the service of Austria was preferable that he decided on that of Prussia. When he was sixteen he went to a private tutor at Göttingen, and there studied jurisprudence, English history, and English books of political economy and statistics. His first intention was to practise in the highest court of the Empire; but, after visiting the Austrian dominions, he went in 1780 by Dresden to Berlin; and, finding there an old family friend in a Minister of State, received and accepted a minor post in the Mining Department, over which this friend presided. Pausing to discuss the preliminary question whether Stein knew anything about mining or metals before he entered on the duties of his post, Mr. Seeley suggests the plausible theory that Stein knew a little, but knew only a very little, about these things. In 1785 he was sent on a very trifling mission to Mayence, in order to secure the adherence of the ecclesiastical Elector of that place to a league of the minor Powers and Frederick the Great against the innovations of the Emperor Joseph. He then visited England; but of his visit even the patient industry of Mr. Seeley has been able to find no details. On his return in 1787, when he was thirty, he received the offer of an embassy to the Hague, and then of one to St. Petersburg. What these embassies meant is unknown; but the reader will find in Mr. Seeley's pages an ample collection of conjectures as to what they might have meant. Anyhow, he secured in 1787 promotion in the sphere he had chosen; and he was placed at the head of one of those War and Domains Chambers (that of the provinces beyond the Weser) through which local government in Prussia is conducted. Here he remained for the next seventeen years, rising higher and higher in the grades of this department, and becoming ultimately Supreme President of all the Westphalian Chambers. In 1793 he married a young lady after much hesitation whether he could not do better, and enjoyed a mild domestic happiness, congenial work, and the successes of provincial administration, until in 1804 he was lifted to a higher sphere, and was nominated Minister of State at Berlin, with the charge of Excise, Customs, Manufactures and Trade, and a modest salary of about 1,000*l.* a year. As Mr. Seeley honestly owns that Stein's financial administration in the two years which brought Prussia to her great shipwreck was not of much importance, it may be passed over. After Austerlitz, Prussia, under the guidance of Haugwitz, broke away from Austria and England, and accepted Hanover from Napoleon. Stein was altogether opposed to this tame and perfidious policy, and he began to form or head an opposition to the immediate advisers of the King. The Ministers communicated neither with the King nor with each other, and affairs were really managed by a little clique of Court favourites. Stein's main object was to break down this system, and to substitute a Council of Ministers consulting with each other and advising the King without the intervention of interlopers. Throughout the whole of 1806 the contest was carried on, Stein and his friends submitting their views to the King, and the King rejecting them, but with decreasing firmness. At last, after Jena, the King made up his mind to dismiss Haugwitz, and wrote to Stein offering him the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Stein refused in a reply which Mr. Seeley characterizes as seeming in part strangely pedantic and unreasonable, but as being probably well judged on the whole. It amounted to a declaration that Stein would not accept a department for the efficient carrying on of which he had not had the proper training. The King endeavoured to hit on a compromise, and after a previous failure appointed three Ministers as a Council and without a Cabinet to come between them and the King, but with a Secretary, who was one of the clique to which Stein objected. Stein was to be the Minister of Interior and Finance, and the King understood that Stein had accepted his new office. But on his sending back some papers on the ground that he had nothing to do with them, the King's patience was at an end, and he wrote Stein a very severe letter, in which he roundly informed him that he considered him a refractory, insolent, obstinate, and disobedient official, and on January 4, 1807, Stein was dismissed from the King's service.

Stein was not, however, destined to remain long in retirement. Things in Prussia were in so very piteous a state after its military disasters and its subjection to Napoleon when Russia abandoned its cause at Tilsit, that the necessity for strong remedies and the guidance of a strong man was recognized at once by the nation and the King. Accordingly the King notified to Stein in August 1807 that he would not only make him Minister, but would give him real power. In the October of that year Stein was installed in office, and he and the colleagues with whom he associated himself, of whom the best known and the ablest was Scharnhorst, set about the great work of legislation which is generally connected with Stein's name. In about a year from the time of his acceptance of office Stein was forced to leave Prussia altogether. He had imprudently written a letter in which he very plainly intimated that the successful opposition of Spain to Napoleon was working on German minds, and that he himself was anxious to see a preparation made for a general German revolt against Napoleon. This letter fell into Napoleon's hands, and was published in the *Moniteur*; and as Prussia was completely at Napoleon's mercy, it was impossible that a Minister who had expressed himself with so much freedom about the conqueror could remain at the head of affairs in the conquered country. Stein's legislation was thus crowded into a single year; and that in a single year four measures of great and radical reform should have been drafted or adopted, under Stein's superintendence or at his instigation, amply testifies to his zeal, his energy, his originality of mind, and his power of imposing his opinions on others. These four measures were the reform of the Land-laws, the reform of the military system, the reform of the bureaucracy, and the reform—or perhaps it ought to be said the institution—of municipal privileges. The land-law, or emancipating edict, was not, however, Stein's work. He found it already to his hand when he arrived, as it had been framed by a Commission, and he only added one or two clauses. This was the beginning of the many changes by which the soil of Prussia has gradually assumed a new character. The general

nature of the change is explained with much intelligence and at great length by Mr. Seeley; but there is observable here the same absence of direct and precise statement as to the exact effect of the provisions of the edict which is also to be found at many points in these volumes and which gives the impression that the reader is always being carried round and round a subject, and never quite into it. The description of the law of military reform, which was mainly the work of Scharnhorst, is clearer and more readable, for its importance has to be considered with reference not only to the previous history of Prussia, but to the system of Napoleon which Prussia had to combat, and to the impulse given to national armies by the rising of the Spaniards. Mr. Seeley is never so successful as when he has to make general remarks or surveys, and the relation of the Prussian reforms to the changes produced by the French Revolution and the French Empire—a relation partly of resemblance, partly of difference—could scarcely be better discussed and explained. The other two measures of reform were entirely Stein's work. By the one he recast the Prussian bureaucracy. He had himself worked long enough in the existing system of Prussian administration. He found in it two great defects—laziness and want of cohesion. It was not clear what each department was to do, and who was to see that its duty was done, and the administrators had sunk into a groove of indolent routine. Stein established an elaborate system of bureaucratic hierarchy, and mapped out with minute exactness the provinces and functions of each department. He created a service full of life and zeal; and whatever benefits can be conferred on a country by a bureaucracy have been conferred on Prussia by its bureaucracy as moulded by Stein. But this exhibited only one part of Stein's views of government. Side by side with the bureaucracy, partly as a check on or partly as an aid to it, he wished to see the development of citizen life. The citizen, according to his station, was to help the Government by governing himself. The country districts, the towns, the nation were to have their representative bodies, not for the redress of grievances, but that the provincial and communal authorities, the borough Councils and the Parliament might work in the sphere that belonged to them. Of this comprehensive project Stein was only able to carry out that part which related to the municipalities. But the political greatness of Stein must be judged, not only by what he did, but by his formation of a general conception of what Government meant according as he understood it, and by the idea of this combination of a highly-organized bureaucracy, and an assistant rather than a thwarting civic life by its side. It was in the originality of this conception and in his general attitude towards his country and the men of his time, his longing for national independence, his contempt for the tameness and meanness of vacillating Courts and Court favourites, and his resolute bearing towards the foreign oppressor, that Stein's eminence consisted; and it is in showing the nature of Stein's eminence that the main merit of Mr. Seeley's book is to be found.

Stein's retirement from the Ministry was quickly followed by his proscription. An Imperial decree was issued by Napoleon on December 16, 1808, by which it was declared that, as "le nommé Stein" had endeavoured to excite troubles in Germany, he was declared an enemy of France, his possessions were sequestered, and he was to be arrested wherever found by French or allied troops. St. Marsan, however, the representative of France at Berlin, considerately gave him time to escape; and at the beginning of January 1809 he set out into exile. Thenceforward he ceased to be specially connected with Prussia. He reverted, so to speak, to his "vom and zum"; he was an Imperial Knight labouring for Germany, having the whole country, and not Prussia, in his eye, and not receiving from Prussia after the liberation of the territory any Ministerial post. He crossed into Bohemia; and, after a short stay at Prague, settled at Brünn, the capital of Moravia. Here he passed a life of complete quiet for three years; and the first German rising of 1809, which proved abortive, was not in any way under his guidance. As his estates were situated in the territory of the Confederation of the Rhine, they were entirely under the control of Napoleon; and his anxiety for the future of his daughters or the pressure of present need induced him in 1811 to humble himself so far as to write, through his wife, to Napoleon, and implore the tyrant to remove the sequestration of those estates, and "act in this case as in others in which your Imperial Majesty has displayed, in so glorious and conspicuous a manner, your love for justice and your desire to re-establish the reign of law." But those who were asked to sound the Emperor reported that he was not in a humour to favour "le nommé Stein," and so the letter was not actually presented. The turning-point in Stein's fortunes came from another quarter. In the spring of 1812 it became evident that a war was inevitable between France and Russia, and the Emperor Alexander invited Stein to come to see him and give him counsel in his hour of danger. This invitation was most gratifying to Stein. As Mr. Seeley puts it in his gentle, gushing way:—"The letter must have soothed Stein's wounded feelings with the most delicate consolation. Then he was wanted after all! He was almost a necessary man!" Stein reached Wilna, then the head-quarters of the Czar, on the 12th of June, 1812, and on the 25th Napoleon crossed the Niemen. Stein refused to take any special post in the Russian service, and remained in the position of unattached general adviser, but occupying himself with projects for raising Germany in Napoleon's rear. He went with the Czar first to Moscow, and then to St. Petersburg, where he stayed until he left for Germany at the beginning of 1813. Stein was never actually associated with the Tugendbund, but at this crisis he wrote to inquire whether it would not be possible to set the association and its chiefs in motion. But his principal agent was arrested by the orders of Napoleon, and Stein's efforts to rouse Germany did not produce any immediate effect. It was only after the collapse of the Grand Army that Stein could render any signal service to his country. He more than any other man fixed the wavering purpose of the Czar, and induced him not to rest contented with the enormous success of his defensive war, but to follow up his victory, free Germany, and force back the oppressor into France. It was Russia that freed Germany, and not Germany that freed itself. It was only with great difficulty, and after Stein had given fresh offence by his audacity, that the King of Prussia was persuaded to break with Napoleon. Stein, in fact, now held a most strange position. He was the agent of a foreign prince who freed Germany by conquering it. Stein set up a Government of his own in some parts of Prussia, and, as the success of the Russian arms extended, in the recovered districts of the Confederation of the Rhine, by virtue of a commission given him by the Czar. Where he did not act as Governor he acted as agitator, and he set himself with his usual vigour to carry out all his old projects for raising Germany and especially Prussia, and bringing about not a dynastic, but a popular, war. Step by step Germany was freed. Prussia openly joined Russia, Austria entered the alliance, and the resistance of Napoleon was shattered at Leipsic. Throughout the war and throughout the diplomatic negotiations which followed on the success of the Allies, Stein had a distinct object, and that was to make Germany at once strong and safe, and this result was, he thought, to be brought about by giving all North Germany to Prussia and all South Germany to Austria. He had the strongest dislike for the small princes who had prostrated themselves before Napoleon, and he would have been glad to see them cleared away.

He did not succeed. His policy was set aside in favour of a policy of a very different character, and the endeavours of Prussia, with the support of the Czar, to get possession of Saxony very nearly caused a breach of the great alliance which had conquered Napoleon. Austria, with the support of England, insisted that the little States should be preserved, the offences of the little sovereigns overlooked, and that their defection from Napoleon, even at the eleventh hour and when they had no choice, should be rewarded. Prussia was to be rewarded by a slight increase of territory, but Germany was to be left under the thumb of Austria. Stein was thus defeated in his plans for the distribution of political power. But this was not all. He had headed or instigated a rising of the people against the princes. This was not from any democratic leanings. It was merely because Stein thought the people had the courage to resist Napoleon and the princes had not. After the settlement of Vienna the princes not only got back their territory, but had the power, as they certainly had the will, to show their dread and detestation of this appeal to the people. The King of Prussia shared the views of his fellow-sovereigns on this head. A reign of reaction set in. Thenceforward there was no place for Stein in the political life of Germany. He had tried and tried in vain to thwart the policy of Austria. He had endeavoured to take their crowns off the heads of the minor princes. He had not secured the control of Northern Germany for Prussia, and the King did not want a Minister who had shown himself dictatorial and offensive, and who had associated himself with the dangerous uprising of the people. For the sixteen remaining years of his life, therefore, Stein remained a private gentleman, living on his estates, and taking a leading part in the local affairs of his neighbourhood. But nothing could have been further from Stein's character and the bent of his views than to play the part of a popular leader in enforced retirement. He always remained in the circle of his old ideas, and even got what would ordinarily be termed less Liberal as he got older. He thought there ought to be a Parliament, but he also thought that the patrimonial jurisdiction of the nobility ought to be upheld as a check on the bureaucracy, and he was strongly in favour of subjecting trade to the control of guilds. His mind for a time seemed absorbed in an increasing hatred for his old friend Hardenberg, and when in 1822 the death of Hardenberg at Genoa was announced, Stein wrote that, "if only he is really and downright dead and for the last time, then, in the first place, I congratulate the Prussian monarchy on this happy event." To the last, however, he retained his deep interest in the German nation as distinguished from the States that made up Germany. He occupied himself with German mediæval history; and it was principally through him that the great undertaking of collecting and publishing the *Monumenta Germaniæ* was commenced. In 1819 he lost his wife; he lived to see both his daughters suitably married; and passed quietly away June 16, 1831. He had lived to be forgotten by Europe, and almost by Germany. It was only in the then distant past that he had shone forth as eminent. Twice in his life he had done a great thing. He had recast the administration of Prussia, and he had persuaded the conqueror of Napoleon to free Germany. But he had not been able to do more than begin reform in Prussia, and he had not been able to turn the interference of Alexander to the purposes he desired. At no period of Stein's career is it possible to feel that we are in the presence of a great man. He never did, or wrote, or said anything which was illumined by the flashes of genius. But in his own region of thought he was clear, original, and bold; in the nobler qualities of character he was so far greater than his contemporaries that he seems to stand almost alone; and, when

Germans now study their history of sixty or seventy years ago, and ask themselves what in the record they find to be ashamed of or proud of, they come more and more to the conviction that there is never more cause for pride or less for shame than when Stein is the central figure of the stage.

WYKEHAMICA.*

MR. ADAMS writes of "Magdalen College, Oxford," that it is "the most splendid institution in Europe"; and he has taken pains, by a special reference in the index, to secure for so chivalrous a challenge the widest attention. We do not quote the proposition for the purpose of disputing it; but it is evident, the founder's own school-days notwithstanding, that William of Waynflete's Demy and Fellow can be only half a Wykehamist, and that the title of this volume is very much like the frontispiece, its "Wykehamica" being only a small portion of the complete picture. It is not often the fate of a reviewer to close a volume with regret that there is not another to open, and that even the work in his hands is not long enough. Yet nearly all the criticism which this history appears to provoke must be traced to such a source. The remedy—not a "remedy" in Mr. Adams's sense, but its exact opposite—rests entirely with the author, and the occasion for applying it ought not to be far distant. A list of four or five hundred subscribers would account for a considerable share of this edition, and school libraries, if the managers have their eyes open, will make a large inroad on the remainder. As a boy's book, its popularity is certain; and if we abstain from quoting from its abundant supplies of incident, it is only that we will not spoil the freshness of reading them in the book itself. We have indeed, as reviewers, a humiliating confession to make. In a moment of weakness, the paper-cutter stopped its course not one-third completed, where "Rebellion of 1793" was printed at the head of a page; and the plainest calls of duty were powerless from that moment to induce us to "begin at the beginning" till the end of the volume had been reached. There was always something on the next page too good to wait for. In the interest of non-Wykehamist readers we trust that the next edition will place the much-needed Glossary in the accustomed place at the end of the book. It forms, no doubt, in its present place "a scientific boundary" between the old order and the new; but habit is strong, and the old words will last on Wykehamist lips as certainly as the fingers of readers will turn to the last pages to find out what they mean. What we do find there, unfortunately, is a "list of Messrs. Parker's publications"; a practice now much in vogue among publishers, which really ought to be made a punishable offence.

"Wykehamica," in the full extent of the term, should be more than a "history of Winchester College and Commoners." It should be a "History of the Two Colleges of St. Mary Winton"; and Mr. Adams has provided a valuable series of "Collections" for such a work, at a time when modern change in ancient institutions renders it both specially needful and specially interesting. Common opinion and common language have associated the existence of a "College" with that of a University; and the spectacle of William of Wykeham's two Colleges, that of Winchester being as complete a foundation as that in Oxford, is a standing correction of mistake. The special distinction of names preserved at Winchester, and given in Mr. Adams's title-page, further shows what was the essential character of an ancient college. "Commoners," in Winchester use, is peculiar only as a grammatical form. The word is printed without any inflexional apostrophe; and while its use, as at Oxford, in both plural and singular remains among Wykehamist terms, its more ordinary sense is that of a division both of the school and of its buildings. Thus a Winchester man will ask, not "Were you a Commoner?" but "Were you in Commoners?" or, if he is a sexagenarian, "Were you in Old Commoners?" The distinction between College and Commoners is unknown in modern Oxford, where perhaps it is more usual to find "the man who considers himself the College" in the latter division than in the former; but it is worth notice that, till the most recent changes, Wykeham's College in Oxford never had any Commoners on its books. There were at times a few "commensales superioris ordinis," the "gentlemen-commoners" whom modern Oxford has almost entirely suppressed; and it is a curious fact that these, the "filii nobilium et valentium personarum," were admitted by the Founder at Winchester, while it has been a disputed question whether ordinary "Commoners," the "commensales" of his scholars, were in his contemplation at all. Mr. Adams thinks that the Public Schools Commissioners are wrong in forming a negative opinion on this subject; but surely boys who were not boarded with Wykeham's scholars could not be described as "commensales." The admission of Commoners to New College has in this respect assimilated the practice of the Oxford St. Mary Winton to the now venerable use of the Winchester Foundation; and correspondingly the strict lines of demarcation in the latter between College and Commoners have been destroyed. Mr. Adams complains that "the connexion with New College is severed"; but education in the School of Winchester College" and the former limitation to the College-boys only does not look as if "Commoners" had much reason for any such complaint.

The author was himself "in Commoners"; and while his hearty love for all Wykehamist things, customs, places, and persons does not allow of our accusing him of any prejudice or party spirit as against the "College," we will venture to state some heads of a very tenable case which might be argued against him. His book will be read—we trust, for his sake, that it may not be pirated—on the other side of the Atlantic; and, as he has happily limited his exaltation of the splendour of Magdalen to European supremacy, no wounded national pride will interfere with the full appreciation of his work. The untravelled American, if such a being is supposable, will turn at once to the "List of Illustrations," and will learn that the frontispiece is a "Bird's-eye View of Winchester College." Will Mr. Adams honestly say how much of "Winchester College" either the bird or the American can see in this picture, "in the right-hand corner" (of which the "List" makes no mention) or anywhere else? After much labour and collation of plates, plans, and pages, without even the points of the compass engraved for his guidance, will not the American have to content himself with a bit of the "College" woodhouse, and the Warden's and Fellows' stables as seen in 1690? Will he not be a little perplexed to find not a trace of chapel, hall, quadrangle, or school, as he works out for himself the Sustern Chapel in the foreground and the Sustern Spytal behind—that is to say, the original buildings of Commoners, *et præterea nihil?* A later engraving professes to introduce him to "College Street, Winchester, in 1838." Will the closest examination show him any more of the College, save a few dim strokes behind a tree, than the woodhouse again and a stack of chimneys, while all the rest of the picture is the frontage of Commoners? Next comes the "Back of Wickham's," a very faithful study of chimneys and a wall—in Commoners again; then the Head-master's new house—Commoners *de novo;* and next an admirable ground-plan, which the binder ought to have inserted where he was ordered, instead of some hundred pages later, and which is so clear that we may indicate from it a misprint (south-west for south-east) in a descriptive note in p. 128. But it is all Commoners, as usual. There are, it is true, some charming "college" interiors, including the "cloisters"—almost as perfect as those of Magdalen; but for the external aspect of Winchester College we are forced to content ourselves with a sight of "College Meads," consisting of five trees and a (debased) window, till, just at the end of the book, we are favoured with a "Distant View of the College." This is a pretty river landscape, with a dim vision of some building in the extreme distance, which, by the help of a magnifying glass, we find to be marvellously like Winchester Cathedral. Certainly there is a smaller tower somewhere near; and this is all we can see of the "College." In the engraving of the "Boy at his Scob," the reader will find no trace of the arrangement which in a former chapter had been carefully described: but the discrepancy is itself instructive, as the picture presents the ideal "child" of the Founder, and the letterpress the actual schoolboy in the midst of the ingenious system of fortifications for which the scobs provide material when they do not happen to be requisitioned for barricades.

A ground-plan of the College is wanted to enable the non-Wykehamist world to follow the operations of both the sieges in Warden Huntingford's time; and for this, as well as for some other parts of the history, a list of the Wardens of Winchester would form a convenient appendix. "The Warden" of both sieges can be identified by notes and references scattered through various parts of the book; but some method of addition and re-arrangement will improve the present volume as a permanent work. We observe, for instance, the same incident in the text in p. 303 and in a note in p. 412. The capital retort of the "charity-boy," placed in the Glossary under "Settler," should, for the sake of its point, be inserted at the beginning of the chapter on "New Commoners"; and Christopher Johnson's hexameters deserve to be given in full. The story of the pedlar in 1838 will enlist the sympathies of every sensible reader, boy or man, on the side of "the five Præfects"; but, as Mr. Adams speaks of the "conviction" of the Præfects as the act of the magistrates, is he correct in his statement that the boys were "tried at Quarter Sessions," where "convictions" are usually in the province of the jury?

It is as a collection of school stories and lively narrative that *Wykehamica* will be popular among boys; but its higher value, as the author rightly perceives, lies in its record of the birth and development of the English system of public schools. This is drawn out by Mr. Adams with great clearness and force, and the relation borne by Eton to Winchester, which will be new to many readers, is told with pardonable pride. Both foundations were placed in temporary peril by the sweeping Act of 1545 for the Dissolution of Colleges (the misprint in p. 71 which makes this Statute appear as "for the dissolution of the College" should be corrected); but an exempting Order in Council of 1 Edward VI. limited the operation of the Act. In dealing with the much-vexed question of Præfectorial power and the associated system of fagging, the author has shown both decision and discrimination. He knows how to distinguish between bullying and fagging; he points out the social contrast between the rough semi-barbarism in the customs of past generations and the gentler tone of modern manners, and he admits with perfect frankness that his own experience as a Wykehamist junior was anything but agreeable. Yet he upholds the

* *Wykehamica: a History of Winchester College and Commoners from the Foundation to the Present Day.* By the Rev. H. C. Adams, M.A., late Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, Vicar of Dry Sandford, Berks; Author of "Schoolboy Honour," &c. Oxford and London: James Parker & Co. Winchester: J. Wells. 1878.

Præfectorial power and the training of the fags with a firmness which secures—and these lines are not written in an uninformed home—our own hearty sympathy and approval. A few passages, suggestive of an uncalled-for jealousy of the fame of another great school, might be removed with advantage. "Qui s'excuse s'accuse"; and the simple fact that Arnold was a Wykehamist is more effective than an hour of Nisi Prius pleading.

The vocabulary peculiar to Wykehamists is too historically curious to be described as "Wykehamical slang," and we trust that the author will find some more laudatory heading for the Glossary in Chapter XXIII. The list may need some slight revision, as words such as "chisel" and "rot," which are slang pure and simple, are not obviously of Winchester origin: while "gated" and "back up" have a wide range of use, and "beever-time" is certainly not peculiar to Hampshire. We have only to assure Mr. Adams, in conclusion, that, although he has instructed us in the science of "pealing a Præfect," past or present, he must by no means "suppose," from anything which we have writen, "that all 'peals' are uncomplimentary."

VOYAGES OF THE *PANDORA*.*

THIS book has two faults on the surface. One is that it appears somewhat late. The cruises it records were ended more than two years ago, and the author's own account of the volume is compatible with its publication within six months after his return from the second voyage. Of the first voyage an account, only too graphic, appeared long since from the pen of Mr. MacGahan, who sailed in the *Pandora* as Correspondent of the *New York Herald*. The present work is, says the author, in his modest little preface, nothing but a log from notes in his private journal. If so, two years need not have been spent in preparing it for the press. Offered just as it was to the public, while curiosity was still fresh, so straightforward and sailorlike a narrative would have been received with a certain eagerness. This cannot be expected now, when the expedition for which the *Pandora* carried the mails is well nigh forgotten. The second defect of the work is incidental to the supposed relations between the *Pandora* and the *Alert* and *Discovery*. The *Pandora* is popularly believed to have been a kind of tender to the *Alert* and *Discovery*. Any interest which its adventures could excite must, according to this view, be reflected from the general halo shed around the Admiralty expedition. It so happens, however, that the Admiralty expedition has, justly or unjustly, ceased in public estimation to have any halo. Never did an expedition start amid a louder flourish of trumpets, or with so huge a stir of preparation. It did only half what it proposed to do. More it was debarred from attempting, not by any tragedy, before which criticism would have been mute, but by an eruption of scurvy which would have disgraced an ordinary whaler. The most learned and scientific explanations were given for the outbreak, and for the inability of lime juice to have warded it off. The public listened sceptically to the reasoning which had brought home two shiploads of disease instead of the discovery of the magnetic pole. If the log of the *Pandora* had to rest its power of exciting sympathy on its connexion with the Government Arctic expedition, it would fare ill. In fact, its relations with that expedition were in the first voyage mere relations of courtesy and neighbourliness. The *Pandora's* projected route lay past Smith Sound. Its commander offered as he sailed by the entrance to deposit letters and parcels for the two exploring ships. On his second cruise, which, too, had been planned independently, Sir Allen Young accepted a direct commission from the Admiralty to convey despatches to and from the *Alert* and *Discovery*. But on both occasions the *Pandora* had its own scientific objects equally with those ships. Its object in 1875 was to search for relics of Sir John Franklin's expedition, and, further, to navigate through the North-West Passage to the Pacific in one season. The latter part of the plan was frustrated by an impassable ice pack in Peel Strait, and the *Pandora* returned to Spithead in October. Sir Allen Young was preparing for a second attempt in 1876 to traverse Peel and Franklin Straits, and then, by passing east of King William Island, to navigate the North American coast to Behring's Straits, when the Admiralty asked him to make the *Pandora* a medium of communication with its Polar expedition at the points of Littleton Island and Cape Isabella. Very patriotically he consented; but the delay thus interposed disappointed, as indeed he had himself apprehended, his hope of reaching Behring's Straits. Our own chief concern at those two successive failures in Sir Allen Young's direct purpose, we confess, arises from a conviction that he is not of the stuff that accepts defeat. So sturdy a will and such skill in eluding mortal peril we rather grudge seeing spent in continual experiments on the long-suffering of icebergs and ice-floes.

Familiarity breeds contempt in the Arctic seas as elsewhere. Sir Allen Young's two gallant assaults on the North-West Passage read as if surging ice-fields, raging tempests, and the blackness of night at noonday were as holiday a matter as a fresh breeze off the Isle of Wight. An Arctic voyage might seem, to judge from the present volume, to bear the relation to a yachting excursion which lion-hunting in Africa bears to Scotch deer-stalking. The inconveniences are multiplied, but so are the exhilarating humours of the sport. The *Pandora* sailed at the end of June. By the end of July its crew were shooting bladder-nosed seals, making fast to an ice-floe, and amusing themselves at Ivigtut. We wonder how many Englishmen have ever heard of Ivigtut. Yet Ivigtut is an important place, not only because it grows "the most delicious radishes," but because it boasts the one considerable cryolite mine in the world. Cryolite, as Sir Allen Young explains in a footnote, is the double hydro-fluate of soda and alumina. It is imported into the United States for the manufacture of aluminium. Ivigtut cryolite has doubtless helped to scare London gas-proprietors. Kittiwake-shooting, cod-fishing, and salmon-buying occupied the *Pandora's* company of *savants* on their way from Ivigtut to coal at the euphoniously named settlement of Ujaragsugssuk. When they desired it, there was always convenient mooring on an iceberg, except that bergs are given to turn over without notice. Searching cairns for letters from the new Polar expedition, or for relics of the old, were among their pastimes, but the shooting of sea-bears was obviously much more serious work. On one occasion, near North Lincoln and Coburg Island, they had the good fortune to kill a she-bear and one cub, kidnapping a second. Sir Allen describes with dramatic power how the spectacle of the floe-ice rushing past the ship frenzied his involuntary guest. On one stormy night, with the wind howling, the snow blinding the sailors, and rigging and decks sheeted with ice, the bear actually broke his chain in a passionate longing for liberty. It was just a crisis when, the commander of the *Pandora* confesses, a moment's hesitation on the part of the ship to answer her helm might have terminated her career. But for the half-hour before the cub was secured he fears "the ship was left more or less to take care of herself." No harm was done in the end, except to the ship doctor's professional feelings. He managed to make the bear swallow a piece of blubber saturated with enough chloroform and opium to kill a dozen men. But it had no effect on the patient, any more than the iron crowbar which was also used in all fatherly kindness on his person. So far as Bruin was inconvenienced by detention on board ship, he was only suffering vicariously for the sins of his kinsfolk. Sir Allen found on visiting Beechey Island that apparently the whole population of Polar bears had been employing themselves in wrecking the depôt built by Sir Edward Belcher's expedition in 1852, and named magnificently "Northumberland House." The beef-casks had been plundered, and whatever the bears could make no use of they had scattered or torn up. This was the fate of the tea-chests. On the other hand, they had temperately refused even to tap a cask of rum. Sir Allen Young needed no other proof that "neither Eskimo nor British sailors had entered." A brass memorial plate to the Franklin expedition was "quite bright, as if the bears had been lying on it."

Peel Strait was reached towards the end of August, and the cairn examined which was built by Ross and M'Clintock on Cape Coulman. It is sad to think that Ross was here on the direct track of the *Erebus* and *Terror* a single season after the ships were abandoned. Had he sailed down the strait the next summer, instead of coasting along the north shore of Barrow Strait, the anxieties and labours of many years might have been spared. It was Sir Allen Young's first visit to Ross's cairn, though sixteen years before he had been close to it. In 1859, when sailing-master of the *Fox* in M'Clintock's expedition, he had been detached to trace the south and west shores of Prince of Wales's Land. Starting on April 7, after a journey of thirty-eight days he sent back all his men but one to eke out his stock of provisions. For forty more days he pursued his march with one man and the dogs, sleeping in holes in the snow. Pressing on, as he says, for their lives, wading up to their thighs in water, he and his companion might be excused for not having discovered a low cairn amid the mists. This second visit to a remarkably unpleasant region was associated with less fatigue, but with a worse disappointment. Icy skies and a chill in the air had warned the crew of the *Pandora* that a large body of ice was near. Off Roquette Islands it was clear that all hope must be abandoned "of making the North-West Passage this year." Sir Allen had to comfort himself with the confirmation of an old belief that "the only way to accomplish it would be to proceed by way of Bellot Strait, there awaiting the moving of the pack northward, and then pushing as fast as possible down to Cape Victoria." For the present nothing was to be done but to run a race with the sailing floes which were threatening to beleaguer the ship. Sir Allen Young describes this struggle with evident zest. At one moment the floes seemed to have caught them, and at the same instant a ghastly and horrible cliff, "a skeleton of the land," clutched at them on the other side. Fortunately it was early morning, and beyond a barrier of a hundred yards of ice a break in the pack could be just distinguished. All steam and sail were put on; the *Pandora* ran at the obstacle and charged through. An imminent peril had been escaped; but the dangers of Lancaster Sound, with vast packs of ice stretching fifty miles east and west, had still to be surmounted. It was bitterly cold, and the waves froze as they washed up the ship's sides. Neither sun, nor moon, nor stars were visible to steer by; and the violent rolling prevented the binnacle compasses from supplying their place. On the 9th of September the *Pandora* had emerged from Lancaster Sound, and passed Cape Horsburgh; and the crew marked the occasion by a festivity and tragedy in one. At Ivigtut they had bought a young pig, which, under the name of Denis, was forthwith enthroned as the pet of the ship, and "in fact, the only thing worth navigating the Arctic seas for." The Esquimaux dogs had a less sentimental fondness for pork; but, writes Sir Allen Young, "a constant look-out, such as

* *The Two Voyages of the "Pandora" in 1875 and 1876.* By Sir Allen Young, R.N.R. London: Edward Stanford. 1879.

one could never expect for ice, rock, or land, from any seaman on board, was kept, and the dogs were driven off at the moment when victory seemed certain." With September winter had settled down on those Northern latitudes, and the decks froze. The labour of scraping clean Denis's sty alienated the affections of his lovers; and "with the decision and readiness in meeting difficulties for which the seaman is so pre-eminent," the idol of the *Pandora* was converted into pork. Whether this illustration of popular caprice or news of the Arctic expedition were the more important event the *Pandora's* crew would probably have been at a loss to decide. The commander, on the whole, no doubt from official prejudices, inclines to attach superior weight to the latter. On the south-east Cary Island he was so fortunate as to find on September 10 a packet of letters and a description of the voyage of the *Alert* and *Discovery*. After this he had nothing more to do but return to England with as much despatch as he could. He anchored at Spithead on the 16th of October.

He came back resolved upon renewing in 1876 the unsuccessful attempt of 1875 to pass in a single season from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Many of the same officers and men who had served in 1875 rejoined, including a lieutenant of the Dutch navy, and with the addition of a lieutenant of the Austrian. The complement of officers and men when the *Pandora* ran out of Plymouth Sound on June 2 was thirty-three. This total included a photographer and a surgeon. In 1875 it had been thirty-one, and among them, besides the surgeon, were an artist and Mr. Bennett's Correspondent. A formidable gale attacked the *Pandora* in the Atlantic when she had been eleven days out from Plymouth; but Sir Allen Young weathered it by keeping her under as little canvas as possible. His view is that nearly all accidents with deeply-laden ships in the open sea arise from carrying an excess of canvas, in the delusive hope of making quicker passages. Another of his nautical or Arctic doctrines is that a commander should never "trifle with Cape Farewell ice, or on any account be induced by a fair wind and the prospect of making progress to run on in thick weather, if blowing hard and there is any swell on, and if within a hundred miles south of the land." The warning is undoubtedly true; but to some of our readers it may convey less information than the important fact, which is repeated towards the conclusion of the volume, that "Kittiwake stew for breakfast is quite equal to the Bordeaux pigeon, if not better." Godhavn is a principal city of Greenland, and Arctic explorers expect to be welcomed festively there. But the gaiety of Godhavn was clouded when the *Pandora* arrived, in 1876, by a fire which had burnt up two hundred barrels of oil. Ujaragsugssuk was fortunately more itself, and the Esquimaux were ready to coal the ship and be fed in return. An inconvenient superstition of that part of the world, in fact, seems to be that "a ship ought to provide provisions for all comers." Upernivik is apparently another centre of Greenland society where sailors expect to enjoy Esquimaux dances, and tea-parties are given. The *Pandora's* officers and men indulged in both amusements. But from the luxuries of Upernivik we are plunged, without a break, into the savage ordeal of an ice-pack in Melville Bay. For the last ten days of July the ship was feeling her way through thousands of icebergs and floes. Sir Allen Young has usually a light way of touching upon danger which commonly deceives his readers into depreciating it, as he seems himself to do. When he writes, "I never passed a more anxious day than that which ended on Saturday the 29th," we are prepared to sup full with sea perils. The day appeared to him, he adds, "like a year." Every moment might be the vessel's last; and the only refuge was an unknown wilderness of ice broken into large hummocks. While the Commander felt that the *Pandora* "was in her tomb, and that escape was hopeless," the crew "seemed quite happy at quiet prospects of 'all night in,' and were busy in washing clothes and various amusements." One man, however, shared the captain's cares. Clothes and provisions had to be packed in the steam-cutter in readiness for a sudden collapse of the ship. The wardroom steward knew his duty to his master. He was found to have included among Sir Allen's necessaries eau de Cologne, two silver cups, and a dress-shirt. The whole tribe of dogs, scenting plunder and freedom in the approaching chaos, began frantically fighting. Suddenly "a strong south-west wind arose, and a distinct swell undulated through the pack. We could hear the breakers like the roar of surf upon a coast; the fog lifted, and we saw water, large water, open water, two miles off as far as visible." Steam was put on, and "after two hours of forcing inch by inch and yard by yard we got into the sea and were free. Cheers burst spontaneously from the crew as we launched out into the ocean." The Commander's emotions may be understood as "the *Pandora* gave lurch after lurch, the boats and stores and all on deck began to stray and roll about, and I felt that once more I had the dancing waters under my feet."

The *Pandora* was now in the "North Water," and had the whole season before her for the task. But within a day from being released from thraldom in the ice, a south-east hurricane had all but destroyed the ship which had so narrowly escaped almost the contrary disaster. Sir Allen Young considers this experience unique. The storm, however, moderated enough to render possible a re-examination of Captain Nares's cairn, which had been visited by Sir Allen in 1875. Next, Sutherland and Littleton Islands were successively searched for despatches. Sir Allen Young completed his labours in this region by discovering a suitable station for the relief-ship which the Admiralty proposed, should the expedition not have returned meantime, to send out in 1877. It sounds strange to hear of a bay in this melancholy land surrounded by hills luxuriantly green, and with "a beautiful cascade pouring over the summit of the mountains." These are among the attractions of "Pandora Harbour." Cape Isabella was next explored for possible letters; but only New Zealand meat tins were found by Lieutenant Arbuthnot, with a cask in juxtaposition, and therefore inferred to contain provisions also. It illustrates Sir Allen's punctilious honesty as an Arctic explorer that, reluctant to accept an inference for a fact, he persisted in revisiting this desolate country, which "might be said to be one vast glacier with merely the capes protruding towards the sea." A three weeks' struggle against ice and tempest brought him back to Cape Isabella, only to find that the cask was, and had always been, empty.

All that could be accomplished without wintering out had been done. The ice relieved Sir Allen Young from the difficulty of making up his mind in what direction to continue his explorations by simply jostling him out of Smith's Sound. Tempests and floes had so absorbed all his thoughts that, he says, "when we were outside the Straits, with the ice already closed in behind us, and it was necessary to decide what we were to do, I could hardly realize the position." It was well he did realize the position in time to understand that it would be folly to force the *Pandora* through the ice pack to Cape Sabine, for the chance at best of "a day's later news of the outward voyage of the Polar ships." Very fortunately the *Pandora's* prow was turned homewards; for on the 16th of October she overtook the *Alert* and the *Discovery*, themselves bound homewards too. It was a strange encounter. The vessels separated in a great gale which burst upon them four days after, and on November 3 the *Pandora* entered Portsmouth Harbour.

Life in the neighbourhood of the North Pole is not very various. Most of the incidents Sir Allen Young recounts will remind the reader of every tale of Arctic adventure he has read since the days of *Peter Parley*. But if existence in the neighbourhood of the Pole be somewhat monotonous, its few lines are deeply marked. In Sir Allen Young's descriptions they come out with their rough edges or their sharp. We are pleasantly conscious that the narrator is neither a book-maker nor a Special Correspondent. The mind feels free to surrender itself to the passions of an Arctic storm and the battling of myriad icebergs, in the reasonable faith that it is not shuddering at horrors which come from impossible points of the compass. The volume contains, besides its interesting text, some fair illustrations. One among them gives almost too vivid an idea of the propensity of icebergs to reflect the least beautiful of human countenances. The two Polar charts which accompany the book have the merit of explaining not merely the route of the *Pandora*, but Arctic exploration in general.

FORBES'S RÂS MÂLÂ.*

THAT the province of Goozerat should have found an able chronicler more than twenty years ago is not surprising. Even in days when it was not the fashion to write minute statistical accounts of Indian districts, there was very much to attract and interest in that part of the Western Presidency. There were ruined forts and cities built by kings whose origin goes back almost as far as that of the most famous Rajpoot princes. On an extreme point of the peninsula lies the sacred city of Dwarka, which rose from the ocean according to the Hindu legend. Further south is Dev Puttun, or Somnath, inseparably associated with Mahmud of Ghazni and the late Earl of Ellenborough. Shutroonjye, one of the holiest of Jain shrines, and nearly two thousand feet in height, is conspicuous near Palitana, on the shore of the Gulf of Cambay. On the opposite shore the city of Broach, on the Nerbudda River, is deemed by Hindus to be equal to the heaven of Indra. And it may interest philologists to know that Bhrijoo Kucha, by which title this city is locally known, has been thought to explain the Barygaza of Greek writers. Mount Aboo, near the Arawalli range, is more accessible from Goozerat than from the North-Western Provinces. When we come to historical times, the Mahommedans founded their splendid city of Ahmedabad not far from the head of the Gulf of Cambay. Subsequently the Mahrattas, in the general crash of empire, established the kingdom of the Gaikwar at Baroda. Lesser chiefs had obtained renown at Danta, at Eedur, and in the Myhee Kanta, and there is no scarcity of material for those who delight in collecting popular legends, and in extracting from a mass of incoherent tradition a few historical conclusions and trustworthy facts. Then, too, the country presents several elements of beauty. There are fruitful plains covered with noble groves of mango-trees. The fields, unlike the unbroken expanse of plain so familiar to the residents of Bengal and the Doab, are fenced round with strong hedges. In places the country undulates, and on the north and east of the province are mountains, steep and inaccessible, from which numerous streams with deep banks descend to fertilize the plains. Wheat and cotton grow in abundance; there is a well-known breed of horses in Kattywar; and no finer bullocks, not even in Hansi or Purnea, are to be seen than those which draw the country carts of Goozerat.

More than twenty years ago the author of this book, who had

* *Râs Mâlâ; or, Hindoo Annals of the Province of Goozerat.* By the late Alexander Kinloch Forbes, H.E.I.C.S. New Edition. With an Introduction by Major J. W. Watson, B.S.C., and a Memoir of the Author by A. K. Nairne, Esq., B.C.S. London: Richardson & Co. 1878.

spent most of his service in Ahmednugger, Candeish, and Ahmedabad, conceived the idea of collecting all the legends and tales which local bards and tale-mongers could supply, and of writing a history of the province from the earliest times down to the introduction of British rule. From the modest memoir of the author prefixed to this new edition, as well as from his reputation in the political and the judicial departments of the Presidency, we can well believe that he possessed many high qualifications. He was a good scholar and an industrious official. He obtained a legitimate influence over natives, not by flattering them or adopting their customs, but by quietly proving to them the innate superiority of his own. He was one of the first civilian Judges of the High Court when it was established at Bombay, and he died, we believe, at the house of his friend and cotemporary, Sir B. H. Ellis, after a short illness at Poona, in August 1865. The republication of the work is due, we presume, to its intrinsic merits. To officials stationed in any capacity in the province it is doubtless invaluable as a guide. The student of ancient Indian history will find in it much which, when separated from idle traditions and foolish romances, will throw a clear light on the rise and fall of dynasties and on the former condition of the people. And even the general reader may derive some pleasure in contemplating a curious state of society which has only begun to change for the better within the last sixty years. Truth compels us to state that a good deal of the materials, communicated to the late Mr. Forbes mainly by a Jain merchant and by a poetical Brahman, require skilful handling to make them endurable, and that some of the earlier chapters especially are apt to weary. We do not remember ever to have read a book crammed with so many strings of names of persons either vague and visionary or worthless and uninteresting. The author divided his work into three parts. There are the annals of purely Hindu kings. Then the Mahommedan conqueror comes on the scene. He, in his turn, has to give way to the crafty Mahratta. And just at this period we get a glimpse of the British Resident, with the gradual evolution of order out of chaos which ensues whenever he appears on the scene. Not the least important chapter in the book is the concluding one on castes, cultivation, tenures, marriages and funerals, the Hindu's idea of a future state, and popular beliefs. To attempt here anything like an analysis of the events which led to the establishment of dynasties at Unhilpoor or Eedur, or any disquisition about Waghelas or Gohils, is, of course, out of the question. We must observe, moreover, that in a reprint more ought to have been done by the joint editors to improve the book. Notes are very much wanted in some places. We do not find fault with the old-fashioned spelling, which is very different from the accurate—we might say pedantic—system of transliteration patronized by Mr. W. Hunter and the Indian Government, and adopted by Col. Malleson in his latest production on the Indian Mutiny. But every one is not as well read in Goozeratti literature and Brahmanical legends as Mr. Forbes. An ordinary reader, for instance, might like to be told that "Soor Lok" means, not a population of swine, but the "world of heroes," the Indian Valhalla. The term *yuwun* is applied to a Mahommedan Nawab or Viceroy in conflict with a Hindu chief. The expression, we take it, is the same as Yavan or the Biblical Javan, and is used by the Hindu chroniclers to designate foreigners, Greeks or Arabs. We should have been glad of a little more connected dissertation as to the terms *gràs* and *grassias*, which occur frequently. *Gras* in one place is a religious grant. In another it is "black mail." A *grassia* is a village managed by its hereditary chiefs in contradistinction to a *Khalsa* village, with which a revenue settlement was made direct by the Mogul Government. Once or twice we have been puzzled by a tree called a "limb." It occurs to us from the context that this is meant for the *nim* or *neem* tree, of which the leaves are useful for medicines and decoctions. Then it seems altogether foreign to the times and people described to say that a Hindu sovereign, some thousand years back, made a grant of ten thousand pounds or gave a subsistence allowance to any one of two shillings a day. A "Lakh" and a rupee would have been more natural and appropriate. The maps, too, might be improved and coloured, and the index is both perplexing and deficient. As might be expected, we have a good deal of palatial intrigues, sundry massacres, and much fighting in a semi-Homeric style. There are references to famines from drought. Suttees are frequent. Poets and astrologers abound at Courts, and lavish gifts to Brahmans are recommended as the highest of virtues. Prodigies of valour are performed by chiefs in battle; and, while Shiva, the god of destruction, hovers over the carnage with attendant goblins that feed on human flesh, a flight of Apsaràs, or heavenly nymphs, is always in readiness to carry the slain warrior to his celestial abode. In the accounts of Hindu dynasties we have the usual stories of wives who want the succession for their favourite sons, of wicked uncles who usurp the inheritance of their nephews, of cadets who are preferred to their elder brothers; of outlaws taking to the jungles, of unselfish and noble devotion, of absurd liberality, and of rash vows.

Amidst the crowd of half-mythical celebrities the following appear to us to combine some of the elements of romance and poetry. A certain Jug Dev Purmar, to avoid family dissensions and the ire of a stepmother, goes abroad to seek his living, attended by his wife, who has no silly reluctance to appear with her husband in public. In his journey he disposes, by a couple of arrows from his unerring bow, of a man-eating tiger and a tigress, much to the astonishment of some Rajpoots, who term the feat "a great piece of religion for both the world and the cows." The wife of Jug Dev is inveigled by a courtesan of the city of Puttun, who wishes to favour the vile purposes of the son of the keeper of the fort, named Lâll, of the Golo caste. This ruffian comes into the lady's presence flushed and intoxicated, and she quietly disposes of him by cutting his throat, after which, as becomes a high-born Rajputni, she slays five or six more men in succession. At this the Raja of the country is so delighted that he adopts her as his own daughter, and deals with the tribe of courtesans pretty much as Ulysses does with the same class on his return home. In the end Jug Dev cuts off the head of his eldest boy to prolong the Raja's life, at which the Fates are so pleased that they restore the child to his father and grant the Raja a new lease of forty-eight years of existence. At last Jug Dev returns home, succeeds to his father, and reigns for fifty-two years. Râ Khengar is another hero, a younger son, whom his father placed on the throne of Joonagurh because he performed four vows, while his three elder brothers confessed themselves unequal to more than one a piece. He was afterwards betrayed by his sister's sons to Sidh Raj, who slays Khengar, but cuts off the noses of the traitors instead of rewarding them. The people of Soreth or Kattywar, are much attached to the memory of the chief of Joonagurh, and in a proverb still current seem to have anticipated the famous *e poi ruppe la stampa* of the Italian poet:—"The mould in which Soreth land and Râ Khengar were formed has been broken, and the workman who made them is no more." But, in truth, these native chroniclers seem to have drawn on other bards more than once. Veer Dhuwal Waghela, who was one of the most powerful of Goozeratti chieftains, had two Ministers who are described as "the sovereign's arms reaching down to his knees." A note tells us that men with long arms are considered prosperous. We rather think that length of arm is the characteristic of strength. *Mahabahu* and *dirghabāhu* are common epithets of heroes in the Mahabharata. Rama had arms "reaching down to his knees," and Rob Roy, Scott tells us, could garter his hose without even stooping. The name of this Veer Waghela, we are informed, is found on an inscription erected on Mount Aboo by Tej Pal in A.D. 1231.

Amongst the Mahommedan conquerors great is the reputation of Mahmud, surnamed Begurra. When quite young he quelled a rebellion against a faithful Minister, almost by his personal presence; he was favoured by a dream in which he saw the prophet Mahommed himself; and he converted to Islamism the last Râ of Soreth, whose tomb is now worshipped at Ahmedabad by Mahommedans as that of a saint of their own religion. Another hero of later Hindu times is Veerrum Dev of Eedur, who flourished in the reign of the Emperor Akbar. He carried off the daughter of a wealthy merchant from Marwar; caught hold of and slew a tiger which had escaped from a cage, and which Akbar's bravest followers dared not approach; invited a Bheel outlaw named Champo to a conference, drugged him with opium, and smote him under the fifth rib; generously spared a satirist who had made a ballad about the treacherous death of another rival; and finally, after a series of vows, pilgrimages, and battles, ended his life by putting on a sort of garment of Nessus which had been sent him by his own half-sister. There are several other heroes, highly popular and half historical; but, coming to our own times, we confess to an interest in a certain Bhooput Sing, youngest son of Kanajee, whose ancestor had been a barber. This man held out against Mulhar Rao the Gaikwar, plundered his sovereign's villages and preserved his own, and, like Robin Hood, is said to have spared the poor and only to have made war on Rajas. Another picturesque and quite modern rascal is one Dheerjee of Wankaner, who was protected by the Raja of Eedur. This freebooter entered into correspondence with our own political agents some fifty years back, justifying certain excesses with which he was charged and adroitly laying the blame on others. When confined at Baroda he broke his fetters, scaled the wall of the fort, and got clear off. Shortly afterwards, being pursued by a detachment of our troops, he leaped his mare over a frightful ravine, in a style which would have satisfied the late Charles Lever, and then taunted his pursuers with their inability to follow. We regret to admit that, amongst other atrocities, Dheerjee was reported to have ill-treated and maimed sundry worthy Brahmans. In the end, when hiding in the Eedur hills, he was accidentally burnt by an explosion of gunpowder sent him as ammunition by his friends, and was followed to the pile by one of his two wives. The late Sir J. P. Willoughby, of the Indian Council, was then as a young man in charge of Myhee Kanta, and reported the occurrence to Government. The fame of this outlaw is fresh, and the women of the country sing his praises to this hour.

The editor of this volume seems to think that Mr. Forbes did but scant justice to the Mahrattas, and that he somehow preferred the Rajpoots, with their chivalry and their consumption of opium, to the descendants of the marauder Sevajee. The author's estimate of the two races is that of Mountstuart Elphinstone and of other very capable judges, and what the Mahratta policy was, this and other works abundantly prove. If it be true that on their first appearance they were "hailed as deliverers from the Mogul yoke," we can only say that the natives very soon discovered that they had merely exchanged one tyrant for another. Several of the edifying customs of the Mahrattas are noticed. We do not lay undue stress on what is repeatedly called by the native chroniclers "striking a village," for to harry the country with fire and sword, to torture women, to burn villages and plunder their contents, is a widely-spread Oriental maxim. But there is an edifying custom, dignified by the name of *Mulukgiri* and formally adopted by the Mahrattas, on which Mr. Forbes dwells at some length. *Mulukgiri*

is literally "conquest or the taking of a kingdom." Mr. Forbes translates it by "the circuit of a country," which was the practical shape that the measure assumed in the hands of these reckless politicians. They never thought of establishing forts or settling garrisons in towns, still less of administering the country, as the Mahommedans always did in a sort of fashion. What they wanted was a good sum of money without any of the trouble and forethought involved in looking after the people and making a settlement of the revenue. So they sent bodies of three or four thousand cavalry, and occasionally infantry, lightly equipped, to levy tribute from Rajpoots, who resisted as long as possible for the sake of their "honour," to get drafts from fat Hindu bankers, and to waste fields and destroy villages until their demands were granted. These were not mere fortuitous raids or reprisals for wrongs really endured or imagined. It was the Mahratta method of governing and exacting the dues of the sovereign power and of reducing the population to proper obedience. This policy, which existed in full vigour to the commencement of this century and was formally reported on by English officials, is worthy of note in days when natives find Englishmen to aid them in drawing invidious comparisons between British and indigenous rule, and, like Macaulay's "honest citizen" in the preface to *Horatius*, seem much given to pining after good old times which never existed.

Those who prefer disquisitions on caste and customs to poetical accounts of dynasties and battles will find plenty of instruction in the fourth or concluding part of the work. The author had collected and made good use of materials relating to the subdivisions of caste and the well-known elasticity of that social bond, to the indebtedness of cultivators occasioned by extravagance in marriages and funerals, to the land tenures and the effects of British rule in impairing the authority of the chiefs, as well as in benefiting the agricultural and commercial classes, to the employments of the people, to the ceremonial services and the religious beliefs. We should not forget to add that particular passages of poetry and sundry proverbs are literally translated in a sort of blank verse, and convey in a striking manner the force and point of the originals. We could have wished that Mr. Forbes or his editors had told us something of the Goozeratti language, which the author studied practically for seven or eight years. From the most recent and comprehensive work on Indian and other languages we learn that this dialect is spoken by some six or seven millions in the British districts and in the independent territory of the Gaikwar, as well as by certain residents in Bombay itself. It has been termed little more than a dialect of the Hindi; but it bears some similarity to the Maráthi. The literature is poor and the orthography doubtful and unsettled, and there is no sufficient grammar and dictionary. The written character is called Bálbodh, and is an obvious modification of the Nágari form. Mahommedan Khojas from Kutch employ this dialect in addition to their own, while with the Parsees it has entirely supplanted their original tongue. Mr. Forbes in his lifetime founded Vernacular Societies for the advancement of Goozeratti both at Ahmedabad and at Bombay; and we lay down his work with a feeling that, if its author was never likely, from his modest and retiring character, to have come to the front rank of Indian statesmen, he has still left, amongst Englishmen and natives, the memory of an earnest, a blameless, and a not unsuccessful career.

THE HOUSE OF ACHENDAROCH.*

NO doubt a wide knowledge of human nature is a very valuable qualification of the novel-writer. Yet sometimes a book of small pretensions may derive a charm from the freshness and simplicity that imply ignorance of life rather than an acquaintance with it. *The House of Achendaroch* strikes us as a case in point. Judging entirely from internal evidence, we should say that the author had passed her days in the Highlands, that she had paid an occasional flying visit to the Scotch capital, and that she was delighted and impressed with a sojourn she may have made in the rich county of Worcester. The fortunes of the Achendaroch family are by no means very remarkable in themselves, and there can hardly be said to be a plot in the story. There is no great art displayed, either in describing the rather numerous characters or in arranging them. And yet there is an attraction in the book, more especially for Scotch people, which makes us pardon many purposeless moral digressions and complacently endure considerable prolixity. This is partly, perhaps, because the style, in its shortcomings and its solecisms, is as distinctly Scotch as the scenes. We appear to be listening continually to the cheery, unsophisticated discourse of one of those elderly maiden ladies of the old school who used to live in the retirement of quiet gentility in the midst of their own people. The innermost circle of their daily interests lay naturally in the affairs of their next-door neighbours and in the streets of the respectable little market borough. The "families of the county," who formed a society by themselves, were regarded with exaggerated consideration as a superior order of beings; and with some of them the dignified spinster was probably connected. Very likely the lady we have been imagining may have read a good deal in an unassuming way; and it is certain indeed that she must have been something of a student if she was actually practising literature as an amateur. But her lines had fallen in uncongenial places, so far as intellectual intercourse was concerned, while her ideas of the social geography of that great world which lay far beyond the sphere of her everyday acquaintance were necessarily vague and fanciful in the extreme.

We need hardly repeat that we are imagining a type, not describing an individual; yet we surmise that there is something more than a shadowy analogy between the ideal we have been conjuring up and the author of *The House of Achendaroch*. The little country town of Inverdeen might well have been photographed. We can half identify with it at least a dozen of Scotch boroughs that we have in our mind's eye at the moment of our writing. Seeing that it was situated on the border of Lowlands and Highlands, there is a most realistic touch, for instance, in the gunmaker's shop, with the display of weapons of the chase and stuffed *feræ naturæ* in its windows. We recognize the self-satisfied group of the worthy borough authorities—the Provost, the Fiscal, and one or two of the Baillies—who gather on the causeway for their morning "crack." Men of great mark they are in the eyes of the fellow-citizens whose suffrages have raised them to the municipal dignity; men who, after being seated in their civic chairs, come to claim a perpetual reversion of their offices in virtue of their substance and "douce" respectability. But, though they feel it incumbent on them to carry themselves gravely, they are wags in their own way and among themselves. No wonder that Mr. Charles MacRae, who is presented as the hero of the tale, felt it a formidable ordeal to walk past these magnates, knowing himself to be the object of their heavy jocularity. Mr. MacRae was of the age and in the doubtful position which tend to foster a painful self-consciousness. A country solicitor, turned five-and-twenty, he depended on making friends and patrons to help him forward. Naturally it was of extreme consequence to him to stand well with the borough magnates, and yet he knew that they would rather laugh at him than not, since his social position was somewhat superior to theirs. For he is a kinsman of the old House of Achendaroch, and by no means a far-away cousin of its chief. He is received at Achendaroch House on a footing of condescending equality, and has the more solid privilege besides of being "factor" or agent on the estate. So his weakness for affecting airs of county fashion, and the visible signs of it in a "bonnet" which he wears with a stag's head crest, have obtained him the nickname of "Charlie Stag," and the clumsy *sobriquet* "stings him." Charlie's habits and ways of thinking are very naturally depicted. The author goes into the minutest and evidently the most truthful details as to his life in his lodgings and his relations to the landlady. Mrs. Gunn, of Inverdeen, by the way, is very like the Mrs. Hadoway of Fairport in the *Antiquary*. Only, instead of being the "relict" of a minister, she is the widow of a gallant officer. A Scotchman realizes all MacRae's modest surroundings, when he hears him talk of the "press" for a cupboard and the "lobby" for a passage. But when the author proceeds to sketch Charlie's nature, and to illustrate it, we hardly understand what she intends him to be. Now we hear much of his refinement and of the gentleman-like bearing which recommends him to those whose position and breeding should be unimpeachable; for she makes a great point of "gentility" in her ladies and gentlemen, in place of assuming it as a matter of course. In reality we cannot help recognizing Charles to be a shrewd but exceedingly awkward lad, assuming and unduly diffident by turns. He is a rustic dandy, which is always objectionable. But, what is strange, he is a thorough Cockney so far as rural pursuits are concerned. We can only explain this by the author's confounding life in a little town like Inverdeen with life in a great city. We should have said that a Highland-nurtured lad, of hardy frame and of active disposition, would undoubtedly have been a practised angler; that he would have taken as naturally to field sports as a Newfoundland to the water, and trodden the slopes of his native hills with the nimbleness of the sure-footed red-deer. But Charles provokes the ridicule of the shopman and the keepers by the extraordinary collection of gorgeous flies he has purchased for the great occasion of a visit to Achendaroch. His host has to cheer him with words of encouragement when he is descending the steep brae to the river, which the veteran Sir Kenneth himself accomplishes like a Tyrolese chamois-hunter. So that, on the whole, the tiro may be congratulated on killing one small fish to the three heavy salmon of Sir Hector. But, lucky as he seems likely to be beyond his deserts, so far as his social aspirations are concerned, we are warned from the very first that there is a strain of feebleness in his character. He acknowledges a master in his managing clerk, a man very little older than himself, who promises to be the Mephistopheles of some terrible tragedy, but who turns out in the end to be simply a commonplace pettifogger with no more serious failing than a weakness for whisky. Charles falls in love with a daughter of the House of Achendaroch, a lady of beauty, birth, and many accomplishments. We are surprised that he has dared to lift his eyes to her. We wonder more that he has succeeded in making her look kindly on him; and we are more astonished than before when we learn that her friends seem to like the connexion. But the crowning marvel comes when he has the audacity to jilt her, and to jilt her for another high-born cousin of the Achendaroch House, who has been equally favourably impressed by him.

But, indeed, what strikes us most, and what perhaps pleases us the most, is the unconventional unworldliness of everybody in the story. The lack of worldly wisdom is natural enough, of course, in the case of, the keepers and peasants on the Achendaroch estates, and the inhabitants of the back-of-the-world town of

* *The House of Achendaroch: an Old Maid's Story.* By Mary Emily Cameron. London: Samuel Tinsley & Co. 1878.

Inverdeen. But there are obvious traces of it in everybody without exception, and the author appears to reflect something of her own individuality in the people who should have seen most of society. Sir Kenneth MacRae, Mr. Hamilton, who succeeded to Achendaroch on his death, and a certain General Kilvert, who lives near Worcester, are all men of the world of excellent connexions. Mr. Hamilton is an eminent Edinburgh advocate besides. But all three appear to accept Mr. Charles MacRae upon his own valuation, and treat their common favourite both as a gentleman and equal, although, in fact, he is neither the one nor the other. Then Captain Kilvert, the son and heir of the General, regards Scotland as what it must have been in the rebellion of '45, apparently putting it very much on a par with the Fiji Islands. When he has accepted a cordial invitation to Achendaroch, "he expected to find people who were less civilized than himself, and was half disappointed to meet with those who were more than his equals." "General Kilvert himself seemed very anxious to become acquainted with Mr. Hamilton MacRae; but this could not be unless the laird would make up his mind to visit England, for he had an idea that Scotland was a wild, inaccessible, desert land, difficult of access, dangerous to travel in, dirty to dwell in." Yet the events of the story happened in days when the General could have travelled from Worcester seated comfortably in a first-class railway carriage, and when hardy Southern pioneers were already paying fancy rents for lodges and shooting quarters in the Scottish moors. Nor is the behaviour of a certain Captain Engledue much less remarkable. He is an Englishman of birth and station, with a commission in a crack cavalry regiment. His manners are superfine rather than otherwise, and he has been paying marked attentions to the daughter of the late Sir Kenneth MacRae. But, having taken offence at the favour which that giddy young lady has been showing to her kinsman Charlie MacRae, Captain Engledue seeks an interview with the mother to expostulate in such delicate terms as the following:—"Of course, Lady MacRae, it is just like yourself to be civil and kind to a man of that saut, coming from your own neighbourhood, you know; but—a—if your daughter chooses to mix herself up with people of that class, she must not expect—she must take the consequences, in fact," &c. And Lady MacRae, who was originally presented to us as formal and dignified almost to a fault, with a profound notion of her family consequence, in place of ringing the bell and having the gallant officer shown downstairs, is apologetic rather than otherwise, and stands very irresolutely on the defensive. Then in the speculative digressions to which we have referred we come upon such puzzling bits of metaphysical moralizing as this:—"The honest and good heart, like mountain fern, is quite as likely to be met with among men as women." After all, however, on the subjects in which the author is most at home there is a great deal of pleasant description and of sensible writing to counterbalance all that. Donald, the Achendaroch keeper, and his household, with their blending of clan-loyalty, simplicity, and superstition, are just what we might imagine them; while MacRae's landlady is a lifelike old Scotch gentlewoman, who bears her straitened circumstances with resignation and courage, and awakens all our warmest sympathy as the affectionate mother of a scapegrace son. The pictures of Highland scenery are excellent, while those of the homesteads and hop-gardens and apple-orchards of Worcestershire show a lively appreciation of the more luxurious South.

SIR TRAVERS TWISS'S BRACTON.*

It has long been felt that a new edition of Bracton's work on the Laws and Customs of England, the first attempt at a systematic treatise on English jurisprudence, and almost the only such attempt before Blackstone, would be a great boon to students of mediæval English institutions, and particularly of English legal history. Whether it is absolutely necessary we need hardly consider. The old edition of 1569, or the reprint of it which appeared in the following century, may be sufficient for many purposes; but, though these editions cannot be called scarce, the trouble and expense of procuring them, to say nothing of their unhandiness in use as compared with modern books, are quite enough to deter many persons who would gladly possess Bracton if it were accessible in as convenient a form as the Clarendon Press edition of Britton. We could wish, indeed, that one or other of the Universities had taken up Bracton in the first instance. Britton, though curious and interesting, is to a great extent a version of Bracton's work, adapted to the needs of English practice in a generation which, though not far removed in time from Bracton's, had made no small advances on it in both politics and law; and we may observe in passing that there can be no greater mistake than to suppose that the thirteenth century was not a progressive age as regards the arts of civil government. Not only does Bracton come first both in order of time and of interest, but we cannot help thinking that under the auspices of the Pitt or Clarendon Press there would have been such an amount of discretion in the choice of an editor, and of consultation and supervision afterwards, as to ensure the critical part of the work being done in a manner adequate to the importance of the subject, the dignity of the promoters, and the credit of English scholarship. The existing printed text of Bracton is in a condition requiring a good deal of critical industry, though the publisher of 1569 professed to have expended immense pains on it ("ingenti cura nunc primum typis vulgati"), and to have collated twelve MSS., from which he gives a list of various readings, mostly of no importance. Thus the present editor had the opportunity of doing a needful and laudable piece of work once for all. But Sir Travers Twiss's performance as regards the text is, we grieve to say, thoroughly unsatisfactory; so much so that we feel bound to pass over the many interesting questions which a new edition of Bracton might fairly give occasion for discussing, and to show clearly, at the cost of entering into a certain amount of minute detail, what sort of work may be sent forth into the world of letters under the sanction of the Record Office, and (we fear we must add) with a kind of national responsibility.

The principles to be followed in editing the series of national memorials of which this volume is part are laid down in the general statement printed at its head. "The Master of the Rolls" (the late Lord Romilly) ". . . . proposed that each chronicle or historical document to be edited should be treated in the same way as if the Editor were engaged on an Editio Princeps; and for this purpose the most correct text should be formed from an accurate collation of the best MSS." This proposal, along with the rest of the plan, was approved by the Lords of the Treasury. Notes are excluded by the scheme, except so far as necessary for settling the text; a restriction which in the case of Bracton is perhaps unfortunate. For he is not one of the authors who can be as well explained by a translation as by a commentary. On the contrary, Bracton's language presents no difficulty in itself; the difficulties are in references, allusions, and the use of technical terms which mere translation does not explain. Considering how few persons unable to read Latin are at all likely to consult Bracton, we are inclined to doubt if it was worth while to add an English version, as has now been done. It doubles the bulk of the edition, and imposes on the editor an amount of almost mechanical toil only too apt to distract his attention from the more vital part of his duty. Some very competent antiquaries, however, especially in France, have laid it down as a fixed rule that no ancient text of any kind should be republished without a translation; and, if the work were otherwise well done, we should see no occasion to quarrel either with the Treasury or with Sir Travers Twiss on that score.

But the work is not otherwise well done. To begin with, the very first point of an editor's duty—specially impressed on him, as we have seen, by the standing instructions that apply to this series of publications—has been openly neglected. The materials for forming a good text of Bracton are ample; there are probably not less than a dozen easily accessible MSS. of a date not later than the first quarter of the fourteenth century, as appears from the list given by the editor himself. And we are satisfied by inquiries of our own that the printed text of 1569 has no claim whatever to be considered as representing the best class, or even a good class, of MSS. What the old publisher's "duodecim libri antiqui" may have been we know not; either he was unfortunate in their selection, or (which is quite as likely) the one chosen to print from happened to be inferior, and the rest were never thoroughly collated.

Yet Sir Travers Twiss has thought fit to treat this text as classical, and, instead of producing the best text he could from original materials, has "studiously retained" that of the old edition, even when it is obviously corrupt. He has indeed, he says, "subjoined to it in the form of annotations the corrections which have been supplied by the Rawlinson and other MSS." But we shall immediately show that it is impossible to rely on this part of his work. He tells us that, after examining more than twenty MSS., he has chosen a particular one of the early fourteenth century—Rawlinson C. 160 in the Bodleian Library at Oxford—as his standard of collation, and that it "has not failed to supply a correction for every existing error in the text of the printed book of 1569, as far as the present volume extends." What this MS. may really be capable of supplying, or whether its general value is rightly estimated by Sir Travers Twiss, we cannot tell without an independent collation, which we have not been able to obtain. But it certainly has failed to supply Sir Travers Twiss with any correction for two obviously corrupt passages which he reprints without improvement, and which are correctly given in other MSS. apparently seen and more or less used by him.

In fo. 16*a* of Bracton—we cite, as usual, by the paging of ed. 1569—that edition, which we shall hereafter call the vulgate, reads thus:—

> Et in fine notandum, quod si in corpus quod traditur sit consensum, non nocet, quamvis circa causam dandi atque recipiendi sit dissensio: ut si pecuniam numeratam tibi tradam, vel quid tale, et tu eam quasi *traditam* accipias, constat ad te proprietatem transire.

Sir Travers Twiss repeats this without any remark and without alteration, save that for "vel quid tale" he gives "vel quid *tali*," which, though not actually nonsense, is certainly no improvement and is not in any MS. we have seen. Now "quasi *traditam*" is manifestly wrong. A man cannot receive money *as if* delivered to him when it is actually delivered. In fact Bracton is quoting from the Digest, 41. 1. *De acquirendo rerum dominio*, l. 36, where it is said:—"Nam et si pecuniam numeratam tibi tradam donandi gratia, tu eam quasi *creditam* accipias, constat pro-

* *Henrici de Bracton de Legibus et Consuetudinibus Angliæ. Libri quinque in varios tractatus distincti. Ad diversorum et vetustissimorum codicum collationem typis vulgati.* Edited by Sir Travers Twiss, Q.C., D.C.L. Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. Vol. I. London: 1878.

prietatem ad te transire." The point is that if money is delivered as a gift, but by mistake received as a loan, the mistake does not prevent the property from passing. Even without MS. authority we might safely replace *creditam* in the text of Bracton, for the confusion is a very easy one both in mediæval MS., especially when the words are contracted, and in Elizabethan printer's work. But *creditam* is the reading of the two good early MSS. in the Library of Lincoln's Inn, and three out of the four in the University Library of Cambridge. Sir T. Twiss gives no marginal reference to the Digest, though he professes to note parallel passages, and might have found the reference in Güterbock's excellent little book on Bracton and his relation to Roman law. Güterbock in this place, we must say, falls short of his usual acuteness; for, instead of correcting the text, he assumes that Bracton misread the Digest.

The next instance is a stronger one. In fo. 19*a* we read in Sir Travers Twiss's text:—

> Istæ donationes [the delivery of anything under the "innominate contracts" *do ut des*, etc.] consistunt sub modo et obligant contrahentes, ita quod si dedero vel fecero tu teneris ad dandum vel faciendum secundum quod convenit, *sed tamen ut repetere possim* quod dedi, si tu non vis facere quod promisisti, *si* ad hoc tantum agere possum [possunt, ed. 1569], quod tu facias, nisi aliter convenerit ab initio. Poterit enim huic donationi sub modo adjici conditio ab initio, ut si dicam, et si non dederis vel non feceris quod convenit, quod ego repetere possum quod dedi vel impensas factas circa rem *quas* feci, aliter non.

This, as it stands, is unintelligible. Sir T. Twiss prints and translates it without remark. Güterbock has pointed out both the disease and the remedy. The sense clearly demands "ut *non* repetere possim . . . *sed* ad hoc tantum agere possum." And this, with a few minute variations in order of words, is in fact the reading of all the Cambridge University and Lincoln's Inn MSS. Further, the true reading of the last clause appears to be "quod ego repetere *possim* . . . circa rem *quam* feci, *alioquin autem* non"; but this is of minor importance. Now of two things one—either the Oxford MS. specially relied on by Sir Travers Twiss affords the correct reading, or it does not. If it does, he has not acted up to his profession of collating it throughout. If it does not, he ought still to have perceived the corruption, already noted as it was by Güterbock, and looked for a better reading in other MSS. He need not have gone further than Lincoln's Inn for it.

After negligence of this kind in the text one cannot expect much accuracy in collateral matters. At the end of Book II., cap. 13, where there are two readings of a passage in the Digest expressly cited by Bracton, Sir Travers Twiss gives it in a note with the reading which Bracton obviously did not follow. In Book I., cap. 8, there is a gross blunder in the translation. Bracton, speaking of the authority and duty of the king's *comites*, and the significance of their being girt with swords, says:—"Ringæ enim dicuntur ex eo quod renes girant et circumdant, et unde dicitur, accingere gladio tuo, &c." He is quoting, of course, the familiar verse in the 49th Psalm, which in the Vulgate reads "accingere gladio tuo super femur tuum, potentissime." Sir Travers Twiss not only fails to see this, but takes *accingere* for an infinitive, and translates "and hence the phrase, to gird yourself with your sword"! Bracton would not have professed to know so much as his present editor about general jurisprudence and reforming the law of nations; but he certainly had a more competent knowledge both of the Vulgate and of Latin grammar than Sir Travers Twiss allows him credit for.

It will be observed that our more serious charges against the competence of the editor's work all lie in a compass not only small by comparison to the whole extent of Bracton, but not exceeding a quarter of the volume now published. We do not profess to have examined the whole of Sir T. Twiss's performance. Whether the rest of it would be found to contain a similar average of oversights, or whether our choice of test passages with which we happened to be familiar has coincided with cases of exceptional negligence, we must leave to the research or conjecture of others. But we think we have shown sufficient cause for holding, in the absence of some further explanation, that Sir Travers Twiss's editing of Bracton cannot be received with any degree of confidence; and that, so far from this edition superseding for the future the necessity of consulting the MS. authorities, we can have no assurance that we possess the genuine text without the whole thing being done over again.

That we may not wholly confine ourselves to the disagreeable task of exposing bad work, we add a few particulars as to the Cambridge University MSS., of which Sir Travers Twiss only mentions the existence. There are three complete copies of Bracton, of which the two finest are part of large folios containing a variety of legal MSS. The later of these two (early fourteenth century) is an especially beautiful MS., and has in many places copious marginal notes, some of them not without curiosity. A third MS. (13th–14th century) is a volume of itself. A fourth (13th–14th century) contains Book I. of Bracton and part of Book II., but in a disordered sequence; the rest is an abridgment, and breaks off in the Tractate *De exceptionibus* (*circ.* fo. 411). Some other leaves of the same volume contain extracts from other chapters, partly copied and partly abridged. So far as we have examined these MSS. they give substantially the same text, and any one of the complete copies is much better than ed. 1569. They are as good as the best of the Lincoln's Inn MSS., and probably not far behind any of the Oxford ones, if at all. As a specimen of their readings we turn to Book I., cap. 5, *init.* The vulgate (repeated in the present edition) reads:—

> Infinitæ vero sunt iuris species, quia infiniti sunt homines et infinitæ sunt res. Nam sic [Sir T. Twiss notes à variant *et sic*] diceretur ius aliud equinum, aliud asininum, aliud vineæ, aliud agri, *aliud pecoris, aliud hominis*. Est autem ius publicum quod ad statum rei *publicæ* pertinet.

Bracton copied this almost verbatim from the Summa of Azo on the Institutes, *De iustitia et iure;* and Azo's text has "aliud Petri aliud Johannis," and "ad statum rei Romanæ." Now these readings are also given in Bracton by all the Cambridge MSS., except that one has "aliud petræ aliud hominis," apparently an attempt to make sense of a confused reading; and by the three Lincoln's Inn MSS., except that the most recent (described as late fourteenth century) has "rei publicæ." There can, therefore, be little or no doubt that these are the genuine readings of Bracton, and should be restored in his text. One is glad to recover the quaint and mediæval particularity of "aliud Petri aliud Johannis," instead of the commonplace given in the printed book; but Bracton's unquestioning retention of Azo's "statum rei Romanæ" has a more considerable significance and interest. The alteration to "publicæ" was a natural one enough to be made by transcribers who thought "rei Romanæ" inappropriate for a book of English law. Perhaps there may have been distinct recensions of Bracton from a very early time; but this question could be cleared up only by a more extensive and minute inspection of MSS. than appears to have been yet undertaken.

We part from the now print of Bracton more in sorrow than in anger. Instead of awaiting the continuance of the work, as we hoped to do, with pleasurable impatience, we can now entertain only anxiety and misgiving. If the execution of such an undertaking is allowed to proceed in the manner in which it has been begun, the result will be a reproach to the learning of this country, and a misfortune to the study of its history.

COAL; ITS HISTORY AND USES.*

A YEAR or so ago Dr. Carpenter, as Secretary to the Gilchrist Educational Trust, suggested to the Professors of the Yorkshire College the delivery of courses of lectures in some of the larger towns of the West Riding upon some common and familiar subject. For several reasons coal was the subject selected. It was both familiar and comprehensive. It had a direct practical and economical interest for the class of hearers for whom the lectures were intended, and in its scientific aspects it was sufficiently novel to have an educational value for popular audiences. Ten lectures on coal were accordingly delivered, in the spring of last year, in Leeds and Keighley, with gratifying results. And the publication of these lectures having been suggested in the hope that a volume on coal might interest a wider public than that originally addressed, their contents have been altered in form, revised, and re-arranged, so as to make up the book now submitted to the public. First come two chapters on the Geology of Coal by Professor Green. Chapter III. on Coal Plants, and Chapter IV. on the Animals of the Coal Measures, are by Professor Miall; Chapters V. and VI., on the Chemistry of Coal, are by Professor Thorpe; Chapters VII. and VIII., on Coal as a Source of Warmth and Power, are by Professor Rücker; and Chapters IX. and X., on the Coal Question in its economical bearings, are by Professor Marshall.

These lectures furnish models of popular exposition. Clear and straightforward in style, and free as far as possible from technicalities, they are calculated to bring their meaning home to the class of minds for which they were intended with a degree of ease only attainable by a confirmed mastery of the subject. At the outset the learner is taken back to the period when coal was in process of formation. He is given a sketch of the state through which the area of the British Isles must be imagined to have been then passing, and is told how the land and water were distributed; what deposits had been laid down in antecedent geological ages, so as to form a floor or substratum for the accumulation of the fuel masses of the future; what plants and animals peopled the earth and seas, and how their embedded remains yield evidences of the various forms of life then existent; the conditions of climate which determined their growth; and especially what organic forms are to be traced making up the compact mineral product familiar to us under the various kinds of coal. Passing rapidly, but with great distinctness, over the composition and the mode of deposit of the underlying sandstones, clays, shales, and limestones, the superposition of which in layers is made clear by a diagrammatic section, Professor Green comes to what forms but a small portion of the overlying carboniferous deposits, but is to be regarded nevertheless as the most important member of that group, both in relation to human needs and to its history in the long range of organic life. That coal is little else but mineralised vegetable matter has been, he shows, one of the earliest facts established by the modern science of geology. Chemical analysis proved it to be composed of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen, with a small proportion of nitrogen—to consist, that is, of all the elements which make up all vegetable organic compounds. To this fact, which is in itself but a strong presumption of the vegetable origin of coal, is added the convincing proof that plant structure is readily seen in coal of every variety. Microscopical examination of Nova Scotian coal enabled Dr. Dawson to recognize flattened stems of trees or

* *Coal; its History and Uses.* By Professors Green, Miall, Thorpe, Rücker, and Marshall, of the Yorkshire College. Edited by Professor Thorpe. London: Macmillan & Co. 1878.

towering plants known as Sigillaria, presenting an external layer of coal enclosing a film of mineral charcoal. These stems form now columns of shale or sandstone which have infiltrated and taken the place of the original vegetable tissue, remaining in many instances upright *in situ*, the central hollow containing, mixed with mineral charcoal, leaves, shells, and other vegetable or animal remains. These coals, then, were made up, he considered, of three portions; first, mineral charcoal—*i.e.* wood from which the oxygen and hydrogen have to a great extent been abstracted, leaving a carbonized residue in which the original vegetable structure is clearly apparent; secondly, clear lustrous coal, consisting mainly of bark in which the organic structure has been very largely obliterated; and, thirdly, the coarser coal, composed in great measure of leaves and other portions of herbaceous plants. The microscopical examination of our English coals has shown them to consist in the main of the *débris* of plants very similar to those of Nova Scotia. The bulk of them are found to be made up of little else than an aggregation of minute rounded bodies, the spores of the Lepidodendron, a species of lycopod, which tree is frequently met with in a fossil state in the coal measures. Our English lycopods are diminutive plants, and the largest foreign species rise only to the height of a few feet. But the Lepidodendron was a noble forest tree, reaching in some cases to a hundred feet in height. The growth of a forest of this kind is made clearly intelligible by Mr. Green's picture of a broad, flat, swampy expanse, thickly covered by a luxuriant vegetation, like the pestilential marshy jungles of Central Africa, though we should have looked rather for a picture of a lagoon studded with low-lying overgrown islands, such as abound in the South Pacific. The roots and lower parts of the stems were submerged, the trunks and branches rising into the air. Year by year the showers of leaves and spores formed a thickening carpet at the foot of the tree, the root and lower trunk of which are often to be seen still *in situ*, buried under the now mineralized black and brittle mass. Special attention is directed to the formation of cannel coal, distinguished by its hard texture, which does not soil the fingers, takes a high polish, contains an exceptional quantity of hydrogen, and breaks with a conchoidal fracture—*i.e.* in curved surfaces with concentric ridges, like the pattern of a ribbed shell:—

Cannel coals always occur in dish-shaped patches thinning away to nothing on all sides; they frequently merge insensibly into highly carbonaceous black shale; and they contain occasionally the remains of fish.

The presence of fossil fish in cannels show that they must have been formed under water, and they probably consist of vegetable matter which was drifted down into ponds or lakes and lay soaking till it became reduced to a pulp. The deposit was of course limited in extent by the banks of the sheet of water in which it was formed, and hence the lenticular shape which beds of cannel exhibit. A certain amount of mud would of course be brought into the water along with the drifted plants, but being heavier than they it would fall down, first carrying with it enough decomposing vegetable matter to stain it black; in a certain distance all the mud came to the bottom, and the vegetable residue floating on sank slowly and became spread out over the bed of the lake further on. Thus near the mouth of a river deposits of laminated carbonaceous mud were laid down, and these gradually contained less and less mud and more and more vegetable matter till they merged into a mass of vegetable pulp.

The maceration it has undergone has to a large extent effaced all traces of vegetable structure in cannel coal, but spores can now and then be still detected in it.

The difficult task of discriminating the generic and specific affinities of the fossil plants which diversify the structure of coal is ably touched upon by Professor Miall. Besides the lepidodendroid trees, of which the Lepidodendron and Sigillaria are the principal examples, and occupy most of the lecturer's space, the Calamites form a conspicuous group, referred by former students of fossil botany to the class of reeds or bamboos, but now assigned by most authors to the Horse-tails, or Equisetaceæ. They were, beyond doubt, cryptogamic plants, reproduced, *i.e.* not by flower and seed, but by spores. Their fruit consisted of a spike of modified leaves, lodging sporangia, or spore-cases, within which are to be traced numerous single-celled spores. In many points of structure the Calamites differed from living Equisetaceæ, as well as in their vastly superior stature. The animal remains associated with the coal measures furnish Mr. Miall with a no less interesting subject of discussion. The highest of these in the zoological scale are the Amphibia, represented most conspicuously by the Labyrinthodonts, first discovered about fifty years ago in the Triassic rocks of Germany. Professor Miall gives ample details, aided by clear illustrations, of the anatomical characteristics of this group, more particularly the Mastodonsaurus and Archegosaurus, which in the first instance led to their being classed with the Saurians, until their true affinities were pointed out by Professor Owen. Hereby has been exploded the false belief till lately current amongst palæontologists that, owing to the density of carbonic acid gas filling the atmosphere during the period of the vegetation that formed the coal measures, no air-breathing animals could have lived upon the earth—this law explaining the fact of the absence of such animals from the coal measures. The discovery of the amphibian types just mentioned, with that named by Professor Huxley Loxomma, some fourteen feet long, allied to the crocodile in the form of skull and jaws, and the Urocordylus from the coal-fields of Kilkenny and of North America, with curiously marked caudal vertebræ, besides fifteen other species at least, sufficiently attest the presence of air-breathing vertebrates during the Carboniferous period.

Many Ganoid fishes find representatives in the coal measures, whether belonging to the marine or fresh-water species, or, like the salmon, migratory between salt and fresh water. Ctenodus and its allied fossil genus Dipterus are selected by Professor Miall for particular notice, and their affinities with the existing genera (Lepidosiren, Protopterus, and Ceratodus) pointed out. The conclusion made good is that the animal kingdom of the Carboniferous period is the animal kingdom of to-day. Nearly every existing class of animals is represented in the Carboniferous rocks. At the same time the specific difference is not less remarkable than the identity of type, not a single well-understood species being known to descend from Palæozoic to modern times. Here, then, is opened a boundless field for the process of evolution. In a palæontological map, such as that suggested by Professor Miall on the basis of Haeckel's *History of Creation*, we might trace back the genealogy of living forms, if not to a common ancestor, yet to a few converging lines pointing, with whatever degree of vagueness, towards one primordial germ.

The chemistry of coal, the employment of this mineral as a source of heat and mechanical power, and the economical questions relating to its supply and consumption, are treated in the chapters which follow with a fulness and ability to which the limits of our space forbid our doing justice. We are glad to find that Professor Marshall closes the series with words of comfort. Even apart from any prospective reduction on a great scale in the rate of consumption—to which, even since he penned the words, an enhanced probability has been given by the chance of coal-gas being largely superseded by electric lighting—the period of exhaustion, inevitable as it is, must be too remote for practical realization. His ingenious diagrams and tables, showing the calculated available output, together with the growing rate of demand, by the convergence of lines of arithmetical and geometrical progression, point to a period of about 2,150 years. But even here, as he goes on to show, there need be no absolute, sudden, or total stop. New conditions, both of supply and demand, not to be thought of now, may arise. There is no necessity, at all events, for any prohibitive duty upon the export of coal. "On one condition alone can we continue to enjoy the manifold advantages of cheap coal—namely, that we raise and get rid of our coal as fast and as freely as possible." This may be thought a bold conclusion, yet it is by no means incompatible with a real frugality. It lends no encouragement to waste. Coal, which tends to become more and more the staple wealth of our country, becomes the material for building up industries at home and abroad, from which in the course of free exchange a commerce of growing profit may be expected. Beyond all, our island fortunes are being gradually merged in those of a greater Britain, which, largely through the aid of the coal whose prospective loss many persons are lamenting, has grown beyond the limits of the parent island. Philosophy may reconcile us to the fate which is inevitable. But with this there may well blend somewhat of the parental pride and satisfaction with which we may look onward to America, Australia, and New Zealand dealing not unworthily with their rich inheritance.

THE HOUSE BY THE WORKS.*

MR. EDWARD GARRETT is in a very high degree a moral writer. He began, we should imagine, by writing sermons, advanced by slow degrees to the composition of tracts, next wrote pious tales for the publications of some religious Society, and at last blossomed forth as a novelist. We should scarcely have ventured to apply to him this term, which has but an ill sound in the ears of all serious people, did he not expressly claim it for himself. On the title-page of the work before us he calls his story a novel. He is following in the steps of Rowland Hill when that great divine said that the Devil should no longer keep all the best tunes to himself. Mr. Garrett, no doubt, knows his own business best, and is aware of the weight that his name carries. Yet he would have done well, we are inclined to think, had he at least styled his tale A Serious Novel, or a Novel for Sabbath Reading by Serious People. It is, in truth, something like that happy invention the Noah's Ark. It can afford some enjoyment, and yet it need not be put away from Saturday evening to Monday morning. It is sober enough for the Sunday, and yet it has just enough of a romance about it to make it lively reading when compared with a sermon or with Drelincourt on Death. It might perhaps, in its conclusion at least, be found somewhat gloomy; but that will recommend it not the less to that large and respectable party which holds that over one-seventh of life a gloom should be cast. And yet, though the end according to common notions is sad enough, there is not a little cheerfulness in the rest of the work. Mr. Garrett is by no means an ascetic. A teetotaller we should imagine he is, and a determined enemy to tobacco; but, as we well remember from his earlier writings, he has a wholesome relish for buns and ginger-beer. In his present volumes he scorns the brightness of the High Street of the town in which he lays the scene of his story. "It boasted," he says, "several gin-palaces and two or three showy tobacconists' shops, and a foreign confectioner's." On the other hand, he has no contempt for the creature comforts which are supplied in the serious household of a small tradesman. The mistress of the household on one occasion "surrounded" her guests "with her gentle, old-fashioned hospitalities, her honey, her lemonade, and her crisp biscuits." Neither does he see any harm when his pattern lady, Aunt Barbara, prefers biscuits, jams and

* *The House by the Works.* A Novel. By the Author of "Occupations of a Retired Life," &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1879.

jellies, and country butter and new-laid eggs, and a few slices of good ham, to the musty eggs and cheap bread and butter on which she had previously fed. We could have wished, however, that he had been willing to allow at least one happy marriage. He does indeed come very near to this, and he only misses it by ten pages. Had he ended his story, as he very well might have ended it, at p. 201, Lois would have had that happiness which she so well deserved. But he gives himself just one more chapter, and her lover is murdered. Was Mr. Garrett afraid to face the festivities of the wedding-breakfast? Surely the bride's health could have been as cheerfully drunk in ginger-beer or lemonade as in champagne. We wonder, indeed, that so good a man as he is had the heart, almost on the very eve of her marriage, to rob so exemplary a young creature of her betrothed. We would ask him to consider whether in so doing he treats his readers with proper consideration. He introduces us to really a model young lady. To describe her excellences he condescends to enter even into a minute account, not of her toilet, which would savour of vanity, but of the arrangements which she daily made after she had dressed and before she left her room. "Not a shred of untidiness must remain in her chamber for a moment. The discarded collars and cuffs of yesterday were already in the clothes-bag. The towels must be hung out smooth and square, the combs and brushes neatly adjusted, the bed folded back with a neatness second only to that with which it would be presently made." Are these, we pathetically ask, are these the habits of a young woman whose intended husband will get shot by two evil-looking men, adventurers and swindlers of the very worst type? Some of Mr. Garrett's saints must, of course, have been sufferers. But one of them he had just married, from a strong sense of duty on her part, to a frivolous dandy. Another he had not married at all, but he had killed off her old father suddenly, and brought her down from a state of great wealth to poverty; while even Aunt Barbara, the virtuous and trim old lady who is introduced to the reader in a long cloak into whose capacious pockets she had gathered all the sundries which accumulate about one in travelling—even she had early in life been disappointed in love. And yet, perhaps, from one point of view the lover who was shot was not to be so greatly pitied. He was a professor, and a professor in a German University. What an amount of what is called "tidying up" did he escape, and escape by a painless death! We are inclined to think that, for a man who is fond of books and who has a study of his own, two evil-looking adventurers and swindlers of the worst type, who however do their work skilfully and quickly, would be almost better than a wife who day after day through many a long year would not allow "a shred of untidiness" to remain in any part of his house, and would adjust his books and papers as neatly as she adjusted her own combs and brushes.

It is difficult to understand why Mr. Garrett is so severe upon the virtuous. It is not that he in the least grudges their happiness or is ignorant of their merits. On the contrary, he has an eye for merit even where merit is not generally recognized. The charwoman, for instance, finds in him the warmest advocate. "That useful factotum" he calls her, "whose helpful presence is often a real charity beyond all payment." We could have wished, however, that that indulgence which the charwoman obtains from him had been extended to the millionaire. We ought not to judge any class harshly, as we are sure he would admit, and even a millionaire may in his way be a kind of "useful factotum." At all events it is just possible that a man may make a million pounds and yet may not owe his fortune, as Mr. Garrett maintains he does owe it, to a judicious mixture of meanness, selfishness, and unscrupulousness with the qualities that belong to one who is punctual, reliable, and painstaking. By the way, would not, we venture to ask, the old-fashioned word "trustworthy" better suit a writer who admires old-fashioned English ways than "reliable," which is neither old-fashioned nor English? It is not merely the millionaire, but the wealthier classes generally, who meet with hard measure from our author. We do not refuse our tribute of admiration to the humbler classes whom Mr. Garrett so greatly extols. We are ready to admire his model servant, not "the very genteel maid-servant with an impassible face" who waits on the millionaire, but his honest middle-aged woman who, "wherever she walked, except when she went to 'worship,' carried with her a wicker basket of some sort." We are glad to learn through him how much merit there is in this basket-carrying, and we are prepared to introduce the practice into our own household. "The wicker basket," said the pious woman who always bore it, "shows I'm a respectable servant. 'Besides,' she added, with that stern practicality which redeemed her fashion from all fancifulness, 'one never knows when one may see something worth the buying. Many a woman passes good fish or fruit selling cheaply because she has nothing to carry it home in.'" While we so readily accept his views, we must ask him to consider for a moment whether there are not virtues to be found outside those who carry baskets, or who wear cloaks with capacious pockets, or who hang out their towels smooth and square, or who surround their guests with honey, lemonade, and crisp biscuits. Does not his Aunt Barbara, his model woman, show some indifference to human suffering—at all events, an utter ignorance of it in one of its worst forms—when she touches on the French Revolution? Her niece had said that she was never tired of reading about the sorrows of Marie Antoinette, for the story is so beautiful and so sad. "It is sad enough indeed," the aunt replied, "but I believe I think more of the thousands upon thousands of poor women who were born to infinitely greater hardships than she ever endured for a day." This is really wonderful. What woman in France suffered more, and even "infinitely" more, than its unhappy Queen? Mr. Garrett would seem to think that the higher the station from which one is cast down the softer is the fall. But what does he know of the commonest history? He would do well to leave Queens, at all events, alone. In one passage he describes some church bells which he says were made in Queen Elizabeth's time. The proof of this fact he finds apparently in the following verse that was engraved on one of them—

> Glory to God in highest heaven.
> Sixteen hundred ninety-seven.

By 1697 children used to be gravely informed that Queen Elizabeth was dead just as they are now informed that Queen Anne is dead.

Mr. Garrett describes in one passage a woman finding in a dark foggy night "the doors" of a rich man's house "fast." It surely requires some ingenuity in a writer to turn this simple fact into a reproach against one class, but Mr. Garrett has a good deal of ingenuity when he wishes to discover faults. She might have expected, he says, to find the doors fast "in the new neighbourhood of a place like Perford, where the poor can hope so little from the rich that the rich have cause to fear the poor." Surely Mr. Garrett in writing this piece of clap-trap falls into a strange blunder. He confounds the poor with the rogues. When he next locks up his own house—and like a wise man, no doubt, he locks it up every night—let him not, we beg him, do the poor such a grievous wrong as to think that it is they whom he fears. Having abused the rich man for making his doors fast, he in the next sentence falls foul of him on account of the scene inside. The woman through the great glass windows discovers a hall where "the rich carpet was spread over dainty tiles," and where a pair of legs in a great Russian leather screened chair gave notice of the presence of a dozing livery servant. For the pair of legs we attempt no defence. They were bad, very bad. But how about the dainty tiles? Certainly there was monstrous ostentation in putting them down when they were to be covered by a rich carpet; but millionaires, we admit, at times do strange things. Still we do not understand how they were discovered by a woman from the outside who merely glanced in through the glass doors. We must protest, moreover, when he allows this millionaire nothing but a rapid succession of drunken coachmen. He should remember that he himself has said that a man who becomes a millionaire must be "punctual, reliable, and painstaking." With such qualities, and with a million sterling to back him, he would have surely managed now and then to break the succession by a man who relished nothing stronger than ginger-beer or lemonade.

We must do our author the justice to allow that there is a moderate amount of wealth which does not excite his dislike. "It would have cheered," he says, "Aunt Barbara's loneliness to have seen some of the old Worcester china and half-worn silver, which would have awakened mutual memories of the past." What he means by "mutual memories" we do not in the least understand. Aunt Barbara could no doubt have remembered the old Worcester china and the half-worn silver, but they, even if they had been carried for years in one of her capacious pockets, could scarcely be expected to remember her. We must be content, we fear, to leave this sentence "to float," where, according to Mr. Garrett, our noblest thoughts are often to be found, "in a suggestive mistiness like sunset glories."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

MANY readers will remember the brilliant series of volumes published upwards of thirty years ago by Victor Cousin, devoted to the biography of French seventeenth-century celebrities. Jacqueline Pascal, Mesdames de Sablé, de Longueville, de Hautefort, and de Chevreuse had been conjured up, so to speak, from the tomb, for the purpose of illustrating that extraordinary vigour of character and earnestness of purpose which distinguished the French ladies of the Richelieu and Fronde epochs. The success of those masterly sketches led many eminent writers to follow in the same path, and thus it was that M. Bonneau-Avenant composed the Life of Mme. de Miramon, while the Count de Baillon published in his turn the correspondence of Queen Henrietta Maria, and M. Romain-Cornut edited Mme. de la Vallière's *Réflexions sur la miséricorde de Dieu.* The present volume (1) is a further contribution to this interesting collection, and we have to thank M. Avenant for an excellent description of French religious life as it was two hundred years ago. The biography of the Duchess d'Aiguillon has this peculiar feature, that it belongs both to the history of polite society and to that of the Gallican Church. Niece of Cardinal Richelieu, Marie de Wignerod de Pontcourlay spent the first thirty years of her life in the midst of all the pleasures which rank and political power can give; then, weary, dissatisfied, and full of loftier aspirations, she forsook the world for the cloister, and retired into solitude without having scandals to atone for like Mme. de Longueville or Sœur Louise de la Miséricorde. The volume before us has been compiled from the most authentic sources, especially the archives of the Richelieu family, and the MSS. of Valant preserved at the Paris National Library.

(1) *La Duchesse d'Aiguillon, sa vie et ses œuvres charitables.* Par A. Bonneau-Avenant. Paris: Didier.

With Mlle. de Condé (2) we are introduced to comparatively recent times, and to a state of French society in which strong affection and genuine devotedness shone as rare exceptions. The quasi-romance of her life is on that account all the more interesting, and the narrative of her love for M. de la Gervaisais reads like a delightful fiction amidst the corruptions of the *ancien régime*, then on the eve of its terrible catastrophe (1780–87). The letters are twenty-five in number, and were first published some time ago with a notice by Ballanche and one by the Countess d'Hautefeuille. The present edition, illustrated with two portraits and a facsimile, is due to M. Paul Viollet, who has added an introduction and explanatory notes. Mlle. de Condé, the last female representative of one of the greatest of French houses, died in 1824; M. de la Gervaisais survived her fourteen years. The publication of her letters was the more necessary because the episode to which they referred had been infamously perverted in a novel entitled *Les amours et les malheurs de Louise*, composed in 1790 by a Republican pamphleteer.

Vauban (3) was certainly one of the most remarkable men of the *grand siècle*, and the history of his life is full of instruction. Besides a collection of extracts taken from Vauban's own unpublished memoirs, and given to the world by M. Poncelet (1841–43), we have a biography by M. de Chambray, and Fontenelle's *éloge*. M. Georges Michel, however, now presents us with a volume which is likely to supersede both those works, and which contains in a succinct and readable shape a full account of the services rendered to France by the illustrious engineer. Thus, in a memoir written in 1689 the necessity of fortifying Paris was demonstrated, and a plan drawn up for the proper carrying out of the requisite works. Again, Vauban protested in the strongest possible manner against the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, showed the terrible consequences which would infallibly result from it, and addressed both to Louvois and to Madame de Maintenon memorials which of course were not only treated with contempt, but regarded as disloyal and revolutionary. M. Michel has added to his volume a dictionary explaining the technical words used.

The small duodecimo recently published by the Dominican Father Didon (4) comprises seven lectures, preceded by an introduction, on the relations between faith and experimental science. The gravest problems, says our author, have been and still are discussed in this century; and not one of them is yet satisfactorily answered. Social institutions, forms of government, political economy, education, religion, freedom—all these topics are yet *sub judice*. Which of them seems in a fair way of being settled? Father Didon, like most writers on his side, believes in the ultimate triumph of religion over false interpretations of science; and he welcomes the alliance between metaphysicians, such as Cousin, Jouffroy, and Maine de Biran, and theologians properly so called. His lectures treat successively of Positivism, Materialism, Pantheism, practical scepticism, the existence of God, and the knowledge we possess of the Deity. They are characterized by much vigour, and are written in a moderate and impartial spirit.

Two volumes of letters by distinguished artists claim our notice. In one we find the correspondence of the painter Eugène Delacroix (5), from 1815 to 1863, the year of his death; in the other, M. Daniel Bernard has collected the memorials of Hector Berlioz. It is a pity, we think, that M. Burty should have destroyed the biographical sketch he had begun of his friend; and the few notes left by M. Léon Riésener, however interesting, do not supply the place of a regular biography. M. Delacroix spent some time in this country, and it is curious to see his opinions of the English school of painting, the drama, and society in general. The sketches of Wilkie please him a great deal more than his finished pictures. He admires Lawrence, defends Kean against French critics, and speaks enthusiastically about Young the actor. As a leader of the romantic school in painting, Eugène Delacroix excited the most vehement antagonism; and the production he sent to the Salon in 1824 ("The Massacre at Scio") was as much abused as Hugo's *Hernani* was destined to be five years later. The correspondence reflects in various places the excusable irritation which the painter felt at the attitude assumed by the press, and the mixture of ignorance and prejudice displayed by the critics of the day. The volume is printed in the most artistic style, and illustrated with a portrait and facsimiles.

The collection of Berlioz's correspondence (6) is spoiled by the extravagant panegyric which M. Daniel Bernard has added to it, but we recommend the perusal of these hundred and fifty letters to readers who wish to know something of the *irritabile genus*. Berlioz, like Delacroix, was run down with much violence during his life, and whilst a few impartial judges, honestly acknowledging that he had his faults, did at the same time homage to his genius, the majority, bred in the too exclusive admiration of Italian music, regarded as a madman the gifted author of *Harold* and of the *Symphonie fantastique*. Berlioz, let us add, could retaliate; witness what he says about Bellini, Meyerbeer, Rossini, Wagner, and others. As far as music is concerned, France, he says, is merely "un pays de *crétins* et de *gredins*." He far prefers the English, who, he remarks, "ont un violent désir d'aimer la musique." Posterity has given both to Berlioz and to Delacroix their proper place—no mean one—in the Pantheon of art, and they are not likely to be driven from it.

M. Penjon has written a volume on the subject of Berkeley's philosophy (7) which may be regarded as one of the best specimens of the modern French historical school. It is divided into three books; the author dealing first with the dialogues of Hylas and Philonoüs, then giving an account of Berkeley's journeys to France, Italy, and America, and finally describing his life from the period of his promotion to the bishopric of Cloyne. A general summary of the prelate's doctrine, considered in its relation to other schools of metaphysics, terminates the work. M. Penjon takes great pains to show that Berkeley's views have been singularly misrepresented, and that he should not be held responsible for the absurdities palmed upon him by his adversaries. We all know the objections raised by Johnson and Beattie; they are those which would occur to ordinary readers, but they only prove that neither Beattie nor Johnson understood the doctrines which they thought they were exposing to ridicule. The same remark may be made with reference to Kant and Hume.

M. Liard protests loudly and learnedly (8) against the pretensions of the Positivist school; like MM. Lachelier, Renouvier, Martin, Secrétan, and others, he is of opinion that M. Littré and his friends take too much upon themselves, and that their doctrines are assailable on many points. Modern men of science do not, it is true, affirm that they know all things; but assuredly when they tell us that beyond the small circle within which they move, certainty makes way for ignorance, and light for darkness, they virtually claim a monopoly of knowledge. Without following M. Liard throughout all the details of his exhaustive discussion, we may simply note here—and this circumstance invalidates the whole Positivist *corpus doctrinæ*—that Comte's definition of metaphysics is far from applying to the entire subject defined; he seems to confound metaphysics with scholasticism, which was really the perversion of philosophy; and this is so obvious that M. Littré felt the necessity of completing and rectifying the views of his master. Even if we grant the premisses of Positivism, the only thing which its votaries can do is to establish more clearly perhaps than had ever been done before the distinction between natural and metaphysical science—a distinction which no one dreams of denying; but this is not the same as proving the impossibility of metaphysics. We cannot of course here speak in detail of M. Liard's volume. We may mention that this eloquent and learned protest against the undue pretensions of Positivism has been crowned by the Académie des Sciences morales et politiques.

The sixth fasciculus of Messrs. Hachette's Dictionary of Antiquities, published *longo intervallo* (9), is now before us. Beginning with *Cælatura*, it takes us only to *Capsa*, thus covering a very small amount of ground, owing to the importance of some of the articles. The description of the Greek and Roman Calendars fills no less than ninety-seven columns; eleven pages are taken up by a notice of dogs and hounds, and nineteen by an essay on camps and castrametation. The illustrations are 272 in number.

Admiral Jurien de la Gravière is equally known as an intrepid sailor, a scholar, and a picturesque writer; the work he has just published, illustrated with maps and woodcuts, will add to his reputation (10). The first volume discusses the early history of modern navigation; it relates the discoveries made by the Portuguese and the Spaniards, the rapid progress of the English navy, and the early enterprises of the Dutch. Under the title "La mappemonde de Sébastien Cabot" our author then relates the adventures of that celebrated mariner and his companions, their expedition to Russia, and the commercial relations they established between England and the Northern traders. The creation and progress of the Muscovite Company and the travels of Anthony Jenkinson fill the second volume, the concluding chapter being occupied by reflections on the political consequences of the maritime discoveries made during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The decline of Spain and the misfortunes of France have resulted, says the author, in the greatness of England; without colonies, a navy has no *raison d'être*, and if "Britannia rules the waves," it is because her very existence depends upon her taking the lead as a maritime Power.

The translation of Dante's *Inferno* for which we are indebted to M. Littré (11) is, as he himself acknowledges, a work without any precedent, unless we choose to find such in Paul Louis Courier's *Longus* and Vanderbourg's *Clotilde de Surville*. What was the use of clothing the Italian poem in a French mediæval garb, and of publishing a version which the generality of readers cannot possibly understand without the help of a glossary? M. Littré's answer is clear enough; he wishes to encourage the serious study of the French of the middle ages, and to show once more that the *langue d'oïl* was not what, until lately, many people still supposed, an ungrammatical jargon constructed at haphazard and full of solecisms. M. Littré's attempt is an ingenious *tour de force*, a literary

(2) *Lettres intimes de Mademoiselle de Condé à M. de la Gervaisais.* Publiées par Paul Viollet. Paris: Didier.

(3) *Histoire de Vauban.* Par Georges Michel. Paris: Plon.

(4) *La science sans Dieu.* Par le P. Didon. Paris: Didier.

(5) *Lettres d'Eugène Delacroix.* Publiées par M. Philippe Burty. Paris: Quantin.

(6) *Correspondance inédite de Hector Berlioz.* Avec une notice. Par Daniel Bernard. Paris: Lévy

(7) *G. Berkeley, évêque de Cloyne; sa vie et ses œuvres.* Par A. Penjon. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(8) *La science positive et la métaphysique.* Par Louis Liard. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(9) *Dictionnaire des antiquités grecques et romaines.* 6e fascicule. London and Paris: L. Hachette & Co.

(10) *Les marins du XVe et du XVIe siècles.* Par le vice-amiral Jurien de la Gravière. Paris: Plon.

(11) *Dante: l'Enfer.* Mis en vieux langage français et en vers. Par E. Littré. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

exercise the merit of which we readily acknowledge; but we still believe that the student anxious to become familiar with mediæval literature will do far better to read M. Gautier's edition of the *Chanson de Roland* or selections from Bartsch's *Chrestomathie*, than spend his time over this translation of the *Inferno*.

The second volume of M. Baudrillart's *Histoire du luxe* treats of Roman civilization (12), and is quite as interesting as the former one. Athens, the author remarks, had given an example of luxury in the midst of a rich and commercial democracy. When we come to Rome we find ourselves in the presence of a conquering aristocracy, a society where the most glaring inequalities existed, and where artistic refinement did not give to material prosperity that polish which makes corruption at once more fascinating and more dangerous. The Republic and the Empire occupy the first two books of M. Baudrillart's volumes; we have next a curious account of the strictures passed upon luxury both by heathen and by Christian writers; finally, the funeral ceremonies of the different nations of antiquity are described with reference to the expense which they necessitated and the sumptuary laws passed from time to time for the purpose of regulating them. An alphabetical index to Volumes I. and II. has been added by the author.

M. Victor Duruy has brought down his Roman History to the accession of Diocletian (13); and the long list of tyrants which he unfolds before us, beginning with Commodus, scarcely contains a name which mankind need care to remember. The notes, taken from the best authorities, illustrate all points of importance, and are both copious and accurate. A special chapter is devoted to the history of Christianity during the third century; and, notwithstanding some ludicrous mistakes on points of doctrine, M. Duruy has appreciated with remarkable impartiality the position of the Church between the last representatives of heathenism and the beginnings of heresy. In certain respects the new community had borrowed largely from the constitution of civil society as the Roman *régime* had organized it; in others, particularly so far as the distinction between the clerical and the lay element is concerned, it departed widely from the traditions of the old State religion.

We doubt whether M. Duruy's theological views will please all Roman Catholics; it is pretty certain that they will disappoint the author of the *Récit d'une sœur*, whom the slightest deviation from the strict orthodoxy of Ultramontanism shocks beyond description. The volume of reminiscences (14) collected by Mme. Craven treats of England and of Italy; the various chapters of which it consists were originally published in the *Correspondant*, and the reader sees that the chief object of the book is to exalt Roman Catholicism by drawing a parallel between it and English Protestantism. The mistakes which the author commits, the inferences she draws without the slightest foundation, are so grotesque that the work before us is hardly likely to be of much use in bringing over deluded heretics to the bosom of the Church. We need scarcely say that the writer has lost nothing of her vigour, and the admirers of Lord Palmerston will enjoy the introductory chapter, which describes a visit to Broadlands.

Andreas Memor is evidently a pseudonym (15), and if, as we are told, it is meant for the Duke de Grammont, we may congratulate him on having published a volume on German politics which is at least lively and amusing. The *Souvenirs d'un diplomate*, for which we had some years ago to thank M. Henry d'Ideville, had already given us a specimen of what a politician could accomplish if, instead of being uniformly dry and stilted, and appearing before the public in full dress, he would find room for anecdotes and enliven his reminiscences with sketches of society. Andreas Memor has followed in the same line. The complete study of modern German politics would embrace the whole history of Europe, for the Cabinet of Berlin has interfered with the Pope as well as with Denmark, and with Greece as well as with Austria. Andreas Memor, however, confines his attention exclusively to German topics; and, by limiting the sphere of his observations, he is enabled to give his readers a great number of details.

M. A. Legrelle's pamphlet is intended as an attack upon Germany *à propos* of a well-known episode in the history of Louis XIV. (16) Whether the taking of Strasburg in 1681 was a justifiable act or not is a question on which there is much to be said. M. Legrelle frankly acknowledges that it was indefensible; and he proves his case by narrating in detail the circumstances which led to the campaign, and taking us as far back as Richelieu and the Thirty Years' War. At the same time he endeavours to bring against the Germans an accusation of bad faith in their interpretation of the treaties of Munster and of Niméguen, maintaining that the greatest error committed by Louis XIV. consisted in allowing Louvois to enforce by unjustifiable means claims which in themselves were perfectly legitimate.

The *Bibliothèque Orientale Elzévirienne* of M. Ernest Leroux has often been noticed in these columns. The latest instalment of this valuable collection is a study (17) of Kâlidâsa's heroines compared with those of Shakespeare. A genuine admiration for both poets characterizes this sketch, in which we have, amongst other things, a good analysis of two well-known Sanscrit plays, *Sakuntala* and *Vikramorvasi*. The freedom and breadth of true genius are cleverly contrasted by Mrs. Sumner with the artificial style of the modern French drama.

(12) *Histoire du luxe privé et public depuis l'antiquité jusqu'à nos jours.* Par H. Baudrillart. Vol. II. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

(13) *Histoire des Romaines.* Par V. Duruy. Vol. VI. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

(14) *Reminiscences.* Par Mme. A. Craven. Paris: Didier.

(15) *Andreas Memor: l'Allemagne nouvelle* (1863–67). Paris: Dentu.

(16) *Louis XIV. et Strasbourg.* Par A. Legrelle. Gand: Sneeck-Ducajus.

(17) *Les héroïnes de Kâlidâsa et les héroïnes de Shakespeare.* Par Mary Sumner. Paris: Leroux.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE COMING SESSION.

As the Ministers have wisely kept the secret of their intentions, any anticipation of the business of the Session must be conjectural, except perhaps that a Bankruptcy Bill will almost certainly be introduced. If Lord Beaconsfield undertakes to settle the Irish University question, he will furnish an unexpected proof of his preference of public duty to party interests. The difficulty is not so far insuperable that it would baffle a despotic legislator; but it is almost impossible to carry through Parliament a Bill which, by a singular ill-fortune, must dissatisfy one of two hostile majorities. Any arrangement which would satisfy the Roman Catholic bishops would be opposed by the English Nonconformists, by the Irish Protestants, and by a considerable section of the Conservative party. On the other hand, the Liberal Opposition would ally themselves with the Irish Home Rule members against any scheme which failed to conciliate the Roman Catholics. Although Lord Beaconsfield is in no sense a bigot, he has for some years ceased to court the Romish hierarchy. The rejection of the overtures which were made by Lord Mayo eleven or twelve years ago produced an impression which was probably confirmed by the subsequent failure of Mr. Gladstone's experiment. If the attempt is nevertheless renewed, the Ministerial proposals may be expected to follow the precedent of Lord Cairns's Bill of last year; but the Irish newspapers assert with much probability that the Roman Catholic bishops will not be satisfied with so moderate a concession. The rumour of a project of extending household suffrage to counties is more extravagantly improbable. The Prime Minister indeed cultivates illusions on the subject of a popular franchise which might tempt him to an act of political suicide; but his colleagues and his adherents are not prepared to disfranchise or to swamp the landowners and farmers who have always formed the nucleus of his party. The North Norfolk election was a protest, not only against the policy of the Opposition, but against the transfer to the labourers of the control of the county representation. It is doubtful whether the House of Lords would, even at the instance of a Conservative Government, pass on the first occasion the most democratic measure which has yet been proposed. If such a Bill failed, the existing constituencies would not fail to revenge themselves at the election for a wanton attack on their rights and interests.

It is more doubtful whether the County Government Bill of last Session will be again introduced with or without amendments. Mr. Forster, in his speech at Yarmouth, endeavoured to detach the farmers from their party by denouncing the Ministers for their scandalous neglect of an urgent demand for local administration. It was true that he and his friends had for many years acquiesced in the existing system, having not even brought to a second reading a Bill which was at one time printed for the redistribution of rural areas, and for a new machinery of administration; but in an election speech a party politician is not expected to be scrupulously candid. The present Government in 1877 induced Mr. Clare Read to withdraw a County Government Bill on the promise that they would take official charge of a similar measure. The pledge was so far redeemed that a Bill for the purpose was introduced early in the last Session, by which a partially representative Board would have been established in every county. There was no reason to question the good faith of the Government; and several amendments to the original scheme were favourably considered; but ultimately the Bill was withdrawn, not so much through want of time, as because neither the farmers nor any other class of the community expressed or felt the smallest desire for a change. Obstinate resistance to a plausible proposal would have produced a certain agitation; but concession at once disclosed the absence of serious pressure. It is not unlikely that the Government may, after the experience of last year, decline the resumption of a troublesome task; but it is in their power both to perform a public service and to gain a certain amount of credit by passing a well-considered measure. The Justices manage the county finances as well as any Board or Council which could be devised; but they have no administrative powers, and in the present day it would be impossible to create a local governing body which would not be, at least in part, representative. In country districts there is much need of an efficient sanitary authority, and the county is by far the most convenient area. Boards of Guardians are often indifferent to the sanitary condition of houses and villages within their jurisdiction, and their officers are seldom thoroughly independent. A county inspector would not be afraid to offend the owners or occupiers of unhealthy dwellings. There is no reason of public interest or of party expediency for leaving the organization of rural government to a future Ministry.

One important Bill will almost certainly be passed. It is understood that the Commissioners on Mr. Justice Stephen's Criminal Code will have completed their labours by the commencement of the Session; and the Bill which embodies their recommendations will be introduced without delay. It would obviously be absurd to discuss the details of the measure in the House; and it may be hoped that professional members will not insist on the appointment of a Committee to do over again the work of the Commission. Acquiescence in two propositions would justify and require the acceptance of the Code as a whole. If it is right that a Code should be substituted for a mass of statutes and decided cases, and if the Code as amended is apparently well adapted on the whole to its purpose, there can be no reason for further delay. Every Session will furnish opportunities for corrections and amendments which may probably be suggested by experience; and the result of cases hereafter decided will be periodically incorporated in the Code. If the Lord Chancellor and the Attorney-General, who have vigorously promoted the Criminal Code, also succeed in passing a satisfactory Bankruptcy Bill, they will have done much to signalize their incumbency of office. Parliament will scarcely have leisure or inclination for any other measure of law reform. The Government seems to have determined on prolonging the existence of the anomalous tribunal which decides against Railway Companies at the average cost, in salaries alone, of 900*l.* for each case which is tried. It would be in every way better to transfer the jurisdiction to the ordinary courts. As the present system is to be continued, those who are interested in the subject will do well to watch vigilantly attempts which will probably be made to extend the powers of the Commission.

It is impossible to foresee whether the attention of Parliament will be occupied, as during the last Session, by foreign politics. The Afghan controversy was happily

in great measure exhausted during the fortnight's debates in December. Parliament will not encourage further criticism of the transactions of Lord LAWRENCE or Lord NORTHBROOK, nor will it again inquire into the necessity of a war for which both Houses have made themselves responsible. There will be equally little advantage in discussing the physical and political merits of Cyprus, or the remote possibilities of Turkish reform; but new events may at any time revive the excitement which has died away. On the whole, the chances are in favour of a comparatively tranquil Session, as far as foreign affairs are concerned; but the leisure which may be enjoyed will probably not be fruitful of legislation. The lease of the present Parliament has too nearly expired for the outgoing occupiers of seats to devote exclusive attention to improvements. Orators on both sides, and especially on the Opposition benches, will be constantly tempted to address their constituents rather than their colleagues in the House. The promoters of special doctrines and crotchets will appeal to their supporters with an earnestness proportional to their numbers and influence. It is probable that the licensed victuallers will receive the respectful and apologetic notice which was eagerly bestowed upon them by both parties after their brilliant victory in 1874. The Home Rule members, unless they irritate all parties by a renewal of Parliamentary obstruction, will find themselves objects of general deference. It will not indeed be possible to grant them the only boon which they profess to want, but almost any other concession will be freely promised. The main interest of the Session will consist in the influence which it may exercise on the fortunes of contending parties; but in the transaction of ordinary business the Government will find itself for the first time confronted by an eager and united Opposition. The near prospect of office has much effect in removing unseasonable scruples and in reconciling differences which might impede the formation of a Ministry. The Liberal leaders in the House of Commons will lose no opportunity of displaying their great superiority in debating power. With Mr. GLADSTONE, Sir W. HARCOURT, Lord HARTINGTON, and Mr. LOWE watching for every opportunity of attack, it will not be prudent to attempt a paradoxical or hazardous policy.

LORD HARTINGTON AT LIVERPOOL.

THE opening of a new Liberal Club at Liverpool has afforded Lord HARTINGTON a convenient opportunity for reviewing and explaining the policy of his party. Whatever may be the other consequences of his speech, even his opponents would allow that it will considerably add to his growing reputation and influence. Lord HARTINGTON has lately shown that, when he takes up a question, he can make it his own, can contribute the fruits of real thought to its discussion, and pour on it a light which he himself bestows. This, it must be confessed, is precisely what Liberals secretly thought their new leader could not do. They were sure that he would do his Parliamentary work well, that he would go patiently through a heavy amount of labour, that he would be conciliatory to his supporters and courteous to his opponents. But the utmost they looked for was that he should be solid and sensible when he addressed political gatherings outside the House. He himself probably would never have known what he could do had not greatness been thrust upon him. As in the case of some other eminent men, his capabilities have grown on him with his opportunities. At Liverpool he had an opportunity, and he took advantage of it. Other Liberal leaders can make their special contributions to the advocacy of their cause. Mr. GLADSTONE has at his command a perennial spring of passionate declamation, and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is a master in the art of brilliant and amusing invective. But Lord HARTINGTON found a new field in considering the policy of the Government from the point of view of a statesman. He did not treat the members of the present Cabinet as a set of fools or scoundrels, nor did he try to make them ridiculous or raise a laugh at their blunders. He acknowledged with frankness that the Conservatives have introduced some valuable measures; and, in attacking the Ministry for its foreign policy, he did not say a word to which the most susceptible Conservative could object as unfair or personally offensive. He endeavoured to make it clear that the Ministry had one policy and that he and his friends had another policy, and to show why he thought the former wrong and the latter right. In accordance with this general view, he explained the past conduct of the Opposition, or, at any rate, of his opposition; and he was perhaps entitled to adopt the consequent position that his opposition is the only opposition which the Liberal party has offered. So long as it was uncertain in what way the Government was going he supported it. He thought it right that England should challenge the settlement of San Stefano, and he did what he could to leave the Government unembarrassed while it merely appeared in the character of the giver of this challenge. It was only when he found that by one secret treaty England had yielded to Russia everything Russia asked for elsewhere than in Bulgaria, and by another had bound itself to Turkey, and asked a price for the bargain, that he offered the utmost opposition in his power. He owns that this opposition was so far indiscriminate that it opposed everything that the Government did. But then he contended that every step taken by the Government was taken in the pursuit of a special policy, and that naturally every step was wrong in the eyes of those who thought the policy wrong. It was high time that the controversy should be placed on this footing, and that the contest should be made to assume the character of a struggle between the rival policies of English statesmen.

The policy of the Ministry, as Lord HARTINGTON described it, is to give Russia great advantages outside what remains of Turkey, but to prop up the Turkish Government and to thwart the aspirations of the subject races of Turkey. The policy of Lord HARTINGTON is to offer a very firm front to Russia, but to aid the subject races in every possible way, and to leave the Turkish Government to itself. The barrier which the Conservatives wish to interpose between Russia and Constantinople is the barrier of a Turkish army in the Balkans. The barrier which the Liberals wish to interpose is that of the freed subjects of Turkey. We will not pause to inquire whether the description of the Conservative policy is perfectly accurate, or whether the policy of firm opposition to Russia has not slowly dawned on the leaders of the Opposition, rather than been distinctly grasped by them from the outset. Nor is it necessary at present to balance the merits of these rival policies, because Lord HARTINGTON promised in his speech to take an early opportunity of explaining in detail what his policy is, and it is premature to bestow criticism before it is certain what it is that is to be criticized. At Liverpool Lord HARTINGTON occupied himself chiefly with the preliminary question whether it is right in the Opposition to invite the constituencies to decide at the next election between the rival policies he describes. Lord HARTINGTON very properly recognized that when an existing Parliament has decisively sanctioned the foreign policy of a Ministry, the Opposition, in order to escape the charge of factiousness and of wasting public time, must show that the matter in question has not been irrevocably settled one way or the other, and that the issues involved are of sufficient importance to the prosperity and strength of England to justify an appeal for the reversal of the policy hitherto pursued. Lord HARTINGTON may be held to have been successful in establishing both these points. Some things that have been done have been done once for all. If Lord HARTINGTON came into office next week, he would have to uphold the Treaty of Berlin, to administer Cyprus, and, if he was conscientiously persuaded that the Turks had reformed themselves, to withstand any advance of Russia in Armenia. But the general policy of propping up the Turkish Government, and of keeping down the subject races of Turkey, is a question not of next week or of this year, but of years and years to come; and is this policy really the secret of European peace, and therefore of English prosperity, so far as European peace ensures it? This, it must be owned, is as important a question as could be submitted to the constituencies. It is conceivable that we may be making vigorous and incessant efforts, spending our money and employing our thoughts, and all in the wrong direction. We may be troubling the peace of Europe, instead of settling it. We may be clinging to a hopeless past, instead of allying ourselves with a promising future. Lord HARTINGTON appears to be honestly convinced that this would be the result of the Ministry's policy; and, if so, it would involve a total departure from the principles of constitutional government to say that he is not entitled to ask the constituencies to pronounce whether the right or the wrong path shall be pursued.

[illegible] of Lord [illegible] was, [illegible] that [illegible] the Ministry has a [illegible], and one that English statesmen may [illegible]. No one, of whatever party, can deny that the policy of the Conservatives is in keeping with the traditional policy of England, and that the policy of the Liberals is not. In order to justify a new departure, it is necessary for the Liberals to show that a new departure is [illegible] needed, and to explain what this new departure practically means. There must, in short, be a Liberal statesmanship as opposed to a Conservative statesmanship. The constituencies, unless the nature of the two policies was explained to them, could not possibly understand the issues they have to decide. They are thus in the position of jurymen who could not understand the bearing of facts and the issues of law unless they were adequately instructed by the Bar and the Bench, but with this instruction they may hope, by a happy chance, or by the exercise of common sense, to arrive at a tolerably fair conclusion. The Ministry has had its say, and has evidently produced some impression on the jury. Lord HARTINGTON and his friends are now stating the case on the other side, and are seeking to make a still stronger impression on those whom they are addressing. Unfortunately for the Liberals there is one conspicuous difference between jurymen and electors. The jury have a special business to do which they must do. Their attention is confined to the case before them, and they have a verdict to give one way or the other. But the electors may attend to the case with which they have to deal, or not attend to it, as they please. They may find it too difficult for easy comprehension, and choose to think of something else. They may secretly be of opinion that, when statesmen ask them to balance the probabilities as to whether something, the character of which they cannot appreciate, is likely, or is not likely, to involve England in difficulties five or ten years hence, the statesmen are asking too much. The electors may prefer to turn to other issues which seem more within their compass, and to ask under which Government they will get most beer, or find the largest room for their religious animosities. They may not even get so far as any general question, and may confine their thoughts to calculating which candidate amuses them most, or is likely to spend the most money in the neighbourhood, or can hurt them most if they go against him. Merely as a guess it may be surmised that the country is rather tired of Turkey. Lord HARTINGTON knows perfectly well that the smaller and more personal or local are the issues with which the country is occupying itself, the better is the chance of the Conservatives. He, therefore, spoke with a gloomy hesitation as to the results of the impending contest. All that he can do is to try to stir the country up to the consideration of big things, and if he fail he will at least have the consolation of thinking that he has done his best, and has done it in a way very creditable to himself.

FRANCE.

THERE is a curious resemblance between the occasion of Marshal MACMAHON's election to the Presidentship of the French Republic and the occasion of his resignation of it. He was made President in the first instance because M. THIERS would not do the very thing which in the end the MARSHAL himself refused to do. In January 1879, the Left were as eager to get rid of Marshal MACMAHON as the Right were, in May 1873, to get rid of M. THIERS. But the Right must have put up with M. THIERS if he would have consented to take his Ministers from the majority in the National Assembly and to be guided by their advice when he had taken them, and the Left must have put up with Marshal MACMAHON if, having taken his Ministers from the majority in the Chamber of Deputies, he would have signed the decrees they presented to him. The Right in 1873 were professedly the champions of that principle of Ministerial responsibility which Marshal MACMAHON has resigned rather than recognize. He has every right, however, to plead that the party which elected him to maintain it had by anticipation condoned his abandonment of it. From the moment that the Ministers were taken from the wrong side the affection which the Right had entertained for Ministerial responsibility gave way to an entirely new conception of the President's duty. Instead of preaching submission to the majority, they preached resistance to it. The MARSHAL, who had been made President expressly to take his policy from his Cabinet, was now urged to choose a Cabinet which would consent to take its policy from him. It remains to be seen whether the new PRESIDENT will be more willing than M. THIERS or Marshal MACMAHON to efface himself in the proper constitutional fashion. There is much less chance, however, of his dispositions in this respect being subjected to any really decisive test than there was in the case of either of his predecessors. M. THIERS was elected by a majority which was pretty certain to turn against him in the end. Marshal MACMAHON was elected by a majority which was certain before his term of office was over to have become a minority. M. GRÉVY has been elected by a majority which to all appearance will outlast his Presidentship, if not his life. The Parliamentary conflicts that are yet to come may break up the deputies who voted for him into mutually hostile camps; but they will still be united in their desire to maintain Republican institutions, and it is scarcely likely that, upon any point which did not even indirectly involve this supreme issue, M. GRÉVY will think himself bound to retire from office rather than do what the Constitution prescribes.

For the present Frenchmen will perhaps be more interested in what the PRESIDENT wears, or lets others wear, than in what he does. According to the correspondent of an English newspaper, fortune has not been content with replacing a President in full uniform by a President in a black coat and a tall hat. She has even arranged that Marshal MACMAHON's successor shall most often be seen in a grey suit and a wide-awake. For the moment Republican enthusiasm is kindled by the testimony borne by M. GRÉVY's clothes to the supremacy of the civil over the military power, and from this point of view no doubt France may be congratulated on the exchange. But if the supremacy of the civil power is to be made evident to the populace, some more positive means must be resorted to than the mere absence of military pomp. The ceremonial side of power has to be considered in all countries and under every form of Government, and it cannot be said that France and a Republic are the country and the form of Government which can best afford to despise it. On the contrary, a wise administration will rather seek to invest the new institutions with as much dignity as can be given to them without descending to a foolish imitation of former Governments. Under Kings and Emperors the first place in the State has always been associated in the eyes and minds of the people with a certain amount of external magnificence. It will not be prudent to mark the change from the Monarchy to the Republic by an entire change of fashion, or to encourage scoffers to argue that the power of the executive is reduced in the same proportion as its state. It is possible that M. GRÉVY, who belongs to an old-fashioned school of Republicans, may desire to see American simplicity reproduced in France. If he does, or rather, if he means to do anything to give effect to his desire, he will show less wisdom in small things than he has shown in great. The circumstances and traditions of the two countries are so entirely different that few or no inferences can be drawn from one for the benefit of the other. The United States have no aristocracy, no army, and outside a few great towns no one low enough socially to be greatly impressed by external pomp. In France there are all these things, and where they exist it can hardly be wise to give every wealthy noble and every successful soldier the opportunity of appealing to whatever admiration for external pomp is still left in France far more successfully than the Chief of the State. It is no part of the Republican idea that the official representative of the Republic should be habitually outshone by individual citizens of it.

The Message of M. GRÉVY to the Chambers was precisely what was to be expected. It defined the position of the President upon the two points in which under Marshal MACMAHON it was unascertained. M. GRÉVY will never enter into conflict with the national will as expressed by its constitutional organs; and he promises on behalf of his Ministers that the Republic shall in future be served by functionaries who are neither its enemies nor its detractors. It may be assumed that M. GRÉVY did not begin his new career by taking more than his proper share in the composition of the Message. Strictly speaking, therefore,

nothing is to be inferred from it as to his own estimate of the policy set out in it. But when a President has been elected under circumstances of extraordinary significance, and has confided the conduct of public affairs to a Minister of his own choice, it is natural to suppose that his first Message will represent in an unusual degree his own views as well as those of his Cabinet. What is declared to be the policy of the Government goes to the country, therefore, with the *imprimatur* of the most consistent and trusted Republican in France. As such the Message leaves nothing to be desired. It is Conservative in the best sense; and if M. WADDINGTON and his colleagues are allowed by the majority to carry out the intentions expressed in it, there is no reason to doubt that M. GRÉVY'S prediction will be fulfilled, and that under the new Government France will find her repose insured and the development of her prosperity, power, and grandeur promoted. It would be idle, however, to assume as a matter of course that the majority will display this commonplace wisdom. The immediate effect of the elections of the 5th of January was to breed an inconvenient elation, under the influence of which the desire of the Republican party seemed to be to put its newly-found supremacy to the test as soon and as often as possible. To dismiss for the sake of dismissing was the rule which it appeared bent on applying to every official from the Prime Minister downwards. How far the retirement of M. DUFAURE was due to some remaining infection of this temper cannot be said with confidence; but it seems hardly probable that, if M. DUFAURE had been able to count on the support of the majority, he would have first consented to remain, and then insisted on going. M. WADDINGTON is the best successor M. DUFAURE could have, but there is nothing in his character or policy which suggests that he will escape the opposition which M. DUFAURE would have encountered. The PRESIDENT'S Message is eminently free from any attempt to perform impossible feats of conciliation. It does not present the Government in any other aspect than that which it has consistently worn since the 13th of December, 1877. M. WADDINGTON is M. DUFAURE over again. Few reasonable observers will doubt that, in the interests of France, nothing better could be desired. The immediate question, however, is—Will the majority in the Chamber of Deputies be guided by a prudent regard for the interests of France? The Republican party have given so many proofs of their power of learning by experience that it would be unjust not to believe that they will be so guided. They have overcome one difficulty after another, and many of those difficulties have been far more formidable than that which now lies before them. But the most formidable difficulty is not always the greatest, and it may almost be said that the prospects of the Republic would be brighter if they were a little less assured. Entire prosperity will sometimes find out weak places which have escaped notice under more chequered conditions, and it is now to be seen whether France is to furnish a new instance of this discouraging truth.

MR. GLADSTONE'S INDICTMENT AGAINST THE MINISTRY.

IT is scarcely a compliment to say that Mr. GLADSTONE'S letter to the managers of the Liberal party in Midlothian is highly characteristic. There was no occasion for any answer to their offer beyond a simple acceptance; but Mr. GLADSTONE cannot express gratitude to his supporters without at the same time making a furious attack upon the Government. When he had announced his intention of retiring from the representation of Greenwich, he received invitations from Leeds, Manchester, and other large towns; but he repeatedly declared that he would not, except on the eve of the general election, finally determine either to remain in the House of Commons or to prefer any particular seat. As he has satisfied himself that he will be returned by a majority of the electors of Midlothian, he has every right to change his purpose, and to pledge himself at once to contest the county. It was not necessary to explain by reference to the misdeeds of his political adversaries his natural disinclination to abandon the scene of his triumphs. Four or five years ago Mr. GLADSTONE felt the weariness which often overtakes statesmen who have long undergone the labours of Parliament and of office. It was said that his personal satisfaction in relief from responsibility and from toil was almost an equivalent for the disappointing result of his ill-timed appeal to the country. Before the beginning of the Session of 1875 he resigned his post as leader of the Liberal party, with the supposed intention of retiring from active political warfare. It is a matter of common experience that men who have been only anxious for rest from toil become, after a time, equally impatient of repose. Mr. GLADSTONE was in no way bound to adhere to his real or supposed purpose of retirement at a time when his mental and bodily powers are in no degree impaired. He has in fact, within the last two or three years, by speech and writing, worked almost harder than in any former part of his life. His resignation of the post of leader has relieved him from official restraint, and from the necessity of consulting his colleagues and followers; but it has not made him less prominent in Parliamentary debate, and the mass of the party out of doors still recognize him as their chief without protest on his part. It is not known whether, if a change of Ministry results from the election, Mr. GLADSTONE will again take office. It may be doubted whether his former colleagues confide in his moderation and judgment; but they would find the conduct of affairs almost impossible if Mr. GLADSTONE assumed the position of an independent patron. While they are still in Opposition, they are not a little embarrassed by the versatile energy of their formidable ally. The violent language of his answer to the Midlothian electors has probably given much more satisfaction to Lord BEACONSFIELD than to Lord HARTINGTON.

Unconscious of the impulse which prompts him to restless activity, Mr. GLADSTONE still persuades himself that in ordinary circumstances he would wish to retire, or to occupy the easiest seat which he could find in the House of Commons; but his burning indignation against the worst of Governments compels him to return into the thick of the fray. Hoping that at the general election the constituencies will definitively condemn the Ministerial policy, he is above all things anxious that they should return a distinct and positive verdict. If it were essential to the purposes of invective to be strictly consistent, Mr. GLADSTONE might perhaps be thought to assign but a fantastic reason for continuing to sit in the House of Commons. The result of the election will be known before he can take his seat for Midlothian, and his language implies a belief that the decision of the country will be final. If there is a Liberal majority Mr. GLADSTONE'S aid in overthrowing the present Government will not be required, and the return of an adverse majority would apparently drive him to despair. Irrepressible pugnacity explains his candidature better than any far-fetched apology. No other member of the Liberal party can deal equally heavy blows; and even if he still finds himself in a minority Mr. GLADSTONE will be a dangerous assailant. For a Parliament which happens not to share his opinions he has the smallest possible respect. His denunciations of the policy of the Government apply almost with equal force to the House of Commons which has steadily approved all the Ministerial proceedings. It could not be expected that Mr. GLADSTONE should submit his own judgment to an adverse majority; but it might perhaps have occurred to him that there must be something to be said in defence of conduct deliberately and repeatedly sanctioned by Parliament. It is also certain that a large and not unintelligent portion of the community shares the folly and wickedness which is imputed to the Government, and by implication to the House of Commons. As the Midlothian managers have shown to the satisfaction of Mr. GLADSTONE that they are strong enough to return a Liberal member, it was unnecessary to stimulate their zeal by polemical violence.

The charge of financial extravagance mainly resolves itself into a reproach against the Government for its foreign policy. The public expenditure would not have been materially increased but for the complications which have occurred in Eastern Europe and in Asia. The commercial stagnation which has now lasted for several years necessarily affects the revenue, which in a season of prosperity had shown its elasticity in the opposite direction. The slow progress of legislation is partially due to the same cause. During the last year it was found impossible to concentrate the attention of Parliament on domestic affairs; and the Ministers themselves were largely occupied in diplomatic transactions. Even if there had been neither a Russian invasion of Turkey nor an Afghan war,

the present Ministers, who were placed in office because the country was tired of incessant disturbance, would have disappointed their supporters if they had attempted to emulate Mr. GLADSTONE's activity. In one of his many recent essays he enumerated more than twenty measures which, in his judgment, urgently required the intervention of Government. As almost all the proposed changes would have been disapproved by the present Ministers, it is not surprising that they have abstained from promoting measures which it would have been their duty to oppose. If they had been guilty only of domestic errors and shortcomings, Mr. GLADSTONE would probably still have sought a seat in the future Parliament for the purpose of again encountering his habitual opponents; but his animosity is more deeply stirred by the foreign policy which he proceeds to denounce in unmeasured terms.

Mr. GLADSTONE evidently believes that his latest paradox, as expounded in his essay on "The Friends and Foes of "Russia," tends to expose the Government to popular odium. At last convinced that the English nation is not credulous as to the generous and disinterested policy of Russia, he complains that the Ministers have by their policy increased the power of their unpopular rival. In one sense the proposition is true. When a great military Power undertakes the conquest of the dominions of a weaker State, a third Government which declines to offer active resistance to the aggressor may be said indirectly to promote his objects. By not repeating the policy of the Crimean war, the Government rendered possible the triumphs which have undoubtedly aggrandized Russia. Lord BEACONSFIELD would perhaps have taken an opposite and bolder course if he had been backed by his Cabinet, by Parliament, and by the country; but it is unreasonable to make his Government responsible for not pursuing a course which Mr. GLADSTONE would have denounced as insane and criminal. From the time when the English Ministers declined to take part in the war, the increase of Russian power and the extension of Russian territory might easily be foreseen; yet Mr. GLADSTONE thinks it worth while to allege as one of his reasons for contesting Midlothian that the Government has compromised the honour and interests of the country by at the same time strengthening Russia and alienating the goodwill of the Russian nation. In another quarter Lord BEACONSFIELD and his colleagues cannot be accused of a similar error. Mr. GLADSTONE of course assures the electors of Midlothian that the Afghan war was unnecessary and unjust; but he could scarcely deny that it has inflicted a serious check on Russia. Before it began, Afghanistan was on the verge of becoming a Russian province; and now the fugitive AMEER can obtain from his patrons neither assistance nor consolation. No opponent of the Government has yet suggested any alternative method by which the same result could have been obtained. Plausible arguments have been urged to prove that the war might have been avoided; but Mr. GLADSTONE stands almost alone in his assumption that the Government is obviously and hopelessly in the wrong. In general an argument ought to have some reference to the conclusion. Mr. GLADSTONE's attack on the Government was in no degree needed to explain his readiness to serve in another Parliament. If acrimony is a proof of vigour, his future constituents may be assured that he shows no symptom of declining energy.

INDIAN FINANCE.

THE manufacturers of Lancashire and Yorkshire have made a new appeal to the new SECRETARY of STATE. They ask Lord CRANBROOK to carry out the promises of Lord SALISBURY. These promises Lord CRANBROOK is not only willing, but, as he assured the manufacturers appealing to him, ardently longing, to carry out; but then all that Lord SALISBURY promised was that the duties on imported cotton goods should be abolished when India can afford to abolish them; and, as India cannot at present, in the opinion of the Government, afford to abolish them, the duties must continue to be imposed. The deputation hinted rather than asserted that India could afford to abolish them, that there was a surplus, and that this surplus was being diverted from its legitimate purpose of removing burdens from English manufacturers. Lord CRANBROOK did not seem quite sure whether there was a surplus or not, and his uncertainty reflects the permanent obscurity in which Indian finance is involved. Mr. FAWCETT, in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, has endeavoured to diminish this obscurity, and he succeeds up to the point to which he takes us. He is always lucid, and masters the special subject with which he had to deal. But he treats of the past rather than the present, and leads us to general rather than particular conclusions. Nothing could be more clear or more useful than his dissection of the Budget of 1876-7. He lays proper stress on the distinction between the gross and the net revenue of India. The cost of collecting the revenue of India is so high that the nominal revenue is much larger than the real. The clear sum which the Government had to spend in 1876 was a little over thirty-seven millions, and to get this thirteen millions had to be expended. While, therefore, the nominal revenue was over fifty millions, the real revenue was one-quarter less. When the question to be determined is what the Government can afford to spend, then this distinction between the real and the nominal revenue is most important. But, when other questions are raised, to insist too strongly on this distinction may be misleading. If, for example, the question is, What light does the amount of taxes paid by a country throw on its wealth and on its power of supporting new burdens? it is the nominal and not the real measure that ought to be taken as the standard. What the people of India pay is not thirty-seven millions, but fifty. If they are made to pay a million more, it is an increase of two per cent., not of nearly three. If, again, the question is asked, What proportion does the expenditure on the army bear to the revenue? it is not easy to see why Mr. FAWCETT should compare the cost of the army with the net and not with the gross revenue. The army is a means by which the revenue is collected. Unless the sepoy walked up and down his barrack-yard, the tax-gatherer outside could not collect a rupee. It is the collection of the gross, not of the net, revenue to which the sepoy contributes his valuable aid. He and the tax-gatherer work together, and the cost of each is equally a charge, and is a charge of the same kind on the revenue.

There are many points of the same general nature which might be used to show the difficulties besetting the discussion of Indian finance. But they do not affect matters of immediate interest. What we want to know is, whether India is paying its way, can pay its way, and, if not, when and how England must step in to its aid. Mr. FAWCETT draws attention to two very important topics—the inelasticity of the ordinary revenue, and the extreme difficulty, if not impossibility, of devising new taxes. Lord CRANBROOK fully recognized that there are no new taxes of which he or his advisers can think. As to the inelasticity of the ordinary revenue, much of what Mr. FAWCETT says is incontestable. The ordinary revenue is not elastic, partly because it is limited by the land settlements, and partly on account of the poverty and inertness of the people. But the ordinary revenue is not wholly stationary, and Mr. FAWCETT does not seem to do complete justice to its prospects of increase. He takes canals as examples of unproductive works, but omits to notice railways, which are continually giving a better return. The Northern manufacturers may find the basis of another appeal in the argument that the Indian Government will soon by its purchase of the East Indian line come into a new revenue about equal to the whole sum collected from cotton duties. New export trades, more especially that in wheat and seeds, have lately assumed a very important character, and there must be some parts of India where the exported articles are grown, which must be growing richer, although, in consequence of famines, the whole country may not have advanced in wealth. But the question whether theoretically India ought not to be expected to be paying its way is not so important as the question whether India is practically paying its way. No one who has not tried to answer the question can have any notion how very hard a one it is to answer. In the recent Afghan debates leading members of the Ministry assured Parliament that India could perfectly well afford to provide, or largely contribute to, the cost, because the Indian revenue this year shows an unexpected surplus. Is there such a surplus, and, if so, how has it been obtained? Mr. FAWCETT gives the only information on the point that has yet been published, and says the surplus comes from an increase of

1,200,000*l.* in the revenue from opium. We may discard the suggestion that the Government has been sending larger quantities of opium than usual to the market in order to provide funds for the Afghan war. If it sold more now, it would have less to sell hereafter, and to call the increased proceeds of present sales a surplus would be a piece of dishonesty of which the Indian authorities would never be guilty. If the price of opium has risen, this may be part of a general rise in prices, and then, as the Government will have to pay more in many ways, it may be only gaining in one pocket to lose in another. If the crop has been unusually good, and thus there is more opium to sell, while through an increased Chinese demand prices do not fall, then and then only the surplus is a real surplus. But, if crops are good in one year, they may be bad in another, so that the surplus may only mean a temporary increase of revenue to be balanced by a succeeding decrease, and then, if the average income from opium is taken, there may be no real surplus.

But, if we suppose that these increased receipts from opium are a real gain to the Indian revenue, it is still to be asked whether this gain will show a budget with a surplus. It is probably from his uncertainty on this head that Lord CRANBROOK would not take the bold line taken last December, and refused to commit himself to the existence of a surplus. The receipts from the new taxes fell short of their estimated amount by 300,000*l.* Then the loss on exchange has been greater than was anticipated by a sum which Mr. FAWCETT puts at 500,000*l.* Further, we learn from Mr. FAWCETT that, apart from the war, there is an increase in the cost of the maintenance of the army of 330,000*l.* Add these figures together, and what becomes of the surplus? Lord CRANBROOK does not pretend to know, and outsiders can still less pretend to know. All that Lord CRANBROOK can confidently say, and it is what we can easily believe, is that there is no surplus applicable to the remission of the cotton duties. They must go on, although, so far as they are protective, it is highly desirable they should cease. If the people of India are prevented from buying good English articles at a lower price than they now pay for the products of Indian mills, this consequence of the duties is to be regretted, more for the sake of the consumer than for that of the English producer. But, although it may be true that the duties have in some degree a protective effect, it must not be assumed that the duties are the sole cause why English cotton goods are not more largely consumed in India. Lord CRANBROOK indicated one of these causes when he said that the Bombay manufacturers also were complaining of the impossibility of selling their goods because the famine had so impoverished the people that they could not afford to buy any cotton goods, whether made in India or abroad. Another cause of the assumed reluctance of the natives to buy English goods may be that these goods do not seem to them worth buying. The curious character of at least a portion of our Eastern trade was illustrated by a case reported last week, in which large damages were recovered because it was found that the goods, when delivered, were covered with a tar-like fungus which had grown on the calico in transit, and had found its origin in the queer ingredients used in sizing. The natives are quiet, unassuming people, but it is not strange that they should shrink from walking about in a calico wrap variegated with patches of a tar-like fungus.

LIBERAL STATESMEN ON EDUCATION.

ONE day in last week two leaders of the Liberal party had occasion to express their opinions on education. Mr. LOWE, in distributing prizes at a school, took occasion, as is his custom, to depreciate the training which has raised him to well-deserved eminence. He reserves for the Institute of Civil Engineers his annual statement that the members of the profession are the salt of the earth, partly because they make railroads, bridges, and steamboats, but principally because they have seldom had the opportunity of mastering Greek and Latin. Enthusiastic admiration of strangers and foreigners not unfrequently results from a desire to give pain to countrymen, to neighbours, and to kinsfolk. Mr. LOWE is anxious to convince his equals, and those who share his own pursuits, that he regards them and their studies with indifference and contempt. It is for the purpose of rebuking the complacency of scholars that he expatiates on the incalculable superiority of engineers. In addressing a set of boys, Mr. LOWE was content to propound his paradoxes in a still cruder form. As they are not likely to regulate their practice by the counsels of a condescending visitor, his earnest protest against sound and accurate learning will probably have done neither good nor harm. On the single point of the importance of cultivating a love for reading Mr. LOWE's advice was practical and sound. It is well that a taste for books should be encouraged, though it may at first be exercised only on amusing stories. Many a student has been trained by novels to find pleasure in history, and generally in the gratification of intelligent curiosity. It is true that, as Mr. LOWE says, almost all kinds of knowledge are to be found in English books; but it is no argument against regular education that, when its advantages have not been enjoyed, the defect may be partially supplied in after life. As a reason for not acquiring grammatical knowledge of Greek, Mr. LOWE ironically recommended the study of Chinese, because the grammar of that language is more difficult. His juvenile audience little knew that ridicule of solid and accurate learning proceeded from one of the ripest of English scholars. A mathematician might with equal propriety amuse himself by contrasting the convenience of a surveyor's measuring-book with the severe and barren demonstrations of EUCLID.

Lord HARTINGTON, in his opening address as Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, was under the disadvantage of not possessing any special knowledge of the theory or practice of education. Having been elected by a party majority of the boys of the University because he was Liberal leader of the House of Commons, he not injudiciously determined to make a political and even a party speech. As it seemed proper to say something about academic matters, Lord HARTINGTON devoted a few sentences to the expression of his preference for miscellaneous and professional instruction over severer intellectual discipline; but he would probably be the first to admit that he has not reflected profoundly on scholastic questions. The Scotch Universities require no caution against the exclusive pursuit of profound scholarship. No institutions in the world are better calculated to furnish a previously ill-trained body of students with a valuable smattering of knowledge; but Edinburgh and Glasgow have scarcely claims to the character of seats of learning. The professors indeed are, as a rule, accomplished masters of the subjects with which they are severally concerned; but they have little time or opportunity to train a succession of thorough scholars. Lord HARTINGTON's constituents were perhaps gratified by his recognition of the value of an education which is not of the highest order. Some of them may perhaps have been aware that the passage of the address which related to education was a mere digression from the general tenor of the discourse. If they had required a laborious exposition of the nature and uses of knowledge, they might have elected an eminent scholar or man of science. A politician and a candidate for high office was likely to be more instructive when he treated of the party politics which are the business of his life.

As it was necessary or proper to give a local colouring to Liberalism, Lord HARTINGTON, with much ingenuity, pronounced an elaborate eulogy on one of the most celebrated of former professors in the University. DUGALD STEWART's fame as a metaphysician has long since faded, though he is still known to students as a graceful writer on philosophy. Lord HARTINGTON dwelt not on his theories or on his method, but on his relation as a teacher to several eminent politicians of the last generation. It is certainly remarkable that he should have numbered among his pupils three Prime Ministers and some other statesmen of nearly equal rank. Lord LANSDOWNE, Lord PALMERSTON, Lord MELBOURNE, and Lord RUSSELL all attended his lectures, and probably all may have profited by his personal influence. Lord HARTINGTON may be fairly charged with mistake or exaggeration when he asserts that Lord MELVILLE's government of Scotland at the end of the last century "can only be compared with the most overbearing and "insolent despotisms of the Continent." It is doubtful whether DUGALD STEWART assisted even indirectly in the establishment of a more Liberal system. Lord JOHN RUSSELL was born and died a Whig; and he would have been a Whig if he had never been within a hundred miles of Edinburgh. Lord LANSDOWNE was also a moderate Whig; Lord

MELBOURNE belonged in turn to both parties; Lord PALMERSTON was a Tory for the first twenty years of his public life, and he was at all times an implacable opponent of the Radical party. Lord HARTINGTON adds the names of BROUGHAM and HORNER to the list of DUGALD STEWART's disciples in the principles of virtue and freedom. HORNER was a good man of moderate ability. BROUGHAM possessed extraordinary powers, and he is not generally esteemed a model of virtue. Through these men, and by means of the *Edinburgh Review*, it seems that the warfare against Tory ascendency began in the University, and continued across the Border. Whether opposition to Toryism is the proper function of a University is a question which Lord HARTINGTON omitted to raise. It oddly happens that he quotes PITT, who then wielded and represented Tory ascendency, as another proof of the beneficent influence of Scotch professors. It is true that PITT maintained against FOX and SHERIDAN the doctrines of ADAM SMITH; and it might have been inferred that his possession of supreme power was not an unmixed misfortune to the country.

The dark days of Tory ascendency which Lord HARTINGTON desires to dispel are not those of PITT or of the despotic MELVILLE, but of Lord BEACONSFIELD and Lord SALISBURY. Having at the beginning of his speech formally admitted that political controversy was unsuitable to the occasion, Lord HARTINGTON quotes RUTHERFORD and BUCHANAN to prove that the king is not above the law, and that he holds his power from the people. "These doctrines bore fruit in the Revolution of 1688. For "nearly two hundred years they have appeared to be "firmly established." Exactly one hundred and ninety years after the Revolution, Lord BEACONSFIELD and his colleagues have, as Lord HARTINGTON implies, by bringing Indian troops to Malta, by concluding the Cyprus treaty, and by engaging in the Afghan war, declared that the king is above the law, and that he no longer derives power from the people. Whether the charge is well founded the students of Edinburgh University are perhaps scarcely competent to decide. Lord HARTINGTON, indeed, has no intention of consulting them, though he desires to prepossess their minds with the conclusions adopted by the Opposition. His defeated competitor, Mr. CROSS, if he had been chosen by the students, might possibly have enunciated the opposite proposition, that the Government has done nothing inexpedient or unconstitutional. Perhaps it would be well that a Lord Rector should forget for the moment his political prejudices and interests, and condescend for the time to confine himself to philosophical issues. That young men, however ignorant, should hold political opinions with the positiveness of their age is unavoidable, and not wholly mischievous. The wisest of them afterwards reconsider their premature convictions, sometimes with the result of passing into the opposite camp. Those who profess to teach them should as far as possible confine themselves to doctrines which are beyond the sphere of ephemeral controversy. ARISTOTLE, if he is accurately quoted by HECTOR in *Troilus and Cressida*, held that young men were unfit to hear moral philosophy; but they are more likely to profit by ethical instruction than by a repetition of the discussions of more or less factious newspapers. If any of them are alarmed by Lord HARTINGTON's mysterious warnings, they may assure themselves that, if the QUEEN is above the law, her Ministers are subject to the law; and that the tenure of power from the people is a figure of speech which has not been rendered less appropriate by recent transactions. It is unlucky that, in a speech which was able and spirited if it was not wholly suited to the occasion, so temperate and judicious a politician as Lord HARTINGTON should have countenanced a newfangled error. His party is indebted to Mr. DUNCKLEY for the phrase and for the fiction of personal government; and as the charges against the QUEEN contained in the Manchester pamphlet were wholly untenable, Mr. GLADSTONE and others have since affected to apply to Lord BEACONSFIELD an accusation which is wholly unmeaning when it is brought against a subject. The QUEEN would have practised personal government, or, in the words of the old Scotch writer, she would have placed herself above the law, if she had not taken the advice of her Ministers. Having cordially supported a Government which was backed by a large Parliamentary majority, she is not liable to be condemned by the Edinburgh students.

THE GLASGOW BANK TRIAL.

THE end of the great trial which has awakened in Scotland so absorbing an interest, and which was so rich in instruction for all the trading community of England, has been that the manager and one of the directors have been sentenced to imprisonment for eighteen months, and the remaining directors have been sentenced to imprisonment for eight months. The result has not come up to the natural expectations of the public; but, in order to understand and criticize it, an accurate conception of the history of the trial and of the points left to the jury must be formed. When the directors were apprehended they were considered by their legal advisers entitled to be released on bail, and by the law of Scotland the amount that could be exacted by way of bail was ridiculously small. They were entitled to be so released because the only charge against them was that they had published false statements as to the position of the bank. But the Crown quickly preferred other charges of a much graver character, and accused them of embezzlement and theft. The alleged embezzlement consisted in their having appropriated the funds of the bank to their own personal use in the shape of unsecured loans, and the alleged theft consisted in their having raised money on bills entrusted to them for collection. Bail could under such charges be refused, and it was refused except in one instance. The Crown had got hold of the delinquents, and meant to keep them, and the impending trial seemed a very grave trial indeed. Here were men who had long held an honourable position charged with theft and embezzlement, and it might be expected that they would receive a punishment worthy of their crimes. But when the trial really began, it appeared that the Crown had no evidence on which to support the charges of theft and embezzlement. It appeared that some of the directors had had advances, but not advances of a kind that would not have been made to any other customers in equally good circumstances; and, although it may be unwise to lend the money of a bank to solvent directors, it is not in any way criminal. The alleged theft consisted in discounting before maturity bills entrusted to the bank for collection at due date. That is, the directors had been authorized to receive money on a particular day, crediting the account of the owner with the proceeds. They received the money before the day; and, had the bank not stopped, would have credited the accounts of the owners when the day of maturity arrived. As things turned out, the proceeding was adverse to the owners, for they could have demanded the bills themselves when the bank stopped had they remained in its keeping; whereas now they have merely a claim for the proceeds. But this was not technically theft, and it is difficult to believe that the officers of the Crown ever believed that the charge of theft had any foundation. With the accusation of embezzlement it was different. Unfavourable critics might assert that the charges of embezzlement and theft were invented by the Crown in order to deprive the prisoners of their right to demand release on bail, and to place an increased stigma on their characters. But it may be fairly said that the officers of the Crown, finding that some of the directors had received large advances, and it being obvious that the receipt of such advances by directors might, under some circumstances, amount to embezzlement, could not tell without prolonged inquiry what were the circumstances under which the advances had actually been made, and were therefore entitled to assume the worst, and see whether they could prove it.

Anyhow, when the charges of theft and embezzlement were withdrawn, the trial assumed a new aspect. The prisoners were only tried for falsifying accounts; and it so happened that, in the course of the trial, it became clear, and was conceded on all hands, that this falsification of accounts had been made not for the private purposes of the prisoners, but solely in order that the bank might be upheld. If the accounts had not been falsified, the bank must have stopped three years ago. It was not by the falsification of the accounts, but by bad banking, that the bank was broken, shareholders ruined, and customers and depositors sadly inconvenienced. The only difference between the bank stopping three years ago and the bank stopping last October was that the loss fell in some measure on a different set of people. Those who three years ago held shares and have since parted with them, and depositors and customers who then had money in the bank

and have since withdrawn it, have gained by the bank going on, and those who took their place have lost. Further it must be observed that, as the LORD JUSTICE CLERK directed the jury, there was a chance, a ground of hope which directors might really entertain, that, if times improved, the bank, by going on, might so far recover its position that it need never stop at all. But it could not go on unless the accounts were falsified; for, if the truth had been known, the credit, and therefore the existence, of the bank would have been at an end. The directors did falsify the accounts, and the bank went on; and as they knew that the accounts were falsified, and meant them to be falsified in order to secure an object which they thought a good object, they committed a legal as well as a moral crime, and defrauded those who bought shares or lodged money after the falsification began. But it is important to notice in what this falsification of accounts consisted. In the first place, there was the creation of fictitious entries. This especially applied to two sums. One, amounting to little less than a million sterling, was invented in order to be set against the liabilities of the bank. The object of inventing it was to make the liabilities seem less than they were. The fictitious sum was set against the liabilities, and, the liabilities being thus diminished, only the balance was given. The other sum amounted to about three-quarters of a million, and its details were so manipulated that the bank appeared to hold good securities, and especially gold against notes, which it did not hold. The creation of the fictitious million was the work in 1873 of a person now dead; but one director, POTTER, and the manager must, after the finding of the jury, be taken to have known that this entry was fictitious, and they must also be taken to have concocted the manipulation of the second sum by which it assumed its fictitious character. The other directors, as the LORD JUSTICE CLERK directed the jury, knew nothing of the true nature of these sums, and had no part in making or adopting fictitious entries. Their falsification of accounts was of a different nature. But POTTER and STRONACH were guilty, not merely of presenting the condition of the bank in a general way as better than it was, but of fraudulently devising positive misstatements as to special matters of fact. The LORD JUSTICE CLERK had informed the jury that the alleged crime was one involving very heavy penalties, and after hearing this, and hearing the Judge sum up strongly against them, and finding the jury unanimous in pronouncing them guilty, POTTER and STRONACH must have thought themselves the luckiest of men when they discovered that they were merely to be kept in prison for a year and a half.

The falsification of accounts with which the remaining directors were charged was this and only this. They had represented the bank as earning a profit when it was not really earning a profit. The interest which their principal debtors ought to have paid them was treated as if it had been actually paid. If interest is owing by a solvent firm, it is usually and properly taken into account in estimating profits, and, in point of fact, sums had been paid by some of these debtors which went in reduction of what was due for interest. The balance-sheet as submitted to the Board showed a certain sum as profit, and it was in this respect an accurate transcript of the books. As a general rule, the LORD JUSTICE CLERK laid down that if a director who finds a sum stated by the officials who have charge of the books to be the amount of profit treats it as profit, he is not criminally responsible, although it is not really profit. It is not his business to go behind the books. But he may have received notice of the facts which would divest the sum of its assumed character. The duty may be cast on directors of challenging statements as to profits. This was what happened in the case of the directors of the Glasgow Bank. At a particular epoch the character of the advances to the principal debtors was brought to their special notice. They knew that these debtors owed the bank four millions sterling, and that little or no interest was being paid on it. They were seriously frightened, and made some feeble attempts to put these accounts on a better footing. Otherwise they did nothing. When the balance-sheets were submitted to them they simply asked no questions. They did not inquire how it could be that the profits were so large when so much capital was lying idle. In one case it was even shown that the director in question had not seen the balance-sheets before they were issued to the public. The other directors did nothing, but he did not even place himself in a position to do anything at the time. The question for the jury was, therefore, whether these directors had been affected with a general liability to do something, or to place themselves in a position to do something—that is, to inquire into the mode in which the profits were calculated, in view of the nature of the accounts of the principal debtors. Nor was even this enough. The neglect of such a duty might form the ground of a civil action; but in order to be a crime it must arise from the wish to impose on the public. What, therefore, these directors were accused of was that they had forborne to ask questions which they knew that they ought to have asked, and that they had so forborne with the express intention of deceiving the public. The summing-up of the Judge, although strictly impartial, might be taken to show that he was not at all clear as to their guilt in this sense. A majority, but only a majority, of the jury found them guilty. It is impossible not to suspect that, with an English jury, they, or at least some of them, would have been acquitted; and their very light punishment may perhaps reflect the faintness of the conviction of the Judge as to their guilt. They grossly neglected their duty; they were more of dummies than ornamental directors usually are; they let the bank go on with a false basis. But these were not the things for which they were tried. They were tried for consciously, and with a distinct fraudulent intent, forbearing to ask questions which they knew they ought to ask; and, without in any way impugning the verdict of a jury, it may be believed that the minority who disagreed had what seemed to them strong reasons for thinking that this particular form of guilt had not been brought home to the poor bewildered indolent dummies who stood before them.

THE LIBERAL CATHOLIC PARTY IN FRANCE.

THE half-century which has nearly passed since the French Catholics first contended for freedom of education against the University promises to close with matters very much in the state in which it saw them at the beginning. There can be little doubt that one of the measures of the new French Ministry will be to repeal the law regulating University degrees which was passed by the National Assembly; and it is exceedingly probable that the reaction will not stop at this point. The one question upon which all sections of the Left seem able to unite is the religious question; and the influence of the Church in education is so great that nothing but a love of liberty for its own sake, which unfortunately few Continental Liberals possess, can prevent the opponents of the Church from subjecting that influence to serious restraints. Probably it will not be long before the old struggle will again begin. The Church has been so long accustomed to have things her own way that she hardly realizes what it will be to be deprived, not only of power, but of freedom. As yet indeed the Education laws which are in the air alike in France and in Belgium purport only to deprive the clergy of the vantage-ground in educational matters which they have hitherto enjoyed. It is possible, of course, that the secularist party in those two countries may themselves have learnt moderation from experience, and may propose to be content with leaving the Church and the State to contend on equal terms—equal, that is, so far as the word can be used when the one combatant has the means of raising money by legal process, while the other has only voluntary benevolence to appeal to. The whole drift of Continental Liberalism suggests, however, a different conclusion. As soon as it is discovered that, when the State and the Church meet on equal terms as candidates for the function of teaching, the Church is in the end the favourite, it will probably be found necessary to ensure that she shall start weighted in the race. Freedom to educate your children as you like is an admirable cry when it is the Church that is withholding this freedom. But when the Church is availing herself of it, the Continental Liberal begins to ask himself whether the formula has not served its purpose, and whether the moment has not come for applying obscurantist methods to the suppression of obscurantist opinions. It will be surprising if by and by this doctrine does not for a time prevail. As regards the political prospects of Catholicism in Europe, things seem on the whole likely to be worse before they are better.

Catholics would have a better claim to sympathy in this matter if they had not in a great measure themselves to thank for the reverses which threaten to overtake them. The history of the education question in France is mixed up with the history of the Liberal Catholic party in that country. That history may be read to great advantage in a paper on Bishop DUPANLOUP which appears in the *Nineteenth Century* for this month. "C. "DE WARMONT" is a name unknown to literature; but the wide acquaintance with that least known part of history, the period immediately before our own day, and the acute appreciation of the political issues involved in the controversies with which that period was occupied, displayed in the article suggest that we may become better acquainted with it by and by. Nothing can be more melancholy than the retrospect of the part which the Liberal Catholic party played from the day when, after twenty years of conflict, it carried the FALLOUX law to the day when Count FALLOUX raised his voice against the identification of religion with the counter revolution without meeting a single response. "Disownod by "PIUS IX., abandoned by its own followers, overtaken "by the events of the time, that whole school of thought "has ceased to exist; and if the present generation are "reminded of it, it is only by the insolence of its "enemies." It is true that by its death it will have dealt a heavier blow at its adversaries than it was ever able to deal during its life. Whatever may be the misfortunes in store for Catholicism in France, they will be traceable to its identification with the aims and the machinery of despotism. It is because there are no longer Liberal Catholics that the conflict between Catholicism and the State is apparently about to be fought over again. The Ultramontanes crushed Liberal Catholicism because it proposed to be prudent in the hour of victory, not to bear hardly upon beaten enemies, and not to deny to others the liberty which it claimed for itself. There was not one of these characteristics which the Ultramontanes did not reject with scorn. They refused to believe that any political resurrection could be in store for the foes they had slain; they gave no quarter; and they thought no freedom worth having which did not include freedom of oppression. The spirit which was conspicuous in Rome in 1870 had shown itself in France in 1844, when Archbishop AFFRÉ condemned the unchristian manner in which Catholic journalists were defending Christianity; in 1849, when M. VEUILLOT condemned the FALLOUX Education Bill as a compromise, and proclaimed that, as every compromise contains in itself the seed of future dissension, it would be better to reject the Bill and to continue the contest; and in 1850 when Archbishop SIBOUR declared that M. VEUILLOT was insulting bishops and priests under pretence of avenging the Holy See. Three years later M. VEUILLOT was recognized by PIUS IX. as a chosen soldier of the Church, and Archbishop SIBOUR had to retract his condemnation of the *Univers*. From that time forward things grew worse and worse. The old liturgies were replaced by the Roman, the old text-books gave way to the latest glosses of Ultramontanism, the ecclesiastical seminaries were remodelled to ensure a steady supply of Ultramontane clergy. Those members of the Episcopate who endeavoured to do their duty in the ways to which they had been accustomed were severely taken to task by the Roman authorities. "Religious liberty and toleration "were daily declared to be the worst of evils, and "the most exorbitant pretensions were revived." If the Liberal Catholics had been able to achieve their object none of these excesses would have been committed, and Catholicism in France would not have laid up for itself that store of hatred which is now apparently about to be unlocked. When the Ultramontanes reduced the Liberal Catholics to silence, they hushed the only voices that could have pleaded in the hour of the anti-Catholic victory that the Church had at least done unto others as she wished others to do unto her. When GUIZOT was in office, DUPANLOUP could declare without inconsistency that if by the spirit of the French Revolution were meant free institutions, or liberty of conscience, or political, civil, individual liberty—liberty of opinion, of education, and of the family—Catholics likewise desired all these things, and demanded them for themselves and for others. No French bishop would be able to make that declaration now. It would be felt that, if Catholics still desired these things for themselves, their whole efforts have for years been devoted to withholding them from others.

Unfortunately the career of the Liberal Catholic party in France is not one which those who realise how much there was that was excellent in their intentions and actions can regard with solid satisfaction. The article which has suggested these observations brings this out very clearly. The danger of the Liberal Catholic position, says the writer, "arose far less from opposition to the Ultramontane "school than from those questions upon which they stood "on more or less common ground with it." It was not the blows they received, but the concessions which they made, that brought them to ruin. They were quite as anxious as their adversaries to retain the approbation of the POPE, and the approbation of the POPE could be retained by nothing short of absolute submission. From 1856 to 1870 the *Correspondant* was directed by DUPANLOUP, MONTALEMBERT, COCHIN, Count FALLOUX, and the present Duke of BROGLIE. During the whole of this time the controversy regarding the Temporal Power was going on, and from first to last the attitude of the party on that question was in direct opposition to their own principles. With the exception of LACORDAIRE, the Liberal Catholics "sacrificed to this darling idea of "PIUS IX. one position after another. They approved ". . . at Rome what they condemned at Naples, and "refused to the Romans what they demanded for the "Poles." And what was their reward? The misfortune to avert which they sacrificed their convictions on the Roman question fell on them just as soon and just as severely. The Syllabus was universally regarded as a condemnation launched at the friends whom PIUS IX. distrusted almost as much as at the enemies whom he detested; the gallant resistance which DUPANLOUP and Archbishop DARBOY offered to the proclamation of infallibility was utterly ineffectual; and when MONTALEMBERT died the POPE could find nothing better to say of the man whose life had been spent in defending the interests of Catholicism in Europe than that he was "only half a Catholic." That, with all the merits of individual members of the party, there was something unsound at the core of Liberal Catholicism in France, has been shown by the political apostasy of two of its chief ornaments. It is a strange ending to the career of DUPANLOUP, a strange incident in the career of the Duke of BROGLIE, that the men who twenty years before had taken part in the conduct of a Liberal journal should have been united in the direction of the 16th of May. The writer of the article in the *Nineteenth Century* may well say that the Liberal Catholics perished because "under the pres- "sure of circumstances they lowered their standard." Some of the greatest among them were, happily for themselves, taken away before this last temptation was presented to them. It would have been well for DUPANLOUP's fame if he, too, had died before his indefatigable activity had been wasted on an enterprise which contradicted the whole promise of his earlier life, and condemned the cause which he so ardently desired to serve to languish, perhaps for more years than it would be safe to predict, under the blows of an inevitable reaction.

THE HOME RULERS.

THE proceedings at the meeting of the Home Rule League in Dublin last Tuesday are, on the whole, encouraging. Even the violent resolutions for which Mr. DILLON vainly endeavoured to obtain consideration indicate that the passion for Home Rule is beginning to decay. A good number of Irishmen are no doubt anxious to obtain it; but the motive of their desire is not so much the wish to get Home Rule for its own sake, as to get it for the sake of sundry other things which they hope to get by means of Home Rule. The gist of Mr. DILLON's resolution was that the Home Rule party in Parliament should immediately commence a vigorous course of action, not to obtain an independent Legislature for Ireland, but to induce the Imperial Parliament to do certain things for Ireland. Mr. DILLON's idea of Home Rule seems to be that, provided the Irish members can secure measures protecting Irish tenant-farmers from rack-renting and eviction, and can do away with the Irish Constabulary, it does not much matter whether they sit in London or in Dublin. It was explained to him several times over that the object of the Home Rule League was to establish a national Parliament for Ireland, and that, until the rules were altered, nothing not directly bearing on that object could be discussed at the meetings of the League. Mr. DILLON evidently re-

garded this in the light of a logical subtlety in which no genuine Irishman could acquiesce; but though his reading of the objects and rules of the Society differed from that adopted by the chairman, he did not persist in pressing it on the meeting. Probably Mr. DILLON is the spokesman of a considerable section of the Irish people, and, if so, it seems likely that for the future more attention will be paid than heretofore to the solid pudding which the Home Rulers are prepared to ask for in the shape of Irish measures, and less to the obstructions they throw in the way of English measures. Mr. PARNELL and Mr. BIGGAR may be trusted to note the meaning of this change. Wedded as they may be to the policy in which they have earned such exceptional distinction, they have naturally no desire to pursue it, if to do so will put their seats in peril. Obstruction is a game which cannot be played except in the House of Commons, and it would be of no avail to play it with such uncalculating devotion as would result in turning the players out of the field. If the Irish Home Rule constituencies share Mr. DILLON's views, it will be to no purpose that Mr. PARNELL recounts his journeys into the lobby, or that Mr. BIGGAR reckons the hours that he kept Saxon members out of their beds. They will be asked, not what they did not allow English members to do for England, but what they persuaded English members to do for Ireland. Even this prospect is not without its dark side, for the measures which will approve themselves to Home Rulers will seldom be such as it is possible for Parliament to accept. But it is better to spend time in discussing impracticable Bills than in dividing on endless motions for adjournment, and to this extent the change of purpose evidenced in Mr. DILLON's resolution promises to yield some fruit.

When Mr. DILLON had at last been got out of the way the business of the evening began. The attack on Mr. BUTT ingeniously took the shape of a quotation from one of his own speeches. In November 1873 Mr. BUTT had said that the more Irish members kept aloof from private communications with English members and English parties the better it would be for Ireland. Since that time, the mover implied, Mr. BUTT's conduct has completely changed. Instead of proclaiming inexorable hostility to the English Government, he is in constant communication with them. The war between the Irish nation and the English Parliament which he then declared to be eternal has given place to a truce. Mr. BUTT very often does not go over to England at all, and when he does go he does nothing to make English people uncomfortable. Mr. BUTT's answer was to the effect that he declines to be bound by this narrow interpretation of words spoken more than five years ago. He is willing to deal with any Ministry for the good of Ireland. Indeed, he modestly hinted, it was rather that Ministers had dealt with him than that he had dealt with them, and if there had been none of the communications to which the resolution objected, the Intermediate Education Act would never have been passed in its present shape. If his strategy had not been as successful in other respects, that was the result of the miserable divisions which a policy of obstruction had introduced among Irishmen. If those divisions are to continue, it is of no use for him to remain the nominal ruler of a party which rejects his counsels. If the Home Rulers are guided by him, they will return members who will keep in view the necessity of conciliation, and who will force Englishmen to acknowledge that they are capable of administering constitutional government at Westminster, and consequently that they would be equally capable of administering it at Dublin.

The difference between Mr. BUTT and the obstructives is obviously too vital to be bridged over, and Mr. PARNELL apparently did not think it worth while to answer his leader's speech at any length. His real reply was to vote for the resolution which Mr. BUTT had accepted as a censure on his policy, and in this Mr. PARNELL found twenty-three members of the League to support him as against thirty-one who supported Mr. BUTT. Whether this division can be accepted as at all indicative of the extent to which the opposition to Mr. BUTT prevails in the Home Rule party we do not know; but the change of tone of which Mr. DILLON's speech was an indication hardly points to this conclusion. If Irishmen want to get this or that particular thing out of the Government, they will undoubtedly find Mr. BUTT a more useful leader than Mr. PARNELL. The slightest association of an Irish Bill with obstruction or obstructives is sufficient to make its adoption hopeless; whereas when Mr. BUTT has charge of a Bill, there is usually a disposition to show it at least courtesy, in order to mark the readiness of the House of Commons to distinguish between legitimate and illegitimate methods of Parliamentary warfare. The resolutions actually adopted were little more than formal. They advise additional activity on the part of the League, vigorous organization of the constituencies, and diligent attendance in Parliament on the part of the members. These counsels are but commonplaces which can be equally accepted by both sections of the League. The strictly personal object with which the meeting had been called together was clearly shown by the colourless character even of the motion on which the decisive division was taken. The purpose of the meeting was to choose between men rather than between measures, and anything which had enabled those present to show their preference either for Mr. PARNELL or for Mr. BUTT would have answered that purpose equally well.

It is at all events certain that the Irish constituencies will have the issue between the two leaders very plainly set before them at the general election. As yet there has never been any means of ascertaining to what extent the Irish electorate have approved the tactics of the obstructives. They may have been only amused by them, and have regarded Mr. PARNELL and Mr. BIGGAR rather as good jokes than as serious politicians. That section of the nation which is ill disposed towards the Imperial Parliament would naturally be pleased to see the House of Commons reduced to the necessity of walking in and out of the lobby half-a-dozen times an hour at the bidding of an Irish member rather than see the despatch of public business brought altogether to a stand. Now, however, that this ennobling sensation has grown a little stale, it is possible that the electors may ask themselves what their representatives expect to gain by humbling the House of Commons afresh. If once this question is seriously raised, it is hardly possible but that Mr. BUTT's arguments should have some weight. Mr. PARNELL's policy cannot be expected to reap in the future any successes different in kind from those which it has already reaped in the past. Are those successes such as are calculated in themselves, and with no chance of their leading to anything further, to give Ireland an independent Legislature? At all events, is it so certain that they are calculated to do this as to induce any considerable section of the Home Rule electors to desert a leader in whom they have hitherto placed so much confidence as they have placed in Mr. BUTT, on the chance, whatever it is, of sharing Mr. PARNELL's triumphs? These are the questions which the Irish constituencies will have to answer, and for their own sake, rather than for ours, it is to be hoped that they will answer them in Mr. BUTT's sense, and not in Mr. PARNELL's. Parliament can deal with obstruction if it is driven to do so, and no reinforcement that Mr. PARNELL is likely to bring to Westminster need give us any uneasiness on that score. But, if it has to be dealt with in this fashion, a feeling about Ireland will undoubtedly grow up on both sides of the House which will make it difficult to obtain a hearing even for the most legitimate Irish demands. It is because we have no wish to see Irish Bills either passed or rejected in this temper that as against Mr. PARNELL we wish success to Mr. BUTT.

THE POPULAR JUDGMENT IN POETRY.

WHEN amœbean essays in magazines were called *Symposia*, some distinguished persons discussed the worth of the popular judgment in politics. The worth of the popular judgment in poetry is perhaps at least as difficult to estimate. To many critics, of opposite views, the thing seems perfectly easy. We have the theorist who declares that the judgment of the populace is instinctive, and absolutely correct. The people, he cries, never makes a mistake. Your cultivated poets, with their fine-spun notions and "alembicated" manner, are mere triflers, whom the true public will never listen to for a moment. Give us Burns, Shakspeare, Scott, and we are content. Minor poets are intolerable prigs, and in short the modern Philistine says, with the Alexandrian Philistine of two thousand years ago, "ἅλις πάντεσσιν Ὅμηρος—the fine old favourites are enough for all the world." On the opposite side the superfine critic, who is often also an unpopular poet, frequently makes himself heard. He maintains that the populace is utterly incapable of judging poetry. If a man has a doubt in his own mind on a question of taste, he consults another person of letters, another trained judge; he does not go into the highways and byways and inquire of the vagrants. He does not walk into his grocer's shop and say, "Mr. Brown, I have a high opinion of the instinctive taste of the people. Will you kindly

desist from your useful business for a moment, and grant me your attention while I read this little rondel of Mr. Frothingham's?" From the point of view of the literary exquisite, he and his peers are the judges, and nothing is so bad a sign of a poet as success and popular appreciation.

It is impossible to get the rough-and-ready man and the dainty man to agree; but really great difficulties attend both their theories. If one could enter into a dialectical discussion with the first speaker, with him who stands up sturdily for the popular judgment, we might easily perplex him a good deal. In the first place, he will probably find that he has to do what he detests doing—that he has to take distinctions. He cannot maintain that what he thinks is a universal rule as far as poetry is concerned is a universal rule about the other arts. And he will have to define rather strictly the meaning of the words "popular" and "populace." What the populace like in painting we know very well, and we know that it is not the best, the most permanent, sort of painting. They like the "Derby Day" and the coloured designs in illustrated newspapers; they like Munich glass in church windows, and they are fond of chromo-lithographs. It must be admitted that in this matter the popular taste is not good, and it will also be allowed that the "Derby Day" and chromo-lithographs do not correspond to the poetry of Mr. Tennyson, the battle-lyrics of Campbell, and other verses which are undeniably at once popular and admirable. If we look at music, the difficulty is the same. The strains of the Great Cad, and the battle-lyrics of Mr. Macdermott, are truly popular; yet we know "better than prophets" that they will not stand the test of time. In the same way it is unlikely that the verdict of the ages will prefer the Albert Memorial to the Elgin Marbles, and yet there can be no doubt that the populace is much better pleased with the Albert Memorial. If the truth of what has been said is admitted, it will follow either that poetry differs very much from all the other arts, so that the popular judgment about it is valuable, whereas in painting, music, and sculpture it is valueless; or it will appear that the word "populace" has more senses than one. What do we mean when we say that this or that poem is popular? Do we mean that it pleases the people who flock in their millions to music-halls? Or do we mean that it charms that comparatively small public which in each age really cares for poetry? The fact is, that poetry which is "popular," and runs through several editions, and gets itself quoted in the papers, does not exactly appeal either to the friends of music-halls and the admirers of the "Derby Day" or yet to the public which really and intelligently cares for verse. It owes its success to another class, which has one foot in the land of the music-hall populace and the other in the territory of true, though plain, lovers of song. Poetry which has an instant success owes its triumph to the people who buy books to give away as presents. Prose does not make up into such neat little volumes as poetry. Prose has not the sentiment which a present ought to convey. Yet of course it is not every pretty little book of verse that reaches the gift-giving class—very far from it indeed. The amusing lyrist who made a grocer give his daughter Mr. Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads*, with the remark, "If she knows what all this means she must be wiser than her pa," went a little too far. The grocer might have selected this inappropriate gift, but he was far more likely to pick up a volume with a decorated cover, or one which clearly contained religious and didactic matter.

The popularity, then, of a new poem (in the sense in which popularity is short-lived and no test of skill) is decided partly by accident, partly by the presence of domestic verses and pathetic pieces about barrel-organ boys and their well-merited misfortunes. There would be no difficulty in proving that the kind of popularity to which we refer is secured, not by the strong but by the weaker parts of really excellent works. Mr. Tennyson would have had to wait far longer for the approval which he deserved if he had not written "The May Queen," and "The Miller's Daughter," and "Lady Clara Vere de Vere." These at once attracted the gift-buying public, and brought their opinion into harmony with that which had long been held by a small set of critics. It is clear that a judgment of this sort may often be absolutely wrong. The future will make short work with many a poet whom the public applauds, as the present has made short work with Robert Montgomery and Mr. Tupper. It by no means follows that the future will applaud any given poet who is now vainly pining for recognition. There are examples—Shelley is the most famous—of men whom their age neglected or insulted, and whom posterity delights to honour. In "Shelley's case," however, it must be remembered, first, that his poetry was not judged on its merits; next, that it is not, and perhaps never will be, "popular." In his lifetime the poet affronted society, and the representatives of society in the press affronted the poet. None but a fearfully conceited young man of to-day can explain his own literary unpopularity by the intolerance of society. The days when Keats was condemned offhand because he lived near London and knew Leigh Hunt are far away in the past. Nay, a venturesome youth who held original ideas about the table of prohibited degrees might leap into a kind of popularity by mere dint of being shocking. So many critics are looking out for a new poet, as old ladies sometimes look out for a young beauty to introduce to society, that merit is not likely to be long concealed. Thus a disappointed bard must either make up his mind that there is nothing very striking in his genius, or he must say to himself that it is too striking, and that the public never appreciates originality. What we, on the other hand, wish to prove, is that there exists a popularity which is merely accidental and transitory, and a popularity which is perhaps the only real test of poetic excellence.

The critic who says that the "public knows nothing about poetry" is like the believers in patent religions, who call a little group of thirty or forty odd people "the Church." Yet, just as the number of the names in the Church was once about seventy, so there really have been periods when poetic cliques were in the right *contra mundum*. It is this which gives the exquisite, the dandy among critics, a kind of excuse and justification, which is all that he needs. Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, Keats, were certainly in the right about poetry, and the public which neither bought nor read their works was, as certainly, to some extent in the wrong. Yet the almost instant approval which was given to the works of Byron and of Scott (both of them as strange, as novel, as original in their way as Coleridge or Wordsworth), shows that the populace often does know what it is about. One must ask the theorist who believes in himself, and in his set alone, whether, on a calculation of the odds, he is likely to be on the winning side? It is not an easy calculation to make, and he may so make it as to confirm himself in his conceit. The truth will always lie between him and the man who decides everything by the popular applause of the hour, and by the number of editions which a publisher advertises that he has sold.

Taking the word "popularity" in the rather restricted sense which we have given it, taking it to mean the judgment of the vast majority of people in whose life poetry has any conscious part, it is almost a truism that popularity is the touchstone of merit. In dramatic poetry this will scarcely be denied by the most exquisite of the people who have failed. Shakspeare, the three Greek tragedians, and Molière are plainly in a different class from all other dramatic writers, and, just as plainly, they are and have been the most popular. In all the long and illustrious roll-call of poets there is not perhaps one great name which had to wait thirty years for its renown, for its reward of the widest acceptation. Much as the taste of men varies about the verses of the day, about poetry which is removed from our petty spites and prejudices, the verdict of all who read is practically unanimous. The qualities of true poetry are thus proved to be widely human, its subjects to be normal and necessary passions and common situations. This alone seems to prove, by the vast induction of historical experience, that the popular taste of the hour chances to be rightly guided when it rejects the scented poetry of the boudoir and the fantasies of the studio. These have their merit, as *bric-à-brac* has its merit, and little more. It does not follow that the popular approval of the moment means more than does the general amusement provided by the *Pink Dominoes*, or the vogue of the moving tract which has a wide circulation in evangelical society.

The accidents that give or defer popularity have been so many and perplexing that they ought not perhaps to encourage or to depress any adventurer in poetry unduly. He who catches the applause of the hour may at least say to himself, "There is something good in this," for every success has its reason, and is justified by some quality. Mere badness never yet gave wide pleasure, whatever writers who do not give pleasure at all may comfort themselves by supposing. Again, the artist in verse who fails, who only gets a good word from his friends and acquaintances, need neither despair nor think himself a neglected genius. The odds are immense that he has not drawn the *gros lot* in the lottery of talent, but he may try another chance. Cases like that of Balzac, who was informed that he might be anything but a man of letters, seem to be provided "that none may despair," while their extreme rarity warns us that none should too presumptuously hope.

There is a sense in which the populace is a judge of poetry. The popular lays that the country peoples of Europe have orally preserved, through ages which we cannot attempt to number, show that a natural and unspoiled people instinctively knows what is good, and retains it in secular possession. Unfortunately this quality seems to be lost under the influence of trade and of primary education. We must still wonder, on the occasion of each popular success, whether it is the success of Byron or of Robert Montgomery. We must still pause in the face of each æsthetic failure, and ask is this the failure of Wordsworth or of—but it would be cruel to name names in this connexion.

ETNA.

A WORK on this mountain by Mr. G. F. Rodwell, the Science Master at Marlborough College, lately published by Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co., certainly fills a gap in the traveller's library. Voluminous as is the literature concerning Etna to which the learned of England, France, Germany, and Italy have contributed, there was not, until Mr. Rodwell's volume appeared, any English book giving in a popular form a description and history of this great volcano. Scientific memoirs there were, and there was also a well-written account of the mountain by a traveller of the last century; but the majority of readers care little for purely scientific writings, and many eruptions of Etna have occurred and a greatly increased knowledge of the volcano has been gained since 1776, when the work referred to appeared. Such a book as Mr. Rodwell's may therefore almost be said to have been wanted; for, besides those who have visited Sicily, there must be many who, without being inclined to hunt up information in numerous volumes difficult of access, will be glad to know something of the most famous mountain in the world. This may seem an exaggerated expression when applied to Etna, but it will scarcely be deemed so by any one who remembers the attention which the volcano has attracted

from the earliest times, or who has any idea of the mass of literature of which it is the subject. Mountains possessing active craters have usually a title to fame very similar to that of some celebrated men. They have generally destroyed a great amount of life and property. Etna has not been wanting in this respect, having done a vast deal of mischief at times, and on one memorable occasion having, it is said, destroyed fifty towns and sixty or seventy thousand human beings. It was natural that a volcano capable of doing such harm should have been thought well worthy of men's notice, and a great deal of notice has certainly been given to Etna, concerning which there has been, in early days much legend, in later ones an infinite amount of elaborate disquisition.

It is to this latter that we propose now to draw attention; for it is scarcely necessary to point out how ancient the first records of the mountain are, or how often it is mentioned in the classical writers. Most people who are likely to feel the smallest interest in the subject know that Etna was described by Strabo, that there are notices of it by many others, and that its summit is said to have been sought by the greatest of Greek philosophers and one of the greatest of Roman Emperors. The curious poem in which an attempt is made to give something like a scientific explanation of the volcanic phenomena does not perhaps come within the range of ordinary classical reading, but is abundantly well known, and has been the subject of a considerable amount of controversy. Of the fame of Etna amongst the ancients there is then no occasion to speak. What is less known and appreciated is the immense amount of attention which has been given to the mountain in comparatively modern times, and the strange devotion with which the mass of lava and ashes seems to have inspired some enthusiastic observers. One of the best chapters in Mr. Rodwell's clear and simply-written book is that in which he gives a short account of what may be called the literature of Etna; and probably there are few readers who will not be astonished at the amount and weight of the writings he mentions which describe the examination of the mountain that has been carried on during a period not far short of three centuries. So long ago as 1591 Etna was made the subject of a book which, according to the fashion of the day, was written in Latin. This work was an account of the volcano and of its eruptions by Filoteo, a Sicilian who a very long time before his work appeared had descended into the crater, and had witnessed the great outpour of lava in 1536. In the next century Etna and its eruptions were described by a considerable number of writers, amongst whom were some attentive observers, some men of considerable acquirements, and an English ambassador, who condescended to pen "A true and exact relation of the late prodigious earthquake and eruption of Mount Etna or Monte Gibello," at which he was, according to Mr. Rodwell's account, not a little frightened. In the same year, when the outburst to which this description related occurred, the first map of the mountain was published. It could hardly be expected that this would be very accurate, and Mr. Rodwell, who has inspected a copy of it, which is to be found in the Paris Library, is inclined to think that it must have been drawn from description, or altogether from the imagination, as he says that "it is utterly unlike the mountain, an impossible steepness being given to the sides." This seems a fatal objection to the map or drawing; but it must be remembered that until very lately artists and draughtsmen have rarely been able to resist the temptation to exaggerate greatly the steepness of the sides of mountains.

Many were the writers who treated of Etna during the eighteenth century, the principal amongst them being Sir W. Hamilton, the Abate Ferrara, and Brydone, an early and excellent representative of the class of humorous travellers to which, since his time, so many people have unfortunately desired to belong. In one respect he resembled certain of his successors, for he occasionally sinned both against good feeling and good taste; but his work had some value, as he was a careful observer and possessed some literary power. The like cannot be said of the companion of one of his expeditions, the Canon Recupero, of whose enormous History of Etna, published long after his death, Mr. Rodwell speaks with a little of that horror which is felt by compilers who have had to toil through pages unread of all the world besides. After the days of Brydone and Recupero, in the early part of the present century, the late Admiral Smyth, an officer of great scientific accomplishments, determined the position and height of the volcano, which, before, during, and after the time when he was thus employed, was examined and observed by three brothers—the Gemellaros of Catania—with a patient and long-continued devotion which has assuredly never been shown to any other mountain. The most remarkable of the three was Carlo Gemellaro, who laboured at his beloved volcano for forty years, and to whom its eruptions seem almost to have endeared it. Mr. Rodwell, who has given attention to the writings of this observer, which are for the most part contained in the not very accessible *Atti dell' Accademia Gioenia* of Catania, is apparently of opinion that they have considerable merit. The work of Carlo Gemellaro and of his two brothers has however attracted, naturally enough, but little notice compared with that of the very distinguished scientific men who have studied and written on Etna. Elie de Beaumont made a minute examination of the mountain, and subsequently described it. Abich, who afterwards wrote so valuable a work on the geology of the Caucasus, visited Etna and contributed to the scientific knowledge of the volcano. Sir Charles Lyell gave the fruit of his careful observation in the well-known chapters of his great work; and Baron von Waltershausen, after six years of labour, produced a most elaborate map of the mountain, which probably, at the time when it was finished, was almost perfect. But unfortunately the incessant activity of a volcano which sometimes changes the face of a country in a manner so very unpleasant for those who inhabit it, also nullifies to a certain extent the labours of the map-maker, and since Von Waltershausen's map was made there have been several eruptions of Etna, so that his work is now in some respects obsolete. The volcano seems, however, to have a wonderful power of stimulating industry, and another map has since been made. Scientific examination also continues, for Mr. Rodwell states that Signor Silvestri, Professor of Chemistry at the University of Catania, who has for long been studying the mountain minutely, has recently enjoyed the unspeakable pleasure of discovering a new kind of mineral oil, the existence of which in its lavas was previously unknown.

Down to our own days, therefore, Etna has been observed and studied with the closest attention, and the title of the most famous mountain in the world may well be claimed for it, as probably about no other has so much been said. Readers will therefore be grateful to Mr. Rodwell for giving them very clearly and in a small compass a great deal of information respecting this much-observed volcano, which, without his aid, they would have no small difficulty in obtaining; but in one respect some disappointment will perhaps be felt. It may naturally be expected that a great increase to knowledge has been the result of all this work by highly competent men; but on this point Mr. Rodwell's statements are not so definite as could be wished. A minute knowledge of the mountain has been obtained by the investigations which have extended over so long a period of time; but it is not easy to discover that any large advance in understanding the operations of nature has been due to them. As need hardly be said, geologists are not agreed as to the manner in which a volcano is formed; and, after all the labour which has been bestowed on Etna, we find that Sir Charles Lyell holds one view, other men of almost equal celebrity another, so that the outside world which wishes to be instructed is left in bewilderment. The attempts which have been made to get some idea of the age of Etna by ascertaining the thickness of the matter added during the historical period to mountains, and comparing this with the thickness of the beds of old lava and scoriæ, seem to have had little success. The last-named geologist states that "the successive envelopes of lava and scoriæ are not continuous, like the layers of wood in a tree, and afford no continuous measure of the time," and the only conclusion arrived at is the somewhat vague one that it is impossible not "to form a most exalted conception of the antiquity of this mountain." It was doubtless impossible to discover anything more definite, but it must be said that this may seem to some a rather poor result for so much labour. In one respect, however, very clear knowledge has been obtained from the examination of Etna. The lavas have been analysed, and their constituent elementary bodies determined; but only a few persons are likely to take any very keen interest in the results arrived at. Those who are given to chemistry may learn with true pleasure that the lavas of Etna consist of labradorite (augite), peridot (olivine), and titaniferous iron, and that the latter is composed of 11·14 parts of titanic acid, 58·86 of sesquioxide of iron, and 30·0 of protoxide of iron; but the ordiary reader, even if fairly desirous of scientific information, will hardly feel greatly impressed by these facts. If it were possible to form any idea of the age of Etna, if the long observation of its cones and lavas had led to anything like a generally accepted theory of the causes of volcanic action, a result well worthy of the enormous labour which has been given to the mountain would have been achieved. As it is, there is some difficulty in avoiding the conclusion that as yet the acquisition to knowledge obtained from this volcano has scarcely been proportionate to the immense amount of careful observation which has been devoted to it.

Of Etna as a most interesting mountain for the ordinary traveller to visit, as easy of ascent, and as offering a magnificent view from its crater's edge, space does not now allow us to speak. Mr. Rodwell describes an expedition which he made to the crater, and, with a wisdom which travellers do not often show, refrains from sacrificing himself on the summit; that is to say, he does not attempt an ecstatic description of the view, though he does inflict on his readers a quotation from Brydone, who, like most men who have attempted to describe rapturously what they saw from high summits, talked nonsense. Strangely enough, Mr. Rodwell seems to have been disappointed at finding the crater free from smoke, which is exactly the best condition for seeing one, because then the whole of the huge cavity can be observed. When smoke is issuing of course this is more or less prevented. Still it is easy to understand that a traveller who has come from far to visit a volcano feels somewhat annoyed when he stands on the edge of the crater and finds that but very small sign of volcanic powers is given, and the disappointment which Mr. Rodwell felt has doubtless been experienced by others; but probably in every case where the provokingly pacific behaviour of the volcano has caused some little annoyance, it has speedily been forgotten in the contemplation of that wonderful expanse of sea and land which is beheld from the summit of the great Sicilian mountain.

A PLEA FOR WREN'S CHURCHES.

THERE is something almost grotesque in our having at this time to protest against the wanton destruction of some of the noblest and most thoroughly national works of art that England has to show. The Turk who burns to lime the sculptures of Phidias or Praxiteles, or the "navvy" who with a stroke of his pickaxe smashes to pieces a priceless vase, may be excused on the ground of gross ignorance. They are utterly unconscious of the value of what they destroy. But the present age is, if anything, æsthetic. Art is the ruling craze. Unless a man would be set down as a mere Philistine, unfit to appear in the selecter circles, he must know, or pretend to know, something about æsthetics in one form or other, and be able to chatter about "tones" and "symphonies" and "arrangements," in the now fashionable gibberish by which, to the utter perplexity of those who fancied they understood their own tongue, the terms of one art are boldly, if not very intelligently, transferred to another. It is therefore somewhat remarkable that this should be the very time when, one by one, the works of one of the infinitesimally small list of architects of European reputation whom England has, till within our own memory, produced—works all bearing the stamp of inventive genius, and thoroughly national in their character—are being quietly swept away by the fiat of the Bishop of London and other ecclesiastical and parochial authorities. The prevailing taste of the time renders this wholesale destruction of Wren's churches the more surprising. For while, half or even a quarter of a century ago, our *cognoscenti* looked on these churches with pity and contempt as "pagan abominations," as not conforming to the Gothic style to which was then alone assigned the title of Christian architecture, now the tide has turned among our self-constituted teachers. The so-called "Queen Anne" mania looks fondly on all art-work of the Wren period, and that immediately succeeding, as something only "too precious," and our architects, having received their cue, leave off copying fourteenth and fifteenth-century work, and fill their portfolios with tracings of the designs of Wren and Hawksmoor, Vanbrugh and Kent, and—so violent is the recoil—even the flat insipidities of the "Adelphi" Adams.

And yet, in the face of this classical revival, the best classical works that England has ever seen, the productions of that truly great and national genius of whom Mr. Fergusson justly says that, "though he did fail sometimes, it cannot be denied that he was a giant in architecture, whose greatest praise is that, though he showed the way and smoothed the path, none of his successors have surpassed, if indeed they have equalled, him in what he did"—the churches in which the originality of his genius shines most conspicuously, and in which he specially appears as an inventor, are being gradually demolished. That forest of spires and towers which excited good Sir Roger de Coverley's admiration as he was rowed from the Temple stairs to Spring Gardens is falling, and the "heathenish sight" which he viewed with so much sorrow to the west of Temple Bar is being extended to the City. From this point of view alone the loss of the churches is incalculable, for his steeples are the most signal proof of Wren's genius. None of his works more distinctly show his sense of proportion, his command of variety of outline and detail, his eye for the picturesque, than that group of campaniles which soar above the habitations around them, and, clustering like satellites round the majestic dome of the Cathedral, to whose swelling outline their taper spires form so striking a contrast, impart a picturesque grandeur to the general aspect of the City which it is hard to rival. Within our own memory at least ten of Wren's City churches, including some of his most original designs, have passed away; their materials have been sold to the highest bidder, their stones ground down for Portland cement; their rich carved oak-work, bearing the touch of Grinling Gibbons's magic chisel, gone to furnish new "Queen Anne" mansions; the remains of the dead carted off, and their monuments huddled away in alien churches, which, if the bold designs of our church-destructives take effect, will afford them only a temporary resting-place. In fact, by the disastrous "Union of Benefices Act," only four out of the fifty City churches are safe from destruction; and, unless some more decisive measures are taken than have yet been adopted to stay the rage for devastation, the noblest triumphs of Wren as a church architect will soon exist only on paper.

The first City church removed subsequently to the great fire of 1666 was St. Christopher le Stocks, with its pinnacled Gothic tower, which somehow managed to escape the conflagration, absorbed in 1781 by the Bank of England, which had already swallowed up the whole parish. Its preservation as a private chapel for the Bank Directors would then have been deemed a flagrant anachronism. But that would have been the right use to make of it. Half a century passed before a second church was doomed—St. Michael's, Crooked Lane—which, with its stately tower and spire, one of Wren's characteristic works, was removed, we suppose necessarily, in 1830, for the northern approaches of new London Bridge. The facility with which this church was got rid of made the fingers of our destructives itch for employment. There are always men who must be busy about something; if there is nothing to build up, they will be equally happy in pulling down. Mr. Richard Lambert Jones was then a leading member of the Corporation and the moving spirit in the erection of the new London Bridge. In this capacity he attracted the attention of the Duke of Wellington, who took a warm interest in the Bridge, and who, as recorded in Rennie's Life, was struck by Mr. Jones's shrewd common sense and business-like habits. Mr. Jones, having so easily abolished one church, found his appetite whetted, and proceeded, with powerful help, to draw up a monstrous scheme for the extinction of twenty of the City churches. This wholesale demolition, which was justly denounced by the late E. J. Carlos, the veteran London archæologist, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1834, was happily quashed by the decided refusal of Archbishop Howley and Bishop Blomfield to entertain the project; and the churches had rest for a dozen years. Then came the conflagration of the Royal Exchange, followed by the erection of a new and larger building and the remodelling of the adjacent streets. Here two of Wren's best known and most historically interesting churches fell a sacrifice to the march of improvement. One of these was St. Bartholomew's, the burial-place of Miles Coverdale, whose tall rugged tower (a relic of London before the Fire, to which Wren had added a singular and picturesque cresting of open arches, wisely reproduced by Mr. Cockerell in his new church of the same dedication in Moor Fields) must be fresh in the memory of the older of our readers. Internally it was one of the best of Wren's Basilican churches, "strikingly effective from its harmonious proportions, and the good keeping of all its parts." But not all its architectural merits, nor the ashes of Bishop Coverdale, could save it. The site was wanted for the Sun Fire Office, and down it came. So, too, did its neighbour, St. Bennet Fink, on the other side of the street, overshadowing Leman's biscuit shop, long famous before Huntley and Palmer had made Reading celebrated by their crisp delicacies. If St. Bartholomew's could plead in stay of execution that one of the leading members of the Protestant hagiology was buried within its walls, St. Bennet's could urge that its registers recorded the marriage of one of the highest names on the Puritan bede-roll, Richard Baxter; as well as the baptism of Speed the historiographer, and—though to be connected with the name of such a woman is a disgrace—the burial of Mrs. Manley, the shameless author of the infamous *New Atlantis*. Architecturally, too, this was one of Wren's most successful designs. A decagon externally, its domed ceiling was supported by eight Corinthian columns with a very happy effect. It was, in short, a composition which could be ill spared.

This instalment of sacrilege was speedily followed by the ill-starred "Union of Benefices Act," which, however well intentioned, has been so worked as to accomplish a far smaller amount of benefit for the outlying portions of London, which were to be aided out of the ecclesiastical resources thus set free, than the promoters of the measure hoped. Certainly the net results do not balance the architectural and historical loss, or compensate for the reckless spirit of dealing with sacred things which it has done so much to foster. This Act at first worked slowly. So many consents were essential to put it in operation that the machinery was clogged and impotent. As long as Archdeacon Hale lived, his burly form was a bulwark to many a threatened edifice. His death, and some modifications in the Act, removed the obstacles and oiled the wheels, which began to grind up their prey with alarming rapidity. We cannot linger over the victims of this Act. It is sad enough to enumerate them. One or two, not the works of Wren, may have passed away unregretted, artistically. Allhallows Staining (where happily the old fifteenth-century tower has been preserved), St. James's, Duke Place, and that unworthy example of a truly gifted architect, Cockerell, St. Martin Outwich, with its stable turret—have gone, and leave no blank. But the list of Wren's works which have perished is alarmingly large. It includes St. Bennet's, Gracechurch Street, and St. Michael's, Queenhithe, with their tall and slender spires; St. Mary's, Somerset (the truly fine pinnacled tower of which has happily been preserved, though in a sadly uncared-for condition); St. Mildred, in the Poultry (the materials of which were purchased by a former High Sheriff of Lincolnshire, to save them from the cement-works, and now lie in his park near Louth, ready for reconstruction); St. Dionis Back-Church, with its Ionic eastern façade, one of Wren's most classical compositions; Allhallows, in Bread Street, whose lovely pinnacled tower not even the memory of Milton, whose baptism is recorded in the register, could save from the operation of the Act. Here is the entry:—"The 20th day of December, 1608, was baptized John the Sonne of John Mylton, Scrivener." We wonder where the register is now. And last, but not least, St. Antholins, with its delicious spire, a veritable little gem inimitable in its way, has been levelled to the ground, and all its memories of the religious life of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries wiped out—the lecture set up, "after the Geneva fashion," at 5 A.M., in 1559, which Lilly, the astrologer, attended, and which kept alive a puritanical fervour in the parish, often referred to by our early dramatists; the gallery where the Scotch Commissioners in 1640 attended service, and heard sermons from Alexander Henderson and their other chaplains, not of the most pacific order—sermons which brought such a crowd that, as Clarendon tells us, from the first appearance of day to the shutting in of the light the church was never empty. The steeple survived for some little time, but even that has now utterly disappeared. They are gone, all gone, and we are told more are to follow. "L'appétit vient en mangeant." Each morsel swallowed makes the process of deglutition more easy; and, unless some means are taken for checking their voracity, we must be prepared to see the remaining churches fall a prey to the sacrilegious hands of the church demolishers.

Already we are told that St. Mildred's, Bread Street, which has one

of Wren's characteristic tall spires, rising from a well-proportioned red-brick tower, and a truly exquisite interior, where a hemispherical cupola is supported on four deeply recessed and caissoned arches, showing Wren's perfect eye for proportion, and command of detail, is threatened. Threatened, too, is St. Margaret Pattens, one of Wren's most happy classical adaptations of a Gothic spire, dignified and harmonious, the loss of which to the general view of London, already, as we have said, too much impoverished, would be irreparable. Threatened, too, is the neighbouring little church of St. Mary-at-Hill, which, however unattractive in its exterior, which is long subsequent to Wren, exhibits one of his most picturesque compositions internally, and is rich beyond description in the stately oaken fittings carved by the hand of Gibbons. Only the other day, so to speak, when the late Dr. Crosthwaite was rector, large sums were expended on the woodwork of this church, which was then lovingly repaired by Mr. Rogers, who added the exquisite panels to the pulpit, and other delicious pieces in the altar screen and organ loft. But this interesting church, with its stately domed interior—a first sketch as it were of St. Stephen's, Walbrook—and its historical memories of Margaret Beaufort, "my lady the King's grandam," who gave 20s. towards the rebuilding of the old church, and of the Abbot of Waltham, whose town mansion stood hard by, on the site of whose kitchen the south aisle was built, and of the many brotherhoods of which it was the seat, the representatives of one of which, the Fellowship Porters, still meet, or did so till recently, for worship within its walls—this church, where Dr. Young of the *Night Thoughts* was married, and of which Dr. Brand of the *Popular Antiquities* was rector, with a resident rector and well-attended services—is wanted for the Inner Circle Railway, and all architectural and historical considerations are scattered to the winds. The Bill for carrying out this project has, we observe, just been abandoned for the present year; but the attempt is likely enough to be renewed in a future Session, and we trust that the scheme and its promoters will be vigilantly watched and resolutely opposed. We are glad to know that the rector and the inhabitants are determined not to submit tamely to such a wrong. They will not be robbed of their church without a struggle, and not only are they resolved to fight for their own, but they invite the public to join with them in doing battle for the protection of other churches. At their instance a "City Church and Churchyard Protection Society" has been started, with the view, to quote their circular, of "fighting out the battle in each case where a church or churchyard is threatened with destruction." Such a society has our heartiest sympathy, and we sincerely hope that the response to the appeal issued by the preliminary Committee will be such as to enable them to start it on its career, and that the support it receives will be so large and influential as to show unmistakably that the citizens of London are resolved not to be deprived piecemeal of the churches which are their glory and their pride. The earnest protest of Mr. Carlyle against this wholesale destruction, recently issued by the "Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings," is probably known to many of our readers, and there are few, we think, with any feeling for art, religion, or history, who will not echo his words that "it would be a sordid, nay sinful piece of barbarism to do other than religiously preserve these churches as precious heirlooms; many of them specimens of noble architecture, the like of which we have no prospect of ever being able to produce in England again." The very questionable sayings and doings of the last-named Society ought not to make us unjust on occasions, like the present, when it may do really useful work. The result of Mr. Carlyle's appeal will, we trust, be such as to prove to that justly honoured man that his words have not been thrown away, but are bearing good fruit in an increased reverence for the genius of Wren and for the churches which exhibit his powers so markedly, and which are so intimately bound up with the religious and historical life of London. If no longer needed parochially, they have a distinct use, as Dr. Liddon has shown, as the religious centres of the Guilds, Confraternities, Sisterhoods, and the like which are being called into existence by the pressing needs of our City population.

VONDEL.

LAST Wednesday, the 5th of February, was the bicentenary of the death of the most considerable writer that Holland has produced, the typical example of Dutch intelligence and imagination at their highest development, the poet Joost van den Vondel. No outline of European literature can be considered complete that does not find space for the merits of this famous personage. Not merely is he to Holland all that Camoens is to Portugal and Mickiewicz to Poland, but he stands on a level with these men in the positive value of his writings. Just below the topmost height occupied by the six or seven supreme poets of the world, there lies a broader range for those illustrious and potent minds which have barely failed to exercise an influence over European thought in general; and in this second rank of greatness Vondel holds a secure position. Had he been born with precisely the same qualities of mind in a larger country than Holland, and trained in a more cosmopolitan tongue, he might have been more widely read, but he would scarcely have attained so original a standpoint. It was better to reign in Amsterdam than to be second or third in London, and, as the limitations of Vondel's genius are precisely those of the Dutch nation, they are scarcely felt in Holland. As it is, he is great enough to be compared, without any sense of monstrous misproportion, with his greatest contemporaries in England and France. Compared with the Elizabethan school of tragedy, in the atmosphere of which his youth was cast, he is conventional and classical, his picturesqueness being seldom of a romantic cast. He crosses the stage in a stiff, brocaded robe of alexandrines, while the English playwrights of his time hasten over it in the flying garments of an easy and flexible blank verse. But his classical manner was interpenetrated by that curious heresy of the age, for which literary history has not yet found a name, the passion for conceits and the ornament of a far-fetched imagery. When he was a young man the three darling poets of Europe were Marini, Gongora, and Donne; and from the first and third of these directly, and probably from the second also, indirectly, Vondel, who was a far greater man than either, gained no little of the purely external glitter of his style. The last great Italian poets, Tasso and Guarini, died when he was a child, and their florid genius tinctured his. We find in Vondel, therefore, the remarkable phenomenon of a strong and simple Batavian nature, thoroughly composed of homely and popular qualities, tinged, as it were, with the colour of the age he lived in, and adopting into his own massive style the tricks and harlequin beauties of the dying Renaissance. He is the greatest poet in whom the transformation of the seventeenth century into the eighteenth, the flowing love-locks into the full-bottomed periwig, can be studied in its full proportions. His long life of nearly a hundred years saw the world of Spenser transmuted into the world of Racine.

Joost van den Vondel was the eldest son of a merchant of Antwerp, who was obliged to leave that city in 1585 on account of his adherence to the sectarian doctrines of the Mennonites, the followers of the mad heretic Simon Menno. He settled at Cologne, married one of his fellow-exiles, and on the 17th of November, 1587, became the father of a child destined to become the most illustrious of Dutch writers. Driven out of Cologne, the family took refuge for a little while at Utrecht, and finally, in 1597, settled at Amsterdam, where the father opened a hosier's shop in Warmoesstraat, near the heart of the city. Here in 1608 the father died, and two years later, in his four-and-twentieth year, the future poet married into a Mennonite family that had shared the exile of the Vondels from Antwerp. It was not till the same age that he showed any aptitude or even tendency to the poetic art. His juvenile verses are very few and very poor, and his first considerable work was an elegy on the French King Henry IV., murdered in 1610 by Ravaillac. About this time Vondel seems to have entered upon a literary life by joining one of the three guilds called Chambers of Rhetoric which then existed in Amsterdam. These peculiar institutions dated, in their original form, from the end of the fourteenth century, having been founded under the Dukes of Burgundy in almost all the towns of the Low Countries as centres of intellectual vitality. It was by the Chambers of Rhetoric that mystery plays were got up, that prizes were given for dissertations and disquisitions in which the scholastic learning of the middle ages was tortured into fresh forms, and that poems in praise of the Virgin and the patron saints were recited and rewarded. For a long time these Chambers of Rhetoric preserved a purely mediæval character, even long after the revival of learning; but the ideas of Humanism and Protestantism by degrees found their way into the most influential. Each Chamber took the name of some flower or charming object. We find the "Violet," at Antwerp; the "Marigold," at Gouda; the "Cornflower," at the Hague; while more ambitious were the Chambers of "Jesus with the Balsam," at Ghent; of the "Holy Ghost," at Bruges; and the "Alpha and Omega," at Ypres. The last-mentioned Flemish Chamber is supposed to have been the most ancient. At the beginning of the seventeenth century three Chambers of Rhetoric flourished side by side in Amsterdam. These were the "Eglantine," native to that city, and the "White Lavender Blossom" and the "Figtree," guilds of Brabant origin which had taken refuge in the United Provinces after the fall of Antwerp in 1585. To the second of these, the "White Lavender Blossom," Vondel seems to have attached himself; and, by so doing, to have deprived his youth of all the advantage that accrues from companionship with genius, since all the other rising youths of the day were associated with the "Eglantine."

In 1612, being twenty-five years old, he brought out his first work, *Het Pascha*, a tragedy or tragi-comedy on the exodus of the Children of Israel, written, like all his succeeding dramas, on the recognized Dutch plan—in alexandrines, in five acts, and with choral interludes between the acts. There is comparatively little promise in *Het Pascha*. It was much inferior dramatically, to the romantic plays just being produced by Brederoô, and in verse to the clear and eloquent tragedies and pastorals of Hooft; but it secured the young poet a position inferior only to theirs. Yet for a number of years he made no attempt to emphasise the impression he had produced on the public, but contented himself, during the years that are the most fertile in a poet's life, with translating and imitating portions of Du Bartas's popular epic. The short and brilliant life of Brederoô, his immediate contemporary and greatest rival, burned itself out in a succession of dramatic victories, and it was not until two years after the death of the great poet of *Griane* that Vondel appeared before the public with a second tragedy, the *Jerusalem Laid Desolate*; this was in 1620, when

he was thirty-three years of age. In the contrasted careers of Bredero and Vondel we have an extraordinary instance of the way in which genius seems to provide against the early coming of death. The first compressed into his brief life of thirty years all the stress and passion of an age, while the latter, secure in his ninety years, developed leisurely and gravely like a forest-tree. Vondel was not idle, however, during his eight years of silence; he had transferred his talents to the reformed and vivacious Chamber of the "Eglantine"; he had been received into the circle of poets and artists that met in the first Northern *salon*, the house of Roemer Visscher; he had paid poetical tribute, as was due, to Tesselschade, the beautiful and gifted daughter of Roemer; and, more than all, he had been giving his whole energy to the study of French and Latin, taking the pseudo-Seneca for his first dramatic master. It was a great judicial crime that opened the flood-gates of his genius, and first taught him those master-accents of indignation and horror which cannot even now be read, after two centuries and a half, without quickened pulses. In the great religious and political schism in the State Vondel threw his whole heart into the losing scale, and the triumph of the Calvinists in the execution of Barneveldt in 1618 roused him to a white heat of indignation. The edicts of the Synod of Dort in 1619 made it dangerous even to incline to the party of the Remonstrants. A certain sheriff of Amsterdam, whose sympathies lay wholly with the cause of the defeated, proposed to the poet to write a tragedy satirizing the conduct of the Synod, and suggested the Euripidean story of Palamedes as a suitable theme. Vondel was charmed with the idea, and in 1625 published what seemed an innocent study from the antique, his tragedy of *Palamedes; or, Murdered Innocence.* The whole city discovered with smothered delight that under the name of the hero was thinly concealed the figure of Barneveldt, that Diomedes was Willem of Nassau, Agamemnon Prince Maurits, and the chorus of Peloponnesians the pestilent and tyrannous Counter-Remonstrants. Thus, at the age of forty-one, the obscure Vondel became in a week the most famous writer in Holland. But such insolence could not remain unpunished; his life was threatened by the Government, and the greatest influence had to be exercised to turn this sentence into a heavy fine, which, be it added, was most honourably paid by the sheriff who had suggested the form and subject of the tragedy.

For the next twelve years, and till the accession of Prince Frederick Hendrik, Vondel had to maintain a hand-to-hand combat with the "Saints of Dort." This was the period of his most resolute and stinging satires; Cats took up the cudgels on behalf of the Counter-Remonstrants, and there raged a war of pamphlets in verse. The return of Hugo Grotius out of exile in 1632 strengthened the hands of Vondel, and gradually all things in statecraft and literature tended once more towards liberty and peace. A purely fortuitous circumstance led to the next great triumph in Vondel's slowly-developing career. The Dutch Academy, founded in 1617 almost wholly as a dramatic guild, had become so inadequately provided with stage accommodation that in 1638, having coalesced with the two Chambers of the "Eglantine" and the "Lavender Blossom," it ventured on the erection of a large public theatre, the first in Amsterdam. Vondel, as the greatest poet of the day, was invited to write a piece for the first night, and accordingly, on Sunday, the 3rd of January, 1638, the theatre was opened with the performance of a new tragedy out of early Dutch history—the famous *Gysbreght van Aemstel.* This play still keeps the stage—that is to say, it is regularly acted every New Year's Eve. With this brilliant success, which raised Vondel finally above any fear of competition, his career as a public man culminated. He still had forty years to live and to work in, but he became from this time forth less in sympathy with his fellow-citizens. The chief reason for this was his apostasy, as it was called, to the Roman Catholic faith. This step he finally and publicly took on his fifty-fourth birthday, the 17th of November, 1641; but since his early manhood his Flemish blood had been always stirred by the mysteries of the altar, and in this at least he was no Dutchman. The hand which led him to the Church of Rome was, if we may believe Brandt, his first biographer, that of the beautiful poetess Tesselschade Visscher, who had been brought up in that faith, and whose influence over Vondel remained very strong until her early death in 1649. The ten years which followed the production of *Gysbreght van Aemstel* were rich in dramatic work from Vondel's hand; he supplied the theatre with heroic Scriptural pieces of which the general reader will obtain the best idea if we point to the *Athalie* of Racine. In 1654, having already attained an age at which poetical production is usually discontinued by the most energetic of poets, he brought out the most exalted and sublime of all his works, the tragedy of *Lucifer.* This drama Milton read in the last hours of his failing eyesight, and in all probability it decided him to produce that poem on the Fall of Man which is still the main epic glory of our language. The subject of Vondel, indeed, was somewhat different, as it dealt mainly with the Fall of the Rebel Angels; but the style and treatment, as well as many of the best passages, remain the most Miltonic things outside Milton. Very late in life, through no fault of his own, financial ruin fell on the great Dutch poet, and from 1658 to 1668—that is, from his seventieth to his eightieth year—this venerable and illustrious person, the main literary glory of Holland through her whole history, was forced to earn his bread as a common clerk in a bank, miserably paid, and accused of wasting his masters' time by the writing of verses. The city released him at last from this wretched bondage by a pension, and the wonderful old man went on writing odes and tragedies almost to his ninetieth year. He died at last in 1679, of no disease, having outlived all his contemporaries and almost all his friends, but calm, sane, and good-humoured to the last, serenely conscious of the legacy that he bequeathed to a not too grateful country.

In no more than eight years' time the tercentenary of Vondel's birth will come round, and we believe it is intended to celebrate the day somewhat upon the same plan as our own Shakspeare's tercentenary in 1864. A birth is certainly a more seemly and a more auspicious opportunity for festivities than a death. The most prominent mode in which the present date has been observed has been the opening on Wednesday last of a Vondel Exhibition at Amsterdam, to which amateurs, not only in Holland, but all over Europe, have been asked to contribute portraits of the poet, first and early editions of his works, the quarto plays especially, volumes bearing on the literary history of his times, and prints or pictures illustrating the early condition of the stage in Holland. This Exhibition will be open to the public for a month, and offers such opportunities as have never before been met with for the study of the greatest of Dutch writers.

THE CATHOLIC DOCTRINE OF REBELLION.

IN a favourable notice of the recent Papal Encyclical one of our contemporaries took some exception to Leo XIII.'s teaching on rebellion, which is represented to be—the italics are our own—that "a government, *however bad, is never to be resisted*, except it require from its subjects that which is rebellion against God, but that in that case God is to be obeyed rather than man." The writer adds, justly enough, that this theory, unless very freely interpreted, "would hardly cover the ground of most Catholic rebellions." But we are not at all clear that this is the theory intended by Leo XIII.; his words in the original Latin, the sense of which is somewhat obscured in the English version of the *Tablet*, are patient, to say the least, of a more liberal construction. The passage runs as follows:—"Si tamen quandoque contingat temere et ultra modum publicam a principibus potestatem exerceri, Catholicæ Ecclesiæ doctrina in eos insurgere *proprio Marte* non sinit, ne ordinis tranquillitas magis magisque turbetur, *neve societas majus exinde detrimentum capiat.*" The phrase "proprio Marte," especially when coupled with the reason added for this prohibition, seems to point to violent and seditious actions on the part of individuals, who have not the general body of the nation at their back. And as the Pope does not profess to be laying down any new doctrine of his own, but only recording "the doctrine of the Catholic Church," it may be worth while to inquire what that doctrine is, as a matter of history, which is in itself a question of considerable interest. We say, as a matter of history, for there is not, so far as we are aware, any formal dogma or definition either of the ancient or mediæval Church on the subject, and the "Catholic doctrine," if there be any, must therefore be gathered from the general Christian tradition and the teaching of accredited divines. And if we go back to the Fathers, it cannot be denied that the most stringent interpretation of the Pope's language would be supported and even demanded by the almost unanimous tenor of their teaching on the absolute duty of submission. The very few apparent exceptions occasionally quoted only serve to prove the rule, as *e.g.* when St. Gregory Nazianzen and St. Cyril inveigh against the memory of Julian the Apostate, after his death, and St. Hilary denounces the Arian Emperor Constantius as a precursor of Antichrist and the like, when he may be supposed to have already been virtually deposed for his heresy. As a rule, the early Fathers seem to have taken St. Paul's admonition to obey the powers that be in its most rigorous sense, and would admit no right of rebellion against a Nero or a Caligula, though Nero was by many of them regarded as the personal Antichrist. That the maintenance of this principle, which was not only taught but consistently acted upon by the early Christians throughout the ages of persecution—and whereby, as a modern writer expresses it, they constituted themselves the champions of legality in an age of turbulence and disorder, when the rival forces of civilization and barbarism were engaged in an internecine strife—was salutary in its results may be readily admitted. It would have introduced fresh and disastrous complications if the Christians, when they became strong enough, had assumed the position of insurgents against the persecuting Empire. They acted on a true and generous instinct, but their theory was certainly an excessive one, and this became manifest when it was reproduced under altered circumstances in the English Church of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, where the doctrine which has been ascribed to Leo XIII. was persistently inculcated in all its fulness.

We need not endorse the characteristic maledictions of Macaulay against the Church he so little loved, which "continued to be for one hundred and fifty years the servile handmaid of monarchy, the steady enemy of public liberty," and "once, and but once—for a moment, and but for a moment—when her own dignity and property was touched, forgot to practise the submission she had taught." But he has not misrepresented what may be called the *consensus* of the great Anglican divines on the duty of passive obedience. Their teaching is summed up with unmistakable emphasis and precision in the authorized Homilies on *Obedience* and on *Wilful Rebellion.* We are there taught that

"eternal damnation is prepared for all impenitent rebels in hell, with Satan, the first founder of rebellion," while "heaven is the place of good obedient subjects, and hell the prison and dungeon of rebels against God and their prince." Nor does the badness of the government make any difference in the paramount obligation of obedience, for "a rebel is worse than the worst prince, and rebellion worse than the worst government of the worst prince hath hitherto been." Bad government is indeed to be accepted as a righteous punishment, not made an occasion of fresh sin. "God placeth as well evil princes as good," and it follows that "for subjects to deserve through their sins to have an evil prince, and then to rebel against him, were double and treble evil by provoking God more to plague them." And the example of the Jews submitting to Nebuchadnezzar, and St. Paul to Nero, are cited in evidence of this view. Jeremy Taylor, in the chief Anglican work on Moral Theology, the *Ductor Dubitantium*, lays down the same doctrine, declaring it to be so plainly set forth in Scripture as hardly to need the comment supplied in the teaching and practice of the Church, which is however equally unmistakable. Hooker, whose moral and philosophical teachings are much more shaped on scholastic than patristic models, though he does not always acknowledge his obligations, takes a different line, but he stands almost alone. And even he, though he lays down principles very like those of Suarez—of whom something will be said presently—hesitates to draw the natural conclusion. He considers the royal power to be derived from the people, and subject to the law; and yet when he comes to inquire whether "the body politic" may withdraw the authority it has delegated, when it is misused, he only ventures to reply that "it must be presumed that supreme governors will not in such cases oppose themselves and be stiff in detaining that the use thereof is with public detriment; but surely without their consent I see not how the body should be able by any fresh means to help itself, saving when dominion doth escheat." We need not follow here the course of this absolutist teaching in secular and even sceptical English writers of later date like Barclay, Filmer, Hobbes, Bolingbroke, Hume, and others, as we are at present concerned with the theological aspect of the question, as it has in successive ages presented itself to the mind of the Church. We have seen that the great Anglican divines reproduced on this matter the stringent teaching of the Fathers, without making any allowance for the altered social and political conditions of their own day. But they certainly did not inherit that teaching by unbroken succession from the earliest ages to their own, as Taylor's language would imply when he says that the doctrine of the Church is, "without any variety, dissent, or interruption, universally agreed upon, universally practised and taught, that, let the powers set over us be what they will, we must suffer it and never right ourselves."

Two distinct and in some sense opposite tendencies of mediæval thought conspired to induce a gradual modification of the patristic doctrine of passive obedience. On the one hand, the growth of the Papal power, with its steadily ascending claim of supreme jurisdiction over all temporal governments, introduced a new element into the discussion. In deposing tyrannical and heretical sovereigns, who, unlike the Pagan Emperors of a former day, had become by baptism her own children and subjects, the Church professed to act, and to a certain extent did act, as the organ and executor of the moral sense of the Christian community, and thus the idea was at once suggested, under whatever limitations and control, of the nation having rights as against its rulers. On the other hand, the rise of the scholastic philosophy marked a great upheaval of thought, struggling to emancipate itself from the fetters of a mere dead traditionalism. It has been called, and not unjustly, a rationalistic movement, for it aimed at bringing all questions within the sphere of its cognizance under the domain of reason, though it accepted as ultimate premisses and starting points of inquiry revealed as well as scientific truths assumed to be certainly and finally fixed. Archbishop Trench speaks of the Schoolmen as seeking "to inaugurate a supernatural rationalism in the Church." Thomas Aquinas, the greatest of them, was probably influenced by both religious and rational considerations when he argued that the duty of obedience to secular princes is only obligatory *in quantum ordo justitiæ requirit*, and is therefore forfeited by an unjust or usurping ruler. It was the general teaching of the Schoolmen that the power of Kings is derived mediately, not immediately, from God, and directly from the people. And this doctrine was reasserted and developed by Bellarmine, Suarez, and other great Jesuit theologians of the Reformation period, mainly of course, but by no means exclusively, in the interests of Papal supremacy over civil governments. The Gallican divines naturally took a different line, harmonizing much more closely with that of the Caroline school in England, and Bossuet quietly observes that the Schoolmen, who for some centuries after St. Thomas were nearly unanimous in maintaining the view he opposes, are manifestly mistaken. The works both of Bellarmine and Suarez were publicly burnt by order of the Parliament of Paris. The work of Suarez—which was, by the way, written in reply to one bearing the name of James I. of England—distinctly subordinates the rights of the sovereign to those of the nation, even independently of the interposition of the Pope, or the lapse of the sovereign into heresy, which *ipso facto* annulled his right to the throne, though in that case it was better to await a definitive sentence of deprivation from the Pope; nor does he shrink from maintaining, as indeed Aquinas had done before him, that in extreme cases the sovereign may be put to death. But the most remarkable work on the subject is that by the Spanish Jesuit Mariana—who was at once one of the ablest and the most honest and independent writers of his order—*De Rege et Regis Institutione*, which elaborately vindicates the doctrine of tyrannicide, and pronounces a warm eulogium on those who have had the courage to practise it, from Harmodius and Aristogeiton and Brutus to the young Dominican Clement, "the eternal glory of France," who killed Henry III. And it is carefully explained that a tyrant does not mean only a ruler who had originally no right to his throne, but a sovereign who by governing on selfish principles, instead of for the interests of his people, has forfeited his right to govern them. Of course this extreme remedy of assassination was only to be resorted to in extreme cases, and when all constitutional methods of putting down the tyrant had failed or had been rendered unavailable, but Mariana evidently supposes such cases not to be so very uncommon. The same doctrine of tyrannicide was defended by other Jesuit writers, though it had been expressly condemned by a decree of the Council of Constance, occasioned by Jean Petit's advocacy of it at Paris. This decree Mariana rejects altogether, as not being confirmed by the Pope, while Suarez, who admits its authority, explains it as only applying to a legitimate sovereign. Many Protestant writers of the Reformation period advocated the same principle, which was acted upon in the assassination of the Duke of Guise and of Cardinal Beaton. But its systematic elaboration and defence was the special work of the Jesuits. It would of course be most untrue to say that the Church of Rome is in any way committed to the doctrine of tyrannicide, though canonized Saints and Popes, like St. Pius V. and St. Charles Borromeo, as well as Protestants like Buchanan and unbelievers like Sarpi have deliberately maintained it. But it would be equally untrue to say that the duty of passive obedience, as taught by the Caroline divines, is a "Catholic doctrine" in any intelligible sense of the word. It was an ethical principle generally asserted and acted upon by the early Christians, but never thrown into a formal or dogmatic shape; and when questions of this kind came to be handled as matters of philosophical discussion, which was not the case in the early ages, it was at once challenged and very generally repudiated. In practice both Catholics and Protestants in periods of fierce religious conflict have been too apt to bend their theories into conformity with the immediate exigencies and interests of their respective causes; but a close similarity may be traced between the abstract theories of Ultramontane and Puritan divines as to the proper method of dealing with "heretical" or "idolatrous" sovereigns. But, putting aside the extreme theory of tyrannicide, which is condemned to say the least by the verdict of enlightened experience, the doctrine of Mariana that nations have an ultimate right of resisting an unjust ruler, whether his title be legitimate or not, has never been either formally or practically rejected by his Church, and most persons in our own day would probably agree with him in thinking that it is supported by "the voice of nature and the common sense of mankind."

THEATRICAL SLANG.

A GOOD deal has been said lately in the papers concerning the state of the English stage, of which curiously different accounts have been given by people differently interested in the question. Much complaint has been made of the constant borrowing from the French theatre which goes on. Authors and managers have both given their view of the matter; and, on the whole, it must be confessed that the position taken by managers is by no means unreasonable. Without support assured by the State, or in some other yet undiscovered manner, the director of a theatre cannot be expected to be so patriotic as to prefer producing a possibly unsuccessful English piece to giving in an English form a French play which already bears the mark of success. And there can be little doubt that, although we have a few clever dramatists and a great many clever actors in England, thus far the French capital is far ahead of ours in being able to produce good original pieces well acted. Under these circumstances, it is pleasant to find the French theatre acknowledging its indebtedness in some respect to ours; and those people who have far too fine a taste ever to go to an English theatre, but who will rush with eagerness to see any rubbish which a Parisian manager chooses to put on the boards, may possibly be pleased to learn that one of the most useful devices of the stage was unknown to the French theatre until it was brought over from England. This is at least a fair inference from the fact that one of the most ingenious trap-doors ever invented goes in France by the name of *Trappe anglaise*.

This piece of information we have got from a little book called *La Langue Théâtrale*, compiled by M. Alfred Bouchard with the assistance, as he modestly says in a preface, of his collaborator, "Ciseaux," who he goes on to say, "a joué un rôle aussi important que notre plume"; he hopes, however, that the work "pourra être utile aux personnes qui aiment le théâtre; c'est là notre seul but," and his intention is certainly carried out with very considerable success. One of the earliest passages in M. Bouchard's work, which does not confine itself to theatrical slang, but deals at large with many things of and belonging to the theatre, conveys another proof that we are not so far inferior to the French in all theatrical matters as some folk would have us believe. Under the heading, "Acteur, Actrice,"

M. Bouchard observes that there was a great contrast between the social positions of Greek and of Roman players, and goes on to say that the same difference has held good in modern times in England and France. Garrick, he notes, enjoyed the very highest social consideration, but in France burial was refused to Molière and to Mlle. Lecouvreur. "Cette déconsidération s'est beaucoup amoindrie, mais elle existe encore, ne fût-ce qu'à l'état de préjugé. C'est à ce point que le ruban de la Légion d'Honneur, qui s'épanouit à la boutonnière de tant de nullités, ne décore aucun acteur, en tant que comédien." On *accessoires* the compiler of the dictionary has some amusing remarks. This branch of theatrical art naturally receives less careful attention in provincial theatres than in the capital, and M. Bouchard remembers having heard an impassioned address delivered to a portrait which was entirely absent. Perhaps this was a better device than one which we have seen employed when a long invocation supposed to be inspired by a picture of Beethoven was given to the portrait of a young Lifeguardsman in full uniform. Several anecdotes might be collected to rank with M. Bouchard's of the actor who, having in the character of a villain to burn an important document, found that the necessary candle had been forgotten, and was obliged to use the footlights. In this case there was at least a substitute for the missing "property" at hand; but there was none when, many years ago, a German actor playing Faust in London, interrupted his opening soliloquy by starting up, rushing to the wing, and shouting to the prompter, "Du hast das verdammte Buch vergessen." On one occasion at least on an English stage, the flood of light which mysteriously fills the scene on the appearance of a single candle or the turning up of a lamp appeared even more remarkable than it generally does, because the player unfortunately turned the lamp which was to cause the illumination not up but out. In connection with the word *accessoire* we find mention of "Utilité," to which English theatrical slang affords an exact equivalent. M. Bouchard has one good story of an "utilité" employed to deliver a letter, written, as it was a long one, to an actor against whom he had a grudge. For the written letter he substituted a blank leaf. Had he been content with this his vengeance would have been satisfactory; but, unfortunately for the utility man, he thought to improve his position by saying "Pray tell me the contents of that letter." To which the other promptly replied, handing it to him, "Tiens, lis toi-même." In the matter of *accessoires*, at least one clever French critic, M. Jules Claretie, is of opinion that they are generally much more complete on the English than on the French stage; another fact which we commend to the notice of people who think that they cannot praise French without decrying English acting. Turning M. Bouchard's pages at haphazard, we come upon one or two words which would certainly not be intelligible without a special explanation. Among them is *semainier*, which is thus defined:—"Fonction de régisseur, que chaque *sociétaire* du Théâtre Français remplit à tour de rôle. Ce titre de *semainier* en indique la durée." Such a method as this, which makes each member of a small society in his turn a despot over the others, would probably be impracticable under any but the special conditions that belong to the Français.

Not the least remarkable thing about French theatrical slang, as exhibited in the pages of the amusing little book from which we have quoted, is that most of its terms explain themselves much more readily than do those employed in England. Any Englishman with a tolerable knowledge of French and of theatrical matters could decipher for himself the meaning of four out of six of the words given. But very few Frenchmen, we fancy, however well up in English and in the slang of their own *coulisses*, could make out the intention of the advertisements contained in the pages of our chief theatrical newspaper—the *Era*. What, for instance, can be the meaning of this:—"Wanted, immediately, two or three useful gentlemen (single); also one to sing between"? What are useful gentlemen, and what is the meaning of the mysterious qualification in brackets? And, supposing the "one to sing between" were found, how could he sing between three gentlemen, however useful and however single? Here is another notice, which is far more startling:—"Wanted, a Novelty, a big Man, Woman, or Dwarf, or others." The mind, if not the will, of a person unversed in these mysteries is completely puzzled by such an announcement as this. Why should a big man or woman be a novelty? What is a big dwarf? What can be the "others" who are thus invited to compete with bigness? The answering of these questions may afford a pleasant relief to people who are tired of double acrostics; but we defy any of the acrostic-solving craft to make anything of this:—"Wanted, a first-class Herculanian (*sic*) performer; one who can fire either from the Shoulder or the Chest; also good skaters, gymnasts, Singing and Knockabout Clowns, or any great Novelty may send dates and lowest terms."

This advertisement is so completely amazing that we cannot even put into shape our dim speculations regarding it, and must leave it to speak for itself, passing on to one which seems at least to have the merit of common sense. "Wanted, Talent in all branches for present and future dates, Stars, Novelties, Specialities, &c. &c. Write at once. Good Niggers who can dance; Serio-Comic Ladies. Outsiders, please don't waste time and stamps." About the end of this notice there is a business-like air of which the plainness is refreshing after the vague awe inspired by the notion of a "Herculanian who can fire either from the shoulder or the chest". Perhaps however the mystery of the "Herculanian" is rivalled by this:—"Wanted, the Address of Biven's Wooden Headed Family." One wonders whether this has any connexion with the "Heavy Men," who seem to be in some request, and one is disposed to wonder still more at "a respectable young man" announcing that he wants "a situation as pianist for the Free-and-Easy business." It is easy to believe that a person combining such apparently opposite tastes is a "good Vamper for Song and Dance Music." To expressions of this kind we fail to find any parallel in M. Bouchard's dictionary of French theatrical slang, although one certainly could not divine that "gratter au foyer" meant waiting, in the case of an actor, for a part, or in that of an author for the production of his piece, any more than one could that "se gourer" was to commit some such gross absurdity as appearing in a snow-scene clad in thin muslin or playing a blind man with an eyeglass stuck in one's eye. Nor perhaps would any one naturally imagine that "feux" meant extra sums given to players beyond their fixed salary, whether for an unusual number of rehearsals or for unusual cost incurred in costumes. The origin of the phrase is that in ancient days fire and lights were supplied to actors by the management as a gratuity. Now, according to M. Bouchard, in the case of "star" actors the "feux" often amount to a great deal more than the nominal salary. "Brûler les planches" is a phrase which might seem at first sight to have some natural connexion with "feux," but which is in fact used to express the violence and hurry which some actors substitute for vivacity. "Quelques bons acteurs brûlent les planches; alors c'est pour sauver la pièce, ou bien parce qu'elle les ennuie, ou qu'ils ont un souper fin qui les attend"! On the whole, comparing *La Langue Théâtrale* with the *Era*, it seems to us that French is a good deal more simple than English theatrical slang.

ARTISTIC COPYRIGHT.

THE meeting of artists at the Grosvenor Gallery has provoked a good deal of ignorant comment on the subject of artistic copyright. To judge from the articles in several of the daily papers, it might be supposed that the claim of the artists involved the creation of a new kind of property hitherto unknown to the law. The real points of difference between the recommendations of the Royal Commission and the wishes of the artists have been obscured beneath a quantity of vague generalization upon matters that are not in dispute; and it may be questioned whether the general body of the public has now any sort of notion either as to the provisions of the existing law or the changes which the Report of the Commission proposes to introduce. And yet the whole question is capable of such clear and simple statement that it is difficult to understand how those who have professed to explain its bearings have contrived to go so far astray. The law of copyright in paintings is governed by the Act of 1862. The sculptor and the engraver have enjoyed the advantage of copyright for a much longer period; and the principal claim that is now urged on behalf of painting has been from the first conceded in the case of sculpture. By the Act of 1862 the sole right of copying a picture by means of engraving or other process is vested in its author; but, if the picture is sold, the author, if he still wishes to retain his copyright, must specially reserve it by an agreement in writing, signed by the purchaser; and, on the other hand, the purchaser, if he desires to acquire the copyright, must in like manner have an agreement in writing signed by the painter. There is an exception in the case of pictures painted on commission, where the copyright passes without stipulation to the purchaser; but this exception has but small application, and as a general rule a mutual agreement, signed by both the vendor and the purchaser, is necessary to create a copyright for the benefit of either. The working of this law, as might have been foreseen, has been productive of needless confusion and much practical injustice. As a matter of experience, it has been found that in nine cases out of ten a painting is sold without any written agreement at all, with the very ridiculous result that the copyright is then altogether lost, and the painting can be copied without hindrance by any one who contrives to gain access to it. There is no need of argument to show that this is a state of things which ought not to be allowed to continue. In the words of the Report, "It is clearly undesirable that copyrights which are in many cases of great value should in this way be left free to piracy. The law, therefore, should distinctly define to whom, in the absence of an agreement, the copyright should belong." The Report then proceeds to set forth the views of the Commissioners on this important question. It is admitted that "the artists, as a body, are unanimous in their desire to have the copyright reserved to them by law"; and it is not contended that any other class would be injured by such an enactment. But, although the Commissioners, as a body, do not urge anything against the principle which the artists seek to establish, they nevertheless decline to sanction its acceptance. And, if we rightly understand the process of reasoning by which they have arrived at this conclusion, they would seem to have been mainly influenced by a desire for ideal simplicity in the expression of the law. They foresee that, if copyright were generally reserved to the artist, an exception would have to be made in the case of portraits; and in the justice of this exception the artists entirely agree. But the Commissioners are apparently appalled by the difficulty of defining a portrait; and they accordingly take refuge in the simpler recommendation that, in all cases where there is no stipulation to the

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contrary, the copyright in a picture should belong to the purchaser, and not to the artist.

This, it may be observed, is the decision to which the artists, as a body, take exception. But, before we proceed to consider the justice of their case, it may be as well to point out that the practical difficulties which are here so prominently put forward are entirely ignored in another part of the Report. When the Commissioners come to deal with copyright in photographs, they do not hesitate to make that distinction as regards portraits which had seemed in the case of paintings to baffle all their skill in definition. We have therefore the right to assume that the distinction can be made, and the juxtaposition of these two clauses in the Report would seem to prove that the difficulties had only been suggested in order to show how easily they might be overcome. We are then at liberty to consider the suggested alteration of the law purely upon its merits, and here it must be confessed that the Report has but little to oppose to the claim put forward on behalf of the artists. That claim may be said to rest on the assumption that a picture or a drawing is the subject of two separate properties which are in their nature entirely distinct. There is, in the first place, the property in the canvas which contains the embodiment of the painter's invention, and there is besides the property in the invention itself, which is capable of being expressed in another material, and of being circulated by various processes of reproduction. In the view of the artists these two distinct kinds of property should only be acquired by separate acts of purchase. They deny that, in acquiring a picture, the purchaser has any right to expect that he has also acquired a right to trade in the painter's invention. If he wishes to possess himself of this right he is always at liberty to stipulate for its purchase, and they think that, in the absence of such stipulation, it should remain vested in the producer. The question is, in reality, more important than at first sight appears, and it involves a principle that is of considerable value. Dismissing, for the moment, the practical advantage to the artist in thus being permitted to retain the control over his work, it is essential to remark that the recommendations contained in the Report would leave the recognition of copyright to individual arrangement. They declare, in effect, that the different rights which are derived from a painting are such as the Legislature cannot undertake to distinguish; that these rights, in short, although they may be separated by contract, are not to be created by law. It is interesting to contrast this imperfect and undeveloped conception of an author's interest in his work with that which is put forward in another part of the Report. In treating of literary copyright, the Commissioners were called upon to consider the question of the dramatization of novels. Hitherto, as is well known, the author of a novel has had no kind of control over any adaptation of it that may be prepared for stage representation, nor has he enjoyed any share in the profits that may accrue from the adventure. The Commissioners are very properly opposed to the continuance of this injustice. They spontaneously recognize in this instance that "an author should be entitled to the full amount of profit which he can derive from his own creation"; and they recommend that for the future the right of dramatizing a novel or other work should be reserved to the author. We need not say that we entirely approve of this recommendation; but it is impossible not to feel that their decision has here been swayed by a more refined conception of the extent and nature of an author's rights than they have been able to realize in the case of painting.

Nor in this is there any matter for wonder. If the Report shows a keener sensibility to the claims of literature than to those of art, it is doubtless because literature was adequately represented upon the Commission. Artists, as a body, have, we think, good reason to complain that those who are supposed to have the charge of their interests took no means to urge the advisableness of including in the Commission at least one member of the artistic profession. It might have been thought that upon a subject of such importance the Royal Academy would have been induced to make a representation to the Government; but, as far as can be judged from the evidence, the Academy seems to have taken no step in the matter. A letter from one of the Academicians, printed in the appendix to the volume of evidence, would seem to show that, even at the time the Commission was sitting, the subject was not thought of sufficient importance to deserve a special meeting of the Council. A paragraph in the papers announces that, since the issue of the Report, a more vigorous policy has been adopted, and that a memorial is in course of preparation, which is to be presented to the Government. Unfortunately this activity comes rather late. If the memorial had been laid before the Commission, a different character might have been given to the Report, and the prejudice that has been established against the artists' claims would perhaps have been avoided. In the meantime the general body of artists have been well advised to take the matter into their own hands, and the meeting at the Grosvenor Gallery will, at any rate, serve to record the views which they entertain, and to direct public attention to the true significance of the questions in dispute. For it must not be forgotten that the public, as well as the purchaser and the producer, have a real interest in the future settlement of the law upon this subject. It is to the public interest that, if paintings are to be reproduced at all, the reproduction should be under the control and authority of the artist, who is manifestly the fittest guardian of his own reputation. Hitherto the uncertainty and confusion of the law have had the effect of throwing the art of engraving almost entirely into the hands of dealers, who have encouraged a kind of work that rarely reflects credit upon English taste. It is notorious that English engraving was never in a worse plight than now. The laboured and lifeless performances which are produced at the command of the dealers have seldom any claim to artistic consideration; and it may fairly be urged that the main reason of their inferiority lies in the fact that the painter and the engraver no longer work in concert. The question then arises whether matters would be much improved by the reforms recommended by the Commission. If their suggested settlement of the law is adopted, the purchasers of paintings will supplant the dealers as the guardians of artistic copyright, and it will scarcely be urged that the purchasers of modern paintings are, as a class, at all better fitted to discharge the duties of the position. The painter alone can be deemed a competent judge as to the capabilities of his work for the purposes of reproduction, and as to the technical process that should be adopted to give to the picture its due value. He is equally interested with the purchaser in the success of the work, and he possesses a knowledge of the means by which success may be attained, which the purchaser cannot boast, and from the point of view of the public, therefore, he is obviously the person in whom the right of engraving should be vested.

THE FAILURES OF 1878.

BANKRUPTCY statistics of recent date are of special interest just now, as they enable us to trace the progress hitherto of the crisis through which we are passing, and help us in some measure to forecast its probable future course. In the inflation period that followed the Franco-German war, it was inevitable that much bad business should be engaged in. The characteristics of that period were a sanguine expectation of prospering in every undertaking, and a consequent readiness to embark on rash enterprises. Vast loans were advanced to bankrupt States and Companies that had no reasonable prospect of success; a wild speculative spirit got possession of Germany and Austria, and in both those Empires, as well as in Russia and the United States, there was a reckless over-construction of railways. It could not but be that there should be in those years an accumulation of bad business, which required to be cleared off when the crash came. A writer in the *Statist* has pointed out another cause of rash trading. The heads of our great financial and commercial firms are changed very often. They generally realize fortunes quickly, and retire to enjoy them early. On an average, this writer estimates, they do not remain in office more than ten years. Their successors have to buy caution by experience, and at first they are over-ready to embrace specious and risky proposals. But, without further investigation of causes, we may take it as proved that, when the prevailing depression set in, there was an extensive liquidation to be effected. The important question now is, has the process been brought to an end? It is almost five and a half years since the panic in New York which caused widespread ruin in the United States, and which five or six weeks later was followed by such a perturbation in our own money market that the Bank rate was raised to 9 per cent., 50 per cent. above the highest point in the late crisis. It would seem, therefore, that abundance of time has elapsed to allow of the completion of the liquidation. But it is to be borne in mind that the disturbance of the money market in November 1873 was caused quite as much by the German withdrawals of gold as by the American panic, and that, in fact, there was at the time no crisis in this country. The progress of our trade was slackened for a while, but that was all. Consequently the clearing off of bad business did not begin at that time, nor for long afterwards. The statistics of failures will enable us to see this very plainly. Those collected by Mr. Richard Seyd we shall use for the past year. For previous years we shall take as our authority a circular issued last April by Messrs. John Kemp and Co. And we shall compare these with the American statistics published by Messrs. Dun, Barlow, and Co.

We find, then, that in 1867 the total number of failures in England and Wales was 15,850, and that in 1869 they rose to 16,518. In the following year they dropped to less than half as many, or 8,151, and they remained at very nearly that figure during the two following years. In 1873 they began to increase; and, for three years remaining a little above 9,000, they in 1876 jumped up to 10,848, in 1877 to 11,247, and last year they reached 15,059. It will be seen that, great as is the increase upon 1872—which, judged by bankruptcy statistics, was the most prosperous year of the period included in our review—the number of failures in 1878 was still much under that of 1869. What inference are we to draw from this fact? Is it that the depression which followed the Overend failure was more extreme than the present? In commenting upon Mr. Giffen's paper on the fall of prices a fortnight ago, we saw that one list used by him suggested that the fall of prices also was heavier at that period, which, taken along with the conclusion we have just arrived at, would go to prove that the depression was really more severe. But just as we saw that the omission of the metals from the list in question exaggerated the fall which had actually occurred, so here we discover a cause of error in these statistics of failures. The Bankruptcy Act of 1861 was unduly favourable to debtors, and as it disappeared from the Statute Book at the end of 1869, there was a rush towards the close of that

year of dishonest debtors to avail themselves of its advantages. The figures of 1869 are, therefore, higher than they ought to be. Making allowance for this circumstance, 1868 would seem to furnish the greatest number of failures—greater even than 1878, notwithstanding the growth of wealth, population, and trade in the interval. It is possible that the different Bankruptcy Acts in force in the two years may account for this. On the other hand, it is to be noted that 1868 was the second year after the Overend panic. Are we to infer, therefore, that the full effects of the Glasgow Bank crisis have not yet been realized, and that 1879 will show an increase of failures upon 1878? Whatever answer is to be returned to this question, it is to be observed that the year of maximum bankruptcies was the turning-point in our trade, that in 1870 the revival was manifest, and that shortly afterwards we were in the midst of that extraordinary prosperity which Mr. Gladstone described as advancing "by leaps and bounds." From this we may draw the encouraging conclusion that the liquidation which is going on was indispensable, and that its completion, now nearly attained, may possibly usher in the revival for which we have so long been looking.

Turning now to Messrs. Dun, Barlow, and Co.'s American statistics, we find them precisely similar to those we have been examining. In the United States also 1872 was the year of fewest bankruptcies. It does not follow, of course, that that was the most prosperous year, only that it was the year in which the pressure upon debtors was least, in which credit was most easily obtained, and consequently there was the smallest need for suspension. And it is a remarkable proof of the commercial solidarity of nations in our day that on both sides of the Atlantic the same year witnessed not only the same facility of credit, but its manifestation in the same form—a minimum number of failures. That number in the United States was 4,089; in 1873,5, 183; in 1874, 5,830. The small increase in the year after the great panic will be noted, but the augmentations were then more rapid, being in the years that followed successively, 7,740, 9,082, 8,872, and 10,478. Here, again, as with ourselves, the full effects of the depression have only gradually made themselves felt. But whereas in our case the movement has been constantly ascendent, in the United States there was a slight diminution in 1877, followed by a large increase, the maximum being reached there likewise in 1878. One explanation of this is that the American bankruptcy law was repealed last year, and, as happened with ourselves ten years ago, there was a rush of debtors to take advantage of its provisions. The numbers last year, therefore, are too high. Thus it is probable that in the United States the turning-point has been passed, and that a revival has begun. The exceptionally bountiful crops of all kinds during the last two years have contributed to help the Americans over their difficulties. The great demand in Europe for their produce, and the blockade of the South Russian ports during the war, have made these harvests exceptionally profitable. The prosperity of the United States will react upon this country. The prohibitive tariff will weaken the effect no doubt; still it is certain that, as wealth pours in upon the farmers in return for the corn and cotton, the pork and beef, the tobacco and sugar they have sold, they will begin to buy English goods more largely, and thus to give employment to our manufacturers.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature in last year's statistics is the proportionately much greater increase in the failures of retail dealers and professional men than in those of manufacturers, financial houses, and wholesale dealers. The bankruptcies of the latter class rose from 2,172 in 1877 to 2,643 last year, or about 21½ per cent.; those of the former class from 8,850 to 12,416, or about 40¼ per cent. The increase in the retail trades and amongst professional and working people was therefore nearly twice as great. One would have expected the contrary. We hear of mills stopped, of furnaces blown out, of mines closed, of stocks nevertheless accumulating, of prices falling until they leave little or no margin above the cost of production. We look, therefore, for widespread embarrassment among manufacturers. And the banking crisis, by diminishing the accommodation to be obtained from bankers, would lead us to anticipate an aggravation of that embarrassment. Retail dealers, on the other hand, have now no need to keep very large stocks. Railways and the telegraph enable them to supply themselves as they may require, and thus save them from the necessity of buying in a falling market. Besides, the fall of prices has been slight in retail trade. It is the wholesale trades and the manufactures that are affected by it. We suppose the explanation of the puzzle is that the general trade of the country has been carried on upon sound principles; that, although such firms as those bolstered up by the Glasgow Bank needed to be swept away, the bad business was very small in proportion to the good. Consequently, traders who had not committed themselves to rash speculations had larger resources to draw upon. And successive reductions of wages had adjusted, step by step, the cost of production to the prevailing prices; so that merchants in general did not suffer actual loss. But the main point is that the extreme depression to which we have referred is confined to a very few great industries—iron, coal, cotton, and farming. Outside these there has been stationariness rather than depression, and the business done has been fairly prosperous. As regards the great increase of failures among small people, it is due, we apprehend, to the fact that they are small. In their day of prosperity they laid by nothing, and when the pinch came they succumbed. The numerous discharges of workpeople, the reduction of wages, and the prolonged strikes, also told heavily upon the struggling shopkeepers. Depression is not felt by the working classes until it has lasted for some time. Employers shrink from trade disputes as long as they can; they know all the suffering entailed by them, and they hope that business will soon become brisk again, and save them from the necessity of acting harshly. Over-production and fall of prices go on, therefore, for a long time before the consequences are experienced by the workmen. But when they have reached a certain point, great establishments are closed or run short time, wages are cut down unsparingly, and hands are discharged in multitudes. This of course reacts upon the retail dealers who depend on the working classes. But when matters have reached this length we may reasonably hope that the depression is drawing to an end. The employers of labour have adjusted the cost of production to existing circumstances, and are prepared once more to produce at a profit. In the United States the same process has been gone through. Although, as we have seen, the number of failures was last year twice those of 1873, the liabilities of the bankrupts were but a trifle greater. It was the small people, not the captains of industry, who went down.

THE CARL ROSA OPERAS.

On last Monday week the opera of *Rienzi*, by Herr Richard Wagner, was introduced for the first time to a London audience by Mr. Carl Rosa, who is repeating his former successes on smaller stages at Her Majesty's Theatre; and on the following Wednesday *Piccolino*, by M. Ernest Guiraud, was performed—a work also new to an English audience. It may be well to begin by considering the less known work.

M. Ernest Guiraud, the composer of *Piccolino*, was born in New Orleans in 1837. He studied music at the Conservatoire at Paris, where he gained the Prix de Rome, and he is at present the Professor of Harmony at that institution. Although a composer of great promise, his name was known only to the few until the year 1876, when *Piccolino* made its appearance at the Opéra Comique in Paris, and was very favourably received. In the beginning of this year Mr. Rosa produced this opera in Dublin, and the success it then gained may be the reason of its reproduction in London. The libretto—neither a striking nor original one, though well suited for a light opera—is the joint work of MM. Victorien Sardou and C. Nuittier, adapted for the English stage by Mr. Sydney Samuel, and runs as follows:—Marthe, the ward of a Swiss pastor, named Ziegler, loves Frederic Auvray, a volatile French artist, who, regardless of his promise to marry her, has gone she knows not whither. The first scene opens with Christmas festivities at the pastor's house, which are interrupted by the arrival of three travellers who have lost their way. These prove to be three friends of the artist Frederic Auvray, who are going to meet him at Rome. Marthe, overhearing their conversation, and learning that he is at Rome, determines to follow her lost love. Disguised as a boy she finds him at Tivoli, where he is staying in the hopes of gaining the affections of the Countess Elena Strozzi, a fair Italian noble. Of course Frederic takes a fancy to the boy, and after taking a portrait of him, prevails upon him to become a pupil, christening him at the same time Piccolino instead of Antonio, the name chosen by Marthe. Elena's brother, the Duke, enraged at Auvray's attentions to his sister, employs an assassin to rid him of the painter, a crime which is frustrated by Piccolino, who receives the blow intended for her lover. The scene then changes to Auvray's studio at Rome during the Carnival, where the students are disturbed at their work by an invasion of clowns, harlequins, &c., who make merry at their expense. When they are gone a bouquet is discovered on the floor which Piccolino picks up and refuses to give to Frederic. In this bouquet Piccolino finds a note to Auvray from the Countess, who in no very long time after presents herself at the studio masked. Piccolino purposely mistakes her for a model, and treats her very rudely, which makes the Countess declare herself, and then follows the best scene in the whole opera. Piccolino confesses that she is a woman, and Auvray's intended wife, while Elena treats the assertion with scorn. Indignation gives way to entreaty, and on her knees Piccolino begs Elena to be merciful, and not to rob her of her lover. Suddenly Duke Strozzi and Frederic make their appearance, and Elena seeks refuge in an adjoining room. In a thinly disguised allegory the Duke gives Auvray to understand that if he does not desist from his attentions to the Countess she will have to retire to a nunnery, and end her days there. In desperation Auvray determines at all hazards to elope with Elena, who, however, seems not of the same mind, according to a polite note which Auvray finds in the next room. With the natural inconsiderateness of a lover, he turns upon poor Piccolino, and bids the boy depart from his presence for ever, as he has always been unfortunate since he met him. Piccolino, or Marthe, in despair goes out and throws herself into the Tiber, and Auvray on his way to elope with Elena is met by some men bearing a half-drowned woman. The boatman who saved her presents Frederic with a ring (within which is engraven "Marthe—Frederic"), which he had taken from her finger. Softened by the devotion of the little Swiss maiden, Frederic gives up his idea of elopement, and offers up a prayer for Marthe's recovery instead. This of course takes place; and Marthe, dressed as a woman, rushes into Auvray's arms; and all ends happily.

When we say that M. Guiraud's music is well suited to the libretto, we do not feel that we are overloading it with praise;

and, indeed, we cannot help thinking that the composer is capable of producing better work than he has chosen to give us in this opera. He seems to be afraid of writing too well. For instance, in the overture, we have a subject in fugue form introduced; but suddenly M. Guiraud becomes ashamed of it, and lapses into the tamest of opera-bouffe styles. The effect is absurd. The attempt at fugue was unnecessary; but, once having introduced it, he might as well carry it out, as Mozart does in the *Flauto Magico*. Several times during the performance of this work the thought recurred to us that M. Guiraud was writing down to a popular level, and did not dare to do his best. The music suffers doubtless from the interruption of the very copious dialogue, which makes *Piccolino* rather a play with incidental music than an opera. The duet for Elena and Frederic, the serenade, and Piccolino's song "Sorrento," all in the second act, are perhaps the best pieces in the opera; while in the song, "It was a Shepherd Maiden," M. Guiraud has shown what he can do as an arranger of a favourite and well-known theme; but the music generally is weak and devoid of dramatic interest.

The acting of Miss Julia Gaylord deserves the highest praise, as does her singing. From first to last she displayed much artistic power, and in the scene with Elena, and in the subsequent one where Auvray dismisses her, she showed considerable talent as a tragic actress. Mr. Packard, though suffering from a cold, sustained the part of Auvray with success. Miss Georgina Burns was an efficient Countess, and Messrs. Charles Lyall, Leslie Crotty, and Snazello, did the best they could for their respective parts. From *Piccolino* to *Rienzi* is a pleasant change. It has always struck us as remarkable that *Rienzi* has not before been brought to the notice of the English public, for of all Herr Wagner's works it is the only one, unless we count the *Flying Dutchman*, that can be called an opera in the sense in which that word is generally used, the latter efforts of that great composer being rather musico-dramatic poems. *Rienzi* was written, as Herr Wagner himself tells us, when he was at Paris, under the influence of the grand opera, and the traditions of Meyerbeer and Spontini; but, nevertheless, there are strong indications of the independent genius that, at a later period, produced *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Tristan and Isolde*. Although he distinctly tells us that *Rienzi* is not of the same family as his later works, yet it is to this opera that Herr Wagner owes his first introduction to the world as a composer of the first rank. It may be remembered that Weber always spoke badly of *Der Freischütz*.

Completed in 1841, the score of *Rienzi* was rejected by one opera director after another until, in the spring of 1842, Herr Wagner had the gratification of hearing that it was accepted at Dresden, where, on the 19th October in the same year, it was produced. Since that time it has grown in the favour of the German public, and still holds its place in the répertoires of the principal opera houses in that country. The story of the opera is compiled from the novel of the late Lord Lytton; and, as in all his other works, Herr Wagner is his own librettist. The translation of the German words has been entrusted to Mr. John P. Jackson, the adapter of the *Flying Dutchman*, who has done his work with great judgment. The first act opens in the Piazza of S. Giovanni Laterano, where Rienzi's house stands. The Prince Orsini has succeeded in intercepting Irene, Rienzi's sister; and, in carrying her off, is met by Adriano Colonna and a party of his followers, when a street fight ensues. Adriano takes Irene under his protection, and the Orsini and Colonna factions continue their fight, when Rienzi appears, and, aided by the populace, puts an end to the riot. Upbraiding the nobles for their disgraceful conduct to his sister, denouncing their lawlessness and licence, and contrasting the former glories of Rome with its present degradation, he closes his speech with the indignant exclamation, "Banditti! Tell me. Are there yet Romans?" The incensed nobles determine to continue the fight outside the walls of the city, whither they repair, and Rienzi closes the gates upon them. After a scene, in which Adriano declares his love for Irene, a chorus is heard from within the Basilica, and Rienzi, appearing in armour upon the steps, is hailed by the people as Rome's deliverer. In the next act we find ourselves in a large reception-hall in the Capitol. Messengers of peace arrive to inform the Tribune that "Freedom reigns o'er all the land," and the vanquished nobles return to pay their homage to Rienzi. But all this outward show of peace is only intended to conceal a deep plot that the nobles have concocted against the Tribune's life, which Orsini in the next scene undertakes to carry out, despite the vehement opposition of Adriano. Rienzi, warned by Adriano, at the banquet given to the nobles and ambassadors, points to the coat of mail he wears under his robes, by which means the attempt is rendered unsuccessful. The nobility acknowledging their responsibility for the deed are condemned to death. A very touching scene follows, in which Adriano and Irene plead for the life of old Colonna, and the result is that Rienzi persuades the people to pardon the conspirators. The third act opens with a chorus announcing that the nobles have fled from Rome, and are collecting their forces without the walls, awaiting an opportunity to attack. In answer to the call of the people, Rienzi appears mounted on horseback, and delivers the celebrated battle hymn "Santo spirito cavaliere," and with much martial music and clash of arms the soldiers depart for the battle-field. The last act, a wisely condensed version of Herr Wagner's fourth and fifth acts, shows us the discontent of the people at Rienzi's government, which has already lost the support of the Church and is threatened by the Kaiser. The victory gained over the nobles seems to have damped the ardour of the ecclesiastics in favour of free Rome, and to counteract its influence in Rienzi's favour, the papal legate, Raimondo, denounces him as he is about to enter the Lateran at the head of a triumphant procession. Rienzi, struck dumb, as it were, at the awful sentence of excommunication, falls down upon the steps of the church, while the people fly from his presence with horror. Irene, however, is strong in support of her brother, and although Adriano entreats her to leave the outcast and to fly with him to safety, with the fortitude of a Roman woman she repulses him and rushes into Rienzi's arms. "Rome is not yet dead," cries the Tribune, reanimated by the heroism of his sister. The second scene of this act contains the celebrated prayer, in which Rienzi implores the Almighty to strengthen him in the hour of danger, to lead him to do what is right and just, and to save Rome from sinking into the degradation he had raised her from. Another attempt by Adriano to persuade Irene to leave her brother brings us to the last scene of the opera. The infuriated populace have surrounded the Capitol and clamour for vengeance, as Rienzi, clad in armour, steps out to address them. His voice is drowned in the roar of the mob. He sees the flames bursting out on every side of him. The Capitol on fire, the people against him, there is nothing to do but to die, and to die like a Roman:—

> Let death, yes, death and destruction come,
> So wills the Roman folk once more.

With these words the curtain falls.

Rienzi is essentially an opera of choruses, relieved by a few declamatory passages, which at first appear somewhat uninteresting. At the same time this opera, like most of Meyerbeer's operas, is by no means one to be judged of by a first hearing. The airs in many cases come upon us without the customary introduction of a few bars of music, which divide them from the recitative, tending, perhaps, to make them less important than they would otherwise be. And this may account for the criticism we overheard on Thursday night, that there was not a tune in the whole piece. We venture to think that a second hearing may correct this judgment. The duet between Irene and Adriano, the song of the Messenger of Peace, Adriano's song in the third act, and Rienzi's Prayer (which, by the by, we are not so enthusiastic about as some are), are full of very charming melody and will repay study. The managers are to be congratulated upon the way in which they have placed *Rienzi* upon the stage. The scenery and costumes are new and tasteful, and, as a spectacular display, the opera may be considered a great success. A little more drilling on the part of the chorus will doubtless get rid of the confusion in the grand ballet scene; and a better knowledge of their parts will improve the street fight in the first act, where, on Thursday night, the combatants appeared much more anxious to attend to the conductor's beat than to defend themselves against their adversaries. Mr. Rosa has reduced his orchestra to a minimum, and, as the reduction is in the string parts, an undue prominence is given to the wind instruments, which increases the already too brazen effects in Herr Wagner's score. The noise in the battle-hymn scene is deafening. At the same time, all praise is due to the orchestra under Mr. Carl Rosa for the conscientious way in which they rendered the very difficult music entrusted to their performance.

Mr. Maas's singing in the part of Rienzi deserves great praise. Although his voice is hardly fitted for so large a house as Her Majesty's, it is of a rich and sympathetic quality, and well suited for the declamatory passages the opera contains. A little more vigour in his acting would be an improvement. Those who have seen Tichatscheck in the part will remember the effect produced by his entry in the first scene amidst the fighting *nobili*, and will regret that Mr. Maas should have lost so excellent a point. In the other scenes the forced stateliness of his acting is more in keeping with the character of the new-made Tribune. In the address to the people in the second scene of the first act, and in his speech beginning, "In Roma's name welcome to all" in the second act, Mr. Maas's singing appears to the greatest advantage, while in the Prayer he showed some high powers of vocalization. Irene fell to the lot of Mme. Crosmond, who rendered a not very interesting part in an artistic manner. Mme. Vanzini appeared as Adriano. Her voice is perhaps better suited to the requirements of so large a theatre as Her Majesty's than any of the others engaged in the principal parts of *Rienzi*. It is the more to be regretted that her intonation should have been somewhat unsteady throughout, and that in her great song she not only lost herself so much that nothing short of Mr. Carl Rosa's presence of mind could have saved the situation, but attempted to repair the error by introducing a cadenza of her own invention. The composer is exacting enough towards his performers, and would, we feel sure, resent any embellishments added to his writing even by the most finished of bravura singers. Mr. George Olmi and Mr. W. Bolton, as Colonna and Orsini, sustained their parts with credit, while Miss Georgina Burns's rendering of the melodious Peace Messenger's Song did not meet with the applause it deserved. Taken, as a whole, we may congratulate Mr. Rosa upon the complete success of at any rate one of his novelties for the season.

On Tuesday evening *Faust* was given, with Mr. Packard as Faust, Mme. Helen Crosmond as Marguerite, Mr. Celli as Mephistopheles, Messrs. Leslie Crotty and Leaky as Valentine and Wagner, and Misses Josephine Yorke and Ella Collins as Siebel and Martha. It will be enough to say that we have seen better and worse representations of this favourite opera, although there

was many points for which it deserved praise. Mr. Celli's voice is well suited to his part, and his acting is creditable. All the performers, however, laboured under the disadvantage of the unavoidable comparisons which rise up in the minds of an audience who have seen the leading operatic singers of the world in the same parts upon the same stage. A great deal of latitude is therefore a necessity in judging of last Tuesday's performance. Mme. Crosmond's Marguerite was a pleasing rendering of the part, while Mr. Crotty's singing as Valentine showed him to be capable of sustaining a leading part in a serious opera.

Mr. Rosa's semi-novelty of *Carmen* in English was the opera for Wednesday, and the announcement that it was to be degraded to the rank of a dialogue opera created some alarm amongst the lovers of Bizet's masterpiece. An agreeable disappointment, however, was the result. It is true that dialogue has been introduced, but with such judgment that the effect as a whole is in no way seriously impaired. After the artistic impersonation of the gipsy girl made familiar to us by Mme. Trebelli, Mme. Selina Dolaro's rendering was anxiously looked for, although of course a strict comparison between them would be unjust. The new Carmen is a passionate, wayward girl, giving free scope to her own desires, and impatient of restraint from any quarter, but at the same time a little more inclined to violence of action than the character warrants. Miss Julia Gaylord as Micaela gained the applause she deserved, not only for her admirable singing, but for her powerful delineation of the part. Signor Leli sustained the part of Jose with considerable success, while Mr. Walter Bolton as Escamillo delivered with much spirit the now celebrated song of the Toreador. The singing of Misses Yorke and Burns was also worthy of praise. The other parts fell to Messrs. Lyall, Snazelle, Pope, and Cadwalader. To the excellent conducting of Signor Randegger, however, may be mainly attributed the complete success that the new version of *Carmen* attained on Wednesday night.

REVIEWS.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

In a brief and modest preface "the authors of this work" say that "some years have elapsed since they first conceived the idea of writing upon certain aspects of religious life and thought in the eighteenth century," and their volumes show that the interval has been employed in careful study and examination of a very wide range of literature belonging to the subject. They add that, "if the ground is no longer so unoccupied as it was then, it appears to them that there is still abundant room for the book which they now lay before the public." This is almost too unassuming an introduction to a work which is manifestly an important and much-needed contribution to English Church history. The eighteenth century has popularly been regarded as a kind of ecclesiastical night intervening between two days, and some sort of excuse has hitherto been possible for the neglect of its history, because no sufficiently condensed guidance has been available for its connected study; while, on the other hand, the want of any general interest in the subject may be supposed to have reacted upon historical writers, and to have discouraged them from undertaking a task which seemed to promise so little appreciative recognition. To both the great divisions of current ecclesiastical thought the last century has presented an unattractive, if not even a repulsive, aspect. To the Evangelical it has exhibited the Church of England as spiritually dead; to the disciple of the great Oxford movement, as Erastian, Hanoverian, or whatever else may designate a total eclipse of true Church tone and feeling. Accordingly, while one party has thrown back its interest by a long and unbroken flight to the Reformation—the Puritan period having too strong an affinity with modern Dissent to afford a resting-place—the "Tractarian" sought refuge in the Stuart days of the Church of England; and, at least in the early days of the movement, was content to accept that period as sufficient for his need. That Stuart churchmanship has not satisfied the cravings of a later generation is not to our present purpose. To both parties the eighteenth century ecclesiastically was, like the interregnum of the Commonwealth to monarchists, so much time in parenthesis or non-existent; and was most closely represented, perhaps, in idea by the "lost eleven days" which marked its course midway. When the present century had reached its turning-point, and Oxford undergraduates were more actively engaged in theological polemics than are their competition-ridden successors of the present time, a "man" who cared anything about the Church of a hundred years earlier would have been looked on as a specimen to be placed in a museum; and the classman whom no examiner could floor in his "Butler" would have gazed across the table in blank dismay at a question as to the Bishop's diocese or date. It is not, therefore, without an intelligible curiosity that we search the opening pages of this History to ascertain the motives or circumstances which led Mr. Abbey and Mr. Overton to undertake a work which bears evidence of many years of reading and thought before the task of writing began. As they do not satisfy this curiosity, we can only hazard a probable conjecture. At the date to which we have referred, the scholars' table in almost every college was marked, at least in common fame, by some special and traditional character of its own. The æsthetic type, as expressed by the talk "at Trinity wines, about Gothic buildings and beauty," has acquired a classical fame; and in the more retired quadrangles of "the Turl," the contemporary scholars of Lincoln bore a reputation for hard thinking and solid work. Of this body Mr. Abbey and Mr. Overton were members, both taking high honours and graduating in 1856 and 1858. It will be in the recollection of our readers that the "Tendencies of Religious Thought in England from 1688 to 1750" formed the subject of the Rector of Lincoln's contribution to a volume much discussed some years since; and it is amusing to find in the preface to his pupils' work the repetition of a statement which at that time was criticized with extraordinary bitterness, but which is now as simple as it is natural, that the authors "desire to be responsible each for his own opinions only," and have therefore marked each chapter with the initials of its writer. As they have taken consistent pains to present their readers with facts as little as possible marked by the expression of their own opinions, the slight differences which may be detected in the points of view taken by each writer increase rather than diminish the general clearness of the work. Certain discrepancies in form, indeed, are not found to be due to this cause, and it may be by an oversight that the "Revolution" is in some places dated as "of 1688" and in others "of 1689." It would be more convenient to adhere to the former and usual date, which under the old style covered the whole period of the Revolution.

If we may hazard the conjecture, we should trace the origin of this valuable book to the abiding memories which associate the Foundation of Bishop Fleming with one of the greatest names in the Church history of the eighteenth century—the Scholar and Fellow of Lincoln College, John Wesley, of whose life, character, and work an admirable sketch has been drawn by Mr. Overton in his chapter on "The Evangelical Revival." This chapter, with that written by Mr. Abbey on "Church Fabrics and Church Services," and indeed nearly the whole of the second volume which includes them, will attract the interest of general readers as well as the attention of historical students. Men whose earliest years were passed under Evangelical influences, before the Oxford movement had spread from the common-room to the country, will remember the entangled maze of contradictory opinions which seemed to create separations and heartburnings among those who professed to be united under the same standard of the Gospel, and which were to children's minds as confused as they were unintelligible. A new company of apostles, living or departed, had arisen; all alike were held in a reverence denied to any others—save to some few of the Reformers—outside the Bible records; and yet these men, or many of them, were commonly spoken of as leaders of sections in bitter discord on questions of the most vital religious moment. Mr. Overton's careful analysis reduces all this perplexity into order and shape. Dividing the general subject of the Evangelical revival into the three heads of (1) the Methodist movement, (2) the Calvinistic controversy, (3) the Evangelical school, as first known by that designation, he has traced the influence of all the parts upon the whole, and has introduced separate and well-drawn notices of every one with any claim to be a leader, and of several of the more prominent followers, in the great spiritual reaction from the more dry and rigid habit of thought which had given to the early part of the century the name of "sæculum rationalisticum." Mr. Abbey has applied to ritual the same method of analysis which his colleague has used with reference to doctrine. The ardent undergraduates who once constituted themselves the exponents of Church principles, first to their sisters and cousins, and through them to benighted parishioners, and who, it is to be feared, were better read in Mr. Paget's stories than in the *Tracts for the Times*, would have summarized their account of ritual, as inherited from the last century, in very brief form. There had been, they supposed, no ritual at all, and in fact they never used the word, which is of much more recent introduction into common language. They regarded the church-order of the whole Hanoverian period as one unbroken system of whitewash, Tate and Brady, and the Lion and Unicorn. The true record of gradual change and decadence, with occasional and more or less successful effort to preserve or restore earlier usages, is given by Mr. Abbey in great minuteness of detail; and the arrangement of the Table of Contents for this chapter, which closes the work, will probably secure the first attention of many readers, as a subject of most immediate interest.

Among the commonplaces of popular oratory it has been customary to insist on a certain rooted and inbred detestation for "Popery" as an element in the English character; and experience has shown that a No-Popery agitation may be worked in our own time with telling and mischievous effect. But the cause of this phenomenon is not matter of such general agreement as is the fact of its existence; and much help is given by the authors of these volumes towards an impartial examination of the question. To some minds the solution appears so obviously religious or doctrinal that any discussion relating to it is held to be superfluous or disloyal; but it cannot be accepted as a truth universally evident that Roman Catholic doctrine or worship is essentially at variance with the character of the great mass of the English people. The theory that "the fires of Smithfield have burnt too deeply into the memories of Englishmen to be forgotten" may be

* *The English Church in the Eighteenth Century.* By Charles J. Abbey, Rector of Checkendon, Oxon., late Fellow of University College, Oxford; and John H. Overton, Vicar of Legbourne, Lincolnshire, late Scholar of Lincoln College, Oxford. Longmans & Co.

rhetorically effective; but, apart from the inquiry whether this form of public execution did really excite any deep popular horror at the time, it may be asked whether any one does practically believe that, if Cardinal Manning were now reigning at Lambeth instead of Dr. Tait, the existing chances of the burning, say of Lord Shaftesbury, before the gates either of Balliol or of Victoria Park, would be in the slightest degree affected? Among those who hold the "No-Popery cry" to represent a political and not a religious sentiment of the English people, it has been not uncommon to trace back its source to the days of Henry VIII. and of Elizabeth, as expressing the resistance of a proud and independent nation both to Papal interference in public affairs and to the formidable power of Spain. Such a motive may have existed, and yet may in time have exhausted its force; but the revival of the same feeling in a very intense form during the eighteenth century is described by the authors of this work in connexion with the prevailing anti-Jacobite sentiment, and with the support accorded to the exiled dynasty by France. The latest phase of the Vicar of Bray's ecclesiastical principles was, it will be recollected, the abjuration of "the Pope and the Pretender." Whether the nation can ever again be stirred by a tempest resembling the "Papal Aggression" movement of 1850 remains to be tested by the course of events.

The subject of "Church Cries" and that of "Church Abuses" are dealt with in two chapters contributed by Mr. Overton, while Mr. Abbey has supplied an essay of great interest upon the Sacred Poetry and Hymnology of the century. To readers who are unable to follow the authors through the intricate and uninviting controversies of the earlier half of the period, of which the history is given in the first volume, the changing character of the poetry and of the hymns of the century as it advanced will present a sufficiently clear view of its contrasts of religious thought and life. To the balanced and correct, if rather cold and formal, rhythm which accompanied the prose of the Essayists and the logic of the Trinitarian and Deist controversies succeeded the fervent spiritual outpourings of the Evangelical revival—rude and inartistic at times, subjective in undue measure, occasionally sensuous, and sometimes carrying familiarity with things divine almost across the boundary of reverence, but heartfelt and sincere throughout. The impulse which has driven the Old and New Versions alike, first from the "singing gallery" and then from the Prayer-Book, originated not in the stately stanzas of Addison and Pope, but in the eager and unequal verses of Watts, Doddridge, Charles Wesley, and their followers, among whom Watts belongs to the earlier portion of the century, but, like many other writers and thinkers, may be regarded as having lived in advance of his time. The exigencies of hymn-writing necessarily involved great license in respect of strict poetical laws, and opened the way to a simpler and more natural style in verse than had formerly been allowed. Liberties were taken with the customary rules of rhyme which, except in satire, had been inadmissible before; and it is not matter for wonder that some protest under this head should be put on record by Mr. Abbey. But we think it hardly fair to Toplady that he should be singled out to bear this burden of censure. Mr. Abbey has not even the plea which justified a county historian of 1780 in hanging upon one unhappy parish and its church the weight of his strictures on the ecclesiastical neglect and slovenliness which he saw all round him. That parish was the first in the alphabetical order of the county, and the antiquary, who only delivered his soul, as he confessed, on this the earliest opportunity, remained unforgiven in the parish at a very recent date, if he is not so still. Toplady only wrote the same rhymes as his fellows; and, bad enough as some of them were, his critic has laid himself open to a distinct charge of inconsistency in adducing as one instance of Toplady's "carelessness" the rhyme of "given" with "heaven." Right or wrong as this may be in theory, it is universal in practice. It closes the two fine hymns for the dead, by Watts and C. Wesley, which Mr. Abbey marks with deserved appreciation; it appears in a stanza quoted later from Burns; and it is sanctioned by the authority of Milman, of Heber, and of Keble. But perhaps no strict canons of rhyme can ever be laid down. A wide borderland must be left for the play of personal fancy, unfettered by any reasons given or asked. We could not ourselves account by any logical process for the feeling that the rhyme of "even" with "heaven" in a well-known Pentecostal hymn is harmonious, while that of "Stephen" mars the stirring song of triumph of the Moravians by a discord at its close.

We commend these instructive volumes to the attention of theological students, especially those in the Universities. Historically they exhibit the links which connect the Church of England in our own day with the past; and, practically continuing the narrative to the close of the "Georgian Age" in 1830, they bring out into startling relief the change which the last half-century has wrought, and thus supply a wide base of experience on which to found a thoughtful estimate of the probable or possible future.

MOLIÈRE.*

MOLIÈRE is, after Shakspeare, the writer who most successfully baffles the biographer. Absorbed in observing the humours and fortunes of men, *le contemplateur*, as he was called, did not care to leave any records of his personal history and feelings. The ceaseless labours of the author, the actor, the manager, the arranger of musical interludes, the Court official, left him no time to write about himself. His longest autograph does not exceed six lines, and is a receipt for money. If Molière "made little marvel of his own fortune," his contemporaries were still less concerned with his authentic history. A few friends preserved anecdotes; a number of foes lied, sneered, and garbled; a faithful comrade, La Grange, collaborating probably with Marcel, composed the brief sketch which heads the edition of 1682. The posthumous persecutors of the poet robbed us of the one careful and satisfactory biography which Boileau helped to compile. From a letter of Thierry, the Paris publisher (one of the booksellers who brought out the shabby edition of 1681), we have lately learned this great loss. Writing to a customer on January 5, 1686, Thierry says, "You cannot get the works of Molière in two folio volumes which the company meant to publish. Only the preface and the Life of Molière have been printed, and when the proof sheets were sent to the censorship, so many passages were expunged that M. Boileau and the other friends of the poet who worked at the biography have refused to go on with it. There have also been difficulties about the *privilége*. When you come here in October you may see the proofs." Great would be the joy among *Molièristes* if the proofs of this lost biography could only be found. In place of Boileau's work we have only the book that Boileau condemned, the timid, garrulous, and inaccurate *Vie de M. de Molière* of Grimarest (1705). The notes of Bayle, and the biography ascribed to Bruzen de la Martinière (1725), with the notice by Titon du Tillet (1732), and the letters by a daughter of Molière's comrade Du Croisy (*Mercure de France*, May and June, 1640), contribute a number of anecdotes and describe some personal traits. By help of these materials and of countless satires, libels, legal documents, the *Archives de la Comédie Française*, parish registers, and other scattered papers, the biography of Molière has to be written.

Even this brief enumeration, though it does not give a fair idea of the multitude and miscellaneous nature of early writings on Molière, proves that Mrs. Oliphant and Mr. Tarver have attempted a difficult task. They have tried to compile a brief sketch of the poet's history and to make a short estimate of his genius. This book is one of the class which those who run are supposed to have time to read. To make it what it ought to be, great literary tact and sympathy are needed, in combination with rather wide and careful reading. The works of the eighteenth century on Molière—the works of gossip, reminiscence, anecdote—are a mere handful compared to the voluminous researches of the nineteenth century. The old biographers collected tattle; the new specialists pass their lives in the offices of notaries and the archives of parishes. Beffara gave the example, and after him M. Soulié (*Recherches sur Molière*, 1863) was the most successful labourer. He printed sixty-five original documents—wills, baptismal registers, marriage settlements, inventories, and so forth. Since M. Soulié's great work was published, M. Lacroix has compiled his invaluable *Bibliographie* and *Iconographie*—volumes full of facts and hints—and has printed a *Collection Molièresque*, to which he means to add a new set of reprints. M. Bonnassies and M. Livet have edited, with serviceable notes, *La Fameuse Comédienne*—a disgusting libel on Molière and his wife, which has been impudently attributed to La Fontaine and to Racine. M. Campardon has twice published collections of documents discovered by himself; various inquirers have grubbed up traces of Molière's early years of strolling in Languedoc and elsewhere. M. Loiseleur has minutely investigated *Les Points Obscurs dans la Vie de Molière*; the *Registre* of La Grange has been reprinted; and, above all, the regretted M. Despois wrote his delightful volume on *Le Théâtre Français sous Louis XIV.* (1874), and enriched the edition of Molière in the series of *Les Grands Ecrivains de la France* with erudite and ample notes. We can only mention the researches of M. Louis Lacour, M. Thoinan, M. Fournel, and the rest.

This enumeration of documents and authorities is not made without a purpose. We are naming the works that the authors of *Molière* have too much neglected. They base their book on the biography by M. Moland (1863) and the critical sketch of M. Bazin (the second edition is of 1851); and they even speak of M. Bazin's "careful examination into . . . all the documents on record." Now M. Bazin died before 1850, and M. Moland had not the chance of using M. Soulié's "epoch-making" collection of documents. Thus he dates in 1645 the formation of Molière's company of young actors—L'Illustre Théâtre. Documents, however, prove that L'Illustre Théâtre was in existence in June 1643. Mrs. Oliphant and Mr. Tarver have here avoided the error which was natural in Moland; and indeed they always give fewer dates than we could desire. We shall go on to point out several passages in which a knowledge of what has been written about Molière would have saved our authors from errors which are not unimportant.

In p. 1, Mrs. Oliphant and Mr. Tarver say that Molière was born in "the Maison des Cygnes, or sign of the Swans," and add, in a footnote, "sometimes also called Maison des Singes." We do not know what authority is responsible for this "sign of the Swans." In 1637 the house had for its sign "le pavillon des Cinges." It took its name from an ancient carving which represented apes playing in an apple-tree. When the house was demolished (1800?) the sculpture was removed to the *Musée des Monuments publics*. There is an engraving of it in the third volume of Lenoir's description of that museum. The original work is lost. Molière's father got rid of all interest in this house except

* *Molière*. By Mrs. Oliphant and F. Tarver, M.A. "Foreign Classics for English Readers." Blackwood & Sons. 1879.

the rent for which he sub-let it, in 1638. Our authors, therefore, are in error when they say (p. 5) "Of what character the brothers were who remained behind him (Molière), at the sign of the Swans . . . and whether they had shared his advantages of education, or were content to settle down to their father's trade, there is no information." Long ere Molière took to the stage his family had left the "sign of the Swans," or rather of the Apes, and were living at the sign of St. Christopher, "devant le pilori." As for Molière's brothers, Louis died in 1633, aged ten, Nicolas was six when we lose sight of him (1633). Jean, born in 1624, died in 1660. A son of his, Molière's nephew, was alive in 1720. As to Jean, the brother who neither died young nor was lost sight of by history at the age of six, the curious will find full details in M. Soulié's *Recherches* (pp. 197–200). He "settled down to his father's trade," and his marriage settlement is replete with information. Our authors are too sceptical about the story that Molière was a schoolfellow of Conti, a point which M. Loiseleur has illustrated. We think they are wrong when they say that Gassendi taught philosophy in the Jesuits' Collége de Clermont. Gassendi's epicureanism had an immense influence on Molière's genius, but it is pretty certain that he was the private tutor of young Poquelin and others, not a college lecturer. Though the liberal Jesuits made their pupils dance in ballets, they could hardly encourage Gassendi. There are some reasons, in spite of our authors' disbelief, for supposing that Molière did accompany Louis XIII. to the South of France, not in 1641 (p. 4), but in 1642. The facts are that old Poquelin was in Paris when, by the terms of his appointment, which was anything but "nondescript," he should have been with the King (May, June, July 1642). Tradition has it that Molière took his father's place, and we find him much later (1655) in friendly relations with Dufort of Sigean, at whose house the King's servants lodged (June 10, 1642). This may be an accident; but, again, Molière *may* have witnessed the arrest of Cinq-Mars. If the office of *valet de chambre tapissier* was settled on Molière (as it was) in December 1637, it is not easy to see how the document by which he resigns the succession (6th January, 1643) can be "the earliest document in his history." The Register of his baptism is a good deal earlier. If the document of 1637 is lost, at least the official record of it remains in Molière's inventory. We do not understand what our authors mean when they say that the theatre in the Marais was afterwards removed to a hall in what was called the "Hôtel de Petit Bourbon" (p. 9). The theatre in the Hôtel du (not de) Petit Bourbon was destroyed in 1660. The *Marais* was closed in 1673; some of the company joined the Hôtel de Bourgogne, some followed the fortunes of the *troupe* that had been Molière's. We have only arrived at the ninth page, and begin to weary of these corrections. It does surprise us that our authors call Joseph Béjart "a lawyer"—he was *huissier audiencier*, his humble function *d'appeler les causes*. Again, there are records of Molière's passage through Fontenay-le-Comte, Agen, Toulouse, Vienne, Narbonne, and so on, which cannot be dismissed as "apocryphal." It is not "hopeless to attempt to trace the poor players," and Molière frequently "reappears out of the mist" between 1648 and 1653. Once more, Cosnac was not "secretary" of Conti—an unenviable position occupied by Sarrazin. By the way, it is extremely improbable that Conti was one of the "persons of consideration" who in 1658 got Molière an introduction to the Court. Before 1658 the reprobate Conti had become the convert and the puritan whom some recognize in Molière's *Don Juan*, "revenu de toutes ses erreurs." Conti is even said by M. Lacour to have written in 1658 his attack on the theatre. That he inspired Roquemont, one of his household, to write the famous "Observations" on *Le Festin de Pierre* seems a mere clever conjecture of M. Lacour's. To return to Molière's friends at Court, may not his own uncle, Michel Mazuel, whom, in 1654, Louis XIV. retained as "Compositeur de la musique de sa chambre," have aided the poet?

To make constant minute corrections is tedious work, and yet it is hard to know where to stop. In a matter of wider importance we think Mrs. Oliphant and Mr. Tarver censure too severely the petulance displayed by Molière in the *Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*, and in *L'Impromptu de Versailles*. Already, in 1663, the author of *Nouvelles Nouvelles* was taunting Molière with his domestic unhappiness. In vain he implored his enemies to ridicule his manner, his writings, everything but his private life. The Corneilles, we fear, were in the hostile camp. If he hit back, he hit no foul blow, and he was reconciled to honest Boursault, to spiteful De Visé, and even befriended the furtive pirate of his books, Jean Ribou. Our authors have a wise disinclination to make a martyr out of Molière, but he suffered more than they suppose. The *Festin de Pierre*, for example, which was only played for fifteen nights, was not withdrawn because it was "unpopular," as Mrs. Oliphant imagines. Here are the receipts of each night:—1,830 liv., 2,045, 1,700, 2,036, 2,390, 2,108; and so on, till we find as low a sum as 500 livres, at the beginning of Passion week. Compare the famous *Ecole des Femmes*, that splendid success; the sums are 1,518, 1,144, 1,253, 812, 1,088, 1,348, 832, and so on. This shows how rash it is to declare that *Le Festin de Pierre* did not hit the popular taste. The proof of the play is in the large sums taken at the doors. Molière's *Don Juan* was stopped, it is plain, by the private influences that arrested *Les Précieuses Ridicules* and delayed *Tartufe*. Molière never printed the piece, and even the expurgated edition of 1682 was covered with *cartons* by the censorship. Our authors are mistaken when they say that the play "did not see the light" in its integrity "till so late a period as 1819." The Amsterdam edition of 1683 contains the famous scenes of the beggar, "printed for the first time *dans toute leur intégrité*."

The little volume of Mrs. Oliphant and Mr. Tarver offers occasion for really countless corrections which our space does not permit us to make. Their knowledge of the theatre of the seventeenth century, and of what has been discovered about Molière, is, it must be said, most inadequate. For example, Molière was not driven to write by want of pieces for his company to act. He was not left "with but two plays, besides his trifling stock of farces 'to the good.'" At the very time of which our authors speak his company played *Jodelet Maître et Valet*, *Dom Japhet* (a very great favourite and standing piece), *Le Menteur*, *Sancho Panse*, *L'Héritier Ridicule*, *La Folle Gageure*, *Le Campagnard*, and other pieces of Scarron, Bois Robert, Mlle. des Jardins, De Bouscal, and others.

In leaving a book of the very utmost inaccuracy, we must note the tact and sagacity with which our authors handle Molière's domestic sorrows. Enough is said, and said in the right spirit, on a subject which too many of the poet's countrymen and countrywomen have discussed with extremely bad taste. The criticism, too, of *Tartufe* and of *Le Festin de Pierre* is earnest and intelligent. The plots of the slighter plays are often analysed with skill. We might have expected some account of Molière's theory and practice as an actor—of his personal appearance and manners; and certainly stress should have been laid on the singular delicacy of his filial kindness to a father who was almost morose.

LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE HISTORIC SOCIETY'S TRANSACTIONS.*

THE Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire would do better work if it would do a good deal less; and it would enhance its reputation by sticking closer to its text, by submitting all the papers to a judicious editorship, and by substituting for its annual publication a volume issued every three or five years. In 1874, at the close of its twenty-fourth year, the then President, Dr. Hume, presented to the members an index to the first and second series of the Society's Transactions. A casual glance over this pamphlet shows that a considerable proportion, probably five-eighths, of the papers printed have no connexion with the history of Lancashire and Cheshire. We are told that the object of the Society is "to prepare materials, of as many kinds as possible, for future use in illustrating the history of either or both the counties on the banks of the Mersey." Yet we find such entries as the Medallic History of Napoleon I., Curious Mask of Punishment at Nuremberg, Attempt to identify "Parathalassus," the Poems of Oisin, Fungoid Diseases affecting Pear-trees, German Thalers, the Use of Clay Tobacco-pipes in England, Saxon Element in English Poetry, Micro-Geology, Classification of Human Knowledge, the Greenwood of Shakspeare, Scarcity of Home-grown Fruit in Great Britain, Preparations for the Spanish Armada in Kent, and a host of equally remote and diverse miscellanies. Nor is the result much more assuring when we come to examine the contributions which are really within the sphere and purpose of the Association. The literary skill displayed in the presentation of the several subjects is, with rare exceptions, of the smallest. The "materials" which the Society has managed to obtain are for the most part mere fag-ends, shreds, and patches; and there is altogether an absence of method and of persistency in some well-defined groove which leaves on the mind a general impression of feebleness and disappointment. One can only wonder and grieve that a machinery so elaborate should have existed for more than a quarter of a century, and have produced a result so inadequate and poor.

The Society's thirtieth volume, for the session of 1877–8, is no improvement upon its predecessors, and is of the same disappointing character. Three of the longest papers—"The History of the English Word 'Serjeant,'" "The Etymology of the Names of Timber Trees," and "Remarks on the Irish Dialect of the English Language"—have no right to take a place in the book. If the members choose at their monthly meetings in Liverpool to listen to dissertations on extraneous subjects, well and good; no one outside the Society has the power or would care to interfere. But when the same things are published as contributions to the history of Lancashire and Cheshire, the matter assumes a different complexion; the title of the book leads us to expect one thing, and we get another entirely foreign to it. Of the three papers named, the only one calling for notice is the Rev. Canon Hume's on the Irish Dialect of the English Language. Dr. Hume's essay has the merit of dealing with a comparatively fresh subject, and it contains some interesting information. Early in the present century the Irish language was spoken more or less in every county throughout Ireland. It is estimated that one-fourth of the gross population, or about one million people, spoke English exclusively, while probably an equal or somewhat greater number knew Irish only. In the intervening period down to the present time a great change has taken place, as is conclusively shown in the censuses of 1861 and 1871. In all Ireland now only about 162,400, or one in thirty-six of the gross population, still know no other tongue than Irish. When Carleton first issued his *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry* his narrative contained a large number of Irish

* *Transactions of the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire.* Third Series. Volume VI. Session 1877–8. Liverpool: Adam Holden. 1878.

words which in subsequent editions he found it necessary to remove, as they were no longer understood; and Dr. Hume tells us that even in their modified form, there are hundreds, probably thousands, in Dublin who cannot enjoy Carleton's stories. The existing dialect, which is more or less prevalent over the thirty-two counties, with of course local variations here and there, is the result mainly of the successive English and Scottish immigrations. The largest of these is thus described by Dr. Hume:—

About the year 1607, when much of Ulster required to be planted or re-settled, immigration, instead of being as previously a mere rivulet, or largely dependent on the condition of the regiments serving in the country, became a flood, and strangers settled not by tens, but by thousands. A large number of these were from the apple districts of Warwickshire, Worcester, and Gloucester; several were from Chester, through which the adventurers passed to take shipping at the mouth of the Dee; a few were from the neighbouring county of Lancaster; and some from London. The great English settlement commenced on the two sides of Belfast Lough; at Carrickfergus on the west, and Ballymacarrett on the east. It included the town of Belfast, which was at first English, but, like Londonderry, became Scotticized, owing to the preponderance of North Britons in the rural districts on both sides. Pressing on by Lisburn and to the east bank of Lough Neagh, the English settlers cover eleven parishes in Antrim alone, all of which preserve to this hour their English characteristics; and crossing still further, over Down to Armagh, they stopped only at the base of the Pomeroy mountains in Tyrone. Thus, from the tides of the Channel to beyond the centre of Ulster there was an unbroken line of English settlers, as distinct from Scotch; and the district they inhabit is still that of the apple, the elm, and the sycamore, of large farms and two-storied slated houses.

In three counties only, Antrim, Down, and Londonderry, do the descendants of Scottish immigrants outnumber those of English origin. The effect of the inroad from England upon the language of the country has been sure though slow, until now, as we have seen, the Irish language has all but disappeared before it. Meanwhile a dialect remains which has its own peculiar and distinctive features, and Dr. Hume maintains that its basis is the current English of the time of Elizabeth—the language of the immigrants of 1607 having been handed down unimpaired, or very little altered, to the present time. Dr. Hume asserts that whilst an Englishman requires a glossary of two thousand words, now obsolete, to understand Shakspeare, an Irish peasant would not need a glossary of more than two hundred; and this, if true, is a fact strongly in favour of his contention. Dr. Hume, it appears from some remarks in the course of his paper, has been engaged for many years in the compilation of a glossary of the Anglo-Irish dialect, and it seems to have been one of the chief objects of the paper to make known the existence of this glossary. The author has not yet succeeded in getting his manuscript into type, for, as is well known, glossaries, like bibliographies, do not pay; and it is difficult to find a publisher who will, for the sake of a public service, burden himself with an inevitable pecuniary loss. We believe we are correct in saying that both the Royal Irish Academy and the English Dialect Society have declined to undertake the responsibility of publishing Dr. Hume's work in its present form; and, when we come to examine the specimen which is appended to the paper, we are not surprised at their decision. To judge by these examples, the work is of formidable dimensions, and is largely occupied by elaborate disquisitions which are entirely beyond the province of a glossarist. The word Aboo (the ancient Irish slogan) occupies a page and a half, the greater part of which is devoted to an enumeration of English and Scottish war-cries; and under "A.B.C.'s, the Alphabet," nearly four pages are given up to superfluous commentary and unnecessary illustrative quotations. It is painful to see so great a waste of labour, and such an astounding ignorance of "the fitness of things."

One of the few contributions relating to Lancashire is on "Ptolemy's Geography of the Coast from Carnarvon to Cumberland." In this Mr. Glazebrook Rylands essays once more to settle the vexed question of the identity of the Belisama and Seteia estuaries. From Camden downwards a score of antiquaries have done fierce battle on this disputed ground, and no two have managed to agree. Mr. Rylands is convinced that "Belisama can only be the Mersey, and Setantiorum Portus the Ribble." It is not necessary to follow the calculations and somewhat confused arguments which have led Mr. Rylands to his conclusions, for, to our thinking, far too much paper and ink have already been wasted upon a point of very slight importance. Mr. James Dixon has three short papers concerning Ormskirk Church. Various circumstances conspire to invest this edifice with interest. It is closely associated with the fortunes of Lathom House and the Stanley family, many of whose remains lie buried in the Bickerstaffe Chapel. The building, too, is a singular admixture of styles, and is remarkable for possessing two towers, one large and square, and the other surmounted by a spire in the angle between the main tower and the south aisle. The date of the building of the church has hitherto been lost in obscurity. It is recorded to have been endowed A.D. 1273, but the name itself suggests an earlier date for the erection. Ormskirk is not mentioned in the Domesday Survey; but there is a generally accepted tradition that the parish belonged to Orm, the Saxon, or more probably Danish, proprietor of Halton, who, driven from his lands in Cheshire, established himself in Lancashire, and was the founder of the kirk or church which took and still commemorates his name. About eighteen months ago a "restoration" of the church was undertaken, and the process of partial demolition and rearrangement has enabled Mr. Dixon to record some discoveries which throw a light on its earlier history. Remains of a Norman church have been brought to light, including an excellent Norman window which has long been hidden by an old benefaction board. Mr. Dixon comes to the conclusion after the presumed wooden building erected by Orm, there was a Norman church, of which the north wall of the present chancel is still left. The size of this, together with the fact that the population of the locality long continued to be scanty and scattered, is a sufficient proof that the original stone edifice was a small one. In the thirteenth century there appears to have been an early English enlargement, with attached chapels, a south aisle, and spire termination; then, after the ruin of Burscough Priory in 1536, the erection of the huge square tower for bells, the materials being partly derived from the monastery. The church suffered considerably during the Civil War, and other structural changes and additions were made in 1690, 1729, 1766, and 1770. To the latest "restoration" a good deal of opposition was raised, but Mr. Dixon gives a painful picture of the state of the interior. In addition to the unsightly and inconvenient character of the church as a place of worship it appears that

The whole area has long been little better than a common grave on a large scale, within walls and amid ruins of a departed splendour. Only about three feet of depth intervened between the recent modern floor and the rock, yet within this space very many, probably thousands of persons, have been buried (I have tested the number carefully by the registers) by repeated turning over of the remains of those buried before. As many as twenty skulls have been found in one mass, just below a pew constantly occupied; and, while I am writing this, a skull—which I reasonably infer is that of a young lady of a very ancient and wealthy family in the parish—lies less than six inches from the still undisturbed pavement of a chapel partially restored, exposed to view by adjacent removals. . . . Even the Stanleys and other distinguished families around must, though buried in their respective chapels or other places of distinction, have been laid in the general composition of accumulating remains.

Restoration on the site of such a charnel-house as this is surely unwise; unless, indeed, the remains are to be entirely removed. Mr. Dixon gives a biographical sketch of Nathaniel Heywood, "the only vicar of Ormskirk, out of a long list, who has attained to historical distinction," and who was one of the ejected ministers of 1662; and a series of extracts from the churchwarden's accounts of 1665-6. A considerable number of the entries have reference to the vermin which at that time infested the south-western part of Lancashire. Large tracts consisted of peat-moss, which have only been reclaimed and brought under cultivation within the last fifty years. A shilling was paid by the churchwardens for every fox's head, and twopence each for kites, hedgehogs, magpies, moles, and jays—called respectively in the accounts "kydes," "orchants," "pianots," "moulderts," and "gees." Altogether, Mr. Dixon's contributions, though unassuming in character and on a subject of almost purely local interest, are a real addition to the materials of Lancashire history, and are a credit to the book.

The only remaining paper of any importance is on Roman Ribchester. Mr. W. T. Watkin, the author, is a dry and unattractive writer. His essay is little more than a collection of notices of this large Roman station by Leland, Camden, Dr. Leigh, Dr. Stukeley, Horsley, the Whittakers, and other antiquaries. It contains no fresh information. But, taken in conjunction with a similar paper on Roman Lancaster, by the same writer, in the twenty-eighth volume of the Society's Transactions, it indicates a too long neglected work which might usefully engage the energies of the members—the careful and exhaustive investigation, by means of systematic excavations, of the Roman dominion in Lancashire. Ribchester, now a mere village, stands on the banks of the river Ribble, and is about equidistant from Blackburn and Clitheroe. From the discoveries already made there it would appear that the station covered about ten acres. A fourth of it has been washed away by the river, in the bed of which the sunken Roman wall of the rampart is still, or was recently, discernible. The whole of the site demands and would repay a thorough examination. The soil of Lancaster, the county town, teems with unearthed remains. It is scarcely possible to dig anywhere without coming upon traces of the Roman occupation. Mr. Simpson, the historian of the town, states that wherever cellars have been sunk, or similar excavations made, antiquities have invariably been discovered. Near the church and in the vicarage fields the ground is full of unexplored foundations, and the tracks of ancient streets are still visible. Another interesting relic of the Roman occupation, which has never been adequately examined, is a dock in the river Keer, a few miles north-west of Lancaster. The outlines of the dock are still perfectly clear, and in it, on the removal of the alluvial soil, large quantities of timber, some unwrought, and others partly formed into vessels, have been found. The sea is now two miles off, though it is evident that some eighteen hundred years ago it must have come up to it. From these facts it is evident that at Lancaster and Ribchester, not to mention other known sites in the county, any historic or archæological association might find abundant occupation for its members. We fear, however, that the task is too onerous, even if it were not beyond the capacity of the Historic Society whose records we are considering. Although it has a numerous body of members, its proceedings display a lack of vitality and of originating force, a deficiency of scholarship and a feebleness in literary power, which are painfully reflected in its recent yearly publications. If not exactly moribund, it shows none of the evidences of a strong and healthy life. Many years ago (October 21, 1865) the sixteenth volume of the Society's Transactions was described in these columns as "far below the standard of any other volume of local Transactions that we ever saw." Of the thirtieth volume the same verdict is pertinent and true.

A MIGHTY HUNTER.*

IT is a pity that the hero of this Memoir has not had the luck to find a better biographer. We are not at all sure that he would not have been more fortunate still had he found no biographer at all. His life when it closes may be fitly summed up in one text from the Bible—"He was a mighty hunter before the Lord." We doubt not that for many a day to come it will be said by the men of Devonshire, when they want to praise some great hero of their time, "Even as Parson Jack Russell the mighty hunter before the Lord." For "Parson Jack Russell"—to give him the familiar term by which he is known all over Devonshire—who in these degenerate days is perhaps the most famous man of the West, is no less known for his hard riding, his love of the chase, and his knowledge of the whole craft of the huntsman, than for the manner in which he discharges his duty as a parish priest. "To enter minutely," says our author, "into the abstract question of Russell's clerical life would scarcely be consonant with the general tenor of this memoir." What he means by the abstract question of a man's clerical life we certainly do not in the least understand. Probably he does not understand it himself. However, he tells enough to make it quite clear that a large and poor parish which has had for nearly fifty years the services of Mr. Russell at the modest salary of 180l. a year has had little cause to complain. We doubt also whether his brother parsons have not had much reason for thankfulness. A man of Mr. Russell's restless energy, "to whom the want of something to do became almost a torture," must have passed his life in hunting something. If he had not spent his strength on stags, foxes, and otters, who knows but that he might have taken to badgering his neighbours with ecclesiastical suits? A man surely had far better be employed on the moors of Devonshire in hallooing on his dogs than in feeing counsel in the Ecclesiastical Courts of Westminster. However much we may excuse, nay, even may praise, this great hunting parson, still we must return to what we said, that his life scarcely affords materials for a biography. We are ready to allow his unequalled merits. We have no doubt that he deserves to the full the praise that has been bestowed upon him by the son of the gentleman who succeeded the late Earl Fortescue in 1818 as Master of the Dulverton Staghounds, and who writes that "down to the present year Russell has always stuck to the staghounds with a consistency unequalled by any living man." But then unfortunately consistency, even the consistency of a stag-hunter, affords but little variety. Mr. Russell saw his first stag killed in 1814, and he has most consistently seen them killed every year since. This would go far in an epitaph no doubt; but what can be fitly spread over a grave-stone scarcely fills a volume of three hundred and sixty pages. A short sketch might well have been given of this tough old gentleman, but the length of this Memoir is intolerable. The language moreover in which it is written, when contrasted with the entire simplicity of the man who is described, is ridiculously fine. The hero could scarcely make a less absurd appearance if he were to go hunting dressed up in all the tinsel of a theatrical wardrobe. It shows indeed the entire simplicity of his character that, in spite of the absurd style in which his actions are described, he himself is never for a moment made ridiculous.

It is a strange thing that those who write about sports, of whatever kind, are almost always given to the finest and most foolish language. These authors delight in synonyms, for they think that there is no greater impropriety of which a writer can be guilty than to repeat a word in the same paragraph. Thus in the book before us we find one of Mr. Russell's schoolmasters described "as a disciplinarian strict as Draco." We next come to "the educational advantages" which his school "offered," and then we find it called "a Spartan seminary." We ought perhaps to be thankful that the author did not bring in "plagosus Orbilius" and a Roman academy. In like manner, a man who in one line is a country blacksmith in the next is a worthy Vulcan. A fox on one occasion is a gay Lothario, bright as a new guinea, to which "Parson Jack" sticks like the Old Man of the Sea to Sinbad the Sailor. Elsewhere Mr. Russell is like the Colossus of Rhodes, for he had one foot on Broadbury and the other planted on the Bodwin moors. In one hunt some of the riders—men whom nothing but the Styx itself could stop—had leapt over a stream, while others had not yet crossed the Rubicon. The most absurd display of this classical ignorance—learning we cannot call it—is in a passage where we are told that "in all the annals of the chase few men, if any, taking the outside of a horse as their conveyance have equalled him in this respect." The author goes on to say:—

> Wheels, indeed, would have been impracticable, for without the help of a Julius Cæsar, who gloried in the motto "Hanc viam, inviam, rotabilem fecit," the obstructions he would have met with on his way to cover would have stopped the course of Hannibal himself.

To think of Hannibal riding to cover—we ought to say, taking the outside of a horse as his conveyance—along a road made by Julius Cæsar! We trust that our author's hero, at all events at the time when he took his degree, was somewhat surer in his historical learning. If he was not, it does not say much for the amount of learning required at Oxford in those days. His success in his final examination is thus described:—

> Once more, before he quits the University, but this time with a light and elastic step, if not "with pride in his port," he crosses that same Quadrangle where
>
> Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head
>
> to put on his Bachelor's gown.

There were three good reasons, we could point out, why Bacon's mansion did not tremble over his head. In the first place, Mr. Russell was too modest a man to have supposed for a moment that he had more learning than Friar Bacon. On the head of a less learned man there was no risk that the mansion would fall. In the second place, long before Mr. Russell's time, the mansion had been cleared away. In the third place, it never had stood anywhere near the Quadrangle which Mr. Russell crossed with a light and elastic step, but a good half-mile or more away on the bridge over the river. The author certainly could not well have quoted the other verse of the couplet, "O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread"; for though Bodley's dome is hard by the Quadrangle, yet the statement in other respects would have been somewhat wide of the mark. Nevertheless, in a note the reader might have been told that Bodley's dome was merely a kind of synonym for hedges and ditches and five-barred gates. Nine out of ten of such readers as the author is likely to get would have believed it.

Besides this display of learning, which goes not a little way to swell out the volume, lists are given of the most foolish kind—lists that would have been dull reading even on the day they appeared fresh in the columns of some country newspaper. Who can there be so hopelessly stupid as to be interested in reading a list of the members who on Thursday, the 3rd day of June, 1824, were present at a meeting of the Teignbridge Cricket Club? Has gaping come to an end, and yawning, and stretching one's arms, and looking out of the window, and talking about the weather? are village gossips silent, have parsons ceased to preach, are there no bores left to fill up the time, are all the stories about the old grouse in the gun-room forgotten, that any one is reduced to reading such a list as the following? Let the reader first mark the solemnity with which it is introduced:—

> For a copy of that document I am much indebted to the kindness of Mr. John Divett, of Bovey Tracey, for so many years the courteous and able secretary of the Teignbridge Cricket Club.
>
> MEMBERS PRESENT.
>
> | | |
> |---|---|
> | H. Taylor. | H. Carew. |
> | J. L. Kitson. | C. D. Acland |
> | J. Wrey. | W. Kitson. |
> | G. Templer. | J. R. Johnson. |
> | J. Garrow. | J. Templer, Jun. |
>
> HONORARY MEMBERS PRESENT.
>
> J. Russell.
> W. Russell.
> M. Russell.

The heaviness of such writing as this is relieved at times by quotations from a local poet of the last generation. Was ever poet introduced in a stranger sentence than the one in which this Devonshire bard is thus brought in?—

> Mr. Templer, a gentleman of brilliant intellect and most charming manner, had for some time previously established at Stover a pack of dwarf fox-hounds, averaging nineteen inches at the shoulder, with which he hunted, when he had the luck to find him, the real wild article; but, when a blank was apprehended, a bagman, which, always at hand, was turned down in view of the hounds.

As to the average height of Mr. Templer's foxhounds we do not pretend to offer any opinion; but the brilliance of his intellect, if it was shown in his dealings with "the real wild article," is scarcely apparent in his verses. The following lines may have been written, as the author says, in the strain of the truest admiration, but they are at the same time bad enough to have fairly deserved the birch:—

> Fearless and first Ninth Harry urged his course,
> Charging the fences with resistless force;
> Poor Nunky pays for all, a friend indeed
> So good a Nunky proves in time of need.

What have fox-hunters to do with poetry? We like far better than this writer of the brilliant intellect old Squire Western, who, when his sister quoted to him "the great Milton," answered, "Damn Milton, if he had the impudence to say so to my face, I'd lent him a douse, thof he was never so great a man."

We are scarcely leaving ourselves space in criticising the writer to say anything about the hero of his memoir. Mr. Russell ought to have had his lot cast in the Far West. He is lost in England. The field is too small for him; the animals he hunts are too insignificant; even in the moors of his native country the space is too limited. He scarcely feels that he has elbow-room. Nature, it might be said of him, made him a hunter, and man made him a parson. He has, as we have said, managed to combine the two fairly well, but they would have been better kept apart. He should have lived in some savage country where he could have hunted wild beasts and tamed still wilder men. The curious influence that he has gained over the gipsies shows that he would have been well fitted for dealing with half-civilized races. At one time, when a desperate gang of burglars had infested his neighbourhood and had especially broken into the parsonages, it was found out that for many nights together Mr. Russell's house was watched by the gipsies. He met the son of their King, and asked him whether it was true that they had thus guarded him? "Quite true, sir," he answered, "and let me tell you, if we had caught them on your premises, they would never have gone home alive." But, limited though was Mr. Russell's field, yet he did something, as we learn

* *A Memoir of the Rev. John Russell, and his Out-of-door Life.* By the Author of "Dartmoor Days," &c. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1878.

from this Memoir, to reclaim his fellow-men and to civilise their barbarous instincts. No man did more than he to restrain the lawless destruction of foxes. There was more than one "notorious vulpicide" in his part of the country when he began to run his civilizing course. When a fox was tracked to its hole the church-bell was rung, and all hurried up to dig it out, and kill it in the most barbarous manner. "The scum of the county, headed, I am almost ashamed to say," said Mr. Russell, "by two gentlemen," on one occasion hurried up. "I remonstrated with these gentlemen. . . . Impressed apparently by what I had said, both gentlemen instantly bade me 'a good morning,' and left the place." Though almost every one was open to argument, unhappily there was one country gentleman who not only ordered his keepers to trap, shoot, and destroy every fox they could, who not only thus killed 250 foxes, but who in large placards "set forth this gross statement, and justified the slaughter as one of meritorious service to the whole community." Though this unhappy squire has long gone to a place where he must give an account of his deeds, we will not follow our author in publishing his name. On the contrary, we are glad to learn that "there are good grounds now for believing that he was, in truth, influenced by conscientious scruples." Things had got indeed to such a pass that one day a man put his head inside the church-door at service time on a Sunday, and shouted "I've a-got un." Whereupon "almost every man of the congregation, knowing a fox had been traced to ground, seized his hat and quitted the church." Now, thanks almost entirely to Mr. Russell's efforts, "no such barbarisms exist in the north of Devon." The barbarism, as our readers will notice, consisted not in the interruption of divine service, but in the entire absence of fair play to the fox. Now he gets killed like a Christian, and no longer like a heathen or a Turk.

It was not only with the gipsies that Mr. Russell soon gained a great influence. "The feelings of the farmers towards him amounted," we are told, "almost to a devotion." It was curiously shown many years ago, when that cruel law was still carried out by which a man was hanged for sheep-stealing. A poor fellow whom Mr. Russell knew was thus hanged. Not long after he met one of the jury; but here the author shall tell the story:—

"Why, Jem," said Russell, accosting him in a tone of strong remonstrance, "how came this about? You were on the jury which tried Tom Square!—there surely was something to be said for the poor fellow. I've been told it was the first time he had ever done so. You know what a quiet man he was, always ready to do a good turn for a neighbour. 'Twas a pity, Jem, that you should have given your voice against him."

"Bless us, Mistre Rissell, you doan't zay zo. My senses! If us had on'y but knaw'd *they* was your honour's thoughts, us wid ha' put it right, *fai'*. But there, my Lord Jidge said he did ouft to be hanged—and zo us hanged un. But, bless 'ee, if us had on'y knaw'd yeur honour cared about un, us wid ha' put it right in quick time."

Through this dull volume there are not a few other anecdotes scattered about which are interesting in themselves, and are at the same time curious signs of a state of society which is as much unknown to many a man as the habits of a tribe of wild Indians. But space fails us to set them forth. We must not conclude without expressing an ardent wish that Devonshire may for many a long year yet be able to boast of its Parson Jack Russell. It seems likely that it may keep him, at all events, to the end of this century. A few days after his eighty-first birthday, when he had had a long day over the hills, partly on foot and partly riding, he danced till three in the morning, and then retired at that early hour with the excuse that he had to be up at eight o'clock to ride over forty miles to be present at a fox-hunt. When he was in his eightieth year he spent a week in hunting. On the Saturday he hunted till two o'clock, and then started off for a seventy miles ride home. The next day "he performed three full services with his wonted animation, earnestness, and effect." He has always lived a temperate life, and now he lifts up his voice against "the rising generation—the gourmandizing battue-shooter—*et hoc genus omne*." Like old Adam, he can boast, and will, we trust, boast for many a day,

My age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.

VILLARI'S MACCHIAVELLI.*

THOSE who have read Professor Villari's valuable Life of Savonarola—in which the great Florentine preacher appears as the object of a profound, but not unmerited, homage—will be curious to see the way in which the same writer treats a character and genius which offer in almost every respect the most striking contrast to the character and genius of Savonarola. It is not every one who can do justice to greatness of two such different orders. Those who are most attracted by the one are likely to be most repelled by the other, and even those who can admire both do so in very different moods of their own minds. So far as the volumes before us enable us to form an opinion, Professor Villari appears to have formed his estimate of Macchiavelli with great discrimination and impartiality. But the volumes already published only carry the biography of the Florentine Secretary down to the year 1507—that is to say, to the thirty-eighth year of his life. The last twenty years of it still remain to be told. And the full analysis and criticism of Macchiavelli's works is also reserved for the future, and only touched on incidentally in the course of these volumes. The first volume, indeed, is merely introductory, and gives a general sketch of the social, political, and literary conditions of the period, without treating of Macchiavelli at all. It is not till the second volume that he himself appears upon the scene. And in the stormy years which are here described Macchiavelli is a good deal lost in the greatness of the events which were then taking place, and a good deal thrown into the shade by the more commanding characters of others. These volumes can be read and criticized only as an instalment.

Professor Villari's estimate of the Renaissance agrees in the main with the views which recent writers have made familiar to English readers. He begins with a few pages on the general spirit of the time. Of all periods of history, this is probably the one of which it is most difficult to form a just and impartial estimate. It is in many of its aspects intensely, almost overpoweringly, attractive, and in many others as irresistibly shocking and repulsive. And the strongest forces of attraction and repulsion are often combined in the same person, without, so far as one can see, creating in his own mind any sense of incongruity or discord. The man whose talents, accomplishments, gracious manners, even, in a certain sense, kindliness of nature would seem to make him the most desirable of companions, is also often the man who will stick at no act of villany to rid himself of an enemy or of an inconvenient friend. The proneness to evil for its own sake which may be charged on exceptional men in this as in other periods is in no sense characteristic of the period as a whole. On the contrary, purposeless evil, wrong-doing that serves no object or defeats its own object, was probably discountenanced by public opinion in Italy far more strongly than in other countries at this time. What seems the characteristic feature of the period is rather that men were insensible to moral considerations altogether, that the human conscience was as far silenced as it can be without human society being utterly dissolved. At the same time all other sides of human nature attained a complete and brilliant development to which we cannot find a parallel without going back to the best days of Greek civilization. A period like this must of necessity be full of the most startling contrasts and contradictions. The manner, often so misleading, in which Macaulay deals with history, a manner in which antithesis is put in the place of discrimination, is here less objectionable, because the antitheses are not merely rhetorical, but lie in the nature of the subject itself. A point of great interest is touched on by Professor Villari when he asks if the judgment in matters of morals which may be fairly passed on the upper classes in Italy at that time can be justly extended to the people as a whole. He is of opinion that it cannot. And certainly he has every antecedent likelihood on his side. It is inconceivable that any society could continue to exist, much less be capable of future regeneration, which practised and tolerated, not only in particular sections, but throughout the whole of it, the crimes which were practised and tolerated among certain classes at this epoch. Anyhow, the evil was sufficiently widespread to bring on an utter breakdown. It was want of character which caused the ruin of Italy in the sixteenth century, notwithstanding all the gifts and graces which distinguished the people; and the rise of Italy to new life in our own day is a sign that this defect has been largely repaired.

But no nation, however gifted, has more than a certain amount of force to dispose of; the fascination which matters of intellect and taste then exercised over Italians tended to blind them to moral distinctions, and the work which the resuscitation of ancient literature and art, and the transformation of mediæval into modern civilization gave them to do, absorbed all their energies. A nation must be judged, if at all, as a whole. Professor Villari, though marking distinctly the bad sides of the Italian Renaissance, is free from the puritanical narrowness which looks only at the moral and religious aspect of a question, and judges even this by a uniform standard applied indiscriminately to all times and peoples alike. There is no man in whose case this way of judging things would bring out more ludicrous results than in the case of Macchiavelli. There is no need, however, nowadays to argue against the old legend which represented him as a monster of craft and dissimulation. That legend was destroyed in this country, where it had taken as firm root as anywhere, once for all, by Macaulay's essay and there is no danger of its being revived. Still, although the phantom which used to stand for Macchiavelli has vanished before the light of a sounder criticism, there is much about the real man which still remains obscure. The circumstances of the strange and paradoxical age in which he lived are now indeed understood as they were not formerly, and thereby an indispensable step has been taken to the right appreciation of the great men who belonged to it. But in Macchiavelli's case there are some special difficulties. In the first place, impressive as his writings are, he does not appear to have been a man who exercised any profound personal influence on others. We are thus left without those detailed records of the impression made by him on contemporaries which abound in the case of many other men of more striking personality. Again, of the first twenty-seven years of his life nothing whatever is known. It may be that fuller knowledge of his early history would not make us much the wiser. It is very possible that, as Professor Villari suggests, he was one of those men who show themselves best and most fully in their writings, and the qualities which

* *Niccolò Macchiavelli and his Times.* By Professor Pasquale Villari, Author of the "Life of Savonarola." Translated by Linda Villari. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.

especially distinguish his writings certainly point in this direction. What strikes one most in them, and what constitutes their chief value for us now, is the wonderful clearness and breadth of judgment and accuracy of observation which they show. Whatever subject Macchiavelli speaks of—the force of some motive or tendency in human nature, or the national characteristics of some foreign people, or the measures to be pursued in some hypothetical case of public policy—we feel that he has seen everything, just as it is, with his own eyes and not somebody else's, and that in his inferences from what he has observed we have a reason not less vigorous and acute than free from any perturbing mixture of feeling or prejudice. If literature were the organ by which Macchiavelli expressed himself best, we have the less reason to regret our ignorance of many interesting points in his biography.

Nearly all that these volumes tell us of Macchiavelli is comprised between the year 1498, when, just under thirty years of age, he became Secretary to the Ten, and the year 1507, at which time, mainly under his influence, the Florentine Militia had just been formed. Macchiavelli's life during this period is described with great minuteness. His marriage, which took place in the year 1502, shortly before his mission to Cæsar Borgia in Romagna, is the subject of some very interesting remarks. His wife was Marietta, daughter of Ludovico Corsini, and it seems to be satisfactorily proved that the marriage was a tolerably happy one, notwithstanding that Macchiavelli was the reverse of a faithful husband. The mission to Cæsar Borgia following soon upon the marriage, the wife was left alone in Florence—a position which she did not at all seem to relish. On the 18th of October Macchiavelli's friend, Buonaccorsi, wrote to him at Imola, "that Marietta asked about him and complained of his remaining absent so long when he had promised to come back to her in a week." She would not write to him herself, "and she does thousands of mad things; so, in the devil's name, pray come back." And in another, of the 21st December, 1502, he says to him:—"Monna Marietta blasphemes God and thinks that she has thrown away both herself and her property. For goodness' sake give orders that she may have her own dower, like others in her position, otherwise she will lose all patience with you." "Your wife," he adds in another letter, "desires you, and often sends here to ask of you and of your return." The embassy which interrupted the domestic bliss of Monna Marietta gives Professor Villari occasion to discuss the relations between Macchiavelli and Cæsar Borgia:—

> Almost unconsciously his ideas assumed the form of an ideal personage, representing the acute, able, and audacious statesman, restrained by no scruples of conscience, no moral influence, from trying to achieve his fixed purpose, no matter what obstacles stood in his path, no matter what acts of treachery and bloodshed had to be performed. In short, in examining the actions of Valentinois, his mind had created an imaginary Valentinois, to which latter he continually recurred. . . . At a later period he obeyed a similar impulse in writing his *Vita di Castruccio Castracane*, which, as all know, is no history, but rather an effort to glean from history his own political ideal. This explains the great praise, coupled with severe blame, accorded by him to Valentinois. His praise is generally bestowed on the ideal personage, his blame on the historical. The one, however, is not so different from the other as to prevent our sometimes confusing them, especially as the author himself occasionally does so, when carried away by his imagination, which seems especially to dominate him when he is apparently reasoning in cold blood. Nor is it an uncommon case to find that men of the most reflective and cautious temperament will at times fall a sudden and complete prey to their own imaginations.

Professor Villari argues from the discrepancies between Macchiavelli's report to the Florentine Government of Cæsar Borgia's treacherous capture and murder of the revolted *condottieri* at Sinigaglia, and the well-known *Descrizione*, written later, which treats of the same event, that the latter narrative is a more or less idealised picture:—

> How [he says] can patent contradictions like these be accounted for without admitting that this *Descrizione* is something different from exact history? The Duke, whom Macchiavelli depicts here as calumniated by the Florentines, and far more able and acute than the personage described in the *Legazione*, is, in fact, the precursor of his *Principe*, in which we shall behold later, put in a theoretic form, that which we now see only in an individual and concrete shape.

We must refrain from commenting on the foregoing passage till future volumes of this work give us Professor Villari's view of the "Prince" in full. But, considering what Macchiavelli was, what the age was, and what a spell Cæsar Borgia managed to exercise on the minds of contemporaries, one need not scruple to think it exceedingly likely that at one time or other Macchiavelli may have entertained a most genuine admiration for the real as well as for the idealized Cæsar. On the vexed question as to the death of Pope Alexander VI., Professor Villari takes the view, now generally received, that the Pope died of fever, and not of poison. According to the old story, Alexander and his son went to supper with a Cardinal, and by a mistake of the cup-bearer drank themselves of the poison which they had intended for their host. It is not a matter of any great importance by what means the world was rid of such a man, but the popular belief in the story of the poison, whether well founded or not, is characteristic of the time.

It is not possible at present to offer any final opinion as to this work. Half of it is still to come, and that the more interesting half, in which we may look for a full discussion of the writings of Macchiavelli. They offer abundant materials for criticism and controversy, and the judgment upon them by one of the latest and most learned students of the Renaissance will be awaited with interest.

INDEXES AND INDEXERS.*

THE one tangible result of the conferences of Librarians of which the reading public has heard so much recently has been the establishment of an Index Society. And the first publication of this youngest among our literary institutions is the very amusing and very well-filled pamphlet before us. Mr. Wheatley has gathered a mass of facts under two heads; we find, first, an historical account of indexes, and, secondly, an essay on the principles and practice of index-making; and it is something to say which we could not have expected to be able to say, that the whole work is so entertaining that even a child may enjoy it. The great utility of the index, even to a novel, such as *Clarissa*, and its absolute necessity to the historian, are points on which Mr. Wheatley forbears to dwell. He assumes at once that every book should have its alphabetical table of contents, and begins with an analysis of the meaning of the word index, its early use, its naturalization in English, and the use of the plural, "indexes," by Shakspeare. Curiously, the French "indice" has a different meaning, being derived from *indicium*, and the Germans use "Register" instead. Our own early books were generally furnished with "tables," and as late as 1749 the *Monthly Review* has its "table." By the present usage—one which is productive of no inconvenience—the word "table" is reserved for the summary of contents, and the word "index" for the alphabetical list; and we thus obtain an advantage not enjoyed in other languages. It is recorded of Thomas Fuller that so well was his work always arranged in his mind before he committed it to paper that he could write the first and last word of every line on a page. It is therefore not surprising to learn from Mr. Wheatley that he "was a true index-connoisseur," or to read a passage from his *Pisgah-sight of Palestine* in which he ascribes, on the completion of his index, "soli Deo gloria." Of a different opinion was Howell, who in his discourse of *The Precedency of Kings* excuses himself from making an index on the plea that it would be as large as the book itself—a plea which the true index-lover cannot for a moment admit. An index at the present day usually means an additional expense to either the author or the publisher, and the profession of index-making is not unknown in certain walks of literary life. The author who wishes to be well served in this respect, however, must serve himself; and it is impossible not to hold with the opinion of Nicholaus Antonius, a Spanish bibliographer, "Indicem libri ab auctore, librum ipsum à quovis alio, conficiendum esse"; which Mr. Wheatley makes into a rather greater bull by translating it "that the index of a book should be made by the author, even if the book itself were written by some one else." A great book without an index is like a great library without a catalogue; and as no library worthy of the name is so small as not to be the better for a catalogue, so few books of any pretensions to permanent value should be without an index. Every reader has felt the inconvenience of having no table of contents in books otherwise of importance; while it would be difficult to say what book, except a trashy novel, does not want an index. What a useful thing it would be in Mr. Morris's *Earthly Paradise*, for example, or Lane's *Modern Egyptians*, or half the books of travel? Mr. Carlyle, Douce, Baynes, and others, are quoted by Mr. Wheatley as denouncers of unindexed books, and Lord Campbell is reported to have proposed "that any author who published a book without an index should be deprived of the benefit of the Copyright Act." It is amazing that a general index to the *Archæological Journal* was never published before the present year. There is only an *Index Locorum* to the *Codex Diplomaticus*, and no index of any kind to Kemble's *Anglo-Saxons*. The new Society, it would seem, are more intent on indexing whole sets of books, or entire subjects, than on supplying the wants of any particular work; but in time probably we shall see their attention directed to less extensive projects than those put forward in their present programme. It includes a Guide to the Literature of Botany, another to the Literature of Political Economy, an index to British titles of honour, and a list of Municipal Corporation Offices. The first volume is to contain the names of the Royalists whose estates were confiscated during the Commonwealth.

Mr. Wheatley deals incidentally with catalogues. "What," he asks, "is a surname?" It seems that on this simple question the greatest difficulties of indexers and cataloguers turn. We have frequently heard the story quoted in Mr. Burton's *Book Hunter*, itself a work which wants an index, of "Mr. Justice Best, his great mind"; but Mr. Wheatley gives many almost equally amusing examples while on the subject of names. In a French biographical dictionary, Brigham Young is placed under B, as "Brigham le jeune." In a bibliographical list, Whiteknights, the former seat of a Lord Blandford, is given as "le Chevalier Blanc"; and another foreign book explains that a learned Society of the West Riding is not a "société hippique." In one of the volumes of the Rolls series there is a blunder of a different kind. "Jude" is misprinted "Inde," and the "land of Jude," that is, Judea, is indexed "India." In the case of people who have two or three surnames the indexer is often at fault, as he is also where a title has been added to a well-known name. It would not be easy at a first attempt to assign his proper position to "Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer Lytton, first Lord Lytton, and a baronet"; and similar difficulties are suggested by the names of Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, and Horace Walpole, Earl of

* *What is an Index?* Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. London: Henry Sotheran. 1878.

Orford. A long list might be made of supposed authors, for, besides the celebrated and prolific "Anon," we have "Enrichi de Deux Listes" and "Acuerdo Olvido"; while Dr. Buckland is said to have written a book on "ponts et chaussées," by a Frenchman who had seen, but not read, the Bridgewater Treatises. Booksellers' catalogues frequently contain works by "Incipit"; and we lately observed a set of tracts under the heading "Iste," the first line of the title-page being "Iste liber continet." For this sort of sin the catalogue of the British Museum comes under Mr. Wheatley's disapproval more than once. Thus, "Could any plan be adopted by which the following books would more thoroughly be hidden out of sight than by the present arrangement:—

Kind.—A Kind of a Dialogue in Hudibrasticks; designed for the use of the Unthinking and Unlearned (1739).

Kinds.—How to make several kinds of miniature pumps and a fire engine; a book for boys (1860)."

He describes also pathetically a vain search for the date of the first edition of the Latin *Gradus*, which eventually turned up among "Dictionaries." While on the subject of surnames he gives us the surprising information that in the same catalogue Sir Francis Palgrave's works are arranged under his former, but now half-forgotten, surname of Cohen. Peers, too, as a rule, are placed under their family names, instead of their titles, of which practice the American Library Association well remarks that "a catalogue is not a biographical dictionary or a genealogical table, and its efficiency is in danger of being lessened if its makers confound the two purposes." But bishops, deans, and other dignitaries holding official titles should be placed under their family names. Gilbert Burnet and Robert Cecil should not both figure under "Salisbury." The strangest method of indexing names is that sometimes pursued in old English, and frequently in modern Spanish, books. Among Spaniards the Christian name is that by which a man habitually goes, and under it, in the *Bibliotheca Hispana*, an author is usually catalogued; but in Lhuyd's *Cambria* English and Welsh names are similarly placed, and the Henries, Roberts, and Richards, whether Bohuns, Veres, or Neviles, are classed in a manner most confusing to the searcher.

The prefixes of foreign surnames are a source of woes unnumbered to indexers. Half the names in a French list would be classed, according to one plan, under D. But the rules of the new Society specially provide for the difficulty. "If the prefix be a preposition it must be rejected, and the name arranged in alphabet under the following letter—thus D', De, in French, Da in Italian, Von in German, and Van in Dutch are no real portion of foreign names, which can stand very well without them. If, however, the prefix be an article, such as the French La, it must be retained; for instance, the full name of the great astronomer La Place is De La Place, but it is under L that it could alone be placed with propriety." Such a rule does not, however, or should not, apply to foreign names naturalized here, and De Quincey or Le Fanu should not appear under Q or F. But most index-makers, we take it, would under this rule leave out the De of Dutch names as well as the Van. De Jongh is not "of Jongh," but "the young"; and the De in Holland does not mark a noble family as it does in France. Yet we have seen De Tromp written for Van Tromp, a translation, perhaps, rather than an error; and Van Ruyter for De Ruyter, which is wholly inadmissible. Indexers, however, unless they are as intelligent as Mr. Wheatley himself, will seldom be much troubled about such niceties.

Among curiosities of indexes Mr. Wheatley treats us to an enumeration of absurdities like the well-known entries:—

Mill on Liberty,
" on the Floss.

This, he asserts, actually occurred; but the following, selected from a long list of such examples in the *Companion to the Almanac* and *Pepys's Diary*, are quite as good:—

Cotton, Sir Willoughby	New Annuities
" price of	" Brentford
Court ladies, masculine attire of the	Old age
" of Arches	" Bailey
Lamb's Conduit	Scotland, state of
" Wool	" Yard

He also notices some mistakes in classified catalogues:—"Edgeworth's Essay on Irish Bulls and a Treatise on the Great Seal have been placed under the heading of *Zoology*; Napier's *Bones* under *Anatomy*; Swinburne's *Under the Microscope*, under *Optical Instruments*; a volume of poems entitled the *Viol and the Lute*, under *Musical Instruments*; Ruskin's *Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds*, under *Agriculture*; McEwen on the Types, under *Printing*; and, most famous of all, Link *de Stellis Marinis*, under *Astronomy*." That there should be room for satire, personal feeling, and spite in indexes every reader who remembers Prynne will acknowledge; Swift's analytical table prefixed to the *Tale of a Tub* is an important part of the work. Every one has enjoyed the humorous index to the *Biglow Papers*, in which we read of the comfortable accommodation in Spanish castles, of the convenience in time of famine of the habit of eating words, and of the safety of opposing wrong in the abstract. Mr. Wheatley gives somes entertaining extracts from the index of Bromley's *Travels*, made by his political opponents to bring him into ridicule when he was the Tory candidate for the Speakership of the House of Commons:—"Boulogne, the first city on the French shore, lies on the coast, p. 2. The English Jesuites Colledge at Rome may be made larger than 'tis by uniting other buildings to it, p. 132. The Duchess-Dowager of Savoy who was grandmother to the present Duke was mother to his father, p. 243." King, the author of the well-known *Anecdotes of his own Time*, made an index of this kind to an examination of Bentley's *Epistles of Phalaris*. Macaulay, who strangely enough did not make his own index—though in his youth he had indexed a volume of the *Christian Observer*—was much afraid that a Tory should be employed on the *History*. A recent work of considerable pretensions unquestionably suffered in public estimation by the peculiar views of the index-maker, who could no more exclude them than one of Dickens's characters could keep the head of Charles out of his petition. Mr. Wheatley's little book will afford a reader the indulgence of a very pleasant hour's reading, and yet leave the feeling that all the time he has been engaged in improving his mind.

MAUD LINDEN'S LOVERS.*

THIS is a book which, in a certain sense, may be said to be remarkable—whether remarkably good or remarkably bad we will leave to our readers to decide. The plot of the story is much as follows:—There lived a "weak-minded and profligate man," named Sir Felix Estcourt, who "contracted a most imprudent marriage with a woman below his own rank, though, if she had been a good woman, that would have signified not." Sir Felix "became more deeply steeped in profligacy than ever, in gambling, drinking—and worse. He died a disreputable death in a gambling-saloon at Homburg, his wife having previously given birth to three sons." The eldest of these three boys died of small-pox, having been somewhat assisted in so doing by his mother, "who never relinquished a wild career of frivolous gaiety, even while the poor boy languished at the doors of death, nor scarcely (*sic*) shed a natural tear when they placed him in the grave." Nor scarcely did she pay more attention to number two, her affections being entirely centered on number three. This charming woman "entertained an affection for her youngest child as unaccountable and, I might almost say, as ferocious as her detestation of" the elder one. When they were good-sized boys, Felix, the elder, administered a thrashing to Jasper, the younger; but he made a fatal mistake in so doing, as he was subjected in return to a severe maternal flogging, followed by a week's solitary confinement on bread and water in a certain eastern tower of the family mansion, which frequently figures during the course of the story. Nevertheless, when the boys grew up they appeared to get on tolerably well together, and they deliberately began to play at the amusing game of Faust and Mephistopheles, the elder assuming the former character and the younger the latter. Having selected as a Marguerite the daughter of a poor schoolmaster, they enjoyed themselves very much, until Sir Felix, "to his own detriment and loss," committed the blunder of marrying the object of his affections. Of course the ill-conditioned mother was furious with her son for making such a marriage, and the schoolmaster, instead of being pleased at his daughter's union with a baronet, broke his heart—probably, we should think, from fatty degeneration. The bride and bridegroom, not finding things very pleasant at home, started for a cruise on the coast of France. There they were wrecked, and the excitement of the story forthwith begins. Marguerite was rescued, and found her way home to her loving mother-in-law, who was delighted at the idea of the probable death of her eldest son. Still there was a thorn to this rose, for there were symptoms of the approaching birth of a grandchild, who might prevent her dear youngest son from enjoying the title and estates; therefore she took the youth into her confidence, and the mother and son proceeded to conceive "a fiendish scheme." First they shut up the expectant mother in the eastern tower, in which her husband had been formerly punished. Then Jasper, the youngest son, followed a celebrated ladies' doctor as he was taking a walk in the dark, and conveyed him, with a pistol at his head, in a carriage with all the blinds down, to the home of the Estcourts, and took him up the backstairs to the bedside of his sister-in-law. Presently a male child was born, with a "most singular, though distinctly-formed mark, somewhat resembling a small pink cross," upon its left breast. Then the doctor was taken out again (pistol business as before), and driven in the same carriage, with the blinds down, to the spot whence he had been taken, after which he was allowed peaceably to resume his quiet walk.

Having hatched the pink-marked baby, Jasper got rid of it by placing it, with a candour worthy of a better cause, in the hands of a woman who had formerly known its mother; and he even told her whose child it was—not that the good woman made much use of her knowledge. Lady Estcourt died very soon after the birth of her child; but whether we are intended to suppose that her mother and brother-in-law helped her to die we do not clearly understand. Soon afterwards Sir Felix reappeared, not having been drowned after all. His mother and brother at once assured him that trustworthy information had been received that his wife had been drowned. Why they should have adopted such a dangerous course of proceeding it is rather hard to say, as her death might easily have been proved, and the child had been got rid of. We are informed that only two or three servants could have disclosed the truth, and

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* *Maud Linden's Lovers.* A Novel. By George W. Garrett, Author of "Squire Harrington's Secret," &c. &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1878

that they had been replaced by new ones; but a secret confided to two or three servants would not be in very safe keeping, especially when those servants had been sent away. Sir Felix, on being told that his wife was drowned, at first contemplated suicide, but, changing his mind, he decided to exist, and become callous to all earthly things. "Callousness towards all earthly things," in his case, meant a voyage to Australia, New Zealand, and Van Diemen's Land. In Australia he dug for gold, with the hope that he might have his head broken by night for the sake of the nugget he discovered by day. Whether he failed to discover the nugget we are not told, but he certainly failed to get his head broken. After more than twenty years of voluntary exile, the idea suddenly occurred to him to revisit England, and look up his mother and brother—"by which," he says, "it will be perceived the romance in my bosom was not yet extinct." Pleased with the idea of the little surprise which his fertile imagination had prepared for his dear relations, he landed in England, and presented himself without the slightest warning at the home of his ancestors. As his brother had been enjoying the title and estate for twenty years, it can readily be imagined that he did not enter very keenly into the spirit of this little pleasantry, nor was his mother any better pleased. Neither mother nor brother would recognize him, and Sir Felix found himself elevated to the proud though unsatisfactory position of an "unhappy nobleman." Instead of allowing the claimant to go up to London and consult his lawyer, his judicious relations locked him up in the well-known and extremely convenient eastern tower, and made preparations for his removal to a private lunatic asylum. When all arrangements had been made, the patient was placed in a close carriage, and packed off for the asylum. But the journey was rudely interrupted by the long-lost baby with the singular mark, who, however, did not know that the prisoner in the carriage was his father. The now grown-up baby seized the horses' reins, knocked the coachman off the box, and proceeded to attack the three other custodians of the patient. Between the two horses and his four assailants, the gallant youth was about to be overcome by numbers, his only ally having been knocked down and rendered helpless, when some detective policemen opportunely arrived upon the scene, and the unhappy nobleman was at once liberated. The magnanimous policemen appear to have made no attempt to arrest the wicked brother and his hired ruffians, and their whole behaviour was utterly unlike that of emissaries from Scotland Yard.

It is now time to mention that the boy with the singular mark had been making love all through the book to the betrothed of his wicked uncle, without knowing until late in the third volume who his own parents had been, although he had previously had cause for suspecting that he might possibly be connected with the Estcourts. Of course when his uncle's wickedness was discovered, the heroine threw him over and married the nephew, with whom she lived happily for ever after. The number of curious coincidences in these volumes is wonderful. The sailor who saved Sir Felix's life when he was wrecked off the coast of France happened to adopt the singularly marked baby. A friend of the sailor happened to be also a friend of the ladies' doctor who happened to assist at the said baby's birth. The baby, when grown up, happened to meet his father without knowing him, at a roadside inn, and saved his life from a bull. And a friend of the baby's happened to marry a daughter of the very woman who had farmed him.

The love-making in this book is not its least remarkable feature. When the hero is declaring his passion to the heroine, he says, "Of a night I used to dream of you—nay, by heaven! *I do* dream of you. Of a day I have indulged in dreams sweeter and more foolish than those which soothed my sleep at night." But we suppose we must excuse this amazingly silly speech, for shortly afterwards he explains, "I should not have said it, but it has burst from me quite unawares." The author would have done well if he had refrained from attempting to be poetical. The heart of a man who has never been in love is, he tells us, "like an album in which is written no poetry." The best kind of album, he might have added. The hero, when in love, became fond of "Mr. Alfred Tennyson and some of that gentleman's exquisite poems." He spent much of his leisure also in composing on his own account, with "ink and paper—tinted and perfumed paper, look you—outspread before him." First let us observe the graphic force of the "look you," and then let us meditate on the charming idea of a poet, say Dante, Milton, or even that gentleman Mr. Alfred Tennyson, sitting down to write poetry on tinted and perfumed paper. The heroine's poetical attempts—"juvenile outpourings" the author calls them—were locked up in a "specially private drawer, along with bags of lavender and rose leaves, and various gushing letters"; but her lover "turned over the pages of his album" (*i.e.* his heart) "and gloated over the imperishable poetry which Maud's bright eyes had written there." We would modestly suggest that, if a second edition should be brought out of *Maud Linden's Lovers*, it should be printed on tinted and perfumed paper, and illustrated with valentines; and that it should be exposed for sale only in perfumers or hairdressers' shops. And the author is as fond of confectioneries as of perfumeries. Here is a description of a wedding-breakfast:—

> Such a breakfast! Epergnes brimming over with the loveliest of perfumed flowers; wonderful dishes with still more wonderful things to eat inside of them; everything so grand and fairy-like, and possessing such extraordinary names that the waiters stared and gaped and said, "Yes-sir; beg pard'n! what d'you say, sir?" when Uncle Josh., or his equally jolly wife, essayed to mention them.

All these excellent things were served by "the most immaculate of waiters as to temperance," and when the bride "cut the first slice of that wondrous wedding-cake" she was "blushing like a peony."

A chapter in the second volume, headed "The same—The Light in the Turret," is a good specimen of the author's attempts at agony-writing. He tells us that it was getting dusk when the wicked Sir Jasper Estcourt took his guest for a walk in the grounds of his lonely old mansion, and casually observed to his companion:—"The old place has a grand local reputation of being haunted; so if you wake in the night and find a hideous old woman, in high-heeled shoes and the costume of Queen Anne's time, peering into your face, you must not be surprised." Then the appearance of the old house is described. A glimpse of it was caught through the thick foliage, a light or two shining "through the lower windows of the western wing of the building, while the other end of it loomed, black and forbidding, against the sky." The pale crescent moon suddenly disclosed itself, as a thick cloud, driven by the wind, flitted away, and seemed to rest on the very centre of a certain round tower or pinnacle (two very different things we used to imagine), which peeped up above the general outline of the building. "The wind," wrote the guest, "howled through the trees dismally; the leaves and the grass seemed to bend and shiver in the way that is frequently the precursor of a storm. A rushing sound of footsteps, near a cluster of fir-trees at the back of us, startled me." His host assured him that this was only caused by one of the few deer that stocked the park. "And that other strange noise, what is that?" "The shrieking of the wild geese." All went on pretty well, however, until the visitor went to his bedroom for the night. The bedstead was a "four-poster, one with faded drapery; and in a corner of the room was an old screen of tapestry work." Besides these horrors, there was "an antique cabinet, the brass handles of which jingled with a mocking sound as though the brass lions' heads that held them were laughing and chattering at every step I took across the room. It was a grotesque piece of furniture, truly, with numberless drawers, besides two lofty doors which opened in the centre." After this kind of thing, one feels certain that something terrible is about to happen, and in this case the agony soon begins. When he looked out through his latticed window, "the foliage of clambering ivy partially obscured" his view, but he fancied he "perceived *a ray of light falling from that turret window*" which his host had assured him was now merely a lumber-room, but which had the reputation of being the specially haunted chamber. Turning from this awful scene to the account of a picnic, we find that the holiday-makers gathered violets and primroses at a time of year when standard roses, geraniums, and mignonette were in full flower in their gardens at home. When girls went out to stroll in country lanes, they put on bonnets, "and, my goodness! such captivating bonnets they were!" After these things we become quite hardened, and can even read unflinchingly of a young lady deftly presiding over a tea-table, and "dispensing with her soft white hands the balmy cup that soothes, and with her eyes glances and smiles that intoxicate." This was the same lady whose "juvenile outpourings" had been locked up along with bags of lavender and rose leaves.

We do not think it necessary to offer any criticisms on a book from which it is possible to make such quotations as these. We have had a large experience of what modern novelists are capable of, but we had not conceived it possible that quite so much vulgarity and nonsense could be crammed into one novel as we find in *Maud Linden's Lovers*.

GREEK PLAYS AND SCHOOL EDITIONS.*

Candidates for the Cambridge Previous Examination or Little-go in the autumn of 1879 may be congratulated on the fact of the authorities having chosen the *Ion* of Euripides for the Greek subject, inasmuch as it cannot but extend more widely than heretofore the too narrow range of the ordinary University subjects. And when so experienced an editor as Mr. Paley, the value of whose Euripides and Æschylus in the "Bibliotheca Classica" is recognized on all hands, is early in the field with a brief-note edition of the *Ion* for the Cambridge Texts series, there is ground to hope that a considerable number of junior undergraduates will by the end of the year have added more or less to their knowledge of Euripides as seen in an exceptionally fine play. For, although it does not abound in great or marked characters, there is more of complex and intricate plot in the *Ion* than in almost any other play of Euripides—plot that holds the reader on the proper stretch of suspense, and only terminates its surprises after a series

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* *The Ion of Euripides.* With Brief Notes for Young Students. By F. A. Paley, M.A. Cambridge: Deighton & Bell. London: Whittaker & Co.; G. Bell & Sons. 1878.

Æschylus.—Prometheus Vinctus. With Introduction and Notes. By A. O. Prickard, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of New College. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1878.

Homer.—Iliad. Book I. By D. B. Monro, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1878.

Xenophon's Anabasis. Book II. Edited, with Notes, by C. S. Jerram, M.A., late Scholar of Trinity College. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1878.

Stories in Attic Greek. A Greek Reading-book for Junior Forms in Schools. By the Rev. F. D. Morice, M.A., Assistant-Master in Rugby School and Fellow of Queen's Coll., Oxford. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1878.

of startling incidents. The character of Creusa, the daughter of Erechtheus, who, after her early and clandestine union with Apollo, and the exposure and supposed loss of her babe, Ion, is led unwittingly to accompany her later husband, Xuthus, to the Delphian Oracle to consult the god respecting their childlessness, and the complications arising out of the wire-pullings of the god who is really the "rogue in the play," with the skilful management of the tokens of recognition produced at the needful time by the Delphian priestess, and the eventual happy reunion of the long-lost Ion with his mother, are features in the story which can only be held in the mind by careful perusal of the whole play. We may hope that the attention called to the *Ion* in the present year may have the result of producing a better translation of it than the inadequate versions of Potter and Woodhull, and affording a just estimate of a drama of so much picturesque beauty, so much "tragic irony," so much bearing upon Attic mythology, topography, and legend-lore. It need scarcely be said that, beautiful as it was, Judge Talfourd's *Ion* was only in name, scene, and some of its surroundings indebted to the Euripidean play; so that any reader who should dream of gleaning the one plot from a general knowledge of the other would find himself completely mistaken. For instance, the character of the temple-reared sacristan Ion, charming as it is in Euripides, has scarcely, with all his devotion to the shrine and the god, with whom he does not know his real connexion, the reverence and reticence which the modern dramatist would have considered necessary as regards his divine patron. The Ion in the play before us is well described by Mr. Bodham Donne in the *Euripides* of the "Ancient Classics for English Readers" as "by turns an expert ritualist or a polite cicerone." But Talfourd's *Ion* would have figured more aptly as an early Basil or Gregory of Delphi than as one who, in v. 437 (*seq.*), does not scruple to lecture his patron god upon his illicit amours, and his heartless desertion of the unlucky fruits of them. Yet this is quite in keeping with the outspoken language of Creusa in two passages of the play, and notably at v. 859 *seq.*, an anapæstic monody where she reproaches herself with hesitation, Xuthus with perfidy, and the god Apollo with fraud. Mr. Paley's preface succinctly points out the drift of the play—namely, to enforce caste, to exclude aliens, and to limit civic honours to the well-born, a process which eventually ruined Athens. He fixes its date some four years after the death of Pericles. In his notes on the topography of Creusa's misfortune, *e.g.* on v. 13, Mr. Paley gives sufficient general aid to the reader, and refers him for further particulars to the delightful pages of Dr. Wordsworth's *Greece*. Where, as in the Prologue of Mercury (v. 20), reference is made to the necklace of snake ornaments (*cf.* v. 1431) which Creusa affixed to the child when she exposed it, Mr. Paley has a note which will be of interest to archæologists, as broaching the topic of such ornaments as worn for a charm or fetish in Etruscan, Pompeian, and it might perhaps be added Romano-British jewelry. Equally helpful are his explanations of passages connected with the temple precincts at Delphi and the neighbouring oracle of Trophonius; and he is apt in his comparisons of the old pagan custom of strewing boughs of bay, myrtle, and rosemary at processions on the pavements of Continental churches with the tasks assigned to the young *νεωκόρος* or temple sweeper at Delphi. *A propos* of the mention of the *ὀμφαλὸν* which Delphi represented in classic legends, Mr. Paley quotes the old maps (he might have cited the Mappa Mundi at Hereford) which make Jerusalem the centre of the round world. In the labour which Mr. Paley has bestowed on this edition, both in the recension and interpretation of the text, there is proof of concentration and compression, while in many instances he finds confirmation of his first views.

Mr. A. O. Prickard's edition of the *Prometheus* of Æschylus for the Clarendon Press deals with a play the subject and language of which are more widely familiar. From the editor's reputation as a scholar and as a friend and pupil of the late Professor Conington we entertained hopes which the work before us has not disappointed. Steadfast in the aim of blending the practical advantages of a familiar text with a greater respect for Æschylean MSS., he has mostly followed Dindorf's 2nd edition (Oxford, 1851), though admitting now and then a few variations that are found in that of 1869. The notes profess to be meant for students of Greek at an early stage, and our examination of them shows how well this object has been kept in view, both in such prefatory counsel as that Æschylus is his own best interpreter, and that careful reading of any part of Homer is an excellent preparation for the language and thoughts of Æschylus; and in his careful indication of notable features of the poet's style, such as his habit of repeating words—*e.g.* *ἀκοντά σ' ἄκων* in v. 19 (*cf.* 192, *σπεύδων σπεύδοντι*, and 276) to mark a special force. This is a habit borrowed from Homer. Mr. Prickard has evidently studied the interest of tiros in his note at v. 21, *ἵν' οὔτε φωνὴν οὔτε του μορφὴν βροτῶν ὄψει*, where he illustrates the figure Zeugma by showing what would be the "plena locutio"; and again in the note at v. 62 on the Oxymoron, as well as the Greek use of the participle for the infinitive on *μάθῃ σοφιστὴς ὢν Διὸς νωθέστερος*, and that at v. 85, illustrative of the play on words so frequent in the Greek dramatists, which he caps with Shakspeare's "Old John of Gaunt, and gaunt in being old." Very lucid, too, are his notes on the peculiarity of Æschylean compounds such as *ναρθηκοπλήρωτον* (109), *ἀδαμαντοδέτοισι* (147), and *δακρυσίστακτον* (399). On the problem of v. 210, where Gaia and Themis are said to be one in contradiction to v. 874, and *Eumenides* v. 1, where Themis is made Gaia's daughter and successor, his solution is reasonable, that the personality of these early Nature deities was very vague, the tendency being to form one person out of two or more names with which legend associated like attributes. When, further on in the play, he has to deal with Prometheus's prophetic sketch of Io's wanderings, his elaborate notes on the elucidation of the geography (l. 705, *seq.*) deserve close attention. Of many introductions to Greek plays we have seldom read one so readable and helpful as Mr. Prickard's, and we particularly thank him for a trait which he insists on in all the Æschylean gods and heroes, "that in them the poet depicts character as truly human as Milton's Satan or Abdiel in the great English epic."

Mr. Monro of Oriel's notes and essay on the grammar of the First Book of the Iliad are in part specially designed for rudimentary students; but we are bound to add that the thirty pages devoted to an essay on Homeric grammar furnish good meat for full-grown Homerists. A young beginner who should take it up with an honest determination to comply with the editor's directions, and, after well digesting the grammar and the peculiar dialectic and grammatical forms, should diligently hark back upon every occasion to the sections of it referred to in the notes, could hardly fail to find himself at the close of the book wonderfully well equipped for the study of the rest of the Iliad, and, generally speaking, fortified against any difficulties of construction or dialect. The sections of this essay which treat of metre and the quantity of doubtful vowels, the digamma, and the epic dialect and style will be found most useful reading; and the constant references to them in the notes will afford an invaluable exercise in the practice of the principles they enunciate. For a first book to Homer we could not wish a better than Mr. Monro's.

Of Mr. C. S. Jerram's edition with notes of the Second Book of Xenophon's *Anabasis* we are prepared to think well by his excellent work on the Tablet of Cebes which we reviewed some months ago; and, though we cannot help feeling that the *Anabasis* has had more than a fair share of competent editors of late years, and that spare energy might be better expended on a good edition of the same author's *Œconomicus*, the very work to put into a schoolboy's hand, we welcome this volume as culling the best notes of the best English and German editions, and embodying the most recent results of geographical research. One feature is very notable in it—namely, that Mr. Jerram sends even old scholars to their Liddell and Scott oftener than his contemporaries—*e.g.* in c. ii. l. 82 at *εὐθύωρον ἄγων*, where the absence of a note, which would be simply a "construe," is a virtue in a school edition. In elucidation of the grammar of Xenophon, Mr. Jerram is usually quite at home, as where, on i. 68, he gives a note on the four forms of a conditional sentence and (*ibid.* 93) illustrates the use of the adverb with the article in *τὸν ἔπειτα χρόνον*, by St. Paul's expression, "thine often infirmities." He is doubtless right in adopting the view that the *Τιγρὴς ποταμός* of c. ii. l. 15 cannot be the Tigris proper, but a branch, once much larger than it is now, which is known as the *lesser Tigris*. This, as he says, may be seen by studying the map. We are glad to observe that Mr. Jerram promises an edition of Lucian's "Vera Historia."

The last volume on our list is Mr. Morice's happy endeavour to introduce beginners to Attic Greek in a more palatable form than that in which it is presented in the Delectus or the (pseudo) Æsop. He seeks to effect this "not *per saltum*, but gradually and with preparation," and carries out his purpose by means of a very copious vocabulary, and ten prefatory pages of capital "Hints to Beginners." Some of the stories are now given for the first time in a Greek dress; others are taken mostly from the less read Greek authors, and, in the case of the later and longer stories, from Thucydides, with adaptations. Perhaps it would be a good precaution in reading these stories to make sure first of all that they are new. One at page 18 is entitled "Nelides and his Grandmother," and as its point turns on the reply of a future admiral, at the age of five years, that "he did not know who *fear* was," it soon occurred to us who "Nelides" was, and we discovered that we were reading an anecdote from Southey's *Life* of Nelson in Attic Greek. Some other stories—*e.g.* 187 and 128 on "Old Wine"—are happily turned Joe Millers, which we can conceive affording amusement to beginners of Greek.

MINOR NOTICES.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have produced an English version of Dr. Busch's now well-known work (1) which will doubtless be of great service to people who want to become acquainted with the whole of the book without encountering the trouble of reading it in German. Perhaps Dr. Busch's likeness to Boswell comes out more strongly in the translation than in the original. Here is a passage which is in a way curiously Boswellian:—"In the bright autumn nights we used in our walks in the park to see the tall form and the white cap of the Chancellor issue from the shadow of the bushes into the moonlight and walk slowly up and down. What was the unsleeping man thinking of? What ideas were revolving in the head of the solitary wanderer? What plans germinated or ripened in the still midnight hours? Another friend of the park inspired us with less reverential feelings, that ever-young disciple of the Muses, Abeken, as we heard him reciting in the evening, with no melodious voice, strophes from the Greek

(1) *Bismarck in the Franco-German War, 1870–1871.* Authorized Translation from the German of Dr. Moritz Busch. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

tragedians or the *Wanderers' Nachtlied*. It looked almost comical when the old man's feelings made him search in the morning under the dry leaves for violets to send to his wife, the 'Frau Geheime-Legations Räthinn' in Berlin. But it was not pretty in me to laugh inwardly at him, for I must confess that, instigated by him, I afterwards sent some myself to my own Frau Doctorinn to give her pleasure."

One of the oddest results of universal competition is found in the atlas-like volume (2) which Mr. Marsh has prepared for the solace of the miserable wretches who are doomed to a course of examinations. The purpose for which it is, we are told, intended, "is not to supersede the use of books, but rather to jog the memory and test the methods adopted for preparing for the ordeal of a public examination, affording them, as it were, an opportunity of examining themselves beforehand and supplying their own deficiencies." In the space afforded by seventy-six pages of clear type the memory is jogged on the subjects of English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish, Greek, and Latin; general geography, English history, the British Constitution, arithmetic, elementary and advanced, algebra, and mensuration. English history is disposed of in four pages, and, for some reason best known to those versed in examinations, the only reign to which any but passing mention is given is that of Queen Elizabeth, whose general character is sketched in this brilliant manner:—"She ruled with absolute sway, yet chose wise and grave counsellors. Elizabeth never married. Her favourites were the Earl of Leicester and the Earl of Essex, whose generosity merited a better end than his own rashness and false friends brought him to." Perhaps Mr. Marsh, having produced a book for the help of those subject to the general ordeal of public examination, will now devote his attention to preparing one for the use of persons intending to submit themselves to the Caucus.

Mr. Haslam's *First Latin Book* (3) is a good specimen of the improved elementary manuals turned out under the reign of modern and scientific scholarship. It obviously requires more personal trouble and attention on the part of the teacher than the old-fashioned grammars, which were mere collections of matter to be learnt by rote, and left understanding to take care of itself; but this is probably intended, and in any case is not undesirable. A short introduction endeavours to set before boys the advantages of learning Latin; we conceive that its success will depend more on its falling upon willing ears than on its own merits, but it is very sound as far as it goes. The following paragraph may indeed deserve consideration among those adults who talk about the virtue of learning science, as if natural science were easier to teach thoroughly than anything else, or enumerations of phenomena could not be learnt by heart as unintelligently as inflections:—"I daresay you will have been told that it is very important for you to learn what is called Natural Science. Learning Natural Science teaches you how to notice things that you see and hear, and make rules about them for yourself, in just the same way that learning arithmetic teaches you to notice numbers and make rules about them; and learning Latin teaches you to notice your words and make rules about them. But neither your numbers nor the things that you see and hear will be so much use to you if you cannot speak about them and write about them in careful words; and, to get this carefulness about words, your best way is to learn Latin thoroughly as well as these other subjects."

The miniature octavo lettered "Divine Breathings" (4) is, in its outward aspect, one of those dainty reprints which Mr. Whittingham knows so well how to produce; and in this case the trouble has been worthily bestowed upon a book of real merit as a serviceable manual of practical devotion. We learn, both from the preface which the Rev. W. J. Loftie has prefixed and from our own examination, that a certain mystery attaches to the authorship and to the literary history of the volume. The title-page of the, we believe, unique copy from which the present edition is reprinted announces that it is the "fifteenth edition with additions," and it is "printed for G. Keith in Gracechurch Street, 1775." On the other hand, the "Address to the Christian Reader" is signed, without date, by a certain "Christopher Perin," who states that, though "the author's name is not prefixed, his piety these heavenly breathings speak; which being found by a person of no mean degree, among the writings of an eminent divine, have been by him communicated only to his dearest relations, as a celestial dove to carry the olive-branch of peace unto their souls." A copy fell, so Perin says, into his hands, and he published it. Such are the indications on which Mr. Loftie had to work, and the only Christopher Perin on whom he has been able to light is one of whom he learns from Le Neve's *Fasti* that he "occupied a Stall in Winchester Cathedral Church and died before the year 1610, having held the prebend above twenty-seven years." Mr. Loftie contends that two perfectly different theories may be formed out of these facts—one being that the Perin of the book was the Prebendary of Winchester, and therefore the editor of the lost first edition; the other, that he was some unknown bearer of the same name of a later generation, who floated that fifteenth edition of the year 1775, from the sole existing copy of which, as we have explained, this reprint has been made. For our own part, taking the facts as stated by Mr. Loftie, we have no doubt that the first is the only tenable hypothesis. Not only would the latter one imply that the copy of the book which came into Perin's hands was one of the printed editions, which would be a very strained meaning to put upon his words, and that somehow he had an unexplained familiarity with the circumstances of its composition, but there is the internal evidence of his own phraseology, which seems to carry its own date with it. The extract which we have given is in itself enough to prove that his style is natural to a writer of the end of Elizabeth's and beginning of James I.'s reign, while it would have been simply impossible to a contemporary of Dr. Johnson. Moreover, the book ends with "Pious Reflections of a Devout Reader," who is made to apostrophize the "blessed author" with the question "Art thou yet alive?" composed in language which the original Perin might have used, but which is inconceivable from the pen of a Georgian editor. These considerations, however, are far from exhausting the difficulties attending the book. The total destruction and absolute oblivion which have attended fourteen editions, and the all but total loss of the fifteenth, would be very puzzling, while we have only the word of the publisher of the latter for the existence of those fourteen. The only thing certain from internal evidence is the correspondence in date between the portion which professes to come from the pen of Perin and that which he attributes to the unknown author. This correspondence would, of course, be intelligible if the whole book were in reality the production of "Perin" himself—whether "Perin" were the Prebendary or some later namesake—just as it would be found under the first of Mr. Loftie's conjectures. In our ignorance of G. Keith's antecedents, it might not be uncharitable to go one step further in our conjectures, and ask whether it is quite certain that the fourteen editions had any existence except on his title-page? If they have not, and if, as is quite possible, he may have got possession of the Perin MS., or have been imposed upon by some literary man who had done so, the difficulty is reduced to the disappearance of the 1775 edition, which may, after all, have been an abortive publication. There is yet another incident about the book which may give some clue to the mystery. Various authors, as might have been expected in a work of its date, are quoted in the course of the excellent "Breathings"; but we have failed to discover any of a later date than St. Bernard. Such a peculiarity in a book of devotion written in England about the close of the sixteenth or beginning of the seventeenth century can be most readily explained by supposing that the writer's sympathies were not much with the Reformation; and in this case there may have been good reasons both for suspending publication and for some mystification respecting the authorship.

M. Rambaud's valuable History of Russia (5) was reviewed at length in our columns last year, when we observed that "M. Rambaud does not pretend to give an exhaustive account of the details of Russian history. He occupies himself with the causes that bring about events, and with the events that tend to shape the causes." In the course of our remarks on that occasion, we called attention to the various points of interest which offer themselves in M. Rambaud's work, and it is now not necessary to do more than to point out the fact that Mrs. Lang's translation has made the book accessible to all English readers. We must, however, give a word of special praise to the translator's easy and correct style. The volumes are adorned with well-executed illustrations.

A new and enlarged edition has appeared of Messrs. Northcote and Brownlow's authorized compilation from the well-known and valuable works of Commendatore de Rossi on the Roman Catacombs (6). The additions to this revised version of the work are mainly the incorporation of the substance of the third volume of De Rossi's work which appeared in 1877. Also marginal references to De Rossi are given, and a separate volume, uniform with the one before us, and already reviewed in these columns, is devoted to the inscriptions of the Catacombs. A letter from Commendatore de Rossi, printed in the preface, serves to answer the charge of inaccuracy which has been brought against the compilers and translators.

Messrs. Bell have issued a most handy and well got-up edition of that most delightful book the *Essays of Elia* (7). It is possible that those who know and love their Elia will prefer their own well-thumbed copy, if it is not in absolute tatters, to any new one, however convenient; but readers who are yet in darkness as to Lamb will find themselves attracted by the outside excellence of this edition before they are fascinated by its contents.

Attempts to combine instruction with jocosity are not, as a rule, desirable or successful. It is fair to Mr. Drury to say that in his venture in this direction (8) there are one or two amusing

(2) *The Students' Reminder and Pupils' Help in preparing for a Public Examination.* By Thomas Marsh, Author of "An English Grammar," &c. London: Stevens & Haynes.

(3) *First Latin Book.* By F. W. Haslam, B.A., Second Master of United Service College, Westward Hô. London: Whittaker & Co. Rugby: A. J. Lawrence. 1878.

(4) *Divine Breathings; or, a Pious Soul thirsting after Christ in a Hundred Pathetical Meditations.* London: Pickering & Co. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co. 1879.

(5) *The History of Russia; from the earliest times to 1877.* By Alfred S. Rambaud, Professeur à la Faculté des Lettres à Nancy, &c. Translated by Leonora B. Lang. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(6) *Roma Sotterranea; or, an Account of the Roman Catacombs.* Compiled from the Works of Commendatore de Rossi, with the consent of the Author, by the Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, D.D., and the Rev. W. R. Brownlow, M.A. New Edition, re-written and greatly enlarged. London: Longmans & Co.

(7) *Essays of Elia and Eliana.* By Charles Lamb. With a Memoir by Barry Cornwall. 2 vols. London: Bell & Sons.

(8) *Drury's Comical French Grammar; or, French in an Amusing Point of View.* By Edward James Drury, Author of "Double-Entry Book-keeping at a Glance," &c. London: George Rivers.

hits, but that is about all [illegible]. As a whole, the work will neither amuse nor teach its readers. Those who want really to learn will be bored by the constant attempts at joking; those who want to be amused will probably seek entertainment elsewhere.

A seventh edition has appeared of Dr. Abbotts's pamphlet on impediments of speech (9). What Dr. Abbotts says on this matter is sensible, if commonplace; but it is somewhat remarkable that the promise of the title-page is practically but half fulfilled. Dr. Abbotts tells us a good deal about the causes of these impediments; as to their cure, he tells us that Dr. Abbotts can effect it, and very little more. No doubt it is impossible to recommend in writing any general remedy for an affection which takes such various forms, and which is at present so little understood. Many quacks—among whom Dr. Abbotts is not to be classed—have taken up the matter, and have advertised wonderful cures for stuttering and stammering, which have been invariably unsuccessful. The truth, which Dr. Abbotts recognizes, and even insists upon, is that almost every case requires a special treatment. We remember being told by an old West-countryman, who was especially clear of speech, that he had been an inveterate stammerer in his youth, and had cured himself by resolving to repeat one of the Psalms straight through every morning, and whenever he had odd time to fill up, without hesitation. There is of course little doubt that most forms of exercise in reading or speaking aloud will effect a temporary improvement, although a permanent cure is very rare. Our objection to Dr. Abbotts's pamphlet is that it really throws no new light on the subject, although it must be credited with the negative merit of recommending no quack remedies.

Mr. Hamilton ends a slightly tedious preface to his work on the Poets-Laureate of England (10) by an appeal to critics to be merciful as they are strong. "Blame me not," he writes, "if the flavour do not suit your palate, for here is no pretension to the poetry of a Hogg nor the philosophy of Bacon." Before so curiously-worded and so candid a confession we feel ourselves disarmed, and will merely do Mr. Hamilton the justice of quoting his judgment upon Mr. Tennyson. "Tennyson's poetry will eventually be treated in much the same way as posterity has dealt with that written by the more admired of his predecessors. His longer works will become standard classics, read by thoughtful students, and the few people who really care for good poetry, and who can and will spare the time to ponder over its beauties. Some of his grandest passages will appear as disjointed extracts in school books and ladies' albums, whilst by the general public his name will be remembered chiefly in connexion with the brief and more trivial productions of his pen; and poems by which he now sets little store will then probably be chosen as examples of his skill." The gift of prophecy is a rare and wondrous thing.

A second edition has appeared of a little work (11) written by one who has evidently studied Mr. Tennyson's writings with the utmost care and minuteness, and has given in this volume some of the results of his researches. Amongst other things of interest the volume contains some curious instances of parallel passages in "In Memoriam" and Shakspeare's sonnets.

Mrs. Heaton's work in editing the *British Painters* (12) of Allan Cunningham, whom she calls "our shrewd Scottish Vasari," has been done with care and skill. No alteration beyond mere verbal correction has been made in the original text, but a good deal that is useful has been added in foot-notes. Mrs. Heaton may be congratulated on the success of her work as editor, and on the interesting Life of Cunningham which she has prefixed to the biographies.

The same publishers gives us a new edition of Mr. Redgrave's Dictionary of English Artists (13), a work of which the value has long been recognized.

The many admirers of Mr. Locker's verses (14) may perhaps be disappointed at finding that a new book bearing his name contains but a small proportion of his own work. The volume is, in fact, a selection from his commonplace book of stories, verses, and reflections which, when they were originally collected, he had no idea of publishing. In such a work there must of course be some stories that are not absolutely new; but almost all of these are so good that we are glad to meet with them again and to know that they are preserved. Of the stories that are new by far the best to our thinking is that of Mr. Doo and his "little book," which will be found in p. 125. In p. 77 Mr. Locker gives four of the titles supplied by Hood for sham books:—"Percy Vere," in forty volumes; "Life of Zimmermann," by himself; "Tadpoles, or Tales out of my own Head"; "Voltaire, Volney, Volta," three vols. Surely "Cursory Remarks on Swearing" was worthy to be ranked with these.

(9) *Impediments of Speech—Stammering, Stuttering, Lisping, &c.: their Causes and Cure.* By William Abbotts, M.D. Seventh Edition. London: G. J. Pitman.

(10) *The Poets-Laureate of England.* By Walter Hamilton. London: Elliot Stock.

(11) *Tennysoniana.* Second Edition, revised and enlarged. London: Pickering & Co.

(12) *The Lives of the Most Eminent British Painters.* By Allan Cunningham. Revised Edition. Annotated and continued to the present time by Mrs. Charles Heaton. London: George Bell & Sons.

(13) *A Dictionary of Artists of the English School: Painters, Sculptors, Architects, Engravers, and Ornamentists.* With Notices of their Lives and Work. By Samuel Redgrave. New Edition, Revised to the present date. London: George Bell & Sons.

(14) *Patchwork.* By Frederick Locker. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

Professor Morley has issued a new edition of his Life of Palissy (15). He observes that when the book first appeared in 1852 practically nothing was known of Palissy in England. "Even in France one who then knew his whole worth remarked, 'How completely Palissy has remained unknown, to the peasants whose tongue he employed so well—to the wise men whose science he should have reformed.'" It was necessary, therefore, in former editions to include much matter which is now either abridged or omitted. The new edition is welcome, and will doubtless be widely appreciated.

Mr. O'Flanagan's book (16) reminds us somewhat of the Prince's comment on Falstaff's reckoning. There are some very good stories in it, as one would naturally expect in a book dealing with such a subject, but there is also an intolerable deal of dulness.

We cannot, we fear, compliment Captain Chawner highly on his translations (17). He appears to have very little knowledge of the laws of rhyme and metre, and without some learning in this direction it is not altogether easy to produce good verses. Here is a stanza from "Lenore" by way of a specimen:—

> But hark! without, trot, trot, trot heard
> As of a charger's gallop,
> The clank as of a knight that spurred,
> And at the postern drew up.
> And hark! and hark! that portal's ring,
> Then soft and gentle, ting, ting, ting,
> There came in at the gate
> These sounds articulate.

Miss Edwards, in a little volume which she announces as the first of three series (18), gives us various selections from English poetry, chiefly lyrical, beginning with Chaucer and ending with Gray and Cowper. The second series is to begin with Burns and come down to to-day, and the third is to contain specimens of English prose. The hope of the compiler that the three volumes taken together will "afford a pleasant bird's-eye view ranging over nearly five hundred years of English literature," is perhaps a trifle extravagant; but it may at least be said that the selections in the first of the series have been made with judgment, and that the notes are on the whole excellent. We must, however, protest against their writer making, even "with much diffidence," an alteration which seems utterly weak and needless, and which does not pretend to be supported by any authority, in a line of Burton's ode "On Melancholy." The love of emendation seems to be growing to such proportions that it will soon have to be classed as a new vice, and we are sorry to find it encouraged in a volume which otherwise has much to recommend it.

The publisher's note to the two volumes extracted from Mr. Spedding's well-known edition of Bacon's (19) occasional writings shows what would otherwise only be apparent from the spelling adopted, that the work is originally American. The note explains that the work was projected and executed to meet what was believed to be the demand among American readers for a biography of Bacon, which "should present the result of the most thorough criticism and inquiry, and include so much of contemporary history as is needed to give the life its proper setting. . . . The editor of this American abridgment has followed Mr. Spedding's order and authority in all points; his part has been to retain those portions which he judges to be of most interest to American readers." The result of this is that the commentary has become the most important part of the work, the writings serving only to illustrate it. It is certainly true that in any popular and brief Life of Bacon most of the letters are not necessary to the reader, although they are to the writer. The work was undertaken with Mr. Spedding's permission; and, when the selections had been made, he revised and corrected them; so that "the book as it now stands may be regarded as embodying the editor's conception of what would be chosen by an American reader who should judiciously skip in his reading of the original work, and Mr. Spedding's final literary revision." Such a work has an obvious and undoubted value, and ought to find many readers here as well as in America.

(15) *Palissy the Potter: the Life of Bernard Palissy of Saintes.* By Henry Morley. New Edition. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

(16) *The Irish Bar; comprising Anecdotes, Bon-mots, and Biographical Sketches of the Bench and Bar of Ireland.* By J. Roderick O'Flanagan, Barrister-at-Law. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(17) *Gleanings from the German and French Poets.* By Edward Chawner, late Captain 77th Regiment, D.C.O. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

(18) *A Poetry-Book of Elder Poets; consisting of Songs and Sonnets, Odes and Lyrics.* Selected and Arranged, with Notes, from the Works of the Elder English Poets, by Amelia B. Edwards. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

(19) *An Account of the Life and Times of Francis Bacon.* Extracted from the Edition of his Occasional Writings by James Spedding. 2 vols. London: Trübner & Co.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

PARIS.

Copies of the Saturday Review *may be obtained every Saturday of* M. Fotheringham, 8 *Rue Neuve des Capucines.*

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

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THE ZULU WAR.

THE defeat of the head-quarter column of the troops operating against the Zulus is the heaviest disaster which has been incurred by an English force since the destruction of General ELPHINSTONE's army in the retreat from Cabul. The valiant resistance offered to overwhelming superiority of numbers might afford a melancholy consolation, if the heroism of the officers and men had not illustrated the strategical blunders which gave occasion to its display. If it is true that the enemy numbered twenty thousand men, the force which has been utterly crushed must have been dangerously weak. Lord CHELMSFORD's conjecture that the troops had been enticed away from the camp will no doubt hereafter receive further explanation. Rorke's Drift Fort, which seems to be the same place with the camp, was successfully defended by a handful of men, until it was relieved by Colonel GLYN with the remainder of the head-quarter column. For the present it must be assumed that the officer in command of the camp had been induced by a feint of the enemy to take the offensive, and that he unexpectedly found himself in the presence of the main Zulu army. It is useless to deplore a humiliating calamity which will probably have changed the whole character of the war. The English army has been compelled to recross the border; and the campaign will be suspended until the arrival of reinforcements from Mauritius or from home. In the meantime serious danger is apprehended in Natal and in Pondoland; and there can be no doubt that the confidence of the Zulus and of other Caffre tribes will be dangerously increased. As in the case of the loss of the army of Cabul, military failure will affect the general judgment of the policy of the war. Yet in one sense the Zulus have justified the declaration of war by proving that they are formidable enemies. The reasons assigned for the rupture were obviously fictitious; and those who objected to the war were sometimes inclined to deny the existence of a danger which now appears to have been underrated.

Sir BARTLE FRERE probably hoped, in the interest of humanity, as well as for more selfish reasons, that the war would be successful and short. In his declaration of war he announced, in language which has almost become a common form, that he was at war not with the Zulu nation, but with the KING alone. As the tribe had to suffer all the consequences of hostility, the distinctions had little meaning. Lord LYTTON lately gave a similar explanation of his motives for invading Afghan territory; and his statement has been partially confirmed by the flight of the AMEER and the submission of some border tribes. Even the German Government, in beginning the war with France, professed to have no quarrel except with the EMPEROR; and after the establishment of the Republic simple-minded French politicians were unable to understand why the siege of Paris and the occupation of the conquered provinces continued. In Zululand, as in Afghanistan, the native ruler has perhaps disaffected subjects who might have been inclined to take the part of the invader if he had proved himself the stronger. There is no other reason for professing special enmity to the KING. CETEWAYO has furnished no excuse for war except his representing and directing a military organization, which was always alarming to his neighbours, [illegible] and which now proves itself unexpectedly formidable. He always professed friendship to the English until he was offended, and perhaps puzzled, by the annexation of the Transvaal. Before that event he had regarded the English authorities as his friends and allies, and he lately accepted the arbitration of the Natal Government in his frontier dispute with the Dutch settlers. The award is to a considerable extent a recognition of the justice of his claims; and there is no reason to doubt that he would have acquiesced in the result of the reference.

Public attention will now be concentrated on transactions which have hitherto attracted only a languid and intermittent curiosity. If the melancholy catastrophe announced in the late despatches could have been anticipated, either the war would have been postponed or greater care would have been taken to prove that it was urgently necessary. The formal exposition of the causes and objects of the war varied in some respects from the earlier document in which the HIGH COMMISSIONER had demanded redress; but, except in the omission of some trivial pretexts of quarrel, it was not more forcible or more convincing. It was apparently thought, on fuller consideration, that the detention of two sketching Englishmen for an hour and a half was not an adequate justification of war. Sir BARTLE FRERE also omitted in the declaration of war to mention the border award, perhaps because it was not unsatisfactory to the Zulu KING. The only offence of which he still formally complains is the seizure by a subordinate chief of two Zulu women who are supposed to have been afterwards put to death. Even in this case CETEWAYO was willing to pay damages; but he failed to comply with the HIGH COMMISSIONER's demand that he should surrender the perpetrators of the outrage for trial. It might have been thought that, if his offer was unsatisfactory, there was still room for negotiation. It must be difficult to ascertain whether the KING is so far absolute that he can with safety and in conformity with the national usages surrender a subordinate chief to be punished for an act which is probably not considered as a crime. If the women were accused of infidelity, it may perhaps have been a point of honour to inflict upon them the penalty of their misconduct. The real offence against the English Government was confined to a violation of territory which could scarcely have created an inconvenient precedent if it had been followed by payment of compensation; yet Sir BARTLE FRERE takes the opportunity, not merely to demand further satisfaction, but to insist on the harsh terms which he had already announced his intention of imposing. The war could only have been averted by the disbandment of the Zulu army, and on the more singular condition of a fundamental change in the local law of marriage. As the married men are not released from military service, it would seem that the removal of existing restrictions would have afforded no additional security for peace. Sir BARTLE FRERE's later Memorandum adds nothing to his Proclamation, if indeed it does not rather weaken its effect by reference to grievances of old date and to vague complaints of CETEWAYO's tyrannical despotism.

It has been customary from time immemorial to publish fictitious apologies for wars which may not always have been unjust. It is difficult to believe that Sir BARTLE FRERE would have engaged in a contest which may be costly and difficult without more solid reasons than

the recapture by their relatives of two female fugitives. The colonial opinion that war was necessary or expedient is not founded on grounds so transparently frivolous. It is difficult to understand why a document which was intended for the satisfaction of the HIGH COMMISSIONER'S countrymen in England, in South Africa should not have been more candid, and consequently more intelligible: The only admissible justification of the war would be the duty of providing for the public safety. The Zulu KING had a large army on the frontier of the Transvaal with no employment or purpose expect the invasion of the province at some unknown time. The most plausible declarations of war in modern Europe have often been preceded by demands for the reduction of menacing armaments; and in some instances the combatant who has been the first to engage in war has been really acting on the defensive. CETEWAYO would not have failed to understand a notice that he could not be allowed to menace the safety of the neighbouring colonies; and if savages have in a rudimentary form the understanding and feelings of civilized men, a practical and intelligible argument would have been less irritating than an artificial pretext. If the Zulu KING had consented to partial or complete disarmament, the proposed change in the Zulu marriage laws might well have been reserved for further negotiation. Colonial interests cannot be injuriously affected by institutions which tend to check the growth of the Zulu population.

Paradoxical transactions generally admit of explanation; and Sir BARTLE FRERE'S character entitles him to provisional confidence. His case has still to be fully stated, although he has given CETEWAYO all the information to which he deems him to be entitled. The Blue-book just published shows the caution and reluctance with which the Government at home accepted the conclusion at which he had arrived. There is little advantage in reverting to the original and indirect cause of the quarrel. Lord CARNARVON'S annexation of the Transvaal has precipitated a collision which might perhaps have been in any case unavoidable. A principal object of the measure was to acquire control of the relations between the Transvaal and their savage neighbours. The Dutch farmers often gave provocation to the Zulus, and there can be no doubt that they sustained injuries in turn. Lord CARNARVON and Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE thought that an impartial authority would check encroachments on both sides. It had not been foreseen that the English Government, which had formerly maintained friendly relations with the Zulus, would command less confidence when its interests were identified with those of the Transvaal. CETEWAYO'S Spartan institutions had been regarded with toleration as long as he was friendly to the English in Natal, and while he refrained from actual invasion of the Transvaal. It is now impossible that he should employ his army against any but an English enemy. The advocates of annexation argue, not without reason, that even while the Transvaal Republic retained its independence a neighbouring State of European descent would not have allowed it to be crushed by savages. The Dutch had shown unexpected inability to defend themselves against a less formidable adversary, and if a Zulu war was inevitable, it might have been inconvenient to act in concert with independent allies. At present the war itself, in a sense, supersedes all inquiry into its causes. The tranquillity of the neighbouring provinces will undoubtedly be promoted by the dissolution of the Zulu army, which must be an ultimate result of the war, unless the enterprise which has begun so inauspiciously ends in total failure. International casuistry has not yet defined by any general formula the cases in which an offensive war is justifiable against a barbarous enemy who cannot be trusted. The time of the present war was chosen when there was a comparatively strong force in South Africa, and before the crops have been gathered. It was hoped that the enemy might be compelled to yield through inability to replenish his stores of weapons and provisions. It could not be foreseen that his wants would be largely supplied by the capture of an English convoy.

THE BEGINNING OF THE SESSION.

THE real work of the Session began on Thursday night, when the respective leaders of the two Houses of Parliament unfolded the list of measures which the Government intends to propose, and some of which it may hope to carry. It was, however, impossible that home subjects should engross the attention of Parliament on the first night of its meeting for ordinary business. The disaster in South Africa was a topic of too absorbing an interest to be omitted, and the Ministry gave explanations of their South African policy, which were not meant to be complete, but which were sufficient for the purpose immediately in hand. It was satisfactory to learn that they had sent Lord CHELMSFORD all the reinforcements he asked for before the war began, and have now despatched with creditable promptitude a larger force than he anticipated would be necessary to retrieve the disaster he has experienced. What probably had more of novelty for their hearers was that the Ministerial speakers made it clear that the Home Government, far from seeking the war, had earnestly deprecated it. The papers showing the latest communications between the Cape and England have not as yet been printed; but, from the assertions of the representatives of the Cabinet, it would certainly appear probable that, if there had been telegraphic communication with the Cape, there would have been no war. It is Sir BARTLE FRERE and the colonists, and not the QUEEN'S Ministers, who are primarily responsible for the war, whether necessary or unnecessary. Now the Government has no choice but to place the resources of the Empire at the disposal of those who are engaged in carrying on the campaign. In precisely the same way, when communications between England and India were tedious and uncertain, the Court of Directors found themselves over and over again committed to wars of which they did not approve, but in which they found themselves involved by the zeal, the foresight, or the ambition of their distant subordinates. On the vexed subject of Turkey there was little to be said that was new on either side. The provisions of the Treaty of Berlin are being slowly carried out, and Lord BEACONSFIELD cannot be contradicted when he asserts that the postponement of Turkish reform is due, not to the SULTAN'S want of will, but to his want of power. Lord HARTINGTON, on the other hand, took the opportunity of disavowing the absurd notion that a great English political party thinks that it would be possible or right to ignore or set aside a treaty made in the name of the nation. The real contest between the opposing parties is as to what shall be done when the treaty has been nominally executed. But it may be observed that every day the Government and the Opposition are coming nearer to an agreement on this head. We now hear nothing of the fulfilment of the expectations of those sanguine Turks of Lord SANDON'S acquaintance who were enraptured with the thought that the English were coming. We hear nothing of guaranteeing loans to Turkey, which a short time ago Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE contemplated as a possibility. As to Cyprus, it is represented as susceptible of improvement, but as capable of itself finding the necessary funds for the task; and the controversy as to the harbour has dwindled into the assertion, which the evidence of experts may be taken to have established as true, that, if we ever chose to make a harbour there, we could make a fairly good one. The British Government, in short, will be satisfied when it has accomplished its main object of getting the Russians out of what remains of Turkey, and the British taxpayer will not be asked to incur new burdens in order to fortify Turkey or to renovate Cyprus. This is a very modest programme as compared with that which was put forward last summer, not so much by the Government as on its behalf; and it is not easy to see how it varies from that which the Opposition would pursue if it came into office.

The list of Ministerial measures contains all that it was expected to contain, and nothing of much importance that it was not expected to contain, all projects of dealing with an Irish University having been prudently abandoned. Two of the proposed measures are outside the field of political controversy. The portion of the Mutiny Act which constitutes an army code has been the subject of an exhaustive consideration bestowed on it by a Select Committee; and while no one thinks for a moment of withdrawing the army from the annual control of Parliament, no one can deny that it is in the highest degree expedient that there should be a permanent code of military discipline. The consolidation of the Criminal Code is equally removed from the sphere of political controversy, and every one allows that a satisfactory Criminal Code would be a great national advantage. But although, as Lord HARTINGTON remarked, these Bills

are not so much Government Bills as Bills which it falls on the existing Government to conduct in their passage through Parliament, it is obvious that a very great part of the time which Parliament has at its disposal may be spent in carrying them. Irish members have taken the cause of the refractory soldiers under their special protection, and a code of permanent discipline will necessarily be exposed to their long and pertinacious criticism. Sir HENRY JAMES hinted, too, at what may prove a serious obstacle in the path of the Criminal Code. It is not the business of the framers of this Code to legislate. They have to state with accuracy the existing law. But part of the existing law is absurd or obsolete, and Parliament may hesitate to give what will seem a new sanction to provisions of which it disapproves. On the other hand, if it once begins to mend the Code, and to make it express, not what the law is, but what the law ought to be, the topics of animated and protracted discussion which will be suggested will be endless. Among the Government Bills which are really the creations of the Government the chief is perhaps the Bankruptcy Bill. This being in the hands of the CHANCELLOR will be begun in the House of Lords, and the criticisms it will there provoke may do much to clear up matters of controversy before the Bill reaches the Commons. Unless, however, the Bill as it finally leaves the Lords is generally recognized as the best Bill that can be hoped for, it will afford so ample a field for difference of opinion that to carry it through the Commons in the hurried hours of a closing Session will be a work of extreme difficulty. As the term for which the Railway Commission was created expires this year, it will be indispensable during the present Session to dispose of the many thorny questions raised by the existence, the composition, and the powers of that curious tribunal. The Government has also made up its mind, apart from the field of legislation, to raise and settle after its own plan the delicate and debatable issues involved in the adoption of new rules for the conduct of Parliamentary business, and in the payment of the cost of the Afghan war. The House of Commons is to begin its labours by determining its own procedure, and it is announced that India is to bear the whole cost of the war, but is to be aided by a temporary loan from England of two millions without interest. We have to add the Army and Navy Estimates, the Budget, and the questions which are sure to crop up when the period for the final execution of the Treaty of Berlin arrives, and it will readily appear that, even in what has been already enumerated, the Government has enough work for a very arduous Session.

But the measures mentioned above are a very small fraction of what the Government proposes. In all it has no less than eighteen Bills ready for the consideration of Parliament, if Parliament will but find the time or show the disposition to consider them. Of these it may be supposed that those which both leaders took the trouble to announce are considered by the Government as the most important. Those noticed by Lord BEACONSFIELD, as well as by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, were a Summary Jurisdiction Bill, a County Boards Bill, our very old friend the Valuation Bill, a Grand Juror Bill for Ireland, and a Poor-law Bill for Scotland. As Lord BEACONSFIELD said in his ironical way, he would rejoice if, when the QUEEN closes the Session, all those measures had become law. But no one can hope that this source of legitimate pleasure will be granted him. Among the minor measures announced only in the House of Commons were a Corrupt Practices Bill and a Bill for regulating the national contribution to Public Loans. The first of these in view of an approaching election, and the second in view of the derangement of national finance caused by the increase of the floating debt, will probably be passed. All parties agree that they are matters as to which something must be done, and done soon. Then there is to be a measure about banks, from which all grand notions of remodelling our banking system are to be excluded, and which is to aim at nothing more than to give banks new facilities for limiting, if they wish, their liabilities. The only opposition that such a Bill will provoke will be that of theorists unacquainted with banking business, who will urge that their hobbies ought to be included in it. Lastly, there is ready for Parliament, if Parliament would like to see it, a Bill as to the liability of employers for the accidents befalling their workmen. This is a measure which the ATTORNEY-GENERAL last Session promised to take into his own hands. But he now candidly owns that, when he came to carry out in detail his undertaking, he found that what he was asked to help in enacting was so absurd, so little needed, and so dangerous, that he handed the whole affair over to the HOME SECRETARY. A Bill on which the chief Law Officer has passed this anticipatory criticism is certainly a legislative blossom of very precarious promise. What the rest of the eighteen Bills may be about is equally unknown and immaterial. The prospect of an electioneering contest evidently looms before the eyes of the Government. If it is reproached with being ambitious and expensive, it will reply that it is not mixing itself up with the internal affairs of Turkey, that it does not wish to spend a penny of English money on Cyprus, and that it is not the Government, but the Opposition, that seeks to shift the burden of our Indian war from Indian to English shoulders. If it is reproached with the barrenness of its domestic legislation, it will triumphantly retort that the reproach is ludicrous when addressed to a Government which has eighteen Bills all ready by the beginning of a Session.

GERMANY.

THE opening of the Session of the German Parliament was graced by the attendance of the EMPEROR in person, who appeared before the deputies for the first time after his dangers and illness. This appeal to the loyalty of Germany received a cordial answer, and the Parliament gave an adequate expression to the affectionate interest with which the country regards an old man who has always tried to do his duty, and has lately suffered in its discharge. In his Speech the EMPEROR took an opportunity of thanking his son for his recent management of affairs; and such a recognition of the merits of the CROWN PRINCE could not have come from any one in a lower position than his father. The great pleasure with which he stated himself to have watched the efforts of the Parliament to repress Socialism was also, no doubt, a manifestation of personal feeling. But the rest of the Speech could scarcely have been different had it come from the lips of Prince BISMARCK. Some topics of foreign policy were touched on, but the bulk of the Speech referred to home affairs. Germany will do her best to carry out the Berlin Treaty, and to see it carried out. Regrets were expressed at the spread of the plague in Russia and at the stringent measures of precaution which have been adopted by Germany to secure herself against contagion. At the earliest possible moment all new barriers between two nations which ought to be on the most friendly footing with each other will be removed. Some slightly greater interest was probably felt by his audience in what the EMPEROR had to say as to the alteration of the Treaty of Prague. The fifth article, by which the prospect was held out of a retrocession of a part of North Schleswig to Denmark in conformity with a popular vote, was exclusively the invention of France, and was inserted in a convention between Austria and Prussia to please the Emperor NAPOLEON. No one in France now cares for an article which had never anything to do with French interests, and Austria had no motive or power to enforce it. If Prince BISMARCK thought it worth while to have the article abrogated, there was no one interested in refusing his wishes. The only curiosity that could be felt was as to the reason that would be alleged for now formally putting an end to the article. It appears that Prince BISMARCK professes himself tired of negotiating with Denmark on the subject of North Schleswig. These negotiations have been entirely fruitless, and they could not possibly be otherwise, as Prince BISMARCK never had the remotest intention of letting territory he had once acquired slip out of his fingers. Decency, however, compelled him to go through the wearisome farce of discussing with Denmark whether the fifth article of the Treaty of Prague might not possibly mean something. The farce has now got wearisome, and Prince BISMARCK is too much bored with it to let it go on. This, at least, is the light in which he likes to put this small matter before the world. No change of policy is to be gathered from it, no new intricacy of alliance with Austria, nor any special displeasure with Denmark. It is merely

that Prince BISMARCK, like the editor of a newspaper, has had enough of a particular correspondence, and intimates that letter-writing on the special subject must cease.

All doubt was removed by the Speech as to Prince BISMARCK's determination to restore or invent protective duties. The EMPEROR was made to say that he had not observed that the departure from the old system under which the Zollverein flourished had done any good to any one. There is a deficit in the German Budget, and it is proposed that up to the 1st of April next the proportion of the deficit belonging to the previous period shall be made good by assessing the allied States in an augmented contribution. But the allied States do not by any means like these augmented contributions, and therefore, as a permanent measure, some other means of making good the deficit must be found. It must be assumed that Germany is not going to balance her Budget by reducing expenditure. She must, or thinks she must, have a very large army, and the cost of this army becomes yearly greater. Prince BISMARCK must have more money, and how is he to get it? Any temporary increase of revenue would give him no comfort, and the position of the Empire will always seem to him insecure unless it can reckon on having enough money for its needs, and unless this happy state of things is the result not of a casual vote, but of a recognized and unquestioned system of finance. After making several experiments in other directions, and having failed in them; after suggesting schemes for a tobacco monopoly and for a new duty on beer, and finding that Parliament would not entertain his projects, he has at last made up his mind that protective Custom duties are the only sources of increased revenue of which he can practically get hold. Probably Prince BISMARCK does not see any very great advantage in Free-trade. He and his master may be expressing their real sentiments when it is said that Germany got on very well before Free-trade was heard of, and can get on very well without it now. But the PRINCE does not rest his protectionist proposals on any theoretical basis. If it could be shown that they were in themselves bad, and he could be made to admit that in the long run they must diminish the national wealth, he would not the less insist on them. At any rate they will give him some money. He cannot get money in any other way, and money he must have.

The proposed Bill which has provoked by anticipation so much hostile criticism, and which is generally known as the Muzzling Bill, was referred to with so much cautious vagueness that until it is known in what shape it will be finally presented to Parliament, it is useless to conjecture how much opposition it will provoke. But it seems probable that it will not be the cause of any serious conflict. Its most objectionable clauses are said to have been removed during its passage through the Federal Council; and Prince BISMARCK is rumoured to have stated that he did not care whether it was passed or not, as its only object was to give Parliament proper powers, and if Parliament does not wish to have such powers, that is its business, and not his. The scheme of protectionist finance stands on a very different footing, and there is every appearance that Prince BISMARCK means to carry it; and that, if he really means this, he will succeed. If political economy is to be looked on as concerned with what men practically do in regard to wealth, and not only with what they ought to do if they wished to be as wealthy as possible, it may be taken as an axiom of political economy that great military expenditure leads to protective duties. Immediately after the German war, France largely increased its protective duties. Russia since its recent efforts is engaged in making its exaggerated system of protection still more extreme. Austria, Italy, and now Germany, are getting more and more protectionist as the burdens of their enormous armies press on them more severely. The reason for this is a most serious obstacle in the way of general Free-trade. It is serious precisely because it is a practical, not a theoretical, reason. The money, it is alleged, and apparently with truth, cannot be got in any other way. Nations will only stand a certain amount of rational taxation; and if more money is wanted, recourse is had to foolish taxation. The proper answer to Prince BISMARCK is not to show the advantages of Free-trade, but to suggest new taxes in harmony with Free-trade, and to express the readiness of Parliament to impose them. This is exactly what Prince BISMARCK calculates none of the leaders of the Free-trade Opposition can or will do. He will propose a duty on iron and a duty on cereals; and the manufacturers, although they may dislike dear food, and the agriculturists, although they may dread dear tools and machinery, will vote with him rather than submit to new taxes which they altogether detest. The arguments, in short, by which the revival of protection is defended in the great military States of the Continent are very much the same as those by which the Governments of Italy and Spain defend the maintenance of lotteries. Moralists easily prove that lotteries are immoral; but those Governments assert that their taxpayers will pay money for lotteries which they would not pay for anything else. Morality retires shocked, but dumb, and Free-trade unhappily finds itself in something of the same position.

EASTERN AFFAIRS.

THE signature of the definitive treaty between Russia and Turkey is doubly reassuring, both as it removes immediate pretexts for a fresh rupture, and because it will be at once followed by the withdrawal of the Russian army. When the troops have once returned to their own country, the Russian Government will not, except for urgent motives, undertake a new invasion. Experience shows that financial difficulties are seldom allowed to interfere with the progress of a struggle which has once been commenced; but the late war of conquest would not have been undertaken if the depression which is its consequence had then existed. Less than a year has passed since the rapid advance of the Russian army towards the capital caused great and reasonable alarm. The fall of Constantinople was probably averted only by the entrance of the English fleet into the Sea of Marmora; and there was reason to fear a collision which must have been followed by immediate war between England and Russia. The danger would scarcely have arisen if the Turkish Government had not neglected to construct in proper time the works of defence which had been designed by English engineers; but at one time the SULTAN and his advisers seemed disposed to abandon further attempts at resistance. One of the Turkish Plenipotentiaries who were sent to negotiate an armistice with the Russian COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF published in the sympathetic columns of a London Liberal paper a statement that his Government had resolved to abandon the English alliance and to enter into cordial relations with Russia. The Treaty of San Stefano seemed to record the utter prostration of Turkey at the feet of an implacable enemy; but the firmness of the English Government allowed breathing time; and the Treaty of Berlin superseded the capitulation of San Stefano. At a later time the conduct of some high Russian functionaries appeared to indicate a purpose of disregarding the conclusions of the Congress; but after some vacillation the Emperor ALEXANDER finally resolved to comply with his engagements. The definitive treaty seems, as far as its terms are known, to be comparatively moderate, except in the enormous fine imposed on the defeated belligerent. Although there may perhaps be some secret understanding as to the mode of liquidating the debt, no immediate pressure for payment of compensation is put upon the Porte; and the clauses of the Treaty of San Stefano which were not confirmed at Berlin are expressly declared to be invalid. The treaty may perhaps contain phrases inserted for the purpose of giving colour to Russian interference in the internal affairs of Turkey; but the practical pretensions of the stronger Power would in any case have been limited only by opportunity and convenience.

There is no reason to doubt that the difficulties which impede the organization of East Roumelia will be overcome, though both Russians and Bulgarians derive encouragement from the language of the English Opposition. There is little probability of a change of Government before the date at which the Russian army of occupation must evacuate the province; and it is certain that Lord BEACONSFIELD and his colleagues will not abandon the main position which they defended at Berlin. Their assailants have the disadvantage of being forced to adopt the Russian arguments, with the additional objection, which could scarcely have been raised by the Russians themselves, that East Roumelia will afford facilities for future Russian intrigue. The Russian Plenipotentiaries at Berlin, who attached primary importance to the extension of the

territory of Bulgaria to the limits provided by the Treaty of San Stefano, can scarcely have agreed with Mr. GLADSTONE, Sir W. HARCOURT, and Lord HARTINGTON that the division of the province is specially advantageous to themselves. The object of securing to the SULTAN the defensible frontier of the Balkan was better understood by Count SCHOUVALOFF than by the English critics of the treaty. The final conclusion of a solid and permanent peace would not be promoted by a capricious change of policy. If Lord GRANVILLE and Lord HARTINGTON were in office, they would almost certainly feel that it was their duty to require the full execution of the treaty. It is possible that the enlargement of Bulgarian territory might have been innocuous; but the separate organization of East Roumelia under the sovereignty of the SULTAN is also compatible with the maintenance of peace. The Duke of ARGYLL indeed remarks that the English Plenipotentiary agreed at the Conference of Constantinople to the concession of administrative autonomy to the Bulgarians north and south of the Balkans; but the province was, according to the scheme of the Conference, to be divided into two Vilayets, and both were to remain subject to the SULTAN. Events are rapidly justifying Lord BEACONSFIELD's announcement three months ago that the stipulations of the Treaty of Berlin would be strictly enforced. The districts which were to be ceded to Montenegro have already been transferred; and it only remains to create an administration in East Roumelia and to settle the frontier in Epirus and Thessaly. For some time past nothing has been heard of the disputes between Turkey and Austria with respect to Bosnia and Herzegovina. Before Midsummer the long and complicated controversy will have closed, to the embarrassment of politicians who hoped to keep the question open for use at the general election. A minor dispute between Russia and Roumania as to the delimitation of the frontier in the neighbourhood of Silistria will probably be settled to the disadvantage of the weaker litigant. Roumania forfeited by participation in an unjust war all claim to the good offices of England in the allocation of the spoils; but it is not altogether unsatisfactory that the alliance of the giant and the dwarf should produce analogous results to those of the fable. There is some reason to believe that the feelings of the Roumanian Government and people to their powerful patron are far from cordial.

After a time the unfriendly feelings which have been aroused both in England and Russia may probably subside. It is only for purposes of faction that hostility to Russia is affected as a claim to the favour of the English populace. And the Duke of ARGYLL, in his thoroughgoing apology for Russia, has not countenanced Mr. GLADSTONE's novel affectation of hostility to the most faultless and beneficent of European Powers. If Mr. GLADSTONE had been justified in the statement that Lord BEACONSFIELD's policy has tended to the aggrandizement of Russia, any supposed feeling of ill-will on the part of the English Government would have been forgiven in consideration of its results. It is, in fact, much easier to resume friendly relations with an antagonist who has made himself respected than with a helpless victim. The late conduct or inaction of the Russian Government during the Afghan war is a proof of deference, if not of friendship. The encroachments of a zealous functionary have been withdrawn and practically disavowed. If the position of the Russian Mission at Cabul had been only morally untenable, some excuse might perhaps have been found for its continuance; but the Russian Government was not disposed to undertake a conflict in Asia which would have been at the same time unjustifiable and hopeless. Asiatic potentates, large and small, are by this time convinced that, whatever may be the case in other parts of the world, the power of England preponderates on the frontier of India. Acquiescence in a Russian protectorate of Cabul could scarcely have failed to produce frequent causes of offence and eventual collision. The advance of the English army into the passes of Afghanistan has afforded a proof that contumacious chiefs must rely exclusively on their own resources. Opponents of the Indian policy of the Government contend that it would have been possible to secure the good-will of SHERE ALI, although he had for some years past lost no opportunity of displaying ill-will to the English Government.

Until the season allows the opening of a spring campaign it will not be known whether any extensive operations will be necessary in Afghanistan. In any event considerable expense will have been incurred, and it will be incumbent on the Government to apportion the cost between the English and Indian treasuries. In Europe preparations for war are no longer required. On the departure of the Russian troops from Turkish territory the English fleet will be withdrawn, and the naval force in the Mediterranean may probably be reduced. There will be no immediate motive for strengthening the slender garrison of Cyprus; and if official statements may be trusted, the expense of civil administration will not exceed the revenues of the island. The estimates of next year ought to bear little trace of recent political disturbance; and consequently the party which hopes to obtain office at the next election will perhaps find it difficult to keep alive popular interest in foreign politics. Parliament will be disinclined to revive discussions which are now barren; and, having repeatedly expressed an opinion in favour of the Government, it will not be inclined to acknowledge that it has been in the wrong. Demonstrations that the settlement of Turkey as it was arranged at Berlin must lead to war and revolution will produce little impression when there is a probability of continued peace. The Afghan war, as long as it lasts, may perhaps furnish a more legitimate occasion of controversy; but, if it ends without disaster, the good fortune of the Government will render attacks on its Eastern policy comparatively harmless. Thus far, notwithstanding the sanguine predictions of its enemies, the Government has not, in Europe and Asia, conspicuously failed either in diplomacy or in war.

MR. W. H. SMITH ON THE DEPRESSION OF TRADE.

MR. W. H. SMITH rightly devoted a large part of his speech at the Westminster Conservative dinner to the present depression in commercial affairs. Although fortune has placed Mr. SMITH at the head of one of the great spending departments, the country does not forget his antecedents any more than he does himself; and it naturally regards him as a principal representative of the business element in a Cabinet in which the business element is not so strong as it might be. We expect Mr. SMITH to give us good ships and plenty of them; but we are not sorry when he trespasses a little on Lord SANDON's province, and says something in a leisure moment upon the state and prospects of English trade. It is the more expedient that he should do so because during the short Session before Christmas there seemed to be a disposition on the part of one or two Ministers to treat the subject rather too lightly. It is only fair to say that the tone they took has to some extent been justified by the event. In the strict and technical sense of the word, the distress has not proved to be so great as was at first feared. There has been little or no call for exceptional measures of relief on a great scale. No large section of the community has been dependent on public or charitable aid. The experience gained in the Indian famines has not had to be drawn upon in order to keep hundreds or even tens of thousands from dying of starvation. Yet, for all that, the distress has been very general and, in many cases, very severe; and it has been largely felt among classes which have ordinarily been somewhat removed from it. It has not been of a kind or amount which demanded, or even admitted, Government intervention; but it has been, and still is, of a kind and amount which claims Ministerial sympathy. There may be truth in the assertion that the Opposition have made the most of the distress for party purposes; but those who are actually suffering under it naturally think that to make too much of it is a lesser evil than to make too little of it.

Mr. SMITH has not fallen into this error. He does not exaggerate the evil, but frankly admits that it exists. He does not seek to persuade the sufferers that they are not in a bad way; he contents himself with showing that when the distress comes to be traced to its origin it is neither mysterious nor likely to be lasting. In itself, of course, the assertion of a Minister that the policy of the Government to which he belongs is not the real cause of the ill results attributed to it is not specially convincing. But Mr. SMITH was able to quote a neutral authority in support of his position. "The truth is," say Messrs. ELLISON and Co., in their Report on textile manufactures, "that "the harvest of bad things reaped between 1874 and 1878

"was sown between 1870 and 1873, before the scapegoat "of political disquietude came into existence, and what is "equally true is that the bad harvest would have "had to be gathered even if no Russo-Turkish war "had been made." The depression of 1878 was mainly the result of the immense and unreal prosperity of the years from 1870 to 1873. During that time the trade of the country was advancing, as we were repeatedly told in Budget speeches, "by leaps and bounds," and it was only to be expected that after a time these leaps should carry traders beyond the firm ground which, had they been prudent, they would have kept to. It was not that traders were wrong in availing themselves to the utmost of the immense opportunities offered to them; it is hardly a matter of choice to a man whether he shall do this or not. The error lay in the assumption that the advance would be continuous and permanent. The preparations made were not calculated on a scale which should simply meet each particular increase in the demand. They were such as were only justifiable on the hypothesis that the process, once started, would go on in almost geometrical progression. A period like this not merely supplies great opportunities for sound traders; it is equally rich in temptations for unsound traders. What over-production began, unsound financing completed. By 1874 the catastrophe was seen to be impending, and it was only made worse by the desperate efforts made to stave it off. The part which political disquietude has played in the matter is altogether subordinate, though we are not inclined to put it so low as Mr. SMITH or Messrs. ELLISON do. An unfounded feeling that the distress had originated in the political circumstances of the time tempted traders, who had better have yielded to a catastrophe which they could not avert, to make desperate efforts to keep their heads above water until peace was assured. When peace was assured after a fashion, they found themselves just as badly off as before, and they then set up the still unsettled state of the East as an explanation of the bankruptcy to which they had after all to submit. Those who still hold that the political situation has had more than an incidental and auxiliary part in bringing about the present depression will do well to read the description of the state of things ten years ago which Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE gave in his address to the Statistical Society last November. "The decade," he says, "began, as it has ended, "in great complaints, in universal gloom, and in low "prices and small profits." A Report of a Committee of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce speaks of 1869 as a year of almost unparalleled disaster. The number of failures was enormous. Mill property fell to a third or fourth of its former value, and was even at times unsaleable. Millowners were driven to take subordinate situations or to emigrate in order to find a bare subsistence. Protection once more raised its head under the name of reciprocity, and even found expression in the House of Commons. With the exception of the last fact, this might serve equally well for a description of 1879, and yet the time to which it really applies was only separated by little more than a year from a period of unparalleled prosperity.

It would be rash to predict, and even to desire, the recurrence of a similar contrast. The prosperity of 1871 and the two following years was turned to such bad uses, and was made an occasion for so much reckless trading, as to suggest a doubt whether English manufacturers can bear good fortune with the calmness necessary to prevent its becoming a snare. But those who think that the prosperity of England is gone may fairly be reminded that the more complete the stagnation in any trade is, the more certain it is that a revival must come, and the nearer a revival is likely to be. The capital which was so recklessly destroyed or locked up in prosperous years grows again by degrees, and by the time that it is once more available for the supply of the world's wants, the world's wants will have grown up to meet it. If no one buys calico this year, it only means that everybody is using up the calico which he bought last year, and when once this process has been worked out, the want of more calico must make itself felt.

Mr. SMITH, perhaps wisely, prefers to take his consolations mainly from the present, and it must be acknowledged that the facts which he mentions do not suggest a wholly despairing view. It might be expected, for instance, that in a time of great and general destitution there would be a great diminution in the deposits in the Post-Office Savings Bank. When a working man has managed to save a few pounds, he usually regards it as put by against a rainy day. As soon as that day has unmistakably come, the ordinary thing is to draw out enough of the money to tide him over the worst. According to this view, the working classes in the aggregate are still very far from being at the worst. In 1877 the deposits so far from growing smaller, were increased by 2,600,000*l.*; in 1878 they were increased by a further 1,300,000*l.* During the present year this increase has been maintained in a very striking way. In the week ending the 18th of January the balance of deposits against withdrawals amounted to 88,000*l.*; in the following week the balance of deposits was 93,000*l.*; and in the week after that the deposits were more than double the withdrawals. This is a fact which, though it may not prove quite all that Mr. SMITH thinks, is still important. It shows that a very large number of persons belonging to the poorer classes have turned the present low prices to account, and have laid by the savings which they have been enabled to make in their expenditure. If the working classes were universally given to putting money into the Post Office Savings' Banks, it would be difficult to reconcile the distress that undoubtedly exists with this increased power of accumulation. The explanation is that, among skilled workmen at all events, the Savings' Bank is not a popular institution. They prefer the system of insurance against the chances of life which is afforded by Trades-Unions.

THE FRENCH MINISTRY.

THE new French Ministry have now settled comfortably into their places; and, when the very composite character of the Liberal majority is taken into account, they may be said to be more firmly seated in them than at first seemed likely. The opposition of the Extreme Left is rather an advantage than an injury; while the Opportunist Left appears inclined to view their policy with less disfavour than they showed to the same policy when it bore the name of M. DUFAURE. The best course that the Cabinet can take for its own interest is to keep the Chambers well supplied with fairly interesting measures. This may seem inconsistent with the still more imperative necessity of doing nothing to alarm the country. The contradiction, however, is easily explained. That the legislation effected at the instance of M. WADDINGTON and his colleagues ought not to be of at all a violent kind does not need proof. But the way to avoid violence is not to leave the Chambers unemployed. Even the august hands of a Senator or a deputy may itch to be at mischief if they are left idle, and any indolence on the part of the Ministry would be the signal for the introduction of Bills dealing in a far more drastic spirit with the subjects which ought to have found a place in the Ministerial programme. A Cabinet must be very weak if it cannot make a better thing of a Bill of which it is the author than of one which has been thrust upon it by others. There is sometimes a great deal in the choice of a framework. A measure can be made to look almost innocent by a judicious arrangement of its clauses. If Ministers were to wait until the Extreme Left formulated its demands in the shape of specific proposals, the burden of watering these proposals down to the proper limit of safety would fall upon themselves. If they anticipate the Left in introducing them, it is the Left that will show itself captious and unreasonable.

We do not in the least mean that M. WADDINGTON and his colleagues ought to bring in extreme measures in order to retain the support of the Advanced Left. Putting aside the principle of the thing, it would be the most short-sighted expedient possible. The Advanced Left have no real desire to see their own policy carried out by the hands of others; and if the present Cabinet were to attempt to conciliate them by a late and partial conversion, it would very soon discover that it was only kept in office until it had made itself sufficiently ridiculous to amuse the malice of the party waiting to supplant it. The motive with which the present Ministers should show themselves active in legislation is precisely the reverse of this. Instead of desiring to efface the distinction between themselves and the Extreme Left in the minds of the electors, they should rather seek to accentuate it. The immediate need in French politics is to give the moderate Republicans

a real Parliamentary representation. It is commonly believed that this section of opinion does in fact dominate the constituencies; that France is still what M. THIERS used to say that at heart she always would be—Left Centre; and that, if past elections have seemed to throw doubt on this fact, it is only because they have turned on issues in which the existence rather than the administration of the Republic was at stake. Looking only at the Chambers, it must be confessed that this picture seems hardly justified by facts. The party which is supposed to be so strong in the constituencies is exceedingly weak in the Legislature. Partly from the ability of its leaders, and partly perhaps from the suspicion that it would be impolitic to provoke an election which should turn wholly on the difference between Left and Left Centre, it has obtained a disproportionate share of Ministerial places. Properly used, this circumstance ought to be a very great advantage to the Left Centre. It gives it the means of strengthening whatever hold it has on the country, and consequently of preparing the way for obtaining a stronger hold on the Chambers. If the electors had now to determine whether M. WADDINGTON should remain in office or make way for a more Radical politician, they would have to frame their decision on strictly *à priori* principles. They might feel an abstract preference for moderate opinions, but they would have no materials for constructing a moderate programme. The present Cabinet has now an opportunity of providing them with these materials. It can let the country see what are the measures which it has determined to bring forward, and which, if it has the power, it intends to pass. It is essential, however, to the success of this process that, having decided on its measures, it should stand by them, at all events to the extent of not accepting Radical alterations from the Left. A Ministry which begins by being moderate because it wishes it, and ends by being extreme because other people wish it, would neither alarm its enemies nor give confidence to its friends. Nothing could better serve the purpose of the reactionary parties than the discovery that moderation was not to be had from a Republican Government. But moderation, like other good things, is not to be had by simply wishing for it. A Ministry which has made up its mind that certain measures ought to be carried, and that certain other measures ought to be rejected, will do well to give effect to its convictions, and to resign rather than acquiesce in the rejection of the former or in the passing of the latter. The effect of the resignation would, no doubt, be to put more extreme men in the temporary possession of office. But it would also give France what she greatly needs—a really Parliamentary Opposition; an Opposition, that is, which frankly accepts Republican institutions and seeks to administer them in the way it thinks best for the country. The formation of such an Opposition would inflict a decided check alike on the reactionary and the Radical parties. The reactionary party has derived considerable advantage from the arrogation to itself of the name Conservative. The Radical party has derived considerable advantage from its arrogation to itself of the name Republican. The real Conservatives, the men, that is, who desire to keep the Government pretty much what it is, and to secure to the country a long period of political and social tranquillity, have been thrown into the shade by one or other of these misleading assumptions. They have been confounded with the Radicals by men who are Conservatives first and Republicans afterwards. They have been confounded with the reactionists by men who are Republicans first and Conversatives afterwards. It should be the business of M. WADDINGTON and his colleagues to take care that there shall be no room for any similar confusion in future.

The first question with which the Cabinet has had to deal is one which has been complicated by the mistakes, perhaps the inevitable mistakes, of their predecessors. When the Commune was overthrown, the then Government fell into the error of needlessly multiplying political prisoners. Partly from the panic fear into which the country had been thrown by the insurrection, and partly from the rage and horror naturally excited by the incidents which accompanied its close, the reasonable and convenient practice of distinguishing between leaders and followers was departed from, and large numbers of persons were tried and punished whose crime really did not go much further than taking part in a street riot. The proper course to have taken would have been to inflict prompt and exemplary punishment upon the chiefs of the insurrection, especially those who had been concerned in the murder of the hostages, and to have included the undistinguished throng that had followed them, without being associated with the conception or execution of their crimes, in a common amnesty. Instead of this, the trials before the military tribunals went on year after year, until no purpose whatever was served by their continuation, except that of keeping alive a constant irritation in the class from which the prisoners were mostly taken. The demand for an amnesty has continually grown stronger, because the majority of those to whom it would apply have long ceased to be distinguished in the popular recollection from the men who have taken part in any other of the many insurrections of which Paris has been the theatre. This demand is at last to be conceded; but, when the Cabinet came to consider under what conditions it should be conceded, it was plain that public opinion would be disturbed rather than conciliated by any attempt to ignore the peculiar features of the Commune. Consequently the idea of an amnesty in the proper sense of the word was put aside, and a compromise adopted, by which those and those only are to be amnestied whom the PRESIDENT has already pardoned or shall pardon within the next three months. The area of clemency is also extended by the inclusion of persons condemned in their absence. The responsibility of distinguishing between those whose offence is political in its nature and those whose offence brings them within the scope of the ordinary criminal law, as well as of determining when the punishment already undergone by this latter class is adequate to their guilt, is thus thrown upon the Executive. It was plainly impossible to throw it upon the Legislature, and supposing that it is wisely exercised, the compromise seems to be the best which it was open to the Government to arrive at.

RAILWAY AND GAS PROPERTY.

WITH the exception of the Great Western and of the great Scotch railways, all the Companies have now issued their reports and announced their dividends. In several instances the shareholders have probably been agreeably surprised. One or two of the Companies give a slightly increased dividend; and the others either remain stationary or undergo a fractional loss. Before the publication of the reports, confidence had been so far restored that the market price of railway stock had in some degree recovered from extreme depression; but it had not been generally foreseen that the reduction of working expenses would almost compensate for a heavy falling off in traffic. The returns, as they are generally made up to the end of December, include a month of severe frost, which discourages passenger traffic. The goods traffic, which corresponds more closely to the activity of trade, shows a considerable diminution. The traffic returns in general have fallen off largely since the beginning of January, with results which will probably be felt by shareholders during the current half-year. Railway statistics thus far indicate no revival of prosperity, but they undoubtedly show the extent and importance of the industry which has been destroyed by long continuance of unfavourable circumstances. Proprietors and purchasers of railway stock will derive confidence from the falsification of many alarming rumours. Most of them have probably the good sense to consign to the waste basket the letters and circulars which are from time to time circulated by disinterested benefactors who undertake to prove that the affairs of this or that Company are grossly mismanaged. It is possible that an honest malcontent may waste time and money in denouncing the conduct of Directors; but genuine suspicion would more naturally express itself by selling out than by proving that a still cherished investment was worthless. It is unfortunate that attacks on railway administration should usually be intended to affect market prices rather than the conduct of traffic or the management of the finances of Companies. Boards of Directors and managers often commit errors; but those who undertake to expose their misconduct can seldom be trusted. An Opposition of which the motives were habitually and presumably corrupt would not exercise an effective check on the Government.

The greatest surprise produced by the recent railway

reports was caused by the North-Eastern dividend, which was only one per cent. less than in the corresponding half-year of 1877. No other great Company depends so largely on mineral traffic; and it was known that the stagnation in the iron trade had been unprecedented, and that the gross revenue of the Company had largely declined. A partial compensation seems to have been supplied by the extraordinary cheapness of coal and iron. The reduction of wages on which the Board has lately been engaged can probably not have produced a perceptible effect on the returns of the autumnal half-year. The North-Eastern has the advantage of a monopoly over a mileage which is greater than that of any other Company, with the exception of the Great Western. The manager can consequently, as occasion requires, consult economy by reduction in the number of trains, without incurring the risk of competition. Holders of North-Eastern stock may reasonably anticipate, on the revival of trade, a resumption of the liberal dividends which they earned three or four years ago. The London and North-Western, which has suffered by the depression of textile industries, as well as by the stagnation of the iron trade, has reduced its working expenses by a diminution in the number of trains, and in the staff employed in its manufacturing establishment at Crewe. In common with other Companies, the London and North-Western begins to profit by the large expenditure which has been incurred during many years in the substitution of steel rails for iron. The change was long since completed at the principal stations and sidings, where, but for the introduction of a more durable material, it would have been almost impossible to meet the modern requirements of traffic. The almost total discontinuance of the manufacture of iron rails is one of many causes of the depression of the iron trade. Only certain kinds of ore are suited to the production of steel. It has hitherto been found impossible to make steel from Cleveland iron.

Some attention has lately been called to the Southern lines, both by the dispute as to the cost of season-tickets and by the division in the councils of the South-Eastern Board. The shareholders were disappointed in the amount of profit which was derived from the Paris Exhibition; but their dividend was slightly increased, and the Railway has greatly risen in prosperity under the administration of the present Chairman. His colleagues were dissatisfied by his proposals for connecting their railway with the East London and the Metropolitan Railways, both of which he administers as Chairman. To disinterested observers there seems to be no conflict of interests between the lines within the metropolis and the South-Eastern. Sir EDWARD WATKIN is strongly convinced that all parties would derive benefit from a more abundant exchange of traffic; but there are generally two sides to railway controversies, and a natural or plausible doubt was raised as to the impartiality of a representative of three separate and independent interests. Sir EDWARD WATKIN is in the habit of boasting, not without reason, of his own experience, industry, and vigour, and he accepts with much complacency the charge that he is an autocrat at the numerous Boards over which he presides. Less powerful members of the same bodies are jealous of autocracy, and like to have a voice in the policy for which they are responsible. The majority of the South-Eastern Board have consequently made an attempt to depose their Chairman, and, though they have been defeated, they were supported by a large minority of shareholders. The victorious party was probably in the right. Sir EDWARD WATKIN has in the exercise of his autocracy improved the financial condition of every railway which he has managed; and he is a competent judge of the interests of the South-Eastern, as well as of the East London and the Metropolitan. It would seem that the public advantage must be consulted by the freest possible intercourse among all the lines which traverse or approach London. The East London, traversing the old Thames Tunnel, is now practically useless, although it constitutes the shortest connexion among many populous districts.

Another system of undertakings in which large sums were invested has lately undergone extraordinary fluctuations in value. Two or three years ago the 100*l.* Ten per cent. shares of London Gas Companies sold at 220; but, in consequence of doubts as to the possible substitution of electricity for gas, they had fallen in last summer to 189. Other gas securities in and out of London bore a corresponding price. In the month of October it became known that several new patents for electric lighting had been taken out; and accounts were published, probably for the purposes of the Stock Exchange, of statements by the well-known American inventor, Mr. EDISON, that he had overcome all the difficulties which had impeded the subdivision of the light. The electric light has been tried out of doors in London, and on a larger scale in Paris, with satisfactory results as respects illumination; but the cost has not been accurately ascertained. The best authorities seem to concur in the opinion that the light is not at present applicable to ordinary domestic use. The Gas Light and Coke Company has circulated among its shareholders the results of experiments made under the direction of the Board, which seem to show that electric lights at present are more expensive than gas, and that they produce greater heat and stronger smell. The general opinion, founded on the more or less positive judgments of men of science, has expressed itself in an extraordinary range of prices. The 100*l.* shares of the Gas Light and Coke Company fell in November to 135. They have since steadily risen, and they are now quoted at about 184. Another cause has lately tended to the rise in value. Under the sliding scale which was sanctioned by Parliament two or three years ago, the Gas Light Company, having reduced the price of gas, divides for the autumn half-year 11 per cent. instead of 10. The Gas Companies profess their ability to compete with electricity in brilliancy as well as in cheapness. The depressing dimness of the streets of London is due to the thrift of Vestries, which fix the lamp-posts too far apart, and consume too little gas.

THE LIVERPOOL STRIKES.

THE Liverpool strikes have differed in one serious respect from other similar movements. For one day the town, or at all events the district affected by the strike, was given over to mob law. The men who remained at work in the docks were driven away, and there seemed every prospect of an organized attack upon the enormous mass of property there collected. What has happened since goes to show that this apprehension was unfounded. If the assailants had laid their plans at all carefully, they could evidently have done a great deal more damage than they actually did. And if the intention of attacking property had originated with the class concerned in the strike itself, it is clear that the plans would have been laid more carefully. The suddenness of outburst, coupled with the fact that it was checked with almost equal suddenness, points to the conclusion that the violence was an after-thought, not forming part of the original plan, and not contemplated by the framers of the plan. Even the terrorism exercised on the men at work, though a more usual accompaniment of a strike, was probably in this case rather an accidental than a designed addition. The more public the exercise of terrorism is, the more likely it is to defeat its object. A system of picketing which keeps just within the law, and which consequently the law is powerless to deal with, is a far more formidable instrument. So soon as open violence is resorted to, terrorism gives place to warfare; and in war the masters are able to do far more to help the men who have taken the place of those on strike than they can possibly do in peace. The peculiarities which have disgraced the Liverpool strike may probably be traced to the fact that it happened in Liverpool, and these peculiarities themselves throw some light upon the state of things from which they take their origin.

Liverpool has long been unfavourably known for the large percentage of the rough element in its population. Some years ago, when murder and maiming by kicking caused a passing alarm in the minds even of the classes who are not ordinarily in any danger from this cause, it was in Liverpool that the most startling cases occurred. It was stated at that time that there were some parts of the town in which the peaceably-disposed inhabitants went about in terror of their lives, not from any special hatred which the violent classes bore them, but simply from the neighbourhood of a large number of persons who would as soon murder them as not, and who consequently were not likely to require much in the way of provocation. In one or two instances this fact was very plainly brought out. The mere presence of a

man or woman not a comrade of his own seemed enough to irritate some rough who happened to be lounging at the street corner into delivering that "running "kick" which was then, and may perhaps be still, a Lancashire speciality. The presence of the police was an incident apparently too rare to be worth calculating. Indeed it was hardly denied that, so long as the roughs kept within their own quarters and molested only their own neighbours, it would take more than usually gross violence to constitute a case for interference. Nor could it be denied that under the circumstances the police had much to say for the view they took of their duty. They are an extremely small body in comparison with the extent of Liverpool and the character of its population, and they had necessarily to husband their resources with the foresight appropriate to small bodies. Whether it was wise in the ratepayers of Liverpool to take a similar view is a different question, and one to which the events of last week may possibly suggest an answer. To have violence permanently reigning in certain streets may be a very much less serious thing in the eyes of owners of property than to have it reigning, if but for an hour or two, in the docks or on the quays. But, if the one leads to the other, it becomes infected with its importance; and it is impossible to allow the Liverpool rough to have his own way where the persons of his equals are concerned, if at the same time it is desired to keep him in leading strings as regards the property of his betters. In the present case it can hardly be doubted that the strike was seized as an occasion by a number of persons whom habitual abstinence from work had made wholly indifferent to the amount of wages paid for it. There was a prospect of amusement in the shape of some booty and some violence, and, most of all, perhaps of that rapid and aimless destruction of property that has cost time and labour to get together which to the genuine rough is almost as precious as either.

When it is considered that Liverpool contains more elements of disorder in proportion to its population than any other town in the United Kingdom, it will hardly be maintained that twelve hundred men can constitute an adequate police force. The opinion of the Liverpool Town Council seems, however, to be, that whether the force be large or small in itself, it is all that the ratepayers are prepared to pay for. No town, probably, has suffered more from that unfortunate distrust of the police which seems to be ineradicable among the poor. In theory the constable is the protector of peaceable people in every class, and in practice he very often is so. But to peaceable people of the lower classes he is a protector at best in the sense in which a solicitor is a protector to the well to do. Except in cases of very great need, it is held that to call him in is likely to prove more dangerous than to endure the evils which his presence might entail. This misapprehension is in some degree inevitable from the many aspects of poverty towards which a policeman can hardly appear otherwise than harsh. But we cannot but think that in Liverpool and in other similarly situated places the feeling that the police is a luxury for the rich has been increased by the very sharp line which magistrates and judges have drawn between offences against the person and offences against property. The leniency with which brutal assaults have been treated, compared with the severity with which robberies have been punished, naturally points in this direction. The poor are ordinarily the sufferers by the former and the rich by the latter; and it is not surprising that they should draw the obvious, though unjust, conclusion that, as the rich use the police, the rich ought to pay for them. The form which this conclusion assumes in practice is somewhat different. The rich cannot be made to pay more than their share; but the poor, who are a very numerous section of the ratepayers, can take care that as little as possible is paid for the police by anybody. The result is that the police arrangements of the town are starved, and that the roughs, who are left to do pretty much what they like in their own quarters, occasionally take leave to act with equal freedom elsewhere.

The MAYOR'S decision to call in the troops was undoubtedly sound under the circumstances. Liverpool is not adequately protected in the matter of police, and as there was not time to remedy this deficiency, there was nothing for it but to go elsewhere for help. At the same time the necessity of doing this reflects grave discredit on the administration of the town. The riot seems to have been nothing more than might arise any day in Liverpool if any local squabble provided the roughs of the town with an opportunity of gratifying their love of certain mischief combined with possible plunder. If the military is to be appealed to on such an occasion as this, the town had better be garrisoned at once. The duty of the Town Council is plainly to ask the Chief Constable what is the minimum force with which he would undertake to maintain order without being reduced on the first symptom of riot to send off for the nearest regiment. It has always been an honourable distinction of English, as opposed to Continental, administration that there should be no confusion between the function of the soldier and the function of the police constable; and this distinction ought not to be obscured merely because the second seaport in the kingdom will not be at the cost of maintaining a proper police force. It argues exceedingly bad economy on the part of the Liverpool authorities, inasmuch as the injury done to property by a strike which is accompanied by a riot is incalculably greater than that which is done by a simple strike. There can be little doubt that, in the present instance, the moving cause of the riot was the knowledge on the part of the rioters that, for a time at all events, they would be able to defy any force that the authorities could bring against them. So soon as the force at the command of the authorities became presumably equal to the need, all thought of resistance was over, and if that force had been there all along, the need for it would never have been disclosed. Now that it has been disclosed, it is to be hoped that the Town Council will take prompt and efficient measures to meet it.

FRENCH SOCIETY AND THE REPUBLIC.

THE establishment of the Republic in France has been attended with so many remarkable political incidents that we have been apt to overlook that aspect of the subject which most strikes an English resident there—namely, the struggle between what is called "good society" and the men who have finally succeeded in setting up the new form of government. We do not mean to imply that there is any truth in the old prejudice against the Republicans as a pack of hungry adventurers whose political programme consisted simply in taking other men's goods. A large proportion of the Republicans of the present day belong to the well-to-do middle classes, without whose aid, indeed, the Republic could not possibly have been established; and still it remains true that what is called "good society" in the provinces is bitterly opposed to it, even in the most Republican of the French departments. The following observations are those of an English resident who has watched the progress of Republicanism, and the opposition to it, for many years. They are not collected from newspapers, but taken directly from life itself.

The first thing to be said is that the profession of Monarchy or Republicanism does not precisely go by money. A Frenchman living in the country may be very well off and still be an ardent Republican; but when this happens he seldom has any pretensions either to birth or fashion; the rich Republican is almost invariably a man of the middle class, whose forefathers were laborious and economical, and so accumulated wealth. At the same time the rich Republican is a man without social ambition, a man who does not care to push his way into the society of the aristocracy. His friends are of his own class, and generally poorer than himself. He is plain in his dress and manners, generally drives a one-horse carriage, and gives himself no airs of superiority, which indeed would not be tolerated by the equality-loving society which he frequents. He is often fairly well educated, and either a doctor or a lawyer by profession, though his independent fortune relieves him from the necessity of practising. He gets elected to some post of trust by the votes of his fellow-citizens, and is satisfied with some degree of local usefulness and importance, though he may aspire to the *conseil général* of his department, or even to *la députation*. He has no notion of ever abandoning his Republicanism, however rich he may become; he will never, so long as he lives, stick a *de* before his name or do anything to conceal his origin. Just at present there is a worthy provincial of this type at the Élysée, who has accepted the Presidential chair.

The *nouveau riche* who wants to leave his own class and get into the local aristocracy is well aware that even the most moderate and circumspect Republicanism would ruin all his prospects. The rural *noblesse* used to hate Republicanism with much warmth, but since the elections the word hatred is much too mild to characterize their sentiments. They detest it utterly; they abhor, execrate, abominate it; they loathe the very sight of the initials R. F., and cannot be got to pronounce the words they represent; or, if ever by chance they do pronounce them, it is with a tone of contempt mingled with disgust. They have ingenious periphrases to avoid the odious word, and speak of "le gouvernement qui nous régit," or of "cet état déplorable des choses que nous voyons aujourd'hui." It is not in

accordance with the tone of polite society to admit th[illegible]e Republic can effect any good whatever. The correct thing is to deplore the wretched state of the country, the absence of a *lendemain*, the degradation of France in the eyes of Europe, and to anticipate a tremendous cataclysm in which all property will be swept away. Since the Senatorial elections gave a Republican majority to the Upper House it is the mark of a gentleman to express a grim satisfaction in the idea that his country is going to the Devil with greatly accelerated speed. "We have but one chance now," he is expected to say, "and that is the suicide of the democracy in the intoxication of its perilous freedom. The sooner it destroys itself by its own folly the better for the future of the country—if it is to have any future."

The most moderate Republican, the mildest Liberal even, soon finds himself out of place, unless he has hypocrisy enough to say these things himself, and to approve of them energetically whenever they are said by others. But he has to tolerate much more than this if he intends to keep his place in good society. He must listen to long accounts of Republican rapacity, to stories of the enormous fortunes which Gambetta and others have created for themselves by robbing the public purse. He must accept and maintain the theory that selfish greed is the only motive which can possibly animate a Republican. The received doctrine is that when a Royalist gets elected to the Chamber of Deputies his object is to maintain moral order; but when a Republican aspires to the same honour he thinks of nothing but the pay. The Prefects appointed by the reactionary Cabinet after the *Seize Mai* were men devoted to a sacred cause; the Prefects appointed by Dufaure are devoted to filthy lucre and the lusts of the flesh. The courts of justice are generally occupied by reactionary magistrates who have often hunted down Republicans without mercy, these same Republicans being now in many instances elevated by the votes of their fellow-citizens to positions of trust and influence as a protest against what they look upon as persecution. The rule in good society is to treat all these condemnations seriously, and speak of their victims as people in England speak of ticket-of-leave men.

Here and there a nobleman, like the Marquis de Talleyrand Périgord, revolts against the opinions of his class, and says that he has hopes for the future of his country; but these exceptions are extremely rare, and will hardly ever be found in the smaller *noblesse*. "La République," says the Marquis himself, "étant privée de la faveur des hautes classes, ne peut chercher son appui que dans ce que l'on est convenu d'appeler les couches inférieures de la société." This is true; so true that, not only the Republic as an institution, but even each individual Republican, whatever may be his personal merits, is "privé de la faveur des hautes classes." He can associate with a wealthy Republican middle class, but not even with the smaller aristocracy. It might have been supposed that in a country like France, where there are so many political parties, a man belonging to one so influential and so well behaved as that of the moderate Republicans might be tolerated anywhere if he were well educated and had pleasant manners; but the theory of good society is that there are no moderate Republicans—they are all "Communards." Merely to express his approval of any degree of political or religious liberty is quite enough to draw down that evil name upon a man, and, when once it has been applied to him, it is an indelible stain. Suppose you venture to say, for example, that the liberty of the press is not an unmitigated evil, that a general liberty of public worship might be desirable, that the liberty of political meeting is compatible with social order, you are a marked man, you are set down as a "Communard" at once. You may say such things in *cafés* where Republicans meet, you are not allowed to say them in good society in the presence of ladies. You may not even express a liking for representative government, or speak respectfully of the Parliament. The proper tone is to sneer at all popular representation, to declare that there is no necessity for any kind of liberty, and that the country could be much better governed without any Houses of Talk. You are not allowed to say anything in favour of popular education, because that is desired by the Republicans. In short, "the tone of good society" is reactionary to a degree utterly unknown in England; and a moderate Liberal, in rural France, has to avoid the gentry and keep to the middle class.

If the whole of the middle class were tolerant of modern ideas, the position of the moderate Liberal would still be endurable enough. He might do without the gentry and associate with people who are often equal to them in wealth and much superior to them in mental culture; but here again, in many localities, our moderate Liberal encounters a serious social difficulty. The middle class which has no social ambition will accept him, but that which aspires to enter the ranks of the gentry in the next generation sets its face against all the forms of Liberalism as resolutely as if it were descended from the Crusaders. It is not that the class really hates Liberalism quite so ardently as it pretends to do, but it is well aware that such hatred is the best passport to good society. A rich *bourgeois* who wants to ennoble himself must begin by declaring his detestation of the Republic, must be, in outward seeming, an obedient son of the Church, must buy land, and put a *de* before his name. The process is as well known as the art of turning a schoolboy into a lawyer or a physician. You may see future nobles in all stages of development, but you will never by any chance meet with one of them who professes Republican opinions.

Besides these aspirants to nobility you have a commercial class in country towns which is often strongly Bonapartist, and therefore quite as hostile to the Republic as the Legitimist aristocracy itself. In some towns this class is Republican, in others Bonapartist; in former times it used often to be Orleanist, but that party has lost so much ground of late years that it does not count for much at the present day. We know a town where all the rich people are, or have been, in trade, and where fortunes are unusually large. In that town the political colour of all wealthy society is strongly and intolerantly Bonapartist, yet the lower classes elect a Republican Municipal Council, and return, with the help of the surrounding peasantry, a well-known Republican to the Chamber of Deputies. The reader may imagine the position of a man with Republican opinions, however moderate, in such a town as that. So long as he keeps to the society of the lower middle class or the populace, he is comfortable enough, being in unison with the people he meets; but, if his professional avocations require him to penetrate into the upper social strata, amongst the wealthy families, political hypocrisy, or at any rate the greatest patience when politics are the subject of conversation, becomes an absolute necessity of his position. The difficulty may be much enhanced by certain personal considerations. The defeated parties in France are exasperated to such a degree that they have bidden farewell to everything resembling delicacy where political questions are concerned. The consequence is that a Republican, however moderate, cannot go into the reactionary society of a country town without hearing the characters of his friends attacked in the most merciless way. If he defends them, he is at once looked upon as an enemy; if he sits tamely at a dinner-table when a friend is slandered without uttering a word in his defence, he feels himself, and he is, a cowardly wretch who has no claim to the respect of others or to his own. Then why not leave such society at once, and confine himself to his own political friends? It is easy to say this; but what if the man belongs to some profession in which success is not possible without the countenance of the rich? Take, for example, the case of an architect in a country town who has to make his way in the world, has the misfortune to cherish moderately Liberal opinions, or, in other words, to feel a sentiment of loyalty towards the present Government of his country. The poor do not build houses; so he must know rich people in order to advance in his profession. The difficulty is complicated in his case by the necessity for standing well with the clergy if he is to work for churches and convents. Political animosity is so strong in France that people would rather employ an inferior man of their own colour than a clever man who is suspected of Republicanism; and the consequence is that an architect, in such a town as we have been describing, is placed in a most embarrassing position if he happens to be a Republican.

Another great social disadvantage resulting from the hatred of certain classes to Republicanism occurs in matrimonial alliances. A young man's chances of making a good match are terribly curtailed by even a suspicion of Republicanism; we mean, of course, in the provinces. The best matches, from the worldly point of view, are nearly always made by young men who have attracted some degree of notice as reactionaries; and the more violent and intolerant they are the better their chances seem to be. The hands of most French heiresses are directly or indirectly at the disposal of the clergy; and the clergy, perhaps with good reason, both dread and dislike the Republic. The consequence of this is a constant tendency to keep wealth that is already earned in the hands of the reactionary parties, and to keep the Republicans as a class down in the social scale within the limits of the smaller *bourgeoisie*. How long this will last if the Republic continues to be the political *régime* of France it is of course difficult to determine; but there are few signs at present that the aristocracy, or what considers itself such, will ever frankly reconcile itself with the democracy; and we are inclined to believe that France has before her a social future of a most peculiar kind, in which disloyalty to the established Government will be one of the marks of good breeding, and fidelity to it the recognized sign of what in England we should call a cad. It would be far better for the country if there could be something like a cordial reconciliation between classes; but the Republicans avenge their social slights by carefully excluding the aristocracy from the Government, both of the State and of the departments and towns. Then the aristocracy complains that it has no chance of taking office under a real Republic, and the social warfare is handed down, with all the hatred and prejudice which it engenders, to be continued by another generation.

SENSATIONAL SERMONS.

PREACHERS have perhaps the right to complain that their hearers are very difficult to please. They can scarcely avoid being accused either of dulness or of unworthy levity. In America the ministers of all denominations seem to prefer incurring the latter charge. The *North American Review*, a periodical which cannot be called gay, and which, according to Edgar Poe, is entirely written by cultivated elderly clergymen, has very seriously rebuked the "sensationalism" of the Transatlantic pulpit. Dr. Taylor, who lectures his brethren, is himself a very austere writer. He seems to have a charming topic, and to know a hundred good stories about the devices of the popular New York preacher. So intent, however, is he on edification, that he only now and then lets out one of the anecdotes with which he is obviously primed. We are compelled to imagine what a screaming pulpit farce in America must be by aid of a few hints, and by reflections on the

performances of the more daring and original of our own theological buffoons.

The preachers who are accused of sensationalism naturally take refuge in arguments like those of sensational novelists. The romancer points out that there are some "sensational" incidents in *Hamlet*, that there is a good deal of stabbing and poisoning in *Romeo and Juliet*, that the *Bride of Lammermoor* is more intense than most of Miss Yonge's stories for girls. Hence he or she argues in favour of the unlimited use of crime and horror. The reply is easy; crime and horror are not the only elements of interest in the *Bride of Lammermoor* or *Hamlet*, as they are in a great many stories that it is needless to name. The arguments of the dramatic or comic preacher are of the same flimsy kind. He points out that Bossuet and Bourdaloue were most successful when they "improved" the events of the day. He excuses the lugubrious rhetoric of his orations on royal deaths, and the copious quotations from *In Memoriam* and Lord Lytton's poems which he mingles with his tears, by the example of the funeral sermons of the great Frenchmen. It is only necessary to reply that their performances were something more (though, after all, perhaps not very much more) than Sunday substitutes for the *Mercure Galant*. Again, the comic preacher will maintain that all "means of grace" are justifiable, which is rather a Jesuitical doctrine. He will defend his weekly drivel about evening parties, railway accidents, commercial panics, and what not, by saying that only by these devices can he secure the attention of men and women. Their lives run so much in a groove that he must follow in the track, and must tell them better stories from the pulpit than they are likely to hear in the smoking-room. Thus we possess several preachers who rival Mark Twain or Artemus Ward in gay profanity, and who certainly are "doing a great work in our midst," if spiritual success is to be estimated by the numbers of people who enjoy being chaffed from the pulpit. Those courageous divines still lack the boldness of their American models; besides, *carent vate sacro;* the daily papers do not yet devote their Monday columns to minute reports of their jests and eccentricities.

The American newspapers have not neglected this branch of business. Every Monday a kind of *Symposium* is held in the edifying pages of the *New York Herald*. For weeks the preachers have been vying with each other in original ideas about eternal punishment. Fashionable people go to hear Mr. Howler (who is a "hard-shell," or very convinced and condemnatory person) in the morning, and in the afternoon Mr. Honeyman charms them with his gentle and genial universalism. On Monday the discourses are served up for the business-men who flash past the upper floor windows in their delightful trains, which add a new ornament and luxury to civilization. Egged on by the press, the clergy are reduced to the condition of the French poet who thinks it his duty to say something more startling and disgusting than the poet who preceded him. By this time the sensations which can be stirred by the ideas of eternal punishment are pretty nearly exhausted, and the pious public of New York is really to be pitied. No topic admits of being peppered much hotter, and preachers are descending in despair from high tragedy to low comedy. The press not only reports all that has been said after the event, but advertises beforehand the preachers and the titles of their sermons. On Sunday morning the jaded lover of excitement looks down the list of sermons as he scans the list of plays at the theatres. Shall he go and hear the latest effusion of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, or shall he try some less familiar favourite? The titles of the sermons provoke rather than satisfy curiosity. Here are some of the announcements:—"A Man getting out of a Ship," "How Jonah lost his Umbrella," "The Speckled Bird," "A Little Man up a Tree," "The Runaway Knock," and so forth. These titles have the quaintness, without the humours, of our old English Puritans. When Richard Taverner, Esq., of Woodeaton, preached in the University pulpit in Queen Elizabeth's time, he said, quite naturally, "I have brought you some fine bisketts baked in the oven of Charitie, carefully conserved for the chickens of the church, the sparrows of the spirit, the sweet swallows of salvation." The Yankee notions, however, are not natural, but forced. To advertise thus, as Dr. Taylor says, is "a deliberate letting down of the great aim of the Christian Ministry." After all, the titles are not very taking. We can all imagine what will be said about Zacchæus, "the little man up the tree," and the withering of Jonah's gourd is but poorly concealed by the jape about the prophet's umbrella. It appears that several American parsons curse and swear in the pulpit. "The profanity of the oath which is common in the streets has a peculiar piquancy when it is quoted, even if it be quoted only to be condemned, in the house of God, and the gusto with which it was given will be commented on when other things of great value are entirely lost sight of." Thus it may be doubted whether any one was sincerely edified when an English Dissenter began his sermon with the words, "It's devilish hot." The old Scotch minister who, when young men outdid him in eloquence, "mounted the white horse o' the Revelations, and he aye dings them a'," really chose a more appropriate form of rhetoric than his modern brethren.

When churches, like theatres, are merely speculative proprietary concerns, it is natural that experiments should be tried by managers who wish to fill their pews. A very feeble joke from the pulpit goes a long way, and you will see an audience titter over a jest that would hardly get a laugh even in the House of Commons. The tendency of men and women to giggle when they are got together in numbers in a sacred place has been made use of by reckless preachers of Buddhism no less than of Spurgeonism. The Bonze seldom made a better hit than when he described the final doom of the indolent temple-servant. "The man, my brethren," he cried, "was the slave of this holy place for many years. He never swept it out as I like to see it done. I remonstrated with him; but in vain. I pleaded with him; but in vain. He died. Where is he now? *That* is he; he is there!" thundered the Bonze, pointing to a dirty old broom which stood in the corner. It was in this shape that the hieratic serf was to expiate a life of laziness. Our creed scarcely permits such flights; but the comic parson who was preaching a sermon in aid of the restoration of his own chapel came near the humour of the Bonze. "My friends, the gilding is off the ginger-bread, the paint is peeling from the walls. But I do not think of that; I think," he said, with a solemn gesture, "of what is above; there is a great hole in the roof." The French at this moment are much troubled by the bad taste, the jigging buffooneries of their small adventurous theatres. They think that to subsidize more houses, and so enable a larger number of actors to play for art's sake without loss, would be a plan worth trying. The antics of the preachers in "private adventure" chapels, whether in England or America, are certainly an argument in favour of an established church, if an analogy may be drawn from the theatre. It would be by no means amazing to learn that some speculative person had engaged Zazel to illustrate the flight of angels, or Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke to demolish the rival pretensions of the Church of spiritualism.

It is the competitive and commercial spirit that begets modern theological sensationalism. No one can "draw" if he does not advertise himself; if he does not "draw" he must be removed, and other persons substituted; and so every kind of *affiche* is employed. The sensational sermons of the *libres prêcheurs*, concerning whom M. Meray has made what we think a dull and disappointing book, were the result of similar ambition. The monk who told a few risky stories about saints was certain to be asked to dinner in the hall, and thus hagiology was enriched by some comic stories. Perhaps the force of competition in producing a sensational discourse was never so well illustrated as by the case of the Scotch probationer at Greenock. A "probationer," it may be necessary to say, is a young minister who has not procured a living. He engages in rhetorical tournaments with his fellows; they preach in turn before critical congregations, like Liberal politicians before the Two Hundred of Southwark. It chanced that the probationer of the story had to preach before a shipbuilding parish in Greenock, and he could conceive no topic more likely to interest his audience than the construction of the Ark. After commending the faith of Noah, he pointed out to his listeners that this faith was of a sort which they, hard-working shipwrights, were peculiarly fitted to appreciate. Noah's difficulties were just those practical ones, he said, which they could understand and sympathize with. "Here was this poor man, living in a land where, as I am credibly informed, there is no watter, nothing but the dew on the herbs in the morning, and the wells from which the women fill their pitchers at the going down o' the sun. And this poor man was told to prepare for a flood, and how he could tell what a flood might be (in a country where, as travellers say, there is no watter) is clean beyond *me;* but if any o' the congregation has received any light on the subject, I will be most happy to speak to him in the vestry. Well, this poor man was told he must build an ark, and how he was to set about that in a country where, as I am informed by the writings of the learned, there is no wood, is also a matter quite beyond me, and a most beautiful illustration of the faith of the Patriarch. But if any member of this intelligent congregation (and ye are all interested in this question) thinks he has received any light on the matter, I will be most happy to meet him in the vestry." After awakening the scepticism of his listeners by these absurd difficulties (much as University preachers delight in introducing the very latest heresy to the undergraduates), the probationer ended with a picture of Noah at work in his "bit yairdie," and of the boys looking over the fence and derisively observing, "Weel, Noah, how are ye getting on to-day, and when's the launch to be?"

Competition but rarely produces, perhaps, discourses so naïve as that of the Greenock probationer. It is plain enough, however, that the public is really responsible for the vagaries of the sensational preacher. By the beautiful working of the laws of social economy, the demand obtains the supply, while still larger and showier supplies are laid in to tempt a fresh demand. If Mr. Spurgeon rivals *Our Boys* at the Tabernacle, Mr. Charles Honeyman must vie with the *Pink Dominoes* in his chapel in May Fair. Just at present, perhaps, politics supply the readiest material to the heated pulpiteer. He either swells all over with imperial pride, or he prays for the prompt defeat of the British forces by those interesting children of the lost Ten Tribes—the Afghans. When politics are more quiet, social scandal will doubtless be introduced, if indeed competitive sensationalism has not already pounced on this tempting prey. Nothing would "draw" better than an unctuous description of a contemporary elopement, followed, of course, by a gloomy view of the consequences of that arrangement. When once preachers have begun to try to create an effect by illegitimate means, there is no subjective reason why they should ever stop. When once the public has tolerated a certain amount of profane bad taste, no one can say where it will draw the line. It may become expedient to have a censor of sermons as we have a censor of plays. His office will neither be easy nor enviable.

BURGLARS AND BUSHRANGERS.

THE Leeds prison authorities deserve great credit for the reserve they have evidently opposed, with more or less success, to the energetic reporters who have been indefatigable in their inquiries after the convict Peace. We have but the vaguest and most unsatisfactory information as to the health of the notoriety who for the last few weeks has been more of a public character than the Prime Minister or the commanders of the Afghan columns. We are left much in the dark as to his appetite; we scarcely know whether his thoughts have taken a sentimental or repentant turn, or whether he justifies the hero-worship that has been lavished on him by living "game," with the honourable ambition of dying so. We repeat that we approve the reticence of the prison authorities; and only hope that they may persevere in it to the end. We own to a nervous horror of the apotheosis of the famous murderer, expanded into sundry columns of picturesque description and sensational moralizing. We have no doubt that even the hoisting of the black signal flag will be made the text for many a lurid article; but at all events imagination must halt on its pinions when it has only the reflection of one ghastly fact to go upon. Yet we cannot help sympathizing in some measure with the sensational journalists, because it is seldom they have had such a chance, since the days of the famous Jack Sheppard. And even the hero of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's Newgate romance was necessarily inferior in many respects to the latest product of our modern civilization. He was of a lower type of intellect, and relied less on his brilliant prevision and his powers of strategical combination, than on mere mechanical skill as a "cracksman" with wiriness and pluck and unflinching determination. And even in those more corporeal qualities, Peace appears to have been at least Sheppard's equal. We can conceive his breaking through massive stone walls, prising locks and bolts with the leverage of the crowbar, and filing the most ponderous padlocks and fetters. But he showed himself capable of higher things than merely gnawing himself out of a trap like the fox or the weasel that leaves a limb behind it. We assume that he has been more largely lied about than any other public man whom the present generation has execrated or honoured. But making every allowance for sensational embroidery, his career was certainly an original and striking one; and should be pregnant with inspiration and practical lessons for the laborious young burglar who is striving to better himself, or for the scapegrace who stands hesitating on the confines of crime. It seems almost a pity, we grant, that the clouds of mystery should lie so heavily on his closing scenes, for none but himself can possibly have the key to the most suggestive passages of his eventful biography, and he may be wasting his treasures of cynicism and stoicism on the unreceptive minds of turnkeys and gaol-chaplains. But, after all, Peace's would-be biographers may find some selfish comfort in the thought that there has seldom been a time when those offences in the refinements of which he has graduated as a master have been so rife as at present. Lately, indeed, hardly a week has gone by without the report of a burglary in a lonely dwelling, accompanied by circumstances of special atrocity.

We do not believe much in epidemics of crime, though no doubt so shining an example as Peace, especially when improved by descriptive reporters and sensational leader-writers, may tend to turn dreamers into earnest practitioners. There are precedents enough for breaking into your neighbour's house, especially when that neighbour is feeble and unprotected, without having recourse to contemporary police reports. And at the present moment, unfortunately, we can trace the multiplication of these crimes to obvious causes. Philanthropists may discuss the extent of the existing distress, but there is no doubt whatever that it is real and general. The least unobservant lounger in the West End of London must have remarked an unusual number of "loafers," who have the ugly features of the lowest type of rough and yet seem to have fallen from some higher grade. They look like skilled mechanics who have been going gradually to the bad, till, being miserable and half starved, they are become well nigh desperate. Many of these men, though once respectable, have lost both heart and moral fibre till they have hopelessly succumbed to their troubles and are fit for nothing but begging. But there must be not a few of the sterner of them who are ready and willing to turn their talents to profitable account. As they slink along the streets they instinctively keep their eyes open for opportunities. Setting the remonstrances of conscience aside, if they have kept a mind equal to adversity there is little in a burglarious venture to alarm them. If they succeed they may live comfortably on the proceeds of the "swag" even after it has been "sweated" by some grasping receiver. If they are caught and condemned they can hardly be worse off than before; and at least they will have shelter and food during their term of penal confinement. When we consider the desperate condition to which so many bold and unprincipled scamps are reduced, we are rather inclined to be surprised that burglaries are not even more frequent than they are. More especially is this the case when one recalls the fashions that are introduced by modern architects. Formerly a well-to-do householder, building a habitation for himself, subordinated decoration to solidity and security. We subscribe entirely to the maxim which Sir Walter Scott's sheep-stealing client impressed upon him at his first Jedburgh assizes by way of fee. He told his young defender to take care to have heavy bolts to his doors, and, if possible, to keep a yelping terrier behind them. Nowadays your architect will tell you that shutters to the lower windows are quite gone out of date; and even in solitary suburban residences you are advised to rely upon having the good fortune to be overlooked by the housebreaking gangs. Had this newfangled notion been adopted in the country districts where miners, colliers, and metal-workers are on strike and out of employment by tens of thousands, it would have simplified the tasks of some active amateurs and possibly induced them to dispense with dangerous acts of severity. We can imagine the adventurers who broke in upon the elderly maiden ladies near Bristol; or those who made their way into the mansion of old Mr. Smith, and, having subsequently "knocked him out of time," heaped a pile of furniture upon him; or those others who met with so courageous a reception at the Rectory of Edlingham, near Alnwick—we can imagine these men making their preliminary observations and prowling about the windows on the basement. Had they found only glass with no wood behind, they might noiselessly have disposed of a pane, and placed their hands on the bolt, with the most elementary knowledge of their new profession. They might have slipped off their boots, and glided quietly over the house, and ransacked it without needless disturbance. As it was, they became rough and savage in spite of themselves. They were compelled to knock at the front door, and open a formal parley with the inmates whom they had subsequently to reduce to silence. Where the house is defensible and the garrison reasonably strong, we are all in favour of the old-fashioned shutters, especially if they have bells attached for better security. But perhaps when one is old and feeble, and lives almost alone, there is something to be said for making entrance easy; for though the chances of losing your valuables are increased, you are more likely to escape personal violence. It is not everybody who, like the brave Northumbrian vicar, can put his hand to the sword which he keeps hanging by his bedside; and we should take the moral of these recent burglaries to be, that if you live lonely and without suitable protection, you had better send all your valuables to the bank, and take care to let the fact be known in your neighbourhood.

For, in England at least, banks are safe for the most part—from everybody, that is to say, but the managers or directors. And this is more than can be said for those establishments at the antipodes, where the feats of English burglars are far surpassed by the bushrangers. Here our night prowlers have merely to do with the metropolitan police, who cannot be omnipresent, or with the more stolid county constabulary, who are generally conspicuous by their absence. It is true that if they get away with their booty, detection dogs them, though it may be with uncertain step and faltering nose. In Australia, on the other hand, they appear to bid defiance to the detectives altogether; and, in place of having to dodge the movements of some solitary peace guardian, they provoke the intervention of the colonial troops, who are sent to mount guard over the stable doors after the horses have been stolen. Dan Kelly may take such rank in the romantic legends of the New World as the Fra Diavolos and their Neapolitan and Sicilian successors in the stories of unregenerated Italy. Happily, as Mr. Kelly is strong, he is merciful; and there is something in the reports of his latest exploit that reminds us of the humorous generosity of the outlaw of Sherwood Forest. One fine forenoon Mr. Kelly, with three of his gang, made his appearance at the station of Faithfull's Creek, having first sent a scout ahead to see that the coast was clear. Having secured the inmates, the party turned the station into what used to be known to the French police as a "rat-trap." Each new arrival was seized, so that no one should go out again to give the alarm. Among other visitors fortune sent them a hawker, whom they laid under contribution for a change of wardrobe, borrowing his cart and his pony. Leaving a guard over their captives, they drove off to the local bank in the neighbouring township of Euroa. It was during business hours and in broad daylight that they dropped in upon the manager. They called for his whisky and kindly pressed it upon him; they ransacked his repositories and made free with the safes, and stowed away in a sack notes and gold and nuggets to the value of 2,000*l.*, besides securities they carried away for subsequent inspection. Next they requisitioned sundry carts; they forced Mr. Smith, with his wife and children and maid-servants, to take their seats in them; when the whole company were driven back to the station at Faithfull's Creek, passing under the noses of the Euroa policemen. Nothing has since been heard either of Kelly or his plunder, although a reward of 2,000*l.* has been offered; but in the meantime there is very general apprehension that he may choose his own time and place for reappearing. At all events we are told that the various banks are being protected by outlying detachments of artillery; we cannot doubt that the occupants of lonely stations are kept in a lively state of alarm; and we may imagine that the balance-sheets of those central banking establishments which, being in cities, may be supposed to be comparatively secure, will show in the meantime a marked influx of bullion and "other securities." It seems clear that our Australian colonies still keep their superiority in some respects as fields for the enterprise of adventurous youth; although the prospects of the squatters are no longer what they once were, and commerce in the towns is suffering from depression.

LELAND'S ITINERARY.

"ANCIENT monuments," as understood by John Leland "the King's antiquary," who was born in London about 1506, were manuscripts, not buildings. As a worthy scholar of Lyly, the famous grammarian, he found an abbey or cathedral interesting chiefly for the library within its walls. To bring the literary remains of genius and erudition "out of deadly darkness to lively light" was the confessed object of what his friend and editor, Bishop Bale, calls his "Laborouse Journey and Serche for England's Antiquities." Though sometimes impressed by the grandeur of the Gothic buildings he met with, Leland rarely attempts architectural description. That "Margan an abby of White Monks" had "a very large and fair church"; that the like Cistercian fabric in the picturesque valley of Neath, whose smoke-discoloured ruins sometimes yet detain an indignant antiquary, seemed to him, with its emblazoned roof and gilded choir and tabernacles, "the fairest abbey in all Wales," is all he tells us in his *Itinerary* of these two noble monasteries; and such brief mention is typical of his treatment of the structural character not only of religious houses, but of buildings in general. It is but rarely that he is moved to the enthusiasm with which he views the venerable abbey church of Malmesbury, which he calls a "right magnificent thing." Glastonbury he must have seen previously to its overthrow, for he speaks of the crucifix before the choir; but though he observed "six goodly windows in the top of each side of the east part of the church," and tells us that Abbot Bere "made a vault to the steeple which he supported by two arches like St. Andrew's cross, else it had fallen," yet this church, one of the most majestic fanes in Christendom, he makes no attempt to describe as a whole. Leland, in fact, was not an architectural student; he never uses a technical term. William Wyrcestre, his forerunner, on the other hand, was devoted to architecture, and furnishes the first glossary of terms in Gothic construction. The former boasts that after six years roving over England and Wales there remained "almost no cape, nor bay, nor haven, creak or pier, river, or confluence of rivers, breeches, waschis, lakes, meres, fenny waters, mountains, valleys, moors, heaths, forests, chases, woods, cities, burghs, castles, principal manor places, monasteries, and colleges, but I have seen them." Much may be done in six years' exploration; but Leland's time was chiefly spent in the libraries of cathedrals and monasteries, or wherever else "records, writings, and secrets of antiquity" were preserved; while his diligence is shown by his *Collectanea* and *Scriptores*, and numerous other works, as well as by his *Itinerary*. Bale, with his usual sweetness, characterizes monks and canons as "antichrist's noyful cattle and execrable sects of perdition," yet at the same time attempts not to deny that these "unprofitable clods, laysy lubbers, and popyshe belly goddes," whom he can compare for worthlessness only with the "oyled bishops and priests" around him, were the conservators of ancient learning, while English history would have been almost unwritten but for their labours. A fiat from the King would have saved the libraries from the sordid spoliators of the abbeys, and thus indefinitely extended his chosen antiquary's field of search. If the gleaning was so great to the reapers of knowledge, what would have been the full harvest? Bale tells of a merchant who bought the contents of two noble libraries for forty shillings, and after using the books for "gray paper" during ten years, had store enough to last ten years longer. The same authority, no doubt in his usual style of exaggeration, says that "at times whole ships' full" of books were exported for the use of grocers, soap-sellers, and book-binders, a waste which he reasonably adds "will be unto England a most horrible infamy among the grave seignors of other nations."

We have but to look into Fuller's *Worthies* to see how much quaint and curious lore was latent among the people a hundred years after Leland's time. The collection of anecdotes, traditions, and old beliefs contained in that work, the numberless local proverbs and sayings, with occasional touches upon the customs and observances and grotesque delusions and superstitions of village life, make us regret that the earlier traveller had not conversed with peasants in cottages as well as with doctors in learned halls. Twenty towns, castles, or churches are mentioned in a page of his *Itinerary*; but it is seldom that Leland halts to unfold a tale of any person, place, or object. Sometimes indeed he forgets to be dull, and favours us with a brief story. For instance, he gives a characteristic anecdote of Archbishop Peckam, which we are surprised to find overlooked by Dean Hook. When that haughty prelate came charged with the Pope's Bull which raised him to the see of Canterbury, "he entered the Chapter with the monks, beginning his communication to them with the words, 'Non vos me elegistis sed vos elegi,'" a note of defiance that epitomized in spirit his whole after course. Again, in explaining the origin of the arms of Fawey, our antiquary relates that the prosperity of that town was originally owing to piracy and feats of warfare. Their successful enterprise on the sea made the mariners proud. "The ships of Fawey," he continues, "sailing by Rhy and Winchelsea about Edward the Third's time, would vail no bonnet being required," whereupon the Rhy and Winchelsea men fought with the men of Fawey, the latter gaining the victory; which caused the men of Fawey to impale the arms of Rhy and Winchelsea with their own. Fawey, he adds, was subject to incursions of the French. On one occasion they attacked the house of Thomas Treury, whose wife gallantly repulsed them in her husband's absence. Treury, in consequence, built a strong tower and castellated his house, which, "unto this day," says Leland, "is the glory of the town." At Bath our traveller found nearly the whole of the walls standing, a piece about Gascoyne's tower being the only part destroyed. The walls are now as completely vanished as a curious observance that he also mentions:—"At Whitsuntide, at the time which men say that Edgar was there crowned, there is a king elected at Bath every year of the townsmen, in the joyful remembrance of King Edgar and the privileges given to the town by him. The King is feasted and his adherents by the richest men of the town." The Puritan dynasty no doubt terminated this interesting custom, which was never revived. As a contribution to local botany we may recite the following. Radnor, he says, was partly destroyed by Owen Glendower, and the "voice is" that after he had won the castle he took threescore of the garrison and "caused them to be beheaded on the brink of the castle yard, since which time a certain bloodworth groweth there where the blood was shed."

For one who, like Leland, had changed his religion there is an unusual absence of the convert's virulence against the party he had left. We find him on agreeable terms with abbots, priors, and monks, and gleaning from them points of information to be set down in his note-book. With the Abbot of Cirencester he had a conversation about the two great consular ways, Ermine Street and the Fosseway, which intersect each other, and are joined with the Ickneild at Corinium. The Abbot of Whitelaw told him a "merry tale," which, however, seems to us rather pointless. Thomas Cleobury, late Abbot of Dore, gave an account of a Bishop of Lichfield who, in the days of Offa, King of the Mercians, retired to a hermitage at Buildwas, "after such time as the pall of the Archbishop of Lichfield was taken from Lichfield and restored to Canterbury." The last Prior of Winchelcomb pointed out a spot in that town where a castle formerly stood. The Prior of Bath informed him "that after the Nunnes time there were secular canons in S. Peter's Church at Bath—peradventure, Offa, King of Merches, set them there." Leland, however, was a scholar and *antiquarius*, not a theologian. He had been granted by the King (July 12, 1536) a dispensation from the living of Popeling to go upon his six years' wandering; and his absence would have been no less a blessing to the flock than to the shepherd if his sermons were as dry as his writings. His Romish biographer Pitseus attributes the melancholy and insanity of his latter days to remorse of conscience at having deserted the faith of his fathers; but there is no evidence that Leland changed his opinions with less apathy than a thousand of his brother divines. There was one adherent of the old faith, Polydore Vergil, against whom he conceived a lasting dislike — not on points of doctrine, but of learning. Vergil, Archdeacon of Wells (A.D. 1507), had been sent by Pope Alexander VI. to collect the annual tribute of Peter's Pence. At the desire of Henry VIII. he wrote a History of England, which contained so many errors that, to prevent their discovery, he is said to "have collected and burnt a greater number of ancient histories and MSS. than would have filled a loaded waggon." Amongst the falsifications of English history imputed to him was his attack upon the veracity of Geoffrey of Monmouth's *History of Prince Arthur*. If the rest of his perversions of the truth were no more indefensible than that, the destruction of the records in question was quite unnecessary. Leland vindicated the authority of Geoffrey under the title of *Assertio inclytissimi Arturii Regis Britanniæ* (Lond. 1544), which has been reprinted in Hearne's edition of the *Collectanea*, and should be consulted by the student of Arthurian lore.

The subversion of ancient architectural monuments was perhaps less grievous to Leland than the wasting of literary records. Possibly it was rather from political considerations, for he was an arrant Erastian, that he expresses no regret at the destruction of so many magnificent buildings going on before his eyes. It has hardly been considered how much the dilapidation of monastic structures in particular has been owing to the sordid notion that money or plate was to be found concealed within their walls or about their foundations. Leland speaks of one of three stone crosses at Brackley in Northamptonshire having been lately thrown down by thieves that sought for treasure. This gives a hint of how other ecclesiastical structures must have been weakened or overthrown by licensed depredators. Glastonbury was dissolved at the time when the King's antiquary was in the middle of his famous journey. In September 1539 the visitors spent a week in ransacking the abbey, and daily found money and plate "muryd up in wallis, vaultis, and other secret places." This concealment was called robbery, and, as is well known, the abbot and two monks were hanged—or, as more correctly expressed by the peasantry of the district at the present day, "murdered"—for holding back the goods of their house. A belief survived that even the penetrating eyes of King Hal's Commissioners had not detected all the riches of the monks. What these searchers had left behind we find Mary Middlemore, one of the maids of honour to Queen Anne of Denmark, hoping at least in some measure to secure for herself. According to Rymer's *Fœdera*, that lady obtained in 1613 a license from the King to ransack Glastonbury and two or three other of the principal abbeys, in search of certain "treasure trove" which she had been informed was to be found on these estates; and during five years she was empowered to demand the keys of such abbeys, and to employ workmen to pursue the inquiry. In 1611 Samuel Atkinson and Symon Morgan received like royal authority to dig and break up the "earth, ground, or soil of the said abbies," &c., for the "finding out, getting, and obtaining all manner of Treasure Trove, Plate, Jewells," &c. The rude treatment which Glastonbury and like ancient structures

must have suffered in these explorations may account for much of their dilapidation and overthrow. The Abbey of Malmesbury, more fortunate than Glastonbury Abbey, found a friend, we are told by Leland, in John Stump, the rich clothier, whose homely name must always be honourably associated with the superb fragment which remains of that Benedictine house. Though he converted the monastic offices and even one of the chapels into workshops for his looms, he persuaded his fellow-townsmen to save the abbey church, and himself largely contributed towards the purchase of it for parish worship. A headstone to a recently departed Stump may be seen lying off the churchyard path of the abbey, which should remind worshippers of their benefactor. Leland, as we have already said, was much struck with Malmesbury.

The present great Northern centres of population were in Leland's time not much more than villages. Liverpool was a "pavid Towne" with but one "chapel"; it was resorted to by merchants, he says, on account of the smallness of the Customs. Warrington also, with one church, was "a better market than Manchester." The latter, however, was "the fairest, best builded, quickliest, and most populous Towne of all Lancashire; yet in it but one Parish church." Of Birmingham he gives a fairly graphic sketch. The town consisted chiefly of one street a quarter of a mile in length, which he calls the "Beauty of Birmingham." "I saw," he says, "but one paroch church in the town. There be many Smiths in the town that use to make knives and all manner of cutting tools and many Loriners that make bittes, and a great many naylors. So that a great part of the Towne is maintained by smithes who have their Iron and Sea Cole out of Staffordshre." Birmingham, it might be thought, would have familiarized him with chimneys. These, however, meaning flues or enclosed passages for conducting smoke, were in Leland's time rare, for in relating his visit to Bolton Castle, he says:—"One thynge I much noted in the hawle of Bolton, how chimeneys were conveyed by tunnels made on the sides of the walls betwixt the lights in the hawle, and by this means, and by no covers is the smoke of the harthe wonder strangely conveyed." The word chimney indeed is used by Chaucer and Piers Ploughman, but as synonymous with fireplace or furnace, in which latter sense Wyclif employs it—"their schulen send him into the chymeney of fier;" and Leland defines the word with evidently the like meaning.

Included in Hearne's editión of the *Itinerary* is a queer treatise on the mystery of masonry, said to be in the handwriting of Henry VI., "and faithfully copied by me John Leland, Antiquarius, by the command of his Highness Henry VIII." A copy of this translation was obtained by John Locke from the Bodleian, which he annotated for the benefit of Lady Masham, who was so fond of masonry as to say that she more than ever wished herself a man that she might be capable of admission into the fraternity. That Leland did not originate some of the strange errors corrected by Locke may be well believed, but it seems incredible that he should retain them in his translation. Masonry, we are told, began with the "first men of the East," and was brought into the West by the Venetians, a nationality which the annotator is not surprised to find, "in times of monkish ignorance," to be confounded with the Phœnicians. Moreover, the mystery was introduced into England by Peter Gower, a Grecian, a "mighty wiseacre," who had journeyed for "cunning" into Egypt and into every land where the Venetians (Phœnicians) had planted masonry. Even the author of the *Essay on the Human Understanding* was at a loss to guess the identity of "Peter Gower," until, suddenly illuminated by the thought of Petagore, the French form of Pythagoras, he solved the difficulty; Pythagoras, Peta Gore, and Peter Gower being evidently one and the same persons. Notwithstanding the grotesque blundering of this treatise, Locke confesses that it determined him to seek the honour of initiation into the "mystery of masonry."

Leland's enemies, says Wood, charge him with being "vainglorious" and promising more than he was able to perform. Certainly his high conception of his work much exceeded what he effected. His *Itinerary* is merely a huge heap of unshapen stones for a palatial edifice that he intended to build. The work he designed was to be divided into as many books as there were shires in England and Wales, each to contain the "Beginnings, encreases, and memoriale acts of the chief Tounes and Castelles of the Province allotted to it." He complains that, "except truth be delicately clothed in purpure, her written verities can scant find a reader"; but he did not despair of satisfying even such delicate tastes. As "Carolus Magnus," he says, "had among his treasure three large and notable tables of silver, richly enamelled, severally representing Constantinople, Rome, and the world at large," so he (Leland) designed a work more durable than engraved silver or brass by making so complete a description of the whole realm that it should be easy for the painter or engraver to translate the result into a perfect picture. But Leland would have needed to carve his living marble in Latin. His English style was as rude and grating as the roads he travelled; but his Latin, at least his Latin verse, flows as smoothly as his own royal swan in her course on the stormless Thames. The *Cygnea Cantio* is a poem of 700 lines in a choriambic tetrameter of a spondee, a choriambus, two iambi, and a long syllable; and the Swan, instead of foolishly singing in doleful hymn her own departure from the world, more sensibly chants in lively phrase the praises of the successive towns and villages which she passes between Oxford and Greenwich. The verses are supplemented by an elaborate commentary, also in Latin, one of the longest descriptions being devoted to Windsor, which he extols even more than does the author of the *Ode to Eton College*, declaring that the sun himself views no scene more splendid than the landscape beneath the castle towers.

THE STANDARD OF HEROISM.

IN discoursing the other day in the Schoolroom at Hawarden on Dean Hook's life Mr. Gladstone took occasion to describe him as "a hero," and was thus led to define his idea of what constitutes heroism. He began by remarking, what indeed is sufficiently obvious, that a man need not be any the less a hero because he is a Christian or a clergyman. It seems that in Dr. Latham's Dictionary a hero is defined to be "a man eminent for bravery"; but Mr. Gladstone not unnaturally thought this definition too narrow, seeing that bravery may be a merely animal quality, while on the other hand there are certainly many other kinds of excellence. On turning to Dr. Johnson's Dictionary he found a second description added to bravery, "a man of the highest class in any respect." And we may add that much the same alternative definitions are given by Richardson and Webster. But if the first definition is too narrow Mr. Gladstone thought the second too vague, for there are surely some kinds of greatness, or what is commonly so called, which are far removed from heroism. And we are still inclined to agree with him. He instances Napoleon, who is one of Mr. Carlyle's "Heroes," and who was indeed "one of the most extraordinary men ever born," and had a concentration of brain-power almost or quite unrivalled, but whose life was throughout predominantly tainted with selfishness, and could not therefore be considered truly heroic. And there can be no doubt whatever that, if Napoleon's genius was gigantic, the supreme and absolute selfishness which shaped and dominated his entire career, and which no principle, no affection, and no obligation, however sacred, was ever suffered to thwart even for a moment, was at least equally gigantic. Casabianca calmly awaiting "on the burning deck" the death which he preferred to even a possibility of disobedience to the command of his dead father was more really "a creature of heroic blood," absurd though his conduct was, than the cruel and unscrupulous despot who made Europe tremble at his nod. There are others of Mr. Carlyle's heroes whose claim is open to challenge on similar grounds, such as Mahomet, Rousseau, Frederick the Great, and Cromwell. All of these were unquestionably in their way great men, but a great man is not necessarily a hero. A hero must, as Mr. Gladstone put it, have "ends beyond himself," and must pursue them by honourable and legitimate means. In other words he must be high-principled and unselfish. We are not equally clear as to the lecturer's further condition that a hero must not be a man of one idea, in the sense of giving to certain cherished objects so disproportionate a weight and prominence as to forget other and equally excellent objects. A man who does this is no doubt wanting in ideal harmony and perfection, and his very earnestness may be—though it does not at all follow that it would be—productive of more harm than good. But if his mistakes are not moral but intellectual only and spring from no root of selfishness, still more if they are rather the faults of the age than of the man, they need not detract from his claim to the praise of a hero. Let us take for instance two very different types of religious heroism in different ages, St. Anselm and Luther. Many will think the ideals both of the mediæval Saint and of the Reformer very one-sided, and nobody could consistently sympathize with both alike. Yet Anselm has been canonized by the public opinion of posterity no less than by the formal sentence of his Church, and few dispassionate readers of Dean Church's excellent biography of him would care to dispute the verdict. Luther is one of Mr. Carlyle's heroes, and many have been willing to accept this estimate of him who nevertheless think he gave a very "undue prominence to his own idea" of the *articulus stantis vel cadentis Ecclesiæ*, and thereby very completely "lost the just proportion of things" in matters ecclesiastical. Or, again, take two heroes of the late Dr. Mozley's, Strafford and Laud. Both of them were men of one idea, and both—especially Strafford—pursued their aims by some means which, to our notions at all events, appear more than questionable. Yet they were men of remarkable capacity and energy, who devoted their lives, even to death, to the unwearied pursuit of what they firmly believed to be the highest public good. It would surely be too narrow a conception of heroism which excluded such examples from its range.

But the question still remains, in what heroism properly consists. Is it synonymous with bravery? or with sanctity? or is it something different from either? There is some dispute as to the derivation of the Greek word from which our own is taken; but the definition which stands first apparently in all our English dictionaries of "a man eminent for bravery" has thus much to say for itself, that bravery is the distinctive characteristic of the earliest recorded types of heroism, like the Homeric heroes who "mowed down rows of men." Yet the name is also applied in the Odyssey to the minstrel Demodocus and the herald Mulius, as well as to the peaceful Phœnicians, so that bravery was not the sole standard of heroism even in "the heroic age." But it remains true, as a modern writer has observed, that "war, which brings with it so many demoralizing influences, has always been the great school of heroism," inasmuch as it familiarizes the mind with the performance of noble actions from pure and unselfish motives, and elicits

strength of character and self-control while it teaches men how to die cheerfully "for an idea," that is for something outside themselves. Hence perhaps the same word in Latin serves for courage and for the highest moral excellence, for courage was the highest, almost the sole, measure of virtue (*virtus*) to the she-wolf's warrior brood. On the other hand a utilitarian code of morals is eminently unfavourable to heroism or self-sacrifice. But if heroism is not synonymous with bravery, is it to be identified with saintliness? Not exactly that either. But here again there is an historical explanation of the confusion. The heroes of classical antiquity had been great warriors and patriots; the mediæval heroes were the Saints. In the technical language of the schools "heroic" virtue was an indispensable requisite for canonization. Now the same man may, like St. Louis, be a mighty leader in court and camp and a Saint, or, again there may be a great patriot statesman and ruler of lofty religious aims like Charlemagne, who narrowly missed canonization, but whose private life was tainted with faults which would have made his appearance in the Calendar rather strange. The fact is that there is an antithesis between what may roughly be called the natural or Pagan and the Christian standard of excellence; not that the two are irreconcilable, or are not sometimes reconciled in the same character, but that they are distinct in theory and not unfrequently separated in fact. Christianity introduced new types of virtue into the world, though it did not therefore supersede the old. It added what theologians would call the supernatural to the natural order of merit. Now the heroic ideal of classical antiquity springs mainly from a sense of the dignity of human nature; the Christian ideal of sanctity grows out of a sense of sin. And hence, as has sometimes been remarked, the latter conduces most directly to theological and ecclesiastical activity, the former to political. The one develops the distinguishing qualities of a patriot, the other of a saint. Yet the two kinds of energy may be combined in the same character, as in the nobler spirits among the Crusaders, while the concurrence of both is required for the general welfare of society. There is an unselfish grandeur, which is truly heroic, in the character and career of Hildebrand, whatever we may think of the abstract justice of his cause or of some of the methods he adopted for promoting it. His dying exclamation sounds almost like an echo of the story of Regulus.

But if there is a heroism which is not synonymous with sanctity, there are forms of saintliness, well deserving of reverence and love, which can hardly, without some strain of language, be termed heroic. To take two examples of our own day; Mr. Matthew Arnold has paid a graceful tribute to the exquisite piety and religious refinement, so to speak, of Eugénie de Guérin, nor would it be easy to find a more touching record of "a beautiful soul." Another English writer has described, under the title of "a Dominican Artist," in a work reviewed some years ago in our columns, the career of Père Besson, a young French painter who afterwards became a priest and a missionary. Both lives appeal with irresistible force to the Christian instinct of sympathy for whatever things are pure and lovely, yet neither can exactly be called heroic, in the ordinary sense of the word. The Greeks designated moral and physical beauty by a common term, and there are various manifestations both of saintly and heroic virtue which at once command as by spontaneous attraction the love and admiration of mankind. But still there is one beauty of the hero and another of the saint, even if they are sometimes united in the same person. In the highest type of perfection the two characteristics would perhaps be found to coalesce with one another, but as a matter of fact and experience there have been many genuine heroes whom it would be extravagant to qualify as saints, and many genuine saints, whether canonized or not, whose temperament or outward circumstances did not lead them to the achievement of any heroic work. Even the vulgarized use of the word hero, as when we speak of the hero of a novel—who may be a Dick Turpin or a Tito—bears witness to external energy of some kind being essential to the heroic idea. But no such necessity is recognized in the *De Imitatione Christi*, which the common instinct of Christendom, Catholic and Protestant alike, has accepted as an almost inspired manual of the saintly life, or indeed for that matter in Law's *Serious Call* or the *Pilgrim's Progress*. It would not be a complete statement of the case, but it would perhaps be as nearly a correct indication of the contrast as can be compressed into a few words, to say that heroism is understood to consist in noble action and saintliness in patient endurance. And just as a man may be eminent both as a statesman and a writer though politics and literature are distinct pursuits, so he may unite in himself the characteristic claims of a hero and a saint.

STEEL SHIPS.

It has for some time past been evident that in the construction of vessels of a certain class steel was not unlikely to supersede iron. When Lloyd's allowed twenty per cent. reduction in the scantlings of vessels built of mild steel, or, in other words, settled that steel ships much more lightly built than iron ones might be placed in the same rank with the latter for purposes of insurance, it was obvious that the men who had the best opportunities of forming an opinion on the matter had come to a very definite conclusion as to the advantages of steel for shipbuilding. A like decision was arrived at by the accomplished naval constructors of the Admiralty. At the meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute which was held in Paris last year, Mr. Barnaby is reported to have said that the Admiralty had determined that men-of-war should be constructed entirely of mild steel with the exception of the armour plates; and indeed several steel ships have been built, and are being built, for the navy. Where there is such complete agreement between the authorities at Whitehall and those who are most competent to decide on questions relating to the construction of merchant vessels, it may seem presumptuous to express any doubt as to the justice of the conclusions come to; but nevertheless there is nothing overbold in the statement that it cannot be considered certain at present, from such knowledge as has been made public, that steel possesses all the good qualities which have been ascribed to it, or that it is free from very grave defects. Science ought to be able, and doubtless will be able, to decide the questions which have arisen with regard to the use of this metal for ships; but it must be said that hitherto the utterances of science have not been so definite as might be wished; and it is much to be desired that careful and comprehensive experiments should be made before steel shipbuilding on a large scale is undertaken. With regard to vessels intended for the Navy there is no reason to fear. The Admiralty can always afford to pay for the best material that can be procured, and commands the services of a highly scientific staff, who may be trusted to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with all the properties of any metal the use of which they sanction. With private shipbuilders the case is to some extent different, and, unless they are able to benefit by the result of a full and thorough investigation, it is possible, not only that large sums of money may be spent in building vessels which, after a comparatively short period, may be found useless, but also that the dangers of the sea may be increased.

In order to show what may perhaps be apprehended if steel is used largely in the construction of merchant vessels it is necessary to state briefly what is at present known on this subject. There has been, as need hardly be said, a good deal of discussion about it, but the best exposition of modern knowledge with regard to this matter is to be found in two articles in the *Nautical Magazine* for November and for last month, giving an account of the as yet unpublished papers read at the meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute already mentioned. The most important contribution on this occasion appears to have been that of Professor Akerman of Stockholm, who describes some remarkable experiments made to test the comparative strength of mild steel and iron. The result certainly seemed to show the very great superiority of steel. Plates of this metal which were tried by allowing a weight of seventeen hundredweight to fall on them from a height of fifteen feet received from five to nine blows before they gave. Plates of the best Swedish iron, far exceeding in strength the best English iron, were tried with a weight falling only five feet, and gave after receiving from four to six blows. When a plate of this kind was tried with a weight falling fifteen feet, this passed through it on the first fall. A plate of mild steel on the other hand, when tried with a weight falling five feet, withstood twenty-five blows before it failed. The weight used in these trials was spherical in its lower part and of about ten inches diameter, and the plates were rather more than a third of an inch in thickness. The method followed was to stretch them over a cup larger than the weight, and the test to which they were exposed was certainly a severe one, as the work must have been 19,992 foot-pounds. The results obtained certainly made manifest the extraordinary power of resisting a percussive strain which one kind of mild steel possesses, and its huge superiority to iron; but it must not be forgotten that this steel, made in Sweden from Swedish iron, was the best that could possibly be obtained, and would probably be far too costly for use in ordinary shipbuilding. It is well worthy of note that some experiments with other kinds of steel which were recorded in a paper read by Mr. Adamson gave rather different results. In this case the plates were tested by placing them on a cast-iron anvil in which was a spherical cavity and exploding gun cotton at a height of ten inches above it. Five steel plates of which four were annealed and one unannealed were tried against four plates of the best Yorkshire and Lancashire iron. The results were singular. All the iron plates gave way. Three of the annealed plates stood the test and a second test; but the other annealed plate and the unannealed one were no better than those made of iron. It was discovered, however, that the annealed steel which failed was faulty, having too much sulphur and phosphorus in it; but, if this defect existed in a specimen carefully selected for trial, it is certainly doubtful whether it would always be avoided in common manufacture. Even more important in connexion with the subject than the failure of this plate was the fact that the unannealed steel seemed—so far as resistance to a percussive strain went—not to be more strong than iron. From the discussion which followed the reading of Mr. Adamson's paper it appeared that the mild steel plates used for men-of-war are annealed when the work can be done at the Royal dockyards, but that, when ships are built in private yards, the Admiralty do not insist on the steel being annealed, as they consider it better that this should be dispensed with than that it should be attempted when there is not absolute certainty that it will be done in the right way. It seems tolerably clear, therefore, that the steel plates which would be used in the construction of merchant vessels would not, save in very exceptional cases, be annealed, and they might be found not to be superior to iron in one kind of strength. It should be added, however, that Mr. Adamson's experiments as to tensile strength showed, as others on the same subject have done, that mild steel,

especially the best kind, is in this respect very much stronger than iron.

It will be seen, then, that, though mild steel of a certain description possesses far greater strength than iron and is better suited for shipbuilding, there are reasons for supposing that the steel of which ordinary vessels would be constructed would not have so marked a superiority over the simple metal. That it would in some ways be better there can be no doubt; but it must not be forgotten that the valuable qualities of steel have been supposed to be more than counterbalanced by a defect which would to a great extent unfit it for use in shipbuilding; and that it cannot be said at present that this opinion has been clearly shown to be erroneous. The objection which has been urged against mild steel is that it corrodes in salt water more quickly than iron. Experiments are said to have shown that this is not the case; but, though the matter might be thought to be one which could be absolutely decided without great difficulty, no conclusive series of experiments appear yet to have been made, and the results of some of the latest investigations seem to be contradictory. Thus Mr. Adamson placed hard steel, mild steel, and four kinds of iron, in a bath containing one per cent. of sulphuric acid, and carefully observed the amount of corrosion. The mild steel was found to corrode less than any of the other specimens except one, a very pure iron not suited for shipbuilding. This result seemed strongly in favour of steel; but some experiments made by the Admiralty officers are said to have led to a different conclusion. The writer of the articles in the *Nautical Magazine* states that these experiments are supposed to indicate "that most of the cases of rapid corrosion are due to galvanic action, in some instances clearly between the black oxide which adheres to the plate and the parts of the plate where the oxide has been removed. The black oxide is produced on the plate during rolling, being what is technically known as 'scale.' It is electro-negative with regard to the plate itself, and consequently, when some of it is knocked off in the process of working, galvanic action will be set up in salt water between the covered and uncovered portions of the plate. It has been observed that the scale adheres much more firmly to mild steel than to iron." Whether these conclusions are correct or not, there can be no doubt, as the writer goes on to remark, that more experiments are required, and that these should be made by placing the metal in salt water, not in water and sulphuric acid. Compared with much experimental investigation which is carried on, it would seem to be an easy matter to determine beyond all doubt the effect of sea water on such steel as would be used for shipbuilding. At present the question cannot be considered to be clearly decided, and, considering its importance, it is not a little singular that this should be the case.

Another question relating to steel, considered in the articles referred to, has also to be dealt with. In most mild steels manganese is present, and it is by no means certain that it has not a highly prejudicial effect. Dr. Siemens, perhaps the first living authority on this subject, considers that manganese causes the rapid corrosion of steel, and also that inferior materials may be "cloaked" by it, so that poor steel may be passed off for good. It is true that manganese can be dispensed with when a certain kind of iron is used; but the steel produced from this would probably be far too expensive for shipbuilding. Obviously, then, it is most necessary to determine what is the effect of manganese on steel, as well as to ascertain how that metal is likely to be affected by sea water. Before a large number of steel vessels can be set afloat, it will surely be well to know whether many of them will not be liable to rapid decay. It must not be thought that this matter concerns only the shipbuilder and the naval architect. The constantly increasing number of those who travel by water are also largely interested in it, and it is for this reason that we have drawn attention to the facts set forth in the *Nautical Magazine*. Within the last few days it has been stated that a large steel steamer is to be built which is probably intended to carry a large number of passengers. There could not be clearer evidence that steel is coming into favour; and, though this vessel is to be made safe by having a double bottom, she will probably be followed by others in which this expensive method of construction will not be adopted. Clearly, then, if safety to life is to be considered, it is most important that systematic attempts should be made to ascertain whether steel is well fitted for shipbuilding or whether a cardinal fault in the metal will aggravate what is undoubtedly an existing danger. Few of those who embark on board the great passenger steamers of the present day realize one risk to which the immense vessels propelled at very high speeds are exposed. How thin is the skin or plating with which these huge vessels are covered, and what would be the result of a small fracture incurred in any part of this a little distance below the water line, are things fortunately unknown to nervous travellers. It may seem startling, but is nevertheless true, that one of these huge ships might be sunk by a hole half a foot square, and five or six feet below the water line; that is to say, anywhere in hundreds of feet of thin iron plating. It is true that most of these great vessels are supposed to be divided into water-tight compartments; but it may be asserted without temerity that in many cases the so-called water-tight bulkheads would be found to be useless, and that if the water once entered it would penetrate everywhere. Now this danger, which is a real one, may be increased or decreased by the use of steel. There will be greater strength, and perhaps much greater power of resisting a percussive strain; but, on the other hand, it must not be forgotten that the steel plates will be even thinner than the iron ones, and if they corrode very rapidly there will be a certain peril to steel ships. If there really is this defect in the metal, means may be found to overcome it; but the question should certainly be carefully considered before vessels are constructed which, when to all appearance strong and seaworthy, may be in reality as dangerous as the most crazy craft that makes its way from port to port.

LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD IN THE COURT OF APPEAL.

ON Wednesday last a most curious illustration of the vexed question of copyright was presented to those persons whose strange delight it is to pass their time as spectators and hearers in courts of law. It is matter for wonder what these people are, and what is the mysterious attraction which makes them like to sit for hours in a stuffy, dingy court, listening to case after case which has no possible interest for any one but the persons immediately concerned in it. Possibly they find a pleasure in expectation, and are content to wait patiently through days of dulness for the chance of hearing some such case as that of Hengler *v.* Myers, which was heard in the Court of Appeal before Lords Justices James, Bramwell, and Brett. These three learned Judges were occupied for a considerable time—if we can judge from the length of the *Times'* report—in hearing "an appeal from an order of Mr. Justice Fry awarding the plaintiff the sum of forty-eight pounds damages for an infringement of his copyright in two songs, and granting an injunction to restrain any infringement of the plaintiff's copyright in the dramatic entertainment or spectacle called *Little Red Ridinghood*, in which the songs in question were introduced." The facts of the case were tolerably plain. Both the plaintiff and the defendant were circus proprietors of considerable fame, and in 1874 a Mr. Henry wrote for Mr. Hengler "a grand juvenile spectacle" called *Little Red Ridinghood*, the sole acting right of which was assigned to Mr. Hengler. In 1876 Mr. Myers brought out at the Crystal Palace a pantomimic performance, of which the title also was *Little Red Ridinghood*, and of which the plaintiff complained as a piracy of his juvenile entertainment, on the ground of its being identical, with the exception of the absence of spoken dialogue, with the defendant's piece in plot, incidents, properties, and business. The plaintiff more especially relied on the identity in both performances of two songs—"The Huntsmen's Chorus" and "Beautiful Flowers"—which had, as he alleged, been written and composed expressly for the plaintiff. The defendant denied that his piece was copied from the plaintiff's, and also said that the story, incidents, and dramatic situations contained in the plaintiff's *Little Red Ridinghood* were not new—a statement obviously difficult to upset. As to his own version of the story, Mr. Myers stated that in 1856 he brought out in America a pantomimic spectacle called *Cinderella*, in which various fairy scenes and "the ordinary and extraordinary circus troop of camels, giraffes, horses, &c." were employed as attractions. This spectacle he intended to produce in Paris in 1875; but, as M. Franconi was at that time exhibiting a *Cinderella* of his own at the Cirque Napoléon, Mr. Myers, to avoid competition with him, adopted the simple expedient of changing his exhibition's name and plot, but retaining the spectacle which was its attraction. The device is not unknown; and it will be remembered that Mr. Crummles was far more concerned about the appearance of his real tubs than about the play which was to serve as a setting for them. It was the *Cinderella* translated to *Little Red Ridinghood* which Mr. Myers exhibited at the Crystal Palace and on the performance of which Mr. Hengler founded his action. The case was heard in June last before Mr. Justice Fry, who held that "the plaintiff was entitled to relief to the extent of the infringement committed by the defendant in taking the two songs of 'The Huntsmen's Chorus' and 'Beautiful Flowers' from the plaintiff's piece. From this decision the plaintiff had appealed."

Eminent counsel were engaged on both sides; and their Lordships, recognizing the importance and gravity of the case, decided that they could not properly determine the question without having both versions of *Little Red Ridinghood* read aloud, which was done, "to the great amusement of a crowded court." The legend had been closely followed in each case, and the situations, the *Times'* reporter observes, "were necessarily very similar." "The plaintiff's piece, however, consisted of spoken dialogue," while the defendant's was chiefly pantomimic, "and the wolf, represented as a funny rascal, indulged in well-known music-hall songs of the day." The second act in both pieces represented a garden, through which an elaborate procession marched. Lord Justice James observed that "in point of fact, in the one case the tale of Cinderella and in the other of Little Red Ridinghood supplied a very slender thread of plot into which were woven what constituted the substance of the piece—namely, ballets, dances, ballads, costumes, political allusions, miniature equipages and ponies, and allegorical cars drawn by camels and other animals. These latter"—that is, we suppose, everything contained in the heterogeneous list, which Peacock might have put into the mouth of one of his characters—"were fitted into either plot indifferently, and could be and were changed and modified at will, but were for twenty years substantially the same, and were never copied or imitated by the defendant from any representation by the plaintiff or any one else."

Lord Justice James proceeded to inquire whether, in tak-

these songs, Mr. Myers had taken a material part of Mr. Hengler's piece. To support his view that this was not so he went on to read or recite the words of the "Huntsmen's Chorus," which run thus:—

We mount our steeds at break of morn
And gaily forth we go,
While cheerily sounds the bugle-horn
And the huntsmen tally-ho!
Tally-ho! tally-ho! tally-ho!
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy!
Echo. Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy!
The echoing words reply.

Lord Justice James, without going into the question whether, as the defendant alleged, the words and music of this song were old, decided with much wisdom that "any other song or any nonsense verses would have done quite as well to meet the situation in which they were introduced—namely, to alarm the wolf and rescue Little Red Ridinghood from his clutches." The same view, he went on to observe, was applicable to the other song, "Beautiful Flowers"; and, on the whole, he was of opinion that "no case of piracy had been established against the defendant, and the order of Mr. Justice Fry must be dismissed, with costs."

Lord Justice Bramwell, who was of the same opinion, and "only thought it necessary out of respect to Mr. Justice Fry to add anything," did nevertheless say nearly as much, according to the report, as Lord Justice James had said. The subject was, no doubt, an attractive one, and must have been almost as agreeable a relief to the judges as to the "crowded court." Lord Justice Bramwell, after briefly reviewing the circumstances, stated that the story of *Little Red Ridinghood*, which was the common groundwork of both pieces, "was no novelty; it was known in every nursery, was the common property of all mankind, and any one might dramatize it." Then, bringing his critical skill to bear on an analysis of this story, he pointed out that there must be certain incidents common to any version of the story; for "first you must have a little girl who wore a red hood; there must be a wolf, and the little girl must have a grandmother, and the grandmother must go to bed and be killed by the wolf, who then took her place in the bed." While observing that his memory did not serve him to say whether or not in the original legend the little girl was killed by the wolf, Lord Justice Bramwell found occasion to make a strangely recondite joke, the point of which still remains obscure from us. It seemed, he said, that in the modern version she was rescued from the wolf by some one, "not, I suppose, by a lawyer or a clergyman, but by a handsome young prince who comes in the garb of a huntsman." Noting that the question of piracy was limited to the garden scene and two songs which were greatly alike, Lord Justice Bramwell observed that the differences must also be looked to. The plaintiff's piece was a spoken piece, containing jokes and allusions likely to make people laugh, and which had certainly made him laugh even when they were merely read out in court. (This, by the by, should surely prove a valuable advertisement to the plaintiff.) The defendant's piece, on the other hand, was a "mere ballet d'action," and there were many points of difference between his garden scene and the plaintiff's; as to the question of the songs, Lord Justice Bramwell referred to the case of Planché *v.* Braham, in order to say that it was not an authority for the plaintiff's contention. He further said, in connexion with that case, that "any one who knows the drama of *Oberon* set to music by Weber would know that the song in question, 'Ocean, thou mighty monster,' was a most important part of the drama." This is a somewhat surprising statement, and we may next expect to hear that the Queen's song in "the drama of the *Huguenots* set to music by Meyerbeer" is of the greatest dramatic importance.

"These pieces," said Lord Justice Bramwell in conclusion, "are very good things to make children laugh, and may also amuse their elders" (we have seen that one of them did amuse Lord Justice Bramwell); "but it does seem to me to be perfectly idle to found an action of copyright on these alleged similarities. . . . Actions of this sort, when there is no substantial grievance, ought not to be encouraged." Lord Justice Brett concurred, and therefore "the injunction granted by Mr. Justice Fry was dissolved, and judgment entered up for the defendant with costs, including the costs of the appeal." With Lord Justice Bramwell's concluding remarks we entirely agree; and possibly some people will be sorry that so much time and trouble should have been expended by the Court of Appeal over so trumpery a case. Philanthropists, however, may console themselves by reflecting upon the "great amusement" afforded to "a crowded court" by the criticisms, remarks, and recitations of the Lords Justices.

THE WORLD'S PRODUCTION OF SILVER.

THE silver market continues to baffle all calculation. Barely nine years ago the metal was selling at the mint price of sixty-two pence an ounce; even six years since it fetched sixty pence; but then a rapid fall began, and went on until in August, 1876, the quotations sank below forty-seven pence. At this point a recovery set in, and about twelve months ago the price had risen to fifty-four pence halfpenny; but there was another reaction, and at the close of the year forty-nine pence was again reached. Once more there was an improvement, which, however, only went as far as fifty-one pence, when another fall occurred, and this week the price is down to a fraction over forty-nine pence halfpenny. We have so often explained the serious consequences of this state of things to the Indian Government and to all who have to transmit money from the East to Europe, that we need add little to what we have already said. But we may give one illustration. The Indian Council Bills offered on Wednesday last were tendered for at 1*s.* 7$\frac{1}{16}$*d.* per rupee—that is, fivepence within a very small fraction was lost in every rupee, or almost one-fifth. If present rates last, therefore, all who have to send money from India to England will have to look forward to a loss by exchange of one-fifth of the sum transmitted. So far as the Indian Treasury is concerned, this would be over three millions per annum. It is little wonder, then, that there should be persistent reports that plans have been submitted to the Indian Government for the correction of the exchanges. We commented upon one of these plans some time ago, and there is talk of others. But we do not propose to consider them at present. Our object just now is rather to direct attention to the causes of the depreciation. Those causes are twofold—an increase of supply, and a decrease of demand. But we think it can be shown conclusively that the increased supply is not sufficient to account for the alarm it has excited. What we witness is to a very large extent pure panic. The estimate of the world's production of silver laid before the Silver Committee by Sir Hector Hay is generally accepted as the nearest approximation to the truth which the existing data admit, and from that document it appears that the production amounted in 1852 to about 8,120,000*l.*, and in 1875 to about 16,100,000*l.* In the four-and-twenty years, that is, the production had just doubled. The whole increase was in the yield of the United States. At the beginning of the period that yield was practically *nil;* in 1862 it had risen to 900,000*l.*; and afterwards it augmented rapidly, being estimated by Sir Hector as high as nine millions for 1875. But when we turn to the reports of the United States Mint we find that in fact the production that year was only 7,140,000*l.* The real production of 1875 was, therefore, only 14,240,000*l.*, or an increase of about seventy-five per cent. in the twenty-four years. We saw a few weeks ago that, according to Wells, Fargo, & Co.'s report for 1878, the yield of the United States mines has not since 1875 sensibly increased; so that, even if all other countries were as productive as before, we cannot estimate the world's production at above 14¼ millions. But is it probable that all other countries have yielded as much as formerly? The evidence laid before the Committee was all to the effect that, while the United States mines were marvellously rich, those of other countries were becoming exhausted. Their production had long been stationary, and would almost certainly fall off under the influence of depreciation. It now appears that even the United States mines have felt the influence of the depreciation, and although we have not trustworthy statistics for the others, it is almost certain that their yield has been much more considerably checked. It is incontestable, then, that the world's production has not increased within the last three years; it is in the highest degree probable that it has materially diminished.

A great body of evidence might be brought forward in support of this conclusion, but we need cite only two or three facts. The Bland Act, passed by Congress twelve months ago, requires the American Government to coin in silver every month not less than 400,000*l.*, nor more than 800,000*l.* The Act was passed in spite of the influence of the Secretary of the Treasury and over the President's veto. It is reasonable to assume, therefore, that the Government coins the legal minimum, which would be only 4,800,000*l.* for the whole year. Yet on one occasion the American Government bought silver in the London market. The metal, that is to say, was cheaper here than in the producing country. Another notable fact is that, even before the passing of the Bland Act, the imports of silver from the United States did not materially increase in consequence of the augmented yield of the mines. And a third fact of significance is that the supply of silver in the London market is exceedingly small. All this goes to prove that it is not increased production which has mainly caused the depreciation, and that the apprehensions felt, at the time the Silver Committee was sitting, of the result of the working of the new American mines were greatly exaggerated. The point is of the highest importance in fixing upon a remedy for the present state of things in India. If the views we have stated are correct, we have to look for the cause of the depreciation either in a temporary increase of the supply, which by and by will be exhausted, and which therefore may either be endured for the time or may be counteracted by temporary measures; or else in a contraction of the demand, whether temporary or permanent; or, lastly, India is suffering from a combination of both causes. This last is the true state of the case. The production of the metal, though it has been considerably increased, would, if acting alone, have exercised but slight influence. Indeed the increase would have no more than sufficed to keep up the silver coinages of the world, and to meet the requirements of the arts, had no change been made in the order of things existing at the close of the Franco-German war. But the substitution of a gold for a silver currency by Germany disturbed the equilibrium. And the way in which the measure was carried out aggravated the mischief. Had the German Government taken the world into its confidence, ascertained as nearly as possible the amount of silver it had in circulation, decided how much of this was needed by it, and frankly stated how it would dispose of the excess, it would at any rate have prevented ignorance and the uncertainty and panic that are bred of ignorance. Other countries would have

known exactly the facts with which they had to deal, and would have been able to take their measures intelligently. The market would have adapted itself to the provisional state of things; and the German Government itself would have been in a position to profit by the criticism of experts. It preferred, however, to conduct its operations in secret. Nobody knows exactly how much silver Germany still has to sell, or at what price it will dispose of it, or at what moment. There is the uneasy feeling that the instant an improvement occurs a sum will be thrown on the market large enough to depress it, and consequently the depression continues. It is, in fact, the German supply, not the increased production of the mines, which has chiefly caused the depreciation. In 1877, for example, the total quantity of silver imported into this country from the United States was only 2,615,000*l.*, while the import from Germany was 13,747,000*l.*, or about five times as much. Indeed, it will be observed, the German import was almost equal to the whole production of the world in that year. The import never before reached so high a figure, but the knowledge that an indefinitely large supply existed, and was kept back only in the hope that the price would improve, acted upon dealers quite as powerfully as if the metal had actually been offered in the market. In the period 1872-7 inclusive, the imports of silver from Germany exceeded 23,000,000*l.*, and, supposing that only 7,000,000*l.* were disposed of elsewhere, we have a total of 30,000,000*l.* in the six years, or 5,000,000*l.* per annum on an average sold by Germany alone. In other words, the direct result of the demonetization of silver by Germany has been the same as if the production of the mines had been increased five millions a year. Of course the secresy in which Germany wrapped her policy greatly magnified the effect. The sums she had to dispose of were grossly exaggerated, and the fear was always present to the minds of dealers that she might at any moment ruin them by suddenly flooding the market. Indirectly also there was the effect of the contraction of the demand, as Germany had previously been a consumer of silver.

The obvious conclusion from what we have been saying is that, the cause being temporary, the effect also must be temporary. The truth of this inference, however, depends upon the willingness of other nations to restore the old state of things as soon as the German supply is exhausted. There is reason for assuming the existence of this willingness. At the Paris Conference last summer France still expressed the opinion, often previously enunciated by M. Léon Say, that the fall of price is only a fluctuation. And Italy clung to the double standard. Austria stated that she preserved an expectant attitude, and Holland wished to be guided by the action of the Indian Government. Thus there is a considerable probability that a full remonetization of silver outside Germany and the Scandinavian kingdoms might take place if the German stock of the metal were disposed of. But to this it is essential that no inducement should be offered to any country to part with its silver. The experience of Germany has been a warning to her neighbours. In spite of the immense war indemnity, her finances have suffered heavily from the losses incurred in her coinage operations, which at the end of eight years are still incomplete. Were any other Government to follow her example it would suffer still more severely. It would begin to sell its silver in a market excessively depreciated. The best safeguard against further change is thus the difficulty of selling any large quantity of silver, and the certain heavy loss that would follow an attempt at a sale. Prudent Governments will be careful not to weaken this safeguard by giving attention to proposals which would offer a premium upon heavy sales. It does not seem that they will have to exercise their patience very long now. The estimates generally received put the amount still to be disposed of by Germany at about 15,000,000*l.*, or not very much more than she exported to England in 1877. A revived demand in India in consequence of the Afghan war and an improvement in trade would absorb the amount in a year.

REVIEWS.

McCARTHY'S HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES.*

MR. McCARTHY has undertaken a difficult and an ambitious task. A History of England during the reign of the present Queen is not only a welcome addition to current literature, but is the very work which most readers would like to have, if only, when undertaken, it was found to be well done. To write such a History well, however, demands a combination of qualities which is not very easy to realize. The History must be just and yet entertaining, and a man who writes of his contemporaries is apt to combine partisanship with smartness, or moderation with dulness. It must give enough of facts to be a history, and yet must not seem like an abridgment of the *Annual Register*. Above all, it must be on the right scale. Successive subjects must be treated not only in the right spirit, but at the right length, and this is perhaps the hardest part of the task. In short, nothing would justify the attempt but success; and in reading these volumes our first feeling is that of wonder that any one should have been found to succeed as Mr. McCarthy has succeeded. He is always lively without being flippant. He is sympathetic without being gushing. He pronounces opinions without the air of dogmatism. He is scrupulously just, not as if he screwed justice out of his conscientiousness, but because he likes being fair to every one. Above all, he has conquered the difficulty of saying enough and not too much. With rare exceptions he instructs without wearying, and drops a topic when he has done with it, and is capable of the heroic sacrifice of leaving materials unused in order that the picture he presents may not be overloaded with details. Criticism is disarmed before a composition which provokes little but approval. This is a really good book on a really interesting subject, and words piled on words could say no more for it. To urge such objections as suggest themselves, it may however be added that Mr. McCarthy, in imitation perhaps of Mr. Carlyle's *French Revolution*, has thought proper to give his chapters sensational headings. The quarrel over the Ladies of the Bedchamber is headed "Question de Jupons," and the Repeal of the Corn-laws is headed "Famine forces Peel's Hand." This is rather too much in the line of comic or popular histories to be quite in keeping with the work itself, which bears the stamp of a writer who, in the midst of his liveliness, has the consciousness, not only of his own ability, but of high and serious aims. The concluding chapter, too, of the volumes now published appears to us to be a mistake. It contains a survey of the literature of the period. We fail to see the good of such a survey. It is not part of the history of the times, except in the sense that a survey of the engineers, the Governors of India, or the astronomers of the day is a part of such a history. And for literary purposes it is far too scanty and short. A very brief statement of Mr. McCarthy's literary opinions is not history; and the reader gains less than nothing by being told that about this time Sir E. Bulwer and Mr. Disraeli wrote novels in which Mr. McCarthy finds something to admire. Although, too, the scale on which Mr. McCarthy sets himself to work is for the most part properly maintained, it must be owned that there are occasional exceptions, and he sometimes seems too long in his dissertations and too short in his contributions of information.

The whole work is to be in four volumes, and is to carry the reader to the Berlin Congress. The two volumes now published take him to the end of the Crimean war. The first division of the period now covered may be said to be from the accession of the Queen to the beginning of the Peel Ministry. What difficulties had to be overcome in handling this division of his subject may be conceived when it is remembered that Mr. McCarthy had to sketch the characters and careers of persons so eminent and so different as Lord Melbourne, Lord Russell, Lord Palmerston, Lord Durham, Lord Brougham, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Stanley, Sir Robert Peel, and Prince Albert, and of minor, but still striking, personages, such as William IV., the Duke of Cumberland, and Sheil. Among events, he had to treat the Canada rebellion, the outbreak of Chartism, the institution of the penny post, and the first Chinese war. In his sketches of statesmen Mr. McCarthy is not only graphic and just, but he almost always manages to insert some sentence which in a new and original way sums up the person sketched for the reader. Thus, of Sir Robert Peel he says that his speeches told of the feelings and the inspiration of Parliament "as the ballad music of a country tells of its scenery and its national sentiments." Of Lord Russell he says:—"He had in truth much less genius than his friends and admirers believed, and a great deal more of practical strength than either friends or foes gave him credit for." After describing Lord Melbourne's affectation of levity, Mr. McCarthy remarks:—"Such a masquerading might perhaps have been excusable or even attractive in the case of a man of really brilliant and commanding talents." The character and position of Lord Durham are brought home to us by saying of him, before he went to Canada, that "there was a general impression, perhaps even among those who liked him least, that he was a sort of unemployed Cæsar." These, however, are but the felicities of a clever writer. Mr. McCarthy shows himself to be at once a thoughtful and an impartial politician when he treats of such matters as Chartism, Canada, and the Chinese war. The great theme of Mr. McCarthy's book is the immense difference between the England of the Queen's youth and the England of her maturer years; the strides that have been taken in the right path, the new spirit that has pervaded politics, the desire to do right that makes itself felt even in the strife of parties. When the Queen ascended the throne there was really something of that division of England into two nations which Mr. Disraeli pourtrayed with his usual effective exaggeration in *Sybil*. The distinction has faded away, if not entirely, yet to a large extent, because there has been gradually formed a controlling tribunal of enlightened public opinion. So far as it existed at all, this opinion was in its infancy in the days of Lord Melbourne. The leaders of parties neither created nor represented it, but were rather in slow process of time moulded by it. Chartism was the last attempt England has witnessed of the desire to anticipate public opinion by the use of force; and, as such an attempt, nothing could have been more feeble or silly. But Mr. McCarthy points out with great distinctness that, if we merely consider the articles of the Charter, they were all fair subjects for the decision of public opinion; and that in recent years some of the points at issue have been decided by public opinion in favour of the Chartists. The singular proceeding known as the Opium War is described by Mr. McCarthy with his accustomed piquancy. From a moral point of view no war could be more unjustifiable. But it must be owned that to gain unjustly

* *A History of Our Own Times, from the Accession of Queen Victoria to the Berlin Congress.* By Justin McCarthy. London: Chatto & Windus. 1879.

and to reign justly is something like a maxim of English politics, and seems to be in accordance with that admixture of unrighteousness and righteousness, that curious turn for making the best of both worlds, which is a conspicuous element in the national character.

The next division of the subject may be taken as that which precedes the great Continental outbreak of 1848. It includes, because it finishes, the Afghan war, and it comprises the contest between the Government and O'Connell, and the repeal of the Corn-laws. Even after all the descriptions of the first Afghan war recently compiled or revived, Mr. McCarthy's account of it strikes us as singularly picturesque and vigorous. Mr. McCarthy also, before proceeding to the main subjects of this division, had to perform a task less interesting, but not less difficult, in giving a sketch of the religious movements which ended in the disruption of the Scotch and the loss to the English Church of some of its most distinguished members. The writer, however, has the great advantage of being honestly in that frame of mind which, viewing them all from the outside, can see the merits of all religious parties, and he is thus able to write so as to describe faithfully and yet give no offence to any one. When he passes to write of Ireland and O'Connell Mr. McCarthy is on ground specially his own. He knows Ireland well enough to judge accurately the position of O'Connell. Why O'Connell was not only distrusted but hated in England, why he was beloved and once all-powerful in Ireland, and why his life ended in a collapse in both countries, is described by Mr. McCarthy with the distinct touch of a writer who is sure of his facts and his inferences. O'Connell was hated in England because he combined what was thought to be a hypocritical loyalty to the Queen with a fatal and absurd animosity to the Saxon. He was beloved in Ireland because he stirred the worst as well as the best passions of the Irish. He collapsed because he was an agitator who shrank from the consequences of agitation. The Irish people were alienated by a leader who puzzled them by alternately telling them that the English Government was composed of tyrants and scoundrels, and that every order of this Government must be reverently obeyed. All this is treated of by Mr. McCarthy at ample length, and with unfailing vigour. So, too, is the Free-trade controversy. But occasionally Mr. McCarthy's plan, which mainly consists in writing essays on leading topics, leads him to pass over important subjects in the style of the dreariest annalist. It seems strange that an historian of our times should have nothing more to say of Peel's Bank Act than that it was a characteristic and important measure, or of the establishment of the Income-tax than that it was a doubtful boon. We seem to have got back to the Mrs. Markham of our youth, and expect to find a picture of a sword or a slipper at the end of the chapter. We are transported into a very different atmosphere when we get to a just and striking comparison of the agitation of O'Connell and the agitation for the Repeal of the Corn-laws, which Mr. McCarthy ends by saying that "the most impassioned Celt will admit that in the Anti-Corn-law agitation of Cobden and Bright, with its rigid truthfulness and its strict proportion between capacity and promise, there was an entirely new dignity lent to popular agitation, which raised it to the condition of statesmanship in the rough."

The next division takes us to the beginning of the Crimean war, and finally we have the Crimean war itself. The foolish and ineffective outbreak of Young Ireland was the faint echo of the great Continental commotion, and Mr. McCarthy despatches it in a strain of gentle ridicule. Two subjects succeed which afford equal openings for his perception of the comic or humorous to display itself—the woes of Don Pacifico and the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. The despatch of the English fleet to the Peiræus to enforce claims so glaringly ridiculous as those of Don Pacifico's, and the ignominious straits to which Lord Russell was reduced in having to pass a Bill of which he disapproved in order to guard against an imaginary danger of which he was the chief inventor, are fair subjects of historical mirth; and Mr. McCarthy has a fund of exuberant mirth at his command. As the volume goes on Lord Palmerston becomes more and more, if not the hero, yet the first actor of the piece; and nowhere does Mr. McCarthy show more nice discrimination and critical fairness than in treating of Lord Palmerston. In his quarrel with the Court and with Lord Russell Lord Palmerston was, Mr. McCarthy thinks, wrong; and most people would agree with him. He would keep on committing the Queen and the Cabinet without letting any one know what he was doing, and a Ministry with so wayward a member in it must inevitably break up. Mr. McCarthy also brings into strong light the curious method in which Palmerston regarded politics as a scene of his own personal struggles, and other politicians as chiefly existing in their relations to himself. The death of Sir Robert Peel mainly presented itself to him as that of a person "who would never be disposed to do him a good turn," and the death of Louis Philippe "delivered him from his most artful and inveterate enemy." But the good qualities and the great powers of Lord Palmerston are equally recognized—the good taste with which he quietly accepted his dismissal by the Queen, and the vigour he infused into the conduct of the Crimean war and into the negotiations which concluded it. A whole chapter is devoted to Mr. Gladstone, which seems rather more than even Mr. Gladstone is entitled to; but as an essay on Mr. Gladstone in which he is made neither too great nor too little, and in which his opinions and speeches are analysed with impartial penetration, the chapter perhaps deserves its large place in the work. It would be difficult to characterize Mr. Gladstone's Parliamentary oratory more neatly than by Mr. McCarthy's epigrammatic account of it as a "circumgyration of coherent words." Men interest Mr. McCarthy much more than events, and books seem to him valuable, not so much for the materials they supply, as for the indication of character they afford and the points of artistic treatment they suggest. When he gets to the Crimean war he passes lightly over the military part, having satisfied himself that it was a soldiers' war, and not a war in which there was any generalship to interest him. To correct the errors of Mr. Kinglake is one of the main duties he sets himself, and if Mr. Kinglake's paradoxes are taken seriously, the duty is not difficult to fulfil. But Mr. Kinglake is the most puzzling of writers, and, as volume after volume of his History appeared, the mystery whether his seeming admiration of his heroes was not a piece of elaborate *persiflage* grew deeper and deeper. Mr. McCarthy's account of the incidents and negotiations that preceded the war is lucid and adequate; and whenever Mr. McCarthy takes a subject in hand, he always makes himself understand it, and conveys what he has learnt to his readers. If he does not ordinarily display any great power of narration, his style lends itself to intelligible statement as readily as to entertaining comment. Where it errs, it errs, we think, on the side of the irrepressibly comic. We scarcely expect an historian to tell us of the reading of the Duke of Newcastle's despatch that "in the language of Sam Weller poppies were nothing to it." But it would be very unjust to judge the book as a whole by its occasional blemishes; and such is the effect of its general justice, its breadth of view, and its sparkling buoyancy, that very few of its readers will close these volumes without looking forward with interest to the two that are to follow.

WILKINSON'S ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.*

We gladly welcome the issue of a new edition of Sir Gardner Wilkinson's *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians*. From the date of its first publication more than forty years ago this admirable compilation has held its place as a standard work in English literature. The amount of learning, of observation, and of industry which must have gone to make it up is such as can rarely be looked for in any single author. The value of the immense store of facts accumulated for the purpose of this portrayal of early Egyptian life was enhanced by sobriety of judgment and conscientious respect for the limits of fact. With its more ambitious scope and its far wider grasp of learning Baron Bunsen's great work combined a tone of speculation, of bold and broad hypothesis, which has kept cautious scholars from committing themselves to his leading. In the modest programme in which he sought to lay down the outline of his undertaking, Sir Gardner Wilkinson disclaimed the intention of settling abstruse and mysterious questions regarding the religion of ancient Egypt, or of dissipating the mythological clouds which envelop the origin and the ethnological affinities of its people. It was enough for him to bring together the results of careful and conscientious study of monumental remains and literary records carried on upon the spot, in combination with the historical notices handed down by writers of antiquity, and made the subject of critical discussion and sifting by the learned of modern times. The great merit of his work was felt to lie in the acute observation of the writer, and his exhaustive illustration of Egyptian manners and customs as depicted upon the monuments. Such was the passion of that singular race for setting out upon their walls or other available space every detail of their life, that it may be doubted whether we have gained from the copious literature of Greece and Rome anything like the vivid conception we are able to form of the ways and doings of every day in olden time upon the banks of the Nile. And the unwearying pains taken by Sir Gardner Wilkinson in collecting and arranging his materials, throwing upon his graphic descriptions the collateral light of his extensive classical reading, and enriching the text with a profusion of faithful and admirably chosen woodcuts, have had the result of bringing home to us the history, the arts, the manners and customs of that long bygone race, with a degree of reality which makes them seem to us like living people. Having continued to the last his Egyptian studies and researches, Sir Gardner Wilkinson left, at his death in 1875, a mass of additional notes and other materials which have been employed in the preparation of the present edition and supplemented with much fresh matter by the editor, besides having been subjected to a careful revision throughout, and brought up to the latest standard of Egyptological science. Pending the adoption of some fixed scheme of transliteration of Egyptian words and names, strongly urged by the Oriental Congress, it has been sought to give the utmost scientific precision to the equivalents assigned to the hieroglyphic forms. Egyptian ideas derived directly from Egyptian sources having become largely available in the course of the last quarter of a century, thanks to the labours of scholars both English and foreign, of whom a list is given in the preface, the loose information handed down by the classical authorities of Greece and Rome is now but of secondary value. A new and more authentic tone has been imparted to the work throughout. Whilst but little of the original text has been

* *The Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians.* By Sir Gardner Wilkinson, D.C.L., F.R.S., &c. A New Edition, revised and corrected by Samuel Birch, LL.D., D.C.L., Keeper of the Egyptian and Oriental Antiquities in the British Museum, &c. 3 vols. with Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1878.

omitted, a store of fresh facts and views has been incorporated in the work, the new materials which have been drawn from the author's MSS. being designated by the initials G. W., the contributions of the editor by the letters S. B.

Concurrently with the progress made of late years in the decipherment of the monumental inscriptions there has been a collapse of belief in the chroniclers or historians on whose fragmentary notices all previous knowledge of ancient Egypt had been built up. Whether it had been the policy of the priesthood to play upon the credulity of inquirers like Hecatæus and Herodotus, reserving the esoteric meaning of the national cult and the sequence of the historical and dynastic records—whether the authentic history had been but imperfectly made known to Manetho, intentionally obscured by him, or falsified by pretenders who traded upon his name—the fact is beyond dispute that the lists of early kings compiled from those authorities cannot bear the light of monumental discovery. From the nineteenth or eighteenth dynasty back to Menes there is not only hopeless confusion among the chroniclers themselves, but an utter want of correspondence with the evidence of the monuments. Sir Gardner Wilkinson had, of course, no choice but to exhibit these lists as transmitted by Herodotus and Diodorus, with the usual attempts to check and supplement them by the help of readings from the monuments or cross lights from Biblical or Babylonian records. Of later discoveries the most pertinent to Scriptural history is the recognition upon tablets, as far south as the Fayoum, of notices of the Shepherd Kings bearing the Semitic name of Shasu, or "pillagers"; their princes, called *haq*, being the hyksos of Manetho. Established at Memphis, four of the Shepherd Kings, Buon, Apachnas, Apappus, and Iannias, carried on war for two centuries with the southern princes, and King Asses subjected Northern Egypt. The Theban princes of the sixteenth dynasty seem to have been subject to them. They were in the end expelled by the monarchs of the eighteenth dynasty, as MM. Chabas and Maspero have told at length in their interesting history. The monuments of these Shepherd Kings found at Tanis represent them, as Dr. Birch urges, with Asiatic features, and with other characteristics very different in type from the Egyptians. At the same time all evidence goes to substantiate the derivation of the Egyptian race from no Ethiopic or other African stem, but from a source to the east of the Isthmus of Suez, and consequently Asiatic in origin, the primitive Nigritic inhabitants being by this invasion expelled from the Nile Valley. Nile or Neel means river, there being the Neel-el-Azrek, the Blue or, more properly, the Black Nile, in contradistinction to the Neel-el-Abiad, the White Nile. A similar division marks both the Hebrew designation of the country and the usage of the monuments; the plural form Mizraim, the "two Misr," denoting Upper and Lower Egypt, the white crown on the head of the sovereign being typical of the south, the red crown of the north. The origin of the name Egypt, applied originally both to the land and the river, which has come down to us through the Greek form, has always been open to conjecture. It has of late been thought traceable to *Ha-ka-ptah*, the sacred name of Memphis. Pharaoh is no longer held derivable, as Sir G. Wilkinson once held, from the Egyptian Pire or Phre (pronounced Phra), the sun; still less, as Josephus supposed, from *ouro*, "king," but is traced to *Per-âa*, the great house or court, suggesting to us the analogy of the "sublime porte." It is only in the Hebrew form that the title comes down to us. The royal high priests, of whom a series of three hundred and forty-five were shown to Herodotus, had, he tells us, the title "*piromis*, the son of a *piromis*." The word *rômi*, signifying "man," is found in the later Demotic and Coptic, the idea in the old language being expressed by *rot*. No deity, the priests asserted, had ever ruled or lived upon earth; yet in works of imagination deciphered of late years the gods are represented as coming upon the earth and walking there, and the historical lists supposed that they reigned upon earth. Beyond the human dynasties, beginning with Menes in the Manethonic and Greek lists, the reigns of Osiris and other gods fill up fabulous lengths of time, settled or authentic history dating in no sense earlier than the reign of Usertesen I., of the sixteenth dynasty, whom Sir G. Wilkinson conceives to be the Pharaoh of Joseph (*circa* 1740-1697 B.C.) It is under Thothmes III. that he considers the Exodus to have taken place, whilst Brugsch's latest researches refer that event to the reign of Mineptah I., the son and successor of Rameses II. There is nothing to be wondered at in the absence of any notice of such a discomfiture among the royal records, and in the consequent difficulty of assigning to it a definite place in the chronology of Egypt.

Among the points more decisively cleared up in the present edition is the system of nomes (in the native language, *Sep* or *Hesep*, or sometimes *Tash*), which formed the keystone of the internal scheme of government, going as far back as the dawn of Egyptian history. On monuments of the fourth dynasty some nomes are mentioned by name, as are also the towns belonging to them, the same names reappearing on monuments of the Ptolemaic and Roman times. Upper Egypt had twenty-two nomes, Lower Egypt twenty—the total being forty-two nomes. The numbers are variously given by the Greek historians. The number thirty-six is explained, in a papyrus quoted by Brugsch, as resting on a peculiar mystical or astrological view which connected the terrestrial division into nomes with the thirty-six ruling houses of the heavens. Both in the terrestrial and the celestial Egypt the first nome—that of the first ruler—was dedicated to the goddess of the star Sothis (Sirius). The twelve kings who, according to Herodotus, reigned over all Egypt, were most probably governors of the twelve principal nomes, not of all Egypt, but of the Delta, to which Strabo gives ten, and Ptolemy twenty-four, and which in later times contained thirty-five, including the oasis of Ammon. From the great Harris and other papyri a flood of light has been thrown upon Egyptian tenets and practices in relation to religion, moral teachings, the state of the soul after death, the final judgment, and the constitution of the invisible world. The metempsychosis is shown by the Ritual to have been an ancient Egyptian doctrine, the soul of man transforming itself in the after state into the form of a man, the god Ptah, Osiris, the chief of the gods, a hawk, heron, swallow, serpent, crocodile, or lotus-flower; in fact, any form the deceased wished. Besides the soul, *ba*, represented as a hawk with a human head, man had a shade, *khebi*, a spirit or intelligence, *khu*, into which he became wholly changed or absorbed as a "being of light," and an existence, *ka*, in addition to *ankh*, life. The soul, *ba*, alone revisited the body. It is thought to have been immortal. Much of the Egyptian psychology seems to have passed into the Hebrew system of belief, though the future state, perhaps by way of natural reaction from its excessive hold on Egyptian thought, had little or no place in the Mosaic economy or creed. On the other hand, amongst ideas connecting the Egyptian religion with the Greek may be cited the *Aahenru Aaru*, or *Aalu*, the Elysian fields, depicted in the 110th chapter of the Ritual, cultivated by the departed spirits or manes, and producing divine or supernatural corn. Mysterious roads led to this paradise, and it was surrounded by a wall of iron pierced by many gates, and traversed by a river with branches in many respects resembling the Hebrew or Babylonian Eden. The fifth chapter of the Ritual has for its subject "The Avoiding of Work in Hades; or, How the Departed Soul may be Spared the Toil of the Field." With this view, the curious little figures called *Ushetiu*, or "respondents" of wood or vitrified earthenware, alabaster, rarely of metal, were laid on the breast of the corpse in the mummy coffin. Most of these statuettes hold in their arms, which are crossed over the chest in imitation of the attitude of Osiris, a hoe and a bag of seed. They were supposed to answer the call for help, and to act as labourers for transporting the sand of the West to the East, to till the sacred fields and water the furrows. Great numbers of them have been found in royal tombs. This singular trait of Egyptian belief and usage forms the subject of the final note with which the editor has enriched the original work.

There is scarcely a page that does not attest the unflagging pains no less than the critical learning which Dr. Birch has lavished upon his task. In some places, as in the chapter upon the music of the Egyptians, he has made judicious retrenchments, whilst retaining all that was needful to set before the reader the manifold forms of instruments shown by the tablets, tombs, or rolls, without undue digression into the boundless field of primitive harmonics and the musical lore of all nations. This admirable manual of Egyptian history, art, and archæology has gained a new and more sterling value from having been retouched throughout by a master hand.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF SYDNEY DOBELL.*

WE fear it must be said that life is not long enough for books like this biography of Mr. Sydney Dobell. Mr. Dobell was a man who well deserved that some record of his pure and generous character, of his thoughts and purposes (most of them thwarted by bad health and domestic cares), should be compiled. But the nine hundred pages of the work before us would more than suffice for the story of the life of a thinker and an invalid as great as Pascal. It is pure waste of time and space to record all the phases of the health, to print so many of the letters, the scraps, the old reviews of Mr. Dobell. His friends, who were many, may be interested in these things; but for the world the book is too heavily handicapped. To have done with fault-finding, it must be said that too much is told us in these volumes about that interesting creature, Blank. There are too many passages like this:—

> Some time ago B—— got me to write a sketch of Dr. Simpson for his *Men of the Time*. As I wished —— to have the money for it, and —— had commissions to do other portraits for B——, I sent my sketch to B—— through ——; who, in addition to giving it to B——, used it in a New York paper. There was no great harm in that, if B—— was "agreeable," but —— did more; he inserted in my sketch—inlaying them so that no one could suppose they were interpolated—slanders upon some of my best Edinburgh friends (the Blackies).

This is like nothing in the world but Humpty Dumpty's poem:—

> They said that I had been to her
> And mentioned you to him,
> They gave me a good character,
> But said he could not swim.

Very often the blanks are too thin a disguise. Thus Mr. Dobell writes about a Professor Blank who—

> had a new Greek book to prepare for the University classes, and every morning he sat down to it. As soon as he was in deep, the house began to ring. . . . The sudden lapse into silence gave one the feeling of falling out of window; *e.g.*
>
> Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
> Scots whom Bruce has (*sic*) often led,
> Welcome——

* *The Life and Letters of Sydney Dobell.* Edited by E. J. With Steel Portrait and Photographic Illustrations. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

profound stillness—

> And for bonnie Annie Laurie
> I——

dead silence for five minutes. Fancy this going on for hours in a voice that could be heard all over the house.

Surely this particular Blank prepares his lectures for classes neither in Aberdeen, Glasgow, nor St. Andrews. Certainly we have heard that voice on board the *Clansman*, drowning the noise of the storm and of the piper!

The Life and Letters of Sydney Dobell is infinitely too long, and far too full of transparent mysteries. It might have been condensed into a study of a curious and interesting personality. Mr. Dobell, who was born in 1824, was a descendant of a Cavalier family. His immediate ancestors had fallen into ways which, on the whole, were rather Puritan. They were members of what they called "The Church," a Church which at one moment was chiefly composed of the sons-in-law of a Mr. Thomson. Family quarrels intensified the sectarian disputes which rent this Church; but Mr. Dobell never lost the "freethinking Christian" ideas of which he was a disciple and, in very early life, an exponent. His father, a business man who led a singularly retired life, seems almost to have hoped that the promising boy might possibly "be called out as a special instrument of our Heavenly Father for some great purpose with His Church, or with the Jews." Young Dobell was educated at home, and in childhood devoted his thoughts a good deal to the Trinitarian controversy. It is curious to note how the old ideas about the Millennium and the battle of Armageddon clung to him. He hoped to write a kind of millennial epic, and during the Crimean war he was interested in the Apocalyptic philology of persons who identified Armageddon with Sebastopol. Even when he was a boy, he worked too hard and thought too much. He fell in love at the age of fifteen with the lady whom he married, and it is certain that "a long engagement" (which terminated happily when the poet was twenty-one) must have been a severe ordeal. But for his love of the open air—of riding, angling, shooting, and other sports—this premature young gentleman might have become a person of colossal conceit. His friendship with the late Mr. Gilfillan, a critic who had a generous, if indiscreet, way of discovering and pushing obscure poets, probably confirmed him in the belief that he was "a mouth of the Muse." In his early boyhood Campbell had said that, "with care," he might become a poet. Sydney Dobell does not seem to have spared care, but he did not think enough about his audience. Mr. Dante Rossetti has well remarked that thought for a poet's hearers is absolutely necessary. Mr. Dobell's works were rather fantastic and were constantly misunderstood. He himself was happy in the belief that his *Balder* must receive recognition as soon as England had a truly great poetical critic. The advent of the critic who shall see *Balder* with the eyes of Mr. Dobell is still expected. Perhaps a man of talent who saw far more in all the productions of art and nature than his neighbours could behold saw also more than the common eye could detect in his own epic. Himself an unpopular poet, he "was quite certain that the populace knows nothing about poetry, and that the worst testimony any poem could receive would be that they, unled, and of their own mere emotion, voluntarily adopted and admired it." Yet, in the long run, the voice of the world and of the ages is found to be at one with the verdict of the soundest critics. It is difficult, indeed, to remember the name of a poet of great and signal merit who has not, sooner or later, won the popular ear.

Mr. Dobell was little influenced by criticism, and rather inclined to fancy that the writing of poetry was a thing between a man and his Maker. Unfortunately, the selling of poetry is a thing between a man and the public. Thus Mr. Dobell's early *succès d'estime* with *The Roman* (1850) was more brilliant than that which he won by *Balder* (1853-54), while his *England in Time of War* did not gain the popularity which many of the poems in the volume seem to deserve. As a critic of the performances of others, however, he showed very great acuteness and common sense. No one could better describe the position of the late Mr. Dawson, the lecturer, than he did, (vol. i. p. 130), in a passage which is not too enthusiastic. *Aurora Leigh* did not persuade him that a woman can be a poet, and when he read the first verses of Alexander Smith, who afterwards became his friend, he could not help feeling that he had already met with the more ambitious images in which that writer dealt. The constant misfortunes which made Mr. Dobell a wanderer in search of climate or medical advice, the long malady of his wife, and his own frequent accidents and illnesses, broke up the plan of his life and of his work. It is impossible to say what he might have done; it is certain that in his ballad of *Keith of Ravelston*, and in his *Song of Sleep* (to mention only these two examples), he gave positive proof that he was indeed, and at moments, a poet. Poetry we cannot define, but we have a sense of its existence, whether it be present or absent. In several of Mr. Dobell's writings it is undeniably present.

It is impossible here to follow the whole story of Mr. Dobell's life, his migrations from Coxhorne to Edinburgh, to Clifton, to Italy. In Edinburgh he pitched his camp for several years, and was a figure of considerable importance in the society of that city, where he good-humouredly bore with the fun of *Firmilian* and the chaff of Aytoun. The kind things he did and said live after him and "blossom in the dust." The young men whom he described as "not fit for anything but literature, and not fit for that," found in him a most generous and judicious friend. He really took pains with the manuscripts which these obtrusive lads sent him in hosts, and, when occasion offered, his purse as well as his advice were at the service of those who appealed to him. The austerity of his character—perhaps, too, a slight want of humour—is revealed by his indignation at the remarks of a lady who "marvelled that a poet should be a good young man." The lady ought certainly not to have put her amazement into words; but, as a matter of history, poets of merit have very rarely been "good young men." There is something much worse, however, than a poet who is a bad young man, and that is a poetaster who thinks it his duty to be dissipated. Mr. Dobell may have seen a good deal of this common and most disgusting form of affectation.

The too numerous letters published in this volume contain expressions of Mr. Dobell's opinions about a variety of subjects. He was one of the earliest and most energetic of English believers in a free and united Italy. His letter to Mazzini (vol. i. p. 199) is written in that style of almost too exuberant enthusiasm which some admirers of the great Italian are accustomed to employ. Mazzini himself (his criticism of Victor Hugo proves it) was most temperate in the use of fine language, and his reply to Mr. Dobell seems more like the letter of an Englishman to an Italian than of an Italian to an Englishman. It was natural that Mr. Dobell should differ from the policy of the *Times* in 1853, but it seems rather curious to-day that he should write, "Of all the clever, powerful, prosperous, doubly-damned profligates, it is, I think, the most consummate."

In his political opinions Mr. Dobell was, unawares, rather commonplace. He began life as a Liberal, he ended it as a Conservative. He always was on the side of freedom, however, in Italian matters, and, to tell the truth, the blending of his political notions was not unlike that which we admire in Colonel Newcome. He was interested by the obscure and, as it then seemed, dramatic character of the late Emperor of the French. Here is a curious passage from a letter written during the fever of the Crimean war:—

> A report came to Edinburgh last night that the Emperor of Russia is dead: but I fear it is mis-telegraphed for the Empress, who has been dying for some time. Till this solution struck me, my blood ran back cold with the divineness of the catastrophe.
>
> It may still be true, and if true who shall foresee the next step of the Angel? If true, it casts a curious glare upon Louis Napoleon's indomitable determination to go to the Crimea. I should be inclined to think that Nicholas died of the "disease of Russian Sovereigns," and that the dark fateful French Emperor had warning of the conspiracy. . . .

His opinion about three distinguished English statesmen is thus expressed:—

> It seems to me, after long and careful observation, that Mr. Disraeli is the most adroit and audacious acrobat that ever turned somersaults at Westminster; that Mr. Gladstone is a political talkee-talkee, with neither the eye nor the hand for government; and that Mr. Bright is a forcible rather than a powerful man, in whom talents, originally fitter for the stump than the council room, have been so stimulated and biassed by the life of a professional agitator, that he can perceive no subtler organization than that of a mass-meeting, and is incapable of any nobler public duty than the vulgar work of demolition.

In the Franco-German war Mr. Dobell, like the majority of his countrymen, sided with the Germans till Sedan, after which he sympathized vigorously with the French. He wrote a very long letter to a newspaper, in which he said that "the German arrogance was as much above the usual lust and swagger of conquest, as Anti-Christ transcends the peddling of common sinners," &c. "The editor to whom these letters were sent declined to print them," and it is a pity that the biographer of Mr. Dobell has not imitated the discreet editor.

The later years of Mr. Dobell's life were embittered by long and severe illness, increased, and perhaps caused, by a series of accidents. His spine appears to have been injured by two unfortunate falls, one from horseback, the other into a pit among some ruins. The leisure which he enjoyed for the greater part of his career was thus broken up and made, for literary purposes, almost useless. His patience and courage in the midst of the suffering which robbed him of time and strength seem to have been admirable and exemplary. His private life and character appears to have deserved the praise conveyed in a stanza quoted by his biographer:—

> High nature, amorous of the good,
> But touched with no ascetic gloom.

This might have been made apparent in a biography of briefer extent, and by aid of much more concise epistolary extracts.

HUXLEY'S HUME.*

THE history of philosophy may be likened to a gallery of arms and armour, where we see ranged in due order the weapons borne by many champions of old time. Here are marshalled, with imposing show, the suits of harness which adorned mediæval tournaments, so cumbrously complete, so bristling with manifold devices of defence, that we marvel how human beings encased in them can ever have moved their limbs. The ponderous lances and unwieldy partisans would be harmless against a modern trooper who knew the elements of his business. As we go further, our sight is caught by arms of more practical and modern fashion. Here stands the rapier of Descartes—a goodly sword in its day, piercing and true of temper, but something stiff and

* *English Men of Letters.* Edited by John Morley. *Hume.* By Professor Huxley. London: Macmillan & Co. 1879.

antique. The duello was still a formal and stately ceremony when its hilt was grasped by the living hand. Hard by, in the compartment dedicated to our own heroes, is much for the eye to admire. Hobbes's blade is a stout Andrew Ferrara, fit to deal shrewd blows alike with edge and with point. Locke's is a solid English weapon, mounted a trifle too heavily for the present taste, but of right good metal, and serviceable in all essential respects. When we come to Berkeley and Hume, the perfection of workmanship is attained. Hume's arm is the small-sword, the king of single weapons; and its qualities are unsurpassed. Never can man hope to handle an instrument more keen, more flexible, or more justly balanced. Science wages war on the grand scale, and wins victories with her new artillery; but she will scarcely help the combatant who fights for his own hand to better Hume's cunning of fence. Happy is he who is swordsman enough to perceive the beauty of the weapon; happy also are they to whom a guide himself expert in arms is ready to show its uses and recount its exploits. Such a guide is Mr. Huxley; his own steel is not apt to lie idle for long together, and, unless we are much mistaken, he disdains not the joy of battle. Certain it is that in more than one quarrel he has so borne himself as to teach opposers to beware of him. From no one could we hope to learn more profitably the points of Hume's mastery.

To drop metaphor, Mr. Huxley combines many qualifications for helping a generation which is in danger of forgetting Hume and his work to understand them better. Not only is he thoroughly acquainted with Hume's writings, but he is skilled in the art of exposition, and his manner, if it does not attempt the subtle felicity of the original, deserves to be compared with it for lucidity. Not the least pleasure that we find in Professor Huxley's work is that of having for once a philosophical book written in clear and plain English. Year after year we have seen men of great ability and critical powers, notably the ingenious Oxford editors of Hume himself, distorting the English language into a copy of the most obscure manner of German philosophers; and it seemed to us a shame and a rebuke that such things should be in a country whose native masters of philosophy have also been masters of style. Professor Huxley comes opportunely to redress the balance. We have the greatest respect for Mr. Green's intellect, although we wholly differ from him on the main questions of philosophy. But our general recollection of his Introduction to Hume is that nobody can hope to understand it who has not read Hume first, and a good deal of later philosophy besides. Professor Huxley takes the old-fashioned view of an introduction; and, while he deals with philosophical questions no whit less thoroughly than Mr. Green, he has so ordered matters that, if any reader fails to understand him, with or without previous knowledge of Hume or later philosophy, it will certainly not be the writer's fault.

We may pass lightly over the account of Hume's life, which is only just so much as may serve to preface the real business. In some incidental remarks on the political essays we are of opinion that Professor Huxley somewhat overrates the author's sagacity in that direction. It appears to us that in politics Hume is at his weakest. His conceptions of the springs and currents of public action are but poor and mechanical, not only as judged by the standard of later historical science, but when we regard what was being done in his own day by his great contemporary Montesquieu. In Montesquieu we find already vigorous that which is now compendiously, if not adequately, called the historical spirit. He treats men as organically, not identically, alike; he allows for the varying influences of race, belief, custom, and circumstance; he understands that human institutions have elements which grow and are not made, and even the most absurd show a certain relative fitness by the mere fact of their continuance. Hume has nothing of all this. He considers forms of government as things which can be made to order, and sketches out an ideal constitution without any reference whatever to place or persons; admitting, indeed, that it would not be wise in practice to try sweeping experiments, "the bulk of mankind being governed by authority, not reason." The amount of political foresight which he obtained by this method of speculation may be seen in his prediction of absolute monarchy as the true euthanasia of the British Constitution. But there is nothing peculiar to Hume in these defects; they were the common ones of his time, and persisted long afterwards. Another weakness which he shared with the best Scottish society of the day was a vehement dislike of England and Englishmen, which, if Dr. Johnson may be taken as fairly representing English opinion, by no means went unrequited as to Scots in general or Hume in particular.

Turning to the account of Hume's philosophy, we find it dealt with in broad outlines, as was needful in the space at command, but nothing material omitted. While Professor Huxley does not dissemble his admiration for Hume, he is far too sincere an expounder ever to become a flatterer. The shortcomings of Hume's psychology, the opening made by them for Kant, and the necessity and value of Kant's contribution to philosophy, are distinctly pointed out. Descartes also, of whose writings Hume seems to have had but little knowledge or appreciation, receives due honour in more than one place; and Professor Huxley does not hesitate to call him the father of modern philosophy. The reader is not assumed to be provided with any technical knowledge; and this part of the book faces at the outset the question of what philosophy is and what it aims at. Philosophy is described as being fundamentally the answer to the question, What can I know?—the inquiries of science being distinguished from this by seeking an answer in every case in terms of what is actually known. The science of psychology, however, being, among other things, the science of what knowledge actually is, and how it in fact arises, has a peculiar connexion with the problems of philosophy. Its business is to furnish the data of philosophy; and we cannot have a satisfactory treatment of philosophical questions unless there is a groundwork of scientific psychology, and the philosopher has enough scientific training to make a right use of it:—

> On whatever ground we term physiology science, psychology is entitled to the same appellation; and the method of investigation which elucidates the true relations of the one set of phenomena will discover those of the other. Hence, as philosophy is, in great measure, the exponent of the logical consequences of certain data established by psychology; and as psychology itself differs from physical science only in the nature of its subject-matter, and not in its method of investigation, it would seem to be an obvious conclusion, that philosophers are likely to be successful in their inquiries, in proportion as they are familiar with the application of scientific method to less abstruse subjects; just as it seems to require no elaborate demonstration, that an astronomer, who wishes to comprehend the solar system, would do well to acquire a preliminary acquaintance with the elements of physics. And it is accordant with this presumption, that the men who have made the most important positive additions to philosophy, such as Descartes, Spinoza, and Kant, not to mention more recent examples, have been deeply imbued with the spirit of physical science; and, in some cases, such as those of Descartes and Kant, have been largely acquainted with its details. On the other hand, the founder of Positivism no less admirably illustrates the connexion of scientific incapacity with philosophical incompetence. In truth, the laboratory is the fore-court of the temple of philosophy; and whoso has not offered sacrifices and undergone purification there, has little chance of admission into the sanctuary.

We doubt whether Hume would have gone so far as Professor Huxley in making familiarity with the practical work of some natural science a necessary condition of philosophical competence. Nor are we clear how far Professor Huxley really means to go. Does he intend to exclude mathematics and mathematical physics on the one side, and the scientific study of philology, law, politics, and history on the other, from the branches of knowledge capable of affording the needful discipline in method to a student of philosophy? If so, we must venture to differ from him; but this can hardly be his opinion; for Hume himself "seems to have had very little acquaintance even with such physiology as was current in his time." If, again, Professor Huxley means to imply that knowing physiology will of itself be enough to save a man from failure in philosophy, we must differ on that point also. Such knowledge will indeed save one from taking certain kinds of nonsense for philosophy; and the same thing is equally true, and is hardly less overlooked, as regards the elements of general physics. But a man may be a very good craftsman in the physical or intellectual workshop of a special science, and yet may have no aptitude for seizing the point of a philosophical question. Philosophy cannot take people's competence on trust on the strength of their achievements in other departments any more than physiology or law. We fully agree with Mr. Huxley, however, as to the credit Hume deserves for seeing the necessity of a scientific psychology. He was here on the path of Descartes and Locke, but he followed it with such native genius and vigour as to make it his own. So far, indeed, is Hume from being open to any charge of imitation that he may rather be censured for not having taken even ordinary pains to acquaint himself with existing philosophical literature. Thus his work would have been the better, as Mr. Huxley points out, if he had known Spinoza's analysis of the passions.

The account of the human mind and its furniture which Hume actually gave is here set forth clearly and critically. His omission to note that perceptions, or in his own terminology "impressions" of relation are an elementary class by themselves is carefully discussed and corrected; and it is explained how Kant "started afresh on the track indicated by Descartes," and brought into prominence "the great fact that co-existence and succession are mental phenomena not given in the mere sense experience." Professor Huxley deserves the thanks of all those readers, probably an appreciable number, who have not time to grapple with the *Kritik* for themselves, and have sought in vain for a clear statement of what Kant actually did among the endless controversies of commentators who for the most part expound their author on the principle of *obscurum per obscurius*, and are far too much occupied with maintaining their rival interpretations in detail to think of affording help to a simple inquirer.

The physiological aspect of Hume's psychology gives occasion for some brief but weighty remarks as to the speculative indifference of his doctrine between materialism and idealism. If we establish a strict and unvarying connexion between the facts of consciousness and certain facts of matter and motion taking place in the brain and nervous system, yet matter and motion themselves are names for "other phenomena of consciousness":—

> All material changes appear, in the long run, to be modes of motion; but our knowledge of motion is nothing but that of a change in the place and order of our sensations; just as our knowledge of matter is restricted to those feelings of which we assume it to be the cause.

Pure idealism, therefore, is incapable of disproof on scientific grounds; "the more completely the materialistic position is admitted, the easier is it to show that the idealistic position is unassailable, if the idealist confines himself within the limits of positive knowledge"; or rather, perhaps, if he takes care not to contradict any matter of positive knowledge. For if he could bring himself "within the limits of positive knowledge" as understood by Professor Huxley and ourselves he would reduce metaphysics to a pure science. The point here made is one which it is essential to understand if one is to enter on the discussion of meta-

physical problems with any chance of a profitable issue; it is also constantly misunderstood in this country, and Professor Huxley has done very well to mark it with a certain emphasis. We should have been glad if he could have seen his way to pursue it further; but to do so would have been a digression from his text, as Hume studiously leaves the matter at large.

The short chapter on Necessary Truths gives a compendious view of the empirical theory as built on Hume's lines, with certain corrections by his followers. Professor Huxley's own summary of his conclusion is as follows:—

> If what are called necessary truths are rigidly analysed, they will be found to be of two kinds. Either they depend on the convention which underlies the possibility of intelligible speech, that terms shall always have the same meaning; or they are propositions the negation of which implies the dissolution of some association in memory or expectation, which is in fact indissoluble; or the denial of some fact of immediate consciousness.

We would add that the canon already noticed is here applicable, that the question of what we can know implies the question of what we do know. If we have knowledge transcending the limits of our possible experience, then must we look beyond experience for its origin. If not, then we have in experience and association, working on our already organized capacity for perceptions, a sufficient *vera causa* for the phenomena of so-called necessary beliefs, and it is useless to seek further. Here the speculations of modern geometry, still unfamiliar to students of philosophy, have an important philosophical bearing to which Professor Clifford, we believe, was the first to call attention in this country.

The famous essay on Miracles is analysed and criticized with some severity; and the criticism, as regards the actual inconsistencies of Hume's language, is just enough. But we conceive that hardly sufficient allowance is made by Professor Huxley for Hume's deliberate irony, which in this essay is at its height. Hume cared very little for establishing any position of his own, so that he could leave his adversaries in confusion. He is arguing against people who define a miracle as a violation of the laws of nature, and thence infer that the supposed miraculous event is pre-appointed evidence of an agency superior to nature. And he shows that this definition involves a plain contradiction—a feat which may now seem tolerably easy, for the very reason that on this point Hume was thoroughly successful. The theory of miracles current in the last century, which was itself a pretty modern invention, is now as completely exploded among theologians as among philosophers. An excellent specimen of the effect of Hume's work may be seen in Babbage's *Ninth Bridgewater Treatise*, where the whole question is raised to a higher level. As to Hume's language, it seems to us that in this and other parts of his writings the apparent laxity is nothing but an ironical adoption of the phrases affected or passed as current by the other side. Even in the *Dialogues concerning Natural Religion*, a work to which far too little attention has been paid, and in which there is a genuine endeavour to do justice to all sides of the argument, it is difficult to be sure where dialectic irony ends and the serious definition of possible conclusions begins. Professor Huxley manfully undertakes this task, in which, however, we are unable to follow him. Nor can we do more than barely mention his account of Hume's moral system. Its high and strenuous tone should alone be enough to silence those ingenious and charitable persons who go about assuring the public that Professor Huxley and other men of science are materialists, and that no materialist has any business to be a good man. But we can feel no serious regret in being thus cut short; for the book sufficiently explains itself, and we have done our part in giving some general notion of its quality. Besides its value as an exposition of Hume's thought, it will be found of great use as a first introduction to modern philosophy; and we could almost hope that it might convert some of the educated readers of older growth who have given up philosophy as hopeless or repulsive.

L'IDÉE DE JEAN TÊTEROL.*

IT has been lately said in the pages of a literary magazine that the horror with which many good English men and women regard French novels in the abstract is not altogether unreasonable; and in this statement there is, no doubt, a certain amount of truth. French novelists, for reasons which Mr. Hamerton pointed out in his *Round my House*, are apt to deal with subjects which we have not the least desire to see introduced into English fiction, and there is probably no English romance so profoundly immoral as some French ones which set up for inculcating virtue. But there is another side to the question, which the majority of English novel-readers are too apathetic and too ignorant to perceive. It is not improbable that, in many cases, a stern disapprobation of anything improper is a convenient excuse for not encountering the difficulties of an unfamiliar tongue, and it is more than probable that various worthy people who regard the name of M. Feuillet with something like holy horror are unaware that in his early days he was accused of writing too exclusively for bread-and-butter misses, and was called the "Musset des familles." The English, or rather American, translation which has appeared of M. Cherbuliez's *L'Idée de Jean Têterol* should have some effect in convincing devourers of novels that it is possible for a French master of fiction to produce a book which is both interesting and harmless.

Some time ago, when we had occasion to review a work by M. Cherbuliez—*Samuel Brohl et Compagnie*—we expressed our admiration of the daring and success with which he reversed a method commonly in use among novelists. He had for the basis of his story such a secret as Gaboriau would have artfully concealed from the reader till the very last moment, enmeshing it with numberless subsidiary mysteries. M. Cherbuliez boldly revealed this secret at the beginning of the novel, and depended for the interest to be aroused upon a desire to see how the personages of the story discovered, and how they were affected by, a thing known to the reader but unknown to them. In a certain sense this might be called a more dramatic device than the one more usually employed by writers of fiction, inasmuch as on the stage the spectator generally sees through the disguise of the wily villain or the virtuous detective long before the actors are supposed to do so. It certainly showed a contempt for all tricky ways of catching attention which is even more strongly exemplified in the work by M. Cherbuliez we are now considering. *Samuel Brohl et Compagnie* had a certain amount of what is called sensational interest, because one was never sure what would be the end of the clever rascal's schemes. *L'Idée de Jean Têterol* deals with schemes which are innocent indeed compared to those of Samuel Brohl, and of which one can readily anticipate the result. The story depends entirely upon the skilful and delicate handling of its teller, and can well afford to do so. If M. Cherbuliez had always written as he has in this instance, he might, with the help of translations, have become a serious rival to the lady novelists who delight to introduce every form of crime into their pages. Possibly Musset was as right in prophesying that what he called, before it had any definite existence, "Kitchenmaid literature" would wear itself out, as he was in predicting that its time of success in France was coming. It is, at any rate, to be hoped that the day of grace foreseen by him will come before very long to England, and that works of the calibre of *The Wish of his Life* will be preferred to the combination of the most commonplace and vulgar gabble with the most improbable feats of villany which appears to be the chief delight at present of the ordinary English novel-reader. We have been led into this digression partly because *L'Idée de Jean Têterol* is completely unlike what the typical well-informed English reader—the kind of person who says to one with a tone of virtuous backsliding, "Paris is so wicked but so pleasant"—imagines a French novel in the abstract to be; and partly because it suggests curious speculations as to what direction the taste of French novel-readers may finally take. If the notion that French taste is much better than English were perfectly true, there could be little doubt that *L'Idée de Jean Teterol* would rank higher with the French reading public than the same author's *L'Aventure de Ladislas Bolski*, a work which has gone through several editions, and from which a lately deceased English novelist borrowed one of his most striking incidents, but which must, we think, appear to the judicious far below the simply meritorious novel which M. Cherbuliez has now produced.

Jean Têterol, a foundling, was an assistant-gardener to a certain Baron de Saligneux, who had some dislike to him:—

> Il lui reprochait d'être enfermé en lui-même, absorbé dans ses pensées, taciturne, sournois. 'On ne peut pas savoir,' disait-il, 'si ce garçon vous est ami ou ennemi, ou plutôt il n'est ni l'un ni l'autre: c'est l'éternel étranger.' Il lui en voulait surtout d'avoir une tête de fer et le dos peu flexible. Le baron tenait par-dessus tout au respect, et Jean Têterol n'était pas né respectueux. Il était venu au monde avec la pensée qu'un baron de la vieille roche et un enfant trouvé si valent à peu près l'un l'autre, qu'ils ont été petris du même limon.

One day the baron, walking, clad in an apple-green dressing-gown, in his garden, found Jean Têterol pruning a pear-tree:—

> Jean Têterol faisait bien tout ce qu'il faisait, non qu'il se souciât de plaire à ceux qui l'employaient et de s'attirer leurs éloges, mais il tenait beaucoup à plaire à Jean Têterol, qui n'était pas facilement content de lui-même.

The baron, whose dislike for the foundling increased every day, upbraided him for using a pruning-knife instead of the shears, and offered to give him a lesson in gardening. Jean Têterol quietly replied that he knew his own business, and that sometimes the pruning-knife is better than the shears. The baron scolded him violently for his insolence:—

> Jean l'écouta d'abord sans mot dire; bientôt, la patience lui échappant, il se mit à fredonner l'air de Malbrough. C'était la seule chanson qu'il eût apprise, et il aimait à la chanter; par malheur il avait la voix fausse, et étant très appliqué à tout ce qu'il faisait, il chantait faux avec méthode et avec délices.

The baron was less displeased at his singing out of tune, or, as the American translator puts it with charming accuracy, "singing false," than with his extraordinary insolence, which he immediately punished by a violent kick. Jean Têterol fell into a fury of shame and rage. He remained for two hours meditating in a thicket. His first notion was to set the castle on fire; his second, to kill the baron unawares. He cut himself a holly stick, and examined it complacently. By degrees he grew calmer. He believed in very little, but he did believe in law courts and gendarmes, and resolved to keep clear of them. Accordingly he secretly collected his few belongings and went to say "Good-by" to the Abbé Miraud, his first patron. When the Abbé asked him whither he was going, he replied, "Ah! ça c'est mon secret, j'ai mon idée"; and when the Abbé pointed out to him that one cannot

* *L'Idée de Jean Têterol.* Par Victor Cherbuliez. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

The Wish of his Life. From the French of V. Cherbuliez. 2 vols. [illegible]: Bentley & Son.

live on an idea, he replied, "C'est égal, j'ai mon idée." So, still humming Malbrough out of tune, and supported by his idea, he set out on his way.

These events occur in the first chapter; the second takes us at once some thirty years on to the time when Jean Têterol, at the age of fifty-two, has made a handsome fortune, and in an interview with his friend Pointal, a notary, he gives a sketch of his life. He had found that the Abbé Miraud was wrong, and that a man could live upon an idea. His idea gave him courage while he was a labourer to endure all kinds of privations for the sake of being able to buy books and study them hard. From being a labourer he became a mason, and a very good one. His comrades did not like him because, to quote from the translation—

> I never went to the wine-shop, and had a taste for inexplicable things. There is nothing in the world more useful than the things which seem to be good for nothing. But, out of a thousand masons, how many do you find who prefer a hard book to the wine-shop? Only one, and sooner or later, with perseverance, that one makes his mark; the others remain in the lowest rank, and cry out against injustice with their hands on their hips.

From being a mason he became a contractor, and so made his fortune, the exact amount of which no one ever knew. "Avec l'âge il était devenu communicatif; il aimait à raconter ses affaires; mais, quoi qu'il racontât, il y avait toujours quelque chose qu'il ne disait pas; il joignait le parlage à la cachotterie." He had married a worthy bourgeoise, and had a son named Lionel, whom he adored. When the war broke out, Jean Têterol's first notion was that it was a conspiracy between the reigning powers of the two countries to prevent his returning to Saligneux, and he did all he could to prevent his son from serving in the French army. When Paris capitulated Jean Têterol was filled with the deepest sorrow for his country's misfortunes; but was consoled in the midst of his lamentations by a sudden recollection, and said to himself, "Well, at any rate I shall now be able to go to Saligneux." When he did go there he learnt from the Abbé that the old baron was dead, and that his son Patrice, having entirely neglected all business affairs, had been compelled to sell half his property and incur heavy mortgages on the other half. Left alone, he joined his hands together "en forme de coupe, et au fond de cette coupe il aperçut distinctement un château, une tour ronde, un pavillon cassé, des lucarnes à pinacles, une pelouse, des champs, des prés, des bois, et un baron mort qui, s'arrachant les cheveux, criait à un baron vivant, 'Quelle honte! Tu as souffert que ce diable d'homme nous prit tout! Aujourd'hui Saligneux est à lui.'"

This is of course the idea which has been such a comfort to Jean Têterol; and what finally came of it we will leave readers to find out for themselves, either in the original or in *The Wish of his Life*, only mentioning the fact that the Baron de Saligneux has a charming daughter. The plot is arranged with considerable dexterity, although there is not much of it; but, as we have already said, the attraction of the book lies in the style and the characters. The translation is neither better nor worse than such translations generally are, but some of its mistakes are curious. Its producer talks of a "lavatory" in Saligneux where linen was washed; and when a French noble is described as occupying a "petit hôtel," gives the same word in English as an equivalent. On the whole, however, the rendering is tolerable enough.

SPORT AND WORK ON THE NEPAUL FRONTIER.*

It is by no means desirable that works concerning districts or provinces in India should proceed exclusively from the official pen. The Anglo-Indian civilian or staff-officer is generally accurate and sometimes scholarly, but his production may take the tinge of a Blue-Book. His facts may be too many for him. And, whether he is humorous and discursive, or precise and formal, or terribly in earnest, he is liable to the criticism that he understands and therefore describes only one or two sides of the native character. To him the Hindu is a wayward child, who must alternately be coaxed and bullied into the performance of his duty; or a tiresome obstructive to be summarily put out of the way; or a humble suppliant, who at last discovers, to his extreme amazement, that in the eye of the English law one man is thought to be as good as another; or a selfish and high-handed oppressor, who has to be taught, by salutary and severe chastisement, that he must not deal with his Ryots as if they were chattels and brute beasts. The planter, or merchant trading in country produce in the interior of Bombay or Bengal, has, it is often argued, opportunities of seeing the cultivator and the artisan when they are off their guard. The indigo planter, especially, has to farm large tracts of land, to drive bargains with Orientals ever ready to take advantage of his weakness or his misfortune, to collect, feed, and house scores of day labourers, to exact his rents, to enforce the performance of his contracts, and to contend, in the revenue and civil courts, with unscrupulous adversaries backed by a crowd of law agents ready for any amount of chicanery and dirty work. To such the native is no fawning parasite or baffled suitor. He must be watched and unmasked, and, in or out of court, must be confronted and beaten at his own game by the superior resources, skill, honesty, and determination of the Englishman. A picture of Oriental society drawn by a man who has got to the back of the north wind is, it is urged, very likely to be true; and at any rate it must be striking and worth inspection.

Though we do not entirely concur in this reasoning, we have every motive for welcoming a graphic and unvarnished account of experiences gained during twelve years of a planter's life in North Behar. The author, who calls himself "Maori" in the title-page, but gives his name as Inglis in his preface, has been in charge of indigo factories in Chumparun, Tirhoot, and Purneah; or, at any rate, he has made excursions into those districts as well as the Purnea Morung and the Nepaul Terai. He entitles his volume *Sport and Work*. Charles Fox once said of a "pious fraud" that he saw the fraud plainly, but not the piety; and in like manner we may remark that for six chapters about rents, indigo, and business, there are more than twenty devoted to tigers and deer. We do not expect information showing how agriculture might be improved or the chances of famine lessened from one who states that he is "no politician," and that he merely wishes to tell us, in a quiet and unpretentious way, how an Englishman passes his life in a bungalow while his nearest neighbour lives in a similar tenement some ten miles off. Nor do we complain of the free introduction of "Anglo-Indian and Hindustani words." What we do find fault with is that the words are badly spelt and improperly used. Of the real meaning of some phrases the author is evidently quite ignorant, and others, which he must have had occasion to use two or three times a day, are strangely metamorphosed. The revision of the letterpress seems to have been most carelessly and hurriedly done. It is impossible to believe that an active gentleman who has passed most of his time on horseback, in "humming bazaars," amongst crowds of petitioning Ryots or busy labourers, ever pronounced names and titles in the way in which they are allowed to appear before the world. We have "Logouli" and "Rottiah" for "Segouli" and "Bettiah," both being as well known to a planter of North Behar as Cannock Chase or Clumber to a resident in our Midland Counties. "*Tuccaree*" occurs for "*Tuccavi*," and "*Kooskee*" for "*Khuski*." Indigo dye is technically called "*Mall*," we are told. This is the common word *māl*, literally "wealth" or merchandize, the term given to the manufactured indigo to distinguish it from *pāt* or the plant in the leaf and bundle. The head factory becomes the *bead-factory*. A fisherman, we are told, in Bengal is called *nikaree*, while in Behar he is a *mullah* or *machua*. This latter is correct. But *nikaree* is not the class which catches fish, but the caste which takes it from the fisherman and sells it in the market; and in the hot season the approach of a string of *nikarees* on their way to dispose of their consignment at some bazaar removed from the river is perceptible by other senses than the eye. A fisherman in Bengal is *Jaliya*. In p. 55 we learn that a fishery or a right of fishing is called "*Shilkur*," from "*Shal*," a net. The author probably wrote, or meant to write, "*julkur*," properly "right of water." But the first syllable is derived from "*jāl*," water, and not from "*jāl*," a net. "*Kūr*," it is well known, is the Sanskrit term for tax or tribute. *Derah* is everywhere written for *diarah*, a phrase which answers to "*chur*" in Lower Bengal, and signifies the long rich alluvial flats which generally line the banks of such rivers as the Gunduk, the Ganges, and the Kosai, and increase, diminish, or completely melt away, owing to the action of the stream in the rainy season. A threshing-floor is commonly *Kāliyān*, and not "*Karehan*." "Like a court of justice" is, in ordinary Urdu, *Adālat Ke muwafik*, and not *Adawlut lea mafick*. A poor man is *gharib*, not *greel*. The term *gumāshta* or agent is spelt in three different ways, none of them correct. In a nocturnal visit from a leopard, which is not badly told, the *choukidar* or watchman is represented as shouting out, "*Chor, chor, lagga, lagga*," which phrase is translated as "Thief, thief; lay on, lay on." If the village functionary did utter the sounds expressed, he really said that the thief had "caught it." "*Lagga*" is the *habet* of the Roman populace, signifying that something, man or animal, has been struck. The *choukidar* probably shouted out "*Māro, māro*," this being the word that comes uppermost on such occasions to every native. We need not, as we might do, enlarge the catalogue of grammatical blunders and annoying misprints. Neither do we wish to be unduly severe on the style. There are, however, far too many epithets. "Noble stream," the "stately Ganges," "trees of wondrous dimensions rearing their stately heads," "the steely blue of a lovely lake"—these and other epithets are piled up much too often; and Mr. Inglis might write simply of a tiger, instead of a "whiskered monarch," the "yellow-striped robber," the "bounding robber," and the "magnificent robber." He really has something to tell us about his work in the vats and his tent-life in the jungles, and he might relate it in a more unaffected style.

As we have said, we do not blame Mr. Inglis for not filling his pages with statistics of the revenue or the judicial courts, with an account of the genealogy of Rajendra Kishor Sinh, the present Maharaja of Bettia, or with a disquisition on the question whether a certain black mound capped by a solid brick tower to be seen near the police station of Kesareya in Chumparun was really intended for a gigantic sepulchre or was merely a monument of one of the doings of Buddha. Ample information on these and kindred subjects is now accessible in Mr. Hunter's Statistical Account of Behar. We are glad to meet an independent and unofficial Englishman on his own ground, and turn to his account of the cultivation and manufacture of indigo. His description of the system by which the plant is grown and delivered at the factory, though tolerably correct in its broad features, is deficient in precision, and Mr. Inglis's pages would not convey to readers unfamiliar

* *Sport and Work on the Nepaul Frontier; or, Twelve Years' Sporting Reminiscences of an Indigo Planter.* By Maori. London: Macmillan & Co. 1878.

with the subject the distinction between the cultivation by means of advances and the cultivation on the planter's home farm. In Chumparun as in Behar, and, indeed, in Bengal proper as distinguished from the North-Western Provinces, indigo is grown in three different ways. 1. Asamiwar or Ryotty. 2. Zerat or Zerat. 3. Khuski. Nothing can be done in the first method unless the planter purchases an estate or takes a lease of a number of villages, and then collects the rents and acquires for the time the position and privileges of a landholder. The prestige attending the possession of manorial rights enables an energetic Englishman to persuade or compel the Ryots to grow indigo on a portion of their tenures, which, according to Mr. Hunter, does not exceed 15 per cent. of the whole area. Under this arrangement—while the factory supplies the seed and gives advances in cash at a time of the year when they are rather wanted—the Indian cultivator bears all the burden of ploughing, sowing, weeding, cutting, and delivering the plant. Under the *zerat* all this must be done for the planter by his hired servants and his own ploughs. Mr. Inglis says truly that this description of land is, if possible, acquired in the neighbourhood of the factory; and he dwells with pardonable exultation on the comparatively high farming which distinguishes such tracts. The clods are pulverised; the land is cleared of thistles and weeds; silt is regularly removed from the ditches; roads are constructed; and everything betokens order, superintendence, and skill. The third and last method, *khuski*, is simply that of giving advances to Ryots outside the tract farmed directly or taken on lease. It is, in short, a case of a contract pure and simple between two independent parties, one of whom pays the other to deliver him so many bundles of indigo at the ruling price. But this system only prevails to a very limited extent. If it gives the planter less trouble it brings him in less profit, and it is not favoured by the native Zemindars or holders of superior rights in lands, for the simple reason, that under it they do not obtain the bonus which the planter has to pay down before the Zemindars will grant leases. Indeed there is no shirking the fact that the larger part of the indigo produced is cultivated under the Ryotty system, and that, as conducted in past years, that system has on more than one occasion raised such discontent in both Behar and Bengal that Government has been compelled to interfere. Mr. Inglis waxes indignant over the wrongs of the planter, and talks of foul slanders, obloquy, and persistent misrepresentation, while he candidly admits that there was much in the past over which a veil must be drawn. The truth is that a good deal of moral and some physical coercion was employed by Englishmen to gain lawful ends, in days when districts were of huge size, official inspection was rare, and a British-born subject was amenable to the highest Courts of the Company only for trivial offences. There has been a marked improvement in late years, but, after all, it is not so very long ago that the discontent in Behar was such as to call for the decisive interposition of Sir Ashley Eden; and it is amusing to find our author telling us that, amongst the employments of the planter in his morning ride, he has to "look out for good lands and to give up bad ones," and to bring pressure to bear on agricultural operations which, in theory at least, are left to a Ryot, who ought to be able to do what he likes with his own tenure, and to grow the crop which pleases or pays him best. However, we are quite ready to believe that many kind acts are constantly done by the planter in his intercourse with the cultivators, and to allow that, as an element of strength and a link between the official hierarchy and the subject population, his value is not to be slighted in times of scarcity or famine.

The account, too, of the ploughing and weeding is animated and even picturesque, and the description of the manufacturing process is worth the perusal of any one who wishes to know what trouble and toil go to the preparation of rich blue cloth. By the aid of two or three illustrations we see the vats foaming, like those of Luna in Horatius; the plant worked up by coolies; the change of the water in a few hours from clear to green, and from green to blue; the settlement of the dye at the bottom of the vats; the process of boiling, pressing, stamping, and packing the cakes for despatch to Calcutta. If dealing with some hundreds of Ryots belonging to different villages involves much physical activity, and if the news of a "sowing shower" in March or April is a source of joy, the season of manufacture in July probably crams the heaviest work and anxiety into the shortest space. Sometimes the coolies fall sick or strike. A change in the weather from sunshine to wet will reduce the outturn. A whole vat may be ruined by the infusion of a few bundles which have been scorched or withered while in transit. And Mr. Inglis admits that, although the dye has been improved of late years by the introduction of mechanical appliances instead of hand labour, there is ample room for a scientific and close observation of the chemistry of the manufacture. Fluctuations in the yield of different factories, and of the same factory under different climatic conditions, have hitherto been only causes of perplexity and despair.

While Mr. Inglis is most deserving of attention when his gangs of workmen are treading the vats of Nilgunj or Nilabad, there are several other chapters in which his observations of native life and peculiarities show intelligence. A description of a wrestling match between a Brahmin and a blacksmith is well told, and it may gratify readers who are convinced of the superiority of "blood" in a set-to, to learn that the muscles developed by hard work at the forge and anvil had to succumb to the wrestler who boasted a hundred victories and a high and unblemished descent. Those who have seen exhibitions of this kind in Devonshire and Cornwall may be surprised to learn that the "fall" is not over when one Hindu combatant touches the ground. A wrestler is allowed to try to turn over his antagonist when the latter is lying flat on his chest. The endurance and pluck shown by crack native wrestlers would do honour to any Englishman. We recollect a story told of a military officer in the Punjab who could throw any of his native subordinates. One man, reputed never to have been beaten, stood up against his superior officer and was soon locked in a grip of steel. "You will have to give in, or your arm must be broken," said the Englishman. "I cannot help it, Sahib," was the answer, "but I must not yield, as my *hurmat* (honour) is at stake." And so the bone of the Sikh was broken, as Mr. Inglis expressly tells us might have been the case with the blacksmith had he not thought it prudent to yield to "caste." The account of village life is not without merit, and the opinion given as to native proclivities is one which most officials would endorse. But the remarks on legal reforms are too vague and inconclusive to carry much weight, and sufficient credit is not given to the Indian Government for the introduction of Courts of Small Causes, the simplification of evidence and procedure, the subdivision of large districts, and other remedial measures of the last ten or fifteen years. We have no room for accounts of battles with royal tigers, though we agree with the writer in thinking that a compact line of ten or a dozen elephants affords quite as good a chance of sport as one of eighty or a hundred. We may also draw attention to the rescue of an elephant from a quicksand, to the account of a *batan* or shed for tame buffaloes in the jungles, and to a night adventure when the author and a companion lost their way in the jungles of the Kosai, as novelties. Besides floundering in quicksands and being drenched with dew, they heard overhead the flight of waterfowl and around them a chorus of jackals and the roar of the tiger rather too near to be pleasant. In conclusion, as Mr. Inglis intimates that he may be tempted to give the public more of his reminiscences, we recommend him to prune his style, to avoid slang, and to add to his knowledge of the rustic Hindi phrases of Behar some moderate acquaintance with the Urdu as spoken by the higher classes. By this means he may secure a hearing from the English public, and he will certainly command more respect when he returns to Motihari if he can address a Raja or a Brahmin in phraseology different from that which he may lawfully employ in scolding one of his own West-country Dangur coolies.

ARUNDINES STURI.*

It is not altogether easy to guess the motive with which this prettily printed book has been compiled. If the editor's purpose is to present to our view a selection from the works of Buchanan and Muretus, we ought to feel grateful to him. Although they were among the most important writers of Latin poetry whom the period of the Renascence produced, their poems are comparatively neglected by classical scholars of the present day. But in this case, why are so many copies of verses by inferior hands included in the volume? If, on the other hand, the object was to introduce his own compositions to the public, and to support their weakness by the strength of the two eminent names mentioned, the editor may be forgiven for the obtrusion of his own work for the sake of the good things to which he introduces us. The title of the book is somewhat inappropriate. *Arundines Cami*, from which the idea is of course borrowed, was very happily named, for all the reeds which it contains are of native growth; but surely the Stour must be surprised to see so many foreign rushes transplanted to its banks:—

Miraturque novas frondes, et non sua poma,

like the tree in Virgil's Second Georgic. No doubt it would be difficult to find a suitable and at the same time epigrammatic title for a book so heterogeneous in composition. It is divided into three parts. Part I. is entitled "Poemata Sacra," and includes versions of some of the Psalms, and a selection of hymns, mostly by Buchanan and Muretus. Part II. is entirely devoted to the epigrams of Muretus; while Part III., "Poemata Varia," contains several pieces by the same author which might well have been included in Part II., a few by other writers of that period, together with a couple by Milton, and is filled up with original verses and translations from English poets by various modern hands. These last might well have been omitted. Their only possible use is to enhance the value of the earlier poems by proving what very much poorer Latin verse is written, or rather printed, at the present day. Each part is prefaced by a few lines from the pen of the editor, which, though not very re[illegible], are much better than his more ambitious efforts include[illegible].

Most of the translations from [illegible] are by Buchanan, whose work is characterized by [illegible] with the best Latin models which, while it ensures [illegible]tion, at the same time goes a long way towards de[illegible] poems of the spirit of the originals. In proportion a[illegible] stanzas approximate in style to those of Horace, they [illegible]ous tone and feeling of the sacred writings from which [illegible] translated. There is

* *Arundines Sturi.* Collegit atque edidit Robertus B. Kennard. Oxford: Parker. 1878.

such a want of devotional feeling in the writings of the Augustan age that we shall not be inclined to blame Buchanan for his inability to reconcile two things so utterly incompatible; we can only regret that he did not make a happier choice of style and metre. The rhyming Latin of the middle ages fulfils so admirably all the requirements of such a task, to which indeed it was first applied, and for the purposes of which it may be said to have been invented, that there was no need to have recourse to classical metres. For this, however, the period in which Buchanan lived, rather than the man himself, is responsible. At the revival of letters, what had been a learned language in the hands of Bernard and Map, Peter Damian and Jacopone, was no doubt thrown into discredit, and no other course was open to the writers of Latin Psalms and Hymns than that which Buchanan adopted. In spite of the disadvantages under which he laboured, there is very much to admire in his versions, even where they fail to satisfy the reader who compares them with the renderings of mediæval authors and their modern imitators. To these they are no doubt inferior; they are in many places extremely diffuse, and contain ideas not to be found in the originals; while the elaboration required by the Horatian stanza or Ovidian couplet often destroys the simplicity and directness which is one of the great charms of the Hebrew writings. To take an example from Psalm i.; three hexameter lines are required to translate the words "Therefore sinners shall not stand in the judgment":—

Ergo ubi veridicus judex in nube serena
Dicere jus veniet, scelerisque coarguet orbem,
Non coram Impietas mœstos attollere vultus
Audebit.

The words "in nube serena" surely savour rather of "stuffing." Again, in Psalm lxxxviii. v. 8, "Thou hast put mine acquaintance far from me, Thou hast made me an abomination unto them," is turned by the use of a metaphor which, though suggested by the previous verse, can scarcely be considered as a fair rendering:—

Me veluti scopulum fugiunt horrentque sodales:
Quos portum afflictæ spes erat esse rati.

The idea is neat and epigrammatic enough, but does not occur in the original. In Psalm xc. the rendering of the words "Even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God" reads much more like an explanatory paraphrase than a translation:—

Tu manes idem, pater orbis, unus
Nec vices rerum patiens, nec ævi
Termino clausus brevis; unus expers
Finis et ortus.

Once more, in Psalm cxxxvii., the simple pathos of the original is quite lost in the flowing elegiacs of Buchanan. But when allowance has been made for the unsuitability of the style, nothing remains but praise for the execution. Many of the very lines quoted above are, when considered apart from the originals, extremely good; we can only point out a few of the passages that seem to deserve most admiration. Beauties abound on every page. In Psalm xlv. the latter part of the first verse is turned very elegantly:—"I speak of the things which I have made touching the king: my tongue is the pen of a ready writer":—

Certat lingua animum fando, manus æmula linguam
Scribendo exæquare, meo nova carmina regi
Dum meditor.

The whole of this Psalm is very well done. Psalm lxv. is one of the best of the collection. Its merit is so equal throughout that we cannot mention any one stanza as being better than the rest. The Sapphic metre, in which it is written, is admirably suited to a poem which in several points resembles the Second Ode of Book I. of Horace. Psalm lxxxviii. is well turned; vv. 10-12 are especially good. The latter part of xc. is also very good; but it may be doubted whether Horace would have accepted "actiones," which occurs in the last stanza, in the sense of actions. The following, from Psalm cxxv., recall, perhaps too strongly, two well-known lines from Horace:—

Si fractus illabatur orbis
Incolumis fugiet ruinam.

The next stanza is, however, quite good enough to atone for the plagiarism:—

Ut civitatem mœnia montium
Sanctam tuentur, sic Dominus suos
Vi cingit arcanâ, nec unquam
Præsidii viduos relinquet.

Besides being beautiful in itself, this is also a very close translation. Space does not admit of any more quotations. Those who are interested in the subject must read for themselves, and will be amply rewarded for their trouble. It is no exaggeration to say that the works of Buchanan are, with the exception perhaps of Milton's, the finest examples of classical Latin poetry which post-classical times have produced. Of the Psalms by other translators in Mr. Kennard's collection [illegible] great part are by modern authors, and require little attention [illegible] said of most of them that they are rather more literal, [illegible] much less poetical, than those of Buchanan. Muretus [illegible] works fill a large part of the rest of the volume, is put [illegible] contribution for three. They are not perhaps of equal [illegible] the best by Buchanan, but are well worthy of a place be[illegible]

We now arrive at a [illegible] of hymns for the chief festivals of the Church. With the exception of that for Advent, they are all by Muretus, whose chosen metre is one of the varieties of the Asclepiad. The Advent hymn is interesting as being the work of Lord Wellesley. It is written in very smoothly-running hexameters; but, if we subtract from it the ideas suggested by Virgil's *Pollio* and Pope's *Messiah*, there is not much original matter. The hymns of Muretus are not very interesting. When compared with Buchanan's Psalms they are somewhat inferior in execution, while they are open to the same objections. The best are perhaps those for Palm Sunday and Easter Day. The last stanza of the former is very Horatian in sentiment and expression:—

Nil in vitâ hominum perpetuum datur,
Rebus ne nimium fidite prosperis.
Plerumque hic lacrymis gaudia temperat
Certo consilio Deus.

In the last stanza of the Easter hymn we have "non amplius" in the sense of "no longer"; this is scarcely a classical usage. These lines in the Christmas hymn might have been written by Horace himself:—

Grata est haud dubie simplicitas Deo,
Grata est vita, dolis quæ procul omnibus,
Rectum sponte sua perpetuo colit,
Et priscam retinet fidem.

One or two clumsy lines occur here and there. We find an unmusical elision at the end of the Epiphany hymn:—

Qui et Rex est et homo et Deus.

The following, from the hymn for Ascension Day, is also very harsh:—

O per qui te hominum, Dux bone, detulit
Sanctæ Sanctus Amor, Virginis in sinum.

Part I. closes with a rendering in hexameters, by the editor, of the epitaph on Bishop Butler—a respectable translation enough, but why introduce the line

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.

It translates nothing in the original, and is not particularly appropriate to the subject of the epitaph. Perhaps the editor has intended it as a compliment to Virgil, just as Virgil took it from Lucretius.

The epigrams, letters to friends, and other short poems by Muretus in Part II., are very elegant specimens of Latin composition, and will, we think, be found more pleasing than the hymns by the same author. The first few epigrams are graceful expressions of the poet's admiration for Scaliger; next follow some passionate verses to his mistress, which are in many respects worthy of comparison with Ovid's love songs; but we cannot help regretting that Muretus allowed himself so much license in the construction of the elegiac couplet. Such elisions as the following, occurring in the latter half of the pentameter, are most unmusical:—"deserere illa leve est"; "quin etiam ipsâ animâ"; "Suaviloquum aspiciam." The tenth number expresses the somewhat exaggerated estimation in which Virgil was held till comparatively recent times. He is made to say of himself—

Par fieri volui, major sed factus Homero—

an opinion which modern scholars will scarcely endorse. The poem addressed to Margaret of Navarre is very pretty, especially this couplet:—

Delicium cœli, terræ decus, accipe quæ se
Advolvunt pedibus carmina pauca tuis.

One of the best is that dedicated to Petrus Quintius, and the last also is very graceful. The following epigram on a drunken poet is good:—

Cur tua vix umquam sint salsa epigrammata, quæris?
Diluis hæc nimio, Pontiliane, mero.

And here is a very neat one, on a statue of Bacchus among the nymphs:—

Qui colitis Bacchum comites simul addite nymphas,
Nam sine ope illarum munera nostra nocent.

Nor should we omit to notice an admonition to literary men which is given at the end of some lines on friendship:—

Nos quoque qui colimus divas Helicone morantes
Capta pari studio pectora amare decet.

Enough has been said of the writings of Muretus to induce classical scholars to read those pieces in Part III., which also bear his name. There are several panegyrics on the poet written by his pupil Fremistus in much the same strain as that employed by Muretus himself in honour of Scaliger. The grace and power of Milton's Latin verse are too well known to need any comment here, and the Latin versions by various hands of English poetry are very similar to those found in *Arundines Cami* and *Sabrinæ Corolla*. It is impossible to deny that the original compositions of the editor are the weakest in the volume. Among them are some lines on a photographic album, which appear to have afforded the writer so much satisfaction, that, by varying a few words, they are given to us in both hexameters and elegiacs. Next we have several short poems, the chief point in which is the oft-repeated jingle on the name of Venus, venustus, veneres, and so on. The last which calls for notice is an "epithalamium," in which the line

Huc ades, O Hymenæe, Hymen ades, O Hymenæe,

is made very useful, while another well-known line is pressed into the work:—

Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.

Unless we are deceived by a printer's error at p. 111, Mr. Kennard should be congratulated on the advanced age to

which he has attained, for a poem bearing his signature is stated to have been published in the *Anti-Jacobin* in 1797, when, unless, in despite of Mr. Thoms, he is a centenarian, he must have lisped in numbers and studied Latin verse composition in the retirement of the nursery. But few readers will find any difficulty in identifying the sounding hexameters of Wellesley.

CARTOUCHE.*

A NOVEL founded on the character and exploits of a dog is likely to be dreary reading. The creature may be interesting enough to his master, but to those to whom a good plot or lifelike characters make the charm of fiction it is hardly satisfactory to have an elaborate description of the snaps and barks and short runs and tumultuous welcomes of a black-haired poodle, with small eyes and a long tongue. And, unless the more important actions of the four-footed hero are both told graphically and are true and natural in themselves, the whole thing falls to the ground, as an artificial structure badly put together always must. When we took up *Cartouche*, and learned from the title-page that the hero who had given his name to the book was "only a dog," we confess to a strong feeling of misgiving. Also, we may say, we felt from the outset of the story considerable compassion for the poor beast himself. He had evidently endured the heat of an Italian summer with an unclipped coat, seeing that "he leaped upon the new comer, barking and rushing about with every hair flying out from his body"; and, again, "rushed wildly round and round the open place under the plane-trees, his black hair streaming in the wind." Now it may not be pretty or becoming, but the shaven poodle is undoubtedly the right thing for Italy in summer, and the long-haired beast would have a right to complain of neglect in the dog days. By the way, the wind spoken of above rises very suddenly; for in the preceding page we have "a hot and languid glow lying on the violet-tinted hills"; and Jack Ibbetson, the owner of "Cartouche," falls asleep, or the next thing to it, in the garden. If the wind was so strong as to make the dog's long black hair stream and fly, that was an imprudent proceeding on Jack's part.

The plot of *Cartouche* is slender in kind and not very interesting in treatment. A young man, this same Jack Ibbetson, who opens the story by calling his dog, thereby causing him to leap from the upper window at the risk of breaking his legs, if not his neck, is engaged to a nice girl by name Phillis Grey. He loves her fairly well, but because, if he marries her, she (not he) is to be made his and her uncle's inheritor, while, if he does not, she is to be left penniless, he fumes and frets at his prospective advantage, and thinks it a bore that his wife will be well off when a gouty old tyrant dies, and that her inheritance is to depend on her marriage. Had she been as poor as himself he would in all probability have married her out of hand, seeing that "he liked no one better, or so well." But her future wealth worried him, and he fancied himself ill used by fate because he was to be well dowered by fortune. This, we venture to say, is one of those essentially feminine views of human life and the masculine nature which carry no likelihood or common sense with them, and which therefore vitiate the whole thing as much as if the hero and heroine were set floating in the air. Of course being disgusted at the smooth ordering of his social life, where the only thing to find fault with is his good luck, Jack Ibbetson does that which he might be expected to do in the circumstances—allows his fancy to stray, and so disturbs poor Phillis and deranges all the plans. His innocent enchantress for the time is an impossible little half-breed, a certain English-Italian, Beatrice Capponi, whose acquaintance he makes through the delinquencies of Cartouche in the matter of a basket of turkey poults, one of which the poodle incontinently slays. Beatrice, or, as she is familiarly called, Bice, also allows her fancy to stray in the direction of this good-looking stranger, whose intimacy she claims in return for the loss of her turkey poult. Beginning with a scene of fury, wherein she stamps her foot and calls bad names, she shades off into pity for the delinquent dog as soon as she hears that he is to be chastised; then brightens into interest for the dog's fair-haired and good-looking master, whom she invites then and there to dinner, and from whom she will take no denial. We do not profess to know much about English-Italian girls brought up in the country near Florence in strict seclusion by a mother who "had gone through such ill-usage and insult as would have scared (*sic*) most women's lives; and, when it was all over, feathered out again, with no more result than a mild assurance that from that time forward she had a right to whatever comfortable compensation she could get out of existence." But it does seem to us the funniest thing possible, if to be taken as descriptive of girl-life in Italy, that two young creatures should haul in a good-looking stranger to dine with them and their mother, and make fast and confidential friends with him on the spot, with no more introduction than is to be found in a black long-haired poodle and a dead turkey chick. The author of *Cartouche*, however, has evidently been in Florence, where this extraordinary bit of Arcadian simplicity took place. She knows Rome, too, and has profited by Ouida, Ruskin, and the Handbooks. Wherefore we must, in all modesty, accept her pictures as at least possible, and not allow ourselves to suppose that she has drawn on her imagination out of reason and given no facts which will not pass muster even in fiction.

The hero's interest in Bice, though it never passes the boundaries of the purest friendship, so far influences the story that it causes Phillis Grey to break off her engagement. She gives no explanation why she breaks with Jack; but a fancy "like the dull tick of a great clock in her brain" says with persistent effort, "He—loves—her—he—loves—her"; and, "though no one suspected it of her, her heart was sometimes nearly breaking." We are thankful that she escapes fever—malarian, gastric, or other. A heart nearly breaking because of its own supererogatory generosity of renunciation while looking at Botticelli's "Fortitude" in the Uffizi, and a fancy that speaks with persistent effort in the brain like the dull tick of a great clock, are perilously like forerunners of at least a gastric fever, if not a *perniciosa*. But she escapes; and as at the end all comes right and Jack blossoms out into common sense, we are spared any unnecessary harrowing of our feelings and sympathetic calculations of the cost and worry of an illness in an hotel. We would remark, in passing, that "persistent effort" is an unhappy expression to be applied to anything so automatic as the ticking of a fancy in Phillis's brain. There are other oddities of phrase in the book. In a slight description of the "beautiful rooms" of the well-known Roman artist, Signor Vertunni (not Vertumni), we are told that "you lose yourself in a sea-mist where a boat floats between sky and earth"; and to illustrate what we said of our author's obligations to Mr. Ruskin we give the following passage:—

> But, indeed, the wonder of Florence lies in her perpetual youth. She is old, and yet no touch of age seems to have passed over her. All around are the memories of past ages, but they are alive and present, and time scarcely seems to separate you from them. It would not surprise you to see Giotto standing under his tower, to meet Dante turning towards his house, Savonarola passing to the preaching, Romola—as real as any—hurrying back to old Bardi. Our past grows mouldy, whereas here it keeps life, and colour, and reality. Is it that we are always trying to escape from it?
>
> The Uffizi was rather empty. There were plenty of copyists, most of all, as usual, round the great Fra Angelico, with its praising angels, in the passage, but otherwise strangers were few. Jack, who had a craze for Botticelli, would not let Phillis rest until he had taken her to the Judith in the room next the tribune. She comes towards you more lightly than Judith would have done after the deed, but the strong purpose, the self-forgetfulness of the face, are wonderful; and as the yellow morning light catches the grey blue of her dress, she looks far beyond you, and beyond what you are ever likely to see. Presently from her lips will come the cry of deliverance, "Open, open now the gates!" and all Bethulia will press round to see and hear. Jack, who had learnt Botticelli from Ruskin, was full of enthusiasm, and dragged Phillis off to the Calumny, the Fortitude. He made her sit down in a corner where she could see the last-named well, and then a thought struck him.

Verily Mr. Ruskin has much to answer for.

The halting love affair between Jack and Phillis, and the dreamy relations between Jack and Bice, are complicated by a rather obscure episode concerning Bice's brother Clive, wherein one Oliver Trent plays the part of villain. That this gentleman may have a better claim on the gratitude of Bice, which he hopes to work up into love, he acts as only the merest tiro in knowledge of the world could have acted, and makes a mud-pie for Clive, into which he ends by tumbling headlong on his own account. Jack is the good genius of this part of the story, but it is all so confusedly done that we confess we did not follow the complications very carefully, and do not quite understand the whole matter. All we can make out is that Clive had got into a mess about money which appeared to be dishonourable and was really unfortunate; and that Oliver Trent made it look blacker than it was for his own purposes, while Jack ferreted out the truth and brought it triumphantly to the surface.

The end of the book is happiness dashed by one strain of tragedy. The Tiber overflows, and Jack standing on the brink sees a dark object caught by a tree; he makes this out to be a cradle and thinks he discerns therein a child. He dashes in and partly swims, partly wades, to the point where the cradle is caught, his face bleeding from the twigs which whip it as he passes, "and feeling each moment that he must be sucked under in a resistless eddy." At last he reaches the cradle; Cartouche following him at his cry for help. The dog brings the cradle safely to land, then turns back to his master, whose "foot had become entangled in some of the small submerged branches." He extricates himself:—

> But Cartouche? Through the tossing waters the dog, with a faithfulness which never faltered, struggled slowly back to his master. Beaten by the waves, with safety close behind within his reach, he needed no call to keep him resolute to his purpose. To Jack, with the river hissing in his ears, with the angry dash of foam blinding his eyes, the sight of that black and curly head coming steadily towards him seemed to give hope and power once more. As the dog reached him he bent his head down, and Cartouche by a great effort licked his face. Then Jack called all his failing strength together; the tree itself swayed violently, he felt that he was free. Free, but could he reach the shore? The horror of that frightful imprisonment was so strong, that he dared not trust to the help of the branches, and the struggle was almost superhuman. Cartouche swam close to him, swam round him, more than once when he thought he must give up, the gaze of those faithful eyes, the touch of the dog's body, brought back the hope which had all but deserted him—and now, he had just cleared the roots of the tree, was just venturing in towards the bank, when, caught in some tremendous eddy, the tree swung completely round, and with its bare branches tossing wildly upwards, the old river whirled away its prey in triumph.

His apotheosis comes when "a peasant woman in a southern country has taught her children to love animals, to be good to them, and one of them she says was once saved by a dog. The children listen, thrilled by the familiar story. '*Eccolo!*' cries a

* *Cartouche.* "*Only a Dog.*" By the Author of "The Rose Garden," "Unawares," &c. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1878.

g, and they all turn and look up where, over the door, is the carved figure of a dog, with a date." This ending is really the best part of the book, which by no means equals in merit the pretty story of the *Rose Garden*; though that, too, had its shortcomings, as we pointed out at the time.

THE BELVEDERE GALLERY AT VIENNA.*

GERMANY commands a wide empire of art within the walls of the four great galleries of Munich, Dresden, Berlin, and Vienna. Each of these rich collections is strong in some special point, and together they fill up well-nigh to completion the entire circuit of pictorial art. The Old Pinakothek, Munich, is unrivalled in its assemblage of early Flemish and German masters, from the time of Meister Wilhelm of Cologne downwards. The Museum of Dresden is distinguished by two chief works of two great painters—the "San Sisto" of Raffaelle, and the "Meyer Madonna," by Holbein. The gallery of Berlin is strictly based on chronology—an arrangement which induces the filling up of missing links in a consecutive series. Then comes the Belvedere in Vienna, which, fortunate in the pretty even representation of most schools, shows special force and fulness in the master works of the Flemings, of the Venetians, and the Lombards. Among the galleries of the world doubtless that of Madrid is foremost; but which collection has a right to the second place, whether either of the four great museums of Germany already enumerated, or the Louvre in Paris, the Hermitage in St. Petersburg, or some one of the galleries in Italy, or indeed our own national collection in London, can make the best claim to distinction, it is hard to determine. Our National Gallery, however, is in the exceptional position of being the only collection which owes nothing to conquest and everything to gift or purchase. How ill we could afford to lose any one of these museums may be judged from the blank left some years since by the destruction in Venice of a single work—Titian's "Peter Martyr." Each prominent gallery in Europe fulfils a service somewhat by virtue of its geographic position. What the National Gallery is to England the Louvre is to France; and as the Museum of Madrid illumines the far West, so the Belvedere Gallery throws the light and colour of art over the widespread Austrian dominions in Eastern Europe.

Vienna, among the most ancient of German cities, dates her foundation from the time of the Romans; and yet it is only in comparatively modern days that she has been in a condition to cultivate the arts. It is true that her magnificent cathedral belongs to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Nevertheless, two hundred years have not elapsed since the Austrian troops which defended the city from the inroad of the Turks reconnoitred from the square and from the spire of St. Stephen's. But peace, with her attendant arts, may be supposed to have been assured when one hundred and eighty pieces of cannon taken from the enemy were cast into the largest bell within the cathedral tower. The pictures now collected in the Belvedere indicate the chequered history of the Empire; they do not pertain to the spot, but are gathered from afar; they come from the South, the North, and the West; they are the heirlooms of families, the accumulated possessions of dynasties. The Gallery was enriched by Maximilian I.; Rudolph II. gathered in his castle at Prague pictures from Italy and Spain, which afterwards were transferred to Vienna; and Charles V. divided his favours between Vienna and Madrid. Treasures from the scattered collections of our Charles I. and of the Duke of Buckingham also found their way to Vienna. The Archduke Leopold William, when Stadtholder in the Spanish Netherlands, made valuable acquisitions among collectors and artists, and effected purchases at the great sales in Antwerp. Further accessions followed under Maria Theresa, and additions are from time to time made down to the present day. Austria, it would seem, took possession of works which might be deemed rightly to belong to England, such as the portraits of Queen Seymour and of Dr. Chamber of Oxford, severally by Holbein, and a half-length figure of Charles I., which Dr. Waagen ranks as "one of the finest of the numerous portraits of the unfortunate King from the hand of Van Dyck." On the whole, the Belvedere owes more to happy accident than to deliberate design; but here fittingly are found the magnificent posthumous portrait of Maximilian I., clad in armour, by Rubens, and Titian's full-length portrait of his patron, Charles V. Sir William Stirling-Maxwell remarks upon the singular poverty of the Gallery in the Spanish schools, considering the old relations between Madrid and Vienna. The only Spanish works, he adds, that have found their way to Vienna are a mediocre picture by Murillo, a portrait by Coello, and a few paintings by Velasquez. But by this prince of painters stands supreme "the artist's family picture." "This priceless picture" is, in the critic's opinion, the single production out of Spain that deserves to rank with the master's grand compositions in Madrid. Connoisseurs who watch critically the ambitious career of Herr Unger in the publication now before us will be only too glad to find that this clever etcher seems likely to prove himself, in breadth of effect, in power and precision of touch, a match for the great master of Castile.

The reputation of Herr Unger, gained in the Galleries of Cassel and Brunswick, is here in Vienna more than confirmed. The increased scale of the plates, and the wider diversity of pictorial styles, call forth from the etcher his utmost resources; as a translator he is faithful; his transcripts seldom, if ever, fall into the license of paraphrase; he enters heart and soul into the spirit and technique of the great masters, and in thinking of them he is willing to forget himself. In portraiture he proves himself specially powerful; he reflects the pervading idea which the original painter embodied with a singleness of purpose which permits no distraction from excess of detail or contrariety of motive. How far he succeeds in adapting his manner to each master in succession is illustrated by two strikingly diverse portraits—the one of Jane Seymour, by Holbein, the other by Titian of Giacomo Strada, architect and antiquary in the time of Maximilian II. In the etching before us of the Queen's well-known head, Holbein's style is scrupulously preserved; the features are mapped out with a few firmly pronounced boundary lines, the contours, as might be expected, are somewhat hard, and the touch of the etcher's needle indicates that the master used his pigments sparingly, leaving the surface thin, and yet the hands are modelled with a suppleness indicative of a tenderness of tissue yielding to the touch. Infinite care, too, has been expended on the richly brocaded dress, jewelled with pearls and precious stones — all painted by Holbein with the minuteness of a miniature. A greater contrast can hardly be imagined than that of the head of Giacomo Strada, as portrayed by Titian. We feel that the master has put forth all the power of his richly-laden palette; we see how he has played with his pigments, how he has laid on the colours lavishly—here thickly loaded, and there thinly washed; but, thin or thick, always transparent, lustrous, and gem-like. Herr Unger manages to translate those qualities into a chiaroscuro that is never quite white, and yet never black, but golden in its lights, and of slumbrous fire in its shadows. How the etcher here manages to convey the idea of colour is worthy of observation. Lines rapid in movement, dexterous and dazzling in cross hatchings, throwing off light from the interstices; a touch, sensitive and vital, which leaves the surface palpitating, so that life throbs beneath the form—all these conspire towards the Titianesque colour of this cunningly elaborated plate.

The Vienna Gallery is not surpassed by Munich or Antwerp in the master works of Rubens. The painter is nowhere more fervid and florid than in copious compositions recording the histories of St. Ambrose and of St. Ildephonso, and the miracles of St. Francis and of Ignatius Loyola. Here, as usual, the artist gains astounding effects by the slightest of means; and the etcher, in his version of the landscape known as "the Phrygian Flood," emulates the master in bravura of touch and in translucent depths whence colour seems to glow. The aspects of nature are tumultuous; waters rush wildly, trees bend beneath the wind, and clouds are driven by the storm. In painter and etcher alike skill and care are needed to escape confusion. Rubens, in common with Salvator Rosa and the two Poussins, succeeded in transferring to canvas those scenic phenomena which in a pre-scientific age were roughly assigned to the four elements of earth, air, fire, and water. Herr Unger has here, through light and shade, elaborated the linear perspective on earth and the aerial perspective in sky, wherein our English engravers, after the pictures of Turner, obtained their triumphs. In the plate before us the eye is carried forward from foreground into a cloudland of mists, nebulæ and cumuli, the darkness of the tempest being made visible by lightning. Only an artist knows how hard it is to save such skies from extravagance. Herr Unger lacks the passionate impulse of the French etchers, and hence the spectator sometimes remains comparatively cool; but, on the other hand, he is endowed with German calculation and insight, so that he sees clearly and renders truly the meaning of artists however diverse. His methods of treatment are wide as the poles asunder, and, becoming all things to all men, he passes, as we have seen, at will from Dutch minuteness to Italian breadth and freedom.

It is the custom of national museums to parade on the walls a considerable proportion of spurious pictures. M. Viardot, comparing the disorder existing in the Belvedere to that in Hampton Court, complains of the intolerable mixture of copies with originals, of mediocrities with great works. In private collections such falsities are excusable; but in public galleries people should be saved from imposture by appeal to the most trustworthy results of the latest research. Our National Gallery long maintained a traditional nomenclature which in some instances could not stand scrutiny. But at any rate charitable credulities ought to find no place in critical publications which are expected to state facts and opinions on the spot where they can best be verified. The letterpress here put forth, though it comes from a high authority, errs on the side of amiable acquiescence. Professor Lützow seems to shrink from personal responsibility; his descriptions are for the most part laudatory, and when he cannot praise he preserves silence. In extenuation it may be pleaded that explanatory letterpress to richly illustrated books mostly indulges in encomium, and certainly the critic may be excused on the present occasion for upholding within the Imperial Gallery reputations which have been hastily assailed. Assuredly he can scarcely be expected to sanction the wholesale way in which Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have thrown aside as "Uncertified Titians" no less than nine pictures which adorn the Gallery. Ancient tradition and the general assent of mankind, as well as the authority of the late Dr. Waagen, are urged in support of names long accepted. In some few cases of difficulty, judgment is here rightly as yet held in abeyance. For example, there is a humble domestic scene still accredited to

* *Die Kaiserl. Königl. Gemälde-Galerie in Wien.* Radirungen von William Unger. Text von Carl von Lützow. Lieferungen IV., V., VI. Wien: H. O. Miethke. 1877-1878.

Terburg, notwithstanding that some authorities ascribe the picture to Van der Meer; here the author wisely waits for further evidence before passing a final verdict. We have reason to believe that this little known painter will receive further elucidation in the form of a monograph; thus, little by little, historic and biographic doubts are in course of being cleared away.

Criticism in such matters can never secure absolute certainty, and yet in many ways it may rise above the region of mere conjecture. The surest basis is documentary or historic evidence; when, for example, a picture can be traced from generation to generation, when it can show a written pedigree, when the original commission given to the artist is on record—the evidence may grow as conclusive as the title deeds to lands and hereditaments. Not a few of the works in the Belvedere are thus assured; but in many of them the testimony is sufficiently conflicting to need sifting and balancing. Sometimes a picture may have obtained mention by Vasari or other contemporary authors, and yet a doubt arises as to identity or as to whether the extant work is a replica or copy of the original. Such obstinate questionings go far to invalidate certain pictures in Vienna which we have known as tacitly assigned to Fra Bartolomeo, Raffaelle, or Murillo —not to mention masters less signal. It would seem, however, but charitable to allow to passable works the benefit of a doubt. We have known connoisseurs who seem to find a positive pleasure in scepticism; but if one of two extremes is inevitable, happier is the man who can take his full enjoyment without stopping to ask the why or the wherefore. Such a man in walking through the rooms of the Belvedere may not care to be always using the dissecting knife or the magnifying lens, but rests content to be moved as his intuitions prompt. On the other hand, there have been evenly-balanced critics, such as the late Professor Kugler, who, trusting much to inward sense, still strive to fortify their conclusions by outward or circumstantial evidence; and in the text before us Professor Lützow, though sometimes not so thorough as might be desired, belongs to the number of those who seek on all sides for lights which may illumine the dark places of history.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

HERR VON ROSENBERG (1) is one of those travellers who lay, as it were, siege to a country, and make it their own by patient and continuous observation. His acquaintance with the Malay Archipelago is derived from his position as an officer in the Dutch Civil Service, where he remained for nearly thirty years. Being frequently removed from place to place, and yet remaining long enough in each place to obtain a thorough acquaintance with the district, he has been enabled to make a tolerably complete survey, not only of Java, but of those portions of Sumatra, Celebes, and the Moluccas which belong to the Dutch, or in which their influence is paramount. He has also visited New Guinea, his account of which island, as well as of Java, will appear in a third volume. His valuable work is at once a complement and a contrast to that of our countryman, Mr. Wallace. The latter offers a signal example of the power of generalization from accumulated facts; the former is a mere register of observations. Yet the observations afford a most valuable basis for further generalizations, and have the additional merit of relating in great measure to regions unvisited or imperfectly explored by the English traveller. Some parts of the Batta country were first visited by Herr Rosenberg, and he there discovered the remains of some ancient temples, probably Buddhist. He was also the first European to make a thorough exploration of the islands on the western coast of Sumatra. Nias, the most important, is thoroughly described in the present work. Celebes, Ceram, and the Aru Islands occupy the greater part of the second volume. The first-named large island does not seem to have been very fully examined by Herr Rosenberg, but his description of Ceram is minute. Among the more remarkable circumstances enumerated are the strange dissimilarity of the seasons on the northern and southern shores of the island, and the existence of a secret society, the "Kakean," designed to resist the introduction of Christianity or Mohametanism, and apparently accomplishing its purpose. The Aru Isles are chiefly interesting for their fauna, especially the birds of paradise, respecting which the author gives several additional particulars. The inhabitants occupy a low stage of cultivation in comparison with the other natives of the Archipelago, but some of their customs are interesting. Contrary to the general usage of barbarous people, they welcome the birth of a daughter with excessive joy, while a male child is treated with indifference. The value of Herr Rosenberg's work is increased by numerous woodcuts, poorly executed indeed, but taken from photographs for the most part.

The very meritorious investigation of ancient Jewish commerce for which we are indebted to Dr. Herzfeld (2) suffers from a lack of material in so far as the most interesting of the periods it embraces is concerned. We should like to have a picture of Jewish commercial activity during Biblical times; but for these Scripture is almost our sole authority, and the scanty notices it contains have been already developed by previous writers. Dr. Herzfeld shows clearly that the frequent mention of objects of luxury implies an active trade with neighbouring nations, and an advanced condition of manufacturing industry among the latter; but for anything more he is reduced to mere conjecture and inference. Perhaps his most important contribution to the subject is an able discussion of the locality of Ophir, in which he shows that India is too remote and the Midianite peninsula too near, and contends forcibly for Arabia Felix and the Somali coast. It is not until Dr. Herzfeld has reached the post-Biblical period that his materials become copious, and derived from sources not generally accessible. The legal treatises which constitute so large a portion of the Talmud abound with incidental observations referring to commercial matters, which Dr. Herzfeld cites, with remarks tending to show their bearing upon his subject. It appears, for instance, that rice, unknown in Western Asia until the time of Alexander the Great, was not only cultivated, but made into bread in the days of the Talmudical writers; that some of the Palestinian wines required to be mixed with three parts water; that the Jews said "Send fish to Acre" as we say "Carry coals to Newcastle." The classical writers also afford a rich store of material, especially in the evidence they afford of a wide dispersion of the Jews during the Macedonian and Roman ages, and of the wealth attained by most of their communities. Inquiries respecting the commercial routes of antiquity; disquisitions on Jewish coins, weights, and measures, and the ordinary prices of articles of consumption; and excursuses on various problematical points connected with finance and merchandise complete the contents of a very interesting volume.

An exhaustive account, by Richard von Kauffmann (3), of the various institutions, public and private, existing throughout Europe for the protection of commercial interests, and the legislation respecting them, is intended as an introduction to a forthcoming project for the reorganization of German Chambers of Commerce and Agriculture, and the institution of an "economical senate" to evoke and control their action. Whatever the merits of this scheme, which remains to be expounded, it has certainly led to the accumulation of a great mass of interesting information, including the text of official statutes and regulations, to which considerable additions are promised in subsequent volumes.

Friedrich Goldschmidt, the biographer of the eminent economist List, contributes an important pamphlet to the discussion of the proposed alterations in the German Budget (4). He protests against any increase of indirect taxation, and shows that, when the losses occasioned by compulsory military service are taken into account, the Germans are one of the most heavily taxed nations in the world. He especially resists any additional impost upon two of the great national articles of consumption—tobacco and beer. The case of the German brewers must indeed be especially hard if it be the fact that, however unfavourable the yield of malt and hops may have been, public feeling never allows them to raise their prices.

The Hanoverian archives naturally contain many documents throwing light on the accession of the House of Brunswick to the English throne. From these Dr. Schaumann (5) has compiled an instructive and unpretending little volume. One of the most interesting circumstances mentioned is the idea at first entertained by King William of betrothing the Princess Anne's infant son to a Hanoverian princess. After the young prince's death, the project of the direct Hanoverian succession acquired consistency, and we find the Electress Sophia endeavouring to construct a Hanover party out of such members of the two great English parties as were most zealously addicted to Protestantism, without reference to minor differences of opinion. At a later period the Electress is anxious that she or her son should reside in England, and receives a decided rebuke from Queen Anne. Throughout these negotiations Leibnitz appears as Sophia's principal counsellor. Characters, apparently very just, of Prince George of Denmark and the Duke of Marlborough are now published for the first time from his MS., as well as sarcastic portraits of Englishmen of rank resident at the Hanoverian Court, in which the philosopher appears in the unwonted light of a satirical humourist.

As Herr Edmund Hoefer (6) very properly lays it down that the precise nature of the relations between Goethe and Frau von Stein is not a matter with which the world need concern itself, it is not quite easy to see why he should have devoted so much space to its elucidation. His investigation, however, is able and acute, not very favourable to the Platonic theory, and still less so to Frau von Stein, agreeing with Mr. Lewes's verdict upon that lady in all essential respects. It is to be observed, however, that the truth cannot be fully known until the publication of Frau von Stein's own letters, which are probably in the custody of Goethe's family.

Sören Kirkegaard (7) has been pronounced the first prose writer

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(1) *Der Malayische Archipel. Land und Leute in Schilderungen gesammelt während eines dreissigjährigen Aufenthaltes in den Kolonien.* Von C. B. H. von Rosenberg. Abthe. 1, 2. Leipzig: Wiegel. London: Nutt.

(2) *Handelsgeschichte der Juden des Alterthums.* Aus den Quellen erforscht und zusammengestellt von Dr. L. Herzfeld. Braunschweig: Meyer. London: Nutt

(3) *Die Vertretung der wirthschaftlichen Interessen in den Staaten Europas.* Von R. von Kauffmann. Berlin: Springer. London: Nutt.

(4) *Die Erhöhung der indirekten Steuern und ihr Einfluss auf das deutsche Erwerbsleben.* Von F. Goldschmidt. Berlin: Springer. London: Nutt.

(5) *Geschichte der Erwerbung der Krone Grossbritanniens von Seiten des Hauses Hannover.* Von A. F. H. Schaumann. Hannover: Rümpler. London: Williams & Norgate.

(6) *Goethe und Charlotte von Stein.* Von Edmund Hoefer. Stuttgart: Krabb. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *Sören Kirkegaard. Ein literarisches Charakterbild.* Von Georg Brandes. Leipzig: Barth. London: Nutt.

of Denmark in point of style, and is undoubtedly entitled to the elegant tribute which Dr. Brandes has paid to his memory, and perhaps all the more so as it is likely to remain his sole passport to a European reputation. Kirkegaard, who was born in 1813 and died in 1855, was a writer exceedingly difficult to class. He has been compared to Pascal, and may perhaps be said to have occupied much the same position towards the recognized ethical creeds and literary forms of his country that Mr. Carlyle has assumed in England. In a series of books neither strictly belonging to the domain of philosophy nor of *belles-lettres* he propounded original ideas bearing on questions of morality and aesthetical criticism in a style which produced a great impression in Denmark, but which, if we may judge by Dr. Brandes's too scanty examples, will hardly bear transplantation to the soil of another literature. In their egotistical character, in their energy and incisiveness, and in their strong impress of individual self-culture, they frequently remind us of Hazlitt, another author of the highest merit who has found no audience out of his native country. He differs from Hazlitt, however, in his habitual pessimism and despondency, a peculiarity sufficiently explained by the circumstances of his parentage and education. The child of elderly parents, Kirkegaard seemed prematurely aged from his birth; his father's fanatical creed and eccentric nature aided in destroying all trace of the natural joyousness of youth; and his own singularities in apparel and demeanour tended, by the ridicule they excited, to estrange him further from his fellow-men. His life was further embittered by a very foolish quarrel with the *Corsair*, an influential satirical print; and his dissatisfaction with what, to one of his ascetic bent, appeared the unreality of Danish State religion, impelled him, towards the end of his life, into a vehement crusade against all religious forms. Thus at variance with all, he died obscure and neglected; but Dr. Brandes's substantial tribute to his memory after nearly a quarter of a century is a sufficient proof that he will not be forgotten by his countrymen, although foreigners must always take his merits upon trust.

A collection of Paul de Lagarde's political and religious writings in the vernacular (8) is a healthy and refreshing volume, though few may entirely assent to the writer's views, and his uncompromising language is likely to exasperate opponents who have not sufficient liberality to appreciate disinterestedness and manliness on the part of an antagonist. Herr de Lagarde is at once intensely patriotic and constitutionally aristocratic; his objects are those of German patriots everywhere, but he has little sympathy with the ideals or the methods of modern Liberalism. He carries, in fact, his disdain of mobs and chatter to an extent dangerous to liberty. As a candid and fearless man he abhors the modern Roman Catholic spirit, and his political foresight renders him extremely apprehensive of the consequences of coquetting with Russia. He craves a new and specifically German civilization, while advocating a system of political repression which would keep the country in the old grooves. The general impression of his writings is hence somewhat discouraging; all the more remarkable, therefore, is the inspiriting effect of his nervous style, an example of the excellences in which German prose is commonly most deficient. Some short poems interspersed prove that it has been within his power to achieve equal distinction as a poet.

Dr. Schaffle's "Encyclopædia of Polity" (9) is as characteristically German as Lagarde's writings are the reverse. It is very learned, but deficient in form and clear definition of purpose, and chiefly valuable for the copious references to authorities. Lagarde has hardly a single quotation.

The second part of Professor Teichmüller's "New Studies towards the History of Conceptions" (10) contains, as was to be expected, important contributions towards an acquaintance with Greek philosophy. The most important essays are one on the treatise on Diet falsely ascribed to Hippocrates, which, in opposition to Zeller's opinion, Herr Teichmüller holds to have been composed in the fifth century B.C., and to afford a valuable indication of the state of philosophic thought at the time, and on the theology of Heraclitus. Professor Teichmüller, who has been getting himself initiated into hieroglyphic lore under the auspices of Dr. Brugsch, considers that Heraclitus derived his ideas from the Egyptians—a most important conclusion, if it can be sustained.

A reprint of twelve essays on Shakspearian subjects contributed to the *Shakspere-Jahrbuch* by Nicolaus Delius (11) will be most welcome to Shakspearian scholars. The most important, perhaps, is that on the Sonnets, in which, after an exhaustive review of the various hypotheses, the writer decides that these enigmatical poems contain no autobiographical element, or that at least any personal allusions they may have contained are irrecoverable. In his essays on *Timon of Athens* and *Pericles*, Delius contends that Shakspeare founded both these plays on the works of earlier writers—in the case of *Timon*, adhering to his conception of the character of Timon, and rewriting almost every scene in which this leading personage appeared, leaving the rest nearly as he found it; in the case of *Pericles*, correcting and inserting throughout, wherever the play seemed to require revision. The opposite view of Shakspeare's unfinished work having been completed by an inferior playwright is ably contested; and Shakspeare's unknown predecessor is identified on apparently good grounds with George Wilkins, the acknowledged author of the novel of *Pericles*. Essays on Dryden's treatment of Shakspeare, on the prose and on the epic element in Shakspeare's plays, on the relation of Shakspeare's *Coriolanus* to Plutarch and of his *Hamlet* to the *Hoffman* of George Chettle, are also exceedingly interesting, and composed in a most agreeable style. The collection is prefaced by a review of the additions made to the literature of the respective subjects since the original publications of the essays, in which the labours of Mr. Minto, Mr. Fleay, and Mr. Skeat are particularly noticed.

Dr. J. P. Richter's account in the "Mosaics of Ravenna" (12) will provide serious students of those remarkable remains with an admirable handbook. Three distinct eras of execution are pointed out—the Latin period, comprehending the mosaics in the Catholic Baptistery and the mausoleum of Galla Placidia; the Gothic, in the Arian Baptistery and S. Apollinare Nuovo; and the Byzantine, in the remaining edifices. An interesting dissertation is appended in which attention is directed to the remarkable revival of architecture and mosaic decoration under the immediate impulse, as would appear, of Constantine and his successors, one of the most instructive examples of what an intelligent despotism is able and unable to effect for art.

Wasielewski's history of the instrumental music of the fifteenth century (13) is evidently a work of much research, and calculated to interest and assist the student of the development of music. The first part is devoted to an inquiry into the construction of the instruments of the period, which is followed by an investigation of the principles and methods of musical composition. An appendix gives delineations of the instruments, and numerous specimens of the music itself.

An anonymous writer has conceived the happy idea of filling 421 pages (14) of small type with the most dismal reflections in prose and verse upon the misery of human existence and the general unsatisfactoriness of the scheme of things. Many of his remarks are ingenious; but, as a whole, they fail to impress us, probably because the writer has not taken the precaution first to convince himself. The "Poems of an Idealist" (15) apparently enforce an opposite view of things; but we have experienced some difficulty in assuring ourselves of the fact, from the prosaic reason of the illegibility of the beautiful but most irritating type. Another equally elegant, but less ambitiously printed, volume, from the same press, Julius Hart's *Sansara* (16), shows many tokens of genuine poetical feeling. The activity of the writer's imagination and his width of cultivation are further proved by the great variety and general effectiveness of his themes; and hardly one of his pieces is entirely destitute of power, while at the same time scarcely one is entirely up to the mark. Even such moderate promise is not to be slighted in the present forlorn estate of the German Parnassus. Herr Siegert's tragedy, *Clytemnestra* (17), combines the plots of the *Agamemnon* and the *Choephoræ*, and hence violates the unity of action. It is nevertheless by no means a contemptible performance, though with much more affinity to Goethe than to Æschylus.

Theodor Fontane's "Before the Storm" (18) scarcely justifies the praise which it has received from the German press. It is well written, but all conversations and descriptions are spun out to too great a length, the personages come on and go off without apparent motive, and the general impression is one of tedium and unreality. Herr von der Düna's story from the Baltic provinces, and Herr von Stengel's professedly philosophical romance, have respectively too little either of special local colouring, or of philosophy, to take them out of the category of average circulating library novels.

The *Rundschau* (19) has the continuation of Dr. Brandes's essay on Lord Beaconsfield's youth, treating particularly of his travels in the East, and their influence upon his thoughts and style of composition. It may be thought that Dr. Brandes treats such compositions as *Alroy* too seriously; they must be admitted, however, to possess a psychological, if hardly a literary, interest. Professor Nöldeke's sketch of socialistic movements in the East would appear disappointingly slight if it were not explained that it is merely preliminary to a book on the remarkable communistic religion proclaimed by the Persian Mazdak about the end of the fifth century. Professor Nöldeke seems hardly justified in classing the servile revolt of the Syrian Eunus as a socialistic movement. The continuation of the series of papers on the Crimean war is interesting, but treats principally of diplomatic and military episodes already amply

(8) *Deutsche Schriften*. Von Paul de Lagarde. Göttingen: Dieterich. London: Williams & Norgate.

(9) *Encyclopädie der Staatslehre*. Von Dr. A. Schaffle. Tübingen: Laupp. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Neue Studien zur Geschichte der Begriffe*. Von Gustav Teichmüller. Hft. 2. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

(11) *Abhandlungen zu Shakspere*. Von Nicolaus Delius. Elberfeld: Friderichs. London: Williams & Norgate.

(12) *Die Mosaiken von Ravenna. Beitrag zu einer kritischen Geschichte der altchristlichen Malerei*. Von Dr. J. P. Richter. Wien: Braumüller. London: Nutt.

(13) *Geschichte der Instrumentalmusik im XV. Jahrhundert. Mit Abbildungen von Instrumenten und Musikbeilagen*. Von N. J. von Wasielewski. Berlin: Guttentag. London: Williams & Norgate.

(14) *Pessimisten-Brevier*. Von einem Geweihten. Berlin: Grieben. London: Nutt.

(15) *Weltpfingsten. Gedichte eines Idealisten*. Von Heinrich Hart. Bremen: Kühtmann. London: Nutt.

(16) *Sansara. Ein Gedichtbuch*. Von Julius Hart. Bremen: Kühtmann. London: Nutt.

(17) *Klytæmnestra. Tragödie*. Von Georg Siegert. München: Merhoff. London: Nutt.

(18) *Von dem Sturm. Roman aus der Winter 1812 auf 13*. Von T. Fontane. 4 Bde. *Ererbt und Erworben. Roman aus dem baltischen Leben*. Von Werner von der Duna. 3 Bde. *Pessimisten*. Roman von F. von Stengel. 3 Bde. Dulau & Co.

(19) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. v. Hft. 5. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner.

detailed. Franz Dingelstedt, eminent as a novelist and dramatist, and now director of the Imperial Theatre at Vienna, begins what promises to be a very lively account of his experiences in the latter capacity at Munich. An article on the history of landscape-gardening is agreeably written, and exhibits considerable knowledge of the subject, notwithstanding the writer's strange assertion that no trees of the fir kind are to be found in the English parks.

WREN'S CHURCHES.—*We are indebted to a correspondent for a correction of an error which occurred in our article of last week on this subject. It is unfortunately not the fact that the Railway Bill for destroying the church of St. Mary-at-Hill "has been abandoned for the present year." Our correspondent informs us that there have been before the public two schemes for completing "the Inner Circle." One is the "Metropolitan and Metropolitan District Bill," which, drawing its line of deviation through the centre of the church, has scheduled the church and churchyard. The other is the "City Union Railways Bill," which scheduled the rectory-house, but carried its line round the church. It is the latter Bill which has been abandoned. The former is still before Parliament, threatening with destruction one of the most precious architectural and historical possessions of London.*

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THE ZULU WAR.

THE news from South Africa is so far reassuring that it removes or greatly diminishes some of the gravest apprehensions caused by the disaster of the 22nd of January. It may now be hoped that no serious calamity need be anticipated during the anxious interval that must elapse before the arrival of reinforcements from England. On the 24th Colonel WOOD's division engaged and completely defeated a body of 3,000 or 4,000 Zulus, after which he fell back to cover Utrecht; and a very formidable and determined night assault on the position at Rorke's Drift had previously been repelled with heavy loss to the assailants. The colony, it is believed, is now saved from immediate peril of invasion. It is added, however, that the gravity of the position of affairs has not been exaggerated, and that the British forces will maintain a strictly defensive attitude until they are strongly reinforced from England. The Zulus clearly possess military qualities which make them no contemptible foe. The fight at Rorke's Drift was kept up the greater part of the night. The Zulus "six times got inside the barricade, and were as often "driven out at the point of the bayonet." They "fought "with infuriated zeal, even coming up to the loopholes, "and seizing the muzzles of the rifles." The gallantry of the defence made by the handful of men under Lieutenants BROMHEAD and CHARD is beyond all praise. It is satisfactory to know that no avoidable delay has been incurred in despatching the reinforcements which are so urgently needed.

In the meanwhile the published Correspondence confirms the impression that Sir BARTLE FRERE thought it prudent to precipitate a war which the Home Government in vain attempted to prevent or postpone. The COLONIAL SECRETARY, acting with the concurrence of the Cabinet, claimed and ultimately exercised supreme authority, only tempered by comparative ignorance of the circumstances on which peace or war depended. Sir M. H. BEACH is not to be blamed for his recognition of the superior knowledge of Sir BARTLE FRERE; but it will be his duty, when the subject is discussed in Parliament, to assume the responsibility of measures which he has not officially disapproved. His despatch of January 23 virtually sanctions any measure which the HIGH COMMISSIONER might think fit to adopt. "I do not desire to question "the propriety of any policy which you have adopted in "the face of a difficult and complicated condition of "affairs." Lord CARNARVON, who by his annexation of the Transvaal furnished one of the indirect causes of the war, justly remarked that the concurrence of Sir BARTLE FRERE, Sir HENRY BULWER, and Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE raised a strong presumption in favour of the policy which they jointly approved. The Correspondence raises a doubt whether Sir HENRY BULWER was as strongly convinced as Sir BARTLE FRERE of the immediate necessity for war. Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE, in an elaborate Memorandum of November 18, thinks interference with the Government of the Zulu KING indispensable, but reserves his opinion on the time and method of remonstrance or coercion. All the principal authorities agreed in the conviction that CETEWAYO could not be trusted; but there is no reason to believe that, if his country had not been invaded, he would have chosen the present time for a conflict. Lord CHELMSFORD judiciously warned the HIGH COMMISSIONER that it was essential to an effective defence to have the power of assuming the offensive on due occasion; but he was only obeying orders when he began the concentric march on CETEWAYO's headquarters which has been interrupted by the destruction of one of his columns and by the loss of the accompanying convoy. The reinforcements which had been refused in October were sent in November, after the receipt of Lord CHELMSFORD's detailed plan of a possible advance into Zululand. Sir M. H. BEACH had expressly directed that the war should not be begun if it could be avoided; but he can scarcely have failed to observe that Sir BARTLE FRERE has for some time past entertained no hope of a peaceful solution. The operations which are for the present suspended were the same which Lord CHELMSFORD had explained in his plan of the campaign. He there stated his reasons for thinking it proper to advance into the enemy's country with five columns, each sufficient for its own protection. He had apparently been misinformed as to the force of Zulus which could be concentrated to crush any single detachment. Difficulties of transport would probably have alone rendered it impossible to advance in a single column, even if such a plan would not have exposed the Transvaal or Natal to a counter-invasion.

Before the annexation of the Transvaal CETEWAYO's menaces were directed exclusively against the territory of the Republic; but, since both provinces are now subject to the English Government, Lord CHELMSFORD thinks that Natal, as the more fertile and more accessible country, is in greater danger than the Transvaal. Two or three months before the outbreak of the war some alarm was created on the border by the assemblage of some Zulu regiments on the left bank of the Tugela River, on pretext of a hunting expedition. It was known that there was little game in the district; and some of the soldiers were reported to have said that, if a buck crossed into Natal, they would immediately follow it. Measures were taken for local defence, and for obtaining fuller information; but after a time the Zulu force was dispersed without having done any mischief. A more alarming symptom of warlike designs consisted in CETEWAYO's withdrawal of protection from the Norwegian and English missionaries who had long resided in his country. He appears to have provided for their safe retirement from his territory; and he probably held that he was only exercising his ordinary prerogative in capriciously murdering some of their native converts. As he put to death about the same time a number of young women who had committed the crime of objecting to marry elderly soldiers, there is no reason to suppose that he entertains any special prejudice against Christianity. CETEWAYO's insolent replies to Sir H. BULWER's remonstrances were perhaps more significant than the eccentricities of his domestic administration. He said that it was true that he killed, but he did not consider that he had done anything yet in the way of killing. "I have yet to kill. It is the custom of our "nation, and I shall not depart from it. My people will "not listen unless they are killed." He added that, as Governor of Zululand, he was the equal of the Governor of Natal; and that, as he did not interfere with the institutions of the colony, he was not disposed on his part to tolerate foreign interference. The jurists who lately contended that Asiatic potentates were entitled to the pro-

tection of international law may perhaps hold that an African chief is equally exempted from violation of his independent sovereignty.

The High Commissioner and the local administrators in South Africa are of an entirely opposite opinion. To them the recognition of technical equality among Powers essentially unequal is a pernicious fiction; and the right of Cetewayo or any other savage chief to do what he will with his own is subject to the contingency that he may at any time meddle with the affairs of his neighbours. If Zululand were separated from the English possessions by an impenetrable barrier of mountain or sea, his mode of governing his own subjects would concern Colonial Governments as little as the not dissimilar customs of Dahomey or Ashantee; but his despotism and cruelty are subsidiary to his main object of maintaining an army which before the English invasion had no intelligible purpose except to invade either Natal or the Transvaal whenever it might suit his purpose. In one of his latest communications Cetewayo reproduces his ancient grievance that he had been vexatiously prevented by the Government of Natal from "washing his spears." It is not surprising that Sir Bartle Frere should infer that the peaceable professions which he sometimes makes are not to be more implicitly believed than similar declarations of some European Powers. It is not known that any civilized Government has of late years candidly expressed a wish to wash its spears, or, in more civilized language, to try its breechloaders. The effect on Zulu policy of an unexpected triumph must remain doubtful until further information is received. In default of a native insurrection in Natal, which appears not to have been seriously apprehended, Lord Chelmsford, who seems to have retired beyond the Tugela, will be strong enough to repel invasion. He had some time since established a fortified port at the mouth of the river; and the commander of the naval forces will co-operate with his movements. It is possible that Cetewayo may have ingenuity enough to understand that the success which he at first achieved will eventually prove to be a doubtful boon. He is consciously unable to calculate the resources of the great country beyond the sea, which will, as he is probably aware, be applied without stint in reparation of the recent failure. If it is true that reinforcements from Mauritius and even from India are on their way to Natal, the enemy will be puzzled and alarmed by the arrival of troops from opposite quarters. The forces which are now under orders in England ought alone to suffice for the emergency. In three or four weeks the English General will dispose of an army twice as strong as that with which he thought it prudent to enter the enemy's country. The war has the inconvenience of being waged against an adversary with whom it will be difficult to make a treaty. Cetewayo, though he may not be dethroned, must be reduced to a state of dependence; and, above all, he must be compelled to disband his army. If it is true that all the able-bodied men in the country serve in the ranks, it must be difficult to fill up vacancies caused by war. It will also be necessary to retrieve the failure of the expedition against Secocoeni, who will probably have been encouraged by the success of his superior chief.

Events have shown that Sir Bartle Frere had not exaggerated the greatness of the danger which, notwithstanding the doubts and warnings of the Secretary of State, he regarded as imminent. It is still difficult to understand why he should in several public documents have vindicated his conduct by arguments which were remote from the reasons which determined his course. Neither a single violation of English territory nor the misgovernment of the Zulu King justified a war which may, nevertheless, have been politic and necessary. The merits of the case will be best understood by those who have industry to study the Correspondence, not only on the immediate issue of war and peace, but on the disputes which are constantly arising when white settlers come into contact with natives. In a rude state of society power naturally devolves on those who have more ability and vigour than their neighbours. In Pondoland great influence is exercised by the widow of a missionary who has made the country her home. In a wider sphere Sir Theophilus Shepstone has long controlled uncivilized tribes by force of character united with sympathetic knowledge of their customs and feelings. It is only since the annexation of the Transvaal that the Zulu King regards the Administrator as an enemy. The frontier officers will for the present find their task more arduous, as the pretensions and audacity of every native chief will be increased by the success of the Zulus; but there is fortunately little concert among the petty potentates. All questions as to the permanent defence of the South African colonies must be for the present adjourned. Sir Bartle Frere refers with grateful satisfaction to the measures of his Ministers at the Cape, who, by providing for the defence of their own colony, have released all the Queen's troops for service at the seat of war. The inhabitants of Natal are still more urgently required to contribute to the protection of the province.

THE BUSINESS OF THE HOUSE.

The new gathering of Parliament for the despatch of business has been marked at its opening by a curious incident. The despatch of business has been wholly suspended by an attempt to facilitate it. The Chancellor of the Exchequer thought it advisable to clear the way by inducing the House to adopt a number of rules intended to make business go on more quickly and smoothly; but the House evidently does not like the rules, and prefers to do its business in its old way. The discussion has hitherto been directed entirely to the first of these proposed rules. This referred to the discussion of any subject of any nature on the motion that the Speaker leave the chair on the House going into Committee of Supply. This was considered by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to give far too great a latitude to miscellaneous conversation interrupting the proper examination of the Estimates; and he accordingly moved on Monday his first resolution, which was that whenever the Committee of Supply or the Committee of Ways and Means stands as the first order of the day on Monday, Mr. Speaker shall leave the chair without putting any question. The House has in past years adopted resolutions pointing in the same direction, but not going nearly so far. In 1872 and in 1873 it was resolved that, in going into Committee of Supply, no question should be put unless, on first going into Committee on the Army, Navy, and Civil Service Estimates, amendments were moved relating to the division of the Estimates proposed then to be considered. The present Ministry did not, when it came into office, think proper to have this resolution renewed; but in 1876 it was revived for the Session of that year, with the modification that amendments could be moved not only on the first, but on all subsequent, occasions when the House went into Committee on the Army, Navy, and Civil Service Estimates. The new rule was, therefore, more stringent than that of 1872, and far more stringent than that of 1876. It also applied to the Committee of Ways and Means, as well as to the Committee of Supply; but this part of the proposal was at once abandoned by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on an appeal being made to him. He also, at the suggestion of Lord Hartington, limited the operation of the rule to the case when the ordinary estimates of the services were to be discussed, so that it should not apply on special occasions, such as that when the credit of six millions was asked for. The proposed rule as thus shaped was the subject of long and animated discussion on Thursday night, and ultimately the Chancellor of the Exchequer gave up his rule, and proposed to return to the rule of 1872. Lord Hartington stated that he preferred the rule of 1876, the difference being, as above stated, that amendments relative to the Estimates would be permitted by the earlier rule on the first occasion only, and by the later rule on all occasions of going into Supply. Thus at the end matters were in the strange position, that the Conservative leader wished for the rule invented by a Liberal Government; the Liberal leader wished for the rule invented by a Conservative Government; and unofficial members wished for no rule at all.

Questions, however, of very considerable importance were at the bottom of this discussion of technicalities. No one can deny that it is one of the first duties of the Government to frame its Estimates properly, to let them be subjected to fair criticism, and to get them passed when the House can attend to them. It is very difficult, if not impossible, for the Government to discharge this

duty in anything like a complete manner as matters now stand. No one knows at what hour the discussion of the Estimates will begin. The hours that were expected to be devoted to it pass by while the attention of the House is being directed to the various motions of various members; and either the Estimates are taken at an hour when every one is wearied to death and criticism becomes impossible, or they stand over, and then are hurried through at the fag end of the Session, when nothing can be thought of except the fate and shape of Government measures. Votes on account have accordingly to be taken, in order that the financial business of the departments may not come to a standstill, and the national money is thus voted away without the House of Commons exercising any supervision over its outgoing. This cannot be right, and successive Governments have felt that it is not right, and have tried to devise a remedy; and at first sight it certainly seems strange that it should be the Government that implores the House to study and check the Estimates, and the House that wishes that the Estimates should not be studied and should not be checked. But the power of raising any questions that specially interest them or their constituents is very precious in the eyes of private members. They do not like, and very properly do not like, that the leaders on the front benches should settle everything between them. They wish to assert their own position as having the right to criticize and suggest, and no doubt they may also wish to secure an opportunity of heightening their personal importance, but generally with the aim of keeping Parliament alive as the exponent of the feelings, the ideas, and the grumblings of the nation, and preventing it becoming a piece of official machinery. They have, indeed, other opportunities offered to them of carrying out their purpose, but they set special store by the opportunity offered by going into Committee of Supply. Friday night is nominally their own; but then it is too much their own. As the Government is not interested in their projects or fancies, it leaves them to themselves. Each private member is interested in his own motion, but is quite indifferent to the motion of his fellows, and so the House only meets to be counted out. When Supply is to be discussed private members are in a much more comfortable position. As the Government wants to get the Estimates forward, it must keep a House while preliminary motions are being discussed, and no preliminary motion can be said to be irrelevant. For, according to the old maxim, grievances precede Supply, and no one knows what a grievance is sufficiently well to pronounce that anything alleged to be a grievance is not one. The maxim is now a pure anachronism. It meant formerly what it does not mean now. But it serves a purpose now, although that purpose is a new one. Through it, and through the necessity of a House being kept on Supply nights, private members know that there are occasions when they must be heard, whatever they may wish to say.

Both the rule of 1872 and the rule of 1876 invade this privilege of private members. It may even be said that they agree in abrogating it. For, instead of allowing a preliminary discussion on any subject whatever, disguised under the cover of a discussion of grievances, they confine this discussion to questions relevant to the Estimates that are going to be discussed. If either rule were adopted, private members would lose their special opportunity of having any subject discussed which they seek to bring into prominence, and would be left very much to their Fridays and their mournful anticipation of addressing a few words to the Speaker and the reporters, and then being made to go home and keep their eloquence, their wrongs, and their suggestions to themselves. If only amendments relevant to the Estimates are to be raised, there is no other question for the House to determine than that of the best method of discussing Estimates. The truth is that the House feels itself incompetent to discuss the Estimates in detail. Any member who tries to raise an objection is overwhelmed by the technical knowledge of the representatives of departments, and by the intricacy with which one item dovetails into another. It has often been suggested, and it was proposed by Mr. Dillwyn on Tuesday, that what the House and single members cannot do, a Committee should do. But the proposal met with no favour, and was especially condemned by Mr. Lowe, who asserted that a Committee would always be more facile than the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that the Chancellor, who now has some motive to withstand applications for public money, as he may fear that the Ministry, if too extravagant, will become unpopular, would be inclined to refer these applications to the Committee, which, like the House itself, would be always inclined to extravagance, and would have no popularity to lose. A general persuasion has thus grown up that the only effectual mode of criticizing the Estimates is to raise questions as to the general principles which underlie groups of items. It is possible occasionally to do this with some effect; and even if Ministers successfully defend, as they generally do defend, the principles on which the Estimates are framed, yet there may be a sufficient indication of the opinion of the House to cause a modification in the principles adopted in the Estimates of another year. If this is to be the real form of criticizing the Estimates, it may be said to be natural and expedient that these preliminary discussions of principles should not only precede, but should be marked off from, the discussion of details, and that this is best effected by the discussions taking place before the Speaker leaves the chair. The rule of 1876 gives opportunity for more of these preliminary discussions, and the rule of 1872 for fewer, but that is the only difference between them. The effect of another proposal made by Lord Hartington would lie in quite another direction. This proposal was that the general discussions which now take place on going into Supply should take place on the report. This is to return to the maxim of grievances before Supply, and to allow the exercise of the present privilege of private members, but to curtail it. The proposal may probably not meet with general acceptance; for the Government wishes to abolish the privilege, and private members do not wish it to be curtailed. But, at any rate, it serves to keep before the House that it has to settle two quite distinct questions—namely, whether the privilege of starting and discussing anything technically called a grievance is to be retained, and, if not, what practically is the best and most effectual way of criticizing the Estimates.

RUSSIAN APOLOGISTS.

THE Foreign Office continues to issue miscellaneous correspondence on Turkish affairs. Some of the papers may perhaps hereafter furnish materials for history, though most of the information which they convey had been anticipated. A separate publication is devoted to the reports of the Austrian Military Attaché on the Rhodope atrocities. One of the most unscrupulous of partisans had asserted that the Austrian delegate had withheld his signature from the general report because he was not satisfied with the evidence. That officer, in a separate report to his own superiors, says that it is easy to observe on the spot how much the reports of the Consuls fall short of the truth. In another document he states that the Mussulman fugitives had alleged, "with startling una-'nimity, that the murderers and plunderers were Russian 'soldiers. Repeatedly the declaration was made that 'the Russians had fired with cannon on defenceless women and children, as was the case near Hermanli." In the next paragraph he significantly remarks that, as President I had to take especial care that the action of the Committee should not, as the Russian 'delegate proposed, be interrupted." In a report to Sir H. Layard, Vice-Consul Calvert, referring to an accusation which had been brought against him in Prince Dondoukoff Korsakoff's official journal, corrects a statement that he had charged the Russian and Bulgarian soldiers in a certain district with outrages on women by the remark that he had said nothing of Bulgarians. It is nevertheless clear that the Christian natives have revenged themselves on the Mahometans by the most revolting crimes. Competent witnesses declare that the atrocities committed since the war have far exceeded in number and brutality all the outrages which had been perpetrated during many years by the formerly dominant race. The Bulgarians seem, with the connivance of the Russians, to have justified to the best of their ability the caution of those European Governments which had hesitated to accelerate their liberation. Although the supremacy of the Turks may have been in itself objectionable, it was not the business of statesmen to give facility for reprisals.

The Duke of ARGYLL, in his powerful and passionate attack on the Eastern policy of the Government, contrasts the faithful record by the English Consular agents of the many instances of Turkish maladministration with the uniform bias in favour of Turkey which he attributes to the same functionaries. It is the business of political critics, though not perhaps of impetuous advocates, to account for supposed paradoxes as well as to record them. The good faith with which the Vice-Consuls supply ostensible arguments against their own practical conclusion is the best ground for relying on the impartiality and soundness of their judgment.

Of all the literary assailants of the Government, the Duke of ARGYLL is the most formidable; but he shares with many writers on the same side the error of proving too much. If it were possible that any capable critic should derive from the Duke of ARGYLL's work his exclusive knowledge of Eastern transactions, his first impression that the whole contention of the other party had been suppressed would be perfectly just. As the DUKE was himself in office during the Crimean war, he finds it necessary to reconcile the policy embodied in the Treaty of Paris with the unqualified hostility to the Turkish State and people which he blames the Government for not sharing with himself. Some energy is wasted in proving that the independence of the SULTAN as recognized in 1856 was only nominal, or at best provisional. The European Powers, while they disclaimed any right of interference in the domestic administration of his Empire, expressed in the demand of promises of reform an interest which might afterwards furnish reasons for intervention. The whole controversy is barren and useless. The independence of weak States is always in some degree fictitious, because powerful neighbours can, if they think fit, always exercise over them a certain control. The primary object of the allied Governments in concluding the Treaty of Paris was undoubtedly to secure the peace of Europe by placing obstacles in the way of Russian aggression. The Tripartite Treaty of England, France, and Austria had no other possible object; and the Duke of ARGYLL overstrains the astuteness of advocacy when he suggests that the document was limited by the supposed conditions of the general treaty. The immediate occasion of the Tripartite Treaty was the desire of Austria to provide security against Russian resentment by a close alliance with France and England. It suited the purpose of the principals in the war to encourage the overture, as it tended to impose an additional check on Russian ambition. It might perhaps have been expedient in 1875 or 1876 to reverse in all respects the policy of 1856; but it is idle to argue that Lord BEACONSFIELD departed from the policy of Lord PALMERSTON and Lord CLARENDON.

During the greater part of the interval the Duke of ARGYLL and his friends had been in office. As late as 1871 they were absolutely silent as to the conviction which they now imagine themselves to have formed, that it was proper to form an alliance with the malcontent subjects of the SULTAN rather than with his Government. In 1863 Lord PALMERSTON, in a letter to Baron BRUNNOW, expressed his regret at the beginning of the insurrection in Poland, because he foresaw that the Poles themselves would be the sufferers. He expressly added that he should otherwise regard the insurrection as a righteous judgment on the Russian Government for its encouragement of rebellion in Roumania, Servia, Bulgaria, Bosnia, and Herzegovina. He told the Russian Ambassador that he could furnish him with a statement of the number of rifles which had been imported by Russian agents into Bosnia. His letter assuredly indicated no sympathy with conspiracies among the subject population against the authority of the SULTAN. The Duke of ARGYLL, who with Mr. GLADSTONE formed a little section of the Cabinet which was partially opposed to the PRIME MINISTER, may probably not have known at the time of the letter to Baron BRUNNOW; but he has since read it in Mr. ASHLEY's Life of Lord PALMERSTON, and he must always have known that the policy of the Cabinet was strongly accordant with the tone of the communication. It is true that from time to time the English Government remonstrated against the neglect of the Porte to redeem its pledges of reform. When it was the duty of Lord JOHN RUSSELL as Prime Minister to reprove a humble ally, it could not be doubted that he would use for the purpose the most contumelious and offensive phrases. Rightly or wrongly, the English Government never deviated from the system of supporting Turkey against foreign ambition, and of endeavouring to diminish the causes of weakness which invited Russian aggression.

Further experience may show that the constitution of an independent Bulgarian Principality tends to promote the happiness of the majority of the inhabitants, though it has involved frightful hardships to the Mahometan part of the population. It is possible, and even probable, that when the force of the first reaction has spent itself, and when the Russian army is withdrawn, some trace of humanity and justice may be found even among the liberated Bulgarians; but the fact that some benefit had resulted from the Russian conquest would not prove retrospectively that prudent statesmen ought to have voluntarily overthrown the Turkish dominion. The dominant race was recognized and tolerated, not on account of its merits, but because it was in possession. For the same reasons the most urgent political need of the present moment is the complete execution of the Treaty of Berlin. It is easy to show that the arrangement has many defects; but it is the only security of peace, for the simple reason that it is paramount and final. Some stipulations which offered grave difficulties have been already performed. The Austrians have, at the cost of a not unimportant struggle, obtained possession of Bosnia and Herzegovina; the instances of the English AMBASSADOR and his agents induced the tribes in the neighbourhood of Batoum to abandon hopeless attempts at resistance to the Russian occupation; and the districts allotted to Montenegro have been peaceably transferred. It only remains to finish the organization of East Roumelia, and to settle the frontier of the Greek kingdom. After much hesitation the Russian Government has lately shown itself disposed to perform its engagements with good faith, and even Prince DONDOUKOFF no longer openly intrigues for the annexation of East Roumelia to Bulgaria. The Porte is willing to make to Greece part of the cession of territory which was recommended, though not enacted, by the Congress. The representative of the Turkish Government on the Commission alleges that the proposed rectification of the frontier in Epirus would transfer to Greece a Mahometan population which desires to retain its present allegiance. As the French FOREIGN MINISTER, now President of the Council, has thought fit to interest himself in the Greek claims, this question also will probably be decided against Turkey. When the arrangements are completed, Russia may probably rest for some years before promoting fresh troubles.

EGYPT.

THE news from Egypt is sufficiently alarming to cause anxiety to those who are interested in the progress of the country. That, in consequence of a military revolt, the KHEDIVE should have taken on himself to dismiss NUBAR PASHA, and in doing so have disregarded the remonstrances of his English and French Ministers, shows that the new order of things rests as yet on an insecure foundation, and has awakened the suspicion that the whole proceeding was a device of the KHEDIVE himself to show that he could at any time upset the coach which so much trouble has been taken to induce him to set running. At the same time, it must be remembered that he was not under any international obligation to retain NUBAR PASHA, and, while maintaining his arrangements with England and France, he can appoint and dismiss his Egyptian Ministers as he pleases. At many points of the series of events and negotiations by which he has been led to accept European control, the KHEDIVE has suddenly shown himself in a combative or recalcitrant attitude, and then has as suddenly yielded. For the present, therefore, we may be content to ask how things are going on in Egypt without reference to this new crisis, the real import of which cannot be estimated as yet.

Much light is thrown on the general situation, and especially on the financial situation, of Egypt by the Report for the year 1878 of the Commissioners of the Public Debt, to whom is assigned a leading part in the experiment of reorganizing Egyptian administration under European control. This control is now exercised in three ways. There are the International Tribunals which enforce, or seek to enforce, the claims of

foreigners against the Government of the KHEDIVE. There is a Ministry, without which the KHEDIVE cannot do anything, and of which an Englishman and a Frenchman are permanent members. Lastly, there are special officials charged with the duty of seeing that the arrangements made with public creditors are respected. Putting aside the officials charged with the control or administration of the Dairas, the principal of these officials are the Commissioners of the Public Debt. There were also appointed in 1876 two Controllers-General, one of the receipts, and the other of the accounts of the State, an Englishman and a Frenchman respectively, who, in concert with one of the KHEDIVE'S sons acting as Minister of Finance, exercised a general superintendence over the money affairs of Egypt. The new Ministry, however, appointed last year declined to take office unless this superintendence was given over entirely to them, and the functions of the two Controllers-General were accordingly suspended, and they are now added to the long list of European officials in Egypt who have salaries to draw but no work to do. As the work of reorganization has proceeded piecemeal and to meet the special wants of the day, it is not surprising that its framework is always being recast. Although, for example, the office of the Controllers-General was practically abolished, the Ministry felt that their Budget ought to be submitted to an independent audit; they accordingly invited one of the Commissioners of the Public Debt to act also as Auditor-General, and he accepted the invitation. Further, a general Commission was instituted last year to report on all the fundamental questions of Egyptian finance, and all the Commissioners of the Public Debt were placed on this Commission. Thus, in some respects, the controlling forces in Egypt work together; but they always remain independent, and sometimes become antagonistic. For instance, the Commissioners of the Public Debt are entitled to receive monthly statements as to the money on its way to them; but the Ministry of Finance did not, or would not, furnish these statements. The Commissioners brought an action before one of the International Tribunals, and obtained an order directing the rendering of these monthly statements. How such an order could be practically enforced no one seemed to know or care. Still there appears to be something awful and solemn in even an inoperative legal judgment, and the Commissioners relate with much satisfaction that they obtained it. The truth is, that the three controlling forces—that is, the Tribunals, the Ministry, and the Commissioners—all exist, all are necessary for the present, and all work with honourable zeal; but their respective functions are not as yet defined, and must undergo considerable modifications. The Egyptian Code is very defective, and the powers of the judges are theoretically much too large and practically much too small. For the five years during which the Tribunals are appointed to work this Code, the legislative power, which every country must possess if it is to be alive, is extinguished in Egypt, and the judges are placed by the vice of their position in an attitude of hostility to the Government, although the Government may be under the direction of the best of all possible Ministries.

The time will soon come for the revision of the Code and the re-appointment or reconstruction of the tribunals, and it is essential that the Code should be largely altered, and that the power of the Tribunals should be much more clearly defined, and should be restricted within the limits in which it can co-exist with the due discharge of its functions by the Government, and with the exercise of legislative power. Some alteration in the arrangements of the State with its creditors may also be necessary. It is in throwing light on the necessity of such an alteration that the chief value of this Report consists. Besides the payment of the tribute and the interest of the purchase money of the Suez Canal shares, the Commissioners have to make payment of what is due on the short loans, of which only two and a half millions now remain outstanding, and which will be rapidly extinguished by the Moukabala receipts, on the Preference and on the Unified debt. The Preference debt is so amply secured that no great attention need be paid to it. Its primary security is the profit of the railways, and although last year the receipts from this source left a deficit of 300,000*l.*, half of this sum was due to the falling off of the grain traffic in consequence of an exceptional drought; and as the deficit has to be made good out of the general receipts of the Commissioners before anything is paid to the holders of the Unified debt, and the deficit cannot possibly amount to more than a very small portion of these receipts, the Preference debt is as well secured as anything can be in Egypt, and no one dreams of reducing the amount of its interest or of lessening its securities. The critical point is reached when we come to the Unified debt. This debt now amounts to 56,000,000*l.*, and carries an interest of six per cent., and a sinking fund ought to be added, but has now been suspended. For the interest alone 3,360,000*l.* is wanted. To provide for the payment due on the Unified debt certain revenues have been specially assigned to the Commissioners, and in 1878 these revenues, after providing for the deficit on the Preference debt, yielded 2,450,000*l.* What is wanted beyond has to be provided by the State; and if the sinking fund is added to the interest, the amount which the State ought to have provided in 1878 was 1,480,000*l.* It is notorious that it has not hitherto met the payments required for the Unified debt out of ordinary and legitimate resources. Taxes have been anticipated to meet coupons, and the last coupon could not have been paid unless a part of the new ROTHSCHILD loan had been used for the purpose.

In the first place, it is to be observed that the year 1878 was a bad one in Egypt, drought having been followed by floods. In the next place, the Commissioners insist very strongly and in great detail on the fact that the whole revenues assigned to them do not pass into their hands, the Government making certain unauthorized deductions for local administration and taking payment to some extent in acknowledgments of indebtedness, which, when paid off, are not accounted for. The amount, too, which had to be paid on account of the Preference debt was larger than it would be in an ordinary year. Therefore we may on the whole conclude from the Report that in an average year, with a normal amount of railway traffic, and with no deductions made, the assigned revenues would give 2,800,000*l.* per annum, or five per cent. on the Unified debt. This must, however, be taken subject to two limitations. These revenues are derived for the most part from special provinces. What is true of the rest of Egypt will probably be true of these provinces; and, as to the whole of Egypt, it is not as yet ascertained what the taxpayers can fairly be called on to pay to the State. The Commissioners state that they are still in the dark as to this, and it will only be after a long and minute inquiry that an opinion on this point can be formed. Then, again, the payments on account of the Moukabala will before long cease; and, when they cease—when, in short, a portion of the Land-tax has been redeemed—there must be a diminution of receipts from this source. If the figures given in Mr. CAVE'S report are at all accurate, it would be prudent to allow 400,000*l.* per annum for the diminution in the Land-tax caused by the cessation of the Moukabala payments in the assigned provinces. On the other hand, in the seven years which have still to run before this diminution makes itself felt, a better Government ought to have made the assigned provinces richer, and more lands may have been brought into cultivation. The position of the holders of the Unified debt may therefore be said to be that they have got a cumbrous but vigorous system of control exercised in Egypt on their behalf, and that the special revenues assigned to them may be expected to give them something like five per cent. on their money. Can the State give them anything more, and, if so, how much towards the extra two per cent. which they ought to have? The Commissioners prudently abstain from giving any definite answer to the question; but they say enough to show that in their opinion the State cannot afford to pay all that the holders of the Unified debt can claim. There was a deficit of two millions sterling in the Budget of 1878, which was no doubt an exceptionally bad year; but still, even with a fairly good year, there would probably have been some deficit. Then Egypt has a floating debt which it cannot pay. This debt is nominally nine millions, but two millions may be deducted as being covered by special securities or owing to the KHEDIVE himself or members of his family. The ROTHSCHILD loan was intended to make a provision for the floating debt, but a part of its proceeds was appropriated to the payment of the last Unified coupon, and it cannot possibly suffice to pay off more than perhaps two-thirds of the floating debt. Reductions in expenditure will of course be made; but the great difficulty in making them is that

there is no money in hand to pay the arrears due to the officials discharged, and the danger of such a state of things has just been forcibly illustrated by the recent *émeute*. In calculating the future Budgets of Egypt it must be remembered also that the KHEDIVE, having given up the family lands, must have a larger Civil List to live on; that he has to fulfil his engagements to the creditors of the Daira Sanieh; and that, if the whole revenues of the assigned provinces are paid to the Commissioners, the Government must find from other sources the sums it has hitherto been accustomed to deduct. In order to put Egyptian finance on a sound footing, it appears necessary that the holders of the floating debt and those of the Unified debt should make some abatement in their claims. The difficulty is not to show this, nor even to induce all reasonable persons to acquiesce, but to point out how it can be done so as to be legally effectual. For dissentient creditors can always appeal to the International Tribunals, and those Tribunals only look to the letter of the contracts and give judgment for the full amount. The question of the financial reform of Egypt is therefore inextricably bound up with its judicial reform, and it will probably be found impossible to carry out the former, except in a tentative and faltering way, without also carrying out the latter.

THE BANKRUPTCY BILL.

THE CHANCELLOR'S Bankruptcy Bill may be described as a measure for retaining the present system of dealing with defaulting debtors, but weeding it of its abuses. At present there are two methods in which an insolvent may be treated by his creditors; he may be made a bankrupt, or he may escape the ignominy of bankruptcy by being allowed to compound with his creditors. The latter is the method of treatment which debtors naturally prefer, and which creditors, through supineness, good nature, or a calculation of their interests, are generally willing to sanction. It is around the working of this method that the frightful abuses which now call for the intervention of the Government have gradually sprung up. The chief of these abuses is that insolvency has lost all its terrors. Many men think no more of not paying their debts than of taking a trip to Brighton. A little friendly manœuvring is exercised in their behalf by persons who have made this curious art their profession, and they are completely whitewashed. They are at once released from the effects of the past without any inquiry into their conduct, and a future exactly like the past is immediately opened to them. Through the facilities thus opened to dishonest or reckless trading the national loss through bad debts has risen to the startling amount of eighteen millions per annum. The existence and profit by wrongdoing of the persons who work this system may rank next in the order of abuses. The person who manipulates the affair gets himself appointed trustee, and, when he is once appointed trustee, he does exactly what he pleases. He fixes his own remuneration, his accounts are never audited, he gives no security for proper administration, he keeps in his own hands as long as he likes the monies he collects. What he gains the creditor loses, and two shillings in the pound is the average dividend distributed to those who have placed him in a position to fleece them. In 1877 there were four-and-a-half millions of money in the hands of trustees who were entirely exempt from control. It may be thought surprising that creditors should acquiesce in a state of things so very mischievous to themselves. That they should be easily induced to give their sanction to their own loss is the third great abuse of the present system. They are isolated, they have each their own business to attend to, and the manipulator of the scheme can canvass and influence each separately. In order to increase their impotence, the manipulator is allowed by the present law to have the proceedings carried on in any place where the insolvent has traded; so that if a Bristol trader has, for a few months before his impending collapse actually arrives, been adroit enough to open a small shop at Newcastle, all the bankruptcy proceedings may be carried on hundreds of miles away from the place where the bulk of his creditors reside. What are these remote and forlorn people to do? The canvasser arrives, paints the sorrows of the poor good defaulter, and earnestly insists that the best thing for all parties is that no court should interfere, and that the money that can be got in should be paid over to every claimant by an honest, independent person like the canvasser himself. All that is needed is that a proxy shall be signed by the creditor in favour of the canvasser. The canvasser gets his proxies signed and goes away triumphant, calls sham meetings, votes for himself, and passes at once into the luxurious and lucrative indolence of uncontrolled trusteeship.

These are the principal evils of the present system, and the CHANCELLOR'S Bill deals with them one after another. All proceedings against a defaulting debtor are to begin in the same way, whether he is ultimately made a bankrupt or liquidates by arrangement. The Court will take the initiative, and make a provisional order securing the property of the debtor, and directing a meeting of the creditors to be held. This is to be a meeting for the general investigation of the bankrupt's affairs. The bankrupt will attend and explain his conduct and position. After hearing him the creditors may decide that further investigation is necessary, or they may decide to make the debtor a bankrupt, or they may decide to liquidate by arrangement. Over these proceedings the Court will exercise a control. It will decide whether and in what cases proxies shall be allowed, and will take care that the proceedings are conducted in the place most convenient to the creditors. If an arrangement by composition is decided on, then the CHANCELLOR proposes that the debtor shall not be released under it unless a minimum dividend of five shillings in the pound is paid to the creditors. Of all the proposals of the Bill this is perhaps the best and the most effectual. It strikes at the root of the system of sham insolvencies. Two shillings, and even one shilling, in the pound is the ordinary dividend under the present system. The creditors will obviously never consent to a proposal for arrangement by composition unless the debtor, at the meeting for preliminary investigation, can show good grounds for estimating that his estate will pay at least five shillings in the pound. At present experience proves that in seventy-five per cent. of arrangements by composition less than five shillings in the pound is paid, and thus the debtors who will henceforth escape bankruptcy will be persons who will have at least shown themselves more prudent and trustworthy than three-fourths of the general class of insolvents. Further, if, during the course of the proceedings the creditors see reason to think that the debtor deserves a less considerate mode of treatment, they may at any time agree to rescind the deed of composition and make the defaulter a bankrupt. Next it may be said that the whole position of the trustee is changed. He is to be appointed, not by the general body of creditors, but by a committee of investigation; and if he has canvassed for his appointment, all remuneration is to be denied him. If, after he has been appointed, the creditors do not like him, they may remove him. His remuneration is to be limited by a maximum, and at the end of a year he must pay into court all he has received. His accounts will be audited, and for every farthing he receives he will be responsible to the Controller in Bankruptcy. In short, the sweet career of the canvassing manipulator is at an end. Lastly, in order that creditors may know exactly what they are doing, they will themselves have to sign the deed of composition, and will no longer be bound by the mere resolution of a meeting; and if the Court finds that the deed has been improperly obtained, it may set it aside.

Similar provisions are to be enacted as to the supervision of the trustee when bankruptcy has been decided on; and in a separate Bill the CHANCELLOR deals with the punishment of criminal acts for which the bankrupt may have made himself liable. If, again, the bankrupt has been guilty of reckless trading or extravagance, or has not kept his books properly, the Court may suspend the order of discharge. Further, all offences of a criminal kind not amounting to felonies are to be tried and punished by the Court itself. The Court has thus very large powers and very onerous duties, and it is proposed to entrust them to a new judge, who will rank as one of the judges of the High Court of Justice. Out of London bankruptcy proceedings will, as at present, be conducted by the County Court judges; but any case may, by the desire of the parties or the direction of the inferior Court, be transferred to the superior Court in London. The new judge is to be a person distinguished by his mastery of commercial law, and thus one of the suggestions of the merchants has been adopted nearly in the form in which it was made

Their other suggestion, that the new judge should also have control over all proceedings in the liquidation of Companies, has not been adopted by the CHANCELLOR, for reasons which he promises hereafter to disclose. One obvious reason is that the new judge will in all probability have his time fully occupied with proceedings in bankruptcy. He will have not only to perform his strictly judicial functions, but to keep his eye fixed on the vast insolvent world generally, and this will be a very laborious task. When it is added that the whole law of bankruptcy is consolidated in the new Bill, the outline of the CHANCELLOR's scheme is completed, and the impression produced by this outline is in the highest degree satisfactory. The merits of the scheme must, indeed, in a great degree depend on the choice of the new judge, and on his vigilance and acuteness. But the CHANCELLOR habitually takes a sanguine view of the competence of courts. On a subsequent evening he informed the Lords that he had carefully examined the statements submitted to him as to the alleged blocks in the Courts of Law. He has come to the conclusion that there is no block that deserves the name; and, so far as it is true that the superior judges have more cases submitted to them than they can deal with, he thinks he can cure the evil by raising the amount of claims within the compulsory jurisdiction of the County Courts from 50*l.* to 200*l.* If the change throws more work on the County Court judges than they can be fairly asked to get through, nothing, he thinks, can be easier than to appoint new ones perfectly competent to do County Court work. This view of the County Court judges and this proposed increase in their powers may be reserved for discussion until the proposal which the CHANCELLOR indicated has been formally made.

MR. BALFOUR AND BURIALS.

THE Burials controversy would be much simplified if both parties to it would consent to realize the fact that, apart from the practical policy of minimizing its area by closing churchyards and opening cemeteries, there is no middle term between the *status in quo* and absolute surrender. The claim on one side is urged in the name of religious freedom, and is based upon the allegation that the churchyards are national property; while the party bidden to capitulate and evacuate replies that, whatever colour of equity might have attached to the demand some years ago, those who now press it have deliberately contracted themselves out of any right to urge it. They have taken their pay not to do a certain thing, and now, with the money in their pockets, they repudiate the engagement, and press on for the accomplishment of those projects for which they have got their compensation. It is wearisome to be continually reverting to the same not very old story. Still, so long as the Burials question occupies Parliament, we must continue to remind the public that, when the Dissenters demanded and Churchmen conceded the abolition of compulsory Church-rates, the churchyards passed into the undisputed possession of the latter, subject to the double liability of having to keep them up at their own cost, and of being still compelled to find room in them for the bodies of those who had while living saved their own pockets at the cost of their still contributory fellow-citizens. The situation was very simple; the Churchman paid and buried, the Dissenter repudiated and was interred. This common-sense way of looking at the matter would reduce the present strategy of both sides to elementary principles—that of pegging away by the Liberationists and of holding on by their opponents. Whether they win or lose at last, Churchmen have to fight under the conviction that no compromise could give them anything which they would care to retain; while defeat, however absolute, would leave them in possession of their consistency and their honour, ready to adapt themselves to the new state of things and untrammelled by any entangling engagements. This position—taking results at the worst—would be not only intelligible, but respectable, which is more than can be assumed as self-evident by the other side so long as it remains under the imputation of having successively pocketed the compensation and the thing for which that compensation had been given.

Less than two years elapsed between the pecuniary settlement involved in the abolition of compulsory Church-rates and its repudiation by the Liberation Society. According to the frank confession of Mr. CARVELL WILLIAMS, the secretary and fighting-man of what he himself pronounces to be an agitation, "It was then "resolved by the advocates of religious equality that "the agitation should henceforth assume the form, not "of an occasional attack, but of a regular siege; that "the political strength which had already successfully as-"sailed other ecclesiastical monopolies and disabilities, "should be brought to bear on the restrictions imposed "on burials in English churchyards. The Bill introduced by Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN (in 1870), as a consequence of this resolve, was the most decisive measure of the kind "which had yet been proposed." The ultimate object of the agitation is, according to the prospectus of the Society which enjoys the services of Mr. CARVELL WILLIAMS, "The application to secular uses, after an equitable satis-"faction of existing interests, of the national property "now devoted to the uses of the Church of England and "the Church of Scotland; and, concurrently therewith, "the liberation of those Churches from State control." Comparing these two passages—not to encumber our pages with a cartload of even more outspoken proclamations—the conclusion is irresistible that the avowed intention of the series of measures of which Mr. MORGAN's Bill is only the first and mildest instalment is the confiscation of church, glebe, and tithe, no less than of churchyard.

We find the most convincing arguments in support of the opposition to Mr. BALFOUR's compromise now before Parliament in the quarter which is now, as ever, foremost in the advocacy of Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN's policy. The *Times*, moralizing on the fate of Mr. BALFOUR's Bill, observes that "the opportuneness of Mr. BALFOUR's action "lies in this—that he proposes to seize the moment when "a Conservative majority may still prevail to fix the con-"ditions on which the churchyard should be thrown open." This is plausible enough; but the *Times* with stupendous *naïveté* adds that it may indeed be replied, "that though "the conditions and reservations embodied in Mr. "BALFOUR's Bill would have been kept now, they would "in all probability be repealed the next time a wave of "Liberalism gave the Liberal party a majority in the "House of Commons. We may frankly say that this re-"sult would not be unacceptable in our eyes." In less dignified language this means, as addressed to Churchmen, "Dilly, dilly, come and be killed." Their answer is that instead of surrendering the dignity and consistency of their position in return for concessions which, as they are assured, the next wave of Liberalism is sure to sweep away, they prefer to retain dignity and consistency and not to lean for a few years on the broken reed of illusory limitations. At the same time they cannot, and will not, make a capitulation. If in time to come Mr. MORGAN and the Liberation Society are destined to prevail, on them shall rest the whole discredit of a greedy policy.

It would be waste of time to dwell at any length upon the details of that delicate bantling, Mr. BALFOUR's Bill. It stands self-condemned by the single fact that it is based upon the principle of revocable concession. After drawing an untenable distinction between parish churchyards more or less than fifty years old, and between those more or less than three miles from a cemetery, it enacts in regard to the two former categories that they are to be open to all kinds of "solemn and Christian" burial-services, conducted so as to be "agreeable with the usages "of the religious society" to which the deceased belonged (thereby irritating the Jew and the secularist, and dissatisfying the Dissenter, who refuses to have the idea of any usages thrust between him and his freedom), until somebody gives the parish a cemetery, on which event they are to revert to the exclusive use of the Church. The whole drift of modern legislation calls out against such a principle. But in this case the proposal is not only vicious in its essence, but it involves a fatal disturbance of sound practical policy. The one good thing hitherto got out of the troubles of the Burials controversy is that people's eyes have been opened to the evils of crowded cemeteries, and that even those persons who were most susceptible to the conservatism of sentiment have come to understand that, in view of greater mischief on the other side, the trouble, expense, and soreness of feeling involved in the substitution of cemeteries for churchyards must be faced. Mr. BALFOUR, if he carried his Bill, would absolutely succeed in forcing the Liberation Society to take up crowded churchyards as a plank of its platform, and raise the cry of "liberty and typhus." He deserves, at all events, the praise of originality for having been able to present legislation in so grotesque a guise.

With such a proposal gravely submitted for the acceptance of Parliament, we cannot be angry with Mr. MORGAN and his friends for the intention which they announced of voting for the second reading of Mr. BALFOUR's Bill, in the expectation of sweeping away its fantastic restrictions, not upon the recurrence of the next wave of Liberalism, but so soon as the Bill got into Committee. Supposing the House of Commons to assent to the second reading, an assembly which had stultified itself by accepting so incongruous a patchwork could have only opposed a feeble and desultory resistance to the most extravagant amendments. Anyhow, the candour of Mr. MORGAN's confession leaves those members without excuse who proposed to vote with Mr. BALFOUR by way of compromising the matter. They would only have been voting for Mr. MORGAN, and ultimately therefore for the secularization of all Church property.

Mr. BALFOUR used one argument which was so peculiar that we cannot pass it over quite unnoticed. The English law of burial, so he informed the House, was not understood in Scotland or Ireland, where a different system prevails, and accordingly the people of those two countries believed the prevailing sentiment in England to be the "insanity of intolerance"; and, as he contended, because Scotland and Ireland were ignorant and mistaken, therefore the conclusions of Scotland and Ireland, which had no interest in the matter, were to prevail over the well-informed opinion of England, where the question was one of practical importance. This bold contention was all the more judicious and logical in view of the fact that, while the majority against Mr. MORGAN in the Session of 1878 was only fifteen, the minority was largely swelled by votes from uninformed and uninterested Scotland and Ireland, while the majority of English members only was no less than 101. This fact does not at all reconcile us to the pernicious theory of Home Rule, but we must note that in the only case where our Imperial system seems to have pressed hardly on one member of the Empire, the aggrieved country was England.

FRENCH PARTIES.

THE position of the French Ministry cannot yet be regarded as assured. The hope that the Republican majority would become homogeneous as soon as Marshal MACMAHON had retired has not been fulfilled. Indeed, it was hardly possible that it should be fulfilled. A mass which has not been kept together by external pressure will hardly be more coherent when that external pressure has been removed. So long as Marshal MACMAHON remained at the head of affairs he, at least, did the Republic the service of making prudence and moderation obviously useful qualities. Even then the Extreme Left usually forgot to practise the lesson whenever things had gone quietly for six months; but, at all events, the MARSHAL was there to recall them at intervals to a better appreciation of these unpopular virtues. Now that the MARSHAL is gone there is no such possibility in the background. M. GRÉVY may disapprove of Radical measures, should they be submitted to him by his Ministers; he may even resign office rather than promulgate them; but he will not be the author of a *coup d'état*. Consequently the one fear which seemed to have much influence on the Extreme Left is completely laid to rest, and it remains to be seen whether any other motive will have at all a similar influence on their actions. Why, they will say, should we support the present Ministry? It is not a Ministry of our choosing; we are not represented in it; we do not like the measures it brings forward; we see no chance of its ever bringing forward any measures that we should like. What possible claim, therefore, can it put forward to our good will? and why should our votes be given where our good will is withheld?

These are questions which it is not at all easy to answer, nor are we at all sure that it is of much importance that they should be answered. There was a time when union in the Republican party was essential to the existence of the Republic, but that time came to an end when the administration of the Republic ceased to be in the hands of its enemies. From that time forward union in the sense of party organization became unattainable. The Republic used to be little more than a party within the nation. Now it is for practical purposes co-extensive with the nation; and the necessary consequence of this is that the divisions which used to exist within the nation may be expected to reproduce themselves within the Republican party. There is nothing to retain men as Conservative as M. DUFAURE and men as Radical as M. NAQUET within the same party limits. So long as they both wanted Republican government they might agree to put all considerations aside; but now that they have got Republican government, why should not each labour to get it administered after the fashion that he likes best? Union can be no longer maintained, except at the cost of surrender on the part of one or the other. Either the moderate party must give up what they think it essential to preserve, or the extreme party must give up working for what they think it essential to obtain. Nothing but dissatisfaction would be likely to come of such a compromise as this. It could breed nothing but mutual distrust and constant uneasiness. The fact that the Republic does embrace men of very different views, and that the word Republican implies nothing more than an opinion about a form of government, without any necessary agreement as to the objects which that Government should propose to itself, cannot be ignored any longer, and nothing is gained by trying to conceal it.

There is an important section of the Left which does not reconcile itself to this necessity. What is the need, it asks, of destroying the majority which has done so much for the Republic? A wise Government will rather do everything in its power to keep it together. It is the union of the several sections of the Left that has placed it in power, and it is to this same union that it should naturally and properly look for the support which is to keep it in power. It is mere Anglo-mania to wish to reproduce in the majority the division into Whigs and Tories. The circumstances of the two cases are altogether distinct. Parties in England have only each other to reckon with. There is no third party, hostile to the institutions under which it lives, and watching its opportunity to overturn them. This is the language of the *République Française*, and, but for one drawback, the argument would be entitled to great weight. This one drawback, however, is of a very serious kind. It is simply this—that the section of the Left which employs the argument is not in the least disposed to make the sacrifices necessary to make it applicable. Union between an advanced and a moderate party necessarily lasts but for a time, and while it lasts it necessarily depends for its maintenance on the forbearance of the advanced party. The moment that any specific change, whether constitutional or administrative, comes to be regarded by this party as indispensable, the motive for union no longer exists. That motive is always the conviction on both sides that the points upon which they are agreed are of more importance than the points upon which they differ. When some point upon which they differ becomes, in the estimation of the advanced party, of such paramount moment that it must be secured at any cost, the moderate party has nothing to gain by keeping up an unreal appearance of union. It would, in fact, be no longer a union; it would be a surrender. The position of the two parties in this respect is in no way identical. The advanced party, believing the future to be with it, has only to wait for the accomplishment of its end. The moderate party, existing as in a great measure it does to prevent the accomplishment of that end, can only co-operate with the advanced party on condition that this accomplishment is put aside while the co-operation lasts. When this condition is broken, it is plainly better for the moderate party to withdraw such strength as it can from the advanced party than to increase the strength of the advanced party after it has ascertained that this strength is to be used for purposes which it disapproves. The application of this rule to the French Left is obvious enough. The several sections of the party have hitherto been of one mind. They all wished to set the Republic firmly on its legs, and for a long time it took all their strength to do what they wished. Now the Republic is established, and the next question that presents itself is in what spirit it shall be governed. The moderate Left say, With as little change as possible; the advanced Left say, With a great deal of change, and especially with a complete change in such and such particulars. This is a very fair issue to raise, and it will be for the country to decide at the next general election which of the two views it wishes to see prevail. But the men who think certain

specific measures indispensable, and the men who think these alleged indispensable measures mischievous, cannot continue to work together. That is an object that can only be attained by the advanced party ceasing to think these measures indispensable, and consenting to postpone their execution. They may be quite right in refusing to make this sacrifice, but the union they want to preserve is plainly to be had on no other terms.

It may be objected that this reasoning leaves out of sight the existence in France of a reactionary party waiting to take advantage of Republican mistakes. Disunion in the majority will give this party an advantage, and it is consequently the duty of the moderate party to yield to the advanced party, provided that this is the only condition on which disunion can be averted. The general answer to this argument is that, if this process is once begun, there is no reason why it should ever stop. The advanced party would only have to hold out the threat of separation, and the moderate party must at once do its bidding. This is not union; it is unconditional submission. As regards France, moreover, there is a particular answer also. The Moderate Left are persuaded, rightly or wrongly, that the country, while sincerely attached to Republican institutions, is at the same time sincerely desirous that they should be administered in a strictly Conservative spirit. Consequently, what it will look for in its representatives is a determination to resist all attempts at administering these institutions in a Radical spirit; and, if it fails to find this determination in the Republican majority, it will be tempted to look for it in the reactionary minority. From this point of view few things could be more disastrous for the prospects of the Republic than the maintenance of union in the majority on the terms proposed by the advanced section of it. The whole majority would thus come to be regarded as infected with Radical ideas, and at a future general election the reactionary candidates would be enabled to present them selves as the only exponents of a Conservative policy.

THE IRISH FRANCHISE DEBATE.

THE debate on the Irish Borough Franchise was un satisfactory; and the division was a mere test of the strength of parties. If it were possible to estimate the sincerity of votes, it would probably appear that all the members of the majority thought the proposed extension of the franchise a bad thing, and that half the minority agreed with them; but almost all the opponents of Mr. MELDON'S Resolution, with the exception of Mr. LEWIS, hesitated to express their real opinions. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE evidently intended to reserve to his Government the right of bidding for popularity at any future time by a concession which, however mischievous in itself, would be consistent with the legislation of 1867. When a Minister objects to a Resolution because it is not a Bill, and to a project of legislation because it is fragmentary, he probably foresees contingencies in which it may be expedient to change his course without a compromise of his consistency. Mr. FORSTER has earnestly supported every extension of the franchise which has been proposed in his time, and he would perhaps, like Mr. GLADSTONE, approve of universal suffrage. So ingenious a reasoner had no difficulty in finding special arguments for a conclusion which he would have accepted on general grounds. There are, according to Mr. FORSTER, three ways of dealing with Ireland; by identification of English and Irish institutions, by a deliberate maintenance of inequality, and by the method of Home Rule or insular independence. It follows, according to a certain kind of logic, that Liberal members who are not supporters of Home Rule must vote for the same borough franchise in Ireland which already exists in Great Britain. Symmetrical demonstrations produce little effect on the minds of serious politicians, but they provide a party with plausible reasons for concluding a profitable alliance. The Liberal leaders, who have lately repeatedly made overtures to the Home Rule members, eagerly welcomed an opportunity of showing sympathy with the proselytes whom they hope to win. Mr. FORSTER, with creditable candour, included in his statement of reasons for lowering the Irish borough franchise his well-known desire to extend household suffrage over the entire kingdom. Mr. LEWIS had pointed out the probability that, if Mr. MELDON'S Resolution were adopted, every cottager in Ireland would probably in a short time become a voter. Mr. FORSTER welcomed the cheerful prospect of a constituency which might perhaps at some future time become competent to discharge its duties.

The mischief of household suffrage in Irish boroughs would not be great, although it might be unmixed. It was stated in the course of the debate that ten or twelve Conservative members, probably of respectable character, would lose their seats; and a few Liberal members would be turned out to make room for more violent and less responsible successors. Mr. LEWIS said that the Protestants of Ireland would be deprived of representation, inasmuch as the lowest class in the boroughs almost always belongs to the Roman Catholic Church. He added that the influence of the priests would be proportionally increased; and Mr. FORSTER, while he doubted the accuracy of the conjecture, remarked that the influence of the priests was always used to promote family union, thrift, and morality. That it is also frequently applied to the encouragement of disaffection and of agrarian spoliation is a fact not inconsistent with the encouragement of domestic virtues. The private morality of the Irish people and of the Roman Catholic clergy has not been disputed; but Parliamentary electors are concerned with politics rather than with ethics. The householders of Irish boroughs would prefer a Home Rule candidate to a supporter of national unity; and, among those who nominally belong to the same section, Mr. BUTT would have no chance against Mr. PARNELL or Mr. BIGGAR. The House of Commons may perhaps survive a partial deterioration of its character; but the process, even on a limited scale, cannot be regarded with enthusiasm. The arguments of several of Mr. MELDON'S supporters might equally well have been urged in recommendation of universal suffrage. If it is desirable that every man should as soon as possible have a vote, there can be no doubt that in the meantime as many persons as possible ought to be admitted to the franchise. One or two speakers indeed dilated on the qualifications which adorn a householder who may probably be the father of a family; but equally graceful eulogies might easily be composed on the householder's sons and brothers and unmarried cousins.

Lord HARTINGTON, who has committed the Liberal party to household suffrage in English and Scotch counties, naturally spoke in favour of the same franchise in Irish boroughs. The party is of course not permanently bound by its concurrence eleven or twelve years ago in the establishment of the present franchise. Mr. GLADSTONE himself, who had emancipated the British compound householder, allowed Mr. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE to institute a different system for another state of society. At that time even the Irish members were not greatly shocked by the inequality which now moves their indignation. According to Mr. LEWIS, Mr. MELDON'S clients have not taken the trouble either to ask for the franchise by petition or to adopt any other kind of agitation; but Mr. LOWTHER was scarcely well advised in his reference to the supposed indifference of the lowest class of Irishmen. A similar challenge, imprudently issued by Mr. LOWE in 1866, was answered by Mr. BRIGHT'S advice to the mob to intimidate the House of Commons, and by the riot which is remembered in consequence of the destruction of the Hyde Park railings. It might be possible to organize similar disturbances in three or four of the largest Irish towns, though the population of most of the boroughs is barely large enough to furnish materials for a riot. Lord HARTINGTON raised the real issue in his thoughtful and just remark that in a Parliamentary Constitution the object is to obtain the most genuine representation of the community. His further inference that the greatest number of electors complies most fully with the required conditions was in itself unsound, and the theory pointed directly to universal suffrage. If Mr. LEWIS is right in thinking that household suffrage would deprive the Protestant middle class of electoral power, Mr. MELDON'S Constitution would be less truly representative than that which he wishes to supersede. It has been found by experience that a too select and too narrowly limited constituency is not qualified to represent the mass of the population; but the few represent the many more approximately than the rabble represents the respectable classes. The Municipality of Paris, which votes away the civic funds for the benefit of the incendiaries

and assassins of the Commune, is chosen by universal suffrage. No oligarchy of privileged citizens would be capable of committing a similar outrage. If the old-fashioned doctrine of constitutional checks and balances were in fashion, it might be plausibly argued that the most effective of all checks on tyranny is the separation of physical force from legal authority. Numbers offer a silent menace to minorities which abuse their power; but with universal suffrage all forces, material and legal, operate in the same direction.

When there is no sufficient reason for diversity, the presumption is in favour of uniformity; but before this rule is applied it would be well to ascertain that the circumstances are the same. Most of the Irish boroughs are themselves anomalies, intentionally created or preserved. The greater number would long since have been disfranchised if the same system had prevailed in Ireland and in Great Britain. Except in Dublin, Belfast, Cork, and three or four other towns, there is no urban population in Ireland; and consequently legislators have treated villages as if they were towns. The Irish members have, when the question has been raised, not injudiciously insisted on the maintenance of a distinction, which is perhaps arbitrary, between counties and boroughs. One of the consequences is that some of the most wretched hovels are to be found within the borough boundaries. As Mr. FORSTER observes, the establishment of the English borough franchise in Ireland would greatly facilitate the extension of household suffrage to Irish counties; and, when uniformity had been carried so far, it would be difficult to oppose the redistribution of electoral districts, and the consequent withdrawal from the boroughs of their separate right of representation. The result would not be absurd in itself, but it is probably not accepted in anticipation by Mr. MELDON and his Irish supporters. On the whole, the majority was probably well advised in rejecting the Resolution; but the promoters of the change have some reason to complain of the inconsistency of the House. The motion has been brought forward in every Session of the present Parliament, and it has been on two occasions only defeated by a few votes. The Ministers have now made it the subject of a regular party division, which might as well have been taken on an earlier occasion. Schemes of Parliamentary Reform, or rather of extension of the suffrage, may always be defended by reference to precedents. The same reasons were given for change, and the same objections were raised in 1832, and on all later occasions. Society has hitherto survived dangers which were seriously and not unreasonably apprehended, and some advantages have resulted from the latest and most questionable extension of the suffrage. Sceptical politicians who have feared that each addition to the constituencies would render the pressure from outside more irresistible by providing confederates within are not convinced by precedents. The best excuse for the introduction of household suffrage into Irish boroughs is that it would be a small measure.

MR. CROSS AND THE ARTISANS' DWELLINGS ACT.

AT the time when the Government was receiving at least its due meed of praise for passing the Artisans' Dwellings Act, we pointed out that, whatever might be the merits of that measure, there was a considerable danger that they might be neutralized by the absence of any provision for putting it into force. Mr. CROSS had chosen to assume that the municipal authorities whose powers it was intended to enlarge were burning to follow the example of Glasgow, and to set about rehousing their poor, as soon as the disabilities under which they laboured in this respect should be removed. He did not see that the parallel between Glasgow and other cities broke down in one most important particular. They, equally with Glasgow, had been at liberty to apply for a special Act of Parliament to enable them to make the desired improvements. But they had not, equally with Glasgow, made such an application; and it was not an unnatural inference that towns which had shown no desire to obtain the powers it was proposed to give them might not be disposed to use them when obtained. Mr. CROSS refused to believe that such a conclusion could be fairly drawn from the past inaction of the great towns, and determined to stake the success of his Bill on their readiness to carry it out. He disclaimed all thought of coercing the municipal authorities, and declined to contemplate the possibility of any such coercion being necessary. The Artisans' Dwellings Act was passed in the faith that it stood alone among laws, and needed not that any penalty should be imposed for disregard of its provisions. There have been, no doubt, some notable instances in which our forebodings have come to nothing. Birmingham, for example, has carried out the Act to the fullest extent, both in the letter and in the spirit. But there has been at least one equally notable instance in which those forebodings have been borne out. Wherever the Act may have been a success, it has been a complete failure in London, and in London the need for a measure of the kind is naturally greater than in any other city. In answer to a question put to him by Mr. HOPWOOD on Tuesday, Mr. CROSS had to confess his sorrow that he had no power to compel the Metropolitan Board to carry out the statute. The facts, as stated by Mr. HOPWOOD, certainly justified the HOME SECRETARY'S regret. The neighbourhood of Gray's Inn Road is one of the districts which stand most in need of that sweeping reformation which the Act contemplates. On Mr. CROSS'S reading of the dispositions of municipal bodies, the Metropolitan Board should have set to work to prepare a scheme for its improvement the moment that the Act had become law. They did so far bestir themselves as to submit such a scheme to the Home Office in the following year; but unfortunately this scheme proved so wholly, and even ludicrously, inadequate to the needs of the district that Mr. CROSS was obliged to reject it. Thereupon the Metropolitan Board washed their hands of the Act altogether, and devoted itself to the welfare of the more respectable element among their constituents. They did not, indeed, neglect the neighbourhood of Gray's Inn Road; but, instead of making it healthy for the poor, they confined themselves to making it more convenient for the well-to-do. In the pursuit of this latter object they were even willing that the last state of the poor in the district should be worse than the first. In order to widen Gray's Inn Road a large number of houses had to be pulled down, and the result of this was necessarily to make the overcrowding of those that remained proportionately greater. How much greater it has become may be judged by Mr. CROSS'S statement that, under the Bill for widening Gray's Inn Road, nearly the whole of the area included in the original scheme was destroyed, without any provision whatever being made for the housing of the inmates. So far as this part of London is concerned, the Artisans' Dwellings Act might as well never have been passed.

Upon the case as thus stated the HOME SECRETARY seems to have been to blame for not opposing the Bill promoted by the Metropolitan Board. If he had said in Parliament that that Bill, though dealing with an area which needed to be dealt with under the provisions of the Artisans' Dwellings Act, was not framed in accordance with those provisions, and did indeed aim at a wholly different object, and that on this ground he must ask the House of Commons to reject it, there is no doubt that the Bill would have been defeated. The Bill for the widening of Gray's Inn Road was, so to say, a sort of fraud upon the Artisans' Dwellings Act. It dealt with a district which had already been marked out as one in which there was urgent need for some remedy to be applied to overcrowding, and it dealt with it in a way which only made that overcrowding worse. A Bill of this kind ought never to have been passed; and, if the HOME SECRETARY had described it in its true colours to the House, it is certain that it never would have been passed. The Artisans' Dwellings Act gives the Government no power to enforce it upon unwilling local authorities; but when a local authority which has omitted to carry out its provisions comes to Parliament for leave to do something which positively conflicts with the Artisans' Dwellings Act, it is within the competence of the Government—and being within their competence it is, we submit, their duty—to move Parliament to withhold that leave. The Metropolitan Board have absolutely no title to the consideration of Parliament in this respect. They have grossly neglected the duties imposed on them by the Artisans' Dwellings Act. They have allowed the riverside districts of London to remain exposed to inundation, while they have been higgling as to who shall pay for giving them proper protection. They have persisted in bringing in a Bill the principle of which has been condemned by a Select Committee of the House of Commons, and which, as it has no chance of passing, is only valuable

as a means of staving off legislation on the opposite principle. A body which plays such pranks as these has no claim to anything more than bare justice at the hands of Parliament. Even if the Bill relating to the Gray's Inn Road district had been in itself harmless, it would still have been a question whether Parliament ought not to have rejected it by way of penalty for the neglect of the Board in respect of the Artisans' Dwellings Act. But when the Bill was not harmless—when, on the contrary, it aggravated the very evils which the Artisans' Dwellings Act had been framed to remedy—its rejection ought to have been a matter of course. It could only have become a matter of course by the interposition of the Government, and Mr. CROSS cannot be held blameless for not having moved in the matter.

This is not the only lesson which these facts may convey to Mr. CROSS. The Artisans' Dwellings Act has been tried and found wanting. It has broken down on the very point at which, when it was on its way through Parliament, Mr. CROSS claimed for it especial strength. It was to be the very crown and triumph of permissive legislation. The local authorities were to be left free to act, or not to act, as they thought fit; and Mr. CROSS refused even to imagine the possibility of their preferring to do nothing. The confidence he then displayed has not been justified. The greatest of all the local authorities, having regard to the area over which its power extends and the number of human beings living within its jurisdiction, goes on as though no such measure as the Artisans' Dwellings Act had a place in the Statute Book. It is plain that, if no change is made in the constitution of the Metropolitan Board, and no additional powers are given to the Home Secretary to enforce the Act, it will remain the nullity which in London it now is. It may be safely assumed that the Cabinet have no intention of taking up the thorny question of the government of London, and in that case the only way of mending the present overcrowded state of many parts of London is to insert in the Artisans' Dwellings Act a provision investing the Home Secretary with the power of doing, under certain conditions, the work which the local authorities ought to do, but sometimes do not do. Under an amending statute of this kind, the omission of the Metropolitan Board to submit a proper scheme for the reconstruction of the Gray's Inn Road district would only have worked a year's delay. The SECRETARY of STATE would have inquired whether any such scheme was in preparation, and, finding that the Board proposed to do nothing, he would himself have ordered a scheme to be drawn up, and—if the Board still refused to be the instrument of putting it into execution—to be carried out in due course. The knowledge that the SECRETARY of STATE possessed this power would probably be a sufficient guarantee against any call being made on it. The Metropolitan Board is not one of those petty local authorities which can trust to their own insignificance to hold them harmless if they leave their duties u performed. The fact of its having refused to obey an Act of Parliament would be so notorious that a Home Secretary would feel himself forced, for very shame's sake, to exercise the powers vested in him. The Board would be perfectly aware of this, and they would consequently take care not to push resistance to a point at which it would involve so serious an inroad upon their independence as the reconstruction of large districts in London over their heads would undoubtedly constitute. It behoves the Government to see to this question, because, judging from the speeches which were made from time to time during the recess, the Artisans' Dwellings Act is regarded by them as perhaps their greatest achievement in domestic legislation. Their list of passed measures is neither so long nor so brilliant that they can afford to let the Artisans' Dwellings Act remain the laughing-stock which it has become in London. All that is wanted is to make the Act the success everywhere that it is already in some places, and the only way in which this can be done is to create an authority which, in the last resort, can insist upon being obeyed.

A NEW PANCIROLLUS.

GUIDO PANCIROLLUS, an author more frequently quoted than read, compiled a book about the Lost Arts of the Ancients. The belief that the Greeks and Romans knew a number of things which the lapse of years and the invasion of the barbarians buried in oblivion was common in his time. In ours, perhaps, it is more usual in artistic circles to hope that the lapse of ages, or some new invasion of still undiscovered tribes of decent taste, may at last abolish some of the arts with which we are too familiar. A new Pancirollus, instead of deploring lost arts, would rather construct a catalogue of the arts which we could well afford to lose.

As science advances, and as the fancy of Mr. Edison becomes more and more prolific, the need of a new Pancirollus is, by many persons, more keenly felt. Within the last three years even, a number of fresh inventions have been made which threaten to render life more intolerable than ever to people of taste. The discovery of the microphone, for example, is a singular example of the perversity of man. The aim of every rational being is to lessen, if possible, the amount of noise and din in this bustling world. If science were truly benevolent, she would hit upon a simple instrument which should soften or suppress the vibrations of sound. An ingenious person is believed to have devised a machine which, being attached to the ordinary piano, enables that instrument to produce a noise equal in volume to that of a cathedral organ. The machine which people of sensibility wished to see invented is just the reverse of this musical affair and of the microphone. The "megalophone," if we may coin a term, ought to be of light and simple construction. It should be capable of being applied without inconvenience to railway-engines, babies, undergraduates, Home Rulers, and everything that loveth and maketh a noise. The megalophone would restore slumber to the eyes of people who live near railway stations and suffer from railway whistles. It would permit the dons of fast colleges to sleep in peace. It would impart a singular calm and harmony to political discussion. It would lull and soothe us as nothing else can, not even poetry, or the aspect of the mountains and the sea. When all this is so obvious to the meanest capacity, what does science do? She patents the microphone, an instrument by aid of which you can hear the sounds to which nature had mercifully made us deaf—the thundering tramp of the house-fly's feet, the yell with which a beetle meets his doom, the surge and thunder of the pulse in the veins of a human being.

The microphone is doubtless one of the first inventions that the Pancirollus of a new æsthetic age would wish to inscribe in his *Liber Rerum Deperditarum*. There are dozens of other inventions which it is at least as desirable to forget. Mr. Ruskin, indeed, would probably put railways, telegraphs, the printing-press, and the art of binding books in cloth covers, with that of half-binding them, into his black book. Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his friends would gladly see the arts of the distiller, the brewer, the fermenter of the juice of the grape, pass into the condition of encaustic painting, of the Tyrian purple, of Greek fire. If every one who chose to proscribe an art had his way, from the inmates of the casual ward in a workhouse, who heartily regret the invention of soap, up to the British mariner, who detests ironclads, we should be reduced to something very like the state of nature. Such extreme simplicity is not desirable, especially in our climate. Perhaps the shortest way of coming to an understanding about the arts which it would be well to lose is to examine Pancirollus's schedule of the arts which are lost already. For many of his *res deperditæ* we have some unhappy equivalent, which posterity, let us hope, will only know from fragments of ancient newspaper advertisements.

Pancirollus writes first of all about the Tyrian purple, "the king of colours," as he calls it. Purple was made, by some unknown process, from a certain shell-fish; and our author well observes that the species is not likely to have become extinct. It is only men that have forgotten how to deal with the crustacean. "Syria and the other countries where the shell was found have fallen into the hands of the Turks and of other barbarous and uncultivated races." In the proud position of purple, which heads Pancirollus's scheme of things lost, we might place magenta, which, of all aniline dyes, it would be most agreeable to lose. Unhappily the "barbarous and uncultivated races" which once knew not aniline dyes have fallen in love with them, and the pious Bonze kneels on a rug streaked with mauve, while the skilled Japanese daubs his fans with the hue which is fancifully supposed to overspread the face of *Bismarck enragé*. Even if our feelings as patriots could permit us to welcome a barbarian invasion (and there is no saying to what lengths patriotism will go), nothing would be æsthetically gained.

The art of encaustic painting is the second in the catalogue of Pancirollus—a method by which colours were burned in, by aid of melted wax, so as to be imperishable. The history of the solitary example of this art which has reached our time is curious. On the marches of the territories of Cortona and of Montepulciano there is an estate called La Stella, belonging to a family called Tommasi. In the year 1732 some ancient statuettes of bronze were found on this farm, and with them a painting on a tile or smooth stone. This painting fell into the hands of a peasant, who at first took the female head for that of a Madonna. On discovering his error he cut off the upper part of the tile, and fixed what remained into an inconvenient hole in the wall to keep the wind away. Here Giovanni Tommasi found the very beautiful and singular work of a lost art, which has successfully defied damp and heat to destroy its brilliancy, and science to discover the technical method of its colouring. It is pleasant to dream of a distant future when some peasant of a truly æsthetic age shall discover in some ancient chest the very last chromolithograph. We can imagine the horror of the worthy man—his first impulse to destroy the glaring and perishable object; his second, perhaps his less

sagacious, impulse to hand it over to the Committee of the Grosvenor Gallery, which shall have taken the place of the Royal Academy. We can fancy the curiosity of thinking men, their surprise at the barbarous arts of their ancestors thus unexpectedly revealed, their inability to conceive the method of chromo-lithography, and to understand the taste to which it appealed. May they be as unsuccessful in their guesses as our archæologists are in their attempts to revive the encaustic art!

When Pancirollus writes *de aurichalco*, "a metal made of brass, which was partly like gold," we cannot escape the sad thought that perhaps *aurichalcum* is not lost at all. Pliny, to be sure, says that for many years it has been impossible to obtain any *aurichalcum;* but then it was Pliny's business to make more mistakes than the facts seemed to admit of, and to be eternally in the wrong with perverse ingenuity. Martianus, who lived in the time of the Emperor Alexander, certainly mentions the substance, and, even if it has been lost, the race of jewellers *audax omnia perpeti* has discovered it again. There can be little doubt that *aurichalcum* is the stuff out of which the majority of wedding presents are made. It appears in clocks, photograph cases, candlesticks, letter-weights, ink-stands, everywhere, *metallum ex aere, quod auri simile.* Speaking of wedding presents reminds us that Pancirollus describes the wedding ceremonies of the ancients among "things lost." They were certainly rather appalling, and it is no wonder that the Romans were obliged to pass laws making wedlock compulsory. Brides may be congratulated on the fact that it is not any longer thought necessary to comb their hair with the point of a spear; while the bridegroom has escaped the necessity of stuffing his pockets with nuts. The new Pancirollus, however, will find many bridal customs to proscribe, such as wedding-breakfasts, bridesmaids (with their lockets), speeches, and other annoyances too numerous to mention. If Pancirollus deplores the loss of certain precious stones, such as *Achates*, it must be remembered that he had not to regret the discovery of gutta-percha ornaments. If he sighed over the decline of the old Arena and the *Ludi Circenses*, he did not survive (he would have been about four hundred years old in that case) into the age of Mr. Weston and long-distance walking. The art of going round England on foot and of being hustled and kicked by the roughs of every large town is peculiarly modern, and peculiarly worthy of a place in the list of the successor of Guido Pancirollus. Where the mediæval writer regretted the *ludi veterum*, the new one would condemn the art of modern burlesque. Where Guido bewailed the old Roman roads and the *curatores viarum*, his imitator would denounce the tramways, the Vestries, the ingenious persons who wish to add the horrors of steam to the noise and tumult with which tramway-cars make the roads hideous, and the rails with which they render them inconvenient and dangerous. To the statues of mosaic work, which Pancirollus is anxious to restore, he would oppose the statues of London, which many are eager to destroy. In place of asking for more triumphal arches, he would pray for the removal of those more mutable advertisements, the monstrous and many-coloured sheets which decorate or disfigure every hoarding.

The dispute between the two Pancirolli, on the whole, is very like that between Themistocles and the man with the short memory. The latter wished to remember, the former to forget. If modern civilization goes on as it is doing, if it still strives after more noise, more glitter, more bustle, more machinery, while modern "culture" becomes more melancholy, lachrymose, and retiring, we may ultimately construct a strange and not comfortable world of opposites. It will be time to lose all the existing arts and begin afresh from the state of nature. The poets will all have retired into hermitages, and will only, in their dread of cruel criticism, whisper their effusions to the nettles of the grave-yards. The painters will practise in cellars or catacombs, lest perchance Mr. Ruskin come by and speak his mind. The musicians will have become so sensitive that they will only touch silent pianos, or merely take an intellectual pleasure in reading scores. Meanwhile, rampant Philistinism will have placarded every house with advertisements of cough mixtures and patent matches. Ormulu and gutta-percha will be, in jewelry, the only wear. It shall be a criminal offence to read Greek. Trains elevated to the level of the drawing-room floors shall run whistling through the ambrosial night every quarter of an hour. Widowers shall be compelled to marry their deceased wives' sisters. The march of progress will have reached its goal; material civilization will have become complete and unendurable.

THE FÖHN.

A MONTH ago English lakes were frozen, Scotch railways were blocked with snow, and Londoners were rejoicing, let us hope, in the realization of a conventional winter. To some persons the severe weather suggested a flight to regions where existence of the sun had not become a matter of dim tradition. To others, and, for the nonce, let us say more virtuous, persons it appeared that an admirable opportunity was presenting itself for seeing true winter in the region where winter should be most imposing. Newspapers had announced that the winter was so severe in the Jura that herds of wild swine were descending into the villages; nay, it was said that wolves had presented themselves at railway stations. It was impossible not to feel some pity for these unfortunate animals, driven, it would seem, to eke out their miserable existence by picking up the remainder biscuit at a buffet. One could scarcely grudge them a stray porter to relieve such a diet; but it might be hoped that no danger would result to passengers if the windows of the carriages were closed, and there was little temptation to open them in such weather. In fact, neither wolves nor wild boars presented themselves. And so it came to pass that the January sun rose one morning upon a small party of tourists and guides breaking their fast upon a lofty ridge of the Titlis. Though in mid-winter, and at a height of some eight thousand feet, the travellers were seated upon a patch of grass, and the cold was not sufficient to cause any discomfort. During the remaining climb of some two thousand five hundred feet, which was rendered laborious by the quantity of snow, they complained a good deal more of heat than of cold. But the view had already a strange beauty which would have reconciled them to anything short of downright bodily pain. To all appearance they were looking over a vast ocean. It is only at a very few points where high mountains approach the shore that any such view can be gained of an actual sea. Far away in one direction was a group, as it seemed, of purple islands, representing the higher ridges of the Black Forest. The Jura, on the West, looked like a vast promontory, a "Land's End," running out far into the waters from some hidden continent. In the landward direction it retired behind some of the mountains—green pasturage for the most part in summer, but now savage wastes of snow except where broken by precipitous rock—which rise south of the Lake of Lucerne. Such a picture may present itself occasionally in Arctic seas, where rugged peaks rise steeply along the coast. The illusion was strangely perfect, for the so-called sea was as uniform and apparently consistent as though it had been genuine water, and the play of light and shadow exactly mimicked the grey and purple stretches of the ocean-flow seen on a misty day from some prominent headland. To realize the fact that it was nothing but the upper surface of a vast mass of vapour, covering the whole lower country, for hundreds of square leagues, it was necessary to look at what ought to have been the coast line. The valley of Engelberg might have represented a deep fiord running into the high country. But, here, where the cliffs should have dipped into level water, the cloud ocean terminated in light feathery mist, wandering vaguely through the higher zones of pine forest. Thus sunlight and a moderate degree of warmth might be enjoyed by any one at a height of some three thousand feet above the sea; for that was about the upper level of the mists; whilst the dweller in the plains looked up to a dreary roof of vapour and was exposed to the bitter cold of a genuine winter.

Such weather as is implied by these conditions lasted for a considerable time in Switzerland; and it may be well for travellers to bear in mind the probability of such a combination. Travellers, it is true, are scarce in the winter Alps, though the growing popularity of Davos shows that they have a real charm even at this season. The highest peaks, indeed, lose much of their beauty; the uniform snow hides the glaciers; and they no longer stand out in solitary majesty above the inferior ranges. They are, strictly speaking, accessible; for an English lady ascended Mont Blanc in January two or three years ago, and an American gentleman climbed the Schreckhorn this year. The snow does not, as a rule, gather heavily upon the higher and steeper ridges, though here and there it makes them more dangerous; and the main objection to high ascents in the winter is that the long cold nights enormously increase the discomfort of sleeping out. But moderate walks are perfectly easy, and have a peculiar charm of their own. Huge cliffs draped from base to summit with vast curtains of icicles, pine-forests lapped in their becoming dress of white robes and grotesque mittens, harsh lines softened by the graceful contour of a snowfield, the monotonous greens changed into the exquisitely delicate hues which the snow alone can display—these and other charms peculiar to the winter season often give it a clear superiority to the summer. The form of a broad mountain valley seems to be more delicately modulated when every rock or chalet is hidden under a gentle dome of snow; and, as a prismatic cloud passes over the sun, the vast undulating surface suddenly arrays itself in a shifting play of colour as brilliant and subtly blended as those of an opal. Nor is there any serious difficulty as to material comfort. The snow may form deep drifts and lie in continuous masses up to a considerable height, but communications are kept open or rapidly restored after a fall; innkeepers are more hospitable than in the season; and paths are trodden, not only to the highest dwelling-houses, but up to the forests for the convenience of the woodcutters. If, above this point, the traveller has to wade kneedeep or waistdeep in snowdrifts, and to be careful in avoiding the possible tracks of avalanches, the lover of scenery will hold it a small price to pay for many new sensations.

But we have not quite done with the Titlis. That respectable mountain is peculiarly easy of access, as is proved by the fact that it was climbed early in the last century. The early climbers had not that severe hatred of all exaggeration which is the prominent virtue of their successors; and, not content with declaring the Titlis to be the highest mountain in the Alps—and that with the giants of the Oberland frowning right over their heads—they added the picturesque circumstance that when they were on the summit they saw a huge valley of ice stretching from their feet the whole way to Mont Blanc. We would hope that the solid Archdeacon Coxe, to whom we owe this detail, may have slightly misunderstood his informants. The view, however, is a very fine one, though stopping a little short of "Jerusalem and Madagascar"; but, on the occasion of which we are speaking, one

part was strangely obscured. Northwards the sky vault above the ocean of mist was pure and stainless. Scarcely a breath of wind whispered round the highest rocks. But the huge mass of Oberland peaks, generally so conspicuous, was blurred and indistinct. There was no positive or defined cloud; and yet, if one gigantic form loomed into distinctness for a few seconds, it presently disappeared into mysterious shadows. It seemed as though great tracts of the atmosphere in that direction were somehow ceasing to be transparent, and changing into an opaque and formless white. The meaning of the phenomenon was simply that the Föhn—the warm south wind, hated by mountaineers, and with better reason than they can assign for some of their hatreds—was breathing upon that region like the blast from a furnace. A violent wind in the mountains is not amongst the risks ordinarily taken into account. What passes for a very moderate gale by the seaside is a rarity in the Alps. A *tourmente*, however, when it blows across an exposed ridge or down a gulley in the right direction, is no joke; its influence is disastrous, though its area is limited; and such a vague blur as now showed itself upon the Finster Aarhorn was all that appeared upon Mont Blanc when eleven travellers and guides were bewildered and frozen to death upon the Calotte. Doubtless such a storm in winter might be a still more dangerous enemy; but, in the lower regions, the influence of the Föhn is of a different kind. It had already been blowing for some days when it thus blotted out part of the view from the Titlis. It announced its unwelcome presence one morning by whistling in a disagreeable and petulant fashion round the eaves of that most desirable winter quarter, the "Bear" at Grindelwald. The same afternoon the whole of the long valley which descends from the Scheideck to Meiringen was sensitive of its presence. High up, beneath the huge cliffs of the Wetterhorn or Wellhorn—the cliffs which have been painted till the view has become almost tiresome in its familiarity—the snows were still externally as pure and beautiful as ever. The glades through the pine forest were still exquisite under the undulating snowbeds; the basins scooped by the wind under the huge trees and the domes above the scattered boulders were as perfect as ever. But the snow itself had suddenly changed its consistency. It was in the condition dear to schoolboys who want a match at snowballing. It caked into heavy masses with surprising facility. To wade through it was as troublesome as to walk through honey; great balls gathered round the ends of alpenstocks like the lumps of molten iron which a puddler draws out of a furnace; and, after crossing the well-known plain below Rosenlaui—that plain where, as Mr. Ball says in his Guide, it is usual to see several artists engaged in the hopeless but exciting task of painting the Wetterhorn—a ghastly change was revealed. What is to be said of a journey from London to the Alps in search of the perfection of winter when the winter has, so to speak, slipped through one's fingers? "Où sont les neiges d'antan?" as the poet pathetically inquires. All gone away in *die Ewigkeit*, like Hans Breitmann's party; or, rather, changed into a vile collection of sloppy dirty puddles, slowly trickling down the hillsides into the rushing and rapidly swelling Aar. Alas! here was a wretched compromise between winter and summer; no snow, but also no verdure. The hillsides for many hundreds of feet have discharged their burden; the snow has slid off them in great sheets, forming small avalanches; the grass below is withered, and looks as though it had been scraped with a harrow. The icicles are rattling down by tons at a time off the black rocks' faces above the Reichenbach. Up in the Urbach Thal, beneath the giant cliffs of the Engelhörner, a perpetual cannonade is going on. The frost has been ornamenting them all winter through by its delicate lacework wherever a thread of water trickles across them in summer. Delicate as it looks it is massive enough in reality, and now it is descending in avalanches to the valley; and at every minute a small puff of powder is followed by a loud report, echoing far and wide along the flanks of the mountain.

In fact, the valley of Meiringen is a funnel so placed that the Föhn blows down it from the Grimsel with peculiar vigour. When it had been completely bared of snow, it was only necessary to cross the low pass of the Brünig, which diverges at no great angle but is protected by a mountain-ridge, in order once more to come into the unbroken reign of winter. But Meiringen in the midst of winter is parched by the hot wind; the roofs of the houses have discharged their burdens of snow; every gutter has become a stream; and the stranger imagines that the torrents which descend by the town and which the inhabitants have been embanking with laborious patience, are likely to overflow and cause fresh mischief. The real danger is of a different kind, and the traveller is soon informed of the fears of the inhabitants. If he walks into the street smoking, he is warned at once that to smoke during the Föhn is a punishable offence. If he asks for fresh bread at an inn where all other comforts are provided, he is told that the baker has not been allowed to light his fires whilst the dangerous wind is blowing. The village is, or rather was, constructed entirely of wooden houses, and when they are parched and a steady wind blowing, it is obvious that to set a stray spark flying may be in reality to set fire to a prepared train of touchwood. He acknowledges the reasonableness of strict regulations. He feels rather glad to get out of a place in which so constant a danger seems to be always present to the minds of the inhabitants, and yet he imagines that where so much care is taken the danger can hardly be serious.

Unfortunately we have heard within the last few days that at last the care has been fruitless. There were few more picturesque villages in the Swiss Alps than Meiringen, and it is dear upon many accounts to innumerable tourists. A large part of it is now a mere heap of ashes, and many families of an industrious population are homeless and ruined. Switzerland, too, is suffering like other places under the prevalent distress; and the woodcarving which is the staple employment of the valley is of course one which suffers very quickly where people have to retrench superfluous luxuries. The moral which some people will draw will doubtless be that the inhabitants of a valley exposed to the Föhn ought not to live in wooden houses, placed carefully end to end in the direction of the wind. It is certainly to be hoped that that reflection will suggest itself to whomsoever it may concern when the village is being rebuilt. But it may also be worth saying that the present race has been only doing what its forefathers have done for many generations, and that it has certainly not been reckless in the sense of neglecting any feasible precautions, except that of entirely rebuilding its houses. And perhaps so thinking, they may, if they are lucky enough to have superfluous funds, bestow some slight fragment of them upon the sufferers from this very serious catastrophe.

TURKISH REFORMS AND INDIAN SETTLEMENTS.

WHILE some partisans indulge sanguine hopes of the ultimate conversion of the Turk, and others talk of him as an irreclaimable savage, it may not occur to either party to discuss seriously the practicability of the reforms pressed on the Porte by Lord Salisbury through our Ambassador at Constantinople. As we lately remarked, they are three in number. First, there was to be a new gendarmerie or police. Next, the judicial tribunals were to be improved. Lastly, the collection of the revenue was to be placed on a sound footing. While the present Foreign Secretary very properly indented on his knowledge acquired at the India Office, we wonder that he did not propound remedies for the evils of Turkish rule in the exact order in which they would have been enumerated by several of the able administrators who compose the Indian Council. No student of recent Oriental history, no district officer from the Punjab, Oudh, or the Central Provinces, need be reminded that, after annexation or conquest, the very first thing to be done was to make a "land settlement" of the province. The maxim dates from our occupation of Bengal. It was the measure to which attention was given by Verelst, Hastings, and Shore before they thought of other improvements. As our Empire increased, revenue always took precedence of police-stations and judicial courts. We may affirm without exaggeration that revenue reform is a condition indispensable to every improvement, as well as to the very constitution and well-being of Oriental society. It may almost be said that everything is at a deadlock and that nothing will go on, well or ill, till the revenue has been assessed. Unless the cultivator knows how much he will have to pay, how often the tax-collector is coming, and what is the security for the possession of his fields and the quiet enjoyment of the fruits of his labour, it is perfectly useless to talk to him about sending his children to school, or having the benefit of just laws and equitable tribunals for the vindication of his rights. A proper settlement is the first condition of good agriculture. In Egypt and in Turkey, just the same as in India, without a definition of the amount claimable by the State, of the mode in which that amount is to be levied, and of the period within which no additional increase will be demanded, it is a mockery to fill pages with budgets and allotments, with apportionments of revenue and payments of loans.

The process of collecting the land-tax hitherto customary in Turkey may be gathered from the accounts of travellers, the reports of consuls, and the revelations of Blue-books. A tithe-collector, with a small army of familiars, swoops down on the villages at harvest time, and, with delay and inquisition calculated to drive a less enduring population to revolt or madness, collects the proportion due to the State, and as much more as will make the operation profitable to himself. Into this system is yearly crowded the utmost possible annoyance to the cultivator with the least proportion of profit to the State. When Sir H. Layard, acting on Lord Salisbury's instructions, pressed Safvet Pasha to abolish such an odious system, he was met by plausible objections to the effect that tithe collecting in kind had been in vogue with the inhabitants from time immemorial; that there had been no regular survey of the land, and consequently that there existed no basis for substituting a money payment; that the feeling of the villagers was against the change; and that the Greek Government had in vain attempted it. To make a Turk adopt a beneficial reform may be harder than to convert a Pindaree into a cultivator or to staunch a blood-feud amongst Pathans. But the objections could have been, at least, met by illustration and example. When the Punjab was annexed, just thirty years ago, it was found that the Sikh Government had been similarly in the habit of collecting its dues in kind from a large area. The State demand never exceeded one-third of the crops, averaged one-fourth or fifth, and sometimes fell as low as one-eighth. For the better kinds of produce, such as sugar cane, tobacco, and vegetables, and in rich localities secured against climatic vicissitudes by irrigation, the revenue was taken in money. Practically the Sikh authorities were considerably ahead of Turkish

Pashas, inasmuch as out of a land revenue of 1,330,000*l.*, about 900,000*l.* was received in kind, about 180,000*l.* was paid in money direct by the cultivators or communities, and the rest was farmed out. The first step taken by the Board of Administration was to commute the payment in kind for payments in money, and to consolidate every separate item of collection into one aggregate sum. The immense quantities of produce, be it remarked, which under the Sikh system came into the possession of the Government, of course found their way to the market. The Sikh Durbar retained what it required, and sold the rest through its officials to grain-dealers and shopkeepers in the bazaars. But the Board of Administration had no need whatever, with a view to the introduction of money payments, of a *cadastre* or a regular survey, and it is clear to us that Sir H. Layard, with the most honest intentions, was ignorant of the marked distinction drawn by Anglo-Indian Commissioners between a Regular and a Summary settlement. The latter can be carried out in the first year of occupation, from such rough and ready data as active officials going about the country can collect from headmen, tenant-proprietors, and village accountants. They take circles of ten or twenty villages in a lump, call the elders together, compare their stories with such records as are available, test both by ocular inspection of the state of agriculture, take into account the rainfall and the facilities for irrigation from rivers or wells, and then strike an equitable balance. Nothing like a survey or a measurement is attempted. No record of rights is even commenced. Possibly a boundary squabble or two may be adjusted. But the great thing is to let the agricultural community know that for a certain period, say three or five years, no enhancement will take place. The vexatious process of appraising the growing crop or dividing it just after harvest is at an end. Arrangements are made for the payment of the whole tax due from one or more villages, through certain responsible persons; and the yearly visitation of official locusts is forbidden. Such are the main features of an Indian summary settlement; and with honest hard work by the local officers and judicious supervision by Commissioners and Boards, it has generally succeeded, though grey-bearded Sikhs and sturdy Jats may at first be loud in their protestations that the heavens are of brass and the soil of iron, and that they and their posterity will be irretrievably ruined. But another notable feature of the Indian commutation of tithe and settlement for a short term is that this reform invariably leads to a reduction of the Government demand. In some instances it is as much as fifteen, twenty, and even twenty-five per cent. Orientals have tolerated, and even liked, an annual appraisement, because, whatever the harvest may be, the State can only take its share—one-fifth or one-sixth—of the crop. When payments are fixed for a term of years, and the produce has to be converted into money for such payment, it becomes indispensable to lighten the incidence of taxation. Besides, as security increases and cultivation extends, prices naturally fall, and, unless trade revives and exportation follows, a community might produce more than it could consume or sell. But there is no doubt that a fair summary settlement is the foundation of all progress and contentment; and when Safvet Pasha talked about surveys and registers, he ought simply to have been told that the rough assessments must come first, and that the record of rights would eventually follow.

Now, in applying this process to Turkey, it must not be forgotten that it has to be introduced by more imperfect instruments than Anglo-Indian collectors, and in the teeth of more powerful obstacles than Sikh despotism or Mahratta misrule ever bequeathed to a vigorous and benevolent Viceroy. For a new or neglected province Lord Dalhousie or Lord Canning had the pick of the service; men with the rights of communities at their fingers' ends, tried in various emergencies and found equal to all. There was an overwhelming military force ready to back the civil power. The best intentions were supported by the most irresistible arguments. Money was never wanting for improvements or advances, and if a new province disappointed the calculations of sanguine financiers, the deficit was easily made good from the older parts of the Empire. In short, the Anglo-Indian administrator brought to his task every element of success; personal integrity; the triumphs and the mistakes of his forerunners in other provinces; knowledge of languages and customs; judicious correction whenever he erred, as well as hearty encouragement whenever he succeeded; and, above all, that obvious reliance on a mysterious, inscrutable, and resistless Government to which Oriental apathy and indifference must at last yield. Still there is not the slightest reason for desisting from the attempt. The Turkish peasant is described by those who know him best as simple in tastes, hardworking, obedient, and occasionally not disinclined to speak the truth. It seems absurd to say that such men should be eternally doomed to see their lands impoverished, trade paralysed, and everything around them torpid and inactive except the extortions of the tax-gatherer. We have more than once said that Egyptian finance would never be improved till the Delta of the Nile was "resettled"; and we now learn that a competent Indian civilian has at last been selected for this obvious duty. In Egypt there exists a personage known as the *Sheikh-al-Bilád*, or Head of Villages, whose knowledge and experience must obviously be enlisted on the side of order and reform. If such a functionary, or anything approaching to him, is not to be found in the Turkish provinces, he had better be created or invented. At any rate an attempt must be made to select some man from the village less downtrodden than his neighbours, to explain to him the cardinal points of a Summary Settlement, and to give him, if necessary, a council of elders to carry out the terms agreed upon. The period of ten years suggested by Lord Salisbury appears to us just twice too long, and even a settlement for three years would be more in accordance with precedent. Difficulties and obstructions of course there will be, but mediocrity succumbs to difficulties, while ability triumphs over them. One of the most serious obstacles may be the actual deficiency of current coin to meet a recurring yearly demand. But plausible objections and vague phrases should be met by showing practically that villages can be included in circles; that an average of two or three years can be struck; that what is deducted at first will be eventually recovered, while everybody except the tithe-collector will be the immediate gainer by the adoption of the first rudiments of social order and progress. A special province or Vilayat might be selected for an experiment.

To explain the details of a Regular Settlement would at present be to offer the Turk strong meat instead of milk. When the summary process has been once introduced, materials for the more elaborate scheme are gradually collected. Sometimes in India only three or four years elapse before this is done. Sometimes the first settlement is renewed again and again, and outlasts a generation. Meanwhile one set of officials is making a scientific survey of every village and of all the geographical features of the province, while another set measures every separate field and forms a correct estimate of its productive powers. The result of this seemingly inquisitorial process is that boundaries are demarcated, proprietary rights are recorded, exemptions in favour of individuals or religious endowments are recognized, registers of the status, privileges, and duties of every class are completed, quaint customs are noted down, and this huge amount of toil assumes the triple shape of a landowner's rent-roll, a county history, and a Domesday book. No one of course need dream of this for Turkey for the next generation.

After the revenue may come the police; and we should anticipate more difficulty in raising, in properly paying, and in controlling an agency for the detection and repression of crime, than in coaxing the population into a reform of the land-tax. A policeman badly remunerated, and left to act at times for himself, may be only the tithe-collector in another shape. It has been found easier in India to sweep away vexatious cesses, to record agricultural rights, and even to fill the bench with native judges of capacity and integrity, than to select policemen who will not abuse their powers. In some of our provinces the police force has only been reformed during the last fifteen years, and every Anglo-Indian administrator can quote instances that have come under his own notice where a policeman has taken a bribe to conceal a crime, or has had recourse to something like torture to detect it. But as the Porte undertakes to organize a corps of gendarmerie and to appoint foreigners—which, we hope, means Englishmen—to exercise supervision over it, we have nothing more to say at present about this particular subject.

The judicial reforms proposed by the English Government at first took the following shape. It was suggested that central tribunals should be established in important Asiatic towns, in each of which there should be a European officer, "whose consent should be necessary for every judgment." In answer to this Safvet Pasha used the kind of argument which has been repeatedly used by Indian administrators against the employment of English "barristers of five years' standing" as district or zillah judges in India—"They would know nothing of the native laws, languages, and customs"; and, though we have read the Blue-book carefully, we fail to obtain the slightest hint as to what was to happen when a righteous English judge "refused his consent" to some outrageous decision of an obstinate Kazi or Moulavi, trained to look on the evidence of Káfirs in the strictest spirit of the Koran. Are the minutes of dissent to be published? or is the necessary decree to be postponed indefinitely? or is a superior court at Constantinople to teach the erring members of the subordinate Bench the first rules of evidence and law? Instead of judges of co-ordinate or superior power, Sir H. Layard proposes the appointment of peripatetic inspectors, who should visit the provinces, receive complaints, and generally keep an eye on judicial proceedings. Supervision, though it may horrify a barrister accustomed to talk of the independence of judges, must be exercised in some shape or other; and, if this cannot be done by an appellate judge, it must be left to the executive power. Even in India, as was argued in the celebrated Fuller case, similar executive interposition may become imperative. Another version of this reform is, however, suggested in these papers. The Porte has, in principle, accepted the Foreign Jurisdiction Act, which admits of the establishment of a court of commercial appeal in which English and French judges should have seats. But, while such a tribunal has been created by the Khedive at Alexandria and works well, the Sultan has hitherto refused to put the Act in force. It seems to us that, whatever may be the views of the obstructive party at Constantinople, this is precisely one of the reforms on which we ought to insist. Very likely the only way in which the administration of justice can be improved in such a country is to begin at the top. For years in India it has been a common complaint that the judicial element is strong in the highest and weak in the lowest courts. But this was unavoidable, though it is now being remedied.

It appears to us that we have ourselves a good opportunity of showing the Turk how the police can be reformed, the revenue equitably collected, and the judgment-seat purified. Let us begin all this work in Cyprus. To judge from some speeches and leading articles on this point, the public does not quite understand our position in that island. As there has been no permanent or formal cession of his sovereign rights by the Sultan, every executive act

of ours must legally be done under powers held directly from him. We are simply the delegates of Turkish authority. We may of course refrain from barbarous punishments, suspend oppressive laws, remove gross abuses, and carry out practical reforms, but we are, after all, only the Turkish rule in a better shape. Unless we are that, we are nothing, and can have no authority whatever in the island. We even go so far as to say that, constitutionally, the Lord High Commissioner might, as the representative of Turkish power, choose between the retention of the bow-string, the sack, and impalement, and the introduction of trial by jury. The case is simplified as regards reforms in Cyprus by the fact that we have not a Turkish Pasha but a high English official at the head of the administration, and that while he will not defer to absurd Turkish prejudices on the one hand, he need be in no hurry, on the other, to give the islanders some ridiculous caricature of representative government. But, under the Foreign Jurisdiction Act, he may create two or three model tribunals; he can discipline, pay, and organize a police force; and he can certainly order the revenue to be collected on a system that commends itself to experience and sound sense. To restrain the reckless system of tree-felling and to drain marshes and construct roads may be equally feasible. And when the time again comes for an English Minister to urge these measures on the Porte through his representative, his arguments may derive additional force if he can refer to Cyprus as a positive success, instead of to India as a distant analogy.

A QUIET DAY AT HOME.

It is possible that much of what is said about the restlessness and bustle of modern life may be exaggerated; but nevertheless there can be little doubt that most people, be their occupations connected with business or pleasure, have an occasional longing for a quiet day at home. It does not necessarily follow that the wished-for quiet day would, when obtained, be devoted to absolute rest; indeed it is likely enough that it might be destined for study, or the arrangement of private affairs; but, whatever the way in which the person might desire to spend it, he would wish to have the time to do exactly as he likes with, just as a boy likes to have a sixpence which he can call entirely his own. Men with large incomes often complain that, after estate improvements, servants' wages, and tradesmen's bills have been paid for, they have very little money left to spend, as they call it, upon themselves; and, on much the same principle, men who are in no profession, and whose time is apparently at their own disposal, have often reason to lament the want of a quiet day at home. The so-called idle man in the country, for instance, not unfrequently longs for a day to himself, with no special business or pleasure previously allotted to it—a day on which he will not be expected either to amuse or to be amused, to attend a county meeting, pay a visit to his lawyer, stay at a friend's house, or entertain guests at home. When there is a prospect of such a day, he thinks that he will thoroughly enjoy himself; he will read the best articles in the magazines—possibly he may write one; he will glance over the novels which are most talked about in society; he will refresh his too practical mind with a little good old poetry; he will go on with the picture which he has not touched for a couple of months; he will have an hour or two's practice on the piano or harmonium, do a little carving, and balance his accounts. The plan for the new buildings shall be sketched out, the boys shall be given a riding lesson, and a quiet walk shall be taken with his wife. The only likely drawback to the day will be its length, as there may be a part of it in which there will be nothing to do, and boredom may have a battle with the much wished-for *dolce far niente*.

Such is the picture of the quiet day at home, as drawn in anticipation. When it arrives, it brings with it a delightful sense of spare time, accompanied with a disinclination for early rising. An extra hour in bed helps to get rid of some of the superfluous time; and even if a man gets up early, he is apt to find that the stern regularity of his household arrangements—post-bag, prayers, breakfast, and the intervals between them—dispose of a good deal. On ordinary days the necessity of an early start to catch a train, to attend magistrates' or other county meetings, or to reach some rendezvous of sport, usually procures him exemption from the formal morning routine of his well-conducted family; and to a man accustomed to sit down to a free and easy breakfast, followed by an early start, with a cigar in his mouth, in search of pleasure or business, the protracted ceremonies of a regulation family morning are likely to be slightly depressing. After an unusual interval between his last mouthful of breakfast and his tobacco, he at last emerges from the hall door, in the full enjoyment of a cigar; but a servant follows him with the announcement that "a young person" wishes to see him. He kicks his heels for a few minutes while inquiries are being made as to the business of this young person, after which he is obliged to return to the house, as his visitor wants a recommendation for a charity or some other document which necessitates a journey to a room where tobacco is tabooed. For this purpose the cigar has to be left upon a window ledge; and, when taken up again, it has gone out, while on being relighted it is found to be half-spoiled. Moodily strolling towards the stable, smoking his much deteriorated cigar, the spender of the quiet day finds himself waylaid by another "person" or two, eager to relieve him both of his time and his money. Arrived at the stables, he finds that his groom has taken advantage of a day when he is not particularly engaged to ask him to look over his book and to point out a few things which he describes as "wanting doing to"—*i.e.* demanding the attentions of the bricklayer, the carpenter, the plumber, the glazier, the saddler, or the coachbuilder. A crisis has taken place in the malady of a horse which is a little lame, and the groom hopes his master will "see him out." Much time has thus been got rid of before the groom enters into a long conversation about "that young 'oss"—an animal that has been a source of annoyance and disappointment since the day he was foaled. Escaped at last from the groom, the master finds himself in the hands of his gardener, who avers that he has not seen him "this long time." He has much to talk about. Would his master mind "going as far as" this place and "stepping into" that? He has something to show him here and to point out there, and he has the plans for the new garden all ready in his house. He has evidently arranged a grand field day for his master's edification, and looks much disappointed when his victim leaves him in an hour on the plea of business of importance indoors. As his employer returns to the house he finds a policeman lying in wait for him with some summonses to be signed, or possibly a request to come to the county town to "hear a case." When the latter dire calamity happens he may as well bid farewell to his quiet day at once; for although he is requested to fix any hour which may best suit his convenience, and although the case itself may possibly last but a few minutes, much time is often lost in finding the witnesses, and, once in the county town, he is sure to be called upon to sign some papers or do some business or other.

But we will not imagine anything so unfortunate as one of these requests to "hear a case." Let us rather consider the policeman as disposed of in a few minutes, and the subject of our sketch safely arrived in the seclusion of his study. He looks at his watch and is surprised to find that it is twelve o'clock. Before beginning to amuse himself he thinks he will knock off his letters and balance his accounts. The correspondence turns out a more serious matter than had been anticipated. Several forgotten letters require answering, and by the way too there are those little matters to which the groom and gardener called attention, which entail letters to several tradesmen. He finds it very difficult to fill one sheet of paper with MS. for a ready-penned friend who lately sent him two, and a question which must be replied to seems hard to answer. Reference has to be made to a book in the library, where the volume is not in its usual place, and a temper-trying hunt of a quarter-of-an-hour's duration is the consequence. When the missing book is at last discovered, and the letter requiring its use half-finished, an acquaintance is announced who has "called early in order to find him at home," on some business more or less trivial. Letters have now to be deferred until after luncheon, which is ready before anything satisfactory seems to have been accomplished. When the meal is over and he resumes his correspondence he feels unusually dull and sleepy. His letters, therefore, last him for another half-hour or so, after which he thinks he may as well just settle his accounts. It is seldom the nature of amateur account-books to balance very readily; but on this occasion they seem abnormally perverse. Just as our friend, after much labour, thinks he has caught a clue to the causes of divergence between the debtor and creditor pages, his wife comes in to inform him that his son and heir has "been naughty," and that a paternal lecture is indispensable. Having performed this unpleasant duty, he has re-established himself at his accounts, and almost added up a long column, when he is disturbed by some of those privileged callers whom he always professes himself so delighted to see, and who enter his sanctum without fuss or ceremony. Those intimates have a habit of paying long visits; they want to see what has lately been done in the garden, and would like to have a look at the new horse. He thus gets no peace till within an hour of dressing time, when he determines that he will at any rate have a short period of enjoyment, and, casting all cares on one side, he takes up a favourite magazine, and throws himself into a luxurious arm-chair by his study fire. But the worries of his accounts, the boredom of his callers, and the liberality of his luncheon and afternoon tea, have told upon him, and he has scarcely read a page of a philosophical article upon the immortality of the soul, before he relapses into a heavy but uncomfortable sleep, in which he remains until the dressing gong awakens him to consciousness, and to the fact that his quiet day has come to an end, with little apparent result, and still less enjoyment to himself. As he dresses for dinner, he probably reflects that had he been to his county town on business, he would have had two quiet half-hours with a book or newspaper in a railway carriage; that if he had been hunting or shooting, he would have had an undisturbed couple of hours on his return home; and that even when staying at friends' houses it is possible to obtain a little time to oneself, if one is judicious; but as to a quiet day at home—let it not be mentioned in his presence again—the thing is simply a delusion and a snare.

Being fond of occasional quiet, we have given some attention to the various means of obtaining it; and, after considerable study of the subject, we have come to the conclusion that the only real method of securing quiet enjoyment is to be ill. We have tried many other plans, but they have almost always resulted in failure. When, therefore, a convenient day can be found, a temporary indulgence in this luxury is highly desirable, and is a matter worthy of agreeable anticipation. When the happy day arrives we shall be able to lie in bed as long as we like, to get up

when we like, and to breakfast when we like, without keeping others waiting, or, still worse, being kept waiting ourselves. We shall be able to have exactly what we like for dinner, without being tormented with dishes we do not want and with servants who watch every mouthful we eat. The privacy of our study will not be invaded; we shall be able to wear any luxurious attire that may suit our fancy; and we shall not be interrupted by callers. We shall be allowed to study theology, the arts and sciences, or the *Racing Calendar*, as our tastes may lead us, without distraction. If our house is filled with guests they will not be permitted to molest us, and of course we shall be privileged to plead exemption from any visits for which we may be engaged. In looking forward to such a time can our feelings be otherwise than pleasant? When our self-enforced imprisonment begins to interfere with our health we shall be able to go out without being bothered by every person we meet. It will be an understood thing that none of our servants, either indoor or outdoor, are to trouble us; we shall not be expected to hunt or shoot unless so inclined; and the very policeman will be warned off the premises until we completely regain our health. "Persons who wish to see" us will be sternly denied that gratification, and our relations with the parson will be voluntary rather than compulsory. If we choose to go out hunting in our delicate state of health, we shall not be expected to ride in such a manner as to endanger our limbs, and we shall be entitled to canter about on a quiet hack, watching other fools tumbling on their heads or tails. Even when our enjoyable indisposition is almost worn out, we shall yet be able to claim a few privileges. We shall not be expected to remain in smoking-rooms until the small hours of the morning, or to stay at balls until the last dance; we shall not be pressed to attend meetings, or be worried with county business; at country houses we shall be exempt from playing games which would make us unduly hot, and we shall have an excuse for staying quietly in or about the house when the rest of the party go to a ball, a lawn-tennis party, or a village concert. On the whole, we do not think it would be a great exaggeration to say that, in good society, it is only when people are supposed to be out of health that they are considered at liberty to lead a rational and moderate life.

SQUATTERS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THERE must be intense anxiety at present in many an outlying station and settlement in South Africa, even where these are far distant from the perilous confines of the Zulu country. No one in the circumstances can feel absolute confidence in the natives who have apparently been hitherto the most peaceably disposed; and almost everywhere scattered handfuls of whites are surrounded by hordes of excitable coloured people. It is certain that if the Zulus venture to take the initiative and run the risk of having their warriors cut off in the retreat, the *cordon* of our widely detached posts may be passed at many a point by their raiding parties. Settlers may have to decide between the sacrifice of their property and the prospect of being awakened in the night by the war yells of a body of savages. This is one of the hazards which those colonists chose to face when they pitched on South Africa as their adopted country, though the danger may have now assumed more formidable proportions than seemed conceivable to the most cautious and far-seeing man. But it is noteworthy that, in the emigrant's choice of a settlement, he seems often to be guided by caprices or fancies which it is not at all easy to account for. His expectation must be either to make his fortune, or to live in the comfort and freedom from care which he finds unattainable in over-crowded England. And of course this implies that he must have a certain security for life and goods under the protection of a law-abiding community. All this is to be found in the most flourishing of our colonies, although even the most advanced and the most tempting of them have their drawbacks; and, if emigrants were in the habit of hesitating overmuch, emigration would infallibly come to a standstill. In the Canadian Dominion one must count with the severity of the long winter, and though the industrious settler may be sure of a competence there, he is as little likely to grow rich as in the wilds and wastes of South Africa. In Australia you suffer from prolonged droughts, while the most prosperous days of the wool trade and the cattle runs would seem for the present to have gone by. There is always the risk of a murrain spreading among the flocks, which may leave the squatter far poorer than when he began, after years of satisfactory increase. But some element of risk is inseparable from enterprise, and in Australasia there is still money to be made, and an abundance of handsome prizes in the lottery. When the Governments of the different colonies can issue such satisfactory revenue reports as we see even in these hard times, a good many private persons must be steadily accumulating wealth. So it is in New Zealand, though perhaps in a less degree, in spite of the droughts and diseases, and flocks swallowed up in the snow-storms, and the universal complaint of commercial depression. Yet, with such fairly inviting outlets lying open to them, there are always people who will try their luck where the chances of success are infinitely more problematical; and perhaps it is well that it is so, if the world is to be peopled and civilized. Now we have a knot of sanguine adventurers banding themselves together to turn cattle-breeders on the pampas of the La Plata, although they might have learned by this time from the experience of others that they will have to beat a retreat in the end, leaving their capital and some of their company behind them. Others turn aside from the coffee grounds of Ceylon and Mysore, where law is strong and labour plentiful, to try their fortunes with equally unfortunate results in the uncleared and unpeopled highlands of Brazil. At the same time we can in some measure understand this sort of bold and reckless speculation. South America seems still the El Dorado of adventure to many who go for hides and coffee where others have been lured to their ruin in the search for gold and diamonds; while speculators with the silvery speech of a Raleigh will always find dupes who are willing to listen to them. But South Africa has always appeared to us to be a country where the emigrant who is carefully balancing contingencies might see that he is likely to slip between two stools. He ought to know that he can never become a millionaire, since the most trustworthy authorities have invariably warned him of that. He must be aware that he will have to face no ordinary hardships if he determines to push his fortunes in the bush, while in the background there has always loomed that danger from the natives which has assumed for the moment such alarming proportions.

The typical African adventurer is the *boer*, and a rougher or more perilous life than his it is very difficult to conceive. In South Africa the Dutchman seems to have changed his character, although, happily for him, he has preserved the stolidity and phlegmatic coolness of the national temperament. The home-bred Hollander is slow to bestir himself. He is seldom much given to travel, and though he is calmly indefatigable in his application to business, his idea of the *summum bonum* is embodied in a snug *lust-haus* among tulip beds on a stagnant canal. While the African boer is as restless and as impatient of being "crowded up" as any Yankee pioneer in the American Far West, he has a mania for running up houses in the wilderness and then abandoning them on the slightest provocation. On the vaguest report of richer grazing further inland, or even on the bare possibility of bettering himself, he is ever ready to trek up and move on. We believe that those encroachments of British authority at which he has grumbled often brought ample compensation by giving him excuses for the moves in which he delighted. And so thoroughly nomadic in their instincts have these boers become, that, as Mr. Aylward tells us in his excellent book on the Transvaal, even when they are permanently settled in villages they still sleep in their clothes; while they never dream of indulging in the luxury of candles, but turn in with the setting sun, as they were in the habit of doing in their waggons. As to their courage in the field there are very opposite opinions; though Mr. Aylward, who ought to know, speaks of it very highly. At least there can be no question as to the stoical indifference to danger with which they confront the ordinary perils of the wilderness. But though a life of excitement and anxiety may become very much matter of habit, no amount of familiarity with it can make it more than endurable. Even in normal seasons the wells and waterpools lie far apart, and are apt to give out; while in the droughts that are sure to be of periodical recurrence whole districts are dried up and the pasturage is scorched into tinder. The cattle have to be guarded through the day and driven in and stockaded at night; and the farmer who has fallen asleep to a serenade of lions must be ready to jump up at a moment's notice, snatching at the weapons that lie ready to his hand. Naturally he takes an intense interest in native politics, although the first intimation he has of hostilities may come in the shape of a sudden attack. But he may be sure that every chief in his neighbourhood fears and detests him as a formidable intruder; each prowling savage regards his flocks as fair game, and each bush he passes in his walk may mask a gun or an assegai. Yet the nomad in his waggons has one advantage. Should he have timely notice of danger he may trek back, taking the bulk of his worldly goods along with him; while the occupant of an outlying homestead must either stand his ground, making what arrangements he can with the squatters about him for mutual protection, or abandon his buildings and his crops to the chances of fire and rapine.

The English settlers on the frontiers of Natal, who till lately fancied themselves comparatively safe, must now be in a very similar position. Brave they may be; but it takes what we may call "Dutch courage" to bear the prolonged excitement of continual alarms; and the strain on the nerves of women who have been brought up in peaceful English parishes must be trying almost beyond endurance. Independently of the general risk of a rising of the black population, they can never be sure that the very people they have employed on the farm are not plotting with the enemy for love or fear. When the present war is brought to an end, and the Zulus are crushed and disarmed, it may be hoped that this harassing state of affairs may be changed once and for ever. But in any case the life of the educated settler in South Africa, specially if he have ladies in his family, can never be very enviable. We happen to have been reading some letters from the wife of a police magistrate whose husband had been appointed to one of the districts on the Kei river and the borders of British Caffraria, which give a very fair notion of what one may expect in the beginning. The writer and her husband had no lack of money, they had the advantage of introductions to resident officials, they had the help of an escort of native police, and they were unencumbered by herds of sheep and cattle. But if they had not been blessed as well with excellent tempers and constitutions, they must have been inclined to throw up the appointment in disgust. Not that they met with extraordinary adventures or went through any unusual sufferings. There were no fierce beasts of prey in the scrub, and the natives,

as yet at all events, were friendly, though ready enough to take them in. But the letters give a naïvely picturesque account of unprotected loneliness and excessive discomfort. No preparations had been made to put up some huts which the party had ordered in advance, pending the building of a more substantial residence. As luck would have it, they found a dilapidated Caffre hovel of mud, wattles, and ragged thatch, and in that they sought temporary shelter. Unpacking the stores that had been made up for them in King William's Town, they found that half the camp bedsteads had been left behind, with the mattresses and all the linen, likewise the crockery and most of the cooking utensils. It rained incessantly, and the rain filtered through the filthy roof; firewood was difficult to come by, and what they managed to gather was dripping wet; so they had to bake unleavened bread as best they could, and live on fresh-slaughtered mutton, done in the damp wood-smoke in a frying-pan. For the boasted African climate in those parts is generally in extremes; when the sun is not scorching everything and turning the very grass and leaves into dust which drives about with the slightest breath of wind, the rain is coming down remorselessly and surrounding you with a slough of despond. We have said that firewood is scarce, and for that there is a good reason. There is noble woodland scenery in South Africa, there are many pleasant spots in the Cape Settlements, and doubtless Harris and Cumming and more recent sportsmen have not exaggerated the beauty of those park-like forests in the interior where they hunted the elephant and cameleopard. But, as a rule, where one has merely occasional torrents of rain, the aspect of the landscape must be barren and forbidding. Where the magistrate and his wife had chosen their squatting-place, even the thickets of dwarf mimosa had been left behind; and with the exception of some thorn bushes the only green thing was a clump of willows by the swollen watercourse. There they had to live as best they could, with no white man within thirty miles of them, till they could run up a more solid habitation and begin regular housekeeping. These experiences were in no way singular; they were very much what the ordinary settler must expect, under circumstances that must usually be far less favourable. And the African settler must have considerable capital in a small way, since he has to purchase ponderous waggons and costly teams of seasoned oxen to begin with, before he lays in his stores or makes his purchases of stock. By hard work and constant thought he may no doubt earn a competence when once he has got over the preliminary difficulties. But then we should say that the question is whether he might not have done very much better had he betaken himself somewhere else with his money. If a man is content to aim merely at living cheap, or at modestly increasing his capital by severe economy, there are comparatively old-settled countries to which he can repair with the certainty of satisfying his modest ambition. On the other hand, if he is seeking short cuts to fortune, we can conceive his putting up with any amount of hardship and facing tangible dangers to boot. But we must say that he seems to us to make a mistake when he decides to court both dangers and hardships without a reasonable chance of being proportionately rewarded; and while South Africa has ceased to be the paradise of hunters, we fear there are too many instances where it proves the purgatory of colonists.

LEO XIII. AND DR. NEWMAN.

IN spite of the sinister comments of critics with whom Gibbon's famous saying that "the virtues of the clergy are more dangerous than their vices" is a fixed principle of judgment, Leo XIII. has already during the first twelvemonth of his pontificate done much to justify the favourable estimate formed at the time of his election, the justice of which we have ourselves never seen any occasion to dispute. That he is himself anxious to come to terms with the Italian and other European Governments there is abundant evidence, even without referring to the very marked indication of opinion conveyed in the practical rebuke he has just administered to the Cardinal Archbishop of Bologna, who in consequence of his failure to follow the instructions of the Pontiff by placing himself in regular relations with the Italian Government, has been transferred by his Holiness to the inferior see of Ancona. The intimation published by Cardinal Nina that Italian Archbishops and Bishops without the royal *exequatur* can no longer receive the subsidies provided for some years past by the Holy See is no doubt part of an economical reform rendered necessary or desirable by the reduced condition of the Papal treasury, but it is at the same time presumably intended to carry with it a warning against the obstinacy of the irreconcileables, and perhaps also to pave the way for the acceptance of the civil list provided by the Guarantee Laws. It is no objection to such a view that the rumour of the Pope having decided on taking such a step is declared to be "premature," especially when we remember that the *Osservatore* and *Eco* no longer have authority to speak officially for the Holy See. And meanwhile it has to be borne in mind that the present reduction of Papal finances is itself due to the irritation caused among the Ultramontanes by the new policy of the successor of Pius IX., who has virtually abandoned the farcical *rôle* of "the august prisoner," though he still suffers himself to be saddled by his foes who are of his own household with the practical inconvenience of perpetual confinement to the Vatican. The proclamation of a Jubilee is under the circumstances natural enough, though there is no reason to doubt that Leo XIII. is sincerely anxious to secure the prayers as well as the alms of the faithful. Since the proclamation of the first Jubilee of Boniface VIII. in 1300, this has been a constant resource of the Papacy. It was originally designed, as the name indicates, to be a periodical institution every fifty years, but before the close of the century Urban VI. fixed thirty-three years as the period for its recurrence, and it was not long before the interval was further reduced to twenty-five years. In accordance with this arrangement Pius IX. proclaimed a Jubilee in 1875. But it has also been not unusual for Popes to superadd a special celebration of the kind in any great emergency, as on the occasion of their accession, and the procedure of Leo XIII. may be justified on both grounds. He can hardly expect in the present age a repetition of the history of the first Jubilee, when two priests are said to have been employed all day long in St. Peter's shovelling up the gold pieces poured out by the faithful in an unbroken stream before the Tomb of the Apostles. But he may fairly expect a generous response to a demand which is not unreasonable, and the fruits of which are not likely to be any longer squandered in idle ostentation or still idler plots for the reversal of accomplished facts. Those who very naturally hesitated to contribute Peter's pence for the sustentation of a military display at once mischievous and unprofitable, or to help in meeting the heavy domestic calls on Cardinal Antonelli's private purse, may be not unwilling to assist the real needs of a pontiff, who has shown himself throughout his life actuated by a single-minded desire of promoting above all things the spiritual interests of the Church over which he presides.

But the announcement made the other day, and which Englishmen of all creeds may receive with satisfaction, affords the most decisive evidence hitherto given of the very different temper now prevalent at the Vatican. It is strange indeed that not only the greatest convert but the greatest mind the Roman Catholic Church can boast for many generations should have been so persistently and conspicuously ignored. Again and again for years past has the question been asked, both by Roman Catholics and Protestants, "Why is not Dr. Newman made a Cardinal?" Why indeed? To those who were at all behind the scenes the answer was familiar enough, but it was not one the adherents of the Curia could conveniently put into words. The illustrious Oxford convert was far too valuable as a decoy duck to be openly decried. When it was important to gain the ear of the British public for some Roman Catholic interest or grievance everybody felt instinctively where, and where alone, the requisite influence could be found. And every one knew also that no sense of personal neglect or worse than neglect, nothing of the *spretæ injuria formæ* which might have led a smaller mind to shrink into itself, would stay his arm when the Church he loved so much better than it loved him required his services. When it was desired that the triumphant insolence of Dr. Achilli's aggressive rhetoric should be arrested, Dr. Newman was called upon by the authorities who had been so little kind to him to speak the word his countrymen were sure to listen to when it came from his lips; but they left him, when the trial came, to bear as best he might the consequences of his loyal compliance with their wishes. When University tests were relaxed a large body of English Roman Catholics were desirous of seeing him restored to Oxford to superintend the religious training of their sons at the University. The necessary funds were readily contributed, and all arrangements were made for the opening of an Oratory at Oxford where he would have resided during term; on two successive occasions the ground was actually secured for the purpose. On the part of the University authorities there was neither power nor desire to hinder the carrying out of the design. But once and again the authority of Rome, always then at the command of a well known clique in England—it would not be difficult to enter still further into particulars—was invoked, and at the last moment the design was wrecked. As though to make the insult still more galling, it was blandly intimated that the Oratory might be opened at Oxford, as long as Dr. Newman's presence there was dispensed with. The drama of *Hamlet* should at once be licensed, if only the Prince of Denmark was withdrawn. And, as though to cap the insult, after the endeavours and plans of years had been scattered to the winds, and the hopes of those most deeply interested in the advancement, or rather the creation, of "Liberal Catholic education" in England deliberately destroyed, the Jesuits were immediately permitted to establish themselves where the great Oratorian had been forbidden to set his foot. "No advantage," said a leading Ultramontane of the day, himself an Oxford convert, "could make up for the fatal misfortune of having a false system of Catholic philosophy (viz. Dr. Newman's) enthroned at Oxford." Yet when not long afterwards Mr. Gladstone published his challenge to the infallibilists of the Vatican, the professor of "a false philosophy," who had left no stone unturned to avert the madness of an enterprise which he knew to be fraught with grievous peril to the highest interests of his Church, was called upon to propound an apology which it tasked even his genius to render plausible to English ears. But, while he loyally responded to the demands made upon him, he has never sought to push the immediate interests of his Church, or snatch at a controversial triumph; still less would he condescend for a moment to the ignoble arts of the vulgar proselytizer. No one ever ventured to designate him "the Apostle of the Genteels." Had he, like Montalembert, been called away during the last pontificate, it is more than probable that the spiritual chief to

whom both of them had made sacrifices more costly than life itself would have graced his memory with an equally complimentary epitaph. It was notorious that those who were most entirely in the confidence of the Curia habitually whispered, though they dared not openly proclaim, that Dr. Newman was "only half a Catholic."

It has been left for the successor of Pius IX. to show at once his juster appreciation of merit, and his superiority to the narrow prejudices and the backstairs tyranny of cliquism so long dominant at the Vatican, by making tardy reparation for this long neglect and offering Dr. Newman the purple. That at his age, and with his retiring disposition, he should have declined it is matter rather for regret than for surprise; but it is distinctly matter for regret. It is a pity that the greatest Englishman since the Reformation who has shared the faith of Wolsey, Fisher, and Pole should not inherit their mantle. No doubt the Sacred College would have gained far more honour than it could give by receiving him among its members; and this circumstance of course must make his decision doubly regrettable to those who are jealous for the credit of a body which found room for the intellect of a Cullen and the piety of an Antonelli, while Rosmini, Dupanloup, and Darboy were studiously excluded from the charmed circle. There would have been something congruous in seeing the man, whose old College at Oxford has unanimously enrolled his name, though an alien from his former creed, among her honorary fellows, also enrolled in that Sacred College which for many centuries has held the highest rank in the communion to which he has transferred his brilliant services. And when we think of other names inscribed where his is omitted, it is difficult to reflect without a smile or a sigh on the capricious distribution of human titles and dignities. Dr. Newman's fame indeed needs no tinsel gilding, and to himself personally such external adjuncts will be matter of less than indifference. But it is well at least that he should not have been suffered to pass away without an offer of the highest distinction his Church had to bestow, and well that Leo XIII. should have had the wisdom and the courage to offer it.

THE VOLUNTEERS AND THE WAR OFFICE.

THE Committee appointed by the Secretary of State to inquire into the finances and organization of the Volunteer force did wisely to get the scheme for raising an Active Service Legion out of the way before addressing themselves to serious business. In the preparation of the short separate Report in which they examine this singular proposal, the gravity of the members of the Committee must have been sorely tried. The plan was certainly one of the wildest ever submitted to a department of the Government. Its authors proposed to raise 150,000 men, consisting of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, with a complete organization and commissariat, and ready to take the field at short notice. Each of these men would draw a capitation grant of 2*l.* from the Government, which was also to supply arms, clothing, equipment, horses, and material, together with transport waggons and appliances. This imposing scheme, which really involved the creation of a separate army unconnected with the regular forces on one side or with the Volunteers on the other, rested on a practical foundation of 380 men. This, at least, was the number from whom direct promises of support had been received. Of these 380 some 125 are already Volunteers, and would therefore have to leave one branch of the service in order to enter another, while 145 more were candidates for commissions in the regular army, and only cared to have something to employ them until such time as they got, or failed to get, the appointments they wanted. No evidence whatever was offered to show why the remaining 110 should be likely to develop into a complete army of 150,000 men; and, even if this huge number—three-fourths of the existing Volunteer force—were to be enrolled, the authors of the scheme could suggest no guarantee that the men would be forthcoming when they were wanted. General Raines, the President of the Committee which had the charge of the scheme, admits that this part of the question has "not been sufficiently considered." Inasmuch as the object of raising a separate army, enlisted and officered on a basis special to itself, would be greatly interfered with if the men either did not come forward to enlist, or, having enlisted, could not be found when their services were required, it is a pity that General Raines and his colleagues did not give a little more thought to the subject before taking up the time of the War Office authorities. The witnesses examined by the Committee acknowledged that the class from which they expected their men to come would not materially differ from that which supplies recruits to the regular army and the militia; but they failed to show any particulars in which the prospect which they proposed to hold out would be so superior to that held out by ordinary enlistment as to attract men whom neither the army nor the militia have been able to attract. The idea in their minds seems to be that "2½ per cent. of the able-bodied males in England" will find attraction in the thought of a contingent military service, which is only to become actual in the event of the country being engaged in a foreign war. But, as the Committee point out, men who do not want to join the army in time of peace have nothing to do but to postpone enlistment until war is declared. As the scheme contemplates their continuance in their civil occupations until such time as their services are needed, the training they are to receive during peace could not be very different from that which is open to them in the existing Volunteer force. All that they have to do, therefore, is to become Volunteers now, and to enlist in the regular army whenever a war comes. As a large number of recruits will then be invited to join who will be disbanded as soon as the war is over, this will come to very much the same thing as enlisting now in an Active Service Legion.

The Committee had got through this part of their work by the 8th of July, and the next six months were devoted to the consideration of the existing Volunteer organization. They do not propose to make any change in the terms under which Volunteers are enlisted. They see no reason why Volunteers should not, as at present, be allowed to withdraw on giving fourteen days' notice, but they suggest that a plan which is now followed in a large number of regiments should be made universal, and that each Volunteer should enter into a civil engagement with his commanding officer to serve for four years or to pay a fixed sum. In this way there would be an assurance that the money spent on the recruit's uniform would be repaid either out of the capitation grant or out of the forfeit-money. The Committee further propose that an additional inducement be given to remain in the force by allowing service for eight years to exempt a Volunteer from liability to serve in the Militia—a liability which, under the present law, revives as soon as a man ceases to be a Volunteer, no matter how long he may have been one. The recommendations relating to the consolidation and amalgamation of administrative regiments and small battalions are too technical to have much interest for unprofessional readers. There can be no need indeed to set forth the advantages derived from any change which helps to make the Volunteers an integral part of the infantry brigade in each district, and so admits of the force being "more effectively utilized for the purposes detailed in the mobilization scheme." The Committee wisely abstain from recommending increased powers of enforcing attendance at drill. "Such powers," they say, "if carried out strictly, would operate unequally . . . thereby endangering the popularity of the force"; while, if not carried out strictly, they would be a dead letter. If, indeed, the capitation grant were paid for all Volunteers, it would be necessary to take stringent precautions against the waste of public money. Inasmuch, however, as it is only paid for efficient Volunteers, the Government has only to take care that the standard of efficiency is raised sufficiently high. Upon this point the Committee propose a change of some importance. At present a recruit, in order to earn the capitation grant, has to attend thirty drills in his first year and nine drills in every succeeding year. The recommendation of the Committee is that sixty drills shall be required in the first two years, of which thirty must be, and fifty-one may be, made in the first year, while thirty may be, and nine must be, made in the second. They also suggest that a physical standard and a maximum limit of age should be adopted for recruits. At present so long as the regulations about drill are complied with, the capitation grant cannot be refused, though the Volunteer may be four feet high or be well on in his second childhood.

There is one point connected with the efficiency of the force to which it is strange that the Committee should have made no reference. It is generally admitted that field-days in which the Volunteers can be brigaded with the regular army are as valuable as the caricatures of them of which the Brighton downs used to be the scene were worthless. In London, at all events, and probably in other great towns, the only days on which manœuvres on a large scale can be held are the summer Bank-holidays. These days, however, are given up by the Railway Companies to excursion traffic; and, as this is too profitable to be foregone for the Volunteers, the two or three opportunities in the year which are all that many Volunteers can ever hope to have of joining in military movements on a large scale are lost. There seems to be no reason why the military authorities should not have the power of fixing the place for a field-day on two at least of the four Bank holidays, and of compelling the railways to make the same provision for carrying the Volunteers as they have to make for the conveyance of regular troops. Of course this power would have to be used with discrimination. It would be important not to interfere unnecessarily with the ordinary holiday-makers, and to distribute the burden evenly over the various railways. But, subject to these and similar considerations, there is no reason why the railways, enjoying as they do so many valuable and exclusive privileges, should not be compelled to place their machinery at the service of the State on a few exceptional days in return for fair payment.

The Franco-German war virtually decided the dress of the English Volunteers. The original idea was that the simplest possible dress, one which should approach as nearly as possible to an ordinary useful shooting suit, would be most convenient and appropriate for men who it was vaguely supposed would be chiefly useful in picking off the enemy at long distances and from behind hedges. This, in fact, was very much the theory on which the Francs-tireurs were embodied, but the German commanders very soon put an end to it by giving notice that no soldiers who were not clothed in some permanent and recognizable uniform would be allowed the immunities of combatants. It was then discovered that the kind of uniform which had occasionally been recommended to the Volunteers would in all probability have led its wearers to certain and speedy execution, and when once the

sharpshooter theory was upset, the advantages attending the adoption of a uniform bearing as close a likeness as possible to the uniform of the regular army were seen to be very great. Even already scarlet has been adopted by a large number of corps, and newly raised corps and corps which desire to change their uniform are compelled to take the national colour. The Committee recommend that what is now the exception should be made the rule. The financial advantages of the Volunteers wearing a common dress, and that dress the same as that of the regular army, would be great. It would enable each corps to be supplied at cost price, with the materials either cut out or in the piece, instead of, as now, being usually left to the mercies of local tradesmen. The real reason, however, for the change is the fact that the military authorities think it would be impossible, if the force were ever called out for service, that it should be clothed in the present haphazard fashion; and, as the Committee truly remark, "confusion would certainly arise in re-clothing the force at the very moment when matters of more importance required attention." The remedy for this is, gradually and with sufficient notice to each corps, to insist on the uniform being modelled, as regards colour and pattern, upon that of the regular army. There is only one other point in this report which seems to call for notice; but this, if we could believe that the idea was likely to be carried out, would be the most important of all. The Committee recommend, with the approval of the Secretary of State, that a maximum number should be assigned to the Volunteer force, though there is a difference between them and Colonel Stanley as to whether the maximum should be 200,000 or 250,000 men. The Committee allege no argument in favour of this extraordinary recommendation, and, as they have not been equally chary of their reasons upon points which are at once less important and less open to question, it seems natural to suppose that they have none to bring forward. It is to be hoped that Parliament will not uphold the Government in refusing the services of competent Volunteers, merely to save the slight addition to the Army Estimates which an increase in the capitation grant entails.

THE RUSSIAN DEBT.

At a moment when a great Russian loan is daily expected to be launched, it would be desirable to ascertain exactly the indebtedness of the Empire of the Czar; but it is by no means easy to do so. Not that there is any lack of official literature on the subject. Quite the contrary; we have abundance of statistics; only, unfortunately, they do not always agree, and, for other reasons besides, do not inspire the confidence in their trustworthiness which Government information ought to command. For example, we have had within the past couple of months two distinct statements of the amount of the debt at the end of 1877—one contained in the Report of the Controller of the Empire on the definitive regulation of the Budget for that year; the other consisting of a detailed account of the operation of the sinking fund in the same year, given by the Finance Minister at the annual meeting of the Council of the Credit Establishments of the Empire, under the presidency of the Grand Duke Constantine; and we find a discrepancy of several millions between the two. We shall not attempt to reconcile them; but we mention the fact to justify our warning that the figures we are about to give can be regarded as no better than approximations. They state the minimum of the debt; for we may be sure that the obligations acknowledged by the Russian Government all exist. But there may be other liabilities, which are concealed for the sake of maintaining public credit.

According to the Report of the Controller of the Empire, which professes to include all liabilities involving a charge upon the revenue, the debt at the beginning of 1877, exclusive of the inconvertible paper currency and of the obligations incurred on account of the railways, amounted to 1,941,590,224 paper roubles. During the year it was augmented by 200,700,000 roubles and 15,000,000*l.* sterling. The paper rouble was then worth about two shillings of our money, and, converting it at that rate, the debt was altogether at the end of the year but little under 230,000,000*l.* sterling. It is to be borne in mind, however, that these figures represent only its value in depreciated paper—the sum, that is, in gold which would redeem it, supposing anybody had the means of redemption. If the rouble ever rises towards its nominal value, 3*s.* 2*d.*, the amount of the debt will rise with it. And if it reaches par the total will be almost 350,000,000*l.* In addition to this debt there were, at the end of 1877, railway obligations amounting in round numbers to 68½ millions sterling; against which, however, is to be set the debt due by the railways to the State. There was also the debt on account of the emancipation of the peasants; against which, again, must be set the annuities paid by the peasants. And, lastly, there is the debt of Finland, which is separate from that of Russia. Possibly, also, there were debts by other provinces of which we have no account. The amount of the debt is, however, of very much less importance than the charge it imposes upon the taxpayers. Nobody is so simple as to expect that the Russian debt will ever be cleared off. New wars, new railways, new enterprises of every kind will increase it; but its redemption is out of the question, at least within any time which we of the present generation can contemplate in our speculations. The charge has, however, to be provided for every year under pain of bankruptcy, and the burden which it imposes is what is of real concern to the population and to investors inquiring whether Russian stock offers them reasonable security. Now, according to the Controller of the Empire, the charge of the debt amounted in 1877 to 11,509,000*l.*, still reckoning ten roubles to the pound. The total revenue amounted to 54,884,000*l.*, so that the debt charge constituted almost twenty-one per cent. of the revenue. But we have already seen that during the year the increase of debt amounted to about 35,000,000*l.* sterling, upon most of which interest would first become chargeable only in the following year. The real burden of the debt is consequently not expressed by those figures, and, in fact, can really not be determined until the cost of the war is funded.

The figures we have been dealing with so far bring us down to the end of 1877, but in the course of last year there was issued a further loan of 300 million roubles, or 30,000,000*l.* sterling, which has to be added to the debt above stated. In addition, the Bank of Russia, which in this case is but another name for the Russian Government, emitted 150 millions of roubles in the form of bonds. And, lastly, we have to take note of the paper currency with which the Empire has been flooded since the war with Turkey began. Our readers are aware that Russia was previously under the *régime* of inconvertible paper. Before the war the paper circulation was about 720 million roubles, and with that amount the rouble was worth about 2*s.* 8*d.*, its nominal value being 3*s.* 2*d.* The depreciation was, therefore, sixpence in the rouble, or almost 16 per cent., showing that even then the currency was in excess. Since hostilities began there have been issued about 480 million roubles in "notes" and "notes to order." In consequence the depreciation of the rouble has gone so far that it is now worth only a fraction over 1*s.* 10*d.* Thus the depreciation since the beginning of the war is almost 30 per cent., and the total depreciation is almost 46 per cent. The evils resulting from this state of things have excited much attention in Russia, and a lively controversy is going on as to the best means of removing them. The general feeling is that a loan must be negotiated for the purpose of withdrawing the war issues. Whether this is done or not, these issues are debt, though they do not bear interest. By their help the Government was able, when its credit abroad failed and its own subjects had not the means of lending to it, to defray the enormous expenses which its invasion of Turkey involved. Sooner or later, of course, the notes must be withdrawn. Adding them, then, to the loan of last year and the bank bonds, we get, over and above the debt stated by the Controller of the Empire as existing at the end of 1877, further liabilities amounting to 930 million roubles, or, still converting at two shillings, 93,000,000*l.* sterling. Without reckoning the railway obligations we thus get a total of 320,394,647*l.* sterling as the debt of Russia at the present time. In this sum, it will be understood, there is included neither the inconvertible paper circulating before the war, nor any liability on account of emancipation, or the like. It is the debt pure and simple of the Empire, against which there is no set-off. About 120,000,000*l.* sterling of it is due to the war.

It took four or five years to ascertain the total cost to France of her contest with Germany, and it is probable that Russia will not make up her accounts more quickly. The military authorities at the seat of war were of course obliged to incur debt on many accounts. There are railway claims still to be determined. And possibly munitions and arms were purchased in Germany upon credit. It is almost certain, therefore, that the cost of the war, which we have just estimated at 120,000,000*l.* sterling, will yet be considerably swollen. Moreover all the expenses of evacuation have to be incurred. And, lastly, the funding of the floating debt will be very costly. Loans can be placed only at a great discount. The existing stock, for instance, is not much above 80, and it is certain that a new loan of large amount could not be floated at that figure. We shall be under the mark, therefore, if we assume that, when the floating debt is funded, and the new issues of paper withdrawn, the increase to the permanent debt will be not less than 150,000,000*l.* sterling. At 5 per cent. the interest upon this sum would be 7,500,000*l.* This consequently represents the cost to Russia of the invasion of Turkey. Future generations of Russians will through all time have to pay 7½ millions sterling, or else to redeem the capital represented by it, in consequence of the war. The total charge of the debt, as it will include sinking fund, will exceed 18,000,000*l.*, which is one-third of the total revenue raised in 1877. Our own debt charge constitutes about the same proportion; but there is a vast difference in the condition of the two countries. In England we could, if there was urgent need, double our existing revenue. In Russia, on the contrary, the limits of taxation are reached, or very nearly so. The Government hopes, indeed, that the new imposts it has laid on will put an end to the recurring deficits, but it is very doubtful whether they will do so. At any rate, nobody disputes that the new taxation is oppressive, or that it is extremely difficult to find a better system. The charge on account of debt will amount, therefore, when the funding is completed, to very nearly one-third of the total revenue which it is possible to raise in Russia. The fact would not imply so much, only that the cost of the army swallows up the bulk of what remains, leaving little for civil administration, education, and public improvements.

THE THEATRES.

A REMARKABLE epoch in the history of the British stage will, it seems, be soon arrived at. The "last weeks" of *Our Boys* at the Vaudeville Theatre have been advertised. The announcement may stimulate those people who have never gone to see the play, on the same principle which constantly prevents the inhabitants of great cities from becoming acquainted with the sights that serve as a constant attraction to strangers; and, as *Our Boys* has grown to be as much a constant institution as Madame Tussaud's or the Polytechnic, it is probable that there are a great many such people. It is possible also that some persons may have acquired a habit of going to see *Our Boys* as others get into the way of drinking a particular wine after dinner, and to them its withdrawal will assume the aspect of a personal grievance. The matter might prove a convenient subject for agitation, and perhaps an eminent statesman might be persuaded to write a post-card concerning it. Future historians of the theatre may either be puzzled to account for the unprecedented run which the play has had, or may conclude that what attracted audiences for so long must have been of the very highest merit, and regard the work with a reverence proportionate to its recorded success. In that case a fresh field will be opened to commentators, and the labours of "The New *Our Boys* Society" will no doubt be as useful, as learned, and as edifying as those of Messrs. Furnivall and Fleay. He will be fortunate who recognizes the causes of these things; for our own part we cannot attempt to discover them, and must be content with rejoicing that *Our Boys*, whatever its merits and faults may be, has at any rate owed nothing of its success to an unhealthy taste in either author, actors, or audience.

It would be difficult to say as much for some plays which have been highly popular, and it is an unpleasantly significant fact that, on the first production of *Truth* at the Criterion Theatre, many persons in the audience were buoyed with expectations which were happily disappointed, and attempted with indifferent success to affix a vicious meaning to sentences in themselves harmless enough. Some time ago (February 16, 1878) we called attention to an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in which M. Delpit described the evil influence exerted by some of the Parisian *cafés-concerts*, and the danger of that influence being increased. The equally pernicious character of many London music-halls has now become so notorious that the Middlesex Magistrates, having suddenly discovered that their wisdom and strength are not superlative, have gone in a deputation to the Home Secretary to beg him to take some action in the matter. Mr. Cross not unnaturally wished to know if the Middlesex Magistrates really could not do their own work before assuming himself any new responsibility, but promised to have the matter carefully looked into by the police. This is all very well so far as it goes; but it is difficult to see how the functions of censorship are to be undertaken by policemen, even if they have passed competitive examinations. There is no doubt that some remedy ought to be found for an evil which is as insidious as it is corrupting, and which has threatened to creep from music-halls to theatres. The danger is the greater because what would seem perfectly harmless in the eyes of an Examiner of Plays, reading a manuscript, may very easily be made to bear an unpleasant meaning by means of emphasis, byplay, or merely by the wish of some of the audience, who have acquired a thoroughly vicious taste at music-halls or elsewhere, to attach such a meaning to it. In view of this undoubted danger, it is the more gratifying to find that the attempt to affix to *Truth* such a reputation as was attached rightly or wrongly to the *Pink Dominos* has not been successful. In saying this, we have no wish to indicate that *Truth* is in any sense a good play. On the contrary, it is a not very brilliant farce spun out into three acts, and becoming, by dint of such spinning out, disagreeable in motive. No reasonable person could be indignant or vexed at the lies told in, for instance, *Box and Cox*, and if *Truth* were played in one scene, it might be as amusing as any of Mr. Maddison Morton's farces, all of which it resembles in depending entirely upon situations and business. To put such a piece of work into three acts, and call it an original comedy, is a proceeding which shows a defiant scepticism as to the good taste of the London playgoing public. The leading intention of the piece which involves four men in a scrape out of which they have to lie themselves, and which compels them to brave as boldly as they can the wrath of a terrifying woman who is mother-in-law to one of them, is, if by no means new, at least ingenious; but three acts are but wearily drawn out to support it, and the boastful announcement in the playbill that "the interest of the Comedy is maintained up to the final Tableau," only serves to call attention to the poverty of the playwright's invention. The piece comes from America, but has plainly passed through the hands of an English adapter who has made it a stupidly motley affair. Various American phrases and American references are left untouched, but are supplemented by sayings which could only appeal to an English audience. Some good acting is thrown away upon a piece which might make excellent material for what is now called a "ballet-pantomime," but which it is absolutely ridiculous to call a comedy, whether original or not. Mr. Wyndham is very vivacious in the principal character, but his acting seems to have suffered from tolerably constant employment in pieces which are certainly not of a high order. His facial expression is clever, and his gestures are easy, and perhaps that is about all that one ought to demand from the player of the chief character in a bustling farce; but, when the farce is stretched out to three acts, certain frequently repeated expressions and actions become somewhat monotonous. Mr. Standing plays the part of a consummate hypocrite with great skill, but injures the effect of his acting by an unhappy accent. Mr. W. J. Hill brings a comic force, and Mr. Carton a quiet finish, to bear upon material which ill repays their trouble. Mrs. Stephens, as the dreaded mother-in-law, is, whenever she gets a chance, extremely funny. We have said nothing of the dialogue of this piece, which is, in truth, an elaborate pantomime; but it may be desirable to point out that it is not as yet customary for gentlemen to swear in conversation with a lady. *Truth* is preceded by a comedietta called *Orange Blossoms*, the whole weight of which hangs upon, and is well supported by, Mr. Carton. The part which he plays was apparently meant for a low comedian, but he approaches it with signal success from the point of view of light comedy. He is natural, apparently spontaneous, and without effort comic, and his performance makes one desirous to see him in something more worthy of his growing talent.

The revival of *Caste* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre derives a special interest from the announcement that Mrs. Bancroft is playing for the last time a part with which she is so identified that one cannot imagine its being taken by any one else, and from the appearance of Messrs. Clayton and Cecil in characters which were beforehand supposed not to be well suited to either of them. The event has proved that the manager was wise in his distribution of parts. Mr. Clayton's acting has been found fault with by some and apologized for by other critics. It seems to us to need no apology, and to have but little fault. Mr. Clayton is, or was, a trifle heavy in the first act, but he plays in the second and third with true understanding and feeling, and gives throughout a striking picture of a good-natured, good-hearted dragoon, with sure if slow perceptions. We can well understand that people who have only seen D'Alroy played as a mere *jeune premier* part might be disappointed with Mr. Clayton's rendering of the character; but his view of it is in the main the same as that taken by the late Mr. Young, who was its first representative; and in saying that at some points Mr. Clayton was more pathetic and more impressive than Mr. Young we are giving him very high praise. Mr. Cecil's performance of Sam Gerridge is another agreeable disappointment to those who feared that the part might not be suited to his powers. For our own part we believe that Mr. Cecil's powers have yet to find their utmost fulfilment, and that meanwhile there are few parts in the range of comedy or comedy-drama beyond his reach. Mr. Cecil, who is, as always, unconventional and finished, is in a different way quite as amusing in the comic passages of the part as was the accomplished actor who preceded him in it; and in the one opportunity afforded to him in the last act he displays that power of deep and true pathos which found fuller expression in his performance of Tourbillon in *To Parents and Guardians*. Mrs. Bancroft's charming performance of Polly Eccles, hovering between smiles and tears, is so well known that it is needless to say more than that we are sorry to learn that this is the last occasion on which it will be presented. Miss Roselle's rendering of Esther has considerable merit, especially in emotional passages, but is at times a little stagy. Of Mr. Bancroft's admirably foppish Hawtree it is not necessary to say anything in detail. Mr. Honey's Eccles is equally well known, and in a certain sense equally admirable. Considered by itself, the performance is one of singular truth and merit; but it is too pronounced for its studiously toned down surroundings, and therefore serves to draw attention to the false moral of the clever play to which it belongs. If Eccles were represented as a less offensive drunkard, in other words, less literally, one would be less struck by the monstrous folly of D'Alroy, and would think the position of his mother in utterly repudiating such a connexion less incontrovertible.

At the Olympic Mr. Clifford Harrison has appeared in the part of Pierre in *The Two Orphans*, which has been given up by Mr. Neville in view of his approaching appearance in *The Crimson Cross* at the Adelphi. Mr. Harrison has hitherto been known only as a reciter, and there is no reason in the nature of things why an excellent reciter should not be an indifferent actor. There is, indeed, if we remember right, a stage tradition to the effect that the two faculties are rarely allied. There is certainly an obvious and wide distinction between them. Recitation is as much injured by too great a display of gesture and facial expression as acting is by too little; and it might have been feared that a person accustomed for some time past to reciting might find himself somewhat lost on the stage, and might by force of habit produce effects which would seem spirited enough in a drawing-room, but would be tame in a theatre. Mr. Harrison may be congratulated on having successfully avoided the dangers which might have been feared for him, and having fulfilled extremely well his by no means easy task of succeeding an established and justly popular actor. It was not unnatural that Mr. Harrison should at first appear to suffer from nervousness; but, as the play went on, he steadily improved; and in the two situations which call for strong emotion he played with true feeling and fire. In the second of these, the well-managed fight in the garret, the actor gave a fine and delicate touch to Pierre's character by assuming a look of horror and remorse as soon as he realized that he had actually stabbed his infamous brother. Mr. Harrison's practice as a reciter has stood him in good stead in giving him an elocution which is clear and correct even in the expression of strong emotion. On the whole, his performance deserves much praise in itself, and is full of promise for the future.

REVIEWS.

WALPOLE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND SINCE 1815.*

MR. WALPOLE'S elaborate History, which for the present extends to 1830, may probably become a standard work. In a short preface containing an apology for his purpose of bringing the narrative down to 1862, he answers, by reference to the authority of Macaulay, the supposed objection that the events to be recorded are too recent for judicial treatment. He might have added that a contemporary historian has some advantages which may counterbalance an unavoidable partiality. The latest part of Mr. Walpole's intended work will be within his own memory, and most of the characters and transactions of which it treats are probably familiar to him by oral tradition. In politics, although a contrary inference might have been drawn from his *Life of Perceval*, Mr. Walpole is a moderate and consistent Liberal, deeply imbued with the principles and with the commonplaces of his party. Macaulay, who is his literary model, was scarcely a more thoroughgoing Whig. After an interval of sixty years, Mr. Walpole, with laudable fidelity to tradition, finds it possible to feel indignant at the penal laws, the rotten boroughs, and the Six Acts passed by Lord Sidmouth. From his own candid account students may learn that some of the Six Acts were reasonable and just, that the remainder were not rigorously enforced, and that excessive precautions against a real and temporary danger soon became obsolete; but Mr. Walpole has studied the legislation of sixty years ago in the speeches of the Opposition and in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*, and he reproduces the genuine or ostensible irritation and alarm of the day, without applying to an erroneous forecast the correction of later experience. It is the office of historical imagination first to represent to itself past scenes in their original form and then to reduce them to their true perspective. In using materials which he has collected with assiduity and judgment, Mr. Walpole sometimes is deficient in a sense of proportion. With longer practice he will probably learn to appreciate more fully the expediency of omission; and perhaps he may find it worth while at some future time to revise and abridge the introductory portion of his book. The superiority of the second volume to the first justifies the expectation of improvement in a style which is already copious, spirited, and full of matter. An imitation of Macaulay, which can scarcely be unconscious, may be excused in the composition of a young writer; but the brilliant mannerism which is sometimes tiresome as practised by the master cannot be recommended to copyists. Antithesis often involves one inaccurate statement, if not two, and paradox generally helps itself out by exaggeration. Mr. Walpole asserts, in the manner of Macaulay, that "Lord Brougham might have attained the eminence of Fox as a politician, of Erskine as an advocate, of Playfair as a mathematician, of Herschel as an astronomer, of Hallam as an historian. He tried to rival all these characters in their various stations; and, in consequence, though he ran a good second to them all, he did not win quite the first place in the race." There is not the smallest reason for believing that Brougham would have been eminent under any conditions as an astronomer, a mathematician, which is nearly the same thing, or an historian. In eloquence he may have been nearly equal to Fox or to Erskine, but he was remarkably deficient in the tact and prudence which are indispensable to a great advocate. The whole paragraph suggests a doubt not only whether Mr. Walpole's remarks are just, but whether they have any but a rhetorical purpose. His literary taste is less sound than his political judgment. It was not necessary to insert in a history a special chapter on literature, of which it is enough to say that Mr. Walpole holds Dryden to be a greater poet than Spenser, and Moore to be a greater poet than Wordsworth. Moore himself knew better when he spoke of Wordsworth as a poet in the highest sense, and not *quales ego vel Cluvienus*. The whole of Mr. Walpole's disquisition on the writers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries might be suppressed with advantage.

Mr. Walpole, on full consideration, has preferred the plan of "dealing with each subject in a separate episode" to the narration of events in chronological order. "The author who deliberately adopts the [episodic] method has, at any rate, the satisfaction of knowing that he has rejected the easier for the more laborious method, and that his choice has not therefore been dictated by any consideration for his own convenience." There is no moral merit in mere self-sacrifice. The rules of art generally coincide with the convenience both of authors and of readers. Adherence to chronological order involves the pleasant sense of having finally done with a period and with everything which it includes. Mr. Walpole, having completed his domestic or financial history down to 1827, has to return to 1815 to take up the thread of the Catholic question, and again to record the course of foreign policy. The effect resembles the impression produced by the ninth or tenth repetition of the ghastly story of the murder in *The Ring and the Book*. Mr. Walpole is similarly compelled to explain five or six times over the superiority in Liberal opinions of Canning to Castlereagh and of Huskisson to Vansittart; but he is fully justified in taking credit to himself for the indefatigable industry which is not the least quality of a historian. The authorities which he has consulted, if not recondite, are extraordinarily voluminous, and they have been judiciously selected. The labour of searching Hansard alone for debates and Reports of Committees must have been severe and irksome. The numerous memoirs of the time have supplied much valuable information; and Mr. Walpole rightly appreciates the utility of such journals as those of Lord Colchester and Mr. Greville. The amusement and instruction of the community, and the supply of materials for such historians as Mr. Walpole, may in some degree compensate for the shock inflicted on a few sensitive persons by the publication of scraps of gossip about the friends of their grandmothers. The book is a repository of knowledge, which is the more serviceable because the writer has had the good sense to prefix to each volume a table of contents, and to append a carefully compiled index. A certain immaturity in the art of composition is indicated by the practice of beginning every subject from its remotest origin. The Spanish Revolution of 1821 is introduced by an account of Isabella the Catholic, and the manufactures of 1815 are traced back to the institution of the traditional woolsack. If Mr. Walpole had written the Iliad he would have gone back, not only to the eggs of Leda, but to the legendary history of every hero who took part in the Trojan war. A full and lucid account of some of the principal inventions, on which the industrial prosperity of England was founded, is interesting in itself, but the details are out of place in a history. Accounts, which might almost serve as specifications for patents, of the fly-shuttle, the drop-box, the spinning-jenny, and the power-loom, only concern the historian as the different devices served their several purposes and as they contributed to the production of national wealth. In recording a cavalry action it would be a redundancy to describe the anatomy and physiology of the horse. It may be readily admitted that superfluity is both a smaller fault and a more promising symptom than deficiency of matter. Mr. Walpole has the energy and indiscriminate curiosity of youth; and he will have abundant opportunity of pruning down hereafter a possibly excessive luxuriance. Never displaying weariness himself, he stimulates the attention even of the cold-blooded critic who nevertheless grumbles at the crowding of incongruous topics. Nature has wisely provided the ordinary human memory with interstices through which many things which were once known pass into oblivion. A few minds, like Macaulay's, are constructed without apertures; but books ought to be written for the average intellect. The student of history scarcely cares to learn that in the spinning-jenny "the rovings, when extended to the spindles, passed between two horizontal bars of wood, forming a clasp, which opened and shut something like a parallel ruler." It is more to his purpose to consider whether it was wrong to give higher titles to great generals than to ingenious inventors. The moral and intellectual qualities which are required for the construction of a useful machine are not necessarily proportional to the material result; but some of the great mechanicians were remarkable for general ability; and it is satisfactory to know that, if Watt and Arkwright were not created dukes, they left large fortunes.

When Mr. Walpole has finished all his preliminary disquisitions, his narrative becomes more rapid and more interesting. His account of the Greek insurrection and of the contemporary intrigues and negotiations of Russia is full and instructive without being diffuse. The history of the political changes which preceded and followed Lord Liverpool's retirement requires some correction and addition. By a careful study of the authorities, and especially of the Wellington Despatches, Mr. Walpole may satisfy himself that Canning neither intended nor wished the Duke to accept his formal offer of a place in the Cabinet. He is apparently not aware that Canning had some time before acquired the personal favour of the King by means which the Duke of Wellington suspected and resented. Prince and Princess Lieven had for their own purposes persuaded George IV. to renounce his former prejudices against the Foreign Secretary, who on his part received the Royal overtures with simple-minded gratitude. The agents of Nicholas had no difficulty in distinguishing between "the friends and foes of Russia," and they well knew that, after his mission to St. Petersburg, the Duke of Wellington profoundly distrusted the Emperor. Their efforts were therefore successfully directed to the elevation of his rival; and during his subsequent tenure of office the Duke was well aware that the Lievens were constantly intriguing against him. In his account of the formation of Lord Goderich's short-lived Cabinet, Mr. Walpole does great injustice to an upright and meritorious public servant who afterwards involuntarily contributed to the overthrow of the Government. From Mr. Walpole's statement it appears that Mr. Herries was induced against his own wish to become Chancellor of the Exchequer; and that he afterwards refused, with proper self-respect, to acquiesce in Huskisson's encroachment on the rights and duties of his office. Mr. Herries was ready to resign, but not to assent to an appointment which ought not to have been made without his approval. By reference to his own accurate account of the transaction, Mr. Walpole will find that he is inconsistent as well as unjust in republishing some calumnies of the day which were directed against the character of Mr. Herries by political or personal spite. In general Mr. Walpole is remarkably fair to political opponents. If the tone of his History is too controversial, he may cite in his defence the example of many eminent writers. While Alison proved that Providence was on the side of the Tories, Macaulay incessantly contended that right and reason were on the side of the Whigs. Even historians of ancient Greece have, from Mitford to Grote, habitually and earnestly attacked or defended Republican insti-

* *A History of England from the Conclusion of the Great War in 1815.* By Spencer Walpole. 2 vols. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1878.

tutions. Hume's apparently colourless History was written with a Tory purpose; and Gibbon's impartiality was modified by the exceptions which were acutely denoted by Porson. The embers over which Mr. Walpole has to walk are covered by a thinner layer of ashes; yet, in treating of events which occurred fifty years ago, he would do well to forget that he is a partisan. None of the few survivors who recollect the reign of George IV. are still engaged in public life; and the political issues on which the followers of Grey, of Wellington, or of Canning were divided are for the most part obsolete. A perfect historian would efface himself as completely as Homer or Shakspeare. The memory of famous men and of great events may be preserved in history, as formerly in verse, without a didactic purpose. It may be impossible, and perhaps it would be undesirable, to exclude the occasional expression of moral judgment; but Mr. Walpole is mistaken in his aspiration for the judicial impartiality which he has certainly not attained. The historian, indeed, ought to be impartial; but his function as a judge is to estimate the value of evidence rather than to enunciate the law. If Mr. Walpole is too much bent on the inculcation of political doctrines, he may claim the credit of having laboriously accumulated facts by which the soundness of his theories may be tested. The lesson which he is principally anxious to teach is sound, and may be occasionally useful. Since the changes of the last sixty years have been generally for the better, it may be reasonably inferred that innovation is not in all cases objectionable. That the party of movement must be always and everywhere in the right is a more doubtful conclusion.

ABBOTT'S CORRESPONDENCE DURING THE AFGHAN WAR.*

THE gallant officer whose journals and correspondence during the first Afghan war have now been published under the superintendence of Mr. Low was the eldest of a family of five brothers, all of whom earned some distinction in the Indian service. One of them was the present Sir Frederic Abbott, a well-known officer of the old Bengal Engineers—a corps which has been singularly productive of able officers; and another, the late General James Abbott of the Bengal Artillery, whose chivalrous and daring journey to Khiva gained for him a deserved reputation, apart from his admirable services in after years as a political officer on the Punjab frontier. Augustus Abbott, the eldest brother, was born in 1804. After a short term of school-life at Winchester and passing through Addiscombe, he was appointed to the Bengal Artillery at the age of fifteen, and soon became known as an active intelligent young officer, excelling in field sports. His first share in active service was at the siege of Bhurtpoor in 1825, when the virgin fortress, which had held out successfully against the otherwise invincible Lake, finally succumbed to the more methodical and carefully planned attack of Lord Combermere. Here Abbott did good work in charge of a battery of 18-pounder guns, and gained what was for a subaltern a considerable reputation from his active spirit as well as from his outspoken manner of speech. After this exploit of capturing Bhurtpoor, the Indian army had nothing to do until the invasion of Afghanistan in 1838, when Abbott, now a captain of more than twenty years' service, was attached to Sir John Keane's force, in command of a 9-pounder field battery drawn by camels. Marching by way of the Bolan and Candahar, the route just now taken by Stewart's force, Abbott's battery was attached to the column which made the further advance by way of Ghuzni to Cabul, and later on to Jellalabad. From 1839 to the winter of 1841 Abbott and his battery—now horsed with the hardy cattle of the country, the camels having been found useless for draught purposes everywhere but on sandy soil—took an active and most useful part in the numerous expeditions to subdue risings and disturbances in various parts of the country which marked the term of our so-called tranquil occupation of Afghanistan. In the end of 1841, just before the final outbreak took place, Abbott's battery was stationed at Cabul, whither it had just returned from one of the numerous expeditions on which it was engaged, when it was sent out, with the 35th Native Infantry and detachments of other corps, to clear the Khoord-Cabul Pass, between Cabul and Jellalabad, which had been occupied by the insurgent Ghilzyes. The columns met with so much opposition that General Sale, who, with the 13th Foot and the 37th Native Infantry, was marching towards India—the infatuated Government having determined to withdraw one of the three European regiments stationed in Afghanistan—turned back to help it. The insurrection was now fully developed, and the brigade, entangled in the passes between Cabul and Jellalabad, was hotly engaged day after day, with considerable loss. Eventually, a sort of temporary accommodation with the insurgents having been arrived at, Sale sent back the 37th Native Infantry to await the Envoy, Sir W. Macnaghten, who was about to return to India to become Governor of Bombay, and to escort him through the passes, and remained with the rest of his command, which thus included Abbott's battery, on the further side. It was now the end of October; the insurrection had declared itself at all points; Macnaghten's prospect of getting away had vanished; and the authorities at Cabul—if such a name can be given to the feeble creatures who were ruining our affairs at that place—now ordered Sale to return thither to reinforce the garrison. But Sale, acting on the advice of his principal officers, decided against a return march through the passes, encumbered as the column was with sick and wounded, and moved instead on to Jellalabad, which place he determined to occupy for a time, awaiting events. One of the conditions of Elphinstone's disgraceful capitulation later on was that the garrison of Jellalabad should also evacuate its post and retire on the Punjab. This, as is well known, Sale refused to do, and in the celebrated defence of Jellalabad which followed Abbott and his battery took a brilliant share; indeed it is plain that the subject of this memoir must have been one of the most conspicuous among the band of leading spirits who inspirited the defence. Throughout Abbott seems to have been almost ubiquitous, and as ingenious in improvising artillery expedients for eking out the resources of his slender magazine as forward in whatever fighting took place. This was Augustus Abbott's last active employment. Made a Brevet-Major and C.B. for his services on this occasion, the more complete recognition of his deserts took the form of a civil appointment in the Ordnance Commissariat; and thus, as so often happens, or used to happen in India, a good soldier was rewarded for his soldiership by being turned into a civilian. Except for a brief term, when he rose by seniority to be Commandant of the Bengal Artillery, shortly before its amalgamation with the Royal Artillery, Abbott never returned to regimental duty. He died in 1867.

Augustus Abbott belonged to a good stock, and was a fine specimen of the officer of courage and resource of which the Indian army has produced so many. As Mr. Low observes in his introduction:—

> It is no uncommon circumstance in India for several members of one family to achieve distinction. Thus there are the three Lawrences, who each guided a province through the perilous times of the Mutiny; the three Conollys, and the three Broadfoots, who all showed talents of the highest order which a cruel fate nipped in the bud; also the Chamberlains, the Johnsons, the Boileaus, the Mackenzies, and many other families whose names were familiar in India, but whom the advent of the Competition Wallah may drive out of the field, as it would have excluded those of Wellington and Nelson from the services of which they were the brightest ornaments, had the present rage for competition animated our forefathers. Clive was a dunce at school who would have been ignominiously spun by the Civil Service Commissioners.

And Mr. Low goes on to express the hope that our rulers "may send out a race of statesmen as sagacious in council and bold in action as those sent out by John Company from his modest house of business in Leadenhall Street." Mr. Low and those whom he follows in these remarks make the mistake of assuming that the power so often developed by Indian officials was due to some secret virtue in their mode of appointment, as nominees of Directors of the Company, instead of tracing it to the real cause—the admirable practical education afforded by the responsible nature of the duties placed on them at an early age. No one has ever ventured to assert that the Court of Directors made any attempt to search out merit in the exercise of their patronage, or bestowed it in any other way than for the advancement of their own family, or in return for interest given in securing their own election. The whole enormous patronage of the Court was divided among the individual Directors and given away privately by them, no portion whatever being reserved as a recognition of the public services of distinguished English officials. One might just as well ascribe whatever ability was displayed in Parliament in the time of Walpole to his system of bribery, as credit the old system of nomination with the merit displayed by the nominees after they got to India. Every mode of selection excludes some class. Under the old nomination system every one was excluded, no matter how great his merits, who did not happen to be connected in some way with a Director of the Company; and many a potential Clive or Monro must have lost the chance of displaying his qualities from wanting this pass-key to the door of admission to the Indian service. Another common fallacy lies in the assumption that competitive examinations have had the effect of substituting a different class of candidates, intellectually and physically as well as socially, from those who formerly gained admission to the service by nomination. There is really no reason to suppose that competition has had this effect. What it has done is to raise the standard of education among the members of the public service, not the standard of ability. The men who might have been dunces under the old system, because they had no incentive to work, now take pains to prepare themselves for the test; and when people say that Clive or Lawrence would not have got into the service under the competition system because their school attainments were below the standard of the present day, they might as well say that Aristotle could not have taken a first class at Oxford because he was not acquainted with the works of the late Mr. John Stuart Mill. The men whom Mr. Low names, and almost all those who have distinguished themselves in India, are just the sort of men who would have done well at a competition if they had been trained for it. After all, competition does not raise the standard of natural ability; if all branches of employment are entered only through the medium of competition, it is obvious that the amount of talent available will be a constant quantity; and those who have most to do with the subsequent training of the selected candidates would probably ask, if competition gives them only the clever, what has become of the stupid ones?

The journals of Augustus Abbott would be found readable at any time, but they have of course a peculiar interest at the present moment, when our troops are marching over the same

* *The Afghan War, 1838–42. From the Journal and Correspondence of the late Major-General Augustus Abbott, C.B., Royal (Bengal) Artillery.* By Charles Rathbone Low, I.N. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1879.

ground that Abbott's battery was so often engaged upon. One point brought out very strongly by a perusal of them is the extreme difficulty of conducting military operations in any part of Afghanistan from the want of roads. Although we occupied the country for nearly four years, we did nothing to remedy this deficiency. And it was to the wretched state of our communications throughout the country that our subsequent disasters were in a great measure due. That the Indian Government should have exercised no foresight in this matter was not surprising, considering that India itself was at that time almost roadless, and that the Government had not yet recognized the construction of means of communication to be a part of its duties. It is to be hoped that more foresight may be shown on the present occasion. But, if we are to judge from all that is to be heard, indecision and procrastination still govern the policy of the Indian authorities in carrying out the extension of communications on the North-West frontier. Yet two points may be postulated without hesitation as essential conditions of our holding any part of Afghanistan on a satisfactory tenure; the people of whatever tracts we occupy must be disarmed, and those tracts must be made practicable for wheel carriage. Happily mountain roads are usually less difficult to construct than roads in the plains.

The most interesting part of the book is that which deals with the defence of Jellalabad, and the reader will find in this case, as in so many other instances of a similar kind, that the truthful differs sensibly from the popular account. The battle of Plassey, as we know, was very near not being fought, and the defence of the Three Hundred under Leonidas reads differently when told in detail from the simple account received in our childhood. And so it turns out that the "illustrious" defence was very near having never taken place. When the demand was received at Jellalabad for its evacuation in compliance with the stipulations made by the panic-stricken authorities at Cabul, the majority of Sale's council of war were for acceding to the demand, and the resolution to do so was only postponed in the first instance on the motion of Captain Broadfoot, a man of great courage and determination. And when the letter was drafted consenting to the evacuation of the place, three officers only voted in the minority against the measure. Fortunately the Afghans, in their reply to the letter sent them, did not express agreement with all the stipulations made; further discussion followed, a change came over the opinions of some of those who had formed the majority, and eventually it was determined to hold the place. It appears, too, that the famous sortie made by the garrison in the beginning of April 1842, shortly before it was relieved by Pollock's advancing force, when the beleaguering army of Afghans was completely routed and the blockade of the place raised, was undertaken almost in defiance of the orders of the general commanding. The Afghans had fired a royal salute in honour of a reputed repulse of the relieving force under Pollock;

> and it seemed to some of the officers of the garrison that the only course to pursue in this desperate state of affairs was to sally forth and break the investment by a general attack on Akbar's position and camp. Sir R. Sale, however, was averse to this measure; but Abbott, Oldfield, and other fiery spirits in camp insisted upon it with so much urgency, that at length the gallant old chief, who, though he loved fighting for fighting's sake, was fearful of incurring responsibility, consented to make a sally in force, and gave the necessary orders.

Thus, in fact, it was by something very like a mutiny—Abbott going the length of proposing that they should act without him—that Sir R. Sale was induced to make the famous sortie which constituted the chief claim of the garrison to the historic title of "illustrious." Abbott's own account is as follows:—

> It was now necessary [the false rumour of Pollock's repulse having reached the garrison] to attack Akbar and beat him in order to obtain supplies for a further siege. Oldfield and I went round to all the heads of corps, and we determined to go in a body to the General and beg to be allowed to fight. We talked for an hour, using every argument in vain; but he dismissed us with a positive refusal. I proposed that we should quietly parade our men at 4 A.M. on the 7th, and go out before he was out of bed; but of all the party only three supported me, and the plan was abandoned. After two hours' consideration Sale sent for Oldfield and me, and agreed to go out.

If there had been a few mutinous officers of the same stamp at Cabul, to put the incompetent Elphinstone and his second in command under arrest and assume the management of affairs, the Cabul disaster would never have happened.

MEMOIR OF JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.*

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES has bestowed on his friend's memory what he himself describes as "but an outline, which may serve a present need, and perhaps be of some assistance to a future biographer." No complaint, at any rate, can be made that the sketch opens too late. Dr. Holmes mentions in the first page how Motley's "life was saved more than a hundred years before he was born." In 1708 the French with their Indian allies attacked the town of Haverhill in Massachusetts. A general massacre ensued; but Motley's great-great-grandmother was successfully concealed by a maidservant under a washtub. Proceeding to more historical incidents Dr. Holmes describes, from personal knowledge, a boyhood which was very promising, but somewhat perilous. Young Motley, with a singular charm of manner and, according to Lady Byron, a closer outward resemblance to her husband than any other person she had ever met, displayed a precocious intelligence. His excessive quickness of apprehension was an actual snare to him. At school, where by a strange coincidence he had Mr. Bancroft for a teacher, he studied according to inclination rather than to rule. But he made the useful acquisition of a knowledge of German. At Harvard, where he matriculated at the age of thirteen, he made no effort, because he needed to make none. For some cause or other which Dr. Holmes does not specify, he was rusticated. Even when, somewhat sobered by the rebuff, he returned to college, his attention was not monopolized by the recognized subjects of an academical course. A tutor once remonstrated upon the pile of novels which loaded his table. "Yes," said Motley, "I am reading historically, and have come to the novels of the nineteenth century. Taken in the lump, they are very hard reading." Some of his class-mates have told Dr. Holmes that he had "no care for dress"; others that he "seemed to have a passion for dress." Dr. Holmes thinks both views right —he had no care for dress, and he only "seemed" to have a passion for it. College magazines, and what Dr. Holmes describes as "a slim monthly," edited by N. P. Willis, received the first fruits of his authorship. Christopher North in *Blackwood* was the political and literary model for himself and his college comrades.

But an American University, with its mimicry of manhood and affected contempt for the prejudices of the outside world, was a bad school for such a lad as Motley. It was well that in 1832, when he left Harvard, he was sent for a couple of years to Göttingen and Berlin. At both Universities he had for his familiar friend Prince Bismarck. The Prince, through the medium of his secretary, Herr Bucher, has contributed to Dr. Holmes's memoir some interesting notes of an old acquaintance which was continued when both were diplomatists. Bismarck was a member of a *corps*, and therefore, he intimates, not so addicted to study as the American student. Nevertheless they lived "in the closest intimacy," and at Berlin shared the same lodgings. Motley's conversation, the Prince testifies through Herr Bucher, sparkled with wit, humour, and originality. His appearance, especially his large and beautiful eyes, impressed every one, and ladies in particular. Prince Bismarck remembers him as "a pertinacious arguer, so much so that sometimes he watched my awakening in order to continue a discussion on some topic of science, poetry, or practical life, cut short by the chime of the small hours." He never, however, adds the Prince, "lost his mild and amiable temper." We feel a little curiosity to know whether his interlocutor showed at this period of his life the latter quality. From Berlin Motley returned to Boston to study law; but his real occupation for several years seems to have consisted in marrying a wife and writing a novel. Of this work, entitled *Morton's Hope*, Dr. Holmes frankly says that it "cannot endure a searching or even a moderately careful criticism." It is "a mass of dissected incidents, which has been flung out of its box, and has arranged itself without the least regard to chronology or geography." But *Morton's Hope*, though an unreadable reflection of Byronic passion, is, like *Vivian Grey*, worth, according to Dr. Holmes, studying as "an autobiography, a prophecy." "None," he insists, "of Motley's subsequent writings give such an insight into his character and mental history." In proof Dr. Holmes cites from this literary failure little besides what he himself describes as "extraordinary anachronisms" and blunders in dates. It, in fact, illustrates Motley's future historical career about as much or as little as the poetical genius of *Childe Harold* is illustrated by *Hours of Idleness*.

In 1841 Mr. Motley made a short trial of the profession of diplomacy. He accepted a Secretaryship of Legation at St. Petersburg. But his wife and his two young children, it was supposed, would be unable to endure the climate, and moreover the cost of living exceeded his resources. Finding that "he had nothing to do and little to enjoy," he returned to Massachusetts after a residence in Russia of a few months. The following three years Dr. Holmes leaps over. In 1844 Motley took an active part in supporting Henry Clay's Presidential canvass. He regarded Polk's election as demonstrating that "a statesman can never again be called to administer the affairs of the country." The victory of Polk, "Mr. Quelconque," as Motley indignantly called the new President, convinced him that "a man better qualified by an extraordinary combination of advantages to administer the Government than any man now living, or any man we can ever produce again, can be beaten by anybody." His enthusiasm for Mr. Clay had even incited him to stump Massachusetts, with such success that he believed he might, if he continued in active political life, command in time the post of "vote-distributor, or fence-viewer, or selectman, or hog-reeve, or something of the kind." He prosecuted the practice of politics to a sufficient extent, at all events, to be elected in 1849 to a seat in the Massachusetts House of Representatives. His one achievement, by his own account, in the single year during which he sat was to draw up "a very elaborate and, as he supposed, unanswerable Report on education." What was his disgust when a member as yet absolutely unknown, George S. Boutwell, "rose and, as Motley always said, demolished the Report, so that he was unable to defend it against the attack." That, Motley told a friend, cured him of ambition for political promotion in Massachusetts. The fact was, Mr. Boutwell informed Dr. Holmes that a Daniel Webster himself could not have carried so unpopular a proposition as that contained in Motley's Report. The Report actually recommended an endowment of the colleges out of the

* *John Lothrop Motley: a Memoir.* By Oliver Wendell Holmes. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

fund for the support of the common schools. Probably not so much a provoked defeat as the increasing fascinations of literature rendered Motley indifferent to local politics. In October 1845 he had made his mark for the first time as an historian by "a rapid, continuous, brilliant, almost dramatic, narrative" of the career of Peter the Great, which he contributed to the *North American Review* under the guise of a notice of two recent works on Russia. Other articles in the same Review confirmed the impression of those who had kept their faith, amid a good many discouragements, in the genius which blossomed early but ripened late, that in history lay his destined career. A second novel, *Merrymount*, more coherent and readable than *Morton's Hope*, was the last sacrifice he paid to his old delusion that he was born to be a romancist. In spite of some brilliant descriptive scenes, it, too, appears to have been a failure. If we may judge from Dr. Holmes's account, it lacked at once the autobiographical interest and the amusing blunders of the earlier tale. But it was an historical novel, and so far betrayed the present character of the writer's bias. Henceforward, in any case, Motley's literary career was that of an historian, and an historian only.

This was scarcely Mr. Motley's own belief. He was already preparing for his first great historical work. But, he wrote in 1859 to a friend, it was not that he "cared about writing a history," but that he "felt an irresistible impulse to write one particular history." One formidable obstacle suddenly intervened. Prescott, he was informed, was meditating a history of Philip II. Motley's work, though not similar in plan, would cover a portion of the same ground. He would be at the disadvantage of appearing to compete with one whose fame, says Dr. Holmes, was "now co-extensive with the realm of scholarship." He divulged his intention to Prescott himself, and Prescott insisted that he should proceed with his undertaking. "No two books," he said, "ever injured each other." When his own book was published the preface contained a reference to the coming *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, which acted as a powerful advertisement. Eight or nine years, however, were to pass before the history was published. The years 1851-1856 were spent in researches in European State libraries. In November 1853 he was in Brussels, where he "does not know a living soul." He corrects himself:—"I am, perhaps, wrong; the dead men of the place are my intimate friends; I am at home in any cemetery. Any ghost of the sixteenth century that ever flits by night across the moonlight square is at once hailed by me as a man and a brother." He had brought his work to Brussels, thinking it finished; "but I find so much original matter here, and so many emendations to make, that I am ready to despair. However, there is nothing for it but to penelopize, pull to pieces, and stitch away again. "His own relaxation in Brussels was the study of Rubens." The Brussels Gallery contains a few fine specimens of the master. "I go sometimes of a raw foggy morning merely to warm myself in the blaze of their beauty." Dr. Holmes remarks on the natural sympathy between the great colourist on canvas and a great "colourist in language." At last, in 1856, when Motley was now past forty, the labour of ten years was completed; and "Mr. Murray civilly declined the manuscript." The publisher subsequently avowed his mistake, and asked to be allowed to undertake Motley's second History. But the author had to publish the *Rise of the Dutch Republic* at his own risk. No sooner, however, was it given to the world than it found "an approving, an admiring, an enthusiastic world of readers, and a nobler welcome at the colder hands of the critics." Fifteen thousand copies were sold in London in 1857. Mr. Froude eulogized it in the *Westminster Review*, Guizot himself in the *Edinburgh*. At home Everett, Washington Irving, Prescott, Bancroft, Sumner, gloried in such a compatriot. On both sides of the Atlantic "the lonely student, who had almost forgotten the look of living men in the solitude of archives haunted by dead memories, found himself suddenly in the full blaze of a great reputation."

Mr. Motley did not repulse the courtesies offered him. By no means self-indulgent, he loved the habitual elegances of life. Dr. Holmes attributes to him "one of the three wittiest things that have been said in Boston in our time." What were the other two he tantalizingly omits to mention; but Motley's *bon mot* was, "Give me the luxuries, and I will dispense with the necessaries, of life." He was a willing as he was a welcome guest at Cambridge and Holland and Lansdowne Houses in London. He was grateful for the friendly admiration of Boston friends, who found him "in every way greatly improved; the interesting impulsive youth ripened into a noble manhood." But he had accomplished only the opening instalment of his work. "Without stopping to take breath, as it were, for his was a task *de longue haleine*, he proceeded to his second great undertaking, the *History of the United Netherlands*." The first two volumes, which were published in 1860, "maintained and increased the reputation he had already gained." Then an enforced break intervened. The War of Secession absorbed his thoughts. "Love of country, which had grown upon him so remarkably of late years, would not suffer him to be silent at such a moment." He engaged vehemently in the controversies which the disruption had aroused. The part he took up, though he had anticipated no such result, probably suggested to President Lincoln his appointment to the Vienna Legation. Thus, after a lapse of twenty years, he resumed the diplomatic experience he had essayed in 1841. The very reserved and exclusive society of Vienna welcomed the distinguished historian; but all the personal weight he possessed he employed in the advocacy of the Federal cause. From the first he held that no compromise with slavery was possible, and lamented that his own side did not always appear to appreciate that what it was engaged in was not "a war," but a "revolution." He denounces "Jeff and Stonewall, and the other Devil-worshippers"; but he envies their superior "earnestness" to many Federals who would have been content to leave the negro question an open question as it was before hostilities began. Letters of ten and fifteen "closely written" pages conveyed these sentiments to long-suffering friends like Dr. Holmes and Mr. Lowell. His intimacies in London society were used for the same end. The United States Minister at Vienna had not much direct diplomatic business to transact. On one occasion the two countries were nearly coming into collision, and Motley intervened with effect. A large body of Austrian volunteers was about to embark at Trieste for Mexico, to aid Maximilian. Mr. Secretary Seward bade Motley threaten that, if these auxiliaries started, he should quit Vienna. The expedition was forthwith countermanded. Mr. Motley showed himself on this as on other less critical occasions a competent diplomatist. Yet diplomatic dignities and patriotic cares were alike, from the point of view of literature, vexatious interruptions to the true work of his life. Just when wars of secession and Mexican complications seemed about to yield him leisure for resuming his history, his official diplomatic functions were abruptly terminated. Some man of the real or assumed name of George W. M'Crackin wrote to President Andrew Johnson, alleging that several envoys of the United States, and particularly Motley, had "railed violently and shamefully" against the President and his policy. Mr. Seward sent extracts from the letter to the objects of Mr. M'Crackin's accusation, requesting them to deny or confirm the report that they had uttered the expressions put into their mouths by M'Crackin. Motley indignantly denounced the charges against him as gross calumnies. But he proceeded to explain his views on the "reconstruction" of the Southern States, which were by no means the views of the President. He ended his letter with a resignation of his appointment. Dr. Holmes is very wrathful with Mr. Seward for expecting trusted representatives of the United States to answer slanders by a man who was probably a "spotter hired to report on the foreign Ministers," and who doubtless wrote under a borrowed name. Mr. Seward ought, as Dr. Holmes argues, to have refused to accept a resignation thus provoked. That, Mr. Seward's friends declare, was his own original intention. The President, however, irritated doubtless by Motley's avowal of dissent from him, directed the Secretary to accept the resignation. It was a wretched termination of an honourable episode in Motley's career. The President emerges ill from it; but then no one could suppose that such a man as Andrew Johnson would emerge well from any complication. Mr. Seward betrayed a deplorable want of moral courage in lending himself to be Andrew Johnson's tool. But Motley himself also showed a foolish rashness and indiscretion. By his volunteered resignation he played the game of his detractors.

In 1868 the third and fourth volumes of the *History of the United Netherlands* were published, and he was already contemplating a history of the Thirty Years' War. But the next year a new distraction from historical investigation was caused by his appointment to the United States Legation in London. We have no space to follow Dr. Holmes in his rather controversial account of the causes which in 1870 resulted in a suggestion by Mr. Secretary Fish that Motley should resign that post, and in his recall when he rejected that suggestion. The assigned pretext for this severity to one of the most illustrious of American citizens was failure to obey Mr. Fish's instructions in his interview with Lord Clarendon on the *Alabama* claims. General Grant during his present tour has explained Mr. Motley's crime to have been that he had "deliberately fallen into line" with Mr. Sumner instead of with Mr. Fish. Dr. Holmes is of opinion that Motley's real offence was not so much any special act of disobedience, as General Grant's jealousy of the possible influence which Sumner, whose friend Motley was, might exercise through him. Mr. Motley was probably a scapegoat for his friend's sin in quarrelling with the President; but his refusal to resign was, we think, a mistake. At Vienna he resigned when there was no necessity for the step. In London he refused, and underwent the vexation of a formal recall. He seems to us to have reversed the proper course in each case.

After all, Dr. Holmes's readers will, we suspect, be scarcely grateful to him for the thirty-six pages he has spent, out of a poor couple of hundred or so, on a party squabble. They would rather have had Mr. Motley's conspicuous personality in the worlds of London, Vienna, and Boston recalled to them than his contributions to the State Paper Office of Washington. In spite of all his great intellectual gifts, or perhaps partly in consequence of them, Mr. Motley was thrown away in diplomacy. The very causes which made him an acceptable envoy at foreign Courts rendered him an inadequate Minister of the United States. It was not that European studies and associations had in the least denationalized him; but socially he represented the professorial society of the American Cambridge rather than New York and Illinois. We owe an additional grudge to diplomacy that the bitterness of the Vienna and London incidents reflected itself in his latest work, the *Life and Death of John of Barneveld*, in a certain autobiographical parallelism between United States politics and the feuds of military and civilian statesmanship in the

Dutch Republic. It may add to the charm, but it detracts from the dignity, of history to be able to detect, as does Dr. Holmes, General Grant in Maurice the Stadtholder, and Mr. Motley in the Dutch envoy Aerssens. We do not know if Dr. Holmes discovers Mr. Sumner concealed under Barneveld himself. Diplomacy has to answer not merely for having tinged Mr. Motley's studies and clouded his later years, but for having converted Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes from a biographer into an apologist. Motley was his class-fellow, his habitual correspondent in Europe, his neighbour in Boston during the episodes of his returns home, and finally his patient, when, still stung by a sense of injury at his second recall and crushed by the loss of his wife, he entered on the long process of dying which closed finally in England in 1877. His was a sensitive, nervous, and social nature which a quaint humourist and subtle analyst of human nature like the author of the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* could have depicted to the life. The rekindling of the dead ashes of a quarrel in which Motley was only a Patroclus for a Sumner and a Grant to fight over has absorbed skill and sympathy which might have preserved for us the man as he was, a worthy representative of an American type, fastidiously intellectual and individual in exact proportion to the surrounding dead level of aggregate mediocrity.

THE HAWKINSES' VOYAGES.*

IN *The Voyages of the Hawkinses*, famous mariners of the times of Elizabeth, we have one of the most delightful and instructive books that the Hakluyt Society has published. In reading these simple records we are transported into a world of customs, ideas, and morality that has become very strange and almost incredible. Nothing gives one so strong a feeling of the vicissitudes of things, nothing makes the sense of the changes that three hundred years have wrought so vivid, as the story of these adventurous seamen. We can recognize a family likeness, indeed, between the Englishmen of to-day and their Elizabethan forefathers, but the likeness is greatly blurred. Their piety is that of men who practically lived the life of the children of Israel in the book of Judges. They owed obedience to the Queen's Majesty, but from the evidence of these uncourtly logs it is manifest that they really lived under a theocracy; under the government of God. The Hawkinses were as eager tradesmen as any of our time, and one of them, Sir John, was the founder of the slave-trade. There is not, in the account of his voyage, a word of pity for the blacks who were kidnapped by force of arms, and yet it is easy to see that Hawkins was not cruel. The barbarities of the Spaniards and of the Inquisition excite in him and his contemporaries an unaffected indignation. He and his son spoil the Spaniard in the spirit of biblical Israelites, though they are ready to allow all deserved honour to their enemies. As to the negroes, John Hawkins seems to have held in earnest, what Montesquieu maintained in irony, that it is impossible to believe creatures to be men who have such ill-shaped noses. He did not draw with Montesquieu the inference that "if they are men, we are not Christians."

The story of the Hawkinses is too crowded with events to allow much space for moralizing. The patriarch of this family of seamen was Mr. William Hawkins of Plymouth, a sailor of the reign of Henry VIII., who had thrice gone on the dangerous but lucrative voyage to the Brazils. John, afterwards Sir John, his son, was probably born about 1532. In 1562 John, who had frequently visited the Canaries, learned "that negroes were very good marchandise in Hispaniola, and that store of Negroes might easily be had upon the coast of Guinea." He communicated his ideas to some enterprising friends, and "for his purpose 3 good shippes were immediately provided." Here it may be said that John's unconsciousness of wrongdoing is a better excuse for this beginning of a miserable business than Mr. Clements Markham finds, half in irony, for Charles V. "It was in 1517," says the editor, "that Charles V. issued royal licences for the importation of negroes into the West Indies, and in 1551 a licence for importing 17,000 negroes was offered for sale. The measure was adopted from philanthropic motives, and was intended to preserve the Indians." Hawkins, at worst, was no philanthropist. In his first voyage the God-fearing, respectable Hawkins "got into his possession, partly by the sword, and partly by other means, 300 negroes at the least," and he traded them away in St. Domingo for hides, ginger, sugar, and some quantity of pearls.

In 1564 Master John Hawkins went off again, with a vessel called the *Jesus*, and three others, to plunder, murder, and kidnap. His orders to his crews ran thus:—"Serve God dayly, love one another, preserve your victuals, beware of fire, and keepe good companie." Near "Ginney" (Guinea) he missed the "flitting island"—"and therefore it should seeme he is not yet borne to whom God hath appointed the finding of them." In the story of the second voyage are many notes of the manners and customs of the unlucky races which "proved good marchandise in Hispaniola." At Sambula, for example, the Samboses and their tattooing were observed; "they jag their flesh, both legs, arms, and bodies, as workmanlike as a jerkin-maker with us pinketh a jerkin." In Florida the natives "do not omit to paint their bodies with curious knots or antique work." The towns of the Samboses are "prettily divided," and the houses "made round like a dove-cote," probably like the houses of the Kanekas. Over the roof "there is a round bundle of reed prettily contrived like a louer." Mr. Markham, in a footnote, asks if *louer* means *bower*, but surely *louvre* is a more probable explanation. Snakes ran in and out of the houses unmolested, as among the Zulus, and probably for the same reason—that they were believed to be ancestral spirits. In war the Samboses used reed arrows, and they were so far advanced in civilization that the arrows were iron-tipped and poisoned, like those of Pandarus and Odysseus. In Hawkins's third voyage (1567) he and his men in one of their negro-stealing raids tasted of these missiles. "Although in the beginning they seemed to be but small hurtes, yet there hardely escaped any that had blood drawen of them, but died in strange sorte, *with their mouths shutte*, some ten days before he died, and after their woundes were whole." It is difficult to say whether this lockjaw was the result of the poison or of nervous apprehension. The latter theory is favoured by the experience of Hawkins himself, a man of indomitable courage:—"I myself had one of the greatest wounds, yet, thanks be to God, escaped." As to the religion of the Samboses, "I can heare of none that they have, but in such as they themselves imagine to see in dreames"—a very probable account of one of the elements in the religion of savages. Another tribe, the Cannyballs, he found "exceeding fierce, and to be avoided." Cannibals might prove "good marchandise," but it was not easy to procure and transport them to Hispaniola. In Florida Hawkins seems to have first become acquainted with an Indian weed, "tabacco, and the great virtue thereof." "The Floridians, when they travel, have a kind of herbe dryed, which with a cane, and an earthen cup at the end, with fire, and the dried herbes put together, do suck thoro the cane the smoke thereof." He returned on the 20th of September, "bringing home both gold, silver, pearles, and other jewels great store. His name therefore be praised for evermore."

One John Sparke wrote the log of the second voyage, but John Hawkins himself compiled that of the third luckless adventure. We have already noted the loss of his company from the poisoned arrows of the blacks whom he tried to kidnap. With the help of a negro king he took a town containing 8,000 people, but "no truth in Negroes"; his black accomplice in this robbery refused to share equally with the pious English thief. This was but the beginning of "many miseries," for the Spaniards attacked him at San Juan de Ulloa, and after many misadventures, he had to land a hundred men on the Mexican coast, and make for home with the remnant of the crew. The castaways fell into the hands of the Inquisition, who treated them as they had treated the negroes, or even worse. "Several were tortured," says Mr. Markham, "and most inhumanly mutilated. Some were burnt, and a few were sent to Spain, and left to die of hunger in the Archbishop of Seville's dungeons." Those were times in which men, as a rule, were pitiless, except to persons of their own tribe and faith. The dealings of the Spanish and English with each other, with negroes, and with Indians, almost tempt one to think that there is something in cosmopolitanism.

John Hawkins, on his return home, tried vainly to betray the Spaniards into a trap. He offered to hand over the Queen's ships under his command, but the "treacherous Spaniard" was not to be beguiled. Once in England, the slave-dealer showed the other side of his character. To his own people, among Englishmen and Protestants, he was as honest, thorough, and active an official, as daring yet discreet an officer, as he had already proved himself an unscrupulous adventurer. He became Treasurer of the Navy, and put down jobs and peculations with a high hand. He invented chain-pumps for ships. When the Armada threatened the country he was vice-admiral, and hoisted his flag on board the *Victory*, a ship of illustrious name, and destined to have a glorious future. When he missed the Plate fleet in 1590, he told Elizabeth that "Paul planteth, and Apollos watereth, but God giveth the increase." "God's death!" exclaimed the Queen, "this fool went out a soldier and is come home a divine." Her Majesty was no Puritan. Hawkins died at sea, November 21, 1595. His last voyage was made in the hope of rescuing his gallant son Richard, whom the Spaniards had taken prisoner with his ship the *Dainty*.

Richard Hawkins was a man of milder mood than his father; he was resolute, courageous, the enemy of Spain, but tolerant, thoughtful, and courteous. His earliest memory was of the correction inflicted by John Hawkins on the Spaniards who were carrying Ann of Austria to be fourth wife of Philip of Spain. They entered Plymouth "without vayling their top-sails, or taking in of their flags," whereon John Hawkins fired a gun and "lacked the admiral through and through." The affair was ended amicably by an apology from the Spaniards. In 1588, after the ruin of the Armada, Richard Hawkins caused a ship of three or four hundred tons to be built on the Thames. His intention was to make a voyage of discovery "for the islands of Japan, of the Phillippinas, and Molucas, the Kingdom of China, and East Indies, by way of the straites of Magellan and the South Seas." The Spaniards, oddly enough, refused to believe in Richard's scientific purpose, and called him a "pirate." His ship was named by his stepmother, who called her the *Repentance*, but the Queen renamed her the *Dainty*. She never had any luck. Therefore, writes Hawkins, "I advise all persons ever (as neere as

* *The Hawkinses' Voyages, during the Reigns of Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, and James I.* Edited, with an Introduction, by Clements R. Markham, C.B., F.R.S. Hakluyt Society. London: 1878.

they can), by all meanes, and on all occasions, to presage unto themselves the good they can, and in giving names to terrestrial works (especially to ships) not to give such as merely represent the celestial character, for few have I known, or seene come to a good end, which have had such attributes." As an example, Hawkins cites the immortal *Revenge*, "which gave England and Spain just cause to remember her," and which Mr. Tennyson has taken care shall not be forgotten. There are defeats more glorious than victories, and we shall remember Isandula longer than Ali Masjid.

The *Dainty's* own end was to perish in a splendid disaster. This ill-omened ship, which bore for figurehead Hawkins's crest—"a demi-Moor proper, bound and captive"—left England on the 13th of June, 1593, accompanied by the pinnace *Fancy* and the *Hawk*. Tharlton, the captain of the pinnace, basely deserted Hawkins off the Plate river; to which treachery, and to the incapacity or treachery of his gunner, he attributed his defeat. On the 16th June, 1594, Hawkins was in the bay of San Mateo, on the coast of the province of Quito. Here he met the Spanish fleet, with double his ordnance and ten times his men. His crews insisted on fighting. The English sailor of that age was less amenable to discipline, Hawkins says, than were the Spaniards:—

> Yea, I cannot attribute the good successe the Spaniard hath had in his voyages and peoplings, to any extraordinary vertue more in him then in any other man, were not discipline, patience, and justice far superior. For in valour, experience, and travell, he surpasseth us not; in shipping, preparation, and plentie of vitualls, hee commeth not neere us; in paying and rewarding our people, no nation did goe beyond us: but God, who is a just and bountifull rewarder, regarding obedience farre above sacrifice, doubtlesse, in recompence of their indurance, resolution, and subjection to commandment, bestoweth upon them the blessing due unto it. And this, not for that the Spaniard is of a more tractable disposition, or more docible nature than wee, but that justice halteth with us, and so the old proverbe is verified, *Pittie marreth the whole citie*.

His men would not wear defensive armour like the Spaniards. "Though I had great preparations of armours, as well as of proofe, as of light corseletts, yet not a man would use them; but esteemed a pott of wine a better defence than an armour of proofe." Alas, "the pott was continually walking" during the fight, and Hawkins's men exposed themselves with a recklessness of which the Spanish sharpshooters took advantage. We wish we could quote the whole story of the sea-fight. The *Dainty* drove off her foes again and again, "sustaining the fight, all this night, with the day and night following, and the day after." In an attempt to board, Hawkins tells us, "myselfe received six wounds; one of them in the neck, very perilous, another through the arm, perishing the bone, and cutting the sinewes close to the arme-pitte; the rest not so dangerous." What Hawkins does not say—we gather it from the Spanish account—is that "the gallant Hawkins himself seized the royal standard, by means of a bowline which he threw over it." It was in this chivalrous attempt that Hawkins was so sorely wounded that he could only encourage his men to refuse to surrender. Thus he fought his ship from the place where he lay, "nearly giving up the ghost," but still rousing himself to harangue the crew:—

> "Came we into the South sea to put out flags of truce? And left we our pleasant England, with all her contentments, with intention or purpose to avayle our selves of white ragges, and by banners of peace to deliver ourselves for slaves into our enemies hands; or to range the world with the English, to take the law from them, whom by our swords, prowesse, and valour, we have alwaies heretofore bin accustomed to purchase honour, riches, and reputation? If these motives be not sufficient to perswade you, then I present before your eyes your wives and children, your parents and friends, your noble and sweete countrey, your gracious soveraigne; all of which accompt yourselves for ever deprived, if this proposition should be put in execution."

When once surrender is spoken of, men rarely fail, says Hawkins, to give in. If Hawkins yielded, it was to a noble foe, Don Beltran de Castro:—

> For prevention, hee sent a principall captaine, brought up long time in Flanders, called Pedro Alveres de Pulgar, to take care of me, and whilest the shippes were one aboard the other, to bring me into his ship; which he accomplished with great humanitie and courtesie; despising the barres of gold which were shared before his face, which hee might alone have enjoyed if he would. And truely hee was, as after I found by tryall, a true captaine, a man worthy of any charge, and of the noblest condition that I have knowne any Spaniard.
>
> The generall received me with great courtesie and compassion, even with teares in his eyes, and words of great consolation, and commaunded mee to bee accommodated in his owne cabbine, where hee sought to cure and comfort mee the best he could: the like hee used with all our hurt men, six and thirtie at least. And doubtlesse, as true courage, valour, and resolution, is requisit in a generall in the time of battle, so humanitie, mildnes, and courtesie, after victorie.

The story of the later adventures of Richard in the Spanish prisons (for the Inquisition or the Government kept him captive for eight years) was unfortunately not written when the gallant sailor died. His last years found a peaceful home at Slapton, in Devonshire. His account of his cruise is full of digressions on technical points of seamanship and war, which are very curious and interesting. We have no space for the tale of the voyage of William Hawkins, Richard's cousin, who visited the Great Mogul at Agra. No one should overlook, however, the curious story of the Mogul's china plate (pp. 429, 430).

Mr. Clements Markham has edited the volume with his usual care, and has provided it with most useful introductions, notes, and an index. We wish he had kept the scurvy controversy out of his foot-note to p. 142, especially as, in p. 163, Richard Hawkins seems by no means so very much of Mr. Markham's opinion. It would be interesting to know the exact data of the ivory bust of Sir John Hawkins, of which a photograph adorns this delightful volume.

TURNER'S LIBER STUDIORUM.*

MR. RAWLINSON'S descriptive catalogue of the *Liber Studiorum* will be warmly welcomed by the circle of collectors and amateurs to which it properly appeals. If the success of a work could be measured by the amount of devotion and labour required for its performance, Mr. Rawlinson might also count upon the reward of popular appreciation. Such a reward, however, is in the present instance not to be expected, and our author, who is so obviously inspired by the feelings of the particular class to which he addresses himself, will scarcely suffer any disappointment if his readers, like the works that he describes, should be rare and select. For it is not in the nature of a collector to be troubled by the consciousness that his enthusiasms are not widely shared. He loves to possess what others cannot obtain, and in like manner he feels a certain pride in the knowledge that he lovingly admires what others are apt to neglect. We do not wish to be so ungracious as to hint that his tastes are directed solely by this sentiment, but it is undoubtedly true that, even with the most enlightened collectors, the pure enjoyment of artistic beauty is sometimes complicated by a sense of triumph in the possession of that which is denied to others. Mr. Rawlinson himself refers to this very human frailty in the introduction to the volume before us. With perfect candour he confesses that he can discover no good reason for the very high prices constantly paid for what are known as the engravers' proofs of the *Liber Studiorum*. These proofs are, in fact, trials of the plates drawn before the engraving was complete, and intended as a guide to the engraver, to show what was yet wanting to perfect the work. "Often," as Mr. Rawlinson observes, "they are so manifestly incomplete that, although interesting as marking the progress of the work, they wholly lack the beauty of the finished picture, and are therefore, I hold, inherently of less, instead of more, value than the impressions which Turner thought the fittest to give to the world." But the collector, as we have already hinted, is not always guided by intrinsic value, and the fact that these engravers' proofs are of greater rarity makes them in his eyes more precious.

The sentence we have just quoted shows, however, that Mr. Rawlinson is not a slave to these caprices of his class. He is able, upon this as upon other questions connected with the *Liber Studiorum*, to take an independent view of Turner's art, and even to those who do not possess any of the plates that are here so carefully described, the introductory chapter, which deals generally with the artistic value of the work, will be found full of interest and instruction. In common with nearly all lovers of Turner, Mr. Rawlinson is very ready to acknowledge his indebtedness to the writings of Mr. Ruskin; but at the same time he does not hesitate to call in question the general accuracy of Mr. Ruskin's criticism upon the *Liber Studiorum*. In a recently published biography of the artist Mr. Hamerton has very clearly shown that Turner's most eloquent advocate has been betrayed into extraordinary exaggeration of the neglect which the painter suffered in his lifetime. Mr. Rawlinson here detects and exposes a similar instance of what Mr. Ruskin himself would call "the pathetic fallacy." In the fifth volume of *Modern Painters* the reader is encouraged to look to these engraved plates for the evidence of the prevailing sadness of Turner's mind. "Take up the *Liber Studiorum*," says Mr. Ruskin, "and observe how this feeling of decay and humiliation gives solemnity to all its simplest subjects," and further, he adds, "There is no exultation in thriving city or mart, or in happy rural toil, or in harvest gathering. Only the grinding at the mill and patient striving with hard conditions of life." To any one who is familiar with the *Liber Studiorum* this forced and sentimental characterization of its purpose will scarcely need refutation. That Turner was affected by the modern romantic feeling for outward nature which loves to seek the beauty that lies in the wilder and more desolate aspects of scenery is no doubt true; but the presence of this sadder sentiment in his work is rather to be ascribed to an unconscious sympathy with the movement of his time than to the special bent of his own individuality. Indeed, as compared with his contemporaries, Turner imports a more constant suggestion of almost Southern luxuriance into his painting which is not always in accord with the homely character of English scenery. He does not record the shifting changes of English weather with the sympathy or power that Constable displays, nor does the general effect of his colouring suggest the presence of so grave a spirit as is revealed in the simple and severe beauty of Girtin's work in water-colour. But, even if the prevailing sadness of Turner's mind could be proved to have been expressed in his art at all, the *Liber Studiorum* would still remain a most unfortunate example for the purpose. As Mr. Rawlinson very justly points out, the distinguishing characteristic of the work lies in the extraordinary variety of the subjects represented and the many changes of mood displayed in their treatment. There is little doubt that Turner here intended to show the whole scope of his art and to put in exercise all his

* *Turner's Liber Studiorum.* A Description and a Catalogue by W. G. Rawlinson. London: Macmillan & Co. 1878.

powers of design. He seems to have been partly urged to undertake the publication of these plates by a desire to invite a comparison between himself and Claude. Boydell had published with success a series of engravings after Claude's *Liber Veritatis*, and this seems to have suggested to Turner the title as well as the scheme of his own work. Competition, however, is an unhappy element to introduce into the practice of art; and in this particular instance it was specially inappropriate, for Claude had never intended his drawings to be given to the world at all, nor had they been executed under any idea of displaying the extent of his artistic resources. It would therefore be altogether misleading to institute any comparison between the two schemes; and the only significant point in connexion with this so-called rivalry lies in the fact that the spirit in which the *Liber Studiorum* was undertaken justifies us in accepting the result as a representative expression of Turner's genius.

Mr. Rawlinson reminds us of other considerations which give to these plates a peculiar importance and value. They were executed in the fulness of the artist's powers and before his imagination had fallen into the license of a later time. They were contemporary with pictures like the "Crossing the Brook" and the "Frosty Morning," in the National Gallery, pictures which appeal strongly even to those who cannot profess any sympathy with the vague sublimity of style that was adopted at a subsequent period of his career. It is true that they afford no opportunity of judging of Turner's gifts as a colourist; but it may be questioned, we think, whether this is altogether to the artist's disadvantage. Turner's genius has been so lavishly extolled, and the extravagant eulogy of which he has been the subject is so likely to produce an undue reaction of feeling, that the present is perhaps scarcely a favourable moment for attempting anything like an impartial estimate of the position he is destined to hold in the history of painting. We may be permitted, however, to hazard the opinion that his powers of design and his knowledge of the truths of light and shade afford a surer foundation of lasting fame than can be found in his more vaunted gifts as a colourist. The peculiar and strongly marked conventions of his system of colour must, we believe, ultimately prove a serious obstacle to the appreciation of his painting; and the time must surely come when much of what now passes for extraordinary imaginative resource will be curtly dismissed as artifice and extravagance. But, even if Turner's painting should fail to keep its present place in general esteem, such a work as the *Liber Studiorum* would alone be sufficient to vindicate his genius. Here his exquisite sense of the refinements of aërial truth and his incomparable power of displaying the contrasted beauties of sunshine and shadow are not perplexed in their exercise by the need of solving complicated problems of colour. We are allowed to appreciate the wide range of his sympathies and to note the unfailing facility of his invention at a time when that invention had not yet lost its hold upon the simplicity of nature. And, to our thinking, landscape is of all branches of art that which most imperatively demands this close contact with reality. Even the richest imagination is here sufficiently employed in simplifying what it sees and in selecting those finer truths which give to a scene its essential character. To attempt more than this, and to strive to impose upon nature invented fairy visions—such as Turner produced in his later time—is, in fact, to admit the control of a lower kind of fancy. We cannot, therefore, quite agree with Mr. Rawlinson in his admission that Turner's most imaginative work was done after the production of the *Liber Studiorum*. In our judgment these plates mark the highest point in the development of Turner's genius. In these he has given to the world the best that he had to offer, expressed in a material that was the best fitted to display the strength and, at the same time, to suppress the inherent weaknesses of his style.

We have not attempted to discuss in detail the exhaustive catalogue which forms the body of Mr. Rawlinson's work, nor indeed have we by any means exhausted the many interesting points in connexion with Turner's art that are handled in the introduction. The merits of that particular combination of etching and mezzotint which Turner employed are perhaps more open to question than Mr. Rawlinson would seem to allow. It is true that by this means the artist was enabled to approach the effect of the washed drawings of Claude, but the deeply-bitten line of Turner's etching does not so readily fuse with the work in mezzotint as the line of the reed pen with the wash of the brush. The result, from an artistic point of view, would possibly have been more entirely satisfactory if these plates had been executed either entirely in etching or entirely in mezzotint; and, in our judgment, it is not altogether an advantage that they should appear to suggest the process of a drawing. Of the catalogue itself it is only necessary to say that Mr. Rawlinson has spared no pains to make it as complete as possible. He has examined all the collections of the plates that are known to exist, and he has thus been enabled to classify the different "states" of each plate with confidence and accuracy. Further, he adds, in every case where it is known to exist, a description of the original drawing made in preparation for the plate.

IN THIS WORLD.*

It will soon take two writers to review one story, for one man can no longer pretend to follow lady novelists in the variety of learning which they display. The difficulties of the case are not a little increased by the fact that they so commonly write in what is, if not a learned, at all events an unknown tongue. We are not sure, therefore, whether two reviewers are sufficient. A third would often be required, who should first master the peculiar form of English in which female writers so commonly delight, and who should then translate it—as much of it, that is to say, as is found to have any meaning—into the English which any ordinary person can understand. We ought not to take it ill that we so often find in these stories such displays of learning. By the time that women have been as much worried with examinations as men are, they will be less anxious, as soon as they have learnt anything, to put it into print. In the book before us there is a great show made of medical learning. The heroine, a most charming young lady we admit, had taken her degree of Doctor of Medicine at Paris. She does not, happily, confine herself strictly to the practice of medicine, but, like all other sensible heroines, soon falls in love. The author, however, never lets us forget that if she is in love she is still a doctor in love. Her hair was soft, fair, and curly. Her eyes at times "became positively cavernous," whatever that may mean, "in the revelation of depths beyond depths, and the flashes of sudden fire which illumined those depths." But her talk was uncommonly scientific. She was learned in typhoid fever and diseases of the eye. Her husband—for she marries a fashionable physician—was one day prescribing for a distinguished artist. The medical heroine was in an adjoining room, and through the partly opened door heard the symptoms described. She at once saw that her husband, who was, we must in pity remember, of the old school of physicians, and merely a man, did not understand the case. When the artist had left, she maintained that the patient was suffering from glaucoma. Her husband was equally confident that the haze over the patient's eyes was due to biliousness:—

> "No," said Ernestine; "I saw that the pupil is dilated to a degree that shows only a mere ring of iris; and the iris is discoloured."
>
> Dr. Doldy laughed aloud. "That is all very well," said he; "but the man has constant nausea."
>
> "So I heard him say," said Ernestine composedly. "You forget that I heard him detail his sufferings; and, perhaps, you don't remember either that recurrent vomiting is now ascertained to be one of the symptoms in an acute case of glaucoma."

The Doctor—the male doctor, we mean, for we forget that there were two of them—would not be convinced. His wife insisted that "iridectomy must be performed at once." She gracefully admitted that she was not afflicted with the passion for operations. "Iridectomy does not," she said, "fascinate me because it is asserted that the larger the piece of the iris cut out, the more complete its cure." Good heavens! we found ourselves exclaiming. How can we pretend to understand, much more to criticize, such a heroine as this? What has our course of novel-reading, beginning with Pamela and Clarissa, and coming down through Amelia and Evelina and Helen and Emma to the charming young ladies who still survived not so many years ago—what has it done in the way of preparing us to comprehend a heroine who is not fascinated by the size of the cut that is made into an unfortunate man's iris?—

> Bring forth men-children only,
> For thy undaunted mettle should compose
> Nothing but males—

is the only appropriate reply that her husband could have made. Unhappily, though he was a good Shakspearian scholar, yet he took his wife's interference very ill. He may have held with the wise men of Ahasuerus's court, who maintained that, if a wife is allowed openly to despise her husband, there will arise in the world too much contempt and wrath. At all events he quarrelled with her, and they separated. He was obliged, indeed, in the present case to own at last that she was right and he was wrong. That was proved by "the ophthalmoscope—that simple, subtle little instrument which Charles Babbage evolved out of his wonderful mind." "To evolve out of the mind" is, as we note in passing, what we may perhaps call the female English of "to invent." The ophthalmoscope showed that the artist's was a case of sub-acute glaucoma, and that iridectomy must be at once performed. Now, as critics, we always like to bear our part in the judgment that is pronounced in a novel. We are not willing to accept the author's mere word. Nor do we like in the present case, without understanding anything of it, to be called upon to allow, quite contrary to what *à priori* is probable, that the husband is in the wrong and the wife in the right. If it was not a case of sub-acute glaucoma, if iridectomy was not needed, then Mrs. Dr. Doldy ought to have been ashamed of herself, and to have asked pardon of Mr. Dr. Doldy. That we can understand. But what do we know of glaucoma in any form of acuteness, or of iridectomy, however large or however small a piece may be cut out? We might just as reasonably be expected to follow the disputes of a chandler and his wife as to the best method of melting tallow.

When the author leaves medicine and goes into law, then the little knowledge that we have managed to pick up on the subject shows us that she is hopelessly wrong. We are ready to own that

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* *In This World.* A Novel. By Mabel Collins, Author of "An Innocent Sinner." 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1879.

our own views as to the way in which a criminal trial is conducted are not so clear as they should be. We must plead as our excuse the vast, the overwhelming amount of bad law that has been presented to us in a long course of novels. Nothing, next to love-making, is so frequent in our stories as a criminal trial, and nothing is so varied as the mode of procedure. Crowner's quest law is nothing to novelists' criminal law. Should Sir James Stephen's great Act be carried through Parliament, we earnestly hope that it will at once be made a subject in all the examinations for girls and women. And yet perhaps the result would only be that our writers would blunder more elaborately, and would flounder more hopelessly. This consideration, however, is foreign to our present purpose, and we must not be led away by it. In the story before us there is of course an abandoned villain. In abandoned villains ladies greatly delight. He is a most hateful and forbidding wretch. He is a dark-skinned, miserable, unhealthy-looking man. He has two rows of projecting white teeth in a hideous grin, and his teeth flash ominously when he laughs. Can any dentist—male or female, we care not which—explain to us what is meant by teeth flashing ominously? He had been engaged to a remarkably disagreeable young lady, whose skin was like cream-coloured satin. Cream-coloured women, we are told, seldom eat much, nor was this young lady an exception to the rule. Not that her eating has anything to do with the story, but this is in part a scientific novel, and so scientific facts are recorded. She had written to him during the engagement some foolish letters, and he took advantage of them when they had quarrelled to extort money from her by a threat of publication. She consulted a solicitor, who had his reasons for wishing to punish the villain. After she had stated her case the lawyer "looked up in a cool business-like way into her face, and said, 'Will five years' penal servitude do?' 'Oh, glorious!' she ejaculated. 'Oh, glorious,' she repeated musingly to herself." The villain was arrested and brought before the magistrate. The cream-coloured woman attended to give evidence, and "drew auguries of triumph from the rich-hearted rose in the button-hole" of her solicitor. As soon as this gentleman had given an outline of the case, before the prisoner had a chance of saying a word, "the magistrate with dignity and contempt" exclaimed, "And his accomplice in this disgraceful case, who and what is he?" The magistrate later on asked about the letters that had been sent. "Have they been inspected"? The solicitor "turned a perfectly blank and expressionless countenance upon him and said, 'I have looked at them and they are such as any engaged lady might write.' 'That makes it a very serious case,' said the magistrate." Neither he nor anybody else troubled himself anything more about the letters. It is true that it had been agreed on with the villain that "if he would bring a defence which would be likely to lighten his sentence, it should be accepted by the prosecution on condition that he kept his tongue from slander with regard to Laura," the cream-coloured woman.

The prisoner and his accomplice were committed for trial. When the great day came on, and the prisoner's counsel was pursuing a certain line of defence with some ardour, at the very moment when "he was plainly producing some effect upon the jury, he was suddenly arrested by an indescribable look from Lingon," the solicitor of the rich-hearted auguries-of-triumph-giving rose, "which puzzled him so much that he sat down precipitately." No wonder that the author found it impossible to describe a look which, coming from the solicitor of the prosecutor, in a moment made the prisoner's counsel give up his defence just when it was beginning to tell with the jury. The result was that the villain was sentenced to penal servitude for life. Happily for him, "a beautiful, elegant, and accomplished woman" was in love with him. She used every influence she possessed, and backed up every effort his connections made, to effect his release. In a few weeks he is set free. How this is accomplished we do not quite understand; but, from what our author tells us, the Home Office must be in a most corrupt state. "Where there are ladies concerned a social bramble," we are told, "creeps a long way," and in this case there were not a few social brambles.

The villain then escapes, the cream-coloured woman marries a baronet, and the two doctors—male and female—become reconciled. But in spite of reconciliation Mrs. Dr. Doldy keeps up her scientific talk to the last. In the closing chapter she says, "It is a mistake to think too much from a hygienic point of view." It is admirable to see how easily our women doctors catch those hard words which once were thought to belong, as of sole right, to the male. We are reminded by the lady's learned talk of a story we have heard of a poor woman, who, quite seventy years ago, came back full of admiration of the learning of a physician. "He only asked me one question," she said, "and then he told me all that was the matter with me." "And what did he ask you?" "How I felt, and I said hot and cold all over." "Ah!" said he, "you are suffering from the unequal distribution of the vital heat." But the mystery of healing has been broken in upon by the fair sex. What would "an unequal distribution of the vital heat" avail against a rival female practitioner who could talk of sub-acute glaucoma, iridectomy, and a hygienic point of view?

THE COMMERCIAL PRODUCTS OF THE SEA.*

THE various spoils of that incalculable amount of animal life which teems in the ocean and its sequestered inlets, under different conditions of atmospheric climate and of aqueous temperature, supply mankind with vast quantities of useful raw materials, at the mere cost of searching for them. This bountiful provision of nature presents an interesting study, which is here sketched out by Mr. P. L. Simmonds, the compiler of two preceding treatises respectively setting forth the industrial uses of vegetable products and those of animals reared upon dry land. His work is descriptive and statistical, but not specially scientific; the facts stated belong to that common stock of ordinary information which has, since the time of Pinnock's and Blair's Catechisms, been frequently commended to the attention of young persons. The more recent era of Great Exhibitions, with their diversity of manufactured substances from every region of the earth, has demanded a share of this kind of knowledge for the intelligent enjoyment of the popular spectacle. It was a phase of the general mind which may now, after a quarter of a century, seem likely to be passing away, as there are few signs of any immediate further development of our artificial sources of wealth. But the sea and the land, and all that is therein, constitute a wonderful perpetual exhibition of myriad forms of organic life, beneficently serving the needs of the human race. It must ever be delightful and profitable to review this marvellous arrangement; to regard its continuance, through all the shifting scenes of national or social prosperity, as an abiding pledge for the larger, we trust for the happier, future of our terrestrial world.

Mr. Simmonds has attempted a threefold division of his subject, to which one exception may be taken, according to the true definition of "Art." He seems to mean, by his third category of uses for marine products, something analogous to what is called Fine Art; and, if that be his intention, we fear he does not rightly understand the term. The mere decorative employment of beautiful substances—tortoise-shell, pearls, mother-of-pearl, coral, and amber—cannot properly be so ranked, any more than the work of the mere lapidary in polishing and setting his precious stones. Art, in the high and worthy sense, is not the presentation of exquisite materials; it is the poetic creation of noble original forms. We should prefer, therefore, to let all this jewelry, which is furnished by such articles of ornamental value found in the sea, take its place with the sponges, the whalebone, the oils, isinglass, kelp, sepia, and other matters serviceable to manufacturing industry. The remaining twofold division will be, on the one hand, all those products of the sea which are good for human consumption as food; on the other hand, those of which something desirable is made by human skill and contrivance.

Fisheries, in general, are practised with a view to obtaining the first class of marine commodities. The cod, herring, pilchard, and mackerel of the British narrow seas, and of the neighbouring Atlantic and German Oceans, with the turbot and the sole of our coasts, the sardine and tunny of the Mediterranean, the familiar crustaceans, bivalves, and other edible molluscs, will here occur to every reader in grateful remembrance. The salmon fishery of these islands is worth half a million sterling annually, the sales in London alone being to the value of a quarter of a million; but salmon are caught in rivers, though living partly in the sea. Many competent writers have enjoined upon us greater attention to the unequalled natural advantages of England in regard to sea fisheries. It is justly remarked that our labouring classes have not been taught sufficiently to appreciate fish as a nutritious article of diet. Except in the shape of a "red herring" for breakfast, they do not care to use it, though much cheaper than butcher's meat. Charitable visitors of the homes of the London poor find it difficult to overcome this singular prejudice. For sanitary and physiological as well as economical reasons, it is to be seriously regretted at the present day, when so large a portion of our townsfolk are engaged in sedentary indoor work. The waste of nerve-substance going on so rapidly in modern city life could probably be remedied in some degree by a more liberal use of fish for its phosphates. A poor man's wife, though she might buy a fine fresh herring for a penny, has no idea of giving her husband such a dinner; she haggles for an indescribable remnant called beefsteak, or more indigestible veal. Yet the curious rambler in Drury Lane may find a humble cookshop that offers a plentiful dish of fried plaice for the sum of fourpence; while stewed eels, the favourite repast of our Saxon forefathers, may be had round any corner. Plaice, as well as haddock and whiting, though contemptuously denominated "offal" by the fashionable fishmonger, makes a tolerably good occasional meal; herring is first-rate nourishment when the fish is in season, about Midsummer, and again in the autumn. It is estimated, says Mr. Simmonds, that the quantity of herrings yearly taken in the Yarmouth and Lowestoft fisheries would give fourteen meals, of one herring for each, to every man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom. The Scotch fisheries, of which the chief is at Wick, and those of St. George's Channel and the Irish Sea, are not less important. But a very large proportion of the herrings taken are salted or smoked and devoted to exportation. Holland and England, successively enjoying maritime supremacy and assuming the championship of the Protestant cause in Europe, partly owed

* *The Commercial Products of the Sea; or, Marine Contributions to Food, Industry, and Art.* By P. L. Simmonds. London: Griffith & Farran.

their naval strength to their supplying the Roman Catholic nations with preserved fish for fast-days. This was also the destination of the Cornish pilchard fishery, which throve by the religious custom of Spain and Portugal, and which trained the crews of Elizabethan ships to defeat the Spanish Armada. There is no better school for the manhood of a nation; and some gentlemen who like sea sports, when tired of aimless yachting, might perhaps try now and then the command of a trawling smack. The work is carried on upon so vast a scale that in the North Sea, on a fine night of September or October, there will be five or six thousand miles of netting stretched between the boats to catch the mighty shoals of herring. It is roughly estimated that a hundred thousand of our countrymen, with about three thousand vessels, not reckoning small boats, are employed in this kind of fishery. Dutchmen and Frenchmen also take a moderate share in its pursuit. The decline of all the Irish coast fisheries is still to be deplored; the number of vessels and boats had diminished, between 1870 and 1876, from nine thousand to under six thousand, and the number of men and boys employed from thirty-eight thousand to twenty-three thousand seven hundred. British America, or the Canadian Dominion, exports fish to the value of above three millions sterling yearly, more than half of which is supplied by Newfoundland. An equal quantity of cod is taken by the United States' fishermen on the banks and shores of Newfoundland and on the coast of Labrador. The French, too, are not far behindhand in those waters, but on the shores of Iceland they practise the cod-fishery more largely than all other nations. As an article of diet, the dried and salted cod finds ready sale in every country of Southern Europe and in the West Indies. The Norwegian fisheries, both of cod and herring, constitute the main industry of Norway, valued at 1,000,000*l.* year by year.

These are the greatest examples of the commercial importance of sea-fishing, to which are here added some particulars, not very complete, of the mackerel fishery, the lobster and crab fishery, and other departments of marine pursuit. Such a statement as that "one hundred millions, or about twelve thousand tons' weight, of soles are said to be sold annually in Billingsgate," may not improbably be well founded, but has not the air of statistical precision. The chapter on oysters tells us what we unhappily know too well of their increasing price in England, which pays, if Mr. Simmonds is correctly informed, between 4,000,000*l.* and 5,000,000*l.* a year for this article. Three-and-sixpence a dozen for the genuine sort of Whitstable or Colchester is a prohibitory rate to middle-class people in these times. We are not here told of the recently introduced "Anglo-Portuguese," now offered in London at tenpence. The systematic French oyster culture at Granville, Cancale, Arcachon, Auray, and L'Orient is briefly described. A scanty notice of the American oyster trade is also given; but we could have wished for a better account of the oyster world, and of the oyster himself, the "native," our old familiar friend. The pearl oyster of Ceylon and the mother-of-pearl oyster of the Malay archipelago—for which we care little—are treated by Mr. Simmonds with great respect in a subsequent chapter.

Passing from things eatable to materials or ingredients of manufacture, the author finds much to record that is worthy our notice. His account of sponges is more satisfactory than some other parts of the book, which appear to have been hastily raked together from whatever documents lay nearest at hand. This remark, however, applies only to the earlier division, relating to ordinary fisheries. He has bestowed more thorough study upon the marine products which enter into our industrial economy. The sponge, indeed, is rather an article of domestic convenience. We learn that the coarse, soft, flat sponges, with large pores and great orifices in them, come from the Bahamas and Florida. A small schooner, towing several little boats, with two men in each, passes slowly over the sponge-ground. One man sculls, the other squats hanging over the boat's side, with his head in a bucket, the bottom of which is of glass. Through this he looks down into the deep still water, and sees the sponges lying twenty or thirty feet below. Then, assisted by the other man, he aims a stroke with a three-pronged hooking-fork at the end of a long pole. The sponge is grappled and lifted into the boat. When the boats have loaded the vessel, the sponges lying on board, covered with a gelatinous mass from which oozes a slime of disgusting odour, are anything but pleasant. The animal soon dies; the sponges are laid out in the sand that this putrefying outer substance may rot off, after which they are roughly cleaned and scraped, pressed and packed in bales. Much further washing is required, and a chemical process of bleaching. American sponges being so inferior to those of the Mediterranean, it has been sought to utilize them for the stuffing of cushions and mattresses, or the felting of hats and winter coats, but with poor success. The finer kind, suitable for toilet use, is found in the Levant; the best on the coast of Northern Syria, near Tripoli, and secondary qualities among the Greek isles. These, as everybody has noticed, are not flattish lumps of loose texture, like the others, but either globular or of a cup-like form, with fine pores, and are not easily torn. They are got by divers plunging from a boat, many fathoms down, with a heavy stone tied to a rope for sinking the man, who snatches the sponges, puts them into a net fastened to his waist, and is then hauled up. Some of the Greeks, instead of diving, throw short harpoons attached to a cord, having first spied their prey at the bottom through a tin tube with a glass bottom immersed below the surface waves. Mr. Simmonds refers to a German treatise by Von Eckhel, on the "Badeschwämme," from which he borrows most of his knowledge upon this subject. The existing sources of supply may possibly be exhausted. It is only within certain limits of temperature and other physical conditions of the sea-water, and upon ground of suitable quality, that fine sponges will grow. The Austrian Government is trying to promote their artificial culture on the Dalmatian coast; and M. Lamiral, for the French Société d'Acclimatation, has made experiments at the isles of Hyères, near Toulon. We should think our colonial Governments of Queensland and other Australian provinces might find it worth while to do the same. The northern shores of New Zealand and the Fiji Islands would probably afford the requisite conditions. The sponge-making animal, like some other zoophytes, can be multiplied by cutting him in pieces, leaving each piece to live and grow by itself. It is stated by Dr. Oscar Schmidt, of the University of Grätz, that in three years, at a cost of 8*l.* 8*s.*, four thousand sponges can be raised, worth 16*l.*, which would seem to be a profitable enterprise.

Whaling and sealing operations are of course included by Mr. Simmonds in his description of the means by which the sea is compelled to yield its wealth for human service. It is rather annoying that he will call these "fisheries" when he is speaking of marine mammals; and he has so little to say about them as hardly to justify their ostensible place in his book. Here is a sentence, for example, which does not tell the reader much about whalebone, yet it is all we get upon the subject:—"Whalebone, as it is erroneously termed, is another valuable product of this fishery." But what is whalebone? might still be asked in vain by an ignorant reader; and Mr. Simmonds expects to have such readers, for he says that some do not know whether a sponge is a plant or an animal. He is, for his own part, a well-informed man, a statistician, and perhaps a second-hand naturalist; but he does not take the pains to adapt his explanations to a fair standard of general knowledge. His work is, therefore, not a sufficient textbook of its professed subject, though certain parts of it bear witness to special research, and present many interesting details of information. Nearly twenty pages are devoted to isinglass, more than forty to shells, and an equal space to sea-weed; nor does it seem too much for these matters separately regarded. It may prove worth while, in discussing a question of commercial or fiscal policy, to know even small facts of this description—that other fishes beside the Russian sturgeon have swim-bladders yielding a pure gelatine; and that the extraction of iodine from kelp is almost confined to Great Britain and France. Mother-of-pearl has had something to do with Birmingham manufactures, at one time giving employment to four or five thousand hands. To despise this kind of knowledge as trivial and sordid is no part of wisdom. A great variety of minute circumstances may, from time to time, affect the industrial economy of a nation. The possible effect of very little things upon large social interests ought not to be disregarded. In this point of view, an account of the commercial products of the sea appears to be worth having, so far as it is correct; but the work here before us is far from complete.

MORICE'S PINDAR.*

As the supplementary series of "Ancient Classics for English Readers" must some day come to an end, and as Pindar had not been taken in his proper place before the dramatists, it would be hard to name a Greek author so fit for an impressive conclusion. One could have wished, indeed, to see a volume devoted to the pastoral or bucolic poets of a far later age, the sweet and versatile idyllist Theocritus and his co-mates Bion and Moschus; but, if this was not to be, there is obvious appropriateness in placing in the hands of a scholar who has already published a happy version of the Olympian and Pythian Odes the task of presenting Pindar and his works to English readers. Such an undertaking is particularly seasonable just now, when the explorations at and near Olympia under the sanction of the German Government have been unearthing columns and cornices, statues and pediments, temples and sacred precincts, which tell the story of the foremost of the Greek Panhellenic games at the zenith of their fame, upon which so many allusions and myths in Pindar will be found to bear. In reading a very interesting article on the discoveries at Olympia in the current number of the *Edinburgh Review*, one might almost conceive the writer to have used Mr. Morice's pen when he pictures the growth of the Olympic festival, and traces its stages from a local to a Panhellenic, and from a Panhellenic to an œcumenical gathering. Mr. Morice himself, in his chapter on "The Four Great Games," after describing the topographical details of Olympia before its glories of architecture and sculpture had enhanced the charm of its natural features, thus describes the surroundings of the pageant as it seemed to the eye of the looker-on:—

> Among these groves and streams, for the five days and nights which the festival occupied, lay encamped a multitude from every tribe and colony of Greece, imposing in its mere numbers, and rendered yet more brilliant by the presence of official deputations (called "Theoris") from the various States, vying with each other in the magnificence of their

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* *Pindar.* By the Rev. F. D. Morice, M.A., Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. Ancient Classics for English Readers Series. London and Edinburgh: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1879.

dress and equipment. The numerous well-appointed cars, each drawn by four spirited horses, which started together for the chariot race, must in themselves have been an exciting spectacle. And the athletes, in their manly beauty and splendid muscular development, provoked enthusiastic demonstrations from the spectators. A midsummer sun beat with only too fierce a radiance upon the scene by day, and at night, from a hundred banquets, songs of triumph and festivity rose into the clear sky, illumined by the full orb of the harvest moon.

It was mainly the widespread repute of these festivals that gave Pindar the special field for his song; and the English reader will find no better help towards unlearning the misconceptions of Greek choral poetry derived from misty ideas of English Pindarics than the two chapters of the volume before us on its form and matter as seen in Pindar's Odes. Mr. Morice likens the combination of voice, instruments, and dancing to the performance of a cantata sung in solemn or joyous procession to the accompaniment of a moving orchestra of flutes and harps, and shows the exact subordination of each to each. He defines the structure of the choral ode as it was arranged by Stesichorus, the order of strophe, antistrophe, and epode, and the occasions when the epode could be with propriety omitted. As to matter, the choral ode is shown to have been chiefly devoted to religious services, procession chants, pæans, and enthronements of the statues of gods in their temples; to encomia and epinicia, or victory odes, among which the blunder of a grammarian has left a sample in the eleventh Nemean Ode, as well as *threni* or dirges—a class almost extinct; and to the scolia, or cross-songs, confined to the social gatherings of the noble. It was to the encomia and epinicia especially that mythology lent its choicest stores, when the poet sought to praise a patron or point a moral, and, as in the case of the maturer works of Pindar, to vary compliments and moral sentiments that might else have seemed trite and tedious. If Corinna's rebuke was not dictated by the spite of a rival, Pindar's earliest works showed an indiscriminate use of the myth; and we may infer from his extant odes from the twentieth year of his age until his death at eighty, that, however it may have been given, he laid to heart the advice, "One should sow with the hand and not with the full sack." Certain it is that he wrought with a tact and a knowledge of the road to popularity with his contemporaries and countrymen which won him the epithet of "divine," as well as the solid rewards of a regular and profitable profession, which is more than could be said of the great Attic tragedians and historians.

The poet was born at or near Thebes during the Pythian Festival of the Delphic Apollo in 522 B.C., but his family traced their lineage up to the hero Ægeus of Sparta, whose descendants had branched off into two lines, in Sparta and its colonies and at Thebes; and he delighted to claim as his ancestress the Arcadian nymph Metope, the mother of Thebe, mythic foundress of Thebes. It was no marvel that his family were hereditary flute-players, since that was the national instrument of Bœotia. Tradition ascribes his early training to his stepfather Scopelinus, and his bringing out to Lasus of Hermione, the dithyrambist and lyric poet at Athens. At twenty he returned to Thebes, and began the career which soon became so splendid. His first prize was won by the response to an invitation from a young Thessalian of the half-royal House of the Aleuadæ to celebrate his victory in the Pythian games. The victor's name was Hippocleas, and a certain Thorax, whom Pindar mentions in his ode (Pyth. x. 64), appears to have introduced the poet to him:—

> In friendly Thorax rests my trust, who, toiling for my grace,
> Hath yoked this car of song with steeds in fourfold trace,
> And gives me guidance back for guidance, love for love;

where the metaphor from the charioteer's art refers to the commission to execute the ode in question, with its ternaries of strophe, antistrophe, and epode. From this start his progress was rapid, culminating in the honour of his house being spared by the "great Emathian conqueror" nearly three centuries after his death. We read of his writing an ode for an Athenian festival which was so complimentary that the Theban authorities fined him—a fine which Athens paid. His popularity in that city was such that the Athenians appointed him their Proxenus or "consul;" and so much were his services sought that Hiero offered him a home at Syracuse, where Simonides and Bacchylides were installed already. The poet, however, refused the invitation, and there is no evidence that he ever lived in Syracuse, though he may have visited it. Some traditions speak of the musical tastes of his two daughters, and one records that he had descendants at Thebes when Alexander destroyed it. The legends attaching to his memory are unusually poetical—*e.g.* Pan overheard by a belated wayfarer singing a pæan of Pindar's; and the myth of the tired poet being overtaken with sleep on the slopes of Helicon and a swarm of bees settling on his lips and filling his mouth with honey—a myth, however, the honour of which he shares with Homer before him and in later days with Plato and St. Ambrose. From Pindar's biographers little of importance is to be gleaned. And, as Mr. Morice observes, to frame a life of Pindar from his Odes would lead to strange results if a Euhemeristic interpretation is to be put on the poet's allusions. Not every modern bard who tells us of his "slumbers on Parnassus' brow" can be inferred to have trod in fact the soil of Greece.

The chapter of Mr. Morice's little volume which discusses the four great games of Greece is full, not only of curious and picturesque details, but of reasons why these festivals, especially those of Olympia, exercised so wide and lasting an influence. Personal prowess was in those days, infinitely more than in modern times, the measure of a citizen's power to serve his State, especially in the battle-field; and, as regards victory in the chariot race, the author is no doubt right in attributing its prominence to the prestige attaching in Greece to horse-breeding as a token of wealth and of a desire to use it liberally. As one sees in the dialogue between Strepsiades and Pheidippides in the first scene of Aristophanes's *Clouds*, this taste was regarded as the antithesis to miserly hoarding of wealth; and Aristotle is the authority for the doctrine "that, where a State is strong in horses, the chief power will be found to reside with the nobles." The sentiment also of Panhellenic unity must have tended to the continuance for so many ages of these famous Greek contests, of which the three comparatively minor ones were respectively held under Delphi's height on the plain of Crissa, in the Glen of the Lion amidst the mountains of Argolis, or on the sea-severing ridge of the Corinthian Isthmus. The Nemean and Isthmian games were in alternate years, the prizes being, at the one, a wreath of parsley; at the other of pine; while the prize of the Pythian winners was a wreath of laurel, recalling Wordsworth's beautiful legend of Apollo's late atonement to Daphne. (See p. 62.)

It is impossible here to do more than point the attention of readers to our author's minute examination of Pindar's "modus operandi" in composing his odes. One point is clearly set forth, that the poet's surprises, the sudden leaps into Mythland in which he revels, when

> From theme to theme the bright applausive lay,
> As bees from flower to flower, speeds on its changeful way,

are no sign of obscurity, but are made of set purpose, and the digressions with which he introduces them are in reality carefully planned episodes. If he does not work out a myth, the modern reader must bear in mind that his audience possessed the key to it. By a subtle and searching examination the author refutes the charge of unorthodoxy in religion as regards Pindar, and shows that his attitude towards popular beliefs was that of a general reverence, with the often implied reservation of judicious silence.

The average English reader will find in the pages of this Ancient Classic abundant insight into Pindar's skilful treatment of his panegyric tasks, and may note the tact with which, without abatement to his dignity, he could "speak the truth in love" to his patrons. Thus in Ol. v. he contrived to sooth the wounded pride of his patron Psaumis under the irreverent jests on his age and grey hairs, by calling up another grey-haired champion from Mythland. In the second Pythian Ode to Hiero, his chief patron, Pindar uses Ixion's double sin to point the moral that "still should gratitude good deeds repay," and covertly dissuades the monarch from a twofold crime against his brother Polyzelus, akin to that of David against Uriah, with such tact that "the censor is at the same time the panegyrist." With equal adroitness does he handle the same patron's foibles when in one place he glorifies liberality, and in another dissuades him from aggressive measures against Thero by picturing the charms of the counter-blessing of peace:—

> Deinomenes' son, of thee
> Sings at her door each Locrian maid, and looks abroad no more afraid
> From horrors of war by thy power set free."

In truth Pindar was no mere courtier; and his extant odes, carefully studied, breathe a happy medium between independence and avoidance of offence. No poet ever excelled him in felicitous compliments to real merit, as when, in the Sixth Pythian Ode, he addresses the ode, not to the chariot-victor, Thero's brother Xenocrates, but to his son Thrasibulus, who had acted as charioteer. Father and son being linked together by loyal affection and kindred generosity of spirit, what subtler compliment could be conceived than a reference to Antilochus's service to his sire, the aged Nestor, when he received Memnon's spear-point in his stead in the skirmish under the walls of Troy? Amongst Mr. Morice's most interesting chapters is that which prefaces the Sixth Olympian Ode to Agesias, a member of the Syracusan branch of the sacerdotal guild of the Iamids, "a sort of honorary canons in the temple chapter," a race of soothsayers as well as custodians of Jove's oracle among the Dorian Greeks. Pindar doubtless meant this ode for a masterpiece; and any one who reads the story of Apollo's secret wooing of the nymph Pitane, and the infancy of the offspring of it, Iamus—a story which in one part reminds Mr. Morice of Hagar and Ishmael, in another recalls Creusa and her child Ion—must acknowledge it to be one of the most beautiful and touching flights in Pindar's poetry. Collaterally with his account of Pindar's seventh Olympic ode, and the family of Diagoras of Rhodes, in whose honour it was composed, Mr. Morice mentions a curious tale, told by many ancient authors, of a female member of that family, by name Pherenicè, who transgressed the law which forbade the presence of women at Olympia, through her anxiety to witness her son's prowess in the lists. He won the race; her presence was detected, and she was condemned to death by being hurled from a rock. But on her pleading the exceptional position of her family as athletes, not only was her sentence remitted, but (as in the story of the female witness of the mystic rites of the Freemasons) the breach of the law secured her admission for the rest of her days to the coveted assemblage. The later pages of this pleasant book are full of well-chosen anecdotes of Pindar's creditable and generous use of his inimitable art; as, for instance, where, to aid the cause of an

exiled noble of Cyrene, he brings round his complimentary ode to the monarch Arcesilas to the glorification of mercy as the true secret of greatness. We close the volume with the feeling that the illustrious Theban is fortunate in the appreciative sympathy of his latest exponent.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

PROFESSOR TYLER'S *History of American Literature* (1) reaches only the conclusion of the Colonial period, bringing down the work to that point at which modern American literature may be said to have begun. The first books written, if not printed, in the English possessions beyond the Atlantic were, as was natural, almost exclusively devoted to explanations of the resources of the country and the needs of the colonists, or to descriptions, necessarily very imperfect and often very fanciful, of the aboriginal inhabitants, human and other, of the newly discovered continent. Captain John Smith's accounts of his achievements, exploring expeditions, and adventures in Virginia are among the most interesting and typical works of this earliest period, highly amusing, often deeply interesting, but certainly by no means always worthy of reliance. They illustrate forcibly the hardships and difficulties of the first colonists, the dangers to which they were exposed, less from Indian hostility than from their own ignorance, and from the embarrassments inseparable from the position of settlers in an utterly wild land of whose character they were necessarily ignorant, and the cultivation of which seems to have been in every case at first precarious, and often unprofitable. The want of legal organization and authority was another great cause of peril, and almost of ruin, to the more southern settlements; while those of New England, though less favoured by the mother-country, possessed from the first a stringent and effective organization of their own, and suffered rather from popular bigotry and from the tyranny of ministers and leaders than from any deficiency of law or recognized authority. On the other hand it would seem from all contemporary records that, probably owing to their fanaticism and fierce and gloomy temper, the Puritans of the North incurred much earlier and more systematic hostility from the natives than did the first settlers in Virginia—a name which, it must be remembered, included at first the whole country south of the Pennsylvanian border, Maryland and Delaware being founded by independent bodies of colonists upon lands confessedly at first within the old Dominion, and with which her citizens were for a long time reluctant to part. The next class of American writers were the natural offspring of Puritanism, being mostly preachers, men happily in these days much more admired than imitated, and, fortunately for their own fame, much more generally praised than read. The Pilgrim Fathers are somewhat like the eponymic heroes of Hellenic settlements—idealized figures, types of a character strong, stern, and suited to the purpose in hand, rather than real personages. Unlike the Argonauts and the waifs of the Trojan war, from whom so many cities a thousand years afterwards traced the descent of their people, the founders of the New England colonies are, indeed, all historical; but as historical personages they bear but an imperfect resemblance to the ideal pictures preserved by tradition or formed by the reverent imagination of their descendants. Fortunately their Quaker victims have preserved a counter tradition which to some extent corrects those absurd poetic and oratorical estimates of the persecuting and fanatical Fathers of Massachusetts and Connecticut which their own revered but unread writings are hardly likely to modify. The tradition which represents the Winthrops, Cotton Mathers, and the rest, as departing from England to establish freedom of conscience in America, is as exactly opposite to the truth as any myth that has grown up in the course of two thousand instead of two hundred years. But it is scarcely less accurate than most of the received notions respecting a people to whom freedom of conscience was a thing more hateful than atheism, and almost as detestable as prelacy, popery, or quakerism itself.

Dr. Weisse's account of the Origin and Progress of the English Language (2) is an eminently laborious, and on the whole we may say meritorious work, though the writer's views upon many philological questions are hardly accordant with the most generally accepted doctrines of the highest authorities in this youngest-born of sciences. For example, the author places the Semitic tongues, not indeed on a par, but side by side with Sanscrit and other Aryan languages as sources from which the early English or Anglo-Saxon tongue has been derived, and inserts in the same table, and as if of equal value, dialects and distinct languages, original tongues like the Latin and purely derivative ones like French and the other Romance tongues of modern Europe. However, in this very table he honestly provides the reader with the means of judging for himself of the value of his suggestions and the real relations of the English language; tabulating the words in the Lord's Prayer for which he finds cognate words in the several languages compared, and allowing any observant student to see how exceedingly distant, if not purely imaginary, is the connexion between the Aryan and Semitic forms, how close is the resemblance of the Old-English to the Low Dutch and Gothic, and how wide the distinction between this family and the High Dutch. He does not mark with equal clearness the distinction between aboriginal English words common to rather than derived from those of the family to which English belongs, and the directly imported terms which it owes to Latin, ecclesiastical, classical, or scientific. Probably the most interesting and most useful part of the work is not the philological, but the historical portion, the sketches and specimens given of English literature from the earliest to the latest period. The first works wherein English was employed as a written language, and by which its form was gradually fixed, are little known to any but professed students of English antiquities and philology; and a book which gives the ordinary reader a general account of them is a valuable contribution to the education of a people of whose higher classes Lord Beaconsfield has said that they know no tongue but their own, though they really know less of the history and origin of their own language and the method of its structure than of those of half-a-dozen dead and living foreign tongues. The writer's remarks on orthography are somewhat feeble and illogical. For example, he considers the ancient terminal *ie* as a defect, almost as a blunder, and the substitution of the *y*—a vowel which, except as the representative of the Greek *u*, has scarcely a place or meaning in English—as a modern improvement. Again, he notes with great satisfaction the dropping of the final *e* mute from a number of words, and infers that it might with equal advantage be altogether abandoned, failing to observe that the examples of its abandonment which he selects are, with scarcely an exception, evidences of the reasonableness of its retention in other cases, since the words from which it has been dropped are those in which its retention could not affect the pronunciation, while, where retained, it serves to mark the sound given to the effective vowel preceding. Nor does he attach, as might have been expected from a German, sufficient importance to the possibility that in many cases the final *e* now mute might have been originally sounded.

The *Life and Letters of George Cabot* (3), as arranged by a descendant who justly honours the memory of an ancestor very little known even among his countrymen, have a considerable historical interest. The writer played a part not altogether unimportant among the politicians of his time; but the special value attaching to these relics of the man is due, not to his personal importance, but rather to his representative position. We see in him what practical men of calm judgment and independent tone naturally thought of the circumstances of the time to which he belonged. The dominant opinion of his generation was passionately French, and bitterly hostile to England, though a very few—and those the very best of the Federalist statesmen by whose efforts the Union was chiefly founded and sustained—recognized that France was the representative, first of savage anarchical passion, and afterwards of selfish aggression; while England, notwithstanding the peculiar relation in which she stood to her American colonies, was throughout the long contest with the Republic and the Empire the defender of national liberties and constitutional order. This view Cabot took from the first and maintained throughout his career as senator and diplomatist; and the chief interest of his letters lies in the evidence they afford that, however overpowered by popular passion and overruled by the interest or the temper of the most powerful statesmen of the day, this view was that of a very considerable number of the classes qualified by education and experience to understand the nature of the interests at stake, and to judge impartially the circumstances of a conflict in which America was but secondarily concerned. As too many Liberal writers in this country have adopted without sufficient examination the American view of that great struggle, and especially of the side issues in which America was entangled, it is well worth while to observe how the passing events of the time were regarded by a cool and unbiassed American, capable of taking something more than a merely national view of the struggle between the French Revolution and Empire on the one hand, and England as the defender of European freedom on the other.

Mr. Robert Winthrop belongs to that hereditary aristocracy, not of fortune, but of mental culture and character which Massachusetts almost alone among the Northern States still possesses, and to the members of which she owes the greater part of her intellectual and moral reputation. Like Cabot, not being himself a man of special eminence, he is the more truly a representative character; and it is in this aspect that his addresses and speeches at meetings of the Historical Society of Massachusetts, on College anniversaries, and similar occasions (4), possess a certain interest for English readers. The author belongs to one of the very oldest and most esteemed families in the Bay State, second only in traditional importance and present credit to the Adamses, but is himself very little known outside his own State.

The Chronicles of the St. Lawrence (5) are neither a history of the Canadas nor an account of the river from which they take their name, but rather a congeries of stories and traditions relating

(1) *A History of American Literature.* Vol. I. 1607-1676, Vol. II. 1676-1765. By Moses Coit Tyler, Professor of English Literature in the University of Michigan. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1879.

(2) *Origin, Progress, and Destiny of the English Language and Literature.* By John A. Weisse, M.D. New York: J. W. Bouton. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(3) *Life and Letters of George Cabot.* By Henry Cabot Lodge. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1878.

(4) *Addresses and Speeches on various Occasions, from 1869 to 1879.* By Robert C. Winthrop. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1878.

(5) *The Chronicles of the St. Lawrence.* By J. M. Lemoine, Author of "Quebec; Past and Present," &c. "Seaside Series." Montreal: Dawson & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

to the British possessions in general, and especially to those settlements which lie along the banks of the great northern stream. Stories of adventure and facts of history are curiously intermingled, and in both cases somewhat greater authenticity and clearer authority might at times be desired. On the whole, however, the work is both readable and to some extent valuable, preserving much that might otherwise be lost in more regular works, historical, local, or scientific.

Art in the House (6) is a translation from the German, and we therefore need not here attempt to discuss its antiquarian and archæological value. But the translation may take a place which the original could hardly do as a drawing-room book of the higher type, rendered attractive by its admirably executed illustrations and lucid explanation of domestic architecture and decoration in Egypt and Assyria, in classical Greece and Imperial Rome, and during the middle ages. From few works on this subject would it be easy to pick up so much superficial but useful and interesting information with so little labour.

A report such as those annually made by the Comptroller of the Currency (7) to Congress belongs to that class of blue-books which, unlike many American State papers, falls distinctly outside of the province of literature proper. At the present moment, however, for more than one reason, the annual statement of this officer possesses an interest of a peculiar kind for a much wider public than would generally care to know the facts therein recorded. The resumption of cash payments, placing the national and bank paper of the United States on a par with gold and restoring the basis of all mercantile transactions to the only possible condition of permanent security, gives especial significance to the last report issued under the old system. Also the excitement and alarm caused by several bank failures in Great Britain give value to an account of the position of banks in that country whose banking system most nearly resembles our own. The law requires from the Comptroller an account of the situation of every banking association from which he has received returns during the preceding year. These returns must specify the whole amount of banking capital possessed by each, their debts and liabilities, their circulation, their assets and resources, and the amount held by them in cash, whether under requirement of law or otherwise. The Comptroller is to furnish Congress with a full abstract of these statements for the whole body of banks throughout the Union, and any other information which in his judgment may be useful. He is also required to show what associations have failed or given up business during the year, how much of their circulation has been redeemed, and how much may be still outstanding; and, finally, to recommend any amendment of the laws by which in his opinion the banking system may be improved, and the security of note-holders and other creditors increased. The Comptroller complains of the difficulty found in obtaining statistics from all the banks organized under State, as distinguished from Federal, law; but the latter requires such returns, and, as a rule, they seem to be pretty fully made. The total number of banks in the Union is, according to the last report, 6,456, with a capital of nearly 676 millions of dollars, and deposits exceeding 1,900 millions. Of these, 2,056 are national banks, organized under the Federal law, and 4,400 are State, private, or Savings Banks. Of these banks nearly 1,100, with a capital of 177 millions, and deposits of 551 millions, belong to New England; nearly 2,000 to the middle States, with a capital of over 250 millions, and deposits of nearly 920 millions. The Southern States have not 700 banks, with a capital somewhat smaller in proportion to their numbers, and deposits exceeding the capital by less than one-fourth; while the Western States and Territories have no fewer than 2,700 banks, but with a capital of no more than 177 millions, and deposits of 365 millions. It is noteworthy that the small shareholders of Massachusetts alone are as numerous apparently as those of all the rest of the Union, while of the larger the New England States contain nearly half. Evidently bank stock is a favourite investment for the small savings of families belonging to the less wealthy section of the middle class, and even, we believe, for trust property. The confidence thus shown is in some measure justified by the fact that, since the organization of the national bank system, the entire losses sustained by their creditors through failures have not reached six and a half millions of dollars, less than one-fourth of the deficiency shown in the assets of the Glasgow Bank alone. The regulations by which the solvency, and especially the circulation, of the national banks is protected are imposed by Federal law, which requires that one-half of the capital stock must be paid in before a bank can begin business, and the remainder within six months afterwards, while the circulation is limited to a fixed proportion of the paid-up capital; and to secure the redemption of the notes at a distance from the bank of issue the latter is required to keep on deposit in the United States treasury cash equal to 5 per cent. upon its entire circulation. Against its notes generally each is required to hold a considerable proportion of United States securities. On the whole, it is evident that the system now prevailing has done very much to redeem the character of banking in the United States, which before the passing of the present law was anything but satisfactory.

A Century of American Literature (8) is merely a collection of extracts from popular authors in prose and verse, the former decidedly better chosen than the latter, but none calling for much remark. It hardly rises above the level of ordinary railway literature.

We have several volumes of verse; but none of signal merit. The *Bride of Gettysburg* (9) is an intolerably long novel in verse, and not very good verse either. The *Tour of Prince Eblis* (10), a sketch of society and politics from what is meant to be a Satanic standpoint, is also unduly long, and wanting at once in vigour of versification and in the terseness and force indispensable to effect in satire. *Drift From York Harbour* (11) has fewer faults, and has at least the negative merits of brevity and of bounded ambition; and the same may be said of the collection to which the first poem *Meg* (12) gives its unpoetic title. In carrying his *Poems of Places* (13) round the world, Mr. Longfellow has at last come back to his own immediate home—New England. The descendants of the Puritans have produced an amount of poetry hardly to have been expected from such an ancestry—poetry whose quantity and quality alike would have scandalized not a little the founders of the North-Eastern colonies, but which is not on that account the less suited to the taste of the present age, or the less successful in taking its place among the common treasures of the English tongue. *Play-Days* (14) is a child's story-book likely to suit the readers for whom it is intended.

(6) *Art in the House: Historical, Critical, and Æsthetical Studies on the Decoration and Furnishing of the Dwelling.* By Jacob von Falke, Vice-Director of the Austrian Museum of Art and Industry at Vienna. Authorized American Edition. Translated from Third German Edition. Edited, with Notes, by Charles C. Perkins, M.A. Illustrated. Boston: Prang & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(7) *Annual Report of the Comptroller of the Currency of the United States, December 2, 1878.* Washington: Government Printing Office.

(8) *A Century of American Literature, 1776–1876.* Edited by Henry E. Beers, Assistant Professor of English Literature in Yale College. New York: Holt & Co. "Leisure Hour Series."

(9) *The Bride of Gettysburg: an Episode of 1863.* In Three Parts. By J. D. Heylton, Author of "Voices from the Rocky Mountains," &c. Palmyra, New Jersey. 1878.

(10) *The Tour of Prince Eblis: his Rounds in Society, Church, and State.* Chicago: the Central Publishing Company.

(11) *Drift from York Harbour, Maine.* By George Houghton, Author of "Christmas Booklet," &c. Boston: Williams & Co. 1879.

(12) *Meg, a Pastoral; and other Poems.* By Zadel Barnes Gustafson. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1879.

(13) *Poems of Places.—America, New England.* Edited by Henry W. Longfellow. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(14) *Play-Days: a Book of Stories for Children.* By Sarah O. Jewett, Author of "Deephaven." Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1878.

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THE DEBATES ON THE ZULU WAR.

THE debates in both Houses on the Zulu question have been not unworthy of the occasion. Lord LANSDOWNE, Lord KIMBERLEY, Lord BEACONSFIELD, and other speakers in the House of Lords dealt with the facts and principles of the case with vigour and ability, and Lord CARNARVON brought to the discussion a personal knowledge of South African affairs more extensive than that of any other member of either House; yet the interest of the debate which is now proceeding in the House of Commons has not been impaired. Sir C. DILKE and Sir M. H. BEACH have in their elaborate speeches nearly exhausted the question; and perhaps the defence has some advantage over the attack. Sir C. DILKE was scarcely just to Sir BARTLE FRERE in contending that he had long since determined on the war. It would be more strictly accurate to say that he had thought the war to be inevitable unless his demands were conceded by the Zulu KING. When the ultimatum was published in this country, it certainly produced the impression that it was almost equivalent to a declaration of war; but, as Sir M. H. BEACH showed, those who were best acquainted with the circumstances and with the native character allowed that some of Sir BARTLE FRERE's most startling requisitions were just and necessary, and even thought it probable that the disbandment of the army and the admission of a Resident might be promised by CETEWAYO. The result shows that the more obvious judgment was well founded; and it appears that Sir BARTLE FRERE himself was never sanguine in his hope of a peaceable solution. He had determined that, if war was unavoidable, it should not be delayed until the harvest had been gathered, and his last despatch, if it had been received two or three months earlier, might perhaps have induced the Government to leave him a wider discretion. If the Government had anticipated by his dismissal the present opinion of the Opposition, they would have had no difficulty in vindicating their conduct. Yet their actual decision is not therefore necessarily wrong. Lord BEACONSFIELD perhaps laid too much stress on reasons of feeling and generosity; but he at the same time asserted that it was for the public interest to retain Sir BARTLE FRERE's services; and on such questions the judgment of the responsible Ministers is entitled to grave consideration. Sir C. DILKE naturally expressed a fear that the precedent might encourage ambitious Governors and Viceroys to engage in warlike enterprises without the sanction of their superiors. The VICEROY to whom he probably referred, whatever may be thought of his policy, has undoubtedly acted in strict subordination to the Government by which he was appointed. No part of Sir M. H. BEACH's speech was better than his recapitulation of the great services which Sir BARTLE FRERE has rendered in South Africa by inducing the Government of the Cape to establish a system of self-defence, and by restoring harmony between the colony and the Imperial Government.

There can be no doubt that Sir BARTLE FRERE committed a breach of official discipline. He received plain instructions to remain on the defensive; and he nevertheless issued an ultimatum which was equivalent to a declaration of war. It is also clear that his disregard of the spirit and letter of his orders was conscious and deliberate; and that he believed himself to be acting under a paramount sense of duty. It is of high importance that a Governor or Commissioner should obey the Secretary of State; but it is still more necessary that he should provide for the safety of the colony committed to his charge. When NELSON applied his blind eye to the telescope which would have shown him the signal for retreat, he knew that failure, following on defiance of his superior, would be fatal to his professional career. Sir BARTLE FRERE was profoundly convinced that the only security against a Zulu invasion was to anticipate the blow. He had with great difficulty overcome the reluctance of the Home Government to reinforce him with two regiments; and he may have anticipated that the troops would be withdrawn if the commencement of the war were postponed for a few months. He has not shown forensic skill in the mode of presenting his defence. His ultimatum and his declaration of war, though they were intelligible to the colonists and the Zulus, were not calculated to convince the Government or the nation of the necessity of the war. His latest despatch which was published in England is the first plausible apology for his conduct. If he had furnished the same explanation of his policy when he began the war, he would perhaps have disarmed some of his opponents, and he would at least have furnished his advocates with the means of defence. Sir BARTLE FRERE explains at length the grounds of his conviction that CETEWAYO was only waiting for an opportunity of making an attack. To the question why he did not allow the Zulu KING to begin the war, he answers that, in his judgment which has not been altered by late events, "the only real defence "was to take up such positions in Zululand as should "make it more improbable that the Zulus should cross "the border."

It is impossible to conjecture whether Sir BARTLE FRERE will resign his office on the receipt of Sir M. HICKS BEACH's despatch. If he resolves on remaining without regard to personal feelings, he may quote respectable precedents for his decision. A much severer reproof was addressed by Lord STANLEY to Lord CANNING, and there was reason to believe that one of the objects of Lord STANLEY's despatch was to force the Viceroy to resign. Lord CANNING, taking a different view of his duty, immediately reversed his policy towards the landed nobles of Oude; and it was never thought that he had compromised his character by his prudence and moderation. Sir M. H. BEACH referred to similar precedents in the Colonial Office. Sir BARTLE FRERE will perhaps be less affected by the shock to his private feelings than by the direct prohibition of any measure of annexation. In his last despatch he dwells with complacency on the probability of civilizing the Zulus by converting them into peaceable subjects of the English Crown, and he even calculates that it will be easy to raise a revenue sufficient to provide for their good government in the future. In these respects his hopes are already disappointed. Sir M. H. BEACH directly condemns the proposition that "it is impossible to improve our relations "with the Zulus by any process short of annexation." He nevertheless sanctions Sir BARTLE FRERE's favourite measure of destroying the military system of the Zulu KING. As the nation is indistinguishable from the army, forcible disbandment would require an occupation which would resemble annexation; but for the present the Govern-

ment will not approve of the acquisition of fresh territory. If Sir BARTLE FRERE retires, it would perhaps be judicious to appoint Sir H. BULWER as his successor.

Sir C. DILKE was fully justified in tracing the connexion between the annexation of the Transvaal and the present war; nor can it be said that his argument was confuted either by Lord CARNARVON or by Sir M. H. BEACH. It may be true that, but for the annexation, the Zulu war would have begun earlier; but it would have been a war, not with England, but with the Dutch Republic. It might probably have become necessary to afford aid and protection to the Boers; but any service would have been rendered on the terms which the protecting Power thought fit to impose. The inhabitants of the Transvaal would probably have offered a willing allegiance in return for voluntary service. They are now threatening secession at the moment when the English are hampered by a struggle with the deadly enemy of the Boers. The question fully deserves examination; but it is difficult to fix the attention of the House of Commons on separate issues. Colonel MURE's proposed censure of the Government for not sending out sufficient reinforcements involved a still wider divergence from the question in which the House is immediately interested. The ablest apology for Sir BARTLE FRERE delivered in either House was contained in the speech of Lord CARNARVON, who had been responsible for his appointment. He also took occasion to defend his own annexation of the Transvaal, which was certainly one of the causes of the present war. It may be remembered that the hand of the Government was then forced by Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE, as now by Sir BARTLE FRERE. Lord CARNARVON had laid down preliminary conditions for the annexation, with which his agent had not been able to comply. When the Republic was suppressed, Lord CARNARVON took the opposite course to that which has been followed by his successor. Deferring to the local knowledge and judgment of Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE, he made himself responsible for the annexation. It may be true that, as Lord CARNARVON said, the Boers offered no objection to the transfer of sovereignty; but the disaffected party has since grown rapidly in strength, and the good will of the Zulu KING was wholly alienated by the alliance of his English friends with his inveterate enemies the Boers.

Lord KIMBERLEY, whose policy had in almost all respects been afterwards continued by Lord CARNARVON, faintly censured both the annexation of the Transvaal and the war with CETEWAYO. If he had known less of African matters he would probably have been more positive. Statesmen who have governed the colonies as Secretaries of State know by experience how imperfectly they can venture to control distant subordinates who understand local necessities better than themselves. On the main issues of past and future policy the Government concurs in the general opinion of the country. Lord BEACONSFIELD's declaration that the Government was opposed to annexation was cordially approved, and yet it is by no means certain that Sir BARTLE FRERE may not judge rightly of the best modes of dealing with the Zulus when the war is over. Three hundred thousand natives of kindred race have become reasonably industrious and partially civilized in Natal; and the inhabitants of Zululand, if they were relieved from military service, might perhaps become peaceable subjects of the Crown. As long as they are independent, they will be despotically governed by their chiefs, who are likely to be ambitious and warlike. When peace is restored, possibly government by Residents on English principles may disguise virtual annexation.

EGYPT.

HARROWING pictures of the sufferings of the Egyptian peasantry have lately been placed before the public. They have been described as dying of famine, or at least on the brink of death from starvation. If there is some exaggeration in these pictures, there can be no doubt that in some parts of Egypt there has been in the last few months terrible distress. This distress is mainly due to extraordinary physical calamities. Egypt has suffered in the same way, only happily to a far less extent, as that in which Madras suffered. First came a year when there was too little water in the Nile, and the country suffered from drought. Then came a year when there was too much water. The Nile, in some places, burst its barriers and the land was inundated. The Egyptian Government could no more help these things than the Indian Government could help the rain not falling in Madras. In spite of the exertions of the Indian Government, the natives died by thousands in Madras; and if the Egyptian Government has not made as great exertions to relieve the distress as were made in India, the general result has been much less disastrous. Possibly the misery of the starving peasantry may have been aggravated by the exaction of taxes at a time when they had very scanty means of payment. But it may be remembered that the Indian Government itself thought it just to subject a population just decimated by famine to the burden of a new duty on salt—one of the chief necessaries of life. The Egyptian peasantry, too, are often flogged, and are made to labour by the State. Here, again, it may be observed that, according to a statement just published, four thousand natives were flogged last year in Mysore—a State subjected to our supreme control—and we have lately introduced forced labour into Cyprus, after it had been abolished by the unspeakable Turks. Englishmen permit or sanction such things in a different fashion from that in which Oriental governors permit or sanction them. The Mysore floggings were for recognized offences; the forced labour in Cyprus has been introduced only for the making of roads, and to a very limited extent. Precautions, too, have been taken against the system bearing too hardly on individuals; but these precautions were devised, not by the local authorities in Cyprus, but by Lord SALISBURY. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY seems to have been quite content with the simple theory that, if the Cypriotes would not make roads, they must be made to make them. Oriental governors reason in the same way. The KHEDIVE has, during his reign, honestly believed that he was carrying out public works of different kinds which would greatly benefit his country. But, as his subjects did not see things in the same light, he forced his views upon them. The Egyptian peasants have been flogged not only to make them work, but to make them pay taxes. This is a gross abuse; and it may be hoped that, under European influence, a stop will soon be put to it. But it is only a perversion of the notion that systematic flogging is the best way of dealing with minor recognized offences. In Egypt not to pay taxes is a minor recognized offence, and the culprit is denounced, convicted, and punished on the spot. Then, again, the Egyptian peasantry are very much pitied, because they are, as it is said, fleeced to pay foreign bondholders and to provide foreigners with lucrative posts. At any rate, they may have the comfort of feeling that the vast population of India is in very much the same position. It has to send a tribute of sixteen millions a year to England, and it sees the major part of the remaining products of its onerous taxation expended on the army of its conquerors. The real difference between the two countries is that the Indian Government is, on the whole, a good Oriental government, and the Egyptian Government is, on the whole, a bad Oriental government. It is the very difficult task of the Europeans who are working under the protection of the controlling Powers to make the bad Oriental government of Egypt a tolerably good one. How difficult this task is may be estimated if we take into account how slowly we have got on in India, and how little the condition of great masses of the Indian population has as yet risen above the level of endurable misery.

How these Europeans are hampered in the work of reform by the natural reluctance of the KHEDIVE to reign without governing, and still more by the international character of the superior tribunals, is now an old and familiar story. But, even if the KHEDIVE were all that could be wished, and Powers that have an interest in reform had the opportunity of perpetual interference through the treaties under which the tribunals were constituted, the inherent difficulties of the work of reform would still remain very great, although not insuperable. It is not that the taxes—that is, the recognized taxes—are too heavy. Much the greater part of the revenue is derived from the land-tax, which is simply another name for rent. The soil is fertile and the rent is high. To the remainder of the taxation it is highly unjust that foreigners should not contribute; but, although their contributions would be a proper addition to the funds of the State, there is nothing in this which presses

too hardly on the masses. What they suffer from is that taxes are imposed on them that are not recognized, and that all taxes are so collected that much more is paid than the State receives. These are evils of very different characters. The first is much the more easy to remove. There may have been at times taxes collected which were never allowed to figure in the budget. In past days it is almost certain that such taxes were collected, and that the real largely exceeded the nominal revenue. But the day when such things were possible has gone by, and the control already at work is sufficiently effectual to prevent any opening for the secret imposition of taxation. But for some time, at least, another mode of augmenting the taxes beyond their legitimate amount has been adopted, and its evils have been much more formidable. The taxes have been anticipated in order to meet the foreign engagements of the KHEDIVE. The peasants have been made to pay, not what was due, but what would some day become due. Thus in any year the real incidence of taxation may have been half as much again as it ought to have been. This is an evil which the European officials can stop, and have decided to stop. But they can only do this by not paying in full the engagements of the State. They are willing to face this, and the creditors are prepared for only part of what is due on the next coupon of the unified debt being paid. It is said that the KHEDIVE much regrets this, and protests that, if he were left to himself, he would pay the coupon in full. Perhaps he would. If all the world would shut its eyes as to the mode in which the money was got, it might be forthcoming. He might forestal the taxes, and devise some ingenious arrangement for borrowing against the forestalment. But his European advisers treat this as a foolish expedient for concealing temporarily the poverty of the nation. They think that, if there is not the money for the creditors just now, it is in the interest of the creditors themselves to take what they can get and to wait for better times. There can be no doubt that this is the best policy for all parties. When, however, this policy has been decided on, it is not easy to determine what shape a new arrangement should take. The best plan that could be adopted for Egypt itself, and perhaps in the long run for the creditors themselves, would be to reduce the interest to a low rate, such as Egypt could pay in a bad year, and to use the surplus which a good year would yield in purchasing bonds in the market. But, unfortunately, such an arrangement would require the consent of the Treaty Powers, and this would be hard to obtain. If this cannot be obtained, the only thing to do is to pay what is possible, and to let what is not paid accumulate.

Let us suppose that the European creditors have got so far that none but recognized taxes are collected, that they are collected only when due, and that the creditors have been induced or made to acquiesce in some arrangement by which they only get what they can. The work of reforming the bad Oriental government with which they have to deal so that it may be made a tolerably good Oriental government will hardly have been begun. They will still have to strike at the main root of mischief, the mode in which the taxes are collected. Taxes are collected in Egypt very much as they are collected in Turkey. The collectors exact taxes partly on account of the State and partly on account of themselves. This surplus of taxation is the taxation which the Europeans desire above all things to have remitted; but it is one thing to desire it and another thing to get it done. Who is to check the native administration? How can English or French gentlemen living in Cairo prevent a paltry sheikh a thousand miles off putting in his pocket ten per cent. of the taxes which he is authorized to exact? If Egypt were occupied, the mischief would be averted, or at least combated, by the appointment of English or French collectors of the revenues of the different districts. It would be years before they could really purify the administration; but still, in the long run, they would get as far perhaps as we have got in India, where even now constant vigilance has to be exercised to prevent natives from harassing natives. But Egypt is not occupied, nor is it intended to occupy it. The European officials can therefore only work through native officials. But they can neither superintend nor influence native officials who are at a distance from them. They can only deal with those who are at head-quarters. Practically they can do little more than secure as much power as possible for some native whom they can trust. They are obliged to limit their exactions to getting the right man at the head of the native administration, and there are very few right men in Egypt. They thought they had got the right man in NUBAR PASHA. But the KHEDIVE quarrelled with NUBAR PASHA, and dismissed him. NUBAR PASHA is really as much a foreigner in Egypt as Mr. RIVERS WILSON is, although he knows the country far better, and is himself a considerable landowner, so that he understands practically what happens in the country districts. The European Ministry were not therefore prepared to insist that NUBAR PASHA must be restored to office. They fought their battle with the KHEDIVE on another issue. They had got as Minister of the Interior a native official in whom they had confidence, and they resolved to test their strength on his retention in office. The KHEDIVE wished to dismiss RIAZ PASHA, and they insisted that he should not be dismissed. They also insisted that, however the Ministry might be composed, they should have an absolute veto on any proposal of which they disapproved. They have won, because they were energetically backed up by the English and French Governments. The joint-note sent to the KHEDIVE by the two Powers was sufficiently dictatorial and sufficiently explicit to make the KHEDIVE understand that either he must yield or he would be dethroned. The controlling Powers intervene to give general directions to the KHEDIVE. He is ordered to let his Government be so composed that a reform in administration may be possible. With the details of the work done by the reformers the Powers profess to have nothing to do. When Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE is asked as to the payments which Egypt may be going to make, or as to the prospects of the Egyptian revenue, he always replies that Mr. WILSON is not his Minister, and does not report to him. Mr. WILSON is the Minister of the KHEDIVE, and in large matters can see that the KHEDIVE does not go very far wrong. But in the details of daily administration he can only get what he wishes by trusting to the influence of a native colleague in whom he has confidence, and who is kept in office against the will of the KHEDIVE. This is a very peculiar form of intervention, and a very peculiar form of government; and it is evident that, although it is probably the best that circumstances will now permit, it is too exceptional to be permanent.

EAST ROUMELIA.

THE Russian proposal of a joint occupation of East Roumelia will undoubtedly be adopted, if it is true that it was originally suggested by the English Government. Prince GORTCHAKOFF, through M. DE GIERS, has judiciously avoided the use of language which might have seemed to make the performance by Russia of the stipulations of Berlin in any way dependent on the acceptance of his new project. He expressly acknowledges the binding force of the Treaty, while he offers a remedy for an alleged evil which the Berlin Congress is supposed not to have foreseen. The Russian armies will evacuate East Roumelia at the date fixed by the Treaty; but their Government professes to apprehend danger if the population is at once left without restraint or protection. If it were expedient to be critical rather than conciliatory, it would be easy to show that the Russians themselves are chiefly responsible for the anarchy which they now propose to suppress; but, whatever may have been the causes of the disaffection which exists in the province, it is necessary to maintain order, if only that there may be no opportunity for the interference of the Turkish army. The scheme includes a prolongation and enlargement of the powers of the Mixed Commission which is to form the government of the province for a year after the close of the Russian occupation. The work might have been accomplished sooner if Russian officers had either facilitated the labours of the Commission, or even abstained from thwarting its efforts and annoying its members. It would also have been easy to instruct the Russian Commissioners to act in loyal concert with their colleagues; but it is better to obtain security for the future than to indulge in even merited recrimination. It is a great advantage that the Emperor of RUSSIA has, however tardily, resolved to fulfil his engagements under the Treaty of Berlin. Count SCHOUVALOFF, if it is true that he has per-

suaded the EMPEROR to withdraw further opposition to a settlement of the Eastern question, has done good service to his country and to Europe.

It would not have been prudent to rely too implicitly on the report until it was officially confirmed. A Berlin paper in the interest of the Russian Government published only a few days ago an evidently fictitious account of a pretended reversal of the settled policy of England. Lord SALISBURY was supposed to have himself suggested that the future Prince of Bulgaria should be appointed Governor of East Roumelia. In other words, the main contention of the English plenipotentiaries at Berlin was to be deliberately abandoned, and the provisions of the Treaty of San Stefano would be practically revived. The project was framed on the precedent furnished by the Danubian Principalities, which were by the Treaty of Paris made separate dependencies of Turkey. The Emperor of the FRENCH soon afterwards promoted the union of Moldavia and Wallachia, which was practically established by the election of Prince COUZA as ruler of both Principalities. The annexation of East Roumelia to Bulgaria would have been a more remarkable departure from an international arrangement. The relations of the Danubian Principalities to the paramount Power were identical; whereas Bulgaria is virtually independent, and East Roumelia, though endowed with autonomy, is still a Turkish province. The nomination by the Porte of a Governor-General of East Roumelia is subject to the approval of the Powers; but the Prince of Bulgaria will be practically a nominee of Russia. The English Government was therefore supposed to have approved by anticipation of the possible appointment of General IGNATIEFF or Prince DONDOUKOFF KORSAKOFF as Governor of East Roumelia. It was hardly necessary to add the assumption that the right of the SULTAN to occupy the line of the Balkans with his troops would be modified or abolished. The report must have been circulated by Russian agents with or without the authority of the Government. Count SCHOUVALOFF may perhaps since have convinced the EMPEROR that the English Government will not assent to a departure from the conditions of the treaty which provide for the military defence of Turkey.

In the discussions which have extended over several months the English Government has wisely refused to reopen any question which had been settled at Berlin. At different times it seemed that Russia had determined to stultify the Congress by an entire disregard of its decisions. Prince DONDOUKOFF insolently informed Lord DONOUGHMORE that he would oppose any measure which might be proposed by England; and he more than once stigmatized the Treaty of Berlin as a farce, while the Russian AMBASSADOR at Constantinople was urging on the Porte literal compliance with all its provisions. In public speeches and official documents Prince DONDOUKOFF encouraged the Bulgarians and East Roumelians to rely on the eventual attainment of union; and it is not surprising that, in furtherance of the policy which he recommended, delegates were elected in the Turkish provinces as pretended members of the Constituent Assembly of Bulgaria. It was not until the Assembly had met at Tirnova that the representative of the Russian Government was compelled, under superior orders, to prohibit purposeless discussions of territorial arrangements which were beyond the competence of the delegates. They had not unnaturally inferred from the first article of their draft Constitution that the enlargement of their territory was their primary duty. In East Roumelia the Russian Commissioners habitually voted against their colleagues, and in some places the populace was allowed or encouraged to offer affronts to the delegates of Governments supposed to be unfriendly. If the English Government had allowed itself to be diverted from its strict adherence to the Treaty, the intrigues of Russia might have prevailed. The Powers which had taken part in the Congress might have held various opinions as to the interests of Bulgaria or the claims of Turkey, but they were unanimous in maintaining the compromise which they had originally approved. Of late it has been understood that Austria and England were acting in concert; and it was not unreasonably inferred that the policy of Count ANDRASSY coincided as usual with the intentions of Prince BISMARCK. The comparatively pacific demeanour of Russia may probably be explained by the union of the Powers. The Government of Italy has the credit of having originally devised the scheme of joint occupation, which may perhaps prove to be the best solution of the questions which concern East Roumelia.

If Russia and England are agreed, and if the other Powers assent, there will be still a serious, but not insuperable, difficulty to overcome. The Turkish Government will undoubtedly be disinclined to allow an interference with its dependency which is not authorized by the Treaty of Berlin. If the proposed arrangement referred to a province under the direct administration of the Porte, it might be comparatively difficult to justify a postponement of the restoration of the SULTAN's authority. East Roumelia is to enjoy the form of local independence which has lately acquired the name of autonomy, and in ordinary circumstances the Turkish Government will have as little right as a foreign Power to meddle with its domestic affairs. A tribute is to be paid to the SULTAN; the northern frontier is to be garrisoned by his troops; and, lastly, he is entitled, at the request of the local authorities, to suppress disorder or insurrection. The militia, though nominally under the orders of the Turkish Government, is in ordinary cases exempt from its practical control. It is only when disturbance occurs that Turkish troops can march into the interior of the province; and the barren right of engaging in civil war is not especially valuable. When the administration is in working order, there may perhaps be no occasion for the employment of Turkish or foreign troops. A joint occupation will be neither an execution nor a breach of the provisions of Berlin. Against the probable remonstrances of the Porte it must be vindicated as a separate act of policy, tending to the advantage of the Porte itself, while it is necessary for the security of the people of East Roumelia, and expedient as a mode of preserving or restoring the European concert. The danger of disturbance in the province is not so much that it might effect its object, as that it would, in the absence of due precaution, involve collision with Turkish troops. The chances of success would not be on the side of the insurgents. The SULTAN has a large and disciplined army at his disposal, and some of his officers have perhaps profited by experience in active service. The revival of war in any form would cause just anxiety, and, in the probable contingency of a Turkish victory, atrocities either real or fictitious would provoke agitation in England, and perhaps serve as a pretext for interference on the part of Russia. The Turkish Government has nothing to gain by proving its superiority in force to its semi-detached province. Among the many drawbacks of Mahometanism, not the least is the practical impossibility of extending its dominion in Europe. The most crushing defeat of a Roumelian insurrection would leave the Treaty of Berlin untouched, and the right of the province to local autonomy unimpaired. The Turkish Government will probably insist on the barren right of coercing unruly dependents; but it must necessarily yield to combined pressure, exercised for the purpose of maintaining peace. The delay imposed on the restoration of Turkish sovereignty is only for a year. At the end of that time East Roumelia will probably have found it useless to continue its clamour for union with Bulgaria.

THE FRENCH SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

THERE can be no question that the removal of the seat of government from Paris to Versailles has been a real advantage to France. A bad tradition had grown up with regard to the relations of Paris to the country at large. Three revolutions in succession had been purely Parisian revolutions. In 1830, in 1848, and in 1870 Paris had pulled down one Government and set up another, and France had patiently accepted the new rulers which Paris had given her. The fact that the Legislature was no longer sitting in Paris, that Paris had to take its orders from Versailles just as though it were Lille or Havre, has done more probably than anything else could have done to bring home to Frenchmen that this was only a bad tradition. It has been broken through, and, in ceasing to be customary and immemorial, it has lost the indispensable characteristics of tradition. The defeat of the Commune made the change which the position of Paris had undergone especially conspicuous. No doubt, if the Government had been in earnest—and where insurrection against his own rule was concerned want of earnestness was not one of M. THIERS's weaknesses—the result would have been the same whether Paris had had to be controlled from within or from without. But, if the control had come from within, it might have been

said that the better part of Paris had conquered the worse part, and the corporate dignity of the city would not have suffered. When Paris was besieged and taken by a French army at the bidding of a French Government, it was no longer possible to put things in this pleasant way. Paris had for the first time openly measured itself against France, and had been beaten. The emancipation of the country from the dominion of a single city was complete and unmistakable. Had it not been for the absence of the Executive and the Legislature from Paris, it would have been less complete, because it might have admitted of a softening explanation.

Yet, though the sojourn of the Government at Versailles has been a real advantage to France, it was scarcely possible that it should go on for ever. At all events it was scarcely possible that it should survive the establishment of a Government genuinely Republican in all its parts. So long as the Government was in any degree reactionary, it could admit that Paris was hostile to it. Paris has so long been Republican in the most pronounced sense that no Government suspected of ever having contemplated a return to monarchy could pretend to command its confidence. It is different now that a Government is in power which on this point is as decided and has as little thought of going back as the Paris Municipal Council itself. There may be causes of quarrel between the French Government and the advanced Republicans stored up in the future; but, supposing it to be really agreed that they shall be put aside for the time, there is no longer any presentable motive for keeping the Chambers away from Paris. Indeed, their absence has always implied that the Government was, to a certain extent, still provisional. Even if the Count of CHAMBORD or Prince LOUIS NAPOLEON had been set on the throne, Paris must in the end have regained her place as the seat of authority. As a France from which Paris was excluded would not be the true France, so a Government which proclaimed that it could not trust itself in Paris would hardly have been regarded as a true French Government. So long as Marshal MACMAHON remained President the last link with the provisional order of things which he represented was not broken. The Republic was still rather a Government to be certainly established in the future than a Government definitively established in the present. It was only natural, therefore, that the question of the seat of Government should stand adjourned, with many other questions, until all the several parts of the Government had been brought into harmony by the election of a genuinely Republican President.

It cannot be denied that the return of the Chambers to Paris will cause some uneasiness to moderate politicians, and that the Government in particular may well look forward to it with real though concealed annoyance. It may be incumbent on them to run the risk of being confronted with a Paris mob, but, though it may be inevitable and right, it is not for that reason pleasant. Though the tradition that Paris can overturn a Government has been broken through, the Parisians may still be disposed to try whether it cannot be re-established; and however hopeless the experiment might prove to be, it would equally entail upon the Government the disastrous necessity of dealing with it. It is fortunate in some respects that Paris is the great military centre that the new system of French defence has made it. The garrison of Paris must always be more than sufficient to put down any attempt at insurrection, and probably more than sufficient to deter the revolutionary element among the Parisians from seriously contemplating such an attempt. There is little fear, as the army is now constituted, of the soldiers fraternizing with the mob. France equally with Germany is a nation in arms, and so long as the Government represents the nation, it may count with fair certainty on the support of the army in any conflict which it may have to sustain against a particular section of the nation. Still, in spite of these reassuring considerations, the revolutionary associations of Paris must for some time to come remain alarming; and it would have been well if the return of the Chambers had not been voted by the Chamber of Deputies until the Republic had had a longer past of tranquil government to look back to. But when once the proposal was made it was impossible for the Government to oppose it. To have done so would have been to own themselves frightened, and a French Government which makes such a confession is not likely to be long left without solid justification for its fears. It must be the master of its own capital, if its capital is ever to be anything more than a centre of discontent and irritation. Among the duties which no French Administration can in the end evade is the duty of living in Paris without being overawed by Paris.

After all, the difficulty of discharging this duty may be exaggerated. The danger which is supposed to attend the presence of the Chambers in Paris has sprung from a cause which might conceivably be equally operative if the Chambers remained at Versailles—the political apathy of the rest of France. The capital was omnipotent, not because the Government was at the mercy of the Parisians, but because the country was indifferent. If in 1830, or 1848, or 1870, there had existed in the provinces a determination to maintain the Government which Paris had upset at all comparable to the determination to maintain the Republic which was manifested in the summer and autumn of 1877, Paris would not have been suffered to have her way without opposition. But no such determination did exist, and men who do not care under what form of government they live are no more likely to resist revolutions than to make them. The power that claims their obedience is the power that receives it. If Frenchmen outside Paris were still, politically speaking, the same apathetic beings that they were under the Second Empire, there would be every probability of their submitting to any kind of government which it might please Paris to impose upon them. But this description is no longer applicable to Frenchmen outside Paris. The secret of M. GAMBETTA'S power has been his recognition of this change. When the Republican leaders thought only of Paris and appealed only to Paris, the rest of France was careless about politics. Now the rest of France is eager about them. Whether M. GAMBETTA'S assumption of a completely new attitude in this respect was most a cause or an effect of the change—whether he has educated the country or been educated by it—does not much matter. The fact that France at large takes a more active interest in politics is an important thing to remember in estimating the dangers of the return of the Chambers to the capital. How soon the change will be effected now depends upon the Senate. The vote will probably be a close one, and if the proposal is rejected nothing more can be done for a year. There must be unexpected strength in the second Chamber if it long resists both the Government and the Deputies upon a question of this kind.

AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

If a general election had not been impending, perhaps Mr. SAMUELSON might not have thought it necessary to move for an inquiry into the operation of the Agricultural Holdings Act. The facts of the case are well known to those whom they concern, and there is no reason to suppose that the farmers are especially dissatisfied with the state of the law. The Act which was passed four years ago by the present Government established in certain cases a presumption in favour of the tenant; but many landlords have taken advantage of the provision which allows the owner to contract himself out of the Act. The North Norfolk election seems to show that the farmers are not yet won over by Liberal blandishments; but, if they are open to conversion, it is perhaps judicious to try to persuade them that they have a grievance. At present they would gladly concur with their landlords in supporting Mr. HARCOURT'S amendment, if only there were the least hope that a Parliamentary inquiry would tend to diminish agricultural distress. In Lord LIVERPOOL'S time, and again after the repeal of the Corn Laws, similar motions were frequently made, and Committees from time to time endeavoured to devise artificial remedies for the results of natural causes. The search sometimes lasted until it was superseded by the revival of prosperity; but it never served any useful purpose, and inquiry is now, if possible, more hopeless than similar investigations thirty or sixty years ago. The causes of agricultural distress are few and simple; and they are the less removable because they are not always evils in themselves. Low prices and high wages, though they may tend to annihilate farmers' profits and to reduce rents, ought not to be, and could not be suppressed by legislation. The constant improvement of communication by land and sea confers enormous benefits on consumers of

food at the cost of domestic producers. The consequences which the supporters of the Corn-laws apprehended from the removal of protection are now for the first time fully felt. The price of wheat is lower than at almost any former time, and there is little prospect of permanent recovery. The importation of live stock and dead meat begins for the first time to disturb a monopoly which seemed to be natural and secure. Parliament can neither remedy nor even lament a cheapness which may be ruinous to those who are interested in the land. As Lord MELBOURNE said of Catholic Emancipation, all the wise men were for it, and all the fools were against it; and he added that the fools had proved to be in the right. The wise men in that case, as in dealing with the Corn-laws, had given fallacious reasons for a sound conclusion. It was right to repeal the Corn-laws; but it was not true that the landed interest would benefit by the withdrawal of protection.

Mr. BARCLAY's notice of amendment on Mr. HARCOURT's amendment ingeniously raised, by the insertion of one or two words, a larger issue than that which was proposed by Mr. SAMUELSON. The suggestion that the law of tenure is one of the causes of agricultural distress is not unlikely to attract the attention of farmers. The question has been frequently and sometimes acrimoniously discussed; and it is not disposed of by the Agricultural Holdings Bill, especially as the enactments are not compulsory; but the present agricultural distress has little or nothing to do with tenure. It is well known that an unprecedented number of farms have been thrown up by the tenants, to the great embarrassment of the owners; but the alleged effect of the existing tenure of land is to discourage the outlay of capital on the land; and it happens that the distress is most severe in the districts which have hitherto been most highly farmed. Strong wheat lands, and in some places light arable lands, no longer pay the heavy expense of cultivation. The labourers do less work than in former times, and demand higher wages; and wheat is quoted in the market at forty shillings. If the occupiers had possessed the freehold, they would have felt the pressure of the times; and probably tenants under long leases are the greatest sufferers by the depression of agriculture. The usual tenure of land in estates for life may, in many instances, account for the undue parsimony of a landlord when improvements are required; but it can scarcely be connected with the present distress. Mr. BARCLAY, representing the skilled and wealthy farmers of Scotland, has probably no desire to split up the land into petty holdings. It may be doubted whether, in present circumstances, many tenants would, if they had the opportunity, be willing to buy the freehold of their farms.

Mr. O'DONNELL, no longer confining himself to the advocacy of the right of Irish occupiers to the property of their landlords, kindly extends his solicitude to English and Scotch tenants, or rather to the general community. As he mildly remarks, an insignificant fraction of the population has usurped the ownership which properly belongs to the whole, with the result, as he asserts, of stinting the natural production of food. In other words, property in land ought to be abolished, except perhaps where it belongs to a small occupier. Other philanthropists might prove that all other kinds of property are the subjects of equally unjust monopoly. The ownership of land has been recognized by law for time immemorial, and only a few years ago it was thought that investments in land were exceptionally secure. Mr. O'DONNELL goes through the form of allowing a fair rent, which is to be fixed by the State; but the claims of former proprietors who had become mere annuitants or incumbrancers would soon be abolished by a Legislature which might have previously expropriated the owners. It is not, for the present at least, worth while to discuss revolutionary or communistic measures; and it is scarcely to be regretted that a professed agitator should propose schemes which would be almost as distasteful to English farmers as to landowners. Mr. O'DONNELL would certainly not be satisfied by the concession to large agricultural capitalists of fixity of tenure, while the mass of the rural population continued to depend on wages. The subdivision of the land into petty freeholds would among other results put an end to scientific agriculture. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had perhaps no choice when he assented to the adjournment of a useless debate on Mr. O'DONNELL's motion. The previous discussion had exhausted the subject; and the division once more illustrated the admirable fidelity of the Conservative members to the Government. Mr. READ, indeed, supported Mr. SAMUELSON's motion for inquiry, though he would have preferred a Royal Commission to a Committee; but Conservative county members in general preferred the risk of offending their constituents to the encouragement of legislative interference with freedom of contract.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had perhaps ascertained the feelings of the party when he determined to resist the motion; but he was justified in refusing the inquiry as premature, and at the present time unreasonable. It is undoubtedly true that many landlords have contracted themselves out of the Act; and that no sweeping change has been made in the practice of compensation for unexhausted improvements. Nevertheless, the transfer of the burden of negative proof from the occupier to the owner is likely to exercise considerable influence on their reciprocal relations; and even on estates where the Act is not in force the twelve months' notice is likely to become general. A time of unprecedented depression, while it is otherwise injurious to farmers, affords them a certain compensation in the pressure which it enables them to place upon landlords. Only five or six years ago the owner of a farm had the opportunity of imposing stringent conditions on the new tenant whom he selected among many eager candidates. The demand has since been reversed; and a tenant in want of a farm may, if he thinks fit, choose the most pliable of many competing landlords. If among other conditions an applicant stipulates that the lessor shall not contract himself out of the Agricultural Holdings Act, the demand will in many instances be conceded. As might have been anticipated, the debate was not confined within the terms of Mr. SAMUELSON's motion. Mr. BARCLAY and other speakers repeated the complaints which have been often made of the injurious effect of limited estates on the cultivation of the land. The powers of limited owners were enlarged by the Act of 1875; but perhaps Parliament was even then unduly solicitous to protect the vested interests of reversioners. The most remarkable declaration in the debate, not in itself, but in the position of the speaker, was Lord HARTINGTON's expression of opinion against limited tenures. The future head of one of the greatest landed families in the kingdom seems disposed to dispense in whole or in part with laws and customs which have been thought the main supports of aristocratic wealth and privilege. A departure from the traditions of the class to which Lord HARTINGTON belongs can only be explained by sincere and unselfish conviction. The pernicious effect of settlements on the cultivation of the land has been frequently exaggerated. The tenants of great estates, which are almost without exception under settlement, have been hitherto among the most enterprising and prosperous farmers; but it is true that a life-tenant of small means, like other poor men, cannot afford to be liberal. It is possible that Lord HARTINGTON may have preferred the interests of his party to his own natural prejudices, but for the purposes of the next election there is little use in courting the farmers. The majority of them would perhaps have wished their representatives to vote for an inquiry into the working of the Agricultural Holdings Act, but at present they care little for questions of settlement and entail.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

At the end of last week Sir HENRY JAMES called the attention of the House of Commons to the many imperfections which at present attend the administration of justice by the Superior Courts. The drift of his speech was that the Judicature Acts had done much good, but that their operation was greatly marred by some very bad arrangements which had been adopted in consequence or in spite of them, and also by some good arrangements not having been adopted which might easily be made in harmony with them. One mercantile member and one solicitor spoke, but otherwise the barristers had the debate all to themselves. Sir HENRY JAMES complained that, although the whole community was greatly interested in the administration of justice being made speedy and effectual, none but legal members ever took any part in the debates on the subject which from time to time occupy the House. It is hard to see how any but lawyers should take interest in a subject of which

none but lawyers can practically know anything, and as to which lawyers show an astonishing amount of disagreement. More than one lawyer hazarded the opinion that the Judicature Acts were altogether a mistake. But it is satisfactory to find that, the greater the eminence of the speaker, the more pronounced was the conviction entertained by him that the new system had done much good, and might be made to do much more good. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL vied with Sir HENRY JAMES in expressing his sense of the improvements that have been effected, and his determination to see further improvements made as soon as possible. It is only because those who are annoyed, and very naturally annoyed, with some of the bad arrangements that now prevail shut their eyes to the good that has been secured, that imperfect justice is often done to the merits of the great changes that have been made. As the ATTORNEY-GENERAL pointed out, we have now got two admirable tribunals of appeal. There is the reformed tribunal of the House of Lords, and the series of important cases deriving their origin from the liquidation of the Glasgow Bank affords at present an excellent opportunity of recognizing the great strength of this tribunal and the promptitude with which it discharges its duties. The intermediate Courts of Appeal are always, or almost always, at work, give judgments which satisfy the profession, and have scarcely any arrears. Pleading has been remodelled; there is no longer any conflict of jurisdiction between the Courts of Common Law and Equity, and each judge can hear in full the cases brought before him. It may be added that there are now four gaol deliveries in the year; and although judges and magistrates think this gives them much trouble for very little good, the HOME SECRETARY and the House of Commons are unshaken in their resolution not to let persons who may possibly be innocent remain in prison for months without trial. Some complaints, too, that are urged against the system deserve very little consideration. If assizes are held in January instead of March, London suitors lose in one month and gain in another. As, again, the High Court of Justice is now one court, any of its members may be called on to try criminals; and it inevitably causes disappointment when a case that was expected to come on before an Equity judge has to be put off because he is away in Wales trying a tiny handful of prisoners. The real question is not whether the judges are always to be found where some suitors would like to find them, but whether they on the whole get through the work with which litigants provide them. The CHANCELLOR is very strong in his declaration that they do, and that, according to all reasonable expectations, the cause lists will be cleared before the Long Vacation commences.

But the CHANCELLOR and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL fully concur with Sir HENRY JAMES in thinking that there are points in the new system, or in the mode in which it is worked, which are very defective. The most salient of these points is the utter want of method in taking and hearing Common Law cases. The suitors find it entirely impossible to learn when a case will come on; and, when a judge has begun it, he will hurry off to some other business and leave it unfinished. This makes litigation very expensive and very wearisome. Some who watch this state of legal chaos with regret and indignation think that the judges permit suitors to be thus inconvenienced simply because they cannot help it. There are too few judges for the multifarious duties cast on them, and the proper remedy is to make more judges. This is not the view of the heads of the profession, who are of opinion that there are quite judges enough. They say that, if the judges arranged their work properly, they might get through it easily enough. Those who like to see in the best possible light everything that judges do or do not do, urge that the judges do not arrange their work well because the whole system is so new that they do not as yet see how their work can be arranged well. But this, again, is not the opinion of the CHANCELLOR and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. They do not hesitate to say that the judges will not do what they might do. Rules might be passed by which it should be clearly determined when and by whom causes should be tried. Probably the truth is that the business of the courts is not arranged because there is no one to arrange it. There is no central authority to draw up a general prospectus of the coming business of the Common Law Division. The chiefs of the courts still retain their titles; but they can no longer direct the business of their separate courts, for their subordinates do not any longer belong exclusively to these courts, and they have no duty cast on them, nor perhaps any power given them, to combine and settle the general course of business. The Chancellor, again, can only suggest. He makes the judges, but has no control over them when once they are appointed; and, although there are many advantages in this, the main reason for the confusion in the courts is that there is no head of the law. One speaker in the debate suggested, to meet this want, that there should be created a Minister of Justice; but a Minister of Justice would not be likely to know enough of the practical working of the administration of justice to be able to tell judges what to do; and, if traditional jealousies did not stand in the way, it seems much simpler to provide that all the necessary arrangements should be made at the beginning of each term by the three Chiefs and the Chancellor. Lord CAIRNS lately said that he hoped that, without recourse being had to new legislation on the subject, some satisfactory combination might be made by arrangement.

Theoretically it is one of the prominent features of the present system that a single judge should be able to hear and decide every case, and that, if either litigant is not satisfied, he should go to the Court of Appeal. But practically there is introduced for many purposes an intermediate tribunal between the single judge and the Court of Appeal, this tribunal being formed by two or more of the judges belonging to the division to which the single judge belongs. The new system of pleading has also given rise to many questions as to the shape the suit should assume before it is ready for trial, and the Master of the court in the first instance decides such questions. From him there is an appeal to a judge in Chambers. From that judge there is an appeal to the Divisional Court, and from the Divisional Court there is an appeal to the Court of Appeal. This is a greater amount of appealing than was contemplated by the framers of the new system, and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, although he pointed out that in some cases appeals to the Divisional Court saved any further appeals, yet expressed his earnest desire to abridge the stages of litigation, if only he could see his way to do it. The reasons why appeals to the Divisional Court must be allowed in some cases are of a highly technical character, and do not afford material for any but a professional discussion. But Sir HENRY JAMES made a suggestion the character and purport of which every one can understand. He began by showing that at many places where civil assizes are held there is really no business. There is not, on an average, much more than a single case. It was, he thought, ridiculous to waste the time of the judges by sending them solemnly round to do so very little. On the other hand, there are some counties where there is more business than the judges can possibly get through. The consequence is that business has to stand over, and thus justice is denied or is very imperfectly accorded to such places as Liverpool, Manchester, and Leeds. Sir HENRY JAMES thought that one of the judges of the High Court ought to go on sitting in such places until he had got through all the business, even though this might involve his remaining for months in one place. Succeeding speakers pointed out obvious objections to this proposal, as that it would break up the Bar, and that it would tend to throw judges too much into the society or cliques of a provincial town. Part, no doubt, of the great respect paid to the superior judges arises from persons in the country not being too familiar with them, and the majesty of the law would be somewhat dimmed if a superior judge was seen as constantly in a county town as a bailiff or a mayor. But the strongest argument against the proposal was furnished by the speaker himself. Sir HENRY JAMES stated that, out of nine hundred cases, on an average, tried on circuit in a year, less than two hundred involve sums of more than 500*l.* Thus, if the CHANCELLOR's new Bill becomes law, three-fourths, perhaps—or, at least, two-thirds—of the cases now tried by judges on circuit will be handed over to another jurisdiction. There are, no doubt, cases where, although the amount at stake may not be large, great interests are involved; such as are properly submitted to the cognizance of a superior, and not to that of an inferior, judge. The cases submitted to the superior judges on circuit will probably much exceed a hundred and seventy, although the jurisdiction of the County Court judges may be extended to the limit now proposed by the

CHANCELLOR. Still there can be no doubt that a great part of their present work will be cut away from the superior judges when on circuit; and it will only remain to remodel the system, so far as possible, with the object of saving the judges the waste of time occasioned by their having to go where there is really no business that calls for their presence. It is tolerably safe to conjecture that, as time goes on, the superior judges will remain more and more in London, and that the sphere of local subordinate judges will be increased. Meanwhile it is sufficiently clear that the shortcomings which are acknowledged to exist in the present system lie not so much in the system itself as in the arrangements for working it, and it is rather for the Government to induce improvements than for the Legislature to make radical changes.

THE CANADIAN TARIFF.

THE questions which Mr. BRIGHT lately addressed to the Government on the proposed Canadian tariff expressed legitimate uneasiness and disappointment. The vicious doctrines of political economy which the English colonies share with almost all foreign States are the same which Mr. BRIGHT eloquently denounced at the outset of his political career; and he probably finds it more painful to question the wisdom of a popular Government based on a wide suffrage than to expose the selfishness of an oligarchy of landowners. It is indeed to the inherent weakness of an aristocratic minority that England owes a singular exemption from the economic fallacies which delude the rest of the world. It happened that at the time of the agitation against the Corn-laws almost all English manufacturers were sufficiently flourishing to defy foreign competition. Some classes of goods enjoyed protection for a few years after the abolition of the Corn-laws; but manufacturers made no serious effort to maintain for their own wares the protection which had at their instance been withdrawn from agricultural produce. Imported corn and cattle now form so large a part of the food of the community that it would be impossible to revive the smallest fragment of the Corn-laws; and the flagrant anomaly of taxing unprotected landowners and farmers for the benefit of manufacturers is not suggested, except under the thin disguise of reciprocity. No other civilized country, except perhaps Holland, habitually imports a large part of the food which it consumes; and industrial capitalists, with the aid of their workmen, generally contrive to enlist a blundering patriotism on the side of their profitable monopolies. Advocates of Free-trade in the United States are popularly supposed to be bribed with British gold; and both producers and Governments on the Continent of Europe frequently make similar appeals to national jealousy. Interested manufacturers in the English colonies persuade ignorant and credulous multitudes that the exclusive consumption of local products indicates a noble independence of the mother-country. The Government of Victoria could probably count on the approval of the Assembly and the constituencies when it lately accepted a higher tender for rails made in the colony in preference to the lower rate of English iron.

The Canadian Parliament, under the guidance of the present Ministry, is at present framing a tariff in which differential rates of duty are to be imposed on the produce of the United States. It was with ostensible reference to this scheme of legislation that Mr. BRIGHT inquired whether the instructions to the GOVERNOR-GENERAL had been recently modified by the removal of a formal check on the imposition of protective duties. Until lately the Governor-General was directed to reserve all measures of the kind for the consideration of the home Government; but the restriction was removed on the late appointment of Lord LORNE. As the Canadian Ministry commands a large majority, the new tariff may in the ordinary course of business be expected to pass; and the GOVERNOR-GENERAL will, on the advice of his responsible Ministers, give his approval in the usual form. Mr. BRIGHT seemed to imply that the English Government or the COLONIAL SECRETARY was to blame for providing new facilities of protective legislation; but, unless a veto is to be imposed on a differential tariff, it is more convenient that the unwelcome duty of assenting to a bad law should devolve on the Governor-General than on the Crown. Mr. BRIGHT would probably, on consideration, not desire that the Imperial Government should risk a collision with the Canadian Parliament. The original concession of responsible government involved the constitutional right of doing wrong within extremely wide limits. In every body politic discretion must rest somewhere, and for Canadian purposes it belongs to the Ministers who possess the confidence of the Parliament of the Dominion. The retrospective conjecture that better terms might have been made with the colonies by a reservation of perpetual Free-trade with England has no practical value. No such stipulation was in fact made, and the omission is scarcely a subject of regret. The bargain, if it can be called a bargain, between England and the great colonies is intrinsically and necessarily one-sided. There are no means of enforcing any real or imaginary obligations which may be supposed to have been incurred in return for an almost entire abandonment of effective sovereignty. If a vexatious tariff were enacted in defiance of a fundamental compact, the colonists would probably correct the anomaly rather by demanding a change in the Constitution than by repealing protective duties. The patriots of Victoria have frequently in their speeches threatened secession on much smaller provocation.

It might be supposed that a project for discouraging trade with the United States ought to create little alarm in England. Differential duties will favour the importation of English goods; and the Imperial Government might regard with complacency measures advantageous to its own subjects, for which it was not responsible. Unfortunately, it is well known that hostile legislation against the United States is merely intended to serve diplomatic purposes. The American Government has for some time past wished to effect a Customs Union with Canada; and its overtures have not been absolutely rejected, though it has not hitherto been found possible to overcome objections of detail. Sir JOHN MACDONALD and his followers are now applying pressure to the American Government in the form of an adverse tariff; but, if they attain their object, the weapon of differential legislation will turn its edge to England. By a curious inconsistency, communities which cling to protection are almost always willing to enlarge the frontiers within which there is absolute freedom of trade. The Americans would gladly abolish the Customs frontier which separates them from Canada for the purpose of securing and extending their monopoly against English competition. The tariff which is now proposed is chiefly objectionable because it will form a precedent for legislation similar in principle, but pointed in the opposite direction. A Customs union between Canada and the United States would be the severest test to which the modern colonial system has been exposed. It might have been thought that the smallest demand which England could make on the colonies would be the treatment which is accorded to the most favoured nation. The supporters of a Customs Union propose to admit all the produce of a foreign country free of duty, and at the same time to impose protective or prohibitive duties on English goods. In Germany a Customs Union has been followed by political amalgamation, and it is well known that the American promoters of the scheme hope to attain the same object. Some of the colonists may perhaps see that union with a greater community would imply absolute fiscal dependence. The Canadians would of course be allowed a voice in the adjustment of duties; but on all disputed points they would find themselves in a small minority. The Canadians will be guided by their own interest as they may understand it, and they will pay little regard to English wishes or opinions. It is true that they might violate the spirit and perhaps the letter of their constitutional arrangements with England; but at the present time colonial relations are even more entirely devoid than international law of an operative sanction. The Government of the United States has no technical right to negotiate with Canada on any subject, except on the invitation of the Imperial Government; but, if the Republic and the Dominion thought fit to disregard propriety and loyalty, there would be no remedy except in war, which would certainly not be undertaken.

If a Customs Union is formed, it may become necessary to reconsider the expediency or possibility of continuing the colonial connexion; but on the whole it will, even in an extreme case, not be desirable to precipitate separation. There is always a hope that economic blunders may sooner or later be discerned and corrected; nor is it wholly impossible that the tie of allegiance which has almost

dwindled to a thread may hereafter become more binding. As long as the Dominion nominally forms a part of the Empire, Canadian ports will be open to English men-of-war, and enemies of the Crown will not enjoy the privileges of neutrals in the colonies. The population of Canada will not swell the ranks of the enemy; and in conceivable contingencies it might even aid the Imperial arms. According to some authorities, there is already a feeling of patriotic pride in the colony, which would not be equally gratified by subdivision into two or three States of the Union. Should the annexation be effected, the next generation will be trained up in the political traditions and prejudices of the Republic. If patience fails to avert ultimate secession, no better result would follow a more self-asserting policy. The change in the instructions of the GOVERNOR-GENERAL probably represents the determination of the Government not to interfere with the fiscal measures or with the other legislation of the Canadian Parliament. Submission to inevitable inconvenience may not be glorious, but it is always prudent. Lord LORNE's Ministers may perhaps sometimes listen to his advice when they are well assured that he has neither the will nor the power to oppose their conclusions. The characteristic dislike of modern democracies to commercial freedom is well known to statesmen, and they have every opportunity of understanding that the powers bestowed on colonies are likely to be used for the discouragement of trade and industry. It is useless to reserve for the consideration of the Crown every new measure which may be adopted for the purpose.

THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

THE London School Board have just escaped from a very embarrassing position. Until lately the Board have been accustomed to borrow money at interest to meet their ordinary weekly expenses. In the long run, of course, they have ample funds for this purpose at their command; but teachers and workmen want to be paid at short intervals, and the money has to be forthcoming, whether or not the Vestries have paid in the proceeds of the School-rate or the Public Works Loan Commissioners have lent the sums required for building schools. The difficulty has been got over by a system of short loans; but the auditor has lately held himself precluded from recognizing this convenient transaction, and has consequently surcharged the Chairman of the Board and the Chairman of the Financial Committee with the amounts paid as interest. The Local Government Board thereupon referred the question to the Law Officers, and the Law Officers could not agree what answer to give. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL thought the School Board had a right to borrow as they had been accustomed to do. The SOLICITOR-GENERAL took a severer view, and held that they had no such power. In face of this conflict of experts the Local Government Board thought it well to be on the safe side. They remitted the particular disallowance on which the question had been raised, but warned the School Board that no similar consideration would be shown them in future. The result was that the Board, instead of borrowing as before, went on eating up their scanty reserve; and at their meeting on Wednesday week it was announced that there was less than 5,000*l.* in the hands of the Treasurer to meet a weekly expenditure of 20,000*l.* Under these circumstances the Board unanimously determined to throw themselves on the mercy of Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH. They represented to him that, if he would not help them, the salaries of the teachers could not be paid, and the building of new schools must be interrupted. Would he not, therefore, go on remitting these surcharges till Michaelmas next, and so enable the Board either to state a case for the opinion of the courts on the existing law, or to move the Education Department for the amendment of the law? The answer of the Local Government Board was, on the whole, favourable. No fixed time has been assigned down to which the remission of the auditor's disallowances will be continued; but, provided that the appeal to the High Court of Justice is prosecuted with all despatch, and the case argued exclusively on its merits, the Local Government Board will exercise the equitable jurisdiction vested in it until the result of the legal proceedings is known. Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH considers that he has no power to pledge his Board to remit the costs of prosecuting this appeal in the event of their being disallowed by the auditor; but he is so convinced of the importance of the controversy, and of the necessity of having it settled by a court of law, that he has undertaken that the request of the Board to be allowed to pay these costs out of the School Fund shall receive the fullest consideration.

The Local Government Board is not the only department of the Government with which the London School Board have been in correspondence, and they will apparently have some difficulty in making a good defence to the charge which the Education Department has brought against them. The School Board had, in part, attributed their poverty-stricken condition to the neglect of the Education Department to forward to the Public Works Loan Commissioners certain recommendations for loans which the department had already sanctioned, and in connexion with which much of the expenditure had been already incurred. The inference was that, if the Education Department had not been guilty of this delay, the School Board would have been richer by 91,000*l.*, and the necessity for appealing to the Local Government Board would, at all events, have been postponed. The letter from Mr. CUMIN, which was published on Thursday puts the facts in a very different light. According to Mr. CUMIN, the proposals in question were not sanctioned. They were only referred back to the School Board for further information. Mr. CUMIN implies that the Education Department suspected the School Board of a tendency to run into expense. The amount of an estimate is quite as important, he says, when a proposal for a loan is under consideration as the arrangement of the plans, and the Education Department accordingly returned the plans to the School Board, with a request to be furnished with an estimate of the cost of carrying them out. When the required estimate was laid before the department it was held to be too large, and the issue of the recommendation to the Public Works Loan Commissioners was "purposely delayed," until the School Board "had "come to some arrangement by which the cost of building "schools in London should be materially reduced." If Mr. CUMIN's narrative is correct the School Board treated this delay as a merely formal matter which need not influence their action in any way. They assumed that the consent of the Education Department would ultimately be given to the loans, whether the estimates were reduced or not, and they proceeded apparently to sign the contracts, and to lay out the money which they felt sure of getting in the end. Mr. CUMIN says that the School Board was speedily warned in each case that no contract for the buildings should be signed until the plans, specifications, and estimates were finally approved. Consequently, the scrape in which they have lately been involved, and from which they have only been extricated by the joint action of the Local Government Board and the Education Department, was a scrape entirely of their own making. They chose to sign contracts when it was still doubtful whether the consent of the Education Department would be given to the loans by which the money was to be raised, and then they very naturally found it impossible to find the money without a loan. Fortunately for the School Board the magnitude of their distress compelled the Education Department to be merciful. "In order," says Mr. CUMIN, "to meet the difficulties in which the School Board have "involved themselves, my Lords have consented to make "the recommendation asked for," and the 91,000*l.* which the School Board have pledged themselves to spend without seemingly having any certain ground for thinking that it would be forthcoming when wanted is or soon will be in their hands.

Mr. CUMIN's letter raises a much more important question than any touched upon in the correspondence with the Local Government Board. It is plainly expedient that the School Board should have the power to raise short loans when that mode of obtaining money happens to be convenient, and if the existing law does not allow this, it ought to be at once made to allow it. It is essential, however, to the proper management of the School Board finances that they should not be allowed to borrow money entirely at their own discretion; and if Mr. CUMIN's account of their customary practice is correct, they have in at least one remarkable instance, not indeed borrowed money, but so committed themselves to the expenditure to meet which they had asked leave to borrow it, that the department with which it rests to give or withhold the necessary sanction felt that its hand had been forced, and that there was no option left but to

authorize a loan without insisting on the conditions which it had originally meant to exact. This is a very serious accusation to bring against the School Board. If it did not seem impossible that the Education Department should have made such a charge without being certain of its facts, we should say that it was impossible that a public body such as the London School Board should have laid itself open to it. The Government, through the Public Works Loan Commissioners, are willing to lend money to School Boards for the purpose of building schools; but they very properly require, as a protection against unnecessary expenditure of the ratepayers' money, that the Education Department shall have recommended the loan as one proper to be raised. The Education Department, with equal propriety, require that, before they issue their recommendation, the estimates and plans of the proposed school buildings shall be laid before them. It is plain that, in order to determine whether a particular outlay deserves their sanction, they must know what kind of school it is intended to build, and how much money it is intended to spend on it. The building may be greatly in excess of the wants of the district, or the estimate of the cost may be greatly in excess of the really necessary outlay. It seems incredible that the School Board should have assumed that the Education Department would consent to a loan of 91,000*l.* after they had been expressly told that the department would not consent to it until the Board "had come to some arrange-"ment by which the cost of building schools in London "should be materially reduced." If they have assumed this, they ought not to escape without a very much severer censure than is conveyed in Mr. CUMIN's letter. If a public body finds that it has only to spend money without the consents demanded by law, and the consents, which would otherwise have been withheld, are at once given, it will be under no restraint whatever as regards expenditure. In this case, as has been said, it seems simply incredible that this should have been done; and Sir CHARLES REED says distinctly that it has not been done. In presence of two conflicting impossibilities, we can only wait for the further evidence which is promised. This much, however, is certain. Either the London School Board has committed a gross breach of duty to its constituents, or the Education Department is entirely mistaken in its view of facts about which it is peculiarly bound to have accurate knowledge. Whichever of these alternatives is true, the matter is not one which ought to be left where it is.

UPHILL WORK.

SO deep lies the love of variety in our nature that few people do not, in the long run, find it more fatiguing to keep entirely upon level ground than to take hill and dale, rough and smooth, as they come. If the actual force spent in occasional climbing is greater than is required for level walking, it is more healthily distributed among the different muscles, and the exhilaration of perpetual change more than compensates for the mere physical effort. There is a somewhat similar advantage in the fact that the figurative journey of life seldom remains long at one level. All work has its times of toiling ascent and of easy downward sliding. Life itself generally begins with a stiff climb, and ends with loss of active effort and more rapid progress. Or, from another point of view, we may compare youth to a rush down towards the plains, from which, later in life, we hope gradually to rise to the serene heights of experience. There is a delightful adaptability about the up and down hill metaphor; it runs equally well backwards and forwards. But, on the whole, the most natural use of it is that which treats the morning's journey as uphill work; and typifies the absence of conscious effort, the quick flight of time, and the sense of gradual closing in and loss of vantage ground which creeps over us with advancing years, by the one word "downwards." Down from the level table-land upon which middle age takes its stand and does its work, down into the gathering shades of evening, down towards the valley through which all must pass—such is the course which to the imagination most lives seem to pursue. At any rate, the sort of effort required at one stage of life is quite unlike that which we have to make at another; and these changes would alone suffice to secure us against stagnation.

There is in most people's minds such a prejudice in favour of youth that they scarcely recognize the amount of toil which is imposed upon the young at every step by want of familiarity with their tools and their materials. We refer of course to the considerable majority who do bear the yoke in their youth; not to those whose only business up to the beginning of middle age is to give free play to the instinctive arts of pleasing themselves and others; in which some young people display a proficiency as surprising as that of the half-hatched chick in picking up corn. Less spontaneous natures may be only beginning to master the same arts as the occasion for practising them passes finally away. All those who are called to the more truly human tasks which involve thought and struggle must have the opportunity of observing, as life goes on, how strangely the burden of toil seems to shift its place. What strange, blundering struggles it used to cost us to accomplish things which now we do almost unconsciously; how much more exhausting often was the bewilderment of groping our way and beating the air than the effort by which, later in life, we produce much more tangible results! It would often be an encouragement to the young if it were but possible to explain to them how necessary a foundation for future usefulness they may be laying while they seem to themselves to be merely finding themselves out in one mistake after another. If we reckoned the value of our work by its immediate results, most of the labour spent in youth would go for very little. Its chief effect is to pile up mounds of failures, over which we may climb to a vantage ground for future activity. Happily this upward struggle has its own exhilarating sense of infinite possibilities ahead which enables us to make light of toil and of failure. In a later phase we become chary of uncertain effort, and, while every stroke begins to tell, we also begin to think twice before striking. On the level table-lands of middle life we can calculate precisely how much effect we shall produce; we are no longer liable to lose our footing and roll down the slope after the ludicrous and exasperating fashion of our youth; but neither have we any sort of expectation of reaching the clouds; and, if what we do looms larger in other people's eyes, we often know quite well that we are not really putting half as much labour into it as we spent upon the scrambling attempts of earlier years.

On a smaller scale, every one who has produced any kind of work of art knows what different kinds of effort are required for beginning, carrying on, and finishing any design. Most people probably feel that in the first sketch there is a nameless charm which is almost inevitably obscured as the work advances, to reappear, if all goes well, in a different form as it draws towards its completion. Here the uphill part of the work comes in the middle, while the beginning and the end seem almost to do themselves. Probably few experienced artists would attach much importance to their own judgment of the value of their work during the familiar uphill stage. Not only in painting, but in all sustained effort, there is sure to be a time when the general plan or effect, clear enough at the outset, is lost sight of in the labour of working out details before it can be restored in its fulness. But in painting this is actually visible to the eye, because, as long as any one part is less complete than the rest, there is a real discord of colour which the painter must disregard while he steadily pursues the processes required for bringing out the ultimate harmony, until, as the long labour draws to its close, every separate touch acquires an almost magical power and value as it falls into the place prepared for it by previous toil and sacrifice. Something of the same kind happens in most lives. Youth is full of interest and picturesqueness, like a sketch freshly dashed off by the hand of a master, and age may have all the stately harmony of a finished picture; but the intermediate stage is apt to be blurred and confused with a multitude of details. Happily the pressure of business generally distracts the attention of the artist in life from the inevitable flatness (if we may be permitted suddenly to reverse our metaphor) which attends its middle period. The most romantic of us have scarcely time to miss from their own lives at their fullest that picturesque effect which is often so marked in youth and in old age, and which is to the flatness of middle age what the hills are to the plains.

The slowness with which time passes in youth is another point which almost forces us to think of it as of an uphill road. Rejoice as we may to run the race, we cannot climb as fast as we shall descend. We have to put forth all our will to advance not only forwards, but upwards. Every step on an uphill road not only brings us nearer to the goal, but also requires a victory over the force of gravitation; so that it is no wonder if our steps are slow. But when we have passed the watershed, and begin to tend downwards, we have only to yield ourselves passively to the same force, and we are carried forward with but little effort of our own—quickly and more quickly as the path grows steeper. The involuntariness of much of our action as life advances is a startling change to those who care to notice it. Once perhaps it was a daily act of self-denial to set to work at all. Later in life not to work would be the severest of penances.

The act of engaging in labour may be uphill work only at the outset of life; but the work itself which we do may become ever more and more arduous, if we are not content with quantity of effect, but aspire to perfection in quality. Those who are possessed by this ambition will find the whole of their life's journey lying uphill. There are for them no level plains on which to settle down to reap the reward of former toil. For them the shades of evening bring no relaxation of effort. Their expectations may be less unlimited as time goes on, and less of their strength will be wasted in vain endeavours to grasp at what is beyond their reach; but the upward strain will not be relaxed; it will only be economized, as experience takes the guidance of their steps. And with the life-long toil of ascent comes the life-long expansion of horizon; the journey which is all uphill must needs conduct the wayfarer to fresher air and serener solitudes; away from the crowd and the smoke, up to the heights from which what is mean and trivial falls out of sight, and the sounds of strife are hushed. A

freshness more exquisite than the freshness of youth is reserved for some of the aged; but it can be attained only by a path which lies from first to last uphill.

Uphill work, both literally and figuratively, means work in two directions at once; literally, it is going forwards while we raise our own weight; figuratively, it is doing things and learning how to do them at the same time; thus lifting ourselves on to a higher platform of moral or intellectual being. There is always in some senses an ascending slope before us, which we may scale if we will. But happily it does not rest with ourselves to decide whether the general tenor of our lives shall be that of laborious ascent or of gentle downward gliding. The force of gravitation need not be always regarded as a type of the depraved tendencies of the human heart. There is a time for all things, says the wise man, and if there is a time for learning, so is there, happily, a time for forgetting; and also a time for idly applying and enjoying what we have learnt. There is a time for scrambling upwards, and a time for lying on the grass in the valley; a time for climbing fruit-trees, and a time for letting the ripe fruit drop into our mouths. Even Christian, who was not the man to flinch from his share of climbing, found rest and refreshment in the Valley of Humiliation, and it would be a poor view of life which valued nothing that was not gained by the sweat of our brow. Let life tend ever so steadily upwards in its moral and spiritual aspects, and intellectual labour be ever so strenuously directed towards higher and higher levels of attainment, still there will be in the outward life pauses from all activity, and welcome and gentle relaxations of effort, when our wisdom is to sit still and receive the riches which flow into our souls from above. Hard work is no doubt a cure for many evils, and the taste for it a most excellent one to acquire if we can; but not to be able to abstain from it for a time, not to have any idea of enjoyment without it, is a miserable slavery and blindness.

The most exquisite pleasure which we ever take in the work of our own hands or brains is probably derived from some rapid achievement wrought without conscious effort in some direction in which we have lately been working hard. After making a series of laborious studies, with perhaps little apparent result, we suddenly find ourselves rendering an impression, either in words or in colour, with an unstudied felicity which has gone far beyond the result of all our former labour, and perhaps by means of which we can give no complete account. Such moments are like those in which, after a long steep climb in the shadow up the jutting shoulder of a mountain, we suddenly turn a corner, and find ourselves face to face with the whole expanse of the western heavens.

GHOSTS AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

ALMOST more depressing than to perambulate the Inferno between Virgil and Dante would be the occupation of wandering through large and silent halls haunted by the pale forms of those whom we have known and loved—ghastly unrealities, visible but intangible, bearing the semblance but not the substance of old and valued friends. Nor would our spirits rise if, as we hurried away from one apparition, another immediately presented itself; if the figures were sometimes a ghostly white, and sometimes wore the colour of the familiar forms themselves, though not of their substance. The pale and lifeless image of an old Italian friend might make us shrink in horror, and on turning we might be confronted by the shade of one whom we knew familiarly in Spain some thirty years ago, while old acquaintances made in India and Central Asia might appear, standing motionless and ghastly. The sight of a few men, women, and children sauntering sleepily through these halls, or lounging on benches, apparently unconscious of the presence of the dread forms which haunted the building, though somewhat reassuring, would scarcely cheer the visitor, especially if these human beings seemed affected by the depression of the scene, although they looked not at the grim apparitions. The gloom of such a place would be increased by the sudden chiming of a deep-toned clock, which, on being examined, proved to be but the vain resemblance of a clock which once stood in an old cathedral tower far away in Eastern Germany; nor would the scene be rendered less sombre by the presence of many monuments to the dead. It may easily be imagined that such surroundings as those which we have been describing would be the reverse of hilarious; and yet the British nation has provided for itself a place of entertainment of very much this nature.

The lover of statuary and architecture who has travelled much in Europe may experience some such sensations as those above described by paying a visit to the South Kensington Museum, for, as he wanders through its halls and corridors, he will be confronted by the apparitions—in plaster of Paris—of many of his old friends. We are far from undervaluing that wonderful exhibition, being fully alive to the merits of many of the works of art which it contains, and being ready to admit the usefulness of plaster casts. The latter are invaluable to students of drawing, and serve as useful works of reference to artists and amateurs; they afford opportunities of completing their studies to travellers who have only had time to inspect the objects which they represent in a hurried manner, and they help to refresh the memories of the most learned. To the untravelled they are naturally instructive; but it is obvious that they can convey but a very imperfect idea of their originals to those whose artistic travels have been limited to London museums. A work of art which, while to a certain extent complete in itself, forms but a small part of a magnificent whole, loses much of its virtue when taken from its proper place and exhibited alone; much more, therefore, does the plaster representation of a part of a great work, when shown alone, fail to give much idea of the beauties of the original as it stands in its proper position. When a fine work of art is seen in its own place many questions of interest at once occur to the mind of the traveller—such as how it came there, what it is made of, and when it was made; but we do not trouble our heads much about an object which is plainly labelled as made of plaster, and having cost thirty shillings. Then again, in a museum it is next to impossible to avoid crowding things too much together to allow any opportunity for their beauties being fairly appreciated. Let us suppose the case of a cast of some bronze doors. Instead of approaching them from an open piazza, admiring their breadth of treatment in the distance, their general richness at a nearer view, and their marvellous detail on a close inspection, we have to thread our way through a labyrinth of huge casts and stands, and then look at them in an awkward position. We thus can only enjoy a small portion of their beauties. Then the doors themselves, instead of closing the portals of some cathedral or baptistry, lie flat against a wall, and convey no meaning. In a line with them are other plaster doors; this is the door department, and they stand in a row like crows upon a rail. We have more room to look at the cast of the gallery in Santa Maria Novella at Florence. This cast is at the end of an upstairs corridor, and can be seen to advantage from below. The colour of the plaster too is not very strikingly dissimilar from that of the marble of the original, and as we look up we try to fancy that we hear the choir singing High Mass, and see the monks in their white habits. Suddenly the illusion is dispelled. A policeman appears at one corner of the gallery and a nurse with a baby at the other, and we speedily realize the fact that, after all, we are at South Kensington and not at Florence. Models of the splendid pulpits of the cathedral and baptistry at Pisa are placed opposite each other, as if it were intended that rival orators should thoroughly "ventilate" some theological question from their heights. Michael Angelo's David towers above, ready to drop a stone upon the head of the worsted disputant. Shakspeare and Cupid, side by side, help to form the audience, and several human beings are already asleep upon some benches beneath the pulpits, thus helping to give reality to the scene. The shrine of Saint Sebaldus, coloured and gilded in imitation of its original at Nuremberg, is overshadowed by the tomb of a Mogul; and German, Hindoo, and Italian monuments hob-nob in the most friendly manner. It is sweet to recall memories of our childhood, and these models remind us of the days when temples and pagodas used to be represented on the dinner-table in barley sugar. We do not, however, remember any effort of the cook or confectioner—not even a wedding cake—which equalled in originality the arrangement of the cast exhibited at South Kensington of the splendid Puerta de la Gloria belonging to the cathedral of Santiago. Frederick the Great is complacently riding on his charger through one archway, and Mercury is bounding with a hop, skip, and a jump through the other. These immense doorways are quite dwarfed by the cast of Trajan's Column, which rises immediately in front of them. This column has been broken in two to suit the exigencies of limited space, and the result is about as graceful as would be that of a broken statue of a man, one half consisting of his legs standing upright, and the other of his upper half resting on a cross section of his middle, his thighs and head being level with each other. The Science and Art Department might with as much reason urge that this arrangement would give a correct idea of the man as that their divided cast of Trajan's Column could give a correct idea of its original. Even a bronze-coloured lion, which stands between the two broken halves, looks astonished at this piece of eccentricity; but, in order to palliate any defects in the arrangement of the Column, the thoughtful authorities have furnished a sketch of Trajan's Column as it looked at home, which, with a book telling everything that an ordinary visitor is likely to want to know on the subject, is placed on a desk at the foot of the great cast. When last at the Museum, we noticed two plaster horses in a Biga, galloping eagerly in the direction indicated by a placard which was placed immediately in front of them. On this placard a finger pointed to the mystic words "To the Refreshment Room." If a visitor liked to follow the proposed course of these horses, and established himself at a table in the grill-room about luncheon-time, he might hear the students recounting their impressions of their studies and the lectures which they had heard during the morning; and, he might form his own conclusions as to the edification likely to result from an atmosphere of plaster of Paris, sham antiquities, and museum lectures.

We doubt if the devotion (whether artistic or otherwise) aroused by a gilded plaster model of a magnificent gold reliquary could be very wholesome. There is a fine example of such a model at Kensington. We wonder that coloured casts of the relics which it contained are not placed in an adjoining case. Surely this would be the very acme of modelling—or apedom. Many yards of superficial wall-surface are covered by a ghastly and gigantic diagram, showing the relative proportions of some of the most remarkable buildings of various countries and dates on a scale of about one-sixteenth of their actual heights. The dome of St. Peter's is relieved against the great pyramid of Cheops, above which again peeps the top of the spire of Strasburg Cathedral. Beneath rise the slender proportions of the Albert Hall, which are partly concealed by the Temple of the Giants and the

Parthenon of Athens. After gazing at this extraordinary diagram, one is almost disposed to make a vow upon the nearest plaster altar never to look at a cathedral again and to forswear architecture for the future. Surely the erection of the Tower of Babel was not such a sin as a work like this. The large hall in which it hangs is a kind of architectural dissecting-room. Here are parts of some rood-screen, there some choir-stalls, and there again a piece of a cathedral façade. The place is full of pieces and sections, as if the principal buildings in the world had been operated upon by some giant's scalpel. A skinned human arm lying upon a surgeon's table, although interesting in its way, does not give us any very direct enjoyment, neither do casts of bits and scraps of the great works of architects and sculptors. On returning to England from a long tour on the Continent, where we have given special study to architecture, statuary, and woodwork, after suffering Roman fever and the loss of much of our luggage, after being wearied, robbed, and bug-bitten, it is disheartening to find that the model working-man can come from the City by the Underground Railway and see in one morning exact models of many of the works of art which we saw at the cost of so much labour, time, and money. When we look with ungracious eyes at the unsophisticated arrival by the Underground comfortably glancing over in a few hours exact imitations of objects which it took us many months to see, we are reminded of the late Major Whyte-Melville's story of a hard rider who complained at the end of a severe run with the hounds that, after spoiling his hat, tearing his coat, laming his horse, having two falls, and riding first from end to end, he found that a fellow on a coffee-coloured pony arrived at the finish before him after all. The underground tourist is not to be beaten by the Continental traveller, even in the matter of photographs. As he leaves the Museum, he can buy "cartes" or "cabinets" of the various objects of interest which he has been inspecting. He may fill his pockets with photographs "taken direct from the plaster cast," and carry away armfuls of "descriptive catalogues." He may even increase his spoils at the depôt of the Arundel Society within the building, and pocket a small copy of the diagram showing the comparative altitudes of the principal buildings in the world. He has one great advantage over the Continental traveller, which consists in his freedom from the nuisance of cicerones, and he can wander where he will in the Museum, without being disarmed of his umbrella. He may breakfast, lunch, and dine in a mediæval chamber, at a reasonable rate, hear a lecture, wash his hands, and spend an hour or two in an excellent library, "within the precincts of the building." It may be true that at the South Kensington Museum we see little but the ghosts of the statuary and architecture which we admire abroad, but where, let us ask, out of England, can we find a South Kensington Museum?

THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

THE programme of the performances of the company of the Comédie Française during their coming stay in London has been published, and it may be presumed that those who drew it up have taken some trouble to select the pieces best fitted to show the powers of this unrivalled body of artists, and most likely to please such audiences as will probably be attracted to the Gaiety Theatre. It would scarcely seem, however, that all the care which might have been expected has been given to the selection of the dramas which are to be acted, as, though many of them are sure to be successful and to produce a great impression on those who witness them, there are others on the list which are little likely to please; while the names of some plays which ought certainly to be given in any representative performances of the Comédie Française are, to use a hackneyed expression, conspicuous by their absence. To these deficiencies we shall presently refer, in the hope that changes may yet be made; but it is only fair to speak in the first place of what is good in the programme which has been issued on behalf of the great comedians. That in arranging it there has been due regard for the claims of the classical as well as of modern drama, and a desire to offer both the old masterpieces and the best plays of the present day, is evident; and, so far as regards the classical drama, the effort has been fairly successful.

The first place, as was to be expected, is given to Molière, and it need hardly be said that this was obviously the right course. Despite the almost superstitious veneration which Frenchmen have for Racine and Corneille, the attractions of tragedy, even at the theatre in the Rue Richelieu, are not great compared to those of comedy; and in London people would probably take but very little pleasure in the stately declamation of solemn rhymed verse. Of Molière's plays, nine are to be acted—namely, *Tartufe*, *Le Misanthrope*, *L'Avare*, *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, *Le Médecin malgré Lui*, *Les Femmes Savantes*, *L'Etourdi*, *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, and *Le Dépit Amoureux*. The selection, on the whole, is a good one. *Tartufe*, of course, must be given in any series of representative performances. *Le Misanthrope* and *L'Avare* were extremely successful when they were acted during the previous visit of the actors of the Français, and will doubtless be so again. No one with the smallest appreciation of wit and happy jesting can fail to be greatly amused at the inimitable scene in *Les Précieuses Ridicules* where Madelon and Cathos exchange phrases with the disguised lackeys, or to enjoy the brilliancy of *Les Femmes Savantes*. *Le Médecin malgré Lui* has, as need hardly be said, always been one of the most popular of the great writer's pieces in France, and, like *Tartufe*, could not possibly be omitted. *L'Etourdi*, Molière's first comedy, and *Le Dépit Amoureux*, in which, like Shakspeare, he took an Italian story for the base of his plot and enriched it with his own inimitable genius, will probably please; but *Les Fourberies de Scapin* might well have been left out. Respect for Molière and for the traditions of the Théâtre Français prevent Frenchmen from objecting to the buffoonery of the play; but probably to an English audience the sight of an old man standing upon the stage covered with an enormous sack and beaten by a lackey, who afterwards declares that he was really flogged, and persuades the victim that he only received accidental blows from the end of the stick, will suggest a particularly bad pantomime. Eight of Molière's plays will be enough, without this one, which will give English audiences the idea that Frenchmen are sometimes amused by fooling best suited for children. If this piece were struck out of the list, it would be possible to give Corneille's *Menteur* twice, instead of once, as is proposed. It should be remembered that in 1871 no play was more successful than this one; and happily the two admirable actors who then performed Dorante and Cliton to an enthusiastic audience still fill the same parts, and their powers are in every respect undiminished. *Les Plaideurs*, which was also performed in 1871, is of course to be acted, and three other comedies of inferior order, but belonging to the classical repertory, are to be given. These are *Le Joueur* of Régnard, deemed the successor of Molière, *Le Mariage de Figaro* and *Le Barbier de Séville* of Beaumarchais. It cannot be said that the two latter have been wisely chosen, as both are—so far as regards English audiences—too much associated with recollections of operatic music. This was especially shown to be the case with the last-named during the performances in 1871. It was admirably acted, but the familiar music of Rossini was missed by everybody, and the play was perhaps less successful than any other given during the sojourn of the Français actors in London. If this circumstance is remembered in time, these pieces will probably be withdrawn; but, whether they are withdrawn or not, the number of comedies which will be acted during the coming season will certainly be large.

With tragedies this will not be the case, as only three are to be given; and there can be no doubt that, in determining to produce so few, a wise discretion has been exercised by those who settled the programme, as, if many tragedies were represented, English audiences would be very greatly bored. The pieces selected are *Phèdre*, *Andromaque*, and *Zaïre*. In the first of these the chief attraction will be Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt's performance of the part of the hapless queen, of which we have spoken more than once. It is by no means improbable that the scene in which Phèdre avows her guilty love will produce a deeper impression than anything else which will be witnessed during the stay of the great French actresses and actors in England. Mlle. Bernhardt will have the advantage of being aided by M. Mounet Sully, whose impersonation of Hippolyte has been much admired in Paris. In the part of Orosmane in *Zaïre* this strange actor, sometimes so extravagant and sometimes so powerful, will be seen at his best; but it is to be hoped that he has learnt to avoid the eccentricities which marked his first appearance in this character, when, to the great discomfort of his comrades, he took totally different positions on the stage from those which had been settled at rehearsal, and finally placed Zaïre under the disagreeable necessity of coming up to him to be stabbed. M. Maubant's performance of Lusignan in this play should be watched with interest, as the character was a favourite one with the greatest of English actors. Garrick is said to have rendered Lusignan with even more than his usual skill. Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt is of course to appear as Zaïre, and as Andromaque in Racine's tragedy. In neither part, however, is she likely to produce so great an effect as in Phèdre.

This and the other two tragedies, with the comedies which have been mentioned, will give English audiences a very fair idea of the French classic drama; and, as already stated, the selection seems on the whole to have been judiciously made, though some pieces have been chosen which might well have been left out. Of the selection of modern plays, it is unfortunately impossible to speak in the same terms, as the errors which have been made are not inconsiderable.

Before pointing these out, however, we will mention the principal pieces, which appear to have been rightly chosen and to be such as ought to be given in representative performances before English audiences. These are:—*Les Caprices de Marianne*, *On ne badine pas avec l'Amour*, and *Il ne faut jurer de Rien*, by Alfred de Musset; *Hernani*, by Victor Hugo; *Mlle. de Belle-Isle*, by A. Dumas; *Le Gendre de M. Poirier* and *Les Fourchambault*, by M. Emile Augier; *Le Fils Naturel*, by M. Dumas fils; *Mercadet*, by Balzac; *Le Marquis de Villemer*, by George Sand; *Gringoire*, by M. de Banville; and *La Joie fait Peur*, by Delphine de Girardin. There is little risk in asserting that these pieces will be altogether successful. Some of them, indeed, have already been successful in London. Besides Musset's three beautiful plays, *Mlle. de Belle-Isle*, *Le Gendre de M. Poirier*, and *Mercadet* were acted in 1871, and all were very greatly admired. It is impossible to doubt that they will be equally appreciated when produced for the second time. The other pieces mentioned are scarcely less certain to be received with favour. Victor Hugo's Spanish drama cannot fail, despite its occasional extravagance, to impress those who witness it; and the two plays representing modern life in which M. Emile

Augier and M. Dumas fils have recently achieved so much success will probably be as popular at the Gaiety as they have been at the theatre in the Rue Richelieu. The *Marquis de Villemer*, a piece of a totally different order, is always made interesting by the wonderful acting of MM. Delaunay and Worms. *Gringoire*, with its quaint story of the obscure genius who awakened some feelings of pity in Louis XI., and *La Joie fait Peur*, with that dialogue which Delphine de Girardin alone knew how to write, are amongst the most charming of the minor plays in the repertory of the Comédie Française.

Well chosen, therefore, are some of the dramas to be acted; but it is difficult to understand what reasons can have caused the selection of others. One of the first names which appear in the programme is *L'Etrangère*, the worst of M. Dumas's compositions, and in some respects as bad a play as ever was written. The story is clearly made out of two different plots which the author has shown none of his accustomed skill in welding together, and it is impossible to sympathize with any one of the characters. To an English audience the Duchesse de Septmonts, whom M. Dumas intends to be pitied, will appear a worthless and shameless woman; Mrs. Clarkson, the adventuress, a vicious lunatic, given to unintelligible rhapsody; and Clarkson a very singular specimen of an American husband. The play, however, may have one use, as showing how naturally extreme dulness seems to accompany extreme immorality. *Le Sphinx*, which, strange to say, is to be acted three times, is, though not so offensive as *L'Etrangère*, an excessively disagreeable play, and possesses but small literary merit. Its success was originally due in great part to Mlle. Croizette's very realistic representation of a death by poison. This has now been rendered somewhat less excruciating, in accordance, no doubt, with the principles of dramatic art, but with considerable injury to the piece, which sorely needs a great effort on the part of actress or actor to give it interest. Here, then, are two plays—one of which is to be acted on three nights—that might certainly have been left out with advantage. To these must be added *Le Supplice d'une Femme*, *Mlle. de la Seiglière*, and *L'Ami Fritz*. It has generally been supposed that in the first of these M. Emile Augier meant to show how terribly a woman may be punished for illicit love. To English people it will most likely seem that Mme. Dumont does not receive a whit more punishment than she deserves for long-continued infidelity to her husband; and they will probably not appreciate the kindness of the author, who has left his play without any definite conclusion, intending doubtless to give all who might witness it the pleasure of devising such conclusions for themselves as might best meet their ideas of poetic justice. Unlike this piece and the others mentioned, *Mlle. de la Seiglière* and *L'Ami Fritz* are not in the smallest degree disagreeable; but, alas! not even the admirable acting of Mesdames P. Ponsin, Reichemberg, Broisat, and Jouassain, and of MM. Got, Coquelin, Febvre, and Barré can make these respectable works interesting.

It is hard, indeed, to understand why these plays should have been chosen, and still more extraordinary does their selection seem when it is remembered that there are others in the present repertory of the Comédie Française far superior to them which for some inscrutable reason are not to be performed. *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, for instance, which was mentioned in the list first issued, has been withdrawn. *Marion Delorme*, revived a few years ago with such marked success, is not to be acted, although *Hernani* is to be played four times. *Le duc Job*, so perfectly suited for representation in England, and rendered so interesting by M. Got's admirable acting, has no place in the programme, and *Ruy Blas*, which has been for some time in rehearsal, and is just about to be produced in Paris, is not to be given in London. Then surely *La Nuit d'Octobre*, of Musset, which was so greatly admired when the Français actors were here before, might be given on their second visit, instead of one of the minor pieces announced. Let it be hoped that this and the other omissions mentioned may be remedied, and that before June comes a revised list may be issued from which *L'Etrangère*, *Le Sphinx*, *Le Supplice d'une Femme*, *Mlle. de la Seiglière*, and *L'Ami Fritz* will have disappeared. It is much to be desired that during their stay in England the actresses and actors of the Comédie Française should appear in no plays which are unworthy of them, and that, so far as possible, all those pieces in which their great and varied powers are best exhibited should be performed.

THE PONTIFF OF POSITIVISM.

The Trustees of the Hibbert Fund, who have induced Mr. Max Müller to lecture on the Religion of the Rig-Veda, and Mr. Page Renouf on the Religion of Egypt, will probably some day appoint a lecturer on Patent Religions. To the great working creeds of the world, patent religions stand in the same relation as do patent medicines to the art of healing. The drugs and the doctrines are often discovered by very ingenious people; they are widely advertised, they have some ardent believers, and they give a large notoriety to the names of Cockle and of Comte. The pills and the platitudes have their confessors too, the gentlemen and ladies who send grateful testimonials to the patentees of *Revalenta Arabica*, and the London Positivists "who manifest consistent opposition" to things in general, in "a protest signed by Mr. Beesly."

Of all patent religions, the most instructive and the most diverting is no doubt that which styles itself the "Religion of Humanity," and which is at present mined by dissent. The late Mr. Sydney Dobell, the poet, was a member of a Church which consisted of a certain Mr. Thompson and his sons-in-law, with their families. The Thompson Church was torn by social and theological schisms; and so, as we gather from a sermon of Mr. Richard Congreve's (*The Religion of Humanity*. C. Kegan Paul and Co.), is the Church of M. Comte. The fault of the Religion of Humanity is one which, as Mr. Matthew Arnold might say, "it shares with the British College of Health in the New Road. . . . That building does credit, perhaps, to the resources of Dr. Morison and his disciples, but it falls a good deal short of one's idea of what a British College of Health ought to be." In the same way does the Religion of Humanity fall short of one's idea of what a Religion of Humanity ought to be. It is not only that the number of the believers is inadequate; for few religions have begun their career with a large body of subscribing disciples. The petty squabbles, rather than the insignificant numbers, of the Church excite the admiration of the honest inquirer. There is one term of praise, however, which may be sincerely applied to the Religion of Humanity—it is thoroughly *English*.

Mr. Congreve, the *pontifex minimus* of the Universal Religion, often finds himself at variance with his fellow-countrymen. He has to admit, in his interesting Encyclical, that England is darkening the prospects of humanity all round. She is draining Cyprus, and has intentions on those fifteen feet of Oriental sewage in Famagosta harbour which, according to Comte, the Western Powers should leave alone. She is busy in South Africa; she is stirring in Central Asia; she is thought to be meditating interference with the Oriental evolution in Burmah; and Mr. Congreve, like many persons who do not believe in Humanity, is deeply pained by her conduct. Some may call him unpatriotic. Let them look at the agonies of the Universal Church, and they will see that Positivists are Englishmen, in spite of themselves. Though there are only about fifty of them altogether, they are fighting about liturgies and asserting the right of private judgment in the matter of hymns, and wanting to confine religious worship to sermons, just like the members of any Particular Baptist congregation. There has been a demand—a partial demand, we fear—"for something which might give a definitely religious character to our ordinary Sunday meetings, and take from them their predominantly intellectual aspect, which could in no wise adequately awaken our feelings." The "predominantly intellectual aspect" is Comtese, we presume, for Positivist sermons. So far from "adequately awakening" anything, these sermons, if we may judge from the specimen before us, would adequately send all the world to sleep. A new sort of service, of an adequately awakening character, was therefore attempted, on the first day of Moses, 91, the Festival of Humanity, or, in ordinary parlance, on the first of January, 1879. This service (which does not seem to us to add much to the festivity of Humanity) is "due to the thoughtful co-operation of two members." The particular additions to the ordinary services consisted partly of the utterance of some short sentences before the sermon, and partly, it seems, of the exhibition of a portrait. Mr. Congreve said that, "with allowance for the accidental failure of the portrait, it was, I think, very successful." It is certainly a pity that the portrait failed. The effigy of M. Auguste Comte was presented, we presume, to the faithful by the humble agency of a magic lantern. Now, if anything goes wrong with the slides of a magic lantern—if a comic slide, for example, is accidentally introduced in the wrong place, or if the right slide is upside down—the effect is disappointing in the extreme. We may be wrong, of course, in our conjecture about "the accidental failure of the portrait." Something may have been attempted with photographs and the electric light. The Polytechnic is full of resources of this kind, which ought to be at the service of Humanity, especially on the first day of Moses, when no one would grudge a little extra outlay. In consequence of the failure of the portrait the short sentences may have been less effective than was expected. They do not appear to be printed with the Encyclical, for the address to "Holy and Glorious Humanity" we take to be part of the ordinary liturgy. In this effusion the remarks about "thy beautiful planet, the Earth," suggest that the two members of the congregation who intelligently co-operated borrowed something in style from the "prayer" of a Scotch minister:—"Thou hast made the Sun, and thou hast made the Moon, and the Comets also, which in their eccentric movements round the centre of our system sometimes approach so near that boddy that they are in eeminent danger o' being veetrified." Such and so great are the dangers which beset the amateur composers of liturgies.

It is scarcely fair, of course, to judge of the Festival of Humanity when we have neither the portrait nor the short sentences before us, and are limited to the merely intellectual entertainment provided, at great length, by Mr. Congreve. The Universal Church is awakening, or at least several of its members are awakening, to the need of art in its services. Others of the members seem to hold with the Presbyterian who objected to the "Kist of Whistles" and to "scandalous images." Possibly some of these iconoclasts "got at" the portrait, so that perhaps the failure was not accidental. It is painful to have to suspect Holy and Glorious Humanity of anything not quite straightforward, but the religion is, we fear, in danger of controversies like those which rent the Eastern Church. Mr. Congreve himself is entirely in favour of the introduction of "some hymns, if possible with accompaniment, but without, if that is not to be had." Could not the Universal

Church agree to a compromise? Could she not hire a harmonium for three months, which would bind her to nothing in future? When the Church includes the whole of Humanity, when we have all to go to it on Sunday, it will be rather dreary if music and art are absolutely prohibited—in fact, we doubt whether Humanity will stand it. Even in the present bleakly intellectual condition of the Church, the priest reads "a passage from some poet, most frequently from one of those in the Positivist Library." Who are the poets in the Positivist Library? Does it include the unpublished *Ballades and Villanelles* of Jeremy Bentham? Is the *Epic of Hades* on the shelves, and are the works of Mr. Austin Dobson to be found there? Miss Martineau's *Lyrics and Love Songs*, and that early and rare work of Comte's, *Les Abîmes Lyriques*, are doubtless to be found; and we know, from a quotation by Mr. Congreve, that the Positivist Library includes Cary's *Dante*. It ought to have a place for M. Littré's new rendering of the *Inferno* into old French, and if Mr. Mill left any poetical remains, it is in the Positivist Library that the curious must look for them. There should be little difficulty about hymns, or at least about a hymn, if once the congregation will subscribe for the harmonium. Mr. Swinburne, in *Songs before Sunrise*, has written a "Hymn to Man," to "Holy and Glorious Humanity." It covers fourteen pages, contains about three hundred lines, and we are bound to say that it would be quite a relief after any purely intellectual entertainment. Perhaps humanity could not sing all through it on any one first of Moses, but it might be divided into parts, like the Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm:—

> Things are cruel and blind; their strength detains and deforms,
> And the wearying wings of the mind still beat up the streams of their storms.

So the hymn runs on, and ends:—

> And the love-song of earth as thou diest resounds through the wind of her wings,
> Glory to man in the highest, for man is the master of things.

Nothing can be more suited to the spirit of the Universal Church than this scorn of "things" in general, and this assured belief that man will prove too many for "things" in the long run.

While speaking of the æsthetic side of religion, we do not observe that Mr. Congreve said anything about Positive architecture. There is a slight *lacuna* in the system, just where definiteness is most desirable. If the old faiths are outworn, as Mr. Congreve holds, the old styles are much more decrepit, and it is with real curiosity that we desire to see Mr. Congreve's idea of a cathedral. Difficulties will be felt in connexion with the glass, if the Church absolutely objects to representations of anything on this beautiful planet, the earth, or in the waters under the earth. Perhaps a style of architecture may be among "the other additions which will come with time."

Passing from details of organization, Mr. Congreve reviewed the position and prospects of the Universal Church. He admits that conversions are very few; but then, says he, "all forms of religious revival are doing some portion of our work." He believes that the foundations of theological belief are being sapped, and that all the birds which religious revivals have wounded will ultimately flutter into the net of a non-theological religion. Mr. Congreve thinks theological believers credulous. He himself apparently acquiesces without difficulty in a faith which makes the most amazing demands on credulity. He and his disciples believe that Humanity is Holy and Glorious, and they even seem to expect that in some far-off future it will be happy. If ever people come to strain at doctrines that we scarcely care to introduce in this place, is it probable that they will swallow the gigantic camel of the holiness and ultimate happiness of Humanity? Man is *un méchant animal*, said the sanest of poets, whose comedies, whether they be in the Positivist Library or not, might almost convert a pupil of M. Comte. If there is an antidote for the dreams of the first pontiff of Humanity, surely it is to be found in the poems of Shakspeare and Molière. They knew precisely how much the holiness of humanity is worth; and, after reading a sermon of Mr. Congreve's, it is almost a duty to turn to the pages of these sincere and sensible observers who "knew what is in man."

When Mr. Congreve talks of Comte's patent religion as "a new Catholicism, succeeding and superseding the older or Roman Catholicism," it is too plain that he knows not what spirit he is of. The Church of Humanity exhibits, in their most thoroughly British forms, all the marks of self-willed and, to tell the truth, of half-educated dissent. Long ago science passed by the clever generalizations of Comte; they now appear like queer fossils of extinct and unsuccessful creations in Mr. Congreve's discourse. The fantastic and incredible religion that rests on their shifting foundation is rather less likely than Mormonism or Sandemanianism to supersede any of the ancient creeds of mankind.

THE THREE ARMS.

THE past thirty years of military history have been prolific of change and improvement in all that appertains to the art of war. Military weapons in general have undergone, and are still undergoing, changes; but these changes have not always been equally apportioned among the three arms, and thus it has frequently happened that one of them has, by means of some recent invention, been invested with a temporary importance until some fresh improvement affecting another again alters the situation. Beginning our retrospect immediately before the Crimean war, we find the weapons in general use to have been much the same as they were in the days of the Peninsula—namely, the musket, the extreme range of which may be said to have been two hundred yards, for the infantry; artillery, which was seldom effective beyond six hundred yards; and sword and carbine for the cavalry, the latter weapon having been, from its bad shooting, an almost useless superfluity. The close of the Crimean war was followed by a series of improvements, the first of which affected the infantry only—namely, the Enfield rifle, a weapon which in the hands of properly trained men was found to be perfectly effective at eight and nine hundred yards. Its appearance was hailed by an outburst of exultation on the part of the infantry. Here, it was said, is a weapon which, as regards both range and accuracy, actually excels the field-gun. Of what further use could artillery now be, for would not both men and horses be demolished by infantry fire before the guns could return a shot? This impression was confirmed by a diagram which appeared in the Musketry Instruction book of the period. It represented a gun and waggon coming into action, the figures of men and horses alike copiously spotted with bullet-marks, the whole being intended to represent the effect of musketry fire at eight hundred yards from a squad of men during a period of about two minutes. It mattered little that the squad was composed of picked shots, that the range was accurately measured and known, that the marksmen had enjoyed perfect freedom from hurry or excitement; in a word, that the practice had been carried on under circumstances which could never have existed in actual war. There was the diagram, and it sufficed to point the moral that the days of field artillery were over.

As for cavalry, they never had been formidable to foot-soldiers, and now would be simply contemptible. Henceforth infantry would be the sole arm, and the sooner the other two were disestablished the better. Time, however, brought the artillery their revenge. Before long it was discovered that guns could be rifled as well as small-arms. An increase in the range of field artillery more than commensurate with that which had taken place in the musket was at once established, and, more than this, the steadiness of flight which characterized the new elongated projectiles rendered the use of the percussion shell feasible. Artillery did not, however, for some time regain its proper position with regard to infantry. The first appearance of rifled cannon in European war was in the French army of Italy in 1859. But the country was unfavourable to the movements and action of artillery; and, although the power of the new weapon was fully demonstrated at Solferino, the part played by the arm during the whole campaign was subordinate, if not insignificant. The campaign of 1866 in Bohemia found both combatants provided with a numerous and powerful rifled artillery; but its proper use was little understood by either, and again the part played by the arm was unimportant throughout. To a Prussian infantry officer, the late Captain May, belongs the honour of having first pointed out the causes of this. In his celebrated *Tactical Retrospect* of the campaign he animadverted severely on the loose disconnected way in which the Prussian artillery drifted into action—frequently too late to be of any service, often without any specified object, always without unity of action in itself or concert with the other arms. He showed that both in attack and defence the arm had distinct and legitimate functions which had hitherto been sacrificed to individual caprice. In a word, he proved conclusively that the shortcomings of the improved artillery were due, not, as was generally supposed, to technical, but to tactical, defects; and he boldly prophesied that, in the next war, that side would win which knew best how to make use of its artillery—in other words, that side whose artillery had had the best tactical training. His suggestions were adopted, and he lived to see his prophecy fulfilled to the letter. The part played by the German artillery during the war of 1870-1 not merely restored the arm to its proper place, but raised its prestige to a height it had never before reached.

Let us now turn to the cavalry. We have already remarked that, on the first appearance of the rifled musket, this arm also was doomed to extinction by theorists of the musketry school, on the ground that, if it had been unavailing against infantry armed with the old smooth-bore, it was simply useless now. It never occurred to these prophets that cavalry might possibly find other duties in war than that of incessantly charging infantry duly drawn up to receive them; and the delusion was confirmed by the fact that, when the artillery did at length make a forward move by the adoption of rifled guns, it was obvious that the cavalry weapon proper, the sword, was incapable of further improvement. Nor did the campaigns of 1859 and 1866 tend to dispel it. In the former, the nature of the country, as already remarked, was unfavourable to the action of the mounted branches, and the whole war was from beginning to end literally devoid of cavalry incident. An idea of the part played by the arm in 1866 may be gathered from the following facts. On the eve of the battle of Königgratz, two immense hostile armies were in close proximity, and neither of them had the slightest knowledge of the fact. Out of one hundred and thirteen Austrian guns captured at the battle, one hundred and eight were taken by the infantry and five by the cavalry, while after the victory there was absolutely no pursuit of the beaten army. These shortcomings were sharply criticized in several quarters, and especially by the writer already quoted, who, while condemning the general inefficiency of the Prussian cavalry throughout the campaign, pointed out that in more than one instance the arm had, in several

partial or isolated actions, brilliantly distinguished itself, and that nothing but good tactical training for officers and men was needed to make it thoroughly effective. As in the case of the artillery, the subject was taken up by the German authorities, and the result again proved the justice of Captain May's strictures. So far from the use of cavalry having departed, it was found that the extraordinary pace which has become a leading feature in modern war afforded the arm incessant occupation in reconnoitring the enemy, screening its own army, and in seizing important points. So admirably did the German cavalry cover the advance of their immense host in 1870 that the Emperor Napoleon admitted, in his pamphlet on the war, that, "in spite of the most persevering researches, it never was known where the enemy's main body really was." Another German writer on tactics, indeed, described cavalry as "useless on the battlefield, invaluable off it," but even this cannot be admitted. The well-known charge of Von Bredow's brigade at Vionville gained the precious moments which enabled the Germans to bring up reinforcements to their exhausted advanced troops, and was largely instrumental in the subsequent success of the great turning movement which placed the whole German army between Paris and their enemy. There can be little doubt that, under a good system and good leaders, cavalry will always do good service on or off the battlefield, and that it has fully regained its proper position with regard to the other two arms.

Thus we see that each arm has made a step in advance which has left their relative positions nearly unaltered. Unless we are mistaken, the infantry has just made another move forward. During the last Russo-Turkish war it was remarked that the Turkish rifle, which is nearly the same as ours, could be used at distances far in excess of that for which it was sighted. Again, immediately before the Afghan war our authorities in India caused the Martini-Henry to be tested for range; when it was found that, although the rifle was only sighted up to 1,400 yards, its fire was perfectly effective at 2,100. It may be urged that, although the weapon may shoot well at such distances, the soldier cannot; and that, to all practical intents, such a range is a delusion. In reply, we would ask any one who remembers what the shooting of the army was when the Enfield rifle first appeared to compare it with what it is now. The improvement has been so immense, and the practice at what are now considered the long ranges is so good, that we have no hesitation in believing that, if sights are provided and practice allowed, the soldier can be brought up to the level of his rifle. Supposing this to be done, the infantry will have effected a distinct improvement, and one which especially threatens the artillery; for, while cavalry can, and generally do, keep under cover until the moment for action arrives, artillery must remain stationary on elevated ground, where they can both see and be seen. At first sight it would appear that the best course for the artillery to pursue would be to engage at longer ranges; but there is a serious obstacle to this. It is well known that, as far as the power of the present field-gun and the effect of its projectiles are concerned, it is effective at five thousand yards, and in the case of our sixteen-pounder field gun at seven and eight thousand yards. But, on the other hand, the best authorities have declared that all practice carried on at ranges so great that the effect cannot be distinguished is wasted; in other words, that the range of field artillery is limited by the power of human vision. Opinions may vary as to what this range may be, but we think that for all ordinary practical purposes it may be taken as two thousand yards, or about a mile and a quarter. The late Major Home, R.E., in his work on Tactics, says:—"Beyond two thousand five hundred paces"—that is to say, two thousand yards—"unless under peculiar circumstances, the effects of the shot cannot be detected, and it becomes consequently impossible to correct the gun." We may therefore consider that against troops crouching behind trenches or any slight natural cover, or even in loose formation in the open, the range of field artillery is limited to that distance. But, if infantry fire is developed in the manner we have suggested, the rifle will be on an equality with the gun. The advantage which the artillery possess in the fact that their projectiles can demolish both men and solid material will be counterbalanced by the conspicuous and stationary target which the gun and its detachment must present to the infantry. Nor should it be forgotten that while a gun, properly laid, can only fire two rounds per minute, it might be opposed by a dozen riflemen, each of whom, even with careful aiming, could discharge at the rate of ten shots per minute. It is evident that this question has already attracted attention. A distinguished artillery officer in our service has suggested that field artillery should be provided with portable iron bullet-proof shields as a cover from infantry fire; and at a recent meeting at the United Service Institution the question of combining infantry fire with artillery in the preparatory stage of an attack on a position was brought forward. The subject is one of great interest, and we fully expect to see it soon take its place among the tactical questions of the day.

PROTESTANT DISSENSIONS IN GERMANY.

An interesting paper has lately appeared in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* under the somewhat enigmatical title, "A Protestant Old Catholic Law." What this means is that it has been proposed to introduce a law to relieve the existing state of tension between the "Orthodox" and "Liberal" parties in the Established Protestant or "Evangelical" Church of Germany, analogous to that passed some years ago for the relief of the Old Catholics. Our readers may recollect that early in the present century (1817) the Lutheran and Reformed (or Calvinistic) Churches were fused together by Frederick William III., King of Prussia, into one, under the name of the *Evangelische Kirche*, which has accordingly continued to exist ever since as a single organized body, the only Protestant Church recognized by the State. But this drastic method of effecting a religious union, which would have been impossible in a country less habituated to minute governmental control in all the affairs of life great or small, has not, as is natural, proved a complete success. What are called in England the High Church and Low Church parties may be said to be roughly represented by the Lutheran and Calvinistic sections of the German Evangelical Church, while to them is superadded, as with us, a third party, Broad Church or Rationalistic, or by whatever name it may be designated. Krummacher, who was himself what we should call an Evangelical, used to stigmatize the rival schools to which he was opposed as "Atheistic Liberalism" and "anti-Christian Puseyism," consigning Strauss, Baur, *et id genus omne*, to the "devil's kitchen" of the Liberals. The strife appears of late years to have grown bitterer, and when we remember that it was only by the personal intervention of the German Emperor that the Apostles' Creed was saved two years ago from being tabooed by one of the Consistories where the Rationalists predominated, it is not wonderful that the discordant elements should threaten to part company altogether. This is the danger which has suggested the curious proposal already referred to, reported to originate with a well-known Liberal clergyman, but which has given rise to great divisions of opinion in the Liberal camp. Some recent conflicts between the congregations which adhere to their Liberal pastors and the ecclesiastical tribunals which have condemned them seem to have brought matters to a crisis. And it is therefore proposed that the dissentients should be allowed, like the Old Catholics, to retain their status and share of Church property, while holding an independent position. They themselves feel no objection to remaining in the same communion with their rivals if only they are left free to take their own line; but the orthodox on the contrary consider their fundamental principles to be so violently opposed to the teaching of the Bible and the Church that it is by a mere inconsistency "they are preserved from falling helplessly into the gulf of an atheistic materialism." What to the one party appears a fanatical persecution and oppression of a phase of thought essentially Protestant is regarded by the orthodox majority as a duty incumbent on all who would guard Evangelical Christianity from destruction. Under these circumstances no one can be surprised that the idea of separation into two independent communities should be entertained. It is rather matter of surprise that the proposal has been deferred so long.

The writer in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, who does not sign his name but whose sympathies are evidently on the Liberal side, does not favour this solution of the difficulty, but he proceeds to discuss the pros and cons from his own point of view. He fully admits that at first sight the policy of separation is a plausible one. The orthodox, he complains, take no account of the truly religious and moral attitude of the Liberals in their resistance to materialism and pessimism, which they regard with contemptuous pity as a mere desperate clutching at the last relics of a forsaken faith. The orthodox may indeed themselves be divided into two classes, of whom the first combine "true Christianity" with their orthodox dogmas, and are deserving of high respect, while the second are simply bald and inflexible dogmatists, of whose "slavish belief in the letter" their critic has many hard things to say. But he argues against the proposed plan of cutting the Gordian knot on grounds which seem practically to amount very much to this—that his own party are in a decided minority, and moreover depend for their influence more on the press than the pulpit, and would consequently be likely to lose by separation from the dominant Church. Many of the questions in dispute are declared to be of a subtle kind which ordinary congregations are not able to appreciate, while even Liberal preachers shrink from making open attacks on the received dogmas from the pulpit. And hence it may be argued that there is at present no adequate ground for secession. That however is not at all admitted by the orthodox, who put forward three points especially as essential, which can with no consistency or justice be characterized as arbitrarily chosen. These are belief in miracles, in the divinity of Christ, and in the authority of the Bible. We may observe in passing that Strauss, in the preface to the new popular edition of his *Leben Jesu* laid special stress on the first point (*das Wunder*) insisting that, till that was decided—of course in a negative sense—no foundation could be laid for the true, as opposed to the orthodox and exploded estimate of religious truth. Mr. Lecky in like manner challenges attention to the very noticeable fact that the first direction which rationalistic speculations invariably take is an attempt to explain away the miracles of Scripture, so much so indeed that to most persons this is the only conception the word Rationalism conveys. And he adds—what is of course notorious—that a large section of German theologians even regard the impossibility, or at all events the unreality, of miraculous accounts as axiomatic. The writer in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* no less entirely admits the crucial importance of the question. He not only points out that the notion of a fatal and invariable reign of natural law, which the Deity is unable to supersede, contradicts the fundamental idea of orthodoxy, but that to deny the miracles of Christ, and especially the Resurrection, is "to introduce a new God, re-

quiring therefore a new cult and a new Church." And so with the other points specified. The Bible has always been acknowledged as the sole and supreme court of appeal for orthodox Protestantism. And moreover many Protestant doctrines are based not so much on the general tenor of Scripture as on particular books or passages in the New Testament, and if these are allowed to be called in question, what test of religious truth, or foundation for a religious community, is left but individual opinion? And as to the third point, "the difference between those who look on the Founder of Christianity as 'a great religious hero' and as an incarnation of Deity is so immense that an outward unity between them seems to bear the mark of an inward untruth."

In spite however of these serious differences, the writer is opposed to secession on practical grounds, and has much to say in rather misty language about the relations of the practical and ideal elements in religion. The sum and substance of his plea is summed up in the statement that "only false idealists can favour such a secession if they reckon, in spite of the evident warnings from the case of the German Catholics, Friends of Light, Free Communities, and even the English and North American Unitarians, on the success of the separate liberal communities." He adds that Liberalism acts better as a leaven working in the general mass and promoting culture than as the moulding and constructive principle of a religious society. Such doctrinal differences as those noticed above may be left, he thinks, to find their level among a Protestant people, and it is the fault of the leaders of the Church if they are erected into essentials; they have, or ought to have, little bearing on the practical belief of the laity. And he proceeds to exemplify this view with more ingenuity than ingenuousness in the case of a belief in miracles. But while deprecating on this ground any ecclesiastical division of the discordant parties in the Evangelical Church, he cannot forget that his rose-coloured, not to say superficial, view of the really grave perplexities of the actual situation is not by any means shared by all his own party, and is strenuously repudiated by their opponents. It behoves us therefore to inquire how the legislation adopted for the relief of the Old Catholics could be applied, as proposed, to the "New Protestants." The question of permitting the seceders the use or joint use of the parish church would in each given case have to be decided by the civil authority, according to their relative numbers. The difficulties in adjusting the salaries of the two classes of clergy would be greater, and the difficulty about the government of the newly-formed body would be the greatest of all, because "they could not, like the Old Catholics, have a bishop of their own," and it is questionable—why, is not explained—whether they could organize a separate Consistory for themselves. The example of the strict Lutherans, who have only in extreme cases separated from the Established Church, though they have little in common with their Calvinistic coreligionists, is cited to show that the Liberals would not generally avail themselves of the opportunity of secession if it was offered them, to which it might be replied that the differences in the latter case are confessedly deeper. On the other hand the writer himself observes that the same legal facilities for separation would have to be accorded to the Lutherans, who would be likely to take advantage of them in many country districts. There would in short be great danger of a general splitting up of the Establishment through "comprehensive secessions, not only of New but Old Protestants." The true policy, if we rightly understand him, is to relax the bonds of the existing ecclesiastical administration, even at the risk of thereby driving into secession some "ultras," who are regarded as "the best and most loyal members of the Church," and thus preserving a united national Church, which is of supreme importance as a bulwark against Rome, but can only be preserved by conceding a larger measure of individual liberty within its own borders. In this way he trusts that all necessity for the proposed legislation in favour of a Liberal Secession may be avoided, though it is certainly possible that the existing conflict may attain dimensions which would make such a remedy indispensable.

Our object thus far has been to record the existing state of religious complications in the Evangelical Church rather than to comment on it. It is not indeed easy for an outsider, without exceptional opportunities of observation, to form any trustworthy judgment on the internal conditions of the problem. The author of *German Home Life*, who speaks evidently from considerable personal experience, does not take a favourable view of it. One or two reflections, however, are naturally suggested by the remarkable paper of which a summary has been given. It is obvious in the first place that there is a certain analogy in some respects between the character and mutual relations of the three contending parties in the German Protestant Church and in the Church of England; but whereas the menace of disruption in the latter case derives much of its force from an external assault, in the former case it comes exclusively from within. On the other hand, the process of internal dissolution, in spite of the optimistic reservations and hopes of the writer in the *Allgemeine*, appears to have advanced much further in Germany than any impartial observer of whatever views would venture to affirm of our own national Church. And it is hard to see how a theological school which questions not only the most elementary tenets of Biblical Christianity but even the very principle of theism can maintain a recognized place and pursue an aggressive policy within the borders of a nominally Christian Church. That its leaders would be unequal to the task of forming an independent religious community is credible enough, but it does not follow that their uncongenial companionship will be permanently endured—it is not very patiently endured even now—by their rivals whether of the pietistic or the severely dogmatic school. Meanwhile the less fundamental but by no means superficial antagonism between the opposite types of Lutheran and Calvinistic orthodoxy is embittered by the fact that they have not, like similar parties among ourselves, grown up side by side by a spontaneous process, but were forcibly welded into an organic unity unwelcome to both alike by the iron hand of the State. That so strangely assorted a combination of jarring elements bears within it, if not the seeds, at least the imminent possibilities of dissolution seems almost self-evident, from whichever quarter the immediate danger may be apprehended. Every fresh advance of the Liberal or Rationalistic movement tends to quicken the alarm and hostility of the champions of orthodoxy, while the extent of their own power is the measure of their intolerance of pretensions which they resent as a scandal and an outrage on their faith. Without then attempting to pronounce on the particular controversy raised in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* as to the best means of adjusting the rival claims of the old and new parties in the German Protestant Church, we can hardly be wrong in pointing out that the very form the controversy has now assumed marks the increasing gravity of the crisis. The Old Catholic exodus was a perceptible strain on the rigour of a far more powerful and compact organization than the *Evangelische Kirche*. And it may be doubted whether the stability of the latter would be most effectually shaken by the retention or the extrusion of the foes whose special offence it is that they claim to be of its own household.

THE CREMATION CRAZE.

THE wish to be burned seems to be with many persons almost as strong a passion as the desire of fame. To judge from a short Parliamentary paper that has just been issued, it is now the last infirmity of a considerable number of noble minds; and we may observe with interest and curiosity that men and women who have nothing else in common have found a bond of sympathy in their agreement as to the proper mode of disposing of their bodies after death. In the list of the Provisional Council of the Cremation Society we do not, it is true, find the name of an undertaker; but, with this single exception, nearly every profession is fitly represented. There is, indeed, such an array of genius and intellect that the association of the idea of fire afflicts the mind with the sense of a great literary calamity. It recalls the irreparable loss of the library at Alexandria; and it is only by a determined effort of reason that we are able to realize the consoling fact that these ladies and gentlemen only wish to burn themselves, and have no intention of destroying their works. This is, no doubt, an important distinction. If society is bent upon burning something, it is no doubt better to burn a distinguished author himself than to burn his books; and the same reasoning will hold good in regard to other kinds of intellectual effort. It would, for instance, have been obviously to the advantage of the world if Titian could have been burned in place of his great picture of the Peter Martyr; and if there is any danger of artists like Mr. Millais and Mr. Tenniel, both of whom figure in the list of the Council, making a bonfire of their pictures and drawings, by all means let us not refuse to them the privilege of burning one another. We do not of course intend to hint that, in agitating for the acceptance of their ideas, the members of the Cremation Society will be disposed to adopt any such extreme course of action. At present they display a commendable moderation in the advancement of their claims. But at the same time the mere suggestion of what they might do ought to be sufficient to cause the Government to act with caution and forbearance. What is beyond dispute is that we have here a number of eminent persons filled with the idea of fire; and, although so far they only propose to set light to themselves, we have no guarantee that, if they are thwarted in their intention, they will not cast about for other combustible material. It is a noteworthy fact which should not be lightly ignored that these ideas about cremation have only come into prominence since the decay of a great historical institution. So long as the rites connected with the Fifth of November were religiously observed, nothing was heard of the new convictions. The annual burning of Guy Fawkes, we may assume, was found to provide an adequate expression for sentiments that have now drifted into another channel, and it becomes important to consider whether some means ought not to be taken to revive a custom which obviously had a greater practical value than has sometimes been ascribed to it.

For the moment, however, the whole question is in abeyance. Mr. Cross has not been convinced by the persuasive eloquence of the Society; and on the other hand the Society have agreed not to extend the privileges of cremation to any of their members until Parliament has had an opportunity of discussing the subject. Considering that the arrangements for giving a practical trial to their ideas were nearly complete, it must be acknowledged that the Society have acted with becoming moderation. Encouraged by the accounts of success in other countries, the Council had gone so far as to look about for a suitable habitation. "After much seeking for a secluded yet accessible spot, a piece of ground, not far from the cemetery at Woking, was obtained," and this, we are told, was finally selected as a fitting site for "a crematory pyre." Further the Society had obtained the opinion of eminent counsel as to

their legal right to burn themselves and their friends, and, thus aptly equipped, they were prepared to enter upon their useful career when their operations were interrupted by the tiresome scruples of the Home Secretary. Neither the precedents at Milan, Dresden, and Gotha, quoted in the statement of the Society, nor "the opinion of eminent counsel," seem to have had any effect upon the mind of Mr. Cross. He has apparently no consuming desire to be burned, and he therefore approaches the question in a less enthusiastic temper than the members of the Society may be expected to display. He refuses, indeed, to be tempted to any discussion as to the beauty or usefulness of cremation. Without revealing any warmth of partisanship in favour of the undertaker, he is nevertheless strongly impressed with the fact that this gloomy personage has created a tradition which cannot be rudely disturbed. The sombre circumstances of his trade have become interwoven with the machinery of our law, and Mr. Cross is naturally dismayed at the threatened intrusion of a system which has no such thing as a "burial certificate" to offer. In the face of these difficulties and others of a like character, the Society have obligingly given their word not to burn any one at present. They frankly recognize the melancholy fact that the course of cremation, like that of true love, is not destined to run smooth, and they have sadly but prudently decided not to put Mr. Cross to the trouble of testing the legality of their acts by an appeal to a court of law. What in the meantime is to become of "the secluded but accessible spot at Woking" we do not pretend to conjecture; but there can be no doubt that the little "crematory pyre" could be put to many admirable uses if the members of the Society would only give their minds to the task. There are a number of things in the world which ought to be burned, and there is no reason why there should not be a Society for burning them. The name of a popular novelist appears upon the Council, and we therefore hesitate to offer a suggestion which has nevertheless much to recommend it. A cremation establishment in connexion with Mudie's Library could be made the means of disposing of a quantity of light literature that is scarcely susceptible of any other kind of treatment. Here, indeed, is an obvious duty which the undertaker has never been taught to discharge. Even Mr. Seymour Haden, with his pet device of wicker coffins, has made no suggestion for the burial of three-volume novels; and, in fact, cremation is the only means by which we could feel certain that this kind of defunct literary production was actually "resolved," to quote the statement of the Society, "into its component elements." But this is only one of many opportunities of usefulness which still remain open to the Society. Another "crematory pyre" might be opened in connexion with St. Stephen's, to which, we have no doubt, a great many members of Parliament would gladly consign all traces of the pledges extracted by their constituents, and of the convictions they have been forced to abandon. It may of course be objected that ladies and gentlemen who have started with the higher ideal of burning one another will not be content with simple and unambitious duties such as these. Pining for the empire so long enjoyed by the undertaker, they will not readily settle down to the practical work of everyday life, and we therefore resign ourselves to the reflection that for years to come we shall have the annual infliction of a Cremation Bill, which will take its place in Parliamentary history by the side of the pet measure advocated by Sir Wilfrid Lawson, or the Bill for giving the franchise to women.

Seriously speaking, however, the members of the Cremation Society must be of strangely hopeful temperament. We have hinted that the only obvious bond of sympathy between them lay in their common desire to be burned; but it may be questioned whether they are not more firmly knit together by an astounding ignorance of the English character. There is something almost touching in the trusting simplicity of their proceedings. If we are to accept the evidence of Lord Onslow, given in his speech in the House of Lords, the secluded spot had not only been purchased, but the "crematory pyre" was actually in course of construction. We may therefore assume that the advocates of cremation anticipated no kind of opposition to their views. They apparently laboured under the singular delusion that the public would feel no more interest in the movement than would be excited by the establishment of a co-operative store, and they accordingly pushed forward their building operations "with all possible speed." It is difficult to understand how they can have so entirely ignored the dominant characteristics of the national temper. Undertakers are not perhaps, as a class, specially popular, and we may indeed assume that the great majority of thinking persons have a natural distaste for the manner in which the undertaker's trade is conducted. If the annual menace of a Cremation Bill were to lead to any real reform in the management of funerals, the public would probably not grumble at the infliction. But, although the undertaker inspires no warmth of affection, the system of burial with which he is associated is far too long established to be easily attacked. A conservative people is apt to show its conservatism most obstinately upon such a question. The traditional mode of disposing of the dead is likely to be the more rigidly maintained for the very reason that it is rarely submitted to any individual criticism. Those who are most nearly interested are too seriously occupied at such a time to concern themselves with the details of a ceremony from which they expect no gratification, and thus the arrangements are left to others who are content to follow a prescribed rule. It is for this reason that the abuses of the present system are patiently tolerated, and that any attempt even to substitute another mode of burial is likely to lack support. The Cremation Society have apparently fancied that these obvious defects in existing arrangements would lead the public to welcome any innovation. They have not considered the influence of the associations which have grown up around an ancient practice, and they have forgotten that these associations go far beyond the somewhat hollow solemnity of the undertaker's business. They probably did not expect that the custom of cremation would at once be universally accepted; but they had at least the rashness to assume that they would be allowed to apply the process to themselves. If they had studied the force of public sentiment with more attention, they might have been spared a certain amount of disappointment. It was, to say the least, inexcusably imprudent to go so far as the selection of "a secluded spot," and it was the very height of rashness to proceed to erect upon it a "crematory pyre" without better authority than "the opinion of eminent counsel."

ST. HILDA AND THE ABBEY OF WHITBY.

THE distinctive character which some time ago we assigned to Whitby as a watering-place belongs in a still higher degree to the Abbey by which the town was called into being. Equalled by few and surpassed by none of our monastic remains in architectural beauty; conspicuous for its stately gables, with their delicately carved lancet windows, row above row, displaying the Early English style in its greatest purity and beauty, as well as for the remains of its west front, once the rival of York and Guisborough as an example of the purest Decorated; almost unique in position on its proud seaward height; in historic interest Whitby Abbey may be safely said to stand absolutely without a rival. Glastonbury may claim an earlier foundation, even if we discard the mediæval fiction, never heard of till Norman times, which brings Joseph of Arimathea and his twelve companions to

> The island valley of Avilion,

where his pilgrim's staff, planted in the soil, grew up into the famous Holy Thorn, even as St. Etheldreda's wand did in after years into the huge ash-tree at Stow in Lindsey; and Lindisfarne, "locus cunctis in Britannia venerabilior," demands higher reverence as the home of St. Aidan, the spiritual father of St. Hilda, the foundress of Whitby. Tynemouth recalls the memory of the "humble King," the sainted Oswin, over whose murdered body, interred in the year 651 in the already existing chapel of St. Mary, the church arose whose exquisite eastern façade, almost rivalling Whitby in its grace, has for six centuries borne the brunt of the blasts of the Northern ocean. Lastingham tells of St. Cedd, the missionary bishop of the Mid-Angles and East Saxons, the stern but much-beloved ruler of his monks and presbyters, and his brother St. Chad, the founder of the fair cathedral of Lichfield. But not one of these historic sites stands out with such prominence in our early ecclesiastical and literary annals as Whitby.

As we stand amid the grey walls and shattered arches which look down in their pride of place over the once solitary "Lighthouse Bay," now thronged with fisher craft and noisy with the shipbuilders' hammers, we are carried back in thought to the memorable gathering on that stern sea-beaten headland in A.D. 664, which once for all broke the yoke of the Celtic ascendency, with its sincere but austere and narrow-minded piety, and brought the Church of our forefathers into living contact with the more cultivated and what was still the more catholic spirit of Latin Christianity. On the decision of that day it is not too much to say that the future of the Church of England depended. The questions in debate, it is true, seem to us very trivial—just the old controversy, reviving in so many different forms in the first six centuries, of the Paschal Cycle and the Catholic Easter, and the form of the tonsure. But on these trivialities the whole question of Roman or Celtic obedience hinged. Nor must we allow our just admiration of the single-hearted devotion and unworldly spirit of the Celtic Church to blind our eyes to the real controversy. This was nothing less than whether the English Church should be condemned to spiritual isolation or brought into living union with the Church of the civilized world, of which, for Western Europe, Rome was the centre in days when Infallibility was yet undreamed of. Had the adherents of the old rites carried the day, the Northumbrian Church would have long continued a stranger to the elevating and refining influences of the higher culture with which the Latin Church had invested the ordinances of religion. Nor would this have been the least evil. Intestine division, internecine feuds, Church warring against Church, and bishop against bishop, would too probably have been the result if the See of St. Peter had failed to bring these Northern Churches beneath its strong but beneficent authority. Mr. Green, in his *History of the English People*, has brought forward the miserable history of the early Irish Church, with its "tribal quarrels and ecclesiastical controversies," with a clergy "robbed of all really spiritual influence," contributing "no element save that of disorder to the State," as exhibiting the "chaos" from which the Church of England was "saved by the victory of Rome in the Synod of Whitby." But for this the general organization of the English Episcopate commenced a few years afterwards by Theodore of Tarsus, which has made the Church of England what it has been in its outer form

for twelve centuries and is in the main at the present day, would have been impossible. The efforts of that great man, who, not less than Augustine, deserves the title of the founder of the English Church, to reduce the whole island to a unity of faith and practice which prepared the way for the unity of the throne, would have failed of its object, or only reached it after long and bitter struggles. The discomfiture of the Celtic bishops left the way open to the recognition of the central authority of the see of Canterbury; and thus Theodore quickly became, in Bede's words, "the first Archbishop to whom every church of the Angles submitted." "In other words," writes Dean Hook, "this great man converted what had been a missionary station into an established Church"; a conversion which, if not rendered impossible, would have been seriously impeded, if, with the Synod of Whitby, the independence of the old Celtic Church of Northumbria had not passed away for ever.

The Abbey of Whitby was still in its first youth when King Oswy summoned the champions of the Latin and Celtic rites to meet within its walls. Only seven years before, 657 A.D., the Abbess Hilda—herself of royal blood, the grand-niece of the great Edwin, the sister of Queen Hereswid—had laid the first foundations of her new convent on this bleak, storm-swept cliff. The choice of such a position was characteristic. The members of the old Northumbrian Church clung with an instinctive fondness to the seaboard, and, passing by the green valleys and quiet riversides which were the favourite seats of later foundations, by preference planted their religious houses on lonely islands or wave-dashed headlands which recalled the parent-home of their Church in distant Iona. This feeling was powerful with Aidan when he selected the almost inaccessible Lindisfarne for the head-quarters of his mission; and we see its result in the foundation of the coast monasteries of Tynemouth and Coldingham, and the Cumbrian St. Begh's, as well as of St. Hilda's former house of Hartlepool. The site of the new monastery had not yet acquired its now familiar name of Whitby. In the pages of Bede it always retains the uncouth name of *Streanaeshalch* or *Streonesheal*, "Sinus Fari," or "the Bay of the Lighthouse," as he translates it, given it probably in Roman times, when the great road from "Eboracum" dropped down from the moors to the shore at "Dunum Sinus," and a pharos was erected on the headland overlooking the bay to guide the storm-tossed galleys to the harbour of refuge below. The name of "Whitby," as its termination shows, dates from the Danish invasion; and, like St. Ninian's episcopal seat of Whithern or *Candida Casa*, far away to the west on the shores of Galloway—the A.-S. *aern* or *ern* of the one corresponding to the Danish *by* of the other, each denoting a building or habitation—speaks of a time when, as Bede tells us, buildings of hewn stone were sufficiently remarkable to give a designation to the places where they stood. "Priestby," or "the priest's house," we learn from the conventual register, was another name for the place, once familiar, but very early becoming extinct. The convent founded by Hilda, like many of the earlier foundations, was a double house, containing nuns and monks together, both under the government of a lady abbess. This perilous association—for such after-experience proved it to be—passed away with the destruction of the monastery by the sons of Regnar Lodbrog, the Vikings Ingvar and Ubba, in the latter half of the ninth century. When the abbey was refounded after the Norman Conquest by William de Percy it was, after the Benedictine rule, for monks only. "St. Hilda's nuns" on the eve of the Battle of Flodden, in the second canto of *Marmion*, are as mythical as the "daughters of St. Cuthbert" and "the convent's eastern tower." Such a double blunder is remarkable in a writer usually so true to historical keeping as Sir Walter Scott.

The peaceful mission to which Hilda devoted her life was strangely at variance with her warlike name. "Hild" was the name of the Scandinavian goddess of war, who in some of the Sagas is introduced, with her weird sisters the Valkyries, gazing in fierce delight on the slaughter-strewn plain. "The Lady Hilda," as in after times she was called, was no common woman. "Hers," writes Canon Bright, "was a career signally conspicuous and widely effective." One of the first fruits of Northumbria to Christ, baptized at the age of thirteen with her grand-uncle King Edwin and the chief of his nobles and a large number of his people, on what has been truly called "the birthday of the Northumbrian Church," by Paulinus the Apostle of the North, in a little wooden chapel hastily reared on the ground now covered by the stateliest of our English minsters, on Easter Eve, 627 A.D., she was from the first devoted to a religious life. For one year she lived as a nun with a few sisters in a small cell to the north of the Wear; in 649 she succeeded Heiu—the first of all the women of Northumbria, Bede tells us (iv. 23), to take the vows and receive the religious habit from the hands of Aidan—after her removal to Tadcaster, as Abbess of Heort-ee, "the Hart's Island," now Hartlepool. Hilda managed her convent "according to the best lessons she could gain from learned men," while it was one of the chief gratifications of Aidan and the heads of the neighbouring religious houses to visit her, and to manifest the sincerity of their affection by giving her instructions, which her innate wisdom and love of the monastic brotherhood fitted her to profit by. Nine years later, 658 A.D., she left Hartlepool, taking with her her young cousin Elfled, afterwards her successor as abbess, then a child of three or four years old; who, while still an infant, had been devoted to a religious life by her father Oswy, on the eve of the battle of Winwidfield, where with the fierce old Pagan Penda, in whom it had so long triumphed, Paganism fell, and "the cause of the old gods was lost for ever." Moving a little to the south she laid the foundation of her new monastery, on an estate of ten families which she had purchased, overhanging "the Lighthouse Bay." Here for two-and-twenty years she governed her double community with a loving wisdom that made it the admiration and envy of all around, impressing on it her own noble unselfishness, and teaching the inmates, in the words of Bede, "to practise thoroughly all virtues, but especially peace and love; so that after the pattern of the primitive church no one there was rich, and no one was poor, but all things were in common, for nothing seemed to be the property of any individual." Professor Bright has sketched her character so well that we are tempted to borrow his words:—"In her we see the old Teutonic type of a woman of wise 'rede' and mighty influence, a Veleda or an Alioruna softened and transfigured into 'the mother,' whose advice was sought by princes, and who, again to quote Bede, 'held out to many at a distance an example of the words of life.' A noble woman, we may well say, strong and wise, true-hearted and firm of purpose, with warm affections and clear discernment, using her great capacities for rule and prudence in the true spirit of a mother in Israel." We can well understand that when the Conference was resolved upon no place seemed more suitable than the monastery of Hilda, so readily accessible by sea.

The tale of this Synod is too familiar to need repetition. Thither came the Bishops Cedd from Lastingham and Tuda from South Ireland, and Colman, St. Finan's successor in the Northumbrian See, and heads of convents, prepared with St. Hilda to do battle for the customs of St. Columba and Lindisfarne. Here, too, were gathered to support the usages of Rome, Paulinus's deacon, James, Bishop Agilbert of Wessex, and his priest Agatho, headed by that most interesting and perplexing character in our early Church history, the clever, versatile, but somewhat unscrupulous Wilfrid. The contending parties were unequal. The narrow and obstinate conservatism of Colman, the type of the *non possumus* of later days, was no match for the special pleading of the ready-witted and singularly attractive Wilfrid. The issue could not be doubtful. To fight against Rome was, as Wilfrid said, "to fight against the world." Oswy, with the instinct of a statesman, discerned the point really at stake, and, under the veil of grave humour, expressed his conviction, overriding all prejudices in favour of his national customs, that to refuse to obey the guidance of the See of St. Peter was to close the door against himself and his people to higher blessings than they yet enjoyed. And, as we have said, the decision was a wholesome one. Little as we can commend Wilfrid's supercilious treatment of his antagonists, and unconvincing as his arguments appear, the Synod of Whitby was productive of benefits then little dreamed-of, by which we are still profiting.

But it is not only as the scene of this "epoch-making" conference that Whitby appeals to our memory. We must think of it also as the home of the father of English poetry, Caedmon. Few tales are more simply beautiful than that of this rustic herdsman, long denied the power of song, dumb when called on by his fellows to play the "gleeman" at their rural feasts, "starting up from the unfinished meal when the harp came towards him, and going home shamefast," receiving sudden inspiration in the dreams of the night, and, having turned monk at "the Mother" Hilda's persuasion, devoting his God-given power to the versification of Scripture history and the great facts of revelation—"the terror of future judgment, the horror of hell pangs, and the joys of heaven," and closing a life of quiet happiness with a blessed and painless death, described with simple pathos in Bede's exquisite narrative:—"Thus it came to pass that, as he had served God with simple and pure mind and tranquil devotion, so quitting the world he passed to His presence by a tranquil death, and closed his life signing himself with the cross, and commending his spirit into His hands with that tongue which had uttered so many wholesome words in His praise." And Caedmon is only one example out of many of the educational power of Hilda's foundation. The monastery under her wise rule became a seminary of bishops and priests. No fewer than five of the brethren named by Bede, "all of them persons of signal worth and holiness," became bishops. The chief of these was the scholar of Theodore of Tarsus, John Bishop of Hexham, and afterwards Archbishop of York, the beloved spiritual father of Bede, who received deacon's and priest's orders from his hands. He is better known as "St. John of Beverley," from the monastery founded by him "in silva Deirorum postea Beverlac," where he ended his days in holy retirement, A.D. 721.

Hilda's great career came to a close Nov. 17, A.D. 680. She had been long suffering from intermittent fever, when at last, to use Bede's words, "the pain struck inward, and foreseeing that her end was near, she 'received the viaticum of the Holy Communion,' and having summoned her nuns about her bed, entreated them to maintain evangelical peace with one another, and indeed with all, and about cockcrowing, with the words of exhortation on her lips, she gladly saw death, or rather, in the words of Christ, 'passed from death unto life.'" Her successor in the government of the Abbey was Oswy's daughter, Elfled, then only in her twenty-seventh year. Her rule was worthy of the great example she had had before her from her infant years, and she proved herself, in the words of Eddius, "ever the comforter and best counsellor of the whole province." True to her Celtic education, Elfled's chosen friend was St. Cuthbert. They often

met for spiritual refreshment and mutual counsel. It was on his farewell circuit of his diocese, before his final retirement to the Farne Islands to prepare for the end which he foresaw could not be far off, when sitting at table with Elfled after the consecration of a newly built church, adjacent to an outlying cell of Whitby, which, though out of his diocese, he had undertaken to testify his spiritual affection to her, that St. Cuthbert had the premonitory symptoms of the fatal attack which carried him off in the following March, A.D. 687. While taking his meal, wearied with his journey and the functions just performed, he suddenly changed colour, and his knife dropped from his hand. Elfled asked him what he had seen. With his usual playful humour he tried to turn off the question. "Did you think," he said, "I could go on eating all day?" In Bede's Life of St. Cuthbert this physical seizure becomes a supernatural vision coincident with the sudden death of a lay brother of the convent, a swineherd, who had fallen from a tree while shaking down acorns for his pigs. Elfled naturally shared in Hilda's prejudice against Wilfrid, and the novel foreign customs of which he was the advocate; and one of the letters written by Archbishop Theodore, after their reconciliation, pleading Wilfrid's cause, was addressed to her. Subsequently, when in 736 the Council of the Nidd met to decide as to Wilfrid's restoration, the Abbess Elfled was one of its leading members, and, by her testimony that when near his end Wilfrid's obstinate foe King Aldfrid "the Wise" had repented of his harsh conduct towards him, and enjoined his heir to reinstate him in his bishopric, was instrumental in effecting the compromise by which he exchanged the proud pre-eminence of the throne of York for the see of Hexham and the Minster of Ripon. Elfled did not attain old age. She died in 713 at the age of 59, and was buried in the convent, hard by the bodies of Hilda, and her own royal parents, Oswy and Eanfled. After her death a dark cloud settles over Whitby. We hear no more of it till the middle of the next century, when, in fear of the Danish sea-robbers who were devastating the Yorkshire coast with fire and sword, Titus, or Tictan, the Abbot—the government of the convent having passed into male hands—fled to Glastonbury, carrying with him the wonder-working remains of Hilda and Elfled and the peasant poet Caedmon. It was none too soon. In 867 the abbey was plundered and burnt, and its white stone walls, blackened with fire, remained roofless and desolate for two centuries and more. One of the first results of what has been truly called the "missionary enterprise" of Prior Ealdwine of Winchcombe, and his two companions from Evesham, to the "benighted land" of Northumbria, seven years after the Conquest, was the revival of the holy house of St. Hilda. Regenfrith, one of the three evangelists, became the first prior after its re-endowment by Hugh Lupus, and his feudatory William of Percy. From this point Whitby enters on the ordinary career of a great Benedictine abbey, and its annals become comparatively uninteresting.

THE POLICE AT PUBLIC MEETINGS.

THE decision of Mr. Kynnersley, the stipendiary magistrate at Birmingham, upon the legal rights of the chairman of a public meeting will probably excite some surprise. Englishmen are for the most part very willing to submit themselves to authority without inquiring too curiously into its nature or origin. The chairman of a public meeting has sometimes been treated as though he possessed in his own specific domain rights scarcely inferior to those of the Speaker of the House of Commons. He decides who is to speak; he settles the order in which motions and amendments are put to the vote; he sometimes has an influential voice in determining the form which a motion shall take; he recalls to the question speakers who are accused of wandering from it. All these functions taken together go a long way towards constituting a right to maintain order; and most people probably have assumed that they do actually constitute it. The Mayor of Birmingham was so clear upon this point that, when a meeting was held in the autumn to consider the policy of the Afghan war, he instructed the chief of the police to station his men in the hall with the view of removing any person who should persistently obstruct the proceedings. This instruction was based on the right which the Mayor assumed to belong to a chairman of a public meeting of maintaining order, and of doing all such things as are necessary for the maintenance of order. In this case there were some seventy or eighty persons whose presence, in the opinion of the Mayor, made the maintenance of order impossible. They had come there, in fact, not to take part in the meeting, but to prevent the meeting from being held; and as soon as this became apparent, the Mayor directed them to be taken out of the hall. Probably, as has been said, most people were under the impression that the Mayor was doing nothing more than he had a right to do. But it occurred to the persons removed in the present instance to challenge this assumed right; and, up to this point at all events, the result has justified their challenge. Mr. Kynnersley took time to look into the text-books, and has been "utterly unable to find any authority, precisely or approximately, in point." If a chairman of a public meeting possesses the right claimed for him by the Mayor of Birmingham, it is a mystery how he came by it. It can be traced to no words of a statute, no dictum of a judge, no maxim of the common law. It may be that, when a case is stated for the opinion of a superior court, the judges may find some evidence of custom which may support the Mayor's claim; but, if so, it is strange that the custom should never have got itself recorded on paper. Indeed, as Mr. Kynnersley pertinently observes, the evidence of custom seems to point the other way. It is notorious, he says, that noisy, turbulent, and almost riotous meetings have been of frequent occurrence, especially at nomination meetings under the old system. Yet he can find no instance in which the chairman of such a meeting has exercised the right of turning out by wholesale persons who were disturbing the meeting. Unless Mr. Kynnersley has been strangely careless or strangely unfortunate in his search after precedents, it may be expected that the law will be ultimately found to be what he has declared it to be.

Supposing that it is so found, ought it to remain unaltered? That is a question which can hardly be answered offhand. Perhaps many people will be inclined to ask how, if the chairman does not possess the right claimed for him by the Mayor of Birmingham, public meetings are to go on. It is plain, however, that, if the right be conceded, some highly inconvenient consequences may follow from it. In the Birmingham case the chairman of the meeting was also the Mayor of the town. In the latter capacity he had the police stationed in the hall; in the former capacity he called upon them to do their duty. Happily, however, this confusion of municipal and political functions is not universal. Even in Birmingham itself, had the meeting been of a different complexion, the Mayor would not have acted as chairman. Yet, on his own showing, he would equally have been bound to send a strong body of police to preserve order. The fact that Alderman Collings was accidentally Mayor of the town as well as chairman of the meeting could not give him any additional powers in either capacity. He had no right as chairman of the meeting to order the police to be in attendance. He had no right as Mayor of Birmingham to order the police to be in attendance at a public meeting merely because he happened to approve of the object with which it had been called. Consequently, as Mayor, he could only have sent the police to the hall on the requisition of the chairman of the meeting; and the Mayor of Birmingham has plainly no business to take any unusual precautions against disorder merely because Alderman Collings happens to be in the chair. He would have been bound to give precisely the same order to Major Bond if a Conservative had been in the chair as he gave when he himself was going to occupy it. It follows from this that, if the law were what the Mayor of Birmingham contends, the police would at times have nothing else to do than to go about the country removing obstructives from public meetings. The right of a chairman of such a meeting is to have any one removed who, in his opinion, is obstructing the meeting; and this plainly involves a right to call upon the proper authorities to give him the means of vindicating his right. If his powers do not go this length, the Mayor of Birmingham was clearly wrong in stationing police in the hall. He could only do this on the requisition of the chairman of the meeting; and, if he has the right to do it for one chairman, it is his duty to do it for all chairmen.

A law of this kind would weigh very heavily on local finances without, so far as we can see, yielding any counterbalancing gain to politics. Public meetings are, at best, but a rough method of getting at public opinion, and if they were artificially protected by the police, they might easily come to be taken at very much more than their real value. It is probable, for example, that upon the Afghan question opinion in Birmingham as elsewhere was very much divided. The Liberal party, having the command of the municipal organization, chose to use it in support of a meeting claiming to be a meeting of the townspeople, but really representing only that moiety of the townspeople who were opposed to the war. No doubt it would have been better if the Conservative minority had attended the meeting and moved amendments to the various resolutions, without giving any occasion for the intervention of Major Bond and his constables. If they had been able to carry the meeting with them, they would have had a just cause for triumph; and, even if they had failed to carry the meeting with them, they would at least have shown how far Birmingham was from being united in the opposition to the war. Unfortunately, either from a conscious deficiency in argumentative power, or from a belief that they would not get a hearing, or from a natural preference for inarticulate over articulate opposition, they preferred to reduce the meeting to impotence by keeping up a constant accompaniment of whistling, singing, and screeching, which entirely prevented the speeches being heard. Yet, after all, this kind of conduct proved something. It showed that there was a large amount of excited feeling enlisted on the side of the Government. Seventy or eighty men seldom come for the express purpose of disturbing a public meeting unless they are the representatives of a much larger body. They are the froth at the top of the tankard, which is sustained there by the liquor underneath. If their demeanour showed that their opposition was of the most unintelligent kind possible, that detracted from the value of their convictions, but it did not throw any doubt on their existence. The feeling was there, though it had chosen an unfortunate method by which to make its presence known, and being there, it was, on the whole, well that its presence should be known. If the chairmen of public meetings were universally empowered to put down obstruction by force, the best organized party would have an immense advantage.

Given a sufficient number of resolute chairmen and a sufficient police force, and the country might be made to appear animated by an extraordinary but quite unreal unanimity. The main use of public meetings is to show when there exists a really overpowering feeling in the country upon some point on which from some accident Parliament does not properly represent the electorate. When such a feeling exists, chairmen will have no need to call in policemen to remove obstructives.

THE NEW DISPUTE IN THE COTTON TRADE.

THE great strike of last year in North and North-East Lancashire will be fresh in the recollection of our readers. It will be remembered that so great was the depression in the cotton trade that it was admitted by the operatives that the manufacturers were running their mills at a heavy loss; and it was further conceded that some remedy must be applied. It was as to what the remedy should be that the dispute arose. The millowners proposed a reduction of wages of ten per cent.; the operatives objected that the reduction would not mend matters. It would not, they contended, end the manufacturers' losses, while it would injure the workpeople to no purpose; and it would infallibly be followed by another and yet another reduction, until wages in Lancashire would be cut down to the pauper level. They proposed, therefore, instead of the masters' remedy, a restriction of production, to be continued until the existing stocks were exhausted and demand should thus become compulsory. Both sides were obstinate; a strike occurred, was stubbornly maintained, and begat such ill-feeling that disgraceful riots broke out in Blackburn and elsewhere. Finally the operatives had to yield. It is important to bear all this in mind if we would fairly judge the attitude of both parties at present. On a first view of the matter it seems indisputable that the operatives, though starved into submission, have logically been justified by the event. The reduction of wages has proved to be no remedy; it has not saved the millowners from further heavy losses, has not stimulated the demand, and already, as predicted, is being followed up by a notice of another reduction. The leaders of the workpeople are pointing to all this as proof, not only that they were right last year, but that the employers know they were right, and are more intent on breaking down Trade-Unionism than on reviving trade. The bitter class feeling that previously existed is thus being exacerbated; and, we are bound to add, the millowners on their part are showing themselves equally resentful. Just as the operatives believed last year that their employers wilfully adopted a course which could not possibly put an end to the depression, and consequently that they must have been actuated by class enmity, so the millowners were convinced that the two leaders and spokesmen of the weavers deliberately acted in bad faith, and on that ground they have refused to meet them. We have no intention to enter into this dispute; but even if we accepted the masters' view of the case, we still should think their decision impolitic. We must assume that, in agreeing to a conference with delegates of their workpeople, they desired to avoid another strike and lock-out. But when they refused to hold converse with the secretaries of the two great weavers' Unions, they made a quarrel on a point of honour almost inevitable. The Societies were sure to send as delegates men who were not only their most trusted leaders, but were also specially distinguished by the hatred of the employers. This, in fact, is what has happened; and the weavers' delegates, in consequence, were excluded from the discussion. We have dwelt upon this point because it illustrates the spirit which at this time of trial and suffering unfortunately animates both parties in one of our greatest industries.

But is it true that the operatives were right in their contention last year? In our opinion, they clearly were not. Their argument was that over-production was the cause of the depression, and consequently that it must be made to cease if we want to put an end to the effect. But the premisses here are correct only in a certain sense. It is perfectly true that the markets are glutted. They are so, however, not because the world has no use for all the cotton goods that are manufactured, but because those who would willingly be our customers have not the means of buying them. It is the consumption which has failed, not the production which has suddenly become excessive. We do not deny, indeed, that the growth of producing power has been too rapid. Protection abroad, also, has factitiously stimulated this branch of industry, and turned consumers into rival producers. Still the main cause of the collapse which we witness in Lancashire is the falling off of consumption, which is traceable to the depression that has prevailed universally since 1873, to the closing of markets by prohibitive tariffs, and to the impoverishment of the populations of the East by famine and war. Speaking generally, we may say that we have to look for the increase of our cotton trade to the backward countries outside Europe and North America, and more particularly to those of the East. Now India, which is the most important of our customers, has of late suffered exceptionally from famine. We have had, in quick succession, famines in Orissa, in the North-West, in Bengal, and in Madras and Bombay; at the present moment there are fears entertained of a scarcity, though happily nothing more, in the Punjaub, Oude, and the North-West. These terrible visitations have impoverished the population. Over and above severe losses through drought, in blighted crops and starved cattle, the price of food has been at a famine level for a long succession of years. When we call to mind how seriously dear bread with depressed trade diminishes the purchasing power of the mass of the population even in the wealthiest country in the world, we shall be able to form some imperfect notion of the effect of the frightful calamities which India has undergone. Throughout the districts where the crops have failed—some of them containing as many inhabitants as a great European kingdom—the people have a struggle for life itself. They see their cattle perishing without being able to save them, and they are fortunate if they can preserve even their children. They have clearly no means of purchasing clothes. Outside those districts, too, the prices of the necessaries of life rise excessively. So great is the demand for the needs of the famine-stricken population that famine prices rule from one end of the Empire to the other; and this dearness of food leaves to the working classes little margin for expenditure on anything else. This is the explanation of the badness of the Eastern trade. Other causes, no doubt, have co-operated—the depreciation of silver, for example, and the reckless speculation that has prevailed; but most potent of all has been the impoverishment of the population. Manchester has argued that competition also is to blame, the Bombay mills being favoured by the import duties upon cotton. But, as a matter of fact, the Bombay mill-owners are not more prosperous than those of Lancashire. On this point the facts collected by the *Times of India* are decisive. There are in all twenty-eight mills in Bombay, and of these six, or more than one-fifth, are in liquidation, while the remaining twenty-two have ceased running two days a week, which, according to the same authority, is tantamount to the stoppage of six other mills; so that the total restriction of production amounts to about forty-three per cent. China also has been desolated by famine; and Brazil likewise has suffered. Egypt has been visited by a severe drought in consequence of a low Nile, and by destructive floods; while Turkey has passed through the ordeal of a ruinous war. Thus we see widespread impoverishment affecting vast populations which usually purchase immense quantities of English cotton goods; and, as a necessary result, there has been a great shrinkage of trade. It needs no elaborate argument to prove that poverty-stricken customers cannot be induced to do more business by artificially limiting the supply, and so making it dear. It is conceivable that by lowering the price we may tempt them, but certainly not by raising it. Whether the price can be reduced sufficiently and yet afford English operatives wages upon which they can live, is another question, which can be solved only by experiment. Whether, again, it would not be wise for some of the manufacturers and operatives to give up the struggle and divert their capital and labour to other businesses is a point on which we offer no opinion. What we consider to be proved, and would therefore urge on the attention of both employers and work-people in Lancashire is that the collapse of their industry is attributable to causes beyond their reach, that its revival depends chiefly upon the course of the seasons in far distant lands, and that the only way in which they can themselves contribute to its resuscitation is by cutting down the cost of production rigorously and in every item.

Last year the reduction of wages was to the extent of ten per cent. The district associations of manufacturers wished that now again it should be at the same rate, but the central Committee decided to ask for no more than five per cent. It is yet uncertain whether the operatives will accept these terms. There is amongst them evidently a considerable diversity of opinion. At an inconclusive meeting in Blackburn this day week some of the speakers strongly urged submission. They pointed out, what ought to need no reminder, that so soon after a hard-fought contest they could not maintain a strike, and they argued that it would be much wiser to yield when success is impossible, to husband their resources, and to seize the first opportunity to recover lost ground. The advice is so sensible that one wonders there could be any hesitation in acting upon it. Yet the majority of the meeting appears to have been in favour of resistance. The spokesmen of this section appealed to passion rather than to reason, but they had one argument which evidently carried great weight; it was the assertion that several of the employers—the small employers especially—and of the managers also, are convinced that a reduction of wages can do no good, and in consequence are half-hearted in the dispute. How far this assertion is well founded we cannot say, but we are inclined to accept it as true. Those whose view is confined to their own country see that last year's reduction has been in vain, and, knowing their losses at present, they probably do not expect their position to be much improved by cutting down the wages expenditure a shilling in the pound. On the other hand, they would hardly accept the extensive stoppages and adoption of short time as decisive against the men. In short, they perceive only half the problem, and consequently are not unlikely to draw an erroneous conclusion. If, however, what we have stated above is correct, it is quite clear that restriction of production will not improve the situation. In saying this we do not of course mean that the reduction of wages ought to be insisted upon. We have no data for forming an opinion on the subject. All we assert is that it is to the reduction of the cost of production that the efforts of all concerned ought to be applied; but whether that might not best be done by improved machinery, better methods of working, and higher skill, is a question which we do not pretend to determine.

REVIEWS.

OLD ENGLISH TEXTS.*

WE should have noticed earlier some volumes which, although they may have little interest for those who are not special students, have for the latter a permanent value. For the Early English Text Society we have from Mr. Furnivall the fourth part of Lonelich's English version of the history of the Holy Grail, which is here brought down to the point at which it runs into or is dovetailed with the story of Merlin. The chapters here edited are concerned chiefly with the lifetime of Joseph of Arimathea and his son, together with that of their cousin Peers, whose question respecting the vacant seat at the table of the Sangreal first calls forth the prophecy that only the pure and guileless Knight shall, without scathe to himself, fill the place where the Saviour sat at the Last Supper with his disciples. The unbelief of some of his hearers leads Moys, who is also cousin to Joseph, to say that, with Joseph's leave, he is ready to take the empty seat, although, when Joseph crossed the channel, he, with others, had been left behind because of their misdoings. The leave is given with the warning that he had best refrain if he feels himself unworthy to sit in the place of God's Son; and no sooner is he there seated than seven hands, burning each like flaming torches, seize Moys, who burns "as a dry bush when it is on fire," and bear him away. On this act of divine judgment hang a series of adventures and incidents, some having a bearing on the story of the Grail, others seemingly having little or nothing to link them with it, but all connected, wherever it is possible to do so, by means of genealogies, with the time of Arthur's reign. It is strange that in these lists the good knight Peers, who is only not so worthy as to achieve the adventure of the Grail, should be the ancestor of the destroyer Mordred, while from the sinful loves of Lancelot of the Lake springs Galahad, the hero without spot or taint of lust, who for his purity was suffered to see the holy vessel on which mortal eyes have never rested since that day. In this long and almost endless series of incidents and exploits the tracing out of each to its earliest source or form would be a curious task; and for those who may wish to use it for this purpose Lonelich's translation from the French of Robert of Borron will be of great service. Even on a first or a second reading we cannot shut our eyes to the large amount of repetition, sometimes with so slight changes of form as to be altogether wearisome, which swells the vast mass of tradition gathered round the name of Arthur. Lonelich's story will also be useful as enabling us to form a clearer notion of the characters of the several heroes as conceived by the romance-makers of the middle ages. It is scarcely too much to say that for the analysis of these old stories much mischief has been done by modern poets, who have seized on features to their own mind, and have shed on them an unearthly light which we cannot find in the traditional chronicle. Thus Lonelich in his fifty-second chapter speaks of one Mordred—

> thatte men supposen hadde ben begot
> Betwene Kyng Loot and his wif;
> but it was to-foren with-owten stryf,
> King Arthewr on his soster engendrid hym,
> For he wende the maiden of Yrland it hadde be.

Mr. Furnivall here remarks, "As the holders of Arthur's perfectness choose to ignore this traditional sin of their hero's, while they are willing enough to accept as true Guinevere's traditional offence, I have added Lonelich's version of De Borron's account of the matter in an appendix; though, of course, 'Sire Robert' may not be the author of Merlin." In this passage from the lay of Merlin the story is given much as it is told by Malory in the prose version; but not much weight can be given to the plea that Lonelich may not have obtained the two stories from the same source. It was his belief that he had. Like the history of Seynt Graal (which in some odd way he seems to distinguish from the Storye of Sank Ryal, p. 306), his Merlin lay, he tells us, was got from Maister Robart of Borrown, who "out of Latyn it translated hol and Onlich Into the language of Frawnce." But seemingly he is unaware that the two versions are not altogether consistent. In the Grail story the misdeed of Arthur and Lot's wife is followed at once by a repentance "wondir sore"; in the Merlin tale neither is spoken of as feeling any regret, while of the latter we are told that

> Whanne that the tydynges gonnen for to springe
> that this yonge Arthur scholde be kynge,
> and this Mordret was tho ibore,
> thanne in herte louede scho him wel more
> thanne ony man cowde tellen that day.

But in truth we misconceive the tale if we forget that the episode of the Queen of Orkney does not stand alone in the history of Arthur, which imputes to Lancelot as well as to him many failings to which some of our modern poets find it convenient to shut their eyes. These incidents are indeed cardinal features in the ancient tradition, which recounted them for reasons plain enough to those who will compare the tale with the multitude of cognate stories.

It can scarcely be said that Lonelich's versions of Borron show many charms of style. Of the great mass of rhymes a large proportion are mere tags, used for the sake of avoiding the task of finding new rhymes; and the narrative jogs on with a slowness and feebleness almost intolerable. Of vastly more merit as a poem is the "Life of St. Alexius" in the Laud version, which Mr. Furnivall gives in another volume, along with three other weaker versions of the legend. This pathetic tale is a fit pendant to the story of Euphrosyne which Montalembert relates with a keen sense of its pathos in his *Monks of the West*. As there a maiden to avoid marriage puts on male attire and takes the vows in a convent of monks, and at the hour of her death makes herself known to her father, who, worn out with grief, has taken refuge in the same monastery, so here the high-born Alexius forsakes his wife on her wedding-day and joins a troop of beggars. The story of his life he writes on a paper which after his death was found in his right hand, and which his fingers yield up only to the Pope. The idea which underlies it is not congenial to Englishmen generally; but the beauty of the poem is beyond question, and it is as well to know how our forefathers thought and spoke of such things. This touching story is found with four other poems in the Laud MS. 622, in the Bodleian Library. Few probably will read them without feeling assured that they cannot all have come from the same hand, although Warton and Ritson thought that they did; and still more that the Life of Alexius can never have been written by the driveller who puts into verse his five dreams about Edward II., and after the recital informs us that he is Adam the Marshal, known at Stratford at Bow, and everywhere else. On closer examination Mr. Furnivall found that there was no reason for supposing Davy to be the author of the other poems in the same volume, apart from the fact that the seventy-two leaves of it are all in one scribe's handwriting. These visions are notable only for their silliness; but whether the doom of imprisonment which he imprecates on himself in the event of their not being fulfilled was passed on him by Edward II. (if, as seems likely, he be the Prince of whom he speaks) there is no note to tell us. The other poems:—(1) "King Solomon's Book of Wisdom," (2) the "Tokens of St. Jeromie before Doomsday," (3) the "Song of Joy for Christ's Coming"—call for no other remark than that the last is the only one which has any merit as a poem.

In another volume Mr. Skeat edits for the same Society from the unique MS. in the Bodleian a second fragment of the alliterative Romance of Alexander the Great. This portion, Mr. Skeat thinks, comes from the author of the first fragment preserved in MS. Greaves 60, in the Bodleian, and edited by himself in 1867 for the Early English Text Society. It would seem to follow, therefore, that the two fragments belong to one poem, which must have been of very great length. In his very full and instructive introduction, Mr. Skeat gives us the history of this second fragment, which was edited by Mr. Stevenson for the Roxburghe Club in 1849; and the history is a strange one. The MS. in which it is found is a copy of the French *Romans d'Alexandre*, in which the second column of fol. 67, left blank by the original scribe, contains a note telling the reader that at this point a process has failed, and giving him directions for finding the missing matter elsewhere. But there is no such failure. As Mr. Skeat clearly shows, the English scribe set much store on the correspondence between Dindimus and Alexander; but the French romance followed a version in which these letters were not included, and, the attempt to find them being necessarily futile, he came to the conclusion that the French scribe had omitted them at the column which he had left blank, although they cannot be fitted in either here or at any other point of the French story. The text of the English fragments of the romance is founded on the same Latin version; this, again, being based on the Greek text known as the "Pseudo-Callisthenes," from which three Latin versions were made. The third of these, known as the *Historia de Preliis*, by the Archpresbyter Leo, was the one followed by the English writer, and it is therefore here printed by Mr. Skeat at the foot of every page of the English text. But, not content with tracing it thus far, Mr. Skeat has examined the supplementary sources of information resorted to by the English author, the result being that he has thus been able to find the original of almost every sentence of the poem, and to guide the reader to them in his notes.

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* *The History of the Holy Grail.* Englisht, ab. 1450 A.D., by Herry Lonelich, from the French prose of Sires Robiers de Borron. Part IV. Re-edited from the unique paper MS. in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, by F. J. Furnivall, M.A. Early English Text Society. Extra Series XXX. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

Adam Davy's 5 Dreams about Edward II.—The Life of St. Alexius—Solomon's Book of Wisdom—St. Jerome's 15 Tokens before Doomsday—The Lamentation of Souls. Edited, from the Laud MS. 622 in the Bodleian Library, by F. J. Furnivall, M.A. Early English Text Society. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

Alexander and Dindimus: or, the Letters of Alexander to Dindimus, King of the Brahmans, with the Replies of Dindimus; being a Second Fragment of the Alliterative Romance of Alisaunder. Translated from the Latin, about A.D. 1340-50. Re-edited from the unique MS. in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A. Early English Text Society. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

Cursor Mundi (The Cursus of the World)—A Northumbrian Poem (of the XIVth Century). In Four Versions, two of them Midland, with 7 Additions, including the Book of Penance and Cato's Morals (incomplete). Part V. Edited by the Rev. Richard Morris, M.A., LL.D. Early English Text Society. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

Five Hundred Pointes of Good Husbandrie. By Thomas Tusser. Edited by W. Payne, Esq., and Sidney J. Herrtage, Esq., B.A. Series D. Miscellaneous. English Dialect Society. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

A Glossary of Words and Phrases pertaining to the Dialect of Cumberland. By William Dickinson, F.L.S. Series C. No. VIII. English Dialect Society. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

The Gospel according to St. John in Anglo-Saxon and Northumbrian Versions, Synoptically Arranged, with Collations exhibiting all the Readings of all the MSS. Edited for the Syndics of the University Press by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1878.

The matter of this fragment need not detain us long. It is not without value as giving the notions of an ecclesiastic on the several merits and drawbacks of the active and the contemplative life; but for any deliberate decision on the subject we shall look in vain. Mr. Skeat rightly says:—

> The arguments are so managed that the bias of the one counteracts that of the other. We are led, on the one hand, to favour the active life as being more useful than the contemplative; but, lest the scale should preponderate in its favour, it is linked with heathenism as opposed to Christianity. The life of Dindimus, in as far as it is assimilated to that of a Christian, is preferable to that of Alexander. The life of Alexander in its active aspect enlists our sympathies rather than that of Dindimus. The author of this ingenious arrangement strove rather for oratorical effect than sought to inculcate a lesson. To regard the various arguments in this light is to regard them rightly. It is merely a question of seeing what can be said on both sides. There is nothing else to be learnt from the story of it.

For its alliteration the poem is much more noteworthy. In this, as was generally the case, the prefixes are commonly neglected, the purpose being to bring the accented syllable into play; but here we have not a few instances in which the rhyme-letter belongs to an unaccented syllable, in such lines as the following:—

> that we *dis*córden of *d*ede · in many *d*one þinguns.—
> bigat on *o*límpias · þe *o*nurable quene.—
> that us derye no *de*þ · *de*síre we nouþe.—
> and saide, *s*eg, to us silf · *s*ofísen þis canna.

We must surely allow with Mr. Skeat that, however much English pronunciation may have changed since the fourteenth century, we cannot regard such accentuations as *discórden, désire, sófisen, ólimpias* as having been possible at any time; nor can we deny that the alliterative letter often belonged to wholly unaccented and unimportant syllables, such as *schal* and *sire*. The poetry may not be the better for this; but, as Mr. Skeat reminds us:—

> It is easy to see why these unimportant syllables sometimes received the rime-letter. What the poet really wanted was a help to the memory, and this was attained quite as easily (now and then) by help of an unimportant syllable as by close attention to rule. The use of the word *schal* in l. 330 (as of *sire* in l. 967) was to give the reciter a start for his second half line. The cue was quite sufficient for this purpose, and thus the line, although slipshod, was allowed to pass. This is the simple explanation of the whole matter.

We need only add that the editor appends to the text a glossarial index of about 1,700 words which is almost a complete concordance. That of Mr. Stevenson's edition explained only 63 words, and of these not all correctly.

The Fifth Part of the *Cursor Mundi*, edited by Dr. Morris, may be described mainly as a primer of faith and devotion. It is written by a priest who complains that men are not eager to hear sermons, and who wishes to warn them against their errors before it is too late. The poem on the "Dolours of Mary," which follows these warnings, is written with singular fluency and exactness of rhyme and with no little gracefulness of language. After it we have a narrative of the way in which the feast of the Conception of the Virgin was introduced into the use of the English Church, the cause being a storm at sea from which Elsig, Abbot of Ramsay, the envoy of William the Conqueror to the Danish King, escaped only by promising to convey to his countrymen the charge of the Blessed Virgin that the feast of her conception should henceforth be solemnly observed. The question as to the service to be used on the day was easily answered. They were to take the service of her birth, and in each case where the word *nativity* occurred they were to substitute *conception*. The seven additions to the *Cursor* consist of rhymed expositions of the Creed and the Lord's Prayer, a prayer to the Trinity, prayers for the Hours of the Passion, a song of the Five Joys of Our Lady, and the Boke of Penance. Of these the last is a sufficiently minute and exact treatise on Confession, giving, with much seemliness and discreetness, the matter usually found in penitentials. The commentary on the Creed explains the name of Pontius Pilate after a fashion which would do credit to the philology of Durandus. The procurator of Tiberius was, we are told, a man of great office, being Justice over the Jews:—

> His mother hight Pila, his father Atus,
> And þat of was he cald pilatus:
> And þonce he was cald efer an yle
> þat he was fostered in sum guile.

Dr Morris's appendices give us three specimens of other manuscripts of the *Cursor* than those given in the text, the first two relating to the Acts of the Apostles, the late life and assumption of Mary, the signs before Doomsday, the nine pains of hell, the fourteen gifts of the blessed, and other like topics. In the third appendix we have the prologue to the *Cursor*, taken from Laud MS. 416 (Bodleian), Arundel 57 in the College of Arms, and a manuscript belonging to the Public Library, Bedford. The title of the poem, as explained by the writer, gives him a sufficiently large range. It embraces all subjects suitable for the devout meditation of the faithful:—

> Som manes þing is goode to knaw
> þat don was in þe olde law
> Betwix þe olde law and þe new
> How crist began oure bete to brew
> I schall you schew be myn entente
> Trewly of her testament
> Alle þis world or þis boke blyn
> With crystys helpe I schall ouer rynne.

Nor can we say that his promise is not carefully kept.

The *Morals of Cato* Dr. Morris gives from the only copy known to him of a fragmentary version belonging to the later years of the fourteenth century or to the early part of the fifteenth. The original intention was to reserve this version for an edition of the English and foreign versions of the Distich, to be prepared jointly by Dr. Morris and Dr. Dahlmann. This edition cannot be ready for some time; and as Mr. Furnivall, for Chaucer purposes chiefly, wished the present version to appear at once, the editor has taken advantage of its looking in the Fairfax MS. like part of the *Cursor*, to insert the poem, although it will be repeated in the Society's full edition of the Cato.

In the year 1557 Thomas Tusser, a man whose strangely chequered life seemed to point the moral that a rolling stone gathers no moss, put forth his "Hundreth Good Pointes of Husbandrie," each point being given in the four-lined stanza of anapæstic verse, which he used as almost the only vehicle of his thoughts. The sound sense of his precepts and the kindliness manifested through the whole of the little work made it at once a favourite with the people, and in the edition of 1562 Tusser proceeded, as he said, to marry his hundred points of good farming with a hundred points of good huswifery; and eleven years later the two were amplified to five hundred points of good husbandry with as many of good housewifery. Of these works the volume edited for the English Dialect Society by Messrs. Payne and Herttage, reproduces the editions of 1557 and 1580. Since that time the book has passed through nearly twenty editions, but each edition subsequent to the issue of 1585 seems to have become less and less trustworthy. Of the work itself the editors rightly think that, apart from the interest which must attach to it as a picture of English life in the sixteenth century, it is for students of the language especially valuable for the large number of dialectic words and forms contained in it. They have therefore worked out the glossary with a fulness which some, they fear, may think excessive, but which will not be objected to by any who examine it carefully. The book is one which will well repay the student for the time expended on it.

In the Glossary of the Cumberland dialect, also published by the English Dialect Society, Mr. Dickinson has done his work excellently. The work is professedly a second edition of a glossary which he put forth nearly twenty years ago; but this has long been out of print, and the changes in the present edition make it virtually a new book. Mr. Dickinson tells us that he has not thought it necessary to retain words which were merely corruptions or peculiar pronunciations of ordinary current English. We certainly should not quarrel with the rule, or with its occasional non-observance, for which he pleads that "some Cumbrian forms of common English cannot without explanation be made intelligible to people living beyond the borders of the county." But we fail to see how the plea can be made to cover the insertion of such words or phrases as *black dog, black and white, smell a rat, burn his fingers, hansel, mess, mull, ill turn, fain, hoyden*, and many more, which are here given with the usual spelling, and seem to be used precisely in the sense attached to the words, so far as we are aware, in all other parts of England. Do these words and phrases belong to the Cumbrian dialect in a sense in which they do not belong to the English of other counties? If it be so, the fact should be stated and proved; but otherwise we fail to see why they should find a place in a Cumbrian glossary. All that we need say further is that our objection applies to a comparatively small number of words, while the rest of the glossary is kept strictly within its proper limits.

The Gospel according to St. John, edited by Mr. Skeat for the Cambridge University Press, forms the fourth and last portion of the exhaustive edition of the Anglo-Saxon Gospels as planned by Mr. Kemble. The first Gospel was published twenty years ago, and the title-page stated that the texts had been collated with the best manuscripts. The words, Mr. Skeat remarks, might convey a wrong impression, as the MSS. collated include, not only the best, but all the MSS. now known to exist. A great work has thus been happily completed, after the lapse of forty years from the time when it was first taken in hand. Mr. Skeat's preface contains, as the reader may well suppose, all the information that can be given respecting the dates of the manuscripts and their peculiarities of dialect, together with a list of the works forming the whole literature of the subject.

MRS. BURTON IN INDIA.*

EXCEPT that this volume, as Mrs. Burton reassures us in the first page by declaring, is "not weighted with a grievance," it has all the special characteristics of its author. There is the same sense that the writer has discovered the keystone of European, Asiatic, and African policy; there is the same burning desire to put everybody and everything right, from Lord Beaconsfield to the directors of Austrian Lloyd's; there is, finally, the same genuine belief that she and her husband are the objects of the whole world's suspicion, envy, or admiration. Fortunately there is also the same animation and instinct for seizing on the picturesque point in a landscape or an incident. So, on the whole, we are not disposed to quarrel with the amiable publisher whom Mrs. Burton, whether in a vision or in reality, pictures as first rejecting an offer of a book on India "because we all know everything about India," and finally relenting and giving her "another chance."

* *Arabia, Egypt, India.* By Isabel Burton. London and Belfast: Mullan & Son. 1879.

Mrs. Burton, [illegible], very prudently will not let him out [illegible] does not know if he might not give her the slip and never be reclaimed. Accordingly, when she has made up her mind that India is the proper place in which to spend a Consular holiday, he must travel by her side to Boulogne and to Paris. He must begin his Oriental experiences by seeing Rossi in *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*. He must be at hand to testify to her melancholy discovery that Paris coffee is since the war all chicory, and that "the famous bread and butter has lost caste." In "the most civilized and joyous town in Italy," after a visit to the Duomo and the Brera, he must with her regale himself on Risotto à la Milanese and Ravioli, and Flambe di Selvaggiume; he must feel damp in Venice in December, and discuss nationalities and the Eastern question at Trieste. At Trieste indeed Mrs. Burton not unnaturally feels so comfortable that she does not seem inclined to leave it. She knows her Consular town, and describes its idiosyncrasies so pleasantly that her readers would hardly have been discontented had she got no further eastwards. Trieste suffers from a mortality about double that of London, three particularly objectionable winds, and several extortionate landlords. But, to compensate, it has a blue sky "which makes one glad to live," and can furnish "twenty-six women friends" whom Mrs. Burton "would be glad to see again in any part of the world." They are "mostly pretty, have charming figures, are beautifully dressed, have delightful manners, are well educated and accomplished; all speak three or four languages, are good musicians, and swim like fish." Such a flower-garden suggests bees or wasps. But among two dozen Clarissas there is no Lovelace. The men, who are either married or boys, are always on the Bourse or in their offices. When the two sexes meet "a rigid decorum is observed; no one dares indulge in the most innocent flirtation." So Mrs. Burton "would strongly recommend any friend who has a wife *tant soit peu légère* to come and reside there." Outside the *salons* it would appear, from certain remarks of Mrs. Burton, the decorum of Triestine life is hardly so rigid.

However, at last the twenty-seventh woman friend of Trieste tears herself from her companions. Trieste is left behind, and Brindisi, "the very filthiest town of all Italy." There is, of course, a Mediterranean storm, of which the Austrian Lloyd's *Calypso* gives its passengers the full benefit. Mrs. Burton undergoes it sitting on a chair lashed to the deck, and studying a strange mixture of the *Light of the Harem* and *Roderick Random*. Off Crete she begins to "feel Egypt," and in due course the Suez Canal is entered. Mrs. Burton's Syrian experiences have taught her to describe sympathetically the solemn and tender beauty of the desert "with its tall waves and pyramids of sand catching the morning rays, with its shades of mauve, rose-pink, and lightest blue." At Jeddah she is at home, and we wish we had space to quote her vivid sketch of the great bazaar. A tantalizing hint is thrown out that this is "a grand time for the bric-a-brac hunter, especially porcelain with Arabic inscriptions." But, besides porcelain, Jeddah contains much explosive material. The inhabitants are violently jealous of the English and French, who have absorbed most of the trade; and their jealousy is inflamed by the foolish curiosity which leads here and there some European adventurer, with the hardihood of ignorance, to attempt a visit to Mecca. Captain Burton she considers justified by his capacity to profit by it; and the Jeddawis harbour no rancour against him for his success. Our Vice-Consul, Mr. Wylde, who understands and can manage the native temperament, is aware that he and other Europeans are lodging over a volcano. He told Mrs. Burton with a laugh that "it would be doubtless much more comfortable if the morning and evening shell, instead of guns, were fired into the town." A few hours at Aden call forth a certain amount of historical knowledge from Mrs. Burton, but not much in the way of personal experience. One very striking specimen of feminine reasoning we cannot pass over. Aden has a Parsee shop of the general order. It contains, we are told, everything from a needle to an anchor. "So," says Mrs. Burton, "I asked for skates, for fun, as I thought it was the only thing they would not have, and I was right." The reasoning is of the same order as the famous inference of fraternity from the absence of the strawberry mark. Mrs. Burton's descriptive skill is superior to her logic when she will give it fair play. There is a grisly picture of the consequences of embarking for India in a vessel which ships pilgrims. The *Calypso* took on board at Jeddah some seven hundred homeward-bound Mecca pilgrims. They died at the rate of several a day of general incapacity to keep a grasp on life. Mrs. Burton observes, as her husband did a quarter of a century ago, on "the excessive facility" an Oriental shows for dying:—"A few hours of cold wind kill off half a dozen like flies; they eat rice, they beg a few lumps of sugar, they lie down, and they give up the ghost." Much of the mortality might be avoided if ships which convey pilgrims were compelled to provide abundance of fresh water and fuel to cook, and were not allowed to embark men already sick and sinking with age. Mrs. Burton makes also some useful suggestions on the means of preventing pilgrims from disseminating Indian cholera. When cholera is abroad, she recommends the Long Desert route as the most likely *cordon sanitaire* to purge infected caravans. On the present occasion there was no epidemic disease, but there were weakness and hunger. Mrs. Burton endeavoured to relieve her fellow-voyagers. It was, however, uphill work. They would take rice or medicine, and even put it into their mouths; but when the donor's back was turned, they tossed it into the sea. A malicious Russian passenger informed her that, when the poor wretches expired, they were in the habit of saying that the Englishwoman had "poisoned them." That was scarcely compensation for accepting an invitation—"Come, O Bountiful One! and sit a little amongst us, and examine my wife who has the itch!"

The steamer on arriving at Bombay was rescued by Mrs. Burton from a near prospect of a long quarantine. The captain knew only the single English word "Yes." When the pilot inquired if there was any disease on board, the captain, not understanding the question, replied with his complaisant affirmative. Only Mrs. Burton's remonstrances procured the hauling down of the yellow flag. Her readers may be grateful for her promptness. With a week's quarantine she would have had time to get up the entire history of India, and she would not have churlishly kept it to herself. As it is, she apologizes for confining her survey to a few pages. India was passing through the fever of the Prince of Wales's visit. But Mrs. Burton does not dwell on that thrice-told tale. Under the head of Bombay we have the regular Hindoo wedding; what is less trodden ground is an account of the rural resorts of the Bombay citizens. Mátherán, with its bright green groves, black rock, and red-yellow laterite, its fresh breezes, and its glorious vistas of ravines and mountains, may be cockney, but appears to have everything which can recruit energies exhausted with the friction and heat of Anglo-Indian life. For persons who have more leisure and ambition there is Tungá. Tungá is bracing, and doubtless very agreeable to persons who do not care for drinking-water, and who like to know that "the man-eating tiger walks about without fear of man." Devoid of these attractions, but with the charm of being equally difficult to reach, there is Máhábáleshwar, seventy-five miles from Poonah, and so much more fashionable than Mátherán as it is less accessible. Mrs. Burton experienced one especial embarrassment at this watering-place with the much-accented name. The roads are steep, and the native ponies expect to be whipped up them. But Mrs. Burton is lady-patroness of the Trieste branch of the Humanity to Animals Society, and objects to the whip. So does her fox-terrier Nip. When the coachman beat the ponies Nip tried to bite the coachman. "Not being allowed she laid her head on my shoulder, and went into hysterics." The woods, too, at Máhábáleshwar are cut so as to give no shade; "there are none of the shady dingly walks which still linger at Mátherán," and society is always on duty in its "tall carriages instead of basket-chairs, and sables capped with black chimney-pots."

Much of Mrs. Burton's volume deals with well-worn topics and scenes. Her least trite excursions were to Hyderabad and Goa. She remarks immediately on passing the Nizam's frontier the superiority in apparent comfort and prosperity of the Nizam's subjects to our own. It is not a very pleasant phenomenon. Mrs. Burton's assurance that the poverty of our Indian population "certainly will be altered and remedied as soon as it is made known" fails to console us. Under the rule of Sir Salar Jung the Deccan appears to have grown both flourishing and orderly. Mrs. Burton, like other recent travellers, found Hyderabad as peaceful and secure a town as any in England. All the citizens are armed with guns or matchlocks; but that is only a fashion of dress. They greet Christian tourists with smiles and blessings. Possibly a mount on Court elephants may conduce to the general amiability. But the town itself is clean as well as tranquil. An absence of smells and an air of animation and wealth can scarcely be put on to deceive strangers. Being guests of the commandant of the Nizam's Contingent, Captain and Mrs. Burton were entertained magnificently by the chief nobles. Mrs. Burton was surprised by the sumptuousness of the native palaces, though vexed by finding them fitted up with "sundry European furniture, cheap glass and china, and pictures worth a couple of francs." All the luxuries of civilization are known in Hyderabad. A lady who at a native fête desires to wash her hands finds "powder for the face and puff as carefully provided as in Paris." The one especial curiosity of the neighbourhood, the historical city of Golconda, no Christian is permitted to visit. Mrs. Burton and her husband had to content themselves with inspecting the domed and tiled tombs of the Kings which are outside the Diamond city. She takes occasion, however, to quote from the *Morning Post* an account, of a peculiarly dithyrambic kind, of the Koh-i-noor, and to repeat her advice to avert the disaster supposed to attend the ownership of that grievously maltreated jewel by selling it a bargain to Russia. One, indeed, of her and Captain Burton's cures for the poverty of India is to revive the exploration of the Deccan diamond mines. So entirely obsolete has the industry become that "at Golconda no one, strange to say, can now recognize a rough diamond." Mrs. Burton and her husband think that, to make the workings profitable, the diamonds should not be sought, as formerly, in the alluvial grounds, but be traced up to the places where the material must have been formed. The Nizam diamond, which is only half its original size, the finder having split it with a stone, is vaguely estimated as about three hundred carats. This would represent a respectable value of 700,000*l*. A fancy which traces diamonds to their source may well revel in visions of jewels of infinitely greater dimensions and a value beyond the dreams of avarice. With the mines of Golconda reopened, European ladies taught to practise the rules of ordinary politeness towards their native hosts, and the bestowal of half a dozen peerages on the great feudatories, Mrs. Burton would not despair of India.

Mrs. Burton has time for so many moral and political reflections

at Hyderabad that it might have been supposed she had spent half a year there. It seems to have been about a week. At the end of that time she journeyed back to Bombay, in heat so great that the railway officials, "all most kind and civil," were "walking up and down periodically to wake the passengers, as they have been occasionally found dead." The next expedition was to Goa. That is clearly not amongst Cook's excursions. The steamer casts visitors adrift eight miles from shore; and, when the town is reached, it is conspicuous for "a total absence of anything but the barest necessaries of life." "Of all the God-forgotten, deserted holes," Mrs. Burton has "never seen anything to equal Goa." The depression is fearful, the thirst is agonizing, the natives are ugly, and there is no ice. But Mrs. Burton is a Roman Catholic, and came to visit the shrine of Xavier. Xavier is a saint such as there are few. He, she says, "has never failed me, so I can honestly recommend any one who has some case of distress, some great want, to ask St. Francis Xavier to pray to God for it, and see whether they will not get it." Perhaps it was St. Francis Xavier who bent the heart of Mr. William Mullan to publish Mrs. Burton's book on India. At any rate she does not charge the saint with having cheated her out of her reward for enduring the horrors of Goa old and new. She bore courageously a climate which, with the thermometer only at 87°, is "like a dirty Turkish bath." Captain Burton, who had gone through the experience thirty years before, seems to have been equally resigned, though a heretic, to the perpetual squabbling of women, which is "almost like pig-sticking." Old Goa, where is the saint's tomb, is made up of churches and monasteries, and is a veritable city of the dead. Its entire population does not exceed a hundred. There is no trade, no news, no amusement. As we read Mrs. Burton's description of the seething dulness, we can hear the pensioners of the Misericordia crying out to her, when turned from the gates for paying a visit after hours, "Come to-morrow before five; we want so to see you!" Mrs. Burton, however, accomplished her purpose of obtaining a pretext for writing a memoir of St. Francis Xavier, whom she kindly warns Protestants not to confound with the Franciscans. She is able also to show her freedom of will by a vehement repudiation of the Goa Inquisition, though she concludes her censure with the philosophical remark that "the lust of cruelty, like the volcano, must have its outlet." Its "safety valve" was the Inquisition at Catholic Goa; it is vivisection in Protestant England. In the period when the Inquisition reigned she further observes that laymen and Protestants were accustomed to torture their political adversaries. What she does not appear to understand is that laymen and Protestants denounce with horror the atrocities to which political feuds tempted their ancestors; but the Church of Rome has never frankly expressed its shame and disavowal of the barbarities she practised upon so-called heretics. Mrs. Burton amuses herself by reflecting that for marrying a Protestant she would in the palmy days of Goa have been burnt to death. In Protestant nineteenth-century England Cardinal Wiseman blessed the union, and would have celebrated it himself but for a severe illness. "How quickly," exclaims Mrs. Burton, with delightful *naïveté*, "civilization, progress, and education are marching!" She does not seem to have the remotest suspicion that the march of Catholic progress has brought it back to uncompromising condemnation of the mixed marriages on an assent to which she has been so warmly congratulating her Church.

Mrs. Burton is not merely a liberal theologian, but a political prophet. She is ready to reconstruct the map of the world at a moment's notice. She sees China wrestling with Russia for the dominion of Central Asia, France appropriating the coast of North Africa, Austria transformed by the European spoils of the Porte into a great Slav Power, Greece rewarded for her patience out of the same inexhaustible repository of unclaimed goods, Syria fallen to England, if only England has the courage to seize it, Egypt left to the race of Mehemet Ali on condition of guaranteeing Great Britain's free right of transit and transport, and Constantinople, with a territory stretching northwards to the Balkans and westwards to Rhodope, turned into a protected kingdom of Byzantium, under a cadet of some reigning House. We wonder if Mrs. Burton supposes that a single human being can care what are her views on the fate of the Ottoman Empire. But to speculate on the profundities of Mrs. Burton's faith in her readers' forbearance would lead us into metaphysics. Her readers may murmur that they are better pleased when she describes watering-places and picnics. She knows what is best for them, and chooses to spoil what might have been an amusing volume with a farrago of high politics and secondhand gossip about international complications.

GOSSE'S STUDIES IN NORTHERN LITERATURE.*

A CRITIC can hardly be better employed than in the task of bringing alien literature before the public. The history of poetry and of philosophy seems to prove that most great and fertile movements of national spirit have been preceded by contact with foreign thought and foreign manners. Mr. Gosse's volume of *Studies in Northern Literature* contains numerous illustrations of a truth which is almost a truism. He shows us how the genius of Denmark, of Holland, of England, was kindled by the touch of Italy, of Germany, of France, or of the heroic past. It must be admitted that our own literature of the present day sadly needs to be stimulated in this fashion. The poetry and the style of France greatly influence our style and poetry, while our drama chiefly lives by borrowing. Meanwhile no other foreign literature affects that of England. Setting aside the "sweet influences" of the classics, we are in contact with no alien genius. From Germany, Italy, and even modern Greece, we learn abundance of scientific and historical facts; yet most educated Englishmen would be puzzled if they were asked to criticize the modern imaginative work of Greece, Italy, or Germany. As to Sweden, Denmark, and Holland, little is known either of their past or present performances.

In this general ignorance, Mr. Gosse's book is particularly welcome and serviceable. He has travelled through all the literature of the Teutonic North, and his ten essays are, as it were, *Reise-bilder*, vivid sketches of travel, full of learning, of humour, and of personal emotion. "Round many *Northern* islands has he been," which bards hold in fealty to the Hyperborean Apollo. He has watched in the Lofoden Islands the strange effects of the midnight sun; he has seen in Grundtvig, the patriarchal poet, the shining, as it were, of the midnight sun of human genius, the immortal brightness of the spirit lighting up the frosts and darkness of extreme old age. In Denmark, too, Mr. Gosse had the good fortune to carry to Hans Andersen, "the youngest to the oldest singer," almost the latest English homage which the author of the Fairy Tales received. As this element of personality is one of the most noteworthy and enjoyable characteristics of Mr. Gosse's book, as he always makes a reader see with his eyes and feel what he has felt, we propose to quote the description of Grundtvig, the aged priest and poet of Scandinavia:—

> Suddenly, and when he had given up all hope, there entered from the vestry and walked rapidly to the altar a personage who seemed to me the oldest man I had ever seen. He prayed in a few words that sounded as if they came from underground, and then he turned and exhorted the communicants in the same slow, dull voice. He stood beside me for a moment as he laid his hands on a girl's head, and I saw his face to perfection. For a man of ninety, he could not be called infirm, but the attention was drawn less to his vitality, great as it was, than to his appearance of excessive age. He looked like a troll from some cave in Norway; he might have been centuries old.
>
> From the vast orb of his bald head, very long silky hair, perfectly white, fell over his shoulders, and mingled with a long and loose white beard. His eyes flamed under very beetling brows, and they were the only part of his face that seemed alive, even when he spoke. His features were still shapely, but colourless and dry, like parchment. I never saw so strange a head. When he rose into the pulpit, and began to preach, and in his dead voice warned us all to beware of false spirits, and to try every spirit, he looked very noble, but the nobility was scarcely Christian. In the body of the church he had reminded me of a troll; in the pulpit he looked more like some forgotten Druid, that had survived from Mona and could not die.

We must add the companion picture of Andersen:—

> The eyes, somewhat deeply set under arching eyebrows, were full of mysterious and changing expression, and a kind of exaltation which never left the face entirely, though fading at times into reverie, gave a singular charm to a countenance that had no pretension to outward beauty. The innocence and delicacy, like the pure frank look of a girl-child, that beamed from Andersen's face, gave it an unique character hardly to be expressed in words; notwithstanding his native shrewdness, he seemed to have gone through the world not only undefiled by, but actually ignorant of its shadow-side.

Mr. Gosse's book, though there is only one drawback to its charm—a drawback of which we shall speak in its place—is, to the ordinary critic, a puzzling book to review. It is not given to every one to know Frisian, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, and Icelandic, and to be intimately acquainted with the literatures that exist in these tongues. It is probably safe to rely on Mr. Gosse's own accuracy, and on that of Dr. Georg Brandes, to whom the volume is dedicated, and who has read through the proof-sheets. If Mr. Gosse gives us the wrong date for the birth of Anna Bijns, on his own head be it. The writings of this gifted woman "effected a great change" in the letters of her epoch; and yet we confess that we are unacquainted with the facts in the history of Anna Bijns.

Of Mr. Gosse's ten essays the first three are devoted to the literature and scenery of Norway. Modern Norwegian poetry is the child of Norwegian freedom, which dates from the declaration of independence in 1814. Freedom, as Barbour and Herodotus have remarked, "is a goodly thing," and "makes a man to have liking," and to express his emotions in poetry. The early poetry called "Syttendemai-Poesi," songs of the 17th May, 1814, the day of the declaration of independence, was foolish and frothy.. The Hyperborean Apollo, Pindar says, takes pleasure in the gambols of wild asses. If Pindar is right, the Hyperborean Apollo had a festive time when the Norwegian bards began to frisk about. Even Wergeland, who really was a man of genius, laid himself open to criticism as cutting as that which Macaulay administered to Robert Montgomery. Between the *feu et flamme* of Wergeland and the cold douches administered by his critic and rival, Welhaven, Norwegian poetry grew into something that combined spirit with form. Wergeland's greatest work is *Den Engelske Lods*, "The English Pilot," a rhapsody on English life and English freedom. Though Mr. Gosse does not say so, we cannot but fancy that Wergeland's idyl of "Johnny Johnson and Mary Anne," must have somewhat resembled Rouget de Lisle's poem on "Tom et Lucy," and their melancholy fate. By way of local colour, Wergeland brought in some verses of real English:—

> Such a passage as this, coming in the middle of an excited address to Liberty in England, breaks down one's gravity altogether:
>
> Ho! Johnny, ho! how do you do?
> Sing, Sailor, oh!
> Well! toddy is the sorrows' foe!
> Sing, Sailor, oh!

* *Studies in the Literature of Northern Europe.* By E. W. Gosse. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1879.

It should be a solemn warning to those who travel and then write a book not to quote in the language of the country.

Among æsthetic critics Mr. Gosse is almost alone in his possession of the sense of humour. He sees, however, the pathetic as well as the comic side of Wergeland's history, and nothing could be prettier than the story of the early apple-blossom (p. 7), or more touching than the tale of Wergeland's misfortunes and of his death-bed poetry.

The essay on Norwegian poetry is followed by a criticism of Ibsen, which is very lucid and interesting. There is a strong Teutonic vein in the satire of Ibsen, as well as in his tragedies on the subject of Julian the Apostate, in which scenes singularly powerful alternate with passages in which taste is lost sight of, and with mystical interludes as meaningless almost as the ravings of Blake. It is thoroughly German thus to lose hold of the clue of the main interest. Mr. Gosse makes no attempt to conceal these faults—the faults of our race and our time; the vices which have affected France, as well as England, Norway, and Germany; which have injured Quinet and Hugo, and obliterated writers like the members of our spasmodic school. "In all the modern literatures with which I deal," says Mr. Gosse, in his preface, "no one can be more conscious than I how rarely perfection is approached, how cloudy and flickering is the light of imagination, and how great a part affectation and barbarism take even in the brightest periods of national vitality." Can there be a reply of weightier authority to the people who wish to substitute the study of modern languages and literature for the literature and the language of Greece? Here is the master and critic of a dozen tongues avowing, what any one may gather from his work, that not in the modern world is perfection to be found. No; the canon of literature is lost when Greek is neglected, though, no doubt, we may then make better terms with the landlords of German hotels. There seems, however, to be no reason in the nature of things to prevent men of letters from knowing both modern and ancient languages.

We have lingered too long over the poetry of Norway, being reluctant, perhaps, to find the blot in these earlier essays which must at last be mentioned. The language is too effusive, the metaphors too frequent, and (as in p. 4) the metaphors are even a little mixed. In p. 36, too, in the reference to Juvenal and Ezekiel, there is an example of facile eloquence which jars with the general tone of the essays. It is worth noting that these blemishes are peculiar to the earlier articles in the volume, and that the workmanship of the last seven or eight is everything that can be desired.

It is not easy to select any one of these seven essays for peculiar praise. Each has its own qualities, and the great variety and originality of topic will commend each to various tastes. To ourselves the paper on Runeberg seems one of the most admirable, both for the picture of a pure and manly life, of a nobly national genius, and for the translations with which it is enriched. Runeberg was a writer of idyls and comedies, full of humour, of delicate feeling, of qualities which certainly recall the work of Mr. Longfellow. Even in these fragments of his poems we catch the scent and hear the whisper of the pine-trees,

ἁδύ τι τὸ ψιθύρισμα,

we see the fiords shining like steel, and hear the revelry and listen to the stories of the elk-hunters. What can be prettier than this, in English hexameters though it be!—

Blushing she stood at the door, in the exquisite charm of her shyness,
Coy as a strip of the sea that is caught by the rush of the morning,
Slender and quivering in rosy dismay through the gloom of the woodlands.

Next to "Runeberg," we do not know whether to prefer "Walther von de Vogelweide" or "A Dutch Poetess of the Seventeenth Century." The charm of the latter essay lies less in the very clear abstract of Dutch literary history than in the account of the life and fortunes of Tesselschade. Mr. Alma Tadema has enriched Mr. Gosse's book with a characteristic etching of Tesselschade, "young, and fair, and learned," singing to her children among the quaintly trimmed box-trees of the garden at Alkmaar. Passionate as other great women-poets, as Sappho or Louise Labé, the Dutch lady's passion was domestic, and after enduring many sorrows, she died of grief at the loss of her one remaining daughter.

To most readers the article on Milton and his debt to Vondel will be a revelation, while literary forgeries, and especially the *Oera Linda* book, are treated in the last essay of all. We could wish that Mr. Gosse had compared the queer history of the "Bulgarian epics," which, though of less literary interest than the *Oera Linda* book, were more cleverly put together. A reviewer has so seldom the chance of saying anything which Mr. Gosse does not know already, that we seize the chances offered in p. 119. If Mr. Ralston has not published *builinas*, M. Rambaud has, in *La Russie Épique*, and Runeberg's imitation of a *builina* rather excels his model.

It is scarcely necessary to give a final word of commendation to a book which has almost every quality that deserves success. The geniality of the style is worthy of the topics, and worthy of the *psi vates* to whom Mr. Gosse introduces English readers. The translations, when compared with the originals in the appendix, seem accurate, as they are certainly fluent and melodious. The repetition of the word "muffled" (probably a misprint) rather spoils the fragment from Wergeland's "English Pilot" (p. 17). This error is atoned for by a passage from Walther von der Vogelweide:—

O how I suffered through the wintry hours
And grievous frosty weather!
I thought I nevermore should see red flowers
Among the dark green heather;
Yet, had I died, 'twere grief to friends of ours,
Good folk who when I sang
So gladly danced about for joy and sprang.

THE BACHELOR.*

THERE is a certain interest in the story of the *Bachelor*, since nearly to the last it left us in doubt as to its real intention. We were long inclined to take it as an extremely realistic *jeu d'esprit*, in which the author meant to parody the triviality and inconsecutive details of too much of our contemporary fiction; and the more so because, with what would have seemed otherwise an excess of affectation, he has suppressed almost to the end the name of the hero. It is only in the penultimate chapter and on the occasion of his wedding feast, that the Bachelor stands revealed to us as Edward Pigg. Even now our doubts have not been entirely dissipated; and yet, as we have failed to find any point in the parody theory, we presume we must take the novel to be seriously written. But, as it is possible that our dulness may do the author injustice, we shall help our readers to decide for themselves by giving them a slight sketch of the novel. We will only add, by way of preliminary explanation, that the characters are introduced and labelled with a naïve simplicity which reminds us agreeably of a child's story-book; while conversations are reported with a fidelity to the commonplace which shows more conscientious observation than either ingenuity or fancy.

The Bachelor is so very ordinary a character as to be almost extraordinary—that is to say, as the hero of a romance. Neither in mind nor in person does he show a single salient trait; and his idiosyncrasy, habits, and tastes can only be described by negatives. He is neither good-looking, nor agreeable, nor intelligent; though it is a point in his favour that he is so morbidly conscious of inferiority as to be the shyest and most retiring of men. He has a most unnatural mother, whom we meet casually abroad, where we are told exactly what she had for dinner; and who dies in a happy hour for her son, after having swindled him and treated him with consistent neglect. Mother and son have a common lawyer, who, apparently in the excess of his contempt for the Bachelor's understanding, connives most disinterestedly at her embezzling the property of their victim. At the opening of the story the unlucky Bachelor is almost friendless. Strange to say, he has but a single acquaintance in London, though he seems to have lived there all his life, on an income that is more than easy. He has neither occupation nor resources of any kind, and is too listless and modest to care to be dissipated. In the fear of making their readers participate in the Bachelor's overpowering sensations of *ennui*, most authors would have been content to indicate all this and pass on. But, in order to impress the facts upon our mind, and perhaps in the hope of exciting a sympathetic follow-feeling, Mr. Brookfield proceeds to paint most minutely the Bachelor at his breakfast-table and over his morning toilet. To do it justice, the picture has all the repulsive minuteness of some of Swift's satirical poems or Hogarth's sketches. The Bachelor lives in shabby lodgings in a dingy quarter of the town. It seems to us that, after the reader had been told so much, imagination might have supplied the particulars that follow, so far as we should care to fill them in. But Mr. Brookfield goes on to catalogue the apparatus of the breakfast-table, as if he were a broker's man charged with a distress warrant. We have the cracked cup on the dirty cloth, the battered tin-cover over the eggs and bacon, the ill-made coffee-pot, the worn knives, and, still more significant, the fireplace without fire-irons. In short, all the surroundings are so intensely depressing that, had he not apparently been habituated to them for years, we could understand the Bachelor being driven to despair and suicide. From the picturesque sensation of the breakfast scene we are carried back in point of time to the bedroom in which the hero has been reposing. Premising that "the toilet of a gentleman of this sort has perhaps never been accurately described," Mr. Brookfield proceeds to give an account of how his Bachelor got up and dressed himself. We are informed how he awoke and dozed off again; how he sat up in bed, felt for his slippers, and found one of them; how he yawned out of the window; how he filled his hand-bason and tooth-glass, and in what proportions he mixed the hot and cold water for his bath; how he shaved, and slowly dressed himself in a shabby suit of ill-fitting clothes. And by this time, from sheer sympathy, we are reduced to the Bachelor's normal state of dulness, and vapidly agree with him that things are getting desperate.

Nine readers out of ten would naturally seek a remedy in throwing the book aside and taking up another; but the Bachelor and the responsible critic cannot so easily escape from themselves. We had hoped besides that the dulness of the beginning was an expedient of the author's, although unquestionably a dangerous one, to heighten the sparkle of what was to follow. For the Bachelor has "for the thousandth time come to the conclusion that the cause of his mental disquiet was

* *The Bachelor.* By Arthur Montagu Brookfield. London: Tinsley Brothers

the fact that he had no real friends"; and we cannot doubt that at last he is going to search for friends in earnest. So he does, and of course the friends are, on the whole, more lively than he is; but they are quite as unnatural, and very nearly as uninteresting. The man he chooses to introduce him into the great world—though indeed he has no choice in the matter, having, as we said before, but a solitary acquaintance—is a certain Mr. Sparrow, whom he has met in a tavern where they were both in the habit of dining. Sparrow is "an entirely unnoticeable sort of person, with hardly any good qualities," who, having neither wits nor money, does his best to live by his friends. Sparrow promises to present the Bachelor to Mattock, "who was at Oxford with me; he's as mad as a hatter; you'll like him very much. They say he's an Atheist." By the way, the turn of that sentence strikes us as among the best things in the book. He is also to make the acquaintance of Huntly, who "was rather a remarkable man," but who has proved a social failure, owing to his inveterate want of sincerity. Huntly ridicules what he admires, and professes to admire what he despises. The Bachelor is very grateful for being made free of the brilliant company, whose members on a closer knowledge of them develop still more agreeable and engaging qualities. Thus Mattock goes to bed through the day and sits up at night; he makes himself very much at home upon his acquaintance's hearth-rug, where he lies and smokes tobacco indefinitely. He takes opiates in place of healthful exercise, and breakfasts on jam without bread, and on dry cocoa and moist sugar mixed in a bowl. In spite of the peculiar *régime* on which he nurses his brain, he is described as a man of talent and an original thinker; so we regret the more that Mr. Brookfield has neglected the opportunity of showing that, though the general scheme of his work might bind him down to be dull, he is capable notwithstanding of being brilliant on occasion. Such as Mattock is, the Bachelor strikes up an intimacy with him, and the pair start to walk to Broadstairs. The character of this portion of the story is even more episodical than usual; while each episode means next to nothing, and has no connexion whatever with the main plot. The pedestrians meet a bagman, who tells a long and pointless story, and a harmless lunatic, whom they help towards his home. They are bitten by bugs, these insects being indicated by asterisks. They buy a book that might apparently have been brought under Lord Campbell's Act, from a pedlar, who tells lies about his life and his licence; they inquire their way, and sometimes miss it, but at last they arrive at their place of destination. Mattock has been sent there by a philanthropical middle-aged spinster who has set her heart upon saving him, and, disreputable as she knows him to be, she has singled out for his saviour a charming girl who is likewise a *protégée* of hers. Mattock proves himself more of a villain than this Miss Hope had supposed him to be; and the charming girl, in her longing for adventures, consents to elope on foot with the rascally philosopher. It is to be presumed she made the arrangement in the expectation of being married, but Mattock has no matrimonial intentions. He means to abandon his victim to her fate in an obscure inn in London. Luckily Providence interposes; the villain is drowned in the nick of time, and the Bachelor is rid of a dangerous companion.

The other acquaintances he makes are no worse than eccentric and tiresome. There is a Mr. Tepping whom he has met at a public restaurant, who cross-questions him straightway on abstract political questions, compels him to deliver his name and address, and turns up subsequently at the hotel at Broadstairs. And there is a Mr. Wilton-Cummings, who has taken him by storm in a coffee-room at Maidstone, and who tells long-winded stories that have not the slightest foundation in fact. "He was so used to being patronized or insulted, so unaccustomed to being listened to or treated with ordinary respect, that his simple heart yearned towards the Bachelor. It is very seldom that anything is lost by civility, and this old man was destined to perform a most signal service for the young one." We had fancied that the signal service foreshadowed the salvation of life or honour, or of fortune at the least. But the author consistently preserves a due proportion in the various incidents of his exciting narrative; and the signal service is the producing a wedding-ring at the Bachelor's marriage ceremony—the Bachelor having quite forgotten to provide one. The lady who makes the Bachelor happy is a Miss Margaret Tomlin Ainslie. We may remark that the interpolated "Tomlin" is a touch of realism worthy of Defoe. So, too, is the footnote appended to the inventory of Miss Ainslie's charms and shortcomings. We are told that "though handsome, she had rather large ears." Then follows the qualifying note, "Her ears were not so ludicrously large as to amount to a deformity." Miss Ainslie does not shine in conversation much more than her lover, but she has a gift of bringing rambling talkers to the point by throwing in a When? How? or Why? and that implies, as we are given to understand, no ordinary acuteness of intellect. We should have rather liked to have been informed of the precise words in which the Bachelor made his proposal, but Mr. Brookfield leaves these to the imagination. Also, as we gratefully acknowledge, we are spared the conversations which passed between the lovers during the two months the engagement lasted; for Mr. Brookfield's specimen conversations are intensely realistic, as we have said. But, by way of compensation, we have all the preparations for the wedding, given with a minuteness unrivalled before or since. We are told, for instance, how Mr. Tepping, who merely figured as one of the guests, "bathed his old body, including his scanty iron-grey locks with cold water, until his whole skin glowed." We are told what he dressed in, from his underclothing outwards; how he buttoned his shirt and buckled his braces; and how he sat down to a breakfast of fried whitings, lamb chops, muffins and tea. The book, in short, ends as it began, with that vapid twaddle of unmeaning description which makes it somewhat tedious reading throughout. Fortunately, it is not very long; and we must add that there are several touches of humour, which every now and then revive the suspicion that the author is mocking us. If it be so, he must be content to take the consequences of having imitated dulness with such genuine sympathy that in his parody he actually surpasses his models.

BRUGSCH'S HISTORY OF EGYPT.*

(*Second Notice.*)

THE testimony of the monuments, to which alone Brugsch-Bey restricts his attention and consents to give his confidence, sets him in opposition not only to a great part of classical or of received tradition, but to much that has been put forth of late by authorities in Egyptology and has been accepted as incontrovertible fact. His calmness and caution as a scholar have been his safeguard against many a seductive theory which has cast its glamour over minds of a more imaginative or romantic bent. He thus dismisses as a dangerous error the idea, high in favour with a certain class of Egyptologists, of a Pelasgo-Italic confederacy of nations in the times of Minepthah I. and Rameses III. Resting upon readings of names in the long lists of tribes which make up the sum of those monarchs' victories upon the great tablets of Thebes and Abydus, this inviting theory brings into vivid prominence races the most familiar to students of the Homeric cycle. Opening up a vista of remote antiquity, in which Hellenic enterprise already crosses the settled orbit of Egyptian ascendency and civilisation, this error has already, our author complains, struck its roots into handbooks of the history of Greece and Italy. From a candid and unbiassed reading of the text of the monuments in question he is led to regard Ilium, Argos, and Achaia, with the Dardanians, Mysians, and Lydians, as powers altogether unknown to the Egyptians of the fourteenth century B.C. A more critical system of transliteration bids him place the peoples whose names correspond to the hieroglyphics in the highlands about the upper course of the Euphrates. The Dardani, or Dandani, introduced amongst the tribes confederate with the Khita at Kadesh in the great war with Rameses II., are placed by him in Kurdistan, being included in the Abydus tablet in the roll of "people from the extremest end of the sea to the land of Khita." The Dardani are met with again in the heroic song of Pentaur commemorating the same victory, as are also the people of Naharain, or Upper Syria, and Qarkemish (Karchemish, in Greek times Hierapolis, now Jerablûs). In the great battle of Prosopis, in which Minepthah II., in the fifth year of his reign, repelled the threatened invasion of the Libyans (Libu) and their allies, recorded in the great temple of Amon at Thebes (translated by Dr. Birch in *Records of the Past*, vol. iv. pp. 398-99), a list of names occurs which, by a little ingenuity, may be made strongly suggestive of Greek affinities. If the Qaiqasha invite identification with the Caucasians, so do the Aquaiashu with the Greeks of Achaia, the Shardana with the Sardinians, the Tursha with the Etruscans or Tyrrhenians, or perhaps the Teucrians. Now the Libyans, it appears, were held in contempt by the Egyptians as an uncircumcised race, whereas these tribes, mercenaries of the Caucaso-Colchian family, who had migrated into Libya, and who again took service for pay against Rameses III., are kept in high esteem as being circumcised. Our author annexes the list, as setting at rest the question of the origin of these people:—

1. Qaiqasha, the Caucasians.
2. Aqaiuasha, the Achæans of the Caucasus.
3. Shardana, the Sardones, Chartani.
4. Shalkalsha, the people of Zagylis.
5. Tursha, the Taurians.
6. Zakar, Zakkari, the Zyges, Zygritæ.
7. Leku, the Ligyes.
8. Uashash, the Ossetes.

To identify these *circumcised* tribes, as some have done, with the Achæans, Sardinians, Siculians, Etruscans, Teucrians, Lycians, and Oscans of classical antiquity, is in effect to introduce a serious error into the primitive history of the classic nations.

Another favourite notion of recent times has been that of recognizing the Egyptian name of the Hebrews in the so-called 'Aper, 'Apura, or 'Aperiu, the Erythræan people to the east of the nome of Heliopolis, known as the "red country" or "red mountain." The monumental readings enable Brugsch-Bey to dispose summarily of this hypothesis. It is chiefly in connexion with the breeding of horses and with horsemanship that the name of this people comes before us in the inscriptions. In an historical narrative of the time of Thutmes III., unfortunately much mutilated, the 'Apura are named horsemen or knights (*senen*) who mount their horses at the King's command. In a document of the reign of Ramses III., long after the date of the Exodus of the Hebrews, 2,083 'Aperiu are introduced, as settlers in Heliopolis, with the words, "Knights, sons of the kings and noble lords (Marina) of the 'Aper, settled people, who dwell in this place." Under Ramses IV. we again

* *A History of Egypt under the Pharaohs, derived entirely from the Monuments.* By Henry Brugsch-Bey. Translated from the German by the late Henry Danby Seymour, F.R.G.S. Completed and Edited by Philip Smith, B.A. To which is added a Memoir on the Exodus of the Israelites and the Egyptian Monuments. 2 vols., with Coloured Plates and Maps. London: John Murray. 1879.

meet with the 'Aper, eight hundred in number, as inhabitants of foreign origin in the district of 'Ani or 'Aini, on the western shore of the Red Sea, near the modern Suez. A more decisive series of equivalents to Hebrew nomenclature is made good out of the long list of conquered towns of districts paraded in the inscription of Shashanq I. (Shishak) on a wall of the temple of Amon in the Theban Api. Besides many Biblical names of familiar form—Ra-bi-tha (Rabbith), Ta-'an-kau (Taanach), She-n-mau (Shunem), Re-ha-bau (Rehob), A-dul-ma (Adullum), A-ju-lon (Ajalon), Qe-be-'a-na (Gibeon), Bi-le-ma (Bileam), Pi-Na-ga-bu (the Negeb or south)—the smitten peoples are called the "'Am of a distant land," answering to the Hebrew "'Am," which signifies people, but especially the Jewish people and their tribes. Together with these people are mentioned those of A-do-maa (Edom) and the Fenekh (Phoenicians). Amongst the tribes invaded and plundered by Ramses III. are included the Sahir, the Seirites of Scripture, who are clearly recognized as a branch of the Shasu. The same King did much to develop the natural treasures of the peninsula of Sinai, which from the time of King Senoferu had been held in high value by the Egyptians, especially for the much-prized greenish-blue copper-stone, the Mafka or turquoise. The most valuable key to the geography of the Pharaonic times is supplied by the long catalogue of nations or tribes which covers one side of the pylon of this monarch at Medinet Abu (translated by Dr. Birch in *Records of the Past*, vol. vi. p. 17, *sqq.*). Herein it is interesting to meet with numerous cities of Cyprus which had joined the league of the coast and islands of Asia Minor against Egypt, and provoked this retaliation. Amongst these are Salomaski (Salamis), Kathian (Kition or Citium), Aimar (Marion), Sali (Soli), Ithal (Idalion), Maquas (Akamas?), Kerena or Kelena (Cerynia), and Kir (Curium). Most of the places here enumerated were, as Brugsch-Bey claims the honour of having been the first to point out to the learned world, the seats of Carian people. But he fails to carry with him our confidence when, in the long list of tribute or spoil of war brought into the treasure-house of Thutmes III. (from a tablet in the Louvre), he identifies with Cyprus the land of Asebi, whence come, together with forty bricks of brass and one brick of lead, a pair of elephant's tusks, which we have never learnt to include among the native products of that island.

Amongst the numerous sources from which their boundless wealth flowed into the treasuries of the Pharaohs was the mysterious land of Punt, the abode, according to an old tradition, of the gods who migrated thence with Amon, Horus, and Hathor at their head, into the Nile valley. By the name of Punt the old inhabitants of Kemi meant a distant land washed by the great ocean, full of valleys and hills, rich in ebony and other rare woods, in incense, balsam, precious metals, and costly stones; also in beasts, such as giraffes, hunting leopards, panthers, dog-headed apes, and long-tailed monkeys. Birds with strange plumage rocked themselves on the branches of wonderful trees, such as the incense-tree and the cocoa-palm. This land of wealth, which may well have been the same as the Ophir of the Hebrews, is considered by Brugsch-Bey to have been beyond doubt the Somauli land facing the coast of Arabia. Peculiar to that land was the idol Bes, the oldest local form of the godhead, which wandered far from thence, and gained a footing not only in Egypt, but in Arabia and divers parts of Asia, as far even as the isles of the Greeks. The misshapen Bes, with apish countenance and bestial attributes, became identified with Set, and in the Greek mythology with Herakles, as also with Dionysus. Numerous representations of this god are given by Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, who thinks that by Bes is typified the power of death, as the dissolution of the animal part of man. He seems to us rather to embody the ideas of animal or corporeal vigour and enjoyment. It was under King Sankh-ka-ra, of the eleventh dynasty, that the first expedition took place to Punt for odoriferous gums, "the noble Human being the commander," as he has himself left on record in the inscription translated by M. Chabas. In this instance, as habitually throughout the book, we have to complain of no adequate reference being given to the whereabouts of the original inscription quoted, and but little aid to guide the student in his search for the translation. We have to thank the editor for having in numerous cases taken the pains to point out to us where documents cited by his author have been presented to the English public, especially in the pages of *Records of the Past*. In these, as in the *Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archæology*, the critical student has the means of viewing the Egyptian texts under the light of independent systems of philology, and of gaining by the comparison highly valuable knowledge as to the present state of hieroglyphic interpretation.

At the close of the work Brugsch-Bey has given, as a specimen text, an inscription of Usurtasen III., at once indicating the difference in language and tone between writings of the twenty-fourth century B.C. and those of later periods, illustrating the value of strict adherence to the literal method in assigning its equivalent to each word, and, by critically securing each step, arriving at the sense of the whole passage. He betrays some soreness at the criticisms passed upon sundry of his interpretations by a French writer whom it would not be difficult to name. The time indeed is not yet come for complete accord amongst scholars of all lands or tongues. In regard even to the values to be assigned to the characters of the old Egyptian alphabet variations will be found to exist, as may be seen from studying the scheme of transcription given in the Appendix. More than once in the course of the two volumes we have recollections of passages of arms due to discrepancies in the reading of original documents. Such is the case with the remarkable letter of the time of Ramses II. (about 1300 B.C.), in which a high professor of the literary style rebukes the inferior composition of a novice, both in respect to matter and form. Brugsch-Bey submits his new translation for comparison with that of M. Chabas, first issued in 1866, and given in *Records of the Past* under the strange title of "Travels of an Egyptian." One striking feature of this letter is the knowledge of Semitic roots which it shows on the part of the writer. *Ariel*, or *arel*, as in Hebrew, is used for a lion. The name of a hero "lord of Azel" is read "Qazailoni," suggestive of Qabzeel (A. V. Kabzeel), the birthplace of Benaiah (2 Sam. xxiii. 20), or perhaps connected with *Kislon*, strong (Chislon, Num. xxxiv. 21). The name of the city Zar'au-na, described as dangerous, may indicate a play upon the Hebrew *Zir'eah*, wasps or hornets. Well-known names like Birotha (Berytus, Beyrout), Ziduna (Sidon), Zor (Tyrus), Jopu (Joppa), occur throughout. We get from Brugsch-Bey an independent version of the heroic song of Pentaur, not only preserved upon papyrus, but inscribed at length upon the temple walls of Abydus, translated in the first instance by M. E. de Rougé, and given in English in *Records of the Past* (vol. ii. pp. 65 *sqq.*). In the abundance of original documents lies, indeed, it need hardly be said, the special value of his great work, enabling the student to travel with an authentic clue in hand through the labyrinth of Egyptian history, with little fear of being misled by the false or shifting lights of tradition or prejudice. The tables of regal dynasties are of important service to this end; nor are we less pleased to see rescued from oblivion the names of great architects to whom ancient Egypt owes so much of its imperishable monumental grandeur. The head artist of Amenhotep IV. was Bek, a son of "the overseer of the sculptors from life (in Egyptian s'ankh, *lit.* the vivifier, the giver of life), Men, and of the lady Ri-n-an." The gravestone of Bek was bought, our author tells us, not many years ago by a friend of his, Mr. L. Vassalli, in the market-place of Cairo. A description is given by him of the figures and the writing which it bears, indicating the artist's pedigree. A lesser master, by name Putha, overseer of the sculptors of Queen Bek-en-aten, depicts himself chisel in hand upon the wall of the splendid tomb of Tell-el-Amarna. Under Ramses IX. the high priest of Amon, Amenhotep, gives himself the further title of "the great architect in the city of Amon." Several monumental notices, including a pictured family group now in the Museum at Naples, furnish the genealogical tree of the line of Ameneman, the architect, as well as chief of police of public works under Ramses II.; this official being, in our author's opinion, no other than the immediate oppressor of the Hebrews before the Exodus. Under his official rule, it seems probable, were erected the two splendid obelisks in front of the temple of Amon at Luxor, begun in the reign of Amenhotep III., but not finished until the time of Ramses II., one of which pair of obelisks now adorns the Place de la Concorde, Paris. The designer of the great rock temple of Abu Simbel has not been brought to light; but in Amen-men-ant, the grandfather of the architect of Ramses II., it seems that we may recognize the artist who, under Thotmes III., was the first to chisel obelisks from the granite cliffs of Syene, among these being that of the Lateran at Rome and the monolith which has lately found its final site by the side of the Thames. Coming down to later dynasties (XX.-XXVI.), Brugsch-Bey has been able to supplement his full and authentic lists of sovereigns, queens, high priests, and priestesses, with more than a score of names of chief architects of the ruling Pharaoh.

COLONIAL AMERICAN LITERATURE.*

A RATHER insipid mass of bibliography, pleasantly flavoured with social history, and spiced with piquant anecdotes, would be a not unjust description of these two ably compiled volumes. Of literature, properly speaking, they contain nothing. Among the numerous writers of colonial America only two—Anne Bradstreet in poetry, and Jonathan Edwards in prose—attained any considerable distinction, or are intrinsically worthy of much notice. To students in this country who take up Professor Tyler's volumes the only familiar names in them, in all probability, will be these two. When we consider how large a proportion of the first settlers in New England were persons of liberal education, and even ambitious of literary honours, it is certainly singular that what was written in America before the War of Independence is so far from being satisfactory. However, if we know the figures to be small, they possess, like a theatre of marionnettes, all the tricks and graces of real authors, and their literary history is much the same, minus the genius. The Virginian writers are indeed a melancholy company, being either, like Captain John Smith and George Sandys, casual visitors from Europe, or puny settlers of fifth-rate talent expressing themselves in a manner exactly worthy of that lamentable settlement, Jamestown. In New England we find, of course, something better than this, or Professor Tyler would never have had the courage to write his book at all; but even the Northern authors are very harsh, very narrow, and very provincial. The reader learns in these pages, with a shudder, quite as much as he ever wishes to remember about Nathaniel Ward, who wrote in 1645 the *Simple Cobbler of Agawam*, and who drove "plain, honest, country hobnails" into the tender consciences of his fellow-citizens; of John Cotton, a very tedious prosaist, whose attacks of indisposition were marked by the appa-

* *A History of American Literature, 1607–1765.* By Moses Coit Tyler. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1879.

rition of comets; or of Michael Wigglesworth, who wrote the most hideous poem in existence to celebrate, with rubbing of hands and smacking of lips, the eternal tortures of the damned. The cruelty and bigotry of these New England writers baffle conception; here in England the gentler and urbaner tradition of the Established Church preserved our religious literature from the excesses of sectarianism, whereas in America this tradition was ignored. As all the books published were more or less religious till about 1720, this is a very serious fact. The books printed by these dreadful divines breathed out nothing but threatenings and slaughter against every dissentient; toleration was universally condemned as a vice; and if Sir Thomas Browne had talked his *Religio Medici* in Boston, he would have run great risk of slit ears and a whipping. "I cannot fall out with, or contemn, a man for an error, or conceive why a difference in opinion should divide an affection," would have been rank heresy across the Atlantic, where, at the very time of its publication in England, the fact that a Prayer-book belonging to John Winthrop was eaten by mice, while a New Testament and a Psalter on each side of it were untouched, was enough to persuade the whole colony of God's anger against that human and presumptuous compilation. The Restoration made things no better, and lightened the bondage of bigotry not a whit. Without the least flippancy, we must be allowed to remark that life in London with Sedley and Etherodge was a pleasanter and humaner thing than it was in Boston with Edward Hopkins denouncing sinners till he bled at the nose, or with that ghostly divine, Mr. Increase Mather, hunting witches to the death. The history of early colonial literature in America is very little else than a catalogue of unwieldy and grotesque works in defence of the most unlovely religion that was ever yet devised for man. Those who wish to have a taste of its quality will no doubt be amply satisfied with *The Bloody Tenet yet more Bloody, by Mr. Cotton's Endeavor to wash it White in the Blood of the Lamb*, in which the only large-minded and intelligent man in the colony, Roger Williams, attempted, at the peril of his life, to expose the cruel errors of the Puritan practice. Hawthorne and Longfellow may try to tinge the early New England life with picturesque colour, but the more closely we look into it, and especially the more we view it in its literature, the more hopelessly blank and hideous does it seem.

The only redeeming points of light in this dark picture are those well-meaning writers, excellent in aim though poor in execution, whom we find struggling to suggest to their contemporaries better themes for authorship than the fierce pleasures of Puritanism. Of these George Alsop, author of a rollicking description of the province of Maryland, is perhaps too scandalous for more than a passing mention; but certainly John Josselyn, lover of nature and hater of the Puritans, who wandered away botanizing into the White Mountains to escape the jarring of the creeds, is worthy of our kindliest regard. He was a sort of Thoreau in his humble way, and though he was wholly without scientific equipment, American science owed not a little to him. He was the friend of Quarles, if not of Drayton, and a person of gentle and refined demeanour, fond of good verse and a quiet life. We may consider him as a faint contemporary shadow of the illustrious John Ray. But by far the most important literary figure during the whole colonial period is that of the poetess Anne Bradstreet, one of the few whose works, moreover, can be consulted by an English reader, for they were reprinted in a very splendid form in 1867. Anne Dudley was born near Sempringham, in England, in 1612; she married one of the famous Puritan graduates of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in 1628. This was Simon Bradstreet, with whom, in 1630, she emigrated to the newly founded colony of New England. They settled at Andover, among the woods, and close to those sounding waters of the Merrimac which she celebrates in her poems. The latter she did not venture to send to London to be printed until 1650, when they were brought out under the title of the *Tenth Muse lately Sprung up in America.* Twenty-five years afterwards, Phillips, the nephew of Milton, spoke of this volume as not yet quite forgotten—a phrase that but poorly represents the immense popularity it enjoyed in New England, especially when, six years after her death in 1672, it was reprinted, with large additions, in Boston. The poems of Mrs. Bradstreet were, indeed, calculated to make but small stir in England, though most remarkable as a native product in America. She reminds us now of Quarles, now of Cleveland, but always most of Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle; she has an absolutely unflinching infatuation for inversions and conceits, piling up her chilly imagery till the sense is baffled. By far her best poem is that in which she is plainly under the influence of Phineas Fletcher, and she is, we believe, the only writer who has ever adopted that poet's curious measure in the *Purple Island*. Here are two stanzas which show Anne Bradstreet at her best:—

> Under the shadow of a stately elm,
> Close sat I by a goodly river's side,
> Where gliding streams the rocks did overwhelm;
> A lonely place, with pleasures dignified.
> I once that loved the shady woods so well,
> Now thought the rivers did the trees excel,
> And if the sun would ever shine, there would I dwell.
>
> While musing thus, with contemplation fed,
> And thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,
> The sweet-tongued Philomel perched o'er my head,
> And chanted forth a most melodious strain,
> Which rapt me so with wonder and delight,
> I judged my hearing better than my sight,
> And wished me wings with her awhile to take my flight.

Anne Bradstreet was mourned in more or less trivial verse by John Norton and Urian Oakes, in whom the Jacobean tradition faded into mere frippery and was lost. Persons of taste should be warned against Nicholas Noyes, a veritable monster among poetasters. He was followed by a general amelioration in the tone of religious opinion; the stately indifference of the English Augustans began to temper the severity of the Puritans, and, in spite of the spiritual tyranny of the Mathers, the most ghastly period of New England society was passed. But a kind of literary madness seized the colonists; they had nothing to say, and no conception of the way in which anything ought to be said; but the demon of scribbling possessed them, and they wrote a multitude of books by the side of which the harsh accents of their predecessors of the seventeenth century seem musical and entertaining. The apotheosis of pompous dulness was witnessed in the ascent of Increase Mather, berobed and beperiwigged, into the literary heavens of Boston; and, when his mantle fell from that empyrean height on the still more crass and loquacious Cotton Mather, Nature smiled to think that a creature more insolently besotted could never, as long as time might last, wield the sceptre of *belles-lettres*. The only member of the group with whom we can feel the smallest sympathy at this distance of time is Mather Byles, a gorgeous and pontifical person of the reign of George I., who enjoyed the friendship of the great Mr. Pope, and who reigned in state for many long years as pastor of the church of Hollis Street, Boston. Dr. Byles was a staunch Tory; and when, in his old age, New England rose in rebellion against the mother country, his unshaken attachment to the King proved a great stumbling-block to his congregation. They had been trained, however, to abject submission, and how to state to him their objection to his politics they knew not. At last, with much trepidation, they mustered up courage to summon him before them in church:—

> In due time the doors opened slowly, and Dr. Byles entered the house with an imposing solemnity of manner. He was dressed in his ample, flowing robes and bands, under a full bush-wig, that had been recently powdered, surmounted by a large three-cornered hat. He walked from the door to the pulpit with a long and measured tread, ascended the stairs, hung his hat upon the peg, and seated himself. After a few moments he turned, with a portentous air, toward the gallery where his accusers sat, and said, "If you have ought to communicate, say on!" Upon this, one of the deacons, a very little man with a very little voice, stood up and began to read:—"The Church of Christ in Hollis Street ——" "Louder!" roared the frowning orator, with awful leonine voice. The puny deacon began again, and with still greater effort of articulate squeak. "The Church of Christ in Hollis Street——" "Louder!" once more shouted the preacher, with terrible emphasis. The miserable little man, now trembling with fright as well as with great stress of vocal impotence, began once more, and was permitted to proceed through three or four of the specifications, when the insulted pastor arose, indignation darkening all his face, and giving dreadful resonance to his voice, and thundered out, "'Tis false; 'tis false; 'tis false; and the Church of Christ in Hollis Street knows that 'tis false." Upon this he took down his hat, put it upon his head, and descending the pulpit as an angry monarch would his throne, he stalked proudly out of the church never to enter it again, leaving to the little deacon and his brethren the contemptible privilege of making the most of their specifications against him.

It is a relief to turn from these grim divines of Massachusetts to the more lively inhabitants of the Southern States. The chief literary ornament of Maryland was Ebenezer Cook, Gentleman, whose poems are as rare and almost as eccentric as those of Ebenezer Jones. He was the proud author of the *Sot-Weed Factor*, a Hudibrastic satire on the manners and customs of Maryland, of which this is a fair example:—

> While riding near a sandy bay,
> I met a Quaker, yea and nay;
> A pious, conscientious rogue
> As e'er wore bonnet or a brogue;
> Who neither swore nor kept his word,
> But cheated in the fear of God;
> And when his debts he would not pay,
> By Light Within he ran away.

The *Sot-Weed Factor* was published in 1708, and is by no means a contemptible poem, even when judged by an English standard. The only other production which deserves mention was the work of a young Pennsylvanian watchmaker, a son of Godfrey, the mathematical glazier, Franklin's friend. This young man, who died when he was twenty-seven, left behind him a drama, which was printed in 1765, entitled *The Prince of Parthia*. This was the earliest dramatic piece composed, or known to be composed, in the United States, and is therefore much sought after by American critics. It must be confessed that it is rather a poor performance, in the heroic manner of Southerne, and Thomas Godfrey was absolutely without a glimmering of poetic originality. The best we can say of *The Prince of Parthia* is that it was very creditable indeed to the author—as a Pennsylvanian. Godfrey fought for a year against the English, and afterwards became a factor; he died suddenly in 1763.

We are carried pleasantly through these long and learned volumes by the enthusiasm of the author, and by the amusing freshness of the anecdotes he tells; but we are scarcely convinced by them that so exhaustive a history of colonial American literature was a thing for which the human mind was absolutely craving.

MISS STOKES ON IRISH ARCHITECTURE.*

AUTHORS of poor books, who look upon reviewers as a cruel and heartless race, gloating over failure and rejoicing in the

* *Early Christian Architecture in Ireland.* By Margaret Stokes. London: George Bell. 1878.

exposure of disappointed ambition, can hardly conceive the feeling of pleasure with which work like this of Miss Stokes's is approached. It has long been looked for, and expectation is not balked. The true story of Irish architecture has been almost a secret; and it is but a few years since the secret came into the hands of a few investigators. The mystery which hung over the ruins of Glendalough or Clonmacnoise added to the romantic interest with which they were regarded. It was known that certain learned people had "views" on the subject, but what those views were, how far they solved the question of the antiquity and meaning of Round Towers, how far they could give a date to square-headed windows in lonely chapels, and round-headed doorways in stone-roofed cells, nobody knew. Lord Dunraven was understood to hold a key to the mystery; and when his great work—posthumous, unhappily, in part—saw the light, it was at once recognized as the final authority; but to the ordinary reader Lord Dunraven's opinions were inaccessible. The old, far-fetched stories, the traditions of modern growth, the legends which sprang from audacious guesses, continued to hold their ground, and a mere list of the wild theories which clung to the fabric of every ruin would alone have filled a volume. In the present work Miss Stokes has brought within the reach of the general reader the truth, and probably the whole truth so far as it can ever be known, about the ancient ecclesiastical architecture of Ireland. It is of course based on the larger work of Lord Dunraven; but as Miss Stokes is known to have had a considerable share in the labour by which Lord Dunraven's book was produced, the authority of the present book is only enhanced, not diminished, by the connexion. In a modest but perhaps somewhat affected dedication to a friend, the author quotes a passage from the *Vision of Piers Ploughman* as to the journey of a certain company who went on a pilgrimage to seek for Truth. A veiled lady is made to ask what should women "wercke the while." Truth "commaundeth that women should work their churches to honour"; and with this humble yet lofty aim Miss Stokes has produced her book. "Our church," she says, "in its past and present," referring of course to the Church in Ireland, "needs something more than manual labour, and there are forms of hunger and of thirst other than for mere material food." It is with a view of supplying to her "beloved Ireland" some of that clothing of honour which she so much needs that the author comes forward to "be the helper, not the hinderer, of such men as have striven, and still do strive, to work wisely in her cause."

A mere list of the chapters will demonstrate the completeness of the result of Miss Stokes's well-directed labours. After an introduction in which the difficulties of the case are stated and a summary offered of the whole history of Irish architecture, the first chapter gives an account of the Pagan forts on the islands of Aran and other places, adding extracts from the legends concerning them, which however are clearly distinguished from real history; "for untold centuries these primitive strongholds have been associated with the ancient heroes of the Irish people"; and Miss Stokes wisely observes that "we have no more right to discard such tales as in all senses worthless, and to destroy all memory of such connexion, than we have to accept them in any way as history." After these we have the "cashels," or ecclesiastical forts, which are traditionally coeval with the introduction of Christianity. The seven centuries that elapsed between the mission of St. Patrick, although traces of earlier missionaries exist, and the English invasion in the reign of Henry II. form the age to which the rest of Miss Stokes's book relates; an age in which ecclesiastical remains are so numerous that their succession may be traced, link by link, from the chapel of Cormac on the Rock of Cashel, back, without a break, to the primitive cell of the first preachers. When we come to the first Christian monasteries something almost romantic in its charm inspires Miss Stokes's pen; but, in the pardonable enthusiasm of her eloquent Irish spirit, she never forgets the sober judgment of an antiquary who was brought up in the strictest school of historical investigation that England has heretofore produced. The discipline of Guest and Willis is, as we have already had good proofs and many, not inconsistent with warmth and even poetry in description; and when Miss Stokes tells us of the lonely islet miles away in the "moving waters" of the Atlantic, which, like the spire of some great cathedral, "raises its graceful and majestic form"; when she shows us the rounded hill, tinged with delicate green and rose from the sea-plants which cover it, and takes us to the church of St. Michael on the northern summit, with its surrounding group of monastic cells; when she describes the approach to the Great Skellig, "veiled in summer mist and sunlight," and the changed character revealed by a nearer approach, when the "great black masses of slate rock grow terrible" as the landing-place is reached, in a narrow cove where the surrounding cliffs rise vertically to the full height of the island—we know that, graphic as are her words, the impression they convey is absolutely truthful, and, whatever we gain in the pleasure of reading, we lose nothing of strict archæological exactness. We cannot pause over this chapter longer than to select the following passage as a specimen of this phase of Miss Stokes's work:—

> This island has been the scene of annual pilgrimages for many centuries, and the service of the Way of the Cross is still celebrated here, though with some perfectly traditional forms of prayer and customs, such as are now only found to exist among the islanders along the west coast of Ireland. From the last place mentioned a long flight of steps reaches to Christ's Saddle, or the Garden of the Passion. Here the pilgrim rests before commencing his final ascent to the Oratory. This valley is a narrow saddle-shaped strip of land between the two extreme heights of the island, either side being perpendicular to the sea. It is covered with a soft green sod. Standing at that side which faces the western horizon, the whole of the great Spit, as the highest point of the island is called, may be seen rising from the sea—a sheer precipice from summit to base. It runs up like a Gothic tower, girt with buttresses and pinnacles, all in a glory of colours. The black rock at its foundation contrasts with the deep blue of the sea, and above it is variegated with tufts of lichen and sea pink, fern and moss, which, when lit up by the evening sun, shine out in every shade of green. Towards the summit the rock becomes lighter in tone and less thickly clothed with vegetation until it ends in a sharp point glittering in the sunlight.

The other island hermitages and oratories, including Scottish examples, are then noticed. The chapter relating to stone churches with cement begins with a few observations on the prevailing tendency of most writers on the history and architecture of Ireland to exaggerate the age of her monuments, and to antedate the period of her intellectual growth by attributing to the sixth century what really belongs to the ninth and tenth. At the Council of Drumkeat, in 590, where the great Columba was present, an alliance of the regal and ecclesiastical powers was first cemented, an alliance which may be said to have subsisted until the days of Mr. Gladstone, when the bishops who are Columba's successors were for the first time excluded from the councils of the nation. After Drumkeat the Church first attained a stable position, and to this period Miss Stokes assigns the introduction of the cemented walls and dressed stones which are wanting at the Skellig and in the Pagan forts. At this point there is a footnote which we must pause to commend as a singularly clear and succinct account of the early Christian literature of Ireland that has come down to us—a literature in which Miss Stokes, to judge by her Appendix, to be noticed presently, is very much at home. In the fourth chapter Ecclesiastical towers in general are considered. The "lofty pillar tower" forms, we are told, "a striking innovation in the hitherto humble character of Irish church architecture." In the Appendix is a complete list of the Round Towers, one hundred and eighteen in number, together with a transcription of the passages in Irish annals which relate to them, beginning with the entry, under 949, of the burning of the belfry of Slane, "with its full of people in it," and ending with the building of the tower of Annadown, County Galway, in 1238. The latest researches have led to the discovery that the type was not confined to Ireland, and a score of foreign examples are adduced. Miss Stokes divides them by the style of their masonry into four classes; and she concludes that they were all built after the Irish became acquainted with the use of cement and the hammer, that they belong to the period of transition between the entablature style and that of the round arch, and that the earliest towers date from the beginning of the tenth century. As to their use we have some interesting inquiries in the fifth chapter, ending with the important opinion, fully developed in the sixth, in which we have an account of the Northmen in Ireland, that they were erected both as campaniles or bell towers and as places for defence against the sudden forays of pirates. These conclusions are supported by letters from Mr. George T. Clark, and seem to admit of no doubt or discussion. Mr. Clark observes that the Round Towers are not ill calculated for defence. Though they could not hold many defenders, they would oppose a stout passive resistance to a short, sudden attack. Mr. Clark adds some notices of similar towers in England, but all of later date. At Bedale, in Yorkshire, the church tower is furnished with a portcullis. The circular form was the easiest to employ, and therefore, as witness the wigwam of America, or the domed hut of the Nubian peasant, is the simplest, and may be found among the most ancient remains.

Following the chapters on the incursions of the Danes, Miss Stokes gives an account of Romanesque architecture in Ireland, which began with the building of the little church of St. Caimin of Iniscaltra, by King Brian Boruma, fifty-eight years before Edward the Confessor built Westminster Abbey. It was at this time, then, that the Romanesque wave passed direct from Normandy to Ireland. Irish Romanesque is "somewhat pre-existent to Anglo-Norman architecture and entirely independent of it." The volume concludes with a series of appendices, containing notes on the form of the early Irish churches, and a chronological list of those examples of architecture, sculpture, and metal work of which the dates can be accurately determined. This is a paper of the utmost value to the Irish, indeed to any, archæologist. It is followed by a table, with remarks on the pre-historic monuments, or cromleacs, a map illustrative of the invasions of the Northmen, and a chapter on the intercourse between Ireland and France in the reign of Charlemagne. Finally the letterpress concludes with an excellent index.

The woodcuts—of which there is a careful list, naming both the artist and the engraver—are in themselves remarkable and attractive features of this most fascinating book. Some of them are new, some have already appeared in Lord Dunraven's great work, all are alike excellent. A large number are drawn by Miss Stokes herself, and prove her to be almost as capable of managing her pencil as her pen. Altogether, we may plainly confess that, finding nothing but what is good to say of this volume, we have sought in vain for a serious mistake, or other "fault escaped in the printing," and are compelled to acknowledge that there are none worth noticing. People who enjoy graphic descriptions, pretty pictures, and a subject as romantic as any of the travels into foreign lands so popular with subscribers to circulating libraries, will find this one of the best books of the season.

AN EYE FOR AN EYE.*

THE literary invention which has established a regular manufactory of its wares and devised an easy method of producing fiction congenial to the popular taste—fiction neatly turned, signalized by marks of the original achievement which got the author his name and fame, bearing the impress of a master's hand, and thus winning a certain amount of success—yet fails uniformly in one point, and for the obvious reason that the interest and feeling of the artificer is less apparent in machine-made work than in the model which it imitates. The work has been carried through without that intimate partnership between heart and soul and hand, which is apparent in the past efforts of genius, whether the thing be handicraft or headwork. Habit makes the brain even more obedient than before to the calls made upon it, and facility comes with practice; but enthusiasm flags. The emotions of the author are less equal than before to the demands upon them; they take matters easily, and will not wait upon invention with a zealous interest; and because the sympathy of the writer with his creations flags, the heart of the reader takes their trials and sorrows in quite a different spirit from that which first brought him into relation with their author. This is one supreme advantage which early efforts have over the later productions of a prolific fancy. The tiro is absorbed in the creatures of his fancy; their adventures, their griefs, are his own; he is full of them; and the reader, while believing himself to sympathize with ideal personages, is really sympathizing with the imagination that invents them. We do not suppose it possible to be keenly interested in any story which has not awakened an intensity of feeling in its narrator. Such intensity is certainly wanting in the tragical story before us; and therefore the reader takes the calamities of its leading characters not only dry-eyed, but with an easy composure which would in its turn be tragical to the writer were it his first novel—though this is an impossible supposition.

Wherever there is imagination, some new experience—a view of human nature under some new condition—will awaken this strong interest. Mr. Trollope can still draw a very vivid picture of a life new in all its features and details; but the situation in this story is not of a nature to quicken a dormant faculty. The cliffs of Moher may possibly have suggested the subject and the mode of treatment, but it could only be by a backward process and by starting with a consummation to be worked up to. There is, indeed, in this story a connexion between the beginning and the end; the first note of the tale does point to effective tragedy. The whole pathos of the book lies, to us, in its first pages, which introduce the reader to the inmate of an asylum—an unfortunate lady whose mind is ever at work repeating the same formula:—

> She has present to her, apparently, in every waking moment of her existence, an object of intense interest; and at that she works with a constancy which never wearies herself, however fatiguing it may be to those who are near her. She is ever justifying some past action of her life. "An eye for an eye," she says, "and a tooth for a tooth. Is it not the law?" And these words she will repeat daily, almost from morn till night. . . . . But, though she has no friends—none who love her—she has all the material comfort which friendship, or even love, could supply. All that money can do to lessen her misery is done. The house in which she lives is surrounded by soft lawns and secluded groves. It has been prepared altogether for the wealthy, and is furnished with every luxury which it may be in the power of a maniac to enjoy. This lady has her own woman to attend her; and the woman, though strict and masterful, is gentle in language and kind in treatment. "An eye for an eye, ma'am. Oh, certainly. That is the law, an eye for an eye, no doubt." This formula she will repeat a dozen times in a day—ay, a dozen dozen times, till the wonder is she also should not be mad.

There is a strong touch of reality in this terrible record. It can hardly be a fancy picture; but in adapting it to his story Mr. Trollope imparts a sense of the improbable by putting this over-repeated text, whether his own choice or not, into the mouth of a Roman Catholic educated in France, with whom the words can hardly have been so familiar as to have presented themselves at the moment of an unpremeditated, tremendous act. But in his handling of the religion of women—a favourite subject of speculation—our author always strikes us as describing it through his inner consciousness, apart from observation or experience. This same lady, when in her right senses, indulges, as he says, in a "sarcasm on life" by referring her daughter in her early days of solitude and inaction to the glories of eternity. It does not sound very natural in an ambitious mother, at the first expression of the girl's dulness and dissatisfaction with her solitary life, to promise her pretty daughter that it will be over "in a few days, a few hours," explaining that eternity is coming; but if she were to do so she could hardly be actuated by the cynical scepticism which Mr. Trollope assigns as her motive:—

> Yes, it will always be like this for you—for you, unfortunate one that you are, there is no further look out for you in this life. You are one of the wretched to whom this world offers nothing, and therefore, as being human, you must hope, build your hopes on eternity.

There are pious ladies in the story whose Protestantism recoils from this mother and daughter. His women are always stouter in their convictions than his men; if they hold a dogma which Mr. Trollope's liberality cannot stomach, they *do* hold it. He is never so far away from the talk of real life as in their case; they are walking catechisms and talk in syllogisms. All his characters indeed follow the rule with which Mrs. Poyser credits her husband—"What he says he stands to"—a system which simplifies an author's labours very considerably; but the religious woman beats them all in harping persistently on one key, appealing to solemn sanctities which, if they offend nothing else, not unfrequently offend the reader's taste.

When novel writers are no longer inspired by a moving story to tell, which is the first motive setting the pen to work, their next resource is a principle to advocate or an abuse to expose and illustrate. It is not very easy to divine what is the especial grievance against society in an *Eye for an Eye*, unless it be the deleterious effect of rank on the moral character. The hero starts as a very poor fellow, but pretty much on a par with other merely self-indulgent young men till he comes to the earldom, when the weight of a coronet and the sense of *noblesse oblige* makes him a stolid traitor to the more natural sense of honour which had previously had some influence with him. Every one of Mr. Trollope's heroes, or of the young men who fill the place of heroes, is a "god" to the heroine. His pen so naturally slips into this phrase that probably he is unaware of its action, and Fred is a god to Kate O'Hara when he comes in his boat and his sailor costume to relieve the tedium of her existence; but he has not a single manly quality. If it were not for a resolute irresolution he would have no stamina at all. He has a horror of dulness which is associated in his mind with the family mansion to which he is heir; and therefore, on first finding himself next in succession, he insists on taking a year of grace, and returns to his regiment in Ireland that he may shoot seals and sea-gulls and flirt with Kate O'Hara, whose home is perched on the top of the cliffs of Moher.

The character in the story to whom some individuality is given is Father Marty, the sole friend, as he is also the pastor, of the two desolate ladies. Whatever his religious principles, he is a man, and does not inflict them on friends or visitors with the feminine obtrusiveness on which we have remarked. He not only takes a great fancy to Fred himself, but encourages the mother to admit him to easy intimacy with her daughter; the fact of Fred's rank and prospects in no way deterring him from doing his best to bring a match about. "He regarded a stranger among them, as was Fred Neville, as fair spoil, as a Philistine to seize whom and capture him for life on behalf of any Irish girl would be a great triumph." So he makes friends with the young man, invites him to dinner, and does not tell him that the unfortunate women are living in hiding, away from the knowledge of the girl's father, Captain O'Hara, whose misdeeds in France have been rewarded by a long period at the galleys. He deliberately counts the dangers and the cost. Of a sore heart the girl must run her chance. "But how was a girl to have a lover at all if she was not allowed to see a man? He had never known what love was, but it was a pain to see a girl, good-looking and healthy, pine away unsought for. His philosophy was perhaps at fault, but he was human to the core, and, at any rate, unselfish." "That there might be another danger was a fact that he looked full in the face. But what victory can be won without danger?" The dinner which is given to further these ends goes off with spirit:—

> The dinner at the priest's was very jovial. There was a bottle of sherry and there was a bottle of port, procured, chiefly for the sake of appearances, from a grocer's shop at Ennistimon; but the whisky had come from Cork, and had been in the priest's keeping for the last dozen years. He good-humouredly acknowledged the wine was nothing, but expressed an opinion that Mr. Neville might find it difficult to beat the "sperrits."
>
> "It's thrue for you, Father Marty," said the rival priest from Milltown Malbay, "and it's you that should know good sperrits from bad, if any man in Ireland does."
>
> "'Deed thin," replied the priest of Lescannor; "barring the famine years I've mixed two tumblers of punch for meself every day these forty years, and if it was altogether it'd be about enough to give Mr. Neville a day's sale shooting in his canoe."

When he and the young man are alone he speaks of the ladies, whom Fred is now in the habit of visiting; gives him good advice, and adds a warning; "I shouldn't like to be the man to come in her (the mother's) way when he'd once deceaved her child." And, again; "If you can't spake her fair in the way of making her your wife, don't spake her fair at all; that's the long and the short of it, Mr. Neville. You see what they are. They're ladies, if there is a lady living in the Queen's dominions." All this Fred assents to. If he had acted upon it there would have been no tragedy. The time comes when Father Marty has to address him in another temper. The wretched Fred weeps under his contempt and his denunciations, but is fixed in one answer—"I will not make her Lady Scroope." Rank has given him this degree of strength. He is represented as entertaining the idea of a sort of morganatic marriage, turning over the title to his more worthy brother John; but how any man of ordinary capacity in the position of a cavalry officer could entertain such an idea is not explained. Rank, when it reaches him, refines his ideas so far that Kate is no longer the lady he thought her; all misery must be borne rather than that the Peerage should be insulted by a peeress not equal to that supreme position. Fred, doing what he does, and being what he is, would not have put himself in the way either of the priest's wrath or the mother's vengeance, but the story requires that the sense of honour which so signally fails him in great things should expose him to his fate, for which we do not suppose the youngest reader will feel a single twinge of pity or regret.

We may congratulate the author on the moral of his story. All ill-doing receives its punishment; while the brother John, who, as being out of the immediate perils of a peerage, has his principles uninfluenced by its imperious requirements, gives Fred

* *An Eye for an Eye.* By Anthony Trollope. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

good advice, and, because he does not take it but clings to the only resolve he was capable of sticking to—"She shall never be Countess of Scroope"—succeeds finally to the title and also to the lady originally designed for Fred.

MISS YONGE'S PRIMER OF FRENCH HISTORY.*

TAKING the difficulties of the task into account, Miss Yonge's Primer of French History may be considered to be a wonderfully successful piece of work. It is clear and interesting, and that is a great deal. Miss Yonge's especial merit as a teacher is that she really understands how to write for children. Now many of the "Primers," "Manuals," "Epochs," and such like, which keep coming forth in shoals, however excellent they may be in other respects, are not books for children. They may do good service in teaching the teachers of the children; they may make admirable text-books on which to found *vivâ voce* explanation; but we doubt their otherwise reaching the class of readers to which they are nominally addressed. A book may be written in childish language, and yet not be easily understanded of the childish mind. Miss Yonge knows how to give her brief narrative the life and colour which children crave for, and she does not overburden her work with unnecessary details or technicalities. We must praise the wisdom shown in starting the narrative from the accession of Hugh Capet, passing over the Gaulish and Frankish periods with a slight and general notice. Not that we would deny the importance of Gaulish history. It is far more needful for the student of the history of France than a knowledge of the history of the Britons can be for the student of English history. Vercingetorix is far more to a modern Frenchman than Caractacus is to a modern Englishman, because the Frenchman is in the main a Gaul, while the Englishman is not—except in a comparatively modern and purely technical sense—a Briton. So, too, the Roman conqueror has had a part in the life of France far greater than in that of Britain. The Frenchman's mother-tongue is a form of Latin; but neither Welshman, nor Scot, nor Englishman speaks the language of Rome. Nevertheless, the political history of France only begins with the accession of the House of Paris; and as the amount of space at the disposal of the writor of a shilling primer is necessarily small, it is well if room can be gained for the history of the French, even at the expense of the history of the Gauls. As for the Frankish period, we feel no regret for the earlier part at least of it. If it were permissible to consider the history of any section and period of humanity as useless, we should be tempted to apply that term to the history of the Merwing Kings—the time of "Chilperic and Hilperic," as we once heard a sorely-tried schoolgirl vaguely designate the period. It is hard indeed to trace the growth and progress of the national life in the maze of crime, intrigue, and revolution which go to make up the history of the Merwing dynasty; and to the child, who takes account only of external actions, it is almost impossible. M. Brachet, who complains of "nos livres d'histoire racontant longuement les combats obscurs des princes mérovingiens," and yet passing over in silence the birth and growth of the French language, may be gratified by seeing a history of France from which the very name of Merovingian is absent, and which distinctly states that the tongue of Hugh Capet's kingdom was "clipped Latin." Another good point in Miss Yonge's work is that from the first she makes it clear that France was not co-extensive with Gaul:—

> The country we now know as France is the tract of land shut in by the British Channel, the Bay of Biscay, the Pyrenees, the Mediterranean, and the Alps. But this country only gained the name of France by degrees. In the earliest days of which we have any account, it was peopled by the Celts, and it was known to the Romans as part of a larger country which bore the name of Gaul. After all of it, save the north-western moorlands, or what we now call Brittany, had been conquered and settled by the Romans, it was overrun by tribes of the great Teutonic race, the same family to which Englishmen belong. Of these tribes, the Goths settled in the provinces to the south; the Burgundians, in the east, around the Jura; while the Franks, coming over the rivers in its unprotected north-eastern corner, and making themselves masters of a far wider territory, broke up into two kingdoms—that of the Eastern Franks in what is now Germany, and that of the Western Franks reaching from the Rhine to the Atlantic. These Franks subdued all the other Teutonic conquerors of Gaul, while they adopted the religion, the language, and some of the civilization of the Romanized Gauls who became their subjects.

On this passage we have only one criticism to make—that it gives the impression that the whole "country we now know as France" was peopled by the Celts. The races of the south—the non-Aryan Iberians between the Pyrenees and the Garonne, and the probably non-Aryan Ligurians near the Alps—are thus left out of sight. The preliminary part of the narrative is in the main well managed, but it would not have been amiss if the author had inserted a few more of the important dates, such as that of the year of the partition of the Empire after the death of Louis the Pious, and that of the grant of territory to Rolf the Northman. How the city of Paris, and its defender Robert the Strong, rose into power by their gallant stand against the Northmen, and how the descendants of Robert became the royal line of the new French kingdom, is briefly and, on the whole, well told. We think, however, that it ought to have been mentioned that Hugh Capet was the son of Hugh the White, or Hugh the Great, whichever we choose to call him. As the passage stands, it gives the impression that a long interval of time elapsed between the lives of the two Hughs.

Miss Yonge has succeeded where the ordinary school histories generally fail—in impressing upon the pupil that France in its present dimensions has not existed from all eternity, but has grown up bit by bit by successive annexations. It is true that she does not invariably give the details with the precision of Mr. Freeman's *General Sketch*. By an unaccountable omission, Toul and Verdun are not named among the annexations of Henry II. The difficult subject of the semi-mythical "Salic Law" is made intelligible, and pains have been taken to explain the nature of the Parliament of Paris, and to distinguish it from the States-General, with which English people are so apt to confound it. The first account of the States-General might be improved. Instead of describing it as consisting "of *all* estates of the realm," it would have been better at once to have said of the *three* Estates of the realm, and to have specified them as clergy, nobles, and burghers. Later on, with reference to the States-General of 1614, the author enters into fuller explanations of the nature of the Three Estates; but we do not see why this should not have been done on the first occasion of their mention. Philip the Fair, too, should have received his due credit as the virtual founder of the national States-General. Miss Yonge has not even mentioned their convocation by him in 1302. Some of the later meetings, however, receive due prominence, the account of the Assembly of 1614 being especially good. That of the States-General of 1789 we do not like so well:—

> Nobles, clergy, and the deputies who represented the commonalty, all formed the Assembly at Versailles; and though the king would have kept apart these last, who were called the *Tiers État*, or third estate, they refused to withdraw from the great hall of Versailles. The Count of Mirabeau, the younger son of a noble family, who sat as a deputy, declared that nothing short of bayonets should drive out those who sat by the will of the people, and Louis yielded. Thenceforth the votes of a noble, a bishop, or a deputy all counted alike.

The fault of this passage is the use of the term "deputy" to signify a deputy of the Third Estate only, as if the noblesse and the clergy had not also been represented by deputies. Nor was it only the Third Estate whom the King tried to "keep apart." What he commanded and ostensibly desired was that all the Three Estates should be kept separate—"Le roi veut que l'ancienne distinction des trois ordres de l'État soit conservée en son entier." No doubt the real object aimed at was simply to keep down the Tiers; but it would not have done to avow this. In an earlier passage Miss Yonge says:—"Louis decided on calling together the Notables or higher nobility." Now the Notables were, theoretically, not taken from the nobility alone, but were, as the King expressed it, persons "de diverses conditions et des plus qualifiées de son État." In opening the Assembly of the Notables, Louis XVI. told his hearers, "Je vous ai choisis dans les différents ordres de l'État." Practically this meant very little, for there appear not to have been ten persons present who were not of the noble or ennobled classes; but it shows what it was supposed the Notables ought to be. As a matter of fact, too, they were not all of the "higher nobility," many of them being magistrates or municipal officers.

It seems to us that the Primer somewhat falls off in the later part, which is brought down to the end of the Franco-German war. Even haste can hardly excuse such an awkward and inconsequential sentence as the following:—

> Ambition for his [Louis Philippe's] family was a great offence to his subjects, and at the same time a nobleman, the Duke de Praslin, who had murdered his wife, committed suicide in prison to avoid public execution; and the republicans declared, whether justly or unjustly, that this had been allowed rather than let a noble die a felon's death.

The account of "France under Napoleon" is good, but although in the main it is true that "the system of government which Napoleon devised has remained practically unchanged from that time to this," yet when Miss Yonge goes on to say in the present tense that "the army . . . is raised by conscription—that is, by drawing lots among the young men liable to serve and who can only escape by paying a substitute to serve in their stead," we fear that she has not brought her military law "down to date." We have not the last French army-law at hand, but we believe we are right in saying that the system of lots and substitutes is a thing of the past, and that—with some needful exemptions—every man is now bound to personal service.

These remarks will show that there is room for improvement in some of the details of this Primer. But when all criticisms have been made, its general merit as a vigorous and clear sketch, giving in a small space a vivid idea of the history of France, remains undeniable.

* *History Primers.* Edited by J. R. Green. *History of France.* by Charlotte M. Yonge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1878.

MOORE'S COLUMBARIUM.*

IN its primary and classical sense a Columbarium is strictly a dovecot, and the chief difference between the modern and ancient dovecot would seem to have lain in the scale of accommodation, as many as five thousand birds being sometimes kept by the ancients in the same house. Even our own early history has left us, in a Western county, two fourteenth-century

* *Moore's Columbarium.* Reprinted *verbatim et literatim* from the Original Edition of 1735, with a brief notice of the Author by W. B. Tegetmeier, F.Z.S. London: "The Field" Office. 1879.

examples of almost unique stone "columbaria" of elaborate form, with arched doorways and accommodation for as many as six hundred doves; and it would seem that, as species multiplied and fanciers grew more keen in the refinements of breed, the necessity arose for more limited dovecots for distinct types of the domestic pigeon. It was not, however, the design of the author of the curious little publication which now lies before us as a facsimile reprint of a rare and shrewd treatise of a century and a half ago to discuss the structure and details of the internal economy of a dovecot, so much as to take the word "columbarium" in the sense of the general assemblage of the varieties of the domestic pigeon known to his day, and to make his readers acquainted with the results of his researches. John Moore was a London worm-doctor in Abchurch Lane, in the earlier part of the eighteenth century, chiefly famous, it would seem, for his freely advertised, though imperfectly appreciated, worm-powders; on which in 1716 Pope published a humorous epistle in which he addressed the quack as "Egregious Moore." Of this it will suffice to cite the one quatrain which in 1737 the *Gentleman's Magazine* published in an obituary notice:—

April 12:—Mr. John Moor, of Abchurch Lane, the noted Worm Doctor. He will now shortly verify Mr. Pope's witty observations:—

> O learned friend of Abchurch Lane,
> Who sett'st our entrails free,
> Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
> Since worms shall eat e'en thee.

Little is known of "Egregious Moore," except from internal evidence, which shows that he had sparkles of a shrewd wit, with some small amount of collateral learning, and probably compensated the dismal nature of his special calling in life by giving his leisure to a study of one special branch of ornithology and natural history. Beyond four copies of his treatise to be found in the British Museum, Mr. Tegetmeier, the editor of this "verbatim and literatim" reprint, knows of no other except that which he has used for the present republication, and which is the property of Mr. Esquilant, the Secretary of the "Philoperisteron Society"; but we may safely say that for any intending dove-fancier the surest way to accurate knowledge, safe experiment, and successful breeding and rearing is to lay to heart the succinct data of Moore, using other and larger manuals, especially that of Mr. Tegetmeier, by way of correcting some mistakes of the old apothecary, which later observation has led the fanciers to discard. Armed with the *Columbarium* for his handbook, and the Pigeon-Book of Mr. Tegetmeier for his book of reference (invaluable, by the way, for its lifelike drawings of different varieties by Mr. Harrison Weir), the pigeon-fancier may overlook with complacency the distractions of rival treatises, and feel that he has ample materials for an exhaustive study of his subject.

Of varieties of pigeons there are, according to Professor Huxley, at least a hundred and fifty kinds; but four of these will sufficiently serve to represent the extremest divergencies of one variety from another—namely, the Carrier, the Pouter, the Fantail, and the Tumbler; and we shall touch chiefly upon these, following the lines of old Moore, with occasional glances at one or two kindred kinds. Moore begins with the carrier (Columba tabellaria), a long, firm-fleshed, close-feathered bird, of great length (*e.g.* 15 inches) from beak-point to tail-tip, with usually long neck, and an exceptional symmetry of shape. A carrier of good breed has, *inter alia*, a "naked, white, tuberous, furfuraceous flesh covering the upper chap of the bill, and hanging over both its sides"—the wattle to wit; and it is a valuable property when this flesh is not white, but blackish. When, too, the iris, or circle round the black pupil of the eye, is surrounded by a thick breadth of scurflike flesh, it is considered an indication of blood and breed. For beauty and sagacity the carrier is, in Moore's esteem, the king of pigeons, and in confirmation of this view he quotes a City contemporary, who always "kept a silver hatchet and block, on which he decently chopped off their heads, alleging that, being of the blood royal, they ought not to die after the same manner as the vulgar herd." The carrier's beak should be long, straight, and thick, especially the second, hooked beaks being reckoned unsightly. The wattle should be broad across the beak, short from the head to the bill-point, and tilting forward from the head; and here the Columbarian notes certain tricks of the trade in his day, which consisted in palming off on novices indifferent birds with the hinder part of their wattles artificially raised with cork and fine wire. The properties of the head are length, narrowness, and flatness; and of the eye, breadth, roundness, and equable thickness, so that a "rose-eye" is as great a charm as a "pinch-eye" is a blemish. Length and thinness of neck are also distinguishing marks of a good "carrier." Moore's surmises as to the origin of the carrier in "Bazora in Persia," and his inferences from the Dutch name of these pigeons, viz. "Bagadats," and the Turkish "Bagatins," cannot be said to go for much, inasmuch as no pigeon with the carrier's properties is met with abroad, except in the case of birds exported from England. The stories told by our old fancier about the carrier's feats and the use of the bird "by Turkish bashaws on emergent occasions," are amusing in their way; but it must not be forgotten that the English carrier, as such, is no longer in any sense a message-carrier, but a highly perfected artificial breed from which the homing bird or *pigeon-voyageur* is totally distinct.

Moore's next type is "the horseman," a miniature carrier, of smaller body, shorter neck, beak and eye surroundings less fleshy, and affording more room between eye and wattle. It is apt to be barrel-headed and pinch-eyed. He declines to pronounce whether this bird is an original pigeon, or a cross between a carrier and a tumbler, or a carrier and a pouter, and bred over again from a carrier, so as to make the horseman predominate. This pigeon in Moore's day would seem to have been of less account as a "homing bird" than the original carrier, yet capable, by training and regular flights, of being turned to good account. In Mr. Tegetmeier's estimate it is but an inferior horseman, or, when it is a cross of horseman and pouter, only a small variety of the pouter. The "dragoon" is an undoubted hybrid, bred from horseman and tumbler; and frequent matching with the latter will induce tolerable stoutness. Smaller and lighter than the horseman, this pigeon is fleeter for ten or twenty miles, but not up to its mark for a greater length. The Dutch croppers are so called from the crop of wind which they carry under their beak, and can raise or depress at pleasure. Thick-bodied and short, with thick, short feathery legs and feet, it would seem that they are not so much bred for their own qualities as to mix with others. For instance, our English pouter is originally a mixed breed between horseman and cropper; and Moore tells us "that, by marching their young ones over and over to the cropper, a wonderful beauty will be added to this bird, with the properties of length of legs and body, neatness of crop, slenderness of girth and beauty of feather." A pouter should be pied, preferably blue or black pied; and he should have the front part of his crop white, girt round, save behind the neck, with a shining green, and a half-moon shaped bib of the same colour with which he is pied; neck, head, back, and tail should be of uniform colour, and the thighs and nine flight feathers clear white. A great point in the pouter, however, is its carriage, which should show the crop filled with wind without risk of straining or slackness; the tail spread like a fan, without scraping the ground or being tucked under the legs; the legs standing close, without straddling; and the shoulders of the wing tight to the body. Thus, says Moore, the pouter trips, almost on his toes, *without jumping*—the characteristic of the "uploper," which is a Holland-bred bird, in every property smaller than the English pouter, with a crop so round that it buries its bill in it, and toes so short, close, and nice-treading, that, "when moving, you may put anything under the ball of its foot." In Moore's day these birds were very scarce and costly in England. The chief feature of the Parisian pouter seems to be peculiar variegation of every feather save the flight feather. Of the pouting horseman Moore has many good words to say for its merry antics, good breeding and nursing qualities, and capacity for homing ten or twenty miles.

The tumbler, which comes next, has ever been a favourite for its innate faculty of what our old apothecary recognizes as the human tumbler's technical back-spring. It is a very minute, thin-necked, spindle-beaked pigeon, with the iris of the eye of a bright pearl colour. In health all pigeons vent their animal spirits in muscular exertion; and doubtless, not only among the English but the Dutch tumblers also, the records of the fancy could produce abundant anecdotes of trackless flights beyond the eye's ken, and of the maintenance of this height for hours together, the merrymakers withal being so well behaved and complaisant as to reserve their tumblings for such times as either they are first beginning to rise or else coming down to pitch. As to colour, the tumblers are white, black, or blue, or a pleasant mixture of the three. The almond or ermine mixture of colours which has characterized the most favourite variety of the tumbler pigeon was in esteem even in the days when the *Columbarium* was put forth.

Of fancy pigeons we must make short work. The characteristic of the large and stately runts, whether Leghorn or Spanish or Friesland, is comparative bulk. In the *Columbarium*, their young are described on the spit as "middling spring fowls," and we find a writer as far back as 1664 averring that he ate them in sight of Caprea, near Pausilippo, as big as pullets. The Spanish runt is said to be the largest of all pigeons; the Friesland runt, the most admired for its ugliness. Modern runts are mostly blue or silver, with dark bars on the wings. Many fancy pigeons get their names, like certain sorts of apples, from supposed resemblances to ecclesiastics. The Jacobins, described by Willoughby in 1678, are called in Low Dutch "cappers," because certain feathers reflected upwards in the upper part of the neck encompass the head like a monk's hood thrown back. The Capuchin is hardly a distinct species, being allied to the Jacobin in shape, make, name, and all but the cravat, or lower chain of feathers. The Nun owes its name to a head covered with a veil. Its body, larger than a Jacobin's, as well as its hood, is white, its eyes pearly, its head, tail, and flight feathers black, red, or yellow. The fancier stocking a dovecot for eye-service and antics should invest in *finnikins*, which are of the size of runts; and the turbits and owls have their specialities of a short beak and queer shirt front, with a hooked upper chap of beak, in the owl's case. Moore's *broad-tailed shaker* may be identified with the *fantail*, a very graceful pigeon, with long thin neck of tremulous motion, full breast, short back, and tail of many feathers, which it spreads like a turkey cock, so that head and tail frequently meet. Willoughby and Moore know them as "broad-tailed shakers"; but the reader of Mr. Tegetmeier's entertaining Book of Reference will see them under the head of Fantails in p. 155 of that manual, though we will not promise that he will be convinced of the grace of the back view there given of the fantail. Mr. Tegetmeier deserves the thanks of Columbarians and naturalists for his careful and exact reprint.

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EASTERN DIFFICULTIES.

THE popularity of the Government, as far as it depends on good fortune, is exposed to serious and increasing danger. Neither at home nor abroad can a cheerful prospect be discerned. The tone of the debate on South African affairs has not been unaffected by the continuance of diplomatic complications in South-Eastern Europe, and by the apprehension of prolonged war in Afghanistan. It is also not improbable that a quarrel with Burmah may be added to the number of political embarrassments. It would be unjust to attribute to the leaders of the Opposition any feeling of satisfaction at the accumulation of national difficulties; but the knowledge that the confidence of the country is shaken encourages their attacks on the Government. It is not yet certain whether the Porte has assented to the proposal of a joint occupation of East Roumelia; but, if the European Powers are agreed, the protests of Turkey will be disregarded. Unfortunately both Germany and France refuse to furnish contingents to the army of occupation. The intentions of the Italian Government are not yet announced, nor is it positively known whether Turkish troops will be allowed to form a part of the force. It would be impossible for the English Government, after proposing the measure, to decline a share in the burden; but it will be extremely inconvenient to spare three thousand men at a moment when two or three wars are proceeding in distant parts of the Empire. Although strict adherence to the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin may probably have been expedient, the suppression of disturbance in a remote Turkish province is not a task which will be regarded with enthusiasm. In the event of war, the English contingent would probably be forced to act as a mere detachment of the Austrian army; and in time of peace it may perhaps be exposed to the ill-will of the population. It is not absolutely certain that Parliament will sanction the employment of English troops for the maintenance of order in a foreign territory.

The scanty information which is received from the seat of war on the North-West frontier of India is uniform in its tenor. The premature anticipations of an early peace in consequence of the death of SHERE ALI seem to have been thus far disappointed. YAKOOB may possibly be a more formidable enemy than his father. It is believed that he has re-established his power at Cabul, and that he is now disinclined to negotiate with the Indian Government. If his position were secure, the English possession of one of his provincial capitals might induce him to make concessions in exchange for the restoration of Candahar; but it is not impossible that he may find it necessary for his own safety to exhibit an obstinate patriotism. The most formidable pretender to his throne, who is in the military service of Russia, is probably ready to bid against the reigning AMEER for popularity by professing uncompromising hostility to the English invader. It is not known whether any direct communications have passed between the VICEROY and the AMEER. If the terms of peace offered have been harsh and excessive, an inexcusable error will have been committed. Scarcely any concession which can have been demanded would have been as valuable as the opportunity of ending the struggle at a time when there had been little or no interruption of military success. The pretended reasons of the war imposed neither on friends nor enemies. It was well known that the advance of the English army was provoked by the presence of the Russian Envoy at Cabul; and when the Mission was withdrawn the columns of the invading force received credit for attainment of the real object of the war. A further campaign undertaken to compel the AMEER to admit a Resident at Cabul, or to surrender a portion of the territory which has been already occupied, would be an unnecessary and unwise enterprise. Late experience has shown that unforeseen military disasters are not impossible; and in war, as in other transactions, it is well to leave off a winner.

There is too much reason to believe that the English army is immediately to march on Cabul. The plan of operations is properly kept secret; but there can be little doubt that simultaneous movements will be made from Jellalabad and from Quetta or Candahar. If it were prudent to feel confident as to the result of military operations, former experience seems to show that no effective resistance can be offered to the English army. Forty years ago the English dominions were not conterminous with Afghanistan, inasmuch as both the Punjaub and Scinde were still independent. The great Sikh army lying on the flank of the advancing force constituted a formidable danger; and there were no railroads by which reinforcements could be forwarded from distant parts of India. Nevertheless a general of moderate capacity, with an army principally composed of native troops, marched by the Bholan Pass and by Ghuznee to Cabul without fighting a pitched battle. DOST MAHOMMED, who was both a brave soldier and a capable ruler, retired from his capital on the approach of the enemy; and for two years the English Resident, acting in the name of SHAH SOOJAH, governed Afghanistan with absolute authority. There is but one opinion of the imbecility and folly which led to the subsequent disaster. The garrison of Cabul alone, if it had been fitly commanded, would have been a match for any force which the Afghans could collect. After the destruction of the English army, SALE kept his position at Jellalabad for many weeks, although he was threatened in front by AKBAR KHAN, then in the first flush of his recent successes; and though his communications with India were cut off by hostile tribes, POLLOCK, having relieved SALE by forcing the Khyber Pass, which is now in possession of the English army, once more occupied Cabul in concert with NOTT, who advanced from Candahar. The army on the frontier is now commanded by skilful generals, it contains a large proportion of English troops, and all its columns are comparatively near their respective bases. Defects in the commissariat which are noticed by the critics in search of grounds for censure appear from their accounts to be susceptible of easy remedy. Large stores have been collected at Quetta and probably at Jellalabad; and the garrison of Candahar finds considerable supplies in the neighbourhood. If only there were sound political reasons for attempting to occupy Cabul, the result of the enterprise might be anticipated with reasonable confidence. It may be practicable to deprive YAKOOB of his capital, but not to force him to surrender, or to compel his acceptance of terms of peace. Both his father and his grandfather retired from Cabul in consequence of English invasion; and DOST MAHOMMED afterwards voluntarily constituted himself a prisoner, while SHERE ALI died in exile. The present AMEER may at his pleasure retire into distant parts of his territory where it will be impossible to follow him, and the English army must sooner or later evacuate Cabul. The fate of SHAH SOOJAH and of his patrons will

probably serve as a sufficient warning against any attempt to govern Afghanistan through a pretender. Any nominee of the invader would be justly hated by the people; and it would be necessary to maintain his power by a permanent occupation of the country. It is but a small additional objection to the proposed movement that it will contradict Lord BEACONSFIELD'S statement that the main object of the war was already accomplished by the rectification of the frontier.

Simultaneously with the tidings of the rupture of negotiations with the AMEER, reports have been circulated of Russian military operations in the neighbourhood of the Persian frontier. A large force had been despatched for the ostensible purpose of coercing the Turkoman tribes, and it was supposed that the real object of the expedition was the capture of Merv. It is now stated that General LAMAKIN has been recalled, and that the strength of his army had been greatly exaggerated; but an enterprise temporarily abandoned for political reasons may at any time be resumed. The Duke of ARGYLL may enjoy the satisfaction of repeating the solitary joke which enlivens his elaborate denunciation of the policy of the present Government. There is fresh reason for the feeling which he ridicules under the facetious name of "Mervousness." Alarm at the approach of Russian troops to Merv has been expressed by many politicians who in other respects share the opinions of the Duke of ARGYLL. Merv is situated in a fertile and well-watered district on the south of a desert, and in Russian hands it might become a considerable town. At present it is occupied by Turkoman tribes who seem to combine agricultural industry with occasional indulgence in the national pursuit of robbery. It is not certain that they would obstinately reject Russian dominion if it tended to increase their material prosperity in compensation for the loss of opportunities of plunder. The prevalence of "Mervousness" is explained by the position of Merv on the road to Herat. The intervening space, of about one hundred miles, offers no obstacle to the advance of an army, and there is little difference of opinion as to the great importance of Herat. No fortified city in Asia is stronger, and in the hands of a civilized Power the place would be almost impregnable. The Russians, once established at Merv, might perhaps acquire possession of Herat by negotiations with the Governor for the time being, with the result of being as advantageously placed in Afghan territory as if they occupied Cabul. The best security against the danger would be the maintenance of the agreement between England and Russia which was lately renewed by Lord SALISBURY and Count SCHOUVALOFF; but, as long as the Afghan war continues, the Russians may easily find pretexts for advances in the direction of India. Peace, if only its terms are not dishonourable, will be worth more than any special concessions which may be exacted from the Afghans.

THE BUDGET.

THE CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had on Thursday the pleasant task of disappointing the expectation of his adversaries and removing the fears of his friends. In spite of two wars actually going on, and one with difficulty avoided, there is to be no increase of taxation. This to many persons is the beginning and end of the Budget. But the result is arrived at by adopting a peculiar method of finance. The ordinary is separated from the extraordinary expenditure—that is, the money which the country would spend if there were no wars, or rumours of wars, is distinguished from that which the country is spending in consequence of wars or apprehensions of war; and then the funds necessary for the latter purpose are supplied by the creation of a short annuity, increasing difficulties being met by a prolongation of the term during which the annuity has to run. To take, for the sake of simplicity, round figures only, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER creates by new taxation a special fund of two millions. He announces that there are difficulties which will need four millions to meet them. In two years the special fund will have cleared them off. New difficulties arise, and two millions more are wanted. The special fund is made to operate for three years instead of two; and, if ten millions are in all required, it will be provided by this annuity of two millions a year lasting over five years. It is in this way possible to have unexpected difficulties arising and yet not to have the immediate burden of taxation increased. The Zulu war is paid for, not by making the taxpayer pay more now, but by making him pay what he does pay now for a longer time than he would otherwise have to pay it. When once the principle has been accepted and the special fund has been created, making Budgets is easy work, and so is criticizing Budgets. All that has to be done is to substitute exact figures for round figures. In real life the sums with which the calculator has to deal are always varying. The ordinary revenue and the ordinary expenditure are not stationary. The special fund comes from new taxes, which may give less or more. The amounts required to meet difficulties still going on are necessarily a matter of estimate. The duty of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER is therefore to make precise what was before vague, to tell us where the margin constituting the special fund begins, how much it is likely to bring in, and what he thinks his difficulties will cost him in the long run. If it is then assumed that what is true now will continue to be true in the next few years, with only unimportant variations, it is easy to calculate how long the annuity will have to run.

After the additional taxation necessary for the creation of the special fund had been imposed, the estimate for last year was 83,230,000*l*. The actual receipts were 83,115,972*l*., which, if the extreme depression of trade is taken into account, is exceedingly near the mark. There has been a slight falling off in the consumption of spirits in Ireland, and a somewhat larger falling off in the consumption of spirits in Scotland; but England has drunk exactly what was expected in the way of spirits and a little more than was expected in the way of beer. The vast drinking power of the nation has, therefore, not as yet been touched by its calamities. The consumption of tobacco has, however, fallen off to the extent of 3 per cent., and this is attributable not to a rise in price—for, in spite of the new duty, tobacco has not risen in price, as lower prices have been accepted by the growers—but to the enforced economy of a suffering people. In wine there has been a considerable falling off, which may perhaps be taken as an indication that it is on the wine-drinking classes that the burden of distress has most largely fallen. The receipts from stamps and legacy duties are also below the estimated amount; but in some items there is an increase, and so the total sum by which the receipts fell short of the Estimates was only 114,000*l*. For the coming year Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, in order to err on the safe side if he errs at all, anticipates a further minute reduction of 60,000*l*., and puts the total estimated revenue at 83,055,000*l*. The ordinary expenditure has, however, increased, and whereas there was left last year for the special fund 2,210,000*l*., this year there is only left 1,900,000*l*. A very slight revival of trade might be expected to give at least 100,000*l*. more, so that it is scarcely departing from facts to take the special fund at the conveniently round sum of two millions. We now come to the sums required to meet difficulties. European complications were estimated to cost 6,000,000*l*. They have actually cost 6,125,000*l*., an instance of nicety of calculation for which Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE takes credit. The Transkei war cost 590,000*l*., and the Zulu war has already cost 1,510,000*l*. We have thus spent a little more than six millions for European purposes and a little more than two millions for South African purposes. For the future we have to add 1,900,000*l*. for the further expenses of the Zulu war, so that the total cost of this war is brought up to about three and a half millions, and the interest on our advance of two millions to India for the Afghan war, which is to be repaid without interest in seven annual instalments. But, we have already paid off 2,900,000*l*. of the total charge, as we had our surplus of 2,210,000*l*. to apply for the purpose, and a part of the sum destined to meet European complications had already been included in the expenditure of the year ending on the 31st of March of last year. If the figures are balanced on both sides, it will be found that we had on the 1st of this April a sum incurred, or to be incurred, of 7,325,000*l*. to discharge with an annual sum of 2,000,000*l*. Something must be added for the interest on the Afghan loan, and for that on Exchequer bonds. Again returning to round figures, we may say that we have eight millions to pay off, and two millions a year with which to pay it. If, therefore, no new complications arise, the term of the annuity may be taken at four years.

This mode of dealing with current complications must be taken in conjunction with the present mode of dealing

with our permanent debt. We are steadily reducing this debt. By a use of language which may easily be misinterpreted, it is said that we are paying off five millions of debt annually. What we are really doing is this. During the year that ended on the 31st of March we reduced the funded debt by 1,441,080*l.*, or, in round numbers, by a million and a half. Further, a portion of our debt consists in annuities, and, of course, the capitalized value of these annuities falls every year as they approach the time of their extinction. It is by adding this diminution in the capitalized value of the annuities to the sum by which the funded debt is reduced that the amount of five millions is reached. But the annuities, from their very nature, pay themselves off, and this item of the reduction of debt is not, strictly speaking, any part of current finance. The unfunded debt, again, has largely increased lately; but this is owing either to the granting of local loans, so that we are owed as much as we owe, or to the very expenditure which we are paying off with our short annuity of four years, so that it too may be put aside when we are speaking of our present financial position. The whole system on which these local loans are granted is unsatisfactory, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has brought in a Bill intended to put things on a sounder footing, and every large increase of unfunded debt causes some perturbation in the money market. But these evils do not alter the general situation. The main result to the taxpayer is that he is now called on to pay his share towards the creation of two special funds, one of a million and a half for the reduction of the funded debt, and one of two millions, which in four years will wipe out an extraordinary outlay of eight millions. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE does not seem to suppose that the annuity need last so long as four years, and with good times the produce of taxation would no doubt extinguish it at an earlier date. But, if we take its term at four years, we at any rate know the worst of it. We are then in a position to ask whether the plan is a good plan. The obvious objection to it is that it enables the electors to go to war without feeling the pinch of war, and encourages a Government to pursue, what is termed by its adversaries, a reckless policy. We are, it is said, mortgaging the future unfairly. If a Liberal Cabinet succeeded the present Cabinet, it could not make a financial *coup* because this wretched legacy of a short annuity would stand in its way. No doubt the taxpayer is very glad, especially in a time of distress like the present, to escape new taxation, and possibly thinks less of the Zulu war than if he had to pay for it all at once. But then the Government scheme of finance must in fairness be looked at as a whole. The taxpayer is allowed to spread his payments for complications over a term, but then he is all the time reducing the funded debt. He is allowed a little ease in one way, but he is made to exercise a painful political foresight in another way. If he realizes his position and does justice to the Government, he must own that he is being treated with extreme tenderness.

THE ZULU DEBATE.

THE second night of the debate on Sir CHARLES DILKE'S motion was damaging to the Government. Contrary to expectation, it appeared that the votes on either side would not exactly coincide with the regular divisions of party. Sir ROBERT PEEL indeed has, in his successive alliances with the Liberals and the Conservatives, always claimed a certain independence or eccentricity of action; but his powerful speech on Friday last was more formidable to the Government because it was delivered by one of their professed supporters. Sir HENRY HOLLAND is an active and trusted member of the party; and, if he had taken office in the Government, his appointment would have created no surprise. It is certain that only a strong conviction could have induced him to join in a censure, not only of Sir BARTLE FRERE, but of the Cabinet. Mr. ASHLEY, on the other side, declined, not less conscientiously, to vote for the motion, on the ground that the policy pursued in South Africa had been justifiable or necessary. Proofs that the House of Commons considers the question on its merits may perhaps add weight to its decision; but at the same time they relieve the opponents of the Government from the charge of having been actuated by factious motives. The peculiar circumstances of the case have involved the Ministers in an apparently logical dilemma. As Mr. LOWE said with his customary neatness of phrase, they seem to claim in dealing with Sir BARTLE FRERE a monopoly of abuse. The SECRETARY for the COLONIES has told the HIGH COMMISSIONER in strong terms that he was wrong, and yet for the purpose of the debate he was compelled to make the least of the error. The contradiction would be indefensible if it affected the policy of the Government rather than the exigencies of debate. It is not necessarily inconsistent to inflict a certain punishment, and at the same time to contend against a demand for greater severity; but a speaker who has at the same time to defend the author and the object of a censure is at a great disadvantage in meeting an assailant who directs his attack against both. That a reprimand for the past is compatible with confidence for the future will not be seriously denied; but it is difficult to satisfy a popular audience that disapproval is not connected with distrust.

It has been said that Sir BARTLE FRERE might have submitted to the official rebuke, but that the publicity given to the censure will render his retention of office incompatible with regard to his personal dignity. The Government are accused of a grave mistake in having informed Parliament and the country of their disapproval, instead of communicating their judgment to Sir BARTLE FRERE in a private despatch. Their critics forget that it would have been almost impossible for the Ministers to keep their secret, and at the same time to relieve themselves from the responsibility of acts which they could not have defended. The Opposition would have insisted on full answers to the question whether the Government approved of the ultimatum and the declaration of war. An evasive statement would have been equivalent to an admission that they had not sanctioned the policy of the HIGH COMMISSIONER, and it would have been correctly surmised that they had not shrunk from expressing their judgment to Sir BARTLE FRERE himself. The precedent already quoted of the censure inflicted on Lord CANNING is in this respect not distinguishable from the present case. Lord DERBY'S Government rebuked him in stronger language than that of Sir M. H. BEACH'S despatch for his threat of confiscating the estates of the Talookdars of Oude, and the censure was published in England long before it could have reached India. The Ministers, indeed, were not exempt from the suspicion of having arranged the whole transaction for the purpose of making a vacancy in the office of Viceroy for one of their colleagues. Nevertheless Lord CANNING, though he must have understood the motives of his official superiors, disappointed them by not resigning. The assurance of security of title which, under the orders of the Government, he gave to the Talookdars was not less inconsistent with his former policy than Sir M. H. BEACH'S instructions with the project of annexing the Zulu country. It is possible that Sir BARTLE FRERE may be more sensitive. Yet in such cases it is the duty of a public servant to consider whether he can serve his country better by indulging or by disregarding his personal feelings.

If Mr. COURTNEY is liable to the weakness of vanity, he is fully entitled to the pleasure of knowing that when he stood almost alone in opposition to the annexation of the Transvaal he was in the right. Lord CARNARVON and Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE were responsible for the measure which has been both a main cause of the Zulu war and a source of internal embarrassment. If the Republic had remained independent, the army of CETEWAYO would have been directed, not against the English, but against the Dutch. It is probable that his forces would have overrun the State; and any assistance which might have been afforded to the Boers would have been given at their own request. Perhaps they might have tendered the allegiance which the majority of them now disclaim. They now refuse to become auxiliaries in the war, although but for the annexation they would have been principals. Their disaffection is in part to be explained by the necessary interference of the English Government with their practical maintenance of slavery. The duty of suppressing this vicious institution was imposed on the new authorities as a consequence of annexation. It was not necessary to become responsible for the morals either of Dutch settlers or of barbarous chiefs. According to the latest accounts, there is no reason to apprehend immediate disturbance in the Transvaal, and it is possible that, with the re-establishment of the military reputation of the ruling Power, the agitation

for independence may subside. Good news from South Africa would have done the Government better service than any arguments which could have been used in the debate. The scanty reports which have been received are of a disheartening character. The collapse of certain negotiations with CETEWAYO'S brother will have excited little surprise. The failure of the first attempt to relieve Colonel PEARSON causes grave uneasiness.

In the division, notwithstanding the secession of Sir H. HOLLAND, Sir R. PEEL, and Mr. GORST, the Government was supported by its ordinary majority. There was no trace of the feeling which last year on questions of foreign policy expressed itself in majorities of a hundred or a hundred and twenty. It was impossible to feel enthusiasm for the theory that a colonial Governor had been so far in the wrong as to deserve a reprimand, and not so far in the wrong as to deserve dismissal. The official defence of the Government was undertaken by three of its own members. Sir M. H. BEACH was unavoidably and elaborately diffuse, and Lord SANDON and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER merely dealt with special points which had arisen in the course of the debate. The Ministers evidently felt that they were on the losing side, although they had no fear for the result of the division. On the last night of the debate Mr. COURTNEY, Sir W. HARCOURT, and Lord HARTINGTON repeated, with the exultation of success, the blows which had already been dealt. The Opposition is at all times superior to the Ministerial party in debating power; and on this occasion it had the more tenable cause to support. Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. BRIGHT, and Mr. GOSCHEN were silent, and Mr. LOWE was unluckily interrupted in the midst of a vigorous flow of argument and sarcasm. In the absence of some of the principal leaders, the speakers against the Government carried off the honours of the discussion. Sir C. DILKE, already one of the most rising members of the party, has by his opening speech greatly increased his Parliamentary reputation. The fidelity of the followers of the Government is admirable in its steadiness. For this, and perhaps another, Session the Government is at liberty to pursue its own policy at home and abroad. Miscarriages in diplomacy or in war alike fail to disturb the loyalty of Conservative members. It would be pleasant for the Ministers to float on smooth waters, but for the consciousness that they are advancing steadily towards the rapids. They have much reason to doubt whether they will emerge unhurt at the foot of the cataract. The South African debate will have a definite effect on the general election. Constituencies will not pause to apportion minutely the blame of an unnecessary war which has begun with a great disaster. Governments are held responsible not only for good intentions, but for good fortune. It cannot be denied that the Zulu war is an untoward occurrence; and the dissatisfaction which it produces will be directed against the Government. It is barely possible that a military success might turn the current of popular feeling; but thus far the scanty news from South Africa is not encouraging. It is not even known that an immediate attempt will be made to relieve Colonel PEARSON'S garrison; and the invasion has been wholly suspended.

ITALY.

THE arrival of the QUEEN at Baveno has been welcomed with as much eagerness to show respect and admiration as the retirement in which she wishes to pass her time would permit. The KING, the POPE, and GARIBALDI have each in their several fashions paid their tribute of grateful recognition to the chief of constitutional monarchs, the defender of toleration, and the head of a Government which at a very critical moment not only helped Italy to be free, but pushed her on in the path of freedom. The KING may probably have been a little vexed at the slight put on the Italian Court by the English Ministry when his father died. But his feelings, if they had been at all wounded, must have been soothed by the message of cordial sympathy sent him by the QUEEN when the recent attempt on his life was made at Naples. It happens by a curious coincidence that, exactly at the time of the QUEEN'S visit, the KING has had to decide the difficult question what should be done with the man who tried to assassinate him. He has decided that mercy is better than justice, and PASSAVANTE has escaped the scaffold and been sent as a life-prisoner to the Isle of Elba. Sovereigns, and especially constitutional sovereigns, naturally lean to mercy on such occasions. Even the late Emperor of the FRENCH could only be brought by the firmness of those around him to sign the death-warrant of ORSINI; and the Memoirs of the PRINCE CONSORT show how eager he, as well as the QUEEN, was to take as mild a view as possible of the attempts made on her life in the early years of her reign. Sovereigns like the QUEEN and the King of ITALY are reluctant to admit that they cannot trust their personal safety to the affections of their subjects, as they are conscious that they themselves are devoting their lives to doing their subjects as much good as they can. They have, too, a feeling of gratitude for the effusion of honest loyalty which such attacks provoke, and they are too much touched by what gives them well-deserved pleasure to bear to be severe. In Italy, again, there is a widely spread objection to capital punishment, and the KING may have shrunk from shocking the prejudices of any one in a matter in which he was immediately concerned. It would be presumptuous in foreigners to say that, if everything is taken into consideration, the KING has made a mistake. At the same time it may be observed that, if capital punishment is to be inflicted at all, it is difficult to see when it can be inflicted more wisely and justly than when a man tries to kill a King simply because he is a King. No outrage can be more wanton; and, if capital punishment has a strong deterrent effect, it might be reasonably expected that its restraining power would be greatest when the motive for committing the crime is very slight. The Nihilists allege that they destroy their victims only when gross acts of violence have been established against those who are doomed to perish; and long before ORSINI made his attempt the EMPEROR had waded through slaughter to his throne. Indignation at great wrongs may make men willing to court death in order to obtain a wild revenge. But the wish to kill a King because he is a King is one of the most trivial forces that can act on the human mind; and the certainty of death, if the wish ripened into action, might be expected to overpower this trivial force more easily than it overpowers the motives which ordinarily lead to murder.

The KING has no doubt strengthened his position very considerably during the year which has now elapsed since he began his reign. He has shown an eager desire to govern, not only according to the letter, but according to the spirit, of the Constitution; and such leaning as there was to Republicanism when he ascended the throne has, if it has not quite died away, yet become feebler and less conspicuous. The conviction, too, that Italy had for the present better keep herself to herself has gained ground lately, and the Government is allowed to persevere in its laudable policy of trying to stand well with every one. It is unavoidable, however, that some foreign questions should present difficulties of a special character to any Italian Government that may be in power. If Italy represents anything, it represents what is termed the principle of nationalities. So far as it has any influence in Europe and any settled purpose, it must strive to enforce the assumption that the rule of foreigners over subject nationalities ought to cease. The Albanians come to Italy begging that Italy will not permit them to be subjected to the dominion of Greece, which they detest, and the Danes have lately poured into the sympathizing breast of the Court of Rome the sad tale of the hard treatment they and their brethren in North Schleswig have received at the hands of Germany. In such cases it is, however, easy to be sympathetic and nothing more. The Italians may say with truth that, if they pity the Albanians and the Danes, they can do nothing for them. But the proposal to take part in a mixed occupation of Roumelia must be eminently disagreeable to Italian statesmen. To act in conjunction with other European Powers in carrying out arrangements made by collective Europe is no doubt attractive, as involving a new recognition of Italy as one of the Great Powers. But to aid in restoring a revolted nationality to a dominion it hates, and from which it has all but escaped, is contrary to the traditions and feelings of Italians; and they can scarcely forget the days when they were told on every side that it was by the wish of Europe, and in the interests of the balance of power, that Austria held Lombardy and Venice. If France and Germany have declined to take part in the occupation, Italy would have

precedents for a refusal of which she might be very glad to avail herself. But strong pressure might be exercised on very good grounds to induce Italy to take her part in a task to which she was very little inclined. If no other Powers except Russia, England, and Austria sent contingents, the enterprise would be sadly shorn of its European character, and Italy, as the last and weakest newcomer into the great Council of Europe, may be asked to do something, although very little to her taste, in order to justify the honour conferred on her.

By way of a novelty in the conduct of affairs, the KING has lately given a banquet to which all the leading statesmen of all political parties were impartially invited. This might seem a pleasant and ingenious mode of allaying the fury of party spirit. But M. DE LAVELEYE has just been bestowing on Italy one of those candid and amiable criticisms which he showers in turn on all European countries, and the main truth that he wishes to impress on his readers is that the great misfortune of Italy consists in the non-existence of parties. There are not, he thinks, enough differences of feeling and opinion among leading Italian statesmen to keep them alive. There are in the Chamber a nominal Right and a nominal Left, but in substance the Right and Left think the same thoughts, and do when in power the same acts. Both parties have the same ideas on finance and foreign affairs, on the necessity of keeping up the army, on the wisdom of unceasing vigilance against the Church. All that they can find to differ about is some small act of administration, or some question of personal confidence. The consequence is that the Chamber is split up into paltry cliques. There are not parties, but groups. There are not really so much Right and Left as a MINGHETTI group, a CAIROLI group, a NICOTERA group, and a DEPRETIS group. This, in the eyes of M. DE LAVELEYE, is not properly Parliamentary government at all, and he can see no hope for Italy until a more satisfactory state of things arises. His remedy for the mischief is that the Church should organize a strong clerical party, and then there will be a real division of opinion, and Italy will attain that nice balance of power founded on the profound antagonism of two radically divided parties which so highly distinguishes Belgium. This singular view of the best future for Italy shows an ardour in the pursuit of Parliamentary government which Englishmen, who are upheld as the original patentees of this form of government, must take as complimentary to them. But we do not know that there is anything in the past history of this country to warrant the theory that national happiness is dependent on the continued existence of a bitter party spirit. The test of excellence in Parliamentary government is not whether there is a very marked Left and a very marked Right, but whether the Sovereign is loyal to the Constitution, whether the people are satisfied, whether the laws are wisely made and well administered. In these respects Italy, as M. DE LAVELEYE recognizes, has, amid many shortcomings, made a progress that may fairly be described as surprising. In the common prosecution of a great undertaking Italian statesmen have had many serious differences and exhibited many personal jealousies. But it is a matter of congratulation rather than of regret that, after all, these differences and jealousies are not too strong to make it possible for the KING to ask them all to dinner.

PARIS AND THE SENATE.

THE French Senate has manifested an unexpected independence. The Bill for convoking the two Chambers in congress with a view to the substitution of Paris for Versailles as the place of meeting of the Legislature has been referred to a Committee which has reported against it. M. LABOULAYE, the Chairman of this Committee, has enumerated the objections to the change in a careful and forcible Report; and, though his known devotion to the Republic has not saved him from being hooted in Paris, it may give weight to his views in the country. M. LABOULAYE begins by putting aside the alleged inconveniences of the present arrangement as not worthy of serious discussion. During the eight years that the Legislature has sat at Versailles an abundance of new laws have been passed, and there is not the slightest need to suppose that the time which the Senators and Deputies spend on the railway is really needed for more important work. If no political reason could be alleged in opposition to the change, the advantages of Paris over Versailles would of course be sufficient to turn the scale; but, in the event of a political reason being forthcoming, there are no considerations of convenience strong enough to counterbalance it. M. LABOULAYE is at no loss to find such a reason. The fact that the sittings of the Legislature are held some miles away from Paris constitutes a moral and material security such as no other arrangement could supply. In the First Revolution Paris was the handmaid of the Terror. In 1848 the Chamber was twice in danger from the Paris mob. In 1871 the Commune was proclaimed in open defiance of the country, which had made its voice heard in the elections; and, if Paris has of late been more submissive, it is only that she has been subjected to fewer temptations. There can be nothing in the dissociation of the seat of government from the capital that is opposed to Republican ideas, for the same arrangement has been made and adhered to in the United States. It is a further reason, M. LABOULAYE thinks, against the change that it can only be effected by a revision of the Constitution. A fundamental law should not be altered except under a strong necessity. It is so important to invest a written Constitution with all available sanctity that nothing but a very unmistakable expression of public opinion can make it expedient to amend it.

These reasons deserve, beyond doubt, very careful attention. But, when this careful attention has been given to it, we do not think that M. LABOULAYE will be found to have proved his point. The example of the United States comes, it is needless to say, to nothing at all. A Federal Union almost suggested a capital which should belong to none of the component States, and the immense distances which separate one State from another made it convenient that the Federal capital should be more or less equidistant from the majority of them. The political reason is, therefore, the only one which M. LABOULAYE can produce in favour of his case. If that breaks down, his whole fabric of argument falls with it. M. LABOULAYE will hardly deny that the continued absence of the Government from Paris is in itself a sign of weakness. It implies that Paris cannot be trusted not to attempt to force the Government to do something which they do not want to do; and it implies further that the Government cannot trust themselves not to be thus driven. The first of these two inferences may be, and probably is, perfectly correct. The kind of history which Paris has had is very well suited to create such an impression. But, if this first inference may be safely conceded, and no harm come of it, it is essential that the second should be dismissed. A French Government ought to be and to appear strong enough to keep its capital in order, and if it is obliged to keep the Legislature away from the capital neither of these conditions will be satisfied. When it is argued that, if the Chambers hold their Sessions in Paris, they will find the mob breaking in upon their meetings and dictating from the galleries the measures which it chooses to have passed, the assumption necessarily is either that there is no adequate force at the disposal of the Executive, or that, having an adequate force, the Executive wants courage to use it. No doubt, if either of these assumptions were true, there would be ample reason against moving the Legislature to Paris. But, then, to say that either of them is true is to accuse the French Government of absolute paralysis in presence of popular discontent. An Executive is brought into such a plight by one of two things—the want of an adequate army, or the want of the resolution to employ it. It cannot be contended that the French army is not large enough to make Paris as orderly as any city in the world. Nor is there any ground to suppose that, if the soldiers were ordered to protect the Assembly against violence, they would not do as they were told. A great capital does not break into open violence without giving ample indication of the direction in which its thoughts are running. The Government is forewarned, and it is consequently its own fault if it is not also forearmed. No doubt, if, when the time for action comes, the Government were to give no certain sound, if it were to repeat the lamentable scenes of the First Revolution and tell the troops to fire and not to fire in one and the same breath, the army might speedily become demoralized, and all that M. LABOULAYE fears from the transfer of the Chambers to Paris might soon be realized. Well, then, it may be said, since this is admitted, why run the risk of such a calamity? So long as the Chambers

remain at Versailles they are safe, whether the Executive has or has not the courage to protect them. Why take them from a place in which no harm can come to them, whatever be the shortcomings of the Government, and move them to one in which any display of weakness on the part of the Government would be pregnant with disastrous consequences? We can only reply that the existence of a weak Government in France would be so great a misfortune that it ought not even to be contemplated. It is better for the country to say from the very first, We will not tolerate weakness in our rulers. The absence of the Legislature from Paris is likely to serve as a cloak for this unfortunate quality, and therefore the Legislature ought to return to Paris. Let it be clearly understood that no French Cabinet will be held fit for its place which is not as well prepared to protect the Chambers against violence if they sit at Paris as if they sit anywhere else; and then, when every Minister knows what will be required of him, there will be the less excuse for his falling short of it. It is important in dealing with this subject to bear in mind that open violence is not the only evil which has to be guarded against. A Government may fall into general contempt and discredit without having retreated before a mob, and when once it has come into this condition the mob will not long be wanting whether the Legislature is at Paris or at Versailles.

The controversy about the seat of Government has two collateral elements of interest in addition to the interest which attaches to the main question. There is first the disclosure of the distrust which Paris still awakens in the minds of those who are above all things the representatives of the rural communes, and, next, the evidence which the action of the Senate affords of the distinction which still subsists between the Upper and Lower Chamber. In our judgment the way in which the former feeling shows itself is not a wise one; but we are very far from denying that the distrust which Paris has excited in times past still retains some of its justification. The circumstances of a great capital do undoubtedly give a chance to disaffection which outside the capital it has no chance of commanding. Paris, above all cities, is the home of sudden surprises, and unless the Government are properly on their guard against them it may prove that the supply is not yet exhausted. It is not probable that much can be done in the way of specific guarantees; but, if the Government know their business, they will be able to convince the more timid section of the Senate that they have not the slightest intention of bearing the sword in vain. If they fail in bringing the Senate round to their views, it is to be hoped that the respect which Frenchmen have hitherto felt towards a Second Chamber will not be destroyed by that Chamber having a mind of its own in a single instance. If ever there was a case in which the suspensive veto could be applied without blame, the present is one. It is provided by the Constitution that Versailles, and not Paris, shall be the seat of government; and it is further provided by the same instrument that, as regards the alteration of the Constitution, either Chamber shall have a veto on the act of the other. Nothing can be plainer than the intention of those who framed the Constitution. The powers of the two Chambers with regard to it are strictly equal; and it would be a bad omen for the Conservative Republic if the will of the Second Chamber should be overruled on the very first occasion since its renovation on which it has ventured to differ from the Chamber of Deputies.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.

THE debate on Mr. YORKE's motion has not supplied any additional materials for a conclusion upon the merits of the Wellington College controversy. All that is to be said on each side was already to be found in the correspondence between the ADJUTANT-GENERAL and the Governors of the College, to which we called attention last October. If the school had been confined to two out of the three classes of boys who are now educated in it, the present attack might never have been made. The original conception of Wellington College was that of a school for the gratuitous or nearly gratuitous education of the orphan children of officers, and this part of the promise held out to those who contributed to its foundation has not been departed from. The orphans of officers are still educated for a merely nominal sum. The only thing complained of is that the College is unable to educate a sufficient number of them upon these terms. But besides the children of dead officers, who pay next to nothing, there are a certain number of children of living officers who pay a good deal. It is true they do not pay so much as boys who have not the good fortune to be the children of either dead or living officers. What the one gets for 80*l.* the other gets for 110*l.* Unfortunately for the peace of the governing body, something was said, before the College was opened, of a very much smaller sum than 80*l.* being enough for the education and maintenance of boys out of whom it was not proposed to make a profit. The expectations of living officers were excited, and a certain number of them seem to have really believed that an education of the highest order would in future be open to their sons for the modest sum of 30*l.* No boy was ever actually taken at this figure, but the idea of a cheap education had been set going, and at every station where British officers are brought together, especially at those where English children cannot be retained without risk to health and even life, this new and advantageous mode of disposing of them was warmly welcomed. So far as the precise sum of 30*l.* is concerned, the idea was abandoned before the College was opened, and the present sum of 80*l.* was fixed on before the College had been opened a year. It is plain that the change from 30*l.* to 80*l.* was in all respects a radical one. There are comparatively few officers who can afford to pay the latter sum for the education of their sons, and it is from the majority who cannot afford to do this that the present complaint comes. It is in vain that the Governors insist that they make nothing by these boys, that the 80*l.* only about balances the cost of each boy for the school year, and that, if it is to be reduced, the character of the school must be changed. The aggrieved officers do not shrink from the answer. Let it be changed, they say. We had nothing to do with making Wellington College what it is, and we do not care how soon it becomes something different from what it is. It is plain that this view of the case is not at all disposed of by the speeches of either Mr. GLADSTONE or General SHUTE. When General SHUTE declares with pride that the Governors of Wellington College have raised a building "worthy to be a monument of the great DUKE," and have done their best to make the College fit to "rank "with the highest public school in England," he says what is perfectly true, but not perfectly to the point. The officers who quarrel with what has been done for them do so, not on the ground that the education given at Wellington College is dear at the money asked for it, but on the ground that, whether it be dear or cheap, the money asked for it is more than they can afford to give. Mr. GLADSTONE virtually conceded all that the complainants asked for when he admitted that those officers who contend that it is possible to give an education substantially as good as that now given for less money have a right to have their contention investigated. Is it necessary, that is, to the really important part of education, that the arrangements of the College should be so liberal, the buildings so magnificent, and the boys themselves placed so completely on a level with those of the first public schools in England? We may even go further than this, and say that the case of those who maintain that an education not quite so good as that which is given at Wellington College and at the great public schools would have answered their purpose very much better deserves consideration. Indeed we are inclined to think that this latter plea goes nearer to the root of the matter than the former. It is very doubtful, to say the least, whether the kind of education given at Eton and Harrow can be reproduced at Wellington College for less than the sum now charged for it. A public school education has now become a very costly compound. It needs the most successful young men at both Universities for masters, it needs the latest improvements in educational appliances of all kinds, it needs an apparatus appropriate for every kind of sport. Which of these accompaniments are essential and which accidental is a point upon which it is very difficult to have an opinion. No doubt there is much in the surroundings of a great public school which has no direct connexion with education. Yet there may be a real connexion between the choice of masters which it is open to the Governors to make, and the presence or absence of these accidents. Suppose, for example, that a school were started with a staff of masters of the highest excellence, and that, owing to various changes in the conduct of

the school, it were gradually deserted by boys whose parents intended to send them on to Oxford or Cambridge. Is it not clear that in that case the masters would leave the school for the simple reason that their occupation would be gone? Their salaries might remain the same, but the use for special qualifications they had to give would be at an end; and where a man—especially a young man—finds that his work no longer calls out his special qualifications, he either goes elsewhere in search of other work, or loses interest in the work he has. It is not probable, therefore, that, if the cost of the education at Wellington College were lowered, the education itself would retain its present character. Civilian parents would not pay 110*l.* a year for their sons if they got much less than they do now in exchange; and there is no reason to doubt the accuracy of the Governors' statement that the education for which they charge 110*l.* to civilians cannot be given to the children of officers at less than 80*l.* without the risk of loss to the College. And loss to the College, it must be remembered, means more than reduction of income to the masters. It means a positive reduction either in the number of orphans educated there or in the standard of education given to them. Where the children of living officers are concerned they have at least their parents to take thought for them. If Wellington College declines in reputation or in solidity they can be taken away and placed elsewhere. It is different where orphans are concerned. They are educated gratuitously at Wellington College, and whether the education there given is good or bad, it is all that they are likely to get. It is they, therefore, that have the first claim alike on the Governors of the College and on the public at large. The primary object of the College was to give them such an education as their fathers, if they had lived, would have wished to give them, and the fulfilment of this object ought not to be subordinated to the interests of children whose parents are still living.

Still when this has been admitted, the question whether the education now given at Wellington College is the best for the particular class of boys for which it was in the first instance intended remains to be answered. There are abundance of flourishing schools in existence, passing under the general name of middle-class or first-grade schools, which give an education thorough of its kind, but differing in many important respects from the education given at Harrow or Rugby. Would it be desirable that this should be the kind of education given to the orphans of officers? That is an inquiry which cannot be answered offhand, but it can hardly be denied, having regard to the antecedents, position, and prospects of the great majority of the boys in question, that it is not a matter to be dismissed as undeserving of consideration. Nor is it one that could be fairly dealt with by the Governors of Wellington College sitting alone. If Lord GEORGE HAMILTON really wishes to satisfy either the army or the public, he will take care that the promised inquiry shall be one in which the two opposite theories of what an institution such as Wellington College ought to be shall be fairly represented.

GRIEVANCES OF THE PEERAGE.

LORD ZOUCHE, a young and promising member of the House of Lords, has in an article in the *Nineteenth Century* given expression to a grievance which is felt by many others of equal age and of the same rank. He is willing to serve his country as a peer, and he can find nothing to do. It has generally been thought that a Scotch peer who is not elected as a representative is more completely excluded from political life than the members of any other class. Even a clergyman may vote for a member of the House of Commons; he is eligible to become a bishop; and, under recent legislation, he may at his pleasure denude himself of a character to which special disabilities are attached. The Scotch peer has no vote, except for a representative in the House of Lords, and he must remain a peer to the end of his life. Lord ZOUCHE finds that a peer of the United Kingdom, though he is not technically disqualified, has almost as little opportunity of gratifying a laudable ambition. He may go to the House of Lords, but on ordinary nights there is no business; and on the rare and brief occasions of a debate his assistance is not invited by the leaders of his party. He finds the present Government peculiarly disinclined to encourage youthful aspirations. If a peer hitherto unknown in political life insists on making a speech, he, according to Lord ZOUCHE, receives the plainest intimation that he is no better than an intruder. It is odd that Lord BEACONSFIELD and his colleagues should be charged with more than ordinary want of courtesy to the bulk of its supporters in the House of Lords. In his novels Mr. DISRAELI always announced that the world could only be regenerated by the young; but the survivors among his early followers have grown old, and they have perhaps not transmitted their genius and their wisdom to another generation. There is no doubt that a disposition to discover and promote young and able men is both useful and honourable to a statesman. Lord BEACONSFIELD has generally selected competent candidates for high employment; but perhaps he has not sufficient leisure or energy to invent a career for ordinary peers.

In spite of remonstrances addressed to every successive Government, the House of Lords finds that the business entrusted to it is constantly decreasing in amount and importance. Although the House of Commons is often hopelessly blocked, it will not transfer any part of its functions to the other branch of the Legislature. There is undoubtedly a great waste of ability in the House of Lords. Many of its members are men of business; almost all are fairly educated; and the majority would probably prefer Parliamentary activity to incessant hunting, shooting, and fishing. A certain number of peers with great advantage to themselves perform useful service by acting on public and private Committees; but their appointment in one case rests with the leaders of the two great parties; and the panel of judicial Committee-men is prepared by Lord REDESDALE. There is only room for a certain number in office or on the bench which is occupied by the official part of the Opposition. Compulsory idleness is a serious misfortune to an active mind; but unoccupied peers may partially console themselves with the reflection that they are not alone in their sorrow. Every profession swarms with unsuccessful aspirants whose price no man has asked. The briefless barrister is even more to be pitied than the silent peer, because he has not a home, an estate, and an agreeable society to fall back upon. Mr. GLADSTONE deserves credit for having discovered a method by which a few peers of the dominant party are made useful as well as ornamental. He was the first Prime Minister who allowed and required Lords in Waiting and other functionaries of the same kind to represent for certain purposes in the House of Lords the great departments of State. The Lord Steward himself, instead of confining himself to the arrangement of stately ceremonies, sometimes moves first readings of Bills, or answers questions like an ordinary official human being. Unfortunately it is impossible to find similar employment for four or five hundred peers. Impatient ambition must wait for opportunities, which to peers, as to commoners, sometimes never occur. The right to work which is claimed by French communists on behalf of labourers and artisans has not been practically asserted. Peers are so far better off than handicraftsmen that they receive their wages before they have earned them. Their hereditary wealth and their social position may partially console some of them for political inactivity.

There are many more undesirable lots in life than the position of an English peer of good fortune. If his manners and character are unobjectionable he can always command access to good society; and he has every facility for making the most of any taste or accomplishment which he may possess. A moderate faculty for science, art, or literature will in his case obtain at least the recognition which it deserves. It is remarkable that there are not half-a-dozen peers by inheritance who have ever written a book; and perhaps the same number may have painted tolerable pictures. In learned and scientific society some peers take a creditable share. An intelligent Londoner of competent means would on the whole be better off as a peer than as a commoner; but it is in the country that the great advantages of rank are most various and most conspicuous. Unless there is a still higher magnate in the immediate neighbourhood, a resident and not unpopular peer is the *ex officio* patron, chairman, or leader of every local organization. If he is sufficiently industrious and intelligent he is not unlikely, as a vacancy occurs, to become Chairman of Quarter Sessions; and he may even aspire in imagination to the august office of Lord Lieutenant. The deference which is willingly paid to rank

is one of the most wholesome elements of English social organization. Envy and jealousy find little provocation when precedence is regulated, not by disputable assertion of personal merit, but by a kind of superiority which is confessedly accidental. Even those who may think that equality conduces to the public interest will allow that the privileged person himself derives great advantage from his position. With a reasonable share of energy and versatility a peer may find employment for himself in the country, although he may be condemned to silence and obscurity in the House of Lords. A provincial reputation for capacity sometimes serves as an introduction to more important duties; but, even if an unhappy peer never emerges from his rural circle of employment, he has a more interesting career than most of his untitled neighbours.

Although the political system cannot be altered for the convenience of unemployed peers, the question remains whether the House of Lords might not be made more serviceable to the State. Its defect is not in ability, but in power. The House of Commons is not willing to entrust a rival assembly with important legislation. Measures relating to the law for the most part originate in the House of Lords; but there would be little saving of time if the usual procedure with respect to ordinary business were reversed. A Bill sent down from the Lords would necessarily pass through all the regular stages in the House of Commons, and its provisions would be not less fully debated because it had already been approved by the other House. The ability and high reputation of the leading members of the House of Lords exercise great influence on public opinion when there is a debate on any important question of public policy. Moreover, by an odd anomaly the Chairman of Committees of the House of Lords exercises much more influence over private legislation than the corresponding functionary in the House of Commons. On the whole, the House of Lords is respected in its collective character; and the personal power exercised in various capacities by its members is very great. The function of correcting or preventing erroneous legislation is gradually passing, like the analogous veto of the Crown, into practical disuse. Wisely, but against its wishes and convictions, the House of Lords has within a few years passed the Bill for disestablishing the Irish Church, the Irish Land Bill, the Ballot Bill, and the Reform Bill of 1867. The tact which it has shown in averting collisions has been rewarded by immunity from revolutionary menaces and attacks. Forty years ago the suppression or reform of the House of Lords was a common topic of agitation. For many years not a whisper has been heard of any similar design. It might perhaps be advisable, if it were possible, to enlarge the sphere of action of the House of Lords; but it would not be a forcible reason for such a change that an increase of business might perhaps furnish some of its younger members with suitable employment. Any peer who may hereafter hold the position of Lord BEACONSFIELD and Lord GRANVILLE may easily deserve and acquire popularity with the great body of peers by concealing his reluctance to be troubled by their speeches.

THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT AND THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

THE answer of the London School Board to the very serious accusation brought against them by the Education Department was read to the Board on Wednesday. The questions which it proposes to answer are two. Firstly, when the Board applied for supplemental loans to the extent of 91,000*l.* for the building of certain schools, had the department approved the plans and tenders in such a manner as to justify the Board in entering into contracts with builders and incurring the subsequent liabilities? Secondly, when the Board had sent in these applications, were they justified in anticipating that the department would recommend the loans in due course, and in stating, as they did, that there had been delay on the part of the department in forwarding the recommendations to the Public Works Loan Commissioners? The Education Department say that the plans had not been "finally approved"; that, on the contrary, they had been returned to the Board with a request that, after tenders had been obtained and before any contract was signed, they might be again submitted to the department with an estimate of the cost.

Mr. CROAD begins by recalling two facts, which he says "appear to have been overlooked for the moment" by the Education Department. One is that the Board "have "invariably in each case forwarded to the department at "one and the same time the plans for the school buildings "and the tender which they proposed to accept." The other is that the Education Department have made a special arrangement with the London School Board by which, as soon as "a rough estimate, verified by "the surveyor and architect of the School Board," has been submitted, the Education Department "will be "prepared to recommend the Public Works Loan Com"missioners to make a loan to the School Board to the "extent of three-fourths of the estimated cost, provided that "such recommendation does not exceed 10*l.* per child to "be accommodated in the school buildings." The explanation of the discrepancy between Mr. CROAD and Mr. CUMIN'S statements is to be found, according to Mr. CROAD, in the fact that the reply of the department is always made upon a printed form drawn up for the whole country, and consequently having reference to applications in connexion with which no preliminary estimate has been furnished, and no special arrangement has been entered into. Mr. CUMIN, according to this view of the case, is perfectly right in stating that the plans of the schools it was proposed to build with the 91,000*l.* had not been finally approved, but that, on the contrary, these plans had been returned to the Board with a request for tenders and estimates. What Mr. CUMIN has overlooked is, first, that under the arrangement of the 27th of January, 1875, the London School Board is allowed to borrow from the Commissioners to the extent of three-fourths of the estimated cost before the plans have been finally approved by the department, and, next, that, as a matter of fact, not only the preliminary estimate required by that arrangement, but the actual tenders, had in each case been sent in with the plans. It is true that there appears on the file a letter from the Education Department making the requests mentioned by Mr. CUMIN. But the existence of this letter is due entirely to the economy of the department in not having distinct printed forms for use under distinct circumstances. Its correspondence with every School Board except the London School Board is conducted on the assumption that tenders have not been submitted, and that no loan will be recommended until the contracts have been finally approved. The correspondence with the London School Board is conducted on the assumption that tenders have been submitted, and that the preliminary estimate, not exceeding a certain proportion of the total cost or a certain sum per child, which, by special arrangement, has been substituted for final approval, has been sent to the department. Unfortunately, it pleases their Lordships to make one and the same printed form do duty for both cases. They are consequently made to send printed letters asking for tenders which have been already sent, and contemplating a final approval of the contract as an indispensable condition to recommending a loan which they have already agreed to recommend on conditions which have been complied with. It is scarcely credible that the department should for years have used "Supply Form No. "4" in its communications with a School Board to which by its own arrangement "Supply Form No. 4" has no application. The expenditure of a few shillings in printing a "Supply Form No. 5" would not have materially increased the estimate, while it would have saved the department from an explanation which does not present it in a very creditable light. Supposing, however, that it was impossible to print a special form for use in a special, but frequently recurring, case, was there no clerk in the department who could have been employed to make the necessary alterations in the printed form with pen and ink? The practice of the Education Department seems to be analogous to that of a firm of solicitors who, in drawing up wills, should always make their clients give their property absolutely because they had no forms at hand by which to make the bequest conditional. And supposing that this, too, was impossible, and that the form, the whole form, and nothing but the form Supply No. 4 must be used in cases to which it was inapplicable, as well as in cases to which it was applicable, might not some record of the fact have been preserved for Mr. CUMIN'S use? It is impossible to suppose that, when he reminded the Board that their applications had been

returned in order that tenders might be furnished, he knew that the tenders had been sent with the applications, or that when he insisted on the absolute necessity of a final approval of the contracts, he knew that the department had arranged that, in the case of the London School Board, the submission of a preliminary estimate conforming to certain specified conditions should, for the immediate purpose of the Board, take the place of that final approval. It is an inconvenient and embarrassing method of transacting the business of a great public department, and their Lordships cannot be too strongly recommended in future to make their letters harmonize with the facts of the particular case to which they refer, or, if this is beyond their power, to inform their Secretary that their letters are to be taken with such and such modifications.

It appears, indeed, that in August last the Education Department did address a letter to the Board stating that in future they would not recommend a loan for school buildings exceeding a cost of 10*l*. per child, and that if any estimate exceeded that amount, the balance must be borrowed in the open market. Inasmuch, however, as, in the case of six out of the ten schools for which the loan of 91,000*l*. had been applied for, the plans and tenders had already been approved, and the approval of the remaining four was "forwarded without note or comment" within a fortnight of this letter being sent, Mr. Croad contends with, it must be admitted, a great deal of reason, that the Board were justified in considering that the caution of the department referred exclusively to schools the plans and tenders of which should hereafter be submitted for approval. They therefore regarded the previous applications as covered by the previous practice and the arrangement of the 27th of January, 1875, and expected that the recommendations would be sent in due course to the Public Works Loan Commissioners. As they were not sent for more than six months, they hold that they have a right to charge the department with delay in forwarding them.

It is possible, of course, that the Education Department may be provided with a rejoinder to this answer. It is difficult to imagine how this can be, because Mr. Croad's letter gives the text of the arrangement of January 1875, and if this arrangement had been subsequently cancelled, it seems natural to suppose that Mr. Cumin would not have omitted to mention so important a fact in his letter to the Board. Still, until the department has either made its reply or shown by its silence that it has no reply to make, it is proper to abstain from coming to any final conclusion in the matter. In the first instance it appeared that the London School Board had been greatly to blame. Now it appears that the Education Department is greatly to blame. It will be satisfactory, of course, if it should ultimately be shown that neither party has been guilty of anything worse than a misunderstanding of each other's meaning. As yet, however, there seems no probability that the controversy can be thus pleasantly disposed of.

CRITICS AND AUTHORS.

THERE is one question between critic and author which is incapable of settlement. It is the business and, as it were, the duty of the critic to give counsel which it is not the business of the author to attend to. What the critic demands seems to be reasonable, and, in some ways of putting it, incontrovertible; but there is something in the nature of things point-blank against it. What can be more reasonable on the face of things than the critic's remonstrance with the popular writer who floods the reading world with works inferior to the earlier efforts of his genius, whereby he both injures his own reputation, and induces people, by the prestige of a past success, to waste time and money on what is not worth the expenditure? It is quite true that popular authors will persist in this line of conduct, and the critic, while they persist, must enter his protest. Yet it must sometimes occur to him that, simple as his demand sounds, in the present state of things it is a sheer impossibility, as running counter to nature; that he is asking what he has no right to ask; that, in fact, the interest of readers and authors is not identical—that is, supposing it to be the interest of readers only to read masterpieces, the cream of each writer's intelligence. It is to be observed that this blameable redundance is a feature of the present century, attaching to authorship as a settled creditable profession. It is because authors are a steadier class than their predecessors of a long-past date, not given to excesses, no longer fitful, wild, dissipated, that they are over-prolific. Goldsmith wrote one novel, Fielding four, Smollett four, Sterne two. How many would they have written had they lived in our day and been under the inducements to a steadier life settling into habit, which literature as a recognized profession—subject we may say to the conditions of supply and demand—would offer them? Necessity drove them to the effort of invention, but the difficulties and humiliations of publishing presented the effort in a painfully depressing light. Habit was either never formed or was sadly submitted to as a bondage and perpetually broken in upon. We are speaking of course of writers of light literature, and especially of novelists. Richardson was in every point the one exception to the general position of the eighteenth-century novelist. He was his own publisher, and the "close application" with which he had always devoted himself to business made the "sedentary habits" of a literary life, when at past fifty he found his true vocation, natural to him. These "sedentary habits" belonged then to the learned, who were slaves to their desk in a sense in which no one is nowadays; but the imagination was generally treated as untameable, and not reducible to the bondage of regular hours. Who shall say that it is not now drilled to perform a day's work with the same punctuality as any divine, antiquary, or philologist of a past date showed in the execution of his heavier tasks? Habit is now master of the situation; and we need not look far to find the reason why. Success at all times must be a stimulus to further action; but success of praise and credit has nothing like the same control over natural indolence that pecuniary success has, especially when this can be calculated upon with any accuracy. Uncertain gains, as a rule, lead to idleness and extravagance; steady gains, affecting the rate of living and raising their owner in the social scale, as naturally lead to industry and the formation of habits necessary to the sustaining and securing of advantages once acquired. Thus impelled, the powers bow themselves to a yoke which otherwise might not be borne; but how soon does the pen become a tyrant over those who have framed their lives to its service! The old novelist wrote by fits and snatches, and thus knew nothing of this bondage, and he and his readers were agreed that the imagination is too volatile an essence for compulsion; but modern experience gives good reason for the suspicion that of all the powers invention, once put into the harness of habit, demands its exercise with most persistence. The work of life is then marked out; it would be as great an effort to leave off as it was to begin.

It is impossible, if we speculate on the fecundity of some of our novelists, not to conclude that practice has subdued the brain into absolute subservience to the needs of the hour. The mind forms a knack of devising plots; it sees everything with this view. The brain is ever at work on scenes, situations, dialogues, and it is a necessity as each day comes round to put them into shape. Of all literary work we may imagine it to be the most exacting, and this though pure invention has far less to do with the business than when novel-writing cost a good deal more trouble, and one story at a time kept fancy on the strain. Now half a dozen are apparently in hand at once, coming out piecemeal in as many periodicals. It seems all the same to brain, feeling, hand, which thread is taken up. The work achieved is really surprising considering all things—the wear and tear, the brief time for thought, the transition from group to group. Thought and feeling have only, like practised actors, to slip into the costume of the story, and, they say, Here we are to do the author's bidding. As an intellectual feat the thing is wonderful. We say it seriously. The variety of incident and character, the descriptions, the easy possession of the subject, the local colouring, the flowing style, are alike astonishing; the habit of good writing making the reader feel himself in the company of a practised hand, of a real artist. We will not say "under his spell"—that charm belongs to an earlier date in his career. The fastidious reader, while not unentertained, perceives this difference between the earlier and later periods. Practice makes the experienced novelist bring his horse to the water unresisting, with a plausible facility that was wanting in the earlier effort; but he cannot make him drink, to the same freshening of the reader's fancy. The true contact of mind with mind is not to be effected by practised ease; it is struck off in the heat of a new and vivid sensation. No trick of art can bring a reader into that intimate communion with the persons performing their parts before him which is the supreme delight of fiction. Who can know all this better than the author? If it comes to comparing sensations, what are the reader's feelings contrasted with the writer's own when he looks back on the glow of his first effort, and sets it by the side of his present business-like methods! As Walter Scott, in an extreme case—yet a case to the point—writes touchingly to James Ballantyne, who had been offering unwelcome hints:—"I value your criticisms as much as ever, but the worst is my faults are better known to myself than to you. Tell a young beauty that she wears an unbecoming dress, or speaks too loud, or any other fault she can correct, and she will do so if she has sense and a good opinion of your taste. But tell a failing beauty that her hair is getting grey, her wrinkles apparent, her gait heavy, and that she has no business in a ball-room but to be ranged against the wall as an evergreen, and you will afflict the poor old lady without rendering her any service. She knows all that better than you. I am sure the old lady in question takes pains enough with her toilet." Our more voluminous modern novelists who astonish us with their ceaseless stream of fiction would not make such an admission even to themselves; nor is there the same contrast between their earliest and latest works as when Scott's rich

vein was exhausted. But reflections similar in nature, though not in degree, must sometimes visit them; they must recognize a difference.

And here the question we started with meets us. The critic says "Rest upon your oars; do not let the past shame the present; you have done good work, retire on the credit of it." Circumstances once made this counsel easy enough to follow, but they are dead against it now. Industry is one of the duties of our lives. What other industry can the novelist follow? Must he alone sit idle? Now all industry is connected in some way with the idea of getting something by it, earning or saving for oneself or for others. The housewife's sedentary needle, or her busy cares, have all this for their end, however little it may come into immediate calculation. Work that is in no way profitable can scarcely be considered a duty. Looking at the question on this side, it would seem that the too voluminous writer, so long as he finds a publisher, may appeal to another kind of success besides the literary one as a justification. Though indolence is less injurious to fame than publishing for remuneration work of an inferior quality, there is a sort of virtue in this which the deliberate masterly inactivity misses. This sort of virtue, then, has its place in the world. Society cannot be fed on *chefs-d'œuvre*. So long as an author does his best with good intentions he is not such a superfluity as he seems, and we must leave the care of his fame in his own keeping. Critics are thus a sort of literary rural deans superintending airy fabrics of name and fame. It is their duty to speak in the cause of the ideal best, but they can enforce nothing; nor would things go any better if they could. The real interest of readers would not gain by fixing an early date of superannuation; because this would discredit the profession as an employment and point to a melancholy old age. What is really important is the moral question. A jaded imagination is tempted to take up subjects and questions which offered no temptation to its early freshness; but recourse to the vulgarly sensational and to still "fouler springs" is to be censured on its own account, and does not enter into the present argument.

What we have said belongs rather to the works of prose imagination than poetical. Yet it must be observed that the poets of our day protract the singing period beyond precedent, which seems to dictate a somewhat early retirement upon its laurels. Mr. Browning, indeed, may say that, as he started with a defiance of sing-song melody, he is independent of the period thus defined. But though poetry has commonly an early prime, and there is a charm in young verse which we often miss in the muse's later efforts, still we are disposed to approve of any use of the poet's time rather than spending the leisure of old age in tinkering the effusions of youthful genius; a habit in which Wordsworth indulged to such a degree that in the latest edition of his works we miss many a lovely cadence and memorable line, and find poems moved and shifted about out of their original setting till we don't know where we are. A young poet may prune and qualify, and transpose, because he does it with the same ear and with his original aim fresh in memory; he is still a friendly critic. The old man differs from his youth in the alterations he makes, and has another aim. He views his works as a whole; and bends each part to make it fit to needs undreamt of, whereas the happy numbers first ranged themselves as the ear and fancy bid them. Time will find it more difficult to settle points like this, to replant what has been uprooted, to decide the claims of original and tampered-with, than to ignore altogether the later productions of a genius that has worked out its vein. But it will make easy work of the abundant after-math of the modern novelist; the growth of an indefatigable intelligent industry, after the first harvest rich with the flowers and fruitful seeds of genius—the first gathering from the storehouse of thought and memory—has long been garnered.

POETS ON ISANDULA.

THE late reverse of the British arms at Isandula has given an opportunity to an inordinate number of poets. To the best of our recollection the *Spectator* has not yet published an ode, or even a sonnet, by any one of the many bards over whose productions men make merry with their friends. With this solitary and remarkable exception, almost every journal that admits poetry into its columns has had its dirge or its battle-cry. These lays are not all equally bad; but it is quite impossible to maintain that they are, as a whole, creditable to modern minstrels. Their failure illustrates the utter inadequacy of a popular theory of song—the theory that poets should write about the moving events of the present alone, and that the fresher the occasion the more manly and stimulating is the poem.

About the minor versifiers of the less known papers we need not say much, nor about the bundle of military ballads produced by Dr. W. C. Bennet. This author has turned out as many verses, and with as free a contempt of art, as the most unaffected critic can desire. It is a common opinion that really popular and stirring poetry should be ill-written, should rhyme inadequately, and should defy all principles of scansion. If this opinion were correct, Dr. Bennet's pennyworth of military songs, in which the soldiers are taught that we are a hunting race, and that Zulus and foxes are equally good game, would be one of the most remarkable productions of the age. If Dr. Bennet deserves no farther criticism than this—that he consistently adheres in practice to the theory that popular poetry should be bad poetry—it is well not to criticize Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's ode at all. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe has won his fame in a very different field, and his drama of *King Alfred*, and his verses on the African war, deserve the respect which was paid to the poems of Warren Hastings. It is enough to remark that, from the most uneducated rhymer to the aged diplomatist, and from the boarding-school girl to the violent philanthropist, the people of England have been moved to express their emotions in verse. The emotions of the philanthropist, to be sure, could not be called patriotic. His lines, which were printed in some Northern paper of which we have forgotten the name, began, "Thou bully, England," and gloried in the chastisement which was inflicted by "the Zulu's dusky hand." Unpatriotic as was the emotion of this writer, the fact remains that he was deeply moved. The feelings of bitter indignation, of sympathy, of grief, were indeed (except in this one case) universal in England. A defeat in which brave men are surrounded and outnumbered, still more a victory like that of Rorke's Drift, won under similar conditions, is among the most stirring events in national history. Now the theory of a large and blusterous school of critics is that stirring events are almost the only themes for poetry, and that the stormy passions of national sorrow, resentment, and mingled pride and shame, constitute just the proper frame of mind in which poetry should be written. The actual results of the general inspiration have been so commonplace, so mild, so trivial, and in the expression of historical truth so utterly erroneous, that the most high-souled of critics may well reconsider this theory.

Among the verses begotten by the defeat at Isandula, those of Mr. Robert Buchanan, published in the *Contemporary Review* for April, are perhaps the most important. Mr. Buchanan is not only a versatile, but an energetic bard. Among a great variety of efforts he has, with Æschylean boldness, attempted at least one drama, if not a trilogy, on *Napoleon Fallen*. Like the dramatist who was fined for reminding the Athenians of their contemporary misfortunes, Mr. Buchanan did not absolutely succeed with *Napoleon Fallen*. There were, in the midst of modern characters and events, too many "Voices" which wandered about with no visible owner, and perhaps there were too many soliloquies, and too much blank verse altogether. Unwarned by the fate of his tragedy, Mr. Buchanan has attempted once more to turn the occurrences of the moment into verse. Among his old properties, he has preserved the Voice—indeed there are at least two Voices in "The Battle of Isandula," one of them, perhaps, being that which wound up a drama by the irrelevant remark "Irene!" Here is a specimen of Mr. Buchanan's composition, which, it will be admitted, runs trippingly along and possesses some lyrical nimbleness:—

> In the wilds of Isandula, far away,
> The little band of British soldiers lay,
> When a warning voice cried "Fly!
> For the savage swarms are nigh!
> See! they loom in war array
> Against the sky!
> Ere they come in all the might
> Of their legions, black as night,
> Form in order, and take flight from Isandula!"

Does Mr. Buchanan expect us to take all this about the Voice for history? Has he read about it in any of the newspaper reports? If so, it is most desirable that the owner of the Voice (if an owner it had) should be identified, and that his proceedings should be subjected to the most searching inquiry. If Mr. Buchanan has any private information, let him not hesitate to make it public. A pretty idea, forsooth! to cry, "Fly! for the savage swarms are nigh!" What else did our men enter Zululand for (leaving, alas! their communications unguarded, and showing a fatal contempt for the enemy), except that they might come to blows with the savage swarms? English soldiers may be rash or ill led, but it would not go well with the owner of a Voice that bade them "fly" *because* the enemy was in view. "Form in order and take flight" is a piece of advice that was never given in these circumstances. In Mr. Buchanan's second stanza, Voice number two comes forward. This voice was not "a warning voice," but "a voice of thunder." Our men, according to Mr. Buchanan, were a good deal taken aback (and no wonder) when they heard Voice number one:—

> Then our soldiers looked in one another's eyes . . . . (*sic.*)
> Less in terror than in wondering surmise,
> And a cold breath of despair
> Seems to chill the golden air,
> When a voice of thunder cries:—
> "Men, prepare!
> Though no human help be by,
> We are here our strength to try,
> Yea, to keep the camp or die in Isandula."

Unfortunately there seems, as far as can be gathered from the confused reports, to have been no organized effort to defend the camp. Mr. Buchanan has doubtless a right to introduce into a modern poem the ὀμφή, the mysterious warning voice of old superstition. The experiment, however, is obviously most hazardous, and Mr. Buchanan's want of success (as we venture to think it) illustrates once more the exceeding difficulty of making poetry on the themes of the moment. Fresh and keen emotion—be it of private and personal grief, or of national and patriotic sympathy—is not the stuff out of which poetry is made, nor the motive which enables the poet to do himself and his topic justice. We do not mean to say that no works of art have ever sprung, direct and immediate, from the freshness of passion. When such poems are really poems, they are unequalled in their power. As a rule, however, every sentiment must mature slowly, and anger or pain must lose its rough

edges, before what sorrow teaches can be taught in song. Another extract from Mr. Buchanan's war-poem will demonstrate, we think, the danger of writing (as we are often told poets should write) on impulse:—

> Back to back, all sides surrounded, slowly led,
> Their fire upon the foe, they downward tread;
> While at last the sable stream,
> Sweeping on them, teeth agleam,
> Before their crimson lead
> Pause and scream!

Now in the *Chanson de Roland* there is something rather finely barbaric in the description of the advance of the Ethiopian hordes, "who have nothing white but the teeth." In Mr. Buchanan's poem things are rather too much mixed. We have a "sable stream," and the teeth of the stream are "agleam"; and then, before the "crimson lead" (that is, the bullets), the "sable stream" "pause and scream."

In spite of these obvious blemishes, and in spite of a description of what happened which later reports contradict, Mr. Buchanan's verses actually do possess spirit, colour, and movement. We can scarcely say as much for those which Mr. Alfred Austin has contributed to the *Standard*. The first stanza is peculiarly lame, and suggests an uncomfortable memory of the "Charge of the Light Brigade." Some one is supposed to be asking a survivor for his account of the disaster:—

> Who was it blundered? Eh!
> It is not mine to say,
> But I, if breath holds out, will tell you what I saw.
> Onward the black line came,
> In wreaths of smoke and flame,
> Curling about our front, one ever-widening jaw!

It is unnecessary to pick out in detail the faults of expression here and the languor of rhythm. Mr. Austin once before, breaking into song, told the world how "Mehemet Ali came and saw The riddled breast and the tender jaw," or words to that effect, of a girl who was killed in one of the Turko-Russian battles. It does not seem to be given to him, or indeed to any one else, to write good martial verse on contemporary battles. Indeed, if we consult any collection of English poetry, we shall find that the war-songs of permanent merit are the most scarce of all. Sir Francis Doyle's verses *In Memoriam* (dedicated to Major Steuart Smith, and published in the *Cornhill Magazine*) are full of noble feeling, but are in one respect unfortunate. Recent accounts of the fight at Isandula seem to show that, though Major Steuart Smith fought on, wounded as he was, and did all that man could do to rally the artillery, it was impossible for him to perform the particular service recorded by Sir Francis Doyle. Still we may repeat these admirable lines, lines which accident cannot deprive of their force and truth:—

> Let loose your sorrow without fear,
> Ye who now proudly mourn the dead,
> No wind of bitterness can sear
> The oak-leaves round that sacred head!

It will probably be admitted that the amount of real poetry produced under conditions which many theorists think peculiarly favourable to its growth is almost infinitesimal. Perhaps war-poetry is not the *forte* of an old and advanced civilization. What an uncivilised people—namely, the Maoris—can do in the way of epic narration may be gathered from the following passage. We quote it to show that the poetry of battle still exists in a favourable soil. The translation is by that admirable and most spirited writer, the author of *Old New Zealand*. His native friend is describing a Maori ambush:—"Heke lay on the ground with his own party; close at hand were the sleeping soldiers. Amongst those soldiers there was not one *tohunga* (soothsayer), not a man at all experienced in omens, or they must have had some warning that great danger and defeat was near; but there they lay sleeping between the open jaws of war and thought of no danger." How well that applies to the condition of our men at Isandula, how straightforward it is, how nobly simple! Does not Mr. Buchanan's "warning voice" seem a piece of stage effect compared to this savage epic? Again:—"And all the young men of the Hikutu came to help Walker; they came to practise war, and elevate their names; they thought not of the light of the sun, or of the number of the enemy. Their handsome and brave young chief, Haurahi, fell at Waikare, for such is the appearance of war!" The very turns are Homeric, because they are the expression of a man whose business is war, and who knows the joy of battle. But to modern English poets that is unknown, except in fantasy.

THE "LOUD-SPEAKING" TELEPHONE.

As a matter of public interest, we propose to give a brief description of the remarkable instrument recently sent to this country by Mr. Edison, the capabilities of which were illustrated a few days ago in the theatre of the Royal Institution. Through the kindness of Lord John Manners and of the Post Office authorities, a wire, passing through the air from Albemarle Street to Piccadilly Circus, was placed at the service of Professor Tyndall. The two ends of this wire being connected with the public water-pipes at the respective stations, a circuit was established through which an electric current could flow. In the circuit, at each end of the air-wire, was placed an ordinary carbon telephone, into which the words were spoken. But while the receiver at the Circus was a Bell's magnetic telephone held to the ear, the receiver at the Royal Institution was the loud-speaking telephone. The nephew of Mr. Edison was stationed at the Circus, while his assistant, Mr. Adams, operated with the new instrument in Albemarle Street. Passages from Shakspeare, Scott, Tennyson, Macaulay, and Burns, spoken by Professor Tyndall through the carbon telephone, were received by Mr. Edison, and returned with an accuracy and loudness which enabled them to be heard throughout the entire theatre. Not only were selected phrases thus heard, but a poem of Emerson's, which was new to Mr. Edison, was read out from beginning to end, and reproduced line by line with extraordinary fidelity and distinctness. Various expressions, moreover, following the quotations, such as "Excellent!" "Perfectly satisfactory!" "Exceedingly good!" were promptly returned and heard with amusing intensity by the audience. "John Brown" and "Yankeedoodle," sung at the Circus, were loudly reproduced in Albemarle Street. Perhaps the most striking illustration of the pliant power of the instrument was its capability to reproduce a whistled tune. Mr. Edison is not an adept at whistling, yet his melody at the Circus was heard in Albemarle Street almost as distinctly as if it had been produced upon the spot. After the lecture Professor Tyndall quitted the theatre for a time, during which some members of the audience conversed with Mr. Edison. On the Professor's return he resumed the carbon telephone, and spoke into it. Mr. Edison immediately detected the difference of tone, and, on being asked who it was that now spoke, answered correctly. By this new instrument, therefore, the varying qualities of the human voice are in a remarkable degree reproduced.

These extraordinary effects were obtained with an apparatus so simple, and apparently so rude, that without hearing the instrument its performance could never have been predicted. We shall endeavour in a familiar way to make clear both its construction and its action. Suppose an observer standing in front of a cylinder rotating round a horizontal axis, with one arm rigidly stretched at right angles to that axis. Let his flat hand be placed upon the moving surface, the pressure being so regulated as to produce considerable friction between cylinder and hand. Let the direction of the rotation be such that the friction shall draw the observer towards the cylinder, he, at the same time, poising his body so as to resist being thus drawn. If the surface of the cylinder were uniformly smooth, a uniform frictional resistance would be experienced, the inclination of the observer's body remaining constant. But supposing different parts of the surface to be of different degrees of smoothness, varying from the slipperiness of ice, through that of glass and polished metal, to the roughness of cartridge-paper and felt, it is plain that on passing from the rough and adherent surface to the slippery one there would be a sudden relaxation of the friction. The force previously exerted to prevent the body from being drawn forwards would now cause it to fall backwards, until the hand had been again caught by another adherent portion of the surface. It is obvious that such a cylinder, rotating uniformly, would, in virtue of its alternate slipping and biting, compel the observer's body to vibrate to and fro, the character of the vibration depending on the abruptness of the passage from rough to smooth and the reverse, and on the extent of the respective surfaces.

In the loud-speaking telephone there is a rotating cylinder about an inch and a half in diameter, and a little more in length, and a flat strip of metal (typified by our rigid arm) one end of which is pressed down upon the cylinder by a spring. The other end of this metal rubber is attached to the centre of a thin circular plate of mica about four inches in diameter. The cylinder is formed of powdered chalk, with which are mixed a little hydrate of potash and acetate of mercury, the powder being squeezed to hardness in a cylindrical mould. Through the centre of the cylinder passes a metallic axis. This is connected with one end of the secondary wire of a small induction coil, the other end of the wire being joined to the strip of metal above referred to. The radius of the chalk cylinder is therefore interposed between the two terminals of the secondary wire. A wet roller being brought from time to time into contact with the cylinder keeps it constantly moist. Thus moistened, the cylinder becomes to all intents and purposes an electrolyte, every passage of a current producing an amount of decomposition exactly proportionate to the current's strength and duration. The induction coil, the cylinder, the roller, and the small water cistern in which the roller usually lies, are all contained in an iron case seven inches and a quarter high, five and a half inches wide, and three and three-quarters deep.

A very small battery sufficed to work the apparatus. From the battery the current passed through the primary wire of the small induction coil, thence through the carbon telephone held by Professor Tyndall, onward to Piccadilly Circus, from which it returned under the earth to Albemarle Street. As long as this current flowed without any variation of strength, no effect whatever was produced upon the loud-speaking telephone. A hand turning the chalk cylinder experienced a uniform resistance, the mica plate being drawn inwards with a constant force. The essential feature of the carbon telephones employed is a thin cake of fine petroleum lampblack held between two thin plates of platinum, on one of which the voice impinged. The alternate compression and relaxation of the lampblack, by varying the resistance, produced variations in the current corresponding in period and intensity to the vibrations of the voice. Every varia-

tion thus introduced into the primary started an induced current in the small secondary coil, while every induced current produced its due amount of electro-chemical decomposition at the common surface of cylinder and rubber. The consequent mechanical action could hardly have been foreseen. The passages of the induced currents between the metal rubber and the chalk seemed accompanied by the periodic liberation of a lubricant underneath the rubber, which immediately yielded, by slipping, to the tension of the mica plate. Each slip was of momentary duration, being followed by a frictional "bite" which drew the mica diaphragm inwards as before. Thus the vibrations of the voice—of its tones and overtones—were in the first place impressed upon the primary current, every variation of the latter being followed by a proportionate discharge of the induction coil. By their electrolytic action these discharges produced and controlled the slipping of the metal rubber, causing it to vibrate longitudinally in accordance with the vocal vibrations. These were finally transferred, with their qualities to a surprising extent intact, to the plate of mica, and thence to the surrounding air, which they moulded into waves similar to those produced by the direct action of the voice. The mica plate might be regarded as a magnified tympanic membrane, the latter, like the plate, being drawn inwards by the bones of the ear. It may seem amazing that the mica should be able to take up and reproduce with such intensity and distinctness the manifold vibrations involved in whistling and speaking; but the wonder was anticipated by an artificer more ancient than Mr. Edison in the construction of the tympanum itself.

What is the lubricant which produces the slipping of the rubber? The instrument has been so short a time in action that this point is as yet unsettled. The slipping may be caused by a gas or vapour. Other agencies might be mentioned, but the choice of mercury- and potassium-salts to mix with the chalk powder is, in Professor Tyndall's opinion, not without significance. If a strip of bibulous paper, wetted by a solution of these salts, be connected permanently with the positive pole of a battery, on causing the negative pole to pass as a rubber over the moist surface, while the current is rendered intermittent by a contact breaker, the alternate slipping and biting are rendered obvious to the hand. May not the slipping over the chalk cylinder be caused by the greasy amalgam of potassium and mercury which is released in infinitesimal quantity underneath the rubber when the current passes from the cylinder to it? A very brief investigation will suffice to clear up all those points, but for the present they remain undecided.

The germinal observation, if we may use the term, from which the loud-speaking telephone has sprung, was, we believe, made by Mr. Edison in 1872, while experimenting on moist papers with a view to telegraphic applications. He then noticed the slipping by electrolysis which he has recently turned to such excellent account.

The statements sometimes made regarding the performance of the ordinary telephone may cause our readers to imagine that no considerable step has been here taken by Mr. Edison. But this would be an error; for the loudness and distinctness of this new receiver have never been hitherto approached. The Bell telephone is constructed for the individual ear; and even the remarkable development which this beautiful instrument has recently received at the hands of Mr. Gower leaves it still considerably behind the instrument of Edison. The Gower telephone is, however, a very handy piece of apparatus, and will doubtless have various applications. It creates its own currents, and thus dispenses with the battery. It will be interesting to pit it upon long lines against the new telephone. The performance of the Gower telephone at the Royal Institution was highly satisfactory, but the distance through which its currents travelled was limited to the extent of the Institution itself.

END OF THE SKATING-RINK.

THE beginning of a thing commonly attracts much more attention than the end. New customs and fashions force themselves on our notice as something positive. When, however, they cease to be they are apt to drop quietly out of sight, their removal exciting little observation. And this applies to the sudden as well as to the gradual termination of a fashion. Where our interests are not involved in a custom, where we do not miss it, we hardly observe its disappearance. The sudden collapse of the skating-rink is a good illustration of these observations. When this form of amusement came into vogue everybody was full of it; but its decline has only been a matter of remark among a specially interested few. Yet so rapid and complete a decadence of an absorbing pastime is surely a subject fitted to impress the mind that turns to it but for a moment. And it may not be altogether unprofitable to dwell awhile on the phenomenon.

A visit to the rink of to-day by any one who was familiar with the rink of a year or two ago will afford a curious example of the rapid scenic transformation which characterizes the swiftly moving drama of modern social life. Then all was life and excitement. A goodly gathering of well-dressed young people—young, at least, in the fashionable and elastic sense of the term—met, day after day, to roll in alternate and rhythmic movement to the inspiring sound of music. Passing acquaintances were made and flirtations indulged in in their nascent and most interesting stage. It might have been difficult for an onlooker to understand how these rhythmically swaying figures found much satisfaction in perpetually wheeling round the hall. But there was no doubt of the fact of the enjoyment, at least in the early stages of the fashion. Now the casual visitor to the skating-rink finds everything changed. The elegant company has vanished, or dwindled down to a meagre and pitiable residuum. The lofty roof no longer echoes with the rousing notes of the brass band or with the full volume of sound contributed by the skaters themselves. The well-built and smooth-floored hall looks desolate and dreary. Handbills announcing the performances of a comic singer suggest that the once fashionable rendezvous is being degraded to ignoble uses. The thoughtful spectator of this transformed scene will naturally reflect how great a difference the collapse of the rink must have made in many respectable lives. It can be no little thing, one imagines, to lose the prospect of the excitement of two hours' rinking in the dull winter afternoon. What, it may be asked, do the quondam skaters now do with the many hours which they were wont to pass at their favourite resort? Where does all the bodily energy flow to which used to vent itself in the gyrations of the rink? We do not hear of any rival pastime which has taken the place of roller-skating either as a physical exercise or as a social excitement. It looks as if the units of the well-bred crowd had gone back to their old habits of lounging, tea-drinking, and gossiping. But, if so, are they not to be commiserated on their loss of so absorbing a pastime? As he reflects on all this, the visitor to the deserted rink will be yet more profoundly impressed by the social results of that inexorable decree of fashion which seems to have condemned the rink to a place among the institutions of the past.

Another kind of reflection may arise in the spectator's mind as he turns his attention to the new and vulgar uses to which the rink is being put. The rapid rise and fall of the skating-rink has worked catastrophic changes in many people's fortunes. The rink mania, sweeping over the face of society like a tide, carried up a fortunate few to undreamt-of elevation. The first projectors of rinks must have realized a handsome profit from their undertakings. And as to the patentee of the roller-skates, the imagination fails to picture the influx of wealth which the pastime has probably secured to him. But, on the other hand, the sudden and swift ebb of the rink passion must have dragged down a large number of the more tardy rink-builders. The profitless sinking of capital in skating-halls has been very large. Much of this has been sunk in the most complete sense, since the buildings are now to a large extent useless. Not a few rink proprietors, we suspect, must have become involved in serious pecuniary losses. The deserted rink will wear a still more impressive aspect to the spectator who thus reflects on the number of fortunes it has helped to make and to mar.

If our imaginary visitor to the deserted rink is of a philosophical turn, and wishes *causas rerum cognoscere*, he may follow out a still wider line of reflection. Fully to understand the growth and collapse of the skating-rink one must have recourse to some very general truths of human nature and social life. It may no doubt be said that the root-idea of the rink, to use a German expression, was the attempt to make good by artificial means the loss of a natural mode of recreation. It was hardly an accident that roller-skating came into fashion at a time when there seemed reason to suppose that frost and ice had been struck out of nature's scheme of things. Everybody must know of some frequenters of the rink who may be said to have been driven there by the want of the natural conditions of skating. So far as this was the case the return of the old severity of winter this year must, one imagines, have given the final death-blow to the fashion of roller-skating. In a sense, nature may be said to have had her revenge on art. It looks as if she allowed her admirers to try for a while what art could do for them, just for the sake of afterwards showing her indubitable superiority. Nobody who has enjoyed days and weeks of genuine skating during the past winter on the overflowings of the Thames, or on the magnificent sheet of water at Hendon, will be in a hurry to go back to the skating-rink. But it is plainly an exaggeration to suppose that the fleeting passion for the rink rested wholly, or even mainly, on a pre-existing love of the more natural mode of skating. As a rule, we think, it may be said that the rink was not supported by people greatly addicted to skating in its earlier and incomparably superior form. We must then look for other and more general causes of the sudden rise and fall of the rink.

The way in which young people took up with the new fashion of roller-skating can hardly fail to suggest a number of reflections on the habits of modern life, and on human nature in general, which, though they may appear a little commonplace and tedious to some, need, we fear, to be yet dwelt on again and again. Friends of the higher education of women are wont to tell us of the vanity of young women's life in well-to-do families, and the skating-rink may be regarded perhaps as a striking illustration of the extent to which this class suffers from the chronic mental malady known as *ennui*. It was because the rink offered a novel form of social stimulation that young persons were at first so eager for it. As a rule, well-to-do people who are, by a curious bit of unconscious irony, felicitated by those below them on being able to "sit at home at ease," are only too thankful for any new suggestion as to a fairly pleasant way of killing time. They do not stop to inquire whether the occupation is fitted to their individual tastes and capabilities. They are so much in need of diversion that any new form of amusement is sure to draw them. And so it was that, when roller-skating was introduced, people eagerly rushed to the rink in the hope of being diverted. Thoughts like

these may well pass through the mind of our imaginary visitor to the rink who recalls to mind the early history of the institution.

Nor will he fail to moralize somewhat on the speedy collapse of the skating-rink. Does not the brief history of this engrossing pastime, he may perhaps ask himself, seem like an epitome of human life regarded as a search for pleasure? People acted as though they counted on the rink bringing them a lasting satisfaction, and had to discover that its charms were unsubstantial and fleeting. This is very like what certain moralists and philosophers are wont to tell us respecting the vanity of all pursuit of enjoyment. One is half tempted to suggest to those dismal pessimists who are given to painting life as one illusory dream of happiness that they should take the skating-rink as another illustration of their theory. It seems so well to prove not only the prevalence of that ennui which Schopenhauer calls the sense of the burden of life but the futility of all attempts to escape from this miserable condition of mind. Happily, however, we are not quite shut up to this moral lesson. The skating-rink may just as well be made an illustration of the ignorance and helplessness of people with respect to the real conditions of enjoyment. English people are said not to understand the art of being happy, and certainly a glance at the crowded rink was likely to suggest the thought that the fashionable gathering was taking its pleasure somewhat sadly. There was a stiff regularity, an appearance of restraint, a severe monotony in these organized drill-like movements that might easily make the spectacle a depressing one to a lively and imaginative person. This line of reflection, though not a cheerful one, is less dismal than that of our imaginary pessimist. It is to be regretted, no doubt, that people are so foolish in disposing of their time agreeably, but one need not perhaps yet despair of teaching them how to extract more enduring enjoyment from life.

As an economical phenomenon too, the history of the skating-rink is by no means insignificant or uninstructive. Where, one naturally asks, did all the capital come from which so quickly found its way into skating-rink undertakings? One can hardly see that any large amount was at the same time liberated from other employments, and one is led to suppose that in a country like ours there is always a lot of surplus capital, or what is equivalent to capital, credit, ready to be thrown into any new form of speculation. What is wanted to bring it into activity is some tempting prospect. A large class of industrial operations are clearly a species of gambling. They are only begun when there is a chance of winning a high prize in the shape of a rate of profit greatly in excess of the current rate, and when accordingly there is a distinct element of risk. The sudden development of the taste for roller-skating offered a fine opportunity for such adventurous embarkation of capital. If it only lasted, the returns would pretty certainly be large, and the chance of this sufficed. What will probably most surprise our imaginary onlooker is that people with money to lose did not reason better as to the probabilities of the case. It did not need any exceptional commercial sagacity to see that the skating-rink would not long remain the fashionable pastime it was at first. Its essentially fugitive character was written, so to speak, on its very face. One is led to conclude that those who speculated in the erection of skating-rinks, especially in the later stages of the mania, were so completely carried away by the idea of large profits as to leave out of account all the elements of risk. There seems, indeed, to be in the industrial world something very like the ennui of the home, which drives men to seize any new opportunity of indulging in the excitement of gambling for a large prize, however improbable its attainment.

In these different ways, then, a retrospective glance at the skating-rink may set a reflective person thinking. There are probably many serious people who would regard this amusement as much too frivolous a subject for their consideration. But to those who will take the trouble to look below the surface of things no event in the life of a community is really too trivial for observation. In the social organism phenomena are so closely connected that what seems a most superficial and limited change is often a symptom of the action of deep-lying vital forces. The skating-rink seems at first sight nothing but the momentary product of the capricious tastes of a few idlers in society; yet it may well lead us to ponder on various grave aspects of social life as a whole.

MR. HARRISON ON READING.

It is quite as easy to spin out endless platitudes on the glories of the printing-press as on the glories of the British Constitution. The "infinite blessings of literature and the miraculous achievements of the press" afford a theme of inexhaustible declamation, and we are apt to forget that there are two sides to the picture, and that the power of reading is equally available for the study of the *Police News* and of Plato. Nay, more, under the circumstances of an age like ours, which inclines to consider that "a great book is a great evil," there is sure to be a strong temptation to prefer the *Police News*. But the contention raised by Mr. Harrison in the lecture he has just reprinted in the *Fortnightly Review* does not specially concern the perusal of this or a still lower class of literature which might be mentioned. He puts out of the question "writing which is positively bad"—"the poisonous inhalation of mere literary garbage"—and sets himself to contrast the habitual poring over what is simply trivial or curious, but not actually vicious, with the study of what has a permanent interest and value, "the really great literature of the world." And we are ready to go a long way with him when he complains of the waste of time in "aimless promiscuous vapid reading," which at once gorges and enfeebles the mind, and crowds out the knowledge which would prove really beneficial. We do not know who is the distinguished author quoted as advising men to form a habit of reading, without caring what they read, but we agree with Mr. Harrison that the advice is not good. We can sympathize to a great extent with his characteristically vigorous denunciation of the bewildering multiplicity of modern literary products:—

> I listen with mixed satisfaction to the pæans that they chant over the works that issue from the press each day, how the books poured forth from Paternoster Row might in a few years be built into a pyramid that would fill the dome of St. Paul's. How in this mountain of literature am I to find the really useful book? How, when I have found it, and found its value, am I to get others to read it? How am I to keep my head clear in the torrent and din of works, all of which distract my attention, most of which promise me something, whilst so few fulfil that promise? The Nile is the source of the Egyptian's bread, and without it he perishes of hunger. But the Nile may be rather too liberal in its flood, and then the Egyptian runs imminent risk of drowning.

There is even a certain force in the ingenious argument of the youthful enthusiast who maintained in a debating club at Oxford the startling paradox that the invention of printing had been one of the greatest misfortunes to the world. The gift, as Mr. Harrison says, has not been wholly unmixed with evil, and, to be a boon, requires to be wisely used.

The lecturer refers, as we have seen, to the positively injurious effect of a mere surfeit of trivial reading—"a thing as fruitful as whistling"—and considers that it would be better to read nothing at all. But the point on which he mainly insists is the neglect involved in this voracity of desultory information of what would really strengthen and inform the mind. *Paradise Lost*, as he puts it, is lost again to us under an inundation of sugary stanzas of ladylike prettiness or ceaseless explanations of what Milton meant, or did not mean, while we omit to familiarize our minds with what he said. And this ignorance is illustrated by two or three typical examples of writers whose greatness no one theoretically disputes. Of Homer, "the Greek Bible of antiquity," Mr. Harrison speaks with an enthusiasm which Mr. Gladstone cannot fail to appreciate, and then asks the very pertinent question how many take him up again and again with ever fresh delight, or have even read the entire Iliad and Odyssey through, either in the original or in one of the translations where its life is fairly preserved. So again with a modern classic whom everybody professes to admire, and who is justly described as "a perfect library in himself," Walter Scott. How often do we read his romances, if we have indeed read all of them at all? Mr. Harrison says he can read the *Antiquary* or *Ivanhoe*, *Quentin Durward* or *Old Mortality* at least once a year afresh, and we do not differ from him there, or in his high estimate of the justice and comprehensive grasp of the author of *Waverley* in his various presentations of the individual, social, and religious character of successive ages. But it is due to him to add that he is not at all a specialist in his tastes, and is willing—partly perhaps for a reason that will appear presently—to admit works of the most diverse types into his collection, so long as they bear on them the unmistakable stamp of greatness. He delights alike in Scott, Fielding, Richardson, Sterne, and Defoe, in Cooper, Marryatt, Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Austen. What is true of Homer is declared to be true in a lesser degree of Æschylus, Aristophanes, Virgil, and Horace; what he says of Shakspeare he says of Calderon, Racine, Molière, Alfieri, and Goethe. He cares both for Wordsworth and Byron, for Burns and Shelley, for Bunyan as well as for Rabelais; in short, he "stands by the sentence of the world," and, as we shall see, of a high authority who has duly appraised and fixed that sentence.

Now it cannot, we think, be reasonably denied that there is a great deal of truth in this view, and of truth which is not only "wholesome," but "necessary for these times." It would be much better if young ladies—and young gentlemen too for that matter—would learn and inwardly digest Scott's novels, though they had to read them once again every year, than waste their time over Ouida and Miss Braddon. It would be much better to study Shakspeare than Swinburne, and to acquire a real mastery of "the Greek Bible" than to potter over the latest trash of the railway book-stall:—

> To organize our knowledge, to systematise our reading, to save, out of the relentless cataract of ink, the immortal thoughts of the greatest—this is a necessity, unless the productive ingenuity of man is to lead us at last to a measureless and pathless chaos. To know anything that turns up is, in the infinity of knowledge, to know nothing. To read the first book we come across in the wilderness of books, is to learn nothing. To turn over the pages of ten thousand volumes is to be practically indifferent to all that is good.

But there are some difficulties in the application of the rule. Mr. Harrison himself admits that "to know merely the hundred volumes or so of which I have spoken"—and he speaks later on of five hundred—"*would involve the study of years.*" How then are the ordinary run of people, who have but little leisure for reading of any kind, and none for "study" in any strict sense of the word, to acquire this undoubtedly desirable knowledge? Mr. Harrison will perhaps reply that, if they have so little time for reading at all, that is all the more reason why they should not waste any of it on worthless reading. But is he prepared to taboo the reading of contemporary literature altogether? for this is what it would practically come to. And a further question at once follows, whether he is prepared to condemn

the writing of it? For clearly there is no use in writing what is not intended to be read, and he complains that the accumulation of fresh books is a hindrance to our real knowledge of the old. And then, again, what of serial literature, of newspapers and magazines, which are not anywhere expressly noticed in his lecture? Would he go so far as directly to reverse Cobden's famous saying about Thucydides and the *Times*, and advise people to omit the perusal of newspapers altogether? For there is probably quite as much time spent on newspaper reading as on novels or other light literature of the day, and indeed there are many busy men who hardly read anything else. For ourselves we should be more than content to hand over at least nine-tenths of the novels of the day to Mr. Harrison's tender mercies, and should not think the world a loser if they shared the fate of the Alexandrian Library. But the practical question is how he proposes to carry out his programme with any tolerable prospect of success.

The fact is that a suppressed premiss underlies the entire argument, which it might not be easy to induce the general run of readers to accept. It used to be said by unfriendly critics of the late Mr. Maurice's theology that its result might be summed up in the paradoxical aphorism, "All nature is grace, and all grace is nature"; and a somewhat similar account might be given, with more plausibility, of the principles of the Positivist religion. Now Mr. Harrison is throughout actually, if not avowedly, arguing from the religious standpoint of Positivism. He begins with speaking of "the sacred value" of our use of books. He says further on that the books he recommends—the Bible being one of them—"have a daily and perpetual value, such as the devout Christian finds in his morning and evening psalm"; and again we are told that the great poets should be known "in the sense in which a thoughtful Christian knows the Psalms and the Epistles"—the "poets" to whom this is specially applied being Homer, Æschylus, Aristophanes, Virgil, Dante, Ariosto, Shakspeare, Calderon, Cervantes, Corneille, Molière, Milton, Fielding, Goethe, and Scott. It is clear from this and from other cognate passages that all reading is, or ought to be, in Mr. Harrison's eyes, a religious exercise in the sense in which reading the Bible or attendance on public worship is a religious exercise to Christians. In the Theistic service compiled by Mr. Voysey for use at St. George's Hall there is, or was, a "first lesson" from some ancient classic, and a "second lesson" from a modern standard work. Mr. Voysey is not a Positivist, but this arrangement illustrates fairly enough the Positivist estimate of literary study. And we fear that Mr. Harrison will not find it easy to persuade those who have a different system of devotional exercises of their own to take so solemn and "sacred" a view of their ordinary reading. He disclaims all intention of troubling his audience with the opinions of Comte, but at the same time he frankly admits that "to ask men to adopt the education of Auguste Comte is almost to ask them to adopt Positivism," and he mentions in a concluding note—what was already clear from internal evidence—that "the library of Auguste Comte forms the basis of the whole lecture." And it is explained that this library contains about five hundred volumes, including ancient works, and works in all the five principal languages of modern Europe, classified under the four heads of Poetry, Science, History, and Religion. It comprises no works written less than fifty years ago, and is purposely "limited to such a compass that hard-worked men might hope to master it." We are also assured that "it was not intended to put a bar upon other reading"; but it is obvious that, if the bulk of men, hard-worked or not, are to have any chance of "mastering" it, they must be content to read little or nothing else. Will they be so persuaded? The wise man complained some thousands of years ago that "much study is a weariness of the flesh," but he also remarked even then that "of making many books there is no end." And the perplexing "multiplicity of volumes" has increased, and is likely to increase, in a compound ratio in these latter days. That a serious percentage of them are not worth reading at all is indubitably true, but Mr. Harrison himself "emphatically" affirms that a great many give real information and possess an almost irresistible attraction. It would surely therefore, on his own showing, be more to the purpose to suggest some rules for the practical guidance of the undisciplined multitude in picking the needles out of the bundle of hay—or, to adopt his own metaphor, in selecting *raros nantes in gurgite vasto*—than virtually to bid men throw aside the entire mass of contemporary literature, which they certainly will not do, and confine themselves to the typical assortment of the wisdom of former ages enshrined in Comte's library, which it must be feared that the immense majority of them would fail to "master" by the continuous efforts of a life-time. The uses of lighter reading for recreation or relief of an over-burdened brain seem to find no recognition here. That a great service would be rendered to the moral and intellectual development of "that beast, the general reader," as some disrespectful critic has named him, if he could be led to become a little less general and a little more discriminating in the selection of his mental *pabulum*—to take less "garbage" and more solid food—is undeniable. But the Index Expurgatorius of the Positivist Church, even assuming its construction to be faultless, is too likely to share the fate of its elder namesake, and to stimulate the unchastened appetite it was designed to repress.

HARD UP.

It might be difficult to parse the expression "hard up," but most people find it easy to understand its meaning, and would wince perceptibly under its personal application. We are even afraid that many men who have never yet had any actual experience of the condition thus described would prefer losing a dear friend or being crossed in love to finding themselves hard up. To be hard up is strictly a relative term. The conditions under which one man would consider himself hard up would imply affluence to another. Even among people of equal social position the expression has many different meanings. It may either signify that a man has run into debt, or that a diminution of his income requires a proportionate reduction of his expenditure, or that fresh calls have been made upon his purse without a counterbalancing increase in its contents. Sometimes, too, it means that for the future welfare of a valuable estate a large part of its revenue must be temporarily expended upon its improvement. These and many other causes may explain the condition commonly known as being "hard up," which we take to denote an inconvenient shortness of ready money. This is an evil which varies widely in its nature and virulence. Sometimes it may only appear in isolated cases, the patients recovering rapidly after the exercise of a little prudence; at others it may assume the form of a general epidemic, numbers falling victims to its influences, perhaps never to recover. Again, in individual cases we find a variety of symptoms—some being transient, some intermittent, and others chronic. Like other maladies, too, it is often feigned by those who are free from it. It is by no means uncommon for people to sham illness, but to sham poverty is even commoner. As a rule, an ostentatious profession of indigence is anything but a trustworthy diagnostic of financial embarrassment. Then there are people who, when inconvenienced by a trifling loss, prefer to imagine themselves half-ruined. There is more romance to their minds in the idea of ruin than in genteel poverty. We need not say that they would wish the ruin to be entirely imaginary. It is more heroic to receive a severe gun-shot wound than to get a shaking through a fall down the back stairs, and the credit of martyrdom cannot be enjoyed by those who only incur slight financial losses. On the other hand, the lesser misfortunes of this sort seem conducive in many instances to swaggering of a very offensive kind. It is to our mind particularly disgusting to hear people say that they are so "awfully hard up" that they must do without a yacht this year, when we know that they have a deer-forest in Scotland, and a town and country house in England, with everything to make them happy. We feel little compassion for the man who complains of being obliged to hunt from home with six horses, instead of going to Melton with ten; nor does it seem a matter deserving of world-wide sympathy that times are too bad for an amateur to purchase a picture at Christie and Manson's for three thousand guineas. Yet all these miserable grumblers seem to consider their lot a hard one, while at the same time they indirectly boast their wealth. His sense of pity must be very delicate who can feel much commiseration for a woman who is ready to cry because she is so hard up that she is reduced to covering her walls with satin damask instead of rare old tapestry; and the man must be tender-hearted indeed who can sympathize with a friend who is brought to such destitution as to be reduced to taking a palace in Queen's Gate instead of Mayfair.

Some people may consider that we are speaking in a frivolous manner of a very serious subject; but in reality we are far from underrating its sorrows. The evil of a shortened income has a double sting, when it is the result of any fault on the part of the sufferer; and it makes all the difference whether he is presented before the eyes of the world as a fool or a martyr. After a loss of money the loser's private meditations are apt to run in a very disagreeable channel. If he had or had not acted in such a manner, he reflects, this trouble might have been avoided; still more unpleasant are his contemplations when he knows that all would have been well if he had not been a fool; and worst of all is his lot when the knowledge of this last fact is shared by the world in general. The depression consequent on self-reproach is almost a greater evil than the loss itself, and many sufferers condemn themselves to a sort of social outlawry without waiting for the verdict of the world. One very unpleasant consequence of a partial reverse of fortune is the necessary reduction of expenditure before domestics and dependents. There is a certain sulky satisfaction in making ostensible sacrifices in the eyes of friends and acquaintances; but the act of giving up horses, carriages, and other luxuries conveys no idea of heroism to the minds of servants. Perhaps the most painful accompaniment of an unfavourable balance-sheet consists in the duty of reducing the comforts, advantages, and pleasures of wives and children; but on so distressing a subject we will not linger. It must be understood that we are in no case referring to absolute ruin, but rather to inconvenient deficiencies in ways and means. There have been plenty of causes for such deficiencies during the last few years. A period of unnatural financial inflation has been suddenly followed by a severe fall in the prices of coal and iron, a ruinous depreciation in the value of foreign loans, and a general stagnation of trade. But, be the times good or bad, individual cases of serious loss are constantly occurring. Either the debts of an extravagant son have to be paid, or a law-suit runs away with a few hundreds or thousands, or some sudden damage is done by fire or water, or a freak of Quixotic liberality costs more than had been expected. There have often been disputes on the

question whether one or another branch of expenditure is usually the first to be curtailed in cases of loss of income, and whether this or that article of luxury is most readily sacrificed. It has been argued that the stables are usually the earliest scene of reduction, while other disputants have maintained that autumn tours, Scotch shootings, or yachts are the first luxuries to be given up. Pictures, china, books, and wine have each been named as the special hobby most willingly renounced. We venture to think that the authorities in such matters have failed to notice the expenditure which, in by far the majority of instances, is really the first to be reduced. Unless we are greatly mistaken, ninety-nine people out of a hundred who have lost money cut down their charities before they make any other sacrifice. Next in order come those expenses which are calculated to please and entertain other people rather than the spender; and thirdly, those personal luxuries which the impoverished person happens least to care about, be they china, horses, books, or anything else. It is sometimes curious to see how readily a man of artistic reputation and æsthetic taste will part with his collection of works of art, in which his whole soul has been generally supposed by his friends to have been completely absorbed. The most refined will usually let their old masters, their rare editions, and their Sèvres and Chelsea china be scattered to the four corners of the earth, rather than endure deteriorated dinners or drink inferior wine.

In its epidemic form, to be hard up is sometimes a sort of fashion. We have lived to see times when it has been considered what is termed "good form" to be a little impecunious. Whenever there is a sudden collapse of incomes in the fashionable world, the opportunity is seized by many people, who have in reality been hard up for years, to admit their neediness. They thus get off the more easily, as they are not singular in their adversity. If they have to reduce their display and lower their standard of entertainments, so have their neighbours. Again, some people who cannot be said to be really hard up are glad of an excuse for curtailing their expenditure. At such times we suspect that many men deceive their wives as well as the public. The happy man who has married a charming and beautiful woman, with enlarged ideas as to "how things ought to be done," has sometimes occasion to hail with satisfaction such a catastrophe, for instance, as a fall in the value of foreign Government securities. He has the merest trifle invested in stocks of this description, and their depreciation causes him no perceptible inconvenience, but he is able to say with truth that he has lost money in foreign bonds. He makes this an excuse for various economical proceedings, and thus a panic in foreign stocks becomes a source of actual wealth to him. It may happen, too, that an affectation of loss not only enables a person to save money, but also to obtain a certain *kudos*. In the present difficulties of tenant-farmers some landlords have returned a percentage of their rents; and the plea of temporary poverty on such a ground implies not only generosity, but the possession of a landed estate. This was even more the case some years ago, when the cattle-plague had devastated so many English farms. We well remember that at that time it was hardly considered respectable in some parts of the country for a man to appear affluent. Most landed proprietors had suffered a greater or less diminution of income, and to seem as prosperous as usual was understood to signify a deficiency of "real estate," or an undue wealth in those vulgar "stocks" which were supposed to be the special investments of self-made men. There is really no end to the uses of adversity, real or imaginary, if the thing is judiciously managed. A false reputation of having lost money makes a man to a certain extent richer. Less will be expected of him in the way of entertainment and display, and the parson will let him off more cheaply in the matter of parochial subscriptions. He will have a golden opportunity of selling a house or a horse that he does not like, of getting rid of an overbearing upper servant, or even of breaking up his establishment altogether and enjoying an agreeable tour abroad. Indeed one of the recognized forms of mendicancy in these latter days appears to be to spend the winter in the Mediterranean in a steam yacht.

So long as we ourselves are exempted from its influence, we can look with calm satisfaction on the prevailing scarcity of superfluous cash. When there were so many rich people in the world that fine houses could not be built quickly enough for them, moralists began to lament the extravagant luxury of the age, comparing our times to those immediately preceding the fall of the Roman Empire. We imagine that when these moralists see "To be let furnished" posted in the windows of so many London houses, or take a drive among the empty monuments to the subtlety of the Turk and the Egyptian to be seen in South Kensington, they must reflect with satisfaction that, if excessive prosperity is a sign of a falling empire, our day of destruction is staved off for a while. That the meditations of London tradesmen are not quite so agreeable we can well understand. For ourselves, we must admit that when we are told there is going to be a bad season, we are not heartbroken. In the worst of London seasons there is as much dissipation as any reasonable person can desire, and agreeable society is as pleasant in a bad as in a good season. In a first-rate season, as it is termed, entertaining and being entertained is a pain rather than a pleasure, and instead of enjoying themselves at any friend's house, people are always wanting to hurry off to somebody else's; but in a bad season society is a little less irrational than usual. We do not think it would be a matter for regret if moderation in expenditure were to extend beyond the London season. If people generally were a little "hard up," they might perhaps look round them and discover that there are other interests and amusements in the world besides trying to find out how much money can be lost over one race, how many brace of grouse or thousands of pheasants can be killed in a day, or how many hunters one man can knock up in a week.

WESTBURY MONASTERY.

ONE of the finest Early English parish churches in the county of Gloucester is seated in the valley of Westbury on the river Trym, near Clifton—or, as the place is described in a deed of Offa, King of the Mercians, *Westburg prope flumen qui dicitur Aven*. Forming a group with this church is a heavy, square, embattled tower overgrown with ivy, which, with some other features of the buildings of an ancient religious college, is incorporated with a spacious eighteenth-century mansion that some fifty years since was the residence of the Hobhouse family. We doubt whether the late Lord Broughton, whose learning and inclinations were of the kind exhibited in his elaborate annotations to the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, knew, or possibly would have even cared to know, that one of the most momentous ecclesiastical movements of the Middle Ages began its systematized course on the site of the house in which he was born and spent many years of his life. It was in this corner of the diocese of Worcester that Oswald, the successor to Dunstan in that see, initiated his grave enterprise of colonizing the religious houses with Benedictine monks, who, by supplanting the secular clergy, were henceforth, with temporary interruption, to form the type of the monastic communities of the whole kingdom; and the architectural relics we have referred to, including the church, which was formerly collegiate, commemorate a monastery that existed on the same spot from the ninth century to the dissolution of religious houses. Westbury is named with interesting connexions in several Anglo-Saxon charters, but Mr. Kemble and the annotators of the new edition of Spelman and Wilkins's *Concilia*, now being published, seem uncertain of the identity of the place, or at least give no hint of its situation. Dr. Thomas, in his profound *History of Worcester Cathedral*, is equally indefinite, though he many times refers to the religious settlement at the spot; and Mr. Churton, in the ecclesiastical map of the Saxon kingdoms contained in his *Early English Church*, places Westbury between Evesham and Worcester, instead of at the extremity of Gloucestershire. As early as the ninth century, when the outlying hollow which afterwards became Bristol was for the most part an uninhabitable swamp, Westbury, or Westminster, was an important ecclesiastical district. The stately bishops of Worcester frequently presided there in person over its affairs; and as late as the fifteenth century, one of them, John Carpenter, who sleeps in the chancel of the church, conceived so great a regard for the place as to take the name for part of his designation, ordaining that himself and each successor should be styled "Bishop of Worcester and Westbury"—an injunction which has been disobeyed. It is remarkable that no one of the cloistered brethren or of the parish priests who century after century respectively lent their character to the locality should have thought it worth while to note the religious vicissitudes of his surroundings, an omission which is the more singular because the narration would have afforded scope for indulgence in the keenest theological sympathies or antipathies.

In nomine Summi Tonantis is the pious, if somewhat Homeric, exordium of King Offa's charter, dated at Cloveshoe, A.D. 794, which grants to Æthelmund, his faithful minister, four cassats of land at Westberg; and a little before his death, in A.D. 798, the same royal potentate presented land at Westburg and the adjoining territory of Heanbury, now Henbury, to the see of Worcester, to be held as long as the Christian faith endured in Britain. That the place became immediately the site of a monastery is evident from the fact that Ethelric, the son of Æthelmund, produced in 803 at a Synod also held at Cloveshoe a deed of heirship to land at Westminster, which is Westbury under a name that implied the existence there of a religious house. Monasteries at that period were half-secular family estates in which celibacy was not enjoined, the only requirement being, as Mr. Stubbs remarks, the assumption of clerical orders or the taking of vows. Such houses served as a retreat for worn-out ministers and warriors who, weary-hearted and conscience-stricken, sought a life free from the distractions of the world. They were regarded as family benefices that might devolve in heirship like other houses and lands. By Ethelric's bequest the monastery, with its attachments, came into the possession of the see of Worcester; but Hubert, who was then Bishop, was obliged to make it the subject of a further synodal deliberation through his right being disputed by the Saxon family of Berkeley, who asserted that the convent was situated within their territorial confines. The case was tried at Cloveshoe, A.D. 824, under the presidency of Beorwulf, King of the Mercians, and Wulfred, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the presence of "all our bishops and abbots and many men of wisdom"; and it is remarkable that the Witenagemot assembled to hear this dispute was the largest on record, the record being signed by 121 persons. Mr. Kemble, indeed, questions whether all the signataries were members of the Gemot, but he advances no evidence to show they were not. It was determined that the prelate should prove his title by the adjuration of many appointed priests, deacons, and monks. This oath, which decided the controversy, and for ever cut off Westbury from the inherit-

ance of the Berkeleys, whether of Saxon or Norman lineage, was ceremonially taken thirty nights afterwards at Westbury itself, or, as it is termed in the charter, Westminster, by fifty mass priests, ten deacons, and 160 ordained clerks, the names of the mass priests, including three abbots, being given in Haddon and Stubbs's *Concilia*, iii. 574.

From the fact that the monastery had formed the subject of three royal synods, it may be assumed that the foundation was of some importance; but it is not till the time of Oswald that we gain any definite acquaintance with its character. Oswald lacked none of the severity of his uncle, Archbishop Odo, towards the married clerks who for about two hundred years had held the chief estates of the Church. There are thirteen things corrupting the world, says an old Welsh ecclesiastical law, and a married priest is one of the most detestable of these things. As early as the 12th of October, 803, an act of Council under the mandate of the Pope, denouncing the election of laymen or seculars to the rule of monasteries, was signed by the crosses of many bishops, abbots, and mass-priests, with Archbishop Æthelred at their head. Even the threat of citation before the last judgment seat did not prevent the hated seculars continuing to usurp the cathedrals and convents; but what the Synod was unable to accomplish was effected by the decisive action of three energetic prelates—Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, Ethelbald, Bishop of Winchester, and Oswald, Bishop of Worcester. Never, we are told, were there sadder days for monks, or more joyful days for seculars, than just before the advent of these resolute churchmen, and unless the Lord had shortened those days the English Church would have been lost. Her pleasant places, says the same old chronicler, Eadmer, were the habitations of dragons. To Dunstan has been popularly ascribed the glory of driving out these pernicious creatures from their pleasant haunts; but a study of the subject will lead one to agree with Professor Stubbs that to Dunstan's successor in the see of Worcester is to be chiefly referred that part. The attempts of Dunstan and Æthelwold to dispossess the seculars had been desultory and uncertain. Glastonbury, Mr. Stubbs decides, never under Dunstan became a pure Benedictine house; and, during the twenty years of his primacy, that churchman did not introduce a Benedictine into the diocese of Canterbury. "Clerks," says Mr. E. W. Robertson, in whose conclusions upon this phase of monasticism Mr. Stubbs agrees, "accompanied Æthelwold from Glastonbury when he revived the monastery of Abingdon; *clerks* welcomed the new Archbishop to Canterbury, and remained in unmolested possession of Christ Church until the time of Archbishop Ælfric" (A.D. 995). The reforms of Æthelwold were ineffective till 964, when Edgar, who had been as indecisive as Dunstan for the first four years of his reign, gave royal sanction by the operation of "Oswald's Law" to enforce the changes that revolutionized the religious communities. This decree (which, "having banished the foolish songs and filthy obscenities of the clergy, gave their possessions to monks, the religious servants of God") points by its name to the Bishop of Worcester as its author. Oswald, says his enthusiastic biographer, the monk Colman, was a man of incisive speech, sparkling wit, and judicious foresight, powerful in word and deed, and serious in momentous things. He was held to combine in himself the great qualities of his coadjutors, and to equal the one in authority, the other in energy, and both in holiness. His signature as bishop first occurs in the year 961; and without waiting for the legislative enactment with which he was afterwards empowered, he began his uncompromising movement against the seculars by planting in the sequestered valley of Westbury a colony of twelve monks from Fleury, in the cloistral shades of which latter place six years of his own life had been passed. Oswald's chief friend while at Fleury had been Germanus, a devout and learned man, "mature in wisdom though young in years." Him he chose to be the head of the new community to instruct in the Benedictine rule; and he appointed Ednoth, afterwards Bishop of Dorchester, to be prepositor of the household. They followed here, says Eadmer, the life of God's servants; and the holy Oswald was so delighted with their diligence that he frequently came personally among them to administer in things "belonging to their eternal welfare, to converse with and comfort them; and to join in the divine offices of hymns, psalms, fastings, vigils, and prayers," finding in this solemn valley opportunities for spiritual refreshment altogether wanting at the worldly seat of his bishopric where the seculars yet held their own. The tree planted by the bright little river of Westbury rapidly grew and strengthened till its branches spread over the land. The metaphor seems strong, but we are told by a Cottonian MS. (Nero. E. 1, fo. 76), cited by Mr. Dixon in his Life of Oswald, that Edgar the King was so well pleased with the example of the devout community there, that he directed forty-seven monasteries to be instituted after the same type. Probably these monasteries for the most part were structurally but wooden, and of no long duration.

Oswald proceeded to eject the seculars from seven principal monasteries in his diocese, Winchelcomb and Pershore being of the number. Germanus was translated from Westbury to become prior of Winchelcomb; and when the great convent of Ramsay was built by Ailwyn, Oswald could recommend no more eligible religious to people it than his cherished Fleury monks at Westbury, whom, together with Germanus from Winchelcomb at their head, he settled within its walls. After the death of Oswald the monastery at Westbury fell to decay, or, according to the language of a monkish chronicler, was devastated by "perverse and piratical sons of the Devil," insomuch that only one priest remained, and he performed religious offices but seldom. In the year 1093 Wulstan, second Bishop of Worcester of that name, whose memory is respected for his successful efforts in abolishing the lively traffic in Irish slaves for which at that period Bristol was the principal mart, turned his attention to the state of things in this part of his diocese. He restored the monastic buildings in a substantial manner, and raised a pointed roof, which he covered with lead. Then, reinstating the monks, he supplied them with vestments, missals, and all things necessary for their bodily and spiritual wants. To take charge of the monastery Wulstan appointed Colman, whose name is best known through his subsequently becoming the biographer of his patron. Wulstan was succeeded in the see of Worcester by Sampson, a Norman of noble birth, and brother to Thomas Archbishop of York. He was elected in 1096, and was consecrated at St. Paul's by Archbishop Anselm. Sampson's disposition was lively and sociable, and it is possible that these qualities induced him to dispossess the sombre monks of Westbury and fill their places by seculars. This procedure, however, brought him much obloquy, and his death (A.D. 1112) occurring at the scene of the transaction was inevitably reckoned an instance of divine retribution. Under Theulf, who succeeded Sampson, the seculars at Westbury remained undisturbed. Not so under the rule of Simon, the successor of Theulf in 1125, who again displaced the married clerks and restored the Benedictine regulars.

If more evidence were wanting to show the former significance of a place now so forgotten, we might find it in an attempt of Godfrey Giffard, who was elected to the bishopric of Worcester in 1268, to annex several of the best livings in his diocese to the convent of Westbury, in this way disposing of the important churches of Kemsey, Bredon, Cleeve, Weston, &c. This innovating procedure caused great indignation amongst the prior and monks of his cathedral city, as involving a usurpation of privileges and emoluments belonging to them and endangering their right of electing their bishop. A Bull thereupon arrived from the Pontiff, May 15, 1289, delegating the abbots of Reading and Wigmore and the precentor of Wells to hear and adjudge the matter of dispute. After many delays and a second Bull from the Vatican the cause was tried before the King, Edward I., and Council on Whitsun Tuesday, the 10th of June, 1290, when the prior's agents, having explained the perilous tendency of the invasion upon their rights and prerogatives, proceeded to read to the assembly the charter of Wulstan, wherein a curse was laid upon whosoever should remove the monks from Westbury and replace them by secular canons. The King in reply said, "I would willingly have assented that those churches should be made prebendal to Westbury had you so minded; but I desire not to wrong your church, do as you please." Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, took the part of the monks, and declared that "the state of the church could be altered no more than the state of the barony." Notwithstanding this adverse decision, the Bishop (6th July, 1290) installed at Westbury Nigel of Wells, John de Sedberne, and John de Hereford. To obtain a ratification of the act he entered Worcester, attended like a prince, with one hundred and forty horsemen, but soon departed in anger, because the Chapter refused to set their seal to his arbitrary installation. He, however, by persistence, finally gained his point, and the monastery became a college with a dean and canons, and thus continued to the dissolution. Bishop Carpenter rebuilt and enlarged the fabric, and surrounded it with a turreted wall in the manner of a castle. He died in 1476 at Worcester, whence he was carried to Westbury, and there buried on the south side of the high altar. His monument remains, but his grave is empty, having been despoiled. Some years ago, on the removal of the whitewash about the place of his entombment in the crypt, a curious fresco was discovered; it represented the funeral procession of Bishop Carpenter from Worcester to Westbury; the name *Worcetta* being plainly inscribed on the gate of the town.

Among the canons of Westbury College were John Trevisa and John Wycliff (1375), both of whom, no doubt, from the pulpit of the church, helped to diffuse the doctrines which Henry, Bishop of Worcester, fulminating (1 August, 1387) from his palace at Henbury, a mile from Westbury, characterized as Lollardry, and denounced the preachers, John Purney and others, as "eternæ damnationis filii," &c. At the dissolution, the manor of Westbury with its demesne was granted to Sir Ralph Sadler. Fuller, in the dedication of the book on the Abbeys in his *Church History* to Sir Ralph's grandson, speaks of the latter as possessing "the fair convent of Westbury in Gloucestershire"; and though the Act passed in the twenty-seventh year of Henry VIII. requiring the holders of abbey lands to keep a "standing house" or else forfeit twenty nobles every month had been rescinded, yet his house there was known to be the centre of hospitality, where even the munificent abbots would have found themselves outdone.

On Sunday, July 23, 1643, Prince Rupert fixed his quarters at Westbury College previously to his storming of Bristol, and with pitiless unconcern for its venerable associations, fired the buildings on his departure to prevent their occupation by the enemy. The ivy-mantled tower already mentioned has lately had a narrow escape from demolition—a fate from which the sound Protestants of the district might have rescued it in memory of its connexion with the early Reformers we have named, and which lovers of architecture should have joined in preventing for the sake of William Canyng, the builder of St. Mary Redcliff, who died here as Dean of the college, and was interred within the walls of the church. Happily, however, it owes its preservation to an honest blacksmith, who, at least for a time, has saved the tower, the

vaulted chambers of which now ring with his anvil. Of the grand thirteenth-century church we have not space to speak particularly; but it is worthy of close study for its dignified proportions and details, even apart from its history of a thousand years from its original foundation.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH DINNERS.

ENGLISHMEN are usually supposed to have pronounced tastes, and to be by no means backwards in stating them; but certainly it is not altogether easy to say what kind of dinner they like best. Probably, if it were possible to question many people on this subject, the majority would answer that they prefer the plain English fare in which their forefathers gloried so much to any other, and that, though a dinner at a good Paris restaurant is a nice thing in its way, they care little on the whole for the elaborate devices of French cooks. Nevertheless, for dinner parties French cookery, or rather what is supposed to be French cookery, reigns supreme. There are few givers of feasts who would not be ashamed to offer an old-fashioned English dinner to their friends; and most guests would certainly be surprised if they found that nothing but soup, fish, meat, and game was provided for them, even though the soup were turtle and the meat venison. It is considered almost obligatory to describe the dishes in French, and not a little singular sometimes are the results of the attempt to do so. The adoption of the French system is not, as need hardly be said, of recent date, as the fashion began long before the days of the present generation; but in times when Englishmen were more stubborn about their national usages than they are now, it was not universally followed, being spurned by some and disliked by many. Moreover, its general acceptance now is far more significant than it would have been formerly. People dine out much more than they did, and the kind of dinner which is given is therefore a matter of greater importance than it was when dinner parties were not so frequent. That this should be a French dinner seems now to be thought indisputable; and, unless it is to be supposed that everybody is insincere about what is of considerable interest to all but those who have either no taste or no digestion, it must be assumed that—despite the strong liking for plain food which is so often alleged—Englishmen really think the French dinner to be, beyond all possible comparison, superior to the English one, and consider the latter to be so poor and homely as to be unfit for guests, though a necessary regard for economy prevents people from abandoning it altogether. There is no exaggeration in saying that at a dinner party of ten or more it would now seem nearly as great a solecism to offer simple English fare as it would be to proffer old ale as the principal drink or to crown the repast with a huge bowl of punch. It is much to be regretted that the excellent meal in which our forefathers delighted should be thus practically condemned, and should never be thought good enough for state occasions. The English dinner has of course one radical defect, its want of variety. Every one knows the saying about the country where there are twenty religions and only one sauce; but, though the censure thus happily passed is fully deserved, it may still be said that the old-fashioned system of serving a dinner was in some respects an excellent one, and that its merits should be recognized by those who pay any attention to gastronomy. To describe these merits minutely might be wearisome and unpleasantly suggestive of quotations from a cookery-book; but there are two recommendations of an English dinner which should certainly be mentioned in speaking of this subject. These are that, by taking moderate care, it is possible to make sure that the dinner shall be thoroughly good of its kind, and that it is not easy to make a mistake in arranging it. This may seem small praise; but a reference to the French dinner will show that it signifies a good deal. There is nothing in London like the admirable society of cooks which exists in Paris, and unfortunately it is, for people of moderate means, extremely difficult to make sure that a French dinner shall be good of its kind, and without some knowledge it is not at all easy to arrange it properly. As a matter of fact, it is often arranged very badly indeed, and a Véron or a Baron Brisse would look on many of the elaborate dinners which are served in London as far more barbarous than the simple repast which is now altogether despised. This might therefore very well be sometimes thought good enough for guests; but it is perhaps hopeless to expect that dinner-givers will ever return to it. To ask them to do so is like exhorting women to disregard the prevailing fashion in dress. Many women are willing to admit in the abstract that fashions are a great nuisance, but no woman is willing to be behind her neighbours; and hosts have a somewhat similar feeling. If, however, the French system is to be universally followed, surely people might give themselves the trouble to understand it. Considering the very long period during which it has been more or less adopted for dinners of any importance, it might be thought that the method followed by the French cooks in arranging a repast, which is clearly based on good sense, would now be appreciated here. This, however, is not the case. In what are supposed to be copies of French dinners, the order in which the dishes should be served is departed from in a manner which shows that the plan on which French *chefs* work is not understood. Some of the best preparations are excluded, and a rigid rule, unknown to the best French authorities, has been laid down by which the variety that can be given to dinners has been considerably and without any reason whatever curtailed.

To explain what the French system is, and to show how it is departed from here, its history must first be briefly glanced at. As need hardly be said, the French have always liked a considerable variety of flavours at their principal meal; but at no very remote period their tastes were much more simple than they are now, and the order in which the dishes were served has at times varied considerably. Brillat Savarin gives a description of what in the year 1740 was considered in the provinces a fairly good dinner for ten persons. This was composed as follows:—"1er service, le bouilli; une entrée de veau cuit dans son jus; un hors d'œuvre. 2me service, un dindon; un plat de légumes; une salade; une crême (quelquefois). Dessert; un fromage; du fruit; un pôt de confitures." The succession was, it may be observed, somewhat different from what it is now, and in the elaborate feasts of the same time it was still more different, the order followed being very singular. Sixty years or so later things had greatly changed. Here is Brillat Savarin's account of such a meal as people of moderate fortune ought to offer to their friends:—"Un filet de bœuf à cœur rose, piqué et cuit dans son jus; un quartier de chevreuil, sauce hachée aux cornichons; un turbot au naturel; un gigot de présalé à la Provençale; un dindon truffé; les petits pois en primeur." Now this is a very good dinner, certainly not wanting in solidity. As need hardly be pointed out, it differed nearly as much from the earlier repast as it does from those which are now served in Paris, and it cannot be said to be arranged on any very intelligible system. During the time of Brillat Savarin, however, the French dinner was changed, and the form was given to it which, with some slight alterations, it has kept up to the present day. The most amiable of gastronomes, writing as an old man, naturally described what he had admired and enjoyed in his best days. Long before his book appeared considerable alterations had been made, and the most enthusiastic and intelligent of French cooks had given the finishing touch to the work of others who had applied themselves to putting in order the *Cuisine Française*, and had thus set the model which has been followed ever since. Carême did not publish the *Maître-d'hôtel Français* until a short time before the appearance of the *Physiologie du Goût*; but his principal works in the kitchen had been long before that event. The plan on which he and his brethren proceeded was to make the order in which dinner was served correspond with the effect on the appetite produced by the various dishes eaten. After soup came the most substantial food, such as large fish and solid pieces of meat; then *entrées*, the more substantial first, and the lighter afterwards. With these ended the first of the two services in which dinner was necessarily divided. The second service was arranged on the same principle as the first, the most substantial food being given earliest; but was naturally much lighter in character, as people could not possibly have the same appetite as they had for the other. First came the *rôt*, usually consisting of birds, then dressed vegetables or salad, and then the sweets, sometimes called the third service. Now, if people are to eat a good many things—and a necessary condition of a French dinner is that it should consist of a good many things—it is difficult to see how they could be better arranged. Variety is given in the most ingenious manner, and so far as possible attention is paid to digestion. This fact has been recognized in France, and though there have been many great cooks since Carême, it has not been considered possible to improve on the system which he finally settled, and only trifling alterations have been made.

Many modern French cooks terminate the first course by a cold dish, some by a salad, and it has become the general practice to give at large dinners a *sorbet*—*i.e.* an ice with some spirit added to it between the two services. Whether this addition—which was not unknown in the days of the Marquis de Cussy—is a good one we will not attempt to say. The fact to which we desire to draw attention is that in Paris it has not been thought advisable to alter, except in some small particulars, the plan fixed a great many years ago by Carême, and it may fairly be assumed that it has been found impossible to improve on it. Very different has been the case in London. Englishmen were a great deal too clever to be content with what satisfied the great *chefs* and gastronomes of Paris, and they would not adopt Carême's system without altering it in their own ingenious fashion. They dismissed the substantial piece which came after the fish or soup, and thrust a roast joint accompanied by a quantity of vegetables into the middle of the dinner, thus entirely destroying the whole plan which had been so carefully arranged. As a further accompaniment to the joint they gave salad; and they ignored the dressed vegetables which should follow the roast and are amongst the pleasantest features of a French dinner. Further, they laid down as an absolute rule that fish must always follow the soup, and must on no account whatever appear at any other time during dinner. Having thus marred the whole scheme of the French repast, they seem to have been satisfied with their handiwork, and considerately made no further change. The dinner arranged in this barbaric fashion has, like the well-ordered French feast, remained immutable, and is universally accepted and believed by the majority of Englishmen to be in conformity with the strictest rules of the French kitchen. There are few givers of feasts who would not be astounded if they were told that their *menus*, displaying a pompous arrangement of *potages, poissons, entrées, relevés, rôts*, and *entremets*, would appear to an accomplished French cook or gastronome who had never heard of the insular ways to show either great ignorance or singular perversity.

Of the first blunder mentioned—the altering the place of the *relevé*, and giving people the most substantial dish at a time when the appetite is to a considerable extent satisfied—we have spoken twice before in these columns; but no apology is due for referring to it a third time, as a great deal of iteration is needed to convince Englishmen that in this matter they depart altogether from the system of the French kitchen. The writer of that excellent work on food and cookery called *Kettner's Book of the Table*, tried hard to persuade dinner-givers that they were wrong on this point, but without any avail. The other errors mentioned are certainly not inconsiderable. Why do dressed vegetables so seldom appear in English dinners? In the *menus* of the great French *chefs*, from Carême to Dubois, they have rarely been omitted. Then why does the cast-iron rule about fish exist? Generally speaking, no doubt, fish should be given after soup, but in some dinners it may appear later with advantage; and for what earthly reason are fish *entrées* proscribed in England, except at a Greenwich or Blackwall dinner? It would be impossible to give any reason for these eccentricities; and since it seems to be universally agreed that none but dinners served in the French fashion are good enough to be offered to guests, surely people might put themselves to the small pains which are required in order to ascertain how to give a true and not a false copy of the French original.

THE EASTERN TRADE AND EASTERN BANKS.

THE reports issued this week by the Boards of the Oriental and the Chartered Mercantile Banks have directed the attention of the general public to the state of our Eastern trade. The first of these establishments, the oldest and greatest of Eastern banks, lost in the second half of last year a quarter of a million sterling in round numbers; and moreover the depreciation of its investments during the six months decreased their value by 276,000*l.* Its total losses in the half year thus exceeded half a million. The Chartered Mercantile Bank had no bad debts of large amount to face, but it lost considerably upon silver, and it suffered likewise from the depreciation of its securities. In both cases alike the result of the year's transactions was that the whole of the earnings were swept away, and with them also the reserve fund—that is to say, the accumulation of former profits which had not been divided amongst the shareholders, but had been put by to meet contingencies, such as we now witness. Those who know the City are aware that a belief widely prevails that the whole Eastern trade is not in much better case than the affairs of the two banks in question. It is reported on every side that this and that branch have suffered heavily, that private liquidations are going on on an extensive scale, and that the consequences have to be borne by the banks. We are convinced that this talk is greatly exaggerated. That the Eastern trade is depressed certainly admits of no dispute. Several causes have contributed to produce such depression. A succession of famines in India has impoverished the population, and at the same time has raised the price of food so high as to trench seriously on the incomes of all classes. It is not merely the loss of crops and the increased cost of provisions that the people have to contend against. In the famine-stricken districts the cattle have died off, and the implements of husbandry have too often been sold or pledged, while debts at usurious interest have been contracted with the village money-lenders. The poverty of the population of course prevents them from buying English goods as formerly. At a recent meeting of the Bombay Chamber of Commerce, the President stated that the prices of European wares had fallen almost twelve per cent., which, added to the depreciation of silver, makes a total fall of thirty-two per cent., or about one-third. As a consequence, the import trade from Europe no longer yields its old profits, and yet the warehouses are glutted with commodities. The depreciation of silver affects injuriously the imports into India of English goods, because those goods are paid for in rupees; while, to be available in England, the rupees have to be exchanged for gold, which involves a loss of about one-fifth. On the other hand, the depreciation is favourable to the export of Indian goods to England, since they are paid for in gold here, and the gold exchanges for one-fifth more in rupees than it used to do a few years ago. But this advantage is said to be neutralized by two circumstances; the high price of food in India making it unprofitable to send grain to Europe, and the great fall of prices here equalling, or nearly so, the advantage accruing from the depreciation. In China also the same causes—famine and depreciation—are at work, and are aggravated by war expenditure. Lastly, the depression which we are experiencing in Europe reacts upon Asia. There can be no doubt at all, therefore, that the Eastern trade is in an unsatisfactory state; but that it is not so bad as City rumours would make it out to be seems capable of proof. The shrinkage in the volume of the trade has not been such as we should look for were it so ruinously unprofitable as is alleged. There is falling-off certainly, but not to an extraordinary extent. Nor is the fall of prices so severe as to inflict disastrous losses. In tea, for example, respecting which so much is said, the decline does not bear out the rumours that are afloat. Lastly, it is to be observed that the Directors of the Chartered Mercantile Bank tell us they have had no considerable bad debts during the past year. Their losses have been incurred on sales of silver and through depreciation of securities. The bad debts of the Oriental Bank are found in Glasgow and Australia. Thus it cannot be said that the reports of these two banks confirm the opinion that the present state of our trade with the East is ruinously bad.

In part the losses of these banks are due to causes entirely beyond their control, and the courage with which the Directors face them is highly to their credit. The East is their field of activity. There they employ their funds, and the securities in which they have invested have declined in value because of the depreciation of silver. They have no more been able to prevent that than to hinder a famine. And the only honest and safe course open to them was to write off from the investments the amount of the depreciation; which is what they have done. Their mistake was that they did not do it soon enough; that is, two or three years ago. The value of silver will in all probability rise by and by, and those investments will rise with it. In the meantime, however, if they had to be realized, they would be found to be not worth the sums at which they formerly stood in the bank books. But over and above these losses, for which the banks are not responsible, there are others of which this cannot be so confidently said. The Chartered Mercantile, for example, held a large quantity of silver last year, and lost heavily upon it. At the coming meeting, no doubt, full explanations will be given respecting this transaction. With our present information we can form no opinion concerning it. It may have been perfectly legitimate or rashly speculative; all we know is that it was very unprofitable. The Oriental Bank, again, holds a large amount of Chilian bonds, which have become greatly depreciated owing to difficulties in Chilian finances and to the policy pursued by the Chilian Government. It may be admitted that hitherto that Government has honourably kept faith with its creditors, and there is no reason to suppose that it will do otherwise in the future. Still we hardly think that these bonds were an eligible investment for the Oriental Bank. Another point, respecting which both banks appear to have made a mistake, is the too great extension of the area of their operations. The Chartered Mercantile Directors admit that their branches in China and Japan have for some years been unprofitable, and they propose to close the one at Yokohama. The Oriental report does not touch upon this point; but the bank has no fewer than fifty-six branches, which are found in India, China, Japan, the Straits Settlements, Ceylon, the Mauritius, South Africa, and Australia. Now it seems hardly possible that any Board of Directors can be acquainted with the peculiarities of the trade of countries so vast, so far apart, and so unlike each other in essential particulars. And yet, if they are to be able to control their agents abroad, they ought to know the nature of the trade of each place, its usages and its condition. That a Board sitting in London can have this knowledge is, to say the least, not probable; and if it has not, it is in the hands of its local managers. By the exercise of great care and judgment in the selection of managers, it may perhaps carry on its business successfully, and the high position occupied hitherto by the Oriental Bank is proof that its managers have been well chosen. Still it is a question which the shareholders should seriously ponder, whether the sphere of the bank's operations has not been too widely extended. The information at present before us is confessedly too scanty to permit an accurate and exhaustive investigation of the causes of these losses. At the meetings about to be held the chairmen will of course supply the details which are now wanting, and till then it will be well to suspend one's judgment. Even now, however, it seems to be established that the difficulties of these banks, though they must no doubt have been aggravated, have not been created, by the badness of the Eastern trade.

The converse, however, is by no means so clear—namely, that the action of the banks has not contributed to the badness of the trade. There is a prevalent opinion that the system of acceptances is a main element in the disastrous speculation which has characterized that trade. A principal part of the legitimate business of the banks is to facilitate remittances, to stand between parties in this country and in the East who have payments to make and receive, and to save them the trouble and expense of sending bullion. This the banks do by buying bills from exporters and selling them to importers. Nobody desires that this legitimate and useful business should be restricted, but the belief is general that it is carried to a mischievous extreme by means of the six months' usance; that traders are thereby enabled to carry on their operations without capital, and even after they have become insolvent. It is to be hoped that the shareholders will insist upon knowing whether any such abuse has been permitted in either of the cases before us. The kind of business in question certainly admits of being so abused; and, even if nothing of the sort has happened in these instances, the system has been practised by others, and is reacting on all the banks through the glut in trade which it has produced. There is another aspect of the question—namely, that this description of business enables banks to obtain funds with which to speculate in the exchanges. On every ground it is to be hoped that the subject will be fully discussed at the approaching meetings. We do not doubt that the acceptances of the two banks with which we are now concerned are perfectly secure. The Oriental does not accept for its own branches; and, though we are not sure about the Chartered Mercantile, we believe it follows the same rule. The banks which accept for them have doubtless taken care to obtain adequate cover. But, granting all this, the practice may indirectly have been productive of mischief, and it may well be reconsidered

in the light of the latest experience. That losses have been incurred on exchange operations is admitted. In what way has this happened? Has it been in giving customers the facilities which they had a right to expect, or has it been in speculative ventures?

MR. GILBERT'S *GRETCHEN*.

MR. GILBERT'S "bold experiment," as it has been justly called, of writing a new version of the familiar legend which Goethe has made immortal, might form the theme for a chapter in a new series of "Curiosities of Literature." It is an often noted fact that followers of the fine arts are apt to misjudge their own powers, and to think that the line in which they can always command success is in truth unworthy of their talents. There are many instances recorded of excellent low comedians who have thought that nature really intended them for what is called the higher walk of the drama; and if our memory serves us right Liston once played a tragic part for his benefit, and played it respectably. In like manner Mr. Gilbert, who is an absolute master of a certain kind of humour which he may fairly claim to have invented, seems to have felt that his well-deserved success as a humourist was but a vain thing compared to the success which he ought to obtain as a serious dramatist. He had proved long ago that he could write good blank verse; and, for reasons which no doubt seemed sufficient to him, he chose to apply this accomplishment, which is by no means too common, to a remodelling of the story of Doctor Faustus, whom he has deprived of the title of Doctor—by way, it may be supposed, of showing at once how untrammelled he is by any superstitious reverence, either for the ancient myth or for Goethe's treatment of it.

Mr. Gilbert's *Gretchen* is announced as "a new play in four acts, suggested by the leading incidents in Goethe's *Faust*"; and he is so "anxious that his motive in writing this play may not be misunderstood" that he has caused to be printed on the bill of the play a "Notice to the Public," which is perhaps as curious as anything contained in the body of the work. It is always pleasant to learn new facts, and we cannot but be grateful for the unexpected information which Mr. Gilbert is so kind as to give us, with an air of authority which there is no disputing, with regard to Goethe's *Faust*. This, he tells us, "is not a stage play, but a philosophical treatise on human nature, written in dramatic form." What Mr. Gilbert's new version of this "philosophical treatise" may precisely be we will not venture to say, but it may be confidently asserted that in Mr. Gilbert's sense of the term it certainly is not a stage play. The author appears to have founded his distrust of Goethe's play for stage purposes upon a passage which he quotes from Schlegel, who was not perhaps so infallible a critic as Mr. Gilbert seems to think him. He goes on to say that "a glance at Goethe's *Faust* will show that insuperable difficulties must present themselves to any stage manager who endeavoured to place upon the stage the elaborate philosophical essays with which the first two acts abound—the opening scene in heaven in which the Deity is introduced; the grim terror of the scene in which the Black Dog changes into the embodiment of the Tempter; the wild horrors of the Witch's Kitchen; the Walpurgis-Nacht scene; the interlude of the Golden Wedding of Oberon and Titania; and the short, but terrible, scene in which Faust and Mephistopheles are discovered at full gallop on black horses." Mr. Gilbert is perfectly right; this is precisely what "a glance" at Goethe's *Faust* would show. It is true that the scene in the witch's kitchen is remarkably effective in the stage version of *Faust* given in German theatres, but it is also true that the other scenes of which Mr. Gilbert speaks do present "insuperable difficulties." For this reason, and because for dramatic purposes they have no bearing upon the course of the story, they are invariably omitted; and *Faust*, played without them, is one of the most popular and, even regarded from a purely theatrical point of view, one of the most effective pieces in the German *répertoire*. Mr. Gilbert, who is probably better informed on this matter than we are, assures us that, "before the *Faust* of Goethe can be represented on the stage, it must be ruthlessly lopped of its greatest beauties; intervals comprehensible enough to the reader must be bridged over to make them intelligible to the spectator; much explanatory matter must be introduced; apparent lapses of time and action made good; unsightly and impracticable incidents expunged; and a catastrophe invented for which in the original poem there is no warrant whatever." These singular statements are calculated at first sight to take away the breath of any one who has seen *Faust* given on the German stage, and remembers its extraordinary effect as an acting play, without any of the "explanatory matter," the introduction of which in the master's work no German audience would tolerate. But the explanation is found in the continuation of the sentence:—"Indeed," says Mr. Gilbert, "it is scarcely going too far to say that in those versions of *Faust* which are current [the italics are ours] on the *English*, *French*, and *Italian* stages, the great master would hardly recognize his own handiwork." This is very much as if some Italian playwright who had seen *Hamlet* as rewritten by Ducis for the French stage, by Rusconi for the Italian stage, and by M. Thomas's librettist for the opera, were to set to work to write a new play on the theme of *Hamlet*, without inquiring if Shakspeare's *Hamlet* had ever been arranged as a good acting play in England. "Whether it is allowable," Mr. Gilbert continues, "so to trim, patch, lop, mutilate, and disfigure an immortal work in order to adapt it to an arena for which its creator never designed it, is a point upon which the reader will form his own opinion. I trust, however, that, in professing to remodel, for purely dramatic purposes, the entire story of Gretchen's downfall, I shall at least be absolved from a charge of intentional irreverence towards the grandest philosophical work of the century." Mr. Gilbert has evidently laid to heart the maxim about hammering in a nail; he begins by describing Goethe's work in an offhand manner as "a philosophical treatise," and he ends by calling it with a pompous reverence, for which its author would no doubt be grateful, "the grandest philosophical work of the century"; the inference of course being that Goethe was a great philosopher, but not a great dramatist, and that Mr. Gilbert, whether or not a great philosopher, is a great dramatist who proposes to show what Goethe might have made for stage purposes out of the *Faust* legend. We have said that Mr. Gilbert ends his notice by this reference to the philosophical excellence of Goethe's performance; but this is not a strictly accurate statement, as, before signing his name to his remarkable manifesto, Mr. Gilbert pays a becoming tribute to the German poet by saying, "I may add that I am indebted to Goethe's *Faust* for the scene between Mephistopheles and Martha in Act II. With this exception the dialogue of the piece is my own." It would not be strictly just to Mr. Gilbert to say that this scene is the only good one in his piece, for, as we have said, he can write good blank verse; and many passages of his play, taken by themselves, have considerable power, both of feeling and humour. But it is just to say that the scene for which he modestly acknowledges his indebtedness to his predecessor is the only completely effective one in the piece.

Mr. Gilbert, casting away the idea which is inherent in the *Faust* legend, and which has been adopted by every one before him who has taken it for a theme, makes Forstus or Fowstus (for, to quote the dying grammarian, *l'un et l'autre se dit*, according to the actors of Mr. Gilbert's piece) not an old man weary of the world and of human knowledge, but a young soldier, who, being jilted by a girl he loved, has turned monk and abjured all earthly things. His purpose, however, is so weak and wavering that when Gottfried, an old brother-in-arms, visits him in his monastery and descants upon the perfections of Gretchen, with whom Gottfried has since childhood lived in a kind of brotherly intercourse, Faust's mind reverts to the life which he has given up, and after Gottfried's departure he makes a soliloquy, which he ends by invoking various powers to his aid. The appeal is answered by Mephistopheles—or, as Mr. Gilbert chooses to call him Mephisto—who appears through a pillar with a thunderclap, the solitary proof of supernatural power, which he gives during the course of the play. He is indeed a singularly gentle fiend, and, for all that one can see, the repulsion which in a subsequent passage he asserts that he has to the crime of seduction is perfectly genuine. Goethe's "spirit that denies" becomes in Mr. Gilbert's play a somewhat cynical person, who chooses to dress, not in scarlet, but in black, and to wear a red feather in his hood, and who watches the course of crime with complacency, but with no special interest. One really fine speech is put into his mouth in the second act, and is delivered with singular force by Mr. Archer, who throughout the play does all that can be done for Mr. Gilbert's invention. But, with the exception of this speech, which is, we are inclined to think, by far the best passage of the play, Mr. Gilbert's Mephisto is a purposeless and colourless kind of creature. He has really no influence over the fortunes of Faust and Gretchen, which in Mr. Gilbert's hands are the theme of a commonplace and dismal story, related, as we have hinted, in verse of considerable merit. But Mephistopheles can hardly be called even an accessory before the fact to Faust's crime. All that he does is to spur an impulse given by Gottfried; and, as in the second act Gottfried, with an excess of confidence, gives Gretchen into the care of Faust, who has renounced the monastery to resume his former place in life, it will be seen that Faust is in Mr. Gilbert's version a creature even more degraded from the idea of the original story than Mephistopheles. As for Gretchen, she seems to be but tolerably burdened with a sense of sin until she is acquainted with the fact, which Mr. Gilbert chooses to make an utterly damning one, that Faust has been, and ought still to be, a monk. This fact it is which separates the pair; Faust's love is as ardent as ever, and so is Gretchen's; but the chance discovery on her part that her lover has thrown off his vows to the Church produces an effect which it is to be presumed nothing else would have produced, and impels her to say that she will never see him again. She does, of course, see him again when she is dying, and counsels him to redeem his sin, not by the death for which he longs, but by a life of holiness and self-sacrifice. The speeches put into her mouth in this scene have some beauty; but the end of the play leaves one pretty much where one was at the beginning. Faust has gone through a disastrous love affair, and retreats to his monastery, just as ready as he was before, according to the common interpretation of human nature, to leave it again whenever he hears a highly-coloured report of the fascinations of an exceptionally beautiful and virtuous girl. The play is, in fact, meaningless in a dramatic sense, and the finish of its writing cannot possibly redeem its glaring faults. The actors are heavily handicapped by the associations which must cling to the subject, in spite of Mr. Gilbert's "Notice to the Public"; but it is only fair to say that, if good acting and good

stage management could make such an attempt as Mr. Gilbert's "allowable," to use his own phrase, it would be allowable at the Olympic. Mr. Conway delivers the lines of a thankless part with much feeling, and Miss Marion Terry is graceful and tender as Gretchen. Mr. Billington cannot be congratulated on his performance of Gottfried, whom he presents in the likeness of the Knave of Hearts. Miss Brennan and Mrs. Bernard Beere play Martha and Lisa—a character introduced by Mr. Gilbert—with much success. But, as we have said, it is impossible to impart any real life to a play which is, in truth, a deplorable blunder.

REVIEWS.

THE LAND OF MIDIAN REVISITED.*

A PRECEDING volume, *The Gold Mines of Midian and the Ruined Midianite Cities*, narrated Captain Burton's first expedition, in April 1877, to the shores of North-West Arabia which belong to the Egyptian dominion. It was reviewed in this journal on May 25 last year, when the author had just finished a second and more protracted exploration of that country. This occupied four months; the previous tour not so many weeks. His practical object in both journeys, the cost of which was defrayed by the Khedive of Egypt, was to examine the mineralogical indications of the country and the tokens of ancient mining industries. Historical traditions prove beyond doubt the former existence of that kind of wealth along the eastern coast of the Red Sea and the Gulf of Akabah, as well as in the Sinaitic peninsula. Captain Burton has been assisted by the Rev. Dr. Percy Badger and by Dr. H. Brugsch Bey in adding here to his citations of such authorities, both from the records of Egyptian antiquity and from the mediæval testimony of Arab writers. These contributions form but a single chapter of his present work, and serve to complete that part of his introductory essay which was occupied with literary discussion of archæological topics. The Midian of Mosaic and later Hebrew history was, after several revolutions of empire and developments of race, superseded by the Nabathæan State, which probably covered a much larger territory. Notices of this by Greek and Roman geographers abundantly show that the natural wealth of the region was still held in repute. Its mines of precious metal, in Captain Burton's opinion, continued to be worked until the Mohammedan conquest. He even hints a suspicion that they have been surreptitiously used in later times. Whether they have been exhausted or may now be rendered a welcome source of revenue to the Khedive is really an interesting question. The financial and political advantages of such a discovery would be appreciated by the British public in the present crisis of affairs. It is well, however, to beware of indulging sanguine expectations. The readers of Captain Burton's narrative will find little cause to complain of having been misled by any imaginative exaggeration of existing facts. They are more likely to feel that his precise topographical descriptions of the sites and ruins of so many old mining settlements become rather tedious. There is an uninviting sameness in the repeated inventory of a rock-cut cistern and conduit, with a furnace and scattered bits of slag or ashes, and some fragments of pottery and glass; and again, upon the neighbouring hill, traces of a hut village for the slave labourers, with a small fort to guard them. But Captain Burton was in duty bound to report these details with the utmost minuteness, as well as to scrutinize the geological features of the supposed auriferous, or silver, copper, and sulphur-yielding districts. We must leave his array of positive and presumptive evidence, with his twenty-five tons of specimens containing a small proportion of metallic ore, to the judgment of scientific or practical experts. Our present concern with the book is to extract from it whatever fresh information it may afford relating to the obscure historical associations of that tract of country, and to get some comprehension of its remarkable physical conditions, which the author has set clearly before us.

With regard, however, to the first-mentioned object of interest we are somewhat disappointed; because the Cairo newspaper correspondence of last spring, when it announced Captain Burton's return from his second tour in Midian, seems now to have overrated the amount of its archæological results. He has, indeed, completed the exploration of the territory properly called Midian, extending northward of El Muwaylah, or Mowilah, up to the head of the Gulf of Akabah; and he has apparently found the ancient capital of Midian, not in the seaport of Makná, as was supposed, but at Maghair Shu'ayb, the Madiama of Ptolemy, which is some twenty miles inland east of Makná. He has, moreover, traversed the whole of the Egyptian territory lying south of El Muwaylah, as far as the Wady Hamz, which is the boundary of the Turkish Arabian province of El Hejaz, and within seven caravan stages of Medinah. This territory is more than equal in extent to that usually known as Midian, having nearly the same length—about one hundred miles—but a greater breadth inland to the mountain wall of El Nejd, the Arabian table-land. Captain Burton prefers to give it the arbitrary name of South Midian, contrary to the advice of his learned friend Aloys Sprenger, and with no warrant of former usage. But he has fairly earned the praise of making considerable additions to our knowledge of the topography of that somewhat equivocal region. He here shows us all there is to be seen of the once important cities of Shuwák and Shaghb, which appear to have been sister-towns, co-operating in their respective branches of mining and metallurgic industry, and perhaps forming together one community, the Soaka of Ptolemy (vi. 7). The gold mines of Umm-el-Karayat and Umm-el-Harab, which were systematically worked by the ancients, together with the remains of Badá, probably the chief town of Thamuditis, and a commercial station on the highway from the coast to Petra, are not less carefully described. These belong to the Nabathæan period; and the Badais or Badanutha of the Greeks and of Pliny, and the Mochura of Ptolemy (El Marwah or Mukayrah) are recognized by Captain Burton in the localities he has lately examined. But there is still a great deficiency of materials for portraying the character of that long past state of civilization. Its architecture, for instance, cannot be estimated from the mere basements and foundation walls of houses and traces of streets; nor in the way of sculpture, inscriptions, or coins, has this expedition been very productive. The coins picked up at Maghair Shu'ayb have been compared with other Nabathæan collections; many of them seem to be imitations of Greek coinage. The catacombs at the same place, with their elaborate ornamentation, and with the defined arrangement of their interior, are more impressive than the ruins of the city itself. Altogether, the perusal of these volumes gives more consistency to our previous impression, derived from a variety of meagre historical notices, that the whole region, with different successive inhabitants, was busy and rich, at wide intervals though not continuously, for upwards of a thousand years. It has been laid waste, and scraped to the bare rock-skeleton, by the ruthless rapacity of Persian, Saracenic, and Turkish conquerors, and by the savagery of the Bedawin. This is the common fate of many famous abodes of early civilization in Western Asia, and it is one of the sorriest spectacles in the world at the present day.

But, if we turn from the obscure antiquities of the ill-used country to the singular aspects of its physical geography, there are many wonders to delight the lover of nature in her capricious moods. The author's descriptive style grows eloquent without affectation in depicting the glorious effects of atmospheric tints at sunrise and sunset, in that luminous clime, on the brightly contrasted colouring of diverse masses of rock, the shapes and the grouping of which form a splendid exhibition of mountain grandeur. We long for the pictures which some great artist, who shall one day take the trouble to cross the Red Sea for that purpose, will paint and send to the Royal Academy. M. Lacaze, the artist employed by the Khedive to go with Captain Burton, has made a number of sketches in oil and water-colour, six of which are represented by chromolithographs in the two volumes; but the entire portfolio, with other drawings, maps, and photographs, is to fill a grand album prepared at Cairo. Hardly any portion of the earth's crust, we should imagine, can present a more striking display of the peculiar character of scenery produced by the mingled hues and varying outlines of different geological formations, all bared to view under a strong light, with comparatively no dress of trees or herbage. The beauty of the desert is anything but monotonous under these favouring conditions. We may refer to p. 60 of the second volume, describing the Jebel Sharr at successive times of day, or to the passages in which (chapter xi.) the weird and fascinating aspect of the southern Hismá wall is described, with its lofty sandstone coping broken into an endless variety of figures, and shining with the liveliest colours; or to that (vol. i. p. 84) which dwells upon the extraordinary sight of the white plains of gypsum, at sunset transformed to reddening gold, but stained with sundry clays and sands, pink, mauve, and greenish yellow, and broken through and girdled round by dark chocolate brown hills of plutonic formation, in the valley approaching Maghair Shu'ayb. Such vivid landscape accounts give the reader some compensation for the undeniable tediousness of the greater part of this narrative, which is excusable, in any case, as the report of a mineralogical inspector.

The entire territory called by the author North and South Midian is the strip of land from Akabah to the Wady Hamz, lying between the sea-coast and the Shafah range, which is the "lip" of the sandstone table-land, the Hismá, extending a hundred and seventy miles parallel with the maritime shore. Behind the Hismá is a volcanic region of lava and basalt, El Harrah, the extent and character of which are not precisely known. The lower country, which Arabs call El Tihámah, and of which this book is an account, measures two hundred and thirteen miles in length from north-north-west to south-east, and in width from twenty-four to sixty or seventy miles, broadening southwards. Its surface is everywhere diversified by groups of mountains, chiefly granite, of which the Sharr, rising to six thousand or six thousand five hundred feet, is the most conspicuous, with its neighbours the Dibbagh, Harb, and Urnub in Central Midian. It shows eruptive pieces of trap rock bursting through the sand, with huge lumps of "Marú," or quartz, formerly yielding gold; and the whole region is intersected by a series of frequent "wadys," or dry water-courses, passing between these elevated rock strata from the Hismá down to the sea. In the northern district—on the shore of the Gulf of Akabah opposite the peninsula of Sinai, in the neighbourhood of Makná and Maghair Shu'ayb, where Moses sojourned with Jethro the priest of Midian—the geological structure is different. It abounds with

* *The Land of Midian Revisited.* By Richard F. Burton. 2 vols. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.

large deposits of sulphates and carbonates of lime, overlying chloritic sandstone, in the flat-floored hollows, and with blocks of conglomerate, felsitic porphyry, and syenite, heaped along the coast. Here, and in similar localities elsewhere, it is hoped that plenty of sulphur, manganese, and perhaps copper, lead, and silver, may still await the modern miner's search. The Tahisát mountain, close to Makná, presented a vein of quartz which at first seemed richly metalliferous; but subsequent assays were disappointing. We do not, however, purpose here to discuss the mineral prospects of the country. It is, beyond question, a highly interesting field of scientific examination and contemplation for the geologist. The shores of the Red Sea and its head inlets, both east and west, claim attentive study, with a view to the clear explanation of processes whereby that enormous cleft has been made in the plateau once connecting Arabia with Eastern Africa.

Captain Burton, upon this occasion, visited almost every part of the sea-coast; going up the Gulf of Akabah, not without considerable peril, in the Khedive's gunboat *Mukhbir*, which lacked ballast and had a leaky steam-boiler. He afterwards travelled, by land and water, as far south as El Haurá, the ancient Leuké Komé, which is the pilgrimage port of Medinah in the Hejaz. The ports above mentioned, and those intervening—Akabah and Makná in the gulf, Aynunah, Muwaylah, and Ziba in the middle part of the coast, Dumayghah and El Wijh further south—are delineated by him with a careful preciseness worthy of his professional knowledge as a sailor; and he is fully entitled to correct the gross errors of the Admiralty charts. Of Aynunah and the other northern ports we had already obtained some exact information; and we had been led to Akabah by the late Dr. Beke, in quest of Mount Sinai and of the place where Pharaoh and his army were drowned. Captain Burton's testimony in favour of the "admirable" harbour of Aynunah should be noted by our naval authorities and by those of the mercantile marine. They may also peruse his small chart of Dumayghah, which is situated thirty miles north of El Wijh, the late quarantine station for Hejaz pilgrims from Egypt, amongst whom Captain Burton was there a quarter of a century before. He observes that Dumayghah is much the better port, and should be utilized as a harbour of refuge; while he strongly advocates the re-establishment of El Wijh, and the abandonment of the Tor quarantine station in the Gulf of Suez. This he pronounces most unhealthy, and even likely to send infection to Egypt, and thence to Europe—a matter of urgent moment, if Captain Burton is right. There are several other practical suggestions in his book, which we have not space to discuss. It is to be hoped that the English and French directors of Egyptian administration will apply a fit share of their reforming enterprise to this Midianitish or Nabathæan province. Industrial colonization must probably depend on the evidences of profit from mineral resources; there is little apparent capacity of agricultural improvement. But it ought to be worth while at any rate to make the country safe for travellers without an escort, and to put the mongrel tribes of Bedawin under some degree of police supervision. These worthless gangs of rabble, whose names we do not care to transcribe, hang on the path of Captain Burton's exploring journeys throughout the narrative. They are not "horse Arabs," who may possibly be esteemed more noble, or "ass Arabs," who, for aught we know, are comparatively innocent, but "camel Arabs," and a very brutish lot. The laziness, untruthfulness, dishonesty, and ferocity of those Sons of the Desert in general have too long blasted the hopes of civilization in the Moslem world. As Captain Burton puts it, "the unsettled Arabs plunder and slay; the settled Arabs slander and cheat." Abd-el-Nabi, a chief of the Huwaytat, whom our author took for a native gentleman the year before, now turns out to be an impudent snob. Another chief is said to be officially recognized by the Egyptian Government "as the spokesman and diplomatist—*i.e.* the liar and intriguer—of his tribe." The poor Fellahin of Egypt have a proverb, "Shun the Arab and the 'itch." Shaykh Hasan-el-Ukbi was "a rat-faced little rascal," always trying to breed mischief. But Shaykh Furayj-bin-Rafia, of the Huwaytat, proved as trusty, discreet, brave, and diligent as one could wish a native companion to be. The merits of the Sayyid Abd-el-Rahim, official accountant at Muwaylah, and of Shaykh Mohammed Shahadah, at El Wijh, late Wakil or Government agent, have been attested by Captain Burton in a memorandum to the Khedive. He cannot say much in praise of the Egyptian officers and military escort, and the party of quarrymen, who were sent with him from Cairo. His European comrades, Mr. George Marie and Mr. J. C. Clarke, engineers, M. Emile Lacaze, artist, M. Philipin, smith, and Mr. David Duguid, in charge of the steamboat's engine, deserved honourable mention. The itinerary is precisely set forth, with complete lists of the men, inventories of the stores and beasts of burden, and accounts of money spent in each section of the tour; with daily meteorological records and notes of the plants and insects. The map is an imperfect one, and the engravings and lithographs are not very helpful, including the facsimiles of Brugsch Bey's copies, with translation, from the Harris papyrus in the British Museum. It would have sufficed to give the purport of Rameses III.'s memorial concerning the copper-mines of Athaka. But the drawings of such places as the Maghair Shu'ayb catacombs, and the interior of the mine at Umm-el-Haráb, are very serviceable; and those also of the Gasr, a lonely building of Græco-Roman architecture, with an interior colonnade or peristyle, as it seems, near the seaward outlet of the Wady Hamz. It is conjectured that this may be a votive shrine erected by Ælius Gallus before embarking on his return from the campaign in Arabia. There are, in all probability, not a few suggestions of historical interest to be gathered on that shore, of which fame has so long been silent.

HOURS IN A LIBRARY.*

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN'S third series of *Hours in a Library* is no less interesting and attractive than the two volumes which have preceded it, and which have been reviewed in these columns. The present volume contains nine chapters, and, as in the case of the former ones, it will be found convenient to select certain of them for special notice, not because those which are left to recommend themselves to readers are inferior in merit, but because it is impossible within our limits to do justice to all the subjects discussed by the author.

Mr. Leslie Stephen's first chapter deals with Massinger, and opens with some pertinent and acute remarks on what he calls the "old case of Puritans *versus* Playwrights," in which he observes that Kingsley in one of the best of his occasional essays held a brief for the plaintiffs. Kingsley of course "pays the usual tribute to Shakespeare, whilst denouncing the whole literature of which Shakespeare's dramas are the most conspicuous product." Mr. Stephen justly points out the inconsistency of this by the remark that "you can hardly demolish Beaumont and Fletcher without bringing down some of the outlying pinnacles, if not shaking the very foundations, of the temple sacred to Shakespeare," and goes on to discuss the general tendencies of "the so-called Elizabethan dramatists." He is unsparing in his denunciation of the ridiculous affectation which has led some critics to praise the worst as much as the best qualities of the Elizabethan school, and observes with perfect truth that "much that has been praised in the old drama is rubbish, and some of it disgusting rubbish"; and it is by way of throwing some light on the question, "Are we bound to cast aside the later dramas of the school as simply products of corruption?" that he devotes consideration to the works of Massinger, which belong in a literary sense to "the period when the imaginative impulse represented by the great dramatists was running low." What the author says in connexion with this matter is well worthy of note:—

> It is curious to reflect that, if Shakespeare had lived out his legitimate allowance of threescore years and ten, he might have witnessed the production, not only of the first but of nearly all the best works of his school; had his life been prolonged for ten years more, he would have witnessed its final extinction. Within these narrow limits of time the drama had undergone a change corresponding to the change in the national mood. The difference, for example, between Marlowe and Massinger at the opening and the close of the period—though their births were separated by only twenty years—corresponds to the difference between the temper of the generation which repelled the Armada and the temper of the generation which fretted under the rule of the first Stuarts. The misnomer of Elizabethan as applied to the whole school indicates an implicit perception that its greater achievements were due to the same impulse which took for its outward and visible symbol the name of the great Queen. But it has led also to writers being too summarily classed together who really represent very different phases in a remarkable evolution. After making all allowances for personal idiosyncrasies, we can still see how profoundly the work of Massinger is coloured by the predominant sentiment of the later epoch.

This sentiment was in strong contrast to what Mr. Dowden has called, in language the affectation of which is at variance with the truth of his perception, "the rich feeling for positive concrete fact" which was characteristic of the earlier period. Massinger, "instead of abandoning himself frankly to the stream of youthful sentiment," is filled with forebodings of its danger, and is moreover a moralizer by temperament. He is described later on as "a sentimentalist and a rhetorician"—a man who is not impelled by the force of genius to give life to his thoughts and feelings, but who has much feeling and much facility of utterance, and "finds in his stories convenient occasions for indulging in elaborate didactic utterances upon moral topics." This sentence does not of course fully express either the best or the worst that Mr. Stephen has to say of Massinger, but it certainly gives a general idea of Massinger's method and character as well as it could be given in a few words. The writer's opinion is supported by much sound criticism in detail, one passage of which may be dwelt upon. Mr. Stephen points out the weakness, the indecision, the unreality of Massinger's characters as compared with those of the time when "every man was run in a mould of iron" by the dramatists, and goes on to say that there is one striking exception to this in the case of Sir Giles Overreach. But even here "Massinger fails to project himself fairly into his villain," whose words express not what he would think or say of himself, but what other people would say or think of him. The truth of this conclusion may be seen at once by a reference to the well-known speech quoted by Mr. Stephen, which is delivered in answer to the question whether he is not moved by the imprecations of his victims, and which begins, "Yes, as rocks are when foaming billows split themselves against their flinty sides." "Put this into the third person," says Mr. Stephen, "read 'h.' for 'I' and 'his' for 'my,' and it is an admirable denunciation of a character probably intended as a copy from life. It is a description of a wicked man from outside, and wickedness seen from outside is generally unreasonable and preposterous."

Mr. Stephen's second essay deals with Fielding's novels, and

* *Hours in a Library.* (Third Series.) By Leslie Stephen. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1879.

begins with a discussion of the double parallel which has been commonly made between Fielding and Thackeray, Smollett and Dickens. The author finds the resemblance closer in the former than in the latter case, observing that "the resemblance between 'Pickwick' and 'Humphrey Clinker' or between 'David Copperfield' and 'Roderick Random' consists chiefly in the exuberance of animal spirits, the keen eye for external oddity, the consequent tendency to substitute caricature for portrait, and the vivid transformation of autobiography into ostensible fiction, which are characteristic of both authors." Possibly the comparison between *Roderick Random* and *David Copperfield* is hardly as just as it might have been; but the general truth of what the author says would be obvious enough even without the well-chosen instances of particular likeness between Fielding and Thackeray which he puts forward. Mr. Stephen goes on to speak with well-deserved bitterness of the "banalities of criticism" which dismiss Richardson as an idealist and Fielding as a realist, and so forth; and then proceeds to consider how much Fielding had of "that power by which the novelist or dramatist identifies himself with his characters, sees through their eyes, and feels with their senses . . . the power in which Shakspeare is supreme; which Richardson proved himself, in his most powerful passages, to possess in no small degree; and which in Balzac seems to have generated fits of absolute hallucination." Mr. Stephen naturally admits that Fielding's novels "are not without proof of this power"; but it seems to us that he allows them somewhat too small a share of it. According to Mr. Stephen, the knowledge for which Fielding is specially conspicuous "differs almost in kind" from that above spoken of, and "is drawn from observation rather than intuitive sympathy." We are inclined to think that in this respect the author has been led somewhat astray by paying too much attention to the habit which belonged to Fielding, as it did to Thackeray, of constantly appearing as a chorus to his fictitious personages. Both Fielding and Thackeray, no doubt, drew very largely upon their own accumulated experience; but we should hesitate to say of either what Mr. Stephen says of Fielding, that the result is "distinctly the concentrated essence of observation rather than the spontaneous play of a vivid imagination." The remark undoubtedly has an element of truth, but strikes us not the less as being a little one-sided. We are, however, well content to accept it with a passing record of disagreement for the sake of what follows:—

> And, therefore, it may be said in passing, it is refreshing to read Fielding at a time when this element of masculine observation is the one thing most clearly wanting in modern literature. Our novels give us the emotions of young ladies, which, in their way, are very good things; they reflect the sentimental view of life, and the sensational view, and the commonplace view, and the high philosophical view. One thing they do not tell us. What does the world look like to a shrewd police-magistrate, with a keen eye in his head and a sound heart in his bosom? It might be worth knowing. Perhaps (who can tell?) it would still look rather like Fielding's world.

In connexion with Fielding's method Mr. Stephen has some very interesting remarks on that of Scott; but these, and much more, we must be content to pass over, concluding our notice of the essay by these remarks of the author:—

> Fielding is really a novelist in the more natural sense. We are interested, that is, by the main characters, though they are not always the most attractive in themselves. We are really absorbed by the play of their passions and the conflict of their motives, and not merely taking advantage of the company to see the surrounding scenery or phases of social life. In this sense, Fielding's art is admirable, and surpassed that of all his English predecessors as of most of his successors.

Passing over several essays of great interest which many readers will remember to have seen in the pages of the *Cornhill Magazine*, from which they are reprinted, we come to one on Macaulay, in which Mr. Stephen, after paying a well-deserved compliment to Mr. Trevelyan's excellent biography, goes on, according to his method, to draw his own inferences from the facts presented to him. Dwelling upon Macaulay's extraordinary powers of memory, he observes that generally (he quotes Pascal as an exception) such a possession "is unfavourable to a high development of the reasoning powers. . . . It encourages the indolent propensity of deciding difficulties by precedent instead of principle." Macaulay himself knew and said that he had very little of the critical faculty; and, to illustrate the truth of this, the author quotes his curious remarks on Bunyan—curious because it was so very needless to make them. Macaulay's preference of precedent to principle accounts, according to Mr. Stephen, for his method in politics, which he describes as hopeless. "When stripped of its pretentious philosophy, Macaulay's teaching comes simply to this—the only rule in politics is the rule of thumb." In this connexion Mr. Stephen has much to say which will no doubt afford matter for argument, but we must refrain from dwelling on this, in order to come to the author's analysis of Macaulay's style: "the faults and merits of which," he says, "follow from his resolute determination to be understood of the people." Mr. Stephen quotes the story told by Mr. Trevelyan of Macaulay's delight at hearing that there was only one sentence in the History the meaning of which was not at first sight obvious to Messrs. Spottiswoode's reader, and says, "We are more surprised that there was one such sentence." Macaulay sacrificed much to obtain his marvellous clearness of style; "he proves that two and two make four, with a pertinacity which would make him dull, if it were not for his abundance of brilliant illustration. . . . It is no small proof of artistic skill that a writer who systematically adopts this method should yet be invariably lively." For the same reason, in his writing "there are no half tones, no subtle interblending of different currents of thought." In description of character he sacrifices possibility to the opportunity for obtaining startling contrasts, and in illustration of his method in such matters Mr. Stephen aptly quotes the story of the Duke of Wellington and the rats which got into his wine bottles. "They must have been very large bottles or very small rats," said some one present. "On the contrary," said the Duke, "very small bottles and very large rats." Mr. Stephen goes on to explain why, in spite of its defects, Macaulay's work is so living and so impressive as it is and will be, and we will not spoil his explanation by attempting to paraphrase it or by making extracts from it without the context.

THE ABORIGINES OF VICTORIA.*

(Second Notice.)

We have examined the marriage laws of the aborigines of Australia, and some of their religious practices, such as their initiatory mysteries and the rites paid to the dead. We now propose to consider their government, their arts, and their very peculiar weapons of war. Before approaching the politics and art of the Australians, it may be well to remind the reader that in early societies institutions of all sorts exist in a kind of nebulous mass. They have not yet been properly differentiated, and are potential rather than actual. It is never possible to say with perfect accuracy that this or that institution is religious, political, or artistic. It may contain the germs of art, of faith, of government, and of etiquette. Thus the "taboo," or prohibition to do this or that apparently harmless action—a prohibition strengthened by fear of a magical penalty—may be called a political, a social, or a religious institution. It may develop into a theory of unlucky or holy days, and may produce the Assyrian, the Jewish, or the Scotch Sabbath. It may merely reserve the best food for the old men. It may help to construct a system of forbidden degrees in marriage, it may cause a divinity to hedge kings yet unborn, or it may aid the growth of personal property. The most permanent and sacred elements in civilized society got their grip on the human conscience by aid of the mysterious awfulness of the taboo, and the taboo is only a specimen of the strange devices hit upon by early ingenuity.

The government of the Australian tribes is not democratic, according to Mr. Brough Smyth. Of the various elements of political authority, none are absolutely wanting; but one, and that not the least important, is in a very rudimentary condition. The Australians respect prowess in war, which makes the war-chief the *dux*, as Tacitus calls him, in his description of the German tribes. They dread and respect sorcerers and medicine-men, through whom it is not improbable that the idea of supernatural power became attached to early kings, to the "fosterlings of Zeus" in Greece, and to all the other possessors of right divine. The Australians also regard old age with some measure of reverence, though Europeans are apt to think that they hit aged persons on the head, in the manner attributed to the early Scandinavians. In the respect given to old age is the germ of a senate or council of the elders. What then is wanting to the idea of chiefship, which Mr. Brough Smyth says is unknown in Australia? (i. 146). Apparently the missing element is that of *ancestral wealth*, which entered so largely into the Greek conception of noble birth, as into that of the early Irish. Though the Australians appear to recognize private property in land (which is strange in a race so averse to agriculture), there appear to be no accumulations of wealth in certain houses, if we may speak of "houses" among the Murri. Probably the very general recognition of female kinship, combined with the vagrant and hand-to-mouth life of the bush tribes, makes the accumulation of wealth impossible. The natives, however, are eager traders, and they have even a peculiar custom of appointing consuls, so to speak, among strange tribes, for commercial purposes.

For want of wealth, then, and of more or less settled conditions of life, the institution of chieftainship has not been developed. This, by the way, is an unlucky thing for the women. If the Australians were rich, like some African peoples who trace kinship through women, if they possessed gold, ivory, and abundant food, while still holding to the system of female kinship, women would be much more important. Through them the right to succession to property would be traced, the accumulated possessions would go to the mother's children, not to people of the father's name, and thus women would naturally be held in far greater consideration. Where there is scarcely anything to succeed to, the mere fact that the mothers, and not the fathers, determine the family name of the offspring, is of very little moment.

To return to the politics of the tribe; though "the pale name of priest" seems to be unknown among the Murri, the "doctors," or sorcerers, in some circumstances, have supreme power. They partly represent the spiritual peers, and partly exercise the influence which in more advanced societies is exercised by the divinely-born king. The warriors, "the host," in time of trouble are absolute masters, and form the great gathering which is guided in its decisions by the soothsayers and by the council of the elders. In the council of the elders, as we have said, is the germ of the γερουσία, or *senatus*. Another power in modern

* *The Aborigines of Victoria.* By R. Brough Smyth. Melbourne: Government Press. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

society, the press, finds its counterpart, perhaps its germinal form, in the old women, "who noisily intimate their designs and endeavour by clamours and threats to influence the leaders of their tribe." Mr. Brough Smyth says that "the government of a tribe might well serve as a model to peoples claiming to be more civilized than the Australians." It not only might serve, but apparently has served, as a model; and, when the leaders of the English tribe read some newspaper invectives, they may be reminded of the old women "who noisily intimate their designs."

It is perhaps under the head of elementary education that we should rank the native use of runes, or σήματα, tokens which may be read by the initiated, but which are not picture-writing, still less a syllabary like that of the Vei tribe in Africa. An Australian, like a Spartan, despatch is carried on a σκυτάλη or staff. "A messenger has to carry a token, by virtue of which he passes safely through the lands of the several tribes. The token is a piece of wood eight or ten inches in length, sometimes round and sometimes flat, and rarely more than one inch in thickness. On it are inscribed hieroglyphics, which can be read and interpreted, and which notify all persons of the nature of the mission" (i. 133). Mr. Brough Smyth gives pictures of "message sticks" (vol. i. pp. 354, 355). One was conveyed into the possession of a native who had been imprisoned, and whom his tribe meant to rescue. It is about three inches long, has two cross notches at the top, two cuts run through the greater part of the length, and within these lines are seventeen small cross notches. The rest of the space is occupied by a zigzag line, at the end of which are two more cross notches. This was interpreted to mean that "two black fellows come up in two days, seventeen days ago. One black fellow come up to where this black fellow sit down." The zigzag line referred to the path or track of the black fellows. The stick may have been a comfort to the prisoner, as a proof that his friends were interested in him, but it is a very rudimentary form of epistle. It is more important, if true, that a friend of Mr. Moore Davis carried a stick from a native to his father, and that the father "called together all the blacks that were living with him, and read off the stick a diary of the proceedings of the party" with which the son was exploring. By the way, it was surely the Peruvians, not the Mexicans, as Mr. Brough Smyth says, who used the *quipus*, or records tied in knots on pieces of string. Compare, as a survival, the habit which some casual people have of tying *quipus* knots in their pockethandkerchiefs. The wide prevalence of savage methods of conveying intelligence, and even of preserving poetry, by rude signs, is of importance in view of Wolf's theory of the late application of writing to the latter purpose.

The plastic art of the Australians (who are great singers, and have the original form of ballet, opera, and drama in the corroboree or dance) is decorative. They have reached, according to Mr. Brough Smyth, that early stage of ornament in which geometrical patterns are used. Patterns like those on their shields, of which we have here many engravings, are found on a vase from Lesmurdie in Banffshire, and on another from Memsie in Aberdeenshire. Behind this stage, in which straight lines are first scratched, and secondly lines forming the herring-bone and the chevron, we can hardly go in the study of ornament. What ornament, indeed, can possibly be more simple? Just as on the earliest vases found in Greek soil there is great difficulty in representing the curve, for example, of the neck of a bird. Thus, on a vase found in Cyprus (Cesnola's *Cyprus*, p. 404), "it is clear," says Mr. Murray, "that the hand which traced the figure of the swan could not escape from its habit of drawing geometric lines." The early vases from Athens, and other ancient sites, have also geometric patterns. The patterns on shields (vol. i. 330-331) may be compared with those of the vase in Cesnola's book (p. 408), but it must be remarked that the early European has broken up his patterns, and enjoys designing concentric circles, which the early natives had not mastered. Something approaching to the coiled rope pattern of the Mycenæan antiquities may be detected on an Australian shield, engraved vol. i. p. 334. The drawing of the human form on a throwing-stick (figure 88) is more successful than the crude efforts on many old vases found in the Levant. One native said that he borrowed decorative patterns from the markings on the skin of lizards, and from the scales of snakes. No conclusion can be drawn from designs made by blacks under European influence. The old race who left their pictures (coloured white, black, red, yellow, and blue) in the caves succeeded better in drawing geometrical patterns than animals, and better in drawing animals than the human form (compare the figures in vol. i. p. 293, where the man is beneath the contempt even of a Mycenæan artist, while the kangaroo is worthy of a primitive Landseer). It is worth noticing, perhaps, that the paintings in the caves of Depuch Island are absolutely free from any suggestion of grossness. Depuch Island, on the north-west coast, is, as it were, the national gallery of the blacks, a vast collection of primæval frescoes on the walls of caves; but it is suspected by some authorities that the pictures are the work of shipwrecked Malays.

None of Mr. Brough Smyth's chapters is more interesting or better illustrated than that which treats of native weapons. These are chiefly the various sorts of spear (headed with stone or hard wood), of club, of "throwing-stick" (answering to the Roman *amentum*), and of boomerang. The play-boomerang, with which wonderful feats are performed, is called *wonguim*; the war boomerang is *Barn-geet*; the latter being the less curved of the two, and, as far as our own experience goes, the more difficult to throw. No two weapons are exactly alike, and the European may amuse and perplex himself with one, while with another he absolutely fails. Mr. Brough Smyth has a controversy with Colonel Lane Fox about the so-called Egyptian boomerang, in which he appears to us to have somewhat the better of the argument. Mr. Brough Smyth has had many opportunities of seeing the *wonguim* thrown by native experts, and estimates its certainty of return to the thrower much higher than does Colonel Lane Fox. The latter distinguished authority may reply, however, that neither Mr. Brough Smyth nor any one else has seen the so-called Egyptian boomerang thrown by an Egyptian expert, say of the Eighteenth Dynasty. It remains true that "the flat leaf-like weapon of the Australian differs essentially from the Egyptian crooked stick," as represented in the monuments. In one design the Egyptian stick is like the Australian *Warra-warra*, in another like the *Quirriang-an-wun*. Isidore of Seville in the seventh century describes a *cateia* or *clava* ("Teutonico ritu soliti torquere *cateias*") as a weapon "which, if it be thrown by an expert, returns to him who cast it," and says that the Spaniards called these weapons *Teutones*. Whatever Isidore or any one else may say, we decline absolutely to see in the Australian *wonguim* any proof of the presence of "the Japhetic race" in Australia.

We have exhausted our space and left the philological and mythological parts of Mr. Brough Smyth's book untouched. But we must quote one anecdote in illustration of the execution of the rude tribal justice of these people:—

> A man had stolen a small quantity of sugar from one of his fellows. The tribe took it up, and condemned the thief to receive a blow on the head from the man he had wronged. The culprit stood as I have described, and the other walked quickly up to him, stopped for a few moments, and dealt him a blow which would have smashed a white man's skull. The man who received it, however, never stirred, but simply looked up, the blood streaming down his face. The man who struck him now burst into a violent fit of crying, and, lifting his waddy, struck the pointed handle again and again into his own head, until it was covered with blood; then turning round, he threw his waddy from him as far as he could, and still crying violently, threw his arms round the neck of the man he had struck.

The feelings of remorse, of pity, of self-contempt, in view of the selfish and ignoble satisfaction of revenge, are not so modern as we suppose. Morality in its emotional form is one of the most ancient things that the race possesses. Its existence makes all men akin, and may intensify our regret at the sight of races which are vanishing and decaying before they have mastered more than the earliest approaches to civilization, but which, for all that, are essentially human.

LATHEBY TOWERS.*

It is not often, unfortunately, that we have the opportunity of congratulating a novelist on a decided advance on a promising former work. But *Latheby Towers* is something more than a mere improvement on the pleasant and very interesting book that the author had written before. In thought and art, as well as in the care and finish of the execution, it more than confirms us in the favourable opinion we then formed of Miss Corkran's powers. She seems to be possessed of the finer literary instincts which are sure to be developed with practice and confidence. In *Latheby Towers* she has steered a happy middle course between sensational extravagance and tameness of incident; while she shows something of French ingenuity in evoking striking situations from circumstances that are perfectly simple and probable. And these situations, although frequently recurring, are by no means mere stimulants to excitement, as is too often the case. On the contrary, they fall naturally into the plan of the story, either illustrating its phases or advancing its progress. They serve to bring out in effective relief the characters which are quietly, yet forcibly, contrasted; while to the last we are left in agreeable uncertainty as to the fortunes and fate of the various personages in whom we have been brought to feel a genuine interest. It is evident that Miss Corkran has observed and studied character with a practical purpose. She has achieved the very difficult feat of introducing us to the intimacy of a little group of children, and making them preserve the characteristics of their various idiosyncrasies when they have grown up into men and women. The performance is the more creditable because no one of the group is commonplace, while each is made a distinct source of interest. They are dominated by conflicting influences in their natures, which are strong ultimately for good or for evil; and as some of them are exposed to more than ordinary temptations, we fear that the principle of evil may triumph. Yet anxiety is never unnaturally overstrained, and we read for the most part in a serene assurance that good will have the best of it in the end, and that efforts of self-sacrifice and devotion will have their reward even in this world. Perhaps the explanation of Miss Corkran's success lies partly in her not having attempted too much. The literary tact of which we have spoken has counselled her to concentrate her cares on a limited number of people; and she has paid the strictest attention to the unities of place. The actual *dramatis personæ* number hardly more than half a dozen; and all the incidents at which we personally assist take place near the country village of Fareham, which gives occasion for some picturesque sketches of rural scenery; although the author never obtrudes these unnecessarily for the mere sake of eloquent description.

There is no prettier scene in the book than one in the opening

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* *Latheby Towers*. By Alice Corkran, Author of "Bessie Lang." London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1879.

chapter, where the children of two rival families make each other's acquaintance in a picturesque little adventure. Latheby Towers has been from generations the heritage of the long-descended family of that name. The walls of the ancient rooms are still hung with their portraits, as the interior of the venerable church is filled with their ancestral monuments. But a spendthrift baronet, supposed to be the last legitimate scion of the race, has taken advantage of the extinction of the entail to part with the property. The purchaser was Mr. Saville, a wealthy brewer, who has established himself at the Towers. But Sir Peter when he sold the place reserved to himself the Dower House; and the Mr. Latheby who would have inherited, had his father been born in wedlock, is come thither to establish himself with a son and daughter. Mr. Latheby has a strong conviction that his grandparents were duly married, and consequently believes himself to have been deeply wronged. Naturally, if unjustly, he resents the presence of the Savilles in his ancestral hal's, although they bought the property and paid for it honestly. And he is the more puffed up with family pride, and stands the more on the family dignity, for the shadow of the bar sinister that falls across his scutcheon; while Mr. Saville's widow, who has been left in possession of the Towers, has a good deal of the innate vulgarity of the newly rich. The feelings of their respective children have naturally taken colour from the atmosphere in which they have been brought up; and so we are prepared to understand the meeting of the little hereditary enemies. We cannot pass it over in silence, and yet we feel that the episode loses all its grace and half its humour by being condensed, instead of being quoted at length. Little Clara Saville, who, heiress as she is, is very much left to her own devices, has wandered out into the fields, sadly disconsolate over the death of a blind bullfinch. The history of her relations with the bullfinch, by the by, is in itself extremely touching, as well as happily suggestive of her affectionate, though high-spirited, nature. Near the Lathebys' cottage she hears voices, and, looking over the hedge, she sees a boy and a girl, very much of her own age. For the boy she feels immense sympathy and interest when it has dawned upon her that he is blind, like her departed bullfinch. She timidly introduces herself; they begin to prattle their childish confidences; and one and the other are most frankly outspoken. Clara sketches her portrait at the request of the blind boy. "You must be pretty," he says, "and I suppose you have a bright complexion?" "Very rosy. I *am* pretty," is the answer. But on further explanations she has a great shock. Cecil Latheby reveals his identity; and when he learns who the little beauty is, he declares that he and she can never possibly be friends. The Towers were given to his ancestors because they were valorous, and Clara's grandfather had bought them like a sack of hops. Not that it is her fault, he owns relentingly, when Clara is gasping and showing symptoms of crying. Clara is honestly struck by the force of his argument, and impetuously anxious to make restitution. "I'll give it to you as soon as it's mine," she said, "if you'll give me the Dower House, for you know I must have a house." Cecil does not quite see his way to the arrangement; and Clara on second thoughts whispers something into his ear, "in her softest little voice," when his sister has joined them and they are on the point of parting. "We might marry" is the solution that has occurred to her. But when she breaks her purpose to her family, her mother puts the thing in a different light. Mrs. Saville explains that Cecil and his father are come into their neighbourhood to take "the Towers" away from the people who have paid for them. So Clara sits down and pens a retractation to her possible *fiancé*. Thus it runs:—

"Dear Sir,—I had the pleasure of meeting you to-day in the field behind the mill and of talking to you. I have the honour of writing to you now. to tell you, that I shall never marry you—Never." (This last word was written in larger letters than the rest and forcibly scratched under three times. The writing, that had been punctiliously neat and prim, now became erratic.) "And when I meet you, I shall not speak to you. But I want you to know, that I think it *mean* and *horrid* to take back something that has already been paid for; and my mother paid a *heap of money* for the Towers. I think it is like being a Robber to try to get them back for nothing. This is all I have to say." (Here the writing resumed its ambitious evenness.) "And I beg to remain, dear sir, yours truly, Clara Saville."

The letter and the childish talk are not only as prettily funny as need be, but they give us the forecast of the characters of the children as they seem likely to grow up, with the clue to the future course of the story. We know of course, or at all events we presume, that the emphasized "never" of Clara will be falsified by events. When Clara and Cecil meet again they meet as young man and young woman, and their families are more estranged than ever. Mr. Latheby has tried an action at law for the vindication of his father's legitimacy, and has been more embittered than before by its failure. Clara fiercely resents the attempt, and lays herself out for revenge by doing her utmost to injure the prospects of Cecil, who has been brought down to giving lessons in music. How the beginnings of her compassion and involuntary respect for him gradually intensify and deepen into warmer feelings is told with equal power and delicacy. The series of accidents that force a renewal of their acquaintance on them is described with great delicacy and spirit; as when Clara, maliciously watching the blind man blundering along a woodland path, makes an involuntary rush to the rescue when he is on the point of stumbling into the river. It is by slow and very natural degrees that the vindictiveness of her quick and emotional nature yields to explanations and to her better feelings. But, when once won over, she is won effectually; and Cecil's blindness makes advances possible which would otherwise seem indelicate and unmaidenly. She takes to meeting him in the dark loft in the church, where he goes regularly to practise on the organ; and there is much quiet drollery as well as rough eloquence in the description of the behaviour of the pair by the old parish organist:—

There they sit, side by side, and look as cosy and bright as if they were sitting in the middle of a bit of sunshine I cannot see. She plays a little and he half smiles and half scolds her; and she looks up into his blind face with soft eyes all shining. Sometimes she speaks so coaxing to him . . . . and she listens, breathing a little hard, and her cheeks a little deeper in colour—and sometimes she quarrels with him—and that's the sweetest of all.

It is equally good when he again prevails on her to make the inventory of her more mature charms for his benefit; comparing it with all he so well remembers of what the girl had told him so many years before, when she made her offer to him in the meadow under the hedge. In spite of passing storm-clouds the future of the lovers might have seemed almost too assured to be interesting to novel-readers of experience. But Miss Corkran, with much art, has given Cecil a formidable rival, in the shape of a cousin who has been brought up with Miss Saville. Fred Raikes is in every way worthy of her; he has prevailed on her to give him a conditional acceptance; the happiness of his life appears to be in her hands, and we feel that, if he misses her, he will have hard measure. But it strikes us as barely possible that the author may relent in his favour. There is a powerful and ingeniously conceived scene, where Raikes, who is a doctor and an enthusiastic oculist, is consulted by Cecil's sister as to the chances of the restoration of her brother's sight. Raikes naturally hesitates; but he feels on reflection that it will be a noble answer to some malicious imputations on his conduct if he can restore light to the rival whom he has good cause to detest. An ordinary novel-writer would have made the operation triumphantly successful. In Miss Corkran's hands it ends in a dismal failure, and the faint spark of light that had given rise to glimmerings of hope is extinguished at once and for ever. It is easy to imagine the various states of mind which arise out of the deplorable catastrophe—Raikes's bitter self-reproach, Cecil's noble resignation, the disappointment and indignation of Clara, which make her cruelly unjust to her cousin. However, things calm down in the end. Raikes finds a rich consolation in the grateful appreciation of Cecil's sister, while Clara, though she can give him neither her hand nor her heart, has learned to value him next to her husband. And so one of the pleasantest stories we have read for some time past is brought to a finish as brightly as it began, after a due amount of trouble and uncertainty.

POLLOCK'S LECTURES ON FRENCH POETS.*

The French are beginning to admit that we are careful and loving students of their literature. The eminent critic who the other day entreated all Germans, Russians, Spaniards, Italians, and Patagonians to understand once for all that Paul de Kock is not considered a classical French writer politely refrained from including the English in his admonition. He tacitly admitted that we, at least, know better. Times have changed since Mrs. Trollope, finding herself in Paris, deemed it right to warn London readers against a dangerous writer named Victor Hugo, whose productions were "calculated to do great injury to human nature." But the first prominent advocacy of French writers in England commenced about fifteen years ago, and took the eccentric form of homage paid to one or two rather curious than valuable poets, such as Baudelaire. The last two seasons have shown a tendency among our best younger critics to view contemporary French literature from a wider and saner standpoint; and Mr. Pollock's volume of bright and appreciative studies will do much to increase this tendency.

Mr. Pollock may be said to deal with two themes—Béranger and Romanticism; for though his lectures are four in number, and include Alfred de Musset and Victor Hugo among their subjects, yet he mainly regards these two poets as the representatives of the romantic movement. The section on Alfred de Musset is particularly worthy of attention. We do not know that the singular temperament of this poet has ever before found so acute an observer, and we are inclined to claim for Mr. Pollock's criticism in this case greater originality than in any other. He begins his study by recounting Gautier's tale of *Le Chevalier Double*, in which the hero is for ever accompanied by a red knight precisely similar to himself, and whose heart is ceaselessly occupied by contrasted instincts and battling emotions. Mr. Pollock applies this parable to the case of Alfred de Musset, and points out with great acumen the ceaseless warfare that went on between the elements of his character:—

In him, as in Oluf, there were always two natures at work in opposition to each other. The one was tender, gentle, quick to feel every impression of outside circumstances, to respond to kindness with all the warmth of a poet's heart, and to grieve at harshness, ingratitude, or malice, with the sorrow of a child who cannot believe that the world is not all beautiful. The other was hard, suspicious, distrusting alike the people and the impressions he encountered, treating life as a thing to be made tolerable only by a reckless abandonment of all belief in, or striving after, high aims—a spectacle for the due enjoyment of which were needed a mind resolved against serious enterprise—a wit ready to jest at scars, and a heart prepared

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* *Lectures on French Poets.* By Walter Herries Pollock. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1879.

to deny the possibility of feeling a wound. Such, more or less, were the two natures always working against each other in Musset, of whom it might be said that he was constantly playing Mephistopheles to his own Faust.

This is very acutely felt and admirably put; and it is surely this precise weakness, this ardent helplessness of twofold imperfection, that has made Musset so charming to emotional natures and so repulsive to purely intellectual ones. It is particularly to be noticed that Mr. Swinburne, to whom merit in almost all its forms appeals, is quite unable to speak tolerantly of Alfred de Musset. The cynical softness of the poet of *Namouna* is absolutely repugnant to the transcendental imagination that created *Erechtheus*. We cannot dwell on this theme; but we must not fail to point out that Mr. Pollock has some very happy remarks on the comedies of Musset.

To characterize Victor Hugo in a chapter of fifty pages is not an easy task, and the study before us makes no pretension to being exhaustive. It almost confines itself, in fact, to an examination of Hugo's position as the dramatist of Romanticism. The young poet's interview with Talma, his famous preface to *Cromwell*, a preface which was like the Tables of the Law on Sinai to his breathless band of disciples, the refusal of *Marion de Lorme*, the rehearsal and representation of *Hernani*, all this leads up to an analysis of the beauties and the faults of *Le Roi s'amuse*. Mr. Pollock, who dedicates his book to Mr. Henry Irving, shows so very special an attraction to the study of dramatic art, and so delicate an appreciation of its requirements, that we could wish those portions of the volume much larger which deal with the French stage; and this subject is so fertile in whimsical anecdote and subtle insight into artistic character that we cannot but hope he will make it the theme of a more extended work. The translations here given—limited, it is true, to two long passages of blank verse—suggest that such a book might with advantage be supplied with numerous versions of tragical poetry from the hand that has given us this rendering of part of *La Rose de l'Infante*:—

> The Koran's Eblis and the Bible's Cain
> Are scarce as black as was that spectre King,
> Son of a spectre Emperor,—who sat
> On the Escurial wielding evil's sword;
> He hung above the nations like a dream—
> He lived, and none dared look at him, for fright
> Cast round the King a strange and baleful light.
> Men shuddered as they saw his ushers pass,
> So much was he confounded in their eyes
> With the tomb's depths and with the heaven's stars,
> So near he seemed to be to God himself.
> His fatal will, that never could be moved,
> Seemed to hold destiny with iron grasp.
> All nations—save dark Britain—bowed to him;
> His mouth was silence, mystery his soul;
> His throne built up of fraud and treachery,—
> He rode the darkness like a sculptured knight.

When we come to leave the greatest names of the Romanticists and to descend to the *petit cénacle*, we are not sure that Mr. Pollock is quite indulgent enough to his subject. M. Jérome Paturot is very delightful, but he is not perhaps more amusing than and scarcely so significant as many of the genuine youth of the pale face and Merovingian locks. There is no epoch of modern literature quite so amusing as the Paris of 1830. In reading of Bouchardy, with his Indian graces, like a young black panther; of Jules Vabre the architect, who renounced all drinks but double stout that he might understand *Macbeth*; or of Graziano, who tried to drink sea-water out of a skull in emulation of Han d'Islande, we are inclined to sigh, with the biographer of John Gilpin, "When they behave that way again, may we be there to see." To have met Gérard de Nerval patiently leading his lobster with a blue ribbon along the streets of Paris, or to have dined with Pétrus Borel *en costume d'orgie*, these are pleasures for which Mrs. Blimber might have relinquished that little visit to Cicero in his retreat at Tusculum. The painters flaunted on their palates seditious colours proscribed by the Institute, the architects lost themselves in the colossal audacities and florid luxury of their dreams, the sculptors mourned that marble must always be white, and lent itself but prudishly to the raptures of the new age. It was a time when to live was pleasure, but to be young was ecstasy; a time like a sudden warm spring, when the slow progress of the seasons is confounded in a simultaneous blossoming of early trees and late. Unfortunately the quick hot growth was soon nipped by the frost, and of all the promise of *le petit cénacle* there ripened little beyond the ardent and iridescent, but faulty, work of Théophile Gautier. It was not so with the *cénacle* itself. The career of Victor Hugo was attended by those of Lamartine and De Vigny, whose independent qualities have been obscured by the immense genius of their compeer. Lamartine, after having enjoyed a success of singular brilliancy, has subsided into a position very far inferior to his pretensions. De Vigny, the representation of whose *Chatterton* in 1835 was almost as momentous as that of *Hernani* in 1830, had none of Victor Hugo's personal attraction, and is now represented, not by any school of disciples, but by the solitary and austere figure of Victor de Laprade, a poet who will probably take a higher position in French literature than he now holds when posterity has rudely shaken some more brilliant reputations. But all these men, De Vigny and Lamartine no less than Victor Hugo, descend in the direct line from André Chénier, father of all that is vital in modern French poetry, and creator, in a sense by the side of which the influence of Keats on English poetry is weak, of the whole new direction of imaginative life in France. It was perfectly true that the preface of *Cromwell* contained, as the Merovingian youths declared, the pure doctrine of Romanticism; but it is just as true that, without Latouche's edition of Chénier, it could never have taken that form and energy.

At the close of the volume Mr. Pollock draws an ingenious parallel between the classical school against which the *cénacle* contended and the "classicist" period, as he calls it, in our own Restoration literature. He compares Shakspeare trimmed and dressed by Ducis with Shakspeare travestied by Davenant and imitated by Rowe. We confess that it seems to us that he somewhat exaggerates the sins of his countrymen. At the worst of times the English tragic poets possessed those distinctive qualities of style which preserve a literature from becoming entirely decomposed. But the corruption of tragic poetry in France after Voltaire was complete. A critic of quick ear and practised taste can recognize the peculiar manner and metre of Otway as distinct from that of Dryden, of Rowe as other than that of Southerne. But who is to distinguish Champfort from Blin de Sainmore? The tone, the measure, the monotonous swing of the rhetoric are absolutely identical. "Tous les poëmes," as Théodore de Banville confesses, "du dix-huitième siècle se ressemblent; tous font rimer *époux* et *coups*, *mourante* et *expiante*, et sont faits de vers muets, sourds et endormants." We could easily cap those instances of turgid and offensive verse which Mr. Pollock quotes from Otway and from Rowe; but we could with equal ease bring forward from those dramatists specimens of powerful tragic poetry, at once harmonious and moving, which we would defy him to approach with citations from Lafosse or La Harpe. Thus, in spite of all the bombast and dulness of the Restoration, its poets were capable of passing on to their successors unquenched the lamp of imagination, while the flat and uniform writers of the last classical period in France had lost the universal light altogether, and were mere spectres moving along in an unwholesome phantasmal glimmer of their own.

The style in which Mr. Pollock's volume is composed is very bright and clear, and has no unpleasant affectation of fine writing. The book is one which appeals to a wide circle of readers, and should be certain of a wide success.

IMPERIAL INDIA.*

POLITICIANS and casual tourists have in one shape or other told us a good deal about India. It is quite right that artists should tell us something more. But it is surely not desirable that they should disfigure their narratives by a style in which vulgarity contends for mastery with flippancy. Mr. Prinsep is fond of what some critics term the rollicking and free-and-easy manner. Rajas and Nawabs with him are always "swells." They occasionally chew "some beastly stuff" in a leaf. A summer palace inspires him with a delightful sense of "rumminess." On another occasion he wades through slush and snow across the Pir Punjal pass, "cursing" the Maharaja all the way. He condescends to repeat a contemptible bit of scandal about a native general who twanged a guitar under the windows of an English lady. During the hot weather in a railway journey, when the *tatties* or wetted screens of grass did not work, he was, apparently, "in hell fire." Sir Salar Jung, when he urged the cession of the Berars, is elegantly supposed to have "caught it hot." In fact we never come on what might have been a graphic description of a feast, a festival, or a native assembly, without being offended by some glaring violation of good taste. This is the more provoking, because Mr. Prinsep, as he tells us, belongs to a family honourably distinguished in Indian annals. In the last generation more than one member of it rose to eminence in one or other of the Indian services and at the Indian bar. Mr. Prinsep's father was a keen politician and an excellent Orientalist, and served the State, in India and in England, for the long period of sixty-five years. The dedication to the memory of this gentleman, the late Henry Thoby Prinsep, is simple and appropriate. The Indian connexion of the author has saved him some preliminary labour, and has kept him from very serious errors. But every now and then, especially in the latter half of his volume, he stumbles, and he has no more business to dabble in philology than the Sanskrit or Arabic Professor at either University has to paint pictures for the Exhibition. *Gaj* means elephant, but it is Sanskrit, and not Persian as the author will have it. To call the wife of Shiva *Sati* is rather a stretch. Sati, as most people know, is the excellent wife who used to burn with the corpse of her husband. The term is also applied to the goddess Uma, and this word again is sometimes used as a synonym for Durga or Parvati. But the latter are the names by which the consort of Shiva is usually known. Mr. Prinsep's remarks about the demeanour, habits, and language of the native potentates whose faces he was condescending enough to transfer to his canvas, are very questionable, not to say offensive and impertinent. We have lately read a long discussion in one of the Indian journals about the difficulty of the fusion of races, the hauteur of the Englishman, the rigid caste of the native, and the exclusiveness of both. But the difficulties of their meeting cordially in society, or in some common pursuit, will be greatly enhanced if travellers who are admitted into the palaces of Nawabs and Rajas think themselves at liberty to fill their chapters with accounts of the

* *Imperial India: an Artist's Journal.* Illustrated by numerous Sketches taken at the Courts of the Principal Chiefs in India. By Val. C. Prinsep. London: Chapman & Hall.

physical peculiarities of their hosts. We are told that one prince was bored, and yawned at one sitting and was "gorged with breakfast" at another; that a second had a largish nose, pig eyes, and an enormous stomach; that a third was covered with jewels, and yet, for all that, was a "miserable object"; that a fourth exhibited bare legs and a common-looking *pugree* (turban); that a Ranee was utterly uneducated, and that one "paternal" is a "solid lump of inert flesh." Indian Residents and Agents at native Courts, who endeavour to restrain spendthrifts, to educate minors properly, and to repel intriguing and licentious Ranees, have occasionally, in their duty to the Government, to say rough things and to recommend hard measures. But their reports are private and confidential, and are properly "Bowdlerized" before they see the light. Mr. Prinsep does not seem to perceive that he has committed a breach of the unwritten canons of good taste when he dilates humorously on the corpulence or the phraseology of his sitters. His remarks on Anglo-Indian engineers may be less questionable; but we hesitate to accept them as decisive in matters of art, revival, and decoration.

All this is the more to be lamented because Mr. Prinsep travelled to courts and provinces not always visited by the tourist, and sometimes unknown, except by description, to officials who have passed a quarter of a century in the country. He saw several of the Rajput princes, painted the most noted of the Mahrattas, visited Kashmir and Hyderabad, and went over much of the ground which has been so admirably described by M. Rousselet. But there is as much difference between *L'Inde des Rajas* and *Imperial India* as there is between a virgin and child by Luini and a village scene by a third-rate artist of the Dutch school. We are thankful that the author did not extend his journey further east than Benares. A picture of Calcutta society from the same "rollicking" pen would in all probability have seriously offended the Anglo-Indian community. It would be unfair to say that the book is all slang, or to deny that there are passages which evince general observation, intelligence, and a correct appreciation of the problems of English rule. Attention is drawn to the contrast between the head station of an English province and the residence of a Political Agent at some native court. It is quite true that an air of official primness pervades the first. No outdoor labour by prisoners; no picturesque buildings half in ruins; but roads metalled and watered, and rows of offices with walls of dazzling whiteness and Venetians of bright green. Very likely, too, in the native towns there are picturesque horsemen, with long spears and curious head-pieces; and the criminals whom the Maharaja's tribunals have sentenced to imprisonment instead of, as in old days, to fines or mutilation, may spend their time pleasantly in watering the vegetable garden of the Agent *Sahib*, instead of grinding at the oil mill or weaving at the loom within the walls of a regulation gaol. We have heard in old times of misdemeanants of the first class who were occasionally allowed to take an airing, or who cut grass for the judge's horses. But our object in India is not to perpetuate picturesque groups and quaint customs for the pencil of the artist, but to leave behind us some practical and abiding memorial of a Government which must rest on the belief in its order, strength, and equity, as it has no basis of similarity in colour and creed. Mr. Prinsep, in another passage (p. 106), contrasts the melancholy of the people in our own provinces with the "surly indifference" and "the amusement and fun" to be found in a purely Indian town. We take this to be sheer delusion. At a large *mela*, or native fair, in Bengal, Behar, or the Upper Provinces there may be seen quite as much excitement, "fun," and animation as is good for the people, and as can be ever witnessed in Jeypore or Gwalior; and the author can never have seen the Hindu Rath Jatra, the Mohurrum, or a gathering at the tomb of a native *Pir*, deceased a couple of hundred years back in the odour of Mahommedan sanctity, or he would not venture to write pragmatically about dulness and decorum. It is true, however, that the Anglo-Indian official, Magistrate, Judge, or Commissioner, may appear to the visitor to be melancholy and oppressed with work. The duties of the civilian are manifold and his recreations are few. At stations of moderate size there are no public amusements of any kind at all. It is not every one who is active or muscular enough to play racquets in April or May between the walls of a court which has been thoroughly heated by twelve hours of unbroken sunshine. Cricket is the pastime of the cold weather, and very often shooting, even for the least exacting sportsman, is not to be had near the station or anywhere but out in camp. We think it was Mr. Grant-Duff who remarked, after his tour through India, that civilians seemed too busy to think, or to collect their ideas into one focus and to draw conclusions from the multiplicity of their experiences. The real explanation of this we take to be the fact that in India, the servants of the State perform the double work which in England is portioned out between the paid official and the unpaid philanthropist. In India, one and the same man makes roads, catches offenders or tries them, and sits all day in the court-house, the treasury; or the secretariat. At odd times he visits hospitals, presides at municipal boards, takes the lead in charitable movements, and generally organizes and directs the social forces of the time. In England, much of this last kind of work is got through by men who are not paid for it, and who in many cases have no regular duty to perform. In the East men are the servants both of the State and of society, and it is no wonder if they occasionally feel the double duty to be rather more than mortal shoulders can bear. A Political Agent or Resident at a native Court has at times heavy responsibilities; and when there is an intrigue in the Zenana, or a contest on a question of privilege between a Rajput Prince and his feudal chieftains, it may require all his tact and much of his time to prevent an outbreak and to bring the dispute to a peaceful issue. But no one would think of comparing the ordinary work of a "Political" with the downright, continuous, unbroken labour exacted from a judicial or an executive officer serving under Sir George Couper or Sir Ashley Eden.

We have no objection to Mr. Prinsep on his own ground as an artist. He says truly that the "natives have beautiful things, and dress themselves with some feeling for colour." His picture of a Nautch girl, very much as he describes one at p. 95, has already attracted attention. Elsewhere he expresses a hope, which will find an echo in the heart of many an Anglo-Indian, that he is not getting too familiar with the "sights and scenes of the native bazaars." "A native man or woman with his or her drapery round them" is, as he remarks, a classical sight. The description of sunrise over the Himalayas is just and graphic, and shows that the author is capable of better things than schoolboy slang. The clear outline of the jagged peaks; the darker blue of the lower ranges beneath the snow level; the delicacy of tone and the gradual succession of colours—gold, delicate yellow, and roseate—the whole vanishing when the sun reaches a certain point; all this is well described. The crowd of bathers at the Ghauts at Benares in the early morning is one of the sights of the holy city. It has often been described by travellers, and Mr. Prinsep must have really felt, as he says, that it would require a month's careful study to do the scene justice. These remarks will carry more conviction than any vague expressions about the "untold wealth" and the abundance to be found in the jungly dominions of Indian Rajas. Nothing hitherto has made any sensible contribution to the resources of India in this particular line except coal, and even the best coal will only answer for sea-going steamers when mixed with the English or Australian kind. Neither do we find fault with Mr. Prinsep for giving his impressions of India in a concluding chapter. It would be absurd for officials to claim a monopoly of knowledge, or to say that a traveller is not justified in telling us how the political machine seems to work, and what are the difficulties or the aids to the good government of the country. If there is nothing very original in the remarks on the native character, its sensitiveness, suppleness, cunning, inconsistency, tyranny, and so forth, there is no grave misconception of good or bad qualities; and the author dwells very properly on the "inexhaustible field" which India presents to his brother artists. But India, though tempting enough to the painter, may be ruin to the thing painted. Heat and damp, white ants, and horrible creeping things, are most injurious to neglected works of art; and it requires constant vigilance on the part of curators and secretaries to prevent damage to the portraits of celebrities which adorn the walls of Government House, the Town Hall, the High Court of Justice, the Asiatic Society, the Metcalfe Hall, and other buildings. A few years ago a cyclone annihilated a painted window in the new Cathedral at Calcutta, but happily spared a finer work of art in the old Cathedral, regarding which the late Mr. J. C. Marshman used to relate an anecdote on the authority of a contemporary. There was an old firm of Tulloh and Co., which for many years was the Tattersalls of Bengal When Zoffany, in 1787, was painting an altar piece for this old Cathedral, he was somewhat perplexed to find sitters for all the heads in the "Last Supper." The requisite number of portraits was, however, filled up, with the exception of Judas Iscariot; and the senior partner of Tulloh and Co. was induced to sit for the betrayer, under the belief that he was representing St. John the Divine. But, in spite of this deception, we never heard that Zoffany wrote ill-natured remarks about the eyes and complexions of his models.

GRIFFITHS ON THE ENGLISH ARMY.*

MAJOR GRIFFITHS gives as a reason for publishing this book the want for some work which should describe in a popular fashion the condition of the British army of to-day. "Many and great changes," he observes, "have recently been made in its character and constitution; old institutions have gone by the board; a reforming spirit deeply impressed with the necessity of keeping pace with the times has led to the introduction of others, which are still on their trial." And he goes on to say that "he has been at liberty," as a retired officer, "to speak his mind more freely, to discuss more openly the changes recently introduced, to press further reform with greater insistence than if he were still on full pay." The use of such a book for the general reader, giving an account of the army in all its different branches, may be freely admitted, and the descriptive part is clearly and pleasantly written; but as for the boldness of criticism foreshadowed in the preface as permissible to the critic who has left the army, utterances far more outspoken are to be found issuing every day from men still in the service. Major Griffiths roars you as gently as a sucking dove, and, in fact, has done his spiriting as gently as if he were on the staff of the Horse Guards. He is severe enough indeed on the follies of the past, and lashes himself up into quite a state of indignation when denouncing the mismanagement of Crimean days; but that anything still remains to be done in the way

* *The English Army: its Past History, Present Condition, and Future Prospects.* By Major Arthur Griffiths, late 63rd Regiment. Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

of reform, or that any one is to blame for stopping reform, is at most rather implied than stated; or, if any shortcomings are admitted, the responsibility for their continuance is not placed on the right shoulders. Thus, when a man who is going to lay bare unsparingly our faults of system begins by telling us that the duties of the Deputy Adjutant-General at the Horse Guards are "varied in the extreme"—going on to explain that the officer in question arranges guards of honour and State ceremonials, and decides upon and notifies to those entitled to know "the word" or countersign of the day—ill-natured persons might remark that this is not an inapt illustration of the sort of appropriateness of the establishment in question to the needs of the times, and that the officer whose valuable time is engaged in entrusting the grave secret of the countersign in Pall Mall to the privileged class entitled to share in the mystery will not improbably be leavened somewhat strongly with the ideas of the good old times of Sir David Dundas and the Duke of York. Of the latter distinguished officer, by the way, Major Griffiths says kindly that "he was actuated with the best intentions, but was good-natured to a fault; and he suffered social influence and personal feelings to prevail with him"; and here we cannot but suspect our author to be writing satire under the guise of parable.

Of the supply branches of the army Major Griffiths writes that

> frequent and drastic as have been the changes introduced in army supply, they have been mostly of an experimental kind. By this means, slowly and tentatively, the system best suited to meet the heavy strain of real war has been built up in the calm, undisturbed atmosphere of peace. . . . It is true that, in a great measure, only the skeleton exists; but the bones are those of a sound frame, which can be promptly fi l and expanded into muscle and flesh. . . . This, in effect, took place very recently, when the prospect of hostilities with Russia led to the partial mobilization of two army corps, to serve, if needs were, as an expeditionary force to the East.

This extract illustrates the danger of using metaphors, for undoubtedly the process of mobilizing our army only too faithfully represents what would follow the attempt to furnish a skeleton with flesh and muscle. To describe the wild organizations and disorganizations which have succeeded each other of recent years, in the attempts made to arrive at a supply system which will work in a fashion and not break down whenever a strain is put on it, as something built up in the calm atmosphere of peace, is sufficiently inappropriate. As to the late mobilization having been a satisfactory experiment, the most that it proved was that the establishment of men required for two army corps could be got together in the first instance; but from a system which should keep the establishment full by supplying trained soldiers to fill up casualties we are as far off as ever; while as to the arrangements for transport and supply, the step was indeed taken of appointing a provisional commander-in-chief and head of the staff, but all the arrangements were carried out by the central departments in Pall Mall, and the officers who would have been appointed to the expedition had nothing to say to the arrangements. The lesson which might have been learnt in the art of decentralization was thus to a great extent thrown away, while as much fuss was made over the job by the establishments in Pall Mall as would have sufficed to mobilize the whole German army.

Turning to the account of the artillery we find the same scorn for the effete procedure of the past, and the same optimism in dealing with the existing state of things. Speaking of the old brigade system which has just been done away with, Major Griffiths observes that, "when the brigade head-quarters was at Jamaica or Halifax, and single batteries acknowledging its sway were stationed at Hong Kong, the Cape, or New South Wales, the delays and difficulties in administrative intercommunication were obviously very great. The new arrangement substitutes a few large brigades for several small ones, each of which has now its head-quarters fixed permanently in England." This is an improvement, but the absurdity is still maintained that at the same station (say in India) where three batteries may be stationed together, one horse, one field, and one garrison—instead of these being regarded as parts of the same regiment, each battery makes its separate returns to a separate head-quarters, and the men are not interchangeable. As to the future of artillery, "all that seems required of leaders of field batteries is to realize fully the splendid *rôle* which will be theirs in modern war. In the last great war the artillery was wielded with a new lavishness and a reckless boldness hitherto unknown. Batteries were decimated perhaps, but not till they had done tremendous execution." We may observe, by the way, that an infantry regiment in a battle which was only decimated would not be considered to have suffered very severely; but our estimate from this statement of the tremendous effects of artillery fire must be modified by what Major Griffiths himself tells us a little further on, when he comes to speak of the infantry. "Last of all," he says, "musketry fire, compared with other destructive agents in warfare, is the only one that really kills. Deaths by infantry bullets in the Franco-German campaign were just ninety-five per cent. of the whole number slain." There is no doubt about this, we believe, but it must considerably affect our disposition to accept the author as a guide in speculating on the splendid part to be played by the artillery of the future. In fact, when he comes to deal with the different branches of the service, infantry, cavalry, artillery, and engineers, not to mention the general staff, he is equally ecstatic about each in turn. The cavalry of the future especially is also to have a great part, although ninety-five per cent. of the execution may be done by infantry fire. And it is in dealing with the cavalry that our author's tendency to praise the present administration at the expense of the past is especially notable. In the Crimean days "the uniform worn was beautiful to the eyes which could only approve creaseless coats, and trousers clinging like wax to the legs. . . . . But in none of the ranks, from the highest to the lowest . . . . was there prevalent any notion that soldiering for the cavalryman meant more than a good seat and hands upon a horse, the punctual discharge of stable duties, the polish of buttons, and superficial acquaintance with the rudiments of a mechanical drill." But "that a substantial movement ahead has been made since the Crimean days cannot be denied. Earnest students of contemporary military history have conned closely the lessons of recent great campaigns, and have persistently urged upon the authorities the necessity for changes in the cavalry to keep pace with the changed conditions of warfare." But it is one thing to urge reforms and another to carry them out; and, as a sort of commentary on his statement about the "substantial movement made ahead" just spoken of, Major Griffiths goes on to add that

> it would be unfair to blame the military authorities if as yet no marked success has attended the attempt to institute reform. They have not failed to acknowledge themselves the wisdom of the proposed alterations and to acquiesce in the principles involved. That these reforms are still delayed is the fault not of the Horse Guards, but of that larger authority which, outside and beyond the executive and administrative departments, hampers all progress by too close and parsimonious supervision of the public purse. The measures needed to put our cavalry on a sound basis involve the expenditure of money.

As instances of the needed reforms which the advanced spirits at the Horse Guards are anxious to carry out, but are stopped by the "larger authority beyond," and the "parsimonious supervision of the public purse," Major Griffiths proceeds to mention that, "although the squadron is admitted as the right and only tactical unit of cavalry, our administrative unit continues to be the troop. . . . The reorganization of cavalry regiments upon the squadron system has been repeatedly and urgently recommended, but it still hangs fire. Vested interests have long been the principal bugbear." Are we to understand from this that the Secretary for War is the "larger authority beyond" who is restraining the excessive zeal of the Horse Guards for introducing the squadron system? Again, "our cavalry uniform can be called neither sensible nor workmanlike, when the troopers cannot draw on or off their long boots without assistance, and run the risk of splitting their tunics every time they raise their hand in salute. . . . The steel scabbard has long been scouted by a general chorus of disapprobation; but it still holds its ground." Again, we ask, is the War Minister to be held responsible for these things, and for the present effete form of saddle and all the other obsolete matters still maintained in our service? And is it parsimony in dealing with the public purse that stops the way of reform? The truth is that, if Major Griffiths had constituted himself the special apologist for the Horse Guards, he could not have taken a stronger line, and we must protest against this most unfair practice, too common in the army, of trying to fasten responsibility on the War Administration for matters with which it should have and has nothing to do. Does any sane person really suppose that it is Lord Cardwell or Lord Cranbrook who has been standing in the way of all the numerous reforms in the dress, equipment, and tactical organization of our army which every one knows to be necessary, but which are not carried out? The point is not whether the army has made any advance since the Crimean days—it could not of course stand still—but whether it has made a sufficient advance with reference to the progress of Continental armies, and whether whatever of good has been effected has not been done unwillingly under pressure from without, rather than through the spontaneous action of those who should be the first to lead the way towards improvement; and upon this Major Griffiths's implied criticism seems altogether beside the mark.

Nevertheless, although we must abate somewhat of the expectations which we formed from the perusal of its preface, Major Griffiths has written a very interesting and readable book, which gives much information on points difficult for the general public to gain information about. And if the reader makes his own inferences from the facts supplied—as, for example, in the account to be found towards the end of the various attempts to create a real organization for home defence, and the causes of their failure—he may get instruction on a very important matter, about which it behoves every man, whether soldier or civilian, to make himself acquainted.

BLUE AND GREEN.*

HERE for once, in these days when it seems harder to find a good name for a story than for a steamship, is a novel with a first title which is both rather catching and undeniably apposite. *Blue and Green*—what, if suitable, could be better than this? The simple yet adequate collocation has no doubt carried a gentle satisfaction to the mind of the author who adopted it, as it has furnished an obvious suggestion to his bookbinder. By the by, that artist's choice of blue may, or may not, properly represent the rather doubtful colour intended; but his green should assuredly have been lighter and more leek-like. It is at the same time possible

* *Blue and Green; or, the Gift of God: a Romance of Old Constantinople.* By Sir Henry Pottinger. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1879.

that this title may have mildly puzzled some of Mr. Mudie's subscribers, unfamiliar by chance with certain very picturesque—in parts all but too picturesque—passages in Gibbon. Readers of the *Decline and Fall*, on the other hand, will readily allow that the author of *Blue and Green* has not only happily named his book, but very well chosen its subject. And the choice of subject is, as it seems to us, a matter of more importance in the case of an historical novel than with most other species of literary composition affected by the present generation. In dramatic writing, for instance, it is on the arranging—the re-making, so to speak—of a given theme, rather than on the actual choice of the original theme itself, that success pre-eminently depends. *Sardanapalus* seems an excellent subject, and Surrey's sonnet suggested by it seems to contain the germ of an admirable drama; but Byron, whose instinct was quick in the choice of themes, in this as in other instances forgot, or knew not how, dramatically to re-cast the subject he had chosen; and the result is a drama in which, when presented on the stage, nothing is really effective but the scenery. But the laws which regulate the novelist's treatment of his theme are lighter and more elastic, whether he be the gay votary of the *novela picaresca* in any of its developments, or more heavily laden with the impediments of historical ornament. It is accordingly all the more necessary that his theme should be *à priori* such as to stimulate curiosity and sustain interest; and this especially when he draws it from history, and thus runs the risk of a double danger. For, should he allow the Charybdis of his imagination to whirl him too far out of the course of more or less established historical fact—or of what the consent of gods, men, and history-books has agreed to accept as such—he will spoil his credit with those who, possessing some previous knowledge of the passage of history treated by him, are likely to be disagreeably affected by deviations from their notions of it. But it will be even worse for him if he surrenders himself to that Scylla with many heads—an absorbing attention to historical detail; if he strives so hard to be conscientiously accurate as to become intolerably dull, and buries the human interest which no story should lack under a mass of adventitious adjuncts like those under which some modern theatrical managers bury Shakspeare when humorously professing to "revive" him.

Now Sir Henry Pottinger's choice of a subject appears to us doubly lucky, because the episodes which he has attempted to weave into the texture of a fiction are in themselves full of colour, variety, and suggestiveness, and because more than one of the most prominent among the personages concerned in the historical events in question are not only decidedly interesting, but more or less perplexing characters—"problematical natures," to use the expression of a popular German novelist. Thus there is an excellent background to begin with, while the figures which are specially to stand forth against it offer manifold opportunities for that unfettered kind of interpretation which it is the indisputable privilege of the historical novelist to apply. And, to crown all, it so happens (unless we mistake) that since Gibbon composed his account of Justinian's reign no English writer of mark in either history or fiction has chosen as a special subject for monograph or romance the curious chapter of Constantinopolitan life and history which culminated in the famous *Nika* revolt of the two great factions of the Hippodrome. Of that chapter, and of its climax, the heroine is the Empress Theodora, a woman whose intellectual gifts, it can hardly be doubted, equalled the charms of her person, but the details of whose early life were such that Gibbon, with the most pious willingness to tell the truth on the subject, was constrained to veil his account of them "in the obscurity of a learned language." Theodora, as the author of *Blue and Green* remarks in his preface, has been painted in the blackest of colours in a German romance entitled *A Struggle for Rome*, which was not long since published in an English version. Perhaps Sir Henry Pottinger would have done better service to such of his readers as are really interested in the subject of his tale by referring them to an admirable sketch of the causes and course of the *Nika* revolt, which forms part of Professor Adolf Schmidt's *Epochen und Katastrophen* (Berlin, 1874). We are acquainted with no equally clear and spirited account of this series of events, which from Gibbon, after all, received but a passing notice. Adolf Schmidt's essay begins with a rapid sketch of the scene of events—the "old Constantinople" of Sir Henry Pottinger's title-page, of which it is so difficult to imagine the aspect in the midst of the dust and decay of modern Stamboul, where, on or close by the site of the Hippodrome itself, there are holes in the ground large enough to swallow up chariot, charioteer, "four gallant thoroughbreds," and all. He goes on to sketch the chief personages of the Court and the chief elements of the Opposition—dynastic, "circensian," and ecclesiastical—and thus supplies even an ill-informed reader with the aids requisite for understanding the narrative of the insurrection which ensues.

It is not, however, Schmidt's compact essay, but a three-volume novel of regulation length, which we have at present before us. And as there are many readers who, for reasons best known to themselves, prefer a dilution of fact with fiction, like that offered by Sir Henry Pottinger, to historical narrative proper, it is due to him to allow that, while in accordance with the unwritten principles of his craft he has shunned brevity, he has on the other hand fallen into no extreme either of frivolous lightness or of tedious pedantry. He has taken a considerable amount of pains in acquainting himself with the authorities on his subject, and has not, to all appearance, contented himself with a smattering obtained at second-hand. He has acquired the necessary degree of familiarity with the disputes about the Trisagion as well as with the technicalities of the Hippodrome; and is not at fault in his descriptions either of the dancing of Theodora as Hesione or of the fighting of Belisarius against the Mirranes of Persia. His book is, in short, one of those historical novels in which enthusiastic scholars aim at reproducing the past without alienating the sympathies of the present. Such efforts are usually quite different from the theatrical historical novel by more experienced hands, where the lines of the scheme are conventional, the characters artificial, and the accidents of dress and scenery reflect the ready omniscience of the stage *costumier*. Mr. Leatham's *Charmione* was an effort of the kind to which we refer—a book of no great literary merit, but of real freshness and some promise; and Sir Henry Pottinger's *Blue and Green* is, we think, another. His researches have necessarily taken him into less pleasant haunts than are associated with Periclean Athens; but he has made a discreet use even of Procopius, and, so far as materials are concerned, has collected them with diligence and used them without ostentation. In one respect, however, of considerable importance in the execution of a work like that before us, he has, in order to avoid the semblance of affectation, fallen into the opposite extreme of what we cannot but regard as slovenliness of manner. But he has not done so unconsciously, and indeed he explicitly defends the course he has adopted. As this raises a point of some interest with regard to the style and diction of historical novels—and, indeed, of historical dramas as well—we will quote Sir Henry Pottinger's own words:—

> I am disposed to believe that modern turns of thought and expression are most acceptable to modern readers. I have not, therefore, much concerned myself to give this book any strong archaic flavour. Human nature remains the same in all ages; the manners and customs of the sixth century in the East bore sufficient resemblance to those of our own times to warrant some strength of comparison; there are probably few colloquialisms of the present day—even to its slang—but have their equivalent in the dead languages. Writing for modern ears, the interchange may be effected without much impropriety.

Now, undoubtedly the cheapest of all the devices which the historical novelist or dramatist can employ is that of seeking to revive a period of the past by a reproduction of fragments of its phraseology; and when this attempt reduces itself to a mere incidental peppering of the text with "By'r Lady," or "By the Dog" (as the case may be), few readers are confiding enough to be deceived thereby. Undoubtedly, too, the mere occasional archaizing of language in a work of fiction is apt to give to the whole an aspect which is at once wearisome and inconsistent in itself; "if part is ancient," as Landor says, when condemning an archaizing style in poetry, "let all be ancient." At the same time, no more rigorous canon than that of ordinary good taste is necessary to suggest to the historical novelist a diction sustained on the level of his subject and in accordance with its general colour, both of time and place. The dialogues of Landor himself offer an excellent example of the possibility of remaining in character without over-specializing the manner of the particular person or age. Dr. Arnold used to speak of the difficulty which an historian finds in pitching his style to the height demanded by his subject; and the historical novelist, though not in the same measure, will likewise strive to attain to a corresponding harmony between matter and form. Sir Walter Scott, though full of comic humour, never failed in this respect; and the late Lord Lytton was hardly anywhere so free from inflation and so full of dignity as in some of his best historical novels. Sir Henry Pottinger has not, however, thought proper to follow these examples. He rightly abstains from obscuring his dialogue by translated phrases, and gives to his narrative in general a colouring and tone sufficiently modern to enable the more lightsome reader to be interested in the race between the Nisæans and the Palmatians as if it were only another kind of Derby, and in the Lodge of the Rising Sun as if it were only an earlier variety of Mary Anne. But, as a matter of good taste, he might have avoided the glaring inequalities of style in which his novel abounds, and which range from little bursts of rhetoric verging upon rant to little bits of colloquial phraseology verging upon slang, by way of variety. Thus we have the following example of Byzantine political oratory. The speaker, who is addressing the secret Brotherhood of the Rising Sun, is John the Cappadocian, whose career our novel follows to its climax and catastrophe, and in the epilogue pursues even a little further:—

> In analysing the nature of the political crisis we have to calculate the relative value and operation of three great intramural forces—the army, the clergy, and the factions—forces familiar enough, as a rule distinct and well defined, and by no means difficult to estimate; but now, under peculiar circumstances, so transformed and modified, so crossed and intermingled, that any calculation based upon their normal condition must infallibly mislead us. In addition to these there is a fourth, an external force, the importance of which I entreat you not for one instant to underrate—the army of Vitalian the Goth.
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> Let us consider the changes developed during the last ten days. We are accustomed to regard the Factions as two bodies eminently antagonistic, capable, from a political point of view, of being played against each other, and of being thereby to a certain extent severally neutralized. Through their recent condition we are now confronted by a novel factor of immense if of indefinite strength, &c. &c.

"The effect of this speech," which ends with a peroration about "the tranquil azure," was, we afterwards learn, "not for one instant doubtful." Its effect upon Sir Henry Pottinger's readers we venture to predict with similar certainty; it is not in order to

read the like of this that people take up novels, historical or other. But the present novel, in truth, in its third volume almost loses its character as such, and becomes an historical narrative with a thin vein of fiction running through it. The account, for instance, of Justinian's political progress in the chapter headed "Consule Justiniano" is little better than a dry epitome of facts; and in the passage relating Theodora's marriage and elevation to the Imperial dignity the author confesses himself unable to analyse the "unspeakable complexity" of her emotions. But this is precisely what the novelist should not shrink from attempting to do. The truth is that, as he advances with his subject, Sir Henry Pottinger loses his grasp of it as of the theme of a story—the more so because its real interest, as such, has passed with the accomplishment of Theodora's vengeance upon the Green Faction. Her wrongs and her revenge give to this tale what human interest it possesses; and we think that in drawing her character and sketching her career the author has been fairly successful. If he has not inclined us to reconsider the traditional picture of the woman whom something besides "gymnorchestry" must have raised to the throne, and whom something like genius seems to have fitted for the elevation, he has at least drawn a heroine who is interesting and not offensive. For a real psychological study the career of the famous *mima*-Empress is hardly a suitable subject, unless the inquiry is conducted with closed doors. Sir Henry Pottinger has executed something of a *tour de force* in relating without impropriety the career of a very improper heroine. That either his Theodora or his Justinian can be said to have any living reality of their own is more than we should be prepared to maintain. In his next historical novel we would suggest to him to spend upon the execution of his work something of the care which he has in the present instance given to the collection of his materials; but since it is pleasing to find a novelist take trouble about anything, we may term *Blue and Green* in some sense a promising effort, as it certainly is in some sense a meritorious one.

ENGLISH COMMENTARIES ON THE NEW TESTAMENT.*

MR. DUNWELL'S goodly and beautifully printed volume is of a widely different type from the *Speaker's Commentary*, or that edited by Bishop Ellicott, lately reviewed in these columns. Mr. Dunwell appears to be a young man, for he graduated at Oxford in 1869, and settled the next year in the small country parish of Hensall, where he must have made good use of his comparative leisure, borrowing books, as he tells us, from a wide circle of friends, and being permitted to make a most liberal use of the Chapter Library at York. Those who have laboured diligently under like circumstances can easily recall the advantages and drawbacks of such a lot; the unbroken studious morning, the quiet engendered by simple pastoral labours; on the other hand, the remoteness from intellectual society, and almost complete ignorance of the passing phases of contemporary thought. Much may thus be done, and well done, in the cultivation of some special branch of learned investigation; but these are hardly the circumstances in which a work of enduring general interest can often be written. We are not sure also that the present editor has not under-estimated the difficulties of his self-imposed task, just as we are told of Dean Alford by his widow that he at first supposed that two or three years' exertion would carry him through the whole New Testament. We cannot help noticing a certain thinness of texture in our author's introductions and notes, a habit of filling up the pages with long quotations drawn from commonplace and familiar sources, and a lack of fulness and completeness conspicuous throughout, which exaggerates the effects of faults of design and plan that are patent to every reader.

The principle on which this commentary is written is set forth on the title-page in a memorable extract from Bishop Bull's *Defence of the Nicene Creed*:—"I have, and always shall have, a religious scruple in interpreting the Holy Scriptures against the stream of all the Fathers and eminent doctors, except when the most evident proofs compel me to do so; this, however, I do not believe will ever happen. For certainly the consentient judgment of antiquity, especially of primitive antiquity, ought to outweigh the force of many probabilities and reasonings from likelihood." We have, therefore, to a far greater extent than in the Bishop of Lincoln's Commentaries, to deal with patristic interpretation of Scripture. Where the Fathers are at unison, as in the great and leading passages they are usually found to be, Mr. Dunwell will uphold their authority against a large preponderance of recent scholars and critics ranged on the other side. Notwithstanding this general preference for Christian antiquity (which is at least as reasonable as the neglect or ignorance of it affected by the host of modern expositors), he makes "constant reference to Erasmus, Jansenius (Bishop of Ghent), Maldonatus, Cornelius a Lapide, Grotius, and Bengel . . . . partly because they were all endued with a large share of the critical faculty, and were representatives of various [very various] schools of thought which are fast disappearing from among us; and partly because, in forming their opinion on any passage of Scripture, they were all disposed to give due weight to the interpretation of the Early Church, and never lightly set aside." The Rabbinical learning of the elder Lightfoot, and the varied erudition of his living namesake, of Canon Westcott, and Professor Blunt of Cambridge, are frequently resorted to; otherwise, there is but a scanty use of the great English divines of past times, and, to the grievous injury of his work, Mr. Dunwell hardly ever notices any German except Wieseler.

The critical portion of this volume is even more defective than the exegetical. In this department, indeed, our editor has attempted so little that he had almost better have left untouched a subject on which he has bestowed very slight trouble. A single page comprises all he has to say about manuscripts of the Gospels, and it is obvious that so limited an apparatus as the three named on his title-page (the Sinaitic, Vatican, and Alexandrine), with the Vulgate Latin version to boot, is more likely to mislead than to instruct.

The "Introduction to the Four Gospels," on the other hand, displays great care and pains. Its main purpose is to show that the whole four were received throughout Eastern and Western Christendom alike, "all and always," notwithstanding other disagreements which proceded and led up to the final separation of the Churches. He then "ascends the stream of time higher still," and, beginning formally with the date A.D. 400, mainly by the help of Lardner's exhaustive researches, he examines the testimony of Christian writers respecting the authenticity of the Gospels, by taking separate periods of fifty years each, up to the date A.D. 100. The only extant compositions that he assigns to the first century are the Epistles of Barnabas and Clement of Rome, although he is unwilling to vouch for the apostolic origin of the former. The second century, and especially the lifetime of Justin Martyr, is the battlefield chosen by those who refuse to accept the Gospels as the writings of our Lord's Apostles and their immediate followers. Into this discussion Mr. Dunwell throws himself with a good heart, but has little to add to the forcible arguments of Canon Lightfoot, Mr. Sadler, and Mr. Sanday on the orthodox side. On the whole, we cannot but think that the powerful reasoning which his case admits might have been more methodically digested, and the legitimate conclusions more pointedly brought out. The inferences he draws from the examination of the whole matter will best be stated in his own pertinent words:—

> First, though this inquiry has been in a great measure confined to the four Gospels, and has seldom taken into consideration the Epistles, we may fairly conclude that the formation of the Canon of the New Testament generally, or the reception of some books as authoritative and the rejection of others, was not the result of a divine revelation, so to speak, from God to man, as to the character of each particular book; but that it arose from the deliberate determination of a divinely directed body, the Church of Christ, and on the evidence which it had before it with respect to each book separately; the question in each case simply being, whether such a book was written by an Apostle, or under the direction of an Apostle. The inspiration of the Apostles being granted as proved in some other satisfactory manner, the question in the formation of the Canon of the New Testament was, whether a Gospel or an Epistle was written by an Apostle or under the direction of an Apostle.
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> Secondly, that the Church of Christ, at the time when it settled the Canon of the New Testament, was not a body possessing only one centre of action, or many centres united under one visible head; but that it consisted of many Churches in every part of the world, in Europe, in Asia, and in Africa, each in a manner, so far as internal arrangements were concerned, independent of the other; and that the agreement of these several Churches, especially of those that were Apostolic seats, which had been founded by an Apostle, ... was necessary for the full reception of any book into the Canon.

Lastly—but his *lastly* may well be passed over. It is the old-world fling, a little out of season, at an Infallible Pope.

Mr. Dunwell has bestowed great pains on adjusting what is called a Harmony of the Gospels, arranging the parallel portions of the narratives of the several Evangelists in parallel columns at the heads of the several sections, chiefly in St. Matthew, so as to avoid the necessity of a separate body of annotations for passages which are substantially the same in the other two. The difficulty of settling the chronological order of the events of Our Lord's ministry has not hitherto been surmounted by commentators; nor can we say that Mr. Dunwell has contributed much towards the solution of an intricate problem. The second work on our list, that of Mr. Slatter, is wholly devoted to this subject; and here again we find little satisfaction in estimating the probability of his results. Indeed this *Student's Gospel Harmony*, on careful examination, perplexes us not a little. It is obviously an independent work, inasmuch as the writer has clearly thought out his scheme for himself, and that in complete, we must even say in perverse, ignorance of all that has been written by those who have preceded him. One book, and apparently only one, seems to have fallen in his way, if we may judge by the first sentences of his preface:—

> Any one coming fresh to the study of the Gospel Harmony would be amazed on opening Tischendorf's *Synopsis Evangelica* to see the long list of authors who have published works on the subject. The idea naturally suggests itself that such a variety in the mode of treatment must arise from the want of some governing principle, and that in the absence of such guidance each writer has trusted to that of his own judgment.

We do not profess to have examined, or even glanced at, many of the forty-seven works, ancient and modern, in Tischendorf's portentous catalogue (1851, second edition 1864), to which must now

* *The Four Gospels as Interpreted by the Early Church: a Commentary on the Authorized English Versions of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke, and St. John, compared with the Sinaitic, the Vatican, and Alexandrine MSS., and also with the Vulgate.* By Francis Henry Dunwell, B.A., Vicar of Hensall. London: Printed by Clowes & Sons. 1878.

The Student's Gospel Harmony; being the Four Gospels in the Original Greek, arranged in Parallel Columns so as to show the Consentient Portions; together with a Preface and various Analytical Tables. By the Rev. John Slatter, M.A., of Lincoln College, Vicar of Streathley, Berks, and Honorary Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. London: W. Wells Gardner. 1878.

be added at least one other, and that among the most painstaking and meritorious of them all, the *Chronological and Analytical Harmony* covering 253 well-filled pages of Mr. McClennan's first volume of the New Testament (1875); but we will venture to assure Mr. Slatter that every one of them to which any intrinsic value can be assigned was grounded on principles as distinct and positive as his own. So far as they have failed, the cause of failure was the fact that in practice their theories would not work, or led to consequences that were palpably wrong. "The acceptance of St. Luke's order," he tells us, "as the basis of the arrangement is the fundamental principle strictly followed throughout the present compilation." But Mr. McClennan presents us with an array of names, including "Osiander and his school, Macknight, Greswell, Wieseler, Ellicott, Lewin," as well as Mr. Slatter's chosen guide, Tischendorf, who have worked out the same principle with results the reverse of satisfactory; so that whatever praise may be assigned to our author for originality rests purely on his strange lack of research. Then, again, it is well known that all attempts to construct a Harmony are complicated by considerations depending on various readings of the Greek original; for in no way has the sacred text been more changed from its original purity than by the practice, whether designed or unconscious it matters not, on the part of transcribers of the Gospel records, of paring down diversities of statement and expression, and thus assimilating the peculiarities, now of style, now of statement, of one of the three earlier Evangelists to the language of the other two. Hence it is that Tischendorf took especial care to revise the text as he went along, studiously giving his authorities for the changes he was compelled to make. Mr. Slatter, on the contrary, having decided, like Tischendorf, to present to his readers the whole text of the Gospels in parallel columns, has not so much as indicated the edition of the New Testament from which he has copied. It is, in substance, the *textus receptus*, with all its confessed faults and interpolations. In the absence of all explanation on his part we were driven to examine the point for ourselves. It turned out that his reprint is not from one of Beza's or the Elzevir editions; we should have referred it to Stephens's of 1550, but that he reads ἡ μία not μία in Luke xvii. 35, οὕτως not οὕτω in John viii. 59. Incredible as the supposition may seem, his deep silence on the matter had led us to suspect that the author had never heard of the existence of various readings in the text of the Bible, until at the end of his preface he disclaims any need on the part of the "Christian disciple" to seek to know the letter of Scripture as well as the spirit; "he should rest satisfied," we are told, "in the acquisition of that substantial truth which is to be found in the Gospels, and is independent of all the discrepancies whether apparent or real, whether caused by translation or *transcription*, or in any other way" [the italics are our own.] Thus it would seem that Mr. Slatter's profound lack of acquaintance with textual criticism is the more hopeless, inasmuch as he regards it, not with regret, but with something like actual complacency.

Yet if he had but thought it advisable that those who undertake to write books for the instruction of others should begin by studying for themselves, he would have found not a few statements made in his preface, from which he has drawn inferences more or less true, either modified or confirmed by the verbal criticism which he so unwisely disparages. He would not, for instance, (Pref., p. xxi.) have troubled his readers with a vindication of the employment of the same speech of our Lord on three different occasions (Matt. xviii. 11, and Luke ix. 55; xix. 10) if he had known that the verse found in the common text of Matt. xviii. 11, Luke ix. 55, is probably an interpolation of the transcribers, derived from the one place where alone it is genuine; at any rate it is absent in the other two from the best manuscripts and oldest versions. On the other hand, our author's strong plea for assigning the Lord's Prayer as given by St. Matthew to a much earlier period than that in St. Luke is powerfully corroborated by the fact (can we suppose it absolutely unknown to Mr. Slatter?) that the authentic form, as exhibited in St. Luke, is much the shorter of the two, consisting, as St. Augustine observed long since, of only five petitions, while St. Matthew supplies seven. After this it might seem useless to enlarge upon our author's "fundamental principle" of taking St. Luke's Gospel as the standard in arranging the order of events in our Saviour's life and ministry; but a theory which has been supported by so many critics of widely different calibre is sure to have something to say for itself. And to our mind the precision with which leading dates are fixed by St. Luke in ch. ii. 1, and especially in ch. iii. 1–2, is of much greater weight than the almost incidental use of the term καθεξῆς, "in order," in ch. i. 3. The word, indeed, like its simple ἑξῆς, is bound by its derivation to express connexion of some kind; but, except when the context compels, as it certainly does not here, it need not be chronological connexion, but rather logical (Acts xi. 4), or even geographical order (Acts xviii. 23). These arguments then being disposed of, all attempts to distribute the events of Christ's ministry according to St. Luke's arrangement introduce far more difficulties than they solve. The result would imply a repetition of miracles, parables, and discourses, which is simply incredible, and would crowd all the preceding transactions into so small a space that the last journey to Jerusalem would commence as early as Luke ix. 51. This last objection Mr. Slatter would meet by supposing that St. Luke there refers, not to our Lord's going up to his last Passover, but to the Feast of Tabernacles mentioned in John vii. 2. This hypothesis, however, we are forbidden to entertain, not only by the fact that Christ appears to have gone up to the latter feast absolutely alone, whereas the Apostles were undoubtedly present with Him when travelling upwards to the former (Luke ix. 54); but far more decidedly by the language of the passage itself—"And it came to pass, when the days were a fulfilling (συμπληροῦσθαι) that he should be received up, he stedfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem"—expressions which manifestly refer to the same journey as that described in Mark x. 32—"And they were in the way going up to Jerusalem; and Jesus was going before them; and they were amazed; and as they followed, they were afraid." In regard, again, to iterations, whether of speech or narrative, of which Mr. Slatter accumulates examples in his preface, we do not in the least deny their existence within a certain limited degree. In a three or four years' mission, wherein there must of necessity have been so much of sameness, repetitions must necessarily have abounded, modified only by circumstances not very marked or important. We do not doubt, for instance, that the Sermon on the Mount (Matt. v.–vii.) was spoken at a period considerably earlier than that on the Plain, as it has been called (Luke vi. 20–49). But a bare inspection of Mr. Slatter's parallel columns will prove that his scheme demands much more than this, and we cannot think inapplicable to his system what Mr. McClennan had already written of those of Greswell and Wieseler, that while "the Gospels exhibit undoubted cases of repetition and selection of similar instances, under different circumstances, yet we most confidently submit that it is a monstrous and impossible hypothesis which compels us to admit a whole host of repetitions under circumstances and relationships which have all the appearance of being identical."

From a volume on which the author has obviously spent some thought, with no better result than the voluntary exposure of his astonishing want of diligence and research, we gladly turn once more to Mr. Dunwell's attempt to supply us with a patristic commentary on the Holy Gospels. While we must think the task to be somewhat beyond his strength, it is impossible to look through his pages without finding much to interest and instruct a patient reader. The following extract from Dr. John Lightfoot, for example, may not be a very pertinent illustration of μακρὰ προσευχόμενοι, Matt. xxiii. 13 (of Stephens's text), but is worth citing on its own merits:

> Concerning the length of their prayers it may suffice to produce the words of the Babylon Gemara in Beracheth:—"The religious anciently used to tarry an hour," meditating before they began their prayers. . . . "He that prays ought to tarry an hour after prayers." It is necessary, therefore, that he should stay (meditating) an hour before prayers, and an hour after; and the religious anciently used to stay an hour before prayers, an hour they prayed, and an hour they stayed after prayers. Since, therefore, they spent nine hours every day about their prayers, how did they perform the rest of the Law?

We could have wished to speak of Mr. Dunwell's labours with more unreserved commendation than our judgment can approve. A worthy ambition has prompted him to aim high; and it is no great discredit to him that he has somewhat missed his mark. We shall no doubt have the benefit of his future studies; and in arranging the second volume of his commentary he will do well either to discard all notice of points involving textual criticism (which would not be easy), or to pay much greater attention to the subject. Partial information, such as he at present conveys, is simply misleading to the unlearned. Moreover, we are not sure that it is advisable to combine materials of such varied quality and character as his foot-notes exhibit; they produce an appearance of crude book-making which does injustice to the spirit in which he writes. *Nonum prematur in annum* is too late advice for him to follow now; but an opportunity may some day occur for him to undertake the thorough revision of a work which meanwhile entitles him to the respect and gratitude of all intelligent students of the New Testament.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. AD. FRANCK is one of the few survivors of a school which did much for the diffusion of metaphysical studies in France. We are not great admirers of what is called eclecticism, and have frequently shown the weak point of the system founded, or rather, perhaps, revived, by Victor Cousin. At the same time it is impossible to ignore the undoubted merit of the chief representatives of that system, and M. Franck deserves least of all to be forgotten. The volume he has just published (1) is an excellent sequel to some of his previous works. The philosophers whom M. Franck here takes for consideration are certain Frenchmen who are either comparatively unknown beyond the frontiers of their own country (MM. Bautain, Leroux, and Reynaud), or whose reputation abroad rests chiefly upon their merits as politicians and statesmen, such as M. Charles de Rémusat. These portraits, grouped harmoniously together, fill the latter half of the volume; the former part being devoted to sketches of philosophy in Italy, Germany, and Sicily, including an account of Bernardino Telesio, a thinker who flourished at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and who, whilst contributing powerfully to destroy the rule of Aristotle, attempted to revive the system of Parmenides by way of explaining the origin of the universe.

Psychology, as it was understood half a century ago, is dead; such is the axiom which M. Ribot puts forth in the preface to his

(1) *Philosophes modernes, français et étrangers.* Par Ad. Franck. Paris: Didier.

and interesting volume (2) on the psychological systems of modern Germany. It is a complete sketch of the subject he has undertaken to treat, and if the reader will bear in mind the Positivist sympathies which have suggested it, he cannot but derive much benefit from the perusal of M. Ribot's work. We may add that the plan adopted consists in giving monographs, not of the various philosophers, but of the systems discussed.

The fourth volume of the History of Florence by M. Perrens (3) is before us. It takes up the thread of events at the death of the Emperor Henry VII., and of Pope Clement V. When the former of these sovereigns disappeared, the Guelph party felt its hopes rise again; but the death of Bertrand de Got re-established a kind of equilibrium, and Italy was once more a prey to disputes and fruitless wars. The narrative of these collisions, together with an account of the pestilence which broke out in 1348, and of the various reforms attempted from time to time in the government of the republic, is given minutely and in the most interesting manner by M. Perrens, who ends this fourth division (Book VIII.) of his work with a sketch of the Florentine democracy about the middle of the fourteenth century. One of the arguments generally put forward against democratic institutions, to the effect that they are incompatible with great enterprises, fails signally here, for the reason that this form of government was at Florence not an empirical expedient or the result of a mere theory, but a thing inherent in the genius and character of the commonwealth; at the same time we must acknowledge that within the walls of the town disorder was rife, and acts of violence were of everyday occurrence. The questions connected with the *popolani grassi*, the *parte guelfa*, and the *ammonizione* form the subject of the last chapter, which is completed by documents borrowed from the most trustworthy sources.

If revolutions follow one another in quick succession in the book of M. Perrens, they also fill the pages of M. Maxime Ducamp (4). While the bad faith of the insurgents, equalled only by the stupidity of some and the ferocity of others, is clearly and conclusively demonstrated, the extraordinary want of energy manifested by the friends of order appears in equally strong colours. After the dismissal of General d'Aurelle de Paladines, decreed by Ernest Picard and Jules Favre with the view of conciliating the mob, it was evident that the Government would be driven from one act of weakness to another, till it had deprived itself of all means of re-establishing order. M. Ducamp has given abundant details about the wanton destruction of the Tuileries and other public buildings; and, as we read his painfully interesting volume, we find it more than ever difficult to understand the conduct of Thiers in refusing to send, at the beginning of the insurrection, the necessary forces to assist Admiral Saisset by taking possession of strategical points which might then have been easily occupied. The *pièces justificatives* printed at the end of the volume contain, amongst other interesting documents, a statistical account of the dead, whether hostages, soldiers, or *fédérés*, buried in Paris after the Communal rebellion was suppressed.

"Facit indignatio!" The Marchioness de Blocqueville, daughter of Marshal Davoust (5), has of course read all that has been published about her father, and is naturally indignant at what she deems the misrepresentations of professed historians. M. Fleury de Chaboulon, Bourrienne, M. Achille de Vaulabelle, and several others have pointed out in their works acts of Davoust's which they considered to be censurable; they have sometimes ascribed to other generals the credit of successes which were really his; in short, a number of historical misstatements and prejudices had to be exposed, and the result is a volume written without any literary pretensions, and consisting chiefly of documents illustrating Marshal Davoust's early years. When we find the *Revue militaire* giving May 1819 as the date of the Prince of Eckmuhl's death, whereas he died on the 1st of June, 1823; when we see him elsewhere described as entering the Brienne military school in the very year of Napoleon's leaving it, whereas he never was at Brienne at all, we cannot feel much surprised at Mme. de Blocqueville's irritation. It appears that she communicated some of her father's papers to M. Edgar Quinet when he was busy writing his account of the campaign of 1815, and that he, in return, urged her to publish a biography of the Marshal. As we have said, the present volume is rather a collection of materials than a memoir properly so called; but it is full of interest and may take a place side by side with Baron Ducasse's Life of General Vandamme and M. Saint-René Taillandier's monograph on Count de Ségur. It consists of five distinct parts:—1. A defence of Davoust against some of his critics; 2. the correspondence of the Marshal with his wife and mother; 3. letters addressed by Mme. Campan to the Prince and Princess of Eckmuhl; 4. letters of General Leclerc; 5. an account of Davoust's early years, with memoranda of various kinds, extracts from his notebooks, &c. A fine portrait faces the title-page.

Three formidable octavos closely printed give us the Parliamentary speeches of M. Thiers (6) from 1830 to 1836. The first time he addressed the Chamber of Deputies was on the occasion of the settling of the budget for the year 1828, when he had just been made Under-Secretary of State to Laffitte, Minister of Finances; the last speech printed in these volumes was delivered before the Chamber of Peers on the 3rd of July, 1836. Thiers was then President of the Cabinet and Minister of Foreign Affairs, and it was in that capacity that he defended against Baron Mounier the policy of the Government on the subject of Algeria. The present publication forms an excellent counterpart to the collection of Guizot's Parliamentary speeches. Each speech is prefaced by a short summary explaining the topic discussed and the line of argument taken by the orator; and the first volume opens with an introduction from the pen of M. Calmon, himself a distinguished financier and an intimate friend of Thiers. It is not too much to say that never did French political oratory shine with such splendour as during the period covered by these volumes; Guizot, De Broglie, Dupin, Odilon Barrot, Royer Collard, Berryer, were then in all their vigour, and amongst them Thiers soon rose to the foremost position. There is scarcely a branch of the public service which is not discussed in this collection, the most remarkable speeches being the one on the *loi des associations* (May 1834), and the address on the alliance with England (June 1836).

M. Ledru-Rollin, too, has left a certain reputation as an orator, and his widow enables us to appreciate it by publishing a collection of his speeches (7), together with a short biographical memoir and a few political writings of no great importance. The political discourses here collected are fair specimens of revolutionary eloquence—that is to say, of turgid style, rhetorical claptrap, and commonplace declamation. M. Ledru-Rollin outlived his reputation, and these volumes will scarcely excite more than a transient feeling of curiosity.

M. Rambaud's History of Russia is so justly popular, and has so decidedly established its position as the best work of its kind, that to compete with it seems a difficult task. Princess Sovonoff has, however, attempted to do this in her translation of Professor Solowieff, and the book has at any rate the advantage of being written by a Russian (8). If, on the one hand, the author may be supposed to judge too partially of his country and its laws and institutions, on the other he has the advantage of being at the fountain-head for documentary evidence, and we are told in the preface that leave was granted him to consult freely the State papers in the Imperial Record Office. The work begins with the origin of the Russian nation, and comes down to the reign of Alexander I. Literary notices and sketches of social life introduce here and there a little variety amidst the details of political transactions, wars, and *coups d'état*; the great fault of the work, however, is that it is written in a dry, uninteresting style, and that it does not give us a single reference to the authorities consulted by Professor Solowieff. We do not think that M. Rambaud need fear the result of the comparison with his own work.

The Grand Duchy of Luxemburg is certainly a small country, but it has been deemed important enough to have its independence guaranteed by European treaty, like Belgium and Switzerland; and it is of some consequence that this guarantee should be regarded as a serious matter, and not as a mere formality which can be set aside on account of the insignificance of the Grand Duchy itself. M. Servais (9) remarks that in the sphere of politics the weakest generally go to the wall, unless political opinion is duly enlisted on their side; he has accordingly taken advantage of the position he held at the London Conference, and in his lucid discussion of the whole subject has been able to consult a mass of State papers laid before the Luxemburg Legislative Assembly, which had never found their way into the columns of the periodical press. The volume before us, touching as it does upon international questions, is equally valuable as a contribution to the diplomatic history of England, France, Germany, and Holland; for the King of the last-named country took a considerable share in the debates, and the part he played reflects great credit upon his character.

Count de Serre was one of the best representatives of what has been called the *juste milieu*, equally remote from the reactionary tendencies of the *ancien régime* and the wild and subversive theories of Radicalism. His political discourses and correspondence published some time ago have suggested to M. Ch. de Mazade a series of articles which, originally contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, are now reprinted in an elegant little volume (10), and certainly deserve a permanent place in all historical libraries. It is still too much the fashion to decry the period of French history included between 1815 and 1830. After the brilliant despotism of the Empire, the attempt to naturalize Parliamentary government amongst our neighbours was undoubtedly a bold venture; and we are not of the number of those who consider it a mere illusion. M. de Mazade remarks very truly that common-sense views, what he calls *la politique modérée*, may have from time to time been defeated by a majority in the Chambers, but, after all, the best and only durable monuments which the French legislation of the last fifty years has produced are the results of the school of politicians to which Count de

(2) *La Psychologie allemande contemporaine.* Par Th. Ribot. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(3) *Histoire de Florence.* Par F. T. Perrens. Vol. 4. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

(4) *Les convulsions de Paris.* Par M. Ducamp. Vol. 2. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

(5) *Le maréchal Davoust raconté par les siens et par lui-même.* Ouvrage publié par madame la marquise de Blocqueville. Années de jeunesse. Paris: Didier.

(6) *Discours parlementaires de M. Thiers.* Publiés par M. Calmon. (1830–36.) Paris: Lévy.

(7) *Ledru-Rollin, discours politiques et écrits divers.* Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(8) *Histoire de Russie, traduite d'après le professeur Solowieff par la Princesse Sovonoff.* Paris: Dentu.

(9) *Le Grand Duché de Luxembourg et le traité de Londres du 11 mai 1867.* Par E. Servais. Paris: Dentu.

(10) *Le comte de Serre.* Par Ch. de Mazade. Paris: Plon.

Serre belonged. The biography of such a statesman deserves to be attentively studied.

M. Philarète Chasles devoted much of his time to English literature; he was better acquainted with it, perhaps, than any of his contemporaries except Villemain, and the sixteenth century in particular suggested to him several amusing and instructive sketches which we remember reading in the *Journal des Débats*, *L'Artiste*, and elsewhere. They are now collected (11) and placed, so to speak, under the protection of Shakspeare. One of these critiques is entitled "Shakspeare, a translator of Montaigne"; and M. Chasles endeavours to show that the study of the Essays of the Gascon *gentilhomme* led Shakspeare to revise and recast some of his best plays—*Hamlet*, for instance, *King Lear*, and *Othello*: a separate chapter is reserved for *Romeo and Juliet*, and in another we find an attempt to describe the performance of the play of *Henry VIII.*, as it must have taken place at the Globe Theatre in 1613. Although Shakspeare is the principal author examined by M. Philarète Chasles, he is by no means the only one. Ford, Webster, Ben Jonson, Massinger—in fact, the whole group of dramatists—come under consideration, and M. Chasles intersperses his remarks with illustrative quotations very neatly translated. The last essay in the volume is on Mary Stuart.

Some of the nations which Madame Judith Gautier calls *peuples étranges* (12) are not so very strange after all; we are beginning to know a little about the Celestial Empire, for instance. About the origin of the human race there is still some discussion; and, with all due deference to M. Hovelacque, amongst others, we do not think that our relationship with the chimpanzees is yet sufficiently established. Mme. Gautier, we are glad to see, is of the same opinion. Mme. Gautier has devoted one of her essays to an interesting, though somewhat sketchy, account of Persian poetry, beginning, of course, with the Zend-Avesta, and giving us brief notices of Firdusi, Sadi, and Hafiz. Under the title *Une ville retrouvée*, the concluding chapter describes Count de Clermont-Ganneau's attempt to identify the site of the city of Gezer mentioned in the Old Testament.

M. Emile Burnouf is one of many writers who for the last few years have been discussing from the critical point of view the position of the Roman Catholic Church (13). He says in his preface that his attitude is not that of an adversary who wishes *coûte que coûte* to pull down a structure which has for so long a period occupied the most prominent place in the history of the world. He holds that Roman Catholicism is in the last stage of decay; and he asks, What are the causes of this collapse? Are all the means exhausted of restoring health to the invalid? M. Burnouf is of opinion that, if a reformation is possible, it should proceed from the Catholics themselves, whose interest it is that remedial processes should be applied spontaneously and quietly. His volume is divided into three parts, corresponding respectively—(1) to the beginnings of the Church; (2) to its present state; (3) to its means of action. It is written in a serious style, and the chief fault we have to find with the author is that he confounds throughout Roman Catholicism with Christianity. His theory of religion is certainly not one that we can accept, but some of his remarks on the early Church are excellent, and he has at any rate the good sense to abstain from scurrility and misplaced frivolity.

The leading thought of M. Carrau's book (14) may be found in the preface, where he describes our modern scientific men exploring caverns, digging up the strata of the diluvial, tertiary, and quaternary epochs, with the avowed hope of confirming the *à priori* theories which represent man as descending directly from a microcephalous troglodyte, or from a kind of ape somewhat surpassing in intelligence and skill the majority of his fellow quadrumanous brutes. The exposition of Lamarck's system is one of the most interesting parts of the volume, because our author shows that, although he certainly must be regarded as the father of evolutionists, yet there is a wide difference between his views and those of the modern school.

When we open the pamphlet composed by Professor Haeckel (15) and translated into French by M. Jules Soury, we find ourselves in the presence of all the notions most stoutly opposed by M. Carrau. This is not the place for attempting the discussion of a large subject, but we may at least remark that the offhand way in which M. Soury asserts, as proved beyond a doubt, hypotheses which are still matter of controversy is only equalled by the bad taste with which he denounces the thinkers who still continue to believe in final causes and in the existence of God.

Our list of scientific works includes the new instalment of M. Figuier's *Année scientifique* (16) for 1878; M. de Parville's *Causeries scientifiques*, which has the advantage of being illustrated with diagrams and woodcuts (17); a pamphlet against vivisection (18); and, last but not least, M. Vivien de Saint-Martin's splendid geographical dictionary (19), together with its companion atlas (20). Of this atlas two instalments only have hitherto appeared; the maps are beautifully engraved, and it is provoking to think that, at the slow rate at which the work is proceeding, ten years must elapse before it is completed, supposing even that three parts are issued, according to promise, every twelve months. Each map is accompanied by a short description. The dictionary, which is published much more rapidly, comprises already ten *livraisons*, taking us as far as the word "Corea."

Three octavo volumes have been published at various times on the origin of the Suez Canal, the negotiations to which it led, and the obstacles thrown in the way of its construction. A fourth series of documents recently printed, and including the period from 1861 to 1864 (21), contains upwards of a hundred papers of various kinds—letters, memoranda, extracts from the journals kept by M. de Lesseps, and opinions of the periodical press. Lord Palmerston's opposition to the scheme is of course one of the prominent features in the volume, and it is curious to see the independence of Italy and of Poland dragged in *à propos* of the famous Canal.

Among the minor publications of the month we may mention the elegant edition of the Abbé Prévost's *Manon Lescaut* (22), published by M. de Lescure, with an historical preface and a bibliographical appendix.

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(11) *L'Angleterre au seizième siècle.* Par Philarète Chasles. Paris: Charpentier.

(12) *Les peuples étranges.* Par Judith Gautier. Paris: Charpentier.

(13) *Le Catholicisme contemporaine.* Par Emile Burnouf. Paris: Lévy.

(14) *Etudes sur la théorie de l'évolution aux points de vue psychologique religieux et moral.* Par L. Carrau. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

(15) *Les preuves des transformisme, réponse à Virchow.* Par Ernest Haeckel. Traduit de l'Allemand par Jules Soury. Paris: Germer Baillière.

(16) *L'année scientifique et industrielle.* (22e année.) Par M. Louis Figuier. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

(17) *Causeries scientifiques.* Par Henri de Parville. Paris: Rothschild.

(18) *De la ligue contre la vivisection.* Par un Anglais. Paris: Leroux.

(19) *Nouveau dictionnaire de géographie universelle.* Par M. Vivien de St. Martin. Livr. 1–10. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

(20) *Atlas universel de géographie.* Par M. Vivien de St. Martin. Livr. 1, 2. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

(21) *Lettres, journal et documents pour servir à l'histoire du canal de Suez.* 4e série. Par M. F. de Lesseps. Paris: Didier.

(22) *L'abbé Prévost.—Histoire de Manon Lescaut.* Préface de M. de Lescure. Paris: Quantin.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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EGYPT.

THE KHEDIVE has struck a sudden stroke for his freedom from foreign control. He has announced that he has tried the plan of having a Ministry directed by foreigners, and has found that it does not answer. It throws the country into confusion; it makes every one discontented; and, to his great sorrow, the KHEDIVE finds that it does the one thing which he felt sure it was incapable of doing, and robs the poor creditor of what might easily be paid him. This last is the main avowed cause of quarrel. The KHEDIVE has chosen to stand on the extraordinary ground that he is a most honourable and solvent prince who is being dragged by foreign advisers into a position totally unworthy of him. He has got plenty of money, but Mr. WILSON and M. DE BLIGNIÈRES will not let him pay it to those to whom it is due. He called together the Consuls-General, and informed them that this was really more than he could stand, and he therefore intended to replace his evil counsellors by high-minded and adroit natives, who would be sure to put their hands in a moment on the necessary funds, and apply them as they ought to be applied. He accordingly turned out his French and English Ministers, and the Pasha on whose co-operation they had recently insisted, and he formed a homogeneous Ministry, all Pashas, and all devoted to him. When he accepted his European Ministers, he did away with the Controllers of the Debt, promising, however, that, if he gave up having European Ministers, he would reinstate the Controllers. This he has done, and he therefore puts himself nominally into exactly the same position as that which he occupied before the NUBAR PASHA Ministry was contemplated. In reality, he does more than this, because he breaks away from the control of the allied Powers. He has expressly raised the point whether it is he who is to govern Egypt or whether they are to govern it. He says that he chooses to govern it. If he succeeds in maintaining the position he has temporarily asserted, he will reign in the way in which he loves to reign. He will get the last possible farthing out of his wretched subjects; he will have something handsome to spend on himself; and he will have the supreme delight of playing with his creditors—now assuring them that he is a millionaire, and that he will see every one paid all round, and now vowing that he is a beggar, and that there is not a penny in the Treasury for any one. Those familiar with his history and that of his unfortunate country will smile at this wild tale of the undiscovered wealth of Egypt, and at this sudden ardour of the KHEDIVE and his Pashas to protect creditors. If Mr. WILSON had done nothing more than simply recommend that less money should be paid to creditors, he might have been Minister as long as he pleased. His real offence was of a totally different kind. Being Finance Minister, he has acted as the head of his department. He has begun to see what money was collected, and how. He has visited some localities where he thought things wanted looking after. He has warned his subordinates against indulging in peculation. He has, in short, attempted to alter the character of Egyptian administration, to make it a little less oppressive, and a little more honest. This is to introduce a system of government totally alien to that of the KHEDIVE. The KHEDIVE and those who fatten on his system of government thought that all they held dear was in jeopardy unless this unpleasant process was stopped at once. The KHEDIVE has summoned up courage and has stopped it. He boldly says that an Oriental despotism is what he and his subjects like, and that he cannot have any tampering with it.

It has long been easy to foresee that the time would come when the KHEDIVE would, if he dared, rebel against the yoke of reform which England and France were imposing on him. He would probably not rebel so long as there were merely questions about courts and creditors; but he was sure to rebel as soon as the question was raised whether he and his Pashas were to treat his subjects as they have been accustomed to treat them. The doubt was whether he would dare to rebel, and, if he dared, what occasion he would choose for a rupture. He has, it must be owned, chosen his occasion with much dexterity. He falls back on the right of an independent sovereign to select his own Ministers. If he had waited, and had quarrelled with Mr. WILSON because Mr. WILSON had exposed some great abuse and insisted on a remedy being applied, there would have been a definite charge of misconduct which the KHEDIVE would have seemed afraid to face. He has anticipated any such exposure by simply announcing that he thinks he can find Ministers who will serve him better than those whom he has tried and found, as he says, impracticable. Why should he not change his Ministers if he pleases? The answer to this question is one which it is very difficult to give. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER recently explained to the House the true position of Mr. WILSON, and stated that Mr. WILSON was altogether the Minister of the KHEDIVE, not bound to consult the English Government or to report to it, competent to resign at any moment if he wished, and also liable at any moment to dismissal. If this were all, it would be difficult to see what England has to do with the matter. An Englishman has been taken into the service of a foreign prince on the understanding that the prince might, if he wished, dispense at any time with the services of this Englishman. England cannot complain that a contract made with a private Englishman has been violated. But Mr. DICEY, the extent and accuracy of whose information about Egypt can scarcely be estimated too highly, states that, although these were the terms on which Mr. WILSON was originally appointed, yet when M. DE BLIGNIÈRES was appointed, the KHEDIVE definitely engaged with the French Government that he should not be dismissed without consulting France; and it was added that Mr. WILSON should be in the same position, and that he too should not be dismissed without England having been consulted. Either there must be some error in the statement, or the English Government must have considered that, as it had never asked for such a promise, it did not recognize its validity. But, if the KHEDIVE was merely bound to consult France before dismissing M. DE BLIGNIÈRES, then, although it would only be France that had to complain of a distinct breach of faith, still, as the two Governments have agreed to act together in everything touching Egypt, the wrong to one ally might be said to touch the other. There is, too, the far larger question opened whether the government of Egypt by the KHEDIVE and his Pashas, all practical reform being rejected, can be said to be one which must lead to anarchy. If it is, and if England claims, as the English Government has distinctly claimed, the right to interfere in Egypt to prevent anarchy, then the

dismissal of Mr. WILSON and M. DE BLIGNIÈRES, as a signal of impending anarchy, may be said to affect England as much as France.

It appears from those semi-official communications which are issued on such occasions to let the public know how things are going, that the two Governments are quite in harmony, that they have decided on joint action, and that the joint action is to be of a very moderate, cautious, and deliberate kind. The road to Cairo is said to lie through Constantinople. In other words, the SULTAN is to be asked to frighten, coerce, or possibly depose the KHEDIVE. We can only trust that the process may succeed. The KHEDIVE knew perfectly well that this was the form which the joint action of France and England must take, and he determined to run the risk, and speculated that it would not succeed. And it must be allowed that he has some reason for thinking that it is not a very terrible thunderbolt that is to be launched at his head. In the first place, there is something bordering on the grotesque in inviting the SULTAN of all people to express his solemn horror of such iniquities in a ruler as not paying his creditors, being in the hands of his Pashas, staving off reform, and letting his provinces drift towards anarchy. The SULTAN could only be induced to go through the comedy by his wish to oblige France and England, and why should he wish to oblige them? If they were willing to buy his consent, and would do something handsome in the way of providing Turkey with a little ready money, that would be a different thing. The Porte would perhaps sell the KHEDIVE, and not put a very high figure on him. But then the KHEDIVE will come into the market in his own interests, and if the allies hesitate about paying for his being denounced, he is sure to pay for not being denounced. The Porte will not, it may be supposed, refuse the request of the allies; but it can, if it pleases, ask for any amount of time to look into the matter, and say that, in justice to the KHEDIVE, it must hear his story before it condemns him. However, England and France are very great nations, and the SULTAN may sooner or later be brought to do what they wish. But what is it that they can ask? The easiest thing to ask for is that the firman altering the proper line of succession may be revoked, and that the KHEDIVE's brother, and not his son, may be recognized as his successor. This would be a blow to the KHEDIVE's pride, and might be an adequate punishment for his breach of faith, if there has been a distinct breach of faith, in dismissing M. DE BLIGNIÈRES. But it is not easy to see how it would prevent Egypt drifting into anarchy. The KHEDIVE would reign after his own fashion for his lifetime, and he would have a new motive for getting every possible farthing out of Egypt while he had the opportunity. To do any real good, and to reinstate the control of the allies, the SULTAN must be induced to go further; he must order the KHEDIVE to be deposed. It is, we believe, a mistake to suppose that this remedy, if carried out, would be ineffectual. It is the dread of being deposed that has made the KHEDIVE bow so far as he has bowed to the dictation of France and England, and his successor would be aware that he only held his office during good behaviour. But the decree has not only to be issued, but executed; and the allies, who certainly would not wish to undertake the task themselves, must ask the SULTAN to do the work himself. Here is the real difficulty, and the difficulty is so great that possibly the KHEDIVE may be right in calculating that it will be a very long time before it is surmounted.

THE SESSION TO EASTER.

DURING the six or seven weeks of the Session before Easter, the Government has constantly lost ground. The majority, indeed, is not seriously impaired; but it becomes less aggressive, less vigorous, and less hopeful. From the short winter Session the Ministers derived the not inconsiderable advantage of temporary exemption from debates on the Afghan war and on Eastern policy; but the troubled condition of affairs produces feelings of uneasiness and discontent which are always in some degree directed against the Ministers of the day. Lord BEACONSFIELD and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE have without difficulty persuaded the two Houses to wait for the result of negotiations which excite no sanguine hope of peace. If the official anticipation of a favourable result is disappointed, the Opposition will compensate itself for previous forbearance by energetic attacks on the Gov[illegible] Another danger impends in the possible applica[illegible] the consent of Parliament to the joint occupation of East Roumelia. No more distasteful duty could be imposed on English troops, even if the country had abundance of military force to spare for the benefit of a foreign country. In the only great debate which has varied the general dulness of the Session it was impossible that the Ministers should obtain a triumph; but it could scarcely have been foreseen that an almost untenable position should be so weakly defended. The Zulu war excites no popular enthusiasm, though the apologists of Sir BARTLE FRERE's policy may contend that it was unavoidable. The official speeches of Sir M. H. BEACH, Lord SANDON, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE were conventional and unimpressive; but in the House of Lords Lord CARNARVON, in vindicating his own policy, necessarily defended the Government. Fortune and the confidence which is engendered by success seem to be deserting the party which must still remain in power as long as the present Parliament lasts. Six years ago, though the country was then prosperous and though no foreign or colonial complications had occurred, symptoms of decline portended the fall of Mr. GLADSTONE's Government. For the third time in succession the next general election will probably produce a change of Ministry.

Domestic legislation has made even less progress than in former Sessions. The County Boards Bill was received with a mixture of disapproval and indifference, and it will probably be abandoned without further discussion. It was not worth while to encounter a feeling of discontent which is perhaps imaginary by the production of so small a measure. The much more important measure of the Criminal Code has been introduced in an able speech by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, only to encounter threats of obstruction which will probably postpone for an indefinite time a great practical reform. Sir HENRY JAMES and other lawyers in the House are not prepared to pass the measure as a whole, either in deference to the authority of the framer of the Code and of the Commission by which it has been considered, or on the more sufficient ground that its merits preponderate over all the defects which it can be supposed to possess. If the Code were once enacted, nothing would be easier than to supply deficiencies or to correct errors which would probably disclose themselves in practice. Adverse and unfriendly criticism involves the assumption that the inconveniences of the existing law are less mischievous than the oversights which may probably be discovered in a systematic project of legislation. The objections of Sir H. JAMES and his supporters are of course directed against the innovations of the code, and not against its re-enactments. To a mere digest which would give new sanction to obsolete absurdities the opponents of the scheme would not have objected. It would perhaps have been better to introduce the Bill in the House of Lords. If the LORD CHANCELLOR and his professional colleagues had formally approved the measure, their authority would have weighed with suspicious members of the Bar. A vigorous Minister would use his majority to carry such a Bill; but the present Government is not prone to heroic enterprise. The QUEEN's Speech was unusually barren of promises, and even the meagre intentions of the Government seem likely to remain unfulfilled. There is a Valuation Bill which may perhaps escape defeat by its insignificance; but it is difficult or impossible to remember any other Government measure. Mr. CROSS, who has in former years displayed more practical energy than his colleagues, has confined himself to administrative duties.

The annual motions of private members have from time to time furnished the House with languid occupation. Sir WILFRID LAWSON on this occasion slightly varied the form of his usual motion by affirming in general terms the expediency of subjecting the trade in liquors to local control. In other words, members who wished to court Temperance Societies and not directly to offend the publicans were invited to vote for the Permissive Bill in a slightly disguised form. Mr. FORSTER thought the opportunity favourable for forming an alliance between the Liberal party and the Temperance fanatics; but Lord HARTINGTON, with a clearer perception both of the meaning of the Resolution and of party interests, condemned Sir WILFRID LAWSON's illusory proposal. The Government found a pretext for neutrality in the supposed necessity of waiting for a Report of the Lords' Committee which, having since been published,

...light on the subject of public-houses. The ... inclines to the Gothenburg scheme, which ... enable a municipal Corporation to deprive a mi... of the population of the use of fermented liquors. ... experiment would, if it were made legal, prob... be tried by the dominant faction at Birmingham, ... might perhaps find pleasure in withholding beer ... spirits from the unfortunate Conservatives who are ... ady excluded from public employment. In course of ... e it will probably be found that philanthropic busy... dies have greatly exaggerated the evil which they ... propose to redress. The most considerable debate at the instance of a private member was raised by Mr. TREVELYAN on the county franchise. If Lord BEACONSFIELD at any time meditated a fresh extension of the suffrage, he has probably by this time ascertained that his party would not repeat, even at his bidding, the hazardous experiment of 1867. The division almost exactly followed the boundary lines of parties, although Mr. LOWE and two or three other Liberals retain their conscientious objection to the new article which Lord HARTINGTON has added to the Liberal creed. Whenever the present Opposition recovers office, household suffrage will be extended to counties, to be converted on an early occasion into universal suffrage. Mr. COURTNEY proposed a farther dilution of political responsibility in the admission of female householders to the franchise. The House was not inclined to reverse the system which has prevailed in all ages and countries with the exception of the interesting Territory of Wyoming. The oddest incident of the debate was a speech by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER on behalf of the rights of women. A proposal for the establishment of household suffrage instead of a 4*l.* franchise in Irish boroughs might perhaps have been accepted with little perceptible deterioration of many of the constituencies; but it seems that the degradation of the suffrage would have excluded from all share in the borough representation the Protestants who, as Mr. BIGGAR lately declared, are not to be regarded as Irishmen. With the return of the Liberal party to power, the 4*l.* franchise, like many other institutions, is destined to disappear.

The most remarkable peculiarity of the Session consists in the unwonted silence of Mr. GLADSTONE. He has left to other speakers the exposition of opinions on the Zulu war which may be easily conjectured, and he has perhaps been unwilling to compromise the public interest by premature discussion of European and Asiatic complications. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE still commands the respect and regard of all parties by his knowledge of business, his equable temper, and his unfailing honesty and sincerity; but since the retirement of Lord CRANBROOK from the House the debating power of the Ministerial bench is unprecedentedly small. Lord HARTINGTON, if not a great orator, constantly gains in political aptitude, in confidence in himself, and in decision. Throughout the Session he has never missed an opportunity of damaging the Government, though he seldom deviates from moderation. Mr. LOWE, Mr. GOSCHEN, and Mr. CHILDERS have not in general taken an active part in debate; Sir W. HARCOURT meets with no equal opponent among the Ministers and their supporters; Sir CHARLES DILKE is rapidly attaining a high Parliamentary position. It is possible that when the Conservatives are liberated from the restraints of office, the younger members of the party may in their turn become formidable critics and assailants. Mr. STANHOPE and Lord GEORGE HAMILTON will have had the advantage of official experience; and Lord SANDON has the additional claim to attention which belongs to the rank of a Cabinet Minister. It cannot be said that, as a Secretary of State, Sir M. H. BEACH has hitherto increased his Parliamentary reputation.

THE GREEK QUESTION.

THE settlement of the Greek frontier threatens to be almost equally troublesome with the more imperative clauses of the Treaty of Berlin. The Congress indeed did its best to render the claims of Greece innocuous by expressly defining its interference as a mere recommendation which was to have no coercive force. At the time the French Plenipotentiaries concurred in the limitation; but it happened that they had chosen the patronage of Greece as the occasion for re-entering the field of diplomatic activity. Since 1871 France had deliberately and even ostentatiously declined to incur any new international liabilities. During the Russian invasion of Turkey, and in the subsequent negotiations, the French Government professed to observe an impartially benevolent neutrality. Lord SALISBURY was the first to propose the qualified admission of Greek representatives to the Congress; but the delegates found that their demands were more heartily supported by France than by England. The Russian Plenipotentiaries, though they perhaps felt little good will to Greece, were ready to approve any sacrifice which could be imposed on Turkey. Germany was indifferent to the cause of Greece, Austria was unfriendly, and Lord BEACONSFIELD and Lord SALISBURY were compelled to attend to still more pressing matters. M. WADDINGTON, remembering the share which his country had taken in establishing Greek independence, proposed a considerable cession of territory by Turkey, and his colleagues were induced to accede to his suggestion on condition that the matter should be settled by negotiation between Greece and Turkey. It seems to have been taken for granted that the Turkish Government would offer no obstinate opposition, for Lord BEACONSFIELD stated some weeks afterwards that Greece would receive a larger accession of territory than Roumania, Servia, or Montenegro. His Government has since reverted to the original stipulation that the transfer should not be effected by force. Lord SALISBURY not long since announced a probable delay in the cession of territory. The Porte has made a counter proposal; but the Greeks, relying on the support of France, have refused to negotiate except on the basis of M. WADDINGTON'S proposal. French politicians now contend that, in disclaiming the employment of force, the Congress merely consulted the susceptibilities of the Turkish Government, without intending to deprive the Powers of the right to compel obedience.

It is extremely undesirable that there should be any interruption of the good feeling which has for some time past existed between England and France. The Republican leaders, though they gave no active aid to English diplomacy, habitually approved of the single-handed resistance which was offered to the encroachments of Russia. On the retirement of the Duke DECAZES from office, the relations between the Governments became closer; and the annexation of Cyprus, though it caused suspicion and jealousy in France, produced no actual rupture. It cannot be said that any predilection for England has blinded M. WADDINGTON to the supposed expediency of maintaining an equal rivalry. When the KHEDIVE engaged an English Minister to restore order in his finances, M. WADDINGTON insisted on the simultaneous appointment of a French Minister of Commerce; and he has since claimed and exercised an equal share of control over the acts of the Egyptian Government. It is perhaps in opposition to his wishes that the French AMBASSADOR at Constantinople has become an active partisan of Russia, and that he made an effort to settle the financial difficulties of Turkey by an already abortive scheme which was not communicated beforehand to his English colleague. The late speeches of Lord SALISBURY and Lord BEACONSFIELD on the question of the Greek frontier have provoked a kind of agitation for the accomplishment of the vague promises of the Congress. At the same time the English Government is reproached with its alleged neglect to place irresistible pressure on the Turks. The more urgent question of East Roumelia has probably superseded for the time the controversy on the Greek frontier. If the French Government is in a hurry to compel the cession, it will scarcely attain its object without the employment of force. The English Government has thus far merely advised the Porte to comply with the recommendations of the Congress. It is probably more difficult at Constantinople than elsewhere to do two things at a time. The Ministers, even if they are disposed to compliance with English counsels, are hampered by the uncertainty of their position, for a Vizier who urges unpalatable measures on the SULTAN is not unlikely to incur dismissal. M. DE FOURNIER has not in general been disposed to concert a policy with his English colleague.

The interests of Turkey and Greece are not perhaps irreconcilably opposed. It is better that a Greek population should be subject to the Government of Athens, while it is highly inexpedient for the Greek Government to encumber itself with the task of controlling turbulent Albanian tribes. There is no difference of opinion as

to the mistake which was committed half a century ago in confining the Greek kingdom within the narrowest possible limits. Its territories have since been augmented by the acquisition of the Ionian Islands; and the addition of a considerable part of Epirus and Thessaly will constitute a State of respectable dimensions. Although it is impossible accurately to foretell future political combinations, there is reason to hope that Greece will not be disposed to facilitate the extension of Russian influence and dominion. National and ecclesiastical differences tend to create unfriendly feeling between the Greeks and the Bulgarians. It is even possible that far-sighted Greeks might see their advantage in alliance with what remains of Turkey. They would all prefer that, until their own claims are ripe for assertion, Constantinople should belong rather to the Turks than to the clients of Russia; but it is not easy to persuade Turkish statesmen of the advantage which their Government might derive from further loss of territory. The loss of Bulgaria north of the Balkans and of other districts was the result of conquest. The claim of the Greeks is founded partly on ethnological considerations which are not recognized by the Turks, and more immediately on the neutrality which Greece had no excuse for violating. Perhaps the best reason of all is that the French are bent on obtaining a boon for their clients, and that they will probably sooner or later attain their object. If at any time the dispute with Russia and its dependencies is finally settled, a remaining diplomatic conflict with France would not be desirable. The Porte must be aware that in such a struggle it could expect no aid from England.

If collision with French policy is to be deprecated, there are also reasons for affording active support to Greece. No other minor State has at different times exhibited so strong an inclination to an English alliance. In 1827 a Greek historian states, in a passage quoted by Mr. GLADSTONE, that "all Greece anglicized" as a consequence of the treaty concluded for the emancipation of the country by England, France, and Russia. Not long afterwards Prince LEOPOLD of SAXE-COBURG was invited to be the first King of Greece, because he had become, by marriage and adoption, a member of the Royal family of England. Again, in 1862, the voluntary cession of the Ionian Islands produced a burst of gratitude which found expression in an almost unanimous desire for the succession of an English Prince to the throne which had been vacated by OTHO. The friendly feeling of the Greeks to England was the more remarkable because there had been more than one act on the part of the English Government which bordered on hostile interference. Lord PALMERSTON's strange blockade in vindication of the claims of Don PACIFICO had been followed by a peremptory refusal during the Crimean war to allow the Government of Athens to take advantage of the opportunity for attacking Turkey. After the declarations of Berlin, it is nearly certain that the Turks will be forced to surrender the territory which M. WADDINGTON induced the Congress to assign to Greece; and it seems scarcely judicious to leave to another Power, however friendly, the whole credit of the transaction. Friendly offices rendered to the Greek Government might probably conciliate the good will of the Greek population in Bulgaria and in the provinces which still remain to Turkey. Although sympathy with the losses and sufferings of Turkey is natural and laudable, it is not worth while to haggle for a few villages which the Porte may desire to retain beyond the boundary line which was devised by the French Plenipotentiary. The inhabitants of the disputed district would certainly prefer a Government of their own race and religion, even if they cannot expect immediate administrative improvement. There is in this instance no serious question of military positions or strategic advantages. There is little reason to apprehend war between Greece and Turkey, if a frontier satisfactory to the more aggressive State is once defined. Mussulmans who may be unwillingly compelled to transfer their allegiance to the Greek Government have no cause to apprehend the atrocious persecution which their countrymen have suffered from the Russians and Bulgarians. With the exception of some trifling skirmishes, there has been no war in the neighbourhood, and the Greeks are comparatively civilized. The English Ministers have never disavowed their former professions of sympathy with Greece, and they may properly advise the Turkish Government to yield to the pressure of France.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT AND T[HE] EDUCATION BILL.

THE irony of circumstances has brought M. WADD[INGTON], who was chosen to succeed M. DUFAURE as th[e] example of a really Conservative Republican, int[o the] most formidable conflict with Conservative ideas th[at the] Republic has yet been committed to. The Clerical p[apers] are full of episcopal petitions against the Governm[ent] Education Bill. One after another all the Archbishops [of] France have come forward, in their own names and [in] those of their suffragans, to denounce this unfort[u]nate measure. That it may become law in spite of a[ll] this opposition is quite possible; but, if it does, all hope of any *modus vivendi* being established between the Republic and the Church will be at an end. For the future the two powers will know no relation but that of open warfare. The Republic may win an apparent victory in the first instance, but from the moment it is won the process of undermining it will begin. The Church shares with Englishmen the gift of not knowing when she is beaten. In this instance the Church will have the best conceivable ground on which to renew the fight. She will have on her side every consistent Liberal—if indeed there be such a thing in France—and all the fathers of families who will be obliged to take their sons from the schools to which they have chosen to send them in order to place them at schools to which they do not want to send them. The controversy about liberty of education, after contributing its share of confusion to the Monarchy of July, and being laid to rest under the Republic of 1848, is now to be revived for the benefit of the Republic of 1870. If the question had been still unsettled, a Republican Government might conceivably have been forced to settle it. Even in that case it would have argued great unwisdom that they should have proposed to settle it in this way. Some allowance, however, might then have been made for the need of conciliating their supporters, and for the difficulty of doing this on any other lines than those of declared hostility to the Church. But M. WADDINGTON and his colleagues can claim no such excuse. The question had been settled as regards secondary education by the law of 1850; as regards University education by the law of 1875. It was as a matter of pure free will that the Government reopened the controversy. If Lord BEACONSFIELD had marked his accession to office in 1874 by bringing in a Bill to repeal the Elementary Education Act, he would have been thought to deserve whatever might have befallen his Ministry in consequence. M. WADDINGTON will not be able to escape a similar responsibility.

By the law of 1850 every Frenchman who can satisfy certain prescribed conditions of age, morality, and capacity is allowed to open a school. This law the Church has taken advantage of to a very great extent. The Jesuits especially have opened secondary schools in all parts of France, and as their traditional skill in education appears not to have deserted them, the schools in which they teach have become very popular and are largely attended. By the law of 1875 this freedom has been extended to the higher education. Certain conditions are prescribed under which Universities, or Faculties intending to become Universities eventually, may be opened, and in five cases these conditions have been complied with and Universities have been founded. In these also the Jesuits, and one or two other teaching orders, contribute a large proportion of the professors. None of these orders are recognized by the French law. They have no corporate character, and no rights except such as belong to their members individually. Thus the clause in M. FERRY's Bill which prohibits members of non-recognized Orders from teaching is ingeniously contrived to deprive both the secondary schools and the free Universities of the teachers without whose assistance neither schools nor Universities would be in existence. The sam[e] effect might be produced by a law closing these scho[ols] altogether; but this would preclude the Left fro[m] boasting its zeal in behalf of freedom of education. [M.] FERRY's Bill brings with it no inconvenient consequences of this sort. The private secondary schools are left quite untouched, so far as buildings and scholars are concerned. The one thing that the Bill touches is the teaching staff, and in touching this it only makes a single stipulation. But this single stipulation is all sufficient for the purpose. The teachers are practically all members of

ecognized Orders. The first school term after as become law may find the scholars in the as usual, but there will be no one there to give instruction. Their old teachers will still be close at but they will be forced to remain silent. They will all their other rights as French citizens—the law quarrel with them upon any point but one—but will no longer have the right to teach the children have been committed to them by their parents. chers are not made in a day; and, though the Church y hereafter checkmate the Republic by creating a dy of lay teachers, it would be a work of time, even she set about getting them together at once; and e is certain not to set about this until she is satisfied at there is no hope of getting the prohibition taken off. To forbid the Roman Catholic Church to employ the services of religious orders is to deprive her of her most potent instruments. If she could be convinced that the deprivation was final, she would fashion other instruments to take their place. But in the absence of this conviction the whole energy of the French Catholics will be devoted to getting the law altered, and, as a means to this end, to bringing the Government which enacted it into discredit.

The more closely the facts are looked into the more extraordinary will the action of the Government appear. What has the Conservative Republic to expect from such a policy? The answer probably is, greater union among the various sections of the Left. When the Government found themselves at the head of a motley majority, only a fractional part of which shared the opinions of the Cabinet upon any important question, they may be supposed to have asked themselves whether there was any measure upon which it would be possible to unite their supporters in the Chamber of Deputies. Unfortunately the Extreme Left is always ready to begin an anti-Catholic crusade, while the Moderate Left and the Left Centre are only deterred from taking part in one by considerations of policy. Undoubtedly, if the Cabinet had been well advised, they would have seen that considerations of policy make against M. FERRY's Bill. But the immediate advantage of uniting Liberals seems to have blinded them to the remote disadvantage of alienating Conservatives. Probably the day that the Bill becomes law will be the last on which they will be able to persuade themselves that they have consulted even their own interest as a Cabinet. The advanced Left will then have got from them all, and, more than all, that they ever hoped to get, and their next move will be to get rid of a Ministry which has already served the purpose for which it has been left in office. The authors of the Education Bill will have no well-wishers outside the Left; and when the Left chooses to put the Government into a minority, there will be no support to be had from the Right. When M. WADDINGTON and his more moderate colleagues find themselves no longer Ministers, the opportunity of forming a Conservative Republican Opposition will be lost. A gulf will have been fixed between the Republic and the Church which will, for the present at least, be fatal to any such combination. If the Legitimists or the Bonapartists had been asked to shape M. WADDINGTON's policy in whatever way would be most serviceable to their several causes, they might have drafted M. FERRY's Bill, and been thoroughly content with their work. It will be useless for a long time to come to contend that there is no necessary antagonism between the Church and the Republic. M. FERRY's Bill will be held to have proved to demonstration that there is such an antagonism. If the Bill had been introduced by a Ministry avowedly belonging to the advanced Left, comparatively little harm would have been done. Every one knows that the extreme Republicans are hostile to the Church; but hitherto there has been room for believing that this hostility does not extend beyond the extreme Republicans. It is impossible to assert this now that an eminently Conservative Cabinet—a Cabinet to which the Conservative element in the Republican party has contributed far more than its fair proportion of Ministers—has of its own free will introduced a Bill which aims at depriving the Church of all share in secondary education. No professions of good will, no assurances of protection, no disclaimer of hostile designs, can avail to rebut the overwhelming testimony of actual facts. Even if the Bill should be thrown out by the Senate, the main part of the mischief will have been done past recall. The secession of a contingent of Conservative Republicans strong enough to give the opponents of the Bill a majority would not relieve the leaders of the Conservative Republicans from the responsibility they have voluntarily assumed. It is the first great blunder of which the Republican party has been guilty, but it is a blunder of which it is not likely soon to exhaust the ill effects.

CHILI.

THE news that Chili had gone to war with Bolivia and Peru caused much disquietude to persons who hold the securities of the one Spanish Republic which has hitherto maintained a high character for honesty. Chili has for some time been struggling with financial difficulties, caused by the unfavourable conjunction of successive bad harvests, a heavy fall in the price of copper, and the depreciation of the currency. She has hitherto managed to fulfil her engagements punctually, and it seemed very disappointing that, at a moment when her solvency was imperilled, she should add the expenses of a war to her other embarrassments. But she has gone to war simply because her neighbours calculated that she would put up with any affront and any injustice rather than fight. It was only after a long struggle to avert a rupture that her patience finally gave way. Her bankrupt neighbours were determined to impose the most monstrous exactions on a State which they thought they might safely insult and oppress, because she might be trusted to bear anything rather than so involve her finances as to be compelled to break faith with her foreign creditors. As events have shown, they have carried their speculations a little too far, and at last the worm has turned. Generally, whatever may be the real motives of the parties to a war, there is some pretence of right on each side. It has been reserved for Bolivia and Peru to provoke a war with no other justification than that of a naked and frank desire to rob. It might have been thought that there was nothing which Spanish Republics could do that would astonish those who are familiar with their singular history. But there is something in the effrontery of Bolivia and Peru which transcends all that could have been supposed possible even in them.

The history of the events which have led to the war may be briefly summarized as follows. There was a strip of desert on the confines of Chili and Bolivia which was looked on as utterly worthless, and, while each claimed it, neither cared in the least about it. Guano was, however, found in 1866 on the seaboard of this no man's land, and it then became worth while to settle in which Power the ownership should be held to lie. A treaty was concluded by which it was agreed that Bolivia should own and administer the territory, but that one-half of whatever revenue might be collected from it should be paid over to Chili. Explorations showed that this strip of desert contained very valuable minerals. Deposits of nitrate, more especially, were discovered at a distance of something under a hundred miles from the coast, and a Chilian Company was formed to work them. Still further inland was discovered the great silver mine of Caracoles, and again Chilians devoted their money and energy to a business which proved very profitable. As Bolivia was recognized as the Government holding the territory, the Chilians engaged in these undertakings addressed themselves to the Bolivian authorities, and with regard to the nitrate deposits it was ultimately arranged in 1873 that the Chilian Company should be limited in the field of its occupation, so that a monopoly might not be created; but, on the other hand, the Bolivian Government solemnly undertook that for fifteen years no duties should be imposed on the export of nitrate. This was only an arrangement between private persons and the Bolivian Government; but in 1874 a treaty was made between Chili and Bolivia, by which Chili renounced its half share of the revenues, while Bolivia undertook that no duties beyond those existing at the date of the treaty should be imposed on Chilians working minerals in the territory; the time during which the treaty was to be in force being fixed at twenty-five years. Thus Bolivia became bound to Chili, in consideration of having first the ownership of the territory settled in her favour, and then of getting the whole instead of only one-half of the revenues, to carry out the arrangement by which no export duties were to be imposed for a term of years on the nitrate exported by the Chilian Company. This undertaking was observed faithfully until the beginning of last year, when the Bolivian

Government carried out a design it had long been meditating, and issued, without in any way communicating with Chili, a decree by which an alarming export duty was imposed on the nitrate which it had pledged itself should be free from any duty of the kind. The Chilian Government could not believe that so flagrant a breach of faith was seriously meant, and contented itself with remonstrating against the injustice. But its remonstrances met with no attention, for the Bolivians, knowing that they could rely on the assistance of Peru, in concert with which Power the decree had been issued, felt sure that Chili would yield anything rather than go to war. Stimulated by what seemed assured impunity, they thought that, if they were going in for robbery, they might as well do it wholesale, and actually published another decree confiscating the property of the Chilian Company for the benefit of their own precious State. This filled up the cup of outrage to overflowing, and Chili, having offered to refer the question to arbitration, and the offer being rejected, landed a force and occupied the seaboard of the territory which had been not so much the origin of disputes as the occasion of wanton injustice.

The course taken by the Bolivians is simple enough. They wanted money, and they thought they might safely screw it out of unresisting Chilians. But why should Peru interfere? The cause of Bolivia is really the cause of Peru, for the Government of Peru has been robbing on its own account, but found that it could not derive all the profits from its robbery that it expected. It has acquired by extortion the monopoly of nitrate production in its own territory; but it has not been able to drive the price of nitrate in the market to the point that it thinks desirable, because it has been checked by the competition of the Chilian Company. If it could but crush this Company, it might hope to make something out of nitrate which would surpass the wildest dreams of avarice. The way to do this was to get Bolivia to do precisely what it had done itself. The nitrate deposits in Peru belonged until recently to private owners. The Government thought it would like them for itself, and therefore put a prohibitive duty on the export of nitrate, informing the owners that, if they did not like to pay the duty, they might sell their property to the Government. Many of the owners were willing to sell, but others held out until a duty of a prohibitive kind was threatened, and then all succumbed. The Peruvian Government made a good thing out of this, but not a delightfully good thing. They had got an excellent business on favourable terms, but they had not got much more. Above all, they had not got that for which their souls most yearned—a handsome sum of ready money. This, it appeared, might be accomplished if only the yield of their nitrate fields might be made to appear great enough to cover a loan which should not only represent the cost of the purchase, but should include an odd million or two additional. For this purpose it was expedient that the price of nitrate should be controlled by the Peruvian Government. The more complete their monopoly the higher the price, and therefore the better the prospects of a satisfactory loan. But they did not own all the nitrate vineyards of South America. The Chilian Company was their NABOTH. They felt that NABOTH must be dispossessed. And they calculated with reason that the Bolivians were the kind of people who would be most happy to dispossess him.

Thus the war is merely a violent effort of two confederates, one of whom wishes to get money anyhow, while the other wishes to ruin an innocent neighbour in order that he may get a loan out by commanding the price of a particular article. Chili would not be a nation at all if it did not do its best to resist so iniquitous a scheme. It is better for the creditors of Chili themselves that Chili should resent this extremity of injustice. The national pride—a most just and legitimate pride—is the real basis on which the creditors have to rely, and a nation which could bear to be robbed because the robbers traded on its desire to be honest would soon sink low enough to believe no longer in the virtue of honesty. No doubt Chili runs a risk, and a great risk. War is proverbially uncertain, and the goddess of war thinks more of the largeness of battalions than of the justice of a cause. It must not be supposed that because Chili is wholly and indisputably in the right she is certain to win. If she loses, it may be after a struggle so protracted and costly that it will be quite out of her power to meet her engagements, altho[ugh if time] enough is given her, she may, even after a disastr[ous war,] pay back all she owes. On the other hand, it ca[n be] said that she has embarked on a reckless adventure. [She] is in possession of the disputed territory, where sh[e has] now at least two thousand good troops, and as all, or a[lmost] all, the inhabitants are Chilians, she can comm[and a] courageous and determined local militia, whom s[he is] arming, and who are fighting not only for their country, [but] for their most cherished possessions. Six hundred m[iles] of almost waterless desert divide the territory where s[he] is encamped from Bolivia. Peru can do nothing excep[t] by sea, and although the nominal force of the Peruvia[n] navy is much greater than that of Chili, the Chilians hav[e] a decided superiority in effective ironclads. A nava[l] engagement in which the Peruvians were worsted, and the failure of the Bolivians to transport an adequate force through the desert, might terminate the war. Peace might not be made at once, but Chili would remain in possession. All that can be said is that, if speculative possibilities are regarded, this may not improbably happen, and that, if justice is to control the wishes of mankind, this is what it must be ardently desired should happen.

PLACEMEN IN PARLIAMENT.

WHEN Parliament meets again the decision of the Committee on the Clare election will be questioned on plausible grounds. The interest of the inquiry is rather curiously antiquarian than either constitutional or practical. It matters extremely little who is member for Clare; and the Crown is unlikely to corrupt members by giving them colonial offices which are, in fact, not at its disposal. Mr. BERRY, Prime Minister of Victoria, who was the first witness examined, has come to England mainly for the purpose of asserting the entire independence of the colony. If he has a sense of humour, he may perhaps have been amused by a grave inquiry whether a nominee of his own came within the purview of a statute passed for the discouragement of corruption exercised by the Ministers in England. Sir BRYAN O'LOGHLEN, having been in his absence elected member for the county of Clare, afterwards accepted from the GOVERNOR, or rather from Mr. BERRY, the office of Attorney-General for Victoria. One condition of his tenure of office was his residence in the colony, which might have been thought incompatible with the discharge of his duties in the Imperial House of Commons. The electors of Clare are probably indifferent to representation as long as they can confer on a favourite candidate the titular rank of member for the county. It is not known whether Sir BRYAN O'LOGHLEN is anxious to retain a seat which he cannot effectually vacate if he has already ceased to hold it by acceptance of office. Under the Constitution an appointment to the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds is more certainly incompatible with the retention of a seat in Parliament than permanent absence from the United Kingdom on official service in a distant colony. Sir BRYAN O'LOGHLEN is not more incapable of discharging Parliamentary duties than a Governor of Madras who fifty years ago retained his seat on the ground that his commission was held under the East India Company, and not under the Crown. It is true that he was really appointed by the Cabinet, while Sir BRYAN O'LOGHLEN derives his title from a majority in the colonial Assembly. It has not been considered necessary in the course of nearly two centuries materially to alter the provisions of the Act which regulates the right of placemen to sit in the House of Commons, although during the interval the power of the Crown has been greatly diminished, while Great Britain and Ireland have been consolidated into a United Kingdom which has itself become the centre of an Empire spread over almost all parts of the world.

By the Act of Settlement, modified by one or two subsequent Acts, the holders of certain specified offices vacate their seats on appointment, but they are eligible for re-election. The incumbents of other offices, and of all offices which might be created after the date of the Act, were absolutely disqualified from sitting in the House of Commons. Only a few years ago the law was so far changed that no re-election has since been necessary on the transfer of Ministers from one Cabinet office to another. Secretaries of the Treasury and of the Admiralty and Under-Secretaries of State were not made subject to

...n the technical ground that their offices were ...d from the Crown, but under the respective ...f their departments. The Irish Act of Union pro... with perhaps superfluous caution, that officers ap...d by the Lord-Lieutenant should be considered ...ing office under the Crown. In the late inquiry ... contended that the functions of a colonial Go...or were analogous to those of a Lord-Lieutenant, and ... consequently, in default of special legislation, colonial ...isters were not within the meaning of the original ...t. The Committee seem to have held that the section ... the Act of Union was merely declaratory, and that ...ish officers would in any case have been supposed to hold ...eir appointments from the Crown. The Attorney-...eneral for Victoria receives a salary; he is theoretically selected by the Governor, who may also dismiss him; and it is admitted that the Governor would be compelled to obey an order from the Secretary of State directing him to appoint or to dismiss an Attorney-General or any other member of the Cabinet. For legal purposes it is not necessary to consider that the Governor must follow the advice of his responsible Ministers, who would resent as a gross violation of their privileges any interference of the Imperial Government. The Committee have thought it prudent to report their opinion without stating the reasons on which it is founded. They have declared that the office of Attorney-General of the colony of Victoria is an office or place of profit under the Crown within the meaning of the statutes in that behalf; and it follows that Sir BRYAN O'LOGHLEN, having accepted the said office, has thereby vacated his seat.

Sir ERSKINE MAY, who gave evidence at considerable length, evidently dissented from the conclusion at which the Committee afterwards arrived. He was fully justified in holding that the acceptance of office in a colony possessing a responsible Government had no kind of connexion with the evil which the English Act was intended to prevent. Before the Revolution the Crown frequently created offices for the express purpose of bribing members of the House of Commons. WILLIAM III., who sometimes found it expedient to follow precedents established by the STUARTS, put his veto on one of the Bills which were intended to check the practice of corruption. The Act which was ultimately passed excluded from the House of Commons the incumbents of new offices, while it was not thought necessary to exercise equal vigilance as to places already existing. One of the witnesses mentioned the case of one G. A. SELWYN, who vacated his seat on appointment to the office or offices of Chief Registrar, Examiner or Chancery Clerk of the Crown and the Peace in the island of Barbadoes. Mr. FORSTER, with laudable simplicity, observed to Sir ERSKINE MAY that "your "remark as regards such an office not being contemplated "by the Act would seem to me to apply quite as much to a "man taking office and residing in Barbadoes as it would "to the Attorney-General of Victoria." The Attorney-General of Victoria must reside in that colony, though, but for the decision of the Committee, the member for the county of Clare might be a perpetual absentee; but no such disability applied to the Chief Registrar of Barbadoes, who was no other than the famous GEORGE SELWYN, the friend of HORACE WALPOLE and of the notorious Duke of QUEENSBERRY. GEORGE SELWYN returned two members of Parliament besides himself, and he certainly never thought of setting foot in Barbadoes. He probably received a good salary in consideration of his three votes, and he furnished a typical illustration of the abuse which the Act was framed to prevent or discourage. Since his time two great changes have affected the relation between the Crown and its officers. The powers of the Sovereign are exercised by a Minister who represents a Parliamentary majority, and members are elected by independent constituencies whom they cannot afford to offend. GEORGE SELWYN was as certain of his seat for Gloucester and of his power to return two members for Ludgershall when he was Registrar of Barbadoes as before his acceptance of the sinecure. If Sir BRYAN O'LOGHLEN had been eligible for the county of Clare, his constituents would have had the opportunity at the next election of sanctioning or disapproving his tenure of office in Victoria. In the meantime he was under no temptation to pay undue deference to the Crown. Neither the SECRETARY of STATE for the COLONIES nor the Cabinet in general had earned his gratitude by conferring upon him any benefit or favour. Sir ERSKINE MAY in several of his answers called the attention of the Committee to the spirit of the Act; but, if they rightly interpreted the letter of the law, they were perhaps right in confining their attention to the text. It happened that there was a conclusive objection to Sir BRYAN O'LOGHLEN's retention of the seat if the functions of the Committee had been legislative and not judicial. A technical excuse relieved them from a technical incapacity to disqualify an absentee.

It seems that the Constitution of Victoria has borrowed the provision of the English law that a Minister on his appointment shall vacate his seat as a representative. Sir BRYAN O'LOGHLEN had to seek re-election to the Assembly on the same occasion which has disqualified him for a seat in the Imperial House of Commons. The framers of the English Act could not possibly have foreseen the double disability. It would have been difficult at the beginning of the eighteenth century to imagine the form of colonial government which has been tried during the present generation. The North American Colonies, indeed, profited by a wholesome neglect to govern themselves; but in theory they were subject to the control of the Crown and Parliament. During the contest between the Council and the Assembly of Victoria, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, though nominally a member of the Parliament of the United Kingdom, distinguished himself by the vigour of his threats of secession if the Home Government should venture to afford any support to the weaker branch of the Legislature. The confirmation or avoidance of his place as member for Clare may be regarded with perfect indifference; but the decision of the Committee, if it is adopted by the House, will remove a paradox or anomaly. There is no reason to apprehend a frequent recurrence of the difficulty. Even an Irish constituency will not often choose a member who has transferred his domicile to a distant country; and it is not certain that the electors of Clare when they chose Sir BRYAN O'LOGHLEN knew that he had determined to expatriate himself. His appointment to office in his new country was an accident, though it has given rise to the present inquiry. If his party in Victoria should be driven from power, or if he should himself resign or be dismissed, he would once more become eligible to the House of Commons. Investigations such as that conducted by the Committee are historically interesting or amusing, being founded on the convenient fiction that where the letter of the law has not been altered the Constitution has been exempt from change. When Mr. BERRY invited Sir BRYAN O'LOGHLEN to enter his Cabinet, the QUEEN was, by construction of law, supposed to exercise over the new official an influence which rendered him unfit to hold a seat in the House of Commons.

SIR ANTHONY PANIZZI.

THE death, at an advanced age, of Sir ANTHONY PANIZZI has recalled to the English public how great were the services rendered to it by a man who in his day did perhaps harder work, and certainly received more abuse, than falls to the lot of most of its servants. That he very much improved the Library of the British Museum, that he invented and executed a new and admirable catalogue, that he planned a handsome reading-room bearing his name, and that he was knighted and retired on a full pension, are the salient points in his career which it is easy to remember. But his death has called into print some of those excellent biographical sketches which are kept in stock to await the moment when men of eminence expire; and there was much in the character and in the history of PANIZZI to awaken special interest when the full story of his life was told. He had the misfortune to be born a subject of the Duke of MODENA, and when he was quite a young man the Duke of MODENA thought it would be advisable to put him to death. The gallows was set up; the executioner was ready; but the prisoner escaped, and after a stay in Switzerland got safely to England. Fortunately he carried with him an introduction to Mr. ROSCOE of Liverpool, the historian of Italy, and the generous friend of Italians. With the help of Mr. ROSCOE's protection PANIZZI managed to support himself, until BROUGHAM, who was then getting up the University of London, thought he would do very well for his Italian professor. This was rather a tribute to his merits than a refuge from starvation, and BROUGHAM, finding that his promis-

ing professor could not keep body and soul together on his professorship, got him appointed to a minor post in the Museum Library. He had turned to account the abundant leisure which his unremunerative professorship had forced on him, and had made himself known by editions of Italian authors and dissertations on their writings. He became favourably known to the great Whig group of notabilities, literary and political, which was then flourishing in all its glory, and his merits or his friends so impressed Lord MELBOURNE, that in 1836 he was made Keeper of Printed Books. This irregular advancement of a foreigner who had been thrust into the library department in order that bread might be found for him caused much natural jealousy; and all that could be said by those who advanced him was that, if his advancement was not in the regular groove, his capacities for doing good service were equally unusual. They appealed from PANIZZI as he then seemed to be to PANIZZI as he would be known to be when time had given him a fair opportunity of showing his excellence. The event amply justified their anticipations. He lived to show that the one man who had it in him to transform the Museum Library had been selected for the task. As a rule, Lord MELBOURNE was not very fortunate in his appointments, and his Whig friends were more often occupied in tormenting him into jobs than in stimulating him into recognition of budding promise; but, at any rate, it may be said of him that he made THIRLWALL a bishop and PANIZZI a librarian.

The success which PANIZZI achieved was won partly by his knowing what to do, and partly by his love of fighting and his strength as a combatant. It appears simple to say that a national library to be good must fulfil three conditions. It must be complete, it must be methodically arranged, and it must be accessible. But until the rule of PANIZZI was established the national library of England was very incomplete, it was destitute of anything that could be called a catalogue, and those who visited it received a very poor welcome. PANIZZI doubled the library, made a catalogue which good judges hold to be a marvel of skill, and seated his visitors in a spacious and commodious room. When he had once got the Trustees to sanction the expenditure, and had hit on a good plan for his reading-room, the last of these tasks was not one of any great difficulty. But to make a good catalogue is a work of art. It demands a perception of all the intricate problems raised by the proper arrangement of books. Like the human mind from which they flow, books present some obvious divisions; but these divisions run into endless cross-divisions. Which of these cross-divisions to recognize and which to ignore is the standing puzzle of a librarian, and the greatest success he can achieve is to realize the reasonable anticipations of a student who has endeavoured to look on all literature as a great whole. It is impossible that a catalogue should be perfect if the library is extensive, since if it aimed at too nice a perfection, it would be so voluminous as to be practically useless. The maker of the catalogue has triumphed if he has got as far on the road to scientific perfection as the limits of practical utility will allow; and, if it is too much to say that PANIZZI got to the last stretch of what is possible in this direction, he at any rate got further than any one had done before him. Here, again, as he was competent to the task, and had not much difficulty in being allowed to show that he was competent, the obstacles to success were such as, being given the opportunity, he was sure to surmount. The fight of his life was over the question whether the library should be complete. Here, again, he knew, as none of his predecessors knew, what a complete library means. Books do not rain on a librarian through the ceiling. They have to be bought, or they have to be demanded where there is a right to demand them. PANIZZI found that foreign books must be bought, and that English books might, when published, be demanded by the British Museum. But the right had been allowed to fall to a great extent into desuetude, and PANIZZI had to fight publisher after publisher before he could get it generally recognized. There was a wild outcry against the attacks made on honest English tradesmen by this pushing and tyrannical foreigner. PANIZZI merely went on fighting until his victory was complete, and the outcry died away. With regard to foreign books, PANIZZI had the advantage, with his comprehensive knowledge of European literature, of being able to suggest what books ought to be bought. But the trustees had to find the money; and, although the trustees are as a rule men with views sufficiently elevated to wish for a complete library, only spend what Parliament allows them to spend, buy more foreign books meant asking Parliament for money, and this is not a very pleasant process. PANIZZI did may be described by saying that he g the Trustees into getting from Parliament the which he wished them to spend.

Although he spent all his life from early manhood old age in England, PANIZZI never ceased to be an Itali and was as devoted to the cause of liberated Italy as if had remained in his country, and had watched his ow Duke crossing his frontier for the last time. He was th friend alike of CAVOUR and GARIBALDI, and had the offer o high office if he would return to Italy. He very sensibly thought that, if he might be valuable as a politician, he was invaluable as a librarian, and that he had better stick to the sphere in which he was supreme. But he never became an Italian transmuted into an Englishman; he remained always a foreigner in the service of the English Government. It is not much in the habits of the English Government to accept the service of foreigners. France has really welcomed foreigners, and Russia has liberally employed them so long as it was obliged from its barbarism to seek assistance in administration from outside. PANIZZI was employed not from any wish to do honour to an illustrious exile, but simply because he was much the best man that could be got. He was selected to buy and arrange books because there was no one else who knew equally well how to do it, just as VANDYKE was selected to paint portraits in the reign of CHARLES I. because no one else could paint them so that the picture should be worth having. There was no advantage to PANIZZI in being an Italian. He knew perhaps more about Continental literature than most Englishmen, and he probably owed this knowledge in part to his being an Italian. But every learned man starts with some special knowledge, and it could not have been difficult to find Englishmen who knew as much of literature generally as PANIZZI knew. It may perhaps be also true that as a foreigner PANIZZI was less in awe of English great people than an Englishman would have been, and that his audacity was partly due to his happy ignorance of our conventionalities. But, on the other hand, he was exposed to much jealousy and detraction merely because he was a foreigner, and many of the trials of his life would have been more easily surmounted by a native. Possibly one reason of such toleration or notice as he received was that during the greater part of his life Italy was more pitied than respected. The moral of his story is not that a nation gains especially by employing foreigners, or that it is a special gain to foreigners to be employed, but that all the world gains when a man endowed with signal faculties in any one line gets the opportunity of making his power known and felt.

INDIA AND LANCASHIRE.

ON the last Friday before the Easter recess both Houses were occupied with the subject of the cotton manufacture in India. In the Lords the need for some legislative protection of the women and children who work in the Indian mills was appropriately insisted on by Lord SHAFTESBURY. That the need exists is not a matter that admits of any doubt. The arguments of those who maintain the contrary have the serious fault of proving too much. If some of the evidence quoted by Lord CRANBROOK is to be accepted as trustworthy, Indian manufacturers must be altogether exempt from the weaknesses to which manufacturers of other countries have been uniformly found liable. No reason is assigned for this extraordinary moral pre-eminence. It is not denied that in English mills women and children would be worked a great deal longer than is good for them if it were not that the law has interfered to prevent it. But we are asked to believe that when the owner of the mill is a Parsee, and the mill itself is in Bombay or Bengal, nothing of the kind is ever practised. Even the courage which has not shrunk from propagating these fictions has been unequal to denying that in India the mills run seven days to the English six. The Indian manufacturer is happier than the English in not being troubled with Sundays. The very thought of this superiority is almost enough to make a Lancashire millowner embrace a religion which is free from the superstition

...rest. Considering that the condition of India is very much more dependent than in ...try, it seems reasonable to assume that they ...least as great a need as English women of pro-...n against their parents or husbands. The objection ... is brought against factory legislation at home, that ...ts grown-up women as if they were still children, is ...s applicable in India than in England. When women ... all respects put on a level with men in this country, ...ill be time enough to consider whether Indian legisla-...n ought not to proceed on the same principle. Till ...at time comes, a principle which is held to be good enough ...r England will be good enough for her dependencies. It ...s true, no doubt, that the application of the principle to India will be attended with many special difficulties. If Lord SHAFTESBURY had introduced a Bill to carry out the object he has at heart, this would have been a formidable objection. Inasmuch, however, as he only proposed that the VICEROY should be instructed to take the necessity of passing a Factory Act into immediate consideration, it has no weight whatever. The details of such a Bill must undoubtedly be determined in India, but Lord SHAFTESBURY was in no way stepping outside his own province in proposing that the Government of India should be instructed to take the work in hand at once. Lord CRANBROOK was able to give a more conclusive reason for the motion not being pressed, in the fact that the Government of India have drawn up a Bill on the subject, which it may be presumed will be submitted to the Legislative Council as soon as the authorities have time to think of anything except the Afghan war.

In the Commons the Lancashire manufacturers succeeded in making a night of it. The great doctrine that the Empire was made for Manchester and not Manchester for the Empire was never more boldly preached than by Mr. BRIGGS. A good deal has been said lately about the unsatisfactory state of Indian finance, and the difficulty of devising new taxes to meet new deficits. In Mr. BRIGGS's opinion the question is simplicity itself. The repeal of the import duty on cotton goods is the one thing needful. It is not, Mr. BRIGGS declares, the Lancashire millowners who would benefit by this repeal. If they take any part in the agitation, they do so merely as attorneys for a mysterious personage called the Lancashire producer. He apparently is in a very bad way indeed. Left to himself, he would ask nothing better than to supply the millions of toiling Hindoos with cotton goods at the lowest remunerative prices. But this hideous duty comes in to cripple his power of doing them service. The addition of five per cent. to the cost of imported cotton goods gives the Indian manufacturer just the advantage he wants, and starts him happily on a career of successful competition. This would be bad enough by itself; but his Indian rival must needs add insult to injury, and declare that it is not the duty that enables him to undersell the Lancashire producer, but the incurable disposition of this same producer to send out a preparation resembling whitey-brown paper in substance and composed chiefly of china clay. Mr. J. K. CROSS became quite epigrammatic under the stimulus of this cruel accusation. Unfortunately epigram does not supply the place of argument, however much it may adorn it; and Mr. J. K. CROSS cannot need to be told that the statement that, from the commencement of the cotton manufacture until now, no single piece of cotton goods has been made without a proper mixture of size, does not in the least disprove the statement that, in the later periods of the cotton manufacture, a large number of pieces have been made with very much more than the proper mixture of size. Another Mr. CROSS has given, in a letter which appeared in the *Economist* some weeks back, the exact statistics of this process. Originally, he says, a piece of calico would contain ten per cent. of size; but upon that proportion manufacturers have steadily improved, until now it is not uncommon to find seventy-two per cent. of size in goods of professedly the same quality. The Indian consumer is quite competent to distinguish, after a few experiments, between cotton and plaster of Paris regarded as alternative materials for shirts; and until Lancashire returns to honester ways there is no reason to expect that the repeal of the Indian cotton duties will make any appreciable difference in the Indian demand for Lancashire goods.

Still the import duty on cotton goods is in many ways an objectionable duty, and no one contends that, if the finances of India were in a sufficiently prosperous condition, it would not be right to repeal it. We may go further than this, and say that it has not yet been conclusively made out that, even in the present condition of Indian finance, a less objectionable duty might not be discovered. But no concessions of this kind will meet the demands of the Lancashire agitators. If it could be proved to demonstration that the result of repealing the cotton duty would be to necessitate the sale of one Hindoo in every hundred as a slave, their advocates in the House of Commons would no doubt be ready with a plea that it was better for one man to lose his liberty than for ninety-nine to buy their shirts of the wrong makers. It argues some boldness in Lancashire members that one after another of them should have risen to maintain that these duties ought to be repealed in presence of an admitted Indian deficit and of a large impending addition to Indian expenditure. They might perhaps have gone through the decent form of suggesting an alternative way of raising the money. But they were quite above any such pretence. Deficit, debt, crushing and unequal taxation—any one of these contingencies would apparently be preferable in their judgment to the maintenance, even for a single year longer, of a duty of five per cent. on imported cotton goods. The exhibition was all the more striking because the Government has actually taken off a part of these duties in preference to abolishing the duty on rice—a tax which, in the judgment of most political economists, is far more objectionable, considered as a mode of raising revenue, than a moderate duty on imports. Lancashire has got her half-loaf before she ought to have had it, and now her disinterested representatives are clamouring to have the whole loaf at once. Mr. NEWDEGATE oddly enough voted in favour of the Lancashire demand, by way of a hint to the colonies that they are not entitled to levy protective duties against the mother-country. The colonies will be more apt to see in this superb indifference to the interests of India where Lancashire profits are concerned substantial cause for self-congratulation that the mother-country has resigned the right to say what duties they may not levy.

THE POSITION IN AFGHANISTAN.

WHETHER or not a further advance is to be made from our present position in Afghanistan towards Cabul, it seems certain that the existing line occupied by our troops represents pretty nearly the position which moderate men would recommend as that to be permanently taken up, for securing and establishing what some have been pleased to call a scientific frontier. When we say moderate men, we mean moderate men among those who belong to the school which advocates an advance of some sort beyond the line heretofore held. Those who are for keeping to our present frontier as soon as the war is ended would indeed probably say that they alone really deserve to be styled moderate. They do not deny the necessity of the war, or the need, if war was necessary, of making it offensive war, and pressing the enemy until he sues for peace. But they consider that this temporary advance need not necessitate a permanent occupation of any part of Afghanistan, and that we should be stronger in every way, both financially and in a military point of view, by concentrating our military force along the present frontier, than by spreading it over an extended line of difficult country in advance. They say that it would be cheaper and more effective to go into Cabul with an army whenever necessary—say, once in ten years—than to stay there. It is certainly not a little perplexing to find the merits of the two schemes so hotly contested, and to read the gloomy predictions uttered of our political condition in the future by each side, if the policy advocated by it be not adopted. Nothing is more striking in the controversy than that so many men who have precisely the same data on which to form their judgments, who have had large experience of Indian affairs, and whose reputations stand equally high for intelligence and discretion, should come to diametrically opposite conclusions upon the Afghan question.

The objections to the forward policy are as obvious as they are formidable. In the first place, the different advanced positions we now occupy are not only independent of and detached from each other; they are separated by long distances, amounting in the case of the Koorum and Candahar forces to some hundreds of miles. Thus they afford no mutual support, but each must be self-contained and able to hold its ground by itself. They no more form parts of one tactical system of operation than would two armies operating in Italy and Switzerland. Further, enough has already happened to show that the position at Jellalabad, at any rate, is a very troublesome one, by reason of the tribes occupying the mountains between it and Peshawur. The force massed along that line is far larger than the army with which Lord Lake conquered Hindustan; yet we cannot even ensure that the telegraph shall be respected; no one is safe for a moment outside

a British post, and hardly within it; right and left of our line is a region in which we dare not set foot unless moving with large columns. We have neither bought nor conquered the submission of the mountaineers who now perpetually menace our flanks. It is palpable that to establish the Peshawur-Jellalabad line as a safe one will be a great undertaking, of which we have hardly as yet made a beginning. In the Koorum valley, the General holds merely the ground occupied by his camps; the real conquest of the country has still to be made. In the direction of Candahar there has been less opposition; but here nature herself opposes the difficulty of a long line of barren and difficult country, part of it intolerably hot in summer, and part excessively cold in winter, along which communication can be kept up only at a great cost and sacrifice of life, at any rate of the beasts of burden which alone can now be used for transport. Even if a road for wheeled carriage were constructed from the valley of the Indus to the neighbourhood of Candahar, it is very doubtful whether food could be provided by the way for the bullocks to be used as draught cattle. Indeed there seems to be only one practicable method of maintaining satisfactory communication with Quetta and Candahar, and that is by a railway. This might probably be constructed very cheaply for the greater part of the way in that almost rainless country; and, a railway once made, the peculiar difficulties due to the absence of water and cultivation along a great part of the route will practically disappear. If Candahar or its neighbourhood is to be permanently occupied, a railway from the Indus to the new frontier must be made sooner or later; it had much better be made sooner. It will, however, be a dead weight on the finances of India, for such a line can never pay a fair dividend; but it will be much less of a burden than would be involved in trying to keep our troops in Afghanistan supplied by any other means.

Another cause of expense will be the inevitable increase of the Indian army. The *Times*, indeed, suggested the other day that, the scientific frontier being now attained, the Indian army should be at once largely reduced. But then the *Times* has been outdoing even itself of late in the puerile weakness of what it publishes about India. Within the last few days it objected to an advance on Cabul under any circumstances. Having got the new frontier that we want, why, asks the *Times*, go beyond it? According to this view, the Germans, having overrun Alsace and Lorraine in the late war, and meaning to keep those provinces, ought not to have made any further advance, but should have been content with occupying their conquests, and holding them for ever against the French. The *Times*, in short, cannot perceive that there is any difference between holding a line of frontier by force, as the Romans kept off the Picts and Scots from England by their wall, and holding it peacefully with the consent of the beaten Power; and is unable to understand that it may be necessary, in order to obtain the distinct acquiescence of the ruler of Cabul in our new position, which is a condition requisite for holding it in quietness undisturbed by aggressions, to make a temporary advance beyond that point, in order to compel that ruler to accept regular conditions of peace. All those who know anything about the matter are well aware that a permanent increase of the Indian army must be accepted as a necessary consequence of occupying any part of Afghanistan. Some reductions may possibly be made of our former frontier garrisons, but these will at most be quite inconsiderable compared with the requirements of the new territory for additional troops. In fact, it is not easy to see the way to any reduction at present in the force now in occupation of the country, and that includes practically almost the whole fighting strength of the native army. It must be added that service in Afghanistan will be very unpopular with the native army in time of peace, although probably the European soldier will prefer it to an Indian station. Nor is it easy to see how regular reliefs are to be provided, so large will be the proportion of the Bengal army which must be permanently maintained beyond our present frontier. Further, besides the permanent expense involved in the occupation of Afghanistan from this cause, there must in any case be a large outlay in building barracks for the troops. Even if the army does not need to be increased, still its distribution will need to be greatly altered. Now the expense of barracks for European troops on the Indian pattern is enormous.

In the present state of the Indian finances those who are responsible for them may well feel aghast at the prospect of fresh burdens on an impoverished treasury which an occupation of Afghanistan opens out. But then it will probably be said in reply that, after all, it is a choice of evils It so happened that the present time was favourable for taking a decided course and putting our frontier policy once for all on a satisfactory footing. Had the present complication arisen at a time when Russia was less hampered by engagements elsewhere, or when a weaker policy was in favour at home, we might have found Russia practically in possession of the country before we were in a position to do anything, and, once there, it would have been impossible, or at best extremely difficult, to dislodge her. It is all very well, we may be told, to talk about going into the country whenever we choose; but a moderate amount of assistance from skilled agents would make an advance on another occasion a very different affair from what it has been on this; in fact, if properly defended, Afghanistan would be impregnable. Even now it is evident that Russia was prepared to play a bold game if we had given her a chance, and that we should have encountered a very different degree of opposition had our advance been deferred till the spring. And, after all, when we consider the circumstances which attended former annexations, is this one, it may so very alarming? When the annexation of tl under consideration, it must have seemed at the hazardous an undertaking as this is; yet we kno. annexation of the Punjab has immensely strengthened tary and political position in India. Now the subjug a portion of Afghanistan should not, it is contended more difficult task. The people are not united; apa the strength afforded by their mountain fastnesses, tl never shown themselves capable of making a formid fence; and, if a mountainous country is difficult to sub ought not, when once subdued, to be difficult to hold. Ti habitants cannot live on the rocks and stones in which their nesses are placed; occupy the cultivated parts, and they are at mercy. Admitting that it would be much better not to be un the necessity of taking this step, still—so the advocates of annex tion would argue—it is a choice of evils, and the only thing is look the matter in the face, and make the best of an unfortunat necessity. Such is the argument; and, though it completely ove looks the grave financial difficulties of the case, its plausibility may be admitted even by those whom it fails to convince or to satisfy. Let us at least hope that, if the permanent occupation of our present positions has been determined on, we shall not go about the business in a half-hearted way. It is no light undertaking to which we are invited to commit ourselves. The point to be aimed at, apart from the strategical arrangements, is the absolute pacification of the country. We should rest satisfied with nothing less than the same security to life and property here which obtains throughout the rest of India. To attain to this two things seem indispensable—the complete disarmament of the people, and the opening up of the country in all directions by good roads. But when all this is done, we still believe that it would be very much better if it were possible to leave it undone by avoiding annexation altogether. The advantages of annexation are at best extremely uncertain; the disadvantages—in the form of an increased army and great permanent increase of expense—are certain and most serious. A temporary advance to Cabul, undertaken from the exigencies of the campaign, though a sufficiently grave undertaking, would be of trifling importance compared with the financial and other consequences involved in the permanent occupation of Jellalabad.

COMPENSATORY ECONOMIES.

WE suspect that many men, we are sure that most women, take a positive pleasure in an occasional piece of meanness. They rejoice in the odd inconsistencies which Elwes, the notorious miser, exaggerated, when, as his biographer tells us, after gambling for thousands, he would walk out in the early morning to meet the droves of cattle from his Essex estates, and stand in a chilly drizzle of rain to higgle with a butcher over a shilling or two. If they do not launch out in reckless expenditure, shutting their eyes to the ruin that must inevitably overtake them—if they do not indulge in a manner of living that they know to be distinctly beyond their means—yet they are guilty from time to time of some unmistakable bit of extravagance. Then their conscience bothers them, more or less, and they seek to silence it and reassure their prudence by practising the consolatory doctrine of compensations. The worst of it is that the isolated or spasmodic act of retrenchment probably bears no sort of proportion to the excesses that have been its immediate motive, for either selfishness will be prompting them to some lavish self-indulgence, or else they are painfully persuaded that society is looking on, and likely to be sarcastic over their self-denying virtue. Thus, to pass from the abstract to the concrete, there is the question of railway travelling. Is a man to go first or second class? As to the matter of comfort, there can be no arguing at all; for we set aside as too contemptible for notice the paltry and transparent pretexts of those who declare that second-class compartments are cooler in the summer, and that the undeniable hardness of the leather seats is counterbalanced by their superior healthfulness and cleanliness. We have even the advantage of knowing one gentleman who has the hardihood to aver that you meet incomparably more cultivated society in what Artemus Ward was wont to call "the string of second-hand coffins," since curates have all taken to travelling by them. This shallow sophistry is of course absurd. If a man is poor, and thinks it more prudent to take even a third-class ticket, there is an end of it as far as he is concerned. We can only respect his motives, and hope he has the means of providing himself with a portable india-rubber cushion. For ourselves, if our banker's balance chanced to be tolerably satisfactory, we should risk that contamination of the company of purse-proud millionaires which our ingenious friend so strongly protests against, knowing that at all events we should be safe from the half-drunken roughs who make travelling horrible from their most objectionable habits. But we have personally experienced what it is to discuss the point between modest economy on the one side and comfort and the conventionalities on the other. In England, in our opinion, the debate is hardly an open one, if your finances are fairly flourishing and you are going a long journey. Our English railway directors have exerted themselves with creditable success to prevent one's compounding for their lower fares; moreover, independently of the inherent discomfort of the cheaper classes, the frequency of collisions makes it eminently advisable that you should embed yourself in padding as much as possible.

tinent, however, it is different. There in former days, beyond the frontiers of France and Belgium, the ordi-...lier was in the habit of regarding the sumptuous first-class ...s above his humble sphere. To live in conformity with the ...al use of them, one should have secured a suite of apartments ... first floors at the fashionable hotels, and sat down to little ...s served *en particulier*, with flasks of Veuve Clicquot ...loss Johannisberg at one's elbow. It was supposed to be a ...ing maxim of the German railway authorities that only ...es, ambassadors, and English fools took first-class tickets, ... their subordinates were instructed to make arrangements ...cordingly. Now all that is changed. The Teutons have so ...r fallen into the practices of their English visitors that you have ...xcellent reasons for shirking the second class. The second-class ...arriages are more cramped and more crowded than they used to be, and there are disagreeable restrictions upon smoking, without a sufficiency of special compartments for the many who indulge in tobacco. The traveller drives up to the station with the most severely economical intentions. He has gone in for the far-sighted extravagance of fortifying himself with an excellent dinner and an exceptionally good bottle of wine against the hardships of a night passed in the second class. He has sipped his coffee in the sublimity of his exalted resolution, and fillipod himself with a *chasse* of old cognac or curaçoa. In fact, in bracing himself up for self-mortification, he has unseasonably stimulated the sensual habit of body and the luxurious frame of mind. He hesitates on his way to the booking-window, and, hesitating, of course he is lost. He blurts out *Erste classe*, instead of *zweite*, and almost immediately repents his timid resolution. But, having taken the first fatal step, he gives a loose rein to his reckless impulses. Rushing out on the platform, he contemplates the carriages, feeling fastidious about comfortable and uncomfortable corners, and severely scrutinizing the aspect of his miscellaneous fellow-voyagers. He may as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb. The extra tariff for a *coupé* is a bagatelle, and so he pays it; and in one of the *coupés* he snugly bestows himself. But there are retributory thorns in the voluptuous cushions. He has been betrayed into the follies against which he had deliberately set his face, and has taken a more hopeless header than he had ever dreamed of. So he sinks for the time in his own estimation, till he is irresistibly prompted to do something for self-conciliation. If he is very much in earnest, he is not satisfied with barren regrets, but decides upon a deed of self-victimization. Declining to spend some coppers on the evening journal, he wraps himself up in his rugs in a glow of reviving complacency, or it is much more probable that he executes himself vicariously. He docks the guard of a half of the honorarium for which that obsequious attendant has been working so indefatigably; or he reduces the gratuities of the porters at his destination, or squabbles with the fiacre driver over the fare. He is at once ashamed of himself, and inclined to brighten up; and if he is happier it is because he is heartily ashamed of himself. But he flatters himself that the infinitesimal saving he has effected may set his mind at ease for the morrow over the sad indiscretions into which he had previously been betrayed.

We have taken a common instance by way of illustration, and in this case the economy has so far been harmless that it merely compromises the offender with people to whom he is scarcely bound either legally or morally. But we are perpetually meeting with exhibitions of a similar weakness in circumstances which are far less excusable and infinitely more foolishly short-sighted. When a man invites his friends to his house he should at least try to make them as comfortable as they are in their own homes. Yet, how often do we come across some trivial piece of parsimony that irritates one far more than it should do, simply because we feel it to be purely gratuitous. You are in a big country house, with troops of servants, and you know that your host has an ample income and lives easily within it. The dinner is abundant to excess, and the service and the cookery leave little to desire. You do not ask your entertainer to give you champagne, and you could very willingly dispense with it. But you are fretted internally towards the point of indigestion when you find that you are being put off with inferior gooseberry, or that you are left stranded high and dry among the *entrées*, after having been served with the frothing of a single glass. You would be content, in default of better, with a cheap and sound claret, but you do object to the acidity of a "Gladstone," especially when it masquerades in a delicate decanter that ought appropriately to be scented with Château Lafitte. Fiery sherry is an abomination, and a quick poison to boot, yet you may be doomed to choose between a dilution of vitriol and falling back on the contents of the water carafe. If you were dining with a poor parson, or a family man who was candid as to the narrowness of his means, you would grin and drink it, or fall back on total abstinence. But when a Dives is eccentrically frugal you feel that he has lured you to his halls on false pretences, and you resent his misplaced parsimony accordingly. So it is with the article of cream, which falls, by the way, more in the department of the ladies; and with the ladies, as we said at the beginning, there are more offences of the kind to be forgiven. We are aware that, in the opinion of connoisseurs, any admixture of cream is deleterious to the fragrance of coffee, and that the flavour of the most delicate teas is best brought out by a faint infusion of lemon. But there can be no question that cream is popularly considered an improvement to the average coffee and tea that are served in ordinary establishments. At all events, every guest should at least have the option of declining it. Yet, as a matter of fact, stinting you of cream is a common form of paltry avarice; and there are houses we have long learned to avoid, and houses too that boast of the excellence of their dinners, where, in place of ignoring milky fluids altogether, they unblushingly condemn you to boiled milk. More cold-blooded still is the vile fashion of fixing a hard and fast date for the first fires of the year. This might be all very well in the tropics, where the transitions of the seasons are absolutely to be depended on, and you know exactly what you may expect when the rains have once set in; but in a subtle and treacherous climate like our own it is a sheer refinement of cruelty. A man of chilly habit comes down of an autumn morning, shuddering under the influences of an easterly wind and a fast-falling thermometer. He congratulates himself as he makes a rush through the cold corridors on the prospect of basking before a genial blaze. To his intense disgust, the chimney-place is coalless, and he has to shiver through a miserable breakfast as best he may, with no prospect of circulating the blood save by violent exercise out of doors. This, of course, is a deliberate outrage that one can neither forget nor forgive, and a well-meaning hostess, with her inconsiderate parsimony, may have alienated a devoted family friend. We use the word "devoted" deliberately; for we maintain that the fault of interrupted relations lies altogether on her side, and not on ours. We are betrayed into a state of suffering which we would have done much to escape, and if the lady had desired to keep herself guiltless, the note of invitation ought to have contained, by way of postscript, a "N.B.—No fires."

We are persuaded that many really generous people are painfully conscious of a weakness which they find it impossible always to overcome. We remember a case in point in the life of the late George Hughes, written by his brother—a charming and unpretending little memoir of a loveable and most liberal man. We are told that Hughes was occasionally sensible of impulses of very inconsistent narrowness, and his habitual treatment for them was to fine himself promptly, by launching out into a piece of apparent extravagance. Smarting under his sensations of regretful remorse, he would buy his wife a diamond brooch or some other costly trinket. That was all very well with a man of easy means; but we should say that with most people the remedy is to be sought rather in watchfulness and prevention than in tardy atonement; and we are sure that we should have reason for personal rejoicing were some of our kindly-meaning friends to lay our observations to heart.

OUR LATEST SOUTH AFRICAN MISADVENTURE.

THE last reverse reported from South Africa will be universally regarded as an inauspicious opening of the new campaign, even when we bear in mind that the misadventure happened at the extreme end of the line from that by which the relief of Ekowe is to be attempted. A convoy of provisions was proceeding from Derby, in the Transvaal, due north of Zululand, to Luneberg, about forty miles to the south, and on the borders of that country, a post under Rowland's command. At the point where the road crosses the Itombe river it is even nearer to the frontier than Luneberg itself. A detachment of the 80th, apparently about one hundred strong, was sent out from Luneberg to bring in the convoy, but was detained for three days on the river owing to the difficulty of getting the waggons across. Sixty men were encamped, with the captain commanding, on the left, or Zulu, bank of the stream, when they were suddenly attacked by an overwhelming force of the enemy, and cut to pieces. Though the alarm had previously been given, they were apparently destroyed without even being able to make any resistance; and any loss sustained by the enemy must have been caused by the fire of the section of forty men who had remained on the opposite bank, and who thereon made their escape to Luneberg, an entrenched post held by a part of the 80th.

The loss of sixty men, although to be deplored when their lives are thrown away to no purpose, does not materially affect the relative strength of the opposed sides; but, coming after the first crushing defeat, it may easily have a very bad effect on the troops. These savages certainly understand the art of fighting in their own country. They do not look to drawn battles, or even to merely winning them; but are satisfied with nothing less than sweeping their opponents completely away, although the intermittent and fitful character of savage warfare is shown in their failure to follow up a success, even when it is complete. Had the hordes triumphant from their victory at Isandula turned on Lord Chelmsford's approaching force, and prepared a similar surprise for him, there is every reason to believe it would have been equally successful. Nor is their omission to do this, and their leaving the English general to resume his retreat to British territory unmolested, to be ascribed to the losses they had suffered; for, except before the entrenched post at Rorke's Drift, there is no evidence to show that these had been heavy; the slaughter at Isandula appears to have been mainly on one side. But this aptitude for turning the advantages offered by the country to the best account, by making these sudden raids on our detachments, renders the issue of the campaign for a time at least very doubtful, even now that the reinforcements have arrived. The whole of our system of warfare, with our slow-moving columns, our ignorance of the enemy's movements, and the need for carrying large supplies to meet our many artificial wants, involves the constant sending of convoys

under small detachments, for large ones cannot be spared; and if these are liable to be attacked unexpectedly, it is not easy to see how they are to defend themselves. An entrenched camp may be very useful when the body to defend it is of considerable strength, but a company or so of infantry could not make any defence of this sort which would be effective against so determined and numerous a foe; and, besides, the object of the convoy will not be accomplished if it halts to entrench itself indefinitely, instead of moving on. Thus far indeed the Zulus have not attempted anything like a flank march or operations in rear of our positions. The camp at Isandula was an advanced post, and the detachment now destroyed was nearer to the frontier than the place on which it was marching. But the Zulus have shown such an unexpected appreciation of the conditions of war that it would be foolish to presume on their not displaying some fresh instance of originality. Henceforward, we fear, until the present relative condition of the two sides has undergone material alteration, the attempt to move our troops about the country in small bodies will have to be abandoned. They must be advanced in large masses—large, that is, by comparison with the bodies which we have had available so far—and the military authority of the general will not extend beyond the limits of his camp. Moving in that difficult country, encumbered with supplies and baggage, in entire ignorance of the enemy's movements, obliged to advance and halt in line of battle, with the fear of another surprise constantly present to the general's mind—with such a slow and cautious manner of going to work the campaign may be spun out indefinitely. There is no visible reason why the Zulus should not be able to elude us as long as they choose. Truly, the contrast between the way in which we started at the outset and our present position would be sufficiently ludicrous if it were not so serious. Of our invading columns, one has not got ten miles into the enemy's country before it is almost cut to pieces, and the other, having penetrated five-and-twenty miles, is straightway blockaded, and that almost within sight of our own frontier.

The force which is going to relieve Colonel Pearson, or rather which should have done so more than a fortnight ago, is apparently composed of the column, some two thousand strong, collected for the purpose in the first instance, containing the 99th and part of the 88th, with the addition of the 57th from Ceylon, and the *Shah's* crew, and now still further supplemented by the 91st and the 3rd battalion of the 60th, a part of the reinforcements from England. The force, which is commanded by General Crealock, may comprise perhaps four thousand Europeans. That the advance was to be made before the whole of the reinforcements arrived is due of course to the extreme urgency of the need of relieving Pearson, who had only ten days' provisions left, and must be relieved at any cost. And probably five thousand men are as many as supplies and transport could be found for in one place; while a part of the reinforcements from England must be needed to strengthen the centre column at Helpmakaar, or rather to constitute a new column there, and a party will also no doubt be sent in the direction of Wood's post at Utrecht in the Transvaal. But five thousand men are none too many for the work that has to be done at Ekowe, albeit it consists in marching about two-score miles on a place plainly visible from the point of departure. The Zulus are now no doubt ready with their plan to intercept the relieving force, and the operation to be successful will require a due mixture of caution and boldness. Happily there is no instance in history of the British army arriving at that state which all the best Continental armies have passed through at one time or another, of being unable to fight at all. But it would not be surprising if recent events were found to have their effect, especially on troops newly landed, and which have only heard of, but not seen, the Zulus, whose prowess has probably lost nothing in the narration. Our troops in New Zealand had at one time distinctly lost spirit, and until we have gained some decided success we must not look for any extraordinary manifestation of dash. One thing would put matters straight at once—a general of genius. In war the effect of genius is hardly to be overrated. We are so little accustomed to see our generals show themselves more than respectable, commonplace men, that we are apt to forget what marvels real genius may work with an army. And a man who should divine the conditions of successful warfare in the novel circumstances now presented, and carry them out, would soon make an end of the business. In the absence of such an apparition among our senior officers, which we have no reason to look for, we must console ourselves by reflecting that we shall now have the aid of cavalry, which ought to give a great advantage against a foe that has none. But too much must not be expected from this accession. The horses will start in bad condition, and their riders will be quite unaccustomed to and inexperienced in the sort of work required of them. It is quite possible, indeed, that the resistance of the enemy may collapse as unexpectedly as it has arisen. It is not unreasonable to expect that a savage race, however capable of sudden efforts, will be wanting in persistence, and that, if a great and successful blow be once delivered, their defence may at once break down. But this way out of our present difficulties is not a thing to speculate upon, and it seems more reasonable to expect that our troops will have a task before them which will require all their energies, while the strongest support of all that could be given them, a general in whom they could have perfect confidence, is denied them. But, if the Government refuse to supply a leader, they would at least do well to be ready with more reinforcements, in reverses.

While deploring our own misadventures, a word about the enemy, who as a nation had done us no sought no quarrel, and who have struck these blows while their country against invasion. If they have the adva numbers, we must remember that they have no firearms wort ing of, and no guns. It has been said that troops cannot stand adays in the open against breechloaders, even when armed ther with the same weapons. But these gallant fellows are ready t our arms of precision with no better weapon than a lance. S determined bravery has seldom been shown; and, when we member that these men are fighting in self-defence, and in quarrel with which they have no concern, it is impossible withhold a feeling of admiration for them, savages and enemie though they be, while feeling, too, what splendid soldiers the would make, if enlisted on our side, for employment against any antagonist.

THE *DAILY TELEGRAPH* ON EASTER.

THE approach of Easter seems always to touch a sympathetic chord in the devout heart of the *Daily Telegraph*. Our contemporary is much addicted to frequenting functions—both Roman and "Ritualistic"—during Holy Week, and especially on Good Friday; and indeed it is partly, we believe, to this pious habit that we owe those striking works on the "Orthodox," "Heterodox," and other "doxical" aspects of the religious life of the metropolis which have been published by Dr. Maurice Davies. In the present instance we are left in some doubt as to how far the *Telegraph*, in its sudden access of devotion, has succeeded in clearly distinguishing between the Easter festival and the penitential season which precedes it. An elaborate leader on "holiday-making at Eastertide" appeared—somewhat prematurely one would have supposed—last Wednesday; and on the same day "our Special Correspondent" devoted more than two columns to "Paris at Eastertide," the alternative title of his article being "Palm Sunday on the Boulevards." We have heard of Protestants of an inquiring turn of mind going to High Mass on Easter Day, and being grievously disappointed at not seeing a donkey driven or ridden round the church during some part of the ceremony, there being a very prevalent impression that this belongs to the Roman Catholic manner of observing Palm Sunday. Perhaps the *Telegraph* and its Special Correspondent were not altogether free from a similar confusion of thought, though the latter is careful to give us the proper name of the day he is describing both in English and French—"Palm Sunday—*le Dimanche des Rameaux*"—and adds for our further information that it is "the first day of Holy Week." But this had not apparently occurred to him till he "had emerged from the North Terminus into the interminable Rue de Lafayette, the Upper Wigmore Street of Lutetia." The fact was then forced on his attention by the streets being "all agreen with branches of box-tree," which are, it is added, in French "*faisceaux* of the *buis bénit*"; and it struck him as unfortunate that we do not have these *faisceaux* in England—we almost thought the *Telegraph* had witnessed something of the kind in English churches before now—or rather that we do not keep our Christmas holly and mistletoe till Easter instead of consigning it to the dustbin. That would, however, be hardly the same thing. But it is time to return to the leading article, which comes before the Paris letter, and deals with our native observance of Eastertide, or rather with what used to be the sports, amusements and customs of our forefathers, of which we are told that "faint relics" only remain, at least to Londoners. In the country "an inherited conservatism" was maintained "if not intact, at any rate in a clear and consistent form." We should certainly be rather surprised to find that some of the customs specified are kept up, even in the country, "in a clear and consistent form," whatever exactly that may mean—for instance, "the custom of rolling young couples down Greenwich hill." Still more wonderful is the next ancient custom described, though it is not obvious how it can be kept up out of London. "It would greatly astonish the Dean of Arches and the Ecclesiastical Courts"—why it should astonish Lord Penzance more than other people is not explained—"if the Archbishop of Canterbury and other learned prelates were discovered playing at hand-ball on Easter Day in the gardens of Lambeth Palace, their opponents being the inferior clergy and the Ritualists for the time being." Whether the solemnity of spirit induced by the observance of Lent is supposed to have prepared the minds of the Archbishop and the Ritualists for this amicable interchange of amenities we do not know, but what is peculiarly perplexing is the statement immediately following that "such distinctly used to be the custom, if we are to believe the historians of old times." How it should have been the custom, distinctly or indistinctly, for mediæval Archbishops to play at bowls with the Ritualists in Lambeth Palace gardens is one of those things "no fellow can understand," until it is "distinctly" explained how the Ritualists, who are commonly reputed to have come into existence less than twenty years ago, can have attended, say, Stephen Langton's garden parties at Lambeth.

It is a great descent from the sports of mediæval primates and unborn Ritualists to hot cross buns. But the *Telegraph* is afflicted to

these degenerate days "the baker and confectioner ...oyal to Easter traditions"—that is, we presume, in ...For we have already seen that there are rural retreats ...newly-married couples are still rolled down the hill at ..., and the writer at once goes on to console us with the ...tion that "there is still a notion"—unfortunately in this case ...not "distinct" like the early Ritualistic hand-balls, but "half ...re and indefinite"—that it is unlucky not to wear new ... Easter Day. The indefinite notion appears, however, to equal to the occasion, and produces a very distinct and highly ...torial result, as avouched by the independent testimony of the ...orsetshire labourer: "Laste Easter I put on my blue Frock ...uoat, the vust time, vier new, Wi yaller buttons, aal o' brass, That glittered in the zun like glass, Bekiaze 'twer Easter Zunday." There is therefore a modest survival of lay ritualism, anyhow in Dorsetshire, connected with this sacred season. But there was till lately a survival "in the suburb of Twickenham" of a more directly ecclesiastical kind, which we can hardly hear without a pang of regret "has been abolished as degrading and superstitious by Act of Parliament." It seems that two great cakes were divided on Easter Day among the young people in the church. Why this practice should be superstitious we hardly see, nor is it likely that the young people—in other words, we presume the school children—felt any more degraded by their slice of the big Easter cake than by the Christmas buns which it is permissible to hope that no Act of Parliament has yet deprived them of. Another old custom may be fairly allowed to be more honoured in the breach than the observance, if, that is, we are to gather from the rather peculiar wording of the following sentence that such a custom formerly existed. "It is scarcely probable that the metropolitan police would permit a grand scramble for coppers thrown from the top of Paddington Church steeple; so it happens that antiquity dies at the command of order and increased population." There is something truly tragical in the idea of antiquity dying at the command of increased population; it should inspire archæologists with a respectful sentiment for the memory of Malthus. But we must find room for an interesting relic of antiquity which is said to have lasted into the present century, and indeed, in the more prosaic and secular form of tossing in a blanket, may be not wholly strange to the scholastic experience of some of our readers:—

At the beginning of the present century a learned antiquary relates how he happened to be sitting alone in his room on Easter Tuesday, at the Talbot Inn, Shrewsbury, when he was surprised by the opening of the door, and the sudden and unannounced entry of all the female servants of the establishment. They brought with them an armchair, lined with white, and decorated with many-coloured ribbons and favours. The excellent old gentleman, taken aback by these extraordinary proceedings, mildly asked what the women wanted to do. They answered very promptly that they only wanted to "heave him," and as it was the custom of the place they doubted not that permission would be granted. On which the excellent chronicler remarks, with much simplicity and considerable common sense, "It was impossible not to comply with a request very modestly made, and to a set of nymphs in their best apparel, and several of them under twenty." So they promptly seated the old gentleman in the armchair, "heaved" him without more ado, and concluded with kissing him all round. When the object of all this interest had paid a customary fee, the ceremony was complete, and the decorated maidens departed to discover another victim. But in Warwickshire, Manchester, Warrington, Bolton, and other places devoted to "lifting" or "heaving," the fun of the diversion was not confined alone to the female sex. Easter Monday and Easter Tuesday were known by the name of "heaving days," because on the former it was customary for the men to heave and kiss the women, and on the latter for the women to retaliate on the men, though it is slyly observed by a waggish commentator that "the women's heaving day was the most amusing."

A still older authority relates that it was a custom on Easter Tuesday for wives to beat their husbands, and on the next day for the husbands to beat their wives. The Wednesday part of the ceremony has unfortunately survived in full force to our own times, and it would probably be a relief to many wives—to say nothing of police magistrates—if it were confined to any one day in the year. We cannot follow the *Telegraph* through its learned and minute disquisition on the component elements of "tansy cakes," "pudding-pies," and Easter eggs; but it was new to us that "the religious significance" of the latter delicacy is connected with the deliverance from the Deluge, nor did we even know that it was at Easter the Ark rested on Mount Ararat. Perhaps this may be one of "the ingenious and graceful fancies in connexion with the sun shining at Eastertide which," like the two great cakes at Twickenham Church, "were exploded as superstitious," though not, so far as our informant tells us, by Act of Parliament. But it is some consolation to be assured that "schoolboys"—the schoolboy of the *Telegraph* is hardly less serviceable than Lord Macaulay's, and this is by no means his first appearance in the article—unconsciously preserve one of these exploded superstitions "when they place a glass of pure water in the open air and see the reflected sun on the tremulous motion of the liquid." We were unaware that schoolboys at home for the Easter holidays were given to this certainly very innocuous form of diversion, but if they are, it may perhaps be hoped that "the scientific men of to-day" will be content to let them enjoy it in peace without ruthlessly "exploding" either the superstition or the wine-glass.

We have already intimated that the Paris Correspondent of the *Telegraph* did not seem very clearly to distinguish between Palm Sunday and Easter Sunday, and on closer inspection of his letter we are half afraid that his indistinctness of view may be explained by the fact of his not having on this occasion gone to church as usual. He suspects that in England "the last week in Lent"—which from the date of his letter ought to mean the week before Palm Sunday—"left nothing to be desired in the way of devout observance"; but he complains with painful emphasis of Palm Sunday having been "socially intensely dull and dreary" in Paris. Of its religious observance there he speaks with a vagueness which hardly recalls the glowing and graphic delineations to which we have been accustomed in former years. To be sure he keeps clear of the detailed eccentricities of ritual to which writers who do profess to have been present have sometimes committed themselves—as for instance of "an acolyte suspended during mass from the roof of the chancel," or "a thurifer carried in by two surpliced choir-boys and reverently placed upon the altar." But still it is rather disappointing, when we want to hear something about the famous Lenten preachers, to be told merely that "there were matin and vesper sermons by friars of great oratorical eminence at Notre Dame"; especially as "matins" is not a service very commonly performed in foreign cathedrals, and the Lenten Conferences at Notre Dame are always preached at a separate hour quite independently of any of the ordinary services. Nor is one's confidence in the personal testimony of the writer enhanced by the further statement that "the fires of Lacordaire and Hyacinthe yet live, *it is asserted*, in the ashes of the French pulpit." The juxtaposition of two preachers of such very unequal merit as Lacordaire and Hyacinthe is a little odd, and certainly if "the fires" of the former "yet live," or, in plain English, if any orator of at all the same mark is to be heard in the French pulpit, it would be only kind to tell us at least his name. Instead of this the Correspondent goes on to explain himself thus—*obscurum per obscurius:* "in the religious journals *you read* of nascent Massillons and coming Bourdaloues, of Fléchiers hitherto unknown to fame, and of a new Bossuet hourly expected." Very likely you do; but will not our enterprising Special Correspondent be good enough to go to Notre Dame and hear them, and give us the benefit of his experience, which, we cannot doubt, would be more valuable than what "you read in the religious journals." Meanwhile it is due to him to say that he has done something else for the public benefit. He has carefully scrutinized the bill of fare—*maigre* fare, that is—at "Bignon's" and "Durand's," and is in a position to advise his readers how to order their dinner there on Maundy Thursday or Good Friday. "It will not be at all *mauvais ton*"—by which we understand that it will be a graceful concession to local usage in what he calls "reclusive circles"—to eat no meat on these days, and it is evident that the Correspondent has nobly sacrificed himself for his countrymen by making the experiment in his own person. He is able accordingly to assure them that they "will be able to get on tolerably well, gastronomically speaking, without partaking of either butcher's meat or poultry," and he even proceeds to specify in detail, or to use his own happy phrase, "to formulate" "a Good Friday *menu*, highly recommended in the most reclusive circles of the Faubourg St. Germain," which contains neither milk, butter, nor eggs, but which "a celebrated gastronome" nevertheless pronounces to be very good. He also went to the Louvre, where he tells us that the crowd was quiet and well behaved; but he did not go to St. Germain l'Auxerrois or St. Étienne du Mont, for he only "thinks" that there were no crowds there at all. And having drawn this contrast between the crowded picture gallery which he visited, and the presumably empty churches which he did not visit, he ends with the very unedifying reflection that "there are features in the Continental Sunday"—*i.e.* apparently the preference of sight-seeing to church-going—"which might on consideration be condoned." We have a right to expect better and more Sabbatical things from the Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* at this solemn season of the year. But there is yet balm in Gilead. He does not close his letter without expressing an intention of "endeavouring to take note of some of the frequent and superb offices at the Madeleine before Easter Eve." Let us hope that this pious though somewhat faltering resolution has been carried into effect, and that to his excellent advice about the Holy Week *menu* at Bignon's he will henceforth be able to add suggestions equally felicitous and discriminative about the "superb" functions of the Madeleine.

JONES AND THE DUCHESS

A LAWSUIT between a servant-maid and a duchess must surely tend to strengthen the hold of the aristocracy upon the affections of the people. Assertions to the effect that "rank is but the guinea stamp," and that "a man's a man for a' that," are commonly made with an excess of emphasis that implies some lingering doubt as to their correctness; but that the wife of a powerful nobleman should be subject to the commonest form of domestic annoyance is a proof of kinship with ordinary humanity which will carry conviction to every heart. Nor is there any danger lest this one touch of nature should at all diminish the respect that is felt for the great. To the toiling British housewife the discovery that even duchesses are not exempt from what has been called "the greatest plague of life" will undoubtedly serve as a source of happiness and consolation; but such evidence of community in suffering is not likely to be interpreted as a sign of failing power in the aristocratic class; rather will it be welcomed as a mark of gracious condescension destined to beget a

quickened sense of loyalty and respect. The Duchess of Westminster, therefore, deserves the gratitude of her peers as well as the thanks of the public for consenting to appear in the character of the outraged British matron. There were no doubt other ways in which the dispute between herself and her maid Jones might have been adjusted. The injury to Jones's honour which was the subject of the action tried before Baron Pollock could not, we may assume, have been beyond the reach of material satisfaction, and we can readily believe that it would have been personally more agreeable to the defendant to settle the case out of court by the simple device of paying the damages which Jones and her friends thought fit to claim. But the Duchess of Westminster, with commendable courage, has preferred to sacrifice her personal convenience for the sake of supporting the legitimate rights of mistresses against their servants, and her decision is all the more praiseworthy seeing that the case is not devoid of certain humorous elements, which would seem to show that the Duchess somewhat tardily arrived at a true appreciation of her responsibilities in the matter. Indeed the whole course of her relations with the remarkable Jones is delightfully typical of the somewhat haphazard system by which English servants are transferred from one household to another, and the document containing the alleged libel against the maid is in itself almost a perfect specimen of that peculiar epistolary style which ladies employ when they are answering inquiries as to the character and qualifications of applicants for domestic service.

According to the story made out by the defendant's counsel, the maid Jones discharged her duties for some time without reproach, and it was only when she received notice to leave her situation that she developed any morbid characteristics. The Duchess, it would seem, desired to have a maid who could discourse with her in foreign tongues, and it was Jones's misfortune rather than her fault that she could not satisfy these new requirements. No sooner, however, was she made acquainted with her employer's intentions than, as we are told, she began to betray by unmistakable signs that her mind was unhinged. She took to reading tracts, and she would not go to bed. The housekeeper at Cliveden, who was with her at this time, reports that "she saw her reading a tract about twelve o'clock at night, and advised her to put it down and go to bed. She was trying to find something in it, but could not." Jones is probably not the first person who has endeavoured without success to find something in a tract, and her failure in such a quest would not of itself offer convincing proof of insanity. But her conduct altogether was so alarming that finally the doctor was called in, and upon his advice Jones's brother was sent for, and under his care she was removed to her own home. Subsequently she received from the Duchess considerable presents in the shape of money and clothes, and for these marks of kindness she showed her gratitude by taking rooms in the neighbourhood of Cliveden in order, as she took occasion to explain, that she might have an opportunity of annoying her late mistress. In fact, her conduct was such that the servants, both at Cliveden and in London, were at length instructed not to admit her into the house. At this point, according to common notions of justice, it might fairly be assumed that the relations of Jones and her mistress would finally cease. Having abandoned the study of tracts for the composition of abusive letters, the servant had obviously no further claim upon the indulgence of her employer; and yet it must be acknowledged as profoundly characteristic of the conditions of modern domestic service, that Jones should have seized this very moment to apply for a character to establish her in a new situation. And what Jones had the audacity to demand, the Duchess of Westminster, with the common frailty of mistresses, had the weakness to grant. Lady Huntly happened at the time to be in want of a maid, and who could be so fitting as Jones to fill the vacant place? It is true that Lady Huntly, if she had been questioned on the point, would probably have expressed a preference for a maid whose mind could be warranted sound, and who would not occupy her leisure by unpleasant attacks upon her mistress. But such little caprices of taste must not be indulged, and accordingly, when the Duchess met Lady Huntly at a ball, "she did not say a single word to prevent the plaintiff getting the situation." The reasons which the Duchess offered for this strange reserve will, we feel sure, win the sympathy of nearly every matron throughout the kingdom. They do not appeal with any force to the logical faculty, and may possibly for that reason make but an imperfect impression on the male mind; but they are eminently feminine, and we may add eminently human, and their sufficiency is constantly admitted in practice, if not in theory. Referring to her own experience of Jones, she naïvely observes, "I did not wish to put my relations to the same inconvenience that I myself had been put to with regard to her. Of course I thought more of their convenience than that of other people. I would not recommend her to them, but I would to others." This general principle receives a somewhat startling illustration when it is applied to a case like the present, and Jones's mental weakness having again displayed itself in a form no longer mitigated by religious enthusiasm, even the Duchess of Westminster, in spite of her desire to give this interesting creature a chance, felt that it was time to consider her responsibilities in regard to the question of servants' characters. Unfortunately, however, a newly acquired virtue found an unlucky occasion for its display. Having long sought without success to help Jones at the expense of her employers, she now endeavoured with no less signal failure to benefit an intending employer at the expense of Jones. The lady who now came forward for the character of a maid appears to have been utterly the reception of a sincere reply. If the Duch chosen to repeat the stereotyped document which accustomed to despatch with their departing servants, we may suppose, would have been given. The youthful may be remembered, after musing over the glowing trib affection inscribed upon the tombstones in a churchyard, wondering where the bad people were buried; and a like perusal of the characters commonly given to servants woul bably have suggested to the humourist an inquiry as to the des in this world of unfaithful or incompetent servants. But Chapman, the lady who now applied for Jones's character, can be ranked as a humourist. She was apparently shocked at t bare suggestion that any servant could be other than admirabl and she accordingly at once confided to Jones the contents of th letter she had received. The defendant's counsel commented with some warmth upon this proceeding, and it has no doubt been disastrous in its consequences. It is, however, only charitable to suggest that Mrs. Chapman may have acted from a strict sense of social etiquette. She may possibly be under an impression, which custom has done much to confirm, that there is only one pattern for a servant's character, and that it is unbecoming on the part of a mistress to attempt any departure from what is usually received. To a mind so constituted it would possibly have been easier to endure those little eccentricities of conduct which Jones might have developed in her service than to tolerate such a breach of the proprieties as is involved in the giving of a faithful and accurate portrait.

On the whole, the result of this case, although it has disappointed the hopes of Jones and her friends, can scarcely be regarded as encouraging to mistresses. The number of ladies who would have the courage to do what the Duchess of Westminster has done is comparatively small. The tendency to an undue reserve in regard to servants' characters is already strong, and it is certainly not likely to be lessened by the reflection that the first essay in sincerity will be followed by an action for libel. Even to the defendant in the present case, although she has gained a verdict, the thought will possibly occur that, if she had done unto Mrs. Chapman as she did unto Lady Huntly, she might have saved herself a great deal of trouble and annoyance. But, on the other hand, mistresses may take courage from the fact that persons like Mrs. Chapman are happily rare. To most people a bad character would be more acceptable than a bad servant, and even if the letter containing such a character gave evidence of prejudice or bias, there are fortunately few women who would be so imprudent as to communicate its contents to the servant herself. In the interests of the community it is of the utmost importance that this kind of imprudence should spread no further. The well-being and right conduct of every household are largely in the hands of servants, and it is next to impossible to devise any system which could free us from this kind of dependence upon those we employ. It is therefore an urgent necessity that masters and mistresses should deal frankly with one another; and fortunately for society the law clearly recognizes the confidential character of the communications that pass between them. In the present case it would seem that an attempt is to be made to appeal against Baron Pollock's ruling in this sense, but we can scarcely believe that any such appeal will be seriously entertained. Even with the present liberty to speak the truth, the confidences are by no means too full, and if any kind of restriction were set by the law, the whole custom of giving and receiving servants' characters would degenerate into an empty farce.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

THE Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race excites rather more interest than a small war, and perhaps rather less than a great crime. It appeared not unlikely a week or two ago that a British army might be on the point of marching on Cabul, but public feeling, as shown by the press, seemed far less stirred about the possibility of an event which would have excited the attention of all Europe than it was about the relative rowing powers of an Oxford and a Cambridge eight. If, however, during the latter part of March some horrible criminal had been awaiting his trial or lying under sentence of death for a deed of exceptional atrocity, it is not altogether improbable that accounts of it, of his behaviour in prison, and of his remarks to those who had the privilege of approaching him, would have been deemed even more worthy of prominence in the newspapers than the daily reports of the practice of the crews. No less absorbing subject, however, would have much chance of occupying people during the fortnight which precedes the eventful day on which the two crews pull from Putney to Mortlake. The coming struggle is talked about by everybody, and some anxiety respecting it is supposed to be felt by all Englishmen who do not suffer from that grave moral deficiency, a want of sympathy with a noble sport. For some time before the contest a large number of painstaking persons belonging to all ranks of society journey down to Putney, and in cutting March winds wait patiently by the riverside until such time as they may be blessed with the sight of the crews. All that these latter do is as carefully watched and recorded as if they were preparing to do battle like the champions of "The New Ordeal." The colours of the two Universities become universal, and the shops, from those of Piccadilly and St. James's Street downwards, are made splendid with dark and light

and more concentrated does attention become as the ...hes; and, when it comes, the profound devotion of ...en to the cause of rowing is shown by the huge crowds ...k the banks of the Thames to witness a contest which is to prove extremely dull to most of them, and to terminate in ...ner that has been foreseen for some time.

...at the reason for this enthusiasm is it would be extremely ...it to say. An Englishman's fondness for manly sports would ...ally be held to account for it; but this can hardly be admitted ...he true cause, for how does it happen that Henley Regatta passes ...th comparatively little notice, and—even when the greater dis...nce from London is fully allowed for—attracts but few people com...ared with the race from Putney to Mortlake? The struggles at Henley are, to ordinary spectators, much more interesting than this contest usually is; and there is a great variety of them; but society does not become profoundly moved about their probable result as the regatta week draws nigh. The pride which Englishmen feel in their two ancient Universities, and the pleasure which is therefore taken in seeing their most vigorous sons contend together, is sometimes referred to as the cause of the popularity of the boat-race; but any one who knows what the crowd on the towing-path is, and thinks that those who for the most part compose it have any deep attachment to Oxford or Cambridge, must possess very singular ideas respecting the feelings of the London rabble. Probably the only reason which can be discovered for the presence in such large numbers of this section of the population, and of no small proportion of their betters, is that they are following a practice which has sprung up no one exactly knows how. Amongst roughs it has certainly become the fashion to attend the University boat-race. In society it has become much more decidedly the fashion to attend it than it used to be. Both the roughs and many of the ladies and gentlemen who go would find it very difficult to give any other reason for going than that they are following the general example.

That what most people usually see on these occasions is of small interest can hardly be denied. Now and then there is an exceptional struggle like that of 1877, but very frequently the contest is virtually over at a comparatively early period. Those who see the winning boat gradually head the other no doubt see what is well worth taking some pains to witness; but the tens of thousands of spectators who view the latter part of the race have merely the sight of one eight rowing some distance astern of another without the slightest chance of overtaking it. It shows strangely how little people really care about the rowing that the part of the river which is most sought is that where the likelihood of anything like a struggle is extremely small. For some little distance above Barnes Bridge the throng is usually enormous; but very often when this portion of the course is reached by the boats, the race is as clearly decided as though they had passed the winning-post. It can hardly be the traditional love of Englishmen for trials of speed which attracts them to a place where they behold, not a trial of speed, but vanquished combatants humbly following in their conquerors' wake.

That the combatants themselves have never done anything to encourage the exaggerated popularity which the race has acquired, and have shown no liking whatever for the notoriety which has been thrust on them, need hardly be said. University oarsmen cannot prevent their contest from having extraordinary attractions for the rabble, or prevent newspapers from drawing attention to their preliminary work; but they have never, in any way whatever, aided those who persisted in writing about them, and they have shown, once in a very marked manner, that the publicity given to all they do is extremely distasteful to them. This was naturally to be expected from English gentlemen who had no desire to see themselves advertised and to be stared at by gaping multitudes every time they went out for practice or exercise. As was also perhaps naturally to be expected, their wishes have not been in the smallest degree attended to; and if, as seems not impossible, University crews find that the consequences of the popularity of the boat-race are almost intolerable, they will have to do more than snub intrusive admirers, who endure their rebuffs with perfect complacency. The expediency of abandoning the Thames course, to which attention has several times been drawn, may perhaps again be considered, and those who have to decide the matter will certainly not be blind to the advantages which will be gained by choosing waters at some distance from London as the scene of the contest. One fact connected with the recent race certainly constitutes a reason for such a change. It appears that, owing to the heavy odds which were laid on Cambridge, and to the amount of betting of which the race was the subject, the Presidents of the two boat-clubs were not without suspicions that there might be foul play, and agreed in consequence that, in the event of one of the boats being impeded, the race should be rowed over again on the Monday. Now the fact that such an agreement had become necessary shows how much betting there now is about the race; and the advisableness of putting a stop to this, and of curtailing so far as possible the activity of the betting fraternity, must be manifest to all. If the contest took place at a considerable distance from London it would not, in all probability, excite so much attention as it does now, and as a necessary consequence there would not be so much betting about it.

No change, however, is hastily made in England; and though there are very good reasons for giving up the present course, it is but little likely that this will be deserted for a considerable time to come. There would, indeed, be some cause for regret if the contest of Saturday last closed the long series of races which have been rowed over the bight of the Thames which lies between Putney and Mortlake. It was but a very poor match, and would be a tame ending to so many conflicts. Both eights were below the average, but unfortunately they were not below the average in anything like the same degree, there being a marked difference between them; and the result of the struggle was foretold with even greater certainty than usual. One writer predicted with almost absolute accuracy the distance which would separate the two eights at the end of the contest. Little interest could be attached to a so-called race the whole course of which could be so clearly foreseen. The only thing which could have equalized the chances would have been the opportune indisposition of one of the Cambridge crew; but unfortunately the Cambridge crew obstinately persisted in remaining perfectly well, and took their seats in the boat with as much certainty of winning as can be looked for in any of the affairs of life. When, after the period of waiting which, according to some unwritten rule, one crew always thinks it necessary to inflict on the other, their rivals appeared, and a start was made, the first few strokes showed that the prophets had been right, and that no doubt as to the result could be hoped for. Many and many a time has it happened in these contests that the weaker crew has by a desperate effort gone ahead at the beginning and kept ahead for a time; but on the present occasion nothing of the kind occurred to give room for even temporary uncertainty. The Cambridge boat drew away from the other in the first few strokes, and, by the time that two furlongs had been covered, was nearly clear. Up to Hammersmith bridge the Cambridge eight continued, in spite of a vigorous effort on the part of the Oxford crew, to improve their position, and passed the bridge, which is a mile and three quarters from the starting place, about three lengths ahead of their antagonists. Further on some trifling difficulties were encountered by the leading boat. The wind, which was S.W. by W., had raised off the "Doves" that ripple which it is the fashion to call "a sea," and this was for a little time more felt by the Cambridge than by the Oxford crew, the latter having a larger boat. The disadvantage to the former was, however, but very small; and no marked difference in the relative positions of the two boats occurred after Hammersmith Bridge was passed. Oxford twice made a slight gain, which in both cases was shortly lost. The Cambridge eight did not, as winning eights have so often done, row away from the other, and beat them by many lengths, but were either not anxious or not able to improve their lead, and passed Barnes Bridge and the winning-post only a little more ahead than they had been before the first half of the course had been covered. The race, though not won by a great interval, was as one-sided as any race could be, and tame and uninteresting in proportion. It may, however, be memorable on one account, as it has been the means of bringing to light a fact of singular interest, to which attention should certainly be given. There is apparently no limit of time for University oars; that is to say, there is no rule which says that, after a certain number of terms, a man shall not pull in the University eight. Heads of Houses and resident Fellows would therefore be competent to take part in this contest if only they could qualify themselves for it; and let it be hoped that they have learnt this fact with pleasure as well as with surprise. With regard to the first-named of them, it is to be feared that they are not very likely to attempt to avail themselves of the right which it seems they possess. Some feelings of prejudice, age, and perhaps too heavy a burden of flesh, will probably prevent Doctors of Divinity from attempting to gain admission into the eight; but the possibility of getting into it might be worthy of the consideration of some Fellows. Not a little might a college add to its popularity by possessing a boating Fellow and Tutor who would annually take his place amongst the crew, and who would certainly attract as pupils and followers many of the serious and thoughtful young men who are laudably ambitious to attain the highest honours which can be hoped for in an English University.

THE BESANT CASE.

WHERE the custody of infants is concerned the Court of Chancery is as nearly omnipotent as it is given to anything human to be. When Mrs. Besant separated from her husband, and the husband covenanted by deed, for valuable consideration, that for eleven months in the year she should have the sole custody and control of her infant daughter, free from interference or interruption on the part of the father, she probably thought that the law had spoken its last word. In Mrs. Besant's own opinion the effect of this arrangement was to place her, with respect to the infant, in the same position as the father would have been in if he had not executed the deed of separation. The Court of Appeal, which gave judgment in the case on Wednesday, held that this contention was, as a matter of course, untenable. No such substitution or delegation of a father's rights and powers is possible by English law. This, however, was merely said by the way. It was not necessary for the Court of Appeal to upset Mrs. Besant's contention. All that the Judges thought it necessary to do could equally be done if that contention were admitted. Even assuming, said Lord Justice James, that the deed of separation created a personal disability in

the husband to remove or procure the removal of the child from the custody and control of the wife, the child is only placed in the position of a fatherless child. Let it be granted that Mrs. Besant has got Mr. Besant entirely out of the way, she cannot claim to have done so more entirely than death would have done. She is at best in the position of a widow left in charge of an infant child. Probably when the deed of separation was executed, Mrs. Besant would have been quite content with this description of her relationship alike to Mr. Besant and to the child. She had not then made acquaintance with the Court of Chancery, and the real effect of the deed was for certain purposes to substitute the Court of Chancery for Mr. Besant. As soon as this is understood, the process of which Lord Justice James was on Wednesday the exponent becomes perfectly clear. The Court of Chancery acts in regard to fatherless children coming within its jurisdiction on certain well-settled principles. One of these principles is that it is the duty of the Court to take care that a fatherless ward must be brought up in the religion of the father. "Where the infant is of sufficient age and intelligence to have received and formed, and has received and formed, other religious impressions and convictions, the Court shrinks from the consequences of any attempt on its part to disturb them." But this is the only exception to the rule, and even this is an exception which the Court is very unwilling to recognize. The application of this principle to Mrs. Besant's case is exceedingly simple. She claims the custody of her child in virtue of a deed executed by Mr. Besant. But this custody must be held subject to the same restrictions as it would have been subject to if it had devolved upon her in consequence of Mr. Besant's death. Foremost among these restrictions is the obligation to bring the child up in Mr. Besant's religion, and this obligation is one which Mrs. Besant, by her own admission, is conscientiously unable to discharge. Mrs. Besant holds opinions which are distinctly anti-Christian, which indeed are opposed to every kind of religion. More than this, she considers herself bound to teach and promulgate these opinions in every way that is open to her. It is impossible, therefore, that the Court when appealed to should leave the child in her custody. Mrs. Besant is bound by her conscience not to bring up the child in Mr. Besant's religion; the Court is bound to take care that the child is brought up in Mr. Besant's religion. It happens that Mr. Besant's religion is the Christian; but the principle would equally apply if he were a Jew or a Mahommedan. The father being out of the way, whether by death or by his own act does not matter, the Court becomes the real guardian of the infant, and must perform its duty accordingly. Whether this state of things is a desirable one is of course another question. It is quite arguable that, if the father is willing to allow the child to be brought up in the mother's religion, he should be allowed to make a binding covenant to that effect. But this is a matter for the consideration of Parliament, not of the courts of law. It is a well-understood point that, as the law now stands, the utmost effect that can be claimed for such a covenant is that it puts the child in the position which it would be in if the father had died, and this is a position in which the Court of Chancery will take care that it is brought up in the father's religion.

The judgment did not turn wholly upon the religious aspect of the case. The child of whom Mrs. Besant claims the custody being a ward of Court, the Court had to consider the force of certain moral reasons which were alleged to show that Mrs. Besant was not a proper person to have the custody of a daughter. These reasons were, of course, the fact that she has been found guilty by the verdict of a jury of writing or publishing a book "calculated to deprave public morals," and that, on being asked by the Judge who tried the case whether she would undertake to discontinue such publication, she refused to do so. The Judges of the Court of Queen's Bench held that the jury were right in their condemnation of the book, and the Judges of the Court of Appeal are of the same opinion. "It is impossible," said Lord Justice James, "for us not to feel that the conduct of the appellant in writing and publishing such works is so repugnant, so abhorrent, to the feelings of the great majority of decent Englishmen and Englishwomen, and would be regarded by them with such disgust, not as matters of opinion, but as violations of morality, decency, and womanly propriety, that the future of a girl brought up in association with such a propaganda would be incalculably prejudiced." Mrs. Besant holds that these feelings are mere unwarranted antipathies which will disappear with the progress of enlightenment. It may be so; and if it is so, she may be sure that the Court of Chancery of that day will be prompt to give effect to the change. But it is not the function of the Court to lead public opinion in these matters. It has simply to take public opinion as it finds it, and to consider whether, public opinion being what it is, the future of a child brought up in ostentatious opposition to it will or will not be gravely and irretrievably injured. When this test is applied to Mrs. Besant's case there can be no doubt as to the answer. "If the ward were allowed to remain with the mother it is possible, and perhaps not improbable, that she would grow up to be the writer and publisher of such works." In the opinion alike of the Master of the Rolls and of the Court of Appeal that is a future from which a child ought to be protected, and the only way of protecting her is to remove her from her mother's custody. Even Mrs. Besant would probably admit that an infant daughter might properly be taken away from her mother, supposing that this mother advocated prostitution or infantic[illegible] and praiseworthy practices. In the opinion of the [illegible] rity of Englishmen and Englishwomen there is no [illegible] able difference between this and the kind of advocacy to [illegible] Mrs. Besant has devoted herself. It is only natural, then, that a Court which has to consider the interests of a child will have to live in a country in which the majority of the [illegible] lation hold this view should decree that it must be taken [illegible] from its mother. If Mrs. Besant can convince her country[illegible] that they have formed a wrong estimate of the moral tendency [illegible] her teaching, she may renew her application with a differe[illegible] result. It must be owned, indeed, that this is but a worthless con[illegible] cession, inasmuch as, long before Mrs. Besant can hope to succeed in her great enterprise, her daughter will have ceased to be an infant. In the interval she must console herself as she best can with the reflections common to martyrs and prophets in all ages. We can only wish, for her own sake, that she were a martyr in a better cause.

AN AMERICAN WALKING-MATCH.

NOT long ago we had occasion to comment upon the senseless feat attempted in England by Weston, the American pedestrian. Since that time the walking mania has reached its climax in America. It is at least to be hoped that no lower depth of folly can be reached than that which is shown in the contest which has taken place at Gilmore's Garden, New York, for a champion belt provided by Sir John Astley—a contest which, according to the *New York Herald*, has kept two continents in a constant state of excitement, and which has been the occasion for various disgraceful outbreaks of ruffianism among the free and enlightened audience assembled to witness it. The competitors in "the great walk," which lasted a week, were four in number, and the prize was won by one Rowell, an Englishman. When it began, "the thousands who obtained seats on Sunday night, not content to sit quietly and watch the four men begin their long journey, stood on tables and chairs, and even on one another's shoulders. The result was broken tables, demolished chairs, and personal collisions"; and the *Herald* goes on to record with honest pride that the representative of Sir John Astley held up his hands in wonderment, and exclaimed, "A great sight! a wonderful people!" With true devotion to his trade, the *Herald* reporter obtained detailed information about the internal condition of the four candidates, which we may be pardoned for not reproducing, and noted with evident satisfaction that the spectators even on the first day of the race "seemed beside themselves, and ran and shouted and yelled." This was nothing at all to what came later on, but it was not bad by way of a beginning. On the table inside one of the candidates' cottages "stood an immense basket of flowers, the gift of Mr. Jacob G. Bebus, and beside the basket was a neat banquet which came from Miss Bartel." In this way began "the most remarkable contest known in the history of athletic sports either in this country or in Europe." Whether so stupid, dangerous, and brutal a performance as this trial of human endurance ought to be ranked among athletic sports is perhaps an open question. No doubt it afforded a good deal of sport to the people who saw it, and so did throwing stones at frogs to the boys in the fable.

Very early in the race one of the competitors was completely knocked up, and towards its end another of them whose strength was all but worn out presented a shocking appearance, which the *Herald* is of course careful to describe in detail for the benefit of those inhabitants of two continents who were not fortunate enough to see it for themselves. During the contest various pleasing and exciting incidents took place. An overcrowded gallery broke down and injured many persons, and a police officer distinguished himself by walking about amongst the crowd "clubbing" inoffensive people. In contrast to the sombreness of these incidents were the profuse gifts of bouquets showered upon the walkers, the constant popping of corks at the drinking-bars, and the clouds of tobacco-smoke which, in defiance of regulations, wreathed themselves about the building, and produced a most injurious effect upon one of the candidates. All these, and many other exciting and picturesque occurrences, were recorded day by day with praiseworthy accuracy by the "knight of the quill," as he calls himself, who reported this great contest for the *Herald*. But we may be excused for leaving aside the daily record of the match in order to come to the noble and soul-stirring scene which took place at the end. Early in the last day of the race "the seats were almost deserted, and there were no more than four hundred persons on the promenade. These were, however, about as evil a collection of men as is often seen in New York." Rumours had been going about for some days before that foul play would be employed to prevent the Englishman from winning, and it was reported that certain "deeply-dyed scamps," who had bet heavily against him, had "introduced into the Garden a gang of desperate roughs in order to cause him to give up the contest whenever it should become certain that he was the destined winner." Up to the last day, however, these persons had been held in check by the presence of the police, and of an enormous concourse of people who had not yet acquired a taste for witnessing brutal assaults, though they liked to see their fellow-creatures tramping painfully round a track hour after hour at the risk of ruining their constitu-

was in one case the result. However, the roughs did t their opportunity. Their ringleader "was for several spicuous for his insulting behaviour towards Rowell. He led him foul names and threatened him right under the f Captain Williams's police officers, who had lifted no o interfere." At six o'clock, having with touching frank- nnounced that he had bet heavily against Rowell and "was d to get square," he began to dog the Englishman's footsteps, ng him most horrible names and shaking his fist over the rails is face. Finally, encouraged by the supineness of the seventy eighty policemen who were present, he jumped over the ils and pursued Rowell. "The scene in the Garden," the *Herald* justly observes, "was disgraceful to the American name." Fortunately some respectable people among the crowd interfered and insisted upon the man being removed. He returned to the charge, however, came upon the track again, and proposed to his followers that they should kill "this ——— of a Briton." At this point the ever-ready *Herald* reporter made his way to a policeman and said, "Why do you not arrest that man?" The policeman, conscious no doubt of the omnipotence of the *Herald*, replied, "See here; I'll make this arrest if you say so. . . . . But I don't want to go down to court to-day; so I would thank you if you would say no more about it." "In the meantime the riot had proceeded, and, at the urgent demand of Harriman's backer, the scoundrel had been expelled to the street. Even yet he has not been arrested." After this "the brutal crowd grew less demonstrative, and the reputable people constantly applauded Rowell and assured him of their respect and admiration." A little later on a large basket of roses was presented to Harriman, one of the competitors, "by a very handsome lady who sat in a box near the judge's stand. It was quite heavy, and Harriman, after going a few steps, was assisted by Rowell in carrying it, amid the applause of the whole multitude. Some of the ladies shed tears." Soon after this touching incident a lady, "apparently of British birth," gave Rowell "a floral trophy," decorated with two British ensigns and one American flag. "Rowell made his acknowledgments, but requested the lady to receive the British ensigns again, and permit him to carry her gift to his cottage with only the American colours." This noble conduct completely won the hearts of the crowd, who from that time forth were loud in praise of Rowell. Later on the wife of the British Minister presented him with a massive gold medal, and "as the sturdy little Briton received the gift, he bowed his acknowledgments."

In the afternoon a strong body of police, mindful no doubt of the excellent adage about shutting the stable-door after the horse is stolen, made their appearance in the building in anticipation of a riot. However, Harriman, amid shouts of applause, presently came out from his cottage, and "was seen passing Rowell's cottage, not walking but limping and giving great signs of physical weakness." What followed upon this it is but fitting that the *Herald* reporter should be allowed to tell completely in his own eloquent words:—

> Rowell overtook him at the scorer's table, and, shaking hands with him, walked by his side encouraging him to continue his walk. Putting his arm within Harriman's they trod the track side by side. Men rose from their seats, ladies stood on chairs waving their handkerchiefs, and every man in the neighbourhood of the two pedestrians was cheering himself hoarse. By the time they had completed their first lap in this way the multitude that filled every nook in the building had given itself up to all possible forms of demonstration of applause. There was no cessation of the joyous tumult; when it ceased in one corner it was taken up in another, and thus it continued until about a quarter-past six o'clock. There was a little lull in this excitement, when it was renewed with still greater ardour by the appearance of Ennis on the track, who, joining Rowell and Harriman, locked his arm into Harriman's disengaged one, and thus England and Ireland supported America. No word picture is adequate to portray the enthusiasm that took possession of the spectators. Men, women, and children seemed to have no other thought in their minds than the present joy that possessed them, and relieved their overcharged feelings by cheering, clapping their hands, and shaking hands with their neighbours. The idea of nationality was fused into this one supreme moment, and human nature, without any of the limitations of geography, got a fair show. Strong men, with tears in their eyes, said one to the other, "I would not have missed this for a thousand dollars." "Talk about a riot; this is a love-feast." Even the stolid policemen gave way to sentiment, and as the trio went by one blue-coat said to another blue-coat, "This is damned funny, we ain't no use here."

This must indeed have been a great and glorious sight; and we were reflecting upon its impressiveness, and attempting not to envy those who were so happy as to see it, when, on taking up a later number of the *Herald*, we saw it reported that the touching attentions paid to each other by the rivals were an ingenious device of the manager's for engaging popular sympathy. Once roused, the enthusiasm of the multitude required no factitious encouragement. At the finish of the race Harriman was presented with "floral trophies," silk sashes, and so on. "This was simply too much for the overwrought house. Men shouted, screamed, danced, grasped each other's hands, and did all manner of extraordinary things in its (*sic*) joy and delight, and the band, also bubbling over with delight and patriotism, burst forth into Yankee Doodle."

The monstrous and degrading folly which reigned during the progress of the exhibition continued for some time after it. Every saying and doing of "the four pedestrians" was religiously chronicled by the *Herald*. New York preachers denounced them from the pulpit; and, to judge from the *Herald's* accounts, they were for days the most important people in America. It may be hoped, however, that all Americans are not so foolish as the *Herald* would have us believe. Unfortunately we are threatened with another contest for the much-prized belt in London during this summer. If this takes place, we can only trust that it will not be made an occasion for so despicable an exhibition of silliness and ruffianism as that which occurred in New York.

AUSTRALASIAN DEBTS.

THE frequency with which the Australasian colonies are applying to the London loan market for accommodation has directed attention to the large debts they have already incurred, and excites in the minds of thoughtful observers a doubt whether they are not too rapidly mortgaging their future. Young communities have a very strong temptation to borrow, which is quite unknown to the people of an old country like our own. We in England have inherited from the labours of countless generations conveniences of all kinds which they have to create for themselves. Our lands have been brought under cultivation, fenced and improved; our towns have been built; our roads have been made; our churches and our law courts, our schools and prisons have been constructed. But the colonists of Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania have had to do for themselves, within living memory, the work that here at home was spread over centuries. Going out from a highly civilized country, they found themselves without the elementary appliances of civilization, and naturally were impatient to procure them. Indeed, without them the wealth that lay in abundance around them in their new homes could not be made available. The vast flocks that fed upon their pasturages were of little value unless the fleeces could be exported to Europe. Their gold-mines and their corn-fields would be comparatively worthless if the surplus produce could not be disposed of. Hence the need of roads and railways, of harbours, wharfs, warehouses, and landing stages. On the other hand, the illimitable resources of the colonies required labour to develop them, and labour could be obtained only by immigration. Therefore it was clearly desirable to attract settlers by every legitimate means. Thus the first condition of colonial progress is large expenditure—expenditure on a scale that can be supported only by borrowing. We would not be understood, then, to imply that the Australasian colonies ought not to have raised loans. To say this would be, in effect, to say that they ought not to have developed their resources, or turned to the best account their great opportunities. But, while we fully admit that they were right in incurring debt, we venture to think that they have not shown due moderation in doing so, and we must add that, unless the rate at which they are piling up obligations is materially slackened, future embarrassment is to be apprehended.

The Australasian colonies—that is, Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania—have an area somewhat over three millions of square miles. In other words, they are collectively more than twice the size of India. But, while India has 240 millions of inhabitants, their whole population is about 2½ millions. That is to say, where there are 192 persons in India there is but one in the Australasian colonies. From these figures we may form to ourselves some vague conception of the sparseness of population at the antipodes. We have already pointed out how such a state of things necessitates a large expenditure. But, on the other hand, the scantiness of the population, its insufficiency for the tasks laid upon it, the undeveloped condition of the country, and the boundless calls upon the energies of every family make a heavy rate of taxation in the highest degree injurious. The problem which the colonies have to solve is how, by associated effort, to provide themselves with the necessary instruments of civilization without drawing too heavily on their accumulated wealth or unduly mortgaging their future. Have they solved this problem? It would certainly be going too far to reply that they have failed to do so, but at the same time there is need to address to them a word of warning. The aggregate revenues of these colonies amount to about 16½ millions per annum, which is at the rate of 6*l.* 12*s.* per head. This revenue, however, is not all raised by taxation. Part of it is rent paid by the occupiers of the public domain, and a still larger part is the proceeds of the sales of land. The former is strictly revenue, and therefore is rightly included in the current income. But the latter is as clearly capital. We all know what we should think of a private landowner who should sell his estate bit by bit, and apply the price to defray his current expenses. It may, however, be urged in defence of the colonial mode of proceeding that a very large part of the outlay is on capital account; and this is true. A private landowner would be fully justified in selling part of his property in order to reclaim and fence the rest and provide it with farm buildings, or to sink and work a mine, or, in a word, to procure for himself capital to turn the estate he retains to the best account; and so far as the colonies apply the proceeds of land sales to railway construction or the like, they do what is equivalent to this. But when they use the money to defray current expenses they are clearly drawing upon their capital. We do not say that even this may not within limits be a legitimate proceeding in the case of a very young community whose resources are as yet undeveloped; but plainly the diminution of capital is to be taken into account when we are considering the question of the debt. Communities which are simultaneously expending their capital and adding debt to debt are *primâ facie* pursuing a very perilous course. It may be a wise course, all the circum-

stances considered, but clearly it is one that may be carried too far if the greatest caution is not observed.

The debts of the seven colonies added together amount to very nearly 73 millions—that is, to almost four and a half times the revenue, including in it the land sales. Per head of the population it amounts to 29*l*. If the debt of the United Kingdom bore the same proportion to the population, it would very nearly reach one thousand millions; in other words, it would exceed its present amount about 40 per cent. The accumulated wealth of the United Kingdom is out of all comparison greater than that of the colonies, and yet we should think a debt of a thousand millions enormous. In fairness, however, it ought to be observed that the Australasian debts have been incurred for reproductive purposes, whereas our own debt is the consequence of wars. This circumstance makes a vast difference between the two cases. The burdensomeness of a debt is measured by the yearly charge which it imposes. If a State laid out the money it borrowed so advantageously that it all yielded a return equal to the interest on the loans, the debt would of course be no burden whatever to the taxpayers, and consequently its magnitude would be a matter of indifference. We need hardly say that the Australasian colonies have not displayed the consummate prudence here supposed. Still their loans have been for purposes of undoubted public utility, and some at least of the works constructed yield revenue, while it is to be presumed that, as time goes on and population grows, their profitableness will increase. The railways, for example, will earn more and more as cultivation is extended and wealth developed. There are indirect advantages also arising from useful public works which ought not to be overlooked. The making of a railway, for instance, opens up a new tract of country previously inaccessible, and enables population to push forward, and therefore to multiply more quickly; at the same time it supplies the farmers of the districts through which it passes with the means of sending their produce to market, and thus adds to the export trade. In like manner the construction of a harbour or breakwater, or of commodious warehouses, facilitates trade, though it may directly yield no return. Again, money spent in attracting or conveying immigrants may appear an unprofitable outlay, yet indirectly it may be the very best investment that could be made.

Nevertheless, while we make full allowance for these considerations, we must not forget that in some of the colonies the ordinary revenue is not sufficient to cover the ordinary expenditure, the balance being made up by the sale of Crown lands; that the value of these lands is dependent upon the continuance of immigration; and that, if from any cause immigration were to cease, there would either be deficits, or taxation must be seriously increased. The ability, therefore, of the colonial community to pay interest on the debt without unduly pressing on the taxpayer depends upon the continued flow of immigration. This consideration makes the amount of the debt a serious matter. And its gravity is not lessened when we examine the debts of the colonies separately. Thus New South Wales, with a population of 630,000, has a debt of 12 millions; Victoria, with 860,000, has a debt of 20 millions; and New Zealand, with 400,000, has a debt of 24 millions. Not less serious is the rapidity with which these debts have been run up. In 1872 the debts of the seven colonies only amounted in the aggregate to 41 millions; now they are nearly 73 millions. In seven years, therefore, they have increased nearly 80 per cent. This is a rate of growth far more rapid than that of either population or wealth, and, if continued, it must end in embarrassment. It is not enough that the purposes to which the money is applied are good in themselves, nor even—what is much more problematical—that they are suited to the requirements of the country. The very best kind of investment may be overdone. There is no doubt at all that the United States are imperfectly supplied with railways, that the existing system will have to be largely increased, and that at some time in the future it will pay. Yet the over-construction of railways in the years before 1873 led to panic and to the depression of trade that has since prevailed. A good thing, it is thus seen, may be overdone; and, if the Australasian colonies are not more moderate in the future than they have been in the past, we fear that a similar experience may be in store for them. In their own interest it is to be desired that they should find it somewhat less easy to borrow than they have hitherto done.

REVIEWS.

FARRER'S ZULULAND AND THE ZULUS.*

WHEN we annex a new territory of which the public has scarcely heard the name, or go to war with a people about whom we only know that they are black, the bookstalls are generally covered with little books which profess to describe the nature of our new possession or, the manners of our new enemy. Among these little books, but scarcely of them, is Mr. Farrer's *Zululand and the Zulus*. The author has not "crammed" his subject, but treats it out of the fulness of his knowledge of savage and barbarous races and of their institutions. This method gives him, of course, a considerable advantage over his ri[...] book may be read with the confidence due to an accom[...] student, though allowance must perhaps be made for the fa[...] Mr. Farrer does not admire the Boers of the Transvaal, and he is not violently prepossessed in favour of missionaries. [...] whole sketch of our relations with the Amazulu he seems t[...] that the English have acted fairly and honestly, that the na[...] have not transgressed their own theories of honour and loya[...] while the Boers have been greedy and cruel and hypocritical, a[...] the missionaries have displayed the foibles of missionaries.

If he had been anxious to satisfy an antiquarian taste, M[...] Farrer might have dilated on the pre-historic past of the Zulus. He might have harked back to Unkulunkulu, the Zulu Hiawatha, and he might have tried to show that the Zulus came from the north, or the south, or the west. He very sensibly leaves these important questions to the ethnologist, and treats Zulu history from its beginning in 1823. To Zulu annals 1823 is as the date of the First Olympiad in the annals of Greece. It was in that year that Lieutenant Farewell, engaged in an exploration of the east coast of Africa, reached Natal, and made acquaintance with the power of Chaka. It was Chaka that converted the Amazulu from a loose collection of tribes into a nation, and the nation into an army. He invented the tactics which English papers were laughing at only two days before we heard of the defeat at Isandula. He made his subjects exchange the long for the short stabbing assegai, and proved that "the people which shortens its weapons lengthens its boundaries." The moment we touch the authentic history of the Europeans in Natal we find the germs of all the wars between them and the natives. The causes of these wars are territorial and politico-religious. A Zulu chief makes a grant of land, or is cajoled into putting his mark to a treaty, written perhaps in High Dutch, which he does not understand. He supposes himself not to be alienating the soil (which, by the customary constitution of his tribe, he has not the right to do), but merely conferring certain privileges, such as the right of pasturing cattle. The settlers, in his opinion, become his subordinate chiefs. The territorial difficulty has already begun, for the Europeans of course make out that they are full owners of the soil. The politico-religious difficulty is on the point of beginning. The settlers assume the privileges without performing the duties of subordinate chiefs. As early as 1834 they received as retainers Zulus who had left the territory of their King, and sought new rulers among the Europeans. This change in Zululand, just as in the Russia of Ivan the Terrible, was of course a breach of loyalty. "To change your master," says M. Rambaud, speaking of the boyards who left Russia and went to Poland or Lithuania, "was to pass over to the enemy, to become a traitor. To 'change' and to 'betray' were soon synonymous terms." What added to the treachery of these *émigrés* was their probable adoption of Christianity. Thus, as soon as white men and the black King were face to face, the latter was in danger of losing land and subjects, while the former could not reasonably give up refugees who claimed their protection, and perhaps embraced their religion.

On August 27, 1824, the British colours were hoisted in Natal, on the soil granted by Chaka. Neither then nor in 1835 did the Home Government sanction the foundation of a colony. In the latter year Dingan (who slew his brother Chaka in 1829) made an extraditionary treaty with the whites. In compliance with this treaty, Captain Gardiner once restored three refugees to Dingan, who starved them to death. By a singular coincidence, Captain Gardiner himself afterwards died of starvation among the Patagonians. The treaty was repudiated in 1837 by the Dutch who, disgusted by the emancipation of their slaves by the English, had emigrated from the Cape.

The Anglo-Batavian management of Natal dragged on till 1842, and was most unfortunate. In 1837 Peter Retief, the Dutch leader, visited Dingan, who promised to cede to him Natal if he would recover certain cattle which had been stolen from the Zulus. Retief brought back the cattle to Dingan, but, as he came accompanied by two hundred armed men, the suspicions of the savage were aroused. He had no idea of playing Inca to Retief's Pizarro, and, after warning Mr. Owen the missionary, he butchered all the Dutchmen. This massacre was followed by that of the squatters on the Upper Tugela. Meanwhile the English of Natal, who sided with the Dutch, invaded Zululand, and carried off cattle, women, and children. We must let Mr. Farrer tell in his own words the remainder of the story:—

> War of course ensued, in which the English settlers took part with the Boers in the hope of more plunder.
>
> Cane and Ogle were the leaders of the English, and the jealousy and animosity which existed between them resulted in one of the most dreadful disasters of the many that have occurred in South Africa. When they crossed the Tugela 10,000 Zulus were sent to repel them. The Zulus suffered severely, and lost thousands; "they were cut down until they formed banks, over which those who were advancing had to climb." They advanced nevertheless; Cane was killed, and a frightful slaughter of the fugitive settlers and natives took place at the Tugela river. The Zulus advanced to Natal; the English sought safety on an island in the middle of the bay; and in about a fortnight's time, everything that the settlers had at Natal was destroyed, and their cattle driven away. "The Zulus left not a vestige of anything remaining, except perhaps the walls of some of the houses."

The next event of importance was the alliance between Panda, brother of Dingan, and the Dutch, by whose aid Panda defeated and slew Dingan, and became King.

The conduct of the irresponsible English settlers in Natal now claimed the attention of the Home Government. In 1842 Natal

* *Zululand and the Zulus: their History, Beliefs, Customs, Military System, Home Life, Legends, &c., &c., and Missions to Them.* By J. A. Farrer. London: Kerby & Endean. 1879.

a British colony under the government of the Queen. We ..xed it just as we annexed the Transvaal; and, though we ..rited many troubles from the Dutch, and though the mis..aries, as usual, created new difficulties, our relations with the ..us were friendly. The problem of how to deal with refugees .. solved by the Lieutenant-Governor's proclamation of Novem.. 14, 1854:—

'And whereas I am desirous of duly cautioning all concerned, and specially such as are, or have been, in the *habit of enticing or encouraging refugees from Panda's country into this district*, in order that they may be fully aware of the danger in which they place themselves:

"Now, therefore, I do most solemnly caution all traders and others, the subjects of this Government, resorting to the Zulu country for the purposes of trading or hunting, and give them to understand that, in so doing, *they become for the time being subject to the laws of that country, and that this Government cannot in any way interfere* should they, by the commission of any such unlawful acts as those above alluded to, or by any other means, place their lives in jeopardy:

"And I give this public warning in the earnest hope that all concerned will conduct themselves, while in the Zulu country, with the prudence and moderation so necessary for the safety of their persons and property; and with the respect due to the authority of the government of *an independent and friendly chief*."

From an unquoted part of this proclamation we infer that it was less philanthropy than desire to make labour cheap, that caused "traders and others" to "entice or encourage refugees from Panda's country."

Mr. Farrer repeatedly insists that we know scarcely anything of the internal politics of Zululand. We know that there was civil war in 1856; we know that Umbulazi, Panda's son and heir presumptive, was defeated and put to death, and we know that Cetewayo became Prince Regent. We do *not* know that Umbulazi was flayed alive and peppered with ants, for the people who spread that report also averred that Panda was dead. Now Panda survived till 1872. Mr. Farrer is sceptical about the cruelties of Cetewayo. He produces evidence, both native and English, to prove that Cetewayo has abolished capital punishment, except in cases of witchcraft. "The sin of witchcraft is as the sin of rebellion." "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." "Behold, thou knowest what Saul hath done, how he hath cut off those that have familiar spirits, and the wizards out of the land." The missionaries must find it a little hard to reconcile their approval of Saul with their aversion to Cetewayo. As to the whole question of Cetewayo's cruelty, Mr. Farrer observes:—"We shall perhaps be justified in thinking, not that all the stories told about Cetewayo are lies, but that, if we rank them with our beliefs about the cruelties of Busiris and Phalaris, we shall be most likely to entertain a true judgment regarding them."

As to Cetewayo's famous coronation oath, which he, like George IV., is said to have violated, Mr. Farrer quotes a letter from a Norwegian missionary, Bishop Schreuder, dated August 20, 1873. The bishop presented the book of the new laws and explained its "generation" in this Oriental apologue:—

"It was born an infant, it went across the water, the child of a king, to seek for kingship, and it found it; it was made king far away, and here it is, returned with its rank to its own country, Zululand. . . . This book has to-day rank; it took that rank beyond the water, *it has come back a king, and is supreme in this country*."

After some discussion the Bishop declared that the King was at the book's feet, and His Majesty merely murmured, "Oh dear, oh dear, what a man this is!" We quote the inference drawn by Mr. Farrer from the letter. He appears to think that charges of "atrocities" are a game which two can play at, and that the wily Muscovite is not alone in his preference for this weapon:—

The inferences from this most interesting, but already buried interview, may be wrong, but they are irresistible, and they are these: that the new laws accepted by Cetewayo at his coronation were not accepted willingly; that they were forced upon him, not from any philanthropic interest or love for the Zulus, but in order to have a handle against the Zulu government whenever an opportunity occurred to make violation of these said laws a pretext for annexing the long coveted country north of the Tugela; that reports of atrocities in Zululand have, so far from being recent, been for at least four years purposely circulated in Natal, and made use of by missionaries in order the sooner to justify the destruction of the independence of Zululand.

Mr. Farrer's chapter on Missions proves, we think, that the Zulu kings, where they have "persecuted," have done so from political motives, while with the missionaries they have never actively interfered. "The insecurity of missions in the country has always been as great as it is now represented to be under Cetewayo, and the latter, in his present policy, is simply following the policy we never felt called upon to resent, in the cases of Dingan and Panda." It must not be forgotten that there are charges and counter-charges, myths and counter-myths. Cetewayo may have assegaied a few witches, and a few missionaries may have acted as spies on Cetewayo, while others sold powder, ball, rum, and rifles to their dusky flocks. When the missionaries finally left the country, from an unconquerable aversion to becoming martyrs, Cetewayo asked some to stay, and told others they might stay if they chose. They did not choose, and they may reflect with pleasure that they have had their share in bringing about a religious war, a war in which some eight thousand men, black and white, have already been blown to pieces. This is the charming result of the policy of resenting reported "atrocities."

Mr. Farrer's account of the Zulu constitution is remarkably instructive. He demonstrates that Cetewayo is not the irresponsible despot of declaimers, but a king, like the kings of the heroic age in Greece, who rules under certain traditional restraints, and in harmony with the advice of the council. His power over life, death, marriage, and property is, however, rather extensive; and, if he cannot give away land or make wars without the assent of his council, he can have any man put to death (a power which Cetewayo is said not to exercise) or can seize his cattle. There are three grades of judicial tribunals, and the King's consent is necessary for the infliction of capital punishment. As in early Ireland, diviners have judicial, or judges have divinatory functions.

The constitution of the Zulu army is by this time so well understood that Mr. Farrer's chapter on the subject adds little to our knowledge. His account, on the other hand, of the forgeries and frauds of the Boers (to whose quarrels we so unfortunately succeed) is very clearly written and instructive. As the religion of the Zulus is rather a mass of the puerile germs of faith than a creed, we need not follow his exposition of it, but conclude this notice of a most useful little book with a Zulu love-story:—

It was once decided by the king to make a raid against the Amaswazi, to rob them of their cattle; but strict orders were given to the soldiers that all cattle and captured girls were to belong to the king alone. The raid began, the women and children of the enemy were killed; but one Zulu, when on the point of killing a girl, stayed his assegai, feeling suddenly as if all his anger had gone out of his fingers and toes. He protected this girl from the attacks of his companions; he could not kill her himself, for their eyes met, and something seemed to soften and melt within him. He thought of his own father and mother at home, and how very likely the girl's parents had been killed that very day. He did not like that she should be taken from her people and become a slave to the king, so on the march homewards he managed to let her escape from the captive throng. Then came the review before the king; the lover was threatened with death for his neglect. But he spoke out boldly, telling the dread monarch that the girl had used medicine against him. The king laughed, and the culprit escaped, but he never forgot the girl he had saved. By night he dreamed of her; by day he thought of her; he would stop eating to think of her, forget what he was doing when out hunting, stop without knowing it in a dance. At last, one day, his sisters rushed into his hut: a girl was lying half dead with cold in the garden. There she was whose glancing look on the day of battle he so well remembered, hungry, cold, exhausted. Her people had all been killed, and where could she seek protection better than with the man who had spared her in war? In this romantic way that Zulu soldier gained a wife.

FENNELL'S PINDAR.*

CONSIDERED simply as a contribution to the study and criticism of Pindar, Mr. Fennell's edition is a work of great merit. But it has a wider interest, as exemplifying the change which has come over the methods and aims of Cambridge scholarship within the last ten or twelve years. In looking over Mr. Fennell's notes one feels that one is somehow in a new atmosphere. Verbal scholarship used to be a master at Cambridge, and sometimes a tyrannous one; here it is mastered, and made to serve its proper ends. We do not say that it was ever officially taught by public or private instructors of candidates for the Classical Tripos that the Greek language existed in order to illustrate the rules of Attic syntax; but such was the tendency of much of the teaching and learning that went on. The canons of Porson and his successors were treated as inviolable, and it was little short of blasphemy to suggest that the Athenian writers themselves might possibly have known the usages of their own language better than the modern Atticists. An especially rigid orthodoxy prevailed as to the particles. The omission of ἂν where it ought to have been was a thing to be allowed only in extreme necessity and under one's breath, and there were searchings of heart over the few stubborn examples in Attic prose of καίπερ with a finite verb. As to one of these we remember a half-serious suggestion that it did not count, occurring, as it did, in a speech of Alcibiades in the *Symposium*, when he had drunk much more than was good for him. The non-Attic writers were supposed to be in a manner irresponsible, as knowing no better, and their frailties were suffered to pass with gentle regret. Even in their case there would be suggestions of tinkering; for example, to correct Pindar's οὐ ξείναν ἱκοίμαν γαιαν ἄλλων (Pyth. 4. 118) by inserting κ' before ἱκοίμαν. Mr. Fennell's way is different. In his note on this line he faces the fact and shows that it corresponds to a real distinction of meaning, and moreover says openly that "critics have no doubt frequently inserted the particle wrongly." To some extent this gain in freedom from absolute dogmas, which is really a gain of carefulness and exactness in treating the particular passages, may be due to the reaction of scientific philology on pure scholarship, which is noticeable in other parts of Mr. Fennell's work. Once or twice he boldly goes to the analogies of Sanskrit for the meaning of a rare word. The constant use of the symbol √ for *root* in the philological sense has at first an odd appearance; but it is evidently convenient, and we presume it is by this time well established. Very slender traces are to be found here, if any, of the good old notion that the whole duty of an editor is to pick holes in former editors' conjectural readings and propound new ones of his own. Mr. Fennell has hazarded new emendations here and there; but he keeps conjecture in its proper place. One reading which he admits to the text, though the only novelty is in punctuation, is ingenious enough to be called brilliant, and shows that scholars need never despair of

* *Pindar: the Olympian and Pythian Odes.* With Notes Explanatory and Critical, Introductions, and Introductory Essays. By C. A. M. Fennell, M.A., late Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. Cambridge: University Press. 1879.

finding something left to do. In Ol. 6. 73 the common punctuation gives

τεκμαίρει
χρῆμ' ἕκαστον· μῶμος ἐκ δ' ἄλλων κ.τ.λ.

which is rendered "The matter proveth the man" (Dissen, E. Myers), or "It is money which distinguishes a man" (Donaldson), "but from the envious calumny ever threateneth," &c. The sense thus obtained is poor and disjointed. Mr. Fennell has seized on a slight indication to restore what seems to be the true meaning. His note runs thus:—

MSS. have *μῶμος δ' ἐξ* against scansion. I hold the error to be due to the separation of *μῶμος* from the previous sentence, to which I restore it, rendering "Cavil affords ground for true inference as to every transaction."

Or why not say, more shortly, "Cavil is the touchstone of a man's work," or something to that effect? Thus we have a gnomic sentence much more pointed and Pindaric than the common arrangement. "That hostile criticism bears even stronger testimony to real merit than eulogy is now a truism; but it was scarcely so in Pindar's time."

We find in the note on Pyth. 4. 250 a conjecture which just hovers on the doubtful verge. The vulgate *κλέψεν τε Μήδειαν σὺν αὐτᾷ*, or the variant *σὺν αὐτῷ*, is a little stiff and ungainly, but not positively unsatisfactory. Mr. Fennell's suggestion of *σύνευνον* might be an improvement, and he shows that Pindar has elsewhere used it in exactly the same construction. But is it not rather dangerous to improve a poet's style even out of his mouth? for the correction is one of style and nothing more; and Mr. Fennell's hypothetical account of the existing reading (which is a fact to be accounted for even when it is nonsense, much more when it makes tolerable sense) does not carry conviction to us. But something must be risked if anything is to be won; and indeed we know not what right the reader has to quarrel with any amount of conjectural suggestions in the notes, so long as the editor does not go the length of thrusting on him a text rewritten out of all knowledge. The short introductions and arguments to the Odes, which for so discursive an author as Pindar are all but a necessity, are both careful and acute. As an example we may take Pyth. 7, where Mr. Fennell rebuts the inference that Pindar cared nothing for the deliverance of Greece at Marathon because he celebrated the Pythian victory of a distinguished Athenian without mentioning it. Mr. Fennell points out that Megacles, the victor in question, was an Alcmæonid, and the Alcmæonids were shrewdly suspected of Medizing; so that perhaps the less said of Marathon in that particular ode the better. In a poem written to the order of Megacles it might have provoked some such comment as was addressed at a later time in Aristophanes's dialogue to the caricatured personage of Euripides:—

τοῦτο μὲν ἔασον, ὦ τᾶν·
οὐ σοὶ γάρ ἐστι περίπατος κάλλιστα περί γε
τούτου.

Those, however, who have not occasion or leisure to study the text of Pindar as critically as they once did may turn with more interest to Mr. Fennell's general introduction. It is not the mere explanation of an editor, but the plea of an amateur of poetry for a favourite author. Attention is justly drawn to the intimate relation of Pindar's Odes to the contemporary expression of similar ideas in plastic forms, and to the light often thrown upon his descriptions and epithets by extant works of Greek art. We only regret Mr. Fennell's decision that "it does not come within the scope of a practical edition to develop such a topic." It appears to us precisely the kind of topic that ought to be developed for students at our Universities, if Greek literature and the life of which it was part are to be perceived by them as living realities and something more than examination subjects. But good work is already being taken in hand in this direction, and there is reason to hope that a state of things will not long continue in which a high reputation for scholarship is compatible with absolute ignorance of Greek art in any of its forms.

Of Pindar's poetical style Mr. Fennell speaks with something like enthusiasm, and in a way that shows considerable power of literary as well as philological criticism. Probably he is conscious that he will not carry a very large number of readers with him; we catch the glow of his admiration as we read, and should be glad to retain it if we could. But the difficulties of entering into Pindar's mood are very great for a modern Englishman; and, if we are to be honest, we must confess that what Mr. Fennell succeeds in finding in Pindar constantly we can find in him only when he breaks loose from the trammels of his immediate subjects and the conventional treatment of them, and launches himself on digressions which may be regarded as independent poems. We are aware that the elaborate mythical treatment of the victors' genealogies was not conventional to Pindar's original audiences, that the apparent digressions are not really digressions, and that we have no business to read Pindar from a modern point of view. Practically, however, it is hardly possible to escape the modern point of view and its disturbing influences unless one devotes oneself to Pindar as no man well can who is not going to edit him. And the effect actually produced on us moderns by this all but inevitable illusion is that of a great poet exercising his powers and ingenuity on a series of monotonous and commonplace themes, which only now and then give him the opportunity of showing what he is really capable of. Taking Pindar as a whole, Mr. Fennell seems to express rather what one ought to feel about him than what one does feel. Yet this adds, in one sense, to the value of his criticism; for it is the judgment of a man who has specially [fitted] himself to enter into the spirit of Pindar, and whose position [in] this respect can be shared only by a few. We shall give at large, therefore, his chief paragraph on this subject:—

To turn the light afforded by contemporary history on to the scan[ty] materials for Pindar's biography is easier than to point out the characteristics of his genius as exhibited in the extant *Epinikia*, if one may judge from the application thereto of the incompatible epithets "genial" and "frigid." I cannot accept Mr. J. A. Symonds' account of Pindar's personality as frigid, austere, not genial, not passionate, hard as adamant. In criticism of this kind the personal equation must largely enter, so I shall only state my own views briefly and with extreme diffidence. Omitting the obvious and essential features common to all genius, I find lofty serenity and dignity combined with considerable geniality, and as Mr. Myers says, "pre-eminent rapidity" of thought, "as of an eagle's flight or of very lightning." His compositions everywhere evince impassioned animation, and marvellous reserve of power. They show traces of humour and of tenderness, of the latter to a surprising extent, considering the nature of his themes. To suggest that he lacked sympathy and tenderness is like finding fault with a march for not being as brisk as a polka or as solemn as a requiem. Several passages suggest forcibly that the poet was fond of festivity and good cheer, as, for instance, Frag. 101 [94], *Δείπνου δὲ λήγοντος γλυκὺ τρωγάλιον καίπερ πεδ' ἄφθονον βοράν*, Nem. ix. 48–53; Ol. vii. 1–12; Pyth. iv. 294–297. His vividness of conception and appreciation of delicate touches of character are, I venture to say, unrivalled in the whole range of Greek and Latin authors. Witness the interviews between Pelias and Jason, Pyth. iv. 94–119, 135–167, and between Apollo and Cheiron, Pyth. ix. 30–65. He seems to have cherished a deeper love of nature, especially of trees and flowers, than is generally to be discerned in Greek literature. He is a most effective word-painter, producing his pictures by a few bold strokes. The simplicity of his constructions, the grace and freedom of his forms of expression, the impetuous, elastic movement of his verse, combine to form almost the ideal of lyric style. Critics who speak of "tumidity," "overblown exaggeration of phrase," "pomposity," and "floridity," must be thinking of English versions rather than of the original. The richness of the poet's diction, his pregnant phraseology, and his full-sounding compound words, are very apt to make such opprobrious epithets applicable to any literal modern rendering. The attribution of sententiousness to his style is less unjustifiable. He frequently formulates in fresh, terse terms, a principle, social or moral, appropriate to the topic in hand. So far he is sententious, even as George Eliot.

And it is true that even a superficial acquaintance with Pindar discloses magnificent felicities for which Mr. Fennell's praise is no whit too strong. In addition to Mr. Fennell's references, one may mention the wonderfully beautiful description of the islands of the blest in the second Olympian Ode, where the poet, in not unequal rivalry with Homer himself, tells how in that place where the sun measures equal days and nights the just who have kept their plighted word rest in the company of the gods, not vexing the earth and the sea with toil. Now and again, moreover, Pindar flashes out into single phrases of intense splendour, as where he says in the third Isthmian, "Over the fruitful earth and across the sea travels, ever unquenchable, the radiance of noble deeds."

The possible influences of Pindar on Socrates and Plato are likewise touched upon; and finally there is a short discussion of the question whether Pindar wrote his Odes, which is, in fact, whether a written literature existed in Greece in Pindar's lifetime. On this point Mr. Fennell adheres to Professor Paley's theory, which —whatever may be thought of Professor Paley's own application of it to Homeric criticism—is not nearly so paradoxical as it looks at first sight. As to Pindar's metres, the nature of Greek music, and the interminable controversies which may be raised concerning them, Mr. Fennell frankly confesses that these topics do not interest him, and dismisses them with the least possible notice; and, as our taste happens to coincide with his, we cannot charge it upon him as a shortcoming. Altogether, this edition is a welcome and wholesome sign of the vitality and development of Cambridge scholarship, and we are glad to see that it is to be continued. We hope that Mr. Fennell will not omit to give at least a selection of the fragments. Works preserved only in a fragmentary form are apt to receive very scant justice from editors; and yet in the case of many poets, and certainly in that of Pindar, the fragments contain passages in no way inferior to anything in the pieces which have come down complete.

LEFROY'S MEMORIALS OF THE BERMUDAS.*

As we said in our notice (November 3, 1877) of General Lefroy's first volume, this is a work which very few persons will ever read through. Yet it is one which, once taken up, it is singularly difficult to put down. Much of the very considerable bulk is occupied with the habitual verbosity of State papers. But in the most unexpected places some luminous fact is perpetually being turned up which illustrates the social and mental condition, not of the Bermudas only, but of a whole period of English history.

The present, like the former, volume leaves an uncomfortable impression of colonial society in the seventeenth century. Unless we knew that official documents necessarily chronicle chiefly the darker aspects of life, we should infer from them that Bermuda existence alternated between riotous license and harsh repression. The Committee of the Bermuda Company in the paper with which this volume opens is found lamenting to the Governor of the islands, Captain Josias Forster, that "sins of drunkenness, lying, swearing, profaneness, whoring, extortion, and other vices do abound now more than ever.

* *Memorials of the Discovery and Early Settlement of the Bermudas or Somers Islands.* By Lieutenant-General Sir J. H. Lefroy, C.B., K.C.M.G., F.R.S. Vol. II. 1650–1687. London: Longmans & Co. 1879.